



Campbell. l. d. 38

J. J. Campbell
wishing him many happy
returns of the day
29th Dec^r 1862



S E A N D A N A;
L E
OISIAN, ORRAN, ULANN, &c.

A N C I E N T P O E M S
O F
OSSIAN, ORRAN, ULLIN, &c.

COLLECTED IN THE
WESTERN HIGHLANDS AND ISLES;
BEING THE ORIGINALS OF THE TRANSLATIONS SOME TIME
AGO PUBLISHED IN THE GAELIC ANTIQUITIES.

BY *JOHN SMITH, D.D.*
MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT CAMPBELTON.

*" Rusticitas mihi prisca placet, salebrosoque vocum
Fragmina, quæ patriis in montibus audiit olim
Cum proavis, alavus, quique hos genuere parentes."*

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TO THE
NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE
HIGHLAND SOCIETY
OF LONDON,

THIS COLLECTION OF
ANCIENT GAELIC POEMS,
THE PUBLICATION OF WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN

Pleased to PATRONIZE and ENCOURAGE,

Is most Respectfully INSCRIBED,

By their much obliged and most humble servant,

THE EDITOR.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poems contain many examples of whatever is beautiful or sublime in composition; but being collected from various editions, they may in some places appear, perhaps, inelegant and abrupt; it being sometimes necessary to take half a stanza, or perhaps half a line, from one edition to join to as much of another.

As these Poems were, for the most part, taken down from oral recitation, frequent mistakes may have been made in the proper division of the lines, and in the assigning of its due quantity to each: a matter to which the poets themselves do not always seem to have been very attentive, their measure often varying as their subject changes.

As those who recited ancient poems took frequently the liberty of substituting such words as they were best acquainted with in the room of such as were more foreign or obsolete, a few words which may perhaps be considered as modern or provincial may occur in the course of these compositions. To expunge these words, when none of the copies in the Editor's hands supplied him with better, was a task which he did not consider as any part of his province. He regrets that he did not know, till they had gone to the Press, that
many

many parts of them were well known in Ireland*, otherwise he should have endeavoured to procure some editions from that quarter, although it is probable they would not be very different from those found in the isles and Scottish coasts contiguous to it. He hopes, however, that with all their imperfections, these Poems have still so much merit as to give the reader some idea of what they had once been; that the venerable ruins are a sufficient monument of the former grandeur of the edifice.

A N

* This intelligence is derived from a late Irish writer, who, having had frequent occasion to cite these poems in order to illustrate his subject, adds, "I have taken those passages from Mr Smith's poems, because his poems are known to be translations from the Irish in many instances."—And elsewhere, "Mr Smith has freely and elegantly translated a poem on the death of Dermid, intitled, *Mar mharbh Diarmad an Torc nimbe*."

Mr Walker's *Hist. Memoirs of Irish Bards*, p. 21. & 39. Dub. 1786.

AN CLAR-INNSIDH.

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D A N



DAN AN DEIRG*.

A CHEUD CHUID.

FEUCH Dearg fan doire na aonar,
'S e 'g eifdeachd ri caoiran na coill ;

A

Feuch

* *Dàn an Deirg* is ascribed to the Bard Ullin, who was somewhat prior to Ossian, and seems from the following old distich, to have been always held in high estimation :

“ Gach dàn gu dàn an Deirg,

'S gach laoidh gu laoidh 'n Amadain mhoir.”

In a dissertation on the authenticity of Ossian's poems, prefixed to the translation of this collection, which was published a few years ago, the *Æra* in which Ossian lived, was supposed to be the end of the third, or beginning of the fourth century. Hector Boëthius, whose history, dedicated to James IV. was published in 1526, conjectured that he lived about a century later.

“ Conjiciunt quidam in hæc tempora (*Scilicet* tempora quibus regnavit Eugenius Filius Fergusii 2di qui obiit A. 462.) Finnanum filium Coëli, vulgo vocabulo Fyn mac Coul ; virum, uti ferunt, immani staturâ, (septenum enim Cubitorum hominem fuisse narrant) Scotici sanguinis venatoriâ arte insignem

Feuch taibhse Chrimin' * air cheo-tràgha,
 'S na feidh nan tàmh air Sgur-eild' †.
 An fealgair na fleibh cha taoghail,
 Tha Dearg is a ghaothair brònach ;
 'S tha mise le d' fgeula fo mhulad,
 Tha mo dheoir a' fruthadh an cònuidh.

SAN là ud, bha Comhal ‡ nan buadh
 Le cheol, is le shluagh air an leirg,
 (Ge h-ìosal fo chluainein and fheidh
 An diugh an Laoch treun ann am feirg,

A

*signem, omnibusque insolitâ corporis mole formidolosum :
 Circularibus fabulis, et iis quæ de Arthuro Britonum rege,
 passim apud nostrates leguntur simillimum, magis quam eru-
 ditorum testimonio decantatum."*

BOETH. Hist. Scot. l. 7 ad finem.

ARCHBISHOP USHER places Cormac, and some other of the heroes cotemporary with Ossian, somewhat later, but in the same century.

* Cri'-min, "tender heart"; she was the second spouse of Dargo. The sequel of this poem gives her history.

† Sgur-eild', "the hill of roes:" the name of a rock or mountain.

‡ Cao'mhal, (contracted Cuäl) "mild brow" the father of Fingal, and grandfather of Ossian.

A leaba fò-chòs nan clach *,
 Am fasga na daraig aosda,) 1
 Bha laoich ri 'n fleaghan an taic,
 An fuilean glaisfe, 's an aghaidh aomta.
 Mor-ghaisg an Rìgh's Innse-faile †,
 Trà sguab iad an àrach le cheile,
 Sheinn am Bard :—tra chunnas bàrca,
 'Si feola gu tràigh na nial-eide.

“ 'S i long Innse-fàile ta ann,
 † 'S i lann a bhuail am beùm-sgèith' ud ;

A 2

Grad-

* In ancient times large flag-stones were raised over the tombs of eminent persons, as a monument of their fame. In Ossian we read sometimes of the “ three,” and sometimes of the “ four Gray stones.” Many of these rude pillars, of an immense size, are still to be seen.

† By *Innis-fail*, and *Innse-fail*, is understood a part of Ireland, and perhaps of the Hebrides, inhabited by the Fians.

‡ *al.* 'S a chrann-tàra suas ris na speuraibh.

The crann-tàra, or “ beam of gathering,” used for a signal of distress, or to communicate any alarm, was a piece of wood half-burnt and dipt in blood. See Ol. Magnus, p. 146. A flame or fire kindled on eminencies, was often used for
the

Grad-leumaibh, thar barra nan tonn,
Gu fonn an Rìgh tha na eigin."

'S bu gharbh an doinionn a' deas
A' gleachd r'ar fiuil bhreid-gheal ;
Tra thaom an òiche nar còail,
Air cuan dòbhidh nan tonna beucaach.

" CION am fà bhi 'g udal cuain,
Is eilean fuar nan geotha crom,
A' fgaoileadh a fgiath nar coinneamh,
Gu'r dìon o dhoininn na h òiche ?
Tha e crom mar bhogh' air ghleus,
Tha e fèimh mar uchd mo ghaoil,
Caithemid an òiche na fgeith,
Ionad aoibhinn nan aifling caoin."

'S chualas a chomhachag a' creig,
'S guth bròin ga freagairt a h uaimh ;

Guth

the same purpose. (See Ossian's works, poem of Carric-thura.) We find this last signal mentioned by Jeremiah, to denote distress. " Blow the trumpet in Tekoa, set up a sign of fire in Beth-haccerem ; for evil appeareth out of the north, and great destruction," chap. vi. 1.

Guth Dheirg, arfa Cuäl, 's e th' ann,
 A chaill finn fa chuan onfhach,
 Tra pill finn o Lochlann * nan crann
 'S gach doinionn gu teann gar lèireadh.
 'Thòg tuinn an cinn ro neoil,
 Dh'fhàs fleibhte ceo air an lear,
 'S a mhuir sholach, mholach, stuaghlas
 A' luafgadh o noir gu n ear.

“ A DHEIRG fin am barraibh nan crann,
 Is fann an iall ris an d'earb thu ;
 Mòr-bheinn cha'n fhaic thu gu bràth ;
 † Tha d' fhalt ànrach air tuinn ga luafga'.
 —Is mor do bheud, a dhoinionn ;
 'Togaibh, a thaibhfe, leibh e.”
 —Ach cha chual iad ar guth, arfa Cuäl,
 O's dubhach, a laoich, do chònuidh !

O THAIBHSE bho Lochlann nan crann,
 A lean finn gu teann thar chuanta,
 Ma 's sibh tha ga choimhead an fàs,
 Ge lionor, cha tàir sibh buaidh air.

Thig

* *Lochlann*, the name which the ancient Highlanders
 gave to Norway, or Scandinavia in general.

† *al.* Dh'fholuich tonna-baite uainn tha.

Thig Treunmor * le dhoininn ro-ghairg,
 Gu'r ruaga na fheirg, mar fhoghnan mìn ;
 Is marcaichidh Dearg air iomall a fgeith,
 Le greadhnas gu clanna nan fion.
 —Cluinnear nuallan do bheoil,
 Ulainn, le feoid an àigh,
 O's aithne dhoibh uile t èigheach,
 Innis gu d' thig Treunmor gun dàil.

“ BEAN-

* *Treun-mor*, “ tall and mighty,” the father of Comhal, and grand-father of Fingal. Among the ancient Highlanders proper names were all descriptive. Many of those names are still retained, as *Donn-cheann* (or *Donncha*) “ brown-haired ;” *Donn-shuil* (or *Donull*) “ brown-eyed ;” *Gorm-shuile* (or *Gormula*) “ blue-eyed.” Even when they have other names, such as Peter, John, James, &c. descriptive epithets are as frequently annexed as the proper surname. Thus, John Black, if he happen to be fair-haired, will probably be better known by the name of John White, than by his proper surname. Giraldus Cambrensis, in describing the manners of the Irish Highlanders, has taken notice of this custom. “ *Liberis, cum ad sacrum baptismum accedunt, profana nomina imponunt, annectentes Albus, Niger ; vel ex morbo, scabie, calvitio ; vel ex scelere, ut latro, superbus ; ac licet contumeliarum sint impatientissimi, hæc tamen nomina non dedignantur.*” Apud CAMB-
 DEN in *Hibern.*

“ BEANNACHD do t anam, is buaidh,
 Ma 's carraig no uaimh do chònuidh ;
 O ! 's deacair leinn fhad 's tha thu uainn,
 Aig taibhfe Lochlann, fa chuan dòbhidh.
 Ma 's e cath thaibhfe nan nial,
 No 'n iallach cruaidh tha ga d'theanndach,
 * Tha Treunmor a' teachd le lainn thana,
 'S le sgèith alluidh g' am fuadach'.
 Mar chrion-dhuilleach an daraich
 Air a chratha' † le franna-ghaoth fàfaich,
 Ruaigidh e 'n taibhfe gu luath ;
 ‡ Beannachd is buaidh leat ad tràfa.”

“ 'S gur ioghna leam fein do ràite,
 Bhaird Chuil, 's nach b'e àbhaist
 Laoich do thighe riabh gu fàgadh
 Iad an caraid an uair gàbhaidh.”

DH' aithnich Gealachas guth an Deirg,
 'S mar bu ghnà leis air an leirg,

Rinn

* *al.* Cha'n eagal nach cum thu riu co'rag,

'S a liuthad fear mor a ruaig thu.

† *al.* Air Mor-mheall fàfaich.

‡ *al.* Fois ann a t uaimh dhuit an tràfa.

Rinn e miolaran, 's thug leum gàbhaidh,
 Le mar aoibhneas ghios na tràgha.
 Mar fhaighead o ghlacaibh an iughair*,
 Bha chasan a' fiubhal nam barra-thonn;
 'S b' aite leis na mac na h eilde
 Dearg, 's e leum ri uchd a bhràghad.

'S chunnacas fodan na deise,
 Le folus bristeach nan reultan,
 Mac-samhuil coinneamh nan cairdean
 An tra tharlas doibh an cèin-thir.

* Every body knows the bow to have been made of yew. Among the Highlanders of later times, that which grew in the wood of *Eafragain*, in Lorn, was esteemed the best. The feathers most in vogue for the arrows were furnished by the eagles of *Loch-Treig*; the wax for the string by *Baile-na-gailbhinn*, and the arrow-heads by the smiths of the race of *Mac Pheidearain*. This piece of instruction, like all the other knowledge of the Highlanders, was couched in verse:

Bogha dh' iughar Eafragain,
 Is ite' firein Locha Trèig;
 Cèir bhuidhe Bhaile-na-gailbhinn,
 'S ceann o 'n cheard Mac Pheidearain.

'S ni 'm bu chumhainn le Dearg ar loingeas,
 Aig ro-mheud aighir 's a fholaish.
 Mur tugadh Gealachas air laimh e
 Ghios na tragma fiar nar còail.

* 'S am beo dhuit, a Dheirg, a chailleadh
 An cuan falach nan garbh-thonn;
 'S ioghna do thearnadh o'n bhàs
 A fhluig le gànraich a fuas thu.

† Le tulga tuinn' air mo luasga,
 Bha mis' an òich' fhuar sin gu lathia;
 Seachd gealaich, 's gach aon mar bhliadhna,
 Le 'n tragma 's le 'n liona chaidh tharam.
 Chaith mi 'n là ri mànran ciùil,
 Ag eifdeachd ntallan ‡ thonn is ian;
 'S an òich' an tiamh-chòra thaibhfe,
 'G èala' 'm foill air eoin na tràgha.
 'S neo-ghrad fan àite fo ghrian,
 Is mall-cheumach triall na gealaich;
 A Rìgh Chumhaill, nach b ioghna
 Gu b'fhaide gach mios na bliadhna!
 —Ach ciod fo aobhar ur bròin?

B

Chi

* *Comhal* speaks.† *Dargo* speaks.‡ *al. durdan.*

Chi mi ur deoir a fruthadh ;
 An e mo fgeul truaghs' a dhùisg iad ?
 Is cruaidh leam gur cùis is dubhaich !
 —Noch beo Crì-mera mo ghaoil ?—
 Og-bhean chaoin ! tha mise dubhach,
 Bho chunnas thu feola' nan nial
 A dh' iadh mu fhòlus na hòiche,
 Tra dh' amhaire i nuas, ro 'n fhrois,
 Air gnùis fhoisneach na doimhne.

Chunnas* i air chaochla dreach,
 'S a ciabha clearc a' file' dheur ;

Dh' aithnich

* The poetical licence of the ancient bards, understood in a literal sense by the Highlanders of modern times, served much to confirm their pretensions to the *second sight*. Add to this the picturesque but often dismal appearance of the country ; the desert hill, the dark heath, the fall of the torrent, the noise of the wave, the echo of the cavern and the rock, the solitude and silence of the sequestered vale, all brooding on a storm, and perhaps a superstitious imagination, and you have most of the ingredients requisite to constitute a Highland fear. If one of a thousand of his reveries should fortuitously resemble some subsequent event, no more is requisite to gain him the credit of a prophet. To imagine there is any thing supernatural or prophetic in this pretended gift,

* Dh' aithnich mi cruth mo ghaoil,
'S an t-aobhar o'n chuan mu 'n d' eirich.

* * * * *

“ Nach truagh leat mis' a Chrì-mora,
'M fàg thu am onrachd an fò mi?”
—Chuairtich òigh-thaibhs' i le 'n ceolan,
† Mar ghaoith bhrònaich le 'n tuite' duilleach;
'S ni 'n cluinnte gaoir eoin no tuinne,
'N fhad 's a rinn an ceolan fuireach.

B 2

“ Thig

gift, were highly absurd.—That the Deity should reveal future events to answer no end but the most frivolous trifle, such as the passing of a funeral or marriage; and that the persons endowed with this prophetic talent, should be always the most idle and the most ignorant, not to say superstitious; and that the gift should be entirely confined to this language and this country—these are notions too ridiculous to merit any serious refutation. See Dr Beattie's *Essay on the Second Sight*.

* *al.* Bha 'n aileachd na gruaidh mar sgriodan caochain,
Tra sgaoileas e 'm feadan feuraich.

† *al.* Mar chuile ri crònan an' gleann Caothan,
Tra sgaoileas am fonn air fruthaibh fàs,
'S a dh' fhàsas gu ciuin ceum na duibhre.

“ Thig leinn, a Chrì-mora, gun bhròn,
 Gu talla nan oigheana fial,
 Far am bheil Suilmhàlda le Treunmor,
 A' fealg * feidh dhoilleir nan nial.”

Chualas a h ofna leoin,
 'S i fealltuinn le bròn na deigh ;
 Sguir an ceol ;—an taibhse threig,
 'S dh' fhàg mise leam fein deurach.
 Amhuil tonn † air tràigh leis fein,
 'S am maraich ag eisdeachd o bhruth,
 Bha guth mo ghaoil 's i gam threigfinn :
 Mar aising fealgair 's an èigh ga dhùsga.
 Chuir mise nan deigh mo ghlaodh,
 Faoin mar uisge ri h aonach ;
 Mar smùdan faoin an coilli' fhàs,

Dh'

* It was the belief of other ancient nations, with whose creed we are acquainted, that departed spirits pursued in another world the same occupations and amusements in which they were engaged in this.

—quæ gratia curruum

Armorunque fuit vivis ; quæ cura nitentis

Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

Vid. Æn. 6. & Odyss. 11.

† *al. rḡ* dhoininn an cèin.

Dh' fhàg iad air fgeir mi am aoniar.

O 'n òg-mhadain gu dall-oiche,

Mo chaidh o fin cha do fguir.

—C'uin a chì mi rìs thu Chri-mora?

Ri 'm bheo, bidh mise fo éislean,

Tha m' anam a' fnàmh an ceo;

Innsibh an dòigh an d'eug i.

“ An fgeula truagh tra fhuair do bhean,

Tri làithe dhi na tofd gun ghean;

Air a cheathramh dh' iarr i 'n tràigh;

Fhuaras i fein an àit a fir.

Mar fhneachda fan fhireach fhuar,

Mar eal' air cuan na Lanna*,

Fhuaras i le òighean a gaoil

A theirinn o chaochain nan fliabh,

Le 'm mìn-bhos a' siabadh an deur,

'S le

* The lake of Lanno in Scandinavia, and that of Lego in Ireland were supposed by the ancient bards to emit noxious or deadly vapours, and therefore they are frequently introduced as appendages to their *tales of woe*. These vapours gave rise, it is said, to a form of imprecation used in those times, “ Ceo na Lanna 's na Lèig ort.”—The mist of Lanna and Lego alight on thee.

'S le 'n ofnaich a' feideadh an ciabh.
 —Le lic is gorm-fhòid na tràgha,
 Thog finn àite-cònui' do 'n mhnaoi,
 B' iomad òighe fan là sin dubhach,
 'S bu tiamhaidh ga cumha' gach aon :
 Amhuil ceol tannais ag eiridh
 Air cuile na Leige mall.
 Air leam fein gu b' aoibhinn a cliu,
 B'e mo rùn e bhos is thall.
 —Ach ciod fo 'n folus an' Innfe-fàil,
 O chrann-tàraidh an fhuathais ?
 Togaibh ur fiuil ; tairnibh ur ràimh ;
 † Grad-ruithheadh ar bàrc thar chuanta."

Shèid gaoth dhìleas ar beann,
 'S cha b' fhann ar buillean ga coghnadh ;
 Sinn a' buala' mhullach nan tonn,
 'S gach fonn is a fhùil ri comhrag.
 —Bha uileann Dheirg air flios a sgéith,
 'S e frutha' dheur a flios r'a taobh,
 " Chi mi Dearg gu tiamhaidh tofdach,
 Ulainn nan teud, tog sprochd an laoiach."

Dan

† *al.* Grad-ruithibh gu traigh, is buaidh leibh.

Dan Chaoilte *.

Ri linn Threin-mhoir nan fgia,
 Ruaig Caoilte am fiadh mu Eite † ;
 Thuit leis daimh chabrach nan cnoc,
 'S cho-fhreagair gach fìochd da eighe.

Chunnaic Mìn-bheul a gaol,
 'S le curach ‡ faoin chaidh na dhàil :

Shéid

* To Epifodes, such as this, which are frequently repeated as detached pieces, I give their proper titles, and they may be read either separately, or as parts of the poems to which they respectively belong.

† An arm of the sea in Argyleshire still retains the name of *Loch-Eite*.

‡ The *Curach* was a small boat made of wicker, and covered with hides. It was sometimes, however, of a considerable size.—That in which Columba and his companions sailed from Ireland, appears from its bed, still shewn in *Port-a-churaich* in Iona, to have been 40 feet long. Pliny and Solinus make mention of these pinnaces, and Lucan describes them in the following manner :

Primum cana falix madefacta vinime parvam

Texitur in puppim, cæsoque induta juvenco,

Vectoris

Shéid ofna choimheach gun bhàigh,
'S chuir i druim an' aird air a bàrca.

Chualas le Caoilte a glaoth,
“ A ghaoil, a ghaoil, dean mo chognadh.”
Ach thuirling dalla-bhrat na hòiche,
'S dh' fhàilnich a caoi'-chòra.
Mar fhuaim fruthain an céin,
Ràinig a h éighe na chòail
'S air madainn an onfha na tràgha,
Fhuaras gun chàil an òg-bhean.

Thog e 'n cois tràgha a leac,
Aig fruthan bròin nan glaf-gheugan ;
Is eol do 'n t-sealgair an t-àite,
'S mor a bhàigh ris an' teas na greine.

'S bu chian do Chaoilte ri bròn
Feadh an lò an coillteach Eite ;

I

'S fad

Vectoris patiens, tumidum super emicat amnim :
Sic Venetus stagnante Pado, fusoque Britannus
Navigat Oceano.

Pharfal. IV. 130, &c.

'S fad na hòiche chluinnteadh a leon ;
 Chuireadh e air eoin an uisge déisinn.
 Ach bhuaill Treun-mor beum-sgeithe * ;
 Le laochraidh bu treun Caoilte :
 Uigh air uigh phill a ghean,
 Chual e chliu, is lean e 'n t feilge.

Leam 's cuimhn', arfa Dearg, an laoch,
 Mar ailing chaoin a chaidh feach,
 Tra ftiur e gu hòg mi aig Eite,
 'S a fhliuch a dheur-fhuil an leac.
 —Ciod fà do thuiridh, a Chaoilte,
 Com' am bheil t aos-chiabha fnitheach ?
 Freagra dha fud bheireadh Caoilte,
 “ Tha mo ghaol fo'n fhòid fo na luidhe.”
 — A Chaoilte fnaigh dhomhfa bogha.
 “ 'S ann fodha fo tha mo ghaol-fa ;
 O dean an t àite fo thaoghal
 Mar roghainn o ruith an aonaich.”
 'S na dh' iarras, a Chaoilte, thugas ;
 Do chumha bu tric ann am òran ;

C

Nam

* The *Beum-sgeithe*, or “striking the shield” was the usual mode of giving a challenge, or alarm to battle, among the ancient Caledonians.

Nam biodh mo chliu-fa co mairionn,
Is mi le m' leannan fa cheo ud !

Is dearbh leam gu bi sin mairionn,
Arfa Cumhal bu chaoin labhairt,
Ach co fud, le 'n fgiathaibh gàbhaidh,
Toirt a fhòlais o'n cheud fhàire ?
Slòigh Lochlainn, ma 's maith mo bheachd,
A' cuartach' Innse-fàile le 'm feachd,
'S an rìgh, bho ard-uinneig fhuadhaich,
Ag amharc oirn' a chàirde buadhach.
Chi e finn roi dheoir, mar cheo,
Ach thuit na deoir, is chi e 'n feol ;
Tha aighear a' brùchda' na fhùil.
“ Tha Cumhall am fagus le fhiuil ! ”
Feuch Lochlann anuas nar codhail,
'S Armor rompa mar dhamh cròice ;
Air tràigh Eirinn a làmh, ge bras,
Mise dh' fhuafgail o theanna ghlais.
—* Càireadh gach aon air a leis
A lann ghlas, gu tràigh 's e leumnaich ;

Cuin-

* In the ancient Galic poetry, one often meets with a variety of rhyme and measure in the same piece. The same has been frequently observed of the ancient poetry of other nations.

Cuimhnicheadh gach aon a thapadh,
Is mor-ghaisge laoch na Fèinne.

C 2

—Sgaoil,

nations. It is not to be wondered at (says Rabbi Azarias, speaking of the Hebrew poetry,) that the same song should consist of different measures: for the case is the same in the poetry of the Greeks and Romans; they suited their measures to the nature of the subject and the argument; and the variations, which they admitted, were accommodated to the motions of the body, and the affections of the soul." R. A. in Meor Enajim.

Rhyme did not seem to be essential to the compositions of the Celtic bards; many of them are entirely destitute of it; and when most attention seems to have been paid to it, it is done with a latitude unknown in English compositions. A conformity of sound betwixt the last word of the preceding line, and some word about the middle, and sometimes in the end of the following one, is all that the ancient bards seem to have wished for in the matter of rhyme. When stanzas consist of four lines, the same conformity is found often between the concluding words of each couplet, or between some two of the vowels in these words; for they were not so anxious about preserving any similarity betwixt the sound of the consonants.—This similarity of sound, by which the end of one line or couplet always suggested the line or couplet following, greatly facilitated the committing of those
pieces

—Sgaoil, a Dheirg, do sgia leathan ;
 Tarruing, a Chaoirill, do gheal-chlaidhe,
 Crath, a Chonail, do chraosnach,
 Is feinn, Ulainn, † dàn catha-baoisge.

Choinnich

pieces to memory ; and for this purpose, more than to please the ear with any jingle of sound, the art seems to have been at first invented by the Bards or Druids.

“ I do not look upon rhyme (says Mr Langhorne) to be, as some have supposed, of Monkish extraction, I think it is of a more ancient date. It was probably first invented for the aid of memory. The learning of the Druids was early communicated to their disciples, and their precepts were retained memorially under those forms of verse in which they were delivered. It should seem, therefore, that they *first* found out the expedient of rhyme, to make their verses more tenable.” *Effusions of friendship and fancy*, v. ii. let. 18.

It was probably, for the same reason, that the ancient Hebrew poets observed that *Parallelism*, or correspondence of one verse or line with another, which is so commonly to be met with in their writings. With them a conformity in the sense led the memory from one line to another, as a conformity of sound does with us. See LOWTH *De Sacra Poesi Hebr.*

† It was part of the office of the Bards to sing the *Prosnacha catha*, or “ Instigation to Battle.” These songs were composed in a rapid sort of measure highly adapted to the

Choinnich finn Lochlann 's cha b' àgh dhuinn;
 Sheas iad romhainn gu daingean làidir,
 Mar an darag air uchd Mheall-mhoir,
 Nach lùb air ailghios na garbh-ghaoith.

Chunnaic Innse-fàil finn gar sàruch',
 Bhrùchd iad gun dàil gur coghna';
 Sgapadh an fin Lochlann o cheile;
 Shearg gach geug a bha beo dheth.

Choinnich Armor 's rìgh Innse-fàile,
 'S ma choinnich bu ghàbhaidh an iomairt;

Sleagh

occasion. Some idea may be formed of the nature of those compositions from the account which Tacitus gives of the same custom, as it prevailed among the Germans, whose manners, in many respects, bear the nearest resemblance to those of the ancient Caledonians.—“ The Germans, says he, have poems which are rehearsed in the field, and kindle the soul into a flame. The spirit with which these songs are sung, predicts the fortune of the approaching fight. In the composition they study a roughness of sound, and a certain broken murmur. They lift their shields to their mouths, that the voice, being rendered full and deep, may swell by repercussion.” *TACIT. de mor. Germ. c. 3.*

Such as are acquainted with the poems of Tyrtæus, which kindled a sort of warlike phrenzy in the breasts of the Lacedæmonians, when engaged in war with the Messenians, may form from them a pretty just idea of the *Prosnacha catha*.

Sleagh an rìgh chaidh 'n uchd a mhor-fhir,
Cha'n fhoghnadh a sgiath da tiughad.

Ghuil Lochlann is Innse-fàil,
Is ghuil na bha lath'r do'n Fheinn':
Is sheinn a bhard gu rò-thuirfeach,
Tra chunn' e gun deo cheann-feadhna.

* *Cumbadh an Fhir mhoir; no Tuireadh Ar-
mhoir.*

Bha t airde mar dharaig sa ghleann †.
Do luas mar iolair nam beann, gun gheilt;
Do spionna mar ofunn Lodda ‡ na fheirg,
'S do lann mar cheo Lèige gun leigheas.

O!

* Under this title the following episode is often repeated by itself.

† His height was as the height of cedars,

His strength was as the strength of oaks. AMOS ii. 9.

‡ The *Loda*, or *Lodda* of Ossian is supposed to have been the same with the *Odin* or *Woden* of the Scandinavians. *Odin*, according to the Danish chronologies, was more ancient than Homer. His many warlike exploits procured him divine honours after his death. From him one of the days of the week still retains its name of Woden's day, or Wednesday.

O! 's moch do thuras gu d' neoil,
 Is òg leinn, a laoich, a thuit thu;
 Co dh' innfeas do 'n aosda nach beo thu;
 No co do tòg-mhnaoi bheir furtachd?

Chi mi tathair fo eithre aois,
 Gu faoin an dochas ri d' thigheachd;
 A lamh air a fhleagh 's i air chrith,
 'S a cheann lia, lom, mar chritheach fan tsìne.
 Meallaidh gach neul a dhall-shuil,
 'S e'n duil gu faic e do bhàrca;
 Thig deo-grein' air aghaidh aosda,
 'S a ghlaodh ri oigridh—" Chi mi m bàta!"
 —Seallaidh a chlann amach air lear,
 Chi iad an ceathach a' feola';
 Crathaidh efan a cheann lia,
 Tha ofna tiamhaidh 's a ghnuis brònach *.

Chi mi Crimìn is fia' ghàir' orr,'
 A' faoilfinn bhi air traigh ga d' fhaicinn:

3

A

* ————— Day after day,
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
 And views the main that ever toils below;
 Still fondly forming on the farthest verge,
 Where the round æther mixes with the wave,
 Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds.

THOMSON.

A bilidh na fuain a' cur failt ort,
 'S i le gairdeinibh ait ga d' ghlacadh.
 Och ! òg-bhean, 's faoin do bhruadar ;
 An tuafal gu bràth cha 'n fhaic thu ;
 Fad o dhachaidh thuit do ghradh,
 An Innfe-fàil fo fmal tha mhaife.
 —Duisgidh tus' a Chrimèine,
 'S chi thu gu robh tairling mealltach :
 Ach c' uin a dhùisgeas esan o shuain,
 No bhios cadal na huaighe criochnaicht !
 Fuaim ghaothar no buillean fgia,
 Cha chluinnear na chria'-thigh caol ;
 'S a dh' ain-deoin gach iomairt is feilg,
 Caidlidh fan leirg an laoch.

A fhiol na leirge, na feithibh an treun,
 Guth feimh na maidne cha chluinn e ;
 'S a fhiol nan fleagh, na hearbaibh a chòghna,
 Cha dean * eighe còraig a dhùfga'.

—Beannachd

* *Eighe co'raig*, or *Gaoir chatha*, was the name given by the ancient Highlanders to those shouts that were put up when about engaging. The American tribes have likewise their *war-cry*. Giraldus Cambrensis tells us, that the war-cry of the Celtic Irish was *Phar-rah*; “ in congressu *Phar-*

—Beannachd air anam an laoich,
 Bu gharg fraoch ri dol 's gach greis,
 Ard-ri' Loi'eann, ceann an t'fluaigh,
 'S iomad ruaig a chuireadh leis.

—* Bha tairde mar dharaig fa ghleann,
 Do luas mar iolair nam beann gun gheilt;
 Do spionna mar ofunn Lodda na fheirg,
 Do lann mar cheo Lèige gun leigheas.

Chriochnaich finn a chaol-chònuidh,
 'S dh' imich a fhlàigh thar tuinn;
 Bha fuaim an òran tiamhaidh tinn,
 'S bu mhuladach air linn an croinn.

B' amhuil am bròn is fead an aonaich,
 An cuifeig fhaoin nan gleanntai' fàsa,
 Tra sheideas an ofag an ula nan tuama,
 'S an òiche mu 'n cuairt doibh sàmhach.

D

DAN

roh quam accerrime clamant.”—Barditum illum existimo, de quo Ammianus, (inquit Cambden.)—The same was, probably, the expression used by the ancient Caledonians. Any loud clamour is still compared to *gaoir-chatha*.—“Cha chluinnte' gaoir-chatha leibh.”

* The Bards frequently conclude their episodes with a repetition of the first stanza, in order to carry back the attention to that part of the principal story from which they had digressed.

DAN AN DEIRG.

AN DARA CUID.

MAR gath soluis do m' anam fein,
Tha sgeula na haimfir a dh' fhalbh ;
Mar ghathaibh soluis air aonach aoibhinn,
'S gach ceum mu 'n cuairt doibh dorchach.
—Ach 's dlù an aoibhneas do bhròn,
Is dubhar a cheo gan ruaga' ;
Ni e greim orr' air sleibhtibh ard,
Is bidh na gathanna gràidh air am fuadach'.
—Is amhuil, mar fholus ro neul,
Gu m' anam thig sgeul an Deirg,
Mac-samhuil an cath an Fhir-mhoir,
M' anam mar fheol san doininn fheirgich.

An talla stua-ghlas Innse-fàil,
Chaith sinne mar b' àbhais an òiche,

Chaidh

Chaidh 'n t* flige 's an t oran mu 'n cuairt,
'S cha bu dual duinn bhi gun aoidheachd.

Glaodhan bròin, uair feach uair,

Thainig gu 'r cluais air fgia na gaoithe ;

Dh' iarr Ulann is Suil-mhaith mu 'n cuairt.

Chunnas Crimìn' aig uaigh an laoi ch.

—Nuair a thuit a h Armor fan truid,

Thuit ife fo dhubhar gèige ;

Ach shnàig i fan òiche gus uaigh,

Rinn i leaba gun luadh ri eiridh.

Thog finn leinn i gu fòil,

Le 'r nosna bhròin a' freagairt d'a caoi ;

Is thugas i gu teach Innse-fàil,

Bu tiamhaidh dh' fhàg fud an òiche !

Ghlac Ulann fa dheire chruit-chiuil,

'S gu ciuin farafda fòil,

Dh' iarr e, feadh torman gach teud,

Ceol eag-samhuil le mheoir.

D 2

Sgeula

* The Highlanders drank their beverage out of scallop-shells. Hence the "putting round the shell" (*a' cur na flige chreachainn mu'n cuairt*) came to be the phrase for drinking, or making merry.

* *Sgeula Mhor-gblain is Mhin'onn.*

Co fo tuirling o'n cheo,
 'S a' dòrtadh a leoin air a ghaoith?
 O! 's domhain a chreuchd tha na chliabh,
 'S is doilleir am fiadh ud r'a thaobh!
 Sud taibhfe Morghlain na mais',
 Triath Shli'ghlais nan ioma' fruth;
 Thainig e gu Mor-bheinn le ghaol,
 Nighean Shora bu chaoine cruth.
 Thog efan ra'r naonach gun bhàigh,
 Is Mìn'onn dh' fhag e na tigh;
 Thuirling dall-cheo le òiche nan nial,
 Dh' èigh na fruthaidh;—shian na taibhfe.

Thug an og-bhean fuil ris an tshliabh,
 Is chunnacas lè fiadh ro'n cheo;
 Tharruing i 'n tfreang le rogha beachd;
 —Fhuaras an gath an uchd an oig!

Chàirich

* The episode of Morglan and Minona goes under this title.

Chàirich finn san tulaich an laoch,
 * Le gath is cuibhne na chaol-tigh.
 B' aill le Mìn'onn luidh f'a fhoid,
 Ach phill i gu bronach dhachaidh.
 Bu trom a tuirse 's bu chian ;
 Ach fruth bhliannuidh ghlan uaip e :

'S tha

* *al.* Le gaothar ea-trom gu fiadhach ceo.—It was customary to place some implements of the chase and war in the tomb, together with the bodies of the deceased ; both to denote the occupation they had in this world, and with a view to avail themselves of their service in the next. Hence pieces of spears, arrow-heads, and the bones of animals are frequently found in barrows and other ancient repositories of the dead, (See Stukely's Stonehenge.)—The same practice and belief prevailed anciently among other nations. The tomb of Elpenor, who was a sailor, was furnished by Ulysses with an oar, (Odyss. xiii. 11.) and that of Misenus, who was a warrior, a sailor, and a trumpeter, was furnished by Æneas with implements suited to these various occupations ;

At pius Æneas ingenti mole sepulchrum

Imponit, suaque arma viro, remumque, tubamque,

Monte sub aërio.

Æneid vi. 132.

“ And they shall not lie with the mighty that are fallen of the uncircumcised, who are gone down to Hades with their weapons of war ; and they have laid their swords under their heads.”

Ezek. xxxii. 27

'S tha i nis fubhach le oighean Shora,
Mur cluinntear a bròn-air uairibh.

Co fo tuirling o'n cheo,
'S a' dortadh a leoin air a ghaoith ?
O ! s' domhain a chreuchd tha na chliabh,
'S is doilleir am fiadh ud r'a thaobh !

Air leam gu do fhoilfich an là,
* Arfa Cumhall na hàbhaisf fhéil,
Gabh, Ulainn, do dheagh long,
'S thoir an oigh gu fonn fein ;
'S gu dealradh i rìs mar a ghealach,
Tra sheallas i farasd' o neulaibh.

† “ Mile beannachd orts' a Chumhaill,
Fhir a chuidiche' gach feumach ;
Ach ciod a dheanams' am thìr fein,
Far an dean gach ni mo léireadh ?
Gach doire, gach coire, 's gach eas,
Bheir am chuimhne cneas mo ghraidh ;
B' fhearr a bhi le d' òighean fein,
O's mor am féile 's am bàigh.
An fin an oigridh nach b' fhiu leam,
Cha 'n fhaic mo shuile ni 's mò ;

3

'S ma

* *al.* Air Innse-fail na chiar-dhubh eide.'

† Crimìne speaks.

'S ma their aon diu, C' àit am bheil tArmor?
Cha chluinn mi gu bràth an còra."

'S thug finne leinn Crimène,
'S thug finn a bos mìn do Dhearg;
Ach ge b' fhuranach ar nòighean
Bha i brònach leo air uairibh.

* * * * *

Chuala gach eafan a leon,
* Bu ghearr a lò, 's bu dubh a fgeula.

'S la dhuinn a' fiadhach na Lèana,
Chunnas loingeas breid-gheal crannach;
Shaoileas gu b' e Lochlann a dh' eirich
A thoirt Chrimìn' air eigin thairis.

Sin nuair thuirt Conan crion,
'S coma leam ffrì gun fhios c'arfon;
Feuchaibh an toiseach le fuim,
Ciod an rùn am bheil dhuinn a bhean.
Deargamaid falluinn a fir
Am fuil tuirc fan fhireach ard;
Giulaineamaid e rìs an riochd mairbh,
'S chi fibhse ma 's fìor a gràdh.

Dh'

* *al.* Le airis bidh deoir air teudan.

Dh' eifd finne, 's b' aithreach leinn,
 Comhairle Chonain a mhi-àigh :
 Leag finn an torc nimhe borb
 Anns a choilli dlù do 'n tràigh.
 —Cumaibh riums' e, deir Conan crion,
 'S da dhi, mo lamh, gu bi 'n ceann.

Chomhdaich finn Dearg leis an fhuil,
 Is thog finn air ar muin an laoch ;
 A rìgh bu tiamhaidh trom * ar ceol,
 Ga ghiulan an còail a ghaoil.
 Ruith Conan le bian an tuirc,
 Bha e tìtheach chum uile a ghnà,
 “ Le m' lainn thuit an torc a lot t'fhear,
 Nuair bhrìst a fhleagh air chèum fàs.”

Chuala Crimìn an fgeul,
 Is chunnaic i 'n cruth èig a Dearg ;

Dh'

† Among the ancient Highlanders, funeral processions were always accompanied with mournful songs or lamentations. In many parts of the Highlands this custom existed till of late, and it is not yet quite extinct in Ireland. The same custom appears to have prevailed among the Jews and other ancient nations in a very early period. Ecclef. xii. 5.

Dh' fhàs i mar mheall eith fan fhuachd,
 Air Mora nan cruaidh learg.
 Tamul dhi mar fin na tàmh,
 Ghlac i na làimh inneal-ciuil;
 Mheath i gach crìdh'; ach cha d' fhuiling
 Sinn do Dhearg e chorruch' air uilinn.

Mar bhinn-ghuth ealaidh * 'n guin bàis,
 No mar cheolan chàich mu 'n cuairt di,

E

A' gairn

* *al. Filidh.* I have chose to keep *ealaidh* in the text, although some naturalists deny the singing of the swan, so often mentioned by the Greek and Latin, as well as by the Celtic poets. If the singing of the swan is to be reckoned among the *vulgar errors*, it has been a very universal one. Over the west of Scotland, it is still frequently affirmed as a fact, that the swans which frequent those parts in winter, are heard to sing some very melodious notes, when wounded, or about to take their flight. The note of the swan is called in Gaelic *Guileag*; and a ditty called "*Luinneag na h'ealaidh*", composed in imitation of it, begins thus,

Guileag ì, Guileag ò,

Sgeula mo dhunaigh,

Guileag ì;

Rinn mo lèireadh,

Guileag o

Mo chafan dubh, &c.

A' gairm an taibhfe bho lochan nan nial,
 Ga giulan air fgiathaibh gaoithe :
 B' amhuil fin caoi Chrimèine
 'S a Dearg na fhìne' dlù dhi.

Caoi Chrimèine.

O Thaibhfe ! * bho airde nan nial,
 Cromuibh a dh' iarruidh ur Deirg ;
 Is thigibh, òighean an Trein, o 'r talla,
 Le ùr-alluinn leibh do m' ghradh.

Coma, Dheirg, an robh ar crìdh'
 Air an fhiomh co dlù nar com?
 Is com' a spìonadh thufa uam,
 'S an d' fhàgadh mise gu truagh trom?

Mar

* That the souls of the happy were admitted after death into the hall of Treunmor, and other ancestors of Fingal, in their *Flath-innis*, or "island of the brave" was a notion which remained long among the Highlanders. *Giraldus* tells us the same belief prevailed in his time among the Irish. "Defunctorum animas in consortium abire existimant quorundam in illis locis illustrium, ut *Fin Mac Chuil*, *Ofkir Mac Ofskin*, et tales; de quibus fabulas et cantilenas retinent." *Gir. ap. Camden*. It would appear that the Poems of Ossian were well known in the days of Giraldus, who wrote in the 12th century.

Mar dhà lus * finn fan drùchd ri gàire,
 Taobh na creige 'm blàs na grèine ;
 Gun fhreumh air bith ach an aon,
 Aig an dà lus aobhach aoibhinn.
 Shèun òighean Chaothain na luis ;
 Is boidheach, leo fein, am fàs !
 Sheun is na haighean ea-trom,
 Ge d' thug an torc do aon diu 'm bàs.
 Is trom trom, 's a cheann air aoma',
 'N aon lus faoin tha fathaid beo,
 Mar dhuilleach air fearga fa ghrein ;
 —O b' aoibhinn bhi nis gun deo !

Is dh' iadh orm òiche gun chrìoch,
 Thuit gu fìor mo ghrian fo fmal ;
 Moch bu lannar air Mor-bheinn † a fhuadh,

E 2

Ach

* *al. ròs.*

† *Mor-bheinn*, the name of Fingal's kingdom and residence, is a term of the same import with "Highlands." The name is now confined to a single parish, that of Morven in Argyleshire. It is not easy to fix with precision the boundaries of Fingal's kingdom, but it is most likely that it comprehended almost all that territory, which afterwards made up what was called the *Scottish* kingdom, before the Pictish king-

Ach anmoch chaidh, * tual an car.
 'S ma threig thu mi, sholuis m' àigh !
 Tha mi gu là bhràth gun ghean ;
 Och ! mur eirich Dearg o phràmh,
 Is dui'-neul gu bràth a bhean.
 'S duaichni' do dhreach ; fuar do chrìdh,
 Gun spionn' ad laimh no cli ad chois !
 Och 's balbh do bheul a bha binn ;
 Och 's tinn leam a ghraidh do chor !
 Nis chaochail rugha do ghruaidh,
 Fhir nam mor-bhuadh anns gach cath ;
'S mall,

kingdoms were annexed to it. According to two ancient fragments of Scottish history published in the appendix to Innes's Critical Essay, "Fergus the son of Erc reigned over Albany, from *Drumalbin* to the sea of Ireland and *Innsegall* (or Hebrides.)" The sea of Ireland is a boundary well known ; and by *Drumalbin* is meant, according to the best antiquaries, those high mountains which run all the way from *Lochlomond*, near *Dunbarton*, to the frith of *Taine*, which separates the county of *Sutherland* from a part of *Ross*.

* *Car tual* (tua' iul) "unprosperous or fatal course," is an allusion to the Druidical customs of going three times round their circles and cairns. The *Deis-iul*, or "turning to the South" in the same course with the sun, was reckoned lucky ; the reverse (or *car tual*) unlucky.

'S mall, mar na cnuic air 'n do leum,
A chas a chuir eilde gu stad !

Is b' annfa Dearg feach neach fu 'n ghrèin o!
Seach m'athair deurach, 's momhathair chaomh;
Tha 'n fuil ri lear gu tric 's an èigheach,
Ach b' annfa leamfa dol eug le m'ghaol.

* Is lean mi 'n cèin thar muir is glinn thu,
'S luidhinn sìnte leat fan t-slochd ;

O

* This idea of two lovers being inseparable in life and death, is beautifully illustrated in the following epitaph, by Boetius Torquatus, physician to Theodoric the Goth, in the 8th century.

*Elpis dicta fui, Siculæ regionis alumna,
Quam procul a patria, Conjugis egit amor ;
Quo sine, mæsta dies, nox flebilis, anxia hora :
Nec solum caro, sed spiritus unus erat.*

*Lux mea non clausa, tali remanente morito,
Majorique animæ parte superstes ero ;
Porticibus sacris jam nunc peregrine quiesco,
Æterni judicis testificata thronum.*

*Ne qua manus bustum violet, nisi forte jugalis
Hæc iterum cupiat jungere membra suis :
Ut thalami, cumulique comes, nec morte revellar,
Et socios vitæ nectat uterque cinis.*

O thigeadh bàs no torc dom reuba',
 Neo 's truagh mo chàra' fein a nochd.

Is rinneadh leaba dhuinn an raoir,
 Air an raon ud chnoc nan fealg ;
 'S ni 'n deantar leab' air leth a nochd dhuinn,
 'S ni 'n fgarar mo chorp o Dhearg.

* Tuirlibh, O thaibhse nan nial,
 O ionadaibh fial nam flath ;
 Tuirlibh air ghlas-fgiathaibh ur ceo,
 Is glacaibh mo dheò gun àtha.

Oighean tha 'n tallaibh an Tréin,
 Deilbhibh ceo-éide' Chrìmine ;
 Ach 's annfa leam fgiobul mo Dheirg ;
 Ad fgiobuls', a Dheirg, biom !

Is mhothaich finn ga treigfinn a guth,
 Mhothaich finn gun lugh' a meoir ;

'Thog

* The two following stanzas are omitted in the translation given of this poem, (Gaelic antiq.) Some other small variations have arisen from a more accurate comparison of different editions; some of which have been procured since the translation was published.

Thog sinn Dearg, ach bu ro-anmoch ;
Crimine bha marbh gun deo.

* * * * *

—Thuit a chlàrfach as a laimh,
Dh'imich fan dàn a h-anam.—

Thaifg an laoch i air an traigh,
Le Crimora, a cheud ghradh,
Is dh' ullaich e fan aite cheudna,
An leac ghlas fo 'n luidh e feine.

'S chaidh dithis deich famhra mu 'n cuairt,
Is dithis deich geamhra le 'm fuachd o sin ;
An cian ud tha Dearg na uaimh,
'S cha'n eifd e ach fuaim gun ghean.
'S tric mis' † a' feinn da tra nòin,
'S Crimìn' air a ceo-foillse.—
—Feuch Dearg fan doine na aonar,
'S e 'g eifdeachd ri caoiran nan coillte!

T I O M N A

† ULLIN.

TIOMNA GHUILL*.

