

Mat 78

August Hatteson.

5th October 1937.

for

Mr Hector MacDougall,

Killcraig,

28, Traquair Drive,

Cardonald,

Glasgow, S.W.2

With the editors' regards.

GAELIC SONGS

ORAIN GHAIÐHEALACH

LE
UILLEAM ROSS

AIR AN CRUINNEACHADH RI CHEILE LE
IAIN MAC-CHOINNICH

INBHIR-IUGH

GAELIC SONGS

BY
WILLIAM ROSS

COLLECTED BY
JOHN MACKENZIE
INVER-EWE

NEW EDITION REVISED
WITH METRICAL TRANSLATION, MEMOIR
GLOSSARY, AND NOTES

BY
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TO
LADY MARJORY MACKENZIE
OF GAIRLOCH

PREFACE

By the kindness of Mr Bain of the Mitchell Library, I had the privilege of studying there a complete first edition of the Songs of Wm. Ross, belonging to the National Library of Wales, formerly the property of the Rev. J. B. MacKenzie, Kenmore, an old friend and co-presbyter of the Editor.

From the date and script of the Maclagan MS. of "Cuachag nan Craobh" it seemed probable that an older version might be found among the Irish MSS. in Dublin. I have pleasure in acknowledging my obligations to Dr Best of the National Library of Ireland, who caused a search in my behalf to be made in the records of R.I.A. and the catalogue of T.C.D., and who was "afraid that the poem was not available in any form" there.

My thanks are due to the Librarian of Edinburgh University for the loan of a first edition during an extended period. This copy, after the title-page, begins at No. 1, 49; and lacks also the last two poems.

I am indebted also to Dr Cunningham, Librarian of the University of Glasgow, for permission to print No. 164 of the Maclagan MSS.

Translations by me of Nos. 1, 6 and 17 have appeared in the *Glasgow Herald*, and by courtesy of the Editor are reprinted here.

During several visits I made to Skye, the Rev. Hector MacLean, M.A., of Strath, took a keen

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interest in my study of Ross, an interest which I found to be profitable ; and I have much pleasure in acknowledging his painstaking proof-reading.

I have shown parts of my translations to my friend and one-time pupil the Rev. Colin Macpherson, M.A., Johnstone. Being a native of Skye he possesses local information, besides a general knowledge of the language, which was found to be of value when he kindly read a proof of the whole.

The Rev. Farquhar MacRae, M.A., of Glenorchy, my neighbour in the ministry for eighteen years, placed his wide and accurate knowledge of Gaelic at my disposal by friendly criticism for which I am grateful. My grateful thanks are due to the Rev. Donald Thomson, B.D., Killin, and to Rev. Hector Cameron, Moy, for help in proof-reading.

To Mr Angus Morrison and Mr Peter M. MacRae I owe important information on the place-names of Gairloch mentioned by Ross.

Finally, it affords me great pleasure to say that I am specially indebted to Dr Alexander Macintyre, a native of Gairloch, for detailed information regarding the place-names (some of his notes are printed and initialed A. M.), also for some very able criticisms, and above all for many lengthy, painstaking and extremely interesting anecdotes and explanations whereby I was enabled with confidence to make general statements, and in several places greatly to improve the translation.

G. C., "Ardclach," Killin, Perthshire.

July 1937.

INTRODUCTION

JOHN MACKENZIE has been the only editor of Ross's Songs hitherto. He issued three editions. It will be convenient to call these A, B, C and this, the 1937 edition, D.

The first edition A, bears on its title-page :—

Orain Ghae'lach le Uilleam Ross, air an sgrìobhadh,
agus air an co'-chruinneachadh ri cheile le Iain Mac-
choinnich ann an Inbheiriue.

“ 'S dubhach mi gun iolach shòlais
Ach tùrsa bròin a' sior eigheachd
A chruit chiuil is binne mire
Cha duisg mo chridhe gu h-eibhneas ;
Cha chluinn mi tuille do chòradh,
Bu bhinne na ceòl na'n teudan,
Na smeorach 'san ghleannan fhàsaich,
'S na cuthag air bharr na geige ! ”

Inverness : printed by R. Carruthers, for Lewis
Grant, and D. Macculloch, Booksellers, 1830.

¹ (*The Life of William Ross* concludes : John Mackenzie, Gairloch, May 30, 1830.)

An clar-innseadh, with the page, Taobh-dhuilleag, is printed on the recto of an unpagged leaf at the end of the book.

¹ In 1833, J. M. left his native parish, and in the same year appeared *The Poems of William Ross the Gairloch Bard*. . . . Within the year a second edition of Ross's poems was called for.—Dixon's *Gairloch*, p. 189-190.

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The second edition, B, omits air an sgrìobhadh agus, on the title-page, relegates the eight lines of poetry to page ii, adds an dara clò-bhualadh, and for date and place substitutes MDCCCXXXIV. Glasgow: John Reid & Co. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Whittaker, Arnot & Co.

In the Preface he says: "Previous to the publication of the first edition of Ross's Songs the only record of their existence was their floating through the district on the memories of the people,¹ and the only method of their publication was by the lips of fair maidens and fond admirers." He adds that "the book was out of print within the short period of twelve months." This Preface is dated Glasgow, August 20th, 1834.

The second is the best edition. It contains two poems more than the first edition, one of them "Cuachag nan Craobh," and has been five times reprinted.

These reprints have really been a new stereotyped edition. Though no editor's name is given it is understood that in the first reprint in 1868 the "press was corrected by D. C. Macpherson".—Maclean, *Typ. Scot.*, p. 335. The general aim has been to remove old and dialectic forms, and to bring the language up to date. It seems to have been forgotten that as author, editor, singers and audience were all Gairloch people and used the Gairloch dialect, the text must reflect that dialect in words, phrases, grammar and spelling. Correction was no easy task,

¹ J. M. spent twenty-one nights taking down Ross's poems from the lips of Alexander Campbell (Alastair Buidhe Mac Iamhair, an illiterate poet).—Dixon's *Gairloch*, p. 189.

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even when called for. Many errors have been incorporated, of which I will point out two as typical. The first is an error in a place-name. The fifth reprint contains an English rendering of the Gaelic title-page: *Gaelic Songs by William Ross*, collected by John MacKenzie, Inverurie. Edinburgh, John Grant, 31 George IV. Bridge, 1902. Inverurie is a blunder for Inverurie, and this (according to the spelling on John MacKenzie's fine monument, which overlooks Gairloch Old Churchyard, and which is distant only a few paces from Ross's grave) should be Inver-iugh. The second is a grammatical error. The last line of No. 2, cur (printed cuir) sàradh ann am fion, has been altered to cur sàraidh ann am fion, through ignorance of the fact that a word-group like sàradh ann am fion is not liable to further change. After the verbal noun, cur, the suspended genitive of sàradh does not mature. Cur sàraidh is possible only if sàraidh completes the phrase.

The third edition, C, was published in John MacKenzie's *Sar-Obair nam Bard Gaelach* in 1841, with twelve omissions from B. It was reprinted in 1865, 1904 and 1907. Of the 1907 reprint the proofs were not corrected before publication. It is sometimes forgotten also that with this 1907 production, J. M., the incomparable editor, could have had nothing to do. The textual notes in the present edition, D, refer only to his editions A, B and C.

NOTE ON BURNS' INFLUENCE ON ROSS

A STUDY of Ross's poetry reveals the fact that he was influenced by his great contemporary, Robert Burns. The illustrious Ayrshire bard was born three years before Ross, and survived him by half a dozen years. Ross was moved to follow such a leader in several ways. The fine imitations of simple Scots ballads which Burns made are in turn imitated by Ross, and most successfully, *e.g.* No. 5, and No 28. But a more striking resemblance is this that each poet gives the short descriptive name of the tune to which the song is to be sung, a custom prevailing centuries before Burns. Half at least of Ross's songs bear this mark, and the proportion in Burns' songs is of course greater. When he was rewriting the Scottish songs he hummed the tunes till he was imbued with them, and then he adapted his words to the music. The method was far from original but served its purpose well. Burns' exquisite taste led him to lay great stress on the air, and then as a final test to hear the words sung by an expert. Ross tested his songs by singing them himself. This practice gave prominence to the form, the sound, but not so far as to obscure the old Gaelic metric. In its composition was supremely difficult. Young poets, composing in Old Irish, were recommended to make sure of the last line of the quatrain first of all, and from that safe standpoint

to build the lofty rhyme. Burns made sure of the fonn.

It has to be remembered that a song is composed under two conditions—the air or sound (Gaelic fonn) and the metre or measure. The air is the melody holding the words in a smoothly-flowing order, the metre is the number of syllables in the line. Both of these elements occur, and must occur, in the same song. Burns under the influence of strong emotion composed in a short time his poem “To Mary in Heaven.” Tune—“Miss Forbes’ Farewell to Banff” :—

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
 That lovest to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usherest in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary, dear departed shade,
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid,
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

This poem can be sung to the tune mentioned above, but it can be scanned according to Gaelic metric.

The formula $(8^1 + 8^1)^{\frac{1-3}{2-4}}$, Carn Rannaigecht mor.

The explanation of the formula is that the two lines of the couplet each contain eight syllables and end in a monosyllable. The end rhymes occur between the first and third, second and fourth lines, viz. : ray-day, morn-torn, shade-laid, rest-breast. There is a further refinement in Rannaigecht, quatrain poetry, mostly used by Ross. The end-rhyming word of the first line is called *sàl-chuibdius*, heel-rhyme or caesura ; the 2-4 demanding perfect rhyme is called *làn-chuibdius*. When the word in caesura does

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not rhyme with the end word of its couplet, the word in caesura must rhyme with some word within the second line of the couplet, and it is then termed *aiccill*, anticipation. This condition is always observed by Ross : and by Burns occasionally,

But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely *tell* to ony.

It is so far observed in the above verses by him that the caesura rhyme anticipates an assonance in the following line, *e.g.* ray-early, day-Mary ; shade-place, laid-rend. There is alliteration also in lingering-lessening, dear-departed, lover-lowly-laid ; and also vowel alliteration, usherest-in.

This composition by Burns partly in Irish metric is unique, and hard to explain. But it may owe its origin to association with Highland people. At all events, it was composed almost to a certainty on 20th October 1789. That was three years after Burns' visit to Edinburgh, 28th November 1786, and two years after his second tour to the North, October 1787, which included visits to many homes of Highland culture as well as Blair Castle and Castle Gordon (see Letters LXI, LXII, LXV, LXVI), besides his first visit—that to the West Highlands (Letter LVI, 30th June 1787) : Globe edn., 1884. On these occasions he met Highlanders well acquainted with Highland lore, and has recorded his obligations. Ross also has only one poem (No. 30) in strict Irish metric. Subject to modern influence, he took to the fonn, and found greater freedom especially in the use of unaccented particles. But he was true to the rock whence he was hewn. Every one of his

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poems is, in this edition, placed also under its appropriate Gaelic metre.

In the subject matter of their songs they had much in common, without any necessary connection. Burns extolled the Lowland nobleman, Ross the Highland chief. Both poets deplored their non-residence. Both were ardent Jacobites. They had visited the local taverns, and approved the native liquor. Both admired the scenery and were proud of the history of the country, and like country-bred men described with spirit the life of the country-side—each without reference to the other. But when each begins a poem on toothache with an almost identical malediction, a suspicion arises that the similarity was not accidental. The critic, becoming suspicious, is fain to conclude that "The Black Laddie" is a pale delicately-limned Highland replica of "Holy Willie." Further, though the inference is hardly more than a suggestion, it is broad-based. "Burns' output of songs, an achievement with which no other nation has anything to compare," came, in full flood, too late for Ross. But earlier efforts included old love songs which he had purified, and others, new songs which he had composed. "Now westlin winds" begins with slaughtering guns in autumn, but veers round to the joy of courting in the same scenes: Ross follows with the same subjects in the same order, No. 24. A love lyric sung by an eighteenth-century Highland bard is, however, something of an anomaly. There was a tradition that the old Irish *filidh* did not compose such songs. That was a task contrary to professional etiquette, and was therefore left to the non-professional bards or the great anonymous. After the poetic guild of the

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filidh broke down, the Highland bards of name and fame took the place of the filidh in upholding prestige and bardic dignity. Mary MacLeod, Iain Lom, John MacCodrum, Dughall Bochannan—none of these framed a love song. Duncan Ban MacIntyre composed only one, and that one to his newly wedded wife. Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair made a luckless ode to Morag, which required a palinode. Even Rob Donn, much more unconventional than the foregoing, composed only a few love songs and these in excellent taste. How, then, does it come to pass that Ross, a bard of the first flight of eighteenth-century Highland bards, indulges so freely in love songs? The reason can only be that the blaze of glory shed by the Ayrshire bard dispelled, as Ross thought, the last traces of a too severe reserve on this theme, and secured a freedom for the love lyric guarded only by good taste and public morals. Burns also among other features of his songs struck the note of sincerity, and hence betrays some measure of self-revelation. Ross followed in this strain but went further. He takes the world into his confidence. He does not look after himself and his self-respect. His romance loses dignity. He is in danger of becoming the poet of hopeless love, No. 29. Granting there is some substance in the criticism, one must recollect that all the world loves a lover, and will forgive him for overstating his case, especially if his genius can do it in a song like "Feasgar Luain," No. 10, one of the best in the language.

Yet Ross's supersensitiveness was vulnerable and became a broad mark for satire and lampoon. The temptation to exploit him and his unhappy love

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affair was too strong to be resisted by the frivolous and the envious. Some gay jester with a native turn for satire has sharpened his pen to such purpose that parodies on Ross's songs, and sly verses inserted here and there, have been mistaken for Ross's own. Even John MacKenzie was so much influenced by tradition and general opinion that the first two editions contain three of these parodies. In the third edition they are excluded. No publisher would print them now. It is a curious fact that various readings abound even in closely guarded print. Burns' "O a' the Airts," contains twenty-four. But our author was over forty years in the wilderness, unprinted, unedited, open to the attacks of Philistines, who had mastered his style though strangers to his genius. The proof of these statements is that unscrupulous lampoons are still current where his story is known, but with too little respect for his poetry to protect the author from such indignity.

THE Editor, in prosecuting his delicate task, may claim the protection of such facts to make it plain that the text is what has survived the vicissitude of these long years of oral transmission, neither more nor less ; that the moral outlook is Georgian, of the age of Burns ; that the grammatical structure fluctuates, and declension tends to disappear, and that the aim of this edition is to set the poet's history and character in the light of truth and in a form worthy of his genius.

SHORT MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM ROSS

1764-1791

WILLIAM ROSS (1762-1790) was born in the parish of Strath in the Isle of Skye. His father, John Ross, was a native of the island, where his progenitors had been settled for many generations, worthy but not wealthy people. His mother belonged to Gairloch in Ross-shire. She was a daughter of John MacKay, the blind poet, who was piper to the family of Gairloch.

The parish of Strath in Skye stretches from sea to sea, from Broadford to Elgol. The old church with graveyard was built on a small knoll beside a freshwater loch—Loch-Ghillechriosd—about midway between the limits of the parish from east to west. Sithean, in Strath Swordle, the hamlet in which the poet was born, lies on the church road, and commands the earliest view of the old church as one approaches it from Broadford. The old church is a mile or so distant from Sithean. About half a dozen houses once stood on this spot. There is now no building visible, only loose unhewn stones in cairns where the houses were situated. The sward is dark green, like the poet's memory, and the silence is that mysterious, almost self-conscious stillness, which seems to brood in lonely places where men once have been.

To the north of this hamlet about half a mile away across the stream, which flows from the loch

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to the sea at Broadford, lies a farmhouse called Corrichatachain, or briefly, Corrie, now Old Corrie. The old road leading to it leaves the church road at Sithean, passes round and down behind the hamlet, crosses the stream by ford, and directly approaches the old farmhouse, near the foot of Beinn na Caillich. It is now a ruin, but the walls, still standing, show the door in the middle between two windows, and some remains of a second storey. The windows and doorcheeks are of dressed native stone somewhat resembling freestone. The door lintel under which the visitors must have passed has been removed to a securer site to prevent its entire destruction by vandalism.

Altogether notwithstanding its delapidation, the house though small gives still the impression of great strength and stability, combined with unusual taste and elegance. In the eighteenth century it was the property of Sir Alexander Macdonald, but being situated in the MacKinnon country (Srath Mhic-Ionmhuinn, No. 1, 3) it was tenanted by a tacksman of that name.

This scene of the poet's boyhood has become famous because Dr Johnson on his memorable journey to the Hebrides, accompanied by Boswell, visited Corrie on two separate occasions, both on his outward journey and on his return. The travellers left Armadale on Monday, 6th September 1773, and reached Corrie the same day, remaining there till Wednesday 8th, afternoon, when they left for Raasay. They arrived at Corrie on the return journey, on Saturday, 25th September, and left for Sleat on Tuesday, 28th. On both occasions they would pass quite close to the birthplace of the poet.

Both travellers were exceedingly well pleased with their reception at Corrie. Speaking of their first visit, Boswell says: "We here enjoyed the comfort of a table plentifully furnished, the satisfaction of which was heightened by a numerous and cheerful company; and we for the first time had a specimen of the joyous social manners of the inhabitants of the Highlands. They talked in their own ancient language with fluent vivacity, and sang many Erse songs with such spirit that though Dr Johnson was treated with the greatest respect and attention, there were moments in which he seemed to be forgotten." Here we have a lively description of the sort of society to which the poet was later admitted, and which he enjoyed and adorned.

This leads us to consider a less pleasing incident. On the return visit to Corrie after a laborious journey, "Dr Johnson went to bed soon. It was near five in the morning when I got to bed," says Boswell. About one o'clock on Sunday afternoon Dr Johnson came into Boswell's room and accosted him, "What, drunk yet?" "Sir, they kept me up." Dr Johnson answered, "No, you kept them up, you drunken dog." "This he said with good-humoured English pleasantry." On the 27th, Boswell had recovered, all was going well, and he says of Dr Johnson's general deportment:—"He was quite social and easy amongst them; and though he drank no fermented liquor, toasted Highland beauties with great readiness. His conviviality engaged them so much that they seemed eager to show their attention to him, and vied with each other in crying out with a strong Celtic pronunciation, 'Toctor Shonson, Toctor Shonson, your health.'"

It is plain that Boswell dreaded incurring his friend's wrath for this breach of sobriety, and the biographer is anxious to show that though the great man could look with an easy toleration on these harmless convivial proceedings, he went no further. In the *Journey*, Dr Johnson puts the matter beyond a doubt. "The word 'whisky,'" he says, "signifies water, and is applied by way of eminence to strong water or distilled liquor. The spirit drunk in the North is drawn from barley. I never tasted it except once for experiment at the inn at Inveraray, when I thought it preferable to any English malt brandy. It was strong but not pungent, and was free from the empyreumatic taste or smell. What was the process I had no opportunity of enquiring, nor do I wish to improve the art of making poison."

The poet would be 11 years of age when the famous travellers passed by his native hamlet. He must have heard a great deal about their sayings and doings, and we cannot but regret, from every point of view, that the only account he gives of Dr Johnson differs so completely from the written record left by Dr Johnson himself and by his biographer. The two penultimate verses of No. 15 convey a very different impression from the account of the travellers themselves. The delinquent, Boswell, gets off without mention of his lapses, while Dr Johnson is described not as the genial participant in a merry gathering at Corrie, but as a sot, engaging in drunken orgies all through the Highlands. One gathers that this view prevails in some quarters to this day.

Now though local gossip does much to alter a tale it could hardly go so far and last so long as this

unaided. The explanation is probably to be found in the fact that six years after the tour took place, the Rev. Donald McNicol, A.M., minister of Lismore in Argyllshire, wrote his *Remarks on Dr Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides*, giving a general summary of its scope by a quotation on the title-page from *Ray's Proverbs*, "Old men and Travellers lie by authority." The author has unusual qualifications for the rôle of critic. He knows Johnson's works throughout, he possesses considerable learning, a keen logical faculty and a cutting sarcasm; but he has no humour, no sweet reasonableness, not to speak of charity; and he was embittered by the Doctor's view of the Ossianic question.

Dr Johnson is held up as unobservant, inconsistent, malevolent, rough in his manners, disingenuous, pompous, pedantic, bigoted and much else—all deduced from short passages from Dr Johnson's works. Even to-day it may cause pain to Johnsonians to read these charges containing their modicum of truth pressed home with such merciless logic. But now we have all the documents and can form our own conclusions. Our poet had probably never seen the *Journey to the Hebrides*, and was entirely dependent for his information on McNicol, for Boswell's *Life* was not published till 1791, and Ross had finished his short mortal span the year before.

Ross's parents while living in Strath, Skye, soon perceived that William was a clever lad, and they resolved to give him the best education in their power. The provision of the S.P.C.K., parish schools, and even two Grammar schools in Skye, as Dr Johnson points out, in his *Journey* (*cf.* McNicol), did not weigh

against the attractions of the mainland, and they removed with him and an only little sister to Forres where there was a Grammar school. Here William's progress met their highest expectations. He distinguished himself so as to attract the notice of the master, who declared that in the long list of his present and former pupils he did not remember one that excelled Ross as an all-round scholar. After the completion of William's education at Forres the family returned to Gairloch, and his father built a small house on Aird Bhad-a-Chròtha, the site of which, Leas-a-Rosaich, surrounded by rowan trees, is still pointed out. It remained the headquarters of the family from which they came and went, and here Ross died.

The father became a pedlar, travelling with his pack through the Western Isles; and William, though of a weak and asthmatic constitution, often accompanied him. Being from his earliest age extremely fond of Gaelic, the speech of his parents and ancestors, he lost no opportunity of studying its idioms, dialects and vocabulary; and he often declared his preference for the language as spoken in the west side of Lewis. But his travels extended to the Lowlands, Perthshire, Breadalbane, Argyll, and Edinburgh; and as he journeyed he often committed his impressions to verse, some of which is preserved to us.

Several years passed in this way, and then he returned to Gairloch, the land he loved. He was appointed parish schoolmaster in the Clachan of Gairloch at the age of 24, and soon gave proof of his fitness for the task. Possessing the necessary knowledge

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combined with tact and firmness he added to his clear and interesting instruction a rare humour which made it acceptable to his pupils, by whom he was greatly beloved. In addition to his duties as school-master he acted as precentor in the Parish Church. He read the line of the psalms and raised the tune, thog e am fonn. His voice, though not strong, was sweet, and melodious. In his regular attendance for this duty he would hear the scriptures read Sabbath by Sabbath from the Irish version by Bedel (Dr Johnson in his *Journey* discovered that Bedel was read), and thus the poet became so familiar with Irish words and idioms that he introduced some of them into his poems, *e.g.* do bhi, gu'n tì, nochdair. These additions to his vocabulary, however good in themselves, tend to obscure his poems to the modern reader.

By discharging the duties of a dominie, Ross earned his bread. Let us now look at "the little more and how much it is." Ross was a fine handsome man, nearly six feet high. His hair was of a dark brown, his features regular, his expression frank and open. In his dress he was neat, even finical. His accomplishments included singing of songs, the songs of other poets as well as his own, with taste and expression, and playing on the flute, the violin and other instruments with no mean skill. To that he added the charm of his company and conversation, adorned, as was universally acknowledged, with general intelligence and native humour. So it was only natural that he should be admitted into the intimate society of several respectable families in the district, who showed him many tokens of their friendship and esteem.

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Thus gifted by the Muses and refined and polished by art and general accomplishments, Ross seemed marked out for long life and happiness, but during most of his career he was troubled by asthma which, accentuated by the confinement of school life, developed into consumption, and finally ended his career in his twenty-eighth year.

The most interesting and pathetic part of his history remains to be told. He was all his life a traveller not merely in his packman days but when settled as schoolmaster in Gairloch. Tradition says he often visited Loch Broom and celebrated in song some fair one of his acquaintance there. In a tour which he made to Stornoway, while yet heart-whole, he met Marion Ross, perhaps a kinswoman of his own, and fell in love with her. From his songs one would conclude that the passion or infatuation was only on his own part, not on hers; but friends of his, it is affirmed, declared that he told them of an engagement between himself and Marion at which she invoked fire from heaven to consume her if she proved unfaithful. "The women of Strath used to say that 'God heard the vow and regarded it.'" Not long afterwards she married a sailor, a sea captain named Clough, and went to Liverpool, his port, and took up her abode there. She had compared the rural schoolhouse, the hens on one side and the cow on the other, with the comforts and attractions of a great city, and she chose the latter. But time and experience raised doubts in her mind as to the wisdom of her choice, and her thoughts turned to Ross, her constant lover. It is generally believed that when her husband was away on a long voyage she wrote

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to Gairloch suggesting that Ross should meet her ; and, preposterous as the suggestion was, he fell in with it, and undertook the long and toilsome journey, till he reached Stirling. Here he paused, and common-sense came to his aid. Did he actually, he asked himself, propose to take another man's wife and appear with her before the world? And this in Gairloch of all places? The idea would not bear examination. He therefore retraced his steps, and, in the course of his long journey homewards, had to spend a night in the open before he could reach the shelter of his father's cottage. Bruised and broken in body and spirit he took to bed for the last time.

At this period, seized with a certain misgiving which has overwhelmed other poets, great and small, he destroyed the most ambitious of his poems, those which he had committed to writing. Even the zeal of John MacKenzie has recovered but a few lines of "Song of the Seasons," and "Troed Dhaormuinn ma Bhrat Armuinn." Round such untoward facts as these have gathered popular legends now generally, if not universally, credited in his native island. When the unhappy Bard was breathing his last breath, his wraith winged its way to far off Liverpool to make claims on Marion which she could not refuse, the fulfilment of her promise to wed, or the end which she had invoked heaven to send upon her if she proved unfaithful. She, was at the moment, with the help of her maid, dressing herself in white in preparation for a ball she was about to attend. A knock was heard at the door which blanched her face with fear. The maid answered, and announcing that a tall young man in Highland dress was waiting,

she heard her mistress whisper, "William Ross." Marion herself then went to the door, but no one was to be seen. At that instant the flame of the candle she held in her hand was blown inward and lit her flimsy garments, and her screams soon ceased in the agony of death.

This fate of the hapless Marion, while it has satisfied the popular sense of poetic justice, has gone some way to blight the fair fame of Ross and to invest him with a sinister aspect which is very far from his true character. Let the people of Gairloch speak for him. Every male inhabitant, who possibly could, attended his funeral. He was of their race, their blood and bone. They knew him, and all there was to know of him. He had done his share of the work in his time, and contributed his full share of amusement, enlightenment, accomplishment. He loved their language and had clothed it with a fresh glory, laden as it now was more than ever, with the poetry of the heart. There was also a pious tradition that he composed hymns on his death-bed.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair.

Sixty years after his death a freestone pillar was erected in the churchyard of Gairloch with inscriptions in English and Gaelic :—

In memory of William Ross, sometime schoolmaster of Gairloch, better known as the Gairloch Bard, who died in 1790, aged 28 years, this monument is erected over his grave by a few of his countrymen and others, headed by the amiable and accomplished proprietor of

SHORT MEMOIR OF LIFE OF WILLIAM ROSS

Gairloch, in testimony of their respect and admiration of his extraordinary genius and great native talent. 1850.

His name to future ages shall extend,
While Gaelic poetry can claim a friend.

Ann an cuimhne air Uilliam Ross a bha uireigin 'na mhaighstir-sgoil ann an Gearloch air aithnicheadh nis fearr fo 'n tiodal Bard¹ Ghearloch a chaochail ann 1790 aig aois 28 bliadhna. Tha an cuimhneachan so air a chur suas air an uaigh aige le teirc de a luchd-duthcha¹ agus muinntir eile le uachdaran caoimhneil agus eireachdail Ghearloch air an ceann ann an teisteanas air an speis¹ dha agus am mor-mheas air a chial¹ neo-chumant 's a mhor-thalant nadurach. 1850.

Air ainm-sá¹ cho fada bithidh aithris
'S aig bhardachd¹ bitheas caraid.

Now, at the end of other seventy years, from the gracious Lady of Flowerdale downwards, admiration for his genius and devotion to his memory are unabated, and sometimes find expression :—

Buinibh gu réidh ris is éisdibh tamuill
R'a sgeul, is canaibh a dhuain ;
Seallaibh le spéis air féin 's air ealain
Is seudan barraicht' a smuain.
Tréigidh sibh féin 'ur féill 's 'ur malairt,
Is théid sibh thairis gur duais,
Cian mu'n leigear gu beud aon earrann
De 'n tséisd a chan e 'n ur cluais.

¹ The reading on the stone.

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LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

- [] square brackets enclose Editor's note.
 : rhymes with in metrics.
 A, B, C, D editions of Ross's Poems.
 Arms. Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary. 1825.
 Aur. Aúraicept na nEces, ed. Calder, Edinburgh.
 Contrib. Contributions to Irish Lexicography, K. Meyer.
 cpd. compound.
 C.S. common speech.
 D. Ban Gaelic songs of Duncan MacIntyre, ed. Calder, Edinburgh. 1912.
 Dinn. Dinneen's Irish-English Dictionary. 1927.
 G.S.M.M. Gaelic Songs of Mary MacLeod, Glasgow. 1934.
 Gk. Greek.
 Gr. A Gaelic Grammar, ed. Calder, Glasgow.
 H.B. Dwelly's Dict., pub. Herne Bay. 1902.
 H.S.D. Highland Society's Dictionary. 1828.
 Jamieson Jamieson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language.
 J. M. John Mackenzie, Editor of Ross's songs.
 l. *lege, read.*
 LU. Lebor na hUidre, edd. Best and Bergin, Dublin.
 M'A. MacAlpine's Gaelic Dictionary. 1832.
 MacB. MacBain's Etymological Dictionary. 1896.
 M. & D. MacLeod and Dewar, Dictionary. 1831.
 MacE. MacEachen's Gaelic Dictionary. 1842.
 Macl. Maclagan MSS. in Glasgow University Library.
 M'Len. MacLennan's Gaelic Dictionary. 1925.
 MDs. The Metrical Dindshenchas, ed. Gwynn, Dublin.
 M.G. Middle Gaelic.
 M.I. Middle Irish.
 n. neuter gender.
 O.G. Old Gaelic.
 O.I. Old Irish.
 om. omit, omitted.
 Ped. Pederson's Vergleichende Grammatik der keltischen Sprachen.
 S.O. Sar-obair nam Bard Gaelach 1841 ; 1907 Reprint follows S.O. in brackets.
 T. Turner's Comhchruinneacha do dh'òrain taghta Ghàidhealach.
 Tbc. Táin bó Cúalngi, ed. Windisch.
 Thur. Thurneysen's Handbuch des Alt-Irischen.
 v.n. verbal noun.

I. COMHRADH EADAR AM BARD AGUS BLATH-BHEINN

Rinn am Bàrd an t-òran a leanas air dha bhi 'g amharc thar mullach cnuic, ann an Geàrr-loch, air Blàth-bheinn an àirde Strath-Mhic-Ionmhuinn 'san Eilean-Sgiathanach, fearann dùthchasach a shinnsear: tha e 'g aslachadh air a' Bheinn "eachdraidh a sheinn air an linn a thréig." Tha Bheinn mar gu'm b'ann 'ga fhreagairt, agus a' cur an céill gu'n tàinig caochladh truagh oirre féin, o na sguir a shinnsear-sa dheth a tathaich.

AIR FONN—"Tuircadh nam Fiann"

Metre: Rannaigeacht dialtach (mor), 7¹+7¹

MI bhi 'm shuidh' air tulaich fhaoin,¹
'G amharc 's a' smaointeach' fa dheòidh,
"Cluain an domhain, truagh an dàil,
Gur cobhartach do'n bhàs gach feòil."

O 's ionmhuinn leam na chì mi thall! 5
"Rìbhinn nam beann nach fann gruaim;
'S dh' aithnichinn féin do thulach àrd,
Ge cian a thàrladh mi uat.

"O! Bhlàth-bheinn àrsaidh, 's fàiltich' frìth
Bhiodh mo shinnsear-s' annt' a' sealg, 10
Freagair dhomh le comas diamhair,
O nach robh mi riamh 'gad fhalbh,

¹ Note A.

I. CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE BARD AND BLAVEN

The Bard composed the following song while gazing over the top of a hill in Gairloch, at Blaven, the summit of Strath MacKinnon in the Isle of Skye, the native land of his ancestors. He entreats the Ben to "sing the story of the age that is gone." The Ben answers him, as it were, and declares that a sad change has come upon itself since the Bard's ancestors ceased to frequent it.

I sit on a lonely height,
Gazing, musing, the lay saith
"The world's guile, life's poor respite,
All flesh—are a prey to death."

O ! all I see I dearly prize,
"Queen of the bens, grim gloomily,
Thy lofty peak I'd recognise
Howe'er far I strayed from thee.

"O ancient Blaven, forest free,
Where hunted my ancestry,
With secret power answer me,
Since I've never roamed on thee !

“ ’S labhair an t-ùr-sgeul o shean,
 Le bhi toirt fainear gach àm,
 O na lathaichean a chuaidh
 Dh’ ionnsaidh an tràth thruaigh so th’ann.” 15

Dhiuchd an comas sin ’nam dhàil
 Ceart mar b’ àill leam no ni’s mò ;
 Ged nach tuig am mal-shluagh dùr,
 ’S nach rannsaich iad iùil air chòir. 20

Ach chualas fathunn grathuinn uam,
 Tabhann duanaich le guth fann—
 “ Bu truagh leam do ghlaodh bhi teirbeirt,
 Mar chaora thearbaidh air chall.

“ B’ eòl domh t’ aitim ’s b’ ait am beus,
 Bhi siubhal sléibhe gun sgios,
 Ach ré seal bha mise ’g iondrain
 Torghain do bhuidhne ’nam fhrith. 25

“ Chaill na h-ionadan am blàth,
 A’s thriall gach àrmunn àigh g’a uaigh ;
 Thréig a’ chruit a h-inneal dàna,
 ’S leig a’ chlàrsach bàs a fuaim ! 30

“ ’S tha mac-talla balbh gun chainnt,
 Cha chluinn e caithream, no ceòl—
 Mo dhòigh gu’n deach mac-nan-creag,
 O bhi freagairt mar bu chòir 35

“ Tha mise mar bha mi riamh,
 O na shoillsich grian air là,
 O na dhealraich gealach oidhch’,
 Chuireadh mo ghaibhlean-s’ an sàs. 40

CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE BARD AND BLAVEN

“ And tell the romantic tale of old,
Demonstrating every age
From the days that by have rolled
To this sad hour's present stage.”

That power swam into my ken
Just as I wished or with more force,
Though dullards dense don't understand
Or properly search out its source.

But not far off I heard a sigh,
A bay of woe, with weak voice say,
“ I'd mourn thee broadcasting thy cry,
Like a sheep wandered, cast away.

“ I knew thy race, glad was their way
The hill to traverse with no rest,
But I've been missing for a day
Thy folk's murmur in my forest.

“ The places all have lost their bloom,
The crowd its note of melody,
And each bold wight gone to his tomb,
The harp has let its music die.

“ And halting echo, speechless grown,
Hears no war-cry or blithe strain,
Ah ! that the Son of the Rocks has gone,
Nor answers, as he ought, again.

“ I am as I have ever been
Since the sun lit up the day,
Ere since by night did the moon gleam,
Have my foundations held their stay.

“ Mus tàinig an dil’ o nèamh
Bha mo fhreamhan-s’ air an cur ;
’S cha dean a h-uile neart an gluasad,
Bithidh mi gu buan air am muin.

“ Ach tha mi gun triath talmhaidh còir,
Mo choir’ air sìol Leòid, leòir an cron,¹
Ach na’m faodainn-sa dhol thairis,
Dhìoladh Dùn-can air a shon.”

45

¹ Note L.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE BARD AND BLAVEN

“ Before the flood came from above
Were my root foundations set,
Them no power will ever move,
I'll stay forever on them yet.

“ But I've no proper earthly lord,
My charge on Leod, a valid claim,
But had I power to pass o'er,
Pay would Dun-can for the same.”

2. ORAN DO SHIR EACHUNN
GHEARR-LOCH ¹

AIR FONN—"She rose and let me in"

Metre : 8³+6¹

THA m'aighe féin ag éirigh leam,
'S cha n-fheud mi bhi 'nam thàmh,
'S mo rùn air fad 'gam iompachadh,
'S mo shunndachd ris air fàs ;
O'n thogas fonn gu h-inntinneach, 5
Gu'n seinn mi e gun dàil,
O'n 's cuspair fial ri aithris air,
A charaicheadh mo chàil.

Cuir ort do bhratan sòlasach,
Dhail-flòran mhòr nan cluan, 10
'S biodh do gharain rò-chrannaibh
'Gan còmhdachadh le h-uail ;
Biodh co'sheirm chruiteil, chèol-bhinneach,
Nan smeòraichean 's nan cuach,
Seinn furain bhinn air gheugan da, 15
Cur éibhneas ann a chluais.

Mhic-talla bith-s' a' freagradh
O do chreagan guth nan sonn,
'S bi 'g aithris ceòl nam feadanan
Gu beadarach le fonn ; 20

¹ Note B.

2. SONG TO SIR HECTOR OF GAIRLOCH

MY own heart-fire is burning me,
I cannot be at rest ;
My inclination turning me,
My joy is grown confessed ;
Since song can be raised heartily,
I'll sing it sans delay,
And 'tis a glorious theme to handle,
Which could move my fantasy.

Don thou thy pleasing mantle,
Great Flower-dale of meads wide,
And let thy groves of stately trees
Bedeck themselves with pride ;
Let the harp-like tuneful chorus
Of the mavis and cuckoo,
Singing welcome on the boughs to him,
His ears with rapture woo.

And, echo, from thy rock-hold,
Answer thou the heroes' voice,
Giving back the chanters' music
With a gladsome pleasant noise ;

Biodh sòlais bhuan gun àireamh
 Ag cur fàilteachadh 'nad fhonn,
 Air ceannard suairc nan Eachunnach
 Cur aiteis air le sunnd.

Shir Eachuinn Ruaidh nan curaidhean, 25
 Bu fhraochail guineach colg,
 Nam pìob, nam pic, 's nam brataichean,
 'S nan dùth-lann, sgaiteach, gorm ;
 Dha'n dualchas mòr euchd-ghaisgeantachd, 30
 Le tapadh air chul-airm ;
 'S ni'm b' ioghna' leinn an dùchas sin
 Bhi leantainn dlùth an ainm.

'S craobh mhullaich dhosrach àghmhor thu
 Dhe'n abhal as àirde spéis ;
 Gur droighean ri do dhùsgadh thu, 35
 Gur seobhac sùil-ghorm treun ;
 Gur leomhan nach gabh mùiseag thu,
 Na'n cuirt' gu d' chunntas streup ;
 Gur dìdean dha do chàirdean thu,
 Nach téid gun spàirn a leum. 40

Sàr-cheannard air sluagh curfant' thu
 A dhòirteadh fuil 'sa' bhlàr ;
 Bhiodh cuimhneach, ciallach, faicilleach,
 Neo-lapach anns an spàirn ;
 Bhiodh reubach, fuilteach, faobharach, 45
 'Sa' chaonnaig air an nàmh,
 'S bu treunail colg nan Eachunnach,
 Toirt euchd nan arm thar chàch.

SONG TO SIR HECTOR OF GAIRLOCH

Let joys prolonged uncountable
Put welcome in thy bounds
For the courteous Chief of the Hectors,
Him cheering with glad sounds.

Sir Hector Roy of the warriors,
Fierce, terrible in mien—
Of the pipes, the pikes, the banners,
The ancestral arms, blue, keen ;
Whose native trait was valorous feats,
With the weapon's master-claim,
We marvel not such heritage
Should follow close their name.

Thou Head-tree spread, magnificent,
The orchard's highest pride,
A thorn-bush art thou when aroused,
A hawk bold and blue-eyed ;
A lion never panic-struck
In strife if brought to bay,
A rampart for thy friends art thou,
Not scaled without affray.

Choice chief of a heroic race,
Who'd shed blood on the field,
Who'd be mindful, shrewd and cautious,
In strife not weak to yield ;
Destructive, bloody, keen-edged
In the struggle with the foe,
Fierce was the wrath of the Hectors,
Exploits unmatched they show.

Gur sealgair sithne 'n garbhlach thu
 Nan agh bu mheanmnaich leum, 50
 'S cuilbheir caol neo-dhearmadach
 'Nad gheala-ghlaic gun chearb gleus.
 'S d' fhearaibh lùthmhor astarach,
 Gun airsneal as do dhéidh,
 'S bu cheòl gu mìn do chaiseamachd 55
 'N uair dh' fhaclaicheadh do bheul.

Gur tearc anns an aois mheirgidh so
 Fear meanman an laoich òig,
 A bhuin air ais gu m' chuimhne-sa
 Na m' inntinn an aois òir ; 60
 Bhiodh armadh nan sonn gasda sin
 Mu'm pearsachan gun leòn,
 'Sa' chonbhail fhallain threunanta,
 Le cleachdadh beusach còir.

Ach 's lionmhor triath nach ainmich mi 65
 Tha 'n Albainn mhòir nan cliar,
 Sud suas le 'n òr 's le 'n airgead iad,
 'Measg allmharach gun mhiadh ;
 Mur reic iad còir an dùthchannan,
 Mus pill, cha n-fhiù iad trian ; 70
 'S na'n leanadh iad do shamhladh-sa
 Cha shloinnt' an call cho miad.

Ach guidheam gach buaidh fhìor-ghlan dut
 Gun diobradh le deagh rùn,
 Mar bu dual o t' aiteam dhut, 75
 Bhi 'd cheannard pailt an cliù ;

SONG TO SIR HECTOR OF GAIRLOCH

A stalker on the Roughbounds thou
Of hinds that highest leap,
A small gun ne'er misfiring, dost
In hand, lock flawless, keep.
Thy supple men, fast-travelling,
Behind thee, unfatigued ;
And sweet music were thy march-song
When thy mouth the march decreed.

Scarce in this age degenerate
Is this youth's likeness bold,
That brings back to my memory
And mind the age of gold ;
The armour of those splendid men
Their persons hale would wear,
With a bearing healthy, valorous,
And a proper well-bred air.

But there's many a lord I'll name not
In great Alba of the bards,
Off up with their gold and silver,
'Mong strangers none regards ;
Unless they sell their native claims,
Ere they return they're broke ;
Had they followed thy example
Less loud their ruin spoke.

But we'll ask all good luck for thee
Unfailing with good name,
As was natural from thy folk to thee,
To be a chief rich in fame ;

regard

Sàr-mharcach nan steud aigeantach,
 Nach géilleadh le lag chùis—
 O ! gu ma slàn a chì sinn thu,
 Air t' ais a rìs an taobh-s'. 80

Gun dìth gu do thìr mhullaich thu,
 Nam frìth 's nam fuinn ard fial,
 Nam beann, nan gleann, 's nan coireachan,
 Na monaichean 's nan sliabh ;
 Gu talla bàn nan rìoghalachd, 85
 An robh do shinnsear riamh,
 Gu priunnsail, suilbheir, màranach,
 Cur sàradh ann am fion.

