





S E A N D A N A ;

L E

O I S I A N, O R R A N, U L A N N, &c.

A N C I E N T P O E M S

O F

O S S I A N, O R R A N, U L L I N, &c.

C O L L E C T E D I N T H E

W E S T E R N H I G H L A N D S A N D I S L E S ;

B E I N G T H E O R I G I N A L S O F T H E T R A N S L A T I O N S S O M E T I M E A G O P U B L I S H E D I N T H E G A E L I C A N T I Q U I T I E S.

B Y *J O H N S M I T H*, D. D.

M I N I S T E R O F T H E G O S P E L A T C A M P B E L T O N.

" Rusticitas mihi praesca placet, fulebrofaque vocum
Fragmina, quae patriis in mentibus edidit olim
Cum proavis, atavus, quique hos genuere parentes."

E D I N B U R G H :

P R I N T E D F O R C H A R L E S E L L I O T ; A N D F O R C. E L L I O T, T. K A Y, a n d C o. N o 332.
O p p o s i t e S o m e r s e t - H o u s e, S t r a n d, L O N D O N.

M, D C C, L X X V I I.

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.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

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 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, *Marbarbb Diarmad an Yore nimbe*."

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

AN CLAR-INNSIDH.

	Taobh-duilleig.
<i>Dan an Deirg</i> (a cheud chuid)	1
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D A N

D A N A N D E I R G *.

A C H E U D C H U I D.

F E U C H Dearg fan doire na aonar,
'S e 'g eisdeachd ri caoiran na coill;

* *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 Fergusi zdi qui obiit A. 462.) Finnanum filium Coëli, vulgo vocabulo Fyn mac Cou; virum, uti ferunt, immani staturâ, (septenum enim Cubitorum hominem fuisse narrat) Scotici sanguinis venatoriâ arte insignem, omnibusque insolitâ corporis mole, formidolosum : Circularibus fabulis, et iis quæ de Arthuro Britonum rege,

Feuch taibhfe Chrimin' * air cheo-tràgha,
'S na feidh nan tàmh air Sgur-eild' †.
An fealgair na sleibh 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 an fheidh
An diugh an Laoch treun ann am feirg,

A
passim apud nostrates leguntur simillimum, magis quam eruditorum 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 roses :” the name of a rock or mountain.

‡ Cao'mhal, (contracted Cuàl) “ mild brow” the father of Fingal, and grandfather of Ossian.

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

“ 'S i long Innfe-faile ta ann,
 † 'S i lann a bhuail am beum-sgèith' ud ;

* 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 *Innfe-fail*, is understood a part of Ireland, and perhaps of the Hebrides, inhabited by the Fálans.

‡ *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 same purpose. (See Ossian's works, poem of Carric-

Grad-leumaibh, thar barra nan tonn,
 Gu fonn an Rìgh tha na cigin.”

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

“ CìOD 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 sèimh mar uchd mo ghaoil,
 Caitheadid an òiche na sgeith,
 Ionad aoibhinn nan aising caoin.”

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

4

Guth

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 phill finn o Lochlann * nan crann
 'S gach doinionn gu teann gar léireadh.
 Thog tuinn an cinn ro neoil,
 Dh'fhàs fleibhte ceo air an lear,
 'S a mhair sholach, mholach, stuaghas
 A' luafgadh o noir gu n ear.

“ A DHEIRG sin 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 thaibhse, 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 ehuanta,
 Ma 's sibh tha ga choimhead an fàs,
 Ge lionor, cha tàir sibh buaidh air.

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

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

Thig Treunmor * le dhoininn ro-ghairg,
 Gu'r ruaga na fheirg, mar fhoghanan mìn ;
 Is marcaichidh Dearg air iomall a sgeith,
 Le greadhnas gu clanna nan sion.
 —Cluinnear nuallan do bheoil,
 Ulainn, le seoid an àigh,
 O's aithne dhoibh uile t èigheach,
 Innis gu d' thig Treunmor gu n 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-sbuil* (or *Donull*) “ brown-eyed ;” *Gorm-sbuile* (or *Gormala*) “ 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, annexentes Albus, Niger ; vel ex morbo, scabie, calvitio ; vel ex scelere, ut latro, superbus ; ac licet contumeliarum sint impatientissimi, hæc tamen nomina non dedignantur.*” Apud *CAMBRIDEN 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'theandach,
 * Tha Treunmor a' teachd le lainn thana,
 'S le fgeith 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 an 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.”

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

* *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 mor aoibhneas ghios na tràgha.
 Mar fhaighead o ghlacaibh au ughair*,
 Bha chafan 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 Phcidarain*. This piece of instruction, like all the other knowledge of the Highlanders, was couched in verse :

Bogha dh' inghar Eafragain,

Is ite' firein Locha Trèig ;

Cèir bhuidhe Bhaile-na-gailbhinn,

'S ceann o 'n cheard Mac Phcidarain.

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

* 'S am beo dhuit, a Dheirg, a chailleadh
 An cuan falach nan garbh-thonn;
 'S ioghna do thearnadh o'n bhàis
 A shluig le gàraich asuas thu.

† Le tulga tuinn' air mo luafga,
 Bha mis' an òich' fhuar sin gu latha;
 'Seachd gealaich, 's gach aon mar bhliadhna,
 Le 'n tragha 's le 'n liona chaidh tharam.
 Chaith mi 'n là ri mànrán ciuil,
 Ag eifdeachd nuallan † thonn is ian;
 'S an òich' an tiamh-chòra thairbhfe,
 'G èala' 'm foill air eoin na tràgha.
 'S neo-ghrad san àite fo ghrian,
 Is mall-cheumach triall na gealaich;
 A Rìgh Chumhaill, nach b ioghna
 Gu b'fhaide gach mìos na bliadhna!
 —Ach ciod fo aobhar ur bròin?

Chi mi ur deoir a fruthadh;
 An e mo sgeul truagh's a dhùifg iad?
 Is cruaidh leam gur cùis is dubhaich!
 —Noch beo Crì-mora mo ghaoil?—
 Og-bhean chaoin! tha mise dubhach,
 Bho chunnas thu feola' nan nial
 A dh' iadh mu shiulus na hòiche,
 Tra dh' amhairc i nuas, ro 'n fhreis,
 Air gnùis fhoifneach 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 warm, and perhaps a superstitious imagination, and you have most of the ingredients requisite to constitute a Highland seer. 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

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

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

* * * * *

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

gà, 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 àileachd na gruaidh mar sgriodan caochain,
Tra sgaoilcas e 'm feadan fèuraich.

† *al.* Mar chuile ri crònan an' gleann Caohan,

Tra sgaoilcas 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 leoir,
'S i sealltuinn le bròn na deigh;
Sguir an ceol;—an taibhsfe 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 aifling fealgair 's an èigh ga dhùfga.
Chuir mise nan deigh mo ghlaodh,
Faoin mar uifge 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

Armorumque fuit vivis; quæ cura nitentis

Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

Vid. *Æn.* 6. & *Odyss.* 11.

† *al.* ro dhoinn an cèin.

Dh' fhàg iad' air fgeir mi am aonar.
 O 'n òg-mhadain gu dall-oiche,
 Mo chaoidh o sin cha do fguir.
 —C'uin a chi mi ris thu Chri-mora?
 Ri 'm bheo, bidh mise fo císlean,
 Tha m' anam a' snàmh an ceo;
 Innfìbh an dòigh an d'èug i.

“ An sgeula truagh tra fhuair deò bhean,
 Tri làithe dhi na tofd gun ghean;
 Air a cheathramh dh' iarr i 'n tràigh;
 Fhuaras i fein an àit a fir.
 Mar slineachda fan fhreach fhuar,
 Mar eal' air cuan na Lanna*,
 Fhuaras i le òighean a gaoil
 A theirinn o chaochain nan sliabh,
 Le 'n mìn-bhos a' siabadh an deur,

* 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 sinn àite-cònuì' do 'n mhnaoi,
 B' iomad òighe fan là sin dubbach,
 '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 thalk.
 —Ach ciod fo 'n folus an' Innfe-fàil,
 O chrann-tàraidh an fhuathais?
 Togaibh ur fuil; tairnibh ur ràimh;
 † Grad-ruitheadh ar bàrc thar chuanta.”

Shèid gaoth dhilcas 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 slios a sgeith,
 'S e frutha' dheur a fios r'a taobh,
 “ Chi mi Dearg gu tiamhaidh tofdach,
 Ulainn nan teud, tog sprochd an laoich.”

Da'.

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

Dan Cbaoilte *.

R1 linn Threin-mhoir nan sgia,
 Ruaiġ Caoilte am fiadh mu Eite † ;
 Thuit leis daimh chabrach nan cnoc,
 'S cho-fhreagair gach flochd da eithe.

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

* 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 *Lech-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-la-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 caua falix madefacta vinime parvam
 Texitur in puppim, caſoque induta juvenco,

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

Chualas le Caoilte a glaodh,
 “ A ghaoil, a ghaoil, dean mo chognadh.”
 Ach thuirling dalla-bhrat na hòiche,
 'S dh' fhàilnich a caoi'-chòra.
 Mar fhuaim fruthain an cèin,
 Ràinig a h éithe 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-fealgair an t-àite,
 'S mor a bhàigh ris an' téas na greine.

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

'S fad

Vectors patiens, tumidum super emicat annim :
 Sic Venetus stagnante Pado, fusoque Britannus
 Navigat Oceano.

Pharſal. IV. 130, &c.

D A N A N D E I R G.

'S fad na hòiche chluinnteadh a leon ;
 Chuireadh e air coin an uisge déifinn.
 Ach bhual 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 aifling chaoin a chaidh seach,
 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 snitheach ?
 Freagra dha fud bheireadh Caoilte,
 “ Tha mo ghaol fo'n fhòid fo na luidhe.”
 — A Chaoilte snaigh 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 ;

* 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 mairiunn,
 Is mi le m' leannan fa cheo ud !

Is dearbh leam gu bi sin mairiunn,
 Arfa Cumhal bu chaoin labhairt,
 Ach co fud, le 'n sgiathaibh gàbhaidh,
 Toirt a sholuis o'n cheud fhàire ?
 Slòigh Lochlainn, ma 's maith mo bheactid,
 A' cuartach' Innf-fàile le 'm feachd,
 'S an rìgh, bho ard-uinneig stuadhaich,
 Ag amharc oirn' a chairde 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 fhuil !”
 Feuch Lochlann anuas nar codhail,
 'S Armor rompa mar dhamh cròice ;
 Air tràigh Eirinn a làmh, ge bras,
 Mìse dh' fhuasgail o theanna ghlais.
 —* Càireadh gach aon air a leis
 A lann ghlas, gu tràigh 's e leumnaich ;

Cuimh-

* 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-ghaifge laoch na Fèinne.

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 to memory; and for this purpose, more than to please

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

Choinnich

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 *Prof-nacha catha*, or "Instigation to Battle." These songs were composed in a rapid sort of measure highly adapted to the

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

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

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

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

Ghuil Lochlann is Innse-fàil,
Is ghuil na bha lath'r do'n Fheinn':
Is fheinn a bhàrd gu ro-thuirfeach,
Tra chunn' e gun deò cheann-feadhna.

* *Cumbadh an Fhìr mboir; no Tuireadh Ar-
mboir.*

Bha t àirde mar dharaig fa ghleann †.
Do luas mar iolair nam beann, gun gheilt;
Do spionna mar ofunn Lodda ‡ na fheing,
'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.

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 *Profnacha catha*.

O! 's moch do thuras gu d' neoil,
Is òg leinn, a laoiach, 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 chricheach san 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 chlan amach air lear,
Chi iad an ceathach a' feola';
Crathaidh efan a cheann lia,
Tha ofna tiamhaidh 's a ghnuis brònach*.

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

* ————— Day after day,

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

THOMSON.

A bilidh na fùain 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 Innse-fàil fo smal tha mhaife.
—Duisgidh tus' a Chrimìne,
'S chi thu gu robh taifling mealltach:
Ach e' uin a dhùisgeas efan o shuain,
No bhios cadal na huaighe eriochnaicht!
Fuaim ghaothar no buillean fgia,
Cha chluinnear na chria'-thigh caol;
'S a dh' ain-deoin gach iomairt is feilg,
Caidlidh san leirg an laoch.

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

—Beannachd

* *Eithe còraig*, or *Gaird 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-rob*; "in congressu *Phar-rob*"

rob

—Beannachd air anam an laoi ch,
 Bu gharg fraoch ri dol 's gach greis,
 Ard-ri' Loi'eann, ceann an tfluaigh,
 '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 fheirt,
 Do lann mar cheo Lèige gun leigheas.

Chriochnaich sinn a chaol-chònuidh,
 'S dh' inich a shlòigh thar tuinn;
 Bha fuaim an òran tiamhaidh tinn,
 'S bu mhuladach air linn an croinn.
 B' amhuil am bròn is fead an aonaich,
 An cuiscig fhaoin nan gleanntai' fàsa,
 'Tra fheideas an ofag an ula nan tuama,
 'S an òiche mu 'n cuairt doibh sàmhach.

rob quam accerrime clamant.—Barditum illum exilimo, de quo Ammianus, (inquit Cambden.)—The fame was, probably, the expreffion ufed by the ancient Caledonians. Any loud clamour is ftill compared to *gaoir-chatha*.—“Cha chluinntea' gaoir-chatha leibh.”

* The Bards frequently conclude their epifodes with a repetition of the firft ftanza, in order to carry back the attention to that part of the principal ftory from which they had digreffed.

D A N A N D E I R G.

AN DARA CUID.

MAR gath foluis do m' anam fein,
 Tha fgeula na haimfir a dh' fhalbh;
 Mar ghathaibh foluis air aonach aoibhinn,
 'S gach ceum mu 'n cuairt doibh dorcha.
 —Ach 's dlù an aoibhneas do bhròn,
 Is dubhar a cheo gan ruaga';
 Ni e greim orr' air fleibhtibh ard,
 Is bidh na gathanna gràidh air am fuadach'.
 —Is amhuil, mar sholus ro neul,
 Gu m' anam thig fgeul an Deirg,
 Mac-famhuil an cath an Fhir-mhoir,
 M' anam mar sheol fan doinnn fheirgich.

An talla ftua-ghlas Innse-fàil,
 Chaith sinne mar b' àbhaist an òiche,

Chaidh

D

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 sgia na gaoithe ;
Dh' iarr Ulann is Suil-mhaiti mu 'n cuairt.

Chunnas Crimìn' aig uaigh an laoch.

—Nuair a thuit a h Armor fan truid,

Thuit i fe fo dhubhar gèige ;

Ach fhàig i fan òiche gus uaigh,

Rinn i leaba gun luadh ri eiridh.

Thog sinn leinn i gu fòil,

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

Is thugas i gu teach Innfe-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-famhuil le mheoir.

* *Sgeula Mbor-gblain is Mbin'onn.*

Co fò tuirling o'n cheo,

'S a' dòrtadh a leoin air a ghaoith ?

O ! 's dòmhain 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 n aonach 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 tfliahb,

Is chunnacas lè fiadh ro'n cheo ;

Tharruing i 'n t freang le rogha beachd ;

—Fhuaras an gath an uchd an oig !

Chàirich

* 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.

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

Chàirich sinn 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 tuirfe 's bu chian ;
 Ach fruth bhlianuidh ghlan uaip e :

* *al.* Le gaother ca-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 ærio.

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.”

Ezck. xxxii. 27.

'S tha i nis fubhach le oighean Shora,
 Mur cluinntear a bròn air uairibh.
 Co so 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 shoillich an là,
 * Arsa Cumhall na hàbhait fhéil,
 Gabh, Ulainn, do dheagh long,
 'S thoir an oigh gu fonn fein ;
 'S gu dealradh i rìs mar a ghealach,
 Tra sheallas i faraid' o neulaibh.
 † “ Mile beannachd ort's a Chumbail,
 Ehir a chuidiche' gach feumach ;
 Ach ciod a dheanams' am thìr fein,
 Far an dean gach ni mo léircadh ?
 Gach doire, gach coire, 's gach eas,
 Bheir am chumhnc cneas mo ghraidh ;
 B' fherr a bhi le d' òighean fein,
 O's mor am féile 's am bàigh.
 An sin an-oigrìdh nach b' fhiu leam,
 Cha 'n fhaic mo shuile ni 's mò ;

³
 * *al.* Air Innse-fàil na chiar-dhubh eide.*

† Crimine speake,

'S ma

'S ma their aon diu, C' àit am bheil t'Armor?
Cha chluinn mi gu bràth an còra."

'S thug sinne leinn Crimìne,
'S thug sinn a bos mìn do Dhearg;
Ach ge b' fhurannach 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 strì gun fhios c'arfòn;
Feuchaibh an toiseach le fuim,
Ciod an rùn am bheil dhuinn a bhean.
Deargamaid falluinn a fir
Am fuil tuirc san fhìreach ard;
Giulaineamaid e rìs an riochd mairbh,
'S chi sibh'c ma 's fìor a gràdh.

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

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

Chomhdaich sinn Dearg leis an fhuil,
Is thog sinn 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 tìtbeach chum uile a ghnà,
"Le m' lainn thuit an torc a lot t'fhear,
Nuair bhrift a shleagh 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. Eccles. xii. 5.

Dh' fhàs i mar mheall eith san fhuachd,
 Air Mora nan cruaidh learg.
 Tamul dhi mar sin 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,

* *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 B' ealai*", composed in imitation of it, begins thus,

Guileag l, Guileag ò,
 Sgeula mo dhunaigh,
 Guileag l;
 Rinn mo léireadh,
 Guileag o
 Mo chafan dubh, &c.

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

Casi Chromine.

O Thaibhfe ! * bho airde nan nial,
 Cromaibh 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 fhìomh co dlù nar com?
 Is com' a sponadh thufa uam,
 'S an d' fhàgadh mìse 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, Oshir Mac Oshin, et tales; de quibus fabules et cantilenas retinent.*" *Gir. ap. Cambden.* It would appear that the Poems of Ossian were well known in the days of Giraldus, who wrote in the 12th century.

E

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 fhaighean ea-trom,
 Ge d' thug an t-òr 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 bli nìs gun deo !

Is dh' iadh orm dòiche gun cìriocti,
 Thuit gu fìor mò ghrian fo fmal ;
 Mòch bu lannar air Mor-bheinn † a sruadh,

* *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 Argyllshire. 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 arnoch chaidh, * tual an car.
 'S ma threig thu mì, fhòluis m' àigh !
 Tha mì gu là bhràth gun ghean ;
 Oeh ! mur cìrich Dearg o phràmh,
 Is dui'-neul gu bràth a-bhean.
 'S duaichnì' do dhreach ; fuar do-chràdh,
 Gun spionn' ad laimh no ch ad chois !
 Oeh 's balbh do bheul a blia binn ;
 Oeh 's tinn leam a ghraidh do chor !
 Nìs chaohail rugha do ghruaidh,
 Ehir 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 Innesgall (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 cruic air 'n do leann,
A chas a chuir eilde gu stad !.

Is b' annsa 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' annsa-learnja dol eug le m' ghaol.

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

• 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 mærito,
Majorique animæ parte superles 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, cumuli que comes, nec morte revellar,
Et focos vitæ nectat uterque cinis.

O thigeadh bàs no tore dom reuba',
Neo 's truagh mo ehàra' 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 sgarar mo chorp o Dhearg.

* Tuirlibh, O thaibhfe nan nial,
O ionadaibh fial nam flath ;
Tuirlibh air ghlas-sgiathaibh ur ceo,
Is glacaibh mo dheo gun àtha.

Oighean tha 'n tallaibh an Tréin-
Déilbhibh ceo-éide' Chrìmine ;
Ach 's annsa leam sgìobul mo Dheirg ;
Ad-sgìobuls', a Dheirg, biom !.

Is mhòthaich finn ga treiginn a guth,
Mhòthaich 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;
'Crimìne bha marbh gun deo.

* * * * *

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

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

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

† ULLIN.

TIOMNA GHUILL*.

NAACH tiamhaidh tofd fo na hòiche,
'S i taofgadh a duì'-neoil air gleantai'!

* *Tiomna Ghull*, in the most common editions of it, is much adulterated by a mixture of the *Urfgeuts* 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

Dh' aom fuain air iuran na feilge
Air an raon, 's a chù r'a ghlùn.

Clanna

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,

2

Right

Clanna nan fliabh tha e ruaga'
Na aifling, 's a shuain ga threigfinn †.

Right angry in his heart he was,
And fair wondered that he should see
Stoney them him alone but mac.
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 enfample 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 voceque
Mitunt, et crebras reducant naribus auras,
Ut vestigia si teneant inventa ferarum:

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

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

Cao'inn

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

Lucret. lib. iv.

F

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

A Chaothain nan folus aigh,
Tha do lochrains' an tràsa fo smal ;
Amhuil darag air criona gu luath
Tha do phaillinn, 's do fhuagh air treiginn.
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 clarfach !
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 fhìle' na hùiche ?
Mu thimchioll mo ghlas-chiabhan
Ag iadha' tha chomhachag chorr,

* *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 Oisfain a bhàrdin.

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

Sgia:

* *al.* Mar ghaoth ann am falag an aonaich.

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

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

* Ofsair 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 fhloigh,
 Buidheann fhuileach fhaobhrach chorr,
 'S ann' am briathra' garga fuarra' falachai',
 Labhair rì Ofsair 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 bhàa.
 Mac-famhuil Ofsair na sonar
 Mar an t-frann-ghàoth teachd thar aonach;
 No mar fhrois o 'n iar na gathaibh,
 Ro' na gaothaibh baoghlaich plathaich.
 Tra chunnaic Ofsair na sloigh,
 Dh' fhàs e mar-fhia' bàr air mòintich,
 No mar chù air cìll no lethainn,
 Ri am teachd do 'n t-feilg 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 Ofsair. 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 Ofsair, (See Ossian's works, poem of Crom) 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 a' ann,
 O! 's ainmich gu aising Mhalmhlin' thu.
 Fofglabhife talla nan speur,
 Aithriche Ofsair nan cruai'-bheum;
 Fofgluubhife dorfa nan nial,
 Tha ceuma Mhalmhine gu dian.
 Chualam guth am aising fein,
 Tha farum mo chleibh gu hard.
 C' uime thainig an ofag am dheigh
 O dhubh-fhuibhal na linne ud thall?

Bhà do sgia fhuaimneach an gallan an nonaich,
 Shuibhail aising Mhalmhine gu dian:
 Ach chunnaic is' a rùn ag aomadh,
 'S a-cheo-carradh a' taoisga' m' a chliabh:

Bhà

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

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

'S cònuì' dhuit anam Mhalmhine,
Mhic Oisian is treine lamh.
Thaom mo dheoir meafg fhile' na h'oiche.
Chuil mi 's càch eile nan tàmh,
Bu ghallan àluinn a 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 carrach le file' nan speur,
Cla d' eirich duill' uaine dhomh fein;
Chunnaic òighean mi sàmbach san talla,
Is bhual iad clàrfach nam fonn.
Bha deoir ag tearnadh air gruidhean Mhalmhine;
Chuannaic oigh' mi 's mo thuire gu trom.
C' uime 'm bheil thu co tuirseach am fhianuis,
A chaomh-ainnir aig Luath-àth nan fruth?
An robh e fgiambach mar dhearfa na grèine?
'M bu cho tlachdor e 'g eiridh na chruth?

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;

2

Cha

'S taitneach t'fhonn an cluais Oisian,
A nighean Luath-àth nan fruth dian.
Thainig guth nam bard nach beo,
Am meafg tairling air aoma' nan fiabb,
Nuair thuit cadal air do shuillean foirbh,
Aig cuan mor-fhruth 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 faitcal do chiuil fein.
'S caoin faitcal nam fonn o Mhalmhine!
Ach cloanaidh iad anam gu deoir.
Tha fòlas an Tuircadh le sìth,
Nuair dh' aomas cliabh tuirse gu bròn;
Ach claidhidh fad-thuirse fiol dòrainn,
A fhilath-nighean Thofcair nan cruai'-bheum.
'S ainmic an la nan nial,
Tuitidh iad mar chuifeig fo'n ghreinn,
Nuair sheallas i nuas na foillfe,
An deigh do 'n duth-cheathach siubhal do 'n bheina,
S' a throm-cheann fo fhile' na h'oiche.