NACH tiamhaidh tofd fo na hòiche,
'S i taosgadh a dui'-neoil air gleantai'!
Dh' aom fuain air iuran na feilge
Air an raon, 's a chù r'a ghlùn.

Clanna

* *Tiomna Ghuill*, in the most common editions of it, is much adulterated by a mixture of the *Ursgauls* or "takes of later times." The subject of this poem is the death of Gaul, the son of Morni, who is much celebrated in other poems of Ossian for his undaunted courage and warlike exploits.

In poems of later date, his warlike character is in like manner often alluded to. John Barbour, arch-deacon of Aberdeen, who wrote the life of King Robert Bruce in the year 1375, compares his hero at the battle of Dalri to Gaul the son of Morni, whose exploits, as well as the poems that celebrate them, seem to have been well known in the days of Barbour.

"When that the Lord of Lorn saw
His men stand of him sik awe,
That they durst not follow the chase,

Clanna nan sliabh tha e ruaga'

Na aifling, 's a shuain ga threigfinn †.

F

Caidlibh,

Right argry in his heart he was,
And fair wondered that he should see
Stoney them him alone but mae.
He said, Methinks Martheoke's son,
Right as *Gow-mac-morn* was won,
To have from *Fingal* his menzie;
Right so from us all his has he,
He set ensample thus him like,
The whilk he might more manner-like."

P. 35. edit. Glasg. 1737.

The stature and prowess of Gaul is likewise alluded to in one of the poems collected by Mr G. Bannantyne, A. 1568, and published in Allan Ramsay's *Ever-green*. From the the phraseology it would appear to have been written before Barbour's.

" My fader meikle *Gow-mac-morne*,
Out of his moder's wame was schorne,
For littlenes was so forlorne
Sican a kemp to beir."

Interlude of the Droichs.

† Venantumque canes in molli sæpe quiete
Jactant crura, tamen subito vocesque
Mitunt, et crebras reducunt naribus auras,
Ut vestigia si teneant inventa ferarum:

Exper-

Caidlibh, a chlanna an fgiòs,
 'S gach reul a' dìreadh nan aonach ;
 Caidil a lù'-choin luaith,
 Cha dean Oisian do shuain a dhùsga.
 Tha mise ri faireadh am aonar,
 Is caomh leam doille na hòiche ;
 'S mi 'g imeachd o ghleannan gu gleannan,
 Gun fhiughair ri madain no foillse.

Caomhainn do sholus, a Ghrian,
 'S na caith co dian do lochrain ;
 Mar rìgh na Feinne, 's faoilidh tanam,
 Ach crionaidh fathasd do mhòr-chuis.
 Caomhainn lochrain nam mìle lasair,
 Ad ghorm-thalla, nuair theid thu
 Fo d'chiar-dhorfaibh, gu cadal
 Fo afgailt dhorcha na hiargail.
 Cao'inn iad mu'n fàg iad thu taonar,
 Amhuil mise, gun aon is blà leam :

Cao'inn

Expergesfactique sequuntur inania sæpe
 Cervorum simulachra, fugæ quasi dedita cernant ;
 Donec discussis redeant erroribus ad se.

Lucret. lib. iv.

Cao'inn iad, 's gun laoch a' faicinn
Gorm-lafair nan lochran aillidh.

A Chaothain nan solus aigh,
Tha do lochrains' an tràsa fo fmal ;
Amhuil darag air criona gu luath
Tha do phaillinn, 's do fhlugh air treigfinn.
Soir na fiar air aghaidh taonaich
Cho 'n fhaighear do aon diu ach làrach ;

An * Seallama, 'n Taura no 'n Tigh-mor-ri'
Cha 'n 'eil flige, no oran, no clarsach !
Tha iad uile nan tulachain uaine,
'S an clacha nan cluainibh fein,
Cha 'n fhaic aineal o 'n lear no o 'n fhàfaich
A haon diu 's a bharr ro neul.

'S a Sheallama, theach mo ghaoil !
An e 'n torr fo taos-larach,
Far am bheil foghnan, fraoch, is fòlach,
Ri bròn fo fhile' na hòiche ?
Mu thimchioll mo ghlas-chiabhan
Ag iadha' tha chomhachag chorr,

F 2

'S an

* *Seallama*, " a beautiful view ;" *Taura*, " a house on the sea-coast ;" *Tigh-mor-ri*, " a royal palace ;" the names of some of Fingal's places of residence.

'S an earbag a' clisgeadh o leabuidh,
Gun eagal ro Oifian a bhròin.

Earbag nan carn còfach,
San robh cònuidh Ofsair is Fhinn,
Cha 'n imir mi fein ort beud,
'S cha reubar thu choidh' le m' lainn.
—Gu druim Sheallama sìneam mo lamh;
Tha 'n fhardach gun druim ach adhar!
Iarram an fgia leathan gu hìosal;
Barr mo fhleagh bhuail a còpan!
—'S a chopain èigheach nam blàr!
Is sàr-aoibhinn leom fathasd t fhuaim,
Tha e dusga' nan làithe chaidh feach,
* 'S a dh' aindeoin aois tha m' anam a' leumnaich.
—Ach uam smuainte nam blàr,
'S mo fhleagh air fàs na luirg;
An fgia chopach tuille cha bhuail i;
Ach ciod fo 'n fhuaim a dhuifg i?
Bloidh fgeith' air a caithe' le haois!
Mar ghealach earr-dhubh a cruth.

Sgia

* *a/.* Mar ghaoth ann am falasg an aonaich.

a/. Mar shruth aonaich tha m' anam a' leumnaich.

Sgia Ghuill 's i a t' ann,
Sgia chòlain mo dheagh Ofsair!
—Ach ciod fo chuir m' anam fo sprochd?
'S tric, Ofsair, * a fhuair-fa do chliu ;

Air

* Ofsar the son of Ossian died young, as he was fighting against *Cairbre rua'* in Ireland. The story of his death (translated in the 1st book of Temora) is one of the most tender and affecting passages of Ossian. This line may probably allude to the following verses in that poem.

Dhomhlaich mu Chairbre a shloigh,
Buidheann fhuileach fhaobhrach chorr,
'S ann' am briathra' garga fuarraì' falachai',
Labhair ri Ofsar an Cairbre.
Iomlaid sleagh a b' aill leam uait,
Ofsair nan arm faobhrach cruaidh,
Air neo an t'sleagh mu 'm bheil do làmh
Toillidh dhuit gu grad do bhàs.

Mac-samhuil Ofsar na aonar
Mar an tfrann-ghaoth teachd thar aonach,
No mar fhrois o 'n iar na gathaibh,
Ro' na gaothaibh baoghlach plathach.

Tra chunnaic Ofsar na sloigh,
Dh' fhàs e mar fhia' bàr air mòintich,
No mar chù air cill no lothainn,
Ri am teachd do 'n tseilg fa chomhair.

Air còlan do ghaoil bidh fonn an tràs,
A Mhal-mhine * le d' chlàr bi dlù.

'S bha

* Malvina, to whom this and several of Ossian's poems are addressed, was the love of Oscar. This connection gave rise to that tender relation which subsisted between her and Ossian ever afterwards. Some beautiful remains of ancient poetry are ascribed to her, though it is probable they were composed by Ossian, in her name. Her lament for Oscar, (See Ossian's works, poem of Croma) is so tender and affecting, that every reader of taste and sensibility, will forgive me for inserting it here at full length.

'S e guth anaim mo rùn at' ann,
O! 's ainmic gu aifling Mhalmhìn' thu,
Fosgluibhse talla nan speur,
Aithriche Ofsair nan cruai'-bheum;
Fosgluibhse dorfa nan nial,
Tha ceuma Mhalmhine gu dian.
Chualam guth am aifling fein,
Tha farum mo chleibh gu hard.
C' uime thainig an ofag am dheigh
O dhubh-shiubhal na linne ud thall?

Bha do fgia fhuaimneach an gallan an aonaich,
Shiubhail aifling Mhalmhine gu dian:
Ach chunnaic is' a rùn ag aomadh,
'S a cheo-earradh a' taofga' m' a chliabh:

Bha

'S bha 'n oiche doilleir duaichni,
Torman speur mar chreig ro fgarnaich ;

Uillt

Bha dearfa na grein' air thaobh ris .
Co boifgeill ri òr nan dàimh.
—'S e guth anaim mo rùin a th' ann!
O! 's ainmic gu m' aifling fein thu.

'S cònuì' dhuit anam Mhalmhìne,
Mhic Oifian is treine làmh.
Thaom mo dheoir measg shìle' na hoiche.
Ghuil mi 's càch eile nan tàmh,
Bu ghallan àluinn a t fhianuis mi Ofsair,
Le m' uile gheugaibh uaine mu m' thimchioll;
Ach thainig do bhàs-fa mar ofaig
O 'n fhàfaich ; is dh' aom mi fios.

Thainig earrach le fìle' nan speur,
Cha d' eirich duill' uaine dhomh fein;
Chunnaic òighean mi sàmhach san talla,
Is bhuail iad clàrfach nam fonn.
Bha deoir ag tearnadh air gruaidhean Mhalmhìne;
Chuannaic oigh' mi 's mo thuire gu trom.
C' uime 'm' bheil thu co tuirfeach am fhianuis,
A chaomh-ainnir aig Luath-àth nan fruth?
An robh e sgiamhach mar dhearfa na grèine?
'M bu cho tlachdor e 'g eiridh na chruth?

'S taitneach

Uillt a' beucaich,—taibhs' a' fgreaddail,
 'S boifge tein' o'n adhar bholg-dhubh.
 —San uair fin chruinnich an Fheinne
 Gu haoibhinn an talla Fhinn;

4

Cha

'S taitneach tfhonn an cluais Oifiaìn,
 A nighean Luath-àth nan fruth dian.
 Thainig guth nam bard nach beo,
 Am measg tairling air aoma' nan sliabh,
 Nuair thuit cadal air do shuilean foirbh,
 Aig cuan mor-shruth nan ioma' fuaim:
 Nuair phill thu slathail o'n tfeilg,
 'S grian là thu ag òrradh na beinn.
 —Chual thu guth' nam bard nach beo:
 'S glan faiteal do chiuil fein.
 'S caoin faiteal nam fonn o Mhalmhìne!
 Ach cloanaidh iad anam gu deoir.
 Tha fòlas an Tuireadh le sìth,
 Nuair dh' aomas cliabh tuirfe gu bròn;
 Ach claidhidh fad-thuirfe sìol dòrainn,
 A fhath-nighean Thofcair nan cruai'-bheum.
 'S ainmic an la nan nial,
 Tuitidh iad mar chuifeig fo'n ghrein,
 Nuair sheallas i nuas na foillse,
 An deigh do 'n dubh-cheathach fiubhal do 'n bheinn,
 S' a throm-cheann fo shìle' na hòiche.

Cha b' aibhist fhuar e, mar a nochd,
Is cha robh sprochen air aghaidh fuinn.
Bha òl is ceol air uigh gach fir,
Is clàr an laimh gach filidh 's òg-mhnaci.

Shiubhail mar fin an òiche,
Mun d' ionndrain finn idir uainn i;
Is dhùisg a mhadainn san ear,
An leabai nan neula luaineach.

Bhuail Fionn-ghaël * a fgiath,
Cha b' ionan fuaime dhi 's an tràs;
Ghreag na laoiach o'n fruthaibh gu dian;
Bhac a bhuinne Goll an àigh.

G

Thog

* *Fionn* and *Fionn-ghaël* are synonymous terms: the epithet of Gaël is often added to distinguish his country. The Highlanders of ancient and modern times have always called themselves Gaël (or Cæls) and their country, Gaèldochd. "Finnanum filium Coeli, Fyn Mac Coul, vulgari vocabulo; Scotici sanguinis, &c." Boeth. *supr. cit.*—The translator of Ossian has been charged with having coined the name of Fingal out of *Fionn* or *Fin*, as they *supposed* he was only known by the latter appellation in Gaelic poetry. But in the place cited above (p. 41.), they may see he was called by the name of Fingal by John Barbour above 400 years ago.

Thog sinn gu I freòine ar fuil,
 Phill sinn le 'r cliu 's le 'r creich; †
 Com nach d' fheith thu, Ghuill nan sleagh;
 Nach seachna' le d' dheoin an àrach?
 —Air long ea-trom nan garbh-thonn
 Lean an fonn sinn an dara-mhaireach.

Ach

† Among the old Caledonians, it was no disparagement to commit depredations on other tribes, with whom they were at variance. Robbery was the mode of declaring war; and the most dexterous at making reprisals of this nature was considered as the bravest man. Nor was it only among our ancestors of Caledonia that this species of depredation was reputable. The *Brigantes* of South Britain; the *Brigantii*, bordering on the Alps, and the inhabitants of *Brigantium* in Spain, had all of them their name from *Brigand*, a Celtic word which signifies a Robber. (BULLET. DICT. CELT. II. 211.) The *Cimbri* of Germany had their name for the like reason, if we may credit Sextus Pompeius and Plutarch. The Picts too had their name (*Pictich*) from their success in the same honourable trade, and the character which Virgil gives to Ufens, and some of the other chieftains who came to the aid of Turnus is exactly similar to these;

Confectare juvat prædas, & vivere rapto.

Æn. vii. 749. & ix. 613.

Ach co fud air a charraig, mar cheo,
 'S i 'g amharc ro dheoir air Goll,
 A gruag dhorcha fa ghaoith air faondra,
 'S a lamb chaoin, mar chobhar, m'a cuailean?
 'S òg am macan na huchd,
 'S binn a crònan na chluais:
 Ach fhèid an osnagh am fonn;
 Air Goll, Aoibhir-chaomh † tha do luadh!

Chìtear leatha 'n long an caol-chruth;
 Le dubh-neul iosal ga comhdach,
 Amhuil carraig air a héide' le ceo;
 "A mhic Morna, flàn gum pill thu!"
 Le ceumaibh mall is 's le sealla cùil,
 Phill i gu Stru-mhon ard;
 Mar thannas air linne nan ceo,
 'S gun deo aig anail an fhàile.

* * * * *

Bu tric a fuil air a chuan ànrach,
 "A mhic Morna, flàn gum pill thu!"

Ghlac an òiche dhòbhaidh dhorcha
 Mac Morna 's e 'm meadhon ànraidh;

G 2

Tra

† *Aoibhir-chaomh*, the spouse of Gaul, and daughter of
 Casduonglas. See Temora, B. iii.

Tra sheun a ghealach i fein fo neulaidh,
 'S gun aiteal bho reul air fàile.
 Chuir fud mu feach oirn' an laoch,
 'S e fiubhal ea-trom air chuantai' dorcha.

Sa mhadain air I na freoine,
 Bhuail e fa cheo beum-sgèithe;
 Le ioghna nach cual e colluin nam blàr;
 “ An cadal an tràs duibh, fheara na Feinne!”

'S truagh gun mise ri d' thaobh;
 Cha b' i lorg an aofda mo fhleagh;
 Ach dearg-dhealan fo 'n tuiteadh ard-chroinn,
 Tra chlisgeas bho làthair na sleibhtean:
 Bheirinn làn-dùlan, a laoich, do d' nàmh,
 No thuitinn gu làr gun eiridh.
 'S cha bu chrann feargta 'n sin Oifian,
 Air chrith ro' oiteig an aonaich,
 A leagas a chraobh air a huillin,
 Thar fruthan dorcha nan ioma-ghaoth.
 Bu deas mi mar ghiuthas Chaothain,
 'S m' ùr-gheugan fa ghaoith gam chuartach';
 O! 's truagh gun Oifian bhi dlù,
 A laoich Stru-mhoin, an strì na Freoine!

C'àit

C' àit an robh sibh a thaibhse
 Nach d' thug fanas air foill I-freoine?
 'N ur cadal an ceo uaigneach?
 No cluiche' ri duilleig luaineich?
 Ni hamhluidh;—le caifeamachd dhìleas,
 Phill is phill sibh le 'r n an-sgairt;
 Tra shaoileas gu bu taibhse gun bhaigh sibh
 Le 'm b' aill ar cumail o Mhor-bheinn.
 —Roi 'n ceo-èide las lann an Rìgh;
 “Leanuibh am foghnan is fiol nam meat.”

Le ainm Ghuill ga luadh,
 Chualas am farum a' treigfinn,
 Tiamhaidh. Dh' fhalbh iad nan ofaig,
 Mar ofunn eafaich 's a chorr a' caoiran *.

Iom.

* Hesiod notes the same circumstance as a prognostication of a storm.

Mark when thou hearest from the clouds on high,
 The *crane* emit her *frequent plaintive cry*,
 For then the storm, with copious rain, is nigh.

}

Oper. et dies l. ii. 62;

Iom-cheist Ghuill †.

'S am bheileam fein am aonar,
 Am measg nan ceuda colg;
 Gun lann liomhaidh leam
 Sa chath dhorchaid!
 —Tha imeachd nan tonn geal
 Gu Morbheinn nam bad;
 An tog mi mo shiùil,
 'S gun chaomh am fagus?
 Ach cionnus a dh'eireas an dàn,
 Ma dh' fhàsas neul
 Air cliù mhic Morna?

Ciod their Fionn le 'm b' àbhaist
 Am boire nan cath cruaidh,
 A radh ri mhic bhras,
 “Nach faic sibh tèachd mhic Morna!”
 —'S a Mhorna na 'm faice tusa
 Do mhac a' teicheadh o'n àraich,

† This soliloquy of Gaul is often repeated by itself. The measure of it is different from that of any other part of the poem; and resembles much the disordered state of the speaker's mind at the time.

Nach tige' rugh' air do ghnuis aosda,
 'N lathair nan laoch neulach?
 'S nach cluinnte' tofna fa ghaoith
 An gleann faoin na Strumoin,
 Tra theireadh na taibhse lag
 "Theich do mhac an I-freoine?"

—A Mhorna, bu deacair leam;
 Is m'anam am chom mar fhalasg aonaich,
 Tra sgaoileas a bras, o dhos gu dos,
 'S a choille na caoiribh dearga.

—A Mhorna, feall orm o'n aonach;
 Bha tanam fein mar steud-shruth bras
 Fo chobhar ceann-gheall an cuinge garbhlaich;
 'S mac-samhuil fin anam do mhic.

—Aoibhir-chaomha! Og'uill!*—
 Ach ni 'm buin dearfanna caomh do 'n doininn.
 Tha anam Ghuill an colluinn a chòraig.
 —'S truagh gun Oisian mac Fhinn
 Bhi leam, mar an linn Mhic Nuath! †

—Ach

* *Og-Ghell*, the son of Gaul and Evirchoma.

† This probably alludes to an expedition of Gaul and
 Oisian celebrated in the poem of *Lathmon*, translated by Mr
 Macpherson.

—Ach tha m'anam fein na thannas èiti'
 'S e leum na aonar fa chuan atmhor,
 A' taoma' mìle tonn air eilean air chrith,
 'S a' marcachd a rìs an cobhian na gaoithe.

Bhuail mac Morn' an tath-bheum sgèithe, *
 (Cha b' ionan a hèigh is an tràsa,)
 Chlìsg an I, is dhuìsg a cathan;
 † Dhùldaich Goll, 's lann athar a' dealra'.
 Gach taobh dheth tha daoine gan sgatha'
 Mar ùr-bharrach an doire na fàsaich;
 An airm liomhai' fan raon air an sgapa,
 'S eoin na healtuinn ri gàire.

A Mhala-

* The following passage may serve to show that the conduct of Gaul, though rash, is characteristic of the manners of the times.

“ Of all the nations of the world, says Ælian, the Cæltæ are the foremost to encounter dangers. In this they are encouraged by those songs that are composed in honour of such as fall bravely in battle. They reckon it such a disgrace to fly, that often they will not step out of a house just falling, or on fire. Many of them will not remove even from the stowing of the sea, but rush armed against the fury of the waves, brandishing their swords and spears, as if they could terrify or wound the billows.” *Λνθροπων* &c. Ælian, l. xii. 23.

† *al.* Bhuail iad mar thein-adhair thun tràgha.

* A Mhala-mhìn, nach fac thu fein

Sgaoth eunlaith air fteuda' fàile,

A' cuartacha muice mòire,

'S na cuanta dòbhidh a' gànraich?

Nach fac thu bolg bàn an eifg

(Mar fhiuil air an fèide') ri uachdar,

'S na heoin air na tonna' fad as,

Ri fgairteachd le geilt is fuathas?

—B' amhuil fin eagal na Freoine,

'S an geilt ro' chòrag Ghuill.

Ach dh' fhàs mac Morna fann;

'S e ri crann a' leigeil a thaic ;

Ceud corran na thaobh an fàs,

Is fhuil air màgh a fgeithe glais.

—Ach 's dealan bàis a chlaidhe;

'S tha crith air anam na Freoine.

H

Ach

* This passage occurs in some editions in the following form.

Mar thonn gailbheach geal

Ri slios muice mòire,

Tra bhios eoin le geilt ga cuartach'

'S a bolg bàn air uachdar fàile ;

B' amhuil a sheas na sloigh,

Le geilt ro chòrag Ghuill.

Ach com', a shiol gun iochd,
 Am bheil ur làmh ri lic ghailbhich? *
 An ann a fgaoileadh ur cliu
 Gus na linnte dhùisgeas fan oran?
 Ach an cliu do sheachdar a hiomain
 An caradh aon fhir 's e na ònrachd?
 —Bhuail i sliafaid an laoiach,
 Dh' aom e air a fgeith umha,
 Alluidh : 's a naimh ga threigfinn,
 † Mar iolair reubta le dealan na hòiche.

'S truagh nach b' fhios do na laoiach,
 Ioma-ghaoth nan cath! do chor;
 Cho 'n eisdemid ‡ ceol no clàr,
 'S mac Morna bhi 'n fàs teann.
 Cha chaidle' § mac-an-Luin na thruaill,
 'S cha bhiodh fleagh Fhinn gun luadh air àr :
 'S ni

* In ancient times pillars of stone were frequently erected by the conquerors in the field of battle, in order to commemorate their victory. Many of these obelisks are still to be seen in all the parts of the Highlands.

† *al.* Mar iolair leont' air carraig nan cnoc,
 'S a fgiath air a lot le dealan na hòiche.

‡ *al.* Oigh no bàrd.

§ The sword of Fingal had this name from **Luno**, a smith
 of

'S ni 'm b'ioghna bho m'righ, 's e mofgla',
 " Bhuail tannas no ofag an fgiath ud!"

Com' nach d'ath-bhuail thu do shleagh,
 A Mhorna nan ciabh aofda?

H 2

Com'

of Lochlin, who had likewise fabricated arms for some more of the Fingalian heroes. Ossian in return transmitted his name to posterity in a poem composed on the subject, and known by the title of (*An Gabha*) "The smith." Some fragments of this piece which still remain are very characteristic of the manners of the times. In the following lines, the poet describes their joy on receiving these implements of war, and mentions the different names or epithets given to their respective swords; such as "the son of Luno;" "the flame of the Druids;" "the raven, or bird of prey;" &c.

'S b' aighireach finn an dara mhaireach

Ann an ceardaich Loin 'ic Liomhain!

Gum bu mhaith ar nùr-chloidhean,

'S ar deagh shleaghan fada righne.

B' e mac an Loin lann mhic Cu'ill,

Nach d' fhàg fuigheall riabh dh' fheoil daoine;

Gu 'm bi 'n Drui'lannach lann Ofcair,

'S gu'm bi Chofgarach lann Chaoilte,

Gum bi 'n Liomhanach lann Dhiarmaid,

B' iomad fear fiadhaich a mharbh i.

'S agam fein bha Gearr-nan-calan,

Bu gharg farum 'n am nan garbh-chatla.

Com' nach d'aom thu gu m'ailling fein,
 “ Oifian, eirich, 's Goll na aonar.”

Ach bha timeachd gu I na freoine,
 Shil frafan o d' dheoir air na fleibhte,
 Bha crith air gach innis ro d' fgairt,
 Làn bròin is do mhac gun eiridh.

Bhrìst fàir' air mona nan fruth,
 Threig ailing na mnà caoin ;
 Chaifd i ri caithream na feilg,
 B' ioghna nach cual i a gaol.

San lò, bho thulachaibh nan dos,
 Dh' èisd i a caoi fein ;
 Is an-moch sheall i air lear,
 Brònach, 's gun long a' leum.

Ciod fo chum thu, ghraidh,
 Seach càch an I na freoine?
 Mife dubhach air aoma chreag,
 'S mac-thallaidh a' freagairt dom' chòra.
 —Nach feuda tu pilleadh a nis
 Ge d' thigeadh ort ànra cuain,
 Is tuigh bhi ri leanabh do ghaoil

A thaomas leam ofna gu cruaidh.
 'S truagh nach cluinne' tu, ghaoil,
 Fuaim bhrisfeach tainme
 O bheul Oguill, gu d' ghreasad :
 Ach 's eagal leam fein nach pill thu.

Chuinnas aifling an raoir :

Bha gach neach air an raon ach Goll;
 Tamul as, is a thaice r'a fhleagh,
 Bha n' laoch na sheasamh air aona-chois.
 Bha chas eile na ceo glas
 A charuich gach oiteag a fhèideadh,
 Chaidh mi fein an còail mo ghaoil,
 Ach fheid ofag o'n aonach uam e.
 —Ach uam aiflinge geilt,
 Pillidh tu, Ri' Strumhoin;
 'S do cheann mar òg-ghnuis na grèine,
 'S i 'g eiridh air Crom' lia * nan taibhfe;
 Far an crithich fan òich' an taineal,
 'S na tannais a fgairteachd gach taobh dheth;
 —Ach theich iad ro aiteal na màidne,
 'S ghabh efan le bhata gu gluasad.

Is

* *Crom-shlia*, Places of worship among the Druids were called *crom'lia*, or *crom'liachd*, from the bowing of the worshippers, and were supposed to be guarded by spirits.

Is amhluidh chi mi thu, ghaoil;
 Nach e fud aogus do bhàrca?
 A fhuil mar chobhar nan creag
 No mar fhneachd' air bharraibh na fàfach.

Am bàrca ta ann no ceo?
 Do m' fhuil-fa cha lèir le bròn;
 Is i bàrca mo ghaoil ata ann,
 A' leum thar fàile na deann.
 Oiche, na falaich a fhiuil,
 Na sgaoil do fgiath air mo rùn;
 Greasam fan sgoth fo na dhàil,
 Ro cheo na hiargaile tlà.

Dh' imich i,—'s bàrca cha d' fhuair,
 Bha 'n ceo luaineach le taibhfe,
 A chleachd feoladh air lear o shean,
 'S a lean an àbhaidh a b' aoibhinn.
 —Tha sgoth na mnà ag imeachd
 Gu camus innis na Freoine;
 Tha chaol-ghealach tro' neula balbha,
 Cùl chrann, air farr-bheinn a' feoladh;
 Is reulta ro shrachda nan nial
 Dubh-sgiathach air aghaidh na hòiche,
 A' leum-

A' leumnaich o nial gu nial,
 'S mar thannas, gu dian a' treigfinn.
 Dhearc a bhean na 'n dearfa caol
 Air aogus àluinn a mic,
 'S i ga fhàgail na coite chaoil ;
 * “ Oig mo ghaoil bi 'n fo gun fhios.”

Mar cholum an carraig na hUlacha,
 'S i folar dhearca da h àl beag,
 'S a' pilltin gu tric, gun am blasad i fein †,
 Tra dh' eircas an tfeabhag na smuainte ;
 B' amhuil a phill trì uaire 'n Aoibhir,
 'S a hanam mar thuinn air a luafga'
 Bho bhàir gu bàir, 's an doinionn a' feide',
 ‡ Tra chual i guth bròin o ghéig na tràgha.

“ Tha mise, lamh threun nan cath,
 A' feargadh air tràigh am aonar,

Gun

* *al.* Iarram tathair ri taobh na tuinn fo.

† ——— Away they fly

Affectionate, and, undesiring, bear

The most delicious morsel to their young.

THOMSON'S Spring, 973.

‡ “ Chluinn mi guth broin air uchd an àilidh.”

Gun fhios aig Oisian no Fionn air,
Mur dean foillse nan speur dhoibh innse'.

Innsibh, a reulta ruiteach †
Do theach nan laoch mar thuit mi fein;
Is innsibh a thaibhse nan fion
Mo fgeul-fa do Ri' na Feinn.'

Innsibh gu bheil m' anam fo leon
An I freoine, gun ibh gun ith,
Ach fàile gorm re là is là;
Na faigheadh mo ghradh air fios!
An cèin biodh imeachd ur fgiath,
Gun fharum gun fhiamh dol seach;
Na cluinneadh mo ghaol ur guth,
Mu 'n fiubhail lionn-dubh air a hinntin.
An cèin a rìs biodh ur rathad,
'S biodh aifling mo mhnatha-fa aoibhinn.
—Tha mhadain, a ghaoil, fad as,
Gabh fois le caidre' do naoidhein.
Am fuaim a chaochain, am faoin-ghleann eilde,
Biodh taifling aoibhinn, Aoibhir-chaomha."

I

“ 'S an

† “ Barbari hi quos dixi (scil. Celtæ) contendunt et esse deos, et nostri curam gerere, et præsignificare futura, magna ex parte, per insomnia et stellas.” *Ælian. l. 2. c. 31.*

“ 'S an faoil thu gur fois domh fein,
Is Goll am péin air ascaín tràgha ?
Mo chridhe cha chofail ri carraig,
Cha robh m' athair o I na Freoine*.
—Ach c' àit am faigh mi furtachd do m' ghaol?
Is eumhainn leam sgeula Chas-du-conghlais.

I

Sgeula

* *I freoine* was considered as a very inhospitable place. The following lines from *Dan an fhir chlaoin* give it the same character that it has here.

I fìn alluidh na Freoiné,
Le d' thiubh-cheo buan 's le d' ua'-bhéistean ;
A thir nam pian, gun mhiadh gun bhàigh;
Dol ad dhail be sud mo dheisinn.

These are some of the properties of the Celtic hell, as described in the *History of the Druids*. Since that was published, I have met with the following lines in an old M.S. and as they tend to illustrate the notions which our Celtic ancestors had of a place of torment, I insert them here.

'S maírg a rōghnuicheas Ifrinn fhuar,
'S gur i uaimh nan † driobhunn geur;
Is beag orm Ifrinn fhuar fhliuch,
Aite bith-bhuan is fearbh deoch.

† perhaps droighionn.

Sgeula Chas-du-conghlais.

Tra bha mi òg an glacaibh m' athar,
 Bha ar fiubhal aon latha 's na cuantaibh;
 Shéid an doinionn finn gu carraig,
 * (Bha Crìfoluis mar ruinn fan uair fin)
 Tri chrainn ghlasa gun duilleach,
 Bha 'n fin air bharr tuinne gan luasga';
 Mu 'n cois bha fàs nan dearg-dhearcag,
 Cha d' rinn m' athair am blasa ge d' bhuain e. †
 " A Chrìfoluis, tha t fheum-fa mor,
 A màireach foghnui' dhomhfa m' aonach."

Thainig madain 's am feasgar mu scach,
 Ach b' i charraig ar teach an cònuidh.

Curach

* *al.* Chaidh ar curach a bhrìste na bhruanach.

† — Even so a gentle pair

By fortune fank, but form'd of generous mould,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cot, amid the distant woods,
 Sustain'd alone by providential HEAV'N;
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant-train,
 Check their own appetite, and give them all.

THOMSON'S Spring, 676.

Curach do bharrach nan crann,
 Dheilbh m' athair, is b'fhann a chòra.
 —“ A Chridhe 'n tfoluis, caidleam fein,
 * Tra thig am fè biodh sibhs' a' gluasad.”

“ Gun mo ghaol ni 'n gluaifeam fein ;
 Gun fhios domh an d'eug tanam?
 Com'nach d' ith thu subhan an fhàsaich?
 Gabh, a ghraidh, o na ciocha fo bainne.

Rinn e mar dh' iarr i, 's phill a lùgh ;
 Thuit a ghaoth 's bu dlù Idronlo.
 Bu tric a luadh air sgeula mo ghràidh,
 Tra thàramaid aig uaigh Chri-foillse.

“ Aoibhir-chaomha, na gnùise tlà,
 Thigeadh do mhathair gu d' chuimhne,
 Ma tharlas duit fein 's do d' leannan,
 Mac samhuil e fo do ghàbhadh.”

Is amhuil ; is bheiream mar ioc-sùlaint,
 † Baine mo chiocha do m' ghaol,

I 2

Foghnai'

* *al.* An cein tha aimfir mo dhùsgaidh.

† The following reply to the tender offer of Evirchoma is generally repeated here ; but as it does not correspond with the sentiments that follow, I have omitted it in the text.

“ Comhairle

Foghnai' fin da a nochd,
'S bidh fin focair air tràigh am màireach.

Imichs' a gheug àillidh,
Gu d' thràigh mu'n dùisg an tfoillse;
Imich ad fgoth le d' leanabh a tuchd,
Com' an tuit e mar mhaoth-bhlàthan,
Air a sgatha' le fleagh gun iochd,
An laimh laoich gun fliochd gun chairdeas?
Thuit e 's a cheann fo bhruaidlein;
Le cheileir cruadail tha'n laoch ag imeachd.
—Imich 's fàg mise 'n I-freoine,
'S mi leonta mar chladach gun chaochan;
Mar luibh a' fearga ro ghaoith gheamhraidh,
Nach tog a ceann le grèin a cheituin.

Thugadh na Trein'ir mi gu'n talamh;
Ach thainig smal air mo chliu-fa!

Fo'n

“ Comhairle mnà a noir no niar,

Cha ghabh is cha do ghabh mi riabh.”

Here likewise, or a little lower, another long passage occurs in many editions, but which is supposed to refer to some other Gaul whose spouse was called *Aine*. It begins thus:

A righbhin is binne ceol

Gluais gu malda 's na gabh bròn, &c.

Fo 'n chrann fo càireadh iad m' uaigh,
Chi 'n coigreach o stuaidh an tsàil' i;
Crathaidh e cheann is e 'g acain,
“ Faic far an d' eug Mac-Morna !”

'S eugaidh mise le m' ghaol,
Caidleam ri thaobh fo'n fheur;
Bidh ar leaba fa bhàs co-ionan,
'S ar taibhs' an co-imeachd nan s peur.
Chi òighean ar ceuma san òiche,
“ Nach aoibhneach (their iad) a chàraid !”
—A choigrich nan steud, guil a rithis,
Tha dithis nan cadal san àr fo.

Ach ciod fo 'n guth am chluais?
Guth Og'uill, 's e truagh gun fhurtachd;
Tha m' anam fein a' mofgla'
'S a' plofgail gun chlos am innibh.
Is com an eirich anam Ghuill;
Com' an cluinntear acain ghoirt;
An guil mar fo athair a mhac,
'S an eol da acain màthar?
Air leam gu bheil tanam a' leum;
Giulaineam fein thu thun ar mic;

'S ea-

'S ea-trom an tuallach mo ghradh,
Faigheam am laimh do lorg."

Ghiulain i 'n laoch gus a fgoth,
'S fad na hòiche chothaich ri steudaibh;
Chunnaic gach reul a treife ga fàgail,
Fhuair a mhadainn gun chàil mar * neul i.

Air an òiche fin 's mis air an raon,
Thainig gu m' chadal an taos-Mhorna;
Bha thaice ri luing air chrith,
Is aghaidh fhnitheach ro bhrònach.
Gach clais na ghnuis bha làn,
Le fruthan ànrach na haoife;
Tri uaire fheall e thar lear,
Tri uaire bha acain caointeach.

" An

* The ancient Galic poets are blamed for drawing so many of their comparisons from clouds and mists. But this will appear extremely natural, if we consider that they lived in a mountainous country, where clouds and mists were continually before their eyes; and likewise that they looked upon these clouds as the mansion and vehicle of their departed friends. This last circumstance could not fail to fix their attention upon them almost perpetually.—There goes the chariot of my father; there the car of my friend.

“ An cadal do charaid mhic Morna,
San am bu choir dha dùlga’ ?”

Thainig ofag, na cuibhlidh, fa phreas,
Dhùisg i coileach an fhraoich,
Le tuire’ glaoidh thog e cheann ;
O’m chadal chlisg mì fein,
Is chunnas Morna na neul gam fhàgail.

Leanas thar muir a cheum,
Is fhuaras an fge’ na hinnse ’n fgoth.
An taice r’a taobh bha ceann mo Ghuill,
Ri taobh uilne bha fgia nan cath ;
Thar a bile bha creuchd mu leith,
’S i dearg-shruthadh mu chnapa-starra. *

Thogas a chlogaid ; chunnas a chiabhan,
Na ’n ànra fiar am fallas.—
Dh’ eirich mo bhùirich fein,
’S thog efan air eigin a fhuil ;
Thaini’ ’n teug, mar final na greine ;
Tuille cha leir dhuit tOscar !

Tha

* The *cnap-starra* of the ancient Caledonians was, according to Dion Cassius, “ a ball of brass fastened to the lower end of the spear in order to terrify the enemy with the noise of it when shaken.” *Dion Cassius apud Xiphil. lib. lxi.*

Tha àilleachd Aoibheir-chaomha fo fmal,
 'S barr fleagh aig a mac gun smuairean,
 B' fhann a guth ; bu tearc a ràite,
 Thogas fein le m' laimh a fuas i :
 Ach leag i mo bhos air ceann a mic,
 'S a hacain gu tric ag eiridh.

A leinibh chaoimh, is diomhain t fhuran,
 Do mhathair tuille cha 'n eirich ?
 Biom fein duit am dhearbh-athair,
 Ach ni 'm mairrionn an Aoibhir-àluinn ! *
 —Ach ciod mu bheil m' anam co meat ?
 'Theirge' mo dheoir nan tuirinn gach ànra.

Ràineas talla nan còs-shruth ;
 Talla dubhach làn eislein,
 Gun fhonn baird, gun chruit chiuil,
 Ach fuaim duillich a dhùisg an treun-ghaoth.

Luidh an iolair air barr an teach,
 Shonraich i clù-nead dhi fein ;

I

“ Co

* Evirallin, daughter of Branno, King of Lego in Ireland, was the spouse of Ossian. Her beauty is much celebrated in the beginning of the iv. B. of Fingal, and in other poems of Ossian.

“ Co dhìreas a mullach, no dh’ fhògras,
 M’ eoin riöch nan leabaidh fhèimh ?”
 Crùbaidh fo ’n dorus am minnean,
 ’S e ga faicinn air binnean na carraige.
 Tha Cos-ulla’ na luidh air an stairfnich,
 ’S e farum Ghuill at’ ann, tha e ’m barail,
 ’S le aiteas tha dheoir a’ treigfinn.
 Ach tha thuireadh a’ pille’ (’s e luidhe’)
 Cha ’n fhaic e ach mac na heilde.

Ach co dh’ innseas airfneal na Feinne,
 ’S iad mall a’ tearna’ mar cheathach,
 Tra bhios fhaileas, ri am na frois,
 A’ gluasad air faiche na luachrach.
 Iofal chi iad cliar nan cath,
 ’S an deoir a’ file’ mar bhainne na hailbhinn.

Leig Fionn a thaice ri giuthas aofd’
 (A leag a ghaoth) aig ceann mhic Morna ;
 Na dhuala’ lia bha dheoir am falach, *
 Is ula geal an franna na sìne.

K

Mar

* ——— Mollissima corda

Humano generi dare se Natura fatetur,

Quæ lachrymas dedit, hæc nostri pars optima sensus.

Juv. Sat. 15.

Mar chaidh Fionn Mac Morna.

'S a laoich feara na Feinne,
 'N d' fhàg thu mise leam fein am aois ?
 Tuille nach cluinn mi téigheach,
 Na farum do sgeith air an raon ?
 Nach foillsich tuille do chlaidhe ?
 Le 'm faigheamar buaidh na làrach.
 Nach marcaich san tsìne do long ;
 'S nach cluinnear leam fonn do ràmhach ?
 Tra thuirleas m' anam an ceo,
 Tra dh' aomas neol àir mo chiabh,
 Nach cluinn mi o mhaçaibh nam fonn,
 " Sud air lear long Mhic Morna ? "

Fonn nan òighean is guth nam bard,
 Gu bràth cha 'n eirich ad chòail ;
 Cha 'n fhaic na sleibhte do bhratach,
 Cha chluinnear tacain no tòran.
 Cha 'n 'eil imeachd do chon air an t-sliabh,
 Tha iad fiar aig t-fhardaich, brònach ;
 Tha damh na cròic air an fhaiche ;
 Cha 'n fhiu leo fhaicinn, 's nach beo thu.

Och !

Och ! a lù-choin, dh' imich an laoch,
 Cha chluinni sibh fan aonach a ghuth :
 An so tha chadal, gun fealg air uigh,
 'S beum-sgeith, a Ghuill, cha dùisg thu.

Ciod e spionnadh an laoich ?
 Ge d' fgaoil e mar dhuilleach an cath ;
 An diugh ge treun air an raon,
 Bheir an daol am màireach buaidh air *.

Com', a dheora, ghuidh thu dhuit fein
 Treise Ghuill na éide stàilinn ?
 Tra dhealruich e mar eith an gath-greine,
 'S gearr ge haoibhinn a dhearfa !

Mar neul ruiteach ré an laoich,
 Chi 'n fealgair, 's an òich' a' taosga ;
 “ 'S àluinn a dhreach mar bhogh' na frois ! ”
 Sheall e, 's cha 'n fhaic e aogus.

Luath mar fherein an adhair,
 'S an ioma-ghaoth na platha fo fgiathaibh,
 Shiubhail an dreach àillidh,
 'S na àite tha 'n ceathach ciar-dhu.

K 2

Tuille

* — Mors fola fatetur

Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.

Juv.

Tuille ni mairrionn do Gholl ;
 Ach mairridh e 'm fonn nan teud ;
 Ni hamhuil is ceo air an fhrois
 Cliu treise nan treun-laoch.

Càiribh, a chlanna nan teud,
 Leaba Ghuill 's a dheo-greine là ris ;
 Far am faicear innis o chein
 Is geugan os aird ga sgàile'.
 Fo sgèi na daraig is guirme blà,
 Is luaithe fàs, 's is buaine dreach,
 A bhrùchdas a duilleach air anail na frois,
 'S an raon m'an cuairt di feargta.
 —A duilleach o iomall na tìre,
 Chìtear le eoin an tfamhraidh ;
 Is luidhidh gach eun mar a thig
 * Air barraibh † na géige urair.
 Cluinnidh Goll an ceilear na cheo,
 'S oighean a' feinn air Aoibhir-chaomha :

'S gus

* Ημος κοκκυξ, &c.

When on the budding oaks of early spring,
 The cuckow sings and cheers the hill and dale.

HESED, Oper. et Dies. l. 2. 100.

† *al.* géige na Strumhoin.

'S gus an caochail gach ni dhiu fo,
 Cha fgarar ur cuimhne bho chèile.
 —Gus an crion gu luaithre a chlach,
 'S an fearg as le haois a gheug fo,
 Gus an fguir na fruthain a ruith,
 'S an dèagh mathair-uisge nan fleibhtean ;
 Gus an caillear an dilinn aois
 Gach filidh, 's dàn is aobhar fgeíl.
 Cha'n fheoruich an taineal “ Co mac Morna?
 No Cia i cònuidh * Ghuill nan lù-chon ?”

* *al.* Rìgh na Strumhoin ?

D A N

DAN NA DU-THUINN*.

DAN Oi'mara 's na Dù-thuinn
Tha tuirling air m'anam an tràsa,
Mar cheo air bharraibh nam beann
Tra chaidleas fa ghleann an t àile.

† “ Is garbh leam beucaich do thonn,
A mhuir cheann-ghlas ri bonn mò fhleibh ;
Is osnaiche atmhor eiti' a deas,
Cha 'n e mo leas gu do fhéid sibh.
Ach a bhaca' mo sheol fein
'S faoin féitrich na doininne mear,
A shrachdas an iarmailte lom,
'S a luaisgeas gach tonn air an lear.

Cha

* This poem, from one of the circumstances mentioned in it, is often called Dàn-Oi'mara. The first stanza was omitted in the Translation.

† Fingal speaks.

Cha mhair an doinionn ach feal,
 Mar dhealan nan speura duaichni;
 Caidlidh a ghaoth fan fhàr,
 'S bidh sìth air a mhuir bhuairte.

* * * * *

Tuitidh a ghaoth, ach mairidh ar cliu,
 Cluinnear e 'n duthaich Dhaorlai."

Chruinnich a chathan mu 'n Rìgh,
 Bha fead fan t sìn aig folt Dhumolaich,
 Tha Leth crom thar a sgéi bholgaich,
 Air an tric an robh colg 's na blàraibh.
 Tha fleagh Mhorla air chratha fan adhar,
 Is aiteas an fuil Ghorm-àluinn.

Ruith finn ro 'n chuan stuadhach,
 'S muca-mara gu † luath gar feachna;
 Tha innsean a' clisg' as an rathad
 'S gam falach air cùl ar loingeis.
 Tha Du-thonn ag eiridh, mar sgeir
 Air a cleith air uairibh le fàile.

" 'Si

† *Al.* mu'n cuairt a' breabail.

“ ‘Si tìr Chonair at’ ann,
An caomh le’m b’ annfa mo chairdean !”

’S dorch’, ars’ am maraich’ an òiche !
Chaill e ’n tiul, is threig an reul e,
Ro chirb nan neula fras-fhliuch
Tha e rìs ga faicinn* aoibhneach.
Sheall càch an aird; ach dhùin an dorus,
Is aon reul fholuis cha lèir dhoibh.

“ Tha fiubhal na hòiche dorch,
Iarramaid for’uis na tragma,
Gus an eirich a mhadain òr-bhuidh
’S an còdaichear fleibh le fàire.”

Tha ar fiubhal gu geogha nan tonn;
Feuch tannas dorch’ air a chreig,
Ard mar chrann giuthais a chruth
’S e ’g aomadh thar fgèi nan nial;
’S an rè dorch a siar a’ dufgadh.
An lorg cheo-ghlas ud ’s i fhleagh:
Na barr tha lafadh nan reul,
Mar theine nan speur a lann,

I

Mar

* *Al* “ Feuch i!”

Mar dheatach air iom-ghaoith a ghruag,
 'S a shuilean dorcha mar uaimh fhàsail.
 Bu tric an taibhse gu Fionn ro chath,
 Ach ni 'n robh atha ro' Chonar caomhail.

Dhèrich Fionn an stùc le* Caoireall,
 'S mac an Luin na laimh gu foilleir;
 Chunnaic an taibhs' e, 's air osaig dh'imich,
 An fgairt thug Fionn as, luaifg i 'n innis.
 Chlìf na fleibhte creagach coillteach,
 'S dhuifg na treun'ir lafair oillteil†.

Càireadh gach fear a shleagh 's a luireach,
 Arfa Fionn gu tùrfach déifneach,
 'S eigin gleachd gun ghean mar b' abhaist,

L

Innse

* Carril was one of Fingal's bards, of whom frequent mention is made in Ossian's poems.

† In the *Interlude of the Droichs* before cited, from Allan Ramsay's *Ever-green*, there seems to be an allusion either to this passage, or to the encounter betwixt Fingal and the spirit of Loda, in the poem of *Carric-thura*.

“ My fore Grand-fire heicht Fynn-MacKoull,
 Quha dang the Deil, and gart him zoul,
 The skies rain'd fludes quhen he wad skoul,
 He trublit all the air.”

* Innse' daimh no ainm cha dean finn.
 Càireadh gach fear a fhleagh 's a luireach,
 Gun dùrachd cron da chairdean,
 'S gu biodh oirn fòlas an Du-thuinn
 Tra ruifgeas folus an là finn.

Chòlaich finn, am farum ar fàilinn,
 Am feachd, air làraich na hòiche ;
 Bhuail an faighdean ar fgiath' mar mheallain,
 Ach cha d' iarr finn anam ar daimheach.
 Mar thuinn mu charraig, dh' iadh iad umainn,
 Cha b' uilear dhuinn coga' no failneach'.

Theirinn an Ri' na thartar eiti',
 Mar thannas air èide' le fiontaibh.
 Thog a ghealach a ceann os aird,
 'S i dealradh air lann an Luin,
 A shoillfich an laimh an Rìgh,
 Mar eith Laoire 's a ghrian na hairde.