SONG TO SIR HECTOR OF GAIRLOCH

Fine rider of steeds spirited,
Who'd not yield on slight strain,
O may we see thee well and hale
Back to this land again :

Thee safe back to thy high domain
Of forests, farms secure,
Of the bens, the glens, the corries,
The mountain and the moor ;
To the white hall of loyalties,
Where shared thy sires lang syne
Bluff princely hospitality,
Culminating in wine.

3. ORAN DO MhARCUS NAN GREUMACH ;
AGUS DO'N EIDEADH-GHAIDHEALACH ¹

AIR Fonn—"The Waulking o' the Fauld"

Metre : $8^2+6^2+3\times 8^3+6^1+8^2+6^1$

Is trom an t-air sneul so th'air m'aighe,
Le fadachd 's le mìghean,
A bhain mo threòir 's mo thàbhachd dhìom,
Cha ghabhadh ceòl na mànràn rium ;
Ach thàinig ùr-thosgair da m' iunnsaidh 5
Dhùisg mi as mo shuain,
'N uair fhuair mi 'n sgeul bha mòr ri éigh'd
Gu'n d'eatromaich mo smuain.

Is latha sealbhach, rathail, dealrach,
Allail, ainmeil, àghmhor, 10
A dh'fhuasgail air na h-Albannaich,
O mhachraichean gu garbhlaichean,
O uisge-Thuaid gu Arcamh chuain,
O Dheas gu Tuath gu léir ;
Is binne 'n srann, feadh shrath a's ghleann, 15
Na organ gun mheang gleus.

A Mharcuis òig nan Greumach,
Fhir ghleust' an aighe rìoghail,
O ! gu ma buan air t' aiteam thu,
Gu treubhach, buadhach, macanta ; 20

¹ See *Songs of Duncan Macintyre*, pp. 502, 503.

3. SONG TO THE MARQUIS OF GRAHAM
AND TO THE HIGHLAND DRESS

T 123 ✓
'Twas gloom profound lay on my mind,
Longing combined with discontent,
That checked my pace, and liveliness—
Mirth, music less than nothing meant ;
But a fresh hum to me has come
That roused me from my slumber,
Since I've got news fit to diffuse
That much did ease my cumber.

Day prosperous, bright, gracious,
Noble and famous, luck profound,
The day has dawned on Scotland
From the Lowlands to the Roughbound,
From the Tweed-mouth to the Orkney,
From North South, all the way, *from South to north*
A sweeter strain through strath and glen
Than faultless organs play.

Thou young Marquis of the Graham,
Of gentle name and royal mind,
Long may thou be o'er kin to thee
Strenuously, with gifts refined.

'S tu 'n ùr-shlat àluinn 's mùirneil blàth
 De'n fhiùbhaidh àrd nach crìon ;
 Gur tric na Gàidheil 'g òl do shlàint',
 Gu h-àrmunnach air fion.

Mo cheist am fìrean foinneamh, dìreach, 25
 Maiseach, fìor-ghlan, ainmeil,
 Mo sheobhag sùl-ghorm amaisgeil,
 Tha comhant', cliùtach, bearraideach,
 A b' àird' a leumadh air each-sréine,
 'M barrachd euchd thar chàch ; 30
 'S tu bhuinig cùis a bhàrr gach cùirt,
 'S a chuir air chùl ar càs !

Air bhì air fàrsan dhomh gach là
 Gur tus' tha ghnà air m' inntinn ;
 Mo rùn do'n tìr o'n d'imich mi, 35
 'S mo shùil air fad gu pilleadh ri'.
 'S ann thogas orm gu grad mo cholg
 Le aigne meanmnach treun,
 Mo chliabh tha gabhail lasadh aighir,
 'S ait mo naigheachd féin. 40

Thàinig fasan anns an achd
 A dh'òrdaich pailt am féile,
 Tha éirigh air na breacanan
 Le farum treun neo-lapanach ;
 Bi'dh òighean tapaidh snìomh 's a' dath 45
 Gu h-éibhinn, ait, le uaille,
 Gach aon diubh 'g éideadh a gaoil féin
 Mar 's réidh leo anns gach uair.

SONG TO THE MARQUIS OF GRAHAM

Thou splendid scion, bloom age-defying,
A stock undying is thine,
Right royally the Gaël oft
Thy health have quaffed in wine.

Thou leal man's mate, handsome and straight,
Graceful, upright and namely ;
My hawk blue-eyed, ne'er striking wide,
Is famed, war-tried so gamely,
Would highest leap the charger's seat,
Of the best feat to remind us,
Thou won our cause 'gainst all court laws,
And put our woes behind us.

As I am faring every day,
'Tis thou that stay upon my mind ;
I love the hame from which I came
And hope again return to find.
Resolve in me forms speedily
With spirit free for strong views,
My heart doth snatch a joyous catch,
Gladsome to match my own news.

Fashion in fact changed with the act
Which ordered back kilt-wearing,
There's a sporting of the tartan,
A strong start in its airing.
Brisk maidens vie to spin and dye,
Glad, joyous, high with pride,
They, every one, to cleed her own *hose*
Have right won, every tide.

As they find so agreeable

ORAN DO MHARCUS NAN GREUMACH

Biodh cogadh ann no sloth-chainnt,
Cha chuir sin sìor-euchd oirnn. 50
An arm no feachd ma thogras iad,
No 'n àr-amach cha n-obamaid,
Le 'r teannadh suas ri uchd an fhuath-s',
Le 'r n-earradh uasal féin ;
Le lannan cruadhach, neartmhor, buan, 55
A' leantainn ruaig gun sgìos !

O'n fhuair sinn fasan le 'r sàr-chleachdadh,
Dùisgeadh beachd ar sinnsear,
Le rùn gun cheilg 's a h-uile fear,
'S gun mheirgh' air leirg nan Lunnuinneach, 60
Le sunnd a's gleus, a's barrachd spéis
Toirt àite féin do'n Rìgh,
Mo bhàs gun éis mur b' fheàrr leam féin sin
Na ge d' éibhte 'n t-sìth !

SONG TO THE MARQUIS OF GRAHAM

Be it peace or war in which we are,
'Twill not intimidate our feat ;
Be it arms or fray, they wish to essay,
Or field array we'd not retreat.
Our drawing near the breast of fear
In our own gear right noble,
With brands of steel strong, lasting, we'll
Their conquest seal, no trouble.

Whellon?

*holding the retreat
without exhaustion*

Since our garb we take, and old ways remake,
Let the spirit wake of our forbears,
With goodwill shown in everyone,
No bannered zone of Londoners,
With a glad regime, and much esteem,
Giving his place to the king he's gained,
That were better boon, or may I die soon,
Than though peace were proclaimed.

*Spring has been
planned for
long*

4. ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH

AIR FONN—"Now wat ye wha I met yestreen"

Metre : 8¹+8³

O ! mosg'leamaid gu suilbhear ait,
 Le sundachd ghasd', a's éireamaid,
 Tha mhadainn-sa le furan caomh
 Toirt cuireadh faoilteach, éibhinn duinn ;
 Cuireamaid fàilt air an lò, 5
 Le cruitean ceòlmhor, teud-bhinneach,
 'S biodh ar cridhe deachdadh fuinn,
 'S ar beòil a' seinn le spéirid dha.

Nach cluinn thu bith-fhuaim suthain, sèamh,
 'S a' bhruthainn sgèamhail bhlàth-dhealtrach, 10
 'S beannachdan a nuas o nèamh
 A' dòrtadh fial gu làr aca ;
 Tha nàdur a' caochladh tuar
 Le caomh-chruth, cuannda, pàirt-dhathach,
 'S an cruinne iomlan, mu'n iadh ghrian, 15
 A' tarruing fiamhan gràsail air !

Nach cluinn thu còisridh stòlda, suairc,
 'S an doir' ud shuas le 'n òranan,
 Seinn cliù dha'n Cruthadair féin,
 Le laoidhean ceutach, sòlasach, 20
 Air chorraibh an sgiath gun tàmh,
 Air meangain àrd nan rò-chrannaibh,
 Le'n ceileirean toirt moladh binn
 Dha'n Tì dh'ath-phill an beòthachd riu.

4. SONG TO SUMMER

OH, let us wake joyful, elate,
With gladness great and let us rise ;
This summer morn with welcome warm
Gives greeting charming, joyous-wise ;
Hail ! let us pay unto the day,
Sweet roundelay of the harp chords,
And let our heart indite the part,
While our lips start with the heart words.

Dost mark, aye flowing, a still sound going,
In the flower-bedewing fine sultriness,
And blessings even down from heaven
Freely given the ground to bless ?
A change of nature every feature,
Fine form with sweet fair fringes there,
The whole round space of the sun's race
Assuming gracious tinges there.

Dost thou not hear a choir calm, clear,
In the grove up here with all their praise,
Singing song to their own Creator
In excellent, long, joyous lays ?
On tips of their wings untiring,
On tapering of stately stem,
Warbling, they raise melodious praise
To Him, who bright days brought to them.

Gu'm b'fheàrr na bhi 'n cadal an tàmh 25
 Air leabaidh stàta chlàimh-itich,
 Eirigh moch 'sa' mhadainn Mhàigh,
 Gu falbh na fàsach feòirneinich—
 Ruaig a thoirt air bhàrr na driùchd
 Do dhoire dlùth nan smeòraichean, 30
 Am bi tùis as cùbhraidh na fìon
 Le fàile ciatach ròsanan.

Tha feartan toirbheartach, neo-ghann,
 'S an àm so gun ghreann dùbhlachdach,
 Cur trusgan trom-dhait' air gach raon, 35
 Le dealt, 's le braon 'gan ùrachadh ;
 Tha Flora cnòdachadh gach cluain,
 Gach glaic, a's bruaich le flùraichean ;
 'S bi'dh nòinean, ròsan, 's lili bhàn,
 Fo'n dìthean àluinn, chùl-mhaiseach. 40

Tha Phoebus féin, le lòchrann àigh,
 Ag òradh àrd nam beanntaichean,
 'S a' taomadh nuas a ghathan tlàth,
 Cur dreach air blàth nan gleanntanan ;
 Gach innseag 's gach coirean fraoich 45
 A' tarruing faoilt na Bealltainn air ;
 Gach fireach, gach tulach, 's gach tom
 Le foirm cur fonn an t-samhraidh orr'.

Tha caoin, a's ciùin, air muir 's air tìr,
 Air machair mhìn 's air garbh-shleibhtibh ; 50
 Tha cùirnean driùchd 'na thùir air làr,
 Ri àird 's ri àin na geala-ghreine ;

SONG TO SUMMER

'Twere a better fate than sleeping late
On a bed of state, soft, downy,
Early to stray on a morn of May
To the meads away so flowery ;
A course pursue a-top of the dew
Thick grove unto, with the thrushes,
Incense to find fragrant as wine,
Like scented fine rose bushes.

not late!

more for them

Gifts liberal and bountiful,
No wintry dule this gracious time,
Put a deep-dye stain on every plain,
With dew and rain refreshing them.
Flora doth cleed each several mead,
Dell and bank-heid with flowers,
And daisies, roses, lily posies,
'Mid splendid nosegay bowers.

And Phoebus bright with blessed light
Is gilding the height of the bens,
And down doth shed his warm rays red,
And glory spread on flowery glens ;
Each little holm and heathy coomb
Doth the joy assume of the May,
Each ridge and hill and ilka fell—
The summer's swell they all display.

swell

Mild calm reigns o'er the sea and shore,
The upland moor, and the smooth plain ;
And drops of dew the ground bestrew
As high hot grew the bright sunshine ;

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH

Bi'dh coill, a's pòr, a's fraoch, a's feur,
 Gach iasg, gach eun, 's na h-ainmhidhean
 Rì teachd gu'n gnàsalachd 's gu nòs, 55
 'Nan gné, 's 'nan dòigh, 'san aimsir so.

Gur éibhinn àbhachd nìonag òg,
 Air ghasgan feòir 'sna h-aonaichean,
 An gleanntaibh fàsaich 's iad gu suairc,
 A' falbh le buar 'gan saodachadh ; 60
 Gu h-ùrail, fallain gun sgìos,
 Gu maiseach, fialaidh faoilteachail,
 Gu neo-chiontach 's gun cheilg, a's gràs
 Nan gaol a' snàmh 'nan aodannan.

Uainn gach mìghean, sgìos a's gruaim, 65
 'S na bitheamaid uair fo'n ainneartan ;
 Crathamaid air chùl gach bròn,
 Le fonn, 's le ceòl, 's le canntaireachd ;
 'S binn' an tathaich sud mar cheud
 Na gleadhraich éitigh chabhsairean, 70
 'S mi 'm pillein cùraidh cùl-ghorm fraoich,
 'Sna bruthaichean saor o'n champaraid.

Bitheadh easlaint éitigeach, gun chli
 An didean rìmheach sheòmraichean ;
 Bitheadh eucailean gun spéis, gun bhrìgh 75
 'N aitribh rìghrean, 's mhòr-uaislean ;
 Biodh slàinte chonnabhalach gach ial
 Am bùthaibh fial gun stròthalachd
 Aig Gàidheil ghasd' an éididh gheàrr,
 Fir spéiseil, chàirdeil, rò-gheanach ! 80

SONG TO SUMMER

Woods, crops together, grass and heather,
Fin, feather, and beasts sans reason,
All are let loose to their wont and use,
To their way and choice this season.

attending

The game is gay young lasses play
On slopes grassy in the vast moor,
In fertile glen glad times they spend
With the kine they tend to pasture ;
All fresh and sound with ne'er a stound,
And with beauteous bounteous graces,
Innocence warm, unconscious charm
Of their loves transform their faces.

becoming in

Hence ! ill-humour, tire and cummer,
And let us never be wilting ;
And shake off thorough every sorrow ;
Song, music borrow and liting ;
Yon haunt outbraves a hundred ways
All the causeway's hateful hustle,
An' I in fragrant wreath of green-tressed heath
In the braes released from bustle.

Be fell disease, and pithless ease
In elegancies of castles ;
And sicknesses contemned, strengthless,
At the kings' address and vassals' ;
Unbroken weel may it flourish still
In the kind cots leal, though sparing
Of the Gael well made, in the kilt arrayed,
Clean, kind-hearted, o' fine bearing.

*2. elegant & graceful
of children
nobility*

5. ORAN AIR GAOL NA H-OIGHE DO CHAILEAN

Metre : 7^a+6^l, two stresses

Air do'n Bhàrd a bhi siubhal air feadh Gàidhealdachd Siorramachd Pheirt, thàrladh dha tuiteam air achadh fàsaich far an robh nighean tuathanaich eireachdail maille ri seirbheisich, air àireachas le spréidh a h-athar. Dh'fhiadhaich i'm Bàrd le caoibhneas gu *fantuinn leo rè beagan laithean, a sgìos a chur seachad, agus iadsan aonaranach, 's déidheil air cuideachd* : ghabh e 'n tairgse gu toileach agus dh'fhan e leo. Air dha féin agus do'n chailin èolas math a chur air a chéile, dh'innis i dha gu'n robh—" *A h-aighe òg gu trom fo leòn,*" le *i-féin agus òganach àraidh da'm b'ainm Cailean a bhi'n déidh air a chéile, agus nach fuiligeadh a càirdean di a phòsadh, do bhrìgh nach robh e cho saibheir no cho mòr-inbheach rithe-se.* Geàrr mar a bha 'n ùin a chaith am Bàrd 'na fochair, chunnaic e gu tric an ribhinn àigh agus Cailean a' còmlachadh a chéile, ann an glacagan uaigneach an fhàsaich ri conadal diamhair, far an do shònraich iad latha pòsaidh, an ni fa dheòidh a thachair mu'n d'fhàg e-féin an t-achadh. Chum iad e ri chuid de'n chuirp phòsaidh, a's sheinn e 'n t-òran a leanas do na chàraid shona, agus thriall e air a thuras, a' guidhe—" Sòlas gun chrìch do'n chomunn chiúin."

ANN am madainn chiùin Chéitein,
'S an spréidh air an lòn,
Agus cailin na buaile,
Gabhail nuallain mu'n còir ;
Do bhi gathanan *Phoebus*,
A' cur an céill tro' na neòil,
Là buadhach, geal, éibhinn,
'S las na speuran le ròs.

5

5. SONG ON THE LOVE OF THE MAID FOR COLIN

When the Bard was travelling through the Highlands of the County of Perth, he chanced to light on a pasture-land where a tacksman's handsome daughter lived with her servants, taking charge of her father's cattle. She kindly invited him to stay with them for a few days to recover from his fatigue, they being also lonely and fond of company : he willingly accepted the offer and stayed with them. When he and the maid had established a good acquaintance with one another, she told him that "her young heart was heavy with grief" owing to herself and a certain young man named Colin being fond of one another, and her relations would not allow her to marry him, because he was not so wealthy or of so high a position as herself. Short though the time was that the Bard spent in her company, he often saw the adorable nymph and Colin meeting together in lonely dells of the pasture-land engaged in secret conversation where they fixed a day for marriage, an event that finally took place before he himself left the farm. They included him with those of the marriage party, and he sang the following song to the happy pair, and proceeded on his journey with the prayer : "Unending joy to the quiet company."

WITH the kine on the mead
On a fine morn of May,
And the lass of the fold
Near them singing her lay,
The rays of the sun
Through the clouds did disclose
Day bright with glad light
And skies lit like the rose.

Ach cha b'e 'n tòn, bha'd a' tional,
 Anns an innis 'sa' ghleann, 10
 So bhuin m'aighe gu luasgan,
 'S mi air chuairt anns an àm,
 Ach an cailin bu dreachmhoire,
 Mìne mais' agus loinn,
 Bh' air an tulaich 'nam fochair, 15
 Gu ciùineil, foistineach, grinn.

Shnàmh mo smuaintean an ioghnadh,
 'S thuit mi'n caochladh ro-mhòr,
 Sheas mi snasaicht' mar ìomhaigh,
 'G amharc dian air an òigh. 20
 'S ge do bhrosnaich mo dhùrachd mi
 Dh'éisdeachd ùr-laoidh a beòil,
 Stad mi rìs le mùnadh,
 'S dheachd mi rùn gu bhì fòil.

Ach gur deacair dhomh innseadh, 25
 Leis mar dhìobrainn an cainnt,
 Dreach na finn' ud, 's a h-àilteachd,
 A thug bàrr air gach geall ;
 Tha slìos geala-mhin mar eala,
 No mar chanach nan gleann, 30
 'S a h-anail chùraidh mar chaineal,
 O beul meachair gun mheang.

Bha falt cama-lùbach, bòidheach,
 Bachlach, òr-bhuidhe, 'na dhuail,
 Cas-bhuidhe, snìomhanach, fàinneach, 35
 An neo-chàramh, mu'n cuairt

SONG ON THE LOVE OF THE MAID FOR COLIN

But 'twas no gathering herd
In the mead of the glen
That my spirit had stirred,
And me passing then,
But the handsomest lassie,
Looks and charm the most sweet,
On the hillock beside them,
Gentle, patient and neat.

My thoughts swam in wonder,
In a swither I staid,
I stood carved like a statue,
Keen regarding the maid ;
And though my wish bade me
Hear her fresh melody,
I again paused, with manners,
And bade zeal not make free.

But language would fail me,
'Twere hard for my telling,
Yon fair's face and beauty
All promise excelling :
Profile smooth, white and swan-like,
Or like glen-cotton slender,
Her breath sweet as cinnamon
From her lips pure and tender.

Her hair cross-looped, pretty,
Crook-like, golden, in curl,
Crisp-yellow, twisted ringlets,
In a dishabille whirl—

“ Do bhràghad sneachdaidh a b'fhìor-ghlain
 Fo lic bu mhìn-dheirge gruaidh,
 Gun innleachd bhàth, ach buaidh nàduir,
 A' toirt gach bàrr dhut gun uail ! ” 40

Aghaidh bhaindidh, ghlan, mhòdhar,
 Bu bhinne, ròs-dheirge beul ;
 Sùil mheallach, ghorm, thairis,
 Caol-mhala, 's rosg réidh ;
 Uchd soluis, làn sonais, 45
 Geala bhroilleach mar ghréin
 'S troidh mhìn-gheal, chaoin, shocrach,
 Nach doich'neadh am feur.

Ach gu dubhar na coille,
 Am binne 'n goireadh a' chuach, 50
 Bha 'm fochair na h-innse,
 Gus an tionailt' am buar,
 Gu'n do dh'imich an cailin,
 Mìn, farasda, suairc :
 Ghleus i guth, 's ghabh i òran, 55
 'S bu ro-bhinn cheòl bheireadh buaidh.

B'ann air gaol bha i tighinn,
 'S rùn a cridhe, 's a buaidh,
 Do dh' òg-laoch nan ciabh òr-bhuidh,
 An Leitir Laomuinn nan cuach. 60
 Do dhiuchd uiseag, a's smeòrach
 Am bàrraibh rò-chrannaibh suas,
 A's sheinn cho binn an co'-ghleus di,
 'S gu'n do dh'éisd mi car uair'.

SONG ON THE LOVE OF THE MAID FOR COLIN

“Round thy snowy neck the purest,
’Neath cheek of pink hue,
No cosmetic but nature
Gives thee excellence true.”

Face modest, bright, comely,
Mouth sweetest red rose,
Eye winning, blue, trustful,
Level glance, slim eye-brows ;
Breast of light, blissful,
Bosom as the sun pure,
Small foot, fine, white and easy
Which the grass could endure.

*could not
endure the
grass*

But to depths of the wood
Where the cuckoo called high,
Lying near to the mead
In which gathered the kye,
Thither saundered the maid
Gentle, easy and sweet,
Tuned her voice, sang a song
Finest music to beat.

She was dwelling on love,
Her heart's wish, her strength too,
For the golden-haired youth
O' Lomond-side o' the cuckoo ;
The lark came, and mavis
To big tree-tops that tower,
And so sweetly sang with her
That I listened an hour.

conjunction

“ O Chailein ! O Chailein ! ” 65

Do sheinn cailin nan gaol,

“ Cia fàth nach tigeadh tu tharais

Do ghleannan falaich nan craobh ?

Is nach iarrainn-s' air m'òrdugh,

De stòras, no mhaoin, 70

Ach bhi laighe na t' asgail,

Fo do bhreacan 'san fhraoch.

“ Gu'm b' òg mis' agus Cailean,

Ann an gleannan na cuaich,

A's sinn a' tional nan dìthean 75

Leinn féin feadh nan cluan ;

A's sinn 'gar leagadh nar sìneadh,

'N uair bu sgì leinn air bruaich ;

'S bhiodh na cruitearan sgiathach

Cur ar cionalais uainn. 80

“ Gu'm bu neo-chiontach m'aran

Mo ghràidh anns a' choill ;

A's sinn a' mireadh nar n-aonar,

Gun smaointean air foill ;

Sinn gun mhulad, gun fhadachd, 85

O mhadainn gu h-oidhch',

Agus Cupid 'gar tàladh,

Gu tairt gràidh, 's sinn nar cloinn.

“ 'S ged a thàinig an samhradh,

'S mi 'sa' ghleann so ri spréidh,

Gur e 's tric leam am fàgail, 90

'S bithidh càch as an déidh ;

SONG ON THE LOVE OF THE MAID FOR COLIN

“ O Colin, O Colin,”
Sang the love-stricken maid,
“ Why came ye not o’er
To the thick-wooded glade ?
I’d not ask at command
Any money or treasure,
But to lie in thy bosom,
’Neath thy plaid in the heather.

“ Young was I, and Colin
In the cuckoo’s wee glens,
While daisies we gathered
By ourselves through the plains ;
And we laid us at length,
When we tired, on the brae,
And the winged harpers sang
Our homesickness away.

“ ’Twas blameless the croon
Of my love in the wild,
While we sported alone
With no ill-thoughts beguiled ;
We did, glad and unwearied,
From morn to e’en rove,
And us Cupid alluring,
While children, to love.

“ And though summer finds me
In this glen with kine,
Oft my way is to leave them
For others to min’ ;

'S ann a dhiuchdas mi thairis
 Do na gharan leam féin,
 Gu bhi taomadh mo dhosgainn 95
 Ann am fochair nan geug.

“ Tha mo chàirdean fo ghruaim rium,
 O là chual' iad mar tha :
 Gur annsa leam Cailean
 Na fear-baile le thàn ; 100
 Ach cha tréiginn-s' mo cheud-ghradh,
 Gus an géillinn do'n bhàs ;
 O na gheall e bhi dileas,
 Cia fàth mu'n dibrinn-sa dha ? ”

So mar sheinn an caomh chailin 105
 Tòsan tairis a gràidh,
 'S a bóid sheasmhach da ceud-ghaol,
 A's nach dibreadh gu bràth :
 Gach òigh eile da cluinn so,
 Gu'n robh a h-inntinn gu bàs 110
 Gu bhi leantainn an t-samh'l ud,
 Gun a h-anntoil thoirt dha.

Ach air bhi grathuinn 'nam thàmh dhomh,
 'S mi gun àbhachd 'san ròd,
 'S mo chliabh air lasadh le h-éibhneas 115
 A' tabhairt éisdeachd do'n òigh,
 Chunnacas òganach gasda
 Teachd o leacainn a' chrò,
 'S e le uile shàr-imeachd,
 'S b' ann gu innis nam bò. 120

SONG ON THE LOVE OF THE MAID FOR COLIN

Then I will come o'er
To this thicket alone,
In the thick of the branches
To pour out my moan.

“ My friends gloom upon me
Since they heard how that I
Do much prefer Colin
To the tacksman an's kye ;
But I'd not leave my first love
Till death took me away ;
Since he vowed to be faithful
Why should I betray ? ”

So sang the kind maiden
Her faithful love lay,
Her firm vow to her first love
She'd never betray.
Each maid else, this hearing,
Be her mind while she live
That example to follow,
Nor refusal to give.

But I a while resting
On the road aimless stayed,
And my heart fired with gladness
To list to the maid—
From the mountain fold coming
I beheld a youth fine,
And with all his speed nearing
The mead of the kine.

without pleasure

Bha dhreach, 's a dhealbh mar bu mhiannach,
 Le òigh iarraidh dhi féin,
 An tùs briseadh an rùnachd,
 'S i fo h-ùr-bhlàth air féill ;
 Beachd a b'fherr bu neo-fhurasd' 125
 A thabhairt tuille 'na dhéidh,
 Air an òganach mhaiseach,
 A' teachd o leacainn nan geug.

Ach sùil dha'n tug an t-òg gasda
 Bu rìoghail mais' air gach taobh, 130
 Dhearc air òigh nan ciabh cas-bhuidh',
 Siar fo asgail nan craobh ;
 Dheachd a chridhe le furtachd
 Gu'm b'e sud cuspair a ghaoil,
 A's ghuidh e beannachd da'n codhail, 135
 A bheag am bròn doibh araon.

Is ann an glacaibh a chéile,
 Le mor spéis mar bu mhiann,
 Ghlais an dithis ud le éibhneas,
 'S an rùn réidh 'gan cur dian ; 140
 'S o'n bha furan cho tairis
 'S nach b'fhuras aithris cho fial,
 Ghuidh mi sonas gun dìth dhoibh
 Gu là na crìch a's mi triall.

SONG ON THE LOVE OF THE MAID FOR COLIN

His face an' form had the making
Of a maiden's desire,
At love's earliest breaking
Into bloom of youth's fire ;
Better vision were not easy
To have ever again
Than the beautiful youth
Coming from wooded glen. *slife*

But the youth, handsome, regal,
Glancing round, every side,
The maid of the golden curls,
O'er 'neath shady boughs spied ;
With relief his heart taught him
Yon's the goal of his love,
He begged a boon, on their tryst
Small their sorrow might prove.

In a mutual embrace
And regard, as was plain,
Did yon pair lock with gladness,
Their smooth love made them fain ;
Since 'twas welcome sincere,
Hard to match, so kind-hearted,
I wished them all joy
To the end, and departed.

6. MARBH-RANN DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH

Metre : R. dialtach mor, 7¹+7¹ ; Amhran 1-4, Cumha 5-60*Comh-sheirm*

SORAIDH bhuan dha'n t-Suaithneas bhàn,
 Gu là-luain cha ghluais o'n bhàs ;
 Ghlac an uaigh an Suaithneas bàn—
 'S leacan fuaraidh tuaim a thàmh !

Air bhi dhomh-sa triall thar druim 5
 Air Di-dònaich, 's còmhlan leam,
 Leughas litir naigheachd leinn,
 'S cha sgeul ait à thachair innt'.

Albainn àrsaidh ! 's fathunn bròin
 Gach aon mhuir bàit' tha bàrcadh oirn, 10
 T'òighre rìoghail bhi 'san Ròimh,
 Tìrt' an caol chist' lìomhta bhòrd !

'S trom leam m'osnaich anns gach là,
 'S tric mo smuaintean fad' o làimh—
 " Cluain an domhain, truagh an dàil, 15
 Gur cobhartach gach feòil do'n bhàs ! "

Tha mo chridh' gu briste, fann,
 'S deòir mo shùl a' ruith mar allt,
 Ge do cheilinn sud air àm,
 Bhrùchd e mach 's cha mhisde leam. 20

6. ELEGY FOR PRINCE CHARLIE

Chorus

A LONG farewell to the White Cockade !
'Twill not till doomsday leave the shade !
The White Cockade the grave has pressed,
The cold slab is the tomb of its rest.

As I o'er a hill did stray
On Sunday with a company,
A news-letter by us was read,
And 'twas no tale to make us glad.

ridge / trapped

Ancient Alba ! News of woe,
Us all breakers overflow—
Thy royal heir in Rome interred
In narrow chest of polished board !

Sad my sighing every day,
Oft my thoughts are far away ;
“ The world's deception, life's sad scathe,
All flesh—flotsam to feed death.”

My heart breaking, I'm undone ;
Burn-like from my eyes tears run ;
Should I hide that for a space,
'Twould burst out—and no disgrace.

stare

no do I regret it

MARBH-RANN DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH

Bha mi seal am barail chruaidh
 Gu'n cluinnte caismeachd mu'n cuairt ;
 Cabhlach Thearlaich thigh'nn air chuan,
 Ach thréig an dàil mi gu là-luain.

'S lìonmhor laoch a's mìli treun, 25
 Tha 'n diugh an Albainn as do dhéidh,
 Iad fos n-iosal sileadh dheur,
 Rachadh dian leat anns an t-streup.

'S gur neo-shubhach, dubhach, sgi, 30
 Do threud ionmhuinn anns gach tìr,
 Buidheann mheamnach bu gharg cli,
 Ullamh, arm-chleasach 'san t-strì.

Nis cromaidh na cruitearan binn
 Am bàrraibh dhos fo sprochd an cinn,
 Gach beò bhiodh ann an srath no 'm beinn 35
 A' caoidh an comh-dhosgainn leinn.

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. 40

Bha 'n t-àl òg nach fac' thu riamh,
 'G altrum gràidh dhut agus miadh,
 Ach thuit an cridhe nis 'nan cliabh,
 O na chaidil thu gu sìor.

Ach biodh ar n-ùirnigh moch gach là 45
 Ris an Tì as àird' a ta,
 Gun e dhioladh oirnn gu bràth
 Ar n-eucoir air an t-Suaithneas bhàn.

ELEGY FOR PRINCE CHARLIE

I did once in hope abound—
A marching would be heard around—
Charlie's fleet come o'er the sea !
The tryst forever hath failed me.

There's many a hero and strong brand
To-day behind thee in Scotland,
They in secret shed tears rife
That keen had joined thee in the strife.

But joyless, gloomy, weary stand
Thy loved flock in every land,
A bold troop, a valiant band,
Ready in strife with skilful hand.

Now the harpers sweet will bow
On the tree-tops their heads low,
All living things in strath or ben
Weep in sympathy with men.

Every peak and hill and moor
We have seen thee journey o'er
Have now lost their look and charm,
Since thou wilt no more return.

The young race who thee ne'er have seen
Nursed love for thee, devotion keen,
Their heart is now sunk in their breast,
Since thou slept in eternal rest.

But let our prayer rise early
To the Highest every day,
That vengeance on us ne'er be laid
For our wrong to the White Cockade.

MARBH-RANN DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH

Ach 's eagal leam ge math a' chléir,
'S gach sonas gheallair dhuinn le 'm beul, 50
Gu'm faicear sinn a' sileadh dheur,
A chionn an Suaithneas bàn a thréig.

Cuireamaid soraidh uainn gu réidh,
Leis na dh'imicheas an céin,
Dh'ionnsaidh 'n àit 'na laigh an reul, 55
Dh'fhògradh uainn gach gruaim a's neul.

'S bitheamaid toilicht' leis na tha,
O nach d'fhaod sinn bhì na's fheàrr,
Cha bhì nar cuairt an so ach geàrr,
A's leanaidh sinn an Suaithneas bàn. 60

ELEGY FOR PRINCE CHARLIE

Though good the clergy, I'm afraid,
Though bliss all by their mouth is said,
We shall be seen by tears betrayed
Because we left the White Cockade.

Let us send greetings quietly
By those that will cross o'er the sea
To the place where set the star in shroud,
Who should have banished gloom and cloud,

And be content with what we see
For that we better cannot be,
Our course here will be undelayed
And we'll follow the White Cockade.

7. MIANN AN OGANAICH GHAIIDLICH

AIR FONN—"Well go no more a roving"

Metre : 8³+6¹

Tha sud do ghnà air m'inntinn,
 Le iompaidh chinntich, réidh,
 'S gur fada o'n bu mhiannach leam,
 Gu'n triallamaid dha réir ;
 'S a nise o nach urrainn mi 5
 G'a chumail orm gu léir,
 Bi'dh mi fa dheòidh ag aideachadh
 Na th' agam dhut de spéis.

Luinneag

An sin tréigeamaid am fàrsan
 'S gu'm b'fheàrr na bhi air chuairt, 10
 Bhi maille ris a' chailin sin
 Le farasdachd gun ghruaim.

Gach aon a chì mi's beartaiche,
 Bithidh spailp orr' as am maoin ;
 Ach sud cha b'urrainn m'iasgach-sa, 15
 Ged liathainn leis an aois ;
 Mo nàdur ged bhiodh iarratach,
 Dha mhiann-s' nach tugainn taobh ;
 Le snaim cho dian cha shnasaichinn,
 Mur glacte mi le gaol. 20

No ged bu shamhl' an stòras mi,
 Ge neònach sud leibh féin,
 Dha'n neach dha'n liuth' tha chòraichean
 Tha 'm Breatainn mhòr gu léir ;

7. THE HIGHLAND YOUTH'S WISH

THIS on my mind is always
With a sure clear appeal,
And it is long since I desired
We'd act just as we feel.
And since it is now distressing
Myself quite to subdue,
I'll be in the end confessing
All my regard for you.

Chorus

Then let's give up the roving,
'Twere better than the road
Being mated with that maiden,
So gentle, without cloud.

Of all the wealthiest I see,
Their riches are their rage ;
But that had never captured me,
Though I'd grown grey with age.
Although my bent were avarice,
Its promptings would not move ;
Its firm knot me would ne'er entice
Were I not caught with love.

Were I of wealth the example,
Though that you may think strange,
Possessed of rights the most ample
In all great Britain's range,

Ge soilleir inbhe 'n stàta sin, 25
 Cha tàladh e mi ceum ;
 'S air mhiltean òir cha lùbainn-s'
 Ach an taobh dha'm biodh mo dhéidh.

Gach fear dha'm beil na smaointean so, 30
 Bithidh m'aonta dha gu mòr,
 Air chumha gun ghnè theagmhaladh
 R'a fhaotainn bhi 'na dhòigh ;
 A rùn-sa 'nuair a dh'fhiosraichinn,
 Na'm measainn bhi air chòir,
 Gu'm molainn gun a dìobairt dha 35
 Cho fad's a bhiodh e beò.

Gu'm b'ait leam cailin fìnealta,
 'S i maiseach, fìor-ghlan, ciùin ;
 Ged nach biodh nì, no airgiod aic', 40
 Ach dreach a's dealbh air thùs ;
 Ach sud na'n tàrladh aic' a bhi,
 'S dha réir bhi pailt an cliù,
 Cha chreidinn gu'm bu mhisd' i e,
 'S i féin bhi glic air chùl.

Cha tréiginn féin a' bharrail sin, 45
 A dh'aindeoin 's na their càch,
 Le iomluaths gu bhi caochlaideach,
 'S nach aontaicheadh mo chàil ;
 Gach fear bi'dh mar as toileach leis
 Gun choireachd uam gu bràth, 50
 'S leanas e gu dìchiollach,
 A' bheirt a chì e 's fheàrr.

THE HIGHLAND YOUTH'S WISH

The clear fame of that dignity
- Would ne'er me a step entice ;
For thousands I would not bend me,
Except where lay my choice.

Each man who has this persuasion
Will quite command my praise,
Were no sort of vacillation
Discovered in his ways.
'Bout his view when search I'm making,
Should I esteem it right,
I'd commend his not forsaking
Long as he saw the light.

I would love a maiden charming,
Straightforward, mild and bonnie ;
Her face and form her adorning,
And not her kine or money.
But should she have the source of these
And character conformed,
I'd deem her none the worse of these,
With " wisdom's root " adorned.

I would not quit that attitude
Whatever others say,
By change with too much promptitude,
My conscience saying nay.
Let each one be as pleases him,
No teasing him from me,
If following with all his force
The best course he can see.

8. MIANN NA H-OIGHE GAIDHLICH

Air an Fhonn cheudna

Metre : 8³+6¹

NA'N tàrladh dhomh sin fheatainn,
 Cha b'èiginn leam no càs
 Bhi 'g iomlaid gaoil gun fhadal ris,
 'S gu réidh 'ga aidmheil dha ;
 'S a dh' aindeoin uail a's gòraich 5
 Nan òighean òga, bàth,
 'Se sud an teuchd gu dìdeanadh
 An cridheachan gu bràth.

Luinneag

Gu'm b'annsa na bhi m'aonar,
 Mo làmh 's mo ghaol thoirt uam, 10
 Maraon a's lùbadh farasda,
 Le òigear fearail suairc.

Na'n deanadh fortan fàbhar rium,
 'S an dàil sin chur mu m'chòir,
 Le òigear maiseach, mìleanta, 15
 Gun anbharr, no dìth stòir,
 A chur an taobh am bithinn-sa,
 'S mi féin am nighinn òig,
 Gun easbhuidh seagh no pàirtean air,
 Cha n-àicheainn e ach fòil. 20

8. THE HIGHLAND MAID'S WISH

THIS, should I chance to find it
I'd count no strait or stress
To niffer love, nor mind it,
But openly confess ;
And maugre pride and feigning
Of each young giddy quean,
That is the fact maintaining
Their heart for ever green.

Chorus

Rather than I'd be lonely
I'd give my heart and han'
With easy condescension
To a gentle manly man.

Should fortune show me favour,
And throw me that chance here,
A handsome gallant lover,
Nor rich nor wanting gear ;
And send him where I'd chance to be,
And me a youthful maid,
And he not wanting sense or parts—
He'd hardly be gainsaid.

B' e sud an céile thaghainn-sa,
 'S cha chladhaire neo-threun,
 Dha'm biodh làn nan còbhraichean,
 De'n òr 's gun treòir dha réir ;
 A threudan a' tighinn thairis air, 25
 Le barrachd dhe gach seud,
 Cha n-fhàgadh saobhreas sona mi,
 Gun toileachas 'na dhéidh.

Gu'n cumadh Ni-math uam-sa sud,
 Fear gàbhaidh, cruaidh, gun chliù ; 30
 'Na fhionaig dhriopail, gheur-chuisich,
 Bhios léirsinneach le shùil ;
 Gun tomad am measg dhaoine dheth,
 Gun ghean, gun fhaoilt, 'na ghnùis,
 Gun fhàilteachd chàirdeil, fhuranach, 35
 Gun uirghiall aig' as fiù.

Ach òigear dreachmhor, tàbhachdach,
 Neo-àrdanach 'na ghnè,
 Bhios calma 'n uair as éiginn da,
 'S e réi'-bheartach dha réir ; 40
 Gun stòras bhi tigh'nn thairis air,
 Gun aimbheartas gu léir,
 'S e sud na'm faighinn m'iarratas,
 A mhiannaichinn dhomh féin.

THE HIGHLAND MAID'S WISH

That were the mate I should prefer,
No spineless fool to pair with,
His offers full gold coffers
And no walk in keeping therewith ;
His flocks and herds o'erwhelming him
With riches beyond measure,
Wealth would never make me happy,
Unless augmenting pleasure.

*Statute by W
Gumpston*

May Providence keep this from me—
A bad man, hard, risky,
A miser busy, oversharpe,
With eyes too quick to see ;
No stature of him among men,
Or glad look in his face,
No frank friendly welcoming,
Or the least effusiveness :

But a handsome youth, effective,
Not uppish in his air,
Who's heeded where he's needed,
And self-controlled, too, there ;
Not being overwhelmed with gain
Or sunk in poortith dire—
That is, should I my wish obtain,
The man I would desire.

9. ORAN AR AISEAG AN FHEARAINN DO
 NA CINN-FHEADHNA 'SA' BHLIADHNA
 —1782

Metre : 8²+6²

Luinneag

THEIR mi horo hugo hoiriunn,
 Ho i hoiriunn hòro.
 Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn.

Thug m'inntinn air fad gu beadradh,
 Mar nach leagadh bròn i. 5

Bitheamaid gu màranach, geanach,
 Fearail, mar bu chòir dhuinn.

Cuirt' am bòla breac 'na tharuing,
 'S glaineachan air bòrd dhuinn.

Chuala mi naigheachd a Sasgunn 10
 Ris na las mo shòlas.

Na Suinn a bha 'n iomairt Thearlaich,
 Thigh'nn gu dàil an còrach.

'S ged tha cuid diubh sud a thriall uainn,
 Tha 'n iarmad air fòghnadh.¹ 15

¹ Note C.

9. SONG ON THE RESTORATION OF THEIR
LAND TO THE CHIEFS IN THE YEAR
1782

Chorus

I'LL say horo hugo hoiriunn
Ho i hoiriunn hòro
I'll say horo hugo hoiriunn.

My heart's taken quite to sporting
As if ill-fortune missed it.

*had not heard of
charlie*

Let's good-humoured be and clanly,
Manly, as we ought to.

Let the brown jar for draught be set,
Glasses let's get on the board.

From England I have heard the news,
Which has enthused my joy.

Heroes in the affair of Charlie,
Come fairly to their own.

And though some of those are no more,
The remnant's store will do.

ORAN AR AISEAG AN FHEARAINN

Feudaidh mac bodaich a reiste,¹
Bhi cur bleid a stòras.

Cosgamaid bòla de chuinneadh
Nan Suinn nach 'eil beò dhiubh.

do chuinneadh?

Tostamaid suas gach ceann-finidh, 20
Bh' anns an iomairt mhòir ud.

Tostamaid suas luchd 'ga leanmhuinn,
Gun dearmad air Deòrsa :

Guidheamaid sonas le suaimhneas
Bhi buan do Rìgh Deòrsa. 25

Sluagh Bhreatainn agus Eirinn,
Géilleachdainn da mhòrachd.

Ge bu duilich leinn an sgeul ud,
Mac Rìgh Seumas fhògradh.