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

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

Bhuail Fionn-ghaël* a fgia,
 Cha b' ionan fuaim dhi 's an tràs;
 Ghreas na laoich o'n fruthaibh gu dian;
 Bhac a bhuinne Goll an àigh.

* *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, Gaëldochd. "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. 21.), they may see he was called by the name of Fingal by John Barbour above 400 years ago.

Thog finn gu I fèdine ar fuil,
 Phill finn le 'r cliu 's le 'r creich; †
 Com nach d' fheith thu, Ghuill nan fleagh,
 Nach feachna' le d' dheoin an àrach?
 —Air long ea-trom nan garbh-thonn
 Lean an sonn finn an dara-mhaireach.

Acht

† 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. DICTION. CELT. II. 211.) The *Cimbri* of Germany had their name for the like reason, if we may credit Sextus Pompeius and Plutarch. The *Picis* 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;

Convecrare juvat prædas, & vivere rapto.

ÆN. vii. 749. & ix. 613.

G

Ach co fud air a charraig, mar cheo,
 'S i 'g amharc ro dheoir air Goll,
 A gruag dhorchais fa ghaoith air faondra,
 'S a lamh chaoim, mar chobhar, m' a cuailean?
 'S òg am macan na h uchd,
 'S binn a crònàn na chluais :

Ach fhèid an ofnagh am fonn ;
 Air Goll, Aoibhir-chaoimh † tha do luadh !

Chìtear leatha 'n long an caol-chruth ;
 Le dubh-neul iofal ga comhdach ,
 Amhuil carraig air a h'èide' le ceo ;
 " A mhic Morna, slàn 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, slàn gum pill thu !"

Ghlac an òiche dhòbhidh dhorchais
 Mac Morna 's e 'm meadhon ànraidh ;

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

Tra sheun a ghealach i fein fo neulaidh,
 'S gun aiteal bho reul air fhàile.
 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 fleibhtean :
 Bheirinn làn-dùlan, a laoch, 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 h uilinn,
 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 dùl,
 A laoch Stru-mhoin, an strì na Freoine !

C' àit an robh sibh a thaibhfe
 Nach d' thug fanas air foill I-freoine?
 'N ur cadal an ceo uaigneach?
 No cluiche' ri duilleig luaineich?
 Ni hamhluidh;—le caifeamachd dhileas,
 Phill is phill sibh le 'r n an-fgairt;
 Tra shaoileas gu bu taibhfe 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*.

* Hefnod 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 meafg nan ceuda colg;
 Gun lann liomhaidh leam
 Sa chath dhorchà!
 —Tha imeachd nan tonn geal
 Gu Morbheinn nam bad;
 An tog mi mo shiuil,
 'S gun chaomh am fagus?
 Ach cionnus a dh'eireas an dān,
 Ma dh' fhàsas neul
 Air cliu mhic Morna?

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

4

Nach

† 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 aofda,
 'N lathair nan laoch neulach?
 'S nach cluinnte' tofna fa ghaoith
 An gleann faoin na Strumoin,
 Tra theireadh na taibhfe lag
 "Theich do mhac an I-freoine?"

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

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

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

* *Og-Gholl*, the son of Gaul and Ewirehoma.

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

—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 ris an cobhan na gaoithe.

Bhuail mac Morn' an tath-bheum fgeithe,*
 (Cha b' ionan a hèigh is an tràfa,)
 Chlìfing an I, is dhuisg a cathan;
 † Dhùldaich Goll, 's lann athar a' dealra'.
 Gach taobh dheth tha daoine gan fgeithe'
 Mar ùr-bharrach an doire na fàfaich;
 An airm liomhai' fan raon air an fgapa,
 '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 flowing 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." *Ἀνθροπων* &c. Ælian, l. xii. 23.

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

* A Mhala-mhìn, nach fac thu fein
Sgaoth eunlaith air steuda' fàile,
A' cuartacha muice moire,
'S na cuanta dòbhidh a' gànraich?
Nach fac thu bolg bàn an eifg
(Mar fhiuil air an fèide') n uachdar,
'S na heoin air na tonna' fad as,
Ri sgairteachd le geilt is fuathas?
—B' amhuil sin 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 chladhe;
'S tha crith air anam na Freoine.

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

Mar thonn gailbheach geal
Ri fhios muice mòire,
Tra bhios coin le geilt ga cuartach'
'S a bolg bàn air uachdar fàile ;
B' amhuil a sheas na fìoigh,
Le geilt ro chòrag Ghuill.

Ach com', a fhiol gun iochd,
Am bheil ur làmh ri lie ghailbhich? *
An ann a sgaoleadh ur cliu
Gus na linnte dhùifgeas fan oran ?
Ach an cliu do sheachdar a hiomain
An caradh aon fhir 's e na ònrachd ?
—Bhuail i sliafaid an laoich,
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 laoich,
Ioma-ghaoth nan cath! do chor ;
Cho 'n eifdemid † 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'rìgh, 's e mofglá',
 " Bhuail tannas no ofag an fgiath ud!"

Com' nach d'ath-bhuail thu do fhleagh,
 A Mhorna nan cjabh aofda?

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 sinn an dara mhaireach
 Ann an ceardaich Loin 'ic Liomhain!
 Gum bu mhaith ar nùr-chloidhean,
 'S ar deagh fhleaghan fada rìghne.
 B' e mac an Loin lann mhic Cu'ill,
 Nach d' fhàg fuigheall riabh dh' fheoil daoine;
 Gu 'm bi 'n Druil'annach lann Ofeair,
 'S gu'm bi Chofgarach lann Chaoilte,
 Gum bi 'n Liomhanach lann Dhiarmaid,
 'Y' iomlad fear fadhaich a mharbh i.
 'S agam fein bhla Gearr-nan-calan,
 Bu gharg farum 'n am nan garbh-chath.

Com' nach d'aom thu gu m'aifling fein,
 " Oifian, eirich, 's Goll na aonar."
 Ach bha timeachd gu I na freoine,
 Shil frafan o d' dheoir air na fleibhte,
 Bha crìth air gach innis ro d' fgarit,
 Làn bròin is do mhac gun eiridh.

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

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

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

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

Chunnas aisling an raoir :
 Bha gach neach air an raon ach Goll ;
 Tamul as, is a thaice r'a fhleagh,
 Bha n' laoch na sheafamh 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 aislinge geilt,
 Pillidh tu, Ri' Strumhoin ;
 'S do cheann mar òg-ghnuis na grèine,
 'S i 'g eiridh air Crom' lia* nan taibhse ;
 Far an crithich fan òich' an taineal,
 'S na tannais a sgairteachd gach taobh dheth :
 —Ach theich iad ro aiteal na maidne,
 'S ghabh efan le bhata gu gluafad.

Is amhluidh chì mi thu, ghaoil ;
 Nach e fud aogus do bhàrca ?
 A fhuil mar chobhar nan creag
 No mar fhneachd' air bharrabh 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 fhuil,
 Na sgaoil do fgiath air mo rùn ;
 Greafam fan fgoth fo na dhàil,
 Ro cheo na h'argaille tlà.

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

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

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 fò gun fhios."

Mar cholum an carraig na hUlacha,
'S i folar dhearca da hàl beag,
'S a' pilltin gu tric, gun am blasad i fein †,
Tra dh' eireas an t feabhag na smuainte ;
B' amhuil a phill tri uaire 'n Aoibhir,
'S a hanam mar thuinn air a luafga'
Bho bhàir gu bàir, 's an doinnionn a' feide',
‡ Tra chual i guth bròin o ghéig na tràgha.

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

* *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 uched an àlidh."

Gun fhios aig Oifian no Fionn air,
Mur dean foillfe nan speur dhoibh innfe'.

Innsibh, a reulta ruiteach †
Do theach nan laoch mar thuit mi fein ;
Is innsibh a thaibhfe nan sion
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 ris 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 afcain 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 cumhainn leam fgeula Chas-du-conghlais.

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

I sin alluidh na Freoine,
 Le d’ thiubh-cheo buan ’s le d’ ua’-bhéitean;
 A thír nam pian, gun mhíadh gun bhàigh,
 Dol ad dhail be dù mo dheifinn.

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 mairg a roghnuichas Ifrinn fhuar,
 ’S gur i uaimh nan † driobhunn gear;
 Is beag orm Ifrinn fhuar fhliuch,
 Aite bith-bluan is fearbh deòch.

† perhaps droighionn.

Sgeula Chas-du-conghlais.

Trà bha mi òg an glacaibh m’ athar,
 Bha ar fiubhal aon latha ’s na cuantaibh;
 Shéid an doinninn finn gu carraig,
 * (Bha Crifoluis mar ruinn fan uair fin)
 Tri chrainn ghlasa gun duilleach,
 Bha ’n sin air bharr tuinne gan luasga’;
 Mu ’n cois bha fàs nan dearg-dhearcaig,
 Cha d’ rinn m’ athair am blafa ge d’ bhuain e. †
 “ A Chrifoluis, tha t fheum-fa mor,
 A màireach foghnui’ dhomhfa m’ aonach.”

Thainig madain ’s am feafgar mu feach,
 Ach b’ i charraig ar teach an cònuidh.

Curach

* *al.* Chaidh ar curach a bhriste na bhruanaich.

† — Even so a gentle pair

By fortune sunk, 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’NS;
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant-train,
 Check their own appetite, and give them all.

Thomson’s Spring, 6/6.

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

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

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

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

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

* *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.

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

Imichs' a gheug àillidh,
 Gu d' tràigh mu'n dùisg an tfoillfe;
 Imich ad sgoth le d' leanabh a tuchd,
 Com' an tuit e mar mhaoth-bhlàthan,
 Air a sgatha' le flèagh gun iochd,
 An lainh 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 fmal 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,
 " Fajc far an d' eug Mac-Morna !"

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

Ach ciod fo 'n guth am chluais?
 Guth Og'uille, 's e truagh gun fhurtachd ;
 Tha m' anam fein a' mofgla'
 'S a' plogail 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-trom an tuallach mo ghradh,
 Faigheam am laimh do lorg."

Ghiulain i 'n laoch gus a goth,
 'S fad na h'òiche 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 luirg air chrith,
 Is aghaidh fnitheach ro bhrònach.
 Gach clais na ghmuis bha làn,
 Le fruthan ànrach na h'aoife ;
 Tri uaire sheall e thar lear,
 Tri uaire bha acain caointeach.

“ A1.

* 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 dùsga? ”

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

Leanas thar muir a cheum,
Is fhuaras an fge' na hinnse 'n fgoth.
An talce 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 fhuid;
Thaini' 'n teug, mar fmal na greine;
Tuille cha leir dhuit tOscar!

* The *chnap-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. lxiii.

Tha àilleachd Aoibheir-chaomha fo fmal,
'S barr sleagh aig a mac gun fmuairean,
B' fhann a guth; bu tearc a ràite,
Thogas fein le m' laimh afaas 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' coin riòch nan leabaidh fhèimh ? ”

Crùbaidh fo 'n doras am minnean,
'S e ga faicinn air binnean na carraige.
Tha Cos-ulla' na luidh air an stairfuidh,
'S e farum Ghuill at' ann, tha e 'm barail,
'S le aiteas tha dheoir a' treigfinn.
Ach tha thuirradh a' pille' ('s e luidhe')
Cha 'n fhaic e ach mac na heilde.

Ach co dh' innéas airfneal na Feinne.
'S iad mall a' tearna' mar cheathach,
Tra bhios fhaileas, ri am na frois,
A' gluafad 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 aoid'
(A leag a ghaoth) aig ceann mhic Morna ;
Na dhuala' lia bha dheoir am falach,*
Is ula geal an franna na sìne.

* ——— Mollissima corda
Humano generi dare se Natura fatetur,
Quæ lachrymas dedit, hæc nosri pars optima sensus.

Juv. Sat. 15. K

Mar chaoidh Fionn Mac Morna.

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

Fonn nan òighean is guth nam bard,
Gu bràth cha 'n eirich ad chòdail ;
Cha 'n fhaic na fleibhte do bhàrach,
Cha chluinnear tacain no tòran.
Cha 'n 'eil imeachd do chon air an tfliaibh,
Tha iad fiar aig tfhardaich, brònach ;
Tha damh na cròic air an fhaiche ;
Cha 'n fhiu leo fhaicinn, 's nach beo thu.

Och !

Och ! a liù-choin, dh' imich an laoch,
 Cha chluinn sibh fan aonach a ghuth :
 An fò tha chadal, gun fealg air uigh,
 'S beum-figeith, 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
 Treisf 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' taofga ;
 “ '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.

* — 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 treisf 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 fgaile'.
 Fò fgei 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 tire,
 Chìtear le coin an t-samhraidh ;
 Is luidhidh gach cun mar a thig
 * Air barraibh † na géige urair.
 Cluinnidh Goll an ceilear na cheo,
 'S oighean a' feinn air Aoibhir-chaomha :

'S gus

* Ημος κοκκυβ, &c.

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

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

† *al.* geige na Strumhoìn.

'S gus an caochail gach ni dhiu fo,
 Cha sgarar ur cuimhne bho chèile.
 —Gus an crion gu luathre a chlach,
 'S an fearg as le haois a gheug fo,
 Gus an fguir na fruthain a ruitih,
 'S an dèagh mathair-uifge nan fleibhtean ;

Gus an caillear an dilinn aois
 Gach filidh, 's dàn is aobhar sgeil.
 Cha'n fheoruich an taineal “ Co maç Morna?
 No Cia i cònuidh * Ghuill nan lù-chon ?”

* *al.* Rìgh na Strumhoin ?

D A N N A D U - T H U I N N *.

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

† “ Is garbh leam beucaich do thonn,
 A mhuir cheann-ghlas ri bonn mo fhleibh ;

Is ofnaiche atmhor eiti' a deas,
 Cha 'n e mo leas gu do sheid sibh.
 Ach a bhaca' mo sheol fein
 'S faoin feitrich na doinne 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 doininn ach feal,
 Mar dhealan nan speura duachnì ;
 Caidlidh a ghaoth fan fhri,
 'S bidh sìth air a mhuir bhuaire.

* * * * *

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

Chruinnich a chathan nu 'n Rìgh,
 Bha fead fan t sìn aig folt Dhumolaich,
 Tha Leth crom thar a fgeì bhòlgaich,
 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 innfean a' clifg' as an rathad
 'S gam falach air cùl ar loingeis.
 Tha Du-thonn ag ciridh, mar fgeir
 Air a cleith air uairibh le fàile.

† *Al.* nu'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 chìrb nan neula fras-fhliuch
 Tha e rìs ga faicinn* aobhneach.
 Sheall càch an aird; ach dhùin an dorus,
 Is aon reul fhòlais cha lèir dhoibh.

" Tha fiubhal na h'òiche dorcha,
 Iarramaid for'uis na tragma,
 Gus an cirich 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 fgeì nan nial;
 'S an rè dorcha siar a' dufgadh.
 An lorg cheo-ghlas ud 's i fhleagh:
 Na barr tha lasadh nan reul,
 Mar theine nan speur a lann,

* *Al.* " Feuch i!"

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

Dhùrich Fionn an stùc le* Caoireall,
 'S mac an Luin na laimh gu foilleir;
 Chunnaic an taibhs' e, 's air ofaig dh'imich,
 An fgart thug Fionn as, luaisg i 'n innis.
 Chlìsg 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,

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

† In the *Inter ule 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 *Carrie 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 sinn.
 Càireadh gach fear a shleagh 's a luireach,
 Gun dùrachd cron da chairdean,
 'S gu biodh oirn fòlas an Du-thuinn
 Tra ruifgeas solus an là sinn.

Chòlaich sinn, am farum ar stàilinn,
 Am feachd, air làraich na hòiche;
 Bhuail an faighdean ar fgiath' mar mheallain,
 Ach cha d' iarr sinn 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 siontaibh.
 Thog a ghealach a ceann os aird,
 'S i dealradh air lann an Luin,
 A shoilllich an laimh an Rìgh,
 Mar cith Laoire 's a ghrian na hairde.

Chunnaic

* 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.

L

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

Mall mar Lubar nan car,
Ag imeachd ro fhaiche na Dura,
Rainig sinn eafach na leacainn,
Na leabai dhoilleir chlùmhair.
Bha ar còra mu dhoinn a chatha,
'S mu ghniomha nam flathan a dhìbir.
Sheinn Caoireall air aimir o shean,
'S Iean Oisfain air Conar is* Minla.

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

“ † Iarr, Oisfain, bruchan an uillt,
Tha crann caomh san 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 dèifinn.

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

† Fingal speaks.

‡ Oisfain speaks.

Caoiran Chonair.

Is dorcha fan doinn mo chònuidh !
Gun ghuth am chòir ach ian tiamhaidh ;
Threig am bard :—tha 'n òiche mall,
O ! 's òiche gach là dhomha.
Cha 'n fhaic mi do ghnuis, a ghrian,
Orruidh foir, 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 Mhìna :
Shiubhla' mo chliu air falbh
Mar dhearfa neulach air learga ciara,
Aoibhneas nam beag fo m' dhùn craobhach,
'S e 'g aomadh o'n fùil is o'n cuimhne.

Leigibh mis' as ur cuimhne cuideachd
A chlanna mo shlòigh ghaolaich,
Mur tuit sibh, mar dhuilleach sa 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 cuifeag 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 innsidh an dàn do chliu,
 'S cha dearmadar thu 'n oran Chaothain.
 Treig tuaimh, biodh do chraochnach san àr,
 Mar rainich an làir crionaidh Daorla.
 Ach fgaoilidh do chliu-fa mar ùr-dharaig
 Ag amharc thar ceathach nan gleanntai',
 'S i crathadh a duillich le haighhear
 Rì aghaidh na greine fámhraidh."

'S caomh thu a thannais na hòiche,
 Nì 'n oilt le Conar do chòra.

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

* Oflian 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 shaimhe;
 'S thig sinn le folas
 Gu brúadar nan anrach*.
 Siubhlaidh sinn le 'n anam do 'n àraich,
 'S thig crith nar laith'r air na treun'ir.
 Bidh 'niall an sin mar fhalluinn,
 'S an uaimh mar thalla na Feinne;
 Bidh an ofag mar chlarfaich nan cluais,
 Is fuairn na cuifeig mar cheileir aoibhinn.
 Gu sin, biodh do chòra tric leam fein,
 A thannais aoibhinn, air oiteig na hòiche.

'S

* To supply every defect in the versification by the prosaic 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 whenever they seem to form any sort of verse, in their natural order, as here.

'S thugas Conar ionnuidh mo Rìgh,
 Cha robh 'n uigh air ni ach folas,
 Oir chuimhnich iad na làithe moch
 San do ghluais iad am fochair ghleantai',
 Tra b' e 'm foghnan glas am fiadh,
 'S an eilid, ciob nan ciar-bheann faoine.
 Dh' fhàs a rìs am bliana' 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 fgaioile'.”

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 am fo gu fois,
 'S fear-togail ar creich co dlù;
 A fhuagh cuideachd ni 'n tearc,
 Chunnas am feachd le'r fuil.

—Oiflain 's a Ghorm-àluinn, gu traigh,
 A Dhumolaich, gu àros Chonair;
 Dionaibh Minla, mata i fan teach,
 Le fgiathaibh dorcha mar * rè na hòiche.”

Thainig Caoireall le chruit thlà,
 'S a fonn mar thaibhs' a' fnàg air Laoire,
 Ga 'n eide' mu nòin le neulaibh foilleir,
 Tra chluinnear air fruthaibh an caoiran.
 Gluais gu fòil, a fhruthain na hoiche,
 'S gu cluainte' 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. †

Uraib

* *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.

Chitèar an taibhs' an grian an nòin
 Tra bhios faiche nam Mor-bheann samhach;
 Falt aon mar cheo air a ghuaillibh,
 'S mar neula duaichni a dha fhuil.

Uraile aoida, 's aon diu thusa,
 'S fhalt o d' mhuineal mar neula foillse.
 'S co fin mar cheo-fneachda la' ruit?
 A bhan-fealgair áillidh do nighean.

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

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

Dh' imich nighean Uraile air eigin,
 'S a ceum gu trom 's gu tiabhaidh,
 Mar fhliuch-cheo an gleannan na fàmhchair,
 'S an dall-ghrìan 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 tfrèang, is thuit an laoch,
 Phill i gu Lara, 's bha 'n taofda subhach.
 B' ionan fheafgar '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;
 Uraile, is tusa aon diu,
 'S aon eil' an tìuran òg ud.*

'S chaidh Gorm-àluinn 's mi fein gu tràigh,
 Fo fgeir 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 fhlacgh fo luirich caotrom.
 Sheall a ghealach mar bhloidh fgeithe-
 Ro 'n fheur os a cheann 's e lùbta ;
 Ga luafgadh o thaobh gu taobh,
 Mar ghiuthas an gaoith nan fùcan.
 —Co fo ni cònuidh san dìche ;
 'S co ris do dhaimb, ars' an tAluinn?

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 e air Conar na aonar ;
 'S treun a lamh 's gun neach na aghaidh,
 Ach, 's lag cidhrip ri uair bhaoghlach.
 Is neul e 'g eiridh san fhè
 O chàr monaidh, 's gun deo san àile ;
 Ach glacaidh an doinionn an neul fo,
 Sgapaidd an Fheinne àilleachd.

* * * * *

* Gormallan 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' bruansgail,
 No mar ghaoth ro uaimh na h Ardbheinn.

† * * * * *

Na dìt an tòg a Ghorm-àluinn,
 'S tric a dh' fhàilnich anam nan treun,
 Ach pillidh e, mar ghrian gun fmal,
 An deigh dhi bhì fealan fo neul.
 Tha gleanntai' ait 'na hial aoibhinn,
 '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 Feian' is beachd leam fein||is oran aoibhinn Oitèin||
 Ach 's cian o Dhu-thona an Fheinne||'s is fad an eigho 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-thuina||mar fhuil Fhina ans an aon-uir?”

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 sleaghan Dhaorlai ;
Balbh, tofdach, sheas a shluagh,
Tra' chunn' iad Conar le fluagh Mor-bheinn:
Amhuil an sealgair air Croma-shlia',
Tra dh' iadhas tomhail na taibhfe ;
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-sleagha na Mor-bheinn
Na laimh fan òg-sholus.

“ Com anfeas sinn 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 Conar beum-fgèithe,
'S ghrad-leum a laochraidh na dhàil ;
Mar chaochain Chaothain a bhrùchdas bras,
Tra thaomas frasachd 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 fiobhail r'a fhearaibh.

“ Cha 'n ait le Fionn a nàmh bhì 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 thir,
'S gu togadh Min-lamh a leac ;
An ceòpan Char'uth chi i aogus,
'S e fein 'na chaoil-thigh ùrach.
Com' a dhuifg thu o d' shuain co moch,
Le d' chleachda fhuich air aibheinn fhuair,

Comu

Com am meall an cobhar do fhuil,
 Cha 'n iad fuil 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 deoir an fuil am mathar;
 Tha 'n lann ga ghlaca' 's iad a' feoruich
 Fà a broin, is cònuidh 'n athar.
 —Is anhluidh, theagamh, Oifuin an tràs,
 Tha Aoibhir-àluinn, 's a fuil ri d' theachd-sa,
 A' ftiuradh Ofsair gu cnoc-feallta,
 Le fhleagh chuilce 's le sgeith 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 sholais, is Ofsair !
 Cha feinn mise 's ur carlas am chumhne.

* 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:—Potuissi linqere solam, Crudelis? Æn. ix. 482.

† Ofsian speaks.

'S truagh nach èil mi nur nimeachd
 A' leum air sgiobul 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 foluis air sònach ?
 'S truagh gun mis' ancluain nan speur,
 Mar shealgair nan òinte 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 dhearfà,
 'S tha chuimhn' air fàilneach mar Dhu-thonn.
 * * * * *

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

4

Gach

* Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris.