Chunnaie

* In those days of heroism, it was reckoned cowardice to tell one's name to an enemy, lest it should be considered as claiming kindred with him, and declining the combat. The same extravagant notions of honour seem to have prevailed among some other nations of antiquity. See *Anc. Univ. Hist. of Fab. and Her. times*, § 6.

Chunnaic Du-thonn an lafair le geilt,
Is theich iad mar dhuibhre do'n fhàsaich.

Mall mar Lubar nan car,
Ag imeachd ro fhaiche na Dura,
Rainig finn eafach na leacainn,
Na leabai dhoilleir chlùmhair.
Bha ar còra mu dhoininn a chatha,
'S mu ghnìomha nam flathan a dhìbir.
Sheinn Caoireall air aimsir o shean,
'S lean Oifiain air Conar is* Mìnla.

Thainig ofag an crònan an uillt,
Na luib bha acain bhròin,
'S i fann mar thaibhse fan doire,
Tra ghoireas iad thairis air tuamaibh.

“† Iarr, Oifiain, bruachan an uillt,
Tha crann caomh fan òich' air tiuteam,
Bheiream fein da ioc-lus an aonaich,
Mun tig farran air eudann Chonair.”

† Dh'imich mi fein 's a ghaoir am chluais,
Shil mo dheoir anuas le déifinn.

L 2

Caoiran

* Mìnla, the daughter of Conar, chief of Duthona, “the island of dark waves.”

† Fingal speaks.

† Offian speaks.

Caoiran Chonair.

Is dorch a san doinn mo chònuidh !
 Gun ghuth am chòir ach ian tiamhaidh ;
 Threig am bard :—tha 'n òiche mall,
 O ! 's òiche gach là dhomhfa.
 Cha 'n fhaic mi do ghnuis, a ghrian,
 Orruidh soir, no ruiteach fiar ;
 'S cha mhò a chì mi thu, ghealach,
 Ag amharc ro chrannaibh air caochain.
 'S truagh nach do thuit mi le Daorla,
 'S thu d' luidhe ri m' thaobh a Mhìnla :
 Shiubhla' mo chliu air falbh
 Mar dhearfa neulach air learga ciara,
 Aoibhneas nam beag fo m' dhùn craobhach,
 'S c 'g aomadh o'n fùil is o'n cuimhne.
 Leigibh mis' as ur cuimhne cuideachd
 A chlanna mo fhìdigh ghaolaich,
 Mur tuit sibh, mar dhuilleach fa chrith-reo,
 Fo laimh chithich Dhaorlai.
 'S truagh nach do thuit mise le Gara*,
 'S mi cur a chatha le Fionn,

An

* *Gara mac Stairn*, or Swaran, the son of Starno, was a king of Lochlin, with whom Fingal had frequent war. His prowess is so much celebrated in ancient poetry, that to this day

An sin ghuileadh mo Rìgh air m' uaigh,
 'S bhiodh luadh air mo chliu le Oifian.
 Theireadh filidh nam blianaì nar deigh,
 " Fo fguir a chuilm bidh 'n fgeul air Conar."
 Ach a nis cha chluinnear mo dhàn,
 Cha 'n aithnich an t ànrach m' uaigh;
 Chi e leac ghlas, is cuiseag ga còdach',
 Feoruichidh co d'an uaigh i.
 Cha'n aithne dhuinne, their clann a ghlinne,
 Cha d' innis an dàn a chliu dhuinn.

* " Ach innfidh an dàn do chliu,
 'S cha dearmadar thu 'n oran Chaothain.
 Treig tuaimh, biodh do chraofnach fan àr,
 Mar rainich an làir crionaidh Daorla.
 Ach sgaoilidh do chliu-sa mar ùr-dharaig
 Ag amharc thar ceathach nan gleanntai',
 'S i crathadh a duillich le haighear
 Ri aghaidh na greine samhraidh."

'S caomh thu a thannais na hòiche,
 Ni 'n oillt le Conar do chòra.

Bidh

day a *Gara mac Stairn* is a proverbial expression for a man of uncommon strength and prowess.

* Oifian speaks.

Bidh ar luadh air ionad nam flath,
 Gun ghuth air mo rath no mo chliu-fa.
 'S amhuil mo chliu-fa 's ceo,
 Air Mora nan aiteal ialach.

* * * * *

Bidh mise leat gu gairrid
 An teach do fhaimhe ;
 'S thig finn le folas
 Gu bruadar nan anràch*.
 Siubhlaidh finn le 'n anam do 'n àraich,
 'S thig crith nar laith'r air na treun'ir.
 Bidh 'niall an fin mar fhalluinn,
 'S an uaimh mar thalla na Feinne ;
 Bidh an ofag mar chlarfaich nan cluais,
 Is fuaim na cuifeig mar cheileir aoibhinn.
 Gu fin, biodh do chòra tric leam fein,
 A thannais aoibhinn, air oiteig na hòiche.

'S

* To supply every defect in the versification by the pro-
 saic tales which accompany these poems, would give them a
 motley appearance. As these tales, however, are for the most
 part a kind of measured prose, they are allowed to stand when-
 ever they seem to form any sort of verse, in their natural order,
 as here.

'S thugas Conar ionnfuidh mo Rìgh,
Cha robh 'n uigh air nì ach solas,
Oir chuimhnich iad na làithe moch
San do ghluais iad am fochair ghleanntai',
Tra b' e 'm foghnan glas am fiadh,
'S an eilid, ciob nan ciar-bheann faoine.
Dh' fhàs a rìs am blianai' le cheile,
'S leum eildean romp' air Gorm-mheall.

Ach co, deir Fionn, a chuir Conar fo eill?
'S e dh' fheumas bhi treun san iorguill.

“ Chuala Daorla mo lamh bhi lag,
'S ghrad-bhuail e chugam 's mi m' aonar ;
Bhuadhaich fheachd ; tha e fein am thalla,
Minla fo fmalan, 's m' fheachd air sgaoile'.”

Chualas guth Chonair le Fionn,
'S dh' fhàs air cith agus greann,
Chrath e na laimh a chrann crithich,
'S air mac an Luin fheall e rithis.

“ Cha 'n àm fo gu fois,
'S fear-togail ar creich co dlù ;
A shluagh cuideachd nì 'n tearc,
Chunnas am feachd le'r fuil.

—Oifiaìn 's a Ghorm-àluinn, gu traigh,
 A Dhumolaich, gu àros Chonair;
 Dionaibh Mìnla, mata i fan teach,
 Le fgiathaibh dorchà mar * rè na hòiche."

Thainig Caoireall le chruit thlà,
 'S a fonn mar thaibhs' a' fnàg air Laoire,
 Ga 'n cide' mu nòin le neulaibh foilleir,
 Tra chluinnear air fruthaibh an caoiran.

Gluais gu fòil, a shruthain na hoiche,
 'S gu cluinnte' leinn oran Chaoirill.

Duan na Lara.

'S tha geug aig Làra nan fruth,
 Fo dubhar, eadar leaca tha 'm foghnan,
 A' fileadh a dheur fan amhainn,
 'S dà thannas an cònuidh dlù dha. †

Urail

* *re*, an old name for the moon; now it signifies any space of time indefinitely.

† In some editions of this poem, the following stanza is subjoined to this line.

Chitear an taibhs' an grian an nòin
 Tra bhios faiche nam Mor-bheann fàmhach;
 Falt aon mar cheo air a ghuaillibh,
 'S mar neula duaichnì a dhà shuil.

Urail aofda, 's aon diu thufa,
 'S t fhalt o d' mhuineal mar neula foillfe,
 'S co fin mar cheo-sneachda la' ruit?
 A bhan-fealgair áillidh do nighean.

Bha clann Lara 'm bothan an fhàsaich,
 A' tàr na cuilm an deigh na feilge;
 Chunna' Colgar iad, 's e luath
 Mar bheum fleibhe nuas o 'n aonach.
 " Ighean Urail, imich leam fein,
 Fo cheangal na heille bidh tathair,
 Mu 'm buail e beum-sgeithe fan aonach,
 'S gu cluinne' na laoich an cein e."

Le Colgar ni 'n fiubhlam fein,
 Is m' athair deurach na aonar,
 Fhalt aofda le gaoith ga chratha,
 'S a shuilean gun latha gun leirfinn."

Dh' imich nighean Urail air eigin,
 'S a ceum gu trom 's gu tiamhaidh,
 Mar fhliuch-cheo an gleannan na fàmhchair,
 'S an dall-ghrian a' fnàmh ro neula.

Dhuifg earba fan raon,
 Leum i caol aig caochan diamhair,
 'Tha raineach uain' air uairibh ga falach;
 "Faiceam tiughar, a Cholgair."
 —Tharruing i 'n tfreang, is thuit an laoch,
 Phill i gu Lara, 's bha 'n taosda fubhach.
 B' ionan fhealgair 's grian ag aomadh
 Air fleibhtean aobhach fan earrach;
 No duilleach a' tuiteam fa gheamhra,
 Feadh ghleanntai' fàfail tofdach.
 'S ni 'm bu tearc làithe Mor-àille,
 Mu 'n do chaidil i la' ri hathair.
 —'S tha geug aig Lara nan fruth,
 Tha dithis fo dubhar a chònuidh;
 Urail, is tusa aon diu,
 'S aon eil' an tiuran òg ud. *

'S chaidh Gorm-àluinn 's mi fein gu tràigh,
 Fo sgeir fhàfail fhuaras òg,

A

* The bards always adapted their songs to the circumstances of their hearers. The case of Conar was similar to that of Ural; and hence the propriety of Carril's song, which ends here.

A ghairdean air clarfaich 'bhrifte,
 'S lorg a fhleagh fo luirich eatroim.
 Sheall a ghealach mar bhloidh sgeithé
 Ro 'n fheur os a cheann 's e lùbta ;
 Ga luafgadh o thaobh gu taobh,
 Mar ghiuthas an gaoith nan stùcan.
 —Co fo ni cònuidh fan òiche ;
 'S co ris do dhaimh, ars' an t Aluinn ?

Fhreagair e, fo bhall-chrith mar dhuilleach,
 Tha mise do fhilibh na Du-thuinn ;
 Chuala Daorla m' oran 's 'choigil ;
 'S e 'n laoch thug na fleaghan o 'n Fheinne.

* “ O'n Fheinn thug e 'n fleaghan gun fhios,
 Is bhuaile air Conar na aonar ;
 'S treun a lamh 's gun neach na aghaidh,
 Ach 's lag oidhrip ri uair bhaoghlach.
 Is neul e 'g eiridh fan fhè
 O chàrr monaidh, 's gun deo fan àile ;
 Ach glacaidh an doinionn an neul fò,
 Sgapaidh an Fheinne àilleachd.

* * * * *

M 2

Mata

* Gormallon speaks.

* Mata do bhaigh ri Daorla,
 Innis gu daor-ruaig an Fheinn e ;
 'S beanntai fraochach faoin a dhùcha,
 Le fhuil gu brath nach feuch e."

Bhrift uaithe bùire guil,
 Mar eith na Léig a' bruanfgail,
 No mar ghaoth ro uaimh na h Ardbheinn.

† * * * * *

Na dìt an t òg a Ghorm-àluinn,
 'S tric a dh' fhailnich anam nan treun,
 Ach pillidh e, mar ghrian gun fmal,
 An deigh dhi bhi fealan fo neul.
 Tha gleanntai' ait 'na hial aoibhinne,
 'S aiteas air na fleibhtibh uaine,

Sguir

* As the following words are repeated in the form of prose, I set them down in that shape; but supposing they might appear in the form of verse by only dividing the lines, without changing the arrangement.

" Ri' na Feinn' is beachd leam fein||is oran aoibhinn Oifein||
 Ach 's cian o Dhu-thonn an Fheinne||'s is fad an eigh o Loch-
 Atha." This last line is a well-known proverb.

† The following passage stands in the same predicament with the foregoing. " Oig na mi-mhifneich||com an leagha
 do chridhe tiom||'s gur ann a dh' atadh fir na Du-thuinn||mar
 fhuil Fhinn ans an ann-uair?"

Sguir gach geug a thulg' a mullaich,
'S an lear uile 'n sàimh shuaine.

'S thugas an tòg-bhard gu Caoireall,
'S am fàire foilleir air fleaghan Dhaorlai;
Balbh, tofdach, fheas a shluagh,
'Tra chunn' iad Conar le sluagh Mor-bheinn:
Amhuil an fealgair air Croma-shlia',
Tra dh' iadhas tomhail na taibhse;
Tha fuar-fhallas a' dalladh a leirfinn,
'S a lùgh ga threigfinn na uighe fhaondraich.

Chunna' Daorla le deoir
A shloigh gu fuil-gheal meat,
'S e crathadh fleagha na Mor-bheinn
Na laimh fan òg-sholus.

“ Com an seas finn tofdach,
Mar Chraobha mofgain nan coillte,
Cha tearc finn, mar laoich na Feinne,
'S cha 'n 'eil finn as eug'ais iomraidh.
Tre 'n nàmh, tha 'n rathad gu 'r loingeas,
Ruithemid rompa le cruadal,
'S gu deanadh ar cairdean fòlas
Tra thig iad nar còail aig Car'uth.”

Bhuail

* * * * *

Bhuail Conar beum-sgèithe,
 'S ghrad-leum a laochraidh na dhàil ;
 Mar chaochain Chaothain a bhrùchdas bras,
 Tra thaomas frafachd a cheituin.

Chòlaich sinn a cheil' agus ghleachd ;
 Thuit Daorla nam feachd le Conar ;
 Chunna' Fionn e na luidhe gu hiofal,
 'S labhair e gu fìobhalt r'a fhearaibh.

“ Cha 'n ait le Fionn a nàmh bhi truagh,
 Ge d' spion iad o thruaill an claidhe'.
 Rachaibh gur duthaich gu'r dàil,
 Ach gu brath na pillibh ath-bhuailt.
 'S gairid gearr beatha mo nàmh-fa,
 Mar cheo thig an dàil na garbh-ghaoith ;
 No mar cheathach air bheanntaibh arda,
 Nuair bheanas dha neart an àilidh.

Giulainibh Daorla gu thìr,
 'S gu togadh Mìn-lamh a leac ;
 An ceòpan Char'uth chi i aogus,
 'S e fein na chaol-thigh ùrach.
 Com' a dhuifg thu o d' fhuain co moch,
 Le d' chleachda fliuch air aillbheinn fhuair,

Com,

Com am meall an còbhar do fhùil,
 Cha 'n iad fùil do leannain a chi thu?
 —Tha a caoidh ann an crònan Char'uth,
 'S Daorla an gaoir Mhic-thalla.

Tha dà leanabh r'a glùn
 A' feuchainn decir an fùil am mathar;
 Tha 'n lamh ga ghlaca' 's iad a' feoruidh
 Fà a broin, is cònuidh 'n athar.
 —Is amhluidh, theagamh, Oisfain an tràs,
 Tha Aoibhir-àluinn, 's a fùil ri d' theachd-sa,
 A' ftiuradh Ofsair gu cnoc-feallta,
 Le fhleagh chuilce 's le fgeith luachrach.
 Cuimhnich orra fo, a mhic,
 'S coigil an gaisgeach òg, mar Dhaorla,
 A dh'fhàg a leannan gu deurach,
 Och! com' an d' eug thu Dhaorlai'*

† Aoibhir-àluinn mo fhòlais, is Ofsair!
 Cha feinn mise 's ur carlas am chuibhne.

'S

* Similar to this are the expostulations still used in the Coronachs in Ireland, "Com a ghaolaich an d' eug thu, 's gur tu fein nach ruigeadh a leas e?" Nor is that of Euryalus' mother unlike it:—Potuisti linquere solam, Crudelis? ÆN. ix. 482.

† Ossian speaks.

'S truagh nach éil mi nur nimeachd
A' leum air fgiobul na gaoithe.

C' uin a bhios ar cònuidh 's na neoil,
A' feola' ro-ghiuthas na Caothan,
C' uin a thogas finn ar clearcan an' cèin,
Mar reulta geal soluis air aonach?
'S truagh gun mis' ancluain nan speur,
Mar shealgair nan lòinte greadhnach.

——Caidleam fein——

An gleidh thu mo chuimhn' a leac?
No thufa dhàin?

Ach treigidh sibh araon;
Caidlidh fan raon an leac*;
Cha bheachdaich fuil a hàite,
'S bidh leab' a bhaird air iontrain.

'S càit' am bheil folus an dàin?
An feol e do'n ànrach mo leac?
Dhùin ceo bliadhn' air a dhearfa,
'S tha chuimhn' air fàilneach mar Dhu-thonn,

* * * * *

Sheol na floigh gu tofdach,
Gach filidh fo sprochd 's a dheoir air teudaibh;

* Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris. -

Gach maraich' air feachran le trom-lighe,
 'S gach ràmhaidhe fhitheach fo éislean.
 —A fgioba nan deur, air lear,
 Thoir an t fion fanear is an òiche.

'S bu tuirfeach an òiche fin Conar,
 Is ofnagh a' togail a lùirich,
 Mar thonn fo fhéide na doinninn,
 'S a shuil mar fholus a chaochail.
 Bha ghnuis mar ghrian fa gheamhra,
 'S doinionn nam beann ga còdach'.
 Cha d' thuirt aon Ciod fà do sprochen?
 'S a thalla nochd gun dearfa Mìn-shuil.

Chunnaic Fionn a bhròn,
 'S leag e 'n feocan air aghaidh fein;
 “ A Chaoirill, anam nan dàn,
 Tarruing le d' chlarfaich dlù.”

Thainig Caoireall lia, le luirg,
 A thorman ciuil na laimh chli;
 Ri thaobh tha òg-bhard na tràgha,
 Le lùirich gu làr sìnte,
 Lamh-gheal a' còdach a gnùise;
 A gnuis nàrach, 's a lamh fìor-gheal.

—“ Inghean mo ghaoil!” ’s e ghlaodh Conar,
(’S a lamha m’a muineal gach taobh dhi;)

Phill anam an aosda mar ghrian fàmhrai’,
Tra bhios neula dall fad uaipe;
Thug e ’n òigh do ’n laoch Ghorm-àluinn,
’S le fiuil ’s le dàin thug sinn’ oirn Mor-bheinn*.

DIARMAD.

* This is among the few ancient Gaelic poems which have a happy conclusion. The ancient bards, no doubt, employed their muse in celebrating joyful as well as mournful events. But as melancholy tender scenes are most apt to make a lasting impression on the memory, the latter are often remembered, when the former are lost and forgotten.

D I A R M A D *.

CIA tiamhaidh thu nochd a†Ghleann Caothan!
Gùn ghuth gaothair thu 's gun cheol;
Tha Suinn na feilg' an fuain gun eiridh;
'S na filidh aoibhinn gun aon diubh beo.

Threig torman nan allt;
'S mall fa chuifeig ceum na gaoithe;

N 2

Tha

* This poem is generally interlarded with so much of the *ur-sgeul*, or "later tales," as to render the most common editions of it absurd and extravagant. But the dross of the 15th century is easily separated from the more precious ore of former ages.

† *Gleann-Caothan*, supposed to be Glenco in Argyleshire, was the residence of Ossian in his later days, from which he is called *guth binn na Caothan*. As the scene of this poem is supposed to have been near Kintyre, it is probable there may have been more than one place of the same name.

Tha 'n glas-fhoghnan fa bhruaich na chadal,
'S a bhad air aoma' fo fhile' na hòiche.

—Am fardaich fealgair an raoin

Tha 'n earba na faoin-fhois,
A minnean a' leumnaich dlù dhi.

(Air torr clùmhar an laoich nach eirich,)

'S adharc a' sgriofa' na còinich;
An leaba chòfach an caill e éislean.

Och ! a Chaothain a chaochail,
'S a Ghulbeinn nan raon sàmhach,
Do cheann air éide' le ceathach an nòin,
'S gun ghaoir feilge ga d' choir mar b' àbhaist.
Tha mise 's mo thaice ri m' luing,
A dh' eifdeachd ri cuilg do chrag,
Ach tha thu tofdach an leabai' nan nial,
Mur duisg am fiadh thu, 's a ghrian a' treigfinn.
Tha thu freagairt d'a langan gu faoin,
'S do cheann ag aoma' gu clò-fuaine.
Cha b' ionan fo 's latha nan ruag,
Caothan a' luafga bho chnoc gu cnoc,
Mac o Duibhn' air Gulbeinn, 's an torc
Le chraos fo choip, mar bhuinne Laoire.

—A mhic Ailpein, thoir aire do 'n sgeul,
Is deo-grein' air * linne nan cian e.

'S bu chiuin air Caothan a mhadain òg,
Bha òr-bheanntai' 'n cuan gun ghaoth,
Bha laogh nan sleibht' aig balbh-shruthaibh,
'S a chuibhne-cuir a' cur air iognai.
—Shéid adharc Fhinn; ghrad-chlifs an damh;
“Ciod fo chluinn mi?”—Teich do 'n fhafaich,

“Ruaimid an diugh an torc
Is tric a lot ar daoine' air Gulbunn.”

† * * * * *

'S chuir

* *al.* linntean an cian e.

† The versification here is imperfect. The following is part of a fragment called *Nòs seilge*, sometimes repeated as a part of this poem.

Gun ar n èide 's gun ar n airm,
Cha rachamaid a sheilg nan cnoc;
Bhiodh lùireach oirn 's ceann-bheairt chorr,
'S da shleagh mhor an dorn gach fir.
Bhiodh fgiath uain' air a gheibhe' buaidh,
'S claidhe cruaidh gu sgolta cheann,
Bogha cruadhach agus iughair,
'S caogad guineach ann am bolg.

'S chùir finn ar coin ris an t-sliabh,
 Do ghaoir an cliabh fhreagair Golbunn.
 Thàin' an fhuaim gu cluais mhic Duibhne,
 'S mhofgail fhuil mar lua'-fhruth luimneach.
 —“ A chraofnach dhearg cà bheil thu ?

'S cà bheil m' iughar 's mo dhorlach ?”

Ach cha b' ait an fhuaim le Gràine,
 San uaimh fhàs nach b' fhios do Chonan ;
 Conan crion le 'm b' annsa Gràine,
 Thug a gradh do dheà' mhac Duibhne.

“ Na heisd, a Dhiarmaid na gaothair,
 Cha 'n 'eil ann ach faoghaid mhealltach.”

“ 'S ionmhuin do dhreach leam fein,
 Mar bhlà nan geug fa cheud-fhas ùr,
 Ach 's eigin domh tfhàgail le d' leanabh,
 'S an tfeilg a leanail air Gulbunn.”

“ 'S am fàg thu mi, ghraidh nam fear,
 Am fàg thu mi, sholuis an duibhre?
 C' àit ach ad ghnuis am bheil m' aighear?
 Ciod ach do fgiath-chatha mo dhìdein?
 B' anns' thu na grian fa bheithe chubhrai',
 Na dearfa ciuin air canach fleibhe.”

* * * * *

“ 'S moch

“ 'S moch a ghoireas a chorr
 Air an lòn àta 'n * *slia'*-gaoil,
 San la a ghluais finn air an raon,”
 Sheas i, ars' Aos nan crag,
 Cian fada fan aon aite,
 Sud am fà mu 'n goir a chorr,
 Ri lic reota lean a sàil.
 —A lundaire feuch a chorr,
 Mu 'n tig thu gu bròn amhluidh.
 —An so ni 'm fanam fein,
 Mun abair Fionn gu d' eug mo threis:
 A Rìgh nam beann, bidh m' anam fein
 Mar fhruth nach treig do lùba.
 Fan-fa, Ghraine, na d' theach,
 'S thig mise le creach nan rua'-bhoc.”

Mar fhiubhal faighd' air a fgiathaibh glas,
 Dhìrich gu grad an laoch :
 Trom tuirfeach a dh' fhaicinn na feilg,
 Dhìrich Graine ri leirg an raoin.
 Bha a braghad gu seimh a' foillfe',
 Mar ghealach ri òiche fhàimhe,

'S i

* *Slia'-gaoil* is still the proper name of a mountain near
 Kintyre, said to have been the residence of those lovers.

'S i gluafachd ro na neula balbha,
Mar sgia air ealachainn taibhfe.

Chòlaich i san doire 'm fear aofda,
'S e caointeach thar lic ghlais ;
“ An so thaifg mi leannan mo ghaoil ;
Fo 'n fhòid ghuirm fo tha caoin-chruth ;
* B' fhad ar cònuidh le cheile,
Rè da linn a threig mar dhuilleach.
Am maothan a bhruthadh ar cas
Chunnas le aois a' crionadh as,
Sruthain a' caochladh an claisean,
Is ionntag an tighibh nam mor-righ.
Ar gean bu mhor, ar laithe b' ait,
Cha robh geàmhra fuar no òiche dorcha :
Bha Mìn-àille mar sholus gun chaochla,
Ach 's deo i air faondra san uair fo.

'S am faic thu 'n torr sin eile?
Leaba Thu'ail mo mhic ionmhuinn :
Chàireadh i le crith-laimh athar,
B' athach an torc a mhill e.
—Bha bhean a' greàdh na cuilm,
Mise 's mo fhùil ri m' mhac ;

Chualas

* This passage is inserted in Lord Kaims's Hints on Education, as a beautiful picture of conjugal affection.

Chualas a ghlaodh, 's chaidh mall na chòail ;
A leanabh òg ri cirb mo fgiobuill.

—Bha athair marbh : a fhleagh na blòidibh,
Is easbhui' chlaidhean air fan uair fin,

Ghlac a leanabh a lamh,

“ Com' an caidle' tu 'n tràs' amuigh !”

Och nan ochain ! is trom a fhuain ;

'S beag luadh mo laoich ri heiridh.

—An diugh tha Fionn ag eigheach ruaig,

Ach ni 'n cluinnear le Tuathal a ghuth ;

An céin tha madainn na huaighe :

'S truagh gun aig m' iuran fleagh !”

“ 'S deacair a Chola, brì do fgeoil,

Shruthadh mò dheoir gu toileach ;

Ach greasam le fleagh thun mo ghaoil ;

Gleidhfa mo laogh gus am pill mi.”

'S thainig Diarmad gu Caothan* an àigh,

Mar sholus a' fàs an duibhre ;

Bha finne na lathair ait,

Mar mharaich' air lafadh na hòiche :

O

Tha

* *al.* mo ghraidh.

Tha ceol air tuinn, is ròin a' caisdeachd,
Air linne shèimh nach bac an aoibhneas.

Thog sinn ri sliabh nan tulach boidheach,
Far am faicte ro cheo na cabair ;
San sgarnaich dhuifg sinn an torc,
'S lean ar coin e gus an d' eug iad.

Co chasgras, arfa Fionn, an torc
A lot ar coin is ar daoine ?
Gheibheadh e sgia chopach is fleagh rìgh,
* Is luibhean a dh' iceas a chreuchdan.

'S leamfa, deir Diarmad, tiolac an rìgh,
Neo tuiteam an strì na béiste.

Mar theine nan speur na dheifir dhian,
Tra bhios faiche nam Fiantai' dorchas,
'S laoiach a' dearca' le oillt-chrith
Air cath thaibhse Lochlainn is Mhorbheinn,
Shiubhail Diarmad an solus a stàilinn,
O bheinn Aile gu beinn Laoire ;
Tha Lea'-drom air chrith fa chofaibh,
Is Eilde ri ofnaich f'a ghleadhraich.

—Tha

* *Al.* Is luibhean diomhair nan caochan fleibhteach.

—Tha ceum an tuirc a' fàs nì 's maille,
 'S coip a chobhair feadh nan ròidibh :
 A thartar mar thuinn a flachda' fgeire,
 No mar sgarnaich leis an doire.
 Feuch iad a' dìreadh Drim-ruaithe,
 Sleagh Dhiarmaid a' bualadh an tuirc ;
 Cluinn am buillean troma baobhai'
 Mar chrainn aosda ri maol na earriage.
 Feuch, le fuilibh na'n caoir-lafair,
 An torc a' casadh ri Diarmad ;
 Mar fhalosg a' pilleadh air aonach,
 Tra thionndas a ghaoth o 'n fhàfach ;
 Chagnadh e fhleaghan reädh ruädh,
 Mar chuile na Leige no mar luachair.

“ 'S truagh gun thu agam, a Ghràine,
 Le fleagh nan àrach o 'n bhalla ! ”
 —“ Sleagh nan àrach glac gu luath,
 'S iarr mise fan uaimh fo 'm fagus ! ”

'S ge d' fhaigh e thu, bhean gun àgh,
 Tha do laithean gun duil ri sìneadh.
 Le faighid an feachran na frìthe,
 Lota' ciocha geala Ghràine ;

Tha fearraid ga falach, 's do Dhiarmad truagh,
Co dh' innfeas luach na lainn ud !

—Tha 'n laoch a' tarruing a bhuille,
'Tha 'n tisleagh am muineal na béiste,
Mar dhealan bàis o cheathach na Lanna
'Tha 'n lorg thar chrannaibh a leumnaich.

—Tha chladhe, a charaid ri gàbhadh,
Fathaid an laimh an laoiach,
Tha roinn ga fhàthadh an colainn an tuirc *
'S e tuiteam air uchd san aonach.

B' ait gach aon ach Coran,
'S e 'g radh, Tomhais an torc, a Dhiarmaid,
Tomhais

* It is from this event that the clan of the Campbell's (who derive their pedigree from this Dermid) have assumed a boar's head for the crest of their arms. Hence too they are called in the compositions of the later bards, *Sliochd Dhiarmaid an tuirc*.

That clans and families should derive their pedigree from Ossian's heroes, and their signs armorial from incidents mentioned in his poems, is a considerable proof of the antiquity of these poems, and of the regard paid to them for many centuries back.

† Tomhais e le troighibh ruifgte ;
 'S ioghna leam fein a mheudachd.
 Thomhais Diarmad an torc
 Gu focair, 's cha d' fhuiling beud.
 " Tomhais e 'n aghaidh a chuilg,
 Is gheibhe' tu, laoich bhuirb, gach feud."
 Cha bu nòs do Dhiarmad eagal,
 Fhreagair e ris guth Chonain,
 Ach colg an tuirc, mar fhleaghan geura,
 Reub a fhàil le mìle lot.
 Tha fhuil a' ruith, gun luibh ga casgadh,
 'S an laoch gasda mar chrann ag aoma'. †

Ge

† *al.* O fhoc fiar gu ruig a fhàil ;
 Is gheibhe' tu mar dhuais da chionn,
 Rogha nan arm rionn-gheur àigh.

‡ The current tradition with respect to Dermid's death is, That he was vulnerable only in the sole of the foot, and that Conan's art was to get him wounded there. There is reason to suspect that some of the poem, which might have otherwise accounted for his death, is lost, and that this tradition was set on foot, not very long ago, to supply the defect.

Since the above was written, a gentleman of my acquaintance (Dr L. Campbell) told me, that he had lately the curiosity to call into his room an old Highlander who could
 repeat

* Ge d' bu beirge ghruaidh na 'n caoran
 Bhiodh air uilinn aonaich fhè'air,
 Dh'fhàs e nis dui'-neulach uaine,
 Mar neul fuar air neart na greine.

Gaol Grain' agus Dhiarmaid.

“ 'S tha ceo air mo shuilibh fein,
 'S mo chàil a' treigfinn gun stad ;
 An tuil a bha 'm chridhe thràigh i,
 'S tha mis' air m' fhàgail mar fgar.

Bidh tufa brònach, a Ghràine ;
 Cùis mo chraidh gur eigin dealach' ;

2

—Tha

repeat a number of Ossian's poems, and read to him the Translation of this poem, to show how it corresponded with his recital. He was perfectly satisfied with the correspondence till the Doctor came to the passage relative to Dermid's death, when the *Senachie* cried out, that there the Translator was wrong, and gave his own edition of the passage, which I have not yet had an opportunity of procuring.

* *al.* Ge d' bu deirge ghruaidh na'n tsubh

Bhiodh air uilinn cnuic san fheur.

—Tha ceo air mo shuilibh fein,
Is eigin do Dhiarmad cadal †.

Co bheir do Ghràine an sgeul?
Ach feuch i dlù, is geug ga sgaile';
Tha i eluinntin acain a gaoil,
Tha hanam a' plaofgadh o shuain;
Tha a caoi air anail na hofuinn,
A fuil 's a deoir mu brollach anuas,

“ O cairibh mise le m' ghaol
Na leabai chaoil aig eigheann nan crag;
Theid tharuinn an fruth le caoiran bròin,
Gun teachd a chòir donn-chleachda Dhiarmaid,
Chi 'n fealgair (le mànrán a shiubhlas)
Bogha Dhiarmaid air a rufga' san tfruth.
“ So leaba Dhiarmaid!” — “ 'S a cheile la' ris;”
Their a bhean, 's i cràiteach dubhach.
Tuirseach tofdach tha 'n imeachd
Le fios gu sgarar o cheil' iad.

—Ach stàdaibh, a chàraid chaomh,
Cha fealgair faoin so tha nur deigh;

Bu

† A long dialogue concerning *Cuach Fhinn*, or the medicinal cup of Fingal, often repeated here, is rejected as the spurious interpolation of some later bard.

Bu mhor a chliù, 's bu treun a lamh,
 'S bha ailleachd gun choi-meas fo 'n ghrein,
 Bha bhrollach mar chanach an t-sleibhe,
 No mar fhneachd air orra-gheugaibh ;
 Bu dhearg a ghruaidh, bu ghorm a shuil,
 Mar chuifeig lùbta bha mhala chaoìn.
 Mar cheol dhoire 's chaithream chlàr,
 Le oighean, a ghraidh, bha do ghuth.
 Ach threig do ghuth, 's tha mise fo smalan,
 Chan fhògrar m' fharran le aon diu.
 Cha 'n eisd mi ri ceileir na smeoruich,
 Sa mhadainn bhoidhich cheituin ;
 Uam grian is madainn is samhra,
 'S mo ghaol na thigh geamhrai sìnte.
 —Cha dealruich a mhadainn gu là bhràth
 A dh'fhogras do phràmh a shuinn !”

Chàirich finn an dithis fan raon,
 Tha bhogha 's a fhleagh ri taobh Dhiarmaid ;
 'S le Graine* thaifgeadh leinn an guineach
 A lot a muineal 's a bràghad.

* It was the custom of old to bury dogs and arms, and
 other implements of the chase or war in the graves of the de-
 ceased,

Shil deoir mo Rìgh, 's e aomta,
 Tra thaom na filidh an ceol;
 Bu bhrònach ar laoich, is ar madai,
 Nan luidhe' air fgiathaibh du-dhomh.'

Màrbh-rann Dhiarmaid o' Duibhne

Fois do tanam, a Dhiarmaid,
 Is sìth ann ad chria-thigh caol;
 Sguir fuaime nan arm, is ruaig an tuirc;
 Is thuit thu 'm fois as nach eirich.
 —Cha duisg farum feilge no fgeithe
 Bho shuain an èig thu, Dhiarmaid !

4

P

Bha

ceased, either with a view of informing posterity of their occupation, or from a belief that they could avail themselves of such conveniences in a future state. Thus, in some editions of the poem of Darthula, the graves of the three sons of Ufnòth are described as follows :

An trì fgiatha 's an trì sleagha
 Anns an leabai chughainn chuireadh;
 'S chuireadh an trì chloidheana cruaidhe
 Sint' an sèimh-uaigh nan cathan;
 An trì choin 's an trì seabhaig leithir,
 Le 'n tric a bhaite gach buaidh sheilge.

Bha do neart mar thuilteach uisge,
 Dol a'fios a chlaoi' do nàmh;
 An cabhaig mar iolair nan speur,
 * No fteud èisg a' ruith air fàil'.

San àraich b' ionan do cheum
 Is cafach a' leum thar charraige,
 Tra fgaoileas e cheo glas
 Air gaothaibh, 's e bras ro Mhora.
 —Tha crainn is tuilm na ghlacaibh
 Gus am fàirtlich a mhuir mhor air.
 Cha ghluais e 'n fin an duilleag,
 Mur cuidich leis neart nan ioma-ghaoth.
 —Air ioma-ghaoith gabh-fa do thuras,
 A mhic o Duibhne, gu cuideachd nan Treun'ar.
 'S a thriath threun a b' ailli' leadan
 Na aon fhleasgach tha fan Fheinn',
 Gu ma sàmhach a robh tòr-chul,
 Fo chudrom na fòide ré!†

Feuch

* *al.* 'S i leum air eilid an fhafaich.

† *κεῖται, &c.*

Light lie the turf upon thy sacred head,
 Eurymedon, and let thy tomb be green!

Theocrit. Epit. in Eurymed.

Feuch bàrc air barraibh nan steud,
 A fiuil a' leum o thonn gu tonn;
 “ Barca Dhiarmaid!”——’S i a bh’ann;
 Ach tha ’n laoch ’s an torc an lionn nan neul.

Chluinn mi caiseamachd feilg’,
 Tha fiol gun cheilg a’ leum a’ còsaibh,
 Tha ’n fealgair air an raon ga ’n ruaga’
 ’S aon diu buailte trasd air caochan.
 —Tha chasa mar chuifeig fa ghaoith,
 Tha e tuiteam ri taobh na bruaiche.
 Tha càch gu faoin ga phurra’;
 Cha ’n urr’ iad a thogail no fhàgail.
 “ Co sud ga ’n ruith ach Diarmad!”
 Cuis m’ iarguin nach beo e ’n tràsa.

Chi mi feachd nan nàmh;
 Sruth laidir gan sguab’ air ais!
 Sud, ars’ an taineal, Diarmad na Feinne.
 Och! threig an laoch finn, ars’ a charaid,
 Fo ’n chreig eighinn ud tha uaigh,
 ’S raineach uaine air teachd thairt;
 Spion mi fein an luibh air falbh,
 Bu dalma dhi chliu a cheiltinn.

Tha

Tha ògan a' feadail fa mhàgh,
 Airm ghàbhaidh fa ghrein a' lafadh;
 Tha a mhaife mar ghathaibh na greine,
 'S a spionnadh a reir a mhaife.

Tha na hòighean gu hard air an tulaich,
 'S an culaidh¹ mar bhogha nan speur,
 Am falt mar chleachda na greine
 'S i treigfinn air tuinn gun bhuaire'.
 'S ciatach na 'n fuilibh an laoch,
 “ 'S cofail aogas, Och! ri Diarmad!”
 —Tha Diarmad ag eirigh na 'n cuimhne,
 Mar fholus air duibhre Mhora,
 Tra bhrifteas e ro na neulaibh,
 'S a chi e na geuga brònach.
 Chitear an deoir ro 'n ciabha dualach,
 Mar reultan an gruaig na gealaich;
 Tha 'n file' bras, mar dheuraibh Oifein,
 Ri cuimhneach' air Oscar na Léige!

Tha 'n oigridh a' crathadh an fleagh,
 “ Co fo teachd ro 'n mhagh ach Diarmad?”
 * A' fàgail an fleagh chuilce 's an sgèithe,
 Tha iad aoibhneach an coàil Dhiarmaid.

—“ Cha

* *al.* A' fagail a bhogh a dheilbh an laoch.

—“ Cha ’n e a t’ ann ! ”—Air leth na flighe
 Tha chlann a’ pille’ gu bronach,
 Fuaim an cluiche tuille cha ’n eirich,
 ’S iad an-aoibhinn arfon mhic Duibhne.

Ann talla Fhinn tha ceol is aighear,
 Tha ’n coigreach ghios an tighe ga chluinntin,
 Tha thaice ri luirg, ’s a chluas a’ caifdeachd,
 “ Sud Diarmad ! ”—’s e dian na chdail.
 Air anam bhoifg platha, ’s e stad
 An leth an treas ceuma* :
 “ Cha bheo mac Duibhne ! ”—Mu shuil tha
 fhalluing,
 ’S e mall-cheumach le acain bhrònaich.
 —Cha chluinn thu ach caithream nam bard,
 A choigrich, an àros Fhinn,
 Ag èide’ cliu mhic Duibhne
 Ga chur ionnfuidh blia’nai gach linn.
 An laoch fein ni ’s mò cha’n fhaic thu,
 Tha leaba fo chlachaibh, le Gràine,

Aig

* Here, and in some other parts of this poem, the versification is broken and incorrect; but it was judged better to give it even in this imperfect state than to supply the defect with the *sgeulachd* or tale.

Aig fruth Ghulbunn nan rua'-bhoc,
 Fo charraig uaine nan eigheann bòidheach,
 Thairis tha fruthan a' leumnaich,
 * 'S iughar † fad-gheugach dlù dha.
 Chi am maraich', ag aoma r'a chrann,
 An tionad uaigneach o'n dui'-lear,
 Is innfidh e 'n fgeul da cho-sheoid,
 Do nach leir le deoir a charraig.
 Bheir iad gu tìr aineil an fgeul,
 'S bidh moran ag eifdeachd mu 'n tuineal,
 Tha oighean dubhach 's oig'ir deurach,
 Tha 'n dithis ag eirigh nan smuainte,
 Tra dh' aomas bruadar mar cheo nan cadal,
 'S iad feadh an latha neo-aoibhinn ;
 O dhufga na maidne moich
 Gu aoma nan neul anmoch.

† 'S is tric sibh am smuainte fein,
 A chlanna na maife, tra theid mi mach

Fheuch

* *Ingentem fluxere pyram, cui frondibus atris
 Intextunt latera, et ferales ante cupressos
 Constituunt, decorantque super fulgentibus armis.*

Æneid. l. vi.

† *al.* Air feidh a' cur duibhre.

† Offian speaks.

Fheuch' an cluinn mi fan ofaig ur guth,
'S mo chruit air craoibh gheugaich.

'S tha mi fein mar gheig na haonar,
'S i mofgain maol gun duilleach,
Gun mhaothan r'a taobh no ogan,
Ach ofna bhròin a' caoi' na mullach.

'S fagus an doinionn a sgaoileas
A crionach aofd' air feadh a ghlinne,
Mu leabai' Dhiarmaid 's nan laoch lugh'or
Aig Caothan nan lùban uaine.

Cia tiamhaidh thu, Ghleann Caothan,
'S do laoich air fiubhal d' an cònuidh;
O 'n tha ceo air mo shuilibh fein,
O deanar mo leaba leo-fan!

D A N

DAN CLAINNE MHUIRNE *.

CIOD fo chù sibh fàn speur,
Oigridh aoibhinn nan làithe mear?
Glas-cheo nam beanntaidh arda,
No sneachda tlà bho chrìoch an lear?
Am bheil gealach nan neul fo fìnal,
'S a faileas air balbh-fhruth Chaothain;
Am bheil talbhfe nan fleibhte ri caoi'
'S guth thannas an luib na gaoithe?

“ Tha 'n taonach, a bhaire, ro-gheal,
Is faileas na rè air Caathan,
Taibhfean an tfeibh a' labhairt,
'S guth thannas an luib na gaoithe.
Ach 's caochla cruth am bheil ar beachd,
Da dhuifneul am feachd na hòiche;

Ta

* Called in the translation FINAN and LORMA.

'Ta 'n imeachd air Albha nam boc,
 'S an ciabha clearc air ofunn an aonaich.
 Le aon diu' doilleir tha dhà chù,
 'S a bhogha iughrach dorch' air lagh,
 Bho fhlios na hòigh tha fruthan daithte,
 A falluing dearg 's a haghaidh brònach."

Cum air tais, a ghaoth,
 Gus am faic finn aogas na deise,
 Na fguab ad fgiobul araon iad,
 'S na sgap air faondra' am maife.
 —Tha fghleanna luachrach 's cruaidh nan èilde,
 Ta 'n leumnaich feadh ànraidh a cheo;
 A bhaird aofda nan linn a thrèig,
 Co iad ri am dhoibh bhi beo?

'S phill na blianaidh a bha;
 Tha m' anamfa làn d' an ceol,
 Mar chaoiran thonn a bhios an cén
 Ri uair fhaimhe, ta 'n ceum do m' chòir.
 —A chlanna Mhuirne, 's caomh leam ur dàn,
 Is cian fhuaim o chlaraibh Sheallama.

Oigridh, bidh sibhse mar mise,
 Gu snitheach aon latha, 's gun leirfinn;

Eifdibh ri sgeula na clainne,
 'S na ceilibh o 'n àl nur dèigh e.

Co fo 'g aom' air a luirg,
 'S a shuilean am buisgean dheur ;
 Fholt lia air guala na gaoithe,
 'S guth caointeach o chliabh ag eiridh ?

A Mhuirne, ciod fà do chaoini'
 * 'S Fionan le laoich fa chath ;
 Ceuma Lorma air raon nan earba,
 'S clarsach Thormain ri luadh air fìath ?

“ 'S mor fà mo thuirse fein,
 Fhionain, cha steud thu fa chòrag ;
 A Lorma, cha 'n eil thusa le oighean ;
 Tha mo chlann san torr a chònuidh.
 —Cha 'n ioghna mise bhi tuirseach,
 Mar cheo † ro dhuflach na hiargail.

Glac, a Thormain, an fgia mar ghealach,
 An claidhe dealain 's an tseagh chraobhach,
 Mar fin 's a cheann-bheairt, culaidh Ardain,
 Airm àluinn athar Mhuirne.

Na

* *Al.* Is suilean Fhionain mar chaoir an cath.

† *al.* Air tulchanaihh grianach.

Na hairm a bhuin e bho aineal,
 Na cheud latha cogai' le Treun'ar.
 " Bibh treun an tùs na teug-bhoil,
 * 'S e cliu gach duin' a cheud iomra."

Ruith iad gu conas na Cluaithe
 Mar dha iolair luath fan fpeur,
 A lean fan Doire (na 'n ceud ruaig)
 Rua-bhoc òg nan fionradh eu-trom.
 Bha laoiach gan laoire' o Threun'ar,
 † 'S le laimh Ardain dh' eug Duthorran.

Ach, Ardain, dh' fhàilnich do ghineil,
 An dà chraoibh chionail aig Albha,
 Tha aonaran maol diu gun duilleach,
 'S aon eile mar luibh air a fearga'.
 Tha mo mhac anns an torr na luidhe,
 Is athair thar uaigh ag aoma',
 'S gearr gu 'n leag an ofag asios e,
 'S an crìochnaich a ghineil aobhach!

Càirich, a Thormain, na hairm,
 A dh' innse' na mairbh bhi treun,

Q 2

A

* This line is become a proverb to recommend an early attention to character.

† *al.* Fhuair Ardan airm-eidi' Duthorrain.

A ghineil a thig cha'n urr' iad an togail,
Co, their iad, bu chofail ri Albha?

Ghiulain dà fhilidh na hairm
Gu 'n tafgaidh gu aimsir fad as,
Aon fgia mar ghealaich air ealachainn,
'S aon le roinn-sleagh falaichte foipe.

Duan na b Ealachainn.

Tuirling, Ardain, o'n alla-cheo,
Tuirling o d' neoil an coinne tarma;
Bi fubhach am meadhon do dheur;
Do shliochd fein cha b' fhuigheall farmaid.
Bha do sluleagh mar sholus na 'n laimh,
A fgànra doinninn na hiorguill,
Fuil nan lag cha robh riabh na fmal
Air faobhar gorm an stàilinn.

Do fgia mar charraig a sgriob an dealan,
Bu treun ealamh gach lamh a fgaoil i;
Bha Muirne mar dhoininn san darach,
'S mar lafair san doire bha Fionan.

Tuirling,

Tuirling, Ardain, * gu d' thalla,
 'S cum anam a mhioghair o d' armaibh,
 Cha b' ann diu' fin idir na treun'ir
 A dh' èideadh le airm an righ fo.

—Anaim chrìn, air tais

Airm ghaifge cha bhuin do d' laimh-fa;
 Imich gu d' shruthan diomhair,
 Far nach eirich fuaim na hàraich.
 Caith t'ùine le feidh nan aonach,
 'S bi aosda le fòghnain uaighneach.
 Caidil fan uaigh gun mhiadh gun chliu,
 Do leaba gun ùigh, 's do fhliochd gun fheoruich.
 Aon is aon diu' tha crionadh,
 Mar rainich an sgè na carraige,
 Ta fàs, a' fearga' 's a' diothadh,
 Gun duine chi no fhìneas lamh riu.

—O'n fhafach thig ofunn a gheamhrai'

'S am bàs le ghreann air a haghaidh,
 Le mhìle dorlach 's le choilion bogha:
 Chi e fan fhafach an duine lundach;

Tairngidh

* In the Highlands it was believed, till of very late, that every old family-seat had some guardian spirit or genius attending it. The ancient *lares*, and the modern *lobbins* and *brownies*, were names of much the same meaning with the *bocan* and *gruagach* of the Highlanders.