Cha n'eil stà a bhi 'ga iunndran
Ge b'e 'm priunnsa còir e. 30

'S gu'n tig tuisleadh air na rìghrean
Mar a dhìobras òlach,

Fonn an cinnich fìor-shiol coirce,
Cinnidh fochan òtraich : 35

Mar thug mi gu ceann mo luinneag,
Sguiridh mi gu stòlda.

¹ Note C.

SONG ON THE RESTORATION OF THEIR LAND

Son of a sire freed from attainder
May boast remainder wealth.

A pot of money let us spen'
Of the men not living.

All clan chiefs let us celebrate
Who shared yon great affair.

Their followers let us toast high,
No discourtesy to George.

Let us ask bliss, security,
In futurity to him.

British and Irish nationals—
Each falls to his Highness.

Though yon news to us was stunning,
King James's son banished.

No advantage him regretting,
Though the rightful prince he.

Since downfall on kings comes to pass,
E'en as rank grass lodges.

The land where grows the true oat seed
Will breed braird o' the dung hill.

Since to an end I've brought my lay
I'll stay, and sensibly.

10. ORAN GAOIL

A rinn am bàrd da leannan, Mòr Ros, maighdean òg urramach a thug barrachd air mòran ann an sgèimh, agus an deagh ghiùlan, a bha ro thaitneach r'a amharc oirre. Is ann di thug am Bàrd a cheud ghaol, air dha a faicinn aig co'-thional dannsaidh, a b' àbhaist do dhaoine uaisl' eugsamhuil a chumail air amaibh sònraicht', ann am Baile Steòrnabhaidh ann an Leòdhas. Is ann air maise, màldachd, agus air buaidhean ion-mholta na rìbhinne so, a rinn am Bàrd a chuid as mo dheth a chuid òran.

Metre : Rannaigecht bec bec + suirge mall, $3 \times 4^2 + 3^1$

FEASGAR luain, a's mi air chuairt,
 Gu'n cualas fuaim nach b'fhuathach leam,
 Ceòl nan teud gu h-òrdail, réidh,
 A's còisir da réir os a chionn ;
 Thuit mi'n caochladh leis an iognadh, 5
 A dh'aisig mo smaointean a null ;
 'S chuir mi 'n céill gu'n imichinn céin
 Le m'aighe féin, 's e co'-streap rium.

Chaidh mi steach an ceann na còisridh,
 An robh òl, a's ceòl, a's dàmhs', 10
 Rìbhinnean, a's fleasgaich òga,
 'S iad an òrdugh grinn gun mheang ;
 Dhearcas fa leath air na h-òighean,
 Le rosg fòil a null 's a nall ;
 'S ghlacadh mo chridhe, 's mo shùil cò'ladh, 15
 'S rinn an gaol mo leòn air ball.

10. LOVE SONG

Which the Bard made to his sweetheart, Marian Ross, a young estimable girl who, surpassing many in beauty and in good character, was very pleasant to look upon. To her the Bard gave his first love on his seeing her at a dancing assembly which gentlemen of position used to hold at special times in the town of Stornoway in Lewis. On the comeliness, gentleness and praiseworthy qualities of this young lady the Bard made most of his songs.

At eve on Monday, on a round
I heard a sound that pleased me well,
The viol's note did smoothly float,
With a babel wrought above its swell ;
I fell to ponder with the wonder,
My thoughts meandered absently,
Clear did I show that far I'd go,
As my own fancy prompted me.

I went along to join the throng,
Where there was song and drink and dance,
Maidens young and bachelors
All orderly in excellence.
The maidens scanned I, one by one
With slow gaze wandering far and nigh,
My heart was ta'en, as were my e'en,
Love had me slain immediately.

ORAN GAOIL

Dhiuchd mar aingeal, ma mo choinneamh,
 'N ainnir òg, bu ghrinne snuadh ;
 Seang shlios fallain air bhlà canaich,
 No mar an eal' air a' chuan ; 20
 Sùil 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 ghath gréin' am madainn Chéitein, 25
 Gu'n mheath i mo léirsinn shùl,
 'S i ceumadh ùrlair, gu réidh iompaidh,
 Do réir pungannan a' chiùil ;
 Rìbhinn mhodhail, 's fìor-ghlan fòghlum,
 Dh'fhìon-fhuil mhòrdhalach mo rùin ; 30
 Reul nan òighean, grian gach còisridh,
 'S i 'n chiall chòmhraidh, cheòl-bhinn, chiùin.

'S tearc an sgeula sunnailt t' eugaisg
 Bhi ri fheatainn 'san Roinn-Eòrp,
 Tha mais' a's féile, tlachd a's ceutaidh 35
 Nach facas leam féin fa m'chòir,
 Gach cliù a'fàs riut am mùirn, 's an àillteachd,
 An sùgradh, 's am màran beòil ;
 'S gach buaidh a b' àilli, bh' air *Diàna*,
 Gu léir mar fhàgail, tha aig Mòir. 40

'S bachlach, dualach, cas-bhuidh', cuachach,
 Càradh suaineas gruaig do chinn,
 Gu h-àluinn, bòidheach, fàinneach, òr-bhuidh',
 An caraibh seòighn 's an òrdugh grinn,

LOVE SONG

Like an angel she came front of me,
Young, maidenly, with grace most fine,
Slim profile sound, like cotton-down,
Or like a swan upon the brine :
Blue eyes tender 'neath brows slender
Kindly shined there with their gaze,
Mild mouth sincere, from all gloom clear,
Affection dear and no proud ways.

Like a sun's ray on a morn of May
She melted away the sight of my eyes,
As pacing the ground she glided round
To answer sound of melodies.
A courtly maid to learning bred
Of the proud kindred I revere,
Star of the queans, sun of all scenes,
The darling means of converse dear.

Rare is the case the like of thy face
To find a trace in Europe o'er,
Such features warm, surpassing charm,
I've ne'er discerned myself before.
Fame grows to thee for love, beauty,
For coquetry and vocal zest,
All gifts most rare Diana bare,
Mor has her share as a bequest.

In crook-like curl, yellow cup-like whorl,
Ensigns unfurl of thy head of hair,
Bonnie mellow, ringed golden yellow,
In sportive billow, and order fair.

Gun chron a'fàs riut, a dh'fheudt' àireamh, 45
 O do bhàrr gu sàil do bhuinn ;
 Dhiuchd na buaidhean, òigh, mu'n cuairt dut,
 Gu meudachdain t' uaill 's gach puing.

Bu leigheas eugail, slàn o'n eug,
 Do dh'fhear a dh' fheudadh bhi ma d' chòir, 50
 B' fheàrr na 'n cadal bhi 'nad fhagaisg,
 'G éisdeachd agallaidh do bheòil ;
 Cha robh *Bhenus* am measg leugaibh
 Dh' aindeoin feucantachd cho bòidh'ch,
 Ri Mòr nigh'n mhìn, a leòn mo chridh', 55
 Le buaidhean, 's mi 'ga dìth ri m' bheò.

'S glan an fhion-fhuil as na fhriamhaich
 Thu, gun fhiaradh, mhiar, no mheang ;
 Cinneadh mòrdhalach, bu chròdha, 60
 Tional cò'ladh chò'-stri lann,
 Bhuinneadh cùis a bhàrr nan Dùbh-Ghall,
 Sgiùrsadh iad gu'n dùthchas thall,
 Leanadh ruaig air Cataich fhuara,
 'S a' toirt buaidh orr' anns gach ball.

Tha cabar-fèigh an dlùth's do réir dhut, 65
 Nach biodh éisleineach 'san t-strìth,
 Fir nach obadh leis 'gan togail
 Dol a chogadh 'n aghaidh Rìgh ;
 Bu cholgail, faiceant' an stoirm feachdaidh,
 Armach, breacanach, air tì 70
 Dol 'san iomairt gun bhonn gioraig,
 'S iad nach tilleadh chaoidh fo chis.

LOVE SONG

Thou'st nought to blame that one could name
From top of the same to heel of thy sole.
The Graces, maid, came thee to aid,
Thy pride displayed to crown the whole.

'Twere a cure from blight, from death respite
To the man who might be near thee ;
Better than sleep nigh thee to keep,
A pleasure to reap talk cheery.
Ne'er was Love's Queen mid jewels' sheen
And peacock's preen about her,
Like Mor, sweet fay, who my heart made wae
With her charms, an' me aye without her.

Pure the blue blood whence the stream flowed,
Thou, without mood, twist or band ;
Kin valiant and magnificent,
Embodiment for strife of brand :
They'd win the case on Dubh-Gall race,
And them would chase to their haunts afar ;
Their pursuit rolled on Cataich cold,
And them controlled in every war.

The Head o' the Deer to thy heart is near,
That showed no fear when strifes begin ;
Men far from flight wi' the flag in sight -
Would go to fight against a king.
Keen in fettle in storm o' battle,
On their mettle, plaided, stubborn,
Going to the fray, with no dismay.
In slavery they'd ne'er return.

*that would
not be
undoubtedly
to use*

ORAN GAOIL

'S trom leam m'osnadh, 's cruaidh leam m' fhortan
 Gun ghleus socair, 's mi gun sunnd,

'S mi ri smaointean air an aon rùn, 75
 A bhuin mo ghaol gun ghaol da chionn.

Throm na Dùilean peanas dùbailt,

Gu mis' ùmhlachadh air ball,

Thàladh *Cupid* mi 'san dùsal,

As na dhùisg mi brùite, fann ! 80

Beir soraidh uam do'n rìbhinn shuairc,

De'n chinneadh mhòr a's uaisle gnàs,

Thoir mo dhùrachd-sa g'a h-ionnsaidh,

'S mi'n deagh rùn da cùl-bhuidh bàn.

'S nach bruadar cadail a ghluais m'aigne, 85

'S truagh nach aidich e dhomh tàmh,

'S ge b' ann air chuairt, no thall an cuan,

Gu'm bi mi smuainteach' ort gu bràth.

LOVE SONG

Heavy my sigh, ill-luck's the why,
No note of joy, and me forlorn,
And my thoughts move in the one groove,
She won my love with no return.
The gods ordained me doubly pained,
My pride amain was humbled lower,
Cupid's wand-stroke in a dream me broke
From whence I woke weakened and sore.

My farewell bear to the maiden fair,
Of lineage rare, the noblest bred,
Take my regard herself toward,
For I'm enthralled wi' her fair curled head.
Since no dream bird my spirit stirred,
Ah ! there's no word to me of rest,
Though here I be, or o'er the sea,
My thoughts of thee are aye in quest.

11. MOLADH A'BHAIRD AIR A THIR FEIN
AIR DHA BHI AIR FARSAN ANN AN TIR
CHOIGRICH

Metre : $3 \times 4^2 + 2^2$ irr.

O'N is fàrsan leam gach là,
Bi'dh 'n stràc so gu Braid-Albann,
A dh'fheuch a feàrr a gheibh mi slàint,
A thigh'nn gu àird nan garbh-chrioch, 5
'S ge do dhìrich mi Lairc-Ila,
Tha mo spìd air falbh uam,
Ge tùs bliadhn' ùir' e 's beag mo shùrd
Ri bruthaichean Choire-Chormaic.

A thaigh Chill-Fheinn, cha bhuannachd leinn,
Air chinnt' ged fha thu bòidheach, 10
A bhi ri sneachd a' dìol mo leapa
Dha'n t-Sasgunnach dhòite,
'S i 'n tìr fo thuath dha mòr mo luaidh-sa,
Ghluais mo smuain gu òran,
'S mi air bealach triall ri gailleann 15
Gu fearann nach eòl domh.

A Shrath Chinn-Fhaolain nam bà-maola
'S nam fear-caola, luatha,
'S mi nach taodhladh air do ghaol thu
Nochd gur faonraidh fuar thu ; 20

11. THE BARD'S PRAISE FOR HIS OWN LAND,
HE BEING ABROAD IN A STRANGE LAND

SINCE ilka day I wandering gae,
This trip is tae Breadalbane,
To try perchance my health to enhance,
I've to the Highland hills gane ;
But though I speel up Lairig Ile,
My pith I feel to seek ;
Though 'tis New Year, small is my cheer
Breasting sheer Coire Chormic.

House of Killin, no gain I ween,
Though, sure 'tis seen, you're pretty,
To have in snae my bed to pay
To the English guy sae sooty ;
'Tis the land i' the north, my praises worth,
My thoughts poured forth to range o'er,
And me on roads with storm at odds,
Seeking abodes, a stranger.

Strathfillan-heid of the polled breed,
And stags of speed, though slim,
Thy amenity would not tempt me,
To-night thou'rt chilly, grim ;

Thuir beul an ràfaird rium gu'm b' fheàrr
 Na Geàrr-loch an Taobh-Tuatha,
 Fhearann gortach, làn do bhochdainn,
 Gun socair aig tuath ann.

Beir mo shoraidh thìr a' mhonaidh 25
 A's nam beann corrach, àrda,
 Frìth nan gaisgeach 's nan sonn gasda,
 Tìr Chlann-Eachuinn Gheàrr-loch,
 Gur uallach, eangach, an damh breangach,
 Suas tro' ghleannan fàsaich ; 30
 Bi'dh cuach 'sa' bhadan seinn a leadainn
 Moch 'sa' mhadainn Mhàighe.

Gu'm b'e Geàrr-loch an tìr bhàidheil,
 'S an tìr phàirteach, bhiadhar, 35
 Tìr a' phailteis, tìr gun ghainne,
 Tìr is glaine fialachd,
 An tìr bhainneach, uachdrach, mhealach,
 Chaomhach, channach, thìorail,
 Tìr an arain, tìr an tachdair,
 Sithne, a's pailteas iasgaich. 40

Tìr an àigh i, tìr nan àrmunn,
 Tìr nan sàr-fhear gleusda ;
 Tìr an t-suairceis, tìr gun ghruaimean,
 Tìr as uaisle féile ;
 An tìr bhòrcach, nam frìth rò-mhor, 45
 Tìr gun leòn, gun gheibhinn ;
 An tìr bhraonach, mhachrach, raonach,
 Mhartach, laoghach, fheurach.

THE BARD'S PRAISE FOR HIS OWN LAND

Haverils did tell me thou'd excel
The Gairloch snell i' the Nor' Lan'—
A hungry hurst by poortith curst,
With tenure worst for tacksman.

Bear my good will to the land of the hill,
And the bens swelling thereof,
Range of the brave, clan Hector suave,
An' a' the lave of Gairloch ;
Light-footed, glad, the brindled stag
Up through the hag o' the glen hies,
The gowk on the spray carols his lay
On a morn of May at sunrise.

Gairloch is *the* terrain kindly,
Sharing and free, food-giving,
Land of plenty, land not scanty
Nor wanting in good-living ;
Milch kye mony, cream and honey,
Peaceful, bonnie, as heart's wish,
Wi' the staff of life, provision rife,
Deer-flesh to knife, and much fish.

A land of good, of hardihood,
A land of shrewd nobility,
Land of the gay with courtesy,
And noblest trait, gentility ;
The bursting land of forests grand,
The wholesome land, no fash therein,
The land of rain, of field and plain,
Calves and kine and grass therein.

*not shrewd,
will meetle*

Gu'n tì ¹ Nollaig mhòr le sonas,
 Gu comunn gun phràbar ; 50
 O'n 's lionmhor gaisgeach le sàr-acfuinn
 Théid gu feachd na tràghad ;
 Mar shluagh Mhic-Chumhail le cruaidh fhiùbhaidh,
 Ruaig gun chùn' air stràcan ;
 Bì'dh Muireardach maide fo bhinn chabar 55
 Gu stad i 'sa' Bhràighe.

Ged a tha mi siubhal Galldachd,
 Cha n-ann tha mo mhi-chuis ;
 Ged tha mi 'n taobh-s', 'sann tha mo rùin
 Do'n chomunn chiùin nach priobal, — 60
 'N àm teirce' do'n là thig sibh o'n tràigh,
 Gu seòmar bàn nam pisean ;
 Bì'dh ceòl nam feadan 's Eoin da spreigeadh
 Gu beagadh 'ur mìghean.

Bì'dh bòla làn air bhòrd 'nan dàil, 65
 Cur sùrd fo chàil na còisridh ;
 Bì'dh laoidh mu'n cuairt nach cluinnt' a luach
 Aig suinn chuir cuairt na h-Eòrpa.
 Bì'dh luadh a's luinneag, duan a's iorram,
 'S cuairt le sgil o'n òinsich, 70
 Aig buidheann ghasda nan arm sgaiteach,
 Treunmhor am feachd còmh-stri.

'N uair thàrladh sibh 'san taigh-thabhairn,
 Far an tràighte stòip leibh,
 Cha b'e 'n cànrán bhiodh nur pàirt, 75
 An uair a b' àirde pòit dhuibh,

¹ Note D.

THE BARD'S PRAISE FOR HIS OWN LAND

Come Christmas with happiness,
To the meeting place with no splore ;
The heroes will with no mean skill
Play shinty still on the low shore.
Like host of Feen with weapons keen,
The rout spares nane in affrays,
The champion ball's in the clubs' control
Till it cease to roll in the Braes.

Though here I tread the Lowlands braid,
Unstaid my avocations ;
Tho' I'm in this part, still loves my heart
The resort without privations ;
When day is o'er ye leave the shore
For the silver-trophied chamber,
The chanter's spring, John's fingering,
For lessening your cumber.

The bowl is full, board bountiful,
To banish dule and cheer us,
The lay goes round, more precious sound
Than 'mong globe-touring heroes—
Waulking-song, lay, boatsong, ditty,
(While skilful play the pipes best)
Sing valiant bands of slashing hands,
Whose strength commands the contest.

When ye chance to be bent on a spree,
And mutchkins ye're containing,
No bickering would be your game,
When heartiest came dram-draining ;

Ach mir' a's mánran, gaol a's càirdeas,
 'S iomairt làmh gun dò-bheirt ;
 'S bu bhinn' ri éisdeachd cainnt 'ur beul
 Na iomairt mheur air òigh-cheol. 80

Cho fad 'sa dh'imich cliù na h-Alba,
 Fhuaradh ainm na dùthch' ud,
 An àm a h-uaislean dhol ri cruadal
 'S Eachunn Ruadh air thùs dhiubh,
 O là Raon Flodden nam beum trom',
 A shocraich bonn na fiùdhaidh, 85
 Gu h-uallach, dosrach, suas gu'n dosgainn,
 Uasal o stoc mhùirneach.

THE BARD'S PRAISE FOR HIS OWN LAND

But rant and rove, friendship and love,
And hand in glove, no ill at all,
Sweeter to hear your voices cheer
Than fingers' steer on virginal.

As wide as came the Scottish fame
Was found the name of yon hame,
When her chiefs led in lustihed,
And Hector Red i' the van of them,
From Flodden day, a stricken fray,
Which princes' sway decided,
Close-ranked, stately, to their doom marched they,
In a loved ancestry prided.

12. ORAN A RINN AM BARD ANN
AN DUN-EIDEANN

AIR FÒNN—"The Banks of the Dee"

Metre : $3 \times 6^2 + 5^1$

'SA' mhadainn 's mi 'g éirigh, 's neo-éibhinn atà
mi,
Cha b'ionann a's m' àbhaist, air àiridh nan
gleann ;
O'n thàinig mi 'n taobh-s', chuir mi cùl ris
gach màran,
'S cha bheag a' chuis-ghràine leam cànan nan
Gall :
Ciamar dh'fheudainn bhi subhach, 's mo chridh' 5
an àit eile ?
Gun agam ach pàirt dheth, 'san àit anns a bheil
mi,
Fo dhubhar nam mòr-bheann, tha'n còrr dheth
's cha cheil mi,
'S gur gràin leam bhi 'g amharc na th'agam 'na
gheall.

O ! 's tric bha mi falbh leat, a gheala-bhean na
féile,
Ann an doire nan geug, a's air réidhleinn na 10
driùchd ;
'S air srathaibh a' ghlinne, far 'm bu bhinne guth
smeòraich,
'S air iomair nan nòineinean, feòirneanach, cùr' ;

12. SONG WHICH THE BARD MADE
IN EDINBURGH

AT morn when I'm dressing, My mood is distressing,
Unlike my old feeling In the sheiling o' the glen ;
Since I've come here awa' Song I can't bear ava',
Nor less do I hate Lowland prate o' the men.
How can I be jolly, And my heart elsewhere wholly,
Having only a part Of my heart where I range ?
In the Highland hills' shade Is the rest—I don't
hide—
I'm disgusted to see What's to me in exchange.

Oft have I strayed with thee, Fair maid of jollity,
In leaf-laden bowers And on flowers dew-bent
In the straths and the dells Where the merle's note
swells
On the field of the gowan Grass-grown with sweet
scent,

ORAN A RINN AM BARD ANN AN DUN-EIDEANN

A' dìreadh a' mhulaich 's a' tional na spréidhe,
Gu innseag na tulaich, air iomain 'sa' Chéitean,
Bu neo-chionntach mánran mo ghràidh-sa gun 15
bheud ann ;
'S gu 'm b'ait leam bhi 'g éisdeachd ri sgeula mo
rùin.

SONG WHICH THE BARD MADE IN EDINBURGH

The high tops ascending, The cattle attending,
At the hill haugh arriving Them driving in May,
Guileless the lay Of my innocent fay there,
Glad was I to hear there My dear say her say.

13. ORAN ANNS AM BHEIL AM BARD A'
MOLADH A LEANNAIN AGUS A
DHUTHAICH FEIN

AIR FONN—"O'er the muir among the heather"
Metre : Rannaigecht bec mor, $3 \times 8^2 + 8^2$

GUR e mis' tha briste, brùite,
Cia b'e ri'n leiginn mo rùnachd,
Mu'n ainnir is binne sùgradh,
'S mi ri giùlan a cion falaich.

Luinneag

E ho rò mo rùn an cailin, 5
E ho rò mo rùn an cailin ;
Mo rùn cailin, suairc a mhàrain,
Tha gach là' a' tigh'nn fo m'aire.

Tha mo chridhe mar na cuaintean,
Mar dhuilleach nan crann le luasgan, 10
No mar fhiadh an àird nam fuar-bheann ;
'S mo chadal luaineach le faire.

Shiubhail mi fearann nan Gàidheal,
'S earrann de Bhreatainn air fàrsan,
'S cha n-fhacas na bheireadh bàrr 15
Air Finne bhàn nan tlà-shul meallach.

Bu bhinne na smeòrach Chéitein
Leam do ghlòir, 's tu còmhradh réidh rium,
'S mo chliabh air lasadh le h-éibhneas,
Tabhairt éisdeachd dha d' bheul tairis. 20

13. SONG IN WHICH THE BARD PRAISES
HIS SWEETHEART AND HIS OWN LAND

OH ! but I am bruised and broken,
To whoe'er I'd show the token,
'Bout the sweetest sportive maiden,
For whom with secret love I'm laden.

Chorus

Oh ho rò I love the lassie,
Oh ho rò I love the lassie,
I love the lassie sweet her singing,
Every day new liking bringing.

Oh! my heart is like the ocean,
Like the leaves of trees in motion,
Like the stag the high crag making,
Restless is my sleep with waking.

The land o' the Gaël I have travelled,
And o'er part of Britain peddled,
But ne'er have seen what could have vied
With fair-haired Finne, mild, sweet-eyed.

Blither, methought, than Maytide merle,
Thy voice to me, thou talking girl,
And my heart with passion blazing,
Listening to thy kind lips phrasing.

not a
proper
word of
name -
a stately
young
woman
not

AM BARD A' MOLADH A LEANNAIN

Bu tu mo chruit, mo cheòl, 's mo thàileasg,
 'S mo leug phrìseil, rìmheach, àghmhor ;
 Bu leigheas eugail o na bhàs domh,
 Na'm feudainn a ghnà bhi mar riut.

Gur muladach mi's mi smaointinn 25
 Air cuspair mo chion gun chaochladh,
 Oigh mhìn, mhaiseach, nam bas maoth-gheal,
 'S a slios caoin-tlà mar an canach.

Tha do dhealbh gun chearb, gun fhiaradh,
 Min-gheal, fìor-ghlan, dìreach, lìonta, 30
 'S do nàdur cho sèamh 's bu mhiannach,
 Gu pailt, fialaidh, ciallach, banail.

Air fad m'fhuireach an Dun-éideann
 Cumail comuinn ri luchd Beurla ;
 Bheir mi 'n t-soraidh so gun tréigsinn 35
 Dh'ionnsaidh m'éibhneis anns na gleannaibh.

Ge do thàrladh dhomh bhi 'n taobh so,
 Gur beag mo thlachd dhe na Dubh-Ghail,
 'S bi'dh mi nis a' cur mo chùil riu,
 'S a' deanamh m' iùil air na beannaibh. 40

Gur eatrom mo ghleus, a's m' iompaidh,
 'S neo-lòdail mo cheum o'n fhonn so,
 Gu tìr àrd nan sàr-fhear sunndach,
 'S a' tréigsinn Galdachd 'nam dheannaibh.

Diridh mi gu Tulach-Armuinn,¹ 45
 Air leth-taobh Srath mìn na Làirce,¹
 'S teàrnaidh mi gu Innseag blà-choill
 'S gheibh mi Finne bhàn gun smalan.

¹ Note E.

THE BARD PRAISES HIS SWEETHEART

Thou wert my harp, my song, my chess,
My jewel to adorn and bless,
The remedy from death to me,
Could I but ever be with thee.

I'm sad, and me in thought attending
The object of my love unending,
A fair sweet maid of white palms tender,
Her profile like the moss-down slender.

Thy form is smooth-lined and unwrested
Refined, active, straight, full-breasted ;
Thy nature calm as it was dainty,
Generous female sense in plenty.

In Edinboro' all my stay
With English keeping company,
I'll send this greeting without fail
To my joy in the Highland vale.

Though I chanced to sojourn here, Sirs,
Little like I Lowland cheer, Sirs,
Now I'll show them no more count'nance,
My track making for the mountains.

Light my movement in returning,
Flect my step this district spurning
For Highlands of true men sound-hearted,
From Lowlands in full flight I'm parted.

I'll ascend to Warrior's Hill, an'
Up one side of smooth Strathfillan,
And down to Auch, the holm of holly,
And find Finne, fair and jolly.

14. MOLADH AN UISGE-BHEATHA

Metre : Dechnad fota, $3 \times 8^2 + 6^2$ *Luinneag*

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, 5
 Dh'fhàs gu foirmeil, meanmnach, maiseach,
 Dh'fhàs gu spéiseil, treabhach, tapaidh,
 Neo-lapach 'san aimhreit.

Ach tròcair dha'n d'fhuair a'chailleach 10
 Bha uair-eigin anns na Hearadh,
 Cha mheasa ni mi do mholadh,
 Ge do lean mi 'm fonn aic'.

Thagh i'm fonn so, 's sheinn i cliù dhut, 15
 Dh'aithnich i 'n sgoinn a bh' anns an drùthaig,
 'Nuair a bhiodh a broinn 'san rùpail,
 B' e rùn thu bhi teann oirr'.

Ach 's tu 'm fear briodalach, sùgach, 20
 Chuireadh ar mìghean air chùl duinn,
 'S a chuireadh teas oirnn 'san dùlachd,
 'N uair bu ghnù an geamhradh.

14. THE PRAISE OF WHISKY

Chorus

Ho rò we love the drappie
And mony a man is gone on't.

My love is the stout bold sonny,
Grown brisk, spirited and bonnie,
Esteemed, clannish, clever mannie,
Not weak in a squabble.

But the ease she got in worries—
The crone that one time lived in Harris—
I will praise thee no worse for this
That her tune I follow.

This tune chose she, thy fame showing,
Well the nip i' the drappie knowing ;
When out-o'-sorts-fit undergoing,
She'd wish thou were near her.

But thou art the flatterer tender,
Who our bad mood past could render,
Thou would warm us in December
When came surly winter.

MOLADH AN UISGE-BHEATHA

- Stuth glan na Tòiseachd, gun truailleadh,
 Gur ioc-shlaint chòir am beil buaidh e ;
 'S tu thogadh m'inntinn gu suairceas,
 'S cha b' e druaid na Frainge.
- 'S tu 'n gill' éibhinn, meanmnach, bòidheach, 25
 Chuireadh na cailleachan gu bòilich,
 Bheireadh seanchas as na h-òighean,
 Air ro-mhòid am baindeachd.
- Chuireadh tu uails' anns a' bha-laoch,
 Spàrradh tu uaill anns an arrachd, 30
 Dh'fhàgadh tu cho suairc fear dreamach,
 'S nach biodh air' air dranndan.
- 'S tu mo laochan soitheamh, sìobhalt,
 Cha bhi loinn ach far am bi thu ;
 Fògraidh tu air falbh gach mìghean, 35
 'S bheir thu sìth a aimhreit.
- 'S mòr tha thlachd air do luchd tòireachd,
 Bithidh iad fialaidh, pailt m'an stòras,
 Chaidh cha sgrubair 'san taigh-òsd' iad,
 Sgapadh òir 'nan deann leo. 40
- Cha n'èil cléireach, no pears-eaglais,
 Cràbhach, teallsanach, no sagart,
 Dha nach toir thu caochladh aigne—
 Spàrradh céill 'san amhlair.
- Cha n'èil cleasaich anns an rìoghachd 45
 Dha'm bu leas a dhol a strì riut,
 Dh'fhàgadh tu esan 'na shìneadh,
 'S pioban as gach ceann deth.

THE PRAISE OF WHISKY

Ferintosh stuff, pure unblended,
Right cordial, there's none to mend it,
My mind thou to bliss would send it,
But not the trash of France.

Thou'rt the gay lad, brisk and bonnie,
Would stir auld wives to good moods mony,
And gar maids talk as well as ony,
Maugre their modesty.

In a cowerd thou'd put merit,
In a scarecrow thou'd cram spirit,
So mild thou would make a worrit
That he'd give over girning.

Thou'rt my hero quiet, civil ;
Save where thou art there's no revel,
Thou wilt cast forth every snivel,
And out of strife bring peace.

Thy followers are handsome gentry,
They'll be free with wealth in plenty,
In the tavern they, not scanty,
Scatter gold in handfuls.

There's no cleric or church-person,
Saint, philosopher or parson,
But thou'llt make a different version,
Cramming sense in blockheads.

In the realm there's no upsetter,
Who striving with thee will be better,
Him thou'd leave stretched in the gutter,
From both ends eructations.

Dh'fhàgadh tu fear mosach fialaidh,
 Dheanadh tu fear tosdach briathrach, 50
 Chuire' tu sog air fear cianail
 Le d' shoghraidhean greannar.

Dh'fhàgadh tu cho slàn fear bacach,
 'S e gun ich, gun oich, gun acain,
 'G éirigh le sunnd air a leth-chois, 55
 Gu spailpeil a dhàmhsa.

Chuireadh tu bodaich gu beadradh,
 'S na cromaichean sgrogach, sgreagach,
 Gu éirigh gu frogail, 'sa' cheigeil,
 Ri sgeig air an t-seann aois. 60

Bu tu suiriche mo rùin-sa,
 Ged thuirt na mnathan nach b'fhiù thu,
 'N uair a thachras tu 'sa' chùil riu,
 Bheir thu cùis gun taing dhiubh.

Bu tu caraid an fhir-fhacail, 65
 Bheireadh fuasgladh dha gu tapaidh,
 Ge nach òl e dhiot ach cairteal,
 'S blasdmhoirid a chainnt e.

Tha cho liutha buaidh air fàs ort
 'S gu là-luain nach faod mi 'n àireamh, 70
 Ach 'se sgaoil do chliù 's gach àite—
 Na bàird a bhi 'n geall ort.

Thogadh ort nach b'fheàirde mis' thu,
 Gu'n ghoid thu mo chuid gun fhios uam ;
 Ach gun taing do luchd do mhiosgainn 75
 Cha chreid mise drannd dheth.

THE PRAISE OF WHISKY

Thou would leave the bare man nappy,
Thou would make the silent snappy,
Thou would set the sad man happy
With thy lively pleasures.

A lame man thou'd leave so pain-free
That he forgets ach ! och ! waes me !
On one stump rising in such glee
That like a fop he's dancing.

Thou'd set carles to caressin',
An' the bent aged, stumpy, weazen,
To rise canty in a messin'
In mockery of age.

Thou wert my ideal of lovers,
Though the women said there's no worse,
When i' the nook thou'llt with them converse,
Thou, maugre them, wilt win.

A friend to him who'd speech deliver,
Thou'd give him freedom quickly ever,
Though but a gill of thee in's quiver,
How tasteful is his speech !

The many gifts that thee encumber,
Till doomsday I can never number,
But this thy fame spread always somewhere—
Bards were to thee devoted.

That I'm worse o' thee's laid upon thee,
That unkennd thou stole my money,
But maugre all those that disown thee
I credit not a snarl o't.

MOLADH AN UISGE-BHEATHA

Ach bha mi uair, 's bu luachmhor d'fheum dhomh,
Ge nach tuig mal-shluagh gun chéill e,
Dum amabam, sed quid refert,
No ghràsìg *quae amanda.*

80

THE PRAISE OF WHISKY

But time was thou me didst support,
To dullards this of no import,
Dum amabam, sed quid refert,
Or the baggage *quae amanda.*

15. MAC-NA-BRACHA

'Nuair a rinn am Bàrd an t-òran roimh-sgrìobhta, thàrladh gu'n robh Duanaire àraidh 'na nàbuidheachd, a bha 'n dùil gu'n robh e-féin cho comasach air an uisge-bheatha a dhiteadh 'sa bha 'm Bàrd air a mholadh ; agus thòisich e air anns na briathrean so : “ Hò rò cha toigh leinn drama, leannan nam fear aimhreith,” etc. Rinn am Bàrd an t-òran a leanas ann an éiric an òrain sin.

Metre : Sétrad mor (Seudna), 8²+7¹

Luinneag

'S TOIGH linn drama, lion a' ghlaine,
 Cuir an t-searrag sin a nall ;
 Mac-na-brach' an gille gasda,
 Cha bu rapairean a chlann.

Ge b' e dhi-mol thu le theangaidh, 5
 B'olc an aithne bha 'na cheann,
 Mur tig thu fhathast 'na charaibh,
 Gu'm beil mo bharail-sa meallt'.

Na'm b' e duine dha nach b' èol thu, 10
 Dheanadh fòirneart ort le cainnt,
 Cha bhitheamaid féin 'ga leanmhuinn,
 Chionn 's gu'm biodh do shealbh air gann.

15. THE SON OF MALT

When the Bard had made the above-written song, it chanced that there was a certain Songster in his neighbourhood who imagined that he himself was as able to dispraise whisky as the Bard was to praise it ; and he began in these words : “ Hò rò I hate the drappie, mate of roistering fellows.” The Bard made the following song as an off-set to that song.

Chorus

THE drams for us, fill up the glass,
And that bottle pass about,
The son of malt, lad without fault,
His clan were no rabble rout.

Whoever with his tongue miscalled thee
Had a bad notion in his head ;
If yet by thee he'll not enthralled be,
In my opinion I'm misled.

Were it one that never knew thee
That did thee violence with spite,
We ourselves would not pursue him,
For thy hold on him were slight.

MAC-NA-BRACHA

- Ach fear a bha greis 'nad chomunn,
 Cha b' e chomain-s' a bh' ann
 Bhi cur mi-chliù air do nàdur,
 Gur ann dha-sa bhios a chall. 15
- Co dh'aoireadh fear do bheusan,
 Ge do bheirt' e féin 'san Fhraing?
 No dhi-moladh stuth na Tòiseachd?
 Ach trudar nach òladh dram. 20
- Stuth glan na Tòiseachd gun truailleadh,
 An òc-shlaint is uaisle t' ann;
 'S feàrr gu leigheas na gach lighich
 Bha no bhitheas am measg Ghall.
- Ciamar a dheanamaid banais?
 Cumhnanta, no ceangal teann?
 Mur bi dram againn do'n Chléireach,
 Bu leibeideach feum a pheann. 25
- Tha luchd cràbhaidh dha do dhìteadh,
 Le cùl-chainnt a's brìodal feall;
 Ged nach aidich iad le 'm beòil thu,
 Olaidh iad thu mar an t-allt. 30
- A' Chléir féin, ge seunt' an còta,
 Tha 'n sgòrnanan ort an geall;
 Tha cuid ac' a ghabhas fraoileadh
 Cho math ri saighdear 'sa' champ. 35
- An t-OLLA MAC-IAIN le Bheurla,
 Le Laidinn a's Ghreugais-chainnt,
 Gu'n d'fhàg stuth uaibhreach nan Gàidheal
 Teang' a' chànanaich ud mall. 40

THE SON OF MALT

But one that was a while thy fellow,
His no obligation was
To defame thy nature mellow,
On himself will fall his loss.

Who'd asperse one of thy moral,
Though himself were born in France ?
Or with Ferintosh stuff quarrel,
Save a sumph not drinking drams ?

Pure stuff, Ferintosh unblended,
Noblest among cordials all ;
Better thy leeching than all leeches
That were or will be 'mong the Gall.

How could we complete a wedding,
Tighten bond, or covenant en' ?
If we've no dram for the cleric,
He'd be useless with his pen.

The unco guid cry out upon thee
With backchat and foolish chatter,
With their lips, though they'll not own thee,
They will drink thee like spring-water.

Churchmen themselves, though sained their coat,
Their throats for thee are ramping,
There's some of them will take a swill
As deep as soldiers camping.

Dr Johnson with his English,
His Latin and Greek speech beside,
The heady stuff of the Gaël left him
A philologer tongue-tied.

MAC-NA-BRACHA

'N uair thug e ruaig air feadh na h-Alba,
'S air feadh nan garbh-chrioch ud thall,
Dh'fhàg mac-na-brach' e gun lide
'Na amadan liodach, dall !

Gu'm b' ait leam féin, fhir mo chridhe, 45
Bhi mar ri d' bhuidheann 's gach àm,
'S tric a bha sinn ar dithis,
Gun phìob, gun fhidheil, a' danns !

THE SON OF MALT

When he made a tour through Scotland,
And through yon Rough-bounds behind,
Mac-na-bracha left him helpless,
An idiot stuttering, blind.

I'd aye be glad, my darling lad,
Thy ranks to take my chance in,
Since oft we've been, the twain of us,
Unpipied, unfiddled, dancing.

16. MOLADH NA-H-OIGHE GAIDLICH

AIR FONN—"Mount your baggage"

Metre : Ae freslige ar dechnaid (inverted), 5²+6³

A NIGHEAN bhòidheach
 An òr-fhuilt bhachalaich,
 Nan gorm-shul mìogach,
 'S nam mìn bhas sneachda-gheal,
 Gu'n siùbhlainn réidhleach 5
 A's sléibhtean Bhreatainn leat,
 Fo earradh sgaoilte
 De dh'aodach breacain orm.

'S e sud an t-éideadh
 Ri 'n éireadh m'aighe-sa, 10
 'S mo nighean Ghàidhleach,
 Aluinn agam ann ;
 O bheul na h-oidhche
 Gu soills' na madainne,
 Gu'm b' ait nar sùgradh 15
 Gun dùiseal cadail oirn.

Ged tha na bain-tighearnan
 Gallda, fasanta,
 Thug òigh na Gàidhlig
 Bàrr am mais' orra ; 20
 Gur ainnir sheòighn i
 Gun sgòid ri dearc' oirre,
 'Na h-carradh glé-mhath
 De dh'èadach breacanach.

16. PRAISE OF THE HIGHLAND MAIDEN

My bonnie maiden
Of the curled yellow hair,
The smiling blue eyes
And the snowy hands fair ;
Britain's downs and hills
I would with thee rove on
In my free garments
Of the tartan woven.

That is the cleeding
Which would rouse my spirit,
My Highland maiden
Is so splendid in it.
From fall of night time
To the light of morrow
Glad were our courting,
And no sleep to borrow.

Though Lowland ladies
Render fashions duty,
The Highland maiden
Far outshone their beauty.
She's a comely virgin,
Not a speck disclosing,
In her brave raiment
Of the tartan clothing.

Gur foinnidh, mìleanta, 25
 Direach, dreachmhor i ;
 Cha lùb am feòirnean
 Fo bròig 'nuair shaltras i ;
 Tha deirge a 's gile
 Co-mhire gleacanaich, 30
 'Na gnùis ghil, éibhinn,
 Rinn ceudan airneulach.

Réidh dheud chòmhnard
 An òrdugh innealta,
 Fo bhilibh sàr-dhaitht', 35
 Air bhlàth *bhermilian* ;
 Tha h-aghaidh nàrach
 Cho làn de chinealtachd,
 'S gu'n tug a h-aogas
 Gach aon an ciomachas 40

Gur binne còmhradh
 Na òraid fhileanta ;
 Tha guth nì 's ceòlmhoir'
 Na òigh-cheol binn-fhaclach ;
 Cha laigheadh bròn oirnn, 45
 No leòn, no iomadan,
 Ri faighinn sgeul duinn
 O bheul na finne sin.

'Nuair thig a' Bhealltainn
 'S an Samhradh lusanach, 50
 Bi'dh sinn air àiridh
 Air àrd nan uchdanan ;

PRAISE OF THE HIGHLAND MAIDEN

Genteel and stately,
She is straight and handsome ;
The grass will not bend
Though her shoe it dance on.
There's redness, whiteness,
With a fleeting contrast
In her glad fair face,
That made hundreds downcast.

Teeth smooth and even
In their order fine shone,
'Neath lips fair coloured,
Of warmest vermilion.
Her face is modest,
So full of attraction,
The look of her caused
In all men distraction.

*made all men
stare (fascinated)*

Her talk is sweeter
Than a poet's saying,
Her voice completer
Than a spinet playing.
Grief would not stress us,
Nor would wound pain-laden,
Get we but news from
The lips of that maiden.

When comes the Beltane
We will to the sheiling,
In leafy Summer
Up the hummocks speeling ;

Bi'dh cruit nan gleanntaibh
 Gu canntair, cùirteasach,
 Gu tric 'gar dùsgadh 55
 Le sùrd gu moch-eirigh.

'S bi'dh 'n crodh, 's na caoraich
 'San fhraoch ag inéaltradh,
 'S na gobhraibh bhailg-fhionn 60
 Gu ball-bhreac, bior-shuileach ;
 Bi'dh 'n t-àl 'san léimnich
 Gun chéill, gun chin orra,
 Ri gleac 's ri còmhrag
 'S a' snòtach bhileagan.

Bi'dh mise a's Màiri 65
 Gach là 'sna glacagan,
 No 'n doire geugach
 Nan eunan breac-iteach ;
 Bi'dh cuach, a 's smeòrach
 Ri ceòl 's ri caiseamachd, 70
 'S a' gabhail òrain
 Le sgòrnain bhlasda dhuinn.

PRAISE OF THE HIGHLAND MAIDEN

The harp of the glens
For a courtly chanter
Will often rouse us
To an early canter.

The kine and sheep are
In the heather grazing ;
The goats, white-bellied,
Speckled and keen-gazing ;
Their offspring leaping,
Care-free, and no shortage,
Butting and fighting,
Sniffing at the foliage.

Myself and May in
The little glens daily,
Or branching woodland
Of the birds winged gaily ;
The gowk and mavis
At Music and fleet notes,
Song-singing for us
Out of their sweet throats.

may

hoy an a hoy an a hoy an a hoy



17. ORAN
(A RINN AM BARD)

Mar gu'n deanadh òigear da leannan, air dhi a thréigeadh,
agus taobhadh ri pìobair a mhuinntir Chinn-tàile.

