

THE
BEAUTIES OF



GAE LIC POETRY.

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SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH:

OR,

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY,

AND

LIVES OF THE HIGHLAND BARDS;

WITH HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES, AND A COMPREHENSIVE GLOSSARY
OF PROVINCIAL WORDS.

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WITH AN HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNERS, HABITS, ETC.,
OF THE ANCIENT CALEDONIANS.

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PREFACE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JOHN MACKENZIE.

GLASGOW, *April* 1, 1841.

INTRODUCTION.

THOSE who compose the poems and melodies which stimulate or mollify the passions of mankind, possess a much greater influence in society than can be readily conceived.

If national airs, in ages of refinement and artificial feeling, are found to have so strong a power over the mind, as in the "*Ranz des vaches*," or "*Erin gu brath*," how much more forcibly must the bold chanting of heroic verse—the plaintive tones of injured innocence—the impressive notes of impassioned exhortation, or the keen touch of satiric spirit, have affected a people like the Gaël, imbued with all the fervour of unaffected nature, and who paid ardent devotion at the shrine of freedom? How highly must an order have been venerated, which possessed an influence, the effects of which were so deeply and so universally felt, and how greatly must the general applause have fanned the flame which burned so ardently in the poet's heart? The deference paid to the professors of poetry and music, was prompted by a sense of the utility of their labours, and by enthusiastic approbation.

The retention of the Celtic Language and Manners by the unmixed descendants of the most ancient people of Europe, is a singular phenomenon in the history of mankind; and not the least remarkable trait in the character of the race, is their genius for the sister arts of poetry and music. The patriarchal system, as incompatible with an altered state of society, has been broken up, and much indeed of national characteristic has been lost since its abolition. The different condition of the Highland population has lowered the Bardic profession from its former high standing. The powerful stimulus of "the man of song," is no longer required to animate the clansmen for the battle field, or to preserve by his captivating recitations, the memory of the days of old. His useful services as the Laureat, moral preceptor, and historical instructor, are not now rewarded by the free possession of a good farm, and other rights, but the innate love of poetry has still preserved the unbroken generation of Bards. The people yet highly appreciate the poet's lays, and the feelings of unabated delight with which the Highlander continues to cherish the Song, show that the ancient spirit has not decayed.

The numerous collections of Gaëlic pieces which have from time to time appeared, evince the national taste, and display the poetical acquirements of the writers, but how

small a proportion these bear to the stores yet floating in oral record, selections from which are now submitted to the public! The following pieces will give natives a more extended idea of the value of poetic treasure in their rugged and romantic country, while to the reader who is a stranger to the language in which the immortal Bard of Selma formed his imperishable compositions, the varied lives of so many remarkable and talented individuals, must prove an interesting novelty.

An appropriate introduction to the Beauties of the Gaëlic Poets, appears to be a brief account of that long descended race, which so justly demands regard, and of which they ever formed so important a class. Connected with this is a demonstration that the language in which the following poems appear, is that handed down to their authors from ancestors the most remote.

The Celtic race were the first known inhabitants of Europe, which was occupied throughout by various tribes or clans. The appropriate name which this remarkable people gave themselves was Celtæ, but the terms Calatæ, Galatæ, or Gallatians, and Galli, or Gauls, were adopted by the Greeks and Romans, and were the appellations by which in later ages they were usually distinguished.*

Various etymological conjectures are advanced as explanatory of these designations. A name descriptive of locality does not appear reasonably applicable to nations spread over an extensive continent and its numerous islands; they could neither be described as living in woods, nor on the hills, nor beside the waters, with any propriety, either by themselves or by others.† A more probable derivation is from the fair complexion by which the ancients characterized the race. This is the etymon given by Greek scholars, as if the body was "Galactoi," milky coloured; and as G and C are commutable letters, it must be confessed that the Gaëlic Gealta or Cealta, has the closest possible resemblance to Celta.

The original seat of the human race was undoubtedly the fertile plains of Asia, but when the Celtic stream first rolled from that productive storehouse of nations, is never likely to become known.‡ Successive waves of migratory hordes must have flowed from the east, impelled by a want of food or a thirst for conquest, long before the Trojan war, when the Kelti were first known to the Greeks, or when Herodotus, the father of history, informs us they inhabited to the farthest west.§ Their daring enterprise and mighty conquests had shaken the well-settled empires of Greece and Rome, when these nations were yet unacquainted with the regions whence issued the overwhelming hosts, and scarcely knew their terrific foes, save through the disturbed vision of a frightened imagination.||

Various sections of the dense population of western Europe came alternately under historical notice, as their power and influence brought them more prominently into view. The Cimmerii, or Cimbri, the Getæ or Goths, the Scythæ or Celto-Scythæ, the Germani,

* Appian. Pausanias.

† A host of original writers, British and foreign, have exercised their ingenuity to give this word a satisfactory signification.

‡ Prichard demonstrates their eastern origin from the language. See many curious analogies with the Hebrew &c., in Maclean's *Hist. of the Celtic Language*—1840.

§ Book IV. c. 3. he flourished 500 years, A. C.

|| Livy, Appian, Plutarch, on the Cimbrian war, &c., &c., &c., show what frightful beings fear had painted these formidable invaders.

the Teutoni, and the three divisions of Gallia proper; the Celts, Belgs, and Aquitains, successively occupy a predominant share in the eventful page of history. From the testimony of numerous ancient authorities, these appear rather subdivisions of an identic race, than different nations. If Celtæ gave place to Galli, Scythæ became Germani, &c. The name Lochlin and Lychlin was applied by the British tribes to Germany, and they considered it the same country as Gaul.*

There can be no doubt, that local position, commerce, and other circumstances, will, in process of time, occasion so much difference between branches of an original race, that they will appear, and may be justly considered different nations. Thus, the Greeks and Barbarians so closely resembled each other, previous to the time of Homer, that no distinction in manners or language appears to have then existed.†

When continental Europe had become fully peopled, emigration to the British isles must have speedily taken place, and the obvious route was from the opposite coast of Gaul, to South Britain, but at what period the first adventurers arrived, can only be matter of conjecture. Some part of the maritime population were known to the Romans as mercantile settlers from the continent, but those who inhabited the interior, had lost all tradition of their origin, and, like their Gaulish ancestors, believed themselves the indigenous possessors of the island.‡ To the early Greeks and Romans it was unknown, but the assertion has been reiterated that the Phœnicians had established a commercial relation with the natives upwards of 2,800 years ago, and carried on a lucrative trade with them in lead and tin.§

The author of the *Argonautica*, writing nearly 600 years before our era, speaks of Iernis, which, signifying the western island, [Iar-innis,] would apply to either Britain or Ireland, and Aristotle, who flourished two centuries and a half later, calls the former both Albium and Brettania. These and other scanty notices of a certain island opposite Gaul, are more curious than satisfactory or important; the fact of an early colonization is proved by the numerous population at the period of the Roman advent, 55, A. C.,|| and the whole was composed of various tribes represented as arriving at different times from the continent, forcing back the previous settlers and presenting those great divisions, in the illustration of whose descent, historians have so laboriously employed themselves.

The Welsh or Cumri, from their general appellation of Ancient Britons, are considered as the original inhabitants,** but it is admitted by their own antiquaries, and shown by others, that the Gaël, or in their own lingual form, the Gwyddel must have preceded them.†† The Welsh authorities preserve the names of other colonies which arrived at uncertain periods. The Lloegrws came from Gwasgwn or Gaseony, and were the progenitors of those who possessed England, and the Brython, from Lhydaw or Bretagne, who it is said gave name to the island, both being of Cumraeg descent.‡‡

* Welsh authorities, and the Highland Society's Report on the Poems of Ossian, App. 309.

† Thucydides.

‡ Cesar, of the Gallic wars, book V. chap. 12.

§ The Cassiterides, or Tin Islands, are believed to be the Scillies. See various authorities cited "Scottish Gael," I. 34

|| Cesar, Diodorus Siculus.

** Welsh Triads and other authorities.

†† Edw. Lhwyl, &c.

‡‡ Talliesen. Whittaker.

The Romans found the southern coasts occupied by tribes of Belgic origin, who are supposed to have arrived three or four centuries before the birth of Christ. Successive emigrations forced the inhabitants westward, and to the north, but certainly nothing is recorded to warrant the belief, that the whole were not of Gaulic origin.* Scotland was possessed by a Celtic people, divided into twenty-one tribes, some of whom became at times conspicuous from more daringly contending with their ambitious foes, or being chosen to direct the national confederations, but the collective inhabitants were, as they have ever been, denominated by themselves and their brethren in Ireland, Albanich, Albanians; natives of Alban or Albion, a name of which they still are justly proud, thus vindicating their claim to be considered the primordial race.

Several of the great divisions lost their names in the fluctuations of a predatory and unsettled state of society and were ultimately incorporated with more powerful neighbours. The *Mæatae*, (*Magh-aitich*), dwellers on the plain, whose situation between the prætentes, a sort of debateable land, exposed them more particularly to the devastations of war, but gave ample scope for the acquisition of military renown, lost their prominence when the Romans succeeded in forming their territories into the province of Valentia, and when the legions were finally compelled to leave the island, the Meats, losing their consequence, were quickly amalgamated with the general body. The *CALEDONI* who were the ruling tribe in the great confederation which Galgacus led to battle at the *Grampians*, ceded their warlike pre-eminence to other branches who came into power. The term by which they were distinguished, whatever may be its precise meaning, displays in its composition *Caël* or *Gaël*, the appropriate name of the most ancient inhabitants of both Albion and Erin, and it still subsists, if not the native, yet the classical appellation.† The redoubted Picts themselves were at last embodied with their more successful countrymen the Scots, but long retained the evidence of their descent in the designation of *Gaëlwe-dians*, and Galloway is still applied to a greatly reduced portion of their ancient kingdom.

No more prolific subject of literary contention has offered itself to the national controversialists, than the lineage of the Pictish nation, that powerful division which so long shared the sovereignty of the kingdom. A prevailing tradition from most early ages, held them as the original inhabitants;‡ the Roman writers identified them with the *Caledonians*,§ and in later ages they were recognised as *Seots*.|| One opinion has many able advocates: it is that they were a *Cumraeg* nation, using that branch of the Celtic language, but were expelled by the *Gaël*. Certainly we look in vain for a proof of this in the names which remain, even in the territories of the *Strathelyde* Welsh, which are believed to have extended to Cumberland—all are *Gaëlie*.¶ But reverting to another opinion not less keenly supported: were the Picts of Gothic extract? It is not probable, that at so early an epoch, the Scandinavian wastes could furnish such a force as would be sufficient to expel the Celts and supplant their language, for except there was a very considerable number of colonists, the strangers would inevitably lose their own tongue in mixture with the natives. Language, like manners, is liable to change from many operating causes,

* Chalmers' *Caledonia*. I.

† Upwards of twenty etymologies are given of this name.

‡ Bede. See the arguments of Innes. *Crit. Essay*.

§ Eumenius, &c. || Galfridus *Monumutensis*.

¶ Pinkerton,—Betham.

and differences in one which is widely spread, especially when unwritten, will greatly increase by the long estrangement of the branches, who own a common descent. Grammarians raise the polished structures, but the simple vocables attest the kindred alliance. The affinity of languages most certainly evinces the ancient connexion of nations, that in course of time become very widely separated. The Greek and Gothic have satisfactorily displayed to the learned their common parentage, and we know that Gallic words predominated in the Latin, derived through that most ancient Celtic race, the Umbri, who were the aborigines of Italy, and this classic tongue in grammatical construction, bore close resemblance to the Gaëlic.*

The assertion has been confidently repeated, that the Belgic portion of the British tribes, Gothic as the Picts, like them, obtruded a different language, which in the form of Saxon and English has superseded in the greater portion of Britain, the primeval tongue. How far this argument can be supported, it will be satisfactory to inquire. Do the names applied to natural objects on record, and as yet preserved in those parts which the two nations inhabited, favour the assumption, or do the Roman historians, our only guides, afford their evidence in its favour? Cæsar describes the South Britons as being in all respects like the people of Gaul, from which country he says they were.† Tacitus informs us, the Gotbinian was the Gaëlic, and he particularizes two distinguished Belgic tribes, the Cimbri and Æstii, as using the proper British language.‡

The Gothic tribes came to the west of Europe, long after the Celtic migrations had spread population over the land, but the Getæ were Scyths, and these retained the name of Celto-Scyths,§ when their ancient brethren and precursors, the Keltæ, had fixed themselves far distant in the west. The Gothic first prevailed in England, and a striking evidence of the progressive change of language among nations of dissimilar pursuits, is the fact related in the Sagas, that widely different as the present English is from the northern tongues, a Saxon could converse so easily with a Scandinavian, in the 10th century, that he could not discover him to be a foreigner.¶ The Gothic did not become the language of the low country of Scotland, until comparatively recent times. The whole inhabitants were originally of one race, whatever shades of difference may have been observable in separate districts, of which a clear demonstration is afforded by the entire coincidence of local names, personal appellations, similar modes of interment, and relics of superstition throughout the whole extent of the country; that this race was Celtic, is satisfactorily proved by the terms being significant in the Gaëlic language, and in no other. In the years 547 and 650, the kings of Northumberland ravaged the southern districts, and seizing the country between the Forth and Tweed, filled the province with their Anglo-Saxon vassals, thus first inducing the adoption of the Anglo-Saxon language; and the events of the Norman conquest, 1066, when the royal family, the nobility and their followers were compelled to seek the protection of Malcolm III., mightily assisted in the introduction; for the kingdom became so filled with them, that there was not a farm-house or cottage in the south, which did not contain English men and women servants!¶ The refugees were located

* Quintilian. Appendix to Report on the Poems of Ossian. 263.

† De moribus Germanorum.

§ Aristotle, Strabo, Plutarch.

¶ Simeon Dunelmensis, L. II. c. 34.

† De Bello Gallico.

¶ Gunlang saga, &c.

on the borders and east coast by the policy of our kings, as a good means of defence against the English and Danes, and it may not have been so practicable to plant them in the inland, the Highlanders bearing such intruders no good will. Moreover, the enterprise of the Saxons led them to prefer the east coast, where the powerful stimulus of commercial advantage, hastened the adoption of their speech; finally, the Scottish kings, from Malcolm Cean-mor to Alexander II., spent part of their lives in England, where they acquired the language, and married princesses of that country, and when the seat of government was removed from the Highlands, theirs became the court language, which gradually extended in the maritime parts. In the heights and distant isles, the pastoral and agricultural population clung with increased tenacity to their original tongue, the patriarchal institutions of Clanship being peculiarly calculated to prevent any disturbance of their social state.

Another portion of the inhabitants remains to be noticed, which had the fortune to preserve its appropriate name, and impart it to the whole. The appellation *Scotti* or rather *Scuite*, is apparently a modification of *Seyth*, the name by which the great unsettled branch of the continental Celts were distinguished, and is descriptive of the wandering life which a large portion of the inhabitants led through their predatory habits, and for the easy pasturage of their numerous flocks.* Those who had store of herds, possessed the only riches of the pastoral state. In Ireland, which was inhabited by the Britons,† who were forced over, as we are told, on the arrival of the Belgs in England,‡ the *Scots* were the dominant and noble class, the natives or aborigines being considered an inferior order.§ The epithet was adopted by the monkish writers, but does not appear to have been acknowledged by the *Gaël*, at least in Scotland, where they have stedfastly adhered to their national distinction.

In Erin as in Albion, the *Scotic* people were named the *Pictish*, and were known also as *Cruthenich*, a name indicative of peculiar habits.|| The close connexion between the *Scots* of both countries, was such as became nations owning a common origin, in which they had an equal pride. The *Dalriadic Kinglet*, which the county of Antrim nearly represents, was long subject to the Scottish line, but at last the regal seat was removed to Argyle, and from this little sovereignty came the race of princes who crushed the vigorous independence of the *Pictish* throne, and so long ruled over the united *Gaël*. This transfer of the dynasty, whatever may have been the motives which swayed the minds of those who favoured it, was not accomplished without a display of “the high hand.”¶

Did the *Dalriadic* colony, as a different people, bring to Scotland their own language, and become the first disseminators of the *Gaëlic*, vulgarly called *Erse*? This has been rashly asserted, but after what has been said on the subject of language, it seems unnecessary to devote more time in disproving an evident absurdity.** The *Gaëlic*, the primordial tongue used by the whole inhabitants of both countries, has gradually given way

* “The wandering nation” of the *Seannachies* and “restless wanderers” of *Ossiau*. *Ammianus*, *Dio*, &c. attest the vagrant habits of the *Scots*; *Herodotus*, *Horace*, *Ammianus*, &c., of the *Seyths*.

† *Diodorus Sic.*, *Dionysius Periegetes*. ‡ *Ricard. Cirencestrensis*. § *Bede*.

|| “Eaters of corn.” *MacPherson*. It is not improbable that this is the term *Dhruaich*, *Agriculturista* *Grant's Thoughts on the Gaël*.

¶ *The Albanic Duan*.

** See the authorities quoted. *Ritson's Annals of the Scots, Picts, &c.*

on the south and east sides of Scotland. In Carrick it was only lately extinguished: in Galloway it was spoken in the reign of Queen Mary 1542—1566,* and during the same reign we find it the common language in the Gariach district of Aberdeenshire, from the upper parts of which it has receded in our own memory.† This much is to be observed, that within the Garbh-Criochan, or boundaries of the Highlands, where the recession of the Gaëlic has not been in consequence of Saxon settlements, the manners of the people are essentially Gaëlic, and they retain at home and abroad the predilections of their birth, particularly cherishing a just admiration of the bardic art, and possessing the characteristic taste for national melody.

The foregoing opinions are not newly formed: the writer of these pages having in another publication, some years ago, gone at greater length into the subject, is happy to find that his views are now generally adopted.

The Celts, from whom it was reluctantly acknowledged by both Greeks and Romans, that they had derived many of the useful arts and sciences, nay, even their philosophy,‡ were distinguished by very remarkable habits and customs, many of which still characterize their descendants; and their personal appearance offered a striking contrast to that of the inhabitants of Italy and Greece. To whatever cause is to be attributed the general mixture of dark-complexioned individuals among the Gaël, inducing the assertion, so often repeated, that they display the genuine Celtic hue, nothing is more particularly noticed than the fairness of skin, the blue eyes and the yellow hair of all branches of the race. So anxious were the Gauls to improve the glowing brightness of their flowing locks, that in the desire to heighten, by frequent washing and other artificial means, its natural colour, they hit on the manufacture of soap.§ The general appearance of the Celts must have been very peculiar to excite the notice of so many writers,|| and their aspect must have been a matter of ostentation, when its preservation was an object of national care.¶ The bardic effusions have always extolled the golden ringlets as imparting beauty to both sexes, comparing them to the gracefulness of flowing gold—to the loveliness of the golden-haired sun; while one of an opposite colour is alluded to as an exception. The Welsh are perhaps the darkest of the race, for they called the others *Gwyddil coch*, the red-haired Gaël. The careful arrangement of the hair, was one of the most particular duties of a Celtic toilet, and the practice of trimming or “glibbing” it, was put down in Ireland as an anti-English practice, by act of Parliament.

The comeliness and great stature of the Celts were acknowledged; the Britons and Caledonians, particularly exhibiting that stately appearance which in early society would be an object of pride, and a favourite theme for bardic compliment. The commanding figures of the Fingalian heroes, and those of later date, are always kept in view.

The dispositions of a people are however more worthy of consideration, personal appearance being dependent on physical causes, while the mental affections and moral feelings are influenced by other circumstances.

* Buchanan, &c. † Chalmers' *Caledonia*, vol. 1. ‡ Diogenes Laertius. § Pliny, xxviii. 12.

|| Herodotus, Caesar, Strabo, Lucan, Livy, Silius, Diodorus, Tacitus, Pliny, Isidorus, &c., all describe the Celts as fair.

¶ Amm. Marc. xxvii. 1. Tacitus, &c.

On the ministers of religion devolve the care of forming the morals, and on legislators the regulation of society by the enactment of laws, the coercion of the wicked, and encouragement of the virtuous. These two important functions, so naturally allied, were combined in one individual among the early Celts. That highly interesting and venerable order the Druids, who presided over a religion the most ancient, included the singularly important class, the Bards, the disseminators of knowledge, or rather as some maintain, they were in truth the body, of which the Druids formed a part, if more exalted in rank, certainly not a more numerous nor popular division.

Britain seems to have been the hyperborean island alluded to by Hecataeus, a very ancient writer, who describes it as lying opposite to Gaul, and being as large as Sicily. The inhabitants led the most happy lives, spending great part of their time in playing on the harp, and worshipping the gods in groves and circular temples.* It is certain that in Britain was the grand seminary for Druidic learning, to which the youth from Gaul resorted to complete their course of education, and to which reference was made in all cases of controversy or doubt. In the southern province, therefore, we find the wondrous remains of the stupendous works of Avebury and Stonehenge, with many other circular erections of the *Clachan mor* of less note throughout England and Wales. In Anglesea was the sacred fane and last retreat of the British druids, while seeking to escape the Roman sword. In Ireland the great Feis, or bardic convention, was held on the hill of Tara, (Teamhair) in Meath, and the science studied in different seminaries. In Scotland, besides other consecrated precincts, was Eilan Druinich, now Iona, the isle wherein the chief establishment of bards was placed, which the celebrated Colum or Columba supplanted by a college of the scarcely less famous Christian order of Culdees, as he did with that sacred grove where now stands the town of Derry in Ireland.† To this latter country the bards are supposed to have been first introduced by the colony of Danas, and the name, believed to have come from Dan a song, is noticed as a corroborative proof. They would no doubt accompany the first Celtic settlers, and in all probability held their appropriate place among the Milesian adventurers.

Legislation—the services of religion, and the poetic art, were blended in primitive society, and the united duties performed by one person; the priests, the historians, and the lawgivers, were consequently of the bardic order. Although it cannot be admitted as true that “poetry preceded prose,” yet it is not paradoxical to assert that verse was anterior to prose as the medium of record. It was used in intercession with the Deity, and was the vehicle of all praise. The ethics of antiquity were delivered and orally preserved in pithy rhymes; in this way, the earlier decrees of Greece were promulgated, and remained for ages ere they were engraven on tablets in the public ways, and even then the metrical form was not abandoned, nor did the people find another word for law than verse.‡ Strong indeed was the attachment to oral record, but still stronger was the predilection for rhyme; even after writing had come into use, the form of versification was fondly retained. The Brehons or Gaëlic judges delivered their decrees in sententious poetry, and

* Diodorus. † Hence the name, from *Darach*, an oak.

‡ Wood on the genius of Homer. The Spartans would not permit their laws to be written.

Columba, who is himself believed to have been of the bardic order, and other early ecclesiastics delivered their moral precepts, as no doubt was the common practice, in impressive verse.* It was in this style of composition, that the Gaëlic genealogies of the Scottish kings, repeated by the seanachies at coronations were formed.† In Wales, numerous moral triplets are confidently ascribed to the Druids: in the Highlands, many such apothegms, handed down from the Sean'ir, or men of antiquity, are of similar origin.

The Druids, like the Pythagoreans, a similar sect, were most careful to exercise the memory, and it was a positive law that there should be no written record; the first deviation from which appears to have been, as far as respected religion, but the poems were too mystical to be understood, save by the initiated, and it was not permitted to speak openly of the ceremonials or secrets of their profession; to sing in heroic verse the praises of illustrious men, was the unrestricted and most congenial duty of the bard. How admirably fitted for the assistance of recollection was the use of poetry—how well adapted for diffusing throughout the community, a knowledge of the laws by which foreign and internal relations were directed; of the misfortunes which depressed, or the successes which brightened the national prospects;—the song kept alive the memory of transactions which gained the friendship of neighbours, or exalted military renown—it transmitted to succeeding generations the history of illustrious individuals—the woes and calamities of the unfortunate! How little even now, are the people in general indebted for their acquaintance with events, to the pages of the historian? It is the record of vocal song which so long preserves among the illiterate the remembrance of bygone transactions.

There is much truth in what has been observed on this sort of vehicle for the conveyance of opinion; “songs are more operative than statutes, and it matters little who are the legislators of a country, compared with the writers of its popular ballads.” With the Celts the statutes were really poems, and the observation of Macpherson is just: “The moral character of our ancestors owed more to the compositions of the bard, than to the precepts of the Druids.”‡ The druidic injunction for cultivating the power of recollection, long affected the national character, and in the Highland districts, it cannot be said to have altogether ceased as a popular object. The Gaël frequently met for the purpose of friendly contest in the repetition and singing of their ancient poems, and poetic talent was one of the most respected accomplishments. In Wales, its possession elevated one to rank. A Highland amusement which Johnson describes, is illustrative of the poetic spirit. A person enveloped in a skin enters the house, when the company affecting to be frightened, rush forth; the door is then closed, and before they are admitted, for the honour of poetry, says the doctor, each must repeat, at least a verse. The young men who celebrate the festival of Colain, or bringing in of the new year, are obliged to recite an extempore rhyme before they are admitted to any house. The Dronn, or rump, was called the bard's portion; whoever received it, was obliged to compose a verse; and many a humorous couplet has the present elicited. This is called Beanneachadh Bhaird,

* Dr Macpherson's Dissertation, 215.

† The last repetition of a Gaëlic genealogy was at the coronation of Alexander III., in 1249.

‡ Introduction to the Hist. of Britain.

or the Bard's Blessing, and it was customary to give a metrical salutation as a mark of respect; a composition in praise of one whose kindness or hospitality had been experienced, was an equally common effort of the muses. Dr Donald Smith, speaking of MS. poems of Ossian, and those collected by Duncan Kennedy, which scarcely differed, observes, "The test which such an agreement affords at a distance of almost three hundred years, of the fidelity of tradition, cannot but seem curious to such as have not had an opportunity of observing the strength which memory can attain, when unassisted by writing, and prompted to exertion by the love of poetry and song."*

The Fear Sgeulachd or reciter of tales in Ireland, although now perhaps reduced to an itinerant mendicant, was formerly a personage whose entertaining and instructive rehearsals always procured becoming respect. These men were walking chronicles, the depositaries of what was old, and the disseminators of passing novelties. A favourite pastime among the Gaël was recitations of the old poems in manner of dramas, for which they were excellently adapted, if not originally so intended.

The chief object of the Celts in the nurture and education of their children, being to promote hardiness of constitution and corporeal strength, and to instil into the mind a sense of justice, and the highest notions of freedom and of warlike renown, their institutions were of a serious and martial cast.† The population were stimulated by the bardic exhortations from early childhood, to contemn inglorious ease and death itself, and to emulate the heroic virtues for which their ancestors were so highly extolled, as the only means by which they could attain distinction here and happiness hereafter. The labours of those national preceptors were eminently successful, and the bloody and protracted wars which they so intrepidly sustained in Gaul, against the conquerors of the world, tarnishing their arms, before unsullied,‡ bear ample testimony to the love of freedom. In our own country, was the influence of those patriots less strong? "Neither by Romans, Saxons, Danes nor Normans, could they ever be conquered, either in Britain or Ireland; but as they could not successfully resist the overwhelming numbers, and superior discipline of their enemies in the plain country, they retreated with the highest spirited and most intractable of their countrymen, into the mountains, where they successfully defied the legions of the Roman and Saxon barbarians. For more than a thousand years they maintained their country's independence in the mountains of Wales and Scotland, whence they constantly made incursions upon their enemies. Here it was, where, with their native wild and beautiful music, and in poetry which would not disgrace a Homer, being the production of passion not of art, their venerable Druids deplored their country's misfortunes, or excited their heroes to the fight." These are the words of a Saxon writer, who made the history of the Druids, and their mysterious religion, subjects of the most profound research.§

An order which possessed the power of inflaming their countrymen to the fiercest resistance of invasion, and unextinguishable passion for liberty, was subjected to the direst

* Report of the Committee of the Highland Society of Scotland, on the authenticity of Ossian, p. 302.

† Tacitus, &c.

‡ Ibid. c. 53. Amm. Marc. c. xxxi. Lucan.

§ Higgins' History of the Celtic Druids, 4to. p. 276.

persecution of their implacable enemies. The cruelty with which the Romans accomplished the slaughter of the British Druids, even in the sacred isle of Mona, had only a parallel in the massacre of the Welsh bards, by Edward the first of England. The indomitable spirit of resistance to aggression, which these illustrious patriots so effectually cherished in their countrymen, aroused the sanguinary vengeance of their ambitious foes, and the same policy, with a subdued severity, animated Queen Elizabeth, and Henry the Eighth, in their proscriptive legislation for the natives of Ireland.

Many instances are on record of the extraordinary power of music, which was always in ancient times an accompaniment to the song. Tyrtæus, by the chanting of his heroic verses, so inspirited the sinking Lacedæmonians, that, rallying, they gained a triumphant victory, and saved the state. Terpander succeeded in appeasing a seditious outbreak, by singing an appropriate composition to the sound of his lyre, and Alcæus rescued his country by the same means. The bards not only inflamed the martial zeal of the people, rousing them to arms in defence of all they held dear, but they accompanied the armies to the field, and their persons being held inviolable by friend and foe, they employed themselves in moving about, sustaining the courage of the troops in the heat of battle; exhorting them to acquit themselves like men, and thereby obtain the approbation of their country, assuring them of ample fame on earth, and a joyful existence hereafter, should they bravely fall. "Ye bards, raise high the praise of heroes, that my soul may settle on their fame!" was an appropriate Celtic ejaculation. To die without this fame was a misfortune felt beyond the grave; the spirit rested not, when nothing had been done on earth to ensure its posthumous meed of praise.

The bards were also the heralds who summoned the clans to the strife of arms, a duty which was afterwards effected by the fleet bearers of the Crann taradh, and that important official in the establishment of a chief, the Piobair-mor. An instance occurs in the poem of Temora where a bard performs the ceremony; he proceeds to the hall of Shells, where the chiefs were assembled, and raising aloud the song of war, he calls on the spirits to come on their clouds, and be witness to the heroism of their descendants. The bards were in fact called upon by the leaders, as those on whose well-directed exertions rested the fate of battle, to rehearse the glorious exploits of former heroes, and by urging every motive to exertion, endeavour to carry the day by *esprit du corps*, not unlike the way in modern times of calling on the pipers—*seid suas*, play up? But they stood in no need of command; they acted in their vocation *con amore*, and they could excite or appease the warlike passions at their will; nay, with such awe were these men of song regarded, that they would step between armies which had drawn swords and levelled spears for immediate action; and the ireful combatants, as if their fury had been tamed by a charm, instantly dropt their arms.* The shaking of the "Chain of silence" by the Irish bards, produced the same effect.†

Their prophetic character added greatly to their influence; for they professed to foretell the fate of wars, and the destiny of individuals. So nearly allied are the gifts of poetry.

* Diodorus.

† Walker's Hist. Ir. Bards.

and prophecy, that the same individuals were professors of both, and hence it is that we find the Romans using the terms indiscriminately, especially with reference to those in their Gaulish provinces. Of the prophecies of the Gauls, many instances are related; they were held in much estimation for their auguries and predictions, and were consulted by even the emperors of Rome. Those soldiers who were in their armies, perhaps from their national gravity, and dark and figurative manner of expression,* compared with their Italian comrades, were looked on as seeing more clearly into futurity than others. The spirit descended on their successors in the British isles. In the Principality, the faculty in the bardic order was tacitly acknowledged, and Irish history affords many proofs of the conjunction, whilst among the Scottish Gaël, the ability to prognosticate unerringly, was repeatedly claimed, and respectfully conceded. Fingal himself, by concurrent tradition, is allowed, with other attributes of one so illustrious, to have possessed in an eminent degree, the ability to predict coming events. The court poets, about 1323, delivered a prophecy respecting King David, which was fully credited.†

Numerous proofs of the unabated influence of bardic exhortations on individuals, clans, and confederated armies, could be adduced. When the orator, standing on a cairn or other eminence, harangued the assembled host, in energetic verse, descanting in glowing terms on the well earned glories of the race—their heroism and other virtues, reminding them that on present exertions depended their country's fate—their own, their wives and children's safety; that the freedom which their sires bequeathed, it was for them to maintain and faithfully transmit to following generations; and when he warned them that the shades of their noble ancestors hovered near to witness their prowess, and bear them to the realms of bliss, if they bravely fell, the climax was attained, and in the paroxysm of generous resolution, with a simultaneous shout, the whole rushed forward to the mêlée.

Those who survived, were welcomed by the fair with the songs of praise; the bards extolling their exploits in the most laudatory strains.

The War Song of Gaul in the fourth book of Fingal, shows the usual style of the Prosnachadh cath, which is the name applied to it, corresponding to the Irish Rosga cath, and the Welsh Arymes prydain.‡ The address of that intrepid chief of the Caledonian confederation, Galgacus, delivered to his troops previous to the great battle of the Grampians, is highly interesting for its antiquity, the eloquence it displays, and the light it throws on the sentiments of that unconquerable race, to whom the Britons of the south alleged the gods themselves were scarcely equal. The famed Caractacus would animate his forces in a similar manner; and it is probable both delivered their harangues in verse, and may indeed have been of the bardic order. The strife was truly "kindled by the songs of the bards." "Go Ullin—go my aged bard! remind the mighty Gaul of battle—remind him of his fathers—support the yielding fight; for the song enlivens war," says the king of Morven.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples: the practice was retained as long as clanship was entire. The Brosnachadh cath Gariach, composed by Lachlan Mac Mhuireach, the

* Diod. Marcell

† Fordun, xiii. 5.

‡ Cambrian Register.

bard of Donald of the isles, at the bloody field of Harlaw in 1411, is a specimen, curious for the subject and the strict alliteration in its composition. It has been observed as scarcely credible, that a bard could compose and deliver such lengthened exhortations in the battle field, and impossible to preserve such effusions afterwards, except he was "attended by a secretary!" These, and many similar objections to the authenticity of the ancient remains of Gaëlic bards, have been offered by the late Rev. Edward Davies, author of "Celtic researches," in a very rare work, entitled, "The claims of Ossian considered." This writer, whose remarks we shall have occasion again to allude to, is the most severe assailant of the venerable bard who has yet appeared, and it is to be regretted, that the asperity, promoted by ignorance of the subject, which is evinced throughout his inquiry, tarnishes much the fame he acquired by his other learned productions. The bards doubtless studied the subject of their compositions, previous to rehearsal, and polished or perfected them afterwards. Ossian was as capable of composing Fingal and Temora, as Homer was to form the Iliad, and the deep misfortune, of being "blind, palsied, destitute, broken-hearted and illiterate," p. 53. and the last of his race, was rather favourable to his poetic genius, while it imparted a melancholy spirit. He might not be provided with an "amanuensis," but he had zealous admirers, and attentive auditors to his frequent repetitions; and although Malvina might be 80 years of age, by Mr Davies' chronology, she could well store her memory, less disturbed by the passions of youth, with those affecting songs, which it delighted the hoary bard to repeat.

A striking instance of the irresistible impression of these vigilant monitors occurs in Irish history. The primate of Ireland, in a conference with Fitzgerald, succeeded in convincing him of the folly and the guilt of a contemplated rebellion, when Nelan, the bard, lifting up his voice with his harp, poured forth a touching effusion, commemorative of the heroism of that noble's ancestors—of their wrongs and the inestimable value of freedom, and evoking quick revenge; the gallant Thomas rushed forth and flew to arms.

When aid was sought from neighbouring clans, the bard was the fitting messenger to arouse the sympathy of friends. In late and altered times, the poets exercised, by means of their compositions, a power scarcely inferior to that of their predecessors, in the days of Druidism. If they could not command the favour of a chief, they could neutralize his efforts by their songs, which took the desired effect on the less politic clansmen. Iain Lom and others performed wonders by the power of verse, and respect for their profession. Rob Donn was more useful by the effect of his cutting poems, in favour of Prince Charles, than his chief was prejudicial in his operations with an unwilling clan.

It is necessary here to notice, with attention, the religious tenets maintained by the Druids, that celebrated priesthood, which held unlimited power over a mighty race—which instilled for many centuries of uninterrupted sway, those generous precepts, that not only operated on the mental faculties of the bard, himself so important a member of the community, but formed a national character, which is not even yet effaced. The progress and fall of a system are to be traced, which became like other institutions, corrupt and injurious, through the venality of the professors of poetry, who had survived the religion whence they emanated, which had long been abandoned by the human race, but

which left much, long entwined with the holy faith we now maintain, strongly imbuing the poetic genius of the Gaëlic bards. The wild imaginations of the enthusiastic Celts, led them to indulge in many superstitious ideas, but if, like other Pagans, they openly and emblematically admitted a plurality of Gods; the belief in one supreme disposer of human events was the fundamental creed of the bardic hierarchy; and if the people were persuaded of the truth of metempsychosis, or transmigration of spirits into other bodies, the more enlightened portion believed the immortality of the soul, in a state of happiness or misery. In the work of that intelligent Roman soldier and historian, Marcellinus, who was well acquainted with the Gauls, he thus speaks: "the Druidæ of a higher polish and imagination, as the authority of Pythagoras decreed, being formed into societies or fellowships, were addicted wholly to the consideration of matters of divine and hidden import, and despising all human things, they confidently affirmed that the souls of men were immortal."* The simple and sublime doctrines, if it is permitted so to designate them, which the Druids taught, were to reverence the Deity—to abstain from evil, and to behave with bravery; and they enforced their observance with unremitting energy. To the Almighty being, they paid adoration under the open canopy of heaven, esteeming it unbecoming to confine within a covered edifice, the worship of Him who created all things. At His mysterious shrine—circular, as the type of eternal duration,—they invoked divine favour, under the striking symbol of the resplendent sun, the apparent source of universal life. The appellations, Be 'il and Grian, or Granais were applied to the glorious luminary, and they are still used by the Gaël, although they do not attach to them those unchristian ideas, which darkened the mind of his ancestors, or perhaps being at all aware of the origin of terms formerly repeated with feelings of gratitude and veneration.† Many superstitions which yet maintain a hold on his imagination, are traceable to the mysterious dogmas of Druidism. Feelings carried along from ages the most remote, imbued the minds of the Gaëlic poets who indulged the fond persuasion, that the aerial spirits of departed friends hovered near their earthly relatives, rejoicing in their success and happiness, warning them of impending misfortunes, and ready when meeting death, to bear their spirits on clouds to a happier region. This cannot be called a debasing belief.

The only names which the Gaël yet apply to Heaven and Hell, proclaim their origin in days of Paganism. The ideas concerning Flath-innis, the island of the brave or noble, which was supposed to lie far distant in the Western Ocean, and Ifrinn, the cold and dismal isle in which the wicked were doomed to wander, in chilling solitude, so inconsistent with, and diametrically opposed to the Christian faith, could never have been imbibed from the sacred records of divine will. The numerous imaginary beings, with which the Celts filled earth, air, and water, were admirable accessories to the poetic machinery; they were perhaps originally deified, and although not yet discarded from popular belief, they are reduced to the less awful forms of phocas, fairies, beansiths, Glaslìgs, &c.

By all people, heaven has been pictured as an indescribable refinement, of all that imparts pleasure to the inhabitants of earth; and it is otherwise impossible to form any idea

* Book xv. ch. 9.

† The Romans, or Romanized Celts, raised altars to them.

of the joys awaiting the righteous, the reality of which "it hath not entered the heart of man to conceive." With the Gaël, all the amusements in which they took delight, whilst dweiliers in the lower world, were pursued without alloy in their aerial abode. All descriptions of the Celtic paradise, must fall short of their own conception of its glories, but the following effort of an ancient bard to impart some notion of its imaginary excellence, is highly interesting, abounding as it does in that hyperbolic style, which is impressed on all similar compositions. It gives also a curious picture of one of the Celtic sages. "In former days, there lived in Skerr, a Druid of high renown. The blast of wind waited for his commands at the gate; he rode the tempest, and the troubled wave offered itself as a pillow for his repose. His eye followed the sun by day; his thoughts travelled from star to star in the season of night. He thirsted after things unseen—he sighed over the narrow circle which surrounded his days. He often sat in silence beneath the sound of his groves; and he blamed the careless billows that rolled between him and the green Isle of the west." One day as he sat thoughtful upon a rock, a storm arose on the sea: a cloud, under whose squally skirts the foaming waters complained, rushed suddenly into the bay; and from its dark womb at once issued forth a boat, with its white sails bent to the wind, and around were a hundred moving oars: but it was void of mariners; itself seeming to live and move. An unusual terror seized the aged Druid: he heard a voice, though he saw no human form. "Arise! behold the boat of the heroes—arise, and see the green Isle of those who have passed away!" He felt a strange force on his limbs; he saw no person; but he moved to the boat. The wind immediately changed—in the bosom of the cloud he sailed away. Seven days gleamed faintly round him; seven nights added their gloom to his darkness. His ears were stunned with shrill voices. The dull murmur of winds passed him on either side. He slept not, but his eyes were not heavy: he ate not, but he was not hungry. On the eighth day, the waves swelled into mountains; the boat rolled violently from side to side—the darkness thickened around him, when a thousand voices at once cried aloud,—"The Isle, the Isle!" "The billows opened wide before him; the calm land of the departed rushed in light on his eyes. It was not a light that dazzled, but a pure, distinguishing, and placid light, which called forth every object to view in its most perfect form. The Isle spread large before him, like a pleasing dream of the soul; where distance fades not on the sight—where nearness fatigues not the eye. It had its gently sloping hills of green; nor did they wholly want their clouds: but the clouds were bright and transparent, and each involved in its bosom, the source of a stream; a beauteous stream, which wandering down the steep, was like the faint notes of the half-touched harp to the distant ear. The valleys were open and free to the ocean; trees loaded with leaves, which scarcely waved to the light breeze, were scattered on the green declivities and rising grounds. The rude winds walked not on the mountain; no storm took its course through the sky. All was calm and bright; the pure sun of autumn shone from his blue sky on the fields. He hastened not to the west for repose; nor was he seen to rise from the east. He sits in his mid-day height, and looks obliquely on the Noble Isle. In each valley is its slow-moving stream. The pure waters swell over its banks, yet abstain from the fields. The showers disturb them not; nor are

they lessened by the heat of the sun. On the rising hill, are the halls of the departed—the high-roofed dwellings of the heroes of old.”*

There is here none of the barbarous ideas which distinguished the Scandinavians. The Celts never dreamt of such joys as were found in Odin’s Hall, or of carrying vindictive feelings beyond the grave—no quaffing beverage from the skulls of enemies, and other marks of ferocious minds. There is here no purgatorial state—no such horrid passage, as led to the Elysium of the Greeks—the transit of the spirit from earth, is on clouds accompanied by those of relatives long before removed. There was indeed an intermediate position, occupied by the shades of those who had escaped the more awful penalty, but had no position in the abode of the virtuous. So difficult is it to control the vicious propensities of mankind, that the Druids not only were empowered to pass a sentence, of the most strict excommunication, rendering it highly criminal in any to show the smallest favour to the proscribed, but they carried their pretensions farther, and debarred them from entering Flath-innis. For those who were guilty of venial crimes, or had shown “the little soul,” by coming short of the standard of goodness, through cowardice, injustice, &c., which did not incur the severer ban, it was impossible ever to reach the island of the brave. Their sluggish spirits heard no song of praise; they were doomed to hover in miserable solitude, beside fens and marshes, tormented by unavailing regrets.

To a northern people, as warmth is of all sensations the most desirable, so cold is the most to be avoided. Exposure to chilling winds, and a state of intense and continued frigidity, is a calamity, which those who were ill clad, must have dreaded even more than the want of food. It was therefore with them a natural imagination, that the place of final punishment should be wrapt in an atmosphere of everlasting frosts. Ifrinnt† was therefore contemplated with feelings of horror, and the dread of being consigned for evermore to its indescribable rigour, operated as a powerful check on the unworthy passions.

Besides piety to the objects of their worship, and unflinching bravery in the battle field, Druidic morality required the exercise of other duties, to merit the beatitude of the Isle of the exalted. The profession of bardism ensured a becoming degree of respect and awe, towards itself; while the patriarchal feelings of clanship bound closely the followers to their natural chiefs and protectors.

Hospitality is a virtue of primitive society—its exercise was a positive law among the Gauls and Germans of old.‡ It continued unrestricted among the Gaël, while their ancient system remained entire, and it is now only cooled, where modern civilization and refinement have intruded on the unsophisticated manners of an open-hearted race. “The red oak is in a blaze; the spire of its flame is high. The traveller sees its light on the dusky heath, as night spreads around him her raven wings. He sees it, and is glad; for he knows the hall of the king. There,” he says to his companion, “we pass the night; the door of Fion is always open. The name of his hall is the stranger’s home.” The feast is spread—the king wonders that no stranger from the darkly heath is come.

* Macpherson’s Introduction, 190.

† I fuair fhuinn, the isle of the cold atmosphere or climate.

‡ Tacitus. l. Diodorus, 5.

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

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

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

* Gallic Antiquities, 317.

† Agathias, I. 13.

‡ Cave of Creyla.

§ Finan and Lorma.

|| Cyveiliog, Prince of Powis fl. 1160.

"Ge fagus clach do làr,
 "S faigse na sin cobhair Choibbi."

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

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

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

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

* Welsh, Irish, and Highland authorities.

† Oina morul.

‡ Lora.

§ Rojoux. Ducs de Bretagne. I. 135.

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

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

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

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

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

* Higgins' Celtic Druids.

† Torfæus.

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

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

* Diodorus. Marcellinus.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

† *Smith's Gallic Antiquities*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

† Etymologicon magnum.

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

"Au crith-thaice ri luirg fein,
Fui' gheug dhoilleir dharaich,
Lan oghuidheachd :—a chrom aomadh,
'S fheasag aosda sios mu bhròlach.
-air lar tha shuil a dearcadh
Ach anam ann co'radh thaibhse."

The figurative and laconic reply is very characteristic.

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

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

Sumptuary laws were not forgotten in the Brehon code. In A. D. 192, as Irish Annals inform us, such enactments settled among other matters, the value of a bodkin

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Beauford.

† Dr Smith.

‡ Description of the Western Isles.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

† Borlase.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Cambrian Mag.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

† Major, Lib. iv.

In 1512, gevin till ane barde wife called Agnes Carkell, xlii s.

Item, to O Donelis (Irlandman) harpar quhilk past away with him, vii L.

In the household book of the Countess of Mar, under the dates 1638—1642, we find :

To ane blind singer, who sang the time of dinner, . xii s.

To twa hieland singing women, . . . vi s.

To ane woman elarshochar, . . . xii s.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Gentleman's Mag. LXII.

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

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

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

* Players at chess, gamesters.

§ Sheanaghies.

† Tellers of tales.

‡ Rotul. Patentium, 258, 94.

|| Harris’ edition of Wares’ Hibernia, 98.

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

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

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

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

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

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

* View of the state of Ireland.

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

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

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

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

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

† The late John Anderson, Esq., W.S.

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

§ Posidonius apud Ritson. He flourished about 30 years before Christ.

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

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

AFALLENAU MYRDDIN.

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

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

* Jones' poetical relics of the W. bards.

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

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

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

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

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

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

† Dr O'Connor.

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

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

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

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

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

† Bunting on Irish music, 1840.

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

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

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

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

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

† Dr Brown.

§ II. p. 213.

‡ Pinkerton "the Goth."

|| Owen's Dictionary.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Goll mear milleata
Ceap na crodhachta
Laimh fhial arachta
Mian na mordhass
Mur leim lanteinne
Fraoch nach bhfuarthear

Laogh gu lan ndealbhaig
Reim an richuraibh
Leomhan luatharmach
A leonadh biodhbhaidh
Ton ag tream tuarguin
Goll nan gnath iorguil." &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

† See Transactions of Irish Academy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Miann a Bhaird aosda, p. 16.

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

Latha do Phadruic na mhu;
Gun sailm air uigh ach ag òl
Chaidh e thigh Oisein ’ic Fhinn
On san leis bu bhinn a glòir.

Osian

Again :—

“ Na h-eòineanan bòidheach a’s òrdamail pòung.
Stu mārceach nan srànnach a’s fàrrumach cèum.”

MucLachlan.

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

"Sin fhuil bhan cùis' ar SINNSEAR,
 San INNSGINN a bha nan aigne
 A dh'fhagadh dhùinn mar DHILIB,
 Bhi RIOGHAIL : b'è sin am Paidir."

p. 130.

Again :—

"Is mòr a ghreis a thug na SEOID
 'Sna SLOIGH a coimhead an euchlan;
 Ach chlàon iad arach air an FHRAOCH,
 'S fuil CHRAOBHACH a ruith o' n creuchdaibh."

Morduth.

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

"A nighean donn na buaille
 Gam bheil an gluasad farusda,
 Gun tug mi gaol co buan duit,
 'Snach gluais e air an EARRACH so;
 Mheall thu mi le d' shùgradh
 Le d' bhriodal a' le d' chùine,
 Lùh thu mi mar fhìdran,
 'S cha dùchas domh bhi FALLAIN naith."

Here is another specimen of a similar style :—

Fhuair mi sgèula moch dièidin
 Air laimh fhèuma bha gu creùchdach,
 'S leor a gheùrad anns An leùmsa
 Anl on trèud bha huaghar,
 O Dhun Gàranach ur àillail
 Na'n trup meùra' s na'n steud seànga,
 Na'n gleus glàna s' ceutach seàlladh,
 Beichdail àillaidh naibhreach.

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

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

Taigh mor macnasach, meāghrach,
 Nam macaibh 's nam māighdean,
 Far 'm bu tartarach gleādhraich nan corn,
 Taigh mor, &c.

See p. 24.

Tha mo dhùils' ann an Diā,
 Guir muirneach do thriāll,

Gu Dùn ud nan cliār,
 Far bu duthchas do' m thriàth,
 Bhiodh gu fìngbantach fiàll foirmeil,
 Bhiodh gu, &c.

See p. 30.

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

Si so 'n aimsir an dearbhar
 An targanach dbùinn,
 'S hras meinnnach fir Alba
 Fon armaibh air thùs;
 Nnair dh' eireas gach treun-laoch
 Na' n eideadh ghlan ùr,
 Le run feirg agus gairge
 Ge seirbhis a chrùin.

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

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

'S à' mhàdhinn | chiùin gheàl, | ànn àm dhòmh | dūsghàdh,
 'Aig bùan nà | stùicè | b è'n sùgràdh | leam,
 A cheàre lè | sgiùcàn | a gābhàil | tūchàin,
 'Sàin còileùch | cùirtèil | àg dūrdàil | trom.
 Àn drèathàn | sùrdail, | 's à ribbìd | chial àige,
 À cùr nàn | smùid dhèth | gū lùthàr | binn;
 Àn trùid sàm | brù dheàrg | lè mōràn ùnaich,
 Rē cùilèir | sùnntùch | bù shiùbhlàch | rann.

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

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

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

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

I.

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

I.

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

II.

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

II.

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

III.

Gearr sìos gu bàs,
Gnn bharc sheol bàn,
Bhì snàmh ma dhubh Innistoir.

III.

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

IV.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

V.

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

VI.

Cum suas do sgia,
Is crobhuidhe nial,
Mar chith bho reull a bhàis.

VI.

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

VII.

A mhacan ceann,
Nan cùrsan stann,
Sgrios naimhde sìos gu Ìar.

VII.

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

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

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

* (r. of Ba'il?

† Smith's *Gallie Antiquities*.

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

A eolcha Alban uile,
A shluagh feta folt bhuidhe,
Cia ceud ghabhail an eol duibh,
Ro ghabhustar Alban bhrugh.

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

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

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

Mar cheud gaoth an daraig Mhoirbheinn,
Mar cheud sruth o thor nan aonach,
Mar neoil a’ curadh gu dubhlaibh,
Mar chuan mor air traigh a’ taomadh,
Cho leathan, beucach, dorcha, borb,
Thachair laoi ch fochol air Lena.
Bha gairm an t-sluaigh air cruach nam beann,
Mar thorrann an oidhch’ nan sian,
‘N uair bhriseas uial Chona nan gleann
‘S mìle taihhs’ a’ sgreadh gu diau
Air gaoith, fhaoin, fhiar nan carn.
Ghluais an Rìgh na’ neart gu luath,
Mar thannas Threimhoir, fhuath gun bhaigh,
‘N nair thig e’ n cron-osag nan stuadh
Gu Morbheinn, tìr sìuns’re a ghraidh.

* *Rerum Hih. scriptores veteres.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

† Tighmora, 404.

‡ Berrathon.

"Bu ghile bian na canach sleibhte,
No ur-sneachd air bharra gheuga."*

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

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

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

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

I.

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

II.

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

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

* Bas Airt 'ie Ardair. Smith's Antiquities, 350.

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

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

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

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

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

* Nalson, Introduction to the Irish language—1806. Another version is given by Gillies.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

‡ Polybius IV.

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

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

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

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

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

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

‘*Tan a dwr yn ymwrïaw,
Yw'r taranau dreigiau draw.*’

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH;

OR

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY, &c.

MORDUBH.

A' CHEUD FARRAN.*

Am beil thus' air sgiathan do luathais,
A ghaoth, gu triall le t-uile neart?
Thig le cairdeas dh'ionnsuidh m' aois—
Thoir sgrìob aotrom thar mo chraig.
Co-aois m' oige ghlaic an t-aog,
'S uaigneach m' aigne 'n uamh mo bhròin;
'S mòr mo leòn fo lamh na h-aois.
Osag tha 'g astar o thuath,
Na dean tuasaid rium, 's mi lag,
Bha mi uair gu'n robh mo cheum
Cho aotrom riut fein, a ghaoth;
Mo neart mar chraig a Chruaidh-mhill,
'S iomadh cath 's na bhuail mi beum;
'S tric taibhse mo naimhdean ag astar,
Le ceum lag, o bheinn gu beinn.
Ach thig àm do bhròin-sa, ghaoth,
'N uair dhìreas tu 'n t-aonach gu mall.
Cha'n imrich thu neoil thar coill,
'S cha lùb a choille fo d' laimh,
'S cha gheill am fraoch anfhann fein.—
Ach togaidh gach geug an ceann.
Bi-sa baigheil rium-s', a ghanth,
Oir tha 'n aois ort fein ro theann.

Cuir lasair ri geug do'n ghallan,
A shealgair coire 's aille snuadh.
Tha 'n oidheche siubhal n'an ear,

Tha ghrian a' crìtheadh 's an iar.
D'fhosgail eilean Fhlaitheis sa' chuan,
Tri uairean dorsan nan nial,
A ghaothaich, "Dean cablag thar a chuain
Le d' chuach-fhailt àluinn, a ghrian."
Tha neoil dubh siubhlach na h-oidheche,
Gun aoibhneas air chùl nan tonn;
'S tric iad ag amharc do thriall,
A ghnais àluinn tha 'g astar o'n ear.
Ach eiribh le 'r sgiathan n'o chuan,
A neoil dhòrach nan iomadh gruain.
Tha sgàilean nan sònn o shean,
Tabhairt cuireadh do'n ghrein gu flath-innis.*

Beannachd le rìbhinn chìùin do ruin,
Buaidh le d' shlaighead air gach beinn.
A shealgair, tha tabhairt dhomh treòir,
'S mi leointe fo laimh na h-aois!
Ach suidh thusa ann am uaimh,
A's eisd ri tuasaid ghaoth a's chrag;
Innsidh mi dhut sgeul is mor brìgh,
Air suinn tha sìnte fo'n lùe;
'S taitneach na smaointean a thriall;
'S miannach dreach nam bliadhna dh-fhalbh!
Pill thusa, m' oige, le t-uile ghuimh,
A's feuch do m' anam bliadhn' mo neirt;
Feuch gach cath 's na bhuail mi beum,
A's airm nan laoch bha treubhach borb,
Thugaibh suil o neoil 'ur suain.
'Fheara bha cruaidh anns gach cath,
Cluinnidh 'ur clann fuaim 'ur èlù.

* The Author of this Poem, whose name is Douthal, was both a Chief and a Bard of great repute. The accounts which tradition gives of him are various; but the most probable makes him the Poet of Mordubh, King of the Caledonians. A fragment of this Poem has been published in Gillies' Collection, in two Parts, consisting of the First, and nearly half the Second Part. It is now given in three Parts entire; and differs not materially from the Translation given in "Clark's Caledonian Bards"—a small Volume published in the last century.

* The Sun was supposed to sleep in Flath-innis, the Isle of Heroes, in the western ocean. The human mind has been in every age ambitious of obtaining a happy hereafter. The Kelts, indulging in this pleasant presentiment, sent the ghosts of their departed friends to this imaginary paradise.

'S thig sìleadh an sùl gu làr.
Tha m' anam a soilleachadh le gnìomh,
Nam bliadhna dh-fhalbh, a's nach pill.

Dh-fhalaich a ghealach a ceann,
Bha cadal reultan air chul neoil;
Cabhag ghaoth a's chuan o chian,
Bu gharbh an cath 'bha edar stuaidh,
A's sìleadh ghailbheach nan speur,
N uair dh' eirich co-shambla Shailmhoir,*
O leabaidh fhuair sa' gharbh chuan;
A siubhal air bharraibh nan stuagh,
S a ghaoth' cur meanbh chath mu'n cuairt,
Dh' eirich mac an aoig air sgiath
Na h-osaig, gu gruaidh Chraigmhoir;
'S bha anail fhiadhaich nan nial,
Ag eiridh ma shleagh gun ghuin.
Ag amharc anuas o leabaidh fhuair,
Bu mhòr a brìdh a bha 'na ghuth:
"Duisgibh! chlann Alba nam buadh,
'S garbh colg "ur naimhdean o thuath;"
A' gluasad air bharraibh nan tonn,
Tha clanna Lochluinn nan lom long.
Eiribh! chlann Alba nam buadh,
'S mor neart ur naimhdean o thuath."
Air sgiath na h-osaige fuair'
Dh-fhalbh mac na h-oidhche gu luath.
Lùb an darach garbh fo chasan,
'S chrith gach gallan ro' fheirg.
"Tionailbh mo shuinn o'n t-seilg,"
Thubhairt Ceann-feadhna na h-Alba,
"Soillsichibh sràd air Druim-Feinne,
A's thig mo laoidh o ghruaidh gach beinne."
Labhair Mordubh, Rìgh nan srath,
'S lionar crag tha' g' innsadh sgeil.
Chuala clann a chath an fonn,
A's leum iomadh lann ghlas amach.
Dh' eirich a mhadainn san ear,
A's dh' iarr i a' sian gailbheach gluasad.
B' àluinn, maiseach, fiamh na greine
Tigh'nn amach gu ciùin o'n chuan;
' Boillsgeadh a gathan air airm
Nan laoch mòr-bhuadhach anns gach cath.

Air adhart dh' eirich Ciabh-ghlas treun,
A's iomadh sleagh air chul Cheann-aird.
Tha Treunmar a tional a shluaigh;
'S c'uim'ann bi Mordal air dheireadh.
Labhair Ciabh-ghlas, bu mhor aois,
"Co chunnac Sunar o thnath?
Am beil e togail iomadh sleagh?

* Tradition says that Salmor was drowned in passing from the mainland to his own home in one of the Hebrides, on hearing that his wife was taken prisoner, and his lands laid waste by Tuthmar, a Chief of Norway, whose father Salmor is said to have killed in battle.

† The Lochlins, signify in Gaelic *The Descendant of the Ocean*, and comprehend all the Northern Nations who invaded the Caledonians.

Thug mi fein am òig air buaidh.
Ge fann mi'n diugh anns a chath,
Bha mi'n sin gu neartar cruaidh.
"Ni m' beil a d' neart, no d' chruadal feum."
Thuir Mac-Corbhui bu bheag cliù,
"S treun meannach, Sunar o thuath.
Tha gathan na greine a leum
Mu'n cuairt a dh' eideadh an t-seoid.
Tha suinn gharbh neartar ri thaobh,
Is ard a choille tha lùbadh fo chasan.
Tha creagan Thir-mhoir beag fo cheum,
'S trom colgar, gailbheach rìgh Lochluinn,
'S cha toir Siol Alb' air buaidh."

CIABH-GLAS.

"Imich thus' a ghealtair chlaoin
Gu aiseiridh shàmach nam ban.
Tha t' anam air chrith mar dhuille uaine,
A ghluaiseas roimh anail nan speur,
Mar thuiteas i ro' fhuachd a gheamhraidh,
Teich thusa o na naimhdean borb:
Ach is ioma' craobh gharbh sa bheinn so
A sheasas 'n uair is gailbheach sian.
Is tric thainig naimhdean o thuath,
Ach buannachd cha tug iad rianh.
Imich thuse m'bhic gun chliù,
Gu aiseiridh chuil nan daoine crion'.
Mur biodh aige-san tha gun chliù,
Naimhdean nach bu mhò na thu,
B' aohhar eagail nach b' fhiù dha
Airm a rusgadh sa chath.
A feith air Clann Lochluinn o thuath,
Bi 'n cruaidh lannan fuilteach o'n taobh.
Chualas t' fhacail bu bheag stà,
A mhic an ardain tog do ghàth."

Dh' eirich dà shleagh gu h-àrd—
Bha rusgadh lann air gach taobh.
Dhuig anis neart na h-Alba,
Chum garbh chath thubhairt dh'i fein:
Ach, thainig sgiath laidir an t-sluaigh,
Rìgh àluinn Albainn a nuas,
Le corruich mhor, 's le trom ghruaim,
Dh' amhaire e air na suinn lann fuath.
Bha shuil gu fiadhaich ag siubhal,
Gu dubhach o fhear gu fear;
Air eagal gu tuiteadh an sluagh,
Borb luath ag imeachd bha ghuth:
"Na ruisgeadh lann a chloinn na fairge,
Na canaibh gu leag sibh sin.
Is tric dh' eirich sleagh ur 'n athraiche;
Is lionar an cill air ar tràigh;
Ach 's aoibhinn duibhs, a chlann Lochluinn,
Leagar Alba le h-airm fein!"

Làn maslaidh bho fheirg an rìgh,
Shiubhail na laoidh a dhuig an strì;

Mar dhà neul tha siubhal air càrn,
 'Nuair shiubhlas a ghrian air mìn dhriuchd;
 Dublach bha na glinn roi 'n ceum,
 Ag amharc an tighinn an deoir nan speur.
 Cha 'n fhuil leo an cneoc crìon,
 Tha triall chum gruaidh Ard-chraig.
 Mar sin a shiubhlas na suinn,
 An coineamh a naimhdean borb.
 Air adhart tha ceum rìgh Alba,
 Mar gharbh craig an aghaidh tuinn mhoir,
 'N uair chruinnicheas na stuaidh,
 A tabhairt garbh cbath do thuitte.

Mar ghaoth oidheche shiubhlas air speur,
 Thainig clann Lochluinn nan sleagh;
 Cha siubhail osag na h-aonar,
 'S ann combla tha dubh ghruaim nan sian.
 Dh' eirich airm Albainn gu h-ard,
 Mar thairneanach tha gairm nan cnoc;
 Mar thuiteas dà chlach o bheinn aird,
 'S iad tachairt air ùrlar a ghlinn',
 Mar sin bha toiseach garbh a chathl',
 Is iomadh nàmh a thuit leinn.
 Bha uamhann a bhlairst air an fhraoch—
 Bha tuitte fala mu shleagh Cheann-ard;
 B' iomadh creubhag a lot Mordal—
 Bu chruaidh, borb, fathail, gach fear.
 Ach co b' urrainn seasadh roi' cheud?
 Chunnaic an Rìgh ar ceum air ais;
 Las anam a ghaigich le feirg,
 'S àillt dearg a leanailt a shleagha;
 Bha taibhsean a naimhdean mu'n cuairt,
 Ach fad' uath fein bha na laoiach.
 Thainig e mu dheireadh nan deigh,
 Mar thonn a tuiteam o'n chreig;
 'S tric a dh' iarr an fhaig air dìreadh—
 'S tric a thilg an stuaidh e bho bhonn;
 Tha gàraich a chomh-strì garg,
 'S am barr glas briseadh 's a ghaoith,

C' uime tha thu gruamach 's an iar,
 A ghrian àluinn ag astar nan nial?
 Cha b' anfhann na suinn—
 Cha do theich sinn roi 'n mheata.
 'S tric chuir neoil dhorch smal ort fein,
 An aimsir ghailbheach nan sian.
 Ach 'n uair théid fògradh air a ghaoith,
 'S théid caonuag nan speur gu taobh;
 'N uair bheir thu smachd air na neoil,
 'S a ghlacas a ghaoth air do laimh;
 'N uair sheallas tu oirne nuas,
 'S do chuach fhalt àluinn a sniomh;
 'N uair bhios fianh ghàir air do ghnuis,
 'S mòr aoibhneas 'g òideadh gach cuic—
 'S aighearach leinn do bhuaidh 's na speuran,
 A's beannaichidh sinn do ghathan, a ghrian.
 Imich gu d' leabaidh le ceòl,
 Thusa tha measg nan reultan mòr;

Bheir sinne buaidh fathasd,
 Ged' tha sinn a nochd fo leòn.

AN DARA H-EARRANN.

Tri nairean chrath an oidheche
 A sgiath dubh, cheòthach, 's an ear;
 Tri nairean sheall na reultan,
 Mar neoil ghrumach nan speur.
 Bha osnadh thamailte nan laoch,
 'S a ghaoith ag astar nan càrn;
 Bha co-shamhla nan soun o shean,
 Le corruich ag siubhal nam beann.
 Chualas trom osnaidh nam marbh,
 'S b' anfhann an guth 's na neoil;
 Chuimhnich sinne gaisg' an laimh,
 A's gabh sinn tamailte mhòr.

Air ard-chraig dh' amhaire an rìgh,
 'S lionar gaisgeach bha fo ghruaim;
 Bha 'n smointean soillear dha fein,
 A's labhair e le briathraibh cruaidh.
 Air cuis 'n uair laidheas gruaime,
 Théid fuadach an cridhe crìon,
 'S théid fir fhaon gu luath fo dhion;
 Togaidh an calma cheann roi' ghaillean;
 'S cha bhi fianh taise na ghnuis.
 Tha ceuman nan sian 's an doire,
 'S cha lùb an darach a ghlinn.
 Abraibh sibhse Chinn-fheadhna,
 An tainig sinn o dhaoine crìon!
 An ann do gheuga fann ar sleagh?
 O dharach Alba nam mor ghnoimh,
 'S tric thainig naimhdean o thuath,
 'S cuin a theich ar sinnsir gun bhuaidh?
 An geill sibhse do chloinn na fairge,
 Far am b' àbhaist taibhse nan naimhdean
 Leum bho osaig gu h-osaig,
 Le trom osnadh bhròin nam marbh?
 Tha chlach ud le mòintich liath
 A cumail cuimhne air treun laoiach,
 Ag radh, "Cha do theich ar n' athraiche riamh,
 Fhearanh leanailh dian an lorg!"

Ag eisdeachd ri briathran an rìgh,
 Bu dublach bha na suinn mu'n cuairt.
 Ag amharc claidheamh, sgiath, a's sleagh,
 'S le faicail gun bhrìgh ann a chluais.

Sheas Morcheann, Triath Allt-duibh,
 Tri uairean chrath e sgiath,
 Tri uairean bhuail e an darach;
 "Ainmic bha mo bhuillean fann,
 Ainmic fhuair mo naimhdean buaidh;
 Ge d' thug bliadhu' air falbh mo neart,
 Nì 'm beil gealtachd am ghruaidh.
 Shaoil leam gu'n togadh mo mhac
 Mo leac, 's gu chàradh e mo cheann.

Chaidh ni 'n togar sgiath, no leac
 Le nigear flathail nan deas lann,
 Bha cheum air adhart sa chath :
 Ach d' fhaillig gach caraid mu 'n cuairt.
 Bha iomadh naimhaid na strì ;
 'S thuit an laoch ro' mhìle shuaigh."
 " Beannachd" ars 'an rìgh, " do'n laoch,
 Ach na aonar ni 'm faod e falbh ;
 Theid Ceann-feadhna nochd na lorg ;
 S dorch do choigreach tamh nam marbh."

Ghlac Ogan Mac-Chorbuidh a sgiath,
 An diomhainn duinn gu eiridh grein'
 Nan' dean sibh feathamh da'r luchd mì-rùn ?
 An sin do lahair Ceannard treun,
 'S tric thug siol Albainn an t-slige chiuin ;
 Ach e' uin a thainig bàs air coigrich,
 'N uair a thacheir iad le mùirn ?
 Is treubhach, maisearh, linn Lochluinn,
 A's buinig sinn fòs ar cliù.
 Ciod uime thuiteamaid mar neul,
 Thuig le sgleo bho linne bhuirn,
 A snamh as air bharrailh nam beann,
 'N uair chaidh leas a ghealach fo shuain,
 'S a chrathas gailionn clachan trom',
 'S fianh eagail air rionnag nan sian ?
 Crathaidh mhadainn a ceann 's an ear,
 'S eiridh a ghrian le cunch-fhalt ciuin ;
 Biodh solus a gath' air gach sgiath,
 'S bàs a gearradh airm gach suinn.

A cur air sgiath Dhunairm,
 Deir Morfhalt,* fanaibh gach laoch,
 Air an tog lamh mhìn-ghèal leac,
 Ach laidhidh mise nochd air faoch.
 Cha bhi deoir air gruaidh am dheigh—
 Cha 'n eirich clach le mo cliù—
 Cha 'n abair athair—" mo mhae,"
 No gruagach—" mo chreach, mo rùn !"
 Lot mo shaighead uchd na ribhinn,
 Bha tlachdar thar mhìle mnà.
 Bha fuil mo chairdean ag cur smùid,
 Dheth na h-airm dhu'-ghorm 'n am lùmh ;
 Bu naimhdean a dh'-Alba, m'athraiche,
 Aig Rìgh Lochluinn, b' ainmeil iad.
 B'aite leam sìubhal na fàirge,
 Thog sà gaisgich bhorb mo bhreid.
 Thainig gaith le cabhaig o thuath,
 'S thog na stuaidh le feig an druim ;
 Bha meanbh chathadh g-eiridh mu'n cuairt,
 S neoil ghruamach ag astar os-ciùnn.
 Dh' eirich Albainn air bharr tuinn,

* Morfhalt was a Scandinavian. His history, as given by himself, is full of the most affecting incidents. His character is distinguished by valour in the highest degree, and unshaken fidelity, to the Chief of Dunairm, who so hospitably received him on landing in Scotland, and to whom he occasioned the greatest misfortune—the loss of his family!

'S chrath gach doir' an ciabh le fàilte.
 Bha sleibhtean gòrm gu cealmhor, binn,
 Le cathadh mìn bho cheann ar bàr.
 Be Dunairm ceann-uighe nan coigreach,
 A's shìn an Ceannard gasd' a lamh.
 'S e beatha clann Lochluinn an Albainn,
 'N uair bhios meing fìochaidh air an lamh,
 'S lionar ar feidh, a's lán ar sligean ;
 'S tha cliù a's misneach 'n ar sgeul ;
 'S e'nime chitear gruaim air coigreach ?
 Chaidh sìrd le sòlas air cuirm ;
 B' aoibhinn leinn còmhraidh ar sìth ;
 'S bheannaich sinn naimhdean ar tìr !

Mar gath greine air madainn chiuin,
 'N uair chromar le driuchd gach geug,
 Bha Mìn-bhàs an talla na mùirn,
 A's iomadh laoch toirt suil na deigh ;
 Ach, thug i a rùn do Mhorfhalt.
 Agam cha robh sliabh na suinn ;
 Bha mi am aonar sa chath,
 Thuit naimhdean Lochluinn le m' laimh—
 Thuit, 's cha d' eirich mo chliù.
 Imich thusa, ars' an oigh,
 Gu cathaibh rìghrean cèin ;
 Eiradh do chliù-sa fad as,
 A's cluinidh Mìn-bhàs an sgeul.
 Rainas rìgh Eirinn nan sleigh,
 A's thuit a naimhdean le m' laimh ;
 Sheinn am bard, as fad' thar chuan
 Chualas m' iomradh gu fial.
 B' fhaoidh eighnean Innse-fail,
 Le 'n lamhan mìn-ghèala caoin,
 Romham gu furanach fial,
 Ach ni 'n d' fhuair a h-aon mo ghradh.
 'N tra thraoigh fearg, a's phill sìth,
 Phill mi gu òigh nam bàs mìn.
 'N uair dh' eirich Dunairm gu h-ard,
 Bha ghrian na tamh an cluain seamh,
 'S a ghealach a sìubhal gu luath
 O nial gu nial le baioige gal—
 Thainig guh' air osaig na h-oidhiche,
 O chìrb an doire ud thail,
 Mar ghuth na maidne cubhraidh,
 Air aiseag gu m' chluais gu mìn mall :
 " Imich, 's ma thuiteas tu ghràidh,
 Mo shuillean bi'dh sìlteach gach trà."
 Chrith m'anam le eagal am cliabh,
 Mar nach robh e roimhe riamh.
 Chunnacas Mìn-bhàs nan gael
 Le àrmunn gasda ri taobh.
 Lùb mi 'n tiubhar, ag radh—
 " A shaighead ruig cridhe na ceilg"
 Nior rachadh an laoch an eoin,
 A bhuidhean cliù do chridhe 'n ardain.
 Ra'nig an guin nime a taobh,
 A's chlaon an nigh-mhìn air tom.
 Bha cunch-fhalt dearg le fuil,

A's dh'imich a h-òsnadh air oisag na h-oidhche.
Cion a thainig guin an aoig?"

Thuir an laoch, le guth ard,
"O laimh an fhir nach bu tais,"
A's thog mi an t-sleagh am laimh.
A mbacain na h-oidhche uaignidh,
Thuir an t-òg le mòr iognadh,
"Tha heart a d' laimh, a ghaigich
'N uair is faoin do nàmh.
Nìor thog an gaisgeach a shleagh,
Le cridhe gun àdhaidh, gun ghean.
Falbhaidh do thaibhse daicheadh,
Le macaibh na gaoithe dubhl';
Far nach tog do lannan lann,
'S nach guin do shaihead cridhe gaoil."

B' fhad a gheis thug sinn,
Cha chualas Mìn-bhàs le gair airm:
Thuit a shleagh o laimh mo nàmh;
A's chlaon e fadheògh air an fhraoch.
Thainig a ghealach o neoil;
A's chunnacas mo charaid na fhuil.
"An do thuit thu, bhrathair ghaol?"
Thuir an òigh, 's an t-aog na beul
"S nach faic t-athair thu pilleadh o'n t-scilg?"

O! Mhorfhuilt an tìr chein,
C'aite an eirich do shleagh?
Cha chluinn thu guth mo bhrathar fein,
C'ur fàilt ort tille le d' chliù.
Ach uair eiginn thig an laoch,
A's togaidd e 'n uaigh da rùn.
Tharainn mi 'n t-saighhead o'n chreuchd—
S a h-uchd mìn-ghèal air a lot!
A's shìl mo dheoir le braonaibh fala
Na h-ighinn, 's a suilean a plogadh
N uair chon' i lann Mhorfhuilt na fuil,
'Sgread i mar thannasg, a's theich
A taibhse air neulaibh na gealaich.
Crithir chlachan le 'n còimneich lath
Thogadh sud mu uaigh an laoiach:
Ga chòir sin an suain na tàmh,
Tha 'n ribhinn bu ghile taobh.

Sileadh oighean deoir a bhròin;
A's seinnidh na h-coin gu tiamhaidh
Mu dheoir nan neultan dorcha.
Rè na h-oidhche ag eisleadh na gaoit,
Bha neoil dhubh dol tharum luath;
A's clann an adhair, gu d' theich
Le mòr gheilt, toir dhomh-sa fuath!
Tha Ceannard Dhunairm na onar,
Ri bròn, 's a sileadh dheur;
Air uairbh thig e gan còir;
A's cluinnear a leon air a ghaioth.
Cha tog es-an a shleagh ni 's mò,
Ach còimneidh a nàmh na shleagh.
Thuit Mac Dhunairm le m' laimh—

Thuit Mìn-bhàs fo dhaillre na gealaich.
An ré na gealaiche noaidh,
Théid mi an carann an t-sluaigh.
Cha 'n eil mùirn an talla Dhunairm,
Théid mi, a rìgh; ach ni' m pill;
Siubhlaidh mi mar ghruaim nan speur,
A sheideas gu cruaidh air an raon,
'N tra sheargas na luibhean maoth,
Le amail fhuar na h-eigh-reotha.
Laidh an damh aig steigh na carraige;
'S tha cunlaidh luath gun cheòl.
Tha 'n darach gun duilleach uaine.
Tha cirb an doire ri crathadh;
A's sian an adhair gu ghluasad.
Théid an duine ga theach,
O fhearg na doinìone fuair';
Ach seallaidh athair na soillse
Air na raoin, 's iad brònach.
Dearsaidh a chiabban le naise;
A's fògraidh se namhaid nan luibh;
Crathaidh na cnuic an gruaim air falbh,
'S ni fàilte ris a dol seach.

Snidhibh sibhse so gu là,
A Cheann-fadha nan slogh,
A's tuitidh mise am aonar,
A measg ur naimhdean is gear colg;
Nach abrar, "Nach toir sibh buaidh,
Chionn gu'm beil mi fhein uar measg."

"S muladach do sgeul r'a luadh,
A Mhorfhuilt," se thuir an Rìgh,
"Ach ni 'n tuit thu ad' aonar sa chath,
'S clann Alba an so na'n suain.
Mar dhealan thu an am na strì,
Ach coigil do chairdean a Mhorfhuilt,
Tuitidh fadheireadh an treun,
Treigidh samhradh an àidh,
'S thig gearradh le ghruaim gun blàidh.
Bha Mìn-bhàs am madainn a h-òige,
Mar dheò greine am barraibh ògan;
'S eo dheanadh còmhrag na fheing,
Ri mac Dhunairm a bha garg?
Cha do laidh e gun a chliù,
Ams a chria'-thaigh chumhann chaol.
Gu b' iomràiteach a ghaigse, 's an dàn,
Sheinn na bàird gu blasda binn.
Ach tha sleagh t-athar, a Mhorfhuilt,
Fò snal an ad' lann sa 'n nairs';
Cha tog thu i 'n aghaidh ar nàmh—
Cha bhì fuil t-athar air do chruaidh."

'S i sleagh Cheannaird Dhunairm,
A tha dearg le fuil a nàmh.
Cha togar ma lann sa chath,
Tha i 'sinte làmh' ri m' ghradh.

* The ancient custom of laying the implements of war, and of the chase, in the grave with the fallen hero, has

Bu ladair an lamh a liobh
An t-sleagh so a th' agam fhein ;
Ach tha e coimhead an taibhse,
A threig naith air raon na nial.
San toir a naimhde buaidh,
Air athair an laí a shean aois ?
Cha toir—'s e na chiabhann liath,
O rìgh, 'n tra thogam-sa shleagh.

A's tog e a laoch le buaidh,
Arsa Ceannard bu mhòr cliù,
Ach, eisd ri truaighean is mò.
Bha mo thuireadh sa faraon,
Airson Ainnir a chaidh aog ;
Ach nì'u toir acain, na bròn,
Air ais dhuinn an dream tha fu'u fhòd.
Bu mbaiseach air sliabh Culàluinn,
Ainnir nau lamh geala, caoin ;
Dubh mar fhithcheach bha a falt,
'S bha brolach mar eal' air caol.
Thigeadh smal air dearsadh, gach òigh',
An lathair nigh'n Shannhoir nan rath
Gu'm b' àluinn mathair mu chloinne !
A bha fonnar an talla a chiùl.
Thainig nighean Aonair nau Sleagh,
Da'n robh mo rùn an tùs m' oige ;
'S ghabh a suil bu mhòr goin,
Culàluinn, am maise muà.
Na h-aonar fhuair i mo rùn,
A's labhair i rithe am fòil ;
Nach ionnmuinn siubhal' an lo,
'S cubhraidh' Chuilaluinn am beith.
Tha fir na seilg air beanntaibh cian ;
Thràigh a mhuir fada null,
Fagail a carraige sa ghaoith bhlàth.
A nighean Shailmhoir nan bàs mìn
Rachamaid sìar gun dàil.
Chaidh iad tra choille nan crann,
'S fo charraig àird mu'n iadh an cuan,
Chaidil Culàluinn bu gheal snudh.
Cheangail a ghuineid mhnà
A falt amlagach grunn,
Na dhuail ri feamainn nan tonn ;
A's thill i uaipè, eridhe bà !
Le h-aighear mu gnìomh nach àdh.
Thain an fhaireg tonn air thonn,
A's dhuaisg Culàluinn á suain,
A's b' ioghnà' lea ceangal a gruaige.
O fuasgail mo leadan, a ghraidh ?
Nach truagh leat fhein mi, òigh !
C' nime bhuin thu rium cho bà,
'S mo mhacain aillidh am dheigh !
Fhreagair mac talla nan creug,

been observed here by Moralt. Abandoned to despair, he probably regarded his spear as of no further use to him ; and, as the only proof he could give of his affection for the deceased, who so unfortunately fell by his hand, he laid it in her grave. Donarm, being weak through age, gave him his own spear, and made him his adopted son.

Ach bha nighean Aonair naithe cian.
Thainig tonn bàiteach thar sgeir,
'S na dheigh cha chualas a h-eigh.
D'fhagadh i na còdaibh-eun,
'N tra threig a bhuinn' an sgeir ;
Tri trathan dh'i bhì mar neul,
Air aigèal na mara ud shios.

Ach nì'n tearmunn dhut gu bràth,
A Ghuineid, do bhrathair baoth.
Thuit an laoch le 'm gheur lann,
Ged' dhion e mi aon uair sa chath.
Laimh ris ann an suram suain,
Laidh thusa a b' uabhraiche gnìomh ;
Is minig an aising na h-oidhche,
Thig do thaibhse le druch fhiamb.
Ach a Chuil-àill an fhuilt duibh,
Is ionnmuinn leam thus' am shuain !
Thig thu gun chith, gun cholg,
'S cha shein fear cuairt do chòmhnaich,
'N tra dh' eireas gealach gun smal.
Is minig a chluinnear do ghuth.
Ròl' thighinn na doinìonna ghairbh'.
Chuinidh am maraich' an èigh,
A's gabhaidh tamh fo sgeith na creige ;
A coimhead nan tonn gun bheud,
Is caomh leis eigh nam bogbannan,
Ged' eireadh iad ar san duibhre !
Amhuil a thuit mo chaomh, a Mhorfhuilt,
A's dh' eirich mo shleagh le buaidh ;
Cha mbaireann aon ghràdh air thalamh,
A's leagar mor ghaisgeach san uaigh.

Dh' aithris Ceannard sgeula bhròin,
'S am feachd bha tosdach trùn !
Bhrùchadh osnaidh a' chleibh,
'N tra dh' aithris e sgeula na truaighe.
'S an doire dhaillreach bha thamh,
Cha d' ghluais an osag am fraoch mìn ;
Cha do shiubhail na neol thar bheinn,
'S nì 'n robh sìan an ciabh nan crag ;
Bha gach crann a's lus an sìth,
A's laidh a ghaoth a sìos gu grad.
Ciod tha dearsadh san ear,
Faoin chruth le fàite gaire ?
Tha ghealach na cadal gu seamh,
'S nì'm beil a ghrian a tighin air faire.
'S i oighe an uchd chreuchdaich a th' ann,
Le mìle solas tighin' na deann.
Mìn-bhas gu Mhorfhalt an tìr chein,
A tha giulan sgeith a h-athar.
Nì'm beil a h-imeachd am feirg,
Is caomh i air an leig gu h-ard.
Cuir fuadach fo smalan na h-oidhche,
Tha *reull na maidne na dearna ;
A tighin' mar dhearsadh am moch thrà,
Toirt fios duinn mu eiridh na greine.

* Moidearg-mhadne.

C' uime tha t-imeachd cho luath,
Ainnir shuairce 's gile guùis ?
Ach dh-fhag thu mhadainn òg 'na t-àite,
Is caomh leth-dheàrach do chruth ;
Thar bhadan ceathnaich na leirge,
A dh-fhalbhas ro' eiridh na greine.

AN TREAS EARRAN.

Bha briseadh na fàire 's an ear,
'S theich duibhre air sgiathan luthais :
Dh' imich na reultan fad as ;
'S bha ghrian a togail a cinn àidh,
'N tra thog am bàrd a ghuth.

Chuir Sunar, Ceann-feadhna nan laoch,
Tha treun mar charraig nan tonn,
Mar chnoc air thir-mor nach gluaisear,
Mise thngaibh, shìol nam beann.
Tha fhreun air sgiathan ro threun ;
'S tha sheobhaig na cheum gu luath ;
Bha fhithich na loma long !
Air imenachd nan cuaintean mòr.
An tabhair ceannard na tìr'
A shuinn dhaibh mar chlosaich ?
Na 'n tuit e sìos do'n ghaisgeach,
Ag tabhairt feidh a shleibhteann ard ?
Uaibhse, theich o'n chath,
Tha Sìol Lochluinn nan sleagh geur',
Ag iarraidh freagairt gu grad.

'S ard guth Shunar gun ag,
Fhìlidh dhàn nan ciabhan liatha :
Tha bhriathran labhar neo-mheath',
A chionn nach eil a naimhdean lionmhor.

Ach, suidh thus' air an fhraoch,
A mhacain nam fonn is bin' ;
A's theid an t slige làn mu'n cuairt ;
Cha 'n eil ar fuath air claon nam fonn ;
A's pill a ritbisd, gu foil,
Gu Rìgh Lochluinn, a ghloir nach àdh ;
Innis dha gu'm beil eunlaidh nan sliabh,
Air sgiath an dèis an creich fein.
Thigeadh e le mhiltean sloigh ;
Tha neart u'ar eridhe-ue 'ta mòr

Chual am bard briathran an Rìgh,
A's dh-fhalbh e 'n ardan a chrì :
Bha aithris nan taibhse na chuairt,
O'n chunnaic e 'n sluagh a thuit.*
Mar thig an dolreann bho thuath,

Le gaoth luath a's nialta fiuch,
A tuirinn o ghruaidhean nam beann,
Nuas air aonach, ghlinn, a's shlochd—
Mar sin thainig Sunar le shuinn.
Bha 'n sgiathan mar nialaibh na h-oidhche—
Bha 'n aghaidh mar reultan a' lasadh,
'S na plathanaibh doibhreach, nialach.

Chaidh neart na h-Alba air adhart,
Mar ghaillbheann thonn le gàir,
Tha g' imeachd an neart nan sìan,
Tha gluasad o chian gu h-àrd.
Cluinnidh am maraiche an toirm,
'S le fianh theid e na dhàil,
O nach urr' e nis a sheachoadh,
Tha 'g iomairt air aghaidh na bhàre.

Cia mar dh'aithriseam fein
Gnìomhan euchdach 'ur n-arm ?
A shealgair Choirre-nan-stòc,
Chonna' do shùil Mor-chreag—
A tha togail a chinn gu h-àrd,
'S a gabhail nan nial na chialb,
O mhulach tha tòirleum a nnas,
Le tailmrich o ghruaidh na eraig,
Sruth laidir, tha siubhal gu luath,
Gu cuan, o aonach a's ghleann,
'S a tuasaid ri buinne na fairge ;
Ach bu ghaire, a shealgair, an trod.

Mar lùbas a chuisèag fhann,
Fo dhoinnean na h-àibheis fuair',
'N uair bhios buaireas thaibhse dian,
'S na sìantan uile fo ghruaim.
Lùb Sìol Lochluinn gu luath
Roimh Rìgh Alba nan slàgh àir.
Chunnaic Sunar e tighin—
A's chrath e trì nairean a shleagh.
Ach crathaidh tu i gu faoin,
A mhic Lochluinn a ghuth àird.
Mar charraig ro' dhoineann garbh,
Tha ceann-feadhna na h-Alba an tràs.
Am buinne tha neartar, mear,
Teichidh roimh aghaidh gu chail.

"Ach an do theich mise riamh,"
'S e labhair Rìgh Lochluinn nan eliar,
"Mar dhoinnean an adhair mo laimh,
Cha seas na beanntan fein le'n coill,
'S le'n stacaidh cragach, am lathair.
Air an fhainge thog mi buaidh,
'N uair le feirge do sgaoil an cuan,
Mu fhearann a's fhonn, ag eigheach,
Is bheum gach rutha, a's sgeir bheucach.
Ach 's faoin a labhair thu, chuain,
Bhuirb nan stoadh-ghlasa baoh ?
Nach tug mi féin ort roimhe buaidh ?
'S an seas Ceannard an t-sluaigh so rim' thaobh ?"

* The bard, leaving the adverse host, reflected on the high spirit of either army, and inferred the effects that would naturally ensue. Being inspired with such thoughts, he looked forward with a prophetic eye, and pronounced the fall of the people. Hence often the ground of belief in the second sight.

Sin samhail do bhriathraibh an laoi-ch.
 Ach, chrithnich an talamh mu'n cuairt,
 'N tra thog iad an sleaghan ard;
 Thuit craobhan le m' freumhach buaint',
 'S chrith creagan fo chasan nan treun?
 A's leun iad o'n leabaidh thainmh.
 'S iomadh cruaidh a bha á truail,
 A's saighead a siubhal a h-iubhar.
 Bha seoid ag amharc an strì,
 'S dà rìgh a gleac' gu borb.
 Thuit sgiath Shunair gu lar,
 'S thar a shloigh thuige le fiamh;
 Thog Mordubh a shleagh gu h-ard,
 Ach chun' e uchd a nàimh gun sgiath.
 Bha smaointean air gnìomhan éuchd,
 A's gùleidh e laimh air ais.

Bha Mòrfholt air aghaidh 's a chath—
 Leis thuit laoch air gach buille
 Sheas Ceann-feadhna bho thuath an cein;
 Bha airde mar chraoibh fo blá.
 Dh'aom clann Alba air an ais,
 O sgeith laidir mar stuadh o charraig,
 Amhuil darag aosda nan árd,
 'S na siantan rì combhstrè dhian.
 Ach togaidh tu do cheann le buaidh
 Tha maiseach, gun bheud o'n stoirm;
 Mu d' thimecheall tha dìon gach uair;
 'S thig an sealgair o'n fhuachd a d' dhlùthas,
 A's gheibh e dìon o'n iumrais fhuair;
 Mar sin tha sgiath an laoi-ch da shluagh.
 Thog Mòrfholt a shleagh gu éuchd,
 A's ghabh e'n ròdhail a ghaisgich,
 'S bu ghàbhaidh còmhlag nam fear borb;
 Fhreagair mac-talla nan creag
 Do dh' fhuaim an lannan glas' géura—
 Chum iad coillt a's fraoch á bun,
 Le 'n casan air uillinn an t-sleibhe—
 A's chrithnich clanna nan erion,
 Ag coimhead rì gnìomh nan trèun-shear

Is mór a ghreis a thug na seoid,
 'S na sloigh a coimhead an éuchdan;
 Ach chlaon iad araon air an fhraoch,
 'S fuil chraobhach a ruith o'n creuchdaibh.

Sin labhair Mòrfholt na mòr ghuimh,
 Cha'n eirich mo shleagh ni 's mò;
 'S cha ruisgear mo chruaidh 's a chath.
 Tha aon bhrathair agam fòs,
 Mas' a beò e, Solbha treun,
 Sealgair an fheidh air Bumar;
 Ma thuiteas tu leis gheibh thu cliù—
 Oir cha tnu an t-òg gun mheang.

An do thog mi mo lamh, 's mo lann,
 A Mhòrfholt, a t-aghaidh, mo bhrathair?
 A sheol an tùs dhomh cleasan lùgh;
 Ach, ni 'n t-sleagh ni 's mò.
 Fàram lann mo bhrathair chaoimh,
 'S gu 'n càram an so e ri m' thaobh.
 Theid sinn le cheile air chuairt,
 Gu teach ar n' athraichean thug buaidh;
 Biodh ar leabaidh 's an nial,
 An ionadan sian nan tuibhe.

Chual an sluagh balbh a ghloir,
 'S bu mhòr am bròn air son an laoi-ch.
 Theich Siol Lochduinn g' an catlach,
 A's shìl deoir Mhordhuibh mar bhraon;
 Phill e air ais a shuinn—
 Thog iad leac-lighe gu h-ard,
 A's sheinn am bàrd cliù an t-seoid.
 Tha darag aosda na chùir,
 'S na mheuraibh mùr tha sranna ghaoth—
 Tha dealan an adhair mu'n cuairt,
 'S cha tig fear turais na dhàil—
 Seachnadh e 'n t mìl nach àdh,
 An àimsir nan reultan cinn—
 Tha dà thaibhe mu'n cuairt an còmhnaidh,
 Le acainn bròn tua siubhal air siantaibh.

COLLATH.

Tha acaid am aisling neo-chaoin !
An cadal do laogh, athair ?
Is eagal leamsa doinninn chraidh ;
Tha toirm gun àdh air na flathaibh.

Ciod e, Chollaith, fà t-acain ?
Arsa Aosar a ghuth bhinn.

Chunnacas, deir e-san, slige gu h-òl,
Do fhuil nàmh o dhortadh lann.
B' uamhann do m' auam an gnìomh !
Ciod e bhrìgh, a shìol nan rann ?

Ach 's faoin so aisling na suain ?
Is faoin neo-bhuan gach uile nà.
Tuitidh an gaisgeach treun na threis,
A's àillteachd gach cruth gu crìon.
Mar shruithas blà na coill—
Mar thig neul daillreach air a ghrein—
Is amhuil sin beatha nam beo !
Cha choigil 's cha chaomhain sinn seud.
Ach, an comhnuidh dhomhs' am thamh ?
A mhic Chollaith, mo ghraidh, ca' beil thu ?
Aona mhic mo cheile chaoimh !
A tuonar am beil thu air lear ?
Lair an lann ud air an eallachainn,
Mac-samhailt do dhealan nan cath.
Thog Oglach an lann so g'a liobh—
Lann m' athraichean an gnìomh nan rath.
Is iomadh cath a's còmhrag cruaidh
Is cuimhne leam a bhi le buaidh.

Phreagair an sin Aosar nan dàn,
A churaidh, a Chollaith nam buadh,
C'uime—ma bitheadh t-inntinn fo phràmh—
Bha Oglach mar athraichean treun,
Curaidh treubhach e 's a chath,
A' mosgladh air faiche nan cruaidh.
'S e bheireadh buaidh thar mhìle flath.

A's aosda lag mi nis fo bhròn,
Thuirt Collath, 's a dheoir a ruith !

* Tonar, the Author of this Poem, belonged to the illustrious and once powerful family of Collath. He accompanied his young friend, in his last expedition, to rescue Annir, the betrothed bride of Oglach, and only child of Rutha, whom Ardan, a chief of a distant isle, carried off in the absence of her friends. Her exquisite beauty gained her many admirers. She preferred the Son of Collath. By their marriage the two most powerful families of Caledonia would have been united. But these hopes were never to be realised. The Poem opens with a vision of Collath, and concludes with a lament of the fall of the race of Collath, chief of Carrig. It is partly dramatic,

Tha tuitte dol tharoinn gu dlù,
A e' ait' am beil m' annsachd fein an diugh.
Gu b' iomhuinn thu Oglaoich threin,
Mo leanabh fein a b' aille cruth !
Bha thu fann roimh imeachd do nàmh,
'S an triall mar thorau thar Mealldubh ;
A's thig an là gun teach, gun ùigh,
Gun talla, gun fhlatthaibh, gun cheòl,
'S am bi Siol Armuinn fo sprochd,
Mar fhailens ruiteach tro' neoil.
Ach 's diomhain mo thuireadh gu leir !
Ciod so 'm fà m'm beil mo chrì
Fo bhruaillan le aisling chruaidh ?
A bualladh gu eritheach, gun fhois,
Mar dhuilleach roi dhuinninn 's na cluanaibh.

Phreagair mi fhein gu seamb,
A's tioma bhròn ga 'm chlaoi !

" Am fanam-sa so am thamh,"
Thuirt Oglach, "'s mo ghradh am dhi ?
Cha chail mi, arsa e-san, mo chliu,
Ann am madainn chaoimh na h-oige.
B' eug-sambuil na b-armuinn threuna,
M' athraiche feile, gun ghìomh :
'S ni 'm fanamsa so gun àdh,
Mar gheug gun duille gun bhà ;
Bheir mi buaidh air ardan fein,
Neo thèid mi eug, 's e chual
Mi, as tartar a cheum
A ruighinn gu h-eutrom mo chluas.
Tha ' cruth caoin mar dheò greine,
'S deirge beul no bìlìbh ròis ;
Tha b-anail nì's cubhraidh na'n sùth,
'S a guth binn mar inneal ceoil
'S i 's aille dealbh de'n t-sluagh,
Bheireamsa buaidh da trid !
Aiteal sùl is glaine suadh,
Ainnir shuairee 's igheann rìgh.
Mar torchair mi 'n oigh le m' lainn,
Ni mi còdhail rithe thall.
Mo chrìdhe tha 'g eiridh neo-throm,
A leumnaich le aiteas am chom !
O thaibhse nan treun fhear, a threig,
C' ait an comhnuidh dhuibh o'n eug ?
An comhnuidh d' ur n' auma an àdh,
Gun cheò na Lanna, no blàr ?
Gach fùran le òigh gun smal,
Neo-ionan a's sine ri gal."
Thog e ri crannaibh na seoil,
A's dhomhlaich uime a shluaigh ;
Ri comh-strì ghailbheach nan tonn,

Bha fonn a ghaoil ann a bheul.
 Cha mheata, an fèasd, a chri,
 A's Aimir da dhì 's an iuil;
 'S an oidheche fhearthuinneach gu lò,
 Ag udal cuain an aghaidh shian,
 "Fagamaid acain a's bròn,"
 Thuirt Oglach, "gu clanna nan crìon,
 Taosgar gach boinne de m' fhuil.
 Mu'n leigear leo an òigh."
 Dh' eirich leinne cairdean treun,
 Thar lear a thorchar cliu—
 Dh' eirich leinn Eilean nan laoch—
 Dh' eirich leinn Fraoch a's a shluagh.
 A chaitheadh ar slighe 's a chuan,
 Ghabh sìon an sin duan mu seach;
 Sin sheinn duinn fìlìdh nam fonn,
 'S a ghuth bha ard thar tuinn a's lear.

Biodh anam àidh ag taomadh,
 Mar chaochan ann an nualan ciuil,
 Is eibhinn le m' chluas an torraghan trom!
 Mar chabhlach nan caomh fo shiuil.
 Is ion' le m' chri an t-aiteas ard.
 Tha 'g eiridh àdmbhor a steach!
 Mar ehlaraibh an talla nam fonn,
 Mar chuileann an sonn nach meat,
 Mar fhilath-innis mhìle bàrd,
 Biodh smaointe graidh a chri!
 Ionmhunn gach sìle, gach braon,
 Ionmhuin maraon a's Benl-bì,
 Cainn chruth geal nan ioma dual,
 O shiul na cathraiche nuaidh,
 Càir gheal a chabhair a cneas,
 'S a leaca min mar na ròis;
 Amhuil i 's an t-sobhrach bhàn,
 Reull nan ioma b' àille snuadh;
 Bha i mar aiteal na greine,
 'S a mhadainn ag eiridh gun ghruaim.
 Ach tuitidh fathasd luibh an raoin;
 Seargaidh a cainn chruth 's a dreach;
 "Sruthaidh a blàthan gun bhuain,"
 'S e deir Mac Nuaith is geire beachd.

Thug i ceisd, a's a gaol trom
 Do Shoon òg a chaidh thar lear;
 A's dh'eirich doinionn nan laun
 Mu oigh chaoin gheal nan cleachd,
 Tha aigne 'n laoiach mar aiteal speur,
 No lasair dhein air aonach ard;
 Co thraogas a bhuirb ghàir?

A ehlanna fial nan armunn fluidhìdh,
 Eiribh gu duthaich fad as,
 Gu taomadh oirn mar dhoinionn ghairbh,
 Ni h-aoibhinn an fheig a tha las'.
 Ach mairidh cliu nan saoidh gach ial,
 A ghleachdas ri truaighean gun mheath.
 A laochraidh nan sleagh liobhaidh geur,

Togadh oirbh, mear, leumnach, garg,
 Mor—uaiblreach—borb,
 Le uamhann cith agus colg!
 Theid gathaibh leoin tre 'n cridhe;
 (Is aoibhinn fulang nan treun!)
 Buirbe nan gaisgeach 's an strì,
 Coigil a d' chleibh a's a d' shuain.
 Launh nan treun gu cath biodh leat,
 'S an àrach fo launh gu sgnab.
 'N tra thraogas gailbheinn na h-àibheis,
 Mar an t-ànrach claoite sgith;
 Seallaidh guis an iunrais caoin,
 Amhuil laoiach n' tra philleas sìth.
 Ach e-san a thuitas le buaidh,
 Tha e faighinn caochladh unadh;
 A mhealtuinn ionmhas nan saoidh,
 Nach ionmbuinn a chaoi, a chombnuidh!

Thainig tioma air mo chri,
 Rì cuimhne na chunna' mi fhein!
 Gualann-chatha nach bu òim,
 Flathaibh fuileach bha ri m' linn.
 Nach eil a li-nan diu an shean aois?
 Nach b' eibhinn a bhi leo seach leinn?
 Chunnacas sonn mor nan buadh,
 Curaidh uaibhreach nan gnìomh garg:
 Lubadh nan cathan fo lainn,
 'N nair a mhoghladh e am feirg.
 'S e aigne an laoiach a bha ard—
 Bha bhoile mar chauribh chruach.
 Cha robh e riamh ann an sìth,
 'N uair ruisgeadh na lannan san strì;
 Bha imeachd mar thoran tro ghleann,
 Mar dhealan an adhair bha dheann.
 Ach threig an gaisgeach o chian,
 Carraig-chatha a chridhe fhial;
 'S chaidh mar aon ris iomadh còmhlan,
 Cha n-è mo shòlas nach eil e buan.
 Ach teirigidh sinn nìle fa-dheoidh,
 A's ehi an lò sinn smal' san naigh.*

Ach mairidh gu suthain 's an dàn,
 Gniomhan allobh àidh nan saoidh:
 'N uair chruinnas a cholluinn gu smùr,
 Mar an ùir an còmhach criadh;
 Mar cheathach tra nòin air an t-sliabh,
 Triallaidh an deò ag imeachd uainn,
 Far nach teirig grian, no gradh—
 Far a maireann àidh nan sonn.

Ach, Oglaoich, is deacair trom,
 Sean aois a chronas an t-àrd,
 A chaochaileas cruth nam flath,

* Fenar, who was a warrior as well as a bard, recites past events, in which he, together with the aged chief, whose mind is soothed with a recital of the deeds of former days, acted a part: and his own state frequently and naturally occurs to him.

'S a dhallas fradharc eail nam bàrd.
Cia mar sheinneas mi dhut ceòl,
A laoiach oig, am chibban liath?
'S e labhair mi fein ris an t-saoidh,
Ceannard òg nam mìle eliar.

Chunnacas reull bu deadrach dreach,
A soillse tro' dhuibhre na h-oidhche;
A's shoillsich a ghealach a rìs,
'S na neoil ag imeachd gu loath.
"Mar aiteal nan reull ud gu h-ard,
Tha maise Ainnir," ars' an laoch,
"A lionadh m' anam do ghradh;
Geil' tha thusa balbh ad' dheoir!
Còim is meuchaire, mhìne, ghìle,
Taomadh gaoil mar dhearsa na h-òidhche!"
A lionadh anam de shòlais,
Is bìnn guth no fuaim nan clàr,
Is àille dreach no cruth cubhraidh,
An noinein bhàin fo dhealt nan speur.
Is annhor an t-aiteas so am chliabh!
Cìod so an sòlas diamhair,
A tha ga'm lionadh gun fhoghnadh?
Tha m' aigneadh a' leumnaich a ghna,
Le buaidh a's mor ghradh na h-oighe.
Air an t-sleagh so ann am laimh,
Pillidh sinn o'n àr le buaidh!
Pillidh, no tuitidh le cliù,
Air son an rùn a tha bhuainn.
Pillidh mar aon a gaoil
Ro chaoim, mar ri caochladh eath.
Tha m' aigneadh a' leumnaich gu còmhrag.
Is ionmhunn le oighean mac rath.

Aithris dhuinn fhilidh nan dàn,
Thuit mi fhein am briathraibh ciùin,
Mar bha oigh na h-ìomair bhaigh,
Rè a latha an reull iùil.
Beut-bhì,* sòlus mhìle crì,
Maise mu' a bhil bhì;
Igbean ghaoil bu bhlada ceol,
A falt mar fhitheach, dubh mar smeoir.
Bha maise a's gradh le cheil' na sealladh,
A mala crom mar ite 'n lòn;
A còim seamb, fìnealta, fuasgailt',
Cha lubadh a ceum an feòirnean.
Bu chruth ionmholt an ribhinn;
Ach cìod am fà mu'n robh sa 'g radh?
Gach aon bhuaidh do bhì air sinne,
Bha sud air dunach nan laoch,
A thuit mar ghallan nan gleann,
Mar sgathar fiùran nan crann.

* The history of Belvi is introduced here with great propriety. The injured are apt to think their own case without a parallel, and the burden of the afflicted becomes lighter, when they are assured that others suffer the like, or greater hardships.

Ach dh-fhailig mor mhais' a ghaoil,
Chaochail ' cruth àillidh gu h-aog!
'N uair bhuail lann Chonulaoich uchd Dhonna-
ghail,
'S a ruith fhuil na thonnan blà!
Chlaon e air uilinn an t-armunn,
An gath nimhe chaidh tro' airnean;
Gath geur guineach nan trì cholg,
Os ceann imleig shàth na bholg.
Bha tosga tiugha nam beum luatha,
A reubadh feoil, a's cnai' ga'm bruasgadh.
Gach lann, mar dhealan an adhair,
Mar fhalaig air sliabh na lasair,
Dh'aom na slathaibh fo mhaoin:
Bu dearg gach sruthan san raon.
'Thuit e mu throma ghrìdh na h-oighe!
Mar chobhar sruth bha fhail a dortadh,
'S a ruith—'s e fuil a chridhe bh' ann,
A brùcadh tro' ebreuchdan nan lann.
Uaith sin, chluainte caoiran na h-oigh':—
"Och, mo dhòraim, agus m' acain!
Nach deachaidh mi eug o chian,
Mu'n d'fhuair aon fhleasgach mo ghaoil!
Thuit mo rghairim, thuit mo rùn,
Ach ma thuit e, fhuair e cliù.
Och! nach robh sinn, ruin ghil còmhla,
Fo'n fhòd ghròm a gabhail comhnaidh!
Thuireadh iad, an sin n'an tàmh,
Tha òg-fhlath nam buadh, 's a ghràdh,
An ceangal huan, an glais a bhàis.
Thuit iad mar luibhean an raoin,
Le'n uile bhàl, 's a mhadaim chubhraidh,
'S an dealt a boillsgeadh le gath greine."

Mar sin, thàr sinn chuige gu sèam;
Bha ar caoimh a tighin' san duibhre;
Thamh sinn car ghreis air an leirg,
Gu briseadh faire na maidne.
Bha'n cuan siar mar lannuir,
Le soillse àdhmhor o'n ear;
A's dealt nan speur air gach blà,
Gu foineil tlà mar an lear.
Chaidh sinn far n' armaibh gu leir;
'S chaidh mosgladh fa cilean nan stuadh.
"Rachadh, thuit Oglaoch, ard, mear,
Romhainn a nis' teachdair luath."
Chuir sinn romhainn Lùghmhòr òg,
Le fios gu Ardan, gun àdh!
"E chur chugainn Ainnir na mais',
'S gu'm pilleadh ar feachd ga'n cabhlach."
'S e thuit Ardan a chridhe bhuirb,
"Sinu fein a philleadh gu grad,
Air neo gu sgnabhadh e gach saoidh
Gu lear, mar fhaileas ro'n ghaoith
Gu lubadh e Oglaoch fu lann,
Mar mbeangan an doire nan crann."
Dhombhlaich an sin na sloigh
Air an fhaiche gu h-ard,

A's thàr sinn a suas nan còlthail
Gun fhianh, ge b' iomadh na laoiach.

Bhuail na saoidh air a chèile,
A's chrith an leag fo'n casan,
Thainig Ardan, mar bhuinne borb;
Ag iarraidh Oglaoich gu còmhrag,
E-san sheas roimhe gu treun,
Mar charraig roimh eiridh nan tonn;
Bu chruaidh am buillean 's bu gharg,
'S an chridhe leumnaich nan com.
Mar thuiteas taosgadh a chuin,
'S a dh'islicheas buirbe nan tonn,
Roimh Oglaoch nam beuma nach cli,
Bha Ardan a fannach' 's an strì.
"Am meanglan mi nis a lùbas
Fo d' laimhe, churaidh gun àdh?
C'uine nach leigeadh tu leam
An òigh a thug thu thar tuinn?
Ainnir nam meall-shuilean mine,
'S an domh fhàin a thug i gràdh!"
"Cha leiginn leat an òigh chaoin,
No le aon hoch ann ad t-fheachd.
Is cian a shìnbhail mi 'n cuan,
Is eileann stuadh-ghlasa sàil",
'S cha 'n fhuacas a samhla fo 'n ghrèin,
'S cha sgar e cheile sinn ach bàs."
Sin mar labhair na suinn,
An cruai-ghleachd 's am buinn ga 'n stailè;
Bha aigneadh an armuinn nach bu chli
Ag eiridh air bhoile 's an strì.
Thug e iarraidh dheacair threun,
A's bhàth e chruaidh an cridhe Ardain.
Thuirilinn na cathaibh gu domhail,
'S bha Oglaoch am meadhan a nàmh.
Thainig Fraoch nan soun ga chomhna,
'S bha abhainn fala dèil seach.
Mar dhean an adhair bha 'n lannaibh—
An tartar mar thòran adhair,—
Shin a's thàr iad gu chèile,
A's thuit na treun-fhìr sa' bhlàr.
Cha robh Ceanna-bheirt na dhidinn—
Cha robh roim gun reuba fuileach!
Mar sin bha iomairt nan laoch,
Gus an do theich na h-ìomadh.
Thug sinn ar n'aghaidh gu lear;
A's thog sinn leinn Oglaoch creuchdach,
A's Fraoch, a's iomadh fear treun,
A chàradh fo lìe an cois na tràghad;
A's Ainnir a tharunn nan dàil,
Fhuaradh ise urad sìar,
A cruth a caochladh mar neul!
A's sleagh sàthaite na cliabh—
A com caoin bu ghile snuadh,
Air caochladh le dìle fala!—
A falt am-lubach cleachdach
Na dhòalaidh a falach a taobh—
Bha h-acain leoin fadheoidh,

Mu Oglaoch caomh a gràidh!
Thog sinn dà lìe le 'n còinntich,
A's sheinn an fìlidh an clù;
'S an fuigheal brùnach a mhair,
Thog sinn thar lear ar suil!*

"A's dh-fhag sibh mo laogh an còin,"
Arsa Collath, 's a dheur a ruith;
"Bu gheal an cridhe bha na chom,
'S bu chaoine no deo grein a chruth.
Shaoileam, Oglaoich threun,
Gu biodh tu leam thein an diugh,
Mar neart dhomh an shean nois,
A's feasgar mo là dhomh dlù,
Is gearr an rè a fhuair
Thu, Ogaìn a b'uaisle gnìomh!
Bu mhor treoir do lamh 's do hìnn:
A's thuit thu, Oglaoch nach bu chli!
Ach mairidh do chliù 'san dàin,
A's triallaidh mise gun dàil a d' dheigh,
Gu cilean nan flatsh san iar,
'S mo ghrian a laidhe air lear.
'S neo-aoibhinn a sealla an tràs—
Fhìlidh dhàn nach eil i 'm hìnn?"
"Tha," thuit Binn-ghuth gu caoin;
"Ach daisgidh i thall ud a còil.†"
'N uair threigeas i sinne car seil,
Cha bhì gal air saoidh tha thall,
"Ach Fhonnair, aithris do sgeul,"
Arsa Collath fein, an sin.
"Eilean mo ghaoil, 's e a t' ann,"
Arsa 'm Fìlidh, ar fear inil.
"An t-eilean mu'n iad an cuan ard,
A togail a chinn gu cùr!"
Togail a chinn tro cheo-allaidh,
A's neul a folach gach stuadh.

Mo chean ort fein, ge d' e cian,
Caraid fhial bu mhor gràdh!
De shìol fhlatthaibh nad ceud chath,
Thainig oirn' an là nach àdh!
Thuit na gaisgich, thuit na saoidh.
'S truagh an laoidh a tha na 'r beul!
A caoidh sìochd Chollaidh nan gràdh;
A's fhàl an lutha a thuit uaith cian.
O fhuinne gaoil a tha gun mhair,
'S e mo chreach! an fhaig tha steach.

* This description of the heroine is beautiful and affecting. On the fall of Ardan she was set at large, and sought her friends in the midst of danger; a spear pierced her side—they found her like a pale cloud, inquiring for the youth of her love with her latest breath!

† See Note, Mordubh, page 1. line 39.

‡ Annir, daughter of Arnan, Chief of Rutha, poetically called "The bloom of beauty."

nns a cheitein ùrar, bhà,
 Bhiod dreach is àill' air gach slios.
 Is gorm badanach am fraoch,
 Am faigheadh na saoidh an suain;
 'S gur deacair, dianhair, cluain an fheidh,
 'S am biodh Collath treun, 's a shluagh.
 Bha 'n t-àm sin, arsa an Ceannard fein,
 Mar là grein ghil, cubhraidh, caoin!
 Ach thainig feasgar an là sin ro luath,
 A's threig mo shluagh, mar dhealt fo grein,
 'N uair thainig dù'-neoil o na speur,
 'S a h-òr-thalt fein bha sgaoilt' gu h-ard,
 Sguabadh gu h-am-lubach air falbh,
 'S cha robh a dealbh air cnoc no sliabh.
 Ach, ' ghrian, thig là do bhroin,
 N uair nach laidh thu le ceòl 'san iar,
 S nach eirich thu 's an ear le treoir,
 Ach mall mar mis', am chiabhan liath."
 Bhiodh cneas Bhràt-shealla ri grein
 Shamhraidh, fo gach fear a's cneamh;
 An ealabhuidd 's an noinean bán,
 'S an t-sobhrach an gleann fàs nan luibh;
 Anns am faigheadh an leighe liath,*
 Furtachd fiach do chreuchd a's leòn!
 Olla shìol nan sieaghan geur,
 Da'n comhuidh o chéin an t-Sroin.
 'S traigh nach robh e san iar,
 'N uair thàr sinn gu tràigh fad as!
 'S bheireadh e na saoidh o'n bhàs,
 S bhiodh maird mar bu ghnàth air fear.
 'S iomadh iomart bha ri m' linn,
 Crua' bheumach air chinnt gach uair;
 A's shileadh ar deoir mar fhras nan speur,
 'N tra thuiteadh gaisgich threun nam buadh.

'S ann mar sin, a Chollaith, bha sinn,
 Rì linn na thròig a's nach pill,
 'N uair thuit do chòlan trenn,
 Ceannard Rutha, nach bu tiom.
 Thuit an crann a' b' ùrar fàs,
 A faillean mo gràidh san fhonn;
 Mar mhaoin sleibh, no dealan speur,
 Leagadh Ceann-feadhna nan cath.
 An dh-fhag e ach am meanghan òg?
 Ainnir nach beò leinn an nochd!
 'S ann o d' fhrèumbach fein a bha iad,
 'S ni 'm beil a lathair dhù mac rath.

Goiridh a chomhachag á ereig,
 A's freagraidh guth airt-neul a h-uaimh;
 Mar sin ar guileag bhròin ro lag,

* The belief was common among the Caledonians, that for all the diseases to which mankind is liable, there grows an herb somewhere, and generally not far from the locality where the particular disease prevails—the proper application of which would cure it.

A nis a tuireadh gu truagh.
 Thàr sinn mar so leis an oidhche,
 Gun aoidh, gun chuitha, gun cheò;
 Laidh smal air gach fonn a's fear,
 A's dhorceaich na reultan fo bhròn.
 'S faoin carraig Chollaith a nochd—
 Is faoin tha Innis ta sprochd,
 Leth dhoilleir amear nan nial,
 A's saoidh nan rath air ànradh cian.
 Thainig cù* le burai bròin,
 Bha'n gaotlar tiambaidh truagh!
 Nach cianail a nis am bruth,
 A's Rutha nan stùc ann an gruaim!
 Gun laoch aig baile ni seal;
 Gun chuilm, gun mhòirn, gun choin.

Slàn leibh a bheannaibh mo ghaoil,
 Anns am faighinn mang a's damh;
 Soraidh le Armuin a thròig,
 Ni h-eibhinn nan deigh ar seal.
 "Tha binneas," arsa Collath, "a d' bhròn,
 'N tra dhuiseas tu smaoin mu'r n-òig' le geau
 Beannachd leibh uile gu lè
 'San còdhail sinn thall o'n eug,
 Far nach liobh gaisgich a lann,
 Far an dealrach ògh gun fheall.
 'S am biodh Oglach a's Ainnir
 Mar reultan soilseach nan speur—
 An anna ag lasadh le gaul,
 Mar dheò grein' an aghaidh gun smal,
 Mar so biodh aising mo shean aois,
 'N uair dh'eireas mo ghuth gu bròn binn!
 'S nach d'irich mi Creubh-bheinn an fheidh,
 Ach mall air làrach a ghlinn.
 Beannachd a's ciad soraidh slàn
 Le beanntaibh mo ghraidh 's mo rùin,
 O'n sgar an aois sinn san am,
 'S mi gun sleagh, gun lann, gun lùgh.
 Biond tuireadh na h-eala 'na m' bheul,
 A's i 'san léig an déis a leòn!
 Air a tagail faoin lea lèin,
 'S e sud m' acain, ògh mo bhròin!

Dh-fhailig mo spionnadh 's mo threis,
 Chaochail mo mhòthach 's mo bhlas,
 Ni 'm beil e ionnmhuinn na their,
 Tha m' intinn gun chàil, air meath,
 Tha m' eibhneas uileadh air falbh
 Le blianaibh calma na h-òige.
 Is cianail fuireach air traigh
 Sean aois, gun m' aiseag a null;
 'S mo thògradh gu m' ghreasad gu luath,
 Gu Flath-innis shuas gu bràth."

* The dog, of all animals the most sagacious and attached mourns the absence or death of his master.

MIANN A BHAIRD AOSDA.*

O càraibh mi ri taobh nan allt,
A shiubhlas mall le ceumaibh ciùin,
Fo sgàil a bharrach leag mo cheann,
'S bi thùs' a ghrian ro-chairdeil rium,

Gu socair sìn 's an fheur mo thaobh,
Air bruaich nan dìthean 's nan gaath tlà,
'Smo chas ga sliobadh 's a' bhraon mhaoth,
Se lùbadh tharais caoin tro'n bhlàr.

Biodh sòbhrach bhàn is àillidh snuadh,
M'an cuairt do'm thulaich is nain' fo' dhriùchd,
'S an neùinean beag 's mo laith air cluain,
'S an ealabhuidh' aig mo chluais gu h-ùr.

* Perhaps it is impossible, at this day, to decide with any certainty to what part of the Highlands the AGED BARD belonged, or at what time he flourished. Mrs Grant of Laggan, who has given a metrical version of the above poem, says, "It was composed in Skye," though upon what authority she has not said. The poem itself seems to furnish some evidence that at least the scene of it is laid in Lochaber. *Tréig* is mentioned as having afforded drink to the hunters. Now Loch Treig is in the braes of Lochaber. We know of no mountain which is now called Benard or Scur-eilt. Perhaps Benard is another name for Ben-nevis. The great waterfall, mentioned near the end of the poem, may have been *Eas-bhà*, near Kinloch-leven in Lochaber. The following is almost a literal translation of the above poem:—

THE AGED BARD'S WISH.

O place me near the brooks, which slowly move with gentle steps; under the shade of the shooting branches lay my head, and be thou, O sun, in kindness with me.

At ease lay my side on the grass, upon the bank of flowers and soft zephyrs—my feet bathed in the wandering stream that slowly winds along the plain.

Let the primrose pale, of grateful hue, and the little daisy surround my hillock, greenest when bedewed; my hand gently inclined, and the *calvi*† at my ear in its freshness.

Around the lofty brow of my glen let there be bending boughs in full bloom, and the children of the bushes making the aged rock re-echo their songs of love.

Let the new-born gurgling fountain gush from the ivy-covered rock; and let all-melodious echo respond to the sound of the stream of ever-successive waves.

Let the voice of every hill and mountain re-echo the sweet sound of the joyous herd; then shall a thousand lowings be heard all around.

Let the frisking of calves be in my view, by the side of a stream, or on the activity of a hill; and let the wanton kid, tired of its gambols, rest with its innocence on my bosom.

Poured on the wing of the gentle breeze, let the pleasant voice of lambs come to my ear; then shall the ewes answer when they hear their young running towards them.

* We likewise find *Tréig* spoken of in "*Glean na comhaich*," where the author of that piece says, "*Olaidh mi a Tréig sin fheum-jadh.*"

† An herb called St John's wort.

Ma'n cuairt do bhruaichibh àrd mo gblinn',
Biodh lùbadh ghéug a's orra blà;
'S clann bheag nam preas a' tabhairt seinn,
Do chreagaibh aosd' le òran gràidh.

Briseadh tro chreag nan eidheann dlù,
Am fuaran àr le torramam trom,
'S freagraidh mac-talla gach ciùil,
Do dh' fhuaim srutha dlù nan tonn.

Freagraidh gach enoc, agus gach sliabh,
Le binn-fhuaim geur nan aighean mear;
'N sin cluinnidh mise nùlle geum,
A' riuth m'an cuairt domh 'n iar san ear.

O let me hear the hunter's step, with the sound of his darts and the noise of his dogs upon the wide-extended heath; then youth shall beam on my cheek, when the voice of dreaming the deer shall arise.

The marrow of my bones shall awake when I hear the noise of horns, of dogs, and of bow-strings; and when the cry is heard, "The stag is fallen," my heels shall leap in joy along the heights of the mountains.

Then methinks I see the hound that attended me early and late, the hills which I was fond of haunting, and the rocks which were wont to re-echo the lofty horn.

I see the cave that often hospitably received our steps from night; cheerfulness awaked at the warmth of berries; and in the joys of her cups there was much mirth.

Then the smoke of the feast of deer arose; our drink from Treig, and the wave our music; though ghosts should shriek, and mountains roar, reclined in the cave, undisturbed was our rest.

I see Benard of beautiful curve, chief of a thousand hills; the dreams of stags are in his locks, his head is the bed of clouds.

I see Scur-eilt on the brow of the glen, where the cuckoo first raises her tuneful voice; and the beautiful green hill of the thousand firs, of herbs, of roses, and of oaks.

Let joyous ducklings swim swiftly on the pool of tall pines. A strath of green firs is at its head, bending the red rowans over its banks.

Let the beauteous swan of the snowy bosom glide on the tops of the waves. When she soars on high among the clouds she will be unnumbered.

She travels oft over the sea to the cold region of foaming billows, where a sail shall never be spread out to a mast, nor an oaken prow define a wave.

Be thou by the summits of the mountains, the mournful tale of thy love in thy mouth, O swan, who hast travelled from the land of waves; and may I listen to thy music in the heights of heaven.

Up with thy gentle song; pour out the doleful tidings of thy sorrow; and let all-melodious echo take up the strain from thy mouth.

Spread out thy wing over the main. Add to thy sweetness from the strength of the wind. Pleasant to my ear are the echoes of thy wounded heart—the song of love.

* Allusion is here made to a fire of wood.

M'an cuairt biodh lù-chleas nan laogh,
Ri taobh nan sruth, no air an leirg.
'S am minnean beag de'n chòmraig sgith,
'N am achlais a' cadal gu'n cheilg.

Sruthadh air sgéith na h-ùsaig mhìn,
Gladhan maoth nan crò mu'm ehluais,
'N sin freagraidh a mheanmh-spreigh,
'Nuair chluinn, an gineil, is iad a ruith a nuas.

A ceum an t-sealgair ri mo ehluais!
Le sranna ghàth, a's chon feugh sléibh.
'N sin dearsaidh an òig air mo ghruaidh,
'N uair dh-eireas toirm air sealg an fhéidh,

Dùisgidh snior am chnaimh, 'nuair chluinn,
Mi tailmrich dhòs a's chon a's shreang,
Nuair ghlaodhar—"Thuit an damh!"
Tha mo bhuinn, a' leum gu beò ri àrd nam beann.

'N sin chì mi, air leam, an gadhar,
A leanadh mi an-mach a's moch;
'S na sléibh bu mhiannach leam 'thaghall.
'S na creagan a' freagairt do'n dòs.

Chì mi 'n uamh a ghabh gu fial,
'S gu tric ar ceumaibh roi 'n oidech';
Dhùisgeadh ar sunnd le bhathas a crann,
'S an sòlas chuach a bha mòr aoibhneas.

Bha ceò air flegadh bhàrr an fhéidh
An deoch á Tréig 's an tonn ar ceòl,
Ge d' sheinneadh táisg 's ge d' rànadh sléibh,
Sinnte 's an uaimh bu sheamh ar neoil.

From what land blows the wind that bears the voice of
thy sorrow from the rock, O youth, who westest on thy
journey from us, who hast left my hoary locks forlorn.

Are the tears in thine eyes, O thou virgin most modest
and beautiful, and of the whitest hand. Joy without end
to the smooth cheek that shall never move from the nar-
row bed.

Say, since mine eye has failed, O wind, where grows the
reed with its mournful sound? by its side the little fishes
whose wings never felt the winds' soft breath, maintain
their sportive conflict.

Raise me with a strong hand, and place my head under
the fresh birch; when the sun is at high noon let its green
shield be above mine eyes.

Then shalt thou come, O gentle dream, who swiftly
walked among the stars; let my night-work be in thy music,
bringing back the days of my joy to my recollection.

See, O my soul, the young virgin under the shade of the
oak, king of the forest! her hand of snow is among her
locks of gold, and her mildly rolling eye on the youth of
her love.

He sings by her side—She is silent. Her heart pants,
and swims in his music; love flies from eye to eye; deers
stop their course on the extended heath.

Now the sound has ceased; her smooth white breast
heaves to the breast of her love; and her lips, fresh as the
unstained rose, are pressed close to the lips of her love.

Chì mi Beinn-àrd is àillidh fiamh,
Ceann-feadhna air mhìle beann,
Bha aisling nan damh na ciabh,
'S i leabaidh nan uial a ceann.

Chì mi Sgorr-eild' air bruaich a ghlinn'
An goir a chuach gu binn an tòs.
A's gorm mheall-àild' na mìle giubhas
Nan luban, nan earba, 's nan lòn.

Biodh tuinn òg a snàmh le sunnd,
Thar linne 's mìne giubhas, gu luath.
Srath ghìubhais uain' aig a ceann,
A' lubadh chaoran dearg air bruaich.

Biodh eal' àluinn an uchd bhàin,
A snàmh le spreigh air bharr nan tonn,
'Nuair thogas i sgiath an àird,
A measg nan uial cha'n fhàs i tròm.

'S tric i 'g astar thar a chuin,
Gu asraidh fhuar nan toma' ronn,
Far nach togar breid ri crann,
'S nach sgoilt sròn dharaich tonn.

Bì thusa ri dosan nan tom,
Is cumha' do ghual ann ad bheul,
Eala' 'thriall o thìr nan tonn
'S tu seinn dhomh ciùil an àird nan speur.

O! eirich thus' le t-òran ciùin,
'S cuir naigheachd bhochd do bhròin an ceill.
'S glacadh mac-talla gach ciùil,
An gùth tùrsa sin o d' bheul.

Happiness without end to the lovely pair, who have
awaked in my soul a gleam of that happy joy that shall
not return! Happiness to thy soul, lovely virgin of the
curling locks.

Hast thou forsaken me, O pleasant dream? Return
yet—one little glimpse return: thou wilt not hear me,
alas! I am sad. O beloved mountains, farewell.

Farewell, lovely company of youths! and you, O beau-
tiful virgin, farewell. I cannot see you. Yours is the joy
of summer; my winter is everlasting.

O place me within hearing of the great waterfall, with
its murmuring sound, descending from the rock; let a
harp and a shell be by my side, and the shield that de-
fended my forefathers in battle.

Come with friendship over the sea, O soft blast that
slowly movest; bear my shade on the wind of thy swift-
ness, and travel quickly to the Isle of Heroes.

Where those who went of old are in deep slumber, deaf
to the sound of music. Open the hall where dwell Ossian
and Daol. The night shall come, and the bard shall not
be found.

But ah! before it come, a little while ere my shade
retire to the dwelling of bards upon Ardvon, from
whence there is no return, give me the harp and my
shell for the road, and then, my beloved harp and shell,
farewell.

Tog do sgiath gu h-àrd thar chuan,
Glac do luathas bhò nearn na gaoith,
'S eibhinn ann am chluais am fuaime,
O'd chridhe leòint'—an t-òran gaoil.

Cò an tìr on ghluais a' ghaoth,
Tha ginlan glaoidh do bhroin on chreig ?
Oigeir a chaidh uain a thrìall,
'S a dh fhàg mo chiabh ghlas gu'n taic.

B'eil deòir do ruigs O! thusa ribhinn,
Is mìne mais' 's a's gile làmh ?
Sòlas gu'n chrìoch do'n ghruaidh mhaoith,
A chaoidh nach ghluais on leabaidh chaoil.

Innsibh, o thréig mo shuil, a ghaoth',
C' àit' am beil a chuil' a fàs,
Le glaothan bròin 's na brìc r'a taobh,
Le sgiath gun deò a cumail blàir.

Togaibh mì—càraibh le'r laimh threim,
'S cuiribh mo cheann fo bharrach ùr,
'N uair dh'eireas a' ghrian gu h-àrd,
Biodh a sgiath uain' os-ceann mo shùil.

An sin thig thu O! aisling chiùin,
Tha 'g astar dlù measg reull na h-òidheh',
Biodh gnoimh m' oidheche ann ad cheòl;
Toirt aimsir mo mhùirn gu'n chuimhn.

O! m'anam faic an ribhinn òg,
Fo sgeith an daraich, rìgh nam flath,
'S a lamh shneachd' measg á ciabhan òir,
'Sa meall-shuil chiùin air òg a gràidh.

E-san a' seinn ri taobh 's i balbh,
Le cridhe leum, 's a snámh' na cheòl,
An gaol bha shuil gu suil a falbh,
Cuir stad air fèidh nan sleibhtean mòr.

Nis thréig am fuaime, 's tha cliabh geal min,
Ri uchd 's ri cridhe gaoil a' fas,
'S a bilibh ùr mar ròs gun smal,
Ma bheul a gaoil gu dlù an sàs.

Sòlas gun chrìoch do'n chomunn chaomh,
A dhùisg dhoimh m' aobhuas àit nach pill,
A's beanuachd do t-anams' a rùin,
A nighean chiùin nan cuach-chiabh grinn.

'N do thréig thu mì aisling nam buadh ?
Pill fathast—ann cheum beag—pill !
Cha chluinn sibh mì Ochoin ! 's mì truagh.
A bheannaibh mo ghraidh—slàn leibh.

Slàn le comunn caomh na h-òige,
A's oigheannan bòidheach, slàn leibh,
Cha leir dhomb sibh, dhuibhse tha samhradh,
Ach dhomsa geannradh a chaoidh,

O! cuir mo chluas ri fuaime Eas-mòr
Le chrònan a' tearnadh on chreig.
Bi'dh cruith agus slige ri'm thaobh,
'S an sgiath a dhian mo shinnis sa' chath.

Thig le càirdeas thar a chuain,
Osag mhìn a' ghluais gu mall,
Tog mo cheò air sgiath do luathais,
'S inich graul gn eilean fhlaithis.

Far'm beil na laoiach a dh-fhalbh o shean,
An cadal trom gun dol le ceòl,
Fosglaibh-sa thalla Oisein a's Dhaoid,
Thig an oidheche 's cha bhi'm hard air bhrath.

Ach o m'an tig i seal m'an triall mo cheò,
Gu teach man bàrd, air àr-bheinn as nach pill.
Fair cruith 's mo shlige dh-ìnnsaidd 'n ròid,
An sin; mo chruit, 's mo shlige ghraidh, slàn leibh.

Note.—This is a curious and valuable relic of antiquity. It affords internal evidence that the doctrines of Christianity were either wholly unknown to the poet, or had no place in his creed. The Elysium of bards upon Arden, the departure of the poet's shade to the hall of Ossian and Daol, his last wish of laying by his side a harp, a shell full of liquor, and his ancestors' shield, are incompatible with the Christian doctrine of a future state.

That it is a composition, however, long subsequent to the times of Ossian, is evident from the change which the manners of the Caledonians had in the interim undergone: for in the poems of that bard there is scarcely an allusion to the pastoral state. At any rate, the art of taming and breeding cattle was certainly not practised by the Fingalians. Hunting and war seem to have been their sole occupations. Our aged bard, however, lived in the pastoral state of society: a state which many poets have made the subject of that species of poetry denominated pastoral.

Our bard exhibits tender senses, and describes happy situations. He paints the beauties of nature with the hand of a master, and expresses the warmth of his feelings in glowing numbers. His style is nervous, his manner chaste. His fancy wears the native garb of purity and simplicity: and true taste will recognise his composition as the genuine offspring of nature—as real poetry.

The poet has enumerated those rural occupations which afforded him delight in the vigour of life. He has arranged and drawn forth to view rural objects, attended by such circumstances as had made the most pleasurable and lasting impression upon his own mind; and he seems, at the same time, to have been highly sensible of the beauties of nature, and capable of producing those strokes of fancy which evince poetic merit.

This poem shows that men leading a pastoral life are capable of refined feelings and delicate sentiments, and may be actuated by the best affections of the heart; that long posterior to the days of Ossian, the Christian religion had not perhaps been heard of by the Caledonians; and that they were of opinion that the soul was an airy substance capable of existing in a state of separation from the body, and of enjoying, in the region of the clouds, those agreeable occupations which had given it pleasure upon earth.

A' CHOMHACHAG.*

A Chomhachag bhochd na Sròine,
A nochd is brònach do leabaidh,
Ma bha thu ann ri linn Donnaghaill,
Cha'n iogluadh ge trom leat t-aigheadh.

"'S co'-aoise mise do'n daraig,
Bha na faillean ann sa' choinnticb,
'S iomadh linn a chuir mi romham,
'S gur mi comhachag bhochd na Sròine.

Nise bho na thà thu aosda,
Deun-sa t-fhaosaid ris an t-shagart,
Agus innis dhà gun èuradh,
Gach aou sgeula ga'm beil agad.

"Cha d' rinn mise braid' no breugan,
Cladh na tearmann a bhristeadh
Air m' fhear féin cha d' roinn mi iomluas,
Gur cailleach bhochd ionraig mise.

Chunnacas mac a Bhrithemh calma,
Agus Feargus mor an gaisgeach,
As Torradan liath na Sròine,
Sin na laoch bha domhail, taiceil."

Bho 'na thòisich thu ri seanachas,
A's èigin do leamhuinn ni's faide,
Gu 'n robh 'n triuir bha sin air foghnadh,
Ma 'n robh Donnaghall ann san Fhearsaid.

"Chunnaic mi Alasdair Carrach,
An duin' is allaile bha 'n Albainn,
'S minig a bha mi ga éisteachd,
'S e aig reiteach nan tom sealga.

Chunnaic mi Aonghas na dheigh,
Cha b' e sin raghadn bu tàire,
'S ann 's an Fhearsaid a bha thuinidh,
'S rinn e muilean air Allt-Larach,"

* This poem is attributed to Donald Macdonald better known by the cognomen of *Dòmhnall mac Fhìdlaidh nan Dàn*—a celebrated hunter and poet. He was a native of Lochaber and flourished before the invention of fire-arms. According to tradition, he was the most expert archer of his day. At the time in which he lived, wolves were very troublesome, especially in Lochaber, but Donald is said to have killed so many of them, that previous to his death, there was only one left alive in Scotland, which was shortly after killed in Strathglass by a woman. He composed these verses when old, and unable to follow the chase; and it is the only one of his compositions which has been handed down to us.

The occasion of the poem was this: He had married a young woman in his old age, who as might have been expected, proved a very unmeet helpmate. When he and his dog were both worn down with the toils of the chase,

Bu lionmhor cogadh a's creachadh,
Bha'n an Lochabar 'san uair sin
C'àite 'm biodh tusa ga t-fhalach,
Eoin bhig na mala gruamaich.

"'S ann a bha cuid mhor de m' shionsir,
Eadar an Innse a's an Fhearsaid,
Bha cuid eile dhiu' ma'n Dèaghtaigh;
Bhiodh iad ag éigheach 'sa'n fheasgar.

'N uair a chithinnse dol seachad,
Na creachan agus am fuathas,
Bheirinn car beag far an rathaid,
'S bhithinn grathunn sa' Chreig-ghuanaich."

Creag mo chridhe-s' a Chreag ghuanach,
Chreag an dh-fhuair mi greis de m' àrach.
Creag nan aighean 's nan damh siùhlach,
A chreag ùrail, aighearach, ianach.

Chreag ma'n iathadh an fhaoghait,
Bu mbiann leam a bhi ga taghal,
'N uair bu bhinn guth gallain gaodhair,
A' cur graidh gu gabhail chumhainn.

'S tinn na h-iolairan na bruachan,
'S binn a cuachan, 's binn a h-eala,
A's binne na sin am blaoghan,
Ni an laoghan meana-bhreach, ballach.

A's binn leam toraman na'n dōs,
Ri nilinn nan corra-bheann cās,
'S an eilid bhiorach is caol cōs,
Ni fois fo dhuilleich ri teas.

Gun de chéil aic' ach an danh,
'S e 's muime dh'i fear a's cneamh,
Mathair an laogh mheana-bhric mhír,
Bean an fhir mhall-rosgaich ghlain.

and decrepit with age, his "crooked rib" seems to take a pleasure in tormenting them. Fear, rather than respect might possibly protect Donald himself, but she neither feared nor respected the poor dog. On the contrary, she took every opportunity of beating and maltreating him. In fact, "like the Goodman's mother," he "was aye in the way." Their ingenious tormentor one day found an old and feeble owl, which she seems to have thought would make a fit companion for the old man and his dog; and accordingly brought it home. The poem is in the form of a dialogue between Donald and the owl. It is very unlikely that he had ever heard of Æsop, yet he contrives to make an owl speak, and that to good purpose. On the whole it is an ingenious performance and perhaps has no rival of its kind in the language. Allusion is made to his "half marrow," in the 57th stanza.

'S siùbhlach a dh'-fhalbhas e raon,
Cadail cha dean e sa'n smùir,
B' fhearr leis na plaide fo' thaobh,
Bàrr an fhraoich bhadanaich ùir.

Gur àluinn sgeamh an daimh dhuinn,
'Thearnas o shireadh nam beann,
Mac na h-eilde ris an t-shonn,
Nach do chrom le spid a cheann.

Eilid bhinneach, mheargant, bhallach,
Odhar, eangach, uchd réidh àrd,
Daimh togalach, croic-cheannach, sgiamhach,
Crònach, ceann-riabhach, dearg.

Gur gasd' a ruitheadh tu suas,
Ri leachduinn chruaidh a's i cas,
Moladh gach aon neach an cù,
Ach molams' 'n trùp tha dol as.

Creag mo chride-sa chreag mhor,
'S ionnihuinn an lòn tha fo ceann,
'S anns' an lag a th' air a cùl,
Na machair a's mùr nan gall.

M' annsachd beinn sheasgaich nam fuaran,
An riasgach o'n dean an damh rànan,
Chuireadh gadhar is glan nuallan,
Féidh na'n ruaig gu Inbhir-Mheorain.

B' annsa' leam na dòrdaibh bodaich,
Os ceann leic ri eagaradh sìl,
Bòirean an daimh 'm bi ghnè dhuinnead,
Air leacann beinne 's e ri sìl.

'N uair bhùras damh Beinne-bige,
'S a bhéuras damh Beinn-na-craige,
Freagraidh na daimh ud da chéile;
'S thig féidh a' Coirre-na-suaige.

Bha mi o'n rugadh mi riabh,
Ann an caidridh fhiadh a's earb',
Ch'an fhaca mi dath air bian,
Ach buidhe, riabhach, a's dearg.

Cha mhi-thìn a sgaoil an comunn,
A bha eadar mi 'sa Chreag-ghuanach,
Ach an nois ga'r toirt o chéile,
Gur grathunn an fhéil' a' fhuaras.

'S i creag mo chride-s' a' Chreag-ghuanach,
A chreag dhuilleach, bhiolairach, bhraonach,
Na 'n tulach àrd, àluinn, fiarach,
Gur eian a ghabh i o'n mhaorach.

Cha mhiuig a bha mi 'g éisdeachd,
Re séideadh na muice-mara,
Ach 's tric a chuala mi mòran,
De chrònaich an daimh allaidh.

Cha do chuir mi duil san iasgach,
Bhi ga iarraidh leis a mhadhar,
'S mor gu'm b' annsa leam am fiadhach,
'S bhi air falbh nan sliabh as-t-fbaghar.

'S eibhinn an obair an t-shealg,
'S àit a cuairt an aird gu beachd,
Gur binne a h-aighear 's a fonn
Na long a's i dol fo bheairt.

Fad 'sa bhithinn beò na maireann,
Deò dhe 'n anam an am chorp,
Dh-fhanainn am focbar an fhéidh,
Sin an spreidh an robh mo thoir.

C'àit' an eualas ceòl bu bhiune,
Na mothar gadhair mhoir a' teachd,
Daimh sheaunga na' ruith le gleann,
Mìol-choin a dol aont a's ast'.

'S truagh an diugh nach beò an fheoghainn,
Gun ann ach an ceò de'n bhuidheann,
Leis 'n bu mhiannach gloir nan gadhar,
Gun mheoghail, gun òl, gun bhruidhinn.

Bratach Alasdair nan Gleann,
A sròl fathrumach ri crann,
Suaicheantas shoilleir shìol Chuinn,
Nach do chuir suim an clann ghall

'S ann an Cinn-Ghìubhsaich na laidhe,
Tha nàmhaid na graidhe deirge,
Lamh dheas a mharbhadh a bhradain,
Bu mhath e 'n sàbaid na feirge.

Dh-fhag mi san Ruaidhe so shìos,
Am fear a b' òle dhoms' a bhàs,
'S tric a chuir e ' thagradh an cruathas,
Ann cluais an daimh chabraich an sàs

Raonull Mac-Dhombhnull ghlais,
Fear a fhuair fòghlum gu deas,
Deagh Mhac-Dhombhnull a chuill chais,
Nì'm beò neach a chòmraigh leis.

Alasdair eridhe nan gleann,
Gun e bhi ann mor a' chreach,
'S tric a leag thu air an tom,
Sliochd nan soun leis a chù ghlas.

Alasdair mac Ailein mhòir,
'S tric a mharb sa' bheinn na féidh,
'S a leanadh fad air an tòir,
Mo dhoigh gur Dombhnullach treun.

A's Dombhnullach thu gun mhearachd,
Gur tu buinne geal na cruaghach,
Gur càirdeach thu do Chlann-Chatain,
S gur h-e dalt thu do'n Chreig-ghuanach.

Ma dh-fhàgadh Domhnall a muigh,
Na aonar a' taigh na' fleagh,
S gearr a bhios gacag air bhuil,
Luchd a chruidh bi'dh iad a staigh.

Mi'm shuidh air sìth-bhruth nam beann,
A coinhead air ceann Locha-Tréig,
Creag ghuanach am biodh an t-shealg,
Grianan ard am biodh na féidh.

Chi mi na Dù-lochain bhuam,
Chi mi Chruach, a's Beinne-bhreac,
Chi mi Srath-Oisein nam Fiaon,
Chi mi ghrian air Meall-nan-leac.

Chi mi Beinn-Neambais gu h-àrd,
Agus an càrn-dearg ri bun,
A's coire beng eile ri taobh,
Chit' as monadh faoin a's muir.

Gur rìmhreach an coire dearg,
Far 'n bu mhiannach leinn bhì sealg,
Coirre nan tulaichean fraoich,
Iunis nan laogh 's nan damh garbh.

Chi mi braidh Bhìdean-nan-dòs,
'N taobh so bhos do Sgurra-lidh,
Sgurra-chòinntich nan damh seang—
Ionmhuinn leam an diugh na chì.

Chi mi Srath farsuinn a chruidh,
Far an labhar guth nan sòn,
A's Coire creagach a mhaoin,
A' minig a thug mo làmh toll.

Chi mi Garbh-bheinn nan damh donn,
Agus Slat-bheinn nan tom sìth,
Mar sin agus an Leitir dhubh,
'S an tric a rinn mi foil na' frith.