Gach maraich' air feachran le trom-lighe,
 'S gach rànhaiche fuitheach fo éiflean.
 —A fgioba nan deur, air lear,
 Thoir an t-sion fianear is an òiche.

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

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

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.

2

—“ Inghéan mo ghaoil!” 's e ghlaodh Conar,
 ('S a lamha m'a muineal gach taobh dhi);
 Phill anam an aosda mar ghrian samhrai',
 Tra bhios neula dall fad uaipe;
 Thug e 'n òigh do 'n laoch Ghorm-àluinn,
 'S le fhuil '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.

N

D I A R M A D*.

CA tiarhaidh thu nochd a' Ghleann Caathan!
 Gun ghuthr gaothair thru '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;
 Tha 'n glas-fhoghnan fa bhruaich na chadal;
 'S a bhad air aoma' fo shile' na h'òiche.
 —Am fàrdaich fealgair an raoin
 Tha 'n earba na faoin-fhois,

* This poem is generally interlarded with so much of the *ur-sgeulr*, 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-Caathan*, supposed to be Glenco in Argyleshire, was the residence of Ossian in his later days, from which he is called *guth bin na Caathan*. 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.

A minnean a' leumnaich dlù dhi.
 (Air torr clùmhar an laoiach nach eirich,)
 'S adharc a' fgriosa' na coinich;
 An leaba chòfach an caill e císlean.

Och ! a, Chaothain a chaochail,
 'S a Ghulbeinn nan raon sàmhach,
 Do cheann air cìde' le ceathach an nòin,
 'S gun ghaoir feilge ga d' choir mar b' àbhaist.
 Tha mise 's mo thaice ri m' luirg,
 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 lungan gu faoin,
 'S do cheann ag aoma' gu clò-fuaine.
 Cha b' ionan fo 's latha nan ruag,
 Caathan a' luafga bho chnoc gu cnoc,
 Mac o Duibhn' air Gulbeinn, 's an tore
 Le chraos fo choip, mar bhuinne Laoire.

—A mhic Ailpein, thoir aire do 'n fgeul,
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 fleibht' aig balbh-fhruthaibh,
'S a chuibhne-cuir a' cur air iognai.
—Shéid adharc Fhinn; ghrad-chlifs an damh;
“Ciod fo chluinn mi?”—Teich do 'n fhafaich.

“Ruigemid an diugh an torc
Is tric a lot ar daoín' air Gulbunn.”

† * * * * *

* *al.* linnean an cian e.

† The versification here is imperfect. The following is part of a fragment called *Nòs feilge*, 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 fhleagh mhor an dorn gach fir.
Bhiodh fgiath uain' air a gheibhè' buaidh,
'S claidhe cruaidh gu fgotla cheann,
Bogha cruadhach agus iughair,
'S caogad guineach ann an bolg.

'S chuir finn ar coin ris an tfliaibh,
Do ghaoir an cliabh fhreagair Golbunn.
Thàin' an fhuaim gu cluais mhic Duibhne,
'S mhosgail 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 erion le 'm b' annfa Gràine,
Thug a gradh do dheà' mhac Duibhne.

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

“'S ionmhuin do dhreach leam fein,
Mar bhla nan geug fa cheud-fhas ùr,
Ach 's eigin domh t fhàgail 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 dhidein?
B' anns' thu na grian fa bheithe chubhrà',
Na dearfa ciuin air canach fleibhe.”

* * * * *

“'S m'òch

" 'S moch a ghoireas a chorr
 Air an lòn àta 'n * *slia'*-gaoil,
 San la a ghluais sinn 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 fo ni 'm fanam fein,
 Mun abair Fionn gu d' eug mo threis:
 A Rìgh nam beann, bidh m' anam fein
 Mar shruth nach treig do lùba.
 Fan-fa, Ghraine, na d' theach,
 'S thig mise le creach nan rua'-bhoc."

Mar shiubhal faighd' air a fgiathaibh glas,
 Dhùrich gu grad an laoch :
 Trom tuirfeach a dh' fhaicinn na scilg,
 Dhirich Graine ri leirg an raoin.
 Bha a braghad gu feimh a' foillse',
 Mar ghealach ri òiche fhàimhe,

* *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 fgia air ealachainn taibhfe,
 Chòlaich i fan doire 'm fear aofda,
 'S e caointeach thar lic ghlais ;
 " An fo 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-rìgh.
 Ar gean bu mhor, ar laithe b' ait,
 Cha robh geamhra fuar no òiche dorcha :
 Bha Mìn-àille mar sholus gun chaochla,
 Ach 's deo i air faondra fan 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 mhìll e.
 —Bha bhean a' greàdh na cuilm,
 Mìse 's mo shùil 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 cìrb mo fgiobuill.

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

Ghlac a leanabh a lamh,
“ Com' an caidle' tu 'n tràs' amuigh !”

Och nan ochain ! is trom a shuain ;

'S beag luadh mo lacich ri heiridh.

—An diugh tha Fionn ag eigheach ruaig,

Ach ni 'n chluinnear le Tuathal a ghuth ;

An cèin tha madainn na huaighe :

'S truagh gun aig m' iuran fleagh !”

“ 'S deacair a Chola, brì do fgeoil,

Shruthadh mo dheoir gu toileach ;

Ach greafam le fleagh thun mo ghaoil ;

Gleidhsa 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 :

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

Thòg finn ri fliabh nan tulach boidheach,
Far am faicte ro cheo na cabair ;

San sgarnaich dhuifg finn an torc,

'S lean ar coin e gus an d' eug iad.

Co chafgras, arfa Fionn, an torc

A lot ar coin is ar daoine ?

Gheibheadh e sgia chopach is fleagh rìgh,

* Is luibhean a dh' iccas 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' dorcha,

'S laoich a' dearca' le oillt-chrith

Air cath thaibhse Lochlainn is Mhorbheinn,

Shiubhail Diarmad an folus a stàilinn,

O bheinn Aile gu beinn Laoire ;

Tha Lea'-drom air chrith fa chofaibh,

Is Eilde ri ofnaich f'a ghleadhraich.

—Tha

* *al.* mo ghraidh.

* *al.* Is luibhean diomhair nan caochan fliabh-teach.

—Tha ceum an tuirc a' fàs ni 's maille,
 'S coip a chobhair feadh nan ròidibh :
 A thartar mar thuinn a slachda' fgeire,
 No mar fgarnaich leis an doire.
 Feuch iad a' dìreadh Drim-ruaithe,
 Sleagh Dhiarmaid a' bualadh an tuirc ;
 Cluinn am buillean troma baobhai'
 Mar chrainn aofda ri maol na carriage.
 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 shleaghan reàdh ruàdh,
 Mar chuile na Leige no mar luachair.

“ 'S truagh gun thu agam, a Ghràine,
 Le sleagh 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 frithe,
 Lota' ciocha geala Ghràine ;

Tha fearraid ga falach, 's do Dhiarmad truagh,
 Co dh' innfeas luach na lainn ud !
 —Tha 'n laoch a' tarring a bhuille,
 Tha 'n tseagh am muineal na béiste,
 Mar dhealan bàis o cheathach na Lanna
 Tha 'n lorg thar chrannaibh a leumnaich.
 —Tha chladhe, a charaid ri gàbladh,
 Fathadh an lainn an-laoich,
 Tha roinn ga fhàthadh an colainn an tuirc*
 'S e tuiteam air uchd fan aonach.

B' ait gach aon ach Conan,
 '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, *Sleachd 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 ruisgte ;
 'S ioghna leam fein a mheudachd.
 Thomhais Diarmad an torc
 Gu focair, 's cha d' fhuilinn 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 shleaghan geura,
 Reub a fhàil le mìle lot.
 Tha fhuil a' ruith, gun luibh ga casgadh,
 'S an laoch gafda mar chrann ag aoma'. †

† *al.* O shoe fìar 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

* 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 fhuilibh fein,
 'S mo chàil a' treigfinn gun stad ;
 An tuil a bha 'm chridhe thràigh i,
 'S tha mis' air m' fhàgail mar sgar.

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 tìubh
 Bhiodh air uilinn aonaich fan fheur.

—Tha ceo air mo shuilibh fein,
 Is eigin do Dhiarmad cadal †.
 Co bheir do Ghràine an fgeul?
 Ach feuch i dlù, is geug ga sgaile';
 Tha i cluinntin acain a gaoil,
 Tha hanam a' plaosgadh o shuain;
 Tha a caoi air anail na hofuinn,
 A fuil 's a deoir mu bròllach 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 mànràn a shiubhlas)
 Bogha Dhiarmaid air a rufga' san tfruth.
 “So leaba Dhiarmaid!” — “'S a cheile la' ris;”
 Their a bhean, 's i cràiteach dubhach.
 Tuirfeach tofdach tha 'n imeachd
 Le fios gu sgarar o cheil' iad.
 —Ach stadaibh, a chàraid chaomh,
 Cha fealgair faoin fo tha nur deigh;

Bu mhor a chliu, 's bu treun a lamh,
 'S bha ailleachd gun choi-meas fo 'n gèrein.
 Bha bhrollach mar chanach an t fleibhe,
 No mar fhneachd air orra-gheugaibh;
 Bu dhearg a ghruaidh, bu ghorm a shuil,
 Mar chuifeig lubta bha mhala chaoin.
 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 eifd 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 sinn an dithis san raon,
 Tha bhogha 's a shleagh ri taobh Dhiarmaid;
 'S le Graine* thaisgeadh leinn an guineach
 A lot a muineal 's a bràghad.

Shil

† 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.

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

Shil deoir mo Rìgh, 's e àomta,
Tra thaom na filidh an ceol ;
Bu bhrònach ar laoiach, is ar madai,
Nan luidhe' air sgiathaibh du-dhonn.

Marbh-rann Dhiarmaid o' Duibhne.

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

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 Ufnoth are described as follows :

An trì sgiatha 's an trì fleagha
Anns an leabai chughainn chuireadh ;
'S chuireadh an trì chloidheana cruaidhe
Sint' an sèimh-uaigh nan cathan ;
An trì choin 's an trì feabhaig leithir,
Le 'n tric a bheirte gach buaidh sheilge.

Bha do neart mar thuilteach uige,
Dol a'fos a chlaoi' do nàmh ;
An cabhaig mar iolair nan speur,
* No steud èig a' ruith air fail'.

San àraich b' ionan do cheum
Is eafach a' leum thar charraige,
Tra s'gaoileas e cheo glas
Air gaiothaibh, 's e bras ro Mhora.
—Tha crainn is tuilm na ghlaicibh
Gus am faitlich a mhuir mhòr air.
Cha ghluais e 'n sin 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 san Fheinn',
Gu ma sàmhach a robh t'òr-chul,
Fo chudrom na fòide ré! †

4

Feuch

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

† *Ktira,* &c.

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

Theocrit. Epit. in Eurymed.

P

Feuch bàre air barraibh nan feud,
 A fìuil 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 caifeamachd feilg',
 Tha fiol gun cheilg a' leum a' còfaibh,
 Tha 'n fealgair air an raon ga 'n ruaga'
 'S aon diu buailte traifd air caochan.
 — Tha chafa mar chuireig 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 tràfa.

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

Tha ògan a' feadail fa mhàgh,
 Airn 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 culaidh' 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 sholus 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 Ofear na Léige !

Tha 'n oigrìdh a' crathadh an sleagh,
 " Co fo teachd ro 'n mhagh ach Diarmad ? "
 * A' fàgail an sleagh chuilce 's an fgeithe,
 Tha iad aoibhneach an coàil Dhiarmaid.

— " Cha

* *al.* A' fagail a bhogha a dhcuibh an laoch.

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

Ann talla Fhinn tha ceol is aighear,
 Tha ’n coigreach ghios an tighe ga chluinntin,
 Tha thaise ri luirg, ’s a chluas a’ caisdeachd,
 “ Sud Diarmad !” —’s e dian na chòail.

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 ionnsuidh bliana’ gach linn.

An laoch fein ni ’s mò cha’n fhaic thu,

Tha leaba fo chlachaibh, le Gràine,

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 eisdeachd mu ’n tuineal.

Tha oighean dubhach ’s oig’ir deurach,

Tha ’n dithis ag eirigh nan smuainte,

Tra dh’ aomas brудар mar cheo nan cadal,

’S iad feadh an latha neo-aobhinn ;

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

Theuch.

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

Æneid. l. vi.

† *al.* Air feidh a’ cur duibhne.

‡ *Offian* speaks.

* 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 *fgeulachd* or tale.

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

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

A crìonach 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 fìubhal d' an cònuidh ;
O 'n tha ceo air mo shuilibh fein,
O deanar mo leaba leo-fan !

DAN CLAINNE M HUIRNE *.

CIOD fo chì sibh fan speur,
Oigrìdh aoibhinn nan làithe mear?
Glas-cheo nam beanntaidh arda,
No sneachda tlà bho chrìoch an lear?
Am bheil gealach nan neul fo fmal,
'S a faileas air balbh-shruth Chaothain ;
Am bheil talbhé nan fleibhte ri caoi'
'S guth thannas an luib na gaoithe ?

“ Tha 'n taonach, a bhaird, ro-gheal,
Is faileas na rè air Caothan,
Taibhfèan an t fleibh 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 cleare air ofunn an aonaich.
 Le aon diu' doilleir tha dhà chù,
 'S a bhogha iughrach dorch' air lagh,
 Bho fhlios na h'òigh tha fruthan daithte,
 A falluing dearg 's a haghaidh brònach."

Cum air tais, a ghaoth,
 Gus am faic sinn aogas na deise,
 Na sguab ad fgiobul araon iad,
 'S na fgap air faondra' am maife.
 —Tharghleann na 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 blià'naidh a bha;
 Tha m' anamfa làn d' an ceol,
 Mar chaoiran thonn a bhios an céin
 Ri uair fhaimhe, ta 'n ceum do m' chòir.
 —A chlanna Mhuirne, 's caomh leam ur dàn,
 Is cian fhuaim o chlaraibh Sheallama.

Oigrìdh, bidh sibhfe mar mise,
 Gu fuitheach aon latha, 's gun leirfìnn;

4

Eifdibh ri fgeula na chainne,
 'S na ceilibh o 'n àl nur dèigh e.

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

A Mhuirne, ciod fà do chaoin'
 * 'S Fìonan le laoich fa chath;
 Ceuma Lorma air raon nan earba,
 'S clarfach Thormain ri luadh air flath?

“ 'S mor fà mo thuirfe fein,
 Fhionain, cha steud thu fa chòrag;
 A Lorma, cha 'n eil thufa le oighean;
 Tha mo chlann fan torr a chònuidh.
 —Cha 'n ioghna mise bhi tuirfeach,
 Mar cheo † ro dhùflach na hiargail.

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

N^o

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

† *al.* Air tulchanaih grianach,

Q

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 speur,
 A lean fan Doire (na 'n ceud ruaig)
 Rua-bhoc òg nan fiordadh eu-trom.
 Bha laoich 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 searga'.
 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' innfe' na mairbh bhi treun,

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

† *al.* Fhuair Ardain airm-eid' Duthorran.

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

Ghiulain dà fhilidh na hairm
 Gu 'n tasgaidh gu aimfir fad as,
 Aon sgià mar ghealaich air ealachainn,
 'S aon le roinn-fleagh 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 fhliochd fein cha b' fhuigheall farmaid.
 Bha do fhleagh mar sholus na 'n laimh,
 A sgànra doinninn na h'iorguill,
 Fuil nan lag cha robh riabh na final
 Air faobhar gorm an stàilinn.

Do sgià mar charraig a sgrìob an dealan,
 Bu treun ealamh gach lamh a sgaol i;
 Bha Muirne mar dhoinninn fan darach,
 'S mar lafair fan 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 aoida le fòghnain uaighneach.
 Caidil fan uaigh gun mhiadh gun chliu,
 Do leaba gun lùgh, 's do fhliochd gun fheoruich.
 Aon is aon diu' tha crionadh,
 Mar rainich an fge' na carraige,
 Ta fàs, a' fearga' 's a' diothadh,
 Gun duine chi no shìneas lamh riu.
 —O'n fhafach thig ofunn a gheamlrai'
 'S am bàs le ghreann air a haghaidh,
 Le mhìle dorlach 's le choilion bogha :
 Chi e fan fhafach an duine lundach ;

* 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 *g' uagach* of the Highlanders.

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

Ach treigidh fardach an laoich,
 Mar chraoibh a leaga' le hofuinn,
 Leumai' gach bras-sruth thairte,
 'S i tairfing air uifge Alba.

Ta 'n droighean uaine 'n sin 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' cirich ris,
 An fgia sin bu tric fan àraich.

“ Ciod i 'n fgia fo doilleir
 Mar ghealach 's a hoir ri foillfe';
 Ta 'n fealgair ga fuafgla' 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 righre na'n àm fein !”
 —* 'S e talla nan righ' ata ann,
 Na buin da 'n fleagh ma 's fann do threoir,
 Sleagh Ardain; air ite' na doinninn
 Bi fein fan torruinn d'a còir.”

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

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

Tuire' na Thruaighe.

“ 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 annoch,
 Ro thonna garbha na mara iargalt.
 An uachdar fa feach is an lochdar,
 Tha 'n curach a' dire' 's a' tearna',
 Gus nach 'eil e ni 's mò r'a fhaicinn
 A glaic na lear no na hòiche.

Gheiltich

* *al.* chuifeag na huaighe.

† *al.* leabai'.

Gheiltich m' anam fein.

Ach ciod a dheanainn 's mi aofda?

Dh' èigh mi ris na bliana' a' threig,

Ach dh' fhàg iad eifdeachd an fhaondraich.

Sgartaich mo nighean; bha m' anam air chrith

Mar dhuilleig sheargta ri doinninn eiti.

“Chailleadh mo bhrathair, mo bhrathair,

Chailleadh thu ghraidh anns an doinninn!”

Bhuail i na deann gus an tràigh,

'S a rìgh gu b' anrach a himeachd;

O fgeir thirim bha sùil 's a glaoth;

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

—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 fan doinninn;

Chual an dithis caoi-ghuth Fhionain,

'S fhìn iad a rìs an uchd ri fruth;

Rol an treas tonn iad lefan gu tràigh,

Ghrad-fhainnich anam aon diu.

Thug Lorma a brathair gu fgeir,

“Fois bheag is mo chàil a' treiginn.”

—Chàirich i heide m'a uchd,

'S rinn i àdhart do 'n ultach bu tìrime.

“Bi tofdach a mhuir le tioma muc,

'S bi thufa fad as, a ghaoth;

Mall is ciuin biodh imcachd nan fruth,

'S na bùreadh am boc air an raon.

Caidleadh mo bhrathair 's e fèith;

Gu ma sàmhach, Fhionain, do bhrudair!

—Och! 's duaichni aogus mo bhrathair,

Mar ghealach a' fàmh ro neul;

Tha bhrudair air ànra na tuinne,

'S tha aghaidh gu duifneulach truailli',

Mar ghnuis leinibh, 's e 'n suain gun fhois

A' brudair air madai' nan coilltean.

—An nòs do mhathair le hìochd

A leanabh fan riochd fo dhufga,

'S a bhrudair fhògra mar ofaig?

Ach fathaidh ni mo'glamfa Fìonan.

—Tha cuilean air gnùis mo ghaoil,

B' fhearr gu feudainn am fuadach'.

Falachai mi ghnùis le 'm ghnùis fein
 Gu fèimh, 's cha treig a shuain e.
 —Och ! mo bhrathair ! fuar gun deo !
 An e nach beò 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' bafraich,
 A' taomadh a hofhaigh air ceo.
 Tha m' anams' air leagha le bròn,
 “ Nach coghn' thu, Mhuirne, do leanabh ? ”
 “ A Mhuirne, ” thuirte guth rium a' tigh,
 “ Tha làithe do ghaifge-s' air treigfinn. ”
 Air uchd na tuinne dh' eirich mo chlann
 A nall a ghios na tràgha ;
 Bhuailleadh iad ri carraig dhorcha,
 'S thorachadh r'ì flios na mna'-gil.
 Och ! dhearg a fuil an tonn !
 Ta hanam air fonn le Fìonan !

Och ! 's truagh mi fein á 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' fhàilnich siol Albha nam feachd,
 Mar fhuilid a' teach fuarraidh dorcha ;
 Cha'n ioghna mise bhi trom a nochd,
 'S tus' Fhionain fan tfochd, '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 cadar bhruacha fneachda
 'S a hula reota ri gealach na hòiche.

Ach

* Ημεις δ' εια τι φυλλα, &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 Vita brevità.

Οἱε τι φυλλαί, &c.

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

SIMONIDES, de Vita.

† Here ends *Tuire' na truaigh*.

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

Bha cheum gu Dunalbha fan òiche,
 B' ioghna leis fhaotain dorcha ;
 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 fhafaich,
 Air aghaidh nan ard-bheann feilge ?
 Og-bhean an iughair is caoin slios,
 'S truagh nach fios domh do chònuidh.
 An i cois na creige do thuineach,
 Aig bile nan fruthan uaigneach ?

Ma 's i, do bhrollach bidh fiuch,
 Bidh e fiuch, is tha 'n òiche fuarraidh.
 —Ach tha thu ghna le m' anam fein,
 A ghaoil, gu ma fèimh do bhrudair !

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

Caoin is sèimh fo dhòinionn nan speur,
 Tha m' annfachd fein, 's a huigh air Uran ;
 Na duifgear 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 smuaircan,
 Aig fruthan uaigneach nan ioma bad ;
 Mar chagar beacha na bruaiche,
 Measg † ròsan uaigneach nan allt,
 A' croma' fo dhruichd 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.* òiciunn.† *al.* chòfan.

Eirich an aising mo chadail,
'S biodh do ghnuis gu farafda malda!"

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 tfliabh,
Gus 'n do thribuail am bard a chruit,
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.

* *al.* leathan.

—Bha dhorus gun chòla, fial,
Ni '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 gäbhaidh.

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 uifge balbh a ghlinne fein,
Dh' imich cèin do bhliana Thurlaich;
* Bha ghnùis mar ghat-ghrein air an tfliabh,
Gun duifeal riabh fan iarmailt ùirair.

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

Bha do chridhe mar ghat-ghrein,
'S do spiorad mar chanach fleibhe;
B' e do nòs bhi aoibheil fàltech,
Mar sa ròfaibh air gach fàire.

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

Chuir Mìguil a bogh' air lagh,
 Tha dà chù nam faoghaid s'heilg dhi ;
 Air madain tha 'n ceum san drùchd,
 'S iad ri aghaidh nan slùc ag eiridh.
 Mar neoil ro anail nan s'peur,
 Air s'leibhte bha ceum na h'òighe,
 Le saighde co cinnteach 's am bàs,
 Bha feidh nam fafach leonta.

Dhorchaich, le torran, an s'peur,
 Tha Lùbar na s'teuda mora ;
 Ighean Mhuirne, tha do chridhe fo smal,
 Gun faod air dol tharta beo dhuit.

Chunnaic a brathair a ceum ;
 Bha leum dlù aig flugan carraige ;
 Meur craoibh' air a s'gaoile thairis,
 Ri'n tric a ghramaich an sealgair.

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

Chritlich 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 ;
 Chlìf e, leum e, 's chunn' e 'n deise,
 Dol leis an amhainn air gheugaibh.

B' ard ach b' fhaoin a chaoi,
 'S an òicl' a' tuirling na ghleann,
 Chuala na creagan a mhoch-ghlaodh,
 'S chlìf 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 sloigh nan cadał.

Chual e mu dheire caiseamachd catha,
 'S leum e gu flathail o Lùbar ;
 Gu I-àluinn s'heol e le laoidh,
 'S iad ri taoghla beag an' I-thulma.

Chunnaas dà iuran aoibhinn,
 Air carraig * an 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 chòail,
 'S phill aoibhneas gu cònuidh Lùbair.

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

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

ΚΑΙ ΤΟΙ ΜΕΤ', &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.