Metre : 6²+8¹

B'È turus na dunach,
Gun phiseach gun bhuinig dhomh féin,
Thug mis' o na bhaile,
A null air a' bhealach an dé ;
Ged thàrladh dhomh fhaighinn, 5
Gu'm b'fheàrr leam an naigheachd 'na bréig,
Mo leannan bhi pòsadh
Fear eile, le deòin o na Chléir.

Air failirinn, illirinn, uillirinn,
O 's mi caoidh ! 10
'S cruaidh fhortan gun fhios
A chuir mis' ann an lùib do ghaoil.

Cha dìrich mi tuille
Ri éid-bheann, no mullach nan stùc,
Far 'm bi na féidh bhreangach 15
Ag éirigh 'nan dreangainn gu h-ùr ;
Gu'n dhìochuimhnich m' aire-sa
Guileag na h-eal' air a' bhùrn,
Cha ghiùlain mi gunna,
Cha mhò ni mi furan ri cù. 20

17. SONG

(WHICH THE BARD MADE)

Such as a youth would make to his sweetheart on her forsaking
him and taking up with a piper of the folk of Kintail.

'TWAS a tour of hard fortune,
Both luckless and harmful to me,
That which brought me from home
Across o'er the pass yesterday.
Though by chance I got news—
The truth a lie I had rather—
With approval of clergy,
My sweetheart's to marry another.

Air failirinn, illirinn, uillirinn,
O I weep and I weep.
'Tis unmatched hard fate
In the net of thy love did me keep.

entangle

I'll ascend not again
To the clough, or the top of the ards,
Where the barking deer linger,
And freshly arise, snorting herds ;
My mind has forgotten
The song of the swan on the river,
A gun I'll not carry,
A dog I'll not welcome forever.

ORAN

Cha téid mi do 'n ghleannan,
 An cluinnear guth tairis na cuaich,
 A's luinneag na smeòraich,
 Am bàrraibh nan rò-chrannaibh shuas ;
 Bi'dh òganaich gheanach 25
 A' sùgradh ri leannanan suairc,
 'S bi'dh mise fo mhìghean
 Gu'n caidil mi diblidh 'san uaigh !

'N uair dh'amhairc mi cheud uair
 Bean t' eugais, do chéill, a's do chliù, 30
 Gu'n d'fhàs mo ghaol maireann,
 'S e sir thigh'nn fos-near dhomh ni 's mò :
 Bha mise gu gòrach
 Ga t' altrum le dòchas, a's dùil
 Gu'm bitheadh tu dèonach 35
 A rithist mo phòsadh ri ùin.

Ge duilich le m' chàirdean
 Mo mhulad, mo chàs, a's mi 'm péin ;
 Gur docair mo leigheas,
 Gun m'fhurtachd ri faighinn aig léigh ; 40
 Tha dòruinn mo chridhe
 Fa dheòidh ga mo ruighinn cho meud,
 O'n thréig thu mi, Mhairiread,
 Gur deacair mo thearmunn o'n eug !

Ar leam nach b' e 'n gliocas 45
 Dhomh féin sud gu'n tuitinn an gaol
 A chailin a thréig mi
 'S a chuir an neo-spéis mi cho faoin ;

SONG

To the dell I'll not go
Where is heard the cuckoo's voice I love,
And the lay of the thrush
On the sprays of the big trees above ;
Blithe young men will be
A-courting their sweethearts so brave,
And I, sick at heart,
Till I sleep all forlorn in the grave.

When the first time I saw
One of thy looks, thy wisdom and fame,
My love lasting grew,
And 'tis ever an increasing flame.
In folly I lo'ed thee,
With hope, and a longing sublime,
That thou would be willing,
With waiting, to wed me in time.

Though friends mourn my sorrow,
My grief and distress while in pain,
My cure is not easy,
No help from a leech I obtain ;
And my anguish of heart,
In the end me causes such scaith,
Since, Margaret, thou left me,
That hard is my rescue from death.

Methinks 'twas not wisdom
On my part that I fell in love
With a maiden that left me,
And simple me slighted did prove ;

ORAN

Na'n smaointichinn ceart air,
 Gu'm fàsadh an lasair sin caoin ; 50
 Gu'm bàthainn i buileach,
 'S cha chuireadh i tuille mi 'n laoid.

Ma fhuair thu do roghainn
 Do fhearaibh an domhain gu léir,
 Tha fios aig na h-eòlaich 55
 Ma bhuilich thu treòireil do spéis—
 A' sùgradh, 's a' beadradh
 Ri rianadair feadan nan gleus,
 A's pealaid na caorach
 A' glacadh na gaoith as a bheul. 60

Ged tha mi gun ealaidh,
 Gun airgead, gun onair, gun stòr,
 Gun chruit, gun cheòl pìobain,
 Cha laigh mi fo mhìghean dha m' dheòin ;
 O'n chuimhnich mi nis air, 65
 Gu'n tog mi mo mhisneach ni's mò ;
 Bi'dh mis' ann an Geàrr-loch,
 Bi'dh tus' an Cinn-tàile nam bò.

SONG

Were I rightly to think on't,
That flame would wear out to an en'.
I should quench it complete,
She could ne'er me belittle again.

If thou'st gotten thy choice
Of the men of the world entire,
Thine own friends well know
If thou put to good use thy desire—
In flirting and courting
A tuner of drones all uncouth,
And a sheepskin, withal,
A-catching the breath from his mouth.

Although I've no learning,
No money, no honour, no store,
No harp, and no chanter,
I'll live in ill-humour no more :
Since I've now thought it o'er,
I'll bestir me, I'll no more repine ;
For I'll be in Gairloch,
And thou in Kintail of the kine.

18. ORAN AIR CUPID

Metre : Rindard 6²+6²*Luinneag*

Hò ro ladie dhuibh, hò ro eile,
 Hò ro ladie dhuibh, hò ro eile,
 Hò ro ladie dhuibh, hò ro eile,
 Gu'm b' éibhinn le m' aigne
 An ladie na'm feudadh.

5

Nach mireagach *Cupid*,

'S e sùgradh ri mhàthair ?

Dia brionnach gun sùilean,

An dùil gur ceol-gàir' e,

A' tilgeadh air thuaiream

10

Mu'n cuairt anns gach àite

A shaighdean beag, guineach,

Mar 's urrainn e 'n sàthadh.

Bha sagart 's na crìochan,

'S bu diadhaidh 'm fear leughaidh

15

Air dùnadh le creideamh,

'S le eagnachd cho eudmhor ;

'S b' ann a cheann-eagair,

A theagasg bhi beusach,

Gun ofrail a nasgadh

20

Aig altairean *Bhenuis*.

'Nuair a chunnaic a' bhaindia

Fear-teampuil cho dùire,

Gun urram dha màildeachd,

Gun mhiadh air a sùgradh ;

25

18. THE BLACK LADDIE

Chorus

Hò ro black laddie, hò ro eile,
Hò ro black laddie, hò ro eile,
Hò ro black laddie, hò ro eile,
How dear to my spirit,
The laddie, might that be.

Is Cupid not sportive,
Consorting wi' his mater ?
The eyeless god sparkling
Deems matter for laughter
To cast at a venture
In any place next him
His little sharp arrows
Where'er he can fix them.

A priest in these regions,
A reading man pious,
By faith was defended,
And prudence his bias ;
'Twas the chief rule he made
That he taught nothing heinous,
And no offerings be laid
On the altars of Venus.

When the goddess beheld this,
The churchman so hardy,
Not heeding her mildness,
Her love disregarding,

ORAN AIR CUPID

Chuir i 'n dia dalldach,
 Beag, feallsach, gun sùilean,
 Dh' fheuchainn am feudadh e
 A ghleusadh gu h-ùrlaim.

'N uair dhiuchd an dia baothar, 30
 Beag, faoilteach, mu'u cuairt da,
 Gu'n thilg e air saighead
 O chailin na buaile ;
 Chaidh 'n sagart 'na lasair,
 'S cha chuirte' as gu là-luain e, 35
 Mur bhiodh gu'n ghéill e
 Do *Bhenus* 'san uair sin.

'S b' e aidmheil an Lebhith,
 'N uair a b' éiginn da ùmhlachd,
 Gu'm b' fheàrrde gach buachaille 40
 Gruagach a phùsadh ;
 'S bha cailin na buaile
 Cho buan ann a shùilean,
 'S gu'n robh i 'na aigne
 'Na chadal 's 'na dhùsgadh. 45

'S e fàth ghabh an sagart
 Air caidrimh na h-òighe,
 Air dha bhi air madainn
 'Ga h-aidmheil 'na sheòmar,
 A glacadh 's a leagadh 50
 Air leabaidh bhig chòmhnaird,
 'S mus maitheadh e peacadh,
 Bhi tacan 'ga pògadh.

THE BLACK LADDIE

She sent her small fosterling
Traucherous, eyeless,
His Reverence to try and bring
Out of his shyness.

When the giddy god came
Round him, little and saucy,
He threw a dart hame
From the cattle-fold lassie ;
The priest in a blaze went
That time would but foment,
Were it not that he yielded
To Venus that moment.

'Twas the Levite's confession,
When he had to own that smart,
That all herds would profit
By wedding a sweetheart ;
And the lass of the fold
In his eyes was so taking,
She remained in his heart
Whether sleeping or waking.

The plan the priest took
Her good graces contriving,
When he was on a morning
In his chamber her shriving,
Was to take her and set her
On a small level settle,
And ere he absolved her
To kiss her a little.

19. CUMHADH A' BHAIRD AIR SON A
LEANNAIN

AIR FONN—"Farewell to Lochaber"

Metre : 7²+6¹

GED is socrach mo leabaidh,
 Cha n-e 'n cadal mo mhiann,
 Leis an luasgan-s' th' air m' aigne,
 O chionn fad' agus cian ;
 Gu 'm beil teine 'na lasair, 5
 Gun dol as na mo chliabh,
 Tabhairt brosnachadh geur dhomh,
 Gu bhi 'g éirigh 's a' triall.

Co'-sheirm

Seinn éibhinn, seinn éibhinn,
 Seinn éibhinn an dàil, 10
 Seinn éibhinn bhinn éibhinn,
 Seinn éibhinn gach là,
 Seinn éibhinn, binn, eatrom,
 Seinn éibhinn, do ghnà
 Seinn éibhinn, seinn éibhinn, 15
 Chuireadh m' éislein gu làr.

Tha mi còrr a's trì bliadhna
 Air mo lionadh le gaol,
 'S gach aon là dhiubh stiùradh
 Saighead ùr ann am thaobh ; 20

19. THE BARD'S LAMENT FOR HIS
DARLING

ALTHOUGH easy my pallet,
Not to sleep I incline
With the stir in my nature
There long long sin syne.
There's a fire in ignition
In my frame, a live glow,
Giving sharp admonition
To bundle and go.

Chorus

Sing jolly, sing jolly,
Sing jolly the play.
Sing jolly sweet, jolly,
Sing jolly each day.
Sing jolly sweet, lightsome,
Sing jolly always,
Sing jolly, sing jolly
She my care would allay.

I am three years unending
With my love in full tide,
And each day of them sending
A fresh shaft in my side

CUMHADH A' BHAIRD AIR SON A LEANNAIN

Ciamar 's léir dhomh ni taitneach,
 Dh'aindeoin pailteas mo mhaoin ?
 'S mi as eugmhais do mhàrain,
 Bhiodh gun àrdan rium saor.

'S e do mhàran bu mhiann leam, 25
 'S e tigh'nn gun fhiabhras gun ghruaim,
 Mar ri blasdachd na h-òraid,
 'S e bu cheòl-bhinne fuaim ;
 Dh'éireadh m' inntinn gu h-àbhachd
 Ri linn bhi 'g àireamh gach buaidh 30
 A bha co'-streupadh ri m' leannan
 Baididh, farasda, suairc.

'S gur gile mo leannan
 Na 'n cal' air an t-snàmh,
 Gur binn' i na 'n smeòrach 35
 Am barraibh rò-chrann 'sa' Mhàigh ;
 Gur e geamn'achd a beusan,
 'S i gun cacoir 'na càil,
 A lùb mise gu géilleadh
 Air bheag éiginn 'na gràdh. 40

Gu'm beil maise 'na h-eudann,
 Nach feudainn-s' a luaidh ;
 Tha i pailt ann an ceutaidh
 'S an céill a thoirt buaidh ;
 Gun a coimeas ri fheatuinn 45
 Ann an spéis, 'san taobh tuath—
 M' òg Mhìn-mhala bhaididh,
 Thogadh m' inntinn o ghruaim.

THE BARD'S LAMENT FOR HIS DARLING

How can I feel pleasure
E'en with wealth in plenty,
Being without thy lips' treasure,
Unaffected and free ?

I'd love thy conversation
Neither heat nor gloom showing,
With the taste of an oration,
In sweet harmony flowing.
'Twould my mind raise to singing,
While I numbered each charm
To my love that was clinging,
Gentle, easy and warm.

She is whiter, my girl,
Than the swan on the spray,
More melodious than merle
On the tree-tops in May.
'Tis her chasteness of manners
And her justness of taste
Bent me down to surrender
And love her in haste.

There is a bloom on her face
That I cannot portray ;
She is abounding in grace,
And in sense to bear sway.
Not to be found is her match
In the North to compare—
She's my modest young Fair-brow,
Who'd my mind raise from care.

'S ge do bhithinn an eugail,
 Agus léigh air toirt dùil, 50
 Nach biodh furtachd an dàn domh,
 Ach am bàs an gearr ùin',
 Chuireadh eugas mo Mhìn-mhal'
 Mo mhìghean air chùl,
 Ghlacainn binneas na smeòraich 55
 A's gheobhainn sòlas as ùr.

Ge binn cuach 's ge binn smeòrach,
 'S ge binn còisir 's gach crann,
 Seinn ciùil dhomh 'n coill smùdain,
 Theich mo shùgradh-s' air chall— 60
 Tha mi daonnan a' smaointeach'
 Air mo ghaol anns a' ghleann,
 'S mi air tuiteam am mìghean,
 Gun a brìodal bhi ann.

'N uair a bhithinn-s' 's mo Mhìn-mhala 65
 An gleannan rìmhreach na cuaich,
 No'n doire fasgach na smeòraich,
 Gabhail sòlais air chuairt ;
 Cha mhalairtinn m' éibhneas
 O bhi 'ga h-eugmhais car uair, 70
 Air son stòras fhir-stàta,
 Dh' aindeoin àirdead an uail.

Ge bu Rìgh mi air Albainn,
 Le cuid airgid a's spréidh,
 B' e mo roghainn mo Mhìn-mhal' 75
 Thar gach rìbhinn dhomh féin.

THE BARD'S LAMENT FOR HIS DARLING

If I should in dire need be,
And the leech had lost hope,
And no help be decreed me,
Death my short goal and scope,
The looks of my Fair-brow would
My bad mood put to flight,
I'd catch the merle's music,
And a-fresh gain delight.

Although sweet gowk and mavis
And the choir in ilk tree,
Sing me song in the dove-wood,
My joy is lost to me—
Oh ! I am ever thinking
Of my love in the glen,
In ill-humour I'm sinking,
Of her sweet talk reft then.

When I was with my Fair-brow
In the gowk dell profound,
Or in grove of the mavis
Feeling joy going round,
My bliss I would not barter,
Being without her an hour,
For the statesmen's proud charter,
Maugre height of their power.

Though I King were of Alba
And its silver and kine,
Of my Fair-brow my choice were
Over all maids for mine.

“ Cha bu shuaimhneas gu bàs domh
’N aon àite fo ’n ghréin,
’S mi as eugmhais do mhàran,
Gus mo theàrnadh o bheud.” 80

Ach mosg’leam thairis á mìghean,
’S cuiream dìth air mo ghruaim,
Beò nì’s fhaide cha bhì mi
Gun mo Mhin-mhala shuairc !
“ Oig mhin beir mo shoraidh 85
Leat ’na choirean so shuas,
Seinn mo rùn anns a’ ghleannan,
’S tuigidh ’n cailin e uat.”

THE BARD'S LAMENT FOR HIS DARLING

“ For me in life were no joys
’Neath the sun anywhere,
And me without thy sweet voice
To relieve me from care.”

But I’ll wake from ill-humour,
And my gloom banish now,
I’ll not live any longer
Without darling Fair-brow,
“ Gentle youth to this sheiling
Bear my greeting above,
In the dell voice my feeling,
Understand will my love.”

20. CUACHAG NAN CRAOBH ¹

Metre : $3 \times 4^1 + 2^2$

A CHUACHAG nan craobh, nach truagh leat mo
 chaoidh,
 'G osnaich ri oidhch' cheòthair ?
 Shiùbhlainn le m' ghaol, fo dhubhar nan craobh,
 Gun duin' air an t-saoghal fheòraich.
 Thogainn ri gaoith am monadh an fhraoich, 5
 Mo leabaidh ri taobh dòrain—
 Do chrutha geal caomh sìnte ri m' thaobh,
 'S mise ga d' chaoin phògadh.

Chunna' mi féin aisling, 's cha bhreug,
 Dh'fhàg sin mo chrè brònach, 10
 Fear mar ri té, a' pògadh a beul,
 A' brìodal an déidh pòsaidh ;
 Dh'ùraich mo mhiann, dh' ath'raich mo chiall,
 Ghuil mi gu dian, dòimeach,
 Gach cuisle agus féith, o iochdar mo chléibh 15
 Thug iad gu leum cò'-lath !

Ort tha mo gheall, chaill mi mo chonn,
 Tha mi fo throm chreuchdan.
 Dh'aisigeadh d'fhonn slàinte do m' chom,
 Dhiuchdadh air lom m' éibhneas ; 20

¹ Note F.

20. THE CUCKOO OF THE BRANCHES

O CUCKOO of the wood art not grieved at my
mood ?

At eve heavy-dewed, I'm suspiring ;
I would stray with my love in the shade of the grove,
Where'er we might rove none enquiring ;
I would face the wind's breath on the hill of the heath,
My bed in the teeth of distresses,
Thy white form refined stretched out by my side,
While I fond multiplied my caresses.

I saw in a dream, no lie did it seem,
What my heart made extremely sad,
A man with a maid whose lips he essayed,
Nor fondling delayed, having wed.
It freshened my fire, renewed my desire,
I wept in my direful swither,
Each artery and vein from the depth of my frame,
They leaped unrestrained together.

On thee is my trust, my vigour I've lost,
I for thee suffer most heavy wounding ;
Thy smile would restore my health to the core,
Joy would flow to me more abounding ;

Thiginn ad dhàil, chuirinn ort fàilt,
 Bhithinn, a ghràidh, réidh riut—
 M'ulaidh 's mo mhiann, m' aighear 's mo chiall,
 'S ainnir air fiamh gréin' thu.

Thuit mi le d' ghat, mhill thu mo rath, 25
 Strìochd mi le neart dòrain ;
 Saighdean do ghaoil sàit' anns gach taobh,
 Thug dhiom gach caoin cò'-lath ;
 Mhill thu mo mhais', ghoid thu mo dhreach,
 'S mheudaich thu gal bròin domh ; 30
 'S mur fuasgail thu trà le d'fhuran 's le d'fhàilt'
 'S cuideachd am bàs dhòmh-sa !

'S cama-lubach d'fhalt fanna-bhuidh' nan cleachd,
 'S fabhradh nan rosg àluinn ;
 Gruaidhean mar chaor, broilleach mar aol, 35
 Anail mar ghaoth gàraidh—
 Gus an cuir iad mi steach an caol-taigh nan leac
 Bi'dh mi fo neart cràidh dheth,
 Le smaointinn do chleas, 's do shùgradh ma seach,
 Fo dhuilleach nam preas blàth'or. 40

'S milis do bheul, 's còmhnard do dheud,
 Sùilean air lùdh àirneig,
 Ghiùlaineadh bréid, uallach gu féill,
 'S uasal an reul àluinn—
 Ach 's truagh gun an t-eud tha 'n uachdar mo 45
 chléibh,
 'Gad bhualadh-s' an ceud àite ;
 Na'm faighinn thu réidh pùsd' o na chléir,
 B'fhasa dhomh-féin teàrnadh.

THE CUCKOO OF THE BRANCHES

I would come thee to meet, I'd welcome thee, sweet,
To thee be complete reconciled,
My dear, my desire, my joy, and my fire,
Like the sun, maid, entire undefiled.

By thine arrow I fell, thou my luck didst dispel,
I yielded by fell strength of weather,
And, alas, thy love dart is stuck in each part,
Thou hast reft me my heart altogether.
Thou hast ruined my face, and stolen my grace,
And deepened each trace of depression ;
Unless thou beguile me with welcome and smile,
Death's in a short while my obsession.

Thy hair in waved whorls, in light yellow curls,
And eyebrows—no churls—the eyes warding,
Cheeks rowan-like rare, breasts lime-white, so fair,
Thy breath like the air of a garden ;
Till they place me inside, the slab-house not wide,
I'll be by pain tried that me crushes,
While conning thy traits, thy frolicsome ways
'Neath the blossoming sprays of the bushes.

O sweet is thy mou', thy even teeth too,
And eyes of the hue of the sloe ;
The braid thou would wear so gay to the fair,
High as to compare with star glow—
Sad the jealous unrest, at the top of my chest,
Had not hundred-fold pressed thee all over ;
Should I find thee set free, wed by the clergy,
The more easy for me to recover.

'S tu 'n ainair tha grinn, mileanta, binn,
 Le d' cheileire, seinn òran, 50
 'S e bhi 'na do dhàil a dh'oidhche 's a là
 Thoilicheadh càil m' òige ;
 Gur gile do bhian na sneachd air an fhiar,
 'S na canach air sliabh mòintich,
 Na'n deanadh tu, rùin, tarraing rium dlùth, 55
 Dheanainn gach tùrs' fhògar.

Càrair gu réidh clach agus cré
 Mu m' leabaidh-s' a bhri t' uaisle—
 'S fada mi'n éis a' feitheamh ort féin
 'S nach togair thu, gheug, suas leam ; 60
 Na'm bu tus' a bhiodh tinn, dheanainn-sa luim,
 Mus biodh tu fo chuing truaighe ;
 Ach 's goirid an dàil gu faicear an là
 'M bi prasgan a' trà'l m'uaigh-sa !

Mollachd an tùs aig a' mhnaoi-ghlùin, 65
 Nach d'adhlaic 'sa' chùil beò mi !
 Mu'n d'fhuir mi ort iùl, ainair dheas ùr,
 'S nach dùraig thu fiù pòg dhomh ;
 Tinn gun bhi slàn, dùisgt' as mo phràmh,
 Cuimhneachach dàn pòsaidh ; 70
 Mo bheannachd ad dhéidh, cheannaich thu-féin,
 Le d' leannanachd, glé òg mi.

THE CUCKOO OF THE BRANCHES

Thou, maiden, art neat, so handsome and sweet,
With the carol complete of thy mouth ;
Being with thee to stay by night and by day
Would the longing allay of my youth.
Thy skin's whiter, lass, than snow on the grass,
Or down on the pass of the moor ;
If thou, love, should choose to draw to me close
All sorrow I'd cause to give o'er.

Smooth will they lay the stone and the clay
Round my last stow-away for thy pride ;
And long derelict me, I am waiting for thee,
Maid, who won't care to be my sweet bride.
Wert thou sickly to fare I would strip myself bare,
Ere the yoke thou would wear of thy doom,
But short the delay till seen is the day
When a squad toil away at my tomb.

At the outset I curse the maternity nurse,
Who my animate corse did not bury,
Before I knew thee, fresh maiden and free,
That e'en to kiss me would demur aye.
Sick, unwell, wholly waked from my dull folly,
Recollecting the rôle o' consorting,
My blessing with thee who thyself hast bought me
Young though I might be, with thy courting.

21. ORAN EADAR AM BARD, AGUS CAIL-
LEACH-MHILLEADH-NAN-DAN

Anns am Bheil am Bàrd a' Moladh a Leannain
Agus a' Chailleach 'ga Di-moladh.

Metre : 7²+6¹

Am Bard

ACH gur mise tha duilich,
'S mi gu muladach truagh,
Cha n-urra mi àireamh
Mar a tha mi 's gach uair ;
Gu'm bheil dòrainn mo chridhe 5
Ga mo ruighinn cho cruaidh,
Leis a' chion thug mi 'n ribhinn,
O nach dirich mi suas.

A' Chailleach

Tosd, a shladaì', 's dean fìrinn,
'S na bi 'g innsea' nam breug, 10
Cha chreid mi uat fathasd,
Nach 'eil da'ich-do-sgeul ;
Ma tha i cho maiseach,
'S cho pailt ann an céill
'S nach urra mi t' àicheadh, 15
Bheir mi bàrr dhi thar cheud.

Mas i ribhinn do leannan,
Faire ! faire ! *brabhoe* !
Cha bhi t' onoir gun anbharr ;
Your servant, my Lord ! 20

21. SONG—DUET—BETWEEN THE BARD
AND AN OLD WOMAN CRITIC

In which the Bard praises his Sweetheart and the Crone
dispraises her.

The Bard

AH me ! but I'm sorry,
And with worry I'm sore,
I am powerless to state
What my fate is each hour.
What but my heart's anguish
Makes me languish such wise ?
With the love that I've loved her,
Ne'er above it I'll rise.

The Crone

Silence, rascal, deal fairly,
Untruths spare to exhale,
I will yet trust thee barely
That there's no gild-thy-tale.
If she is so pretty,
And so witty and more
That I can't put thee down,
Her I'll crown o'er five score.

If thy love is a princess,
“Hear ! hear ! and bravo.”
Thine honour none minces,
“Your servant, my Lord.”

Mur a foghainn leat gruagach
 Ach té uasal le sròl,
 Gus am faic mi do bhanais,
 Cha chan mi ni's mò.

Am Bard

Tha mo leannan ni's àilte 25
 Na tha 'san Roinn-Eòrp',
 Gur gile, a's gur glain' i
 Na canach an fheòir ;
 Gur binne na chlarsach
 Leam àbhachd a beòil, 30
 Aig a mhiad 's thug mi ghaol di,
 Cha n-fhaod mi bhi beò !

A' Chailleach

'S tu dh'fhosgail thar chòir e,
 'S nach sòradh a' bhreug,
 'S a liuthad gnùis rò-ghlan 35
 'San Roinn-Eòrpa gu léir,
 Masa samhladh dhi 'n canach,
 Cha n-aithne dhomh fheum ;
 Mas e gaol a bheir triall ort,
 Deagh bhliadhn' as do dhéidh. 40
 Masa binne na chlarsach
 Leat àbhachd a beòil,
 Gur neònach nach cuala sinn
 Luaidh air a ceòl ;
 Mur a h-ealaidh os n-ìosal 45
 Ann an diomhaireachd mhòir,
 Ris an éireadh a chridhe,¹
 Gun ach tri- 'ear m'a còir.¹

¹ Text doubtful.

If a lass won't suffice thee,
 But a nice maid in satin,
 Till I witness thy wedding,
 Not a word more I'll put in.

The Bard

My love is the bravest
 In Europe, a lass
 Who is brighter and purer
 Than down in the grass.
 Methinks sweeter than harp
 The bright talk she'll contrive,
 So much do I love her
 I cannot survive.

The Crone

Thou spoke more than is fair
 And didst not spare untruth,
 And so many bright faces
 In all places forsooth.
 If down is her likeness
 I like less its worth,
 If her love will remove thee—
 Good luck waft thee from earth.
 If thou think than harp sweeter
 The music she'll raise,
 'Tis queer that we never
 Heard tell of her praise ;
 Unless her lay be lowly,
 Sung in great secrecy,
 Where the heart would stir only
 Were there with her but three.

Am Bard

'S i mo leannan an eucag
 Air na ceudan thug bàrr, 50
 Gnùis shoilleir, caol-mhala,
 Sùil thairis, ghorm, thlàth,
 Beul mìn mar an t-sirist
 O milis thig fàilt',
 Gruaidh dhearg mar na caoran, 55
 Sud aogais mo ghràidh.

A' Chailleach

Mur b'e iteach na feucaig,
 Cha bhiodh spéis dhi no diù ;
 Cha n'eil math innt' no dolaidh
 Mur a toilich i 'n t-sùil ; 60
 Chuir a h-ionan 's a casan
 Mi-dhreach air a mùirn,
 Ged tha spailp as a h-éideadh,
 Gur eun i nach fiù.

Gnùis shoilleir, caol-mhala, 65
 Sùil thairis, ghorm, thlàth,
 Ged tha taitneachdainn seal annt',
 Cha mhair iad ach geàrr ;
 Iadhaidh bilibh dearg, daite,
 Teangaidh sgaiteach, lom, gheàrrt' ; 70
 'S mar tha seirce nan gruaidhean,
 Cha bhuain' iad na càch !

The Bard

My love is the peacock,
She hundreds excelling,
Bright face, slender eyebrows,
Blue eyes, mild and thrilling,
Tender lips like the cherry
Whence comes welcome serene,
Cheek red like the rowan,
That's the look of my quean.

The Crone

Save for feathers the peacock
Would have no praise or blame,
Good or bad is not in it,
Unless the eye it acclaim ;
Both its claws and its feet
Put its radiance to shame,
Though there is show in its garb
'Tis no bird worth the name.

A bright face, slender eyebrows,
Blue eye, mild and steadfast,
Though there's joy a while in them,
But a short space they'll last ;
Lips crimson-coloured hedge
A scathing tongue, a sharp pest,
And they, like the cheek-dimples,
Last no more than the rest.

22. ORAN DO CHAILIN ARAIDH

Air son mòr dhiumb a bhi aice ris a' Bhàrd ; nach do mhol
e i ann an òran roi'-sgriobhta. Chuala 'm Bàrd sin, agus tha
'n t-òran a leanas mar gu'm b'ann da moladh.

AIR Fonn—" Lennox's love to Blantyre "

Metre : $3 \times 8^3 + 7^2$

Luinneag

THOGAINN fonn gu h-iullagach,
Le sog neo-throm, gun duilichinn,
Gu cridheil, sunndach, cuirealdach,
'S mi 'g ullachadh gu mànran.

O ! dheilbhinn thoir a' ghealach ort, 5
Gabh àit am measg nam *planatan*,
Cha n-ionad còmhnuidh 'n talamh dhut,
Ach speuran soilleir sàr-ghlan !

Mur Ban-dia dhiuchd o'n athar thu,
Cha d'fhuaradh samhladh fathasd dut, 10
Cha bhuineadh dhuinne labhairt ort,
'S nach athais sinn dha t' àireamh.

Ach o'n as dùilidh talamhaidh thu,
Bheir mis' an iunnsaidh dhearbhta rium,
'S bi'dh dùrachd mo mhac-meanmuine, 15
Gu t' ainm a chur ni's àirde.

22. SONG TO A CERTAIN GIRL

She being in a great temper at the Bard because he had not praised her in a previously written song. The Bard heard that, and the following song purports to praise her.

Chorus

I'D raise a tune so rantingly
With light heart, nothing daunting me,
So gladsome, joyous wantonly,
Preparing me for courting.

O fairy ! off to the moon with thee,
Thy place amid the planets be ;
Earth is no dwelling place for thee
But the heavens bright and dazzling.

Unless goddess come from heaven thou be,
There's not found yet the like of thee ;
'Twere not for us to talk of thee,
Since mix with you we dare not.

But as thou'rt an earthly entity,
I'll make the attempt expected me,
My imagination's aim will be,
To put thy name yet higher.

ORAN DO CHAILIN ARAIDH

Gur dealraiche na gheala-ghrian thu,
Air barra-bhilibh nan sealg-bheannaibh,
Cur dearg lainnir air garbh-shleibhtean,
Mu anmoichid nan tràthan ! 20

Gur cuspair binn gach filidh thu
An ceòl 's a fuinn, 's an iongantas,
Is tu dhannsadh grinn a' *mhinibhit*,
'S *quadrilleachan* na Spàinntè.

Thig cinneabhar lomhail ban-rìgh dhut, 25
Le sròl nan òr-chrios Frangach air,
'S tu dheilbhinn òg gun samhla' dhi
'Measg bhaintighearnan le t' àilteachd !

Bi'dh Diùcachan ag ùmhlachdadh,
'S a' tuiteam air an glùinean dut, 30
A's ciùin-shealladh do ghnùis gile
Mar ùr-chasg o na bhàs dhoibh.

SONG TO A CERTAIN GIRL

Brighter than the white sun art thou
On top rims of the mountain's brow,
On rough-bounds shedding a red glow
About the gloaming seasons.

The sweet theme of all poets thou,
Their music, airs, and wonder too ;
The minuet thou well could do
And the quadrilles of the Spaniards.

The glittering crown of a queen for thee
With French silk gold embroidery ;
And, all unmatched, thou young fairy,
'Mong ladies with thy beauty.

Dukes will be humbly pleasing thee,
And falling on their knees to thee,
The look serene of thy face to see
From death a rescue new to them.

23. ORAN EILE DO'N CHAILIN CHEUDNA

Air dhi duais a thoirt do Fhilidh àraidh air son aoir a dheanamh do'n Bhàrd.

AIR AN FHONN CHEUDNA

Metre : $3 \times 8^3 + 7^2$

Luinneag

A NIGHEAN na biodh farran ort,
Ge bòidheach, buidhe, barr-fhionn thu,
Cha bhiodh mi féin ga m' fharrach ort,
'S rò-mhath an airidh càch ort.

Na bi 'n gruaim ni's fhaide rium, 5
'S na bi toirt duais air abartas,
O'n 's leam-sa buaidh na h-agallaidh,
O'n aibidil o'n d'fhàs i.

Tha tighinn fodham innseadh dhut
Gu'n cuala mi sgeul mi-cheutach, 10
Ach masa breug no fìrinn e,
Cha chuir mi 'n ir' e 'n dràsda.

Ma dhìol thu air son misneach thoirt
Do bhàrdan maol nan ciotagan,
Biodh gannra gorm na piosagraich 15
A nis agad mar chlàrsair.

23. ANOTHER SONG TO THE SAME GIRL

On her rewarding a certain Poet for satirising the Bard.

TO THE SAME TUNE

Chorus

O MAID, no dudgeon be on thee,
Though pretty, pleased, fair-haired thou be,
Myself I would not proffer me,
Since others well deserve thee.

No longer surly be to me,
Nor bribes give for loquacity,
Since I've won the logomachy
From the alphabet it sprung from.

I'm making up to tell to thee
I've heard tell unbecoming thee,
But whether true or false it be
Meantime I'll not repeat it.

If thou paid for the encouragement
Of a bardie dull, incompetent,
The blue gander on hissing bent
May thou have now as harper.

ORAN EILE DO'N CHAILIN CHEUDNA

Cha b' e sud dàn an t-sonais da,
 Na'm b' fhiach an tàsg a chronachadh,
 'S nach b' iognadh òigh cho conach riut
 A cheannach sgoil aos-dàna. 20

'S a bhrìgh gach sgeul a chuala mi,
 Mur breug a' ruith le buaitheam e,
 Gu'n chuir na fir cho suarach thu,
 'S nach toir iad luaidh gu bràth ort.

Gu'n dhiùlt Fear bàn Ghlinn-Tanagaidh 25
 Do cheudan marg a's teannadh riut,
 Mar ghràinich thu le eanadas
 Fir òga, gheala, Gheàrr-loch.

Cha cheil mi ort gun innseadh dhut
 Nach cliù air cailin finealta, 30
 'Nuair dh'iarras fear gu sìobhalt i,
 Gu'n toir i mìomhodh dha-san.

Cha b' ionann sud 's mo leannan-sa,
 Gur faoilteach, fàilteach, farasd' i,
 Gur éibhinn, sùgach, geanach i, 35
 'S i beusach, banail, nàrach.

Gur dealbhach, foinneamh, dìreach i,
 Gur loinneil, soilleir, fìor-ghlan, i,
 Gur slios-ghlan, fallain, mìn-gheal i,
 'S gu'm b' ait leam féin bhi làimh ri'. 40

Gur tapaidh, màlda, ciatach i,
 Gur maiseach, tlachdmhor, sgiamhach i,
 Gur ciùineil, baididh, ciallach i,
 'Na miann mar bha Diana.

ANOTHER SONG TO THE SAME GIRL

That were no happy song for him,
Were the ninny worth chastising ;
An' thou, rich virgin, how surprising
To buy a poet's learning !

In view of every tale I've heard,
Unless 'tis lies that all have shared,
Men so indifferently cared
That thee they never mention.

Thy hundreds o' marks Glen Tanagaidh
Declined, and aught to do with thee,
As thou disgustedst totally
The bright young men of Gairloch.

I'll not hide without telling thee,
No credit to a fine lassie,
When a man asks her civilly,
That she'll show him ill-manners !

How different from my beloved,
She's welcoming, glad, easily moved,
She's cheerful, brisk, of happy mood,
Good-mannered, wifely, modest.

And comely, handsome, upright she,
And charming, pure, and quite-bright she,
Clear-profiled, wholesome, smooth-white she,
I'm glad to be beside her.

She's clever, gentle, excellent,
Beautiful, pleasant, elegant,
Quiet, feminine and eke prudent,
In nature like Diana.

ORAN EILE DO'N CHAILIN CHEUDNA

Ged dh'innseadh ceudan còmhladh e, 45
'S ged bhiodh a' Chléir 'ga chòdachadh,
Cha chreidinn sgeul nach còrdadh rium,
Ri m' bheò, air òigh nan tlàth-shul.

Cha tréig mi chaoidh mo dhùrachd dhut, 50
O'n 's tric a bha mi sùgradh riut,
'Sa' choill' an seinn na smùdanan
Gu binn an tùs a' Mhàighe.

Fhir òig an dràs' a dh'imich uainn, 55
Thoir fàilt' a bhràighe ghlinne bhuam,
Beir soraidh d'fhios na finne sin,
A's innis dhi mar thà mi.

ANOTHER SONG TO THE SAME GIRL

Though hundreds should asseverate,
And the Presbytery homologate,
I'd not believe a tale I'd hate
Of the blue-eyed maid, while I live.

I'll ne'er cease my good will to thee,
Since often I've been courting thee
In the wood where sing the ring-doves free
And sweet at early Maytide.

Young man from us but gane a wee,
Salute the braes of the glen from me,
And greet that femininity,
And tell her how I'm faring.

24. IORRAM

AIR FONN—"Ailean luidich na biodh dìth ort," etc.

Metre : Rannaigecht bec mòr (Carn-dechnaid), 8³+8³

MÌLE marbhaisg air na bodaich,
 Anns an àm so cogadh oirnne ;
 'S na ma feàrr bhios da'n cuid gaothair,
 Call an taghail air an t-seòrs' ud.

Seachad
 'S na ma feàrr bhios da'n cuid gaothair, 5
 Call an taghail air an t-seòrs' ud ;
 Call an cuspair air gach eilid,
 Gus an teirinn iad gu còmhnard.

Call an cuspair air gach eilid,
 Gus an teirinn iad gu còmhnard ; 10
 Seacharan seilg air gach fireach,
 Gun srad theine bhi 'nan òrdaibh.

Seacharan seilg air gach fireach,
 Gun srad theine bhi 'nan òrdaibh ;
 Tuiteam seachad air an fhiadhaich, 15
 Agus sioladh air a' mhòintich.

Tuiteam seachad air an fhiadhaich,
 Agus sioladh air a' mhòintich ;
 'S beag mo loinn do luchd nam briogsan
 Ged robh gliogadaich 'nam pòcaid. 20

24. DISTICHS, BOAT SONG

A THOUSAND curses on the fellows
That assail us at this season ;
And no better may their hounds fare,
Waste effort wear out hounds and these men.

And no better may their hounds fare,
Waste effort wear their sort uncivil,
At each hind their shot mis-spending,
Till descending to the level.

At each hind their shot mis-spending
Till descending to the chalmers,
A foiled hunt on every mountain,
No spark fountain in their hammers.

Missing game on every mountain,
No spark fountain at their dogheads,
Headlong in the wildings falling,
And deep sprawling on the bogheads.

Headlong in the wildings falling,
And in mossland sprawling, sinking,
The breeched folk I care for little,
Though mickle in their purse were clinking.

'S beag mo loinn do luchd nam briogsan,
 Ged robh gliogadaich 'nam pòcaid ;
 'S beag mo spéis do luchd nan casag,
 Ged is iad is pailte stòras.

'S beag mo spéis do luchd nan casag, 25
 Ged is iad is pailte stòras ;
 'S truagh nach robh mi féin 's mo leannan,
 'Sa' ghleannan an goir an smeòrach.

'S truagh nach robh mi féin 's mo leannan,
 'Sa' ghleannan an goir an smeòrach ; 30
 Anns a' choill' an cluinnt' an smùdan
 Seinn a chiùil 'san dlùth-chur eòrna.

Anns a' choill' an cluinnt' an smùdan
 Seinn a chiùil 'san dlùth-chur eòrna ;
 Còisirean am bàrr gach géige, 35
 Anns an fheasgar Chéitein bhòidheach.

Còisirean am bàrr gach géige,
 Anns an fheasgar Chéitein bhòidheach ;
 Sgaoilinn mo bhreacan mu'n cuairt dut,
 'S chuireadh sinn gach gruaim air fògar. 40

Sgaoilinn mo bhreacan mu'n cuairt dut,
 'S chuireadh sinn gach gruaim air fògar ;
 Mo làmh fo do mhuineal glé-gheal,
 'S mo bheul ri do bheul 'ga phògadh.

Mo làmh fo do mhuineal glé-gheal, 45
 'S mo bheul ri do bheul 'ga phògadh,
 Cha b'fhada 'n oidhche gu madainn,
 Gun chadal an caidrimh Mòraig.

DISTICHS, BOAT SONG

Small my love for folk o' the breeches,
Though they'd riches in their purses ;
Little like I folks long coated,
Though they're bloated with resources.

Little like I folks long coated,
Though they're bloated with the warl' ;
Would that my love and mysel' were
In the dell where sings the merle.

Sad that not she and mysel' were
In the dell where thrushes parley,
Where i' the wood were heard the ring-dove
Sing love at thick-sowing o' barley.

Where i' the wood were heard the ring-dove
Sing love at the barley heyday,
Choristers thick branches move in
At the gloaming, bonnie Mayday.

Choristers on each branch moving
At the gloaming, bonnie Mayday,
I would spread my plaid about thee,
And so flout we every grey day.

I would row thee in my plaidie,
So we're every gloom refuting,
My arm round thy fair neck, lady,
My mouth at thy mouth, saluting.

My arm round thy white neck charming,
My mouth thine with kisses pressing,
Not long were the night till morning,
With no sleep in Mor's caressing.

IORRAM

Cha b'fhada 'n oidhche gu madainn,
Gun chadal an caidrimh Mòraig ; 50
Bu bheag m'fharmad ri Rìgh Bhreatuinn,
Ge leis Sasgunn a's Hanòbhar.

Bu bheag m' fharmad ri Rìgh Bhreatuinn,
Ge leis Sasgunn a's Hanòbhar ;
Ge leis Albainn agus Eirinn, 55
Gu'm b' annsadh leam féin do chòmhradh.

DISTICHS, BOAT SONG

Soon would night till morning go by
In Mor's fondling with no slumber,
Britain's king I scarce would envy,
His tho' Hanover too he number.