Soraidh gu Beinn-alta bhuam,
O'n 's i fhuair urram nam beann,
Gu slios Loch-Earrachd an fhéidh,
Gu'm b'ionmhuinn leam féin bhì ann.

Thoir soraidh nam thun an Loch',
Far am faicte 'bhos a's thall,
Gu uisge Leamhna nan lach,
Muime nan laogh breac 's nam meann.

'S e loch mo chridhse an loch,
An loch, air am biodh an lach,
Agus iomadh eala bhàn,
'S bh'ìdh iad a suàmh air ma seach,

Olaidh mi a' Tréig mo theann-shàth,
Na dheidh cha bhì mi fo mbulad,
Uisge glan nam fuaran fallan,
O'n seang am fiadh a nì 'n langan.

'S buan an comunn gun bhristeadh,
Bha eadar mise 's an t-uisge;
Sùgh nam mor bheann gun mhighe,
'S mise ga òl gun trasgadh.

'S ann a bha 'n comunn bristeach,
Eadar mise 's a Chreag-sheifich,
Mise gu bràth cha dìricht,
Isè gu dìlun cha teirinn.

On labhair mi umaibh gu léir,
Gabhaidh mi fhéin dìbh mo chead,
Dearmad cha dean mi s au àm,
Air fiadhach ghleann nam beann beag.

Cead is truaighe ghabhadh riabh,
Do 'n fhiadhaich bu mhòr mo thoil,
Cha 'n fhalbh le bogha fo m' sgéith,
'S gu là-bhràth cha leig mi coin.

Tha blaidh mo bhogha 'n am uchd,
Le agh maol, odhar is àit,
Isè ceanalt 's mise gruamach,
'S eruaigh an diugh nach buan an t-shlat.

Mis' a's tusa ghadhair bhàin,
'S tùrsach air turas do 'n eilean,
Chaill sinn an tathunn a's an dàn,
Ge d' bha sinn grathunn ri ceanal.

Thug a choille dhìot-s' an earb',
'S thug an t-àrd dhìom-sa na féidh,
Cha n eil nàire dhùinn a laoch,
O'n laidh an aois oirnn le chéil'.

'Nuair a bha mi air an da chois,
'S moch a shiubhlain bhos a's thall,
Ach a nis cu fhuair mi trì,
Cha ghlunis mi ach gu min, mall.

Aois cha n'eil thu dhunn meachair
Ge nach fendar leinn do sheachnadh,
Cromaidh tu 'n duine dìreach,
A dh' fhàs gu mìleanta gàsda.

Giorraichidh tu air a shaoghal,
Agus caochlaidhidh tu ' chasan,
Fagaidh tu cheann gun deudach,
'S nì thu eudann a chasadh.

A Shinead chas-aodannach, pheallach,
A shream-shuileach, odhar, éitidh,
Cia ma 'n leiginn leat a lobbair?
Mo bhogha toirt dhìom air éiginn.

O'n 's mi-fhìn a b' fhearr an airidh,
Air mo bhogha ro-math iubhair,
No thusa aois bhothar, sgallach,
Bhios aig an teallach ad shuidhe.

Labhair an aois a rithist;
 " 'S mo 's ruighinn tha thu leantainn.
 Rìs a bhogha sin a ghiùlan,
 'S gar mòr bu chuibhe dhut bàta."

Gabh thusa bhuamsa 'm bàta,
 Aois grànda chairtidh na pléide.

Cha leiginn mo bhogha leatsa,
 Do mhathas no d' ar, eigin.

" 'S iomadh laoch a b' fhearr no thusa,
 Dh-fhàg mise gu tuisleach anfhann,
 'N déis fhaobhachadh as a sheasamh,
 Bha rìomhe na fhleasgach meamnach."

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RUADH.

THE real name of this poetess was Mary M'Leod, though she is more generally known among her countrymen by the above appellation. She was born in Roudal, in Harris, in the year 1569, and was the daughter of Alexander M'Leod, son of *Alasdair Ruadh*, who was a descendant of the chief of that clan.*

It does not appear that Mary had done any thing in the poetic way till she was somewhat advanced in life, and employed as nurse in the family of her chief: neither is there any evidence that she could write, or even read. Her first production was a song made to please the children under her charge.

"*An Talla 'm bu ghinà le Mac-Leòid*" was composed on the Laird being sick and dying. He playfully asked Mary what kind of a *lament* she would make for him? Flattered by such a question, she replied that it would certainly be a very mournful one. "Come nearer me," said the aged and infirm chief, "and let me hear part of it." Mary, it is said, readily complied, and sung, *ex tempore*, that celebrated poem.

"*Hithill uthill agus hò*" was composed on John, a son of Sir Norman, upon his presenting her with a snuff-mull. She sometime after gave publicity to one of her songs, which so provoked her patron, M'Leod, that he banished her to the Isle of Mull, under the charge of a relative of his own.

It was during her exile there that she composed "*'S mi 'm shuidh' air an Tulaich*," or "*Luinneag Mhic-Leòid*." On this song coming to M'Leod's ears, he sent a boat for her, giving orders to the crew not to take her on board except she should promise to make no more songs on her return to Skye. Mary readily agreed to this condition of release, and returned with the boat to Dunvegan Castle.

* There was another, though inferior poetess, of the family of *Alasdair Ruadh*, who is sometimes confounded with our authoress. Her name was Flora M'Leod. In Gaelic she is called *Fionnaghal Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh*. This poetess lived in Troterness, and was a native of Skye. She was married, and some of her descendants are still in that country. All that we have been able to meet with, of Flora's poetry, is a satire on the clan Mac-Martin, and an elegy on M'Leod of Dunvegan. We have the authority of several persons of high respectability, and on whose testimony we can rely, that Mary M'Leod was the veritable authoress of the poems attributed to her in this work.

Soon after this, a son of the Laird's had been ill, and, on his recovery, Mary composed a song which is rather an extraordinary composition, and which, like its predecessors, drew on her devoted head the displeasure of her chief, who remonstrated with her for again attempting song-making without his permission. Mary's reply was, "It is not a song; it is only a *crònan*,"—that is, a hum, or "croon."

She mentions, in a song which we have heard, but which was never printed, that she had nursed five lairds of the M'Leods, and two of the lairds of Applecross. The song ends with an address to *Tòrmòd nan trì Tòrmòd*.* She died at the advanced age of 105 years, and is buried in Harris. She used to wear a tartan *tonnag*, fastened in front with a large silver brooch. In her old days she generally carried about with her a silver-headed cane, and was much given to gossip, snuff, and whisky.

Mary M'Leod, the inimitable poetess of the Isles, is the most original of all our poets. She borrows nothing. Her thoughts, her verse, her rhymes, are all equally her own. Her language is simple and elegant; her diction easy, natural, and unaffected. Her thoughts flow freely, and unconstrained. There is no straining to produce effect: no search after unintelligible words to conceal the poverty of ideas. Her versification runs like a mountain stream over a smooth bed of polished granite. Her rhymes are often repeated, yet we do not feel them tiresome nor disagreeable. Her poems are mostly composed in praise of the M'Leods; yet they are not the effusions of a mean and mercenary spirit, but the spontaneous and heart-felt tribute of a faithful and devoted dependant. When the pride, or arbitrary dictate of the chief, sent her an exile to the Isle of Mull, her thoughts wandered back to "the lofty shading mountains,"—to "the young and splendid *Sir Tòrmòd*." During her exile she composed one of the finest of her poems: the air is wild and beautiful; and it is no small praise to say that it is worthy of the verses. On her passage from Mull to Skye she composed a song, of which only a fragment can now be procured: we give a few stanzas of it:—

"Theid mi le'm dheoin do dhùthaich Mhic-Leòid,
M' iull air a mhòr luachach sin,
Bu chòir dhomh gum bi m' eòlas san tìr
Leòdach, mar pill cruadal mi,
Siubhlaidh mi 'n iarr, tro dhùlachd nan sian,
Do'n tùr g'am bi triall thuath-cheathairn;
On chualas an sgeul buadhach gun bhreug,
Rinn acain mo chléibh fhuadachadh.

"Chì mi Mac-Leòid 's prìseil an t-òg,
Rìmhreach gu mòr buadhalach,
Bho Ollaghair nan laun chuireadh sròlaibh ri craun;
'S Leòdach an dream uambarra.
Eiridh na fuinn ghleusd air na suinn,
'S feumaid ri an cruadail iad,
'Na fìrèanaibh gharg an am rusgadh nan àrm,
'S cliutach an t-anam fhuaras leibh.

"Sìol Tòrmòid nan sgiath foirmealach fiat,
Dh' eireadh do shluagh luath-lamhach;
Deàlradh nam pìos, tòrman nam pìob,
'S dearbh gu'm bu leibh 'n dualachas;
'Thaig teachdair do'n tìr gu macanta mìn,
'S at leam gach nì chualas leam,
O Dhun-bheagan nan steud 's am freagair luchd-theud,
Ehir greis air gach sgeul buaidh-ghloireach.

"'Nuair chuireadh na laich leingheas air chaol,
Turas ri gaoith ghluaise leibh,
O bharrach nan craun gu tioruinn nam ball,
Teannachadh teann suas rithe,
Iomairt gu leoir mar ri Mac-Leòid,
Charaich fo shròl nam-dhail' i,
Bho àreis an fhion gu talla nam pìos,
Gu'm beannaich mo Rìgh 'n t-uasal ud."

* We knew an old man, called Alexander M'Rae, a tailor in Mellen of Gairloch, whom we have heard sing many of Mary's songs, not one of which has ever been printed. Some of these were excellent, and we had designed to take them down from his recitation, but were prevented by his sudden death, which happened in the year 1833. Among these was a rather extraordinary piece, resembling M'Donald's "*Birlinn*," composed upon occasion of John, son of Sir Norman, taking her out to get a sail in a new boat.

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RUaidH.

FUAIM AN T-SHAIMH.

Ri foaim an t-shàimh
'S uaigneach mo ghean,
Bha mis' uair nach b'è sud m' àbhaist,
Bha mis' uair, &c.

Ach pìob nuallanach mhùr,
Bheireadh buaidh air gach ceòl,
'Nuair ghluais' i le meoir Phàdraig,*
'Nuair ghluais' i, &c.

Gur maing a bheir geill
Do'n t-saoghal gu leir,
'S tric a chaochail e cheum gabhaidh.
'S tric a chaochail e, &c.

Gur lionmhoire chùrs
Na'n dealt air an driuchd,
Ann am madainn an tùs maighe.
Ann am madainn, &c.

Cha'n fhacas ri m' ré,
Aon duine fo 'n ghrein,
Nach tog e gheirs fein dha sin.
Nach tug e, &c.

Beir an t-soghraidh so buam,
Gu talla nan cuach,
Far 'm biodh tathaich nan truadh dâimhail.
Far 'm biodh, &c.

Thun an taighe nach gann,
Fo 'n leathad ud thall,
Far beil aighear a's ceann mo mhànrain.
Far beil aighear, &c.

Sir Tòrmòd mo rùn,
Ollaghairreach thu,
Foirmeil o thùs t-abhaist.
Foirmeil o thùs, &c.

A thasgaidh, 's a' chiall,
'S e bu chleachdadh dhut riamh,
Teach farsuinn 's e fial fàilteach.
Teach farsuinn, &c.

Bhiodh tional nan Clìar,
Rè tanul, a's cian,
Dh-fhios a bhaile 'm biodh triall chairdean.
Dh-fhios a bhaile, &c.

'Naile chumma' mi uair,
S glan an lasadh bha d' ghruidh,
Fo ghruaig chleachdaich nan dual àr-bhuidh,
Fo ghruaig, chleachdaich, &c.

Fear dìreach deas treun,
Bu ro fhirinneach beus,
'S e gun mhi-ghean, gun cheum trailleil.
'S e gun mhi-ghean, &c.

De'n l'ionne a b'fhearr buaidh,
Tha 's na crìochaibh mu'n cuairt,
Clann fhirinneach Ruairi l'ion-mhuir.
Clann fhirinneach, &c.

Cha'n eil cleachdadh mhic rìgh,
No gaisge, no gnìomh,
Nach eil pearsa mo ghaoil làn deth.
Nach eil pearsa, &c.

Ann an treine, 's an lùgh,
Ann an ceutaidh 's an cliù,
Ann am fèil' 's an gnuis nàire.
Ann am fèil, &c.

Ann an gaisge, 's an gnìomh,
'S ann am pailte neo-ehron,
Ann am maise, 's am miagh àillteachd.
Ann am maise, &c.

Ann an cruadal, 's an toil,
Ann am buaidh thoirt air sgoil,
Ann an uaisle gun chon cailcachd.
Ann an uaisle, &c.

Toigs-fhear nan teud,
Purpas gach sgeil,
Susbaint gach ceill naduir.
Susbaint gach, &c.

Gu'm bu chobhaidh dhut sid,
Mar a thubhairt iad ris,
Bu tu 'n t-ubhal thar meas aird chraoibh.
Bu tu 'n t-ubhal, &c.

Leodaich mo rùn,
Seorsa shuair cliù,
Cha bu thoiseachadh àr dhaith Sir.
Cha bu thoiseach, &c.

Bha fios co sibh
Ann an iomartas rìgh,
'Nuair bu mhulaidich strì Thearlaich,*
'Nuair bu, &c.

* The celebrated Pannicu mór Mae Cruimein, one of the family pipers of Mae-Leod of Dunvegan.

* King Charles II.

Slan Ghàeil no Ghaill
 Cha' dh-fhuaras eirbh foill,
 Dh-aon bhuairleadh g'n d'rinn ur namhaid.
 Dh-aon bhuireadh, &c.

Lochluinnich threun
 Toiseuch ur sgeil,
 Shiochd solta bho freumh Mbànais.
 Shiochd solta, &c.

Thug Dia dhut mar ghibht,
 Bhi gu morghalach glic,
 Chriosd deonaich' dha d'shiochd bhi àdinnhor.
 Chriosd deonaich', &c.

Fhuair thu fortan o Dhia,
 Bean bu shoearaiche ciall,
 S i gu foisteineach fial uàrach.
 'S i gu foisteineach, &c.

Am beil cannach a's cliù,
 'S i gun mhilleadh na cùis,
 'S i gu h-iriosal ciùin cairdeil.
 'S i gu h-iriosal, &c.

I gun dolaidh fo 'n ghrèin,
 Gu toiteachadh treud,
 'S a h-òlachd a reir ban-rìgh.
 'S a h-òlachd, &c.

'S tric a riarach thu cuilm,
 Gun fhiabhras gun tuilg,
 Nighean Oighre Dhuin-Tuilm, slàn dut.
 Nighean Oighre, &c.

ORAN

DO DIF LAIN MAC SHIR TORMOD MHIC-LECID.*

LUNNEAG.

*H-ithill uthill agus ò,
 H-ithill ò h-òireannan
 H-ithill uthill agus ò,
 H-ithill ò h-ò h-òireannan
 H-ithill uthill agus ò
 H-ithill ò h-òriannan
 Fàillill ò h-àillill ò,
 H-ò ri ghealladh h-i-il-an.*

Ge do theid mi do m' leabaidh
 Cha'n é cadal is miannach leam,
 Aig ro mhead na tuile,
 'S mo mhuilean gun iarann air,
 Tha mholtair ri paidheadh,
 Mur cailltear am bliadhna mi,
 'S gur feumail domh faighinn,
 Ge do ghabhainn an iasad i.
H-ithill, &c.

* For the air, see the Rev. Patrick Macdonald's Collection of Highland Airs, pages 29—163.

Tha mo chion air a chlachair,
 Rinn m'aigue-sa riarachadh,
 Fear mor, a bheoil mheachair,
 Ge tosdach, gur briathrach thu,
 Gu'm faighinn air m' fhacl
 Na caisteil ged iarraim iad;
 Cheart aindeoin mo stàta,
 Gun chàraich sud fiachan orm.
H-ithill, &c.

Ged a thuirt mi rint clachair,
 Air m'fhacl cha b'fhior dhomh e,
 Gur rioghail do shloinneadh
 'S gur soilleir ri iarraidh e,
 Fìor Leòdach ùr, gasda,
 Foinnidh beachdail, glic fialaidh thu,
 De shloichd nam fear flathail,
 Bu mhath an ceann ehlarauch.
H-ithill, &c.

Ach a mhic ud Shir Tòrmod,
 Gu'n soirbhich gach bliadhna dhut,
 Chuir buaidh air do shloichd-sa,
 Agus piseach air t-iaradan;
 'S do'n chuid eile chloinn t-athar,
 Anns gach rathad a thrillas iad,
 Gu'n robh toradh mo dhùrachd
 Dol nan rùn mar bu mhiannach leam.
H-ithill, &c.

'Nuair a theid thu do'n fhìreach,
 'S ro mhath chinneas an fhiadhach leat,
 Le d' lothain chon ghleusda
 Ann ad dheigh 'nuair thrialladh tu,
 Sin, a's cuillhear caol, cinnteach,
 Cruaidh, dìreach, gun fhiaradh ann;
 Bu tu sealgair na h-eilid,
 A choilich, 's na liath-chirce.
H-ithill, &c.

Tha mo chion air an Ruairidh,
 Gur luaineach mu d' sgeula mi,
 Fìor bhoinne geal suaire' thu,
 Am beil uaisle na peacaige,
 Air an d'fàs an cùl dualach,
 'S e na chuachagan teud-bhuidhe,
 Sin a's ùrla glan, suaice,
 Cha bu tuairisgeul breugach e.
H-ithill, &c.

Slan iomradh dhut lain,
 Gu mu rathail a dh' eireas dut,
 'S tu mac an deagh athar,
 Bha gu mathasach meaghrachail,
 Bha gu furbhailteach, daonnachdach,
 Faoilteachail, d'oirceachail,

Sàr cheannard air trùp thu,
Na'n cuirte leat feum orra.
H-ithill, &c.

Gur àlunn am marcach
Air each an glaic diollaid thu,
'S tu cumail do phears'
Ann an cleachdadh, mar dh' iarrainn dut,
Thigeadh sud ann ad laimh-sa
Lann spainteach, ghorm, dhias-fhada,
A's paidhir mhath *phistal*
Air crios nam ball sniomhanach.
H-ithill, &c.

AN TALLA 'M BU GHNA LE MAC-LEOID.

Rìgh! gur muldach ' tha mi,
'S mi gun mhìre gun mhànan,
Anns an talla 'm bu gnà le Mac-Leòid.
Rìgh! gur, &c.

Taigh mor macnasach, meaghrach,
Nam macaibh 's nam maighdean,
Far 'm bu tartarach gleadhraich nan eòrn.
Taigh mor, &c.

Tha do thalla mor prìseil,
Gun fhasgadh gun dian air,
Far am facadh mì 'm fion bhì 'ga òl.
Tha do thalla, &c.

Och mo dhiobhail mar thachair,
Thainig dìl' air an aitreabh,
'S ann a's cianail leam tachairt na cùir.
Och mo dhiobhail, &c.

Chì mì 'n chliar a's na dàimhich,
A'tréigsinn na fàrdaich,
On nach éisd thu ri fàilte luchd-ceòil,
Chì mì 'n chliar, &c.

Shìr Tòrmaid nam bratach,
Fear do dhealbh-sa bu tearc e,
Gun sgeiln a chuir asad no bòsd.
Shìr Tòrmaid, &c.

Fhuair thu teist, a's deagh urram,
Ann am freasdal gach duine,
Air dheiseachd 's air nìrighioll beoil.
Fhuair thu teist, &c.

Leat bu mhiannach coin lùgh-mhor,
Dol a shìubhal uan stùc-bheann,
'S an gunna nach diultadh re h-òrd.
Leat bu mhiannach, &c.

'S i do lamh nach robh tuisleach,
Dol a chaitheadh a chuspair,
Lèd' bhogha cruaidh, ruiteach, deagh-neoil.
'S i do lamh nach, &c.

Glac throm air do shliasad,
An deigh a snaitheadh gun fhiaradh,
'S barr dosrach de sgiathan an eoin.
Glac-thorm, &c.

Bhiodh còir ris na crannaibh,
Bu neo-eisleanach tarrauin,
'Nuir a leumadh an t-saighead o d' mheoir.
Bhiodh còir ris, &c.

'Nuair a leigte bho d' laimh i,
Cha bhiodh oirleach gun bhathadh,
Eadar corran a gaine 's an smeòirn.
'Nuair a leigte, &c.

'Nam dhut tighinn gu d' bhaile,
'S tu bu tighearnail gabhail,
Nuair shuidheadh gach caraid mu d' bhòrd.
'Nam dhut tighinn, &c.

Bha thu measail aig uaislean,
'S cha robh beagan mar chruathas ort,
Sud an cleachdadh a fhuair thu t-aois òig.
Bha thu measail, &c.

Gu 'm biodh farum air thailteasg,
Agus fuaim air a chlàrsaich,
Mar a bhuineadh do shùr mhac Mhic-Leòid,
Gu 'm biodh farum, &c.

Gur h-e b' eachdraidh 'na dheigh sin,
Greis air uirsgeul na Feinne,
'S air cuideachda cheir-ghil nan cròc.
Gur h-e b' eachdraidh, &c.

CUMHA DO MHAC-LEOID.

Gua e naidheachd so fhuair mi,
A dh-fhuadaich mo chiall uam,
Mar nach bitheadh i agam,
'S nach fhaca mì riamh i;
Gur e Abhall an lis so,
Tha mise ga iargam;
E gun abuchadh meas air,
Ach air briseadh fo chiad bharr.

Gur e sgeula na creiche,
Tha mì nise ga éisdeachd,
Gach aon chineadh mar thig oirn',
Dol an tricead, san deinead,
Na chunnaic, 's na chualas,
'S na fhuaradh o'n cheud là,

Creach nìd an t-seobhaic,
Air a sgatha ri aon uair.

Ach a Chlaon an fhir allail,
Bu neo mhalartaich' beusan,
Ann an Lunnainn, 's an Pàris,
Thug sibh barr air na ceudao,
Chaidh n-ur cliù tharais
Thar talamh na h-Eiphit,
Cheann uidhe luchd ealaidh,
'S a leannan na féileachd.

Ach a fhriamhaich nan curaidh,
'S a chuilein nan leoghan,
A's ogha an dà sheanar,
Bu chaithreamaich' loistean;
C'àit' an robh e ri fhaoitinn
Air an taobhs' an Roinn-Eòrpa,
Cha b' fhurras ri fhaighinn
Anns gach rathad, bu dòigh dhuibh.

Ach a Ruairidh mhic Iain,
'S goirt leam fhaighinn an sgeul-s' ort,
'S e mo chreach-sa mac t-athar,
Bhi na laidhe gun eiridh,
Agus Tòrmod a mhac-sa,
A thasgaidh mo chéille!
Gur e aobhar mo ghearain,
Gu'n chailleadh le chéil' iad.

Nach mòr an sgeul sgrìobhaidh,
S nach ionghnadh leibh féin e,
Duilleach na craoibhe,
Nach do sgaoileadh am meanglan,
An robh cliù, agus onair,
Agus moladh air deagh-bheairt,
Gu daonachdach, carthannach,
Beannachdach, ceutach.

Ge goirt leam an naidheachd,
Tha mi faighinn air Ruairidh,
Gun do chorp a bhi 'san Dùthaich,
Anns an tuama bu dual dut;
Sgeul eile nach fusaibh,
Tha mi claidinn san uair so,
Ged nach toir mi dha creideas,
Gur beag orm ri luaidh e.

Gur ro bheag a shaoil mi,
Ri mo shaghal gu'n eisdinn,
Gun cluicseamaid Leòdaich,
Bhi ga'm fogradh o'n òighreachd,
'S a'n còraichean glaa,
'S a'm fearann gun dèigh air
'S ar ranotanan farsulnn,
Na'n rach-te 'n am feum sud.

Gu'n eireadh na t-aobhar
Clann-Raonnill, 's Clann-Dòmhnail,
Agus taigh Mhic 'Illeain,
Bha daingheann 'n-ur seòrsa,
Agus fir Ghluine-Garaidh,
Nall tharais á Cnòideart,
Mar sud, a's Clann Chama-Shroin,
O champ Inbhir-Lòchaidh.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh Clann-Choionich,
Dheanadh eiridh ri d' ghuailean,
'S gu'n robh thu ua'm fineachd,
Air t-fhilleadh trì uairean,
'S e mo chreach gu'n do Chinneadh
Bhi ma chruineachadh t-uaghach,
No glaoch do mhac muinntir
'S nach cluinntear, 's an uairs' i.

Tha mo cheist air an oighre,
Th'a stoidhle 's na h-Earadh,
Ged nach deach' thu san tuam' ud,
Far bo dual dut o d' sheanair.
Gur iomadh fuil uaibhreach,
A dh-fhuairich ad bhallaibh,
De shloinneadh nan rìghrean,
Leis na chiosaicheadh Maoinn.

'S e mo ghaols' an sliochd foirmeil,
Bh'air sliochd Ollaghair, a's Ochraidh,
O bhaile na Boirbhe,
'S ann a stoidhleadh thu'n tòiseach;
Gur ioma fuil mborgha,
Bha reota sa chorp ud,
De shliochd armunn Chinntire,
Iarl' Il', agus Ròis thu.

Mhic Iain Stiubhairt* na h-Apunn,
Ged a's gasd' an duin' òg thu,
Ged tha Stiubhartaich beachdail,
Iad tapaidd 'n àm foirneart,
Na ghabhsa meannadh, no aiteas,
A's an staid ud, nach còir dhut,
Cha toir thu i dhaindeoin,
'S cha'n thaigh thu le deòin i.

C'uim' an tigeadh fear coigreach
A thagrachd ur'n Oighreachd;
Ged nach eil e ro dhearbhta,
Gur searbh e ri eisdeachd,
Ged tha sinn' air ar creachadh
Mu chlainn mhac an fhir fheilidh,
Sliochd Ruairidh mhoir allail,
'S gur airidh iad fein oir.

* Stewart of Appin was married to a daughter of Mac-Leod of Donvegan, which made the Mac-Leods afraid that he should claim a right to the estate, on account of Mac-Leod having left no male heir.

MARBH-RANN

DO DH-FHEAR NA COMRAICH.

Tha mise air leaghadh le bròn,
O'n là dh-eug thu 's nach beò,
Mu m' fhiuran faighidheach, còir,
Uasal, aighearach, òg,
'S uaisle shuidhe mu bhòrd,
Mo chreach t-fhaiginn gu'n treòir eiridh.

'S tu'n laoch gun laigse, gun leòn,
Macan min-geal gun sgleò,
B' fhearail, finealt an t-òg,
De shliochd nam fear mòr,
D'a bu dual a bhì còir,
'S gu'm b'fhiù faitail do lheoil eiseachd.

'S tu chlaun na h-ireinn a'h'fhearr,
Glan an riamh as an d'fhàs,
Cairdeas rìgh as gach ball,
Bha sud sgrìob't leat am baion,
Fo làmh duine gun mheang,
Ach thu lion-te de dh-ardan euchdach.

A ruairidh aigeantaich aird,
O Chomraich ghreadhnaich an àidh,
Mhic an fhir bu mhor gair,
Nam lann guineach, cruaidh, garg,
Ort cha d'fhuaradh riamh cearb,
Iar-ogha Uilleam nan long breid-gheal.

Fhuair mi m' àilleagan ùr,
'S e gun smal air gun smùr,
Bu bhreac min dearg do ghnuis,
Bu ghorra laoghach do shuil,
Bu ghlan shiasaid, a's glàn,
Bu deas, dainghean, a lùb ghleust thu.

A lub abhoil nam buadh,
'S mairg a tharladh ort uair,
Mu ghlaic Fhionnlaidh so shuas,
Air each crodhanta luath,
Namhaid romhad na ruaig,
Air dhaibh buille cha h'uair cis e.

Ach fhir a's curranta lamh,
Thug gach duine gu cràdh,
'S truagh nach d'fhuairich thu slan,
Ri uair cumaisg no blàir,
A thoirt cis dheth do nàmh,
Bu leat urram an là cheudaich.

Bu tu'n sgoileir gun dìohradh,
Meoir a's grinne ui sgrìobhadh,
Uasal faighidheach, cinnteach,
Bu leat lagh an taigh sgrìobhaidh,
'S tu nach muchadh an fhirinn,
Sgeul mo chreiche! so shìl do chrenchdan.

Stad air m'aighear an dè
Dh'fhalbh mo mharcaanta fèin,

Chuir mi'n ciste nan tend,
Dhiult an gobha dhomh gléus,
Dhiult sud mi 's gach leighe
'S chaidh m'onaire, 's mo rìgh dh'eug thu.

Thuit a chraobh thun a bhlàir,
Rois an graine gu lár,
Lot thu 'n cinneadh a's chràdh,
Air an robh thu mar bharr,
Ga'n dìonadh gach là,
'S mo chreach! l'bhuing am bàs treun ort.

'N am suidhe na d' sheomair,
Chaidh do bhuidhean an òrdugh,
Cha b'ann mu aighear do phòsaidh,
Le nighean Iarla Chlann-Dòmhnail,
As do dheigh mar bu chòir dh'i,
'S ann chaidh do thasgaidh san t-sròl ghie-gheal.

Ach gur mis' tha bochd truagh,
F'iamh a ghuit air mo ghruaidh,
'S goirt an gradan a fhuair,
Marcach deas nan each luath,
Sàr Cheannard air sluagh,
Mo chreach, t-fhagail ri uair m'fhòime.

Ach fhuair mi m' àilleagan òg,
Mar nach b'abhaist gun cheòl,
Saoir ri caradh do bhòrd,
Mnai ri spionadh an fheòir,
Fir gun tàllis, gun cheòl,
Gur bochd fulang mo sgeòil eiseachd.

'Nuair a thionail an sluagh,
'S ann bha'n tioma-sgaradh cruaidh,
Mur ghàir sheillean am bruaich,
An deigh na meala thoirt nath,
'S ann bha'n t-eireadh bochd truagh,
'S iad ma cheannas an t-sluaigh threubhaich.

MARBH-RANN DO DHI' IAIN GARBH

MACILLECHALUM RARSAIDH.*

Mo bheud, 's mo chràdh,
Mar dh'-eirich dha
'N fhear gheusda, ghraidh,
Bha treun san spàirn,
'S nach faicear gu bràth thu' n Rarsa.

Bu tu 'm fear curanta, mor,
Bu mhath cumadh, a's treòir,
O t' uilean gu d' dhòrn,
O d' mhullach gu d' bhròig,
Mhic Muire mo leon,
Thu bhì 'n innis nan ròn,
'S nach faighear thu.

* This celebrated hero was drowned while on a voyage between Stornoway and Rarsa.

'S math lùbadh tu pio
O chùl-thaobh do chùnu,
'Nam rusgadh a ghill,
Le ionnsaidh nach pill,
'S air mo laimh gu'm bu cinnteach saighead uat.

Bu tu sealgair a gheoidh,
Lamh gun dearmad, gun leon,
Air 'm bu shuarach an t-òr
Thoir a bhuachadh a cheòil,
'S gu'n d'fhuair thu na 's leoir,
'S na cbaithheadh tu.

Bu tu sealgair an fhéidh,
Leis an deargta na bein ;
Ehiodh coin earbsach air éill
Aig an Albanach threun ;
C'ait' am faca mi fein
Aon duine fo 'n ghrein,
A dbeanadh riut euchd flathasach.

Spealp nach dibreadh,
An cath, nan strì thu,
Casan dìreach, fad' fùealt,
Mo chreach d'bhòthail
Chaidh thu dhìth oirn, le neart sìne,
Lamh nach dibreadh caitheadh orr'.

'S e dh-fhag silteach mo shuil,
Faicinn t' fhearainn gun sùrd,
'S do bhaile gun smùid
Fo charraig nan sùgh,
Dheagh mhic Chalum nan tùr a Rarsa.

Och ! m' fheudail bhuam,
Gun sgeul sa' chuan,
Bu ghilè mhath snuadh,
Ri grein, 's ri fuachd,
'S e chlaoidh do shluagh,
Nach d' fheud thu 'n nair a ghabhail orr'.

Mo bhèud, 's mo bhròn,
Mar dh' eirich dhò
Muir beucach, mor,
Ag leum nu d' bhòrd,
Thu fèin, 's do sheòid
'Nuair reub 'ur seòil,
Nach d'fhaod sibh treòir
A chaitheadh orr.

'S e an sgeul' craiteach
Do'n mhuaoi a d'fhag thu,
'S do t-aon bhrathair,
A shuidh na t'aite,
Diluain Càisge,
Chaidh tonn bàit ort,
Craobh a b' aird' de 'n abhal thu.

CHUMHA MHIC-LEOID.

Cha sùrd cadail,
An runs air m'aigheadh,
Mo shuil frasach,
Gun sùrd macnaïs,
'S a' chùirt a chleachd mi:—
Sgeul ùr ait ri eisdeachd.

'S trom an cùdthrom so dhrùidh,
Dh-fhag mo chùslein gun lùgh,
'S tric snigh' mo shuil,
A tuiteam gu dlù ;
Chail mi incheair mo chuil :
Ann a cnideachd lùchd-ciuil,
Cha téid mi.

Mo neart 's mo threoir,
Fo thasgaidh bhòrd,
Sàr mhac 'Ic-Leòid,
Nan bratach sròil,
Bu phailt' ma'n òr,
Bu bhinn-caismeachd sgeoil ;
Aig lùchd-astair
A's ceòil na h-Eireann.

Co neach ga'n còl,
Fear t-fhasain beò,
Am blasdachd beoil,
'S am maise neoil,
An gaisge glois,
An ceart san còir ;
Gun airceas na sgleò fèile.

Dh-fhalbh mo sòlas,
Marbh mo Leodach,
Calama, cròdha,
Meanamuach rò-ghlic,
Dhcarbh mo sgeoil-sa,
Seanachas eolais ;
Gun chearb foghlum,
Dealbhach rò-ghlan t-eagaisg.

An treas la de'n Mhàirt,
Dh' fhalbh m'aighear gu bràth,
Bì sùd saighead mo chraidh,
Bhì 'g amharc do bhàis,
A ghuais fhilathasach àilt ;
A dheagh mhic rathail,
An àrnuinn euchdaich.

Mac Ruairidh reachd-mhoir,
Uaibhreigh, bheachdail,
Bu bhuaidh leatsa,
Dnalchas farsuinn,
Snuadh-ghlaine pearsa ;
Cruadail 's smachd gun eucoir.

'Uaill a's aiteis,
'S an bhuat gu faighte,
Ri uair ceartais,
Fuasgladh facail;
Gun ghruam gu lasan;
Gu suairce, snaiste, reusant.

Fo bhùird na ciste,
Chaidh grunn d a ghliocais,
Fear fìughant, miseal,
Cuilmeach, gibeil,
An robh cliù gun bhriseadh;
Chaidh ùir tò lic air m' eudail.

Gnùis na glainne,
Chùireadh sùnd air fearaibh,
Air each crùidheach ceann-ard,
'S lann ùr than ort,
Am beart dhlu dhainghinn:
Air cùll nan clann-fhalt teud-bhuidh.

'S iomadh fear aineil,
Is aoidh 's luchd eallaidh,
Bheir turnais tamul,
Air crùn a mhalairt,
Air iùil 's air ainne,
Bu chluith gun aithreis bhreug è.

B tu 'n sìth-thamh charid,
Ri' am tigh'n gu bail,
Ol dìon aig fearabh,
Gun strì gun charraid,
'S bu mbiam leat mar ruit,
Luchd inns' air annas sgeula.

Bu tric aoidh chairdean,
Gu d' dhùn àd-mhor,
Suilbhear, fàilteach,
Cuilm-mhor stàtoil,
Gun bhuirb gun àrdan:
Gun diultadh air nàl dheirceach.

Thù shliochd Ollaghair
Bha mor morgha,
Nan seòl corra-bheann,
'S nan còrn gorm-ghlas,
Nan ceòl òrghan
'S nan seòd bu bhorh ri eiginn.

Bha leath do shloinnidh,
Ri siol Cholla,
Nan cise tromadh,
'S nam pios soilleir,
Bho choig-amh Coinneach,
Bu lion-mhor do luineas breid-ghenl

'S iomadh gair dalta,
'S mnàì bhàs-bhuailt,

Ri là tasgaidh,
Cha 'n fhàth aiteis,
Do 'd chairdinn t-fhaicinn
Fò chlàr glaisde,
Mu thruaidh! chreach an t-eug sinn.

Inghinn Sheumais nan crùn,
Bean chéilidh ghlaun ùr,
Thùg i ceud ghradh ga rùn,
Bu mhòr a' h-aobhar ri sùnd,
Nuair a shealladh i'n ghnuis a céile.

Si fhras nach ciuin,
A thainig as ùr,
A sbrac air siùil,
Sa bhris ar stiùir,
'S ar cairt mhat iùil,
'S ar taice cùil;
'S air caidridh eùil,
Bhiodh againn 'na d' thùr éibhinn.

'S mor an iùndrain tha bhuainn,
Air a dùnadh 's an uaigh,
Air cuinneadh 's ar buaidh!
Air curam 's ar 'n àill;
'S ar sùgradh gun ghruaim
'S fad air chuimhne
Na fhuair mi fein deth.

LUINNEAG MHIC-LEOID.

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an tulaich',
Fo mhulad 's fo ime-cheist;
'S mi coimhead air Ile,
'S ann de'm iongnadh san am so.
Bha mi uair nach do shaoil mi,
Gus 'n do chaochail air m' aimsir;
Gu'n tiginn an taobh so,
A dh' ambarc Iuraidh a's Sgarbaidh,

*I h-urabh ò, i h-cìriunn ò,
I h-urabh ò, i h-cìriunn ò;
I h-urabh ò, h-ogaidh h-ò- ra,
H-i-rì-rì rithibh h-ò-i ag ò.*

Gun tiginn an taobh so,
A dh' ambarc Iuraidh, a's Sgarbaidh:
Beir mo shoraidh do'n dùthaich,
Tha fo dhubhar van garbh-bheann.
Gu Sir Tòrmod ùr, allail,
Fhuair ceannas air armait;
'S gun caint' ann 's gach fearann,
Gum b' airidh fear t-ainm air.
I hurabh o, &c.

Gun caint' ann 's gach fearann.
Gum b' airidh fear t-ainm air;

Fear do cheille, 's do ghliocais,
Do mhisnich, 's do mheanmainn.
Do chruadail, 's do ghaisge,
Do dhreach, 's do dhealbha;
Agus t-òlachd as t-uaisle,
Cha bu shuarach ri leanmhuinn.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Agus t-òlachd, as t-uaisle,
Cha bu shuarach ri leanmhuinn;
Dh-fhuil dìreach rìgh Lochlainn;
B' e sid toiseach do sheanachais.
Tha do chairdeas so-iarraidh,
Rìs gach Iarla tha 'n Albuinn;
'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann,
Cha breug ach sgeul dearbt' e.

I h-urabh o, &c.

'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann,
Cha bhreug ach sgeul dearbt' e;
A mhic an fhir chliùtich,
Bha gu fìghantach ainmeil.
Thug barrachd an gliocas,
Air gach Rìdir bha 'n Albuinn;
Ann an cogadh 's an sio'-chainnt,
'S ann an dìoladh an airgeid.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Ann an cogadh 's an sio'-chainnt,
'S ann an dìoladh an airgeid;
'S beag an t-ionghnadh do mhae-sa,
Bhìdh gu beachdail mor, meanmnach.
Bhìdh gu fìghant', fial, farsuinn,
O'n a ghlachd sibh mar shealb' e;
Clann Ruairidh nam bratach,
'S e mo chreach-sa na dh-fhalbh dhiu'.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Clann Ruairidh nam bratach,
'S e mo chreach-sa na dh-fhalbh dhiu';
Ach an aon fhear a dh' fhuirich,
Nir chluinnean sgeul marbh ort.
Ach eudail de dh-fhearaibh;
Ge do ghabh mi bh'uat tearbadh;
Fhir a chuirp 's glan cumadh,
Gun uircasaidh dealbha.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Fhir a chuirp 's glan cumadh,
Gun uircasaidh dealbha;
Cridhe farsuinn, fial, fearail;
'S math thig geal agus dearg ort.
Suil ghorm 's glan sealladh,
Mar dhearcaig na talmhuinn;
Lamh ri gruaidh ruiteach,
Mar mhucaig na feara-dhris.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Lamh ri gruaidh ruiteach,
Mar mhucaig na feara-dhris,
Fo thagha na gruaige,
Cul dualach, nan cama-lub.
Gheibhte sid ann a t-fhardaich,
An caradh air ealachuinn;
Miosair a's adhare,
Agus raogha gach armachd;

I h-urabh o, &c.

Miosair a's adhare,
Agus raogha gach armachd;
Agus lanutainnean tana,
O'n ceannaibh gu 'n barra-dheis.
Gheibhte sid air gach slios dhiu,
Isneach a's cairbinn;
Agus iubhair chruaidh, fhallain,
Le 'n tafaidin cainbe.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Agus iubhair chruaigh, fhallain,
Le 'n tafaidin cainbe,
A's cuilbheirean caola,
Air an daoirid gu'n ceannaicht' iad.
Glac nan ceann liobhta,
Air chuir sios ann am balgaibh;
O iteach an fhir-eoin,
'S o shioda na Gaille-bheinn'.

I h-urabh o, &c.

O iteach an fhir-eoin,
'S o shioda na Gaille-bheinn';
Tha mo chion air a chruaidh,
Mac Mhuire chuir sealb' air.
'S e bu mhianach le m' leanabh,
Bhi 'm beannaibh nan sealga;
Gabhail aighear na frìdhe,
'S a direadh nan garbh-ghlac.

I h-urabh o, &c.

Ghabhail aighear na frìdhe
'S a direadh nan garbh-ghlac;
A leigil na'n cuilein,
'S a furan na'n seanna-chon.
'S e bu deireadh do'n fhurann ud.
Fuil thoit air chaltaibh,
O luchd nan céir geala;
S nam falluinnean dearga.

I h-urabh o, &c.

O luchd nan céir geala,
'S nam falluinnean dearga,
Le d' chomhlain dhaoi' uaisle,
Rachadh cruaidh air an armaibh.
Luchd aithneachadh latha,
'S a chaitheamh na faire,
'S a b'urainn ga seòladh,
Gu seòl-a' an tarruinn' i.

I h-urabh o, &c.

AN CRONAN.

An naigheachd so 'n dè
 Aighearach i,
 Moladh do 'n léigh,
 Thug maileart d'am chéil
 'Nis teannaidh mi féin ri crònan,
 Nis teannaidh &c.

Beannachd do 'n bheul,
 Dh-aithris an sgeul
 Cha ghearrain mi féin
 Na chailleadh 's na dh-eug
 'S mo leanabh na dheidh comh-shlan
 'S mo leanabh, &c.

Nam biodh agamsa fion
 Gum b'ait leam a dhiol,
 Air slainnte do thighinn,
 Gud chairdean 's gud thir,
 Mhic armaim mo ghaoil,
 Be m' ardan 's mo phris,
 Alach mo rìgh thoghball
 Alach mo rìgh, &c.

'S fàth mire dhuinn féin,
 'S do'n chinneadh gu leir,
 Do philleadh on eug,
 'S millis an sgeul,
 'S binne no gleus òrgain,
 'S binne no glus, &c.

'S e m' aiteas gu dearbh,
 Gu'n glacair grad shealbh,
 An caisteal nan àrn
 Leis a mbacan da'n ainm Tùrmòd,
 Leis a mbacan, &c.

Tha modhuils' ann an Dia,
 Guir muirneach do thriall,
 Gu Dùn ud nan cliar,
 Far bu duthchas do 'm thriath,
 Bhiodh gu fughantach fiail foirmeil,
 Bhiodh gu fughantach fiail, &c.

Gu Dun turaideach àrd,
 Be sud innis nam bard,
 'S nam filidh ri dàn,
 Far bu mhinig an tàmh,
 Cha b'ionad gu'n bhlàs daibh sud,
 Cha b'ionad gu'n bblathas, &c.

Gu àros nach crion
 Am bidh gàraich nam pìob
 'S nan clàrsach a ris
 Le dearsadh nam pios
 A' cuir sìradh an fion
 'S ga leigeadh an gnìomh òr-cheaird,
 'S ga leigeadh an gnìomh, &c.

Buagbach am mac,
 Uasal an t-slat,
 Dha'n dual a bhi coart,
 Cruadalach pailt,
 Doais-mhor am beachd
 Ruaineach an neart Leudach
 Ruaineach an neart, &c.

Fiùran a chluain,
 Dùisg san dengh uair,
 'S dà dhut dol suas,
 'N cliù 's ann am buaidh,
 'S dùchas do'm luaidh,
 Bhidh gu fughantach suaire ceol-bhinn
 Bhidh gu fughantach suaire, &c.

Fasan bu dual,
 Fantalach buan,
 Socrach ri tuath,
 Cosgail ri cuairt,
 Cosunta cruaidh,
 A'm brosnachadh sluaidh,
 A mosgladh an uair foirneart.
 A mosgladh an uair, &c.

Leansa 's na treig,
 Cleachdadh a's heus,
 T-aiteam gu leir,
 Macanta seimh,
 Pailt ri luchd theud,
 Gaisgeil am feum,
 Neart-mhor an deigh tòireachd
 Neart-mhor an deigh, &c.

Siochd Ollaghair nan laun,
 Thogadh sroiltean ri crann,
 Nuair a thoisich iad ann,
 Cha bu lionsgaradh gann,
 Fir a b' fhuirinneach bann,
 Priseil an dream,
 Rìogbail gun chall còrach.
 Rìoghail gun chall, &c.

Tog colg ort a ghaol,
 Bi ro-chalma 's gu'm faod,
 Gur dearbhta dhut laoiach,
 Dheth na chinneadh nach faoin,
 Thig ort as gach taobh gad chòmadh,
 Thig ort as gach taobh, &c.

Uasal an treud,
 Deas, cruadalach, treun,
 Tha'n dual'chas dhut féin,
 Thèid ma d' ghuailibh ri t-fheum,
 De shliochd Ruairi mhòir fheil,
 Cuir sa suas a Mhic Dhé an t-og Rìgh,
 Cuir sa suas a, &c.

Tha na Gàidil gu leir,
 Cho cairdeach dhut féin,
 'S gur fearid thu gu t-fieum,
 Sir Dòmhnall á Sleibht,
 Ceannard nan ceud,
 Ceannsgalach treun rò ghlic,
 Ceannsgalach treun, &c.

'S math mo bhaireil 's mo bheachd,
 Air na fìrinn as leat,
 Gu curanntach ceart,
 'S ann de bharrachd do neart,
 Mac-'le-Ailein 's a mhac
 Thig le farum am feachd,
 Gud charaid a chasg t-fhoirneart.
 Gud charaid a chasg t-fhoirneart, &c.

A Gleann Garadh a nuas,
 Thig am barantas sluaidh,
 Nach mealladh ort uair,
 Cha bu churantas fuar
 Na fìr sin bho chluain Chudideirt.
 Na fìr sin bho chluain, &c.

'S leat Mac-Shimidh on Aird,
 'S Mac Choimnich Chinntail,
 Théid 'nad t-iomairt gun dail,
 Le h-iomadaidh gràidh,
 Cha b'ionghantach dhaibh,
 'S gur lionmhor do phairt dhaibh sin.
 'S gur lionmhor do phairt, &c.

'S goirt an naighneachd 's gur cruaidh,
 Mac 'Illean bhì bhuainn,

Gun a thaigheadeas suns.
 Bha do cheanghal ris buan,
 T-ursainn-chatha ri uair deuchainn.
 T-ursainn-chatha ri uair, &c.

D'iomadh gasan gun chealg,
 Bu deas faicinn fo àrn,
 Bheireadh ceartachadh garbh,
 Is iad a chlaistinn ort fearg,
 Eadar Bracadal thall as Erolas.
 Eadar Bracadal, &c.

Tha mì 'g anan mo chall,
 Iad a thachairt gun cheann,
 Fo chasan nan Gàil,
 Gun do phearsa bhì ann,
 Mo chruaidh-chas nach gann,
 Thu bhì auns an Fhraing air tògradh.
 Thu bhì, &c.

A Chroisd cinnich thu féin,
 An spiunnadh 's an céill,
 Gu cinneadail treun,
 'N ionad na dh' éng,
 A Mhìe an fhir nach d' fhuair beum,
 'Sa ghineadh o'n chré rò-ghlau.
 'Sa ghineadh o'n chré, &c.

A Rìgh nan gràs,
 Bìdh féin mar gheard,
 Air feum mo ghràidh,
 Dean oighne slàn
 Do'n Teaghlaich àigh,
 Da'n robh caoimhneas air bharr sòlais,
 Da'n robh caoimhneas air bharr, &c.

IAIN LOM;

OR,

JOHN MACDONALD, THE LOCHABER POET.

THIS celebrated individual, a poet of great merit, as well as a famous politician, was commonly called *Iain Lom*, literally, *bare John*; but so named from his acuteness, and severity on some occasions.* He was sometimes called *Iain Mamtach*, from an impediment in his speech. He was of the Keppoch family; lived in the reigns of Charles I. and II., and died at a very advanced age about the year 1710.

We know little of the early education of the Lochaber bard. Of him it might be said, "*poeta nascitur non fit*;" but from his descent from the great family, *Clann-Raonaill na Ceapach*, a sept of the M'Donalds, he must have seen and known more of the men and manners of those times than ordinary. His powers and talents soon rendered him a distinguished person in his native country; and subsequent events made him of importance, not only there, but likewise in the kingdom.

The first occurrence that made him known beyond the limits of Lochaber, was the active part he took in punishing the murderers of the heir of Keppoch: the massacre was perpetrated by the cousins of the young man, about the year 1663. The poet had the penetration to have foreseen what had really happened, and had done all he could to prevent it. He perceived that the minds of the people were alienated from the lawful heir in his absence: he and his brother being sent abroad to receive their education during their minority, and their affairs being intrusted to their cousins, who made the best use they could of the opportunity in establishing themselves by the power and authority thus acquired in the land. Although he could not have prevented the fatal deed, he was not a silent witness. He stood single handed in defence of the right. As he failed in his attempt to awaken the people to a sense of their duty, he addressed himself to the most potent neighbour and chieftain Glengarry, who declined interfering with the affairs of a celebrated branch of the great *Clann-Dughail*; and there was no other that could have aided him with any prospect of success. Thus situated, our poet, firm in his resolution, and bold in the midst of danger, was determined to have the murderers punished. In his ire at the reception he met from Glengarry, he invoked his muse, and began to praise Sir Alexander M'Donald.

Nothing can give us a better idea of the power of the Highland clans, and of the state of the nation at this period, than this event, which happened in a family, and among a people, by no means inconsiderable. M'Donald of Keppoch could bring out, on emergency, three hundred fighting men of his own people; as brave and as faithful as ever a chieftain called out or led to battle, that would have shed the last drop of

* Some say he was called *Iain Lom* because he was bare in the face, and never had any beard.

their blood in his cause, and yet he had not an ioch of land to bestow upon them. The M'Donald of Keppoch always appeared at the head of his own men, although only a branch of the great clan. He might have got rights, as he had just claims to land for signal services: but "would he care for titles given on sheep skin? he claimed his rights and titles by the edge of the sword!"

The kingdom of Scotland, as well as other nations, often suffered from the calamities that have been consequent on minorities. The affairs of Keppoch must have been in the most disordered state, when a people, warlike and independent in spirit, were trusted to the care, and left under the control of relations—selfish, and, as they proved, unworthy of their trust. The innocent, unsuspecting young men were sacrificed to the ambitious usurpation of base and cruel relatives. Our poet alone proved faithful; and, after doing what he could, it was not safe for him to rest there. The cause he espoused was honourable; and he was never wanting in zeal. Confiding in the justice of his cause, and his own powers of persuasion, (and no man better knew how to touch the spring that vibrated through the feelings of a high-spirited and disinterested chieftain,) he succeeded. Being favourably received by Sir Alexander M'Donald, he concerted measures for punishing the murderers, which met his lordship's approval, and indicated the judgment and sagacity of the faithful clansman.

A person was sent to North Uist with a message to Archibald M'Donald (*An Ciaran Mabach*), a poet as well as a soldier, commissioning him to take a company of chosen men to the mainland, where he would meet with the Lochaber bard, who would guide and instruct him in his future proceedings.

The usurpers were seized and beheaded. They met with the punishment they so richly deserved; but the vengeance was taken in the most cruel manner; and the exultation and feelings of the man who acted so boldly, and stood so firmly in the defence of the right, have been too ostentatiously indulged, in verses from which humanity recoils. How different from his melting strains, so full of sympathy and compassion for the innocent young men whose death he avenged!

The atrocious deed has been palpably commemorated, in a manner repugnant to humanity, by "*Tobar nan Ceann*."

Sometime thereafter the poet and Glengarry were reconciled. The chief well knew the influence of the "man of song" in the country, and had more policy than to despise one so skilled in the politics of the times—who made himself of more than ordinary consequence by the favour shown him by Sir Alexander M'Donald. No one of his rank could command greater deference. There might have been found votaries of the muses that poured out sweeter strains, but he was second to none in energy and pathos, in adapting his art to the object in view, and in producing the desired effect. He was born for the very age in which he lived. To the side he espoused he faithfully stood, and exerted all the energies of his mighty mind in behalf of the cause which he adopted. We shall not say that he was always in the right: in the one already related, he undoubtedly was; in a subsequent and greater cause he made one of a party. A poet is often led away by

* Alluding to vellum.

feeling, by passion and prejudice, when not left to cool reflection, or to the exercise of a better judgment. But *Iain Lom* entered on his enterprise with heart and zeal. A wider scene of action opened to his view. Usurpation, family feuds, and intestine troubles, gave way to civil war; and the vigilant seer became an active agent in the wars of Montrose.

One trait in the character of our poet, though not common, yet is not singular, and may be worthy of a remark or two. He was no soldier, and yet would set every two by the ears. Men of influence in the country, as well as chieftains at a distance, knew this, and dreaded him. An instance will put this in clear light. In the active scenes of those intestine troubles, a great politician and a famous bard was a person not to be neglected. He became an useful agent to his friends, and he received a yearly pension from Charles II. as his bard.

The Lochaber poet was the means of bringing the armies of Montrose and the Argyleshire men together, at Inverlochay, where the bloody battle that ensued proved so fatal to so many brave men, the heads of families of the Campbell clan.

It will be unnecessary to follow here a history so well known. The Argyleshire men, on learning the intentions of their enemies to make a second descent on their country, marched north in order to divert their course, and save Argyleshire from another devastation. John M'Donald's eyes were open to all that was passing. He hastened to the army of Montrose with the intelligence that the Campbells were in Lochaber. Mr Alexander M'Donald, (better known by his patronimic, *Alasdair Mac Cholla*,) who commanded the Irish auxiliaries, took John as guide, and went in search of the Campbells. He, after search was made, and finding no trace of them, began to suspect the informer of some sinister motive; and declared, "if he deceived him, he would hang him on the first tree he met." "Unless," answered the poet, who was well informed of the fact, "you shall find the Campbells all here, for certainly they are in the country, before this time to-morrow, you may do so." The enemy at length appeared, and they prepared to give them battle. "Make ready, John," says the commander to the poet, "you shall march along with me to the fight." The poet, as has been asserted of the greatest of orators, was a coward; yet he too well knew his man to have altogether declined the honour he offered him; for Mr Alexander was not the man to be refused. The other was at his wits end. A thought arose quicker than speech; and it was fortunate for him. "If I go along with thee to-day," said the bard, "and fall in battle, who will sing thy praises to-morrow? Go thou, Alasdair, and exert thyself as usual, and I shall sing thy feats, and celebrate thy prowess in martial strains." "Thou art in the right, John," replied the other; and left him in a safe place to witness the engagement.

From the eastle of Inverlochay, the poet had a full view of the battle, of which he gives a graphic description. The poem is entitled *The Battle of Inverlochay*. The natives repeat these heroic verses, as most familiar and recent ones. So true, natural, and home-brought is the picture, that all that had happened, seem to be passing before their eyes. The spirit of poetry, the language, and boldness of expression, have seldom been equalled, perhaps never surpassed; yet, at this distance of time, these martial strains are rehearsed with different and opposite feelings.

The changes which afterwards took place produced no change in the politics of our bard. He entered into all the turmoils of the times with his whole heart, and with a boldness which no danger could daunt, nor power swerve from what he considered his duty. He became a violent opposer of the union, and employed his muse against William and Mary. It mattered little to him of what rank or station his opponents were if they incurred his resentment. He treated his enemies with the same freedom and boldness whether on the throne, at the head of an army, or in the midst of a clan on whose fidelity the chief might always depend. But his friends who were of the party which he espoused were spared, while he made the nicest distinction between the shades and traits of character. How ingeniously he revenged himself on Glengarry in the praises bestowed on Sir Alexander M'Donald! Yet, would he suffer a hair of the head of any of his clan to be touched? No truly.

But how severe was he against a neighbouring clan that was always in opposition to his own. The Campbells he always lashed with the sharpest stripes of satire. The marquess of Argyle, who, on the score of heroism might have shaken hands with himself, felt the influence of the satire and ridicule of the popular bard and politician so much, that he offered a considerable reward for his head. The conduct of M'Donald on this occasion, indicates well the manner in which the character of a bard was respected and held sacred.

The poet repaired to Inverary, went to the castle, and delivered himself to the marquess, demanding his reward. We have already given an instance of his cowardly spirit. No one would accuse him of rashness; for he proved his prudence, caution, and foresight, from the long experience and trials he had in troublesome times. It was, therefore, on the safety granted to the office of bardship that he depended. Nor did he trust too much. He was perfectly safe in the midst of his enemies; even in the very castle of their chief who offered a reward for his head. The marquess received him courteously, and brought him through the castle; and on entering a room hung round with the heads of black cocks, his Grace asked John:—"Am fac thu riamh Iain, an uiread sin de choilich dhubha an aon àite?"—"Chunnaic," ars Iain. "C'àite?"—"An Inbher-Lòchaidh."—"A! Iain, Iain, cha sguir thu gu bràch de chagnadh nan caimbeulach?"—"Se 's duilich leam," ars Iain, "nach urradh mi ga slugadh." i. e. "Have you ever seen, John, so many black cocks together?" "Yes," replied the undaunted bard. "Where?" demanded his grace. "At Inverlochay," returned the poet, alluding to the slaughter of the Campbells on that memorable day. "Ah! John," added his grace, "will you never cease gnawing the Campbells?" "I am sorry," says the other, "that I could not swallow them."

He was buried in Dun-aingéal in the braes of Lochaber; and his grave was till of late pointed out to the curious by the natives. Another bard, Alexander M'Donald of Glen-coe, composed an elegy to him when standing on his grave, beginning thus:—

"Na shineadh an so fo na pluic,
Tha gaol an leoghainn 's fuath an tuire, &c."

Iain Lom composed as many poems as would form a considerable volume, the best of which are given in this work.

IAIN LOM.

MORT NA CEAPACH.

'S tearc an diugh mo chùis ghàire,
Tigh'n na ràidean so 'n iar;
'G amhare fonn Iubher-làire,
'N deigh a stràchdadh le siol;
Tha Cheapach na fàsach,
Gun aon aird oirre 's fiach;
'S leir ri fhaicinn a bhràithrean,
Gur trom a bhàre oirnn an t-sion.

'S ann oirne thainig an diombuain,
'Sa 'n iomaghuin gheur;
Mur tha claidheamh ar fìne,
Cho minig n' ar deigh;
Paca Thurcach gun sìreadh,
Bhi a pinneadh ar cleibh;
Bhi n' ar breacain g' ar fìlleadh,
Measg ar cinne mor fein.

'S gearr o chomhairl' na h-aoine,
Dh' fhaig a chaidh sinn fo sprochd;
O am na feill-Micheil,
Ge b'e nith rinn mo lot;
Dh' fhaig sud n' ar miol-mhùir sinn
'S na 'r fuigheall spiorit air gach port;
'Nnair theid gach cinneadh ri chéile,
Bidh sinne sgaoilte mu 'n chnoc.

'S ann di-sathuirne gearr uainu,
Bhuail an t-earrachall orm spot;
'S mi caoidh nan corp geala,
Bha call na fala fo 'm brot;
Bha mo lamhans croabhach,
'N deigh bhi taosgadh 'ur lot;
Se bhi ga 'r cuir ann an ciste,
Tòrr as miste mi nochd.

B' iad mo ghraidh na cuirp chàraidh,
Anns 'm bu dlù chur na'n sgian;
'S iad na 'n sìneadh air ùrlar,
'N seomar ùr ga 'n cur sìos;
Fo chasan shìol Dùghaill
Luchd a spuilleadh na 'n cliabh;
Dh' fhaig àlach am biodag
Mur sgàile ruidil 'ur bian.

C' aite 'n robh e fo 'n adhar,
A sheall n'ur bhathais gu geur,
Nach tugadh dhuibh athadh,
A luchd 'ur labhairt 's 'ur bheus;

Mach o chlainn bhrathair n-athar,
Chaidh 'm balnn an aibhisteir threinn;
Ach mu rinn iad bhur latsa.
'S trom a rosad dhaibh fein.

Tha sibh 'n cadal thaigh duinte,
Gun smuid deth gun cheò;
Far 'n d' fhuair sibh 'n garbh dhùsgadh,
Thaobh 'ur chàil a's 'ur beoil;
Ach na 'm faigheadh sibh ùine
O luchd nr mbi-rùin bhi beo;
Cha bu bhaile gun surd e,
Biodh air' air mùirn 's air luchd-ceoil.

A leithid de mhurt cha robh 'n Albuinn,
Ged bu bhorb iad na 'm beus;
'S bochd an sgeul eadar bhraithrean,
E dhol an lathair mhic Dhé;
Mur am bàt air an lìne,
Ge b'e shireadh na dèigh;
Cha tain' a leithid do mhilleadh,
Air ceann-cinnidh fo 'n ghréin.

Tha mulad air m' inntinn
Bhi 'g innsaidh bhur beus
'S ann a ghabh iad am fath oirbh
'N uair chusaidh 'ur fagail leibh fein
'Sa chuir sibh cungaidh 'ur càsaibh,
Ann an Aros na 'n téud;
'S 'ur buachaillan bàth-chruibh,
Ann an garadh nam péur.

'S ann an sin a bha 'n cinneadh,
Bh' air am milleadh o 'n ceill;
Chaidh a ghlacadh droch spioraid,
Ann an ionad fiamh Dhé;
Sin am fath mu 'n robh sgiuean,
Cho minig 'n 'ur deigh;
'S a 'neach nach do bhuailleadh,
Bhi ga bhuain anns a bhréig.

Ach a Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Domhuill
'S fad do chomhruidh measg Ghall,
Dh' fhaig tha sinne n'ur breislich,
Nach do fhreasdail thu 'n t-am;
Nach do gleidh thu na h-itean,
Chaidh gun flios d'at air chall;
Tha sinu corrach as t-aonais,
Mur chlainn sgaoilte gun cheann.

Gur h-ìom' òganach sgaitheach,
Lub bhachlach, sgiath chrom;

Eadar drochaid Allt Eire,
'S Rugha Shleibhte nan tonn ;
A dheanadh leat eiridh
Mu 'm biodh do chreuchdan lan tholl ;
'S a rachadh bras ann a t-eirig,
Dheagh Shìr Sheumais nan long.

Chuir Dia oirnn craobh shìo-chaint,
Bha da 'r dìonadh gu leoir ;
Da 'm bu choir dhuinn bhì strìochdadh,
Fhad 'sa 'n cian bhìodhmaid beò ;
Mas sinn fhein a chuir dìth oirr',
B' ole an dìoladh sin oirnn ;
Tuitidh tuagh as na flaitheas,
Leis an sgathar na meòir.

'N glan fhiuran so bh' againn,
'N taobh su fhlaithreas Mhic Dhé ;
Thainig sgiursadh a bhàis air,
Chaill sinn thoirt le srachd geur ;
'N t-aon fhiuran a b' àillidh,
Bh' ann 's phairce 'n robh speis ;
Mur gu 'm buaineadh sìb àilean,
Leis an fhàladair geur.

Tha lionn-dubh air mo bhualadh,
'N taobh tuathal mo chleibh ;
'S mu mhaireas e buan ann,
B' fhearr leam uam e mur chéud ;
Gar an teid mi g'a innseadh,
Tha mi cinnteach a' m' sgeul ;
Luchd dheanadh na sìthne,
Bhì feadh na tìre gun deigh.

A BHEAN LEASAICH

AN STOP DHUINN.*

A bhean leasaich an stop dhuinn,
'S lion an cupa le sòlas,
Mas a brannadai no beoir i, tha mi toileach a h-òl
'N deochs' air Captain Chlann-Domhnuill,
'S air Sir Alasdair òg thig on chaol.

'M fear nach dùirig a h-òl
Gun tuit 'n t-shuil air a bhord as,
Tha mo dhùrachd do'n òigear,
Crann curaidh Chlann-Domhnuill,
Rìgh nan dùl bhì gad chòrnadh fhir chaoimh.

Greas mu 'n cuairt feagh 'n taigh i,
Chum gun gluaision le aighear,
Le sliochd uaibhreach an athar,
A choisin buaigh leis a chlaidheimh,
Fìor ga ruagadh 's ga 'n caitheamh gu daor.

* This song was composed on account of the laird of Gtengarry refusing his aid in apprehending the Keppoch murderers ; and in order to provoke the chief, the poet began by singing the praises of Sir Alexander M'Donald of Slate, and Sir James his son.

Sliochd a ghabhail nan steud thu,
Dh' fhas gu flathasach feile,
Do shìochd gasda Chuinn cheutaich,
'S a bha taghaich an Eirinn,
Ged a fhuair an claidhe 's an tèng oirbh sgrìob.

Bhìodh an t-ìubhar ga lùbadh,
Aig do fhleasgaichean ùra,
Dol a shiubhal nan stùc-bheann,
Ann 's an uighe gun churam,
Leis a bhuidheann ro 'n ruisgte na gill.

'S tha mo dhuil ann 's an Trianaid,
Ged thainig laigsinn air t-fhion fhuil,
Slat den chuilean bha ciatach,
Dh' fhas gu furach fialaidh,
Sheasadh duineil air bial-thaobh an rìgh.

'S an am dhubt gluasad o ' t-aitreamh,
Le d' cheòl cluais' agus caismeachd,
O thìr-uasal nan glas-charn,
Ga'n robh cruadal 's gaisge,
Gam bu shuaineas barr gaganach fraoich.

'Nuar a thairte fo luchd i,
Bhì tarraunn suas air a cupaill,
Bord a fuaraidh 's ruidh chuipe air,
Snaim air fuathail a fhuach bhùird,
'Sruth mu guallibh 's i suchta le gaoith.

'S'nuar a chairte fo seòl i,
Le crainn ghasda 's le corcaich,
Ag iomart chleasan 's ga seoladh,
Aig a comhlan bu bhoiche,
Seal m'an togt' oirre ro-sheol o thìr.

Gu Dun-Tuilm nam fear fallain,
Far an greadhnach luchd calaidh,
Gabhail failte le caithream,
As na clàrsaichean glana,
Do mhnai òig nan teud banala binn.

Sliochd nan cuiridhean talmhaidh,
Leis an do chuireadh eath garabhach,
Fhuair mi urrad gar seannachas,
Gun robh an turas ud ainneil,
Gun ro taigh 's leath Alba fo'r eis.

'S ioma neach a fhuair coir naibh,
Ann sann am ud le'r gòrich,
Ban dìn Rothaich 's Ròsaich,
Mac-Choinnich 's Diùc Gordon,
Mac-'Illeain o Dreolain 's Mac-Aoidh,

Be do shuaicheantas taitneach,
Long, 's leoghan, 's bradan,
Air chuan liobhara an aigeil,
A chraobh fheigis gun ghaiseadh,
A chuireadh fion di le paliteas,
Lamh dhearg ro na ghaisgeach nan tìu.

Nuair bu sgìth de luchd-theud e,
Gheibhte Bìoball ga leughadh,
Le fìor chreideamh a's cèille,
Mar a dh'orduich mac Dhé dhuibh,
S gheibhte teagasg na Cléir' uaibh le sìth.

Mhic Shìr Seumas nam bratach,
O bhàn Sleibhte nam bradan,
A ghlaic an fheile 's a mhaise,
O cheann cèile do leapa,
Cum do reite air a casan,
Bì gu reusanta, macanta, mìn.

Sliochd na mìlìdh 's nam fearabh,
Na sròl 's nam pins 's nan cup geala,
Thogadh sìoda rì crannaibh,
Nuair bu rìoghal an tarraim,
Bhiodh pìob rinneach nam meallan da seinn.

Gum bu slàn 's gum a b-iomlan,
Gach nì tha mi g-iomradh,
Do theaghlach rìgh-Fìonghall,
Oighre dligheach Dhùn-Tuilm thu
Olar deoch air do chuilin gun bhì sgi.

ORAN DO SHIOL DUGHAILL.*

'S t'rom 's gur eisleannach m' aigne,
'N dìogh gur feudar dhomh aideach',
O 'n a dh' eigh iad rium cabar 's mi corr.
'S t'rom 's gur, &c.

Mi ga m' fhogradh á Clachaig,
'S mi gun inhanus gun aitreabh,
'S nach h-e 'màl a ta faitleachadh orna.
Mi ga m', &c.

Mi ga 'm fhogradh á m' dhùthaich,
'S m' fhearann pòst' aig sìol Dùghaill,
'S iad am barail gu 'n ùraich iad còir.
Mi ga m', &c.

Mi ga m' fhogradh gun anbhar,
'S nach mì shalaich mo shaobhaidh,
Mur mhada-galla 'sa chaannag m'a shroin.
Mi ga m', &c.

Mo nì a's m' earnais feadh monaidh,
'S mi mar ghearr eadar chonabh,
Gun chead tearnadh measg loidhìd no feoir.
Mo nì a's, &c.

O nach d' fhàs mi 'm fhear morta,
Gu bhì sathadh mo chuirce,
Mur bha na cairdean curta 's taigh mhòr.
O Nach d' fhàs, &c.

Fuill a taosgadh o lotan,
Dh-fhaoite thogail le copan,
Ruith na caochan na bholtaibh am bròg.
Fuill a taosgadh, &c.

A Ruadh ropach nam maodal,
Ged a ròpadh tu caolain,
Cha n' e do chogadh a shaoil mi theachd orm.
A rugh ropach,

Cleas na binne nach maireann,
Bha 'n sgìre Cille-ma-cheallaig,*
'Nuair a dhìt iad an gearran 'sa mhòd.
Cleas a bhinne, &c.

Lagh cho chearr 'sa bha 'm Breutann,
Rinn am mearlach a sheasamb,
Bhì ga thearnadh o leadairt nan còrd.
Lagh cho, &c.

Cleas dàn muaoi a chruiteir,
Mun ghnìomh nàrach rinn musag,
Thug i lamh air a phluiceadh le dòrn.
Cleas dana, &c.

A bhean choite gun obadh,
Bu choir a dochair a thogail,
Thìlg a chlach anns an tobar 's i beo.
A bhean choite, &c.

'Nuair bha a bheisd air a buaireadh
Na cionnta fèin's i lan uabhair,
Theid an eucoir an uachdar car seoil.
'Nuair bha, &c.

Faodar cadal gu seisdeil,
Aig fadal Shìr Sheumais,
Leig an ladarnas deistneach ud leo.
Faodar, &c.

Ach na 'm faicinn do loingeas,
'S mi nach bristeadh a choinneamh,
Na 'm biodh coiseachd air chomas domh beò.
Ach na 'm, &c.

Mìre shrutha r'a darach,
Ga cuir an aigheam gu h-aithghearr,
Crainne ghiubbais fo sparaibh a seoil.
Mìre shrutha, &c.

* Women were the judges in this case, and a thief who was brought before them for stealing a horse, was allowed to escape while the horse was condemned to be hanged. The occasion was this:—Some time before the present action was raised, the same culprit had stolen the same horse and was prosecuted; but had the good fortune to get off in consequence of its being his first offence. It seems, however, the horse had found the thief so much the better master that he soon after "stole himself" away and returned, for which, poor fellow he had to suffer the above reward. This story is often referred to among the Highlanders when law and justice are evidently different things, they say—"Cha tugadh an Cille-ma-cheallaig breath bu chlaona."

* After the murder of Keppoch, the Poet was persecuted by the murderer: this song was composed on that occasion.

'Nuair a lagadh a ghaoth oirnn,
Bhiodh seol air pasgadh a h-aodaich,
'S buidheann ghasda mo ghaul ri cair bhòd.
Nuair a lagadh, &c.

Raimh mu 'n dùnadh na basaibh,
'S iad a lubadh air bhacaibh,
Sud a chòrsachd o 'n atadh na leois.
Raimh, &c.

Buid ùr air a totaibh,
'S i na deann thun na cloiche,
Muir dhu-ghorm a' sgolltadh m'a bòrd.
Buid ùr air, &c.

AN CIARAN MABACH.

Geo' tha mi m' eun fògraidh san tìr-sa,
Air mo ruagadh as na cròchan,
Glòir do Dhia 's do dh' Iarla Shì-phort,*
Cha bhi sinn tuille fo 'r binne.

*O rò rò seinn, cò nam b'àill leibh ?
O rò rò seinn, cò nam b'àill leibh ?
Call abhar-iun o, calman-codhail :
Trom crach as o, cò nom b'àill leibh ?*

Sir Semmas nan tìr 's nam haideal,
Gheibh luchd muirne euirm a' t-aitreabh,
Ge do rinn thu 'n dùsal cadail,
'S éibhin leam do dhùsgadh madainn'.
O ro ro sin, &c.

* "After the murder of the children of Keppoch Iain Mannaich, the poet, had to flee for his life to Ross-shire, where he got a place from Seaforth in Glensheal, where he and his family might reside till such time as the murderers could be apprehended, as Seaforth, at the poet's request, had petitioned government for carrying that point into effect. This happened in the time of Sir James M'Donald, sixteenth baron of Slate, anno 1663.

"The government finding it impracticable to bring those robbers to justice in a legal way, sent a most ample commission of fire and sword (as it was then called) to Sir James M'Donald, signed by the duke of Hamilton, marquis of Montrose, earl of Eglinton, and other six of the Privy Council, with orders and full powers to pursue, apprehend, and bring in, dead or alive, all those lawless robbers, and their shettors.

"This, in a very short time, he effectually performed: some of them he put to death, and actually dispersed the rest to the satisfaction of the whole court, which contributed greatly to the civility of those parts.

"Immediately thereafter, by order of the ministry, he got a letter of thanks from the earl of Rothes, then Lord High Treasurer and Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, full of acknowledgments for the singular service he had done the country, and assuring him that it should not pass unrewarded, with many other clauses much to Sir James' honour.

"This letter is dated the 15th day of December, 1663, and signed Rothes. Sir James died anno 1678."—*Extracted from an unpublished Historical MS. of the M'Donalds.*

Slàn fo d' thriall, a Chiarain mhabaich,
Shiùbhladh sliabh gun bhìadh, gun chadal ;
Fraoch fo d' shìnn' gun bhòd, gun bhagradh ;
Chuir thu ceò to 'n ròiseal bhradach.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Rinn thu mhoch-eiridh Di-dòmhnaich,
Cha b' ann gu 'n aitreabh a chòmhachadh,
Thoir a mach nan cas-cheann dòite,
Chur sradag fo bhracalaidh na feòla.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Mhoire 's buidheach mis' a Dhia ort,
Cuid de 'n atchuing' bba mi 'g iarraidh,
'N grad spadadh le glas lannaibh liatha,
Tarruinn ghad air fad am fiacal.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Di-ciadainn a chaidh thu t-nidheam,
Le d' bhrataich aird 's do ghilleam dhubha,
Sgrìob Ghilleaspuig Ruaidh a Uithist,
Bhnaid e meall 'an ceann na h-uighe.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Cha d'iarr thu bàta no long dharaich,
Ri àm geambraidh 'n tìs na gailinn,
Trinbhas teann feadh bheann a's bhealach,
Coiseachd bhonn ge trom do mhealach.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Ach na'n cuireadh tu gach cùis gu àite,
Mu 'n sgaoil thu t-itean air sàile,
'Nuair dh-eitich thu Inbher-làire,
B' fheird do mheas e meas nan Gàid.
O ro ro sin, &c.

'S ann leam nach bu chruai' an ghaoir ud,
Bh-aig mnaibh galach nam falt sgaoilteach,
Bhi 'gan tarruinn mar bheul-snaoisein,
Sealg nam boc mu dhos na maoiseach.
O ro ro sin, &c.

'S maing a rinn fhòghlum san droch-bheirt,
'N dèigh am plaosgadh fhuaire bhur ploidneadh,
Claigneann 'g am faoisgneadh a copar,
Mar chinne laogh 'an dèigh am plotadh.
O ro ro sin, &c.

ORAN AIR CRUNADH

RIGH TEAREACH II.

Mi 'n so air m' uilinn,
An ard ghleann munaidh,
'S mor fath mo shulas ri gaire.
Mi 'n so air, &c.

'S ge fad am thuaidh mi,
Ma 's e 's ele leibh,
Thig an seò a' ro' bhraghad.
'S ge fad, &c.

O 'n bha sheanas' orinn a chluinntinn,
Ged bu teann a bha chuing orinn ;
Gu 'n do thionda' a chuibhle mar b'aill leinn.
O 'n bha, &c.

An ceum so air choiseachd,
Le m' bhata 's le m' phocn,
'Sa 'n lamh ga stopadh gu sar-mhath.
An ceum, &c.

Gur h-ole an nith dhuinn,
Bhi stad am prìosan,
'N am theachd an rìgh g'a àite.
Gur h-ole, &c.

Thug Dia dhuinn furtachd,
As na clabhan druidte,
'Nuair dh' iarr sinn inchair a gharaidh.
Thug Dia dhuinn, &c.

'Sa Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt,
Ma chaidhe an crun ort,
Dia na fhear stiuridh air t-fhardaich,
'Sa Thearlaich, &c.

Ma chaidh thu 'sa eathair,
Gun aon bhuille claidheimh,
'N ainm an athar 's an ard Rìgh.
Ma chuaidh, &c.

'S thu thigh'n dhachaigh gu d' rìoghachd
Mur a b' oil le d' luchd mi-ruin
'N coinneamh ri mìle ciad fàilte.
'S thu thigh'n, &c.

'S ioma *Subseig* mhor mhisgeach,
'S measa run dut na mise,
Tha cuir staigh am *petisean* an drasda,
'S ioma, &c.

Luchd nan torra-chaisteal liatha,
Air an stormadh le iarunn,
B' ole na lorgairean riann ann do gheard iad.
Luchd na 'n, &c.

Cha b' fhas' an dùsgadh á cadal,
Na madadh-ruadh chuir a braclaich,
'Nuair a fhuaradh thu lag, ach bhi t-aicheadh.
Cha b' fhas, &c.

Na mearlaich uile chuidh dh' aon-taobh,
Ghearr muineal Mhoir-fhear Hunnaidh,
'S math choisinn le buundaisd am pàigheadh.
Na mearlaich, &c.

Leam is eibhinn mur thachair,
Mur dh' eirich do 'n bhraich ud,
Bha gach ceann d' i na bachlagan bana.
Leam is, &c.

Cha robh uidhir nan cairtean,
Nach robh tionnda' mi-cheart orr',
Bha mo shuillean ga m faicinn an trath ud.
Cha robh, &c.

'S ole an leasan diciadain,
Mur a furtaich thu Dhia air,
A ta feitheamh an Iarla neo bhaidheil.
'S ole an leasan, &c.

'N am rusgadh a cholair,
Theid au ceann deth o choluinn,
Glòir agus moladh do 'n ard-Rìgh.
'N am, &c.

Le maighdein sgorr-shuileach smachdail,
Dh' fhagas gillan gun mheartuinn,
Dhuineas fairas a Mharceis mhi-chairdeil.
Le maighdeann, &c.

'S ged 's e thùs cha 'n e dheireadh,
Do luchd dhusgadh an teine,
'S mar mo rùn do 'n chuid eile da chairdean.
'S ged 's e, &c.

Mur bha *Lusifer* tamull,
'N deigh air thus bhi na Aingeal,
Chaidh sgùrsa' le an-ìochd a Phàrnis.*
Mur bha, &c.

Bidh tu nis ann ad dheomhain,
Dol timchioll an domhain,
Bhrìgh coltais toirt cumh-fhillteachd dhasan.
Bidh tu nis, &c.

'S mor a b' thearr dhut na moran,
No na chruinnich thu stòras,
Bhi tional an oiraich gu d' ghàradh.
'S mor a b' fhearr, &c.

Na thu fhein 's do gheard misgeach,
Bhi 'n àit as nach tig sibh,
Mur sgaile *phictuir* 'sa 'n sgathan,
Na thu fhein, &c.

Na farabhalaich bhreaca,
Bha tarrainn uainn ar cuid beartais,
Chuir an rìgh mach a *Whitehall* dhuinn.
Na farabhalaich, &c.

* This poet was of the Roman catholic persuasion. It is said that he could not read himself; but that he was acquainted with the whole of the historical parts of Scripture, his poems are a clear demonstration.

LATHA INBHER-LOCHAIDH.*

LUINNEAG.

*H-i rim h-ù-rò, h-ù-rò leatha,
H-i rim h-ù-rò, h-ù-rò leatha,
H-i rim h-ù-rò, h-ù-rò leatha,
Chaidh an latha le Clann-Dòmhnuaill.*

AN cuala' sibhse 'n tionndadh duineil,
Thug an camp bha 'n Cille-Chuimein;
'S fad chaidh aium air an iomairt,
Thug iad as an naimbdean iomain.
H-i rim, &c.

Dhìrich mi moch ma'dainn dhòmhnuaich,
Gu barr caisteil Iubher-Lochaidh,
Chunna' mi 'n t-arm a dol an ordugh,
'S bha buaidh an là le Clann-Dòmhnuaill.
H-i rim, &c.

Direadh a mach glon Chuil-eachaidh,
Dh' aithnich mi oirbh sìrd 'ur tapaidh;
Ged bha mo dhothaich na lasair,
'S éirig air a chèis mar thachair.
H-i rim, &c.

Ged bhiodh Iarlachd a bhraghaid,
An seachd bliadhna so mar tha e,
Gun chor, gun chliathadh, no gun àiteach,
'S math an riadh bho 'm beil sinn paighte.
H-i rim, &c.

Air do laimbse Thighearna Lathair,
Ge mor do bhosd as do ehlaidheamh;
'S ioma oghach chinne t-athar,
Tha 'n Iubher-Lochaidh na laidhe.
H-i rim, &c.

'S ioma fearr goirseid agus pillein,
Cho math 'sa bha riann dheth d' chinneadh,
Nach d' fhead a bhotann thoirt tioram,
Ach faoghlun snàmh air Bun-Neimheis.†
H-i rim, &c.

Sgeul a b' àite 'nuair a thigeadh,
Air Caim-beulaich nan beul sligenech,
H-uile dream dhiu mur a thigeadh,
Le buaidh lann an ceann ga 'm bristeadh.
H-i rim, &c.

'N latha sin shaoil leo dhul leatha,
'S ann bha laoidh ga 'n ruith air reotha lli,
'S ioma slaodanach mor odhar,
Bha na shineadh air ach'-an-tothair.
H-i rim, &c.

Ge be dhireadh Tom-na h-aire,
Bu lionor spog ùr ann air dhroch shailleadh,
Neul marbh air an suil gun amam,
'N deigh an sgiùrsadh le lannan.
H-i rim, &c.

Thug sibh toiteal teith ma Lochaidh,
Bhi ga 'm buaidh na srònan,
Bu lion'or ehlaidheamh clais-ghorm còmhnaidh,
Bha buaidh an lannan Chlann-Dòmhnuaill.
H-i rim, &c.

Sin 'nuair chruinnich mor dhragh na fhalachd,
'N am rosgadh na 'n greidlein tana,
Bha iongnan nan Duimhneach ri talamh,
An deigh an luithean a ghearradh.
H-i rim, &c.

'S lionmhor corp nochte gun aodach,
Tha na 'n sineadh air ehnocain fhraoiche,
O 'n bhlar an greaste na saoidhean,
Gu ceann Leitir blar a Chaorainn.
H-i rim, &c.

Dh' innsinn sgeul eile le frinn,
Cho math 'sa ni cleireach a sgrìobhadh;
Chaidh na laoidh ud gu 'n dicheall
'S chuir iad maoin air luchd am mì-ruin.
H-i rim, &c.

Iain Mhuideartaich nan seol soilleir,
Sbeoladh an cuan ri la doilleir,
Ort cha d' thuairadh briste coinnidh,
'S ait' leam Barra-breac fo d' chomas.
H-i rim, &c.

Cha b'e sud an siubhal cearbach,
A thug Alasdair do dh' Albainn,
Creachadh, losgadh, agus marbhadh;
'S leagadh leis coileach Strath-bhalgaidh.
H-i rim, &c.

An t-eun dona chail a cheutaidh,
An Sasann, an Albainn, 's 'n Eirinn,
Is it e a curr na sgeithe,
Cha miste leam ged a gheill e.
H-i rim, &c.

Alasdair nan a geur lann sgateach,
Gheall thu 'n dé a bhi cuir as daibh,
Chuir thu 'n retreata seach an caisteal,
Seoladh gle mthair air an leantuinne.
H-i rim, &c.

* This battle was fought between the M'Donalds and the Campbells, on Sunday, February 2, 1643.

† When the Campbells were routed, they endeavoured to cross the river at the above-mentioned ford. To their astonishment, however, the task proved more irksome than they had anticipated; for, some of them losing their footing, their bonnets were carried down by the current. This event delighted and amused the poet; and, in order to make it at the same time ludicrous in itself, and galling to the poor Campbells, he began to address them as follows:—"A Dhùimhneacha Dhùimhneacha, cuimhnichibh 'ur boireidean."

Alasdair nan gear lann guineach.
Na 'm biodh agad armuinn Mhuile;
Thug thu air na dh' fhalbh dhiu fuireach,
'S retreat air pràbar an duileisg.
H-i rim, &c.

Alsdair Mhic Cholla ghasda,
Lamh dheas a sgoltadh nan caisteal;
Chuir thu 'n ruaig air Ghallaibh glasa,
'S ma dh-ol iad càl gun chuir thu asd' e.
H-i rim, &c.

'M b' aithne dhuibhse 'n Goirtean-odhar,
'S math a bha e air a thothar,
Cha 'n inneir chaorach, no ghobhar;
Ach fuil Dhuimhneach an deigh reothadh.
H-i rim, &c.

Bhur sgrios mu 's truagh leam 'ur caradh,
'G eisdeachd an-shocair 'ur pàistean
Caoidh a phannail bh' ann 's 'n àraich
Donnalaich bhan Earraghàil.
H-i rim, &c.

LATHA TUOM-A-PHUBAILL.*

LUINNEAG.

*Hò-rò 's fada, 's gur fada,
'S cian fada gu leoir,
O 'n a chaidh thu air thuras,
Do bhaile Lunnainn nan cleoc;
Nu 'n cluinneadh tu fathunn,
Le rabhadh an eoin;
'S gu 'n taoghladh tu 'n rathad,
'S mi nach gabhadh dheth bròn!*

Am leith-taobh Beinne-buidhe,
Sheas a bhuidheann nach gann;
Luchd dhearcadh an iubhair,
'Sa chur siubhal fo chraun;
'S diombach mise d' ur saothair,
'Nuair a dh' aom sibh a nall,
Nach deach a steach air Gleann-Aora,
Ghearradh braoisg nam beul cam.
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

A Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Dòmhnail,
Chum thu chòdhail gu duineil;
'Nuair a shaoil an t-Iarl Aorach,
Do chuir gun aobhar a Muile;
Bha thu roimhe 'n Dun-eideann,
'S dh' fhagh thu leigheart mu choinne,
'S gun aon eislein a' t-aigne,
Dh' eisd thu chasaid an Lunnainn.
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Ach a Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Dòmhnail,
'S fad do chomhnuidh measg Ghall;

* This battle was fought between the Campbells of Argyre and the men of Athol.

A laoiach aigeantaich phriseil,
Oig rinleich an àigh;
Tha maise an fhìona,
Ad ghruaidh dìreadh an àird;
'S tha thu shìochd nan trì Cholla,
Ga 'm biodh loingean air sàil,
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S truagh nach robh iad na ciadan,
Do luchd sgaith agus lann;
Do na h-oganaich threubhach,
Nach eiradh adbhans;
Cha bhi'mid ag eigheach,
Co da 'n eireadh an call;
'S ann aig geat Iubhev-Aora,
Ghabh mo laoiach-sa gu càmp.
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'M brudair chunnaic mi 'm chadal,
B' fhearr gu 'm faicinn e 'm dhùisg;
'S mi nach fuireadh ni b' fhaide,
Ann am plaide air m' ùigh,
Sealladh 'n sin do d' ghnùis aobhach,
'Nuair a phlaosgadh mo shuil,
B' ionann eiridh do m' aigne,
'S leum a bhradain am bùrn.
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Gur mise bha tùrsach,
'N am dhomh dùsgadh o m' bhrudair;
Bhi faicinn do chursaibh
Dol a null air Druim-uachdair;
Bhi gad chuir 'sa 'n tolla-dhubh,
'S gun mo dhuil thu thig'n uaithe;
Laidh smal air mo shugradh,
Gus an daisgear an uaign dhomh.
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Tha pruiop air do chul-thaobh,
'S math a b' fhuin dhut am faighneachd;
Eoin Abrach o 'n Ghiùbhsaich,
Cba toir eubair a ghreim deth;
'S Gilleasbuig a Bhraighe,
Gu latha bhràth nach bi 'm foill dut;
Mac Iain 'sa chinneadh,
Gu 'n imicheadh an oidhch leat.
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S ioma marcaiche statail,
Gar an àir' mi ach cuid diu;
Eadar genta bhraigh Acuinne,
Gu slios Bhair nam fear luidneach;
Mur ghabh sud a's braigh Ard-dhail,
Agus braighe Bochuidir;
Ghabhadh leigvadh gu statail,
'N eirig là Tom-a-phubail.
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S ioma òganaich guineach,
Laidir, duilich, do-aithneicht;

Eadar braigh 'nise Thurraid,
'S caol Mhuile nan canach;
Ghearradh beum le 'n arm guineach,
Ga 'n iomain da 'n fheamainn;
Ann an eirig nan muineal,
Chaidh a chur sa 'n Aird-reanaich.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S fad o'n chuala' mi seachas,
'S mi 'm sheana-ghiullan gòrach;
Mu 'n do chuir mi crios-féilidh,
Os ceann leine no còta;
Bhí ga innse gu soilleir,
Anns' gach coinnidh a's còdhail,
Gu 'm bu chairdeach an sloinneadh,
Sìol Mhoire 's Clann-Domhnuill.
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

A Rìgh! nach robh iad an geambairn,
Lan teampnuill do shluagh;
Do luchd nam beul cama,
'S cha b' ainid sud nam;'
'S ioma claidheamh gear guineach,
Laidir fulangach cruaidh;
Th' aig mo chinneadh ga 'm feitheamh,
S aig Clann-'Illeain nam buadh.
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S b' fhearr gu 'n tigeadh iad fhathasd,
Clann 'Illeain nan tuagh;
'S cha bhiodh sgian ann am fraighe,
No claidheamh an truail;
Bheirte mach na h-arm chatha,
'S cha bhiodh an latha sin buan;
'S ged bu ghuineach na Duimhnich,
'S iad sìol Chuinn a bha cruaidh.
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Tha mo run air na gillean,
Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg;
Dh-eireadh fearg orra 's frioghan,
Dhol an iomairt nan arm,
Dhol a null thar an linne,
Le gillean na Cairge;
'S ioma marbh bhiodh ri shireadh,
Air am pilleadh do Chearara.
Ho ro 's fada, &c.

LATHA AIRDE-REANAICH.

SLAN gun dith dhut a Mharcuis,
Direach, maiseach, gun chromadh;
Da shuil ghorm fo d' chaol mhala,
Nach d' fhas gu balachail, bronnach;
Cheart cho chionteach 'sa 'm bàs,
Ged tha thu 'n dràs as an t-sealladh;
Gu 'm beil mulad fo d' chom ort,
Mu bbas Ghoud Iarla Moire.*

* See the sixth stanza of the foregoing Song.

'S ceart 's cho cheart mar mo dhurachd,
Le beachd mo shul gur mi chunnaic;
Cha rabh againn do sgathan,
Ach greasad trà do 'n taigh grunnaich;
"Aisling caillich mar a dùrachd,"
Gach mìo-rùn bha do 'n duin ud;
Ged bu ladurna 'n cùl-chainnt,
Stad a chuis air an iomall.

Cha b'e aingeachd na tuatha,
Gluais am marcus le dhaoine;
Ach togail a bhrataich,
'G iarraidh smachd air luchd aobhair;
Fhuair thu iuchair na còrach,
Gu t-òrdugh le d' dhaoine;
Agus fosgladh gach caisteil,
Fad slait Inbher-Aora.

Gheill Dun-staf-innis grad dùt,
Innis fharsuirn nam faochag;
Ged bu daingbeann a chlach i,
Fhuair thu steach air bheag saothreach;
Cha robh cuilibheir caol glaise.
No gunna praise gan sgaoileadh;
Eadar Innis-Chonnain nan canach,
Gu ruig bail' Inbher-Aora.

'S ardh *Lieutenant* o 'n rìgh thu,
Thug thu sgrìob do dh' Earr'ghàil,
Bu leat Tairheart 's Ciunn-tìre,
'S gach aon nith bh'anns an ait ud;
Agus ile bheag riabhach,
Mu 'n iath a mhuir shàile;
'S goirt a chnead a ta' m chliabh-sa,
Fhad 's bha 'n t-iasad gun phàigheadh.

Thighearn oig Ghlinne-garaidh,
Na bi falach do rùn oirnn;
Oighre 'n duinn' thu tha maireann,
Tha thu 'd charaid dhuinn dùbailt;
Cha bheo e 's cha mhairean,
Na ni ar sgaradh o d' chul-thaobh,
A luchd nan ceanna-bhearta' crabhaidh,
Thionndaidh falachd a chrùn ruibh.

'S e do charaid mor dealaidh,
Mac 'Ic-Ailein a Nuideart,
Sliochd an Alasdair Gharach,
Luchd tharruinn nam tìran;
Cha do chuir caib shalach;
Na tafaid ealamh ri d' chùl-chranu;
Bheireadh beum air a h-athlorg,
Fhad sa mhaireadh a fudhaidh.

Na 'm biodh Tighearn na Learguinn,
Ann an Albainn 's e mar-riut;
Agus Tighearn an Tairbeirt,
'S iad nach tairgeadh do mhealladh;

Luchd na 'm peighinnean talnubaidh,
'S tu dh'fhaodadh earbs' asd gu daigheann ;
Cha 'n eil iad beo do shliochd Cholla,
Na ni 'n comunn ud aithris.

Gur a h-ioma fear goirseid,
Gunna stoilte, 's lann dù-ghorm ;
Le 'n gunnaichean caola,
'S na daormuinn ga 'n giulan :
Mac-Laomuinn 's Mac-Lachuinn,
'S Mac-an-Ab o Ghleann-Dochart,
Mac-Neachduinn, 's Mac-Dhughail,
'S Mac-Iain-Stiùbhairt o 'n Apuinn.

Cha 'n iongnadh thusa bhi fiamhach,
'N taobh shios do Bhun-atha ;
Ged theid Duimhnich gu 'n dicheall,
'S gu dideann a chlaidheimh ;
'S leat na thubhairt mi chianamh,
Ceart cho dìreach ri suighead ;
'S leat Mac-Lomhuinn an t-Stratha
Agus da Mhac-'Illeain.

'S fearr leam fhaicinn na chluinntinn,
Gu 'n do stad a chnìmh air am muineal ;
Nis o 'n thionndaidh a chuibhle,
'S fad bhios Duimhnich gun urram ;
Ged a Shaoil le Mac-Caillein,
E bhi na bbarraich air Muile ;
B' fhearr dha chumail na bh'aige,
Na bhi 'g agradh air tuille.

Na 'm biodh fear a bheoil mhoir ann,
O nach doirteadh gloir bhreamais !
Naile chailleadh sibh geòigh ris,
Nach b' fhiach an ròstadh ri teallaich :
Fhuair sibh sgapadh nan caorach,
Na 'm biodh a dhaoine air an talamh ;
'S ged a ghlac sibh le foill e,
B' e fheiu an saighdear bu ghlaime.

Gur maig a dh' earbadh a cairdeas,
Neach a dh-fhas dheth an t-sloinneadh,
Na 'm biodh cuimhu' air an lath' ud,
Fhuair iad t-athair fo 'n comas ;
Choir iad smuid ri tur-arda,
Chaisteil Bhlair gu gle shoilleir ;
'S beag bha dhùchas an là sin,
Gu 'm biodh iad pàighte na 'n com sinn.

'S mor tha eadar dha latha,
Ged bha e grathonn gun tighinn ;
Chaidh thu 'n enist na bu leatha,
'N deigh t-athar a mhilleadh ;
Gun aon bhuille claidheamh,
Gun sathadh biadaig no sgìne ;
Mur gu 'm bathadh tu coinnleam,
Chaill e 'n oighreachd 'sa 'n cinneach.

'S beag a b' fhiach do Mhac Mhuirich,
Dhol n' ur coinneamh ach ainueamh ;
Na ghabhail mar chompach,
Ach fear da 'n geallt' bhi na charaid ;
'N deigh a Chomasdair Stiùbhairt,
Thain' sibh 'n tus air le h-an-ìochd,
Thugadh an ceann deth gun sgrubadh,
Ann an tìr *Lady Murray*.

Buail an teud sin gu sealbhach,
'S na dean searbh i gun bhinneas ;
'S na toir t-aghaidh neo-chearbhadh,
Do 'n fhear nach earb thu do shlinnein ;
Ma chuir an rìgh an t-slat sglùrsaidh,
'N glaic do dhuirn gun a sìreadh ;
Uair mu seach air an fhurnais,
Mur bhuill' ùird air an innein.

Gloir do 'n Rìgh th' air a chathair,
'S maig a ghabhadh mun chluinneadh ;
No ghuidheadh na lhbreg e ;
Gach ni dh-eirich sa chunnaic ;
Mu 's ann le droch-bheart Iudais,
Dh-fhuair thu chlàd air an Lunnainn ;
Chaill thu 'n luireach 's na breidean,
'S gach aon eideadh bha umad.

'N cuala' sibhse 'sa 'n duthaich,
'N ramtar-hùtl bh' aig na luchan ;
'S iad a trusadh ri chèile,
Na 'n droch reiseimeid churta ;
'Nuair bha eagal a chait orr' ;
Chaidh droch sgapadh an cuid diu ;
'Sa bheisd mhor 'sa 'n robh phlaigh dhiu,
Sgrìos gun agh eirr' mar fhurtachd.

Sin 'nuair labhair Dubh-na-h-àmrail,
A bheisd ghrann 'sa chrain mhullaich ;
Cha robh an sabhal nan àth dhiu,
Beisd le 'n àl nach do chruinnich,
Nuair bha 'm mòd ga 'r cruaidh shàrach'
'S na cuid a fagadh ma 'r muineil ;
'S ann an sud a bha 'n gàtur,
Co a chàradh iad umaibh.

B' ionann sin sa 'm bun rutha,
Cha 'n eil iad buidheach da' r 'n an-ìochd ;
Mar chlach an ionad an uibhe,
Na 'm biodh luitheachd na 'n teangaidh ;
B' ionann sin 's do shliochd Dhiarmaid,
Bhi ga 'r biadhach an an-ìochd ;
Math an agaidh an uile,
Chuir mi luchd-sa 'n Aird-reanaich.

'Nuair bha 'n ad oirbh n-uiridh,
Bha sibh urranta mòdhar ;
Am blaidhna chaill sibh an currachd,
'S eigin fuireach gle shamhach :

Chaill an t-Iarl air 'ur turas,
Mhend 'sa bhuing e mhàl oirbh;
Gar am b' fhiach leis an duin' ud,
Bhi ri cruinneachadh cnàmhaig.

B' ole a b' fhiach do dhiuc-Atholl,
Dholl an coinne riut *Eardsaidh*,
'N deigh latha Roinn-Lìothunn;
Thug sibh ioc-shlaint mar carlais,
Mheall sibh null thar an abhainn,
Marcus Atholl 'sa bhrathair;
Chuir sibh 'n laimh an toll-dubh iad,
'S loisg sibh duthaich iarl Earlaidh.*

Tha thu 'd mharcus am bliadhna,
'S ad shàrl iarl air Tulaich-bheardainn;
'S ged a dheanadh iad diùe dhìot,
'S ro mhath b' fhuin thu an t-aite;
Tha do thiotal cho lionor,
Chumail dìon air do chairdean;
Gearr an rìgh fo d' smachd orduidh,
'S tha thu d' mhòir-fhear Baile-mhanaidh.

ORAN AIR RÌGH UILLEAM AGUS BAN-RÌGH MAIRI.

LUNNEAG.

*Hi-rinn h-à rinn, ho ro h-o bha ho,
Hi-rinn h-à rinn, ho ro h-o bha ho,
Biodh gach duine agaibh brònach,
Atr son joirneart mo rìgh.*

'N dùgh chuala' mi naidheachd,
Air alt nach b' aismhealach leinn,
'N an cumadh e chasan—
'S gu boidh an t-ath-egenl cho binu—
Rìgh Seumas le farum,
Cur a dharaich na still;
O'n 's leat nachdar na mara,
Gluais a's tarniun gu tìr.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Mhic Mhuire na h-òighe,
Coimhead foirneart mo rìgh;
Co b'urrainn da'r smàladh—
Ach do lamhans' bhi leinn:
Faic a nis prìonns Orans',
Cur na còir os a cinn;
Ach as do chobhair, a Shlan-'ear,
Thig furtaichd a's slaint air gach tinn.
Hi-rinn, &c.

A Rìgh chumhachdaich, fheartaich,
Ga 'm beil beachd air gach nì,
Cum air aghaidh an ceartas—
An lagh seachranach pill:

* A title formerly in Strathmore, now extinct.

Faic luchd nam breid dàite,
Bhi gun dealt ann ri'n linn;
'S ma tha 'n eucoir nan aigneadh,
Benm do shlat os an cinn.

Hi-rinn, &c.

'N nair a thainig thu Shasunn,
'S tu rinn aiseag a bhreamais;
Sheilbh chòir thoirt air eiginn,
O athair ceile thug bean dùt.
Cha bi reult nan dùilean,
Bha deanadh fuil dùt 'san ain-eol;
Mar bha roimh na trì rìghrean,
'N nair bha Iosa na leanabh.

Hi-rinn, &c.

Thug thu 'm follais an t-Slàn-'ear,
Sgeula gràin do luchd teagasig;
'S gur mòr am fà nàire,
'S an coig àintean a bhriseadh.
A nighean fhéin, 's mac a pheathar,
'N aghaidh labhairt an Sgrìobhtoir,
Mar bhreun ghearan 'sa chathair,
'S nach b'fhear-taighe da 'n sliochd e.

Hi-rinn, &c.

'S fìor mballaichte 'n lànan,
Chum an *Spàin* anns an roinn ud;
Seilbh chòir thoirt a dh-aindeoin,
Le mùtha malairt an t-slaighteir:
Ged' a stadadh an claidheamh,
Gun bhuille chaith' ach na rinn e,
Bì'dh gach fuil 'g eigheach am flaitheas,
A d' dheigh a latha 's a dh' oidhche.

Hi-rinn, &c.

'S mairg a chreideadh droch naidheachd,
Thig tro amhaich a nàmhaid,
Chuireadh fìdar na ghreadan,
An grunn' na h-eaglaise gnàthaicht;
'S lionor lunn tha na teine,
'S a grunn' 'n do spealadh an grain-shop
Ach, chi sinn fhathast sud dìolte,
Mas' a fìor a ta 'n fhàistinn.

Hi-rinn, &c.

'N uair chaidh *Whitehall* losgadh,
Bu mhall do choiseachd gun bhrògan;
'S mi nach rachadh le pairti,
Air mhìre, bhàthadh, na tòite.
Mas' a daoine rinn snas e,
B'fhuain an cruadal, 's an seoltachd;
Cha 'n eil mi gearan—mo thruaighe!
Ach a lughad 's a fhuair dhiu an ròstadh
Hi-rinn, &c.

Cha tig ach rùcas a's cealgan,
O chruitean cealgach an ràbuill;
Cuiribh an t-aibhisdear saoil ris—
Biodh Dia a's daoine ga aicheadh.

Cleas eud bean a chruiteir,
 Fhuair a cursadh 'n sgàth gáraidh ;
 Thog iad airsau mar uirsgeul,
 Gu 'n do mhurt e dhearbhbhrathair.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Gu 'm bu ghraunda na sgeoil sin,
 Thog na deomhain ga dhiheirt !
 'S nach b' urr' iad ga dhearbhadh,
 Ach mar bhuille searbh da 'n luchd mí-ruin ;
 Gu 'n cuirte isean a chlamhain,
 An nead clannach an fhireoin ;
 Mac muice a bhalaich,
 Shalcha fala nan righrean.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S maírg rìgh a rinn cleamhnas,
 Rì Dùitseach shantach gun trocair ;
 Cha b'e 'n onair bu ghnàs da,
 Ged' 's tu brathair-mathair an rògair.
 Ged' a thug thu dha Màiri
 Air laimh, chum a pòsaidh,
 Ghabh e t-oighbreachd a t-an-toil
 Thar do cheann, a's thu d' bheo-shlaint.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Bha mac aig rìgh Daibhidh,
 'S bu deas àill air ceann sluaigh e,
 Chaidh e 'n aghaidh an athar,
 S am fear nach càir da bhuaireadh ;
 'N uair a sgaoileadh am blàr sin,
 Thug Dia pàigheadh na dhuais da ;
 'S o'n bu droch dhuine cloinn e,
 Chroch a choill air a ghruaig e.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach buaidh an droch sgeoil sin,
 Do phrionns Orains gun diadhachd,
 Ged' a rachadh do bhàthadh,
 Cha b' ionann bàs d' 'sa dh' iarrainn ;
 Ach mo suilean bhi t-fhaicinn,
 Edar eachabh ga d' stialladh ;
 Dol a d' smaladh 's an adhar,
 Mar luaithe dhaigte ga criathradh.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Sgrìos gun iarmad, gun duilleach,
 Cha 'n iarruinn tuille am dhàn duibh ;
 Gun shìochd a dh-iathadh mu t' uilinn,
 Do ghluimh broinne droch Mhàiri ;
 Ged' a ghlacadh na theum e,
 'S farsuinn beul a mhic-lamhaich ;
 A shean staoile bhi 'n cunnart,
 Aig na rinn thu thrusadh a cràineig.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach seun gun tuisleadh air Màiri,
 'S olc an làn tha na togsaid ;

'N ar fhaicear laogh càraid,
 Nuas gu làr as a poca.
 Cha bhi 'n sean fhacail claoite,
 Air neo 's claoen theid a thogail ;
 Tha 'n dà shant 's an droch mhuaoi ud,
 'S annsadh * * * le no bōhan.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach na 'n tigeadh an rìgh sin,
 'S a mahac dìleas air aidmheil,
 Ged' a theireadh prionns Orains,
 Nach h-i choir a bhi againn,
 Cha bu mho orra Uilleam,
 Air sràid Lunnainn an Sasunn,
 'N ceann fhuadach deth mhuineal,
 Na cluais cuilein an radain.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Prionns Orains a mhl-rath,
 Mas' toil le Rìgh thoirt gu creideamh,
 'S còir an duilleag so thiondadh,
 Air a bhan-rìgh nach creid e.
 Ma shaoil am bith-shanntach sanntach
 Na mhac-samhla ga ghoid sud ;
 Na a ruitheachd le lannan,
 Air nighean *Seanalair Huitsein*.
Hi-rinn, &c.

B'fhearr gu 'm buaileadh e'n staidse,
 Tus a bhàidse bu chòir dha,
 N'am bu tuiteam 'sa phlaigh dhuinn,
 Mar thuair rìgh Phàro, 's a sheorsa ;
 Mar bha chomhairle bhreige,
 Chuir rìgh Seumas air fogradh ;
 Aithris cleas nan droch righrean.
 Leis 'n do dhiteadh *Rìgh-boam*.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Sgeul buan e do'n mhearcaid.
 'S nach tog a mac a cuid oighreachd ;
 'S ion dìth cùram a ghabhail,
 Mu'n dùinear cathair na soills' orr ;
 Thoill i mallachd a h-athar,
 O'n ghabh an t-aibhisteir greim dh'i ;
 'S olc an dùchas a lean rith,
 Chuinnt a seanair na throiteir.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S math an toiseach ar seannsa,
 Ma rinn an Frangaich a thapadh—
 Ma ghlacadh leis *Monsai*,
 Cha sgeul tum-sgeul ach ceartas,
 Bu mbath gu'm biodh an *adhbhansa*,
 Air a tiondadh gu Sasunn ;
 Na gu faicte an cunnart,
 Cho ghrad ri tionda nan cairtean.
Hi-rinn, &c.

* Rehoboam, poetically.

Ach ma stad air an diùc sin,
'S nach e a run tigh'n nu's fhaide;
Leig e cadal do'n chirein—
Stad a sgrìob mar a chleachd e;
Ma leig gach saighdear a ghleus deth:
'N uair tha leigheart nu'n chaisteal,
B'fhearr gu'm faicinn an coileach,
No, gu'n gairradh a chaismeachd.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Mu tha e'n dân dhut teachd dhachaigh,
'S nàr dhut t-fhaicinn gun speurad;
Ged' a fhuair thu pàirt leonaidh,
Ri àm fògraiddh rìgh Shenmais;
Ma tha thu cruaidh air an raipair,
Seall air slachdan a ghleusaibh,
Leis an do spionadh mo sgròban,
Ma's fìor *Tòmas an Rèumair*.
Hi-rinn, &c.

AN IORRAM DHARAICH.

DO BHATA SIR SEUMAIS MHIC-DOMHNIULL.

Moch, 's mi 'g eirigh sa mhadaoin,
'S trom euslainteach m'aigne,
'S nach eighear mi'n caidreamh nam bràithrean,
'S nach eighear mi'n, &c.

Leam is aith-ghearr a cheilidh,
Rinneas mar ris an t-Seumas,
Ris na dhealaich mi'n dè moch la Càisge.
Ris na dhealaich mi'n dè, &c.

Dia na stiùir air an darach,
A dh' fhalbh air tùs an t-siul mhara,
Seal mu'n tug e cheud bhoinne de thràghadh.
Seal mu'n tug e cheud bhoinne, &c.

Ge h'e àm cur a choire e,
'S mi nach pilleadh o stoc uat,
'S ann a shuidhinn an toiseach do bhàta.
'S ann a shuidhinn an toiseach, &c.

'Nuair bhiodh càch cur ri gnìomhadh,
Bhiodh mo chuid-sa dheth dìomhain,
G' ol nag ucagan fion' air a fàradh.
G' ol na gucagan fion, &c.

Cha bu mhareach eib leumuaibh,
A bhuin'geadh geall reis ort,
'Nuair a thogadh tu breid osceann sàile.
'Nuair a thogadh tu breid, &c.

'Nuair a thogadh tu tonnag,
Air chuan meamach nan dronnag,
'S ioma gleann ris an cromadh i h-earrach.
'S ioma gleann ris an cromadh, &c.

'Nuair a shuidheadh fear stiur oir',
'N àm bhi fagail na dùthcha,
Bu mhear riuth a chuain dù-ghlais fo h-earrlinn.
Bu mhear riuth a chuain, &c.

Cha b' iad na Luch-armainn mheanbha,
Bhiodh m'a cupuill ag eileadh,
'Nuair a dh'eireadh mor shoirbheas le bàirlinn.
'Nuair a dh'eireadh, &c.

Ach na fuirbinnich threubhach,
'S deis a dh'iomradh, 's a dh'eigheadh,
Bheireadh tulg an tùs clé air ramh bràghad.
Bheireadh tulg an tùs clé, &c.

'Nuair a d'fhalaichte na buird d'i,
'S nach faighte lan siul d'i,
Bhiodh luchd taghaich sior lùbadh nar àlach.
Bhiodh luchd taghaich, &c.

'S iad gu'n eagal gun euslain,
Ach ag freagradh dh'a chéile,
'Nuair thigeadh muir beucach 's gach aird orr'.
'Nuair thigeadh muir beucach, &c.

Dol tiomchioll Rugha na Caillich,
Bu ro mbath siubhal a daraich,
Gearradh shrutha gu cairidh Chaoil-Acuin.
Gearradh shrutha gu cairidh, &c.

Dol gu uidhe chnain fhiadhaich,
Mar bu chubhaidh leinn iarraidh,
Gu Uist bheag riabhach nan cràgh-gheadh.
Gu Uist bheag riabhach, &c.

Cha bu bhruchag air meirg' i,
Fhuair a treachladh le h-eirbheirt,
'Nuair a thigeadh mor shoirbheas le gàbbadh.
'Nuair a thigeadh mor shoirbheas, &c.

Ach an Dubh-Chnoideartach, riabhach,
Luchd-mhor, ard-ghuaillean dhionach,
Gur lionmhor lann iaruinu m'a h-earraich.
Gur lionmhor lann iaruinu, &c.

Cha bu chrann-lach air muir i,
Shiubhal ghleann gun bhi curaidh,
'S buill chainbe ri fulagan àrda.
Buill chaineaba ri, &c.

Bha Domhnall an Duin innt,
Do mhac oighre 's mor cùram,
'S e do stoile fhuair cliù meag nan Gàel.
'S e do stoile fhuair cliù, &c.

Do mhac Uisteach gle-mhor,
Dh'am bu chubhaidh bhi'n Sléibhte,
O'n Rugha d'an righte Dun-sghaithach.
O'n Rugha d'an eighite, &c.

Og misneachail trenn thu,
('S blath na bric ort san eudainn)
Mur mist' thu ro mheud 's a do nàir innt.
Mur mist' thu ro mheud, &c.

Gur mor mo chion fein ort,
Ged nach cuir mi an ceill e,
Mhic an fhir leis an eireadh na Braigheich.
Mhic an fhir leis an eireadh, &c.

Ceist nam ban' o Loch-Tréig thu,
'S o Shrath Oisein na reidhlean,
Gheibhte broic, agus féidh air a h-aruinn.
Gheibhte broic, agus féidh, &c.

Dh'eireadh buidhean o Ruaidh leat,
Lùbadh iubhar mu'n guailleann,
Thig o Bhrughaichean fuar Charn-na-Làirge.
Thig o Bhrughaichean fuar, &c.

Dream eile dhe d' chinneadh,
Clann Iain o'n Einnear,
'S iad a rachadh san iomairt neo-sgàthach.
'S iad a rachadh san iomairt, &c.

'S iomadh òganach treubhach,
'S glac-crom air chùl sgéith air
Thig a steach leat o sgéith meall-na-Lairge.
Thig a steach leat, &c.

'S a fhreagrachd do t-eigheach,
Gun eagal, gun easlainn,
'Nuair chluinneadh iad féin do chrois-tàra.*
'Nuair a chluinneadh iad féin, &c.

MARBHRANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHONUILL.

Gur fad tha mi 'm thamh,
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar,
Rìgh ! 's deacair dhomh tàmh 's mi beo.
Gur fad tha, &c.

'Se do tinnras do 'n Dùn,
Dh-fhag snith' air mo shùil,
'Sa bhi faicinn do thùr gun cheò.
'Se do, &c.

* "*Crois-tàra*," or "*crann-tàra*," was a piece of wood, half burnt and dipt in blood, sent by a special messenger as a signal of distress or alarm. The person to whom it was sent, immediately despatched another person with it to some one else; and thus was intelligence passed from one to another over immense distances in an incredibly short time. One of the latest instances of its being used, was in 1715, by lord Breadalbine, when it went round Loch Tay, the distance of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The above method was used only in the day-time; for in the night, recourse was had to the "*Sgorr-theine*," a large fire kindled on an eminence. See Ossian's "*Carrig-thura*." The last mentioned signal is spoken of by Jeremiah to denote distress, chap. vi. l.

Tha do bhaile gun speis,
Gun eich ga 'm modhadh le srein,
Dh-fhalbh gach fasan le Seumas òg.
Tha do bhaile, &c.

'Nuair a rachadh tu strì,
Ann an armailt an rìgh,
Bhiodh do dhiollaid air mil-each gorm.
Nuair a racha', &c.

'Nuair a rachadh tu mach,
B' ard a chluinnto do smachd,
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-Leòid.
Nuair a, &c.

'S leat Mac Pharlain na 'n cliar,
Bh-aig fir t-ait-sa riamh,
Mac-an Aba le chiad na dhù.
Fear chann, &c.

Clann Iain a nuas,
'S fir a bhraighe so shuas,
'S Mac Ghriogair o Ruanth-shruth ann.
Chlainn lein, &c.

Clann Cham-Shroin a nall,
O bhraighe nan gleann,
Chuireadh iubhar le srann am feoil.
Clainn, &c.

'S leat Mac-Dhomhnuill a ris,
Na 'm bratach 's na 'm piob,
Crunair gasda na 'n rìgh bhrat sròil
'S leat, &c.

Gu 'm faicheadh mo Dhia,
Do mhac air an t-sliabh,
Ann an duthaich nan cliar 's mi beò.
Gu 'm faicheadh, &c.

Thig a Atholl a nios,
Comblan ghasda gun sgios,
Ceannard rompa 's e finealt òg.
Thig a Atholl, &c.

Coinnlean geala de 'n cheir,
'S iad an lasadh gu gear,
Urlar farsuinn mu 'n eighite 'n t-òl.
Coinnlean, &c.

Bhiodh do ghilleann mu seach,
A lionadh dibhe b' fhearr blas,
Fion Spainnteach dearg agus beoir.
Bhiodh do, &c.

Uisge-beatha na 'm pìos,
Rachadh 'n tairgead ga dhiol,
Gheibhte 'n gloin e mar ghriog an òir.
Uisge beatha, &c.

'S ann na shineadh 'sa 'n àllt,
Tha deagh cheann-taighe an aigh,
Ged a thuit e le dearmad leo.
'S ann na, &c.

Buidheann eile mo ghaoil,
Ga 'm bu shuaitheantas fraoch,
Och mo chreach! nach d'-fhaod iad bhì beò.
Buidheann, &c.

Buidheann eile mo ruin,
Air nach cuadas mi-chliù,
Thig le Alasdair sunndach òg.
Buidheann, &c.

Bhiodh mnathan òg an fhuit réidh,
Gabhail dhàn dhaibh le 'm beul,
Ann ad thalla gu 'n éisde ceòl.
Bhiodh, &c.

Fhìr a dh' fhuilig am bàs,
'S a dhoirt t-fhuil air ar sgath,
Na leig mulad gu bràth na 'r coir.
Fhìr a, &c.

Nis on sgithich mo cheann,
Sior thuireadh do rannt,
Bì'dh mì sgr anns an àm is còir.
Nis o 'n sgithich, &c.

MARBHIRANN

DO DH' ALASDAIR DUBH GHILNNE-GARAIDH.

Mi 'g eiridh 'sa mhadainn,
Gur beag m' aiteas ri sùgradh,
O 'n dh' fhalbh uachdran fearail,
Ghlinne-Garaidh air ghiùlan;
'S ann am flaitheas na fàilte,
Tha ceannard àillidh na dùthcha;
Sàr choirneileir foinnidh,
Nach robh folleil do 'n chròn thu.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho-rò 's fada 's gur fada,
'S cian fada mo bhròn,
O 'n latha chàradh gu h-ìosal,
Do phearsa phrìseil fo 'n fhòd,
Tha mo chrid-sa ciùirte,
Chu dean mi sùgradh ri m' theò,
O 'n dh- fhalbh ceannard na 'n uaislean,
Oighre dualchas an t-Sròim.*

'S maig a tharladh ro' d' dhaoine,
'Nuair thogte fraoch ri do bhrataich;

Dh' éireadh stuadh an clàr t-aodainn,
Le neart feirg agns gaisgidh;
Sud am phearsa neo-sgàthach,
'N t-shùil bu bhlaithie gun ghaiseadh;
Gu 'm biodh maoim air do naimhdean,
Ri linn dut spainnteach a ghlacadh.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Fhuair thu 'n cliù sin o thoiseach,
'S cha b' olc e ri innseadh;
Craobh chosgairt sa bhlàr thu,
Nach gabhadh sgàth roimh luchd phìcean;
No ro' shaighdeirean dearga,
Ged a b' armailtèan rìgh iad;
Le 'n ceannardan fuilteach,
'S le 'n gunnaichean cinnteach.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Gur farsuinn do ranntaibh,
Ri sheanachas 's ri shloinneadh;
Gur tu oighre 'n larl Ìlich.
Nach tug eis le gnìomh foilleil;
Marcaich ard na 'n each cruithreach,
Nan srian ùr 's na 'n lann soilleir,
Lamb threin ann an cruadal,
Ceannard sluagh a toirt teine.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Fhuair thu onair fir Alba,
Bha meas 's aium air fear t-ìhasain;
Ann an gliocas 'sa géire,
An cliù, an ceunaidh 'sa gaisge;
Thug Dia gibhtean le buaidh dhnt,
Cridhe fuasgailteach farsuinn;
Fhìr bu chiùine na mhaighdeann,
'S bu ghairge na 'n lasair.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

'S goirt an t-earchall a thachair,
O 'n chaidh an iomairt so tuathal;
O latha blàir Sliabh-an-t-Siorram,
Chaill ar cinneach an uaislean;
Thiomdaidh chuibhl' air Clann-Domhnuill,
'N treasa conspunn bhì bhuaitha;
Ceann a's colar Chlann-Ràghnuill,
'N fhuil àrd 's i gun truailleadh.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Nis o 'n dh-fhalbh an triùir bhràithrean;
Chleachd mar àbhaist bhì suairce;
Laoich o Gharaidh nam bradan,
Caipiteine' smachdail a chruadail;
Dh-fhalbh Sir Domhnuill a Sléibhte;
Bu mhor reusan a's cruadal;
Cha tig gu bràth air Clann-Domhnuill,
Triuir chom-spunn cho cruaidh riu.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Chriosda dh-fhuilig am bàs duinn,
 O 'n 's tu ar patron ùrnaigh ;
 Cum an t-aog o dha bhrathair,
 Fhad 'sa b' àill leinn le dùrachd ;
 Dheanadh treis do 'n àlach,
 So dh-fhag e gun sùilean ;
 'Sliochd an t-seobhaig 'sa 'n àrmuinn,
 Nach tugadh each an sgiath chùil deth.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

'Nuair threig càch an cuid fearainn,
 'S nach d-fhan iad 'sa 'n rìoghachd ;
 'Sheas thusa gu fearail,
 'S cha b' ann le sgainneal a shin thu ;
 Chuir thu fuaradh na froise,
 Seach ar dorsaibh g' 'ar dìonadh ;
 Gu 'n robh t-fhaigsein cho làidir,
 Rì leoghainn ard do 'n fhuil Rìoghail.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Cha robh Iarl ann an Albuinn,
 Gheibheadh earbsa na run riut ;
 Gu 'm biodh toiseach gach naidheachd,
 Gu lamhan a chùirteir ;
 Seobhag fìrinneach suairce,
 Choisinn cruadal gach cùise ;
 Ceannard mhaithlean a's uaislean,
 Aig an t-sluagh 's iad ga ghiùlan.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Sgula b' ait' leam ri Ìnseadh,
 Sa bhi g' a leirsium le 'r sùilean ;
 Do mhae oighr' ann a t-fhearann,
 Mur bu mhath le luchd dùrachd ;
 Ach non nench leis am b' oil e,
 Luaidhe ghlais le neart fùdair ;
 Troimh 'n eridh' air a fìradh,
 'Chor 's nach iarradh iad tionndadh.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

CUMHA MHIONTROISE

Mi gabhail Srath Dhrum-uachdair,
 'S beag m'aighear anna an uair so,
 Tha'n lath' air dol gu gruamachd,
 'S cha'n e tha buain mo spròchd.

Ge duilich leam, 's ge diobhail,
 M'fhear cinnidh math bhi dhìth orm,
 Cha'n usa leam an sgrìobh,
 Thaining air an rìoghachd bhòchd.

Tha Alba dol fo chios-chain
 Aig Farbhalaich gun fìorinn,
 Bhar a chalpa dhirich
 'S e cuid de m'dhiobhail ghoirt.

Tha Sasunnaich 'g ar foireigneadh,
 'G ar creach', 'g ar mòrt', 's 'g ar marbhadh
 Gu 'n ghabh ar n-Athair fearg rinn,
 Gur dearmad dhuinn, 's gur bochd.

Mar a bha cloinn Israel
 Fo bhruid aig rìgh na h-Eiphit,
 Tha sinn air a chor cheudna,
 Cha'n eigh iad rinn ach "siuc."

Ar rìgh an dèis a chrùnadh,
 Mu'n gann a leum e ùr-fhas,
 Na thaistalach bochd, ruigte,
 Gun gheard, gun chùirt, gun choisd'.

'G a fharr-fhuadach as àite,
 Gun duine leis deth chàirdan,
 Mar luig air uachdar sàile,
 Gun stluir, gun ràmh, gun phort.

Cha téid mi do Dhuin-eideann,
 O dhoirteadh fuil a Ghreunaich,
 An leoghann fearail, treubhach,
 'G a cheusadh air a chroich.

B'e sud am fìor dhuin uasal,
 Nach robh de'n linne shuarach,
 Bu ro mbath ruidhe gruadhach,
 'N àm tarraunn suas gu trod.

Deud chaile, bu ro mhath dlùthadh,
 Fudh mhala chaoil gun mhugaich,
 Ge tric do dhàil gam' dhùsgadh,
 Cha ruig mi chach e nochd.

Mhic Neill,* a Asainn chianail,
 Na'n glacain ann am lìonn thu,
 Bhiodh m'fhaic air do bhìnn,
 'S cha diobrainn thu o'n chroich.

* Captain Andrew Munro sent instructions to Neil Macleod, the laird of Assynt, his brother-in-law, to apprehend every stranger that might enter his bounds, in the hope of catching Montrose, for whose apprehension a splendid reward was offered. In consequence of these instructions, Macleod sent out various parties in quest of Montrose, but they could not fall in with him. "At last the laird of Assynt being abroad in arms with some of his tenants in search of him, lighted on him in a place where he had continued three or four days without meat or drink, and only one man in his company. Assynt had formerly been one of Montrose's own followers, who immediately knowing him, and believing to find friendship at his hands, willingly discovered himself; but Assynt not daring to conceal him, and being greedy of the reward which was promised to the person who should apprehend him by the council of the estates, immediately seized and disarmed him."* Montrose offered Macleod a large sum of money for his liberty, which he refused to grant. Macleod kept Montrose and his companion prisoners in the castle of Aird-bhreach, his principal residence, for a few days. He was from thence removed to Skibo castle, where he was kept two nights, thereafter to the castle of Braan, and thence again to Edinburgh.

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Nan tachrainn a's tu féin,
Ann am boghlachan Beinn-Eite
Bhiodh uisge dubh na féithe,
Dol troimh chéile a's ploc.

Thu féin as t-athair céile
Fear taighe sin na Leime,
Ged chrochte sibh le chéile
Cha b'eirig air mo lochd.

Craobh rùisgt' de'n Abhall bhreugach,
Gun mheas, gun chliù, gun cheutaidh,
Bha riamh ri murt a chéile,
'N ar fuigheall bheum, as chore.

Marbh-phasg ort a dhl-mheis,
Nach olc a reic thu'm firean,
Air son na mine Litich
A's da trian d'i goirt.*

C U M H A

DO SHIR DOMHNUL SHLEIBHTE.

'S CIAN 's gur fàda mi 'm thàmh,
'S trom leam 'm aigne fo phràmh,
'S nach cadal dhomh seamh 's tim eiridh.
'S cian 's gur fada, &c.

Laidh an aois orm gach uair,
Dreach an aoig air mo ghruaidh,
Is rinn e eudail bhochd thruadh da féin diom.
Laidh an aois, &c.

Tha liunn-dubh orm gach là,
'S e ga m' theugmhail a ghnà,
Air mo chùise cha rà-sgeul breig e.
Tha liunn-dubh orm, &c.

Tha gach urra dol dhiom,
Bho faighinn furan le miadh,
Cuig urrad sa b' fhiach mi dh-eirig.
Tha gach urra dol, &c.

Chaill mi àrmainn mo stuic,
Mo sgiath laidair 's mo phruip,
Iad ri àiteach an t-sluic a's fear orr'.
Chaill mi àrmainn mo stuic,

Fàth mo mbire 's mo cholg,
Thaobh gach iomairt so dh'fhalbh,
Luathais air 'n imeachd air lòrg a chéile.
Fàth mo mbire, &c.

Mhùch mo mheoghail 's mo mheas,
Na daoil bhi cladhach bhur fìos,
Chaidh mo raoghainn fo lìc de leugaibh.
Mhùch mo mheoghail, &c.

Bhuail an t-earrach orm spot,
'S trom a dh-fhairich mi lot,
Chuir e lùghad mo thoirt 's beag 'm fheum air.
Bhuail an t-earrach, &c.

Bàs Shir Domhnuill bho 'n Chaol,
Chuir mo chomhnaidh fa-sgaoil,
Dh'fhàg mi 'm aonar sa 'n aois ga 'm léireadh.
Bàs Shir Domhnuill, &c.

'S ann ruit a labhraim mo mhiann,
Gu dàna ladurna, dian,
Ge do bhithinn da thrian sa 'n eacoir.
Sann ruit a labhram, &c.

Tha iomad smuainte bochd truadh,
Teachd air 'm aire 's gach uair.
Bho 'n la chaochail air smuadh fir t-eugais.
Tha iomrad smuainte, &c.

Leoghaun fireachail àgh
Miunte, spioradail, àrd,
Umhail, iriosal, fearragha, treubhach.
Leoghaun fìorachail, &c.

Léig nan arm a's nan each,
Reumail, aireil, gun aire,
Gheug thu 'n Armadaill ghlas nan déideag.
Leig nan arm is nan each &c.

Bha do chinneadh fo phràmh,
Do thuath 's do phaighearan màil,
Uaislean t-fhearainn 's gach lán-fhear-feusaig.
Bha do chinneadh, &c.

Bha mhual bheul-dearg a bhruit.
Ri càll an ceille sa'm fuil,
Cach ag éideadh do chuirp air déile.
Bha mhual bheul-dhearg, &c.

Moch sa' mhadainn dir-daoin,
Thog iad tasgaidh mo ghaoil,
Deis a phasgadh gu caol 's na leintean.
Moch sa' mhadainn, &c.

An ciste ghiubhais nam bòrd,
'N truail chumhaun na's leoir,
'N deis a dhùsgadh bho 'n t-sròl air speicean.
'N ciste ghiubhais nam, &c.

Gu euglais Shleibhte nan stuadh,
Chosg thu fein ri cuir suas,
Ge d' nach d'fhuirich thu buan ri sgleutadh.
Gu euglais Shleibhte, &c.

* Damaged meal bought in Leith, was given to M'Leod of Assynt for betraying the duke of Montrose.

Dh-fhalbh na spalpain a null,
Bha fial farsuinn na'n grunnud,
Cha b'iad na fachaich gun rùm gun leud iad.
Dh-fhalbh na spalpain, &c.

Domhnall gorm bu glan gnùis,
Fear bu mhin bha de 'n tridh,
Cha bu chorr-cheann thu 'n cuirt rìgh Senrlas,
Domhnall gorm bu, &c.

Chunnaic mis thu air trian,
'S cha bu gna leat bhì erian,
'S gu'm bu nolaig le fion do réidhlean.
Chunnaic mis thu air, &c.

Cha bhola pàididh do mhiann,
'N am dhaibh falbh bhnat gu dian,
'N cois na tràghad ga'n lionadh réidh leat.
Cha bhola pàididh, &c.

De dh-uisge-beatha 's do bheor,
'S iad a gabball na's leoir,
Mur a thoilicheadh beoil ga eigheach.
De dh-uisge-beatha, &c.

Mu bhòrd gun time gun ghruaim,
Le òl, 's le iomart, 's le sluadh,
Is ceol bu bhinne na cuach 's a cheitean.
Mu bhòrd gun time, &c.

Fhuair thu deannal na dho,
Dh-fhag do pannal fo bròn,
Gu'm bu ghearran a leon m'un eighe.
Fhuair thu deannal, &c.

Air Raon-Ruairidh nan stràc,
Far na bhuaanaich thu 'm blàr,
Chaill thu t-uaislean a's t-armainn ghleusga.
Air Raon-Ruairidh, &c.

Air an talamh chrìon, chruaidh,
Nach falaicheadh gearrag a cluais,
Fhuair sibh deannal na luaidhe leughta.
Air an talamh, &c.

Bu neo chraobhaidh na seòid,
Fhuair sa chaonnaig an leòn,
B' ann diu Raonnall a's Eoin a's Seumas.
Bu neo chraobhaidh, &c.

Cha dean mi rùn ach gu foil,
Do n-àl ùr 's th'air teachd òrun,
Bho nach dùisgear le ceòl Sir Seumas.
Cha dean mi rùn, &c.

Dh-fhalbh thu fein 's do chuid mac,
Mala gheur sibh gu neart,
'S fada bho chéile fo cheapaibh réisg sibh.
Dh-fhalbh thu fein, &c.

'S blàth an leab' air bhur cinn,
Seach daormainn thasgaidh nan suim,
Sibh bu sgapach air buinn le féile.
'S blàth an leab, &c.

Thuirt mi 'n urrad ud ribh,
Tha mi m' urainn a sheinn,
'S lann ar muineal ma pill sibh breig mi.
Thuirt mi 'n uraid, &c.

AN CIARAN MABACH.

NO,

GILLEASPUIG RUADH MAC-DHOMHNUILL.

ARCHIBALD M'DONALD, commonly called *Ciaran Mabach*, was an illegitimate son of Sir Alexander M'Donald, sixteenth baron of Slate. He was contemporary with *Iain Lom*, the Lochaber bard, and his coadjutor in punishing the murderers of the lawful heirs of Keppoch.

In no one could his father more properly have confided matters of importance, requiring sagacity, zeal, and bravery, than in this son. Accordingly he made use of his services when necessary; and put the greatest dependence in his fidelity, prudence, and activity. *Ciaran Mabach* was no doubt amply requitted by his father, who allotted him a portion of land in North Uist. Grants of land were in those times commonly given to gentlemen of liberal education, but of slender fortune; where amid their rural occupations they enjoyed pleasures unknown to those who in similar stations of life were less happily located. Of this our bard was very sensible during his stay in Edinburgh, as we learn from his poem on that occasion.

It does not appear that our poet was a voluminous writer; and of his compositions there are very few extant. It is to be regretted that so few of his poems have been preserved, as his taste, education, and natural powers, entitle him to a high place among the bards of his country. Gentlemen of a poetical genius could have resided in no country more favourable to poetry than in the Highlands of Scotland, where they led the easy life of the sportsman, or the grazier, and had leisure to cultivate their taste for poetry or romance.

B' ANNSA CADAL AIR FRAOCH.

GE socrach mo leabaidh,
B' annsa cadal air fraoch,
Ann an lagán beag uaigneach,
A's bad de'n luachair ri 'm thaobh,
'Nuair dh'eirinn sa' mhadaoinn,
Bhi sinbhal ghlacagan caol,
Na bhi triall thun na h-Abaid,
'G eisdeachd glagraich nan sàor.

'S oil leam càradh na frìthe,
'S mi bhi 'n Lìte nan long,
Eadar ceann Saileas Si-phort,
A's rùtha Ghrianaig nan tonn,

Agus Uiginnis riabhach,
An tric an d'iarr mi damh-donn,
'S a bhi triall thun nam bodach,
Dha'm bu chosnadh cas-chrom.

Cha'n eil agam cù gleusda,
A's cha'n eil feum agam dha,
Cha snìdh mi air bachdan,
Air sliabh fad o chàch,
Cha leig mi mo gbaothar,
Chaidh faogh'd an tuim bàin,
'S cha sgaoil mi mo luaidhe,
An Gleann-Ruathain gu bràth.

B'iad mo ghradh-sa a ghraidh uallach,
 A thogadh suas ris an àird,
 Dh'itheadh binlair an fhuarain,
 'S air bu shuarach an càl,
 'S mise féin nach tug foath dhuibh,
 Ged a b'fhuar am míos Màigh.
 'S tric a dh'fhuilig mi cruadal,
 A's moran fuachd air 'ur sgàth.

Be ma ghradh-sa fear huidhe,
 Nach dean suidhe mu'n bhòrd,
 Nach iarradh ri cheannach,
 Pinnt leanna na beoir;
 Uisge-beatha math dubailt,
 Cha be b'fhiù leat ri òl,
 B'fhearr leat biolair an fhuarain,
 A'a uisge luaineach an lòn.

B'i mo ghradh-sa a bhean uasal,
 Dha nach d'fhuaras riamh leòdh,
 Nach iarradh mar chluasaig,
 Ach fìor ghuallainn nan cnoc,
 'S nach fuilgeadh an t-sradag,
 A lasadh r'i corp,
 Och! a Mhuire mo chruaidh-chas,
 Nach dh'fhuair mi thu nochd.

Bean a b'aigeantaich cèile,
 Nam eiridh ri driùchd,
 Cha'n fhaigheadh tu beud da,
 'S cha bu leir leis ach thu
 Sibh an glacaih a chéile,
 Am fìor eudainn nan stùc,
 'S ann am eiridh na grèine,
 Bu ghlan leirsinn do shùil.

'Nuair a thigeadh am foghar,
 Bu bhinn leam gleadhair do chléibh,
 Dol a ghabhail a chròin,
 Air a mhointich bhuig réidh,
 Dol an coinneamh do leannain,
 Bu ghile feaman a's céir
 Gur h-i 'n eilid bu bhòiche,
 A'a bu bhrisge lòghmhorra ceum.

Note.—This song was composed in Edinburgh while the poet was under the care of a surgeon for a sprain in his foot.

MARBHRANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHONUILL.*

B' FHEARA am mor alc a chluinntinn.
 Bhrìgh iomradh na fhaicinn -
 Dhomhsa b' fhuasad' sud innse,
 Rug air 'm inntinn trom shac dheth;
 O 'n is mi bha 'sa 'n fhulang,
 Bu chruaidh duilich ri fhaicinn;
 Rainig croma-sgìan o 'n aog mi,
 Cha do shaor i bun aisne.

'S e dh' fhàg fodba dhomh 'n coite,
 Aon a mhoichead a dhùisg mi,
 'S mi gun fhear air barr agam,
 Thogadh 'm aignendh a dùsal;
 'Nuair a bheum an sruth tràigh orm,
 Rug muir bàith' air a chul sin,
 Cha d' fhiosraich mi 'm bàs dut,
 Gus an dh' fhàg mi thu 'n crùiste.

Fath m' acainn 's mo thùrsa,
 Nach duisgear le teud thu,
 Na le tòrgan na fìdhle,
 Mo dhiobhail 's mo leir-chreach;
 Fhìr a chumadh i dìonach,
 Dh' aindeoin sìontan ga 'n eirèad,
 Thu 'n diugh fo leacan na h-ùrach,
 Gun mo dhùil ri thu dh' eiridh.

'S bochd an ealtainn' thug so sgrìob mi,
 Thug dhìom m' earr agus m' fùcusag,
 'S geur 's gur goirt spuir an ràsair,
 Thrusas cnàmhan a's fèithean;
 Dh-fhag sud mise dheth craiteach,
 Dh-aindeoin dàil gu ro chreuchdach;
 Cha dean ballan no sàbh dheth,
 Mise slàn gus an eug mi.

Ge b' e chuireadh dhomh 'n umhail,
 Do mhor chumha ga m' leònadh,
 Na mo dhasan a liathadh,
 Coig bliadhna roimh' 'n òrdugh;
 Tha mi 'n diugh a toirt pàigheadh,
 A' meud m' àilleas as m' òige,
 O 'n rug deireadh do bhàis orm,
 Os cionn chàich cha b'e m' òrdugh.

'S fhad tha mi 'm Oisein gun mheoghail,
 As do dheaghaidh bacadh dòlun,
 Osnadh fharbairneach, frithir,
 Tha m' fhéith-chridh' air a leònadh;
 Leigean fìos thun a bhreithcamh,
 Nach iarr slighe gu dò-bheart,

* The poet's brother.

Gur h-e "Port Raoghnaill uidhir,"^{*}
Mur nach bu dlighenach is ceòl domh.

'S bochd mo naidheachd r'a h-innse;
Ge b' e sgrìobhadh i 'n tàth-bhuinn;
O 'n là rinn thu feum duine,
Gus 'n do chuireadh 'sa 'n làr thu;
Bha mo dheas-lamh dol sìos leat,
An cladhan crìche mo chràdh-shlad;
'S mor na b' fheadar dhomh fhulang,
Mo bhuann fhuireach o m' brathair.

'S bochd an ruinnigil fhuathais,
Rug air uaislean do chairdean,
'S goirt a bhonnag a fhuair iad,
'N latha ghluaisedh gu tàmh leat;
Ge h'e neach is mo buannachd,
'N lorg luathair a bhàis so,
'S mise pearsa 's mo tuairghe,
'Sa 'nuair so th' air t-àruinn.

Cha chuis fharmaid mo lethid;
'S ann tha mi 'n deigh mo spùillidh;
Bhuin an t-eug dhìom gu buileach,
Barr a's iomall mo chùirte;
'S feudar tanaidhe fhulang,
Gun dìon buill' air mo chùl-thaobh,
Stad mo chlàidheamh na dhùille,
'S bàth dhomh fuireach r'a rùsgadh.

* *Raoghull odhar* was a piper. There is a story told about this worthy, to the following purpose:—He was a great coward; and being in the exercise of his calling in the battle-field one day along with his clan, he was seized with such fear at the sight of the enemy, whom he thought too many for his party, that he left off playing altogether, and began to sing a most dolorous song to a lachrymose air, some stanzas of which had been picked up and preserved by his fellow soldiers; and which, on their return from the war they did not fail to repeat. When an adult is seen crying for some trifling cause, he is said to be singing "*Port Raoghnaill uidhir*," "*Dun Donald's tune*;" and when a Highlander is threatening vengeance for some boisterous and uproarious devilment which has been played off upon him, he will say: "*Bheir mis ort gu scinn thu 'Port Raoghnaill uidhir*," i.e. "*I will make you sing 'Dun Ronald's tune.'*" The following are a few of the stanzas:—

"Be so an talamh mi shealbhadh!
Tha gun chlàidheamh gun gharbhach gu'n chòs;
Anns an rachainn da'm fhàlach,
'S sluagh gun athadh a teannadh faisg nìrn

*Tha mi tinn leis an cogal,
Tha mi cinnteach gur beag a bhios beò
Chi mi tnsadh an fhùidair,
Chluinn mi sgairneach nan dù-chlach ri òrd!*

Fhuair mi gunna nach diult mi,
Fhuair mi claidheamh nach lùb ann am dhòrn,
Ach ma ni iad mo mharbhadh,
Cìod a feum a ni 'n àrmach sin dhomh-s'?"
Tha mi tinn, &c.

Ged do gheibhinn-sa sealbh,
Air làn a chaisteal de dh' airgead 's de dh-òr,
Oich! 'ma ni iad mo mharbhadh!
Cìod a feum a ni 'n t-airgead sin domh-s'?"
Tha mi tinn, &c.

Bhuin an t-eug creach gun toir dhìom
Dh' aindeoin oigridh do dhùthcha;
Dh' fhag e m' aigneachd fo dhòruinn,
'S bhuail e bròg air mo chuinneachd;
'S trom a dh' fhuasgail e deoir dhomh,
Bu mhor mo choir air an dubladh;
Mu cheann-uighe nan deoiribh,
Bhi fo bhòrd aon an dùnadh.

Bu deas dèile mo shior-ruith,
'S gu 'm bu dìonach mo chlàraidh;
Bha mo chala gun dìobradh,
Ga mo dhion as gach sàradh;
Riamb gus 'n tainig an dil orm,
Dh' fhag fo mhiogean gu bràth mi;
'S ard a dh' éirich an staille-s' orm,
Chuir i as domh ma m' àirnean.

Call gun bhuinig gun bhuannachd,
Bha ga m' ruagadh o 'n tràth sin;
Cha b' i 'n iomairt gun fhuathas,
Leis 'n do ghluais mi mar chearrach;
'N cluich a shàil mi bhi 'm buannachd,
Dh' fhaicte ghluasad air tàileasg;
Thainig goin a's cur suas orm,
'S tha fear fuar dhomh na t-àite.

