

H.M. 241.

6 . B.

*Two vols
S. 1828*

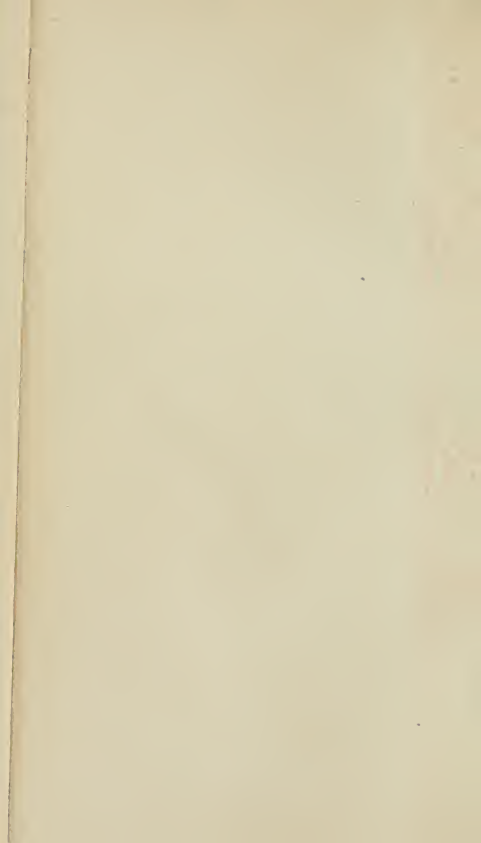
3 vols. p. 151



Two vols. p. 151

p. 152





18





CELESTIA CANIMUS.

AN LAOIDHEADAIR OR GAEILIG

Evangelical
HYMN BOOK.

"We Sing
heavenly things"

"Seinn' sinn' ri the
neam haidh."



GLASGOW.

PUBLISHED BY DUNCAN KENNEDY

and Sold by

D. Robertson, W.R.M^cPhun, Joseph Taylor Music seller
& Dennis Kennedy, Clyde Street.

AN

LAOIDHEADAIR GAELIC

NA

ORAIN SPIORADAIL,

LE

UGHDAIREAN EAGSAMHAIL,

AN DARA CLO-BHUALADH.

Air an leasachadh agus air a meadachadh le *Dana* agus Orain spioradail, nach cualas riamh roimhe, mailletriseul cuimhne, air na h *Ughdairean*.

Gabhadh facall Chrìosd gu saibhir tadh,
Ann cridhe gach cre a teagasg a cheil' le gradh:
Le *Sailm*, is *Laoidhean*, 's *Dana* naomh gu sheinn,
Ag tobhairt cliù do *Dhia* nan dul gu biun.

Col. iii. 16.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

SHORT TRACTS ON THE REFORMATION;
THE INVASIONS OF COLL MACDONNELL,
OF ARGYLESHIRE—AND ALSO BY ALEXANDER
HIS SON, IN CONJUNCTION WITH
THE ATHOLONIANS.

GLASGOW:

SOLD BY W. R. M'PHUN, AND DAVID ROBERTSON, TRONGATE,
JOSEPH TAYLOR, ARGYLL STREET,
AND DENIS KENNEDY, GREAT CLYDE STREET.

[Price Three Shillings.]

D. Kennedy
1844



LAURISTON CASTLE
LIBRARY ACCESSION

TO THE READER.

THE Editor takes the liberty to apprise his readers that, in consequence of severe indisposition, he was unable to devote the necessary attention to the correction of the press, and hopes they will also excuse him for having deviated from the orthography that is of late admitted to be the standard, he being of the old school, and not in the practice of reading the language for many years, occasioned this defect. In this he may be partly right and partly wrong in not using the labial pronunciation in place of the dental and guttural, which is more natural and emphatic to gratify a Celtic ear, and in unison with the true sound of pronouncing the language.

Eiridh gach tilpideir le lochdar crom,
Gu factain coire do gach gaog is toll;
Co nis thà iomlan ann an tìr nam beo?
N' as urra thoileachadh luchd goileam-go?

CONTENTS.

	Taobh duileig	Aireamh laoi'ean
Iain Ban Maor, le sgeul cuimhne, . . .	1	15
Bean a Bharra, le sgeul cuimhne, . . .	64	7
Jain Caimbeul Scoileir,	84	1
Easbuig Earraghaidheal le sgeul cuimhne, air fein, agus air an Fheinn,	92	1
Mac-an Leora le sgeul cuimhne, agus creach Colla Donnallach an Earraghaidheal,	101	2
Mac-cithich, le sgeul cuimhne,	113	1
Daibhidh Mac Ealair le sgeul cuimhne,	123	1
Laoidhean o'n Bheurla air sou la an Tighearna,	129	4
An Roimh-radh an tomhas Rann,	134	1
An Cruthachadh,—sea laith na seachdain,	135	6
Measarachd, an comhra' deise,	139	1
Suim a Bhiobaill,	144	1
Dughall Cannanach, sgeul cuimhne am Bru- adar'-an Gaisgeach agus an Geamhradh,	148	3
Clar-toisichi' Reachd Comunn og nan Gaid- heal,	164	1
Oran Rabeart Burns am bard Aireach,	165	1
Aisling Mairi o'n Bheurla,	168	1

ROIMH-RADH.

Comh-cheanglar ri so earrann do'n Roimh-radh a chuir an t *uramach Jain Mac Anliosa* Ministear an t Soisgeil ann an *Eaglais a Cholaist ann Glas-acha'* ann na Leabhar Laoidhean.

Is e seinn moladh do *Dhia* aon do na gnìomharan is airde do'n aoradh dhiadhaidh, agus thair each uile is faisge daimh do neamh—uimesin bu choir a dheanamh le urram naomh, tlachd cridhe, agus aoibhneas anama. Chum is gu deanamaid so air modh ceart agus taitneach do *Dhia*, tha an *Spiorad naomh* a' seoladh dhuinn feum molaidh Col. 3 agus Eph. 5. Ag seinn le gras ann ar cridheachan, agus ceol a dhianamh ann ar cridhe do'n *Tighearna*. Tha na focaill sin a ciallachadh, *mu sheinn moladh do Dhia* gur coir dhuinn ar 'n intinn a shuidheachadh agus a chlaonadh leis a ni sin a sheinnas sinn, agus ar cridheachan a bhi gabhail air adhaidh maille ris an *Cran neamhaidh* le fìor dhiadhachd, tuigse, smuainteachadh agus gáirdeachas anama chum *Dhe*.

Is deimhinn gur e Cantaicean agus Laoidhean scriptuir is iomchuidhe chum moladh *Dhe*. Ach ge d' nach eil na Laoidhean so air an taruing gu h iomlan o'n scriptur, gidheadh ata annta soilleireachd scriptuir, mu ghhradh siorraidh, fulangas, agus bas *Chriosd*, agus moran do fhocaill scriptuir.

Tha na Laoidhean so a labhairt gu h araid mu shuipeir an *Tighearna*, mu pheanas agus truaighe gach neach nach ullmhaich iad fein gu a gabhail gu

h'iomchuidh. Mu theachd ann an staid iosal chum an t saoghail so; mar ghabh e ar n'uallach, ar 'n amb'ar agus ar peanas-na air fein. Ag cur an ceili gu bheil gach ni tha air neamh agus air thalamh fo a smachd trid ais-eiridh—ag innse ge do dh'fhuil e air ar son, nach gabh e ri luchd muirt, mearle, meal-taireachd, misg, breugan, cul-chaineadh, mionnan, ardan, striopachus, icdhol-aoraidh, ann-saoghaltachd, *mar sin sios*, mar dean iad iompachadh agus leasachadh beatha. Ag aslachadh gach gne pheacaidh a theigsinn, an saoghal fhuathachadh, agus aoibhneas bith-bhuan na h aitim a shealbhuicheas an t ionad sin;—agus uabhadh ifrinn;—agus truaghe shioruich na muintir a gheibh bas ann nam peacaidh—mun chruthhadh, agus mar tha gach ni tha air uachdar, *na cruinne* gu leir chum feum mhic an duine, chum is gu coisneadh e sith shioruidh da anam air neamh. Tha iomadach doigh air *Dia* a mholadh; is iad so ua nithe a tha focall De ag iarruidh a choimhead agus a tha sheirbhiasaich uile a' teagasg. Mar an ceudna tha na *Laoidhean* so ag taisbeanadh bron *Chriosd*—amharadh,—a dheurabh,—a chneidhibh,—fhuil,—a bhas,—allacadh,—ais-eiridh,—eidear-ghuidhe,—ath-philleadh,—iomad misneach sholasach do na firein, agus bagradh uabhasach do na h aingidh.

Is iad so na nithe a tha *neamh* agus *talamh* ag tobhairt geill. Tha sinn a'faicinn gur e so ceann abhair *Laoidhean* siorruidh na h aitim a tha air an saoradh air neamh, agus *nan aingeal* mar an ceudna, Taisb. v. 9, 11, 12. “ Agus chan (sheinn) iad *oran* “ *nuadh*, ag radh, is airidh thusa air an leabhar a “ ghlacadh, agus a sheulachan fhosgladh, do bhrigh “ gu'n do mharbhadh thu, agus gun do shaor thu “ sinne do *Dhia* le t fhuil fein, *as gach uile threibh*, “ agus *thangaidh*, agus shluagh, agus *chinneach* “ Agus chuala mi guth mhorain *aingeal* timchioll na “ *righ-charach*, agus b'e an aircan *deich mile*,

“ agus milte do mhiltibh ; Ag radh an guth ard—Is
 “ airidh an t uan a chaidh mharbhadh air cumhachd,
 “ agus saibhreas, agus gliocas, agus neart, agus
 “ urram, agus gloir, agus moladh fhottainn.”

“ Milti do mhilti aingeal shuas air neamh
 “ Sna shaoradh dhe' gach cinneach is gach treamh
 “ 'Seinn cliu do *Chriosd* le caiream sionuidh binn
 “ *Sairidh ant Uan fhuair bas air moladh 's gradh*
gach linn.”

Agus air an doidh cheudna bu choir dhoibh a bhli
 nan ceann aobhair sonnraichte d'ar 'n *Orain spioradail*
 s tha air talamh.

An uair a thainig an diais naomh ghloirmhor sin
Maois agus *Elias* anuas chum feithheadh ar an *Tig-*
hearna, be an seanachais ag iomradh air bas agus
 fulangas *Chriosd* Luc. 9, cab- 31. B'e sin a bha iad
 a gnathachadh air neamh, agus a bha iad air an toirt
 suas dha gu sioruidh.

'Nuair a labhair an *Tighearna* mu bhas ri *dheis-*
cioble, agus a dh'ordaich e dhoibh gna' chiumhne
 choimhead air an ni sin, an tra' bha e ullamh chum
 fulangais, seadh chum a bhais, tha e air innse dhuinn
 gu do sheinn e *Laoidh*, agus gu do sheinn a *dheis-*
cioble leis, Mat. xxvi. 30. Agus air dhoibh *laoidh*
a sheinn, chaidh iad a mach gu sliabh nan craun-ola.
 Tha sin a' teagasg dhuinne *Laoidhean a sheinn* mu
 bhas gradhach agus fulangas ar *Fear-saoraidh* gloir-
 mhor. Is e ar buannachd agus ar mor shonas cuimhne
 chumail air bas *Chriosd* aun 's gach aon dleasanais,
 agus fea' gach aon chum d'ar beatha ;—Agus tha e
 na mhodh ro' iomchuidh chum na criche so, a bhli
 tric a' seinn uime-san, or is e so mor shaothair
 agus gnath chleachdain na *naomh* air neamh. Cionnas
 is coir d'ar beatha bhli ann an *Eaglais* na d'fheuch
 ainn air talamh, ach na gne oileanachaidh chum *Orain*
 shioruidh ionnsachadh, obair na h *Eaglais* choi-

sheirmich air neamh, an orda' chum ar'n ullachadh gu dol air ar'n adhaidh.

Bha fios math aig ar *Slanighear* beannaichte air feumalachd bhi ag iomradh agus a cuimhneachadh air a bhas-san trid uile laithean ar beatha, chum peacadh a chumail ann sior cas-onair, chum gach uile ghras criosdaidh a bheothachadh, agus chum gach uile dhlasanas naomh a ghradachadh;—Uimesin cha leigeadh e da phobull a bhi beo gun chomharan agus taisbeanaihb air a bhas gradhach mu chomhair an sul, chum is gu d'thugadh iad gradh dha,—gun gna' iamradh iad air,—agus gu deanamh iad do reir eiseimpleir,—san gu deireadh an t saoghail.

Cha d'thug an *Tighearna* cuimhneachan duinn an aon da ghnìomharan agus da Oifigin, mur thug e air a shagairteachd,—a Bhas,—agus iobairt do bhri gun ro' fios aige air feum lathail agus air a bhuanachd dhuinn, iad so a choimhid daonnan air meodhair. Agus cha chuir mi an teagadh iadsan a ni bunadh an smuainteachadh,—an combradh, agus an *cantaireachd spioradail* gach latha mu na nithe sin, nach bi le teistias firinneach sin na cho'-fhurtachd sholasach dhoibh fadheoidh.

An deidh eiseimpleir agus bas ar *Tighearna*, sheinn a dheiscioble *Laoidhean* chum moladh *Dhe*, agus gu h araid mu thiomall a bhais gradhach agus fhulangais, agus theagaisg iad daoin' eile gu so a dheanadh mar an ceudna—Col. iii. 16 (faic toiseach an leabhair so) Eph. v. 19. “A' labhairt ribh fein ann an salmaibh, ann an laoidhibh, agus ann an danaibh spiora-dail, a' seinn agus a' deanamh ciuil 'nar cridhe do'n 'Tighearn.’”—Seim. v. 13. “Am bheil neach sam bith a' fulang uile 'nar measg? deanadh e urnaigh. Am bheil neach sam bith subhach? *canadh e sailm.*” Taisb. i. 6. “Dhasan gu robh gloir agus cumhachd gu saoghal nan saoghal,” Amen.—Rom. xv. 9. “Air an aobhar so aidlicheam thu am measg nan

Cinneach, agus *seinnidh mi ceol* do d'ainm"—Cor. xiv. 15. Ciod ma seadh? ni mi urnuigh leis an Spiorad, agus ni mi urnuigh leis an tuigse mar an ceudna:—*Seinnidh mi leis an Spiorad*, agus *seinnidh mi* leis an tuigse mar an ceudna.

Faodaidh sinn a thoirt fainear ann an Col. iii. agus Eph. v. a liu'ad seol agus modh a theagaisg an t *Abstol* chum moladh *Dhe*, sin ra radh, le *Salmaibh*, *Laoidhibh* agus *Cantaireachd spioradail*. Tha so a' nochdadh tlus *Dhe*, agus a theas ghradh dhuinne: bha fios aige gu feumadh ar laigse nadair iomad gne sheoil gu moladh *Dhe* chum sgrios agus easbhuidh— aonntachadh a bhacadh, agus chum misneach agus toilintinn a ghabhail san obhair neamhaidh so:— Tha creidmhich an *Tiomna'-nuadh* fo cheangal na's laidire gu so a dheanamh, na bha naoimh an t *Sean-tiomnadh*, do bhri gu bheil soillearachd na's mo aca air gradh saoraidh, agus air *Criosd ceiste* air a cho-partachadh, agus do obair beannachaidh.

Tha e soilleir on na chaidh cheana innse, nach do cheangail an t *Abstol Pol*, a bha teagiste leis an Spiorad naomh sinn ambain gu seinn *Salmaibh*, aeh mar an ceudna *Laoidhean*, *Cauntaireachd* naomh agus Orain Spioradail; air an aobhar sin tha e cinn-teach agus lan deirbhte gur e seinu *Laoidhean* ordadh *Dhe*. Is lionmhor gun aireamh na chliuthaich Rìgh Daibhidh dhuinn so a deannadh, Salm xvi. Canaibh do'n *Tigheain'* Oran nuadh,

Gach aon tir, canaibh dha,

Seinnibh do Dhia; ainm beannuichibh,

Nochdaibh a shlaint' gach la.

Tha e soilleir nach robh an t *Abstol* ambain a deanamh do'n t seinn so, ordadh molaidh, ach mar an ceudna ordadh teagaisg: "A teagasg "a cheile le *Laoidhean*" &c. Agus le d'fheachainn, tha e air a thoirt fainear, gu robh moran air an teagasg, seadh a rinn iompachadh ealamh ann an eolas firinne an t Soisgeil le seinn *Laoidhean*.

Tha an gnìomh so air a bheannachadh le *Dia*, mar mheadhan chum ceangail—dusgaidh—troma-chaidh—agus ath-nuadhachaidh crìcheachan agus beatha droch dhaoine feolmhor. Tha moran leis an ordadh so air an taruing gu feitheadh air aoradh diadhaidh agus gu smuainteachadh air saoghal eile, a bha caoin-shuarach mu leithid so do smuaintidh agus do gnìomhara. Agus tha so ag co-fhreagart ri rann a chuir Diadhair ro' aithnichte ann na Leabhar Laoidhean.

An t og 's an t aosmhor, feudaidh theagasg rann,
Nach cuimhnich Searmain ach mar osag fhann ;
'Sa smuaintidh feolmhor iompachadh gu luath
Gu iobairt mholaidh thoirt do *Dhia* nan sluagh.

Seadh, 's iomad droch dhaoine a mhothaich an anama air am bheothachadh,—air an dusgadh, agus air an neartachadh ann an diadhachd spioradail, le *seinn Laoidhean* agus *Orain spioradail*; mhothaich iad an crìdheachan a' tiomachadh airson am peacaidh, agus a gabhail teas-ghradh dan *Slanuirgh* gradhach an uair a sheinneais iad mu fhulangas agus mu bhas air an son, an uair a ni iad sin nan aonar, na ann an cuideachd le daoine eile.

Am aonar seinneam ann san fhasach chian,
Far nach ro' guth na glaodh na aoradh riamh ;
San eireachd seinneam cliu le caiream binn,
Mar *Nua Jerusalem* biodh lar gach glinn.

Do bhri' gu bheil *Leabhraichean Laoidhean* gann ann's na crìochean *Gaidhealach*, mhacasadh na *Laoidhean* so iomchuidh am follaisachadh gun flios nach feudadh iad, trid beanachadh *Dhe*, a bhi costach agus tarbhach do'n dream a ghabhas tlachd ann a moladh am *Fear-saoridh*, agus ann an seinn mu a bhas gradhach agus fhulangas &c. an ste crìdidh is mo air thalamh.

Anis tha sibh a' faicinn an dleasanas so ann seinn do'n *Tighearna* nach' eil e amhain air ordachadh, ach mar an ceudna ro-chomharaichte air a bhean-nachadh le *Dia*; bu choir dhuinn misneach na is mo a ghabhail ann's a gnìomh 'so is cha b'e naire co sa bi a chluinnis sinn. Sheinn *Pol agus Sillas* gu hard mu mheadhan oi'che an uair a bha iad air an cur am prìosan, agus ann geimhle Gnìomh. xvi. 26. Seadh co ard is gu ro' a chuid eile do na prìosanaich air an dusgadh leis an fhonn cho'-sheirmeach ard a sheinn iad; agus *chuala Dia an luath-ghair* le obair a chumhachd agus a throcair, araon dhoibhsan agus do na bha maille riu. Is lionmhor iadsan a sheinneas *Orain* diambain agus mi dhiadhaidh, a bheacas iad gu hard, agus a tha coma co chluineas iad; am bi sinne air ar narachadh ann seinn moladh d'ar *Fear-sàoraidh* gradhach? Tha e air innse dhuinn gu seinn na naomh le luathghair air an leabuiche do *Dhia*. Salm cxlix. 1 agus 5.

Molaibhse Dia, is oran nuadh
 Seinnibh do Dhia gu caomh;
 Seinnibh a mhola-san gu binn,
 An co-thional na naomh.
 Biodh air na daoine naomh an sin,
 Ur ghairdeachas an gloir;
 Is air an leabaidh seinneadh iad,
 Do *Dhia* le h-iolach mhor.

Ann umhlachd do'n ordadh dhiadhaidh, agus a reir eiscimpleir *Chriosd* agus Abstolaibh, bha na sean' Chriosduine a' deanamh gna' chleachdainn do sheinn *Shalma' Laoidhean agus Cannlaireachd* molaidh do Chriosd mar *Dhia*—Leabh litteir Phlìny (paganach) as leith nan Criosdnine a bha e mort agus a geur leanmhuinn do reir ordaadh Thraghsan an t *Iom-paire Romanach* air son iad a bhi seinn Laoidhean molaidh do *Chriosd*, a fhuar Plìny dhoibh ceud a ghnathachadh.' Bli'na ar *Tighearna* 104.

Ni *Laoidh* an intinn bhòrb, 's an cridhe cruaidh,
 Aomadh gu airis caithream a naomh shluaigh :
 'Sa neo-churam a dhusgadh suas le speid,
 Gu tlachd a ghabhail do luchd aoraidh *Dhe*.

Tha e air a dhearbhadh gu ro' Chriosduine san aimsir sin a' seinn *Laoidhean* do *Chriosd mar Dhia*, be *Chriosd a chaidh a cheusadh* an ceilearibh (an Caintaicibh) gach tra'-madainn agus tra'-noin. Labhair *Tertullian* a bha beo san linn sin, mu an gna's mar an ceudna. " An tra' thig siun chum feist, cha suigh sinn sìos mu'n deanar Urnuigh, agus an deidh do'n bhiadh dol seachad, seinnidh aon dinn Cantaic spioradail, an dara cuid amach as an Scriobtur, na da dheanadas fein.

An ti nach cuimhneach aon ni leubh, ach gann,
 'S an ti nach leubh, 's mor fheum air teagasg rann.
 An ti tha dall, 's am bachdach mall gun treoir,
 Nach d'theid do'n Chlachan, bbeir rann achasan do.

Tha *Sailm Dhaibhidh* air an deanadh o dhiadhachd an spioraid, uime sin is coir dhoibh bli meas na's airde, agus gna' fheum a deanamb dhiu leis an *Eaglais* chum moladh *Dhe* gu deireadh an t saoghail. Ach ge do bha iad air thus air an ordachadh gu staid Naòigheana na h *Eaglais* fo'n t *Shean Tiomna*, an uair nach ro' *Chriosd* ach gu dorch air fhoilseachadh le faidhaireachd agus comharan—gidheadh tha e daonnan taitneach chum eisteachd agus seinn mu *Chriosd* fo'n roi'-iomradh agus a chosamblachd sin. Gidheadh bhiodh e ro chruaidh ri radh, san aimsir, sin gu'm b'fheudar do Chreidmheich an Tiomnadh Nua' seinn ambain mu *Chriosd* ceiste a phearsa—a ghloir—a ghradh—a bhas—ais-eiridh—a dhol suas gu neamh, agus na sochairin sin mar a tha e air a roi'-iunse ann an faidhaireachd an t Sean Tiomnaidh, anis an tra' tha an fhadaireachd sin air a coilionadh, agus a tha againn na sochairean beannaichte

sin gu h eifeachdach air an cur sìos gu soilleir an cachdraidh an Tiomna' Nuadh.

O! cia soilleir agus loinureach,—dealrach agus gloirmhor tha e air a lan fhoillseachadh dhuinne san Tiomna' Nuadh Criosd ceiste, agus ro-fheumalachd a mhor beannachaidh, maille ris gach geallamb a fhuair naoimh san t Sean Tiomna.' Air a chuatas sin, chi sinn gun do dhearbhan Tighearna ro-fheodhas *eolas soilleir Soisgealachd*; an neach is lugha ann Eaglais an t Soisgeil, no neach is lugha do dh'fhaidhean an t Soisgeil, gur mo e na mor fhaidhean nan Judhach Mat. xi. 11. Uaithe sin bha faidhean agus naoimh an t Sian Tiomnadh a' geur-rannsachadh gu dicheallach le togradh, agus b'fhada leo bha iad gun na nithe sin fhaicinn, a tha sinne nis a' faicinn, ach chan fhac iad e Piad. i, 10. Mat. xiii. 17. Chunnaig iad na nithe sin fada uathe, agus trid sgaile fadair-eachd, agus cosamhlachd, a tha sinne nis a' faicinn neo-chuirnichte agus lan fhoillsichte, air an aobhar sin, tha sinn gu brath ceangailte chum buidheachas a thothairt, agus moladh *Dhe* a sheinn.

Anis o na thugadh dhuinne tomhas co ro mhor do dh'eolas maille ri iomad taisbeanadh soilleir mu *Chriosd*, agus a bhas gradhach—gu deimhinn cha do smuaintich e riamb ar ceangal gu seinn mu na beannachine sin ambain do reir cosamhladh dhoilleir fadaireachd—ach tra' bha na nithe a ro-ainmich mi air an toirt gu soillse le lan iomradh. Tha e cosmhuil gun ro' an *t abstol Pol* do'n intinn so, an uair a dh'aithn' e dhunn, cha ne ambain feum a dheanamh do *Shalmaibh* ach mar an ceudna do *Laoidhibh agus do Chantaicibh* spioradail, chum is gu biodh comas againn gu seinn nas soillere, nas treumb-dhìriche, agus nas iomlaine mu gheidh, fulangas agus co-partachadh *Criosd ceiste* a tha co lan shoilleir air, fhoillseachadh ann laithe nan Abstol, maille ri innse fadaireachd an *t Sean Tiomnaidh*.

Mar an ceudna, tha e air a nochdadh dhuinn 1 Cor. xiv. 26, gun ro' ann laithe nan Abstol criosdhuidhne

a' gnathachadh *Sailm* a sheinn san *Eaglaish* d'an deanadas fein. Cha'n abair mi nach ro' iad na b-ìomachuidhe agus na bu chomasaiche gu so a dheanadh na tha sinne, do bhri' gun ro couamb sonraichte agus 'neart an Spiordaid aca ann sua laithe sin: Gidheadh tha againne sochairean na's fearr air doidh eile, ann 's am bheil againn riaghailt naomha, 'se sin, scripture an *Tiomna Nuadh* gu h-iomlan, ni nach robh aca-san.

Anis o na thug *Dia* dhuinne am *Bioball* gu h-iomlan, agus saorsa gu feum a dheanadh dhe' ann ar canain fein (sochairean nach ro' a leithid aig na linnibh o shean) tha sinn a faicinn an sa *Bhioball*, ann iomad aite, gun do theagaisg *Spiorad Dhe* air iomad modh sonraichte cantaireachd molaidh mu thaobh *Chriosd* agus a cheiseadh, a bhar air na tha ann *Salmuibh Dhaibhidh*;—Ciod an riasan as urra bhi air a thoirt nach gabhadhmaid do na focaill sin curam gu seinn do'n *Tighearna*, co math 's a ghabhas sinn chum urnuigh a dheanadh ris an *Tighearna*? Mar rinn *Daibhidh* naomha fo'n *t Sean Tiomnadh*, gairdeachas ann *Statuisibh* agus ann *Aitheantabh Dhe*, ceann aobhair a *cheileirin spioradail* ann tigh-oilthire *Salm. cxix. 45.*

An tigh mo chuairt is m' oilhire,
Do statuin b' iad mo cheol.

Ciod uime nach deanamaide air an doigh cheudna gairdeachas fo'n *Tiomna Nuadh*, aig am bheil geallaine, co-sholas, agus beannachadh co-partaichte le *Chriosd*, agus na nithe gloirmhor a tha ma thiomchalsan, tha gu soilleir air a nochdadh dhuinne, ceann aobhair ceileireann naomh? Gu firinneach sinne aig am bheil na sochairean so tha deadh aobhar againn chum a deanadh.

Na smuainticheadhl neach sam bith gu bheil *Dia* an *l Athair* air a dhearmad,—air a dhi-measachadh, na air easonarachadh, le seinn gu minic agus co mor, mu ghradh agus fulangas &c. *Chriosd*;—oir dh-innis an *t Abstol* dhuinn—"gur h ann chum glòir *Dhe an l*

Athair, an uair a dh-aidmicheas gach teanga gur e Iosa Criosd an Tighearna." Phil. ii. 11.—Agus tha e air innse dhuinn. An ti nach eil a toirt onair do'n Mhac, nach eil e toirt uram do'n Athair, Ioin V. 23. Tha e soillier iadsan uile tha toirt onair threimh-dhireach do'n Mhac air son tigh'n ann san fheoil chum peacaich a shabhaladh, gu feum iad air an doidh cheudna onair a thoirt do'n Athair, a chuir naithe e—agus do'n Spiorad Maomh a chuir ra cho-partachadh;—uile thri pearsainn na Trionaid ghloirmhor a tha gu h uilidh ard bhunntain aca ann an giulan obair ar n iompachaidh.

Cuiridh mi ambain ri so, mar tha creidmhich, aig am bheil anis a liuthad taisbeanadh gloirmhor mu *Chriosd* agus a thochairan, gur coir dhoibh a bhi na's saibhire ann a moladh na creidmhich an t Sean Tiomnaidh—le sin as coir dhoibh teansgnadh chum *seinn cliu Dhe*—mar is faide ro' iad beo is ann is aos-mhoire dh-fhasas iad, agus is faisge do neamh a dhlu-thaicheas iad. Uimesin is coir doibh do gna' bhi fas nas coslaiche ri neamh, mar is dluthe a thig iad chum a Geata.

Tha e air a nochdadh *le Daibhidh*, ge do rinn e iomad Salm lan do'dh iartais, de' uirnigh, agus de' mholadh, gidheadh chriochnaich e *Leabhar Salm* le Salm uile lan do mholadh; Tha sin ag teagasg dhuinne gur coir do phobull *De* a bhi saibhir am moladh mu chomhair deireadh am beatha:—Is ann an sin a ro' seallamh nas dluthidh aca gu gluasad chum saoghal a mholaidh shiorruigh; agus mar a's faisge thig sinn gu neamh, is cubhaidh dhuinn a bhi ga'r gnathacadh fun ni's mo chum obair neamh. Is e so gu h-iosal fearann na d' fheachainn agus na trioblaid, ach se sud gu h ard fonn na sith agus a mholaidh. O chum tuilleadh do neamh a thoirt anuas chum na talmhuinn! Gu robh na Laoidhean agus na h orain spioradail a leanas air am beannachadh dhoibh sin a thuigis iad, chum an ceangal gu tlachd a ghabhail na's mo ann obair neamh, nu'm fag iad an saoghal so. Amen.

GLASGOW, 11th March, 1834.

REV. SIRS,

YOUR patronage, in recommending to the Public, a *Second Edition of Gaelic Hymns*, published by me forty-eight years ago, which are now revised and enlarged with various Paraphrases and a copious Preface, will much oblige,

REV. SIRS,

Your most obedient and much obliged Humble Servant,
DUNCAN KENNEDY.

To the REV. DR. MACLEOD,
Minister of Campsie,

And the REV. JOHN MACLAURIN,
Minister of the Gaelic Chapel, Glasgow.

WE have carefully perused your collection of Gaelic Hymns and Spiritual Songs, and do not hesitate to affirm (with the copious Preface and Paraphrases you annex), that they are, in purity of sentiment; simplicity of style; and smoothness of measure, deserving of the attention of the Public, especially that class of Highlanders, who have no opportunity to see any Sacred Poetry, except the Psalms of David. And we are persuaded they will meet with the approbation of the Public; particularly parents, Gaelic Teachers, pupils, and all others who reside in the west and north of the kingdom, where their native language is best understood,

We are, &c.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D. D.
JOHN MACLAURIN.

CO'-CHRUINNEACHADH

L A O I D H E A N

AGUS

DANA SPIORADAIL

LE

UGHDAIREAN EAGSAMHAIL.

I A I N B A N C A I M B E U L L,

The Fifteen following *Hymns* or *Spiritual Songs*, were composed by this man, known best among his countrymen by the name of *Iain Ban Maor*,—although almost unlettered.—On account of the character he bore for honesty and integrity, Mr Campbell of Shirvine (parish of Glassrie, Argyllshire), who held two Estates, made him his ground Officer, and Baron Bailie.

The Editor, when about 12 years of age, became a favourite, and got personally acquainted with him; had frequent opportunities of hearing him rehearse and sing his melodious compositions; although very unqualified, he took down a few of them for his own private amusement. He was in 1786, by select friends, prevailed upon to publish them; 600 copies were cast, which are long since almost out of print, save a few, Dr M'Leod, Minister of Campsie, copied into his Gaelic Messenger.

This pious good man, could neither speak nor read English, and without any Gaelic books to peruse, except the Bible and Psalm Book in Irish—The Confession of Faith—The Shorter Catechism, and a translation of Baxter's Call to the Unconverted. These were the extent of his Library, which were all that appeared in print in his

time: Notwithstanding, he composed in his own native tongue, and by unceasing diligence in searching the sacred volume, qualified himself to compose and paraphrase many passages into harmonious verse, adapting them chiefly to the tunes of Laments and Elegies most familiar to his own ear. His compositions were always prized for regularity and smoothness, in strains of pious feelings and solemn thoughts, and with no inconsiderable degree of theological knowledge. It is to be regretted, that with the exception of those Fifteen Hymns mentioned above, they have all perished.

LAOIDH I.

I.

MOCH sa mhadainn dh'fhas mi sūndach,
 'Nuair a dhuisg mi le dea' cheòl:
 Air leam gu'm faca mi do dhuthaich,
 Is Criosd toirt cuiridh dhuinn gu bhord.

II.

'S ann do Dhia bu choir dhuinn umhlachadh,
 Oir se dh'ulmhaich dhuinn riamh gach coir:
 A chuir aon Mhac fein g'ar saoradh,
 'S ann ath-shaoghal 's gu biodhmaid beo.

III.

Chuir foill Iudas e'n laimh a namhaid,
 Bha bhilidh dhasan mar an leomh'nn;
 'S mar mhadraidh alt bha'd a' casadh beil ris,
 Gus'n do rēubadh leo fhuil is fheoil.