Britain's king I'd envy no more,
His though England and Hanover,
Scotland and the Irish nation—
I prefer thy conversation.

25. BRUTHAICHEAN GHLINNE-BRAON ¹Metre : 3 × 7² + 6¹*Luinneag*

BEIR mo shoraidh le dùrachd
 Do rìbhinn nan dlùth-chiabh,
 Ris an tric bha mi sùgradh
 Ann am Bruthaichean Ghlinne-Braon.

Gur e mis' tha gu cianail, 5
 'S mi cho fad uat am bliadhna,
 Tha liunn-dubh air mo shiaradh,
 'S mi ri iargain do ghaoil.

Cha n-fheud mi bhi subhach,
 Gur e 's beus domh bhi dubhach, 10
 Cha dìrich mi bruthach,
 Chaidh mo shiubhal an laoid.

Chaidh m'astar a maillead
 O nach faic mi mo leannan ;
 'S ann a chleachd mi bhi mar riut 15
 Ann an gleannan a' chaoil.

Annas a' choill' am bi'n smùdan
 'S e gu binn a' seinn ciùil duinn,
 Cuach a's smeòrach 'gar dùsgadh
 Cur na smùid diubh le faoil'. 20

¹ Note G.

25. THE BRAES OF GLEN BROOM

Chorus

BEAR my love, my addresses,
To the maid of thick tresses,
I was oft in her graces
 In the braes of Glen Broom.

I am shorn of all pleasure
Being so far from thee this year,
Of black dule I've a seizure,
 I my lost love deplore.

I may not dare be jolly
And my heart melancholy,
To speel braes is folly,
 I'll walk fleetly no more.

My pace has gone slower
Since I'll not see my lover,
I with thee was a rover
 In the wee ozier dell.

In the wood, where the ring-dove
To us sweetly did sing love,
Gowk and merle from us sleep drove,
 As with joy their notes swelled.

'S tric a bha mi 's tu mireadh,
 Agus càch ga nar sireadh,
 Gus bu deònach linn pilleadh
 Gu innis nan laogh.

Sinn air fàireadh na tulaich, 25
 'S mo làmh thar do mhuineal,
 Sinn ag éisdeachd nan luinneag,
 Bhiodh am mullach nan craobh.

Tha mise 'ga ràite,
 'S cha n-urra mi àicheadh, 30
 Gur iomadach sàr
 Thig air àiridh nach saoil.

Gur mis' tha 'sa' champar,
 'S mi fo chis anns an àm so,
 Ann am prìosan na Frainge, 35
 Fo ainneart gach aon.

Ann an seòmraichean glaiste,
 Gun cheòl, no gun mhacnas,
 Gun òrdugh a Sasgunn
 Mo thoirt dhathaigh gu saor. 40

Cha b'ionann sud agus m' àbhaist,
 A' siubhal nam fàsach,
 'S a' dìreadh nan àrd-bheann,
 Gabhail fàth air na laoich.

A' siubhal nan stùc-bheann 45
 Le mo ghunna nach diùltadh,
 'S le mo phlasgaichean fùdair
 Air mo ghlùn anns an fhraoch.

THE BRAES OF GLEN BROOM

Thou and I oft did wander,
And the rest never fand where,
Till we chose hame to dander
 To the mead of the calves.

On the sky-line o' the wold there
With my arm round thy shoulder
We'd list as birds trolled there
 On the tree-tops their staves.

It is I am asserting,
'Tis no use controverting,
Many things disconcerting
 Visit sheilings unthought.

I myself in oppression,
In subjection this season,
Lying in a French prison
 'Neath every one's flout.

In locked chambers confined, and
No song, no pastime, and
No order from England
 To send me home free.

That's unlike my old way there,
To be treading the heather,
The high-tops to weather
 Taking a chance at the deer.

O'er the rocky peaks trailing,
With my gun never failing,
And my powder-flask haling,
 On my knee in the heath.

26. COMHAIRLE BHAIRD DO
MHAIGHDEANAN OGA

(*Ann am Beurla 's an Gàidhlig*)

AIR FONN—"The Rock and wee pickle Tow"

Metre : 4 stresses : with end rhymes 1-3, 2-4-8, 5-6 irr.

*Ye bonny young virgins, ge sgiobalt 'ur ceum,
Be careful gu'n tréig sibh an fhéill so gun dàil ;
For though ye be handsome, 's ge meachair 'ur beul,
'S fìor nonsense gun chéill, mur réitich sibh tràth ;* 5
*For old age is a béist 's bi'dh gach gnè choire dhi,
Cur dium-buaidh air a snuadh, cha bhi uair
loinneil di,
Therefore, don't tarry, but marry gu luath,
Mus biodh sibh gu truagh dol am buar mar as
àill.*

*For beauty is fading, gun stad ach air sgè
Mar aiteal do'n ghréin air eudann gach àird ;* 10
*And though you have riches, gur tubaist gun chéill,
Mur tuig sibh 'ur feum air an fhéill so 'na thràth.
When you want, you'll repent, but they shan't marry you,
Their gach bean tha i sean, 's cha toir fear aire
dhi ;*
Bi'dh sibh-se gu dubhach, ri cumha 's ri caoidh, 15
*A's liunn-dubh fo-thuinn a chaoidh ga nur
cràmh !*

26. THE BARD'S ADVICE TO
YOUNG MAIDENS

(In English and in Gaelic)

YE bonny young virgins, though smart is your pace,
Be careful, leave early this fair, don't delay ;
For though ye be handsome, and gladsome your face,
'Tis fair senseless nonsense, gin ye pair not straightway.
For old age is a sport, and, in every sort, harm,
Causing loss to her looks, ne'er allowing her charm,
Therefore, don't tarry, but marry apace,
Ere sad ye retire to the byre, your old place.

For beauty is fading, unstaid, on the wing,
Like a gleam of sunbeam on a hill-face sublime,
And though you have riches, a most foolish thing,
If ye heed not your need of this fair at its time.
When you want, you'll repent, but they shan't marry
you,
Gossips say, she is grey, not a man looks her way,
And ye'll be all forlorn, as ye mourn and bewail,
And you deep melancholy will alway assail.

Nach cùis ghràin agus mi-thoirt, seann nighean
gun sgiamh,

'Na briogaid gun mhiadh, 's nach iarrar a pòg !
Bi'dh h-aodann air casadh, bi'dh falt air fàs liath,
Bi'dh cam-char 'na bial a's fiar-char 'na sròn.

20

When she'll whine and repine, cha bhi loinn tuille dhi,
Not a kiss a gheobh ise, she'll be meas cumanta,
Gun chéile, gun leannan, gun teallach, gun tuar,
'Na seasg-chaillich thruaigh, fo smuairean 's fo
bhròn.

The lily, the fairest by far of the flowers,

25

Ge moiteil a mhùirn, cha mhair e ach geàrr ;

And the beautiful rose of most glorious hue

Tha shnuadh dol a mugh' seach bruthainn a'
Mhàigh,

Sud mar 's nòs do gach òigh tha gach lò
seanachadh,

Gus an caill iad an geall 's nach e 'n t-àm teann-
adh riu,

30

'N uair thréigeas a' mhaise, 'sa sguireas an loinn,
Bhi 'g acain a chaoidh nach d'rinn iad e tràth.

THE BARD'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MAIDENS

A thing of dread, a dead-head, isn't an ugly old maid ?
An old miser unprized, unwished to be kissed !
Her face turning wrinkled, her hair a grey shade,
There's a crook in her mouth, in her nose a wry twist.
When she'll whine and repine, she'll have no further
 cheer,
Not a kiss but she'll miss, and she'll be common gear,
Unrelated, unmated, with no hearth or home,
A dry hag and sorry, sunk in worry and gloom.

The lily, the fairest by far of the flowers,
Though showy its powers, yet short is its stay ;
And the beautiful rose of most glorious hue
Bids adieu to its beauty, when flies sultry May.
That's the way with ilk fay, every day growing old,
Till they make their last stake, and the tale is now told ;
When beauty deserts them, and passes their bloom,
They'll always bewail that they failed to act soon.

27. ORAN DO DHUINE ARAIDH

A rinn am Bàrd *do dhuin' àraidh* a thuarasdalaich e ré là, air son togail crè a poll ; agus air do'n fheasgar teachd cha tàinig an duine dhachaidh. Air son so bha 'm Bàrd fo imcheist, le mòr iognadh nach robh e tighinn ; air an aobhar sin chuir e gille beag a bha mu'n taigh air a thòir. Thàinig an gill' air ais, ag innseadh do'n Bhàrd nach robh e 'n sud idir, agus gu'm b' e mhòr bharaill-s' nach bu bheò e. Air gabhail eagail do'n Bhàrd gu'n tàinig sgiorradh 'na char, fa dheòidh d' fhalbh e féin agus fhuair se e mairnealaich ri taobh a' phuill agus an obair gun deanamh.

AIR FONN—" Sgian dubh an sprogain chaim "

Metre : 8³+6¹

MARBHAISG air luchd mì-ruin,
 A bha 'g innseadh dhomh nam breug,
 Nach bu bheò mo charaide,
 Ma chailleadh e b' e 'm beud ;
 'Nuair thog mi orm gu bas-bhualadh, 5
 'S gu toirt-a-mach gun chéill,
 Co fear mòr a chitheamaid
 A' tighinn ach thu-féin !

Chì mi laoch is gaisgeanta,
 Dha maiseal thig na h-airm, 10
 A rì ! gur mairg a chasadh ort,
 Le strì 'n uair lasadh d' fhearg ;
 Fear mòr tha cròdha 'n ais-sith thu,
 Bhiodh speiceil, spaiceil, garg,
 'S laoch cho treun 's tha 'm Breatuinn thu, 15
 Ro'n teich an t-arm dearg.

27. SONG TO A CERTAIN MAN

Which the Bard made to a certain man whom he had hired for a day to lift clay from a pit ; and evening coming on, the man had not come home. On this account the Bard became anxious, thinking it very strange that he was not coming. He therefore sent a little lad, who was about the house, to seek him. The lad returned telling the Bard that he was not there at all, and being strongly of opinion he was not alive. The Bard, fearing an accident had befallen him, finally went himself, and found him loitering beside the pit, and the work not done.

[The *duin' àraidh* was probably a well-known character, an old soldier, who boasted about his exploits in war. These things happened before Napoleon became famous, and Fontenoy (1745) was the "Waterloo" (1815) of those days.]

A CURSE upon the ill-wishers
Who were telling lies to me,
That my cronie was not living—
Were he lost, a loss 'twould be.
When I took me to hand-wringing
And unrestrained emotion,
Wha the deil should we behold
But thyself approaching.

I see a hero valorous,
That arms will well adorn,
Lord pity him who'd face thee
When i' strife thine ire would burn ;
A big man valiant in dispeace,
Laying about thee furiously,
Hero strong as Britain boasts of,
'Fore whom the red hosts flee.

Cha n-ioghna' mi bhi àrdanach,
 'S gur càirdeach mi dhut féin,
 Armuinn mhòir nam brataichean
 'S nan dùth-lann sgaiteach, geur ; 20
 Le ceannas cruaidh neo-lapanach,
 A' dol am baiteal streup ;
 Dh'éireadh sog a's sunndachd oirnn
 Ri cluinntinn guth do bheul.

'N uair bha thu 'na do sheannaileir, 25
 'San iomairt thall air chuan,
 Latha *Fontendì*
 Gu'm bu leòmhanta do shnuadh ;
 'N uair dh'fhosgail iad am *bataraidh*,
 Gu'n ghlac thu iad 'san uair, 30
 Thionndaidh thu na *cannonan*
 Gu toirt a' bhaile bhuap'.

Bu chùis-thruais na Frangaich,
 'S iad 'nan deann air an *ratreat*,
 A' tilgeadh dhiubh nan casagan 35
 Gu faral as uat féin ;
 Na coisichean 's na marcaichean,
 'S na bh' ac' a shluagh gu léir
 Dol turaichean air tharaichean,
 'S cha shealladh iad 'nan déidh ! 40

Cha b'fhada bha thu cìosachadh
 Nan Innsean sear gu léir,
 'N uair a chaidh thu 'n talamh sin,
 Thug *Hideralidh* géill—

SONG TO A CERTAIN MAN

'Tis no wonder I'm elated,
Since related I'm to thee,
Great soldier of the banners
And the lances lopping free,
With stern command unfaltering,
Ranging in battle scouth ;
Hilarious joy would break on us,
To hear thy word of mouth.

What time thou wast the general
In that affair o'er sea
Upon the Day of Fontenoy
Lionlike thy mien would be.
Their batteries, when they opened,
At once thou took them then,
And the cannon thou didst turn on them
To take the town again.

In ill-plight were the Frenchmen,
And headlong in retreat,
Their long coats casting from them,
Giving thee wide-berth with their feet.
The infantry and cavalry,
And their troops of every kind
Went hutherum and tutherum,
And never looked behind.

Not long wert thou in conquering
The East Indies all the way,
When thou visited that country
Hyder Alidh owned thy sway—

Mur b'e litir bhàn, a chuir 45
 A' Pharlamaid ad dhéidh,
 Thu 'n talamh teith sin fhàgail,
 Mu'n d'readh do shlàint an éis.

Bha mi 'n *Siberaltar* leat, 50
 'Nam ghlas-ghiullan gun treòir,
 A' leidigeadh nan each agad
 'S 'gam faicinn air an seòl ;
 Thog thu o shè-sgillinn mi
 Gu leith-*ghinnie* do'n òr,
 Fhuair thu *posta captain* dhomh 55
 Le d' fhacal o na Bhòrd.

Cha d'rinn an Rìgh dhiot Ridire !
 'San trid-a-bac dha féin !
 Ach nì mi féin a nis dhiot e
 A thiotag beag gun bhreug ; 60
 Rù, rà, Ridire !
 Bloidh *biodaige*, bun sgéith,
 Luireach-mhàilleach, claidhe beàrnach,
 Clogaid nach feàrr feum !

SONG TO A CERTAIN MAN

Were it not for the white letter
Which Parliament did thee profer,
That hot land that thou abandon
Before thy health should suffer.

At Gibraltar I was with thee,
A green and pithless lad,
Attending to thy horses,
And seeing them groomed and fed ;
Thou raised me from a sixpence
To half-a-guinea in gold,
And got me the rank of captain
By order of the Board.

The king he made no Knight of thee,
For his own ill-luck, of course ;
But now I'll put this right for thee
Briefly with valid force—
Ha, ha, brave Knight and splendid
Piece of dagger, worn-out targe,
Coat of harness, and notched claymore,
Helm the worse of many a charge.

28. ORAN CUMHAIDH ¹

A rinn am Bàrd 'nuair a phòs a leannan (Mór Ros) air dhi
dhol dhachaidh do Shasgunn maille ri companach.

AIR FONN—" Robai dona gòrach "

Metre : 7²+6²

GE fada 'na mo thàmh mi
Tha 'n dàmhair dhomh dùsgadh ;
Cia fàth mu'n thriall mo mhàran,
'S gu'm b' àbhaist dhomh sùgradh ?
Car son a bhithinn brònach 5
Mu'n òigh 's gun a diù dhomh,
Ged ghlac i 'n lùib a gràidh mi,
Le amhailtean *Chupid* ?

Gach fear a bhios a' feòraich
Mar leònadh le gaol mi, 10
Tha roghainn sud do'n tuathdaidh,
O'n 's dual da bhi smaointinn ;
Chà n-aidich mi ach fòil e,
'S cha mhò ni mi saoradh,
Thig m' ùr-sgeul o *Apollo*, 15
Mar sheòlas an Naoinear.

Ach sud mar sheinneadh Cormac,
'S e dearmad a cheud-ghaoil,
'S e gabhail cruit da iunn^{ns}aidh,
Le inneal ciùil da gleusadh :— 20

¹ Note H.

28. A LAMENT

Which the Bard made, when his sweetheart Marion Ross married, on her going home to England with her husband.

ALTHOUGH long I am listless,
'Tis time for my stirring ;
Why has my song ceased,
Since I used to be merry ?
Wherefore should I be sad
'Bout a maid me despises,
Although caught in her love-noose
By Cupid's surprises ?

Any man who'll be asking
How love-smitten was I,
His choice to the news-monger,
Since his bent is to pry ;
Tardily I will own it,
And her no more I'll free,
Comes my tale from Apollo,
As the Nine inspire me.

But thus Cormack his stave sang,
His first love forgetting,
And his harp taking to him
With the key for its setting :—

ORAN CUMHAIDH

“ O'n chuir Finne 'n diù-chall
 Mo shùgradh 's mo bheusan,
 Gu'm bàth mi'n guth an orghain
 Le torghan mo spéis dhi.”

'N uair dh'èirich Cailean Cormac 25
 Air chorra-ghleus gu fàrsan,
 Gu'n d'fheòraich am fear òg
 An e gòraich' a dh' fhàs ann—
 “ 'S a liuthad cailin beul-dhearg,
 Cho beusach 's cho nàrach 30
 A's Finne, a th' air an fhéill
 A tha feumach air màran.”

'N uair chual' am macan-baoth sin,
 'S a ghaol bhi do-mhùchte,
 'S e smaointich e gu thearbadh, 35
 Bhi falbh as a dhùthaich ;
 Ach nochdair na h-aqbhair,
 'S e 'n caoin-ruith le tùrsa,
 Gu'n ghlac e cruit a's sheinn e
 Le binn-cheòl as ùr e. 40

Bha feiteach air an orghan
 Aig Cormac ri àrd-cheol,
 Mus biodh an Fhinne 'n uachdar
 Air duan na fuaim clàrsaich.
 Ach cha d'fhuair mise sgeul 45
 Ann am Beurla no Gàidhlig,
 A dh'innseadh dhomh mar dh'fhaodainn
 An gaol ud a smàladh.

A LAMENT

“ Since fair Finne has flouted
My suit and my honour,
In the organ’s voice pealing
I’ll drown my love for her.”

When arose Colin Cormack,
Braced up for departing,
The young heir made enquiry
What folly was starting—
“ Since there’s many a maid, red-lipped,
Of as modest good breeding
As Finne, at the fair
Who attention is needing.”

(When the impassioned youth heard,
His love not to be extinguished
He imagined to retard,
If his home he relinquished.
But the facts demonstrated
That while struggling with pain,
He his harp grasped and played it
With sweet music again.)

’Twas a blast on the organ
Cormack used, loud refrains,
Lest famed Finne should dominate
A song or harp strains.
But for me I’ve found no theme
In Gaelic or English
That would tell me how I could
That passion extinguish.

ORAN CUMHAIDH

O ! teirmeasg air a' ghaol sin,
 Nach faodainn a thréigsinn, 50
 A's gur e chuir an laoid mi
 Bhi smaointinn bean t' eugais.
 'S e 'n t-seirc a bha 'nad ghnùis-ghil,
 A' lùb mi gu eugail,
 'S nach dean lighich' slàn mi, 55
 Och ! b'fheàrr gu'm b'e 'n t-eug e.

Is ciomach ann do ghaol mi
 Ri smaointinn bean t' àilteachd ;
 Cha chadal anns an oidhch' dhomh,
 'S cha n-fhois anns an là dhomh ; 60
 Cha n-fhacas ri mo ré,
 'S cha n-fhaigh mi sgeul gu bràth air
 Ni b'annsa na bhi réidh 's tu,
 A gheug nam bas bàna !

Gur binne leam do chòmhradh 65
 Na smeòrach nan geugan,
 Na cuach 'sa' mhadainn Mhàighe,
 'S na clàrsach nan teudan,
 Na'n t-Easpuig air là Dòmhnaiach
 'S am mòr-shluagh 'ga éisdeachd, 70
 No ge do chunnta stòras
 Na h-Eòrpa gu léir dhomh.

Car son nach d'rugadh dall mi,
 Gun chainnt no gun léirsinn,
 Mus facas t' aghaidh bhaindidh, 75
 Rinn aimhleas nan ceudan ?

A LAMENT

Oh ! a plague on that passion
The which I could ne'er shed !
And 'tis this has outworn me
To think of thee, fair maid.
'Twas the love in thy sweet face
Me to sickness depressed,
So that no leech will cure me,
Oh ! extinction were best.

Of thy love I'm a prisoner,
Thy beauty attesting,
For me no sleep at night time,
And daytime no resting.
In my life I've seen nothing
And I'll never get news,
O thou maid of the white palms,
For thy love what I'd choose.

Methinks sweeter thy talking
Than the grove merle sings,
Or the cuckoo at Maytide,
Or than harp of the strings,
Or the Bishop on Sunday,
While the great host list round,
Or than wealth of all Europe
Were to me counted down.

Why, why was not I blind born,
Speech or vision not any,
Ere I saw thy fine face
That made havoc of many ?

ORAN CUMHAIDH

O'n chunna' mi air thùs thu,
 Bu chliùtach do bheusan,
 Cha n-fhasa' leam na'm bàs
 A bhi làthair as t' eugmhais 80

Ach 's truagh gu'm beil do rùn-sa
 Cho dùr dha mo leanmhuinn,
 'S mo chridhe steach 'ga ghiùlan
 A h-uile taobh dha falbh mi ;
 An cadal domh no dùsgadh, 85
 A' sùgradh no seanachas,
 Tha sud da m' ruagadh daonnan,
 'S mi sgaoilte gun tearmunn !

Ach fàgaidh mi mo dhùthaich
 Gu 'n diùch'naich mi pàirt dheth, 90
 Ro-mheud 's a thug mi rùn
 Dha do chùl buidhe, fàinneach ;
 Air triall dhomh thar m' èolas
 A dh' aindeoin mo chàirdean ;
 Tha saighead air mo ghiùlan, 95
 A lùbas gu làr mi !

'S a nis o na thriall thu,
 'S nach b' fhiach leat mo mhàran,
 A chionn 's nach robh mi stòrasach,
 Mòr ann an stàta ; 100
 Ach sud ged robh da m' dhìth-sa,
 Cha n-ìslich mi pàirtean,
 Tha m' aigne torrach, fìor-ghlan,
 Nach dìobair gu bràth mi.

A LAMENT

Ever since I first saw thee,
Oh ! thy manners were gay,
It is to me worse than death
To be there, thou away.

But alas ! that thy love is
So hard me pursuing,
My heart within bearing it
Wherever I'm going.
Be I sleeping or waking,
In sport, conversation,
That chases me always,
Me exposed, no salvation.

But I'll leave my country,
Till I'll forget what distresses,
How fondly I have cherished
Thy yellow curled tresses.
Though beyond ken I travel
In spite of my friends,
There's an arrow borne by me
That earthward me bends.

And now since thou art gone
Caring nought for my story,
For that I had no riches
Or any great glory :
But although that was lacking,
At my parts nought will ail me,
Fruitful, pure is my nature
That never will fail me.

ORAN CUMHAIDH

Ach masa triall gun dàil dut 105
 Gu àite nam mòr-sheol,
 Gun fhuireach ri do chàirdean,
 Do dhàimh, no luchd t' colais,
 Biodh soirionn air na speuraibh,
 Gun éirigh air mòr-thonn, 110
 A dh' aisigeas le réidh ghaoith
 Gun bheud thu gu seòlait.

Mar sud bha ùr-sgeul Chormaic
 Cho dearbhata 's a sheinn e,
 E-féin 's a chomunn òg 115
 'S iad glé bhrònach ma thimchioll ;
 E gabhail cead le pòig dhi,
 Gun chòmhradh, gun impidh,
 'S e dìoladh guth an còdhail
 Na h-òighe gu'm pill e. 120

A LAMENT

But and if thou go shortly
To the place of the great sails,
Staying not with thy kindred
Thy kin or thy mates else,
In the skies be fair weather,
On the sea no alarm,
With fair wind to restore thee
To the port with no harm.

Just like this as he sang it,
Such was Cormack's story
Of himself and his young friends,
They for him right sorry ;
With a kiss taking leave of her,
No talk to entreat her,
He has pledged his word to her
He'll come back to meet her.

29. ORAN EILE, AIR AN AOBHAR CHEUDNA

Metre : 8¹+7¹

THA mise fo mhulad 'san àm,
 Cha n-òlar leam dram le sunnd,
 Tha durrag air ghur ann mo chàil
 A dh'fhiosraich do chàch mo rùn ;
 Cha n-fhaic mi dol seachad air sràid 5
 An cailin bu tlàithe sùil,
 'S e sin a leag m'aigne gu làr
 Mar dhuilleach o bhàrr nan craobh.

A ghruagach as bachlaiche cùl
 Tha mise ga t' iunndruinn mòr, 10
 Ma thagh thu deagh àite dhut féin
 Mo bheannachd gach ré dha d' chòir :
 Tha mise ri osnaich 'nad dhéidh,
 Mar ghaisgeach an déis a leòn,
 'Na laighe 'san àraich gun fheum, 15
 'S nach téid anns an t-streup ni's mò !

'S e dh' fhàg mi mar iudmhail air treud,
 Mar fhear nach toir spéis do mhnaoi,
 Do thuras thar chuan fo bhréid,
 Thug bras shileadh dheur o m'shùil— 20
 B'fheàrr nach mothaichinn féin
 Do mhaise, do chéill, 's do chliù ;
 No suairceas milis do bhéil
 'S binne no séis gach ciùil.

29. ANOTHER SONG ON THE SAME THEME

O I am in anguish this tide,
I cannot drink drams with éclat,
A maggot, blown in my inside,
Has published my secret to a'.
I cannot see going around
The lass o' the blithsomet e'e,
And that sunk my heart to the ground,
Like leaves from the top of a tree.

O my most beringletted belle,
'Tis I feel the want o' thee sore,
Gin a good home thou'st chosen thysel',
My blessing wi' thee evermore.
I'm sighing because thou art gone,
Like a wounded soldier in pain
On the battle-field lying undone,
And he'll ne'er go to battle again.

Like a stray from the flock it left me,
Like a man that will ne'er court a quean,
Thy tour under sail o'er the sea
Brought a tear shower quick from my e'en.
Better should I not feel it in sooth,
Thy beauty, thy sense, thy renown,
Or the dear tender charm of thy mouth,
That's sweeter than musical sound.

- Gach anduin' a chluinneas mo chàs 25
 A' cur air mo nàdur fiamh,
 A' cantainn nach 'eil mi ach bàrd
 'S nach cinnich leam dàn is fiach—
 Mo sheanair ri pàigheadh a mhàil,
 'S m' athair ri màlaid riabh ; 30
 Chuireadh iad gearrain an crann
 A's ghearainn-sa rann ro' chiad.
- 'S fad a tha m' aigne fo ghruaim,
 Cha mhosgail mo chluain ri ceòl,
 'M breislich mar ànrach a' chuan 35
 Air bhàrraibh nan stuagh ri ceò.
 'S e iunndaran t' àbhachd bhuam
 A chaochail air snuadh mo neòil,
 Gun sùgradh, gun mhire, gun uaill,
 Gun chaithream, gun bhuaidh, gun treòir ! 40
- Cha dùisgear leam calaidh air àill',
 Cha chuirear leam dàn air dòigh,
 Cha togar leam fonn air clàr,
 Cha chluinnear leam gàir nan òg :
 Cha dìrich mi bealach nan àrd 45
 Le suigeart mar bha mi'n tòs,
 Ach triallam a chadal gu bràth
 Do thalla nam bàrd nach beò !

ANOTHER SONG ON THE SAME THEME

Every waif, that will hear of my plight,
 Belittling my gift of mind,
Alleges I'm only a bard
 That will ne'er build a stanza that's fine—
My grandfather paying his rent,
 My sire with a pack heretofore—
They ponies could yoke to the plough,
 And I'd carve a verse o'er five score.

Long, long has my light ceased to shine,
 I'll not move my mind to a stave,
In a daze like a wrack of the brine
 On the crests of the misty wave.
Missing thy talk at my side
 Has changed the fair face of my sky,
With no sport, or gladness, or pride,
 No vigour, war song, gallantry.

I'll not wake a song of fine art,
 I'll not set a part to be sung,
I'll not raise a tune on the harp,
 Or hark to the laugh of the young ;
I'll not climb the path of the steep
 With the leap that was mine heretofore,
But I'll reach there forever to sleep,
 The hall of the bards of no more.

30. ACHMHASAN AN DEIDEIDH, A DEUDACH
DHOMHNUILL FHRISEAL

Metre : Snedbairdne, 8²+4²

MÌLE marbhaisg ort, a dhéideidh,
 Thar gach galair,
 'S duilich leam mar dh'fhàg thu m' eudail
 Dhe na fearaibh ;
 Bheir gach tinneas eile dhuinne 5
 Fànadh 's fàth furtachd,
 Ach 's e bheir thus', a bhruidear mhilltich,
 Ionnsaidh mhort oirn :
 Cha n-àill leat gu'n téid deoch, no drama,
 Steach fo'r carbad, 10
 Ach gabhail dhuinn as ar claigeann
 'S ar grad mharbhadh.
 Cha luaithe dh'éirich Domhnull Friseil
 As a' chuartaich,
 Na chuir thusa do nimh an ìre 15
 Gus a thruailleadh ;
 Cha n-fhòghnadh leat na rinn an teasach
 Air an truaghan,
 Ach thu féin, a dhroch bhuill deis ¹
 A dhol da thuairgneadh ! 20
 Bha cnàimhean a chinn, a's eudann
 'S a dheud uile,

¹ Note I.

30. TOOTHACHE REPRIMANDED

FROM DONALD FRASER'S TOOTHACHE

TOOTHACHE ! thousand curses greet thee,
Worst of all woes,
I resent how thou didst treat the
Best of fellows ;
Other sickness gives us respite,
Hope of mending,
Thou, fell brute, but dost us despite,
Murderous ending.
That drink or dram our jaws should enter,
Thou'rt unwilling,
But thou on our skull dost centre,
Us soon killing.
No sooner Donald Fraser uprose
From the quartan,
Than thou thy venom sent on purpose
Sore to thwart him ;
It nought served thee, fever-baitin'
Of the frail thing,
But thou then, bad limb of Satan,
To go flail him !
His head-bones and his countenance,
All his own teeth,

ACHMHASAN AN DEIDEIDH

| | |
|--|----|
| Mar gu'm biodh muillear 'ga riasladh Fo chloich mhuilinn : | |
| No mar gu'm biodh gobha Gallda 'Ga theann-spàrradh | 25 |
| An glàmaire teannta, cruaghach Do chruaidh stàilinn. | |
| Ach thig do dhriug mur 'eil mi meallt' Ma chluinn Mac-Shimidh | 30 |
| An dìol a rinn thu, a thrudair bhrùideal, Air fhear-cinnidh, 'S esan a loisgeas an dù'-thuill ort, 'S cha sinn uile ! | |
| Bheir e 'n t-arm dearg a Sasgunn Gu do sgiùrsadh, | 35 |
| Le peileirean dearga, lasrach, A's neart fùdair. | |
| Gràin ort nach do ghabh thu trudar No fear doicheil, | 40 |
| Ach an duine fiughantach, fialaidh, Chur o chosnadh, 'S a liuthad cailleach sgaiteach, bheur, A's rèabhair caile | |
| Tha feum an carbad 's an deudach A léir sgaradh, | 45 |
| Eadar Irt, a's Peairt, a's Ìle 'S tìr Mhic-Ailein, | |
| No geda thogradh tu sìneadh, . Aig a' bhaile. | 50 |

TOOTHACHE REPRIMANDED

As if them a miller pounded once
His millstone 'neath :
Or as 'twere a Lowland blacksmith,
Tightly screwing
The fixed hardened vice he acts with,
Steel outdoing.
But comes thy fate, an truth pass muster,
If Lovat hear,
To pay thee out, thou beastly thruster,
For his clan fere,
He will fire the guns to warm thee,
And not we all,
Bring from England the red army
That he thee maul
With red cannon balls and blazing
Driven by powder—
Shame on thee, thou took no base thing,
Or some bounder,
But one generous and gallant
To dumbfounder,
And so many hags, sharp, squalling,
And gadabout tarts
(That should have had their teeth and palate
Separate parts)
Between Perth, St Kilda, Islay
And Moidart land,
Or (would you fain wield your shillealy)
At home near hand ?

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

Note A on 1, 1-4; 6, 15-16

“Mi . . . air tulaich fhaoin,” *cf.* “vana-prastha, (*Dweller in*) *the Jungle or Forest-plateau*. According to these vana-prastha philosophers three principal desires are innate in man, viz. land, gold and women; or, in other words, ambition, wealth and luxury.”—Abbé J. A. DUBOIS, *Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies*, Third Edition, pp. 500, 506.

This, No. 1, looks like a poem composed by a sick man who knew that his days were numbered, and that he would never visit his native mountain; and almost in the words of the Sages he is in the first quatrain bidding farewell to all that life holds dear.

Note B, on the Bard's chief, to whom he addressed a eulogy (No. 2), the terms of which are endorsed by the historian of Gairloch.

“Sir Hector MacKenzie, eldest son of the tenth laird, who died in 1770, became the eleventh laird and fourth baronet of Gairloch. He was known among his people as An Tighearna Stòrach or the buck-toothed laird. He succeeded to the estates when a minor only twelve years of age. During the minority some of the debts were paid off, and in 1789 Sir Hector sold several properties (not in Gairloch) to pay off the balance of the debts. He lived at home and managed his estates himself; and though he kept open house throughout the year at

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

Conan and Flowerdale he was able to leave or pay a considerable fortune to each of his sons. In 1815 he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ross-shire [an office now—1936—held by his descendant, Sir Hector D. MacKenzie, eighth Baronet of Gairloch]. He visited London only once in his life, and appears to have divided his time nearly equally between Flowerdale House and Conan, which he enlarged. He was adored by his people to whom he acted as father and friend. His character was distinguished by kindness, urbanity and frankness, and he was considered the most sagacious and intelligent man in the county. Though not tall, he was very strong, almost rivalling in this respect his famous ancestor Hector Roy.

“ Sir Hector was a great angler. He also gave a great impetus to the Gairloch cod-fishing, which he continued to encourage as long as he lived.

“ Christian Lady MacKenzie, Sir Hector’s wife, who was called in Gairloch A’ Bhan-Tighearna Ruadh, seems to have been as much beloved as her husband.

“ Sir Hector died on 26th April 1826, aged sixty-nine and was buried in Beaulieu Priory.

“ The Rev. Daniel MacKintosh, writer of the *Old Statistical Account*, and minister of Gairloch 1773-1802,¹ was greatly assisted in his labours by the support of the generous and enlightened baronet of Gairloch, Sir Hector MacKenzie, and his wife, the beloved Lady of Gairloch.”
—DIXON’S *Gairloch*, pp. 56, 57, 68.

Note C.—A reiste 9, 16

In Editions A B it is printed *a reiste*, in C it is accented, *a réiste*. In modern Gairloch Gaelic also it is always accented, *a réisde*; and this, rhyming with *bleid*, is a

¹ For some time during Mr MacKintosh’s incumbency William Ross acted as precentor in the Parish church.

false quantity, and therefore unlikely to have been the original pronunciation. The lengthening of a *reiste* to a *réiste* would be caused by the frequent repetition of the Fr. (au) *reste*, (du) *reste*, *besides*, *however*, *yet*, *but*, and by the resemblance and gradual approximation of the word to a *rithist*, from *frith-éisse* finally reduced to *rìs*. The verb *reist*, *sequester*, occurs in C.S.—*Reiste*(adh) e, na'n robh na marsanta cruaidh, *He should have been sequestered, if the merchants had been hard*. Formally this example might also be 3 sg. rel. pf. pass., a *reiste*(adh), *who has been sequestered* 9, 16.

This song, No. 9, taken in connection with No. 3, shows the trend of thought following the 'Forty-five, the burial of old grievances, the acceptance of changed conditions with wise resignation and even rejoicing, the laconic dismissal of the idea of royal pre-eminence in the virtues, with a parting tear to romance.

Note D on New Year's Day in Gairloch

“ In Gairloch, on New Year's Day, a game of shinty used to be played on the Big Sand. The sides were picked from north and south of the loch. The ball was a large round mass of hard wood, a' *chnac*, rather murderous if it hit anybody, and so, called in the poem *Muireardach maide* 11, 55, condemned to be tossed by clubs till it reached the *Bràighe* 11, 56. Now whether *Bràighe* was the local designation of the goal of the game, or whether the poet in exaggeration meant *Bràighe Thorasdail* or *Bràighe Mhiall* as the final journey's end of a mighty *sràc*, I am not very sure. *Feachd na tràghad* 11, 52, means the army that turned up for the shinty match on New Year's day on the *Gainmheach Mhòr*, actually on the *tràigh*.”—A. M.

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

Note E on the Bard's itinerary home from Edinburgh

Tulach Armuinn 13, 45

Srath mìn na Lairce 13, 46

These names, unknown as Gairloch names to natives of Gairloch, refer to places on the Bard's homeward itinerary from Edinburgh to an *cuan siar*, the Western Ocean.

Three routes were open to him :—

- (1) by Greenock,
- (2) by Loch Ness,
- (3) through Perthshire to Oban, or Baile a' Chaolais.

The last was travelled by him when he visited Killin 11, 9, and Strathfillan 11, 17.

Lomond-side 5, 60, on the same route, adjoins Tulach Armuinn, *Warrior's Hill* 13, 45, a fanciful name for Clach na Breatan thus noted: "Towards the top of Glen Falloch is Clach na Breatan, generally regarded as the scene of the last conflict between the Dalriads and Britons, A.D. 717."—SKENE, *Celtic Scotland*, iii. Ind.

Srath mìn na Làirce, *the level strath of the mountain pass* 13, 46, accurately describes Strathfillan.

Tearnaidh mi gu innseag blà-choill, *I'll descend* (from the watershed 1024·75 ft.) *to the holm of bloom-wood* 13, 47; this refers to the fact that holly once grew in great abundance at Auch (Achadh-innis-chuilinn, *Songs of Duncan Macintyre*, p. 528) near Ben Dorain on the route by Black Mount to Baile a' Chaolais. Here the poet was known and sure of a welcome 13, 48. (See *Auch*.)

"We have in Gairloch two almost contiguous lochs called *Loch na Làirce* and *Loch na Leirge*. I don't know what Làirce means unless it is a local form of Làirig, *a slope*. The first loch is at the top of a slope and the second farther back on the level top of the moor: there

is no question of a mountain pass. I don't know any place now called *Srath na Làirce*

“ I don't know of any *Tulaich Armuinn*.”—A. M.

Note F on Cuachag nan Craobh, No. 20

The poem *Cuachag nan Craobh* was printed by Turner, p. 298, in the year 1813, twenty-three years after Ross's death, and twenty-one years before B was published.

There are minor differences of spelling and arrangement in T and B, but the chief distinctions are two, the larger quantity of matter in T and the introduction of an interlocutress.

All the versions, T, B, and Macl., begin with the love tale to Cuachag in the usual manner ; but in the first stanza they all fall away from addressing the bird and appeal directly to the Lady herself. This, it would appear, was according to the text of the original poem ; and B concludes the poem on this note at the 9th stanza.

At the 10th stanza T introduces the Lady as interlocutress. She praises her lover in two stanzas. At the 12th stanza he resumes ; and she replies and concludes with the 13th.

Macl. begins and continues like T and B till the end of the 7th stanza. The Lady then, from the 8th to the 10th stanza expresses approval of her swain, who again resumes and concludes the poem with the 11th stanza.

The Lady is never formally introduced in T or Macl. The usual marginal pronouns *Esan*, *Ise*, or nouns as in No. 21, are omitted. The critics, too, are silent. Did T or the critics realise that she was singing in a duet ?

Dr George Henderson remarks :—Turner has 4 more verses [than B], a lady's love song.

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

From the transcript of Macl., printed below, which follows closely the peculiarities of the MS., the archaic character of this version is proved. J. M. must have known T's version (also reprinted below), and yet he gives another as Ross's. The explanation seems to be that Ross knew the poem as a work of genius, but hopelessly corrupt owing to oral transmission. Here again, following Burns' example, he rearranged and (if the term may be used) re-wrote it. The interlocutress is omitted as foreign to the character of the composition.

Another view is taken in a note to the First Edition : "The Editor undoubtedly took extravagant liberties with these poems. This Edition rightly omits the song *A Chuachag nan Craobh*, which was composed not by Ross, but by Macdonald of Dalness, many years before Ross was born. Macdonald's life and misfortunes had much in common with Ross."—MACLEAN'S *Typographia Scoto-Gadelica*, p. 334.

In Maclean's long roll of Gaelic poets and authors the above is the only reference to Macdonald of Dalness.

Maclagan MSS. No. 164

CUACHAG NAN CRAOBH

(Esan) 1. Chuachag na'n Craobh nach cruaidh leat mo
 chaidh
 mar aisnis uaidh noidhche cheolmhair
 Shiubhlin leat caomh gu urlar na'n croabh
 s' gun duine air a ntsaoghails eolach.
 Thogain le mghaol gu malich chuil raoich
 mo leabuidh ri taobh doluin
 Do chrudh geal caomh sint re 'mthaobh
 is mise gad chaoin phoga.

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

2. Chunnacas uaidh de aisnis gun bhreig
s dh fag sud mo chroidh bronach
Fear far ri fheinn poga a beill,
brioddail an deis posaidh.
Bhirich mo mhiann, dharich mo chiall
s ghuil me, gu diann deoraibh
Cha robh cuislib no feith a nuachdair mo
chleibh
nach do bhrosnuigh gu heug comhla.
3. Ort tha mi ngeall, chaill mi mo ghreann
maille ri maoinh aoise ;
Thogainn ort fonn gu sùthain gheal donn,
s ghleidhin ort am eigin,
Chuirrin gu teann, meaghair ri gleann
gadhair le seang chaol choinne
D fhiarrain air ball, cabhair uaidh n' tomm
s ghonn orm nach bi neillit Bhrancheann
4. “ Mile mallachd air thus do'n, mhraoi ghluinn
nach do much ans a chuil' og mi
Ma sa facas riamh thu', Aibhir ghlan ur,
s nach dagair mi 'n tus pog ort,
S'tinn mi, s mi slan, dusga a pramh,
cuimhnich air dail posaidh
Mo bheannachd ad dheigh cheannuich thu fein
mar leannanach gle og mi.
5. Is tu naibhir ghlan re, Creabhfholt fuid
bhreid,
suil fuidh nach smad reud uirre.
Ghiubhlain thu 'm breid uasal gu feille,
suas uainn le fìor chraibhtas,
Truadh gun an teug a nuachdar mo chleibh
s mi 'mbuaradh 's tu deise m fagail
Na faghainn thu fein, posdaidh uaidh chleir,
'busa dhamh fein tearrna.