Tairngidh e 'n t freang, fiubhlaidh 'n t faighead,
 'S ge d' mharbh i cha'n fhaighear a creuchdan:
 Cha'n eirich fonn le òigh no bard,
 'S cha chàirich na feoid a leac ;
 Bidh anam fan fhuar-cheo
 (Mar iasg air reo-shruth Lanna)
 Am fuar-ghaile na gaoithe ga luafga,
 Mar fhaighead fhuathais an sgrios a chrith-reà.
 Cha 'n fhaiccar a cheum air fleibhte,
 No cheo air re'lean nam flaithean arda.
 —Ni 'm b' amhuil, Ardain, do fhiol-fa,
 Mar thuinn a' dol fios do'n chath,
 Le fgia dhuinn na doinninn
 A thogadh an tràs' a t fhardaich.

Ach treigidh fardach an laoiach,
 Mar chraoibh a leaga' le hofuinn,
 Leumai' gach bras-shruth thairte,
 'S i tairfing air uisge Albha.

Ta 'n droighean uaine 'n fin o bhlà,
 'S an dreas a' fàs gu hùrar,
 An raineach ri turram fa ghaoith,
 'S am fraoch fo 'n eilid a' lùbadh.

—Bhrùchd

—Bhrùchd an tuil o'n aonach,
 'S chladhaich i 'n fhaoin-làrach ;
 An fgia dhorcha dh' eirich rìs,
 An fgia fin bu tric fan àraich.

“ Ciod i 'n fgia fo doilleir
 Mar ghealach 's a hoir ri foillfe' ;
 Ta 'n fealgair ga fuaigla' le fhleagh
 Is anam feadh ùine na di-chuimhn'.

Chi e pailiun mu'n cuairt
 Na thulaich uaine fein ;
 “ So pailluinn nan feoid a bh' ann,
 Pailluin rìghre na'n ám fein !”

—* 'S e talla nan rìgh' ata ann,
 Na buin da 'n fleagh ma 's fann do threoir,
 Sleagh Ardain ; air ite' na doininn
 Bi fein fan torruinn d'a còir.”

B' amhuil a sheinn na baird
 Ri togail an aird arma Mhuirne ;

Bha

* — ενδὸς Ἱππωνάξ κεῖται, &c.

Here sleeps Hippónax in his peaceful tomb,
 If thou art wicked dare not to come nigh ;
 But if thou art upright and good,
 Approach thou may'st, and on it gently lie.

THEOCRIT. in Hippon.

Bha 'n laoch fein gu tiamhaidh trom,
 Is ofna mar * thonn an uaigneas.
 —Thugas leinn e gu tiamhaidh trom,
 Tha da † thulaich air lom le 'n cinn uaine;
 Na 'm meadhon thuit Muirne na neul
 'S na feoid air an fheur mu 'n cuairt da.
 Neach cha dubhairt ris, Eirich,
 Dh' eisd finn ri tuireadh a thruaighe.

Tuire' na Truaighe.

“ Bhrift a chamh-fhair air Croma;
 'S dh' eigh le sòlas mo mhac,
 Tri choin sheanga leum m'a thuaiream,
 Làn fodain ri fuaim a dhorlaich.
 Dh' imich iad na 'n curach ro 'n chaol,
 A ruaga' nam faoin damh ciara;
 Chunnas iad a' pille' mu anmoch,
 Ro thonna garbha na mara iargalt.
 An uachdar fa feach is an ìochdar,
 Tha 'n curach a' dìre' 's a' tearna',
 Gus nach 'eil e ni 's mò r'a fhaicinn
 A glaic na lear no na hòiche.

Gheilticlé

* *al.* chuifeag na huaighe.

† *al.* leabai'.

Gheiltich m' anam fein.

Ach ciod a dheanainn 's mi aosda?

Dh' èigh mi ris na blià'nai' a threig,

Ach dh' fhàg iad eifdeachd an fhaondraich.

Sgartaich mo nighean; bha m' anam air chrith

Mar dhuilleig sheargta ri doininn eiti.

“ Chailleadh mo bhrathair, mo bhrathair,

Chailleadh thu ghraidh anns an doininn!”

Bhuail i na deann gus an tràigh,

'S a rìgh gu b' anrach a himeachd;

O fgeir thirim bha sùil 's a glaodh;

“ A bhrathair mo ghaoil, nach cluinn thu
m' eighe!”

—Ciod fud doilleir air bharr tuinn?

Am bad gun fuim e; no 'n tu mo bhrathair?

—Fhreagair efan le fann-ghuth caol.

Tha hanam ait faraon agus ànrach.

Thainig dà chù ghlas gu tràigh

An treas aon dh' fhàg iad san doininn;

Chual an dithis caoi-ghuth Fhionain,

'S fhìn iad a rìs an uchd ri fruth;

Rol an treas tonn iad lefan gu tràigh,

Ghrad-fhailnich anam aon diù.

R

Thug

Thug Lorma a brathair gu fgeir,
 “ Fois bheag is mo chàil a’ treigfinn.”
 —Chàirich i heide m’a uchd,
 ’S rinn i adhart do ’n ultach bu tirime.

“ Bi tofdach a mhuir le tioma muc,
 ’S bi thufa fad as, a ghaoth ;
 Mall is ciuin biodh imeachd nan fruth,
 ’S na bùireadh am boc air an raon.
 Caidleadh mo bhrathair ’s e fèith ;
 Gu ma sàmhach, Fhionain, do bhruadair !
 —Och ! ’s duaichni aogus mo bhrathar,
 Mar ghealach a’ fnàmh ro neul ;
 Tha bhruadar air ànra na tuinne,
 ’S tha aghaidh gu duifneulach truailli’,
 Mar ghnuis leinibh, ’s e ’n fuain gun fhois
 A’ bruadar air madai’ nan coilltean.
 —An nòs do mhathair le hiochd
 A leanabh fan riochd fo dhufga,
 ’S a bhruadar fhògra mar ofaig ?
 Ach fathasd ni mosglamsa Fionan.
 —Tha cuilean air gnùis mo ghaoil,
 B’ fhearr gu feudainn am fuadach’.

Falachai

Falachai mi ghnùis le 'm ghnùis fein
 Gu fèimh, 's cha treig a shuain e.
 —Och ! mo bhrathair ! fuar gun deo !
 An e nach beo thu, ghaoil ! a bhrathair !

Rainig a gaoir mi o'n fgeir,
 Dh' fhàs a mhuir gun fhios do 'n oigh ;
 An cù a' caoidh is is' a' basraich,
 A' taomadh a hofnaigh air ceo.
 Tha m' anams' air leagha le bròn,
 “ Nach coghn' thu, Mhuirne, do leanabh ? ”
 “ A Mhuirne,” thuirt guth rium astigh,
 “ Tha làithe do ghaisge-s' air treigfinn.”

Air uchd na tuinne dh' eirich mo chlann
 A nall a ghios na tràgha ;
 Bhuaileadh iad ri carraig dhorchà,
 'S thorachadh r'ì flios na mna'-gil.
 Och ! dhearg a fuil an tonn !
 Ta hanam air fonn le Fionan !

Och ! 's truagh mi fein a chlann,
 Na 'r deigh gu fann aos'ar ;
 Mar dharaig sheargta mi air aonach,
 Ris nach pill gu brath a caoin-chruth.

Tha 'n dùlach dorch' anns a ghleann,
 'S gach crann air an raon gun duilleach *;
 Ach pillidh fa cheituin am maife,
 Ge nach faicear mo fgeimh-fa tuille.
 Dh' fhailnich siol Albha nam feachd,
 Mar smùid a' teach fuarraidh dorcha;
 Cha'n ioghna mise bhi trom a nochd,
 'S tus' Fhionain fan t'flochd, 's a Lorma!" †

Bu dubhach anam an aofd'
 Is acain ga taoma 'n cònuidh;
 Sinne tofdach nar n àite
 Mar thaibhse ri sàimh an an-moich,
 No mar eith eadar bhruacha sneachda
 'S a hula reota ri gealaidh na hòiche.

Ach

* Ημεῖς δ' οἷα τι φυλλὰ, &c.

Like leaves, the produce of the teeming spring

We early flourish, and anon decay;

What though we bask in summer suns a while,

Fell winter's blasts will sweep us soon away.

MIMNERMUS de Vitæ brevit.

οἷη περ φυλλῶν, &c.

The race of men may be compar'd to leaves.

SIMONIDES, de Vit.

† Here ends *Tuire' na truaighe*.

Ach co fo fan aonach co fiata,
 Mar eilid ag iarraidh a hannfachd ;
 Fhàlt òr-bhuidh air anail na hofaig,
 'S a cheuma docair eug-famhluidh ?
 Is tric donnal a leoin,
 Is bronach acain a chleibh,
 Mar chaoiran gaoith an an uaimh,
 'S gach tonn air luafga' fan fhairge ?
 —Co ach Uran òg an iughair,
 Rìs an tric an robh fiughair Lorma.

Bha cheum gu Dunalbha fan òiche,
 B' ioghna leis fhaotain dorch ;
 Chleachd da reul ghorm bhi dearfa,
 Ach dhruid am bàs deart-fhùile Lorma.

“ A Lorma, c'ait an tàmh dhuit ?
 Ionad do phràimh ca' bheil e ?
 'N do ghlac an òich' thu fan fhasaich,
 Air aghaidh nan ard-bheann feilge ?
 Og-bhean an iughair is caoin flios,
 'S truagh nach fios domh do chònuidh.
 An i cois na creige do thuineach,
 Aig bile nan fruthan uaigneach ?

Ma

Ma 's i, do bhrollach bidh fliuch,
 Bidh e fliuch, is tha 'n òiche fuarraidh.

—Ach tha thu ghna le m' anam fein,
 A ghaoil, gu ma fèimh do bhruadair!

A thaibhfean air ofnai' na hòiche,
 Buinibh gu caoineil ri m' ghaol,
 Tha fè air a gnuis 's i ri gàire,
 Na féidear om ghradh e le gaothaibh.

Caoin is sèimh fo dhoinionn nan speur,
 Tha m' annfachd fein, 's a huigh air Uran;
 Na duisgear i le rua-bhoc an raoin
 No le caochan * a ghlinne dhiamhair.

Fhirein fhiadhaich nam beann,
 Na biodh t'fharum † an gleann mo ghaoil.

—Caidil, a ghaoil, gun smuaisean,
 Aig fruthan uaigneach nan ioma bad;
 Mar chagar beacha na bruaiche,
 Meafg ‡ ròfan uaigneach nan allt,
 A' croma' fo dhruhd na maidne
 Thig mise gu d' chadal, a Lorma.

—Sèimh gu robh, ghaoil, do thàmh,
 'S ma thuiteas pràmh orm fein,

Eirich

* *al.* nam minnean ciara.

† *al.* ofcìoan.

‡ *al.* chòfan.

Eirich an aisling mo chadail,
'S biodh do ghnuis gu farafda màlda !"

Leag e thaobh ri Albha nan còs,
Thuit cadal mar cheo air a rosg,
An dearfa na gealaich 's nan fruth,
Dh' eirich ath-bhuailt caoi'-chruth Lorma.
Bu chofail an òigh ri neul geal
Air aghaidh na gealaich fan earra-dhubh.

"A thannais mo ghaoil !"—
Shiubhail e 'n raon gu tiamhaidh,
Gus am fac e 'n dà thulachan uaine
'S an cual e trom-chaoiran Mhuirne.
—Thuit e; 's bu neo-amhluidh a bhròn,
Sinn' uile mar cheo air an tfliaibh,
Gus 'n do thribuail am bard a chruìt,
Tha gach uchd air an fhonn neo-aoibhinn.

Dan Turlaich.

'S bu chian aig Lùbar nan fruth
Turlach nan turas àigh ;
Bu * lom an tflighe gu thigh,
Ceann-uighe nam mìle bàigh.

—Bha

* *al.* leathan.

—Bha dhorus gun chòla, fial,
 Nì 'm facamar riabh e druidt'.
 A noir no niar do neach fo 'n ghrein,
 Cha d' eura' leis riabh a chuid.

Ard mar a dharag fein
 Eadar dhà chrann aoibhinn dh' fhàs e,
 B' iurain uain' ann am bogh' na frois
 Clann Mhuirne na maife gàbhaidh.

B' ioghna le càch an ailleachd,
 'S iad ag radh aig Lùbar nan fruth,
 “Tha 'm fear fo mar Ailltheas na bhòidhche,
 'S an òigh fo mar Mhìguil na cruth.”

Mar uisge balbh a ghlinne fein,
 Dh' imich céin do bhlià'nai Thurlaich;
 * Bha ghnùis mar ghath-grein air an t'fliabh,
 Gun duifeal riabh san iarmailt ùrair.

* The poet extends this image elsewhere, in an encomium on his beloved son Oscar.

Bha do chridhe mar ghathaibh greine,
 'S do spiorad mar chanach sleibhe;
 B' e do nòs bhi aoibheil fàilteach,
 Mar na ròsaibh air gach fàire.

Ach ioma-chruthach mar neul nan speur
 Air a shleibhte tha laithe gach fir,
 Garbh is feimh tha 'n imeachd mu feach,
 Tha iad foilleir nan dreach agus dorcha.

Chuir Mìguil a bògh' air lagh,
 Tha dà chù nam faoghaid sheilg dhi ;
 Air madain tha 'n ceum fan drùchd,
 'S iad ri aghaidh nan stùc ag eiridh.
 Mar neoil ro anail nan speur,
 Air fleibhte bha ceum na hòighe,
 Le faighde co cinnteach 's am bàs,
 Bha feidh nam fàfach leonta.

Dhorchaich, le torran, an speur,
 Tha Lùbar na steuda mora ;
 Ighean Mhuirne, tha do chridhe fò fmal,
 Gun faod air dol tharta beo dhuit.

Chunnaic a brathair a ceum ;
 Bha leum dlù aig slugan carraige ;
 Meur craoibh' air a sgaoile thairis,
 Ri'n tric a ghramaich an fealgair.

Sheas Ailltheas air a ghéig,
 'S ghlac gu feimh a lamh thual ;

Chrithich an deis' air an daraig,
 Chrath i, dh' aom i, bhrift i, bhruan i.

Rainig glaodh gu cluais an athar,
 'S e fadadh an teine do Mhìguil ;
 Chlìsg e, leum e, 's chunn' e 'n deise,
 Dol leis an amhainn air gheugaibh.

B' ard ach b' fhaoin a chaoi,
 'S an òich' a' tuirling na ghleann,
 Chuala na creagan a mhoch-ghlaodh,
 'S chlìsg eilde nam faoin-bheann.
 Bhrift an fhàire ; thuit an òiche ;
 'S Turlach a' caoidh a chlainne ;
 Phill e le bròn gu thalla fàs,
 Bu chian a chràdh 's na floigh nan cadal.

Chual e mu dheire caifeamachd catha,
 'S leum e gu flathail o Lùbar ;
 Gu I-àluinn sheol e le laoich,
 'S iad ri taoghla beag an' I-thulma.

Chunnas dà iuran aoibhinn,
 Air carraig * àn deigh nan earba ;
 Thainig tiomadh air Turlach, ri faicinn
 Na deise bu mhaifich' 's a b' aillidh.

“ B’

* *al.* fu' leum nan rua-bhoc.

“ B' ionan fo clann mo ghaoil,
Ailltheas aobhach is Mig'uil ùr!”

Chual iadfan guth an athar,
San I gu 'n do tharruing a gheug iad,
Bha 'n leumnaich gu hait na chdail,
'S phill aoibhneas gu cònuidh Lùbair.

Is amhuil fin, air an fruthaibh fein,
Dh' imich, re feal, clanna Muirne;
Ach gheibhear iad an Innse nan treun,*
Mar iurain aoibhinn fan doire uaine.

S 2

Cheana

* The Greek and Latin, as well as the Celtic poets,
placed the paradise of the happy in islands,

Και τοι μιν, &c.

The happy heroes in those isles reside
Round which the Ocean spreads its peaceful tide;
No care is theirs; for Earth spontaneous yields,
And thrice a-year they reap their fertile fields.

HESED, Op. & dies.

Horace gives a still more pompous description of these
happy abodes in his 16th Epode, from the 41st line to the
end.

—Insulas,

Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis,
Et imputata floret usque vinea; &c.

Cheana chìtear an caoin-chruth
 A' fnàmh doilleir feach gealach na hòiche ;
 Tra sheallas i nuas fo smal
 Air Albha nan ceuma ciuine.

Caig, Uraìn, mata do bhròn,
 'S na biodh do dheoir, a Mhuirne, co fnitheach,
 'S gach aon air a steud-thruth fein
 An deigh a chairdean ag imeachd.

Mar gheig air luasga, tra fguireas an doinionn,
 Bha Uran an deigh an dàin ;
 'S bha uchd Mhuirne 'g eiridh air uairibh,
 Mar thuinn tra bhuairear fairge shaimhe.

C A T H

CATH LUIN'E*.

THA torman a chaochain am chluais,
'S e brùchdadh o'n charraig anuas ;
Gus an darag f'an gluais e fan lòn,
† A mhacain na h'òige ftiur mi.
—Tri chlacha le 'n còinich ghlais,
Tha 'n fin fo dhuilleach nam fras :
Leaba daimheach mo ghaoil !
Nach duisgear le fruth no le gaoith,

'S nach

* The lake of Lochavich in Lorn, appears from tradition, and from an old poem called *Laoi' Fhraoich*, to have been anciently called *Loch-luine*, or *Loch-luana*. Near it probably was the scene of this poem, as many places in its neighbourhood are still called after the names of some of Ossian's heroes.

† The *Son of youth*, to whom this piece is addressed, is supposed to be the Son of Alpin, so often mentioned in some of the other poems of Ossian.

'S nach cluinn, gu hiofal na 'n ùir,
Farum ar ceum a' teachd dlù.

San aimfir ait bu lion'ar laochan
Air fleibhte nam Mor-bheann aobhach;
Gach aon mar chrann-giuthais àluinn,
Air na tulachaibh gorma fàfaich.
Ach thainig an doinionn citi',
Sguab i choill 's an talla aoibhinn,
Amhuil fruth no deo-grein' a chaidh feach,
Cha'n 'eil folas no spionna na'r teach;
Tha chomhachag ann a chònuidh,
'S ar laoich san lòn na'n sìne'
Far an caidil, na'n cluainibh diomhair,
Feidh na fàfaich 's àl na frìdhe.

Co fò, 's a cheum trom,
Ri faicinn na fardaiche lom;
A' feoruich do bhuachal na spreidhe
('S e uallach aig dubhar an t sleibhe)
C' àit am bheil floigh na Feinne,
'S Fionn nach d' thug do 'n Aineal euradh?

Fhir a thainig an céin,
Tha na laoich gu leir iofal;

Mar

Mar ghiumhas air Daora nan fion,
A spionadh le frann-ghaoth ard :
Chi thu leaba nan treun
Air flios gach fleibh mu 'n cuairt,
Am feur a' folach an leac,
* 'S gun luadh ac' air feac no buaireas.

Ach ni 'n tofd do m' chlàrfaich fein,
Bidh iomra nan treun am dhàn ;
Cluinnidh an taineal an fhuaim,
'S aghaidh air uairibh gu làr.

—Tha mise dall,
Ach chluinn mi tacain ;
Imich le borbhan an dàin,
Gus an talamh o'n d' thain' thu 'n cein ;
An fìn taom an dàn
Air clàrfaich nam fonn,
Is clanna nam bard
Air an clàraibh crom.

An so tha mo chaoimh air an càradh,
Ach c' àit am bheil na leaca còinich
Aig taobh nan eafan còfach
A rinn an leaba chaol a chòdach ?

—Treigidh

* *Al.* 'S iad tofdach mar cheathach na cluaine.

—Treigidh còra nan leac,
 Gun chuimhn' ac' air clanna nam feachd ;
 Ach 's buan iad am m' anam fein,
 'S bidh an cliu am farum mo theud.
 —Bu tric mar bhuinne-shruth fàfaich
 Mife 's fibh-fein fan àraich,
 Ar ftailinn a' lasa' mar dhealan,
 A chofgra' na naimh air gach bealach.
 —Eifd baoth-chòrag nam fear
 Air an tulachan ghorm fo 'n ear.

San raon fo bha Goll agus Garna;
 Bu ftailinn an da anam,
 Dol a choghna Mhorain am fad,
 Gu Innis-lui'ne nan gorm-bhad.

Chualad am paillion an Ri'
 Guth na hòighe nach bu chli;
 'S mar fhneachda fa shuil na greine
 Leagh an anama calma treuna.

Thug an deise do Ainnir gaol,
 Ach air Goll bha gorm-shuil chaoin ;
 B' è cùis a hailing anns an òiche,
 'S cùis a caoi mu 'n chaochan choillteach.

Cha b' ionan 's Garna na gruamaich,
Mar lafair 's an toit ga cuartach'.

Le ceol is le cuilm fa feach,
Tri làithe dhoibh ait san teach;
Air a cheathramh chrithich an leirg
Fo chosaibh nam feara ri feilg.

* Thog Ainnir cuideachd a builg
'S a culaidh sheilg;
'S ma bu luath iadfan,
Cha bu mhaille ife.
Le cam 's le direach,
'S le falach tal'ainn,

T

Bha

* This and the two following paragraphs, which I formerly mentioned as taken from the tale accompanying this poem, are generally repeated, as all the tales are, as if they had been prose. Upon examination, however, the greater part of these tales seems to be a peculiar kind of measure; and therefore I have marked these parts down as such, instead of writing them as prose in the following manner:

Thog Ainnir cuideachd a builg 's a culaidh sheilg; 's ma bu luath iadfan cha bu mhaille ife. Le cam 's le direach 's le falach tal'ainn, bha i gu feafgar an fealbhan Gharna, Mar so, &c.

Bha i gu feafgar
An fealbhan Gharna,

Mar fo b' fhada 's bu chian doibh :
Chrom fiar a ghrian an-moch
Fo bheul gach tuilm is bruaiche
Bu leaba do'n ruadh-earbai.

An fin gu faoithreach fgìth
Shuidh Garna fios
Air fgeilp creige na Càba.
Bha bhalg-faighead r'a thaobh
'S a chù r'a bhonn,
'S a bhogha crom sìnte.
Suil ga 'n d' thug e uaithe,
Chunnaic e gu focair feolta,
Ogan a' teachd na rathad.

Cia as a thainig thu (arfa Garna
Gu dorcha deacair)
'S cia fhad a ruigeas tu?

“ Tha mise bho Dhuaran
Aig tùr uafal na Cao'-mhara;
'S e air chuintinn gu d' thug Garna gaol tual
Da leanann aig Luana bharraich.

Chuir

Chuir e mar chomraich ort 's mar gheasa,
Gu feuma' tu a fàgail,
No tuiteam fo laimh
A nochd fan àraich."

Innis do'n mhac mhearcach òg
Nach strìochd ri bheo Garna,
Mar ghéig na Mala mo lamh,
'S tric mo stailinn an uchd threun-laoch.
Tha Goll na aonar air mo dheis
Bho thuit leis an Torc air Eilde.
—Innis do Dhuaran imeachd
Na fireadh e nighean Mhorain.

"Air Duaran ni bheil thu colach,
Tha aird, ars' an tòg, mar dharaig,
Tha threife mar thorran nan speur,
A lann mar dhealan an géig aofda.
Imich mun tuit thu gu hìosal,
Mar choille chrionaich 's tairm gan sgaoile."

Bho Dhuaran ni 'n teicheadh fein,
Feucham, Fhir-arma, mo fhleagh ;
Mo sgia 's mo chlaidhe soluis.—
—Chi mi da thannas a' gleachd

Le colg feachda san iarmailt;
 Am fuil thana air falluinn cheo,
 'S an lanna dòbhidh air fgiathaibh speur-ghlas.
 —Tha na caomhaich a nis ri sìth,
 Tha 'n t fion gan sgaradh o cheile;
 Cha 'n ionmhuinn leam fud, ach cha'n eagal,
 Fhir-arma, grad-fhaigh dhomh m' éide'.

Dh' imich an òigh gu tulaich Ghuill,
 Bha truim an laoich air a shleagh;
 Damh cabrach r'a thaobh sìnte
 'S faoghaid fgèth air uchd a mhagh.

Tha shuil air Lui'ne nan tùr uaine,
 Ainnir na smuaine, 's a cliu na oran.

“Tha m' annsachd fein mar bhò' nan speur,
 'S a heide' mar dhearsa maidne,
 A gnuis mhàlda mar ghrèin a' dearcadh
 O neulaibh breac-dhearg air beanntaibh uaine.
 'S truagh nach faic-mi mo ghaol,
 Maifeach air raon na feilge,
 Mar iuran giumhais an gleann Luana,
 'S a cheann air luasgadh am frois na greine.

Ait mar eilid an aonaich
 Na deann air raon nan rua'-bhoc,

Tha

Tha m' anam fein tra chi mi do dhreach,
Ighean Mhorain nan each 's nan carbad."

'S an tufa Goll? ars' an tòg;
Ge bòidheach tAinnir, a mhic Ardain,
Gun chath cruaidh cha leig Duaran leat i,
An fud air leacainn tha cheum a' tàr ort.

"Do Dhuaran nì 'n geilleam fein,
Ach ma theid e gu m' chuilm a nochd,
Bidh a thuras an sìth a màireach,
Mur nàmh e le 'n ionmhuinn trod."

Caith-fa do chuilm a taonar,
Tha friogh is fraoch air gnùis Dhuarain;
Feuch fud a cheuman an céin,
Mar thannas air fgei na h òiche;
Tha na neoil chiar-dhubh foilleir
Le lainn sholuis gan cuartach';
Cluinn beum a fgeithe!
Tha bàs nan ceud na fuaimneach.

Chaidh Goll afios na eide'
Mar thannas air fleibhte tairneach,

Ga chrìoslach a fein le dealan :
 B' ionan Goll am farum a stailinn.
 Gus an tulach o'n cual e 'n fhuaim,
 Bhuaile e le mànnan faoin ;
 Bha Ainnir a ghaoil na aire
 'S a ghnìomha 's na laithibh a threig e.

* An fo chòlaich na feoid,
 Gach aon a' còrag ri Duaran,
 An òiche doilleir air fleibhte,
 'S na speuran fo dhubhar gruamach.
 —B' eiti' farum nan laoch,
 B' eiti fraoch is fuaim an lann,
 Mar shruthaibh dealain a' fniomh na cheile
 'S na neulaibh duaichni' dall.

—Tha

* According to another edition, this passage runs thus :

Bhuaile iad an fo air a cheile,
 Gu cruaidh cuidreach is dò-bheumach,
 Chaidh an leirg air chrith fo 'n casaidh
 'S chaidh teine d'an armaibh glafa.
 Bhuaileadh iad gu neart'or dòbhidh
 Mar dha bhuinne ri cruai'-chòrag.
 Cho-fhreagair na creagan 's na beanntai'
 Do airm nan Cuiridh'nibh calma.

—Tha cnuic is sluic gam freagairt,
Is Lui'ne fo gheilt le choilltibh;
Tha 'n raon air chrith 's na heilde luaineach;
Nan suain tha crith is oillt orr'.

—Tha 'n fhuaim a' fas nan cluais,
Bogh' is gaothair gan cruai'-ruith,
Tha 'n aisling mu dheire gan treigfinn,
'S iad a' leum gu doire nam fàsach.

Am meadhon a chath thoirteil thruim,
Bhrìst na blòidibh sgia mhic Ardain,
'S rinn lann Gharna fead san adhar,
Mar shrann-ghaath 'm barraibh nan coillte.

Sheas Goll, mar mhiol mhara
Air carraig thirim, gun tonn dlù;
'S leum Garna, mar fhairge atmhoir,
A ghlacail an laoich le spairneachd.

Gu clis fèigheach
Na cheile fhàs iad,
Mar dha thannas dhuaichni,
'S an doinionn le fuathas a' feide';
Cnuic air chrith ro'n torran,
'S crainn le 'n dealan a' géisge'.

B' amhuil

B' amhuil a ghleachd na laoich,
 Cnuic le 'm fraoch a' leum o'n sàil,
 Fuil is fallas a' frutha' fiar
 A noir 's a niar air feadh an làir.

B' aona chòrag an òiche ;
 San òg-fhoillse thuit mac Ardain ;
 Dh' aithnich Garna gnùis a charaid,
 A lot ris, 's a chlogaid ga fhàgail.
 —Tofdach tiamhaidh sheas e,
 Mar chrann feargt' air fliabh Mhora,
 Gun umhail do 'n lot na chliabh fein,
 Thuit e na chreuchdaibh le chòlan.

“ Beannachd air laimh an laoich !
 Caidlidh mise ri taobh Ghuill ;
 'S theid m' anam, air neulaibh foilleir,
 Gu paillion nan feoid le anam Ghuill.

Sgaoilidh ar n athraiche 'n comhla cheo,
 'S iad a' cromadh nar còail anuas,
 Le mìle tannas, nach feud fheoruich
 Cionnus a lag oirne fan uair?

Ge do ghleachd sinn mar dhà namhach
 Bu laidir an am na buaidh sinn ;

Ach

Ach com a ghleachd finn ri cheile,
'S an d' eifd finn fgeul' air Duaran?

Chuala Goll a charaid
'S a fhuil a' cadal fan eug.
“ Com' a ghleachd mi ri Garna,
'N riochd Dhuarain nan gath geir?
—'S truagh bhi gun Ainnir mo rùin.
* Athraiche! bibh dlù dhomh fein.”

Thainig Ainnir air chrith,
A cith fiadhaich 's a briathra gearr:
“ A Gharna, com' a sheas;
A Ghuill, com' a thuit;
A Dhuarain, com' an cualas
Riamh luadh air do fhliochd?”

Thuit a bogha, thuit a fgia,
Sheall Garna gu fiata uaipe;
Thaini' n òigh gu Goll ionmhuinn,
'S thuit i gu tiom mu thuairéam.
—An sin fhuaras an Ailleag bhrònach,
Ach beo cha bhuinte bho gaol i;

U

Beul

* *al.* Dhruid e fhuil, 's a chòra threig.

Beul ri beul 's uchd ri uchd,
Mar ia'fhlat mu floc aofda.

Feadh an lò, tre neula fliuch,
Sheall a ghrian air uchd na hoigh ;
Is feadh na hòiche bha taibhse nan creag
A' freagairt da caoi-chòra.
Dhruid a fùil air an dara là,
Thaini' m bàs mar chlà cadail,
Tra bhios an fealgair fan aonach,
'S an fhrì na tofd fan fheafgar fhè'ar.

Dà latha 's a fhuil ris an raon,
'S da òiche * gun aoma' fuain
Bha athair Ainnir. † An treas là,
Le luirg na laimh, thug air a chluain.

Dhonnalaich roimhe cù glas,
Dh' eirich geal-thannas air aonach.
Chunnaic an t Aofd' an dreach
Le fhuil dheuraich.—Och a Mhorain !

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

An

* *al.* 's a ghaoth na chluais.

† *al.* —“ Ci mo lorg,

Air for'uis Ainnir gluaifeam.”

An fo leagas an triuir,
An fo thogas an ùir tharta ;
Bu bhras a fhileadh ar deoir
Is caithream bròin am beul ar bard.

Caithream a bhroin.

“ Co fo bho dhuifneul an aonaich
Na éideadh ioghna foillse ?
Co fo fan fhaiche gu huallach,
Làn cruadail an cinnfeal gàbhaidh ?
Co ach Garna deacair dorch,
Cathach, fleaghach, borb mar steud-shruth ?
Ach co fo tharlas na chòail,
Le chiabhan òir 's le chèum dàicheil,
Aghaidh ait an uair na hiarguin,
Mar a ghrian is neul ga sgàile' ?
Co fo 'g iomain na teug-bhoil,
Mar thorran nan speur fan àraich ;
A ghuth mar bheucaich nan tonn
'S a cheum mar fhonn air chrith fo sgarnaich ?
Goll ciuin caoin,
Mac Ardain nan dea'-bheus ;

Bu treun an laoch 's bu chaoin a dhreach;
Och ! 's deacair a thug e gradh !

Bha còrag na deise caomha
Mar dha thannas air aomadh fhion ;
Am bàs mar dha dharaig uaine
Air am buain le tannais ri strì.

An tainéal ag imeachd na hòiche,
Chunnaic na crainn fo mhaife chaoin ;
“ Iurana grinne, 's bras ur fàs,
'S is gorm ur blà ri bile chaochain !”

—Air madainn phill e rìs,
Fhuair e iofal na dofan uaine ;
Gach freumh anns a ghaoith ga fhéideadh,
Is barr gach géige fan tfruth ga luasga'.

“ Is ionan fo (tha 'n deur na fhùil)
A thuiteas gach duil fan doininn gheamhrail ?”

'S iofal fo dhoininn na hòiche,
Sibhfe bu treine 's na gleanntai' ;
Is chaochail tàille-fa, Chaomh-ainnir,
'S tu 'n talla tofdach na * di-chuimhn' !

Oighéan Mhor-bheinn nan fruth,
Cumaibh an dubh-là air cuimhne,

Biodh,

* a.!. Sìochaith.

Biodh e brònach air leirg na Luana,

* Gach uair a philleas a bhliadhna.

O Gharna nan treun-chath !

A Ghuill bu fhathail aogus !

Ainnir chaoin a mhi-àigh !

Ma bhios ur nimeachd 's na neulaibh balbh,

No fuadach' air falbh nan fionta ;

Ma 's tofdach fibh le'r sinnseir shuas,

† No ma 's luaineach an ceo nan glinnte' ;

—Uaibh gach gaol is bròn is creuchd,

Is eisdibh ur cliu 's na dànaibh.

Treigidh clàr mun treig ur nainm,

'S e 'n guth fann nam bard a' caochla."

B' amhuil fonn nam bard aig an uaigh,

'S b' amhuil uams' e na thrà gach bliadhna.

—Tha torman a chaochain am chluais,

'S e brùchadh o'n charraig anuas ;

A mhacain ftiur an taofda,

'S na leig air faondra cliu nan treun-laoch.

CATHULA ;

* *al.* Na ruaigear air fiadh nan aonach.

† *al.* No an Luana nan gorm-choillte.

CATHULA; NO MAR MHARBH
CATHULA A MHAC*.

MAR bhoisge greine fa gheamhra,
'S e ruith na dheann air raon Leana ;
'S amhuil fin làithe nam Fiann,
Mar ghrian eadar-fhrasach a' treigfin.
Dh' aom neoil chiar-dhu nan speur,
'S bhuin iad an deo aoibhinn o'n tfealgair ;
Tha loma-gheuga na coill a' caoi,
'S maoth-lufrach an tleibh a' fearga'.

Ach

* From the resemblance between the names of Cathula and Cuthulin, and both having a son called Conloch, many who repeat this poem substitute the more familiar name of Cuthullin in place of Cathula, and call the poem by the title of "Mar mharbh Cuthullainn a mhac."

Ach pillidh fathaid a ghrian
 Ri doire fgiabhach nan geug ùr,
 'S ni gach crann fa cheituin gàire
 'G amharc an aird ri Gath an iuil.

Seallaidh e fin anuas le gean
 Air gach rua' lus ro an bhraon,
 Is togaidh gach aon a cheann
 Aig bothan geamhraidh nan còs caoch.
 —Thig iadfan amach le fòlas
 Cha'n ionan 's luchd-cònuidh na huaighe,
 Nach gluais le gathaibh na greine
 'S nach eirich a' cadal nan tuama *.

Ach ni 'n fearg ur cuimhne mar lus,
 Fheara bu mhor thus agus bàigh ;

Mar

* *Ἰσχυροὶ καὶ μαλαχοί, &c.*

“ Alas ! the tender herbs and flow'ry tribes,
 Though crush'd by winter's unrelenting hand,
 Revive and rise when vernal zephyrs call.
 But we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
 Bloom, flourish, fade, and fall,—and then succeed
 A long long silent, dark, oblivious sleep ;
 A sleep which no propitious pow'r dispels,
 Nor changing seasons, nor revolving years.”

Moschus, Epitaph. in Bion.

Mar fholus gu aimfir an c  in
Triallaidh ur fgeula fan d  n.

Fhir d' an c  nuidh a chreag,
Eisd beagan ri fgeul Innse-torc,
'S aiteal air m' anam fein e
Mar ghath r   ro dho  inn Lumoin.

Dheafaich Cathuil a chuilm,
  s fgaioleadh le Fionn na fhuil ;
Sh  id a ghaoth bho na fleibhte f  ir,
'S an darach ag   fnaich fo s  iltibh.
Bha nuallan thonn mu Innse-orc *,
'S Carric-thura gun sprochid fan uair fin ;
An innis uaine ro neoil a' d  re',
'S a floigh gu lion'or le gean mu'r tuaiream.

Ach co fo ri gualainn an Righ ?
Mar chrann air crionadh aon diu ;
Dithis eile mar dha dharaig uaine ;
'S fuaimneach air tr  igh an ceuma !

* Innse-orc or Innse-torc, Orkneys, or isles of whales.
'The word *orc* is used in the same sense by Milton.

——“ An island falt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and *orcs*, and sea-mews clang.”

—Fàilt air Conall o Thonna-gorm ;
 Air macan òr-bhuidh * Ri-na'-magh,
 'S air mac Ruro bho àr an tuirc,
 'S ait leinn uile gur slàn duibh.

Faighear a chuilm is an tflige,
 Fuaim nan clàr is caithream bhard ;
 Biodh mo chaomhaich ait am thalla,
 Tha Cathuil am meadhon a chairde.
 —'S ait leam fein an là,
 Neul na tàradh air Carric-thura !''

Cia gearr taifling aoibhinni,
 Is eug-famhluidh, a Laoich, do làith' !
 Mar am fè thig eadar dhà ofaig,
 An òiche na doininne gàbhaidh.
 Tha 'n fealgair air uilinn an raoin,
 Tha bhruadair fhaoìn ag eiridh :
 Oighean lamh-gheal le ceol mu 'n cuairt,
 Is baird a' buala' chliu bho theudaibh.
 —Bhuail bèum air an sgèith,
 'Ta anam a' leum fa chath ;
 Tha 'n àrach a' fàs mu choinneamh,
 Chi e foilleir mìle gath.

X

—Ach

* King of the plains or *Maiata* ; a mhagh-thìr.

—Ach bhuail an ofag, le sgairt, a bas,
 Threig an aifling; dhùisg an Sealgair.
 “Threig thu mi aifling mo ghaoil!
 Mo bhruadar bu chaoin, ach mealltach!”
 —Bu neula glas na hòighean,
 Bu ghaoth fa cheo na bardan,
 Bu torran fuaime a chatha,
 ’S bu dealan na lanna dealrach.
 —Bu ghairid ach b’ait am bruadar,
 Is b’ionan fin uaille Chathuil.

Sguir cuilm an rìgh,
 ’S air darach na hòiche lag;
 Tha cluas nan laoch anns a cheol,
 Suil-a-chatha ’n neoil na hòiche.

[CATH.] Tha mhuir na fuain chiuin,
 ’S na reultan iuil fan iar ag aomadh,
 A’ dearca’ fan fhaìrge fhèimh
 Air maife sgèimheach an caoin-chruth:
 —Amhuil oighean aig fruthana diomhair,
 Tra chi iad le gean an aogus.
 San duilleach tha ’n eilid da ’n còir,
 Chlìsg na hoighean le fhuadh-dhearg chaoin;

—Is amhuil sin fhuadh nan reul,
 Mar gu 'n tàradh iad fgeula baoth.
 Ach chi mi ghealach leth-bhréideach,
 Ag eiridh ro chrannaibh air fàire ;
 Taibhfe doilleir le 'n earradh ceo,
 'S m' athair brònach na fhalluing àile."

An luib na hofaige dh'aom fuaime,
 Gu faoin, fann, le fgeula bròin ;
 Phill an rìgh gu thalla fo sprochd,
 Is labhair Fionn bu fhocair nòs ;
 —Bha bhriathra mar fhuaim nan clàr
 An geal-lamha nighein Thofcair.

" San linn a dh'fhalbh mar shruth,
 Chuir ar finnsir an uchd le cheile ;
 Sarna, Colgar, is Cao'-mhal
 Bu trì foluis chaoìn san teug-bhoil,
 An àrach is tric a fguab iad,
 Mar dhuifneul an cuairt na gaoithe,
 Tra bhios tannas na fhraoch ga sgapa'
 Gus an caidil e 'm fasga' choilltean.
 —Tha 'n tannas a' marcachd nan speur
 Is uigh ri feudan eile.

—B' ionan fin aigne nan laoch
 Gun smuairean am fraoch nam blàr ;
 'S am bi eagal oirn fein an clann,
 Ge d' thig Lochlan nan crann nar dàil ?
 —Philleadh ar finnsir uainn,
 'S gu 'r bruadair cha'n aomadh aon diu ;
 Cha 'n fhosgladh iad an talla da 'n cloinn
 Tra thuiteadh ar cinn * mar dhuilleach aofda.
 Sheideadh an doinionn ar spioraid
 Mar chrith-reo air bruachaibh na Léige.
 Ni hamhluidh, a chlanna nan righ',
 Dhuinne thug ar finnsir an cliu,
 'S ruithidh an tuil nar deigh,
 Mar Lubar nan fteuda mora."

“ Gu ma mairionn do chliu-fa Fhinn,
 Mar fholus air linntibh a thig ;
 Abradh am filidh na dhàn,
 'Tha 'n tarmunn do fhiol na Feinne'.
 —Ach mo fhiol-fa cha 'n fhaic mo chliu,
 Mar fholus iuil gan cuartach' ;
 A Chonnlaich mo ghaoil ! tha 'n òich' eiti
 A spion uam thu fein is do mhathair,

Ag

* *al.* fa ghleannan fhaondrach.

Ag lot mo chridhe, 's i 'g eiridh le doinn
Am shealla mar chuan na h Innse ;
Tra dh' eigheas tuinn, 's a ghéifgeas croinn,
'S a bhios taibhse nam beann a' fianail.
Tha àitich Innse-torrain fo gheilt
Gu clifg an Innis fo 'n f hairge.
—Ach tha m' anam fein mar fhruth tlà,
Tra bhios smuainte blà asteach ;
Tuir thus', a bhaire, an aithris neo-àgh 'or ;
Aithris ànraidh mo chreach,

Aithris an Anraidh.

An I chrom nan ioma crann
Tha farum lann is fuaimneach fhleagh,
Claidhean liomhaidh toirt soluis o'n ré,
'S luirgne catha 'g eiridh 'n airde.
Mhosgail an carb as a fuain,
Chlifg le fuathas an Tùr leathan.
Ach carba ciod fà do gheilt ?
A Sgara, cha 'n eagal do d' phaillium.
Tha Siorcha treun ; ach fhéid an tua'-ghaoth,
'S tha Cathuil uallach a' teachd air sàile.

Tha

Tha dhreach mar dhearg-thannas òiche
 Tra bhios an fealgair fo oillt air stùcaibh,
 Is bristear leis urfanna-catha
 Mar lion dubhain-alluidh fan dùlach.

* * * * *

—Theich Siorcha le neoil na hòiche,
 Mar lorg a luing' air aghaidh chuantai'n;
 Afuas an fgia, 's anuas an clàr,
 A Sgara, biodh gàir air tòighean.

'S tha farum chlar is caithream bheul
 An talla Sgara na féile faoil;
 Tha 'n lann fan truaille 's an fgia na cadal
 * Air bhalla, mar ghealaich dhuaichni.

—Tha 'n eilid ait air a carraig fein,
 Is oighean aoibhin nan uineig stuadhaich,
 Tha ghrian aobhach, gun neul na dàil,
 Ach 's e Cathuil grian àigh nan oighean.

—“ Fonn air clar, is fonn air dàn,
 Slan gu robh thu, 'righ na carraige !” †

Ach

* *al.* 'S an tseach ris a bhalla gun ghluafad.

† This, of the maids of Icroma, appears to have been a
 chorus.

Ach co fo 'n còail an laòich,
 'S a ceum air braon-dhealt na maidne;
 Drùchd gean air a caoin-shuil,
 Mar dheur na hòich' air magh rì gàire?
 Tha gnuis mhaifeach fo fgàil a ciabh;
 'S a ghrian a dealra' rompa,
 Air rughadh a gruaidhe caoin;
 Mar ghath grein' air rofaibh ùr,
 A dealradh air druchd fa mhadainn bhraonaich.

Co fo ach Rosga-geala,
 Geug àillidh talla na crom-I:
 Tha Sgàra ga tabhairt do 'n laoch
 A fgaoil doinionn na strì.

“ Deich nigheana ge bu leams' a laoch,
 Gheibhe' tusa do ghaol do'n iomlan.”

Mar sheabhaig a tuirling o'n aonach
 Air eun an fhraoich na chuartaig,

Chluais

chorus-song, a species of composition very ancient, and still much used in the Highlands. The time of these pieces is adapted to the various exercises of rowing, reaping, fulling, &c. The ancient Greeks used the same kind of compositions for the like purposes. A specimen of that which the women used to say while grinding their corn, called *επιμυλιον*, is preserved by Plutarch (in *Conviv. Sapient.*), and begins,
Αλλε μυλα, αλλε, &c.

Ghluais thar Cathuil fan I,
Tri bliadhna, 's a rìgh bu luath iad.

'S mithich pilleadh gu Innse-torrain,
Gu tùr nan doireachan uaine,
Arfa Cathuil 's e 'g amharc na dheigh
† Air na bliadhnaidh a threig mar bhruadar.

Sgaoil e na fiuil gheala,
Bha bhean ait agus bronach,
—“ Slan le eilean mo ghaoil,
Ionad aobhach mo laithean òga ;—
Chi mi mo dhaimhich, chi mi m' eildean,
Ag amharc am dheigh o'n charraig chraobhaich.
—Ach com' am biodh mo dheoir a file'
'S mi g imeachd le rìgh na Carraige?”

Tha Connlach òg ànrach
An glacaibh graidh a mhathar,
A dha mhala mar fialla foluis,
Fo chlogaide béin an rua-bhuic.
Sèimh an clò-luasga nan tonn,
Air beacha donn tha e bruadar,

I

A

* *al.* Mar shealgair air ceum a bhruadair.

A cluinntin an crònain fan aonach,
 'S a fmaoin air an cìre cuachach.
 — A Chonnlaich, 's faoin do fmaointe,
 'S i ghaoth 's na fuil tha thu cluinntin.

Mar ròs Lèana fo bhògh na frois,
 * 'S na frasa meallain na chdail,
 Ars' an fealgair, 's e greasad gu fasga,
 “ 'S caoin do bhlàth, ach 's fagus dò-uair.”

Tha uchd na mna ag ofnaich
 Mar chobhar thonn 's an cop ag eiridh,
 A fuil a fileadh air gnùis a leinibh,
 'S a bile gu sèimh ga fhiabadh.
 — Tha e mosgla', 's a' faicinn na doininn,
 'S ga fholach an brollach a mhathar.
 Thairis tha i sgaoileadh a fgiobuil,
 Mar iolair Laoir' air a hàlach,
 Tra chi iad le crith an iarmailt eiti'
 'S a fhéideas nan dàil an iorguill.
 — “ Na biodh eagal ort, a leinibh mo ghraidh,
 Is tathair le laimh gar ftiuradh.”

Y

“ 'S

* *al.* Bha Connlaoch na fhuadh aillidh.

“ 'S na biodh eagal ort fein a ghaoil,
 Cha 'n eil finn air faondra cuain,
 Is tric ri doininn bu ghàbhaidh
 A mharcaich mo bharcà-sa 'n cuan.
 —A ghaoil, tha 'n Innis am fagus
 Air cùl na mara ceann-ghlais.”

* * * * *

Tha ofna fhèimh is eitrìch cuain
 Gan coi-measg air uairibh le cheile.

Thuit an òiche neulach,
 Le torran fpeur, air chuantuibh,
 Las gu duaichni an dealan,
 'S na taibhsè fan adhar ri nuallan.
 Le cirbibh an trusgain dàthta,
 Tha iad a leum ghios na doimhne,
 Muca mara ri fgreaddail,
 Is tonna gam freagairt o'n aillbheinn.
 —Chual' a ghealach na teach neulach
 Gach beuc oilteil thug an cuan as,
 Dh' fhill i 'ceann an ceo na Lanna,
 'S na reultan am falach mu 'n cuairt di.
 Air chrith, ro bhrìste nan neul,
 Chithear an eudann * air uairibh ;

Mac-

* *al.* 's an gruag-cheann.