O 'n chaidh mail' air mo fhradharc,
'S nach taoghail mi 'n ard-bheann;
Chuir mi cul ris an fhiadhach,
Pong cha n' iarr mi air clàrsaich;
Mo cheol laidhe a's eiridh,
M' osnadh gheur air bhleg tàbhachd;
Fad mo rè bidh mi 'g acain,
Mheud 'sa chleachd mi dheth t-àilleas.

Ach dleasaidh faighidinn furtachd,
Nach faic thu chuisle ga luaithead;
Air fear na teasaich 'sa 'n fhiabhrais,
'S gearr mu shìoladh a bhruaidleir;
Muir a dh' eireas ga bhraisead,
Ni fear math beairte dh' i suaineach;
Ach e dh' iomairt gu tapaidh,
Ceann da shìait thuig a's uaithe.

'Nuair a bha mi am ghille,
'S mi 'n ciad iomairt Shìr Seumas,
Mar ri comhan dheth m' chinneadh,
Seoladh air spineig do dh' Eirinn;
'S ann aig I Chalum Chille,
Ghabh mi giorrag mu d' dheighinn;
Chail thu lan mèise feodair,
Air do shròin do 'n fhuil ghè dhearg.

Luchd a chaitheadh nan cuaintean,
'S moch a ghluaisedh gu surdail,
Le 'n àlach chalpànnan cruaidhe,
Bu bheag roimh 'n fhuaradh an curam;

Bu choma co dheth na h-uaislean,
Ghlacadh gluasad na stiùrach ;
'S fear math bearit air a gualainn,
B' urrainn fuasgladh gach cuise.

'N am gluasad o thir dhuinn,
Bu neo-mhìodhoir ar lòistean,
Cornach, cupanach, fionach,
Glaineach, lìontaiddh a stòpaibh ;
Gu cairteach, taileasgach, disneach,
'S taile air uigh na 'm foiruibh ;

Dhomh-sa b' fhuasad' sud innse
Bu chuid do m' guoinh o m' aois òige.

Bu ro-eibneach mo leabaidh,
'S bha mo chadal gle chomhnard,
Fhad 'sa dh' fhuirich thu agam,
An caoin chadal gun fhòtus ;
Bu tu mo sgaith laidir dhìleas,
Ga mo dhion o gach dòrainn,
'S e cuid a dh' aobhar mo leith-truim,
Bhi 'n diugh a seasamh do chòrach.

DIORBHAIL NIC A BHRIUTHAINN;

OR,

DOROTHY BROWN.

THIS poetess belonged to Luing, an island, in Argyleshire. It is uncertain when she was born; but she was cotemporary with *Iain Lom*; like him was a Jacobite, and also employed her muse in the bitterest satire against the Campbells. Indeed there must have been great pungency in her songs; for, long after her death, one Colin Campbell, a native of Luing, being at a funeral in the same burying-ground where she was laid, trampled on her grave, imprecating curses on her memory. Duncan MacIachlan, of Kilbride, in Lorn, himself a poet, and of whom the translator of Ossian makes honourable mention as a preserver of Gaelic poetry, being present, pulled him off her grave, sent for a gallon of whisky, and had it drunk to her memory on the spot. Her song to Alasdair Mac Cholla, was composed on seeing his *birlinn* pass through the sound of Luing on an expedition against the Campbells, in revenge for the death of his father, whom they had killed some time before. She is the only poetess who at all approaches *Mairi nighean Alasdair Ruaidh* as a successful votary of the muse. She composed a great many songs, but, not being much known out of her native island, perhaps, the following piece is the only thing of hers now extant. A tomb-stone, with a suitable Gaelic inscription, is about to be erected to her memory, in Luing, by a countryman of her own, Mr Artt M'Lachlan, of Glasgow, a gentleman well known for his zeal in every thing tending to promote the honour of Highlanders, and the Highlands.

ORAN DO DH' ALASDAIR MAC COLLA.

ALASDAIR a laolgh mo chéile,
Co chunnaic no dli' fhag thu 'n Eirinn,
Dh' fhag thu na mìltean 's na ceudan,
'S cha d' fhag thu t-aon leithid féin ann,
Calpa cruinn an t-siubhail eutruim,

Cas chruinneachadh 'n t-sluaigh ri chéile,
Cha deanar cogadh as t-éigais,
'S cha deanar sìth gun do reite,
'S ged nach bi na Duimhneach reidh riut,
Gu 'n robh an rìgh mur tha mi féin dut.

*E-hò, hi u hò, rò hù eile,
E-ho, hi u ho, 's i ri ri ù,
Hò hi ù ro, o hò 's eile,
Mo dhiobhail dìth nun ceann-fheadhna.*

Mo chruit, mo chlarsach, a's m' fhiodhall,
Mo theud chiùil 's gach àit am bithinn,
'Nuair a bha mi òg 's mi 'm nighinn,
'S e thogadh m' inntinn thu thigbinn,
Gheibheadh tu mo phòg gun bbruithinn,
'S mar tha mi 'n diugh 's math do dhlighe oirr'.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's e mo run an fhirionn,
Cha bhuachaille bhò 'sa 'n innis,
Ceann-fheadhna greadhnach gun ghiorraig,
Marcaib nan steud 's leoir a mhire,
Bhuidhneadh na cruintean d'a ghilleann,
'S nach seachnadh an toir iomairt,
Ghaolaich na 'n deanadh tu pilleadh,
Gheibheadh tu na bhiodh tu sireadh,
Ged a chaillinn ris mo chinneach—
Pòg o ghrugach dhuinn an fhirich.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

'S truagh nach eil mi mar a b' àit leam,
Ceann Mhic-Cailein ann am achlais,
Cailein liath 'n deigh a chasgairt,
'S a 'n Crunair an deigh a ghilacadh,
Bu shunndach a gheibhinn cadal,
Ged a b' i chreag chruaidh mo leabaidh.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

M' eudail thu dh' fheara' na dèilinn,
'S math 's eol dhorn do shloinneadh innse,
'S cha b' ann an cagar fo 's 'n iosal,
Tha do dhreach mar dh' òrdaich rìgh e,
Falt am boineid tha sìnneach,
Sàr mhusg ort no cuilibhear,
Dh'eighte geard an cuirt an rìgh leat,
Ceist na 'm ban o 'n Chaisteal Ìleach,
Dorn geal mu 'n dean an t-òr sniamhan.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Domhnallach gasla mo ghaoil thu,
'S cha b' e Mac Dhonnachai Ghlinne-Faochain.
Na duine bha beò dheth dhaoine,
Mhic an fhir o thùr na faoileachd,

Far an tig an long fo h-aodach,
Far an òlte fion gu greadhnach.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's e mo rùn an t-òigear,
Fiughantach aigeantach spòrsail,
Ceannard da ceathairne moire,
'S mise nach diultadh do chòmhradh,
Mar ri cuideachd no am onar,
Mhic an fhir o 'n innis cheolar,
O 'n tìr am faighte na geoidh-ghlas,
'S far am faigheadh fir fhalamh stòras.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Bhuailte creach a's speach mhor leat,
'S cha bhiodh chridhe tigh'n a t-fheoraich,
Aig a liuthad Iarla a's mòrair,
Thigeadh a thoirt mach do chòrach,
Thig Mac-Shimidh, thig Mac-Leod ann,
Thig Mac-Dhonnach duibh o Lochaidh,
Bidh Sir Seumus ann le mhor fhir.
Bidh na b' annsa Aonghas òg ann,
'S t-fhuil gheadhnach fein bhi ga dortadh,
'S deas tarraim nan geur lann gleoiste.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

'S na 'n saoilendh cinneadh t-athar,
Gu 'n deanadh Granntaich do ghleidheadh,
'S ioma fear gunna agus claidheamh,
Chotaichean uain' 's bbreacan dhathan,
Dh' eireadh leat da thaobh na h-amhuinn,
Cho lionmhor ri ibht an draighinn.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's iad mo run an comunn,
Luchd na 'n cul buidhe a's donna,
Dheanadh an t-iubhar a chromadh,
Dh' oladh fion dearg na thonnadh,
Thigeadh steach air mointich Thollaidh,
'S a thogadh creach o mhuinntir Thomaidh.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Note.—As the air to which this piece is sung is rather a kind of irregular chant than a tune, the poetess was not necessitated to make all her stanzas of equal length. We know of other even good songs in similar style; and, perhaps, it is in some measure owing to this circumstance that the fertility of imagination, and raciness of language, so apparent in the compositions of some of our untutored bards is to be attributed. *Marbhrann Iain ghairbh*, at page 26, is an instance of this.

SILIS NIGHEAN MHIC RAONAILL.

CICELY OF JULIAN M'DONALD lived from the reign of Charles II. to that of George I. She was daughter to *Mac Raognhaill na Ceapach*, and of the Roman Catholic persuasion. Consequently she was an enemy to Protestantism, and hence devoted the earliest efforts of her muse against the House of Hanover. It is said that in her young days she was very frolicsome. She then composed epigrams, some of which are very clever, and in our possession. She was married to a gentleman of the family of Lovat, and lived with him in *Moràghach Mhic-Shimidh*, a place which she describes in a poem, as bare and barren in comparison to her native Lochaber. This celebrated piece begins with, "*A theanga sin 'sa theanga shròil*," which was the first piece she composed after her marriage. During her residence in the North she composed "*Slan gu bràch le ceòl na clàrsaich*," as a lament for Lachlan M'Kinnon the blind harper. This harper was a great favourite of our poetess, and used to spend some of his time in her father's family. He was also in the habit of paying her a yearly visit to the North, and played on his harp while she sung:—

“Nuair a ghlacadh tu do chlàrsach,
Sa bhiodh tu ga gleusadh laimh rium,
Cha mhat a thuigte le umaidh,
Do chuir chiul-sa, 's mo ghabhail dhan-sa.”

During her residence in the North she composed several short pieces, among which is an answer to a song by Mr M'Kenzie of Gruineard called "*An obair nogha*." Her husband died of a fit of intoxication, while on a visit to Inverness. She composed an elegy on him which is here given. The song "*Alasdair a Glinne-Garaidh*" is truly beautiful, and has served as a model for many Gaelic songs. After the death of her husband, she was nearly cut off by severe illness; and upon her recovery, engaged her muse in the composition of hymns, some of which are still in use, as appears from a Hymn-book printed at Inverness in 1821. She lived to a good old age, but the time of her death is uncertain.

MARBHRANN AIR BAS A FIR.

'S i so bliadhna 's faid' a chlaoidh mi,
Gu'n cheol gu'n aighear gun fhaolteas,
Mi mar bhàt air tràigh air sgaoileadh,
Gun stiùir, gun seòl, gun ràmh, gun taoman.

*O 's coma' leam fhìn na co dhiubh sin,
Mìre, no aighear, no sùgradh,
'N dìugh o shìn mi 'r'a chumntadh,
'S e ceann na bliadhna thug riadh dhìom dùbailt.*

'S i so bliadhna 'a chaisg air m' àilleas,
Chuir mi fear mo thaighe 'n càradh,
'N ciste chaoil 's na saoir 'ga sàbhadh;
O! 's mis tha faoin 's mo dhaoine air m' fhàgnail.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Chaill mi sin 's mo chuilean gràdhach,
Bha gu foinnidh, fearail, àillidh,

Bha gun bheum, gun leum, gun ardan ;
Bha guth a bheil mar theud na clàrsaich.
O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Ma 's beag leam sud fhuair mi bàrr air
Ceann mo stuic is pròip nan càirdean,
A leag na ceud le bheum 's na blàraibh,
Ga chuir fo 'n fhòd le òl na gràisge.
O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Cìod na creachan a thug bhuainn thu ?
Thug do dh' Inbheirnis air chuairt thu,
Dh' òl an fhiona lùs du ghruaidhean
'S a dh'fhag thu d' chorp gu'n lot gun luaidhe.
O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

'S mòr a tha gun fhios do d' chairdean
Sau tìr mhoir tha null o 'n t-sàile,
Thu bhi aig na Gaill ga d' chàradh
'S do dhuthaich féin ga mòrt' le nàmhaid.
O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Bu tu 'n Curaidh fuilteach, buailteach,
Ceannsgalach, borh, laidir, uasal,
Na 'm b' ann am blàr no 'n spàirn a bhuailt' thu,
Gu 'm biodh do chairdean a' tàir-leum suas orr'.
O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Curaidh gasta, crodha, fùmail,
Tionnsgalach, garg, beodha, euchdach ;
'N Coille-chrìochnaich 's là an t-sléibhe,
Bu luath do lann 's bu teann do bheumhan.
O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Mo chreach long nan leoghann garga,
Nam brataichean sròil 's nan dath dearga,
Gur tric an t-eug gu geur g'ur sealg-sa
Leagail bbur cranu-siùil gu fàirge.
O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Nise bho na dh'fhalbh na braithrean
'S nach eil ach Uilleam dhiu lathair,
A rìgh mhoir, ma 's deonach dàil da,
Gus an dìong an t-oighre t-àite.
O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Ach a rìgh mhoir tog 's an aird iad,
Mar chraoibh ubhlan, mbeulair mhiaghair,
Mar ghallan ùr nach lùb droch aimsir,
Mar phreasa fiona 's Bionmhor leannhuinn.
O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

O 's e so deireadh 'n t-saoghail bhrionnaich
Aird-rìgh dean sinn orsta cuimhneach ;
An deigh an latha thig an oidhche
'S thig an t-aog air claochladh *Staidhle*.
O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

MARBHRANN

DO DH' ALASTAIR DUBH GHLENNE-GARAIDH

ALASDAIR a gleanna-garadh,
Thug thu 'n diugh gal air mo shàilean,
'S beag ioghnadh mi bhi trom ereucindach,
Gur tric g'ar reubadh as ùr sinn,
'S deachdar dhomhsa bhi gun 'n esnaidh,
'S meud an dosgaidh th'air mo chàirdean,
Gur tric an t-eug oirn a' gearradh,
Tagha nan darag is airde.

Chaill sinn ionnan agus còmhla,
Sir Dòmhnall, a mbae, 'sa bhrathair,
Cìod e 'm feum dhuinn bhi ga ghearan ?
Dh-fhan Mac-'Ie-Ailein sa bhlàr bhuain,
Chaill sinn darag laidir liath-ghlas,
Bha cumhail dìon air a chairdean,
Capull-coille bharr na giubhsaich,
Seobhag sul-ghorm, lugh-mhor, laidir.

Dh-fhalbh ceann na cèille 's na comhairl,
Ann 's gach gnothach am bi cùram,
Aghaidh shocrach, sholta, thaitneach,
Cridhe fial, farsuinn, mu'n chuireadh ;
Bu tu tagha nan sàr-ghaisgeach,
Mo ghualainn thaice-'s,—mo dhinbhal ;
Smiorail, fearail, foineamb, treabhach,
Ceann-feadhna chaill Seumas Stiubhart.

Na b' ionnan do chach 's do ghoill,
Mu'n dh-imich an long a mach,
Cha rachadh i rithist air sàil,
Gun 'n fhios eua fath a thug i steach,
Ach 'nuair chunaig sibh an tràth sin,
A bhi g'ar fagal air faon thragh,
Bhrìst bbur cridheachan le mulad,
'S leir a bhuil cha robh sibh saogh'lach.

Bu tu'n lasair dhearg g'an losgadh,
'S bu tu sgoiltcadh iad gu'n sailtean,
Bu tu gualann chur a chatha,
Bu tu'n laoch gun atha làimhe,
Bu tu'm bradan ann san fhior-nisg,
Fior-eun on ealtainn is airde,
Bu tu'n leoghann thar gach beathach,
'S bu tu damh leathann na cràice.

Bu tu loch nach faighe thaonadh,
'S tu tobar faoilidh na slainte,
'S tu Beinn-Neamhais thar gach aonach,
Bu tu chreag nach fhaicte thearnadh,
Bu tu clach mhuillich a chaistail,
Bu tu leac leathann na sràide,
Bu tu leig loghmhor nam buadhan,
Bu tu clach uasal an fhàine.

Bu tu'n t-iubhair as a choille,
 Bu tu'n darach dainghean laidir,
 Bu tu'u cuileann bu tu'n dreaghunn,
 Bu tu'n t-abhall molach blath-nìhor,
 Cha robh meur annad do' chritheann,
 Cha robh do dhlighe ri fearna,
 Cha robh do chairdeas ri leamhan,
 Bu tu leannan nam ban àluinn.

Bu tu céile na mnà priseil,
 'S oil leam fhìn ga dìth an drasd thu,
 Ge d' nach ionnan dhomhsa is dhì-se
 'S goirt a tha mi-fhìn ma càradh,
 H-uile bean a bhios gun chéile,
 Guidheadh i Mac Dhé na àite,
 O 's e 's urrainn bhi ga combnadh,
 Anns gach leon a chuireas càs oirr'.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * * †

Guidheam do mhaic bhi na t-àite,
 'An saibhreas au àiteas 's an cùram,
 Alasdair a Gleanna-Garadh,
 Thug thu 'n diugh gal air mo shuilean.

THA MI AM CHADAL &c.

DO DH FHEACHD RIGH SEUMAS.

Gua diombach mi 'n iomairt,
 Chuir gach fin' air fògradh;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi
 Gun aighear gun eibhneas,

† The above four lines are lost.

'S gu'n reiteach o Dheòrsa;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.
 Gur h-ioma bean uasal,
 Tha gu h-uaigneach na seomar,
 Gun aighear gun eibhneas,
 'S i 'g eiridh na h-onar,
 Sior chaidh na 'n uaislean,
 A fhuair iad ri phòsadh;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.

Mo thruaighe a chlann,
 Nach robh gann na 'n *curaisde*;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi,
 'N am hualadh na 'n lann,
 An am na 'm buileanan;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.
 Ge d' tha sibh 'sa'n àm,
 Feadh ghleann a's mhunainean,
 Gu nochd sibh 'ur ceann
 'N am teandachd mar churaidhnean,
 'Nuair thig Seumas a nall,
 'Si bhur lann bhios foileachdach.
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.

'S e rìgh na muice,
 'S na Cuigse, rìgh Deòrsa;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi,
 Mu 'n tig oirnn an t-samhainn,
 Bidh amhach 's na còrdaibh;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi;
 Na 'n eireadh sibh suas,
 Le cruadal a's duinealachd,
 Eadar islean a's uaislean,
 Thuath agus chumanta,
 'S gu'n sgiùrsadh sibh uaibh e,
 Rìgh fuadain nach buineadh dhuinn;
 Dheunainn an cadal gu sunndach leibh.

NIALL MAC-MHUIRICH.

NEIL MACVURICH, the family bard and historian of Clanronald, *Mac-Dhònuill, Mhic-'Ic-Ailein*, was born in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He lived in South Uist, where he held a possession of land which is known to this day, as marked out and designated *Baile-bhàird*, i. e. the bard's farm. He was of a succession of poets that the illustrious family kept to record the history of their ancestors, and to fill the station so indispensably requisite in those days, in the halls of chiefs of renown. There were several poets of the name of *Mac-Mhuirich*, lineal descendants of the same man, who were distinguished from each other in various ways, as specified in the brief account given of *Lachunn mor Mac-Mhuirich Albannaich*; Neil was simply, if not emphatically, called *Niall Mac-Mhuirich*, Clanronald's *Seanachaidh*, or family historian.

He had written, in the Gaelic language, the history of the great clan whose records he kept, and the strains in which distinguished individuals were commemorated for their talents and prowess. But he satisfied not himself with writing what related to the family that honoured him with the office of bard: he likewise had written ancient poetry, and the history of past times.—See the Highland Society's account of the *Red Book*.

While this celebrated bard was most careful in recording every thing worthy of preservation, it is to be regretted that so little of his own history and works have been preserved. This has been often the case with men of genius. Very few Gaelic bards were at the trouble of writing their own productions: they trusted too much to memory; seldom reflected on what might happen in the lapse of time; never apprehended that succeeding generations would be indifferent about what seemed to them to be of the greatest moment. Neil M'Vurich, while he adopted the best method of handing down to posterity the invaluable relics of antiquity, might not think it worth his trouble to write his own poems, or record any anecdotes concerning himself. These, like many others, have been lost, with the exception of the two pieces given in this work. He lived to a great age, and was an old man in 1715.

To throw more light on the history of this tribe of poets, we beg to give the following, which is a copy of the declaration of Lachlan M'Vurich, a son of the bard, written in Gaelic, and addressed to Henry M'Kenzie, Esq., at the time he was writing the Highland Society's report of Ossian:—

BARRA, 9th August, 1800.

ANN an taigh Phadruig Mhic-Neacail an Torluim goirid o Chaisteal Bhuirghi ann an Siorramachd Inbbernis, a naoidhamh lutha de chiad mhios an fhoghair, anns an dà fhichead bliadhna agus naoidh-deug d'a aois, thainig Lachlunn mac Nèill, mhic Lachluinn, mhic

Nèill, mhic Dhòmhnuill, mhic Lachuinn, mhic Nèill mhòir, mhic Lachuinn,* mhic Dhòmhnuill, do shloinne chlann Mhuirich, ann an lathair Ruairidh Mhic Nèill tighearna Bhàra, thabhairt a chòdaich, mar is fiosrach e-san, gur e fèin an t-òchdamh glùn dèug o Mhuireach a bha leanmhunn teaghlaich Mhic-Ic-Ailein, ceannard Chlann-Raonull, mar bhardaibh,

* This is LACHUNN MOR MAC MUIRICH ALBANNAICH, or Lachlan mòr MacVuirich of Scotland, the second of this famous tribe of bards.

Where there are several individuals of the same name, it is necessary to have some marks to distinguish them. This has been always attended to by the Gaël though in various ways. It is common to call persons by their patronimics; and among clans, where many have the same name and surname, they could not be distinctly called and recognised otherwise: instead of saying Alexander M'Donald, where two, three, or four were found of the same name, in the same place, they called one, Alexander, the son of Allan, the son of John; another, Alexander, the son of Donald, the son of Neil; and another, the son of Rory, the son of Dugald, &c.

The Gaelic language being susceptible of describing beings and objects most minutely; individuals are frequently distinguished and described from their appearance, or qualities external and internal. Thus our author has been called Lachlann Mòr, in contradistinction to another of the same name who was less. *Mòr* signifies great in respect of one's person or mind. Its literal meaning is magnitude, and this is the sense in which it has been applied here. But there is another mark by which this bard was distinguished, namely, by his country, Albanach, or of Scotland. Irish bards, or minstrels, were once no strangers in Scotland, and especially the Highlands; for Albainn, the Gaelic term for Scotland, had been particularly applied to the Highlands. The cognomen, Albannach, had been given Lachlan mòr MacVuirich *emphatically*, being the great poet of his day. The language of the two countries being the same, the Scottish Highlanders and Irish understood each other; and there was frequent intercourse between them. They, in fact, were originally the same people; and, instead of disputing about the origin of the one or the other, historians ought to regard them as one and the same, removing from the one kingdom to the other as occasion or necessity required. Of the works of this famous poet, all now extant is an extraordinary one—a war song, composed almost wholly of epithets arranged in alphabetical order, to rouse the Clan Donnill to the highest pitch of enthusiasm before the battle of Harlaw. This poem is entitled in Gaelic:—"BROSNACHA-CATHA LE LACHUNN MÒR MAC MUIRICH ALBANNAICH DO DHOMHNUILL A LE RÌGH-INNSE-GALL AGUS FARLA ROIS LATHA MACHRAICH CIATH-GAIRIACH."* The piece has a part for every letter in the Gaelic alphabet till near the end consisting altogether of three hundred and thirty-eight lines. It would occupy too much space to print it in this work. Here follow the two first, and also the thirteen last lines of the poem:—

A chlanna Cuinn cuimhneichibh,
Cruas an am na h-iorghuill.

* * * * *

Gu ur-labhrach, ùr-lambach neart-mhor,

Gu coisneadh na cath-làrach,

Ri bruidhne 'ur biobhaidh,

A chlanna Chuinn cheud-chathaich,

'Si nis uair 'ur n'aithnaichidh.

A chuileanan chonfhadach,

A bheirichean bunanta,

A leoghainnean lan-ghasta

Aon-chonnaibh iorghuilleach

De laochaibh chrodha, choranta

De chlannaibh Chùinn cheud-chathaich

A chlanna Chuinn, cuimhneichibh

Cruas an am na h-iorghuill.

This poem is very valuable in two respects,—First, it is the best proof that could be given of a language, so copious and abounding in epithets, that the number poured out under each letter is almost incomprehensible. What command of language! How well deserved our bard the

* This battle was fought, anno 1411, at a small village called Harlaw, in the district of Garioch, within ten miles of Aberdeen. The cause of it was this:—Walter Lesly, a man nobly born, succeeded to the Earldom of Ross, in right of his lady, who was daughter of that house. He had by her a son, who succeeded him, and a daughter, who was married to the Lord of the Isles. His son married a daughter of the duke of Albany, son of Robert II., at that time governor of Scotland; but dying young, left behind him only one child. It is said that she was somewhat deformed, and rendered herself a Religious. From her the governor easily procured a resignation of the Earldom of Ross in favour of John earl of Buchan, his second son, to the prejudice of Donald lord of the Isles, who was grandson of the said Lesly, and supposed the nearest heir. He claimed his right accordingly, but finding the governor, who probably regarded him already as too powerful a subject, not inclined to do him that justice he expected, he immediately raised an army of no less than 10,000 men within his own isles, and putting himself at their head, made a descent on the continent, and, without opposition, seized the lands of Ross, and after increasing his army with the inhabitants, he continued his march from Ross until he came to Garioch, within ten miles of Aberdeen, ravaging the countries through which he passed, and threatening to enrich his men with the wealth of that town. But before he could reach that place, his career was stopped by Alexander Stewart, the grandson of Robert II., and earl of Marr. For this brave youth, by orders from the governor, drew together, with great expedition, almost all the

agus o an àm sin gu robh fearann Staoileagairi agus ceithir peighinean do Dhrìomasdal aca mar dhuais bàrdachd o linn gu linn, feadh chuig ghluin-déug: Gu'n do chuill an siathamh-glun déug ceithir peighinean Dhrìomasdail, ach gu do ghleidh an seachdamh glùn diu fearann Staoileagairi fad naoi bliadhna déug de dh' aimsir, agus gu robh am fearann sin air a cheangal dhaibh ann an còir fhad 's a bhiodh fear do Chlann-Mhuirich ann, a chumadh suas sloinnadh agus seanchas Chlann-Dòmhnail; agus bha e mar fhuachan orra, 'nuair nach biodh mac aig a bhàrd, gu tugadh e fòghlam do mhac a bhrathar, no dha oighre, chum an còir air an fhearann a ghleidheadh, agus is ann a rèir a chleachdaidh so fhuair Niall, athair féin, ionnsachadh gu leughadh, sgrìobhadh, èachdrai agus bàrdachd, o Dhòmhnall mac Nèill mhic Dhòmhnail, brathair athar.

Tha cuimhne mhath aige gu robh "Saothair Oisein" sgrìobht' ar craicnean ann an glèidhteanas athar o shinnsiribh; gu robh cuid dheth na craicnean air an deanamh suas mar leabhraichean, agus cuid eile fuasgailt o chéile, anns an robh cuid do shaothair bhàrd eile, bharachd ar "Saothair Oisein."

Tha cuimhne aige gu robh leabhar aig athair ris an canadh iad an "Leabhar dearg," de phaipeir, a thainig o shinnsiribh, anns a robh mòran do shean eachdraidh nam fineachan Gàelach, agus cuid de "Shaothair Oisein" mar bha athair ag innseadh dha. Chan eil a h-aon de na leabhraichean so r'a fhaotainn an diugh, thaobh is 'nuair a chaill iad am fearann, gu do chaill iad am misneach agus an dùrachd. Cha'n eil e cinnteach ciod e thainig ris na craicnean, ach gu bheil barail aige gun tug Alasdair mac Mhaighstir Alasdair 'Ic-Dhòmhnail ar falbh cuid diubh, agus Raonull a mhac cuid eile dhiubh; agus gum fac e dha no trì dhiubhaig tàileirean ga 'n gearradh sìos gu eriosan tomhais: Agus tha cuimhne mhath aige gu tug Mac-'Ic-Ailein air athair an "Leabhar dearg" a thabhairt seachad do Sheumas Mac Mhuirich a Bàideanach; gu robh e goirid o bhi cho tiugh ri Bioball, ach gu robh e na b' fhaide agus na bu leatha, ach nach robh ùrad thiughaid sa chòmhaid; gu robh na craicnean agus an "Leabhar dearg" air an sgrìobhadh anns an làimh anns an robh Gàellig air a sgrìobhadh o shean an Albainn agus ann an Eirinn, mu'n do ghabh daoine cleachdadh air sgrìobhadh na Gàellig anns an làimh Shasunnaich; gum b'aithne dha athair an t-shean làmh a leughadh gu math; gu robh cuid de na craicnean aige féin an deigh bàis athar, ach a thaobh is nach d' ionnsaich e iad, agus nach robh aobhar meas aig' orra, gu deach' iad ar chall. Tha e ag ràdh nach robh h-aon de shinnsiribh air a robh Pall mar ainm, ach gu robh dìthis dhiubh ris an canadh iad Cathal.

Tha e 'g ràdh nach ann le h-aon duine a sgrìobhadh an "Leabhar dearg," ach gu robh adnomen Albanach! He lived in the fifteenth century. He could not be ignorant of letters. He was well acquainted with all the idioms of his native language, and had the greatest command over its powers and energies. Nor was he ignorant of the genius of the people whom he addressed. Clann-Dòmhnail was the most powerful of the clans in his time. They were foremost in battle, and entitled to take the right in the field; which was never disputed, till the battle of Culloden, which proved so fatal to many. Our poet, therefore, exhausted the almost exhaustless *copia verborum* of the language, for the purpose of infusing the spirit of the greatest heroism and love of conquest into the breasts of the warriors.

nobility and gentry between the two rivers Tay and Spey, and with them met the invader at the place above mentioned, where a long, uncertain, and bloody battle ensued; so long, that nothing but the night could put an end to it; so uncertain, that it was hard to say who had lost or gained the day; so bloody, that one family is reported to have lost the father and six of his sons. The earl of Marr's party, who survived, lay all night on the field of battle; while Donald, being rather wearied with action than conquered by force of arms, thought fit to retreat, first to Ross, and then to the Isles.—*Abercromby's Hist.*

e air a sgrìobhadh o linn gu linn le teaghlach Chlann-Mhuirich, a bha cumail suas seana-chas Chlainn-Dòmhnuill, agus ceannardan nam fincachan Gàèlach eile.

An deigh so a sgrìobhadh, chaidh a leughadh dha, agus dh-aidich e gu robh e ceart, ann an làthair Dhòmhnuill Mhic-Dhòmhnuill, fear Bhaile Raghaill; Eoghain Mhic-Dhòmhnuill, fear Ghcara-sheilich; Eoghan Mhic-Dhòmhnuill Fear Ghriminis; Alasdair Mhic-Ghill-eain, fear Hoster, Alasdair Mhic-Neacail, ministear Bheinne-bhaoghla; agus Ailein Mhic-Chuinn, ministear Uist-a-Chinne-tuath, a fear asgrìobh a seanachas so.

(Signed)

LACHUNN X MAC-MHUIRICH.

RUAIRIDH MAC-NEILL, J.P.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

In the house of Patrick Nicolson, at Torlum, near Castle-Burgh, in the shire of Inverness, on the ninth day of August, appeared in the fifty-ninth year of his age, Lachlan, son of Neil, son of Lachlan, son of Neil, son of Donald, son of Lachlan, son of Neil *Mòr*, son of Lachlan, son of Donald, of the surname of Mac Vuirich, before Roderick M'Neil, laird of Barra, and declared, That, according to the best of his knowledge, he is the eighteenth in descent from Muireach, whose posterity had officiated as bards to the family of Clanronald; and that they had from that time, as the salary of their office, the farm of Staoilgarry and four *pennies* of Drimisdale during fifteen generations; that the sixteenth descendant lost the four *pennies* of Drimisdale, but that the seventeenth descendant retained the farm of Staoilgarry for nineteen years of his life. That there was a right given them over these lands as long as there should be any of the posterity of Muireach to preserve and continue the genealogy and history of the Macdonalds, on condition that the bard, failing of male issue, was to educate his brother's son, or representative, in order to preserve their title to the lands; and that it was in pursuance of this custom that his own father, Neil, had been taught to read and write history and poetry by Donald, son of Neil, son of Donald, his father's brother.

He remembers well that works of Ossian, written on parchment, were in the custody of his father, as received from his predecessors; that some of the parchments were made up in the form of books, and that others were loose and separate, which contained the works of other bards besides those of Ossian.

He remembers that his father had a book which was called the *Red Book*, made of paper, which he had from his predecessors, and which, as his father informed him, contained a good deal of the history of the Highland Clans, together with part of the works of Ossian. That none of these books are to be found at this day, because when they (his family) were deprived of their lands, they lost their alacrity and zeal. That he is not certain what became of the parchments, but thinks that some of them were carried away by Alexander, son of the Rev. Alexander Macdonald, and others by Ronald his son; and he saw two or three of them cut down by tailors for measures. That he remembers well that Clanronald made his father give up the red book to James Macpherson from

Badenoch; that it was near as thick as a Bible, but that it was longer and broader, though not so thick in the cover. That the parchments and the red book were written in the hand in which the Gaelic used to be written of old both in Scotland and Ireland before people began to use the English hand in writing Gaelic; and that his father knew well how to read the old hand. That he himself had some of the parchments after his father's death, but that because he had not been taught to read them, and had no reason to set any value upon them, they were lost. He says that none of his forefathers had the name of Paul, but that there were two of them who were called Cathal.

He says that the red book was not written by one man, but that it was written from age to age by the family of Clan Mhuirich, who were preserving and continuing the history of the Macdonalds, and of other heads of Highland clans.

After the above declaration was taken down, it was read to him, and he acknowledged it was right, in presence of Donald M'Donald of Balronald, James M'Donald of Garyhelich, Ewan Mac Donald of Griminish, Alexander Mac Lean of Hoster, Mr Alexander Nicolson, minister of Benbecula, and Mr Allan Mac Queen, minister of North-Uist, who wrote this declaration.

(Signed)

LACHLAN X MAC VUIRICH.

RODERICK MAC NIEL, J.P.

ORAN. DO MHAC-MHIC-AILEIN.*

Gum è naigheachd na ciadain,
Rinn mo chruitheachd a shiaradh.
Le liunn-dubh, 's le bròn cianail,
Gu'n dhrìdh i trom air mo chrìochaibh,
Mo sgeul duilich nach iarr,
Mi 'ur còmhraidh.
Mo sgeul, &c.

M' uaidh, m' aighear, is m' aiteas,
Tha fo bhinn aig fir shasain.
Ar tighearn' òg maiseach,
An t-ogh ud Iarla nam bratach.
Mac an fhìr thug dhomh fasga
'Nuair b' òg mi.
Mac an fhìr, &c.

'S truagh gu'n mise bhì lamh ruit,
'Nuair a leagadh 's bhlàr thu,
Gu cruaidh curanta lairdir,
Agus spionnadh nan Gàidh,

Nàile dhiolainn do bhàs,
Dheanainn feòlach,
Nàile dhiolainn, &c.

Uidhist aighearach, éibhinn,
Dhubhach, ghalanach, dheurach,
Nis o rug ort am beum so.
'S goirt r'a fhulang ni 's éiginn,
Liuthad fear a tha 'n deigh air
Mac-Dhomhnuill.
Liuthad fear, &c

Cha 'n é 'n Domhnull sin roimhe,
Ach mac sin Dhomhnuill ogh lain,
Ailean aoibhinn an aigheir,
Urram féile; rìgh flatha,
Ceannard meaghreach gu caitheamh
Na mòr-chuis.
Ceannard, &c.

'Nuair a chìradh am feasgar,
Gum biodh branndaidh ga lèsgadh.
Fion Frangach ga chosg leilich.

* The bard composed this song when a very old man, on hearing that his master was wounded at Shirriffmuir.

Coinnlein cèire gan losgadh,
Sàr Cheann-feadhna 'toirt brosnachadh,
Ceòil duibh.
Sàr Cheann-feadhna, &c.

Gum biodh fìdheall ga rùsgadh;
Buidheann thaitneach air ùrlar,
Pìob a 'sgala nan sìonnas,
Fuaim talla r'a chùil sin,
'G iomairt chleas air chrìos chùil
Nam fear òga.
'G iomairt chleas, &c.

M' ulaidh m'aighear am fùran,
An t-Ailean aighearach aoidheil,
Bha gu macanta miùnte,
Dh-fhàs gu h-aigeanach ùiseil,
Fhuair mi aoibhneas a d' chùirt,
Cha be'n dòlum,
Fhuair mi, &c.

Bu tu m' urram is m' aunsachd,
Cha seinn mi eachdraidh do bhàis ort,
Aig eagal droch fhàisneachd,
'N dùil gum faiceamsa slàn thu,
Mar a faig gun toir Gàidlig,
Nì's mò bhuam.
Mar a faic, &c.

Tha mi sgèth 's gu'n mi ullamb,
S mi 'n deigh mo chuire,
Gu'n dùil ri sud tuille;
B'fhearr nach bitheadh na h-urrad,
O'n là chualas gu'n chuireadh
Do leòn ort.
O'n là, &c.

MARBH-RANN MHIC-'IC-AILEIN.

A MHAIRBHADH SA BHLADHNA 1716.

Oen! a Mhuire mo dhunaidh,
Thu bhi d' shìneadh air t-nìlun,
An taigh mòr Mhoirear Drumad,
Gun ar dùil ri d' theachd tuille,
Le fàilte 's le fùran,
Dh-fhios na dùthcha da'm buineadh,
A charaid Iarla Choig-Ulainn,
'S goirt le ceannard fir Mhuile do dhiol.
'S goirt le ceannard, &c.

Dh-fhalbh Dòmhnall nan Dòmhnall
A's an Raonall a b' òige,
S Mac-'Ic-Alastair Chnoideart,
Fear na misniche mòire,
Dh-fhenc am beireadh iad beo ort,

Cha ro'n sud dhaibh ach gòrraich,
Feum cha robh dhaibh nan tòireachd,
'S ann a fhuair iad do chòmhra gu'n chli.
'S ann a fhuair iad do chòmhra, &c.

Mo chreach mhòr mar a thachair,
'S è chuir tur stad air m' aiteas,
T-fhuil mhòrghalach reachdar,
Bhi air bòcadh a d' chraiceann,
Gun seòl air a casgadh;
Bu tu rìgh nam fear feachda,
A chum t-onoir is t-fheal,
'S cha do phill thu le gealtachd a mìos.
'S cha do phill thu le geallachd, &c.

Mo cheist ceannard Chlann-Raonuill,
Aig am biodh na cinn-fheadhna,
Na fir ùr air dheagh fhoghlum,
Nach iarradh de'n t-shaoghal,
Ach airm agus aodach,
Le 'n cuilbheirean caola,
Sheasadh iad air an aodann,
Riun iad sud is cha d'fhoad iad do dhìon.
Rinn iad sud, &c.

'S mòr gàir ban do chinuidh,
O'n a thòisich an iomairt,
An sgeul a fhuair iad chuir tiom orr',
T-fhuil chraobhach a' sìleadh,
'S i dortadh air mhìre,
Gu'n seòl air a pilleadh,
Ge d' tha Raonall a d'ionad,
'S mòr ar call ged a chinneadh an rìgh.
'S mòr ar call ge do chinneadh, &c.

'S trom putthar na luaidhe,
'S goirt 's gur chumhann a bualadh,
Nach do ruith i air t-uaelhar,
'Nuair a dh-ionntrair iad uath thu,
Thug do mhuinntir gàir chruaidh asd;
Ach 's è òrdugh a fhuair iad,
Ceum air 'n aghaidh le cruadal,
'S a bhi leantainn na ruaig air a druim.
'S a bhi leantainn na ruaig, &c.

Dheagh Mhic-Ailein mhic Iain,
Cha robh leithid do thaighe,
Ann am Breatann r'a fhaighinn;
Taigh mor fughantach, flatbail,
'M bu mhòr sùgradh le h-aighear,
Bhiodh na h-uaislean ga thaghaich,
Rinn iad coims' air do chartheamh,
Ann an toiseach an latha dol sìos.
Ann an toiseach an latha, &c.

'S iomadh gruagach 's bréideach,
Eadar Uidhist is Sléibhte,
Chaidh am mugha mu d' dheibhinn,
Laidh sinail air na spéuraibh,

Agus sneachd air na gèugaibh,
Ghuil eunlaith an t-shléibhe,
O'n là chual iad gun d' eug thu,
A cheann uidhe nan ceud bu mhór prìs.
A cheann-uidhe nan ceud, &c.

Gheibht' a d' bhaile ma fheasgar,
Smùid mhòr, 's cha b' è 'n greadan ;
Fìr ùr agus fìr-asgaich,
A' losga' fùdair le beadradh,
Cùirn is cupaichean breaca,
Pìosan òir air an dealtradh,
'S cha b' ann fulamh a gheibht' iad.
Ach gach deoch mar bu neart-mhoire brìgh.
Ach gach mar bu, &c.

'S iomadh clogaid a's targaid,
Agus claidheamh chinn airgeid,
Bhiodh mar coinneamh air ealachuinn,
Dhomhsa b' aithne do sheanchas,
Ge do b' fharsuinn ri leanmhuinn,
Ann an eachdraidh na h-Alba ;
Raonuill òig dean beart ainmeil,
O'n bu dual d'ut o' d' leanmhuinn mòrghniomh.
O'n bu dual, &c.

'S cha bu Iothagan clàta,
Gheibht' ad stàbuill ga'm biathadh ;
Ach eich chruidheacha shrianach,
Bhiodh do mhiol-choin air iallaibh,
'S iad a' feitheamh ri fiadhach,
Ann sua coireanaibh riabbach,
B' è mo chreacha nach do liath thu,
M' an tainig teachdair ga d' iarraidh on rìgh.
M' an tainig teachdair, &c.

Air faighinn an dùrdain soirbh,
Agus a ghòthaich gu loma léir,
Chraobh-sgaoil a chrannghail mar sin,
Ri searbhadas agus ri rùchdail.

Pìob sgreadanach Ian Mhic-Artair,
Mar eun curra air dol air ais,
Lan ronn 's i labhar luirgneach,
Com galair mar ghuilleinich ghlais
Pìob Dhòmhnuill do cheòl na Cruinne,
Crannaghail bhreòite 's breun roi' shluagh,
Cathadh a mùin tro màla gredaidh,
Bo 'n tuil ghraimnde rubaich ruaidh :
Ball Dhòmhnuill is dös na pìoba,
Da bheist chursta ' chlaigeinn mhaoil,
Seinnidh Curra-ghluineach a ghatluim
Fuaime trùileach an tabhainn sheirbh.

Do-cheòl do bhà 'n ifrinn iochdrach,
Faobhar phìoban nan dös crnaidh,
Culaidh a dhùsgadh nan deamhan,
Liùgail do mheir reamhar ruaidh.
Air fheasgar an earraich mùn,
Mar gheum marit caòile trachd gu thus,
Thig sgreadail a chroim riabhaich,
Mar bhr. . . tòine 'n di. . . duibh.
Chuir Vènus a bha seal an Ifrinn,
Mar dhearbhadh sgeul gu fir an Domhain.
Gur h-e corraunach bhan is pìob ghleadhair,
Da leannan ciuil clus nan Deamhan.

* * * * *

Fàilleadh a ch . . dheth na mhàla
'S fàilleadh a mhàla dheth 'n phìobair.

Note.—The Author of this piece is Niall mòr Mac-Mhuirich. We have heard the following anecdote, in illustration of this poem. Neil had lately returned to his father's house from the bards' college, in Ireland, from whence, along with the stores of genealogical and other lore with which he had stored his head, he had in addition, brought over a back-burden of the small-pox, and was lying asleep, on a settle bed, at the back of the house near the fire, when John and Donald M'Arthur, two pipers, came in, and, sitting down on the bed-stock, began tuning their pipes preparatory to playing. The horrid and discordant sound of the pipes roused the bard, who, bursting with indignation, in the true style of his profession, began to inveigh against the pipers, in the following mock genealogy of the bag-pipe. It would appear from this, as well as from hints in other poems, that the bag-pipe was never a favourite with the bards ; but was rather regarded by them as trenching on their province. The poem was evidently intended to resent the intrusion of the pipers on the bard's slumbers. Nor did it fail of the desired effect ; for, the pipers it seems, had intended to make good their quarters for the night ; but, on hearing the odd and ludicrous invective against their favourite instrument, enunciated from behind them, they started from their seats with astonishment looking round for an explanation. But when the swollen and pocky countenance of Neil met their view, wrought up we may suppose with ordinary excitement, terror added wings to their feet, and they fled in the utmost consternation. Neil's father on hearing the poem to the end exclaimed " *Math thu fein a mhic, tha mis'facinn nach bu thuras caillt' a thug thu dh' Eirenn ;*" i.e. "Well done my son, I see your errand to Ireland has not been lost."

SEANACHAS SLOINNIDH

NA PÌOBA BHO THUS.

AODROMAN muice hō ! hō !
Air a sheideadh gu h-ana-mhòr,
A cheud mhàla nach robh binn,
Thainig o thùs na dillinn.
Bha seal ri aodromain mbue,
Ga lionadh suas as gach pluic,
Craiceann seana mhuil na dhéigh sin,
Re searbhadas agns ri dùrdail.
Cha robh 'n nair sin ann sa phìob,
Ach seansair agus aon lìop,
Agus maide chumadh nam fonn,
Da 'm b'-ainm an sunaire.
Tamnll dàilbh na dheigh sin,
Do fhuair as-innleachd innleachd,
Agus chinnich na trì chroinn innt,
Fear dhiu fada, leobhar, garbh,
Ri dùrdan reamhar ro shearbh.

IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN 'IC-AILEIN.

JOHN M'DONALD, commonly *Iain Dubh Mac Iain 'Ic-Ailein*, i. e. John of black locks, son of John, the son of Allan, was a gentleman of the Clanronald family, and was born about the year 1665. He received all the advantages of education, together with the opportunities that the times in which he lived offered to a man of observation. He was immediately descended from the Maer family—a great branch of the Clanronalds—of whom many individuals were highly distinguished for prowess, wit, and poetical powers. He resided in the island of Eig, on the farm of Grulean.

Mr M'Donald was not a poet by profession, although he was considered by good judges not inferior to any bard of his age. He lived in easy circumstances. Amid his rural pursuits, he had ample time to woo the muses, or pass his leisure as inclination or opportunity occurred. He, therefore, put himself under no restraint, but sung when inspired, and made observations on men and manners; and his remarks were generally allowed to be shrewd and just. Few anecdotes can be expected of a man who passed a quiet life in such circumstances. He always held a respectable rank in society. His poems display taste and elegance, and his compositions, occasional and gratuitous as they were, must have been numerous.

ORAN DO MHAC-MHIC-AILEIN.

A Bhliadhna gus an Aimsir so,
Gu'm b' fhoirmeil sinn an Ormaicleit,
'N cùirt an leughainn mhearcasaithe,
Ge fear-ghalach ro mhorghalach,
Ge smachdail, reachdail calmar' thu,
'S ro-anamanta neo morchuiseach,
Am bèul o'm blasd' thig argamaid,
'S tu dhearbhadh le ccart eòlas i.

Gur h-e fhad 's o'n dh' fhalbh thu uainn,
Dh' fhuag ime-cheisteach an combnaidh sinn,
Gu'm b' fhearr leinn thu bhì sealgaireachd,
Air talamh garbh na mor-thìre,
Thu féin 's do bhuidheann ainmeineach,
Na n éireadh farragradh fôpa-san,
Bhiodh sunndach Inghor arm-cleasach,
Shnagh garbh-bhuilleach, garg, comhragach.

Gu'm bi fid a gheala-bhratach,
'S neo-chearbach an tùs comh-strì i,
Tha chuis ud ar a dhearbhadh leibh,
Aig ro mhiad fearrdha 's cròdhalachd,
A liuthad òigear barrcaideach,
A bhuaileadh tailm le stròic-lannabh,
O Sheile ghlas nan geala-bhradan,
Gu Inbhear gainmhich Mor-thìre.

Tha Cana 's Eig a' gèilleachdainn,
Do 'n treun fhear ud mar nachdaran,
O'n 's ann leatsa dh' eireas iad,
Deun féin gach treud dhiu' bhuachailleachd,
Am fiubhaidh gasda threubhach sin,
Nach labhar beuirtean truaillidh leo,
An laochraidh thaitneach gheur-lannach,
A thèid air ghleus gu fuathasach.

A Uidhist thig na ceudan ort,
 Fir bheir 'a reubadh chuainteannan,
 Nach gabhadh sgreamh no deistinne,
 Roimh fhrasan geur a cruaidh-sheachda,
 Bhur samhail riabh cha d' èirich dhuibh,
 Au làthair feum no cruaidh-chuise,
 Gu cnoidheach, lotach, bèumanach,
 Gu fuilteach, creuchdach, luath-lamhach.

'S mor a bhuaidh 's na tiolaicean,
 'S an inntinn ata fuaighte riut,
 Tha gràdh gach duine chì thu ort,
 Cha 'n eòl dhomh fhìn fear fuatha dhut,
 Fear sgipidh, measail, firineach,
 Fear sìthmalte, sèamh, suairceil thu,
 Fear sunndach, mùirneach, briodalach,
 Sàr chùirteir gu'n ghnìomh buathanta.

Fear borb rò-gharg do-chaisgt thu,
 Na'n èireadh strì no tuasaid ort,
 Do bhuirb ri t-fheirg ga miadachadh,
 'S tu 'n leoghann neimneach, buan-thosgach,
 Mar bhuinne reothairt fìor bhras thu,
 Mar thuinn ri tìr a bualadh thu,
 Mar bharr na lasrach fìor-loisgeach,
 'S tu an dreagan ri linn cruadh-chogaidh.

Mo chionsa an t-àrmunn priseil ud,
 Mo sheobhag fìor-ghlan uasal thu,
 An onoir ghleidh do shìnsireachd,
 'S e miad an gnìomh a fhuair dhaibb i,
 Gu'n d' fhàg iad daingheanu sgriobht agad,
 Fo lamh an rìgh le shuaicheantas,
 Bhiodh t-àrd fhear coimhead dilis air,
 'N uair dh-fhas an rìoghachd tuair-shreupach.

Cur ro glan na friamhaichean,
 'S a fhion-fhuil as 'n do bhuaineadh tu,
 Mo Raonullach bras mìleanta,
 Cruaidh cinnteach de mbein-chruaghach thu,
 Ar caraig dhaighean dhileas thu,
 Cha 'n ann gu'n strì theid gluasad ort,
 Ar ceanna-bbeairt 's ar sgiath dhìdein thu,
 'S ar claidheamb dìreach buan-sheasach.

Bu blàth ann àm na sìochthaimh thu,
 'S bu phrionnsalach ma t-uaislean thu,
 Air mhiad 's ge 'n cosg thu chisìn ris,
 Cha 'n fhaic thu dìth air tuathanach,
 Do bhantraichean 's do dhìleachdain,
 Gur h-e do nì-sa dh' fhuasgladh orr',
 Deanamaid urnaidh dhìcheallach,
 Gu 'n cumadh Chrìosa suas dhuinn thu.

M A R B H R A N N

DO NHAC MHIC-AILEIN.

A bhliadhna leuma d'ar milleadh,
 An cuig-deug 's a mìl' eile,
 'S na seachd ceud a roinn imeachd,
 Chaill sinn ùr-ros ar finne,
 'S geur a leus air ar cinneadh ra'm beò.
 'S gèur a leus air, &c.

Mo sgèul cruaidh 's mo chràdh eridhe,
 Ar triath Raonullach dlitheach,
 Dh-ordaich Dia dhuinn mar thighearn'
 Gu là-bhràth nach dean tighiunn,
 'S tu 'n Iubhir-Phephri fò' rithe na'm bùrd,
 'S tu 'n Iubhir-phephri, &c.

Marcach sunndach nam pillein,
 Air each cruidheach nach pilleadh,
 Nach d' ghabh eòran no giorag,
 An àm dùblachaidh 'n teine,
 Mo sgeul geur bha do spiorad ro-mhor,
 Mo sgeul geur, &c.

Cuirtear aigeantach, mìleant'
 Muirneach, maenasach, fìor-ghlic,
 Ga 'n robh cleachdadh gach tìre,
 Agus fasan gach rìoghachd
 Teanga bhlasda ri inise gach sgeòil.
 Teanga bhlasda, &c.

Leoghann tartarach, meanmnach,
 'S cian 's as fad a chaidh ainm ort,
 Beul a labhradh neo-chearbach,
 Bu mhòr do mheas aig fir Alba,
 'S tu toirt brosnachadh calma do'n t-shlògh.
 'S tu toirt brosnachadh, &c.

Fiuran gasda, deas, dealbhach,
 'Sgàthan tlachdar na h-Armait,
 'N uair a dh èireadh an fhearg ort,
 B' ann air ghile 's fiamh dearg oirr,
 Cha rùit pillidh bha meamna 'n laòich òig.
 Cha rùin pillidh, &c.

Bha thu teom ann 's gach fearra-ghnìomh,
 Bu tu sgiobair na fàirge,
 Ri là cùs 's i tighin gaillbheach,
 'N uair a dheireadh i garbh ort,
 'S tu gu'n diobradh an t-anabhar ma bòrd.
 'S tu gun diobradh, &c.

'N àm siubhal a gharbhlaich.
 Bu tu taghadh an t-shealgair,
 As do lùmh bu mhòr m' earba,
 Air an fhiadh bu tu 'n cealgair,
 'S tu roinn gaoith' agus talmhuinn ma shroin.
 'S tu roinn gaoith, &c.

Oirne dh' imicham fuathas,
An sgrìob so thainig o thuath oirne,
Tha ar càbaill air fuasgladh,
Chaidh ar n-eirthire sguabadh,
A's sinn mar chuileanan cuaine gu'n treòir.
A's sinn mar chuileanan, &c.

Chaill sinn reulla nan dualamh,
Chaidh ar riaghailt a ghluasad,
Ar cairt-iuil air falbh nainne,
Bhrìst ar stinir ; mo cheud truaighe,
Sinn mar luing ann a' chuan 's i gu'n seòl.
Sinn mar luing, &c.

Sinn mar linne gun mhathair,
Mar threud gun bhuachaille gnàthaicht
Sinnfobhruid aig ar nàmhaid,
Il-uile fear a' toirt tàir dhuinn,
'S na coin luirge gach là air ar tòir.
'S no coin luirg, &c.

Dhuinn 's neo-shubhach an geambradh,
An rnaig a thug sinn gu Galltachd,
Cha bu bhuannachd ach call dhuinn,
Nis mar cholaing gun cheann sinn
O roinn Raonull a's t-shambradh nainn fàlbb.
O roinn Raonull, &c.

A gnnòis a b' àillidh ri sirreadh,
An t-shùil bu bhlaithe gu'n tioma,
An leoghann àrd air dheagh-oilean,
'Nach d' chuir ùgh an gnìomh foilleil,
Ach an rioghalachd shoilleir gu'n leòin,
Ach an rioghalachd, &c.

'S oil leam càradh do chéile,
'S bean na h-aonar a'd' dhéidh i,
'N deigh a sgaradh o ceud-gradh,
Mhic 'le-Ailein o'n dheug thu,
Fhir a leanadh an fheidh mar bu chòir.
Fhir a leanadh, &c.

Ach fhir thug Maois as an Euphaid,
'S a sgoilt a mhuir na clàr réidh dhaibh,
Thug an triuir as an èigin
O bhi daghadh an creuchdan ;
A Rìgh nan rìgh na leig encoir da'r còir.
A Rìgh na'n rìgh, &c.

M A R B H R A N N

DO SHIR IAIN MAC-ILLEAN TRIATH DHUBHAIRT.

LOMRAICH mo bheannachd,
Gu Bainn-tighearna Thamair,
Bean 's am beil barrachd,
De charantachd nàduir ;

Chunaic mise gu dligheil,
A suilean ri snithe,
'S i 'g àireamh mar mbi-àdh,
Sior lain da fàgail :
Bha dòrainn a cridhe,
Cho mòire ga ruighinn,
'S mar gu 'm biodh e air tighinn,
O dhearbhadh nighean a màthar :
Gu cronachadh sgéula,
Bhiodh fada 'na dhéigh sin,
Thug Mairread na féile,
Spòr gheur do'n fhear-dhàna.

Nach iongnadh ri ehlàistin,
Gu'm beil mise o cheann fada,
Ann an tureadaich cadail,
Agus m' acaid ro-chraiteach ;
Tha cneidh air mo ghiùlan,
S mi leisg air a dùsgadh,
Air eagal le ' bùrach,
Gun ùraich i'm bàs dhomh,
Gidheadh cha sgeul rùine,
Ach sgeula 's mor cùram,
Sir lain gu'n dùsgadh,
An dlù chiste ehlaraibh ;
B'e so an fhras chiùraidh,
A mhill ar u-abhall's ar u-ubhlán :
Roinn ar dosgainn a chrùnadh,
Fhrois am fùr bhàrr a ghàraidh.

B'e féin ar erann dosrach
A chomhdaich le choltas
Gur á coilltichin solta
'N dh-fhas toiseach a fhreamha
Gu'n dreadhunn gu'n chrìonach,
Gun chrìtheann gu'n chrìn-fhìodh,
Ach geogan ro phriseil,
Do dh-fhìon-fhuil na Spàine,
Bha fios aig luchd leubhaidh,
'S aig seanachaidhean geura,
Air ar teachd o *Ghatelus*,
As an Euphaid a thainig,
Slìochd mhìlidhean treuna,
Fhuair ceannas na h-Eireann,
Mar bha fir na féile,
Agus Eirimon dàna.

O'n ghin sibh o Scota,
Bha bhuaidh air bhur cordaì,
A' dearbhadh 's a còmhach,
Am pòr as an d' fhàs sibh,
Far an gabhadh sibh còmhnaidh,
Bu leibh ceannas na fòid sin,
Le iomadaidh còrach,
Agus moran a bhàrr air,
Ciad nighean Mhic-Domhnuill,
Mar mhairiste pòsda,
B'e n seanaileir còmhraig,
'N ciad Thòisich a's àrmainn.

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O'n shuidhich sibh lù-chairt,
Bha dh-àileachd 'nar n-ùrais,
Gur h-iomarcach dùthaich,
Bh'air an cùinneadh le pairt dhìbh,
Bha de dh-airde 'nar giubhsaich,
'S nach tugadh càch pàle dhìbh,
'S nach bu tric le luchd diumba,
Ar lubadh le tàire,
Ach 's e n rud a thug sgiùrs oirbh,
Gu'm bu chionne le crùn sibh,
'S gu'm b'e dlìgh bhur dùtcheais,
Bhìdh san iùil dhetb 'm biodh iadsan,
Ge d' bha sin ann sa tim sin,
Na mbios 's na mhor mbisleau,
Tha e nis gu truagh fhionte,
Daor trì-fillte pàighte.

Tha seann-fhaical eil ann,
Tha cho fìor 's mar a their iad,
Ge b'e neach air am beir e,
Bh'ìdh chneidh dheireamach craiteach,
Ge d' tha sinne ri achdain,
Na dh-fhalbh e cheann fad orinn,
Bhìodh ar dùil ri bhì beartach,
Na m biodh agaion na dh-fhàg sin,
Ach tha ar nadur cho truaighe,
'S nach faic sinn ar buannachd,
" Cha léir math an fhuarain,
Gus an nàir sin an traigh e,"
Tha e nios na nì' soilleir,
Da'r nabuidhean comuinn,
Gun do bhrìteadh mar phronnaig,
Garn'-droma nan Gàid.

Fear gasda gun chrine,
Bha ainmeil san rìoghachd,
Cha bu tric a luchd mì-roin,
Ri n innseadh no 'n àireamh,
Bu chompanach rìgh thu,
Am fear meannach mor fìr-ghlic,
Cha 'n fhaicte e fò dhiobradh,
Ach am prìsealachd stàta,
Ann an cogadh luchd strìthe,
Cha robh masl' air ri innse,
Ghleidh e onoir a shìnsridh,
'S ann a mbìodaich e n-àrdachd,
Cha robh e, cha b' fhiach leis,
Bhì falbh fò bhrat filte,
Eadar e bhìodh na mhìn-shear,
Agus finid a làithean.

Bha e mor ann a miadachd,
Bha e mor gu bhì rìoghail,

Bha e mor ann an grìde,
Ann am fìrinn 's an càirdeas,
Bu mhor e ri fhaillinn,
Bu mhor air gach achd e,
Bu mhor e na phearsa,
Na ghaslachd 's na àilleachd,
Bha e mor air son diulaioich,
Bha e mor gu bhì sùgach,
Bha e mor an dheagh ghiùlan,
Ann an cuirteannan àrda,
Bha e mor ann a misnich,
Bha e mor ann an gliocas,
Bha e mor gun cheist idir,
'S sàr ghibhteannan naduir.

Na m biodh e ri fhuasgladh,
O n bhàs a thug buaidh air,
Gur a h-iomadh laoch cruadail,
A ghluaiseadh 'na fhabhar,
An t-ainm coitcheanta mor sin,
Ri'n gairte Clann-Dòmhnail,
O thoiseach an còrdaìs,
'S iad bu phòr da chiad màthair,
Agus uaislean nan Leòdach,
Thaobh fala agus feola,
Mur lanain ùr phòsda,
Leis 'm bu deonach bhì' gràdhach,
Chumnaas mar phuthar,
An gruaidhean air dohadh,
Mar gun deanadh lán phiuthar,
Geur chumha ma brathair.

Cia ma 'n fàgann an dlochuimhn',
Dream eile da dhìslean?
Bha na cinn bu mhò prìs dhìo,
Ro dhìleas am pairt dhut,
Fìr ghasda gun chrine,
Bha ainmeil 's an rìoghachd,
Mar bha'n cinneadh mor prìseil,
So shìolaich e Bhàncho,
O thoiseach an dualchais,
Cha robh soal air an cruadal,
Ach 'm beagan beag suarach,
So fhuair iad an dràsda,
'S e n tabhar a lot sinn,
Nach e gnìomh a bha lochdach,
Ach an dearbha mhi-fhorton,
Bha'n toiseach 's an àbhar.

Na m b'aithne dhomh innse,
Bha e mor ann san rìoghachd,
Ann am fala gun isle,
'S ann an lìonmhoireachd chairdean,
Le seanachas ri fìrinn,
O thoiseach an lùne,
'S e fèin 's Iarla-Shì-Phort,
Slìochd dìreachd da brathar,
Agus triath Ghlinne-Garaidh,
Ann an dlù-cheangal fala,

E cho teann air a cheangal,
 'S nach e sgaradh a b'ail leo,
 'S e leantainn o'n tì sin,
 Gu'n mhiosguinn gu'n mbl-ruin,
 'S nach gluasear le innleachd,
 Gu dìlinn 's gu bráth e.

Bu cheart sheannachas, 's cha tagradh,
 Thaobh falachd is caidreamh,
 Dhut Calptin Chlann-ra'uill,
 Bha mar riut, sa' ghàbhadh
 Do chois-nàbhaidh taitneach,
 'S do chompanach leapa,
 N am marcachd a's astair,
 'S 'nuair stadadh am mairsal,
 Bha thu ad t-fhianais air sìleadh,
 A chréichdan, cho-mìre,
 Rì bras easraich pinne,
 'S a spiorad 'ga fhàgail,
 Agus uaislean a dhùthcha,
 Rì caoidhearann tìrsach,
 'S an crìdh air a chiùrradh,
 Ma mbùirneinn nan Gàil.

Thaobh dlìgh' agus dualchais,
 Bu daimheil ma d' ghaillibh,
 Mac-Néill o na cnaintaibh,
 'S a dhaoi' uaisle gu'n tàire,
 'Nuair a dheireadh oirbh trioblaid,
 'S ann da innsaigh a thigeadh,
 Le iarrtas cho bìge,
 Rì Litir a làimhe,
 Chunnais each é cho soilleir,
 Teachd le cabhlachin troma,
 De luchd nan gath loma
 Na choimnidh do dh-Aros,
 'N uair a thachradh e riu,
 Mar Thriath 's mar cheann-uidhe,
 Dheanadh fhìlontan iad subhach,
 'S bu bhuidheach 'n àm fhàgail.

Mar choir bho na fhlaithes,
 Bha rauntanan mhatbà,
 Mac Iomhoinn an t-Shratha;
 'S cha ghabhadh e fàth air:
 Ann an aimsir na ruaise,
 'N uair a ruigeadh luchd fuath e,
 Ba ghasda an ceann slagh e,
 'N uair a ghluais leis àrnuinn:
 Bha e-san 's an tìn sin,
 Gu'n mhasla, gun mhi-chliù,
 Ann am focbar a shìnsridh,
 Le gnìomharadh dàna;
 Nis o chaochail iad cleachdadh,
 As an àite bu cheart dàibh,
 Chluinn sibh fein mar a thachair,
 Dhaibh ann an cath Mhàra.

Ach 's e raghainn a nì mi,
 Bheir mi glòir so gu finid,

'S nach gliocas no crìondachd,
 Dhomh mbiad 's tha mi 'g ràite,
 Gur h-e Fionnachd sau tì sin,
 Ann an àireamh no 'n inneadh,
 'N uair a bha sibh gu'n dìobradh,
 'N-ar miad is 'n-ar àirde,
 Eadar Sgalpa 's caol-lle,
 Ge do b' fharsuinn na crìochan,
 Bha roinn do gach tìr dhiu
 Fo chis duibh a' pàigheadh,
 Nis o thuit na stuic fhion-fhuil,
 Ris an abairt na rìghrean,
 Tha na geugan bu dils' dhaibh,
 Air crìonadh 'na'n aobhar.

O R A N

NAM FINEACHAN GAELACH.

'S i so 'n aimsir a dhearbhar
 An targanach dhainn,
 'S bras meamnach fir Alba
 Fo 'n armaibh air thùs;
 'N uair dh' éireas gach trean-laach
 Nan éideadh glan ùr,
 Le rùn feirg' agus gairge
 Gu seirbhis a chrùin.

Theid mathaibh na Gàiltachd
 Gle shanntach sa chùis,
 'S gur lìomhor each seang-mhear
 A dhamhsas le sunnd,
 B'ìdh Sasunnaich caillte
 Gun taing dhaibh ga chionn,
 B'ìdh na Frangaich nan campaibh
 Gle theann air an cùl.

'N uair dh' éireas Clann-Dòmhnail!
 Na leoghaon tha garg,
 Na beo-bheithir, mhòr-leathunn,
 Chonnsputnaich, gharbh,
 Luchd sheasamh na còrach
 G'an òrdugh lamh-dhearg,
 Mu dhoigh gu'm bu ghòrach
 Dhaibh teiseachadh oirbh.

Tha Rothaich a's Ròsaich,
 Gle dheonach teachd 'nar ceann,
 Barraich an treas seòrsa,
 Tha chomhnaidh measg Ghall;
 Clann Donachaidh cha bhreng so
 Gun eireadh libh 's gach àm,
 Mar sin is clann Reabhair
 Fir ghleusta, nach éisd gu'n bbi annt.

'S iad Clann-an-Nab an seòrsa
 A théid boidheach nan triall,
 'S glan còmhach nan comhlainn
 Luchd leonadh nam fiadh;

Iad féin a's Clann-Phàrlain
 Dream àrdanach, dian,
 'S ann a b' àbhaist gan àireamh
 Bhì 'm fàbhar Shìol-Chuinn.

Na Leòdaich am pòr glan
 Cha b' fhòlach 'ur sìol,
 Dream rioghail gun fhòtus
 Nan gòrsaid, 's nan sgiath,
 Gur neartmhor, ro-eolach
 'Ur n-oig-fhìr, 's 'ur liath,
 Gur e crudal 'ur dualchas
 A dh' fhuasgail sibh riamh.

Clann Iomhuinn o'n Chréithich
 Fir ghle ghlan gu'n smùr,
 Luchd nan cuilbheirean gleusda
 Nam feuma nach diult ;
 Thig Niallaich th' air sàile
 Air bhàrcuibh nan sùgh,
 Le 'n cabhlach luath làn-mhor
 O Bhàghan nan tùr.

Clànn-Ilean o'n Dreollaiun
 Theid sunndach san ruaig,
 Dream a chiosadh aineart,
 Gun taing choisinn buaidh ;
 Dream rioghail do-chiosaicht,
 Nach strìochda du'n t-sluagh,
 'S iomadh mìle deas, dìreach,
 Bheir imtinn dhuibh suas.

Gur guineach na Duimhnich
 'N am bhriseadh cheant,
 B'ìdh enuachdan gan spnachdadh
 Le cruadal 'ur lann,
 Dream uasal ro uaimbreach,
 Bu dual bhì san Fhraing,
 'S ann o Dhiarmad a shìolaich
 Pòr lionmhor nach gann.

Tha Stiùbhartaich àr ghlan
 Nam fùrain gun ghìomh,
 Fir shunndach nan lù-chleas
 Nach tionndaidh le fiamh,
 Nach gabh cùram roì mhuiseag
 Cha b' fhiù leo bhì erion,
 Cha bu shùgradh do dhù-ghall
 Cùis a bhuin dhibh.

Gur lionmhor lamh theoma
 Aig Eoghann Loch-iall,
 Fir cholganda, bhorganda,
 'S oirdheiree gnìomh,
 Iad mar thuilbheum air chorra-ghleus,
 'S air chon-fhadh ro dhian
 'S i mo dhùilse nam rùsgadh
 Nach diult sibh dol sìos.

Clann-Mhuirich nach sòradh
 A chonnspairn ud ial,
 Dream fhuilteach gun mhòr-chùis
 Ga'n còir a bhì fial,
 Gur gaisgeil fìor-sheolta,
 Ar mòr thionail chiad,
 Nì sibh spòltadh air feòlach
 A stròiceadh fo 'n ian.

Tha Granndaich mar b' àbhaist
 Mu bhràidh uisge Spé,
 Fir laidir ro-dhàicheil
 Theid dàn anus an streup,
 Nach iarr cairdeas no fàbhar
 Air nàmhaid fo'n ghrein ;
 'S i n-ur lámhach a dh' fhàgas
 Fuil bhlàth air an fheur.

Tha Frisealaich ainneil
 Aig seanachaibh nan crìoch,
 Fir gharbha ro chalma,
 'Ur fearg cha bu shì ;
 Tha Catanaich foirmeil
 Si 'n armachd am miann,
 'An cath gairbheach le 'r n-armuibh
 A dhearbh sibh 'ur gnìomh.

Clann-Choinnich o thuath dhuinn
 Luchd bhuannachd gach eis ;
 Gur fuasgailteach, luath-lamhach
 'Ur n-uaislean san strì ;
 Gur lionmhor 'ur tuadh-cheathairn
 Le 'm buailtibh de nì ;
 Thig sluagh dùmhail gu'n chunnta
 A dùthaich Mhic-Aoidh.

Nìs o chuimhnich mì m' ionrall,
 'S fàth iuntraichinn iad,
 Fir chunnabhalach chumaité,
 Nì cuimse le 'n laimh,
 Nach dean iomluas mu aona-chuis
 Chionn iunntais gu bràth,
 Gur muirneach ri 'n ionradh
 Clann-Fhiumlaibh Bbràit-bhàrr.

Thig Gòrdanaich, 's Greumach,
 Grad gleusd as gach tìr ;
 An cogadh rìgh Tearlach
 Gum b' fheumail dha sibh ;
 Griogaraich nan geur-lann
 Dream speiseil nam pìos,
 Air leam gum bi 'n encoir
 'Nuair dh' éighte sibh sìos.

Siosalaich nan geur-lann
 Theid treun air chùl arm,
 An Albainn 's an Eirinn
 B' e 'ur beus a bhì gàrg,

An àm dol a bhuadadh
 B' e 'n cruadal 'ur calg,
 Bu gbuineach ur beumau
 'N uair dh' èireadh 'ur fearg.

Nam biodh gach curaidh treun-mhor
 Le chéile san àm,
 Iad air aon inntinn dhirich
 Gun fhiaradh, gun chàim,
 Iad cho cinnteach ri aon fhear,
 'S iad titheach air geall,
 Dh' aindeoin mùiseag nan dh-Ghall,
 Thig cùis thar an ceann.

CROSDHANACHD

FHIR NAN DRUIMNEAN.

Tha bith ùr an tìr na Dreollainn,
 'S coir dhuinn aithris,
 Tha moran deth tigh'n am biochionnt'
 Ri gnàs Shasuinn,
 Nì 'm beil duin' uasal, no iosal,
 No fear fearainn,
 Leis nach àill, gu moran buinig,
 Ceird a bharrachd.
 Tha ceird ùr aig fear nan Druimnean,
 Th' air leinn tha cronail;
 B'àill leis fein a dhol an àite
 Mhaisteir Sgoile,
 An t-òide sin fein a rinn fhoghlum,
 Le gloir Laideann,
 Ghlacadh leis, gun chead a chairdean,
 A cheird a bh'aige.

Labhairt—'S e an t-aobhar a thug do dhaoine
 aire thoirt do shannt an sgoileir so, 'nuair a mh-
 iannaich se cheird do bhi aig oide foghlum, nach
 laimhsicheadh e i, mar laimhsicheadh an t-oide
 foghlum féin i. Oir 'nuair a ghabhadh an t-oide
 foghlum air a dhaltachan, 's ann a ghabhadh e
 air na leanabain, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an
 sgoileir sanntach so air na daoine àrsaidh mar an
 ceudna. 'Nuair ghabhadh an t-oide foghlum
 air a dháltachan, 's ann a ghabhadh e air na
 cioltaich, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sannt-
 ach air na neo-chiontaich. 'S ann uath sin a
 dubhradh—"Saoilidh am fear a bhios na thàmh,
 gur e féin a's fearr laimh air an stiùir," ach cha
 mhò gur h-e.

Cha'n ionnsaich e clann, no leanabain,
 Mar bu chòir dha,
 Gus am bi iad na'n daoin' àrsaidh
 Fo 'n lán fheòsaig,

Cha tugadh an Cillmocheallaig
 Breath bu chlaoinne,*
 No nì rinn an ceann a b' aird',
 A' mäs 'ga dhioladh.
 Gabhail do chrios an aise àrsaidh,
 Air mäs sean-duin',
 'S fada na'n ionnsaich an guiomh sin
 Ciall do tbeangaidh,
 Ge be labhras ris an fhear ud,
 Còir, no ea-coir,
 Gabhar air a ghiort' de stràcaibh,
 Le crios féilidh.

Labhairt—Agus b'fhior do'n duine sin, cha
 d'fhuair eadh riann rud a dh'ionnsachadh teanga
 droch mhuinte, bu mheasa na gabhail air na
 màsan ann an aobhar na teanga, agus an teanga
 thuigsinn gur h-ann na h-aobhar féin a fhuair am
 mäs am mòr-ghleusadh sin. Mar deanadh sin a
 ciall nì bu mheasa, cha deanadh e idir nì b'fhearr
 i. Uath sin a dubhradh—"Am fear nach ionn-
 saich laimh ri ghlùn, cha'n ionnsaich laimh ri
 uilean."

A chuideachd da'm bu chòir bhì dianhair,
 'S a ghnà 'm falach,
 Cha d'fhagadh da'n dìon bho chumart,
 Siou de dh' earradh,
 Bha iad aon uair an lathair fianais,
 An taigh grèusaich.
 Dubhairt nighean Shomhairle†
 Le rabhart, sa gnas sìomhailt,
 'S còir gu'm beannaich sinn gu saibhear,
 Cuid gach Criesduidh.
 B'fhearr leam ge nach eil mi maoinach,
 No luach gearrain,
 Gu'm biodh coltas do thrùir
 Gu turn aig Calum.‡

Labhairt—'S e aobhar thug do'n mhnao,
 bheusaich, cheart, chòir, so a radh, a rùn deagh
 chneasta, chum gu'm biodh aig a fear féin a
 leithid, sa bhiodh aig a nàbaidhean; 's nach suil
 ghointe, no lombais, a bh' aic air cuid a coimh-
 earsnaich. Mar bh'aig Gillebride Mac-an-
 t-Saoir ann an Ruthaig, an Tirithe, a mhort
 an ceithir-fichaid ceare le aon bheum-sula, 's a
 bhris long mhòr nan euig crannag, a dhaindeoin
 a cablaichean sa h-acraichean. Uath a sin a
 dubhradh—"Sann do'n cheird a chungaidh."

Tha bith ùr an tìr na Dreollainn,
 A thog am Baron,
 Air gach aon fhear a labhras buna-chainnt,
 Rusgadh feamain,
 Ma sgaoileas air feadh gach tìre,
 Am bith thug Tearlach,

* See note, page 39.

† The shoemaker's wife.

‡ The shoemaker who had no children.

'S teann as nach feudadh ri h-uine,

E-fein bhi pàighte.

Ma rigeas an gearan so Senmas,

Breitheamh sàr-mhath,

Cha tog e dochair mu dheibhinn,

Ach glag mòr gaire.

Labhairt—Agus bha aobhar na dha aig an t-Siorramh choir air gair a dheanadh, thaobh gu'n d'rug timchioll-ghearradh airtas, le coimhearsnachd ban-Spaitich do thachair ris. 'S ann uath sin a dubhradh, "An duine ni teine math deanadh e-féin a gharadh ris.

Note—The laird of Druimin kept an old school-master in his house, in the double capacity of tutor to his children and goer of errands. The dominie was one day sent to a shoemaker who lived on the laird's grounds, with a message ordering a pair of new shoes for his master. The souter declined the honour intended him, alleging as a reason that it was a standing rule with him, "never to make a pair of shoes for any customer till the last which he had got were paid for." But there was another, if not rather a piece of the same, reason of the shoemaker's unwillingness to make the shoes—the laird was a *drach* payer; one, in fact, who would run on an account to any conceivable length without ever thinking it time to settle it. Well, the wielder of the ferula returned, and reported to his master the *ipsissima verba* of the son of St Crispin. The laird was so exasperated at the insolence of his re-

tainer, that he immediately determined to be revenged on the souter; and, lest he should have the hardihood to deny his own words, he took the schoolmaster along with him. Now, the souter was a regular lickspittle; a mean, cringing, fawning, malicious, yet cowardly wretch; for, when the laird said to him, "Did you say to this gentleman," pointing to the dominie, "that you would make no more shoes for me till I had paid for the last I got?" "Oh no, no, Sir," said the shoemaker, with an air of surprise, "most willingly would I convert all the leather in my possession into shoes for your honour. I have but too much time to work for those who are not so able to pay me, and am therefore *always* at your service." The poor dominie was thunder-struck at the barefaced impudence of the "fause loon;" but, ere he had time to utter a word in explanation, the laird had not only laid the flattering unction to his own soul, but seizing the preceptor by the throat, placed his head between his own knees in a twinkling, and clutching Crispin's foot-strop in the one hand, and lifting the dominie's phalange with the other, he therewithal plied him on the bare buttocks, so hotly and heavily, that he had well nigh expended the "wrath" which he had so carefully been "nursing" for the rascally souter. How many stripes the wight received deponent hath not said, but true it is, the number far exceeded that prescribed by the law of Moses. Indeed it is doubtful whether "the man of letters" might not have lost his "precious spunk," if the shoemaker's letter-half had not flown to his rescue. Gentle dame! well have I designated thee thy churlish husband's "*better-half*!" for though the poor schoolmaster was both disgraced and pained through his default, his eyes were blind and his heart hard as the "nether mill-stone." And though it may be that no grey stone points out the place of thy sepulture, yet has the bard embalmed thy name in his song.

AN T-AOSDANA MAC-MHATHAIN.

This poet flourished in the seventeenth century. He lived in Lochalshe, Ross-shire, where he had free lands from the Earl of Seaforth, and was called his bard. He was a poet of great merit, and composed as many poems as would occupy a large volume; but as they were not committed to writing, they suffered the same fate with the productions of Nial Mac-Mhurich, and were lost by being trusted to memory alone. The two pieces given here is all that can now be found of his works. "*Cubar Féigh*" was not composed by him, as stated by some collectors of poetry. The first song given here was composed on the Earl of Seaforth, on his embarking at Dornay, of Kintail, for Stornoway. It has been imitated in English by Sir Walter Scott.

ORAN DO'N IARLA THUATHACH

TRIATH CHLANN-CHOINNICIL

Droen slainte 'n Iarla thuathaich,
A thriall an de thar chuaintean bhuain,
Le sgioba laidir luasganach,
Nach pilleadh càs na fuathas iad,
Muir gàireach air gach guallainn dh'ì;
Air clàr do luinge luaithe,
Gabh mi cead dhìot is fhuair mi 'n t-òr.

Gu'n cumadh Dia bho bhaoghal thu,
Bho charraid runin 's bho chaolasan,
Bho charraig fhuair gun chaomhalachd,
Seachd beannachd tuath is daonachd dhut,
Buaidh làrach ri do shaghail ort,
Fhir ghaoil ga t-fhaicinn beò.

Gur gaoth a deas a dh-eighinn dhut,
Gu'n chruas gu'n tais a sheideadh rith',
Fear bearta beachdail, geur-chuiseach,
Gu sunndach, bras, neo-eisleach,
Bhi fuasgladh pailteas eudaich dh'i,
Ga bhreideadh air gach bòrd.

Gu'n innsinn gnìomh do stiùreadair,
Fear cuimhneach, ciallach, curamach,
'Dh' aithnicheadh fiamh a chùlanaich,
A chuireadh srian ri cùrsaicheachd,
Mu 'm bristeadh trian a chuirnean oirr',
A mhuchadh e fò sròin.

T-fhear colais laidir, fradharcach,
Deas labhrach, gaireach, gleoghairach,
Min chinnteach, seolta, faighidneach,
Crann geadha 'na 'd laimh adhairtaich,
Mac Samhail räsge mhic-fraoire,
Sud mar thaghainn dhut na seoid.

Ma cèaidh thu null thar chuainteanan,
Air darach naomh a ghluaiseadh tu,
Fìr bhuille saoir a 'dh fhuaisgheas i,
Bìdh barrantas dhaoine uaisle leat,
Bìdh beannach bhochd, a's tuatha dhut,
Cba 'n eagal baoghal fuadaich dhuibh,
Bìdh Dia ma 'n cuairt da d' sheol.

Mu sheol thu bare air fairge bhuaime,
Thu fèin 's do choirneal Calamauch,
Fhoair cliù 'n eùirt na 'n Albannach,
Gur h-ìomadh tùrn a dhearbhadh leat,
Be sùd an leoghunn ainmeil,
Bu mhor seanachas air gach bòrd.

Gur tagha calla dh-innsinn dhut,
'N deidh na mara Si-phortaich,
Thu dhol gu fàllain, fìrineach,
Do Steornabhaidh bho linn-teantan,
Bithidh ro-fhial gheala teinteannan,
Aig fìr 's aig mnai 's toil-inntinn orra,
Ri linn thu theachd gu 'n cors.

Gur h-ìomadh sruthan fìrinneach,
Tha 'n linnichean an t-Si-phortaich,
Tha triath na h-Earradh dìleas dhut.
Le 'n connspainn fhearail innsingeach,
A Lochlainn thig na mìltean,
Air chuan-sgìth gu teach Mhic-Leòid.

'Nuair erninneicheas na Sàileich leat,
'S do chinneadh neartmhor tàbhachdach,
Bìdh maire, 's cliùich, is gairrachdach,

Sa'n ionnadh ann an tàrladh sìobh,
Cha 'n ioghnadh thu bhi ardanach,
Sa lìuthad fion-fhuil àluinn,
A tha cairdeach ga do phòr.

Bìdh Tòrmod òg na shìubhal leat,
Siol-Leòid nan rò-seol uidheamach,
Fhìr stòlta, chomhnart, shuidhichte,
Bìdh òl gu leoir nam suidhe dhaibh,
Bìdh fion is beoir le sùbhachas,
Air piosaibh bùidhe òir.

M A R B H R A N N

DO DH' ALASDAIR DUBH GHLINNE-GARAIDH

Fhuair mi sgeula moch di-ciadain,
Air laimh fheuma bha gu creuchdach,
'S leòir a gheirad ann sa 'n leumna,
A nall o'n treud bha buaghar.

O Dhùn-Garannach ùr allail,
Na'n tùrp meara, 's nan stend seanga,
Nan gleus glana, 's ceutach sealladh,
Beuchdail, allaidh, uaimhreach.

Gur dubhach, deòrach, tha Clann Dòmhnail,
Mu chreach Chnòideirt neart nan ròiseol,
Gaisgich chròdha, nach tais 'n àm còmhraig,
Mo chreach mhòr 's mo chruadal.

Gur goirt an sgaradh tha'n Gleann-garadh,
O'n dh' fhalbh leannan nan arm glana,
Da 'm b' ainm Alasdair, ceann nam beannachd,
Glac nan geal lann cruagach.

Bu chall curaidh do dh' Alb' uile,
O dh' fhalbh cuilein, nan arm guineach,
Bu gharg turas, 'n sealg nan cumnart,
'N àm dha bhuille bhualadh.

'S an rioghadh so fèin bu fhathail t-fhèum,
'S bu sgathail bènn do chlaidheimh géir,
Do shamhail fein cha'n fhac o'n dh' èug thu,
Ghaisgich èuchdaich, bhughaich.

Ge b'e dhuiseadh t-ain-ìochd,
Bu dlùth dha caraid, 'n tàs tarraimh
Rùsgadh laannan, surd air ghearradh,
Bruchdan fal air ghuaillan.

'S tu 'n Dònallach dian, connspunn nan triath,
Morghalach fial, ro lòdraich nan eliar,
Leis an òilte fion, agus òr ga dhìol,
Ann an aithribh nan crìoch sluaghail.

A shliochd rìgh Fionnaghail,
 Nan còrn geala-ghlaic 's nan sròl balla-bhreac,
 'M pòr nach cearbach, dol fo 'n armaibh,
 'N àm nan garbh-chath ruaidhneach.

Ach buaidh a's slàinte an fhìr a dh-fhàg thu,
 Duineil, bràithreil, cinneil, càirdeil,
 Gaol bho nàmhaid, gràdh bho chàirdean,
 A shliochd nan àrmunn uasal.

AN T-AOSDANA MAC-'ILLEAN.

HECTOR MACLEAN, commonly called *Eachann Bacach an t-Aosdàna*, lived in the seventeenth century, and was poet to Sir Lachlan M'Lean, of Duart, from whom he had a small annuity. After much inquiry, we have not been able to procure any particulars of his life worth publication, or seen any more of his productions than are published in this work. The following elegy attracted the particular attention of the late Sir Walter Scott, and he has published an imitation, or free translation, which is every way worthy of that great bard.

MARBHRANN DO SHIR LACHUINN MAC-GHILLEAIN

TRIATH DHUBH-AIRO.

Thriall ar bunadh gu Phàra,
 Co b'urrainn da sheachas?
 Mac-Mhuirich,* Mac-Phearguis,
 Craobh a thuinich rè aimsir,
 Fhriambaich bunannan Alba,
 Chuidich fear dhiu' cath-Gairiach,
 Fhuair sinn ullaidh fear t-ainme theachd beò.
 Fhuair sinn, &c.

Cba chraobh chuire cha phlannta,
 Cha chnòdh bho'n uraidh o'n d' fhàs thu,
 Cha bhlà chuirte ma bhealltainn,
 Ach fàs duilich a's meanglain,
 A m'ar mullaich so dh' fhàg sinn,
 Cuir a Chrìosd tuilleadh an àite na dh' fhalbh.
 Cuir a Chrìosd, &c.

'S mor puthar an ràith-se,
 'S trom an dubhadh-sa dh'fhàs oirnn,
 Gur ro cumhann leinn t-àrdach,
 'N ciste luthaidh na'n clàran,
 'S fad is cuimhne leinne càradh nam bòrd.
 'S fad is cuimhne, &c.

* Clerk-Register of Icolmkill.

Chaidh do chiste 'n taigh geamhraidh,
 Cha do bhrist thu cho shamhna,
 Misneach fear Iunse-Gall thu,
 'S mor is miste do ranntaidh,
 Nach do chlisg thu ro' naimhdean,
 Fb'ir bu mheasail an campa Mhontroise.
 Fh'ir bu mheasail, &c.

Fh'ir bu rioghaile cleachdadh,
 'S tu bu bhloganta faicinn,
 A dol sìos am blàr machrach,
 Bhiodh na miltin ma d' bhrataich,
 Chuid bu phriseile 'n eachdraidh,
 Luchd do mhi-rùin na'n caist ort,
 'S ann a dh' innste leo t-fhasan,
 'Nuair bu sgl leo cuir sgapaidh na'm feòil.
 'Nuair bu sgith, &c.

Cha bhiodh buannachd do d' nàmhaid,
 Dol a dh' fhuasgladh bhuat làmhainn,
 Bha thu buadhach 's gach àite,
 Cha b'e fuath mhic a mhàile,
 Fear do shnùadh theachd na fhàrdaich,
 Cha dath uaine bu bhlà dhubh,
 'Nuair a bhuailleadh an t-àrdan ad phòr.
 'Nuair a bhuailleadh, &c.

Gu'm b' aithriseach t-sheum dhaibh,
 'N àn nan crannan a bheumadh,
 Chum nan deannan a sheideadh,
 Bhiodh lann thana chruaidh, gheur ort,
 'S tu fad là air an t-sheirm sin,
 Cha tigeadh lag-bhuile meirbh bho do dhòrn.
 Cha tigeadh, &c.

'N àile chunaic mi aimsir,
 'S tu ri siubhal na seidga,
 Cha bu chuing ort a' gharbhhlach,
 Pic de'n inbhar cha d' fhàs i,
 Chuireadh umhal na spàirn ort,
 Cha bhiodh fuithil a tàrruine,
 'Nam biodh lutha na crannaghail,
 Chuireadh siubhal fo earr-ite 'n eòin.
 Chuireadh siubhal, &c.

Glac chòmhurt an càradh,
 'M bian ròineach an t-sheana bhruc,
 Cinu stòrach o'n cheardaich,
 Cha bhiodh òirleach gu'n bhàthadh,
 Eadar smeòirn agus gaine,
 Le neart còrcaich a Fhàras,
 Cha bhiodh feolach an tearmad,
 Air an seoladh tu'n crann sin ad dheòin.
 Air an seoladh, &c.

Cha b'e sin mo luan-Càisge,
 'Nuair a bhuail a ghath bàis thu,
 'S troagh a dh' fhàg thu do chairdean,
 Mar ghàir sheillein air làraich,
 'N deigh a mealunan fhàgail,
 No uain earraich gu'n mhàthair,
 'S fada chluinnear an gàraich mu'n chrò.
 'S fada chluinnear, &c.

Gu'm bu mhadh do dhìol freasdail,
 'N taigh mor am bial feasgair,
 Uisge beatha nam feadan,
 Ann an pìosan ga leigheil,
 Sin a's clàrsach ga spreigeadh ri ceòl.
 Sin a's clàrsach, &c.

Bhuineadh dhiune na ùr-ros,
 Fear ar taighe 's ar crùn air,
 Ghabh an rathad air thùs uain,
 Liuthad latha ri chùntas,
 Bh'aig maitibh do dhùthcha,
 Mìad an aighear 's a mùirne,
 Bha mi tathaich do chùirte.
 Seal mu'm b' aithne dho 'n turlar a dh'fhalbh,
 Seal mu'm b' aithne, &c.

B'eòl dhomh innse na bh'aca,
 Gu'm ba'un do mhianann Shìr Lachuinn,
 Bhiodh 'g òl fiona 'n taigh farsainn,
 Le mnaidh rimheach neò-as-caoin,
 Glòir bhinn agus macnais,
 Ann 'san am sin 'm bu ghnà leibh bhì pòit.
 Ann 'san am sin, &c.

'N am na fàire bhiodh glasadh,
 Bhiodh chlarsach ga creachadh,
 Cha bhiodh ceòl iunte an tasgaidh,
 Ach na meòir ga thoirt aiste,
 Gu'n leòn làimhe gu'n laige,
 Gus 'm bu mhianach leibh cadal gu fòili.
 Gus 'm bu mhianach, &c.

Bhiodh na cearraich ri braise,
 Iomairt thàileasg ma'n seach orr',
 Fir fòirne ri tartar,
 Toirm a's màthadh air chairtean,
 Dolair spàinteach a's tastain,
 Bhi' gu'n dioladh gu'n lasan na'n lòrg.
 Bhi' gu'n dioladh, &c.

Thug càch teist air do bheusan,
 Bhà gradh a's eagal mhic Dhé ort,
 Bha fàth seirce ga d' chéill ort,
 Bha aòigh deiseach a's deilbh ort,
 Cha robh ceist ort mar threun fhear,
 Bhiodh na sgrìobhtair ga'n leubhadh,
 Ann ad thalla ma'n eireadh do bhòrd.
 Ann ad thalla, &c.

Ge bu lionmhar ort frasachd,
 Chum thu dìreach do d' mhacabh,
 Do bhreid rimheach gu'n srachdadh,
 Cha do dhiobair ceann slait tha,
 O'n 's e Crìosd a b' fhear beairt dhut,
 'Sin an Tì a leig leat an taod-sgòid.
 'Sin an Tì a leig, &c.

A mhic mo ghlasas thu'n stiùir so,
 Cha bu fhathas gun dùchas,
 Dhot bhi' grathuinn air h-ùrnaigh,
 Cuir da caitheamh an triuir oirr',
 Cuir an t-Athair ann tùs oirr',
 Biodh a Mac na fhear inil oirr',
 An Spiorad Naomha ga giùlan gu nòs.
 An Naomha, &c.

O R A N

DOLACHUNN MOR MAC GILLEOIN

TRIATH DHUBH-AIRD.

A LACHUINN òig gu'n innsinn ort,
Sgeul is binn ri àireamh,
Nis o rinn e craobh-sgaileadh,
'S na bheil an taobh so dh'fhaige,
Tha thu làn do dh' fhinealtachd,
Cho ceart sa dhinnseadh seachas,
Gur mac lain Ghairbh da rìreamh thu,
An àm dol sìos an garbh-chath.

*A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu,
Mar treigeadh bòrd na bàs mi,
Gu'm faic mi fo cheann bliadhn' thu,
Mar glac am fiabhras ùrd mi,
A ghnàis sholta, 's am beul o'n sochdrach gàire,
Do dheud gu'n stòir o'm binn thig glòir,
O'n faighinn pòg a's fùilte.*

'S e Ceannard Chlan-'Illeain,
Dh'fhàs fathasach le cruadal,
Sgaoil e feadh gach tighearnaais,
Gu'n gbleidh thu dìlgeheil t-uaisle,
Ach 's iomadh neach bu shùgradh leis,
Crùbadh ann an truaillachd,
Ach rinn thu beart bu cliùtaiche,
Air an dùchas mar ba dual dhut.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

'S e na chuir mi dh'èulas ort,
Dh' fhàg an ceò ma m' shùilean,
Aig a mhiad sa fhuair mi dheth,
Gu'n leig mi ruaig an tùs ort,
Dh' aithnichinn air an fhaiche thu,
A lùh nan eas-chlàbh ùr-ghlan,
Gu'm b' ursann-chath air gaisgeich thu,
Na'n tigeadh creach a d' dhùthaich.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

B' e sid an gasan leis bu taitneach,
Pìcean dait' a lùbadh,
'N t-iubhar nuadh ga lagh gu chluais,
'M beatha bhuat bu shiùbhlach,
Ceir a's ròsaid dlù fo t-òrdaig,
Ite an còin gu b-ùr-ghlan,
Mu chul an fhéidh ma'n gearr e leum,
Bhìdh fhuil na leine brùite.

A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Sid na h-airm a ghlacainn dut,
A dhol air sraid an fhùdair :
Cuilbhair a ghleis shùnabhanaich,
A bheil o'n cinn-teach cuinise,

Spàntach làdair, fulangach,
'N laimh a churaidh chliùtaich,
'S a 'u sgiath bu tric an taisbeanadh,
Air ghaoirdean deas nan lù-chleas.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Mo ghaoil a 'm fear caiteanach,
A leubh a chairt 's rinn gual d'i,
Leis an eireadh na brataichean,
A 's teach o ghlaic nam fuar-bheann,
'N àm dùsgadh as an cadal daibh,
Gu'n d' bhuail thu pais ma'n chluais orr',
'S thilg thu steach an teachdaireachd,
'S an ceart air bhachd an guailte.

A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

'S iomadh bratach shuaicheanta,
'N robh smuais a's cruas a's càirdeas,
Eadar rutha Chuirteirnis,
Gu Dubh-airt thun a Garbh-lead,
Dh' eireadh fir Aird-ghobhar leat,
Fir fhoghainteach neo-sgàthach,
Dhearbhainn fhìn gu'n geileadh dhut,
Fir ghleusta bho Bhra'-chàrnaig.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Ghluaiseadh leat s na h-eileanan,
Dream nach ceil an gràdh ort,
Thigeadh ort a mor-luinis,
A bhratach leòghannt' làidir,
Chìte sid gu follaiseach,
Fir fhoimnidh ann an Aros,
Na fir ùra nach dìùltadh,
Sgiùrs thoirt air an nàmhaid.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Dh' eireadh seòid o'n Mhuidhe leat,
Nach cuireadh bruthach spàirn orr',
Nan ceanna-bheairtean glana,
Nan lannan geal 's nan targaid,
Nan cuilbheirean caol acuinneach,
Aig gaisgich nan gnìomh gailbheach,
A dheanadh lutha a chaisleacha,
'N uair dh' eireadh sràd bho theanachair.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Bratach aig Clann-Dòmhnuaill,
'N a'm biodh ad chòir gu'm b' fheairrde,
Dh' fhàs gu seasmhach, cruadalach,
'N uair ghluaiseadh iad na'n armadh,
Ann an gliocas firinneach,
Cho math sa sgrìobh an seanachas,
Sid an dream bha innsigineach,
Ri 'n innseadh nach robh leanabail.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

LACHUNN MAC THEARLAICH.

LACHLAN M'KINNON, alias *Lachunn Mac Thearlaich Oig*, flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century. He was a native of Strath, Isle of Skye, and a lineal descendant of the *Ceann-taighe* of the M'Kinnons of that place. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and although we have no data to ascertain the extent of his scholastic acquirements, it is obvious from a cursory glance at his productions that he was not unlettered,—while the purity and critical correctness of his Gaelic, furnishes ample proof that he studied and understood the structure of that language. He was an excellent musician, and was in the habit, when a young man, of carrying his violin about with him from place to place—more for recreation and amusement, than for any sordid considerations of pecuniary remuneration. The habits and predilections of his countrymen, their excessive fondness of poetry, music and dancing, always secured for such gifted individuals as M'Kinnon, the warmest grasp of hospitality's right hand wherever he went. He seems, however, to have discontinued the practice—in consequence of a low, unmanly attack upon his character and motives by a wandering bard of the name of M'Lennan.

Talents and genius are very seldom bestowed upon any individual without a copious mixture of impulses, that too often seek their gratification in improper indulgences. Burns and Byron were constituted after this manner. Lachlan M'Kinnon happened at one time to be perambulating the Main land, in the district of Lochalsh, where he put up for the night in the house of a respectable farmer. After supper, one of the daughters went out to prepare a bed for the cherished stranger in an out-house or barn. She was accompanied by a little favourite pug called *Coireal*, and the poet soon followed. Fairly ensconced with the fair and artless maid, and privacy favouring his designs, Lachlan yielded to the impulses of his heart, and the result was an illegitimate daughter, who seems to have inherited the broad humour and poetic genius of her father. Many of her repartees and witticisms have descended to us by oral recitation, but space remonstrates against our noticing but one, which may serve as a specimen of the whole. Some time after her father married, her stepmother was going from home, and meeting her about the door accosted her thus:—"You're my *first-foot*, and pity you if you are not lucky to meet with!" "Ask my father," rejoined the young woman, "and he will tell you that I am the most unpropitious omen that could come in your way." "Dear me! how that?" eagerly inquired the stepmother. "Because," continued the other, "I was the first person he himself met, while on his way to marry you, and God knows it was the most unlucky journey he ever made!" But we are digressing, and had almost forgot to say, that during M'Kinnon's struggle to deflower the farmer's daughter, little *Coireal* sounded so loud an alarm, that he seized it by the hind legs, and dashed out its brains against the wall! This has been made the subject of a very merry song, in which our author comes in for a pretty round flagellation.

Lachlan M'Kinnon died at a good old age, and was buried in his native parish, where some of his grandchildren are still living and much respected.

LATHA' SIUBHAL SLEIBHE.

MAKRUHAISE ort a mbulaid,
Nach do dh'fhuirich thu nochd uam
'S nach do leig thu cadal domh,
S an oidhche fada, fuar,
Ma's ann a dh'iarraidh cunntais orm,
A lunn thu air mo shuain,
Bheir mise greis an dràsda dhut
Air àireamh na tha bh'uat.

Latha' siubhal sléibhe dhomh
'S mi falbh leam féin gu dlù,
A chuideachd ann an astar sin
Air gunna glaic a's cù,
Gun thachair clann rinn ann sa' ghleann
A' gal gu fann chion iùil:
Air leam gur h-iad a b'àillidh dreach
A chummacas riamh le m' shuil.

Gu'm b'ìoghnadh leam mar thàrladh dhaibh
Am fàsach fad air chùil,
Coimeas luchd an aghaidhean
Gu'n tagha de cheann iùil,
Air beannachadh neo-fhiata dhomh
Gu'n d'fhiairach mi:—"Co sùd?"
'S fhreagair iad gu cianail mi
A'm briathraibh m'òine ciùin.

"Iochd, a's Gradh, a's Fiùghantas,
'Nar triuir gur h-e ar n-ainm,
Clann nan naislean cùramach,
A choisinn cliù 's gach ball,
'Nuair phàigh an fhéile cìs d'an Eug
'S a chaidh i-féin air chall,
'Na thiomnadh dh'fhag ar n-athair sinn
Aig mathaibh Inne-Gall.

"Tòrmòd fial an t-shùgraidh,
Nach d'fhàs m'a chuinneadh cruaidh,
A bha gu fearail fiùghantach,
'S a chum a dhùthchas suas;
'S ann air a bha ar taghaich,
O'n thugadh Iain bh'uairean,
'S beag m' fharmaid ris na feumaich
O'n a bheum na cluig gu truagh!

"Bha'n duin' nd ro fhilathasach,
'S e mathasach le ceill,
Bha e gu fial fiùghantach,
'S a ghiulan math 'ga reir;
Ge farsuinn eadar Arcamh,
Cathair Ghlas-cho 's Baile-Bhòid:
Cha d' fhuaras riamh oid-altrum ann,
Cho pailt' ri teach Mhic-Leòid.

"Chaidh sinn do Dhuin-Bheagain
A's cha d'iarr sinn cead 'na thùr,
Fhuair sinn, fàilte shuibheara,
Le furbailt a's le mòirn:
Gu'n ghlac e sinn le acarachd
Mar dhaltachan 'nar triuir,
A 's thogadh e gach neach againn
Gu macant' air a ghlùn.

"Fhuair sinn greis 'gar n-àrach,
Aig Mac-Leòid a bha san Dùn,
Greis eile gle shaibheir
Aig a bhrathair bha'n Dun-Tuilm:"
Sin 'nuair labhair fiùghantas
Dalt ùiseil Dhomhnuill ghuirm:—
"Bu tric leat a bhi sùgradh rinn,
'S cha b' fhasan ùr dhuinn cuirm.

"N am eiridh dhuinn neo-airtneulach
'S biadh maidne dhol air bòrd,
Gheibhte gach nì riaghailteach,
Bu mhiannach leat ga d' chòir;
Cha d' chuir thu duil an prìobairtich,
Cha b' fhiach leat ach nì mòr;
Bu chleachdadh air do dhèiteid dhut
Glain' fhiona mar ri ceòl.

"Am fear a bh' air a Chomraich
Bu chall soillear dhuinn a bhàs
Ann an cuisibh diulanais,
Cha b' iùdmhail e' meag chàich
Lamh sgapaidd òir, a's airgeid e
Gu'n dearmad air luchd dhàn,
A's mhiònaicheadh na clàrsairean
Nach e bu tàire lamh.*

* Alluding to an Irish Harper of the name of *Caillean Cormac*, who, in consequence of a misunderstanding, left his master and fled to Scotland, at that time the saving ark of refugees, whether children of prose or verse. During his peregrinations in the hyperborean regions of Caledonia, he visited, according to the custom of the times, many of the Highland Chieftains and families of distinction, whose ears were not yet sufficiently refined to disrelish music, and who, consequently, appreciated his abilities and performances. Among others in whose families the Hibernian minstrel was well received, was that of the Laird of Applecross. On the day of his departure, Applecross, whose generosity was worthy of his country and high rank, gave Cormac a handful of gold pieces out of his right hand, and a similar quantity of silver ones out of his left. Such a splendid instance of genuine Highland liberality, could not but awake sentiments of the most lively gratitude in the naturally feeling bosom of the minstrel; who, upon his arrival in the Emerald Isle, lost no opportunity of trumpeting forth the praises of his benefactor. The tide of his quondam employer's rage having now subsided, and a reconciliation having been effected between the parties,

"Thug sinn ruaig gu'n sòradh
Gu Mac-Choinnich mòr nan cuach,
Be'n duin' foehd-nàhor, teò-chridheach,
S bu leoghannt e air sluagh,
Bha urran naist' a's ceannais aig'
Air fearaibh an taobh-Tuath;
Cha chuir' as geall a chailleadh e
Ge d' fhàlaich oirn e 'n uaigh!

"O'n rinn an uaigh 'ùr glasadh orm,
'S nach faic mi sibh le'm shùil;
'S cumhach, rianail, craiteach, mi,
'S neo-ardanach mo shùrd,
'S mi cuimhneachadh nam bairthrean sin
A h'àillidh dreach a's gnùis.
Gur tric a chum sibh coinnidh rium
Aig Coinneach anns a' Chùil.

"Ailpeanaich mbath chlar-dhuibh,
'Gam bu dùthchas riabh an Srath,
D'an tigeadh àirín gu sgianhach
Gr bu riabhach leim do dhath,
Bu lamb a dheanamh fiadhaich thu,
Gu'n diad bu bhàtath math,
'S a nise bha na thriall thu bh'uaime.
Cha'n inntair sinn a staigh.

"Bu chumir glan do chalpannan,
Fo shliasaid dhealbhaich thruim.
'S math thigeadh breacan cuachaich ort,
Mu'n cuairt an fhéile chrionn,
'S ro mbath a thigeadh claidheamh dhut,
Sgiath laghach nam ball grunn,
Cha robh cron am fradharc ort,
'Thaobh t-aghaidh 's cùl do chinn.

"Nam togail màil do dhùthcheannan,
'S ga 'n dlùthachadh riut féin;
Bh'ìdhmaid air 'nar stinbhartan
'S 'nar triuir gu'm bh'ìdhmaid réidh.
Cha do thog sinn riabh bò Shamhna dhut,
No Bealltainn cha b'e'r beus,
Cha mhò thug òr air tuathanach,
Bu mhò do thruas ri fheum."

Bha'n duin' ud na charaid dhomh,
'S cha chàr dhomh' chliù a sheimn,
Mas can càch gur masgall e,
Leig tharais e na thùin;
Do bhàs a dh-fhàg mi muladach,
'S ann chluinnear e 's gach tìr,
Cha b'ìoghna' mi ga t-iondrann,
Ann am cunntais thuirt 's an t-shuim.

'S mi smaointeach air na saoidheann sin
'S a bh' ga'n caoidh gu truagh,
'S amhuil gheibh mi bhùin' ann,
Bh' taghaich air luig fhuair,
An taobh a chaidh iad tharais,
'S ann tha dachaigh uil' an t-shluaigh,
Dh'eug Iannraic priunsa Shasoinn;
'S cha dùisg e gu là-luain!

Note.—This beautiful and pathetic song was composed by Mackinnon after the death of some of his relations. It would appear that while they lived, and while his own circumstances continued prosperous, he was much respected throughout the country, and was not unrequitedly the guest and companion of the best gentry in the Highlands. No sooner, however, had death deprived him of his friends, and misfortune had robbed him of his gear,* than he began to experience, from the world and his former patrons, the bitter indifference and coldness which poverty too often brings in her train. This he experienced in an especial manner, when, on a Christmas evening having gone to the Castle of Dunvegan, where the rest of the country gentry were, as usual on such occasions, enjoying the hospitality of the chief, poor Mackinnon was not only unnoticed and neglected, but repulsed from the hall, where, in worthier days, and under a worthier laird, he and his fathers were wont to be welcome guests. In consequence of this unkind treatment, the indignant bard returned instantly to Strath. While pursuing his homeward journey through the lonely glen, beneath the towering *Cuicnas*, and while the fever of his resentment still burned within his bosom, he met, or imagined he met, *Generosity, Love, and Liberality*, outcasts, like him-self, from the hearts and halls of highland lairds, and bitterly inveighing against the tyranny that thus exiled them, unfed and unclothed, from the abodes where they were accustomed to reign and revel. At length having reached his home, he went to bed, probably supperless, and gentle sleep not deigning to woo him, but in its stead the weeping muse, he composed, and, for the first time, sung this song. It was highly esteemed by the Highland bards and *seanachais*, the latter of whom entitled the tune to which it is sung, "*Triann Fann na h-Alba*," or the third best air in Scotland;—we have not been able to ascertain what airs were considered the first and second. In reference to the time and place where it was first sung, we may mention that it was a custom of the old highlanders, when they could not sleep, to sing on their beds, and that loud enough to waken all the inmates of the house, who, if the song was good, never grudged their slumbers being thus musically broken.

O R A N

DO NIGHEAN FHIR GHEAMBAIL.

Mocu sa' mhadaim mi 's lau airtuic,
Tha mi 'g achdair m' iumudrainn,
An aite cadail air mo leabaidh,
Carachadh sa tinnntadh.
Na 'm faighinn cead, gun rachainn grad,
Am still gu'n stad, gu'n aon-tann;
A dh' fhios an àit' am fiosrach càch,
Gu 'm beil mo ghradh-sa 'n Geambail.

his master asked Cormac:—"Cuid 'n lamh bo fheile do shuair tu 'n Albainn?" i. e. which was the most liberal hand you found in Scotland? To which he replied:—"Lamh dheas fhir na Comraich"—[the right hand of Apoceros.—"Cuid 'n a ath te?" which was the next?—"Lamh chliù fhir na Comraich," or the left hand of Apoceros, was the minstrel's prompt and quaint reply.

* Lest this statement may be mistaken, it is only to be inferred that his predecessors had been obliged to dispose of their lands, but that he still had some of the proceeds upon which he lived; but funds in cash, even if considerable, were not regarded in those days so honourable as even a very limited competency arising from a paternal estate.

'S ge fad air chuairt, m' 's tamall bh'eam,
 An aisling bhuan so dhùisg mi ;
 Thu bhi agam, ann am ghlaicibh,
 Bhean bho 'n tlachd-mhor sùgradh.
 A dhàinean buinig 's fada m' fhuireach,
 Ann an iomall dùthcha,
 O choin a chiall ! gu 'm be mo mhiann,
 Bhi 'n diugh a triall ga t-iunnsaidh.

Air t-iunnsaidh théid mi 'n uair a dheireas,
 Mi gu h-eatrom sundach ;
 Gach ceum de'n t-shlighe, dol ga d' ruidhinn,
 B'ídh mo chridhe sùgach
 Mo mhiann bhi 'n ceart-uair air bheag cadail
 Ann ad chaidridh greannar ;
 Mo dhuil gun chleith, le dùrachd mhath,
 Gur h-e mo bheatha teann ort.

Ach oigh na maise 's òr-bhuidd falt,
 'S do ghruaidh air dreach an neinein ;
 Tha éideadh grinn, mu dheud do chinn,
 'S do heul bho 'm binn thig òran.
 Rosg thana chaoin, fo d' mhala chaoil,
 'S do mheall-shuil, mhìn ga seòladh ;
 S' i'n t-sheire tha t-eudainn ghreas gu eug mi,
 Mar toir cléir dhomh còir ort.

Gu'n choir air t-fheutainn, ògh na féile,
 Ghreas mi féin gu an-lamh ;
 Fhuair thu 'n iosaid buaidh bho Dhiarmad,*
 Tha cuir ciad an geall ort.
 Ciochan geala, air uchd meallaidh,
 Mianu gach fir 'n am sealltain ;
 Do chion fallaich th' air mo mhealladh,
 'S e na eallach throm orm.

Tha ruin nam fear, fo d' ghùnn am falach,
 Seang eorp, fallain, sundach ;
 Slios mar eala, cneas mar chanach,
 Bho cheann tamull m' iuil ort.
 Bho bharr do chinn, gu sàil do bhuinn ;
 'S tu dhamsadh grinn air ùrlar ;
 Bhi ga t-aireamh 's gu'n tu lathair,
 Ghreas gu làr mo shùgradh.

Mo shugradh cheil 's duil ruit mar bhean,
 Oigh nan ciabh glan faireach ;
 T-aon bhroilleuch geal, trom-cheist nam fear,
 'S nasal an t-ion ban-rìgh.
 Tha seire, a's beusan, tlachd, a's ceutaidh,
 Mar ri chéile fas riut ;
 Do ghuol gach lè so rinn mo leòn,
 Cho mor 's nach eol dhomh aireamh.

Cha 'n eoi domh aireamh, trian de t-àilleachd,
 Gus do'n bhas gun geill mi ;

Ceillidh, chitach, beusach, muirneach,
 Ceud fear ùr tha 'n deidh ort.
 B'ídh aireamh bruit aig pairt de 'n chunntais, sin,
 Dha 'n diult thu caoinbheas ;
 B'ídh slaint' as ùr, le fáilte chiùil,
 Aig fear nì lub san roinn ort.

SGIAN DUBH

AN SPROGAIN CHAIM.

Dh' innsinn sgeul mu mhalairt duibh,
 Na 'm fanadh sibh gu fòill,
 Mur dh' eirich do 'n chall bhreamais domh,
 'Nuair chaidh mi do Dhun-gleòis ;
 Air bhi thall an Sgalpa dhomb,
 Air cuirm aig Lachunn òg ;
 Fhuair mi bhiodag thubaisteach,
 Le a caisein-uchd' bha mòr.

Bu mbath a chuir m' a bh'an, an sin,
 'S mo bheannachd-sa na deigh ;
 'N fhear ud dune chunnaic i,
 A dhi-mol i gu leir ;
 Ach fhuair mi fhin bloidh bidaig ann
 Nach tig an là nì feum,
 A's stiallaire mor fèsaig oirr',
 Muc fhear d'a seòrsa fhein.

Mas oil leibh an athais ud,
 Gu 'n robb i agabh riamh ;
 Loinidean a's òghnaichean,
 An cònuidh dhuibh bu bhíadh ;
 Ged' dheanadh sibh cruinneachadh,
 Tuilleadh a's coig ciad ;
 'S tearc fear gun chaisein-uchd aige,
 Cho gharbhe ri tore-fiadh.

Chuir an tìr so 'n duileachd mi,
 'Nuair chunnaic iad mur bhà ;
 Bha gach neach ga choisrigeadh,
 Roimh 'n dèa a bh'air 'a barr ;
 Bha sgonn do mhaide seilich innt ;
 Bu gheinneanta rinn fàs ;
 Bheireadh saor neo chronail aiseid,
 Crosa da'n loinid bhàin.

Chuir Mac-Ionmhuinn bairlinn,
 An trath so mach sa 'n tìr,
 Chuir e na soachd barranntais,
 Gu Donnacha Mac-a-Phì ;
 Gabhail gu caol Arcaig Ieo,
 Mu 'n ghabh i tàmh sa 'n tìr,
 'Sa muinntir fein thoirt coimne dh' i
 'S gur soilleir i do m' dhùil.

* Bha 'm "Bad-seire" ann an gusaidhean Dhiarmad.

Cha 'n ion-mholaidh ghràth-bhat sin,
Thug thu steach thar chaol,
An t-arm a bha gun chaisrigeadh,
'Sa b' òle leam air mo thaoibh :
'S maireg sliasaid air am facas i,
A bhiodag phaiteach mhaol ;
B' iomlaideach air bhòrdaih i,
Sgian dubh a sgòrnain chaoil.

B' i sud an bhiodag rosadach,
A b' òle leam air mo chliath',
'Si ruadb-mheirg uile 's coltas d' i,
Fu dhos de dh' fhionnadh liath,
Bha maide reamhar geinneach innt'
'S car na h-amhaich fiar
Cha ghearradh i sgiath cuileige,
Le buille no le riach.

'Nuair chaidh mi dh' iarraidh breathanais,
Cha d' fhuair mi leithid riamh ;
Sin nuair thuirt an Sàileanach,
('Nuair chàirich e rium biad ;
Mathalt do chuire Mhòr-thirich,
Da'm beil an ruibein liath ;
Duirceall dubh gun fhaobhar,
'N am taobhadh ris a bhiaidh.)

" Bu mhath sa bhrathainn chaorainn i,
'Sa'n caonnag nam fear mòr ;
'S e Fionn thug dh' i an latha sin,
An t-ath-bualadh na dhòrn ;
Thug e na brath-mhiannan sin,
Nach dh' fbag i duine beò ;
'S nach robh neach ga 'm beanadh i,
Nach gearradh i 'gu' bhròig."

Thuirt mi fhìn cha'n fhior dhubh sin,
'S ann chaill thu d' ciail le aois ;
Coid a chuimhne 's fàid' agad,
On stad i gu bh' maoil ;
Chaidh mi air mo ghlùn d' i,
Mu 'n do rùisg i rium a thaoibh ; *
'S thug i na seachd sgairtean aisd,
Gus 'n tug Mac-Talla glaoth.

Bu cheithir bliadhna-fichead d' i,
Bhí 'n citsein mhorair-Gall ; †
'S fhuair i urram cònaireachd,
Thar moran de na bh' ann ;
Bha Mac-Aoidh ga teachdaireachd,
Mu 'n deach e chòmhraig theann,
'S b' fhoirmeal anns a chogadh i,
Sgian dubh an sprògain chainn.

Ged thigeadh Clann-Domhnuill,
'S na seòid a tha mu thuath,
Mac-Aoidh an tús seachda leo,
'S garbh bhratach an taoibh tuath ;
'Nuair thig a bhratach Cheann-Sàileach,
'S a thairnnear ridhe snas ;

* Pulling it out of the sheath. † Lord Caithness.

'S tearc fear gu'n chaisein gaoidseid air,
Bho smeig gu mhaodail sìos.

Note.—The poet happened to be one of a party at the house of *Lachann Oge*, a relative of his own, when, upon the company "getting fou an' unco happy," they fell to playing at a sort of game called *Iomlaid bhiodag*. The manner in which it is played is this:—The lights are extinguished, and every man casts his dirk under the table. The dirks are then shuffled with a staff, after which a person, having his right hand tied to his side, and a glove on his left, is blindfolded and put under the table to hand out one by one in rotation to every man who had cast a dirk in : and every body had to keep the dirk which fell to him in this way. M'Kinnon's dirk was by far the best in the whole collection, but he lost it in the lottery, and got in its stead an old coarse dagger belonging to a Kintail man who was present. This person was one of those termed "*Clann 'Ic Rath Mholach*," i. e. *Hairy M'Raes*. M'Kinnon was far from pleased with his lot, and he composed this song on the occasion.

CURAM NAM BANTRAICHEAN.

LUINNRAIG.

*Hug hoireann hō-rō hùra-bho,
Bi'dh cùram oir na bantraichean,
Hug hoireann hō-rō hùra-bho,
Bi'dh cùram air na bantraichean.*

*Bidh cùram air na mnathan òga,
'S mòran air na bantraichean,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*Bi'dh cùram tim an Earraich orra,
Gu'n bi 'n t-aran gann aca,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*Bi'dh cùram mor a's eagal orra,
Theagamh nach bi clann aca,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*'Nuair bhios each gu cuirealdach,
Bi'dh iads a cumh 'an t-shean-duine,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*'Nuair shineas tu air mireadh riudh',
Silidh iad mar alltanann,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*Bi'dh 'n dosan siar san 'm breidean fiar,
Air eualan liath nam bantraichean,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*Bi'dh dealg a'm bun an fheamain ac,
'S breannach a dhambhas iad,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*Ged bhidhinn fhìn gun òr gu'n spréigh,
Bu bheag mo spéis do sheann te duibh,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

Note.—This song was composed on M'Kinnon hearing that a friend of his was about to marry a rich old widow.

AN CLARSAIR DALL.

RODERICK MORISON, the far-famed harper and poet, commonly called *An Clàrsair Dall* was born in the Island of Lewis*, in the year 1646. His father was an Episcopalian Clergyman in that place, a man of great respectability and goodness of heart, and a descendant of the celebrated *Britheamh Leòghasach*. He had other two sons, Angus and Malcolm. At an early age, the three, who were all designed for the pulpit, were sent to Inverness to their education. They were not long there, when the small-pox made its appearance in the town with great virulence; our three pupils were seized with it, and although the best medical skill was in requisition, so severe was the malady, that Roderick lost his eye-sight, and had his face—otherwise a very fine, open and expressive one,—dreadfully disfigured and contracted by it. His brothers were more fortunate,—they followed up their clerical aspirations, and having gone through the *curriculum* of their order, Angus got a living in the parish of Contin, and Malcolm was appointed to the Chapel of Poolewe, in the parish of Gairloch, Ross-shire. Balked in his juvenile anticipations, and now incapacitated for any active, civil, military, or other profession, Rory directed his attention to the study of music, for which nature had furnished him with a first-rate genius. In this divine science he greatly excelled, and although he was no mean performer on other musical instruments, the silver-toned harp seems to have been his favourite. On this instrument, he left all other Highland amateurs in the rear.

His superiority as a musician, and his respectable connexions soon served him as a passport to the best circles in the North. He was caressed and idolized by all who could appreciate the excellence of his minstrelsy. Induced by the fair fame of his fellow-harpers in Ireland, he visited that country, and probably profited by the excursion. On his return to Scotland, he called at every baronial residence in his way; the Scotch nobility and gentry were at the time at the Court of King James in Holyrood-House—Rory

* The Messrs Chambers of Edinburgh, in their Journal, Number 451, of Saturday, September 19th, 1840, say, on the authority of Mr Bunting, that blind Rory was an Irishman. This is incorrect. We know how much Journalists are at the mercy of others, and how easily they are misled; but without at all expecting any thing like *omniscience* in the Messrs Chambers, we think, that before lending the weight of their columns to give currency to the mis-statement, they ought to have informed *themselves* of the facts.

Of Mr Bunting, we know nothing or almost nothing; but we sympathize with him in his literary researches, and attempts to resuscitate the musical spirit and ancient melody of his country. We protest, however, against his robbing us of our sweetest minstrel—not for the world would we accord to Hibernia the honour of having given birth to Rory Dall—and for this one reason, that he was *bona fide* born and brought up in the Highlands of Scotland; and, if a man must be born a second time, it does not necessarily follow, that that event must take place in Ireland. Mr Bunting's blind Rory, goes by the sonorous name of O'Cahan,—we have no objection to this; neither do we lay claim to any of the estates which descended to the said Rory O'Cahan as his patrimonial inheritance, but we claim for ourselves the honour of consanguinity with Roderick Morison, the blind harper. We have given his birth and parentage;—we have pointed to the manes of his two brothers,—we have given his own history as a poet, harper, and farmer, and until these facts are disproved, the Irish historian must rest satisfied with *his own* Rory, and the Messrs Chambers must understand that such things as erroneous statements can be imported over the Irish channel, much easier than a Ross-shire Highlander can be made an Irishman.

wended his way to Edinburgh, where he met with that sterling model of a Highland Chieftain, John Breac M'Leod of Harris, who eagerly engaged him as his family harper. During his stay under the hospitable roof of this gentleman, he composed several beautiful tunes and songs, and, among the rest, that fascinating melody—" *Feill nan Crann*," which arose out of the following circumstance: Rory, sitting one day by the kitchen fire, had chanced to drop the key of his harp in the ashes which he was raking with his fingers, as M'Leod's lady entered and inquired of one of the maids—" *Ciod e tha dhìth air Ruairidh?*" "*Mhuire! tha a chrann—chaill e san luath e,*" was the reply—" *Ma ta feumair crann eile 'cheannach do Ruairidh;*" continued Mrs M'Leod; and the gifted minstrel, availing himself of the forced or extended meaning of the word *crann*, forthwith composed the tune, clothing it in words of side-splitting humour, and representing the kitchen maids as ransacking every mercantile booth in the land, to procure him his lost implement!

Shortly after this period, we find our author located as a farmer at *Totamòr* in Glenelg, at that time the property of his liberal patron M'Leod, who gave him the occupancy of it rent-free. Here he remained during his friend's life, and added largely to the stock of his musical and poetical compositions.

An Clàrsair Dall was fondly attached to his patron, whose fame he commemorated in strains of unrivalled beauty and excellence. The chieftains of the clan M'Leod possessed, perhaps, greater nobleness of soul than any other of the Highland gentry; but it must be observed, that they were peculiarly successful in enlisting the immortalizing strains of the first poets in their favour—our author and their own immortal Mary. Rory's elegy on John Breac M'Leod, styled, "*Creach nan Cìadan*," is one of the most pathetic, plaintive and heart-touching productions we have read, during a life half spent amid the flowery meadows of our Highland Parnassus. After deploring the transition of M'Leod's virtues, manliness and hospitality from the earth, he breaks forth in sombre forebodings as to the degeneracy of his heir, and again luxuriates in the highest ingredients of a *Lament*. *Oran mor Mhic-Leoid*, in which the imaginative powers of the minstrel conjure up scenes of other days, with the vividness of reality, is a master-piece of the kind. It comes before us in the form of a duet, in which Echo (the sound of music), now excluded like himself from the festive hall of M'Leod, indulges in responsive strains of lamentation that finely harmonize with the poignancy of our poet's grief.

This last song was composed after his ejection from his farm, and while on his way to his native Isle of Lewis. It is not true, as stated by Mr Bunting, that Rory Dall was a wandering minstrel. He indeed occasionally visited gentlemen's houses, but that was always under special invitation—he was born a minister's son, and did not require to earn his bread by wandering from place to place. Rory Dall was much respected in his age and country for those high musical powers which have contributed so much to the pleasure and delight of his countrymen—talents which have obtained for himself the imperishable fame of being one of the sweetest and most talented poets of our country. He died at a good old age, and was interred in the burying ground of *I*, in the Island of Lewis. Peace be to his manes! never we fear, shall the Highlands of Scotland again produce his like.

A CHIAD DI-LUAIN DE'N RAIDHE.

A CHIAD di-luain de'n raidhe,*

Ge d' bhà mi leam fhìn,
Cha d' fhuair mi duine an là sin,
A thainig an ghaoith,
Dh-fhàraich cia mar bhà mi,
Na'm bàil leam dhol sìos,
An Tota-mòr so fhàgail,
Nach b' àite dhomh e,
'Soilleir dhuinne thar chach uile,
Nach robh duin' a's tìr,
A chumadh fear mar chàch mi,
Mar b' àbhaist dhomh bhì.

Sin 'nuair chuala Fearachar,
Mi'n dearmad aig càch,
Thàinig e na m' chòdhail,
On h' eòl dha mo ghuàis,
Thug e leis air sgòid mi,
Gu seòmar a mhnà,
Anna lion an stòp dhuinn,
'S na sòr oirn' a làn,
Ge d' tha e falamb 's ro mabath 'n airidh,
'Ghlaine fo thoirt dhà,
'S gu'n faigheadh e luchd eòlais,
Na m' bìoidh a phòca làn.

Labhair a bhean chòir sin,
Gu banail eolach glie,
Fhaic thu 'n t-uain gu'n mhàthair,
An clàrsair gu'n chroit,
An leabhar gu'n leubhair,
'S e bheus a bh' droit,
S' an dorchach gu'n fhuasgladh,
A suaineach a bhrùic,
Ge d' tha thu falamb 's ro mhath 'n airidh
Ghlaine so thoirt dhut,
'S gu'n òlamaid a dhà dhiu'
Air slàinte an fhir bhrìc.†

An tì so thà mi 'g iomradh,
'S a 'g iomagainn do ghuà,
Cha cheil mi air do mhuinntir,
Gach puing mar atà,

* The Highlanders had a practice in the olden times that is still partially observed in certain parts even at the present day, and that tended to keep alive and fan those habits of hospitality and friendly feelings among the inhabitants of particular districts for which they are so justly celebrated. The custom to which we allude, was to meet at an appointed house, on the first Monday of every quarter, to drink a bumper to the beverage of the succeeding, and wish it better or no worse than the present.

† John Breac Macleod.

Ge h-eibhion leam r'a chluinntinn,
An saoidh a bhìdh slàn,
Sgeul nach taitneach leamsa,
Ma dh' iomalaid thu gnàs,
Fàth mo ghearrain a bhì falamb,
'S mi tamull o' d' laimh,
" 'S faide 'n fhead na t-eigheach,
'S an fhéusag air fàs."

Ge d' fhuillegear gach nì 's feudar,
'S neo-éibhion le m' rùn,
Thusa bhìdh 'n clàr-sgìthe,
'S mi 'n tìr air do chùl,
Le m' fheòsaig leathuinn leòmaich,
Gu ròibeineach dlù,
'S thusa a' giùlan màlaid,
A ghnà ann san Dùn,
Fhìr bhrìc bhallaich, meall na bharail,
'M fear a thuirt o thùs—
" 'S fad o'n chridhe cheudna,
Na 's eòin bho bheachd sùl."

Ge d' thà mise an dràsda
Da m' àrach fad uat,
Sloinnidh mi mo phàirt,
Ris gach nàbaidh m'an coairt,
Ma 's beng ma's mor a dh' fheadas mi,
Spréidh A chuir suas,
Bìoidh sìd fo iochd nan sàr-fhear,
Nach sàraich am fuachd,
Ri là gaillionn an àrd bheannabh,
'S iad nach gearrain uair,
'S tric an siubhal sealbhach,
Air shealg do 'n taobh-tuath.

Tha fir ghasda bheòghant',
Aig Eòghann Loch-iall,
Nach seachnadh an tòireachd,
'N àm tòghbail nan triath,
Rachadh iad gu'n sòradh,
An còdhail nan ciad,
'S math am fulang dùrainn,
'S tha eròdhachd nan gnìomh,
Fìr ro ghasda nach 'eil meata,
Nach d'fhuair masladh riamh,
Mhathas mo chuid dhòmh-sa,
'S mi 'n dòchas gur fìor.

'S iad Clann-Mhic-'Ill-Ainmhaidh,
'S ùirdheirce gnìomh,
Luch shiubhal a gharblaich,
'S a mharbhadh nam fiadh,

Cha d' fhuair iad aobhar oilbheum,
 Mar falbhaidh iad sliabh,
 Cha dean iad a bheag ormsa,
 'S nach lorgair mi 's fiach,
 Mo chreach ma 'n coinnidh 's i fo'n comraic,
 'B'e an comunn mo mhiann,
 Buachaillean mo tbreud,
 'N uair nach léir dhuibh a ghrian.

Tha sliochd Iain Mhic-Mhàrtainn,*
 Gu tàbhachdach treun,
 Raghainn air an naimbdeas,
 An cairdeas, gu'n bhreug,
 Cha bhuin iad ri fàl-bheairt,
 Mo lamhsa nach spéis,
 "Far an is! an gàradh,
 Cha ghnà leo a leum,"
 Na fir ghasda gu'n bhi meata,
 'S iad nach seachainn stréup,
 Le 'n toirear buaidh 's gach spàirne,
 Ann 's gach àite dha 'n téid.

Clann-a-Phì† ri' n seanachas,
 'S neo-leanaibhidh na seòid,
 Buidhean nan sgiath balla-bhreac
 A dhearbhadh an gleòis,
 'S iad nach seachnadh fuathas,
 'N àm bhualadh nan sròn,
 Ge b' e chuireadb fearg orr'
 Cha b' fharmaidh dhò,
 'N àm tarrainn nan lann tana,
 Caisgear carraid leò,
 "Buille 'n corp cha bhuail" iad,
 Tha oaisle nam pòr.

Tha Clann-'Hle-Mhaoil mhùinte,
 Bha cliù orra riamh,
 Buidhean tha do-cheannsaicht,
 Is ceannsgalach triall,
 Ri faicinn an naimhdean,
 'S neo-sgàthach an triath,
 B' annsa leibh ruaig shuindach,
 No tionntadh le fiamh,
 Laochraidh guineach nan arm fuileach,
 'S mairg ri 'n bhuin sibh riamh,
 Tha nìmh a's neart 'n-ar naimhdeas,
 'S 'ur càirdeas gu'n fhiar.

Tha aig Colla còmblainn,
 Nach conn-lapach gleus,
 Luchd nam feudan dùbh-ghorm,
 Nach diùltadh ri feum,
 'N-àm na graide dhùsgadh,
 Gu 'n dùbladh bhur feum,
 Bha fios aig Mac-an-Tòisich,
 Nach sòradh iad ceum,

Dol na choinnidh sa'n là shoilleir,
 'S gu'n iad coimeas cheud,
 B' annsa dol da bhualadh,
 No buaile 'n fir tbéud.

'S iad sliochd Cholla chis-mhoir,
 Da rìreadh a th' ann,
 Nach leigeadh le mùiseag,
 An cùis thar an ceann,
 Misneach cha do threig sibh,
 'N streup chlanna Ghall,
 Cha bu dual daibh mìo-stà'
 No mì-thùrachd ghann,
 Na fir churanta fhuair urram,
 Re h-àm iomairt lann,
 O minig luchd an aobhair,
 Gu craobhach a call.

Maille ris gach suairceas,
 Bha fuaite ri'r gnù,
 Tharrainn sibh mar dhualchas,
 An uaisle 'n ar cléith,
 Gu creachadh cha do ghluais sibh,
 Cha chuala mi e,
 B' annsa leibh eun chuaise,
 Thoirte nam le m' thoil féin,
 Na mo chreachadh 's an dol seachad,
 'S mi na m' aire mu'm spréidh,
 'S mi gu'n eagall tuairgnidh,
 'S mo bhuaille fo' r méin.

Tha Gleann-Garadh ceannsgalach,
 Connspunnach, cruaidh,
 Chumadh ri luchd ainmheir,
 A chonnspaid ud suas,
 Na 'm tharrainn gu sauntach,
 An lann as an truaill,
 Bu mhath do'r luchd gamhlais,
 San àm ud bhi bhuaibh,
 Biodh ceum cridheil air reang tri-ear,
 Cha gleidh broinne buaidh,
 Aig bùidheann a uhoir cheann-aird,
 Nach teann mo chuid bhuam.

Tha 'n taic na laimbe,
 An Ceann-tàile so thall,
 Fir ghasda neo sgàthach,
 Ga'm b' àbhaids bhi teann,
 Ri faicinn a nàmhaid,
 Nach fallinnach greann,
 Is tric a fhuair buaidh làrach,
 Le àbhachd an lann,
 Neart a chlaidhe be air raghainn,
 Nach dh-fhàs fathast fanu,
 Coille 's i gu'n chrionach.
 Gur lionmhor a clann.

* Dochoasie men, a very brave little clan at that time.

† Locharkaig meo, followers of Lochail.

'S iad marcaich na Mòidhe,
 Fir chrò nam buadh,
 'M beil aithn' agus eòlas,
 Nach sòradh an duais,
 Clann-Choinnich nan rò-seol,
 Na'n cròdh' mhìlean sluaidh,
 Na beathraichean beòdha,
 Ga còir a bhì crnaidh,
 Dream gu'n laige ri am troide
 Ceann a chabraich suas,
 Aig luchd na gorm laun nàimhdeach,
 Nach sauntaich mo bhuar.

Note.—When the harper composed this song, he was residing in *Tata-Mor*, in Glenelg, as a farmer, and the few of the clans he alludes to were people that he had good reason to fear would rob him, or, in other words, carry away his cattle—a very prevalent practice in those days. As, therefore, he had little or no means of defending himself, he immediately called his harp and his muse to his aid, and composed this song, in which those dreaded enemies are invested with all the attributes of honour, honesty, and good neighbourhood; and, as far as the bard was concerned, they always acted towards him in the characters his muse was willing to believe they actually possessed.

O R A N

DO DH-IAIN BREAC MAC-LEOID.

THA mòran, mòran mulaid
 An deigh tuineachadh am chùim,
 Gur bliadhna leam gach seachdain,
 Bho nach facas Iain donn;
 Na 'n cluinninn ged nach faicinn,
 'Fear do phearsa thigh'n do 'n fhonn,
 Gu'n sgaoileadh mo phràmh 's m' airtsneul,
 Mar shneachd òg ri aiteamh trom.

*Their mì hò-rò gheolla beag,
 'S na hò-rò challan h-ì,
 Their mì hò-rò ghealla beag,
 'S na hò-rò challan h-ì;
 Challan hì ho hò-rò bhò,
 'S na hò-rò challan hì,
 Gur fada bho na tràthan sin,
 Nach robh mo ghràdh san tìr.*

A luchd comuinn so, na 'n eisdeadh sibh,
 Ri cuid de m' sgeul, gu'n mheang,
 'S mi caoidh an uasail bheadaraich,
 Tha bhuam an fheadhs' air chall;
 Cha robh eon ri fhaotainn ort,
 Ach thu bhì faoilidh ann,
 Bho 'n fhuair mi gu h-ùr éibhinn thu,
 'N Dun-éideann, a measg Ghall.
Their mì hò-rò, &c.

Thug mi ionnsaidh fhada,
 As do dheigh 's mi 'n cladach crnaidh,
 Thug mi ionnsaidh dhearraideach,
 'S a chàmhuach Di-Iuin;
 Cha d'fhuaras an t-òg aigeantach,
 Bu mhacanta measg sluaidh,
 'S cha 'n fhaodainn a mhisg àicheadh,
 'S do dheoch-slaime dol m' an cuairt.
Their mì hò-rò, &c.

Thug mi ionnsaidh sgairteal,
 As do dheigh an cladach doirbh,
 Ged nach tug mi capull leam,
 Na agair mi na lorg;
 Gu 'n robh mo choiseachd adhaiseach,
 'S an rathad a bhì dorch,
 Le breisleich mhic-nan-clìathan,*
 'S du lamh fhial ga dhioladh orm.
Their mì hò-rò, &c.

Fhìr so tha mi g' iomradh ort,
 Ga t-ionndrain tha mi bh' uam,
 Sròn ardanch an fhuighantais,
 Cha h' fhuì leat a bhì crìon;
 Na 'n cluinninn féin 's gu 'n tigeadh tu,
 Fhìr chridhe dhios nan crìoch,
 Gu'n òlainn do dheoch-slaime,
 Ga do phàighinn ì, de dh' fhion.
Their mì hò-rò, &c.

Beul macanta, ciùin, rabhairtach,
 'N uair tharladh tu 's taigh-dòsd,
 A dh'fhàs gu seirceil, suairec,
 Gaol na'm ban, 's nan gruagach òg;
 'S iomadh maighdeann cheutach,
 A bha deigheil air do phuig.
 Le 'm b' ait bhì cunntadh spreidhe dhut,
 'S a deas-lamh féin le deòin.
Their mì hò-rò, &c.

Cha robh fuath na greathachd ort,
 Ri t-amharc bha thu caoin,
 Saighdear foinnidh, flathail,
 Air an gabbadh gach neach gaol;
 Euchdach, treubhach, urramach,
 Bha 'n curaidh glan gu'n ghaid,
 Gu fearail, meannach, measail,
 Air nach faighte an tiotal clau.
Their mì hò-rò, &c.

Saighdear fearail, fuasgailteach,
 Fear cruadalach, gu'n mheang,
 Ceann-feadhna air thùs na brataich e,
 Ga taisbeanadh san Fhraing;
 Thig airm air reir a phearsa,
 Air an laoch bu sgairteil greunn,
 'Nuair dh' éireadh airde lasrach ort,
 'S mairg a' chasadh riut san àm.
Their mì hò-rò, &c.

* An t-uisge-beatha.

Thig claidheamh socrach, stailiun dhut,

De 'n t-seòrs as fear sa bhùth,

'S e fulaughach bho bharr-dheis,

Gu 'n ruig a cheanna-bheairt duirn;

Faobhar air a gheur chruaidh sin,

Nach gabhadh leum na lùb,

Lann air dhreach na daolaig',

'S i air taobh deas-laimh mo ròin.

Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S e sud an t-àirn a thaghaidd d'ut,

'S tu 'n deigh an retreat,

As paidhir dhag nach diùltadh,

Agus fùdar gorm da reir;

Do ghunna 'n deigh a falmachadh,

'S tu marbhtach air an treud,

Ann san laimh nach greagara,

'S tu leantainn as an deigh.

Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S fhada leam a chomhnaidh so,

Th' aig Eoin a measg nan Gall,

Cha ghiorra leam an oidheche,

Bhì ga chuimhneachadh 's gach am;

Dh' fhaòilichinn na 'm faicinn thu,

Tigh'n seachad ann sa ghleann,

Cha ghabhinn fein botan faiteachais,

Ge d' ghlaodh tu mo gheall.

Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Corr agus trì ràidhean,

Tha thu d' chadal sàmhach bh' nàin,

Gu'n t-fhaicinn bho na dh'fhàg thu sin,

'S ar cridhe ghuath fo ghrùn;

A nis bho 'n choir thu cùl roinn,

'Sa laidh smùrnein air do ghruidh,

Mar sholas and deigh dorachadais,

Tha 'Tòrmòd mar bu dual.

Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S e Tormòd òg mo shubhachas,

Air bhuidheachas shìol-Leòid,

Ma 's mac an àit' an athar thu,

Thig fathast gu bhì mòr;

Ann san Dùe gu flathail,

'N robh do chinneadh roi beò,

Mac-ratha dhùisgeas eibhneas domh,

Le aighear thréig mi bròn.

Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Ma thuirt iad ogha Thòrmoid rint,

B' i sud an fhoirm fhuil ghlan,

Ma thuirt iad iar-ogha Ruairidh riut,

B' i 'n àrd-fhuil uaibhreach mhear;

'S ogha 'n Eoin gun truailleadh,

Thug snairceas air gach neach,

Mac an fhir nach b'fhuathach leam,

An nochd thog snas mo ghean

Their mi ho-ro, &c.

CREACH-NA-CIADAIN.*

Tha muld, tha mulad,

Lion mulad ro mhòr mi,

'S ge d' is eigin domh fhulang,

Tha tuille 's na's leoir orm;

Thromaich sac air mo ghiulan,

Le dùmhadas dòrainn,

Dh' amais dosgaich na bliadhn orm.

Creach-na-Ciadain so leon mi!

Creach-na-Ciadain so leon mi,

Dh' fhàg mi breòite gu'n fhiabhras,

A dh'fhògair mo shlainge,

'S tearc mo bhrathair 's na crìochan;

Agam glaadh an loin bhrònaich,

'N deigh a h-eòin 's i 'ga iargainn,

Dh' fhalbh gach sòlas a b' àbhaist,

'S dh' fhuirich càillein a m' fhiacail.

Dh' fhuirich càillein a m' fhiacail,

So i bhliadhn' a thug car dhomh,

Dh' fhaigh putthar fo m' leine,

Nach faothaich leigh tha air thalamh,

Mo leigheas cha'n fheadar,

Cha ré domh bhì fallain,

Fhuair mi dùineir là Càisge,

'S cha b' fheairde mo ghoìn ì.

Cha b' fheairde mo ghoìn ì,

Ge do bha mi mu'n chòròinn,

'N diugh gur buan domh ri aithris,

Gu'n bhuail an t-earrach so brùg orm;

Mi mu'm maighsteir glè mhath,

'S fad a leus orm nach beò e,

Ge do racha mi seachad,

Cha'n fhaigh mi facal dheth chòmhra.

Cha'n fhaigh mi facal dheth chòmhra,

Chleachd mi mòran deth fhaotainn,

'N diugh dh' fhaodas mi ràite,

Gur uan gu'n mhatthair san treud mi,

'S ann is gna dhomh bhì tùrsach,

Gu'n bhrath furtachd as eugais,

'S o'n a chaochail e àbhaist,

'S tearc a chaoidh mo ghàir eibhinn.

'S tearc a chaoidh mo ghàir eibhinn,

Cha bheus domh bhì subhach,

Ghabh mi tlaed ann bi tùrsach,

Chuir mi ùgh ann bi dubbach,

Mu'n tì tha mi 'g iomradh,

Chuir an cuimhne mo phutar,

Nis o'n fhuair an uaigh e-san,

Chaidh an caisead mo bhruthaich,

* This lamentation was composed on the death of John Breac Macleod.