IV.

Chai' Uan nan gras ris a chrann gu cheusadh,
 Is chai' na speicean roi' laimh le h-ord;
 Bha dh'a ghruaidh air du'adh deisneach,
 Is cupan do'n fhin-gheur ra òl.

V.

Chinn crith thalmhuinn air fea' an t-shaoghail,
 A ghrian do chaochail is dhubh na neoil ;
 'S e paigheadh eiric a chinneadh-daonna,
 Pris bu daoire gu mor no an t-ōr. '

VI.

Thilg an traip ud sleagh na thaobh geal,
 'S bha fhuil gu craobhach a' suithadh'nuas ;
 'S cruaidh am bas a dh' fhuiling ar Slanuighear,
 Mu'n do chaireadh e ann san uaigh.

VII.

Chai' luchd fa'ire teann mar gheard air,
 Leis an dream sin a bha gun chiall,
 Ach dh'eirich an gaisgeach, is theich na fogarraich,
 Dh' fhas crith mhor orra, agus fia'.

VIII.

An treas la dh'a air teachd o'n bhlār sin,
 Air a bhas gun d'thug e buaidh ;
 'S chai' air deas-laimh 'n ard Rìgh a reiteach aite,
 'S na h-ionadaibh 's airde le failt d'a shluagh.

IX.

Eisean a' cheannuich sinn le mhor fhuil,
 'S a dh' fhosgail roi'inn dorus rēigh ;
 Deanamaid raoghain de' mar phorsan,
 Thair gach storas a tha fo'n ghrein.

X.

Tha maor an ard-rìgh mar chlaidheamh namhaid,
 Ann's gach aite doll mu'n cuairt ;
 Gach neach nach bàsuich na chriosduidh sàbhailt,
 'S truagh a charamh 'n taobh thall do'n uaigh.

XI.

'S ann latha chunntais a ni sinn dusgadh,
 O'n Rìgh gus an duile slugh' chaidh, 'san uaigh;
 Thig Mac De oirnn' le aingle gle gheal,
 A ghabhail sgèula thair ceann an t-sluaigh.

XII.

'Se duil cuid daoine, ach tha'm barrail faoin de',
 Gun d'theid iad saor suas an sealla' Chrìosd;
 Aon leannan peacaidh bha riamh nan aoramh,
 Biaidh iad nan aodann sann la ud sgrìobht'.

XIII.

'S lionmhor balbh iad, gun smid o'm beul,
 Ag ruigh sna frogaibh fo sge' nam beann;
 Ach chan' eil feum dhoibh ann, casar sreìn riu,
 'S ann lathair Mhic De thig iad gun taing.

XIV.

Suighe 'm Britheamh air a chathair rioghail,
 Gu toirt dìon, do na daoine coir;
 Ach biaidh na dibireich fada sìos uaith,
 'N ifrinn gu sìorruidh a choi'ch fo leon.

XV.

'N tra' ni e tearbadh, fasaidh fearg air,
 Ris a bhuidhinn shearbh sinn nach raibh d'a shluagh;
 Aig mead an cunntais theid an sgiursadh,
 Chum na fuirneis a tha dol suas.

XVI.

'N tra theid an saoghal so suas na chaoiribh,
 'S iomad glaodh bhios air an t-sliabh;
 Cuir-iomchair bhronach air son an goraich,
 Is iad ga'm fogradh fad o Dhia.

XVII.

Luchd breug, is foirneart, ceilg, is bost,
Deir le mionnan mor gum bi iad saor ;
Air a laimh chli-san tha am porsan,
'S ann teine mhor nach mu'char choi'ch.

XVIII.

Trialluidh iad gu priosan daingean,
A theid a sparadh air an sroin ;
Biaidh 'n cuirp ga'm pianadh le an anail,
A's biaidh an anam a choi'ch fo leon.

XIX.

'S truagh a dhaoine nach creid sibh Criosd,
Mar dh'fhag e sgrìobht an t' slighe choir,
Chum 's gu 'm biodhmaid gu suilbhear siorruidh,
A seinn cliu Israel do Rìgh na gloir.

XX.

O ! 's ait is eibhneach robh pobull De dhe',
'S iad ag eiridh fo bhràtaich Chrìosd ;
Mar dhealra' grein' ann a madainn cheitein,
'S gach neach ur-eideichte 'm flath na sith.

XXI.

Biaidh sith is solas a measg an t' sloigh ud,
Ann an teach comhnuidh ann aros De ;
Air tulaich mhaiseich le nuadh gach orain,
Ameasg na h-oigrìdh is gile glèus.

XXII.

Tha ghrian a' co'dach dhuinn mead a mhorachd,
Gur solus mōr i na dhuthaich fein ;
Ach Ioin no Paul cha b'urrainn aireamh,
Gach aon nì āluinn tha'n āros De.

XXIII.

'S ann na dhuthaich a tha ann luthchairt,
 Far am b'fhiu dhuinn dol gu leir :
 Biaidh sinn mar bhraithrean, le raodha orduidh ann,
 'S cha bhi onrachdan 'n tigh Mhic De.

XXIV.

A rìgh na cathrach ga'm bheil am beamacha'
 Saor thus' m'anam is dìon fo d'chuir ;
 Air sgàth Chrìosda glaodh rium sìochaint,
 Seal mu'n crìochnuich mi gu h' ùir.

L A O I D H I I.

I.

SEINNAMAIDE chum glòir Dhe,
 O'n s'e rinn sinn, 's cha sinn fein ;
 'S e dh' fhuasgail oirn' ann sgach cās,
 Is e thug cobhair dhuinn nar feum.

II.

'N trá chuir e aon mhac fein anuas,
 A chur fastaidh oirn le gean ;
 Gabhamaid fuidh bhrataich Chrìosd,
 Caipitín na slaint' gam bheil ar neart.

III.

Ann an staid iosail thainig e,
 Gun ait' aig ann cuireadh e cheann ;
 Ach luchd na foille ga ruigh gach la,
 'S gun chionta dli'a gu chur an laimh.

IV.

Ann o'che sin 'n do bhrathadh e,
 Ghlac e aran na laimh dheis :
 Thug dhe' d'a dheiscioblaibh mun cuairt,
 'S gu suilbhear dh'iarr e orr' ith.

V.

Ghlacadh leis an cup a ris,
 'S thug ra ol doibh fion gu bailt ;
 Uir-easbhuīdh cha bhi na dí,
 Air gach ti a leanas air.

VI.

'An t' shuipeir ud rinn e gu fial,
 Chum bhi mar chuimhneachan air fein ;
 'S o linn gu linn gu maireabh i,
 Cho'ich a measg a mhuintir fein.

VII.

Aran bhris e mar reubadh fheoil,
 Ghlac e fion mar dhoirteadh fhuil,
 Seal mun deachaidh e gu bās,
 No mun d' fhuiling air ar son.

VIII.

Ghlacadh e's bu chruaidh an lagh,
 Mac De, a bhi fo'm binn ;
 Na h-allmharaich choi'each-bhreige,
 Chuir iad corran gēur mu cheann.

IX.

Thug iad e gu reilic bais,
 Is thairnicheadh e suas ri crann ;
 Bha iad a' fanoid air mar Righ,
 'S a charaid idir cha robh ann,

X.

Chriothnich an talamh le ua' bhas mor,
 'S bha dorchadas a snàmh mun glheir ;
 Rachd na creagan le crith na'm beann,
 'S Mac De dol gu teann a pèin.

XI.

Amhluadh cruaidh gu robh dhoibh,
 A bha ga leanmhuinn ann 's an tōir ;
 'Sa liuthad dall is cruipleach truagh,
 Da'n d'thug e fradharc is treoir.

XII.

Thilig iad e'n leabuidh thāimh,
 Fo chumhachd a bhais re seal ;
 Ach bhuighinn an Gaisgeach buaidh sa bhlar ;
 'S dh'eirich e 'n treas la gun smal.

XIII.

Air madainn di-luain dhuisgeadh e,
 Do'n chuntas bha ann o shean ;
 'S thug e dhuinn na dhomhnach ur e,
 Chum a chluai-san thoirt fainear.

XIV.

Dh'iarr is fhuair a mhuinntir fein,
 'S iad air seachran air an t' sliabh ;
 Thug e beannachadh na measg,
 'Is thog iad ceol mar bha iad riamh.

XV.

Da-fhichid la dh' fhan e leo,
 Mun deachaidh e chum an ard Righ ;
 'S ghlac e'n Tiomna nuadh air fhuil,
 Gus an d'thig e oirnn aris,

XVI.

Dh'ordaich e shuipeir a roinn,
 Air gach neach is ionmhuinn leis ;
 Ach gun ghream a thoirt gu bràth,
 Do dh'aon neach nach aithridh air.

XVII.

Astar fada 's fogradh geur,
 A bhios air gach uile phor,
 Thig gu dalmara, 'sgu dana,
 Gun ulmhachadh chum do bhord.

XVIII.

Thig iad mar an t-ainmhi' truagh,
 Gun eolas agus gun cheill ;
 Ach thig an la an abrar riu,
 I'michibhs' a fiadhnuis De.

XIX.

Olc ata nan cridhe 'n tamh,
 Ged thriall iad mar sgaile breig ;
 Pillidh iad aris air an ais,
 Mar philleas a mhuc ri clabar fein.

XX.

'S beannaicht' iad na daoine coir,
 A leannas Criosd le dea' chēill ;
 Ulnhaichear iad glan mar or,
 A'dhionnsuidh suipeir Mhic De.

XXI.

Suidhe iad sios air a bhord,
 Ithi' is oluidh iad deth ;
 Oir s'e fein maighistir na feiste,
 'S biaidh iad a' fas aobhinn ait.

XXII.

O's aoibhinn duinne gur e Criosd,
 A choisgeas air 'n iota thall ;
 Le pailteas bainne agus fion,
 Gun airgead gun phris da chionn.

XXIII.

Tha sinn mar choigreich am faslach cruaidh,
 'S ann duinn bu bhinne fuaim a bheus ;
 Nan gnathaichemaid e air choir,
 Gheibheamaid solas gach rē.

XXIV.

Cuireamaid an trusgan so dhinn,
 'S cuireamaid trusgan glan na ait ;
 'S gheibh sinn oidhreachd bhuan air neamh,
 Ann an cūirt o Dhia nan gras.

XXV.

Far am bheil Criosd air a lainh dheis,
 A'reiteach ar cuis gach la ;
 'S gheibh sinn tearmann uaith is dion,
 Ann na thigh fein saor gu brath.

XXVI.

'N uair thig Criosd oirnn a flath,
 Maille ri miltean aingle treun ;
 Duisgear na mairbh as gach uaigh,
 'S thig na sluaigh a lathair gu leir.

XXVII.

Le neart ard an t-sholuis ghil,
 Thig eisean an sin nan ceann ;
 'S ge do slionmhor ann na sloigh,
 Bheir gach neach dhiu cunntas ann.

XXVIII.

'S aithne dh'asan co iad sin,
 'Thainig gu h-uaigneach gu bhord ;
 'S iadsan chuir trusgan bainnse suas,
 Duisgear iad a h-uaigh chum gloir.

XXIX.

Ach's mor nach do chuimhnich riamh a' bhas,
 Na'n tair a dh'fhuing e shios ;
 An deidh ar ceannach co daor,
 Cha do mbeas iad saothair Chrìosd.

XXX.

Daoine beairteach, 's daoine baoth,
 Nach do shao'raich riamh gu bhord ;
 Cha do ghabh iad tlachd d'a chuirn,
 On' th'aca fein lòn do'n fheoil.

XXXI.

'S lionmhor iadsan tha teachd ann,
 Mionnanach, breugach, lan gò ;
 Ach thig an la ann tearbar iad,
 Gu tursach chum tigh a bhroin.

XXXII.

Mar dean iompachadh gu grad,
 Le aithreachas fallain buan ;
 Is maitheanas iarruidh gach rē,
 A' leith Mhic De a bhuidhinn buaidh.

XXXIII.

Biaidh Crìosd air thus a mhuinntir fein,
 A'dol a steach chum aros rìgh ;
 'S cha d' intrinn riamh an cridhe neach,
 Na bheil do mhaise 's ann rioghachd.

XXXIV.

Oi'che cho bhi ann gu brath,
 Ach ur-ghairdeachas is ceol ;
 Ann an cuirtibh āluinn, ārd,
 'S dealraich iad gu mor no'n t' or.

XXXV.

O gradhaicheamaid uile Dia,
 Thair gach ni th'air neamh 's air Iar ;
 Chum 'sgu glaodhadh e faidheoidh,
 " Seilbhichibh mo rioghachd gu brāth."

XXXVI.

Gabhar gach creidmhich a steach,
 Roibh sgeudaicht' le mais is gloir ;
 'S gach neach bha sean liath le h-aois,
 Biaidh e'n sin gu h-aoibheach ōg.

XXXVII.

Marsin leanamaid air Criosd,
 Oir 's caraid sith-shaimh ri'r beo ;
 Biaidh e leinn roi' dhubhar bāis,
 'S bheir e sinn chum slainte mhor.

XXXVIII.

Ge d' theid ar cuirp ann san uir,
 On' se 's duthchas dhuinn gu leir ;
 Theid ar'n anama' dh'ionnsuidh Chriosd,
 S' biaidh ro' phriseil aige fein.

XXXIX.

Daoin' tha'n inbh, 's ann onoir mhor,
 Biaidh 'n dochas a'n coir gun taing ;
 Ach ged gheill dhoibh fearann, is fonn,
 Cha'n fhuasgail e bonn doibh thall.

XL.

'S e'n duine glic ann suilean daoin',
 Am fear a chuireas an saoghal cruinn :
 Ach cia saibhir robh ac' òr,
 Cho ghabhar uath' bonn de' nunn.

XLI.

'S e Dia a sgeudaich na neamhaidh,
 'N domhan uile 's na bheil ann ;
 'S leis fein an saoghal mu'n iath a ghrian
 Gu ma beannaicht e d'a chionn.

 LAOIDH III.

I.

RE h-am dhomh dusgadh am shuain,
 Mhosgail mintinn fein suas le ceol ;
 Air leom gu faca mi cūirt,
 Is solus is luchairt mhor ;
 'S gnuis shoileir Mhic De,
 'S na h-aingle le cheil ann gloir,
 Maille ris an Ard-righ,
 Far a maireanach sith is ceol.

II.

'S mor inleachdan Dhe
 Ann 's gach creatair a chruthaich e'n tus ;
 Leag e'n talamh mar stē dhoibh,
 'S na speuran an aird mar chuir :
 'S na speuran an aird mar chuir :

'S e sgeudaich am fonn,
 Le toradh ga trom, 's gu dlu,
 Do bheathaicha gach treud,
 Mar a dh' ordaich e fein o thus.

III.

Leis a dh' eiris a ghrian,
 'S a mhadain chiuin cheitein mhaigh;
 'S thig samhra' na dheidh,
 Le toradh, le teas, 's le bla's;
 'Se chuireas fo'mhara ga bhuaibh,
 A thrusadh a suas a phoir;
 'S ann na laimh san tha'n stiùir,
 Mun d'thig geamlra' no dulluchd oirn'.

IV.

Eiridh gealach san oidhche,
 Na fiadhnaid 's na codach leis;
 Is cha mhair i ach mios,
 'Nuair thig i gu h-ur a steach;
 'S e rinn na reulan mun cuairt,
 'S iad mar leagan le snuadh ro ghlan,
 Tilgeil frithleannan diu,
 'S iad mar christal thig ur amach.

V.

Shilich beathaichean alt leis,
 Is fiath-bheathaich nam beanntaidh mor;
 'S gach ean theid air sgiath,
 Dh' fhag easan dea' riaghailt dhoibh;
 Ghabhail curam da'n al,
 'S da'n togail a cas na h-oig,
 Gus an dean iad dhoibh fein,
 Dhol a thrusadh am beidh san loin.

VI.

Rinn e'n duine aris,
 Le dea' gnìomhe a lamhan fein ;
 Na oighre 's na Rìgh,
 Air gach aon ni tha'n tamh fo' n ghrein ;
 'S ann do dhuslach, 's do smal,
 A rinneadh a chnamh'n is fheith'n,
 Shèid e anail na shroin,
 'S dhuisc e anam suas beo na chrē.

VII.

Stigh ann garradh nan fēud.
 'N sin chuireadh e fein, 'sa bhean,
 'S dh'ith iad ubhal le sannt,
 A chinn air a chrann an ro'n cron ;
 Sgaoil an sgeudacha' nuadh,
 'N robh iomadai' buaidh, is mais,
 'S ghabh iad naire, 's iad ruisgt,
 Is theich iad an cuil gu grad.

VIII.

'Ntra' mhothaich e Dia,
 Lion eagal is ua' bhas e ;
 'N uair a thainig guth uaith,
 " Cionnas thuit thu co luath a'd thraill :"
 A bhean so thug thu dhomh fein,
 Dh' fhag i mise fo chiont' a bhais,
 Le rag mheirleach nan car,
 Leis nach b' fheairde neach glan gu brath.

IX.

Sliochd Chain thainig uaith,
 Sliochd mallaichte cruaidh a mhic ;
 Cha do phill iad ri Dia,
 Gus am b'eiginn an saoghal a sgrios ;

Chuir e mach an tuil mhor,
 'S chaidh am bathadh fo air fad,
 Ach Noah, 'sa chlann,
 'S gach creatair san Airc bha leis.

X.

Thainig Abraham a ris,
 O Noah, 's thug buaidh air cach ;
 Ceann nan creidmhich gu leir,
 Ann an aros De an tamh ;
 Ge be leanas a cheum,
 Ann an achlais Mhic De, gheibh blas'
 Tiormachidh na deoir o shuil,
 'S bidh e seinn da ceol ur gu brath.

XI.

Bu mhac da Isaac nam buadh,
 Agus Iacob bha cruaidh sa chath,
 A' chomhnaich san Eipht',
 Aig Ioseph bha treun a Mhac,
 Elijah is Maois,
 'S na bha riamh ann do naoimh air fad,
 Ge d' bu mhaith iad 's an ruaig,
 'Se Criosd a thug buaidh amach.

XII.

Thug e buaidh le deagh choir,
 Ged' bha e fo fhogradh geur ;
 'S iomad bachdach is dall,
 Fhuair am fradharc, 's luth 'm ball ri m feum ;
 Fhir a bheannachaidh mhoir,
 O'm faighte gach coir an feisd !
 'Sann a ghlachdadh le foill tha
 'N lamhan do naimhda treun.

XIII.

Pog Iudas do Chrìosd,
 Bi phog shearbh nach bu mhilis uaith ;
 Si chuir easan ann sas,
 Ann lamhan nan Iudhach cruaidh ;
 Cha b'ann dhasan a b' fhearr,
 Ge d' bhrath e an Slanuighear suas,
 Tha e 'n ifrinn shios,
 Measg aibhearsoir gu siorruidh buan.

XIV.

Chuir iad Iosa gu bas,
 'S mar thair chuir da mheairleach leis ;
 'S parr iad e' n sin ri crann,
 'S fhuil chraobhach ga fasgadh as ;
 Chaidh adhlac san uaigh,
 Thug angaisgeach grad bhuaidh, 's cho d'fhan;
 'S do cheart aindeoin na graisg,
 Bidh an saoghal gu brath fo smachd.

XV.

'S aithne dhasan gu leir,
 Luchd deilbh agus deanaidh an uile ;
 'S iadsan luigheas mar bhruid,
 'S a dhuisgeas gun iomra' air,
 'S luchd ailis nam breug,
 'S gan cur uathe fein am fad ;
 Bidh am piansan sior bhuan,
 Mar iompaich gu luath o'n staid.

XVI.

Ged thigeadh faidhean anuas,
 Le naidheachd gus an t sluagh an tra's ;
 'S gann a chreidinn iad uath,
 Gach uile ni buadhach gu h-ard,

Ach ge be leanas air Chrìosd,
 'S robh gu fìrinneach, dilis da ;
 Faidheoidh chi e le shuil,
 Ro fheothas na cuirt, 's mar tha.

XVII.

Luighidh na creidmhich le sìth,
 'S iad gan liubhairt aig stol a' chas ;
 Theid iad chodal gu leir,
 Ann an achlais Dhe nam feart ;
 Bidh na h aingle mun cuairt,
 Mar gheard nach leig buaireadh a steach ;
 As leith fulangais an Uain,
 Logh mo pheacaidh mun caochail mi seach.

 LAOIDH IV.

I.

SA MHADAIN ri h-am dusgadh dhambh,
 Bu shuntach mi le ciall,
 A' smuainteacha' air aros,
 Is mor bhaideil ard ar Dia ;
 Far am b' eibhinn uile dhuinn,
 Le cheile ann bhi triall,
 A' seinn ciuil gu solasach,
 Toirt cliu is gloir do Dhia.

II.

'S ann an sin a b' eibhinn dhuinn,
 Bhi 'g eiridh leis an Triath,
 Seach lubadh leis an t-saoghal so,
 'S e caochlaideach mar shian ;

Ge b' fhada beo Methuselah,
 B' fheudar dhasan triall,
 'S cha chum buar no storas,
 Aon neach beo do'n rugadh riamh.

III.

'S iomad gaisgeach treun-mhaiseach,
 Tha ruigh le mheamnadh fein,
 Gun smuainteacha' gu la a chrìoch,
 Gun d' thig am bas na bhèul ;
 Ged bu laidir Samson,
 Gun leithid bhì riamh fo'n ghrein,
 Do'n bhas a rinn e umhlachadh,
 Is suibhlaidh sinn gu leir.

IV.

Goliah-gath an dragon sin,
 Bu treun easan, 's bu mhor,
 E bagairt air clainn Israel,
 Ga'n cumail sìos le bost ;
 Ach an spiag bheag bh'aig Daibhidh,
 Le laimh an De 'ta beo,
 Bhuail e sud san aodan air,
 Is thuit an laoch gun deo.

V.

An t-iompair bha air Babilon,
 Gu laidir ga chur suas,
 Do dh' iomhaidh bhreige gheill easan,
 Is threig e Dia nan sluagh ;
 Thuair iad ordadh pillidh,
 Ach a dh' ain-deoin bhiodh e suas,
 Thainig crith le cabhaig orra,
 'S thuit am balla nuas.

VI.

An cual thu mu chlainn Israel,
 'Nuair bha iad shios sann Eipht',
 Gam feachainn, is gan saruchadh
 Aig rìgh Pharaoh le mor phein ;
 Thug Maois a-steach don fhaslach iad,
 Roi 'n fhairge ruagh gu leir,
 Ach cha b' easan rinn an tabhachd ud,
 Ach inleachd laidir Dhe.

VII.

Am baile sin Ierusalem,
 Air 'n do chuireadh sēisteadh cruaidh,
 Ga aiteach leis na h-Iudheannaich,
 'S gu dubailt ga chur suas ;
 Chaidh claidheamh geur a dheascha' dhoibh,
 Lan dioghealtais o Dhia ;
 Is tha i' nis na carnaibh,
 Mar nach biodh int' aiteach riamh.

VIII.

An geocach saibhir uaibhreach sin,
 Do rinn e uail a stor :
 'S an duine bochd sin Lasarus,
 Nach d' fhuiling riamh ga choir ;
 Ach 'n uair chaochail iad o'n t-shaoghail so
 Thugadh Lasarus gu gloir ;
 'S am fear beartach thaisgidh e,
 An prìosan truagh a bhroin.

IX.

Nach b'e Iob an duine beannaichte,
 Le foighidinn 's le ciall ?
 Chaill e ni 'sa dhaoine,
 Lan clmeadh, is chreuchd, is pian ;

Ach a dh' ain-deoin lion an Aibhearsoir,
 Cha do threig e eidir Dia,
 Is thug e clann is storas dh'a,
 Cho mor 'sa bh'aige riamh.

X.

Thilg iad am faidh Daniel,
 An garadh cruaidh nan leomhann,
 'S cha robh tuillidh dail aig',
 Ach iad dh' ith an sath d'a fheoil ;
 Thug e smachd a sios orr'
 Agus strìochd iad dh'a gu mor,
 Ghabh na beistin ua'bhas roi',
 'S thug Dia e uatle beo.

XI.

'Ntra chunnaig Dia an saoghal so,
 Sior fhas na adhbhar truais,
 'S nach creidimh iad na faidhian,
 'S ann a b' fhearr leo teicheadh uath ;
 Chuir e aon Mhac Iosa,
 Chum sìothchai' oirnn' anuas,
 Ach chuir droch dhaoìn gu bas e,
 Le ailleas mor an t-sluaigh.

XII.

'Nuair thainig Ios' air, thalamh,
 Shoilsich leis an Cruinne-cē :
 Ach cha chreidimh a ghraisg ud e,
 Ach an tōir gach la na dheidh ;
 Gun chionta sam bi dhasan,
 Chaidh chur ri crann ga chēus',
 Dh' ua'bhasaich an saoghals',
 'Nuair a chaochail Criosd Mac Dhe.

XIII.

Ged sgaoil iad an fhuil phriosail ud,
 'S ged thiodhlaic iad an t-Uan
 Dh'ain-deoin an droch innleachdan,
 Dh' eirich e o'n uaigh ;
 'S tha e' nis air ardachadh,
 Os cionn gach uile shluaigh ;
 'S nearachd bhios ag eiridh leis,
 'N la thig e fein anuas.

XIV.

H-uile saoi, 's na h-ostail ud,
 A dh' fhag Criosd na dheidh,
 Ag searmonacha an fhocail dhoibh,
 Saor fea' gach righ'chd ga leudh ;
 Chuaidh umpa lion an glacaidh,
 'S chuaidh 'n cur gu bas gu leir,
 Ach dh' fhosgail iad an suilean,
 Ann an cuirtin aluinn dhe.

XV.

Bidh feidh nam beantaidh, 's aonach orra,
 'S ann t-shamhradh thioram chruaidh,
 A'tearnadh ris na gleantaichean,
 'S a ruigh air uisge fuar ;
 Mar-sin tha anam an fhirein,
 'S iot air an geall air Dia ;
 Gus an togar leis gu sabhailt e,
 Fo dhubhar sgail a sgiath.

XVI.

'S nearachd iad a thogar leis,
 No dh' eideas e fo dhin,
 Is a ni dhe' roghain,
 Is a leanas e gu chrìoch ;

Theid ainneana na muintir sin,
 A sgrìobha 'n leabhar Chrìosd,
 Is glàodhar iad chum slainte,
 Ge do sgriosar cach uaith' sìos.

XVII.

An neach ga miann an saoghal so,
 'S a chorp bhi daonnan lan ;
 Saothair air son anama,
 'S ann is anabhar gun chion-fath ;
 Ach 'nuair thig la a bhreatheanis,
 Theid easan seach a lamh,
 'S a choidch cha 'n fhaicear sgrìobht' e
 Ann an leabhar Chrìosd le cach.

XVIII.

Daoine truagh tha diomhain,
 Le miann a bhraid, 's a bhreug,
 Is iomad spiorad trailleil,
 Mar tha dh' fhaillinn as ar deidh ;
 Ged shaoil thu reir an 'g raitinis,
 Gur iad is fearr fo 'n ghrein,
 Ach a' dol roi' ghleann a bhais dhoibh,
 Cha bhi leo sar Mhac De.

XIX.

Smuaintichibh air an Aibhearsoir,
 Ged' tha e air slabhruidh chruaidh,
 Gu bheil aig comas allsuidh,
 'S cead tionndaidh, 's dol mun cuairt ;
 Ach nuair thig la a chunntais,
 Trusar e, sa shluagh,
 Glaisear sìos am prìosan iad,
 'S gu sìorruidh cha d' thig uaith' ?

L A O I D H V.

I.

MOCH air mhadainn, 's mi 'g eiridh,
 La fèill chum fèist Chrìosd,
 Dol a dh' fhaicinn nan ceudan,
 Tigh'n a-steach chum a theubail ;
 'S gach neach nach bi na eideadh,
 S' gun ur-ghleas air an crìdh ;
 Thig an la theid am fogradh,
 O do bhordsa fad shìos.

II.

'S og a thainig e'n tūs oirnn',
 'S e dh' ullhaich dhuinn coir ;
 Chuir e eideadh a chinneadh daonn air,
 Aig a mhead sa thug e ghaol duinn ;
 'N tra' bha sinn uile fo dhaorsa,
 'S ann leis a shaoradh sinn beo ;
 O ! 's e dh' fhuing an cruadail,
 Gus an d' fluasgail ar coir.

III.

'S mòr an sgeula ri innseadh,
 Mar thainig Crìosd ann san fheoil ;
 'Ann staid iriosal, iosal,
 Aon Mhac an Ard-rìgh sin ;
 Thug e fhuil suas mar iobairt,
 'S chaidh a thiolac gun deo ;
 Ach dh' eirich gaisgeach nam buadh,
 Is tha e shuas 'nis an glòir.

IV.

Fo smachdsan tha'n saoghal,
 S' ann d'a dh' aodhras na sluaigh ;
 Na chuirte ghreadhnach si gleagheal,
 Ge b'e leanas a cheumsan,
 Ri caslach an t sleibhe,
 Gu aros De 's gu theach mor ;
 Theid an cridheachan a ghleusadh,
 Le chiel ann sheinn ceoil.

V.

'S e caraid nam firein,
 'S ann leis a dh'eiris na sluaigh ;
 Aoh tha ghairdein ro laidir,
 Ri luchd muirt, agus meairle ;
 'S mar an iompaich iad trathail,
 Grad smalar iad uaith,
 Leis a chiosnaicheadh an t Aibhearfair,
 Ann am prìosan teann cruaidh.

VI.

Tha mhuinealsan an sās,
 Ann slabhruidh laidir 's ann ceup teann ;
 Ach tha aire gu leir,
 Air mac an duine chum reubaidh ;
 Dh fheach an urainu e theumadh,
 Gu chur fein sìos ann cāll ;
 O ! Fairibh gu dileas,
 Is cumadh stri, ris gun taing !

VII.

O ! Fairibh an geard so,
 Dhol roi 'n fhaslach bheag ghearr !
 Gach leannan peacaidh tha'n deidh o'rblh,
 Biodh gu minig gan cēusadh ;

Is deanabh uile 'n sior threigsin,
 Mun lean iad fein ruibh gu bas :
 Na mu' m fuigh an leoghann beucach,
 Oirbh greim fo a sinäig.

VIII.

Tha an leoghann ud uathmhor,
 'S coitheach gruamach a shuil ;
 Ach tha e milis ro bhoidheach,
 Ri luchd misg, agus poite ;
 'S ri luchd nilc agus do-bheairt,
 'Se's barant dochais d' an cül ;
 Is e ga mealladh gu h uaigneach,
 Gus am fuadaich e'n criu.

IX.

'S ann an latha na morachd,
 Do Dhia chomhdaichear cliu ;
 'N uair bhios na creidmhuich ag eiridh,
 Iad mar mhaise na Peacaig ;
 Le saill ro reamhar re,
 Is iad mar reull ghlan gun smur ;
 Fiadh ghair air an éudan,
 Soilleir gle-ghlan an fäil.

X.

Na leanbain bheag, 's a chlann og so,
 A Gheibh ordadh gu bas ;
 Biaidh an iomraic lan äbbaclud,
 Mar pill peacaidh am parant ;
 Theid an anamaibh le'r Slanuighear,
 Mar choluman geal ban ;
 Ghabhas iteach gu h ea-trom,
 'S fo bhlas a sge ni iad tamh.

XI.

'N sin ni'd comhnuidh gu sabhailt,
 Ann am palluinn le Criosd ;
 Ann am flath, solach, eibhneach,
 Iad a' gluasad na dheidh-san ;
 'S iad uil' air an ur eideadh,
 Le rogha ceill, 's le mor shith ;
 Cha'n aithnichear lubragan deirc ann,
 Seach ailleagan Righ.

XII.

Na bothain chriath tha mar chields' oirnn,
 Theid gun fheum ann san uaigh ;
 Ann an codal mor, conard,
 Gabhaidh iadsan ann comhnuidh ;
 Gus an d'thig an ath t ordadh,
 'S an d'uisgear iad suas ;
 Thig an anamaibh nan co'ail,
 Is nithear posadh gu luath.

XIII.

'Nuair a sheinnear an trompaid,
 Na mairbh duisgidh o'n uaigh ;
 Na thuit ann glacaibh, 's ann carnaibh,
 Ann meadhan cuain, 's an beantaibh arda ;
 Bidh iad uil' ann a lathair,
 Thig ann Adhamh, 's na thainig uaith ;
 'S gabhaidh Josa dhiu cunntas,
 Ge do 's du'ail na sluaigh.

XIV.

'S garbh a chrith thig air an t saoghal,
 'Nuair a ghlaodhar a chuirt ;
 Bidh na beanntaidh, s' na sleibhtidh,
 Sruthadh 'nuas, mar theine ceire ;

Is bidh an cuan a' sior bheucaich,
 Na lasair theine's na smuid ;
 'S e sin bheir an t uathbhas,
 Do neach nach d' ghluais ann dea' chliu.

XV.

Thig Criosd ann ar coinnibh,
 Le lan sholus is dea' rùn ;
 Bidh a mhuintir-san eibhinn,
 'Se gam failteachadh le cheile ;
 Ag taruing suas air a dheas-laimh,
 'S e gan eideadh ann culaidh bhan ;
 Mar shneachd og air au doire,
 Bidh iad soilleir a measg chaich.

XVI.

An nair a nithear leis tearbadh,
 Dubhaidh, 's deargaichidh each ;
 Iad a' cuimhneach au gorraich,
 An gaol a thug do'n spiorad fheolmhor ;
 Gu b' e 'n saoghal bu docha leo,
 'S nach b' e eolas air Dia tra' ;
 Sgriosar sios iad chum teine mhilteach,
 'S an anam 'nis cho d' thig gu brath.

XVII.