Mac-famhuil is fealgair a' dearcadh
O bhothan am fasga nam fuar-bheann.

—A shealgair eilid an t-sleibhe,
'S truagh gun bhi tearuint' dlù dhuit !

* * * * *

A charraige nan Innse crom,
Bu tric a chuala fonn a clàr,
Ciod tha sibh ag eisd eachd a nochd,
Torran speur, * no tonnan ard ?

B' airde na fo nur cluais,
Fuaim Shulin-gorma ri caoidh ;
A highean 's a leanabh air cuan,
'S i bualadh a bas ris a ghaoith ;
—Cha fiuil na sumainne geala ;
Pill, pill † gu d' thalla bho 'n òiche.
—Dh' fhalbh i, phill i, chunn' i barca,
“ 'N slan duit, och aon-ghin ghlaolach ! ”

“ Ciod an guth sin o'n chreig dhùldai ?
Grad-leagaibh na fiuil, a chòlain.”

Y 2.

Tha

* *al.* fa choilltich aofda.

† *al.* 's gun tighean ga d' chluinntin.

Tha 'n iolach ait is brònach fa seach ;
 “ Ighean nan òr-chleachd an flàn duit ? ”

Sud guth an tannais chaoìn,
 A chunnaidh air aodan na doimhne ;
 Thig, a thannais, * gu m' aifling fein,
 'San òiche fheimh, 's do chruth am chuimhne.

Chual' an aos-bhean a ghuth,
 'S phill i gu tuirfeach a ceuma :
 Bu tric Rosgeala na glaoth,
 Cho-fhreagair an raon da heighe.

Tha Rosgeal air a chuan sgaoilte,
 'S dearfa daraich a' taomadh o fhad,
 Tha Cathuil a faicinn a ghaoil
 Mar oigh-thaibhse chaoìn na ghath.
 Mar reul an caol-chroma na gealaich'
 'S i ionus falaicht' san dorchaidh,
 Bha a mac an uchd na hog-mhnaoi,
 B' e 'n sealla fà bròin an treun-laoich.

Chualas

* *Al.* air guth an rè.

Chualas ofna le mhnaoi mhalda,
 “ Ciod fà do chaqi, a ghaoil?
 Ge dorch' an doinionn cha mhair i,
 Bidh ceuma na gealaich' air fleibhte,
 Caomh-chruthach ; 's na reultan àillidh
 A' gorm-lasadh an fàmh na h Innse.
 An Innis cha 'n fhada uainn,
 Nach ann uaip' a thaomas an dearfa ?”

A dhearfa m' anama fein!
 An doinionn eiti' theid thairis,
 Is folus mo theach aoibhinn
 Chithear an sèimh-mhuir Innse-torrain.
 —Ach ciod òiche, no doinionn, no cein-thìr,
 'S fè air tanams', a gheug àillidh ?
 Leig ris domh mo ghaol, a fholuis,
 Ge d' bhoisg thu air dhochair a Sorcha.

Bhrift an teithear air fgeir,
 Aig an laoch tha 'n deise na lamhan,
 Air carraig fhuair nan flata mara,
 Ionad falaich nan ròn slàpach.

“ Chi mi 'n tràigh is i dlù,
 Ruigeam i le lùgh mo lamh,
 A dh' iarruidh bàrca san feol finn
 O chorruich * Shorcha ro bhrifte fàire.

Fan-fa 'n so, tha 'n doinionn a treigfinn,
 Tha reultan a crathadh a cheo dhiu ;
 Glas-ghnuis na gealaich an craobha céin,
 Feuchaidh an rè dhuit mis' a pilltin.

A fhoillse dhealrach nan speur,
 'S a thaibhsean aoibhinn iuil,
 Innfìbh do m' ghaol 's i na haonar,
 Gu faic sibh m' aogus-fa dlù.”

“ Ach ciod ma ni mhuir eiridh,
 No 'n doinionn seide' le abhachd thaibhse †,
 Ma dh' fhasas a mhuir, ma threigeas na neoil,
 No ma dhuifgeas an lò mu 'm pill thu ?
 —Ach pillidh mo ghaol gu grad,
 Dionaibhse Cathuil, a thaibhse !”

—Dh'

* The island of Sora or *Sercha*, against whose king Cathula fought in the aid of Sgaro.

† This opinion, that ghosts and spirits had the power of troubling the air and raising tempests, prevailed long among the Highlanders.

—Dh' imich e gu tràigh, 's gun eithear dlù ;
Bu tric a fhuil air a charraig dhorchà.

'S brònach bean nan rosg tlà,
Le fuil air tràigh na hòiche,
Cathuil cha leir dhi 's an fhaing' a fàs,
Tha Connlaach na laimh ga ghiulan.

“ Ciod fo ta baca' mo ghaoil,
Tonna baoth, no tràigh gun bhàrca ?
'S truagh gun thu, 'leinibh, air tìr,
'S gu biodh fois aig crìdh' do mhathar.

Cheangail i 'n leanabh air sgéith,
Air barr géig sheargta dlù dhi.
—“ An duisg mi thu, leinibh mo ghaoil ?
Ach ruigeadh do ghaoir mo chridhe.
Gu ma slàn a ruigeas tu 'n tràigh,
'S gu ma cairdeil riut rìgh na Sorcha ! *

—No

* The island of Sora or *Sorcha* is frequently mentioned in the poems of Ossian. It is uncertain where it lay ; but it seems to have been noted for the cruelty of its inhabitants. This appears particularly from the present poem, and from the Episode of the Maid of Craca in the 3d book of Fingal ; an edition of which, perhaps not the least correct, is
sub-

—No ma tharlas ort tathair ;—
Ach tathair, a ghaoil, cha bheo ;

Riums^d

subjoined below. It is repeated under the title of *Cath Eir Siorcha*.

Là do Fhionn le beagan fluaigh
Aig Eas-rua' nan éighe mall,
Chunnacas a' teoladh o'n lear
Curach ceo is aon bheann ann.
'S b' e sin curach bu mhaith gleus
A' ruith na steud air aghaidh cuain,
Clos clà d' rinne' leis no tàmh
Gus an d' rainig e 'n t Eas-rua'.

'S dh' eirich as maife mnàì,
B' ionan dealra dhi 's do'n ghrein,
Bha h uchd mar gheal-eiridh nan tonn,
Le fliuch-osnaiche trom a cleibh.

Is sheas finn uil' air an raon,
Na slaithean caoin is mi fein ;
A bhean a thainig an céin
Bha finn gu leir roimpe fèimh.

'S a gheug na maife fo dhruichd bròin,
'S e labhair gu fòil mi fein,
Ma 's urra gorm-lanna do dhion,
Bidh ar cridhe nach clì d'an reir.

Riums' air a neoil tha e feitheamh ;—

Grad-ghreafaidh mi fein na chòail."

Z

Dh^o

'S mo chomraich ort ma 's tu Fionn,
 ('S e labhair ruinn am màise mnà)
 'S i do ghnuis do'n ànrach a ghrian,
 'S i do sgia ceann uighe na bàigh.
 —Do Rìgh Eilean nan Crag
 Bu deo-greine gun fmal a ghruaidh fo,
 'S bu tric a fhreagair Crom-mhala nan coillte
 Do ofnàì caoi Fainne-foillse.
 Tòrachd a ta orms' air muir;
 Laoch is mor guin air mo lorg,
 Mac Rì' Sorcha nan sgia dearg,
 Triath d'an ainm am Maighre borb.

'S glacam do chomraich a bhean,
 Rò aon fhear a th'air do thì;
 'S a dh' aindeoin a Mhaighre bhuitb,
 Fo dhuibhre mo sgei gheibh thu dìon.
 Tha talla nan crag aig laimh,
 Aite taimh clanna nan tonn,
 Ach 's leor fasgà doininn nan sleagh;
 (Bha mo dheoir, le deoir, a' tuirling.)

'S chunnacas a' tighn' air steud
 Laoch a bha mheud thar gach fear,

A^o

Dh' eirich air a charraig tonn
Gu hard trom, le cheann geal ;

Sguab

A' caithe na fairge gu dian
An taobh ciadn' a ghabh a bhean.
Bha chladhe trom toirteil nach gann
Teannt' air a shlios gu ré,
Sgia dhrimneach dhubh air a leis,
'S e 'g iomairt chleas air a clé.
B' ard a chroinn, bu gheal a shiuil,
Bu mhire 'n tiul na cobhar fruth ;
“ Thig a mharcaiche nan steud stuadhach
Gu cuilm Fhinn nam buadh an diugh.”

Mar ghallan uaine a bharraich,
Air a chrathadh le ofunn an aonaich,
Sheas an Ainuir ; ach thain' an tsaighead :
“ 'S maith tamas, a Laoich, ach 's baoth thu.”

* * * * *

Dh' eirich Oscar 's dh' eirich Goll
Bheireadh losga lom 's gach cath,
'S dh' eirich iad uile na slòigh
A dh' amharc comhrag nam slath.

Thug Goll mac Morna 'n urchair threun,
As a dheigh do thilg e shleagh ;
B' i 'n urchair bu truime 's bu treine,
Da sgei do rinn i da bhlòidh.

Thilg

Sguab e na ghlaic a bhean aillidh.

“ Gu ma flàn duit, a ghaoil, a Chonnloich !”

Phill Cathuil na bharca

Gus an tionad an d’ fhag e bhean,

A charraig dhorcha cha leir dha,

’S i ’m falach fo fgei na lear.

—“ Chaill mise mo bhean is mo mhac ;

’S truagh nach do ghlac an aon eug finn !

Nar n uchd aoibhinn bhiodh Connloch flàn ;

Is ionann bàs is beatha leom-fa.”

Bhrift a chamh-fhair air Sorcha,

Tha innis dhorcha le huaimh dlù ;

Z 2

Darag

Thilg an tOscar le làn-fheirg

A chraosnach dhearg le laimh chli,

Do mharbhadh leis steud an fhir

’S mor an cion do rinneadh l’i.

* * * * *

’S thug finn buaidh fa chath air an laoch,

Air leam fein nach b’ fhaoin an gnìomh,

’S dh’adhlaic finn le Fainne-foills’ aig an Eas,

Macan mor nan cleas cli.

Darag aofda ga falach,
Le h-earradh fein do chòinich.

Cuig linnte 'nan laithibh fein,
Chunn' an cuan ag eiridh 's a' tràghadh,
O thiubhraich a gheug fo fasga
Do righ gaisge na Sorcha.

Dh' fholaich e bhean fan uaimh,
Tra ghluais e chumail blàir;
“ A màireach pillidh mo thriall,
Màol Lann-fada fiar fo m' laimh.”

Dh' imich e; chaidh 'n lann na thaobh;
Cha d' fheud e, mar gheall e, pilltin.

Dà la is còilion òiche,
Cha 'n fhacas rua-cheann Ulan-orchuill;
‘S tiaghaidh Oi-dàna 'na huaimh,
A' buala' bas mar chobhar barr-gheal.

Chualas a caoiran bròin
Leis a mharaich' a' feola' na hòiche;
Dh' iarr e' n robh tannas ri ceol,
Fhuair e òg-bhean an ionaid dhiomhair.

An fo dh' fheith Cathuill an òiche.
Le foillse laiste reultach

Dh'

Dh' aom i ; 's Rof-geala na cuairt
 A' fèimh-ghluafad air aghaidh na doimhne,
 Tha 'falluing do cheo na Caothan
 Sa mhadain bhraonaich cheituin ;
 A fearraid fliuch mar fhile nan ròs,
 Aig fruthaibh mòdhar nam * mall-éighe,
 Dh' airis i mar fhuair i bàs,
 Mar chàirich i Connloch air fgèi :
 “ Ach duisg, a Chathuil nam buadh,
 Is teich gu luath gu tinnis fein.”

Dh' imich e gu tofdach trom,
 'S is tuirfeach fhonn uaithe fin.
 Tha dheoir fa mhadainn arfon a mhnà,
 'S air crich an là arfon a mhic †.

'S mor a Chathuil do chuis bhròin,
 Arfa Fionn, mur beo do mhac :
 Mur d' imir an fgia gu tràigh,
 'S mur d' fhuair e bàigh o Shorcha,
 “ Togaidh e 'n fgia fo gu 'r dion ;”
 Theireadh laoich, is sìth nan aire ;
 Theireadh ;

* *al. malla-cheuma.*

† Here ends *Aithris an anraibh,*

Theireadh ; is their iad fathasd,
 “ Is amhuil a lamh is lamh Chathuil.”
 —Ciod mu bheil thu mata fo smalan,
 'S gun thu 'n iorguill a chatha na taonar.

Mar fo chaitheadh an òiche
 'N Carric-thura, gu foillse faire,
 Le fuile soir a' plaosga'
 Mar shealgair air raona fàsa.
 Tha tonna dorch a gan éide'
 ('S barra shleibhte) 'm falluing shoillse ;
 Reulta gam falach san adhar
 Ro cheuma flathail na greine ;
 'S i fealltuin le fuil fhial
 Thar triall righrean an tsaoghail.
 Tha reultan a' seachnadh a gnùise,
 Mar ni coigrich fuil Mhal-mhine.

'S ni 'm b' ait le fear ar faire
 Sgeul an lath' ud air chnoc na seallta ;
 Loingeas Lochlan air traigh a' taomadh,
 Mar bheachan, nan fgaoth gun àireamh.
 —Phill ar luchd-fanaid gu luath,
 “ A Chathuil, tha fluagh air an tràigh ud !”

Ni heagal sin leam fein,
 Arfa Cathuil, 's mo threin'ir dlù;
 Ach ciod a cheil an sluagh co fada?
 'S a chum do ghath-fa, ghrian, air cùl?
 An robh thu 'g eifdeachd sgeula bròin;
 A' caoi' tòg-mhnaoi is do mhic?
 Bha, oir tha timeachd ataonar,
 Gun do choimeas ri d' thaobh do shoillse,
 Spion an doinionn do bhean uait,
 'S do mhac, ann an cuan na hòiche;
 'S tha thu nis mar mise gun leannan,
 'S gun ghallan òg ri d' ghualainn.
 —Ach tha do sholus air uairibh gun bhròn,
 'S do naimhde mar cheo ag imeachd,
 Tha taibhse dòbhidh na hòiche
 Gam falach * an tuill an fhirich.
 Is amhuil a dh' eireas mo chliu-fa,
 Cha cheil bròn om shuil an iorguill;
 Mar bhuinne-shruth 'n amar cughann,
 Atai' m' anam mar thuil a' leumnaich.

Mar

* *al.* fa choill ro d' thigheachd.

Mar mharbh Cathuil a mbac.

Bhuail Cathuil beum-sgeithe ;
 Chaidh Conall is Fionn nan eide' ;
 Mar bhogh fròis anns na speuraibh ardá ;
 Bha bratach àluinn rìgh nam màgha.
 Sheas mac Ruro 's mi fein,
 Mar dha neul fan latha shamhraidh,
 Maifeach amach, 's am bolg ag at'
 Le lafair is rùcail tairnich.

Mar stoirm ghailbhich mheallain,
 Na steud-ruith thairis air cuantaibh,
 A sguaba' nan tonna stuadhach,
 'S gam buala' ri *uchd nam fuar-bheann ;
 No mar thannas na doinninn a' fèide'
 Nam beanntan eiti fàile
 Le 'n cobhar ceann-ghlas a' ftairirich
 Meafg charraige cruaidh ri gànraich ;
 —B' amhuil fin farum ar feachd
 Dol an cinnseal gleachd do 'n àraich:

Dhomhlaich Lochlan mu Mhanus
 Mar ealtuinn bharnach air fgeir mhara
 Dhorcha fo 'n fgiathan, 's i 'g eiridh gruamach,
 Gun chrith ro fhuathas na fairge.

Sin nuair thuirt Fionn ris na laoich,
 (A rìgh b' aobhach finne ga eifdeachd),
 Tha ar nainme-na cheana fan dàn,
 A laocha mora nan làn chath,
 Biodh là na hInns' aig an oigridh ;
 Theid finne gu 'n coghna ma 's eiginn.

Chuir Ogan a lamh gus a lainn ;
 Tha fleagh mhic Ruro 's a ceann an air ;
 'S tha fuil Oifein air Fionn,
 Gun bhi dall no tiom mar an tràs'.

“ Chi mi trì urfanna catha
 'N tùs nan gathan fo nar còail,
 Aon a' dealra' na cheud fheachd,
 'S ni 'n lag e fa ghleachd dhòbhidh.
 Oifein, a mhic chaoimh,
 Na caisg a dh' aon-bheum a fhòlus.
 Tha 'n deur an fuil a leannain,
 Tha athair an ceathach na haoise,

A a

Gun

Gun mhac aig', theagamh, ach efan ;
Na cuir as da, Oifein, *le d' chraofnaich.

Cum-fa, Ogain, cath
Ris an athach fhada mhor ud ;"
—'S mife, arfa deadh mhac Ruro,
Ri Manus fleaghach ni còrag.

Sheas na †righrean, 's bu mhor am modh,
Chaidh ‡finné gu cath, mar steuda cobhrach :
Ach sheas feachd Mhanuis
Mar charraig-bhàrach an Innse-toire ;
Ge d' robh muic is tuinn ga buala',
Cha ghluais iad a chreag o hàite.

'S nior sheas feara Lochlan gu faoin,
Nuair dh' eirich gaoir nam bard §.

Tha

* *al.* a dh' aon-bheum.

† Fingal, Connal, and Cathula,

‡ Ossian, Ogan, and the Son of Ruro.

§ i. e. the Brofnacha-catha. It was part of the office of the bards to animate the combatants during the action. The old Persian magi did the same. And Homer alludes to the like custom in the time of the Trojan war.

— Thro' the Grecian throng,
With horror sounds the loud *Orthian song* :

The

Tha Ogan fo cheangal nan caol,
 'S mac Ruro 'g aoma' fo Mhanus.
 Bha 'n toig'ear sleaghach dlù dhomh fein,
 'S cha robh mo dheigh air a bhualadh.

“ Am bheil do neart ri tàir air m' oige
 (Bu reachdmhor deoir na fhuilibh),
 Am bheil do neart ri tàir air m' oige,
 'S gun do fhleagh mhor ga h iomairt ?
 Cia fhad a bhios mise mar leanabh,
 'S do fgia leathann mar aillbheinn ?
 Air mo chliu mar fo cha d' thig luadh,
 'S mo chairdean a' buain na h àrach.”

Dh' imich e, 's dh' imich a fhloigh ;
 Bha mis' air an tòir gu ciuin,

Mar thri frutha geala bho 'n aonach,
 'S iad a' leumnaich gu caol-ghleann uaine,
 'Nansteuda bras, le 'n clachaibh 's le 'n crannaibh,
 B' amhuil fin imeachd ar fean-laoch.

Choinnich Manus is Fionn a cheile,
 'S bu déifneach gleadhar an stailinn ;

A a 2

Ach

The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms
 Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.

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Ach co bu choimeas ri Fionn nam fleadh ?
 Shniomh e 'n ttleagh a lamhan Mhanuis ;
 Is chuir e ceangal nan tri chaol
 Gu daor air an righ 's gu docair.
 —'S cha bu lag Conall buadhach
 An àit an Ogain uaibhrich iofail.

Choinnich Cathuil an gath òg,
 A chaidh uams' an toir air cliu ;
 Bhlàthaich a chridhe trà chunnaic e dhreach,
 An cuir thu as, ars' anam, an leus fo ?

Com' an tuite' tu, oig aobhaich,
 Mar chraoibh chubhrai 's t'famhra ?
 Pill, mu 'm bi do leannan ri bròn,
 Pill, pill gu tòg-mhnaoi annfadh."
 —“ Cha phill gus am faigheam mo chliu.”
 —“ Gheibh thu, air tùs, do chafgairt leamfa.”

'N fin chaidh iad an dàil a cheile,
 Mar dhà bhuinne ri treun-chòrag ;
 'S gach gaoth a' neartach' an faoithreach,
 Buillean baobhai, beucach, dòbhidh.

Gu cuidreach, cuidreamach, beumnach,
 Bha na trein mar thuinn teachd dà-thaobh,

Gan

Gan ruaga' le ftoirm, toirt nuallain
 Air carraig chruaidh mheadhon bàrach.
 Chaidh 'n fleaghan fan speur nam blòidibh,
 Ach tha 'n clòidhean mar dhealan nan lamhan.

Thug lann Chathuil fìorra' fuathais,
 Phill i ruadh o uchd an àrmuinn;
 Sruth daithte dearg o iomlaic a fgeithe;
 Cha'n' eil treun gach uair gun fàruch'.

Thuit e mar chrann giumhais ard-ghorm
 Le gaoith fhàsaich, thun a ghearraidh;
 Le geilt thug a charraig fuaimneach,
 Chrithich agus ghluais an talamh.
 —Tha chas ga tuma' fa chaochan,
 'S fhuil chraobhach na luib ri borbhan.

“ Thuit mis' an tùs na teug-bhoil,
 'S cha 'n eirich mo chliu fan dàn;
 Ach thuit mi le laimh nam buadh,
 'S bidh mi lefan an duan an àir.

—“ 'S i lann rìgh Innse-torc
 A lot fan àraich an taineal.”

—Beannachd do tanam, a bhaird,
 Cluinneam fein gu hard do ghuth,

'S

'S biom ait air marcachd na sìne,
 'S glas-cheo na frì' gam éideadh.
 —An leac ud fan lòn nan uaine
 Togaibh a fuas aig mo cheann ;
 Gus an leagar thar fruthan faoin i,
 'S an dean an taof-dàn a hionndrain.

Ainnir Shorcha mo ghraidh !
 Ge d' thuit fan àraich fo tannfachd,
 Shileadh do dheoir gu bras,
 Nam faighe' tu, ghaoil, mo chladheamh.

A fhuil cholgach nan dearg-chath,
 Crochs' ad thalla mo chaomh-sgia ;
 Sgia mo ghraidh, (ge d' rinn i mo leon,) '
 Orra sheol mi ro fteuda sàile."

Mar fhaighead bàis, no dealan òiche,
 Tra sgriofas e choillteach ùrar,
 Thain' a bhriathra gu anam an aosda ;
 Thuit e air aodann aona-mhic.

Chuartaich na feoid an dithis,
 Mar chraobha giùmhaïs air Gormla,
 Tra chi iad croinn uaine mu 'n cuairt doibh,
 Air am buain le tannais na hòiche.

Chluinnt'

—Chluinnt' air uairibh acain an aofd',
Is finne gach taobh dheth fnitheach.

“ 'N do thuit thu, mhic mo ghraidh !

'N do thuit thu le laimh tathar !

Mu 'n d' thugas an lann a' truaille,

Is truagh uach mise bha iofal !

—Canar riumfa tuille

Cathuil nan ioma' truaighe.

—Och is ochain, a mhic dhileis !

Gu dilinn cha duifg thu tuille !

Och agus och nan och eire !

'S truagh gur mairionn mis' ad dhiaigh !”

Air faicinn do Fhionn a bhròin,

Shil a dheoir rè feal an uaigneas,

Dh' fhoosgail e 'n uaigh fa dheire do 'n laoch,

Is thaom na baird le caoidh an ceolan.

“ Com', a Mhanuis, am miann leat blàr?

(Arfa Fionn, 's a lamh ga sgaoile',)

Com' an gearraich thu laithean an laoich,

Mar an ròs fin fan raon air fearga'?

Com' an dorchaich thu laithe na h aois,

Ata chean' ag aoma' fo 'n uallach ;

Com' am fag thu 'n òg-bhean deurach,
 'S an òigridh as eug'ais athar?
 Am bheil an ofnaigh ad chluais mar cheol?
 An ioc-shlaint' an deoir do tanam?
 An ait leat an guth-caoi tra dh'eugas
 Sealgair am feidh air drim an aonaich?
 —Nach lionmhor dosgaich fan raon
 Ag aomadh an còail an tfealgair,
 Gun uilc a thilge' na rathad,
 'S a cheuman a chratha' le claidhean?

Ann's na ceumaibh tearc gus an uaigh,
 Com' nach gluais thu gun faltairt am fuil?
 Nach leor aighean do choillte fein,
 Gun imeachd mar neul * ro 'n fhuar-ghaoith?
 —Feuch fuil an òig, is gul an aofd' ;
 Is mac an Luin, le 'n aobhach fuil.
 —Triall gu d' mhnaoi, 's gu taighean ciara,
 'S ni 's mò na hiarr gu cuan na hInnse."

“Ma dh'iarras, treigear m' uchd leis an fgeith †,
 Air an d' éitich m' athair a bhriathran.

B'

* *al.* air fuadach'.

† Manos swears here by his shield, and gives us to understand

B' fhearr leam nach d' thiginn san uair,
Is cruaidh leom an laoch bhi iofal.

Dh' imich e na chabhlach dorch; ;
Phill finne bronach le Triath nan tùr ;
Bu tiamhaidh osna, 's bu mhall a cheum,
'S a shuil na dheigh air uaigh a dheà'-mhic.

B b

4

C A T H

stand his father had the same practice. In the same manner we find Achilles swearing by his spear. And in an edition of the poem of Clann Uisneachain (*Darthula*) just now before me, Nathos gives an oath of the same kind.

Do thug Naothais a bhriathra fìor
'S a luthadh am fianuis arm,
Nach cuireadh e orm fearg no gruaim,
Gu 'n rachadh e le sluagh nam marbh.

CATH MHANUIS.

TUIRLING, a chlàrsach a bhròin,
Tuirling o chònuidh nan sgia,
'S gu cluinnte le taibhse do cheol,
'S an imeachd air ceo nan sliabh.

Is ait leo torman do chlàr,
Is iad aomt' air an àile nuas ;
A' casga' fion-sleuda nan speur,
'S iad aoibhinn a' caisdeachd na fuaim.

Tha 'n òiche na fè 's ni bheil ofunn
A' fògra clos na mìn-lear uaine,
No oiteag a caruch' an duillich
A shearg air mullach nan stua'-bheann.
Na chadal tha 'm foghnan san àile,
Tha ghealach na tàmh air an aonach,

'S i dealradh air ceo nan gleanntai';
 Solus fann, ciar-chònuìdh nan taibhse,
 Ta tofdach ag eifdeachd an fhilidh
 Bu mhinic a chual iad le haoibhneas.

'S ni 'n ceileam mo cheol fein,
 A thaibhse aoibhinn mo ghraidh !
 'S ni mò bhios a chruit fo balbh
 Tra bhios sibhs' a falbh nam màgh.
 Ni 'm binn a fuaim, mar cheol nan nial,
 'S i aofda lia mar mi fein,
 Ach leibhse 's aoibhinn a guth,
 O dhuifgeas i 'n sòlas a threig.
 Oir 's ait leis na feoid na chleachd,
 An teach clainne Chu'ill is Bhaoisge;
 Mar cheolan faoin an t frannain
 San fhaiche do 'n fhilidh aos' ar.

Ach c'àit am bheil ur barda fein,
 Am bheil ur talla glas-neulach gun òrain?
 Ulainn aofair nan teuda binn,
 Ailpein ghrinn, 's a Chaoirill cheolair,
 'N do chaill sibhs' orain na f'einne,
 'S ur speis do chleachda na Morbheinn?

Ni hamhluidh ; a chlanna nan dàn,
 'S tric fonn ur clàrsach fa cheo,
 'S e taosga' le ofunn an aonaich
 (Feadh ghleanntai' faoin nam fàfach)
 Gu cluas na heilid 's i 'g eifdeachd
 Fo shruth-gheugan fan òiche shaimhe.
 'S ni 'n tearc gu m chluafa fein
 Fuaim eutrom ur ciuil bhinn,
 Tra 's gann air guala na daraig
 A ghluaiseas an duilleach tha feargta.
 —Chi mi doilleir mìle tannas
 Ag ia'adh nam pannal m' an cuairt duibh,
 A chlaifdinn am molaidh fein;
 'S an taic eutrom ri sleagha gun bhuaireas.
 Tha'n fgia mar chruth dorcha na gealaich
 Air crios leth-fhaluicht do nialuibh,
 'S an claidhe dealain na thruaill fein
 Ri slios doilleir gach treun-churaidh.

Ach c'àit a bheil ur treise a nis,
 Tra dh' fhogras an ofag na cuairt sibh?
 Dh' imich na luib am filidh 's an ceol,
 'S na fir mhora na 'n neulaibh duaichnì.

Tha

Tha 'm fonn a' fgaoile' fea' ghleanntai tofdach
'S iad fein an ofnaiche Laoire. *

Ni 'm b' ionan fin maithe' na Feinn'
A' bras-leumnaich mar mhile tuil,
Tra dh' eirich an iorguill aig Laoire
Mar stoirm air Luimoin 's ar fuil ri fàimhe,

† Sheol finn o Charraig nan tùr
'S an òiche dhuldai air tuinn ga luafga,
Na reulta dh' fholuich an aghaidh :
A fhiol na hòiche 's doilleir fuar e !

Tog a Mhor-bheinn do cheann ro 'n cheo
A Sheallama feol finn le d' fholus,

A

* As when a shepherd of the *Hebrid* isles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that ærial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied, to our senses plain,)
Sees on the naked hill or valley low,
The while in Ocean *Phæbus* dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro;
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

Gafile of Indolence.

† This alludes to the conclusion of the preceding poem,
with which this is connected.

A Thòn-theine † crath t fhalt san doininn,
 'S Iul-dìche † dean foilleir an cuan duinn.
 A ghealach nan trà sgaoil do fhiuil,
 'S faicear do ghnuis leathan 's na nialuibh.

Feuch am beum foluis caol ud,
 Mar dhearfa bho eudann taibhfe,
 Tra sheideas anail nan fion
 A ghlas-chiabha mìne ceo.
 —Is caomh-thannas eigin a tann,
 Leanamaid gu teann a lorg.

Ràin'eas an folus fann
 Taibhfe ni' n robh ann no tannas,
 Ach folus uaimh Innfe-cola,
 Lag, 's e leth-thombas na h-dìche.
 'Nar còail thaom acain a bhròin,
 Mar cheolan cuilce 's na gaothaibh;
 Shil e bho fhàs-uchd nan creag,
 'S e ri fead an ulà na huaimhe.

Laoidh

† Names of stars.

Laidh 'n Amadain mhoir.*

“ 'N do thuit thu dhaimhich na haois,
 Is mis' am aonar am uaimh,
 'S trom eire mo bhlianai 's mo bhròin,
 'S nach beo ceann deire mo dhìlseachd.
 O' nach mis' a rinn imeachd,
 'S do dheoirs' a' fil' air mo chreubhaig!
 Ach gearr bhiodh do laithe le tuirse
 Mar lus Eite 's torair ga reuba.
 (Tra lag mo chos cha robh tuigh air lòn,)
 Bhiodh do leaba le bròn fan uaigh;
 Co nis a bheir fìothann gu 'm chònui'
 Nam b' àill leam bhi beo ad dheigh.
 —Ach cha d' fhàg thu mi, ghaothair bhàin;
 Tha mi clàifdinn farum do cheuma,
 Gun an tUmaidh dan geille' na fìòigh
 Bidh tus' ann ad cheo fo éislean.

Is

* Much of what is generally repeated under the title of
Laidh an Umaidh, or *Laoi' n Amadain mhoir*, is rejected as
 spurious; not at all answering the ancient account of it:

Gach dàn gu dàn an Deirg.

'S gach laoidh gu laoidh 'n Amadain mhoir.

Is gearr cuairt aighe na cròice,
'M feadh sin biodh do chònuidh am uaimh,
Far am bi t uaigh air a treachailt,
Is truagh gun mo leaba-fa la' riut.

“ Com an iarra tu 'n leaba chaol,
Fhir-àitich na faoin uaimhe,
An gairid an òiche fo 'n fhòid,
Gu racha tu d' dheoin da hionnfui' ?
Dh' imich do dhìlsean nan linn,
'S is geal éide' do chinn fein,
Ach cha lag an Fheinne gu d' dhion,
'S cha diobrar leinn an taofda.”

“ Mo dhoigh ge bàigheil gur lag,
M' fhia' cha folair no m' uaigh ;
—Ach taibhfe ni 'n éidear le fàilinn,
Asteach sibh o ànra 's o fhuachd.
Bu tric a rinn mise gu h aobhach
A chuilm a sgaoile do 'n aineal ;
Is fathafd tha m' aros sgaoilte,
'S m' aoidheachd ag iarruidh tathaich.
—Thigibh o ànra na hòiche,
'S leibh lòn a ghaothair nach eirich.”

'S chunnacas aù gaothar bàn
 Sud fà m' an guileadh an taofda,
 Croma-dheurach air luing a fhleagh,
 Fholt is ula feadh na gaoithe.

Och, cha 'n fhaic mi téiridh !
 No do lù-chas aoibhinn san fhireach ;
 Eilid an aonaich cha ruaig thu,
 'S truagh gun mise bhi tìonad !

Eisdibh sgeul Umaidh nam feachd,
 Nach do chleachd bhi na aonaran critheach ;
 'S ann dà gu freagradh am mòr-skrath,
 Srath uaine nan fleibhte coillteach,
 Nan fruthan aoibhinn 's nan creagan eighinn.

B' ioma laoch am thùr an sìth,
 Sa chath bu lionar iad ri m' fhròl.
 B' iomad fruth-aonach aig m' fheidh,
 B' ait grian ag eiridh gach lò,
 M' fhardach fheachain an duibhre,
 'S da fhòlus gach òiche ga liona :
 B' aoibhinn òg innte Morad,
 'S bu fhoithe' fòlafach La-mìne.
 Ach thuit smal air *dearfa na deise,
 'S cheil iad san doinn an aodann.

4
 * *al.* àilleachd.

Dh' fhurail Calmar a ghaol,
 B' annfa le m' nighein laoch Ghleann-diamhair.
 Thaine' Calmar a Borba le fheachd,
 Bha mise fean 's mo mhac gun eir'eirt ;
 Ghluais e gu Ri fial na Feinne,
 Ach chual a nàmh a cheum tro 'n òiche ;
 Thuit mo mhac ;—tha ghaoir am chluais ;
 Gaoir na truaighe do 'n Umaidh aofda.

Thog mise fuil ris an tfliaibh,
 Ghlac mi 'n sgia, thog mi 'n lùireach,
 Och 's trom an iarguin an aois,
 Cha 'n fheudainn mo lann a rùsgadh.
 An fo gu fàs-innis
 Chuireadh mise 's mo ghaothar bàn,
 A thug da là air lic ri leon ;
 A file' dheoir air uaigh mo dheà'-mhic.
 'S ni 'n robh bhruadair air feilg san òiche.
 (Tha Morad na chadal !) làn eiflean,
 O nach leum e leis tuille' san aonach.
 —Ri m' fhàil-fa bha cheuma trom,
 Mar chom an aofda 's a mhac ga adhlac'.
 Tri bliana sheol tharum gu mall,
 'S le tuisle' chaill mi mo chos ;

Ach

Ach eire na beatha ge b' earra trom,
Cha bu deacair leam is mi le m' ghaothar."

Do chomraich orms', Umaidh mhoir ;
(Theann an tUmaidh chòir a ghaothair.)
" A rì' nach raibh tuaigh fan tfrathan mhor !"
B' ait a chòra, tra thuirt gu bitheadh.

Shéid an ofag fan raon
Lùb a chraobh fo ghaillinn an aonaich,
Bha a fuaim mar thorrunn an cein,
'S air a huchd bha éide taibhfe.
Na laimh bha claidhe do 'n dealan
Dui'-rua, 's a ghealach m' a thuaiream ;
Chualas a ghuth air eigin
" A ghaifgich na Feinne gluaifibh."

Sgaoil finn ar fiuil bhréideach,
'S leum finn mar mhiol nan Orca,
Air a ruaga' le spionna nan cuantai,
An ftoirm uabharr fteuda Lochlann.

Fhuaras Manus air an tràigh
San òiche tra thàin'eas tofdach :

An Ri' bha fada bho laimh

* 'S thug Manus a mhionn do n oiteig.

Tha 'n fhàir' a' bristeadh o'n Ear,

'S mor-bheanntai 'na folus ag eiridh.

Tha 'n ceo ag dìreadh o Laoire,

'S a' fagail na 'n fuain faoidhean Mhanuis.

“Caifgeam arfa Cpnan an ceannard

Mu 'm meall e finn tuille le chòra.”

“A

* *al.* 'S leig Manus a mhionn air di-chluimhn.

The following verses are sometimes repeated here, though manifestly spurious,

Mar sgriob curaich air cuan nan colg,

Mionnan borba sliochd na foill;

Na mionnaich le d' dheoin anns a choir;

'S e Dia na gloir fear-agairt mhionn.

The Gaelic abounds in moral and sententious verses of this nature. Most of them are undoubtedly the *aborigines* of the soil; but some of them bear so striking a resemblance to some of the wise sayings of the Grecian sages, as would lead one to suspect they had been translated probably by the learned Doctors of Iona. The following Greek verses of an anonymous author, are perfectly analogous to the Gaelic ones just now set down:

Ανδρῶν δὲ φαντασίῳ ὄρκον εἰς ὑδάρ γράφε,

Ὅσον ἐπὶ ὅρκῳ μὴ δοκεῖ λεληθῆναι.

Ὁρκον δὲ φυγεῖ καὶ δίκαιος ὁ μνηστῆρ.

“A chrionaich nam Fiann am b’ aill leat mise
 Bhi gun mhia’ gun mheas mar Mhanus?
 Mar ghath na hòiche (gun bheum-fgeithe)
 Cha d’ theid neach uam fein do’n àraich.
 —Fhearais oig gabh thusa na ’n dàil,
 * Cha d’ thug Fionn riabh blàr gun chumha.”

Dh’ imich Fear’as mo bhrathair fein,
 † Mar orra-shleibhte bha chruth,
 ‘Tra bhios dearfa na maidne fan drùchd
 ‘S a choill f’ a blà fan lochan fhè’ar.
 Ach thuirling oiteag o ’n aonach,
 ‘S mhill i caoin-ghnuis na tràgha;
 Threig na coillte,—threig na fleibhte
 Bha san lochan fhèimh ri gàire.
 —B’ amhuil fin caochla cruth
 Mo bhrathar teachd dubhach nar còail,
 O fheachd Lochlainn bha fiar uainn.
 “Tha Manus ag iarrui còraig.”

Gheibh e fin, arfa Conan uaibhreach,
 Bheireams’ a cheann bhar a ghuaille.

Com

* This, like many other lines of Ossian’s poems, has passed into a proverb.

† *al.* Bu chofail ri deo-grein’ a chruth.

Com nach mothaicheadh Conan
 Lughad a thoirt anns an Fheinne?
 Dh' imich e; ach Manus corrach
 Chuir Fuathas gu Conan crion.

—B' ait le Fuathas bhi air dheire,
 'S cha bu fhaor o eagal na dheigh fin.

Air gleachd dhoibh aon òiche ri gealaich
 Neo-ealamh nan deigh bha Fuathas,
 Taobh eile caochain dh' eirich Athach,
 'S a fhleagh na laimh gu fada liomhai'.
 Theich am Fuath, is lean an t athach,
 Muin air mhuin thuit iad thall;
 Cha sòram fein neach am mhèin
 Ars' am Fuath 's gun aig' ach fhaileas.

—An fàmhail fo do gheilt
 Ionnfui' na greis thaini' Fuathas
 A fhleagh mheirgeach ri fuaim air a fgei,
 Mar ghànraich eun air fteuda fuara.
 Dh' oiltich Conan, ach chuimhnich e Ri,
 Chaidh e fios is lot e 'n fhearrsaid,
 'Thuit an Lochlanach gu talamh,
 Shaoil e gu b' e chlaigeann a bhuaileadh.
 Thionndai Conan le tèabhachd,
 'S gu b' è fud tionnda a dhunach,

Bhuin

Bhuin Fuathas deth na cluasan,

Chualas le glinn a bhurral.

“ Fhinn, diol bàs do laoich,”

Arfa Conan maol is e tuiteam.

An fin chaidheas afios gu mòdhar,

'S Lochlan nar còail le 'n stàilinn,

B' iomad ann claidhe, 's b' iomad fgia,

B' iomad triath le lùirich àigh ;

B' iomadach ann clogaide cruaidh'

B' iomadach ann tuath chum àir.

Ach feuch òg maifeach o'n aonach

A fhleagh mar chraoibh 's a fgia mar ghealaich,

Chuireadh e cath cuilge na Feinne;

Ach bha Manus gu heiti uaibhreach,

Chuimhnich e iallan Innse-torrain,

'S ghlaodh e 'n Rìgh is * cothrom na Feinne.

Chaidh Fionn afios le tartar uamhann

'S fuaimneach arm mar spiorad Lodda,

A'

* *Cothrom na Feinne*, is a proverb denoting an “equal combat,” it being the practice of Fingal never to engage an enemy with superior numbers.

A' fgaoile' gioraig is cith-chatha,
 Feadh an rathaid gu grad chòrag :
 No mar mhillte tonn a' beucaich
 An ftoirm eiti ri flios carraig ;
 Mar fin bha fuaim arm 's a lùirich,
 'S air a ghnùis bha dùlachd catha.
 Bha chlaidhe liomhai a' dealra,
 Togt' an aird an laimh a churai ;
 'S na gaoithe strannarr' a gluafad
 A chiabh, air fhnu a freotha buinne.
 Na cnuic air gach taobh dheth chrithich,
 'S chlisg an tflighe fo a chafaibh ;
 Las a fhuilean ;—dh' at a chridhe ;
 B' an-fheilidh a chith 's a choflas.

Chòlaich na cathan a cheile,
 'S bu deacair co bu treine innse.
 Chaidh an fgiathan breac 'nam blòidibh,
 Chaidh an claidhean gorm a bhearna ;
 Chaidh an fleaghan fada liomhaidh
 A chaba' fa ghnìomh bu ghàbhaidh.
 Fhreagair na creagan do 'n fhuaimneach
 Thug gathanna cruaidh gan stràchda'

Thall

Thall 's a bhos-air cuirp nan treun-laoch ;
Cho-fhreagair na speuran ard doibh.

Tha ceangal nan tri chaol

Air Manus gu daor 's gu deas ;

“ Cumaibh rium Manus nan lann,

'S gu fgarainn a cheann o chorp.”

Tharla mife fo lamhan Fhinn

'S e b' annfa leam na bhi fo d' finachd.”

“ 'S ma tharla tu fo m' lamha fein,

Cha 'n imir mi beud air flath,

Gheibh thu do chomas duit fein ;

Ach pill ; 's theid thu eug 's a chath.”

Tha Manus uaine, 's a fhleagh air chrith,

An luib an' fhòghnain tha chith ga threigfìnn ;

Le fleagh an Ri chaidh chliabh a dhochann,

Oir chual an fgia mionnan Mhanuis.

Dh' eirich uaigh 's na baird nan tofd,

Oir leig Manus fhocal a' cuimhne.

C'àit am bheil na mionnan mor', a Mhanuis,

“ Dh' fhàgas far an d' fhuaras.”

A Mhanuis fhuilich, chorraich, fhial,

'S truagh leig thu do bhriathran a chuimhne !

Thàineas gu Seallama nan tùr
 An tògan ùr bha e leinn ;
 Bu tric a fhùil ris an raon,
 “ Dh’ fhàgas mo ghaol air an leirg
 Theich sinn ro’ Chalmar nam Borb-shruth’
 Oir dh’ fhailnich na bhuine’ do Mhorlach.”

Mar chraoibh ag aomadh air Lèana,
 Bha ’n t Umaidh, tra chual e ghuth,
 An aoibhneas aois. Dh’ iarr e ighean ;
 Ghrad ruith i, ’s tha ’n anam le cheile.
 Shil ar deoir (nach b’ ioghna!) ge b’ ait,
 Mar mhill na daraig, ’s a ghrian air Morlia.

* “ Sgaoilear a chuilm dhoibh an diugh,
 ’S a màireach sgaoilear an fgia;
 Tra chi † mac an Luin faoi na airc,
 Is ro-ait leis fuil nan cliar.”

Dh’

* Fingal speaks.

† How the sword of Fingal came by the title of The Son of Luno, will appear from the following fragment of a poem called *an Gabha* (the Smith), in which Ossian celebrates the praises of this Scandinavian Vulcan.

O’

Dh' fhalbh an òiche le cuilm 's le ceol
 'S cha bu bhronach do ghuths' a chlarfach,
 Mar mise bha do chaoimh ga d' chuartach',
 Fionn fein is a shluagh gradhach.
 Le fealla-taoibh bu mhor an aire,
 'S iad ag aomadh ad charadh o'n àite.
 —San aimfir a bh' ann o chein,
 Cha bu cheo fan speur ar cairdean;
 Cha b' fhaoin-ghuth fan aonach thusa,
 'S cha bu mhaol-chrann gun duilleach mise.

D d 2

TRATHUIL.

O' b' aighearach sinn an dara mhaireach
 Ann an ceardaich Luin 'ic Liomhain;
 Gu 'm bu mhaith ar n ùr-chlaidh'ne
 'S ar deagh shleaghan fada rìghne.

B' e mac an Luin lann mhic Cumhaill
 Nach d' fhag fuigheal riabh dh' fheoil daoine;
 Gun bi 'n Drui'-lannach lann Ofsair,
 'S gu 'm bi Chofgarrach lann Chaoillte.
 Gum bi Liomhanach lann Dhiarmaid,
 B' iomad fear fiadhaich a mharbh i:
 'S agam fein bha Gearr-nan-calan
 Bu gharg farum 'n am nan garbh-chath.

TRATHUIL,

*Sgeulachd air Trathuil nam buadh,
'S air Colguil nan tual bheart.*

AGHRIAN na hog-mhaidne! 'g eirigh
Air fleibhte foir le d' chiabhan òr-bluidh;
'S ait ceuma do theachd air air an aonach,
'S gach caochan fa ghleann ri gàire.
Tha croinn uaine, ro dhrùchd nam fras,
Ag eiridh gu bras a d' chòail,
'S filidh bhinn nan coillte fàs
A' cur fàilt ort gu moch le 'n òran.

Ach c'àit am bheil ciar-imeachd na hòiche
(Ro d' ghnuis) air fgiathaibh an fhirein?
C'àit am bheil aig duibhre a cònuidh,
'S uamh chòfach nan reulta foillse?

Tra

Tra leanas tu 'n ceuma gu luath,
Mar shealgair gan ruaga san speur ;
Thus' a' dìre' nan aonach ard,
'S iadfan air faoin-bheannta fàs a' leum'?

'S aoibhin do fhiubhal a fholuis àigh,
A fgaoileas le d' dhearfa gach doinionn ;
'S is maifeach do chleachdan òir
A' fnàmh fiar 's do dhòigh ri pille'.

Le feachran an dall-cheo na hòiche,
Cha ghlacar thu choidh' ann ad chùrsa ;
'S doinionn nan cuanta gàbhaidh
Cha féid gu brath as d' iul thu.

Le gairm na ciuin-mhaidne bidh teiridh,
'S do ghnuis fhéilidh a' dufga' gean,
A' fògra' na hòich' o gach àit
Ach fuil a bhaird nach faic do fholus.

Ach amhuil so, aos-lia lag,
Bidh tufa fathaid a d' aonar ;
Do fhiubhal 's na speuraibh mall,
'S tu dall mar mis' air an aonach.
Doilleir mar ghealach nan trà,
Bidh t ànra 's tu fiubhal nan speur ;
Caiceamachd na maidne cha chluinn thu,
Mar na fuinn gun luadh ri eirigh.

An fealgair feallaidh o'n raon
 Ach cha'n fhaic e taogas a' ti'ean;
 Brùchdaidh a dheoir 's e pille' fo smalan;
 “ A mhadai' mo ghraidh! threig a ghrian finn!”
 —Bidh aoibhneas an fin air foluis na hòiche,
 Tra bhios mac na foillse mar Thrathuil.

Nach cumhainn leat * cobhan an laoich,
 A b' aobhach cèum air cùl Ghorm'ill?
 Dà fhleagh mhor a shinnsear na làimh,
 Is fgia fo bhràgad foillse.
 Bha ghruaidh ruiteach fo dhui'-bheairt,
 'S fhalt cleachdach a' frutha' m' an cuairt;
 Smuairean cha rabh air an ògan,
 'S e crònan dhàn nan treun-laoch.
 Dubh-bhronach 's deur-dhearg shùileach,
 Dhuifg na chòail macan aosda,
 Srann aig fhalt an gaoith nan aonach,
 'S ofna mar aon ga fhàruch'.