Chaidh an caisead mo bhruthaich,
 'S mi fo chumha da dìreadh,
 Dol an truinead 's an àirde,
 An diugh a thainig mo dhìobhail :
 Dh' fhalbh mo laitheichean éibhinn,
 O'n a thréig sibh Clár-sgìthe,
 Tha mo thaic ann sua b-Earadh
 'N deigh fhalach 'na aonar.

'N deigh fhalach 'na aonar,
 Bì'dh e daonnan 'an uaigneas,
 Sgeul mu'n gearanach daoine,
 'S mnai chaoiteach nan luath-bhos,
 'S iad a' co-strì r'a chéile,
 Ceol gun éibhneas seachd truaighe !
 Leum mo chridhe 'na spealtaibh,
 M' an chaismeachd 'n uair chualas.

Gur h-i chaismeachd so chualas,
 A luathaich orm tioma,
 Dh' fhàg to m' osnaich fuil bhrùite,
 A' sìor-dhrùbadh air m' innigh,
 'S fhaide seachduin na bliadhna,
 O'n a thrial sibh thair linne,
 Le friemhach na fialachd,
 Bh'ann san lion-bhrat air fhilleadh,

'S ann san lion-bhrat air fhilleadh,
 Dh' fhàg mi spiunnadh nan anfhann,
 Ceann-uidhe luchd-ealaidh,
 Mar ri earras luchd-seanachais.
 Agus ulaidh aos-dàna,
 Chuir do bhàs iad gu h-imcheist ;
 'S o'n a chaidh thu sa chiste,
 Cha bu mhis a chùis fhàrmaid.

Cha bu mhis a chùis fhàrmaid,
 Ghabh mi tearhadh o'n treud sin,
 Far an robh mi a'm mheanbh-ghair,
 'An toiseach ainseir mo chéitein,
 'S ann an deireadh a Charbhais,
 A dhearbhadh ar feuchain
 Chaill mi 'n ùr-ghibht, a chreach mi,
 Ann an seachduin na Céusda.

Ann an seachduin na Céusda,
 Diciadain mo bhristidh,
 Chaill mi luchair na h-éudail,
 Cha mhi aon neach is mist e,
 Gu'n bhrath faighinn gu bràth oirr',
 Sgeul a shàraich mo mhisneach ;
 'S aon fo dhìomhaireachd m' àirnean,
 A tharmaich mo niosgaid.

A tharmaich mo niosgaid,
 Cha'n fhaidh mise bhi slàn deth,
 Se fear tinn a chiun-ghalair,
 A ni'n gearan bochd cràiteach,

'S ann air ata 'n easlaint,
 Nach d' fhiosraich a nàbaidh,
 'S cha mho dh' fhaireich e thinnneas
 Leis 'n do mhilleadh a shlaute.

Far 'n do mhilleadh mo shlaint-s',
 'S ann a tharmaich dhòmh m' easlaint,
 Gu'n d' chuir aimsir na Càisge,
 Mi gu bràth fo throm airsneal,
 Gheibh gach neach do na dh' fhàg thu,
 Rud 'an àite na bh' aca,
 Ach mis agus Màiri,
 A chuir a bràthair 'an tasgaidh.

Chaidh do bhràthair 'an tasgaidh,
 'Se mo chreach-sa gur fìor sud,
 'S ann an diugh tha mi 'g acaìn,
 Mar tha mhac na mhaol-ciarain,
 Agus ise bochd brònach,
 'N deigh a leonadh o'n chiadain,
 Thug mo mhaighstir math uamsa,
 Leis 'n do bhuaineadh mo phian-bhron.

Mo phian-bhron a Mhàiri,
 Mar tha thu fo chumha,
 Nach faic thu do Bhràthair,
 Mar a b' àbhaist gu subhach,
 An sean-fhacal gnàthaichte,
 An diugh 's fìor e mar thubbairt :—
 “ Cha robh meoghail ga miad,
 Nach robh na deigh galach, dubhach.”

Nach robh na deigh galach, dubhach,
 'Se 'm fear subhach an beairteas,
 Cha'n fuaigh piuthar a bràthair
 Ach gheibh bean àlaim leth-leapach,
 Thainig àr air an dùthaich,
 Dia a dhùbladh an carta,
 'S ga cumail an eachdar,
 Gus am buadhaich do mhac e.

Gus am buadhaich do mhac e,
 'N déig a ghlasadh le gruagaich,
 Lan saibhris is sonais,
 Ann san onair bu dual dut,
 Lean cùis 's na bi leanbail,
 'S na bidh marbh-ghean air t-uaislean,
 Cum an coimeas ruit féin iad,
 'S na toir beum dha t-ainm Ruairidh.

Ruairidh reachdar, run-meanmach,
 Tartach, toirbeartach, teannta,
 Do shl-seanair o'n tainig,
 Cha b'ion do nàmhaid dol teann air,
 'S Ruairidh gasda 'na dheigh,
 Cha b'e roghainn bu tàire,
 'S an treas Ruairidh fa dheireadh,
 Cha b'e'n gainneanach fàs e.

An treas Ruairidh de'n dream sin,
A choisinn geall 's cha b' e mì-chliu,
Cha b' e 'n coilleanach gann e,
Ach an ceannsgalach mìleant'
Ma 's tusa roinn suas,
An ceathramh Ruairidh, na dearmad,
Lean ri sinnsireachd t-aiteam,
'S u a toir masladh dha 'n ainm sin.

Na toir masladh dha 'n ainm sin,
'S cuir leanabas fo d' bhrògan,
Na biodh daoine ann am barail,
Ge d' tha car aig an òig ort,
Bidh gu fùgbantach smachdail,
Rianail, reachdmhor, 'n triath Leòdach,
"Na faic frid an sùil brìdean,"
Cha chùis dìon do Mhac-Leòid e.

Cha chùis dìon do Mhac-Leòid,
A bhi dòlum 's rud aige,
Lean an dùthchas bu chòir dhut,
'S biodh mòr-chuis na t-aigheadh,
Ach ma leigas tu dhìot e,
Bi'dh na ciadan ga t-aigairt,
'G ràdh gur crann shlatag chrìon thu,
'N àit' a ghuimbaraidh bheachdail.

Maide dh' fhàs na chraoibh thoraidh,
Fo bhà ònarach àluinn,
Ann an lios nan crann éuchdach,
Bha tlachd nan ceud ann 's gach àit' air,
Lean an dùthchas bu eathair,
A mhic an athar a chràidh sinn,
Na bidh ad chrìonaich gu'n duilleich,
Ann 'san ionad 'n do thàmh thu.

ORAN MOR MHIC-LEOID.

[EADAR AN CLARSAIR AGUS MAC-TALLA.]

MiAD a mhuilaid tha 'n thagball,
Dh' fhaig treoghaid mo chléibh gu goirt
Aig na rinn mi ad dheighidh,
Air m' aghairt 's mo thrìall gu port.
'S ann bha mis' air do thoir,
'S mi meas rebb còir agam ort;
A dheagh mhic athar mo ghràidh,
B tu m' aighear, 's m' àdh, 's m' òc.

Chaidh a chuibhle ma'n cuairt,
Gu'n do thiunnaidh gu fuaichd am blàthas,
Naile chuna' mi uair,
Dùn fathail nan cuach a thràigh.

Far biodh taghaich nan duan,
Ioma' mathas gu'n chruas, gu'n chàs;
Dh' fhalbh an latha sin bhuain,
'S tha na taighean gu faaraidh fàs.

Dh' fhalbh, mac-tall' as an Dùn,
'N am sgarachdainn duinn r' ar triath;
'S ann a thachair e rium,
Air seacharan bheann, san t-shliabh.
Labhair e-san air thus—
"Math mo bharail gur tu ma 's fìor,
Chunna' mise fo' mhuirn,
Roi 'n uiridh an Dùn nan ciar."

A Mhic-talla, nan tùr,
'Se mo bharail gur tusa bhà,
Ann an teaghlach an fhìon',
'S tu g-aithris air gnìomh mo laimh;
"S math mo bharail gur mi,
'S cha b' uras dhomh bhi mo thàmh;
G-eisdeachd brosluim gach ceòil,
Ann am lochar Mhic-Leòid an aigh."

A Mhic-talla so bha,
Annas a bhaile 'n do thar mì m' iuil;
'S ann a nis dhuinn as léir,
Gu'm beil mis' a's tu féin air chùil.
A reir do chomais air sgeul,
O'n 's fear comuinn mì-féin a's tu;
'M beil do mhuinntearas buan,
Aig an triath ud, da'n dual an Dùn?

"Tha Mac-talla fo ghruaim,
Annas an talla 'm biodh fuaime a cheòil;
'S ionad taghaich nan ciar,
Gu'n aighear, gu'n mhiagh, gu'n phòit.
Gu'n mhìre, gu'n mhùirn,
Gu'n iomracha dùl nan còrn;
Gun chùirn, gu'n phuilteas ri dàimh,
Gu'n mbaenas, gu'n mhàran beòil.

"S mi Mac-talla, bha uair
'G eisdeachd fathrum nan duan gu tiugh;
Far bu mhuirneach am béus,
'N am cromadh do'n ghrèin san t-sruth.
Far am b' fhoirmeal na seòid,
'S iad gu h-òranach, ceolmhor, clùth;
Ged nach faicte mo ghnòis,
Chloinnt' aca sa'n Dùn mo ghuth."

"N am eiridh gu moch,
Ann san teaghlach, gu'n spròc, gu'n ghruaim;
Chlaintean gleadhraich nan dös,
'S an còile na' cois on t-suain;
'Nuair a ghabhadh i làn,
'S i gu'n cuireadh os n-aird na fhuair;
Le meòir fhileanta bhinn,
'S iad gu rùith-leumach, dìonach, luath."

“ Bhiodh a rianadair fèin,
Cuir an ìre gur h-e bhiodh ann ;
'S e g-eiridh na measg,
'S an éibhe gu tric na cheann.
Ge d' a b' ard leinn a fuaim,
Cha tuairgneadh e sinn gu teann ;
Chuireadh tagradh am chloais,
Le h-aidmheil gu luath, 's gu mall.

'Nuair a chuir' i na tàmh,
Le furtachd na fàrdaich fèin ;
Dhomh-sa b' fhuirsa dàdh,
Gu'm bu churaideach gair nan téud.
Le h-iomairt dha làmh,
A cuir a biuueas do chàch an céill ;
'S gu'm bu shiubhlach am chluais,
A moghunn lughar le luasgan mheur.

“ Ann sa' fheasgar na dheigh,
N am teasa na gréin tra nòin ;
Fir chneatain ri clàir,
'S mnaí' freagairt a ghnà cuir leò.
Da chomhairleach ghearr,
A labhairt 's gu 'm b'àrd an glòir ;
'S gu'm bu thitheach an guin,
Air an duine gu'n fhuil, gu'n fheoil.”

“ Gheibhte fcasgaich gu'n ghrain,
Na do thalla gu'n sgràig, gu'n fhuath ;
Mnaí' fhionna 'n fhuil réidh,
Cuir buineis an céill le fuaim.
Le ceileireachd beòil,
Bhiodh gu h-ealanta, b-ordail, suaicr ;
Bhiodh fear-bogha 'nan còir,
Ri cuir meo-ghair' a mheòir nan cluais.

“ Thuir teachdaireachd bhuam,
Le deatam, gu Ruaridh òg ;
Agus innis dha fèin,
Cuid de chuinnard ged 'se Mac-Leòid.
E bhi'g amharc na dheigh,
Air an Iain * a dh-éug, s' nach beò ;
Ge bu shaibhir a chliù,
Cha'n fhàgadh e 'n Dùn gu'n cheòl.”

Note.—This song was a favourite with Sir Alexander McKenzie, of Gairloch, who paid a person to sing it to him every Christmas night. One of Sir Alexander's tenants went to him one day to seek a lease of a certain farm. The laird desired him to sit down and sing *Oran Mòr Mhic-Leòid* till he should write the document. The tenant remarked that he certainly set great value on that song. “Yes,” was his reply, “and I am sorry that every Highland laird has not the same regard for it.”

* John Breac M'Leod was one of the last chieftains that had in his retinue a bard, a harper, a piper, and a fool,—all of them excellently and liberally provided for. After his death, Dunvegan Castle was neglected by his son Roderick, and the services of these functionaries dispensed

C U M H A

DO DH-FHEAR THALASGAIR.*

Dur-FHALBH sòlas mo latha,
Dhòrchaich m' oidhche gu'n aighear,
Cha 'n eil lanntair na m' radhad,
'S gu'n mo chainnlean a' gabhail,
Tha luchd 'm foineachd na'n laidhe sa'n ùir orr.

Bàs an Eoin so ma dheireadh,
Rinn ar leònadh gu soillear,
Sa chùir ar sòlas an gainnead,
Dhùisg e bròn an Eoin eile,
Dh-fhag e doirt-thromach eire mo ghiùlain.

Co chunnaic no chuala,
Sgeul 's trùime sa 's truaidhe ?
Na'm beum guineach su bhuail oirnn,
Sa dh' fhag uile fo ghruaim sinn,
Eadar islean a's uaislean do dhùthcha.

Se siol Leòid an siol dochair,
Sìol gu'n sòlas, gu'n sochair,
Sìol a bhroin a's na bochain,
Sìol gu'n cheòl a's gu'n bhrosllum,
An siol dorainneach 's goirt a rùg sgiùrs orr.

Se'n clàr-sgith an clàr ro sgith,
Clàr na diobhail 's na dòsgainn,
Clàr gu'n eibhneas lann osnaidh,
Clàr nan deur air na rosgaibh,
An clàr geur, an clàr goirt, an clàr tùrsach.

Cneidh air chneidh 'sa chneidh chràiteach,
Na seana chneidhean ga 'n àrach,
Na 'n ùr chnàmbain an dràsta,
Sgrìob gach latha gar fàsadh,
Gur tric taghaich a bhàis a toirt spaill dhiun.

Tha mi 'gràite le ceartas,
Thaobh aubharachd m' acad,
Nach “fearr e ri chlàistinn
An t-òlc cràiteach na fhaicinn.”

'S claoa a dh-fhag an sean-fhacal o thùs e.

with to make room for grooms, gamekeepers, factors, dogs, and the various *et ceteras* of a fashionable English establishment. We here beg the reader to note, that we have not said kory was an English gentleman, but only hinted that he aped the manners of one. Eight stanzas of this song are purposely omitted, as we think their insertion would be an outrage on our readers' sense of propriety.

* Mr John M'Leod, son of Sir Roderick M'Leod.

AM PIOBAIRE DALL.

JOHN M'KAY, the celebrated piper and poet was born in the parish of Gairloch, Ross-shire, in the year 1666. Like his father, who was a native of Lord Reay's Country, he was born blind, but with perhaps the exception of a slight shade on their eyes, it would be difficult to the most acute observer to perceive that they had not their sight. When John had acquired the first principles or elementary parts of music from his father, he was sent to the College of Pipers in Skye, to finish his musical studies under the auspices of the celebrated Mac-Crummynein. There were at this time no fewer than eleven other apprentices studying with this celebrated master-piper; but in the articles of capacity and genius so superior did *Iain Dall* prove himself to his fellow-students, that he outstripped them all in a very short time. This superiority, or pre-eminence naturally gained him the envy and low-souled ill-will of the others, and many anecdotes have traditionally come down to us illustrative of their rivalry and wounded pride. On one occasion as John and another apprentice were playing the same tune alternately, in the highest key of rivalry, Mac-Crummynein reprimandingly asked the other, "why he did not play like *Iain Dall*?" to which the chagrined aspirant replied, "By Mary, I'd do so if my fingers had not been after the skate!"—alluding to the conglutinous touch of his fingers on the chanter-holes after having forked at some of that fish at dinner. Hence originated the taunt which the north country pipers, conscious of their own superiority, are in the habit of hurling at pipers of the more Southern districts—" *Tha mhòirean as deighe na sgait!*" Genius is never at a loss for developing itself, and where there is actually no *casus*, its fertility of invention finds abundant materials to work upon. Our youthful piper, it appears, was somewhat unfortunate in the appointment of his bed, during the early period of his apprenticeship; in short, he was infested with certain marauders, which detracted from his comfort and sleep. This circumstance he commemorated in the composition of a *piobaireachd* appropriately called "*Pronnadh nam Mial*," which, although his first effort, both as regards its variations and general structure, is equal to any thing of the kind.

One of the Mac-Crummyneins, a celebrated musician known by the cognomen of Padruig Caogach, owing, we suppose, to his inveterate habit of twinkling or winking with his eyes, was about the time composing a new pipe tune. Two years had already elapsed since the first two measures of it became known and popular; but owing to its unfinished state, it was called "*Am port Leathach*." Some of the greatest poets have experienced more difficulty in supplying a single line or couplet than in the structure and harmonization of the entire piece—musicians, too, have experienced similar perplexities—and *Padruig Caogach* had fairly stuck. The embryo tune was every where chanted and every where applauded, and this measure of public approbation tended to double his anxiety to have it finished—but not the genius of composition seemed to exult at a distance, and to wink at *Caogach's* perplexity. Tender of his brother's reputation, our blind author set to work, and finished the tune which he called, "*Lasan Phàdruiig Chaogaich*"—thus nobly re-

nouncing any share of the laudation which must have flowed upon the completion of the admired strain. Patrick, finding his peculiar province usurped by a blind beardless youth, became furiously incensed, and bribed the other apprentices to do away with his rival's life! This they attempted one day while walking together at Dun-Bhorrairig, where they threw their blind friend over a precipice of twenty-four feet in height! John alighted on the soles of his feet, and suffered no material injury: the place over which he was precipitated was shown to us, and is yet recognised as *Leum an Doill*. The completion of "*Lasan Phàdrraig Chaogaich*" procured great praise for our young musician, and gave rise to the following well-known proverb—" *Chaidh an fhòghluim os-cèann Mhic-Cruimein*," i. e. "the apprentice outwits the master."

After being seven years under the tuition of Mac-Cruimnein, he returned to his native parish, where he succeeded his father as family-piper to the Laird of Gairloch. He was enthusiastically fond of music, and the florid encomiums which every where flowed in upon him, gave his inventive powers an ever-recurrent stimulus. During his stay in this excellent family, he composed no fewer than twenty-four piobaireachds, besides numberless strathspeys, reels and jigs—the most celebrated of which, are "*Cuilleach a Mhaillear*," and "*Cuilleach Liath Rasaidh*."

Finding himself ultimately in comfortable circumstances, he married, and had two children, a son and a daughter—the former of whom was a handsome man. His name was Angus, and he was equal to any of his progenitors in the science of music. When our author became advanced in years, he was put on the superannuated list, with a small but competent annuity; and he passed the remaining part of his life in visiting gentlemen's houses, where he was always a welcome guest. His visits or excursions were principally in the country of Reay and the Isle of Skye. It was during one of these peregrinations, that, hearing in the neighbourhood of Tong, of the demise of his patron, Lord Reay, he composed that beautiful pastoral "*Coire'an-Easain*," which of itself might well immortalize his fame. It is not surpassed by any thing of the kind in the Keltic language—bold, majestic, and intrepid, it commands admiration at first glance, and seems on a nearer survey of the entire magnificent fabric, as the work of some supernatural agent.

After the death of Sir Alexander M'Donald of Slate, John paid a visit to his old rendezvous, now occupied by his friend's son. The aged bardic-piper soon experienced the verification of the adage—new kings, new laws—instead of being honoured with a seat in the dining-room as usual, he was ushered into the servants' hall immediately *below*—an indignity he was by no means disposed to pass *sub silentio*. As the young chief was taking dinner, a liveried servant made his appearance in the hall, and addressing John said—"My master wishes you to play one of those tunes he often heard his father praise"—"Go back to your master," replied *Iain Dall* warmly, "and tell him from me, that when I used to play to his father it was to charm and delight his ears, and not to blow music *up* in his a——!"

Having returned to Gairloch, he never again went from home. He died in the year 1754, being consequently 98 years of age, and was buried in the same grave with his father, Ruairidh Dall, in the clachan of his native parish, Gairloch.

BEANNACHDHAIDH BAIRD DO SHIR ALASDAIR MAC-CHOINNICH.

TRIATH GHEARR-LOCH; AIR DHA NIGHEAN THIGHEARNA GHRANND A POSADH.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia an teach 's an tùr
'S an tì thainig ùr 'n-ur ceann,
Geng shonna, sholta gheibh cliù,
'Nì buannachd dàthcha 's nach call.

A gheng a thainig 's an deagh uair,
Dha 'm buadbach mùirn agus ceòl
Ogha Choinnich nan rùn reidh,
'S Bharoin Shrath-Spé nam hò.

O Iarla Shì-phort an tòs
Dhiuchd an òigh is taitneich béus
'S o'n tuitear Shàileach a ris.
A fhreasdaileadh an rìgh na fheum.

'S bìthidh Granndaich uime nach tim,
Bu treubbaich iomairt 's gach hall.
O Spé a b' iomadaich linne,
A 's feidh air fìrichean àrd,

'S ann o na Cinnidhean nach fànn,
Thainig ann òigh is glaine cré,
Gruaidh chorcair, agus rosg mall,
Mala chaol, chum, 's cul rìdhi,

Tha b-aodann geal mar a chaille,
'S a corp sneachaidh air dheagh dhealbh,
Maoth leanabh le gibeau saor,
Air nach facas fraoch no fearg.

Tha slios mar cala nan srùth,
'S a cruth mar chanaich an fheoir,
Cul cleachdach air dhreach nan téud,
No mar aiteal gréin air òr.

Bu cheòl-cadail i gu suain,
'S bu bluachail i air do-bhèus
Cainneal sholais feadh do theach,
A frithealadh gach neach diar fheum.

Gu meal thu féin t-àr bhean òg,
A Thriath Ghearr-Loch nan còrn fial
Le toil chairdean as gach tìr,
Gu meal thu i 's beannachd Dhia,

Gu meal sibh breath, agus buaigh,
Gu meal sibh naill, agus mùirn,
Gu meal sibh gach beannachd an eòin,
'S mo bheannachd fein diubh air thùs.

'S iomadh beannachd agus teist,
'Th'aig an òigh is glainne slios,
'S beannachd dha'n tì a thug leis,
Rogha nam bán an guè, sa meas.

DAN COMH-FHURTACHD.

DO SHIR ALASDAIR MAC-DHOMHNUI LL SHLEIBHTE.

[Ara dha thighinn dhachaigh a Lunnainn do chaisteal
Armadaid sa'n Eilean Sgiathanach, agus a Bhain-tighearn
òg mhaiseach a bhì mairbh a staigh, air chinn da thighinn.
Tharladh dha na phlobaire dhall a bhì staigh aig an àn,
agus sheinn e 'n dàn a leanas na dhàil, a nochdadh dha gu'n
chàill iomadh tréun a's fath an ceud ghràdh, d'a b'èigin
fadheòigh sòlas a ghlaicadh.]

BEANNACHD dhut o'n ghabh thu 'n t-àm,
O chrich nan Gail gu do thìr,
Dàthchas tha ri slios a chuain
'S tric a choisinn buaigh dha'u rìgh.

Do bheatha gu do thìr féin,
'Dheagh Mhic-Dhomhnuill nan sèud saor,
'S àit le maithibh Inne-Gall,
Do ghluasad a nall thar chaol.

'S àit le fearaibh an Taobh-tuath,
Gu'n bhuannaich thu mar bu chòir
Trotairnis uil' agus Sléibhte,
Uidhist nan eun a's nan ròn.

'S àit le fearaibh an Taobh-deas,
Gu'n shuidhicheadh tu ceart gu leor,
'S tu sliochd nan rìrean o shean,
Dha'n robh miagh faineair air ceòl.

Ach 'sann dhomh-sa b'aithne 'm béus,
Na ghabh rium fein dùn' o thùs,
Croinn-iubhair le brataichean sròil,
Loingeas air chòrs a's ròs-ùil.

Long a's leughann a's lann-dhearg,
Gu'n cuir suas an ninn an rìgh,
Snaicheantas le 'n eireadh neart,
'N uair thigeadh 'ur feachd gu tìr.

Na 'n tàrladh dhuibh' bhí air léirg,
Fó mhéirigh' dha'm biodh dearg a's bán
Gu maiseach, faicilleach, treun,
Chuireadh sibh *ratreat* air càch.

Gu h-àrmach, armailteach, òg,
Neo-cheurbach an tòir nan ruag,
'S gach àite 'n cromadh an ceann,
Bu leo na bhíodh ann, 'sa Inach.

B'aithne dhomh Sir Seumas mòr
'S b'eòl dhomh Dòmhnall a mhac,
B'eòl dhomh Dòmhnall eile ris,
Chumadh fo chìs na slòigh ceart.

B'eòl dhomh Dòmhnall nan trì Dòn'ull
'S ge b'òg e, bu mhòr a chliù,
Bhí'dh fearaibh Alb' agus Eirinn,
A 'g éiridh leis anns gach cùis.

B'eòl domh Sir Seumas na ruin,
T-athair-sa mbie-chlìntaich féin,
'S tus a nis an siathamh glùn
Dhordaich Rìgh nan dùl na'n dèigh.

Na'n tuiteadh m' aois cho fad a mach,
'S do mhac-sa theachd air mo thim—
B'e sin dhomh-s' an seachdamh glùn,
'Thaig air an Dùn ri' m' linn.

'S cha 'n ionghadh dhomh-sa bhí crìon,
A's mo chiabhag a bhí liath
'S gach aon din' le cridhe mòr
Toirt domh airgeid a's òir riamh.

'S gach aon diu' ga m' àrach clùth,
Thuigeadh iad uam gùth nam meur,
'S tha iadsa sàbhailt an diugh,
Anns a bhruth am b'eil iad féin.

'S tha mis' air fuireach sa'n àr,
'S iní cuir a bhlàir mar bha riamh,
'S mo chridhe 'g osnaich na'n déigh,
Mar Oisian an déigh, nam Fiann!

Gu meal thu t-oighreachd, 's do chliù,
Dheagh Mhic-Dhòmhnull nan ruin réidh,
'S ged dh'imich uat t-ùr bhean òg
Na biodh ort-sa bròn na dèigh.

'Sa lughad òigh thaitneach gun dì,
Tha eadar Clàr-sgìth a's Mon-ròs
'S ma dha thaobh Arcamh a chùain
Deas a's naath, thall sa bhòs.

Agus iad uil' ort an dèigh
Bheireadh dhut iad-féin 's an cuid,
Oighean taitneach nam beul binn,
Nam mèur griun, 's nam broine buig.

Chaill rìgh Bhreatainn, a's ha bhèud,
A leabaibh féin leug a ghaol
'S o na tharladh sud na chàir,
B'eigin dha bhí seal gu'n mhnaoi.

Mac-rìgh Surcha * sgiath nan àrm
Gur h-e b'ainm dha Maighre borb,
Chaill e gheala-bhean mar ghéin,
'S dh'fharich e-féin na deigh beò!

Chaill rìgh na h-Easpailt a bhean,
An ainmhir gheal nigh'n rìgh Greig,
'S gach aon diubh gabhail a null,
'S dh'imich o Fhionn a bhean féin.

On tha'n saoghal-sn na cheò,
'S gur doigh dha bhí dol na'n cnairt;
Bhí'dh maid subhach annain féin
'S beannachd leis gach ní chaidh uainn.

* As Myro, son of the king of Sora,* was one day sailing in his little barque along the Irish coast, he came to a bay, remarkable for its beautiful seclusion. As his eye wandered here and there over every part of the smooth expanse, it at length rested on a group of nymphs desporting themselves, as they thought unseen, and enjoying the cool of a fine summer's eve among the waters. For a time, he fancied them mermaids, or daughters of the sea, and continued to gaze on them with admiration and awe; but observing, as he drew nearer, that their forms were entirely human, he made all sail to ascertain who they were! On observing his approach, they darted like lightning to conceal themselves in the crevice of an adjoining rock, whither fear and modesty compelled them to seek a hasty retreat. Determined to make captive of the fairest, whosoever she might be, he moored his skiff, and went in pursuit. He soon pounced upon them in their concealment, and carried off the most handsome. Awed with terror, and suffused with tears, she on her knees implored him for liberty,—telling him that her name was "*Fàine-Solais*," i. e. beam of light, and that her father was king of that part of Ireland. Unmoved by her entreaties, he conveyed her to his boat, and bore her off to his own country, where she lived with him for some time, as the partner of his bed. To her, however, Sora was a place of torment,—for the thoughts of kindred and of home embittered every hour of her existence. Gradually to despair, she formed the resolution of attempting her escape, and, having sallied forth one day, as had been her custom, to the beach, she observed Myro's *curach* adrift, and no one within view, which she unmoored, and committing herself to the mercy of the elements, nimbly leaped on board. Spreading all sail, and a favourable breeze having sprung up, she was soon driven upon the coast of Scotland, at a spot where Fingal and his attendants were refreshing themselves after the fatigues of the chase. Her eyes beamed with joy as she recognised the hero. After mutual salutations, she informed the king of Morven of what had happened; and, imploring his protection, as her husband was in pursuit, she assured him of her determination to die rather than return. Fingal promised her his aid; but, hardly had her troubled mind composed itself to rest, when the prince of Sora landed in the bay, and demanded his wife from him. The hero, true to his plighted promise, refused. The prince of Sora drew his sword, and menaced defiance.

* The island of Sorchia is frequently mentioned in the poems of Ossian. It is uncertain where it lay, but it seems to have been noted for the cruelty of its inhabitants.—*Dr Smith.*

CUMHA CHOIR'-AN-EASAIN.

Mì 'n diugh a' fàgail na tire,
'Siubhal na frith air an leath-taobh,
'S e dh'fhàg gun airgeid ma phòca,
Ceann mo stòir bhì fo' na leacau.

'S mi aig braige 'n alltain riabhaich,
A 'g iarraidh gu beallach na featba,
Far am bi damh dearg na cròice,
Mu Fhéill-an-ròid a dol san dàmhair.

'S mi 'g iarraidh gu Coir'-an-easain,
Far a tric a sgapadh fùdar,
Far am bi'dh miol-choin ga 'n teirbeirt,
Cuir mac-na-h-èilde gu dhùbhlau.

Coire gu'n easbhuidh gu'n iomrall,
'S tric a bha Raibeart ma d' chomaraich,
Cha n'eil nair a ui mi t-iomradh,
Nach tuit mo chrìdhe gu troma-chràdh.

Upon which, Gaul, the son of Morni, stepping forth, encountered the stranger. But, valiant as was the arm of Gaul, he had well nigh been overpowered. Oscar, however, the son of Ossian, taking advantage of an exception to the Fingalian law, "not to aid either party in single combat with the *right hand*," hurled a dart at the young chief of Sora with his *left*; but which, missing its aim, unhappily pierced *Fàine-Solais* to the heart. Con-founded at the sight, Myro became unnerved, and was overpowered and bound by Gaul. *Fàine-Solais* was buried where she fell, and the young chief returned to Sora. The episode concerning the Maid of Craca, in the third book of Fingal, is to be regarded as another version of the same story, though perhaps the following poem, entitled "*Cath Mhaighre mhòir mhic rìgh Sorchà*," is the more correct. There are indeed several editions of this piece, all of which are good, but this, in our judgment, is the best. It furnishes internal evidence of its antiquity.

Là do Fhionn le beagan sluaigh
Aig Eas-ruadh nan eubha mail,
Chunnacas a' seòladh n'm lear
Curach ceò agus bean ann.

'S b' e sin curach bu mhath gleus
A' ruith na steud air aghaidh cuain,
Clos cha d' riuneadh leis na tàmh
Gus an d' rainig e 'n t-Eas-ruadh.

'S dh' eirich as maise mnà,
B' innann dealradh dh'i 's do'n ghréin,
'Sa h-uchd mar chobhar nan tonn,
Le fluch-osaich trom a cléibh.

Is sheas sinn uil' air an raon,
Na flaithean cuain a's mì fém;
A bhean a thainig thar lear,
Bha sinn gu leir roimpe seimh.

"'S mo chomaraich ort ma 's tu Fionn,"
('S e labhair ruim am maise mnà)
" 'S i d' ghnùis do'n ànrach a ghrian,
'S i do sgiath ceann-uighe na bàigh."

'S a gheug na maise fo dhriùchd bròin,
'S e labhair gu fòil mi fhéin,
Ma 's urra gorm-lannan do dhion,
Bidh ar cèl nach tinn d'an réir.

" 'S e sin mise Coir'-an-easan,
Tha mi m' sheasaidh mar a b' àbhaist,
Ma tha thu-sa na t-fhear ealaidh,
Cluinneamaid annas do làimhe."

An àill leat mis' a rùsgadh ceòl dut,
'S mi 'm shuidhe mar cheò air bealach,
Gu'n spéis aig duine tha beò dhiom,
O'n eaidh an Còirneil fo' thalamh.

Mo chreach! mo thùrsa, 's mo thruaighe!
Ga chuir san uair-s' dhomb an ìre,
Mhuinntir a chumadh rium uaisle,
Bhì'n diugh ann san uaigh ga m' dhì-sa.

Na'n creideadh tu nam a Choire,
Gur h-e doran sud air m' inntinn,
'S cuid mhòr a ghabhail mo leisgeil,
Nach urraim mi seasamh ri seinn dut.

" Measar leam gur tu mac Ruairidh,
Chunna mi mar ris a chòirneal,
'N uair a bha e beò na bheatha
Bu mhiann leis do leathaid na sheòmar."

"Tòrachd a ta orms' air muir,
Laach is mòr gun air mo lorg,
Mac rìgh Sorchà sgiath nan arm,
Triath d'an ainm am Mhaighre borb."

'S glacam do chomrach a bhean,
Ro aon fhear a th' air do thì;
'S a dh' aindeoin a Mhaighre bhuirb,
Bidh tu am bruth Fbinn aig sìth.

Tha talla nan ciag aig laimh,
Aite tàmh clanna nam fonn,
Far am faigh an t-amrach bàigh,
A thig thar bhàra nan tonn.

'Sin chunnacas a tighinn' mar steud
Laach a bha nheud thar gach fear,
A caitheamh na fairge gu dian
An taobh cian' a ghabh a lbean.

B' ard a chroinn, bu gheal a shùil,
Bu mbire 'n t-euil na cobhar sruth;
"Thig a mbarach nan steud stuadhrach
Gu cuiln Fbinn nam buadh an diugh."

Bha chlaidhe trom toirteil nach gann
Gu teann air a shìos gu rèidh,
Sgiath dhriumeach dùbhadh air a leis,
'S e 'g iomairt chleas air a clé.

Thug Goll mac Morna 'n urchair gheur,
As air an treud do thug e sleagh;
B' i 'n urchair bu trime beum,
D'a sgeith do rin si da bhàidh.

Dh' eirich Oscar 's dh' eirich Goll
Ehicreadh tosga lèim 's gach cath,
'S dh' eirich iad uile na sìogh
A dh' amharc còmhrag nam flath.

Sin thilg Oscar le làn-fheirg
A chrasach dhearg le laimh ehl,
Do mharbhadh leis bean an fhir
'S mor an cion do rinneadh l'i.

Thiodhlacaidh leian aig an Eas,
Fàine-Solais bu ghlan lìth,
'S chuir sinn air barraibh a meòir,
Fàin òir mar onair gin rìgh.

"Bu lion'ar de mhaithéan na h-Eireann,
Thigeadh gu m' réidhlean le h-ealaídh,
Sheinnead Ruairídh dall dhomh fáilte,
Bhíodh Mac-Aoidh 's a chárdean mar ris."

O'n tha thus' a' caoidh nan ármunn,
Leis am b' ábhaist bhí ga d' thaghall,
Gu'n seinn mí ealaídh gu'n duais dut,
Ge fada bhuam 's mí gu'n fhradharc.

'S líonmhor caochla teachd sa'n t-saoghal,
Agus aobhar gu bhí dubhach,
Ma sheinneadh san uair sin dut fáilte,
Seinnear an trá so dhut cumha.

"'S e sin ceòl is binne thruaighe,
Chualas o linn Mhic-Aoidh Dhòmhnuill,
'S fada mhaireas e an chluasan,
Am fuaim a bh'aig tabhunn do mheòirean.

"Beannachd dhut agus buaidh-làrach,
Ann 's gach áite 'n dean thu seasaidh,
Air son do phuirt bhlasda, dhionach,
Sa ghrian a' teannadh ri feasgar."

'S grianach t-ursainn féin a choiré,
'S gun fhéidh a' tearnadh gu d' bhaile,
'S iomadh neach da m' b' fhiach do mholadh,
Do ehlíath chorrach, bhíadhchar, bhainneach.

Do chíob, do bhoiran, do mhílteach,
Do shlios a Choiré gur líonach,
Lubach, luibheach, daite, díonach,
'S fásach do chuile 's gur fíarach.

Tha t-éideadh uil' air dhreach a chanaich,
Círeín do mhullaich cha chrannaich,
Far 'm bí' na féidh gu torrach,
'G éirídh farumach ma t-fhíreach.

Sleamhuinn shíos-thad do shliocht áraich,
Gu'n an gáirt nu'n cáil mu t-íosail,
Mannach, mágach, adhach, tearnach,
Graidheach, craiceach, fradharc fríthe.

Neóineineach, guagach, mealach,
Lónanach, lusanach, ímeach,
'S bórcach do ghorm luachair bhéalaich,
Gu'n fhuaschd ri doinníonn ach cidheach.

Seamragach, sealbhagach, duilleach,
Mín-leacach gorm-shléibhteach, gleannach.
Biadhchar, riabhach, riasgach, luideach,
Le 'n díolta cuideachd gun cheannach.

'S cruíteal leam gabhail do bhraighe,
Bíolaire t-níse ma t-innsibh,
Míodar, mágach, cnochdach cáthair,
Gu breac bláth-mhor an uchd mín-fheoir.

Gu gormanach, tolmánach, áluinn,
Lochach, lachach, dósach, crai-ghia'ch,
Gadharach, faghaideach, bráidheach,
G-iomáin na h-eilde gu námhaid.

Búireineach, dubharach, bruaíach,
Fradharcach, cróichd-cheannach, uallach,
Feóirneanach uisce nam fuaran,
Grad ghaisgeant' air ghásan cruadhlaich.

Colg-shuileach, fáileanta, bíorach,
Spang-shronach, eagladhrach, corrach,
'S an amoch is meanbh-luath síreadh,
Air mhíre a' díreadh sa Chóire.

'Sa mhadaínn ag éirídh le'r míol-choin,
Gu múirneach, maiséach, gasda, gníomhach,
Lubach, leacach, glacach, sgíamhach,
Cracach, cabrach, cuagach, fiamhach,

'N am da'n ghréin dol air a h-uillinn,
Gu fuilteach, reubach, gleusda, gunnach,
Snapach, ármach, calgach, ullamh,
Ríachach, marbhach, tarbhach, giullach.

'N am dhuinn bhí' tearnadh gu d' réidhlean,
Tinniteach, cainteach, cainleach, céireach,
Fíonach, córnach, ceólar, tendach,
Ordail, eólach, 'g ól le réite

Sguirídh mí nís' dhíot a Choiré,
O'n tha mí toilicht' dheth do seanachas,
Sguirídh mise shíubhal t-aonaich,
Gus an tig Mac-Aoidh do dh'Alba

Ach 's e mo dhúrachd dhut a Choiré,
O'n 's mór mu dhúil ri dol tharad,
O'n tha sinn toisleach sa mhóradh,
Bídh'mid a' teannadh gu baile.

ALASDAIR MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR.

ALEXANDER M'DONALD, commonly called *Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*, was born in the beginning of the eighteenth century. His father resided at Dalilea, in Moidart, and was Episcopalian clergyman at Ardnamurchan. He always travelled on foot, there being no roads in that rugged country, in his time, and returned the same day. He was a man of great bodily strength, which his weekly labours and travels required. His strength was, however, sometimes necessarily exerted on other occasions. In his time the people of Moidart and Suainart often met at interments in *Eilean-Fionain*, then the common burying-ground of both districts; and, as was the custom in former ages, consumed an anchor or two of whisky, and then fought. The presence of the clergyman was often required; and it was not seldom that his strength also was exhibited in parting the combatants. His character and prowess were so well-known that few men dared dispute his right as umpire. All were obliged to succumb to the pacificator; but the Suainart men alleged that he generally laid a heavy hand on them, the Moidart men being his own friends and relatives.

The Rev. gentleman had a large family of sons and daughters. The latter all died of the small-pox, after they had families of their own. An anecdote is still related concerning them. The small-pox raged in Moidart when his children were young, and Mr M'Donald removed with them to *Eilean-Fionain*, (not the burying-place but another island farther up in Loch-Sheil,) that they might escape the contagion that proved fatal to so many. And they did then escape. But nothing can more clearly evince our want of foresight and utter incompetency to judge of what is best than the result of the Rev. gentleman's care—that is, even taking it for granted that it was a consequence; for his daughters all died of the very malady from which he had been so anxious to guard them, and that at a time which to superficial thinkers would seem to have rendered the calamity awfully more distressing—when their death left several families of motherless children. The distress, we are but too apt to think, would have been greatly lessened if they had been taken away when their father consulted their safety by flight. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable to our dim vision!

Four of Mr M'Donald's sons lived to a good old age. Angus, the eldest, and his descendants, continued tacksmen of Dalilea for a century. Alexander, the subject of this memoir, was the second. His two younger brothers were settled in Uist as tacksmen.

The CLANRONALD of that day countenanced young men of merit. He wished young Alexander, of whom early hopes were entertained, to be educated for the bar. His father wished him to follow his own profession, and gave him a classical education. But

our poet, like many a wayward genius, followed his own inclination—and disappointed both his chief and his father. His abilities and qualifications fitted him for any calling; yet there seems to be a kind of fatuity attending those who woo the Muses, which often prevents them from adopting the most prudent and advantageous pursuits.

When attending college, it is certain, however, that he did not neglect his studies, as he was a good classical scholar. His genius was not of that kind which too easily indulges in the indolence and inactivity of life. His powers were great; and his energy of mind adequate to any task in which his will inclined him to act. But he was inconsiderate, or improvident. He entered into the married state before he had finished his studies, and soon found it necessary to attend to other avocations.* His marriage gave rise to the vulgar error, that he was intended to have been made a priest; but that, disliking the office, he disqualified himself by that rash step; whereas, he was a protestant of the English church.

As teaching is the usual and most proper occupation of students who must do something towards their own support, the poet, whose studies had been interrupted by his marriage, betook himself to that most useful, but arduous labour. It is said that he was at first teacher to the Society for propagating Christian knowledge.

We find him afterwards parochial schoolmaster of Ardnamurehan, and an elder; consequently a presbyterian. He lived on the farm of Cori-Vullin, at the base of Ben-Shiante, the highest mountain in that part of the country, and adjacent to the noble ruins of Castle Mingarry, a romantic situation on the Sound of Mull, directly opposite to Tobermory, whose rural scenery aided the frequent inspirations of the bard; for, while he wielded the ferula, he neglected not the muses. There many a scene witnessed their delightful amours. He might have devoted more of his time to them than could be well spared from the labours of the farmer, and the duties of the instructor; yet the poet would have his own way, as well as please his own mind. As might have been expected, complaints were preferred against him; and the Presbytery appointed a committee to examine the school. His best friends must have allowed that there was just ground of complaint; yet, the examiners were not inclined to be rigorous. To give a specimen of the progress the scholars were making, the schoolmaster called up a little boy † who had entered the school at the preceding term, and then commenced to learn the alphabet. He read now the Scriptures fluently and intelligibly. The Reverend gentlemen were well pleased with the specimen, and gave a favourable report of the school.

* "He was married to Jane M'Donald, of the family of *Dail-an-eas*, in Glenetive. He composed a song on her, which is not remarkable for tenderness or affection, but cold and artificial, when compared with his lofty and impassioned strains in praise of *Mòrag*."—*Memoir prefixed to the Glasgow edition of 1839.*

† Duncan M'Kenzie, Kilchoan, who lived to the great age of ninety-four; and, in 1828, communicated to us this information. He also told us that in the ensuing summer he was taken from school to attend cattle; and that some time thereafter Mr M'Donald left his school and farm and joined the Prince. "Poor man," added he, "he lost his all." He also mentioned that the country was in an unsettled state for some time, and that he lost the opportunity of getting any more education.

A bard was, even in our poet's time, a conspicuous character, and that not only as the "man of song:" he was highly esteemed in war and in peace. He was first in council; consulted in all matters of importance as a man of acknowledged talent; as being shrewd, cautious, and intelligent. An anecdote will show the opinion entertained of our bard even in the eighteenth century. One day the clergyman and he met. They went to have a drink, and some conversation. "There is little public news, and what is the private?" enquired the clergyman. "Very little," was the answer. "Have you heard of any thing at all in my parish that is worth relating, or any thing the reverse?" "Nothing." "Then," said the minister, "I have a piece of news for you." "We shall hear it." "Yes; and it is, that one of my elders has got his nurse in the family way." "Is it possible!" "I understand that it is very true." The poet wondered that he had not heard of it. "How can any thing be known in the country, and I ignorant of it?" said he to himself. They parted. The poet felt chagrined: could not get over it. When he went home, he mentioned to Mrs McDonald the piece of intelligence communicated by the minister, but could not think who the elder was. She smiled, and told him it was himself,—she being in the family way, and nursing.

Of the changes and troubles of the year 1745, our author had his share. He laid down the ferula and took up the sword; abandoned his farm, and lost his all, in a cause which to cool reflection must have appeared hopeless. Prince Charles must have esteemed him as a highly accomplished scholar and a soldier, enthusiastic in his cause, so much attached to his interest, but, above all, as a bard. He was the Tyrtæus of his army. His spirit-stirring and soul-inspiring strains roused and inflamed the breasts of his men. His warlike songs manifested how heartily he enlisted in, and how sanguine he was in the success of the undertaking. He received a commission.

He not only changed his profession, and put all he had on the chance of the Prince's success, but he also changed his religion: he became a Roman Catholic. We need not wonder at this, as he was now among his friends and countrymen of that persuasion,—especially as he was given to changes. He was brought up a member of the Church of England; he was a member of the Church of Scotland when parochial schoolmaster and elder; and he became a member of the Church of Rome among his own clan and relations. The Mull bard, his constant antagonist, hit upon the true cause of his last change when he says:—

"Cha be 'n creideamh ach am brosgul,
Chuir thu ghiulan crois a phàpa."

After the year 1745, the bard and his elder brother, Angus, a man of a diminutive size, but of extraordinary strength,* escaped the pursuit of their enemies, and concealed

* Some good anecdotes are still current in Moidart about this great little man. He is called *Aonghas beag Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*. We deem the following worth preserving:—*Colla bân* McDonald, of Barasdale, came one day to a ford of the Lochie which he was meaning to cross, and found Angus sitting on a stone taking off his shoes and stockings preparatory to going over also. The river was considerably swollen at the time, and Barasdale, who was a strong and tall man, accosted Angus as follows:—"My little fellow, keep on your shoes and stockings, as they

themselves in the wood and caves of Kinloch-na-nua, above Borradaile, in the district of Arisaig. Their local knowledge of the country, and the care and attention of friends, enabled them to elude all search, surmount difficulties, and endure privations to which many fell a sacrifice.

A well-authenticated anecdote of the poet and his brother demonstrate the courage of the soldier and the spirit of the times. One day, as they were removing from one place of concealment to another, Angus, observing that his brother's hair was grey, (the side of his head next the ground, cold and frozen, became quite grey the night before,) contemptuously declared him an old man. "I should not wonder," replied Alexander, "were it not a dwarf that called me 'a poor old man.'" Angus, turning instantly round, dared him to repeat his words. They were in imminent danger. The least noise or indication of persons concealing themselves might have betrayed the place of concealment, and it would not have been safe for them to remain any longer in that part of the country. Regardless of the situation and critical circumstances, the poet could not pass over an occasion of cracking a joke, and the spirit of the manikin was too high to suffer any contempt. The fear, however, of provoking the resentment of the redoubtable hero, made the bard observe silence.

After this eventful period, Alexander M'Donald lived poor. He was invited to Edinburgh by Jacobitical friends, residing in the metropolis, to take charge of the education of their children, and where he had a better opportunity of finishing the education of his own. From Edinburgh he returned to the Highlands, being disappointed of the expected encouragement, and took up his residence in Moidart. He and Mr Harrison, the priest, lived not on the best terms, and therefore he removed to Knoydart, and resided at Inveraoi.* He latterly returned into Arisaig, and resided at Sandaig till his death.

will make you wade the better, and make haste come over with me and keep in my wake; I will break the force of the stream, which will enable you to get over with the greater ease." Angus knew him, and thanked him for his goodness; he did also as he was bidden. When they were in the most rapid part of the stream, Barasdale was like to be overpowered by the current, and was for returning; which Angus dared him on his peril to do: and, placing himself between Coll and the stream, dragged him by sheer force to the other side. Then said Angus to him, "You called me 'little fellow' on the opposite side of the water; who, think you, might with greater propriety, be called 'little fellow' on this side? Take advice: Never call any man little till you have proved him; and always try to form your estimate of a man's character by something more substantial than mere appearance. Remember, also, great as you are, that had it not been for a greater man than yourself you might have been meat for all the eels in the Lochie."

* He composed a number of songs after this: and one of them, entitled "*Ionraich Alasdair á Eigneig do dh' Inveraoi*," displaying curious traits of the irritable and discontented temper that embittered his life when in *Eigneig*. While there, he represents all things, animate and inanimate, rocks and thorns, thistles and wasps, ghosts and hobgoblins, combining to torment and persecute him. He speaks of Mr Harrison as follows:—

"Am fear
Dheanadh as caoin-eaglais chruaidh orm,
Mu'n chluinneadh a chluais trì chasaid." *

On the other hand, he represents *Inveraoi*, in Knoydart, a place like paradise,—full of all good things, blooming with roses and lilies, and flowing with milk and honey,—free of *ghosts, hobgoblins, and venomous reptiles*. How long he remained in this rocky paradise is not known; but he appears to have lived some time in Morror, as he composed a very elegant song in praise of that country.

* For this song see the Glasgow edition of 1839, page 88.

He died at a good old age, and was gathered to his fathers in *Eilean-Fionain*, in Loch-Sheil.

Like most men of genius, who make some noise in the world, *Mac-Mhaighstir Alasdair* has been much lauded on the one side by the party whose cause he espoused, and as much vilified, and, in some instances, falsified, by the other party. Mr Reid, in his book, "*Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*," seems to have had his information from the last mentioned source. We have taken our account of him from undoubted authorities. We have seen individuals who knew and were intimate with him; and have been acquainted with many of his relatives, and some of his descendants. Let us now proceed to his works. The first given to the public was his "*Gaelic and English Vocabulary*," published under the patronage of the Society for propagating Christian knowledge in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland,—a work of acknowledged merit and great usefulness in the schools, and which is very creditable to the author. It appeared in 1741, and was the first Vocabulary or Dictionary of the language ever published in a separate form. It is not alphabetically arranged, but divided into subjects. His poems were first published at Edinburgh, in 1751, and but for their being in Gaelic must certainly have brought on their author the vengeance of the law agents of the crown, for it is scarcely possible to conceive of language more violent and rebellious than that of many of his pieces. The longest and most extraordinary of his poetical productions is his "*Birlinn Chlainn Raonuill*." "He has in his '*Birlinn*,'" says Mr Reid, "presented us with a specimen of poetry which, for subject matter, language, harmony, and strength, is almost unequalled in any language." He must have had the greatest command of the Gaelic language to have composed on a subject that would exhaust the vocables of the most copious.

From 1725 to 1745 he composed his descriptive poems, &c. "*Alt-an t-Siucuir*" is an ignoble stream passing between the farm he occupied and the next to it, which he immortalizes in flowing strains. As a descriptive poem, it is perhaps unequalled by any in the language. Every object which the scene affords is brought to bear upon, and harmonize with, and give effect to the picture with a skill and an adaptation which bespeak the master-mind of the artist. Nowhere does poetry seem more nearly allied to painting than in this admirable production of our bard. His "*Oran an t-Samhraidh*," or "*Ode to Summer*," in which he is said to be delightfully redundant in epithets, like the season in its productions which he describes, he composed at Glencribisdale, situated on the south side of Loch-Suainart, in the parish of Morven. He came there on a visit the last day of April; and rising early next morning, and viewing the picturesque scenes around, was powerfully impressed with the varied beauties of nature, displayed in such ample profusion. His "*Ode to Winter*" is longer, and indicative of even greater powers of genius. The reason why this poem is not so popular as the forementioned is probably because it contains so many recondite terms and allusions. If it were as generally understood it would doubtless be as well appreciated. It was composed in Ardnamurchan, as well as many others in which scenes and events have been described which enable us to point out the locality and relate the circumstances that gave occasion to them. But

after leaving Ardnamurchan, a subject presented itself that required all his energy, exertion, and enthusiasm,—and he was not wanting in either of them. His powers, both bodily and mental, were roused to action. His soul was fired with the prospect in view. He invoked the Muse, and she was auspicious. The few that remain of his Jacobite poems and songs are known to excel all other productions of this mighty son of song. The “Lion’s Eulogy” breathes Mars throughout: so does the Jacobite song, sung to the tune of “*Waulking o’ the Fauld*,” beginning “*A chomuinn rioghail rùnaich*.” The song entitled “*An Breacan Uallach*” is equally spirited and warlike.

We have good authority for saying that a tenth of these poems and songs have not been given to the world. His son Ronald had them all in manuscript; but having published a collection of Gaelic poetry, and not meeting with much encouragement for a second volume, he allowed his MS. to be destroyed. Dr. M’Eachen, a friend and connexion, had the mortification of seeing leaves of them used for various purposes through the house.

Mr M’Donald could bear no rival. He often selected indifferent subjects to try his own powers. For instance, “The Dairy Maid,” and “The Sugar Brook.” But, while as a poet he merits the highest praise, he is not to be excused for his immoral pieces, which of course are excluded from the “*BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY*.”

MOLADH AIR AN T-SEANA CHANAIN GHAEALACH.

Gua h-i 's erioch àraid
Do gach cainnt fo'n ghréin,
Gu ar smuaintean fhàsmhor
A phàirteachadh r'a ebéil;
Ar n' iuntinnean a rùsgadh,
Agus rùn ar crì,
Le 'r guiomh, 's le 'r giùlan,
Sùrd chuir air ar dìth.
'S gu laoidh ar beoil
A dh'ìobradh Dhia nan dùl,
'S e h-ard chrìoch mbòr,
Go bi toirt dèsan cliù.
'S e'n duine féin,
'S non chreutair reusant ann,
Gu'n tug toil Dé dh'a,
Gibht le bheul bhì cainnt:
Gu'n chum e so,
O'n-nìle bhrùid gu léir;
O ghibht mhòr phrìseil-s'
Dhealbh na iomhaidh féin!
Na'm beirte balbh e,
'S a theanga marbh na cheann,
B'i n iarguin shearbh e,
B' fhearr bhì marbh no ann.

'S ge h-ìomadh cànan,
O linn Bhabel fhuair
A'slìochd sin Adhamb,
'S i Ghàellig a thug buaidh.
Do'n labhradh dhàicheil,
An t-urram àrd gun tuairms',
Gun mbeang, gun fhàillion,
Is urrainn càch a luaigh.
Bha Ghàellig, ullamh,
Na glòir fìor ghuineach cruaidh,
Air feadh a chruinne
Ma'n thuilich an Tuit-ruadh.
Mhair i fòs,
'S cha téid a glòir air chall
Dh'ain-deoin gò,
A's mì-run mhòr nan Gall.
'S i labhair Alba,
'S Galla-bhodaiche féin;
Ar fàith, ar priunnasal,
'S ar diùcannan gun éis.
An taigh-comhairl' an rìgh,
'Nuair shùidheadh air beinn' a chùirt,
'S i Ghàellig fhobhta,
'Dh' fhuasgladh snaim gach cùla.

'S i labhair Calum
Allail! a chinn-mhòir,
Gach mìth, a's maith,
Bha 'n Alba beag a's mòr.

'S i labhair Gaill, a's Gàèil,
Neo-chleirich, a's cléir
Gach fear a's bean,
A ghluaisendh teang' am béul.
'S i labhair Adhamh,
Ann a Pàrrais féin,
'S bu shiubhlach Gàellig
O bheut àluinn Eubh'.
Och tha bhuil ann!
'S uireasach gann fo dhùth,
Glòir gach teanga
A labhras cainnt seach i.
Tha Laideann coimhliont',
Toirteach, teann nì's leoir;
Ach sgalach thràilleil e
Do'n Ghàellig chòir.
Sa'n Athen mhoir,
Bha Ghrèugis còr na tim,
Ach b'ion d' i h-òrdag
Chuir fo h-òr chrios grinn.
'S ge min, slim, bòidheach,
Cuirteil, rò bhog liobht',
An Fhraingeis lèghmhòr,
Am pàilis mòr gach rìgh;
Ma thagras càch orr',
Pairt d'an ainbhfeich' féin,
'S ro bheag a dh' fbagas
lad de dh-àgh na cré.

'S i 'n aon chànan
Am beul nan bàrd 's nan éisg,
'S fearr gu cáineadh,
O linn Bhabel féin.
'S i's fearr gu moladh
'S a's torrunnaiche gleus,
Gu rann no laoidh,
A tharruinn gaoth tro' bheul.
'S 's fearr gu comhairl',
'S gu gnòdhach chuir gu feum,
Na aon teang' Eòrpach,
Dh' ain-deoin bòsd nan Greug.
'S 's fearr gu rosg,
'S air chosabb a chuir dhuan;
'S ri cruaidh uchd cosgair,
Bhrosnachadh an t-sluaigh.
Ma chionneamh bàr,
'S i 's tabbhadhaich bheir buaidh,
Gu toirt a bhàis
Do 'n eucoir dhàicheil, chruaidh.
Cainnt laidir, ruitheach,
Is neo-liotach fuaim;
'S i seadhail, sliochdmhòr,
Brisg-ghloireach, mall, luath.

Cha'n fheum i fiasad,
'S cha mhò dh'iarras bhath';
O 'n t-sean mhathair chiatach,
Lau do chiadamh buaidh!
Tha i-féin daonnan,
Saibhir, maoineach, slàn;
A taighean taisge.
Dh'fhaclan gasda làn.
A chànan, sgapach,
Thapaidh, bhlasda, gbrinn!
Thig le tartar,
Neartmhòr, o beul cinn.
An labhairt shiòlmhòr,
Lìonmhòr, 's mìlteach buaidh.
Sultmhòr, brìghor,
Fhlr-ghlan, chaoidh nach truaill!
B' i' n teanga mhillis,
Bhinn-fhaclach 's an dàn;
Gu spreigeil, tioram,
Ioraltach, 's i làn
A chànan cheòlmhòr,
Shòghmhòr, 's glòrmhòr blas,
A labhair mòr-sbliochd
Scòta 's Ghàèil ghlais.
'S air reir Mhic-Comb,
An t-ùghdar mòr ri lùagh!
'S i's freumhach òir,
'S ciad Ghràmair glòir gach sluaigh!

MOLADH MORAIG

AIR FOMN—"Piobaireachd."

Urlar.

'S truagh gun mì 's a' choill
'N uair bha Mòrag ann,
Thilgeamaid na croinn
Co bu bhòich' againn?
Inghean a chùil duinn,
Air am beil a loinn,
Bhi'maid air ar broinn
Feadh na ròsan;
Bhreugamaid sinn-fhìn,
Mìreag air ar blon,
A buain shobhrach min-bhui'
Nan còsagan;
Theannamaid ri strì
'S thaghlamaid san fhrith
'S chailleamaid sinn fhìn
Feadh nan sròineagan.

Suil mar ghòrm-dhearc drùehd
Ann an ceò-mbadainn;
Deirg' is gil' na d' gbnùis
Mar bhà òirseidin.

Shuas cho mìn ri plùr :
 Shìos garbh mo chulaidh-chiùil ;
 Grian nam planad cùrs,
 A measg òigheannan ;
 Reulla ghlan gun smùir
 Measg nan rionnag-iùil ;
 Sgathan mais' air flùra
 Na bòichid thu ;
 Ailleagan glan ùr,
 A dhallas ruisg gu'n cùl ;
 Ma's ann de chriaghaich thù
 'S aobhar mòr-ionghnuidh.

O'n thainig gnè de thùr
 O m' aois òige dhomh,
 Nir facas creutair dhìù,
 Ba cho glòrmhoire ;
 Bha Malli dearbha caoin,
 'S a gruidh air dhreach nan caor ;
 Ach caochlaidheach mar ghaoith,
 'S i ro òranach ;
 Bha Pegi fad an aois,
 Mar be sin h'i mo ghaol ;
 Bha Marsaili fir aodrum,
 Làn neònachais ;
 Bha Lili taitin rium,
 Mar be a ruisg bhi fionn ;
 Ach cha ba shà buirn-ionnlaid,
 Do'n Mhòraig-s' iad.

Siubhal.

O ! 's coma leam, 's coma leam,
 Uil' iad ach Mòrag ;
 Ribhinn dheas chulach
 Gun uireasbhuidh foghlum ;
 Cha'n fbaighear a sinnaailt,
 Air mhaise no bhunailt,
 No'm beusan neo-chumant',
 Am Muile no'n Leoghas.
 Gu geamnuidh, deas furanach.
 Duineil guo mhòr-chuis ;
 Air thaghadh na cumachd,
 O mullach gu brègao ;
 A neul tha neo-churaidh,
 'S a h-aghaidh ro ìnrach ;
 Go brìodalach, cuireideach,
 Urramach, seòlta.

O guili-gag ! guili-gag !
 Guili-gag Mòrag !
 Aice ta chnlaidh
 Cu cuireadh nan òigear ;
 B' é'n t-aighear 'sa snlas,
 Bhi sìnte ri t-ulaidh,
 Seach daonnan bhi fuireach
 Ri munaran pèsaidh.
 D'am phianadh, 's d'am ruagadh
 Le buaireadh na feola ;
 Le aislingean-connain
 Na colla d' am leonadh ;

'Nuair chidh mì ma m' choinneamh,
 A ciochan le coinneil,
 Théid m'aigneadh air bhoile,
 'S na theine dearg sòlais.

O fair-a-gan ! fair-a-gan !
 Fair-a-gan ! Mòrag !
 Aice ta chroiteag
 Is *toite* san Eorpa ;
 A ciochan geal criostoil,
 Na faice' tu stoit' iad,
 Gu'n tairrneadh gu beag-nair',
 Ceann-eaglais na Ròimhe.
 Air bhuigead 's air ghilead,
 Mar lili nan lòintean ;
 'Nuair dheana tu'n diuneadh
 Gu'n cinneadh tu deonach ;
 An deirgead, an grinnead ;
 Am mìnead, 's an teinnead ;
 Gu'm b'asainn chnr spionnuidh,
 Agus spioraid am feoil iad.

Urlar.

Thogamaid ar fonn,
 Anns an òg-mhadainn ;
 'S *Phæbus*' dath na'n tonn,
 Air fiamh òrensù ;
 Fa'r céill cha bhiodh conn,
 Ar sgà' dhoir' a's thom,
 Sinn air daradh trom
 Le'r cuid gòr-aileis ;
 Direach mar gu'm biodh
 Maoiseach's boc a frìth,
 Crom-ruaig a chéile dìon
 Timcheall òganau ;
 Chailleamaid ar cli
 A' gàireachdaich linn-flhin,
 Le bras mhacoas dian sin
 Na h-ògalachd.

Siubhal.

O dastram ! dastram !
 Dastram, Mòrag !
 Ribhinn bhuidh bhastalach,
 Leac-rùiteach ròsach ;
 A grnaidhean air lasadh,
 Mar lasair-chlach dhaite,
 'S a dend mar an sneachda,
 Cruinn-shuait' an dlù òrdugh
 Ri *Bhenus* cho tlachdmhor,
 An taitneachdainn fheol'or ;
 Ri *Dido* cho naiseach,
 Cho' snasmhor 's cho còrr r'i ;
 'S e thionnsgan dhomh caitheamh,
 'S a laodaich mo rathan,
 A bhallag ghrinn laghach,
 Chnir na gathan-sa n'fheol-sa.

'S mar bithinn fo ghlasaibh,
 Cruaidh phaisgte le pèsadh,

Dh'ìobrainn cridhe mo phearsa,
Air an altair so Mòrag,
Gu'n liubhraiun gun airsneul,
Ag stòlaibh a cùs e;
'S mar gabhadh i tlachd dhìom,
Cha b' fhada sin beò mi.
O 'n t-urram! an t-urram!
An t-urram! óo Mhòraig!
Cha mhor nach do chuir i;
M'Thuil uil' as a h-òrdugh;
Gu'n d'rug orradh ceum-tuislidh,
Fo iomachd mo chuislean,
Le teas agus murtachd,
O mhoch-thra Di-dòmhnaich.

'S tu reulla nan cailin,
Làn laimhir gun cheò ort;
Fìor chomhnart gun charraid,
Gun arral, gun bheòlam;
Cho min ri cloidh-eala,
'S cho geal ris a ghaillinn;
Do sheang shlios sèamh fallain,
Thug barrachd air mòran.
'S tu ban-rìgh nan ainneir,
Cha sgallais an còmhraidh;
Ard foinnidh na d' ghallan,
Gun bhaileart, gun mhùr-chuis;
Tha thu coimhliont' na d' bhallabh,
Gu h-ìonsgineach athlamh;
Caoimh, meachair, farasd,
Gun fharum, gun ròpal.

Urlar.

B'fhearr gu bithinn sgaoilt'
As na còrdamhsa,
Thug mi tuille gaoil
A's bu choir dhomh dhut;
Gu 'n tìg fa dhuine taom,
Gu droch ghniomh bhios claon,
Cuireadh e cruaidh-shnuim
Air o'n ghòraich sin:
Ach thug i so mo chiall,
Uile bhuam gu trian;
Cha'n fhaca mi riamh
Siunnailt Mòraig-sa,
Ghoid i bhuam mo chri,
'S shlad i bhuam mo chli,
'S cuiridh i 'san chill,
Fo na fòdaibh mì.

Siubhal.

Mo cheist agus m'ullaidh
De'n chumhaic mi d' sheòds thu,
Le d' bhroilleach geal-thuraid,
Nam mullaichean bòidheach;
Cua'n fhaigh mi de dh'ùras,
Na nì mionaid uat fuireach,
Ge d' tha buarach na dunach

D'am chumail o d' phòsadh.
Do bheul mar an t-sirist,
'S e millis ri phògadh,
Cho dearg ri *blernmillian*,
Mar bhileagan ròsan:
Gu'n d'rinnta tha mo mhilleadh,
Le d' *Chupid* d'am bhioradh,
'S le d'shaighdan caol, biorach,
A rinn ciorram fa m' chòta.

Tha mì lan mullaid,
O'n chumhaic mi Mòrag,
Cho trom ri clach-mhuilinn,
Air lunnan d'a seòladh:
Mac-sambail na cruinneig,
Cha'n eil anns a chruinne;
Mo chri air a ghuin leat,
O'n chumha' mì t-òr-chul
Na shlanagan bacadhallach.
Casarlach, còrnach;
Gu faicagach, cleachdagach,
Dreagh-lubach, glòrmhor;
Na reullagan cearclach;
Mar usgraichean dreachmhor,
Le fudar san fhasan
Grian-lasda, ciabh òr-bhuidh.

Do shlios mar an eanach;
Mar chàineal do phògan;
Ri *Pheonix* cho aineamh;
'S glan laimhir do chòta:
Gu mùirninneach banail,
Gun àrdan gun stannart;
'S i corr ann an eanail,
Gun ainns gun fhòtus.
Na faicte mo leannan
'S a mbath-shluagh di-dònaich,
B'i coltas an aingeal,
Na h-earradh's na combradh;
A pearsa gun talach
Air a ghibhean tha barrachd;
A'n, 'Tì dh' fhàg thu gun aineamh,
A rinn do thalamh rud bòidheach.

Urlar.

Tha 'n saoghal lan de suainteanan feolar.
Mamón b'f' dh' g' ar clannadh
Le ghoisnichean;
A choluinn bheir oir'n gaol
Ghabhail gu ro fhaoin,
Air striopachas, air craos,
Agus stròthalachd:
Ach cha do chreid mi riamh
Gu'n do sheas air sliabh,
Aon te bha cho ciatach
Ri Mòraig-sa;
A subhaicean 's a ciall,
Mar gu'n biodh ban-dia,
Leigh an eir an chluinn
Le cuid òr-rìchan.

Siubhal.

Ar comhairle na ceilbh orm.
Ciod eile their no ni mi ?
Ma'n ribhinn bu tearc ceileireadh,
A sheinneadh air an fhìdeig :
Cha'n fhaighear à lethid eile so,
Air tìr-mor no 'n eileanan ;
Cho iomlan, 's cho eireachdail.
Cho teiridneach, 's cho biogail,
'S ni cinnteach gur ni deireasach
Mar ceileir so air Sìne,
Mi thuiteam an gaol leath-phairteach,
'S mo cherenion ga'm dhiobhail ;
Cha'u eil do bhùrn a Seile sid,
No shneachd an Cruachan eilideach
Na bheir aon fhionnachd eiridneach
Do'n teine th'ann am innsgin.

'Nuar chuala mi ceol leadanach
An fheadain a bh'aig Mòrag,
Rinn m'aigheadh damhsa' headarach,
'S e freagra dha le sòlas ;
Sèamh ùrlar, sochrach, leadarra
A puirt, 's a meoir a breabadaich ;
B'e sid an òr-fhead eagarra,
Do bheus nan creaga' mòra,
Ochòin ! am feadan baill-eughach,
Cruaidh sgàl-eughach, glan ceolmhor,
Nam binn-phort stuirteil, trileanta,
Ri min-dhionachd, bog ro-chaoin ;
A màrsal comhnardstaidail sin,
'S e lùghmhor grasmhor caiseamachd ;
Fìor chrunluath, brìg, spalpara,
Fa clia-lù na bras-chaoin sporsail.

Chinn pròis, is stiurt, a's spichealachd,
Am ghnuis 'n uair bbeachdaich gùamag,
A seinn an fheadain òraltaich,
B'ard iolach ann am chluasan ;
A suain-cheol, sìthe mir-anach ;
Mear stoirmeil, pongail, mionaideach ;
Na b' fhoirmeile nach sireamaid,
Air mhirid ri h-uchd taasaid.
O'n buille meoir bu lomarra,
Gu pròinadh a phuirt uaimhrich !
'S na h-uil bu lùghmhor cromaineau
Air thollaibh a chroin bhuaidhaich !
Gun slaod-mheoirich, gun ronnairachd,
Brìg, tioram, sochdair, colaideach ;
Geal-lùdag nan gearra-cholluinnean,
Na craplù, loinneil, guauach !

Urlar.

Cbasgamaid ar n-ìot
Le glan fhion an sìn,
'S bhualamaid gu dian
Atr ghloir shiomhalta :
Tuille cha bhiodh ann,
Gus an tigeadh am,

A bhì cluich air dàm,
Air na tiodhan sìn :
Dh'òlaimaid ar dràm,
Dh'fhògradh uainn gun taing,
Gach nì chuireadh maill
Air bhì miog-chuiseach ;
Maighdean nan ciabh fann,
Shuamhanach nan clann ;
Mala chaol, dhonn, cham,
Channach, fhinealta.

An crunluath.

Mo cheann tha làn de sheilleanaibh
O dheilich mi ri d'bhriodal ;
Mo shròn tha stoipt' á dh-elebor
Na deil, le teine dimbis ;
Mo shuillean tha cho deireasach,
Nach faic mi gnè gun *telescop*,
'S ge d'bhiodh meudach beinn' ann,
'S ann theirinn gur h-e frid i.
Dh'fhaibh mo cheudfaidh còrporra
Gu docharach le buadar,
'N uair shaoil mi fortan thor chairt domh,
'S mi'm thorroichim air mo chluasaig :
Air dùsgadh as a chaitream sin
Cha d'fhuair mi ach aon fhaileas d'i,
An ionad na maoin bearraidenach
A mheal mi gu seachd uairean.

Ach, ciod thug mi gu glan fhaireachadh,
Ach carachadh rinn cluanag :
'S co so, o thus, bha Mhòrag ann,
Ach Sìne an òr-fhuilteach uachaich ;
'Nuair thùr i gu'n do lagaich mi,
'S gu feumainn rag chuir stalcaidh ann,
Gu'n d'rinn i draoidheachd-chadail domb,
Rinn cruaidh fìor rag de m luaidhe.
Bha cleasachd-sa cho innealta,
'S cho innleachdach ma'n euairt d'i,
Nach faodainn fhìn thaobh sì-mhaltachd,
Gun dlighe crìon thoirt uam dh'i ;
Gu'n thiunnadaidh mi gu h-crdail r'i ;
'S gu'n shaoil mi gu'm b'i Mòrag i ;
Gu'n d' aig mi mo phagan dù,
'S cha robh d'a coir dad uaipe.

Note.—This is one of the finest productions of the Keltic muse. The bard appears to have been really enamoured, and he pours forth his elegant, rapid, and impassioned strains in a torrent of poetry which has never been equalled by any of his contemporaries. Mòrag was a common country girl; and it is said that the poet's wife became jealous of her rival. The bard had talked of the marriage ties with the greatest contempt, and regretted that he was fettered with the bonds of wedlock. This raised a storm, and the bard sacrificed the mistress to appease the wife, and composed his "*Mhòladh*." Here is an instance of his disregard to truth and common decency, as well as of moral and poetical justice. As the praise was exaggerated and extravagant, the censure was cruel, unmanly, and undeserved. He first raised the object of his admiration to the skies, with the

most hyperbolic praise—and then, without any provocation, he suddenly wheels round and overwhelms his goddess with the most slanderous, foul-mouthed and unfeeling abuse. His “*Mì-mholadh Mòraig*” is printed in the *Glasgow complete edition of his works of 1839*.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

AIR FOKK—“*Through the wood, laddie.*”

AN dèis dhomh dùsgadh 's a'mhadainn,
'S an dealt air a' chòill,
Ann a madainn ro shoilleir,
Ann a lagan beag doilleir,
Gu'n cualas am feadan
Gu leadurra seinn;
'S mac-talla nan creagan
D'a fhreagairt bròn bhèinn.*

Bi'dh am beithe deagh-bholtrach,
Urail dusrach nan càrn,
Ri maoth-bhlàs driùchd céitean,
Mar ri caoin-dhearsadb gréine,
Brùchdadh barraich tro gheugan,
'S an mhios cheutach sa Mhàigh:
Am mìos breac-laogach, buailteach;
Bhainneach, bhuaghach, gu dhàir!

Bi'dh gach doire dlù naignidh
'S trusgan uain' unip a' fas;
Bi'dh an snothach a dìreadh
As gach friamhach a's isle,
Tro 'na cuislinnean sniombain,
Gu miadachadh blà;
Cuach, a's smeòrach 's an fheasgar,
Seinn a leadain 'n am bàrr.

* We have heard it broadly asserted, that the commencing stanza of this song is a mere translation of the first stanza of a certain song in “*Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany*.” That there is a general similarity between these two stanzas, is admitted at once; and that M'Donald may have seen the “*Miscellany*,” and also read the stanza in question, is likewise conceded. But that the similarity between the two is such as to warrant the conclusion that *he must have seen it*, we cannot allow. As to its being a translation, if our opinion were asked, we would say at once “*It is not.*” But we subjoin the lines from the “*Miscellany*,” that the reader may have the better opportunity of judging:—

“As early I wak'd,
On the first of sweet May,
Beneath a steep mountain,
Beside a clear fountain,
I heard a grave lute
Soft melody play,
Whilst the echo resounded
The dolorous lay.”

Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, Vol. I.

A mìos breac-uigheach, braunach,
Cramhach, maoth-rosach, àidh!
Chuireas sgeadas neo-thruaillidh,
Air gach àite d'a dhuaisbheachd;
A dh'fhogras sneachd le chuid fuachd,
O gheur-ghruaim nam beann àrd;
'S aig meud eagail roi *Phabus*,
Theid's na speuraibh 'na smàil.

A mìos lusanaich, mealach,
Feurach, faileanaich, blàth;
'S e gu gceagach, dailleach,
Loachrach, dìtheanaich, lùrach,
Beachach, seilleanach, deacrach,
Ciurach, dealltach, trom, thà;
'S i mar chuirneanan daimèin,
Bhratach bhoisgeil air làr!

'S moch bhios *Phabus* ag òradh
Ceap nam mòr-cruach 's nam beann;
'S bi'dh 'san uair sin le sòlas,
Gach eun binn-fhaclach boidheach.
Ceumadh meur-buillean ceolar,
Feadh phres, ògan, a's ghleann;
A chorrail chuirteach gun sgreadan,
Aig pòr is beadarraich greann!

'S an am tighinn do'n fheasgar,
Co-fhreagradh aon am,
Ni iad co'-sheirm, shéimh, fhallain,
Gu bileach, binn-ghobach, allail,
A seinn gu lù-chleasach daigheann
A measg ur-mheaghain nan crann;
'S iad féin a beucail gu foirmeil,
Le toirm nan òrgan gun mheang.

Bi'dh gach creutair do laigid
Dol le suigear do'n chùill;
Bi'dh an dreadhar gu balcail',
Foirmeil, talcorra, bagant',
Sir chuir fàilt air a'mhadainn,
Le rifeid mhaiseich, bhuig, bhinn;
Agus *Robin* d'a bheusadh
Air a' ghéig us a' chinn.

Gur glan gall-fheadan *Richard*
A seinn na'n cuislinninn grunn,
Am bàrr nam hilleachan blàthor,
'S an dūs na lòn-dharag àrda,
Bhiodh 's na glacagan fàsaich
As cubhraidh fàile na'm fion;
Le phuirt thriolanta shiubhlach
Phronnair lùghor le dìon.

Sid na puirt a's glan gearradh,
'S a's ro ealanda roinn;
Chuireadh m'inntinn gu beadradh,
Clia-lù t-fheadain ma'n eadradh,

'N am do'n cbrodh bhi g'an leigeadh,
An innis bheitir's a' choill ;
'S tu d' leig air baideil ri cioutbar,
An grianan aon-chasach croinn.

Bi'dh bradan seang-mhear an fhìor-uig',
Gu brisg, slinn-leumnach, luath ;
Nam bhuidhnean tarra-ghealach, lannach,
Gu h-iteach, dearg-bhallach, earrach,
Le shoillsean airgeid d'a earradh,
'S mìn-bhreac lannireach tuar ;
'S e-féin gu crom-ghobach ullamh,
Ceapadh choileag le cluain.

A bhealltuinn bhog-bhailceach, ghrianach,
Lònach, lianach, mò ghràidh,
Bhainneach, fhionn-mheagach, uachdrach,
Omhanach, loinideach, chuachach,
Ghruthach, shlamanach, mhiosrach,
Mhiodrach, mhiosganach làn,
Uanach, mheannanach, mhaoiniach,
Bhocach, mhaoiseach, làn àil !

O ! 's fìor ùibhinn r'a chluinntinn,
Fann-gheum laogh anns a chrò
Gu h-ùral, mìn-bhallach, àluinn ;
Druim-fhionn, gearr-fhionnach, fàilì,
Ceann-fhionn, colg-rasgach, cluas-dearg,
Tarra-gheal, guaineiseach, òg,
Gu mògach, bog-ladhrach, fàsor,
'S e leum ri bàraich nam bò !

A shèbhrach gheala-bhuil' nam bruachag,
Gur fanna-gheal, snuaghar, do ghnùis !
Chinneas badanach, cluasach,
Maoth-mhìn, baganta luaineach ;
Gur tu ròs is fearr cruadal
A nì ghuasad a h-ùir ;
Bi'dh tu t-eideadh as t-earrach
'S e ch ri falach an sùl.

'S cùraidh fàileadh do mhuineil,
A chrios-Cho-chulainn nan càrn !
Na d' chruinn bhàbaidéan riabhach,
Lòineach, fhad-luirgneach, sgiamhach,
Na d' thuinm ghiobagach, dreach-mhìn,
Bhart-bhuidh, chasurlaich, àird ;
Timcheall thulmanan diamhair
Ma'm b' m' biadh-ianain a fàs.

'S gu'm bi froineisean boisgeil
A thilgeas foineal nì's leoir,
Ar gach lù-ghart de neoinein,
'S do bharraibh sheamragan lòmhar ;
Mar sin is leasachan soilleir,
De dh-fheada-coille nan còs,
Timcheall bhoganan loinneal,
A's tric an eilid d'an còir.

'Nis treigidh coileach á ghucag,
'S caitean bruceach nan craobh,
'S théid gu mullach nan sliabh-chnoe',
Le chire ghearr-ghobaich riabhach,
'S bi'dh'ga suiridh gu cùrteil
Am pillein cùl-gorma fraoich :
'S ise freagra le tùchan :—
“ Pì-hù-hù tha thu faoin.”

A choilich chraobhaich nan gearr-sgiath,
'S na falluine dàì',
Tha dubh a's geal air am mìosgadh,
Go ro oirdheire na t-itich ;
Moineal lannireach, sgipi,
Uaine, slis-mhìn, 's tric crom !
Gob na'n pongannan millis
Nach faiet' a sìleadh nan ronnu !

Sid an turaraich ghlan, loinneal,
A's ard coileag air tom,
'S iad ri bù-rà-rùs seumh, cèutach
Ann a feasgar bog céitean ;
Am bannal geal-sgirteach, uchd-ruadh ;
Mala ruiteach, chaul, chrom ;
'S iad gu h-uchd-ardach, earra-gheal,
Ghrian-dhearsgnaidh, dhruim-dhonn.

Note.—The poet here uses a redundancy of adjectives, epithets and alliterations, with more pedantry than becomes pastoral poetry : but, with all its faults, the poem contains many beautiful passages. The address to the primrose is peculiarly elegant and happy—the description of the love of the grouse is also very good—and the address to the black cock is lively and graphic, though it ends with an unlucky and far-fetched conceit.

ORAN A GHEAMHRAIDH.

AIR FOKK—"Tweedside."

THARRUINN grian rìgh nam planad 's nan rèul,
Gu sign Chancer di-ciadain gu beachd,
A riaghlas cothrom ma'n crìochnaich e thrial,
Da mhios-déug na bliadhna ma seach ;
Ach gur h-e 'n dara, di-sathuirn' na dhéigh,
A ghrian-stad-shamraidh, aon-déug, an là's fàid ;
'S a sin tiuntaidh e chùrsa gu seimh,
Gu seas-ghrian a gheamhraidh gun stad.

'S o dh'imich e 'nis uainn m'an cuairt,
Gu'm bi fuachd oir'n gu'm pill e air ais,
Bi'dh gach là dol an giorrad gu féum,
'S gach oidhche do réir dol am fad :
Sruthaidh luibhean, a's coill, agus feur,
Na fàs-bheodha crìon-éugaidh iad as ;
Teichidh snodhach gu friamhach nan crann,
Sùighidh glaoghan an sùgh-bheath' a steach.

Seachdaidh géugan glan cùbhraidh nan crann,
Bha's an t-samhradh trom-stràc-te le meas,
Gu'n tòrr-leum an toradh gu làr,
Gu'n sgriosair an bàrr far gach lìos.
Guillidh feadain a's creachailn nam beann,
Sruthain chriostail nan gleann le trom sprochd,
Caoidh nam fuaran ri meacuinn gu'n cluinn,
Deoch-shunnta nam maioseach 's nam boc.

Laidhìdh bròn air an talamh gu léir,
Gu'n aognaich na sléibhteann na cnuic;
Grad dubbaidh caoin uachdar nam blàr,
Fal-rùisgte, 's iad fàillinneach bochd.
Na h-coin bhuchallach' bhreac-iteach, ghrinn,
Sheinneadh basganta, binn, am barr dhòs,
Gu'n téid a ghlas-ghùib ar am beul,
Gun bhodha, gun teud, 's iad nan tost.

Sguiridh bùirdisich sgiathach nan spur,
D'an ceileiribh griannach car greis,
Cha seinn iad a' maidnean gu h-àrd,
Na feasgaran chràbhach 's a' phreas;
Cadal cluthor gu'n dean anns gach còs,
Gabhail fasgaidh am frègann nan creag;
'S iad ag ionndraoin nan gathanan blàth,
Bhiodh ri dealaradh o sgàile do theas.

Cuirear daltachan srian-bhuidh nan ròs
Bharr mhìn-chioch nan òr-dhithean beag,
'S inghean gucagach lili nan lòn,
Nam fluran, 's gheal noinein nan eug;
Cha deoghlaire le beachan nam bruach,
Cròdhaidh fuarachd car cuairt iad na sgeap;
'S cha mho chruinnicheas seillean a mhàl,
'S thar gheal-ùr-ros chroinn garaidh cha streap.

Tearnaidh bradan, a's sgadan, 's gach iasg,
O t-iarguinn gu fia-ghrunnd nan loch;
'S gu fan air an aigein dù-dhonn,
Ann an doimhneachd nam fonn a's nan slochd.
Na bric tharra-ghealach, earra-ghobhlach shliom,
Leumadh mearagant' ri usgraicean chop,
Nan cairtealan geamhraidh gu'n tàmh,
Meirbh, sàmhach, o thàmh thu fo'n ghlob.

Chàs a's gheannaich gach tulach, 's gach tòrn,
'S dèite lom chinn gach fireach, 's gach glac;
Gu'n d' obbraich na sìtheanan feoir,
Bu lusnach, feoirneanach brat;
Thiormaich monaiean, 's ruadhaich gach fonn;
Bheuchd an fhaige 's ro thonn-ghreannach gart;
'S gu'n sgreitich an dùlachd gach long,
'S théid an cabhlach na long-phort a steachd.

Néulaich pàircean a's miodair gu bàs,
Thuit gach fàsach, 's gach àite to bhruid;
Chìaraich monadh nan ìosal 's nan ard;
Theirig dathanan gràs-mhor gach luig;

Dh.fhalbh am fàileadh, am *musg*, a's am fonn;
Dh.fhalbh am maise bharr lumbair gach buig;
Chaidh an eunlaith gu caoidhearan truagh,
Uiseag, smeòrach, a's cuach, agus druid.

A fhraoich bhadanaich, bhaganaich, ùir,
D'am b'òla's d'am b'fhudar a mhil,
B'i bhlàth ghrian do *bhalet's* gach uair,
Gu giullachd do ghruaige le sgil;
'S a mhadaidh iuchair 'nuair bhoiseadh a ghuùis,
Air bhuidhinnin drùchdach nan drill,
B'fhior chùbhraidh 's gu'm b'eibhinn an smùid
So dh'èireadh bharr chuirnein gach bil.

Gu'n theirig suth-talmhuinn nam bruach;
Dh'fhalbh an cnuasach le'n trom-lubadh slat,
Thuit an t-ubhall, an t-sicis, 's a pheur,
Chuireadh bodha air a ghéig anns a bhad.
Dh.fhalbh am bainne bho'n eallach air chùl,
Ma'm bi leanaba bi cùdharan bochd;
'S gu'm pill a griann gu *sign Thaurus* nam buadh,
'S treun a bhuaidhaicheas, fuachd, agus goet.

Théid a ghrian air a thurus man cuairt.
Do *thropic Chapricorn* ghruamach gun stad,
O'n tig fearthuinn chruinn, mheallanach, luath,
Bheir air mullach nan cuairteagan sàd;
Thig tein'-adhair, thig torunn na dhéigh,
Thig gaillionn, thig éireadh nach lag,
'S cinnidh uisge na ghlaíneachan cruaidh,
'S na ghlas-léugaibh, min, fuar-licneach rag.

A mìos nuarranda, garbh-fhrasach dorch',
Shneachdach, cholgarra, stoirm-shionach bith;
Dhisleach, dhall-churach, chathach, fhliuch, ciruai,
Bhiorach, bhuagbarra, 's tuath-ghaathach eith;
Dheibheach, lia-rotach, ghlib-shleamhain gharbh,
Chuireas sgiobairean fairge nan ruith;
Fhliuchach, fluuntinneach, ghuineach, gun tlas;
Cuiridh t-anail gach càileachd air chrith.

A mìos cratanach, casdach, lòn,
A bhios trom air an t-sonn-bhrochan dubh;
Churraiceach, chasagach, lachdunn a's dhonn,
Bhrisueach, stocainneach, chom-chochlach, thiugh,
Bhrògach, mhiotagach, pheiteagach bhàn,
Imeach, aranach, chàiseach, gun ghruth;
Le miann beuthaiste, mairt-fheoil a's càl;
'S ma bhios blàth nach dean tair air gnè stuth.

A mìos brotagach, toiteanach sùigh
Ghionach, stròitheal, fhior gheòchach gu muic;
Liteach, làghanach, chabaisteach chòrr,
Phoiteach, ròmasach, ròiceil, gu sult;
'S an taobh-muigh ge do thugh sinn ar còm,
Air an fhàile gheur-tholltach gun tlas,
'S feadar dram òl mar linnigeadh cléibh,
A ghrad fhadas tein'-eibhinn 's an uchd.

Bi'dh grean'-dubh air cuid mòr de'n Roinneor,
O lagaich sgéamh òrdha do theas,
Do sholas bu shùlas ro mhòr,
Ar fragharc a's ar lochram geal deas ;
Ach 'nuar thig e gu *Gemini* a ris,
'S à lainnir 's gach rìgheachd gu'n cuir,
'S buidh soillesein nan coirean's nam meall,
'S riochdail fianh nan òr-mheall air a mhuir.

'S théid gach salmadair ball-mhaiseach ùr,
Ann an crannaig chraobh-dhlù-dhuilich chais,
Le 'n seol féin a sheinn laoidh 's a thoirt cliù,
Chiunn a *phlanaid*-s' a chùrsadh air ais ;
Gu'm bi coisir air leth anns gach géig,
An *dasgaibh* éibhinn air réidh-shlios nan slat,
A toirt lag iobairt le'n ceileir d'an Triath,
Air chaol chorraibh an sgiath anns gach glaic.

Cha bhí creutair fò chupan nan peur.
'N sin nach tiundaidh ri 'n speurad's ri'n dreach,
'S gu'n toir *Phæbus* le buadhan a bhlàis,
Anam-fàs daibh a's chileachdain ceart
Nì iad ais-éiridh choitcheann on uaigh
Far na mhiotaich an fuachd iad a steach,
'S their iad :—*guileag-doro-hidola-hann*,
Dh-fhalbh an gearmhra 's tha'n samhradh air teachd.

ORAN NAM FINEACHAN GAELACH.

A CHOMUINN ròghail rùinich,
Sàr ùmhlachd thugaibh uaibh,
Biodh 'ur ruig gun smùirnean,
'S gach crì gun treas gun lùb ann ;
Deoch-slaime Sheumais Stiùbhairt,
Gu muirneach cuir ma'n cuairt !
Ach ma ta giomb air bith 'n 'ur stamaig,
A chàileis naomh' na truail.

Lion dench-slaime Thearlaich
A mheirlich ! stràic a chuach ;
B'i sid an ioc-shlant' ùluinn,
Dhath-bheothaicheadh mo chàileachd
Ge d'a bhiodh an bàs orm,
Gun neart, gun àdh, gun tuar.
A Rìgh nan dùl a chuir do chàbhlach,
Oirn thar sàil' le luathas.

O ! tog do bhaideil òrda,
Chaol, dhionach, shàr-gheal nuadh,
Ri d'cranndaidh bì-dhearg, làidir,
Gu taisdeal nan tonn gàireach ;

Tha *Æolus* ag raitinn
Gu 'seid e rap-ghaoth chruaidh,
O'n aird an ear ; 's tha *Neptun* dileas,
Gu mìneacadh a chuain.

'S bochd ata do chàirdean
Aig ro mhead t-fhàrdail uainu ;
Mar àlach mbaoth gun mhathair ;
No beachainn breac a ghàraidh,
Ag sionnach 'n déis a fàsachd',
Air fàilinn feadh nam bruach.
Aisig cabbagach le d' chàbhlach,
'S leighis plàidh do shluaigh.

Tha na dée ann an deagh rùn dùt ;
Greas.ort le sùrd neo-mharbh,
Thar dhronnaig nan tonn dù-ghorm,
Dhruim-robach, bharr-chas, shiubhlach,
Ghleann-chlaghach, cheann-gheal, shù'.dhlù,
Na mothar chul-gblas, ghairbh ;
Na cuan-choirean, greannach, stuadh-thorthach,
'S crom-bhileach, molach, falbh.

Tha muir a's tìr cho-réidh dhut,
Mar deann thu féin a searg ;
Doirtidh iad na'n ceudan,
Nan laomabh tiugha, tréunna,
A Breatunn a's á Eirinn,
Ma d'*standard* breid-gheal dearg ;
A ghasraidh sgaiteach, ghuineach, rìogbaí ;
Chreuchdach, fhior.luath, gharg !

Thig do chinneadh féin ort,
Na treun-fhìr laomsgair gharbh,
Na'm beitheiribh gu reubadh ;
Na'n leoghannaibh gu creuchladh ;
Na'n nathraichean grad-leumneach,
A lotas geur le 'n calg,
Le'n gathan faobharach, riun-bheurra
Nì mor éuchd le'n arm.

'N àm bhrataichean àn-éideadh,
Le dealas geur gun chealg,
Thig Dòmhnallaich, nan deigh sin ;
Cho dileas dut ri d'leine ;
Mar choim air fasdadh eile ;
Air chath-chrith geur gu sealg ;
'S maig n' mhaid de'n nochd iad fraoch,
Long, leoghann, craobh, 's laimh-dhearg.

Gu neartaich iad do chàmpa
Na Caim-beulaich gu dearbh,
An Diuc Earraghalach mar cheann orr',
Gu mòrghalach mear prionsnail ;
Ge b'e bheir air iunsaidh,
B'e sid an tionsgnadh searbh,
Le lannan lotach, dù-ghorm, toirteil,
Sgoltadh chorp gu'm balg.

Gu tarhartach, glan, caiseamachd,
Fior thartarach na'n ranc,
Thig Cluainidh le chuid Pearsanach,
Gu cuannda gleusda grad-bheirteach ;
Le spaintichean teann-bheirteach
'S cruaidh fead ri sgailceadh cheann ;
Bi'dh fuil d'a dòrtadh, 's smuais d'a spealtadh,
Le sgealpaireachd 'ur lann.

Druididh suas ri d' mbeirghe,
Nach meirbh an am an àir,
Clann 'Illeoin * nach meirgich
Airm ri uchd do sheirbheis ;
Le'm hrataichean 's snuadh féirg orra,
'S an leirg mar thairbh gun sgàth ;
A foirne, fearail, nimheal, arrail,
'S huilleach, allamh làmh !

Gun thig na fiùrain Leòdach ort,
Mar sheochdain 's eoin fo sphig ;
Na'n tuireamb lann-ghorm, thinnisneach ;
Air chiorra-ghleus streup gun tiomachas ;
An reiseamaid fìor ionnalta,
'S fàth gioraig dol na dàil ;
Am bi iomadh bòchdan fuilteach, foirmeil,
Théid le stoirm gu bàs.

Thig curaidhnean Chlann-cham-shroin ort,
Theid meanmnach sios na d' spèirn ;
An fhoireann ghuineach, chaithreamach,
'S neo-fhiamhach an am tarraime ;
An laimh gblas mar lasair dealanaich,
Gu gearradh cheann, a's lamh ;
'S mar luthas na dréige, 's cruthas na créige,
Chluinnte sgread nan canàm.

Gur cinnteach dhuibh d'ar coinneachadh,
Mac-Choinnich mor Chinn-Tàile :
Fìr laidir, dhùna, choimhneala,
Do'n fhuir-chruaidh air à foinneachadh,
Nach gabh fiamh no somultachd,
No sgreamh ro' theine bhlàr ;
'S iad gu nàrach, fuileach, foinnidh,
Air bhoil gu dhol na d'chàs.

Gur foirmeil, prìseil, òrdail,
Thig Tòisichean nan ranc,
Am màrsail stàteil, còmhnaidh ;
Gu pìobach, hratach, sròl-bhuil ;
Tha rioghalachd a's mòrchuis,
Gu'n sìradh anns 'n dream ;
Daoine laidir, neartmhor, cròdha,
'S iad gun ghò, gun mbeang !

Thig Graundaich gu ro thartarach,
Neo fhuad-bheirteach do d' champ

Air phrioblogadh gu cruadal,
Gu snaidheadh cheann, is chluas dha,
Cho nimheil ris na tìgeribh
Le feachdraidh dian-mhear, dàn',
Chuireas iomad fear le sgreadail,
'S a bhreabadaich gu làr.

Thig a ris na Frisealaich,
Gu sgipi le neart garbh ;
Na seòchdaibh fìor-ghlan, togarrach,
Le fuathas bhlàr nach bogaichear ;
An còmhlan fearradha, cosgurach,
'S maing neach do nochd iad fearg ;
A spuir ghlas aig dlùs an deirich
Bi'dh nan éilean dearg.

Nan gasraidh ghaisgeil, lasgurra,
Thig Lachunnaich gun chàird ;
Na saighdean dearga puiseanda ;
Gu claidheach, sgìathach, cuinnsearach ;
Gu gunnach dagach, ionnsaichte,
Gun chunntais ac' air àr ;
Dol nan deannamh 'n aodaion pheileir,
Teachd o theine chhìch.

Gabhadh pàirt do t-iorghaills',
Clann-Iomhuinn's oirdheire càil ;
Mar thuinn ri tìr a sìor-bhuiladh ;
No hile lasrach dian-loisgeach ;
Nan treudan luatha, fìor-chonfach,
Thoirte griosach air an nàmh ;
An dream chathach, Mhuileach, Shra'hach,
'S math gu sgathadh chnàm.

'S mòr a bhios ri corp-rusgadh,
Na'n closaichean's a bhlàr,
Fithich anns a rocadaich
Ag itealaich, 's a cnocairrachd ;
Ciorras air na cosgaraich,
Ag òl's ag ith an sàth.
Och's tursach fann a chluinntir moch-thra,
Ochanaich nan àr !

Bi'dh fuil is gaor d'a shùidreadh ann,
Le lù-chleasan 'ur làmh ;
Meangar cinn, a's dùirn dhùin ;
Gearrar àilt le smuaisridh ;
Ciosuaichear am biùidh,
D'an dùl-sogadh, 's d'an enàmh ;
Crùnair le poimp Tearlach Stiùbhart ;
'S Frederic Prionus fo shàil.

Note.—This address to the Highland clans is a stately spirit-stirring martial poem, where the bard describes the various Jacobite clans coming forward in warlike array to place Charles on the throne, and leave the Hanoverians under his feet. The satirist (*Avreagh Mhuile*) represents the poet travelling through the country to excite the Highlanders to arms, and it is probable that this song was composed on that occasion. It was well calculated to rouse the warlike clans to the approaching conflict.

O R A N.

AIR FOKK—"Cille-chragaidh."

Tha deagh shoisgeul feadh nan garbh-chrìoch,
Sùrd air arnaibh còmbraig;
Uird ri dararaich deanamh thargaid
Nan dual ball-chruinn boidheach;
Chaidh ar seargadh le càrn carraghloir
Sluaigh fìor chealgach Shòrais,
O's sgeul dearbhta thig thar fàirge,
Neart ro gharbh d'ar fòirinn.

Thig tbar lear le gaoith an ear oirn,
Toradh deal ar dùchais,
Le mhilte fear, 's le armaibh geal,
Prionns' ullamh, mear, 's e dì-chaisgt;
Mac Rìgh Seumas, Tearlach Stiubhart,
Oighre chrùn th'air fògar,
Gu'n dean gach Breatainneach lán umhlachd,
Air an glùn d'a mhòrachd.

Ni na Gàidil bheodha, ghasda,
Eiridh bhras le sròlamh;
Iad nan ciadan nìm' ag iathadh,
S coltas dian cuir gleois orr';
Gu'n fhiamh 's iad fiata, claidheach, sgiathach,
Gunnach, riaslach, stròiceach,
Mar chofadh leoghannaibh fiadhaich,
'S aoras dian gu feoil orr'.

Dèanamh ullamh chum ar turuis,
'S bithibh guineach, deònach;
So an cumasg, am bi na builean,
An deantar fuil a dhòrtadh;
Och a dhuin' is liomhor curaidh
Is fìor sturral co-strì,
A leigir fear eile mar chuireann,
Dh' fhaotainn fuil air Sebras!

'S iomadh neach a thèid air ghaise,
Tha fìor lag na dhèchus,
Gus a nochdar *standard* brat-dhearg,
An rìgh chearts' tha òirne,
Ge do bhiodh e na fhìor ghealtair,
Gur cruaidh rag gu bhròig e,
Ceart cho gairge ris an lasair,
A lèsgadh asbhuaìn eorna.

Mhoir is sgairteil, foirmeil, bagant,
Gàidil ghasda, chrodha;
Gach aon bhratach sìos do'n bhaiteal
Le 'n gruaidh laisde ròsg-dearg;
Iad gun fhiamh, gun fheall, gun ghaiseadh;
Rìoghail, beachd-bhorb, pròiseal;
Gu no-lapach ri linn gaisge,
Spàirnteach ghlas nan dòrnaibh.

'S binn linn plapraich nam breid bhratach,
Sranraich bras ri mòr-ghaoith,
An glachdaibh gaisgeil nan ceum staitail,
Is stuirteil, sgairteil, *mòision*;
'S lann ghorm sgaiteach, do shàr-shlacan
Geur gu srachdadh shròn' aige,
Air bac cruachain an fhlir bhrataich,
Gu cuir tais air fògradh.

'S furbaidh tailceant, 's cumta pearsa,
Treun-laoch spraeal, doid-gheal;
Pìob d' a spalpadh, suas na achlais,
Mhosglas lasan gleois duinn;
Caismeachd bhras bhinn, bhrodadh aigne,
Gu dian chasgairt slògh leis;
Chuireadh torman a phuirt bhaigseil,
Spioraid bhras 'n 'ar pòraibh.

Bithibh sunndach, lughor, bèumach,
Sgriosach, geur, gu feolach,
'S bi'dh *Mars* creuchdach, cogach, reubach,
Anns 'na speur d' ar seoladh;
Soirbhichidh gach nì gu leir libh,
Ach sibh-fein bhi deonach;
Màrsailibh gun dàil, gu'n eislein,
Lughor, eudrom, ceol-mhor.

Màrsailibh, gun fheall, gun airsneul,
Gach aon bhratach bhoidheach;
Cuideachd shuaicheanta nam breacan,
'S math gu casg na tòireachd;
'Nuair a ruigsen sibh na claisich
Bi'dh smuis bhreac feadh feòir libh;
Gaor a's eanachuinn na spadul,
'S na liath-shad feadh mhointich.

Slìocraich, slacraich, nan cruaidh shlacan,
Freagra basgur sheannasair;
'Nuair a theid a ruaig gun stad libh
Gur ro fad a chluinntear,
Feadraich bhùillean, sgoitadh mhullach,
Sìos gu bun an rumpuill;
Ruaig orr' nìle mar mhoim tnille;
Chaidh cha 'n nrr' iad tiuntadh.

'S iomadh fear a dh' oladh lìonta,
Slainte an rìgh-s' tha oirne,
Spealgadh ghlaineacban aig grìosaich,
'S e cur beinn air Seòras;
Ach 's onaraiche auis an gnìomh,
Na cuig-ceud mìle bhla;
'S fearr aon *siola* a dh'fhuil 's an fhrith
No galoin fhìon air bhòrdaibh.

Dearbhaidh beachdaidh sibh bhi ceart d'a,
Eirdh grad le 'r slòghaibh;
Gu'n 'ur muathan, clann, no beirteas,
Chuir stad-leachd 'n 'ur dèchus;

Ach gluasad inntinneach, luath, cinnteach,
Rìoghail, lìont' de mhòr-chuis ;
Mar an raineach a dol sìos duibh,
Sgriosadh dian luchd clèòchdan.

'Ur ceathairne ghruamach, nìmheil,
Làn do mhìre cruadail ;
'S misg dhearg chatha, gu bàrr rath orr',
'S craobh dhearg dhath nan gruaidhean ;
Iad gun athadh sìos le 'n claidhean
Ri sìor sgathadh chnuachdan ;
Lotar dèarganaich le 'r gathan,
'S le'r fìor chrathadh cruadhach.

'S beagan sluagh, a 's tric thug buaidh,
An iomairt chruaidh a chòmhraig ;
Deanamaid gluasad gu'n dad uamhuinn,
'S na biodh fuathas oirne ;
Doirtidh uaislean an taobh-tuath,
Mac Shìm nan ruag, 's Diuc-Gòrdon ;
Le mharc-shluagh is nuarrant gruaim ;
'S ruaim ainmì fhuar nam pòramh.

ORAN RÌOGHAL A BHIOTAIL.

AIR FÒNN—" *Let us be jovial, fill our glasses.*"

BìODHMAID subhach, 's bìar deoch linn,
Oснаich 'n ar fochar eha tàmh,
Na smaointiceamaid ar bochdainn,
Fhad 's a bìos an copan làn.

LUINNEAG.

Hò-rò air fàl'dar-ùraidh
Ho air m'all'dar-rùraidh rò,
Hò-rò air m'all'dar-raridh
Fàl'dar, rall'dar, rùraidh hò.

Olamaid glainneachean làn',
Air slainte an t-Seumais ata uainn ;
Cuireamaid da shlaime 'n càraid,
Tosda Thearlaich stràic a chuach.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ma ta stamac anns a chuideachd,
Nach dean a chuidsa d' ar miann,
Siapaidh e 'mach as ar carabh,
Mar an carran as an t-shìol.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cuireadh ar cupachan tharsta ;
Aisig càs an còrn m'an cuairt ;
Faicear èibhinneachd air lasadh,
Le fìor sgairt 'n ar beachd, 's 'n ar gruaidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

BìODH ar cridhachan a dambsa,
Linn an drams' a dhol na thruaill,
Mar gu 'm biodhmaid 's a cheart am-sa,
Dol do 'n chàmp a dh'fhaotainn buaidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

De'n dìbh' bbrìdhear neartar bhlasda,
'S mìlse no mìl bheach gu pòit,
Lìon an soitheach sin amach dhinnn,
De 'n stuth bhlasdar ud 'san stòp.
Ho-ro, &c.

'S-ioma fearsta, falachaidh, tlachdmhor,
Tha 'm mac-na-bracha r'a luaigh ;
Riinn sin e na leannan do mhiltean,
'S na mhilsein prìseil do'n t-sluagh.
Ho-ro, &c.

Sgaolaidh e ghruaim far a mhuigean ;
Nì e fìughantach fear cruaidh ;
Nì e cruadalach fear gealtach,
Gus an tèid e feachd no 'n ruaig.
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e cainnteach am fear tostach ;
Nì e brosgulach fear dùr ;
Nì e suireach am fear nàrach ;
'S fàgaidh e dàn' am fear diùid.
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e pògach am fear àilleant
Nach fuillegadh cailin 'na chòir ;
Sparraidh e damhs' anns na casan,
Nach d' rinn riamh aon chùr d' an deoin.
Ho-ro, &c.

Fagaidh e neo shanntach acrach ;
Toinnidh se càs am fear sliom ;
Bheir e caitean air fear sleamhainn ;
'S nì e spreadhail am fear tiom.
Ho-ro, &c.

An t-airgead a bha d'a sticleadh,
An sporan nan chripleach riamh,
Bheir e furtachd dha á prìosan,
Le fuasgladh cruidh-shuaim nan i
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e aoiheal am fear doichleach ;
Nì e socharach fear teann ;
Nì e duin' nasal do'n bhalach ;
Nì e fathrumach fear fannu.
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e saor chridheach fear duinte,
'S faoisididh e rùn a chrì ;
Saoilidh an lag gur h-e 'n laidir,
Gus an dearbh e chàil 'san strì.
Ho-ro, &c.

Tairruidh e mulad gu aiteas ;
 Tiundaidh e aairsneul gu fonn ;
 Mionach nan sporan gu spìol e
 Le ghob biorach chrìomas lom.
Ho-ro, &c.

Thigeadh meanmna, 's falhbhadh aairsneul
 Air chairstealan uainn do'n Ròimh ;
 Seinneam òrain cheolmor, ghasda,
 Shunndach, bhras, nach lapach gloir.
Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bheirear botul a stapul,
 'S a chromar ri cap a ciuas ;
 'S eibhinn a ghogail là earraich,
 Cogair searraig ris a chuaich !
Ho-ro, &c.

'S mìlse no ceilearadh smeòraich,
 Le luinneag ceolmhor air géig,
 Creatraich shrideagach do sgòrnain ;
 Cratan 's bùiche fo 'na ghréin !
Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne na luinneag eoin-bùchainn,
 Bhiodh ri tùchan am barr thonn,
 Guileag do mhuineil a's giuig ort ;
 Cuisle-chiuil a dhùisgeadh fonn.
Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne no cluig-chiuil an Ghlascho,
 T-fhuaim le bastul dol 's a chèrn ;
 Síd an fhàilt a ghleusadh m' aigne,
 Mac-na-brùch a teachd le pòig.
Ho-ro, &c.

Lìon domh suas an t-slige-chreachainn ;
 Cha 'n ion a seachnadh gu dràn ;
 'S math Ghàellig oirr' an creathann ;
 An t-slig' a chreach sinne a t' ann.
Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne no ceol collich choille,
 Bhiodh ri coilleig air an tom,
 Dùrdail a bhotail ri glainne ;
 Crònan loivoteal thoilleadh bonn !
Ho-ro, &c.

Teicheadh lìon-dubh as 'ur comuon ;
 Falbhadh gainne ; 's pailt 'ur n-br ;
 Na biodh speùclair oirbh gu gauntar,
 Fheadh 's a bhio's an dram 'n 'ur sròin.
Ho-ro, &c.

Biodh 'ur ceann-agaidh uile 'n ceart uair,
 Cho roiteach ri dreach nan ròs,
 'Nuair a thèid 'ur fuil air ghabhail,
 Le beirm laghach Mhic-an-Tois.
Ho-ro, &c.

Gur dìonnsaireach, spinnsearach, t-fhàileadh,
 'S teas-ghradhach do shuàg tro' m' chliabh
 Fadadh blàis air feadh mo mhìonaich ;
 Gur ro mhiogach do thrìall !
Ho-ro, &c.

Gur gogach, coilleagach, brisg-gheal,
 Bruicheal, neo-mhisgeach do thuar,
 'N a d' sblabhraidhean crìostail a dèrtadh,
 Rì binn-chronanaich am chluais.
Ho-ro, &c.

Sgaoileamaid o altair *Bhachuis* :
 A chleirich taisg a chàilis uat ;
 Dh-fhalbh ar fuachd ; 's cìod 'ta dhì oirn ?
 Thogamaid bàig' crìon do 'n t-suain.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ach freasdal sinn air ghairm na maidne,
 Le t-loc-shlaint aghmhor lan bhuadh,
 'S thoir dhùin aon ghloie-nid 'n ar leabaidh
 A bheir crith-chlaiginn oirn m'an cuairt !
Ho-ro, &c.

ALLT-AN-T-SIUCAIR.

AIR FOKN—"The Lass of Patie's Mill."

A dol thar Allt-an-t-siùcair,
 A' madainn chùbhraidh Chéit,
 'S paideirean geal dlù chnap,
 De 'n driùchd ghorm air an fheur,
 Bha *richard's robin*, brù-dhearg
 Rì seinn, 's fear dhùil a's bhéas ;
 'S goic mòit air cuthaig chùl-ghuirm,
 'S gùg-gùg aic' air a ghéig.

Bha smeòrach cor na smùid dh'ì
 Air bacan cuil le' féin ;
 An dreadhann-donn gu sùrdail,
 'S a rifeid chiuil na bheil ;
 Am breacan-beith' a's lùb air,
 'S e 'gleusadh lùgh a theud ;
 An coileach-dubh ri dùrdan ;
 'S a chearc ri tùchan réidh.

Na bric a gearradh shùrdag,
 Rì pluabraich dhlù le chéil',
 Taobh-leumnaich mear le lù-chleas,
 'S a bhùrn, le mòirn ri gréin ;
 Rì ceapadh chuileag sìubhlach,
 Le 'm briseadh lùghor féin ;
 Druim-lann-ghorm, 's ball-bhrec glùran ;
 'S an lainnir-chuil mar lèig.

Mil-dheola sheillein strianach,
Le crònan 's fiata srann,
'N an dithibh baglach, riabhach,
Ma d' bhlathaibh grianaich chrann ;
Sraibh-dhriucain dhonna, thiachdaidh,
Fo shinean ciochan t-fheòir,
Gun theachd-an-tìr no bhiadh ac',
Ach fàileadh ciatach ròs.

Gur milis, brisg-gheal, bùrn-ghlan,
Meall-chùirneanaeh, 's binn fuaim,
Bras-shruthain Uillt-an-t-siùcair,
Ri torman siubhlach luath ;
Gach biolair, 's luibh le 'n ùr-ròs'
A cìntinn dlù ma bhruaich ;
'S e tòirt dhaibh bhuadan sùghor,
Ga 'n sui bheathacha m'an cuairt.

Bùrn tana, glan, gun ruadhan,
Gun deathach, ruaim, no cèb,
Bheir anan-fàs, a's gluasaid,
D'a chluauagan ma bhòrd.
Gaoir bheachainn bhuì 's ruadha,
Ri diogladh chluaran òir,
'S cèir mheala d' a chuir suas leo,
An ceir-chuachagan 'nan stòr.

Gur sòlas an ceòl-cluaise,
Ard-bhairich buar ma d' chrò ;
Laoigh cheann-fhionn, bhreaca, ghuanaich
Ri freagra' nuallan bhò ;
A bhanàreach le buaraich,
'S am buachaille fa còir,
Gu bleothan a chruidh ghuaillinn,
Air cuach a thogas cròic.

Bi'dh lùchrainn mheal' a lùbadh
Nan sràbh, 's brù air gach géig,
Do mheasan milis cùbhraidh,
Nan ùbhlán 's nam péur ;
Na duilleagan a liùgadh,
A's fallas cùil diu féin ;
'S clann bheag a' gabhail tùchaidh,
D' an imlich dlù le 'm béul.

B' e crònan t-easan srùlaich,
An dùrdail mhùirneach Mhàigh ;
'S do bhoirichibh daite, sgòim-gheal,
Tiugh, flùranach, dlù, tlà ;
Le d' *mhantul* do dhealt ùr-mhin,
Mar dhùra cùil ma d' bhlà ;
S air calg gach feòirnein dùir-fheòir,
Gorm neamhnad dhriùchd a fàs.

Do bhrat lan shradag daoimein,
De bhraon nì soills' air lùr ;
A *chapel's* gasda foinéal,
Gun cho-*fine* ann a *Whitehall* ;

Ma d' bhearra gorm-bhreac coillteach,
Ann chinne a loinn le h-àl,
Na sobhraichean mar choillean,
Na 'n coilleiribh na d' sgàth.

Bi'dh guileag eala tùchan,
'S eoin bhùchuinn am barr thonn,
Ag inbhear Uillt-an-t-siùcair,
Snamh lù-chleasach le fonn ;
Ri seinn gu moiteil, cuirteil,
Le muineil-chiuil, 's iad crom,
Mar mhàla pìob a's lùb air ;
Cèl tiamhaidh ciuin, nach trom.

O! 's grinn an obhair ghràbhail,
Riun nàdur air do bhruaich,
Le d' iurachain chreabhach, fhàsor,
'S am buicein bhàn orr' shuas ;
Gach saimeir, neoinean, 's màsag,
Mìn-bhreacadh air làr do chluain ;
Mar rèultan rèot an dearsadh,
Na spangan àluinn nuadh.

Bi'dh cruinn, 's am bàrr mar sgàrlaid,
Do chaorran aluinn ann ;
'S craobhan bachlach, àrhhuidh,
A faoisgneadh àrd ma d' cheann ;
Bi'dh dearcas, 's suithean sùghor,
Trom lùbadh an luis féin,
Caoin, seachdai, blasdadh, cubhraidh,
A call an drùis ri gréin.

'S co lan mo lios ri Phàrrais,
De gach cnuas a 's fearr an coill ;
Na réidhlich arbharr fasaiddh,
Bheir piseach àrd 's sgoinn ;
Pòr reachdmhor, minear, fàsor,
Nach cinn gu fàs na laom ;
'S co reamhar, luchdmhor càileachd,
'S gu sgàin a ghràn o dbruin !

Do thachdar mar' a's tìre,
Bu theachd-an-tìr leis féin ;
Na 'n treudan féidh 'n a d' fhrithean ;
'S na d' chladach 's mìltean éisg ;
Na d' thrigh tha maorach lìonmhor ;
'S air t-uisge 's fìor-bhras leus,
Aig oganachaibh rimbeach,
Le morgha' fìor-chruaidh gèur.

Gur h-àròil, sìlochdor, cuanda,
Greidh-each air t-fhuarain ghorm,
Le 'n iotadh tarrainn suas riut,
Le cluinntinn nuall do thoirm ;
Bi'dh buicein binneach 's ruadhag,
'S minn-mheanbh-bhreac, cluais-dearg, òg
Ri h-ionaltradh gu h-uaigneach,
'S ri ruideis luath ma d' lòn.

Gur damhach, adhach, laoghach,
 Mangach, maoiseach, t-fhonn;
 Do ghlinn le seilg air laomadh,
 Do gharbhlach-chraobh 's do lom;
 Gur h-àluinn barr-fhionn, braonach,
 Do chanach caoin-gheal thom,
 Na mhaibenibh caoin, mao-mhìn;
 Na d' mhointich sgaoth-cheare donn.

B' e sid an sealladh èibhinn,
 Do bhruachan glè-dhearg ròs,
 S iad daite le gath gréine,
 Mar bhoisgnich leug-bhui' òir;
 B' iad sid an geiltre glé ghrinn,
 Cinn déideagan measg feoir,
 De bharraibh luibhean ceutach;
 'S foirm bhinn aig téud gach eoin.

O lili rìgh nam flùran!
 Thug bàrr mais air ùr-ros gheug,
 Na bhabagan cruinn, plùir mhìn,
 'S a chrùn geal ùr mar ghréin;
 Do'n uisge ud Allt-an-t-siùcair,
 'S e cùbhraidh d'a a bheud
 Na rionnagan ma lùbaibh,
 Mar reullan-iùil na spéur.

Do sheallbhag ghlan 's do luachair
 A bòrcadh suas ma d' choir;
 Do dhìthein iurach, luaineach,
 Mar thuairneagan de'n òr;
 Do phreis làn neada cuachach,
 Cruinn, cuairteagach, aig t-eoin;
 Barr bhrònach 's an t-sail-chuachaig,
 Na'n dùs an uachdar t-fheoir.

B' e sid an leughas lèirsinn,
 De luingeas bréid-gheal, luath,
 Na 'n sguadronaibh seoil-bhréid-chrom,
 A bordadh geur ri d' chluais,
 Nan giubhsaichibh beò ghleusda,
 'S an caibn gu léir ri shuas;
 'S Caol-Muile fuar d'a reubadh,
 Le anail speur bho thuath.

'S cruaidh a bhairstinn fhuair mi,
 O'n fhuaran 's blasda glèir,
 An caochan 's mò buadhan,
 Ata fo thuath 's an Eòrp;
 Lion ach am bàla suas deth,
 'S do bhranndaidh fhuair m' s còir;
 Am puinne milis, guanach,
 A thairrueas sluagh gu ceòl!

Muim' altrom gach pòr uasail,
 Nach meith le fuachd nan speur,
 Tha sgiath fo 'n airde tuath oirr',
 Dh'fhag math a buar, 's a fear;

Fonn deas-oireach, fionn uaibbreach,
 Na spèclar buan do'n ghreìn;
 Le spreidh theid duine suas ann,
 Cho luath ri each na leum!

'S aol is grunn d'a dhailibh,
 Dh-fhàg nàdur tarbhach iad;
 Air a meinn gu'n toir iad arbhach,
 'S tiugh, stàrbhanach nì fàs;
 B' iad dearrsanaich shearr-fhiachlach,
 D' a lannadh sìos am boinn,
 Le luinneagan binna nìonag;
 An ceol a 's mìse, roinn!

An Coir' is fearr 's an dùtbaich,
 An Coir' is sùghor fonn;
 'S e Coirean Uillt-an-t-siucair,
 An Coirean rùnach lom;
 'S ge lom, gur molach, ùrail,
 Bog miadar dlù a thom,
 'M beil mìl is bainn' a brìchdadh,
 'S uisg' ruith air siucar pronn.

An Coire searrachach, uanach,
 Meannach, uaigneach àigh;
 An Coire gleannach, uaine,
 Bhliochdach, luath gu dàir;
 An Coire coillteach, luachrach,
 An goir a chuach 's a Mhàrt;
 An Coir' a faigh duin-uasal,
 Bìast-dubh, a's ruadh 'na chàrn!

An Coire brocach, taobh-ghorm;
 Torcach, faoilidh blàth;
 An Coire ionach, naosgach,
 Cearcach, craobhach, gràidh;
 Gu bainneach, bailceach, braonach,
 Breacach, laoghach, blàr;
 An sultor mart, a's caora,
 'S a 's torach laomsgair bàrr!

An Coire am bì na caoirich
 Na 'n caogadaihb, le 'n àl;
 Le 'n reamhad 'g gabhail faoisgnidh,
 A 'n craicnibh maoth-gheal tlà;
 B' iad sid am biadh, 's an t-aodach,
 Na t-fhaoin-ghleannaibh 's na t-ard;
 An Coire luideach, gaolach,
 'S e làn do mhaoineibh gràis!

An Coire lachach, dràcach
 'M bì guillbheich 's traigh-ghheoidh òg;
 An Coire coileachach, lan-damhach,
 'S moch, 's is an-moch spòrs;
 'S tìmh dhomh sgur d' au àireamh,
 An Coire 's fàsor pòr
 Gu h-inneach, doireach, blàrach,
 'S imeacach, càiseach bò!

Note.—This piece is an animated and faithful description of a beautiful scene in the country, on a summer

morning. The bard walks abroad and sees the dew glittering on every leaf and flower—the birds warbling their songs—the animals grazing, and the bees collecting their stores—the fishes are leaping out of the water, and all nature rejoicing in the return of spring, or the luxuriance of summer! The very rivulet seems to partake of the common joy, and murmurs a more agreeable sound—the cows low aloud, and the calves answer responsive—while the dairy-maid is busily engaged at her task. The ground is bespangled with flowers of richer hues than the most costly gems. The horses gather together in groups to drink of the streamlet, and the kids are sporting and dancing about its banks. The ships, with all their white sails bent to the gentle breeze, are passing slowly along the Sound of Mull. The poet selects the most natural, lively, and agreeable images in the rural scene. All good judges admit that there is not a descriptive poem, in Gaelic or English, fit to be compared with this exquisite production.

ORAN LUAIGHE NO FUCAIDH.

LUINNEAG.

*Agus hò Mhòrag, no ho-rò,
'S no ho-rò-ghealladh.*

A Mhòrag chìatach a chuil dualaich,
Gur h-è do luaigh a th' air m'aire.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S ma dh'imich thu null thar chuain uainn',
Gu ma luath a thig thu thairis.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S cuimhnich thoir leat bannal ghruagach,
A luaighens an clò ruadh gu dainghean.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

O! cha leiginn thu do'n bhuala,
Ma salaich am buachar t-anart.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

De cha leiginn thu gu cualach;
Obair thruaillidh sin nan caileag.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gur h-i Mòrag ghrinn mo ghuaamag,
Aig am beil an cuilean barr-fhionnu.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S gaganach, bachlagach, cuachach,
Ciabhag na gruanaiche glaine.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Do chùl peuchdach sios na dhualaibh
Dhalladh e uaislean le lainnir:
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Sios na fheoirneinean ma d' ghuailean,
Leadan cuachagach na h-ainnir:
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Do chùl pèirlach, òr-bhui, luachach,
Tìnceall do chluasan na chlannaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

A, Mhòrag! gu beil do chuailean
Ormsa na bhuaireadh gu'n sgainnear.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S ge nach iarr mi thu ri d' phùsadh,
Gu'm b' e mo rùin a bhì mar riut.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S ma thig thu a rithist am lùbaibh,
'S e 'n t-èug a rùin ni ar sgaradh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Leanaidh mi cho dlù ri d' shàilean,
'S a nì bairneach ri sgeir mhara.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Shiubhail mi cian leat air m' eòlas,
Agus spailp de'n stroichd ar m' ain-eol.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu leanainn thu feadh an t-saoghail,
Ach thusa ghaoil theachd am fharraid.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu'n chuireadh air m'his le d' ghaol mi;
'S mear aodrum a ghaoir ta m' bhallaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S a Mhòrag 'g am beil a ghruidh chìatach:
'S glan a fiaradh thar do mhala.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Do shùil shuilibhear, shochdrach, mhòdhar,
Mhìreagach, chomhnart, 's i meallach.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Dèud cailce shnasda na rìbhinn,
Snaite mar dhiùin' air a gearradh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Maighdean hoidheach, na 'm bös caoine,
'S iad cho maoth ri clòidh na h-eala.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Ciochan leaganach nan gucag,
'S fàileadh a mhusga d'a h-anail.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S iomadh oigear a ghabh tlachd dhìot,
Eadar Mor-thir agus Mannuinnu.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S iomadh gaisgeach do ghàil,
Nach obadh le m' ghràdh-sa tarrainn :
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

A reachadh le sgiath, 's le clàidheamh,
Air bheag sgà gu bial nan cannon :
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Chunnardaicheudh dol nan òrdaibh,
Thoir do chòrach, 'mach a dh' ain-deoin.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S iomadh àrmunn làsdail, trèubhach,
Ann an Dun-eideann, ain barail.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Na faiceadh iad goè do dhuais ort,
Dheanadh tarrainn suas ri d' charraid.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Mo chionn gu'n dheanadh leat éridh,
Do Chaipin féin Mac-Ie-Ailein :
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu'n theann e ro' ro chàch riut,
'S ni e fàd e, ach thig thairis :
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gach duine, tha 'n Uidhist a Muideart,
'S an Arasaig dhù-ghorm a bbarraich ;
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

An Cana, an Eige, 's am Morror ;*
Reiseamaid chorr ud Shìol-Ailein !
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'N am Alasdair,† a's Mhontròs',
Gu 'm bu bhòchdain iad air Ghallaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu'n d' thairich là Iubher-Lùchaidh,
Co bu stròicich ann le lannailbh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Am Peairt, an Cill-Saoidh,‡ 's an Allt-Eireann,
Dh-fhag iad Rèubalaich gu'n aoam.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Alasdair mòr Ghlinne-Cothann,
'S bragad coimheach Ghlinne-garadh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Mar sin is an t-Armunn Sléibhteach,
Ge d' a tha e-fein na leanamh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Dh'èiridh leat a nall u'n Rùdha,
Antrum lù'-chleasach nan seang-each.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Dhruideadh, na Gàil gu leir riut,
Ge b' e dh'èireadh leat no dh'fhanadh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Shuath, deich mìle dhiu air clè dhuibh,
An cogadh ri Seurlus nach maireann.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S iomadh clò air 'n tug iad caitean,
Eadar Cat-taobh agus Anninn.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Bha càch diultadh teachd a luagh dhuibh,
'S chruinnich iad-san sluagh am bannail.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

A ri ! bu mbath 's an luagh-lamh iad,
'Nuair a thàirrneadh iad na lannan !
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Il-nìle clò a luaigh iad riamh dhuibh,
Dh-fhag iad e gu ciatach daingheann ;
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Teann, tiugh, daingheann, fite, luaite,
Daite ruadh, air thnar na fala.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Greas thairis le d' mhuathan luaighe,
'S theid na grugaichean-sa mar riu.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Note.—This song has been always highly popular, and is certainly the most spirited and elegant of all our Jacobite songs. Charles is represented under the similitude of Mòrag—a young girl with flowing locks of yellow hair waving on her shoulders. She had gone away over the seas, and the bard invokes her to return with a party of maidens (*i. e.* soldiers) to dress the red cloth, in other words, to beat the English red coats. The allegory is kept with elegance and spirit, and the poet introduces himself as one who had followed Mòrag in lands known and unknown, and was still ready to follow her over the world if required.

SMEORACH CHLOINN-RAONUILL.

LUINNEAG.

*Holaibh o iriag hùroll ò,
Hòlaibh o iriag hùro ò,
Hòlaibh o iriag hùroll ò,
Smeòrach le Clann-Raonuill mi.*

Gu'r h-e mis' an smeòrach chreagach,
An dèis leum bharr chuaich mo nidein,
Sholar bidh do'm ianaibh beaga,
Sheinneam ceol air bhàrr gach hìdein
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

* Mòr-Thìr. † Alasdair Mac Cholla. ‡ Kilsyth.

Sneòrach mise da Chlann-Dòmhuill,
 Dream a dhithicheadh, 's a leonadh,
 'S chuireadh mis' an riochd na sneòrach
 Gu bhì seinn, 'sa cuir ri ceol daibh.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Sa chreig ghairm a thogadh mise
 An sgìreachd Chaisteil duibh nan cliar
 Tir tha daonnan a' cuir thairis
 Le tuil bhainne, meal', a's fion.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Sliochd nan Eun u'n Chaisteil-thìream,
 'S o Eilean-Fhianain nan gallan,
 Moch, a's feasgar togar m'ìolach,
 Seinn gu bileach, mìlis, mealach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Tha mi de'n ghùr rioghail, luachach,
 'S math eun fhaotainn á nead, uasal,
 Ghineadh mi gun chol, gun truaillleadh,
 Fo sgiathaibh Ailein mhie Ruaidh.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cinneadh, glan gun smùr, gun smòdan
 Gun smàl gun luaith ruaidh, na ghrodan,
 'S iad gun ghiomh, gun fheall, gun sodan,
 'S treum am buill' an tìugh nan trodan.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cinneadh rioghail, th'air am buaineadh,
 A meribh meara na cruadhach,
 'S daoimein iad gun spàr gun truaillleadh,
 Nach gabh stùr, gnè, smal, no ruadh-mheirg.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cinneadh mor gun bhòsd gun sparau,
 Sualree, sìobhailta, gun ràpal,
 Caomhail, cineadail ri'n càirdean.
 Fuilteach, faobharach, ri namhaid.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Raonullaich nan òr chrìos taghach,
 Nan lùireach, nan sgiath, 's nan clugaid,
 A thèid sìos gu gunnach, dagach,
 Nu fir ghasda shunndach, chogach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Sud na h-aon daoine th'air m'aire,
 Nach dianadh air spùileadh cromadh,
 Dhiànadh anns an àraich gearradh
 Cinn ga'n sgaradh, cuirp ga'm pronnadh.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Ach mur tig mo rìgh-sa dhachaigh
 Triallaidh mi do dh-uamhaig shlocaich,
 'S bithidh mi'n sin ri caoidh, 's ri bàsraich,
 Gus am faigh mi bàs le osnaich.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Ach ma thig mo phriunnsa thairis
 Cuirear mis' an cliabhan lùrach,
 'S bithidh mi canntaireachd gu buileach
 'S ann 'san àrois nì mi fuireach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Madainn chéitean am barr gach badain
 Sgaolleadh ciùil o ghlaie mo ghuikein,
 'S àluinn mo chruiteach, 's mo ghlagan,
 Stailleadh ma dha buinn air stuibeann.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Gur e mise cruit nan cnocan,
 Seinn mo leadain air gach bacan,
 'S mo chearc fèin gam' bheus air stocan,
 'S glan ar glocan air gach stacan.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Crith chiuil air m'ugan da bhogadh,
 'S mo chom tur nìle làn beadraidh,
 Tèin-eibhinn am uchd air fadadh,
 'S mi air fad gu damhs' air leagail.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

'Nuair chuirean goic air mo ghogan,
 'S thogain mo shailm air chreagan,
 Sann orm fèin a bhiodh am frogan,
 Ceol ga thogail, 's bròn gu leagail.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Eoin bhuchalach bhreac na coille,
 Le'n òrganaihbh òrdail mar rinn,
 'S feadag ghlan am beul gach coillech,
 'S binn fead-ghuil air gheugaibh baraich.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

'S mis an t-eunan beag le m'fheadan,
 Am madainn dhriùchd am barr gach badain,
 Sheinneadh na puirt ghrinn gu'n spreadan,
 'S ionmhuinn m'fheadag feadh gach lagain.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Togamaid deoch-slainge na h-armailt,
 Dh-eirich le Tearlach o'n gharbhlaich,
 Na fir ghasda dheanadh sear: bhuain
 Air feoil 's cnàimhean nan dearg chot.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Olamaid fliuchadh ar slùgain,
 'S cuireamaid mu'n cuairt lan nogain,
 'Slainge Sheumais suas le suigart,
 'Tosta 'Thearlach sìos le sogan.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Slaint' an teaghlaich riaghail inbheich
 Olamaid gu sunndach, geannail.

'S nigheamaid ar sgornain ghionaidh
 Le dram mìlis, suileach, glaineach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cuireamaid sìos feadh ar mionaich
Tosta nan curaidhnean clannach,
Nan colg gasda, sguiteach, biorach,
'S ro mhor sgìl air còmhrag lannach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

O tha mì teannadh gu eir-thir,
Ullaicheam m'acair gu cala,
Tosta Mhùideirt ceann nan Seileach,
'S an t-slaime eil' ud triath nan Garrach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Lìonaibh suas a's olaibh bras i,
Slainte Raonuill òig o's deas i,
Sguiribh dh'amharc thugaibh as i,
Siabaibh leibh i as a teas i.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Stràc suas a ghlaime cheudna,
Cuimhuicheamaid slaint an t-Stèibhtich
Ridir òg gasda na eireadh,
Dol le sgairt a shracadh bheistean.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Slaint Iarì Antrum s' tosta priseil,
'S na tha 'n Eirion chlaunaibh Mìlidh,
Tha mo shìle bàthadh m'fataidh
Chionn gu'm beil mo bheul lan mìslein.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Diolamaid gu foirmeil, frasach,
Slainte Bhaosadail mu'n stad sinn,
Laach treun a dh'eireadh sgairtail,
Chuir *retreat* air bheistean Shasuin.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Lion suas duinn glaine do'n Deasach,
Learganaich nan gorm lau claiseach,
Laochraidh sgathadh cheann, a's leasraidh,
Na suinn sheamhach, shuudach, mhaiseach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Co namhaid sin riu sheasadh,
S cruaidh ruisgte nan duirn gu slaiseadh ?
Auns an ruaig nuair ghabhadh teas iad,
Le lù-chleasan bhualadh *shaisean*.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Greasam gu finid gun stopadh,
Ach cha mhiann leam a bhì bacach,
Puirt chìùil na smèdraich dosaich,
Tostam fìor sheobhac na Ceapaich.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Togamaid slainte nan Gleannach,
O chothann nam bradan earrach
Bheireadh air bocanaibh pilleadh,
Cha bu ghioracach iad air bealach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cuireamaid mu'n cuairt gu toileach,
Slainte Mhic Dhùghail o'n Bharraich,
Cridhe rìoghail, reamhar, solais,
Tha na bhroilleach shìos am falach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Chuimhuicheam Iain Ciar a Lathuiru,
Aig nach robh an *stoidhle* cumhann,
Gheibh e mùirn, a's onair fhathach,
A's caitheadh *drais* mar as cubhaidh.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cìod am fath dhaibh bhì ga'r tagradh ?
'S nach urr' iad chuir rinn cluigeau,
Sguiribh de'r boilich 's de'r splayain,
'N rud tha againn, 's Dia thug dhuinne.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

ORAN DO PHRIONNSA TEARLACH.

LUNNEAG.

*O hi-ri-rì tha e tighinn,
O hi-ri-rì, 'n rìgh tha uainn,
Gheibheamaid ar n'airm 's ar n'èideadh
'S breacan-an-fhèilidh an cwaich !*

'S EIAHINN leam fhìn tha e tighinn,
Mac an rìgh dhlighich tha uainn,
Sìos mòr rìoghail d'an tig àrmachd,
Claidheamh a's targaid nau dual.

O hi-ri-rì, &c.

'S ann a tighinn thar an t-shùile,
Tha 'm fear ard a's àille snuadh,
Marcaiche sunnach nan stéud-cach,
Rachadh gu b-eutrom san ruaig.

O hi-ri-rì, &c.

Samhuil an fhaoilich a choltas,
Fuaradh fìoise 's fada-cruaidh,
Lann thana 'na 'laimh gu cosgairt,
Sgoltadh chorp mar choire' air cluain.

O hi-ri-rì, &c.

Tòrman do phìoba 's do bhrataich,
Chuireadh spiorad bràs an t-sluagh,
Dhèireadh ar n-àrdan 's ar n-àigne,
'S chuir' air a phrasgan ruaig !

O hi-ri-rì, &c.

Tairneanach a bhombh 's a channuin,
Sgoilteadh e'n talamh le' chru'as,
Fhreagradh dha gach beinn a's beallach,
'S bhodhradh a mhac-tall ar cluas !

O hi-ri-rì, &c.

Gur mairg d'an éideadh san là sin,
Còta grauda 'n mh' dar ruadh,
Ad bhileach dhuth a's coc-àrd innt',
Sgoilteas mar an chàl ro'n chruaidh.
O hi-ri-ri, &c.

ORAN EILE

DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

LUTNEAG.

*Thug hò-o, laill hò-o,
Thug o-ho-rò 'n àill leibh,
Thug hò-o, laill ho-ò,
Seinn o-ho-rò 'n àill leibh.*

Moch 'sa mhadainn 's mi dùsgadh,
'S mor mo shunnd 's mo cheol-gàire ;
O'n a chuala mi 'm prionnsa,
Thigh'n do dhùthaich Chlaun-Rà'ill.
Thug ho-o, &c.

O'n a chuala mi 'm prionnsa,
Thig'n do dhùthaich Chlaun-Rà'ill ;
Grainne mullaich gach rìgh thu,
Slàn gu'm pill thusa Thearlaich.
Thug ho-o, &c.

Grainne mullaich gach rìgh thu,
Slàn gu'm pill thusa Thearlaich ;
'S ann tha 'n fhior-fhuil gun truailleadh,
Annas a ghruaidh is mor nàire.
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S ann tha 'n fhior-fhuil gun truailleadh,
Annas a ghruaidh is mor nàire ;
Mar ri barrachd na h-uaisle,
'G eiridh suas le deagh nadur.
Thug ho-o, &c.

Mar ri barrachd na h-uaisle,
'G eiridh suas le deagh nadur ;
'S na 'n tigeadh tu rithidh,
Bhiodh gach 'Tighearn' na 'n àite
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S na 'n tigeadh tu rithidh,
Bhiodh gach 'Tighearn' na 'n àite ;
'S na 'n caraicid' an crùn ort,
Bu mhuirneach do chairdean.
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S na 'n cèraicht a crùn ort,
Bu mhuirneach do chairdean ;
'S bhiodh Loch-iall mar bu choir dha,
Cuir an ordugh nan Gàil.
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S bhiodh Loch-iall mar bu choir dha,
Cuir an ordugh nan Gàil ;
A's Claun-Dòmhnuaill a chruadail,
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraibh.
Thug ho-o, &c.

A's Clann-Dòmhnuaill a chruadail,
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraibh ;
'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-strì,
Ri luchd chòtaichean màdair.
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-strì,
Ri luchd chòtaichean màdair ;
Sud a chuideachd bhiodh foirmeil,
Boinneid ghorm a's coc-làrd orr'.
Thug ho-o, &c.

Sud a chuideachd bhiodh foirmeil,
Boinneid ghorm a's coc-làrd orr ;
'S bhiodh am féileadh 'sa'n fhasan,
Mar ri gartanan sgàrlaid.
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S bhiodh am féileadh 'sa'n fhasan,
Mar ri gartanan sgàrlaid ;
Eile cuach air bhachd easgaid,
Paidhir phìostal 's lann Spainnteach.
Thug ho-o, &c.

Eile cuach air bhachd easgaid,
Paidhir phìostal 's lann Spainnteach
'S na 'm faighinn mo dhùrachd,
Bhiodh an diùc air dhroch càradh.
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S na 'm faighinn mo dhùrachd,
Bhiodh an diùc air dhroch càradh ;
Gu 'm biodh bùidsear na feola,
Agus corcach m'a bhrìghad !
Thug ho-o, &c.

Gu 'm biodh bùidsear na feola,
Agus corcach m'a bhrìghad ;
'S gu'n gibhtinn a mbaighdeann,
Mar oighreachd d'a bhrathair.
Thug ho-o, &c.

'S gu 'n gibhtinn a mbaighdeann,
Mar oighreachd d'a bhrathair—
Ach slàn gu'n tig thu 's gu 'n ruig thu,
Slàn gu'n tig thusa Thearlaich.
Thug ho-o, &c.

FAILTE NA MOR-THIR.

LUINNEAG.

H-eitirin àirinn uirinn ùth-h-o-rò,
H-eitirin àirinn h-ò-rò.

Faillt' ort féin a mhòr-thir bhoidheach,
 Anns an ùg-mhios bhealltainn.
H-eitirin, &c.

Grian-thir òr-bhuidh, 's uaine còta,
 'S froinidh ròs ri h-alltaibh.
H-eitirin, &c.

Le biadh 's le dìbh a' cuir thairis,
 Cha téid Earrach teann ort.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S ianach, iurach, slios a tulaich,
 'S duilleach 'mullach chrann iunt.
H-eitirin, &c.

A choill gu h-uile fo làn-duilleach,
 'S i na culaidh-bainne.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S bainneach, bailceach, braonach glacach,
 Bruachan tachdrach, Ailleart.
H-eitirin, &c.

Uisge fallain nan clach geala,
 Na do bbaile Geamhraidh.
H-eitirin, &c.

'Slionach, slatach, cuibhleach, breacach,
 Seile ghlas nan samhnan.
H-eitirin, &c.

Mor-thir ghlan nam bradan tarra-gheal,
 'S airgeadach cuir lann orr'.
H-eitirin, &c.

Tìr lan sonais, saor o dhonus,
 Gun dad conais drànnadin.
H-eitirin, &c.

Seirceach, caidreach, gun dad sladachd,
 Saor o bhraid, 's o anntlachd.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S àluinn a beinnean, 'sa sraithean,
 'S èibhinn dath a gleanntan.
H-eitirin, &c.

Greidhean dhearg a' tàmh mu fireach,
 Eitid bhiorach, 's mang aic.
H-eitirin, &c.

Boc air daradh timcheall daraig,
 'N déigh a leannain cheann-deirg.
H-eitirin, &c.

Searrach bhuicin anns an ruicil,
 'S e sìor chruteil dhamsaidh.
H-eitirin, &c.

Na meinn bheaga 's iad ri beadradh,
 Anns na creagan teann air.
H-eitirin, &c.

Collich choille, 's iad ri coilleig,
 Anns an doire chranntail.
H-eitirin, &c.

Cnothach, caorach, dearcach, braonach,
 Glasrach, raonach, aibhneach.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S deiltreach, laomach, meiltreach, caointeach,
 A fuinn mhaoineach, leamhnach.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S cùbhraidh 'suthan, 's badach luibhean,
 Rìs a bhruthainn ann-teas,
H-eitirin, &c.

'S feurach, craobhach, luideach, gaolach,
 An tìr fhaoilidh sheannsaill.
H-eitirin, &c.

Grian ag èiridh 'gòradh sléibhe,
 'S beachan gheug ri srannraich.
H-eitirin, &c.

Seillein ruadha diogladh chluaran,
 'S mìl ga boain le dranndan.
H-eitirin, &c.

Breac le sùlas leum a bhuinne,
 Ruidh nan cuileag greannar.
H-eitirin, &c.

Bàrr gach tolmair fo bhrat gorm-dhearc,
 Air gach borrachan alltain.
H-eitirin, &c.

Lusan cùbhraidh mach a' brùchdadh,
 'S cuid diubh cùl-ghorm hainn-dearg.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S ceolar, éibhinn, bàrr gach géige,
 'S an èoin féin a damhs' orr'.
H-eitirin, &c.

Croth air dàir am bàrr an fhàsaich,
 N fhèoir nach d'fhàs gu crainntidh.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S iad air theas a' ruith le 'in buaralch,
 'S tè le cpaich gan teann-ruith.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S mìosrach, cuachach, leabach, luachrach,
Dol gu buaille 's t-sàmhraidh.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S òmhach, uachdrach, blàthach, cuachdach,
Lòn nam buachaill anna.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S ìmeach, gruthach, meogach, sruthach,
An ìmrich shubhach, shlambach.

H-eitirin, &c.

Deoch gun tomhas dol far comhair,
Gun aon ghlothar gainntir.

H-eitirin, &c.

IORRAM CUAIN.

Gua neo-aoidheil turas faoillich,
Ge d' bhiodh na daoine tàbhachdach.

Tha m' fhearann saibhir hò-a hò,

Ho-rì hi-rò na b' àile leat mì :

Tha m' fhearann saibhir hò-a hò.