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

6. S tu neillirich ghlin, bheillanda bhinn,
 bean inghealt uaidh mbinn oran,
 N' tarluing is tu, cha niarruin ach cuise
 san agad tha ghnuise aluinn,
 S gile do bhian no sneachd air an tsiabh,
 do mhulad lia tra mi,
 Tha soighdin do ghaoil ionnam's sgach taobh,
 cha labhair mi chaoidh dana,
7. Crunnichie gu leir, cloch agus criadh,
 ma mo leabidh do bhrìdh uaislaid,
 S fad tha mi mpein, feitheamh ort fein,
 rachainn a 'ngeig suas leat
 Ma's bean thu tha tfeim, aibhir glan re
 rachuin gu heug sios leat
 S'cha nfhad gus a'nla, gus a faic sibh gun dail,
 prascan ma bheul muaigh.
- (Ise) 8. O gur mise thar mo chradh, smuantin a ghraidh,
 turas mar bha do deibh orm,
 Glac misnich gu luath, s'tu tha mi luaidh
 chaoidh gus a ngluaise eug orm,
 Caoin mhala gun ghruaim, cha nfhaign tu
 mfuath,
 do mhulad chuir cruaidh aoise orm,
 Do phearsa deas ur cho chuirin air chul,
 go dfhaighin re phos, Earle.
9. Cos dhirigh na nstuc, leis a ghn nach diult,
 dheanadh fuil uir a n'drucht, ma neiright,
 Led mhiol-choinn sheang, air liomh ad laimh,
 dheanna fuur sa ghlean air bheinntibh
 Coileach uaidh ngheig, bhi sud aig mo ghaol
 mas fuidh fear breuin a leinna,
 Deadh shealgair a 'nfheigh, s tu chuirre na
 dheigh,
 s' cha nfhacin thu chaoidh a teigin.

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

(Esan) 10. Cul bui ort mar or, blas mil air a phoig,
cha ghabhain ort or, na feddail,
Na faighin bhi reidh ri maighair s' re mghaol
le haighair, is deoin na Cleir
S guirm do shuil, tha seirc an do ghnuise
s maisach a ntus feille thu.
Le do bhreacan daite ur, air a phress mad
ghlun
cha nfac mo shuil teagmhuis.

11. T feagmhas ri luaidh meudduil a ntsluaidh,
cha bhi tu uam na mfaotinn
S tu ceist na 'mban ur, nach luidh san smur,
sa mhaidin an tus eirigh
S tu mulaidh, s mo mhiann, maghair, s mo
chiall,
caoin mhala fuidh fhiamh gair,
Cai't bheill e fuidh 'nghrein, neach ghabhain
ad dheigh,
mar bith tu ndeise mathchadh.

Finis. Febr'y 7th 1764.

Turner, p. 298

ORAN GAOIL

(Esan) A chuachag na'n craobh, nach truagh leat mo
chaoidh,
'G osnaich ri oidhch cheothar ;
Shiubhlainn le m' ghaol, gu urlar na'n craobh,
Gun duin, air an t-saoghal fheoraich ;
Thogainn mo ghaol ri monadh an fhraoich,
Mo leaba ri taobh dòruinn,
Do chrutha geal caomh sinte ri m' thaobh,
'S mise ga d'chaoin phogadh.

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

Chunnaic mi fein, aisling 's cha bhreug,
Dh' fhag e mo chridh bronach ;
Fear marr-ri te a pògadh a beul,
Briandail an deigh posaidh,
Dh' uraich mo mhiann, dh' atharaich mo chiall,
Ghuil mi gu dian deonach ;
Cha robh cuisle no féith, 'n uachdar mo chleibh,
Nach do bhrosnaich gu leum comhluath.

Ort tha mi 'n geall, chaill mi mo chonn,
Maille ri àm aosaid ;
Thogainn ort fonn, gu soimhe, 'gheal donn,
A's ghabhainn ort am eiginn ;
Thiginn ad dhail, ghleidhinn ort fath,
Bhithinn a ghraidh reidh 's tu ;
Mulad gach la, sior thigh'n am dhail,
'S mis th'air mo chradh mu d' dheighinn.

Thuit mi le d' ghat, mhill sud mo rath,
Striochd mi le neart dòruinn ;
Saighdean do ghaoil, saitht' anns gach taobh,
'Sa thug dhiom gach caoin còmhluath,
Mhill diom mo dhreach, striochd dhiom mo neart,
S mheudaich e gal bròin domh ;
'S mur fuasgail e tràth, le t-fhuran 's le t-fhàilt,
'S cùideacha' bàis dòmhs' e.

Mallachd an tus, aig a mhnaoi ghlùin,
Nach do mhuch anns a chuil og mi ;
Mu'n do ghabh mi ort iùl, ainnir dheas ur,
'S nach dùraichd thu 'n tus pòg dhomh ;
Tinn gun bhi slan, dugs' as mo phramh,
Cuimhneachadh dàn posaidh ;
Mo bheannachd ad dheigh, cheannaich thu fein,
Le d' leannanach gle og mi.

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

Cairibh gu geur, clach agus creith,
 Mu m' leabaidh-sa bhrìgh uaisle,
 'S fad tha mi fein a feitheadh ort fein,
 'S nach togair thu gheug suas leam ;
 Na m' bu tusa bhiodh 'n teinn, ainnir dheas threun,
 Rachainn-sa gheug suas leat ;
 Ach 's goirid an dail, gus am faic sibh an la,
 'M bi prasgan mu bheul 'm uaigh-sa.

'S tu 's cama-lubaich falt, fanna-bhuidh na'n
 cleachd,
 'S fabhradh na 'n rosg àluinn ;
 Sùil chorrach ghorm chaoìn, broilleach mur aol,
 Mhill diom gach caoin shlainte,
 Gus an cuir iad mi steach, an ciste fo lic,
 Bidh mi fo neart cràidh dheth,
 Le smuaintean do chleas, 's do shugraidh mu seach,
 Fo dhuilleach na'm preas blàthmhor.

'S tu 'n ainnir ghlan reidh, is craobhaich fo bhreid,
 Suil air dhreach airneag,
 Ghiulaineadh breid, uallach gu feill,
 'S uasal an reul aluinn,
 Ach 'struagh gun an teud, tha 'n uachdar mo
 chleibh,
 Gad bhualadh-sa 'n ceud aite ;
 Na 'm faighinn thu fein puiste o 'n chleir,
 B' fhasa dhomh fhein tearnadh.

'S tu 'n ainnir tha grinn, fileanta binn,
 Le d' cheileire binn oran ;
 Ged fhaighinn ort fath cha rachainn ort dàn,
 'S ann agad tha ghnuis aluinn,
 Gur gile do bhian, na 'n sneachd air an t-sliabh,
 Do mhulad a lion trath mi ;
 Tha saighead do ghaoil annam 's gach taobh,
 'S cha labhair mi choidhch dàn duit.

(Ise) 'S tric mi gun dail, cuimhneach' a ghraidh,
 Car tamull mar bha do dheigh orm ;
 Glac misneach sa nuair, 's tu fhein tha mi luaith,
 A choidhch gus an gluais eug mi ;
 Caol mhala gun ghruaim, cha'n fhaigheadh tu 'm
 fhuath,
 Do mhulad chuir an luaths aois orm ;
 Do phearsa dheas ùr, cha chuirinn air chùl,
 Ged fhaighinn ri phùsadh Iarla.

Cas a dhireadh na 'n stùc leis a ghunna nach diult,
 Bhiodh fuil air an driuc mu 'n eirinn ;
 Le d' mhiolchona seang, air lothainn ad laimh,
 Bhiodh puthar air coin 's air feidh ann,
 Gheibhte sud aig mo ghaol, coileach bhar geig,
 Mu'm biodh air fear eile a leine ;
 'S e thaghainn dhomh fein, deagh shealgair an
 fheidh,
 'S cha 'n fhaicinn e choidhch na eigin.

(Esan) Cul buidh' ort mur or, blas meal air do phoig,
 Cha ghabhainn ort òr no feudail ;
 'S tu ceist na 'm ban ur, nach caidleadh sa 'n smur,
 'Sa mhaidinn 'n am tus eiridh ;
 Gur guirme do shuil, 's maiseach do ghnuis,
 'S tlachdmhor air tus daoin thu ;
 Le d' bhreacan deas ur, paisgte mu d' ghlun,
 Cha 'n fhaca mo shuil t-éugus.

(Ise) T-eugas ri luaidh, m'eudail do 'n t-sluagh,
 Cha d' thugainn duit fuath na 'm feudainn ;
 Cha luidhe orm aois na 'm faighinn mo ghaol,
 Poiste le deoin cleire ;
 M' ulaidh 's mo mhiann, m' aidhear 's mo chiall,
 Caol mhala o 'm fèidh 'n tig gaire ;
 Cha 'n eil e fo 'n ghrein, na thaghainn ad dheigh,
 Na 'm bithinn an deigh t-fhagail.

Nothing here to show that this verse
 is by the lady. 6th line proof to
 contrary probably.

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

Note G, No. 25

BRUTHAICHEAN GHLINNE-BRAON

9 5
“ In Gairloch I have always heard Ghlinn’ Bhraoin, and we say Loch Bhraoin. In the song it would appear that the proper name of the place is Gleann Braon, and that Braon is treated like the surname or professional designation of a personal name, remaining always in the nominative case. I think if the word were a known Gaelic adjective it would change case and that if it were a personal name it would be in the genitive, Bhraoin. Thinking of the name as Gleann Bhraoin, like Loch Bhraoin, I have thought of Braon as a man’s name, but its behaviour with Gleann indicates it is probably an old name for a district, the actual district of the glen, and now used like a surname or designation for it. What it may have meant I don’t know. I have never heard Loch a’ Bhraoin except from persons trying to explain the meaning.”—A. M.

The song may have been composed by a prisoner of war in France (25, 35) and improved by Ross, or it may have been composed by Ross himself and based on one or other of the many tales of the French wars which raged during his short life.

Doubtless a good many French words were picked up by Highland regiments in these wars ; and in areas where a regiment passed a long period of service, the superiority of *stuth glan na Tòiseachd* over *druaiþ na Frainge* was established 14, 21. Also it is not unlikely that many of the soldiers would be in debt, a fact to which we probably owe the circulation of the phrase *a reiste*, known in Scotch much earlier.

Note H on No. 28, by J. M.

Tradition says that the 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 resolved, the first opportunity, to fly with her to Ireland. One night, after supper, Cormac tuned his harp, and played a Druidical 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 bring along 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, fairer by far 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.

Note I, a dhroch bhuill deis', No. 30, 19

cf. DB

Here J. M. was at a loss. The reading is doubtful, probably corrupt.

A reads, a dhroch bhuill deimh'se; deimhse is the gen.

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

sg. fem. of *deamhas* m.f., also *deimheis* f., "sheep-shears, sharp tongue," hence possibly *diabolos*.

B reads, *a dhroch bhuill deis'*. 1. *deis*.

Note K, No. 2, 88

In an age when a story was told of a Presbytery meeting, and a knife being required for some purpose, no such thing could be found, but every member of the reverend court produced a cork-screw, it seems strange that learned members of the profession in the four or five able dictionaries which they edited make no mention of the term *sàradh* for broaching a cask. They did not know this meaning, evidently because it did not exist. It owes its origin to J. M. who has had one or two followers. A difficulty with the phrase has caused it to be changed to A' cur *sàraidh* air fìon, G.S.M.M.

*sent sàradh
is reading of
E*

The following dictionaries in Gaelic-English, viz. Arms., H.S.D., M'A., M. and D., MacE., M'Len., under "sàradh" omit *broaching*; H.B. gives *broaching*, quoting S.O. as authority. And in English-Gaelic, viz. Arms., H.S.D., M'A., M. and D., under *broach* omit *sàradh*.

Note L, No. 1, 46

The Hebrides were dominated in turn by the clans MacLeod, MacDonald and MacKenzie. Hence *leòir an cron* 1, 45, probably refers to the atavistic belief that, if earth and sea were swept off, there would be seen written on the basic rocks of Skye the name of MacLeod.

Note M, No. 21, 56^x: 22, 12⁺

The predicative gen. and the predicative nom. occur in the same Gloss—

nitat torbi, *they are not of profit*,

anl as torbæ, *that which is profit*, Wb. 11^b 17^a;

Eriu I. 11 w, note 2.

x *Sud aogais mo ghriòth*

+ *'S nach a thàis sinn dha t' àireamh*

NOTES ON THE TEXT

Oran 1

orain Ghae'lach A, Ghaëlach B

- Title coradh, A B.
Intro. *om.* A. g-amharc, Gearr-loch, Blàth-Bheinn, san,
duthchasach, 'g-aslach air a, ga fhreagairt, a'g cuir,
gun d'thainig, fein, on a sguir, dheth a tadhaich B.
- line 1 shuidh A, shuidh' B.
2 'g-amharc 'sa smaointeach fadheoidh A B.
3 dail A B.
4 feoil A B.
5 chi A B.
6 ribhinn nam A, na'm B.
7 fein A B.
8 tharladh A B.
9 Blath-bheinn (glossed *A mountain in the Isle of Skye* A)
A B. arsaidh, failtich A B ; fridh A, fridh B.
10 shinsirs' A, shinnear-s' B ; a' sealg A, a sealg B.
12 ga d' fhalbh A B.
14 fa'near A B.
15 a chùaidh A B.
16 trà A B.
17 nam' chail A, na'm' dhàil B.
18 b' ail A B.
19 mal-shluagh dur A, màl-shluagh dūr B.
20 iuil A, iùil B.
21 grathuinn A, grâthuinn B.
22 tabhan A B.
25 b' eol, am beùs A B ; b'ait A, b'ait B.
26 sleibhe gun sgios A B.
27 re-seal, 'g iondran A ; ré-seal, g-iondran B.
28 nam' fridhe A, na m'fridh B.
29 Ach chaill A, Chaill B.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 30 Armunn A B ; g'a B.
 31 threig a chruit A B.
 32 leag a chlàrsach A B.
 33 balbh A, bàlbh B ; gun chaint A B.
 34 è A B ; na ceol A ; no ceòl B.
 35 dhoigh A B ; gun deach Mac nan creag A, gun deach'
 Mac-nan-creag B.
 36 o bhi freagair A B.
 38, 39 on a A B.
 39 oidhch' A, òidhch' B.
 40 ghaibhleans' A, ghaibhlean-s' B.
 41 mus dainig, o neamh A B ; dile A, dil' B.
 42 fhreamhans' A, fhreamhan-s' B.
 43 a h-ùile A B.
 44 a muin A B.
 46 mo choire air siol Leoid A, mo chóir' air siol Leòid B ;
 leoir an cron A B.
 47 nam faodain-sa A B.
 48 dhioladh A B ; Dùn-can A, Dùn-cán B.

Oran 2

- Title Eachunn Ghearrloch A, Eachuinn Ghearr-loch B.
 line 1 fein ag eiridh A B.
 2 cha'n fhaod A, cha'n fheud B ; nam thamh A B.
 3 ruin A, rùin B ; ga'm A B.
 6 mi è A, mi e B ; dail A B.
 7 o'n is A B ; fiäl A, fial B.
 8 cháil A, chàil B.
 10 Dhail-floran A B ; mhor nan A, mhòr na'n B.
 11 ghárrain A B.
 12 comhdachadh A B ; le h-aill A, le h-uaill B.
 13 chruitail, cheolbhinneach A ; chruiteil, chèol-bhinneach
 B.
 14 nan smeoraichean 's nan A, na'n smeòraichean 's na'n B.
 15 binn A B ; gheugan A, ghèugan B.
 16 cuir aoibhneas A, cuir cìbhneas B.
 17 biths' A B.
 18 guth A, gùth B.
 19 'g aithris ceol A, g-aithris ceòl B.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 21 areamh A, àireamh B.
 22 ag cuir failteachadh na d' A B.
 24 cuir aiteis A, cuir áiteis B.
 25 Shir Eachuinn Ruaidh A B.
 27 piob A, piob B.
 28 dù'-lann A B.
 29 mor èuchd ghaisgeantachd A B.
 30 chul-airm A B.
 31 nim A, ni'm B ; dùchas A B.
 32 leantain dlù A B.
 33 dhosrach aghmor A, dhösrach àgh-mhor B.
 34 a's A B ; airde speis A, airde spèis B.
 35 dhusgadh A, dhùsgadh B.
 36 suil-ghorm treun A, suil-ghorm trèun B.
 37 leomhan A, leoghan B ; muiseag A B.
 38 streup A, strèup B.
 39 didean, chairdean A B.
 40 d'theid, spairn A B.
 41 sar cheannard A B.
 42 dhoirteadh, sa A B.
 44 spairn A B.
 46 sa chaonaig A B.
 48 nan arm A, na'n arm B ; chach A B.
 50 adh A B.
 51 s cuilbheir A, 's cuilbheir B.
 52 na 'd' A B ; glèus A, glèus B.
 53 luthmhor A, lugh-mhor B.
 54 airsneal A B ; dheigh A, dhèigh B.
 55 cheol A, cheòl B.
 56 'nuair a d'fhac laicheadh A, 'nuair d'fhac laicheadh B.
 57 ann san A B.
 61 earmadh nan A, armadh na'n B.
 62 leon A B.
 63 'sa chonbhail fhalain A, 'sa chonnbhail fhalain B.
 64 beùsach A B.
 65 ach' slionmhor A, ach' s lion-mhor B ; ainmaich A,
 ainmich B.
 66 'n Albain mhor nan A, 'n Albain mhòr na'n B.
 68 almharach, mhiagh A B.
 69 mar, duthachanan A B.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 70 mas A B ; cha'n fhiu A, cha'n fhiù B.
 73 fhior-ghlan A B ; dùit A, dut B.
 74 diobradh A B.
 75 t'aiteam A, t-aiteam B.
 77 sar A B ; stcud A, stèud B.
 78 geileadh A B.
 79 slan a chi A B.
 80 t-ais A B ; taobh-s' A, taobhs'B.
 81 thir A, thir B.
 82 frìdh, nam fuinn ard A B.
 83 nan gleann, 's nan A, na'n gleann, 's na'n B.
 84 na A B ; monaichean A, monaichean B.
 85 ban nan rioghalachd A B.
 86 shinnsear' riamh A B.
 87 Gu A, G B ; maranach A B.
 88 cuir, ann a fion A B ; saradh A, sàradh B.

Oran 3

- Title nan Greumach A C, na'n Greumach B ; eaidh-
 Ghae'leach A, eideadh-Ghaèlach B, eideadh-Ghaelach
 C.
- line 1 is trom A B, bu trom C ; an t-arsneul so th'air A B,
 an t-arsneul a bh' air C.
 2 mi-ghean A B C.
 3 threoir A B C ; thabhachd A B, thàbhachd C.
 4 cèol A B C ; mànran A B, màran C.
 5 thanig A B C ; ùr-chosgar A, ùr thosgair' (glossed
A herald, courier, or harbinger B) B C.
 6 dhuìsg A B, 'dhùisg C.
 7 dar fhuar A, 'nuair fhuair B C ; mor ri eigh'd A B,
 mor ri éigh'd C.
 8 gun d'eatromaich A B, gun d' eadròmaich C.
 9 is là A, is làtha B C.
 10 alol A B, alail C ; àgh-mhor A B C.
 11 a d' fhuasgail A B, a dh'fhuasgail C ; Albanaich A B,
 Albannaich C.
 12, 13 o A B, bho C ; Arcamh chuain A B, Arcamh-chuain C.
 13 uisge-Thuaid (glossed *The Water of Tweed*) A B C.
 14 leir A, lèir B, léir C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 16 òrgan, glèus A B C.
 17 nan Greumach A, na'n Grèumach B, nan Gréumach C.
 18 ghleust A, ghleust' B C ; rioghail A B C.
 19 gum a buan A B, gu'm a buan C ; t-aiteam A B C.
 21 aluinn, muirneal A B, muirneil C.
 22 do'n fhiubhaidh ard nach crion A B, de'n fhiubhaidh
 aird nach crion C.
 23 Gaël A B, Gàeil C ; 'g-òl A, 'g òl C, g-òl B ; shlaint'
 A B C.
 24 h-armunach A B, h-armunnach C ; fion A B C.
 25 firean, direach A B C ; foinneamh A B, foinnidh C.
 26 fìor-ghlan A B C.
 27 sùil-ghorm A B, sùl-ghorm C.
 28 comhant A B C ; cliùteach A, cliùtach B, cliùiteach C.
 29 b'aird' A B C ; gun each-sreine A, air each-sreine B C.
 30 thar cach A B, thar chàich C.
 31 cuis a bharr A B C.
 32 air chùl A B, air chùl C.
 33 farsan A, fàrsan B C.
 34 gur tu tha ghna A, ghnà B, gur tus tha ghnà C.
 35 mo run A, mo ruin B, mo rùin C ; tir A, tìr B C.
 36 mo shuil A B C ; gu pille ri A B, gu pilleadh ri C.
 37 'san A B, 's ann C.
 39 lasadh aithir A B, lasadh aigheir C.
 40 ait A, àit B C ; fein A B, féin C.
 41 thanig A B, thainig C.
 42 a' feile A B, am feileadh C.
 43 eiridh A B C.
 45 bidh A B, bi'dh C ; oighean thapaidh sniomh 'sa A B C.
 46 h-eibhein A, h-eibheinn B, h-eibhinn C ; àit A, àit B C ;
 uail A B, uail C.
 47 diu 'g-eideadh A, diu g-eideadh B, diù 'g eideadh C ;
 a' gaoil fein A B C.
 48 reidh A B, réidh C.
 49 na A, no B C ; sioth-chainnt A B, sio-chainnt C.
 50 sior-euchd (glossed *tiomachd*) A B ; oirn A B C.
 52 na'n àr-amach A, no'n àr-amach B C ; cha'n A B C.
 53 teanadh A B C ; an fhuaths' A, an fhuath's' B C.
 54 earadh A B C ; fein A B, féin C.
 55 cruagheach A, cruaghach B C ; neart-mhor A B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 56 a leantain, gun sgiòs A B C.
 57 on fhuair A, on fhuair B C ; sàr-chelachdadh A B,
 sàr chleachdadh C.
 58 duisgeadh, sinnsear A B ; dùisgeadh, sinnsir C.
 59 run A, rùn B C.
 60 Lunnuineach A B, Luinnuinneach C.
 61 sunnd A B, sunnt C ; speis A B, spéis C.
 62 aite fein do'n Rìgh A B, àite (glossed *Hanover*) fein don
 Rìgh C.
 63 èis A B, éis C ; mar b'fhèarr, fein A B C.
 64 na ged d' eibhte an t-shìth A, no ge d' eibhte an t-shìth B,
 no ge d' éibht' an t-shìth C.
 An English note in C on the Bard's Jacobitism is
 omitted.

Oran 4

- Fonn Now *om.* C.
 line 1 ait A, äit B C.
 2 eircamaid A B C.
 4 éibhinn A C, èibhinn B.
 5 fàilt A B, fàilt C.
 6 cèolmhor A B C.
 8 beoil A B C ; ag seinn A B, a seinn C ; speirid A B C.
 9 scamh A B C.
 10 's a bhrùithainn A, 's a bhruthainn B C ; sgeamhial
 A B C ; bhà-dhealtreach A B, bhà-dhealtrach C.
 11 neamh A B C.
 12 a dortadh A B C ; lar A, làr B C.
 13 nadur A B C ; ag caoch'ladh A B, a caochladh C.
 14 cuanta A, cuannda B C ; pairt-dhathach A B C.
 15 iath A B C ; griàn A B, grian C.
 16 ag tarruing A B, a tarruinn C ; grasail A, gràsail B C.
 17 còisridh A B, còisir C ; stolda suairc' A B C.
 18 òranaibh A B, òranan C.
 19 cliu A B, cliù C ; Cruthadoir A, Cruthadair B C ;
 fein A B C.
 20 solasach A B C.
 21 tamh A B C.
 22 mheangain ard A B C.
 24 dha'n Tì A B, dha'n Tì C ; bèothachd A, bèotachd B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 25 fhearr, tamh A B C.
 26 stata chloimh-itich A B C.
 27 eiridh A B C ; sa mhaidainn Mhai' A, sa mhadainn Mhàì' B, sa mhadainn Mhàigh C.
 28 na fasach fheornanaich A, na fàsach fheornanaich B, na fàsach fheoirneinich C.
 29 bharr an driùchd A, bharr an driùchd B, bharr na driùchd C.
 30 dlù A B C ; nan smeoraichean A, na'n smeòraichean B, nan smeòraichean C.
 31 is curaidh na fion A C, is curaidh no fion B.
 32 faile A B, fàile C ; rosanan A, ròsanan B C.
 34 's an am, dubhlachdach A B C.
 35 cuir trusgan A B C.
 36 ga'n A B C ; urachadh A, ùrachadh B C.
 37 cnodachadh A B C ; cluain A C, clùain B.
 38 bruach A B C ; fluraichean A, flùraichean B C.
 39 noinean A B, neòinean C ; lìli bàn A B C.
 40 dithean aluinn A B C ; chul-mhaiseach A, chùl-mhaiseach B, chùl-mhaiseach C.
 41 fein, aigh A B C.
 42 òradhh A, òradh B C ; aird nam A, àrd na'm B, àrd nam C.
 43 tlà A B C.
 44 cuir A B C ; blath A, blàth B.C.
 46 ag tarruing A B, ag tarruinn C ; Bealltuinn A, Bealltainn B C.
 47 fíreach A B C.
 48 cuir fuinn A B C.
 49 ciuin, s'air tìr A B ; ciùin, a's tìr C.
 50 mhin A, mhìn B C ; garbh-shleibtibh A B, garbh-shleibtean C.
 51 cuirnean driuchd na thuir A, driùchd B, cuirnean driùchd na thùir C.
 52 ri aird A B C.
 53 bidh, por A, bì'dh, pòr B, bì'dh, pòr C ; feur A, fèur B C.
 54 eun A, èun B, éun C.
 55 gnasalachd A B, gnàsalachd C.
 56 na'n gné A, na'n gnè B C ; na'n doigh, san A B C.
 57 èibhinn abhachd A B ; ìibhinn àbhachd C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 58 feoir A B C ; sna A B, 'sna C.
 59 fasaich A, fàsaich B C ; suairc' A B C.
 60 a falbh, ga'n A B C.
 61 h-urail, sgios A B C.
 62 's gun A B, 'gun C.
 64 na'n gaol a' snamh na'n A B, nan gaol a snàmh nan C.
 65 uain', mi-ghean, sgios A B C.
 66 bidheamaid, aineartan A B C.
 67 bron A, bròn B C.
 68 ceol A, ceòl B, còl C.
 70 eitidh A B C ; chasairean A, chàsairean B, chàbhsairean C.
 71 chùraidh A B, chùrai' C ; chul-ghorm fhraoich A B C.
 72 brughaichean A B C ; champaraid A, champaraid B, chàmparaid C.
 73 eitigeach A B C.
 74 didean rimheach sheom'raichean A B, didean rimheach sheòmraichean C.
 75 eugailean A, èugailean B, éugailean C ; speis, bhrigh A B, spéis, brigh C.
 76 righrean 's mor-uaislibh A B C.
 77 slainte A B C.
 78 buthaibh A B C ; strothalachd A, stròthalachd B C.
 79 Gaël ghasd' an eididh A, Gaël ghasd' an éididh B, Gaëil ghasd' an éididh C.
 80 fir-speiseil A, fir speiseil B, fir spéiseil C ; chairdeil A B C.

Oran 5

- Intro. Gàeldachd, sprèigh, sgios a chuir, dèigheil, gu toilleach, dha fein, math a chuir, fo'lèon, le i-fein, òganach araidh, 'n deigh, d'i, do-bhri, chò mor-inbheach ria-sa, gearr, na fochar, ribhinn, a comhlachadh, do shonraich, fadheoigh, d' f' h'ag e-fein an tachadh, ri chud, tòran, shonna, a guidh, do'n chomun chùin B, *om.* A C.
- line 1 cheitean A B C.
 2 spreidh A B C ; lon A, lòn B, lòn C.
 4 'n-uallain A B C.
 6 a cuir an ceill, neoil A B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 7 la A B, latha C ; ebhinn A, eibhinn B, éibhinn C.
 8 spèuran A B, speuran C.
 9 tain A B, tain C ; a tional A B C.
 10 sa A, sa' B C.
 11 'so bhuin A, so bhuin B C.
 12 am A B C.
 13 dreach-mhoire' A B C.
 14 mine, mais' A, mìnne, mais' B, mìnne mais' C.
 15 na'm fochair A B, na'm fochar C.
 16 ciuinail A, ciuinèil B, ciùineil C.
 17 shnamh A B, shnàmh C ; smuaintean A B, smaointean C.
 18 caoch'ladh A B, coachladh C ; rò-mhor A, ro-mhòr B,
 ro-mhòr C.
 19 iomhaidh A B C.
 20 'g' amharc A, g-amharc B, 'g amharc C.
 21 's ged do A, 's ge do B C.
 22 dh' eisdeachd A B C ; ùr-laoidh A C, ùr-làoidh B ;
 beoil A B C.
 23 rìs le munadh A, rìs le mūnadh B, rithist le mūnadh C.
 24 's dheachd A C, 's dheach B ; run, foil A ; run, fòil B ;
 rùn, fòil C.
 26 dhiobrain A B, dhiobrainn C.
 27 na finne ud A, na finn' ud B C ; sa A B C.
 28 barr A B C.
 30 na A, no B C ; nan A C, na'n B.
 33 cama-lubach A, cama-lūbach B, cam-lùbach C ;
 boidheach A, bòidheach B C.
 34 na dhuail A B C.
 35 cas-bhuidhe A, cās-bhuidhe B, cās-bhuidh' C ; sniomh-
 anach, faineach A B C.
 36 neo-charamh A B, neo-chàradh C.
 37 bhraghad, fhior-ghlain A B C.
 38 fudh, mhin-dheirge A, fo', mhin-dheirge B, fo', mhin
 dheirge C.
 39 bhath A, bhàth B, bhà C ; naduir A B C.
 40 a toirt, barr A B C ; uail A, uail B C.
 41 mhodhar A, mhòdhar B, mhòdhar C.
 42 ros-dheirge A, ròs-dheirge B C.
 43, 129 suil A B C.
 44 reidh A B, réidh C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 45 lan A B C ; soluis, sonais A ; söluis, sönais B C.
 46 bhrollach A, bhroilleach B C ; ghrein A, ghrèin B,
 ghréin C.
 47 mhin-gheal A, mhin-gheal B C.
 48 féur A B, féur C.
 50 a chùach A B, a chuach C.
 51 'm fochair A, 'm fochar B C.
 52 tionailt A, tionailt' B C ; buar A, buär B C.
 53 gun A B C.
 54 min A, mìn B C ; suairc' A B C.
 55 oran A, òran B C.
 56 ro-bhinn A, rô-bhinn B, rō-bhinn C ; chèol A B C.
 58 's rùn A B, s rùn C ; sa A B C.
 59 nan, òr-bhuidh A ; na'n, òr-bhuidh B ; nan, òr-bhuidh'
 C.
 60 Laomun A, Laomuinn B C ; nan A C, na'n B.
 61 smeorach A, smeòrach B C.
 62 barraibh A B C.
 63 di A, d'i B C.
 64 's gun A B C ; èisd A B, éisd C ; càr A, cár B C.
 65 o Chailean A B C.
 66 nan A C, na'n B.
 67 fath nach d'thigeadh A B, fath nach tigeadh C.
 66, 68 nan A C, na'n B.
 69 iarrains' A, iarrain-s' B C.
 70 storas A, stòras B C.
 71 laidhe na d' asgail A B, laidhe na t-asgail C, *cf.* na t'
 aite S.O. 27^a w.
 72 fo', san A B C.
 75 a tional A B C ; dithean A, dithean B C.
 76 leinn fein A B, leinn fhìn C.
 77 leigeadh A, leagadh B C ; nar A B C.
 78 sgi A, sgi B C.
 79 no cruitearan A, na B C.
 80 cuir A B C ; uain A B, bhuaìn C.
 81 manran A B, màran C.
 82 mo ghraidh ann sa A B, mo gràidh ann sa' C ; choill A,
 chòill B C.
 83 nar 'n aonar A B, n-ar 'n-aonar C.
 84 smaointin A, smaointinn B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 86 h-oidhch' A, h-òidhch' B C ; o' mhadainn A, o B C.
 87 g'ar taladh A, g'ar tādadh B, g'ar tādadh C.
 88 graidh A, gràidh B C ; nar A B C.
 89 's ge do thainig A B C.
 90 sa A, sa' B C ; sprèidh A B, spréidh C.
 91 am fagail A B C.
 92 cach A B, càch C ; deigh A B C.
 93 dhiucas A B C.
 94 do na ghàran, fein A B C.
 95 mo dhosguinn A, mo dhosgainn B C.
 96 fochar A B C ; nan gèug A C, na'n gèug B.
 97 chairdean A B C.
 98 o là A B C.
 100 na A C, no B.
 101 treigins' A, treigin-s' B, treiginn-s' C ; chèud-ghradh
 A B, cheud-ghradh C.
 102 gèillein A B, géillein C.
 103 on a gheall A B C ; dilis A, dilis B, dileas C.
 104 fath A B C ; dibrin-sa A, dibrinn-sa B, dibrinn-sa C.
 100-112 *om.* A.
 106 tōsan B C.
 107 boid B C.
 108 dibreadh B, dibreadh C.
 109 da cluinn B C.
 110 gun robh B C.
 112 gu'n a h-an-toil B C.
 113 grathunn A, grathuinn B C ; na m' thamh A B C.
 114 san A B C.
 115 h-èibhneas A B, h-éibhneas C.
 116 ag tabhairt A B, a' tabhairt C ; eisdeachd da'n oigh A,
 eisdeachd da'n òigh B, éisdeachd da'n òigh C.
 118 o' leachdain a chrò A, o' leacain a chrò B C.
 119 shàr imeachd A B C.
 120 bann A, b'ann B C ; na'm bò A B, nam bò C.
 121 mhianach A, mhiannach B C.
 122 oigh A, òigh B C ; dhi fein A, dh'i fein B, dh'i féin C.
 123 runachd A, rùnachd B, rùnachd C.
 124 h-ùr bhlàth A, h-ùr bhlàth B, h-ùr bhlà C ; feill A B,
 féill C.
 125 fhèarr, neo-fhurasd A B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 126 na dheigh A B C.
 127 oganach A, òganach B C.
 128 a teachd A B C ; leacain nangèug A, leacain na 'n
 gèug B, leacain nan géug C.
 129 suil dha'n d'thug A B, suil dha'n tug C.
 130 rioghail A B C.
 131, 132 nan A C, na'n B.
 132 fo' A B C.
 136 doibh A B, daibh C.
 137 chèile A B C.
 138 mor speis A B, mor spéis C.
 139 dithis A B, dìth's C ; éibhneas A C, èibhneas B.
 140 run readh ga'n cuir A, rùn reidh ga'n cuir B, rùn réidh
 ga'n cuir C.
 143 sonas A, sōnas B C ; dith A, dì t B C ; dhoibh A B,
 dhaibh C.
 144 la 'n crìch A, lì 'n cràch B, là 'n crìch C.
om. Note in English in C, repeating Intro. in B.

Oran 6

- Co'sheirm A B C.
 line 1 bhan A, bhàn B C.
 2 là luain A, là-luain B C ; bhas A, bhàs B C.
 4 tuam a thamh A, tuaim' a thàmh B C.
 5 trial A, triall B C.
 6 di-donaich A, di-dònaich B C.; comhlan A B C.
 8 sgeul' A B C.
 9 Albain A B, Albainn C ; arsaidh A B C.
 10 mhuir bait' A, mhuir bàit' B C ; barcadh oirn A B,
 bàrcadh oirn C.
 11 t-oghre rioghail, san A B C ; Roimh A B, Ròimh C.
 12 tirt' A B C ; liobhte A, liobhta B, liobhta C ; bhord
 A B, bhòrd C.
 14 smuaintin A, smuaintinn B, smuaintean C ; laimh A B C.
 15 dail A B, dàil C.
 16 feol, bhas A ; feòl, bhàs B ; feòil, bhàs C.
 17 chridh' A, chridh' B C.
 18 deoir mo shùil aig A B, deoir mo shùl a' C ; ruidh A B,
 ruith C ; àllt A B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 19 ge do cheilin, am A B C.
 20 bhruhd A, bhùhd B C.
 22 cluinnt' caisimeachd A, cluinnte caismeachd B, cluinnte
 caisimeachd C.
 23 thighn' A, thigh'n' B C.
 24 threig, dail A ; thrèig, dail B ; thréig, dàil C ; là
 luain A, là-luain B C.
 25 lionmhor, mili A B C.
 26 Albain A B, Albainn C ; dheidh A B, dhéidh C.
 27 fo's n-iosal A B C ; dhéur A, dhèur B, dheur C.
 28 anns an streup A, anns an t-srèup B, anns an t-sréup C.
 31 buidhean meannach A, buidhean meannach B,
 buidheann meannach C.
 32 ulamb A B C ; arm-chleasach A, àrm-chleasach B C ;
 san t-srì A B, 's an t-srì C.
 33 cruitearan A C, cruitearn B.
 34 barraibh dhòs fo' A B C.
 35 na'm A B C.
 36 ag caoidh A B, a caoidh C ; co'-dhosgain A, co'-
 dhosgainn B C.
 38 faca' A B, faca C.
 40 dig A, d'thig B, tig C ; nan A C, na'n cian B.
 41 fac tha A B, fac thu C.
 42 'g altrum A C, g-atrum B ; graidh, miagh A B C.
 43 na'n A B C.
 44 chadail A B, chaidil C ; sior A, sior B C.
 46 Ti A, Ti B C ; aird' ata A, aird' a ta B C.
 47 dhioladh oirn' A B C ; brath A, bràth B C.
 48 ar 'n ea-coir A, ar'n èucoir B, éucoir C ; an t-Suaithneas
 A, an t-suaitheas B C.
 49 a chleir A, a chlèir B, a chlèir C.
 51 faicir A B, faicear C ; ag silleadh dhèur A B, a' silleadh
 dhéur C.
 52 a chionn A, a choinn B C ; threig A, thrèig B, thréig C.
 53 uainn gu reidh A, uainn gu rèidh B, bhuainn gu réidh C.
 54 no dh'imicheas A, na dh' imicheas B C ; cèin A B,
 cèin C.
 55 an ait' A, an àit' B C ; laidh A B C ; anreul A, an
 rèul B, an reull C.
 56 d'fhogradh A, d' fhōgradh B, dh' fhògradh C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 58 fearr A B C.
 59 n'ar A B, n-ar C ; gearr A B C.
 co'sheirm : tuaim a thàmh A, tuaim' a thamh B, *om.* C.

Oran 7

- Title Ogan'ich Gha'elich A, Ogonach Ghaëlich B, Ogonach
 Ghaelich C.
- line 2 readh A, reidh B, réidh C.
 3 o'n A B, bho'n C.
 4 reir A B, réir C.
 5 'sa nis' A B C ; o A B, bho C ; urrain A B, urrainn C.
 6 ga A B C ; lèir A B, léir C.
 7 fadheoidh A B C.
 8 do speis A, do spèis B, de spéis C.
 9 treigeamaid A B C ; fàrsan A B, farsan C.
 10 fhèarr A B C.
 11 ris a A B, ris a' C.
 13 chi A B C.
 15 urrain A B, urrainn C.
 16 ged liathain A, ge d' liathain B C.
 17 nadur ged' A, nadur ge d' B C.
 18 dha' mhiann's A B C ; d'thugainn A B, tugainn C.
 20 mar glacte A C, mar glacta B.
 21 na ged' A B C.
 22 neonach, fein A B C.
 23 dha'n liugh' than chòraichean A B, is liugh' còraichean C.
 24 Breatain mhor gu leir A B, Breatuinn mhòr gu leir C.
 25 stata A B, stàta C.
 26 taladh è A, taladh e B, tàladh e C.
 27 mhilltean A B C ; lubains' A, lubain-s' B, lubainn-s' C.
 28 dhéidh A C, dhèidh B.
 29 beil A B C ; smaointean A C, smaointeann B.
 30 mor A B C.
 31 theag-mhaladh A B C.
 32 na dhoigh A B, na dhòigh C.
 33 rùn-sa, a d' fhiosraichinn A B C.
 34 air choir A, air chòir B C.
 35 molain A B, molainn C ; diobairt A B C.
 36 fad sa A B C ; è beò A, e beò B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 37 ait A B, àit C ; finealta A B, finealta C.
 38 fìorghlan, ciuin A, fìor-ghlan, ciùin B C.
 39 ged', ni A B C ; airgìod A, airgìod B, airgead C.
 40 thus A, thùs B C.
 41 tarladh A B, tàrladh C.
 42 ga reir A B, ga réir C ; pailt' A B C.
 43 i e A C, i e B.
 44 fein A B C ; chul A, chùl B C.
 45 treiginn, a bharrail A B C ; fein A B, féin C.
 46 aìn-deoin A B, aìndeoin C.
 47 iomluas A C, iomluaths B.
 48 chail A, chàil B C.
 49 mar as A B, mar a's C.
 50 uam A B, bhuam C.
 51 dìchiollach A B, dìcheallach C.
 52 a bheirt a chi è 's fearr A B, a bheairt a chi e 's fearr C.

Oran 8

- Title miann na h-oighe Ga'elich A, an h-oighe Gaèlich B,
 na h-oighe Gaelich C.
- line 1 tarladh A B C ; fhaotainn A, fheatainn B C.
 2 eigin A B C ; na A, no B C.
 3 'g-iomlaid A, g-omlaid B, 'g iomlaid C.
 4 readh A, reidh B, réidh C ; ga aidmheil A B C.
 6 nan oighean oga A, na'n òighean òga B, nan òighean
 òga C.
 7 dideanadh A B, dideanadh C.
 8 an A C, au B.
 9 m'onar A, m'ònar B C.
 10 lamh A B C.
 12, 15, 37 òigfhear A B, òigear C.
 13 fabhar A B C.
 14 dail, chuir A B, dàil, chuir C.
 15 mileanta A, mileanda B, mileanda C.
 16 na dìth stoir A, no dìth stòir B C.
 17 a chuir A B C ; a bithin-sa A B, a bithinn-sa C.
 18 fein A B C ; nighin A B, nighinn C.
 19 seadh na pairtean A, seadh no pairtean B, seadh no
 pàirtean C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 20 cha'n aicheadhain è ach foil A, fòil B, cha'n aich'ain
e ach fòil C.
- 21 ceile a thaghain-sa A, ceile thaghain-sa B, céile thaghainn-
sa C.
- 23 lan nan cobhraichean A B, làn nan còbhraichean C.
- 24 dhe'n òr, dha reir A, dhe'n òr, dha rèir B, dheth 'n òr,
dha réir C.
- 25 a' tighinn A B, a' tigh'n' C.
- 26 dhe gach sèud A B, dheth gach séud C.
- 27 cha'n fhagadh A B C.
- 28 na dheidh A B, na dhéigh C.
- 29 Ni math A B, Ni-math C ; uam-sa A B, bhuam-sa C.
- 30 gabhaidh A B C.
- 31 na fhionaig A B C.
- 32 leirsinneach le shuil A B, leirsinneach le shùil C.
- 33 a measg A B C.
- 34 na ghnuis A B, na ghnùis C.
- 35 fhailteachd chairdeil A B C.
- 36 aig as fiù A B, aig a's fiù C.
- 37 tabhachdach A B C.
- 38 neo-ardanach na A B C.
- 39 eigin A B, éigin C.
- 40 'se rei'-bheartach dha reir A, 's rei'-bheartach dha reir
B C.
- 41 storas A, stōras B, stòras C ; tighinn A, tigh'nn B C.
- 42 aimbheartas gu leir A, aim-bheartas gu leir B C.
- 44 fein A B C.