“ Mo

* Cœrulus haud aliter dimicat incola Thules,
 Agmina falcifero circumvenit acta *covino*.

STATIUS.

“ Mo chomraich fein ort a Ri' nan lann,
 Ma 's tu a tann a Thrathuil threin,
 'S tric a chuala taobh na Dula,
 Fuaime ulla' mo fgeithe fein ;
 Ach a nis cha 'n iul do 'n choimheach
 Fuar-thigh tofdach Thual-arma.
 —Chunnaic Mor-ardan maife m' aon-ghin,
 Ach cha b' annfa lè a ghnàthan ;
 Mhùch e lafair? thàin' e 'n cèin,
 Is ceathrar ag eirigh mu ràmhnan.
 Mi fein 's mo ghaol Slis-geal
 Bha nar seasamh air tràigh san am ;
 Tharruing e leis finn g'a churach ;
 Feuch fhuireach air tràigh na Lèana.
 —Tiubhraich dhomh aon do d' dha fhleagh,
 'S thoir fein ma feadh dhomh do chònadh.”

Dh' èisd Trathul ri fgeul a bhròin,
 Le corruich 's le fòlas mu feach,
 An tìleagh thiubhraich e gun eagal,
 Bha thartar mar eas fo chòsaibh,
 —F' a chomhair dh' eirich feachd
 Fo 'n fgei chaidh am macan aosda ;

Theab

Theab Trathuil na chorruich a bhuala' ;
 “ Na falaich do lann uafal na fhaoin-fhuil.”

Feuch caogad claidhe 's coilion 's fleagh,
 A dealra' mar leis nan spèur ;
 Tha Colguil nam meadhon aoibhin,
 Mar theine beumach an deataich dhuaichni :
 Mar dhealan nan nial san òiche dhoilleir,
 Tra chluinneas na fleibhte torran na sìne.

Chuir Trathuil 's e fein an ruaig
 Le cleafaibh cruaidh aig Doire nan eas ;
 Chunnaic an òighe Ri' nam buadh,
 'S ni 'n gluaifeadh i fein le Colguil.

Dh' imich an laoch mar thannas na ghruaim,
 Nuair nach gluais e le anail a chraobh,
 'S e feithe' na uaimh ri dian-fhéide'
 Doininn eiti nam mìlte gaoth.

Tha Trathuil leis fein an tràs
 'S a neart a' fàs mar uifg' an Inbhir ;
 Mar chuantai' atar air féide'
 Tha tanam ag eirigh a taonar ;
 'S do fhòlas mar thannas na hòiche
 Dearg-bholtrach air neul nan aonach.

* * * * *

Chaidh Trathuil a'fios na eide'.

Mar sgarnaich o mhullach sleibhe ;

Mar bhuinne-fhruth fuaimneach oillteil,

No mar theine 'm falt nan coilltean.

Bha Colguil 's e fein mar dha fhruth aonaich,

Chluinntes air gach taobh am beucaich ;

B'airde fuaim am faobhar geala

Na toirm m'ic-thallai' 's croinn gan gearra'.

Bha Trathuil mar neart na gaoithe

Leagas giuthas Mhorbheinn aobhach ;

'S bha Colguil mar luas rian feud-fhruth

Bhios le aodann fhliabh a' leumnaich.

Tha fradharc Cholguil a' fnàmh an ceo,

'S a cheann-bheairt fo leon nan fleagh ;

Tha Corran gun sgia, mar charraig

A sgriobadh le dealan na hòiche.

Tha lamh Dhuchonais air uchd

A' cofga fruthain a chreuchdan,

A thaice ri aos-chrann briste :

Ceann is ceann-bheairt Chrifoluis nam blòide.

—Tha Tual-arma san dus na chreuchdaibh

Ga lèire' fo chasaibh nan an-laoch.

Chrath Colguil f'a fhuil an ceo,

'S a ri bu dòbhidh imeachd

(Mar dhubhar na Lèige) gu Trathuil,
 'S ann da-fan air leam gu t' aithreach.
 Thionndaidh Trathuil, 's Colguil theich,
 'S mo Rìgh gu tràigh ga ruaga ;
 Le aon do mhilte guineach mu Thrathuil
 Thuit Colguil 's a lamh na churach.
 —Leum Trathuil na bolg,
 'S e tionnda' gu fìdigh nan colg ;
 Ach fhèid ofag e 'mach,
 'S e ait am meadhon a thèabhachd.

Dh' fhàg e 'leannan na tigh,
 'S dithis leanabh r'a glùn,
 An cluas fo chiabhan òir,
 A' cromadh an còail a chiuil.

Tha 'n clàr nan lamha fein,
 'S iad fo ioghna gu d' threig an fhuaim ;
 'Tha am meoir a' fguaba' na cruit,
 'S am mathair ri huchd nan cruach.

“ C' àit am bheil ceuma mo ghaoil,
 Air faondra' meafg bheannta fàfa !
 Faiceam taogas a' teachd,
 'S do chiabha clearc mar ghath air fàire.”

Dh'

Dh' imich a bhean dhonn-fluileach,
 Mar cheo an drùchd a' dìreadh aonaich;
 Tra dh' eireas e 'n gleannan diamhair,
 Air fgia na maidne, fo lufaibh braonach.

Chunnaic i bàrc air barra thonn,
 Is mìle fonn is fleagh air tràigh;
 “ Is coimheach gach aon diu fud,
 'S mo ghaol am measg mhìle nàmh.”

B' ard air carraig a scread,
 'S na glinn a' freagairt da h'éighe;
 Air ionndrain Thrathuil, le fuathas
 Dhòirt an oigridh nuas o 'n fleibhte.

Gu buidheann Cholguil bhuail iad, dian:
 Ach chualas o 'n lear guth Thrathuil;
 Chaifg an onfha; dhuifg an aidhear
 Ri faicinn an Rìgh na bhàrca.

Chruinnich iad mu Cholguil, ach fhuaras
 Dorcha duaichni' gnùis a mhilidh;
 Cuid da ùr-gheugan aobhach,
 'S cuid fgaoilte mar dhuilleach glinne.

'S air cladhach' dhuinn leapa nan laoch
 Chuireas Colguil na chaol-fhardaich;

Lùb ogan le barr a fhleagh ;

Thrèig a lùireach a fhneachd-bhràgad.

Dh' aithnich bean nan fuile donn

* Gaol Cholguil 's i trom na neul ;

Dh' aithnich i n ighean Shorna nan cuach,

'S thug i lua' le deoir air a fgeul.

Dàn céile Cholguil.

Ighean na maife 's cruaidh leam fein,

Air traigh na Feinn' thu bhi d' fhìneadh ;

Ach 's aoibhinn tanam a d' neoil

'S tu le Colguil fa chònuidh iofail.

Fofglaidh ar tannais an àros

Do 'n òg aillidh a' teachd nan còail ;

Ni gaifgich aoibhneas an talla nam fleadh,

'S bidh oighean greadhnach le'n cruit ri ceolan,

Bidh gean orts' a d' neoil,

Ach tAthair an Sorna bidh dubhach :

Ag imeachd air bile na tràgha

Thig gànraich nan tonn g'a chluafan ;

“ An

* *al.* An Cailin mòdhar 's i trom na neul.

“ An e fo do ghuth, ighean mo ghaoil !”

—Tha ula aofda ri fiontaidh arda.

Pill gu talla nan corn glas ;

Pill o ftoirm alluidh na tràgha,

’S gun neach a’ freagairt do ghlaodh

Ach Mac-thalla nam faoin-fhàfach.

Tha do n ighean ag imeachd air neoil,

Is talla nan corn cha taobh ;

Le Colguil tha a ceuma luath,

Thig i gu d’ bhruadair * gu caoin.

—Ighean na maife ’s cruaidh leam fein

Air tràigh na Feinn’ thu bhì d’ fhìneadh,

Ach ’s aoibhinn tanam ad neoil

’S tu le Colguil fa chònuidh iofail !”

B’ amhuil fin cliu na hòigh,

Ach co bheireadh oran do Cholguil ?

Mar chrith-reo na Lanna ’s an òiche,

Thig am foill air bothan an tfealgair,

Tra bhios a ghaoth na tàmh, ’s gach fuil na fuain,

B’ amhuil gluafad an fheachd mu’r tuaiream.

—’S tric an taibhfe ri fnàg fa cheo

Bhios brònach air bharra na huaighe,

Ge

* *al.* an Sorna fàmhach.

Ge nach faicear le fùil na greine,
An ceuma air aonach duaichni.

Ach 's leir dhuit, a sholuis an la,
Taibhfe Thrathuil na cheo glas,
Tra dh' eir'eas e d' dhearfa trà nòin,
'S a bhios ceo air binnein nan fleibhte.
'S taitneach le d' dhearfa leaba nan treun,
'S ceo-éide nan laoch gàbhaidh ;
'S tric thu blà air leabuidh Threinmhoir
'S ag eirigh air lic Thrathuill.

Is cumhainn leat, a sholuis mo ghaoil,
Na laoich bu mhaifeach air Morbheinn,
Oir is fine do sholus na aon diu,
'S an deigh dhoibh caochla' 's beo thu.

Mairidh tus', ars' am filidh o shean,
Tra dh' fhàsas fean gach tùr is talla ;
Tra sheideas an ofag ro Sheallama,
'S a bhios Taura na fhardaich fhalaimh.

DEARG MAC DRUI'BHEIL *.

THA fuaim am chluafa fein,
Mar thonn an cein air muir shaimhe ;
Do ghlaodh, Shruthain-dorcha, 's e tann,
Ri torman an gleann nan geugan.
'N a d' dhoire tha rà nan clach,
'S taibhse cianail nan glas-eide.
Is tiamhaidh fo !
Deir clann nam meat,
'S an ùigh ri triall
O fhiantaibh thaibhse.

Ach

* As the name of Dargo is frequent in the poems of Ossian, this hero is further distinguished by his patronymic of Mac-Druì-Bheil, "the son of the Druid of Bel;" probably the Arch-druid of the Caledonian kingdom.

Ach dhomhfa cha torran ur guth
 'N ur cruth-cheo tuaiream ur pailliun,
 'S gur cuimhne leam iomairt nan fleagh
 An aghaidh ur Deirg 'ic Drui'bheil.
 Sgeula nam bliadhnai a threig
 Air bharraibh an fgeithe doirche.

Sguir an tfeilg is choidil na feidh
 Fo dubhar gheug air chòinich;
 Thuit brat na hòich' air na fleibhte,
 'S féifd aig feoid an Seallama.

Bha dàn is dàn ann mar bu nòs
 Bha fud ann is ceol nan clàr,
 Le donnal chon am fè na greis
 O'n chreig fa 'n geal an tràigh.
 —Leig dithis gu tràigh nan dù-thonn,
 Suil-nan-ròide 's Cafa-caola.

A ghealach leth-dhoilleir nan trà
 Dùifg an aird o charraig Mhor-bbeinn,
 Seall ro gheugan air éilde nan cadal,
 Is tuite' do ghathan air Caothan.
 Feuch do'n choimheach 's do'n chaomh an tiul,
 Is ftuir o'n lear iad gu Seallama.

Tha

Tha dorus Fhinn do 'n àntach fial
 * Iul-òiche tàr o'n fpeur do fhòlus.

Ach lochrain nan fpeur tha nan fuain
 'S an ceo m' an cuairt gan éide'
 Tha 'n raon dorch, gun ghath air lear
 An iar no 'n near ag aomadh.
 Tha taibhsean a' feola feach,
 'S a' feachnadh an ionaid le 'm bàrcaibh.
 Duifg, a ghealach o'n raon,
 Is taom, Iulòiche, do dhearfa.

Sheall a ghlas mhadain
 Air bharraibh nan fleibhtean aobhach;
 Tha borbhian an cluais an luchd-faire
 Mar chuilean maidne nan sgaothaibh.

Dranndan bheachan an aonaich
 (Arfa Casa-caola) nam mìltean
 A' taomadh o'n chuachaig chòinich
 San lòn an d' imich an luaineach.

Cha chuilean maidne 's cha bheachan aonaich
 A ni ghaoir fo (deir Suil-nan-ròidean)

F f

Ma

* Taoma gach reul tro' cheo an fòlus.

Mar ghealach an neulaibh tofdach
Tha feachd a' coifeachd fa cheo ud.

Le gnuis nàraich phill na fir
Le fios gu Fionn na * Feinne,
An sleaghan gu tric air an talamh
'S iad athach le ceuma neo-amhluidh.
A' bualadh an uchd, 's a sliogadh an ula,
Sneas iad fo shruthan a' leumnaich
O stac gu stac 's a cheo nam falt
'S an anam an cein a smuainteach'.

Bhrift acain Suil-nan-ròide,
Chual am firein i 'n còs a chraig,
Chrath e sgiathan; chlisg na laoich
'S le beum-sgeithe ghlaodh iad còrag.

Mar dha bheum-sleibh' o'n fhireach
Le cheil' a' fire' gu gleanntai,
A' sguaba chlod is chlach is chraobh,
'S gan taomadh thall 's a bhos air lòintibh,
(Tra bheireas an leanabh, gam faicinn,
Le gealtachd air daraig na bruaiche ;)
B' amhuil fiubhal nam fear gu còrag ;
Mar shruthaibh an còail na fairge.
—Tha Cafa-caol an iallaibh cruaidh,
Is còrag tual aig Suil-nan-ròidean

Ach

(Ach co b' urra còrag ri Dearg
 Dearg deacair fin mac Drui'bheil?)
 Chluinntear leis an tfealgair na chadal
 An cois na carraig' an fhuaimneach,
 Amhuil sgairneach o chreagaibh arda
 Tra ni tairneach neamh am buala.
 Tha 'n earba le fiubhal sàmhach
 A' goid feachad le h'àlach ciar
 Làn ioghnai mu 'n tfealgair leisg
 Nach teich gu doireacha diamhair.
 Crathaidh fi ceann is i falbh
 " A fhealgair is baobh do chiallfa."

Dh' eirich farum nan arm
 An Seallama am aisling fein;
 Ghlac mi am fhuain mo fhleagh,
 * Dhuifg mi 's an fhuaim ag eiridh.

Dhuifg an Rìgh a b' fhuaimneach sgia
 'S bhuaill chuige gu dian a fhlàigh
 Mar shruthaibh o mhullach aonaich,
 No mar ioma-ghaath 'n craobha còs.

F f 2

Bha

* Mun du bhuaill mi gu grad beum-sgeithè.

Bha ceud ann do mhic Innfe-faile
 Cha b' abhar gean doibh Dearg mac Drui'bheil;
 Chunn' iad a bhratach dhaithte uaine
 'S chual iad e 'g eigheach iorguill.

Chruinnich a chuideachd mu Fhionn,
 Bu choigrich clann Innfe-fail;
 Sheas iad, gach fear 's a fhleagh na dhorn,
 'S a shuil fo chòrsaib air Fionn-ghaél.
 Amhuil foluis fo reula dorcha
 Tra bhios coill air chrith, 's an speur ri borbhan,
 Chunnaic Fionn cath duldaí
 An fuil gach laoich, ris fein a' còra,
 'S fhuair an Fheinne chean' an cliu
 Chluinntes 'n dùcha céin an òrain.

Leats' an diugh biodh an cath,
 A Churaich nan gath; 's biodh Oisian dlù,
 Bu tric a sgia mar chreig do 'n daraig
 Tra lùbas an doinionn na coillte.

Bha triath aosda nan Slia'-fhruth
 Is uileann air craoibh chrìonaich,

A spionadh anuas bho carraig^a
 Le gao'-chualt is farran taibhse.
 Tha aon lamh ga rùsga gu faoin,
 Sleagh a fhinnfear san aos-laimh eile,
 Oig' a' leumnaich mar shruth bras
 Air anam, 's e borbhan' dhàna.

Chual e guth Fhinn r'a mhac
 Ghrad-bhac an sgeul ud a smuainte ;
 Dhuifg gean eadar a chiabha glas
 'S e tionnda gu cas a fhùl air aon-mhac,
 —Thionndaidh e shuil gun fhradharc,
 'S ceo-aois' air taoghal a ghruaige.

So dhuit a mhic mo dheà' shleagh
 Is tric a leag na feoid mar gheugan ;
 Iomair i mar do fhinnfear san àraich,
 Biodh iadfan gairdeach, 's mi fein gun leirfinn.

Feucham do lann a mhic nam feachd,
 Fo chaill Sorglan beachd a fhùl,
 Feucham do lann an geur cruaidh i,
 'S an *umha do sgia ri uair gàbhaidh.
 —Càirich an iall fo, a mhic
 Cha mhise dh' earbadh 's mi òg r'i,

Tra

* Carraig.

Tra bhiodh mo cheum gu iorguill nan fleagh,
'S mo chuifle mar bheum an aonaich.

'S bha mis' a Churaich am òige
Mar dhoininn a' dorta' do 'n àraich,
Seachd laoich bha fud am imeachd
* 'S ioma damh an I-forla fàruicht.
Lionadh Ul-thorran le fraoch is feirg
Air an leirg 's e fad air dheire,
Loisg e ar bàrca fiar air tràigh,
'S chuir e fichead am fà gu'r mille'.

Mhothaich ighean da bhriathra bàis,
'S da ghnuis a' fàs mar cheo Lanna,
B' ionmhuin lei mo cheuma fein ;
Dh' fhàs mo dhreach mar gheig na hanam.
—“ Ma leagas an doinionn thu gheug uaine,
Cha bhuan mise, 's cha 'n fhàs mo dhuilleach.”

An-moch nar n uaimh fhàs
Fhuaras an reul àigh Iulorno,
A falt òr-bhui' mu gnùis nàraich
'S i g innse' 'n fhà do chaitheadh oirne.
“ Seachnaibh a nochd an uaimh
Ach na hinn'fìbh gu d'fhuair fìbh fios ;

Ta

* Tri laithean am fireach I-forla.

Ta anam an Ri' mar dhubhar na huaighe,
'S mo lua' fein air aineal o's n iofal."

Dh' imich i mar ghealaich fo neul,
Tra dh' fheuch i fhlighe do 'n ànrach,
'S e 'g imeachd air ailbheinn oillteil
Mun do bhoisg an folus gu haghòr.

Chosgair finn am fichead fear mor
Dh' iarras an oigh ;—ach fhuaras marbh i.
Lot lann a hathar a huchd,
Is thuit i dlù da fhardaich.

Caoin mar eal' air Lanna nan fruth
Tra bhios faighead na huchd fàithte,
Bha 'n oigh ;—'s a brathair ga dùsga,
Làn iognai finne bhi cràiteach.

Claidhe' foluis thugas dha,
Chàireas an oigh an leabai' chughainn,
Far an dealraich a ghealach an duibhre
'S an cluinnear caoi nan oighean-taibhse.

Ta anam Iulorno fa cheo,
Ri ceol tiamhaidh mu 'n tuaiream,
'S a ghrian a fealtuinn ro' n bhraon
Air druchd caoin na cònuidh uaine.

Tri làithe shil ar deoir

* Air a cheathramh sheol finn dachaidh,

—B' àmhuil fin m' oige fein :

A Churaich bi treun mar tAthair †.

* * * * *

Ait

* Mu 'n sheolas am bàrc Ulthorrain.

† The following verses are sometimes repeated here. As they have some poetical merit, I set them down, although they may more probably belong to some other poem.

Chuir finn amach a dh' fhulang dorainn,

Bratach Fhearais òig mo bhrathar,

'S thog finn amach bratach Chaoilte

'N Lia'-luideagach aobhach ànrach.

Thogadh asuas mo bhratach fein,

'S a folus mar ghreìn an duibhre ;

'S thog finn amach an Lia-luimneach,

Bratach Dhiarmaid oig o Duibhne :

Ard mar neulaibh ball-bhreac

Am barraibh nan giufach uaine,

Ioma-dhathach mar bhogha nan speur

'S frafa ceitwin air cluainibh.

Gach frann a chluinntè fan adhar

O chratha nan fròl gàbhaidh,

Mhosgladh an fhuil 's an tanam

Le sparradh a chum na hàrach.

Leumadh

Ait mar iolair nan ard-bheann
 'S i tearna' le sgiathaibh fuaimneach
 Gus a chòs am faic i air faondra
 Minnein ea-trom na faoin-chluaine,
 Dh' imich Curach : bha fhloigh na dheigh
 Mar eafaich' ag éigheach ro sgarnaich,
 No mar tharnaich fo choill air chrathadh,
 'S gun aon tein-adhair fan fhàfaich.
 —Mar uifge Bhalbha nan ciuin-cheum
 Gu domhain treun bhuail chuige Dearg ;
 Cith-chatha na fhuilibh lafrach,
 'S a fhloigh gu tartrach m' a thuaiream.

'N fin chaidh finn an dàil a cheile,
 Sloigh nan Druidh' is fuinn na Feinne,

G g

'S

Leumadh an fhuil co bras,
 An cuislibh nan gaisgeach mòra,
 Ri beum sleibh o'n aonach,
 'S gach aon ag eigheach còraig.
 An fin bhiodh torrunn a chatha
 Mar dhuilibh an adhair fan do-uair,
 Tra bhios gaoth is gaoir is dealan
 Ri farum an coill nam Mor-bheann.

'S bu luaithe na greann-ghaoth earraich
 Sinn a' dol an tùs na teug-bhoil :
 Na bu luaithe na milte do fhruthaibh
 A' ruith an aon flugan o ardaibh
 Bhiodh a' beucaich gu treun meamnach
 Le toirm gheamhraidh o gach fasach.
 Cha bheuca treun-thonn na tuinne,
 Nuair bhuailt e ri creagan arda,
 Le neart na gaoith tuath fan fhaoilteach,
 Cha stuadhadh ri gaoir an ard-chath.
 —Ceart choimeas còrag nam fear
 Cha 'n fhaca mi riabh ri m' latha.

Thall 's a bhos gach taobh do Mhor-fhruth
 Sheas na feoid am fê na dàmhair ;
 Air bharraibh an fleagh mu dheire leum iad
 An còail a cheile * fa bhoile ghàbhaidh.

Tharta mar dhealan 's na neulaibh
 Bhuail gu cheile 'n flòigh le 'n fàilinn.
 Tha caoire dearg thar fgiathan a' breabail,
 Fuil air fgeiran, 's laoich gam bàthadh.

Ach co dh' innseas onfha na hàraich ?
 Chaill Curach a làmh 's a fgia ;

An

* *al.* fan amhainn fheirgich.

An fealbhan a cheil' air uchd an tfrutha
Tha 'n fiubhal ; 's e Dearg a ghearr iad.

Leum Curach a tri air ais,
Is leum a chlaidhe geal as a thruaill,
“ Sgaoil Oifiain do sgia : caomhainn do lann,
Is fann cliu gun chothrom Feinne.”

“ Ri Laoch leointe ni 'n gleachdam fein,
Cha 'n eireadh mo chliu na bhàs,
Imich gus na blàra chaidh seach
'S gu gleachdainn ri Oifian na hàbhachd.”

Dh' imich e 's a fhuil na lafair,
Thachair air fleagh gun aon ga giulan,
(Efan a dh' iomair tric i san àraich
Cha chluinn an tràs gaoir a chatha.)
—“ A Chaoin-chanaich ceangail ri 'm uchd i,
'S nach faicte Curach a dhiobhail làimhe.”

Thuit mo fhleagh fein air Dearg,
'S e dire' ri calg na bruaiche,
Ghlac e 'n taos-dharach na thuaineal
Feadh bhruafgail lann is chrann is chnàmhan.

Dh' eirich e 'n taice r 'a gheig
* Ach chao'inn mi fein an laoch claidhte,

G g 2

Thuit

* *al.* 'S a lamh gu treun na chlaidhe.

Thuit a dhaoine bhos is thall
 Mar dhuille chrann an doininn dùlaich.
 Tharta tha na fruthain ri breabail
 'S am falt mu chreaga ga fgaoile,
 Clogaid is ceann-bheairt an fo 's an fud
 Air udal an cobhar na haimhne.
 Tog arfa Dearg do chlaidhe liomhai,
 A mhic Ri, 's gun mise claidhte.

'Togams' e, arfa Curach cathach,
 'S e sgatha chrann asios is dhaoine,
 'S a leagail a chlaidhe, mar dhealan
 Feadh daraich, air Dearg nan Druidhean.

Thuit an laoch san amhainn fhuaimnich.
 Làn fuathais theich a dhaoine.

Ach bha Conn an iomall na Féinne
 Gan lèire mar *dhus an cuairt-ghaoith.
 Ghrad-thionndai mì fein na chòail
 Gus am facas Fear'as òg mo bhrathair ;
 A chridhe laiste le boile-chatha,
 'S a shuil mar phlatha na hòiche.

B' amhuil e 's iolair òg
 Tra chi fi meann o Mhor'uth fleibhteach,

Air

* *al.* mar shneachd air fuar-eith.

Air tuiteach gaoithe fgaoil i fgiathan,
Ach leum an ciar-mheann fo gheugaibh.

Sheas Conn na aite fein
Mar thannas air Lèana fan òiche,
Tra èideas e bhuill le dealan an adhair
A ghios a chatha na bhoisge.
—B' amhuil Conn 's a fhloigh ga threigfinn,
Lean e fein iad mall is gruamach.
Dà uair phill e fan ag
Mar shruth Balbh' a' stad an imcheist.
Ach fuil gan d' thug e ri Athair a fuas,
Chunn' e ghruag dhearg fan tuil,
An claidhe fathaid na leth laimh,
A gheug an fàs fan laimh eile.
Gu grad thug e Athair gu fhliabh,
Bu tiamhaidh fuaim a chaoi 's a lùirich.

Phill finne gu Fionn gu caoin,
Chòlaich caochan finn fan lòn,
Ionnfui thug Curach gu leum,
Ach thuit air a fgei mhoir.
—Tha 'n fruth a' dìre' r'a bhrollach leonta
'S a' crònan feadh bholg a fgeithe.

“ 'S mo chomraich ort, Oifiaìn 'ic Fhinn,
 Thoir an claidhe fo ionnfui mo mhic,
 'S e ruaga' nam fònan * fgiathach
 Aig Slia' shruth aobhach nan dofa tric.

Dlù dha taomas an teas
 Eadar gorm-phreasa na bruaiche ;
 Thig an toirm gu cluasa mo leinibh,
 “ Tha m' athair (a deir e) mu m' thuaiream.
 —Le ceuma neo-amhluidh am chòail,
 Chi e brònach an fteud a mheall e.
 Pill a leinibh gu t fhònan faoin,
 'S air neulaibh caoin bidh mise aoibhinn.
 —Innis da, Oifiaìn, mo threubhas fein
 'S gun eireadh anam le bhlianaibh.
 —Tha oigh nan làmh mìn gu deurach
 Ag ull'ach éidi' fa chomhair Churaich,
 A bos f'a ceann ri turram bròin ;
 Oigh mo ghaoil, tha mis' am fhìne.
 —Leig dhiot do shaothair og-bhean
 Foghnai dhomhsa ceo nan aonach.

Dh' fhosgladh do'n laoch an ùir-chònui,
 'S thogadh le crònan bhard a leac.

Rainig

* taibhfeach.

Rainig an éigh gu Athair aofda

'S e 'g aomadh an còail a mhic.

Shaoil e gu bu leis buai-làrach

'S tha lamh amach na choinneamh,

Ach chual e rìs guth caoi nan leac ;

“ Am bheil tAthair gun mhac, a Churaich ! ”

Mall, dall, ag imeachd an raoin,

Thuislich air laoch fo laimh an éig

“ Och cia beag a nis tha do threoir

Aig Triath mor nan fruthan fleibhteach ! ”

Sheall an leont' thar bile fgei,

'S i spàirte ri creuchd na uchd

“ An robh thufa riabh an Iforno ?

Ma bha theag gur eol duit an lann fo ;

Fhuair mise 's mi òg an gath soluis

Nach tog tuille Ulan-forna.”

Bhrùchd cuimhne na bha

Mar thuil air amhghar Shorglain.

Chualas e, acain air acain,

A' caoi brathar ghafda Iulorno.

Dh' iomchair finn an dithis fear

Gus an uaigh 'n do leag finn Curach,

B'

B' ait le Saorglan an taite cònuidh,
 'S cha b' ann le Ulan-forna bu mheasa.

“ Cuirear mo chraofnach uinfinn
 Gu m' aos-minathair, am ionad fein,
 Mac no og-bhean ni 'n d' fhagas
 Ri faicinn air tràigh Iforno.

Mar ghallan air fleibhte faoine
 Tra thaomas ofnaiche Lanna,
 Tha mise gun bhrì gun fhàs
 Cuiribh mo shleagh le baigh gu m' thalla.

Cuirear dhachaidh do shleagh, a Laoich,
 Arfa Fionn gu bronach caoin.

Do d' mhathair tha nis gun mhac
 Do shleagh cha toir moran tlachd.

Tha 'n lafair, na talla, geal ;
 Is amhlui (deir am bard) gun final
 Tha cliu do mhic: ni ife gean,
 'S crith sholais thig gu hanam sean.

“ Mar ghrein do m' anam fein
 'S mar òrra-shleibhte do m' aois,
 Bidh cliu mo mhic ghradhaich,
 Faic, their an oigridh, a mhathair.”

—Tha i stad a shiabadh a sùl,
 Tha fuaim fgei fann air a cùl,

Tha dreach fol' air a bui'-bholg
 Thug fud do 'n aosda geilt is colg.
 Tha donnal glas-mhadai fan fhaiche
 'N e Ulan forno ta e faicinn?
 Tha 'n taos-bhard air a fhleagh ag eifdeachd
 'S a fhuil an gorm-thir ard nam speura.
 Tha neoil air gaoith thar lear
 Dh' aithnich e tannais nam fear.
 " Fofglar an talla 's na neoil doibh
 Is cromadh an finnfir nan còail."

Ard ro chàch tha imeachd Ulain,
 Caol dhears' òiche * ro a ìnhullach,
 A fgia bhrifte na ftioma dorcha
 Mar cheum na gaillinn air chreagaibh corracha;
 Chaochail an neul is phill am bard,
 Glas-ghnùiseach mar na speuran ard ;
 Thribuail e chlàrsach le fonn,
 A fuaim bu tuirseach 's bu trom.
 " Fhilidh na Forna taifg do chlàr,
 An aros Fhinn fhuair finne dàn."

H h

Fhuair

* *al.* ro it' iolair.

Fhuair thu fin o gach bard
 A mharcaiche nan fion ard
 'S o Fhionn fein, is Saorglan bronach,
 Aig an aite 'n robh Curach na chònuì.
 'S is tric thu 'm aire fein
 'S tu teachd fa ghaillinn o chein,
 A dh' amharc air faiche do chliu
 'S a chlann a' feoruich co thu.

“ Tha tannas air Mor-shruth ag aoma,
 Roimhe ta 'n folus a' taoma'
 Fann : is aileachd a ghath
 Na fgèi is na bhrollach o'n chath.”

Aithneamfa bho fgeul nan òg
 Triath Iforlo 's Dearg d'a choir
 A ghruag air a deilbh do dhealan dearg,
 'S an * darag aos'ar dlù dha feargta.

Cuairt

* The oak was the favourite tree of the Druids. “ The Druids, (says Pliny, l. 16. c. 44.) have so high an esteem for the oak, that they do not perform the least religious ceremony without being adorned with garlands of its leaves.” The temples of the Druids were frequently placed in the midst of the thickest groves of oak, such as that described by Lucan; *Pharfal*. iii. 393.

Lucus erat, &c.

Not

Cuairt nam flath gur ait leam fein
 Gu aonach nan tannas gun bheum,
 Far chuire' gach falachd air cùl,
 'S a bheil na feoid air fad a dh'aon rùn.
 Tha còail nan Cathan an fith,
 'S iad air fgiatha na doinninn gun strì,
 Gun bheum-sgeithe gun fharum lainne.
 'N cònuiddh thosdach na caomh-chloinne.
 Tha fliochd Lochlinn is Fhinn gu hard,
 Ag eifdeachd caithream nan aona bhard,
 An ùigh cha'n éil tuille ri strì,
 'S gun uireas' air fìothainn no frì,
 Tha 'n fuil air na blia'naibh a threig,
 (Le fnotha gun ghean mar mi fein)
 'S air raon nan rua-bhoc le ioghna,
 O'n glas-eideadh air mharcachd fhìne.

H h 2

—Mar

Not far away for ages past had stood,
 An old unviolated sacred wood ;
 Whose gloomy boughs, thick interwoven, made
 A chilly, cheerless, everlasting shade.

Rowe's Translat.

The priests of many other ancient nations, and even the
 Hebrew patriarchs seem to have held this tree in the like ve-
 neration. See Gen. xxxi. 4, 8. Josh. xxiv. 26, &c.

—Mar fgeula nam blià'nai chaidh feach
 Air iteig aonaich le 'n ciar-dhreach,
 Tha * ailing na beatha dhuibhs' a Fhlaithean,
 Mar tha dhomhfa Dearg nan cathan.

—Sud fgeula nam blià'nai a thrèig
 Air bharraibh an fgeithe dorcha.

C O N N,

* ΑΛΛ ΕΛΙΓΟΝ ΧΡΟΝΙΟΝ, &c.

Few are our days, our youth is like a dream
 Which fleets a moment o'er the thoughtless mind,
 And is succeeded by unlovely age
 Which leaves the mighty frail, forlorn, and blind.

Unlovely age ! more to be fear'd than death,
 Thou mak'st our beauty and our strength decay ;
 Our sons despise us, and the young forget
 That we, like them, have once been young and gay.
 Minnervus, de Senect.

C O N N*.

SGEULACHD air Conn mac an Deirg
 Air a liona le trom-fheirg ;
 Dol a dhiola' bàis Athar gun fheall,
 Air Uaislibh 's air Maithibh na Feinne.

Tha gaoth thiamhaidh nan speur
 Ad gheugan aofar, a ghiuthais mo ghraidh,
 Do cheann lùbta 's tula aofda
 Ga sgaoile mar chuailein a Bhàird.
 Dh' imich air fruthaibh na fasaich
 An spionnadh a b' àbhaist-leinn,
 Tra chlisg am magh fo cheuma Chuinn ;
 Nach cuimhne leat fein na làith' ud ?

No

* Conn, a contraction of *Guth-thonn*, "the noise of waves."

No 'n do chaill thu mar mise do bheachd
 'S tu gleachd ri iarguin na haoise,
 Gun air' air na làithean a threig,
 Is aoibhinn ge doilleir an cuimhne.
 —Sgeul air na blianaidh nach pill
 On feachran air luim na fàfaich.

'S bha fgia fein fo uilinn gach laoiach
 'S cath baobhail Dheirg air fgur,
 Mis air uaigh Churaich am fhìne,
 'S ceo-cadail a' liona m' anama ;
 Far an d' eirich fo 'n gheig uaine
 Tri leacan o bhruaich nan còsan.

Thuirling air m' anam ceo-chruth,
 Mar ghrian mu lùba na Caothan,
 Tra bhios beanntai doilleir fa cheo,
 'S daimh chròice fo fgàil an aonaich.

Dh' eirich Curach na cheo bho'n àraich
 B' amhtuil a stàilinn 's leus an duibhre ;
 Bha fhuil, mar b' àbhaidh, na lafair-chatha
 'S a fgia ga cratha gun ghairdean.
 Dh' aithnich mi fein an caomh-thannas,
 'S e ré feal fo bhròn a' gluafad,

A' pille' gach uair gu chruth fein
Ge d' fheid an ofag na cuairt e.

“ Com an caoidle' tu Oifein,
(Se tharum air ofaig a' taoma',)
Com an cadal do 'n Fheinne
'S * gàbha-bheil nan caradh ag aoma' ?”

Chrath e gheug ghiuthais air bharr,
'S chuir e mis' a dàil mo bhruadair ;
An fgairt a thùg e 's 'g imeachd
Chuir crith air na creaga mu 'n cuairt domh.
Sheid mi lafair san darach lia,
Theich gu dian luchd-fiubhail an duibhre ;
'S

* This term has been explained formerly in the *History of the Druids*. It is compounded of gàbha, *danger*, and Beal, *the object of Druidical worship*. It alludes to the trial by the *Ordeal* of fire, as practised by the Druids. He who escaped unhurt from this trial was said to come out of gàbha-bheil ; and hence the word came to denote any great jeopardy or danger. Death itself seems to have appeared less dreadful than gàbha-bheil, when the issue of it proved unfavourable.

“ Creach is croich, is gàbha-bheil,
Is measa na iad fud araon,” &c.

'S thainig fear-faire na Feinne
Le fgeul o fhluagh nan Druidhean.

Gus an * innis an coidil a fhinnfear
Fo dharaig nan geuga lùbta,
Bhios ag aomadh air uilinn nan leac,
Dhiunaich iad Dearg nam feachd baobhaidh :
Far an tribuail baird 's an eigh taibhse
Nan dui-neula 's an dearg-fhuil caointeach.

Le Suil-dìche phill mi fein
Gu fèimh thar uisge Mhor-fhruth ;
Chualas † mic Lodda ri tribuail fgreud
Ri tannais an geilt mu 'n cloich thiamhaidh.

“ A

I

* Supposed to be *Iona*, which was anciently called Innis-Druinach, and which was possessed by the Druids, till St Columba, towards the end of the 6th century, fixed upon it for the seat of his monastery. The inhabitants still point out the burial place of the Druids, and call it “Clàodh nan Druinach.”

† i. e. The Scandinavian priests. Their incantation is in a different measure. The wildness of its numbers admirably corresponds to the subject of it.

“ A cheo na Lanna !

Uamharr alla,

Air dhath fala,

Taosg o'n chala gun deifinn.

Taom, a Lodda !

Fraoch do chorruich,

'S lion le ogluichd

Aisling 's brollach na Feinne.

'Nam fradharc eirich

Ad chruth eiti ;

Torran fhleibhte

'S lafair speur ga d' chòdach.

A cheo na Lanna,

Aom nan cara' ;

'S buair an codal

A chruth-Lodda nan leir-chreach !

O sgap do dhealan,

Luaifg an talamh,

Buail an anam,

Is na maireadh colann beo dhiu.”

'S nim bu tofd do na haosaibh lia

Ri fonn tiamhaidh chàich.

I i

Ghoir

* Ghoir iad, 's nior ghoir gu diomhain ;
An luib an fiontai chual an cairdean.

Air

* The following lines are a different recital.

Chualas le Loda 'n fhuaim,
Dh' aom a chruth dorchas nuas,
B' éide dha dealan speur,
Duili' 's doinionn meafg a cheil'.
B' ionan anail is tein-adhair,
'S e ga féide plath' air phlatha ;
Chuireadh a sgread, a sgairt, is éighe
Cith is crathadh air na sleibhte :
'S mur dealra' lann an Luin an laimh Fhinn
Mheathadh e cridhe gach fuinn.
Ach theich e roimhe le fuathas,
Tra thug an Ri' siorra ma thuaircam.
Theich e le toirm na torruinn
'S e marcachd a mhile donionn.

Of this passage the following lines may be almost taken as
a translation, though not intended as such.

* * * * *

“ See Loda's gloomy form advance,
On high he lifts his shadowy lance,
Within his hand the tempests lour,
The blast of death his nostrils pour :

Like

Air an éide le teine na hòich'
 Air uairibh shoillsich iad mu Chonn.
 'S tric a theich coimhich o'n iarguill dheirg,
 Mar earba bho fhalaig an aonaich,
 A grad-leumnaich gu coire nan coillte
 Gun fhuireach ri fealltuin uaiphe.
 —B' amhuil geilt laoch ro ghàbha Dheirg,
 Sheas Fionn air an leirg gun mheatachd.

I i 2

'S

Like flames his baleful eyes
 Appal the valiant—from the fight
 They turn before the blasting light ;
 His hollow voice like thunder shakes the skies,
 Slowly he moves along, exulting in his might,
 Vain are thy terrors, dreadful shade !
 Lo ! Morven's king defies aloud
 Thy utmost force.—His glaring blade
 Winds through the murky cloud.
 The form falls shapeless into air :
 His direful shrieks the billows hear,
 And stop their rapid course with fear.
 The hundred rocks of Inistore reply,
 As roll'd into himself he mounts the darken'd sky."

* * * * *

ODE TO OSSIAN.

'S chunnas Conn na aonar
 Trom-fmaointeach air fleagh dhealruich,
 A ghairdean air chrith 's a fhleagh air chratha,
 Le clachaibh fa ghealaich a' boifge.
 Chunnas anam ga leire'
 Le fmuainte cath is eiridh bròin,
 Tannas Athar o'n ghealaich ag aomadh
 Air dus nan neul is aogas tiamhaidh ;
 Amhuil * aonaran lia nan creag
 Le aire leagt' air faoghail dhorcha.
 Bha ula dearg an fruth na gaoithe,
 'S ofnaigh mar ghaoir na Leige,
 Tra fhnàgas tannais na dhall-cheo,
 Gun bhard le cheol gu'n deanadh aoibhin,

Bhual Fionn am bolg
 Cho-fhreagair gach tolm is creag ;
 Chlìf eilde bho 'n callaid chòfaich
 Sgartaich èoin nan coillte fàfa.
 Chual' an talla-mhada 'n fhuaim
 'S e tearna nuas gu mòrt na hàraich,

Phill

* The aged Druids lived frequently in retired caves and rocks after their power had been broken.

Phill e gu uaimh le nuallan feargach
 'S le fuile dearga, bàs nan rua-bhoc.

Sheall Suil-dìche 'n d' fhalbh gach reul,
 ('S ar ceum an còail an Rìgh)
 Sgrios a chas air laoch le Dearg
 Am fàsga carraige na fhìne' :
 Bloidh fgeith 'fì b' adhart da cheann
 'S fhalt na ghreann am fuil ga sgaoile.

“ Coma dhuifg thu 'n Laoch as fhois
 Le d' chois fhaondraich 's mo lamh gun lùgh,
 Com' a dh' fhuadaich thu m' aising air ghaoith,
 'S mo ghaol Roscana bhì dlù ?
 —B' aoibhinn leam imeachd le haiteal,
 Ach bhac thu mi, aineil an fhaondrai.”

Co, arfa Suil na hòiche,
 An Roscana bha co loinn'ar,
 An robh a huchd mar chanach fleibhe
 'S an robh a fuil mar sholus reultan ?
 A guth mar chlarfaich Ulainn,
 A ceum mar lùba cuifeig,

A dreach mar ghealach 's na neulaibh
 A' feola' fan òiche 's ro-shèimhe ?
 An d' fhuair thu i, mar eal' air chuantai,
 Maifeach faondrach air bheag luaghair ?
 Fhuair ; 's bu leams' an leannan àluinn ;
 C' àit, a Laoich, an d' rinn thu fàgail ?

“ Fhuaras i 'n uchd na tuinne,
 'S i feoladh air bras-bhuinne
 Gu hinnis ; a chumail còail
 Ri fear do fhearaibh nam Morbheann.
 Thairgeas di gradh is gaol
 An I-uaine tra dh' òb an laoch ;
 Tri miofa dh' eur i m' aoibhneas,
 Dh' fheuch an tige' Suil na hòiche.
 Mun do dhorchaich an treas gealach
 Shearg an òigh mar gheig air thalamh ;
 Shearg i mar *og-ghiuthas uaine
 Le gaoith bheann an deigh a luasga.
 A geugan fo 'n doinninn lom,
 'S gun luadh aig eun innt' air fonn.
 Thogas a huaigh air tràigh
 Dà lic fan làr gu 'n lèth

Iughar

* ghiuthas og I-uaine.

Iughar le duibhre dlù,
 Is caochan * ciuin ri slios na géige.
 —So leaba na hòighe gaoil :
 Chi am maraich a caoin-chruth,
 † Air a héide le ceo ro-gheal,
 ‡ Sa churach an cala na hòiche.
 —B' amhuil a dreach am aisling fein,
 Le deo aoibhin b' annfadh imeachd ;
 Pill a Roscana gu m' aisling fein,
 A dheo-grein' am brollach na duibhre. §

'N

* *al.* bròin o charraig éithne.

† *al.* "Tha teide do cheò ro-gheal,"

‡ *al.* 'Se faor o dhoininn na hòiche.

§ In the following tender ode by Mr Thomson, this thought is beautifully enlarged.

Tell me, thou foul of her I love,

Ah! tell me whether art thou fled,

To what delightful world above

Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou, free at pleasure roam,

And sometime share thy lover's woe,

When, void of thee, his cheerless home

Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh f

'N do thog thu leac mo ghaoil,
 A thriath Innis-uaine nan craobh?
 Mur leighis luibhean do chreuchd,
 Bidh do leaba 's do chliu leam fein.
 —A bhuinneag Mhoi-ura 'n d' eug thu!
 'N do fhearg a Roscana do gheugan;
 Tra ghluais mi fein gu blàraibh Fhinn,
 Fios chuireas nach do phill;
 Bha mo cheud fhuil gach mòch air lear
 'S gach an-moch thug mi 'n cuan fainear,
 San òiche bi m' adhart a chreag,
 Ach ni 'm facas mo ghaol a' teachd. *
 —A thriath I-uaine—ach cha bheo thu,
 'S glas do ghnuis ann orradh òiche;

Tha

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
 While under every well-known tree
 I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
 And every tear is full of thee?

Should then the heavy eye of grief,
 Beside some sympathetic stream,
 In slumber find a short relief,
 Oh! visit thou my soothing dream!

* *Al.* am dhufga.

Tha do shuil mar thein' a chaochail,
Ach eiridh t uaigh, a chaoimh mo ghaoil-fa.

Mar thuiteam daraig am feafgar fèail
Tra fhreagras gach coill' is creag do'n éigheach,
Chualas a rìs fgia Ri na Feinne
'S i co-ghairm a chuideachd le cheile.
Leumas air ar fleaghan gu luath
Seach an tàit an robh Curach na uaigh.
—Ach co fin air fhòid uaine,
Madain no beum-fgei cha ghluais e?

Sud Cofa-geal ; bha Thriath air chall
'S bha bhior-chluas ard ri gaoth gac ball,
A' tionnda bho ofaig gu hofaig
Chluinntes leis * fgia na huifeig.
Dh' iarr e Curach fa bhlàr,
† San dearg-chobhrach fhuaire a lamh,
Gu brònach thog e na bheul i,
'S rainig e uaigh Churaich gu deurach ;

K k 4 Shin

* *al.* faoin-fhuaim na duilleig.

† *al.* air bile Mhor'-uth.

Shìn e e-fein 's an lamh f'a mhuineal,
Mar thuit thar Oscar mo * chaomh-chuilean.

—Tamui

* *al.* chuilean tarr-gheal.

Offian gives the following description of his favourite dog Bran, in another of his poems.

Cafa buidhe bhiodh aig Bran,
Da thaobh dhubha ri tarr geal ;
Drim uaine fu 'n fuidh an sealg,
Cluasa corracha cròc-dhearg.

The following lines in the same poem which mention his regret for having once struck him, are highly expressive of his regard for him.

Dh' amhairc ormfa Bran buadhach,
B' ioghna leis mi ga bhuala',
'N lamh sin le 'n do bhuaileadh Bran
'S truagh o'n ghualainn nach do fgateh.

In the passage in the text, the poet probably alludes to the following very tender passage in the 1st Book of *Temora*, where Offian laments the death of his son Oscar.

Chruinnich iad uime na sluaigh,
'S gach aon neach ri buirich thruagh ;
Cha chaoineadh Athair a mhac fein,
'S cha ghuileadh a bhrathair e :

Cha chaoineadh piuthar a brathair,
'S cha chaoineadh mathair a mac ;

Acti

—Tamul do m' shleagh fo m' cheann,
 Dh' at mo chridhe le ofnai theann;
 Phill mi ri madadh a bhròin
 Ach cha leanar leis mi d'a dheoin.
 Le tri fgalan dh' imich anam;
 Gun deo, mar chrè, tha Cofa-geala.
 —Com a bheil m' anam co meat?
 Ach tha fuaime an Rì le fhloigh gam dhùsga.

Mar ioma-ghath greine fan fhrois
 A' boifge' ro dhoininn gun fhois,
 Mu thimchioll Fhinn air gach làimh
 Las lainn Innse-fail is Mhòr-bheinn.

K k 2

Tha

Ach iad uile anns a phlofgail
 A' geur-chaoine' mo chaomh Ofsair.