HESTOR, Op. & dies.

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

Caisg, Urain, mata do bhròn,
 'S na biodh do dheoir, a Mhuirne, co fmitheach,
 'S gach aon air a steud-sbruth fein
 An deigh a chairdean ag imeachd.

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

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

—Infulas,

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

CATH LUI'NE*.

THA torman a chaochain am chluais,
 'S e brùchdadh o'n charraig anuas ;
 Gus an darag f'an gluais e san lòn,
 † A mhacair na h'òige stiur mi.
 —Tri chlacha le 'n còinich,ghlais,
 Tha 'n sin fo dhuilleach nam fras :
 Leaba daimheach mo ghaoil !
 Nach duisgear le fruth no le gaoith,
 'S nach cluinn, gu h'iofàl na 'n ùir,
 Farum ar ceum a' teachd dlù.

San aimfir ait bu lion'ar laochan
 Air fleibhte nam Mòr-bheann aobhach ;

* The lake of Lochavich in Lorn, appears from tradition, and from an old poem called *Lac' Fhraich*, 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 O'Sian'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 O'Sian.

Gach aon mar chrann-giuthais àluinn,
 Air na tulachaibh gorma fàfaich.
 Ach thainig an doiniòn eiti',
 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 cluinibh diomhair,
 Feidh na fàfaich 's àl na frìdhe.

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

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

Mar ghiumhas air Daora nan sion,
 A spionadh le frann-ghaóth ard :
 Chi thu leaba nan treun
 Air slios 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' chláirfaich 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 sin taom an dàn
 Air clarfaich nam fonn,
 Is clanna nam bard
 Air an clàraibh crom.

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

—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-sruth fàfaich
 Mise 's sibh-fein fan àraich,
 Ar stailinn 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 stailinn an da anam,
 Dol a choghna Mhorain am fad,
 Gu Innis-lui'ne nan gorm-bhad.

Chualad am paillion an Ri'
 Guth na h'òighe nach bu chli ;
 'S mar shneachda 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 haisling anns an òiche,
 'S cùis a caoi mu 'n chaochan choillteach.

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

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 fan teach;
Air a cheathramh chrithich an leirg
Fo chofaibh nam feara ri feilg.

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

* 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 mhaile 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-carbai.

An sin gu faoithreach fgit
Shuidh-Garna fios
Air sgeilp 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 Dhuanan
Aig tùr uafal na Cao'-mhara;
'S e air cluintinn gu d' thug Garna gaol tuail
Da leannan aig Luana bharrach.

Chuir

T

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

Innis do'n mhac mhearcach òg
 Nach ftrìochd ri bhèo 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 fìreadh e nighean Mhorain.

" Air Duaran ni bheil thu eolach,
 Tha aird, ars' an tòg, mar dharaig,
 Tha threife mar thorran nan speur,
 A lann-mar dhealan an géig aoida.
 Imich mun tuit thu gu biofal,
 Mar choille chrìonaich 's tairm gan fgaòile."

Bho Dhuaran ni 'n teicheam fein,
 Feucham, Fhir-arma, mo shleagh;
 Mo fgia 's mo chlàidhe foluis.—
 —Chì mi da thannas a' gleachd.

Le colg feachda fan iarmaid;
 Am fuil thana air falluinn cheo,
 'S an lanna dòbhidh air fgiathaibh speur-ghlas.
 —Tha na caomhaich a nis ri sìth,
 Tha 'n tìon gan fgaradh 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 truin an laoch air a shleagh;
 Damh cabrach r'a thaobh sìnte
 'S faoghaid fèith air uchd a mhagh.

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

" Tha m' annfachd fein mar bhò' nan speur,
 'S a heide' mar dhearfa 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 giomhais an gleann Luana,
 'S a cheann air luafgadh am fìois na greine.

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

Tha

Tha m' anam fein tra chi mi do dhreach,
Ighcan 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 ni 'n.geilleam fein,
Ach na 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 cèin,
Mar thannas air fgei na h òiche;
Tha na neoil chlar-dhubh foilleir
Le lann sholuis gan cuartach';
Cluinn beum a fgeithe!
Tha bàs nan ceud na fuaimneach.

Chaidh Goll a'fos na eide'
Mar thannas air fleibhte tairneach,

Ga chrioflacha fein le dealan:
B' ionan Goll am farum a stailinn.
Gus an tulach o'n cual e 'n fhuaim,
Bhuail e le mànrán faoin;
Bha Ainnir a ghaoil na aire
'S a ghniomha '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.

—The

* According to another edition, this passage runs thus:

Bhuail iad an fo air a cheile,
Gu cruaidh cuidreach is dò-bheumach,
Chaidh an leig air chrith fo 'n cafaibh
'S chaidh teine d'an armaibh glasa.
Bhuail eadh iad gu neart'or dòbhidh
Mar dha bhuinne ri crum'-chòrag.
Cho-fhreagair na creagan 's na beanntai'
Do airm nan Cuiridh'nibh calma.

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

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

Am meadhon a chath thoirteil thruim,
Bhrift na blòidibh sgia mhic Ardain,
'S rinn lann Gharna fead fan adhar,
Mar fhrann-ghaoth '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 shás iad,
Mar dha thannas dhuachni,
'S an doinniann le fuathas a' feide' ;
Cnuic air chrith ro'n torran,
'S crainn le 'n dealan a' gèisge'.

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 chèrag an òiche ;
San òg-shoilse 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 sliabh 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 pailliu 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 com a ghleachd sinn ri cheile,
'S an d' eifd sinn fgeul' air Duaran?

Chuala Goll a charaid
'S a shuil a' cadal san eug.
" Com' a ghleachd mi ri Garna,
'N riochd Dhuarain nan gath geur?
—'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 fheas;
A Ghuill, com' a thuit;
A Dhuarain, com' an cualas
Riamh luadh air do fhliochd?"

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

* *al.* Dbruid e shuil, 's a chòra threig.

Beul ri beul 's uchd ri uchd,
Mar ia' shlat mu stoc aofda.

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

Dà latha 's a shuil 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 shuil dheuraich.—Och a Mhorain!

* * * * *
* * * * *

An

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

† *al.* —“ Ci mo lorg,

Air for'uis Ainnir gluaifeam.”

U

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

Caitheam a bbroin.

“ Co fo bho dhuifneul an aonaich
 Na eideadh ioghna foillfe?
 Co fo fan fhaiche gu huallach,
 Làn cruadail an cinnseal gàbhaidh?
 Co ach Garna deacair dorcha,
 Catbach, fleaghach, borb mar feud-fhruth?

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 thorrán nan speur fan àraich;
 A ghuth mar bheucaich nan tonn
 'S a cheum mar fionn 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!

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

An taineal 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 ris,
 Fhuair e iofal na dofán uaine;
 Gach freumh anns a ghaoith ga fhéideadh,
 Is barr gach géige fan tfruth ga luafga'.

“ 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'!

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

Biodh

* *cf.* *Stoichaith.*

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 sibh le'r sinnfeir sluas,

‡ No ma 's luaineach an ceo nan glinntè' ;

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

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

—Uaibh gach gaol is bròn is creuchd,

Is eifidibh ur cliu 's na dànaibh.

Treigidh clàr mun treig ur nainn,

'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 charrraig anuas ;

A mhacain stiur an taoida,

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

CATHULA; NO MAR MHARBH CATHULA A MHAC*.

MAR bhoifge greine fa gheamhra,

'S e ruith na dheann air raon Leana ;

'S amhuil sin làithe nam Fiann,

Mar ghrian eadar-fhrach 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 tfeibh 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 fgiambach nan geug ùr,
 'S ni gach crann fa cheituin gàire
 'G amharc an aird ri Gath an iuil.

Seallaidh e sin 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 h uaigne,
 Nach gluais le gathaibh na greine
 'S nach eirich a' cadal nan tuama*.

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

* *As ai tai καλαχαι, &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 sholus gu aimfir an cèin
 Triallaidh ur sgeula san dàn.

Fhir d' an cònuidh a chreag,
 Eisd beagan ri sgeul Innse-torc,
 'S aiteal air m' anam fein e
 Mar ghath rè ro dhoinn Lumoin.

Dheafaich Cathuil a chuilm,
 Is sgaoileadh le Fionn na fuil;
 Shéid a ghaoth bho na fleibhte soir,
 'S an darach ag osnaich fo sàiltibh.
 Bha nuallan thonn mu Innse-orc*,
 'S Carric-thura gun sprochen san uair sin;
 An innis uaine ro neoil a' dìre',
 'S a floigh gu lion'or le gean mu'r tuaiream.

Ach co fo ri gualainn an Rìgh?
 Mar chrann air' crionadh aon diu;
 Dithis eile mar dha dbaraig uaine;
 'S suaimneach air tràigh an ceuma!

2

—Fàilte

* Innse-orc or Innse-torc, Orkneys, or isles of whales.

The word *orc* is used in the same sense by Milton.

—— “ An island salt 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 flàn 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 tairling aobhinn,
 Is eug-famhluidh, a Laoich, do làith' !
 Mar am fè thig eadar dhà ofaig,
 An òiche na doinne gèbhaidh.
 Tha 'n fealgair air uilinn an raoin,
 Tha bhruadair fhaoin ag eiridh :
 Oighean lamh-gheal le ceol mu 'n cuairt,
 Is baird a' buala' chliu bho theudaibh.
 —Bhuail beum air an fgdèith,
 'Ta anam a' leum fa chath ;
 Tha 'n àrach a' fàs mu choinneamh,
 Chi e foilleir mile gath.

—Ach bhuail an ofag, le sgairt, a bas,
 Threig an aisling ; dhùifg an Sealgair.
 " Threig thu mi aisling mo ghaoil !
 Mo bhruadar bu chaoin, ach mealltach !"
 —Bu neula glas na hòighean,
 Bu ghaoth fa cheo na bardan,
 Bu torran fuaim a chatha,
 'S bu dealan na lanna dealrach.
 —Bu ghairid ach b' ait am brудар,
 Is b' ionan fin uaille Chathuil.

Sguir cuilm an righ,
 '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 fhairge fhèimh
 Air maife fgdèimheach an caoin-chruth :
 —Amhuil oighean aig fruthana diomhair,
 Tra chi iad le gean an aogus.
 San duilleach tha 'n eilid da 'n còir,
 Chliff na h oighean le snuadh-dhearg chaoin ;

—Is

X

* King of the plains or *Mainta* ; a mhagh-thir.

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

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

“San linn a dh'fhalbh mar shruth,
 Chuir ar sinnfir an uchd le cheile;
 Sarna, Colgar, is Cao'-mhal
 Bu trì foluis chaoin fan 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 fafga' choilltean.
 —Tha 'n tannas a' marcachd nan speur
 Is uigh ri feudan eile.

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

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

Ag.

* *al. fa ghlèannan fhaondrach.*

Ag lot mo chridhe, 's i 'g eiridh le doinninn
 Am fhealla mar chuan na hInnse ;
 Tra dh' eighneas tuinn, 's a gheisgeas croinn,
 'S a bhios taibhse nam beann a' fianail.
 Tha àitich Innse-torrain fo gheilt
 Gu clisg an Innis fo 'n fhairge.
 —Ach tha m' anam fein mar shruth tlà,
 Tra bhios smuainte blà asleach ;
 Tuir thus', a bhaird, an aithris neo-àgh 'or ;
 Aithris ànraidh mo chreach.

Aithris an Anraidh.

An I chrom nan ioma crann
 Tha farum lann is fuaimneach shleagh,
 Claidhean liombaidh toirt foluis o'n ré,
 'S luirgne catha 'g eiridh 'n airde.
 Mhosgail an earb as a suain.
 Chlisg le fuathas an Tùr leathan.
 Ach earba ciod fà do gheilt ?
 A Sgara, cha 'n egal do d' phaillium.
 Tha Sorcha treun ; ach fheid an tua'-ghaoth,
 'S tha Cathuil wallach a' teachd air sàile.

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

* * * * *

—Theich Sorcha le neoil na hòiche,
 Mar lorg a luing' air aghaidh chuantai'n ;
 A fuas 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 san 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 tfeach ris a bhalla gun ghluafad.

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

Ach co fo 'n còail an laoich,
 'S a ceum air braon-dhealt na maidne;
 Drùchd gean air a caoin-fhuil,
 Mar dheur na h'òich' air magh ri gàire?
 Tha gnais mhaifeach fo sgàil a ciabh,
 'S a ghrian a dealra' rompa,
 Air rughadh a gruaidhe caoin;
 Mar ghatb grein' air rosaibh ùr,
 A dealradh air druclid fa mhadainn bhraonaich.

Co fo ach Rosga-geala,
 Geug àillidh talla na crom-I:
 Tha Sgara ga tabhairt do 'n laoch
 A sgaoil doinnonn na ffrì.

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

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

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 *στρουθιον*, is preserved by Plutarch (in *Conviv. Sapient.*), and begins,
ΑΜΙ ΜΥΝΑΣ, ΕΛΙΩ, ΕΨΕ.

Ghluais thar Cathuil fan I,
 Tri bliadhna, 's a rìgh bu luath iad.
 'S mithich pilleadh gu Innse-torrain,
 Gu tìr nan doireachan uaine,
 Arfa Cathuil 's e 'g anbarc na dheigh
 † Air na bliadhnaidh a threig mar bhrudair.

Sgaoil e na fuil gheala,
 Bha bhean ait agus bronach,
 —“ Slan le cilean mo ghaoil,
 Ionad aobhach mo laithean òga;—
 Chi mi mo dhaimhich, chi mi m' eildean,
 Ag ambarc am dheigh o'n charraig chraobhaich.
 —Ach con' 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 stialla foluis,
 Fo chlogaide béin an rua-bhuic.
 Sèimh an clò-luafta nan tonn,
 Air beacha donn tha e brudair,

I

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

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

Mar ròs Lèana fo bhògh na frois,
 * 'S na frafa meallain na chòdail,
 Ars' an fealgair, 's e greafad 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 mofglà, 's a' faicinn na doininn,
 'S ga fholach an brollach a mhathar.
 Thairis tha i sgaioleadh a fgiobuil,
 Mar iolair Laoir' air a h'àlach,
 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 stiuradh.”

* *al.* Bha Connlaoch na fhuadh aillidh.

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

* * * * *

Tha ofna fhèimh is eitrich cuain
 Gan coi-meafg air uairibh le cheile.
 Thuit an òiche neulach,
 Le torran speur, air chuantaibh,
 Las gu duaichni an dealan,
 'S na taibhfe fan adhar ri nuallan.
 Le cirbibh an trufgain dàthta,
 Tha iad a leum ghios na doimhne,
 Muca mara ri fgreadail,
 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 bhrifte nan neul,
 Chithear an eudann * air uairibh ;

Mac-

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

Y

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

—A shealgair eilid an tfeibhe,
'S truaigh gun bhi tearuint' dlù dhuit !

* * * * *

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

B' airde na fo nur cluais,
Fuaim Shulin-gorma ri caoidh ;
A hìghean 's a leanabh air cuan,
'S i bualadh a bas ris a ghaoith ;
—Cha fuil 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 ghaolach !”

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

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

Sud guth an tannais chaoìn,
A chunnas 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 fgaoilte,
'S dearfa daraich a' taomadh o fhad,
Tha Cathuil a faicinn a ghaoil
Mar oigh-thaibhfe chaoìn na ghath.
Mar reul an caol-chroma na gealaich'
'S i ionus falaicht' fan dorcha,
Bha a mac an uchd na hog-mhnaoi,
B' e 'n fealla fà bròin an treun-laovich.

Chualas

* *al.* fa choilltich aosda.

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

* *Al.* air gàth an rè,

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

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

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

2

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

Fan-fa 'n fò, tha 'n doininn a treiginn,
 Tha reultan a crathadh a cheo dhiu ;
 Glas-ghnuis na gealaich an craobha cèin,
 Feuchaidh an rè dhuit mis' a pilltin.

A shoillfe dhealach nan speur,
 'S a thaibhfean aoibhinn iuil,
 Innfih do m' ghaol 's i na haonar,
 Gu faic sibh m' aogus-fa dlù.”

“ Ach ciod ma ni mhuir eiridh,
 No 'n doininn feide' le abhachd thaibhfe †,
 Ma dh' fhasa a mhuir, ma threigeas na neoil,
 No ma dhuifgeas an lò mu 'm pill thu ?
 —Ach pillidh mo ghaol gu grad,
 Dionaibhfe Cathuil, a thaibhfe !”

—Dh'

* The island of Sora or *Sorcha*, 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 shuil air a charraig dhorcha.

'S brònach bean nan rofg tlà,
Le fuil air tràigh na hòiche,
Cathuil cha leir dhi 's an fhaing' a fàs,
Tha Connlaoch 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 fgeith,
Air barr géig sheargta dlù dhi.
—“ An duifg 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 ! *

* 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 Epifode of the Maid of Craca in the 3d book of *Fingal* ; an edition of which, perhaps not the least correct, is

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

Riums'

subjoined below. It is repeated under the title of *Cath Ri' Sorcha*.

Là do Fhionn le beagan sluagh
Aig Eas-rua' nan òighe mall,
Chunnacas a' feoladh 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 cha 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 fhuich-ofnaiche trom a cleibh.

Is sheas finn nil' 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 eil d'an reir.

Riums' air a neoil tha e feitheamh ;—
Grad-ghreasaidh mi fein na chòail."

'S mo chomraich ort ma 's tu Fionn,
('S e labhair ruinn am maife mnà)
'S i do ghnuis do'n ànrach a ghrian,
'S i do fgia 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 ofnai caoi Fainne-foillie.
Tòrachd a ta orms' air muir,
Laoch is mor guin air mo lorg,
Mac Ri' Sorcha nan fgia dearg,
Triath d'an ainm am Maighre borb.

'S glacam do chomraich a bhean,
Ro aon fhear a th'air do thì ;
'S a dh' aindeoin a Mhaighre bhuirb,
Fo dhuibhre mo fgei gheibh thu dìon.
Tha talla nan crag aig laimh,
Aite taimh clanna nan tonn,
Ach 's leor fafga doinn nan fleagh ;
(Bha mo dheoir, le deoir, a' tuirling.)

'S chunnacas a' tighn' air feud
Laoch a bha mhead thar gach fear,

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 fhlios gu ré,
Sgia dhrimneach dhubh air a leis,
'S e 'g iomairt chleas air a clé.
B' ard a chroinn, bu gheal a fhuil,
Bu mhìre 'n tiul na cobhar fruth ;
" Thig a mharcaiche nan feud fhuadbach
Gu cuilm Fhinn nam buadh an diugh."

Mar ghallan uaine a bharrach,
Air a chrathadh le ofunn an aonaich,
Sheas an Ainnir ; ach thain' an tfaighead :
" 'S maith tamas, a Laoich, ach 's baoth thu."
* * * * *

Dh' eirich Ofear 's dh' eirich Goll
Bheireadh losga lom 's gach cath,
'S dh' eirich iad uile na slòigh
A dh' amharc combrag 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 fgei do rinn i da bhòidh.

Z

Thig

Sguab e na ghlaic a bhean aillidh.
 “ Gu ma slàn duit, a ghaoil, a Chonnloich !”

Phill Cathuil na bharca
 Gus an tionad an d’ fhag e bhean,
 A charraig dhorch a cha leir dha,
 ‘S i ’m falach fo sgei na lear.
 —“ Chaille mise mo bhean is mo mhac ;
 ‘S truagh nach do ghlac an aon eug finn !
 Nar n uchd aoibhinn bhiodh Connloch slàn ;
 Is ionann bàs is beatha leom-fa.”

Bhrìt a chamh-fhair air Sorcha,
 Tha innis dhorch a le huaimh dlù ;

Thig an t Ofsar le làn-fheirg
 A chraochnach dhearg le laimh chli,
 Do mharbhadh leis fteud an fluir
 ‘S mor an cion do rinneadh Pi.

* * * * *
 ‘S thug finn buaidh fa chath air an laoch,
 Air leam fein nach b’ fhaoin an giùmh,
 ‘S dh’adhlaic finn le Fainne-foills’ aig an Eas,
 Macan mor nan cleas eli. •

Darag aofda ga falach,
 Le hearradh fein do chòinich.
 Cuig linnte ’nan laithibh fein,
 Chunn’ an cuan ag eiridh ’s a’ tràghadh,
 O thiubhraich a gheug fo fafga
 Do rìgh gaisge na Sorcha.
 Dh’ fholaich e bhean fan uaimh,
 Tra ghluais e chumail blàir ;
 “ A màireach pillidh mo thriall,
 Maol 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 coilion òiche,
 Cha ’n fhacas rua-cheann Ulan-orchuill ;
 ‘S tiamhaidh 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 dhìomhair.

An fo dh’ fheith Cathuil an òiche.
 Le foillie laiste reultach

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 fhuich mar fhile nan ròs,
 Aig fruthaibh mòdhar nam * mall-éighe.
 Dh' airis i mar fhuair i bàs,
 Mar chàirich i Connloch air fgei :
 " Ach duifg, 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 dìon ;"
 Theireadh laoich, is sìth nan aire ;

* *al. malla-cheuma.*

† Here ends *Aithris an anraidh.*

Theireadh ; is their iad fathaid,
 " Is amhuil a lamh is lamh Chathuil."
 —Ciod mu bheil thu mata fo fmalan,
 'S gun thu 'n iorguill a chatha na taonar.

Mar fo chaitheadh an òiche
 'N Carric-thura, gu foillfe faire,
 Le fuile foir a' plaofga'
 Mar shealgair air raona fàfa.
 Tha tonna dorcha gan éide'
 ('S barra shleibhte) 'm falluing shoillfe ;
 Reulta gam falach fan adhar
 Ro cheuma flathail na greine ;
 'S i sealltuin le fuil fhial
 Thar triall righrean an tfaoghail.
 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 feallta ;
 Loingeas Lochlan air traigh a' taomadh,
 Mar bheachan, nan fgaoth gun àireamh.
 —Phill ar luchd-fanais gu luath,
 " A Chathuil, tha fluagh air an tràigh ud !"

Ni heagal fin leam fein,
 Arfa Cathuil, 's mo threin'ir dlù;
 Ach ciod a cheil an sluagh co fada?
 'S a chlum do ghath-fa, ghrian, air cùl?
 An robh thu 'g eifdeachd fgeula bròin;
 A' caoi' tòg-mhnaoi is do mhic?
 Bha, oir tha timeachd ataonar,
 Gun do choimeas ri d' thaobh do shoillie.
 Spion an doinnionn 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 fhòlas air uairibh gun bhròn,
 'S do naimhde mar cheo ag imeachd,
 Tha taibhfe dòbhidh na hòiche
 Gam falach * an tuill an fhirich.

Is amhuil a dh' eireas mo chliu-fa,
 Cha cheil bròn om fhuil an iorguill;
 Mar bhuinne-slruth 'n amar cughann,
 Atai' m' anam mar thuil a' leumnaich.

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

Mar mbarbb Catbuil a mbac.

Bhuail Cathuil beum-fgeithe;
 Chaidh Conall is Fionn nan eide';
 Mar bhogh frois anns na speuraibh arda;
 Bha bratach àluinn rìgh nam màgha.
 Sheas mac Ruro 's mi fein,
 Mar dha neul san 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 fguaba' nan tonna stuadhach,
 'S gam buala' ri * uchd nam fuar-bheann;
 No mar thannas na doinninn a' fèide'
 Nam beanntan citi fàile
 Le 'n cobhar ceann-ghlas a' stairirich
 Meafg charraige cruaidh ri gànraich;
 —B' amhuil fin farum ar feachd
 Dol an cinnfeal gleachd do 'n àraich.

* *al. miala duaichni.*

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 laoiach,
 (A rìgh b' aobhach sinne ga eifdeachd),
 Tha ar nainme-na cheana fan dòn,
 A laocha mora nan làn chath,
 Biodh là na h Inns' aig an oigridh ;
 Theid sinne gu 'n coghna ma 's eiginn.