Oran 9

- Title Oran leis a' Bhard
- Intro. 'Nuair a dh' aiseigeadh am Fearainn do na Cinn-Feadhna
A, oran ar aiseag etc., B C, sa' bhleadhna 1782 B C.
om. A.
- line 1 Their mi hōro hugo hōiriunn A, hōro hùgo hōiriunn B,
hōro hūgo hoiriunn C.
- 2 Ho i hoiriunn hōro A, Ho i hōiriunn hōro B C.
- 3 Their mi hōro hugo hoiriunn A, hōro hùgo hoiriunn B,
hōro hūgo hoiriunn C.
- 6 bitheamaid A B, bith'maid C.
- 7 choir A, chòir B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 8 cuir A B C ; bola A B, bòla C ; na tharuing A B,
na tharruinn C.
9 bord A B, bòrd C.
10 chualadh A B, chuala C ; Sasgunn A, Sasghunn B,
Sasunn C.
13 thighinn A, thigh'nn B, thigh'n' C ; dail an còrach A,
dail an còrach B, dàil an còrach C.
14 's ge d', diu A B C.
15 iarmaid A, iarmad B C ; foghnadh A, fōghnadh B C.
16 a reiste A B, a réiste C.
17 cuir A B C ; bleid A C, bléid B.
18 bola A B, bòla C.
19 na'n A B, nan C ; nach eil, dhiu A B C.
20 ceann-finnidh A B, ceann finne C.
21 mhoir A, mhōir B, mhòir C.
22 ga A B C.
23 air Deorsa A, ais Deòrsa B, air Deòrsa C.
24, 25 *om.* C.
25 Rìgh Deorsa A, Rìgh Deòrsa B.
26 Bhreatain A B, Bhreatuinn C ; Eirinn A B C.
27 geilleachdainn A B C ; mhorachd A, mhōrachd B,
mhòrachd C.
29 fhogradh A B, fhògradh C.
30, 31 *om.* A B.
32, 33 A B = 16, 17 C.
32 gun d' thig A B, gun tig C ; rìghrean A B, rìghrean C.
33 dhiobras A B C ; olach A, òlach B C.
34 fìor shìol A B C.
35 fochan A C, fōchan B ; otraich A B, òtraich C.
37 stolda A, stòlda B C.

Oran 10

- Intro. *om.* C. d'a A B ; Mor Ros A, Mòr Ròs B ; maighdeann
A B ; air moran A, air mòran B ; ann a' sgeimh A B ;
ghiulan A B ; r'a amharc orra A, oirre B ; is ann
di A, d'i B ; abhaist A B ; amaibh A B ; sonraicht A,
sònraicht B ; Steornabhaidh ann an Leoghas A B ;
maltachd A, maldachd B ; ion-mholt' A B ; na'n
Ribhinne so A, na'n ribhinne, so B.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 3 ceol A, ceòl B C ; h-ordail A B, h-òrdail C ; readh A,
rèidh B, réidh C.
- 4 coisir da reir A B C.
- 5 caoch'ladh A B, caochladh C.
- 6 dhaisig A B, dh-aisig C.
- 7 cèill A B C ; cein A, cèin B, céin C.
- 8 fein, co'-strèap A B C.
- 9 an ceann na còisridh A B, na còisir C.
- 10 ceol A, ceòl B C.
- 11 ribhinnean A B C.
- 12 ordugh A B C.
- 13 fa-leath A, fa leath B C.
- 14 rosg foil A, rōsg foil B C.
- 15 ma chridhe A, mo chridhe B C ; shuil A B, shùil C.
- 16 leon A, leòn B C.
- 17 ma mo A B C.
- 19 'seang shlios A B C.
- 20 na A, no B C.
- 21 suil A B C.
- 22 'g-amharc A, g-amharc B, 'g amharc C.
- 23 tlà A C, tlā B.
- 25 ghath grein' A, grèin' B, gréin' C ; cheitein A B C.
- 26 leirsinn A B C.
- 27 cèumadh A B, ceumadh C ; urlair A, ùrlair B C ;
ge reidh A, ge rèidh B, gu réidh C.
- 28 do reir A B C ; punganan a chiuil A, punganan a chiùil
B C.
- 29 ribhinn mhodhail A, mhōdhail B, mhòdhail C ; fìor-
ghlan foghlum A, fìor-ghlann fōghlum B, fìor-ghlan
fòghlum C.
- 30 d'fhion-fhuil mhòrdhalach A B, dh-fhion C ; run A,
ruin B, rùn C.
- 31 nan oighean A, na'n òighean B, nan òighean C.
- 32 chòraidh A B, chòmhraidh C ; cheol-bhinn A, cheòl-
bhinn B C ; chiuin A B, chiùin C.
- 33 t-eugaisg A, t-èugaisg B, t-éugaisg C.
- 34 fheatuinn A, fheatainn B C ; san Roinn-Eorp A,
-Eōrp B C.
- 35 a's, a's A B C ; feile A B C ; ceutaidh A C ; cèutaidh B.
- 36 fein A B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 37 a' muirn A B, mùirn C ; aillteachd A B, àillteachd C.
 38 sugradh A B, sùgradh C ; manran beoil A B, màran beoil C.
 39 ailli A B, àilli C.
 40 leir mar fhagail A B C ; aig Moir A, aig Mòir B C.
 41 duallach A B C ; cas-bhuidh A, cäs-bhuidh' B C.
 42 càradh A C, cāradh B ; suainais A B, suaincas C ; gruaig A B C.
 43 h-aluinn A B, h-àluinn C ; boidheach A, bòidheach B C ; faineach A B C ; òr-bhuidh A, òr-bhuidh' B C.
 44 an caraibh A, au cāraibh B, an cāraibh C ; seoighn' san ordugh A, seòighn' san òrdugh B, seòighn' 'san òrdugh C.
 45 a' fās A C, a' fās B ; d' fheudt' A B, dh' fheut' C ; aireamh A B C.
 46 bharr A B C ; sail A, sàil B C.
 47 oigh A, òigh B C.
 48 t-uaille A B C.
 49 eugail A, èugail B, éugail C ; slan A B C.
 50 do d' fhear A B, do dh' fhear C ; d' fheudadh A C, d' fhèudadh B ; ma d' A B C.
 51 b'fhearr A, b'fhear B C ; nan cadal A B, na'n cadal C ; na d' fhagaisg A B, na t-fhagaisg C.
 52 'g eisdeachd A, g-eisdeachd B, 'g éisdeachd C ; bheoil A B C.
 53 a measg A B C ; leugaidh A, leugaibh B C.
 54 feucanteachd A, fèucantachd B, féucantachd C ; boidh'ch A B C.
 55 Mor Nighin mhin A, mōr-nigh'n mhìn B, mùirninn mhìn C ; leon A B C ; chridh' A C, chridn' B.
 56 dith A, dith B C.
 57 fhion-fhuil A B C.
 58 fhiaradh A, fhiarradh B C ; na mheang A, no mheang B C.
 59 mordhalach A, mòrdhalach B, mòrghalach C ; chrodha A B C.
 60 còladh A, cò'ladh B C ; cho'-stri A B, cho'-strì C.
 61 bhuin'eadh A B C ; cuis A B, cùis C ; a bharr A B C ; Dù'-ghall A, dù'-ghall B, dù'-Ghall C.
 62 'sgiursadh A, sgiursadh B C ; dùchas A B, dùthchas C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 63 Cataich A, Cătaich B C.
 64 orr A, orr' B C.
 65 cabar-feigh A B, cabar-féidh C ; reir A B C.
 66 easlaineach A B C ; san stri A, san stri B C.
 67 obadh A, òbadh B C ; ga'n A B C.
 68 Righ A B, righ C.
 69 faiceant' A B C.
 71 san A B, 'san C.
 72 's iad tilleadh chaoidh A B, 's nach pilleadh gu dhol C.
 73 cruaidh A B, cruai' C.
 74 gleus A C, glèus B ; sunnd A B, sunnt C.
 76 d'a A B C.
 77 Duilean A B, Dùilean C ; dubailt A B, dùbailt C.
 78 umhlachadh A B C.
 79 thaladh A B, thàladh C ; san A B C.
 80 dhuisc A B, dhùisc C ; bruite A B C.
 81 uam A B, buam C ; ribhinn shuaire' A B C.
 82 mhor A, mhòr B C ; a's A B C.
 83 dhurachd-sa A, dhùrachd-sa B C ; g'a A B C.
 84 d'a A B C.
 86 è A B C ; tamh A B, tàmh C.
 87 na A, no B C.
 88 smuainteach A B C.

Oran 11

- Intro. a bhaire A B C ; ann an Tìr chèin A, ann an tìr
 choigrich B ; air dha bhi air farsan, etc., *om.* C.
 line 1 on A B C ; farsan A, farsan B C.
 2 stràchd A B C ; Braid-Albainn A B, Braid-Albann C.
 3 d'fheuch a fearr, slaint A B C.
 4 thig'nn A B, thigh'n' C ; aird na'n A, àird na'n B,
 àrd nan C.
 5 's ged do dhìrich A, 's ge do dhìrich B C ; Lairc-Ila
 A B, Làirc Ila C.
 6 uam A B, bhuam C.
 7 tus bliadhna ùr A, tùs bliadhn' ùir' B, tùs bliann' ùir' C ;
 shurd A B, shùrd C.
 8 bruighaichean A, brughaichean B C.
 9 thigh A, thaigh B C ; bhuanachd A B C.
 10 ge d' A B C ; boidheach A, bòidheach B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 11 sneachd' a diol A B C.
 12 Sasgunnach A B, Sasunnach C ; dhoite A, dhòite B C.
 13 mor A, mòr B C.
 14 oran A, òran B C.
 15 beallach A B, bealach C ; triall A, triall B C ; gaillean
 A B, gaillion C.
 16 èol A B C.
 17 chinn-Fhaolan A, Chinn-Fhaolan B, Chinn-Fhaolain C.
 17, 18 na'm A B, nam C.
 19 taoghladh A, taoghaileadh B, tagh'leadh C.
 20 faonruidh fùar A, faonraidh fùar B, faonraidh fuar C.
 21 thu'irt A B, thuirte C ; rafaird A, ràfaird B C ; gum
 b'fhearr A B C.
 22, 23 Gearr-loch A B C.
 23 Fhearan A, Fhearrann B C ; lan do bhochdainn A,
 lan do bhochdain B, lan de bhochdain C.
 25 thir A B, 'thir C ; a mhonaidh A B C.
 26 na'n beann A, na'm beann B, nam beann C ; corrach A,
 cörrach B C ; arda A, àrda B C.
 27 fridh na'n, na'n A B ; nan, nan C.
 30 tro' gleannan A B C.
 31, 32 sa A B C ; Mhàì' A B, Mhàighe C.
 33 gum, Gearr-loch A B C ; tìr bhaigheil A, tìr bhaigheil B C.
 34 tìr phairteach A, tìr phairteach B C.
 35 tìr, tìr A ; tìr, tìr B C ; a phailteis A B C.
 36, 37 tìr A, tìr B C.
 36 fialachd A C, fiälachd B.
 38 thioral A B, thiorail C.
 39 tìr A B C.
 41 tìr an aigh, tìr na'n armunn A, tìr an àigh B C, tìr na'n
 àrmunn B, tìr nan àrmunn C.
 42 tìr A B C ; na'n sar-fhear A, na'n sàr-fhear B, nan
 sàr-fhear C ; gleusda A B, gléusda C.
 43 suaircais A B, suairceis C ; tìr gun ghruaimean A,
 tìr B C.
 44 feile A B, féile C.
 45 na fridh ro-mhor A, na fridh ro-mhor B, nam frith
 ro-mhor C.
 46 leon A B C ; dhèibhin A, dhèibhinn B, gheibhinn C.
 48 mhartach A, mhärtach B C ; fhèurach A B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 49 gu'n A B, gu'u C ; ti A, tì B C ; mhor A, mhòr B C ;
sonas A C, sònas B.
- 50 phrabair A, phràbar B C.
- 51 lionmhor A B C ; sàr A B C ; acfuinn A B, acuinn C.
- 52 theid A B C ; traghad A, tràghad B, tràghad C.
- 53 Mhic-Chumhail A, Mhic-Chù'il B C ; cruaidh
fhiubhaidh A, cruaidh fhiubhai' B, cruai' fhiùbhai' C,
- 54 chùn' A B C ; strachdan A B, sràchdan C.
- 55 fo' A B C.
- 56 sa Bhraidh A B, sa Bhràidhe C.
- 57 Ge do tha A B C.
- 58 cha'n, mò mhi-chuis A, mo mhi-chuis B C.
- 59 ge d' A B C ; taobh-s' ann A B C ; rùn A, rùin B C.
- 60 chiuin A, chiùn B C.
- 61 'nam teirc' A, 'nam teirce' B, 'n'am teirce' C ; traigh A,
tràigh B C.
- 62 seomar bàn nu'm piosan A, na'm pìsean B, seòmar bàn
nam pìsean C.
- 63 cèol, na'm feadan A B ; ceòl, nam feadan C.
- 64 beageadh A, beagadh B C ; mi-ghean A B C.
- 65 bola lan A, bōla lan B, bòla lan C ; bhord na'n dail
A B, dàil C.
- 66 cuir surd A B C ; chail na coisridh A, chail na còisridh B,
chàil na còisir C.
- 68 na h-Eorpunn A, na h-Eòrpa B C.
- 69 luagh A B C ; duain a's iorram A, duan a's iorram B C.
- 70 o'n oisich A, o'n òisich B, bho'n òisich C.
- 71 buidhean A B C ; na'n A B, nan C.
- 72 treunmhor A C, trēunmhor B ; am, connraidh A B, air,
comhstrì C.
- 73 tharladh A B C ; san tigh-thabhairn A, san taigh-
thabhairn B, 'san taigh-thabhairn C.
- 74 traighte A, tràighte B C ; stoip A, stòip B C.
- 75 cannran, nu'r pairt A B C.
- 76 airde poit A, aide pòit B, airde pòit C.
- 77 mirre, manran A ; mir', mànran B ; mir', màran C ;
cairdeas A B C.
- 78 lamh gu'n dò-bheirt A B, lamh gun dò-bheirt C.
- 79 bhinn A B C ; eisdeachd A B, éisdeachd C ; beul A,
bèul B, béul C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 80 na iomairt A, no iomairt B, seach iomairt C; oigh-
chèol A, òigl-chèol B, òigh-chèol C.
81 fad sa A B C; cliu na h-Albainn A, cliù na h-Alba B C.
82 dù'ch' A, dùch' B C.
83 an am A B C.
84 Eachuinn A B, Eachunn C; Ruadh A, ruadh B C.
85 na'm A B, nam C; trom A, tròm B, tròm' C.
86 na fiubhaidh A, fiudhaidh B, fiùdhaidh C.
87 dosrach, dosgairn A; dösrach, dösgairn B C; gun A B C.
88 o stoc mhùirneach A B, bho C.

Oran 12.

- Title Dun-eidin A B, Dun-eideann C.
line 1 sa A B, sa' C; 'g-eiridh A, g'eiridh, 'g eiridh C; neo-
èibhinn A B, neo-éibhinn C.
2 cha b'ionann sud's A, ionann a's B C; abhaist A B,
àbhaist C; airidh A B C; na'n A B, nan C.
3 thainig A B C; mànrann A B, màran C.
4 a chuis-graine, cannrann A B C; na'n A B, nan C.
5 cia mar, dh' fheudain A B C; aite A, àit' B C.
6 pairt A B, pàirt C; sa'n ait' A, sa'n àit' B C; anns a
bheil A B, anns am beil C.
7 na A B, nam C; còr A B, còrr C.
8 grain' A B C; 'g-amharc A, g-amharc B, 'g amharc C;
na gheall A B C.
9 feile A B, féile C.
10 ann a doire A B C; na'n gèug A B, nan géug C;
reidhleinn na driùchd A B C.
11 a ghlinne A B C; guth A, gùth B C.
12 na'n noineinean A, na'n noineinean B, nan nòineinean C;
fheornainach A, fheoirneanach B, fheòirneanach C.
13 a dìreadh A, a dìreadh B C; a mhulaich A B C; 'sa
A B C; sprèidhe A B, spréidhe C.
14 na tulaich A B C; sa cheitean A, sa chèitean B, sa'
chéitean C.
15 mànrann A B, màran C; ghraidh-sa A B C; bhèud
A B, bheud C.
16 ait A, àit B C; 'g-eisdeachd A, g-eisdeachd B, 'g
eisdeachd C; rùn A B, rùin C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

Oran 13.

- Title am bheil, ag moladh A B ; am beil, a moladh C.
line 1 bruite A B C.
2 leagainn A B, leiginn C.
4 giulan A B C ; a cean' falaich A, a cin' falaich B, a cion-falaich C.
7 cailin suaire' A B C ; a mhanrain A B, a mhàrain C.
8 la ag tighn' fo' A, là' ag tigh'n' fo' B, là a' tigh'n' fo' C.
11 na A, no B C ; fhiagh A B, fhiadh C ; an aird A B C ; nam A C, na'm B.
13 nan A C, na'n B ; Gàël A B C.
14 earrainn A B C ; de Bhreatain A B, de Bhreatuinn C.
15 cha'n fhacas, barr A B C.
16 bhan A, bhàn B C ; tlà'-shuil A B, tlà'-shul C.
17 na smeorach Chèitein A, no smeòrach Chèitein B, na smeòrach Chéitein C.
18 ghloir A, ghlòir B C ; còradh reidh A, còradh rèidh B, comhradh réidh C.
19 h-èibhneas A B, h-éibhneas C.
20 eisdeachd A B, éisdeachd C.
21 cheol, thailisg A B ; cheol, thaileasg C.
22 léig A, lèug B, leug C ; rimheach A B, rìmhreach C ; aghmhor A B C.
23 [l]eigheas A, leigheas B C.
24 mar-riut A, mar riut B C.
25 gur A, gu B C ; smaointin A, smaointinn B C.
26 mo chean' A, mo chin' B, mo chion' C.
27 oigh mhìn A B, oigh mhìn C ; bàs A B C.
28 caoin-tla A, caoin-tlà B C.
29 thà A B C ; fhiaradh A, fhiarradh B C.
30 min-gheal, fìor-ghlan, dìreach, lionta A B C.
31 nadur, seamlı A B C.
32 fialaidh A C, fiälaidh B.
33 an Dun-eidin A B, Dun-éideann C.
34 cumail comunn A B, cumail comuinn C ; Bèurla A B, Beurla C.
35 gu'n treigsinn A B C.
36 m'eibhneis A B, m' éibhneis C ; ann sna A B, ann 'sna C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 37 ge do tharladh A B C ; bhi' A, bhi B C ; 'n A B C.
 38 dhe A, dheth B C ; Dù'-ghaill A, dù'-ghaill B, dù'-
 Ghaill C.
 39 cuir, chùl A B C ; riu A, riu B C.
 40 's a A B C ; m'iuil A, m' iùil B C.
 42 neo-lodail A B C.
 43 ard nan sar-fhear A, àrd na'n sàr-fhear B, àrd nan
 sàr-fhear C ; sunndach A B, sunntach C.
 44 'Sa treigsin A, 'Sa treigsinn B C ; na'm dheannamh
 A B, 'nam dheannamh C.
 45 diridh A B C.
 47 tearnaidh A B C.
 48 Finne A B C.
 51, 7 (Luinneag, repeated) suairce mhanrain A B, *om.* C.

Oran 14.

- line 6, 7 dh' fhàs A B, dh-fhàs C.
 7 speiseil A, spèiseil B, spéiseil C ; tapai' A, tapaidh B C.
 8 san A B C.
 9 trocair g'an d' fhuair a A B C.
 10 uar-eigin A, uair-eigin B, uaireigin C.
 13 cliu A, cliù B C.
 14 dh' aithnich A B, dh- aithnich C ; ann san A B C.
 15 broinn san A B C.
 16 oirre A, oirr' B C.
 17 briodalach sugach A, briodalach sùgach B C.
 18 mì-ghean A B C.
 19 oirn san A B C.
 21 Toiseachd A B, Tòiseachd C ; truaileadh A, truailleadh
 B C.
 22 ioc-shlaint choir A ; ioc-shlaint choir B C ; b'eil A B,
 beil C ; è A B C.
 23 m' inntinn A B C.
 24 b' è A B C.
 25 èibhinn A B, éibhinn C ; boidheach A B C.
 28 ro-mhoid A, ro-mhòid B C.
 29 a bha'-loch A B C.
 30 sparradh A B C ; arrachd A B, arachd C.
 31 dh' fhàgadh A B, dh-fhàgadh C ; suairc' A B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 32 dreannndan A B C.
 33 siobhalt A B C.
 35 fograi' A B C ; mi-ghean A B C.
 36 sìth A, sìth B C ; a A B, á C ; aimhreit' A B C.
 37 mor A B C.
 38 fialaidh A C, fiälaidh B, ma'n A B C.
 39 tigh-osd A, taigh-òsd B C.
 40 na deann A B, nan deann C.
 41 cha', cleireach, pears eaglais A B C.
 42 cràbhach A, crabhach B C.
 44 sparra' cèill san A B C.
 45 cha' A B C ; rioghachd A B, rìoghachd C.
 46 stri A, strì B C.
 47 dh' fhagadh A B, dh-fhagadh C ; e-san na A B C ;
 shineadh A, shineadh B C.
 48 pioban A, pioban B C.
 49 dh' fhagadh A B, dh -fhagadh C ; fialaidh A C,
 fiälaidh B.
 50 dheana A B, dheana' C.
 51 chuire A B, chuire' C ; sog A, sög B C.
 53 dh fhaga' A B, dh-fhaga' C ; slan A, slàn B C ;
 bachdach A B ; bacach C.
 54 è, ich, oich A ; è, ìch, òich B ; e, ìch, òich C.
 55 'g-eiridh A, g-eiridh B, 'g eiridh C ; sunnd A B, sunnt C.
 56 dhamhsa A, dhàmhsa B C.
 57 chuire' A B C.
 58 sgrogach A, sgrögach B C.
 59 èiridh A B, éiridh C ; sa cheigeil A B C.
 61 suiricheadh A B, sùiriche C ; ruin-sa A, rùin-sa B C.
 62 ge d' thu'irt A B, ge d'thuirt C ; fhiu A, fhiù B C.
 63 sa chuil A B , sa' chùil C.
 64 dhiu A B, dhiù C.
 66 fuasgla' A B C.
 69 liugha A B C.
 70 la-luain A B, là-luain C ; aireamh A B C.
 72 baird A, bàird B C.
 73 Ach A, *om.* B C ; fheairde mis A B C.
 74 gun ghoid A B C.
 75 mhiosguinn A, mhiosgàinn B C.
 77 luachmhor A B, luach-mhor C ; t-fheum A B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 78 chèill A B, chéill C.
 80 na ghràisg A B C.
 Note in English on Mary MacLeod, the poetess, C.

Oran 15

- Intro. *om.* C. an t-oran A, an t-òran B ; tharladh A B ; Duanair',
 na nabuidheachd A B ; duil gun, e-fein, sa A B ;
 thoisich è A, thoisich e B ; Ho ro A, Hò rò B ; drama
 A, drāma B ; nam fear A, na'm fear B ; aimh-reith
 A B ; eiric an oran A, eiric an òrain B.
- line 1 drama A C, drāma B ; lion a ghlaine A B C.
 2 an t-shearrag A B, an t-searrag C ; an nall A B C.
 5 dhi-mol A B C.
 6 na cheann A B C.
 7 mar d'thig A B, mar tig C ; na charamh A B C.
 8 g'um bheil A B, gu'm beil C ; mealt A, mealt' B C.
 9 èol A B C.
 10 dheana' A B C ; foirneart A, fòirneart B C.
 11 bhidheamaid fein dha A B C.
 12 chionn A B C.
 13 na d' A B C.
 15 cuir, nadur A B C.
 16 dha-sa A B C.
 17 dh'aoireadh A, dh'aoireadh B C ; bhéusan A B,
 bhéusan C.
 18 fein sa'n A B C.
 19 na A, no B C ; dhi-mholadh A B C ; Toiseachd A B,
 Tòiseachd C.
 20 oladh dram A, òladh dràm B C.
 21 Toiseachd A B, Tòiseadh C.
 22 ioc-shlaint A, ìoc-shlaint B C ; is A B C.
 23 s fearr A C, 's fearr B ; leigh A, lithich B, lighich C.
 24 a measg A B C.
 25 cia mar A B C.
 27 mar bi drām A B C ; chleireach A B C.
 28 bu A B C ; leibaideach A, leibeideach B C ; fèum A B,
 feum C.
 29 crabhaidh A B, cràbhaidh C ; dha do dhiteadh A B C.
 30 cul-chaint A, cùl-chaint B C ; a's briodal A B C.
 31 ge d', beoil A B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 32 olaidh A B C ; allt A, àlt B C .
 33 a chleir fein A, a chlàir fein B, a chléir fein C ; seunt',
 cota A ; sèunt', cota B ; seunt', còta C.
 34 sgornanaibh A B, sgornanan C ; au geall A, an geall B C.
 36 saighd'ear sa' A, saighdear sa' B C.
 37 An t-olla MacIain (glossed *Dr Samuel Johnson*) B C.
 38 'Laidin A B, 'Laideann C ; 'Ghreugais-chainnt A B C.
 39 d'fhag A B, dh-fhag C ; n'an Gàèl A B, nan Gàèl C.
 40 teanga' a chanmhuinnich A, teang' a chàanaich B C.
 42 na'n A B, nan C.
 43 d'fhag A B, dh-fhag C.
 44 na A B C.
 45 ait A, àit B C ; fein A B C.
 46 ri d' bhuidhean A B C.
 47 ar dithis A B C.
 48 phìob A, phìob B C ; a danns A B, a damhs C.
 Note repeating Intro. in English C.

Oran 16

- Title Ga'elich A, Gaèlich B, Gaelich C. air fonn, etc., *om.* A.
 line 3 gorm-shuil A B, gorm-shùl C ; miogach A, miogach B C.
 4 na mìn A B, nam min C ; bhàs A B C.
 5 siubhlain reidhleach A B C.
 6 sleibhtean A B C ; Bhreatain A B, Bhreatuinn C.
 9 t-eideadh A B, t-éideadh C.
 10 eircadh A B C.
 11 Ghàèlach A B C.
 12 aluinn A B C.
 13 oidhche A, òidhche B C.
 15 ait A, àit B C ; nar A B, n-ar C.
 16 dùiseal A B, dùsal C ; oirn A B C.
 17 ged' A, ge d' B C.
 19 oigh na Gàelic A, òigh na Gàelig B, òigh na Gàèlig C.
 20 barr A B C.
 21 shoighn A B, sheòighn C.
 22 soid A, sgoid B, sgòid C ; re A B, ri C.
 23 na h-earradh A B C ; glé-mhaith A, glè-mhath B,
 glé-mhath C.
 24 dh'aodach A, dh'eacadh B, dh'eudadh C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 25 mileanta A B, mìleanta C.
 26 direach A B C.
 27 feornain A B, feoirnean C.
 28 broig A B, bròig C.
 30 gleachdanaich A B C.
 31 na, éibhinn A C ; na, èibhinn B.
 32 céudan A, cèudan B, ceudan C.
 33 reidh A, rèidh B, réidh C ; chomhnard A B C.
 34 ordugh A B C.
 35 sar-dhaitht' A, sàr-dhaitht' B C.
 37 narach A, nàrach B C.
 38 co A, cho B C.
 39 gun tug A C, gun d' thug B.
 41 còradh A B, còmhradh C.
 43 ceolmhoir' A, ceòlmhoir' B C.
 45 laidheadh, oirn A B C.
 46 na leon, na A, no leon, no B C.
 49 a Bhealtainn A B, a Bhealltainn C.
 50 lusanach A, lùsanach B C.
 52 aird A, àrd B C ; nan A C, na'n B.
 53 gleanntaibh A B, gleanntan C.
 54 cuirteasach A B C.
 55 gar A B C.
 56 surd A B, sùrd C ; moch-eiridh A B C.
 57 bithidh A, bi'dh B C.
 59 gobh'raibh A B C ; bhailg-fhionn A B, bailg-fhionn C.
 61 'san leimnich A B, 's an C.
 62 cheill A B C ; chin A B, chion C.
 63 comhraig A, còmhrag B, còmhrag C.
 64 sa snotach A, sa snòtach B, 'sa snòtach C.
 65 mise, a's A B C ; Mari A, Màrai B, Màiri C.
 66 la A, là B C.
 67 nan doire gèugach A, no'n doire gèugach B, no'n doire
 géugach C.
 68 nan èunan A, na'n èunan B, nan éunan C.
 69 smeorach A, smeòrach B C.
 70 ceol A, ceòl B C.
 71 'sa, orain A ; 'sa, òrain B C.
 72 sgornain A, sgòrnain B C.
 Note in C quotes *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica* in praise of Ross.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

Oran 17

- Intro. gun A B ; oig-fhear A B ; da A, d'a B ; dh'i A B.
 line 2 gun phiseach, gun bhuinig A ; gun bhuinig, gun phiseach
 B ; fein A B.
 4 na null, a bheallach, an dè A B.
 5 ged A, ge d' B ; tharladh A B.
 6 fharr A B ; na A B ; breùg A, brèug B.
 8 fear deoin, o'n a chlàir A B.
 10 caoidh A, càoidh B.
 12 ann a luib A B.
 13 dirich A B.
 14 èid-bheann A B ; nan A, na'n B ; stùchd A B.
 15 feigh A B.
 16 a g-ciridh nan A B.
 17 gun dhiuchui'naich A B.
 18 a bhùrn A B.
 19 ghiulan A B.
 21 d'theid A B.
 22 cluinnir A B (absolute).
 23 smeoraich A, smeòraich B.
 24 barraibh A B ; nan A, na'n B.
 26 a sugradh A, a sùgradh B.
 27 mhi-ghean A B.
 28 diblidh san A, dìblidh san B.
 30 t-èugais, cheill A B.
 31 gun, mairean A B.
 33 gorach A, gòrach B.
 34 dha t-altrum A B ; dochas A, dòchas B ; duil A B.
 35 deonach A B.
 36 phosadh A, phòsadh B.
 37 chairdean A B.
 38 pèin A B.
 40 ri fhaighinn A B ; leigh A, lèigh B.
 41 doruin A, dōruinn B.
 42 fadheoidh, mèud A B.
 43 on threig A B.
 45 Air leam A B.
 46 fein, gun, gàol A B.
 47 thrèig A B.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 48 sa, neo-spèis A B.
 49 na smaointaichinn A B.
 50 gu fasadh, càoin A B.
 51 bathain A B.
 52 laoid A, làoid B.
 53 raoghain A B.
 54 lèir A B.
 55 h-colaich A, h-còlaich B.
 56 spèis A B.
 57 a sùgradh, sa A B.
 58 rianador A, rianadair B ; fheadan, glèus A B.
 60 a glacadh, bhèul A B.
 61 ged' A B.
 63 cheol piobain A, cheòl piobain B.
 64 laidh, dheoin A B ; mhi-ghean A, mhi-dhean B.
 66 gun A B ; ni's mo A, mō B.
 67 Gearr-loch A, Gearr-Loch B.
 68 tus, Cinn-taile, na'm bò A ; tus, Cinn-tàile na'm bō B.

Oran 18

- Title oran air Cupid, etc. A B ; an ladie dubh C.
 line 1-3 hò rō A B, hò ro C ; ladie dhui' A B C.
 4 èibhinn A B, éibhinn C ; aigne A B, aigneadh C.
 7 sugradh ri mhathair A, sùgradh ri mhathair B C.
 8 suilean A B C.
 9 duil A B C ; ceol gair' A, ceòl gair' B, ceòl-gàir' C.
 11 aite A, àite B C.
 13 sathadh A, sàthadh B C.
 14 crìochan A B C.
 15 diaghaidh A B C ; fear leughaidh A B, fear- leughaidh C.
 16 dunadh A B C.
 18 ann a A B, ann á C.
 19 theagaisg A, theagasg B C ; beusach A, bèusach B,
 béusach C.
 22 a bhaindia A B, a bhan-dia C.
 24 dh'a maildeachd A B C.
 25 mhiagh A B C.
 27 suilean A B, sùilean C.
 28 dh'fheuchain A B, 'dh-fheuchain C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 29 ghleusadh A, ghlèusadh B C ; h-urlaim A B, h-ùrlaim C.
 30 baothair A, baothar B C.
 32 gun A B C.
 33 bùaile A B C.
 34 na lasair A B C.
 35 cha chuir A B C.
 36 mar, gun geill A B C.
 37 san A B C.
 39 eigin A, èigin B, éigin C ; umhlachd A B, ùmhlachd C.
 40 fheairde A B, fheairrde C.
 43 shuilcan A B C.
 44 gun, na A B C ; aigne A B, aigneadh C.
 45 na, na A B C ; dhusgadh A, dhùsgadh B C.
 46 fath A, fàth B C.
 47 caidridh A B C.
 49 ga A B C ; na sheomar A B, na sheòmar C.
 51 chomhnaird A B, chòmhnaird C.
 52 mu's, è A B ; mu's, e C.
 53 ga A B C.
 C adds another stanza, and a note in English.

Oran 19

- Title a bhaird A B C ; air a leannan A, air son a leannain B C.
 line 1 ged' A B C.
 2 cha'n A B C.
 3 luasgans' A B C ; aigne A B, aigneadh C.
 5 na lasair A B C.
 6 as ann mo A B, as na mo C.
 7 brosnachadh gèur A B C.
 8 'g-èridh A, g-èridh B, 'g éridh C ; 'sa A B C.
 9-15 eibhinn A B, éibhinn C.
 10 dail A, dàil B C.
 11 eibhinn bhinn A B, éibhinn bhinn C.
 13 binn eatrom A B C.
 16 easlain A B C.
 17 tri A, tri B C.
 18 lionadh A B C.
 19 dhiu stiuradh A B, dhiu stiùireadh C.
 21 cia mar 's leir A B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 23 eugmhais do mhanrain A, èugmhais do mhanrain B,
 éugmhais do mhàrain C.
- 24 ardan A B C.
- 25 mhanran A B, mhàran C.
- 26 fhiaras A B, fhiabhras C ; gu'n ghruaim A B, gun C.
- 28 cheol-bhinne A, cheòl-bhinne B C.
- 29 dh' èireadh A B, dh'eireadh C ; h-abhachd A, h-àbhachd
 B C.
- 30 'g-airreamh A, g-airreamh B, 'g aireamh C.
- 31 co'streupadh ri m' A B, co'streup ri mo C.
- 34 na'n A B, nan C ; t-snamh A, t-snàmh B C.
- 36 barraibh, sa mhàigh A B C (mnaigh C).
- 37 beusan A C, bèusan B.
- 38 na cail A, na càil B C.
- 39 lub A B, lùb C ; geilleadh A B C.
- 40 eigin do ghradh A B, eigin na gradh C.
- 41 gu'm bheil A B, gu'm beil C ; na h-eudann A B C.
- 42 feudainns' A, feudainn-s' B C.
- 43 ceutaidh A B C.
- 44 ceill a thoirt A B C.
- 45 featuinn A B, featainn C.
- 46 speis, san A B C.
- 49 èugail A B, éugail C.
- 50 leigh A B C.
- 53 chùireadh èugas A B, chuireadh eugas C ; mhin-mhal'
 A B C.
- 54, 63, 81 mhi-ghean A B C.
- 55 ghlacain A B, ghlacainn C.
- 56 gheobhainn A B, gheibhinn C.
- 58 coisir A B C.
- 59 ciuil A, ciùil B C.
- 60 shugradhs' A, shugradh-s' B, shùgradh-s' C.
- 61 a smaointeach A B C.
- 62 ann sa A B, ann sa' C.
- 64 briodal A, brìodal B C.
- 65 bhithinns' A, bhithinn-s' B C.
- 66 rimheach A B, rimheach C.
- 67 na'n A, no'n B C.
- 69 mhaileirtin A, mhaileirtinn B, mhalairtin C ; èibhneas
 A B, éibhneas C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 70 ga h- A B C ; car A, c ar B, c ar C.
 71 airson A, air son B C ; fhir-stat a A B, fhir-st ata C.
 72 airdid A B, airdead C.
 73 righ A B, righ C.
 74 airgid A B, airgeid C ; spr eidh A B, spr eidh C.
 75 raoghain A, raoghainn B, raghainn C ; mhin-mhal' A,
 mhin-mhal' B C.
 76 ribhinn, fein A B C.
 78 aite A,  aite B C ; ghrein A B, ghr ein C.
 79 mhanrain A, mh anrain B, mh arain C.
 80 thearnadh o bh eud A B, thearnadh o bheud C.
 83 ni's faide A B C.
 84 mhin-mhala A B, mhin-mhala C ; sh uairc A B C.
 85 oig mhin A B C.
 86 na choirean A B C.
 87 mo r un A, mo r un B C ; ann sa A B, ann sa' C.
 88 uat A B, bhuat C.

Oran 20

- Title na'n B, nan C.
 line 1 A chuachag B, Chuachag C ; na'n, cha idh B, nan,
 cha i' C.
 2 g- snaich B, 'g osnaich C ;  idhch' che thar B C.
 3 shiubhlainn le 'm' B C ; na'n B, nan C.
 4 gu'n duin' B C.
 6, 26 d orainn B, d orain C.
 7 chr utha B C ; sinte B, sinte C.
 8 ga'd' B, ga'd C.
 9 chunna', f ein, bhreug B ; chunna', f ein, breug C.
 10 dh' fhag, chr e B ; dh-fhag, chr e C.
 11 t e, a B C ; p ogadh B, p ogdh C ; b eul B, beul C.
 12 a briodal an deigh p osaidh B C.
 14 ghul B C ; d imeach B C.
 15 cuisle agus B C ; feith, chleibh B ; f eith, chl eibh C.
 16 co'-lath B C.
 18 chr euchdan B, chreuchdan C.
 19 t-fhonn slainte do'm B C.
 20  eibhneas B,  eibhneas C.
 21 f ailt' A B.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 22 ghraidh B C ; rèidh B, réidh C.
 23 aithear B, aighear C.
 24 grein' B, gréin' C.
 25 gháth, ráth B C.
 26 striochd B C.
 28 'thug, co'-lath B C.
 29 ghoid thu dhreach B, ghoid thu mo dhreach C.
 31 's mar, le t-, 's le t- B C.
 33 t-fháilt B C ; fanna-bhuidh' na'n B, fanna-bhui' nan C.
 34 fabhradh B, fabhrad C ; na'n B, nan C ; rösg B C.
 37 caol-taigh A B ; na'n B, nan C.
 40 na'm B, nam C.
 41 comhnard B C ; dheùd B, dheud C.
 42 suilean B C ; àirneig C, àirneig (glossed *A sloe, a berry of the blackthorn*) B.
 43 brèid B, bréid C ; feill B C.
 45 Ach 's truagh gu'n an t-éud B, 'S trua' gun an t-éud C ; chleibh B C.
 46 gad B C.
 47 na faighinn, pùsd' B C ; rèidh B, réidh C ; on a chléir B, chleir C.
 48 dhomh-fèin B, dhomh-féin C ; tearnadh B C.
 50 le d' cheileire, seinn B ; le d' cheileir a sinn C.
 51 na do, dh'òidhche sa B C.
 53 no sneachd B, na sneachd C.
 54 no canach B, na canach C ; mointich B C.
 55 na dheanadh, tarraing B ; nan deanadh, tarruinn C ; dlù' B C.
 57 rèidh, crè B ; réidh, cré C.
 58 ma'm, t-uaisle B C.
 59 èis a, fèin B ; éis a, fèin C.
 60 ghèug B, ghéug C.
 61 na b'thu-'s bhiodh B, na b'thus a bhiodh C.
 62 mas B C.
 63 ach a's goirid, gu faicear B ; ach's goirid, gu'm faicear C.
 64 präsgan B C ; a'g trà'l B, a' trà'l C.
 65 mollachd B, mallachd C ; a mhnaoi ghlùin B, a mhnaoi-ghlùin' C.
 66 sa B C.
 67 iùil B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 68 dùirig, fiù pòg B C.
 69 tinn gu'n B C.
 70 cuimhneachach B C.
 71 dheigh, thu-fein B C.
 72 gle B C.

Oran 21

- Title oran cadar am Bàrd A, am Bard B C, agus cailleach-
 mhilleadh A B C; -na'n dain- A, -na'n-dan B,
 -nan-dan C:
- Intro anns am bheil am Bard aig moladh a Leannain agus
 a' chailleach ga A B; dimoladh A, di-moladh B;
 anns . . . di moladh om C.
- line 2 a's mi A, 's mi B C.
 3 cha 'n urra, aireamh A B C.
 5 gum bheil dòrain A B, gu'm beil dòrain C.
 6 dha mo A B C; ruighean A, ruighinn B C; cho
 crùaidh A B C.
 7 an chion' A B, a' chion 'thug C; mi'n ribhinn
 A B C.
 8 dirich A B, dìrich C.
 9 shladi' A B, shladai' C; firinn A B C.
 10 bi' A, bi B C; g-innsea' na'm brèug A B, 'g innsea'
 nam bréug C.
 11 uat A, bh'uat B, bhuat C.
 12 da'ich A B C; sgèul A B, sgéul C.
 14 ceill A B C.
 15 urra' A B C; t'aicheamh A B, t-aicheadh C.
 16 barr A B C; dhi A, dh'i B C; chèud A B, chéud C.
 17 ma's i ribhinn A B C.
 19 t-onoir A B C.
 21 dar nach fonadh A, mar a foghainn B C.
 22 te A B C.
 25 ailte A, àilte B C.
 26 sa'n A B C; Roinn-corp A, Roinn-eòrp B C.
 28, 29, 41 na A C, no B.
 29 chlàrsach A B C.
 30, 42 beoil A B C.
 31 s'thug, d'i A B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 32 cha'n fhaod A B C ; bèò A B, beò C.
 33 d'fhosgal A B, d'fhosgail C ; thar chòir è A, thar
 choir e B, thar chòir e C.
 34 soradh A, sòradh B C ; a bhrèug A B, a bhreug C.
 35 liugha A, liughad B C.
 36 'sa'n A B, 's an C ; Roinn-corpa, leir A B C.
 37 ma's a, dh'i A B C.
 38 cha'n' A B C.
 39 ma's è A B, ma's e C ; 'gaol A B C.
 40 dhèigh A B, dhéigh C.
 41 ma's a A B C.
 42 beoil A B C.
 43 neonach A B, neònach C ; cuala' A B C.
 45 mar A B C ; n'iosal A B, 'n iosal C.
 46 diomhaireachd A B C ; mhor A, mhòr B C.
 47 eireadh A B C ; a cridhe A, a chridhe B C.
 48 ma A B C.
 49 'eucag A B C.
 50 barr A B C.
 51 caol-mhala' A B C.
 52, 66 suil, thlà A B C.
 53 min A, mìn B C ; t-shirist A B C.
 54 o' milis A B C ; failt' A, fàilt' B C.
 56 aogais, ghraidh A B C.
 57 mar A B C ; Feucaig A, feucaig B, Pecaig C.
 58 speis dhi' na dùdh A, speis dh'i no diùdh B, spéis dh'i
 no diù C.
 59 cha'n 'eil A B C ; na A, no B C.
 60 mar a toillich A B C ; t-shùil A B, t-sùil C.
 61 sa A B C.
 63 ge d' A B C ; h-eideadh A B, h-éideadh C.
 65 gnuis A B C.
 67 ge d', taitneachdain, annt A B C.
 68 gearr A B C.
 69 iathaidh A B C ; billibh A B, bilibh C.
 70 ghèarrt' A B, ghearrt C.
 71 seirce na'n A B, nan C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

Oran 22

- Title do'n chailin cheudna A B, do chailin àraidh D.
 Intro. airson, ris a bhard, anns an oran, chuala', am A,
 'm B; ann an oran, chuala D; mar gu'm A, mar
 cu'm B.
- line 2 sòg A, sòg B; gu'n A B.
 4 'g-ullachadh A B.
 5 a ghealach A B; dheilbhinn (glossed *A doll or image*) B.
 6 àit' a' measg nu'm A B.
 7 cha'n, comhnuidh, dhut' A B.
 9 mar A B.
 12 dha t-aireamh A B.
 16 gu t-ainm a chuir A B.
 17 gheala-ghriann A B.
 18 barra-bhilibh n'a'n A, barra-bhilidh na'n B.
 19 cuir A B; garbh-shleibhte A, garbh-shleibhtean B.
 20 air ainmoichid na'n A, ma ainmoichid na'n B.
 22 ceol A, ceòl B; 'sa fuinn, sa'n A B.
 24 Spainne A, Spainnte B.
 25 dhuit A, dhut B.
 26 srol na'n A B.
 27 og A, òg B; dh'i A B.
 28 bhain-tighearnan A B; t-ailteachd A, t-ailteach B.
 29 diuchdachan ag umhlachdadh A B.
 30 's a, gluinean A B.
 31 ciuin-shealladh A B; ghnuis-ghille A, ghnùis-ghille B.
 32 ùr-chosg, dhoibh A, ùr-chasg, dhiobh B; o'na A B.
 A B add two stanzas.