* * * * *

Donnalaich nan con ri m' thaobh,
 Agus bùirich nan sean laoch,
 Gul a phannail fo co fnitheach,
 Sud is mò a chraidh mo chridhe.
 Cha d' fhidir duine roimhe riabh
 Gur cridhe feola bh' ann am chliabh;
 Ach cridhe do chuibhne cuir
 Air a chòdacha le stailinn.

Tha Curach iofal ;
 Tha mìle fuil air Fionn,
 Tofdach, an duil ri ceann-fea'nais.
 Air ais sheas Fear'as nan cath
 Eag-famhluidh: a shuìl air dhath
 Reul ro' bhraon, * 's gun ghaoth a' gluasad ;
 Anam ag at, uchd a' bualadh,
 Fhuil air ghoil ; a shleagh ga paradh,
 'S e g amharc thar chàch air Ri na Feinne.

† C'ait am bheil an og-iolair fhuaimneach
 Bu tartrach fgia am feachd a chruadail?
 Cha b' fhònan le 'n do sgaoil thu 'm blàr
 'S cha bu lorg leinibh do shleagh a d' làimh,
 Chi mi orra colg a chatha ;
 'S leats' a mhic an diugh an latha.
 Lùb an tuaibhreach, 's na buail am fann,
 'S am fuil a mhiodhair na truaill do lapn.
 Mur tuit na trein cha 'n eirich do chliu,
 'S taibhfe nan speur gu d' cheum cha tig dlù.
 Caomhainn an lag, ach an aghaidh an làidir
 Biodh mar dhoire ri theine do ghairdean.

Mar

* *al.* san oiche chluanaix.

† Fingal speaks.

Mar ghaoith gu feide' na caoire
 Bidh mo ghuths' air an raon fo làmh riut.

Mar thonna dorchà doininn
 A' togail na mara ceann-ghlais,
 'S ga tilge' mar fhleibhte sneachda
 Thar aibheinn chreige na tràgha,
 Thuirling Conn anuas le fheachd,
 A Ri bu fgreataidh an nùmh e.

Chualas an fhuaim leis an aos-fhealgair,
 'S e 'g eiridh * o chluainein na hearba;
 “ Sud (is e caisdeachd) torman an torrain,
 Ach cha'n fhaic mi na lorg an dealan.
 —Theaga gu bheil doinionn air chuantai'
 Chi mi o'n charraig a stuaidhean.”

O'n ghlas-fgeir bha 'n fhairge ciuin
 'S o fhleibhte foir a ghrian a' dùsga,
 'S ag amharc ro 'n bhraon air aos-ula
 'N tfealgair, 's e g eisdeachd ri † fhuaim na tuinne,
 Air faicinn da feachd Chuinn,
 “ Ruitheam fios a choghnadh Fhinn.”

A

* *al.* sna còfanaibh falchaidh.

† taic a lainne.

* A Laoich nan cath dòbhidh,
 Fuirich air carraig do chònuidh ;
 Tha floigh na Feinne lionmhor
 'S iolach † bhàis an am dol fios ac'.
 Tha Fear'as rompa, treun na fhraoch,
 Mar thannas fo'n lùbar an raon,
 Tra ghlacas e doireachan uaine,
 ‡ 'S a thilgeas e bonn asuas iad ;
 Na cheann tha torrain ; na shuil tein-adhair
 'S fhalt os cionn chrith-dhaoin' air chratha.
 —B' amhuil Fear'as an cinnseal Chuinn,
 'S an leirg air chrith o thuinn gu tuinn.

Le fgreadail an lanna garbha,
 'S le caoiribh teine bho'n cruaidh arma,
 Chuir iad iasg nan cuanta stuadhach
 Ann an caoilte caola fuara.
 Chuir iad feidh nam beanntai arda
 Gus na gleanntai fuara fàfail,
 'S eunlaith bhinn-fhoclach nan coillteach
 Anns na speuraibh le crith-oillte.
 Ghabh òighean làmh-gheal geilt ro 'n fgartachd,
 'S iad ag itealaich dol tharta ;

Chòdaich

* The poet speaks.

† ghàir.

‡ *al.* mar luibh le ògan guanach.

Chòdaich iad an cinn nan fuain-chrith
 'S fir na Feinn' a' ruith nan smuainte.
 —Oighean lamh-gheal nam mòr-fhruth,
 'S ioma treun' a nis nach beo dhiu,
 'S ioma caochan dearg fan aonach,
 'S ioma craobh le geugan fgaoilte ;
 Laoich mar chroinn a leag an dealan
 'S an cinn uaine tinn fan doininn.

Mar dha iolair a' ruith o charraige,
 Gu coinne' 's gu cogadh air neula dorcha ;
 Bho thaobh gu taobh le gaoith gan luasga,
 'S an ealtuinn uil' air chrith le 'm fuaimneach.
 Chòlaich Fear'as is Conn a cheile,
 'S b' fhada 's cian gun bhuaidh am beuma ;
 Thog Lodach fa dheir' a fhleagh,
 “ A mhic Ri, do 'n tfeabhaig dean fleadh.”
 Bi thus ann a d chuilm do 'n stàilinn
 Arfa Fear'as na mor-àbhachd.
 Thuit a cheann-bheairt gu talamh 's an ceann,
 'S a cholann crochta fan tfeagh gu teann.

Chunnaic Fionn a mhac an teinn,
 'S tharruing e chlàidhe air a bheinn ;

“ Com

“ Com am bi mathair mo mhic brònach?
 Cha bhi 's e buadhach, a leannain m' oige!”

Air marcachd na sìn' tha tannas o fhean,
 Ag amharc le ioghnadh air còrag nam fear;
 “ Is amhuil fo 's mo cho-laoich fein”
 A deir e 's e tuirling na neul.
 Sheas e eadar a mhac is Fionn,
 'S ni 'm faicte Fear'as ro an lionn.

Le geur-iomguin 's uamhann ftoirmeil
 Dh' aom Fionn, mar nimh-thorc Ghorm'ill
 Tra chi e ('s e forra' na leacainn)
 Ceum an tfealgair an caradh a bhrocluinn:
 Tha creagan a' freagra da eigheach,
 'S a' crathadh an cinn le'n coillte geugach.
 B' amhuil Mor'uth air chrith ro Fhionn,
 'S a bhard mar dhearg bheum-fleibh na dheann.
 —Ghrad-las a rìs mor-fheachd na Feinne,
 Mar fhalafg air Laoire 's gach gaoth ga fheide,
 O bheinn gu beinn, le toirm an-fheili;
 'S le smuidrich ghlas an aird 's na speuraibh.
 Tha taibhs' a' cluiche na dhò-lafair,
 'S an earba na fìll air aftar,

Gu cluain a minn 's an deur na sùil ;
 Cha 'n fhaic i e beo, tha i 'n dùil.

Thuit no theich òigridh Chuinn
 'S an Fheinne gan ruag' air an druim
 Thar Mor'uth nan fteud ; is Conn gointe,
 Mar charraig le fairge caithte,
 Do 'n doinninn aird a' toirt dùlain,
 Tra bhios geilt air a mharaich teachd dlù dhi.

Bhrosgluich e ri faicinn an Ri,
 Ach chunnaic Fionn a spionna d'a dhì,
 'S leig e dha imeachd gun fòradh,
 An deigh a chathan thar Mor'uth.
 A' dire' na bruaiche thall,
 Air an treas ionnfui thuit e nall,
 Thug an amhainn lùbach éigh aisd,
 Mar gu tuite' fgarnach * gheugach
 Tra shiubhlas an torran 's na neulaibh,
 'S a bhios na glinn air chrith le 'n treudaibh.
 —Leum gach fleagh an dàil an Laoich,
 B' amhuil aogas as òiche gun lochran.

* *al.* shleibhteach.

A mhìlidh bu treine 'n diugh
 Thuit thu (do rà Fionn) san àraich !
 Cia lua-fhiubhlach làidhean an laoiach !
 Sguabaidh e 'n raon fa mhadain,
 Ach mu 'n tuirling òiche nan neul
 Cha 'n 'eil ach fuar-chrè dheth r'a fhaotainn.
 Tha mhathair 's a leannan gaoil
 Mu thurlach aobhach na féifde ;
 Tha 'n cluas amach, tha fuaim ag eirigh,
 An solus na ré tha bhuidheann dlù dhoibh ;
 Tha 'n ruith le aoibhneas na chòail,
 An * caifil-chrò tha 'n laoch ga ghiulan.

—Dorcha

* *Caifil-chrò* is an obsolete expression, which seems to have been the name for a coffin or bier made of wicker, and used in ancient times by the Highlanders. The word occurs in this sense in a poem of great antiquity (though later than Ossian's) called *Laoi' Fhrasich*, beginning with these lines,

Och mo dhunaigh Cuan ud Fhraoich !
 Corp an Laoich an *caifil-chro* :
 Truaighe bho 'n tuirfeach gach fear,
 'S o'n guileadh gach mor-bhean òg.

It is remarkable that the vehicle in which the ancient Romans carried their dead was exactly of the same texture.

“ Feretrum

—Dorcha, gearr, gun dears' air raon,
 Tha beath' an Laoich, mar latha dùlaich.
 Fhearais, thoir Conn da chaoimh air aineal,
 Is farraid a nochd iad gu fleadh na Feinne.

Chuala Conn an Ri',
 Is fhìn e làmh, 's e crith-bhriathrach,
 Gabhfa Fhear'ais mo fgia,
 'S aig Fionn nam fiann biodh an tflat * :
 Tha m' anams' air † rioluinn a' triall,
 Gu ionada fial nam flath ;
 Càiribh mo cholann lem' shinnsear
 An' caol-thigh taimh na hInnse-uaine.

L 1 2

Dan

“ Feretrum constar cratis fuit, e ligno et vemine contextum.”
 Car. Ruæus in Æn. vi. 218.

* The Druids wore a white rod, called *Slatan Druidheashd* or “ magic wand,” with which they pretended to perform a great many wonders.

† That souls on their departure from the body take their flight to the other world in such vehicles, is an opinion which still prevails in some measure among the vulgar Highlanders, who generally believe that certain meteors, to which they give the name of *Dr'eug*, portend the death of eminent persons.

Dan Liughair *.

Chunnas ag imeachd an raoin
 Roi chraobha ceuman an tfealgair ;
 Liomh e tri uairean a fhlcagh,
 Is bha ofna gach uair dhiu cràiteach.
 Le laimh air chrith 's le ciabha geal,
 Shiab e ghucag a dhall e.
 Ach phill, ri mòr-ghabha na Feinne,
 A laithe treun, is aois air di-chuimhn,
 Bhuail e nar dàil :—ach fguir an iorguill,
 'S le boibhan do'n fhasach phill e.
 Aig diobradh fhalluinge, bha sgia
 Faraon is ula lia ga chòdach,
 Mar sin is bian tuirc air a thaobh cuil ;
 Chuir e air ar fùile deifinn.

“ Thugar

* To the most common editions of *Dan Liughair* is pre-
 fixed the following stanza, which probably introduced some
 episode respecting Lugar in another poem :

La gan deachai Fionn do thigh Leir
 Bu lion'ar ann céir agus fion ;
 Ge d' tha e 'n diugh na aibhist fhuair
 Bha e uair a b' aros righ.

“ Thugar an fhalluin fo do 'n fheumach
 Ars' an Ri, 's do 'n fheifd a chuid.”

“ Gabham falluinn an Ri fhèil,
 Ach ni fèitheam r'a fheifd an diugh.”

'S e Liughar at'ann le chu glas,
 Arfa Fionn, 's e grad-dhol na dhàil,
 Ach cha do leig leis neach do chàch,
 A chum 's nach cuirte nair' air Liur.

A Thriath Mhoi-àluin 's ait leam fein
 * A charaid threïn, gu bheil thu beo.

Thug thu dhomh nuair bha mi òg,
 Cuig fichead bò le 'n cuid laogh,
 Is baoghan an cois gach bò,
 Air an raon ofcionn Drim-caol.
 Thug thu dhomh fichead each
 Do m' iomchar as gach càs-claoi ;
 Thug, is cuig bàrcai fo m beairt
 Do m' thoirt gu traigh as gach tuinn.
 Thug thu sin dhomhfa gun bhreug,
 Gun eura, gu fèilidh coir,
 Is gheibh thu nis diola ga chionn
 Fhir is ceilli cainnt is gloir.

Cha

* O chionn cein.

Cha mhise fein a nis Liughar
 Ars an sean'ar bu mhor iochd,
 B' fhearr leam bàs fhaotainn gun teach,
 Na gu gabhta mi na riochd.

Gu deimhin is tu Liughar fein,
 'S thig feachduin gu feisd Fhinn;
 Theid feachd laoich an fin leat dhachaidh,
 * Gun fharran an imeachd do cheum.

'S bha Fionn is Liughar laimh air laimh
 Is càch a leantuinn nan deigh,
 Nuair thachair oirn clach air an raon
 'S a thuirt Liughar aosda na cheill:

“ Com' am biodh luchd na co-fheisde
 Ri ftri le cbeile ni 's mò,
 No iorguill aig fiol nan treun,
 Ait, aon-fgeulach, marbh is beo.
 A chlach so, gin na carraige,
 Togaibh an aird air leacainn Mhor'uth,
 Ni chlann do 'n aosda a thig,
 Seadh na lice so fheoruich.

‘ Stiuraibh

* A dhion tfhuilt o dhoinion nan fleibhte

‘ Stiuraibh mise, their efan,
 Air laimh, gu leacainn na Mor’uth.’
 Le ceuma ro-ghairrid ra thaobh,
 Tha chlann leis an aofd’ a’ triall,
 A thaice r’a *fhleagh, ’s a chuilean dall,
 Am feasgar mall ’s na heoin a’ feinn.
 Tha ceum nan aighean fan raon,
 Ach an Laoch no chuilean cha chluinn,
 An iar-ghrian is gann is leir dha,
 Aoibhneach na lia-chuailean,
 Amhuil fo, air gach taobh da mhuineal,
 A’ trufa mu bharr a luirge.

Rainig is laimhfich e ’n leac,
 ‘ Si fo, a chlann, leac na Mor’uth
 (A deir e ’s e sgìth r’a taic)
 So an leac a thog ar finnshear;
 Cuimhnichibh a chlann an sìth,
 Gach uair a chàibh fìbh † leac na Mor’uth !’

Innis

* luirg.

† The custom of setting up such pillars as monuments of the ratification of solemn agreements, was very common in ancient times. See note in the translation, p. 308.

Innis a leac do na blià'nai mall
 Tha thall air chùl'aobh na greine
 * 'S nach cluinn guth na maidne gu cian,
 Leis fo gu d' iarradh sìth na Feinne.
 A leac na sìth aig fruthaibh mòra,
 Cuire' taibhs' is còineach dion ort,
 Na deana' nàmh, no doinionn, no fruth,
 Am feadh amhaireas Mor-shruth, do dhiobhail †."

Chaitheadh an òiche ri cuilm is ceol
 Is dh' imich air madain floigh ‡ nan Druidh;
 Sheinn gach filidh caithream broin
 'S cha robh cloir nam Morbheann fàmhach.

Bu

* 'S do 'n tsiol nach eirich gu cian.

† At the end of *Dan Liugbair* is generally repeated the following stanza, supposed to have been the approbation given it by some *Culdee* or "Son of the rock," to whom it was first addressed.

Mile beannachd dhuit gach rè,
 Oisein fheilidh is binne gloir;
 Arson aon sgeoil co maith blagh
 'S a dh' airis thu riabh ri d' bheo.
 ‡ *al.* Chuinn.

Bu treun a Chuinn do làmh,
 'S bu laidir a Laoich t anam,
 Bu tric timeachd fa chuan-cheo,
 Gu dòbhidh ofcionn na hàraich.
 Ach a nis cha 'n 'eil agamfa leirfinn
 Ge do chluinn mi tèigheach fa ghiuthas ;
 Ge do chluinn mi fan fheafcar fhàimh thu
 Mar an tràs aig toirm an tfruthain.
 —'S binn a fhruthain do bhorbhan
 'S binn do thorman feadh do lùban.

Ach teichidh am bard o'n òiche
 Bho chaoiran coilich an aonaich,
 A' luidhe' na chuartaig chòinich
 'S e gladhach o'n raon r'a cheile.
 —A cheile mo ghaoil-fa, Aoibhir-àluinn,
 Is amhuil a b' àbhaist leamfa ;
 Ach a nis cha toir feairt air mo ghlaodh
 Ach mac-thalla nam faoin-bhruachan.
 —Tha Fionn na neoil, 's cha bheo Oskar,
 Aoibhir-àluin na tofd is Mala-mhèine,
 C' uin a bhios Oifian le fhinnfear
 'S a dhiobras * a bheatha bhall-bhreac ?

M m

Dhìthich

* *al.* a laithe fad-òicheach.

Dhìthich mo chairde, mar lic-lighe,
Tha 'n cònuidh r'a fire' 's an cuimhne.

* Ach cha 'n 'eil anra aig Oislan na aonar ;
A Liughair aofda bu leatfa cuid deth,
Chunnas a d' thalladh an fheisd,
Do choinlean céir agus t fhion,
Ge d' tha e 'n diugh na aibhist fhuair
Bha e uair a b' aros Righ !
Chunnas mar sin teach Leir,
Ach mar ioma-char deas na bliadhna,
Chunnas Liughar gun tigh gun teach
E fein is a chaomh-bhean fhial.

A' fiubhal gleannan na Moi'àluinn †,
Fhuaras na fhasach tigh Liughair,

Minnean

* This and the following paragraph are generally repeated with the former part of *Dan Liughair*, when it is taken as a separate poem.

† In a note to the Translation of this passage, it was observed how easily the Gaelic language could accommodate itself to the nature of whatever subject it had occasion to treat of, so as to make the sound generally convey an idea

of

Minnean na hearb' air a dhrim uaine,
'S a fuaine sìnte fan fhardaich aoibhinn.

M m 2

Na

of the sense. Some instances were likewise given of lines harsh or soft, rough or smooth, according to the nature of the subject described. It was particularly observed, that in this passage, which relates to a tender and mournful subject, the most prevailing sounds (*ai, oi, uai, &c.*) are such as may immediately inform either the eye or ear, of even a stranger to the language, what the poet treats of.

The Gaelic being an original language, is in a great measure an imitation of nature. All its sounds, therefore, must be more an “echo to the sense” than those of any borrowed or artificial tongue. It is, however, more peculiarly adapted to descriptions of the soft, tender, plaintive, and elegiac kind; a circumstance to which may be owing, in some measure, the preservation of those ancient poems which fall under this character. But when we say that this language is particularly adapted to the soft and tender, perhaps more so than any language in the world, strangers to its structure and genius may suspect us of prejudice or partiality. They see its awkward appearance in a garb which is not its own, and suppose, very naturally, that the letters which they look at have the same sound and power as in other languages with which they are acquainted. Hence they immediately form conclusions unfavourable to the harmony of the language, as will easily appear from a single observation

Na uinneig bha ian na h òiche,
'S eigheann a' cur duibhr' air aghaidh,

An

observation or two, which will serve at the same time to confirm what has been a little ago asserted.

The Gaelic alphabet consists of *eighteen* (originally *fixteen*) letters. Of these *five* are vowels; besides the letter *h*, which has somewhat of the power of a vowel, as well as of aspiration. Such a proportion of vowels must be attended with a harmony and softness not to be found in other languages, in which the proportion of the vowels to the consonants is much less. It must likewise be observed, that of the *twelve* consonants of this language *eight* or *nine*, in most of the inflections, are altogether mute; the effect of the aspirate, so often annexed, being either to deprive them of their power, or to render that power more vocal, soft, and mellow. This peculiar circumstance contributes so much to the *euphonia* or harmony of the language that if it were written as it is sounded, when properly and gracefully pronounced, the number of its vowels would be found probably equal to that of the consonants which retain their power. And to guard against any inconvenience that might arise from so great a proportion of vowels, this language has made admirable provision, by a general law which seldom or never allows two vowels to be pronounced (unless in a diphthong) without interposing a consonant. There is either an elision of one of the vowels, or of two or three auxiliary or servile

An gaothan ga chuartach, 's na ciar aighean
Beul a thighe san tfruth, fo sinuairein.

A

servile letters provided for the purpose, one or other naturally steps in and fills the *hiatus*. But of the admirable and peculiar structure of this language we can give but a very inadequate idea in the bounds of a note. Few languages bear more evident marks of having been cultivated by Grammarians and Philosophers, although we know not at what period. In this view alone an acquaintance with it would amply reward the labour of the student. Connected as it is too with the learned and ancient languages, as well as the source of a considerable part of the modern tongues of Europe, the Philologist would find the knowledge of it a very important acquisition. This would lead him to the origin and meaning of hundreds of words in living languages, of which no tolerable etymon or account can otherwise be given. It would likewise lead to the pronunciation and meaning of innumerable vocables in the ancient languages; Hebrew, as well as Greek and Latin.—The following passage, which contains a just, as well as an elegant and concise account of this language, will form a proper conclusion to the preceeding remarks.

“ Lingua Hibernica adeo copiosa est, ut gravitate Hispanicam, comitate Italicam, amoris conciliatione Gallicam, terroris incussione Germanicam, si non æquet, modico sane intervallo

A fhliochd nan fleibhte, 'm fàca sibh Liughar?
 Ach 's cubhaidh gur ait leibh nach beo c.
 Ach failnichi' fìbhfe mar efan,
 'S bidh ur daimhich aon latha ga'r feoruich.
 Crathaidh ur clann an cinn le fmalan,
 Cha 'n aithne dhoibh gleann ur cònuidh !

Is amhuil caochla na beatha 's na bliadhna ;
 Bha mise gun iarguin an fàmhra m' oige,
 Mar ghiuthas na Mor'uth uaine,
 Gun smuairein ro' dhoininn a gheamhrai.
 Shaoil mi gu maire' mo dhuilleach
 'S nach cuireadh an aois air mo gheugan.
 Ach a nis tha mi lom mar thu fein
 Is m' aos-chiabhan air fgei' na gaoithe ;
 Dh' fhalbh làithean ar gean le cheile,
 Air fgei' na doinninn do 'n aonach.

LOS GA

intervallo sequatur. Sacer orator, Hibernicæ linguæ fulmine sceleratos a flagitio sæpissime deterret, ejusdem quoque linguæ lenicinio, a flagitio ad virtutem attrahit. Linguam Hibernicam multa concinnitate prædictam esse quis neget ? cum eam Stanihurstus ipse fateatur, acutam, sententiis abundantem, ad acria apophthemata et jucundas allusiones accommodatam esse." *Cambren. evers.* p. 16.

LOSGA TAURA *.

CO fo taomadh a bhròin,
Mar dheò air anail na hòiche?
A ghuth ànrach an cluafaibh Oifein,
A' tòra' cliu, le ofnaiche caoirain.

Taom, a thaibhfe, do ghuth,
Niomfa gu fubhach eifdeachd;
Mo chluas na ciabha lia,
Ag iarraidh tainme 's do fgeula.

Tha

* *al.* Teamhra. Sometimes called *Laoi Ghara's nam ban*. The latter part of the poem is generally repeated as a separate piece, under the title of *Oifean a' caoi nam Fiann*.
“The lamentation of Ossian for his friends.”

Tha 'n fhuaim air an iarmailt a' fàs,
 Mar fteall aonaich fo dha bheul eas,
 Trà dhùisgeas e bho amar na cheo,
 'S a dh' aomas e 'n còail an tfealgair.

“ A Laoire, (their efan o bhùth)
 Is binn leam ro d' lùba t'fhuaim,
 Is binn leam do cheum 's a ghleann,
 Na dheann ro dhoininn nam fuar-bhean.”

Is binn guth Laoire san anmoch,
 A Shealgair nan eilde ruadha,
 Ach 's binne na fin an fhuaim
 Ta 'm chluafa fein san uair fo.
 Mar cheol nam bard air an gaoith,
 An cuilidh chaoil nan fruthan uaigneach*.

* Aërial music in the warbling winds,
 At distance rising oft by small degrees;
 Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
 It hung, and breathed foul-dissolving airs.

No mar fhonn * a ghaoil tra dh'aomas Oscar
'S a bhios clos aig an fhònan fhèail.

N n

'S

* Mar fhonn a ghaoil tra dh'aomas Oscar, "like the music of his love to the ghost of Oscar." In the Celtic mythology it was believed, that songs in praise of the departed contributed to their ready admittance to *Flath-innis* or "isle of the happy;" and proved afterwards a grateful incense to their ghosts, when they hovered around. As the following verses give a true idea of those songs, to which our text refers, it will not be foreign to our subject to insert them, though already well known, by the title of

Oscar's Ghost.

O see! that form that faintly gleams!
'Tis Oscar come to cheer my dreams;
On wings of wind he flies away,
O stay my love! my Oscar, stay!

Rise Ossian! last of Fingal's line,
And mix your sighs and tears with mine;
O! tune the harp to doleful lays,
And soothe my soul in Oscar's praise.

The shell is ceas'd in Ossian's hall,
Since gloomy Cairbar wrought thy fall;
The roe on Morven lightly bounds,
Nor fears the cry of Oscar's hounds.

Cease,

'S i gaol mo chaomh-Oscair a t' ann,
 Faoin-uifeag nan gleann falamh,
 Is amhuil i 's gealach air fleibhte,
 Mall-cheumach, 's a gnùis fo smalan.
 Ta i caoidh * gach peathar a threig,
 Cha 'n fhaicear an ceuma ni's mò,
 Mar reulta san speur air caochla',
 No mar ghealaich 's a h † aogas dorcha.
 Ighean Thofcair, ‡ 's falamh an tàite,
 Duifg-fa le d' dhànaibh m' anam.

Duifg

Cease, Toscar's daughter! cease to mourn,
 Your hero never will return,
 But long shall Oscar's name be known,
 And far be spread the Chief's renown.

Ne'er fell his sword on vanquish'd foes,
 Though great his foul when danger rose;
 And when by friendship's words betray'd,
 The field with death your Oscar spread.

Ye Sons of song! your voices raise,
 And sing the mighty warrior's praise;
 That heroes yet unborn may cry—
 May I, like Oscar, fight and die!"

* *al.* na cuideachd a dh'eug.

† *al.* eudach.

‡ *al.* far dhomh mo chlarfach.

Duifg e bho chlàd-chadal na haoife,
 An-aobhach, gun folus do chiuil-fa.
 Mar chlàr taibhs' air ceathach an noin,
 An gleannan mòdhar nan caochan lùbach,
 Tha guth na faoin-uifeig am chluais,
 Taom fhuaim air * chlar is duifg mi.

—Dall air m' anam fein

Tha na bliadhnaidh a threig a' pilltin.

Thaineas o Arda le buaidh,
 Gu huallach air fteuda nan † coigreach,
 'S ar gean mar ghathaibh na greine
 'S i luidhe' fiar air fleibhte Thaura.

Chìteadh am fè na fairge
 ‡ Coillte le 'n carraigibh eighinn,
 'S clann ag amharc le ioghnadh,
 Air smuidean Thaura fuidhe.

Mar bho' na frois air fleibht.
 Bha oighean aoibhinn nar còail,
 A' feinn caithream nan ceud clàr,
 Le mànràn binn an òrain.

N n 2

Faile

* *al.* an òich'.

† *al.* gall.

‡ *al.* fleibhte.

Failte na Feinne.*

Co fo liomhaidh na éide'

Le † mharc uaibhreach ard-cheumach,
Glas-mhuinneach, le smùidre ceathaich
O shroin (mar dheathach Thaura)?

—Co fo air an each steudach

Las-shuilleach, chobhar-bheulach,

Amhach mar bhogha-catha

Lùbta grinn san ard-adhar?

—Co

* i. e. "Hail to the Heroes." It was customary that the women came out to salute the men with songs, as here, on their return from war.—We find the like custom among the Jews in the days of David and Saul. And the women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing—"Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands."

1 Sam. xviii. 6, 7.

On this subject, see Mr Walker's memoirs of Irish Bards, page 22.

† Marc, "a horse," is now obsolete, except in its compounds and derivatives, in which it still keeps its place — As cattle formed the *medium* of commerce in the early state of society, before the invention of coin, the image and name of certain animals, of a cow, a sheep, or a horse, were given to the first coins to denote the value at which they were to pass. Hence the name of the old coin *mark*, from the above word signifying a horse.

—Co ach Fionn nam fiantai' feachd
 Mharcaicheas am bras-each frianach?
 Tha do chliu, a Rìgh na Feinne,
 Mu'n cuairt duit, mar ghathaibh greine,
 Na sholus tha miltean aoibhneach,
 'S an gnùis mar an lear is fè air ;
 An geàn mar Chaothan fa cheituin,
 Tra bhios iafg ri cuilean ag eiridh.
 Ach na laoich, co ciuin an sìth,
 Tha mar dhoininn ri am na frì.
 —Theich fibh, a choigrich o chein,
 'S a rìghrean an domhain gu leir;
 Theich fibh gun eide' gun each,
 Dh' fhàg fibh nur deigh iad san fheachd !
 —“ C'àit' a bheil ur n airm 's ur n éide'?”
 —“ Feoruichibh do fhiol nan fleibhte.”
 Theich ur daoine fein gu nàrach,
 Cha bhi 'n ainm am feasg 's na dànaibh.
 Oigh cha tig le clar nan còail
 Nan teach uaigneach tha iad brònach.
 —Brònach bithibhs' oighean aineil,
 'S balla-chrith biodh air rìghre 'n domhain ;
 Le clàr is ceol bidh finne aoibhinn,
 A' cur fàilt air flòigh na Feinne.

B' amhuil a sheinn ar n òighean
 'S an gnùis mar òrra-shleibhte,
 Tra bhios duilleach na daraig uaine
 Gun ghluafad thar uisge Lùbair.

'S ni 'm b' fhois do chlàraibh nam bard
 An Taura ard fan uair fin,
 Le 'n crith-ghuth ait fan talla aoibhinn,
 Chluinnt' ann an cein am fuaimneach.
 --Tha 'n darag dhearg na lafair,
 A folus gu fairfing a' sgaoile'
 Gu ciar-imeachd an Aineil
 Air sliabh na falluinge doirche.
 —'S ait le shuil-fan an talla,
 * So far an caith finn an òiche ;
 Teach Fhinn ! tha chònuidh sgaoilte,
 'S e ainm aobhach * Tigh na feile †."

Dh'

* *al.* Teach an Aineil.

† The doors that know no shrill alarming bell,
 No curfed knocker plied by villain's hand,
 Self-opened into halls.

Castle of Indolence.

Dh' amhairc an Rìgh gus an raon,
 Am faiceadh e aogas coigrich,
 'San dorus chòlaich e Bard aos-lia
 'S e 'g aomadh air fuigheall luirge.

Le aoibhneas thug Fionn e fteach,
 Air a leachd bha imeachd a dheoir,
 Fhalt tana toinnt' air gach taobh,
 'S uladh aofd air uchd ga chòlach'.
 —Air a chulaobh, a' giulan a chlàrsaich,
 Bha ògan ànrach athach :
 Shuidh iad gu'r cuilm le cheile,
 'S gach aon ag eiridh gu muirneach.

Dh' iarras orra bhi fubhach,
 Is am mulad mar cheo nach gluaife'
 Glas-neulach air bonn nan fleibhte,
 Ge * d' eirich a ghrian mu'n cuairt da.
 —Fa dheire ghlac an taofd' a chruit,
 A fonn gu tiamhaidh nar cluafa thuit.

Dan

* *al. loinnear*.*

Dan an aos-fhìlidh.

“ ’S bha Sìthaimhe na Thriath an cein ;
 A thalla dh’ eirich air gorm nan lùb,
 An afgailt bheann is choilltean aosda,
 San amhainn aobhaich tha dreach an tùir.
 —Deich is da fhichead ám fa ghleann,
 Ofcionn Sithaimhe fhearg an darag,
 “ Faicibh ar laithean a’ failneach,
 Do radh e gach uair ris gach caraid.
 —Mar dhuilleag dharaich, mar fheur aonaich,
 Tha gach aon mu ’n feach a’ fearga’ ;
 ’S ionan aimfir na beatha ’s na bliadhnai,
 Mar dhian-ruith cloiche ro’ gharbhlach.
 Tha cuid a’ fearga’ mar ròs,
 Cuid mar dhuilleach òg fan t samhra,
 Cuid mar mo ghaol fan fhoghar fhailneach,
 ’S cuid mar Sithaimhe fa gheamhra *.

3

O

* —Behold, fond man !

See here thy pictur’d life ; pass some few years,
 Thy flow’ring spring, thy summer’s ardent strength,
 Thy sober autumn fading into age,

And,

O'n tha ar n ùine mata co gearr ;
 Faigheamaid na thràth ar cliu ;
 Biodh ar ceuma mar fholus air aonach,
 Mu 'n caochail ar laithean ànrach †."

Cha d' iarr Sithaimhe riabh
 Ach fìothann a fhliabha fein,
 Is deoch cha d' iarr e òl
 A' fruthaibh mor' an céin.
 Tra dh' iarradh an lag a choghna,
 Bha a lann an cònuidh deas,
 Air chùl a fgeithe dìleis
 An tanfhann fo dhidein sheas.

Dh' eirich falachd eadar chairdean,
 Dh' iarr Du-arma bàs a bhrathar ;
 Ge d' thug Sithaimhe do 'n lag e chònadh,
 Cha do thòr e buaidh na làrach.

Thuit Talma is Sithaimhe !

O o

Gu

And, pale, concluding winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene.

Thomson's Winter, 1028.

† Sithama, who moralizes here on the brevity of human life, seems to have been one of the Druids, whose instructions were frequently delivered in this sententious manner.

Gu Gorm-luba thàr Du-arma.

Tha mac Sithainhe òg,

Cha'n eol da iomairt arma.

—Chi e coigreach na dhàil

('S an òich air barr nan geuga)

Lua'-cheumach, amhuil athair,

Ghluais e na charadh gu haoibhinn;

Mar chrann fo dhruhd a cheituin,

B' ait leis ceuma gach aineil.

* * * * *

—Chunnaic e Du-arma fo ghruaim,

“Tha chuirn fan uair fo fgaoilte,

(Thuirt e, 's e sìneadh a làimhe,)

Com nach biodh tu bàigheil aobhach?”

Freagra cha d' thug Du-arma,

Ach a fhleagh gu garg a thogail;

An tògan theich le oidhrip fhaoin,

Tha fhuil a' fgaoileadh air stairfnich Athar.

Chunnaic a phiuthar fearg a nàimh

'S a ciabha donn air clàr a huinneig,

“Aos-bhaird an urr' thu mo dhion?

Ach chrion do làmh, och cha'n urrainn.”

Tha

Tha uinneag eil' air tràigh na tuinne,
O'n tric a chunnaic i gnuis,
O fin thug i leum fan tfruth ;
Bu dubhach am bard aosda.

* Critheach, deurach, ghios an doruis,
Bu chofail e ri Laoch ag iomchar
Mic a mhic gu 'leabuidh thofdaich,
Thuit e fan starfnaich air Crìgeal.

† “ 'S e m bard, ars' an togan a t'ann”
Bha ghuth fann 's an teug a' strì ris
Thainig cù a' caoi' mu'n cuairt,
'S an t'fleagh fhuair na thaobh cli.

Dh' imich am bard fo bhròn,
A dh' iarruidh na hòighe fan tfruth ;
Fhuair e i ‡crochta ri géig,
§ A shìn i fein thar slugan dubh.

O o 2

Chaidh

* *al.* Air chrith le chlarfaich, &c.

† The character and person of a bard were always held
sacred, even by the most unsparing cruelty.

‡ *al.* le solus na rè.

§ *al.* 'S le lafair citi' an tùir.

Chaidh Crigeal a chàra' na leabai fein,
 'S chaidh 'n oigh na eide' leis a bhard;
 A Rìgh na Feinne, thoir dhoibh do choghna,
 Do'n tsean 's an tòg an fo a d' lath'r."

Sguir am Bard le bùire bròin,
 'S dh' fhalbh le'r n oighean Ciabha-donn,
 (Amhuil fliuch-reul a fhoilfich tamul ;)
 Bha 'n fhalluing mu ceann reubta.
 —Thainig tiomadh air fuilean Fhinn
 'S ni 'm bu chuimhne le laoch am fleagh ;
 Faiceam, arfa Freasdal, mò lann ;
 Ghlan Fionn a dheoir le chiabha.

" Deichnear gu talla Dhu'arma
 Theid air falbh o bheinn ar feilge,
 'S ge be 's annfa leis an òighe
 Fanadh e na còir na dheigh fin."

Leum finn mar thannais na hòiche,
 Tra thig foillse na faire, mòdhair * ;
 Is dh' fhàgas Gara fan talla,
 Gu faire nan caomh-òighean.

* *al.* do 'n aonach ;

Ciod fàth do throm-ofnaich,
 Ighean Thofcair, 's iad fathasd aoibhinn?
 Tiormaich do dheoir gus an cluinn finn
 An cuibhrionn eile d'an fgeula.
 Tha dàn a bhroin mar chaochan
 Am bheil anam nan làoch a' leaghadh :
 Tha 'n imeachd na fhiubhal dorchà,
 'S a thorman gu tiamhaidh aoibhinn.

Nach cuimhne leat fein an àilleag,
 A Mhala-mhine, tra thainig an tfoillse?
 Bha timeachd san la fin gu Ard-bheinn
 Air falaire la' ri mo dheà'-righ.

* Innseam pairt do dhreach na reul :
 Bu gheal a deud gu hùr dlù.

'S

* The above description of " a fine woman" is frequently repeated by itself under the title of " Aisling air dhreach mnà."—The reader will not be displeased to see it accompanied with another beautiful description of the same kind :

Chuala Fionn 's nior chian uaidh,
 Gul air bruaich locha fhèimh ;
 Se sud a bh'ann maife mnà
 A b' fhearr càil d'am faca se.

Bha

'S mar chanach an tfeibhe,
Bha a cneas fa heide ùr.

Bha

Bha a gruaidh mar an ròs,
Bilidh a beoil air dhath nan caor ;
Bha a cneas mar am blàth,
'Sa leaca bhàn mar an taol.

Air dhath an òir bha a falt
Mar reult adhair a rosg mìn ;
A Phadruic nam faice' tu a dreach,
Bheire' tu fein feirc do'n mhnaoi !

Dhruideas Fionn a dh' iarruidh sgéil,
Air mhnaoi shèimh nan cuach òir ;
Is thubhairt, A rioghainn nan gruaidh geal,
Am faca tu mo choin fan tòir ?

Air do sheilg ni bheil mo spéis,
Ni faca mi fein do choin ;
A Ri na Feinne gan tàr,
Is meafa leam fà mo ghòil.

An e do chéile fhuair bàs,
A bhean bhlà, no do mhac ?
No cia 'n neach fa 'm bheil do chaoi ?
Ainnir mhìn is aillidh dreach.

No cad as fa bheil do bhròn,
Ainnir òg nam bos mìn,

No

Bha a bràighe cearclach bàn,
 Mar fhneachda tlà fan fhireach,
 Bha dà chhìch air a huchd ciatach,
 B' e 'n dreach fud miann gach fir.

Bu fhoitheamh binn a gloir,
 'S bu deirge na 'n ròs a beul ;
 Mar chobhar afios r'a taobh
 Sinte gu caol bha * gach meur,
 Bha a da chaol mhalai mhìne,
 Du-dhonn air liomh an loin,
 A dà ghruaidh air dhreach nan caorran,
 'S i gu hìomlan faor o chron.

Bha a gnùis mar bharra-gheuga
 Anns a cheud-fhàs ur.
 A falt buidhe mar orra-fhleibhte,
 'S mar dhearfa greine bha fuil †.

Raineas

No am feudar t'fhurtachd le Fionn ?

Is dubhach leam thu bhi mar chiom.

See more of this poem in Mr Walker's *Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*.

* *al.* a lamh.

† The following lines of some later poet are generally repeated here. -

'S

Raineas talla Dhu'-arma

Ach dh' fhalbh e le geilt ro'r cliu,

Bha A' hair is uileann air lic,

A' caoi' a mhic a chaill e;

A cheann lia air a bhos ag aomadh,

Is ula aofda fios gu làr.

'S trom acain air aslaich na gaoithe,

'S is dall dearg-chaoinnteach a fhuil.

Chluinn e mu leabaidh Thalma ar ceum,

“ Is aoibhinn leam, a mhic, do thaibhse!”

—Bu ghoirt leinn ofnaigh an aofda,

'S bhuin sinn gu caoin 's gu còir ris.

I

Ràineas

'S truagh nach mise am fear,

Ainnir nan rosg mall,

D' an tiubhra' tufa gradh,

Is bheirinn a dhà da chionn.

Bheirinn gaol thar ghaol,

Bheirinn gradh thar ghràdh;

Bheirinn rùn thar rùn,

Is mèin thar mèin a ghnà ;

'S nam biodh do chridhe neo-fhuar

Gun ghluasad a choidh',

Bheirinnfa dhuit gradh

Nach crionadh a là no dh' òich.

Ràineas cònuidh Sithaimhe,
 'S fhuaras gu tiamhaidh dorch' i,
 An fionnach o'n làraich chlisg
 'S an teun òiche bho 'n eighinn stuadhaich.

Dh' iarras gu faoin an uinneag
 O'n do fhiubhail an òigh le fuathas,
 Ach chunnas an fruth a' cleasachd
 Mu na clachan an leabai na haimhne.
 Chunnas fuil Chrìgil fan dorus,
 San tìloc a rinn cafa nan aoidhean,
 Bu tuirfeach an òighe chiabh-dhonn,
 Ach dh' iarras air Freasdal a faoradh.

Bha Fionn air Ard-bheinn gar feithe'
 'S ghabh finn fleadh leis fan òiche,
 Bu tuirfeach dreach thaibhse nar cadal,
 Bha fonn * an clàrsach tiamhaidh.
 Amhuil ofnagh aonaich an cein,
 Seal mu 'n eirich an doinionn ghàbhaidh. †

P p

Bha

* *al.* am barda.

† Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
 Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;

And

Bha 'n cruth 's an ath-chruth fa ghaoith,
'S iad ag ofnaich air aomadh àile.

Dh' imich cadal an Ri'
Rinn taibhse fa thri a dhàsga';
Dhìrich e na 'n còail gun stad,
Chunn' e smùidrich gu cas nan iula;
Ag eiridh uaine bho thalla fein,
Thug e 'n eighe,—“ Taura millte!”

Chlìsg gach aon ro 'n torran,
Is ruith sinn mar dhealan gu Caolra;
Leum gach fear air barr a shleagh'
Is dh'fhàgas mac Reatha fa chaolas.

Na feallaibh orms' ars' an laoch,
Tearnaibh mo ghaol is an talla.
—Thug e da phlaosg' air a shuil;
Is dhùin mu cheann an amhann.

B' anmoch ar teachd ghios an talla,
Bha ceann na lafrach iosal,
An teach air tuiteam gu làr,
'S a' smàladh an teine fo fhìneadh.

2

Bha

And up among the loose disjointed cliffs
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in list'ning Fancy's ear. *Winter.*

Bha 'n dorus (leth-loisgte) fo chrann,
 'S truagh nach do theann ris na hoighean!
 Tuille cha chluinn iad a mhadainn,
 No guth an leannain ri dùsgadh.
 —Thionndas ri Taura ar cùl,
 'S ar cinn lubta air lorga brònach.

Ceud seacamh 's ceud bheairt bholgach,
 Is ceud fgia le 'n còdach crann,
 Mar fin is ceud lùireach loinnreach,
 Le choilion do chloidhean dealrach;
 Ceud cuilean lughor dian,
 'S ceud frian bulgach nan each ard,
 Ghabha gaoth an gathaibh chrann;
 Bha fud air fad an teach Fhinn
 Gun fuim aig neach iad bhi ann.
 B' iad ar ceud bean ar cùis bhroin,
 Le 'm macain òg nan earradh uaine,
 'S iad aoibhinn mar dhoire fgiamhach,
 'S a ghrian ro'n fhrois a' tuirling.
 —Bha iad fgiamhach, ach leag an lasair
 Am maife fan luaithre iofal.

A Mhala-mhìne, cha'n iòghna do bhron,
 'S gach folus a d' choir air treigfinn;

Do chaomhaich uile nan luidhe'
Fo laraich an tigh' as nach eirich.

Mar fhruth reota fan aonach fhuar,
Sheas finne gu tuaiream na hòiche,
'S sheasamaid ni b' fhaide cian,
Mur deanadh iarguin Gharadh ar dùsgadh.
Dh' iarras an laoch na thùr,
Ach chualas a bhùirich a' huaimh,
Far an deanadh e gu goirt caoiran,
Gun uigh ri fodan no fòlas.

Thainig fuaime na lafrach gu bhruadar,
Mar thartar fuaimeeach nàimh,
Thuit an talla mar bheum-sgeithe,
Ghrad-eirich an laoch o thàmh.
Ach dh' fhàg e le meud a chabhaig
Fhalt 's a shic-chinn fan t-fail an fàs.

Chunnaic an laoch am bruth iosal,
Chuir fud air di-chuimhn' a ghoith;
"Oighean mo ghaoil, ni 'm buan mi fein."
Dh' eug e fan raon an fò.

'S ni 'n d' eug thu tònar, a Gharadh,
Bu ghearr latha chàich fan raon thiamhaidh,

Shearg

Shearg iad mar bhlàth chaidh crith-reo thairis,
'S a chaidleas an còs an aonaich.

—Amhuil * taibhfe nach d' fhuair an cliu,
Cha tàradh aon diu gu aoibhneas,
'S ann a fhiubhla' gach aon da uaimh,
'Tra dh' eireadh fuaime chlàn nan teudan,

Oifian a' caoidh nam Fiann.

Cha'n ioghna, Ighean Thofcair,
Mo sprochd-fa bhi trom san uair ;
Chaill thufa do † pheathraichean àluinn
Ach tha mise gun Armunn dlù.
Iarram iad an glinn an àbhaist,
Cha laimhsich mi bheag ach an uaigh;
Sìn fein cha'n fhaighear gu gearr,
San aonach cha tàrar a lùadh,

Seafuidh Rìgh nan laithe nar deigh,
Air tulaich an t-sleibh an robh Taura ;

Chi

* It was the opinion of those times that the souls of the departed could get no rest till the bards had sung their praise in the funeral song. This was a powerful inducement to praise-worthy actions,

† sholuis aghor.

Chi e Caothan gu leug-shruthach,
 A' fiubhal ro choillte treudach;
 Chi e 'n cein an cuan critheach,
 Le iomad innis uaine,
 'S am maraich' a' leum air sàile,
 Gu tràigh aig cois a chluaine.

“ 'S aoibhinn an raon fo, deir an Rìgh,
 * Chitear uaidh gach linn 's gach cnoc,
 Togar talla dhomh fein ann,
 Am fradharc eild' agus † bhoc.”

Tha 'n tulach uaine ga cladhach,
 An tulach laoghach an robh Taura ;
 Tha fleaghan ag eiridh air dhreach an teine,
 Le fgiatha leathan mu'n cuairt doibh.

“ —'S

* This passage is pretty well imitated in the following verses of an old elegy called *Marbh-rann O'Neill*.

'S ann aig O'Neill a bhiodh an teach
 O'm faicte gach linn 's gach loch ;
 Chìteadh o mhullach amach
 Beachai' cur meala gu moch.

I wish to preserve another stanza of this elegy for the sake of its hyperboles.

† *al.* mhuc.

R²

—“ 'S i leaba nan laoch a t'ann ;
Druidibh, a chlann, a chònuidh chughann.”

Gairmidh

B' fheilidh O'Neill asteach
Na mhuir mhor mu maorach ;
'S bu lionmhoire duine na theach
Na duille fa choille chraobhaich.

As many of the Irish elegies have much merit, some person who may have the opportunity ought to preserve them. The following verses of an Irish bard on the death of his wife must excite curiosity for more of the same kind :

Innleachd na hEirionn, na Greige, 's na Roimh,
Ged' bhiodh fud an aonfheachd, an aonbheairt am chòir,
Ghlacainn gu haoibhneach, ro mheud fin do sheoid,
Mairi na h Eirionn, nan eireadh i beo.

'S tursach lan éislean mi fein gach tra nòna,
'S a' mhadainn ge d'eirich, cha'n eirich i dhomhsa ;
Ge d'fhaighinn ioma treud agus spreidh agus stòras,
Cha ghabhainn bean fo'n ghrein air do dheighfa le pòsadh.