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

“ Chi mi tri urfanna catha

'N tùs nan gathan fò nar còail,
 Aon a' dealra' na cheud fheachd,
 'S ni 'n lag e fa ghleachd dhòbhidh.
 Oifein, a mhic chaoimh,
 Na caifg a dh' aon-bheum a sholus.
 Tha 'n deur an fuil a leannain,
 Tha athair an ceathach na haoife,

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 †rìghrean, 's bu mhor am modh,
 Chaidh † sinne 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,

‡ Oflian, 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 ferg* :

A a

The

Tha Ogan fo cheangal nan caol,
 'S mac Ruro 'g aoma' fo Mhanus.
 Bha 'n toig'ear fleaghach 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 hiomairt?
 Cia fhad a bhios mise mar leanabh,
 'S do fgia leathann mar aibheinn?
 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,
 'Nan fteuda bras, le'n clachaibh 's le'n crannaibh,
 B' amhuil fin imeachd ar sean-laoch.

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

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

Ach co bu choimeas ri Fionn nam fleadh?
 Shnìomh e 'n tfeagh a lamhan Mhanuis;
 Is chuir e ceangal nan tri chaol
 Gu daor air an rìgh '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 chubhras '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 chasgairt leamfa.”

'N fin chaidh iad an dàil a cheile,
 Mar dhà bhuinne ri treun-chòrag;
 'S gach gaoth a' neartach' an faothreach,
 Buillean baobhai, beucach, dòbhidh.

Gu cuidreach, cuidreamach, beumnach,
 Bha na trein mar thuinn teachd dà-thaobh,

Gan ruaig' le stoirm, 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 àrnuinn ;
 Sruth daithte dearg o iomlaic a fgeithe ;
 Cha'n eil treun gach uair gun fàruch'.

Thuit e mar chrann giùmhaic ard-ghorm
 Le gaoitl 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 reug-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 Innfe-torc
 A lot fan àraich an taincal.”
 —Beannachd do tanam, a bhaird,
 Cluinneam fein gu hard do ghuth,

'S biom ait air marcachd na sìne,
 'S glas-cheo na frì' gam éideadh.
 —An leac ud fan lònna uaine
 Togaibh a fuas aig mo cheann ;
 Gus an leagar thar fruthan faoin i,
 'S an dean an taof-dàn a h ionndrain.

Ainnir Shorcha mo ghraidh !
 Ge d' thuit fan àraich fo tannfàchd,
 Shileadh do dheoir gu bras,
 Nam faighe' tu, ghaoil, mo chladheamh.
 A fhuil cholgach nan dearg-chath,
 Crochs' ad thalla mo chaomh-fgia ;
 Sgia mo ghraidh, (ge d' rinn i mo leon,)
 Orra sheol mi ro steuda sàile.”

Mar fhaighead bàis, no dealan òiche,
 Tra sgrìofas e choillteach ùrar,
 Thain' a bhriathra gu anam an aoisda ;
 Thuit e air aodann aona-mhic.

Chuartaich na feoid an dithis,
 Mar chraobha giùmhaic air Gormla,
 Tra chi iad croinn uaine mu 'n cuairt doibh,
 Air am buain le tannais na hòiche.

Chluinnt'

—Chluinnt' air uairibh acain an aoid',
Is sinne gach taobh dheth fuitheach.

“ 'N do thuit thu, mhic mo ghraidh !
'N do thuit thu le laimh tathar !
Mu 'n d' thugas an lann a' truaill,
Is truagh uach mise bha iofal !
—Canar riumfa tuille
Cathuil nan ioma' truaighe.
—Och is ochain, a mhic dhileis !
Gu d'linn cha duisg 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' fhofgail e 'n uaigh fa dheire do 'n laoch,
Is thaom na baird le caoidh an ecolan.

“ Com', a Mhanuis, am miann leat blàr ?
(Arfa Fionn, 's a lamh ga sgaoile'),
Com' an gearraich thu laithean an laoich,
Mar an ròs sin san raon air fearga ?
Com' an dorchaich thu laithe na h aois,
Ata cbean' ag aoma' fo 'n uallach ;

Com' am fag thu 'n òg-bhean deurach,
'S an òigrìdh 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 dofgaich fan raon
Ag aomadh an còail an tfealgair,
Gun uile a thilge' na rathad,
'S a cheuman a chratha' le claidhean ?
Anns 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 aoid' ;
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 h Innse.”

“Ma dh' iarras, treigearm' uchd le is an sgeith †,
Air an d' éitich m' athair a bhriathran.

B'

* *al.* air fuadach'.

† Manos fwears 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 dorcha ;
Phill sinne bronach le Triath nan tùr ;

stand his father had the same practice. In the same manner
we find Achilles swearing by his spear. And in an edition

Bu tiamhaidh ofna, 's bu mhall a cheum,
'S a shuil na dheigh air uaigh a dheà'-mhic.
of the poem of Clann Uifneachain (*Darbula*) just now be-
fore me, Nathos gives an oath of the same kind.

Do thug Naohais a bhriathra fìor
'S a luthadh am fianuis arm,
Nach cuireadh e orm fearg no gruaim,
Gu 'n rachadh e le sluagh nam marbh.

C A T H M H A N U I S.

TUIRLING, a clàrlàrach 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' sion-steuda 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,

B b

'S

'S i dealradh air ceo nan gleanntai';
 Solus fann, ciar-chònuidh nan taibhfe,
 Ta tofdach ag eifdeachd an fhilidh
 Bu mhinic a chual iad le haoibhneas.

'S ni 'n ceileam mo cheol fein,
 A thaibhfe 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 leibhfe '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 Bhaioifge;
 Mar cheolan faoin an t frannain
 San fhaiche do 'n fhilidh aos' ar.

Ach c'ait 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 Feinne,
 'S ur speis do chleachda na Morbheinn?

Ni hamhluidh; a chlanna nan dàn,
 'S tric fonn ur clàrfach fa cheo,
 'S e taofga' le ofunn an aonaich
 (Feadh ghleanntai' faoin nam fàfach)
 Gu cuas 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 ghluafcas 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'ait a bheil ur treife 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 duaichni.

Tha 'm fonn a' fgaiole' fea' ghleanntai tofdach
'S iad fein an ofnaiche Laoire.*

Ni 'm b' ionan sin maithe' na Feinn'
A' bras-leumnaich mar mhile tuil,
Tra dh' eirich an iorguill aig Laoire
Mar ftoirm air Luimoin 's ar fuil ri fàimhe.

† Sheol sinn 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,

* As when a shepherd of the *Hebrid* isles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aerial 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.

Castle 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-òiche † dean foilleir an cuan duinn.
A ghealach nan trà fgaoil do fhuil,
'S faicear do ghnuis leathan 's na nialuibh.

Feuch am beum foluis caol ud,
Mar dhearfa bho eudann taibhfe,
Tra fheideas anail nan sion
A ghlas-chiabha mine 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 Innse-cola,
Lag, 's e leth-thombas na hòiche.
'Nar còail thaom acain a bhròin,
Mar cheolan cuilce 's na gaathaibh;
Shil e bho fhàs-uchd nan creag,
'S e ri fead an ula na huaimhe.

Laoire

† Names of stars.

*Laoidh '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 dhilseachd.
 O' nach mis' a rinn imeachd,
 'S do dheoirs' a' fil' air mo chreubhaig!
 Ach gearr bhiodh do laithe le tuirfe
 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 chònuì?
 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 éiflean.

* Much of what is generally repeated under the title of
Laoidh 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 fin 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 dhilsean nan linn,
 'S is geal éide' do chinn fein,
 Ach cha lag an Fheinne gu d' dhìora,
 'S cha dìobrar leinn an taofda.”

“ Mo dhoigh ge bàigheil gur lag,
 M' fhia' cha folair no m' uaigh;
 —Ach taibhse ni 'n éidear le stàilinn,
 Asteach sibh o ànra 's o fhuachd.
 Bu tric a rinn mise gu h aobhach
 A chuilm a fgaoile do 'n aineal;
 Is fathaid tha m' aros fgaoilte,
 'S m' aoidheachd ag iarraidh tathaich.
 —Thigibh o ànra na hòiche,
 'S leibh lòn a ghaothair nach éirich.”

'S chunnacas au gaothar bàn
 Sud fà m' an guileadh an taoisla,
 Croma-dheurach air luirg a fhleagh,
 Fholt is ula feadh na gaoithe.

Och cha 'n fhaic mi téiridh !
 No do lù-chas aoibhinn fan fhireach ;
 Eilid an aonaich cha ruaig thu,
 'S truagh gun mise bhi tionad !

Eiflibh sgeul Umaidh nam feachd,
 Nach do chleachd bhi na aonaran critheach ;
 'S ann dà gu freagrachd am mor-fhrath,
 Srath uaine nan sleibhte coillteach,
 Nan fruthan aoibhinn 's nan creagan eighinn.

B' ioma laoch am thùr an sìth,
 Sa chath bu lionar iad ri m' shròl.
 B' iomad fruth-aonach aig m' fheidh,
 B' ait grian ag eiridh gach lò,
 M' fhardach sheachain an duibhne,
 'S da sholus gach òiche ga liona :
 B' aoibhinn òg innte Morad,
 'S bu shoithe' fòlafach La-mìne.
 Ach thuit smal air *dearfà na deife,
 'S cheil iad fan doinnn an aodann.

* *af.* àilleachd.

Dh' fhurail Calmar a ghaol,
 B' annfa le m' nighein laoch Ghleann-diamhair.
 Thaine' Calmar a Borba le fheachd,
 Bha mise sean '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 t fliabh,
 Ghlac mi 'n fgia, thog mi 'n lùreac,
 Och 's trom an iarguin an aois,
 Cha 'n fheudainn mo lann a rùfgadh.
 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 dhea'-mhic.
 'S ni 'n robh bhruadair air feilg fan òiche.
 (Tha Morad na chadal !) làn eiflean,
 O nach leum e leis tuille fan 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 tuille' 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 thorrann an cein,
'S air a huchd bha éide taibhfe.
Na laimh bha claidhe do 'n dealan
Dui'-rua, 's a ghealach n' a thuiream ;
Chualas a ghuth air eigin
" A ghaifgich na Feinne gluaifibh."

Sgaoil finn ar fhuil bhréideach,
'S leum finn mar mhiol nan Orca,
Air a ruaga' le spionna nan cuantai,
An stoirm uabharr steuda Lochlann.

Fhuaras Manus air an tràigh
San òiche tra thàin'eas tofdach :

An Rì' 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.
" Cairfgean arfa Conan an ceannard
Mu 'm meall e finn tuille le chòra."

" A

* *al.* 'S leig Manus a mhionn air di-chuimhn.

The following verses are sometimes repeated here,
though manifestly spurious,

Mar sgrìob curaich air cuan nan colg,
Mionnan borba sliochd na foill ;
Na mionnaich le d' dheoin anns a choir ;
'S e Dia na glòir 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 :

Ἄνδρον δε φάσκων ὀρκον εἰς ὕδωρ γράφει,
Ὅσον ἐπιρκῶν μὴ δοκεῖ ληθῆναιαι.
Ὀρκος δὲ φύγει καὶ δίκαιος ὀμνῆται.

“A chrionaich nam Fiann am b' aill leat mife

Bhi gun mhia' gun nheas mar Mhanus?

Mar gath na hòiche (gun bheum-sgeithe)

Cha d' theid neach uam fein do'n àraich.

—Fhearais oig gabh thufa 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 sleibhte

Bha san lochan fhèimh ri gàire.

—B' amhuil fin caochla cruth

Mo bhrathar teachd dubhach nar còdail,

O fheachd Lochlainn bha fiar uainn.

“Tha Mánus ag iarrai còraig.”

Gheibh e fin, arfa Conan uaibhreach,

Bheireams' a cheann bhar a ghuaille.

Com nach mothaic'le' Conan

Lughad a thoirt anns an Fheinne?

Dh' imich e; ach Manus corrach

Chuir Fuathas gu Conan crion.

—B' ait le Fuathas bli air dheire,

'S cha bu shaor o eagal na dheigh fin.

Air gleachd dhoibh aon òiche ri gelaich

Neo-ealamh nan deigh bhà Fuathas,

Taobh eile caochain dh' eirich Athach,

'S a shleagh 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 famhuil fo do gheilt

Ionnfui' na greis thaini' Fuathas

A shleagh mheirgeach ri fuaim air a fgei,

Mar ghànraich eun air steda fuara.

Dh' oilltich Conan, ach chuimhnich e Ri,

Chaidh e fios is lot e 'n fhearrfaid,

Thuit an Lochlanach gu talamh,

Shaoil e gu b' e chlaigeann a bhuaileadh.

Thionndai Conan le tèabhachd,

'S gu b' è sud tionnda a dhunach,

Bhuin

* This, like many other lines of Ossian's poems, has passed into a proverb.

† *al.* Bu chofail ri deo-grein' a chruth.

Bhuin Fuathas deth na cluafan,
 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 flàilinn,
 B' iomad ann claidhe, 's b' iomad fgia,
 B' iomad triath le lùirich àigh ;
 B' iomadach ann clogaide eruaidh'
 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,

* *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' fgaiole' gioraig is cith-chatha,
 Feadh an rathaid gu grad chòdrag :
 No mar mhilte tonn a' beucaich
 An ftoirm citi ri flios carraig ;
 Mar fin bha fuaim arm 's a lùirich,
 'S air a ghnùis bha dùlachd catha.
 Bha chladhe liomhai a' dealra,
 'Togt' an aird an laimh a churai ;
 'S na gaoithe strannarr' a gluafad
 A chiabh, air fhua freotha buinne.
 Na cnuic air gach taobh dheth chrithich,
 'S chlisg an tflighe fo a chafaibh ;
 Las a shuilean ;—dh' at a chridhe ;
 B' an-fheilidh a chith 's a choflas.

Chòlaich na cathan a cheile,
 'S bu deacair co bu treine innfe.
 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 '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 lùib an fhòghnain tha chith ga threiginn ;
Le fleagh an Rì 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, chorrach, 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 rø' Chalmar nam Borb-fhruth
Oir dh' fhailnich na bluine' do Mhorlach.”

Mar chraoibh ag aomadh air Lèana,
Bha 'n tUmaidh, 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 mhil na daraig, 's a ghrian air Morlia.

* “ Sgaoilear a chuilm dhoibh an diugh,
'S a màireach fgailear 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'

D d

Dh' fhalbh an òiche le cuilm 's le ceol
 'S cha bu bhronach do ghuths' a chlarfach,
 Mar mise bha do chaoimh ga d' chuartaich',
 Fionn fein is a shluagh gradhach.
 Le sealla-caoibh bu mhor an aire,
 'S iad ag aomadh ad charadh o'n àite.

O' b' aighreach finn 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 Cumhail
 Nach d' fhag fuigheal riabh d' fheoil daoine;

—San aimfir a bh' ann o chein,
 Cha bu cheo san speur ar cairdean;
 Cha b' fhaoin-ghuth san aonach thufa,
 'S cha bu mhaol-chrann gun duilleach mise.

Gun bi 'n Druì'-lannach lann Ofair,
 '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.

T R A T H U I L.

*Sgeulachd air Trathuil nam buadh,
 'S air Colguil nan tual bheart.*

AGHRIAN na hog-mhaidne! 'g eirigh
 Air sleibhte foir le d' chiabhan òr-bhuidh;
 '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'ait am bheil ciar-imeachd na hòiche
 (Ro d' ghnuis) air fgiathaibh an fhirein?
 C'ait am bheil aig duibhre a cònuidh,
 'S uamh chòfach nan reulta foillse?

Tra leanas tu 'n ceuma gu luath,
Mar fhealgair gan ruaga san speur ;
Thus' a' dìre' nan aonach ard,

'S iadfan air faoin-bheannta fàs a' leum'?

'S aobhin do fhiubhal a fhòlais àigh,

A sgaoileas le d' dhearfa gach doininn ;

'S is maifeach do chleachdan òir

A' fìnàmh fiar 's do dhòigh ri pille'.

Le feachran an dall-cheo na hòiche,

Cha ghlacar thu choidh' ann ad chùrsa ;

'S doininn nan cuanta gàbhaidh

Cha fèid gu brath as d' iul thu.

Le gairm na ciuin-mhaidne bidh teiridh,

'S do ghnais fhéilidh a' dufga' gean,

A' fògra' na hòich' o gach àit

Ach fuil a bhaird nach faic do fhelus.

Ach amhuil fo, nos-lia lag,

Bidh tufa fathasd a' d' aonar ;

Do fhiubhal 's na speuraibh mall,

'S tu dall mar mis' air an aonach.

Doilleir mar ghealach nan trà,

Bidh t'àna 's tu fiubhal nan speur ;

Caifeamachd na maidne cha chluinn thu,

Mar na fuinn gun luadh ri eirigh.

An fealgair seallaidh 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 aobhneas an sin air foluis na hòiche,

Tra bhios mac na foillse mar Thrathuil.

Nach cumhainn leat * cobhan an laoiach,

A b' aobhach cèum air cùl Ghorm'ill ?

Dà fhealg mhòr a fhinnsear na làimh,

Is sgia fo bhràgad foillse.

Bha ghruaidh ruiteach fo dhui'-bheairt,

'S fhalt cleachdach a' frutha' m' an cuairt ;

Smuaircan cha rabh air an ògan,

'S e crònan dhàn nan treun-laoch.

Dubh-bhronach 's deur-dhearg fhùileach,

Dhuifg na chòail macan aoida,

Srann aig fhalt an gaoith nan aonach,

'S òna mar aon ga suàruch'.

“ Mo

* *Cærus haud aliter dimicat incola Thules,
Agmina falcifero circumvenit acta corvino.*

STATIUS.

“ Mo chomraich fein ort a Ri' nan lann,
 Ma 's tu a tann a Thrathuil threinn,
 'S tric a chuala taobh na Dula,
 Fuaim ùlla' mo fgeithe fein ;
 Ach a nis cha 'n iul do 'n choimheadh
 Fuar-thigh tofdach Thual-arma.
 — Chunnaic Mor-ardan maile m' aon-ghin.
 Ach cha b' annfa lè a ghnàthan ;
 Mhùch e lafair? thàin' e 'n cèin,
 Is ceathrar ag eirigh mu ràmhann.
 Mi fein 's mo ghaol Slis-geal
 Bha nar feafamh air tràigh fan am ;
 Tharruing e leis finn g'a churach ;
 Feuch fhuireach air traigh na Lèana.
 — Tiubhraich dhomh aon do d' dha fhleagh,
 'S thoir fein ma feadh dhomh do chòrnadh.”

Dh' èird Trathul ri fgeul a bhròin,
 Le corruich 's le fhòlas mu feach,
 An tfeagh tiubhraich e gun eagal,
 Bha thartar mar eas fo chòfaibh,
 — F' a chomhair dh' eirich feachd
 Fo 'n fgei chaidh am macan aoida ;

Theab Trathuil na chorruch a bhuaia' ;
 “ Na falajich do lann uafal na fhaoin-fhuil.”
 Feuch caogad claidhe 's coilion 's fleagh,

A dealra' mar leis nan spèur ;
 Tha Colguil nam meadhon aobhin,
 Mar theine beumach an deataich dhuaichni :
 Mar dhealan nan nial fan òiche dhoilleir,
 Tra chluinneas na fleibhte torran na sine.

Chuir Trathuil 's e fein an ruaig
 Le cleasfaibh cruaidh aig Doire nan eas ;
 Chunnaic an òighe Ri' nam buadh,
 'S ni 'n gluaiseadh 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-fhèide'
 Doininn eiti nam mìlte gaoth.

Tha Trathuil leis fein an tràs
 'S a neart a' fàs mar uifg' an Inbhir ;
 Mar chuantai' atar air fèide'
 Tha tanam ag eirigh a taonar ;
 'S do fhòlas mar thannas na hòiche
 Dearg-bholtrach air neul nan aonach.

* * * * *

Chaidh Trathuil a'fos na eide'
 Mar fgarraich o mhullach sleibhe ;
 Mar bhuinne-shruth fuaimneach oilteil,
 No mar theine 'm falt nan coilltean.
 Bha Colguil 's e fein mar dha shruth aonaich,
 Chluinnte 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 nan feud-shruth
 Bhios le aodann fhliabh a' leumnaich.

Tha fradharc Cholguil a' f'namh an ceo,
 'S a cheann-bheairt fo leon nan sleagh ;
 Tha Corran gun s'gia, mar charraig
 A s'griobadh le dealan na h'òiche.
 Tha lamh Dh'uchonais air uchd
 A' cofga fruthain a chreuchdan,
 A thaice ri aos-chrann briste :
 Ceann is ceann-bheairt Chrisofuis nam blòide.

—Tha Tual-arma san dus na chreuchdaibh
 Ga làire' fo chafuibh nan an-laoch.

Chrath Colguil f'a shuil an ceo,
 'S a ri bu dòbhidh imeachd

(Mar dhubhar na Lèige) gu Trathuil,
 'S ann da-san air leam gu b' 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 f'òigh nan colg ;
 Ach f'heid ofag e 'mach,
 'S e ait am meadhon a thèabhachd.

Dh' fhàg e 'leannan na tìgl,
 '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' s'guaba' na cruic,
 'S am mathair ri huchd nan cruach.

“ C' àit am bheil ceuma mo ghaoil,
 Air faondra' meafg bheannta fàfa !
 Faicem taogas a' teachd,
 'S do chiabha clearc mar ghath air fàire.”

Dh'

E e

Dh' imich a bhean dhonn-shuileach,
 Mar cheo an drùchd a' dìreadh aonaich;
 Tra dh' eireas e 'n gleannan diambhair,
 Air fgia na maidne, fo lufaibh braonach.

Chunnaic i bàrc air barra thonn,
 Is mìle sonn is fleagh air tràigh;
 " Is coimheach gach aon diu fud,
 'S mo ghaol am meafg mhìle nàmh."

B' ard air carraig a scread,
 'S na glinn a' freagairt da h'éighe;
 Air ionndrain Thrathuil, le fuathas
 Dhòirt an oigrìdh nuas o 'n sleibhte.

Gu buidheann Cholguil bhuaill 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 aobhinn tanam a d' neoil
 'S tu le Colguil fa chònuidh iofail.

Foghlaidh ar tannais an àros
 Do 'n òg aillidh a' teachd nan còail;
 Nì gaisgich aobhneas an talla nam fleadh,
 'S bidh oighean greadhnach le'n cruitt ri ceolan.

Bidh gean orts' a d' neoil,
 Ach t Athair 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 stoirm 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 bhi d’ fhìneadh,

Ach ’s auibhinn t anam 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 nach faicear le fùil na greine,

An ceuma air aonach duaichnì.

Ach ’s leir dhuit, a fholuis 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 Threimhoir

’S ag eirigh air lic Thrathuill.

Is cumhainn leat, a fholuis mo ghaoil,

Na laoch bu mhaifeach air Morbheinn,

Oir is fine do fholus na aon diu,

’S an deigh dhoibh caochla’ ’s beo thu.

Mairidh tus’, ars’ am filidh o fhean,

Tra dh’ fhàfas fean gach tùr is talla ;

Tra fheideas an ofag ro Sheallama,

’S a bhios Taura na fhardaich fhalaimh.

* *al. fhaondraich.*

* *al. an Sorna fámhach.*

DEARG MAC DRUI'BHEIL*.

THA fuaim am chluafa fein,
Mar thonn an ccin air muir fhaimhe ;
Do ghlaodh, Shruthain-dorcha, 's e tann,
Ri torman an gleann nan geugan.
'N a d' dhoire tha rà nan clach,
'S taibhfe cianail nan glas-cide.
Is tiamhaidh fo !
Deir clann nam meat,
'S an ùigh ri triall
O fhiantaibh thairbhe.

Ach dhomhfa cha torran ur guth
'N ur cruth-cheo tuaircam ur paillion,
'S gur cuimhne leam iomairt nan fleagh
An aghaidh ur Deirg 'ic Drui'bheil.

* As the name of Dargo is frequent in the poems of Ossian, this hero is further distinguished by his patronymic of Mac-Drui-Bheil, "the son of the Druid of Bel;" probably the Arch-druid of the Caledonian kingdom.