An fhaige molach, bronnach, torrach,
Giobhach, corrach, ràpalach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S cruaidh ri stiùireadh bial-mhuir duldaidh,
Teachd le bruchdail chàrsanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Clagh a ehulain cha b'e 'n sùgradh,
'S e rì bùirein bacadanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

An cùlanaich fèin cha n e 's fasadh,
Agus lasan àrdain air.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Teachd gu dlù' n deighe chéile,
Agus geunnaich dàir orra.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

An fhaige phàiteach, 'sa bial farsuinn,
Agus acras araidh oir'.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S maing a choimeas muir ri mointich,
Ge d' bhiodh mor-shnèachd stràchd orra.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Neoil a' gealadh oidhche shalach,
Gun aon ehala sùbhailte.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Dubh-ra-dorchach gun dad ghealach,
Oir-thìr ain-eoil' ard-chreagach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gaoth a' seideadh, muir ag eiridh,
'S fear ag eubhach ard ghuthach :—

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

" Sud e' tidhinn 's cha n'ann ruighinn,
Croc-mhuir, friothar, bàsanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

" Cum ceann caol a fiodha dìreach,
Rì muir diolain, dàsunnach."

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Ach dh'aithnich sinn gun sheol sinn fada,
A mach san t-sàmh 's bu ghabhaidh sin.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S leag sinn a croinn a's a h-aodach,
'S bu ghniomh dhaoine cailleachdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S chuir sinn amach cliathan rìghne,
Is bu ghrinn an ùlach iad.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S shuidh orr' ochduar, theoma, throma,
A' sgoillteadh tonnan stàplainneach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Héig air chnagaibh, hùg air mhaidean,
'S cogall bhac air t-àbhranaibh !

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad a' mosgladh suas a chéile,
'S masgadh treun air sàil aca.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Sgìnean lochdrach ràmh a Lochluinn,
'Bualadh bhoc air bhàirlinnean.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad a' traoghadh snas na dìle,
Le neart fìor-gharg ghàirdeanan.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Cathadh mara 's marcachd-shine,
'S stòirm nan sìon, da 'n sàrachadh.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Lasraichean sràd theine-shiunnachain,
Dearg o'n iumradh chàileachdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad ag obair as an léintean,
" Hùg a's théid 'da ràmh 'aca."

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iorram ard-bhinn shuas aig Eamun,
Ann an cléith rann brághada.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Aonghas Mac-Dhonnachaidh da réir sin,
A ri! bu treun a tháirneadh e.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Donnacha Mac-Uraig a luagh leo,
'S b' shada buan a spálagan.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Bha fuaim aon-mhaide air chléith ac'
Bualadh spéicean tábhachdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Raimh dam pianadh, 's fir dan spianadh,
'S glachdaibh iarraidh árd-thonnach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gallain chiatach, leoghar, liaghach,
'S fuirbinean da'n sárachadh.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Lunnan mìne, 's duirn da'n sìneadh,
Seile sìos air dhearnainean.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Muir ag osnaich shuas ma toiseach,
Chuip-gheal, choip-gheal, ghàir-bheuchdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Suas le sguradh saoidh ri bùirein,
Le sìor dhrachd sàr iomaraidh.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Slabhraidh chuirneach ri dùirdail,
Shìos bha stiur a fàgail ann.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gaoth na deannan 's i ri feannadh,
Na'n tonn ceann-fhionn ràsavach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Na fir lughmhòr an deigh an rùsgaidh,
A' cur smùid dheth an àlaichean.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Chaidh cha mhìticheadh a mìsneach,
Na fir sgibidh th' bhachdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Rìgh an eagail, Neptun ceigeach,
Ri sìor sgreàdail—"bàthar sibh!"

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gu'm b'fhad' uamhuinn muir ri nualraich,
'S cathadh cuain a sràcaidh orr'.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'Ghuidh an sgioba geur na dùilín,
'S fhuair an urnaigh gràfachd dhaibh.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Smachdaich Æolus na spèuran,
'S a bhuilg shèidibh árd-ghaothach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gun d' rinn Neptun fairge lòmhadh,
Mar bhiodh glaine sgàthain ann.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Sgaoil na neòil bha tònn-ghorm càr-dhubh,
'S shoilich griann mar b' àbhaist dh'i.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S mhothaich an sgioba do dh' fhearann,
'S ghlac iad cala sàbhailte.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Ghabh iad prònn, a's deoch, a's leabaidh.
'S rian iad cadal samhach orr'.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

A BHANARACH DHONN.

LUINNEAG.

*A Bhanarach dhonn a 'chruidh,
Chaoin a chruidh, dhonn a chruidh;
Cailin deas donn a cruith,
Cuachag an f'hàsaich.*

A Bhanarach mhìogach,
'S e do ghaol thug fu chis mi;
'S math thig lamhainnean sìoda,
Air do mhìn-bhasan bàna.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S mòr bu bhinne bli t-eisteachd,
An am bhì bleathan na spreidhe;
N'an smeòrach sa' chéitein,
Am barr géig an am fàs-cheòill.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'Nuair a sheinne tu coileag,
A leigeil maire ann an coille;
Thaladh eunlaidh gach doire,
Dh' eisteachd coireall do mhàrain.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Ceol farasda fìor-bhinn,
Fonnar, farumach, dìonach;
A sheinn an caillín donn mìogach,
A bheireadh biogadh air m' àirneann.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S ge b' fionnar an fhiodhall,
'S a teudan an rithidh ;
'S e bheireadh damhs air gach cridhe
Ceol nighin na h-àiridh.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Tha deirg agus gile,
A gleachd an gruaidhean na finne',
Beul mìn mar an t-shirist,
O'm milis thig gaire.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Deud snasda na rìbhiinn,
Suaite, cruinn, mar na disnean ;
Gur h-i 'n duinn-gheal, ghlan snideach,
'S ro mhòg-shuileach fàite.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Chuireadh maill' air do leirsinn,
Ann am madainn chiuin chéitein,
Na gathannan greine,
Thig bho teud-chul cas, fàinneach.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S ciatach nuallan na gruaigaich,
A' bleothann cruaidh ghuailiunn ;
A' toirt torroman air cuachaig,
'S buthar thuaim aig a clàraibh.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S taitneach siubhal a cuaillein,
Ga chrathadh mu cluasan ;
A' toirt muigh air seid luachraich
An taigh buaile, an gleann fàsaich.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

A' muineal geal boidheach,
Mu'n iathadh an t-òmar,
A' dhath féin air gach seòrsa,
Chite dortadh tre bràghad.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Dà mhaoth-bhois bu ghriinne,
Fo 'n dà ghairdein bu ghile ;
'N uair a shìnt iad gu h-ìnealt',
Gu sìnean cruaidh thàsgadh.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Gu'm bu mhothar mo bheadradh,
Teachd do'n bhuaille mu ead-thra,
Séamb sult-chorpach beitir,
'S buarach ghreasaid an àil aic'.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Glac gheal a b' ard gleodhar,
A' stealladh bainn' an cuaidh bleothainn ;
A' seinn luinneagan seadhach,
An gobhal na blaraig.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'N uair thogadh tu bhuarach,
Cuach a's cùrru-an na buaile ;
B'ao-coltach do ghluasad
Ri guanag na stràide.

A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

ORAN,

MAR GUM B'ANN EADAR AM PRIONNS AGUS NA GAEL.

AIR FÖNN—"Good night an' joy be wi' you a'."

AM PRIONNSA.

MILE marbhaig air an t-saoghal,
'S carach baoghalach a dhàil ;
Cuibhl' an fhòrtain oirn air caochladh,
Cha do chleachd sinn moim ro' chàch ;
Tha sinn a nis air ar sgaoileadh,
Air feadh ghleann, a's fhraoch-beann àrd ;
Ach teanailidh sinn fòs ar daoine,
'N uair a dh' fhaodas sinn gu blàr.

Misneach mbath a mhuinntir ghaolach,
'S gabhaidh Dia dhuinn daonnan càs ;
Cuicibh dèchus daingheann, faoilteach,
Anns an aon Tìni dhuin stà ;
'S buanaichibh gu righeil, adhrach,
Traisgeach, uirneach, caoineach, blà ;
'S bi'bh dìleas do chach a chéile,
'S duinear suas ar creuchdan bàis

Ach 's fèadar dhomhs' a nis bhì falbh uaibh,
A Ghàèilbh càlma mo ghrèidh ;
Bu mhor m' earbsa' às ar fùnadh,
Ge do hd' fhnadh dhuinn 's an àr,
'S iomadh ana-còthrom a chuinnich
Sinn, 's an choinnidh bha gun àgh ;
Ach gabhaidh mis' a nis mo chead dbibh,
Uine bheag : ach thig mi tràth.

Leasaichidh mi fòs ar callsa,
Churaidhnean gun fheall, gun sgàth ;
A dhilse dhliodhach, righeil, threuna,
A dheanadh èuchd ri uchd nam blàr ;
'S cinna's coluinn chuir o chéile,
Sinn, 's sibh-féin a sgaradh fàs ;
Ach togaibh suas ar misneach gleusda,
'S cuiream féin r' ar creuchdan plàsd.

NA GAEL.

A Mhoire sinn th' air ar cèusadh !
Air dhi-céille, sinn gun chàil ;
Tearlach Stiubhart Mac rìgh Séumas,
A bhì na eigin anns gach càs ;

Gur h-e sin a rinn ar lèireadh,
Gur h-e 's feàdar dha gu'm fàg ;
Siun na dhèigh gun airm, gun èideadh,
Falbh 'n ainm Dhé; ach thig a ghràidh.

Ar mìle beannachd na d' dheigh,
'S Dia do d' ghleigheadh anns gach àit ;
Muir a's tìr a bhì cho réidh dhut ;
M' urnaigh gheur leat fein os àird ;
'S ge do sgar mio-fhortan deurach
Sinn o chéile, 's ceum ro'n bhàs ;
Ach soraidh leat a mhic rìgh Seumas,
Shùgh mo chéile thig gun chaird.

Chaill sinn ar stiuir, 's ar buill-bheairte ;
Thugadh uainn ar n-acair-bàis ;
Chaill sin ar compaisd 's ar cairtean,
Ar reull-iuil 's ar beachd gach là ;
Tha ar cuirp gun chluin, gun chasan,
Sinn marr charcaisich gun stàth ;
Ach gabh thus' a ghràidh do t-astar,
Dean gleas tapaidd 's thig gun dail.

AM PRIONNSA.

Beannachd gu léir le Clann-Dòmhnuaill,
Sibh a dh' fhoirinn orm na m' chàs,
Eadar eileanan, a's mhòr-thàir,
Lean sibh deonach, rium gach trà ;
'S iomadh beinn, a's muir, a's mointeach,
A shiubhail sin air chòrsa bàis ;
Ach theasraig Dia sinn air fuar-fhòirneart,
Nan con sròn-ghaoth 'bha ri 'r sàil.

Sibh a rinn fo-laimh na Trianaid,
Mis' a dhion o mhì-ruin chéile ;
Mo dhearg-naimhdean, neartmhor, lionmhor,
Chuir an lion feadh ghleann a's àrd.
A mhiad 's a thaisbean sibh d' ar dilseachd,
'S còir nach dì-chuimhnich gu bràth ;
A dharr, gur sibh is luaithe shìn rium,
Toic air tìr 's an talamh-ard.

NA GAEL.

Ochan! ochan! cruaidh an dearmad,
Bhì 'g ar tearbadh bhut gun bhàs ;
Bhì 'n fhoir eibhinneachd, 's am beirteas,
Bhì d' a t-fhaicinn gach aon là ;
Bhì dh ar rùisg lan tìm a frasadh ;
Ar erì lag-chùiseach gun chàil,
Gu 'm pill thus' a ris air tais oirn,
Beannachd leat le neart ar gràidh.

AM PRIONNSA.

O! tiormaichibh a suas 'ur sùilean,
'Chomuinn rùnaich 'fhuair 'ur cràdh,
Bhì dh sibh fìis, maoinach, mùirneach,
N 'ur gàrd dùbailt' ma *Whitehall*,

'Nuair a bhios an reubal lùbach,
Rì bog chrùban feadh nan còrn,
Gu 'm bi sibhs' an caithream cùirte,
Lasdail, lù-chleasach, làn àidh.

A M BREACAN UALLACH.

LUINNEAG.

*Hé 'n clò-dubh,
Hò 'n clò-dubh,
Hé 'n clò-dubh,
B'fhearr am breacan.*

B' FHEARR leam breacan uallach,
Ma m' ghuaillean, 's a chuir fo m' achlais,
Na ged gheibhinn chta,
De 'n chlà is fearr thig á Sasuinn.

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

Mo laochan fein an t-éideadh,
A dh-fheumadh an crios d' a ghlasadh,
Cnaicheanach an éilidh,
Déis eiridh gu dol air astar.

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

Éilidh cruinn nan cuachan,
Gur buadhach an t-earradh gaisgeich ;
Shiubhlainn leat na fuarain,
Feadh fhuar-bheann ; 's bu ghasd' air faich thu,

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

Fìor chulaidh an t-saighdear,
'S neo-ghloiceil ri uchd na caismeachd ;
'S ciatach 's an *odbhans* thu,
Fo shranntaich nam pìob 's nam bratach.

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

Cha mhios anns an dol sìos thu,
'Nuair sgrìobar á duille claiseach ;
Fìor earradh na ruaige,
Gu luath a chuir anns na casan !

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath gu sealg an fhéidh thu,
'N am eridh do 'n ghréin air creachunn ;
'S dh-fhuallbhainn leat gu lodhar,
Dì-dòmhnach a dol do'n chlachan.

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

Laidhinn leat gu cearbail,
'S mar carbaig gu 'm brìosgainn grad leat,
Na b' ullamh air m' armachd,
Na dearganach, 's mosgaid ghlagach.

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

'N am coilleh a bhi dùrdan,
Air stùcan am madainn dhealta.
Bu ghasda t-fheum 's a chùis sin,
Seach mùtan de thrustar càsaig.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Shiubhlainn leat a phòsadh,
'S bharr feirnein cha fhrosainn dealta ;
B' i sid a' t-sunach bhùidheach,
An òg-bhean bha moran tlachd dh'i.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

B' aigeantach 's a' choill' thu,
D a m' choireadh le d' bhlàths 's le t-fhasgath,
Bho chathadh, a's bho chrìon-chur,
Gu 'n dìonadh tu mì ri frasachd.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Air t-uachdar gur a sgìamhach
A laidheadh a sglath air a breacadh ;
'S claidheamh air chrìos ciatach,
Air fhiaradh os-ceann do phleatan.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S deas a thigeadh cuilbheir,
Gu suilbhearra leat fa 'n asgaill ;
'S a dh-aindeoin uisg' a's urchaid,
No tuil-bheum gu 'n biodh air fasgath.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Bu mbath anns an oidhech' thu ;
Mo lóinn thu mar aodach-leapa ;
B' fhearr leam na 'm brat lìn thu,
Is prìseile thig a Glascho.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

S' baganta grunn bòidheach,
Air banais a s air mòd am breacan ;
Suas an òileadh-sguaise,
'S dealg-gualainn a' cur air fasdaidh.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath an là 's an oidhech' thu,
Bha lóinn ort am beinn 's an cladach,
Bu mhath am feachd 's an sìth thu ;
Cha rìgh am fear a chuir as dut.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Shaoil leis gun do mhaolaich, so
Faobhar nan Gàel tapaidh,
Ach 's ann a chuir e géur orr',
Nì 's beurra na deud na h-ealltainn :

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Dh-fhag e iad làn mì-ruin,
Cho ciocrasach ri coin acrach ;
Cha chaisg deach an òladh,
Ge b' fhìon l, ach fìor fhùil Shasuinn.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Ged' spìon sibh an Crì asainn,
'S ar bròilleichean sìos a shracadh,
Cha toir sibh asainn Tearlach,
Gu bràth gus an tèid ar tacadh !

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

R' ar n-anam' tha e fuaighte,
Teann, luaite cho cruaidh ri glasan ;
'S uainn cha' n fhaodar fhuasgladh,
Gu 'n buainear am fear ud asainn.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Cleas na mnatha-siùbhla,
'Gheibh tuillinn mu'm beir i' h-asaid ;
An ionad a bhi'n duimh ris,
Gun dùbhail d'a fear a lasan.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Ge d' chuir sibh oirne buarach,
Thiugh, luaighte, gu 'r falbh a bhacadh,
Ruithidh sinn cho luath,
'S na 's buaine na fèidh a ghlasraidh.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Tha sinn 's na t-sean nàdar,
A bhà sinn ro am an acta ;
Am pearsannan 's an inntinn,
'S 'n ar righealaidh cha téid lagadh.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S i 'n fhuil bha 'n cuis' ar sinnsridh,
'S an innsinn a bha n' an aigne,
A dh-fhagadh dhuinn' mar dhìleah,
Bhi righeil. — O! sin ar paidir !

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mallaehd air gach seorsa,
Nach deonaicheadh fòs dol leat-sa,
Co dhiù bhiodh aca còmhbach,
No còmhruiste, lòn gu 'n chraiceann.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mo chion an t-òg fearragha,
Thar fairge chaidh uainn air astar :
Dùrachd blàth do dhùthcha,
'S an òrnaigh gu lean do phearsa.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S ge d' fhuair sibh lamh-an-uachdar,
Aon uair oirn le seòrsa tapaid,
An donus blàr ri bheò-sa,
Nì febladair tuilleadh tapaidh.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

TEARLACH MAC SHEUMAIS.

AIR FÖNN—"Black Jock."

O! Tearlach mhic Sheumais,
 Mhic Sheumais, mhic Thearlaich,
 Leat shiubhlainn gu h-entrom,
 N am èubbachd 'bhi mairsal,
 'S cha b' ann leis a phlàigh ud,
 A tharmaich o 'n mhuic.
 Bheireadh creideamh a's reusan
 Oirn éiridh mar b' àbhaist,
 Leis an ailleagan cheutach,
 'Shliochd éifeachdach Bhàncho;
 Mo ghràdh a ghruaidh àluinn,
 A dhearsadh orm stuir.
 Thu 'g iomachd gu sùrdail,
 Air tùs a bhataill,
 Cha fhrosainn an drùchda,
 'S mi dlù air do shàilean;
 Mi eadar an talamh
 'S an t-adhar a seòladh,
 Air iteig le aighear,
 Misg-chath, agus shòlais;
 'S caisneachd phìob' mòra,
 Bras-shròicheadh am puirt.

O 'n eibhinneachd ghèormhor,
 An t-sùlais a b' airde!
 G' ar lìonadh do spionnadh,
 Air slinneinibh Thearlaich,
 Gu 'n calcadh tu àrdan
 An càileachd ar cuirp;
 Do làthaireachd mhòr-chuiseach,
 Dh-fhògradh gach fàillinn,
 Gu 'n tiuntadh tu feòdar
 Gach feola gu stàillinn,
 'Nuair sheal'maid gu sunndach,
 Air fabhra do rùisg.
 Gu gnùis torrach de chruadal,
 De dh' naise, 's de nàire,
 Nach taisicheadh fuanthas,
 Ro' luaidhe do nàmhaid;
 'S mar deanadh fir Shasunn
 Do mhealladh, 's do thrèigsinn,
 Bhiodh an crùn air a spalpadh,
 Le d' thapadh air Séurlas,
 A dh-aindeoin na bèist'.
 Leis an d' érich na h-uile.

Gu 'm h' fhoirmeil leam tòrman
 Na 'n òrganan àluinn!
 'S tein'-éibhinn a lasadh
 Gu bras-gheal air sràidibh!
 'S na croisibh ri h'àrd-ghaoir,
 Mhòir Thearlaich ar Prionns'!

Gach uinneag le foineal
 A boisgeadh le dearsadh,
 Le solus nan collean,
 'S deas mhaighdeann d'an smàladh;
 'S gach nì mar a b' araidh.
 'G cuir fàilt' air le puimp!
 Na canoin ri bùirich,
 'S iad a' stùradh an fhàilidh,
 A' cuir crith air gach dùthaich
 Le muiseag nan Gàel;
 Agus sinne gu lù'-chleasach,
 Mùirneach lan àrdain,
 Am mairsail gu mìuinte,
 Ard-shundach m' a shailean—
 'S gann bha cudrom 's gach fear dhuinn,
 Trì chairteil a phuinnt'!

MO BHOBUG AN DRAM.

AIR FÖNN—"The bucket you want."

LUINNEAG.

Ho rò mò bhobug an dràm,
 Hò rì mò bhobug an dràm,
 Hò rò mò bhobug an dràm,
 'S c chuireadh an sùdan na m' cheann.*

FHEARACH ta'r suidhe ma 'n bhòrd,
 Le 'r glaineachean cridheil n'-ar dòrn,
 Na leana maid ruidhinn air òl,
 Ma mill sinn ar bruidhinn le bòl.

Ho rò mò, &c.

Na tostachan sìgeanta fial,
 'Ga'n aiseag gu ruige mò bhial;
 Bu mhireagach stuigeadh, a's triall,
 Am mairsal le ciogailt tro' m' chliabh.

Ho rò mò, &c.

* The above chorus is not by Macdonald—it belongs to an old Uist song. Here are two stanzas of the original:—

Cha tèid mi'n taigh-dèd' tha sud thall,
 Cha'n fhuach an sìneabhar a th' ann,
 Ge d' olainn am buideal le srann,
 Gu'n giùlan mo chlainn mo cheann.

Ho rò mò, &c.

Thuir cailleach cho libeas' sa bh' ann,
 'Nuair fhuair i blas air an dràm:—
 "O! tairnibh 'ur casan a chlainn,
 'S bheir mise mo char air an danhs'."
 Ho rò mò, &c.

'S tu chuireadh an cuireid' san t-sluagh,
'N am cogaidh ri aodainn nan ruag,
Gun olamaid sgaile dhiut gu luath,
Ma sguidseamaid slacain a truailh'.

Ho ro mo, &c.

'S tu dh' fhagadh sinn tapaidh san tòir,
'N am tarruinn nan glas-lann ri sròin,
'Nuair thilgte na breacain de 'n t-slògh,
'S á truailh, bheirt a mach claidhe mòr.

Ho ro mo, &c.

Ge tu mo leannan glan ùr,
Cha phòg mi gu dìlim thu 'n cuil;
Ach phògaimn, a's dheodhlaimn thu ruin,
Nuair thig thu 's *Jacobus* na d' ghnùis:

Ho ro mo, &c.

An t-ainm sin is fearr ata ann,
Ainm Sheumais a chuir air do cheann;
'S e thogadh an sògan fo m' chainnt,
'S a dh-fhagadh gu blasda mo dhràm.

Ho ro mo, &c.

Fadamaid teine heag shìos,
Na lasraichean ciuin a nì grìos,
A gharas ar claijeann 's ar crì',
'Sa dh-fhògras ar n'airteal, 's ar sgìos.

Ho ro mo, &c.

Gur tu mo ghlaineag ghlan lom,
Mo leannan is cannaiche fonn;
Ged rinneadh thu dh' fheamain nan toun,
Gur mòr tha do cheanal na d' chòm.

Ho ro mo, &c.

O fair a ghaoil channaich do phòg,
Leig clannadh d' a t-anail fo m' shròin,
Gur cubhraidh leam fannal do bheoil,
No tuis agus mire na h-Eòrp.

Ho ro mo, &c.

O aisig a ghlaime do phòg!
Cuir speirid n' ar teangaidh gu ceòl;
An òc-shlainte bheannaichte chòir,
A leasachas cnàmhnan a's feoil!

Ho ro mo, &c.

M A R B H R A N N

DO PHEATA CALUMAN, A MHAIRBHADH LE ADHAG.

'S tùrsach mo sgeul ri luaidh,
'S gun chàch gha d' chaoidh,
Ma bhàs an fhuir bu leanabail' tuar,
'S dà mheanbh ga chaoidh.

'S oil leam bàs a Choluim chaoimh,
Nach b' anagrach gnàs,
A thuitean le madadh d'a 'm bèus,
Dòran nan càrn.

'S tu 's truagh linn de bhàs nan ian;
Mo chràdh nach beò,

Fhìr a b' iteagach, miotagach triall,
Ge bu mheirbh do threòir;

B' fheumail' do Noah na càch,

'N am bhàreadh nan stuadh,

Ba tu 'n teachdair' gun seacharan d' à,

'Nuair thraigh an cuan;

A dh' idreachdaimn do dh-fhalbh an tuil,

Litir gach fear;

Dùghall is Colum gu'n chuir

Deagh Noah thar lear;

Ach chaidh Dùghall air seacharan cuain,

'S cha do phill e riamh;

Ach phill Colum le iteagaich luath,

'S a fhreagra na bhial.

Air thùs, cha d' fhuair e ionad d' a bhonn

An seasadh e ann,

Gus do thiormaich dìle nan tonn,

Thar mullach nam beann;

'S an sin, a litir-san leugh an duine bha glie,

Gu 'n thiormaich a bhaile,

'S gu'm faigheadh a mbuirichinn, cobhair na'n

Agus fuasgladh na 'n airc, [teirc,

Le neart cha spùilte do nead,

Ge do thigte ùha d' shlad;

Bhiodh do chaisteal fo bhearradh nan creag,

Ann an dainghnicheibh rag;

Bha do mhodh siolach air leath bho chàch,

Cha togradh tu suas,

Ach a durraghail an taca ri d' ghràdh,

'S a cuir cagair 'n a cluais.

Cha do chuir thu duil ann airgead no spréidh,

No féisd am biodh sùgh,

Ach spioladh, a's criomadh an t-sìl le d' bhèul;

'S ag òl a bhùirn;

Aodach, no anart, sìoda, no srùl,

Cha cheannaicheadh tu 'm bùth;

Bhiodh t-éideadh de mhìn-iteacha gorm,

Air nach drùidheadh an drùichd;

Cha do ghabh thu riamh paidir no creud,

A ghuidh nan dùl;

Giheadh, cha 'n eil t-anam am péin

O chaidh tu 'null,

Cha 'n e gun chiste no anart

Bhi comhdach do chrè,

Fo lè anns an ùir,

Tha mise ge cruaidh e, 'g acain gu léir,

Ach do thuitean le cù.

Note.—This is the best of his smaller pieces, although it contains more of sparkling conceit than tenderness or pathos. It is probable that it was composed before he became a member of the Church of Rome, as he says that the pigeon never repeated *paternoster* or *creed*.

MOLADH

A CHAIM-BEULAICH DHUIBH.

Ge heag orts' an Caim-beulach dubh,
 Gur toigh leams' an Caim-beulach dubh ;
 Biodh e dubh, no geal, no gris-thionn,
 Gràdh mo chris' an Caim-beulach dubh.
 Ge h-ainnisgeach air an t-seòrs' thu,
 Na 'm b' aithne dhomsa do phòrsa,
 Chuirinn moran fios do 'n dù-bheirt,
 'N an dubh dhlòintibh fhòtuisach, tiugh.

'Suilean cuirp' bh' ann an droch chrùth,
 A fhuair oibheim do 'n fhear gheal-dhubh,
 Do 'n dream oirdheire 's foirmeile fuil ;
 'S duilich tolg a chnir 'n a chruaidh stuth.
 'S tric le malraidh bh' ri dealunn,
 An òidheche reòt' ris a' ghealaich ;
 B' ionann sin, 's eifeachd t-ealaidh,
 Air cliù geal a Chaim-beulaich dhuibh.

'S cìà mar fhuair thu dh' aodann no ghuais,
 Caineadh nasail gun mhodh, gun tìus ;
 Fhior dheare-luachrach chinich a lus ;
 Ma t-aoir bhacach tachdam thu bhrùic.
 Sgiùrsaidd mi gu gu 'm bi thu marbh thu ;
 Cha bhi ach mo theang' de dh'arm riut ;
 A rag-mheirlich, bhradaich, a gharbhhaich,
 'S ioma gharbh-mhart dh'fheann thu le d' chuic.

Do'n t-sìol chruithneachd chuireadh gu tiugh ;
 Cha b' e 'n fhìdeag, no 'n coirce dubh,
 Ach por prìseil, 's ro sgaoilteach cur,
 Feadh gach rioghachd air tìr, 's air muir.
 Gur iongantach leam, a dhuine,
 Mar robh mearan ort air tuinneadh,
 Cìod man do bhuin thu do 'n urr' ad ;
 Curaidh ullamh, 's cuireideach fuil ?

Dream nan geur-lann gu reubadh cuirp,
 Cruaidh 'g a feachainn air beulamh trùp ;
 S' math 's is gleust' iad gu buadhlach phluic,
 'N am retrèata dh' éibheach le stuir.
 Cha "bhreac breun-lein" idir Cailean,
 Ach do dh' fhion-fhuil ard Mhic-Cailein ;
 Teughlach ùiseil Iarla-Bhealaich ;
 'S buadhach caithream ri uchd an truid !

'S cinnteach thiotadh gheibh thu do mhurt,
 Ma t-aoir chiotach, mhiosguinnich churt ;
 Ge do dh' eirich gu robh ort stuir,
 B' idh a bhìodag ridleadh do chuirp.
 Claigeann gun eanacbainn, gun mheadrach,
 Sa faodadh na h-iolairan neadach ;
 Cia mar fhuair thu ghnùis do sgìodar,
 Ghluasad idir an ionad puirt ?

Eisg bhochd, chearbaich, seargaidh mi tur,
 Do theanga chealgach a chearbaire dhuibh,
 Rinn an t-searbhag gun chair' a nuigh ;
 Asad dh' earbinn "cealgairiachd cruidh."
 Cha fhior-ragair ge d' bhìodh fearg air
 Do 'n d' rinn thus' a dhuin' an t-searbhag ;
 Ach ùg faighidneach gun eura-ghloir ;
 Lan do dh' fearra-ghlìomh, dhearbh e le ghuin.

Bha thu mi-mhoil a toirt dh'a guth ;
 Cràg a chobhair gu màgradh gruth ;
 Leòbas odhar a ghlaimeadh suth,
 Deis dh'a leaghadh, 's e ruith na shruth.
 Cha bu bheudagan gu sàbaid
 Ach fìor leoghann stolda, staideil,
 Do 'n d' rinn us' an t-oran pràbach ;
 Ach fìor ghaisgeach : 's an blàr 'ga chur.

Sparran cinnteach ort a ghlas-ghuib ;
 Losgadh peircill, corcadh, a's cuip
 Air son ascaoin chealgach do bhuais ;
 B' fhearr gu 'm bithinn-sa fagasg dhut.
 Ge do bhìodh tu caineadh ghaël,
 Anns gach sìorranachd a dh' àirinn,
 Seachainn nuinntir Earra-ghaël,
 'S gun a Cheòlraidh fabharach dhut.

'S maing a dh' èireadh ri sìol an tuire,
 Gasraidh ghleusda nach càradh cluich ;
 Cha bu bhèus dhaibh bh' ris a mburt,
 Ach cath trèun, a's cothrom r' an uchd'.
 Ge beag ort-sa mìle cuairt e,
 'S ioma sonn aigeantach ullach,
 Eadar Asainn, 's Cluaigh nan luath-long,
 A's trom luagh air Caim-beulach dubh.

Suil na seòca, 's ro bheòchail cur,
 An ceann rò-bhion nam bachalag dubh ;
 Cha b' i "fròg-shuil, rògair" a chruidd ;
 Fìor fhiamh seoid air còr ann an sult.
 'S geal 's a's dearg do leac, n's t-aogas,
 Ge thubhuirt iad "peirceall caol riut ;"
 Cha b' ionann as sligean-gaoisneach,
 'S fiasag-p*-laogh ort nach eil tiugh.

'S ge d'reachadh tu 's na spèuraibh
 Chum a Chaim-beulach dhuibh éisgeadh,
 Tuitidh tusa mar a bhéistean,
 'N a t-ionad féin am buachar mairt.
 Thusa bhreinen, magaran cac ;
 E-san ghè-ghlan lomlan do thlachd ;
 Thus a dhéistinn 's muig ort air àt,
 Mar bu bhèus do dhòran no chàt.

Aodann craineig, fharr-aodann tuire ;
 Com a chnaimh-fhì'ch, 's nadur na muic ;
 Beul mbic-lamhaich, 's fàileadh a bhrùic ;
 Spàgan clàrach ; sailean nan cùsp'.

De dh' àrllichean aoiridh bàrdail,
'Toiseam o d' bhathais, gu d' shàil thu ;
'S faunnam do leathar a thràill dhìot,
Chìomn gu'n chàin' thu'n Caim-beulach dubh.

Cha 'n fhear sgipi thus' ach fìor ghlug ;
'S beairt gun teagamh b' dh tu fo bhruid ;
T'iasag failidh, t-fhalt, a's do ruig ;
'Tuitidh t-fhiaclean 's fadhbaidh do thuigs'.
'S coltach nach b' àithne dhut mise,
'Nuair a bha mi so gun fhios d'ut ;
Na 'm b' eol, cha ghlacadh tu mhisueach,
Ròine riobadh as an fhear dhubh.

Note.—The Black Campbell was a cattle-lifter, and stole some cows from M'Lean of Lochbuy. For this M'Lean's àireach, or herdsman, composed the satire. At the end of the song he calls on all the bards to join him in lashing the thief. When M'Donald heard this he composed his song in praise of Campbell and against the satirist—without any cause of love or hatred to either party. It is only an exercise of his wit ; but it shows his usual talents and powers of invention, and felicity of language. After that the herdsman composed a very severe satire on M'Donald himself. We give a few verses of the satire on Campbell as a specimen :—

" An Caim-beulach dubh à Cinn-tàile,
Iar-ogh' mhortair 's ogha 'mheirich ;
Am Braid-Alban fhuair e àrach,
Sìol na ceùge 's meirleach a chruidh.
'S obhar, ciar, an Caim-beulach dubh,
'S oiltent, fiadhach, amhar sa' chruth ;
'S lachdan lath-ghlas, duhh cha'n fhìach e ;
'S fear gu'n mhladh an Caim-beulach dubh !

" Cuiream tuath e, cuiream deas e,
Cuiream siar e, cuiream sear e ;
Cuiream fios gu bàird gach fearainn,
Gus an caill e 'n craiceann na shruth."
'S obhar, ciar, &c.

MOLADH AN LEOGHAINN.

AIR FÒNN—"Cabar Feidh."

Faillt' an leoghainn ebreuchdaich,
Is eugsamhuil spracaladh,
'Nuair dheireadh do chinn-fheadna,
Bu mheaghrach am brataichean,
'Nuair chruinnicheadh gach dream dhiu,
Gu ceannsgalach tartarach,
Bhiodh prionnadh agus calldach,
Air naimhdean a thacradh ribh ;
Iad gu b-eirdheire air bhar corr-ghleus,
'Teinteach fuir-dhearg, lasrachail,
'S ard an stòirm air mhìre-chonblaidh,
'S lainn nan dùrn ri spealtaircachd,
Le'n geur cholg ri stracadh bholg,
A' gearradh cheann is chorpunnan ;
'S cha sluagh gun chruaidh gun cheannsgal,
Le'n iann buireadh fosadh orr.

Dùisg a leoghainn euchdaich,
'S dean ùirigh gu faruinach,
Air brat ball-dearg, breid-ghéal,
'S fraoch sleibhe mar bharan air ;
Teg suas do cheann gu h-eatrom,
'S na speuraibh gu caithreaseach,
'S thèid mi-fhìn cho gèire,
'Sa dh'fheudas mi d' arabaig ;
Togam suas do mholadh prìseil,
'S do cheann rìgheil farasda,
Cha'n 'eil ceann no corp san rìgheachd,
An cruaidh-ghnìomh thug barrachd ort,
An ceann cruadalach ard sgiamhach
Maiseach, fìor-dheas, arranta,
'S tric thug sgairt ri h-uchd an fhuathais,
Ri h-àm luchd t-fhuatha tarraim ruit.

Co b'urraimn thàir no dì-bleachd,
Gu dillinn a bharalacia ?
No shamhlachd riut mi-chliù,
A rìgh nan crann barrasach ;
A chreutair ghasda, rìmhèich,
'S garg fìor-dheas do tharruinnse,
Air brat glan de'n t-sìoda,
Ri min-chraim caol gallanach ;
E ri lapraich ri crann-brataich,
A' stailce chàs gu h-eangarra ;
Is còmhlaigh ghasda lan do ghaisge,
'Teannail bras gu leannail ris,
Fearg gu casgairt 'nan gnùis dhaite,
Fraoch a's fras gu fearachas ;
Bhì'dh sgrìos a's lannadh sìos,
Air luchd mi-ruin a bheanadh riut.

Cha robh garta gleòis,
Air an t-seòrsa o'n ghineadh tu,
An dream rathail mhòr-chòiseach ;
Chòimbragach, iomairteach ;
Bu ghunnach, dagach, òr-sgiathach,
Ghìrseideach, nìmhèil iad ;
Bu domhain farsuinn crenchdach,
Cneidh euchdach am fìrionnach ;
Iad gu sùrdail losga' fùdair,
'Toirt as smuid bho lasraichean ;
Na fìr ùra, gheala, lùghar,
A ghearra smuais a's aiseichean ;
Lannan dù-ghorm, geura, cùl-tiugh,
'N glaic nam fìuran aigeantach,
A' sgolta chorp a sìos gu'n rumpail,
Sùrd le sunnd air stracaireachd.

'S foinni, fearail, laidir,
Cuanda, dàicheil, cinneadail,
Slìochd nan Collaidh lamh-dhearg,
'S iad lan do dh' ard spiorad annt.
Cho dian ri lasair chrù-dheirg,
'S gaath Mhàirt a' cuir spionnaidh in

Gun mheang, gun mheirg, gun fhàillín,
 'Nar càileachd ge d' shìreair sibh ;
 Na fir chogach thèid 's na trodaibh,
 Nach biodh ro lotaibh gioragach ;
 Nach iarr broсна' ri h-àm cosgraidh,
 A phronna chorp a's mhìonaichean,
 A' sgatha cheann, a's lamb, a's chas, diubh,
 Ann san toit le mire-chath,
 Na fir bhèurra, threinn, fhearrdha,
 Gheur, armach, fhineadail !

An cinneadh maiseach, treubhach,
 Nan réidh-chnuilbheir acuinneach,
 Nach diultadh dol air ghleus,
 Ri h-àm feuma gu grad-mharbhadh,
 Madaidh ri òird ghlensta,
 Gu beuma nan sradagan,
 A' conas dearg ri chéile,
 A' cuir eibhlean gu lasraichean.
 Frasan dealanach dearg pheileir,
 Teachd o'r teine tartarach,
 A' spadadh, 's a pronnadh, 's a leadairt,
 Nan corp ceigeach, casagach.
 Lannan dù-ghorm dol gan dùlan,
 A gearra smùis is aisneichean,
 Aig na treunaibh crnaidh, bheumnach,
 'S luath bhuala speachannan.

Clann-Dòmhnuille tha mi 'g ràite,
 'N sàr chinneadh urramach,
 'S tric a fhuair 's na blàraibh,
 Air nàmhaid buaidh iomanach ;
 Iad fearra. 'apuidh, dàna,
 Cho lùn de nìmh-ghuineadeach,
 Ri nathraichean an t-sléibhe,
 Le'n geur-lannaibh fulangach.
 Iad gu sìtheach, gleusta, cos-luath,
 Rùnach, bos-luath, fulasgach,
 Crnas na craige, luathas na draige,
 Chluinnte fead am buillinnean ;
 Na fir dhàna, lùghar, nàrach,
 Fhoimnidh, làidir, urrandu,
 Cho garg ri tuil-mhaoim sléibhe,
 No falaig gheir nam muaineann !

A charraig dhaingheann dhileant,
 Nach dìobair gu'n acarachd,
 Gluais suas gu spòrsail righeil,
 Ro d' mhilinnibh gaisgeanda ;
 'S iad mire geal na cruadhach,
 Gun trnaille, gun ghaiseadh ann',
 'S hòcaim a chuir ruag iad,
 Bheir buaidh le 'n sluagh bras-bhuilleach.
 'S ioma fleasgach cùl-bhuì dèid-ghéal,
 Is garbh dorn is sliuneinean,
 A dh' éireas leat an tùs na co'-strì,
 A nì comhrag min-bhuailteach,

Iad gu bonn-mhall, bas-luath, cròdha,
 Saitheach, stròiceach, iomairteach,
 A' dol a sìos an àm na tenguibail,
 'S lèoghunn bèuc air mhìre aca.

A leoghuinn bheucaich, ghruamaich,
 'Bheil crnadal air tuineacha,
 Is tric a dhearbhan an crnaidh chùis,
 'S na buan rnagaibh cumasgaich.
 Nuair a spailpte snas thu,
 Le d' bhuaidh ri crann fulangach ;
 Chite conadh rnaimeach,
 'An grnaidhean na h-uile fir.
 'S daingheann, seasmhach, rang do fhleasgach,
 'Nuair bhiodh deise tarraimh orr,
 Cha toir eagail nàmhaid eag ann,
 'S iad mar chreag nach caraicheadh.
 S glan am preas iad, chaidh cha teich iad,
 'S fiodh nach peasg, de'n darach iad :
 S tric a fhuair sibh air 'ur nàmhaid,
 'S na blàraibh buaidh-chaitbreamach.

Nan tigeachd orts foirneart,
 Gn d' leon o chrìch aineolaich,
 Coigrich le rùn dò-bheirt,
 Gu d' chòir thoirt a dh-aindeoin diot :
 'S iomad làn cheann-ileach,
 'S laimh liobhta 'm beairt dhaingheann ann,
 A thairneadh suas ri d' shìoda,
 Dheth t-fhior-fhnil d'a t-anagladh.
 Fuiribin chomasach nach cromadh,
 Ro fhrois tholladh phearsunadh,
 Nach biodh somult dh'ol air cholluin,
 'N am bhì sounadh chlaigeanann.
 Crùn-luath lomarra 'ga phronnadh,
 Air pìob loinneich thartaraich,
 A chuireadh anam ann sna mairbh,
 A dhol gu fearr-ghleus gaisge leo.

Stoc Chlann-Dòmhnuille dh' èireadh,
 Le'n geugaibh 's le meanganaibh,
 B'i sid a choille cheutach,
 A b' eugsambuil 's bu cheannardaich.
 'Nuair thàirneadh iad ri chéile
 Gach treubh dhùin gu fearachail,
 'S maing a spiola fensag
 Nan leoghann, ga ghreannachadh.
 Bhiodh ciun is dùirn ga sgathadh dhiubh-san,
 Ann an dùiseal lannaireachd,
 Fuil ri fenn-imeachd 's ri srùladh,
 Feadh nan lùb 's nan cambanan.
 Bhiodh lannan lotach dù-ghorm,
 Cnir smùidrich de cheannaibh Ghall,
 Is caoidhrean cruaidh a's ranaich,
 'S an àraich gu gearanach.

C'ait am beil san righeachd,
 Am fear-ghnuimh thug barrachd orbh ?

Nam brosnichte chum strì sibh,
 A mhilidhnean barraideach;
 Na tuirin sgairteil priseil,
 De'n fhuir-chruaidh nach fannaicheadh:
 D'am b' àbhaist a bhi dileas,
 'S nach dìobradh na ghealladh iad,
 Gaothair eathra thèid mar shaigheadh,
 Sios le'n claidhe' dealanaich.
 Nach toir atha gun dad athais,
 Gus an sgath iad bealach romp;
 Cuirp gan sgatha 's cruaidh ga crathadh,
 'S orra pathadh falauch;
 Chluintear fead ar claidhean,
 'Truagh ghair agus langanaich.

Tha iomadh mìle an Alba,
 De gharbh-fhearaibh fulasgach,
 Slìochd Ghàidh ghlais á Scòta
 Thig deonach m' ar cularaibh.
 Gun tig iad le rùn cruadail,
 'S gum fuaigh iad gu bunailteach,
 Rì teachair ghair an leoghainn,
 'S rì spògaibh dearg fuileachdach.
 Togaibh leibh gun airc gun easbhuidh,
 Trom fheaidh seasmhach cuimhachach,
 De laochraidh dheise, shunnach, threiseil,
 Thèid neo-leig 's an iomairt sgleo.
 Cha'n fhaas riamh na suim 'nan geiltibh
 Dol 'an teas nan cumasgan;
 Teichidh iad o'r strùicadh,
 'S o'r sròlaibh breac, duilleagach.

BEANNACHA LUINGE,

MAILLE RI BROSNACHA FAIRGE, A RINNEADH DO
 SGOIOA DURLINN THIGHEARNA CHLANN-RAONUILL.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia Long Chlann-Raonuill,
 A cheud là de chaidh air siùl,
 E-fein, 's a threim fhuir ga cuitheamh,
 'Trenn a chaidh thar mathas chàich;
 Gu'm beannaich an Co-dhia naomh,
 An iunra is anail nan speur,
 Gu'n sguabta garbhlach na mara,
 G'ar tarruinn gu cala réidh.
 Athair a chruthaich an fhaighe!
 'S gach gaith a sheideas as gach àird,
 Beannaich ar caol-bhare 's ar gaisgich,
 'S cum i-fein 's a gasraidh slàn.
 A Mhic beannaich féin ar n-achdair
 Ar siùl, ar beirtein, 's ar stiùir,
 'S gach droinip tha crochta r'ar crannaibh,
 'S thoir gu cala sin le t-iùil.

Beannaich ar rachdan 's ar slat,
 Ar croinn 's ar taodaibh gu léir
 Ar stadh, 's ar tarruinn cum fallain,
 'S na leig-sa 'nar caramh bend.
 An Spiorad Naomh biodh air an stiùir,
 Seoladh è 'n t-iùil a bhios ceart;
 'S eul da gach long-phort fo'n gbréin,
 Tilgeamaid sinn féin fo bheachd.

Beannachadh nan Arm.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia ar claidhean,
 'S ar lannan spainnteach, geur ghlas,
 'S ar lùirichean troma mailleach,
 Nach gearr-te le faobhar tais;
 Ar lannan cruadhach, 's ar gòrsaid,
 'S ar sgiathan an-dealbhach dualach;
 Beannaich gach armachd gu h-ìomlan,
 Th' air ar n-ìomhar 's ar crios-guaile;
 Ar boghaman foinealach iubhair,
 'Ghabhadh lugha ri neid tuasaid;
 'S na saighdean beithe nach spreagadh,
 Ann am balgan a bhrìc ghrumaich,
 Beannaich ar biodag, 's ar daga;
 'S ar n-èile gasd ann an cuacichean,
 'S gach trealaich cath agus cùmhraig,
 Tha'm bàrc Mhic-Dhòmhnuill san uair so.
 Na biodh simplidheachd oirbh no taise,
 Gu'n dol air ghaighe le cruadal,
 Fad 's a mhaireas ceithir bùird d'i,
 No bhios càrad slùth dh'i fuaighte;
 'M fad 's a shnàmbas i fo 'r casan,
 Na dh'fhaineas cuag dh'i an uachdar,
 A dh-aindeoin aon fhuathas gam faic sibh,
 Na meataicheadh gart a chuain sibh;
 Ma ni sibh cothacha ceart,
 'S nach mottaich an thairge sibh dibli,
 Gun islich a b-ìrdan 'sa beachd,
 'S gar cothacha sgairteil gu'n strìochd i.
 Do chéile comhraig air tìr,
 M' ar faic i thu cinntinn tais,
 'S dàch' i bhoghadh 's an strì,
 No chinntinn ìdir ni's brais;
 'S amhuil sin a ta mhuir mhòr,
 Coisinnidh le colg 's le sìrd,
 'S gun ùmhlaich i dhut fa dheòigh,
 Mar a dh'òrdaich Rìgh nan dùl.

Brosnachadh iomraidh gu ionad seòlaidh.

Gun cuirt an iubhrach dhubh-dhealbhadh,
 An àite seòlaidh,
 Sàthaibh a mach cleathan rìghne,
 Liath-lom cùmhnaid;
 Ràmban min-lunnacha dealbhach,
 Socair, eutrom,
 A ni 'n t-ìomradh toirteil, calma,
 Bus-luath, caur-ghéal;

Chuireas an fbaire 'na sradaibh,
 Suas 's 'na'n speuraidh,
 'Na teine-siunnachain a' lasadh,
 Mar fhras éibhlean ;
 Le buillean gaillbeacha, tarbhach,
 Nan cleth troma,
 A bheir air bochd-thuinn thonnaich,
 Lot le'n cromadh,
 Le sgionan nan ràmh geal, tana,
 Bual a cholluinn,
 Air mullach nan gorm-chnochd, ghleannach,
 Gharbhach, thomach.
 O ! sinibh 's tàirneibh, agus lùbaibh,
 Ann sna bacaibh !
 Na gallain bhas-leathuinn, ghiùbhsaich,
 Le lùs ghlac-gheal.
 Na fuirbinean troma, treuna,
 A' laidhe suas orr,
 Le'n gaoirdeanaibh dòideach, feitheach,
 Gaoisneach, enuachdach,
 'Thogas 's a' leagas le chéile,
 Fo aon ghluasad,
 A gathan liath-reanhar, réithe,
 Fo bhàrr-stuadhan ;
 Iurghuilich garbh 'an tùs cléithe,
 'G eubhach suas orr ;
 Iorram dhùisgeas an speurad,
 Ann sna guaillean ;
 'Sparras a Bhirlinn le sèitrich,
 Tro gach fuar-ghleann ;
 Sgoltadh na bòchd-thuinn a' beucaich,
 Le sàmh chruaidh-chruinn,
 Dh-ionaineas beanntainean beisdeil,
 Ro dà ghualainn.
 Hùgan ! air cuan, nuallan gàireach,
 Heig air còrnagaibh !
 Farum le bras-ghaoir na bàirlinn,
 Ris na maidibh ;
 Ràimh gam pianadh, 's bolgan fol',
 Air bhos gach fuirbi ;
 Na suinn laidir gharba thoirteil,
 'S cop gheal iomradh,
 'Chreanaicheas gach bòrd dheth darach,
 Bigb a's iarann ;
 'S lannan gan tilgeil le staplainn,
 Chnap ri shiasaid ;
 Foirne fearail, a bheir tulga,
 Dugharra, dàicheil,
 'Sparras a chaol-bhare le giubhsaich,
 'N aodann àibheis,
 Nach pillar le friegh nan tonn dù-ghorm,
 Le lùghs ghàirdein ;
 Sud an sgioba neartmhor, shùrdail,
 Air chùl àlaich,
 Phronnas na cuairteagan cùl-ghlas,
 Le roinn rùmhachd,
 Gun sgios gun airteud gun lùhadh
 Ri h-uchd gàbhaidh.

*An sin an deigh do na sia-fearaibh-deug, suidhe
 air na ràmh, a chum a h-ìomradh, fo'n ghaoith
 gu ionud seolaidh, do ghlaodh CALUM GARBH,
 MAC-RAONAILL NAN CUAN, Iorram oirre, 's
 è air ràmh-bràghad, agus 's i so i:—*

'S a nis o rinneadh 'ur taghadh,
 'S gur còltach dhuibh bhi 'n-a' roghainn,
 Thugaibh tulga neo-chladharra dàicheil.
 Thugaibh tulga, &c.

Thugaibh tulga neo-chearbach,
 Gu'n airtneal gun dearmad,
 Gu freasdal na gaille-bheinne sàil-ghlais.
 Gu freasdal, &c.

Tulga danarra treun-ghlac,
 A ridheas enàmhan a's fèithean,
 Dh-fhàgas soilleir a ceumnanan àlaich.
 Dh-fhagas, &c.

Sgobadh fonnar gun éislein,
 Ri garbh bhrosuacha chéile,
 Iorram gleust ann bho bheul fir a bràghad.
 Iorram gleust, &c.

Cogull ràmh air na bacaibh,
 Leois, a's rusgadh air bhasaibh,
 'S ràmh d'an sniomh ann an achlaisean ard-
 'S ràmh, &c. [thonn.

Biodh 'ur gruaidhean air lasadh,
 Biodh 'ur bois gu'n leòb chraicinn,
 Fallas mala bras chrapa gu lùr dhìbh.
 Fallas mala bras, &c.

Sinibh, tàirneibh, a's luthaibh,
 Na gallain liath-leothar ghiubhais,
 'S dianaibh uighe tro shruthaibh an t-sàile.
 'S deanaibh, &c.

Cliath ràmh air gach taobh dh'i,
 Masgadh fàirge le saothair,
 Dol 'na still ann an aodann na bàirlinn.
 Dol 'na still, &c.

Iomraibh cò-lath glan gleusta,
 Sgoltadh bòc-thuinn a' beucaich,
 Obair shuundach gun eisilein gun fhàrdal.
 Obair shuundach, &c.

Buailibh co-thromach tréin i,
 Sealltainn tric air a chéile,
 Dùisgibh spiorad 'n-ar fèithean gu laidir !
 Dùisgibh spiorad, &c.

Biodh a darach a' collainn,
Ris na fiadh-ghleannaibh bronnach
'S a da shliasaid a' pronnadh, gach bàrlainn.
'S a da shliasaid, &c.

Biodh an fhairge ghlas thonnach,
Ag àt 'na garbh mhothar lonnuch,
S na h-ard-uisgeachan bronnach 'sa ghàraich.
'S na h-ard-uisgeachan, &c.

A ghlas-fhàirge sior chopadh,
A steach mu dà ghualainn thoisich,
Sruth ag osnaich a' sloistreadh a h-earr-linn.
Sruth ag osnaich, &c.

Shuibh, tàirrnibh, a's lùbaibh,
Na gathain mhìn-lunnach chùil-dearg,
Le iumaircidh smuis 'ur garbh ghàirdean.
Le iumaircidh smuis, &c.

Cuiribh fothaibh an rugh' nd,
Le fallas mhailean a' sruthadh,
'S togaibh sìuil ri bho Uidhist nan crà-ghiadh.
'S togaibh sìuil, &c.

Dh-iomair iad 'an sin gu ionad seòlaidh.

An sin thàr iad na seòil shìthe,
Gu fìor ghasda,
'Shaor iad na sia-raimh-dheug,
A' steach tro' bacadh,
Sgathadh grad iad sìos r'a shiasaid,
Sheachnadh bhac-bhreid.
Dh-òrdaich Clann-Raonuill d' an-uaislean,
Sàr-sgiobairean cuain a bhì aca,
Nach gabhadh eagail ro fhuathas,
No gnè thuairgheadh a thachradh.

*Dh-òrdaicheadh an deigh an taghadh na, h-uile
duine dhol 'an seilbh a ghram' àraidh féin 's
na cho-lorg sin ghlaodhadh ri fear na stiùrach
suidh air stiùir anns na briathraibh so :—*

Suitheadh air stiùir trom laoch leathunn,
Neartar, fuaigilt',
Nach tilg bun no bàrr na sùmaid,
Fairge bhuaithe ;
Claireanach taicil, lan spìunnaidh,
Plocach, màsach,
Min-bheumnach, faicleach,
Furachail, lan nàistín ;
Bunnsaidh cutromach,
Garbh, sòcair, seolta, lugh'or ;
Eirmseach, faighidneach, gun ghriomhag,
Rìh-uchd tùilín ;
'Nuair a chluinn e 'n fhàirge ghiobach,
Teachd le bùirein,

Chumas a ceann caol gu sgìbidh,
Ris na sùgbaibh ;
Chumas gu socrach a gabhail,
Gun dad luasgain.
Sgòd a's cluas ga rian le amharc,
Suil air fuaradh ;
Nach caill aon òirleach na h-òrdaig,
Deth cheart chùrsa ;
'Dh-aiudeoin bàrr sùmadain màra,
Teachd le sùrdaig ;
Theid air fuaradh leatha cho daingheann,
Mas a h-èigin,
Nach bì lann, no reang 'na darach,
Nach tòir eibh asd ;
Nach taisich a's nach téid 'na bhreislich,
Dh-aindoin fuathais,
Ge du dh-atadh a mhuir cheanna-ghlas
Suas gu chluasaibh ;
Nach b'urraim am fuiribh chreanachadh,
No ghluasad,
O ionad a shuidh, 's e tearainnte,
'S ailm 'na asguil,
Gu freasdal na seana mhara ceanna-ghlas,
'S gleann-ghaoir ascaoin,
Nach crithnich le fuaradh cluaise,
An taod-aoire,
Leigeas leath ruith a's gabhail,
'S làn a h-aodaich ;
Cheanglas a gabhail cho daingheann,
'M barr gach tuinne,
Falbh dìreach 'na stiùl gu cala,
'N aird gach buinne.

Dh-òrdaicheadh a mach fear-beairte.

Suidheadh toirtearlach garbh dhòideach,
'An glaic beairte,
A bhios staidheil lan do chùram,
Graimear, glac-mhor ;
Leigeas cudthrom air ceann slaite,
Ri h-àm cruaidhich,
Dh-fhaothaicheas air crann 's air acuinne,
Bheir dhaibh fuasgladh ;
Thuigeas a ghaoth mar a thig i,
Do réir seòlaidh,
Fhreagras min le fearas beairte,
Beum an sgòid-fhìr :—
'Sior chuideachadh leis an acuinne,
Mar fàillich buill bheairte
Reamhar ghaicse.

Chuireadh air leth fear-sgòide.

Suitheadh feas sgòid' air an tota
Gaoirdean laidir,
Nan rìghluin gaoisneach, feitheach,
Reamhar, enámhach ;

Cràgan tiugha, leathunn, elianach,
 Menr gharbh chrùcach :
 Mach's a steach an sgoid a leigeas,
 Le neart sgròbaidh ;
 'An àn cruaidhich a bheir thuig i,
 Gaoth ma sheideas,
 'S 'nuair a ni an oiteag lagadh,
 Leigeas beum leis.

Dh-òrdaicheadh air leth fear-cluaise.

Suitheadh fear crapara, taiceil,
 Gasda, cuanda,
 Lainhsicheas a chluas neo-lapach,
 Air a fuaradh ;
 Bheir imirich sìos sa suas i,
 A chum gach urracaig,
 A reir 's mar thig an soirbheas.
 No barr urchaid ;
 'S ma chì e 'n iunnrais a 'g éiridh,
 Teachd le h-osnaich,
 Lomadh e gu gramail treun-mhor
 Sìos gu stoc i.

Dh-òrdaicheadh do'n toiseach fear-iùil.

Eireadh mar-nialach na sheasamh,
 Suas do'n toiseach,
 'S deanadh e dhùinu eolas seasmhach,
 Cala a choisneas ;
 Sealladh e 'n ceithir àirdean,
 Cian an adhair,
 'S innseadh e do dh-fhear na stiùrach,
 'S math a gabhail.
 Glacadh e comharadh tìre,
 Le sàr-shùil-bheachd,
 O'n 'se sin a's Dia gach sìde,
 'S reull-iùil duinn.

Chuireadh air leth fear-calpa na tàirne.

Suitheadh air calpa na tàirne,
 Fear gu'n soistinn,
 Snaomanach fuasgailteach, sgairteil,
 Foinnidh, sòlta ;
 Duine cùramach gu'n ghriobhag,
 Ealamh gruamach ;
 A bheir uair a's dh'i' mar dh-fhenmas,
 Gleusda, luaineach ;
 Laitheas le spòghannan troma,
 Treun' air tarraim ;
 Air cudthrom a dhùid a' eromadh,
 'Dh-ionnsuidh dараich ;
 Nach ceangail le sparraig mu'n urracaig,
 An taod-frithir ;
 Ach gabhail nìme gu daingheann seolta,
 Le lùb-rithe ;
 Air eagal 'n uair sgairte an t-ansadh,
 I chuir stad air,
 Los i ruith 'na still le crònán,
 Bharr na enaige.

*Chuireadh air leth fear-innse nan uisgeachan, 's
 an fhàirge air cinntinn tuilleadh a's molach,
 agus thuirt an Stiùireadair ris :—*

Suitheadh fear-innse gach uisge,
 Làmh ri m' chluais-sa,
 'S eumadh e a shùil gu biorach,
 'An eridh' an fhuaraidh.
 Taghaibh an duine leth eagalach,
 Fiamhach sìcir,
 'S cha mhath leam e bhi air fad,
 'Na ghealtair' riochdall ;
 Biodh e furachair 'nuair chì è,
 Fuaradh froise,
 Co dhiubh bhios an soirbheas,
 Na deireadh no na toiseach ;
 'S gu'n cuireadh e mis air m' fhaicill,
 Suas d'am mhosgladh,
 Ma ni e guè chunnairt fhaicinn,
 Nach bi tostach.
 'S ma chi e coltas muir bhàite,
 Teachd le nuallan,
 A sgairteas cruaidh :—"ceann eol a fiodha,
 Chumail luath ris."
 Biodh e ard labhrach, céillidh,
 'G-eubhach "bhàrlinn ;"
 'S na ceileadh air fear na stiùrach,
 Ma chi gàbbhadh.
 'Na biodh fear innse nan uisgean,
 Ann ach e-san ;
 Cuiridh giannhag, briot, a's gusgul,
 Neach 'na bhreislìch.

*Dh-òrdaicheadh a mach fear-taomaidh, 'san
 fhàirg' a' bùrcadh air am muin rompa 's nan
 dèigh.*

Freasdladh air leabaibh na taoime,
 Laoch bhios fuasgailt',
 Nach fannaich gu bràth 's nach tiomaich,
 Le gàir chuintean ;
 Nach lapaich, 's nach meataich,
 Fuachd, sàil', no clach-mheallain
 Laomadh mu bhroilleach 's mu mhuineal,
 'Na fuar steallaibh ;
 Le crùmpa mor cruinn tiugh fiodha,
 'Na chiar dbòidibh,
 Sior thilgeadh a mach na fàirge
 A steach a dhoirteas ;
 Nach dìrich a dhrum lùghor,
 Le rag earlaid,
 Gus nach fag e sìle 'n grunn,
 Nan lèr a h-earluim ;
 'S ge do chinnheadh a buird cho tolltach
 Ris an ridil,
 Chumas cho tioram gach cnag dh'l,
 Rì clàr buideil.

*Dh-òrdaicheadh dithis gu dragha nam ball chul-
aodaich, 's caltas arra gun tugta na siùil uapa
le ro ghairbhead na sìde.*

Cuiribh caraid laidir chuàmh-reanhar,
Gairbneach, ghaoistneach,
Gum freasdaladh iad tearuunt treun ceart i,
Buill chul-aodaich ;
Le smuais a's le miad lùghis,
An ruighean treumna,
'N am cruaghaich bheir orr a steach,
No leigeas beum leis,
Chumas gu sgiobalta a staigh e,
'Na teis meadhon,
Dh-òrdaicheadh Donnacha Mac-Chormaig,
A's Iain mac Iain,
Dithis stàbhanach theoma, ladorn,
De dh-fheuraibh Chana.

*Thaghadh seisir ga fearas àrlair, an earalos
gam fàilnicheadh a h-aon de na thuir mi, no
gu'n spianadh onfadh na fàirge mach thar
bord è, 's gu'n suidheadh fear dhiù so 'na
àite.*

Eireadh seisear ealamh, ghleusta,
Lambach, bheotha,
Shiubhlas, 'sa dh-fhalbas, 's a leumas,
Feadh gach bòrd dh'ì,
Mar ghearr-fhiadh am mullach sléibbe
'S coin d'a copadh ;
Streupas ri cruaidh bhallaibh réidhe,
De'n chaal chòraich,
Cho grad ri fearagan céitein,
Ri crann rò-choill ;
A bhios ullamh, ealamh, treubhach,
Falbhach, eolach,
Gu toirt dh'ì, 's gu toirt an ausadh,
'S clausail òrdail, '
Chaitheas gun airtsneal gun éisleam,
Long Mhic-Dhùmhnuill.

*Da bha nis na h-uile goireas a bhuineadh do 'n
t-sealadh, air a chuir 'an dengh riaghailt, agus
theann na h-uile laoch tapaidh gun taise, gun
fhiamh, gun spàthachas chum a cheairt ionaid
an d'òrdaichadh dha dol; agus thoy iad na
siùil ma èiridh na greine là-fheil-Brùde, a'
togail a mach o bhun Loch-Aineirt, ann 'an
Uidhist-a-chinne-leas.*

Grian a faoisgneadh gu h-òr-bhuidh',
A's a mogul,
Chium an speur gu dùbhuida dòite,
Lan de dh-oghlachd ;
Dh-fhàs i tonn-ghorm, tiugh, tàrr-lachdunn,
Odhar, iargalt ;
Chium gach dath bhiodh ann am breacan,
Air an iarmailt.

Fada-cruaidh san aird an iar orr,
Stoirm 'na coltas,
'S neoil shiubhlach aig gaoth gan riasladh,
Fuaradh fòis orr.

Thog iad na siuil bbreaca,
Bbaidealacha, dhionach ;
'S shìn iad na calpannan raga,
Teanna, rìghne,
Ri fiodhanan arda, fada,
Nan colg bigh dbearg ;
Cheangladh iad gu gramail, suaompach,
Gu neo-chearbach,
Tro shùilean nan cornag iarraim,
'S nan cruinn aillbheag.

Cheartaich iad gach ball de'n acuin,
Ealamh, dòigheil ;
'S shuidh gach fear gu freasdal tapaidh,
'Bhuill bu choir dha ;
'N sin dh'fhosgail uimeagan an adhair.
Ballach, liath-ghorm,
Gu sèideadh na gaoithe greannaich,
'S bannail iargalt ;

Tharraunn an cuan a bhrat dù-ghlas,
Air gu h-uile,
A mhantul garbh caiteanach, ciar-dhubh,
Sgreitidh buinne,
Dh-àt e 'na bheannaibh, 's na ghleannaibh,
Molach ròbach.

Gun do bhòchd an fhairge cheigeach,
Suas na cnocaibh ;
Dh-fhosgail a mhuir ghorm na craosaibh,
Farsuinn, cràcach,
'An glaicibh a chéile ri taosgadh,
'S caonnag bhàs-mhor.

Gum b'fhear-ghnìomh bhì 'g ambarc 'an aodann
Nam maom teinntidh,
Lasraichean sradanach sionnachain,
Air gach beinn diubbh,
Na beulanaich arda liath-cheann,
Ri searbh bheucail ;
Na cùlanaich 's an clagh dùdaidh,
Ri fuaim gheumnaich.

'Nuair dh-eirimid gu h-allail,
Am barr nan tonn sin,
B' eigin an t-ausadh a bhearradh,
Gu grad phongail ;
'Nuair thuiteamaid le aon slugadh,
Sios 's na gleanntaibh,
Bheirte gach seòl a bhiodh aice
'Am barr nan crann d'ì ;

Na ceòsanaich arda, chroma,
Teachd 's a bhàirich,
M'an tigeadh iad idir 'n-ar earamh,
Chluinnt' an ghìrich.
Iad a sgeabadh nan tonn beaga,
Lom gan sgiursadh,
Chinneadh i 'na h-aon mhuir bhàsor,
'S càs a stiùireadh.

'Nuair a thuiteamaid fo bharr,
 Nan ard-thonn giòbach,
 Gur beag nach dochaineadh an sàil,
 An t-aigéal sligeach ;
 An fhaigge ga maistreadh 's ga sluistreadh,
 Troimhe chéile,
 Gun robh ròin a's mialan mòra,
 'Am barrachd eigin.
 Onfadh a's tounan na mara,
 A's falbh na luinge,
 A' sradadh an ceachaineau geala,
 Feadh gach tuinne.
 Iad ri nuallanaich ard-uamhaineach,
 Searbh thùrsach ;
 'G eubhach, gur h-ìochdarain sinne,
 Dragh chun bùird sinn :
 Gach min-iasg a bh'ann san fhàirge,
 'Tarr-gheal, tiundait' ;
 Le gluasad confach na gailbheinn,
 Marbh gun chuimtas.
 Clachan a's maorach an aigeil,
 Teachd an uachdar,
 Air am buain a uas le slacraich,
 A chuain uaimhreigh.
 An fhaigge uile 'si 'na brochan,
 Strioplach, ruaimleach,
 Le fuil 's le gaor nam biast lorcach,
 'S droch dhath ruadh orr.
 Na bèistean adhareach iongach,
 Phlùtach, lorcach ;
 Lan cheann-sian nam beoil gun gialaibh,
 'S an craos fosgailte.
 An aibheis uile lan bhoichdan,
 Air cragradh,
 Le spògan 's le earbuill mor-bhiast,
 Air magradh.
 Bu sgreamhail an ròbhain sgrìachach,
 Bhi 'ga eisdeachd,
 Thogadh iad air caogad mìlidh,
 Eatrom céile.
 Chaill an sgioba càil g'an clàisteachd,
 Ri bhi 'g éisteachd,
 Ceileirean sgreidach nan deomhan,
 'S m'òthar bhéistean.
 Fa-ghàir na fàirge 'sa slacraich,
 Gleachd ri darach,
 Fosghair a toisich a sloistreadh,
 Mhucan-mòra.
 A' Ghaoth ag ùrachadh a fhuairidh
 As an iar-aird ;
 Bha sinn leis gach seòrsa buairidh,
 Air ar pianadh.
 S sinn dall le cathadh fàirge,
 Sior dhòl tharunn,
 Tairneanach aibheiseach rè oidheche,
 'S teine dealain.
 Feileirean hethrich a' losgadh,
 Ar cuid acuin ;

Fàileadh a's deathach na riofa,
 Gar glan thachadh :
 Na dùilean uachdrach a's iochdrach,
 Ruin a' cogadh ;
 Talamh, teine uisg a's sion-ghath,
 Ruinn air togail.
 Ach 'n uair dh'artlaich air an fhaigge,
 Toirt oirn strìochda,
 Ghabh i truas le fàite gaire,
 Rinn i sìth ruinn.
 Ge d'rinn, cha robh crann gun lubadh,
 Seol gun reubadh ;
 Slat gun sgaradh, rac gun fhàillin,
 Rùm gun èislein.
 Cha robh stagh ann gun stuadh-leumnach :
 Beairt ghaisidh,
 Tarruinn, no cupull gun bhristeadh,
 Fise ! Faise !
 Cha robh tota no beul-mor ann,
 Nach tug aideach,
 Bha h-uile crannaghail a's goireans,
 Air an lagadh.
 Cha robh achlachan no aise dh'i,
 Gun fhuasgladh ;
 A slat-bheoil 'sa sguitebinn asgail,
 Air an tuairgneadh.
 Cha robh falmadair gun sgoltadh,
 Stiùir gun chreuchadh ;
 Cnead a's dìosan aig gach maide,
 'S iad air déasgadh.
 Cha robh crann-tarrunn gun tarruinn,
 Bòrd gun obadh ;
 H-uile lann bha air am barradh,
 Ghabh iad togail.
 Cha robh tarrunn ann gu'n tráladh,
 Cha robh calp' ann gu'n lubadh ;
 Cha robh ball a bhuineadh dh'i-se,
 Nach robh nì's measa na thùradh.
 Ghairn an fhaigge sìochaint ruinne,
 Air crois Chaol Ile,
 'S gu'u d'fhuair a gharbh ghaoth,
 Shearbh-ghlòireach, ordugh sinidh.
 Thog i uainn do ionadaibh uachdrach
 An adhair ;
 'S chinn i dhùnain na clàr rèidh mìn-gheal,
 'N deigh a tabhunn.
 'S thug sinn buidheachas do'n Ard-Rìgh,
 Chum na dùilean,
 Deagh Chlann-Raonuille a bhi sàbhailt,
 O bhàs bruidheil.
 'S an sin bheum sinn a sinil thana, bhallach,
 Do thùilliu ;
 'S leag sinn a croinn mhìn-dearg ghasda,
 Air fad a h-ùrlair.
 'S chuir sinn a mach ràimh chaol bhasgant,
 Dhàite mhine,
 De'n ghiubhas a bhuain Màc-Bharais,
 'An Eilean-Ibhionain.

'S rinn sinn an t-ìomra réidh tulganach,
 Gun dearmad ;
 S ghabh sinn deag long-phort aig barraibh,
 Charraig Fhearghais ;

Thilg sinn Acaithean gu socair,
 Ann san ròd sin ;
 Ghabh sinn biadh a's deoch gun airceas,
 'S rinn sinn còmhuidh.

IAIN MAC CODRUM.

JOHN M'CODRUM,* the North Uist bard, commonly called *Iain Mac Fhearchuir*, was contemporary with the celebrated Alexander M'Donald. He was bard to Sir James Macdonald, who died at Rome. The occasion of his obtaining this situation was as follows :—He made a satirical piece on all the tailors of the Long Island, at which they were so exasperated that they would not work for him on any account. One consequence of this was, that John soon became a literal tatterdemalion. Sir James meeting him one day, inquired the reason of his being thus clad. John explained. Sir James desired him to repeat the verses—which he did ; and the piece was so much to Sir James's liking, that John was forthwith promoted to be his bard, and obtained free lands on his estate in North Uist. In a letter from Sir James Macdonald to Dr Blair of Edinburgh, relating to the poems of Ossian, dated Isle of Skye, 10th October, 1763, we find Sir James speaking as follows of Mac Codrum :—"The few bards that are left among us, repeat only detached pieces of these poems. I have often heard and understood them, particularly from one man called John Mac Codrum, who lives on my estate, in North Uist. I have heard him repeat, for hours together, poems which seemed to me to be the same with Macpherson's translations."

The first of M'Codrum's compositions was a severe and scurrilous satire. Being young, and unnoticed, he was neglected to be invited to a wedding to which he considered he had as good a right to be bidden as others. He was very indignant, and gave vent to his feelings in the most severe invectives. He had the prudence to conceal his name. The wedding party being minutely characterized, several of them lampooned, and held up to derision, the poem gave great offence to some of those concerned. Although the author was concealed, the satire could not be suppressed. Several individuals were suspected, while the real author enjoyed the pleasure of knowing himself to be at the same time a person of some consideration, and amply revenged for the neglect of those who should have acknowledged it. His father only knew him to be the author. He was alone about the farm : John was in the barn, whither his parent went, as he could hear no

* The Mac Codrums are not properly a clan, but a sept of the M'Donalds. They belong to North Uist.

one thrashing ; but, on approaching nearer, he heard his son rehearsing his poem. He admonished him to attend more to his work than to idle songs, and left him, without thinking of the verses he had heard till the fame of the satire was spread abroad, and a noise was made about it throughout the country. The verses then recurred to his mind, and he had no doubt of the real author. He spoke to John most seriously in private. He was himself a pious and a respectable man, and was much affected at the thought that any of his family should disgrace his fair reputation. He was sensible of the ill-will and hatred that John would incur were he known to be the author ; and he, moreover, disapproved of the license taken with the characters of individuals. The young poet promised him that he would give him no more occasion of regret on that score ; and he kept his word. Respect for his parent's authority restrained him ; for he composed no more of the kind while his father lived, nor any so severe afterwards. He must have had great command over himself, as well as submission to the will of a parent. It is no easy task for a young author, while hearing his compositions recited and applauded, not to indicate the interest which he feels. Although unnoticed and unknown, while feeling all the flattering suggestions which popularity must have incited within him, yet a revered parent's authority checked the progress of the young aspirant in the career of fame.

After his father's death, M'Codrum concealed no longer the flame which he had been smothering in his breast. His name became known, and he was acknowledged to be the most famous bard in the Long Island since the time of Neil M'Vurich, the family bard of Clanronald. John M'Codrum was, like most of the bards, indolent. The activity of the body, and the exertion of mental qualities, go not always together. An anecdote will better illustrate this part of his character than any description we can give :—A gentleman sent for his neighbours to assist in draining a lake. The country people assembled in numbers ; and, exerting themselves, soon finished the work, much sooner than the poet had expected they would have done : he just came in time to see the last of it. The gentleman was determined to punish him for his sluggish and indifferent behaviour. When he ordered some provisions and a cask of whisky for the people, he told them to sit down, and called on the poet to act as chaplain, and ask a blessing. The bard was not regarded as a man of *grace*. All were attentive, thinking him for once out of place. He, however, spoke in a most reverential manner—his grace was brief and pithy, couched in verse, and was longer remembered than the sumptuous repast. While he expressed gratitude to the bestower of all good gifts, he turned the operations of the day into ridicule.

When Mr M'Pherson was collecting "Ossian's Poems," he landed at Lochmady, and proceeded across the moor to Benbecula, the seat of the younger Clanronald. On his way thither he fell in with a man, whom he afterwards ascertained to have been *Mac Codrum*, the poet : M'Pherson asked him the question, "*Am beil dad agad air an Fhéinn ?*" by which he meant to inquire whether or not he knew any of the poems of Ossian relative to the Fingalians, but that the terms in which the question was asked, strictly imported whether or not the Fingalians owed him anything, and Mac Codrum,

being a man of humour, took advantage of the incorrectness or inelegance of the Gaelic in which the question was put, answered as follows:—*Cha'n eil, is ged do bhitheadh cha ruiginn a leas iarraidh nis*, i.e. No; and should I, it is long since proscribed; which sally of Mac Codrum's wit seemed to have hurt M'Pherson's feelings, for he cut short the conversation and proceeded to Benbecula.

We will not attempt to select any parts of the poems of this author. All indicate the master-hand of the performer. One trait is striking in his character as a poet—his disposition to satire. He is perhaps the first satirist of the modern Gaelic poets. M'Donald and M'Intyre attacked like men determined to take a stronghold by open force, in defiance of all resistance: Mac Codrum held up the object of his animadversion in a light that exposed him to ridicule and contempt, and he made others his judges.

His fame as a poet and wit soon spread, and so delighted Alexander M'Donald that he determined to visit him. On meeting Mac Codrum a few yards from his own door, the visitor, naturally enough, inquired "*An aithne dhut Iain Mac Codrum?*" "*'S aithne gu ro mhath*," replied John. "*An beil fhios agad am bheil e 'stigh?*" was M'Donald's next question, to which the facetious bard answered with an arch smile, "*Mu ta bha e 'stigh nuair a bha mise 's cha drim mi ach tighinn amach*." M'Donald, yet ignorant that he was speaking to the individual about whom he was inquiring, proceeded to say, "*Caithidh mi 'n oidhche nochd mar-ris, ma's àbhaist aoidhean a bhi aiga*." "*Tha mi creidsin*," replied the witty John, "*nach bi e falamh dhù sin cuideachd mu bhios na cearcan a breith (uibhean)*."*

In purity and elegance of language Mac Codrum comes nearest to Macdonald, who appears to have been his model. Some of his pieces appear to us as servile copies of great originals. When he chooses to think and compose for himself, he appears to more advantage; witty, ingenuous, and original. His satire on "*Donald Bain's Bagpipe*" is a masterpiece of its kind; full of wit and humour, without the filth and servility that disgrace the satires of Macdonald and other Keltic poets. His poems on "*Old Age*" and "*Whiskey*" are excellent. They first appeared in Macdonald's volume, without the author's name; but Mac Codrum's countrymen have claimed them for him. He never published any thing of his own, and many of his poems are now lost. In his days the only poets who ventured to send their works to the press were Macdonald and Macintyre; and, it is probable, that their great fame prevented our author from entering the lists with such formidable competitors.

* Mac Codrum's skill in the Gaelic was exquisite, and he was in the practice of playing on words of doubtful or double meaning, when used by others. He was once on a voyage, and the boat put into Tobermory, in the island of Mull, when the inhabitants, as usual, gathered on the shore to learn from whence the strangers came. One of them asked the crew, "*Cia as a thug sibh an t-icmradh?*" "*As na gairdeanan*," answered the bard. Another asked, "*An ann bho thuath a hainig sibh?*" to which Mac Codrum again rejoined, "*pàirt bho thuath a's pàirt bho thighearnan*."

SMEORACH CHLANN-DOMHNUILL.

LUNNEAG.

*Holaibh o iriag hòroll ò,
Hòlaibh o iriag hòro ò,
Hòlaibh o iriag hòroll ò,
Smeòrach le Clann-Dòmhnúill mì.*

SMEÒRACH mis air urlar Phabail;
Crubadh ann an dùsal cadail,
Gun deorachd a theid nì's faide;
Truimeid mo bhròin thoirleum maigne.
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

Smeòrach mis ri mulach beinne,
'G anhare grèin' a's speuran soilleir,
Thig mi stolda choir na coille,
'S bidh mi beò air trebhas eile.
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

Sme'rach mis air bharr gach bidean,
Dianamh muir ri driùchd na maidne,
Bualadh mo chliath-lù air m' fheadan,
Seinn mo chiuil gun smùr gun smòdan.
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

Ma mholas gach eun a thùr fein,
Cìod am fath nach moladh mise—
Tìr nan euraidh, tìr nan clìar;
An tìr bhìachar, fhìalaich, mhìosail?
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

An tìr nach caol ri cois na mara,
An tìr ghaolach, chaomhach, chanach,
An tìr laoghach, uanach, mheannach,
Tìr an arain, bhaineach, mbealach.
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

An tìr riabhach, ghrianach, thaitneach;
An tìr dhìonach, fhìarach, fhasgach;
An tìr lìanach, ghiaghach, lachach,
'N tìr 'm bì biadh gun mhiagh air tacar.
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

An tìr choirceach, eornach, phailte;
An tìr bhuadhach, chluanach, ghartach;
An tìr chruachach, sguabach, ghaismeach
Dhà ri cuan, gun fhuachd ri sneachda.
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

'S i 'n tìr sgìamhach tìr na mbachrach,
Tìr nan dìthean, miadar, daite;
An tìr laireach, aigeach, mhartach,
Tìr an aigh gu bràch nach gaisear.
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

An tìr a's bòiche ta ri faicinn;
'M bì fir òg an comhdach dreachail;
Pailt nì 's leoir le p' r na machrach;
Spreigh air mòintich; òr air chlachan.*
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

An cladh Chòthan rugadh mise,
'N aird na h-Uinnir chaidh mo thogail;
'Fradharc a chuain uaimhrich, chuistich,
Nan stuadh guanach, cluaineach, cluicheach.
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

Measg Chlann-Dòmhnúill fhuair mi m-altrom,
Buidheann nan seol, 's nan sròl daite;
Nan long luath air chuaintean farsuinn,
Aiteam nach ciùin rusgadh gblas-lann.
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

Na fir eolach, stùilde, stàideil,
Bha 's an chomh-stri stroiceach, sgaiteach,
Fir gun bhròn, gun leon, gun aìrseal,
Leanadh tòir, a's tòir a chasgadh.
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

Buidheann mo ghaoil nach faoin caitean,
Buidheann nach gann greann san aisith;
Buidheann shunntach 'n am bhì aca,
Rusgadh lann fo shranntaich bhratach.
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

Buidheann uallach an uair caismeachd,
Leanadh ruaig gun luaidh air gealtachd;
Cinn a's guallean cruaidh gun spealtadh,
Aodach ruadh le fuaim ga shracadh.
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

Buidheann rioghail, 's fir-ghlan, alla,
Buidheann gun fhìamh, 's iutadh fal orr;
Buidheann gun sgàth 'm bl' r na'n deannal,
Foinnidh, nìrach, laidir, fearail.
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

Buidheann mor 's am pòr nach troicheil,
Dh-fhas gu meanmach, dealbhach, toirtail;
Fearail fo'n airm, 's maing d'a nochdadh,
Ri uchd stoirm nach leanabail coltas.
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

Suidheam' mu'n bhord, stùilde, beachdail,
An t-shuil san dorn nach òl a mach i,
Slainte Shìr Seumais thigh'n' dachaigh;
Aon mhac Dhé mar sgéith d'a phearsa.
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

* Alluding to kelp

COMHRADH,

[MAR GU'M B' ANN]

EADAR CARAID AGUS NAMHAID AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an lasgaire spraeil,
 Fear nan gorm-shuilean maiseach,
 Chuireadh foirm fo na macaibh,
 'Nuair a thachradh iad ris.
 'Nuair a chruinnicheadh do chòisir,
 Cha b' i chuilm gun a chòmhradh;
 Gheibhte rainn agus òrain,
 'S iomadh stòri na measg:
 Gille beadarrach, sùgach,
 Tha na chleasaiche lùghor;
 'S ro mhath bhreabadh an t-ùrlar,
 Agus tiuntadh gu brisg.
 'S e dhamhsadh gu h-uallach,
 Gu h-aucaideach, guanach;
 Gun sealltainn air truailleachd,
 Ach uaisl' agus meas.

NAMHAID.

'S maing a dheanadh an t-òran,
 'S nach deanadh air chòir e;
 Gun bhì moladh an do'-fhir.
 Bha na rògaire tric.
 Fear a sheargadh an conach,
 Thionntadh mionach nan sporan
 Dh-fhàgadh leabain air aimbheirt,
 Ann an carraid 's an drip.
 An struthaire di-bhuan,
 Tha gu brosgulach, briagach;
 Fear crosta mi-chiallach,
 Gun riaghailt, gun mheas.
 Call mor tha gun bhuinnig,
 Ann an sòlas ro dhiombuan;
 S fear stòrais is urrainn
 A bhì cumantas ris.

CARAID.

'Mhic-an-Tòisich, mhic-bhracha,
 'Fhir comhraig nan gaisgeach,
 A chuireadh bìilich 's na claigneann,
 Sa chuireadh easan air chrith l
 Bu tu cleòca na h-aitribh,
 'N aghaidh reòt' agus sneachda,
 Dheanadh *notion* do dh-fhrasan;
 'S chuireadh seachad an cith.
 Dheanadh dàna fear saidealt';
 Dheanadh lag am fear neartor;
 Dheanadh daibhir fear beairteach,
 Dh-ain-deoin pailteas a chruith;
 An ceart aghaidh na th' aca,
 De mhuir, no mheoghail, no mhacnus,

'S tu raghainn is taitneich,
 De chùis mhacnus air bith.

NAMHAID.

A dhuin! an cual' thu, no'm fac' thu,
 Riamh nì 's miosa chùis mhacnus,
 Na bhì 'n a d' shineadh 's na claisean,
 Gun chlaisteachd, gun ruith?
 Air do mhùchadh le daoraich;
 'G a do ghiulan aig daoine,
 'N a d' chùis-bhùird aig an t-saoghal,
 Far nach faodar a chleith;
 'S e bhì 'g coinneachadh Rati,
 Nì do lomadh ma d' bheartas;
 Luchd a chomuinn, 's a chaidrimh,
 Nì e 'n creachadh gun fhios.
 'S e ciall-sgur a bhios aca,
 Bhì ri buillean, 's ri cnapadh;
 Gu 'm bi fuil air an claigneann,
 'S bi 'm batachan brist.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an lasgaire suaire,
 Chleachd bhì 'n caidreamh nan uaislean;
 'S iomadh tlachd, a's deagh bhuaidh,
 Ata fuaite ri d' chrios.
 Biorach, gorm-shuileach, meallach,
 Beachdail, colgarra, fallain,
 Laidir, caoin, air deagh tharruinn,
 Gu fògradh gaillionn a' chuirp.
 Far an cruinnich do phàistean,
 Gu 'm bi mìr' aun a's màran,
 Agus iomadh ceol-gàire;
 'S iad neo-chràiteach ma 'n cuid.
 Bheir e 'n t-umaidh gu sòlas;
 Nì e glic am fear gòrach;
 Nì e sunndach fear brònach;
 'S nì e gòrach fear glic.

NAMHAID.

'M h' e sin raghainn nam macabh,
 Bhì gu'n fhradharc, gu'n chlaisteachd;
 'Nuair bu mhian leò dhol dachaigh,
 'S e nì thachras nì's mios'.
 Gur e 'n ceann is treas cas daibh,
 Lom-làn mbeall, agus chnapan;
 Gach aon bhall ga 'm bi aca,
 Goid a neart uath' gun fhios.
 Iad na 'n tamhaig gun toinìs;
 Iad a labhairt an donuis;
 Iad ro lamhach gu conus,
 'S nach urr' iad cuir leis:
 Bi'dh an aodnaibh 'g an sgròbadh,
 Bi'dh an aodach 'ga shròiceadh;
 Cha 'n fhuad iad bhì stòlda,
 'S iad an comhuigh air mhig.

CARAIÐ.

Nach boidheach an spòrs,
Bhi suidhe ma bhòrdaibh,
Le cuideachda chòir,
A bhios 's an tòir air an dibh !
Bi'dh mo bhotal air sgòrnan,
Ri toirt cop air mo stòpan ;
Nach toirteil an ceul leam
An crònan, 's an glig ?
Gu 'm bi fear air an daoraich ;
Gu 'm bi fear dhiu ri baoireadh ;
Gu 'm bi fear dhiu ri caoineadh ;
Nach beag a shaoileadh tu sid ?
Ni e fosgaoil' fear dìonach ;
Ni e crosta fear ciallach ;
Ni e tostach fear briathrach,
Ach ann am *blàlun* nach tuig.

NAMHAID.

Nach dona mar spòrs,
Bhi suidhe ma bhòrdaibh ;
Na bhi milleadh mo stòrais,
Le gòraich gun mheas.
Le siarach, 's le stàplaich ;
Le briathran mi-ghnàthaicht' ;
Ri spearadh, 's ri sàrdh
An Abharsair dhuibh.
Bìdh an donus, 's an dòlas,
De chonas, 's do chomh-strì ;
'S do tharruinn air dhùrnaibh,
Ann an chombail nach glie ;
Ri fuathas, 's ri sgaiuneal ;
Ri gruaidhean 'g an prònnadh,
Le gruagan 'g an tarruinn,
Le barrachd de 'n mhisg.

CARAIÐ.

Mo ghaol an gille glan éibhinn,
Dh-fhàs gu cineadail spéiseil ;
Dh-fhàs gu spioradail treubhach,
'Nuair a dh-éireadh an drip.
Bhiodh do ghille an ri sòlas,
Iad gu mìreagach bìdheach,
Iad a' sìreadh ni 's leoir,
'S iad ag òl mar a thig.
Iad gu h-aighearach fonnor,
Iad gun athadh, gun lompais ;
Iad ro mhath air an ronngas,
'Nuair a b' annlachd an cluich.
Cuid d'a fasan air uairean,
Duirn, a's bat, agus gruagadh,
Dh-aithnte dhreach air an spuacan,
Gu'n robh bruidleir 's a' mhisg.

NAMHAID.

Tha mhisg dona 'n a nàdur,
Lom-làn mùrchuis a's ardain ;

Lom-làn bòsd agus spàraig,
Auns gach cùs air an tig.
Tha i uamharra, fiadhaich,
Tha i murtaidh 'n a h-iarbhail ;
Tha i dustach, droch-nialach,
Lan de dh-fhiabhras, 's de fhriodh.
Gu 'm bi fear dhiu 'n a shìneadh ;
Gu 'm bi fear 'n a chùis-mhì-loinn ;
Gu 'm aithlise lìonor ;
'S iad am maoidheadh nam pluic'.
Tha i tuar-shreupach foilleil ;
Iomadh uair air droch oilean ;
'S gun do dh-fhuasgladh fa-dheireadh,
Ach 's i bu choireach a mhisg.

CARAIÐ

Mo ghaol an cleasaiche lùghor,
Fear gun cheasad gun chùna ;
Fear gu'n cheiltinn air cùineadh,
'N am bhi dlùthachadh ris.
Bheireadh tlachd a's a mhùigean ;
Dheanadh gealtair de 'n diùdhlach ;
Dheanadh dàn am fear diùid,
Chum a chùis a dhol leis.
Fear a's fear an taigh òsd' thu ;
Fear a's ùrghailteach ùrair ;
Fear nach fuillgear 'n a ònar,
Ach a bhòilich 's an drip.
Fear tha mùranach, ceolar ;
Cridheil, càirdeach, le pògan ;
'S a lann dheas air a phòca,
'S sgapadh stòrais le mhisg.

NAMHAID.

A chinn-aobhair a chonais,
'S tric a dh-fhobhaich na sporain ;
Fhir nach d' fhoghlum an ouair,
B' e bhi 'g a d' mholadh a bhleid ;
'Nis on's bùanna ro dhaor thu,
Tha ri buaireadh nan daoine,
Dol man cuairt air an t-saoghal,
Chum na dh-fhaodas tu ghoid.
Fear ri aithreachas mìr thu ;
Fear ri carraid, 's ri comh-strì ;
Fear ri geallam ; 's cha tòran ;
Thug sid leonadh do d' mheas.
Ni thu 'm pòitear 'n a striopaich,
Ni thu striopaich 'n a pòitear ;
'S iomadh mìle droch codhail,
A tha'n tòir air a mhisg.

CARAIÐ.

Ge b' e thionnsgan, no dh-inndrig,
Air ann ionnstramaid phrìseil,
'S duine grunnail na iunnsgin,
Bha gu h-intinneach glie.
Thug bho arbhar gu sìol e ;

Thug bho bhrach, gu nì a's brìgheil';
Thug á prais 'na cheo-liath e,
'Mach tro chliath nan lùb tric.
Thug á buideal gu stòp e,
Rinn e 'n t-susbainte còladh,
Thogadh sligeanach reòta;
Dheth fìr bhreòite gun sgrid.
An donus coinneamh no còdhail,
No eireachdas mor-shluaigh,
Gun do cheileireachd bhoidheach,
Cha bhì sòlas na measg.

NAMHAID.

Ge be thionnsgan an aimhlig,
'S olc an grunnid bha na eanachainn,
'S mor a dhùisg e de dh-argamaid,
'S de dh-roch sheanachas mar ris.
Dheilbh e misg agus daorach,
Rinn e breisleach san t-shaoghal.
B'fhearr nach beirte gu aois e;
Ach bàs na naidheachan beag.
Dhùisg e trioblaid a's comh-strì,
Ruisg e bìodag an dòrnaibh,
Chuir e peabar san dòmhach,
'Nuair a thoisich a mhìsg.
Cha chùis huing ri leanmhuiun,
Ach cuis guil agus falmhachd,
Sa chaidh cha'n urr' thu ga sheanachas,
Mar a dh-fhalbh do chuid leis.

DI-MOLADH

PIOB' DHOMHNAIL BHAIN.

A'CHAINNT a thuirt Iain
Gu'n labhair e cearr i,
'S feudar dhuinn ùicheadh
Is pàidheadh d'a cinn.
Dh-fhag e Mac-Cruimein,
Chann-Duillidh a's Tearlach:
Is Dòmhnallan Bàn
A tharruinn gu prìs.
Orm is beag mòran sgeig,
Agus bleid chòmhbraidh,
Thu labhairt na h-urrad
'S nach b'urruinn thu chòmhdach,
Ach pilleadh gu stòlda
Far 'n do thòisich thu dian.

An cual' thu cia 'n t-urram
An taobh-sa do Lunnuinn?
Air na pìobairean uile
B'e Mac-Cruimein an rìgh:

Le pongannan àluinn
A b'honnaire fàilte,
Thàirrneadh 'an càileachd
Gu sìlhte fear tinn.
Caismeachd bhinn, 's i bras dian,
Nì tais' a's fiamh fhògradh;
Gaisg' agus cruadal,
Tha buaidh air an òinsich,
Muim uasal nan Leòdach,
Ga spreotadh le spìd.

A' bhàirisgeach spòrsail
Bh' aig 'Tearlach 'ga pògadh,
An t-lilleagan ceòlar,
Is bòiche guth cinn.
Tha na Gàil cho dòigheil
Air a mhàran aic èisdeachd,
'S na tha'n 'an 'Dun-eideann
A luchd beurl' air an tì.
Breac nan dual is neartmhor fuaim,
Brasan ruaig nàmhaid,
Leis 'm bu cheòl leadurra,
Feadannan spàineach,
Luchd dheiseachan màdair
Bhì cr'icht' air droch dhìol.

Nan cluinnt' ann am Muile
Mar dh-fhag thu Clann-Duili,
Cha b'fhuilear leo t-fhuil
Bhì air mulach do chinn.
'S i lu ghreadanta dealachainn
Air deas làimh na h-armachd;
A' breabadh nan garbh-phort,
Bu shearbh a dol sìos.
Creach nach gann, sibh gun cheann,
Fo bhruid theann Sheòrais;
Luchd nam heul fàra
'Gar pianadh 's 'gar fògradh;
Rinn iad le fòirneart
Bhur còir a bhuil dibh.

Cha tug thu tuing idir
Do bhriogardaich Tearlach,
Mach o fhear bhàile
Bhì ghn' air a thì.
Mhol thu 'chorr' ghliogach
Nach dligeadh de bhàidse,
Ach deannan beag gràin,
No màm de dhruich shìl.
Shaoil thu suas maoin gun ghruaim,
Craobh nam buadh ceòlmhor,
Chuireadh fonn fo na creagan
Le breabadaich mheòitea;
'S nach fuilleadh ùdròchain!
A thogail a cinn.

Cha'n fhaigh a' chùis-bhùirt ud
Talla 'm bì màirn,

Ach àth air a mùchadh
Le dùdan 's le sùith.
Cha bhi cathair aig Domhnall
'S cha 'n éirich e cònard,
Ach suidh' air an t-sòrn
Agus sòpag ri dhruim.
Plàigh bloigh phuirt, gàir dhroch dhuis,
Fàileadh cuirp bhreòite ;
Ceòl tha cho sgreadaidh
Ri sgreadail nan ròcus,
No iseanan òga
Bhiodh leòinte chion bìdh.

Nach gasta chùis-bhùrt'
A bhi cùeitraich air ùrlar
Gun phronnadh air lùtha
Gun siubhlachan grinn,
A' sparradh *od-ròch-ain*
A'n earball *od-ròch-ain* !
A' sparradh *od-ròch-ain*
An tòn *òd-ro-bhì*.
Màl' caol cam le thaosg chrann,
Gaoth mar ghreann reòta,
Tro na tuill fhàra
Nach dìonaich na meoirean,
Nach tuigear air dòigh
Ach "*òth-heòin*" 's "*òth-hèl* !"

Diùdhadh nam fùidhidh
Bha aig Tubal Cain,
'Nuair sheinn e puirt Ghàellig
'S a dh'àlaich e phìob.
Bha i tamull fo 'n uisge
'Nuair dhruideadh an àirce.
Thachair dh'i cnàmhadh
Fo uisge 's fo ghaoith.
Thàinig smug agus dus
Annas na duis bhreòtach,
Iomadach drochaid
G'a stopadh na sgòrnan.
Dh-fhàg i le crònan
Od-ròch-ain, gun brìgh.

Bha i seal uair
Aig Maol Ruainidh O' Dornan,*
Chuireadh mi-dhòigheil
Thar òrdugh na fuinn.
Bha i treis aig Mac-Bheatrais
A sheinneadh na dàin,
'Nar theirig a' chlàrsach
'S a dh'fhàillig a prìs.
Shéid Balàam na màla
Osna chràmh chrònaidh.
Shearg i le tabhann
Seachd cathan nam fiantan.

'S i lagaich a' chiad uair
Neart Dhiarmaid a's Ghuill.

Turruraich an dòlais,
Bha greis aig Iain òg dh'i.
Chosg i ribheidean cònaich
Na còmhnaidh le nì.
Bha i corr is seachd bliadhna
'Na h-atharais-bhialain
Aig Mac-Eachuinn 'ga riasladh
Air sliabh Chnoc-an-lìn.
An fhiudhaidh shean nach dùisg gean,
Ghnuis nach glan còmhach :
'S maing dha 'm bu leannan
A' chraunalach dhòinidh.
Chàite gràn còrna
Leis na dh-fhoghadh dh'i' ghaoith.

Mu'n cuirear fo h-inneal
Corra-bhinneach na glaochaidh,
'S inneach air aodach
Na dh-fheumas i shnàth.
Cha bheag a' chuis dhéistinn
Bhì 'g éisdeachd a gàoraich ;
Dhianadh i aognaidh
An taobh a bhiodh blàth.
Riasladh phort, sgrìachail dhos,
Fhir ri droch shaothair,
Bheir i chiad éubha
'N àm séideadh a gaoithe,
Mar ronnac bà caoile
'S i faotainn a' bhàis.

Tha'n iunsramaid ghlagach
Air a lobhadh na craiceann ;
Cha'n fhuirich i 'n altan
Gun chearcail g'a tàdh'.
'S seirbh' i na'n gabhann
Ri tabhann a crùnuath,
Tròmpaid a dhùisgeadh
Gach Iùdas fhuaireas.
Mar chòm geur'ich 'ga chreuchdadh
Shéideadh làn gaoithe,
Turraich nach urra' mi
Siunnailt da inneadh,
Ach rodain ri sianail
No sgiamhail laogh òig.

Com caithte na curra
Is tachdadh 'na muineal,
Meoir traiste gun fhuirs
Cur triullin 'an dàn,
Sheinneadh a brollaich
Ri solus an eòlain,
Ruidhle gun òrdugh
An còmhnaidh air làr.
'N aognaidh lùn, gaoth tro tholl,
Gàir gun fhonn còmhraig,

* A wandering Irish piper, whose music the Highland.
eta could not appreciate.

A thaisicheadh cruadal,
'S a luathaicheadh teoltachd,
Gu beachdail don-dùchais
Mu 'n t-sòrn am bi ghràisg.

Bi'dh gaoth a' mhàil' ghrodaidh
Cur gair auns na dosaibh,
I daonnan 'na trotan
Ri propadh "òd-rà."
Bi'dh seannsaor caol, crochtach
Fò cbaonnaig aig oehduar,
Sruth staonaig 'ga stopadh,
Cur droch cheol 'na thàmh.
Fuaim mar chlag fhuadach each,
Duan chur as frithe :
Cha 'n abair mi tuille
Gu di-moladh pìoban,
Ach leigeidh mi' chluinntinn
Gu'n phill mi Mac-Phàil.

A' CHOMH-STRÌ.

Gua h-e dhùisg mo sheanchas domh
Cùis mu'm beil mi dearmalach,
Gach Turcach 's gach Gearmailteach,
Gach Frangach 'an rùn marbhaidh dhuinn;
Muir no tìr cha tearmann duinn.

Tha mo dhùil 's gur fìrioneach,
Gach muiseag tha mi cluinntinn deth,
Nach dean iad unnsa dhìreadh oirn,
S nach buinig iad na h-Innsean oirn,
Gu 'n sguir iad far 'n do dh-inntrig iad.

On chaidh na h-airm 'an tasgaidh oirn,
Ge tric a' ghairm gu faigh sinn iad,
Nach toghnadh claidhean maide dhuinn
Gu seasamh a' chrùn shasunnaich,
Mar thug an diùc a dh'fhasan duinn?

Ge morganach rìgh Phruisia
'S na rìghrean mòr tha 'n trioblaid ris,
'S co neònach leams' am Frisealach,
'S am Bàideanach le meusrachadh,
Bhì deanamh réit 's nach bris iad i.

Bha mise nair 's gu'm faca mi
Nach creidinn bhaithie facal deth,
Nach bithinn suas 'nuair thachradh e,
A liughad gruag a's bagaisde,
Bha fuasgladh auns an t-sabaid ud.

'Nuair dh-inntrigeadh an ascaoinis,
Is àrd a chluinnt' 'm Pabaidh iad;
Fhreagair coill a's clachan daibh;
Cha bhiodh bean 'an àite faicinn daibh,
Iad féin 's mac-talla bàs-bhualadh.

'Nuair bhiodh iad sgì 's na tagraichean,
'Se crìochnacha ' bhiodh aca-san,
A'g iarraidh iasad bhatachan,
Gach tuairisgeul ri chlaistinn ann,
Nach cualas riamh o bhaideadh sinn.

Gur maing a bhiodh 'san ùbairaid
'Nuair ghabhadh iad gu tùrneileis.
Bhiodh fàsghadh air na sùilean ann;
Bu lìomhhor duirn a's glùinean ann;
A's breaban cha bhiodh cùmh' orra.

Bhiodh rocladh air na claigeannan;
Bhiodh sgòrnanan 'gan tachdadh ann;
Bhiodh meoirean air an cagnadh ann;
Bhiodh cluasan air an sracadh ann;
Bhiodh spuaicean air an cnapadh ann.

'Nuair thuiteadh iad gu mì-cheutaidh,
Bhiodh rùsgadh leis na h-inean ann;
Bhiodh pìocadh leis na bìdeagan;
Bhiodh riabadh air na cìreanan;
Bhiodh cus de'n uile mì-loinn ann.

Mu'm biodh a' chomh-strì dealaichte,
Bhiodh dòrnagan 'g an sadadh ann;
Bhiodh sgrìbhadh air na malaidd ann;
Bhiodh beoil a's sìleadh fal' asda;
'S nis leòr aig fear dha aithris ann.

'Nuair theirgeadh giubhas Lochlainn a'ch
'S a' choill' an dèis a stopadh oirn,
Bu mhath na h-airm na bodhrannan;
Bu sgiobailt iad an àn bogsaidheadh;
Cha bhriseadh e na cogaisean.

'S ann do 'n tìr bu shambach so;
Bu shòlas inntinn bàilli e;
Bu lìomhhor fear gu'n àiteach' ann,
Dol gu fianais 's fianh a bhàthaidh air,
Caoidh mu rhuinai 's mu phèistean ann.

Bha Uidhist air a nàrachadh.
Bha Iutharn air a fàsachadh.
Le guidheachan na càraid ud
Bha sòlas air an àbhairsear.
Bu neònach leis nach tàinig iad.

Cluinidh Mac-Cuinn an toiseach e.
Cluinidh a ris an Dotor e,
Mar ebrìochnaichear na portaibh ud.
Cha tairg e làn a' chopain douth,
Gu 'm bàraig e da bhotul rium.

Innsidh mi do dh-Uisdean e,
D'fhear Bhàile pàirt do'n t-sùgradh, ud,
Do'n Bhàili thair an dàthaich e;
Air chàch cha dean mi cùmhnadh air,
Bheir iad bàidse a's dùrachd dhomh.

O R A N,

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHOMHNUI LL SHLEIBHTE.

Ata tuiteam a' m' chadal
A nis o cheann fada
Gu'n thachair dhomh acaid
A stad ann am bhràghad,
Tha chuead air mo ghiùlan
Tha àmhgharach ciùrrta.
Cha bhi mi 'ga mùchadh,
Gu rùisg mi os aird i.
Ach Dia bhi 'ga chòmhnadh
'S a riaghladh a ròidean!
An tì 'm beil mo dhòchas
Fo chòmhnadh an Ard-rìgh,
Lagaich mo dhòrainn,
Neartaich mo shòlas,
Chuir mi an dòchas
Bhi mi 's òige na tha mi.

'S iomadach buille
So b'eadar dhuinn fhulang.
Bha chuing air ar mùineal
'S bu truim' i na phràiseach
Cho trom ri clach-mhuileinn
'Na sìneadh air lunnan,
Ri iargain nan curaidh
'S iad uil' air ar fàgail.
Gradan a' gheamhraidh
A lagaich gu teann sinn,
'Nuair a chaill sinn ar ceannard,
Nach robh shamhla measg Ghàel,
Connspunn na h-aoidhealachd,
Leòghann na riùghalachd,
Dòrainn r'a innseadh
Dha 'n linne nach tàinig :

Dòrainn r'a innseadh,
An dòrainn a chlaoidh sinn,
Thoirleam n-ar n-inntinn
Cho ìosal ri 'r shìlean;
Ar Ceann-feadhna mòr prìseil
Bu mhòr urram san rioghachd,
Gu'n do bhuin an t-eug dhinn e,
Ar mì-thortan Rìdir!
Fhàir a chunnaic ar cruadal,
Leig umainn am fuaradh,

Bi thusa 'na d' bhuachaill
Air na fhuair sinn 'na àite.
Cuir dhachaidh Sir Seumas
Gun aiceid, gun éisleam,
Gu chuideachda féin;
Mhuire 's éibhinn a tharsuinn.

Chriosda, gléidh dhùinne
Ar buachaille cluìteach,
Ar n-uachdaran dùthcha;
Tha chùram an dràs oirn.
Allail ar fiùran,
Smiorail, a's grunnadail,
Fearail ri dhùsgadh
'Nan tiunutadh a mhàran,
Ar baranta mùirneach,
Carraig ar bunndaisd,
Ar n-iùil 's ar cairt dhùbailt
S ar crùn a's an tàileasg,
An r'omh nàch 'eil bristeach,
Ar lann ann am trioblaid,
Ar ceannard 's ar misneach,
Fear briseadh a' bhàire.

An dùsgadh no'n cadal duinn,
'N ùrnuigh no'n achanaich
Ar déirce ga nasgadh,
Thu thigh'n' dachaidh sàbhailt.
Muint' ann an chleachdadh thu,
Cluìteach ri d' chlaistinn thu,
Muirneach ri t-fhaicinn
Air each no air lùr thu,
Ar 'n-aighear 's ar sòlas,
Ar fion air na bòrdaibh,
Ar mire 's ar ceòl thu,
'S ar dòigh air ceòl-gàire:
Ar connspunna féile
A dheònaich Mac Dhé dhuinn
Gu còir chur air stéidhe,
'S gu eucoir a smàladh.

Gur h-innealt' an connspunn
Ceann-cinnidh Chlann-Dòmhnui ll,
Fear iriosal stòlda
Gun tòir air an àrdan;
Eireachdail, coimhliont',
Soilleir 'an eòlas,
Canair 'n am togbhal ris,
Bòchdan, mo lamhsa,
Cùirteir na sìobhaltachd,
Urla na h-aoidhealachd,
Thusaill ri dìleachdain 's
Cuimhneach air airdh,
Aigeantach innsineach,
Beachdail air riùghalachd,
Gaisgeach ro mhilten
Nan sìneadh e 'n gairdean.

Mo rùn an sàr ghaigheach,
 Fear òg a' chùil chleachdaich,
 Fear mòrghalach gasda,
 Gun ghaiseadh, gun tàire,
 Coraidh nam brataichean
 Guineach ri 'n bagairt iad,
 Chuireadh an t-sradag
 'Na lasair gun smàladh.
 A bhuaileadh a' chollaid
 Mu 'n chluain air an cromadh iad
 A ghluaiseadh neo-shomalt'
 An coimneamh au nàmhaid
 Le spàintichean loma,
 Le musgaidean troma,
 Le tùdar caol meallach
 'N am teannadh ri làmhach.

Ge fad a bha 'n acad
 'Na còmhuidh fo m'asgail,
 Fògraidh mi as i,
 Thig aiteas 'na h-àite.
 Cuiridh mi airtneal
 Air fuadach gu chairtealan,
 Nuair chuireas Dia dhachaidh
 Na dh-aisig mo shlàinte.
 Moladh dha 'n léigh
 A dh-fhàg fallain mo chreuchdan,
 Tharruinn mo spéiread
 Ni 's tréine na b'abhaist!
 Aghaidh Shìr Seumais,
 Aghaidh na féile,
 Taghadh gach speuleair
 Thug an léirsinn ni b'fearr dhumh.

Aghaidh na stàidealachd,
 Aghaidh na sgairtealachd,
 Aghaidh na maiséalachd,
 Tlachd agus àilleachd:
 Aghaidh na fearalachd,
 Aghaidh na smioralachd,
 Aghaidh is glainé
 Bheir sealladh 'an sgàthan.
 Aghaidh na stòldachd,
 Aghaidh na mòrchuis,
 Aghaidh an leòghainn,
 Ach toiseachadh cearr air!
 Buinidh dha 'n òigear
 Bhi currant 'an coimh-strì,
 'S gur iomadh laoch dorn-gheal
 Bheir thèireachd mas aill leis,

Cha sùgradh ri chlaistinn
 Bhi dùsgadh do chaismeachd,
 Bhi rùsgadh do bhratach
 Gu h-aigeantach stàdail.
 Pìob tholltach 'ga spalpadh
 Sìor-phronnadh nam bras-phort,
 Fraoch tomach nam badan
 Rì brat-craun da chàradh.

Barant de dh-uaislean
 A' tarrauin mu'n cuairt d'ì;
 Gu'm b'fhearail an dulachas
 'N am buannach buaidh-làrach.
 Ceathairne ghruamach,
 Gun athadh roimh luaidhe,
 Dh-fh'gadh gun gluasad
 Cuirp fhuair anns an àraich,

Gur h-iomadh sàr-ghaisgeach
 Tba urranta smachdail,
 A theannadh a steach riut
 'N àm aisith no cnàmhain:
 Le 'n spaintichean sgaitheach
 Cho geur ris an ealtainn,
 'N am bhualadh nan claignann
 Gu 'n spealtadh iad cnàmhean.
 Gu fìreachail aotrom,
 Air mhir' anns a' chaonaig,
 Bhiodh fuil air na fraochaibh
 Mu 'n traoghadh an ardan:
 Le comunn gun chlaonadh,
 Gun sumaltachd gaoirdean,
 'N àm iomadh nam faobhar
 Rì adainn an nàmhaid.

Na'm faicte Sir Seumas
 'S gu'n cuireadh e feum air,
 Gur h-iomadh taubh dh-éireadh leis
 Réisimeid làidir.
 'An Alb' a's 'an Eirinn
 Cho deònach le chéile,
 O Chluaidh nan long gleusta
 Gu leum e Phort-phàrdraig.
 Uaislean Chinn-tìre
 Bu dual da o shiunnsir,
 Gu rachadh iad sìos leis
 Gun dì-chuimhn, gun fhàiliuu.
 Gu'm biodh iad cho tìdheach
 'S gu'n dianadh iad mì-stath
 Mar leòghannan miannach
 'S gun bhìadh aig an àlach.

Dh-éireadh na Leòdaich,
 Dh-éireadh 's bu chòir dhaibh,
 Dh-éireadh, 's bu deònach
 Thaobh eòlais 's càirdeis.
 Thigeadh am mòr-shluagh
 Brisg am an òrdugh,
 Sgiolta na connspuinn
 An toiseachadh blàir iad,
 Dearbhadh na fearalachd
 Calma 'n àm tarrauin iad,
 An calg mar na nathraichean
 'S fearann 'ga reiteach.
 Stròiceach le lannaibh iad,
 Dùrtach air falanan,
 Còcairean enlamb
 Air cheanuan 's air chlàimbeau.

Dhùisgeadh 'na d' charraid
Fìr ùr Ghlinne-garadh,
B'e 'n dearmad gu'n ghainne
Sìol Ailein da fhàgail.
Daoine cho fearail,
Cho saoireach air lannaibh,
Gu faicte neul fal' orr'
Gan tarruinn a sgàbard,
Iuntinneach, togarach,
Impidh cha 'n obadh iad,
Fìor chruaidh gun bhogachadh
'S ubair air làrach.
Calma mar churaidhnean,
'S maing air an cuireadh iad;
Chuireadh an buillean
Gu fulang na spaintich.

Dh-èireadh fìr Mhuile
Le èibhe nan cluinneadh iad,
Dh-èireadh iad uile
Gu h-urranta làidir.
Dualchas a chumadh iad,
Gualainn ri uileann iad,
Buailidh iad buillean
Mu 'm fuilg thu tàmailt.
'S cràiteach ri innseadh
Bhì 'g lèirinn bhur dìobhail,
Na thuit de'n dream rioghail
An mi-fhortan Thearlaich.
Iadsan cho iosal
Fo shàilean nan Duineach,
Na cairdean cho dileas
'S a bha *inc* ris a' phaipeir.

M A R B H R A N N

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHOMHNUILL SHLEIBHTE.

[A DH-EUG 'S AN ROIMIL]

Mòch 'sa maduinn 's mi 'g éirigh,
Cha 'n e 'n cadal tha streup riinn,
'S fliuch mo leaba gun seasdair, gun sàmhchair.
'S fliuch mu leaba gun seasdair, &c.

Cha 'n eil agam na dhéigh,
'N déis mo thaic-sa 'gam thréigsinn,
Ach maille clasteachd a's léirsinn a's tàbhachd.
Ach maille clasteachd, &c.

'S trom a' chuing-s' air ar muineal,
Air ar lìonadh le mulad,
Tha sinn sgìth 's cha 'n ann ullamh a ta sinn,
Tha sinn sgìth, &c.

Sinn ri iargainn nan euraidh
Nach robh 'n iasad ach diombuan,
Gun fhear liath a bhì uil' air an làraich.
Gun fhear liath, &c.

Daoine mòrchuiseach measail,
Daoine còrr ann an iochd iad,
Daoine cròdha gu bristeadh air nàmhaid.
Daoine cròdha, &c.

Ann an ùine dà fhichead
Gur dìobhail ar briseadh,
Chuir e dùbhailt a nis oirn e làthair!
Chuir e dùbhailt, &c.

Chaill sin cùignear no seisir
Do na conspuinn bu treise,
Nach robh beò ann am Breatann an àicheadh.
Nach robh beò, &c.

Ann an uaisle 's 'an urram,
Auns gach deagh bhuaidh bh'air duine;
Ann an cruadal gu buinig buaidh-làrach.
Ann an cruadal, &c.

'S bochd an ruaigs' oirn an còmhnuidh,
Dh-fhàg ar gualainn 'nan ònar,
Bhì sguabadh ar n-bigrìdh gun dàil nainn.
Bhì sguabadh ar n-òigrìdh, &c.

Thàinig meaghoil gu bròn duinn,
Thàinig aighear gu dòrainn,
Chaill sinn amharc a's sòlas ar sgàtbain.
Chaill sinn amharc, &c.

Bàs ar n-uachdarain prìseil,
Sgeul a's cruaidhe ri chluinntinn;
Fhuair luchd fuath' agus mì-ruin an àilleas.
Fhuair luchd fuatha, &c.

Gur h-e 'm fuaradh-s' an uiridh
Chuir ar gluasad 'an trumad,
So 'n ruaig tha 'gar n-ìumain gu anurath.
So 'n ruaig tha 'gar n-ìomain, &c.

Bhì fo phuthar an sgeoil ud
Gach aon latha ri'r beo-shlaìut,
Air bheag aighear, no sòlais, no sl'inte.
Air bheag aighear, &c.

Fhuair sinn naigheachd ar leatrom,
Fhuair sinn naigheachd na creiche,
Sin an naigheachd thug leagadh d'ar n-ardan.
Sin an naigheachd, &c.

'S trom an galar 's is diubhail
Mòran uallaich ri ghiùlan,
Rinn ar n-auail a mhucbadh 's ar dàna.
Rinn ar n-auail, &c.

Nis on 's dìleachdan bochd mi,
Oighre dìreach air Oisian,
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh fhortain du Phàdruig.
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh, &c.

Mi 'g innseadh cruas m'fhortain,
Mar a dh-inntrig e 'n toiseach ;
Cha'n 'eil brìgh dhomh, no toirt bhì 'ga àireamh.
Cha'n 'eil brìgh, &c.

Ach an sgrìob thug a' chreach oirn,
Dh-fhàg a chaoidh' sinn 'ga h-acain,
So i 'n dìle chuir brat air na thàinig.
So i 'n dìle chuir, &c.

Dh-fhalbh ar ceannard òg maiseach,
Bha gun àrdan, gun gbaiseadh,
Muir a thàinig gu grad a thug bhàre oirn.
Muir a thàinig gu grad, &c.

Chuir ar leabaidh san droigheann,
'S gun ar cadal thar faighinn,
Ar sùil frasach o'n naigheachd a thàinig.
Ar sùil frasach, &c.

O nach dùil ri Sir Seumas,
'S beag ar rùn 'an gair eibhinn,
Bì'dh sinn tùrsach 'na dhéidh gu 's a bàs duinn.
Bithidh sinn tùrsach, &c.

Chaill sinn duilleach ar géige,
Gràinne mullaich ar déise,
So an turas chuir éis air ar n-armuinn.
So an turas chuir, &c.

'S eadar fuireach ri sìochainnt,
O nach urrainn air strì sinn,
Ach bhì fulang gu 'n strìochd sinn d'ar nòmhaid.
Ach bhì fulang, &c.

Ma thig oirn foirneart no bagradh,
Sinn gun dòigh air am bacadh ;
Tha sinn leointe 'nar pearsa 's 'n-ar càileachd.
Tha sinn leointe, &c.

O'n là thainig am briseadh,
A thug tearnadh 'nar meas duinn,
Ar Ceann-tànach 's ar misneach g'ar fàgail.
Ar Ceann-tànach, &c.

Dh-fhag e sinne bochd tùrsach,
Ann an ionad ar cùrraidh,
Gus e philleadh g'a dhùbhannan sàbhailt.
Gus e philleadh, &c.

Thug e sgrìob air n-uaislean,
Chaoidh' cha dìrich an tuath e,
Tha sinn mì-gheanach truagh air bheag státha.
Tha sinn mì-gheanach, &c.

Sinn mar chaoirich gun bhuachailt,
'N déis an t-aoghair thoirt uatha,
Air ar sgaoileadh le ruaig 'lile-mhàrtuinn.
Air ar sgaoileadh, &c.

Ar toil-inntian 's ar sòlas,
Craobh a dhìdeann ar còrach,
Ann an cathair na Ròimh' air a chàradh.
Ann an cathair, &c.

Thu bhì 'n cathair na Ròimhe,
'S goirt ri innseadh na sgeoil sin !
'Dhé ! cha dìrich Clann Dòmhuill ni 's airde.
'Dhé ! cha dìrich, &c.

O'n là sghathadh ar n-ògan,
A' chraobh bu fhilathaile còmhach,
Gun a h-abhall air dòigh dhuinn a tharail.
Gun a h-abhall, &c.

Mòr an sgeul san Roinn-Eòrp e,
Mòr a bheud do rìgh Seòrsa,
Mòr an éis air do sheòrsa gu brèth e !
Mòr an éis air do sheòrsa, &c.

Cha do dhùineadh an còta,
'S cha do ghiùlan na brògan,
Neach an cunntadh iad cladh do phàrtean.
Neach an cunntadh, &c.

Ann an gliocas, 's 'an eòlas,
Ann an tuisge 's am mòrchuis,
Is na gibleanan mòr a bha fàs rint.
Is na gibleanan, &c.

Tha sinn deurach, bochd, tùrsach,
Gun ghair eibhinn, gun dùil ris,
Mar an Fheinn agus Fionn air am fàgail.
Mar an Fheinn, &c.

Sinn gun Oscar, gun Diarmad,
Gun Gholl osgarra fialaidh,
Gach craobh thoisch air triall uainn gu Pàrrais.
Gach craobh thoisch, &c.

Cinn nam biuidheannan calma
Leis an d'ùmhlaicheadh Alba,
'S iomadh ùghdar thug seanchas mar bha sin.
'S iomadh ùghdar, &c.

'S bochd a chrìochnaich ar n-aimsir,
Mar Mhaol-cìaran gun Fhearchair,
Sinn ag iargainn na dh-fhalbh uainn 's nach tainig
Sinn ag iargainn, &c.

'Se nì 's cosmhuil ri sheanchas,
Lìon sinn copan na h-aingeachd,
Gus 'na bhrosnach sinn fearg an Tì 's airde.
Gus 'na bhrosnach, &c.

Se'n Ti phriseil thug uainn e
 Chum na rioghachd is buaine;
 O Chriosda, cum suas duinn na bràithrean.
 O Chriosda, cum suas, &c.

Note.—The poet laments the untimely death of five or six of the M'Donalds of Slate. Sir Alexander died, a young man, in 1746; and his son, the amiable and accomplished Sir James, died at Rome in 1766, aged 25. This family prudently avoided committing themselves in the rebellion of 1745; but the bard appears to have been a thorough Jacobite.

MOLADH CHLANN-DOMHNUILL.

AIR FOKN—"Oran a ghunna da' b' ainm an spàinnteach."

TAPADH leat, a Dho'ill 'Ic-Fhionnlaidh,
 Dhùisg thu mi le pàirt de d' chomhradh.
 Air bheagan eblais san dùthaich,
 Tha cunntas gur gille còir thu.
 Chuir thu do chomaine romhad,
 'S fearde do ghnothach an còmhnuidh
 'S cionteach gar a leat ar bàidse:
 S leat ar cairdeas 'm fad a's beò thu.

Mhol thu ar daoine 's ar fearann,
 Ar mnaithean baile, 's bu chòir dhut.
 Cha d'rinn thu di-chuimhn' no mearachd;
 Mhol thu gach sean is gach òg dhiubh.
 Mhol thu 'n uaislean, mhol thu 'n islean.
 Dh-fhag thu shìos air an aon dùigh iad,
 Na bheil de 'n ealain ri chluinntinn,
 Cha chion dicheil a dh-fhag sgòd oirr'.

Teannadh ri moladh ar daoine,
 Cha robh e saoirbheach air aon dùigh;
 An gleus, 'an gaisge 's 'an teòmachd,
 Air aon aobhar thig 'nan còdhail
 Nochdadh an eudann ri gradan
 Cha robh gaisgeadh anns a' phòr ud,
 Cliù a's pailteas, mais' a's tàbhachd;
 Ciod e 'n càs nach faight' air chòir iad?

Cha bu mhist' thu mise laimh riut,
 'An am a bhi 'g aireamh nan comspunn,
 Gu inns' an maise 's an uaisle,
 An gaisge 's an cruaidh 'n am togbail.
 B'iad sud na fir a bha fearail
 'Philleadh an-seasgair 'an t-èireachd,
 'S a dh-fhagadh salach an araich
 Nam fanadh an nàmhaid ri 'n còmhrag.

Ach nam faicheadh tu na fir ud
 Ri uchd teine 's iad 'an òrdugh,
 Coslas fiadhaich a dol sìos orr',
 Falbh gu dian air bheagan stòdachd;

Claidheamh ruisgt 'an laimh gach aon fhir,
 Fearg 'nan aodann 's faobhar gleois orr',
 Iad cho nimheil ris an iolair.
 'S iad cho frìghail ris na lèghainn.

Cha mhòr a thionnal nan daoine' ud
 Bha ri fhaotainn san Roinn Eòrpa,
 Bha iad fearrail 'an am connraig,
 Gu fuileach, faobha'rach, stròiceach.
 Nam faigheadh tu iad 'an gliocas
 Mar bha 'm misueach a's am mòrchuig,
 C'ait' am feudadh tu aireamh,
 Aon chinne' b'fhearr na Clann-Dòmhuill.

Bha iad treubhach, fearail, foinnidh,
 Gu neo-lomara mu 'n stòras.
 Bha iad cunbhalach 'nan gealladh,
 Gun fheall, gun charachd, gun ròidean.
 Ge de dh-iarra nuas an sinnsir,
 O mhullach an cinn gu'm brègan,
 'N donas cron a bha ri inns' orr',
 Ach an rioghalachd mar sheòrsa.

Ach ma mhol thu ar daoine' uaisle,
 C'uim nach de luaidh thu Mac-Dòmhuill?
 Aon Mhac Dhé bhi air 'na bhuachail'
 G'a ghleidheadh buan duinn 'na bheò-shlainte!
 On 's curaidh a choisneas bunidh e,
 Leanas ri dhualchas 'an còmhnuidh,
 Nach deachaidh nench riamh 'na thuasaid
 Rinn dad buannachd air an comh-stri.

C'ait an dh-fhag thu Mac 'Ic-Ailein
 'Nuair a thionailleadh e mhòr-shluagh,
 Na fir chrodha bu mhòr alla,
 Ri liun Alasdair 's Mhontròis?
 'S maig a dhùisgeadh ruinn bhuir n-aisth
 No thionndadh taobh ascaoin bhuir cleòca,
 Ge b'e sùil a bhiodh 'gan amhare
 Cromadh sìos gu abhainn Lòchaidh.

Ach ma chaidh tu 'nan sealbhaidh,
 C'uim nach de sheanchais thu air chòir iad,
 Teaghlach uasal Ghlinne-garadh
 'S nam fùrain o ghleannaibh Chnoideart.
 'S iomadh curaidh laidir uaimhreach
 Sheasadh cruaidh 's a bhuailleadh stròicean,
 O cheann Loch-Uthairn nam tuar-bheann
 Gu bun na Stuaidhe am Mòr-thir.

An dh-fhag thu teaghlach na Ceapaich
 'S mòr a' chreach nach 'eil iad còmhlan,
 Dh-èireadh leinn suas 'an aisth
 Le 'm pìob 's le 'm brataichean sròile.
 Mac Iain a Gleanna-Cothan,
 Fir chothauta 'n am na comh-stri,
 Daoine foinnidh, fearail, fearradha
 Rùsgadh arm a's fearg na'n srònan?

Dh-fhag thu Mac Dhùghail a Lathurn,
(Bu mhuirneach gabhail a chòmhlain,)
Cuide ri uaislean Chinntire,
O'n Roinn lìich 's mhaol na h-Odha.
Dh-fhag thu Iarl Antrum á Eirinn
Rinn an t-euchd am blàr na Bòine.
'Noair a dhlùthaicheadh iad ri chéile,
Co chunntadh féich air Clann-Dòmhnúill?

Alba, ge bu mhòr ri inns' e,
Roinn iad i o thuinn gu mòintich.
Fhuair an còir o làimh Chlann-Dòmhnúill,
Fhuair iad a ris an Ròta;
'S ioma curraí mhòr bha innte
Cunntaidh Antrum ge bu mhòr i.
Sgrios iad as an naimhdean uile,
'S thuit Mac Ghuilbinn san tòireachd.

Bhuinig iad baile 's leth Alba;
'S e 'n claidheamh a shealbhaich coir dhaibh.
Bhuinig iad latha chath Gairbheach,
Rinn an argumaid a chòmhdach.
Air bheagan cònaidh gu trioblaid
Thug iad am bristeadh a mòran,
Mac' Ill-Iain ann le chuideachd,
'S Lachann cutach Mac-an-Tùisich.

Nan tigeadh feum air Sir Seumas,
Gun cìreadh iad uile còmhlath
O roinn Ghall-thaobh gu roinn Ile,
Gach fear thug a shìunsir còir dhaibh.
Thigeadh Mac-Choinnich á Brathainn,
Mac-Aoidh Strath-Nàbhair 's diùc Gordon,
Thigeadh Barraich, 's thigeadh Bànaich,
Rothaich a's Sàilich a's Ròsaich.

Ar luchd dàimh 's ar cairdean dileas
Dh-ciridh leinne a sìos 'an comh-stri.
Thigeadh uaislean Chloinne-Lean
Mu'n cuairt cho daingbeann ri d' chòta,
Iad fo ghrunaim 'an nair a' chatha
Cruaidh 'nan lamhan sgathadh feòla,
Tarruinn spàinteach làidir lìobhar
Sgoilteadh dìreach cinn gu brògan.

Bhuidheann fhuilteach, glan nan geur-lann,
Thigeadh reiseamid nan Leòdach,
Thigeadh reiseamid nan Niallach
Le loingheas lìombor 's le seòltaibh,
Foirbeisich 's Frisealaich dh-cìreadh,
'S thigeadh Clann-Reubhair 'an òrdugh.
'Nuair a dhùisgeadh fir na h-Iubhraich,
Co thigeadh air tùs ach Tòmas!!

Note.—There are several hills in the Highlands which still bear the name *Tom-na-h-Iubhraich*, all haunted by the fairies. One of them is near Strachur, Lochfue side; another near Inverness. According to popular belief, Thomas the Rhymer was captain of the fairy troops.

ORAN DO'N TEASAICH.

AIR FOXN—"Daibhidh grèsgach crom ciar."

'S mise chaill air geall na carachd,
Bha eadar mì-féin sa chailleach,
Gu'n tug i dhìom brìgh mo bharra,
Cul mo chinn a chuir ri talamh.
M' fhuil a's m' fheoil thug i dhìom,
Chuir i crùnna am chliabh,
Be 'n droch codhail domh 'bhiasd,
Gu robh tòireachd ga diol.

Chuir i boil am cheann is bu mhòr i,
Faicinn dhaoine marbh a's beodha,
Coltas Hector mòr na Tròidhe,
S nan gaisgeach bha 'm feachd na Ròimhe.
Cailleach dhuathsach, chrom, chior,
Bha làn tuaisleis a's bhriag,
Chuir mi'm bruailean 's gach iall,
'S chuir i 'm fuadach mo chiall.

'S bochd a fhuair mi bhuaht am foghar,
'S mi gun luaigh air buain no ceanghal,
Mo cheann ìosal a's mi am laidhe,
Bruite tinn a's sgios am chnaimhean.
Bha mo chnaimhean cho sgith,
'S ged do sgathadh iad dhìom,
Gu'n robh am padbadh gam chlaoidh,
'S gun tràighinn abhainn le mhiad.

'S bochd an t-àite leap' am fiabhras,
Dh-fhagas daoine fada, riabhach,
Glagaich lag le fada 'n iargainn,
Gann de dh' fhalt a's pailt de dh' fhiasaig
Pailt de dh' fhiasaig gu'n tlachd,
Chuir am bial air droch dhreach,
Deuch no biadh theid a steach,
A dha thriau innte stad.

Do chota fàs is e gun lianadh,
T-òsan rocach air dhroch fhiaradh,
Caol do chois nochdaidh pliathach,
Ionan cho fad ri cat fiadhaich.
Casan pliathadh gun sògh,
Fo'n da shìleasaid gu'n lugh,
Gur pailt liagh dhaibh no lunn,
Cha bhean fiar dhaibh nach lùb.

Bidh do mhuinneal fada, feathach,
'S taisnichean mar chabar cleibhe,
Easgadan glagach gun spéirid,
Glùinean ri tachas a chéile.
Glùinean geura gun neart,
'S iad chu ciar ris a chairt,
'Thu cho creubhí ri cat,
B' fhearr an t-eug gad sgath as.

A bhonaid da niread sa b'abhaist,
Air nachdar currachd nach àluinn ;
Cluasan gu'n nireasbaidh fàsa,
Ceann cho lóm ri crì na dearnaidh.
Cha be 'n còmpanach caomh,
Dh-fhag cho lóm mi 's cho maol,
Rinn mo chom mar phreas caoil,
Mar mhac-samhla do'n aog.

Bidh tu coltach ri fear misge,
Gun dad bl gun aon mhir ithe,
Chionn nach bi lùghs na d' dha iosgaid,
Bidh tu null sa nall mar chlisnich.
Bi'dh tu d' shiachaire lag,
'S ceann do shithe gun neart,
Ann ad ghniomh cha bhi tlachd,
Na d' chus mhio-loinn air fad.

ORAN NA H-AOISE.

AIA FENN—" *The pearl of the Irish nation.*"

CHA tog mise foun,
Cha 'n eirich e leam,
Tha m' aigne ro throm
Fo easlain' ;
Tha 'n crì tha 'na m' chom
Mar chloich 's i na deann,
'S i tuiteam le gleann,
'S cha 'n eirich ;
Tha 'n gaisgeach nach tiom
Rinn a' cogadh, 's a' strì,
Cha 'n fhaigh sinn a chaoidh
Bhi reidh ris ;
On is treis' e na sinn,
Théid leis-an ar claoidh,
'S cha teasaig aon ni
Fo 'n ghréin sinn !
'S euis thùrsa gu dearbh
Bhi 'g ionndrain mar dh-fhalbh,
Ar cruithachd, ar dealbh
'S ar 'n eugasg,
Ar spionnadh, 's ar neart,
Ar cumadh, 's ar dreach,
Ar cur an ann gleachd',
A's streupa ;
Mar a sgaoileas an ceb
Air aodainn an fheoir,
'S a chaochailles neoil
'S na 'n speuran,
Tha 'n aois a' teachd oirn
Cumhach, caoiuteach, làn bròin,
'S neo-shocrach ri leòn
An té ud.

Aois chasadach gharbh,
Cheann-trom, chadalach, bhalbh,
Ann an ion 's a bhi marbh
Gu'n speirid ;
Cha ghluais thu ach mall,
Agus cuail' ann do laimh,
Dol mu'n cuairt air gach àlt,
A's féithe ;
Cha chuir thu gu bràth,
'S cha chumbaidh dhut e,
Geall ruithe, no suamh,
No leuma,
Ach fiabhras, a's cradh
Ga t-iarraidh gu bàs,
Ni 's lionnhoir' na plàigh
Na h-Elphit.

Aois chianail ro bhochd,
Ri caoidh na rug ort,
Neo brìgheil gun toirt,
Gun spéis thu ;
Do luchd comuinn, a's gaoil
Fo chomhair an aoig,
Gun chomas a h-aon
Diu eirigh ;
Dh-fhalbh t-earnais, 's do chuid,
Dh-fhalbh slainte do chuirp,
Thig ort faillinne tuigs',
A's reasain,
Thig di-chuimhne, thig bà'chd,
Thig diomhanas dha,
Thig mi-loinn do chairdean
Féin ort.

Aois tghar gun bhrìgh
Ga t-fhègar gu cill,
Dh-fhagas bòdhaig a chinn
Ro éitidh,
Aois bhódhar nach cluinn,
Gun toighe, gun suim ;
Gun chàr foghainteach strì,
No streupa,
Aois acaideach thinn
Gun taice, gun chli,
Gun ghaisge, gun spid,
Gun speirid,
Lan airtneal, a's cràidh
Gun aindheil bhi slàn,
Gun neach dha'm beil càs
Dbeth t-éigin.

Aois ghreannach bhochd through,
'S measa sealladh, a's tuar,
Maol, sgallach, gun ghruaig,
Gun déudaich,
Roc aodainneach, chruaidh,
Phreasach, chraicneach, lom, fhuar,
Chràbach, chrotach,
Gun ghluasad ceuma ;

Aois lobhar nan spìoc
 Bheir na subhailcean dhionn,
 Co san domhainn le'm binne
 Do shéis-sa ?

Aois ghliogach gun chàil,
 'S tu 's mìose na 'm bàs,
 'S tu 's tric a rinn tràill
 De 'n treun-fhear.

Aois chiar-dubh a bhròin,
 Gun riomhachd, gun spòrs,
 Gun toil inntinn ri ceol
 Do éisdeachd ;
 Rob fhiasagach ghlas,
 Air dhroch sheasamh chás,
 Leasg, sheotail, neo-ghrad
 Gu eirigh ;
 Cha'n fhuilig thu 'm fuachd,
 'S olc an ùrr' tha 'n càs cruaidh
 'Se do mhuinghinn an tuath,
 'S an déirce ;
 Cha 'n eil neach ort an tòir,
 Nach e aidnheil am beoil
 Gur fada leo beò
 Gun fheum thu.

Aois uain' a's olc dreach,
 Orm is suarach do theachd,
 Cha 'n eil tuaraisgeul ceart
 Fo 'n ghréin ort,
 Gun mbire, gun mhùirn,
 Gun spiorad, gun sùth ;
 Far an crìnnich luchd-ciùil
 Cha téid thu,
 Aois chairtidh 's olc greann,
 Aois acaideach mhall,
 Aois phrab-shuileach dhall
 Gun léirsinn,

Chas fheargach gun sùth,
 Lan farmaid, a's thù,
 Rì fear meanmach, beò,
 Lùghmhor, gleusda.

Faire ! faire ! dhuin' òig,
 Cia do bharantas mòr,
 'Ne do bharail bhì beò
 'S nach éig thu ?
 Tha 'n saoghal, 's an fheoil,
 Fìor aontach gu leoir,
 Air do chlaonadh o chòir
 Gu h-eacoir,
 Co fad 'sa tha 'n dàil
 Thig ort teachdair o'n bhàs,
 Na creid idir gur faisneachd
 Bhreig e ;
 Biodh do gheard ort gle chruaidh,
 'S tha do namhaid mu'n cuairt ;
 Cha taigh crabhaidh
 An uaigh dba'n téid thu.

Ach fàrdach gun tuar
 Bhreun, dhaolagach, fhuar
 Anns an caraich iad suas
 Leat féin thu ;
 Co mor 's tha e d' bheachd,
 Dheth d' stòr cha téid leat,
 Ach bìrdain bheag shnaighte,
 A's léine,
 Ach 's e cùram as mò,
 Del a dh-ionnsaidh a mhòid,
 Thoirte cunntas an còir,
 'S an ea-coir,
 Far nach seasamh do nì
 Dhut dad dheth d' chuid feich,
 'S mo an t-eagal
 Blà 'm prìosan péine !

EACHUNN MAC-LEOID.

EACHUNN MAC-LEOID, or HECTOR M'LEOD, the South Uist bard, lived after the year 1745, on the main land, chiefly in the districts of Arisaig and Morar. He composed and sung as he was moved by those internal powers of which the generality of men appear but little sensible. There are some individuals that appear heavy and destitute of parts, who are possessed of powers which attract the attention and merit the esteem of those who are more intimately acquainted with them: our poet was one of these. What occasioned his removal from the Long Island we know not. It is not unlikely that he was sent hither to watch and give information of what was going on in those troublesome times. He went often to Fort-William, as if doing something of no consequence, while in reality he was hearing all the news of the day, which he related to friends who durst not appear themselves. Shrewd and intelligent, he concealed those talents from strangers, to whom he seemed fooling, which character he could assume as occasion required. As he was frequently going and returning the same way, he was suspected and brought as a spy before the Governor of the Fort: on being examined and interrogated, he acquitted himself so well, under the assumed character, that he was dismissed as a fool.

MOLADH DO CHIOILEACH SMEORAICH.

Moch madainn shamhrai' am mìos fàs nam meas,
'Nuair bu ro aluinn leinn sgiamh gach luis,
Bha cuibhbrig, air dhreach criostail de 'n dealt,
Na dhlù bhrat a' còmhach gach cnuic.

'Nuair bhios seillean le lan shòlas
Deilleanachd a measg nan dìthean,
Cop meala mu ghob a chrònain,
A' deoghladh nan geugan mine.

Sin àmanus, am molaich le duilleach gach craobh,
'S ro bhoidheach gach tullach fo bhlà,
A's nuallnach gach uile spréidh,
A' geinnich ri chéil' iad fein, 's an cuid àil.

'Nuair bhítheas gach áilean, 's gach doire,
Le blà uaine fo làn toraidh,
A's meanglain gach craoibh sa' choille
Cromadh fo throm nam meas millis.

An ceann leath dara mìos an t-samhraidh,
'Nuair a's grianaich gach aon ardan,
'S gach fiadhair gu mìon-bhreac, boidheach,
Le meilbheig, le nòinean, 's le slàn-lus,

Chualas co-sheirm binn, ceolmhor,
Beagan roimh eirigh na gréine,
Aig coltas coileich na smeòraich,
'S maighstir mac-talla 'g a bheusadh.

An sin a chualadh mi'n cheileireachd binn,
Bu curaideich seinn, gu cuimir, 's gu luath,
Air feadan ga m'fhreagrachd, gach seìlan sa' bhein
Aun an eirigh na greine, sa' mhadaim dì-luain.

B'e sin an ceol caoin gun tuchan, gun sgread,
Gun eisleàn, na stad na chliabh, no na ghob,
Bu mhillse na binneas nan teud air fad,
'Nuair ghearradh e fead air deireadh gach puirt.

'S iad sin na poirt a bha binn, mion, bras,
Socrach ri 'n seinn, gun ochan, gun chnead,
Bu glan sgeimh eudaich an coin, ge bu lag,
'San robh urrad de thlachd, na laidh air a nead.

B'annsa leam na fiodhall, a's piob,
Bhi tamull dhe m'aimsir na m'shuidh na chòir,
On aig tha na puirt as fìor chanaiche rainn,
'S a's ealanta seinn gun aon bhuile meoir.

Bheirinn combairle trà air gach nighin, 's mnai,
Gach laidir, a's lag, gach beartach, a's bochd,
Iad a mholadh oid-iunnsaich an coin, gu beachd,
Le h-iuntinn cheat, gu h-an-moch, 's gu moch.

MOLADH EAS MOR-THIR.

Eas Mhor-thìr sòraidh le d' stoirn,
Bu mhorghalach, gleodhraich do thriall,
Bu bharra-gheal fliuch dortadh nam bàre,
Bha toirleum le braidhe do chléibh.

Na maoth-liuntean tha bàlbh, mall,
Far nach bith saobh-shruth a' leum,
'S gile 'n cop ri 'n taobh tha tàmh
Na caineichean 'l luinn an t-shléibh.

'S a choille tha timcheall do bhruach,
Bu cheolmhor ceilcìreadh ian,
Gu Iurach air bharràibh nan geug,
'N am do ghrein togail o nial.

As t Samhradh nar thigeadh am blàthas,
Bu chubhraidh fàileadh nan rès
A dh-fhasadh 's na fasaichean fraoich,
Tha 'n taobh-s' d'an eas mheadhrach mhòr.

'San fhohhar anns a choill sin Crois,
Nam biodh tu coiseachd na measg,
Chitheadh tu croit air gach gäs,
A lùbadh fo chudrom a meas.

Bu nuallanach, binn-ghuthach spréidh,
Geimhich, iad fhein 's an cuid àil,
Mu innis mhullaich an tùir,
Far am bith 'n t-sobhrach a' fàs.

'Nuair thigeadh am buachaill a mach,
'S a ghabhadh e mu chul a chruidh,
Mu'n coairt do Bhad-nan-clach-glas,
A bhuail' air 'n bu tric am bliochd.

Thigeadh banarach na spréidhe,
Ballag do nighinn chruinn àleinn,
Falt clannach, fiom-bhuighe, dualach,
Mu'n cuairt da guaillean gu làineach.

Shealladh i air feadh na spreidhe,
'S dh-eubhadh i " Buigheag, a's Blàrag,
Niosag a's Donnag a's Guaillionn,
Brinne 's an t-Agh-ruadh a's Cásag."