'N tra' theid gach cuis mar is coir,
 'Sa chuirear seol air gach treud ;
 Theid cuideachd Chriosd ann an ordadh,
 Steach air geata na trocair ;
 Ach triallaidh each gu du-bhronach,
 Da'n aite combnuidh truagh fein ;
 Marsin crìochnaichear gach ni,
 Is glaothar sithchaint na dheidh.

LAOIDH VI.

I.

AIR dhamh bhi siubhal na frithe,
 Am dhibreachan borb ;
 A' triall tuisleach roi 'n fhaslachs',
 A dh'fhas ànrach, ro dhorch ;
 Chinn an rathad ro chaol leom,
 'S e tachairt daonnan rium doirbh ;
 Ach dh' fhosgail Criosda mo shuilean,
 'S thug e 'n t iul dhamh gu folbh.

II.

Tha am peacadh, 's an saoghal,
 Gar cumail daonnan ro dhall ;
 'S e gar mealladh le durachd,
 Chum ar dublachadh ann ;
 Ach ge b' e philleas le cruadail,
 Bheir e buaidh air gnn taing ;
 Gheibh e co'nadh o Chriosda,
 Agus sith mhor na am.

III.

Ge boidheach tighin an t saoghail,
 'S tric e caochladh, 'sa doll uainn ;
 Ach 's ann tha 'n t aighear, 's ann t abhachd,
 Air an taobh thall don uaigh ;
 Far am bheil ar 'n ard Rìgh-ne,
 Agus Criosd a thug buaidh ;
 Co'chomann milis le cheil ac,
 'S ann dhuinn a b' eibhinn bhi shuas.

IV.

B'e sud an sgeul eibhinn,
 Bhi 'g eiridh leo shuas ;
 Seach bhi ruigh leis an t shaoghals',
 Tha gu caochlaideach cruaigh ;
 An neach a gheibh lamh air,
 'S ann is aill leis gur buan ;
 Ach O ! Amadain ghorraich,
 Cha 'n eil do lon de' ach cuairt !

V.

Ge b'e leanas air Criosda,
 Os gach ni tha fo'n ghrein ;
 A' doll roi' dhu'ar a bhais,
 Cha bhi sgath air roi'n eug ;
 Thig na h ainglibh le gradh dha,
 An culaidh bhan, 's ann dea' eideadh ;
 Ann na cho'ail le sithchaint,
 'S theid anam prìosail leo fein.

VI.

Theid e'n sin chum an t soluis,
 'Measg a chomuinn thaig Dia ;
 Tha gach neach ann a' dealradh,
 Na 's aille na ghrian ;
 Ach thug Criosd uile barr orr',
 'S e gan gradhuch' le ciall ;
 Cha'n urr amharc suil fheola,
 Air a mhor'achd le sgiamh.

VII.

Ge b'e sheasas le cruadail,
 An aghaidh buairidh, 's droch gnìomh ;
 'S a bhios imtin daomhan,
 Air an taobh a tha Dia ;

N uair a ghlaodhar chum cuirt e,
 Cli a shuil gach nile mhiann ;
 Their Criosd gu h ionnphuinn, le gradh dha,
 “ B’e so mo bhrathairse riamh.”

VIII.

Cha’n eil ’s ann duin’ ach an sgail,
 ’N uair dh’ fhagas anam e suas ;
 ’N sin grad-thuitidh an ceidse,
 ’Si ’s ceile dha ’n uaigh ;
 Theid na thosd chum an du’chais,
 ’S theid na smuraich, ’s na luath ;
 Ach ’n uair thig latha chunntais,
 ’S ur a dhuisgeas e suas.

IX.

’S e air thus chuir am bas so,
 Riamh mar thair as ar deidh :
 Gu d’ thainig a meairleach,
 Char e Adhamh agus Eubh ;
 An tra’ bha e fo chradh,
 Gun d’rinn Dia iad dha fein ;
 Tha e anis ann na chruban,
 ’N ifrionn turfach fo phlein.

X.

’N uair a chunaig Dia gaolach,
 An cinneadh daonu’ gu bi cailt ;
 Dhealbh e innleachd an t solais,
 Mac na h oigh Muir’ air ball ;
 Chum ’s gu bithídhmid saoirte,
 Bha sinn daor dha san am ;
 Bu ro-lionmhor a naimhdean,
 ’S cba ro’ chairdean ach gann.

XI.

Bha glift ud an achlais Dhe shiorruidh,
 An tus a laithean gu h og ;
 Ge d' chuir se e shaoradh,
 A chinneadh daonn' ann fan fheoil ;
 Chaidh a ghlacadh gu peineil,
 Le geur leanmhuinn, is toir ;
 Ach dh' fhuasgail eisean le iobairt,
 Do na miltin bhi beō,

XII.

Chum na croise chaidh a ghinlan,
 Is a sparradh ri crann ;
 Chaidh cupan fearbh thoirt ri ol da,
 Is crogan sgithich mu cheann ;
 Chrithich an talamh, 's na speuran,
 Chaidh fearg Dhe os an ceann ;
 S ghlaodh Uan na siothshaimh 's na reite,
 “ Do thoilse Dhe gu ro ann.”

XIII.

O cuimhnichmid uile,
 Mhead sa dh' fhuiling duinn Criosd !
 Ann sa bhas ghabh e cuairt,
 Is as an uaigh thainig ris ;
 Le f huil phriosail nam buagh,
 Leis an d' fhuasgail e sinn ;
 'S e a smachdaich na leōghainn,
 'S na bha 'n toir air gach linn.

XIV.

Ge do rinn e ar saoradh,
 Na saoil gun gabh e ri trail ;
 Bha ri mionnan, 's ri brengan,
 Is ri ca-coir gach la ;

Ruigh le miannaibh an t saoghail,
 'S a cur Dia daonnan air dail;
 'Tuitidh eisean mar chrionaich,
 'S cha d theid le Criosda gu brath.

XV.

Faic an rathad is caoile,
 Inich daonnan air, 's gluais;
 'S bi gu furachair, gleusta,
 Nach sgrios do cheum uait;
 'S a dhain-deoin lionan droch dhaoine,
 'S buaireadh an t saoghail mun cuairt;
 Lean thus' an ceum dìreach,
 Is glacaidh Criosd do lamh uait.

XVI.

“ Ach se 'n rathad is Lēaithne,
 Ni mi ghabhail an' trās;
 Chum's gun trusainn an sāoghal,
 Na dh' fhaodas dhe'm laimh;
 Tha gach uasal, is iosal,
 An tōir, 's ann ti air gach la;
 Is com nach bithinn an deidh air,
 Chum 's gun ēighte mi ard?”

XVII.

S e sin fath ua cuiriomachair,
 'N uair a thilgear thu 'n sās;
 Liuthad earail thug Criosd ort,
 'S gun do dhibir thu iad;
 Bidh do chogais gad dhiteadh,
 Gun do dhuilt u ri slainte;
 'N tra' chi thu ionad na do'ruinn,
 Gu dol a chomhnnidh gu brath iinnt.

XVIII.

Guidhidhmid uile gu dileas,
 Dia sgrios ifrionn gu leir ;
 O na s' e an t ard bluachail,
 Gum bi aun ach aon treud ;
 Chum 's gu biodhnaid uil' eibhinn,
 Ann an armait na neamhaidh ;
 Gu siorruidh le solas,
 Toirt gloir do Mhac Dhe.

LAOIDH VII.

I.

'S iomad faidh sona,
 'S fear beannuicht' bha'n n riamh ;
 Bha leubhadh an fhocaill,
 Nan teachdair o Dhia ;
 Ach cha do phill iad an cinneadh,
 Ach a' ruigh le'n droch mhiann ;
 Gus 'n do cheannuicheadh leo iobairt,
 'Si Criosda Mac Dhia.

II.

'S og a thainig na leanabh,
 Chaidh tair air, is deidh :
 Chaidh a mhathair na deannadh,
 Gu fhalach do'n Eipt' ;
 Loisg Herod gach leanabh,
 Dh' fheuch an cosgairt Mac Dhe ;
 'S do cheart ainann-deoin na graisge,
 Rinn e 'm faigail gu leir.

III.

Bha na h Judhaich an toir air,
 'S e maiseach, mor, le dea' cheill ;
 Chuir foill Judas e'n fas,
 Ann nan lamhaibh's nan lion ;
 Ard leigh mor na cruinne,
 'S ceann eaglais gach righ'chd ;
 Chaidh gu reilic a bhais leo,
 'S cruaidh an lagh dh' fhag e shios.

IV.

'S garbh a chreathnuich an talamh,
 Chaidh dallamh mun ghrein ;
 'N deidh a sparradh ri nimh-chrann,
 Le bir-thairngean geur ;
 Bha fhuil chraobhach a' sileadh,
 As na lotaibh le mead ;
 Ach bhà eisean lan toilicht',
 Nam biodhmaide da reir.

V.

O ! leanadh le cruadail,
 Am fear thug buaidh air a bhas ;
 'S a dh' eirich gun smuairein,
 O'n uaigh an treas la ;
 'S a dh' fhosgail na dorsan,
 Bh' air na geataibh is aird ;
 G'e be leanas a chēumsan,
 Bidh e eibhinn gu brath.

VI.

'S fìor eibhinn ri iunseadh,
 An sgeul cinteach se mor ;
 Gu d' thainig oirnn' Criosd,
 Ann staid iosail's an f'heoil ;

Le soilse gus na fireain,
 Chnm an anam bhi beo ;
 'S gan trusadh suas le cheile,
 An lathair Dhe, 's gu theach mor

VII.

'N uair thig e' ris, le lan sholus,
 Cinnidh dalladh air c ach ;
 Iad ag cuimhneach' an gorraich,
 'S nach b'e eolas air tr ath ;
 Cha'n amhairc iad na aodann,
 Cha'n f haod iad le nair' ;
 Oir b' aunnsa leo'n saoghal,
 'S bha eisean daonnan air dail.

VIII.

An sin gabhaidh e cunntas,
 An tra' dhuisgear na sluaigh ;
 'S theid leabhar na cuimhne,
 Dhoibh f hosgladh asuas ;
 Bidh gach neach dhiu ga leu'adh ann,
 'S iad ag eughach gu cruaidh ;
 An cron sgriobht ann nau aodann,
 'S iad sior chaochladh droch shuagh.

IX.

'S ge do ro' air sithshaimh,
 Measg f hior mhuintir fein ;
 Bidh fearg air ri cach,
 Is theid an tearbadh gu leir ;
 Theid an sgriosadh a sios uaith,
 Chum teine mhuileach, nach treig ;
 Gan leadairt, 's gan cradh,
 Leis a chnuidh nach basuich am feast.

X.

Cha d' thig eisean an t amadan,
 Dha 'm fagusg nan dlu's;
 Le mhìsg, is le mhionnan,
 'S nach b' fhearr e na bruid;
 Mar d' iompuich mun d' eug e,
 Le treimhdhir 's le caoidh;
 Cha-sealbhaich e slainte,
 Gu brath ann na chuirte.

XI.

Luchd meallaidh, 's cul-chainidh,
 Le'm bu mhiannach mar bheus;
 Nach d' fhiar riamh do fhlaithreas,
 Ann rathad Mhic De;
 Theid frian riu gu h inich,
 'S theid an iomain gu leir;¹
 'N tra' ghabhar dhiu cunntas,
 Theid au sgiursadh chum pein.

XII.

O! pilleadh o'r peacaidh,
 Agus glacaibh a choir;
 Is leanaibh an caiptin,
 Thug buaidh air ni mor;
 Na geilleabh do dh' iomhaidh,
 'S na strìochd dha ni 's mō;
 Ach leanabh air Criosd,
 Oir 's craobh shithsainh e'n gloir.

XIII.

Ge d' gheibhin fein-deise,
 Do shìde, 's do shrol;
 Air a geiltreadh gu finealt,
 Le lastuidhin òir;

Saoghal fad, agus rìgh'chdean,
 Agus strìochdadh gach sloigh ;
 'S mor a b' fhearr leom bhì 'g eiridh,
 Le Crìosd is dea' chòir.

XIV.

B'e sin an segul eibhinn,
 Bhì 'g eiridh le Crìosd ;
 Ann an cuirt shoileir fhlaithreas,
 Far a mairthean an t sith ;
 Ann deiseachan aluin,
 Le slainte gun chrìoch
 O ghloir gu gloir eibhinn,
 Le cheil ann gu sior.

LIODAH. VIII

I.

THA sinuaintin mor air m' intinn ;
 A' cuimhneach gach nì mar tha ;
 Mar tha clanna daoine,
 Co fhaoin mu obair nan gras ;
 Ge mor leis na Rìghridh,
 An rìomhadh, 's an stor gach la,
 Fo chis tha iad do Chrìosda,
 'S gu cìnteach cha d'theid o'n bhas.

II.

An cual u rianh an blar sin,
 Na namhaid a' cur cath cruaidh ;
 Nach faigte duine beo ann,
 Ge fheo's gan reachadh anu ruaig ?

Ach tha lamh Mhic De,
 Tigh'n le gheur chloideamh, oirnn anuas ;
 'A bualadh ann 's gach aite,
 'S gu brath cha d' theid aon neach naith.

III.

Theid an tuigseach, 's an t umaidh,
 Nan smurach air fea' a cheil ;
 Ach 'n uair thig la a chunntais,
 Duisgear gach neach air leth ;
 Ge d' ro' iad air seargadh,
 Nan camhlach, mar ni gun fheum ;
 'N roinn is caoil nan ceann-san,
 Air chall cha'n fhan shios nan deidh.

IV.

Duisgidh 'm firein coir,
 Ann dea' dhochas mar chaidh e sios ;
 Thig anam na cho'ail.
 Chum comhnuidh don cheidse ris ;
 Air ball nithear leo posadh,
 Le solas mar sin gu sior ;
 Is theid e suas gu aireamh,
 Gu brath amearg muintir Chrìosd.

V.

Bidh 'm peacach doirbh, do dhusgadh.
 Mar lundaire shios san uaigh ;
 Thig an t anan bronach,
 Na chomhail le sgeula truagh ;
 Bidh cath cruaidh, is comhrag,
 Mum fograr e sios don truail,
 " Thoill thusa dhamh prìosan,
 " 'S gu sìorruidh bidh e dhuit buan."

VI.

Bidh e fo lan eislein,
 'N uair theid e ri uochdadh suas :
 Dhol thoirt seachad cunatas,
 'S na dhublaich e iomad uair ;
 Liubhrar e do'n Aibhearsoir,
 'S e prionnsa nan daoine truagh ;
 Ga phianadh, 's gu leonadh,
 'Se e beo eidear teas is fuachd.

VII.

'S mor tha fea' an t saoghail,
 'S beag aird tha ac air lagh Chrìosd ;
 Ge d' thug Dia anam saor dhoibh,
 Chum fhaotainn air ais aris ;
 Their iad gu bheil gaol da,
 Ach an saoghal s'e 's pailt nan cridh ;
 'S annsa leo an gorraich,
 No seol bhi ac air an crich.

VIII.

'N uair thig Criosda gaolach,
 Le grea'nachas 'measg an t sloigh ;
 Faraidich e " Co thaobh mi,
 " Do'n shaor mise le'm fhuil mhor ;
 Bidh cabhag chruaidh air daoine,
 'N tra' ghlaodhar amach cnoc a mhoid ;
 Gabhaidh iadsan naire,
 'S gu brath cha d' thig neach da choir.

IX.

Bidh na creidmhuich gu h eibhinn,
 Ag eiridh fo bhrataich uir ;
 A steach ann na aros,
 Gam failteachadh le dea' run ;

Le'n deiseachan aluin,
 Is dealraich' no reull an iuil ;
 'Tarruing suas an ordadh,
 'Seinne orain do Dhia nan dul.

X.

Cha b'eagal am bas,
 Nam biodh an Slanuighiar air ar cul ;
 Gheibhimid uaith faoilte,
 'N uair chaochlas sealladh na sul ;
 Oir cha'n eil 's an t saoghals',
 Ach faoineis nach mair ach ùin ;
 Ach beartas Mhic De mhoir,
 Gu siorruidh cha teirig sud.

XI.

Tha 'm fasan ud ro lionmhor,
 Grad spidich iad fear do chach ;
 Dannar e le mi-cheill,
 'S do dh' ifrionn cuiridh gun dail ;
 'S ua'-mhara do Chrìosdui'n,
 Bhi cho dileas ri seirbheis d'a ;
 'S gur e mhiann an saoghal,
 'S na daoin' uile sgrios a laimh.

XII.

O ! pilleabh ri Mac De,
 Oir s'e 'n ste nach teirig gu brath ;
 Carruig chruaidh nach aom,
 Ge d' ro' 'n saoghal dol sios na smal,
 'Bhios gu seisbeach dileas,
 Do gach aon neach a bhuineas da ;
 'S ge d' sgriosar gach ni leis,
 Gu siorruidh bidh mhuintir slau.

L A O I D H I X.

I.

A rìgh dh'orduich a mart duinn,
 Cha roibh faillinn annad riamh ;
 Ach tha peacaidh-ne dhaoine,
 Sior chaochladh nan sian ;
 Air dalladh nan speuran,
 Nach leir dhuinn a ghrian ;
 'S tha gaoth tuath agus gailleann,
 A' bagradh oirm' dian.

II.

A' bagradh cur sìos oirm'
 Le ro mhiad ar gorraich ;
 Ar 'n uailslean, 's ar 'n ioslan
 Nach strìochd iad do d' ordadh ;
 Ach a thi th' ann sa chathair,
 Ann 's na flaitheasa mor'a ;
 Dean thus oirnne amharc,
 'S pill le d' mhaitheas nar co'ail.

III.

O amhairc le sithshaimh,
 Air na criosdui'n le cheile !
 'S na leig gainne an arain,
 'A measg do phobuill bhochd fein ;
 Ge d' tha iadsan cho mollaichd,
 'S nach lean iad do cheumsa ;
 'S ann a d' laimhse tha 'n stiuir,
 'S a Dhia ghaolaich na treig sinn.

IV.

Tha gkairdein ro laidir,
 'S ro neartmhor am buaidh ;
 Leis a chinneas am pailteas,
 Gun ghainne gun chruas :
 An lamh a chuireas, 's a sgaoileas,
 'S a chuiris dea' la gu bluain ;
 'S ann leis a bheathaichear na Righridh ;
 'S na dilleachdain thruagh.

V.

Ge mor leis na Righridh,
 Am frideam, 's an comhdach
 Co 's urrainn an ciosnach',
 Le 'n innleachdan mora ;
 Ach na 'n caruicheadh a lamhs' orra,
 An gainne, nan dolun ;
 'S iad bhi bliaghna gun aran,
 Cha b' fhada 'n sin beo iad.

VI.

'N uair bha Criosd ann 's an fhaslach,
 'Thainig a meairleach gu theumadh ;
 " Dean do na clochan so aran,
 Mas tusa Mac De mhoir ;"
 " Imich roi'ead a Shatuin,
 Agus fag m fhia'nuis fein ;
 Oir a eagnhuis an arain,
 Cho bheathaichear mo threudsa."

VII.

Nach b' e'n cealgair ro dhan e,
 'N uair a thainig gu bhuairedh !
 Ge d' bha eisean roimhe,
 Na aingeal ro uaibhreach ;

Thug an t ardan, 's an spors air,
 Bhi 'g iarruidh lamh 'n uachdar ;
 Sgrios Dia dh' ifrionn sios e,
 'S tha na dhibreachan truagh ann.

VIII.

Tha slabhruidh, chruaidh dhaingean,
 Ga chumail am pein ann ;
 Ach tha innleachdan fada,
 Dh' fheuch co dh' fheudas e theunadh ;
 Luchd misg, agus meairle,
 Carachd, amhailtean, 's breugan ;
 'N uair a chruinneachar an *criz* so,
 Theid an sgiurseadh gu leir leis.

IX.

Tha teine mhor mhilteach,
 Teachd anis as a chomhnuidh ;
 Tha sgreadail, is glaothaich,
 Tha caonnag, is bron ann ;
 'S e Caipitain droch dhaoine,
 Gu'm fao'lum gu do-bheart :
 Chuireadh crith air dea' chriosduidh,
 Bhi 'g innseadh gach sgeoil air.

X.

Tha smuairein air 'm intinn,
 Ag sinnainteach air ua'bhas ;
 'S mo bhraithrean caomh, criosduidh,
 'Dol dim air gach gualainn ;
 Leis mar ghlachd iad an saoghal,
 'S gu saoil iad gur buan e ;
 'S mo' thug iad do speis cla,
 Na Mhac De rinn am fuasgladh.

XI.

Cuireadh cath 'n aghaidh ar peacaidh,
 Agus frian ri ar 'n ardan ;
 An t eagal gun glachdar,
 Sibh an eangach ar namhaid :
 'S moch a rinneadh ar baisteadh,
 Ann an achlais ar Slanuighear,
 Leanadh sibhse cheum dìreach,
 'S da thrìd bidh sibh sabhailt.

XII.

Tha culaidh na bainns' orr',
 Leis an slan'cheur na mìlaidh ;
 Uisg ioclaint na beatha
 Leis an coisgear ar 'n iota ;
 Le aimhnichin ola,
 'S teach o bhaile na sìthshainh ;
 S a chuideachd' ri h abhachd.
 Ann na gharradh mor finein.

XIII.

Tha culaidh na bainns' orr',
 Air an eideadh le firinn ;
 Ann 's ann t solus ghlan, dealrach,
 Gu hrath cho bhi oi'ch ann ;
 A ghrian cha dean feum ann,
 Cha soilsich gu sìorruidh ;
 Ach a ghnuis sholuis, ghaolach,
 'S e labhairt daonnan le sìth ruinn.

XIV.

Tha 'm intinn air togail,
 Dhol a dh'amharc air t aros ;
 'S mor is binne bhi gu d' eisteachd,
 No teudan na clarsaich ;

Fo iteich a sge'-san,
 Dhuinn a b' eibhinn bli 'n tamh ann :
 Gu b' annsa bhi 'n sith leis,
 No bhi 'm Rìgh ann san ait' so.

XV.

Tha briathra' Chrìosd ann dea' ordadh,
 Aig a sheirbheisich sgriobhte ;
 'S mar chaidh a cheusadh,
 Ga leubhadh sa Bhiobull :
 Thair gach nì th'ann san t saoghal,
 Thugadh gaol mor do Chrìosda ;
 Is gach aon neach nach lub dh'a,
 Theid a sgiursadh gu sior naith,

L A O I D H X.

*An sanntach agns an Creidmhigh : Comhradh
 deise.*

I.

'S e'n saoghal mo mhionn,
 Gach latha 's gach bli'a'n
 'S bhi trusadh nan ciad le cheile ;
 Ga stiuradh le sunnt,
 Fea' fearainn is fuinn,
 'S ga chur ann an suim, 's am feichin ;
 Ga shuitheachadh tra',
 'S ag trusadh a mhail,
 'S gach nìle chis 's aill leom fhentainn ;
 Gun luadh air a bhas,
 'S mi nach iarradh gu brath,
 Ach siune bhi lathair le cheile''.

II.

Ach labhair gu foill,
 Is leibh ann sa choir,
 Is chi thu 'n geocach saibhir ;
 Bha shaibhleasan lan,
 Do bhun is do bharr,
 'S b'e bharail gu brath nach treigeadh ;
 Ach 's ann thainig am bas,
 Gun fhios a thoirt d'a,
 Is dh' fhag na laruich bhreig e,
 Is ghreas e gu luath,
 Chum tein' agus fuachd,
 'S tha naidheachd ud crnai' ri leubhadh.

III.

“ Sean naidheachd atá,
 Na cluinneam gu brath,
 'S ann th' agam an tra's an fheudail ;
 Fear folamh gun ni,
 'S fad shuigheas e shios,
 Ge fheodhas a ghniomh 's a bheusan ;
 Dol seachad an cuil,
 Gun mheas air gun chliu,
 Ann cuideachd na'n cuirt cha d' theid e ;
 Bidh mise le'm cheol,
 A' suigh air gach bord,
 Ag ithe 's ag ol air feistean.”

IV.

Ach thusa tha lan,
 No h amhaire le tair,
 Air neach a tha'n tra's gun fhendail ;
 Bha Lasarus bochd,
 Gun storas gun stochd,
 Lan chneidh, agus lot, is chreuchdan ;

Ann achlais Abraham,
 Rinneadh e slan,
 Mar phrionnsa mor ard ag eiridh ;
 'S am fear beartach fo bhron,
 Chaill eisean gach coir,
 'Se'n garaidh nan leoghann reubach.

V.

“ Tha mi sgith fas do d' cheol,
 'S ro shearbh leom do ghloir,
 Cur sios air a choir tha'm leirsinn ;
 O'n th'agam an stor,
 'S e mo mhiann a bhi beo,
 'S gun amharc cia 'n rod a theid mi ;
 Sean fhocall a tha,
 'S fearr aon ean ann laimh,
 No air iteig a dhadheug dhiu ;
 Duine dona gun treoir,
 Cha'n fliach e bhi beo,
 Nach leanadh a choir 's an ea-coir.”

VI.

Ach thusa bha rianh,
 Gun eagal roi' Dhia,
 'S tu marcachd gu dian 's ann ea-coir ;
 Mar neach chaill a chiall,
 Gun philleadh air srian,
 O'n thug thu do mhiann do'n fheudail ;
 'S tu t'fhear lomaidh air cach,
 Gan creachadh gun chaird,
 'S gan iomain gu cas na h eiginu ;
 'S ann chruadhaich do chridh,
 Mur nach buineadh tu Chrìosd,
 Gur meas thu na Rìgh na h Eiphte,

VII.

“ Cho mheasa gu brath,
 'S a bhoichead a' fas,
 Tha sluaigh nan uil' al ann deidh air ;
 Lan aighir atha,
 Gach neach ata lan,
 'Nam baidealabh ard le'n eideadh ;
 Le'n cupaiche lan,
 'S ga'n cuireadh gu bal,
 Bidh fir agus mnaì' le cheil' ann ;
 Gu cruadalach dan,
 'S iad ag imeachd gun tair,
 Ann 's gach ionad is ait ann d' theid iad.”

VIII.

Tha 'n saoghal, 's an fheoil,
 Air a mhealladh gu mor,
 'S e do bharail gur beo le cheil sibh ;
 Is tha thu gach la,
 'Ruigh an coinneadh a bhàis,
 'S e leagas gu lar an treun-laoch ;
 Cha d' theid leat fo'n fhòd,
 Do d' airgid, 's do'd òr,
 Ach ciste nam bord, is leine ;
 Tha do cheile ro fhuar,
 Ni dhiòt dus agus luath,
 'Scha tigh cràbhaidh an uaigh and' theid thu.

IX.

“ Nan ann toiseach mo làith,
 Gu lùbainn gu lar,
 Gu h-urnuigh, gu cràbh', 's gu leubhadh ;
 'S mi faghail ni 's fearr,
 Mo mhiann air gach laimh,
 'S mi marcaid co ard 's an dragon ;

Bras, meamnach, glan, ur,
 Tuigseach, eolach, 's gach cuis,
 Gu h-aigeannach, suntach, ea-trom ;
 Cha gheill mi do chrābh',
 Cuiream tamull air dail,
 Gà bliaghna na dha mu'n eug mi."

X.

O ! mosgail a d' shuaín,
 Chuir an saoghal ort cluain,
 'S e gu d' mhealladh gach uair gu ea-coir ;
 Gu h-ard Rìgh nan sluaghr,
 Cuir iobairt ghlan suas,
 'S ann leisean bu bhuan bhi 'g eiridh ;
 Gur h-iomad duin' og,
 A dh' fholuich am fod,
 Nach reachadh da dheoin an ceum sin ;
 'Th' air fruthadh na smal,
 Fo bhonnabh ar sal,
 Gun solus na lath'ir, gun leirsinn.

XI.

“ Co reachadh da dheoin,
 Do'n chuilidh fo 'n fhod,
 'S e na dhorchadas mor, gun leirsinn ?
 Nach b' fhearr a bhli beo,
 Ag ineachd fea' stoir,
 Na tuiteam fo'n fhod gun eiridh ;
 Ag furan nam pios,
 Air brandaidh 's air fion,
 Gu cairstinnich, disneach, gleusta ;
 Cha triall mi gu brath,
 Le m thoill gleann a bhais,
 'S gun fhiosam cia 'n t ait ann d'theid mi."

XII.

Sgeul deirbhte a'ta,
 Nach d' theid e o'n bhas,
 Aon neach ata fas fo'n ghrein so ;
 An Rìgh th'ann sa chuir,
 Le mhor shluagh, 's le chuinn,
 'S am prionnsa fo'n chrun, gu d' theid leis ;
 Am baigeir tha siubh'l,
 Fea' dhorsan na du'ch,
 Than leub ann 's an uir le cheile ;
 'S cha mhaiseich' anios,
 Mor chlaigeann an Rìgh,
 No claiginn bochd diol na deirce.

XIII.

“ O bhochdainn, 's o thraill,
 'S e thogas gu straidh,
 Gach aon neach gheibh lamh air feudail ;
 Am fear a ni nì,
 Ann cogadh, no'n sìth,
 Bidh meas air 's gach tìr ann d' theid e ;
 An corp so tha lathair,
 Cumaidh mi lan,
 Ag imeachd an tras an ceum so ;
 'S e mo bharail 's an am,
 'N uair theid mi anùn,
 Gu bi mi oscionn nan ceudan.”

XIV.

'S fearr beagan do stor,
 Ag an fhir dhuine choir,
 Na saibhreas mor nan cēudan ;
 Tha dhochas ann Crìosd,
 Gu faigh e uaith sìth,
 Is oighreachd a cho'ich nach treig e ;

'N nair, theid an saoghal gucrioich,
 'S a dhuisgear gach linn,
 'S a thrusar gach dream gu reileach :
 Reir 's mar choisinn gach neach,
 Bidh an tuarasdál ac',
 'S e 's britheamh mor ceart, Mac De ann.

LAOIDH XI.

Dan Spioradail, do'n bhas.

I.

Aisling chunnacas air a bhas,
 Le shaighde geur, lomlan chalg ;
 'S gun ghradh aige do mhac duine,
 Gus am buin e leis an t-sealg.

II.

'Se Rìgh nan ua' bhas am bas,
 Gun earalas trath bhì air ;
 Mar ghaduiche thig gun fhios e,
 'S bheir e fear na misnich leis.

III.

Ge h ard a mharcuicheas Rìgh,
 No prionnsa le miad an stoir ;
 Caraiche nan cleas an teachdair dana ;
 'S e 'm bas is treise gu mor.

IV.

An gaisgeach cruaidh chuir iomadaidh cath,
 'S an treun laoch nach gealtach suil ;
 Ge mor a threise le armaibh,
 Gbahlaidh am bas sealbh na rùn.

V.

An t-amadan ag ruigh le mhiannaibh,
 Nach do smuaintich riamh beairt cheart ;
 Cia mor a spionnadh 's a threis-san,
 Bheir am bas droch leagadh as.

VI.

An geocach saibhir, le miad a chuid,
 Thuirt e ris an anam tamh ;
 Ach sguab am bas o ghloir gun fhis e,
 'S cruaidh am fis a thug edh'a.

VII.

Ge d' bu leat an saogh'l gu leir,
 Is na bheil ann do ni, 's do stor ;
 Uair cha'n fhuasgail e air t-anam,
 Gus am faigh am bas a choir.

VIII.

'S faoin a labhras sinn air Dia,
 'S is cian a chuireas sinn uainn am bas ;
 Leis a chridhe chealgach, do' lionaidh,
 Ach 's leir do Chrìosd gach ni mar tha.

IX.

Thusa leig frian le miann do chuirp,
 An spiorad trailleil, 's tu 'g imeachd leis ;
 Mas e 's raoghnaiche gu d' chrich leat,
 Fo'n bhas shiorruidh b'iah tu 'n feast.

X.

'N uair sheallas am bas ort 's an aodann,
 Caochlaidh do shealladh, 's do shuil ;
 Ge d' bu tu b' aille bh'air an t-saoghal,
 Cinnidh t-aogasg mar an uir.

XI.

Cuimhnich Dia ann laith do neart,
 'S na cuir dail a d' mhart le leisg ;
 Oir gheibh am bas gu leoir ri dheanadh,
 'S ann uaigh cha luaidhear e 'm feasd.

XII.

'S eibhinn bas an duine choir,
 A' chrìochnaicheas a laith le ceill ;
 Theid a ghiulan leis na h-aingle,
 Gus an rig e teampull De.

XIII.

'S eibhinn do'n chreidmhich am bas,
 Tigh'n o Chrìosd le gradh, 's le gean ;
 Ag radh, " tha mise 'nis ullamh,
 'S triallaidh mi gu h-ulladh leat."

XIV.

'S e sud ar 'n ainmheach ri phaidheadh,
 'M bas, is e air lorg gach neach ;
 Gu glanar le Rìgh nan gras sinn,
 Tha faillinn annain air fad.

 LAOIDH XII.

I.

A Bhraithrean nach pill sibh ri ciall,
 'N ar 'n oige biodh cuimhneach air Dia ;
 'N t-eagal 's 'n uair bhios sibh sean liath,
 Nach lub sibh do'n cheaird nach d'rinn rianh.

II.

Aon neach chuireas dail ann na chuis,
 Gus an tarruing am bas e gu h-uir ;
 Mar mhaide cruaidh mosgain gun sugh,
 Theid a thilgeil 's an teine nach much'r.

III.

A chraobh nach toir toradh na h-am,
 Nach cuir duilleach no blath os a ceann ;
 'S ann a thilgear o lar an seana chraun,
 'S theid a tilgeil 's an teine gun taing.

IV.

Cha truagh leo a' sgreud no a' ghlaodh,
 Da pheacaidh 's an thug e riamh gaol ;
 O'n thug e dhoibh oig agus aois,
 Cha'n fhuigh e gu brath o Chriosd faoil.