Fhuair mi feal an Eirinn, gu h aoibhinn 's gu sòghail
Ag òl leis gach treunfhear gu h eifeachdach ceolàr,
Dh'fhagadh na dheigh fin leam fein mi gu brònach,
An deireadh mo rè, 's gun mo cheile bhi beo leam.

M'aon-tlachd 's mo sholas thu, òg-bhean bu chiuine,
M'inntin ad dheigh, och is leir gu bheil mùthteach,

Gairmidh e chuige 'n taos-dana,
 “ Co do 'n àros an uaigh fo ? ”
 Iarruidh efan a cho-luchd-sgeíl ;
 Ach 's geug e mar Oifian na aonar.

Is geug am aonar mi fein
 Air a treigfinn le còlain uile,
 Aon air aon diu' dh' fhàilnich,
 Is dìn' fhag iad mise gu dubhach.

Mala-mbine.

'S nach geugan a fhearg luath,
 Mo pheathraichean uafal fein,
 Gun ùr-fhàs ri fhaicinn nan àite,
 * 'S mis air m' fhàgail nan deigh.

San lò cha'n fhaic mi d' an luirg
 Ach tuilm uaine 's leaca còinich ;

San

Gu deimhin' cha'n fheud mi ad dñeigh a bhi funtach,
 A Mhari na ceille 's nam beus a bha cliuteach.
 See Mr Walker's Hist. Mem. of Irish Bards, Appen. p. 93.

* *al.* Sud a chràidh gu goirt mi fein.

San òiche filidh mo dheoir,
 Ach cha'n fhaic mi lochran fan fpeur.
 'S amhuil mi 's reul na maidne,
 Glas-neulach an deigh gach lochrain ;
 Is gearr cuairt a soluis fein,
 'S i 'g imeachd nan deigh brònach.

Eir'idh an òigh gu fealg an aonaich,
 Ach cha'n fhaic i haogas fhuas ;
 “ Caochlaidh finne nar n aimfir fein ;”
 Their i, deurach, ri càch mu'n cuairt.

Oifian.

'S tha mo chridhe-fa 'n dùlach bròin,
 Mar ghrian 's na neoil ga cuartach',
 Gun dearfa caol a' ruigheachd an aonaich,
 'S an gleann mu chaochan duaichni.
 —Threig folus nam flath caoin,
 A dhealruich ri m' thaobh mar fàilinn.

Mala-mbine.

Threig faraon mo sholuis fein,
 Tha mo chridhe nan deigh mar earr-dhubh ;
 Mi falach mo ghnuise le m' eide'
 'S mi tuire' gu geur na dh' fhalbh uam.
 Tuiridh ; a reultan an àigh,
 Is blàth leam ur bròn-chuimhne*.

Oifean.

Is amhuil, is caomh leam fein
 Urfanna treun a chatha.
 Ge trom an fuain 's gun lua' ri 'm faicinn,
 Tha 'n dreach gun stad ann am smuainte.
 —So far am faca' mi 'n Fhiann,
 Chunnacas ann Cian agus Conn ;

Fionn

* A while, O lend us from the tomb
 Those long-lost friends for whom we smart,
 And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

THOMSON.

Fionn fein is Oscar mo mhac,
 Raoini' Art, is Diarmad donn ;
 Seimh-mhac Luthaich, 's Caoin-cheann gun
 chealg,

Mac Ghara garg, tri Fionain 's Fead.
 Bu loinreach an so ceann-bheairt Aoigh,
 'S bhiodh fead fa ghaoith aig leadan Daoire,
 Gruag Dheirg mac-famhuil bratach,
 'S Treunar gasda mar gheig fan doire.
 Bha Torman mar shruth o'n aonach,
 Ardan mar chraoibh ro cheo,
 Muirne ri thaobh is Sith-bheulain,
 Ag amharc fèimh thar fgiatha gorma.
 Cleasamor maraon, an gaisgeach calma,
 'S Fearra-ghuth nan lann bàn,
 Caoireal binn, faraon is Ulann,
 'S na floigh air uilinn ri'n dàn.

—Chunna's ann Moran is Filidh nan duan,
 Conal fuairce na cainnt thlà,
 Lamh-dhearga le lainn deirg,
 Is Curach bu mhor feirg am blàr.
 —'S c' àit a bheil Liughar na féile,
 'S Fad-éighe nan iolach cruaidh ;

Raon-ùr-rua' nan leadan òir,

Luimne mor-chathach 's Caoilte luath.

—C'ait a bheil Leadan nan rosg mall,

Beanno armach 's Toscar òg,

Mao'-chruth, Calmar is Cao-mhala,

Luchd-sgarai' thore air Gorm'all mor?

—C'ait a bheil Faolan mo bhrathair fein,

'S Fear'as beul-dearg bu bhinn gloir,

Crù'geal bu loinreach eide'

'S Deo-greine b'ait le laocha mòr;

—C'ait a bheil Ma'-ronnan nan cuach

'S a mhaife bha 'n gruaidh Aillidh?

Feuch dhomh ceuma Dhuchoimir,

Is Crigeal na haghaidh ghradhaich.

—Bha Sorglan, Suine 's Conn-laoch

Mar fteud aonaich ann fa chath,

Goll mar fhrann-ghaoth na fàfaich,

Is Conal a' cur bàis o ghath.

—Threig sibh mi, fheara mo ghraidh,

Cha 'n 'eil caomh a chàireas m'uaigh;

'Tha mise ri bròn nur deigh,

Is mi fein an taonaran truagh!

'S tiamhaidh mi 'm feafd nur deigh,

Air fleibhte fàfail am aonar.

Theich

Theich oighean mo ghraidh mar reulta,
 'S tha mise nan deigh brònach,
 Mar ghealach tra dh' eireas a ghrian,
 'S na reultan a' dian-dhol o'n àite.

Oifian.

* Tiormaich ighean Thofcair do dheoir,
 Dh' fhàg thu bronach m' anam fein ;

Mar

* The following stanzas seem to have been a part of some other poem ; but as they are beautiful and tender, and sometimes repeated here, I set them down, accompanied with a translation, as none has hitherto been given.

* * * * *

Oifian.

Com' an fileadh do dheoir,
 Mar thobar an còs nan sleibhte ;
 'S com' an cluinntear ofna do bhroin,
 Mar chèol ann an cuile na Leige?

Mala-mhine.

An ioghna leat fà mo bhroin,
 'S am fònan ann Seallama fo shios;

An

Mar an òiche dol seachad na fiubhal,
 Cha'n fhuirich ar bròn ach sealan.

'S

An ioghna leat fà mo bhròin,
 S an * ialtag an cònuidh Fhinn?
 Chualas fuaim ann sa ghaoith,
 “Carbad Chuchulinn!”—b'fhaoin do rà' mi;
 Chunnas air Leana folus;
 Cha bi lann Ofcair mo ghraidh i!
 —Ofcair! tha do lann fan uaigh;
 Tha do sgia' duaichni 'n Seallama;
 Chunna' mi a bolga fo smal,
 'S a h iallan air fud air truailleadh.

Oifan.

Amhuil sin, a ghaoil mo ghaoil,
 Cha bhi sinne ri fhaotainn, no Seallama,
 Mur faighear ar leaba uaine,
 Far an ciuin ar fuain gun dùsga.
 —'S ciuin cadal na h uaighe,
 Com' am biodh do ghruaidh-fa snitheach?
 Bha do chaomhaich mar sholuis nan speur,
 Bha'n ceuma gu dealrach dligheach.

Mala-

* *al.* earbag.

'S amhuil e 's brùadar òigh nan eilde
Na carraig fein fo shuain na fine' ;

Na

Mala-mhine.

Dh'aom an òiche le neoil,
Thuit an ceo air an lear ;
Siubhlaidh an òiche 's an ceo,
Ach tha mise ri m' bheo gun ghean.

* * * * *

Oifean.

Malvina, say what now renews thy woe?
Say why thy tears, like rills, incessant flow?
Why heaves thy bosom with the moanful cry,
Like Lego's reeds when ghosts among them sigh?

Malvina.

And dost thou ask the cause of all my woe,
When yonder Selma's mossy tow'rs lie low?
When bats and thistles dwell in Fingal's hall,
And roes bound fearless o'er its mould'ring wall?
—Besides, I heard upon the distant wind
A sound that rous'd my sadly-musing mind;

It

Na beachd tha i tuirling fan tfruth,
 (Sa hanam mar eun, fo 'n tuil, 's air uachdar)

Ag

It is, I fondly said, Cuchullin's car !
 The Chief returning from the roar of war !
 —A light had likewise gleam'd on Lena's heath ;
 My love, my Oscar ! 'tis thy spear of death !
 I said : but Oscar's spear is in the tomb ;
 His shield, O Selma, in thy empty womb.
 I saw its bosses cover'd o'er with rust,
 And all its thongs fast-mould'ring into dust.

Offian.

Ev'n so, Malvina, my brave Oscar's love !
 Like those we mourn for, we must soon remove ;
 No trace of us or Selma shall be found,
 Save the green mound that marks our sleep profound.
 —Soft are the slumbers of that bed of peace ;
 Let then Malvina's flowing sorrow cease ;
 Nor weep for friends whose actions were so bright,
 Whose steps were mark'd with beams of heav'nly light.

Malvina.

Now Night descends with all her dusky clouds,
 And Ocean in her sable mantle shrouds ;
 Yet Night will soon resign her place to day,
 But my protracted woe must last for ay.

Ag eigheach r'a gaol, gun chomas a còghna :

—Ta hanam gu neoil ag imeachd.

A gaol ga caoi' is ife 'g acain,

Le hofnaich o cadal a' dufga'.

Togas i ceann fo fgei a creige,

'S grad-theichidh a geilt 's a bruadar.

Is amhuil aifling ar beatha fein,

Ighean Chaothain nan geuga gorm;

Duifgidh ar caomhaich finn gu grad,

Tha 'n guth chean' ann am badaibh nan coillte.

Nach ait, ighean Thofcair, am fuaim?

“ Bidh Oifian 's Mal'-mhine gu luath leinn;”

'S amhuil e 's toirm Laoire do 'n Aineal,

'S gun e 'g amas air a fhlighe fan òiche.

Cha lèir dha Seallama a ghaoil,

'S an doinionn fan raon mu'n cuairt;

An ròd cearr cughan air faondra,

'S taibhfean a' glaothaich na chluais.

Chluinn e mu dheire toirm Laoire,

'S e 'g radh le aoibhneas, “ Tha Seallama dlù!”

—'S co ait as fin Oifian ànrach

Ri clàifdin cagar nan taibhfe

Ga chuire' gu talladh a shinnfear'
Aite còail nan caomh air ionntrain.

An talla nam flath am bi bròn,
No faoi le deoir air a ghruaidh,
An tAthair an caoi' an tOscar,
'S am mair osnaigh Mala-mène?
An spionar Aoibhir-àluinn o gradh,
No 'n loisgear àros nam Fiann;
An fgarar na cairdean o cheile,
No 'n dealuich an teug finn o'r miann?
—A reul na maife ni hamhluidh,
Ach dealraidh mar lann an Luin ar folus;
Ar n aoibhneas mar an fhairge cha tràigh,
'S cha 'n fhailnich mar aghaidh na Gealaich.
—Ar caoimh mar fholluis a chaochail,
'S na speura faoin os ar cionn
Cha bhi ni 's mò; ach taomaidh
* Le ceol aobhach an aiteal tharuinn.

—Ighcan

* *Le ceol aobhach, &c.* Here, as in several other places, Ossian makes music or song a part of the happiness of a future state. So much indeed were the ancient inhabitants of Scotland and Ireland addicted to music and song, that the first Christian missionaries very judiciously called the song
and

—Ighean Thofcair, uifeag a taonar,
Leig air faondra mata do thuirfe.

and the harp to their aid when they undertook their conversion. The fame of St Patrick's harp is transmitted to us by Giraldus Cambrensis, and its magic powers may have probably been equal to those of the lyre of Orpheus. In ancient poems addressed to the same Saint, he is frequently called *Padruic a chanas na sailm*, or Patrick the singer of psalms. Columbanus, too, (or St Columba) seems to have been indebted for a great part of the astonishing veneration in which he was held in Scotland and Ireland, to his having conformed his monastic rule so far to the taste of the people as to have made music or singing the chief part of it. According to it—the monks were to assemble thrice every night, and as often in the day. In each office of the day they were to use prayers and sing three psalms. In each office of the night, from October to February, they were to sing thirty-six psalms and twelve anthems, at three several times; through the rest of the year, twenty-one psalms and eight anthems; but on Saturday and Sunday nights, twenty-five psalms and twenty-five anthems. See his *Rule* published at ROME by LUC HOLSTEIN DEEPIN. 1661.

So popular was this rule, however severe it may appear now, that 300. churches which Columbanus established in Scotland and Ireland, adopted it. And the Saint himself rigorously conformed to it till he died in the exercise of it at
mid-

midnight vigils, in the 77th year of his age. He is said to have addressed the people frequently in verse, and even to have delivered his last discourse to his disciples in that form; of which the following lines, relating to the mutability of all sublunary things, and particularly to the fate of his great monastery of Iona, are said to be a part :

An I mo chridhe, I mo ghraidh,
 An àite guth Manaich bidh geum bà;
 Ach mun tig an saoghal gu crìch,
 Bithidh I mar a bha.

The followers of those holy men conformed to the taste of the inhabitants, by following the same practice in much later times.

“ *Episcopi et Abbates, et Sancti in Hibernia viri, cytharæ circumferre, et in eis modulando pié delectari consueverunt.*

CAMB. TOP. HIB.

CATH-

CATH-LAMHA; NO DAN AN FHIR-LEIDH *.

AIG ceuma mall do chaochain chiuin,
Le d' † chruit-chiuil na tofd,

R r 2

Tha

* This poem seems to have been the composition of Or-ran, though sometimes, like most other ancient poems, ascribed to Ossian, from the similarity of the names.

† *Cruit* was the name of an ancient musical instrument used by the Celts, and in Wales it still retains its name (*Crwth.*) It was probably the same with the *clàrsach*, and perhaps not very unlike the form of the present Irish *harp*, if it be that *Barbarian cythara* of which a Bishop of Lyons, who wrote in the 5th century, says, that it was shaped like the Greek *delta*. But from the following lines of Venantius Fortunatus who wrote a century later, some have supposed the *harp* to be different from the *Cruit*, which he calls *crotta*.

Romanusque Lyrâ plaudet tibi, barbarus Harpâ,

Græcus Achilliaca, *Crotta* Brittana canat. Lib. vii,

Tha thusa, mhic Arair a d thàmh,
 'S na taibhs' air gach làimh a nochd.

Doilleir air aoma gach neoil,
 Do ionad an cònuidh dlù,
 Cromaidh a dh' eifdeachd am molaidh
 'S cha chluinn iad san ofaig an cliu.
 —A mhic Arair, com' ad thofd,
 Is clann na gaisge co dlù?

“ Co b' fhearr fios na thu fein,
 Orrain, air beus na dh' fhalbh?
 Tha 'n cuimhne mar dhears' air tanam,
 Can anns an dàn an tèabhachd ;
 Gu fiubhladh an cliu gu linnte céin,
 Mar dheo-grein' air anam nam bard,
 Tra bhios Orran 's a chlàr nan fuain
 Mar fhè nòin air uachdar càrraidh.”

Caidlidh Orran 's a chlàr,
 Ach mairidh an dàn na dhèigh,
 Eifd, a mhic Arair, an fhuaim,
 Tri buail i do chlanna nan teud.

San t-sliabh fo bha Dumor nan fleagh,
 Ma feadh is ighean chaoin ;

Bu bhinn na theach a ceol,
 Thug Làmh' do 'n òighe gaol.
 Am feachd Dhumoir bha Làmh' treun,
 Is cha d' eur an Rì dha Mìn-shuil.
 Cha d' eur an Rì, ach dh' eur i fein
 Aig meud a speis do Ronan àillidh.
 Ronan bho Shruth-thorman nan fteud,
 Chuir fios air a cheile bàigheil.

Dh' imich i fe le fear an' iuil,
 Bha Làmh' dlù air an raon.
 Cheangail e 'm fear-iuil ri daraig nan colg,
 'S an luing nam bolg chuir e ghaol.

Air chuantai' stuadhach chluinnt' a glaodh,
 "A Ronain mo ghaoil dean foir!"
 —Cha chluinn e do ghlaodh oighe ànrach,
 Aig fruthan fàfail tha luadh air tòran.

"Is mall do cheuman, a ghaoil,
 Is cian o'n chaochan mo leannan;
 Cha chluinn mi timeachd fan raon,
 Ach gaoth ann an gèig an * tSean'ir.
 Thig, a Shuil-mhìne mo ghaoil,
 Mar eilid an raoin, aoibhinn,

Com'

* A sequestered Culdee or Druid.

Com' a bheil do cheuma co mall,
 Air Gorm-mheall nan gleann eildeach?
 —'S cian an òiche 's mi 'm aonar,
 A luchd imeachd nan speura gorma,
 'N di-chuimhn duibhsa bhur turas
 A' fuireach mar mise r'ar nannfachd?
 Ciod a rug ort a ghrian na maidne,
 Gu caidle' tu foir a d chluain?
 —Choinnich thu do Mhìn-shuil aoibhinn,
 Cha'n 'eil ur ceum 's na speura shuas.
 A shoillse maifeach, le 'r cloinn fein,
 (Na reultan aillidh uaine)
 Tha ur cònuidh 's na neoil le cheile,
 'S is gearr aoibhinn leibh an uair-fa.
 —Ach 's cian an òiche leamfa,
 'S mo Mhìn-shuil dhonn air chuairt.
 Tog tòr-cheann, a ghrian aoibhinn,
 Is dealruich air a ceuma gu luath."

Dhealruich a mhadainn aobhach,
 Cha'n fhac e aogus a ghaoil.
 Dh' eirich neul ailli' dlù
 Mar an oighe Shuil-mhìn chaoim.

'S gaoil e ghlaca na dhàil,
 Ach dh' imich fan àile 'n dreach ;
 Dall duaichni a' caochla,
 Mar cheo nan aonach meach.

Dh' imich Ronan 's e làn geilt,
 Gu Sean'ar nan creag aofda,
 Bha 'n crith-thaice ri luirg fein,
 Fo ghèig dhoilleir dharaich
 Làn ogluidheach :—a' crom-aomadh,
 'S fheufag aofda fios mu bhrollach.
 —Air làr tha shuil a' dearcadh,
 Ach anam an cònuidh thaibhfe.

Ciod a chi thu, arfa Ronan,
 Mu Shuil-mhine mo leannan gaoil-fa?

“ Macan an sàs cruaidh
 Bàrca thar cuan na deann,
 A Shuil-mhine! 's cruaidh leam do ghlaodh,
 A' taomadh air tuinn gun fhurtachd!”
 —“ * Is deacair leam fein do fgeul.”
 —“ † Cha chual thu gu leir olcas.”

S s

Dh'

* Ronan speaks.

† Seanar speaks.

Dh' imich an laoch le tuirse,
 'S e toirt buille do'n bholg bheumach,
 Chlìsg ceud ògan aobhach
 Am meadhon eilde fan raon luachrach,
 Dhoirt finn gu fruthaibh an laoich,
 Tofdach caointeach fad na hòiche;
 Fonn clarfaich no fuaimneach flige,
 Fleadh no teine cha robh dlù;
 Fuar fliuch gun deo leirfinn
 Chaith finn gu leir an òiche;
 'S air madainn bhuail finn gu lear;
 Bha oighean gun ghean air charraigibh.

Bu neo-amhluidh, a Dhumoir, do chor-fa,
 Sa mhadainn mhoich aig eiridh,
 Gun tighean or-bhuidh le fuile gorma,
 Ad thalla dorch a ga heide.
 —Chruinnich na hòighean iughrach,
 Air druchd moch na maidne,
 'S iad mar ghathaibh na greine soir,
 Ag imeachd a chum na feilge.
 Dh' iarr iad Suilmhine na teach diamhair:
 “ Ighean Dhumoir is cian do chlos,

Air

Air fleibhte nan earba ciara
 Do cheum cha robh riabh air deire.
 Duifg, is a ghrain ag eiridh ;
 Duifg, is na heildean a' mofgla ;
 Crath, ighean Dhumoir do chiabhan,
 Gu feilg nan sliabh bidh ar n imeachd.
 —Och ! tha 'n bigh air ionndrain !”

Mar fhead na gaoithe gu cluais Dhumoir,
 Thainig guth nan oighean brònach ;
 Bu tuirfeach Dumor san lò fin,
 Ach bu tuirfich' gu mòr Ronan.

Chruinnich an ath-òiche na clò,
 Chunnacas mar cheo an tràigh ;
 Gu tofdach tiamhaidh fhuaire fìnn an eala,
 'S an òiche gar falach na dui'bhrat.
 Doilleir gun fhasga bho fhìn
 Bha ar cor san tìr chéin,
 Bha foluis na hòich' air uairibh
 Ag amharc truaillidh ro chirbe neul.
 Bu dòbhidh an dreach dearg ;
 'S bu tric fgalartaich ar con ;
 Chluinnteach cuideachd taibhse tiamhaidh
 Ag amharc ro chiar-cheo na hòiche.

Shuidh Ronan air lic chòinich,
 'S a fgia air geig chòfaich thairis,
 (Chluinntè na hiallaibh fead na gaoithe)
 'S mise r'a thaobh le * dàn Athar ;

Athar,

* It was part of the office of the *Bards* thus to compose the soul of their *Chief* to sleep, by their harp and midnight song ;

When sleep was coy, the *Bards* in waiting there,
 Cheer'd the lone midnight with the muse's lore ;
 Composing music, bade *his* dreams be fair,
 And music lends new gladness to the morning air.

Castle of Indolence.

Pythagoras applied music to the same purpose ; “ Pythagoras ut animum suum semper divinitate imbueret, priusquam se somno daret, et cum esset expergitus cantare consueverat :—perturbationes animi lyrâ componebat.”

Jambl. vit. Pyth. &c.

The music of the harp, when well played, was believed, like David's lyre, to be powerful enough to charm the evil spirit himself. So says even a Bishop (Grossthead.)

Next hys chamber, besyde his study ;
 Hys harper's chamber was fast by :
 The virtue of the harp, through skill and right,
 Will destrye the *fendys* might.

Athar, a ghleachd ri Comar * nan tulach
An crìochaibh †Ullann 's na laithibh iom-chein.

Leig dhiot ars' an laoch an dàn,
Gus an dealruich a mhadain ghlas,
Oir dhùisg an sgeula mo chorruidh fein
Tha m' anam a leum gu bras.
—Tra phill Comar o'n iorguil bhorb,
'S a lean e 'n Sru' thorman an rua-bhoc,
Bha thè air mise a sgrios
Og, 's mo chlaidhe na thruaille.
Ghabh aon da laochaibh truas diom maoth,
B'e fin a fhaor mi o bheum na fleagh
Ar n airm tha fathasd aig Làmhha,
Le lua'-bhàs m' athar ghaolaich.

Ach ciod fo 'm borbhan o'n raon,
Sean laoch a' tarruing dlù ;
Leanabh a' stiuradh a leth-làimhe,
Sleagh throm fo làimh eile,
'Tha cheum air a bhaca' le caochain fhaoin,
Mac-samhuil 's le fraoch feargta.

—Ciod

* *al.* fleibteach.

† *al.* Eirinn.

—Ciod mu 'n fiubhail thu 'n òich' a taonar,
 Air an raon le ceuma fean ;
 Am bheil thu mar mise ri bròn ?
 An do chaill thu gu hòg do bhean ?

“ Chluinn mi guth, a leinibh chaoimh,
 An e Athair do ghaoil a t' ann,
 Ga m' ghairm-fa gu ionad a thàimh,
 * Far nach tarruing mo nàmh a lann ?”

I

Bha

* *al.* Far nach urra mo nàmh mo dochànn.

As several passages of these poems, and several various readings, are manifestly from Irish editions, we must often be at a loss how to read them, so as not to give the verse the appearance of halting, as the Irish accent their words differently from us, and give them frequently a different quantity. To be thus found in fragments in both countries, is a proof of the high antiquity of the poems ; but which was the original pronunciation of certain lines or words, it is often difficult to determine. At present the Irish accent those words in the end which we accent in the beginning ; as in the following Epigram of a late Irish Bard, on a butler who would not allow him to enter his cellar :

Mo chreach, a Dhiarmaid O'Fhlinn,
 Nach tu ta air dhorus Ifrinn ;

O's

Bha guth m' athar caomh,
 Ach caomh cha'n eil e fud ;
 'S amhuil na hairm ud 's airm m' athar,
 Ach 's eug-famhuil an guth."

" 'S am faic thu 'n airm ? a leinibh teich,
 Fàg mise gun gheilt am aonar ;
 Deanadh Làmhha rium na 's àill,
 'S mi 'n tràs aig uaigh mo dhea'-mhic."

Theich an leanabh gu luath,
 Le fuathas air feadh an raoin ;
 'S gu haos-chritheach na àite,
 Sheas gu dàn an fean laoch.
 Mar eun cìr-dhearg an aonaich
 Tra thig an fealgair gun fhios air àlach :
 Gus am falaich iad an ceann fa chòinich,
 Cha 'n òbar leis fein an gàbhadh.

Chuir

O's tu nach leige' neach do chòir,
 An àit am bithe' tu ad dhorfòir.

" What pity Hell's gates are not kept O Fliann ;
 So furly a dog would let no body in."

Walker's Ir. Bards.

Chuir Ronan failt fhèith air an aosda,
 'S ghlac mise gu caoin an leanabh,
 “ Cha 'n 'eil ar ceum o Làmhha nam blàr,
 'S cha toir ar lann bàs do 'n tfean'ar.
 —Tha flainte nan lag air chùl ar fgia,
 Gabh fois is tiarguin innis.”

Gabham fois air an leabai chrè
 San caidil gu fèimh mo mhac.
 Cia tofdach a nis thu fo 'n lic,
 Ge bu tric fa chath thu mar chuairt-ghaoith.
 —Do theanga balbh, 's do ghairdean lag,
 Do mhaife mar lus air fearga,
 Cha ruaig thu 'n earba ni's mò fa ghlinne,
 'S cha dìrich thu 'm fireach le d' armaibh*.
 —C'ait

* Sometimes the following lines are repeated here :

Oigridh mhear nan aonach ard,
 Cha d'thig Làmhhor tuille leibh ;
 Cha dean faoghaid no feachd a dhùsga',
 San talla dhùldai dhuaichni ;
 Iolach na feilge cha 'n eisd e,
 Guth aoibhinn na maidne cha chluinn e.
 Cha ghluais e le gaoir a chatha,
 Na leabai gun latha gun reulta.

—C'ait am bheil aobhar uail,
 Is Lamhor fan uaigh na fhìne' ?
 Ri imeachd aona ghreine
 B' aoibhinn thu laoich liomhaidh,
 Toirt soluis fhann do shuile t Athar,
 Ach a nis tha do latha gun leirfinn.

Pillidh a ghrian gu hait a rìs,
 'S a gruag fan oir na stioma dualach ;
 Ach 's cian cian an òiche fo 'n lic,
 'S cha d' thig erioch, a mhic, air do shuain-fa.
 —Ach tha timeachd an faoghail chein,
 'S tu aoibhinn le laoich fan àraich,—
 Guilibh, a choigridh, an laoch treun,
 Bu tiom cridhe ri sgeuladh ànrach.
 —Ghuileamaid, arfa Ronan, an laoch,
 Aobhar a bhàis am b' e Làmhha.

“ B' e Làmhha fin gun chuis,
 Ach feothas rùin mo mhic ;
 B' e nòs a fhinnfear 's gach linn,
 Gun bhi tiom an cuis an laig :
 Bu chomhla phrais ar sgia gu 'n dion,
 'S b' e crann an didein ar fleagh.

Tra bha mi fein am òg-eide'
 Mar bha 'n de an laoch tha dorcha,
 Le athair Làmh chaidh mo cheum
 Gu creach tigh aoibhinn Stru'thormain.
 Chronuich mi fein an gnìomh,
 'S gun neach ri eiridh na aghaidh,
 Ach aon leanabh ag iomairt faighde,
 'S ga tilge' mar lainn na chòail.
 Thuit an tfaighead gu faoin
 Air cois Chomair nam baoth bheus,
 Sheall e air an leanabh le gruaim
 * “ San eilean uaigneach bidh do chònuidh.”

Thugas an tòg do 'n eilean uaigneach ;
 Bha fleagh Chomair shuas os a cheann,
 Leth-thogta tric.—

Bu deacair leam fein an leanabh caomh
 Thain' e dlù tra chual e m' ofna,
 B' ioghna leis m' airm a' dearfa,
 Ghlais a lamh gu teann mu m' chofaibh.
 Sheall e 'm ghnùis le gorm-fhuil dheuraich,
 “ 'S aoibhinn leam taogas, athair.”

—Leagh

* *al.* Cha tog thu fleagh an cath dohhidh.

—Leagh mo chridhe ; mar fhruth bha m'anam,
No mar chuairt-ghaoth 'n cunlach Atha.

—Bha mo dheoir a' file' gu diamhair
Na òr-chiabhan, 's a cheann fom chrìos :

Amhuil earba le minnein ciar ;

Tra thig an fealgair fiar gun fhios :

No mar iolair, tra chi e a carraig,

A bheir gu falach a hàl fan òiche :

'S amhuil a ghiulain mi fein, ro' thuinn,

Gu mhathair fan òich' an tògan.

Mar neul frois' bha is' air an tràigh,

'S do ràdh i rium fein gu hait,

“ So dhuit fleagh ” (an t fleagh fo am laimh,))

“ 'S theirear * Ronan gu brath ri 'm mhac.”

Air Ronan ni 'n cualas fgeula,

Gus an d' innis Lamha, o fhleibhte Dhumoir,

T t 2

Gu

* *Rò thonn*, “ through waves,” alluding to the manner of his deliverance. He was probably the father of that Ma'ronan mentioned in the *battle of Lora*.

Freiteach bliana ri mùr Fhinn,

Thug an dithis bu chaoin-dearg dreach,

Deagh *Mhac Ronain* nan fleagh geur

Is Aildhe nach d'eur neach.

Gu d' fhàg e 'n laoch na thìr leonta,
Fà broin na hoighe ciabh-dhuinn.

An speis thug mise do Ronan,
B' aithne do m' mhac, is dhùraichd
Gu robh e fan ionad gu choghna,
Le fleagh mhoir Struth-thormain.

Chuala Lamha an guth mor,
Is chruinnich a fhloigh mu 'm aon-mhae,
—Feuch uaigh!—Tha ur deoir a' fileadh;
Abraibhs', "An fin tha leaba Lamhoir."
—'S i cuideachd leaba Athar,
Oir 's gearr gus an caidil Rùnma.
—Ach mo chomraich gu daimhich Ronan,
Le m' leanabh, 's le m' fhleagh * is eol doibh.

Thug laoch Struthormain ofna,
" 'S mise do Ronan!" 's e 'g aoma';
Ghuil iad araon air uaigh Lamhoir,
'S ghuil mu'n cuairt doibh iomad laochan.
—Ach ciod an fhuaim sin, mar cheum caochain,
Tra bhios aogas na doininn sna neulaibh?

—Feachd

* *al.* ma 's eol duibh.

—Feachd Lamha, le 'n fleaghan liomhaidh,
 'S iad lionar a' buala' nar còail;
 A' dealra' mar lionn air carraig,
 Tra dhearcas a ghrian ro' neulaibh.

Chuala Ronan an dàn,
 Aoibhinn mar b' abhaist fa chath,
 Bhuail e 'n fgia' 's a fhloigh mu 'n cuairt
 Mar neoil * air gualainn Dhùra.

Mar thannas na hòich' ag imeachd
 An tional na doinnn eiti'.
 Gu dortadh air doireachan Ard-bheinn,
 'S an darach air bhall-chrith ga eifdeachd;
 B' amhuil Ronan dol fios do 'n àraich,
 'S a laochraidh làidir na cheuma.

* * * * *

—Le mac-famhuil fo do fhuathas
 Bha fiubhal Lamha, 's a shluaigh do 'n àraich,
 Mar thorran 's na neula dorcha
 Tra 's duaichni faiche na Làra,

—Tha

* *al.* dhuaichni Dhura.

—Tha 'm mìle clogaid is fleagh ard
A' dealradh mar dhoire na chaoiribh.

Ach co dh' innfeas cith a chatha?
Chunn' thu, mhic Arair, dà chreig dhorcha,
Le 'n fgarnaich, a ruith o fhleibhte
'N còail a cheile gu glinnnte;
Neula duis nan smuidrich dhorcha
San sgriodan air lorg gach aon diu—
—B' amhuil gach taobh do 'n chòrag.
—Tha fgiathan nam blòide,
Tha cloidhean gan stràchdadh;
Cinn is cinn-bheàirt a' tuiteam,
Na mairbh mu chumachd nan leonta,
Fuil a ruith na mìlte caochan,
'S anam nan laoch dol fuas na smùidibh,
Feuch iad air cirb gach neoil,
Mar cheofan air sgeith an fhirein,
Tra dh' eireas e bho ghleann nan rua-bhoc
Gu Moma nam stuadh ceopach.

Ach ciod an da iolair fgiathaich,
A ghleachdas co fiadhaich san raon ud;
Cha mhinnean gorm no coileach cìreach,

Mu 'm bheil an ffrì le lanna bàf'or.
 Feuch, aon air a ghlùn ag aomadh,
 'S a thaice ri taobh a fhleagha,
 Mar ghiuthas a lùb an doinionn
 An coinneamh carraige Dhunaora.
 —“ Geill, arfa Ronan, do fhleagh,
 Is geill ma feadh dhomh Suilmhine,
 Bàs mo nàmh cha mhiann leam fein,
 Tra chi mi an creuchd 's iad nan sìne.”

“ Thraogh m' fhuil fein mar fhruth,
 Bheiream dhuit, am ain-deoin, do ghaoil;
 Air chùl na carraig' ud tha huaimh,
 * Air bruaich a ghuirm chaochain :
 Ach togadh an ainnir mo leac,
 Oir, ge bu deacair, thug mi gaol di.”

Thuit e air a fgei na thofd,
 Is Ronan choisg an ruaig ;
 'S e greasad a dh' iarruidh a ghaoil,
 Mu 'n tfruthan fhaoin is mu 'n uaimh.
 Fhuair e 'n caochan 's an uamh fhaoin,
 Ach bean a ghaoil ni 'n d' fhuaras ann ;

Cha

* *al.* Fo luafgadh a chrithich aosda.

Cha chluinnt' ach fuaim na h-òfaig fhalainh

* Is farum an duillich sheargta.

“ C' àit a ghaoil am bheil do thàmh,

Nach tig thu gu làir do Ronain?

Thig, a ghaoil, o d' ionad diomhair,

Cluinn, a Shuil-mhine do Ronan.”

—Ach 's diomhain do ghlaodh 's do ghuth,

—Cha toir ach carraig is fruth dhuit eifdeachd.

Tha sgal a chuilein san àraich,

An tàite 'n do thuit Suilmhine ;

Bhuail i gu coghna Ronain,

Na huchd chaidh corran na faighde :

—Chaochail an solus na sùil,

Is shearg na gnùis an ròs àillidh.

Thuit Ronan na cheo uaine,

Air a muineal leth-fhuar fo 'n eug ;

Amhuil eitheann a dh' aomas gu làr

Tra thuiteas a darag ard air fleibhte.

—Thug a bhean plaosg' air a sùil,

'S ghrad-dhùin iad gu h-ait fa bhàs.

Bu chian duinn an fin ri bròn,
 'S ar deoir a' frutha' mu 'n cuairt doibh,
 Gus 'n do labhair Rùnma gu glic,
 'S e teachd nar dàil gu mall-cheumach.

“ * An gairm bròn ar daimhich o'n eug?
 An eisd iad nan fuain ar glaodh.”

Cha'n eisd; nan fuain thruim

Cha chluinn iad gu brath ar caoiran.

Ach 's gearr gus an lean finn an ceum,

Gu talla nan neul is gu clos;

Tra ruitheas ar laithe tearc

Air bras-shruth sèimh nan gleanntai.

—Nach faic fibh cheana 'n fhalluing cheo,

Fa chomhair Rùnma 's na neoil ud deas;

U u

'S

* *Εἰ τα δαρυ, &c.*

Could bitter tears remove our cause of grief,
 Or give the burden'd mind a sure relief,
 Then might we purchase tears with precious gold,
 And more than half their price be yet untold;
 But ah! in spite of long-protracted woe,
 The ills of life in equal tenor flow.
 What then avails it that we sigh and mourn?
 Can tears awake the ashes of the urn?

Menander.

'S ni 'm fada bhios Ronan na dheigh,
 Air a lèireadh le bròn am feafd.
 —Tha bròn mar an fruthan diamhair,
 Ag iarraidh fo iochdar na bruaiche;
 Tha 'n gallan cheanadh ag aomadh,
 A thog ri thaobh a gheugan aillidh.
 Tuiteadh ar bròn, mata, 's eireadh ar cliu,
 'S ar nùin a ruith air fgiatha gàbhaidh.

'S ciuin, a Ronain, ceuman a bhroin,
 'S e caithe' gu fòil a bhilidh uaine;
 Tha 'n tùr-ròs air a chaithe' fo bhonn,
 'S gu trom, trom, tha cheann a' fearga."

Dh' eirich Ronan 's a chneas fo bhròn,
 Thug teach a nàmh do 'n òg 's do 'n aosda,
 Dh' fhàg e Fearmor a dhion an tùir,
 E fein is fear-iuil na hòiche.

Chuireas an òigh an luing an laoich,
 Is thogas caointeach an fo a leac,
 An fo tha leaba Ronain faraon,
 An laoch bu treine 's a b' àillidh.

Bu tuirfeach tearc a làithe fan raon
An deigh a ghaoil cha b' fhada beo.
Tha nis a leaba fo 'n chloich chòinich,
Taobh a ghaoil fo 'n fhòid chluaineir.
Tha cìb aon fhònain aosda
A' taomadh air còinich gach lic
'S tha mise ri folus na rè
A' lèirfinn an taibhse gu tric.
—'S aoibhinn air ghaothaibh an imeachd
Tra chluinneas iad fonn mo chlarfaich.
—A mhic Arair tha taibhse mu 'n cuairt,
Na ceilfa gach uair do dhàn doibh.

BAS AIRT 'IC ARDAIR, NO
TUIREADH AN AOSDA*.

'S CIANAIL m' aigne 's mi 'm aonar,
Calmar ag eiridh am fmaointe,
'S a' liona mo chridhe le mulad,
O nach faic mi tuille mo dhea'-mhac.
Bu chofail e 'n sìth ri gathaibh greine.
'S am boile chatha ri teine speuran ;
Bu lionar gallan anns na ròidibh,
'S e ruith mar ioma-ghaoth fios gu còrag.
Bhiodh ath-phille' mar ghrian air faire,
'S an taosda le gean a' cur fàilt air.

Ach

* This poem seems to have been the work of some ancient but unknown bard, possibly of Ardar himself, as no other poet appears throughout the piece.

Ach chaochail, a Chalmair a ghrian
A dhealraich gu fial am theach,
Thaini' Fuarda mar dhoininn gu moch,
'S tha folus mo ghreine-fa mach.
—Tha Ardlia d'orcha bho dh'eug thu,
'S Art mar reul fhann fa d' chomhair.
—Cha lag gidheadh do lamh
A mhic mo ghraidh, an tùs t'fheuma,
Ge nach urra mise do dhidein,
Air fleagh mo fhinnfear ag aomadh.
—Is lorg mo fhleagh, is eire mo fgia,
Bu mhiann leam, a mhic, thu philtin.

Ach co fo na òg-mhaife
Mar dharaig air uchd an aonaich,
A chiabhàn òir a' luafta mar dhuilleach ;
'S duin' e fhliochd Armainn o'n iorguill.

Fàilt ort òig ànraich,
Am bheil thu 'n tràs o chath nan laoch?
Am beo Art? am bheil e slàn?
Am pill mo ghradh gu athair aosda?
—Ach chi mi do ghnùis bhrònach
Ag innse' nach beo mo mhac ;

Threig

Threig Calmar is Art maraon ;
 'S truagh gun mife fan aon leabai !
 Gun mhac am feafgar m' aoife
 Mar dharaig na haonar air Meallmor.
 —Thig an ofag o'n fhireach 's o'n fhàfach
 'S cha feid a hàile mo dhuilleach uaine.
 —Thig frasachd a cheituin o'n fpeur,
 Ach cha 'n fhaicear mo gheug-fa fo bhlàth,
 Dealraidh a ghrian ro' bhraon an drùchd,
 Ach cha 'n ùraich mo gheug-fa gu bràth.
 Am fhalt a deir guth na sìne,
 Bidh Ardar iosal gu gairid ;
 Ach aon folas tha uam an dràs,
 Innis Armainn mar thuit mo leanabh ?

“ Cha do thuit e gun chliu fan àraich,
 Bu ghàbhaidh le moran imeachd,
 Mar thorunn ro' choillte, no mar dhealan,
 Ga fhalach an deigh an leir-sgrios.

Chrithich, theich, is thuit na nàimh,
 Bha sgrios o laimh Airt gan ruaga,
 Mar sgarnaich Mheall-mhoir a' ruith ro' choillte,
 'S ga falach an linnte dorcha ;

B' amhuil ceum an laoich tha iosal,
Mun d' thain' an tfaighead san tsìn dòbhidh."

Is ait, a mhic Armainn, do fgeul,
Amhuil reul an duibhre na hòiche;
Bha Art mar a shinnfir fa chath,
'S bidh ainm mo leinibh 's na dànaibh.
—Tra thuiteas na trein fa chath,
Mar ghath nan deigh bidh an dàn;
Ach tuitidh an lag gun chliu;
'S cha bhi fùil nan treun air nan daimhich.
Bidh 'n fuibhal uaigneach fa ghlean nan aonar,
Cha seas a haon diu' le flaithibh arda.
—Ach ciod fà tofnai 's t fhaondrai,
Brathair no bean-ghaoil air ionndrain?

“ Brathair cha bhuin domh fein,
'S do chèile' cha bhuin mife.
'S i buinneag Charnmhoir fà mo dhocair,
Smuainte mo là, is ofna m' òiche.
—Ach thug an òigh a hanam do Art,
Chunn' i thartar afios do 'n àraich,
Sheas i air cnoc le iomguin,
Le deoir dhiomhair, 's ofnaigh chràiteach.

—“ Air

—“ Air a chnoc fo bidh mi fein
 Gus am pill Art aoibhinn gaolach.”
 Thainig mis’ an còail mo ghaoil,
 Ach cha ’n fhaic mi haogas dlù ;
 Is doilleir an gleann gun Chaol-mhal,
 Is doilleir mise gun ghaol mo fhùl.
 —Cha ’n fhaic mi mo ghaol fan aonach,
 Na haogas air slios mar dheo-greine ;
 Bu ghile bian na canach fleibhe,
 No ùr-shneachd air bharraibh gheuga.
 —Ach co fo na sgaoim o Mheall-mor ?
 Co ach m’ annfachd—uil’ air caochla ;
 A gnùis gun folus, a fùil gun focair,
 Cluinn a hofnaigh a’ caoi’ a gaolaich.

Caol-mhal.

Ciod fo chum mo ghaol ?
 B’ aobhach tfhaicinn, Airt ;
 Tha m’ anam an iomguin ghéir ;
 Ad dheigh cha bhi mi mairionn.

Spion an eitheann o craoibh,
 Spion an iolair o ciar-chreich,

Spion

Spion an leanabh o mhathair ghaoil,

Ach na spion o m' ghaol mise.

—Ach co fo chì mi dlù?

An e mo run a' teachd o'n chath?

Och! is e mac Armainn at' ann

Ni's mò na dean, Fharna, mo leanail.

—C'ait an d' fhàg thu mo ghaol?

Nach faic mi tuill' a chaoin-chruth?

'N do thuit e fa chath dhòbhidh?

—Chì mi fa cheo ud eide'.

—Feith ruim, Airt, air do neoil,

Chà 'n ait aonach nì 's mo leamfa;

Cha toir fruth no eilid dhomh aoibhneas,

Na fàg leam fein mi, Airt nan gaol.

Farna.

Och dh' fhailnich-dh'eug an òigh;

Cha bheo gorm-gheug na maife;

B' ionmhuinn le m' anam fein thu,

Ge d' thug thu do speis do Art.

—Threig thu, 's mo sholas-fa leat,

Beannachd le cleachda na hoige,

Beannachd le m' bheatha, 's le m' aighear,

Le m' aonach 's le m' aighean ciara:

Beannachd le Carn-mor is Ardlia nan tùr ;
Le m' lùth-choin is le m' fhleibhte *.

—Dh'

* In the following passage of an old poem, called *Miann a Bhaird*, this farewell to the mountains seems beautifully imitated.

O ! ceum an t fealgair ri mo chluais,
Le stranna ghath is chon feadh fleibh;
'N fin dearfaidh an oig air mo ghruaidh,
Nuair dh'èirèas toirm air fealg an fheidh.

Duifgidh an smior am chna'ibh nuair chluinn
Mi taimrich dhos is chon is shreang;
Nuair ghlaodhar " Thuit an damh " ata mo bhùinn
Ag leum gu beo ri aird' nam beann.

'N fin chi mi air leam an gaothar
A leanadh mi anmoch is moch,
'S na fleibh bu mhiann leam bhi taghal,
'S na creagan a' freagra do 'n dos.

Chi mi an uamh a ghabh gu fial
'S gu tric ar ceuman o'n òiche,
Dhuisgeadh ar fùnt ri blàs a crann,
'S na sòlas chuach bu mhor aoibhneas.

Bhiodh ceo ar feadh bharr an fheidh,
Ar deoch a' Treig, 's an tonn ar ceol;
Ge d' shianadh tàisg, 's ge d' rànadh fleibh,
Sinte san uaimh bu fhèimh ar ncoil.

Chi mi Scur-cild' air bruaich a ghlinn'
Anns an goir gu binn a chuach an tòs,

—Dh'eug Caol-mhal 's dh'eug gach folas,
Iarram do'm dheoin an teug,

3

O

Is Gorm-mheall ait nam mile giuthas,
Nan luibhean, nan earba 's nan lon.

Chi mi loch eilein nan craobh,
'S an caorran air lubadh thar luinn

* * * * *

Chi mi Beinn-ard is aillidh fniamh,
Ceann-fea'na nam milte beann,
Bidh aisling nan damh na ciabh,
'S i leaba nan nial a ceann.
'N do threig thu mi, aisling nam buadh?
Pill fathasd; aon sealan beag pill;
Cha chluinn thu mi, ochain 's mi truagh,
O! a bheannaibh mo ghraidh, slan leibh.

Slan le comunn caomh nan h'òige;
Is Oigheana bòigheach, slàn leibh :
Cha leir dhomh sibh; dhuibhse bidh fòlas
An t samhraidh; 's e mo gheamhra s' e choidh?.

O càiribh mi ri grein tra nòin,
Fo 'n bharrach aig fiubhal an lòn;
'S air an t feamraig 's anns an neonan,
'S an tig aisling na h oige 'm choir.

Biodh cruit is slige la' ri m' thaobh,
'S an sgia dhion mo Shinnfir sa chath;
Fofglaibh an talla 'm bheil Oisian is Daol,
Thig am feasgar 's cha bhi 'm Bard air bhrath.

O laimh gun spionna gun treoir,
 'S bidh mo chònuidh a ris le Caol-mhal.

Ardar.

Beannachd le 'r nanam, a chlann,
 'S luath chaidh ur ceann fo 'n ùir ;
 Ach 's aoibhinn imeachd nan òg,
 Mu'n caill iad an treoir is an lùth
 Mu'n dorchaidh air aonach a ghrian,
 'S mu'n snàg am blianaì' roi cheo.
 'S mall fruth bhlianaì leam fein,
 'S mo cheum air Ardlia am aonar ;
 Aithriche Ardair stiuraibh ur mac,
 Gu clann mo thlachd agus m' aoibhneis.
 —An e fin ur guth anns a ghaoith ?
 Bidh mise gu haobhach leibh
 An luib cuairt-ghaoith nam flath,
 Gus an talla bheil Art agus Calmar.
 —Sguiridh an fin mo bhròn
 'S cha bhi mi am onrachd tuille.

A C H R I O C H.