Shuigheadh i gu comhard cruinn,
'S cuman eadar a dh'ghlùn,
'S ghabhadh i 'n t-òran gu binn :—
" Thoir am bainne a bho dhonn."

'Nuair thigeadh an spréidh a ris,
Dh' Acha-Uladail air fhodar,
B' òranach, ceolar, clann lain,
Nan suidheadh fo'n chrodh g'am bleedhan.

Bu bhinne na cnachan an fhàsaich,
Nuallan nan gruagaichean boidheach,
Ann', a's Catriona a's Màiri,
Fionnaghal a's Beathag a's Seònaid.

Lionadh iad gach uile shoitheach,
'S cha b' eagal gu'n tragbhadh an dì,
Ged thigeadh an sluagh san radhad,
Gheibheadh iad liuntean na dibhe ;

Gu slamanach, fiunc-mheogach, ònach,
Mulchagach, miosganach, blathach,
Muigheach, miosrach, miodrach, cuachach,
Gruthach, aachdrach, sligeach, spaineach.

Bu ruideasach gàmhnan agus laoiigh,
Bu mhigeadach meun a's uain,
B' aigionntach fiadh agus earb,
A' dìreadh 's tearnadh nan cruach.

B' ehhinn an sealladh o'n tràigh
Loinggeas a' snàmh troimh na caoil ;
Turadh, a's teas anns gach aird,
'S an fhàirge na clàr comh-reidh caoin.

'Nuair stadaimid aig a bhaile
An deighe bhi sgìth 's a mhonadh,
Bhiodh duil againn ri làn glaine
A searrag Màiri Nic-Cholla.

MOLADH COILLE CHROIS.

M'IONMHUINN, m'annsachd, 's mo thlachd,
 Gu 'n tug mi toirt ;
 Cha'n aicheadhain do'n chléir nach deanaid stad,
 Sa' choill sin Crois.
 'S binn cruit cheolmhor, a's clàrseach cheart,
 'S piob le cuid dōs ;
 Ach 's binne na h-eoin a' seinn mu'n seach,
 Sa' choill sin Crois.
 Dh-aon innleachd d'an d' fhuaradh amach,
 Gu'r dìon o'n èle,
 B' fhearr dubhar nan craobh le smuaintean ceart,
 Sa' choill sin Crois.
 Ged' bhi'dh tu gun 'radharc sùl gun lùgh do chos,
 A d' dhèidre bochd ;
 Na'm bu mbatch leat do shlaointe philleadh airais,
 Ruig coille Chrois.
 Aig àilleachd a lùis a's misleachd a meas,
 'S aig feabhas a blàis ;
 Cha'n iarradh tu sholas nam biodh tu glic,
 Ach coille Chrois.
 Am beil ceol-chuaise san t-saogal-sa bhos,
 Cho binn 's cho bràs ?
 Rì sior-bhorcadh stòir mil an eas,
 Rì taobh coill' Chrois.
 Tearnadh a bhuinne le creag,
 Gun nireashbuidh neart ;
 Nach traoth, 's nach tràigh, 's nach fas beag,
 Nach reòdh 's nach stad.
 Is lionmhor bradan tarra-gheal, druim-bhreac,
 A leumas ris ;
 Cho luath 's a tharas iad as,
 A comh-ruith bho'n Eas.

AN T A I S B E A N.

Mocn madainn Chéitein rì ceò,
 'N am do'n ghréin tegail bho neoil,
 Chunna' mi sealladh sa' bheinn,
 'S eibhinn rì eisdeachd mo sgeoil'.

Bha dearsa le teas a' cur smùid
 A bruachanan molach fraoich,
 'S bha dealradh nan gathanan blith
 Cur sgeimh air cuirnean nam braon.

Bha dealt a' drùchdadh gu grinn,
 'N am sgāpadh do dhulachd an cheò,
 Na paidirean air an fhear,
 Mar leugan fo sgéimh an òir.

Bha màghanan mìlteach feoir,
 Bu mheilbheagach', dhùitheanach' blà,
 Air gach taobh dhe'n uisge chruaidh,
 Bu luath mu thuath a ruith bàlhbh.

Bha neonain, a's sòbhrach gu dlù,
 Creamh, agus biolair a' fàs,
 Air àileanaibh ainnh-reidh, 's air lòn,
 Far 'm bu lionmhoire ròs geal, a's dearg.

Bu cheolmhor, ceileireach, eoin
 Air ghriananan eireachdail ard',
 A' freagradh a chéile gu grinn,
 Cha'n fhaighte 'n cùirt rìgh nì b'fhearr.

Chunna' mi 'n uaigneas leis fein,
 Ag eisdeachd rì torghan nan eun,
 Air leam, de'n chruthachd bheò,
 An aon duin' òg a b'àillidh sgeimh.

O nach robh de dh-fhearaibh chaich,
 Ach e-san, a's mì-féin sa' ghleann,
 Smuaintich mi gu'n gabhainn sgeul,
 Co e na'm taighinn deth cainnt.

Thainig e gu tosdach, mall,
 Gu foighidneach, foistineach, ciuin ;
 Labhair e fosgara, reidh,
 " A ghabhail sgeil a thainig thu."

Mu 's math leat naigheachd a thoirt uam
 Gu maithean Alba gu leir,
 Amhairc gu geur fada bhuat,
 'S chì thu na sluagh na'm làn theigr.

Chunna' mi'n fhainge mar choill'
 Le craunaibh loingheis làn ard,
 Le brataichean anasach, ùr,
 Air leam gu'm b'ann as an Spainn.

Chunna' mi cabhlach ro mhor,
 Gu gàireach gabhail gu tìr,
 Bu luchdmhor, làn athaiseach iad,
 Suaicheantas Fraugach na'n eoinn.

Thainig na sluagh sin gu tìr,
 'S cha b'uaigneach an gluasad o thrìgh,
 Bha lamhach nan canon, 's am fuaim,
 A' gluasad air chrith na'm beann àrd'.

Chualadh mi coileach 's e gairm,
 'S e bualadh a sgiathan gu cruaidh,
 A's thuirt an duine math sin rium :—
 " Cluinn coileach na h-Airde-tuath'."

Chunna' mi tighinn air thùs
 Stiubhartaich, cinneadh an rìgh,
 Na'm bòcanan gioraig san léir,
 'Dhearg an airm le fuil san strì.

Thainig Ciann-Dòmhnall na'n deigh,
Mar chonaibh confach gun bhiadh,
Na'm beathraichean guineach, geur,
An guailean a chéile gu guiomh.

B'aluinn, dealbhach, am breid sròil
Air a cheangal ri crann caol,
An robh caisteal, bradan, a's long,
Lamh dhearg, iolair a's craobh.

Bha fraoch os ceann sin gu h-ard'
Ceangailt' am barr a chraim chaoil,
Bha sin ann, a's leoghann dearg,
'S cha b' àite tearmuinn a chraos.

Thàirrneadh na sloigh air sliabh Fife,
An coinneamh ri cath a chur,
Fhuair iad brosnachadh fìor inhear,
Thug eirigh le buirbe na'm fuil :—

“ A Chlannaibh mìlidh mosgailibh,
Is somalta, cian 'ur cadal,
Teannaibh ri dioladh Chuilodair,
Dh-àt na fiachan so fada.
Toisichibh gu h-ardanach,
Gu bras, rioghail, moralach,
Gu mear, leumnach, dearg-chneadhach,
Gu luath-lamhach, treun-bhuilleach.
Gu aigneach, innsginneach,
Gu an-athach, nàmhadaich,
Gu mion-chuimhneach, dioghaltach,
Gu gruamach, fiata, an-tròcaireach,
Gun tearmunn, gun mhathanas,
Gun ath-thruas, gun bhuigeachas,
Gun innidh, gun eagal,
Gun nmhail, gun fhaicill.
Gun fhiamh, gun an-mhisneich,
Gun chùram, gun ghealtachd,
Gun taise, gun fhaiteachas,
Gun saidealachd, gun uamhann.
Gun eiseamail, gun ùmhlaichd,
Gun athadh do nàmhaid
Ach a gabhail romhaibh thoirt iubhair
A' cosuadh na cath-Jaraich.”

Chunnaic mi air leath o ch'ich
Trì leoghainn a b'fharsuinne craois
Thug iad trì sgairtean cho ard'
'S gu'n sgain creagan aig mead an glaoth.

Bha leoghann diu sin air chreig ghuirn,
Dha'm b'ainm Iain Muideartach òg,
O'n Chaisteal thiream, 's o Bhòrgh,
Deshliochd nan Collaidh bu bhorb colg.

Thog sean leoghann luath a cheann,
'S a chas rioghail an Duntuilm,
Dh'a'm bu shean eireachdas riamh,
L'uaidh nan sliabh an càs a chròinu,

Thainig an treas leoghann diù
O'n choill', 's o gharaidh nam bàrc,
A's dh'ordaich iad pairt dhe'n cuid sluagh
Dhol a thiolacaidh nam marbh.

Labhairt.—San an sin a thagh iad oifigich an-diadhaidh, an-trocaireach, an-aobhach, an-athach, an-ìochdmhor. Agus thug iad cuil-eachd de bhorb, bhrothach, bhodach, dha'm b'airm chosanta spaidean, agus sluasaidean, gu tiolacadh nam marbh, agus gu glanadh na h-àraich. Aonghas amharra á Eigneag—Calum crosda á Gruluinn—Eoghann Iargalta á Crasa-bhaig—Dughall Ballach á Gallabaidh—Niall Eangharra á Raimisgearaidh—agus Dòmhnall Durrgha á Gearas.

Chunna' mì Gleann soileir nam,
An robh eireachdas thar gach glinn,
B'airde cheileirich', cheolmhoir' fuaim,
Glaodhaich nan cuach os a chinn.

Theid fargradh feadh Bhreatuinn gu léir ;
Eirigh gu feachd fìr gu leoir,
Chì sibh na Gàidil a' triall
Le rioghalachd mar bu chìr.

Note.—The poet was a staunch Jacobite. In this Ode he describes what he and many others in his day most earnestly desired, and to which they eagerly looked, notwithstanding what they suffered at, and after the battle of Culloden. The bard gives full scope to his imagination; poetically describing scenes which his active fancy draws before him. It was not safe, in his time, to express the real sentiments entertained on a subject so near and dear to the heart, and so full of danger to all concerned. He therefore makes use of the style and metaphors adopted, that the poem might be intelligible to those alone who contemplated the dark events of futurity.

GILLEASPUIG NA CIOTAIG; .

OR,

ARCHIBALD M'DONALD, THE UIST COMIC BARD.

WE know little more of this distinguished poet than the following songs contain, one of which was composed to the chief of the clan Cameron, who resided on his estate in Lochaber, when the poet visited that country. Having met with great kindness from the chief, the poet made the only return he could have made, and which was considered no small requittance in those days—he sung his praise. It was a tribute of gratitude. Another was composed to ridicule a vain young man; who, it is still believed, had a better right to the property of Lovat than the person who succeeded to it; but being guilty of murder, was obliged to fly the country. He used to appear in a dress which, in his estimation, completed the gentleman; but in the eyes of others made him ridiculous. Happening to be at a wedding in his full dress, with his hanger, or dirk, dangling at his side in the dance, and buckled shoes, the piper imprudently played the tune “*Tha biodag air mac Thòmais*,”—a satire composed by our bard to the identical man. He, incensed, drew his dirk, which all supposed he would sheathe in the bag of the piper, but, in his fury, mortally wounded him. He escaped to America, and durst not appear to claim the estate. His other poems remind us of similar pieces by Burns. Men of genius have similar ideas, and make use of the same means to expose such as they observe laying themselves open to ridicule.

* * We omit the poem in praise of Lochiel, as inferior to the bard's humorous pieces. It is in “Stewart's Collection,” page 103.

MARBHRANN DO DH' IAIN RUADH PIOBAIR.

Fhuair mi sgeula bho'n ghobha,
Cha'n aobhar meoghail, ach gruaim,
E-fein fo mhi-ghean, 's fo thrioblaid,
Ri iarunn cist' do dh' Iain Ruadh.*
Saoir a' locaradh, 'sa' sàbhadh,
'S a chulaidh bhàis 'ga cuir suas,
Samhach cadal na corra,
Cha chluinnear tuilleadh a fuaim.

Chaidh na maidean á òrdugh,
Cha'n aithne dhoimh-s an cuir suas,
Tha'n gaothair air stòpadh,
Tha'n dà dhòs na'n trom-shuain.

Chaill an seannsair a chlaisteachd,
Tha'n glens air a ghrad leigeadh suas,
O'n tric a thainig ceòl taitneach,
Ragha caismeachd mo chluais.

Ceol bu bhlasd' a's bu bhinne,
'Dhùsgadh spiorad do'n t-sluagh,
Ceol bu tartarach' siubhal,
Thionndadh tioma gu cruas:
Ceol mar smebrach a ghlinne,
Ceol a's binne na cuach;
Meoir gun bhraise, gun ghiorrach,
Dian ruith-leumnach, luath.

Bu sgiolta sealleadh do sheannsair,
Air port, 's air crunn-luath, 's air cuairt,
Fronnadh enaparra, lùghmhor,
Caismeachd shunntach 'san ruaig:

* John McQuithen, a piper in South Uist. He was a great companion and favourite of the bard. This elegy was composed while the piper was living.

Dheanadh gaisgeach de'n sglùraich,
Chuireadh diùn-laach na luaths,
Claidheau glasa 'gan rùsgadh,
Claignean brùit' aig luchd fuath.

'S iomadh aon tha ga' iundrain,
O'n chaidh ùir ort san uaigh ;—
An toiseach labhair an splùcan,
Bhiodh tu giùlan gach nair.
“ Tha mi féin gun tombaca,
Cha b'è cleachdadh a fhuair,
'S tric chuir lain fo m'aisne,
Greim, a's cairteal, a's cuach.”

Thuirt a ghloin' a bha'n Asdain,
“ Mo sgeul craiteach, ro chruaidh !
Dh-fhalbh mo shugradh, 's mo mhàran,
Thug am bàs leis lain Ruadh ;
Fear a chluicheadh a chlarsach,
Dheanadh dàn, agus duan,
Cha b'è Caluinn a chràmpaidh
Fònn a b'fhearr leis 'g a luaidh.”

Thuirt am pigidh bha tamh ris,—
“ Faigh an t-àra gu luath,
Cuir am chlaigeann-sa spàirt e,
Tha tart 's gach aite mu'n cuairt.
Thainig con-tròigh na pligbe,
Tha nithe guàthaichte bhuainn,
Cha bhi reothart gu bràth ann,
'S ann a thràigheas an cuan.”

Thuirt am buideal, 's am botal,
Thuirt an gòc ris an stòp,
Thuirt an copan, 's an t-slige ;
“ 'S mor an sgrios th'air tigh'n oirn.
Tha gach sruth air a dhùnadh,
Bha cuir a dh-ionnsaidh nan lòn,
Cha'n fhaighear drap air an ùrlar,
A fhliuchas brù Dhòmhnuill bìg.”

O'n dh-fhalbh an còmpanach sàr-mhath,
Dh-fhalbh an ràbhart, 's an spòrs,
Dh-fhalbh beannachd na cloinne,
'S e sheinneadh an ceòl.
Nis o rinneadh do chàradh
'N ciste chlàraich nam bòrd,
'S mor as mist iad am Phàro,
Gun fhear do ghuais a bhi beò.

Dh-fhalbh an deagh ghille cuideachd,
Nach robh sgrubail san bàd ;
Dh-fhalbh fear tràghadh nan searrag,
Chosgadh barrachd thar stòp.
Dh-fhalbh fear deanadh nan duanag
Leis an luaghte gach clò,
Cha b'è ghuais a bhi gearan,
Ge h-ioma ghain' thug dha pòg.

'S beag mo shunnt ri lath fèille,
'S beag mo speis dheth gach ceòl,
'S beag mo thlachd dhe bhi 'g eisteachd,
Gaoir theud flior nan cròe.
Leam a b'annsa do bhruidhean,
'N àm suidhe mu bhòrd,
Na droch dhreòchdan air fìdhill.
Mar fhuaim suithe an lòn.

Bha thu d' dhamhsair air ùrlar,
Bha thu siubhlach air snàmh ;
Bha thu d' chairiche lùghmhor,
Cha bhiodh tu d' luireich fo chàch.
Urram leum, agus ruithe,
Glac threun a ruitheadh an ràmh,
'San àm caitheadh na cloiche,
Bu leat an toiseach air càch.

Their mo shoraidh-sa tharais,
Dh-ionnsuidh 'n fhearainn ud thall ;
O nach faod mi bhi mar ribh,
'S leibh mo bheannachd san àm.
Biodh an uaigh air a treachladh,
Ann am fasau nach gann ;
Buideal rùn aig a chasau,
'S rol tombac aig a cheann.

AISEIRIGH IAIN RUAIDH.

LUINNEAG.

*Hò-rò gu'm b'èibhinn leam,
'Chluinntinn gu'n do dh-èirich thu,
'S ann leam a's ait an sgéula sin,
On chaidh an t-Eug cho teann ort.*

CHUALADH mi gu'n chailleadh thu,
'S gu'n do rinneadh t-fhalaire,
'S e cùis mu'n robh mi gearanach,
Do bhean a bhi na bantraich.

Ho-ro, &c.

Thug iad bho na h-òsdairean
Buideal an gu tòrradh dhut,
Mu bheireas mi gun òl orra,
'S e ni sinu seòrsa balunne.

Ho-ro, &c.

On tha giùbhas sàbhte agad,
'S gu'n d'rinn an gobha càirnean dut,
'S ann theannas sin ri bàta,
Theid do Phàro dh-iaraidh Braundai.

Ho-ro, &c.

Cha bhi dad a dh'éis oirre,
Gheibh i gach ní dh'fhéumas í,
Ní'n lion aodach a main-seol d'í,
'S gu'n dean na speicean craun d'í.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cha'n easbhuidh nach bi ballaibh ann,
Gu cuplaichean, 's gu tarrainnean,
Tha rípaichean gun ghainn' againn,
'S gu'n ceangail sinn gu tean iad.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cha'n eil m'iantinn gearanach,
O'n chuir thu dhíot an galar ud,
'S ann tha do phìob na deannal,
A toirt caithream air ceol damhsaidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bha thu ann san réiseamaid,
Bu sgairtail, tapaiddh, treubhach, thu,
Na h-uile fear a leumeadh ort,
Ghreadadh tu gun taing e.
Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bha thu na t-òganach,
Bu lionmhor àit' am b'eòlach thu,
Chunna' mis' an clòsaidean,
Ag òl an Amsterdam thu!
Ho-ro, &c.

ORAN CNAIDEIL

DO 'N OLLA LEODACH

LUNNEAG.

*Thugaibh, thugaibh, bò ! bò ! bò !
An Doctar Leodach 's biodag air,
Faicill oirbh san taobh sin thall
Nach toir e 'n ceann a thìota dhìbh.*

NUAIR bha thu a d'fhleasgach òg,
Bu mhòr-chuiseach le claidheamh thu,
Chaidh Ailean Muillear riut a chòmhrag,
'S leon e le bloidh spealun thu.
Thugaibh, &c.

Bha thu na do bhasbair còrr,
'S claidheamh-mòr an tarraunn ort,
An saighdear 's measa th'aig rìgh Deòrs',
Chòmhrageadh e Alasdair.
Thugaibh, &c.

Gu' bhiodh sud ort air do thaobh,
Claidheamh caol sa ghliogartaich ;
Cha'n eil falcag thig o'n tràigh,
Nach cuir thu oarr nan itean d'í.
Thugaibh, &c.

Biodag 's an deach an gath-séirg
Air crìos sell an luidealaich ;
Bha seachd oirlich oirr' a mbeirg,
Gur mairg an rachadh bruideadh dh'í.
Thugaibh, &c.

A bhiodag 's mios' th' anns an tìr,
'S a beart-chinn air chrith oirre,
Chnámh a faobhar leis an t-suith,
'S cha ghearr i 'n ìm na dh' itheadh tu.
Thugaibh, &c.

Claidheamh, agus sgàbard dearg,
S cearbach sud air amadan,
'Ghearradh amhaichean nan sgarbh,
A dh-fhagadh marbh gun anail iad.
Thugaibh, &c.

Cha nè deoch bhainne, na mbeig,
'S cinnteach mi rinn ucsa dhìot ;
Ach biadh bu docha leat nan t-ìm,
Giobainean nan gùgachan.
Thugaibh, &c.

'S iomad farspag rinn thu mharbhadh,
A's sùlair garbh a rug thu air,
A bhlianna sin, mu 'n deach thu 'n arm,
Chuir uibhean sgarbh cieoh-shlugain ort.
Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair theid thu na chreig gu b-ard,
Cluinnear gàir nan iseanan ;
'S mu thig am fulamair a d' dhail,
Sathaidh tu do bhiodag ann.
Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair a theid thu sa' Chreig-bhàin,
Cha mhòr do stà 'sna sgorrachan ;
Cha tig na h-eunlaith a'd' dhàil,
Le fàileadh do chuid drogaichean.
Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair a theid thu air an ròp,
A rìgh bu mhor do cudthrom air ;
Mu thig an cipean a's a ghrund,
Cluinnear plumb 'nuair thuiteas tu.
Thugaibh, &c.

Bu tu theannaicheadh an t-sreang
Cha'n bhi i fann mur bris thu í,
Direadh 's na h-iseanan a d' sgélth,
Air leam gu'm feum thu cuideachadh.
Thugaibh, &c.

Cha mharbh thu urrad ri càch,
Ge leathan laidir mogur thu ;
'S t-hìrm cha dian a bheag a sth,
Mur sgrìobar clàr, na praise leu.
Thugaibh, &c.

Note.—Dr M'Leod, the subject of this song, was a native of St. Kilda. He was some time abroad as surgeon to a Highland regiment, and on his return home he used to go about in his full uniform, in which the poet thought he made rather an odd figure.

BANAIS CHIOSTAL-ODHAIR.

LUINNEAG.

*A bhanais a bha'n Cìostal-odhar,
Ann an Cìostal-odhar, odhar,
A bhanais a bha'n Cìostal-odhar,
Cha robh othail chòir oirre !*

THAINIG fear a staigh ga'm ghriobadh,
Dh-iunse gu'n tainig am pigidh,
Fhuaras botul lionadh slige,
Bu bhinn glig a's crònan.
A bhanais, &c.

Thainig fear a nuas le mì-mhodh,
Gu e-féin a chuir an ìre,
Thòisich e air bleith nan ìnean,
Gu mì-fhìu a sgròbhadh.
A bhanais, &c.

Ach labhair mise gu fiadhaich :—
“Mas e mì-stath tha thu 'g iarraidh,
Gur dòcha gu'n cuir mi'n fhiacail,
Air iochdar do sgòrnain !”
A bhanais, &c.

Smaointich mi eiridh 'n-am sheasamh,
On bu ghu'n leam a bhà 'g radradh,
Olc na dheigh gu'n d'rinn mi ' leagadh,
'S bhuail mi breah san tòin air.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair a chaidh na fir gu riasladh,
Gu'n robh ceathrar dhiu sa ghriosaich ;
Am fear bu laige bha e'n iochdar,
'S thug iad mìrean beò as.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair a thoisich iad air builleam,
Cha robh mì-fhìu a' cur cuir dhìom,
Gus na mhuigh iad air mo mhuinneal,
'S air duileasg mo shròine.
A bhanais, &c.

An sin 'nuair a dh' eirich an trioblaid,
Thainig iad far an robh mise,
Thog iad mì mach thun na sìtig',
Theab gu'n ithe beò mi.
A bhanais, &c.

Thug iad a mach thun nan raointean,
Mar gun reachadh e ri caoirich,
'S am fear nach do sgròb iad aodann,
Bha aodach ga shròicheadh.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair thoisich iad air a chéile,
Stràdadh na fal' anus na speuran ;
Bha 'mìs' an ìite gan òisdeachd,
'S gun b' òibhinn an spòrs iad.
A bhanais, &c.

Bhuail iad air a chéile chnagadh,
Leig iad air a chéile shàdadh,
Shin iad air aithris na braide,
'S air cagnadh nan òrdag.
A bhanais, &c.

Fear ri caoineadh, fear ri aighear,
Fear na sheasamh, fear na laidhe,
Fear a pògadh bean-an-taighe,
Fear a gabhail òrain !
A bhanais, &c.

Cha robh ann ach beagan dìbhe,
Leig iad a dh-iunsaich an cridhe,
Bha fear a's fear aca rithist,
Gun bhruidhinn gun chòmhradh.
A bhanais, &c.

Sin 'nuair a labhair am fìdhleir :—
“Chuir sibh mo phuirt feadh na fìdhle ;
'S mis am fear gu'n tig an dìlunn,
Nach tuir sgrìob air ceòl duibh.”
A bhanais, &c.

DUGHALL BOCHANNAN.

DUGALD BUCHANAN was born in the parish of Balquidder, Perthshire, in the year 1716. His father was a small farmer, who also rented a mill. His mother was an excellent and pious woman ; but, unfortunately for him, she died when he was only six years old. His father gave him such education as he could afford ; and that appears to have been more than was commonly taught at country schools at that time. When he was only twelve years of age, he was sent to teach in another family, where he did not improve in his morals, as he learned to curse and swear. When he was farther advanced in life, he became loose and immoral, associating with bad company, and apparently regardless of the pious example that had been set before him by his mother. When he grew up, he was apprenticed to a house-carpenter in Kippen, where he did not continue long, till he removed to Dumbarton. Here he continued the same course of profane and sinful practice that afterwards caused him much trouble and remorse of conscience during many years, until he at last obtained peace with God, and became a sincere and eminent Christian. He does not appear to have settled long in any place, till the "Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge" appointed him schoolmaster and catechist at Kenloch Ranoch, in the year 1755. In this remote place he laboured with great pains and diligence in his calling during the remainder of his days ; and here he composed those hymns which will render his name as lasting as the language in which they are written. Besides the hymns, he wrote a diary, which was published in the year 1836, with a memoir of the author prefixed. From this memoir we shall copy a short abstract of his labours and diligence at Kenloch Ranoch. Although he was not a regular licentiate, he acted as a kind of missionary ; and exhorted, preached, catechised, and reproved, till he wrought a great reformation on the people in that district :—"Ranoch is an extensive district, in the parish of Fortingall. It is situated at a great distance from the church, and the clergyman visited it at long intervals. The people, therefore, instead of assembling on Sabbath to worship God, generally met to play at foot-ball. Moved with zeal for the glory of God, and grieved at the sins he witnessed, he zealously set about reforming the people, by convincing them of the sinfulness of their ways. Finding it impossible to bring them together for prayer or exhortation, he would follow them to the scene of their sinful amusements, and there reason with them about death and judgment to come. By the great and disinterested anxiety he manifested for their spiritual welfare, some of them were brought to a better observance of the Sabbath, by uniting with him in the worship of God. The impression made on the minds of those who came to hear him was such, that they persuaded their friends and neighbours to come also, which gradually drew a more numerous attendance. His piety and excellence of character becoming now

generally known, the numbers who flocked from all parts to hear him were so great, that the house in which they had hitherto met was insufficient to contain them: he therefore adjourned with the people to a rising ground on the banks of the Ranooh. Nor was he attended by those only among whom he lived, but by many from other remote parts, who were attracted by the fame of his piety. In addressing the people, his meek and gentle spirit led him to dwell most on the loftier motives—the more tender appeals with which the gospel abounds; but, to stubborn and determinate sinners, he was severe in discipline, encountering them with the terrors of the Lord, that he might win them to Christ.”

It is said that Buchanan assisted Mr Stewart of Killin in translating the New Testament into the Scottish Gaelic, and that he corrected the work while passing through the press at Edinburgh, in the year 1766. During his stay there he availed himself of the opportunity of attending the classes for Natural Philosophy, Anatomy, Astronomy, &c., which made a great impression upon his mind, and gave him more extensive views of the omnipotence and wisdom of the Divinity. He was, during either of these years, introduced to the celebrated David Hume the historian, who, having been informed of his excellent character, received him with great affability, and entered very familiarly into conversation with him on various topics.

While discussing the merits of some authors, Mr Hume observed that it was impossible to imagine any thing more sublime than the following lines which he repeated:—

“ The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision—
Leave not a wreck behind.”

Buchanan at once admitted the beauty and sublimity of the lines, but said that he had a book at home from which he could produce a passage still more sublime, and repeated the following verses:—“ And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works.”*

He published his “*Hymns*” about the year 1767. The demand for this little work has continued since, and every year adds to its popularity—a sure proof of its merit. There have been at least fifteen editions of it printed; while of the works of the celebrated bards, Macdonald and Macintyre, there have been only four editions.

Our author continued his useful and pious labours at Ranoch till his death, which happened on the second of June, 1768, when he was seized with fever, which carried him off in the fifty-second year of his age. During his illness he was frequently delirious, and in that state would sing of the "Lamb in the midst of the throne." In his lucid intervals he expressed his full hope in the resurrection of the just, and his desire to depart and be with Christ. The people of Ranoch wished his remains to be buried among them, but his relations carried the body away to their own country, and he was buried in the burying-ground of the Buchanans at Little Lenny, near Callander. In his person he was considerably above the middle size, and rather of a dark complexion, but upon a close inspection his countenance beamed affection and benevolence. Among his intimate acquaintance he was affable, free, jocular and social, and possessed much interesting information and innocent anecdotes, in consequence of which his company was much sought after by all the families in the country. In his dress he was plain and simple, wearing a blue bonnet and a black dress, over which he generally wore a blue great-coat. After his death his widow removed to Ardoch, where she remained till the time of her death. He left two sons and two daughters: one of the latter was alive in 1836.

As a poet, Buchanan ranks in the highest class. Endowed with great power of imagination, and full of moral and religious enthusiasm, his poetry is at once fervid, lofty, and animated; and invariably calculated to promote the cause of religion and virtue. Those distinguishing qualities have rendered him the most popular poet in the language; and we may safely assert, that his popularity will endure as long as the language in which he has written is understood.

"*The Day of Judgment*" is the most popular poem in the language. It displays great force of imagination, and fixes the mind on the sublime and awful scenes of a world brought to an end, amidst the wreck of elements, and the assemblage of the whole human race to judgment.

"*The Scull*" is full of good poetry, with appropriate reflections on the vanity of mortal enjoyments. It shows the fierce tyrant and the lowly slave—the haughty chief and the humble tenant—the mighty warrior and the blooming virgin—the mercenary judge and the grasping miser—all reduced to one level, the grave; to feed the lowly worm and the crawling beetle.

"*The Dream*" contains useful lessons on the vanity of human pursuits, and the unsatisfactory rewards of ambition. The following lines ought to be remembered by every one who envies greatness:—

"Cha 'n 'eil neach o thrioblaid saor,
A' measg a' chinne-daonn' air fad
'S co lionmhor osna aig an rìgh,
Is aig a neach is isle staid."

"*The Winter*" begins with a vivid description of the effects of that season, and the preparation of men and animals to provide food and shelter. The poet then draws a comparison between the winter and the decline of human life, warning the old man to

prepare for his future state, as the husbandman prepares food and fuel for winter—to imitate the prudent foresight of the ant and the bee, and not the idle and improvident fly, dancing joyously in the sunbeams till he perishes by the winter's frost. This excellent poem is deservedly admired as one of the finest specimens of didactic poetry in the Gaelic language.

LATHA' BHREITHEANAIS.

Am feadh 'ta chuid is mo de'n t-saogh'l
Gu'n ghaol do Chrìosd, gu'n sgionn d'a reachd,
Gu'n chreideamh ac' gu'n tig e ris,
'Thoir breith na fìrin air gach neach.

An adal peacaidh 'ta'd nan suain,
A' brúadar pailteas de gach nì;
Gu'n umbail ac' n' nair thig am bàs,
Nach meal iad Pàrras o'n àrd Rìgh.

Le cumhachd t-fhacail Dhé tog suas,
An sluagh chum aithreachais na thrà,
Is beannaich an Dàn so do gach neach,
Bheir seachad éisteachd dha le gràdh.

Mo smuaintean talmhaidh Dhé tog suas,
'S mo theanga fuasgail ann mo bheul;
A chum gu'n labhrainn mar bu chòir,
Mu ghloir 's mu uamhuun latha Dhé.

Air meadhon oidhch' 'nuair bhios an saogh'l,
Air aomadh tharais ann an suain;
Grad dhùisgear suas an cinne-daoin',
Le glaoth na trompaid 's airde fuaim.

Air neul ro aird nì fhollseach' fèin,
Ard aingeal treun le trompaid mhoir;
Is gairmidh air an t-saogh'l gu léir,
Iad a ghrad éiridh chum a mhòid:—

“O cluinneibh uile chlann nan daoine,
Nis thainig ceann an t-saogh'l gu beachd;
Leumaibh 'nar beatha sibh 'ta marbh,
Oir nis gu dearbh 'ta Ios' air teachd.”

Is seididh e le sgàl cho chruidh,
'S gu 'n cuir e sleibhte 's cuan 'nan ruith;
Grad chlisgidh na bhios marbh 'san uaigh,
Is na bhios beo le h-uamhunn crith.

Le osaig dhoinionnaich a bheil,
An saogh'l so reubaidh e gu garg,
'S mar dhùn an t-seagain dol 'na ghluais,
Grad bhrùchdaidh 'n uaigh a nìs a mairbh.

'N sin cruinnichidh gas cas in lumb,
Chaidh chur san àraich fad o chéil;
'S bidh farum mòr a measg nan cnàmh,
Gach aon diu' dol 'na h-ite fein.

Mosglaidh na fireanaich an tùs,
Is dùisgear iad gu léir o'n suain,
An anamaibh turlingidh o ghloir,
Ga'n còmhlaichadh aig beul na h-uaigh.

Le eibhneas togaidh iad an ceann,
'Ta h'm am fuasglaidh orra dù;
Is mar chraoibh-mheas fo iomlan blàth,
Tha dreach an Slànuifheir 'nan gnùis:

Tha obair Spiorad naomh nan gràs
Air glanadh 'n nàduir o 'n taobh steach;
'S mar thrusgan glan 'ta ùmhlachd Chrìosd,
Ga'n deanamh sgiamhach o'n taobh 'mach.

Dùisgear na h-aingidh suas 'n an dèigh,
Mar bhéisdibh gairisneach as an t-slochd;
'S o ifrinn thig an anama truagh;
Thoir coimeamh uamhasach da 'n corp.

'N sin labhraidh 'n t-anam brònach truagh,
R'a choluinn oillteil, uamhar, bhreun,
“Mo chlaoidh! ciod uim' an d'éirich thu
Thoir peanas dùbailt oirn le chéil?”

“O! 'n eigin dòmhsa dol aris,
Am prìosan neo-ghlan steach a'd' chré?
Mo thruaighe mì, gu'n d'aontaich riamh,
Le t-anamiana brùdeil fèin!

“O'm faigh mi dealach' rint gu bràth!
No 'n tig am bàs am feasd a'd' chòir!
'N drùigh teine air do chnaimhean iarain!
No dibh-fheirg Dhé an struidh i t-fheòil!”

Eiridh na rìghrean 'e daoine mòr,
Gun smachd gun òrdugh ann nan làimh;
'S cha'n aithn' ear iad a measg an t-sluaidh,
O 'n duine thruagh bha ac' na thràill.

'S na daoine uaibhreach leis nach b' fhiù,
Gu 'n ùmhlaicheadh iad féin do Dhia ;
O faic anis iad air an glùn' ;
A' deanamh ùrnuigh ris gach sliabh :—

“ O chreagan tuitibh air ar ceann,
Le sgáirneich ghairbh de chlachan cruaidh,
Is sgriosaiibh sinn á tír nam beò,
A chum 's nach faic sinn glóir an Uain.”

Amach ás uambaidh gabhaidh 'thriall
An diabhol 's a chuid aingle féin,
Ge cruaidh e 's éigin teachd a lath'r,
A' slaadadh shláibhraidh a's a dhéigh.

'N sin fásaidh ruthadh ann san spéur
Mar fháir na maidne 'g éiridh dearg ;
Ag innse gu'm beil Iosa féin,
A' teachd na déidh le latha garbh :

Grad fhosglaidh a's a chéil na neòil,
Mar dhorus seòmair an ard Rìgh,
Is foillsichear am Breitheamh mór,
Le glóir is greadhnachas gun chrich.

Tha 'm bogha-frois mu'n cuairt da cheann,
'S mar thuil nan gleann tha fuaim a ghuth ;
'S mar dhealanach tha sealladh sùl,
A' spùtadh a's na neulaibh tiugh.

A ghrian àrd-lòcharan nan spéur,
Do ghloir a phearsa géillidh grad ;
An dealradh drillseach thig o ghnòis,
A solus mùchaidh e air fad.

Cuiridh i uimpe eulaidh bhròin,
'S bidh 'ghealach mar gun dòirt 'oirr' fuil,
Is crathar cumbachdan nan spéur,
A' tilgeadh nan réull a's am bun.

Bidh iad air uideal ann san spéur,
Mar mbeas air géig ri ànradh garbh ;
Tuíteam mar bhraonaibh dh-uisge dlù,
'San glóir mar shùilean duine mhairbh.

Air charbad teine suidhidh e,
'S mun cuairt da béucaidh 'n tairneanach,
A' dol le ghairm gu crìoch na nèamh,
'S a'reub nan neul gu doinnionach.

O chuibhlhbh 'charbaid thig amach,
Sruth mor de theine laist' le féirg ;
Is sgaoilidh 'n tuil' ud air gach taobh,
A' cur an t-saogh 'l na lasair dheirg.

Leagbaidh na Dùile 'nuas le teas,
Ceart mar a leaghas teine céir ;
Na enuic 's na sléibhte lasaidh suas,
'S bidh teas-ghoil air a' chuan gu léir.

Na beanntan iargalt nach tug seach,
An stòras riamh de neach d'au deòin,
Ta iad gu fàlaidh taosgadh 'mach,
An ìonmhais leaght' mar abhainn mhòir.

Gach neach bha sgriobadh cruinn an òir,
Le sannt, le dò-bheirt, uo le fuil ;
Làn chaisgibh 'nis 'ur 'n iota mòr,
'S a nasgaidh blaibh dheth o'n tuil.

O sibhse rinn 'ur bun do'n t-saogh 'l,
Nach tig sibh 's caoinibh e gu geur,
'N uair tha e 'gleacadh ris a bhàis,
Mar dhuine Rìdir dol do'n eug.

A buisle chleachd bhi fallain fuar,
Ri mireag uaibhreach feadh nan gleann,
'Tha teas a chléibh 'ga 'n smùidreadh suas,
Le goilbhbh buaireis feadh nam beann.

Naich faic sibh 'chrith tha air mu'n cuairt,
'S gach creag a' fuasgladh ann 's gach sliabh,
Nach cluin sibh osnaich throm a bhàis,
'S a chridhe sgàineadh stigh 'n a chliabh.

An cùrtein gorm tha null o'n ghréin,
'S mu'n cuairt do'n chruinne-ché mar chleòc,
Crupaidh an lasair e 'r a chéil,
Mar mheilleig air na h-eibhleac beò.

Tha 'n t-adhar ga thacbd' le neula tiugh,
'S an toit 'na meallaibh dubh dol suas
'S an teine millteach spùtadh 'mach,
'Na dhualaibh cairsreagach mu'n cuairt.

Timecheall a' chruinne so gu léir,
Borb-bheucaidh 'n tairneanach gu bras ;
'S bidh 'n lasair lomadh gloir nan speur,
Mar fhàloisg ris na sléibhte càs.

Is chum an doinnion ata suas,
O cheithir àirdibh gluaisidh 'ghaoth ;
Ga sgiùrs' le neart nan aingle treun,
Luathach an léir-sgrìos o gach taobh.

Tha obair na sè là rinn Dia,
Le lasair dhian ga cuir 'fa sgaòil,
Cia mor do shàibhreas Rìgh na 'm fear,
Nach iunndrain casgradh mhile saogh 'l !

'M feadh tha gach nì 'an glaic an éig,
'S a chruitheachd gu léir dol bun-osceann,
Teannaidh am Breitheamh oirne dlù,
A chum gach cùis a chur gu ceann.

'N sin gluaisidh e o àird nan spéur,
Air cathair a Mhòrachd féin a nuas,
Le greadhnachas nach facas riamh,
'S le dhiadhachd sgeadaichte mun cuairt.

Ta mìle tairneanach 'na laimh,
A chum a naimhde sgrios am feirg,
Is ionn-chrith orr' gu dol an greim,
Mar choin air èill ri h-am na seilg.

Aingle gun àireamh tha 'na chuir,
Le 'n sùilean suidhichte' air an Rìgh,
Chum ruith le òrdughan gun dàil,
'S na h-uile àit ga'n cur an gnìomh.

O Iudas thig a nis a lathair,
'S gach neach rinn bràithreas riut a'd ghnìomh,
An dream a dh'aicheadh creideamh Chrìosd,
Na reic e air son nì nach b'fhiach.

A shluagh gun chiall thug miann do'n òr,
Roimh ghloir is eibhneas flaitheas Dé,
'Ur malairt ghòrach faicibh nìs,
'S an sgrios a thug sibh oirbh féin.

'S a mhuinntir uaibhreach leis 'm bu nàr,
Gu 'n cluinnte cràbhadh dh'ì 'n ur teach ;
Faicibh a ghlòir 's na b' iognadh leibh,
Ged dhruid e sibh á riogh'chd amach.

O Herod faic a nis an Rìgh,
D' an tug thu spid is masladh mor,
Ga sgèadachadh le trusgan ruadh,
Mar shua' na sgallais air a ghloir.

Nach faic thu Breitheamh an t-saoghail gu léir,
'S mar eudach nime 'n lasair dhearg ;
A' teachd thoirt duais do dhaoine còir,
'S a sgrios luchd dò-bheirt ann am feirg.

Is thusa Philat tog do shuil,
'S gu'm faic thu nìs' a mùthadh mòr ;
An creid thu gur h-e sud an Tì
A rinn thu dhiteadh air do mhòd ?

An creid thu gur e-sud an ceann,
Mun d' iath gu teann an sgitheach gear,
Na idir gur i sud a ghnùis,
Air na thilg na h-Iùdhaich sìle breun !

'M bu leoir gu'n theich a ghrian air chùl,
A' dìoltadh fianuis thoirt do'n gnìomh ?
Cìod uim' nach d'fhuair a chruitheachd bàs,
'N uair chéusadh air a chrann a TRIATH ?

Cuiridh e aingle 'mach gach taobh,
Chum ceithir ghaithaibh 'n domhain mhòir,
A chuairteachadh gach aon do'n t-sluagh,
A steach gu luath a dh'ionnsuidh 'mhòid.

Gach neach a dh' àitich coluinn riamh,
O'n ear 's o'n iar tha nise' teachd,
Mar sgaoth de bheachaibh tigh'n mu ghéig,
An déidh dhaibh eiridh 'mach o'n sgeap.

'N sin togaidh aingeal glormhor suas,
Ard bhratach Chrìosd da'n suaich'neas fùl ;
A chruinneachadh na ghluais sa choir,
'S da fhulangas rinn dòigh a's bun.

Do m'ionnsuidh cruinnichibh mo naoimh,
Is tionailibh gach aon de'n dream,
A rinn gu dileas is gu dlù,
Le creideamh 's ùmlachd ceangal leam.

'N sin tionsgnaidh 'm Breith' air cùis an là,
A chum a naimhde chor fo bhinn,
Is fosglaidh e leabhraichean suas,
Far am beil peacadh 'n t-sluaigh air chuimhn' :

Fosglaidh e 'n eridhe mar an ceudn',
Air dhoigh 's gur léir de'n h-uile neach,
Gach uamharrachd bha gabhail tàmh,
Air feadh an àrais ud a steach :

'N uair ch' an sealladh so dhiubh féin,
Is dearbh gur léir dhaibh ceartas Dhia ;
'S bidh 'n grunaidh a leaghadh as le nàir
Nach lugha cràdh na teine dian.

Togaidh an trompaid 'ris a fuaim,
" Na labhradh a's na gluaisceadh neach ;"
Air chor gu'n cluinn gach beag a's mòr,
A bhrèith thig air gach se'rs' amach.

" A dhaoine sanntach thréig a chòir,
'S a leag 'ur dòchas an 'ur toir,
A ghla's gu teann 'ur eridhe suas,
'S a dhruid 'ur cluas ri glaoth nam bochd.

" An lomnochd cha do dhion o'n fhuachd,
'S do'n acrach thruagh cha d'thug sibh biadh,
Ged lion m' féin 'ur cisd' de lòn,
'S 'ur treuda' chur a'mòd gach bliadhn'.

" Nì bheil sibh iomchuidh air mo riogh'chd,
As eugmhais firinn, iochd, a's graidh ;
'S o reub sibh m' iombaidh dhìbh gu léir,
Agraibh sibh féin 'nar sgrios gu bràth.

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" A nathraiche millteach 's oillteil greann,
Cha binn leam eol 'ur sramtaich àrd,
'S cha 'n éisd o'r teagaidh ghoibhaich cliù,
Le driùchd a phuinneis air a blàrr.

" Is sibhs' thug fuath da m' òrduigh naomh.
Is leis nach b'ionnmhuinn eamh mo theach ;
Leis 'm bu bhliadna suidhe uair,
Am àros tabhairt cluais do m' reachd.

" Cionnas a mhealas sibh gu bràth,
A'm' sheirbhhis sàbaia sùiorruidh bhuan
Na cionnas bheir 'ur n-anam gràdh,
De'n ni da'n tug 'ur nàdur fuath ?

" Luchd mì-ruin agus farmaid mhbìr
Da'n doruinn iomlan sonas chàich,
Le doilghius geur a' cnàmh 'ur erì,
Mu aon neach oirbh féin bheir barr.

" Cia mar a dh-fheudas sibh gu bràth,
Làn shonas ìiteach ann an glòir ;
Far am faic sibhse mìlte dream,
Ga'n ardach' os bhur ceann gu mbr ?

" Am fad 's bu léir dhuibh feadh mo rògh'ehd,
Neach b' ìirde inbhe na sibh féin ;
Nach fadadh mì-run 's farmaid eùirt,
Tein' ifrinn duibh a'm flaitheas Dé ?

" Is sibhs' 'an slighe na neo-ghlòin ghluais,
'S gu sùraicht' tbruail an leaba phòsd ;
Gach neach a thug do m' naomhachd fuath,
Ga'n tabhairt suas gu toil na feol'.

" Mar b' ionmhuinn leibh bhì losgadh 'n teas,
'Ur n-nabhair, dheasaich mi dhuibh fearg,
Leaba dearg theth 'san laidh sibh sìos,
Am brachaibh-lìn de lasair dheirg.

" Ged bheirinn sibh gu ròghachd mo ghloir,
Mar mhucan steach gu seòmar rìgh ;
'Ur nàdur neoghan bhiodh ga chràdh,
Le'r miannaibh bàsachadh chion bìdh.

" Gach neach tha iomchuidh air mo rògh'ehd,
Teannaibh sibhse chum mo dheis,
Is cruinnichibh seachad chum mo chli,
A chrìonach o na crannaibh meas."

" N sin tearbainidh e chum gach taobh,
Na caoraich o na gobhraibh lom ;
Ceart mar nì'm buachaille an tréud,
'N uair chuairtaicheas e sprèidh air tom.

" N sin labhraidh e ri luchd a dheis,
" Sibhse ta deasaichte le m' ghràs,
Thigibhse, seallbhaichibh an ròghachd,
Nach faic a sonas crìoch gu bràth.

" Spealg mise 'n geat' bha oirbhe dùinnt',
Le m' ùmhblachd 's m' fhulangas ro-ghéur ;
'S dh-fhogail an t-sleadh gu farsuinn suas,
Am leith-taobh doras nuadh dhuibh féin.

" Chum craoibh na beath' ta 'm Pàrrais Dé,
Le h-èibhneas teannaibh steach da còir ;
'S a fearta iongantach gu léir,
Dearbhadh 'ur n-uile chréuchd 's bhur leòn.

" An claidhe ruisgte bha laist ga dìon,
O laimh 'ur sìumsir Adhamh 's Eubh,
Rinn mise truail dhè m' chridhe dhà,
'S a lasair bhàth mi le m' fhuil féin.

" Fo dosraich ùrair suidhibh sìos,
Nach searg 's nach erìon am feasd a blàth ;
'S mar smeòraichean a measg a geug,
Chum molaidh gléusaibh bìnn bhur càil.

" Le 'maise sàsaichibh 'ur sùil,
Is oirbh fo sgàil cha drùigh an teas,
O 'duilleach cùraidh ùlaibh slàint ;
Is bith'bh neo-bhàsmhor le a meas.

" Gach uile mheas tha 'm Pàrrais Dé,
Ta nis gu leir neo-thoirnisgt' dhuibh ;
Ithibh gun eagal o gach géig,
A uathair nìmh cha ténn a chaoidh.

" A's uile mhiann 'ur n-anma féin,
Lan shàsaichibh gu léir 'an Dia,
Tobar na firinn, iochd, a's graidh,
A mhaireas làn gu cian na 'n cian.

" Mòr-innleachd ionghantach na slàint,
Sior rannsaichibh air aird 's air leud,
'S feadh oibriche mo ròghachd mhòir,
'Ur n-eòlas ciocrach cuiribh' meud.

" Ur n-cibhneas, mais' 'ur tuigs', 's 'ur gràdh,
Bithheadh gu sìorruidh fàs nì 's mò ;
'S cha choinnich sibh aon ni gu bràth.
Bheir air 'ur n-anam cràdh no leòn.

" Cha 'n fhaca sùil, 's eha ehuala cluas,
Na thaig m' suas de shonas duibh,
Imichibh, 's biodh 'ur dearbhachd féin,
Sior-innse sgéin duibh air a chaoidh."

Ach ris a mhuinntir th'air a chli,
O ! labhraidh e 'na dhìogh'ltas cruaidh,
" A chuideachd nach d'thug gràdh do Dhin,
A chum an diabhuil sìubhlaidh uam.

" 'S mo mhallaichd maille ribh gu bràth,
A chum 'ur cràdh 's 'ur cur gu pian,
Gluaisibhse chum an teine mhbìr,
Ga'r ròsdadh ann gu cian uan cian."

Mar sgàin an talamh a's a eheil,
'N uair gabh e teaghlach Chòrach steach,
Ceart laimh rin fosglaidh 'n uaigh a beul,
'S i miannanaich air son a creich.

Is mar a shluig 'm lunc-mhara mhòr,
Iònas 'n uair chaidh 'thilgeadh' mach,
Nì slugan dubh an dara bàis,
A charbad iathadh umpa steach.

San uamhaidh taobhaidh iad ri chèil,
A ghluais nam beath' gu h-éucorach;
Luchd mhionn a's mort a's fianuis bhréig;
Luchd misg a's reubainn 's adhaltrais.

Mar chualaig dhris an ceangal teann,
An slabhraidh tha gach dream leo féin;
'S an comunn chleachd bhí 'n caidreamh dlù,
Mar bhioran rùisgte dol nan crè.

Mar leoghan garg fo' chuibhreach cruaidh,
Le thoscaibh reubadh suas a ghlais;
An slabhraidh cagnaigh iad gu dian,
'S gu bráth cha ghearr am fiacian phrais.

Bidh iad gu sìorruidh 'n glaciaibh 'bhais,
'S an cridh' ga fhàsgadh asl' le bròn,
Ceangailt air cuan de phronnug laisd'
'S a dheatach uaine tachd an sròn.

Mar bhàirneach fuaighte ris an sgeir,
Tha iad air creagaibh goileach teann;
Is dìbh-theig Dhé a' seideadh 'chuain,
Na thonnaibh buaireis thar an ceann.

'N tra dhùineas cadal cruaidh an sùil,
Teas feig 's an-dochas dùsgidh iad;
A chnuimh nach bàsaich 's eibhle beò,
A' cur an dòruinn shìorruidh 'meud.

Air ifrinn 'n uair a gheibh iad sealbh,
S lìn-dearbhadh co gu'n toir iad cìs,
Faodaidh sinn pàirt d'an gearan truagh,
Chuir anns na briathraibh cruaidh so sìos.

"O staidh na neo-nì 'n robh mi 'm thàmh,
Cìod uime dh-àrdach Dia mo ceann!
Mo mhille mallachd aig an là,
'N do gabh mo mhathair mi' na broinn.

"Cìod uime fhuair mi tuigse riamh?
No ciall a's reusan chum mo stiùir?
Cìod uim' nach d'rinn thu cuileag dhìom?
Na durrag dhìblidh ann san ùir?

"Am maire mi 'n so gu saogh'l nan saogh'l!
'N tig crìoch no caochladh orm gu brath,
Am beil mi nis san t-sìorrachd bhuan,
A' snàmh a' chuain a ta gun tràigh!

"Ged àireamh uile reulta nèimh,
Gach féur a's duilleach riamh a dh-fhàs,
Mar' ris gach braon a ta sa' chuan,
'S gach gaineamh chuairticheas an tràigh.

"Ged chuiream mìle bliadhna seach,
As leith gach aon diubh sud gu léir,
Cha d'imich seach de'n t-sìorrachd mhòir,
Ach mar gu 'n tòisicheadh i 'n dé.

"Ach O! 'n do theirg tròcair Dhia!
'S am pian e mi gu saogh'l nan saogh'l!
Mo shlabhraidh 'n lasaich e gu bráth!
No glas mo lámh an dean e sgaol!

"M bi 'm beul a dh-ordaich Dia chum seinn,
Air feadh gach linn a chliù gun sgios,
Mar bhalagan-séididh fadadh suas,
Na lasraich uain' 'an ifrinn shìos!

"Ged chaidh mo thruaighe thar mo neart,
Gu deimhinn féin a's ceart mo bhinn;
Ach c'fhada bhios mi 'n so ga m' chràdh,
Mu'm bi do cheartas sàitheach dhìom!

"No 'm bi thu dìolte dhìom gu bráth,
'N deach lagh an nàduir chuir air càl?
Mo thruaighe mi! 'n e so am bàs
A bhagair thu air Adhamh 'n tùs?

"Air sgà' do dhìol'tas mi bi thu 'sniomh
Snàthain mo bheath' gu sìorruidh caol?
Nach leoir bhì mìle bliadh'n ga m' losg'
As leith gach lochd a rinn mi 's t-saogh'l?

"Ged lean de dhìol'tas mi gu m' chùl,
Cha 'n àrdaich e do chliù, a Dhé,
'S cha'n fhuil dè d' Mhorachd t-fhearg a chosg,
Air comharadh cho hochd rium féin.

"O Dhia! nach sgrios thu mi gu tùr?
'S le d' chumhachd cuir air 'm anam crìoch,
'S gu staid na neo-nì tilg mi uait,
Far nach 'eil fulang, smuain, no gnìomh.

"Ach O! se so mo thoillt'neas féin
Is nì'm beil éu-coir buntainn rium;
Oir dhiùlt mi tairgse shaor de Chrìosd,
'S nìor ghabh mi d'a fhuil phrìseil suim.

"Mo choguis dìtidh mi gu bráth,
An fbianuis bha ga 'm chàineadh riamh;
An-ìochd no éu-coir ann mo bhàs,
Cha leig i chràdh 'm feasd air Dia.

"Aitheanta thilg mi air mo chùl,
A's ruith mi dùrachdach gu'm sgrios,
Is 'thianuis féin a' m' chridhe mhòch,
A' druid' mo shùile roimh mo leas.

"Cia meud an dìogh'l'tas tha dhomh' dual
A's leith mo pheacaidh uamhor dān
Am peac' thug dù'lan do dh-fhuil Chrìosd,
'S a dh-fhàg gun éifeachd brìgh a bh' is.

"Gidheadh nach 'eil de Bhuidhean fein,
Neo-chrìochanach gu léir o chian?
'S an toir mo chiont air ìochd a's gràdh,
Gu'm fas iad crìochuachd ann an Dia?

" An comas dnt mo thilgeadh uat
Far nach cluinn do chluas mo sgread ?
'M beil dorchadas an ifrinn féin
Far nach bu léir do Dhia mo staid ?

* * * * *

" Ge truagh mo ghuidhe cha'n eisdar i,
A's fois no féth cha'n fhaidh mi chaoidh'
Ach beath' neo-bhásmhor teachd as ùr,
Gu'm neartach' ghiùlan tuille claoidh."

Ach stad mo rann a's pill air t-ais
O shlochd na casgraidh dhein a nìos,
Is feuch cionnas a bheir thu seòl
Do'n dream tha beò nach teid iad sìos.

A leughadair a'm beil e fìor,
Na chuir mi cheana sìos am dhàn ?
Ma se 's gu'm beil thig s' lùb do ghluìn
Le ùrnuigh 's aithreachas gun dàil :—

" A dh-ionnsuidh lèsa teich gu luath,
A' gabhail gràin a's fuath do d' pheac',
Le creideamh fìor thoir ùmhachd dhà,
An uile àith'nta naomh a reachd.

" Gabh ris na h-oifigibh gu léir,
'S ri h-aon diubh na cuir féin do chùl ;
Mar Fhàidh, mar Shagart, 'us mar Rìgh,
Chum slàinte, dìdean, agus iùil.

" Biodh eiseimpleir am beach do shùil,
Chum d' uile ghluasachd 'stiùir da reir,
'S gach meadhon dh-ordàich e chum slàint'
Bi féin g'an gnàthachadh gu leir.

" As 'fhireantachd dean bua a mhàin,
'S na taic gu bràth ri d' thoill'tneas féin ;
'S mas àill leat eifeachd bhì na ghràs,
Na h-altrum peacadh dàimh a'd' chré.

" Mar sin ged robh de chionta mòr,
Chum glòir do 'Thighearn' saorar thù,
Is chum de shonais shiorruidh féin,
Air fead gach rè a' seinn a chliù."

AN CLAIGEANN.

'S mi 'm shuigh aig an uaigh,
Ag amharc ma bruaich,
Feuch claigeann gun snuadh air làr ;
Is thog mi e suas,
A' tiomach' gu truagh,
Ga thionndadh mu 'n cuairt am laimh.

Gun àille gun dreach,
Gun aithne gun bheachd ;
Air duine theid seach 'na dhàil ;
Gun fhiacail 'na dheud,
No teanga 'na bheul,
No slugan a ghleusas càil.

Gun ruthadh 'na ghruaidh
'S e ràisgte gun ghruaig ;
Gun eisdeachd 'na chluais do m' dhàn ;
Gun anail na shròin,
No àile de'n fhòid,
Ach lag far 'm bu chòir bhì àrd.

Gun dealradh 'na shùil,
No rosg uimpe dùn',
No fradharc ri h-iùil mar b' abh'sd.
Ach durragan crom,
A chleachd bhì san, tom,
Air cladhach' da tholl 'nan àit.

Tha n' eanachainn bha 'd chùl,
Air tionndadh gu smùr,
Gun tionnsgal no sìrd air t-fheum .
Gun smuainteach' a'd' dhàil,
Mu philleadh gu bràth,
A cheartach' na dh-fhag thu 'd dheidh.

Cha 'n innis do ghnùis,
A nise co thù,
Ma's rìgh mo ma's dìuc thu féin
'S ionann Alasdair mòr,
Is trall a dhì lòn,
A dh-eug air an òtrach bhreun.

Fhir chlaghach na h-uaigh ;
Nach cagair thu 'm chluais,
Co 'n claigeann so fhuair mi 'm laimh ?
'S gu 'n cuirinn ris ceisd,
Mu gnàth mu 'n do theasd ;
Ge nach fregair e' m' feasd mo dhàn.

'M bu mhaighdean deas, thu,
Bha sgìamhach a'd' ghnùis,
'S deagh shuidheach' a'd' shùil da reir ?
Le d' mhaise mar lìon,
A' ribeachd mu chrì',
Gach òganaich chì'dh thu féin.

Tha nise gach àdh,
Bha cosnadh dhut graidh,
Air tionndadh gu gràin gach neach ;
Marbhaig air an uaigh,
A chreach thu do'n bhuaidh,
Bha ceangailt ri snuadh do dhreach.

No 'm breitheamh ceart thù,
Le tuigs' agus iùil,
Bha reiteach gach cuis do'n t-sluagh ;

Gun aomadh le pàirt',
Ach dìteadh gu bàs,
Na h-eucoir bha daicheil cruaidh ?

No 'n do reic thu a chòir,
Air ghlacaid de'n òr,
O 'n dream da 'n robh stòras pailt ?
Is bochdainn an t-sluaigh,
Fo fhoirneart ru chruaidh,
A fulang le cruas na h-aire.

'S mar robh thusa fìor,
Ann a t-oig am binn,
'S gun d'rinn thu an dìreach fiar ;
'S cho chiunteach an nì,
'N uair thainig do chrìoch,
Gu 'n deachaich do dhìt' le Dia.

No n' robh thu a'd' leigh,
A' leigheas nan creuchd,
'S a' deanamh gach eugcail slan ?
A t-ioc-shlaintibh mòr,
A' deanamh do bhòsd,
Gu 'n dibreadh tu chòir o'n bhàs ?

Mo thruaighe ' gun thréig,
Do leigheas thu fein,
'N uair bha thu fo eugcail chruaidh ;
Gu'n fhognadh gun stà,
Am purgaid no m' plàsd,
Gu d' chumail aon trà o'n uaigh.

No 'n seanalair thù,
A choisinn mor chliù,
Le d' sheoltachd a stiùireadh airm ?
Air naimhdean toirt buaidh,
Ga 'n cur ann san ruaig,
'S ga 'm fàgail nan cruachan mairbh.

'N robh du chlaidheamh gun bheirt,
No 'n dh-fhàg thu do neart,
'N uair choimnich thu feachd na h-uaigh,
'N uair b' eigin dut geill',
A dh-aindeoin do dhéud,
Do dh' armailt' de bhéistean truagh ?

Tha na durraig gu treun,
Ri d' choluinn' eur scéis,
'S a' coisneadh ort feisd gach là ;
Is claigeann do chinn,
'Na ghearasdan dìon,
Aig daolagan diblidh 'n tàmh.

Pàirt a' cladhach' do dhéud,
A steach ann a' d' bheul,
'S cuid eile ri reub' do chluas ;
Dream eil nan sgùd,
Tigh n amach air do shùil,
A' spùinneadh 's a' rùsg' do ghruaidh.

No m' fear thu bha pòit,
Gu tric 's an taigh òsd,
'S tu cridheil ag ùl nan dràm ?
Nach iarradh dhut fein
De fhlaithneas Dé,
Ach beirm à bhi 'g eiridh a' d' cheann ?

Nach iarradh tu 'chròil,
Ach mionnan mu'n bhòrd,
Is feuchainn co 'n dùrn bu chruaidh :
Mar bho no mar each,
Gun tuigse, gun bheachd,
'S tu brùchdadh 'sa sgèith mu'n chuaich ?

Na 'n doin' thu bha ghluas'd
Gu ceanalta suaire,
Gu measara stuam mu a' bhòrd ;
Le miannaibh do chré,
Fo chuibhreacadh geur,
'N am suidhe gu feisd 's gu sògh ?

No 'n gedcaire mòr,
Bha gionach air lòn,
Mar choin an am feòlach dearg ;
A' toileach' do mhiann,
Bha duilich a riar,
'S tu geilleadh mar Dhia do d' bholg ?

Tha nise do bhrù,
Da 'n robh thu a' lùb',
De ghaineamh 's do dh' ùir gle làn,
'S do dheudach air glas',
Mu d' theangaidh gun bhlas,
Fo gheimhleachaibh prais a bhàis.

No 'm morair ro nhòr,
A thachair am dhòrn,
Neach aig an robh còir air tìr ;
Bha iochdmhor ri bochd,
A' clùthach' nan nochd,
Reir pailteas a thoir 's a nìth ?

No 'n robh thu ro chruaidh,
A' feannadh do thuath,
'S a' tanach' an gruaidh le mál ;
Le h-agartas geur
A glacadh an spréidh
'S am bochdainn ag éigheach dàil ?

Gu'n chridh' aig na daoion',
'Bh' air lomadh le b-aois,
Le 'n claigeannan maioia truagh ;
Bhì seasamh a' d' chòir,
Gun bhoineid 'nan dòrn,
Ge d' tholladh gaoth reit' an cluas.

Tha nise do thràill,
Gun urram a' d' dhàil,
Gu ghearsom', gu nhlà, gu mhòd ;

Mor-mholadh do'n bhàs,
A chasgair thu trà,
'S nach d' fhuilg do stràic fo'n fhòd.

No 'm ministear thù,
Bha tagradh gu dlù,
Ri pobull 'an ùghdaras Dé ;
Ga 'm pilleadh air ais,
Bha 'g imeachd gu bras,
Gu h-ìfrinn na casgradh dhein ?

No 'n robh thu gun sgoinn,
Mar mhuinne mu chloinn,
Gun chùram a h-oighreachd Dhé ;
Na 'm faigheadh tu 'n rùsg,
Bha coma co dhiù,
M' an t-sionnach bhì stiùireadh 'n treud ;

Leam 's cinnteach gun d' fhuair,
Do dheanadas duais,
'N uair raibig thu 'm Buachaill' mòr ;
'N uair chuartich am bàs,
A steach thu 'na laith'r,
Thoir cunntas a' d' thàlant' dò.

No 'n ceann thu bha làn,
De dh-innleachdan bàis,
Gu seolta ga 'n tath' 'r'a cheil ;
G'an cur ann an gnìomh,
Gun umbail gun fhiamh,
A freagra' do Dhia 'nan deigh ?

'N robh teanga nam breug,
Gun chuibhreach fo d' dheud,
A' togail droch sgeul air càch ;
Gath puinsein do bheil,
Mar naithir a' teum,
'S a' lotadh nan ceud gach là ?

Tha i nise na tamh,
Fo cheangal a bhàis,
Gun sgainneal a' plàigh na dùthch' ;
A's durraga grannd,
Air lobhadh 'na h-àit,
An deigh dhaibh cnàmh gu cùl.

'S an lean thu do ghnàths,
Gu leabaidh do bhàis,
Gun tionndadh na thrà ri còir ;
Car tamull na h-uair,
Dean fàitheas de'n uaigh,
Gus an gairmear thu suas gu mòd.

Mar losgann dubh grànd,
Ag iomairt a smàg,
Gu 'n eirich thu 'n àird o'n t-slochd ;
Thoir coinneamh do Chriosd,
'Na thighinn a ris,
A dh' fhaotainn làn dìol a' t-olc.

'N uair theid thu fo bbinn.
Ni cheartas do dhìt' ;
Ga d' fhògradh gu sìorruidh uaith ;
Gu lasair ga d' phian,
Chaidh dheasach' da'n Diabh'l,
'S a mballachd gu dian 'ga d' ruag.

'N sin crnaidhichidh Dia
Do chnaimhean mar iar'n,
'Is t-fheithean mar iallaibh prais ;
Is teannaichidh t-fheòil
Mar innein nan òrd,
Nach cnàmh i le moid an teas.

No 'n ceann thu 'n robh ciall,
Is eolas air Dia,
'S gu'n d' rinn thu a riar 'sa chòir ;
Ged tha thu 'n diugh ruisgt',
Gun aithe', gun iùil,
Gun teanga, gun sùil, gun sròn.

Gabh misneach san uaigh,
Oir eiridh tu suas,
'N uair chluineas tu fuaim an stòlc,
'S do thruaileachd gu leir,
Shios fàgaidh tu'd' dheigh,
Aig durragan brenn an t-sluic.

Oir deasaichidh Dia,
Do mhaise mar gbrian,
Bhiodh ag eiridh o sgiath na m' beann ;
'Cur fradharc ro gheur,
'S na suilean so féin,
'S iad a' dealradh mar reull' a' d' cheann.

Do theanga 's do chàil,
Ni ghleusadh gun dàil,
A chantainn 'na àros cliù ;
Is fosglaidh do chluas,
A dh-eisteachd ri fuaim,
A mholaidh th' aig sluagh a chhùirt.

'N uair dhealraicheas Chriosd,
Na thigheachd a ris,
A chruinneach' na 'm tìrean snas ;
'N sin bheir thu de leum,
Thoir coinneamh dha féin,
Mar iolair nan speur aig luaths.

'N uair dh-eireas tu 'n àird,
Grad chuiridh ort fàilt,
A mhealtainn a' chàirdeas féin,
Gun dealach' gu bràth,
R'a chomunn no ghràdh,
A steach ann am Pàrras Dé.

Fhir 'chluinneas mo dhàn,
Dean aithreachas trà,
'M feadh mhairas do shlaimt 's do bheachd ;

Mu'n tig ort am bàs,
Nach leig thu gu bràth,
Air geata nan gràs a steach.

AM BRUADAR.

Ara bhith dhomhsa ann am shuain
A' brùdar dìamhain mar tha càch,
Bhì glacadh sonais o gach nì;
Is e ga'm dhìbreadh ann's gach àit.

Air leam gun tainig neach am chòir,
'S gu'n dubh'rt e rium :—" Gur gòrach mi,
Bhì smuainteach greim a ghleidh do'n ghaoith,
No fos gu'n lion an saogh'l mo chrì.

" Is dìamhain dut bhì 'g iarraidh sìmh,
'N aon nì' no'n ait air bith fu 'n ghréin;
Cha chlos do d' chorp an taobh so 'n uaigh,
No t-anam 'n taobh so shuaimhneas Dé.

" An tra dh'ith Adhamh 'a meas an tùs,
Am peacadh dhrùigh e air gach nì;
Lion e na h-uile nì le saoth'r,
Is dh-thàg é 'n saogh'l na bhriste crì.

" Air sonas 'anma chaill e chùir,
Mar ris gach sùlas bha'n sa gharr'
O sin ta 'shliochd nan deoiribh truagh;
Mar uan a mearachd air a mbàth'r.

" Rì meilich chruaidh ta'd ruith gach nì,
'An duil gu 'm faigh an inntinn cìos;
Ach dhaibh tha 'n saogh'l gun iochd no truas,
Mar mhuime coimbeich shuair gun tlls.

" Mar sin tha iad gun fhois no tàmh,
Ga 'n sùrach' glacadh faileas breig;
'S a' deoth'l toil-inntinn o gach nì,
Is iad mar chiochan seag nam beul.

" Bidh teanndachd eigin ort am feasd,
'S do dhòchas faicinn fuasgladh t-fheum,
An còmhnuidh dhut mar fhad do lèimh;
Ach gu brath cha'n fhaigh dheth grèim.

" Cha teagaisg t-fheuchain 's dearbhadh thù,
O dhùil is earbsa chuir sa' bhreig,
A rinn do mhealladh mìle uair,
'S cho fhada bhuat an diugh san dè.

" An nì bu mho da'n tug thu miann,
Nach dh-fhag a mhealtuinn riann e searbh?
Tha tuille sonais ann an dùil,
Na tha'n an crùn le bhì na sheilbh.

" Ceart mar an ròs a ta 'sa' ghàr',
Crìon seargaidh bhàl 'nuair theid a bhuain;
Mu'n gann a ghlacas tu e d' làimh,
Grad threigidh fhàileadh e 'sa shuaidh.

" Cha 'n eil neach o thrioblaid saor,
Am measg a 'chintie daoine' air fad,
'S co lionmhòr osna aig an rìgh,
Is aig an neach is isle staid.

" Tha 'smùdan fein ós ceann gach fòid
Is dòruinn eangailt' ris gach math;
Tha'n ròs a fàs air drisean geur,
'S an taic' a cheil tha mhil san gàth.

" Ged fhaic thu neach 'an saibhreas mòr
Na meas a shòlas bhì thar chàch;
An tobar 's gloine chì do shùil,
Tha ghrùid na iochdar gabhail tàmh.

" 'S mu chuireas t-anail e 'na ghluais,
Le taruinn chabhaig suas a'd' bheul,
Dùisgidh an ruaghan dearg a nìos,
'S le gaineamh lionaidh e do dheud.

" 'S ged fhaic thu neach 'an inbhe aird,
Tha e mar nead am bàrr na craoibh;
Gach stoirm a bagra' thilgeadh nuas,
Is e air luasgadh leis gach gaoith.

" An neach is fearr tha 'n saogh'l a riar,
Tha fiaradh eigin ann 'na staid,
Nach dean a sheòltachd a's a strì,
Am feast a dhireachadh air fad.

" Mar bhata' fiar an agbaidh eheil,
A ta o shuidheach' fein do-chur;
A reir mar dhìreas tu a bharr,
'S cho chinnteach nì thu cam a bhun.

" Na h-Iudhaich thionail beag no mòr,
Do'u Mhana dhòirteadh orra 'nuas;
'N tra chuir gach neach a chuid's a chlàr,
Cha robh air bàrr no dadum uaith.

" Mar sin a tha gach sonas saogh'l't,
A ta thu faotainn ann a d' làimh,
Fa chomhair saibhreas, 's inbhe cùirt
Tha caitheamh, cùram agus cràdh.

" Ged chàrn thu òr a'd' shlige suas,
Fa chomhair fàsaidh 'n luaith da reir,
Is ge do chuir thu innte riogh'chd,
A mheidh cha dìrich i na deigh.

" Tha cuibhrionn iomchuidh aig gach neach,
'S ged tha thu meas gur tuille b' fhearr;
Cha d' thoir an t-anabharr tha'n an sud,
Am feasd an cudrom a's a' chràdh;

" O fionnlas t-inntinn tha do phian ;
A' diùlta' 'n diag na dh'iarr thu 'n dé ;
Cha chomasach an saogh' l do riar,
Le t-auamianna 'n aghaidh chéil.

" Na 'm faigheadh toil na feol a rùn,
D'a mianna brudeil dh'iarradh sath ;
Flaitheas a b' airé' cha'n iarrach i,
Na annta sud bhi siorruidh 'snàmh.

" Ach ge do h' ionmhuino leis an fheòil,
Air talamh còmhachadh gach ré ;
Bhiodh dùrachd t-ardain agus t-naill,
Cho ard a shuas ri Cathair Dhé ;

" Ach nam b' aill leat sonas buan,
Do shlighe tabhair suas do Dhia,
Le dùrachd, creideamh agus gràdh,
Is sàsaichidh e t-uile mbiann.

" Tha 'n cuideachd sud gach ni san t-saogh' l,
Tha 'n comas dhaoine shealbhaich' fìor ;
Tha bhiadh, a's eudach agus slàint,
Is saorsa, càirdeas, agus sìth."

'An sin do mhosgail a's mo shuain,
Is dh-fhag mo bhrùadar mi air fad ;
Ghrad leig mi dhìom bhi ruith gach sgàil,
Is dh-fhàs mi toilichte le m' staid.

A N G E A M H R A D H.

Nis theirig an samhradh,
'S tha 'n geamhradh teachd dlù oirn,
Fìor nàmhaid na chinneas,
Teachd a mhilleadh ar dùthcha ;
Ga saltairt fo chasaibh,
'S d'a maise ga rùsgadh ;
Gun iochd ann ri dadum,
Ach a' sladadh 's a' plùndruinn.

Sgaol oirne a sgiathan,
'S chuir e ghrìan air a chùlthaobh ;
As an nead thog e 'n t-àlach,
Neo-bhàigheil 'gar sgiùrsadh ;
Socachd iteagach gle-gheal,
O na speuran tigh'n dlù oirn,
Clacha meallain 's gaoth thuatbach,
Mar luaidhe is mar fhùdar.

'N uair shéideas e anail,
Cha 'n fhag anam am fùran ;
Tha bhilean mar shìosar,
Lomadh lios de gach òr-ros ;

Cha bhi sgeadach air coille,
No doire nach rùsg e ;
No sruthan nach tachd e,
Fo leachdannan dù'-ghorm.

Fead reòta a chleibhe,
Tha seideadh na doinionn,
Chuir beirm ann san fhairege,
'S a dh' àt' garbh i na tonnan ;
'S a bhiuntich an clàmbuinn,
Air àirde gach monaidh,
'S ghlan sgùr e na reultan,
D' ar péile len solus.

Tha gach beathach a's duine,
Nach d' ullaich 'na sheasan,
Ga 'n sgiùrsadh le gaillionn
Gun talla' gun eudach ;
'S an dream a bha gnìomhach,
'Fas iargalt mì-dhéireil ;
Nach toir iasad do leisgean,
Ann san t-sneachda ged éug e.

Tha 'n seillein 's an seangan,
A bha tional an stòrais,
Le gliocas gun mhearachd,
A' toirt aire do'n dòruinn ;
'G ithe bidh 's ag òl meala,
Gun ghainne air lòn ac,
Fo dhion ann san talamh,
O anail an reòta.

Tha na cuileagan ciatach,
'Bha diamhaio san t-samhradh,
'S na gathagan gréine
Gu h-eibhinn a' damhsa ;
Gun deasach 'gun chùram,
Roi' dhùlachd a gheamhraidh ;
A nise a' dol b' s',
Aon 's gach àite le teanntachd.

Ach eisd rium a shean-duin',
'S tuig an samhlaidh tha 'm stòri',
Tha 'm bàs a tighin teann ort,
Sud an geamhradh tha 'm òran ;
'S ma gheibh e thu a' d' leisgein,
Gun deasach' fa' chòdhail,
Cha dean lùthreachas crìche,
Do dhionadh o'n doruinn.

Gur mìthich fàs diaghaidh,
'S do chiabhan air glasadh,
'Na 'm beàrnaibh do dheudach,
Is t-eudann air casadh,
Do bhathais air rùsgadh,
'S do shùilean air prabadh,
Agus erbit ort air lùbadh,
Chum na h-uire do leaba'.

Tha na sruthanan craobhach,
Bha sgaoileadh a' d' bhallaibh,
Gu mireagach buailteach,
Clis gluasadach tana ;
A nise air traoghadh
O n' taomachadh thairis,
O'n a ragaich 'sa dh-fhuaraich
Teas nabhar na fala.

Balg-seididh na beatha,
Tha air caitheamh gun fheum ann,
'S o chrup ann a' d' chliabh e,
Gur h-e phian bhi 'ga sheideadh
Tha 'n corp a chruit chiùil nd,
Air diùltadh dhut gleusadh ;
'S comhar cinnt' air a thasgaidh,
Bhi lasach' a theudan.

Theich madainn na h-òige,
'S trebhir mheadhon latha
Tha 'm feasgar air ciaradh,
'S tha ghrian ort a laidhe ;
'S mu bha thusa diambain,
Gun gnìomh 's gun mhaithreas ;
Gu h-ealamh bi d' dhùsgadh,
Mu'n dùinear ort fàitheas.

'Reir caithe na beatha,
'S tric leatha gun crìoch i ;
Bidh an cleachadh fàs làidir,
Do fhàsach o'n inntinn ;
Na labhair an sean-fhacal.
'S deimhin leam 's fìor e,
" An car theid san t-seana-mhaid'
Gur h-ainmic leis dìreadh."

Ach ògnaich threibhich
Thoir-s' éisdeachd do m' òran,
'S leig dhìot bhi mì-chéillidh,
Ann an céitein na h-òige ;
Tha aois agus ea-slaime,
Air do dheigh ann an tòir ort ;
'S mu nì h-aon aca gréim ort,
Pillidh t-eibhneas gu bròn dut.

An aois a tha 'n tòir ort,
Bheir i leon ort nach saoil thu ;
Air do shuillean bheir ceathach,
Is treabhaidh sì t-aodann ;
Bheir i crith-reodh' mu d' ghruaig',
Is neul uaine an aoig leis,
'S cha toig aiteamh na grian ort,
'Bheir an liath-reodh a chaoidh' dhìot.

Bheir nì's measa na sud ort,
Fàilne tuigs' agus reusain ;
Dith leirsinn a' t-inntinn ;
Dith cuimhn' agus géire ;

Dith gliocais chum gnothaich ;
Dith mothach a'd' cheudfath
'S gu'm fàs thu mar leanabh,
Dhì spionnaidh a's céille.

Fàsaidh 'n cridhe neo-aithreach,
'S neo-ealamh chum tionndadh,
Aon tagra' cha drùigh air,
'S cha lùb e d'a ionnsuidh ;
Ceart mar tha 'n talamh,
'N am gaillinn a's teanndachd ;
Ged robh mìltean 'dol thairis,
Cha deau aile sa' chausair.

Faic seasain na bliadhna,
'S dean ciall uath a tharruinn ;
'S mas àill leat gu'm buain thu,
Dean ruadhar 'san earrach ;
Dean connadh san t-samhradh,
Nì sa' gheamhradh do gharadh ;
'S ma dhìbreas tu 'n seasan,
Dhut 's eigin bhi fàlamh.

'S mar cuir thu siol fallain,
Ann an earrach na h-òige,
Cho chinnteach 's am bàs dut,
Cuiridh Sàtan droch phòr ann ;
A dh-fhàsas 'na dhubhaile,
'S 'na luidheannan fèlphor ;
'S bidh do bhuain mar a chuir thu,
Ma's subhaile no dù-bheirt.

Ma bhios t-òige gun riaghladh,
'S t-anamianan gun taod riu,
Gum fàs iad cho fiadhaich,
'S nach srìan thu ri t-aois iad ;
Am meangan nach suiomh thu,
Cha splon thu 'na chraoibh e ;
Mar shineas e ghéugan,
Bidh shreumhan a' sgaoileadh.

Tha do bheatha neo-chinnteach
O 'n teinn a bheir bàs ort,
Uime sin bi ri dìcheall
Do shith dheanamh trùthail ;
'S e milleadh gach cùise
Bhi gun chùram cur dàil innt' ;
'S ionann aithreachas crìche,
'S bhi cur sìl mu Fheill-màrtuinn.

Tha ghrian ann sua speurailh
A' ruith ròise gach latha ;
'S i 'giorrach' do shaghaill,
Gach oidhe a laidheas ;
'S dlù ruitheas an spàla,
Troì' shnathaibh do bheatha ;
Tha' fighe dhut leine,
Nì beisdean a chaitheamh.

'S ma ghoideas e dhù ort,
 Gun do dhùil bhì r'a thighinn ;
 'N sin fosglaidh do shùilean,
 'S chì thu chùis thar a mìthich ;
 Bidh do choguis 'ga d' phianadh,
 Mar sgian ann a d' chridhe ;
 'S co-ionann a giùlan,
 'S laidhe ruisg' ann an sgitheach.

Faic a chuileag 'ga dèicheadh
 Le sìontaibh an nàduir,
 'S o na dhibhir i 'n seasan,
 Gur h-eigiu d'i bàsach' ;
 Faic gliocas an t-seangain,
 Na thionail cho tràthail,
 'S dean eiseimpleir leanail,
 Chum t-anam a shàbhal'.

DAIBHIDH MAC-EALAIR.

DAVID MACKELLAR, commonly called *Daibhidh nan Laoidh*, was another religious poet. The time of his birth is not known. He lived in Glendaruel after the beginning of last century. He was blind, and the people in that country still preserve some traditional accounts of him and of the manner in which his hymn was composed, the most striking of which is that after having composed it his sight was restored. In his youth he composed some profane pieces. The time of his death is likewise uncertain, but a grand-daughter of his lived in Glasgow not many years ago. This hymn was first published in Glasgow about the year 1752. It was so very popular in the Highlands that many persons got it by heart that had never seen the printed copy.

LAOIDH MHIC-EALAIR.

MOLADH do'n Tì 's airde glòir,
 An Tì 's modha no gach neach ;
 Cruithear an t-saoghail gu léir,
 Da'n cubhaidh dhuinn géill' air fad.

'S tu rinn an domhan 's na th' ann,
 Na cuaintean domhain, 's am fonn ;
 'S chuir thu iasg g'a altrum ann,
 'S thug thu ciall gu ghlacadh dhuinn.

Rinneadh leat gealach a's grian,
 Thogail fianuis air do ghloir ;
 Cha'n aithris mi a mìle trian,
 De chruthachadh an Dia is mò.

'S tu rinn na reultan air fad,
 A riaghlachadh gu ceart nan tràth ;
 Gheall thu maraon fuachd a's teas,
 Foghar ma seach agus Màirt.

'S tu rinn na h-ainglean air fad,
 Tha 'n t-abharsair fo d' smachd gu mòr :
 Air slabhruidh laidir aig do Mhac,
 Cumail a neart o theachd oirnn'.

Rinneadh leat an duine' rìs,
 A réir t-iomhaidh chum do ghloir ;
 Ach chaill e 'n oidhreacht ud gun luchd,
 'S cha'n fhuasgalar i le òr.

'S tu chuir am fradharc na cheann,
 Chuir thu falt tro chlaigeann lom ;
 Thug thu cluas gu cisteachd dha,
 'S gluasad a chuirp o na bhonn.

Chuir thu Adhamh an cadal trom,
 Chaidh léigh nan gràs os a cheann ;
 'S de dh-aisinn bho thaoibh do rinn
 A bhean, o'n do ghin gach clann.

Chuir thu e 'n gàradh nan seud,
 Far an robh éibhneas a ghràidh ;
 Dh-ith a bhean an sin a meas,
 'S dh-thuilig i 's a sliechd am bàs,

Cha robh a teasargain aig neach,
 O'n a chumhanta rinn i bhris ;
 'N trà ruisgeadh an sgeudachadh ceart,
 Bha chuis na h-cagal an sin.

Ach moladh do dh' Ard-Rìgh nam feart,
O nach b' àill leis teachd d'ar sgrìos;
'Nuair chunnaic e Adhamh na aire,
Rinn e cumhnant' nan gràs ris.

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

Crochadh e ri crann an aird,
'S an t-sleagh sàite tro a chorp;
Crùn geur na péine chuir mù cheann,
Fhuair mac Dhé le nàmhde lot.

Crùn sgithich, an aite crùn rìgh,
Mar thailceas, 's mar dhì-mens mòr;
Domblas agus fion geur,
'N deoch a thug iad dha ri h-òl.

Na tàirnean g'an cur an sàs,
Am bosaibh a lamh le òrd;
'S fuil a chridhe ruith á thaobh,
Ceannachd bu daoire nan t-òr.

'Nuair chaidh Crìosd gu péin a bhàis,
'S a dh' fhuilig e air son an t-sluagh;
Sguilt brat an teampuill sìos gu làr,
'S dhùisg na mairbh an aird o'n uaigh.

Chreathnaich an talamh trom, le crith,
Air a ghrein gu'n tainig smal;
Le feirg Dhé, do chrath e 'n sin;
Dh-fhuilig Crìosd am bàs rè seal.

Dh-adhlac iad an t-Uan fo líc,
Thug e buaidh, san uaigh cha d' fhan;
As a bhàs thug e gheur-ghuin,
'S dh-eirich an treas là gun smàil.

Na shuidh' aig deas-laimh athar a ta,
Crìosd le gràsan os ar ceann;
A' cur oifig sagairt an gnìomh,
A' deasachadh a rioghachd dhuinn.

Thig an t-am san tig mac Dhé,
Creidibh sud gur sgeula fìor.
Le multibh nàil' de dh' àinglibh treun,
Thoirte oirne breith a réir ar gnìomh.

'N sin seinnear an trompaid gu h-ard,
Leis na b-àinglean 's àille smagh;
Eiridh na mairbh an aird o'n ùir,
'S bheir e cùntas uaith' an cuan.

Liubhradh gach uaigh na fhuair i-féin,
'S cha bhi neach de'n trèud air chall;
Nachdar iad uil' am fiadhuais Dé,
'S e Mhac féin is breitheamh ann.

Bithidh iadsan soilleir an sin,
Mar sholas dealrach an dreach;
Thig Crìosd nan coinneamh le gean,
'S bith sith an comunn nam flath.

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

Cuirear na gobhair air laimh chli,
Chum triall gu prìosan a' bhròin;
Druidear suns, 's gur cruaidh an sgeul,
Flath-Innis Dhé air an sròin.

Mallaichidh 'n nighean a mathair,
Mallaichidh mhathair a clann;
'S mallaichidh 'n t-athair a mhac,
Nach do ghabh a smachd 'na àm.

'S iomadh sgairteach, a's gul geur,
Ri h-am cluintinn sgeul an craidh;
Mallachadh a chéile gu léir,
Sgarachdainn ri Uan a ghràidh.

Sin là an dealachaidh bhoichd,
G'an sgarachdainn a dh'aindeon rint;
G'an sgiursadh gu h-aineal an luigs,
'S gun duil aig anam tigh'n' as.

An teach d'a mìleadh cuirear iad,
Fo dhioghaltas an Ard-Rìgh;
Gun duil ri furtachd no ri bàs,
Gu bràth, cha tig iad a nìos.

Fasaidh 'n cuirp cho chruaidh ri prais,
Mar iurunn an cas san lamh;
G'an cumail beo ann an sìor phian,
Teine dian gun fhurtachd là.

Gach non là mar bhlianna bhuan,
An lagann loisgneach, cruaidh an sàs;
G'an biodairt le teas a's fuachd,*
Sud an duais ge fad an dàil.

* The ancient Caledonians entertained the idea that hell was a cold and inhospitable place, as the following stanza from an old poem will show:—

" 'S maig a roghnaicheas Ifrinn fhuar,
'S gur h-i uamh nan droigheann geur,
Is beag orm Ifrinn fhuar, fhuich,
Aite bith-bhuan is searbh deoch."

The following lines from *Dàn an Fhir Chlaoin* give it this character:—

" I sin allaidh na fèdine,
Led' thigh-cheò as le t-uamh-bhéisdean
A thir nam pian gun bhàidh gun bhàigh,
Dol ad dhàil be sud mo dhèisinn."

Latha cha bhi ann na dheigh,
Falaichear na reultan 's a ghrian ;
Sgrìosar an snoghal gu leir,
'S neach cha téid an toll bho Dhia.

M'achanaich riuts', air sgàth do mhic,
Meadaidh mo ghliocas le gràs ;
'S thoir dhomh mathanas 's gach eòis,
Seal m'an druid mo shuil le bàs.

ROB DONN.

ROBERT MACKAY, otherwise called *Rob Donn*, was born in the winter season of the year 1714, at *Allt-na-Caillich*, in the parish of Durness, in the county of Sutherland, and in that part of the county, properly enough, till of late, designated by its inhabitants and others, "Lord Reay's country," and in the native tongue "*Dùthaich Mhic-Aoidh*," or, "The country of the Mackay." The bard was not the eldest son of his father; he had three brothers, of whom nothing remarkable is remembered. His father, Donald Mackay, or Donald Donn, is not remembered to have been of any poetic talent; but his mother's talents of that description are known to have been more than ordinarily high. She was remarkable for the recital of Ossian's poems, and the other ancient minstrelsy of the land. She lived to a very advanced age; and we have heard an instance of singular female fertitude evinced by her at the age of eighty-two. Having had the misfortune to break her leg, while tending her sheep at a considerable distance from home, she bound it up, contrived to get home unassisted; and while afterwards enduring the operation of setting the fracture, she soothed the pain by *crooning* a popular air.

If local scenery could be really imagined conducive in any way to the formation or training of poetic genius, of a truth the nursery of our bard might well lay claim to that merit—"the emblem of deeds that *were* done in its clime." The surrounding localities of his native spot, we believe, are not surpassed in picturesque grandeur by any other in the Highlands of Scotland.

Rob Donn might say of himself, with Pope, that "he lisped in numbers." Ere he had yet but scarcely obtained even the power of lisping, an anecdote is recorded of his infant age of no ordinary description, though homely enough in its history. At the wonted season of making provision for the winter, according to the country's fashion, by slaughtering of beeves, our bard's father, on one occasion, happened to slaughter two, one of which was found inferior in quality to the other. The small-pox, at the time, was committing mournful devastations among the youth of the neighbourhood. While busied in the necessary avocation of curing their winter's beef, the father says, "Now, the best of this beef is not to be touched till we have seen who survives the small-pox to share it." The infant bard, scarcely yet able to articulate or walk, on hearing this, exclaimed, "'S olc a' chuid sin do 'n fhear a dh' fhalbhas!" i. e. "He who departs will have a bad share of it, then!" "True, my boy," said the father, "and yours will never be a bad share, while you remain able to use it."

The first verse he is said to have composed, was when he had attained only his third year. Its occasion indeed testifies that his age could not have been much more at the time. It was the country's fashion for children, when they had little more than left the nurse's lap, to be dressed in a short frock, or cassock, formed close to the body round the waist, and buttoned at the back. A tailor had fitted our youthful author with such an habiliment, and next morning the child was anxious to exhibit it; but his mother, and the domestics, having been summoned early to some out-door pursuits, Robert became anxious to get abroad in his new garb, but found himself quite defeated in every attempt to button it on. He took the alternative of sallying forth in a state of nudity; when, being met by his mother coming towards the house, she chided him for being seen in this state. Robert's defence was made in the following stanza:—

“ 'S math dhomhsa bli 'n diugh gun aodach,
Le slaodaireachd Mhurchaidh 'Ic Neill,
Mo bhroilleach chur air mo chùlthaobh,
'S gun a dhùnadh agam fhéin!”

reproaching the tailor for the trick he had played him, in placing the buttons behind, and lamenting his own inability to accommodate the new dress to his person. His next exhibition of poetic promise was given in the same year, we are told, in the harvest season, when all the inmates of the family were employed in reaping. An old woman, who acted as nurse to the children, was on this occasion called to the sickle. She complained that the more active labourers had jostled her out of her place, and left her only to reap the straggling stunted stalks that grew in the border furrow. While muttering her disappointment, Robert, scarce able but to creep at his nurse's elbow, endeavoured to rally her with a verse:—

“ Bi-sa dol a null 's a nall,
Gus a ruig thu grunnud na clais',
Cha 'n 'eil air, ma tha e gann,
Ach na tha ann a thoirt as.”

At the age of six or seven years, he attracted the particular attention of Mr John Mackay, the celebrated *Iain Mac-Eachuinn*, a gentleman of the family of *Sherray*, then living on the neighbouring farm of *Musal*. This gentleman, of poetic talents himself, prevailed with our author's parents to allow their child to come into his service, or rather into his family, at the early age we have mentioned. In this family our author remained as a servant from this age till the period of his marriage. Here he experienced liberal treatment, and sincere, unvaried kindness, of which he ever retained a lively and grateful recollection, especially towards his master; and it is no trifling praise to both, that though they once or twice latterly had a difference, the bard's esteem and affection returned when the casual excitement had passed; and when it lay upon his mind, he was never once known to have given it the least utterance in any shape bordering upon disrespect,

and after his death the bard composed an admirable elegy to his memory, which combines as forcible, energetic description of character and conduct, with as pure poetic power as can be found in any poetry of its kind. The bard most feelingly and pathetically concludes it with a solemn appeal of his having mentioned no virtue or trait of which he was not himself a witness.

A youth of our author's poetic mind could not be expected to remain long a stranger to the more tender susceptibilities of his nature. Nor has he left us in ignorance of his first love. It is the subject of one of his finest songs :—" *'S trom leam an àiridh,*" &c. Here his passion breathes with an innocent, simple faithfulness, with an ardour and truth of poetic recital, that no lays of the kind can perhaps surpass.

After his marriage, Rob Donn first resided at the place of *Bad-na-h-achlais*, then probably forming a part of his late employer's tenure. It was, we believe, soon after this period, that Robert was hired by Lord Reay to the office of a cow-keeper, at that time an office, though a humble one, of considerable responsibility and trust. In this station he continued for the greater part of his after life-time. We have not been able to ascertain dates with precision, to say whether it was before or after having accepted this office that our bard enlisted as a private soldier in the first regiment of Sutherland Highlanders, which was raised in 1759. He did not enlist so much as a soldier, as he was urged by the country gentlemen holding commissions in that corps, and as he himself felt inclined to accompany them. The regiment was reduced in 1763, and our bard returned to his home.

Though we have said that he spent mostly the after period of life, since he entered the service of Lord Reay, in that office, it was not without interruption. He left his servitude at one time, and we are inclined to think it was then he went into the military service. While he had charge of Lord Reay's cattle, and his wife of the dairy, during the summer months, it was also his province to look over them during the winter months : and it became a part of his duty, or an employment connected with it, to thresh out corn for supplying the cattle with fodder. To the laborious exercises of the flail, the bard could never submit. He employed servants to perform this part of his duty. That was, however, taken amiss, and he was told that he must himself wield the flail or leave the situation. He chose the latter alternative ; and removed, with his family, to the place of Achmore, in that part of the parish of Durness which borders upon Cape Wrath. Indeed, though we have no decided authority for the supposition, we are inclined to believe that the difference between him and his noble employer originated in another cause than that ostensibly alleged. The bard had been dealing his reproofs rather freely. No feeling of dependance, no awe of superior rank or station, ever restrained him from giving utterance to his sentiments, or from enjoying his satire, whenever what he conceived to be moral error, or evil example, called for reproof. And this was dealt with the dignity that belongs to virtue, refusing, as he always did on such occasions, to compromise that dignity by indulging in personal invective. But whatever was the cause of the difference that occasioned his removal, he was soon recalled, and left not the service again during the life of the chief.

Robert continued to attend his usual avocations till within a fortnight of his death, which took place on the 5th August, 1778, being then aged 64 years. The death of the bard caused a universal feeling of sadness, not only in his own native corner, but over the whole county. It might be said that there was no individual but mourned for him as a friend: those only excepted whose continued immoralities and errors had rendered them objects on which fell with severity the powerful lash of his satire.

His stories of wit and humour were inexhaustible; and, next to superior intelligence and acuteness of mind, formed perhaps in his every-day character the most distinguishing feature. He had ever a correct and delicate feeling of his own place; but if any one, high or low, superior or equal, drew forth the force of his sarcasm upon themselves, by assuming any undue liberty on their part, it was an experiment they seldom desired to repeat. His readiness and quickness of repartee often discovered him where he had been personally unknown before. At one time, when travelling northward through a part of Argyllshire, he met by chance with Mr M'Donald of Achatriochadan, well known in his own country as a man of notable humour and distinguished talents. Robert addressed to this gentleman some question relative to his way; and giving a civil answer, Mr M'Donald added, "I perceive, my man, by your dialect, you belong to the north—what part there?" "To Lord Reay's country." "O! then, you must know Rob Donn!" "Yes I do, as well as I know myself. I could point him out to you in a crowd," "Pray do inform me, then, what sort of person he is, of whom I have heard so much." "A person, I fear, of whom more has been spoken than he well deserves." "You think so, do you?" The last answer did not please the inquirer, who was poetic himself, thinking he had met with too rigid a censurer of the northern bard, and the conversation ceased, while they both proceeded together on their way. After a pause, Mr M'Donald, pointing to Ben-Nevis, which now rose in the distance before them, says, "Were you ever, my man, at the summit of yonder mountain?" "I never was." "Then you never have been so near to heaven." "And have you yourself been there?" "Indeed I have." "And what a fool you have been to descend!" retorted the bard, "are you sure of being ever again so high?" M'Donald had caught a tartar. "I am far deceived," said he, "if thou be not thyself Rob Donn!" The bard did not deny it, and a cordial friendship was formed between them.

To Rob Donn's moral character testimony has already been borne. It was uniformly respectable. To those acquainted with what may well be denominated the moral and religious statistics of the bard's native country at that time, and happily still, it will furnish no inconsiderable test not only of his moral but of his strictly religious demeanour, that he was chosen a ruling elder, or member of the Kirk Session of the parish of Durness. In that country such an election was never made where the finger of scorn could be pointed at a blemish of character. It scarcely requires to be told, that his society was courted not alone by his equals, but still more by his superiors in rank. No social party almost was esteemed a party without him. No public meeting of the better and the best of the land was felt to be a full one, without Rob Donn being there.

In the bosom of his own humble but respectable family, we have good authority for

saying that he was a pattern in happiness and in temper. A family of thirteen were mostly all spared to rise around him, trained to habits of industry and of virtue. None of them became celebrated as inheriting their father's genius; but some of his daughters possessed more or less of the "airy gift;" and from their attempts at repartee and impromptu, the father used frequently to draw much mutual and harmless enjoyment. His wife had a musical ear and voice unrivalled in the country; and any ordinary pastime of their winter evenings was for the family and parents to join their voices in song; while we believe, that when the father's absence did not prevent, they never ceased to exemplify the most sacred lineaments of the immortal picture in "The Cottar's Saturday Night."

Rob Donn's compositions may be classed into four kinds—Humorous, Satirical, Solemn, and Descriptive; all these severally, with few exceptions, belonging to the species of poetry commonly called Lyrical. He was illiterate; he knew not his alphabet. The artificial part of poetry, if poets will grant that expression legitimate, was to him utterly unknown. Perhaps he never took more than an hour or two to compose either his best or his longest songs. Even the most of the airs to which he composed are original, which presents as a single circumstance the resources of his mind to have been of no ordinary extent. His works were published in Inverness, with a memoir prefixed, in 1830.

In forming an estimate of the moral and poetical merits of Rob Donn, his biographer has been more guided by the opinions and prejudices of his countrymen, than by a just and impartial examination of the poet's works. In poetry, as in religion, we may be allowed to judge men by their fruits. Rob has been held up as a man of high moral and religious worth; but the editor himself admits, that many of his pieces are too indelicate for publication.

Many of his published pieces are such as no good man ought to have produced against his fellow creatures. His love of satire was so indiscriminate, that he often attacks persons who are not legitimate objects of ridicule. Little men and women are the unceasing objects of his satire; and he does not spare the members of his own family.

He was proud of his own powers of satire, and seemed to enjoy the dread of those who feared the exercise of his wit. His satire is not rancorous and vindictive, but playful and sportive; more calculated to annoy than to wound. If he was not invited to a feast or wedding, next day he composed a satire, full of mirth and humour, but too indelicate to be admitted into his book. He has not the wit and poignancy of Macintyre, who composed his satires while in a state of irritation to punish his enemies.

As a writer of elegies, he is more distinguished for sober truth, than poetical embellishment. He hated flattery; and, in closing an elegy on the death of a benefactor, he declares that he had recorded no virtue that he had not himself observed.

As a poet he cannot be placed in the highest rank. He is deficient in pathos and invention. There is little depth of feeling, and very slender powers of description to be found in his works; and, when the temporary and local interest wears away, he can never be a popular poet.

Yet, Rob Donn has been honoured more than any of his brother poets in the Highlands. A subscription having been raised among his countrymen for a monument to his memory, it is now erected in the parish burying-ground of Durness, over his grave. Its foundation stone was laid on 12th January, 1829, with masonic honours, and a procession to the burying-ground, not only of the whole parish, but joined by numbers from the other parishes of "Lord Reay's country," headed by Captain Donald Mackay, of the 21st regiment of foot, who has done himself honour worthy of record by his activity and zeal in raising the subscription, and bringing, with his other coadjutors, this intention to its completion. The monument now stands a record of the bard's fame, and an honourable testimony of his countrymen's feelings. It is of polished granite, on a quadrangular pedestal of the same enduring material, and bears the following inscriptions:—

[First Side.]

IN MEMORY

OF

ROB DONN, OTHERWISE ROBERT MACKAY,

OF DURNESS,

THE REAY GAELIC BARD.

THIS TOMB WAS ERRECT AT THE EXPENSE OF A FEW OF HIS COUNTRYMEN,

ARDENT ADMIRERS OF NATIVE TALENT,

AND EXTRAORDINARY GENIUS.

1829.

[Second Side.]

"POETA NASCITUR NON FIT."

OBIIIT 1778.

[Third Side.]

"BU SHLUAGH BORB SINN GUN BHREITHEANAS,

NUAIR A DH-FHALEH THU, MUR SOATHADH SUD OIRNN.

"Δέγεις* ἐλὼ γὰρ εἰμ' ὁ πορσύναι τὰδ᾽

Γρούς τῇ παραῦσαν τέρψιν, ἧ ὁ εἶχεν πάλαι."

[Fourth Side.]

"SISTE VIATOR, ITER, JACET HIC SUB CESPITE DONNUS,

QUI CECINIT FORMA PRÆSTANTES RURE PUELLAS;

QUIQUE NOVOS LÆTO CELEBRAVIT CARMINE SPONSOS;

QUIQUE BENE MERITOS LUGUBRI VOCE DEFLEVIT;

ET ACRITER VARIIS MOMORDIT VITIA MODIS."*

ÆTATIS 64.

* The above lines, in memory of the bard, were written by the late Rev. Alexander Pope, minister of Reay.

ORAN DO PHRIONNSA TEARLACH.

An diugh, an diugh, gur reusontach
 Dhuinn éiridh ann an sauntachas,
 An tri-amh lath' air crìochnachadh,
 De dhara mìos a' gheamhraidh dhuinn ;
 Dean'maid comunn fàilteach riut,
 Gu bruidhneach, gàireach, òranach,
 Gu botalach, copach, stòpanach,
 Le cruit, le ceòl, 's le damhsaireachd.

Dean'maid comunn fàilteach
 Rìs an là thug thun an t-saoghail thu ;
 Olamaid deoch-slàinte nis
 An t-Seumais big o'n d' inntig thu ;
 Le taing a thoirt do 'n Ard Rìgh shuas,
 Gu 'n d' fhuair do mhàthair libhraigeadh,
 Dheth b-aon bha do na Gàicil,
 Mar bha Dàibhidh do chlainn Israel.

Tha cupall bhliadhn' a's ràidhe,
 O 'n là thàinig thu do dh' Alba so ;
 'S bu shailleir dhuinn o 'n tràth bha sin,
 An fhàilte chuir an aimsir oirnn.
 Bha daoine measail, miadhail oirnn,
 'S bha àrach nì a' sealbhach' oirnn,
 Bha barran tromha tìr' againn,
 Bha toradh frith' a's fàirg' againn.

An diugh, an diugh, gur cuimhne lean,
 Air puing nach còir a dhearmad ort,
 Mu bhreith a' phrionnsa riòghail so.
 Dhe 'n teaghlaich dhìrich Albannaich ;
 Togamaid suas ar sùilean ris,
 Le ùrnuigh dhlù gun chealgairiachd,
 Ar lèmhnan na 'm biodh feum orra,
 Le toil 's le eud 's le earbsalachd.

Togamaid fuirm a's meannmhadh ris,
 Is aithnichear air ar dùrachd sinn,
 Le latha chumail sunndach leinn,
 As leth a' phrionnsa Stiùbhartaich ;
 Gur eal' an àm na h-éigin e,
 Ar carraig threun gu stiùireadh air ;
 Thug bàrr air cheud am buadbannan,
 'S tha cridhe 'n t-sluaigh air dlùthadh ris.

Cha 'n ioghnadh sin, 'n uair smuainichear
 An dualachas o 'n tàinig e ;
 'N doimhne bh' ann gu foghlumte ;
 Gun bhonn do dh' éis 'n a nàdur dheth,
 Mar Sholamh, 'n cleachdadh reusanta,
 Mar Shamson, treun an lèmhnan e,
 Mar Absalom, gur sgiamhach e,
 Gur sgiath 's gur dìon d' a chàirdean e.

Nach fhaic sibh féin an spéis
 A ghabh na speuran gu bhì 'g ùmhlaidh dha ;
 'N nair sheas an reannag shoilleseach,
 Auns an *line* an robhsa stiùireadh leis ;
 An comhar' bh' aig ar Slànuighear,
 Ro Theàrlach thigh'n do 'n dùthaich so,
 'N uair chaidh na daoine ciallach ud
 G' a iarraidh gu Iersusalem.

A nis, a Theàrlaich Stiùbhairt,
 Na 'm biodh an crùn a th' air Seòras ort,
 Bu lionmhor againn cùirtearan,
 A' caitheamh ghùn is chleòcaichean ;
 'Tha m' athening ris an Tì sin,
 Aig am beil gach nì ri òrduchadh.
 Gu 'n tearnadh e o 'n cheilg ac' thu,
 'S gu 'n cuir e 'n seilbh do chòrach thu.

ORAN NAN CASAGAN DUBHA.

[A rinn am bàrd 'n uair chual' e gu 'n do bhacadh an t-éideadh Gàilach le lagh na rìoghachd ; agus muinntir a dhàthcha fein bhì uile air taobh rìgh Deòrsa 's a' bhliadhna 1745]

LAMH' Dhé leinn, a dhaoine,
 C' nime chaochail sibh fasan,
 'S nach 'eil agaibh de shaorsa,
 Fhù an aodaich a chleachd sibh ;
 'S i mo bharail mu 'n éighe,
 Tha 'n aghaidh fhéileadh a's osan,
 Gu 'm beil caraid aig Teàrlach,
 Ann am Pàrlamaid Shasuinn.

Faire ! faire ! 'Rìgh Deòrsa,
 'N ann a spòrs' air do dhìlsean,
 Deanamh achdachan ùra,
 Gu bhì dùblachadh 'n daorsa ;
 Ach on 's balaich gun uails' iad,
 'S fearr am bualadh no 'n caomhna,
 'S bidh nì 's lugha g'a t-fheitheamh,
 'N uair thig a leithid a rìsd oirnn.

Ma gheibh do nàmhaid 's do charaid
 An aon pheanas an Albainn,
 'S iad a dh-éirich 'na t-aghaidh,
 Rinn an roghainn a b' fhearra dhuibh ;
 Oir tha caraid math chùil ac'.
 A rinn taobh ris na dh' earb ris,
 'S a' chuid nach d' imich do 'n Fhraing leis,
 Fhuair iad *pension* 'n uair dh-fhalbh e.

Cha robh oifigeach Gàelach
Eadar *Serjent* a's *Còirneil*,
Nach do chaill a *chomision*,
'N uair chaidh 'm briseadh le fòirneart ;
A' mheud 's a fhuair sibh an uiridh,
Ged bu diombuan r'a òl e,
Bheir sibh 'm bliadhna air ath-philleadh,
Air son einneagan *leòsain*.

Cha robh bhliadhna na taic so,
Neach a sheasadh mar sgoileir,
Gun *chomision* rìgh Breatainn,
Gu bhi 'n a Chaptein air onair ;
Chaidh na ficheadan as diubh,
Nach do leasaich sud *dolar*,
Ach an sgìorsaigeadh dhachaidh,
Mar chù a dh-easbhuidh a *choilair*.

Ach ma dh-aontaich sibh rìreadh,
Ri bhur sìor dhol am mugha,
Ged a bha sibh cho rioghail,
Chaidh bhur cisean am modhad ;
'S math an airdh gu 'n faicte
Dream cho tais ribh a' cumha,
Bhi tilgeadh dhibh bhur euid bhreacan,
'S a' gabhail chasagan dubha.

Och ! mo thruaighe sin Albainn !
'S tìr a dhearbh sibh bhur reuson,
Gur i 'n roinn bh' ann bhur n-inntinn,
'N rud a mhill air gach gleus sibh ;
Leugh an *Gòbharment* samt
Annus gach neach a thionndaidh ris féin dhibh,
'S thug iad bhoight do bhur gionaidh,
Gu 'r cuir fo mhionach a chéile.

Ghlac na Sasunnaich fàth oirbh,
Gus bhur sagail ni 's laige,
Chum 's nach bitheadh 'g ur cunntadh,
'N ur luchd eomb-strì ni b' fhaide ;
Ach 'n uair a bhios sibh a dh-easbhuidh
Bhur n-airm, 's bhur n-aeuinnean sraide,
Gheibh sibh *sàrsaigeadh* mionaich,
Is bidh bhur peanas ni 's graide.

Tha mi faicinn bhur truaighe,
Mar ni nach cualas a shamhuil,
A' chuid a's fearr de bhur seabhaig,
Bhi air slabhruidh aig clamhan ;
Ach ma tha sibh 'n ar leighainn,
P'illibh 'n dòghruinn s' 'na teamhair,
'S deanaibh 'n deudach a thrusadh,
Mu 'n tèid bhur busan a cheangal.

'N uair thig bagradh an nàmhaid,
Gus an àit anns do phill e,
'S ann an innath leam a chàirdean,
Sibh bhi 'n aircamh na buidhne,

D' am biodh spioraid cho Gàelach,
'S gu 'm biodh an sàr ud 'n an cuimhne,
Gus bhur pilleadh 's an abhainn,
Oir tha i roimhibh ni 's doimhne.

Nis, a Thèarlaich òig Stiùbhaird,
Riut tha dùil aig gach fine,
Chaidh a chothachadh crùn dhut,
'S a leig an dùthaich 'n a teine ;
Tha mar nathraichean folaicht',
A chaill an earradh an uraidh,
Ach tha 'g ath-ghleusadh an gathan,
Gu éiridh latha do thighinn.

'S iomadh neach a tha guidhe,
Ri do thighinn, a Thèarlaich,
Gus an éireadh na cuingeann,
Dheth na bhuidheann tha 'n éigin ;
A tha cantainn 'n an eridhe,
Ged robh an teanga 'g a bhreugadh,
" Làn do bheatha gu t-fhaicinn,
A dh' ionnsuidh Bhreatainn a's Eirinn."

'S iomadh òganach aimsichte,
Tha 's an àm so 'u a chadal,
Eadar bràighe Srath-Chluanaidh,
Agus bruachan Loch-abair ;
Rachadh 'n cùisibh mhic t-athar,
'S a chrùn, 's a chatbair r' an tagradh,
'S a dh' ath-philleadh na Ceathairn,
A dhioladh latha Chulodair.

Ach a chàirdean na cùirte,
Nach 'eil a' chùis a' cur feirg oirbh,
Na 'n do dh' fhosgail bhur sùilean,
Gus a' chùis a bhi searbh dhuibh ;
Bidh bhur duais mar a' ghobhar
A théid a bhleodhan gu tarbhach,
'S a bhith r' a' fuadach 's an fhoghar
Is ruaidh nan gaothar r'a h-earball.

Ma 's e 'm peacach a 's modha
'S còir a chumhachd a chlaoidheadh ;
Nach e Seumas an Seachdamh
Dhearbh bhi seasmhach 'n a inntinn ?
" C' uim' an ditedh sibh 'n onair,
Na bhiodh sibh moladh na daoidheachd ?"
'S gur h-e dhlùitheachd d' a chreideamh
A thug do choigrich an rioghachd.

Fhuair sinn rìgh á Hanobhar,
Sparradh oirne le ahd e,
Tha againn prionnsa 'n a aghaidh,
Is neart an lagha 'g a bhacadh ;
O Bhith, tha shuas 'na do bhreitheamh,
Gun chroin 's an dithis nach fac thu,—
Mar h-e a th' ann, cuir air aghairt
An t-aon a 's lugha 'm bi pheacadh.

ISEABAIL NIC-AOIDH.

AIR FÖNN—*Piobaireachd.**An t-ùrlar.*

ISEABAIL Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chro dh laoi gh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chro dh laoi gh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar;
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chro dh laoi gh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar:
 Seall sibh Nic-Aoidh
 Aig a' chro dh laoi gh,
 Am bonnabh nam frith'
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

An ceud Siubhal.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh!
 A dhuine gun mhnaoi,
 Ma thig thu a chaoi dh,
 'S i so do thim;
 Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chro dh laoi gh,
 Am bonnabh nam frith',
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh!
 A dhuine gun mhnaoi,
 Ma thig thu a chaoi dh,
 'S i so do thim;
 Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chro dh laoi gh,
 Am bonnabh nam frith',
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Comharradh duibh
 Nach 'eil gu math,
 Air fleasgaich amh
 Bhi feadh a so,
 'N uair tha bean-taigh'
 Air Rìo than nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chro dh,
 Gun duine mar-ri.

Comharradh duibh
 Nach 'eil gu math,
 Air fleasgaich amh
 Bhi feadh a so,
 'N uair tha bean-taigh'
 Air Rìo than nan Damh,

Muigh aig a' chro dh,
 'S i na h-aonar.
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An dara Siubhal.

Seall sibh bean-taigh
 Air Rìo than nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chro dh,
 Gun duine mar-ri;
 Seall sibh bean-taigh
 Air Rìo than nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chro dh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh bean-taigh
 Air Rìo than nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chro dh,
 Gun duine mar-ri;
 Seall sibh bean-taigh
 Air Rìo than nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chro dh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Duine sam bith
 Th' air son a' chluich',
 De chinneadh math,
 Le meud a chruidh,
 Deanadh e ruith,
 Do Rìo than nan Damh,
 Gheibh e bean-taigh,
 'S cuireadh e rith'.

Duine sam bith
 Th' air son a' chluich',
 De chinneadh math,
 Le meud a chruidh,
 Deanadh e ruith
 Do Rìo than nan Damh,
 Gheibh e bean-taigh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An Taobhluath.

Nach faic sibh an oibseig
 Tha coslach ri glacadh,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
 Ri cro dh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

Nach faic sibh an oibseig
 Tha coslach ri glacadh,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
 Ri cro dh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neònach am fasan,
 Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
 Nan nithean bu taitneich'
 Dhaibh féin e bhi aca,
 Bhi fulang a faicinn,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
 Ri cro dh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neònach am fasan,
Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
Nan nithean bu taitneich'
Dhaibh fèin e bhi aca,
Bhi fulang a faicinn,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
Air acadh 'n a h-aonar.
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An Cruinluath.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.

Innsidh mis do dh-iomadh fear,
'S an rannuidheachd 'n uair chluinnear i,
Gu'm beil i air a cumail
As na h-uile h-àite follaiseach,
Le ballanan a's cuinneagan,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

Note.—This song was composed in praise of a young lady, the daughter of *Iain mac Eachuinn*, the bard's early friend, to the well known air of the pipe tune, "*Fàilte Phrionnsa*." To those who have attended to the variations of that air, as played properly upon the great Highland bag-pipe, it cannot but appear as a very respectable effort, that the bard has met all its variations, quick and slow, with words and with sentiments admirably suited both to the air and to his subject.—*Vide Memoir of Edw. 1859*

PIOBAIREACHD BEAN AOIDH.

Urlar.

Thogaireadh bean Aoidh,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh
Uain do dh-Aisir,
Thogaireadh bean Aoidh
'N aghaidh na gaoith',

'S rinn iad Mac-Aoidh
Aig Lochan-nau-Glaimhidheach.
'S folluiseach a dh-fhalbh i,
Callaidheachd an déigh Aoidh,
Thoilich i 'bhi 'n a muoi,
'N àiteachan fàsachail ;
Chunna' mise mar bha i,
Turaban an déigh Aoidh,
'M bealach eadar dà bheinn,
B' àill leo gu 'n tàmhadh iad.
Chunnaic mi rud eile ris,
Dh-innis domh nach robh sibh saor,
H-uile h-aon de an nì,
Sgaol't feadh nan àiridhnean.
'S chunnaic mi thu fèin, Aoidh,
'N uair a rinn thu 'm pill,
Gurraidh cruinn anns a' bheinn,
'S duilich dhuibh 'àicheadh.

Siubhal.

'S suarach an t-uidheam,
Do ghrugach no nighin,
Bhi pronnadh 's a' bruidhean,
Is càb oirre gàireachdaich.
Triall thun na h-uighe,
Gun ghnòthuch no guidhe,
A' mhealladh le bruidhean,
Pàisteachan bà-bbuachaill.
Ma tha agaibh de chridhe,
Na philleas mo bhruidhean,
Théid mis air an t-slighe,
'S feuchaidh mi 'n t-àite
An robh sibh 'n 'ur suidhe,
'N 'ur laidhe 's 'n ur suidhe,
'S mu 'n ruithheadh beul duibhe,
B' fhearr gun a chlàistinn.
'S suarach an t-uidheam, &c.

Crunluath.

Na chairdean bu dealaidh bha staigh,
Chàirich iad iomadh fear roimh',
Dh' fheuchainn an cumadh iad uaith,
Ailleas nach b' fheàrde i,
Thionndaidh i 'bus ris an fhaigh,
'S bhòidich nach pilleadh i troigh,
Chaidh gus an ruigeadh i 'n taigh,
Am b' àbhaist d'i fàth fhaighinn.
Dh-fhàg i 'n t-aran a' bruch',
'S dh-fualbh i o philleadh a' chruidh,
Dh-àicheadh i comhairl' 's am bith,
'S mhàrsail i dh-Aisir bhuainn.
Mhuinntir a thachair a muigh,
'S iad a fhuair sealladh a' chluich,
Anna 'n a ruith, teannadh o 'n taigh,
'N déigh 'Ille chràcauach.
Na cairdean bu dealaidh, &c.

RANN AIR LONG RUSPUINN.

[Sean tong bheag, a bha air a càtadh le ceannaiche, bha 'n a shean duine, agus a bhrìst roimhe sin; chàraich e an long so, le spruilleach luinge chaidh a bhriseadh ri stoirm geamhraidh air tràigh fagus do Ruspuinn; bha 'n ceannaiche pòsd' ri seann nighean tacaon ro'n àm sin, 's iad gun chlaon. 'N uair rinn e suas an long, 's ann le luath ranaich mar luchd a chaidh e leatha air a' cheud sibhal.]

SEANA mharaidh, seana cheannaich,
Le seana chaileig, 's iad gun sliochd;
Gun tuar conaich air a' chual chrannaich,
Is luath rainich air cheud luchd.
Bha sean acair, gun aon taic innt',
Air sean bhacan, ri sean taigh;
Leig an sean tobha gun aon chobhair,
An sean eithear air seana chloich.
Bha trìùir ghaigeach gun neach cairigt',
Air dhroch eistreadh 'n an caol ruith.
Gu long *Ruspuinn* nach pàigh cuspuinn,
An t-seana chupull nam plàigh rith'.
'S mòr an éis e do fhear *pension*,
Bha 's na rancaibh fada muigh,
Bhi air chòl fraighneach air stiùir Sìne,
Gun dùil sìneadh ri deagh chluich.

ORAN NAN SUIRIDHEACH.*

FHEARAMH òg' leis am miannach pòsadh,
Nach 'eil na sgeòil so 'g ur fàgail trom?
Tha chuid a 's diùthair' tha cur an lìn diùbh,
Cha 'n 'eil an trian diùbh a' ruigheachd fuinn.
Tha chuid a's faighreachail' air an oighreachd s',
O 'm beil am *prise* a' dol air chall,
Mar choirean làidir, cur maill' air pàirtidh,
Tha barail chàirdean, a's gràdh gun bhonn.

Tha fear a' suiridh an diugh air inighean,
Gun bharail iomraill nach dean e tùrn;
Bha i uair, 's bu chumha buairidh,
A ghuth d' a cluais, a's a dhreach d' a sùil.
An sean ghaol cinnteach bha aig ar sinnsir',
Nach d'fhuair cead imeachd air feadh na dùthch',
Nach glan a dhearbh i, gu 'n deach a mharbhadh,
'N uair ni i bàrgan, 'nuair thig fear ùr.

'S iomadh caochladh thig air an t-saoghal,
'S cha chan an fhirinn nach 'eil e crosd',
Na h-nìle maighdean a ni mar rinn i,
Tha fois a h-inntinn an cunnart feasd.
An duine treubhach, mur 'eil e spréidheach,
A dh' aindeoin eud, tha e féin 'g a chosg,
'S le comhairl' ghòraich a h-athair dhòlun,
'G a deanamh deònach le toic, 's le trosg.

* For the air, see "The Rev. Patrick M'Donald's Collection of Highland Airs," page 17, No. 112.

O 'n tha 'n gael ac' air fàs mar Fhaoilleach,
Na bitheadh strì agaibh ri bhi pòsd',
'A seasmhachd inntinn cha 'n 'eil thu cinnteach,
Rè fad na h-aon oidhcb' gu teacad an lò;
An tè a phàirticheas riut a càirdeas,
Ged tha i 'gràdh sud le cainnt a beùil,
Fo cheann seachduin, thig caochladh fheasgaich,
'S cha 'n fhaigh thu facal dh'i rè do bheib.

Ach 's mòr an nàire bhi 'g an sàrachadh,
Oir tha pàirt dhiubh de 'n inntinn stèlt',
Mach o phàrantan agus chàirdean,
Bhi milleadh ghràidh sin tha fas gu h-òg;
Mur toir i aicheadh do 'n fhear a's fearr leath',
Ged robh sud craiteach dh'i fad a beò,
Ni h-athair feargach, a beatha searbh dh'i,
'S gur fearr leis marbh i, na 'faicinn pòsd'.

Faodaidh reason a bhi, gu tréigeadh
An fhir a 's heusaich' a théid 'n a triall;
Ged tha e cairdeach, mur 'eil e pàgach,
Ud! millidh pràcas na th' air a mhiann;
Tha 'n duine suaire, le barrachd stuamachd,
A' call a bhuannachd ri tè gun chiall;
'S fear eile 'g òiridh, gun stic ach léine,
'S e cosnadh géill dh'i mu 'n stad e srian.

Mur 'eil stuamachd a' cosnadh gruagaich,
Och! ciod a' bhuaidh air am beil a geall?
Nach mòr an neònachas fear an dèchais so,
Gun bhi cnòdach ni 's modha bonn;
Fear eile sìneadh le mire 's taosnadh,
Le comunn faoilteach, no agneadh trom,
'S ge math na trì sin gu cosnadh aontachd,
Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon diùbh nach 'eil a' call.

Ma tha e pagach, ma tha e sgathach,
Ma tha e nàrach, ma tha e near;
Ma tha e sanntach, ma tha e greannar,
Ma tha e cainnteach, a's e gun chion;
Ma tha e bòidheach, ma tha e seolta,
Ma tha e còmhnaidh, ma tha e glan;
Ma tha e diomhain, ma tha e gnìomhach,
Ud, ud! cha 'n fhiach le a h-aon diùbh sin!

Ma tha e pàgach, tha e gun nàire,
'S ma tha e sgathach, cha bbeag a' chrois;
Ma tha e gaoilach, tha e 'n a chaora;
'S ma tha e faoilteach, tha e 'n a thròsg;
Matha e gnìomhach, their cuid, "Cha 'n fhiach e,
Tha 'm fear ud mìodhair, 's e sud a chion;"
'S ma tha e failligeach ann an aiteachadh,
"Cha bhi barr aig", is bi'dh e buchd."

Cò an t-aon fhear air feadh an t-saoghail,
A tha nis cinnteach gu 'n dean e turn;
'S nach 'eil a h-aon de na tha mi 'g innseadh,
Nach 'eil 'n a dhèidh dha air a chul.

An duine meanmnach, 's e toimhseil, ainmeil,
Cha chluinn thu 'aunm ach mar fhear gun diù ;
'S nàch fhaic thu féin, air son iomadh reusoin,
Gu 'n deach' an spréidh os ceann céille, 's cliù.

Tha fear fós ann, a dh-aindeoin dòchais,
A dh' fhaodas pòsadh gun mhòran char ;
Na'm biodh de chiall aig' na dh' aithnich riamh,
Gu 'n do dh-éirich grian anns an àirde 'n ear ;
Dean 'n a dhuaire e, a rugadh 'n cuaran,
Thoir baile 's huar dha, a's treabhair gheal ;
Leig labhairt uair dha, ri athair gruagaich,
'S bheir mi mo ehluas dhut mar faigh e bean.

AM BRUADAR.

AIR FOSN—"Latha siubhal sléibhe dhomh."

CHUNNA' mise bruarad,
Fhìr nach cuala, thig a's cluinn ;
Ma 's breisleach e, cur cusg air ;
'S ma tha neart ann, bi 'g a sheuin ;
Na m' b' fhìor dhomh féin gu 'm faca mi,
Am Freasdal, 's e air beinn ;
Gach nì a's neach 'n a amhare,
Is e coimhead os an cinn.

Chunna' mi gach seòrsa 'n sin,
A' tigh'nn 'n an cròthaibh, cruinn ;
'S na 'm b' fhìor dhouh, gu'n robh mòran diubh,
A b' eòl domh ri mo linn ;
Ach cò a bha air thòs dhiubh,
Ach na daoine pòsd' air sreing,—
'S a' cheud fhear a thuirt facal diubh,
Cruaidh chasaid air a mhuaoi.

Labhairt glagair àraidh ris,—
" 'S tu leig mo naimhdeas leam,
N uair phòs mi ghobach, àrdanach,
Nach obadh cnàmhan rium ;
'S e 's cainnt an taobh mo leapa dh'i,
An uair is pailte rùm,
Gu cealgach, feargach, droch-mheinneach,
'S an droch-nair, teann a null."

"Their i ris, gu h-ain-meinneach,
'N uair dh' éireas fearg 'n a sròin,
Gu 'm b' ole mi ann an argumaid,
'S nach b' fhearr mi thogail sgeòil,—
Cha b' ionann duit 's do e' ainm e sud,
'S deagh sheanachaidh e 's taigh-òsd',
O ! 'a buidhe dhi-s' thug dhachaigh e,
B' e féin am fleasgach còir.

"Nuair chlosas mis' ri smuaineachadh,
Gach truaighe thug mo shàir ;
Their i, sgeigeil, beumach, rium,
Gur ro mhath dh-éisdinn sgeul ;
Is their i ris na labhras mi,
Gu 'n canadh clann nì b' fhearr ;
Aon ghnìomb, no cainnt, cha chinnich leam,
Nach di-moi i le 'beul."

Thuirte ise :—"Gu 'm b' eudach sud,
'S gu 'n robh e breugach, meallt' ;"
Is thug i air mar b' àbhaist d'i,
Nach abradh 'bheul-sa drann ;
"Tha 'n adhare sgorrach, éitidh ;
Ach u 'n 's éigin d'i bhì ann,
O ! ciod e 'n t-àite 'n càra dh'i
Bhì fàs, na air a' cheann."

Thubhairt fear de 'n hìreamh ud,
Bu tàbhachdaiche bh' ann,
"A Fhreasdail, rinn thu fàbhor rium,
Am pàirt 'nuair thug thu clann ;
Ged thug thu bean mar mhàthair dhaibh,
Nach dean gach dàrna h-àm,
Ach h-uile guìomh a 's tarsuinne,
Mar 't thachras thigh'n 'n a ceann."

Fhreagair Freasdal reusonta,—
" 'S e 's feumail dhut bhì stuaim',
'S a liuthad là a dh' éisd mi riut,
Is tu 'na t-éigin chruaidh ;
Mu 'n do chumadh léine dhut,
Bha 'n céile sin riut fuaight',
Is ciod iad nìs na fàthan,
Air am b' àill leat a cur bhuat?"

"Nach bochd dhomh, 'nuair thig *strainsearan*,
Bhios ceòlmhor, cainnteach, binn,
'Nuair 's math leam a bhì fialaidh riuth',
'S ann bhios i fiata ruinn ?
'N uair dh' òlas mi gu cùirteil leath',
'S e gheibh mi cùl a cinn,
'S bidh mise 'n sin 'n am bhreugadair,
Ag ràdh gu 'm beil i tinu.

"Cha tàmh i 'm baile dìthribh leam,
Cha toigh leath' gaoh nam beann,
An t-àite mosach, fàsachail,
Am beil an cràbhadh gann ;
'S ged chuir mi làmh ri eaglais i,
Cha 'n fhada dh' fhanas ann,—
'An t-àite dona, tàbhurnach,
Bidh sluagh cur neul 'n a ceann."

Sin 'n uair thubhairt Freasdal ris,—
" 'S e thig do 'n neach nì chòir ;
A bhì nì 's dlùith' r' a dhleasannas,
Mar 's truime crois 'g a leòn ;

Ged shaoileadh tu gu 'm maitheadh dhut,
Na pheacaich thu gu h-òg;
Cha 'n fhear gun chamadh cranachair thu,
Fhad 's bhios a' cham-chomhdh' l' s' beò.

"Cha 'n fhac thu féin o rugadh tu,
Aon cheum de m' obair-s' fíar,
Ged chunnaic mi mar chleachdadh tu,
Do dhreachdan 's do chiall;
Cia h-ìomadh *trìc* gu beartas,
Bh' air an dìtheadh steach 'n ad chliabh,
Nach fhaic thu gur h-aon aisinn dhìot,
A chum air ais sud riamh.

"Aidich féin an fhirinn,
Agus chì thu 'n sin mar bha,
A' mheud 's a ghabh mi shaothair rith',
Gus an caoch'leadh i nì b' fhearr;
Dh-fheuch bochdainagus beartas dh'ì,
Is euslaint agus slàint',
Is thainig mi cho fagus d'ì,
'S a bagairt leis a' bhas.

"Nuair a dh' fheuch mi bochdain dh'ì,
'S ann ortsa chuir i 'm fàit;
'S cha mhò a rinn an t-secair i
Nì b' fhosgarraich' rì càch;
Le h-euslaint' nuair a bhun mi rith',
S ann frionasach a dh-fhas;
An t-slàinte bhuam cha 'n aidich i,
'S cha chreid i bhuam am bàs."

Cò sin a chite tighinn,
Dol a bhruidhean ris gu teann,
Ach duine bha cruaidh chasaid
Air a' mhnaoi bu ghasd' a bh' ann;
'S e 'g radh:—"Nuair theid mi 'n taice rith',
'S ann bhios oirr' gart a's greann,
'S nuair their mi chainnt a's dealaidh rith',
Gu 'n cuir i càr 'n a ceann.

"Gur h-e trian mo dhìtidh oirr',
Nach bi i faoilidh rium;
Nì i sgeig a's cnaidh orm,
Gun ghair' a' tigh'nn á còm;
'Nuair bhitheas sinn 'n ar n-aonaran,
Bidh 'cainnt' 's a h-aogas trom,
Ach 'n uain thig na fir gu fuirmeil,
Gheibh sinn òl, a's cuirm, a's fonn.

"A Fhreasdail, rinn thu seirbhe dhomh,
'S ann orm a chuir thu chuig,
'S gu 'm b' eòl dut gu 'n robh m' aimsir,
Is mo mheannmhadh air an claidh;
B' fhuasad' dhut 's na bliadhnaibh ud,
Mo riarachadh le mnaoi
Bhiodh ùmhail, cairdeil, rianail dhomh,
'S nach iarradh fear a chaidh."

"Dh' fhaodainn-sa do phòsadh
Ris an t-seòrsa tha thu 'g radh,
Ach 's aonan as a' chiad dhiubh,
Bheireadh riarachadh dhut raidh;
An tè de 'n nadur neònach ud,
'S nach toireadh pòg gu bràth,
Aon dràm no deoch cha 'n òlar leath',
'S cha dheònaich i do chàch."

Air an dara dùsal dhomh,
'N déigh dùsgadh as mo shuain,
Chunnaic mi na daoine sin,
Ag sgaoileadh mach mu 'n cuairt;
S na h-uile bean bha pùsda sin,
A' dol 'n an dùnaibh suas,
Ach 's aon tè as an fhichead dhiubh,
Bha buidheach leis na fhuair.

Labhair aon bean iunnsuicht' dhiubh,
Bu mhodha rùm na càch:—
"Am biadh, an deoch, 's an aodaichean,
Cha 'n fhaodainn bhi nì 's sathaicht';
Ach gu m' flagail trom, neo-shunndach,
Cha 'n eòl domh pung a's dàch',
Na gealltanais mo thùileachadh,
Gun choimhlionadh gu bràth.

"An duine sin tha mar rium,
Tha sìor ghearan air mo shunnd,
Dhearbhainn féin air 'fhiacaill,
Ged nach d' iarr mi, nach do dhùilt;
Bidh mòran diubh mi-reusonta,
'Nuair gheibh thu 'n sgeul gu grunn,
Tha dùil ac' gu 'n ghluais mireag riuth',
An spiorad nach 'eil ann."

"S neònach leam an dràsda 'n so,
Sìor àbhaist nam fear pòsd',
Their gu ladarn' dàna,
Nach do thoirmisg aithne pòg;
Cia mòr an diùbheas beusan
Th' eadar eucòir agus còir,
Cha 'n eòl domh aite-seasaimh,
Gun a chos air aon diubh dhò."

Chunnaic mi 's an àite sin,
Nì bhachdach gu leòir,
Is shaoil mi gu 'm bu reusan e,
O 'n tigeadh eudach mòr;
Ciod bh' ann ach fear gun chomas,
'G iarraidh comunn tè gun chòir,
'S bha fìor dhroch bheachd aig ceud deth,
'S a bhean féin 'g a chur an spòrs.

Chuireadh e neul 'n am eanchainn-s',
A bh' 'g ainneachadh le caint,
A' mheud 's a bh' ann de dh-argumaid,
'S do chomunn gearra greann';

Itha na ceadan pears' an sud,
'N an seasamh ann an rànc,
'S bha casaidean aig mòran diubh,
Ma 'n aon neach bha toirt taing.

AN DUINE SANNTACH

AGUS AN SAOGHAL, A' GEARAN AIR A CHEILE.

AN DUINE.

'S MI-CHOMAINNEACH thusa, Shaoghail,
'S b' abhaist dhut,
'S ole a leanadh tu ri daoine
A leanadh riut;
Am fear a cheangail sreang gu teann riut,
Leis a' ghilut;
'Nuair tharruing gach fear a cheann féin d'i,
'S es' a thuit.

AN SAOGHAL.

Is sibhse tha mar sin, a dhaoine,
'S b' abhaist duibh,
'S ole a leanadh sibh ri saoghal
A leanadh ribh;
Ged chuir mise sorchan fodhaibh,
'S air gach taobh,
Mas sibh féin tha gabhal teichidh,
Soraidd leibh!

AN DUINE.

O, na 'n gleidheadh tu mis', a shaoghail,
Bhithinn dha do réir,
Oir tha na h-uile ni a's toigh leam
Fo na ghréin;
C' uim' an leigeadh tu gu dilinn
Mi gu péin,
'S nach 'eil flaitheas cho priseil dhomh
Riut féin.

AN SAOGHAL.

S ann bu chòir dhut bhì car t-eòlais
Ni bu deis',
Far am biodh na h-uile sòlas
Ni bu treis',
Ged ni mis' an t-umaidh brach
Ri car greis,
'N uair a thogas e féin m' fhagail,
Leigam leis.

ORAN DO'N OLLA MOIRISTON.

LUINNEAG.

Binn sin uair-eigin,
Searbh sin òg,
Binn sin uair-eigin,
Searbh sin òg;
Binn sin uair-eigin,
'N comunn so dh' fhuaraich,
Air an robh earball glè dhuaineil,
Ge bu ghuannach a shròn.

A' BHLIADHNA na caluinn-s',
Bu gheur ann faobhar a ghearradh an teud,
Bh' eadar Dòmhnall 's am Morair,
S iad mar aon ann an comunn 's an gaol;
Ach cia b' e ni bha 's na cairtean,
Chaidh e feargach oirnn seachad an dé;
'S eò a 's dàcha bhi coireach,
Na 'm fear a dh-fhagas am baile leis féin?
Binn sin uair-eigin, òc.

Chunnaic mis' air a' bhòrd thu,
Bhliadhna ghabh Sìne Ghòrdon an t-àt,
'S cha chuireadh tu t-aodann
Ann an comunn nach slaodadh tu leat;
Ach 'nuair shaoil leat do shorchan,
Bhi cho laidir ri tolchàinn a' gheat',
Shliob na bonna-chasan reamhar
Dheth na loma-leacan sleamhuinn gun taic!
Binn sin uair-eigin, òc.

Dearbh cha ghabhainn-sa ioghnadh
As an leac so chuir miltean a muigh,
Dhe na corra-cheannaich' bhriosgach,
Aig am faiete 'n dh' iosgaid air chuit;
Ach an trostanach treubhach,
Chuireadh neart a dha shléisd' an an sìth,
Ma (huit es' aig an doras,
Cia mar sheasas fear eile 's am bith?
Binn sin uair-eigin, òc.

'S ann tha ceomanan Freasdail
Toirt nan ceudan de kasanan duinn,
Deamach lobairt de bheagan,
Gu 'm biodh càch air an teagasg r' an linn;
Ach ma thuitas fear aithghear,
Le bhi sealltainn ro bhras os a chinn,
Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam, aca,
Co a 's clantaich' an leac no na buinn.
Binn sin uair-eigin, òc.

Tha mise féin ann an eagal,
'G iarraidh fàsaich no eag do mo shàil,
Is mi falbh air an leacach,
Air an d' fhuair daoine seasnach an sàr;

Ach tha m' earbsadh tre chunnart,
Mo gharbh-chnaimhean uile bhi slàn,—
Oir ged a thàrladh dhomh clìeandh,
Cha 'n 'eil àird' aig mo smigèid o 'n làr.

Binn sin uair eigin, &c.

An duin' èg s' tha 'n a léigh,
Tha mi clàistinn tha tighinn á 'dheigh,
Fhuair e leasan o dhithis,
Chum gu 'n siùhladh e suidhicht' 'n a cheum;
Ach mu 'n chùis tha d' a leantuinn.
Cuiream cùl ri bhi cantuinn ni 's léir;
Ach na 'm biodh brìgh na mò chomhairl',
So an t-àm am beil Somhairl' 'n a feum.

Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Ian Mhic-Uilleim 's an t-Srathan,
Faodaidh deireadh do lathach-'s' bhi searbh,
Ged tha 'n aimsir-'s' cho sìtheil,
'S nach 'eil guth riut mu phris air an tàrbh;
Chaidh luchd-fàbhoir a bhriseadh,
Na bha 'n dreuchd eadar Ruspuun 's am Pàrbh;
Am fear a thig le mòr urram,
Gbeibh e ceud mìle mallachd 's an fhallh.*

Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Note.—Dr Morrison, the hero of this song, was for a long time in high esteem and favour in the family of Lord Reay; but at length a misunderstanding arising between them, he found cause to leave the family, reflecting, at the same time, on the fluctuating temper and unsteady favour of the great, and repeating the old Gaelic adage, "*Is slèamhuinn an leac a th'aig dorus an taigh' mhòir.*"

M A R B H R A N N.

[Do dhithis mhinistear ro aineim 'nan dùthaich, Mr Iain Muir, Ministear Sgìre Eadarachaois, agus Mr Dòmhnall Mac-Aoidh, Maighstir-sgoile, sgìre Fair.]

AIR FÖNN—"Oran na h-aoise."

'S e mo bheachd ort, a bhàis,
Gur bras thu ri pàirt,
Gur teachdair' tha laidir, treum, thu;
An cogadh no 'm blàr,
Cha toirear do shùr,
Aon duine cha tàr do thréigsinn;
Thug thu an dràid
Dhuinn buille no dhà,
Chuir eaglaisean bàn, a's foghlum;
Is 's fhuasd dhomh ràdh,
Gur goirid do dhàil,
'S gur tric a' toirt beàrn 'n ar Cléir thu.

Bhuin thu ruinn garbh,
Mu 'n dithis so dh-fhalbh,
'Nuair ruith thu air lòrg a chéil' iad;
C' uime nach d' fhàg thu

Bhuidhean a b' àirde,
A bhiodh do chàch ro fheumail;
A bhruidhean a b' fheàrr
A' tighinn o 'm beul,
'S an cridheachan lìn de reuson;
Chaidh gibhteachan gràis
A mheasgadh 'n an gnàths,
'S bha 'n cneasdachd a' fàs d' a réir sin.

Dithis bha 'n geall
Air gearradh á bonn,
Gach aìn-ìochd, gach feall, 's gach euceoir;
Dà sholas a dh-fhalbh
A earrannan garbh',
Dh-fhàg an talamh-sa dorch d' a réir sin;
Ge d' tha e ro chruaidh,
Gu 'n deach' iad 's an uigh,
Tha cuid a gheibh buaidh a's feum dheth;
Mar ris gach aon ni,
Dh-aithris iad dhuinn,
Chaidh 'n gearradh á tim an leughaidh.

Dithis a bh' ann,
Bu chomhairl' 's bu cheann,
Do phobull fhuair àm g' an éisdeachd;
Dithis, bha 'm bàs
'N a bhriseadh do chàch,
Gidheadh gu 'm b' e 'm fàbhor féin e;
Cha ladurn gu dearbh,
Dhuinn chreidsinn 'nuair dh-fhalbh,
Gu 'n d' fhreagair an earbs' gu léir iad;
A dh' aindeoin an aoig,
B' e 'n cairde gaoil,
'Nuair sgair e o thìr nam breug iad.

Tha sgeulan r' a inns'
Mu dhéighbhin na dith's,
A 's feumail a bhi sna ceudan;
Feudaidh mi ràdh,
Cia teumach am bàs,
Nach tug e ach pàirt d' a bheum uainn.
Ged thug e le tiun,
An corpa do 'n chill,
Bìdh iomradh ro bhinn 'n an déigh orr';
Is iomadh heul cinn,
Ag aithris 's gach linn,
Na labhair, na sheinn, 's na leugh iad.

Sinne tha làthair,
'Tuig' maid an t-stràchd-'s,
Is cleachdamaid trà air reuson;
Nach faic sibh o'n bha,
An lathachan s' gearr,
Gu 'n ruith iad ni b' fhe'rr an réis ud;
'S mac-samhuil dhuinn iad,
Ged nach 'eil sinn cho àrd,

* "Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end"
Johns, Pan. Hum. Writter,

Ann's na nitheanaibh cràbhaidh, leughant' ;
 Na earb'maid gu bràth,
 Gu 'n ruig sin an t-àit-s'
 Mur lean sinn ri pàirt d' an ceuman.

Tha 'n teachdair s' air tòir
 Gach neach a tha beò,
 'G an glacadh an còir no 'n eucoir ;
 Na gheibh e 'n a dhèrn,
 Cha reic e air òir,
 Ri gul, no ri deoir cha 'n èisd e.
 Chì mi gur fiù
 Leis tighinn do 'n chùil,
 Gu fear th' ann an clàd mar éideadh ;
 'S ged dheanamaid dùn,
 Cha cheannaich e dhuinn,
 Aon mhionaid de dh-ùin o 'n eug sin.