V.

'S ann is tatneach leis iobairt na h-oig,
 Leis 'm bu bheus a bhi leanmluinn gu choir ;
 Mar ur-chrann meala mu bhord,
 Le solas an cridhe seinn ceoil.

VI.

Mar chraobh na beatha nach crion,
 No abhall ann garradh an fhin ;
 'S mar bhadan lan blath agus fhighs',
 Bidh da cantuinn gu siorruidh cliu Chriosd.

VII.

Biodh t-inutinn air a tomhas le ciall,
 'S ann comunn droch cuideachd no triall ;
 Is bitheadh t uil' aighear, 's do mhiann,
 Gu seusbhach ann conaltradh Dhía.

VIII.

Ge gaolach am bainne, 's am fin,
 'N am paghaidh, is tart, agus iot ;
 Gu b' annsa bhi seinn cliu do Chrìosd,
 No cìre meala ri h-ith'.

IX.

Ge b' e lubas, no gheileas dha trath,
 Cha'n aobhar eagail d'a 'm bas ;
 'Thig cuideachd na choinneadh le gradh,
 'S ag Ierusalem nua' ni e tamh.

X.

Ge b' e leanas gu treimh-dhireach Ios',
 Theid a long-san a tharruing gu tìr ;
 Gu carraig nach sgrios i dhe' choi'ch,
 Ge d' raibh each uile sinceadh asios.

 LAOIDH XIV.

I.

An eiseimpleir a thug dhuinn Crìosda,
 Aon mhac sìorruidh, Rìgh na gloire ;
 'N uair a bheannuich e a chuirn ud,
 Gu suilbhear ameasg an t-sloigh.

II.

Na cuig buillionnan eorrra,
 'S da iasg bheag mar chonadh leis ;
 Dhioladh leis cuig mìle sloigh,
 'S ann air nach eil ni cruaiigh mar cheist.

III.

'N uair a shuigh an sluagh mun fheist ud,
 Bu bheag leo a chuirn ri roinn ;
 Da bhasgaid deug thogadh lan uath,
 Bha do dh' fhuigheal 's lion am broinn-san.

IV.

Beannachadh Dhia 'n tus gach cuirme,
 Bu choir dhuinn iarraidh le ceill :
 Creidibh gur fìor na thuirt am fàidhe,
 " Nach roibh ni na spairn air Dia."

V.

'N saoil thu fein 'n roibh ni na spairn air,
 'N uair thug e chlann as an Eipht ?
 'S goilt e muir ruadh mar dha ailblidh,
 'S roi 'n chuan gharbh rinn rathad re dhoibh.

VI.

Chum an fhaslaich chruaidh gun chinneas,
 Nach do chai' riamh chur no bhuaibh ;
 Gach aon la bu phailt dhoibh aran,
 O'n laimh bheannaicht nach roibh cruai' riu.

VII.

Feartain Mhic De ge b' e chreidis,
 Seasaidh e air stê na corach ;
 'S cruaidh no gann gan d' thig an saoghal,
 'S cinnteach e daonnan a porsan.

VIII.

Rìgh Diabhaidh, nan salmaibh milis,
 Chuir a ghineil e gu fogar ;
 Ach thainig amladh cruai' a bhais orr'.
 'S thug Dia Daibhidh gu thigh comhuidh.

IX.

'S e briathraibh solasach Dhaibhidh,
 A raibh air chuimhne gach iall ;
 O ! Leanamaid uile cheumsan,
 Fea'n ar re, le 'r 'n uile mhiann.

X.

Cuire'mid ar neart an Criosda,
 Mar phorsan siorruidh, le solas ;
 Is cuimhnich'mid gu leir,
 Mar fhuair Uan De a lot s' a leonadh.

XI.

Bha naimhde mar thairbh am buireadh,
 'S mar choin luirg bha iad an tōir air ;
 Gus na sgaoileadh leo 'n fhuil uasal,
 A thug buaidh air neart nan leoghann.

XII.

Iomairt mu'n Rìgh air a chram,
 Is na tairngean gu teann gan cur ;
 Gach neach nach rannsuich mar dh' eug
 'S fada naith mar eisd a ghuth.

XIII.

Mar ghadaich chuireadh gu bas e,
 'S mar Dhia laidir dh eirich beo ;
 Smachdaich e le crith clann Israel,
 'S ann dh'a a strìochdas na sloigh.

XIV.

Gaisgeach treun nan iomadaidh buaidh e,
 Dh' fhosgail suas an geata mor dhuinn ;
 'S uails' iad no clanna nan Rìghridh,
 Gach neach gheibh sithshaimh da choirsan.

XV.

Flasg sholuis fo'n lionmhor aingle,
 Theid an co'ail an'm an fhirein;
 'Nuair a bheir e'n ceum gu h-uaigh,
 Glacar stas an achlais Chrìosd e.

XVI.

Mionnan ua'bhasach d-gun aobhar,
 Ameasg dhaoine, se leo 's deise;
 'S ainm Dhia 'n diamhanas, 's na brengan,
 'S truagh an sgeul nach gabh iad teagasg.

XVII.

Tha eideadh coinheach oirn do'n pheacadh,
 Gu sgriosar le aon Mac De e;
 'S gach neach nach lean e mar bheartas,
 Theid an cartadh sìos gu leir naith.

L A O I D H X V .

I.

AISLING mhor a chunnaig mi,
 Air leabaidh shocair shuain;
 Sealladh air na miltean,
 Bhi gan aireamh sìos gu luath;
 Na creidmlich bha ag eiridh,
 Air deas laimh Chrìosd thug buaidh;
 Aig na ghabh mi dh' eibhneas ris,
 Do dhuig mi fein o'm shuain.

II.

B'e sin an t aobhar gairdeachais,
 Bhi leanail blàth air Crìosd;

Is amharc air an t-saoghal so,
 Mar ni 'ta faoin gun phris ;
 Mar choigreach dol roi' fhaslach,
 Gach neach ata na sgriob ;
 Ach an taobh ud eile an bhas,
 Gheibh sinn aite reir ar gnìomh.

III.

Tha'n saoghal so ro' charach,
 Do gach neach is caraid d'a ;
 Lan do dh' innleachd farsuing,
 Chum a ghlacail air gach laimh ;
 Gach neach a' ruigh le mhianna,
 'S gur i riaghail fein is fearr ;
 'S mu leanas sibh na cialla' sin,
 Cha'n fhaic sibh Dia gu brath.

IV.

O ! Dhuinn' fliathaich, ardanaich,
 Nach pill thu tra' ri ceill,
 Nach fhaic thu 'n stochd on bhuaineadh 'tu,
 Gur iosal ghluaiseas e ;
 A neach a bhios lamh Dhia leis,
 Ge d' s cnuimh e faoin gun fheum :
 O thein' agus o uisgeachan,
 Sior stiuraidh e a cheum.

V.

B'og a fhuair thu 'n t anam,
 Is bu neimhchiòntas a ghnē ;
 Chum comhnuidh ann am bothan,
 Air a dheanadh suas do chria ;
 Ach 'n uair ruigheas ceann na h-aonta,
 A sgriobh dhuit Rìgh na neamh ;
 Tuitidh 'm bothan truailidh sin,
 'S gur duainidh dhreach 's a nēul.

VI.

Is iomad neach ag radh,
 Gun cuir e air dail an t-eug ;
 A bha'n de gu laidir,
 Is tha'n-diu sam bas na bheul ;
 Mar fhaileas bhiodh air fàire,
 Gach neach ata fui'n ghrein ;
 'S mar dhuilleach glas nan coilltichin,
 A thuit sa pholl na leum.

VII.

An t-suil bu ghlaine fradharc,
 Ann san aghaidh mhaiseach rē ;
 A chluas bha geur gu claisteachd,
 Is an teang' bha blast chum sgeul ;
 'S an lamh bu ghramal' cruadalach,
 'S a chos bu luath chum rēis ;
 Fagaidh 'm bas gun ghluasad iad,
 'S tu marbh san uaigh gun fheum.

VIII.

Is ciste chaol, is anart,
 Gach aon earras theid leat fein ;
 Am fiugh chrion nach maireannach,
 Crion seargaidh iad le cheil' ;
 An lamh bu chaomh air uaire leat,
 Gu luath cuir uir mu d' chrè ;
 Is fagar shios thu d' onrachd,
 Ge mead broin gam bi mud' dheidh.

IX.

Is na'bhasach do cheileasa,
 Gan fheudar bhi air chuairt ;
 Do chuamhan theid nan cennamh ;
 Is do cholam theid na luath.

Na claigeinn ur a b' àille,
 Gun chraiceann ban no gruag ;
 Dh' fhag am peacadh tair againn,
 'S thug sinn do'n bhas mar dhnais.

X.

Nach faic thu'n corp air failleachadh,
 'S air dol na smal san uir ;
 'S mas ann do na firein e,
 Do Chriosda bidh e dlu ;
 Togar anam priosail,
 Is dìonar e fo chuirte ;
 Is crunar ann am parais e,
 Le coran alluin ur.

XI.

'S iomrad uasal, agus iosal,
 Nach creid gur fir a chuis ;
 'S e 'm barail le 'n droch guiomharan,
 Gu fuigh iad sìth sa chuirte ;
 Gach neach nach pill mun caochail e,
 Bidh Criosd air cheann a stuir ;
 Is glaodhar iad nan diobairaidh,
 An sraidean iosal cùil.

XII.

Mosglaidh iad le gabhadh,
 Ann an aite cumhann, cruaidh ;
 A' mallachadh a bhothain sin,
 Gu tric aig beul na h-uaigh ;
 Bidh 'n anama fein gan dìteadh,
 Is ag innseadh dhoibh gach truaigh ;
 'S ann latha mhor a dh' eireas iad,
 Gu teine mhilteach bhuan.

XIII.

'S ann la sin thig Criosd gaolach oirn,
 Is faodhaichear gach uaigh ;
 'S iomad neach gu lasgoil,
 Deir, " Ach gheibh sinn slainte uaith ;"
 'Nuair thig a sholus dealrach oirn,
 Bidh iad sa chasgairt chruaidh ;
 Gam folach ann sna cuiltean,
 Seal mum faic iad gnuis an Uain.

XIV.

Trusaidh na h-uile dhuthchanna,
 Is bheir iad cuntas uath ;
 Do'n fhear a rinn ar saoradh,
 Le fhuil dhaor a dhoirt e 'nuas ;
 Bidh smuairin mor le mi-thlachd air,
 Gan cuir am prìosan uaith ;
 'S e 'n t-Aibhearsoir a gheibh coir orra,
 Air son an gorraich thruagh.

XV.

'S buidhach e do'n fhirein sin,
 A leanas Criosd gun fhoill ;
 Gu siorruidh bidh ann cuirt leis,
 Chum as ur a chliu a seinn ;
 Mar òr an deidh a chuinnidh,
 Bidh na sraidean ur foh bhonn ;
 Mar dhaimean soilleir dealrach,
 'S mar christal ban lan soills'.

XVI.

Mosglaidh iad le gairdeachas,
 A sheinn an lathair Dhia ;
 Le'n eideadh ur ga charamh orr',
 Is dealraiche no gluian ;

Bidh briathran milis Chrìosd ac',
 'S e sior chuir failt le ciall ;
 Gan cuireadh le na bheul,
 'S ann leis a b-eibhinn dhuinn bhì triall.

XVII.

O ! Gabhadh sibhs an cuireadh,
 Agus leanabh uile Crìosd ;
 'S iomad rum ga reiteach leis,
 An aros De le sith ;
 Na peacaidh tha mar eideadh oirbh,
 Leigeadh gu leir iad dhibh ;
 Oir an ceum is caoile sheolas sinn,
 R' ar beo gur leir do Chrìosd.

LAOIDHEAN BEAN A BHARRA.

The six following Hymns were composed by the late *Mrs Campbell Barr*, in Morven, afterwards Barr in Craignish, where she died at the age of 70 years, or thereby. The subject of our Memoir seems to have been well educated, and possessed of a liberal portion of the many amiable qualities which adorn the sex, and the virtues that constitute a zealous Christian. She was daughter of *Mr Duncan Campbell*, a respected Notary and Conveyancer, commonly known by the name of *Donnacha dubh Notair*. He and his partner, *Mr Campbell of Rudle*, commanded as conveyancers, almost the whole business of Argyleshire to themselves. Our *Authoress*, when young, was a zealous friend to the *Hanoverian Family*, and in the year 1745, composed a masterly Song against *Prince Charles'* pretensions to the crown. This Song provoked *Alexander M'Donald*, the celebrated Hebridian bard, to reply, and he composed a Song in a severe and most abusive style, which silenced her poetical muse forever. Had she not met with this severe and of-

fensive check,, she might have been induced to persevere in composing Songs, and have been considered equal, if not superior to *Mairi Nic Leoid* in Skye, commonly known by the name of *Mairi Nighin Alastair Ruadh*, and encomiastically *Mairi Seud*. She was possessed of a store of similies, imageries, and metaphors that *Mairi Seud* or *Mairearad Nighin Ailein* (Margaret M'Lean), *in Mull*, had no access to for want of education. *Bean a Bharra* turned her whole thoughts to futurity and sacred subjects; the following is but a slender specimen of her angelic meditations.

Her general character may be briefly comprehended in one couplet:

Bha i modhail, beusach, steidheil, seadhail, seamh,
Dh' fuathaich gach olc is thuair i fois air neamh.

LAOIDH I.

I.

GEILLIBH do lagh an Ard-rìgh,
Do reir iomhaidh rinn na sloigh;
Ge do pheacaich Adhamh sa gharradh,
Cha do threig e riamh 'n t-àl og.

II.

Am fearann a gheall e do dh' Abraham,
Cha d' fhàinich e shliochd na dheidh;
Thug e do dhuthaich Chanaan iad,
Ge b' fhad an dail b' fhior an sgeul.

III.

'N tra' chaidh clann Israel sìos do'n Eipht,
Bha iad fo phein ann, 's fo chis;
Thug Rìgh nan colbh roi'n mhuir ruadh iad,
Ach dh' fhag Rìgh Pharaoh 'sa shluagh shios.

IV.

Chuala sibh Maois an duine coir,
 A bha'n comhrag cruaidh 's an Eipht;
 Mar theachdair thainig o Dhia,
 'S nior chreid iad riamh smid da sgeul.

V.

'S iomad plaigh dh' fhuiling am por ud,
 'S iad a' ruigh le dochas breig;
 Cha roibh 'm Maois leo ach fear chleas,
 Beagan bu treis' na iad fein.

VI.

Thainig aingeal oi'ch o Dhia orr',
 S mharbh e'n ciad ghin fad na h-Eiphte;
 'S a mhadain bu chruaidh an gabhadh,
 "O! Leigibh as clann Israel."

VII.

Do ghluais Maois leis a chlaimn,
 Gan tabhairt a broinn na h-Eipht';
 Thug e gu cois na muir ruaigh iad,
 'S dh' fhosgail Dia suas na clar re dhoibh.

VIII.

Ghluais Rìgh Pharaoh, 's b' aithreach dho,
 An deidh sloigh claimn Israel;
 Thainig le stoilbh trid a chuain ud,
 'S dhuin a muir mor suas a beul air.

IX.

Da-flichid blian ann san fhaslach,
 Do bha pobull araid De;
 Aran mana 'nuas o neamh orr',
 Abheathachadh an da-threimh-dheug.

X.

Bhuail e'n t-slat 'sna creagan cruaidhe,
 'S bbruchd an t-uisge fuar anios ;
 'S ur a thog e fein an t-al ud,
 Gar'n do chreid a dha chlar sgrìobht'.

XI.

An cumhnanta rinn e ri Abraham,
 Bha a lamhsan leis an treud ;
 Thiormaich e ropa sruth Ilordan,
 'S thug e steach iad da'n coir fein.

XII.

Dh' eirich na fineachan fiathaich,
 Bu dian ann an cath, nan cēud ;
 Sheas a ghrian leis suas sea uaire,
 Gus 'n do bhudhaich leis gu leir.

XIII.

B' iomad cath cruaidh agus comhrag,
 As an d' thug e 'm por ud riamh ;
 Thug e 'nios iad o thur Bhabel,
 Gar am b' aill leo fein a rian.

XIV.

Pobull ceannairceach, cruaidh, dana,
 Ag sior bhriseadh aith'nte Dhe ;
 Ghabh Dia fearg ag mead an cleas riu,
 'S leig e greis iad leo'a fein.

XV.

Bha sinn mar chaoirich gun bhuachail,
 Gun neach a ghabhadh truas dhinn ann ;
 Ach Dia trenn ann cath san comhrag,
 Chuir e Mhac le deoin n' ar ceann.

XVI.

B'e sin an deoin chruaidh ri leubha',
 Mac De bhi ga chur ri crann ;
 An gaisgeach sona rinn ar ceannach,
 Air a bhas thug buaidh d'an ain-deoin.

XVII.

Dhil e ar 'n ainmheach le eric,
 'S ann duinn' a b' eibhinn bhi da choir ;
 Leanadh sibhse an t-iul ghlan sholuis,
 'S reachadh na choinneadh le solas.

XVIII.

'S iomadach ait leis ga reiteach,
 Le sith dhuinne an aros De ;
 Far am fuigh sinn cuirm a nasgaidh,
 'S nach gabh sinn ocras na dheidh.

XIX.

Ach triallaidh 'n t-amadan na shlighe,
 A reir miann a chridhe fein ;
 Gus an druidear suas san uaigh e,
 'S nach d' thug air Dia luadh ri rē.

XX.

As t-fhearann no deansa bosd.
 'S as do stor, no dhosan geill ;
 Oir lead an roinne 's caoile ad cheam,
 Cha'n fhuasgail iad thall am feasd.

XXI.

Gabh mo chomhairle, 's glac ciall,
 'S biodh do mhiann air a chuid is fearr ;
 Bi tric an comhladar Dhia,
 'S luighide t' fhia' roì' ghleann a bhais.

XXII.

Bi tric a taghal do'n t-searmoin,
 'S na dearmaida choi'ch focal De ;
 Feith gu foighdneach ri ordadh,
 'S mo'aide do phorsan fein.

XXIII.

Im'ich a d' laithean gu coir,
 'S no dean tair air duine bochd ;
 Seachain gach droch bheajrt fo'n ghrein,
 An t-eagal gun eughar thu do'n t-sloc.

XXIV.

Faic an roth so dol mun cuairt,
 Neach cha'n eil a dol o'n bhas :
 Gach fear, 's gach bean thainig riamh,
 Thriall iad uile 'n dus o'n d' thainig.

 LAOIDH II.

I.

CIOD as t-uaille a dhuine bhorb !
 An ann le d' stor a sheolas tu ?
 Suil air an talamh fo d' bhonn,
 Do chom a rinneadh da smur.

II.

Na dean uaille a barr do chinn
 Dual cha dean thu dubh, no ban ;
 An t-suil ge fradharcach i d' cheann,
 Is santach air gach ni do chi.

III.

Ma chluinneas do chluas droch sgeul,
 Bheir do bheul a bhreug ais ?
 Labraidh do theanga gu borb,
 Freagraidh organa' do chinn.

IV.

Thig o d' chridhe tonna' fuar,
 Mar shiab shneachda falbh le gaoith ;
 Ag iomain do smuaintin faoin,
 Nach fheudar a chuir ann gnìomh.

V.

Sinidh tu do lamh amach,
 Mar fhear catha 'n co'ail sluaigh ;
 'S ni thu earbs' a d' chosaibh fein,
 'S as do sgeith a chosnadh buaidh.

VI.

Bheirim comhairl' ort gu foill,
 Na dean bosd a d' phearsainn fein ;
 'S a liuthad saighead innt an tamh,
 'S galar grain a tha na deidh.

VII.

Cuir do dhuil ann ni is fearr,
 No ailleagan tha fo'n ghrein ;
 An cumhnanta rinneadh ri h-Adhamh,
 'S biodh do ghnathachadh do reir.

VIII.

Na bi tric ann tigh an osd,
 Na dean bosd, 's na labhair breug ;
 Na bi santachadh le d' shuil,
 Ach coimhead ùnhlachd muinntir Dhe.

IX.

Thoir buidheachas air gach tra',
 Do dhail am fearann na'm beo ;
 Cuimhnich na h-aitheanta gu leir,
 'S fulangas Mhic De san fheoil.

X.

Lean a naimhdean e gu geur ;
 Ga sgiursadh o laimh, gu laimh ;
 Chionn e bhì teagasg an t-sluaigh,
 Gan cumail o shioruidheachd bais.

XI.

Breith gun cheartas thugadh air,
 Cheusadh e ri crann gun iochd :
 Mac na firinn Uan gun chiont,
 Thiolaic iad's chuir gard ma lic.

XII.

An treas la ruisgeadh leis uaigh,
 'S dh' eirich e suas ann an gloir ;
 Air deas lainh an Athar ata,
 Gairm gach neach le'n aill bhì beo.

XIII.

Anis a ghaisgich caisg do mhiann,
 'S fuadaich gaoth fliar as do sheol :
 Tilg t-acair air carraig bhuan,
 Nach fheudar fhuasgladh le h-or.

XIV.

Cuir do pheacaine fa'r cul,
 Le h-aithreachas dlu, 's le bron ;
 'S cuir do dhochas ann san Triath,
 An t-aon Dia, is bidh tu beo.

LAOIDH III.

I.

Com am bhuil mo theang' na tost,
 Ag cluintinn osnaichean mo chridh' ;
 Gun bhui'eachas agus gloir,
 A thoirt do'n ti a dh' orduich mi.

II.

Cia dana do neach nach eil,
 Ann amhain ach fuil is feoil?
 Teannadh ri aireamh do ghniomh,
 Fhir a chruthaich neamh is neoil.

III.

'S tu rinn a ghealach, 's a ghrian,
 'S do reir t-orduigh, dhearl' amach ;
 Na planaidhean le miltidh reull,
 Shuithich thu gach tē na teach.

IV.

'S tu rinn an domhan, 's a lan,
 Sleitibh canaich, 's beantaibh cas ;
 An fhairge, leis gach iasg ni snamh,
 Thug thu sud do dh' Adhamh na cheart.

V.

Gach treud a ghluaiseas ann gleann,
 'S gach meas air chrann an' an coill,
 Gach lus is am fras na'm barr,
 A thug thu sud do dh' Adhamh 's an roinn.

VI.

Thug thu 'n garradh dha mar dhuais,
 Chum gun gluaiseadh t-iomhaidh leis ;

'S truagh gun bhris a bhean a bh' ann,
'N uair dh' ith i o'n chrann a meas.

VII.

'S i nathair a mheall i tur,
A thug an t-ubhal dhi' na laimh :
Bhlais i, is dh' imich i gu luath,
A dh' airis a bhuidhean do dh' Adhamh.

VIII.

Dh' fhosgail an suilean araon,
'S chunnaig iad caochladh an sgeimh ;
'S thug iad duilleagan dhe'n chraoibh,
B' fhaoin an dion folaich da'n gnìomh.

IX.

An sin labhair an t-Athair ris,
" C'om an do bhris thu mo cheud aith'n ;
Bidh sgrios ga d' leanail anis,
Gheibh thu fein, 's do shliochd am bas.

X.

In'ich o'm gharradh gu luath,
Dean do ghluasad fea' nan tom ;
Dean t-aran le follas do ghruaidh,
As an dualchas tha fo d' bhonn."

XI.

Moladh do dh' ard Rìogh nam feart,
A thug gradh gun choimeas ris ;
'S a riun cumhanta ri h Adhamh,
Gun sabhailte pairt da shliochd.

XII.

'S e Chrìosd a choisinn sud dhuinn,
 Le follas a ghnuis gu chneas ;
 An t-sleagh nimhe roi' a thaobh,
 'S fhuil a' taomadh mar thuinn chas.

XIII.

'N uair bhuidhinn mo Rìgh a bhuidh,
 'S a thug e suas mar iobairt fhuil ;
 Chreithnich an talamh fo bhonn,
 'S air a ghrein bu trom an smal.

XIV.

Dh' eirich na mairbh as an uaigh,
 Sgoilt an teampull le fnaim ghrad ;
 Crith-thalmhinn, is dealanach gheur,
 Chaill na speuran fein an dreach.

XV.

Bu bheag an t-ionadh ua'mhas borb,
 Thigh'n le stoirm air fea' an t-sluaigh ;
 'N uair dh' aithchein iad aon Mhac De,
 'S ann a cheas iad e gu h-uaigh.

XVI.

B' eibhinn eisteachd guth na naomh,
 Ag seinn ciuil air teuda deich ;
 Ag altuchadh a bheatha fos,
 'S a' toirt gloir da threoir, 's da neart.

XVII.

A thug buaidh air uaigh, 's air bas,
 A sgrìos a naimhdean as a chuir ;
 Ag cur oifigean fein ann gnìomh,
 'S ag ullmhacha' na righeachd dhuinn.

XVIII.

Gloir do'n Athair, 's gloir do'n Mhac,
 'S gloir do'n Spiorad neartmhor naomh;
 Na tri pearsainn, 's an aon Dia,
 Sud e'n Triath am bheil mo dhuil.

LAOIDH IV.

I.

GLOIR do'n leigh da'n leir mo lotaibh,
 Tha mo shochdair ann a d' laimh;
 O! 'S tu thilg na saighde diamhair,
 Thig le hiosop, 's bidh mi slan.

II.

'S tusa 'n leigh a thig le d' iarraidh,
 Nach iarr fiachan, ach ar gradh;
 Gloir is moladh thoirt le h-umhlachd,
 'S coimhdid dlu air a chiad aithn'.

III.

Cha lub mi mo ghlun do dh' iomhaidh,
 A rinneadh le innleachdan lamh;
 Leanaidh mi Caipitin clann Israe'l,
 A ghràdhaich sinn mun d' intrig bas.

IV.

O! 'S tu 'm faidh a chum ar slainte,
 Na buin fein do spiorad uainn;
 O! 'S tu 'u Sagairt thug an iobairt,
 Mar dhioladh air sòn an t-sluagh.

V.

O! 'S tu 'n Rìgh a ni ar conadh,
 Ar sgiath chomhraig ri cruaidh chath;
 Froisidh tu do naimhde breugach,
 Mar dhuilleach gheng ri cruaidh shneachd.

VI.

Cathrannaichear iad as t fhia'nais,
 A' triall gu prìosan a bhroin;
 Am bi gul is diasgan fhiacall,
 Gan riasladh gun fhurtachd lo.

VII.

Fann-ghul, agus caithream broin,
 'S e sud an cronan am feast;
 Gan leadairt le teas agus fuachd,
 Gun duil uaire ri tigh'n as.

VIII.

M' athchuing oirbh a bhraithrean crìosduidh,
 Aodhradh do dh' Ard-rìgh nam feart;
 Co bheir buidheachas san uaigh?
 'S cha d' thig aon do'n t-sluagh air ais.

IX.

Deanamh obair fad an la,
 'S dorchadas nan trath da'r coir;
 Ma'n fas an tcanga gun chli,
 'S uinneagan a chinn mar cheo.

X.

'S amhail mi is earb am preas,
 Gaodhair ga caol-ruigh ua h airc;
 'N uair tharlas i ann an cluain,
 Cha chuimhnich i ruaig no cath.

XI.

Mar long gun seol mi ann cuan,
 Doininn mhor ri bord a' strith ;
 Fhir a dh' fhuasglas air gach cas,
 Glachd an acair sabhail mi.

XII.

Reitich cala do'm anam fein,
 Cuir trusgan nam breug so dhim ;
 O 'S tu cheannaich mi o'n bhas !
 A measg do chloinne airnhear mi.

XIII.

'N sin seinneam laoidh mholaidh dhuit,
 Air na h orgain or-uldh bhinn ;
 'S on 's tu 's airde th'ann an gloir,
 Tagair fein mo choir a Chrìosd.

 LAOIDH V.

I.

'S FADA 'n codal ort a cholann,
 T-uine ruigh mar ghlaine gainimh ;
 Mar* ealuinn ri craoibh an doire,
 Tha do choire riut a leanail.

II.

Mosgail, 's ruigh an reis tha roi'ead,
 Mum fas thu gu h-ea-slan, crom ;
 Mu'n d' theid do fhradharc an doillead,
 Fuadaich gach coire tha d' cbom.

* Ivy, Iadh-shlat.

Ge do 's peacach mi gu eolas,
 Cha mhcasea 'm oige no Paul ;
 Cuiridh mi mo dhuil am Shlanuighear,
 'S glacaidh e mo chas na laimh.

IV.

An cridhe tursach ni thu eibhinn,
 'S bheir thu'n fhenmannach a lan ;
 Cha bhì iota air na ciochrain,
 'S cha bhì dibearrach a d' sghath.

V.

O! 'S tu bheir do'n dall a fhradharc,
 Ni mi raoghain dhiot mar leigh:
 Tairnidh tu chloch as a chridhe,
 A shoirbheachadh a d' slighe fein.

VI.

Sgeudalch mi le brat do dhidinn,
 Cuir bata na firinn am laimh ;
 Coinneal do shoisgeil a'm bhrollach,
 'S gluaisidh mi 'n coran do ghraidh.

VII.

Gluaisidh mi gu suilbhear ait,
 'S ui mi neart a d' bhriathraibh fein ;
 Gach ueach a dh' iarras gu faigh,
 Toirbheartas o d' Mhac na'm feum.

VIII.

Triallaidh mi dh' ionsuidh na carach,
 Far am bheil aoibhneas do naomh ;
 Na h-ainglean a' seinn na troupaid,
 'S miltidh ag cur fonn le d' chliu.

IX.

Cha luigh smal ann cuirt nam flàth,
 Dàibhreadh na'm fochar cha seas;
 Ach dealradh glan do ghnuis fa'-dheoidh,
 A ni òg am fear tha sean.

X.

'S lionmhor cruit ann cuirt mo Rìgh,
 'S clarsach bhinn le teudan oir;
 Orgain a sheinneas le fuaim,
 'S gach inneal a ghluaiseus le ceol.

XI.

A Shlanuighear dhuit a sleir mò dhòrainn,
 Cuir sgeimh na feela so dhim;
 'S gu reachainn a steach do'n choi'-cheal,
 A sheinn molaidh dhuit a choi'ch.

XII.

*S eibhinn a ghloir,
 'S eibhinn an ceol,
 Aoibhneas gun bhron,
 Ann cuirt do stoir,
 Gnn fhaillinn da'r coir a choi'ch.

XIII.

O aon Mhac do ghraidh!
 A cheusadh gun chaird,
 'S a thug buaidh air a bhas,
 Na shuigh ag do laimh,
 A' sior bhuidhinn ar cuis gun sgios.

*12, 13, and 14 verses, a change of measure.

Air fonn tuiridh.

XIV.

Mo shuil riut gach trath,
 A t iochd, is a d' bhàidh,
 Ge cruaidh mo chas,
 Glac fein mo lamh,
 Is fuasgail an sgail so dhim.

 LAOIDH VI.

I.

M' Athcuing ort a Rìgh an àigh,
 O na 's i do lamh is treise;
 Dh' fhuasgail thu Maois ann san fhaslach,
 'S ann 's gach cas gu d' rinn thu sheasadh.

II.

Thug thu aran as na neamhaidh,
 Agus burnn a aodan chreagan;
 'Sgoilt thu mhnir na rathad reidh dhoibh,
 'S rinn thu clann Israel a sheasadh.

III.

Bha do ghairdein treun gan conadh,
 Ann 's gach do'rninn chuir iad seachad;
 Gus na thuit iad ann an gòrraich,
 'S b' fheudar leon thoirt air am pearsainn.

IV.

'N nair thogadh Maois riut a lamhan,
 Bha do ghrasan aig am pailteas;
 Bu leis buaidh cath agus comhraig,
 'S bha e beo air sgath do bhrataich.

V.

Gach neach a sheasas ri d' ordadh,
 No ni treorachd as do neartsa ;
 'S cintich nach basaich e'n do'ruinn,
 Shoilleirich I hob e na eachdraidh.

VI.

'S dana dhamh mo ruisg a thogail,
 'S peacach lothar mi gun eolas ;
 'S dana dhamh t ainm naomba ghluasad,
 Le teangaidh bhuaireasach neo-ghlan.

VII.

M' athchuing ort a Rìgh nam feartan,
 Ge do tha mo pheacaidh lionmhor ;
 Cuir amach iad as do lathair,
 'S basaicheadh iad air sgath t àon-mhic.

VIII.

Cha d' fholuich thu riamh do ghluais,
 Air neach a dh' iarr le durachd i ;
 Cuidich mi ge d' tha mi 'm faillinn,
 *S' pailte 'n lamh no aird an lionaidh.

IX.

Teagaisg dhamh mo chaint a thaghadh
 'S gun deanainn-roghain dhe' t ordadh :
 Fuadaich mo leannanan peacaidh.
 Chuir mi 'n cleachdainn ann tū ; 'm oige.

* More abundant than the high tide of the ocean.

X.

Soilsich mo chridhe le d' mhaithreas,
 Sgeudaich mi le brat na firinn ;
 Dion le d' spioradh mi o bhuaireadh,
 'S tu mo charraig bhuan gu dilinn.

XI.

'S tu mo shoilse ri h am codail,
 'S ann sa chodal 's tu mo dhidinn ;
 'S tu mo thoil-intinn air madainn,
 A righ nam feartan glac a d' lion mi.

XII.

A t' fheirg a Righ, na treigsa mise,
 'S dean le d' spiorad naomh mo lionadh ;
 Mo shuilean thogail ri d' ordadh,
 'S ri d' stor nach teirig gu siorruidh.

XIII.

'N uair a thoilicheas tu fein thu
 Leis a chreabhaig so ni crionadh ;
 Glachd m'anam a steach do d' gharradh,
 Air sgath mo Shlanuighear a dhil mi.