Oran 23

- Intro. áraidh airson A, araidh air son B.
 line 1 faran A B.
 2 boidheach, barr-fhion A B.
 3 fein, ga m' A B.
 4 áiridh cach.
 5 ni's faide A, mi's faide B.
 6 's na bi' A B.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 7 h-agalaidh A B.
 8 d' fhas A B.
 10 gun cualadh, sgeul' A B.
 11 mas a, na firinn è A B.
 12 ire e'n A, ir' e B ; drasta A B.
 13 ma dhial A B ; airson A, air son B.
 14 bhardan A, bhàrdan B ; na'n A B.
 15 piosagrìch A, piosagraich B.
 17 dan a t-shonais A B.
 19 oigh A, òigh B.
 21 a bhri', sgeul', chuala' A B.
 22 mar, a ruidh A B.
 23, 29 gun A B.
 24 nach toir A, nach d'thoir B.
 25 dhiult A B ; ban A, bàn B.
 26 a's A B.
 27 ghrainich A B.
 28 Ghearr-loch A, Ghearr-Loch B.
 29 gun A B.
 30 finealta A B.
 31 sibhealt A, sìobhalt B.
 32 mi-mhodh A B.
 33 ionnan A B : *cf.* 12, 2.
 34 failteach, farasd A B.
 35 eibhinn A B ; sugach A, sùgach B.
 37 dìreach A B.
 38 fìor-ghlan A B.
 39 min-gheal A B.
 40 ait A, äit B ; fein, laimh r'i A B.
 41 tapai A, tapaidh B ; malta A, malda B.
 42 tlachd-mhor A B.
 43 ciùineal A B.
 44 na miann A B.
 45 ge d' A B ; coladh è A, coladh e B.
 46 ga chodachadn A, ga chodachadh B.
 47 cordadh A B.
 48 oigh na'n A, òigh na'n B ; tlà-shuil A B.
 49 trèig A B ; dhurachd A, dhùrachd B.
 51 's a choill', nan smudanan A B.
 52 tus a Mhaighe A B.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 53 oig A, òig B ; drasd' A B.
 54 failt' a bhraidhe A B.
 56 dhi A ; dh'i B ; thà B.

Oran 24

air Fonn, Fad 's a mhaireas nì air mointich, etc., A,
om. B.

- line 1 Mile A B.
 2 am so, oirne A B.
 3, 5 fearr, da'n A B ; gaohair A, gaohar B.
 4, 6 t-sheors' A B.
 7, 9 Eilig (glossed *A Precipice*) A, eilid B.
 8, 10 comhnard A B.
 12, 14 na'n A B.
 16, 18 sioladh air a A B.
 19, 21 na briogsan A B.
 20, 22 ge d', na'm pòcaid A, na'm pòcaid B.
 23, 25 speis A B.
 24, 26 ged' A B.
 27, 29 fein A B.
 28, 30 'S a A B ; smeorach A, smeòrach B.
 31, 33 anns an choill' A B ; smudan A, smùdan B.
 32, 34 a chiuil sa'n dlù' chur corna A B.
 35, 37 coisirean, barr, gèige A B.
 36 anns an fheasgar A, anns a fheasgar B.
 38 anns an fheasgair A B.
 36, 38 cheitean bhoidheach A, cheitean bhòidheach B.
 39, 41 ma'n A B.
 40, 42 fogar A, fògar B.
 43, 45 lamh A B ; gle-gheal A, glè-gheal B.
 44, 46 ga phogadh A, ga phògadh B.
 47, 49 oidhche A, òidhche B.
 48, 50 caidribh A B.
 48 Moraig A.
 50 Mòraig A B.
 52, 54 Hanobhar A B.
 55 Albain, Eirin A ; Albainn B, Eirinn B.
 56 fein, chòradh A B.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

Oran 25

- Title Brughaichean A B C ; Ghlinn'-Braon A C, ghlinne Braon B.
- line 2 ribhinn A B, ribhinn C ; nan dlu- A, na'n dlù- B, nan dlù- C.
- 4 Brughaichean Ghlinne-Braon A B C.
- 6 fad A B C ; uat A B, bhua C.
- 7 shiaradh A, shiarrach B C.
- 9 cha'n fheud A B C.
- 10 gur e's beus A, gur e's bèus B, gur he's béus C.
- 11 dirich, brughach A B C.
- 13 a maillid A B, a maillead C.
- 16 a chaoil A B C.
- 17 a choil' A B C ; smudan A (glossed *The Ring-dove*) A B, smùdan B C.
- 18 a seinn ciuil A B, a seinn ciùil C.
- 19 smeorach A, smeòrach B C.
- 20 a cuir, diù A B C.
- 22 cach A B, càch C ; ga nar A B, ga n-ar C.
- 23 gu's bu deonach A, deònach B C.
- 24 nan A C, na'n B.
- 25 faireadh A B, fàireadh C.
- 26 lamh A B C ; mhuinneal A B, mhuineal C.
- 27 eisdeachd na luinneag A B, nan luinneag C.
- 28 a mullach A B, a' mullach C.
- 29 'ga raite A B, 'ga ràite C.
- 30 cha'n urra, aicheadh A B C.
- 32 airidh, saol A B C.
- 33 sa' A B C.
- 34 an am A B C.
- 35 prìosan A B, prìosan C ; na *Fràinge* A, na *Fhrainge* B, na *Frainge* C.
- 36 ainneart A B, ain-neart C.
- 37 seomraichean A, seòmraichean B C.
- 38 cheol A, cheòl B C ; na A, no B C.
- 39 ordugh A B C ; a Sasguinn A B, a Sasuinn C.
- 40 dhathaigh A B C.
- 41 ionnan A B C ; abhaist A B, àbhaist C.
- 42 ag siubhal na'm A B, a siubhal nam C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 43 a dìreach A B, a dìreach C ; nan ard-bheann A, nan
àrd-bheann B C.
44 fath A B, fàth C.
45 a siubhal A B C ; nan stuchd-bheann A, na'n stùchd-
bheann B, nan stùc-bheann C.
46 diultadh A B C.
47 fudair A B, fùdair C.
48 ghlun A B, ghlùn C.

Oran 26

- Title a bhaird A, bhàird B ; oga A, òga B.
Intro. 'san Gaelig A B.
line 2 gun treig, fheill, dail A B.
3 beul A, bèul B.
4 fìor, mar reitich A B ; cheill, trath A, chèill, tràth B.
5 a beist, bidh, gne choirre dh'i A B.
6 cuir, loinneal d'i A B.
8 ma's A B ; ail A, àil B.
10 grein, aird A B ; eudann A, eudainn B.
11 cheill A B.
12 mar, sibh' ar, fheill, na thrà A B.
13 *you'll want* A, *you want* B.
14 d' thoir, dh'i A B.
15 bidh sibh-sa, caoi' A B.
16 ga nar (l. nur) cramh A B.
17 cuis grain A B.
18 na briogaid, mhiagh A B ; pog A, pòg B.
19, 20 bidh A, bi'dh B.
20 na bial, na sron A B.
21 dh'i A B.
22 ise', cummanta A B.
23 cheilidh A, cheile B.
24 na A B.
26 mōiteil a mhuirn, è, gearr A B.
28 mugh, bruthain a Mhaigh A B.
29 oigh A, òigh B.
31 thrèigeas a mhaise sa A B.
32 'g-acan A, g-acain B ; è tràth A, e tràth B.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

Oran 27

- Intro. do dhuine A, dhuin' B ; araidh, re A B ; airson A, air son B ; cha dainig, dhathaigh A ; cha d'thainig, dhachaidh B ; mor A B ; chuir è A B ; tigh A, taigh B ; thoir A B ; thanaig A, thainig B ; b'è A B ; fheagal A, eagail B ; gun dainig A, gun d'thainig B ; na char, fadheoidh A B ; fein, se è, a phuill A B.
- line 2 'g-innseadh, nu'm brèug A B.
 3 chairide A, chairde B.
 4 è A, e B ; bèud A B.
 5 bas-bhualadh A, bäs-bhualadh B.
 6 cheill A B.
 7 chidheamaid A, chideamaid B.
 8 a tighinn A B ; thu fein A, thu-fein B.
 9 chi A B.
 10 maiséal, na h-àirm A B.
 11 a ri ! A B.
 12 t-fhearg A B.
 13 crodha an A, crodha 'n B ; ais-sith A B.
 15 co A, cho B.
 17 ardanach A, àrdanach B.
 18 cairdeach A B.
 20 du-lann A, du'-lann B ; gèur A B.
 22 a dol, strèup A B.
 23 dh'eircadh A B ; sog A, sög B ; oirn A B.
 24 cluinntin A B.
 25 na do sheannaileir A B.
 26 san A B.
 27 La Fontenoi A, Latha Fontenò B.
 28 leoghanta A B.
 30 gun ghlaic, san A B.
 32 a bhaile bhuap A B.
 33 chuis-thruais A B.
 34 na deann A B.
 35 a tilgeadh, na'n A B.
 36 fein A B.
 37 coisaichean A B.
 38 leir A B.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 40 's nach A, 's cha B ; na'n dèigh A B.
 41 b'fhada a bha A, b'fhada bha B ; ciosachadh A B.
 42 nan A, na'n Innsin B ; leir A B.
 44 geill A B.
 45 mar A B ; bhan A, bhàn B.
 46 a Pharlamaid ad dheigh A B.
 47 fhagail A B.
 48 ma'n A B ; d'readh A, d'read B ; shlainnt A B ; cis A,
 èis B.
 49 bha mi A, bhi mi B.
 50 na m' A B.
 51 a A B.
 52 ga faicinn, seol A B.
 53 o' she A, o' she- B.
 54 do'n òr A B
 56 Bhord A, Bhòrd B. A B insert 16 lines.
 57 Rìgh A B.
 58 san, fein A B.
 59 fein A B ; an nis A, an nise B ; è A, e B.
 60 A thiotag A, Thiotag B ; bhreug A B.
 61 rù, rā A B.
 62 sgeith A, sgèith B.
 63 Luireach-mhailleach, bearnach A B.
 64 fearr A B.

Oran 28

Intro. A rinn am Bard 'nuair a chualadh e gun do phos a Leannan A. A rinn am Bàrd nuair a phòs a Leannan (Mòr Ròs) air dh'i dhol dhachaidh do Shasgunn maill ri companach B. [A rin am bàrd an 'nuair a chual e gu'n phòs a leannan (Mor Ros) air dh'i dhol dhachaidh do Shasuinu maille ri còmpanach] C.

- line 1 na mo tha A, na mo thamh B C.
 2 damhair A B C ; dhom A, dhomh B C.
 3 ma'n A B C ; mhanran A B, mhàran C.
 4 gum A B C ; abhast A, abhaist B, àbhaist C.
 5 c'arson A B C.
 6 ma'n A B C ; oigh, diu A, òigh, diù B C.
 7 ge'd, luib A B C ; a graidh A B, a gràidh C.
 8 amhailtin A B, amhailtean C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 9 a feoraich A B C.
 10 leonadh A B C.
 11 raoghainn A B, raghainn C.
 12 on's A B C ; smaointeach A B, smaointinn C.
 13 cha'n A B C ; foil è A, foil e B, fòil e C.
 14 mho A, mhò B C.
 15 o A B, bho C.
 16 sheolas A B C ; naoinear A C, naoineir B.
 17, 25, 42 Cormaic A B C.
 20 ciuil A B, ciùil C ; da A B C ; gleusadh A, glèusadh B,
 gléusadh C.
 21 on A B C ; Finne A B, finne C ; diu-chal A, diù-chall B C.
 22 shugradh, bheusan A ; shùgradh, bhèusan B ; shùgradh,
 bhéusan C.
 23 bath mi'n guth an A B C ; orghain A B, òrghain C.
 24 toraghan A B C ; spéis dh'i A B, spéis dh'i C.
 25 dh' èirich A, dh'èirich B C.
 27 d'fhaighnich a fear A, d'fheòraich a fear B, d'fheòraich
 am fear C.
 28 an è A, an e B C ; goraich A B C ; d' fhas A B,
 dh'fhas C.
 29 liugha A, liughad B C ; beul-dhearg A C, beul dhearg B.
 30 beusach, narach A ; bèusach, nàrach B ; béusach,
 nàrach C.
 31 Finne A B, finne C ; fheil A B, fheill C.
 32 mànran A B, màran C.
 33 chualadh A B, chual' C.
 34 do-mhuchta A B, do-mhùchte C.
 35 è gu A, e gu B C.
 36 dhuthaich A B, dhùthaich C.
 38 caoin ruith A C, caoin ruidh B.
 39 gun A B C.
 40 binn cheol A, binn cheòl B, binn-cheòl C.
 41 òrghan A B C.
 42 ard-cheol A B C.
 43 mas A B C ; an Fhinne A B, an fhinne C ; an uachdar
 A, 'n uachdar B C.
 44 na A B C ; clarsaich A, clàrsaich B C.
 46 na Gaelig A, no Gàellig B C.
 47 d' fhaodainn A B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 48 smaladh A B, smàladh C.
 49 a ghaol A B C.
 50 threigeadh A B, threigsinn C.
 51 gur è chuir A B, gur h-è chuir C ; a laoid A B C.
 52 bean t-èugais A B, bean t-éugais C.
 53 'se 'n teirc A B, 's 'n teirc C ; ghnuis-ghil A B, ghnùis-ghil C.
 54 lub A B C.
 55 deann A B C ; lithich' A B, lighich C ; slan A, slàn B C.
 56 b' fhearr gum A B C ; t-eug A, t-èug B, t-éug C.
 57 ann do A B C.
 58 t' ailteachd A B, t-ailteachd C.
 59 oidhch' A, òidhch' B C.
 60 cha' n fhoiseadh san la A, cha 'n fhois anns 'an là B C.
 61 cha n' fhasa A B C ; ri mo rè A B, ri mo ré C.
 62 cha n' fhaigh A B, cha 'n fhaigh C ; brath A, bràth B C.
 63 annsa' A B C ; reith A, reidh B, réith C.
 64 na'm bäs A B, nam bäs C.
 65 chòradh A B, chòmhradh C.
 66 smeorach A B C ; nan A C, na'n B.
 66, 67, 68, 69 na A C, no B.
 67 sa mhadainn A B C ; Mhaighe A B, Mhàighe C.
 68 clarsach nan A, clàrsach na'n B C.
 69 la Domhnaich A, la Dòmhnach B, la Dòmhnach C.
 70 'sa mor-shluagh A B, 's a mòr-shluagh C ; eisdeachd A B C.
 71 na ged do chu'nnt a stòras A, no ge do chunnta stòras B, na ge do chunnta stòras C.
 72 na h-Eorpa A B C ; gu leir A B, gu léir C.
 73 c'arson A B C.
 74 leirsin A, leirsinn B C.
 75 ma facas A B, mas facas C ; t-aghaidh A B C.
 76 na'n A B, nan C.
 77 chliutach A, chliùtach B, chliùteach C.
 78 cha n'fhasa' A B C ; na'm A B, nam C.
 79 lathair as A B C ; t-èugmhais A, t-èugmhais B, t-éugmhais C.
 80 truagh A, truagh ! B C ; gu'm beil A B C ; run-sa A B, rùn-sa C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

line 82, 84 dha A B C.

83 chridhe a steach A, chridhe steach B C; 'ga ghiulan A B C.

86 a sùgradh A B C.

89 fagaiddh A, fasgaidh B C; dhuthaich A B C.

90 diuch'naich A B, diùch'naich C; pairt A B C.

91 sa A B C.

92 ga do chul A B, dha do chul C; faineach A B C.

93 èolas A B, éolas C.

94 a dh' ain-deoin A B C; chairdean A B, chàirdean C.

95 ghiulan A B, ghiùlan C.

96 lubas A B, lùbas C.

97 a nis o'n a A, a nis' o'na B, a nise bho'n a C.

98 mhànrán A B, mhàran C.

99 storasach A, stòrasach B C.

100 mor ann a' stata A B, mòr ann an stàta C.

101 ged', da'm dhi'-sa A B C.

102 cha'n islich A B C; pairtinn A B, pairtean C.

103 fìor-ghlan A B C.

104 diobair A B C.

105 mu's a triall, dail A B C.

106 aite na mor-sheol A B, aite nam mor-sheol C.

107 gu'n fhuireach, chairdean A B C.

108 dhaimh, t-eolais A, dhàimh, t-èolais B, dhàimh, t-eòlais C.

109 soirion A B C; speuraibh A B, speuran C.

111 eiridh, mor-thonn A B C.

111 aiseageas A B C; reidh ghaoith A B, réidh ghaoith C.

112 seolaid A B (glossed *A harbour* B), seol-ait C.

113 ur-sgeul A B C.

114 sa sheinn é A, sa sheinn e B, sa' sheinn e C.

115 e fein so chomunn og A, e-fein sa chomunn òg B, e-fein sa' chomunn òg C.

116 gle bhronach A B C; ma thiomchail A B, ma thimcheall C.

117 dh'i A B C.

118 gu'n chōradh A B, gu'n chòmhradh C.

119 s e A, 's e B C; dioladh A C, dialadh B.

120 pill è A B, pill e C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

Oran 29

- line 1 fo' mhulan B, fo' mhulad C ; sa'n B C.
 2 cha'n òlair, dram, sunnd B ; òlar, dràm, sunnt C.
 3 dùrrag, ghùr B C.
 4 d' fhiosraich, chāch B ; dh-fhiosraich, chāch C ; mo
 rùn B C.
 5 cha'n fhaic B, cha'n faic C ; 'dol B C.
 7 aigne B ; aigneachd C.
 8 o bharr na'n B, bho bharr nan C.
 9 bach'liche B C.
 10 ga t-iunndran B, ga t-inndran C.
 11 aite B, àite C ; fein B C.
 12 rè B, ré C ; ga' d' B C.
 13 'na d' dheigh B C.
 14 dèis B, déis C.
 15 na laidhe, san B C.
 16 nach d' theid, t-srèup B ; nach teid, t-sréup C ; ni's
 mō B C.
 17 'se d' fhag, trèud B ; 's d' fhag, tréud C ; iudmhail
 (glossed *A Fugitive*) B.
 18 nach d' thoir spèis B, nach toir spéis C ; mhnàoi B C.
 19 fo' bhreid B C.
 20 brās shilleadh dhèur om B, brās shileadh dhéur om C.
 21 b' fhearr, fein B C.
 22 cheill B C.
 23 millis do bhèul B ; milis do bheil C.
 24 no sèis B, no séis C.
 25 annduin' a chuilneas B, anduin' a chluinneas C.
 26 ag cuir B, a cuir C ; nadur B C.
 27 a cantain nach cil mi B C.
 31 gearainn B C.
 32 ghearain-sa B C.
 33 's fad a tha B C.
 34 cha', chlàin B C.
 35 a chuan B C.
 36 barraibh B C ; na'n B, nan C.
 37 'se iunndran d' àbhachd uam B, 'se iunndaran t-
 àbhachd bhuam C.
 38 snùadh B C.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 39 gu'n uail B, gun uail C.
 40 bhualadh B C.
 41 duisgear B C.
 42 air dòigh B C.
 43 togair B, togar C.
 44 na'n òg B, nan òg C.
 45 dirich B C ; bealach na'n B, bealach nan C.
 46 tòs B, tòs C.
 48 na'm B, nam C.

Oran 30

- Title Achasan A B.
 Intro. Dèudach A, Deudach B ; Fhrioscal A, Fhriseal B.
 line 1 Mìle, dhèide A B.
 3 d' fhàg A B.
 4 m' fheadail A, m'eudail B ; dheth A B.
 8 oirn A B.
 9 cha n'ail A, cha n'ail B ; gun d' theid A B.
 13 luaithe A, luathe B ; dh' eirich Domhnall Frioscal A B.
 14 as a A B.
 15 ire A, ire B.
 16 thruailleadh A, thruailleadh B.
 17 cha n' fhoghnadh A B.
 19 thu fein A B, bhuill deimh'se ('so ?) A, bhuill deis' B.
 20 da A B.
 21 cnaimhean A B.
 22 'sa dhèud A B.
 23 muill'ear ga A B.
 24 mhuillin A B.
 25 na mar A, no mar B.
 26 ga theann sparradh A B.
 27 glamaire A B.
 29 do dhrug A, do dhrùg B ; mar 'eil A B.
 31 an diol A, au diol B.
 33 du'-thuill (glossed *The Gael's primitive name for Artillery*
 B) A B.
 36 sgiursadh A B.
 37 peilairean A B.
 38 fudair A B.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- line 39 grain A B ; trudair A, trudar B.
 42 chuir A B.
 43 liugha A, liughad B ; bheur' A B.
 45 's a'n B.
 46 leir B.
 45, 46 *om.* A.
 47 edar A B ; Ila A, Ìle B.
 48 tir A, tir B ; Mhic-Ailean A B.
 49 no ged' do A, no ge' do B ; sineadh A B.
 50 aig a bhaille A B.
 A' Chrioch A, *om.* B.

GLOSSARY

a, pronoun, poss. m. sg. 3, used autonomously, *r'a amharc oirre*, at one's looking upon her 10, Intro. ; cf. 26, 6.

àill, earlier àil (1) *pleasing* 1, 18 ; 30, 9 : (2) *usual* 26, 8. For the meaning, cf. Gk. *φιλεῖ*, loves, is wont.

airsneul, m. *weariness*. *airsneal* 2, 54 ; an t-airsneul 3, 1.

aogas, m. *look*. *sud aogais mo ghraidh*, there for the look of my love 21, 56 ; *eugas* 19, 53. O.I. *ecosc*. *aogais* is confused with *eugmhais*, *absence* 19, 23, 70, 79. O.G. *écmais*, 'na *écmais*, in-com-gnáis.

athais, f. *affront, insult, disgrace* 22, 12. *ath-fios*.

bàth, baoth, *sinister, artificial* 5, 39. *bhàth* : *bàrr*.

bruidear, m. *torturer*, a *bhruidear* *mhilltich* 30, 7. *bruid*.

buaitheam, m. *common talk, hearsay* 23, 22. *bhuaibh-agam*, *I have it from you*, C.S. *buaidheam*, m. *fits of inconstancy or unsteadiness*, (?) H.B. *amorphous*, cpd. Gr., § 86.

caidreamh, m. *indulgence, caressing, cherishing*. d. sg. *caidrimh* (=caidriumh, cf. an *coinniumh*, *D. Ban*, p. 176, 259): *wrongly written caidribh* 24, 48, 50 ; *caidridh* 18, 47. *con-tirmim*, fut. sg. 3, *contirfea brón sochaide*, *society will comfort grief*, *Tbc* 3490 : v.n., *caidreamh*, hence denom. verb *caidir*. *tír, tirim*, *dry*, see *Ped. I.*, § 50, 4 ; and *tiorail*, *cosy*, *MacB.*

cailin, m. *girl*. *mo rùn an cailin* 13, 5, 6 ; *cailin fìncalta* 7, 37 ; 23, 30 ; an *cailin bu tlàithe* 29, 6 ; *tuigidh 'n cailin* 19, 88 ; 28, 29.

caoin, *peace, beauty* 4, 49.

caoin-ruith, m. *even running, dead-heat* 28, 38.

ceann-eagair, *first principle* 18, 18. *ceann+in-cor*, *Ped. II.*, 501.

cinneabhar, m. *head-dress* 22, 25. *ceann-bharr* H.B.

cion, m. *want* 16, 62. O.I. *cin, cinad*, *fault, desire*.

cion, f. *love*. *giùlan a cion falaich* 13, 4 ; *leis a' chion* 21, 7 ; *cuspair mo chion* 13, 26 ; *mo chin'* (=chinn) B, see *Gr. p.* 201.

GLOSSARY

- cluinn, *hear, feel, mark.* nach cluinn thu . . . a' bhruthainn . . . 's beannachdan? 4, 9; *cf.* ad-cluinim, Togail na Tebe, Ind.; and Welsh, cyn i'ch crochanau glywed y mïcri, *before your pots can feel the thorns*, Ps. lviii., 9.
- còir, *nearness, reach* 10, 36; 10, 50. From O.G., *corrici* 2 s. of *conricim*, G. gu ruig. Prep. in regula raises stress from second to first syllable, corr- becomes còr- by compensatory lengthening, vanishing final -icci infects còr- making còir, Gr. § 86. comhair, f. *direction*, H.B., is a different word.
- comhanta, *valiant* 3, 28. Fir chomhanta 'n àm na comh-stri, S.O. 155^bx (170^{at}).
- comh-dhosgairn, f. *equally shared misfortune, sympathy* 6, 36.
- conach, *rich, prosperous* 23, 19. cpar. ní as conaichi, gl. felicior, Contrib. p. xxix.
- cron, *a challenge of title deeds or property, claim* 1, 46; 10, 45. MDs. iv. 150, 59; 422, 21-24. Note L.
- da, dha, in Gairloch for do: da m'dhith-sa 28, 101; tha sud da m' ruagadh 28, 87; dha do chàirdean 2, 39; dha d'bheul 13, 20; dha do dhiteadh 15, 29; with rel. gach òigh eile da cluin so, *every other maid (of those) who will hear this* 5, 109; tròcair dha'n d'fhuair a'chailleach, *but the mercy (such as) the old woman got* 14, 9; 5, 129.
- da'ich = ipv. sg. 2 of dathaich, *colour* 21, 12. da'ich-do-sgeul, an amorphous noun cpd. = ad?
- dalldach, *fosterling* 18, 26: feallsach. daltach, H.B.
- de, reduced to aspiration, Bhreatainn 16, 6; 24, 51, 53; 11, 23.
- dhiuchd, *came* 1, 17; 10, 17; 10, 47; 18, 30; do dhiuchd 5, 61; rel. a dhiuchdas 5, 93; dhiuchdadh 20, 20. di-tiochd, Gr. p. 287.
- diù-chall, *worthlessness, contempt* 28, 21.
- do, reduced to (1) a, a bhràighe 23, 54. (2) aspiration, thir a mhonaidh 11, 25; with art. do'n, *towards the*, becomes 'na, 'na choirean 19, 86.
- do bhi = bha. do bhí, pf. sg. 3 (Irish) táim 5, 5.
- doimeach, *vexed, grieved, sore* 20 14; *cf.* soimech. dòimeach: cò'-lath.
- dòrainn, f. *distress, anguish* 20, 6, 26. Ir. doghrainn.
- driug, dreag, *meteor, portent* 30, 29.
- dubh-tholl, m. *black-bore, cannon*, pl. dubh-thuill, *artillery* 30, 33. dù-thuill: bhrùideal. *dubh-thuill: sinne*

GLOSSARY

dùth-lann, f. native blade 2, 28; 27, 20. For "Iron ore and Ironworks" see Dixon's *Gairloch*, Part I, Chapters XVII, XVIII, XIX.

eagnachd, f. wisdom, prudence 18, 17.

eanadas, m. consent, unanimity 23, 27. aontas, Dinn.

éididh, m. clothes 4, 79. O.I. étitud.

éislean, grief, care 19, 16. éislein : éibhinn.

éitigh, hateful 4, 70.

eucail, f. sickness, whim, fancy 4, 75; eugail 19, 49. an+càil.

faiceanta, seeing, shrewd, fierce-eyed 10, 69.

fara, farral, id. 27, 36.

farasda, gentle 5, 54; 23, 34. Ir. forasda. fo-ro-fiss-, v.n. of finn-, Ped. II. 676.

farrach, f. force, violence 23, 3. forrach, Ped. II. 526

farran, id. vexation 23, 1. forrán, oppression, Ped. II. 526.

fàrsan, m. peddling 3, 33; 7, 9; 11, 1; 13, 14. sní; Gr. p. 285.

am Fear mor, m. the Devil 27, 7.

feiteach, blast 28, 41; cf. peiteach, m. music, H.B. seth = spi-t, L. spi-rare, Ped. II. 628.

fos-near, fainear, under observation 17, 32; but see Gr. p. 22.

fos n-iosal, os-iosal, quietly, secretly, lowly 6, 27; 21, 45.

fuar, I have found. dar fhuar pf. act. sg. 1 : 3, 7 A.

furasda, easy 5, 125. ur-usa.

ga for dha 28, 92 A B; for gu+a 1, 30; 7, 6. dha for ga 21, 6 A B C; 17, 34 A B.

garan, earlier garàn, m. thicket 2, 11; 5, 94.

geibhinn, gyve, fetter, unpleasantness 11, 46. geibhionn, H.B.

gloir = glòr, m. sound, voice 13, 18.

gobhar, m. goat. na gobhraibh (= gobhair) bhailg-fhionn C 16, 59.

innseag, f. little island, mead 4, 45; Innseag, see *Auch*.

iompaidh, turns, pres. sg. 3; iompaim 10, 27. = iompaichidh, H.B.

iudmhaile, m. fugitive, stray 29, 17.

laoid = lughaide, littleness 17, 52; 25, 12; 28, 51.

le, and ri often govern acc. (now nom.) as in O.G., le tòn :

tha 5, 100; leis a' chion 21, 7. ri gaillean 11, 15; ri d' bhuidhean 15, 46; 16, 63.

leidigeadh, m. attending 27, 51. leitig *convoy* H.B.

màilleach, f. mail, made of rings (màille) 27, 63.

? must write nansach 1, 19 (i.e. mall shluagh?)

GLOSSARY

mal shluagh, m. *crowd, profanum vulgus, dullards* 1, 19; 14, 78. *mall*, as in Ir.

metre often over-*rules* grammar, e.g. pòg : 'na sròn 26, 20; cuinneadh : nan suinn 9, 19; tha mo rùn : chiùin 11, 59.

muir bàit', n. (*bàidiud*, g.s. *bàidhte*, as in O.I.), *drowning sea* 6, 10.

muireardach, f. *murderess, champion, undaunted female*. m. *maide, m. of a wooden ball* 11, 55. S.O., Ind. Note D.

mùirneal, (*mùirnean*), m. *darling* 3, 21. *adj*

'n = *don*, 'n *ribhinn* 21, 7; 'n *talamh sin* 27, 43; = *nan*, 'n *garbhlach* 2, 49.

nar = *ar*, *our* 5, 83; 6, 59; 16, 15; *ga nar* 25, 22.

nur = *ur your*, *ga nur* 26, 16; 11, 75.

nasal assimilated before f. l. m.n.

dha, = *dam*, = *dan* : *dha falbh mi* 28, 84; *a dh' fheuch a fearr* 11, 3; *co fear mòr* 27, 7; *gu faral* 27, 36; *o là* 5, 98; *a maillead* 25, 13; *dha maiscal* 27, 10; *o milis* 21, 54; *na monaichean* 2, 84; *na mòr-sheol* 28, 106 A B; *o nach* 1, 12; 21, 8; *gu nos* 4, 55; *da cluinn* 5, 109; *but am fàgail* 5, 91.

ni co n-, *ni 'm bu* 2, 31. Gr. p. 204.

nochdair, t-pf. pl. 3, of *nochd*, *show* 28 37.

òigh-cheol, m. *virginal, spinet* 11, 80; 16, 44.

òinseach, òinseach f. *foolish woman, bagpipes* 11, 70. (M.I. 7)

ònmit; W. *ynfyd*; E. *unwit* + *seach*. Gr. 191.

Predicative genitive with *is* (here omitted) —

Sud aogais mo ghràidh, yon (for) the look of my love 21, 56; see Thur. 156, a), b). Cf. 'S *nach athais sinn dha t'àireamh, since is it not a disgrace, we (to be) of thy set?* 22, 12; — where *athais* (pred.) is nom. case. Note M.

rèabhair, *a gadabout* 30, 44. *rèabhair* : *bheur*.

readh = *reathadh*, = *rachadh*, 27, 48.

reiste, *arrears, debt, bankruptcy, attainder* 9, 16. Fr. *être en reste*, pl. *restes*, Sc. *restes* (Jamieson), L. *restare*. Chaidh a *reist*, *he was sold out*, C.S. Tìree. The modern meaning developed from *in arrear, in consequence, to then*. Note C.

Rù rà = *rùn rán, very splendid mystery, topsy-turvey, turmoil* 27, 61; Aur. Ind.; LU. 449.

-sa = *-san*, sg. 3, emphasising possessive pronoun. *a rùn-sa* 7, 33; *dha mhiann-s'* 7, 18; *cha b'è chomain-s'* a bh'ann 15, 14; *a ainm-sa*, Ross's Monument, p. xxix.

GLOSSARY

sàradh, m. (1) *excellence, perfection, crowning* 2, 88. *sàr excellent.* (2) *arrestment for debt, opposition, stop.* *sàr oppression* 25, 31. *Chuir thu sàradh anns na Fionntaibh, thou hast opposed the Fingalians; cuiridh sinn sàradh san ealaidh, we shall put a stop to the fun,* Arms. *Sàradh, a broaching,* appears in (1) S.O., Glossary, p. 376 (saradh 446); (2) *cur sàradh a fion 's 'ga òl, Bàrdachd Ghàidhlig* 5862, Faclair, p. 342 (*sàradh broaching*); (3) G.S.M.M., 763, where A' cuir sàradh am fion, S.O. 30^ax (34^b2), is altered to A' cur sàraidh air fion, and rendered *making wine flow free, sàradh, m. act of broaching,* Vocabulary, p. 153. Note K.

seòighn, *superior, excelling* 10, 44; 16, 21. O.I. sécond.
sladaidhe, m. *plunderer* 21, 9.

suilbhear, *affable, bluff* 2, 87; 4, 1. so+labhair.

svarabhakti vowel (1) written but not counted in scansion, gheala-ghlaic 2, 52; geala-mhin 5, 29; talamhaidh 22, 13; gheala-ghrian 22, 17; barra-bhilibh 22, 18; toragan, A B C 28, 24. (2) Written and counted in scansion, iarratach 7, 17; iarratas 8, 43; iunndaran 29, 37 C; eanadas 23, 27. (3) Not written, but counted in scansion, cuilbheir 2, 51; an t-arm dearg 27, 16; 30, 35.

tearbadh, m. *sundering* 1, 24; 28, 35. *derban, di-ro-ben, hinder,* Ped. II. 445.

teirmeasg, m. *confusion, mishap, plague* 28, 49. *to-air- mesc.*

tì, gu'n tì, subj. pres. (as future) sg. 3, of tig 11, 49.

togair, *desire, wish.* nach togair thu, gheug, suas leam 20, 60; ma thogras iad 3, 51; no geda thogradh tu 30, 49. to-od-gair.

torghan, m. *purling noise, murmur, peal* 28, 24. *to-orcun.*

tòsan, tàsan, m. *prelude, tedious discourse, lay* 5, 106.

treachail dig, treachail dig a grave (M'A.); v.n., a' trà'l m'uaigh-sa 20, 64. *tre-clad.*

trid-a-bac, m. *mistake, ill-luck* 27, 58. *trideabac, H.B.*

trudair, m. *stammerer, vile fellow* 30, 31.

tuairgneadh, m. *confusion, twisting cruelly* 30, 20. *tuarcun, to-f-orcun,* Ped. II. 590.

turaichean air tharaichean, *hutherum and tutherum, heels over head in flight* 27, 39. Cf. *turaich air tharaich, pell-mell,* C.S.

PROPER NAMES

- Alba, f. gen. *Scotland* 11, 81.
 Albannach, m. *Scotsman* 3, 11.
 Arcamb, Arcaibh, *Orkney* 3, 13.
 Auch, Innseag blà-choill, 13, 47, the old form of the name is Achadh Innis Chalainn, *the field of the haugh of Calann*, which is the name of the stream beside the haugh. Chalainn was replaced by Chuilinn, *of holly*, because according to tradition holly once grew there abundantly, and was still in 1912 according to *D. Ban*, p. 589, "represented by a single fine specimen, long past its best, growing in a corner of the garden." Owing to drastic changes recently, the garden has been built upon, and the old holly tree has perished; but its corroborative testimony to Ross's visit is not weakened. Cf. Note E.
 Bhenus, f. *Venus* 10 53; 18, 21.
 Blàth-bheinn, f. *Blaven*, a peak (3046 ft.) of the Coolin Hills in Skye 1, Title; 1, 9.
 Braid-Albann; *Breadalbane* 11, 2.
 Bràighe, *Braes*. bràighe cheann Loch-iugh, *the Heights of Kinlochewe*, S. end of Loch Maree, on Ceann Lochiugh river 11 56; Dixon's *Gairloch* 193, 6.
 Breatunn, f. *Britain*, d. sg. carrann de Bhreatainn 13, 14; sléibhtean Bhreatainn 16, 6; 9, 26; Rìgh Bhreatainn 24, 51, 53; 'm Breatain mhòr 7, 24; mhòr: chòraichean.
 Bruthaichean Ghlinne Braon, *the slopes of the Valley of Braemore or big Strath of Lochbroom* 25, 4.
 Cailean, m. *Colin* 5, Title; 5, 65.
 Cataich, *Sutherland men* 10, 63.
 Cill-Fhinn, Cill-Fheinn, *Killin* 11, 9.
 Cinn-Fhaolain, *see* Srath Chinn-Fhaolain.
 Cinn-tàile, *Kintail* 17, 68.
 Clann-Eachuinn, *Hectors, Mackenzies of Gairloch* 11, 28.

PROPER NAMES

Coire-Chormaic 11, 8; on S. side of River Lochay, two miles or so from Killin. Here Angus Og, wounded in a foray on Glen Lyon, died. He is celebrated by Iain Lom.

Cupid, m. 10, 79; 28, 8.

Dail-flòran, f. *Flowerdale* 2 10. The mansion-house of the MacKenzies of Gairloch, built by Sir Alexander IX. in 1738 to replace the old family residence Stankhouse (Moat House), which had replaced Tigh Dige. Dixon's *Gairloch* p. 54.

Dubh-Ghall, *MacDougall*, dark-skinned stranger from the Baltic, *Caithness man* 10, 61; *Lowlander with no Highland interests* 13, 38.

Dùn-can, *MacLeod's Table*, *Healaval Bhcag*, a flat-topped mountain (1601 ft.) in Raasay, now pronounced Dun-canna 1, 48. On the other table, *Healabhal Mhòr* (1530 ft.), MacLeod is said to have lunched, then dined on H.B., ten miles from home.

Eachunn = each + donn, *horse-lord*, Englished *Hector* from the horse-tamer of Troy; hence Eachunnach 2, 23; 2, 47.

Eachunn Ruadh air thùs, *Hector Roy I. MacKenzie of Gairloch* 11, 84. Sir Kenneth VIII. was First Baronet, hence Sir Hector Roy (XI.) 2, Title; 2, 25.

Eòrpa, f. *Europe* 11, 68.

Flodden 11, 85.

Fraing, f. *France*. druaid na Frainge 14, 24; 15, 18.

Gall, m. *Lowlander* 15, 24.

Galldachd, f. *Lowlands* 11, 57.

Geàrr-loch, m. *Gairloch* 11, 22, 28, 33; 17, 67; 23, 28.

Glen Tanagaidh, Tannagaidh, an upland valley in the parish of Gairloch, debouching on the Heights of Kinlochewe 23, 25. The name is used as a sobriquet for the tacksman.

Ile, *Islay* 30, 47.

Inbhir-iugh, *Inver-ewe*, west end of Loch Maree, p. xi., line 12. River Ewe enters sea at Poolewe; Mansion House half-mile to East round the bay.

Irt, Hirt, Hiort, *St Kilda* 30, 47.

Lairc-Ila, hill and lochan, near Killin Junction 11, 5.

Leitir Laomuinn, f. *Lomond-side* 5, 60, near west Highland corner of Perthshire, where the Bard was travelling 5, Intro. Note E.

PROPER NAMES

- Leòid, sìol Leòid, *MacLeods* 1, 46.
 Lunnainneach, m. *Londoner* 3, 60.
 MacChumhail, m. *Fionn* 11, 53.
Mac Ailein (Muideartach) 30, 48.
 Mac-Iain, an t-Olla, *Dr Johnson* 15, 37 ; Memoir, p. xx, xxi.
 MacShimidh, m. Son of Simon, *Lord Lovat* 30, 30.
 Marcus nan Greumach, m. *Marquis of Graham* 3, Title ; 3, 17.
 Mòr, f. *Sarah, Marion*. aig Mòir 10, 40 ; 10, 55.
 Na Hearradh, *Harris*. cailleach anns na Hearradh 14, 10 :
i.e. Mairi Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, Mary MacLeod, S.O.
 pp. 20-31 (23-35).
 Peairt, *Perth* 30, 47.
 Roinn-Eòrpa, f. *Europe* 10, 34 ; 21, 26.
 Sasgunn, Sagsunn, *England* 30, 35.
 Srath Chinn-Fhaolain, *Strath of Fillan-head* 11, 17. River Fillan
 flows from Conenish into Loch Dochart at Crianlarich.
 Srath-Mhic-Ionmhuinn 1. Intro. ; more properly clann
 Fhionghain 's fir an t-Sratha, G.S.M.M. 967.
 Srath min na Làirce 13, 46. Note E.
 Tearlach, m. *Prince Charlie* 6, Title ; 6, 23.
 Tòiseachd, f. *Ferintosh*, a whisky distillery, west of Dingwall 14,
 21 ; 15, 19, 21.
 uisge-Thuaid, m. *the river Tweed* 3, 13.
 Tulach-Armuinn 13, 45. Note E.