An dithis so chuaidh,
 Cha rachadh cho luath,
 Na 'n gabhadh tu uainn an éirig ;
 Cha leig'maid 'n an dith's
 Iad as an aon mhios,
 Na 'm b' urradh sinn diol le seudan :
 Ach 's teachdair ro dhàn'
 Thu, tighinn o 's àird,
 Buailidh tu stàtaibh 's déircean :
 Cha bhacar le 'pris,
 Air t' ais thu a ris,
 'S tu dh' easbuidh an aoin mu 'n téid thu.

Glacaidh tu chloinn
 A mach bho na bhroinn,
 Mu 's faic iad ach soills' air éigin ;
 Glacaidh tu 'n òigh,
 Dol an coinneamh an òig,
 Mu 'm feudar am phsadh éigheachd.
 Ma 's beag, no ma 's mòr,
 Ma 's sean, no ma 's òg,
 Na 's cleachdamh dhuinn còir no eucoir ;
 Ma tha sinn 'n ar beò,
 Is anail 'n ar sròin,
 Cuirear uile sinn fo na féich ud.

Tha 'm bàs os ar cinn,
 'G ar glacadh le tinn,
 S le fradhrae ar cinn cha léir e ;
 Ach tha glaoth aig 'cho cruaidh,
 S gu 'm faodadh an sluagh,
 A chluinntinn le cluasan reusoin.
 Nach dearc sibh a chùl,
 Is fear aig' fo fhùil,
 S e sealtuinn le 'shùil gu gear air ;
 An diugh ciod am fùth,
 Nach biodh'maid air gheàrd,
 'S gu 'n bhuin e ar nabuidh 'n dé bluaínn.

A chumhachd a tha
 Cur chugainn a bhàis,
 Gun teagamh nach pàighear 'Thèich dha ;
 Tha misneachd a's bonn
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall,
 Air tagradh na gheall do bheil dha.
 Oir 's athair do chlann
 A dh' fheitheas a th' ann,
 'S fear-taighe do 'n bhantraich féin e ;
 'S e'n Cruithear a th' ann,
 A bheir gu neo-ghann,
 Na thoilleas sinn anns a' chreantair.

M A R B H R A N N,

DO MHAIGHSTIR. MURCHADH MAC-DHOMHNUILL,

MINISTEAR SGIRE DHIURINNIS

AN DUTHAICH MHIC-AOIDH.

'S e do bhàs, 'Mhaigbistir Murchadh,
 Rinn na h-àitean so dhorchadh,
 'S ged chaidh dàil ann do mharbhrann,
 Labhraidh balbhachd ri céill.
 Na 'm biodh a' Chrìosdaidheachd iomlan,
 Cha rachadh dì-chuimhn' air t-lomradh,
 No do ghnìomharan iomlaid,
 Ach leantadh t-iomchan-s' gu léir ;
 Gur h-e chràdh mi 'n am mheanmnadh,
 'S do luchd-gràidh agus leannmhunn,
 Meud do shaothrach mu 's d' fhalbh thu,
 'S lugh'd a luig as do dhéigh ;—
 Bheir cuid leasanan buadhach,
 O bhruaich fasanan t-uagbach,
 Nach tug daiseachan suarach,
 As na chual iad bhuat féin.

Fìor mhasgull chionn pàidhidh,
 No stad gealtach le gàbhadh,
 Bhrigh mo bheachd-s' ann an dànaibh,
 'S mi nach deanadh, 's nach d' rinn :
 Ach na 'm biodh comain no stà dhut,
 Ann a t-alladh chur os àird dut,
 Co ach mis' do 'm bu chàra,
 'S co a h' fhearr na thu thoill ?
 Bhuidhean mholtach-s' a dh-fhàg sinn,
 Ged nach urr' iad a chlàistinn,
 'S còir bh' 'g aithris am pàirtean,
 Gun fhàbhor, 's gun fhoill ;
 Oir 's buain' a' chuimhne bheir bàrda,
 Air deagh bhuadhaunaibh nàduir,
 Na 'n stoc cruinn sin a dh-fhàg iad,
 Is comh-stri chàirdean 'g a roinn.

Bha do ghibhitean-sa làidir,
 Air am measgadh le gràsan,
 Anns a' phearsa bha àluinn,
 Lom-lan de ua chéill ;

An tuigs' bu luchdmhoir' gu gleidheadh,
An toil a b' éasgaidh gu matheadh,
'S na h-uile h-aigneadh cho fathail,
Fad do bheatha gu léir.

Bhíodh do chomhairl' an còmhnuidh,
Le do chobhair 's do chòmhnuadh,
Do luchd-gabhail na còrach,
Réir 's mar sheòladh tu féin ;
Dheanadh tu 'n t-aindeonach deònach,
Is an t-aindeolach eòlach—

'S b' e fíor shonas do bheòshlaint,
Bhí tabhairt còrr dhaibh de léirs'.

Bha thu caomh ri fear feumach,
Bha thu saor ri fear reusont',
Bha thu aodanach, geurach,
Mar chloich, ri eucoireach, cruaidh ;

Bu tu 'n tabhairteach maoiniach,
Bu tu 'n labhairteach saothreach,
Bu tu 'n comhairleach timeil,
'S críoch a' ghaol ann ad fhuath ;

Tha e 'n a ladarnas gabhaidh,
Bhí le h-eagal ag àicheadh,
Nach 'eil stoc aig an Ard-Rìgh,
Nì an àird na chaidh uainn ;
Ach 's fálhor Freasdail, 's a's iognadh,
No 'n nì a 's faisge do mhìorbhuil,
Am bèarn so th' againn a lìonadh,
Gu blas miannach an t-sluaigh.

Leam is beag na tha dh' fhoighneachd,
Mu na thubhairt, 's na rinn thu,
'S mu na chliù sin a thoill thu,

O 'n là chail sinn thu féin ;
Ach mòran tartar is strìghliche,
Air son fèich, agus oighreachd,
Fàgaidh beartaich mur *fhine* e,
Air an cloinn as an déigh ;

'S e nì a 's minig a chì mi,
Dh' aindeoin diombunachd time,
Gu'm beil gionach nan daoine,

Tarruinn clàonadh 'n an cùill ;
Ach cha 'n 'eil iomairt no mòtion,
Anns na freasdail so dhomhsa,
Nach toir *leasan* 'n am chòdhail,
Le seann nòt bho do bheul.

Toigheach, faicilleach, fiamhach,
Smuainteach, facalach, giùmhach,
Ann do ghnòthachaibh dìomhair,
Gun bhí dìomhain aon uair ;

Chaith thu t-aimsir gu saothreach,
Air son sonas nan daoine ;
'S cha b' e truallidheachd shaoghail
No aon nì chur suas.

'Nuair tha nitheana taitneach,
Dol a mugh' a chion cleachdaidh,
B' e chùis fharmaid fear t-fhasain,
'S cha b' e beartas a's uailis',

A' dol o 'n bheatha bu sheirbhe,
Tre na cathan bu ghairbhe,
Dh-ionnsuidh Flaitheas na tairbhe,
Gu buan shealbhachadh duais.

Gu'm beil cealgaireachd chràbaidh,
Air a dearbhadh gu gabhaidh,
Tha 'n a gairisinn r' a clàistinn,
Is ro chràiteach r' a luaidh ;
Nuair a thuit thu le bàs bhuainn,
Mar gu 'm briseadh iad bràighdean,
Dhùisg na h-uile sin a b' àbhaist,
A bhí an nàdur an t-sluaigh ;
Gu'm beil eath aig an Ard-Rìgh,
Gu bhí gabhail nam pàirtean,
Anns na chruthaich e grèsan,
Thug air aghairt gach buaidh ;
Rinn sud sinne 'n ar fàsach,
Anns an talamh-s' an trà so,
So a' bharail th' aig pàirt diubb,
Trie 'g a ràtainn air t-uaign.

An duine thigeadh a suas riut,
Ann an guth 's ann an cluasan,
Cha 'n fhacas riamh a's cha chualas,
Is 's e mo smuaintean nach cluinn ;
Ged bu bheartach do chràbhadh,
Bha do mbeas air gach tálann,
'S tha a thuigeadh na dàna,

'S am fear e dheanadh na raimn ;
Chuid a b' àirde 's a' bhuaidh sin,
Tha 'd air stad dheth o 'n uair sin,
Ach na daiseachan suarach,

Tha mu 'n cuairt duinn a' seinn ;
'Nuair a cheilear a' ghrian orr'.
Sin 'n uair ghoireas na biastan,—
Cailleach-oidhche' agus strìanach,
An coilltean fiadhaich, 's an glínn.

'S eòl domh daoine 's an aimsir-s',
Dh-fhàs 'n an cuideachd glé ainmeil,
Tigh'nun air nitheanan talmhaidh,
Ann an gearrabhaireachd gheur ;
Ach 'n uair thogar o 'n làr iad,
Gus na nithibh a's àirde,
S ann a chluinneas tu pàirt diubb,
Mar na pàisdean gun chéill ;
Fhuair mi ear ann do rianaibh-s',
Le do ghlibhteas bha fialaidh,
Nach do dhear mi, ma 's fíor dbomh.

An aon neach riamh ach thu féin,—
Càil gach cuideachd a rianaidh,
Leis na theireadh tu dìomhan,
'S críoch do sheanchais gun fharadh,
Tighinn gu diadhadheachd treach.

Bha do ehuid air a sgaolleadh
Gu bhí cuideachadh dhaoine,

'S fhad 's a bha thu 's an t-saoghal,
 'S tu nach faodadh bhi pàidht';
 Chuid bu taitneich 'n an iomchann,
 Cha 'n 'eil facal mu 'n tìnceall,
 Cha bhi ceartas mu 'n iomradh,
 Ach le 'n imrich, 'n am bàs.
 'S truagh am peanas a thoill sin,
 Thaobh nan ciotan a rinn sinn,—
 Bhi sìor ghearradh ar goibhlean,
 'S ar cuid theaghaichean fàs;
 Gun cheann laidir gu fhoighneachd,
 Co nì 'n àirde na chaill sinn,
 Cuid, d' an cràdh, là is oidhche,
 Nach tig t-oighre 'na t-àit.

CUMHA DO MHR. MURCHADH.

[A rinn am bard an ceann bliadhna an dèigh bàis an duin' uasal sin, air iarrtas a mhic am fìor Gàidhlaire ionnsaichte, Mr Padruig Mac.Dhòmhnuill, ministear Sgìre' Chille-mòre an Earraghàil, air dha thighinn do 'n dùthaich, agus a bhi aig am àraidh an eudachd a' bhàird.]

CO-SHEIRM.

'S cianail, a's cianail,
 O! 's cianail a tha mi,
 'N ceann na bliadhna,
 O! 's cianail a tha mi,
 A Mhaighstir Murchadh,
 'S tu air n' fhògail,
 'S mairg nach d' fhuair sinn,
 Linn no dhà dhìot.

CHADHE na féile,
 A bhéil na tàbhachd,
 Cheann na céille,
 'S au fhoghlaim chràbhaidh,
 Làimh gun ghanntair
 An am dhut paigheadh,
 An uacbdar a' bhàird,
 A ghnùis na fàilte.
 'S cianail, &c.

Tha mise 'n am aonar,
 Mar aon ann am fàsach,
 'S nì gun fheum dhomh,
 Aobhar gbàire,
 Cuims' ann an cainnt,
 Ann an rann no dànachd,
 Chionn 's nach 'eil thu ann
 G' an clàistinn.
 'S cianail, &c.

Chaochail iad rianan,
 O chiaslaich am bàs thu,
 Cha 'n 'eil meas am bliadhna,
 Air ciall, no air cràbhadh;
 Thionndaidh na biastan
 Gu riartradh gràineil,
 Leo-san leig Dia,
 Srian o 'n là sin.
 'S cianail, &c.

Rinn cuid bròn
 Fa choir do bhàis-sa.
 Ach ghabh iad sgios,
 Ann am mìos no dhà dheth;
 Cha 'n 'eil mis' mar iadsan,
 Riaraidh' cho trà dheth,—
 An ceann na bliadhna,
 'S cianail a tha mi.
 'S cianail, &c.

'S caomh leam an teaghlach,
 'S a' chlann sin a dh-fhàg thu,
 'S caomh leam na fuinn,
 Bhidhte seinn ann ad fhàrdach;
 'S caomh leam bhi 'g ùrachadh
 Chliù nach tug bàs dhìot;
 'S caomh leam an ùir th' air do thaobh,
 Dheth na Bhàghan!
 'S cianail, &c.

ORAN A' GHEAMHRAIDH.

AIR Fonn—"Through the wood, laddie."

Mnch 's mi 'g éiridh 's a mhadainn,
 'S an sneachd air a' bheinn,
 Ann an lagán beag monaidh,
 Rì madainn ro dhoinid,
 'S ann a chuala mi 'n lonan,
 Chuir an loinid o sheinn,
 Is am pigidh ag éigheach
 Rìs na speuraibh, 's cha bhinn.

Bithidh am beithe crìon, crotach,
 Sìor stopadh o 'fhàs;
 Mar ri gaoth gharbh shéididh,
 Agus ioma-chathadh 'g éiridh,
 Cròcan barraich a' gèilleadh,
 Mìos éigheach an àil;
 A' mhìos chneatanach, fhuachdaidh,
 Choimheach, ghruamach, gun tlàths'.

Bidh gach doire dubh uaigneach,
 'N dùil fuasgladh o bhlàth;
 Bithidh an snodhadh a' traoghadh,
 Gus an fhreumh as na shìl e,
 Crupaidh chairt ris gu dìonach,
 Gus an erion i gu làr;
 'N lòn-dubh anns a' mhadaoinn,
 Sior sgreadail chion blàiths.

Mhios dheitheasach, chaoile,
 Chumheach, ghaothach, gun bhlàths',
 Chuireadh feadail na fuarachd,
 Anns gach badan bu dualaich',
 Dhèirteadh sneachda 'n a ruathar,
 Air chruach nam beann àrd',
 'S an àm teichidh na gréine,
 Caillidh *Phæbus* a bhlàths'.

Mhios chaiseaneach, ghreannach,
 Chianail, chainneanach, gheàrrt',
 'S i gu clachanach, currach,
 Chruaidhteach, sgealpanach, phuinneach,
 Shneachdach, chaochlaideach, fhrasach,
 Reòtach, reasgach, gu sàr;
 'S e na chaoirneinean craidheach,
 Fad na h-oidhich' air an làr.

'S ann bhios *Phæbus* 'n a reòtachd,
 An ceap nam mòr chruach 's nam beann;
 Bidh 's an uair sin 's cha neònach,
 Gach eun gearra-ghobach goineach,
 Spioladh iomall an oiraich,
 Car a shròin anns an dàm;
 Còmhraidh ciùrrta gun bheadradh,
 Le bròn a's sgreadal 'n an ceann.

'S an àm tighinn an fheasgair,
 Cha bhí an acaras gann;
 Nì iad còmhunnidh 's gach callaid,
 Buileach annhum a's callaidh,
 Sgrìobadh ùir as na ballaibh,
 Mios chur doinionn nan gleann,
 'S iad a' beucail gu toirmneach,
 'S cha bhí 'n eirbheirt ach mall.

Ach nach daoibhail 's a' gheanbhradh,
 Fann ghéim gamhna chion feòir,
 Gnùgach, caol-dromach, fearsnach,
 Tioram, tarra-ghreannach, àrsaidh,
 Biorach, sgreannhanach, fuchdaidh,
 Siltean fuairidh r' a shròin,
 'S e gu sgrog-laghrach gùgach,
 Fulang sàrach' an reòt.

Bidh gach crentair d' a threiscad,
 'G iarraidh fasgaidh 's a' choill,
 Bidh na h-ùrlaichean cabrach,
 Gnùsdach, airtnealach, laga,

Gabhail geilt dheth na mhadainn,
 Le guth a' chneatain 'n an ceann,
 Is na h-aighean fo euslainn,
 Air son gun thréig iad a' bheinn.

Sud na puirt bu ghoirt gearradh,
 Is bu shalaiche seinn,
 Ghabhadh m' iuntinn riamh eagal,
 Roimh bhur sgreadail 's a' mhadainn,
 'N àm a' chruidh bhi air ghadaibh,
 'S an cuid fodair 'g a roinn,
 'S iad 'n am baideinibh binniceach,
 Gu b-àsruidh, tioma-chasach, tinn.

Am bradan caol bharr an fhòir uisg',
 Fluch, slaod-earballach, fuar,
 'S e gu tàrr-ghlogach, ronnach,
 Chlambach, ghear-bhallach, lannach,
 Soills na meirg' air 'n a earradh,
 Fiamh na gainn' air 's gach tuar,
 'S e gu crom-cheannach, burrach,
 Dul le buinne 'na chuaich.

An t-samhainn bhagarach, fhiadhaich,
 Dlubhrach, chiar-dhubh, gun bhlàths,
 Ghuineach, ana-bhlachdach, fhuachdaidh,
 Shruthach, steallanach, fhuaimneach,
 Thuileach, an-shocrach, uisgeach,
 Gun dad measaich ach càl,
 Bithidh gach deat, a's gach miseach,
 Glacadh aigais a' bhàis.

Note.—This song appears to be a parody on twelve of the stanzas of M'Donald's "*Ode to Summer*."—"We are inclined to think that on a journey the poet made to the Isle of Skye, he might have heard M'Donald's '*Summer Song*' and composed this in imitation of it."—*Memoir to Edit.* 1829.

'S TROM LEAM AN ÀIRIDH.

[Rinn am bàrd an t-òran so d' a leannan, Anna Moiriston, nighean òg ro chliùiteach, d' an tug e cheud ghaol; bha e fada 'g a h-iarraidh, agus ise car leam-leat, gun bhi 'g a diùltadh no 'g a gabhail; ach turas a thug e chun na h-àiridh far an robh i aig an am, 's ann a dheare e oirre an cuideachd an t-saor bhàin, d' am b' ainm Iain Moraidh, ghabh e gu ro-throm i a chur cùl ris féin. Phòs i an saor bhan an dèigh so, agus 'se aithris an t-sluaigh—nach robh i riamh toichte a' chur i cùl ri Rob Donn; agus cha mho a dhearbha an saor bhan e féin 'n a chéile ro thaitneach.]

'S TROM LEAM AN ÀIRIDH,
 'S a ghàir so a th'iuut',
 Gu'n a phairt sin a b' àbhaist,
 Bhi 'n dràs air mo chinn;

Anna chaol-mhalach, chioch-chorrach,
 Sblip-cheannach, ghrinn,
 'S Iseuhail a bheoil mhillis;
 Mharanaich, bhiun.
 Heich! mar a bhà
 Air mo chinn;
 'S e dh-fhag mi cho craiteach,
 'S gu'n stà dhomb bhi 'g inus'.
 Heich! &c.

Shiubhail mis' a bhuail';
 Agus shuas feagh nan craobh,
 'S gach àit' anns am b'abhaist,
 Bhi tàthladh mo ghaoil,
 Chumna 'mi'm fear bù,
 A's e m'aran r'a mhuaoi
 'S b' fhearr leam nach tarainn
 An trà ud na ghaoith.
 'S e mar a bha,
 Air mo chinn,
 A dh' fhag air bheag tàth mi
 Ge nàr e ri sheinn.
 'S e, &c.

Anna bhuidhe nighean Don'uill,
 Na'm b'eol dot mo nì,
 'S e do ghradh, gu'n bhi pàidht',
 Thug a mhàn bhuam mo chli:
 Tha e dhomb às t-fhianais
 Cho ghuimhach, 's trà chi.
 Diogladh 's a' smaaiseach,
 'S gur ciuirrt' tha mo chri.
 Air gach trà
 'S mi ann an strì,
 'Feuchainn ri àicheadh,
 'S e fàs rium mar chraoibh.
 Air, &c.

Labhar i gu h-àilleasach,
 Fàiteagach rium:—
 "Cha tàr thu bhi lèmh rium,
 Gu eiradh mo chinn:
 Bha siathnar ga m' iarraidh,
 Car bliadhna de thim;
 'S cha b' airidh thar càch thu
 Thoir barr os an cinu.
 Hā! hā! hā!
 An d' fhàs thu gu tinn
 Mas e 'n gaol a bheir bàs ort
 Gu'm pàidh thu ga chinn!
 Ha! &c.

Ach cia mar bheirinn fuath dhut
 Ged' dh-fhoaraich thu rium?
 'Nuair a's feargach mo sheanachas,
 Ma t-ainn air do chùl,
 Thig t-iomhaigh le h-aunsachd
 Mar abamladh na m' uidh,

As saoilaidh mi gur gaol sin,
 Nach caochail a chaoidh.
 'S théid air a ràdh,
 Gu'n dh-fhas e as ùr,
 'S fasaigh e 'n trà sin,
 Cho airde ri tùr!
 'S théid, &c.

On a chualas gu'n gluaisear thu,
 Bhuam leis an t-saor,
 Tha, mo shuain air a buaireadh
 Le bruadairean gaoil,
 Gu'n an cùirdeas a bha sid
 Cha tàr mi bhi saor.
 Ga mo bhàrnaigeadh laimb riut
 'S e ghuà dhomb mar mhaor.
 Ach ma thù
 Mi ga do dhi,
 B'fheairde mi pàg bhuat
 Mas fagadh tu 'n tìr.
 Ach ma tha, &c.

AN RIBHINN ALUINN EIBHINN OG.

THA Deòrs' air a' Mhàidsear
 Ro dhàn' ann an cainnt,
 An ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Sior chur an céill,
 Gu robh é-san fo staint*
 An ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Ach 'nuair théid an t-òsd,
 Mu 'n bhòrd ann an raucaibh,
 Olaidh e gu cùirdeach,
 Deoch-slaime na balutighearo,
 Bidh h-uile fear do chàch,
 Mach o Sàlaidh, toirt taing dha,
 An ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

Mu 'm faca mo shùil thu,
 'S e 'n cliù ort a fhuair mi,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Mar gu'm bu bhan-dé thu,
 Gu 'n gèilleadh an sluagh dhut,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Shaoil leam gu'm bu bhòsd,
 A chuid mhòr bhasa luaidh riut,
 Gus na shìn an ceòl,
 Sa sin gun tog iad a suas mi,
 Ach chreid mi h-uile draoidh dheth,
 'S an danns 'nuair a ghluais thu,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

* E bhi cheana pòsd'.

Shuidh mi ann an cùil,
Mar gu 'n dùisgteadh á *tranns* mi,
A rìbhinn Ìluinn, Éibhinn, òg.
Is dh'annhairceadh an trùir ud,
Le 'n sùilean, 's le sannt ort,
A rìbhinn àluinn, Éibhinn, òg.
Do rìir mar a dh-fhaodaiunn's
A b-aodann a raunsachadh,
Dhùraigeadh Sàlaidh.
Am Maidsear 'n a bhantraich;
Tha auibhneas air Deòrsa,
Mu 'n bhròn bh' air a' Ghranndach,
A rìbhinn àluinn, Éibhinn, òg.

Cha 'n 'eil a b-aon,
'S a' *Bhatàille*an d' an eòl thu,
A rìbhinn àluinn, Éibhinn, òg.
Nach 'eil ort a brudair,
Mas fuasgailt' no pòsda,
A rìbhinn àluinn, Éibhinn, òg.
Gus an ruig e Tearlach,
Am maisdear a b' òige;
Ged bu chruaidh 'aunm
Ann an armait rìgh Deòrsa,
Chaoch'leadh e faubhar,
Le gaul fa do chòir-sa,
A rìbhinn àluinn, Éibhinn, òg.

Am fear a bhios an gaol,
Cha 'n fhaodar leis 'fhuadach,
A rìbhinn àluinn, Éibhinn, òg.
'S ann is cruaidh a 'chàs,
Gus am pàidhear a dhuais dha,
A rìbhinn àluinn, Éibhinn, òg.
Fuillidh mi sùil,
No fuillidh mi cluas dhiom,
Ma tha aon de 'n trùir ud,
As tric thasa luaidh' riut,
Cho tinn le do ghaol,
Ris an aon fhear a's fuath leat,*
A rìbhinn àluinn, Éibhinn, òg.

'S e 'n t-aobhar nach ordaichinn,
Salaigh do 'n Chòin-neil,
A rìbhinn àluinn, Éibhinn, òg.
Eagal gu 'm hitheadh càch
Ann an naimhdeas r' a bheò dha,
A rìbhinn àluinn, Éibhinn, òg.
Creutair cho caomhneil riut,
Is maighdeann cho b'òidheach riut,
Ri! bu mhòr an diobhail,
Gu 'n cailleadh tu g' a dheòin iad,
Suiridhich an t-saoghail,
Le aon fhear a phòsadh,
A rìbhinn àluinn, Éibhinn, òg.

ORAN EILE

DO 'N MHAIGHOEINN CHEUDNA.

AIR FOKK—"Sweet Molly."

LUNNEAG.

*Fear a dhannas, fear a chluicreas,
Fear a leumas, fear a ruitheas.
Fear a dh-èisdeas, no nì bruidhean,
Bi 'n creidheach' aig Sàlaidh.*

DH-FHALBH mi dùthchan fada, leathan,
'G amharc inigheannan a's mhuathan;
Eadar Tunga 's Abar-readhain,
Cha robh leithid Sàlaidh.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

An Dun-éideann 's an Dun-didhe,
'S a b-uile ceum a rinn mi dh-uighe,
Cha 'n fhaca mi coltach rith,
Bean mo chridhe Sàlaidh.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

'S math a clàistinn, 's math a fradharc,
Blasd' a caill agus na their i,
'S math do 'n fhear a tharadh 'n gaire,
Do dhoireachan Sàlaidh.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

'S math a muigh, 's is math a staigh i,
'S math 'n a guth i, is math 'n a dath i';
'S math 'n a suidhe 'n ceann na sreath' i,
Sann na laidhe 's fearr i.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

Fear a dh' iarras i 's nach fhaigh i,
'S fear nach iarr i a chionn aghaidh,
Cha robh fhios a'm co an roghainn
Thaghainn as na dhà sin.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

Caipitein treun uan *Grenadeer*,
'S airde leumas, 's fearr a ruitheas,
Cha 'n 'eil àit an dean i suidhe,
Nach bi e-san laimh rith'.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

Na 'n racha' dealbh a chur 's a' bhrataich,
Ann an arm an Iarla Chataich,
Bhiodh iad marbh mu 'n deànt' a glacadh,
Ged bhiodh neart a' Phàp' orr'.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

Note.—Sally Grant, the subject of the foregoing two songs, was a girl of easy virtue, who followed the Sutherland fencibles. She was at first mistress to the Earl who commanded; she then served the officers, and finally the privates and drummers. Rob composed another song, called "*Mòr nig'h a Ghiebarlain*," on the same girl, but the Editor has left it, and a number of others of the same description, out of the book on account of their indelicacy.

* Be Rob Donn féin "an aon fhear a b' fhuath leatha."

BRIOGAIS MHIIC RUAIRIDH.

[Kinneadh an t-òran so leis a' bhàrd aig banais "Iseabail Nic-Aoidh," inghean Iain 'Ic-Eachainn, air dh'f' bhi pòda ri Iain, mac Choinnich Sutharlain. Bha crunneachadh an-barrach sluaigh air a' bhanais de dh-uaislean na dùthcha; ach air do dh-Iain Mac-Eachuinn agus am bàrd cur a mach air a chèile goidid roimh 'n am sin, cha d' fhuair am bàrd cuireadh thu na bainnse, ged bha e chòmhnuidh ann an àite fagus do lùmh. Ach air do Choinneach Sutharlain, athair fhir na bainnse, thighinn air an ath mhadainn an dògh a' phòsadh, agus Rob Donn ionndrainn, thubhairt e ri Iain Mac-Eachuinn, gu 'n b' fhearr cuireadh a thoirt do 'n bhàrd 'n a thràth, no gu 'n cluinnte sgeula mu 'n bhanais fathast. Bha fios aig Iain Mac-Eachuinn, nach tigeadh am bàrd air àilleas-sa, ged cuireadh e fios air. An sin chuir na h-uaislean uile, 'n an ainm fèin, fios air, agus mur tigeadh a leis an teachdaircachd sin, gu 'n rachadh iad fèin uile g' a shireadh. Thàinig Rob Donn gu toileach; oir bha mòr spèis aig do dh-Iain Mac-Eachuinn, 's d' a theaghlach, ged thàinig eadar iad aig an àin sin. Air an t-slighe dh-ionnsuidh taigh na bainnse, dh-fhoighnich Rob Donn ris an teachdaire thàinig d' a iarraidh. An do thachair ni àmhuilteach 's am bith 'n am measg o thòisich a' bhanais? Thuir an teachdaire nach cual e-san ach aon rud—Gu 'n do chaill "Mac Ruairidh beag," gille thàinig an cois fhir na bainnse, a bhriogais. Bu leoir so leis a' bhàrd, agus mu 'n d' raing e tagh na bainnse, ged nach robh ann ach astar dà mhìle, bha 'n t-òran deanta; agus cho luath 's a shuidh e, thoisich e air a ghabhail.]

LUINNEAG.

*An d' fhlidir, no 'n d' fhaireich,
No 'n cuala sibh,
Co ùir thug briogais
Mhic Ruairidh leis?
Bha bhriogais ud againn
An am dol a chaid,
'S 'nuair thàinig u' mhadainn
Cha d' fhuaradh i.*

CHaidh bhriogais a stampadh,
Am meadhan na conuilaich,
'S chaidh Uisdean a dhamhs',
Leis na gruagairhean;
'Nuair dh-fhàg a chaid misg e,
Gu'n tog e 'n sin briogadh,
A dh-iarraidh na briogais,
'S cha d' fhuair e i.
An d' fhlidir, &c.

Na 'm bitheadh tu lùmh ris,
Gu 'n deanadh tu gàire,
Ged bhidheadh an sìataig
Na d' chruachanau;
Na faicheadh tu 'dhronnag,
'Nuair dh-ionndrain e 'pheallag,
'S e coimhead 's gach callaid,
'S a' snaitheachan.
An d' fhlidir, &c.

Iain Mhic Eachuinn,
Ma 's tusa thug leat i,
Chur grabadh air peacadh
'S air buaireadh leath';
Ma 's tu a thug leat i,
Cha ruigeadh tu leas e,
Chaidh t-uair-sa seachad
Mu 'n d' fhuair thu i.
An d' fhlidir, &c.

Chaitriona Nigh 'n Uilleim,*
Dean briogais do 'n ghille,
'S na cumadh sud sgillinn
A' thuarasdal;
Ciod am fios nach e t-athair,
Thug leis i g' a caniteamh,—
Bha feum air a leithid,
'S bha uair dheth sin.
An d' fhlidir, &c.

Briogais a' chonais,
Chaidh chail air a' bhanais,
Bu liutha fear fanaid
Na fuaidheil oirr';
Mur do ghléidh Iain Mac-Dhòmhnuill,
Gu pocan do 'n òr i,
Cha robh an Us-mhòine
Na luaidheadh i.
An d' fhlidir, &c.

Mur do ghléidh Iain Mac-Dhòmhnuill,
Gu pocan do 'n òr i,
Cha robh an Us-mhòine
Na ghluaiseadh i.
Mu Uilleam Mac-Phàndruig,
Cha deanadh i stù dha,
Cha ruigeadh i 'n àird'
Air a' chruachan dha.
An d' fhlidir, &c.

Tha duine 'n Us-mhòine
D' an ainm Iain Mac-Sheòrais,
'S gur iongantais dhomhsa
Ma ghluais e i;
Bha i cho cumbag
Mur cuir e i 'm mugha,
Nach dean i ni 's modha
Na buarach dha.
An d' fhlidir, &c.

Na leigibh ri bràigh' e,
'M feadh 's a bbiòs e mar tha e,
Air eagal gu 'n sàraich
An luachair e;

* Bean Iain Mhic Eachainn.

Na leigibh bho bhail' e
Do mhòinteach nan coille,
Mu 'n tig an labhallan,
'S gu buail i e.

An d' fhidir, &c.

Na 'm faiceadh sibh ' leithid,
Bha bann oir' de leathair ;
Bha toll air a speathar,
'S bha tùthag air, '
'S bha feum aic' air cobhair,
Mu bhréidean a gobhail,
Far am biodh am fear odhar,
A' suathadh rith'.

An d' fhidir, &c.

Ach Iain Mhic-Choinnich,*
'S ann ort a bha 'n sonas,
Ged 's mòr a bha dhonadas
Sluaigh an so ;
'Nuair bha thu cho sgìobalt,
S nach do chaill thu dad idir,
'S gur tapaidh a' bhriogais
A bhuannaich thu !
An d' fhidir, &c.

ORAN AIR SEAN FHEILEASGACH,

AGUS SEANA MHAIGHDEAN,

MU 'N ROBH SGEULIAD BHI DOL A PHOSADH.

Tha mhaighdean 's an àite-s'
Tha hìreamh de bhliadhnaibh,
Is shaoil lean nach pòsadh
Neach beò i, chion briadhach ;
Ach 's garbh-dheanta calg-fhionnach
Calbhar r' a bhliadhach,
An gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,

Ciar-dhubh, ciar-dhubh,

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,

Tha triall 'na gaoith.

A Mhairread, cha chòir dhut
Bhì gòrach no fiata,
Tha mairist ni 's leòir dhut,
An còmhnuidh 'ga t-iarraidh ;
Ni 's gràinnde cha 'n eòl domh.
'S ni 's bòidheche cha b' fhiach thu,
Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tha triall 'na d' ghaioith.

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

* Fear na bainne.

Tha ministèir còir ann,
Is mòran de chiall aig' ;
'N a thaoitear do 'n inghean,
Gun iomrall gun fhiaradh ;
Is b' fheàr leis, an òigh
Bhì gun phòsadh seachd bliadhna,
Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Bhì triall 'na gaoith.

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged bhiodh ann a phòcaid,
De dh-èr na th' aig Iarla,
Bu mhòr a' chùis bhròin e
Do 'n òigh tha e 'g iarraidh ;
Sùilean a's sròn,
Agus fèisag, a's fìaclan
A' ghille dhuibh ciar-dhuibh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'S ole an leannan òinid
An t-òlach s' 'n a fhìonaig.
'N a laidhe 'n a chòta,
'N a rògaire mìodhoir,
A shàiltean 'n a thòin,
Is a shròn ris a' ghriosaich ;
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Tha triall 'na gaoith.

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Tha pung ann a chàileachd,
Thug bàrr air na ciadan ;
Tha 'aogas ro ghrànnda,
'S e air fàileadh 'n t-srìanaich ;
An uair bha e an Grùididh,
Cha taobhaicheadh fiach ruin,
Leis a' ghille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Bhì triall 'n an gaoith

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged tha e cho daochain,
Is aogas cho fiadhaich,
Bithidh feum air 's an tìr so,
Air tioman de 'n bhliadhna,
A thoirt ghabhraidh air mheann,
'S a char chlànn dheth na cìochan ;
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Tha triall 'na gaoith.

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'Nuair a bha sinn cruinn
Anns a' bheinn, 's sinn ri fiadhach,
Bu tric a bhiodh tu 'n sàs
Anns an t-sàuce-pan, is biadh ann ;
Bhiodh eagal air bàis oirnn,
Gu 'n còmhadh tu bian oirnn,
A ghille dhuibh ciar-dhuibh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

ORAN NAN GREISICHEAN BEAGA.

AIR FOSN—"Crò nan Gobhar."

CHUNNA' mi crannanach,
Cuimir ri ceannaireachd,
'N Acha-na-b-Annaid,
Cur feannag á chéile;
Sheall mi le annas air,
'S shìn mi ri teannadh ris,
Thug mi mo bhoineid dhìom,
'S bheannaich mi féin da.

*Tha mi ro bluidheach
Air chomhairl' nam breitheamhan,
Dh-òrdaich gach dìthis dhù
Bli le aon chéile;
Faodaidh slìochd tighinn
An deigh na buidhinn so,
Fathast a bhlitheas
'N an iongantais féille.*

Chaidh mi air m' aghairt,
Is shàraich e m' fhoighidinn,
Feuchainn le a' lughad
C' ait' am faighinn da céile;
Fhuair mi 'n taigh Choimnich i,
C' uime gu 'n ceilinn,
'S a h-àparan deiridh
Cho ghoirid r' a' fhéileadh-s'.

Tha mi ro bluidheach, &c.

Tòmas a's Dòmhnall,
Seòras a's Alasdair,
'S coltach 'n an colluinn
A' cheathrar r' a chéile;
B' fheàrr leam tè thapaidh
Bhiodh seachad air leth-cheud,
Na a faicinn air leth-trath,
Aig fear dhiubh mar chéile.

Tha mi ro bluidheach, &c.

Tha iomadh sgeul eile
Tha againn gu barantach,
Naidheachd 'g a h-aithris
A baile Dhun-Éideann,
Nach 'eil uile cho àit'
Ann an oibrichibh freasdail,
Ri faicinn nam peasan
A' maitseadh a chéile.

Tha mi ro bluidheach, &c.

Tha mise fo chachdan,
Nach urradh mi leasachadh,
Nach fhaigh mi aon fear dhù
Ni maithe do Chéitidh;

Tha truas aig mo chridhe
Ri seasgaich' na h-ighinn,
Nach faigh sinn aon leighich,
Chuireas dìthis ri chéil' diu.

Tha mi ro bluidheach, &c.

Cuirear do 'n eilean iad,
'S thugar mir fearainn dhaibh,
'S bheir iad an air'
Air na gearrain 's a' chéitein;
Air eagal am prounaidh
Ri fiodh no ri bola,
Tha tub aig a' Mhorair
Ni taigh dhaibh le chéile.

Tha mi ro bluidheach, &c.

Tha agam-sa tuilleadh
De leithid an fhirionnaich-s';
'S air chor a's gu'n chluinnear iad,
Seinneam air scéis iad;
Dòmhnall beag biorach,
Air pòsadh an uraidh;
'S tha dìthis de 'n fhine
Aig a' mhinisteir féin diu.

Tha mi ro bluidheach, &c.

Na grèisichean beaga,
Oir 's iad is maoir eaglais,
Tha dùil ac' mo thagraidh,
Air son magaidhnean beumach;
Bithidh mise fo eagal,
'Nuair chluinneas mi 'm bagradh,
O 'n thachair mi eadar
An sagart 's an clèireach.

Tha mi ro bluidheach, &c.

Tha dùil a'm gur duilich leis
Mis' chur an cunnart,
'S gu 'n do chaomhain mi 'n cuilean.
'S gu 'm bu mhuileach leis féin e;
'S ma chreideas mi 'n ministeir,
An déigh 's na dh-innis e,
'S e 'm moncaidh an uiridh,
Mu mhìre na 'n Grèibhear.

Tha mi ro bluidheach, &c.

Tha sgeula r' a h-aithris,
Mu Bhaile-na-Cille,
Gu 'n robh iad fo iomas
An uiridh le chéile;
Am bliadhna 'n an dithé,
E-féin 's an cù buidhe,
Gun triall ac' gu uidh;
Ach 'n an suidh' aig na h-Éibhleau.

Tha mi ro bluidheach, &c.

'S bòidheach am baganach
Sebras na h-eaglais,
Chualas na cregan
Toirt freagairt d' a éigheachd ;
Shamhlaich mi 'm fleasgach ud
Ris a' gharra-ghartan,
Cho blogach r' a fhaicinn,
'S cho neartmhòr r' a éisdeach.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha Curstaidh fo chachdan,
Mur bhailich mi 'macau,
Gu 'n abrainn an garran,
Ri fleasgach cho treun ris ;
Seas thusa fa 'chomhair,
Is amhaire a chrodhan,
'S an tè thug an dreobhan air,
Thomhais i féin e.

Tha ri ro bhuidheach, &c.

ORAN NA CARAIDE BIGE.

Tha dithis anns an dùthaich-s',
Tha triall gu dhol a phùsadh ;
'S gur beag an t-aodach ùr,
Ni gùn dhoibh a's léine.

*Hei tha mo rùn dut,
Hò, tha mo rùn dut,
Hei tha mo rùn dut,
A rùn ghil' na tréig mi.*

Dithis a tha òg iad,
Dithis a tha bòidheach,
Dithis tha gun òirleach
A chòrr air a chéile.
Hei, tha mo rùn dut, &c.

Ma bhios macan buan ac',
'S gu 'n téid e ris an dual'chas,
Cuiridh e gu luath
An cù-ruadh as an t-saobhaidh.
Hei, tha mo rùn dut, &c.

Ach ma théid a chrùsach,
Sgaoilt' air feadh na dùthcha,
Théid prospig ris na sùilean,
Tha dàil a 'm, mus léir iad.
Hei, tha mo rùn dut, &c.

ORAN.

[Do dh' fhear chaidh a chòrdadh ri nighin òig, ach cha bhiodh e toileichte mu 'n tochradh, mur tugadh iad dhà gamhuinn eile bharrachd air na bha iad toileach thoirt seachad ; agus air so a dhiùltadh dha, thrèsg e a leannan.]

'S ANN a bhuail an iorghuill,
Air an t-suiridheach tha 'n so shìos,
Chuir e 'bìgh' air céile,
'S gu 'n do réitich iad 'n an dìos ;
Shaoil mi féin 'n uair thòisich iad,
Gu 'n còrdadh iad gun sgìos ;
Ach ebum àsraidh beag do ghamhuinn iad,
Gun cheangal còrr is mìos.

Sin, 'n uair thuirt a' mhaighdean,
Nach foighnich sibh rium fìor,
Is innsidh mi a rìreadh,
Gu 'm bu chaochlaideach a rian ;
Gu robh e cheart cho deònach,
Ri duin' òg a chualas riamh ;
'S a nis gu 'n ghabh e bhuar dhìom,
O nach d' fhuair e 'n gamhuinn ciar.

Cha e sin air aghairt,
'S ann do Shaghair chaidh e 'n tùs,
Chuir iad fios 'n a dhéighidh,
Thigh 'nn air aghaidh ann a chùis ;
'S e roghnaich es' an tàillearachd—
'S i b' fheàrr leis na bhì pùsd' ;
O nach d' fhuair e 'n gamhuinn àsraidh,
Ged fhaigheadh e 'm bàs de 'n spùt.

Dh-aithnich mi 's an amhare ort,
Gu robh do thomhas gann,
Chunnaic mi air t-iomchuinn,
Gu robh 'n iom-chomhairl' 'n ad cheann ;
'S nach robh do spiorad dìomhair,
'G a do ghrìosadh 's a' cheart ìm ;
'Nuair b' fheàrr leat gamhuinn caoile,
Na do bhean, 's do ghaol, 's do chlann.

H-uile fear a chì thu,
'G a do dhìteadh air do chùl,
Ged leasaich sinn an t-airgead dhut,
Mu cheithir mhàrg 's ni 's mò,
'S e theig gach fìlidh facail riut,
Gu spot chur air do chliù,
Gu 'n d' rinu an gamhuinn bacainn,
Do chontract ' chuir air cùl.

'S mis a fhuair mo chàradh,
Leis na fearaibh as gach taobh,
A' mheud 's a bha 'g am iarraidh dhiubh,
'S nach b' fhiach leam duin' ach thu ;

Shaoil mi féin 's an fhoghar,
'Nuair a thagh mi thu á triúir,
Nach fánadh tu cho fada bhuam,
Ged h' fhiach an gamhuinn crùn.

AM BOC GLAS.

Os tha mi na m' aonar,
Gu'n teann mi ri spòrs ;
Gu'n cuir mi mar dh-fhaodas mi,
'M boc air sheol.
'S gu'n leig mi fios dhachaigh
A dh-iunnsaidh nan Catach,
Gur h-e 'm boc glas,
A bhios ac air an tòs.
Pè he fannndarai feininn òth-orò,
Hithili fannndarai feininn òth-orò,
Fa-thel-oth fannndarai feininn òth-orò,
Hithili shiubhal e,
Hannndarai hith-horò,
Fa-thel-òth, fà-thel-òth.

'S iomadh òganach smearail,
Bha fearail gu lebr ;
A chunna' mis
Ann an eogadh rìgh Deòrs'.
'S eha'n fhaca mi boc,
Ga thogail air feachd,
Ach aona bhoc glas
A Bh' aig mac an larl' òig.
Pe he fannndarai, &c.

'Nuair thigeadh am Foghar,
Co dhianadh a bhuain ?
Co dhianadh an eanghal,
No sgrùdhadh an sguab ?
Co chuireadh na siamanan,
Ceart air na tudanan ?
Ach am boc luideach,
Na'm faigheadh e duais.
Pe he fannndarai, &c.

Gu'n tug ind a' ehobhair ud,
Bhuaine gun fhios ;
A's dh' fhadadh na gobhair
Gun bhaine gun bhliuchd ;
Tha sìne nigh'n Uilleim,
A caoine 'sa tuireadh,
'Sa suilean a' sìleadh
Air sun a bhuic ghlaiss.
Pe he fannndarai, &c.

Note.—This song was composed on a rake in Sutherland-shire, who, having got a number of young women in the family way, was obliged to take refuge in the Sutherland fencibles, where the poet gave him the name of *Boc Glas*—a name that he retained during life. The tune is excellent, and may justly be entitled the first of the Sutherland-shire pipe jigs. It was the poet's own composition. He also composed several other popular airs of great merit.

ORAN.

[Do dh' fhear a bha suiridh air nighinn òig, agus fear eile bhi 'g a toirt bhuaithe; bha mathair na h-inghinn (a tha lauhart 's a' cheud rann) 'n a banàraich aig Morair Mac-Aoidh, agus e-san 'n a bhuachaille; agus am fear bha toirt na h-inghinn bhuape 'n a bhreabadair.—Tha t-òran air a sgrìobhadh do rìir dearbh Ghàidlig a bhàrd féin oir cha ghabhadh e sèinn air caochladh dòigh.]

LUINNEAG.

Tha 'n gille math ruadh,
'S e laidir, luath,
Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas
'S nach d' fhuair e i.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh,
'S e laidir, luath,
Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas,
'S nach d' fhuair e i.

FHEASGAICH tha 'g imeachd
An aghaidh na gaoith',
Gu dùil aig mo nighinn
Thu thiginn a chaidh ;
Gu 'm b' fhearr a bhi suas leat
Am buaile Mhic-Aoidh,
Na fheasgach na fighe,
Le fhichead bò laoigh.*
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Cha 'n urradh mi dhearbhadh
Mar chearb air bhuur clann,
Gur ann anns na clirdean
Tha mhèir' air am fonn,
'Nuair thèid gach mearachd
A chronachadh tholl,
Bidh fuigheall an innich
'S an ime cho trom.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Tha Seumas Mac-Cullach,
'N a dhuine 'm beil spéis,
Tha oaoir bho 'leanabas
'G a dhearbhadh 'n a bheus ;
Tha fear anns a' bhaile-s'
Gun chul ach an spréidh,
Tha e 'n uidheam na guide
Ni 's faide no éis'.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Mo chomhairl' a nighean,
'S na suidhich du bhonn,
Air rud bhios 'n a pheanas,
'S 'n a mhearachd dhut tholl,
Tha dùil agad achdaidh
Ri beartas 'n a steoll,
Le fuigheall an innich,
'S cha chinnich e boill.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

* Fichead maide na beairte.

Na 'm faiceadh sibh 'm fleasgachan
 rapaidh a th' againn,
 Ag iomart nan casan
 Mu seach air na maidean,
 Le 'iteachan innich
 A' pilleadh 's a' glagartaich,
 Cnap aig a' mhuidh,
 'S an t-slinn a' feadaireachd.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

ORAN FHAOLAIN.

[Sgalag a bh' aig a' bhàrd, air an robh Faolan aca mar less-ainm. Cha robh Faolan ach 'n a chreutair fachanta, agus b' àbhaist do dh' inghean an bhàrd a bh' 'g a thilgeadh air a chèile mar leannan.]

LUNNEAG.

Gu neartaich an seabh,
'S gu leasaich an seabh,
An t-abhagan màrbh ud, Faolan.
Gu neartaich an seabh,
'S gu leasaich an seabh,
An t-abhagan màrbh ud, Faolan.

Thug Ealasaid Mhoraidh,
 'Nuair chromas a' ghrian,
 O 'n eirtheir a nios do 'n dithreabh,
 Oir chual' i 'n a chagaraich' bheaga aig càch,
 An t-urram bha ghnà aig Faolan.
Gu neartaich an seabh, &c.

Thàinig oirnn iain le naidheachd a nuas,
 Cha chreid mi nach cual' an sgir' e,
 Gu 'n deachaidh uainn Curstaidh
 Le briogadh do Chlurraig,
 Eagal bhi dlù air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an seabh, &c.

Tha Curstaidh a's Deònachd,
 A's Céitidh nigh'n Deòrsa,
 Is Màiri bhuidh' òg nan caorach,
 'G an deasachadh mòr, gu leasachadh pròis,
 A fhreasdal 's gu 'm pòs iad Faolan
Gu neartaich an seabh, &c.

Tha Curstaidh bheag Dhonn,
 'S a cridhe ro throm,
 Air eagal nach crom rith' Faolan;
 Tha Màiri ag ràdh nach dean e dh' i stà,
 Nach 'eil e nì 's fèrr no caolan!
Gu neartaich an seabh, &c.

Au uair a fhuair Ceitidh sealladh dheth ris,
 'S e thubhairt i féin a's faoil oirr'.
 Ged nach 'eil mi 'g a fhaicinn
 Cho sgiobalt ri pàirt,
 'S ann tha e nì 's fearr na shaoil mi.
Gu neartaich an seabh, &c.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh nighean,
 No bean air an fhùd,
 A bheireadh d' an deòin an gaol dà,
 O 'n tha e gn siogaideach, rugaideach, marbh,
 Cha bhoc, is cha tarbh, ach laos-boc.
Gu neartaich an seabh, &c.

Gu'm beil a' bhean againn 'n a laidhe ri làr,
 'S i 'g acain gu bràth a caol-drùm
 Cha chuir i dhuinn tuilleadh
 A' mhin air a' bhùrn;
 Ach dheanadh i taobh ri Faolan.
Gu neartaich an seabh, &c.

Tha bean-an-taigh' againne
 Leth-chend do bhliadhnaibh,
 'S tha i cho liath ri caora,
 'S ged nach 'eil fiacaill idir 'n a ceann,
 Cha lughad a geall air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an seabh, &c.

Tha Ceitidh a's Curstaidh, gu briogant' an cùil,
 O 'n tha iad an dùil ri daoine;
 'Nuair bhios mi beartach,
 Gu 'n toir mi dhaibh gùn,
 Na 'n deanadh iad mùn air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an seabh, &c.

Comhairl a bheirinn a nis ort a Phàdaidh,
 O 'n nach 'eil nàir 'na t-aodann,
 'Nuair nì mi 'n ath chrathadh
 Gnn toir mi dhut greim,
 Na 'n leigeadh tu br * *m air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an seabh, &c.

Shaoil leam nach labhradh e
 Mu'n a' bhuntàt,*
 Ach bidh e nì's paight' no shaoil leis,
 Na 'n tigeadh an donas do 'n bhail-s' 'na dheann,
 Gu tugainn air cheann da Faolan.
Gu neartaich an seabh, &c.

* The bard and Faolan being one day planting potatoes in a field near a public-house, some acquaintances of the former came that way, who went in to have some refreshment, and took him along with them. Faolan also followed, and got his "shell," but instead of returning again to his work, he went home and told the bard's wife that his master had abandoned the potatoe planting and went on the spree, and that he could not work by himself. On Rob returning home at night, Faolan's story was related to him, and before supper was ready this song was composed on him.

TURUS DIAIBHI' DO DH' ARCAMH.

[Bha Daibhidh so 'n a bluvachaille, agus 'n a àireach, aig duin' uasal àraidh, ann am bail' eile, beagan mhiltean bho 'àite fèin, agus 'nuair a bha Daibhidh dol dachaigh leis an tìan agus leis a' chàise, gu mhaighstir, fhuair e air bàta ceilpe, bha dol an rathad; ach 's ann chuireadh leis an stòirm iad air tìr ann an Arcamh, 's ged a b' ann 's a' ghrund a rachadh Daibhidh, cha deanadh na nàbaidh-nean mòran caoidh air a shon.]

NACH cruaidh, craiteach, an t-aiseag,
A fhuair Dhaibhidh do dh' Arcamb,
Dh-fhalbh an càise, 's a' cheilp, a's e-fèin.
Nach cruaidh, &c.

O 'n chaidh a bhàs dheanamh cinnteach,
Shuas mu bbraighe Loch-Uinnseard,
Gu'm bu ghàireach gùth minn as a dhéigh.
O 'n chaidh, &c.

Thubhairt nigh'n Dho'uill 'Ic Fhionnlaidh,
Rìs an t-Siorramh neo-shuundach,
Dearbh cha mhise an t-aon neach tha 'n éis.
Thubhairt nigh'n, &c.

Ma chaill thusa t' fhear impidh,
Chaill mise n' fhear ann-taigh;
Co nìs is fear-punndaidh do 'n spréidh?
Ma chaill thusa, &c.

Bha do nàbaidhnean toigheach,
Aims gach bàgh 'g iarraidh naidheachd,
'S leis a' chradh bh'orr', cha'n fhaigheadh iad deur
Bha do nàbaidhnean, &c.

Ach o 'n chual iad thu philleadh,
O na cuaintean, gun mhilleadh,
Shin an sluagh ud air sìleadh gu léir.
Ach o 'n chual iad, &c.

Mach o acaraidh thrailleil,
Bhìos a' streup mu do cheairde,
Cha bhì creutair gun chràdh as do dheigh.
Mach o acaraidh, &c.

Ach ma 's bàs dut mas tig thu,
'S ann bhios deuchainn a ghliocais,
Aig an fhear bhios cur lic art le spéis.
Ach ma 's bàs, &c.

Sgrìobhar sìos air a braighe—
'S ann ball' am beil Daibhidh,
A luchd na h-eucoir, thig bàs oirbh gu leir."
Sgrìobhar sìos, &c.

Sgrìobhar suaicheantas Dhaibhidh;
Ceann gaibhre, a's càbag,
Rotach gleadhurch, a's falldair geur.
Sgrìobhar suaicheantas, &c.

Ceann grìomach a bhagair,
Shìl mhiogach nam praban,
Beul biogach nan cagar 's nam breug.
Ceann grìomach, &c.

'S ann tha 'n eachdairidh ghàbhaidh,
Nis mu ais-eiridh Dhaibhidh,
'S e tighinn dachaigh 'n a stàirneanach treun.
'S ann tha 'n eachdairidh, &c.

Leis gach deoch a bha blasda,
Is iomadh biadh nach do chleachd e,
'S ann is fearr e 'na phearsa mar cheud,
Leis gach deoch, &c.

Dh-fhas e stailceanach, pùinnseach,
'S ann is treis' air gach puing e,
Cuiribh 'cheist ris a' mnuaio aige fein.
Dh-fhas e stailceineach, &c.

Tha mnathan uaisl' anns a' mhachair,
O na chual iad mar thachair.
Chuid bu stuama an cleachdaibh 's ann beus.
Tha mnathan uaisl' &c.

A bhiodh deònach gu 'n tacbradh,
Gnothuch còir anns na cairtean,
Bheireadh oirnn' dol a dh' Arcamh gu leir.
A bhiodh deònach, &c.

* * * * *

ORAN AN AINM DITHIS NIGHEAN

IAIN MHIC EACHAINN.

[Tè dhiubh air tighinn dachaigh bho sgoil, agus gun spéis aice nis, na 'm b' fhlòr, do 'n dùthaich; agus an tè eile, nach robh riamh o 'n bhaile, a' moladh na dàthcha.]

Cia b' e dheanamh mar rinn mis',
Bu mhid se e gu bràth,
Dhol do 'n bheinn, an aghaidh m' inntinn,
Mhill e mi mo shlaint;
Fàirt de m' acain, braigheach Mheirceiad,
'S àit gun mhareaid e.
Ach spain a's copraich, 's bhà-theach fosgailt',
'S graine shop ri làr.

Cha 'n 'eil seòmar aig Rìgh Breataim,
'S taitneich' leam na 'n Càrn,
Oir tha e uaignidheach do ghruagaich,
'S nì e fuaim 'nuair 's àill;

Feur a's coille, blà a's duille,
'S iad fo iomadh neul,
Is ise le *echo*, mar na teudan,
Seirm gach séis a's fearr.

Cha b' àite còmhnuidh leam air Dhòmhnaich,
A bhì 'n ròig no 'n càrn,
Oir, mnr robh strìanach ann air bhliadhna,
Cha robh riamh nì b' fhearr ;
Fuaime na beinne, 's gruaig a' ghlinne,
'S fuathach leam a' ghàir ;
Ol cràdh mu chridhe, reubadh lighe,
An t-àit an tighe 'm feur.

Ciod am fath mu 'n tug thu fuath sin,
Do na bruchaibh ard ?
Nach fhaic thu fein, 'nuair thig an spreidh,
Gur feumail iad le 'n àl ?
Cha chradh cridhe, air làrach shuidhe,
Fuaime na lighe lain,
Do 'n gnàth bhì claghach roimh a h-aghaidh,
Is feur na deighidh a' fàs.

Na bha fìrinneach dheth t-amhran,
'N fhad 's bha 'n samhradh blàth.
Rinn e tionndadh oidheche-Shamhna,
'S bheir an geamhradh 'shàr ;
Duille shuidhichte barr an fhiodha,
Dh-fàs i buidhe-bhàn,
'S tha mais' 'n t-Strath' air call a dhath,
Le steall de chathadh-làir.

Gleidhidh 'n talamh thun an t-samhraidh,
Sin a chrann e 'n dràid,
Beath a's calltunn latha-bealltuinn,
Gealltanach air fàs ;
Bìdh gruth a's crathadh air na srathan,
'S téirgidh 'n caithreadh-làir,
Nach grinn an sealladh, glinn a' stealladh,
Laoigh, a's bainne, 's bàrr !

'S barail leam-sa gu 'n do chaill sibh,
Air na rinn sibh chàis ;
Dhol do shliabh, gun chur, gun chliathadh,
'S nach robh biadh a' fàs ;
B' fhearr bhì folluiseach an Goll-thaobh,
Na bhì 'n comunn ghraisg,
Air mo dholladh leis an chonnadh,
Laimh ri bola fàil.

Note.—This is a contrast between the pleasures of a town and a pastoral life, as if by two young ladies, (daughters of the celebrated "*Iain Mac-Eachunn*,") one of them returned from the town of Thurso, where she had been sent to school, and the other, yet ignorant of town, upholding the pleasures of rural retirement. The beauties of the bard's own native strath are delineated in strains so sweet that we have only to regret that he did not more frequently indulge his muse in descriptive poetry.

MARBHRANN IAIN GHRE,

ROGHAIRD.

[Agus e air caochladh ann an Siorramachd Pheairt, air a shlighe dol dachaigh do Chat-taobh.]

Tha rògairean airtnealach, trom,
'N taobh bhos agus thall do na *Chrasg*,
O 'n chual iad mu 'n cuairt an Ceann-cinnidh,
Gu 'n do dh-eug e an Siorramachd Pheairt ;
Dh-aideuin a dhreachdan 's a chiall :
Cha do chreid duine riamh a bha ceart,
Aon smid thainig mach air a bheul
'S cha mhò chreid e féin Rìgh nam fear.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh aon nì cho laidir,
'S an t-saoghal-'s, ri bàs, gu toirt teum ;
'N t-stràc thug e an dràsd' oirnn air aghairt,
Gun do marbh e fear Roghaird do leum.
Tha Sàtan ro bhrònach 's cha 'n iognadh,
Ged fhaigheadh e 'n t-aon-sa dha féin,
Air son nach 'eil fathast air sgeul aig'
Fear a sheasas dha 'àite 'na dhéigh.

'S fad a bho chunnacas, 's a chualas,
Gur teachdaire gruamach am bàs ;
Gidheadh gu'm beil euid bh'ann an daoch ris,
Toirt rud-eigin gaoil da an dràsd' :
Tha dùil ac' an Cat-thaobh 's an Gall-thaobh,
Nach urr' iad a mholadh gu bràth,
Air son gur h-e féin thug a' cheud char
A fear thug cùig cend car a' càch.

Sibhse tha mòr agus mion,
Sibhse tha sean 's a tha òg,
Thugaibh cheart air' air a' bhàs,
'Nuair is beartaich' 's is làine bhuir cròg ;
Oir thig e mar mhèirleach 's an oidhch',
Ged robh sibh uile cruinn mu na bhòrd ;
'S cha 'n fheudar a mhealladh le foill,
'S gu 'n do mheall e Ceann-feadhna nan ròg.

Rinn deamhanan is triùcairean talmhaidh,
Election mu chealgair bhiodh treun,
Co bu stàraich', bu chàraich', 's bu cheilgeich',
'S a b' fhearr chuireadh lith air a' bhréig ;
B' e Sàtan am breitheamh bu shine,
Da 'm b' aithne gach fine fo 'n ghréin ;
'S b' i 'bharail nach fhaigheadh e leithid,
Mur robh e 'na Grèadhaich iad féin.

Bu mhath leam an ciontach a bhuailadh,
'S cha b' àill leam duin' uasal a shealg ;
'S ged chuireas mi gruaime air a' choireach,
Cha gabh an duin' onarach fearg ;

Tha Caiptein Rob Grè air a dhiùltadh,
Le breitheanas Priounsa nan cealg;
Kinn coimeasgadh Reothach a chumadh,
Gu uail's agus duinealas gharg.

Tha breugan a's cuir air am fìgail,
Do 'n thear a 's fearr tàlann g' an inus';
Cha cheadaich a' chùis e do Bhàtair,
'Tha onoir a's àrdan 'n a ghrìd;
Ge comasach lain a bhràthair,
Cha 'n fhaigh e an dràs' i chion aois;
Ach an sin gheibh e obair an t-Sàtain,
Ceart comb-luath 's is hàs do fhear Chraich.

M A R B H R A N N,

UILLIEM MHUILLEIR, AN CEARD.

O 'nuair 's a chaidh Uilleam fo 'n ùir,
Gur tearc againn sùil tha gun deur,
Do mhuilleir, a bhrachair, no 'chòcair,
No 'mhuathan da 'n nòs bhì ri spréidh;
Cha mhadha na clamhain a's gaothair,
Tha subhach 's an fhoghar-s' 'n a dhéigh;
Air son gu 'm buin iomall na cloinne,
Gach ubh a's gach eireag dhaibh féin.

'S glan a tha 'n talambs-s' 'n a fhàsach,
O 'nuair chaidh thu bàs o cheann mìos;
Ge maiseach na macain so dh-fhàg thu,
Cha seas iad dhuinn t-àitse 'n an dìos;
'S ann a tha acuinne do cheàirde,
Mar rud chaidh 'n an clàraibh 's an dìosg,
An t-òrd a's am balg ris an teine,
An rusp, a's an t-innein, 's an t-ìosp.

'S giorra mo sgil, na mo dhùrachd,
Gu intiseadh do chliù mar is còir;
'S minig a dheare mi do chruinn-leum
Do 'n àite 'm bu chinntich' do lòn;
Sgiathan do chòta fo t-achlais,
Is neul an tombac' air do shròin;
Bhiodh gaor aig na coin 'g a do ruith,
Agus mir air dhroch bhrùich ann do dhòru.

Air fhad 's a théid cliù ort a leantuinn,
Cha 'n urrainn mi chantaoin gu leòir;
'S tu dh-fhuineadh, a ghuiteadh, 's a chrìathradh,
'S tu dh-iththeadh, 's a dh-jarradh an còrr;
'S tu rachadh do 'n t-sruthan a chlisgeadh,
'Nuair ghabhadh na h-uisgean gu lòn:
Bu choltach ri rapas na seilcheig,
An easgann mu thimcheall do bheòil.

Cha 'n aithne dhomb neach feadh na talmhainn-s
A' choiteir, a' shearhant, no 'thuath,
Nach ionndraineadh Uilleam, as aodanu
Oir shiùbhladh e 'n sgìre ri uair;
Nis o 'n a chual iad gu 'n deach' e,
Tha rud-eigin smal air daoìn' nails',
Air son nach 'eil neach ac 's a' mhachair,
A ghlaas taigh-cac no poit fhuail.

M A R B H R A N N,

DO THRUIR SHEANN FHLEASGACH.

[CLANN FHIR TAIGH RUSPUINN.]

Air FONN—"Latha ' siubhal sleibhe dhomh."

'N an laidhe so gu h-ìosal,
Far na thiodhlaic sinn an trìuir,
Bha fallain, làidir, inntinneach,
'Nuair d' inntrig a' bhliadhn' ùr;
Cha deach' seachad fathast,
Ach deich latha dh' i o thùs:—
Ciod fhios nach tig an teachdair-s' oirnn,
Ni 's braise na ar dùil?

Am bliadhna thim' bha dithis diubb,
Air tighinn o 'n aon bhròinn,
Bha iad 'n an dà chomrad,
O choinnich iad 'n an cloinn;
Cha d' bhris an t-aog an comunn ud,
Ged bu chomasach dha 'n roinn,
Ach ghearr e snàith' na beath-s' ac',
Gun dàil ach latha 's oidhch'.

Aon duine 's bean o 'n tàinig iad,
Na bràithrean ud a chuidh,
Bha an aon bheatha thimeil ac',
'S bha 'n aodach de 'n aon chloimh;
Mu 'n aon uair a bhàsaich iad,
'S bha 'n nàdur d' an aon bhuaidh;
Chaidh 'n aon siubhal dhaoine leo,
'S chaidh 'n sineadh 's an aon uaigh.

Bu daoine nach d' rinn briseadh iad,
Le fiosrachadh do chàch;
'S cha mhò a rinn iad aon dad,
Ris an can an saoghal gràs;
Ach ghineadh iad, a's rugadh iad,
Is thogadh iad, a's dh-thàs—
Chaidh stràc de 'n t-saoghal tharais orr',
'S mu dheireadh fhuair iad bàs.

Nach 'eil an guth so labhrach,
Ris gach aon neach againn beò?
Gu h-àraidh ris na seann daoine,
Nach d' ionnsuich an staid phòsd';

Nach gabh na tha 'nan dleasanais,
A dheasachadh no lòn,
Ach caomhuadh nì gu falair dhaibh,
S a' falach an cuid òir.

Cha chaith iad fèin na rinn iad,
Agus oighreachan cha dèan,
Ach ulaidhnean air shliabh ac',
Bhios a' biadhachd chon a's èun ;
Tha iad fo 'n aon dìteadh,
Fo nach robh, 's nach bi mi fhéin,
Gur duirche, taisgte 'n t-òr ac',
Na 'nuair bha e 'n tòs 's a mhèinn.

Barail ghlic an Ard-Rìgh—
Dh-fhàg e pàirt de bhuidhean gann,
Gu feuchainn iochd a's oileanachd,
D' an dream d' an tug e meall ;
C' arson nach tugta pòrsan,
Dhe 'n cuid stòrais aig gach ìm,
Do bhochdan an Tì dheònaicheadh,
An còrr a chur 'na cheann ?

An déigh na rinn mì rùsgadh dhuibh,
Tha dùil agam gun lochd,
'S a liuthad facal firinneach
A dhìric mi 'n ur n-uchd,
Tha eagal orm nach éisd sibh,
Gu bhì feumail do na bhochd ;*
Nì 's mò na rinn na fleasgaich ud,
A sheachduin gus a nochd.

Note.—Two of these bachelors were somewhat remarkable, having been born together, brought up together, and died within a night of each other. They were buried in the same hour, in the same grave, and by the same company of men. Their whole study, from their youth, was to hoard up money, and had much of it hid under ground, which they neither had the heart to use themselves, nor to bestow upon their friends, none of which has yet been found.

MARBHRANN

DO DH' IAIN MAC-EACHUINN.

[An dùn' uasal, aig an do thogadh am bàrd, 'n a theaghlach, o 'n bha e 'n a bhalachan òg; agus bu duin' e a choisinn a leithid a chliù, o a luchd-còlais airfadh, 's gu 'n d' aidich iad uile, gu 'n robh am marbhrann so gun mhèarachd, agus gu h-àraidh na briathran mu dheireadh dheth, 's gu 'n abradh gach neach mar an ceudna a chluinneadh am marbhrann, agus d' am b' eòl Iain Mac-Eachainn gu'n robh e ceart.]

IAIN Mhic-Eachainn, o dh-eug thu,
C' àit an tèid sinn a dh-fhaotainn
Duine sheasas 'n ad flùine,
An rathad tionail no sgaoilidh.

* It is said that a wandering beggar called upon them for alms seven days previous to their death, whom they refused to relieve, a circumstance at which the bard hints above.

'S nì tha cinnt' gur beart' chunnairt,
Nach dean duine tha aosd' e,
'S ged a bheirt' de 'n àl òg e,
'S tearc tha beò fear a chà e.

Dearbh cha b' ionann do bheatha,
'S do dh' fhir tha fatbast an caomhnadh,
Thionail airgead a's fearann,
'S b' dh' buidhean eile 'g an sgaoileadh ;
Bhios iad fèin air an gearradh,
Gun ghuth an earaid 'g an caoineadh,
Air nach ruig dad do mholadh,
Ach " Seall sibh fearann a dhaor iad."

Tha iad laghail gu litreil,
'S 'n an deibhtearan geura,
Is iad a' pàidheadh gu moltach,
Na bhios ac' air a chèile ;
Ach an còrr, théid a thasgaidh,
Gur cruaidh a cheiltinn o 'n fhéile,
Is tha 'n sporan 's an sùilean,
Cheart cho dùint' air an fheumach.

Leis an leth-onoir riataich-s',
Tha na ciadan diubh faomadh,
Leis am fearr bhì fo fhiachan,
Fad aig Dia na aig daoine ;
Thig fo chall air nach beir iad,
'S e ceann mu dheireadh an dìteadh,
'C' uim nach tug sibh do 'n bhochd,
Am biadh, an deoch, a's an t-aodach ?"

Ach na 'm b' urrainn mi, dhùraigbinn
Do chliù-s' chur an òrdugh,
Ann an litrichean soilleir,
Air chor 's gu 'm beir an t-àl òg' air ;
Oir tha t-ionradh-s' cho feumail,
Do 'n neach a théid ann do ròidean,
'S a bha do chuid, fhad 's bu mhaireann,
Do 'n neach bu ghainn' ann an stòras.

Fhir tha 'n latha 's an comas,
Ma 's àill leat alla tha fuighail,
So an tim mu do choinneamh,
An còir dhut greimeachadh dlù ris ;—
Tha thu 'm batal a' bhàis,
A thug an t-àrmunn-s' do 'n ùir uainn,
Glacadh gach fear agaibh 'òifig,
'S mo làmh-s' gu 'n cothaich i cliù dhuibh.

Oir ged tha cuid a bhios fachaid,
Air an neach a tha fialaidh,
'S i mo bharail-s' gur achdaidh
Bu chòir an achuing so farraidh ;—
Gu 'm bu luath thig na linnean,
Nì chuid a's sine dhinn ciallach,
Nach dean sinn òbairt do bhith-bhuantachd,
Air son trì fichead de bhliadhnaich'.

'S lionmhor neach bha gun socair,
A chuir thu 'n stoc le do dhéilig,
Agus bath-ghiollan gòrach,
Thionail eòlas le t-éideachd ;
Dearbh cha 'n aithne dhomh aon neach,
Mach o ùnaidhnean spréidhe,
Nach 'eil an inntinn fo cudthrom,
Air son do chuid, no do chéile.

Fhir nach d' ith m'ir le taitneas,
Na 'm b' eòl dut acrach 's an t-saoghal,
Fhir a chitheadh an feumach,
Gun an éigh' aig' a chluinntinn ;
B' fheàrr leat punnd dheth do chuid bhuat,
Na unnsa cuid-throim air t-inntinn ;
Thùig thu t-aran 's na h-uisgean,
'S gheibh do shliochd iomadh-fillt' e.

Chì mi 'n t-aim-beartach usal,
'S e làn gruamain a's airtneil,
'S e gun airgead 'n a phòcaid,
Air an taigh-bda dol seachad ;
Chì mi bhantrach bhochd, dheurach,
Chì 'n d'èirceach làn acrais,
Chì mi 'n dilleachdan ruisgte
Is e falbh anns na ragaibh.

Chì mi 'n ceòl-fhear gun mheas air,
Call a ghibhtean chion cleachdaidh,
Chì mi feumach chion combairt',
A' call a ghnòthuich 's a thapadh.
Na 'm bitheadh air' agam fhìarachd,
Cìod e is call do 'n mhòr acain-s',
'S e their iad uile gu léir rium :—
“ Och! nach d' eug Iain Mac-Eachuinn!”

Chì mi 'n t-iomadaidh sluaigh so,
'N an culaidh-thruais chionn 's nach beò thu,
'S ged e 'n call-s' a tha 'n nachdar,
Chì mi buannachd uan òlach ;—
O 'n a thaisbean domh 'm bliadhna,
Iomadh biadhach nach b' eòl domh,
Mar na reannagan rialaidh,
An déigh do 'n ghrian a dhol fo orr'.

'S tric le marbhrannan moltach,
A bhios cleachdach 's na dùthchaibh-s',
Gu 'm bi coimeasgadh masguill,
Tigh'nn a steach annt' 'n a bhrèidhan
Ach ged robh mis' air mo mhiannan,
Don Tì tha cumail nan dùilean,
Cha do luaidh mu 'n duine-s',
Ach buaidh a chunna' mo shùil air.

MARBHRANN EOGHAINN.

LUINNEAG.

'S cian fada, gur fada,
'S cian fada gu leòir,
O 'n là bha thu fo sheac-thinn,
Gun aon ag acain do bhrèid ;
Ma tha 'n tìm air dol seachad,
'S nach d' rinn thu cleachdadh air clòir,
Ged nach dàil dut ach seachduin,
Dean droch fhasan a leòn.

'S tric thu, Bhàis, cur an ceill dhuinn,
Bhì sior éigheachd ar còbhrach ;
'S tha mi 'm barail mu 's stad thu,
Gu 'n toir thu 'm beag a's am mòr leat ;
'S ann o mheadhon an fhoghair,
Fhuair sinn rabhadh a dh-fhòghnadh,
Le do leum as na cùirtean,
Do na chùil am beil Eoghann.
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Ach na 'n creideadh sinn, Aoig, thu,
Cha bhiodh 'n saoghal-s' 'g ar dalladh,
'S nach 'eil h-aon de shliochd Adhaimb,
Air an tùmalt leat cromadh ;
'S i mo bharail gur fìor sud,
Gur àrd 's gur ìosal do shealladh ; *
Thug thu Pelham á mòrachd,
'S an d' fhuair thu Eoghann 's a' Pholladh ?
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Tha thu tigh'nn air an t-seòrs' ud,
Mu 'm beil bròn dhaoine mòra,
'S tha thu tighinn air muinntir,
Mu nach cluinnear bhi còine ;
Cha 'n 'eil aon 's an staid mheadhoin,
Tha saor fathast o dhòghruinn,
Do nach buin a bhi caithris,
Eadar l'elham a's Eoghann.
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Tha iad tuiteam mu 'n cuairt duinn,
Mar gu 'm buailt iad le peilear,
Dean'maid ullamh, 's an fuaim so,
Ann ar cluasan mar fharum ;
Fhir a 's lugha measg mòran,
An cual thu Eoghann fo ghalar ?
Fhir a 's mò anns na h-àitean-s',
An cual thu bàs mhaighstir Pelham ?
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

* “ Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.”—*Hor. Carmm. lib. i. Carmm. iv.*

Ach a chuidheachd mo chridhe,
 Nach toir an dithis-s' oirn sgathadh !
 Sinn mar choinneil an laimhair,
 'S an dà cheann a' sìor chaitheamh ;
 C' hìt an robh aims an t-saoghal,
 Neach a b' ìls' na mac t' athar-s' ?
 'S cha robh aon os a cheann-sa,
 Ach an rìgh bh' air a chathair.
 'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Note.—Among Rob Donn's elegies, it would be difficult to distinguish the best. But as a test of his own abilities as a poet we would at once fix upon *Màr-brann Eoghainn*, where he makes his subject a general one—the uncertainty of time, and the calls to preparation for death sounded to mankind in the simultaneous fall of the high and the low, the rich and the poor. The use made of the circumstances that led to it exhibits a poet's mind. Rob Donn had heard accounts of the death of Mr Pelham, the first minister of state. The same day when this intelligence reached him, he took a stroll to the neighbouring mountains of Durness, in search of deer. He was for that day unsuccessful; but judging, as a sportsman can on such occasions, that better fortune might attend him the following morning, instead of returning home he determined to spend the night, and await the dawn, at a solitary house situated at the head of Loch Erribol, that he might be the more nigh to surprise his game when morning arrived. The bleak dreariness of this spot of itself might present almost to any mind a striking contrast to all that we deem comfortable, social, or desirable in life. Here was a solitary hut (still standing), where the bard was to pass the night. And here was a solitary man, decrepid in old age, stretched on his wretched bed of straw, or heath, and so exhausted by a violent attack of asthma, that the bard pronounced him, in his own mind, surely in the very grasp of the King of Terrors. The idea of Mr Pelham's death, called away from the summit of ambition and worldly greatness, contrasted with this individual's state, set our author to the invoking of his muse. Ewen was unable from weakness to converse, or even to speak with the bard, who, kindling a fire for himself, sat down, and the elegy being composed, he was humming it over. He soon found, however, that Ewen had still his bodily sense of hearing, and his mental sense of pride. When the bard came to the recital of the last verse, the concluding lines of which may be thus metrically rendered, though we acknowledge not poetically,—

"Among men's sons where could be found
 One lowly, poor, like thee?
 And where in all this earth's wide round,
 But kings, more high than He?"

Ewen, summoning the remains of his strength to one effort of revenge for the insult in the former two lines, seizing a club, crept out of bed, and was at the full stretch of his withered arm wielding a blow at the bard's

head, who only observed it just in time to avoid it. He used, we may believe, the mildest measures to pacify Ewen's choler. He related the circumstance afterwards to some of his friends; and, though others frequently spoke of it as a good joke, the bard could never indulge, we are told, even in a smile, upon the subject. He spoke of it with solemnity; and did not desire to hear the circumstance repeated. Ewen's elegy has been frequently compared to the well known Ode of Horace, "*Solitur acris hiems*," &c.; and had Rob Donn studied Horace, we would doubtless say that he had at least in view the lines, "*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede*," &c. &c.—*Memoir*. 1829.

R A N N.

[A rinn an bàrd, air madainn, ann an taigh ministear 'Shléibhte, air an turas bha e san eilean-sgiathanach. Thainig bàrd de mhuinntir an Fìlein do thaigh a' mhinistear, agus iad ri 'm biadh-madne. Dh-iarr am ministear air rann a dheanamh air:—“Sgiath chogaidh, im, muc, plomb-thombaca, agus Sagart.” Rinn an bàrd Sgiathanach so, mar chithear; agus thubhairt Rob Donn, “S bochd dh-thag thu 'n Sagart,” agus ann an tiota rinn e-fìcin a'n rann mu dheireadh.]

THUIRT AM BARD SGIATHANACH.

A' mhuc mar bhiadh,
 'S an sgiath mar bhòrd,
 'S an Sagart nach itheadh an t-im,
 Sparrainn a' phìob 'n a thòin.

THUIRT ROB DONN.

Bhiadhainn an Sagart gu grinn—
 Bheirinn dha 'n t-im air a' mhuic;
 An targaid air a làimh chlì,
 A's piob-thombaca 'n a phlùic!

* Regarding this elegy, an anecdote is recorded, which exhibits the estimation in which it was held by the author's countrymen best able to judge of poetic merit. Mr Mackay (*Iain Mac Each-unn*) happened to be on a visit to Mr Murdoch Macdonald, minister of Durness, when on a Sabbath morning the weather became so very boisterous that Mr Macdonald expressed doubts whether it were proper to go to church, or to detain the people by the usual length of service—expressing a fear, at the same time, that if once begun, he might forget himself, and detain them long. His guest urged the propriety of not detaining the people—"But I will tell you," said he, "what you had better do; just go to church, and sing to them '*Màr-brann Eoghainn*,'—it will be greatly more instructive than any sermon you can give." Mr Macdonald's esteem for Ewen's elegy did not go quite so far, as to cause him to adopt the advice.

DONNACHADH BAN.

DUNCAN MACINTYRE, commonly called *Donnacha Bàn nan òran* was born at Druimliaghart, in Glenorchay, on the 20th March, 1724. He spent the early part of his life in fishing and fowling, in which he always took the greatest pleasure. Although he discovered an early inclination to poetry, he produced nothing worthy of being preserved till after the memorable battle of Falkirk, in which he fought, under the command of Colonel Campbell, of Carwhin, on the 17th of January, 1746. He engaged as the substitute of a Mr Fletcher, of Glenorchay, for the sum of 300 marks, Scots, to be paid on his return. Mr Fletcher gave him his sword, which he unfortunately lost, or rather threw away, in the retreat; and as he returned without it, he was refused the stipulated pay. It was then, and for that reason, that he composed his poem, entitled "The Battle of Falkirk," in which he has given a minute and admirable description of what passed under his eye; and especially of the sword (*Claidheamh ceannard Chloinn-an-Leisdeir.*) He endeavours to excuse himself for his retreat, and more especially for parting with such a useless weapon; and he could have entered the army of the prince with much more zeal, had he been among the Jacobites. He, therefore, indulges his inclination in the descriptions he gave. The resentment of a bard, was not, in former days, incurred with impunity. The poem was known every where, recited in all parts. The famous battle of Falkirk was enough to give it publicity; and the ridicule so ingeniously, though indirectly, aimed at the gentleman who refused so paltry a sum of money to one who risked his life on his account, was well understood in the whole country. But Macintyre was not satisfied with all he said of the useless sword. He complained of the injustice done him, to the Earl of Breadalbane, who obliged Mr Fletcher to pay him his wages.

The first time he saw Macintyre after paying him, was at a market; being incensed at him for daring to complain of him, and more so because of his audacity in lampooning him, he stepped up, and taking his staff, struck him, exclaiming, "Go, fellow, and compose a song to *that*." The humble poet of nature was obliged to submit in silence, to the unworthy treatment, and, shrugging his shoulders, walked away. But the pain he felt was momentary; not so the wound of the passionate man, inflicted by the sharp edge of genius. It was probed by the disapprobation of all who witnessed his conduct, which recoiled on himself as a more severe punishment than he had given to the young poet of rising fame.

Duncan Macintyre, being a good marksman, was appointed forester to the Earl of Breadalbane, in *Coire-Cheathaich*, and *Beinn-dòrain*; and afterwards to the Duke of Argyll, in *Buachaill Eite*. In these situations he invoked the rural muse, on the scenes of his delightful sports, when he described them in the celebrated poems, entitled "*Beinn-*

dòain," and "*Coire-Cheuthaich*," in strains that are inimitable, and have rendered his name immortal. Good judges of Gaelic poetry seem to be at a loss to which of these productions to give the preference. The first required powers, and knowledge of the noble amusement of the chase, and of the music of the bagpipes, to which few can aspire. And while we affirm that he was never equalled in this species except by the celebrated M'Donald, in his praise of Mòrag, we must conclude it to be his master-piece. And where is any to be compared to the last? which is indeed unrivalled.

Public schools were but thinly established in the Highlands of Scotland in his early days; and his place of residence was distant from the parochial school, so that our author derived no benefit from education. He possessed no advantage in reading the works of others, nor had he an opportunity of getting his own productions written. One advantage he had that was common to all lovers of song—he heard the poetry of his country recited; and, so tenacious was his memory, that not a line, or a word, of his own composition escaped it, which had only been written when sent to the press. A clergyman transcribed them from oral recitation. The first edition of his poems and songs was published in 1768. He went through the Highlands for subscribers, to defray the expense. During his life his work came to three editions, and since then, one edition was printed in Glasgow, in 1833.

He afterwards served in the Earl of Breadalbane's Fencible regiment, during the period of six years, (1793—1799) until it was discharged; he was a considerable time in the city guard of Edinburgh; and after that lived a retired life, subsisting on what he could have saved of the subscriptions of the third edition, which he published in 1804. The collection contains lyric, comic, epic, and religious compositions, all of merit, and composed solely by himself, unassisted in any way but by the direction and power of his own genius. His poetical talents, therefore, justly entitle him to rank among the first of the modern bards. He died at Edinburgh, in October, 1812. In his younger days he was remarkably handsome, and throughout his whole life possessed an agreeable and easy disposition. He was a pleasant and convivial companion; inoffensive, and never wantonly attacked any person; but, when provoked, he made his enemy feel the power of his resentment. See his verses to Uisdean and others. Neither he nor M'Donald knew when to set bounds to their descriptions, and in their satires went on beyond measure.

Duncan Macintyre lived to see the last edition of his poems delivered to his subscribers. The Rev. Mr M'Callum, of Arisaig, "saw him travelling slowly with his wife. He was dressed in the Highland garb, with a checked bonnet, over which a large bushy tail of a wild animal hang; a badger's skin fastened by a belt in front, a hanger by his side, and a soldier's wallet was strapped to his shoulders. He was not seen by any present before then, but was immediately recognised. A forward young man asked him 'if it was he that made Ben-dourain?' 'No,' replied the venerable old man, 'Ben-dourain was made before you or I was born, but I made a poem in praise of Ben-dourain.' He then enquired if any would buy a copy of his book. I told him to call upon me, paid him three shillings, and had some conversation with him. He spoke slowly; he seemed to have no high opinion of his own works; and said little of Gaelic poetry; but said, that officers in

the army used to tell him about the Greek poets; and Pindar was chiefly admired by him."

Of his works, the poems and songs composed when following the pursuits of his youthful pleasures, are incomparably the best. It would be endless to attempt to mark the particular beauties in them. The reader must peruse them all in their native garb, the natural scenes of his darling pursuits are well known, but in his description every thing assumes a novel appearance, and in the enchanted scenes that rapidly pass, we wonder that we never observed such beauties before in so bewitching colours. His soul was poured out in the animating and interesting strains. His language is simple and appropriate; chaste and copious. He is most felicitous in the choice of words, idioms, and expressions. He was a man of observation and thought, and revolved the subject of his study often in his mind. M'Donald is learned, and indicates the scholar on all occasions; he was the pupil of nature. M'Donald could not compose on the spur of the moment, a reply *inpromptu*. There is, however, an instance in which Macintyre proved that he was not deficient in that manner. When he composed the inimitable panegyric of John Campbell of the bank, he waited on that gentleman, repeated the poem, and demanded a bard's gift. "No;" replied Mr Campbell, "what reward do you deserve for telling the truth? You must confess that you could say no less of me; and, moreover, I doubt that you are the author; of that you are to convince me; let us hear how you can dispraise me, and then, I shall know, if you have been able to compose what you have repeated." Well, Macintyre commenced in the same measure, and continued in flowing and ready numbers till the gentleman was glad to stop him by giving him his reward.

Of his love songs the best is that composed to his wife "Màiri Bhàn òg." It seems an inexhaustible subject, in which he pours out the happy thoughts and elevated sentiments of the lover, in similes and comparisons taken from the most delightful scenes of nature, and the field of mental enjoyments. The 6th and 7th stanzas are truly beautiful.

The Lament of Colin Campbell, Esq. of Glenure, would alone immortalize his name. The subject was well adapted to awaken melancholy feelings of the most poignant nature. Mr Campbell fell the victim of envy and ill-will, arising from ill-founded suspicion. What pathos and tenderness! The mournful strains that so eloquently describe the fatal events were not those of a mercenary bard; they were the painful feelings of a foster-brother, poured out in the most earnest and pathetic effusions of a mind alive to the sentiments of an unfeigned sympathy.

His final leave of the mountains, dated 19th September, 1802, is full of tenderness, and sentiment, appropriate to his age and reminiscences.

ORAN DO BHLAR NA H-EAGLAISE BRICE.*

AIR FÖNN—"Alasdair à Gleanna-Garadh."

LATHA dhuinn air machair Alba,
Na bha dh-armailt aig a chuibge,
Thachair iad oirpne na reubail,
'S bu neo-cibhinn leinn a chuideachd ;
Nuair a chuir iad an ratreut oirnn,
'S iad 'nar deigh a los ar murtadh,
'S mur deanamaid feum le'r casan,
Cha tug sinne sràd le'r musgan.

'S a dol an coinneamh a Phrionnsa,
Gu'm bu shuundach a bha sinne,
Shaoil sinn gu'm faigheamaid chis dheth,
'S nach ro dhuinn, ach dol g'a sireadh ;
'Nuair a bhuail iad air a chéile,
'S àrd a leumamaid a pilleadh,
'S ghabh sinn a mach air an abhainn,
'S dol g'ar n-amhaich ann san linne.

'N am do dhaoine dol nan éideadh,
Los na reabalaich a philleadh,
Cha do shaoil sinn, gus na ghéill sinn,
Gur sinn féin a bhite 'g iomain ;
Mar gu'n rachadh cù ri caoirich,
'S iad 'nan ruith air aodainn glinne,
'S ann mar sin a ghabh iad sgaoileadh
Air an taobh air an robh sinne.

Sin 'nuair thàinig càch 'sa dhearbhadh iad
Gu'm bu shearbhadh dhuinn dol nan cuideachd ;
Se'n trùp Ghallda g'an robh chàll sin,
Bha Coluinn gun cheann air cuid diubh ;
'Nuair a thachair ribh Clann-Dòmhnuaill,
Chum iad còmhail air an uchdan,
Dh-fhàg iad creuchdan air an rèubadh,
'S cha leighiseadh léigh an cuislean.

Bha na h-eich gu crùitheach, srianach,
Girteach, iallach, fiauhach, trùpach ;
'S bha na fir gu h-armach, fòghluim',
Air an sonnachadh gu murtach.
'Nuair a dh-aom sinn bhar an t-sléibh',
Is mòran feum againn air furtach,
Na bha beo bha cuid dhiubh leoint',
'S bha sinn brònach mu 'na thuit ann.

Dh-eirich fuathas ann san ruaig dhuinn,
'Nuair a ghluais an sluagh le leathad ;
Bha Prionns' Tearlach le chuid Frangach,
'S iad an geall air teachd 'nar rathad :

Cha d' fhuair sinn facal comand'
A dh-iarraidh ar nàimhdean a sgathadh ;
Ach comas sgaoileadh feadh an t-saoghail,
'S cuid againn gu'n fhaotain fhatasdh.

Sin 'nuair thàinig mise dhachaigh
Dh-ionnsuidh Ghilleaspuig o'n Chrannaich,
'S ann a bha e 'n sin cho fhàta,
Ri bruc liath a bhiodh an garraidh ;
Bha e duilich ann san àm sin,
Nach robh ball aige r'a tharruinn,
'S mòr an diùbbail na bha dhi air,
Claidheamh sinnsireachd a sheanar.

Mòran iarruinn air bheag faobhair,
Gu'm be sud aogas a chlaidheimh ;
'Se gu lùbach, leumnach, bearnach,
'S bha car cùm ann, ann san amhaich ;
Dh-fhàg e mo chruachainse brùite
Bhi 'ga ghiùlan feadh an rathaid,
'S e cho tròm ri cabar fearna,
'S mairg a dh-fhairdeadh an robh rath air.

'Nuair a chruinnich iad nan ceudan
'N là sin air sliabh na h-eaglais,
Bha ratreud air luchd na Beurla,
'S ann dàibh féin a b' éigin teicheadh ;
Ged' a chaill mi ann san am sin
Claidheamh ceannairt Chloinn-an-Leasdair ;
Claidheamh bearnach a mhi-fhortain,
'S ann bu choltach e ri greidlein.

Am ball-teirmeisg a bha meirgeach,
Nach d'rinn seirbheis a bha dleasach ;
'S beag an diùbbail leam r'a chunntadh,
Ged' a dh-ionndrain mi mu fheasgar,
An claidheamh dubh nach d'fhuair a sgùradh,
'S neul an t-suthaidh air a leath-taobh ;
'S beag a b'fhàid e 's e air lùbadh,
'S gu'm b'e diuthadh a bhuill-deis e.

An claidheamh braoisgeach, bh'aig na daoine,
Nach d'rinn caonnag 's nach tug builleann,
Cha robh eugas air an t-saoghal,
'S mairg a shaoraich leis an cuimeasg ;
An claidheamh dubh air 'n robh an t-àimhleas,
Gu'n chrìos, gun chràmbait, gun duille,
Gu'n roinn, gun fhaobhar, gun cheana-bheart,
'S mairg a thàrladh leis an cunnart.

* This is the author's first song.

Thug mi leam an claidheamh bearnach,
'S b'òle an asuinn e sa' chabhaig,
Bhì ga ghiùlan ar mo shìasaid,
'S maing mi riamh a thug o'n bhail' e ;
Cha toir e stobadh no sàthadh,
'S cha robh e làidir gu gearradh ;
Gu'm b'è diuthadh a bhuill airm e,
'S e air meirgeadh air an fharadh.

Chruinnich uaislean Earraghàil,
Armaillt làidir de *Mhalisi*,
'S chaidh iad mu choineamh phrionns' Tearlach,
'S duil aca r'a chàmp a bhristeadh ;
'S ioma fear a bh' ann sau àit ud
Nach robh sàbhailt mar bha mise,
A'mheod sa dh-fhàg sinn ann san àraich,
Latha blàr na h-Eaglais'-brice.

ORAN DO'N MHIUSG.

AIA FOMN—"Mo dhuth an Tomaidh."

'S IOMADH car a dh-fheudas,
Thigh'n air na fearaibh,
Is theag' gu'n gabh iad gaol
Air an tè nach faigh iad ;
Thug mi fìthead bliadhna
Do'n chiad tè ghabh mi,
Is chuir i rithisid cùl rium,
Is bha mi falamh.

Is thàinig mi Dhun-éideann
A dh-iarraidh leannain,
Is thuirt an Caiptein Caimbeul,
'S e 'n geard a bhaile,
Gu'm b'aithne dha banntrach
Ann àite falaich,
'S gu'n deanadh e àird
Air a cur a'm' charabh.

Rinn e mar a b'abhaist
Cho mbath 's a ghealladh,
Thug e dhomh air làmh i,
'S am paigheadh mar ri ;
Is ge b'è bhì 's a feòraich
A h-ainm no sloinneadh,
Their iad rithe Seònaid,
'S b'è Debrsa seannair.

Tha i soitheamh, suaice,
Gun ghruaim, gun smalan,
Is i cho àrd an uaisle
Ri mnaoi san fhearann ;

Is culaidh a m' chumail suas i,
O'n tha mar rium,
Is mòr an t-aobhar smuairain
Do'n fhear nach faigh i.

Leig mi dhìom Nic-coiseam
Ged' tha i maireann,
Is leig mi na dainmh chrècach
An taobh bha 'n aire,
Is thaobh mi ris an àg mnaoi,
'S ann leam nach aithreach
Cha 'nèil mi gu'n stòras
O'n phòs mi 'n ainuir.

Bheir mi fhein mo bhriathar
Gum beil i ro mhath,
Is nach d'aithnich mi riamh oirro
Cron am falach,
Ach gu foinneamh, finealta,
Direach, fallain,
Is i gu'n ghabid gu'n, ghiomh,
Gu'n char fiar, gu'n chamadh.

Bithidh i air mo ghiùlan.
'S gur math an airidh,
Ni mi fhéin a sgùradh
Gu math 's a glanadh ;
Chuirinn ri an t-billeadh
Ga comail ceanal,
Is cuiridh mi ri m' shùil i,
'S cha diùlt i aingeal.

'Nuair bhios cion an stòrais
Air daoine ganna,
Cha leigeadh nigh'n Dheòrsa
Mo phòca falamh ;
Cumaidh i rium òl
Ann 's na taighean leanna,
'S pàidhidh i gach stòpan
A ni mi cheannach.

Ni i mar bu nìbiann leam
A h-uile car dhomh,
Cha 'n innis i bréug dhomh,
No sgeula mearachd ;
Cumaidh i mo theaghlach
Cho math 's bu mhath leam,
Ge nach dean mi soathair
No obair shalach.

Sgèithich mi ri gnìomh,
Ged' nach d'rinn mi earras,
Thug mi bòid nach b' fhiach leam,
Bhì ann a'm sgalaig ;
Sguiridh mi g'am phianadh,
O'n thug mi 'n aire,
Gur h-e'n duine diomhain
Is faide mhaireas.

'S i mo bheanag ghaolach
 Nach dean mo mhealladh,
 Fòghnaidh i dhomh daonnan
 A dheanamh araio ;
 Cha bhí fàillinn aodaich
 Orm no anart,
 'S chaidh cùram an t-saoghail
 A nis as m'aire !

MOLADH BEINN-DORAIN.

AIR FÖNN—"Piobaireachd."

Urlar.

AN t-urram thar gach beinn
 Aig Beinn-dòrain !
 Na chonnaic mi fo 'n ghréin,
 Si bu bhòiche leam ;
 Monadh fada, réidh,
 Cuile 'm faighte féidh,
 Soilleireachd an t-sléibhe
 Bha mi sònnrachadh ;
 Doireachan nao geug,
 Coill' anns am bi feur,
 'S foineasach an spréidh,
 Bhios a chòmhnaidh ann ;
 Greadhainn bu gheal céir,
 Faoghaid air an déigh,
 'S laghach leam an sreud
 A bha sròineiseach.
 'S aigeannach fear eutrom,
 Guo mhòrchois,
 Théid fasaoda na éideadh,
 Neo-spòrsail ;
 Tha mhaontail uime féio,
 Caidhtiche nach tréig,
 Bratach dhearg mar chéir
 Bhios mar chòmhdach air ;
 'S culuidh g'a chuir éug,
 Duin' a dheanadh téuchd,
 Gunna bu mhath gléus,
 An glac òganaich :
 Spòr anns am biodh bearn,
 Tarran air a ceann,
 Snap a bhoileadh teann
 Ris na b-ordaibh i ;
 Ocbd-shlisneach guo fheall,
 Stoc de'n fhiodh gun mheang,
 Lotadh an damh seang,
 A's a leònadh e.
 'S fear a bhíodh mar cheaird,
 Riu' sònraichte,
 Dh-fhòdnadh dhaibh gun taing,

Le chuid seòlaidhean ;
 Gheibhte sud ri àm
 Pàdruig anns a' ghleann,
 Gillean a's coin sheang,
 'S e toirt orduidh dhaibh ;
 Peileirean nan deann,
 Teine g'an cuir ann,
 Eilid nam beann àrd,
 Théid a leònadh leo.

Siubhal.

'Si 'n eilid bheag, bhinneach,
 Bu ghuiniche sraonadh,
 Le cuinnein geur, biorach,
 A sireadh na gaoithe,
 Gasgavach, speireach,
 Feadh chreachainn na beinnoe,
 Le eagal ro' theine,
 Cha téirinn i 'n t-aonach ;
 Ge d' théid i na cabhaig,
 Cha ghearrain i maothan ;
 Bha sinnsreachd fallain,
 'Nuair a shìneadh i h-anail,
 'S toil-inntinn leam taoasg,
 Ga' laungan a chluinntinn,
 'Si 'g iarraidh a leannain
 'N àm darraidh le cavineas,
 'S e damh a chinn allaidh
 Bu gheal-cheireach feaman,
 Gu caparach, ceannard,
 A b' fhamach raoiceadh,
 'S e chòmhnuidh 'm Beinn-dòrain,
 'S e eolach m'a fraoinibh.
 'S ann am Beinn-dòrain,
 Bu mhòr dhomh r'a innseadh
 A liuthad damh ceannard,
 Tha fanntuinn sao fhàith ud ;
 Eilid chaol, eunnagach,
 'S a laighean 'ga leantuinn,
 Le 'n gasgana geala,
 Rì bealach a dìreadh,
 Rì fraoidh Choire-chroiteir,
 A chuideachda phiceach ;
 'Nuair a shìneas i h-iongan
 'S a théid i na' deannaibh,
 Cha saltradh air thalamh,
 Ach barran nan inean,
 Cò b'urrair g'a leantuinn,
 A dh-fhearaibh na rioglaich ?
 'S arraideach, furumach,
 Carach air grine,
 A chòisridh nach fhanadh
 Gnè smal air an inntinn,
 Ach caochlaideach, coraideach,
 Caol-chasach, ullamb,
 An aois cha chuir truim' orra,

Mulad no mì-ghean ;
 'Se shlànaich an culaidh,
 Feoil mbais, agus mbuineil,
 Bhi tìmhachd am bunailt,
 An cuile na frithe ;
 Le hilleas a fuireach,
 Air fìsach 'nan grunna,
 'Si 'n ùsainn a mbuime,
 Tha cumail na cìche,
 Ris na laoi gh bheaca, bhallach,
 Nach meathlaich na sianntan,
 Le 'n cridheacha meara,
 Le bainne na cioba,
 Griseanach, eangach,
 Le 'n girteagan geala,
 Le 'n corpannan glanna,
 Le fallaineachd fìor-uig ;
 Le farum gun ghearan,
 Feadh ghleannan na mìltich ;
 Ge d' thigeadh an sneachda
 Cha 'n iareadh iad aitreabh,
 'S e lag a Choie'-altrum
 Bhios aca g'an dèidean :
 Feadh stacan, a's bhacan,
 A's ghlaicagan dìomhair,
 Le 'n leapaichean fagach
 An taic Eas-an-t-sìthan.

Urlar.

Tha 'n eilid anns an fhrith
 Mar bu chòir dh'i bhi,
 Fac am faigh i mìlteach
 Glan-feòirneanach ;
 Bruchorachd a's clob,
 Lusan am bi brìgh,
 Chuireadh sult a's ìgh
 Air a lòineinibh.
 Fuaran anns am bi
 Biolaire gun dìth,
 'S millse lea' na 'm fion
 'S e gu'n òladh i ;
 Cuiseagan a's riasg,
 Chinneas air an t-sliabh,
 B' annsadh lea' mar bhìadh
 Na na fòghlaichean.
 'S ann do'n teachd-an-tìr
 A bha sùghar lea',
 Sobhrach a's cala-bhi
 'S barra neòineanan ;
 Dobhrach, bhallach, mhìn,
 Ghobhlach, bharrach, shìlom,
 Lòintean far an cinn
 I'na mòthraichean ;
 Sud am pòrsan bìdh
 Mheudaicheadh an cli
 Bheireadh iad a nìs
 Rì ùm dò-lìcheinn ;
 Chuireadh air an druim

Brata saille cruinn,
 Air an carcais luim
 Nach bu lùdail.

B' e sin an caidreamh grunn
 Mu theò-neòine,
 'Nuair a thionaladh iad cruinn,
 Anns a' ghèmuinn :
 Air fhad 's ga'm biodh an oidhch',
 Dad cha tigeadh ribh,
 Fagadh blun an tuim
 B' àite còmhnuidh dhaibh ;
 Leapaichean nam fiadh,
 Far an rohh iad riabh,
 An aonach farsainn fial,
 'S ann am mòr-mhonadh.
 'S iad bu taitneach fiamh,
 'Nuair bu daitht' am bian,
 'S cha b'i 'n aire am miann,
 Ach Beinn-dòrain.

Siubhal.

A bhein lusanach, fhaileanach,
 Mheallanach, lìontach,
 Gun choimeas 'ga falluinn
 Air thalamh na Crìosdachd ;
 'S ro-neònach tha mise,
 Le bìchead a sliosa,
 Nach 'eil cùir aic' an ciste
 Air tìotal na rìoghachd ;
 'S i air dùbladh le gìbhitean,
 'S air lùisreadh le mìosan,
 Nach 'eil bìchiont' a' bristeadh
 Air phriseanailh tìre ;
 Làn trusgan gun deireas,
 Le usgraichean coille,
 Bàrr-gùc air gach doire,
 Gun choir' ort r'a innseadh ;
 Far an uchd-ardach coileach,
 Le shrutaichibh lònneil,
 'S coin bhuchalach bheag' eil
 Le'n ceileiribh lìonmhor.

'S am buiccan beag sgiolta,
 Bu sgiobalt' air grìne,
 Gu'n sgiorrachd, gu'n tubaist,
 Gu'n tuisleadh, gu'n dìobradh,
 Crodhanadh, biorach
 Feadh coire 'ga shireadh,
 Feadh fraoich agus fìrich,
 Aic mhìre 'ga dhìreadh ;
 Feadh ranaich, a's barrnach
 Gu'm b' araidheach iuntinn,
 Ann an ìosal gach feadain,
 'S air àirde gach creagain
 Gu mìreanach, heiceasach,
 Fèagach, sìnteach ;
 'Nuair a thèid o' na bhoile
 Le clisge sa' choille,
 A's e ruith feadh gach doire,

Air dheireadh cha bhi e :

Leis an eangaib bu chaoile

'S e b' eutruime sinteag,

Mu chnocanaidh donna

Le ruith dara-tomain,

'S e togairt an coinneamh

Bean-chomuilin o's 'n ìosal.

Tha mhaoisleach bheag bhraimge

Sa' ghleannan a chòmhuaidh,

'S i fuireach san fhìreach

Le minneinean òga :

Cluas bhiorach gu clàisteachd,

Sùil chorrach gu faicinn,

'S i earbsach 'na casan,

Chor seachad na mìntich :

Ged' thig Caoillte 's Cuchullainn,

'S gach duine de'n t-seòrs' ud,

Na tha dhaoine 's do dh-eachaidh,

Air fasta rìgh Deòrsa,

Nan tèarnadh i eiriceann

O luaidhe 's o lasair,

Cha chual' a's cha 'n thac i

Na ghilacadh r'a beò i ;

'S i grad-charach, fad-chasach,

Aigeannach, neònach,

Geal-cheireach, gasganach,

Gealtach ro' mhadadh,

Air chaisead na leachdainn

Cha saltradh i còmhnaidh :

Si noigeanach, groigeasach

Gog-cheannach, sòrnach ;

Bior-shuileach, sgur-shuileach,

Frionasach, furachair,

A fuireach sa' mhuinadh,

'Sna thuinich a seòrsa.

Urlar.

Bì sin a' mhaoisleach luaineach,

Feadh òganau ;

Biolaichean nam bruch

'S àite-còmhuaidh dh'i,

Duilleagan nan craobh,

Bileagan an fhraoich

Criomagan a gaoil,

Cha b'e 'm fòtrus.

A b-aigneachd eutrom suaire,

Aobhach a' gun ghrunaim,

Ceanu bu ùlraise, ghuanaische,

Ghòraiche ;

A' chré bu cheanalt' stuaim,

Chaisich i gu buan

An gleann a' bharrach naire

Bu nòsaire.

'S tric a ghabh i cluain

Sa' chreig mhòir,

O'n is mìosail leatha bhi 'Luan

A's a Dhòmhnaich ann :

Pris an dean i suain

Bichionta mu'n cuairt,

A bhrìstas a' ghaoth tuath,

'S nach leig deò oirre,

Am fàsadh dòire-chrò,

An taice ris an t-sròin,

Am meas nam faillean òga

'S nan còsagan.

Masgadh 'n fhuarain mhòir,

'S e pailte gu leòir,

'S blasda le' na'm beòr

Gu bhi pòit orra.

Deoch de'n t-sruthan uasal

R'a òl aice,

Dh' fhàgas fallain,

Fuasgailteach, òigeil i :

Grad-charach ri nair,

'S eathlamb bheir i cuairt,

'Nuair thachradh i'n ruaig,

'S a bhiodh tìr oirre.

'S mao-bhuidh daitht' a snuagh,

Dearg a dreach sa tuar,

'S gurro-iomadh buaidh

Tha mar chòladh oirr' :

Fulangach air fuachd,

Is i gun chum' air luath's :

Urram clàisteachd chluas

Na Rinn-còrpa dh'i.

Stubhal.

Bu ghrinn leam am pannal

A' tarruinn an brùgh,

A' dìreadh le farum

Ri carraig na Sròine ;

Eadar sliabh Craobh-na-h-ainnis,

A's beul Choire-dhainghein,

Bu bhiadhchar greidh cheannard

Nach ceannaich am pòrsan ;

Da thaobh choire-raunoich

Mu sgéith sin a' bhealaich,

Còire réidh Beinn-Achaladair,

A's thairis mu'n chonn-lon :

Air Iurgain na Laoidhre

Bu ghreadhnach a' chòisir,

Mu l' rach-na-Féinne

'S a' Chraig-sheilich 'na dheigh sun,

Far an cruinich na h-éildean

Bu neo-spéiseal mu'n fhòghlaich :

'S gu'm b'e 'n aighear a's an éibhneas

Bhi faicheachd air réidhleinn,

'A comb-mhaenac r'a chéile,

'S a' leumnaich feadh mìntich ;

Ann am pollachaibh daimseir

Le sodradh gu meamnach,

Gu togarrach mearrachdasach,

Ain-fheasach gòrach.

'S cha bhiodh iot air an teangaidh

Taobh shois a' Mhill-teanail,

Le fion-uillt na h-Annaid,

Blas meala r'a òl air ;
 Sruth brioghmhor geal tana,
 'S e sìochladh tor 'n ghaineamh,
 'S e 's millse na'n caineal,
 Cha b' ain-eolach oirnn e :
 Sud an ioc-shlàinnte mhaireann,
 A thig a ìochdar an talaimh,
 Gheibhte lionnhoireachd math dh'i
 Gu'n a cheannach' le stòras ;
 Air fàruinn na beinne
 Is dàicheala sealladh,
 A dh'fhàs anns a' cheithreamh
 A' bheil mi 'n Rinn-eòrpa :
 Le glòinead a h-uighe,
 Gu mao-bhlàst a brisg-gheal,
 Caoin, caomhail, glan, mìosail,
 Neo-mhìseach ri pòit' air :
 Le fuarainibh grinne
 Am bun gruamach no biolair,
 Còineach uaine mu'n iomall,
 A's iomadach seòrsa :
 Bu ghlan uachdar na linne
 Gu neo-bhuairesach milis,
 Tigh'n 'na chuairteig o'n ghrinneal
 Air slinnein Beinn-dòrain.

Tha leth-taobh na leachdainn
 Le mais' air a còmhach,
 'S àm frìdh-choirean creagach
 'Na shesamh g'a chòir sin,
 Gu stobanach, stacanach,
 Slocanach, laganach,
 Cnocanach, crapanach,
 Caiteanach, ròmach ;
 Pàsganach, hadanach,
 Bachlagach, bòidheach
 A h-aiseirine corrach,
 'Nam fasraichsan mollach,
 'Si b'asadh dhomh mholladh,
 Bba sonas gu leòir oirr' :
 Cluigeanach, gueagach,
 Uchdanach, còmharnad,
 Le dìthean glan, ruiteach,
 Breac, misleanach, sultmhor :
 Tha 'n fhrìdh air a busgadh
 San trusgan bu chòir dh'i.

Urlar.

'S am monadh farsuinn faoin
 Glacach, srònagach ;
 Lag a' Choire-fhraoich
 Cuid bu bhòiche dheth ;
 Sin am fearann caoin
 Air an d'fhàs an aoidh,
 Far am bi na laogh
 'S na dainh chròcach ;
 A s e deisearach ri grèin,
 Seasgudreachd g'a réir,
 'S neo-bleag air an éildeig

Bhi chòmhnaidh ann.
 'S glan fallain a cré,
 Is banail i 'na beus ;
 Cha robh h-anail breun,
 Ge b'e phògadh i.
 'S e 'n coire choisinn gaic
 A h-uil' òganaich,
 A chunna' riamh a thaohh,
 'S a ghabh eòlas air :
 'S liomhor feadan caol
 Air an éirich gaath,
 Far am bi na laoich
 Cumail còdhalach ;
 Bruthaichean nan learg
 Far am biodh greidh dhearg,
 Ceann-uighe gach sealg
 Fad am beò-shlainnt' ;
 A's e làn do'n h-nìle maoin,
 A thig amach le braon,
 Fàile nan sùth-chraobb,
 A's nan ròsann an.

Gheibte tachdar éisg
 Air a còrsa,
 A's bhi 'gan ruith le leus
 Anns na mòr-shruthan ;
 Mordha eumhann geur,
 Le chrann giubhais féin,
 Aig fir shubhach, threubhach
 'Nan dòrnaibh :
 Bu shòlasach a' leum'
 Bric air buinne ròidh,
 A' ceapadh chuilcag eutrom
 'Nan dòrlaichean ;
 Cha 'n'eil muir no tìr
 Am beil tuille brìgh,
 'S tha feadh do chrìch'
 Air a h-òrdachadh.

An Crunluath.

Tha 'n eilid anns a ghleannan so,
 Cba 'n amadan gu'n eòlas
 A leanadh i mar b aithne dha
 Tig'n farasda na còdhail,
 Gu faiteach bhi 'na h-earalas,
 Tig'n' am faigse dh'i mu'n caraich i,
 Gu faicilleach, gle earraigeach,
 Mu'm fairich i ga còir e ;
 Feadh shleohd, a's ghlaic, a's chamhanan,
 A's chlach a dheanadh falach air,
 Bhi heachdail air an talamh,
 'S air a' char a thig na neòil air ,
 'S an t-asdar bhi 'ga tharruinn air
 Cho macanta 's a b' aithne dha,
 Gu'n glacadh e ga h-aindeoin i
 Le h-anabharrta seòltachd ;
 Le tìr, gun ghainne baralach,
 An t-sùil a chuir gu danars,
 A' stiùireadh' na du'-bannaiche,

'S a h-aire ri fear-cròice ;
 Bhiodh rùdan air an tarrainn
 Leis an lùbt' an t-iarrunn-earra,
 Bheireadh ionnsai' nach b' dh' mearachdach
 Do'n fhear a bhiodh 'ga seòladh ;
 Spòr ùr an dèis a teannachadh,
 Buil' ùird a' sgailceadh dainghean ris,
 Cha diùlt an t-srad, 'nuair bheanas i
 Do'n deannaigh a bha neònach :
 Se 'm fùdar tioram tean-abaich
 Air chùl an asgairt ghreannanaich,
 Cuir smùid ri acuinn mheallanaich
 A baraille Nic-Chùiseam.

B'ionnmuinn le fir cheanalta,
 Nach b'aineolach mu spòrsta,
 Bhì timcheall air na bealaichean
 Le fearalachd na h-òige :
 Far am bi na fèidh gu farumach,
 'S na fir 'nan dèigh gu caithreach,
 Le gunna bu mhaith harrandas
 Thoir aingil 'nuair bu chòir dh'i :
 S le cuilean foirmeal togarrach,
 'G am biodh a stiùir air bhogadan,
 'S e miol'airteich gu sodanach,
 'S nach ob e dol 'nan còdhail ;
 'Na fhubuidh làidir, cosgarrach,
 Ro inntinneach, neo-fhoistinnach,
 Gu guineach, sgiamhach, gob-easgaidh,
 San obair bh'aig a sheòrsa ;
 'S a fhriogan euilg a' togail air,
 Gu mairdheach, gruamach, doichealach,
 'S a gheanachan cnuasaichd fòsgailt',
 'Comh-bhogartaich r'an sgòrnan,
 Gu'm b' araidheach a' charachd ud,
 'S bu eabhagach i 'n còmhnuidh,
 'Nuair a shìneadh iad na h-ionnannan
 Le h-athghoirid na mòintich ;
 Na beanntaichean 's na bealaichean
 Gu'm freagrachd iad mac-talla dhut,
 Le fuaim na gairme gallanaich
 Aig farum a' choin ròmaich :
 'Gan tearnach as na mullaichean
 Gu linnichean nach grunnach iad,
 'S ann a bhith's iad feadh na tuinne ;
 Anns an luineinich 's iad leòinte
 'S na cuileinean gu fulasgach
 'G an cumail air na munealaibh,
 'S nach urrainn iad dol tuilleadh as,
 Ach fuireach, 's bhi gun deò anut',
 'S ge do thuit mi began riu,
 Mu'n innsinn uil' an dleasnas orra,
 Chuireadh iad a' m' bhreisligh mi
 Le deisimearachd chòmraidh.

COIRE-CHEATHAICH.

Se Coire-cheathaich nan aighean siùbhlach,
 An coire rùnach, is ùrar fonn,
 Gu lurach, miadh-fhenrach, mùn-gheal, sùghar,
 Gach lus an fùd' bu chùhraidh leam ;
 Gu molach dù-ghorm, torrach lùisreagach,
 Corrach plùireanach, dlù-ghlan grinn ;
 Caoin, ballach, dìtheanach, cannach, misleanach,
 Gleann a' mhìlltich, 'san lionmhor mang.

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

Tha trusan faoilidh air cruitt an aonaich,
 Chuir sult is aoidh air gach taobh a d' chòm,
 Mùn-fheur chaorach is barraibh bhraonach,
 'S gach lus a dh' fheudadh bhi 'n aodainn thòm,
 M'an choir' is aoidheala tha r'a fhaotain,
 A chunnaic daoine an taobh so 'n Fhraing ;
 Mur dean e caochladh, b' e 'n t-aighear saoghailt'
 Do ghillean aotrom bhi daonna ann.

'S ann m'an Ruadh-aisrigh dh'fhàs na cnairtagan,
 Clùthar, cuaicheanach, cuannar, àrd,
 Na h-uile cluaineag 's an bàrr air luasgadh,
 'S a ghaoth 'g an sguabadh a pull 'sa nall :
 Bun na cipe is hàr a' mhìlltich,
 A chuireag dhìreach, 's an fhiteag cham ;
 Muran brioghar, 's an grunnasg lionmhor,
 M' an chuilidh dhiomhair, am bi na suinn.

Tha sliabh na làirig an robk mac-Bhaidi,
 'Na mhothar fàsaich, 's na stràchlà tròm ;
 Slios na bàl-leachdaime, cha 'n i is tàire,
 'S gur tric a dh' àraich i 'n lùn damh donn :
 'S na h-aighean dàra nach téid a' n bhà-thaigh,
 A bhios le 'n àlach gu h-àrd 'nan grunn,
 'S na laogh gu h-àiseil a là 'sa dh'oidheche,
 'S na h-uirread cruinn diubhair druim Clach-fionn.

Do leacan chaoimhneil gu dearcach, braioleagach,
 Breac le foireagan is cruinn dearg ceann
 'N creannh 'na charaichean, am bac nan staidh-
 Stacan fraoineasach nach bu ghann : [richezn,
 Am bearnan-bride, 's a pheighinn ròghail,
 S an canach mùn-gheal, 's am mislean ann ;

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

'S rìmh-each còta na craige mòire,
'S cha 'n eil am fòlach a' d'choir 'san àm,
Ach mènan còinntich, o 's e bu nòsaire,
Air a chòmhdachadh bhios a's thall :
Na lagain chòmhnard am bun nan sròuag,
Am bi na sòghraichean, 's neòinein fann,
Gu bìleach, feòirneineach, mìlis, roineagach,
Molach, ròmach, gach seòrs' a th' ann.

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

Tha bradau turra-gheal sa choire gharbhlaich,
Tha tig'n o'n fhaighe bu ghailbheach tonn,
Le luinneis mheannach a' ceapa mheanbh-chuil-
Gu neo-chearbach le cham-ghob cròm : [eag,
Air bhunne borb, is e leum gu foirmeil,
'Na éideadh colgail bu ghorm-glas druim,
Le shùillean airgeid, gu h-iteach meana-bhreac,
Gu lannach, dearg-bhallach, earr-gheal sliom.

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

Gheibhte daonnan mu á' ghlaicibh faòine,
Na h-aighean maola, na luoigh, 's na maing.
Sud bu mhian leinn 'am madainn ghrianaich,
Bhi dol g' au an iarraidh, 's a' fiadhaich bheann,
Ged thigeadh sìontan oirnn' uisg a's dile,
Bha seòl g'ar dìdean mu'n chrìch san àm,
An creagan ìosal am bun na frìthe,
S an leabaidh dhìona, 's mi m' shìneadh ann.

Sa'mhadainn chiuin-ghil, an àm dhomh dùsgadh,
Aig bun na stòice be'n sùgradh leam ;
A' cheare le sgiùcan a' gabhail tùchain,
S an coileach cùirteil a' dùrdail cròm ;
An ìreathan sùrdail, 's a ribheid chiuil aige,
A' cur nan smùid deth gu lùghor binn ;
An druid s am brù-dhearg, le mòran ùinich,
Ri ceileir sunnach bu sìubhlach rann.

Bha eoin an t-slàibhe 'nan ealtain gle-ghloin,
A' gabhail bbeusan air ghéig sa' choill,
An uiseag cheutach, 's a luinneag féin aice,
Feadan spéiseil gu réidh a seinn :
A chuach, 'sa smeòrach, am bàr uan ògan,
A' gabhail brain gu ceolmhor binn ;
'Nuair ghoir an cuannal gu loinneil, guanach,
'S e 's gloin' a chualas am fuaim sa' ghleann.

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

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

Is lìonmhor enuasachd a bha mu'n cuairt dut,
Ri am am buain gunn bu luaineach clann,
Ri tionn guamach, gu fearail suairec,
'S a' roinn gu h-uasal na fhuair iad ann ;
Céir-bheach na enuacaidh, an nead na chuairteig,
'S a mhil 'ga buannachd air eruaidh an tuim,
Aig seillein riabach, breaca, srianach,
Le'n crònan cianail is fiata srann.

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

Gach àite timcheall nam fàsach ionlan,
Mam a's fion-ghleann, 's an tuiln gu chòir :
Meall-tionail làmh ris, gu molach, tùthail,
B'e chulaidh dh'àrach an àlaich òig ;
Na daimh 's na h-éildean a'm madainn cheitein
Gu moch ag éirigh air réidhleinn feòir ;
Greidhean dhearg dhùil air taobh gach leargain,
Mu'n Choire gharbhlaich, 'g an ainm an Crò.

ORAN DO'N GHUNNA

GA 'N AINM NIC-COISEAM.

LUINNEAG.

*Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,
Gur muladach leam uam thu ;
Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,
'S mì dìreadh bheann a's uchlannan,
B'ait leam thu bhì euidir rium,
'S do chudthrom air mo ghluainn.*

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

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

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

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

Thug mi Chaire-chruiteir thu,
O's àite grianaich thusail e,
Gu biachar, fiarach, lusavach,
Bhiodh spùirt ann aig daoine-naillse.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Ghluainn mi Ghleann-éite thu,
Thog mi ris na crèisean thu,
Se mheud 'sa thug mi spéis duit
A dh'fhàg mo cheum cho luaineach.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

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

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

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

Chaidh mi do dh'Fheadha-chaorainn,
Le aighear Chaire-chaolain,
Far an robh na daoine,
A bha 'n gaol air a ghreidh nallaich.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

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

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

Ged' tha mi gan a stòras,
Gu suidhe leis na pòitearan,
Ged' thèid mi do 'n taigh-òsda,
Cha 'n òl mi ann an cuach thu.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

ORAN SEACHARAN SEILG.

LUINNEAG.

*Chunna' mi 'n damh donn
'S na h-eildean,
Dìreadh a bhealaich le chèile ;
Chunna' mi 'n damh donn
'S na h-eildean.*

'S mi tearnadh á Coire cheathaich,
'S mòr mo mhiogean 's mi gun aighear,
Siubhal frithe rè an latha,
Thilg mi spraidhe uach d'rinn feum dbomb.
Chunna' mi, &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bì' sinn beò an dòchas ro-mbath,
Gu'm bi chùis nì's fhearr an ath la'.
Gu'm bi gaoth, a's griau, a's talamh,
Mar is math leim air na sléibhtean.
Chunna' mi, &c.

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

CEAD-DEIREANNA CH

NAM BEANN.

BHA m' n dé* 'm Beinn-dòrain,
'S na còir cha robh mi aineolach,
Chunna mi gleannan
'S na beanntaichean a baithne dhomh ;
Be sin an sealladh éibhion
Bhì 'g imeachd air na sléibhtibh,
'Nuair bhiodh a ghrian ag éiridh,
'S a bhiodh na féidh a langanaich.

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

'S togarach a dh' fhalbhaion
Gu sealgaireachd nam beallaichean,
Dol 'maeh a dhìreadh garbhlaich,
'S gu'm b'ana-moeh tigh'n gu baile mì ;
An t-uisge glan 'san t-àile
Thar mullach nam bean arda,
Chuidich e gu fàs mì ;
'Se rinn domh sl' innt a's fallaineachd.

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

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

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

Ri àm dol anns a bhùireadh,
Bu dùrachdach a leanainn iad,
'S bhiodh nair aig sluagh na dùthecha,
'Toirt dràin ùra 's raunachd dhaibh ;
Greis eile mar ri cùrdean,
'Nuair bha sinn anns na C' mpan,
Bu ehridheil anns an àm sin ;
'S cha bhiodh an dràm eirun annasach.

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

'S e fortan tha cuir oirne

Gach aon nì coir a' ghealladh dhuinn;

Ged' tha mi gunn a stòras,

Tha m' ionntun làn de shòlas,

O'n tha mi ann an dòchas

Gu'n d'rinn nigh'n Dheòrs' an t-aran domh.

Bha mi 'n dé 'san aonach,

'S bha smaointean mòr air m' aire-sa,

Nach robh 'n luchd-gaoil a b' àbhaist

Bhi siubhal fhaicheadh mar rium ann,

'Sa bheinn is beag a shaoil mi,

Gu'n deanadh ise caochladh;

O'n tha i 'nis fo chaoirich,

'S ann thug an saoghal cùr asam.

'Nuair sheall mi air gach taobh dhìom,

Cha'n fhaodainn gun bhi smalanach,

O'n theirig coill' a's fraoch ann,

A na daoine bh' ann, cha mhaireann iad;

Cha'n 'eil fiadh r'a shealg ann,

Cha'n 'eil eun no earb ann,

'M beagan nach 'eil marbh dhiubb,

'Se rinn iad falbh gu baileach as.

Mo shoraidh leis na frithean,

O's miobhailteach, na beannaibh iad,

Le biolair uainne a's fìor-uisg,

Deoch nasal rimheach, cheanalta,

Na bhàrran a tha prìseil,

'S na fàsaichean tha lìomhhor,

O's àit a leag mi dhìom iad,

Gu bràth mo mhìle beannachd leo!

CUMHA CHOIRE-CHEATHAICH.

S DUILICH leam an càradh

Th' air coire gorm an fhàsaich,

An robh mi greis da'm' àrach

'S a bhràidhe so thall;

S iomadh fear a bharr orm,

A thaitneadh e r'a nàdur,

Na 'm biodh e mar a bha e,

'Nuair dh' fhàg mi e nall;

Gunnaireachd a's làimhaich

Spuirt a s aobhar ghairne,

Chleachd bh' aig na h-àrmuinn

A b' àbhaist bh' sa' ghleann;

Rinn na fìr ud fhàgail—

'S Mac-Eoghainn t'ann a 'dràsta,

Mar chloich an ionnad càbaig

An àite na bh' ann.

Tha 'n Coir' air dol am fàillin,

Ged' ithear thun a bhlàir e,

Gun duin' aig am beil càs deth

Mun àit ann san àm;

Na fàidh a bh' ann air fhàgail,

Cha d' fhuirich gin air àruinn,

'S cha 'neil an àite-tàmha

Mar bha e sa' ghleann.

Tha 'm Baran air a shàrach'

Is dh'artaich air an tàladh,

Gun sgìl aig air an nàdur

Ged' thàinig e ann;

B' fhearr dha bh' mar b' àbhaist,

Os ceann an t-soithich chàtha,

'Sa làmhnan a bh' làn d'i,

Ga fàsgadh gu teann.

Se mùghadh air an t-saoghal

An coire laghach gaolach,

A dhol anis air faoin-tragh,

'S am maor a theachd ann;

'S gur h-e bu chleachdadh riann dhut,

Bhi trusa nan cearc biata,

Gur tric a rinn iad siathnail,

Le piannadh do làmh.

Is iad na 'm baidnibh riabhach,

Mu-anhaich 's ann ad' sgiathan,

Bhiodh itealaich a's sgiabail

Mu-fhiacian san àm;

Bu ghiobach thu ri riaghailt,

Mu chidsin taighe 'n iarla,

Gar nach b'e do mhiann

Bhi cuir bhian air an stàing.

Ged' tha thu 'nis sa' bhràighe,

Cha chòmpaich le càch thu,

'S tha h-nìle duine tàir ort

O'n thàinig thu ann;

'S éigin dut am fàgail

Ni 's measa na mar thàinig

Cha taintinn thu ri 'n nàdur

Le cuimhan, 's le cainnt;

Ged' fhaicheadh tu ghreidh uallach,

'Nuair racha tu mun-cuairt daibh,

Cba dean thu ach am foadachadh

Suas feadh nam beann;

Leis a gbuinna nach robh buadhar,

'S a mbeirg air a toll cluaise,

Cha 'n eirmis i na cruachan,

An cuaille dubh cam.

Se 'n Coire chaidh an dèis-laimh,

O'n tha e nis gu'n fhéidh ann,

Gun duin' aig am beil spéis diubh,

Ni feum air an cùl;

O'n tha iad gu'n fhear-gléidhte,

Cha'n fhuirich iad r'a cbéile,

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

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

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

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

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

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

ORAN GAOIL.

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

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

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

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

Air sniamb, mar theudan clàrsaiche,
Na fhàineachan glan nòsar :
Gu lùbh-dhònn, pleatach, sàr-chleachdach,
Gu dosach, fàsmhor, dòmhail,
Gu lùbach, dualach, bachlach, guairsgeach,
Snasmhor, cauchach, òr-bhuidh.

Tha t-aghaidh nàrach bhanail,
Dà chaoil mhala mar ìte eòin ort ;
Rosgan réidhe, fallaine
'S dà shùil ghorm, mheallach, mhòthar :
Do ghruaidh mar chaorann meangain,
A thug barrachd air na rùsan ;
Do dheud geal, dreachmhor, meachair, grion
'S do bheul, o'm binn thig òran.

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

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

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

'S mòr an gaol a ghabh mi ort
Le ro bheagan a dh-eòlas,
S mi 'n dùil gur tu bu leannan domb,
'S nach mealladh tu mi m' dhòchas :
Ge d' bhiodh am bás an earabh dhomh,
Gu'n bharrail ri tigh'n beò uaith,
'S e dh'fhàgadh slàn mi n' rìbhinn mhàlda,
Mairi bhàn o Lèch-lairig.

AN NIGHEAN DONN OG.

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

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

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

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

Cha téid thu do'n bhuaille,
A bhléathan cruidh ghuailfhionn ;
Cha chuir thu ort enaran,
'S gur uallach do bhròg.
'S i nighean, &c.

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

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

Cha leig mi thu 'n fhreach
Thoir a' cruidh as an innis
Air eagal na gillea
Bhi sireadh do phòg
'S i nighean, &c.

Cha taobh thu duin'-uasail
'S cha 'n aill leat am buachaill,
'S cha 'n fhearde fear-fadaidh
Bhi cruaidh air do thoir.
'S i nighean, &c.

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

S i ribhinn a bhaile,
Tha sìr-thigh 'u air m' aire,
Nam bitheadh i mar rium,
Cha dh' fharraid mi stòr.
'S i nighean, &c.

Bheir mis' thu Dhun-éideann
A dh'ionnsacha' beurla,
'S cha 'n fhàg mi thu t-èigin,
Ri spréidh an fhuir-mbòir.
'S i nighean, &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ORAN D'A CHEILE

NUADH-POSDA

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

'Nuair bha mi gu tinn
'S mi 'n ciumseal leannain,
Gun chinnt cò theannadh rium féin,
'S ann a chunna' mi 'n òigh
Air bòrd taigh-leanna,
'S bu mbòthar ceanalt' a beus ;
Tharruinn mi suas rith',
'S fhuair mi gealladh
O'n ghruagaich bhanaibh bhì 'm réir ;
'S mise bha aobhach
T' fhaotain mar' rium,
'S crobh laogh a' Bharain a'd' dheigh.

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

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

Bheirinn mo phùg
 Do'n òg-mhnaoi shomalt'
 A dh-fhàs gu boinneanta, caoin,
 Gu mìleant, còmharnad,
 Seòcail, foinnidh,
 Do chòmhradh gheibh mi gu saor.
 Tha mi air sheòl
 Gu leòir a'd' eomain,
 A mhòid 'sa chuir thu gu faoin
 De m' smaointean gùrach,
 Pròis nam boireannach,
 'S còir dhomh fuireach le h-aon.

Chaidh mi do'n choil'
 An robh croinn a's gallain,
 Bu bhoisgeil sealladh mn'n cuairt,
 'S bha miann mo shùil
 Do dh'fhiùran barruicht'
 An dlù's nam meanganan shuas ;
 Geug fo bhlàth
 O bàrr gu talamh,
 A lùb mi farrasda suas :
 Bu duilich do chàch
 Gu bràth a gearradh,
 'S e 'n dàn domh 'm faillean a bhuain.

Shuidhich mi lìon
 Air fìor-uisg tana,
 'S mi strì 'ga tharruinn air bruaich,
 'S thug mi le sgrìob
 Air tìr a ghealag,
 S a lìth mar eal' air a' chuan ;
 'S toilicht' a dh'fhàg
 E 'n là sin m' aigneadh,
 An roinn a bh'agam san uair ;
 B'i coimeas mo cheud mhna'
 Reull na maidne,
 Mu chéile cadail 's mi 'm shuain.

'S e b'fhasan leat riamh
 Bhì ciallach banail,
 Rì gnìomh, 's rì ceanal mnà-uais' ;
 Gu pàirteach, bàigheal,
 Blàth, gun choire,

Gun ghìomh, gun ghòinne, gun ehruas,
 Gu déirceach, daontach,
 Faoilidh, farrasd',
 Rì daoìn fanna, bochd, truagh ;
 Is tha mi le'd' sheòl,
 An dòchas ro-mhath,
 Gur lòn do t-anam do dhuais.

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

Do bhriodal blàth
 'S do mhàran mìlis,
 Do nàdur grinneas gach nair,
 Gu beulchair, gàireach,
 Aluinn, coineil,
 Gun chàs a thoille' dhut fuath ;
 Choir i guin bhàis
 Fad ràith' am mhùineal
 Dh'fhàg làn mi mhulad 'sa ghruaim,
 'Nuair thuig i mar bha,
 'Sa thàr mi 'n nlaidh,
 Ghrad spàr i 'n cunnart ud bhuam

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

Do chuach-fhalt bàn
 Air f'is cho barrail,
 'S a bhàrr làn chamag a's dhual ;
 T-agbaidh ghlan, mhàlda,
 Nàrach, bhanail,
 Do dhà chaoil mhala gun ghruaim ;
 Sùil ghorm, lìontach,
 Mhìn-rosg, mheallach,
 Gun dìth cur fal' ann ad' ghruadn,
 Deud gheal iobhraidh

Dìonach, daingean,
Beul bìdh nach canadh ach stuaim.

Shiùbhladh tu fàsach
Airdh glinne
'San àit an cinneadh an spréidh,
G' am bleothan mu chrò,
'S bhí chòir na h-innis,
Lauigh òg a' mìreadh 's a' leum ;
Cha mhiosa du lamh
'S tu làimh ri coinnil
No 'n seòmar soilleir ri gréin,
A' fuaidheal 's a' fàitbeam
Bhann a's phionar,
An àm chur grinnis air gréus.

Do chneas mar an éiteag
Glè ghlán, fallain,
Corp seang mar chanach an t-slèibh ;
Do bhràigh co-mhìn,
'S do chòchan corrach
S iad lìontach, soluis le chéil :
Gaoirdein tlà geal
Lamh na h-ainnir,
Caol mheoir, glac thana, bäs réidh ;
Calpa deas ùr,
Troigh dhùl 'm bròig chumair
Is lùghar innealta ceum.

'S ann fhuair mi bhean chaoin
Aig taobh Mhàin-charraidh.
S a gaol a'n' mbealladh o'm chéill ;
Bha cridhe dhomh saor,
'Nuair dh'fhaod mi tharruinn,
Cha b'fhaoin domh bharail bhí d' réir
'S ioma' fuil uasal,
Uaibhreach, fharumach,
Suas ri d' cheann-aghaidh fhéin,
Gad' chumail am prís
An Rìgh 's Mac-Callein
'S tu shìol nam fear a bha 'n Sléibht'.

'Nam faighinn an dràst
Do ch'radh daingean
An àite falaich o'n èug ;
Ge d' thigeadh e d' dhàil,
A's m' fhàgail falamh.
Cha b' àill leam bean eil' a'd' dhèigh :
Cha tòir mi gu bràth dhut
Drannan teallaich,
Mu'n àrdaich aileag do chléibh,
Ach rogha' gach mairin,
Gràdh a's furan,
Cho blàth 'sa b'urraim mo bheul.

Dheanainn dut ceann,
A's crann, a's t-carrach,

An àm chur ghearran an éil,
A's dheanainn mar chàch
Air tràigh na mara,
Chur àird air mealladh an éisg :
Mharbhainn dut geoidh,
A's roin, a's eala,
'S na h-euin air bharran nan geug ;
'S cha bhí thu ri d' bheò
Gun seòl air aran,
'S mi chòmhnuidh far am bi féidh.

O R A N

DO LEANABH-ALTROM.

ISEABAL òg
An òr-fhuilte bhuidh,
Do ghruaidh mar ròs,
'S do phòg mar ubhal,
Do bheul dreachmhor,
Meachair, grunn,
O'm faighte na h-brain
Cheòl-mhor bhinn.

'S tu 's gloine 's cannaiche
Bhanaille snuadh,
Gur deirge na'n t-suthag
An ruthadh tha d' ghruaidh,
Do mhìn rusg lìontach,
Siobhailt, suaire,
Gnùis mhálda, nàrach,
Làn de stuaim.

'S e cusail na h-ainnir
An eal' air an t-snàmh,
Do chneas mar an canach
Co cheanalta tlà,
Do chiochan corrach
Air bhroileach geal bàn,
Do bhràigh mar ghrian,
'S do bhian mar chuainn.

Do chuach-fhalt bachallach,
Cas-bhuidh, dhùl,
Gu h-amlagach, daite,
Làn chaisreag a's lùb,
'Na chiabhannuaibh cleachdadh
Am pleata' gu dùl
Air suaimh gu léir
Mar theudan ciùil.

'S ioma' fuil uasal
Gun truaille', gun tàir,
Tha togail 'na stuaidheanaibh
Suas ann ad' bhàrr,
Clann-Domhnuill a' chruadaidh
Fhuair buaigh anns gach blàr,

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

'S ban-Chaimbeulach dhìreach
An rìbhinn dheas òg,
Cha strìobhadh do dhìlsean
A luchd mì-ruin tha beo ;
'S gach car tha dol dìotsa,
Ga d' shìr-chur am mòid,
'S thu theaghlach an Iarla
Shliochd Dhiarmaid nan aròl.

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

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

Gruagach gheal, shomulta,
Shoilleir gu leòir,
'S i fìnealta, foinnidh,
Gun chroma', gun sgeòp ;
Calpa deas cosail,
A choisicheadh ròd,
Troigh chuimhir, shocair
Nach dochninn a' bhròg,

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

J R A N D O ' N T - S E A N N

FHREICEADAN GHAELACH.

Dzoch Slàinnt' an Fhreiceadain,
'S àill leinn gun cheist i,
S' au fhàillte nach beag oirnn
Dhol deisal ar cléibh,

Cha'n fhòg sinn am feasd i,
O'n tha sinn cho dleasanach,
Do na h-àrmuinn bu aheirceile
Sbeasadh an srend ;
Na curraidhnean calma,
'G'am buineadh bhi 'n Albainn,
Feadh mhonaineau garbhlaich
A' sealg air na féidh,
Fhnair mis' orra seanachas,
Nach mios' an cois fairg' iad,
Bhí'dh an citcheanan tarbhach
Le marbhadh' an éisg.

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

'Nuair a chuir iad na h-àrmuinn
Air tìr ann an *Flànnhras*,
S iad fada bho'm pàirti,
'S o'n àiteachan féin,
Bha onoir nan Ghèl
An earbsa r'an tàbhachd,
Bha sin mar a b' abhaist
Gnn fhàillinn fo 'n ghreìn
Tha nrrau an dràsd
Aig gach tìr annas an d'fhas iad,
Le feobhas an àbhaist,
An nàduir 'sam beus,
Bhì dileas d'an càirdean,
Cnr sìos air gach nàmhaid,
'S iomadh rìoghachd an d'fhag iad,
Fuil bhlath air an fheur.

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

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

Fir aigeannach mheannach,
 Le glas-lann an ceanna-bheart,
 'S i sgaiteach gu barra-dheis,
 'S i ana-barrach geur,
 An taice ri targaid,
 Crios breac nam ball airgeid,
 'S an dag nach robh cearbach
 Gan tearmunn nan sgéith,
 Le'n gunnacha glaua,
 Nach diùltadh dhaibh aingeal,
 Spoir ùr air an teannadh
 Gu daingeann nan gleus,
 Gu cuinnsearach, biodagach,
 Fùdarach, mìosarach,
 Adharcach, mìosail,
 Gu misneachail treun.

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

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

Sliochd fineachan nasal
 A g'in o 'na tuathaich,
 'S an iomairet bu dual dhaibh
 Dol suas air gach ceum,
 Gach càs mar bu luaithe,
 'S gach laimh mar bu chruaidhe,
 'San ardan an uachdar
 A' hualadh nan speic ;
 Bu gnath le'n luchd fuatha,
 Bhi 'san àraich gun ghluasad,
 S a phairt dhiubh dh'fhalbh uatha,
 Bhiodh an ruaig air an deigh ;
 Le lambach nan gillean,
 'S le lannan geur biorach,
 Bhiodh an naimhdean air iomain
 A' silleadh nan creuchd.

Bu cliùtach na lasgairean
 Ura deas gasda,
 Mianu sùl iad ri'm faicinn
 Do gach neach leis an léir,
 Gach seol mar a chleachd iad,
 Le'n comhdacha dreachmhor,
 Le 'n osanan breaca,
 'S le'm breacana 'n fheil ;
 Tha mo dhuil ri'n tigh'n dhachaigh,
 Gun an ùin' a bhi fada,
 Le cumhnanta ceartais
 Fir Shasuinn gu leir,
 Le stiùireadh an aigeil,
 Muir dhù-ghorm chur seachad,
 'S nach cum an cuan farsuinn
 Orr' bacadh, nu éis.

'Nuair a thainig an trioblaid,
 'S i a *Dha-san-du-fhìchead*,*
 Bha dàna le misneach,
 'S le mìos orra fein,
 Bras, ardanach, fiosrach,
 Gun fhaillin, gun bhriseadh,
 'S cuid araidh ga'n glibhtean'
 Bhi'n gliocas 's an cèill ;
 Tha talannan tric'
 Aig a phairt nà bithchionnt,
 S na h-uil' àit' anns an tig iad,
 Nu idir a théid.
 Co an drast a their mise,
 Thig an aird ribh a chlisge ?
 Mar fàg sibh e nis'
 Aig an t-sliochd thig n'ar deigh.

* 42d Regiment.

ORAN GHLINN-URCHADH.

Mu's tig ceann bliadhna tuille,
 Cha bhi sinn uile 'n Tora-mhuilte;
 Théid sinn thar nam bealaichean,
 Do'n fhearann an robh 'n tús:
 Far am beil ar dilsean,
 Ann san tìr am beil ar cuid;
 'S an t-àit an còr dhuinn crìochnachadh
 'S an tìodhlaicear ar cuirp.

'S an Clachan-an-Diseirt,
 Bu ghrinn bhi ann an diugh,
 Suidhe 'n eaglais mhìorbhuileach,
 An *dasg* bu rìmheach cur;
 Ag' eiseachd ris na dh'innseadh dhuinn,
 Am fear bu shìobhail guth;
 Is e toirt sgeul a Bhiobaill duinn,
 'S a bhrìgh a'tig'n gu buil.

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

Bu chridheil bhi sa' gheamhradh ann,
 Air bainnsean gheibhte spuir;
 Fonn cheol réidh na plòbairachd,
 'S cha bhiodh sgìos mu sgur:
 Fuaim nan tend aig fìdheillean,
 A sheinneadh sìos na cuir;
 'S an luinneag féin aig nìonagan,
 Bu bhinne mhìlse guth.

Gheibhte bradan fìor-uig ann,
 A dìreadh ris gach sruth;
 Eoin an t-sléibh gu lìonmhor,
 'S na mìltean coileach dubh;
 Earba bheag an sgrìobain,
 Na mìnein chrìon 's na buic,
 'S a ghleann am beil na frìtheachan,
 'S na glomanaich 'n am bun.