 LAOIDH VII.

I.

Cuidich mise Riogh na greine,
 O n' san duit is leir mo chas ;
 A dh' fhuasgail he beul na h Aisil truaighe
 'N tra' bhuaileadh i leis an fhaidh.

II.

'Tha mo chridhe tursach, tròm,
 Cha tog e leom mar mò mhiamn ;
 'S mo theang'ain-eolach, gun chail,
 Dh' airis do chach pairt de d' ghniomh.

III.

Cia fada theid mo fhradharc nam,
 Chi mi obair bhuan de lamh ;
 'N uair sheallas mi air a ghrein,
 Thig pairt de' d' aoibhneas le bla's.

IV.

Chi mi fochann, chi mi fear,
 Duilleach air gheig, 's meas air chrann ;
 Gach lus is a buaidh na coir,
 'S an le d' ordadh tha i ann.

V.

Simutin an aidhir ge borb,
 Smachduichidh tu iad le sith ;
 'S ni thu clach da'n uisge 'mhain,
 'S an nair is aill leat bla's aris.

VI.

Chi mi 'n eanladh ge do 's lionmhòr,
 Gu sgendachail, fiorghlan, tlath ;
 Dathail, dreachoil, ge d' nach suiomh iad,
 'S cha chuir siobau orra sgath.

VII.

An fhairge ni traghadh, is lionadh,
 Ag nochdadh miorbhuile do ghrais ;
 Tha pairt d' ar beath ann os-iosal,
 'S fhuair sinn innleachd dol na phairt.

VIII.

Chi mi 'm botha-frois mu'n chomhair,
 Pairt do chomharan do ghraidh ;
 A fhuair clann Israel shios san Eiphte,
 'N uair bu truagh leat fein an cas.

JOHN CAMPBELL SCHOOLMASTER,

LOCHGAIR, NEAR LOCHGILPHEAD. !

The following Hymn is a pathetic narrative of the persecutions and sufferings of our *Saviour* from his birth to his ascension. The measure is in imitation of the *Tuir-eadh or Laments*, composed in former ages to *Chiefs of Clans* and eminent men. It is probable the Author may have thought that in this rapid form, it might strike with more awe and force on the feelings of those who sing it, especially as the close of every verse sounds with emphatic tone, to impress the tragic subject on the human heart.

The Editor took down this divine song when very young, from the lips of the venerable and pious author himself ; who was then upwards of 72 years of age, very infirm and deaf, of which he takes particular notice in this Hymn. It is believed that he had composed many more in elegiac, lyric, and common measure or *Sochdair Dana*, which he neglected to commit to writing, and of course they are forever lost.

L A O I D H I.

I.

THUSA ghairm gu h eifeachdach,
 Air cnamhan an Esekiel ;
 Thug cnaimh gu cnaimh ri cheile dhiu,
 Le'm feithean is le'm feoil.

II.

Labhair ach am focall rium,
 Is ge do tha mi an-shocrach ;
 Air ball bidh slaint air aiseag dhamh,
 Mo chlaisteachd is mo threoir.

III.

Se so ceannfa' mu'n d' umhlaich e,
 Ga bhreith ann astail bhruidean duinn ;
 'N tra' bha cach gu muirnneachail,
 Ann lu'chuirte ann tigh-oil.

IV.

Thaing filidh Phaganach,
 O dhu'aich chian gu fhailteachadh ;
 'S rinn reull an t iul air faire dhoibh,
 Gu dealrach fad an roid.

V.

Dh' fhosgail iad an ionnasaibh,
 Is thug do Rìgh nam flaitheasaibh ;
 Na naoidhean truagh 's e aim-beartach,
 Tuis, mirrh, is seodaibh oir.

VI.

Thuirling mal-shluagh fhlaithheasaibh,
 Air buachaillean nan aigheanaibh ;

O ! phiosg an cridh' gu h aidhearach,
'N tra' dh' airisibh an sgleō.

VII.

B'e 'n sgleo, 'ta sith air thalamh dhuinn,
Caomh-chaoimhneas agus maitheanas ;
O Ard-rìgh neamh ar 'n athair dhuinn,
Na mhac a nochd 's an fheoil.

VIII.

Cha Bhan-rìgh a bu mhathair dha,
No Ban-tighearn' eideadh scarloide ;
Ach bochd-bhean do shil Dhaibhidh,
A dh' athraich e's e og.

IX.

Cha roibh do dh' ionnas talmhaidh aic,
Ach fis-eoin bheaga chalmanna ;
'S e sud an iobairt gheanmnuidheachd,
A chuir i suas mar nōs.

X.

Son an com 'n do tharmuich e,
Le cumbachdan an Ard-spioraid ;
S a ghiulain re tri raidhean e,
Air bhi dhi ghnath na h oigh.

XI.

'N tra' chualas ann Jerusalem,
Gun d' rugadh Rìgh nan Iudheannach ;
Chaidh chathair mhor gu h-uparaid,
'S bha Rìgh a chruin fo leon.

XII.

E paisgt an trusgan an-uasal,
 Na naoidhean 'n uchd a bhan-altrainn ;
 Dh' fhoir iad as an fhearann e,
 Gu fearann coigreach broin.

XIII.

Car toisg bha e air allaban,
 Gus an d' thainig an codal doibh ;
 Gu grad iad philleadh dhathchai' leis,
 Nach raibh fhear casgairt beo.

XIV.

'S og bha e na dhibearrach,
 O bhreith gu bhas ga dhionruagadh ;
 'N tra' chasgaradh gach ciocharan,
 Bha ann 's gach crìoch ga choir.

XV.

'S og a thainig eagnadh dha,
 'S cha'n fhoglum dhaoine theagaisg e ;
 'N tra' dh' amail e le ceistean iad,
 Ann tigh Iehobhadh mhoir.

XVI.

Thuir a chairdean ain-eolach,
 Gu ro' a chiall air mhearachd uaith ;
 'S ann orra rug an seacharan,
 Nach d' aithnich Rìgh na gloir.

XVII.

Air banais Chana Ghalile,
 'S e rinn an gnìomh bha annosach ;

Do bhurn glan na h-amhunn doibh,
Rinn fin bu daite croichd.

XVIII.

Cha roibh ni cruaidh na spairnn air,
O'n uaigh do dhuisc e Lasarus ;
Ge d' thuir a phiuthar Martha ris,
Tha breine 'n tras' na fheoil.

XIX.

'S e ghluais gu luth'r na bacaich,
'S thug claisteachd do na stacaich ;
'S e ghleus an t-suil nach faca dad,
O bhroinn a mhathar leont'.

XX.

Dh' fhogair e na fia'rasaibh,
Gach crith, 's gach tinneas iargaineach ;
Le uile ghne do phiantainibh,
Bh' aig Diobhla' borb ri leon.

XXI.

Chuir fuadach fo na deamhana,
A' bha mar mhadraidh comhartaich ;
Na'n truaghana' gun chomh-fhurtachd,
Gun d' thainig e gam foir.

XXII.

A stigh am Bard-ghethsemane,
Ochoin ! bu mhor a dheireas ann ;
Bha follas fola sileadh,
O gach ribe bha roi' fheoil.

XXIII.

Bu bhochd e 'n fheadh air chuairt an-so,
 B' ann o iasg nan cuantainibh ;
 A phaidh e chis a dh' fhuasgail air,
 Do dh' Uachdaran na Roimh.

XXIV.

Nan deainte Leabhran-innseachain,
 Air gach maith, is miorbhuile ;
 A rinneadh leis do dhiobrachain,
 Gu 'n liont an cruinne leō

XXV.

'S olc an duais a dhioladh dha,
 A mhuintir fein ga dhionruagadh ;
 Gu foilleil fiar do dhiteadh leo,
 Le spid is tailceas mor.

XXVI.

Thainig prasgan ragairean,
 Le airm na dheidh, 's le bataichibh ;
 'S air labhairt dh'a an fhailca riu,
 Do lagaich air an treoir.

XXVII.

Chuir dallamh air a shuilean,
 Agus bhuail iad air a chuladh e,
 Ag feoraich dhe' gu h umadail,
 " Co chuitich ris an dornn ? "

XXVIII.

Bha bean Philat buaireasach,
 Le brionglaidibh a bruadaraibh ;

Is chuir i fios gu suairce uaith,
Gun bhuintin i cruaidh ri bheo.

XXIX.

Ach bha Pilat truagh co amaideach,
Air nitheadh a lamh, thug thairis e;
Is dhordaich e a chasgaradh,
Le builleann sgaiteach chord.

XXX.

Mar ghiulain Isaac glas-darach,
Na chuail —'s chuir teine lasarach,
Ri cholaim fein gu'n achdarachd,
Le Athair do'n Dia bheo.

XXXI.

'N crann ceusaidh bh' air a ghuailleasan,
Is follas teachd o ghruaidhe leis;
'S e lubadh fo na cualaibh sin,
A suas ri sliagh a bhroin.

XXXII.

Crun do dheilgnich chuir iad air,
Is cudann dh'ung le smugaidean;
Mar sgeig thug colbh do chuilce dha,
'S an plucean sheid le sgod.

XXXIII.

Ri crann an aird do cheus iad e,
Dha lainh, sa chosan speiceadh leo:
Do bhuin iad ris gu desinneach,
Uan De gun bheud gun ghō

XXXIV.

Thug na mearlaich caineadh dh'a.
 'S an dura fear dhiu shabhail e ;
 " A dubhras nochd bi lamh rium
 Ann an eros Rìgh na gloir."

XXXV.

Sgairt e'n sin na eiginn mhoir,
 " Mo Dhia cia air son a threig u mi,
 'S nach d' fhuair thu riamh bonn beud ann-am
 Gu'm eigneachadh ga m' leou."

XXXVI.

F'in geur thug a chosg iota dha,
 Is air an gluinibh striochd iad d'a :
 " A dubhras tha e crìochnaicht,"
 Agus striochd e suas an deo.

XXXVII.

A chliabh le gath chaidh lota, leo,
 Shruth fuil is uisg o dhochannaibh ;
 Na thuilte bras gu sochairean,
 A mhuintir bhochd gun treoir.

XXXVIII.

Ghabh grian naduir naire dhe',
 Chuir dorchadas mar sgail orra :
 Chaidh prionns' na sith a ghraineachadh,
 Le graisg an diobhail mhoir.

XXXIX.

Sgag am brat aig dealachdh,
 Na bhla'idean nuas gu cabhagach ;

A thaisbeanadh gun amharas,
Gun d' atharaich gach seol.

XL.

An cruinne chlisg gu h uamhannach,
Is sgealb na creagan cruaidhe ris ;
Is chlisg na mairbh o'n uaigheannaibh,
A suas mar bha iad beo.

XLI.

Is ge d' b'e Rìgh cam fineachan,
Cha roibh rum uaigh mar dhlighe dha ;
'S e Ioseph thug leac-lighe dha,
'N do righeadh suas a chorp.

XLII.

Mar choinhdach air an ainndeanachd,
'S a deanadh cealgoir ainneant' de' ;
Do shaoilich iad gu daingeann i,
'S chuir fair air uaigh gu lo.

XLIII.

Ach a dh' ain-deoin as-innleachd,
Dhain' aingidh, agus Aibhearsoir ;
Do charaich aingeal fhlaithesa,
A chloch o'n uaigh le treoir.

XLIV.

Air briseadh fair na maidne,
Thug buaidh air uaigh, cha d' fhan e innt ;
Is dh' fhag na dheidh an t ais-eudach,
A nasgadh firinn oirnn.'

MEMOIR

OF THE

RIGHT REVEREND BISHOP CARSWELL, OF ARGYLE.

AFTER a lapse of nearly three centuries, very little more can with certainty be ascertained respecting this *powerful Prelate*, than what tradition affords. It is related that he was a native of Argyle, and educated at the College of St Andrews, where he obtained the degree of A.M. in 1548, or thereabout. He is also reported (1546), to have obtained a presentation to the Bishoprick of the Western Isles, and the *Abbacy of Icolmkill*, and sometime thereafter to the *Bishoprick of Argyle*, comprehending three united Dioceses, i. e. *Kintyre, Argyle, and Lorn*. These were constituted into three Presbyteries, when the Church of Scotland, (after a severe struggle for many years) was finally established. This extensive Diocese is said to have comprehended *Gigha, Islay, Jura, Colonsay, Scarba, Luing*, and all the other intervening Isles of less note.

The people over whom the Bishop held spiritual sway, were composed of three different persuasions, i. e. *Papists, Protestants, or Episcopalian*s, and *Presbyterians*. Of the first class there were but few, and these had neither Priests nor Altars.—The second class bore the sway, as they belonged to the church established by law.—And the third class although, perhaps the most numerous, laboured under great hardships, having had neither Churches nor Pastors, and were denied the means of supporting any, as the high and mighty Bishop, and his train of followers in holy orders, secured all to themselves.

Among such a mixture of religious classes, it cannot be supposed that the Reverend Bishop could feel very happy, especially when obliged to use harsh measures to enforce

payment of his *Tithe*, being chiefly paid in grain, which in those days was not very plenty. These measures being frequently resorted to, caused the people to dislike him and his whole train of Priors, Rectors, &c. who officiated under him. This reverend and mighty Prelate is said to have had his temper often ruffled by his flock, who, to mortify his pride, lampooned him with personalities and practical jokes. One of these I heard repeated when very young—it runs thus:—

“ *An Carsalach mor tha'n Carnasarie,
A tha na coig cairt na chasan ;
Tha dhroll mar dhruinnein, na curra,
'Sa sgroban lom, gionach, farsaing.' ”*

The *great Carswell* of Carnasary, whose legs are 5 quarters (or 45 inches) in length—his rump as hard as the back of a crane—his stomach capacious, greedy and empty, and very ill to satisfy.

The Right Rev. Bishop was exalted far above a Rector, or Minister of a Parish, (as some publishers choose to state), he was *high Bishop* of *Argyle*, mighty and wealthy above all others, in holy orders, over three districts—he could vie with any *Baron* or *Chief* within his Diocese, and built the *Castle of Carnasary*, so as to compete with his superior *Argyle* himself. This castle is situated on a rising ground at the top of a *Strath* called *Strathmore*, within less than a mile north from Kilmartine, where the wall is still nearly entire. When the *Earl of Argyle* saw it, he approved much of the elegance of its structure, but disapproved of its situation, which he considered as despicable as if erected on a dunghill. The Right Rev. Prelate may have thought this retired situation more suitable for his studies than any other site on the coast, where beautiful and extensive scenery, and the terrific roaring of the *Gulf of Breacan* might interrupt his meditation.

It appears that a tribe of the *Druids* made choice of this *Strath-sgeodinnis*, frequently called *Strath-more*, for their place of worship and interment. I remember seeing at the bottom of this *Strath*, edging an extensive moss, (perhaps 25 miles in circumference), more than a score of circular *cairns* of different magnitudes, and nearly the same form, with small open circles, (which might be

used as altars) proving them beyond a doubt to have been the works of the Druids. There have been also at certain distances from these *Cairns*, large pillars of stone standing erect, from 9 to 12 in height, most of which have been in later times removed to make room for the plough. The natives, time after time, within the last century, demolished the greater part of these relicts or *Cairns*, (which their forefathers considered to have been sacred to the memory of some holy men), and carried away the stone to build their dykes and out-houses.

Some long time since, on removing the rubbish from one of these *Cairns* to the bottom, 10 feet deep, an Urn or Tunga was turned up of a superior structure, apparently of brass, supposed to contain the ashes of a dignified *Druid*.

When the *Highland Society of Scotland* were teased by Dr Johnson, Mr Hume, Mr Laing, Mr Pinkerton, and several literary characters, regarding the authenticity of the Poems of Ossian, they dispatched their Librarian, Mr Donald M'Intosh, on a tour to the West Highlands, in pursuit of evidence to disprove the assertions of these learned *Controversialists*. Mr M'Intosh found in the Island of Arran, a religious *Gaelic Book* published by *Bishop Carswell*, in 1560, or thereabout, dedicated to the *Earl of Argyle*. In his dedicatory letter in Gaelic, he introduces the names of the two heads who commanded the Fingalian army, *Fionn* and *Goll*. The former commanded *Clanna Baoisge*, the Irish tribe, and the latter *Clanna Moirnna* the *Caledonian* tribe, with all the other petty tribes composed of both nations, such as *Clann Uisnich*—*Clanna Ruirí*—*Clann Chuilgeadan*, &c. &c. In this letter the *Bishop* expresses his sorrow in the following address to his *Lordship*. "That his people paid more attention to *idle tales, ludicrous songs*, and to the *idle tales and songs of Fionn Mac Cuthail, and Goll Mac Moirnna*, than to the word of God." This is certainly one good evidence (along with many others promulgated) from a pious Prelate, that M'Pherson did not (as has been alleged by many able critics) *fabricate the whole of Ossian's Poems*, from tales and legends, but also from songs. Much may be said of his having superadded to the original, as well as omitted much of the beautiful and

descriptive similes he had met with, which perhaps were far beyond his ability to translate.

Of the ancestry of *Fionn* (styled by M'Pherson *Fingal*) according to our traditional rhymes and tales, the best evidence we have to rely on, runs poetically thus:—

“ Fionn Mac Cuthaill Mac Luthaich Mac Treamor
Is cian on thuinich a shinnsir an righeachd na h. Eireann.”

This is the way the ancestry of *Fingal* has been for ages repeated and preserved by our forefathers, but M'Pherson leaves the grandfather of his hero unnoticed, for whom he substitutes *Trathall*, who was a mighty warrior like *Cleassamor* and *Cuchullain* though not ancestor to *Fingal*. He has besides taken the liberty of changing the names of many of the *Fingalians*—for instance, *Gaul* for *Goll*—*Caril* for *Caoireall*—*Darthula* for *Diarsasolis*, &c. &c. By altering proper names after this manner, he makes the poems frequently unintelligible to those who knew the original only.

Luthach signifies a *Leinstrian*, and *Mitheach* a *Munstrian*, which terms or patronymics are frequently met with in the poems of *Ossian*. *Luthach* being a descendant direct from the king of *Leinster*, who, along with the other four provincial Kings of Ireland, with the influence of the *King of Man*, (who bore sway over the *Hebridian Chiefs*), succeeded to the chief command of the Irish, and also with much difficulty over the *Caledonian* army as a militia, and placed *Moirnna* second in command. In the tale we do not hear farther of this *Luthach*; it is believed that he had not lived long, and that his son *Cuthall* succeeded to the chief command, over these united legions or brigades of Ireland and Caledonia. This army was maintained as a standing corps or militia, to protect both nations from the constant invasions of the Danes and other Northern powers, who, as pirates and freebooters, infested both nations at that time, and for many centuries after the *Fingalians* became extinct.

After *Cuthall's* demise, his son *Fionn* succeeded to the chief command of this united army, which he divided into 7 *Cathans*, i. e. *Seachd Cathana na Feinne*. It is be-

lieved by all orators and reciters of those tales and poems, that *Fingal* was born in *Scotland*, and possessed the north and west of the kingdom from *Dundee* forward to *Stirling*, *Duntreith*, *Dumbarton*, and to the *Mullock of Kintyre*, which they defied the Roman legions to conquer.

The treachery of *Cairbir*, assisted by the Danes and Norwegians, (say *Cairbni-ruadh*,) who bore the sway as supreme King, weakened the Fingalian army in two severe actions. These actions are recited in the poems *Latha-cath-beinneidinn* and *Latha-cath, Strath Liaddrum*, (supposed to be *Strath Litrim*). But the finishing stroke was *Cath Gabhra*, in which *Oscar* in absence of his grandfather, then with a portion of the Fingalian army stationed in *Scotland*, was forced to fight *Cairbni-ruagh*, with a far inferior force. In this severe conflict, *Oscar* and all his brave heroes were killed, save his uncle *Fearadhas Fili* the celebrated Poet, and inimitable Orator.

Previous to these two dreadful battles, *Cath Mhanuis* was fought, in which the one half and four over fell of the Fingalians, and the *Norwegian army* was completely annihilated, save a few deserters who were pardoned by the brave and generous *Fingal*. *Ossian* in his laconic strain gives us the loss on both sides as under.

“ Mach o mhead 'sa ghabh leinn fein,
 Na theich leis a ghrein mu dheas ;
 Do Rìgh Lochlann is da shluagh,
 Cha deachaidh duine dhiu uainn as
 Luthams' air onair mo Rìgh,
 Mun deachaidh crìoch air a ghreis,
 Ceathrar is ceart leath nam Fiann,
 Dh' fhag sinn air an t sliabh mu dheas.”

Fergus, on meeting with his aged and venerable father, on his arrival from *Scotland* with a reinforcement to relieve his grandson *Oscar* (but too late) accosts Fergus in lyric verse thus:

Innis dhomhsa Fhear'ais,
 Fhìli Fiann fear Eirinn,
 Cionnas mar a tharladh,
 Cath Gabhra nam bumannan ?

Nior mhath e *Mhic Cuthaill*,
 Ma sgeulsa o Chath-Gaibhra,
 Cha bheo an t *Oscar* ionmhuinn,
 A chuir mor chosg air calmaibh.'

Fergus goes on with this rapid and tragic rhyme a considerable length before his father, in which he enumerates all the characters of note, and leaders of Tribes who fell in this lamentable battle—From hence they moved to the field of battle to get the dead buried, and carried *Oscar's* corpse to *Tara* (properly *Teamhra*, which Mr M'Pherson calls Tomora) to be buried. The Lamentation of the army—the cries of the followers.—The barking and howling of the hounds, which seemed to participate in the agonizing feeling of their masters, was most awful. Fingal describes it as under, which is similar to David's lamentation over his son Absalom.

“ Mo laogh fein thu laogh mo laoigh,
 Leanabh mo leanaih ghil chaoimh,
 Mo chridhe leumnaich mar lon cosgairt,
 Chionn gu brath nach eirich Oscar.
 Buralaich nan con re'm thaobh,
 Agus buirich nan sean laoch ;
 Gal gach pannail ann gu snitheach,
 Sin is modha chraidh mo chridhe.”

We cannot trace from tradition, or otherwise, any acts of cruelty or oppression committed by this venerable Prelate. The chief charges complained of, were his severity in collecting the Tythe, and suppressing immorality and violent quarrels, which frequently arose through inebriety at markets, and public meetings. The Editor regrets he had not taken down more of the Poems and Hymns said to have been composed by this learned man. The following Hymn, besides some others, have been transcribed and published by that eminent and talented orator in Gaelic literature, Dr M'Leod of Campsie, from a Hymn Book, published by the Editor in 1786, which breathes the Bishop's paternal love and regard for his son, who it appears had caught the prevailing habits of the age, i. e. idleness, arrogance, quarreling, and drunkenness. Upon the whole, the Bishop seems to have been an affectionate Father, and æ

good moralist, and not so blood-thirsty as *Bishop Cameron of Glasgow* and several others, against the Covenanters.

This long tract not being altogether connected with our present subject, proceeds from an observation (already noticed) made by *Bishop Carswell* of the chief Commanders of the *Fingalians*, (*Fionn* and *Goll*) to the *Earl of Argyle*, wherein the Bishop very properly regrets, "that his hearers pay more attention to the idle Legends, Poems, and Songs of these warriors, than to *the word of God*." Some of the enthusiasts for *Ossian*, took this amiss and alleged that the Bishop had made an attempt to throw these Poems and Tales into disrepute, in the eyes of his Lordship, and all others who perused his Book. Palatable as the Poems of *Ossian* may be to Antiquarians and men of taste, surely the Sacred Scriptures, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs ought to be more so, and held in estimation to the end of time. Then let us conclude and say—

Tha'n Eaglais cho-sheirmeach a' tabhairt cliu,
 An aonnachd spioradail do Dhia nan dul :
 Tha h-eibhneas lan, 's tha grasan fad is cian
 A dealradh fea' gach cearana mar a ghrian.

LAOIDH I.

I.

Latha do bhithamar gu mear, uaibhreach,
 A Mhacaidh ud is guirme suil ;
 Aon fhocall air lcas an anama,
 Gur seirbhe bhlas na'm fearnn ur.

II.

Ioin a bhaile so shuas,
 Gnr truagh nach tuigeadh tu 'm bas ;

Nach faic u fear na h naille shios
Is am fear uaine trid roi' fas ?

III.

Ge mor leat do ghiudhrainn Mhuc
Is do bhuaile bhnar bhallach breac ;
Uighir an ubhail ge beag e
Cha d' tneid do'n uaigh chumhaing leat

IV.

A dhuine thraigh nach gabh thu eagal,
'M faic thu 'n t eug thugad na ruigh ?
Ionanns, bhi air bhord na h uaighe,
Ge d' bu tu bu bhuaín air bith.

V.

'N nair bheirear uait an ceann-aghairt,
'S a theid air fradharc do shul ;
Cuiridh iad thu sint air mhaidean,
'S cha'n ann air leabaidh do'n chloith.

VI.

Cuiridh iad thu 'n cistidh chumhaing,
Aon bhrat lin do bhi mu d' chorp
Druim do thaighe ri cuinnein do shroine,
'S cumhaing an teach osta dhuit.

VII.

'Tri slatan do dh' anart margaidh,
'Theid mu d' chorp, gur beag a phris ;
'S bidh do chairdean 's do luchd comainn,
Ga ghearradh mu d' bhounaibh shios.

VIII.

Togaidh iad thu 'n darna-mhaireach,
 Sluagh mu seach a' dol fo d' chorp ;
 Ille ge mor leat do mhire,
 Nithear cluich na Cille' ort.

IX.

Carbadd beagnach bi do shath,
 Bheir iad leat gu beul an t-sluic ;
 Lamh na ti bu chaomh air uaire,
 Uir gu tiugh ga shluaistreadh ort.

X.

Bheir iad thu gu beul na h uaighe,
 Gun neart gun fhradharc gun lùth ;
 Do chairdean a d' dheidh gu bronach,
 'S fagar shios a d' onrachd thu.

XI.

A dhuine thruaigh nach fan u d' eagal,
 M faic thu 'n t eug thugad na ruigh ;
 Ionans' bhi air bhord na h uaighe,
 Ge d' bu tu bu bhuaib air bith.

 DEOR OR DEWAR.

This man was best known by the name of *Mac-an-leora*, and lived at *Fionncharn*, at the west end of *Lochaw*, about the middle of the sixteenth century, when the *Marquis of Argyle* had suffered martyrdom for supporting the Covenanters against the edicts of Charles II. who, with his corrupt Parliament, had betrayed him.

We are informed that *Deor* had composed many hymns,



laments, and elegies. Two of his laments or *tuiribhs*, were composed on *Argyle*, after he had suffered martyrdom, which I heard sung when I was very young, before I was taught to read or write; the peculiar tone of the laments, with that deep and pathetic melody the tone conveyed, caused me to shed tears, along with the person who sung them; the measure is elegiac, and affects the feelings in the same manner as the lament of the *Fingalians* by *Ossian*; or the lament on the six brothers, &c. It is hoped that some persons are still alive, in the parishes of *Kilmachael* and *Kilmartine*, who can recite less or more of these tragical elegies of this poet. He seems to have felt deeply the terrific effects of the turmoils and troubles of these disastrous times, in which above 18,000 brave Scotsmen had suffered death in a struggle that lasted for 22 years, before that noble blessing, *liberty of conscience*, was obtained, and the *toleration Act* confirmed.

The Editor, about 60 years ago, took down the two following hymns as recited by *Alexander M'Larty*, commonly known by the name of *Alastair Mac Iain*, residing in *Corranbig*, parish of *Craignish*, *Argyle-shire*. This aged man could recite more of the poems of *Ossian*, than any other person the Editor had met with between the *Mull of Kintyre* and *high Bridge in Lochaber*. Most of those he sung in *Sochdair-dana*, corresponding in melody with the tunes to *Cumha an don mhie* *Cumha dun an Oir*; *An t sheana Chumha*; *Chumha dun nan Gall*; *Chumha na misge*; *Chumha dan Abhartaich*; *Chumha dun Chaillan*; *Chumha dun aonarain*; *Chumha duu Naomhaig*; *Chumha dun Ailleag*; *Tuiribh nam Fian*; *Chumha nam braithrean*, &c. a Stanza of the last follows:

Seisear bhraithrean sinn air sliochd,
 Seisear sinn nach d'fhidir lochd;
 Is cha mhaireanu d'n t seisear gu beachd,
 Air an lichd ach mise nochd.

This *Oralist* sang all his poems and laments in the same manner as Psalm tunes are distinguished, and found out by whistling, a mournful flat key peculiar to every lament and poem.

The Editor, when engaged in collecting the poems of

Ossian and other ancient traditions, possessed editions of all the above poems, but through various causes they are almost all lost; fragments may however be still found among a mass of papers that have accumulated on his hands for more than half a century, which with *two large M.SS. of Ossian's Poems*, would make two handsome volumes, These M.SS. were given with much reluctance to the *Highland Society of Scotland*, for a paltry premium of £20, which he preferred to a Medallion; and they are not yet published. As *Deor or Dewar* lived when the persecution raged against the Covenanters, his mind was supplied with direful thoughts and tragic tales, which enabled him to compose the occurrences of the times in verse; this leads us to hint at what took place in Scotland, but more particularly in *Argyleshire*, leaving the history in detail to abler hands, who have already published on the subject. We only aim at local incidents, as ascertained by tradition, which escaped the notice of those learned writers, who neither had access to communicate with the peasantry, nor any knowledge of their language. And this we do without intention to offend any class of Christians, and we earnestly wish all sects to live as friends and brethren, and to comply with the following couplet:

Cuireamaid fuath agus falachd air cul;

Is biadhmaid uil' air an aon nen.

Let us be thankful that liberty of conscience, (an inestimable blessing) is granted to all persuasions, and that the Toleration Act protects the meanest subject, who is permitted to worship God, (whether Jew or Gentile) as to him seemeth best.

Gabhadh gach neach a rathad fein,

Le miannach dol do fhlaithneas De.

ARGYLESHIRE INVADED BY COLL M'DONNELL.

The calamities and sufferings this unfortunate country had to endure for more than 30 years, during the reigns of Charles I. and II. are dreadful to relate. These originated in the feuds and factions of neighbouring Barons, and Chiefs of Clans, who became jealous of the power *Argyle* had acquired in the country, and through his unceasing support to the *Covenanters* against the determination,

of Government had formed to favour Episcopacy, and eject Presbyterianism forever.

This *Coll M'Donnell* is believed to have been a Highlander of some degree of celebrity, and to have lived chiefly in the *County of Antrim*, (Ireland) under the protection of his namesake the *Earl of Antrim*, who had made him a present during his life, of the *Racharic Isles* for a residence. As he was an aspiring and intrepid soldier, brave, but cruel, he gave him the command of any levies he raised in Ulster, to meet every exigency that occurred. The general account given of this desparate and ambitious man is, that either his father or grandfather had carried off a daughter of the *Earl of Argyle*, whom he married; payment of her dowry, as allotted for her, was always refused by *Argyle*, in consequence of her elopement, and her having married a person below her rank without consent. *Coll* informed *Antrim* of *Argyle's* conduct to him, and observed that he never could obtain justice of him otherwise than by the edge of the sword, which was impracticable without aid, against such a powerful antagonist. *Antrim*, who bore no good will to *Argyle* for joining the *Covenanters*, and other private quarrels, considered *Coll's* case a good pretext for forcing *Argyle* to give satisfaction for all grievances, by plundering and destroying *Argyleshire*, especially what belonged to the *Campbells*, styled by them *Clanna Duimhne*. This presented an opportunity to *Antrim* to be revenged on *Argyle* whom he hated; and he applied to his warm friend King *Charles*, for leave to raise 3000 men to invade Scotland, but in particular, (the object of his revenge) *Argyleshire*. *Lord Antrim's* request was granted; men levied, provided with various sorts of arms and equipments, embarked for landing at *Kilciaran*, now called *Ceannlock*, changed since to *Campbelton*. With this force, ill-clothed, ill-armed, and ill-disciplined, *Coll* commenced his work of destruction, without respect to rank or person, save certain clans who were favourable to his views, and showed their Highland hospitality to all his troops. This secured them from being plundered; besides some of them engaged to join him with detachments of their tenantry. With this powerful force he marched northward to *Tarbet*, destroying

the residences of every *Campbell* on his way; being informed that all the *Castles* lying on the West coast, (save one) belonged to the *Campbells*, he moved to *Castle Swseen*, an old Danish fort built by *Suine Mac Righ Lochlan*, in North Knapdale, and set fire to it. From thence he pursued his route to *Duntroon Castle*, to which he despatched his Piper as a spy, to procure information of the state thereof. The Piper was admitted, and found by the narrowness of the staircases that it was not pregnable, and he played the following war-cry which betrayed him, though it warned Coll from making an attack,

A Cholla mo run seachain an tur, seachain an tur,
 A Cholla mo ghaoil, seachain an caol, seachain an caol,
 Tha mise an laimh, tha mise an laimh.

After playing this *war-cry* to *Coll*, his commander, which *Duntroon* understood, he was instantly ordered to suffer the torture of *Ciangal nan tri chaol gu daor agus gu docair*, but as they did not tie up his arms and fingers, he continued playing faithfully the same mournful and melodious cry, though he was aware his timerity would cause him to suffer.