Sgeula nam bliadhnai a threig
Air bharruibh an fgeithe doirche.

Sguir an tfeilg is choidil na feidh
Fo dubhar gheug air chòinich ;
Thuit brat na hòich' air na fleibhte,
'S fèid 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 gathan air Caathan.
Feuch do'n choimheach 's do'n chaomh an tiul,
Is stuir o'n lear iad gu Seallama.

Tha dorus Fhinn do 'n ànrach fial
* Iul-dìche tàr o'n fpeur do sholus.

Ach lochrain nan fpeur tha nan fuain
'S an ceo m' an cuairt gan éide'
Tha 'n raon dorcha, gun gath air lear
An iar no 'n near ag aomadh.
Tha taibhfean a' feola feach,
'S a' feachnadh an ionaid le 'm bàrcaibh.
Duisg, a ghealach o'n raon,
Is taom, Iuldìche, do dhearfà.

Sheall a ghlas mhadain
Air bharruibh nan fleibhtean aobhach,
Tha borbhan an cluais an luchd-faire
Mar chuilean maidne nan fgaothaibh.

Drannan bheachan an aonaich
(Arfa Cafa-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)

* Taoma gach reul tro' cheo an solus.

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 fleaghan gu tric air an talamh
'S iad athach le ceuma neo-amhluidh.
A' bualadh an uchd, 's a fliogadh an ula,
Sheas 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; chlifg na laoich
'S le beum-fgeithe ghlaodh iad còrag.
Mar dha bheum-fleibh o'n fhireach
Le cheil' a' fire' gu gleanntai,
A' fguaba chlod is chlach is chraobh,
'S gan taomadh thall 's a bhos air lòintibh,
(Tra bheires an leanabh, gam faicinn,
Le gealtachd air daraig na bruaiche;)
B' anhuil 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 co b' urra còrag ri Dearg
 Dearg deacair fin mac Drui'bheil?)
 Chluinntear leis an tfealgair na chadal
 An cois na carraig' an fhuaimneach,
 Anhuil sgairneach o chreagaibh arda
 Tra ni tairneach neamh am buala.
 Tha 'n earba le siubhal sàmhach
 A' goid feachad le hàlach ciar
 Làn iognai mu 'n tfealgair leisg
 Nach teich gu doireacha diamhair.
 Crathaidh fi ceann is i falbh
 "A shealgair is baobh do chialfa."

Dh' eirich farum nan arm
 An Seallama am aifling fein;
 Ghlac mi am shuain mo fhleagh,
 * Dhuifg mi 's an fhuaim ag eiridh.

Dhuifg an Rìgh a b' fhuaimneach sgia
 'S bhuail chuige gu dian a fhlobhig
 Mar shruthaibh o mhullach aonaich,
 No mar ioma-ghaoth 'n craobha còs.

* Mun du bhuail mi gu grad beum-sgeithe.

Bha ceud ann do mhic Innse-faile
 Cha b' abhar gean doibh Dearg mac Drui'bheil;
 Chunn' iad a bhratach dhaithe uaine
 'S chual iad e 'g eigheach iorguill.

Chruinnich a chuideachd mu Fhionn,
 Bu choigrich clann Innse-fail;
 Sheas iad, gach fear 's a fhleagh na dhorn,
 'S a shuil fo chòrfaid air Fionn-ghaèl.
 Anhuil soluis fo neula dorcha
 Tra bhios coill air chrith, 's an speur ri borbhan.
 Chunnaic Fionn cath duldaì
 An fuil gach laoich, ris fein a' còra,
 'S fhuair an Fheinne chean' an cliu
 Chluinnte 'n dùcha cèin an òrain.

Leats' an diugh biodh an cath,
 A Churaich nan gath; 's biodh Oifian dlù,
 Bu tric a sgia mar chreig do 'n daraig
 Tra lùbas an doinionn na coillte.

Bha triath aofda nan Slia'-shruth
 Is uileann air craoibh chrionaich,

A sponadh anuas bho carraig
 Le gao'-chuid is farran taibhfe.
 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 fhuil gun fhradharc,
 'S ceo-aois' air taoghal a ghruaige.

So dhuit a mhic mo dheà' fhleagh
 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 mhife dh' earbadh 's mi òg r'i,

Tra bhiodh mo cheum gu iorguill nan fleagh,
 'S mo chuifse mar bheum an aonaich.

'S bha mis' a Churaich am òige
 Mar dhoininn a' dorta' do 'n àraich,
 Seachd laoich bha sud an imetachd
 * '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 sìar 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 doininn thu gheug uaine,
 Cha bhuan mife, '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 innfe' 'n fhà do chaitheadh òirne.
 “ Seachnaibh a nochd an uaimh
 Ach na hinn' sibh gu d'fhuair sibh fios ;

Ta

* Carraig.

* Tri laithean am fraoch L-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 aibheinn oilteil
Mun do bhoisg an fòlus gu haghòr.

Chofgair finn am ficead 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 fàithe,
Bha 'n oigh ;—'s a brathair ga dùlga,
Làn iognai sinne 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-taibhfe.

Ta anam Iulorno fà cheo,
Ri ceol tiamhaidh mu 'n tuaiream,
'S a ghrian a fealtuinn ro' n bhraon
Air druchd caoin na cònuidh uaine.

Tri làithe fhil ar deoir

* Air a cheathramh sheol finn dachaidh,
—B' amhuil sin m' oige fein :
A Churaich bi treun mar t Athair f.

* * * * *

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 bhathar,
'S thog finn amach bratach Chaoilte
'N Lia'-luideagach aobhach ànrach.

Thogadh a fuas mo bhatach fein,
'S a fòlus mar ghrein an duibhre ;
'S thog finn amach an Lia-luimneach,
Bratach Dhìarmaid oig o Duibhne :

Ard mar neulaibh ball-bhreac
Am barraibh nan giufach uaine,
Ioma-dhathach mar bhogha nan speur
'S frafa ceituin air cluainibh.

Gach frann a chluinntean an adhar
O chratha nan fròl gùbhaidh,
Mhògladh an fhuil 's an tanam
Le fparradh a chum na h'àrach.

Leumadh

Ait mar iolair nan ard-bheann
 'S i tearna' le fgiathaibh fuaimneach
 Gus a chòs an faic i air faondra
 Minnein ea-trom na faoin-chluaine,
 Dh' imich Curach : bha fhloigh na dheigh
 Mar eafaich' ag eigheach ro fgarnaich,
 No mar tharnaich fo choill air chrathadh,
 'S gun aon tein-adhair fan fhàisich.
 —Mar uifge Bhalbha nan ciuin-cheum
 Gu domhain treun bhuaill 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,
 'S bu luaithe na greann-ghaoth earraich
 Sinn a' dol an tùs na teug-bhoil :

Leumadh an fhuil co bras,
 An cuilbhibh nan gaifgeach mòra,
 Ri beum fleibh o'n aonach,
 'S gach aon ag eigheach còraig.
 An fin bhiodh torrann a chatha
 Mar dhuilbhibh an adhair fan d'-uair,
 Tra bhios gaoth is gaoir is dealan
 Ri farum an coill nam Mor-bheann.

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 fafach.
 Cha bheuca trenn-thonn na tuinne,
 Nuair bhuaill e ri creagan arda,
 Le neart na gaoith tuath fan fhaoilteach,
 Cha ftuadhadh 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
 Bhuaill gu cheile 'n fliogh le 'n fàilinn.
 Tha caoire dearg thar fgiathan a' breabail.
 Fuil air fgeiran, 's laoich gam bàthadh.

Ach co dh' innfeas onfha na hàraich ?
 Chaill Curach a làmh 's a fgia ;

* *al.* fan amhainn fheirgich.

AN

An fealbhan a cheil' air uchd an t-frutha
Tha 'n fiubhal ; 's e Dearg a ghearr iad.

Leum Curach a tri air ais,
Is leum a chlaidhe geal as a thruaill,
" Sgaoil Oifiaid 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 feach
'S gu gleachdainn ri Oifian na hàbhachd."

Dh' imich e 's a shuil na lafair,
Thachair air fleagh gun aon ga giulan,
(Efan a dh' iomair tric i fan 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 shleagh fein air Dearg,
'S e dire' ri calg na bruaiche,
Ghlac e 'n taos-dharach na thuaineal
Feadh bhruafgail lann is chrann is clunàghan.

Dh' eirich e 'n taice r 'a gheig
* Ach chao'inn mi fein an laoch claidhte,

* *al.* 'S a lamh gu treun na chlaidhe.

Thuit a dhaoine bhos is thall
Mar dhuille chrann an doinn dùlaich.
Tharta tha na fruthain ri breabail
'S am falt mu chreaga ga sgaoile,
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 afios is dhaoine,
'S a leagail a chlaidhe, mar dhealan
Feadh daraich, air Dearg nan Druidhean.

Thuit an laoch fan amhainn fhuaimnich.
Làn fuathais theich a dhaoine.

Ach bha Conn an iomall na Féinne
Gan lèire mar * dhus an cuairt-ghaoith,
Ghrad-thionndai mi fein na chòail
Gus am facas Fear'as òg mo bhrathair ;
A chridhe laifte le boile-chatha,
'S a shuil mar phlatha na hòiche.

B' amhuil e 's iolair òg
Tra chi si meann o Mhor'uth fleibhteach,

* *al.* mar shneachd air suax-eith.

Air tuilteach 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 bhoifge.
—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 asuas,
Chunn' e ghruag dhearg fan tuil,
An claidhe fathasf 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, Oifain 'ic Fhinn,
Thoir an claidhe fo ionnfui mo mhic,
'S e ruaga' nam fònan * fgiathach
Aig Slià' shruth aobhach nan dofa tric.
Dlù dha taomas an teas
Eadar gorm-phreafa na bruaiche ;
Thig an toirm gu cluafa mo leinibh,
“ Tha m' athair (a deir e) mu m' thuairream.
—Le ceuma neo-amhluidh am chòdail,
Chi e brònach an steud a mheall e.
Pill a leinibh gu tfhònàn faoin,
'S air neulaibh caoin bidh mise aoibhinn.
—Innis da, Oifain, mo threubhas fein
'S gun eireadh anam le bhlianaibh.
—Tha oigh nan lànù mìn gu deurach
Ag ull'ach éidi' fa chomhair Churaich,
A bos f'a ceann ri turram bròn ;
Oigh mo ghaoil, tha mis' am fhìne.
—Leig dhiot do fhaothair og-bhean
Foghnai dhomhfa ceo nan aonach.

Dh' fhofgladh do'n laoch an ùir-chòdnuì,
'S thogadh le crònan bhàrd a leac.

Rainig

* taibhfeach.

Rainig an éigh gu Athair aoida
 'S e 'g aomadh an còail a mhic.
 Shaoil e gu bu leis buai-làrach
 'S tha lamh amach na choinneamh,
 Ach chual e ris guth caoi nan leac ;
 " Am bheil tAthair gun mhac, a Churaich !"
 Mall, dall, ag imeachd an raoin,
 Thuiflich 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 col duit an lann fo ;
 Fhuair mise 's mi òg an gath fòluis
 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' ait le Saorglan an taitte cònuidh,
 'S cha b' ann le Ulan-forna bu mheasa.

" Cuirear mo chraochnach uinfinn
 Gu m' aos-mhathair, am ionad fein,
 Mac no og-bhean ni 'n d' fhugas
 Ri faicinn air tràigh Iforno.

Mar ghallan air fleibhte faoine
 Tra thaomas ofnaiche Lanna,
 Tha mise gun bhri 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 fmal
 Tha cliu do mhic: ni ife gean,
 'S crith sholais thig gu h anam sean.
 " Mar ghrein do m' anam fein
 'S mar òrra-ihleibhte do m' aois,
 Bidh cliu mo mhic ghradhaich,
 Faic, their an oigrìdh, 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 aosla geilt is colg.
 Tha donnal glas-mhadai san fhaiche
 'N e Ulan forno ta e faicinn?
 Tha 'n taos-bhard air a shleagh ag eifleachd
 'S a shuil 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 sinnfir nan còail."

Ard ro chàch tha imeachd Ulain,
 Caol dhears' òiche * ro a mhullach,
 A sgia bhrifte na stioma dorcha
 Mar cheum na gaillinn air chreagaibh corracha.

Chaochail an neul is phill am bard,
 Glas-ghnùiseach mar na speuran ard ;
 Thribuail e chlàrfach le fonn,
 A fuaim bu tuirfeach 's bu trom.
 " Philidh na Forna taisg do chlàr,
 An aros Fhinn fhuair sinne dàn."

* *al.* ro it' iolair.

Fhuair thu sin o gach bard
 A mharcaiche nan sion 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' feorùich co thu.

" Tha tannas air Mor-shruth ag aoma,
 Roimhe ta 'n folus a' taoma'
 Fann : is aileachd a ghath
 Na sgei is na bhrollach o'n chath."

Aithneamfa bho sgeul 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 sith,
 'S iad air sgiatha na doinnn gun fri,
 Gun bheum-sgeithe gun fharum lainne
 'N cònuidh thofdach na caomh-chloinne.
 Tha fliochd Lochlinn is Fhinn gu hard,
 Ag eifdeachd caithream nan aona bhard,
 An ùigh cha'n éil tuille ri frì,
 'S gun uireas' air fìothainn no frì,
 Tha 'n fuil air na blià'naibh a threig,
 (Le fnotha gun ghean mar mi fein)
 'S air raon nan rua-bhoc le ioghna,
 O'n glas-eideadh air mharcachd fhùne.

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 sgeula nam blià'nai chaidh feach
 Air iteig aonaich le 'n ciar-dhreach,
 Tha * aising na beatha dhuibhs' a Fhlaithean.
 Mar tha dhomhfa Dearg nan cathan.

—Sud sgeula nam blià'nai a threig
 Air bharruibh an sgeithe dorch.

C O N N.

* ΑΛΛ' ΕΛΙΓΟΥ 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.

Mimmermus, 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 Uaillibh '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 chuaillein a Bhàird.
 Dh' imich air fruthaibh na fasaich
 An' spionnadh a b' àbhait leinn,
 Tra chlifg am magh fo cheuma Chuinn ;
 Nach cuimhne leat fein na làith' ud ?
 No 'n do chaill thu mar mise do bheachd
 'S tu gleachd ri iarguin na haoife,
 Gun air' air na làithean a threig,
 Is aoibhinn ge doilleir an cuimhne.
 —Sgeul air na blianaidh nach pill
 On feachran air luim na fàsaich.

'S bha sgia fein fo uilinn gach laoich
 'S cath baobhail Dheirg air sgar,
 Mis air uaigh Churaich am shùine,
 '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 sgàil an aonaich.

Dh' eirich Curach na cheo bho'n àraich
 B' amhuil a stàilinn 's leus an duibhre ;
 Bha shuil, mar b' àbhait, na lafair-chatha
 'S a sgia ga cratha gun ghairdean.
 Dh' aithnich mi fein an caomh-thannas,
 'S e ré seal fo bhron a' gluasad,

A'

* Conn, a contraction of *Guth-shenny* " the noise of waves."

A' pille' gach uair gu chruthi 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 * gábha-bheil nan caradh ag aoma' ?”

Chrath e gheug ghiuthais air bharr,
'S chuir e mis' a dàil mo bhruadair ;
An fgairt a thug e 's 'g imeachd
Chuir crith air na creaga mu 'n cuairt domh.
Sheid mi lafair san darach lia,
Theich gu dian luchd-fhubhail an duibhre ;

* This term has been explained formerly in the *History of the Druids*. It is compounded of gábha, *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 *gábha-bheil*; and hence the word came to denote any great jeopardy or danger. Death itself seems to have appeared less dreadful than *gábha-bheil*, when the issue of it proved unfavourable.

“ Creach is croich, is *gábha-bheil*,
Is meafa na iad fud araon,” &c.

'S thainig fear-faire na Feinne
Le fgeul o flaluagh 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 taibhfe
Nan dui-neula 's an dearg-fhuil caointeach.

Le Suil-òiche phill mi fein
Gu fèimh thar uisge Mhor-shruth ;
Chualas † mic Lodda ri tribuail fgreadh
Ri tannais an geilt mu 'n cloich thiamhaidh.

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 “ *Claodh 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,

Taofg o'n chala gun deifinn.

Taom, a Lodda !

Fraoch do chorruih,

'S lion le ogluichd

Aifling '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 fgap do dhealan,

Luaisg an talamh,

Buail an anam,

Is na maireadh colann beo dhiu.”

'S nim bu tofd do na haofaibh lia

Ri fonn tiamhaidh chàich.

4

* 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 dorcha nuas,

B' éide dha dealan speur,

Duili' 's doiniann meafg a cheil'.

B' ionan anail is tein-adhair,

'S e ga féide plath' air phlatha ;

Chuireadh a fgreadd, a fgart, is éighe

Cith is crathadh air na fleibhte :

'S mur dealra' lann an Luin an laimh Fhinn

Mheathadh e cridhe gach fuinn.

Ach theich e roimhe le fuathas,

Tra thug an Ri' fiorra ma thuiream,

Theich e le toirm na torruinn

'S e marcachd a mhile doniann.

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 shoillfich iad mu Chonn.
 'S tric a theich coimhlich o'n iarguill dheirg,
 Mar earba bho fhialaig an aonaich,
 A grad-leumnaich gu coire nan coihthe
 Gun fhuireach ri fealltuin uaipe.
 —B' amhuil geilt laoch ro ghàbha Dheirg,
 Sheas Fionn air an leirg gun mheatachd.

*Like flames his baleful eyes
 Appal the valiant—from the sight
 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-smaointeach air fleagh dhealruich,
 A ghairdean air chrith 's a fhleagh air chratha,
 Le clachaibh fa ghealaich a' boifge.
 Chunnas anam ga leire'
 Le smuainte 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.

Bhuail Fionn am bolg
 Cho-fhreagair gach tolm is creag ;
 Chlìg eilde bho 'n callaid chòfaich
 Sgartaich dòin nan coillte fàfa.
 Chual' an talla-mhada 'n fhuaim
 'S e tearna nuas gu mort 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 fafga carraige na fhìne' :
Bloidh sgeith 'fi b' adhart da cheann
'S fhalt na ghreann an 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' aifling air ghaoith,
'S mo ghaol Rofcana bhi dlù ?
—B' aoibhinn leam imeachd le haiteal,
Ach bhac thu mi, aineil an fhaondrai.”

Co, arfa Suil-na h òiche,
An Rofcana 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,

2

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 h òiche:
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 luafga.
A geugan fo 'n doinninn lom,
'S gu luadh aig eun innt' air fonn.
Thogas a huaigh air tràigh
Dà lùc fan làr gu 'n lèth

Iughar

* ghiuthas og I-uaine.

Iughar le duibhre dlù,
 Is cochan *ciuin ri sliòs 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 aifling fein,
 Le deo aoibhin b' annfadh imeachd ;
 Pill a Rofcana gu m' aifling fein,
 A dheo-grein' am brollach na duibhre. §

* *al.* bròin o charraig éithne.

† *al.* "Tha teide do cheo ro-gheal,"

‡ *al.* 'Se faor o dhoinn 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?

'N do thog thu leac mo ghaoil,
 A thriath Innis-uaine nan craobh?
 Mur leighis luibhean do chreuchd,
 Bidh do leaba 's do chlu leam fein.
 —A bhuinneag Mhoi-ura 'n d' eug thu!
 'N do shearg a Rofcana do gheugan ;
 Tra ghluais mi fein gu blàraibh Fhinn,
 Fios chuireas nach do phill ;
 Bha mo cheud fhuil gach moch 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 fhuil 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 èigheach,
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 nò 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
Chluinnte leis * fgia na huifeig.
Dh' iarr e Curach fa bhlàr,
† San dearg-chobhrach fhuair a lamh,
Gu brònach thog e na bheul i,
'S rainig e uaigh Churaich gu deurach ;

* *al.* faoin-fhuaim na duilleig.

† *al.* air bile Mhor'-uth.

Shìn e e-fein 's an lamh f'a mhuineal,
Mar thuit thar Ofsar mo * chaomh-chuilean.

3

—Tamul

* *al.* chuilean tarr-gheal.

Ofsian gives the following description of his favourite dog Bran, in another of his poems.

Cafa buidhe bbiodh aig Bran,
Da thaobh dhubha ri tarr geal ;
Drim uaine fu 'n fuidh an fealg,
Cluafa 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 Ofsian laments the death of his son Ofsar.

Chruinnich iad uime na sluaigh,
'S gach aon neach ri buirich thruagh ;
Cha chaoineadh Athair a mhac fein,
'S cha ghuilleadh a bhrathair e :
Cha chaoineadh piuthar a brathair,
'S cha chaoineadh mathair a mac ;

K k

Ach

—Tamul do m' fhleagh 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' inich anam;
 Gun deo, mar chrè, tha Cofa-geala.
 —Com a bheil m' anam co meat?
 Ach tha fuaim an Ri le fhloigh gam dlùsga.

Mar ioma-ghath greine fan fhrois
 A' boifge' ro dhoinn gun fhois,
 Mu thimchioll Fhinn air gach làimh
 Las lainn Innfe-fail is Mhòr-bheinn.

Ach iad uile anns a phlòsgail
 A' geur-chaoin' mo chaomh Ofcair.

* * * * *

Donnalaich nan con ri m' thaobh,
 Agus bùirich nan fean laoch,
 Gul a phannail fo co fhitheach,
 Sud is mò a chraidh mo chridhe.
 Cha d' fhidir duine roimhe riabh
 Gur cridhe feola bh' ann am chliabh;
 Ach cridhe do cùibhne cuir
 Air a chòdacha le flailinn.

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 fhuil air dhath
 Reul ro' bhraon, * 's gun ghaoth a' gluafad;
 Anam ag at, uchd a' bualadh,
 Fhuil air ghoil; a fhleagh ga paradh,
 'S e g amhare 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 fgaoil thu 'm blàr
 'S cha bu lorg leinibh do fhleagh 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 lann.
 Mur tuit na trein cha 'n eirich do chliu,
 'S taibhfe nan speur gu d' cheum cha tig ùl.
 Caomhainn an lag, ach an aghaidh an làidir
 Biodh mar dhoire ri theine do ghairdean.

Mar

* *al. fan oiche chluanaib.*

† Fingal speaks.

Mar ghaoith gu feide' na caoire
Bidh mo ghuths' air an raon fo làmh riut.

Mar thonna dorcha doinninn
A' togail na mara ceann-ghlais,
'S ga tilge' mar fhleibhte sneachda
Thar ailbheinn chreige na tràgha,
Thuirling Conn anuas le fheachd,
A Ri bu fgreataidh an nàmh e.

Chualas an fhuaim leis an aos-shealgair,
'S e 'g eiridh * o chluaincin na hearba;
"Sud (is e caifdeachd) 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 soir a ghrian a' dùsga,
'S ag amharc ro 'n bhraon air aos-ula
'N tfealgair, 's e g eifdeachd ri † fuaim na tuinne.
Air faicinn da feachd Chuinn,
"Ruitheam fios a chognadh Fhinn."

* *al.* fua còfanaibh falchaidh.

† taic a lainne.

* A Laoich nan cath dòbhaidh,
Fuirich air carraig do chònuidh;
Tha floigh na Feinne lionmhòr
'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 a'fuas iad;
Na cheann tha torrain; na shuil tein-adhair
'S fhalt os cionn chrith-dhaoin' air chratha.
—B' amhuil Fear'as an cinnfeal 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 sgartachd,
'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 sgaoilte ;
 Laoich mar chroinn a leag an dealan
 'S an cinn uaine tinn fan doinnn.

Mar dha iolair a' ruith o charraige,
 'Gu coinne' 's gu cogadh air neula dorcha ;
 Bho thaobh gu taobh le gaoith gan luafga,
 '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 dhcir' 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 chladhe air a bheinn ;

“ Com am bi mathair mo mhic brònach ?
 Cha bhi 's e buadhach, a leannaìn m' oige !”