The windows and stairs of this *Castle* were so contracted (like all other ancient forts and houses of refuge,) that no more than one person by single file, could attack the besieged; they of course had the advantage of cutting down the assailants as they advanced. *Coll* finding this *Castle* to be impregnable, left his faithful Piper to undergo the fate of all spies, and moved northward through *Duntroon's Estate*, to *Lochaw* (a distance of about 6 miles,) carrying every thing along with him except the poor armless, and harmless inhabitants, who were left without house, food, or clothing, or a hoof of cattle to look after, save one humble dun cow the plunderers had missed, which happened to escape their notice, it being hid in a thicket of birch, in a hollow below *Kilmartine*. The cow was called by the natives, *Bo mhaol othar Achabheann*. It appears that the calf of this cow was carried off by the freebooters, which caused its melancholy dam to lament its absence. It is told that her bellowing and vehement roaring in this desolated strath, (like the pelican's mournful tones in the wilderness,) made the forlorn inhabitants feel their

loss with greater pain, seeing nothing left them but naked fields. The strath in which those harmless people had been left, may be thus described :

Mar chrogan sgithich loisgte
 Na clacham lom na traghadh,
 B'amhail sin's st'rath-sgeodanais,
 Cun chro, gun lon, gun ardach

The many battles which had taken place, for a period of about 200 years in Scotland, through various causes, are dreadful to relate; they had often threatened to desolate the whole *Kingdom*, especially *Argyleshire*. The history of Scotland by Robert Simpson, 20th edition, Edinburgh, 1834, takes particular notice of the disasters this Coll M'Donnell and his son Alexander had brought on this ill-fated country.

“ In Argyleshire the houses on his Lordship's estates and that of the peasantry, were burnt, the woods, the mills, and the gardens destroyed; the fishing-boats and the nets, of the starving inhabitants, torn in pieces; the jails filled with prisoners, if not hurried to instant execution, were left to linger out life in circumstances of want and misery.”

We insert the following verse by way of a contrast to these calamitous times :

Nach eibhneach dhinne cumhached mor an reachd,
 Dinidb e'm fann, is cheannsaich gach do-bheairt;
 Gach neach gun sgath gheibh tumh na fhardaich fein,
 Gun ghort na leon, 's gheibh eolas air Mac Dhe.

Coll, after he had destroyed *Strath-sgoidinis*, comprehending *Campbell of Duntroon and Kilmartine's Estates*, moved forward N. N. E. to the Estates of the *Campbells of Ederline, Inverliver Auchaneilan*, which he pillaged, except the last, whom he favoured as he was prior of the established church; and to this fact, the family possess in the church-yard of Kilmartine (in form of caibeal,) burial place which bears testimony to this day. The natives style this family of Auchaneilan, *Slioch an Easbuig*. moved on W. to castle *Craignish*, when the Laird, by his sagacity, hospitality, and good address, prevailed on *Coll* to pass him unmolested, upon promising to supply him with money and provisions sufficient to maintain his troops

for three days. These terms Coll accepted, and left the Laird, as well as his tenants to enjoy peace in the midst of thousands in starvation. He pursued his route northward to the *Laird of Barbreck*, then best known by the name of *Crun-fhear na Cota-cueis Mhic-Cailein*, who could not expect any mercy from *Coll*. His neat Villa on the banks of the river was burnt, and himself, and all his tenants left destitute, without a morsel to eat, nor a cow to milk. The high ground, *corlaoch-sliabh an tuim*, and the hills which surround *Gleann-domhain*, protected their sheep and goats from being driven off. From thence *Coll* continued his crusade through *Milford* and *Lorn*, pillaged the estates of the *Campbells* as he went along to the *Castle of Dunstafnage*, which he found to be impregnable, unless he had artillery to bombard it.

The Editor does not possess any authentic account of the destination of this desparate, but brave man, after his arrival at *Dunstafnage*. *Coll* supposed this fort to be defenceless, like the other *Castles* on the coast, but in this he was mistaken; *Argyle* had taken care to be prepared for him by furnishing the fort with artillery and provisions sufficient to withstand any attack that infantry could devise against him, by either sea or land; besides *Argyle* was provided with 600 men of trained troops, of the covenanting army, along with all the *Campbells*, and peasantry under their control, from *Skipness*, *Kintyre*, to *Fort-William*, which is said to have been estimated at 3000 rank and file. *Coll*, seeing a great defection of his Irish plunderers, and observing that such of the Highlanders as joined him, (finding their case desparate,) deserted, and having no prospect of risking a battle, being hemed in on a peninsula, under the firing of several pieces of ordinance, considered it best to surrender at discretion, (but under instant sentence of death if ever seen in Scotland,) to find the best way home like a fugitive, to the *Rachary Isles*, to relate his victories over the harmless peasantry of *Argyleshire*, to his powerful land zealous friend friend the *Earl of Antrim*.

Tradition does not enable us to trace out *C. M'Donnell* after his flight, farther than his having plundered some of the families of the *Campbells*, on his way to *Dunayarlich*,

wherein he took refuge and was aided by several of the Clans, and besieged by the covenanting General, Leslie, to whom he surrendered, where he suffered for his perfidy instant death, along with brave young men of the M'Donalds, M'Dougalls, &c. with some Irish gentlemen.

LAOIDH I.

I.

Is cian ata mi 'm chadal,
 Gun abuchadh 'm uine ;
 'S gun smuainteachadh trathail,
 Air latha bhais 's na h uire.

II.

Tha 'n saoghal gam mhealladh,
 Uachdaran mo chridhe ;
 Gam mhealladh o bheatha,
 'S gam thoirt fiar san t-slighe,

III.

Tha'n eug ag ruigh thuganne,
 Maor an Rìgh is airde ;
 'S cha chum buar, no cùinneadh,
 Uair d' ar cuis, na cairdean.

IV.

Na ruisg shocrach, fhior-mhaiseach
 Trid na gnuis is aille ;
 'S ann teanga dheas gheur-fhoclach,
 Le'n sgeiltar na sgeoil gaire.

V.

An lamh laidir, chruadalach,
 Le'm beirte buaidh gach barach ;
 'S an eridhe mear ardanach,
 Nach fuiling tuar no taire.

VI.

Am fiudhaidh chrion, nach maireannach,
 Crion seargaidh iad le cheile ;
 A' dol an duchas t-fhearain leat,
 Gun earras ach do leine.

VII.

An oighreachd nan teach drilseanach,
 "Deanamid ol nan urad :"
 O amhaire air d' leab iosail,
 A d' oighreachd shiorruidh shuthainn !

VIII.

Do chomaun gu teo'-ghradhach,
 Dol leat gu cuirm, is coinneadh ;
 Ach air bord na h-uaigne,
 Cha'n fhan iad uair a d' chomann.

IX.

Tionacadh lamh an fhireanaich,
 Chaidh ris a chrann gu do'ruinneach ;
 Ri toirt buaidh gu censaunach,
 A leith an t-sluaigh gu leoghannach.

X.

Chuidh thu sios chum fulangais,
 Ann san iobairt anshocraich ;

'S thainig thu 'nìos gu h-urramach,
As an uaigh gu ceannardach.

XI.

Chuir e 'm blar gu h-uranta,
Air a bhas gu h-ainnealta ;
Dean mo choir, 's mo chumailsa,
Ann a d' ghloir gu maireannach.

XII.

'N am t rusadh nan traipeachase,
'S tu 's urraim gu'n ordachadh ;
Thoir mo sheilbh gu didinnich,
A steach o chlànn nan fogarrach.

XIII.

Bi ann a d' Thriath gam cruideachadh,
Latha cian na h-ais-eiridh ;
S na leig mi gu tuisleumach,
Ann cuideachd clann na h-as-umhlachd.

XIV.

'S ann a d' ghloirs' tha t sithshaimh,
Ach tha luchd a bhroin gu piantachail ;
O! thoir mo sheilbh gu d' dhidiunsa,
Gus a chathair chianannaich.

 LAOIDH 2.

I.

GABH mo chomhairle ro' a bhas,
'S bi 'g aireamh do laith fai-leith ;
Gach aon lochd a rinn u riamh,
'S modhaide do phian an cleith.

II.

Dean t-fhaosaid ann lathair Dhe,
 'S na bithidh do dheur na thamh;
 Aigeasau tha feitheadh ort,
 Na leigheasas lot da mhead.

III.

Iomagain an Rìgh air a chrann,
 'S na tairngean gu teann ga'n cur;
 Biodh sud a d' chuimhne ri d're,
 Gus an d' theid cìria air do mhuin.

IV.

Mu bhios uir-easbhuidh no di,
 Air muintir Chrìosd a' teachd a d' dhail;
 No dean eargailt as do stor,
 'S sliubhair tailmse uait le gradh.

V.

No bi fein ceatach mu d' stor,
 Cha'n eil e d' choir ach car treall;
 'S ge d' gheill duit fearann is fonn,
 Cha'n fhuasgail e bonn duit thall.

VI.

Cuimhnich air riaghail nam faidhean,
 'S na briathraich a bhreug le ceilg;
 Na h aom le h ardan do mhiann,
 'S cairich frian gu teann ri d' fheirg.

VII.

Cuimhuich an geocach no sheasadh,
 Air Lasarus cha d'thug meas ;
 Thainig an t eug air gu cas,
 'S dh' eignich as a ghloir gun fhios.

VIII.

No soinsa t aire ri d' aois,
 Mu maolaich do chrann gun chnuais ;
 'S cha'n fhuigh t athchuinge gun phris,
 Dadum duit o'n Righ anuas.

IX.

Cum freiceadan air a bhas,
 'S na tabhair freasdal dod' ghnuis ;
 Na bi ann a d' charaid do'n chraois,
 Mu meallar le baois do chuis.

X.

Coimhid an t sabaid le stuain,
 'S na creic do bhuaidh air mi-rath ;
 Na caill do mhaith air mi-chluain,
 'S air gradh aithneicht uamsa gabh.

MAC KEICH.

This man is said to be a native of Cilian, or Clonairidh, parish of Kilnichal, near Inverary. His poem has been always held in esteem for correctness in style ; pure in sentiments ; faithful in its narrative, and harmonious in its measure. It is supposed he lived about the end of the seventeenth century,

LAOIDH MHIC CITHICH.

I.

Mo dhuil ann Criosd,
 An tì 'ta laidir buan,
 Ard phrionnsa gach Rì',
 Th'air crìch na talmhainn fhuair ;
 Ge mor leibh ar stri',
 'S ar caoi' mu ni gu cruaidh ;
 Na laimhsan tha'n stiuir,
 'S tha feitheadh oirnn uir, is uaigh.

II.

Tha 'n sluagh so borb,
 Le toilg, 's cha'n ann le ceill ;
 'S e 'n rodhain is fearr leo,
 Tadhadh ga'n aimhleas fein ;
 Gun chreidimh, gun chrabli',
 Gur nar bhi'n as-umhlachd Dhe
 Mu'n t-saoghal cho teann,
 Gu saoil iad gur h-ann doibh fein.

III.

A cholluinn gun chiall,
 Bha riamh a' dusgadh nan olc ;
 Nach fiosraich thu d' ghne,
 Gur h iosal a thainig do stoc ;
 Do dh'uslach, 's do chria
 A rinneadh do chnamhan 's do chorp,
 Biaidh tu aris na d' smal
 Air dubhadh fo shailtean nan cos.

IV.

Cha bhio' adhmald ard,
 'Nan deanamaid sealtainn oirnn' fein ;
 Thuit Adhamh le sgrios,
 Dh' fhag bait a shliochd na dheidh,
 Nam bio' adhmaid glic,
 'S gu coisnea'maid meas duinn fein,
 Gu faighea'maid iochd,
 O laimh de Mhicsa Dhe.

V.

Tha'n cridhe so goirt,
 Ochoin a nochd mar tha !
 Cho cruaidh sa a chlach,
 Gun tiomachadh tais no tla',
 Bris fein a chlach,
 O na's tu is treise lamh,
 'S gun sruthadh e bras,
 A chumha mar thachair dha.

VI.

Nach creid sibh le'r suil,
 A chuis ga h iomairt mar tha,
 'M fear a shaoileas bli buan,
 Tha'n uaigh ga grinneachadh dha ;
 Tha'm peacadh gar claoi ,
 A choi'ch cha n fhaigh sinn uai' tamh ;
 Ach 's e'n leigh a tha shuas,
 A dheanamh ri uair sinn slan.

VII.

Tha'n eallach so trom,
 A leag mi o'm bhonn gu lar
 Gur cian mo chlos,
 'S nach d' rinneadh mo phrosnacha' tra' ;

Mo thruaighe mi,
 Mar chaith mi mo thim 's mo laith,
 Na fag mia Chriosd,
 Glac m' anam, 's mo shith ad' laimh.

VIII.

Ma thainig a thim,
 An teachdaire dian am bas ?
 Da ghnothach cha mheirbh,
 'S da sheilbh cha tabhair e dail ;
 O ! Nach robh mis' am dhuiscg,
 'S gum b' fhiu mo ghabhail gu slaint ;
 Ach fear sheasamh mo chuis,
 Cha d' thug mi riamh cuntas d'a.

IX.

Ma's aill leibh bhi beo,
 Ann ceol, 's an aidhear gu brath ;
 Glacaibh taigheadas buan,
 Tha shuas aig Athair nan gras ;*
 Leigibh an saoghal so dhibh ;
 Gur tim dhuibh gabhail mu thamh,
 Cha b' ionann 's gu sior,
 Bhi 'm pian ann garaidh nach tlath.

X.

Tha spiorad an uile,
 A seideadh ar cuirp gu teann ;
 'S gar leanail gu min,
 Chum ar n Oig, is ar Sean a chall ;
 Gur deisneach a bheairt,
 Mar gheill sibh do'n pheacadh dhall ;
 O ! Nach umhlaich sibh as,
 A dh' urachadh staid is fearr.

* Athair.

XI.

Tha'n saoghal so gearr,
 Ge teann tha sinne na dheidh;
 Mar Ghearran gun srian,
 Dol an rathad is miann leis fein;
 Am fear is pailte do ni,
 Is a thaisgeas na miltidh ceud;
 Sia troidhean d'a 's rum,
 Gun fharaid cia 'n t iul a theid.

XII.

Ma fhuair sibh ar toil,
 Le h ua'mhar, le h olc, agus breug?
 Ma 's ann air ghabh sibh gaol,
 O'n fhuair sibh an saoghal dhuibh fein?
 'S ar cridhe, 's ar suil,
 Sior chosnadh ruin 's gach ceum;
 Ach tha bhuidhinn ud beag,
 Ma chreiceas sibh flaitheanas De.

XIII.

Tha Biobull nam buadh,
 Ag labhairt a suas gu grad;
 Mar pill sibh san am,
 Gu bi sgiursadh nan lann gu 'r teach:
 Nach creid sibh o Chrìosd,
 An sgrìobhadh a dh' fhag e pailt;
 Gur h esean an Ti,
 A dheanadh ar dìon air fad.

XIV.

Nach creid sibh o Chrìosd,
 'S mar sgrìobh e'n Tìomnadh Nua?
 Cho cìnteach 's tha bas,
 Tha n la ri chumail le buaidh.

Thig mac Athar nan gras,
 O neamh as na nealaibh shuas ;
 A dhugadh nan corp,
 Th' air smuradh 's air smodadh san uaigh.

XV.

'S e 'n t arda, 's an t ol,
 Chuir na daoine co-mor as am beachd ;
 'S e 'm farmad, 's a miann,
 A thog iad ann diollaidean each ;
 Ghabh iad ceist air an fhin,
 'S cha leabh iad am Biobull ach tearc ;
 'S gann a chreidis le'n suil,
 Ge do leabh iad gu cul a chairt.

XVI.

Cha'n aon neach glic,
 Nach measadh breitheamhnas De ;
 'S ann aige tha fios,
 Gach aon ni thig 's a theid ;
 Tha maitheas na run,
 Gu h ur na fhlaithneas fein ;
 O Dhia ! toir dhuinn,
 Gu faigheamaid rum fod' sge.

XVII.

Tha mise 'n so, 'n laimh,
 'S mi feitheadh ri gras do Mhic ;
 Ann an cunnart an eug,
 Gun fhios cia-dhiu theid, no thig ;
 Cha b' umhail am bas,
 No 'm bithidh mo dheanadas glic,
 Nan umhlaichinn trath,
 'S bh'i'm chulaidh mun d' thainig am fios.

XVIII.

Tha 'n iomairt so nochd,
 Air bualadh am chorp gu teann ;
 Ge b'e dh' fheuchadh an lochd,
 Gu'm faigheadh e'n lot na b' fhear ;
 A Rìgh nan dul,
 Biodh, 'm uigh, is 'm aithre gu teann ;
 'S glac an t anam so uam,
 Mu'm fuaraich mi 'n peacaidhne marbh.

XIX.

Gabh uainn Ard-rìgh,
 A ni do'n d' thug thu do speis ;
 A chruthaich thu slan,
 Dea' ghnìomh do laimhe fein ;
 Sgìbht a cholliunn bha saor,
 Nan coimh deamaid caoin o bheud ;
 Ach ghabh toil air a chraoibh,
 'S dh' fhag mallachadh is daors' na deidh.

XX.

'S e latha na craoibh,
 A dh' aom sinn uile gu grad ;
 Chum uile, agus bhreug,
 Chum eud, chum eigheach, 's chum slad ;
 Gun tuigse, gun chiall,
 'Sior thrìall ann iomachar lag ;
 Roi chosmhail ri tnu,
 'S nach fìu sinn uidhear an da'd.

XXI.

'S ann thuit sinn fui' phramh,
 Mar dhaoìn ann an araich chai' lot ;
 Fo phuthar nan lann
 Gu d' bhruthadh ar ceann, 's ar corp ;

O nach duisgte leinn deoir,
 Is mulad, is bron, gu goirt!
 Air son ar droch mhiann,
 'S na smuaintich sinn riamh do'n ole.

XXII.

An cuala' sibh Job,
 Mar dh' fhan e gun phoit, gun mnisg ;
 Ge do chaill e a stor,
 Is fhearann, is or, 's a shliochd ?
 Bha chridhe gle bheo,
 Ann gloir an Athar, 's a Mhic ;
 'S ge d' loth e sa mhuir,
 Bha dhuil gu' faigheadh e iochd,

XXIII.

Do murach a chre
 Bha 'n deire' ga biomachar dha ;
 Ann an otrach nan each,
 Fo rotas chearc is gheadh ;
 Gun d' eitich e'n t or,
 A dheoin, 's a dh' aindeoin a mhna ;
 'S chum e aigneadh gun bhreng,
 Do'n ti gheall eibhneas dh'a.

XXIV.

Nan teanda'maid cruaidh,
 'S ar guala chumail sa choir ;
 An aghaidh gach uile,
 'S a chuirp, is ann-toil na feol ;
 Bhiodh ar tuarasdal pailt,
 'N uair a ghlaodhar air ac a mhoid ;
 'S nuair a thigeadh an uair,
 Gu'n cuirte sinn suas le Job.

XXV.

Is e pearsa nan De,
 'S briathraibh dhuibh fein nar measg
 'Sior luthadh na mionn,
 'S a puradh ann le fios ;
 Com nach tuigeadh sibh fein,
 Bhi g'ar ruigeadh ann leinidh bhig ;
 'S nach bu chubhaidh dhuibh ainm,
 Bhi ga lnthadh an ainmein tric.

XXVI.

Gun do dh'aom mo chorp,
 Is chaochail mo choslas dhim ;
 Mar chorachan bochd,
 Gun aithreachas goirt ra linn ;
 Mar dhuine ri port,
 'S gun duine gu chrosgadh gu tir,
 Gur fann mo thaichd,
 Mar faigh mi neart o Chrisd.

XXVII.

Nan d' thigeadh oirnn creach,
 A thogadh amach ar ni ;
 Bu bhualteach ar bas,
 Ag guidhe gu faigheadh sibh sith ;
 Gur deisneach a bheairt,
 Mar dean sibh ar leas ach cli ;
 Com an duineadh ar beul,
 Gus am faigheadh sibh paidheadh o Chrisd.

XXVIII.

Do thainig oirnn Criosd,
 Ga isleachadh sios do'n bhas ;
 Le dhea' thoil fein,
 Chum sinn thoirt do dh' aoibhneas gu brath ;

'S cha d' iarr do chis,
Ach umhlachd fhir thoirt d'a.

XXIX.

O sibhs' uile Chleir,
A leabhas an Soisgeul ceart ;
Na leigibh na buirb so,
'N grund na fairge mach ;
Nach truagh leibh ar call,
Gach dall gun tuigse, gun neart,
Tha sinne gun chiall,
'S tha air suilibh agaibhse ceart.

XXX.

'S fad tha sinn 'n ar suain,
Gun chuimhne air dusgadh a bhais ;
Tha dioghaltas trom,
A feitheadh oirnn',-thoill sinn e ;
Mu dheidhinn na'm bochd,
Ag glaodhach gu goirt gach la ;
Gun chothram, gun cheart,
O mhuintir nan sacaibh lan.

XXXI.

Ge mor leibh ar toic,
O'n fhuair sibh a ghlac so lan ;
Thig sumanadh grad,
Is creidimh nach fad an dail ;
Gun d' theid sibh n' ar trot,
Gun each, no coidse mar chach ;
'S nuair a ghlaodhar a mod,
Cha dean airgead, na or dhuibh stath.

On chruthachadh fein,
 Do dh' eirich an dubhachas ann ;
 Ach thainig Mac De,
 Gu 'r fhuasgladh o eiginn theann
 Gun do reubadh a chorp,
 Thoirt leirsinn do rosgaibh dall :
 Chaidh a thasgaidh 's an uir,
 'Nuair choi-lin e run 's gach ball.

XXXII.

Chaidh a thasgaidh 's an uaigh,
 An gaisgeach, 's bu chrui' an cas ;
 Ag ceannach an t sluaigh,
 Gun d' fhuiling e bualadh bais ;
 An treas latha chai' suas,
 Gu cathair na'm buadh a bha ;
 Aig an Athair bu mho,
 Toirt breith eadbar bheo, is mharbh.

XXXIII.

'S e Athair nan gras,
 A chruthaich gach feur, is fonn ;
 Re uine sia laith,
 Gach aon ni tha, sa dh' fholbh ;
 Chuir iasg ann sa chuan,
 'Ga altram fo fhuaim uan tonn ;
 Chuir duilleach air gheig,
 'S chuir tora 's an deis gu trom.

XXXIV.

Com nach creathnaicheadh ar feoil,
 Mu dheidhinn an la tha ri teachd ?
 'Nuair a sheinnir an ceol,
 Gu'n cruinnich a mor, 's am beag ;

Fhir a theasraig mi 'n tus,
 Cha do sheas mi le durachd dhuit ;
 A rinn mo cheannach gu daor,
 Le taosgadh fola do Mhic.

XXXV.

O Chrìosd na fag mi,
 'M faslach ceathaich, gun fhois !
 Mar ainte 'n sgail,
 Ag caitheamh nan tra', gun chlos ;
 O'n chuir thu do shìol,
 Abuich le bri' e bhos ;
 'S gleidh fein a bhar,
 Mun caill thu toradh do chois.

XXXVI.

Cha labhair mi n tras',
 Le mhead 's tha togairt gum' thoil ;
 'S mo pheacaidh-ne fein,
 'Gam agairt gu geur, 's 'gam ghuin ;
 O Rìgh nan dul !
 Thoir uine aithreachais dhomh ;
 'S gabh cuntas do m' chre,
 O'n tha mi, Mhic De, fo d' thoil.

 LAOIDH.

DAIBHIDH MAC EALAIR.

I.

Moladh do'n ti 's airde gloir,
 An ti 's mo'a no gach neach ;
 Cruith-fhear an t-saoghail gu leir,
 Da'n cumhidh dhuinn geill air fad

'S tu rinn an domhan, 's na th' ann,
 Na cuantaidh domhain, 's am fonn ;
 Chuir thu iasg gu altram ann,
 'S thug thu ciall gu ghlacail duinn.

II.

Rinneadh leat gealach is grian,
 Thogail fiadhnuis air do ghloir ;
 Cho'n airis mi a mile trian,
 Do chruthachadh an Dia is mo.

III.

'S tu rinn na reullan air fad,
 A riaghlachadh gu ceart nan trath :
 Gheall thu maraon fuachd is teas,
 Fogh'ara mu seach is mart.

IV.

'S tu rinn na h-ainglibh air fad,
 Tha 'n t-aibhearsoir fo d' smachd gu mor ;
 Air slabhruidh laidir aig do mhac,
 Cumail a neart o theachd oirnn'.

V.

Rinneadh leat an duine 'ris,
 A reir t'iomhaidh chum do ghloir ;
 Ach chaill e 'n oidhreachd ud gun luach,
 'S cho'n fhuasgalar i le h-or.

VI.

'S tu chuir am fradharc na cheann,
 Chuir thu falt roi'n chlaigeann lom ;
 Thug thu cluas gu eisteachd dh'a,
 A gluasad a chuirp o na bhonn.

Chuir thu Adhamh an codal trom,
 Chaidh leigh nan gras os a cheann ;
 'S do aisinn thaobh do rinn,
 A bhean o'n do ghinn gach clann.

VII.

Chuir thu e 'n garradh nan seud,
 Far an roibh aoibhneas a ghraidh ;
 Dh' ith a bhean an sin a meas,
 'S dh' fhuiling i, 's a sliochd am bas.

VIII.

Cha roibh a teasargain aig neach,
 O'n chumhnanta rinn i bhris ;
 'N tra ruisgeadh an sgeudachadh ceart,
 Bha chuis na h-eagal an sin.

IX.

Ach moladh do dh' Ard-righ nam feart,
 O nach b'aill leis teachd dar sgrios ;
 'Nuair chunnaig e Adhamh na airc,
 Rinn e cumhnant nan gras ris.

X.

Thainig Iosa 'nuas le thoil,
 Thug e suas mar iobairt fhuil ;
 Mac na firinn Uan gun chron,
 M'ar ciontain-ne fhùair e ghuin.

XI.

Chrochadh e ri crann an aird,
 'S an t-sleagh saite roi' a chorp ;
 Crun geur na pein chuir mu cheann,
 Fhuair mac De le naimhde lot.

Crann sgithich an aite crun righ,
 Mar thailceas, 's mar dhi-meas mor ;
 'S fion geur agus domblas-sath,
 'N deoch a thug iad d'a ri ol.

XII.

Na tairngean 'g an cur an sas,
 Am bosaibh a lamh le h-ord ;
 'S fuil a chridhe 'roi' a thaobh,
 Ceannachd bu daoire no 'n t-or.

XIII.

'Nuair chaidh Criosd gu pein a'ohais,
 A dh' fhulang air son an t-sluaigh ;
 Sgoilt brat an teampuill sios gu lar,
 'S dhuisc na mairbh an aird o'n uaigh.

XIV.

Chreathnaich an talamb trom le crith,
 Air a'ghrein do thainig smal ;
 Le feirg Dhe, do chrath an sin,
 Dh' fhuiling Criosd am bas re seal.

XV.

Dh' adhlaic iad an t-Uan fo lic,
 Thug e buaidh san uaigh cha d' fhan ;
 As a' bhas thug e gheur-ghuin,
 S dh' eirich an treas la gun smal.

XVI.

'Na shuigh aig deas-laimh Athar a'ta,
 Criosd le grasan os ar ceann ;
 Ag cur Oifig Sagairt ann gnìomh,
 A' deasachadh a rìghachd dhuinn.

Thig an t-am an d' thig mac De,
 Creidibh sud gur sgeula fìor ;
 Le mìltidh mìl' do dh' ainglibh treun,
 Thoirt oirne breith a reir ar gnìomh.

XVII.

'N sin seinnear an trompaid gu h-ard,
 Leis na h-ainglibh 's aille sùnagh ;
 Eiridh na mairbh an aird o'n uir,
 'S bheir e cuntas uaith an cuan.

XVIII.

Liubhraidh gach uaigh na fhuair i fein,
 'S cha bhì neach do'n treud air chall ;
 Nochdar iad uil' am fiadhnuis De,
 'S e mhac fein is breitheamh ann.

XIX.

Bithidh iadsan soilleir an sin,
 Mar sholus dealrach an dreach ;
 Thig Criosd nan coinneadh le gean,
 'S bidh sìth an comann nam flath.

XX.

Ni thu 'n sin tearbadh air gach neach,
 'S dìonaidh tu o'n fheirg na's leat,
 'Mhead 's tha air an dearbhadh dhuit,
 Cuirear iad fo dhìon do bhrat.

XXI.

Cuirear na gabhair air do laimh chli,
 Chum triall gu prìosan a' bhroin ;
 Druidear suas, 's gur cruaidh an sgeal,
 Flaitheanas De air an sroin.

Mollaichidh 'n nighean, a mathair,
 Mollaichidh mhathair, a clann;
 'S mollaichidh 'n t-athair a mac,
 Nach do ghabh mu smachd san am.

XXII.

'S iomad sgairteach, is gul geur,
 Ri h-am cluintinn sgeul an craidh;
 Mollachadh a cheil'gu leir,
 A garachdai'n s ri Uan a ghraidh.

XXIII.

Sin la an dealachaidh bhochd,
 'Gan sgarachdain a dh'aindeoin riut;
 'Gan sgiursadh gu h-ainneal an loisg,
 'S gun duil aig anam tigh'n as.

'XXIV.

An teach d'a milleadh cuirear iad,
 Fo dhioghaltas an ard-righ;
 Gun duil ri furtachd no ri bas,
 Gu brath cha d' thig iad anios.

XXV.

Fasaidh 'n cuirp co chruaidh ri prais,
 Mar iarrann an cas san lamh;
 'Gan cumail beo ann an sior phian,
 Teine dhian gun fhurtachd la.

XXVI.

Gach aon la mar bhli'ana bhuan,
 Ann lagan loisgeach, cruaidh an sas;
 'Gan liodairt le teas agus fuachd,
 Sud i 'n duais cia fad an dail.

Latha cho bhi ann 'na dheidh,
 Folaichear na reullan 'sa ghrian ;
 Sgriosar an saoghal gu leir,
 'S neach cha d' theid ann toll o Dhia.

XXVII.

M' athchuing' riuts', air sgath do mhic,
 Meadaich mo ghliocas le gras ;
 'S thoir disearsa dhamh 's gach cuis,
 Seal m'an druid mo shuil le bas.

MACKELLAR.

This person is stated to be a native of Glassarie, others of Strath-chur, district of Cowal. In measure, melody, and sentiment, it has been always appraised by the generality of Highlanders, which makes it well known as a piece of poetic merit.

The following are translations from English, which appears in the first edition in 1785.

LAOIDH I.

AIR MADAINN LA AN TIGHEARNA.

Mo Dhia ! do'n ghrein thug eolas mor,
 Gu eiridh oirnn' gach la,
 Chum soillseachadh na cruinne-ce,
 Mu'n cuairt nan speur gun tamh.
 O sheomraiche na h-airde near,
 Air mhadain duisgidh suas ;
 Gun tamh, gun fhois, ag ruigh na reis,
 Gu h-eibhneach deas is tuath.
 Coi'-lionamsa gun chlos gun sgiths,
 Mo ghniomha' mar a'ghrian :
 Air tus an la, triallam gun sgath,
 Air slighe slainte 'n Triath.

Toir dhamb, O Dhia ! do ghras gun airc,
 'S na caidreadh m' anam bron,
 Gun chaith gun fheum mo laith gu leir,
 Ann an-ghnas beus na h-oig.

II.

FEASGAR LA AN TIGHEARNA.

Tha la eil' air dol seachad oirnn',
 Gur coir dhuinn cliu do Dhia.
 A sheinn, air son a fhreasdail caomh,
 'S a ghrasa caoin gach iall.

Mo buidheachd lean chlaon chum sgrios is
 broin,
 Mo pheacaidh 's mor gu beachd :
 Dhia toir dhanh maitheanas air sgath,
 Do mhic, san la ri teachd.

An ceidse basors' coidleadh sios,
 Is dionsa mise Dhe !
 Biodh t'aingle trid an dorchadais,
 Ri faire orm gu reidh.

Le aiteas druideam suas mo shuil,
 Is duisgeam ann dea' chiall ;
 'S a' mhadainn mhoich ri gairdeachas,
 Air son do ghraidh, a Dhia.

III.

AIR FEASGAR LA AN TIGHEARNA.

Se so an la ann d' eirich Criosd,
 Gu moch anis o mhairbh ;
 Cia uime 'm bheil mo rosgaibh duint,
 Ag caitheamh 'm uin' gun tairbh ?

'S e so an la air na bhris Ios',
 Neart ifrinn is abhais ;
 'S an gradhaich mise peacadh mor,
 Is cuing mo leoin, am thrail ?

An diu gu subhach cruinicheamaid,
 'Ta ainmicht' air an Triath ;
 Chum leubhadh fhocail, mar a dl'aithn,
 D'a phobull, graidh, o chian.
 Chum flaitheas greasam, 's leigim dhìom,
 Mo chluiche faoin gun fheum :
 Do'n la s' ta beannaicht', thugam gradh,
 Is fearr do'n t-seachd gu leir.

IV.

AIR AN T SABAID.

'Ta 'n coi-thional toirt adhbraidh dhuit,
 Cia maiseil sud a Dhe !
 Maraon ag seinn nan Salmaibh binn,
 Air fonnaibh tim le cheil'.

Na buaireadh mianna' faoin gun stath,
 An la so as mo chuimhu' ;
 'S cosmhuil ri neamh an talamh, tha
 Do chliu air aird gach tuim.

Triallam air an t-slighe ghua',
 Chum slaint', ann an dea' ghne ;
 Dinn mi o mhianna' olc na h-oig',
 Is treoraich mi chum neamh.

O sgrìobh do naomh-reachd air mo chridh,
 Is teagaisg mi a Dhe :

Na briseam t'aitheanta ni 's mo,
Sin deonaich dhamh gu re.

Duisgeam, agus luigheam sios,
A'd' ghradhsa, Righ nam feart ;
Air sgath nam feartaibh tha'm fuil Ios',
Dean mise dhion fo d' bhrat.

V.

Do scriobtur naomha dh' fholum mi,
A leubhadh sios gu mall ;
Seol mi chum urnuigh o do reachd,
'S na leig air seachran cailt'.

Dean cosmhuil mi ri luchd dea' ghnìomh,
A raodhuaich t'fhirinn ghlan ;
'S le grasa' v'fhocail ann 's gach am,
A ghabh os laimh bhi math.