Air marcachd na sìn' tha tannas o fhean,
 Ag amharc le iognadh air còrag nam fear ;
 “ Is amhuil fo 's mo cho-laoich fein”
 A dcir 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 ris 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 still air aftar,

Gu cluain a minn 's an deur na sùil ;
Cha 'n fhaic i e beò, tha i 'n dùil.

Thuit no theich òigridh Chuinn
'S an Fheinne gan ruag' air an druim
Thar Mor'uth nan fleud ; is Conn gointe,
Mar charraig le fairge caithte,
Do 'n doinn aird a' toirt dùlain,
Tra bhios geilt air a mharraich teachd dlù dhi.

Bhrofgluich 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 aifd,
Mar gu tuite' fgarnach * gheugach
Tra fhiubhlas 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.* flicibhteach.

A mhilidh bu treine 'n diugh
Thuit thu (do rà Fionn) fàn àraich !
Cia lua-fhiubhlach làidhean an laoich !
Sguabaidh e 'n raon fa mhadaìn,
—Ach mu 'n turling òiche nan neul
Cha 'n 'eil ach fuar-chrè dlèth r'a fhaotainn.
Tha mhathair 's a leannan gaoil
Mu thurlach aobhach na fèifde ;
Tha 'n cluas amach, tha fuaim ag eirigh,
An folus na ré tha bhuidheann dlù dhoibh ;
Tha 'n ruith le aoibhneas na chòail,
An * caifil-chrè tha 'n laoch ga ghiulan.

—Dorcha

* *Caifil-chrè* 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' Fhraoich*, beginning with these lines,

Och mo dlunaigh Cuan ud Fhraoich !

Corp an Laoich an *caifil-chre* :

Truaighe bho 'n tuirfeach gach fear,

'S o'n guileadh gach mor-bbean 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 Rì',
 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 fìath ;
 Càiribh mo cholann lem' shinnfear
 An' caol-thigh taimh na hInnse-uaine.

* Feretrum confar cratis fuit, e ligno et vemine contextum."
 Car. Ruzus in Æn. vi. 218.

* The Druids wore a white rod, called *Slatan Druidheachd* 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 Liugbair *.

Chunnas ag imeachd an raoin
 Roi chraobha ceuman an tfealgair ;
 Liomh e trì uairean a fhleagh,
 Is bha oína gach uair dhiu cráiteach.
 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 dì-chuimhn,
 Bhuail e nar dàil :—ach fguir an iorguill,
 'S le borbhan do'n fhasach phill e.
 Aig diobradh fhalluinge, bha fgia
 F'araon is ula lia ga chòdach,
 Mar fìn is bian tuire air a thaobh cuil ;
 Chuir e air ar fùile deifinn.

“ Thugar

* To the most common editions of *Dan Liugbair* is prefixed the following stanza, which probably introduced some episode respecting Lugal in another poem :

La gan deachai Fionn do thigh Leir
 Bu lion'ar ann cèir agus fion ;
 Ge d' tha e 'n diugh na aibhist fhuaire
 Bha e uair a b' aros rìgh.

“ Thugar an fhalluin fo do 'n fheumach
Ars' an Ri, 's do 'n fheifd a chuid.”

“ Gabham falluinn an Ri fhèil,
Ach ni feitheam r'a fheifd an diugh.”

'S e Liughar at'ann le chù 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 threin, 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' ionmhar as gach càs-claoi ;

Thug, is cuig bàrcai fò m beairt

Do m' thoirt gu traigh as gach tuinn.

Thug thu sin dhomhsa gun bhreug,

Gun eura, gu fèilidh coir,

Is gheibh thu nis diola ga chionn-

Fhir is ceilli cainnt is gloir.

Cha mhife 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 feifd Fhinn ;
Theid feachd laoich an sin 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-fheifde.

Ri ftri le cheile ni 's mò,

No iorguill aig fiol nan treun,

Ait, aon-sgeulach, marbh is beo.

A chlach fo, gin na carraige,

Togaibh an aird air leacainn Mhor'uth,

Ni chlann do 'n aosda a thig,

Seadh na lice fo fheoruich.

' Stiuraibh

* O chionn cein.

*- A dhion t'fhuil o dhoinion nan sleibhte

‘ Stiuraibh nise, their efan,
 Air laimh, gu leacainn na Mor’uth.’
 Le ceuma ro-ghairrid ra thaobh,
 Tha chlann leis an aosd’ a’ triall,
 A thaice r’a *fhleagh, ’s a chuilean dall,
 Am feafgar 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 laimbich e ’n leac,
 ‘ Si fo, a chlann, leac na Mor’uth
 (A deir e ’s e fgiùth r’a taic)
 So an leac a thog ar sinnfear;
 Cuimhnichibh a chlann an sìth,
 Gach uair a cli sibh † leac na Mor’uth !’

4

* 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 blianaì 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 dìon ort,
 Na deana’ nàmh, no doinnonn, no fruth,
 Am feadh a mhaireas 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 Mòrbheann fàmhach.

Bu.

* ’S do ’n tsiol nach cirich gu cian.

† At the end of *Dan Liughair* 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.

Mìle beannachd dhuit gach rè,
 Oifein fheilidh is binne glòir;
 Arfon aon fgeoil 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 tanam,
 Bu tric timeachd fa chuan-cheo,
 Gu dòbhidh ofcìonn na hàraich.
 Ach a nis cha 'n 'eil agamsa leirfìnn
 Ge do chluinn mi tèigheach fa ghiuthas ;
 Ge do chluinn mi san 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 glàodhach o'n raon r'a cheile.
 —A cheile mo ghaoil-fa, Aoibhir-àluinn,
 Is amhuil a b' àbhaift 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-mhìne,
 C' uin a bhios Oisfan le shinnfear
 'S a dhiobras * a bheatha bhall-bhreac ?

* *a/*, 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 Oisfan na aonar ;
 A Liughair aofda bu leatfa cuid deth,
 Chunnas a d' thalladh an fheisd,
 Do choinlean céir agus tfhion,
 Ge d' tha e 'n diugh na aibhifh fhuair
 Bha e uair a b' aros Rìgh !
 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 fhafach 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

M m

Minnean na hearb' air a dhrim uaine,
'S a fuaine sinté san fhardaich aoibhinn.

Na uinneig bha ian na hòiche,
'S eighcann a' cur duibhr' air aghaidh,

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 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 *sixteen*) 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 founded, 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 a great 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 chuartaich, 's na ciar aighean
Beul a thighe san tfruth, fo smuairin.

A fhliochd nan fleibhte, 'n faca sibh Liughar?
Ach 's cubhaidh gur ait leibh nach beo e.
Ach fàilnichì' sibhife mar efan,
'S bidh ur daimhich aon latha ga'r feoruich.
Crathaidh ur clann an cinn le smalan,
Cha 'n aithne dhoibh gleann ur cònuidh !

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 preceding remarks.

“Lingua Hibernica adeo copiosa est, ut gravitate Hispanicam, comitate Italicam, amoris conciliatione Gallicam, terroris incussione Germanicam, si non æquet, modico sane

Is amhuil caochla na beatha 's na bliadhna;
Bha mise gun iarguin an samhra m' oige,
Mar ghiuthas na Mor'uth uaine,
Gun smuairin ro' dhoinn 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 sgei' na gaoithe;
Dh' fhalbh làithean ar gean le cheile,
Air sgei' na doinn do 'n aonach.

LOSGA

intervallo sequatur. Sacer orator, Hibernicæ linguæ fulmine sceleratos a flagitio sepiissime 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.”
Gambren. evers. p. 16.

L O S G A T A U R A *.

CO fo taomadh a bhàrdin,
 Mar dheò air anail na h'òiche?
 A ghuth ànrach an cluafaibh Oifcein,
 A' tòra' cliu, le ofnaiche caoirain.

Taom, a thaibhfc, do ghuth,
 Nìomfa gu fubhach eifdeachd;
 Mo chluas na ciabha lia,
 Ag iarruidh tainme 's do fgeula.

Tha 'n fhuaim air an iarmailt a' fàs,
 Mar fteall aonaich fo dha bheul eas,
 Trà dhùifgeas e bho amar na cheo,
 'S a dh' aomas e 'n còail an tfealgair.

* *al. Teamhra.* Sometimes called *Laci Gbara's nam Ìan.* The latter part of the poem is generally repeated as a separate piece, under the title of *Oifcean a' caoi nam Fiann.*
 "The lamentation of Ossian for his friends."

" A Laoire, (their éfan o bhùth)
 Is binn leam ro d' lùba t'fhuaim,
 Is binn leam do cheum 's a ghleann,
 Na dheana ro dhoininn nam fuar-bhean."

Is binn guth Laoire fan anmoch,
 A Shealgair nan eilde ruadha,
 Ach 's binne na fin an fhuaim
 Ta 'm chluafa fein fan uair fo.
 Mar cheol nam bard air an gaoith,
 An cuilidh chaoil nan fruthan uaigneach*.

4

No

* 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.

THOMSON.

No mar fhonn* a ghaoil tra dh'aomas Osear
'S a bhios clos aig an fhònan fhèail.

* Mar fhonn a ghaoil tra dh'aomas Osear, "like the music of his love to the ghost of Osear." 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

Osear's Ghost.

O see! that form that faintly gleams!
'Tis Osear come to cheer my dreams;
On wings of wind he flies away,
O stay my love! my Osear, 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 Osear's praise.

The shell is ceas'd in Ossian's hall,
Since gloomy Cairbar wrought thy fall;
The roc on Morven lightly bounds,
Nor fears the cry of Osear's hounds.

'S i gaol mo chaomh-Oseair a t' ann,
Faoin-uifeag nan gleann falamh,
Is amhuil i 's gealach air fleibhte,
Mall-cheumach, 's a grùis 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.
Ighlean Thofseair, † 's falamh an tàite,
Duiùg-fà le d' dhànaibh m' anam.

Duifg

Cease, Toscar's daughter! cease to mourn,
Your hero never will return,
But long shall Osear's name be known,
And far be spread the Chief's renown.

Ne'er fell his sword on vanquish'd foes,
Though great his soul when danger rose;
And when by friendship's words betray'd,
The field with death your Osear spread.

Ye Sons of song! your voices raise,
And sing the mighty warrior's praise;
That heroes yet unborn may cry—
May I, like Osear, fight and die!"

* *al.* na cuideachd a dh'eug. † *al.* eudach.
† *al.* far dhorch mo chlarfach.

Duifg e bho chlà-dhadal na haoife,
 An-aobhach, gun folus do chiuil-fa.
 Mar chlàr taibbs' air ceathach an noin,
 An gleannan mòdhar nan caochan lùbach,
 Tba guth na faoin-uifeig am chluais,
 Taom fhuaim air * chlar is duifg mì.
 —Dall air m' anam fein
 Tha na bliadhnaidh a threig a' pilltin.

Thaineas o Arda le buaidh,
 Gu huallach air feuda nan † coigreach,
 'S ar gean mar ghathaibh na greine
 'S i luidhe' fiar air fleibhte Thaura.

Chìtheadh am fè na fairge
 ‡ Coillte le 'n carraigibh eighinn,
 'S clann ag amharc le ioghuadh,
 Air fmuidean Thaura fuidhe.

Mar bho' na frois air fleibhte
 Bha oighean aoibhinn nàr còail,
 A' feinn caitheam nan ceud clàr,
 Le mànràn binn an òrain.

* *al.* an òich'.† *al.* gall.‡ *al.* fleibhte.*Faillte na Feinne*.*

Co fo liomhaidh na éide'
 Le † mharc uaibhreach ard-cheumach,
 Glas-mhuinneach, le fmuidre ceathaich
 O shroin (mar dheathach Thaura)?
 —Co fo air an each feudach
 Las-fhuileach, chobhar-bheulach,
 Amhach mar bhogha-catha
 Lùbta grinn fan ard-adharc?

—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 bràs-each fríanach?
 Tha do chliu, a Rìgh na Feinne,
 Mu'n cuairt duit, mar ghathaibh greine,
 Na fhòlus tha mìltean aoibhneach,
 'S an gnùis mar an lear is fè air;
 An gean mar Chaothan fa cheituin,
 Tra bhios iafg ri cuilean ag eiridh.
 Ach na laoich, co ciuin an sìth,
 Tha mar dhoininn ri am na ftrì.
 —Theich sibh, a choigrich o chein,
 'S a rìghrean an domhain gu leir;
 Theich sibh gun eide' gun each,
 Dh' fhàg sibh nur deigh iad fan fheachd!
 —“ C'ait' a bheil ur n airm 's ur n eide'?”
 —“ Feoruichibh do fhiol nan fleibhte.”
 Theich ur daoine fein gu nàrach,
 Cha bhì 'n ainm am feafd 's na dànaibh.
 Oigh cha tig le clar nan còail
 Nan teach uaigneach tha iad brònach.
 —Brònach bithibh's oighean aineil,
 'S balla-cbrith biodh air rìghre 'n domhain;
 Le clàr is ceol bidh finne aoibhinn,
 A' cur fàilt air slòigh na Feinne.

B' amhuil a sheinn ar n òighean
 'S an gnùis mar òrra-fhleibhte,
 Tra bhios duilleach na daraig uaine
 Gun ghluafad thar uifge 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 fliabh na falluinge doirche.
 —'S ait le shuil-fan an talla,
 “ So far an caith sinn 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 cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
 Self-opened into halls.

Castle of Indolence.

Dh' amhaire 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 feach,
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 chlàrfaich,
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 gluaise'
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 cluasa thuit.

* a/. loinneas'.

Dan an aos-fhìllob.

“ 'S bha Sìthaimhe na Thriath an cein ;
A thalla dh' eirich air gorm nan lùb,
An afgailt bheann is choilltean aofda,
San amhainn aobhaich tha dreach an tùir.
—Deich is da fhichead àm fa ghleann,
Ofcionn Sìthaimhe shearg 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 san tfamhra,
Cuid mar mo ghaol san fhoghar fhailneach,
'S cuid mar Sìthaimhe fa gheamhra *.

3

* — 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 sholus air aonach,
 Mu 'n caochail ar laithean ànrach †."

Cha d' iarr Sithaimhe riabh
 Ach siothann 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 fheas.

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 !

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 Sithaimhe 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 chuirm 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' fgaioleadh air stairfnich Athar.

Chunnaic a pliuthar 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."

O o

Tha

Tha uinneag cil' air tràigh na tuinne,
O'n tric a chunnaic i gnuis,
O sin thug i leum san tfruth ;
Bu dubhach am bard aofda.

* Critheach, deurach, ghios an doruis,
Bu chofail e ri Laoch ag iomchar
Mic a mhic gu 'leabuidh thofdaich,
Thuit e san starfnaich air Crigeal.

† “ '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 clì.

Dh' imich am bard fo bhròn,
A dh' jarruidh na hòighe san tfruth ;
Fhuair e i †crochta ri géig,
§ A fhìn i fein thar slugan dubh.

* *al.* Air chrith le chlarfaich, &c.

† The character and person of a bard were always held sacred, even by the most unparing cruelty.

‡ *al.* le folus 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 tfean 's an tòg an fo a d' lath'r.”

Guir am Bard le bùire bròn,
'S dh' fhalbh le'r n oighean Ciabha-donn,
(Amhuil fhuich-reul a fhoilsich tamul ;)
Bha 'n fhalluing mu ceann reubta.
—Thainig tiomadh air fuilean Fhinn
'S ni 'm bu chuimhne le laoch am fleagh ;
Faiceam, arfa Freasdal, mo 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 fòillfe na faire, mòdhair * ;
Is dh' fhàgas Gara san talla,
Gu faire nan caomh-òighean.

* *al.* do 'n aonach.

Ciod fàth do throm-òfuaich,
 Ighean Thofear, 's iad fathafid aoibhinn ?
 Tiormaich do dheoir gus an cluinn finn
 An cuibhrionn eile d'an fgeula.
 Tha dàn a bhroin mar chaochan
 Am bheil anam nan laoch a' leaghadh :
 Tha 'n imeachd na fhiubhal dorcha,
 'S a thorman gu tiamhaidh aoibhinn.

Nach cuimhne leat fein an àilleag,
 A Mhala-mhine, tra thainig an tfoillfe ?
 Bha timeachd fan la fin gu Ard-bheinn
 Air falaire la' ri mo dhea'-righ.

* Innfeam pairt do dhreach na reul :
 Bu gheal a deud gu h'ùr dlù.

* The above description of " a fine woman " is frequently repeated by itself under the title of " Ailìng air dhreach mnà. "—The reader will not be displeasèd to fee it accompanied with another beautiful description of the fame kind :

Chuala Fionn 's nìor chian uaidh,
 Gul air bruaich locha fhèimh ;
 Se fud a bh'ann maife mnà
 A b' fhearr càil d'am faca fe.

'S mar chanach an tfeibhe,
 Bha a cneas fa h'èide ùr.

Bha

Bha a gruaidh mar an ròs,
 Bìlìdh 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 fgeil,
 Air mhnaoi fhèimh nan cuach òir ;
 Is thubhairt, 'A rioghainn nan gruaidh geal,
 Am faca tu mo choin fan tòir ?

Air do sheilg nì bheil mo fpéis,
 Nì faca mi fein do choin ;
 A Ri na Feinne gan tàr,
 Is meafa leam fa mo ghòil.

An e do chéile fluair bàs,
 A bhean bhà, no do mhac ?
 No cia 'n neach fa 'm bheil do chaoi ?
 Ainneir mhìn is ailìdh dreach.

No cad as fa bheil do bhròn,
 Ainneir òg nam bos mìn,

No.

Bha a bràighe cearclach bàn,
 Mar shneachda tlà fan fhireach,
 Bha dà chhìc air a huchd ciatach,
 B' e 'n dreach fùd miann gach fir.

Bu fhoitheamh binn a gloir,
 'S bu deirge na 'n ròs a beul ;
 Mar chobhar a'fos r'a taobh
 Sinte gu caol bha * gach meur,
 Bha a da chaol mhalai mhine,
 Du-dhonn air liomh an loin,
 A dà ghruaidh air dhreach nan caorran,
 'S i gu hiomlan faor o chron.

Bha a gnùis mar bharragheuga
 Anns a cheud-fhàs ur.
 A falt buidhe mar orra-fhleibhte,
 'S mar dhearfà greine bha fuil †.

No am feudar t'fhurtachd le Fionn ?
 Is dubhach leam thu bhì 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.

Ràineas talla Dhu'-arma
 Ach dh' fhalbh e le geilt ro'r cliu,
 Bha Athair 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 a'falach na gaoithe,
 'S is dall dearg-chaoinnteach a fluil.
 Chluinn e mu leabaidh Thalma ar ceum,
 " Is aoibhinn leam, a mhic, do thaibhse !"
 —Bu ghoirt leinn ofnaigh an aofda,
 'S bhuin finn gu caoin 's gu còir ris.

I

Ràineas

'S truagh nach mise am fear,
 Ainnir nan ro'g mall,
 D' an tiubhra' tufa gradh,
 Is bheirinn a dhà da chionn.
 Bheirinn gaol thar ghaol,
 Bheirinn gradh thar ghràdh ;
 Bheirinn rùn thar ròn,
 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 fhuibhail an òigh le fuathas,
Ach chunnas an fruth a' cleafachd
Mu na clachan an leabai na haimhne.
Chunnas fuil Chrìgil fan dorus,
San tìloc a rinn casa nan aoidhean,
Bu tuirfeach an òighe chiabh-dhonn,
Ach dh' iarras air Freafdal a faoradh.

Bha Fionn air Ard-bheinn gar feithe'
'S ghabh finn fleadh leis fan òiche,
Bu tuirfeach dreach thaibhfe nar cadal,
Bha fonn * an clàrfach tiamhaidh.
Amhuil òfnagh aonaich an cein,
Seal mu 'n eirich an doininn ghàbhaidh. †

* *al.* am barda.

† Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm;

Bha 'n cruth 's an ath-chruth fa ghaoith,
'S iad ag òfnaich air aomadh àile:

Dh' imich cadal an Rì'
Rinn taibhfe fa thri a dhùfga';
Dhùrich e na 'n còail gun stad,
Chunn' e fmùidrich gu cas nan iula;
Ag eiridh uaine bho thalla fein,
Thug e 'n eithe,—“ Taura millte!”

Chlisg gach aon ro 'n torran,
Is ruith finn mar dhealan gu Caolra;
Leum gach fear air barr a fhleagh'
Is dh'fhàgas mac Reatha fa chaolas.
Na feallaibh orms' ars' an laoch,
Tearnaibh mo ghaol is an talla.
—Thug e da phlaofg' air a fhuil;
Is dhùin mu cheann an amhann.

B' anmoch ar teachd ghios an talla,
Bha ceann na lafrach iofal,
An teach air tuiteam gu làr,
'S a' fìnàladh an teine fo fhùneadh.

2

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

P p

Bha 'n dorus (leth-loifgte) fo chrann,
 'S truagh nach do theann tis 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 feacamh '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 carradh uaine,
 'S iad aoibhinn mar dhoire fgiambach,
 'S a ghrian ro'n fhrois a' tuirling.
 —Bha iad fgiambach, ach leag an lafair
 Am maife san luathre iosal.

A Mhala-mhìne, cha'n ioghna do bhron,
 'S gach fòlas a d' choir air treigfinn;

Do chaomhaich uile nan luidhe'
 Fo laraich an tìgh' as nach eirich.

Mar shruth reota san aonach fhuar,
 Sheas finne gu tuaiream na hòiche,
 'S sheafamaid 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 fuaim na lafrach gu bhruadar,
 Mar thartar fuaimneach nàimh,
 Thuit an talla mar bheum-fgeithe,
 Ghrad-eirich an laoch o thàmh.
 Ach dh' fhàg e le meud a chabhraig
 Fhalt 's a fhic-chinn san t'fàil 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 san raon an so.

'S ni 'n d' eug thu taonar, a Gharadh,
 Bu ghearr latha chàich san raon thiamhaidh,

Shearg

Shearg iad mar bhlàth chaidh crith-reo thairis,
 'S a chaidleas an còs an aonaich.
 —Amhuil * taibhse nach d' fhuair an cliu,
 Cha tàradh aon diu gu aoibhneas,
 'S ann a shiubhla' gach aon da uaimh,
 Tra dh' eireadh fuaim chlàr 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 ;
 Sin fein cha'n fhaighear gu gearr,
 San aonach cha tàrar a luadh.

Seafuidh Rìgh nan Iaithe nar deigh,
 Air tulaich an t-fleibh an robh Taura ;

* 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 saile,
 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 cild' agus † bhoc.”

Tha 'n tulach uaine ga claodhach,
 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 ;
 Chiteadh o mhullach amach
 Beachai' cur meala gur moch.

I wish to preserve another stanza of this elegy for the sake of its hyperboles.

† *al. mhuc.*

B'

—“ 'S i leaba nan laoch a t'ann ;
Druidibh, a chlann, a chònuidh chughann.”

B' fheilidh O'Nèill aitheach
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 h'Eirionn, na Greige, 's na Roimh,
Ged' bhiodh fud an aonfheachd, an aonbheart am chòir,
Ghlacainn gu haoibhneach, ro mheud sin do sheoid,
Mairi na h'Eirionn, nan eireadh i beo.

'S turfach lan éislean mi fein gach tra òna,
'S a' mhadainn ge d'eirich, cha'n eirich i dhomhfa ;
Ge d'fhaighinn ioma treud agus spreidh agus stòras,
Cha ghabhainn bean fo'n ghreinn air do dheighfa le pòsadh.

Fhuair mi feal an Eirinn, gu h-aobhinn 's gu sòghail
Ag òl leis gach treunfhear gu h-eifeachdach ceolar,
Dh'fhagadh na dheigh sin leam fein mi gu brònach,
An deireadh mo rè, 's gun mo cheile bli 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-sgeil ;
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 dh' fhag iad mise gu dubhach.

Mala-mbine.