Is leosan seinnim moladh binn,
Do t'ainmse thriath nam feart ;
Is leosan caitheam n' uin' gu leir,
An ceimibh na naomh fhath.

Is leosan bitheam ait gach la,
Ann gairdeachas gach uair ;
Is leosan bitheam beo am feast,
Ann teas-ghradh do naomh-shluaigh.

O d' ghrasaibh chi mi fada nam,
Gur truaghan mi gun treoir ;
'S nach aithnic hmi a dhiobhail beachd,
Ann fhirinn seach an go.

O tohair dhomh do ghrasaibh saor,
'S nach claonainn o do reachd ;
Chum is gu deanainn mar is leir,
Do thoilse Dhe gu beachd.

Is trid do neartsa triallaidh mi,
A d' ghniomhara le speis ;
Ann 's gach ni 's aill, ach toir dhomh gras,
Is molam t'ainmse, Dhe.

The following is a feeble attempt of the Editor, who finds that old age caused the spark to extinguish, and the Muses heedless to his prayer.

SEA LAITH A CHRUTHACHAIDH.

AN ROIMH-RADH, AN TOMHAS RANN.

Aathair a chinne-daonn' gu leir,
 'Sgach seraph tha air neamh ;
 An aonnachd cruinnicheadh'gach duil,
 Gu chliu a chur a mead.
 Annsan tha bhuidhean ainmichte,
 Aon Dia 'sam pearsa tri ;
 Aghloir gu seinn sinn coth-sheirmeach,
 Is co-fhreagradh gach tir.
 Gach righeachd tha air talamh trait,
 Seinnibh gu hard a chliu ;
 A chliu le aoibhneas suinnimid,
 Le ceileir binn 's gach iul.
 Fhirinteachd air nach d' thig erioch,
 A chuiris erioch air lochd ;
 Le aiteas anma eiridh suas,
 Le luathghair air gach enoc.
 Tha righiehd na sith nis daighnichte,
 Nach gluaisir gu la bhrath ;
 Tha dhiadhachd foirbhidh bunaiteach,
 Mor chumachd buan a ghraidh.

AN CEUD LA.

Neamh agus *talamh* chuthaich Dia air thus,
An talamh bha gun dealbhna smodan balbh
 mar uir,
An domhan luigh fo dhorach na gach taobh,
 Ach spiorad Dhe ghluais sin gu leir mu sgaoil.
 Na h *uisgean* domhain trom, gun fhonn na raon,
 Chruiniuh 's gach aite far gu brath nach traoidh.
 Dhuiscg solus soilsiach, dealach glan,
 Is chunaig e gu ro' sin uile math.
 Dhealaich e'n dorch an t solus dheahach gheal,
 Gu *oidhch* is *la* gu buanachadh gach seal.
Fiasgar is *madainn* ghluais reir ordadh Dhe,
 Chum freasdal do gach feoil bhios beo fo 'n
 ghrein.

AN DARA LA.

Ansin thuirte Dia biodh *athar* dealrach ann,
 'Measg nan *uisgeachan*-gan sgaradh bun
 osciann.
 Pairt ann san *athar* paisgt mar bhaideal neoil,
 Pairt eile sios nan cuantain fea gach roid.
 Dhainmich e'n t *athar Neamh* bhios buan gu
 brath,
 'S bha *madainn* is *tra-noin* an dara la.

AN TREAS LA.

Gach uiscg fo *Neamh* do chruthaich Dia gach
 taobh,
 Mun cuairt, sa measg na *cruinne-ce* do sgaoil,
 Feuch fearann tioram trait gun bhar bhraon !

E'm fearann tirim dhainmich *Talamh* trom,
Do na h uisgidh *Cuantain* fairsuing, luaineach
lom.

Dh aithn e do'n *Talamh* mosgladh suas le aill',
Le millte maitheas dosrach ur mar baill.

Chuunaic an sin gu d rinn e mar a mhiann,
Chum *toin* do dhuin' is ainmhidh ann nan
triall.

Le feur is fochann ur, is luithean curraidh grinn,
Le'm buaidhean slainteil maithreanach gach linn.
Is meas is sugh nan cranu a bheir do'n fhann a
threoir,

A neartar ni e ait,—'sna tha fo smachd a bhroin.
Co thuigeas, na co chi mor ghuimha Dhe?
Tha fhreasdal buan do gach ni nuas p'n ghrein.

AN CEARAMH LA.

Thuir Dia biodh solus ann an speura neamh,
Is ghluais an dui'ra dorch na phladhadh neal.
Dhealaich e o'ich is *la* gu cian nan cian,
Mar chomhar air gach aimsir, la is blian,
Soilsichidh *gealach*—'s dealraidh suas a *ghrian*,
'Siad sin na soluis mhor tha riaghladh *oidhch*
is *la*,

Le mildidh ceul ag tobhairt geill da ra.
Is chunaic Dia gu ro' sin nath 's gach ait',
'S bha madain is tra-noin an ceathramh la.

A ghrian do dh eirich ann san abhar suas,
Don *chruinne-che* toirt solus cibhinn uaith;
Le ghathan priscil chai' gach ni na ghlias,
'Nro blagh gu fas, ghrad fhas iad suas gu leir.
An eanlai' mhosgail air goch cnoc is tom,
Dhuisg iad le aiteas gu seinn milte fonn.

An t iasg bha'n taml fo phramh san aigeal shios,
 Dhuisg iad an caisligheadh gu faicin ciod a chi.
 O gharaidh dhuisg an leoghan borb le speid,
 Gu solar loin gu dochasach dha fein.
 Gach *durag* dhiblidh eiridh nios on uir,
 A chuid gheubh bas dhiu gheibh iad cail as ur.
 O *bhruidian* lionmhor cluinter mildidh ceol,
An cro a bairich, 's laoidh a garraich leo.
 Gach creatair eile le'n ceudan ceileir ait,
 Gu d'thainig solus la, is grian an aigh nan airc.

Aghealach rialaichidh an oi'che dhuinn',
 A sgaras uainn gach dorachadas is du'r.
 Mor oibridh Dhe, co thuigis na co chi?
 Tha'd uile iomlan—'s an t iomlan tha gun di.
 Gach mios a muthadh ann na currsa fein,
 A rialadh cuantaidh fea' na *cruinne-ce*.
 A reir a h aois tha traodhadh is muir-lan,
 Is iomad ionadh ule ceangaitte ra gna's.
 Na lochrain sin fo chumhachd Dhe nan sluagh,
 Dha seinnibh cliu le caithream ur gach uair.

AN COIGE LA.

'Sna *h uisgeachan* dh aithn Dia don *iasg* bhi
 beo,
 Is gintin ann gu lionmhor, beag is mor.
 Na *muca-mara* thug e dhoibh am bith,
 'San *lebbhiathan* ghluais e 'n aird air chrith.
Gach eanlaidh ghluais air sgeith thug geill do'n
 reachd,
 Is shein iad gloir don Ti tha mor an neart.
 Bheannaichidh iad gu h uili' air gach muir is tir,
 Gu siolachadh gu paitt gun airc na di.
 Sin iodhandas nan iodhandais rinn Dia,
Neamh, cuan is talamh, gealach, agus grian.

Gloir, onair agus uram thugar dha,
Tha sioruidh buan,—’s tha ghnìomha nuadh
gach la.

Tha oibridh bithbhuan, is tha fhreasdal sior,
’Se uile lathaireach ’s gach uile thir.

AN SEATHAMH LA.

An *Trianaid* shuigh an comhairle le cheil,
Chum *duine* chruthachadh’ reir iamhaidh Dhe,
’Sgu biodh neo-bhasor ceart mar tha iad fein.

Fadheoidh oscionn gach uile ghnìomh rinn
Dia,

An *duine* chruthachadh a reir a mhiamn.
Bheannaich e anam do reir iamhaidh fein,

A cheann do chrùn le onair is le ceill.

Chum is gu rialadh e oscionn gach ni,

Cro, caoirich, ’s ainmhi’an ’s gach uile thir.

Gach *eanlaidh* chuanar, ’s *iasg* a chuain mar lon.

Gach *craobh* bheir toramh trom-’sgach *lus* air
fonn bheir treoir.

O Dhia do shoirbheartas ag svuthadh sios,

Do d uile chruatairan gu cosg an iot!

Tha throcair maithreanach, ’s tha run lan iochd,

Don chinne-daon gu leir, bheir geill da reachd.

Bha madainn is tra-noin an seathamh la,

An seachdamh ghabh e fois o obair uile is
thamh,

Is dh’ aithn sen do gach bio gheibh lon o laimh.

The seventh day is postponed, it being long and unfinished when these were put into the Press, but in case a third edition may appear in demand, it will with more be annexed.

MU MHEASARACHD.

COMHRA' DEISE. EIDEAR LACHANN AGUS EACHANN.
LACHANN.

I.

Is e dhordaich dhomh Dia,
Bhi gu measar am mhiann,
Ann sgach ionad an triall nan d' theid mi ;
'Sa nochdadh do chach,
Gu bheil mi gun sga',
A seasadh gu statail beusach,
Na bhi mi-mheasar an sogh,
An ithe nan ol,
Ni mo stiuradh gu leon is eslaint ;
A bheir mulad is bron,
Air 'maigneadh gach lo,
'Sa lagsiehis treoiach treabhach.

II.

Each. Gur faoin leom do thuar,
Gun mhire gun snuadh,
Gun mhisneach na luadh air cuchdan
Mar mhurlach air trai',
Gun mhacnas mar thrail,
Fo smachd nach dean sta' fo'n ghrein duit,
'Smi nach smachdaich mo mhiann,
O bhi ait farsuing fial,
Do chach leis am fiach mo bheusan.
Nach mairg a bhios beo,
Gach latha fo bhron,
Gun aidhear na ceol na speurad.

III.

Lach. Air laimh t athar cha'n fhiu,
 Do chomhra' gun sugh,
 Nach creidear le aon neach ceillidh :
 Do dhroch mhiannaidh cha'n eol,
 Do dheà' chriosdaidh bhì poit,
 Bheir sgrios air gach doigh air t eibhneas.
 Ni do ghreasad gu t uaigh,
 Is bheir do chuid uait,
 'S do shlaint—ann ad thrughan eiti,
 An uair theid thu fo'n fhod,
 Bidh do bhantrach gun doigh,
 'S do mhao' chlann gun lon, ach-deiric.

IV.

Each. Am bi mi'm chubaire bochd,
 Fo liunn-du agus sprochd,
 Ged is saibhir mo thoichd is m fheudail :
 Paiteach, acrach gun doigh,
 Gun mheas orm sgach rod,
 Ann am spiocaire bronach brengach :
 Air an fheumach nì'm foir,
 Gach latha rì'm bheo ;
 Nuair shuigheam ag bord na feileachd.
 Do'n choigreach gun teach,
 Bheir mi cuiridh dha steach,
 'S don aosmhor gun neart gun leirsinn.

V.

Lach. Is cliuteach ciatach do ghuìomh,
 An sna coigrich a dhim,

'San t aosmhor fo dhi, gun leirsin,
 'Sa chlanm mhao' tha gun treoir,
 Gun athair gun lon,
 'Sa bhantrach tha bronach deurach ;
 Ach amhaire do chor,
 Cha'n iad sin rinn do chron,
 Ach mar struith u gun soin do cheatfaidh,
 Do shlainte, 's do mhaoin,
 Do chuid a's, 's do smaoin,
 San tigh-osda gach aon la dh'eiris.

VI.

Each. Is e mo run a bhi fial,
 'Se an caitheamh mo mhiann,
 Chum foir air gach cianail eigneach ;
 Cha ne fholach fo'n uir,
 Mar na h oighean gun tur,
 Ni nach foir air an tnu, nam feimneach :
 Bidh mi sughach re'm lai',
 Biodh iad fada na gear,
 'S biodh a milis san cradh le cheile ;
 Bidh cliu orm 's gach ait,
 Mar a caith mi cuid chaich,
 Cha dosgoinneach bas an fheilidh.

VII.

Lach. Is e bhi caranach fial,
 (Mo ghuighe 's mo mhiann)
 Do na huili' tha triall fo'n ghrein so ;
 Ach struithidh gun tlachd,
 (Faic na laith tha ri teachd,)
 Fagaidh lomnoichd gun neart thu t'eiginn :

Cha ne fholach fo'n uir,
 A choisneas dea' chliu,
 Na phasgadh an cluid nan-ceidge ;
 Ach a reir do staid sgaoil,
 Na dean dearmad air t aois,
 'S bi gu measarra, faoilidh, ceillidh.

VIII.

Each. 'Smath do chomhairle dhuinn,
 Tha thu ceart ann ad' run,
 Thaobh na cleachdain tha stiuradh ceudan ;
 Co'm am bithin fo bhron,
 Mar dhamh ann an ceo,
 Fo aimheal gun treoir gun speurad ?
 'Nuair tha furtachd am laimh,
 'Smo chupaichean lan,
 Don ieiclaint a dh araich-ceudan :
 Co'm am bithin fo sprochd,
 Mar chrimbir gun toirt,
 O nach fisreach dhomh lochd na eagoir ?

IX.

Lach. Tha t cacoir dhuit fein,
 Tha gud' ghreasad gu eug,
 Ceud easlaint is pein ad dheidhin :
 Tha bruid—s tigh nam boch,
 An lorg do chuid lochd,
 Ged nach meairleach na moirteir treun thu ;
 Tha gach plaighean is truaigh,
 Gud iomain gu h uaigh,
 Na's lionair na fhuair na h Eiflich ;
 Ad lundair' gun tuar,

Ad bhar-suim air an t sluagh,
Gun dochas—gun duais—an-eibhinn.

X.

Each. Tha mi creidsin gur fir,
Na tha thu cur sis,
Air an-caitheamh—ni—is feadail ;
Gu bheil galar is cradh,
Air an caidridh 's gach cail,
Ro thrìc is tigh-tharn' gun reasan :
Gu sluig e'n cuid uath,
'S gu sgrios an dea' luadh,
Gun chreidas, gun chluain, air cheilidh ;
Ach cha'n fhiu leom bhi beo,
Ma sguiris mi dh'ol,
A sgaoilis gach bron 'sna speuran.

XI.

Lach. Guidh thus air do Dhia,
Ann-togradh 's droch mhiann,
A sgaradh uait cian o cheile ;
Nuair a chaigear do shant,
Air deoch laidir is leann,
Cha'n fhaighear a'd cheann sith-rette ;
Bi toilicht' do'd dhan,
Ann an caslaint nan slaint,
'S bi measar 's gach ait an d theid u ;
Nuair a thig ort am bas,
Cha bhi cagal na cas
A dhreidis a faras De thu.

SUIM A BHIOBAILL.

I.

'Se'm Bioball leabhar nan gras,
 An leabhar is fean tha fo'n ghrein ;
 Nan geillidh gach neach da lagh,
 Badhor seagh na cruinne-ce.

II.

" Na cuir ris, is na toir uaith,"
 Tha e luadh air gach ni 's fear,
 Gheibhar ann eachdraidh gach Ri',
 'S briathrai' firineach gach Faidh.

III.

'S reul iuil e do'n iochdran fhann,
 Bheir solas don dall nach faic ;
 Am Prionsa shuighis fo'n chrùn,
 Ulaichidh dha' nam na hairc.

IV.

Bheir e achasan trom guer,
 Don daoi cugarach an cron ;
 Air maighreachan gach cathair Ri',
 Mar iochd dha gur truagh an cor.

V.

Cronaichidh e reabainn 's luchd stri,
 Don iochduidh bheir teagasg caoin,
 Do'n og-laoch bhi dilis soirbh,
 'S do'n doirbhein a bhi gun bhaol.

VI.

An duine crosda ni e seimh,
 Ni gneathail an t aingidh baoth,
 Bheir e ball-chrith air luchd muirt,
 Is diti' luchd an uile gach taobh.

VII.

Bheir e do na creidmhuich coir,
 A chur an dochas an Dia ;
 Bidh fhreasdal seasach gach lo,
 'S didin fadheoidh gheibh fo sgiath.

VIII.

Cronaichi' e buaireadh is brois,
 Gach beairt chlaon dan aobhar bron ;
 'S gach droch thogradh tha 'nar cail,
 A tha 'galtram cradh is leon.

IX.

Am fear posta a'n tra' theid eug,
 Dinidh Dia fo sgeith a shliochd ;
 Da bhantraich thursach gun doidh ;
 Gheibhear lon di le caomh-ìochd.

X.

Leabhar fìo nam mìlti' feart ;
 A dhitis gach mì ghniomh claon ;
 A choisgis teanga nam bruag,
 'Sa bheir gu geill an cealgair claon.

XI.

Leabhar na beath is a ghrais,
 A stiuras gach al o thriall,
 Gu bas siorruidh fhulang thall,
 Far gu brath nach dearl a ghrian.

XII.

Gach sgeul is sine chualas riamh,
 Tha iad air fiathadh air fheagh ;
 Jonadh ramhas-'s gnìomha laoch,
 Is cogadh air gach raon is magh.

XIII.

Tha'n cruthachadh gu leir, ann sgrìbht',
 Neamh is talamh chitar ann ;
 Is ionad na truaighe 'sa bhroin,
 Ionad doruinn do'n droch dhream.

XIV.

'S leabhar eachdrai' air gach tìr,
 'S leabhar minichidh an lagh ;
 An diadhachd gun choimeas da,
 Gach scoileir ard tha ghna' air fhea'.

XV.

Bheir misneach do'n duine ghlic,
 Is fiosachadh do'n duine dhall ;
 An gaisgeach neartaichidh e threoir,
 'S do'n aosmhor gach solas a chaill.

XVI.

Gach allagadh, banais is bas,
Teagaisgidh bhi gradhach fial ;
Stuamail, steathail, teastail, caomh,
Is beannaichear ar maoin gach iall.

XVII.

Nochdaidh a choir do gach neach,
Is digheattas do gach droch shluagh ;
Luchd a chanaidh is an-iochd,
Ditir leis gun tlus na truas.

XVIII.

Is e'n t udair Dia nan De,
Chaoi' cha bhreugnaichear a reachd ;
Eist ra chomhairle gach la,
'S gradhaich e le t uile neart.

Dugald Buchanan's compositions is considered equal to that of Milton and Dryden by the Highlanders, and indeed better adapted to their capacity and taste. Milton's compositions consist chiefly of the mysterious and marvellous beyond the reach of their comprehension, and perhaps beyond any ordinary capacity—he has allowed his imagination to roam into the unknown regions of the skies and to heaven itself, and descends down to survey the habitations of the infernal spirits, which is more calculated to bewilder the mind than edify and humanize the heart; besides his measure of rhyming, without harmony or smoothness, will never gratify the ear, it being neither prose nor verse—whereas Buchanan recites from the best authority (the revealed will of God) what has happened and what is to come to pass—every word flows from his lips progressively, poetically, convictively, and emphatically; besides, he is pertinent in his narratives, familiar in his style, and striking in his imagery, with less ornament than substantial truth. His compositions, theological and moral, will be held invaluable by future ages, and will always stand unaltered by the strictest criticism.

It was intended by the editor to review the whole hymns composed by this excellent good man, so as to show their merit, but this he leaves to those who may be more able, possessing superior talents, and content himself by taking this brief notice of our author's work, which stands (exclusive of Dr. Smith's translation of Dr. Wall's scripture paraphrases) without a parallel.

The birth and life of our author is very little known, than what is related by common report, which we are inclined to credit. That his place of nativity was the parish of Balquider, near Callender, Perthshire—that his father gave him ordinary education, such as the parish schoolmaster was capable to instruct, with which he contented himself, and took up a school near to where he was born, from thence he removed northward to Ranach (within the same county) where he was appointed to a parish (some say to a society school) which he held till his death. It is there, under the shade of the mountain oak and forests of fir, he had composed his hymns. The grand scenery

bestirred his mind to the contemplation of heavenly things. It may be noticed, "that the strength of his compositions and similies conveys much meaning in few words, and exhibit the sentiment with great weight and little bulk."

Although our author had not gone through a competent course of education to entitle him to preach and get him into holy orders. Notwithstanding his great and natural talents and general knowledge of the sacred scriptures qualified him to preach and lecture. His facetious and engaging manner induced a number of the lower class of highlanders in Edinburgh to associate into a body, and build by subscription a small chapel below Castle-hill for him. So soon as the chapel was finished, a man fact-simile in education to our author started up—got himself into the favour of the congregation, and applied to his namesake, Dr. Robertson, D. D., his Majesty's historiographer, for a Licence from an English Bishop, to qualify him to officiate as a clergyman, which the Doctor procured in due form, and Mr. Robertson duly elected without any opposition.

Our author being completely supplanted by Mr. Robertson, passed the remaining part of his days at home in Ranach, content with his destiny, and gave up all thoughts of ever becoming the preacher or lecturer.

STRUAN ROBERTSON,

the chief of that name, proprietor of the greater part of Ranach, a contemporary of our author, is said to have composed hymns, spiritual songs, and lyric poems, which (like Mr. M'Intyre of Glenoe's elegant songs, &c.) seem to be for ever lost. This gentleman and our author, although moving in a lower sphere, lived in habits of friendship, on account of the coincidence of their nature and views of futurity. They were respected and beloved by all who had the happiness to be acquainted with them. From this account of them, the editor flatters himself the following Elegy not inapplicable, to help to perpetuate their memory:

Fhuair iad bas an ioragain an sìth,
 Gun phein na cramar' fhaileas dh' fhailnich sìos.
 Bha seimh nan thus, neo-thuisleach bha nan gne',

Caomh, ceanail, coir, san dochas bha air neamh.
 Farmad ri beartach na ri uaibhreach borb,
 Riamh cha do chaidir, ach bhi macant soirbh.
 Cluitich nan dana snasor, aghor, glan,
 Is co-sheirmeach gach rann, bidh 'n seagh gach linn
 gun smal.
 Gu fialaidh foisnich ghluais gu crìoch an laith,
 'S chaidh 'n anam air sgeith gu aros De a thamh.

BRUADAR.

Air dhomh bhi 'm shineadh ann am shnain,
 Ri bruadar diomhain mar tha cach,
 Bhi glacadh sonais o' gach ni ;
 Is e ga m' dhibreadh anns gach ait.

Air leam gun d'thainig neach am choir,
 'S gun dubhairt e rium. “ Gur gorach mi,
 Bhi smuainteach' greim a ghleidhidh do'n ghaoith
 No fos gun lion an saoghal mo chri.

Is diomhain duit bhi 'g iarruidh saimh,
 'N aon ni, no 'n ait air bith fo 'n ghrein ;
 Cha chlos do d' chorp an taobh so 'n uaigh,
 No t-nam an taobh so shuaimhneas De.

'N tra dh'ith Adhamh am meas an tus,
 Am peacadh dhruigh e air gach ni ;
 Lion e na h-uile ni le saothair,
 Is dh'fhag e'n saoghal na bhrlste' cri'.

Air sonas anma chaill e choir,
 Mar ris gach solas bha sa gharr' :
 O sin ta shliochd nan deoraibh truagh ;
 Mar uain a mearachd air a mathair.

Ri meidhlich chruaidh ta 'd ruith gach ui,
 An duil gu m' faigh an inntinn clos ;
 Ach dhoibh tha 'n saoghal gun iochd no truas,
 Mar mhuime choimhich fhuair gun tlus.

Mar sin tha iad gun fhois no tamb,
 Ga'n saruch' glacadh faileas breig ;
 'S a deodhal toil-inntin o' gach ni,
 Is iad mar chiochan seasg nam beul.

Bidh teanndachd eigin ort am feasg,
 'S do dhochas faicinn fuasgladh a d' fheum,
 An comhnuidh dhuit mar fhad do laimh ;
 Gidheadh gu brach cha 'n fhaigh dheth
 greim.

Cha teagaisg deuchainn 's dearbha thu,
 O dhuil is earbsa chur sa bhreig,
 A rinn do mhealladh mile uair,
 'S co fhada uaite an diu 's an de.

An ni bu mho da 'n d'thug thu miann,
 Nach d'fhag a mhealtuinn riamh e searbh ?
 Tha tuille sonais ann an duil,
 No th' ann an crun le bhi na sheilbh ?

Ceart mar an ros tha sa gharr',
 Crion-searguidh bhlath 'n uair theid a
 bhuain ;
 Mun gann a ghlacas tu e a d' laimh,
 Grad threigidh aille e 's a shnuadh.

Cha 'n eil aon neach o thrioblaid saor
 An measg a chinneadh daonn' air fad :

'S co lionmhor osnaich aig an Rìgh,
Is aig an neach is isle staid.

Tha smudun fein air ceann gach fòid,
Is dorruinn ceangailt' ris gach maith :
Tha 'n ros a fas air drisibh geur,
'S am pairt a cheil' tha mhil 's an' gath.

Ge d' fhaic thu neach an saibhreas mor,
Na meas a sholas bhi thair chach :
An tobar a's gloine chi do shuil,
Tha gruid na iochdar gabhail tamh :

Ma chuireas t-anail e na ghluais,
Le tarruing chabhaig suas a d' bheul,
Duisgidh an ruaghan dearg a nios,
'S le gaineamh lionaidh e do dheud.

'S ge d' fhaic thu neach an inbhe ard,
'Tha e mar nead am barr na craoibh ;
Gach stoirm a bagradh thilgeadh nuas,
Is e air luasgadh leis gach gaoith.

An neach is fear tha 'n saoghal a riar',
'Tha fiaradh eiginn ann na staid,
Nach dean a sheoltachd is a stri,
Am feasd a dhireachadh air fad.

Mar bhata fiar an aghaidh cheil',
'Tha o shuidheachadh fein doth-chur,
A reir mar dhirichis tu bharr,
'S co-chinnteach ni thu cam a bhun.

Na h-Iudhaich thionail, beag no mor,
 Do'n mhana dhoirteadh orra nuas ;
 'N tra' chuir gach neach a chuid sa chlar,
 Cha robh air barr, no dadum uaith ;

Mar sin ata gach sonas saoghalt',
 A tha thu faotainn ann a d' laimh,
 Fa chomhair saibhreas 's inbhe cuirt,
 Tha caitheamh, curam, agns cradh.

Ge d' charnn thu or a d' shlige suas,
 Fa chomhair fasuidh an luaidh da reir,
 Is ge do chuir thu inute righachd,
 A mheidh cha dirich i na deigh.

Tha cuibhren iomachuidh aig gach neach,
 'S ge d' a tha thu meas gur tuille b'fhearr;
 Cha toir an t-anabarr tl' ann an sud,
 Am feasd an cudthrom as a chradh.

O iomluas t-inntinn tha do phian,
 A diultadh an diu na dh' iar thu 'n de ;
 Cha chomasach an saoghal do riar,
 Le t-ana mianna 'n aghaidh cheil'.

Na'm faigheadh toil na feol' a run
 Da mianna bruideil dh'iarraidh sath :
 Flaitheas a b'aird cha 'n iarradh i,
 No annta sud bhi siorruidh snamh.

Ach ge do b' ionmhuinn leis an fheoil,
 Air talamh comhnuchadh gach re ;
 Bhiodh durachd' t-ardaiu' agus t-uaille,
 Co ard shuas re cathair Dhe.

Ma 's e 's gur aill leat sonas buan,
 Do shlighe tabhair suas do Dhia,
 Le durachd, creideamh, agus gradh,
 Is sasuichidh e t-uile mhiann.

Tha 'n cuideachd sud gach ni san t-saoghal,
 Tha 'n comas daoine shealbhach fìor ;
 Biadh, is eudach, agus slaint,
 Saorsa, cairdeas, agus sith."

An sin do mhosgail as mo shuain,
 Is dh'fhag mo bhruadar mi air fad ;
 Ghrad leig mi dhìom bhi ruith gach sgail,
 Is dh'fhas mi toilichte le m' staid.

AN GAISGEACH.

Cha bu ghaisgeach Alastair Mor,
 No Cæsar thug an Roimh gu geill' ;
 Oir ge do thug iad buaidh air cach,
 Dh'fhan iad nan trail' da miannaibh fein.

Cha ghaisgeadh an ni bhi liodairt dhaoin,
 'S cha chliu bhi ann an caonnaic tric :
 Cha 'n uaisle inntinn ardan borb,
 'S cha treubhantas bhi garg gun iochd.

Ach 's gaisgeach esan a bheir buaidh
 Air eagal beatha, 's uamhun bais,
 'S a chomhaluicheas le misnich cri',
 Na h-uile ni tha dha an dan.

Le gealtachd cionnt, cha teich air cu.
 San an an duisg a chogais fein

Ri tagradh eisdidh e gu ciuin,
'S an ceartas duinidh e a bheul.

'S e 'n gaisgeach esan bheir fo chis,
A thoil chum strìochd do reusan ceart ;
'S a smuaintidh ceannairceach gu leir,
Bhi 'n ordagh geilleachdain da smachd.

A mhianna bruideil saltruidh sios,
'S mar bhuill a chuirp fo chis ata 'd ;
'S cha 'n irislich e fein da'n riar',
O nach ann gu riaghladh rugadh iad.

San oidhch 'n uair luidheas e chum suain,
Bidh shubhailcean mun cuairt da fein ;
Mar shaighdearan mu thiomchioll Rìgh,
Gu dhidean o gach namhaid treun.

Sa mhaduinn 'n uair a dl'èireas suas,
Cruinnichidh smuaintidh as gach ait,
'S e fein nan ceann mar Chaiptin seolt',
Gan suidheachadh ann an ordugh blair :

Chum cogadh 'n aghaidh miann na feol',
Gach bochduinn 's doruinn ta san t-saoghal,
Gach ribeadh is gach innleachd bais,
Ta 'n deamhan gnathach' 'n aghaidh dhaoin

Tha inntinn daingean mar a chreag,
Cha charuich eagal e no fiamh :
Ta shuilean furachair is geur,
Is leir dha 'n dubhan crom troi' 'th niadh

Gu diomain nochduidh 'n saoghal a ghloir,
 Gach or is inbhe mor a th' ann;
 Tha saibhreas aig co pailt na chri',
 'Sg gur truagh leis Rìgh is crun mu cheann.

Is ge do sgaoil an striopach lion,
 Gu ghlac' le innleachdaibh a mais',
 Cha druigh air dealanach a sul,
 'S cha leagh i run le miannaibh laisd.

A namh cha choisinn air gu brach,
 Ge d' fhaigh e saruchadh re h-uair;
 'S e neert 's a shlainte cridhe bruit,
 Is air a ghluinibh bheir e buaidh.

S' i 'n fhirinn ghlan is clogaid da,
 Is gras a chreidimh aig mar sgiath;
 S e 'n scriobtuir naomh' a chlaidheamh geur,
 'S a mhisneach tha gu leir an Dia.

'Tha siothchaint aig na inntinn fein,
 'S a chogais reidh ris anns gach ni;
 'Tha saibhreas aig nach leir do dhaoim',
 Is air nach cuir an saoghal so crìoch.

Ri miodal tla cha 'n eisd a chluas,
 Is sgainnil ghrand' cha bhuaire a shith;
 Cha ghabh e eagal a' droch sgeul,
 Is tuaileas breig cha lot a chri'.

O m'anam! duisg is deasuich t-airm,
 'S gabh farmad ris a ghaisgeach threun,
 Is t-ana mianna cuir fo chis,
 Chum rìghneachd a cheannasach' annad fein;

Biodh t-iuntinn ard oscionn nan speur,
 Cha 'n eil fo 'n ghrein ach porsan truagh ;
 Mar tholaman uire faic an saoghal,
 Is daoin' mar sheangain air mun cuairt.

A nunn 's a nall gun fhois gun taml,
 A cruinneachadh as gach ait da 'n cisd',
 Gu lionmhor marcachd tha'ir a cheil',
 'S a trod gu geur mu bhioran brist.

'N tra chi thu 'n sealladh so don t-sluagh,
 Do smuaintean cruinnich riut gu leir,
 Shealbhach saibhreas, sonas, 's sith,
 Air nach d'thig crìoch do t-anam fein.

AN GEAMHRADH.

'Nis theirig an samhradh,
 'S tha an geamhradh tighinn dlu oirnn,
 Fìor namhaid na chinneas,
 Teachd a mhilleadh ar duthchadh ;
 Ga saltoirt fo chosaibh,
 S da maise ga rusgadh ;
 Gun iochd ann re dadum,
 Ach sladadh is plundruinn.

Sgaoil oirne a sciathan,
 'S chuir e ghrian air a chultaobh ;
 As a nead thug e 'n t-alach,
 Neo-bhaigheil ga'r sgiursadh :
 Sneachd iteagach gle-gheal,
 O na speuraibh tighinn dlu oirnn,
 Clocha meallain 's gaoth thuathach,
 Mar luaidh is mar fhudar.

'N uair sheideas e anail,
 Cha 'n fhag anam am flurain ;
 Tha bhilin mar shiosar,
 Lomadh lios do gach ur ros :
 Cha bhi sgeudachadh air coille,
 No doire nach ruisg e ;
 No sruthan nach tachd e,
 Fo leachdanna du'-ghorm.

Fead reota a chleibhe,
 Tha seideadh na doinninn,
 Chuir beirm ann san fhairge,
 'S a dh'at garbh i na tonnaibh ;
 Is phinndich an cla-bhain,
 Air airde gach monaidh,
 'S ghlan sgur e na reultan,
 Da'r peile le 'n solus.

Tha gach beathach is duine,
 Nach 'd ullaich na sheason,
 Gan sgiursa le gaillinn,
 Gun talla gun endach :
 'S an dream a bha gnìomhach,
 Fas iargolt mi-dheirceil ;
 Nach d'thoir iasachd do leisgean,
 Ann san t-sneachda ge d' eug e.

Tha 'n seillean 's an seangan,
 Bha tionail an stòrais,
 Le gliocas gun mhearachd,
 Tabhairt aire do'n doruinn :
 'G ithe bidh 's ag ol meala,
 Gun ghainne air lon ac',

Fo dhion ann san talamh,
O anail an reota.

Tha na cuileagan ciatach,
Bha diomhain san t-samhradh,
'S na gathannaibh greine,
Gu h-aoibhinn a daunsa ;
Gun deasach gun churam,
Roimh dhuldach a gheamharidh ;
'Nis tha iad a basuch',
'S gach aite le teanntachd.

Ach eisd rium a shean duin',
'S tuig an samhladh tha 'm stori',
Tha 'm bas a tighin teann ort,
Sud an geamhradh tha 'm oran :
'S ma gheibh e thu d' leisgean,
Gun deasach fa chodhail,
Cha dean aithreachas criche,
Do dhionadh on doruinn.

Gur mithich fas diadhuidh,
'S do chiabhan air glasadh,
Nam bearnaibh do dheudach,
Is d'eudan air casadh ;
Do bhathais air rusgadh,
'S do shuilean air prabadh,
Agus croit ort air lubadh,
Chum na h-uire do leaba.

Tha na sruthana craobhach,
Bha sgaoileadh ad bhallaibh,

Gu mireagach buailteach,
 Clis gluasadach tana ;
 Anis air traoghadh
 On taomachadh thairis,
 O ragaich is dh'fhuaireich
 Teas uabhair na fala.

Balg-seididh na beatha,
 Tha air caitheadh gun fheum ann,
 'S o chrup ann ad chliabh e,
 Gur e phian bhi ga sheideadh :
 Tha 'n corp, a chruit chiul ud,
 Air diultadh dhuit gleusadh ;
 'S comhar cinnt' air a thasgaidh,
 E bhi lasadh ad' theudan.

Theich maduinn na h-oige,
 Is treoir mheadhon latha,
 Tha 'm feasgar air ciaradh,
 'S tha ghrian ort a luidhe :
 'S ma bha thusa diomhain,
 Gun ghniomh is gun mhaitheas ;
 Gu h-ealamh bi 'd dhusgadh,
 Mun duinear ort flaitheas.

Reir caithe na beatha,
 'S tric leatha gun crìoch i ;
 Bidh an cleachda fas laidir,
 Doth-flasach on inntinn ;
 Na labhair an sean-fhocall,
 'S deimhin leam fir e,
 " An car theid san t-seana mhaid
 " Gur animic leis dìreadh."

Ach oganaich threibhich,
 Thoirse eisdeach do m' oran,
 'S leig dhiot bhi mi-cheillidh
 Ann an ceatain na h-oige :
 Tha aois agus easlaint
 Air do dheigh ann an toir ort,
 'S ma ni h-aon aca greim ort,
 Pillidh t-aoibhneos gu bron duit.

An aois ata an toir ort,
 Bheir i leon ort nach saoil thu ;
 Air do shuilibh bheir ceathach,
 Is treabhuidh i t-aodann :
 Bheir i crith-reo mu d' ghrnaighean,
 'S neul uaine an aoig leis,
 'S cha tig aiteamh na grian ort
 Bheir an liath-reo chaoidh dhiot.

Bheir na 's measa na sud ort,
 Failinn tuigse is reusain ;
 Dith leirsin a t-inntinn,
 Dith cuimhn agus geire,
 Dith gliocais chum gnothaich,
 Dith mothaich a d' cheudfadh ;
 'S gu 'n fas thu mar leanabh,
 Dhith spionnaidh is ceille.

Fasuidh 'n cridhe neo aithreach,
 'S neo-ealamh chum tionndadh,
 Aon tagradh cha druigh air,
 'S cha lub e da ionnsuidh :
 Ceart mar tha 'n talamh,
 An am gaillin is teanndachd,

Ge d' robh miltean dol thairis,
 Cha dean ail ann sa chausair.

Faic seasain na bliadhna,
 'S dean ciall uath' a tharuing :
 'S ma 's aill leat gu 'm buain thu,
 Dean ruamhar' san earrach ;
 Dean connadh san t-samhradh
 Ni sag heamhradh do gharadh ;
 'S ma dhibreas tu 'n seasan,
 Dhuit is eiginn bhi falamh.

'S mur cuir thu siol fallain
 An earrach na h-oige,
 Co chinnteach 's am bas duit,
 Cuiridh Satan droch phor ann.
 A dh'fhasas na dhubhaile,
 'S na luibheanna feola ;
 'S bidh do bhuaire mar a chuir thu,
 Ma 's subhaile do dobheairt.

Ma bhios t-oige gun riaghladh,
 'S t-anamianna gun taod riu,
 Gu 'm fas iad co fiadhaich,
 'S nach srian thu ri t-aois iad :
 Am meangan nach sniomh thu,
 Cha spion thu na chraoibh e ;
 Mar shineas e gheugan,
 Bidh fhreumhan a sgaoileadh.

Tha do bheatha neo-chinnteach
 On tinn a bheir bas ort,
 Uime sin bi ri dithchioll
 Do shith deanamh trathail :

'S milleadh gach cuise
 'Bhi gun churam cuir dail innt',
 'S ionann aithreachas criche,
 'S bhi cur sil mu Fheilmaruin.

Tha ghrian anns na speuraibh
 Ruith reise gach latha ;
 'S i giorruchadh do shaoghail
 Gach oidhche a luidheas :
 'S dlu ruitheas an spala
 Troi' shnathainaibh do bheatha,
 Tha figheadh dhuit leine
 Ni beisdin a chaitheamh.

'S ma ghoideas e dlu ort,
 'S gun do dhuil bui ri thighin,
 'N sin fosglaidh do shuilean,
 'S chi thu chuis roimh a mithich ;
 Bidh do ehogais ga d' phianadh,
 Mar sgian ann ad chridhe ;
 'S co ionnan a giulan,
 'S luidhe ruisgte ann an sgitheach.

Faic a chuileag ga diteadh,
 Le sionntaibh an naduir ;
 'S o na dhibir i 'n seasan,
 Gur h-eigin di basuch :
 Faic gliocas an t-seangain,
 Na thional co trathail,
 'S dean esiomplair a leanail,
 Chum t-anam a shabhal'.

The Editor was the means of constituting three Gaelic speaking clubs in Glasgow. The first in 1790; the second in 1795; and the third in the year 1800. The two first were discontinued without any cause than the restriction the members lay under to pay a fine, if they did not attend once every week during the winter season, and once a month during summer, besides a small fine was imposed on any stationary member (honorary excepted) who spoke English for the first hour after sitting.

The third being instituted in February 1800, to consist of no more than 25 selected gentlemen, chosen unanimously, who continued together happily and harmoniously for 18 years, untill various causes incident to human life, reduced the members to a few, who with much reluctance gave it up.

The following feeble compositions are copied from the Club Book, as composed by the first President (Donnacha' mac-brian borra mac a Cheanneididh) of the association.

CLAR-TOISICHI' REACHD—COMUNN OG NAN GAIDHEAL.

Ann so tha dicheall fann a chomain og,
Gu'n teanga mhaithreil chur an gna's mar's coir.
A mearachd dhoibh cho'n iul,—gidhea' 's e
miann,

An toil a nochdadh, ann an aite ghniamh.
'S a thaisbeanadh mar 's leir,—gur labhrach,
binn,

A chanain Ghailic, fea' gach ail is liun.
Chum aoradh Dhe—no athchuing gheur no
bron,

Cho'n eil fo'n ghrein na thig ri re gu coir.
Tha i libhidh, laidir, leadara ri luagh,
" 'S tha bri gach facaill ceart mar chluinnear
fhuaim."

Ann cliu,—no'n dionadh,—na'n doll sìos ann
 cath,
 Is ceolar, lionar, liontach i gu rath.
 Air cuan nan tonna borb, no sealg fea' bheann,
 'S i is bri'araiche do'n chualas riamh o cheann.
 Gu treothadh fuinn,—na thatadh ruinn nan
 treud,
 Gach Pìob is inneal ciuil, mar b' fhiu, gur cian
 o dh' eug.
 'S ciuin, cuirteal, aghor i gu brath gun smal,
 A choi'ch cho ghabh i iasad o'n tha h iarmad
 glan.

RABEART BURNS,

THE AYRSHIRE POET.

A bet was laid that the following scattered rhapsody of Burns would not admit of a translation, for want of matter and peculiarity of the chorus, which the editor attempted thus:

Tha'n luachair uaine bagailteach,
 Aig fas a suas gu cailleagach;
 Bu shuthainn eibhinn leom, gach re,
 A bhi fui sgeith nan caileagan.

I.

Cha'n eil ach curam air gach taobh,
 Gach uair dh'aomas thairis dhinn;
 Beath'an duine ciod a b' fhiach,
 Mar bitheadh fialachd chaileagan?
 Tha'n luachair, &c.

II.

Tha'n santach crion ann ti air stor,
 A choidh ri bheo cha'n fhagusg dha ;
 Na chri'cha seilbhich e a sholas,
 Teann na dhornn ged ghlachdar leis,
 Tha'n luachair, &c.

III.

Tra-noin thoir dhomhsa codal caoin,
 'S mo lamh fo thaobh na ribhinne ;
 Reachadh an saoghal is an santach,
 Bun os-ciann gu mio-ghleasach :
 Tha'n luachair, &c.

IV.

Mar dhamh ann ceo, tha sibhs' ann clo,
 Nach fider solas fairichdin ;
 An ti bu ghlice bh'air an t' saoghal,
 Thug mile gaol do chaileagan.
 Than luachair, &c.

V.

'Se'n gnìomh a b' fhearr rinn nadur aigh,
 Nuair fhuair i Adhamh an aislinge ;
 An ainnir chaoin gheal thoirt o thaobh,
 Is thug e gaol di'n caislige.
 Than luachair, &c.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

Green grow the rashes, O,
 Green grow the rashes, O ;
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Are spent among the lasses, O.

I.

There's nought but care on every hand,
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O ;
 What signifies the life of man
 An 'twere not for the lasses, O ?
 Green grow, &c.

II.

The warl'y race may riches chase,
 And riches still may flee them, O ;
 An' though at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
 Green grow, &c.

III.

But gi'e me an hour at e'en
 My arms about my dearie, O ;
 An warl'y cares, an warl'y men,
 May all gae tapsailteerie, O ?
 Green grow, &c.

IV.

For you sae douse ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O ;
 The wisest man the warl saw
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

V.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest works she classes, O ;
 Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

A translation of Mary's dream, by that eminent poet and learned orator, Mr. M'Intyre of Glenoc.

AISLING MAIRI.

I.

'Nuair a dheirich gealach ghlan nan tra,
Air creachuin aird gach beinn.is tir ;
'Sa sgaol i 'mach a solus aidh,
Thoirt soilse do gach ait a's ui.

II.

Gun a laidh Mairi' sios gu pramh,
'Sa h' aithr' air sandi fad 'o thir ;
As chual i fann ghuth cinin ag radh,
A Mhairi ! leig am bron sin dhiot.

III.

On adhart thog i suas a ceann,
A dh fheuchain co bha ann is i ;
Co chunnaig i ach og a graidh,
'S a chruth air caochladh uaine lith.

IV.

O Mhairi ! 's fuar ro fhuar ata,
Mi 'n grund a chuain s' mo chail gun chli ;
Ro fhada 'uat s'mi 'n suain a bhais,
O Mhair leig am bron sin dhiot.

V.

'Tri oidhchean doirbh 'as coi-liou la,
Bha sinne ann sa chuau ri stri ;

A chum na h' Iubhraich 'ghleidheadh slau,
'S i gleachd le spairn, ri ardan shion.

VI.

'Nuair a chreithnich mi le uamhann bais,
Mo chridh' bha dhuit lan graidh gun sgios;
Ach tha 'n stoirm aig fois 's tha mis an tamh,
O Mhairi leig am bron sin dhiot.

VII.

Dean deas thu fein 'nis oigh mo ghraidh,
Cha'n fhad an dail gus an coinnich sinn;
San ionad aoibhneach sin a's fearr,
'S cha sgarrar sinn gu brath aris.

VIII.

Ghrad ghaoir an coileach, theich an sgael,
Is dh' fag e Mairi 'caoidh 's i sgith;
Ach chan an taibhse fois is thamh,
A Mhair leig am brou sin dhiot

ORAN DO'N T' SITH.

Air Fonn.

Biodhmid suthach, eibhinn, ceolmhor
Biodhmid solach, seirmeil, slan,
Ghairmeadh sith air fea' na h Eorpa,
Am fea' is beo sinn gheibh sinn tamh.

Theid gach musgaid miltich, marbhtach,
 Air ealachain 's a calg air steill,
 D'ar loinn ara nitear sochdan,
 Threothas socair machair re.
 Biodhmid suthach, &c.

Ar cabhlach luath, laidir siubhlach,
 Stiurar iad gu cala sith,
 'S thig a macraí' bhudhar, aghor,
 Thun an cairdean is an tir.

Thig ar soi'deirin le lua'-ghair,
 Deas is tuath gun duchar fein,
 Biodh iad gairdeach mar bu dual doibh,
 'N dream a bhudhaich ann san Eipht.

Na leanabain a bha air bhathal,
 Seachd bliadhna gun athair gun doi',
 Chaochail an tursa gu h abhachd,
 'S chuir iad gach cruai'-chas fo'n fhoid.

Gach laoch ceanail, cuil-fhion, calma,
 'Ghleachd fo arma air ar cul,
 Gheibh iad miadh, is muirn' is maran,
 'S gheibh iad mallag aluinn, ur.

Do'n sgeul eibhinn dh' eigh gach buaile,
 Rinn gach cuan dha rathad re,
 Shlencd an Cruinne-ce ag glaodhaich,
 Sith do'n Chinne-daon' gu leir.

Na h eoin'-bhuchain a ghabh sgarradh,
 Le lamhach gach cabhlach trom,
 Tha iad anis lionmhor lasgail,
 'S iolach ard ac' air gach tonn.

Chai' a choill chreicach gu damhsa,
 Le cantaireachd ealt nan speur,
 'S iad gu co'-sheirmeach co'-ghairdeach,
 Coithreall binn air bar gach geug.

Tha gach struthan is gach altan,
 Nan teann-rugh le sgeul an aigh,
 Gu mireagach, meamnach, meorach,
 Iolach caoir-gheal ri lua'-ghair.

Tha 'n Eorp' 's an Assia aobneach,
 Shoilsicheadh an Cruinne-ce,
 Greadhneach, solach, ceolmhor, failteach,
 'S tha na baird ag sgathadh theud.

Mile failt do shith an t sonais
 Sgarr i gach donas o'r sgeith
 Gach creach, creuchdan agus gorta
 Dh fhogair i do shlochd is dh'eng.

A dh' aindeoin mi-run' an Fhrancaich,
 Dhion sinn gun taing ar cuid fein,
 Ar Ri', ar reachd is ar 'n aoradh,
 Gun truailleadh, caochla', no beud.

Slaint an Ri' 's gach neach le'n ionmhuinn,
 Cosg air iorgaill, 's iomar-bhaidh,
 Biodhmid gu h aon-sgeulach dilis,
 'S cha chiosnaichear sinn gu brath.
 Biodhmid suthach, &c.

Fonn air doi' eile,
 Faire faire, fire faire,
 Faire, fair air caithream theud ;
 Faire faire, fire faire,
 Piob is gal-fheadan air ghleus.

No an cantaireachd air doi' eile.
 Faldar aldar aldar ari,
 Faldar aldar aldar e,
 Faldar aldar aldar ari,
 Faldar ari faldar e.

ENCOMIUMS ON DR. MACLEOD OF CAMPSIE.

Do'n Ollaidh chrabhach, thig le gradh o bheul,
 Na briathraidh slainteil theagaisg sarmhac Dhe ;
 Gun ghluige ghlaige, ach le caithream binn,
 Ni 'n creidich gairdeach, is an statail tim.
 Buanaich gu saothrachail an tir nam beo,
 'S gheibh cliu gach dea' dhuine mar dhuais gun
 sgleo ;
 Gu teagasg snasar fallain thoirt do'n og,
 'S do'n aosmhor solas, ma tha thriall gun gho.
 Crao'-sgaoil do Theachdaire o dheas gu tuath,
 Ni sugach foluimt' moran do'n mhi'-shluagh ;
 Ni, fisrich, faoilidh suaire iad fea' gach tir,
 Is suithichidh an gradh an Dia nan gras gu sior.

INVASION OF ARGYLESIRE.

By Alastair MacColla.

^e This brave and desperate hero, commonly styled (patronimically) Alastair MacColla citeach mac Gilleasbaig.) Alexander, son to left-handed Coll, son to Archibald, invaded Argyleshire about the year 1644, which the natives call creach Alastair MacColla, and also by bliadhna nan Athallach, the year of the Athollmen who joined to plunder that county about the same time.

This malevolent and enterprising man was informed that his father had in disguise got within the castle of Dunstafnage, wherein he was discovered and threatened with instant death: however, the commanding officer agreed to spare his life, on condition that he would come under a solemn oath, that himself and every individual under his command, surrender their arms, and every thing else in their possession to him: find their way home to Ireland, and never after be seen in Scotland, under pain of instant death. This he agreed to perform; seeing he was a prisoner and his men confined within a small peninsula under the mercy of artillery, and a strong corps newly arrived behind him to guard the passes, made them all prisoners at will. Under this sentence of banishment, his men travelled back in a most disorderly manner, without arms or accoutrements to Dunavartich, where he and they considered themselves safe, feasting on what they had pilfered and pillaged on their way from Dunstafnage. In place of performing his solemn engagement with the officer commanding the Castle, he only dismissed as many men as could not be quartered in Dunavartich. In breaking faith with Argyle's officer, Coll may not be altogether to blame, as the Macdonalds and Macdonells, Macdougalls, Macleans, &c. &c., who then possessed a large portion of the mainland, and almost all the Hebrides; held the inhabitants under control, and Argyle at ill will, persuaded

Coll not to go home to Antrim for they would support him, and defeat any force the Covenanters could possibly spare for some time to attack him; besides, the county being very scattered, difficult of access by land, and without roads fit for strange troops to march through; that few men could defend the passes at east and west Tarbert, where there was a watch-tower to accommodate the men on duty, the walls of which are still standing. If these promises were made to Coll, and in expectation of being reinforced by new levies from Antrim, to be commanded by his son, Alexander, it is not a matter of surprize to find him at ease, contemplating how to be revenged on Argyle, and bring him and his whole clan to misery.

Some months must elapse before Argyle could get from the committee of Estates a trained force sufficient to reduce that vile nest Dunavartich, and the chiefs of clans connected with Colla-citich under due subjection to keep the peace, and withdraw their influence and support from him.

Alexander, on being informed of his father's fate, resolved on laying Argyleshire waste, and applied to his protector the earl of Antrim, praying for a levy to enable him to relieve his father and retaliate on Argyle. About this time, suppose 1638, the Marquis of Montrose (a brave, active, and indefatigable officer) had forsaken the cause of the Covenanters, finding the chief command of their army given to Lieut. General Leslie, an officer of great experience, who had served long in foreign countries. This gave great offence to Montrose, who joined the king's troops, on being appointed commander-in-chief in Scotland, and second in command in England.

The earl of Antrim provided Alexander Macdonnell with two large draughts of troops amounting to above 3000 men, to whom he obtained (by his Majesty's permission) the rank of Major-General during the war. At this Montrose was well pleased, knowing he would be of essential use in securing the interest of the greater part of the clans to the royal cause, besides fully able to address himself to the men in their own language.

With the first division of the promised levy, consisting

of from 1200 to 1500 rank and file, he embarked for the express purpose of destroying the internal part of Argyleshire, stock and branch; annihilate the Campbells, and all others who took their part in carrying on the work of reformation. With this force he landed at Cillciaran, (now called Campbelton,) where he was made welcome by the clans, who, as already noticed, had pledged themselves not only to protect, but to support his father. These clans held great sway in the county, especially Sir Alexander Macdonald, lord of Kintyre and the isles, had 1000 infantry and three troops of cavalry in readiness for service; Macdougall (styled lord of Lorn) had a corps of infantry at hand; and Sir Allan Maclean of Duart Castle, with his numerous and respectable followers, possessing most of all Mull, Morvin, Sunart, and Adnamurchan, a corps of from 700 to 1000 effective men; besides the Macneils, the Macalisters, the Macmillans, and other clans of less influence, promised their assistance by providing small detachments to be in readiness in case an attack was made on Dunavartich. In this flattering (we may say formidable) state of security, Coll Macdonell was left in that garrison, under the charge of as many men as it could accommodate, by his son, Alexander, who, with the levy he brought from Ireland, marched north, animated by a spirit of hatred and revenge, to complete the destruction of what his father had left undone.

Alexander marched forward through Kintyre to Tarbert without doing much mischief to the inhabitants, they being chiefly tenants and vassals to the clans, who became bound to support him, farther than find them in provision and quarters. Arrived at the passes, ordered his men to march in loose order over Sliabh-gaoil, (an extensive mountain many miles in length,) and to descend upon the Campbell's country, Ceantarbert, Knap, Killdusgalan, &c., with a determination to exterminate three parishes, then called Tireitagan, Kaolasraid, and Crapadal, (all descriptively termed,) with powers to massacre every person who attempted to oppose them.

He moved himself, in a small fleet of galleys by the west,

landed at Castle Sween, already burnt by his father ; from thence he marched to Duntroon Castle, which he surrounded by sea and land, determined to massacre every person within its walls for the murder of his father's piper, &c. Alexander ordered his piper to play the Macdonell's march, in place of which, he instantly composed a war cry, and played it to alarm Duntroon and warn him of his approaching danger, by way of a salute, which in the original runs thus:—

“ Failte dhuit, slainte dhuit, failte-dhuit a Dhuntreoin,
Sin iad thugad, so iad agad, bi air t fhaicill a Dhuntreoin

Sin iad thugad, so iad agad, tha iad agad a Dhuntreoin
Failte dhuit, slainte dhuit, &c

Piobaireachd as t seomar mhnllaich fuaim na tuinne ri
Duntreoin.

Failte dhuit, slainte dhuit,” &c.

The warm effusion of the piper could not be better expressed to suit his purpose, it loses its harmony and beauty in English prose, after saluting Duntroon and wishing him good health, he cries on him to be aware of his danger—that the enemy was ready to attack him by sea and land, right, left, and front ; this war cry or rather warning tune was understood on board, and the poor piper was instantly hoised up mast high, and executed for his temerity.

Alexander finding he could not reduce Duntroon Castle, moved northward to his work of destruction, burning every thing in his way, save their cattle, clothing, provisions and money, these he allowed his men to carry with them, showing mercy to no person. By this time Argyle was approaching Kintyre by sea and land with above 3000 well trained infantry, a few troops of cavalry, and a small fleet of sloops and gallies well provided with light artillery, commanded by himself, Lieutenant General Leslie, and Major General Baillie. They laid siege to Dunavartich, which stood firm against the besiegers for three days, when they were obliged to surrender unconditionally for want of water and ammunition ; several hundreds were killed on both sides, then commenced the most cruel mas-

sacre the army of the Covenanters had committed during twenty-two campaigns. Two galley oars were fixed across before the garrison, on which Coll Macdonell was executed for his perfidy; all within the garrison were massacred, save such of the privates as volunteered to serve in the Covenanting army. Sixteen young gentlemen of the Macdougalls, and as many Irish gentlemen suffered. It is said that Argyle and General Leslie opposed the commission of this horrible deed, when a Presbyterian preacher had the address to prevail upon them to act without mercy. Of this dreadful destruction of Dunavartich, and of his father's fate, Alexander was informed while enjoying himself on his plunder in Lorn.

The preceding tract being chiefly founded on oral tradition, we, in support of what has been related, quote a few observations from James Browne, Esq. Advocate's history of the Highlands, and of the Highland Clans.

“It was agreed upon that Antrim, who, with the sanction of his Majesty, was to reinforce Montrose with regular troops and volunteers from Ireland to oppose the Covenanters which were to be under the immediate command of Alexander Macdonell, now elevated to the rank of Major General.” This alarmed not only Argyle, but also Cassilis and Glencairn, assisted by Eglinton and Loudon, who had raised above 3000 men to watch the coast from Dunoon to the mull of Galloway, to prevent any Irish troops from landing. Mr. Browne notices that “in the month of December, 1643, a meeting was held at Oxford between the King and Montrose, when the Scots army was about entering England, it was agreed that the Earl of Antrim, an Irish nobleman of great power and influence, who then lived at Oxford, should be sent to Ireland to raise auxiliaries, with whom he should make a descent in the west parts of Scotland, in the month of April following. That the Marquis of Newcastle who commanded the royal forces in the north of England should furnish Montrose with a party of horse, with which he should enter the south of Scotland. Accordingly instructions having been given to the Earl of Antrim to raise the Irish levy.”

It was high time for these noblemen possessing the south and west to get alarmed, learning that by his Majesty's orders Major General Macdonell was to be furnished with a strong force to ruin Argyleshire, &c. and that Antrim in person should with a much larger force make a descent in the west, comprehending Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, Dumfries-shire, and Galloway-shire. It appears that Antrim had provided Macdonell with the first levy, and now with a second, had sailed in two divisions for Scotland, the one was to over-run Argyleshire by land, and the other its forts and garrisons, in which Macdonell had succeeded without opposition, in taking the castles of Mingary and Kinloch-alin; previous to this, before he had left Lorn, he had information that Argyle, accompanied by General Leslie, with a strong force, had arrived at Dunavartich, which they carried—executed his father—massacred his officers—intimidated the men to save their lives to enlist into the service of the Covenanters. Besides Alexander finding that the Clans had failed him, and such as remained had got sick of the service, seeing little chance of more plunder. In this forlorn state he considered it best according to orders from Antrim to gather his men, who lay scattered over the Hebrides to Knoydart and join the royal army.

INVASION OF ARGYLESHERE.

By the Atholonians.

Mr. Brown, Advocate, states in his history of the Highlands, page 335, "that a body of Irish troops had landed in the West, and was advancing through the Highlands. Montrose at once concluded that these were the auxiliaries the Earl of Antrim had undertaken to send him four months before, and such they proved to be. This force which amounted to 1500 was under the command of Alexander Macdonald, son of a gentleman of Iona named Colla Mack Gillespie. That Macdonald had arrived early in July, 1644, among the Hebrides, and that he had landed his forces in Knoydart." This was the second levy under the command of an inferior officer till he was able to join after destroying Argyleshire with the first levy, "where he expected to be joined by the Marquis of Huntly and the Earl of Seaforth. That he had advanced into the interior and dispatched his fiery cross, (which we call *Crois-tairach*,) for the purpose of summoning the Clans to his standard. This corroborates so far with the accounts local tradition affords; the most probable account is that the second levy was intended to land on the Ayrshire coast, which, from information received, was considered expedient to avoid being without Antrim or A. Macdonell to lead, steered their course northward to Knoydart among the clans, near to where Prince Charles had landed in 1745.

Previous to Alexander Macdonnell's arrival at Lochmudart, Argyle and General Leslie had destroyed their small fleet, and drove them to the mountains to find their way to Athole, where he found instructions from Montrose to halt. On his way through Badenoch where he was threatened with an attack by the Earls of Sutherland and Seaforth, and by the Frazeris, Grants, Rosses, Mun-

rees, &c. which Macdonnell very cautiously avoided, and found Montrose at Blair in Athole.

“ On the following day the Atholemen to the number of 800 rank and file, consisting chiefly of Stewarts and Robertsons, put themselves under arms and flocked to the standard of Montrose.”

It is generally credited that Athole had a feud with Argyle, and insisted that this force should march direct to Argyleshire, lay waste the whole country, plunder the inhabitants and burn their houses, which order was instantly obeyed. Montrose flattered himself that Athole would allow this corpse to act in concert with the royal army under his own immediate command, along with the Irish levy, now arrived from Loch-Mudart ; being disappointed so far, he however consoled himself (with Athole) by thinking it would withdraw Argyle from the covenanting army—weaken its force—disconcert their plans, and reduce him and his country to misery, and injure the cause of the Covenanters.

By request of the Atholonians themselves, they were placed under the command of Montrose's kinsman, Patrick Graham of Inchbeakie, best known by the Argyleshire men by *Padraig du an tuathach a thog a creach air gach buailidh*. The Atholonians marched in different divisions by Glencoe, Gleneite and Glenorchay, plundering every house and cottage in their way, and such as resisted their fury and voracity, their houses were set in fire, and their cattle, &c. carried off. This plundering warfare was carried on for three weeks without mercy, or opposition made, when three Baronets, Auchanambreac, Glenorchay and Ardcinglas, with a train of other heads of families, had assembled for the purpose of concerting measures to defend themselves and their tenants from further destruction, each of these Baronets and heads of families took charge of a subdivision or Parish, by watching every pass and ferry by night and by day to stop the robbers, which without fire arms was not an easy duty.

About the expiration of three weeks, the plunderers had information that Argyle was within three days march of his castle, with a heavy force and light artillery, which

caused them to get panic struck, and fled in every direction homeward for Athole by way of Kilin and Lochearn. Sir ——— Campbell of Lochaw (of whom the noble Marquis of Breadalbane is descended) chased a division of them from Dalmaly to Claidich, when a stormy night came on which arrested them on an open field all night: this halt afforded an opportunity to the invaders to escape through Glenaora, and pass unmolested by Inverary in the dead hour of the night; to divert the men and prevent them from sleeping the Baronet of Lochaw (styled by the natives *Ridire du Lochathadh*, erroneously Lochwo (ordered his piper to compose a march tune applicable to the occasion of the retreat of the enemy, and to keep playing all night which was at once obeyed; the first stanza runs thus:—

A bhodaich nan brigis, nan brigis, nan brigisean,
 A bhodaich nan brigis, gun ghabh sibh 'n ratreata;
 Sinn rinn a mhochari', sinn rinn a mhochari',
 Sinn rinn a mochari', dhuinne bha feumail.

By the dawn of day the black Baronet started with his detachment, leading them down Glenaora to Inverary, where they expected to overtake the enemy at their work, plundering the town and castle. On arrival they found the Atholonians were panic-struck, being advised that Machd-Cailean mor (say Argyle) was marching with all possible speed by Glen-ora and Glen-caonglas, at the head of a heavy corps of infantry, and two light field-pieces, and the *Ridire du* pursuing close in the rear; besides they were afraid that the Gunna cam, a crooked field piece, always fixed to the rampart might be fired, and give the alarm to these forces which would massacre them to the last man. They considered most advisable not to lay hands on one Article within the Town or Castle, and to pursue their journey homeward by Glen-sira and Lochearn. Such was the issue of the Atholonian invasion of Argyleshire. They had to fly home and part with all their plunder, save money and what provisions they car-

ricd in their sheep skin bags, which was in these times used by Highlander's in place of Knapsacks.

This invasion will be held in perpetuity by the natives of Argyleshire, which they call *Blaidhna nan Athalach*. The year of the Athole-men.

After the *Ridire du* had regaled himself and his men at Inverary; on the day following, he counter-marched home, and ordered his piper to compose another march tune, suitable to the occasion, which he extemporily did, as under,

Gabhaidh sinne 'n rathad mor, gaibhaidh sinne 'n rathad
mor,

Gabhaidh sinne 'n rathad mor, olc air mhath le each e :
Bha mi cuide ruibh an raoir, marri cuideachdan mo ghaoil,
Bha mi cuide ruibh an raoir, air an raon ann Claidich.

We have heard no more of the Athole-men, whose moral conduct might be no worse than the neighbouring Clans around them, such as the Gordons—the Grants—the Mackintoshes—the Frasers—the Cameron's—the Mac-kays, &c., whose history, according to Mr. Browne and other authors of veracity and impartiality is dreadful to relate.

The hero of our story (Alexander Macdonell) is improperly called by eminent authors Macdonald for want of knowledge of the true meaning of patronomic names. The Macdonalds descended from the elder brother Donald and the Macdonnells from the younger brother, Ronald; distinguished as different names—*Clandonaill*, and *Clan-ronaill*. Antrim is said to be of the latter race, which induced him to be more partial to our hero, than to any Macdonald. They no doubt co-alesced in war, but in peace they kept separate; for instance the great laird of Clan-ranald, Glengary and Kepach, are of the latter tribe. Antrim maintains the chieftenship in Ireland, and Clanranold in Scotland, frequently disputed by Glengarry. The Macleans, Mackintoshes, &c., are similarly distinguished.

It is well known that Major General Madconell ap-

peared conspicuous in all the battles fought from his joining the royal army, to the end of the war, when he retired to the Rachary isles, as a retreat under the protection of Antrim his Irish chief. It is related orally that he had killed with his own hand in the battle of Inverlochy, twenty-one gentlemen of the name of Campbell, among whom were the brave and magnanimous Sir James Campbell, of Auchanambrec, and the mighty and high minded laird of Lawers, which the poet describes, thus:—

“ Labhair gu foill a thighearna Lau'air,
 Ge mor do bhost as do chlaidheamh,
 Is ioma ogan do chinnimh t athar,
 Tha 'n Inbhir-lochaidh na laighe.”

In short, for physical strength, stature, intrepidity and courage, he may be compared to Hector or Ajax, in the Trojan war, or with Goll and Oscar of the Fingallians.

“ 'Se deireadh gach cogadh sith,”
 Chai' nis crìoch air sgeul gun rath.

FINIS.

PREPARING FOR THE PRESS,

BY THE SAME EDITOR,

“Airc An t Sean Eolais,”

OR,

THE ARK OF ANCIENT KNOWLEDGE.

Being a Collection of several thousand choice *Gaelic Proverbs, Aphorisms, Maxims, and Wise Sayings*, in prose and verse, with an English Translation, and Explanatory Notes, characteristic of the manners, modes and habits of the *Ancient Celtes*.

This Work has been some years in preparation, and a *Prospectus* of its nature and objects will speedily be published.

Glasgow, 24th March, 1836.

ank