'S nach geugan a shearg luath,
Mo pheathraichean uasal 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 ;

Gu deimhin cha'n fhead mi ad dheigh a bhì 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 lòchran san speur.
 'S amhuil mi 's reul na maidne,
 Glas-neulach an deigh gach lochrain ;
 Is gearr cuairt a foluis fein,
 'S i 'g imeachd nan deigh brònach.

Eir'idh an òigh gu fealg an aonaich,
 Ach cha'n fhaic i haogas sluas ;
 " Caochlaidh finne nar n aimsir 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 stàilinn.

Mala-mbine.

Threig faraon mo sholuis fein,
 Tha mo chridhe nan deigh mar earr-dhubh ;
 Mi falach mo ghnuife 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 fmuainte.
 —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.

Томсон.

Fionn fein is Ofcar mo mhac,
 Raoini' Art, is Diarmad donn ;
 Scimh-mhac Luthaich, 's Caoin-cheann gun
 chealg,

Mac Ghara garg, tri Fionain 's Fead.
 Bu loinreach an fo 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.
 Cleafamor maraon, an gaisgeach calma,
 'S Fearra-ghuth nan lann bàn,
 Caoireal binn, faraon is Ulann,
 'S na floigh air uilinn ri'n dàn.
 —Chunnas ann Moran is Filidh nan duan,
 Conal suairce na cainnt thlà,
 Lamh-dhearga le lann deirg,
 Is Curach bu mhor feirg am blàr.
 —'S c' àit a bheil Liughar na fèile,
 'S Fad-èighe nan iolach cruaidh ;

Raon-ùr-rua' nan leadan òir,
 Luimne mor-chathach 's Caoilte luath.
 —C' àit a bheil Leadan nan rosg mall,
 Beanno armach 's Tofcar òg,
 Mao'-chruth, Calmar is Cao-mhala,
 Luchd-fgarai' thore air Gorm'all mor ?
 —C' àit 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' àit 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 steud aonaich ann fa chath,
 Goll mar shrann-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 mié ri bròn nur deigh,
 Is mi fein an taonaran truagh !
 'S tiamhaidh mi 'm feafd nur deigh,
 Air sleibhte fàfail am aonar.

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 ;

* 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 fleibhte ;
 'S com' an chuintear ofna do bhroin,
 Mar cheol ann an cuile na Leige?

Mala-mhinc.

An ioghna leat fà mo bhroin,
 'S am fònann ann Scallama fo fhios ;

Mar an òiche dol feachad na fiubhal,
 Cha'n fhuirich ar bròn ach sealan.

'S

An ioghna leat fà mo bhroin,
 S an * ialtag an cònuidh Fhinn?
 Chualas fuaim ann fa ghaoith,
 "Carbad Chuchulinn!"—b'fhaoin do rà' mì;
 Chunnas air Leana folus ;
 Cha bi lann Ofcair mo ghraidh i!
 —Ofcair ! tha do lann fan uaigh ;
 Tha do sgia' duaichni 'n Scallama ;
 Chunna' mi a bolga fo fmal,
 'S a h iallan air fad air truailleadh.

Oifian.

Amhuil fin, a ghaoil mo ghaoil,
 Cha bhi sinne ri fhaotainn, no Scallama,
 Mur faighear ar leaba uaine,
 Far an ciuin ar suain gun dàgga.
 —'S ciuin cadal na h uaighe,
 Com' am biodh do ghruaidh-fa fuitheach?
 Bha do chaomhaich mar fìoluis nan fpeur,
 Bha'n ceuma gu dealrach dligeach.

Mala-

* *al. earbag.*

'S anhuil e 's brúadar òigh nan eilde
Na carraig fein fo shuain na fine' ;

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 ghods 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 Fiagal's hall,
And rões bound fearless o'er its mould'ring wall?
—Besides, I heard upon the distant wind
A sound that rous'd my sadly-musing mind;

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 ;
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 coghna :

—Tha hanam gu neoil ag imeachd.

A gaol ga caoi' is ise '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 aisling 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 taibhfèan a' glaothaich na chluais.

Chluinn e mu dheire toirm Laoire,

'S e 'g radh le aobhneas, “ Tha Seallama dlù!”

—'S co ait as fin Oifian ànrach

Ri clàisidin cagar nan taibhfe

Ga chuire' gu talladh a fhinnfear'

Aite còail nan caomh air ionntrain.

An talla nam flath am bi bròn,

No faoi le deoir air a ghruaidh,

An t Athair an caoi' an t Oscar,

'S am mair ofnaigh Mala-mìne?

An spìonar Aobhir-àluinn o gradh,

No 'n loifgear àros nam Fiann;

An sgarar na cairdean o cheile,

No 'n dealuich an teug sinn o'r miann?

—A reul na maife ni hamhluidh,

Ach dealraidh mar lann an Luin ar folus;

Ar n aobhneas mar an fhairge cha tràigh,

'S cha 'n fhailnich mar aghaidh na Gealaich.

—Ar caoimh mar fhòluis a chaochail,

'S na speura faoin os ar cionn

Cha bhi ni 's mò; ach taomaidh

* Le ceol aobhach an aiteal tharuinn.

—Ighean

* *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 Thofair, uifeag a taonar,
Leig air faòdra 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 *Padruì a chanas na failin*, 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

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 chùidhe, I mo ghraidh,
An àite guth Manaich bidh geum bà;
Ach mun tig an fìoghal 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, cytharas circumfere, et in eis modulando pie delectari consueverint.

CAMB. TOP. HIST.

GATH

CATH-LAMHA; NO DAN AN FHIR-LEIDH *.

AIG ceuma mall do chiochlain chiuin,
 Le d' † chruit-chiuil na tofd,
 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,

* This poem seems to have been the composition of Orran, 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 (*Croth*.) It was probably the same with the *clarsach*, 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 *cretta*.

Romanusque Lyrâ plaudet tibi, barbarus Harpâ,
 Grecus Achilliaca, *Cretta* Britanna canat. Lib. vii.

Cromaidh a dh' eifdeachd am molaidh.
 'S cha chluinn iad fan 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 ann an dàn an tèbhachd;
 Gu fiubhladh an cliu gu linnte céin,
 Mar dheo-grein' air anam nam bard;
 Tra bhios Orran 's a chlâr nan suain
 Mar fhè nòin air uachdar càrraidh.”

Caidlidh Orran 's a chlâr,
 Ach mairidh an dàn na dhèigh,
 Eisd, a mhic Arair, an fhuaim,
 Tri buail i do chlanna nan teud.

San tliabh fo bha Dumor nan fleagh,
 Ma feadh is ighean chaoin;

Bu bhinn na theach a ceol,
 Thug Làmhha' do 'n òighe gaol.
 Am feachd Dhumoir bha Làmhha' 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 steud,
 Chuir fios air a cheile bàigheil.

Dh' imich ise le fear an iuil,
 Bha Làmhha' 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 fàfàil 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-mhine mo ghaoil,
 Mar eilid an raoin, aoibhinn,

* 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 duibhfa blur 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 shoillfe 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 chaoin.

'S gaoil e ghlaca na dhàil,
 Ach dh' imich san àile 'n dreach ;
 Dall duaichni a' caochla,
 Mar cheo nan aonach meach.

Dh' imich Ronan 's e làn geilt,
 Gu Sean'ar nan creag aosda,
 Bha 'n crith-thaice ri luirg fein,
 Fo ghèig dhoilleir dharaich
 Làn ogluidheach :—a' crom-aomadh,
 'S fheufag aosda fios mu bhrollach.
 —Air làr tha shuil a' dearcadh,
 Ach anam an cònuidh thaibhfe.

Giod 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 sgeul.”
 —“ † Cha chual thu gu leir olcas.”

* Ronan speaks.

† Seanar speaks.

Dh' imich an laoch le tuirse,
 'S e toirt buille do 'n bholg bheumach,
 Chlìg ceud ògan aoblach
 Am meadhon eilde fan raon luachrach.
 Dhoirt sinn gu fruthaibh an laoich,
 Tofdach caointeach fad na hòiche ;
 Fonn clarfaich no fuaimneach flige,
 Fleadh no teine cha robh dlù ;
 Fuar fliuch gun deo leirfìnn
 Chaith sinn gu leir an òiche ;
 'S air madainn bhuail sinn gu lear ;
 Bha oighean gun ghean air charragibh.

Bu neo-amhluidh, a Dhumoir, do chor-fa,
 Sa mhadainn mhoich aig eiridh,
 Gun tighean or-bhuidh le fuile gorma,
 Ad thalla dorcha ga heide.
 —Chruinnich na h òighean iughrach,
 Air druchd moch na maidne,
 'S iad mar ghathaibh na greine foir,
 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 ghrian ag eiridh ;
 Duifg, is na heildean a' mosgla ;
 Crath, ighean Dhumoir do chiabhann,
 Gu feilg nan sliabh bidh ar n imeachd.

—Och ! tha 'n oigh air ionndrain !”

Mar fhead na gaoithe gu cluais Dhumoir,
 Thainig guth nan oighean brònach ;
 Bu tuirseach Dumor fan lò sin,
 Ach bu tuirsich' gu mòr Ronan.

Chruinnich an ath-dìche na clò,
 Chunnacas mar cheo an tràigh ;
 Gu tofdach tiamhaidh fhuair sinn an cala,
 'S an dìche gar falach na dui'bhrrat.
 Doilleir gun fhasga bho shìn
 Bha ar cor fan tìr chéin,
 Bha soluis na hòich' air uairibh
 Ag amharc trèailidh ro chirbè neul.
 Bu dòbhidh an dreach dearg ;
 'S bu tric fgalartaich ar con ;
 Chluinntè cuideachd taibhfe tiamhaidh
 Ag amharc ro chlar-cheo na hòiche.

Shuidh Ronan air lic chòinich,
 'S a sgia air geig chòsaich 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 (Groshead.)

Next hys chamber, besyde his study ;

Hys harper's chamber was fast by :

The virtue of the harp, through skill and right,

Will destroye the fendys might.

Athar, a ghleachd ri Comar * nan tulach
An crìochaibh †Ulann 's na laithibh iom-chein.

Leig dhìot ars' an laoch an dàn,
Gus an dealruich a mhadain ghlas,
Oir dhùisg an sgeula mo chorruih 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 thì air mise a sgrìos
Og, 's mo chlàidhe na thruaille.
Ghabh aon da laochaibh truas diom maoth,
B'e fin a shaor mi o bheum na sleagh
Ar n àirm tha fathasd aig Làmh, a,
Le lua'-bhàs m' athar ghaolaich.

Ach cìod fo 'm borbhan o'n raon,
Sean laoch a' tarrauing dlù ;
Leanabh a' stiuradh a leth-làimhe,
Sleagh throm fo làimh eile,
Tha cheum àir a bhaca' le caochain fhaoin,
Mac-famhuil 's le fraoch feargta.

* *al.* Sligheach.

† *al.* Eirinn.

—Cìod mu'n fiubhail thu 'n d'ich' a taonar,
Air an raon le ceuma fean ;
Am bheil thu mar mise ri bròn ?
An do chaill thu gu h'òg 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 tarrauing 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 chòrus Ifrìne ;

O's

Bha guth m' athar caomh,
 Ach 'caomh cha'n eil e sud ;
 'S amhuil na hairm ud 's airm m' athar,
 Ach 's eug-samhuil an guth."

" 'S am fait thu 'n airm ? a leinibh teich,
 Fàg mise gun gheilt am aonar ;
 Deanadh Làmh rium na 's àill,
 'S mi 'n tràs aig uaigh mo dhca'-mhic."

Theich an leanabh gu luath,
 Le fuathas air feadh an raoin ;
 'S gu haos-chritheach na àite,
 Sheas gu dàn an sean laoch.
 Mar eun cù-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.

O's tu nach leige' neach do chòir,
 An àit am bithe' tu ad dhorfòir.

" What pity Hell's gates are not kept O Flinn ;
 So surely a dog would let no body in."

Walker's Ir. Bards.

Chuir Ronan failt fhith air an aoida,
 'S ghlac mise gu caoin an leanabh,
 " Cha 'n 'eil ar ceum o Làmh nam blàr,
 'S cha toir ar lann bàs do 'n tfean'ar.
 —Tha slainte 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 dirich thu 'm fireach le d' armaibh *.

—C'ait

* Sometimes the following lines are repeated here :

Oigrìdh mhear nan aonach ard,
 Cha d'thig Làmh or tuille leibh ;
 Cha dean faoghaid no feachd a dhùfga',
 San talla dhùldai dhuaichni ;
 Iolach na feilge cha 'n eifd e,
 Guth aobhinn 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 slùine?
Ri imeachd aona ghreine
B' aoibhinn thu laoch liomhaidh,
Toirt foluis fhann do shuile tAthar,
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 crìoch, a mhic, air do shuain-fa.
—Ach tha timeachd an faoghail chein,
'S tu aoibhinn le laoch fan àraich,—
Guilbh, a choigridh, an laoch treun,
Bu tiom cridhe ri fgeuladh ànrach.
—Ghuileamaid, arfa Ronan, an laoch,
Aobhar a bhàis am b' e Làmh.

“ B' e Lamha fin gun chuis,
Ach feothas rùn mo mhic;
B' e nòs a shinnfear 's gach linn,
Gun bhì tiom an cuis an laig:
Bu chomhla phrais ar fgia gu 'n dìon,
'S b' e crann an didcin 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 bìdh 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-shuil dheuraich,
“ 'S aoibhinn leam taogas, athair.”

—Leaght

* *al.* Cha tog thu fleagh an cath do bhìdh.

--Leagh mo chridhe ; mar fhruth bha m'anam,
No mar chuairt-ghaath 'n cunglach Atha.

--Bha mo dheoir a' file' gu diamhair

Na òr-chiabhan, 's a cheann fòm chrios :

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 sgeula,

Gus an d' innis Lamha, o shleibhte Dhumoir,

* *Ro-thonnan*, "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 *Mrac 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 choglina,

Le fleagh mhoir Struth-thormain.

Chuala Lamha an guth mor,

Is chruinnich a sluigh mu 'm aon-mhac,

--Feuch uaigh !--Tha ur deoir a' fileadh ;

Abraibhs', " An sin tha leaba Lànhoir."

--'S i cuideachd leaba Athar,

Oir 's gearr gus an caidil Rùnna.

--Ach mo chomraich gu daimhich Ronain,

Le m' leanabh, 's le m' fhleagh * is col 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 fua neulaibh?

--Feachd

* *al. ma 's col duibh.*

—Feachd Lamha, le 'n sleaghan 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 sgià' 's a fhloigh mu 'n cuairt
 Mar neoil * air gualainn Dhùra.

Mar thannas na h'òich' ag imeachd:
 An tional na doinninn 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 siubhal Lamba, 's a fhluaiigh do 'n àraich,
 Mar thorran 's na neula dorcha
 Tra 's duaichni faiche na Làra.

* *al.* dhuachni Dhura.

—Tha 'm mìle clogaid is sleagh ard
 A' dealradh mar dhoire na chaoiribh.

Ach co dh' innfeas cith a chatha?
 Chunn' thu, mhic Arair, dà chreig dhorcha,
 Le 'n sgaruaich, a ruith o fhleibhte
 'N còail a cheile gu glinntè;
 Neula duis nan smuidrich dhorcha
 San sgrìodan air lorg gach aon diu—
 —B' amhuil gach taobh do 'n chòrag.
 —Tha sgiathan nam blòide,
 Tha cloidhean gan stràchdadh;
 Cinn is cinn-bheairt 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 sgiathaich,
 A ghleachdas co fiadhaich fan raon ud;
 Cha mhinnean gorm no coileach cìreach,

Mu 'm bheil an strì le lanna bà'or.
 Feuch, aon air a ghlùn ag aomadh,
 'S a thaice ri taobh a fhleagha,
 Mar ghiuthas a lùb an doinnonn
 An-coinneamh carraige Dhunaora.
 —“ Geill, arfa Ronan, do fhleagha,
 Is geill ma feadh dhomh Suilmhine,
 Bàs mo nàmh cha mhiann leam fein,
 Tra chì mi an creuchd 's iad nan sìne.”

“ Thraogh m' fhuil fein mar shruth,
 Bheiream dhuit, am ain-deoin, do ghaol;
 Air chùl na carraig' ud tha huaimh,
 * Air bruaich a ghuirm chaochain:
 Ach togadh an ainneir 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 t-fruthan fhaoin is mu 'n uaimh.
 Fhuair e 'n caochan 's an uamh fhaoin,
 Ach bean a ghaoil ni 'n d' fhuaras ann;

* *al.* Fo luafgadh a chrithich aofda.

Cha chluinnt' ach fuaim na h-òraig fhalaimh
 * Is farum an duillich sheargta.

“ C' àit a ghaoil am bheil do thàmh,
 Nach tig thu gu lài'r do Ronain?
 Thig, a ghaoil, o d' ionad dìomhair,
 Cluinn, a Shuil-mhine do Ronan.”
 —Ach 's dìomhain do ghlaodh 's do ghuth,
 —Cha toir ach carraig is fruth dhuit eifdeachd.

Tha fgal a chuilein fan àraich,
 An tàire 'n do thuit Suilmhine;
 Bhuail i gu coghna Ronain,
 Na huchd chaidh corran na faighde:
 —Chaochail an folus na sùil,
 'S 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 feibhte.
 —Thug a bhean plaofg' air a sùil,
 'S ghrad-dhùin iad gu h ait fa bhàs.

* *al.* Mu luig an t-fionnaich mharbhtaich.

Bu chian duinn an sin ri bròn,
 'S ar deoir a' frutha' mu 'n cuairt doibh,
 Gus 'n do labhair Rùnna 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-flruth sèimh nan gleanntai.
 —Nach faic sibh cheana 'n fhalluing cheo,
 Fa chomhair Rùnna 's na neoil ud deas;

* *Εἰ τα δακρυ, &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 an feafd.
 —Tha bròn mar an fruthan diamhair,
 Ag iaruidh fo iochdar na bruaiche;
 Tha 'n gallan cheanadh ag aomadh,
 A thog ri thaobh a gleugan aillidh.
 Tuiteadh ar bròn, mata, 's eireadh ar cliu,
 'S ar nùin a ruith air sgiatba 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 cheanu a' fearga.”

Dh' eirich Ronan 's a chneas fo bhròn,
 Thug teach a nàmh do 'n òg 's do 'n aofla,
 Dh' fhàg e Fearnor a dhion an tùr,
 E fein is fear-iuil na hòiche.

Chuireas an òigh an luing an laoch,
 Is thogas caointeach an fo a leac,
 An fo tha leaba Ronain faraon,
 An laoch bu treine 's a b' àillidh.

Bu

U u

Bu tuirfeach tearc a làithe san raon
 An deigh a ghaoil cha b' fhada beo.
 Tha nis a leaba fo 'n chloich chòinich,
 Taobh a ghaoil fo 'n fhòid chluaincir.
 Tha cùb 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 *.

SCIANAIL m' aigne 's mi 'm aonar
 Calmar ag ciridh am fìnaointe,
 '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 còragh.
 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 dhoinninn gu moch,
 'S tha folus mo ghreine-fa mach.
 —Tha Ardlià dorchà 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 sleagh mo shinnfear ag aomadh.
 —Is lorg mo shleagh, is eire mo sgia,
 Bu mhiann leam, a mhic, thu philltin.

Ach co fo na òg-mhaife
 Mar dharaig air uchd an aonaich,
 A chiabhan òir a' luafga mar dhuilleach;
 'S duin' e shliochd Armainn o'n iorguill:

Fàilt ort òig ànraich,
 Am bheil thu 'n tràs ò chatli nan laoch?
 Am beo Art? am bheil e slàn?
 Am pill mo ghradh gu athair aofda?
 —Ach chì mi do ghnùis bhrònach
 Ag innfe' nach beo mo mhac;

Threig Calmar is Art maraon;
 'S truagh gun mise 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 cheitùin o'n speur,
 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,
 Bhia sgrios o laimh Airt gan ruaga,
 Mar sgarnaich Mheall-mhoir a' ruith ro' choillte,
 'S ga falach an linnte dorchà;

B' amhuil ceum an laoiich tha iofal,
Mun d' thain' an tfaighead san tsin dòbhidh."

Is ait, a mhic Armainn, do fgeul,
Amhuil reul an duibhre na hòiche ;
Bha Art mar a fhinnir 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 tiubhal uaigneach fa ghleann 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 mise.
'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,
Skeas i air cnoc le ionguin,
Le deoir dhiomhair, 's ofnaigh chràiteach.

—“ 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 dù ;
Is doilleir an gleann gun Chaol-mbal,
Is doilleir mise gun ghaol mo fhùl.
—Cha 'n fhaic mi mo ghaol san aonach,
Na haogas air flios mar dheo-greine ;
Bu ghile bian na canach fleibhe,
No ùr-fhneachd air bharruibh gheuga.
—Ach co fo na fgaoin o Mheall-mor ?
Co ach m' annfàchd—uil' air caochla ;
A gnùis gun folus, a fùil gun focair,
Cluinn a hofnaigh a' caoi' a gaolaich.

Caol-mbal.

Ciod fo chum mo ghaoil ?
B' aobkach t'fhaicinn, Airt ;
Tha m' anam an ionguin ghéir ;
Ad dheigh cha bhi mi mairionn.
Spion an eitheann o craoibh,
Spion an iolair o ciar-chreich,

Spion an leanabh o mhathair ghaoil,

Ach na spion o m' ghaol mise.

—Ach co fo chi 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?

—Chi mi fa cheo ud eide'.

—Feith rium, Airt, air do neoil,

Cha 'n ait aonach ni '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 fholas-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 Ardlià 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 sin dearfaidh an oig air mo ghruaidh,

Nuair dh'èircas toirm air fealg an fheidh.

Duifgìdh an fmior am chna'ibh nuair chluinn

Mi tailmrich dhos is chon is fhreang;

Nuair ghlaodhar "Thuit an damh" ata mo bhuinn

Ag leum gu beo ri aird' nam beann.

'N sin 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:

Dhuifgeadh ar funt ri blàs a crann,

'S na sòlas chuach bu mhòr aoibhneas.

Bhiodh ceo ar fheadh bharr an fheidh,

Ar deoch a' Treig, 's an tonn ar ceol;

Ge d' shianadh tàisg, 's ge d' ràdadh fleibh,

Sinte fan uaimh bu fhèimh ar neoil.

Chi mi Scur-cild' air bruaich a ghlinn'

Ann an goir gu binn a chuach an tòs,

—Dh'eug Caol-mhal 's dh'eug gach folas,
Iarram do'm dheoin an teug,

Is Gorm-mheall ait nam mìle 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 sniamh,
Ceann-fca'na nam mìlte beann:
Bidh aising nan damh na ciabh,
'S i leaba nan nial a ceann.

'N do threig thu mi, aising nam buadh?
Pill fathafd; aon fealan beag pill;
Cha chluinn thu mi, ochain 's mi truagh,
O! a bheannaibh mo ghraidh, slàn leibh.
Slàn le comunn caomh nan h'òige;
Is Oigheana bòigheach, slàn leibh:
Cha leir dhomh sibh; dhuibhfe bidh fòlas
An t fámhraidh; 's e mo gheamhra s' e choidh'.

O càiribh mi ri grein tra nòin,
Fo 'n bharrach aig fiubhal an lòin;
'S air an t feamraig 's anns an neonan,
'S an tig aising na h oige 'm choir.

Biodh cruit is sìge la' ri m' thaobh,
'S an s'gia dliùo mo Shinnir fa chath;
Fofglaibh an talla 'm-bheil Oifian is Daol,
Thig am feafgar 's cha bhì 'm Bard air bùrath.

O làimh 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 cail iad an treoir is an lùth,
Mu'n dorchaich air aonach a ghrian,
'S mu'n fnàg am blianaì' roi cheo.
'S mall fruth bhlianaì leam fein,
'S mo cheum air Ardlià am aonar;
Aithriche Ardair stiuraibh ur mac,
Gu clann mo thlachd agus m' aoibhneis.
—An e sin 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 sin mo bhròn
'S cha bhì mi am onrachd tuille.

A C H R I O C H.



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