O'n a thainig mi do'n fhearann so,
 Cha 'n fhaigh mi prìs an eòin,
 'S cha 'n 'eil fàth bhi bruidhinn
 Mu'n fhear-bhuidh air 'm bi 'n cròc:
 Cha b'ionnan 's bhi mar b'abhaist domh,
 Aig bràigh dòire-chrò,
 Far am bi' na làn-daimh,
 Nì 'n dàmbair ann sa chèd.

Mo shoraidh do Ghleann-urchaidh
 Nan tulchan glasa febìr,
 Far am beil na sealgairean,
 'S a fhuair iad ainm bhi còrr;
 A dhìreadh ris na garbhlaichean,
 Am biodh greidh dhearg na's leòir
 'S bhiodh gillea tròm le eallachan
 A dh'fhàgadh tarbhach bord.

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

MOLADH DHUN-EIDEANN,

'S e baile mòr Dhun-éideann,
 A b'èibhinn leam bhi ann,
 Aite fialaidh farsuinn,
 A bha tlachdmhor anns gach ball;
 Gearasdain a's bataraidh,
 A's rampairean gu teann,
 Taighean mòr a's caisteal,
 Anns an tric a stad an càmpan.

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

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

'S mòr a tha do bhain-tighearnan
 A nùll 'sa nùll an t-sràid,
 Gùntaichean de'n t-sìoda orr',
 Ga'n sliogadh ris a bhlà;
 Stòise air na h-ainnirean
 Ga'n teannachadh gu h-àrd.
 Buill mhais air eudainn bhòidheach,
 Mar thuilleadh spòrsa dhaibh.

Na h-uile té mar thigheadh dh'i,
 Gu measail a' measg chàich,
 Uallach, rimheach*, rìheanach,
 Cruinn, min-geal, globach, tlà ;
 Trusgan air na h-oigheanan,
 Ga'n còmhachadh gu làr ;
 Bròg bhiorach, dhionach, chothromach,
 'S bu chorrach leam a sàil.

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

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

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

Is ann an clous na Pàrlamaid
 A chi mi thall an t-each,
 Na sheasamh mar a b'abhaist da,
 Air lòn a chabhsair chlach ;
 Chuir iad srian a's diallaid air,
 'Se'n Rìgh a tha n'a glaic,
 Ga'n robh cùir na rìoghachd so,
 Ge d' dhiobair iad a mhaic* :

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

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

A dheanadh slàn gach dochartas
 ' A bhiodh 'an corp no'n cré ;
 Aon duine bhiodh an eu-slaime,
 No'n freasdal ris an léighn,
 Be sin an t-àite dleasannach,
 Gu theasairginn o'n éug.

Tha Dun-éidean bùidheach
 Air iomadh seòl na dha,
 Gu'n bhaile anns an rìoghachd so
 Nach deanadh strìochda dha,
 A liuthad fear a dh'innisinn ann
 A bheireadh cis de chàch,
 Daoine' uaisle casg an iota,
 A g' òl air fion na Spàinnt.

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

ORAN DUTHCHA.

LUINNEAG.

Hoirionn d'ho hì-ri-rio,
Hoirionn d'ho hì-ri-rio,
Hoirionn d'hi-ri-ùo,
 'S i mo dhùthch a dh'fhàg mi.

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

Ged' is éigin dhuinn gabhail
 Leis gach nì thig 'san rathad,
 Gu'm b'fhearr na na srathan,
 Bhi taghaich 'sa bhràidhe.
Hoirionn o ho, &c

Ged' is còmhnaid na sràidean,
 S mòr a b'fhearr bhi air àiridh.
 Am frith nam Beann àrda,
 'S nam fàsaichean blàtha.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Beurla chruaidh gach aon latha,
 'N ar cluais o cheann ghrathainn,
 'Se bu dual duinn o'r n-athair,
 Bhi labhairt na Gàellig.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

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

Ged' is cliùteach a Mbachair,
Le cànnradh 's le fasan,
Be air dùrachd dol dae-aigh,
'S bhi 'n taice r'ar càirdean :

Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Bhi 'n Clachan-an-Diseirt,
A faicinn air dillsean,
Gum h'ait leinn an tìr sin,
' O'n a 's i rinn air 'n àrach.

Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Cha be fasan nan daoine' ud,
Bhi 'n conas na 'n caonnaig,
Ach sonas an t-saoghail,
'S bhi gaolach mar bhràithrean.

Hoirionn o ho, &c.

N àm suidhe 's taigh-dsda,
Gu luinneagach, ceolmhor
Bu bhim ar cuid òran,
'S bhi 'g-òl nan deoch-slàinnte,

Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Luchd dhìreadh nan stòicean,
Le'n gunnathan dù-ghorm,
A loisgeadh an fùdar,
Ri ùllaiche làn-daimh.

Hoirionn o ho, &c.

S e bu mhiann leis na macaibh,
Bhi triall leis na slatan,
A chuir srian ris a bhradan,
Cha be fhasan am fàgail.

Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Gu fadbach a mhunaidh,
No dh' iasgach air buinne,
Anns gach gnìomh a nì duin
'S mòr urram nan Gàel.

Hoirionn o ho, &c.

ORAN

DO DH-IARLA BHRAID-ALBANN.

AIR FÖNN.—“*An Taillear Acuinneach.*”

Deoch-slainnt' an Iarla
Cuir dian na'r cearmh i,
'S mo gleibh sinn làn i,
Gu'm fàg sinn falamh i;
'Nuair thig i oirne
Gu'm bi sinn ceòlmhor,
'S gu'n gabh sinn òrain
Ga h-òl gu farumach.

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

Gur deas am fùran
Air thùs nan gallan thu,
'S cha ghabh thu cùram
Ro ghuais nan ameoilach;
Led' chomhlain ùra
'S tha féin ga'n stiùireadh,
A's fir do dhùthcha
Ri d' chùl mar bharantas.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Culd eil' an phàirti,
Gu dòn le fearalachd,
Théid lionn-mhor, lùidir
'S an àit a gheallas iad ;
Fìr shunndach dhàicheil,
A grunnn Earr-Gàil,
Nach diult 's na blàraibh
Le làmhach caithriseach.

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

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

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

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

Am feachd Rìgh Deòrsa,
Aon phòr thug barrachd oir'.

Tha'n Samhradh blàth ann
O'n dh'fhag an t-earrach sin,
Ma nì sinn càmp
'S e bhios ann dhuinn fallaineachd
Tha nì air gleann-taibh
Cha bhì sinn gaon dhiu,
'S gur lionn-mhor Gàil
Tha cuir aird air aran dhuinn.

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

IAIN CAIMBEUL A' BHANCA.

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

'S tu marcach nan srann-each,
Is farramaich ceum,
Le 'm fallaireachd fèin
Gu farasda, fèil :
Air dhiollaid nan eòrsan
Bu dàbailte sréin,
'S tu bhuidhneadh gach réis.
A shiubhladh an ròd.
Na h-eich bhearcasach, chalma,
Bhiodh garbh, cumachdail.
Is iad gu h-annadail, meannach,
Le 'm falbh gurilleumach,

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

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

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

'S e do shùgradh bha earailteach,
Ceannalta, suaire,
An am tional nan naislean
Mar riut a dh-òl ;
Gu failteachail, furanach,
A cuireadh a suas,
Gach duine de'n t-sluagh,
G'am buineadh bhi d' chòir :
Na diùcan bu rimhiche,
A chìt' ann am Breatunn,
Is bu chompanach rìgh thu,
Le firinn 's le teistsas,
Fhir gbreadhnaich bu sheirceile
Sheasadh air blàr,
Fo 'n deise bhiodh lan.
De lastanan òir.

'S math thig dhut san fhasan,
An àd a's a ghruag,

Air an deasachadh suas
Am fasan an t-slòigh
Gu camagach, daithte,
Lan chaisreag a's chuach,
Gu bacblach mu'n cuairt,
Le maise ro-mhòr :
Tha gach ciabh mar do mhiann,
Air an sniomh cumachdail,
Fiamh dhonn, torrach, tròm,
Gu'n aon bhonn nireasbhuidh,
Amlagach, cleachdach,
Cruinne cas-bhuidh tlà,
Cho gasda ri barr,
Th' air mac sau Roinn-eòrp' ;

'S i t-aghaidh ghlan, shoilleir,
Bha caoinell ro suairc,
Caol mhala gun ghruaim,
Sùil mheallach bu bhòidhech' :
Gnùis àillidh mar chanach,
Bu cheanalta, snuagh,
Mha, cannach, do ghruaidh,
Mar bharra nan ròs.
Cha 'n 'eil àilleachd air càch,
Nach tug pairt urram dhut ;
Foinnidh, finealta, dìreach,
Deas fir chumachdail,
Calpa chruinn, cothromach,
Corrach, gu d' shàil,
Gun chron ort a' fàs,
O mbulach gu bròig.

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

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

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

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

'S iomadh àit am beil do charaid,
 A t-fharaid mu'n cuairt,
 An deas a's an tuath,
 Cho dleas'nach 's bu chòir ;
 Diùc Earraghalach ainmeil,
 Ceann armailt' nam buagh,
 Leis na dhearbhadh làmh chruaidh,
 Is ris an d'earbhadh gu leòir :
 An t-Iarla cliùiteach g'an dùthchas
 Bhì 'n Tùr Bhealaich,
 A chuir an ruaig le chuid sluaigh,
 Air na fuar Ghallaich ;
 Mòrair Loudon nan seang-each,
 Àrd sheanalair càimpe,
 Fhuair urram comann,
 Far na bhuidhin na seòid.

Tha iomadh càs eile
 Nach ceilinn san uair,
 Tha tarruinn ort buaidh,
 A mbaireas ri d' bheò ;
 Fuil rioghail air lasadh
 Amach ann ad' ghruaidh,
 Cuir t-aigneachd a suas
 Le àiteas ro-mhòr ;
 Tha bunntam a's léirsinn,
 Gu léir ann ad' phearsa,
 Fhìr shunntaich na féile,
 Sgeul eibhlin a' b' àit leam-
 Na 'm faicinn a'mbaireach
 Le ' bhachd 's le mùirn,

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

CUMHADH IARLA

BHRAID-ALBANN.

'S TRUAGH r'a éisdeachd an sgeil
 Fhuair mi féin tuille 's luath ;
 Rinn an t-éag ceann na céille
 'S nam bens a thoirt uainn :
 Cha'n 'eil léigh tha fo 'n ghréin,
 Dheanadh fenn dhut 's an uair :
 'S bochd a'd' dhéigh sinn gu léir,
 'S cha 'n'eil feum bhì 'ga luaidh.

Tha do chairdean lìdir, lìomhor
 Anns gach tìr a tha mu'n cuairt ;
 So na dh-fhàg an aigneadh òsal,
 Do chorp prìseil bhì 'san uaigh :
 Is iad mar loingeas gun bhì dìonach,
 Fad o thìr air druim a' chuain ;
 'S tusa b'urraim an toirt sàbhailt,
 Ge do bhiodh an gàbhadh cruaidh.

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

'S iomadh dilleachdan òg salann
 Bha le h-ainnis air dhroch shluagh,
 Seann daoine 's banntaichean fanna
 Bha faotainn beathachaidh uair :
 'S ann bu truagh a' gbaoir a' bh'nea,
 'S deòir gu frasach air an groaidh,
 Caoineadh cruaidh, a's bualadh bhasan,
 'S bhì toirt pàirt de 'm falt a nuas.

'S muladach an nochd do dhùthaich,
 'S dubhach tùrsach tha do shluagh :
 Cha 'n iognadh siu, 's mòr an diùbhail
 An tionndadh so thig'n oirn cho luath,
 Am fear a b' àbhaist bhì le dùrachd
 Gabhail còram dhiubh gach uair,
 Dh'fhàg iad 'na laidhe 'san ùir e
 Far nach dùisg e gu Là-luio.

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

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

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

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

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

'Nam bu daoine bheireadh dhinn thu,
 Dh'éireadh milltean air an tòir,
 O bheul Tatha gu Lathuirn-ìochdrach,
 Sin fo chis dut agus còr:
 Far an d'fhàs na gallain fhìor-ghlan,
 A's iad ònmhor ann gu leòir,
 A rachadh togarrach gud' dhioladh,
 Nach obadh dol sìos le deòin.

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

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

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

CUMHA' CHAILEIN

GHLINN-IUBHAIR.

SMAOINTEAN truagh a th'air m'aigne,
 Dh' fhàg orm smuaircan, a's airneul,
 Ao àm gluasad am leabaidh,
 Cha ehadal ach dùisg;
 Tha mo ghruaighean air seacadh,
 Gun dìon uair air mo rasgan,
 Mu'n sgeul a chualas o'n Apuinn,
 A ghluais a chaismeachd ud dhuinn',
 Fear Ghlinn-iubhair a dhìth oirnn,
 Le putthar luchd mì-ruin,
 Mo sgeul dubhach r'a innseadh
 Thu bhi d' shìneadh 'san ùir;
 'S truagh gach duine de d' dhilsean,
 O'n a chaidh do chorp prìseil,
 An ciste chuthainn, chaoil, dhìonaich,
 'S ann an lìon-anart ùr.

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

'S cruaidh an teachdair a thàinig,
 'S truagh mar thachair an dràsta,
 Nach do sheachainn thu 'n t-àite,
 'N do ghlac am bàs thu air thùs;
 Suas o chachaile ghàraidh,
 Fhuair thu 'n tacaid a chràidh mì,
 'S gun do thàic a bhi làmh riut,
 'Nuair ghabh iad fàth ort o d' chùil,
 Air do thaobh 's thu gun còmhradh,
 'San àm 'n do chaochail an deò bhuat,
 T-fhuil chraobhach, dbearg, bhòidheach
 A gabhail dòrtadh 'na brùchd,

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

B'e 'n cridhe gun tioma, gun dèisein,
Gun àdh, gun chinneas, gun cheutaidh,
A chuir làmh a'd' mhilleadh gun reusan,
Le cion céill' sgus tùir ;

'S e glac mar chomharl' an eucoir,
'S boc an gnothaich mar dh'èirich,
Dh-fhàg e sinne fo eu-slainnt,
Is e féin 'na fhear-cùirn ;
'S ge nach sàmhach a leabaidh,
Le eagal a ghlacadh,

Cha 'n e tha mi 'g acain,
Ach mar a thachair do'n chùis ;
An t-armunn deas, tlachdmhor,
A tha 'n dràst' an Ard-chatain,
An déigh a chùradh an tasgaidh,
An àite cadaill nach dùisg.

'S e do chadal gu sìorruidh,
A dh'fhàg m' aigne cho tiomhaidh,
'S tric smaointeana dìomhain ;
A tigh'n gu dian orm as ùr,
'S tròm a dh'fhàs orm an iargainn,
Is goirte tàrsa nam fialhras,
Mo chomh-alt àluinn, deas, ciatach,
An déigh's a riabaidh gu dù ;
Mìle mallachd do'n làimh sin,
A ghabh cothrom is fàth ort,
A thug an comas do'n làmhach,
'Nuair choir e 'n spàinteach r'a shùil ;
Sgeula soilleir a b' àil leam,
Gu'n cluinnt' am follais aig càch,
E bhì dol ri crommaig le fàradh,
Gus am miosa dhà-sa na dhuinn.

Ge l'e neach a rinn plot ort,
Le droch dhùrachd o thoiseach,
Bu dàna chùis dha tigh'n ort-sa,
Na do lotadh as ùr ;
Bha 'na rùn bhì gu h-eòl dhut,
'S gu'n a chridh' aig aodainn a nochadh,
'S ann a thain' e sàmhach mu'n chnocan,
'S a ghabh ort seacair o d' chùl.
'S e mo dhiùbbhail a thachair,
An àm do'n fhèdar ud lasadh,
Nach robh ad' chàirdean an taic riut,
Na bheireadh aicheamhail diùbh ;
'S a liuthad fìuran deas, tlachdmhor,
Nach gabhadh cùram ro' bhagra,
A chuireadh smùid ris an Apuinn,
A chionn gu'm faiceadh iad thu.

'S tròm a phàigh sinn an ìobhairt,
A chuir ar nàmhaid a dh'ith oirnn,

Ged' tha 'n aichmhail gu'n dìoladh,
Thig fhathasd nìontan mu'n chùis,
Chuireas càch an staid ìosal,
Air son an àilleagain phrìseil,
Bh' ann san àite mar fhàrean,

A chleachd fìrinn a's cliù ;
'S bochd an naidheachd r'a àireamh,
Gur ann an nasgaidh a tha thu,
Nach tainig fhathasd mu'n chàs ad,
Na dheanadh àbhachd thoirt duinn ;
Ach air fhad 's gam bi dàil ann,
Cheart cho fìor 's tha mi 'g ràite,
Bidh an falachd ud pàighte,
Mu'n d' téid an gàmhlas air chùl.

'S iad na fìneachan laidir,
Bu mhath a gabhail do phàirti,
An rìgh, a's diùc Earraghàil,
Nach fhaiceadh fàilinn a'd' chùis ;
Iarla dlìgheach Bhraid-Albanu,
Air thùs a tighinn gu'n chearbaich,
'S gur ioma' fear armach,
A sheasadh calma r'a chùl ;
Mac-Aoidh 's a luchd-leanmhuinn,
Leis an éireadh suinn nach bu leanbaidh,
Na laoiach bhuidhneach, mhòr, mheamnach,
Le'n lanna ceann-bheartach, chùl ;
Mac-Dhomhnail duibh, 's Cloinn-Chamroin,
S gu leir a thighearnan ainmeil ;
S fhad o'n chuala sinn seanchas,
Gu'n do dhearb iad an cliù.

S ghabh thu àite le orùgh,
Air pàirt do Shrach-lècha,
'S cha b' ann air ghaol stòrais,
'Na los am pòrsan thoirt diùbh ;
Ach a sheasamh an còrach,
Le meud do cheisd air an t-seòrs' ud,
'S an òidhre dleasnach air fògra,
G'am bu chòir bhì 'sa chùirt ;
'S ge do theireadh luchd faoinneachd,
Gun robh t-aire-sa daonnan,
Bhì sgainneart nan daoìn ud,
Na 'n leigeadh sgaoilteach air chùl ;
Chite fhathasd a chaochladh,
N'am faighe tu saoghal,
Gur e bhì tarraimnn luchd gaoil ort,
As gach taobh, a bha d' rùn.

Bu tu cridhe na féile,
Dh' fhàs gu tighearnail, ceutach.
An làthair brìtheamh Dhun-èideann,
'S tric a reitich thu cùis ;
'S oil leam càradh do cheud-mhna,
'S òg a bhantrach a'd' dhéigh i,
Lion càmpar gu léir i,
O'n dh'éug a céillidh deas, ùr ;
Fhuair mi 'n sealladh nach b'èibhinn,

An uaigh mu d' choinneamh 'ga réiteach,
 'S truagh gach commun thug spéis dhut,
 O'n chaidh tu féin anns an àir,
 'S gun dhùil a nìs ri thu dh-éiridh,
 'Se dh'fhág mise fo eu-slainnt,
 Bhí 'n diugh ag' innseadh do bhensan,
 'S nach tig thu dh-éisdeachd mo chliù.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

NUAIR thig an Sámhra' geugach oirn,
 Théid siann nan speur o'n ghruamaiche,
 Thig thus a's blás a's aoibhneas—
 Théid gach ní g'a réir am buadhalachd.
 Thig feart le neart na gréin' oirn,
 Ní 'n saoghal gu léir a chuartaich;
 Thig teas o slios 'nuair dh'éireas i
 Ní feum, 's cha tréigear uainne é.

Bidh pòr ann an tìr ghráiseirean,
 Chur síl ann san tìm ghnáthaichte;
 A' toirt brìdh as an ùir nádurra,
 O'n bhlár g'a bhàrr a ghluaiséas e;
 Gu reachdmhor, breac, neo-fháillineach,
 Trom-chuineanach, garbh-ghrúineanach,
 Gu diasach, riabbach, càileanach,
 Gu biadhebar, làn, 'nuair bhuainear e.

'S glan faileadh nan geug liobhara,
 Mu ghàradh nan seud liomhora.
 Am biodh àileagain glé rìomhacha
 Le blath's a' sìr chur suadha orra;
 Gu h-ùbhlach, peurach, figiseach,
 Glan, brioghmhor, dìomhair, guamaiseach
 Gach sràid is àillidh grineachan,
 Mar Phéalas rìgh r'an cuartaichad.

'S ro-ghreannar gach gleann fìor-mhonaidd,
 Cnr iomhaigh ghrinn an nachdar air;
 Gach lus le bhàrr cho mhiòr'ailteach,
 A' fàs fo mhìle suaicheantas;
 Gu duilleach, lurach, dìtheanach,
 Glan, rimheach, lìomhor, cuacheanach,
 Gu ròpach, dosach, mìsleanach,
 Gu millteachail, mìn uain-nealach.

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

Gu h-ùrar, dù'-ghorm, àileanta,
 Le frasan blàtha, bruaideanach.

Bidh gach frith gu lìonnach, fénach;
 'S théid na féidh 'nan éideadh suaicheanta,
 Gu h-ullach, binneach, ceumannach,
 Grad-leumanach, bior-chluaiséanach;
 Gu cròeach, cabrach, céir-ghéalach,
 Gu manngach, eangach, éildeagach,
 'Gan gríanadh sa' mhìos chéiteanach,
 Air slios an t-sléibh mu'n cuartaich iad.

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

Bidh maoisleach a chinn ghunaich,
 A cur dreach a's snuadh a's tuar oirre,
 'S i tilgeadh cuilg a' gheamhraidh
 A chuir gurt a's greann a's fuachd oirre:
 O'n tháinig bláthas an t-Sámhraidh oirn,
 Cuiridh sí mánntal ruadh oirre,
 S tha inntinn ghrinn g'a réir aice,
 Gu fallain, fèitheach, fuasgailteach.

Bidh am minnein ùrar meanbh-bhallach,
 Gros tioram air a ghnùis bu sgeinneile;
 Gu mireineach, lùghor, anmadail,
 Rì slinnean na h-earb an guilleachan.
 Bu chlis feadh phreas mu an-moch iad,
 Gu tric fo iochd nam mean'-chuireag,
 Gu sgrideil, gibeach, gearra-mhasach,
 An sliochd 'g an ainm na ruadhagan.

Bidh gach crentair fáillineach,
 A bha greis an càs na fuaralachd,
 A togail an cinn gu h-àbhachdach,
 O'n a thàinig blàth's le buaidh orra;
 Na h-eoin sa' phong a b'áhaist daibh,
 Gu ceolmhar, fonnmhor, fáilteachail,
 Feadh phreas a's thòim ri gáirdeachas,
 Gun chàs a dh'fhágadh truaillidh iad.

'S neo-thruaillidh am pòr lìomhor ud,
 'S gnr spéiseil grinn a ghluaiséas iad;
 Le'm beus a 'seinn mar fhéileirean,
 Gur h-aoibhinn binn ri m' chlusan iad;
 'S glan luinneagach, fìor-inntinneach,
 A' chàin chinn thig uatha-san;
 'S iad gobach, sgiathach, éirineach
 Gu h-iteach, dìonach, cluaineiseach.

Bidh an coileach le thorman tìchanach,
 Air chuocanaibh gorm a dùrdanaich,

Puirt fhileanta, cheolmhor, shiùblacha,
Le ribheid dlù chur seòl orra ;

Gob eom nam pongan lùgh'ora,
'S a cneas le dreach air a dhùblachadh,
Gu slios-dubh, girt-geal, ùr-bhallach,
'S dà chirc a sùgradh bòidheach ris.

Thig a chuthag sa' mhìos chéiteiu oirn,
'S bidh riabhadh 'na seuchdan cùmhlaidh ri,
'S an dreathan a gleusadh sheansaureau
Air a ghéig is aird a mhòthaicheas e.
Bidh chòill' gu léir 's na gleanntaichean,
Air chrathadh le h-aoinneas canntaireachd,
Aig fuaim a chunail cheannsalach,
Feadh phreas, a'a chrann, a's ùganan.

Na doireachan coill' bu dìomhaire,
'S na croinn mu'n iadh na smeoraichean
Thleid gach craobh an ciataichead,
B'f'dh caochladh fiamh a's neòil orra ;
Gu meanganach, dìreach sniomhanach,
Théid cridhe nam fiamh an sòghaireachd,
Le trusan ùr g'a mbiadachadh,
Bar-gùc air mhiaraibh nòsara.

B'f'dh am beatha gu cuisleach, fùranach,
Gu failleanach, slatach, ùr-fhasach ;
Thig snothach fo 'n chairt a's druiséalachd,
Bidh duilleach a's rùsg mar chòmhdach air ;
Le bruthainn théid brìgh na dslain ann
Am barrach dlù nan òganan'
Gu phlèirenach, caoin, maoth-bhlada,
Mo roghainn de shnaisean sròine e.

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

Gur badanach, caoineil, mìleanta,
Cruinn, mopach, m'n chruth, mongoineach.
Fraoch groganach, dùl-dhonn, gris-dearg,
Bàrr cluigealach, sinteach, gorm-bhileach ;
Gu dosach, gasach, uain-neulach,
Gu cluthor, cluaineach, clomagach ;
'S a mhill 'na fùdar gruagie dha,
'Ga chumail suas an spòrsalachd.

'S i gruag an deataich rimhich i,
'S mòr a brìgh 's is ònmhor buaidh oirre,
Céir-bheach nan sgeap a ciuntinn oirr',
Seillein breac feadh tuim 'ga chruasachd sud ;
Gu cianail, tiambaich, srann aige,
Air bhàrr nam meas a' draundanaich,

Bhiodh miann blan'ig a's bhain-tighearnan
Na fhàrdaich ghrèannar, ghuamaisich.

Is e gu striteach, riabhach, ciar-cheannach,
Breac, buidh, stiallach, srian-bhallach.
Gobach, dubhanach, riasgach, iargalta,
Ri guiomh gu dian mar thuathanach ;
Gu surdail, grunnail, dianadach,
Neo-dhiomhanach 'na uaireanan ;
'S e fàile lusan fiadhaiche
Bh'i aige bhiadh 'sa thuarasdal.

Gach thin is àirde chruinnicheas
Do'n àirdh uile ghluaiseas iad ;
Thig bliochd a's dàir gun uireasbhuidh,
Craobh àrd air euman gruagaiche ;
Na h-aighean is òige làidire,
Nach d'fhiosraich tràth na buaraichean ;
B'f'dh luinneag aig ribhinn chul-duinn dhaibh,
'Gam brìodal ciùin le duanagan.

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

B'f'dh foirm a's eòl air creatairean,
Gu stoirmeil, gleust' g ath-nuadhachadh ;
Le forgan torchuirt feudalach,
An treud, 's an spréidh, 's am buachaille ;
An gleann, harrach, bileach, réidhleanach,
Creamh, raínneach, réisg a's luachaicheach,
'S e caoin, cannach, ceutach, m'n chruthach,
Fireach, sléibhteach, feurach, fuaranach.

B'f'dh mionntain, camomhil, 's sòghraichean,
Géur bhileach, lònach, luasganach,
Cathair thalmhanta, 's earbhuinn chrùc-chean-
[nach,
Gharg, amlach, ròmach, chluas-bhiornach,
Suthan-làir, 's fàile ghrùiseidan ;
Làn lillidh 's ròsa euaicheanach,
Is clann-bheag a trusa leòlaichean,
Buain chòrr an còs nam bruchagan.

B'f'dh 'm blàr fo stràchd le ùraireachd,
Oidhch iuchair bhruinneach, cheò-bànach,
Gach sràbh 'sa bàrr air fhàdh orra
Le cudthrom an drùchd 's le bòdalachd ;
'Na phaideirean ònmhor, eùrneineach,
Gu briegmhor, sùghmhor sblasach,
Cuiridh ghrian gu dian 'na smùidean e,
Le fiamh a gnùis 's an òg-mhadainn.

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

ORAN NA BRIOGSA.

AIR FÖNN—"Sean' Triuthais Uilleachan."

'So tha na briogais liath-glas
Am bliadhna cuir mulaid oirnn,
'S e'n rud nach fhacas riamh oirnn,
'S nach nìann leinn a chumail oirnn ;
'S na'm bìtheamaid uile dilcas
Do'a rìgh bha toirt cuireadh dhuinn,
Cha'n fhaicte sinn gu dilinn,
A strìochda do'n chulaidh so.

S oic an seòl duinn, am Prionns òg
A bhi fo mhòran duillehinn,
A's Rìgh Deòrsa a bhi chòmhnaidh.
Far 'm bu chòir dha tuineachas ;
Tha luchd-eblais a toirt sgeòil duinn
Nach robh còir air Lunnainn aige,
'S e Handbhar an robh sheòrsa,
'S coigreach oirnn an duine sin—
'S e'n Rìgh sin nach buineadh dhuinn,
Rinn d'i-mheas na dunach oirnn,
Mu'n ceannsaich e buileach sin,
B' e'n t-àm dol a chumasg ris ;
Na rinn e oirnn a dh' ann-thlachd,
A mbi-thlachd, a's a dh' àimhreit,
Air n-eudach thoirt gu'n tàinig dhinn,
Le ain-neart a chumail ruin.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

A's do'n chuir sinn suas a bhriogais,
Gur òe-mhiosail leinn a chulaidh ud,
Ga'n teanadh ma na h iosgannan,
Gur trioblaideach leinn umainn iad ;
'S bha sinn roimhe misneachail,
'S na breacain fu na criosan oirnn,
Ged' tha sinn am bichiontas
A nis a' cuir nan sumag birnn :
'S air leam gur h-òc an duais
Do na daoine chaidh 'sa chruadal,
An eudaichean thoirt uapa

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

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

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

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

'S ann rinn e oirn na dh' fheadadh e,
Shaoileadh e chuir m'ulaid oirnn.

So tha na briogais, &c.

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

'So tha na briogais, &c.

ORAN DO'N EIDEADH GHAEALACH.

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

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

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

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

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

'S fhada bha 'n onair air chall,
Is fasan nan Gàll oirnn dlù,
Còta ruigeadh an t-sàil,
Cha tigeadh e dàicheil dhuinn :
B'èigin do'n bhrìgis bhì ann,
'Nuair a chaidh ar comann cho cìdh
'S gu'n d'rinneadh gach fìne nan tràill,
'S gach fireannach fhàgail rùisgt'.

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

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

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

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

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

S eutrom thèid iad a dhamhsa,
Fregraidh iad srann gach ciùil.

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

ORAN A BHOTAIL.

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

Deoch slànnte nan gaisgeach
Nan Gàelibh gasda,
Ga'm b' àbhaist mar fhasan,
Bhi pòit air an dràm,
Luchd gaoil an stuth bhlasda,
'S air dhaoirid an lacha,
Nach caomhnadh am beartas
A sgapadh 'san àm.
Fear g'am beil nì
Gheibh e na shireas e,
Fear a tha crìonda
Fanadh e thàll ;
Fear a tha m'òr
Cha'n fhuilig sinn' idir e,
S am fear a bheil grinneas
Thèid iomain a nàll.

'S ro rioghail an obair
Sruth briogair na togalach,
Ioc-slainnt a bhogalcheas
Cridhe tha gann ;

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

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

O'n shuidh sinn cho fada,
'S gu'n dh-bì sinn na bh'-againn,
'S i chòir dol a chadal
O'n thàinig an t-àm,
Cha'n fhòghnadh ach pailteas
Thoir sòlas ga' n' aigneadh,
Deoch mhòr anns a mhadainn
Gu leigheas ar ceann.
Am fear tha gun chli,
Cuiridh e spiorad ann,
Togaidh e crì
Gach fìr a tha fann,
Thèid am fear tinn
Gu grinn air mhirreadh ;
'S e leigheas gach tinnis,
Deoch mhillis an dràm.

ORAN A BHRANNDAL.

LUINNEAG.

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

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

Di-haal-lum, &c.

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

Di-haal-lum, &c.

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

Di-haal-lum, &c.

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

Di-haal-lum, &c.

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

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

Di-haal-lum, &c.

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

Di-haal-lum, &c.

ALASDAIR NAN STOP.

LUINNEAG.

*Alasdair nan stòp
Ann an sràid u chùil,
Sin an duine coir
Air am beil mò rùn.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NIGHEAN DUBH RAINEACH.

AIR FÖNN—"Cuir a chinn dileas."

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

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

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

Cha robh mi gun airgead
Gus an d' fhalbh e gu mì-mhail,
Leis an te chrìon
Nach d'amhairc air mo chàs;
Rinn i mo chreachdadh
'S bu pheacach an nì dh'i
Mise chuir sìos,
Gun i féin chuir an àird,
Cia mar a cheannicheas mi
Caurag na sìde?

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

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

A rìgh nach robh mearlaich
Na cearna so'n rìoghachd,
Auns a mhuir ìosail,
Fada bho thràigh;
Is caile dhubh Raineach
'S an fheumain an iochdar,
Chuideacha bidh
Do phartan uan spàg.

RANN GEARRADH-ARM.

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

Inneal gu imeachd roimh chruadal,
Le sluagh làidir,
Fir nach gabh giorag no fuathas,
Le fuaim làmhaich;
Fine is minig a ghluais
Ann an ruaig nàmhaid,
Nach sìreadh pilleadh gun bhuannachd,
No buaidh làrach.

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

Au onoir a fhuair an saor Sléibhteach,
 Leis gach treun'tas a dh'fhàs ann,
 Ghleifheadh fathasd ga shliochd fein i,
 A dh'aindeoin eucorach gach nàmhaid ;
 Na h-airm ghaigse, ghasda, ghléusda,
 Dh'òrduigh an Rìgh gu féum dhùsan,
 Cho math 'sa th' aig duine 'n dream threun sin,
 Sliochd Choilla cheud-cluathaich Spàintich.

Dorn an claidheamh, a's làmh duin'-uasail
 Le crois-tàraidh,
 Iolairan le 'u sgiathan luatha,
 Gu cruas gàbhaidh,
 Long ag imeachd air droim chuaintean
 Le sìùil àrda,
 Gearradh arm Mhic-an-t-Shaoir 'o Chruachàn,
 Aonaich uachdrach Earraghàil.

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

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

ORAN LUATH.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho rò gu'n togainn air hùgan fhatasud,
 Ho rò i-o mu'n téid mi laidhe ;
 Ho rò gu'n togainn air hùgan fhatasud.*

Togamaid fonn air luadh a' chlàrlain ;
 Gabhaidh sinn ceol, a's òrain mhatha.
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

B' fheaird' an clò bhi chùir nan gruagach,
 A dheanadh an luadh le'n lamhan ;
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair a thionndas iad air cléith e,
 Chluinntes fuaim gach té dhiubh labhairt.
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

Orain ghrinne, blitune, mhìlse,
 Aig na rìbhinnean 'gan gabhail ;
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

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

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

An clò brionnuch, ballach, citach,
 Triuchanach, stiallagach, gatbach ;
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

An clò taitneach, basach, hòisgeil,
 Laisde, daoimeineach, 's e leathuinn.
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

Gu'm bu slàn a bhios na caoraich
 Air an d' fhàs an t-aodach flatbail.
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

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

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

Snàth cho rithinn ris na teudan,
 'S e chorcìdh 'sa dh' fheudta snaitheadh ;
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha robh pluc, no meall, no gaog ann,
 No glog chaoil, no sliasaid reamhar.
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

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

Cha bhi slat a sìos o chrùn deth,
 Miann gach sùl e anns an fhaidhtr.
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A OIR AN TAILEIR.

A DHOMHNAIL Bhàin Mhic O' Neacainn
Tha 'n droch nàdur a d' phearsa,
Cha gnàthaich thu 'n ceartas,
Gus am bàsaich thu 'n pheacadh,
'S maig àit anns na thachair,
Am ball-sampuil gun chneastachd,
'A rinn grainneil an sgaiteachd ud oirnn,
'A rinn grainneil, &c.

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

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

'S tu chraobh ghrodlaich air crìonadh,
Lan mosgairn, a's fhìonag,

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

Bu bheag an diùbhail e thachairt
An la thùr thu na facail,
Da phuund agus cairteal
De dh'fhàdar crnaidh, sgairteal,
A bhì a d'bhroinn air a chalcadh,
'S bhì 'gad' sgaineadh le maitse,
Gas am fasadh tu t-ablach gun deò,
Gas am fasadh, &c.

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

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

'S e do choltas r'a innseadh,
Fear sop-cheannach, grimeach,
Gun bhonaid, gun phiorbhuic,
Gu'n bhad-mullaich, gun chìrean,
Lòm uil' air a splonadh,
Car gu t'uillinn a sìos ort,
Stràc na dunach de'n sgrìobaich mu'd chèis,
Stràc na dunach, &c.

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

'S duine dona gun mhios thu,
Dh-fhas gun onair gun ghliocas,
Fear gun chomas gun bhriosgadh,
Chaidh do spionnadh 's do mhisneach,
Leis na rinn thu de'n bhidseachd,
Bu tu 'n slaightire misgeach,

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

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

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

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

Beul do chléibh air a thachdadh,
Air séideadh 's air brachadh,
'S e gu h-éididh air malcadh,
'S mòr t-fheum air a chertadh,
Gach aon eugail a' d' phearsuinn,
Caitheamh, éitich, a's casdaich,
Gus an d' éirich do chraicean o t-fheoil,
Gus an d' éirich, &c.

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

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

Bi'dh na ronnan gu sìlteach,
N an tounaibh gorm, ruitbteach,

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

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

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

Cha 'n eil uiread nau sàiltean,
Aig a phliutaire spàgach,
Nach 'eil euspach a's gùgach,
Tha thu d' chrioplach 's ad' chràigeach,
'S lionmhor tubaist an tàileir,
Dh-fhàg an saoghal 'na thrèill e,
'S maing a shaothraich air t-àrach 's tu òg,
'S maing a shaothraich, &c.

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

A O I R A N N A.

ANNA nigh'n Uilleam a'n Cròmpa,
Bean gun chonn 's i fhéin air Ìimbreith,
Nuair chaidh mi 'n toiseach g'a sealltainn,
Cha'n e 'm foclan a chuir ann mi ;
Bhruidhinn mise sìobhailt, suairee,
Mar dhuin-uasal anns an àm sin ;
Thòisich ise mar chù crosda,
Bhiodh anns na dorsan a draundail.

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

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

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

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

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

Còmhach nach falaich a craiceann,
 Leomach gun sebl air cuir leis aum,
 Cha'n 'eil brògan sl' n mau' casan,
 Cha'n 'eil còta 'n-aird mu leasaibh ;
 Oirre tha aogas na glaisig,
 Neul an aoig 'na h-aodainn preasach,
 Closach i air searga' lachdunn,
 'S coltach i ri dealbh na Leisge !

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

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

AOIR UISDEAN PHIOBAIR.

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

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

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

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

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

Mar a chì thu mille' sratbrach
Air gearran a bhios ri àiteach.

Cia mar a dheanadh e òran,
Gun eòlas, gun tuigse nàduir,
O nach deanadh e air dèigh e,
S ann bu chòir dha fuireach sàmhach;
Bruidhinn ghluagach 's cuid dì mabach,
Mòran stadaich ann am phàirt d'ì,
Na nì e phlabartaich chòmhraidh,
Cha bheo na thuigeas a Ghàellig.

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

'S tric do leab' an lag an òtraich,
No'n cùl gairaidh,
Bi do cheann air con-tom cùmhnard,
'S ro mbath 'n t-àite;
Bìdh na coin ag iomlaich t'fhebsaig,
A toirt dìot a bheoil 'sa chàirean,
Do chraos dreammach toirt phòg salach
A'd dhearbhb bhràithrean.

Na'n cluinne' sibh mnc a rùcail,
Gebidh a's tuunagan a rùcail,
'S ann mar sin a bha pìob Uisdean,
Brònach muladach a ràuaich;
Muineal gun' aolmann air tùcha,
'N ribheid cha'n fheud bhi làidir,
'S e call daonnau air a chùl-thaobh,
Na gaoith bu chòir dol an 'sa mhàla.

Bha lurga coin air son gaothair'
A'd chraos farsuinn,
'S culaidh sin a thogail plàigh
'S an cnai' air malcadh;
Rinn e t'anail salach bréun,
Ma théid neach fo'n Ghréin an taic riut,
'S fhearr bhi eadar thu 'sa ghaoth,
Na seasamb air taobh an fhasa.

Cia mar a nì Uisdean òg dhuibh
Ceòl gu dambsa,
Nuair a chitheadh tu sruth rònna
O'n h-uile toll a bh' air an t-seannsair:
'Sgeul tha fìor a dh'innsas mise,
Gur h-e dh'fhàg e 'nis cho maumtach
Gu'n tug iad dheth leis an t-siosar
Barr na teanga.

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

Bitbhidh i coltach ri gaoir chonnsbeach
A bhiodh an cuoc fraoich a draundail;
An Circeapoll laimh ri Tonga,
A' baigearachd air muinntir bainnse,
Fhuair mise pìobaire 'n rùmpuill,
'S dh'fhàg mi ann e.

AOIR IAIN FAOCHAIGH.

IAIN Fhaochaig* ann an Sasunn,
'S mòr a mhasladh 'us à mhì-chliù,
Chail e na bh' aige de chairdean,
'S tha 'naimhdean air ciuntinn lionmhor.
Ge b' fhad' a theich e air astar,
Chaidh a ghilacadh, 's tha e ciosnaicht;
Chàraich iad e fo na glasan,
'S tha 'n iuchair taisgt' aig maor a phrìosain.

Tha e 'nis' an àite cumbann,
'S e 'n a chrìban, dublach, deurach,
A chas daingeann ann an iarunn,
'G a pbianadh, a's e 'n à eigin.
B' fhasa dha 'bhi anns an fhiabhras
Na 'n iarguin a tha 'n à chréubhaig;
'S e 'n sin o cheann còrr a's bliadhna,
A h-uile là ag iarraidh réite.

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

Thug thu di-meas air an Eaglais,
Air a chreideimh, 's air na h-àintean
Chuir thu bréugan air an Trianaid
'S air na h-iarrtasas a dh' fhag iad;
Tha e 'nis' 'n à ghnuathach cosail,
'Réir an t-soisgeil 'tha mi claiasiun,
Gu'n do chuir thu cùl ri sochair
Na saors' a choisinn ar Slàn'ear.

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

* John Wilks.

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

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

Cha-n ioghuadh leam thu 'bhi' d' bhalach,
'S 'bhi salach ann ad nàdur,
O'n a thin thu ris an dùtheas
A bh' aig na sgiùrsairean o'n tain' thu !
'S tu 'n t-isean a fhuair an t-ùmaidh
Ris an t-siùrsaich air na sraidean :
'S i 'n droch-bheairt a thog 'ad chloinn thu,
'S ann 'ad shloigh-tìre 'chaidh t-brach !

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

Bha thu, greis 'ad thim, 'ad bhaigear,
'S laidh thu 'n fhad sin air na cairdean,
A bhi oidheche 's gach taigh a's dùthaich,
A dhùraigeadh cuid an trath' dhut ;
A mhead 's a bha de dh' ainmfeich ortsa
Chuir thu cuid nam bochd g' ã phàidheadh :
Cìod e 'nis' a chuir an stoc thu
Ach an robairachd 's a mhèirle ?

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

Duine gun fhearann, gun oighreachd,
Gun nì' gun staoile, gun airgiod,
Gun bheus, gun chreidibh, gun chreideas,
Gun ghin a chreideas ã sheanachas ;

Duine mìsgeach, bristeach, breugach,
Burraidh tha na bheisd 's n'a ainmhidh,
'S trioblaid-inntinn, le itheadh dèisneach,
Gu tric a' tèumadh a chridhe chealgach.

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

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

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

'S gòrach a labhair thu mòran
Air cùl Iarla Bhòid, an t-armunn,
Cònnspunn onerach, le fìrinn
A' seasamh na rìoghachd gu laidir ;
S e gu h-àrd-urramach, prìseil
Ann an cùirt an rìgh 's na bàn-rìgh'n
'A dh' aindeoin na Faochaig 's nam biasdan
Leis am 'i thiach dol ann am pàirt ris.

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

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

R A N N

A GHABHAS MAIGHDEAN D'A LEANNAN.

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

MARBH-RANN DO CHU

A CHAIDH BATHADH 'SA MHAIGHEACH TARSAINN
NA BHEUL.

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

Gaodhar, bu gharg calg a's fionnadh,
 Cruaidh, colgara, fuil a's malla,
 Bu mhath dreach, a's dealbh, a's cumachd,
 A churraidh bu gharg sa charraid,
 Bheirreadh e 'm fiadh dearg a mullach,
 'S am Boc-earb, a dluthas a bharrach,
 B'e fhasan bhi triall don mhunadh,
 'S cha tain' e riamh dhachaigh fallamh.

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

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

RANN CO'-DHUNAIDH.

THA mise 'm shuidh air an naigh,
 Tha 'n leaba' sin fuar gu leòir,
 Gu'n fhios agam cia fhad an tìnn,
 Gus an teannar mi fhein da còir :
 Còmhachd flainn 's léine lìn,
 A's ciste dhubh dhionach bhòrd,
 Air mheud 's ga 'n cruinnich mi uil,
 Sud na théid leam sìos fion fhòd.

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

Tha mo pheaca-sa ro thròin,
 'S muldach sin leam an drast ;
 Tha mi smaoinreacha' gu tric,
 Lìuthad uair a bhris mi 'n àithn,
 Le mian mo dhroch iuntain fein,
 Leis an robh mo chreubhag làn ;
 Gun chuimhn air Ughdarras Dé,
 Le dùrachd am bheul n'am laimh.

Ged' is mòr mo pheaca gnìomh,
 'S mi 'n cionta ceud pheacaidh Adh'mb,
 Cheannacha' mi le fuil gu daor,
 A dhèirte sgaoilteach air a bhlàr ;
 Tha mo dhùil, 's cha d'èchas fàin,
 Rì iochd fhaotainn air a sgàth,
 Gu'n glèar m'anam gu sìth,
 Le fulangas Chrìosd amhàin :

Tha mo dhòchas ann an Crìosd
 Nach dìobair e mi gu br' th,
 'Nuair a leagar mo chorp sìos
 Ann an staid ìosal fo'n bhlàr ;
 Gu'n togar m'anam a suas,
 Gu rìoghachd nam buadh 's nan gràs,
 Gu'm bi mo leaba fo' dhion
 Cois cathrach an Tì is aird.

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

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

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

MARBH-RANN AN UGHDAIR,

DHA FEIN.*

Fuir tha 'd sheasamh air mo lìc
Bha mise mar tha thu'n dràst;
Si mò leaba 'n diugh an uaigh,
Cha'n'eil smior no sinuais a'm' chnàimh:
Ged' tha thusa làidir, òg,
Cha mhair beo, ged' fhuair thu dàil;
Gabh mo chomhairle 's bi glie,
Cuimhnich tric gu'n tig am bàs.

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

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

* The Author's Epitaph, by himself.

Chaidh sin liubhairt do Mhaois;
Rinn Maois an liubhairt do chàch;
Na'm b'urrain sinne ga'm freagrach,
Cha b'aobhar eagail am bàs.

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

Seinnear an tròmpaid gu h-àrd,
Cluinnear 's na h-uile àit a fuaim;
Dùisgear na mairbh as a bhlàr
'N do chàràich càch iad 'nan suain;
'S mheud 'sa chailleadh le an-uair,
No le amradh fuar a chuain;
Gu sliabh Shìoin théid an sloagh,
Dh' fhaotain buaidh le fuil an Uain.

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

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

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

FEAR SRATH-MHAISIDH.

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

CUMHA DO DH' EOBHON MACPHEARSON, TIGHEARNA CHILUAINIDH.

[AIR DHA TEICHEADH DO 'N FHRAING.]

Gur lionmhòr trioblaid slòte,
Ris an linn a chì 'n droch shaoghal so,
Tha plàigh, claidheamh 's mi-run ann,
Tha gaul na fìrinn aotrom ann,
Tha fear na foille dìreadh ann,
Tha 'n crì-aon-fhillt' a' tearuadh ann,
S ma lasas eas' a rìreanb riù
Gheibh daoine dìreach aomadh ann.

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

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

O! is iomadh gaisgeach sàr-bhuilleach,
A laodaich blàr an cunntais oiru,
Thug Tearlach a's na fìsaichean,
Chaill fuil an dàil nan Stiubhartach,
Nan cadal trom 's na h-àraichean,
'S a'n cùl ri fàr 's cha dùsgear iad,
Bha croich a's tuagh toirt bas orra,
'S bha cuid dhù dh'fhag an Dùthchannan.

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

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

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

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

Cha bu bbrais gun reusan e
 'S cha mhò bu leumach, gòrach e,
 Bìodh lann a' casg na h-eu-corach
 S lann eile treun sa' chomraig aig.
 Bha truas a's iochd ri feumaich ann,
 S b'i sìth a's reit a' b'òrdugh dha,
 S cha'n fhaca mis le'm leirsinne
 No'n neach fo'n ghrèin ri foirneart e.

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

'Nuair thrialladh brais na feirge dheth,
 Bu mhàla tlà mar mhaighdeinn e,
 Bu bhlath mar aiteal gréin mhoilch e,
 Bu chiùin mar spéur an anamoch e
 Mar ghlaicair oigh fo ceud-bharra,
 'S i tighinn gu rèith gu caoimhnealachd,
 Bha sean a's òg cho speiseil dheth,
 'S nach fac iad treun cho toillteannach.

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

Nuair bhiodh an cinn gun chluasagan,
 Gun tinn le buail' a's bàthaichean,
 Thug Eobhon sgrìob thoirt fuasgladh dhuinn,
 'S ghlais e suas a Ghàidhealachd,
 'S cha'n iarradh iad mar bhuachailleann
 'S an taobh-tuath ach na fàsaichean.

Ach dh'fhalbh e nis a's dh'fhag e sinn,
 'S co chaisgeas lann na h-eu-corach?
 Ged fhaicte 'n chòir ga sàrachadh,
 Gu'n chaill sinn lann ar treundais,
 Mo bheannachd suas do Phàrrais leis,
 Bho'n dh'fhill am bàs na éideadh e,
 'S a dh'aindean rìgh a's parlamaid,
 Rinn Rìgh nan gràsan rèite ris.

COMUNN AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

FEAR MO GHAOIL AN T-UISGE-BEATHA,
 AIR AM BÌ NA DAOIN' A FEITHEAMH!
 'S tric a chuir e saoi 'na laidhe
 Gun aon chlaideamh rùsgadh.
*Cìod eile chuireadh sunnt oirn,
 Mar cuireadh bean a's liunn e?*

'Nuair chaisgeas gach sluagh am pathadh,
 'S a théid mac nam buadh air ghabhail,
 'S hionnbor uaisle feadh an taighe
 'S biad nach catheadh cùimeadh.
Cìod eile, &c.

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

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

B'ìdh iad lann misnich is cruadal,
 Gu h-aigantach brisg 'san tuasaid.
 Chuireadh aon fhichead sun uair sin
 Tearlach Ruadh fo 'n chrùn duinn!
Cìod eile, &c.

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

Comunn teangach, cainnteach, cuachach,
Damsach, soaire', ney-bhrùideil.

Cìod eile, &c.

Comunn aoidheil, òlmhor, pàirteil,
Pògach, dornach, srònach, gàbhaidh,
Spòrsail, ceòlmhor, còrnach, gàireach,
Nach cuir càs gu smuairin.

Cìod eile, &c.

Gar am pàidhear an fheill-màrtuinn
'S ged' rach an rìgh mhàltbair,
Leanaidh iad' an ioc-shlàint àdmhor
Gus am fàg an lùghs iad.

Cìod eile, &c.

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

Cìod eile, &c.

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

Cìod eile, &c.

Dh'èirich an treas fear gu dàicheil
Chum 's gu'n tearnadh e'm fear bàite,
Chuir e ghriosaich as le mhàsan,
'S c'èta Spàinneach ùr air.

Cìod eile, &c.

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

Cìod eile, &c.

Thuirtearaid an fhìr a chaidh losgadh
" Tha thu fìor bhreugach, a losgain.
Bì mach fhad 's tha 'n doras fosgailt',
Oglach, lobhte dhùisg so "

Cìod eile, &c.

San uair a 's fearr a bhios aca
B'ìdh làmh air gach cuail' a's bata,
B'ìdh fear buailte, 's fear ga thachdadh,
'S fear fo 'n casan ciùrte.

Cìod eile, &c.

Fear eile thig aileag 'na bhràgad,
Stiuiridh e'm broilleach a bhràthar
Aran pronn, a's ìm a's càise,
Brucach, blàth, cur smùid dheth.

Cìod eile, &c.

Their bean-an-taighe gu diblidh—
" Dhuin', is ole an càradh bidh sin,
'S mùr a b'fhearr dhomh agam fhìn e,
'S mùd a phrìs a's dùthaich."

Cìod eile, &c.

'N sin dar thig na coin sa chom-ith,
Leigidh iad air cìomh eamith.
Leasaichidh fear eile an nollaig
Le gleus ronnach ùrar.

Cìod eile, &c.

'Nuair dh'fhàsas a' bhangaid goirid,
Chuid nach tainig ach mu dheireadh,
O nach fuigh iad làn an guile,
Goiridh iad gu dùmach.

Cìod eile, &c.

Théid iadsan a nis anns sa chéile,
'S chì gach mad' e féin 'an déigh laimh,
B'ìdh surd air na h-armaidh gléusta,
'S deudaichean 'gan rùsgadh.

Cìod eile, &c.

'S ann an sin a bhios a' chaonnag,
Firum, farum, chon a's dhaoine,
Clann a' rànaich, muai iì caoine,
'S baohhail cròst' a' chùirt iad.

Cìod eile, &c.

'S ma chreideas gach fear na chual e,
'S meas' e na thuirte Callum Ruadh rium.
'S iad na coin a bhios 'an uachdar,
'S hì' daoin' uaisle mùchta.

Cìod eile, &c.

A BHANAIS BHAN.

LUNNEAG.

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

AN CUAL' sibhs' a bhanaibh bhàn,
Bh'aig Eobhon Mac-Dhùghail Dì-mairt,
Ann am Pac-nlla gu h-ard
Aig na thràigh iad àngar.

Mo run, &c.

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

Iad a bhi uille cho liath,
Re ciabhag fhir na bainise.
Mo run, &c.

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

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

Labhair an Cleireach gu dân'
Agam-sa ta ceart thar chàch;
'Theid am Ministear am' ph'irt
'S gun téid am bàrd sa phrangas.
Mo run, &c.

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

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

Dh'éirich iad uil cho bbras
'S ann an sud bha farum chàs,
Mar gu'n bitheadh an trúp ghlas,
Ag dol am baileal Frangach.
Mo run, &c.

Cha di-chuimhnuich mi gu bràth
Gus an téid mi anns an làr
Comunn ciar-dubh glas mo gràidh
A bha san trà su damhsadh.
Mo run, &c.

A BHRIGIS LACHDUNN.

LUNNEAG.

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

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

Ged tha bhrigis mìthlachdar,
Gur feumail anns na eriochan i,
Gach fear a bhios ri diolanas,
Gu 'n toir i strìochdadh air gun taing.
'S coma leam, &c.

Ach cuiribh air na mnathan i,
'S ann orra 's fearr a laidheas i,
Gur sgiobalt' air feadh taighe i,
'S b' e 'n ceol am faighinn innt a uambs'.
'S coma leam, &c.

Gur mise bh' ann 'sa 'n eisdeachd,
'S na mnathan 'g radh ri cheile,
Gu 'm b' fhearr leo orra fhein i,
Na bhi ceusadh an fhir chaim!
'S coma leam, &c.

Cha mhath gu dìreadh bruthaich i,
S cha 'n fhiach leinn thun an t-siubhail i,
'S cha 'n eil mi idir buidheach,
Air an fhear a luthaig i bh' ann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Cha mhath an t-eideadh idir i,
'Nuair theid sinn anns an uisge lea,
'Nuair lubas i m' ar 'n iosgaiden,
Gu 'n d' thoir i nìosgaid air gach ball.
'S coma leam, &c.

Bhrigis dubh gun sìanadh,
Chuir as an t-aodach briatha,
Bhiodh fosgailt air ar bialthaohh,
'S nach iarradh a chumail teann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Chuir i mach do Shasunn sinn,
Le surd a bhi sgairteil oirn,
'S leig i rithisd dhachaigh sinn,
Gun fhiù a Chaiptein air ar ceann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Ged thug iad dhuinn 'sa 'n fhasan i,
Cha 'n eil i idir taitneach leinn,
'S traugh a Rìgh! nach robh e tachte,
'M fear* a thug an t-achd a nall.
'S coma leam, &c.

* Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, was Lord President of the Court of Session in the eventful period of the Rebellion, 1745.

IAIN RUADH STIUBHART.

JOHN ROY STUART, not less celebrated for his invocations of the muse than for his prowess in the field of battle, was a native of Kincardine, in Badenoch. Being of the middle class, and the son of a respectable tacksman, to whose farm he succeeded, he had the benefit of a good education. His scholastic advantages, combined with his extraordinary genius, soon procured him the reputation of a "knowing one." Like many other votaries of the muse, he manifested a strong and early predilection for hunting and fishing, which in themselves are a species of poetry. At an early period of his existence he copiously imbibed the principles of Jacobinism. These principles grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength ;—and he was always proud to trace his descent from the royal family of the Stuarts. We do not mean here to enter on the moral or constitutional dissection of a poet ; but history and observation have combined to impress us with the fact, that people of colonel Stuart's mental structure are, some how or other, more liable to fall into companies than men of solid clay. The continual demands upon his presence at the festive board led to some irregularities, upon which censoriousness might animadvert, but over which we are disposed to draw the veil of oblivion. This we are the rather inclined to do, as he himself always stood forth as "king's evidence" against his own eruptions at the shrine of Bacchus. His genuine sallies of wit have established his reputation as an arch wag ; and his more plaintive strains are characterized throughout by originality and great pathos.

Stuart's mind was of that fabric which delights in the jostle of the elements of strife ; and his puissant arm, coolness of courage, and intrepidity of action, trumpeted his fame far and near. It is needless here to recount his adventures and "hair breadth 'scapes," in the memorable civil war of 1745,—history already records them. On the first out-breaking of that war he was in Flanders, actively engaged in belligerent operations against the British government, when the Duke of Cumberland was called home to lead the Hanoverian forces against the Prince. Roy Stuart also hurried to his native country, now distracted with intestine broils and civil war ; and when at Culloden, he signalized himself in hewing and cutting down the red-coats, and spreading havoc and death on all hands, the Duke, pointing to the subject of our memoir, inquired who he was : "Ah !" replied one of his aides-de-camp, "that is John Roy Stuart." "Good God !" exclaimed the Duke, "the man I left in Flanders doing the butcheries of ten heroes ! Is it possible that he could have dogged me here ?" It is told of Colonel Stuart that he strongly urged for a day's truce before attacking the Government forces at Culloden. This, however, Lord George Murray overruled ; and the prognostications

of the Colonel were but too fully verified in the result of a precipitate and unequal combat. The sombre feelings whose dark current chafed his soul in consequence of the extinguishment of the Jacobites' hopes on that day, are beautifully embodied in two fine and pathetic songs. In one of these he directly charges Lord George with treachery, and pours forth torrents of invective and revenge. His martial strains thunder along with the impetuosity of the mountain torrent—racy, sinewy, and full of nerve. He was so firm in his opinion of his Lordship's sinister motives, that he rushed from rank to rank that he might "hew the traitor to pieces." His elegiac muse was also of a very high order; his "*Lament for Lady M'Intosh*," whose attachment to the Jacobin party is well known, is at once lofty in sentiment, poetical in its language, and pathetic in its conceptions. We do not mean to ascribe to poetic or military genius all the recklessness which a sober-plodding world compliments it with; and we, therefore, suppress a gossiping story in which our warrior-poet figures with the Lady of the Lord Provost of Glasgow. After lurking for some time in the caves, woods, and fastnesses of his native country, he escaped to France with other faithful adherents of Charles, where he paid the debt of Nature, leaving behind him an imperishable fame for the genuine characteristics of a warrior and a poet.

L A T H A C H U I L O D A I R.

AIR FOSN.—"Murt Ghlinne-Comhann."

O! gur mor mo chuis mhalaid,
 'S mi ri caoine na guin a ta 'm thir,
 A righ! bi laidir 's tu 's urrainn,
 Ar naimhdean a chumail fo chis
 Oirne 's laidir diuc Uilleam,
 'N rag mheirleach tha guin aige dhuinn;
 I'e sud salear nan steallag.
 Tigh'n an uachdar air chruineachd an fhuinn.

Mo chrench Tearlach Ruadh, hoidheach,
 Bhi fo bhinn aig righ De'rsa nam biad;
 B'e sud ditedh na cbrach,
 An thuirim 'sa beul foipe sios;
 Ach a righ mas a deoin heat,
 Cuir an rioghaedh air seol a chaidh dhinn,
 Cuir righ dligheach na cbrach,
 Ri linn na tha beo os ar cinn.

Mo chreach armait nam breacan,
 Bhi air sgaoileadh 's air sgapadh 's gach àit,
 Aig fìor bhalgairean Shasunn.
 Nach no ghnathaich bonn ceartas na 'n dail;
 Ged a bhuannaich iad baited,
 Cha b'ann da 'n cruadal na 'n tapadh a bha,

Ach gaodh n-iar agus frasan,
 Thigh'n a nios oirnn bharr machair nan Gall.*

S truagh nach robh sinn an Sasunn,
 Gun bhi cho teann air ar dachaigh sa bha,
 'S cha do sgaoil sinn cho aithghearr,
 Bhiodh ar dicheall ri seasamh n'a b' fhearr;
 Ach 's droch dbruidheachd a's drachdan,
 Rinneadh dhuinne mu 'n deachas na 'n dail,
 Air na frithean colach do sgap sinn,
 'S bu mhi-chomhaid gu'n d'fhairtlich iad oirnn.

Mo chreach mhor! na cuirp ghlé-gheal,
 Tha na 'n laidh' air na sleibhtean ud thall,

* Allusion is here made to Nairn, where the Duke of Cumberland was celebrating his birth-day on the night preceding the battle. Thither the Highlanders wended their way, expecting to take him by surprise; but it blew in their faces a tremendous storm of rain and wind, and frustrated the attempt. The storm continued next day, and tended materially to discomfit the operations of the mountaineers in the commencement, and ultimately to their total and precipitate rout.

Gun chiste gun leintean,

Ga 'n adhlacaidh fhein anns na tuill ;

Chuid tha beo dhù 'n deigh sgaoileadh,

'S iad ga fògar le gaathan thar tuinn ;

Fhuair a Chuing a toil fein diun,

'S cha chan iad ach "réubaltaich" ruinn.

Fhuair na Gaill sinn fo 'n casan,

'S mor a nàire 'sa maslaidh sid leinn,

N deigh ar dùthcha 's ar 'n àite,

A spùilleadh 's gun bhlaiths againn ann ;

Caisteal Dhuinidh 'n deigh a losgadh,

'S e na laraich lom, thosdach, gun mhiagh ;

Gu 'm b'e 'n caochala' goirt e,

Gu 'n do chaill sinn gach sochair a b' fhiach.

Cha do shaoil leam, le m' shùilean,

Gu 'm faicinn gach cùis mar a tha,

Mur spùtadh nam faoilleadh,

'N am nan luidhean a sgaoileadh air blàr ;

Thug a chuibhle car tionndaidh,

'S tha ioma fear aime-cheart an càs ;

A Rìgh seall le do chaoimheas,

Air na fir th' aig na naimhdean an sàs.

'S mor eucoir 'n luchd orduigh,

An fhuil ud a dhortadh le foill ;

Mo sheachd mallachd aig Deorsa,*

Fhuair e 'n lath' ud air ordugh dha fein ;

Bha 'n da chuid air a mheoirean,

Moran gogon gun trocàir le foill ;

Mheall e sinne le chòmhra',

'S gu 'n robh ar barail ro mhor air r'a linn.

Ach fhad 'sa 's beo sinn r'ar latha,

B'f'dh sinn caoidh na ceathairn chaidh dhinn,

Na fir threubhach bha sgairteil,

Dheanadh teughbail le claidheamh 's le sgiath ;

Mur biodh siantan n' ar n' aghaidh,

Bha sinn shìos air ar n' aghairt gu dian,

'S bhiodh luchd Beurla na 'n laidhe,

Ton-air-cheann, b'e sid m'aighear's momhiann.

Och nan och ! 's mi fo sprochd,

'S mi 'n dràsda ri osnaich leam fein

'G amharc feachd an dù-Rusaich,

'G ithe féur agus cruineachd an fhuinn ;

Rothaich iargalt a's Cataich,

Tigh'n a nall le luchd chasag a's lann,

Iad mar mbiol-choin air acras,

Siubhal crìochan, charn, chlach, agus bheann.

Mo chreach ! tìr air an tainig,

Rinn sibh nis clar reidh dh'ì cho lom,

Gun choirec gun ghnàisich,

Gun siol taght' ann am fàsach na 'm fonn,

Pris na cìrc air an spàrdan,

Gu ruige na spàinean thoirt uainn,

Ach sgrios na craoibhe f'a blà dhiubh,

Air a crìonadh fo barr gus a bonn.

Tha ar cinn fo 'na choille,

'S eigin beanntan a's gleannain thoirt oirnn,

Sinn gun sùgradh gun aibacnus,

Gun eibhneas, gun aitheas, gun cheòl,

Air bheag bidhe no teine.

Air na stùcan an laidheadh an ceò,

Sinn mar chomharbaig eile,

Ag eisdachd ri deireas gach lò.

ORAN EILE,

AIR LAURA CHULLODAIR.

O ! gur mis' th' air mo chridh,

Thuit mo chridhe gu làr,

'S tric snithe gu m' shàil o m' leirsinn.

O ! gur mis', &c.

Dh'fhalbh mo chlaistinneachd bhuam,

Cha chluinn mi 'sa n' uair,

Gu mall na gu luath nì 's éibhinn.

Dh'fhalbh mo, &c.

Mu Phriunn's Thearlach mo rùn,

Oighre dligeach a chruin,

'S e gun fhìos cìod an tàbh a theid e.

Mu Thearlach, &c.

Fuil rioghail nam buadh,

Bhì 'ga diobairt 's an uair,

'S mac diolain le 'shluagh ag éiridh.

Fuil rioghail, &c.

Siol nan cuilean a bha,

Ga 'n ro mhath chinnich an t-àl,

Chuir iad sinu' ann an càs na h-éigin.

Siol nan cuilean, &c.

Ged a bhuannaich sibh blàr,

Cha b' an d' ur cruadal a bha,

Ach gun ar shluaghaime' bhì 'n dàil a chéile.

Ged a bhuannaich, &c.

Bha iad iomadaidh bhuainn,

Dheth gach finne mu thuath,

'S bu mhiste sinn' e ri uair ar féuma.

Bha iad iomdaidh, &c.

Coig brataichean sròil,

Bu ro mhath chuireadh an lò,

Gun duine dhiubh chòir a chéile.

Coig brataichean, &c.

Iarla Chrompa le shlàigh,
Agus Darisdal ùg,
S Mac-'le-Ailein le sheòid nach gèilleadh.
Iarla Chompa, &c.

Clann-Ghriogair nan Gleann
Buidheann ghiobach nan lann
'S iad a thigeadh a nall na 'n eight' iad.
Clann-Ghriogair, &c.

Clann-Mhuirich nam buadh,
Iad-san uile bhi blòaiun,
Gur h-e m' iomadan truagh r'a leughadh
Clann Mhuirich, &c.

A Chlann-Domhnuill mo ghaoil,
'Ga 'm bu shuaitheantas fraoch,
Mo chreach uile! nach d' fhaod sibh eiridh.
A Chlann-Domhnuill, &c.

An fhuil uaibhreach gun mheang,
Bha buan, croadalach, ann,
Ged chaidh ur buaidh an am na téugbail.
An fhuil uaibhreach, &c.

Dream eile mo chreach,
Fhuair an laimheacha' goirt,
Ga 'n ceann am Frisealach gasda, treubhach.
Dream eile, &c.

Clann-Fhionnlaidh Bhraidh-Mharr,
Buidheann ceannsgalach, arl,
'Nuair a ghlaoidhte adbhans 's iad dh' eireadh.
Clann-Fhionnlaidh, &c.

Mo chreach uile 's mo bhron,
Na fir ghasd' tha fo leòn,
Clann-Chatain nan srol bhi dhéis-laimh.
Mo chreach uile, &c.

Chaill sinn Dòmhnall donn, suaire,
O Dhùn Chrompa so shuas,
Mar ri Alasdair ruagh na feile.
Chaill sinn Dòmhnall, &c.

Chaill sinn Raibeart an àigh,
'S cha bu ghealtair e' m blàr
Fear sgathadh uan cnamh 's nam feithean.
Chaill sinn Raibeart, &c.

'S ann thuit na rionnagan gasd;
Bu mbath aluinn an dreach,
Cha bu phàigheadh leinn mairt na 'n éirig.
'S ann thuit, &c.

Air thus an latha dol sìos,
Bha gaoth a catbadh nan sian,
As an adhar bha trian ar leiridh.
Air thus an latha, &c.

Dh' fhàs an talamh cho trom,
Gaobh fraoch, fearunn a's fonn,
'S nach bu chothrom dhuinn lom an t-sleibhe.
Dh' fhàs an talamh, &c.

Lasair theine nan Gall,
Frasadh pheileir mu 'r ceann,
Mhàill sid eireachdas lann 's bu bhead e.
Lasair theine, &c.

Mas fìor an dàna g'a cheann,
Gu 'n robh Achan* 'sa chàmp,
Dearg mheirleach nan raud 's nam breugan.
Mas fìor an dàna, &c.

'S e sin an Seannlair mo
Gràin a' smallachd an t-sleigh,
Reic e oisoir 'sa chòir air cucoir.
'S e sinn an, &c.

Thionndaidh choileir 'sa chleòe,
Air son an sporain bu mhò,
Rinn sud dolaidh do sheòid rìgh Seumas.
Thionndaidh, &c.

Ach thig cuibhle an fhortain mu 'n cuairt,
Car bho dheas na bho thaath,
'S gheibh ar 'n eas-caraid duais na h-eucoir.
Ach thig cuibhle, &c.

'S gu 'm bì Uilleam Mac Dheòrs',
Mur chraoibh gun duilleach fo leòn,
Gun fhreamh, gun mheagan, gun mheoirean
'S gu 'm bì Uilleam, &c. [gèige.

Gu ma lom bhios do leac,
Gun bhean, gun bhrathair gun mhac,
Gun fhuaim clàrsaich, gun lasair chéire.
Gun ma lom, &c.

Gun sòlas, sonas, no seannas,
Ach dòlas dona mu d' cheann.
Mur bh' air gualach Chlaun na h-Eiphit,
Gun solas sonas, &c.

A's chi sinn fhathas do cheann,
Dol gun athadh ri crann,
'S coim an adhair gu teann ga réubadh.
A's chi sinn, &c.

'S bidh sinn uile fa-dheòidh,
Araon sean agus òg,
Fo 'n rìgh dhligheach' ga 'n coir duinn géilleadh.
'S bidh sinn, &c.

* Lord George Murray is here alluded to; his father to preserve his estates whatever the upshot of the conflict might be, sent Lord George to join the Prince, while his oldest son took up arms in support of the government forces—each having instructions to measure their adherence or fidelity according to the probabilities of success.

URNAIGH IAIN RUaidh.*

Ar a taobh sruthain na shuidhe 's e sgìth,
Tha 'n Criosdaidh buchd Iain Ruadh,
Na cheatharnach fhathasd gun sìth,
Sa chàs air tuisleadh sa 'n tìm gu truagh.

Ma thig Duimhneich no Cataich a'm dhàil,
Mu 'n slanaich no lùigheannan truagh,
Ged thig iad cho tric a's is àill,
Cha chuir iad orm lamh le luath's.

Ni mi 'n ubhaidh rinn Peadar do Phàl,
'S a lùighean air fàs leum bruaich,
Seachd pailir 'n ainm Sgairt a's Pàp,
Ga chuir ris na phlàsd mu'n cuairt.

* Having sprained his ankle when under hiding, after the battle of Culloden, and while resting himself beside a cataract, keeping his foot in the water, he composed the above piece as a prayer, and the following stanzas in English; both of which he seems to have couched in the style of language peculiar to the Psalms.

JOHN ROY STUART'S PSALM.

The Lord's my targe, I will be stout,
with dirk and trusty blade,
Though Campbells come in flocks about,
I will not be afraid.

The Lord's the same as heretofore,
he's always good to me,
Though red-coats come a thousand more,
afraid I will not be.

Though they the woods do cut and burn,
and drain the waters dry;
Nay, though the rocks they overturn,
and change the course of Spey:

Though they mow down both corn and grass,
and seek me under ground;
Though hundreds guard each road and pass,
John Roy will not be found.

The Lord is just, lo! here's a mark,
he's gracious and kind,
While they like fools grop'd in the dark,
as moles he struck them blind.

Though lately straight before their face,
they saw not where I stood;
The Lord's my shade and hiding-place—
he's to me always good.

Let me proclaim, both far and near,
o'er all the earth and sea,
That all with admiration hear,
how kind the Lord's to me.

Upon the pipe I'll sound his praise,
and dance upon my stumps.
A sweet new tune to it I'll raise,
and play it on my trumps.

† An incantation of great antiquity, handed down to us from the classic era of Homer. It has still its class of sturdy believers in many remote and pastoral districts of

Ubhaidh eile as leith Mhuire nan gràs,
'S urrainn creideach dheanadh slan ri uair;
Tha mis' am chreideamh gun teagamh, gun dail,
Gu'n tuir sinn air ar naimhdean buaidh.

Sgeul eile 's gur h-oil leam gu'r fìor,
Tha 'n drasd anns gach tìr mu 'n cuairt,
Gach fear gleusda bha feumail do 'n rìgh,
Bhi ga 'n ruith feadh gach frith air an ruaig.

Bodaich dhuna gun onair, gun bhrìgh,
Ach gionach gu nì air son duais,
Gabhail fàth oirnn 's gach àit ann sa'm bì—
Cuir a chuibhle so' Chrìosda mu'n cuairt!

Ma thionndas i deiseal an dràsd,
'S gu'm faigh Frangaich am Flannras buai',
Tha 'm earbs' as an farganachd bha,
Gu 'n tig armaill nì stà dhuinn thar chuan.

the Highlands. The Editor well recollects with what self-complacency and *sang froid* the female Esculapii of his native glen used to repeat the "*Eòlas sgìochadh feithe*," over the hapless hobblers of sprained ankles. With the success or result of the procedure we have nothing to do: its efficacy was variously estimated. The "*Cantatum orum*" was a short oration of Crambo, in the vernacular language; and if the dislocated joints did not jump into their proper places during the recitation, the practitioner never failed to augur favourably of comfort to the patient. There were similar incantations for all the ills to which human flesh is heir: the toothach, with all its excruciating pain, could not withstand the potency of Highland magic; dysentery, gout, dysury, &c., had all their appropriate remedies in the never-failing specifics of incantation. Nor were these cures confined to the skilful hand of the female necromancer alone; an order of men, universally known by the cognomen of the "*Cìar-sheana-chain*," were the legitimate practitioners in the work. Two of these metrical incantations we may briefly quote as specimens of the whole. The first relates to the cure of worms in the human body and runs thus:—

"Mharbhainn dubhag 's mharbhainn doirbheag,
A's naoi naoinear dheth a seòrsa.
'S Ìolar erion nan casan lomhhor,
Bu mhor pianadh air feadh feòla," &c.

Here follows the other, denominated "*Eòlas a Chronachaidh*," or "*Casg Beum-Sula*." During its repetition, the singular operation of filling a bottle with water, was being carried on; and the incantation was so sung as to chime with the gurgling of the liquid, as it was poured into the vessel; thus forming a sort of uncouth harmony, according well with the wild and superstitious feelings of the necromancers. From the fact that one or two Irish words occur in it, and that the charm was performed in the name of St Patrick, it is probably of Irish origin; but we know that it held equally good in the Highlands of Scotland as it did across the Channel.

Deanamais dhutsa, eòlas air sul,
A uèd 'Ille Phàdruig naoimh,
Air at amhaich a's stad earaboill,
Air naoi conair 's air naoi comnachair,
As air naoi bean seang sìth,
Air suil seannna-ghille 's sealla seannna-mhna,
Mas a sul fìrl i lasadh mar bhig,
Mas a sul mnath i, a bhi dh'caibhnidh a cìeh,
Falcadair fùar agus fuarachd da fuil,
Air an nì, 's air a daoinie,
Air a erodh, 's air a caoirich fein.

Gu'n toir Fortan dha dèilean le gràs,
Mur Mhanis 'nuair a thraigh a mhuir ruadh,
Sgu'm bidh Dèorsa le 'dhreallainibh bàit,
Mur bha 'n t-amadan Pharaoh 's a shluagh.

'Nuair bha Israel sgèth 'san staid ghràis,
Rinneadh Saul an là sin na rìgh,
Thug e sgiùrsadh le mìosguinn a's plàigh,
Orra fein, air an àl 's air an nì.

Is amhuil bha Breatuinn fo bhròn,
O 'na thréig iad a chòir 's an rìgh ;
Gabh fàitheas rinn corruich ro-mhor,
Crom-an-donais ! chaidh 'n seòrsa 'n diasg.

A Rìgh shoeraich Muire nan gràs,
Crom riursa le baigh do chluas ;
'S mi 'g umhladh le m' ghluin air an làr,
Gabh achanaich araid bhuam.

Cha'n eil sinn a sìreadh ach còir,
Thug Cuigs agus Dheorsa bhuainn ;
'Reir do cheartais thoir neart dhuinn a's treoir,
A's eum sinn bho fhoirneart sluagh ! Amen.

CUMHA DO BHAINTIGHEARNA

MHIC-AN-TOISICH.*

Cia iad na dèe 's na Duilean tréun,
Thèid leamsa sa'n sgeul' bhroin ?
Tha ghealach fàs, 's na reultan glan,
'S a ghrian fo smal gach lò,
Gach craobh, gach coill, gach bean 's cloinn,
Dha 'm beil na'm broinn an deò.
Gach luibh, gach fear, gach nì 's gach spreidh,
Mu'n tì riun boiseg mòr.

Mar choinneal chéir, 's i lasadh treun,
Mar earr na grein ro nòin,
Bha reull na mais, fo shiontaibh deas,
A nis thug frasam mor,
Oir bhris na tuinn 's na tobair bhuinn :
'S le mulad dhuirgh na neoil,
'Se lagaich sinn, 's ar 'n-aigie tinn,
'S gu'n ruith ar cinn le deòir.

Mu'n ribhinn àilt nan iona gràs,
A choisinn gràdh an t-sìobh,

Mo bheud gu bràth do sgeula bàis,
An taobh ud thall de'n Gheòp,
Ainnir ghasd' nan gorm-shuil dàit,
'S nan gruaidh air dhreach nan ròs,
'Se do chuir fo lùe a chlaoidh na neart,
'S a dh'fhag mi 'm feasd gun treòir.

Do chorp geal, seang, mar lili bàn,
'Se 'n deis' a charadh 'n sròil,
A nis a ta gach neach fo chràdh,
'S tu 'n ciste chiàr nam bòrd,
A gheug nam buadh is aillidh snuadh,
Gur mis tha truagh 's nach beò,
Do chuimhn' air chruas, ri linn nan sluagh,
Gur cinnte' dh'fhuasglas deòir.

Tha Mac-an-Toisich nan each seang,
'S nam bratach sraunmhor sròil,
Gun aobhar gàirdeachais ach cràdh,
Ma ghràdh 's nach eil i beò,
A ribhinn shuairc a b' aillidh snuadh,
O Chaisteal Uainh nan còrn,
An gallan rèidh o cheannard treun,
An t-sloinne Mheinnich mhòir.

Note.—This lament was composed on the celebrated Lady M'Intosh of Moyhall, whose firm attachment to the Chevalier's interest is well known. A story is told of this lady which exhibits her character in a very bold and masculine light. Prince Charles had arrived at Moy, on his return from England, two or three days before his followers came through Athol and the wilds of Badenoch. M'Intosh and his clan were from home with the other Jacobites, and the place was altogether unprotected. Some keen-sighted loyalist had seen the Prince, and forthwith communicated the intelligence to Lord Loudon, then stationed at Inverness with 500 soldiers. His Lordship immediately marched towards Moy, taking a circuitous route, however, to avoid detection. Intimation was carried to Lady M'Intosh of his Lordship's approach—it was a moment of awful and anxious uncertainty. She immediately sent for an old smith, one of M'Intosh's retainers, and a council of war was held. "There is but one way," said her Ladyship, "of saving Prince Charles—your own Prince; and that is by giving them battle." "Battle!" exclaimed the smith, "where are our heroes? alas! where to-night are the sons of my heart?" It was ultimately arranged that Prince Charles should be placed under hiding, and that the son of Vulcan, with other six old men who were left at home, should give them battle. Armed with claymore, dirk, and guns, together with a bagpipe and old pail (drom), our octogenarian little army lurked in a dense clump of brushwood until the red-coats came up. It was now night, and the sound of Lord Loudon's men was heard—they were within a mile of Moy! The smith and his followers, as instructed by her Ladyship, fired gun after gun, until the six were discharged; he then roared out "Clan M'Donald, rush to the right—Cameron, forward in a double column in the centre—M'Intosh, wheel to the left, and see that none will escape!" This was enough; the red-coats heard—stood, and listened—all the clans were there—so, at least, thought Lord Loudon, and away they fled in the greatest disorder and confusion, knocking one another down in their flight, and not daring to look behind them until they had distanced the smith by miles!

* For the Air, see the Rev. Patrick M'Donald's Collection of Highland Airs, page 16—No. 105.

COINNEACH MAC-CHOINNICH.

KENNETH M'KENZIE was born at *Caisteal Leuir'*, near Inverness, in the year 1758. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and gave him the advantages of a good education. When he was about seventeen years of age, he was bound an apprentice as a sailor, a profession he entered with some degree of enthusiasm. Along with his Bible, the gift of an affectionate mother, he stocked his library with other two volumes, namely; the poems of Alexander M'Donald and Duncan M'Intyre. These fascinating productions he studied and coned over on "the far blue wave," and they naturally fanned the latent flame of poetry which yet lay dormant in his breast. His memory was thus kept hovering over the scenes and associations of his childhood; and, represented through the magic vista of poetic genius, every object became possessed of new charms, and so entwined his affections around his native country and vernacular tongue, that distance tended only to heighten their worth and beauties.

He composed the most of his songs at sea. His "*Piobairachd na Luinge*" is an imitation of M'Intyre's inimitable "*Beinn-dùrain*," but it possesses no claims to a comparison with that master-piece. We are not prepared to say which is the best school for poetic inspiration, or for refining and maturing poetic genius; but, we venture to assert, that the habits of a seafaring man have a deteriorating influence over the youthful feelings. This has, perhaps, been amply exemplified in the person of Kenneth M'Kenzie. He was evidently born with talents and genius; but, notwithstanding the size of his published volume, we find only four or five pieces in it which have stepped beyond the confines of mediocrity: these we give, as in duty bound.

M'Kenzie returned from sea in the year 1789, and commenced going about taking in subscriptions, to enable him to publish his poems. With our own veneration for the character of a poet, we strongly repudiate that timber brutality which luxuriates in insulting a votary of the muses. Men of genius are always, or almost always, men of sensibility, and nice and acute feelings; and it appears to us inexplicable how one man can take pleasure in showing another indignities, and hurting his feelings. The itinerant subscription-hunting bard, has always been the object of the little ridicule of little men. At him the men of mere clay hurl their battering-ram; and our author appears to have experienced his own share of the evil. Having called upon Alexander M'Intosh, of Cantray Down, he not only refused him his subscription, but gruffly ordered him to be gone from his door! Certainly a polite refusal would have cost the high-souled gentleman as little as this rebuff, and apologies of a tolerably feasible nature can now be found for almost every failing. Our bard, thus unworthily insulted, retaliates in a satire of great

merit. In this eynie production he pours forth periods of fire ; it is an impetuous torrent of bitter irony and withering declamation, rich in the essential ingredients of its kind ; and M'Intosh, who does not appear to have been impenetrable to the arrows of remorse, died, three days after the published satire was in his possession.* Distressed at this mournful occurrence, which he well knew the superstition and gossip of his country would father upon him, M'Kenzie went again among his subscribers, recalled the books from such as could be prevailed upon to give them up, and consigned them to the flames : a sufficient indication of his sorrow for his unmerciful, and, as he thought, fatal castigation of M'Intosh. This accounts for the scarcity of his books.

Shortly after this event, his general good character and talents attracted the attention of Lord Seaforth and the Earl of Buchan, whose combined influence procured him the rank of an officer in the 78th Highlanders. Having left the army, he accepted the situation of Postmaster in an Irish provincial town, where he indulged in the genuine hospitality of his heart, always keeping an open door and spread table, and literally caressing such of his countrymen as chance or business led in his way. We have conversed with an old veteran who partook of his liberality so late as the year 1837.

In personal appearance, Kenneth M'Kenzie was tall, handsome, and strong-built ; fond of a joke, and always the soul of any circle where he sat. If his poems do not exhibit any great protuberance of genius, they are never flat ; his torrent may not always rush with impetuosity ; but he never stagnates ; and such as relish easy sailing and a smooth-flowing current, may gladly accept an invitation to take a voyage with our sailor-poet.

MOLADH NA LUINGE.

LUINNEAG.

*'S beag mo shunnt ris an lùnn,
Mòran bìirn 's beagan bracha ;
B'annsa leam caismeachd mo rùin,
Air cuan dù-ghorm le capull.*

*Ge d' a tha mi ann san àm,
Air mo chrampadh le astar,
'S tric a thug mi greisean gàrbh,
Air an fhàirge ga masgadh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.*

*Greis le beachd a deanamh iùil,
'S greis cuir sìùil ann am pasgadh,*

*Greis air iomairt, 's greis air stiùir,
'S greis air chul nam ball-acuinn.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.*

*'S e mo cheist an capall grinn,
Rachadh léinn air an aiseag,
'S taobh an fhuaraidh, fos a cinn,
S muir ri slinn taobh an fhasgaidh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.*

*Uair a bhiodh i fada shìos,
Ann an iochdar nach fàct' i,
'S greis eile 'n-aird nam frith,
S i cuir dh'i air a leath-taobh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.*

* This happened in the year 1792, in which our author published.

'S i nach pilleadh gun cheann-fà',
 'S i neo-sgàthach gu srachdadh,
 A gearradh tuinn' le geur roinn,
 'S eudrom gaoith' air na slatan.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'Nuair a chuir i air a dòigh,
 'S a cuid seòl ris na racan,
 Chuir i a mach an t-aodach sgeòid :
 Sud a sròn ris an as-caoin.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Bhiodh i turaban gun tàmh,
 'S chluinnt' i g'ainich fo'n t-sac i,
 'S bhiodh gach glùn dh'i dol fillt',
 'S chluinnt' bid aig gach aisinn.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Chìte muir na thomhan àrd,
 'S chluinnt' i g'araich gu farsuinn,
 'S bheireadh roim ard nan steoll,
 Buille thròm ann gach acblais.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Ann an as-caoineachd a chuain,
 'S ann am fuathas na fraise,
 Thugaihb faiceil air a ghaoth ;—
 "Fhearabh gaoil cumaihb rag i."
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Chluinnt' farum aig an fhaigh',
 Molach garbh anns an ath-sith,
 Bencach, rangach, torrach, searbh,
 Srannach, anabharadh, brais i.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Buill bu treis de'n cheraich ùir,
 Croim de'n ghiubhsaich bu dalte,
 Eideadh cainb nach biodh meanbh,
 'S chite geala-dhearg a bhrataich.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Se mo ruin na fearadh gleust',
 'S iad nach trùigeadh 'an caitean,
 Chluinnt' langan nam fear òg,
 'S iad nach deonaicheadh gealtachd.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Tha'n cridheachan farsuinn mòr,
 'S tric a dh'òl iad na bh'aca.
 Dams n's inghinean a's ceòl,
 'Nuair bu chòir dol gu 'n leabaidh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

B'èdh iad gu fuireachar geur,
 'N am do'n ghrein dol a chadal,
 Ceileireach, luineagach, rìidh,
 N am bh'i g'èiridh sa' mhadaim.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

AM FEILE PREASACH.

LUINNEAG.

'S e feile preasach tlachd mo ruin,
 'S osan nuch ruig faisg an glùn,
 'S còta breac nam basan dù,
 'S bonaid dhù-ghorm thogurach.

B' annsa leam am fèile cuaich,
 Na casag de 'n aodach luaight',
 'S brìgis nan ceanuglaichean cruaidh,
 Gur e'n droch-uair a thogainn dh'i.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Tha mo rùn do'n cideadh lās,
 Cuach an fhéilidh nan dù bhās,
 Shiubhlain leis 's na sléibhteann cās,
 'S rachainn brais air obair leis.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Ge'd a thairtainn ann sa' bhéinn,
 Fad na seachduin 's mi leam féin,
 Fuachd na b-oidhch' cha dean dhomb beud,
 Tha 'm breacan fhéin cho caidreach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Shiubhlain leis feadh ghleann a's sleibh,
 'S rachainn do'n ehlachan leis fhéin,
 Tlachd nan gruagach 's naill nan steud,
 S è deas gu feum na'n togramaid.
S e feile preasach, &c.

'S ealam eadrom è sa' ghleann,
 'S cuillbheir réidh fo' sgéith gun mheang,
 A dh'fhagaidh udlaich ceir-ghéal fann,
 A bheireadh srann sa leagadh e.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Am féileadh air am beil mi'n geall,
 Dealg nar guailibh suas gun fheall,
 Crios ga ghlasadh las neo-theann,
 'S biodh e garb am gu baganta.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S ann leam bu taitneach è bhi n-àird,
 Nam dhomb tachairst ri mo ghràdh,
 B'fhearr leam seachduin dheth na dhà
 De bhrìgis ghraimnde rag-sheallach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S eomh a'u t-èide 'm breachdan ùr,
 'S ann air féin a dh'eireadh cliù,
 Mar sin 's buaigh-larach ann 's gach cùis,
 'S e dheanadh tìrnn gu eagal air.
'S e feile-preasach, &c.

'N am do ghaigiech dol air feum
Gàil ghasd gu sracadh bhéin,
Piob ga spalpadh 's anail réidh,
A chuireadh eud a's fadadh anut.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

B'e sud caismeachd árd mo rùn,
Crouan gàireach, bàrr gach ciùil,
Brais phuirt mheara, leanadh diù,
Clàth gu lùghor grad-mheurach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Nuair a ghlast' san achlais i,
Beus bu taitnich chunna' mì,
Siunnsair pailt-thollach gun dì—
Os cionn a chinn gu fad-chrannach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S i 's boiche dreach 's a's tlachdmhor suagh,
Tartnach, sgairteil, brais phuirt luath,
Muineal cròm air uchd nam buagh,
Chluinnte fuaim 'nuair ragadh i.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

A ri ! bu ruith-leumach na meoir,
Dámhsa brais mu'n seach gun leon,
Is iad air chrith le mire gleòis,
Chluinnte sròil gu farumach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Bheireadh i air ais gu fonn
An cridhe dh'fhàs gu tùrsach, tròm,
'S chuireadh i spiorad 's gach sonn
Gu dol air am gu spadaireachd.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Fhuair i 'n t-urram thar gach ceòl,
Cuiridh i misneach 's gach feoil,
Togaidh i gu aird nan neoil,
Intinn seòid gu baitealach
'S e feile preasach, &c.

MAIREARAD MHOlach Mhìn.

LUNNEAG.

*Mo rùn Mairearad mhìn mholach,
'S mo rùn Mairearad mholach mhìn,
Mo rùn Mairearad mhìn mholach,
'S iomadh fear a th'air a ti.*

'S ioma gille tapaidh bàrra-ghast,
Eadar Dealganros nam frith,
S'ean Loch-nis nam bradan tarra-gheal,
Tha le ime-cheist air a ti.
Mo rùn, &c.

'N àile chumainn trod ri naoinear,
Ged' a dh'aomadh iad gu strì
'S cha teag m' gu bràth le duin' i,
On a dh'fhàs i molach mìn.
Mo rùn, &c.

'S truagh nach sinn bha air àiridh.
Air ar fàgail ann leinn fhìn,
S chumadh i bho'n fhuachd mì sàbhailt,
On a dh'fhàs i molach mìn.
Mo rùn, &c.

Ge d' a gheibhinn tàirgse bhàintigh 'rn,
'S neo-ar-thaig a bheirinn d'i,
'S mòr gum b'fherr leam Nic-'Ill-Eanndrais,
Tha na th'ann d'i molach mìn.
Mo rùn, &c.

Buaidhean mo chruinneig cha léir dhomh,
An cuir an géill cha dean mi 'n iuns',
Thug nàdur dh'i tuigs as reasan,
Agus cell nam beusan fillt.
Mo rùn, &c.

Tha i sgeudaichte le h-àilteachd,
'S a chárdeas mar ghràn air pill,
Séimh, fallain, ùr, 's eumaithe dh'fhàs i,
O mullach gu sàil a buinn.
Mo rùn, &c.

Leam a b'ait a bhi ga pògadh,
Beul on tig an t-òran binn,
Gruaidh mar dhearaig, suil is mòdhair,
'S mor mo bhòd a glòir a cinn.
Mo rùn, &c.

B'annsa leam a bhi ga b-eisdeachd,
Na smeorach sa Chéitean shìl,
Na fonn fìdhle nam binn theudan,
'S na tha cheòl 'an Eirinn chrì.
Mo rùn, &c.

Do Chuilodair gu'n tig gàisgich,
Gillean tapaidh as gach tìr,
'S bi'dh gach fear an geall air fuireach,
Mar ri Mairearad mholach mhìn.
Mo rùn, &c.

Dheannainn cur, a's àr, a's buain dh'i,
'S dheannaion cruach gun chiorram dh'i,
S bheirinn sìthinn o uchd fhuar-bheann,
'S bheirinn ruaig air cuaintean sgl.
Mo rùn, &c.

Shìubhlain latha 's shìubhlain òidheche,
Is ghleidhinn sàibhreas dh'i gun dì,
S on is caomh leam Nic-'Ill-Eanndrais,
'S caomh le Nic-'Ill-Eanndrais mì.
Mo rùn, &c.

AN TE DHUBH.

AIR Fonn—"A Mhòrag na dean mar sin."

LUINNEAG.

*Hoireann ò eile
'S na hì-rì-ri eile
Hoireann h-ò 's na h-o eile
Gur mor mo speis do'n te dhuibh.*

S truagh nach robh mi air m' fhàgail
Le m' leannan 's an fhàsach,
Far nach fhaicinn mo chairdean
Tha toir tàir' do'n te dhuibh!
Hoireann, &c.

An seilbh gleannain gun chonnalach,
'S air mulach nam beanntan,
Ghleidhin ann do m' aunsachd,
Geg tha 'n ceann oirre dubh.
Hoireann, &c.

Dheanainn cuir agus buain d'i,
S bheirinn turas thar chuaintean,
'S cha bhiodh uireasbhuidh nair oir—
Ged tha cuaille cho dubh.
Hoireann, &c.

Dheanainn treabhadh ri oireadh
'S dheanainn cur anns an oidhche;
Dheanainn mìre ri maighdein—
'S chuirinn daoimein air triumph!
Hoireann, &c.

Ge suarach aig càch i,
Tha naise na nàdur,
Tha suairceas na gàire—
Ged tha 'm barr oirre dubh!
Hoireann, &c.

Thug nadur dh'i gliocas,
Mar gheard air a tuigse,
'S i làn de dheagh ghlibhteann,
'S a ceann nach miste bhì dubh!
Hoireann, &c.

Ciochan corach is mìne,
Air uchd soluis na rìghinn,
Deud gheal mar na dìnean,
'S beul o 'm binn a thig guth.
Hoireann, &c.

O gualainn gu h-òrdaig,
Fhuair urram bhan òga,
Glac gheal nan caol-mheòirean,
'S a gàirdean feola cho tiugh.
Hoireann, &c.

S math thig staidheas le faomadh,
Air a bodhaig is gaolach,
'S gur gil i fo h-aodach,
Na chuid is caoine de 'n ghruth.
Hoireann, &c.

Cruinn chalpa na gruagaich,
Gun dochair mu 'n cuairt d'i,
Troidh choimir 's i cuanta
Nach cuir euagach brog dhuibh
Hoireann, &c.

Gnùis is aillidh ri sìreadh,
Cùin thà ann an iomairt,
'S le snathaid nì grinneas,
Nach dean iomadh te dhuibh!
Hoireann, &c.

Ged a tha i gun stòras,
Tha taitneas na còmhraidh,
B'annsa furan a pòige,
Na'n te ga'n leom a cuid cruith.
Hoireann, &c.

S na 'm bìtheadh i riarach,
Air fuireach seachd bliadhna,
Cheannaichean breid d'i gun iarraidh,
Mu'm biodh a sia dhiù air ruith.
Hoireann, &c.

Dh-olainn 's cha neònach,
De dh-uisg' a phuill mhòine,
Air a slainte gu de'nach—
Gur mise dh-oladh de'n t-sruth;
Hoireann, &c.

DROBHAIR NAN CAILEAGAN.

AIR Fonn—"Cabur Feidh."

'S a nise bho'n a théig sinn,
Le chéile bhì farasda,
Bheirinn comhairl' fheumail,
Dhut fhein ann san dealachadh;
Na toir do rùn gun reason,
Do thè dheth na caillean,
Oir 's duilich leam gun d'eist mi,
Droch sgeula na fhearaiginn;
Na bi cho tric a' dol na measg,
Mar chraoibh gun mheas, na caillean,
Ge d' shaoileadh tus, gun robh iad dhut,
Cho mìn ad t-uchd ri bainne dhut,

Nam suidhe stèach, le eibhneas ait,
Ri cuir ma seach nan dramachan,
Bì'dh cuir nan cinn a'g èiridh,
'S gach tè dhùin ri fauaid ort!

Tha na gillean òga,
Nan dùchas cho amaideach,
'S iad le'm barail ghèrach,
'An tìr air na caileagan,
Ach fhad sa bhios an suilean,
Cho duinnte, cha'n aithneich iad,
'S cha 'n fhaic iad Gloc-air-gàradh,*
Ged' tharladh i maille riu.
A chaidh cha'n fhaic sibh, iad cho ceart,
Mar gabh sibh beachd le ghlaimeachan,
'S mus e 's gun dearc sibh, mo 's faisg,
Gun tig a ghart, san t-eanach dhihb:
Mar bheathach bochd, a bhios gun toirt,
'Nuair theid a ghòirt a's t-earrach ann,
'S ceart ionann 's mar ni ghèraich,
Air drùbhar nan caileagan.

* A clamorous vain young woman, whose custom was, when she saw any strangers passing by, to get up on some eminence, and call the hens from the corn, or cry to the herd to be careful, for no other reason than that she might be taken notice of. The cognomen is one of general application, but the bard had a particular dame in view;—and we have been told on undoubted authority, when she heard of her new name, that she gave up all concern about the hens and the herd-boy, to the great comfort and ease of both. Her father, however, suffered by the assumed modesty of his daughter—the herd-boy slept, the cows followed the hens into the corn fields, and destroyed them so much, that the old man was heard to swear if he came in contact with the poet, he would give him a hearty flagellation for making his daughter worse than useless to him at outside work!

Ge b'è chuireas dùil annt',
An dùrachd cha'n aithneich è,
Ge d' dheanadh i do phògadh,
'S ge d' òladh i drama leat,
'S ge d' ghealladh i le dùchas,
Gum pòsadh i 'neathrar thu,
'Nuair thionnta' tu do chùl-thaobh,
Bì'dh 'n sùilean gan camadh riut.
Mar sud their ise, ged' tus 's glic',
Gun deanainn tric, nach aithne dhut,
'S ge mor do bheachd, cha rachainn leat,
Mar biodh do bheartas màile riut,
'S mar be dhomh 'n leisg, a bhi am leis,
Cun deanainn reic a's ceannach ort,
'S 'nuair bhios tu falamh chùinneadh,
Gum feuch mi cùl-thaobh bhaile dhut.

'S ge be ghabhas fàth orr',
Ga bràch bì'dh air aithreachas,
'S ma dh' fheuchas i dha cairdeas,
Cha'n fhearr bhios a bharail oirr';
'S mo theid e mo is dùna—
Thig tair' agus farran air,
'S mo gheibh i e sa ghàradh,
Cha tair e dhol tharais air:
Bì'dh e cho glic ri duin' air mhisg,
'S bìdh càch ga mheas mar anadan;
Nuair bhios e glact' mar ian an saòp,
'S nach urr' e chas a tharruinn as;
'S a chaoi le tlachd, cha 'n fhaigh e las,
Mur brist e 'n acunn theannachaidh,
'S ma se 's nach cuir e brèid oirr',
'S an-èibhinn ri latha dba.

UILLEAM ROS.

WILLIAM ROSS, was born in Broadford, parish of Strath, Isle of Skye, in the year 1762. His parents were respectable, though not opulent. His father, John Ross, was a native of Skye, and of an ancient family of that name, whose ancestors had lived in that country throughout a long series of generations. His mother was a native of Gairloch, in Ross-shire, and daughter of the celebrated blind piper and poet, John Mackay, well known by the name of *Piobaire Dall*.

It appears that when William was a boy, there was no regular school kept in that part of the country: and as his parents were anxious to forward his education, they removed with him and a little sister from Skye to Forres. While attending the Grammar school of the latter place, he discovered a strong propensity to learning, in which he made such rapid advances as to attract the notice and esteem of his master; and the pupil's sense of his obligations was always acknowledged with gratitude and respect. This teacher, we are informed, declared, that on comparing young Ross with the many pupils placed under his care, he did not remember one who excelled him as a general scholar, even at that early period of life.

After remaining for some years at Forres, his parents removed to the parish of Gairloch, where the father of our bard became a pedlar, and travelled through Lewis, and the other western Isles—and, though William was then young and of a delicate constitution, he accompanied his father in his travels through the country, more with the view of discovering and making himself acquainted with the different dialects of the Gaelic language, than from any pecuniary consideration—the desire of becoming perfectly familiar with his native tongue, thus strongly occupying his mind even at this early period of life. And he has often afterwards been heard to say, that he found the most pure and genuine dialect of the language among the inhabitants of the west side of the Island of Lewis.

In this manner he passed some years, and afterwards travelled through several parts of the Highlands of Perthshire, Breadalbane, and Argyshire, &c., seeing and observing all around him with the eye and discernment of a real poet. At this period, he composed many of his valuable songs; but some of these, we are sorry to say, are not now to be found.

Having returned to Gairloch, he was soon afterwards appointed to the charge of the parish school of that place, which he conducted with no ordinary degree of success. From the time of his entering upon this charge, it was generally remarked, that he proceeded in the discharge of his duties with unremitting firmness and assiduity, and in a short time gained a reputation for skill in the instruction of the young committed to his trust, rarely

known in the former experience of that school. He had a peculiar method and humour in his intercourse with his pupils, which amused and endeared the children to him; at the same time it proved the most effectual means of impressing the juvenile mind and conveying the instructions of the teacher. Many of those who were under his tuition still speak of him with the greatest enthusiasm and veneration.

In the course of his travels, and while schoolmaster of Gairloch, he contracted an intimacy with several respectable families, many of whom afforded him testimonies of friendship and esteem. His company was much sought after, not only on account of his excellent songs, but also for his intelligence and happy turn of humour. He was a warm admirer of the songs of other poets, which he often sung with exquisite pleasure and taste. His voice, though not strong, was clear and melodious, and he had a thorough acquaintance with the science of music. He played on the violin, flute, and several other instruments, with considerable skill; and during his incumbency as schoolmaster, he officiated as precentor in the parish church.

In the capacity of schoolmaster he continued till his health began rapidly to decline. Asthma and consumption preyed on his constitution, and terminated his mortal life, in the year 1790, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. This occurred while he was residing at Badachro, Gairloch. His funeral was attended by nearly the whole male population of the surrounding country. He was interred in the burying ground of the *Clachan* of Gairloch, and a simple upright stone, or *Clach-chuimhne*, with an English inscription, marks his "narrow house."

In personal appearance, Ross was tall and handsome, being nearly six feet high. His hair was of a dark brown colour, and his face had the peculiarly open and regular features which mark the sons of the mountains; and, unlike the general tribe of poets, he was exceedingly finical and particular in his dress. As a scholar, Ross was highly distinguished. In Latin and Greek he very much excelled; and it was universally allowed that he was the best Gaelic scholar of his day.

It is not to be wondered at, that a being so highly gifted as was Ross, should be extremely susceptible of the influence of the tender passion. Many of his songs bear witness that he was so. During his excursions to Lewis, he formed an acquaintance with Miss Marion Ross of Stornoway (afterwards Mrs Clough of Liverpool,) and paid his homage at the shrine of her beauty. He sung her charms, and was incessant in his addresses,—

"Every night he came
With music of all sorts, and songs composed
To her :"

But still he was rejected by the coy maid; and the disappointment consequent on this unfortunate love affair, was thought to have preyed so much on his mind, as to have impaired his health and constitution, during the subsequent period of his life. To this young lady he composed (before her marriage) that excellent song expressive of his feelings, almost bordering on despair, "*Feasgar luain a's mi air chuairt.*"

In the greater number of his lyrics, the bard leads us along with him, and imparts to

us so much of his own tenderness, feeling, and enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand and kindle with his sentiments.

Few of our Highland bards have acquired the celebrity of William Ross—and fewer still possess his true poetic powers. In purity of diction, felicity of conception, and mellowness of expression, he stands unrivalled—especially in his lyrical pieces. M'Donald's fire occasionally overheats, and emits sparks which burn and blister, while Ross's flame, more tempered and regular in its heat, spreads a fascinating glow over the feelings, until we melt before him, and are carried along in a dreamy pleasure through the Arcadian scenes, which his magic pencil conjures up to our astonished gaze. If M'Intyre's torrent fills the brooklet to overflowing, the gentler stream of Ross, without tearing away the embankment, swells into a smooth-flowing, majestic wave—it descends like the summer shower irrigating the meadows, and spreading a balmy sweetness over the entire landscape. If it be true that "*Sermo est imago animi*," the same must hold equally true of a song—and judging from such of his songs as have come into our hands, our author's mind must have been a very noble one—a mind richly adorned with the finest and noblest feelings of humanity—a mind whose structure was too fine for the rude communion of a frozen-hearted world—a mind whose emanations gush forth, pure as the limpid crystalline stream on its bed of pebbles. It is difficult to determine in what species of poetry William Ross most excelled—so much is he at home in every department. His pastoral poem "*Oran an t-Samhraidh*," abounds in imagery of the most delightful kind. He has eschewed the sin of M'Intyre's verbosity and M'Donald's anglicisms, and luxuriates amid scenes, which, for beauty and enchantment, are never surpassed. His objects are nicely chosen—his descriptions graphic—his transitions, although we never tire of any object he chooses to introduce, pleasing. We sit immoveably upon his lips, and are allured at the beck of his finger, to feed our eyes on new and hitherto unobserved beauties. When we have surveyed the whole landscape, its various component parts are so distinct and clear, that we feel indignant at our own dulness for not perceiving them before—but as a finished picture, the whole becomes too magnificent for our comprehension.

Ross possessed a rich vein of humour when he chose to be merry;—few men had a keener relish for the ludicrous. His Anacreontic poem "*Moladh an Uisge-Bheatha*," is a splendid specimen of this description. How vivid and true his description of the grog-shop worthies—not the base and brutalized debauchees—but that class of rural toppers, who get *Bacchi plenus* once or twice in the year at a wedding, or on Christmas. This was a wise discrimination of the poet: had he introduced the midnight revelry, and baser scenes of the city tavern, his countrymen could neither understand nor relish it. But he depicts the less offensive panorama of his country's bacchanals, and so true to nature—so devoid of every trait of settled libertinism, that, while none is offended, all are electrified—and the poet's own good taste and humour expand over the singer and the entire group of auditors.

Among his amorous pieces, there are two of such prominent merit, that they cannot be passed over.—"*Feargar luain*;" so intimately connected with the poet's fate, has been

already noticed. Its history like that of its author, is one of love and brevity—it was composed in a few hours to a young lady, whom he accidentally met at a convivial party—and sung, with all its richness of ideality and mellowness of expression, before they broke up. “*Moladh na h-àighe Gàèlich*,” although not so plaintive or tender, is, perhaps, as a poetical composition, far before the other. Never was maiden immortalized in such well-chosen and appropriate strains—never did bard’s lips pour the incense of adulation on maiden’s head in more captivating and florid language, and never again shall mountain maid sit to have her picture drawn by so faithful and powerful a pencil.

Without going beyond the bounds of verity, it may be affirmed that his poetry, more perhaps than that of most writers, deserves to be styled the poetry of the heart—of a heart full to overflowing with noble sentiments, and sublime and tender passions.

ORAN DO MHARCUS NAN GREUMACH;

AGUS DO ’N EIDEADH-GHAELACH.

Bu trom an t-arsneul a bh’air m’aighe,
Le fadachd ’s le mi-ghean,
A bhuin mo threoir ’s mo thàbhachd dhiom,
Cha ghabhadh cèol na màran rium
Ach thanig ùr thosgair’ da m’ iunnsaidh,
’Dhùisg mi as mo shuain,
’Nuair fhuair mi ’n sgeul bha mior ri éigh’d
Gun d’eadròmaich mo sinuain.

Is làtha sealbhach, rathail, dealarach,
Alail, ainmeil, àgh-mhor,
A dh’fhuasgail air na b-Albannaich,
Bho mhachraichean gu garbblaichean,
Bho uisge-Thuaid* gu Arcamh-chuain,
Bho Dheas gu Tuath gu léir;
Is binne ’n srann feadh shrath a’s ghleann
Na òrgan gun mheang glèus.

A Mbàrenis òg nan Gréumach,
Fhìr ghleust’ an aighe rioghail,
O! gu’n a buan air t-aiteam thu,
Gu treubhach, buadhach, macanta,
’S tu ’n ùr-shlat aluinn ’s nuirneil blàth
De’n fhiubhaidh aird nach crìon,
Gur tric na Gàèil ’g òl do shlaht’,
Gu h-armunnach air fìon.

* The Water of Tweed.

Mo cheist am firean foinnidh, dìreach,
Maiseach, fìor-ghlan, ainmeil,
Mo sheobhag sùl-ghorm, amaisgeil,
Tha combant, cliùiteach, bearraideach,
A b’aird’ a leumadh air each-sreine,
’M barrachd euchd thar chàich;
’S tu bhuinig cuis a bharr gach cùirt,
’S a chuir air chùl ar càs!

Air bhì air fàrsan dhomh gach là
Gur tus tha ghuà air m’ inntinn,
Mo rùin do’n tìr o’n d’imich mi,
’S mo shuil air fad gu pilleadh ri:
’S ann thogas orm gu grad mo chòlg
Le aighe meanmach, treun—
Mo chliabh tha gabhail lasadh aigheir,
’S àit mo naigheachd fèin.

Thainig fasan anns an achd
A dh’òrdaich pailt am feileadh,
Tha eiridh air na breacanan
Le farum treun neo-lapanach,
Bi’dh oighean thapaidd sniomh ’sa dath
Gu h-eibhinn, àit, le uail
Gach aon diù ’g eideadh a’ gaoil fein
Mar ’s réidh leo anns gach uair

B'iodh cogadh ann no sìò-chainnt,
Cha chuir sin sìor-euchd oirn,
An arm no feachd ma thogras iad,
No 'n àr-amach cha 'n obamaid,
Le'r teanadh suas ri uchd an fhuath's,
Le'r n'earadh nasal fèin ;
Le lannan cruaghach, neart-mhor, buan,
A leantain ruaig gun sgios !

On fhuair sinn *fusan* le'r sàr chleachdadh,
Dùisgeadh beachd ar sinnsir,
Le rùn gun cheilg 's na h-uile fear,
'S gun mheirgh' air leirg nan Lunnainneach,
Le sunnt a's gleus, a's barrachd spéis
Toirt àite* fein do'n Rìgh,
Mo bhàs gun éis mar b'fhearr leam fein sin,
No ge d' éibht' an t-shith !

Note—This song, as its title indicates, was composed on the repeal of President Forbes's unclathing act, and an anecdote is related of its first rehearsal, which we deem not unworthy of a place here. Our author, like all other poets of his day and country, was a staunch Jacobite, while his father was equally firm in his adherence to the family of Hanover. William had composed the song during one of his excursions through the country, where he probably heard of the erasure of the obnoxious act from the Statute Book, and sung it for the first time to a happy group of rustics who were in the habit of congregating nightly at his father's ingle to hear his new compositions. When he came to the last stanza, in which he indirectly lampoons his Majesty, "Ah!" said his father, involuntarily laying his hand on a cogel, "ye clown, you know where and when you sing that." "Really, father," replied the poet, "I would sing it in the House of Commons if you were not there!"

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH,

AIA FONN—"Wat ye wha I met yestreen."

O! mosg'leamaid gu suilbhear àit,
Le sunntachd ghasd', a's eireamaid,
Tha mhadaim-sa le furan caomh
Toirt euireadh faoilteach, éibhinn, duinn ;
Cuireamaid faillt air an lò,
Le cruitean còlmhor, teud-bhinneach,
'S biodh ar eridhe deachdadh fuinn
'S ar beoil a seinn le speirid dha.

Nach cluinn thu bith-fhuaim suthain, seamb,
'S a bhruthainn sgeamhail, bhlà-dhealtrach,
'S beannachdan a nuas o neamh
A dortadh fial gu làr aca :
Tha nadur a caochladh tuar
Le caomh-cruth, cuannda, pairt-dhathach,
'S an cruinne iomlan, mn'n iath griau,
A tarruinn fiamhan gràisail air !

* Hanover.

Nach cluinn thu còisir stolda, suaire',
'S an doir' ud shuas le'n branan,
Seinn cliù dha'n Crothadair fein,
Le laoidhean ceatach, solasach,
Air chorraibh an sgiath gun tanh
Air mheangain ard nan rò-chrannaibh,
Le'n ceileirean toirt moladh binn,
Dha'n Tì dh'ath-phill am bèotachd rin.

Gu'm b'fhearr na bh'i'n cadal an tamh,
Air leabaidh stàta chloimh-itich,
Eiridh moch sa mhadaim Mhàigh,
Gu falbh na fàsach fheoirneinich,
Ruaidh a thoirt air bharr na drùchd,
Do dhoire dlù nan smebraichean,
Am bi tùis is curaidh na fion,
Le fàile ciatach ròsan.

Tha fearthan toirbheartach, neo-ghann,
'S an am so gun ghreann dubhlachdach,
Cuir trusgan trom-dhait' air gach raon,
Le dealt, 's le braon ga'n ùrachadh
Tha *Flora* enodachadh gach cluain,
Gach glaic, a's bruch le flùraichean,
S bi'dh neòinean, ròsan, 's lili bàn,
Fo'n dithean aluinn, chùl-mhaiseach.

Tha *Phabus* fein, le lòchraan aigh,
Ag òradh ìrd nam beanntaichean,
'S a' taomadh nuas a ghathan tlà,
Cuir dreach air blàth nan gleannntanan ;
Gach innsag 's gach coirean fraoich
Ag tarruinn faoilte na Bealltainn air ;
Gach fireach, gach tulach, 's gach tom
Le foirm cuir fuinn an t-samhraidh air'

Tha caoin, a's ciùin, airmuir a's tìr,
Air machair mhìn 's air garbh-shleibtean,
Tha cuirnean drùchd na thùir air làr,
Ri aird 's ri àin na geala-ghreine ;
Bi'dh coill', a's pòr, a's fraoch, a's fèur,
Gach iasg, gach éun, 's na h-ainmhidhean
Ri teachd gu'n gnàsalachd 's gu nòs,
Na'n gac, 's na'n doigh, nan aimsir so.

Gur éibhinn àbhachd nìonag òg,
Air ghasgan feoir 's na h-aonaichean,
An gleantaibh fàsaich 's iad gu suaire',
A falbh le buar ga'n saodachadh ;
Gu h-urail fallain gun sgios,
Gu maiseach, fialaidh, faoilteachail,
Gu neo-chiontach 'gun cheilg, a's gràs
Nan gaol a snàmh nan aodannan.

Uain' gach mì-ghèan, sgios a's gruaim,
'S na bidheamaid uair fo'n àineartan,
Crathamaid air chùl gach bròn,
Le fonn, le còl, 's le canntaireachd ;

'S binn' an tathaich sud mar cheud
No gleadhraich eitidh chàbhsaírean,
S mi 'm pillein chùrai', chul-ghorm fhraoich,
'S na brughaichean saor an chàmparaid.

Bitheadh easlaint eitigeach, gun chli
An didean rimheach sheòmrachian
Bitheadh éugailean gun spéis, gun brìgh,
'N aithribh rìghrean, 's mor-uaislibh,
Biodh slainte chonnabhach gach ial,
Am buthaibh fial gun stròthalachd,
Aig Gàil ghasd' an éididh ghearr,
Fìr spéiseil, chairdeil, rò-ghèanach !

ORAN AIR GAOL NA H-OIGHE

DO CHAILEAN.

ANN an madainn chiùin cheitean,
'San spreidh air an lòn,
Agus cailin na buaile,
Gabhail 'n-uallain mu'n còir :
Do bhì gathanair *Phabus*,
A cuir an ceill tró' na neoil,
Latha buadhach, geal, éibhinn,
'S las na speuran le ròs.

Ach cha b'e 'n tìn, bha'd a tional,
Anns an Innuis sa' ghleann,
So bhuin m'aigne gu luasan,
'S mi air chuairt anns an am,
Ach an cailin bu dreach-mhoire',
Mine mais', agus loinn,
Bh'air an tulaich na'm fochar,
Gu ciùineil, fòistineach, grinn.

Shuamh mo smointean an ioghnaidh,
'S thuit mi 'n coachladh rò-mhòr,
Sheas mi suasait lit mar ionhaidh,
'G ambare dian air an òigh,
'S ge do bhrosnach mo dhùrachd mi
Dh'eisdeachd ùr-laidh a beoil,
Stad mi rithist le m'ùnadh,
'Sdheachd mi rùn gu bhì fòil.

Ach gur deacair dhomh innseadh,
Leis mar dhiobrainn an cainnt,
Dreach na fìnn' ud, sa h-àilteachd,
A thug barr air gach geall ;
Tha slios geala-mhìn mar eala,
No mar chanach nan gleann,
'S a h-anail chùraidh mar chàineal,
O beul meachair gun mheang.

Bha falt cam-lùbach, bòidheach,
Bachlach, òr-bhuidh', na dhuail,
Càs-bhuidh', sniomhanach, faineach,
An neo-chàradh mu'n cuairt,
Do bhraghad sneachdaidh a b' fhior-ghlain
Fo' lio bu mhìn-dheirge gruaidh,
Gun innleachd bhà, ach buaidh naduir,
A toirt gach barr dhut gun uail !

Aghaidh bhaindidh, ghlan, mhòdhar,
Bu bhinne, ròs-dheirge, beul,
Suil mheallach, ghorm, thairis,
Caol-mhala, 's rosg réidh,
Uchd sòlais, lan sòlais,
Geala bhroilleach mar ghréin
'S troidh mhùn-ghéal, chaoim, shocrach,
Nach doich'neadh am féur

Ach gu dubhar na coille,
Am binne 'n goireadh a chuach,
Bha 'm fochar na h-Innse,
Gus an tionailt' am bhuir,
Gun do dh'imich an cailin,
Mìn, farasda, suaire' ;
Ghleus i guth, 's ghabh i òran,
'S bu rò-bhinn chèol bheireadh buaidh.

Bann air gaol bha i tighinn,
'S rùn a cridhe, sa buaidh,
Do dh'òg-laoch nan ciabh òr-bhuidh',
An leitir Laomuinn nan cuach,
Do dhiuchd uiseag, a's smeòrach,
Am barraibh rò-chrannaibh suas,
A's sheinn cho bin an co'-ghleus d'i,
'S gun du dh'éisd mi càr uair.

" O chailean ! O Chailean !"
Do sheinn cailin nan gaol,
" Cia fath nach tigeadh tu tharais,
Do ghleannan falaich nan craobh ?
Is nach iarrain-s' air m'òrdugh,
De stòras, no mhaoin,
Ach bhì laidhe na t-asgail,
Fo' do bhreacan san fhraoch,

" Gu'm b'òg mis' agus Cailean,
Ann an gleannan na cuach,
A's sìnn a tional nan dithéan,
Leinn fhìn feadh nan cluan ;
A's sìnn 'gar leagadh nar sìneadh,
'Nuair bu sgì leinn air bruaich
'S bhiodh na cruitearan sgiathach,
Cuir ar cionalais bhuain.

" Gu'm bu neo-chiontach m'aran
Mo gràidh ann sa' chòill ;
A's sìnn a' m'ireadh n-ar 'n-aonar,
Gun smointinn air foill ;

Sinn gun mhulad, gun fhadachd,
O mhadainn gu h-òidhich',
Agus *Cu' id* g'ar tàladh,
Gu toirt gràidh, 's sinn nar cloinn.

" 'S ge do thainig an samhradh,
'S mi sa' ghleann so ri spréidh,
Gur e's tric leam am fagail,
'S bithidh each as an deigh ;
'S ann a dhiucas mi tharais
Do na ghàran leam fein,
Gu bhì taomadh mo dhosgainn
Ann am fochar nan gèug.

" Tha mo chairdean fo ghruaim rium,
O là chual' iad mar tha—
Gur adnsa leam Cailean
Na fear-baile le thàn ;
Ach cha treiginn-s' mo cheud-ghradh,
Gus an géillein do'n bhàs ;
On a gheall e bhì dèileas,
Cia fath mu'n dìbrinn-sa dha?"

So mar sheinn an caomh chailin,
Tòsan tairis a gràidh,
'S a boid sheasmhach da ceud ghaol,
A's nach dìbreadh gu bràth,
Gach òigh' eile da cluinn so.
Gun robh a h-inntinn gu bàs,
Gu bhì leantainn an t-samh'l ud,
Gu'n a h-an-toil thoirt dha.

Ach air bhì grathuinn na m' thamh dhomh,
'S mi gun àbhachd san ròd,
'S mo chliabh air lasadh le h-éibhneas
A' tabhairt éisdeachd da'n òigh—
Chunnacas òganach gasda
Teachd o' leacain a chrò,
'S e le nìle shàr imeachd,
'S b'ann gu Innis nam bò.

Bha dhreach, 's adhealbh mar bhumhannaebh,
Le òigh iarraidh dh'i féin,
An tùs briseadh an rànachd,
'S i fo h-ùr bhlà air féill ;
Beachd a b' fearr, bu neo-flurasd
A thabhairt tuille na dheigh,
Air an òganach mhaiseach,
A teachd o' leacain nan gèug.

Ach suil dha'n tug an t-òg gasda
Bu riogbail mais' air gach taobh,
Dhearc air òigh nan ciabh eas-bhuidh',
Siar fo' asgail nan crnach ;
Dheachd a chridhe le furtachd
Gu'm b'e sud cuspair a ghanil,
A's ghuidh e beannachd da 'n chodhail,
A bheag am bròn daibh araon.

Is ann an glaciaibh a chèile,
Le mor spéis mar bu mhiann,
Ghlais an dìth's ud le éibhneas,
'S an rùn réidh ga'n cuir dian ;
'S o'n bha furan cho tairis,
'S nach b'fhuras aithris cho fial,
Ghuidh mi sònas gun dìth dhaibh,
Gu là 'n crìch a's mi triall.

Note.—The circumstances that called forth the foregoing beautiful song were these :—Our author in his excursions was perambulating the Highlands of Perthshire, where he happened to alight on a sheiling, or mountain dairy, in the occupancy of a respectable farmer's daughter attended by a young man one of her father's servants. The bard was warmly invited to remain with them in this humble but hospitable hut for some days to rest himself and to bear them company. The invitation was accepted. A person of the poet's penetration could not long remain ignorant of the fact that the artless maiden was uneasy in her mind ; and, as they had now arrived at that stage of intimate familiarity which justifies the disclosure of secrets ; upon being questioned, she told him that her affections were fixed upon a neighbouring swain—a handsome, young fellow, whose advances, however, were discountenanced by her parents in consequence of his poverty. Less possibly entered with enthusiasm into his friend's romantic love-affair—at all events, he was not the man to do violence to the feelings of the human heart for the sake of pounds, shillings, and pence. Short as his stay was in the sheiling, he had frequent opportunities of seeing the young lover and the milk maid meet in the solitude of a contiguous dell. Spurning the threatened wrath of parents, they were speedily married—the poet was invited to the marriage feast, where he sung this song so tenderly expressive of the bliss which had its consummation in the union of his fair friend with the man of her affections.

MARBH-RANN DO PHRIUNNSA

TEARLACH.

CO-SHEIRM

*Soraidh bhuan dha'n t-suaitheas bhàn,
Gu là-luain cha ghluais o'n bhàs ;
Ghlac an uigh an suaitheas bhàn
'S leacan fuairidh tuain' a thainn !*

Air bhì dhomh-sa triall thar druim
Air di-d-naich, 's comhlan leam,
Leughas litir naigheachd leim,
'S cha sgeul' a' t-thachair imt',
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Alhainn arsaidh ! 's fathann bròin,
Gach aon mhuir bàit' tha bàrcadh oirn,
T-nigire riogbail bhì san Ròimh,
Tirt' an cuol chist' flobhta bhòrd !
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S trom leam m'osnaich anns gach là
'S tric mo smuaintean fad' o laimh—
Cluain an domhain truagh an dàil,
Gur cobhartach gach fèil do'n bhàs!
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Tha mo chridh' gu briste, fann,
'S deoir mo shùl a' ruith mar àllt,
Ge do cheilin sud air am,
Bhrùchd e mach 's cha mhiste leam.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Bha mi seal am barail chruaidh,
Gu'n cluinnte caisimeachd mu'n cuairt;
Cabhlaich 'Thearlaich thighin' air chuan,
Ach thréig an dàil mi gu là-luain,
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S lionmhor laoch a's milli treun,
Tha 'n diugh an Albainn as do dhéidh,
Iad fo's n-íosal sìleadh dheur,
Rachadh dian leat anns an t-sréip.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S gur neo-shubhach, dubhach, sgl,
Do threud ionmhuinn anns gach tìr,
Buidheann meannach bu gharg cli,
Ulamh, àrm-chleasach 's an t-srì.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Nis cromaidh na cruitearan binn,
Am barrajbh dhòs fo' sprochen an cinn,
Gach beò bhiodh ann an srath na'm beinn
A caoidh an co'-dhosgainn leinn.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Tha gach beinn, gach cnoc, 's gach sliabh,
Air am faca sinn thu triall,
Nis air call, an dreach 's am fiamb,
O nach tig thu chaoidh nan cian.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Bha'n t-àl bg nach fac thu riamb,
'G altrum graidh dhut agus miagh,
Ach thuit an cridhe nis na'n eliabh,
O na chaidil thu gu sìor.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Ach biodh ar n' ùirnigh moch gach là
Ris an Tì is aird' a ta,
Gun e dhioladh oirn' gu bràth,
Ar 'n éucoir air an t-suaithneas bhàn.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Ach's eagal leam ge math a chléir,
'S gach sonas gheallair dhuinn le'm beul,
Gu'm faicear sinn a' sìleadh dhéur,
A choinn an suaithneas bân a thréig.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Cuireamaid soraidh bhuaime gu réidh
Leis na dh'imicheas an còin,
Dh'ionnsaigh an àit' na laidh an reull,
Dh'fhògradh uaim gach gruaim a's neul.
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

S bitheamaid toilicht' leis na tha,
O nach d' fhaod sinn bhi na's fearr,
Cha bhi n-ar cuairt an so ach gearr,
A's leanaidh sin an suaithneas bân,
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

MIANN AN OGANAICH GHAEILICH.

AIR FONS—"We'll go no more a roving."

Tha sud do ghnà air m'inntinn,
Le ionpaidh chinnteach, réidh,
'S gur fada bho'n bu mhiannach leam,
Gu'n triallamaid dha réir;
'S a nis' bho nach urraim mi
Ga chumail orm gu léir,
B'ìdh mi fadheoidh ag aideachadh
Na th'agam dhut de spéis.

*An sin treigeamaid am fursan,
'S gu'm b' fhearr na bhi air chuairt,
Bhi maille ris a' chailin sin,
Le fàrasdachd gun ghruaim.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.*

Gach aon a chi mi 's beartaiche,
Bithidh spailp orr' as am maoin,
Ach sud cha b'urraim m' iasgach-sa,
Ge d' liathain leis an aois,
Mo nadur ge d' bhiodh iarratach,
Dha' mhiann 's nach tugainn taobh,
Le suaim cho dian cha shnasaichinn,
Mar glacte mi le gaol.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.

Na ged' bu shamhl' an stòras mi,
Ge neonach sud leith fein.
Dha'n neach is lugh' còrsaichean,
Tha 'm Breatuinn mhòr gu léir
Ge soilleir inbhe 'n stàta sin,
Cha tàladh e mi ceum,
'S air mheiltean ùir cha luhainn-s'
Ach an taobh dha 'm biodh mo dhéich.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.

Gach fear dha'm beil na smaointean so,
 Bithidh m'aonta dha gu mor,
 Air chumha gun ghuè theag-mhaladh,
 R'a fhaotainn bhi na dhòigh ;
 A rùn-sa 'nuair a d'fhiosraichinn,
 Na'm measainn bhi air chòir,
 Gu'm molainn gun a diobairt dha,
 Cho fad sa bhiodh e beò.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.

Gu'm b'ait leam eailin finealta,
 S' i maiseach, fìor-ghlan, ciùin,
 Ged' nach biodh ni, no airgead aic',
 Ach dreach a's dealbh air thùs
 Ach sud na'n tairadh aic' a bhi
 'S ga réir bhi pailt' an cliù,
 Cha chreidinn gu'm bu mhíst' i e,
 'S i fein bhi glic air chùl.
An sin treigeamaid, &c.

Cha treiginn féin a bharail sin,
 A dh'aideoin 's na their càch,
 Le iomluas gu bhi caochlaidheach,
 'S nach aontaicheadh mo chàil,
 Gach fear bi'dh mar a's toileach leis,
 Gun choireachd bhuam gu bràth,
 'S a leanas e gu dicheallach,
 A bheairt a chi e 's fearr.
Au sin treigeamaid, &c.

MIANN NA H-OIGHE GAELICH.

[AIR AN FHOINN CHEUDNA.]

NA'N tarladh dhomh sin fheatainn,
 Cha b'eigiu leam no càs,
 Bhi 'g iomlaid gaoil gun fhadal ris,
 'S gu réidh ga aidmheil dha,
 'Sa dh' aideoin uailt a's gùraich
 Nan bighean òga, bàth,
 'Se sud an teuchd gu dideanadh,
 An eridheachan gu bràth.

*Gu'm b' annsa na bhi m'dnar,
 Mo lamh 's na ghuol thoirt nam,
 Maraon u's lùbadh farasda,
 Le òigear fearail suaire.
 Gu'm b' annsa, &c.*

Na'n deanadh fortan fabhar rium,
 'S an dàil sin chuir ma m' chòir,
 Le òigear maiseach, milleanda
 Gun anbharr, no dìth stòir,
 A chuir an taobh a bithinn-sa,

'S mi fein am nìghinn òig,
 Gun easbhuidh seadh no pàirtean air
 Cha'n aic'hain e ach fòil.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

B'e sud an cèile thaghainn-sa,
 'S cha chladhaire neo-threun,
 Dha'm biodh làn nan còbhraichean,
 Dheth 'n òr 's gun treòir dha réir ;
 A threudan a' tigh'n' tharais air,
 Le barrachd dheth gach séud,
 Cha'n fhagadh saibbreas sona mi,
 Gun toileachas na dhéigh.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

Gu'n cumadh Ni-math bhuam-sa sud !
 Fear gabhaidh, cruaidh, gun chliù,
 Na fhionaig dhriopail, gheur-chuisich,
 Bhios leirsiuneach le shùil,
 Gun tomad a measg dhaoine dheth,
 Gun ghean, gun fhaolt, na ghnùis,
 Gun fhailteachd, chairdeil, fhuaranach—
 Gun uirghioll aig a's fiù.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

Ach òigear dreachmhor, tabhachdach
 Neo-ardanach na ghuè,
 Bhios calma 'nuair as éigin da,
 'S rei'-bheartach dha réir ;
 Gun stòras bhi tigh'n' tharais air,
 Gun aim-bheartas gu leir,
 'S e sud na'm faighinn m'iarratas,
 A mhiannaichinn dhomh fein.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

ORAN

AR AISEADH AN FHEARUINN DO NA CINNFHEADHNA
 SA' BHLIADHNA—1782

LUINNEAG.

*Their mi hòro hugo hoiriunn,
 Ho i hòiriunn hòro,
 Their mi hòro hugo hoiriunn.*

Thug m' inntinn air fad gu beadradh,
 Mar nach leagadh bròn i.
Their mi hòro hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Bith'maid gu m'brannach, geanach,
 Fearail, mar bu chòir dhuinn.
Their mi hòro hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Cnirt am bàla breac na tharruinn,

'S glaineachan air bòrd dhuinn.

Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Chuala mi naigheachd a Sasunn,

Ris na las mo shùlas.

Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Na Suinn a bha 'n iomairt Thearlaich,

'Thigh 'n' gu dàil an còrach.

Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

'S ge d' tha cuid diu sud a thriall uainn,

Tha 'n iarmad air fòghnadh.

Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Feudaidd mac bodaich a réiste,

Bhi cuir bleid a stòras.

Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Cosgamaid bàla de chuineadh

Nan Suinn nach eil beò dhiu.

Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Tostamaid suas gach ceann-finne,

Bh'anns an iomairt mhòir ud.

Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Tostamaid suas luchd ga leaumhuinn,

Gun dearmad air Debrsa :

Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Sluagh Bhreatuinn agus Eirinn,

Geilleachdainn da mhòrachd.

Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Ge bu duilich leinn an sgeul ud,

Mac Rìgh Seumas fhògradh.

Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Cha'n eil stà a bhi ga iunndran

Ge b'e 'm priunnsa eòir e.

Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

'S gun tig tuisleadh air na rìghrean

Mar a dhiobras ùlach,

Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Fonn an einnich fìor shìol coirce,

Cinnidh fochan òtraich ;

Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

Mar thug mi gu ceann mo luinneag,

Sguiridh mi gu stòlda,

Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, &c.

FEASGAR LUAIN.

FEASGAR Luain. a's mi air chualirt,
Gu'n cuolas fuaim nach b' fhuathach leam,
Ceòl nan teud gu h-brdail, réidh,
A's coisir da reir os a chionn ;
Thuit mi 'n caochladh leis an ioghnaidh,
A dh-aisig mo smaointean a null,
'S chuir mi 'n ceill gu'n imichinn céin,
Le m'aigneadh fein, 's e co'-strèap rium.

Chaidh mi steach an ceann na coisir,
An robh òl a's ceòl as dàmh's,
Ribhinnean, a's fleasgaich òga,
'S iad an ordugh grinn gun mheang ;
Dhearcas fa leath air na h-òighean,
Le ròsg foil a null 'sa nall,
'S ghlacadh mo chridhe, 's mo shùil cò'ladh,
S rion an gaol mu leòn air ball !

Dhiuchd mar aingeal, ma mo choinneamh,
'N ainur òg, bu ghrinne snuadh ;
'Seang shlios fallain air bhàl canaich,
No mar an eal' air a chuan ;
Suil ghorm, mheallach, fo chaoil mhala
'S caoin' a sheallas 'g anhare nath,
Beul tìl, tairis' gun ghnè smalain,
Dba'n gnà earthannachd gun uail.

Mar ghath gréin' am madainn cheitein,
Gu'n mbeath i mo leirsinn shùl,
'S i ceumadh ùrlair gu réidh, iompaidh,
Do reir pugannan a chitùil ;
Ribhion mhòdhail, 's fìor-ghlan fòghlum,
Dh-fhion-fhuil mhòrghalach mo rùin,
Renll nan òighean, grian gach coisiridh,
'S i'n chiall chòmbraidh, cheòl-bhinn, chidhin.

'S teare an sgeula sunnailt t-éugaig,
Bhi ri fheatainn san Roinn-Eòrp,
Tha mais', a's feile, tlachd, a's ceantaidh,
Nach facas leam fein fa m' chòir,
Gach clìn a' fàs riut mùirn, 's an àillteachd
An sògradh, 's a màran beoil,
'S gach buaidh a b'ailli, bh' air *Diana*,
Gu leir mar fhagail, tha aig Mòir,

'S bachlach, duallach, cäs-bhuidh', cuachach,
Càradh suaiueas gruaig do chinne,
Gu h-àluinn, bòidheach, faineach, òr-bhuidh',
An càraibh seòighn' 'san ùrdugh grinn,
Gun chron a'fàs riut, a dh' fheut' aireamh,
O do bharr gu sàil do bhuinn ;
Dhiuchd na buaidhean, òigh, mu'n cuairt dut,
Gu meudachdain t-uail 's gach puig !

Bu leigheas éugail, slan o'n Eug,
Do dh' fhear a d' fheudadh bhí ma d' chóir
B' fhear na'n cadal bhí na t-fhagaig,
'G éisdeachd agallaidh do bheoil;
Cha robh *Bhenus* a measg leugaibh,
Dh' aindeoin féucantachd cho boidh'ch,
Ri mùirninn mhíu, a leon mo chridh',
Le buaidhean, 's mi 'g a dith ri m' bheò.

'S glan an fhion-fhuil as na fhriamhaich
Thu, gun fhiarradh mhiar, no mbeang,
Ciuneadh mòrghalach, bu chrodha,
Tional cò'ladh cho'-stri lann,
Bhuin'eadh cùis a bhar nan dù'- Ghall,
Sgiursadh iad gu'n dùthchas thall,
Leanaidh ruaig air Càtaich fhuara,
'S a toirt huaidh orr' anns gach ball.

Tha cabar-féidh an dlùth's do reir dhut,
Nach biodh easlaineach san strì,
Fir nach ùbadh leis ga'n togail
Dol a chogadh 'n aghaidh rìgh,
Bu cholgail, faiceant' an stoirm feachdaidh,
Armach, breacanach, air tì
Dol 'san iomairt gun bhonn gioraig,
'S nach pilleadh gu dhol fo chìs.

'S trom leam m' osna', 's cruai' leam m'fhortan
Gun ghleus socair, 's mi gun suunt,
'S mi ri smaointinn air an aon rùn,
A bhuin mo ghaol gun ghaol d'a chiomn.
Throm na Dùilean peanas dùbailt,
Gu mis' umhlachadh air ball,
Thàladh *Cupid* mi san dùsal,
As na dhùisg mi bruite, faun!

Beir soraidd buam do'n rìhbhinn shuair',
De'n chinneadh mhòr a's uaisle gnàs,
Thoir mo dhùrachd-sa g'a h-ionnsaidh,
'S mi 'n deagh rùn d'a cùl-bhuidh' bán.
'S nach brudair cadail a ghluais m'aigne,
'S truagh nach aidich è dhomh tàmh.
'S ge b'ann air chuairt, no thall an euan,
Gu'm bi mi smaointeach ort gu bràth.

MOLADH A BHAIRD

AIR A THIR FEIN.

Os is fàrsan leam gach là,
Bi'dh 'n sràchd so gu Braid-Albann,
A d'fheuch a fearr a gheibh mi slaint,
A thigh'n' gu àrd nan garbh-chrioch,
S ge do dhìrich mi Làire-lla.
Tha mo spid air falbh bhuam,
Ge tús bliann' ùir' e 's beag mo shùrd,
Ri brughachean Choire-Choramaic.

A thaigh Chill-Fheinn, cha bhuanachd leinn,
Air chinnt' ge d' tha thu boidheach,
A bhí ri sneachd' a diol mo leapa,
Dha'n t-Sasunnach dhòite,
'S i'n tìr fo thuath dha mòr mo luaidh sa.
Ghluais mo smuain gu òran,
'S mi air bealach triall ri gaillion,
Gu fearann nach èol domh.

A Shrath Chinn. Fhaolain nam bà-maola
'S nam fear-caola, luatha,
'S mi nach tagh'leadh, air do ghaol thu.
Nochd gur faonraidh fuar thu;
Thuir beul an ràfard rium gum b'fhearr.
Na Gearr-loch an taobh Tuatha,
Fhearann gortach, lan de bhochdain,
Gun socair aig tuath ann.

Beir mo shoraidh 'thìr a mhonaiddh,
A's nam beann còrrach, àrda,
Fridh nan gaisgeach 's nan sonn gasda.
Tìr Chlann-Eachuinn Ghearr-loch,
Gur uallach, eangach, an damh breangach.
Suas tro' gleannan fàsaich,
Bi'dh euach sa bhadan, seim a leudainn,
Moch sa mbadainn, Mbàighe,

Gum b'e Gearr-loch an tìr bhaigheil
'S an tìr phairteach, bhìadhar.
Tìr a phailteis, tìr gun ghainne,
Tìr is glaine fialachd,
An tìr bhàinearh, uachdrach, mbealach.
Chaombach, channach, thiorail,
Tìr an arain, tìr an tachdair,
Sithne, a's pailteas iasgaich,

Tìr an àigh i, tìr nan àrmunn,
Tìr nan sàr-fhear gléusda;
Tìr an t-suaireis, tìr gun ghruaimean,
'Tìr is uaisle féile.
An tìr bhòreach, nam frith ro-mhor.
Tìr gun leon. gun gheibhinn,
An tìr bhraonach, mhachrach, raonach,
Mhàrtach, laoghach, fhèurach.

Gu'n tì nollaig mhòr le sonas,
Gu comunn gun phràbar,
O'n's lìonmhor gaisgeach le sàr acuin
Thèid gu feachd na tràghad,
Mar shluagh Mhic-Chù'il le cruai' fhiùbha',
Ruaig gun chùin' air sràchdan;
Bi'dh Muireardach maide fo' bhinn chabar
Gu stad i sa Bhràidhe.

Ge do tha mi sinbhal Galldachd,
Cha'n ann tha mo mhì-chuis,
Ge d' tha mi 'n taobh-s' ann
Tha mo rùn do'n chomunn chiùin nach prìobal

'N'am teirce' do'n là thig sibh o'n tràigh,
Gu seòmar bàn nam pisean ;
Bì'dh ceòl nam feadan 's Eoin da spreigeadh
Gu beagadh 'ur mi-ghean.

Bì'dh bòla lan air bhord na'n dàil,
Cuir surd fo chàil na còisir,
Bì'dh laoidh mu'n cuairt nach cluinnt' a luach.
Aig suinn chuir cuairt na h-Fòrpa
Bì'dh luagh a's luinneag, duan a's iorram,
'S cuairt le sgil bho'n òisich,
Aig buidhean ghasda, nan arm sgaiteach.
Treumhor air feachd comb-strì.

'Nuair tharladh sibh 'san taigh-thabbairn,
Far an tràighte stùip leibh,
Cha b'e'n canran bhiodh n'ur pairt,
Au uair a b'airde pòit dhuibh,
Ach mìr', a's màran, gaol, a's cairdeas
'S iomairt lamh gun dù-bheirt
S bu bhinn ri èisdeachd eainnt 'ur béul,
Seach iomairt mheur air òigh-chéol.

Cho fad sa dh'ìmich cliù na h-Alba,
Fhuaradh ainm na dùch' uð,
An am a h-uaislean dhol ri cruadal
'S Eachunn ruadh air thùs dhiubh,
O là Raon Fladden nam beum tròm'
A shocraich bonn na fiùdhaidh,
Gu h-uallach, dösrach, suas gun dös gainn,
Usal bho stoc mhùirneach.

ORAN A RINN AM BARD

ANN AN DUN-EIDEANN

AIR FÖNN—"The Banks of the Dee."

Sa' mhadainn 's mi 'g eiridh,
'S neo-éibhinn a ta mi,
Cha b' ionann a's m' àbhaist,
Air airidh uau gleann,
O 'n thainig mi 'n taobh-s',
Chuir mi cùl ris gach màran,
'S cha bheag a chuis-ghraime leam,
Canuran nan Gall :
Cia mar dh'fheudain bhì subhach,
S mo chrì au àit' eile ?
Gun agam ach pàirt dheth,
Sa 'n àit' anns am beil mi,
Fo dhubhar nam mòr-bheann,
Tha 'n còrr dheth 's cha chèil mi,
'S gur grain' leam bhì 'g amhare,
Na th'agam na gheall.

O! 's tric bha mi falbh leat,
A gheala-bhean na féile,
Ann a doire nan géug,
A's air reidhleìn na driùchd ;
'S air srathaibh a ghlinne,
Far bu bhinne güth smèraich
'S air iomair nan nòinean,
Fheòirneanach chùr',
A dìreadh a mhulaich
'S a tional na spréidhe,
Gu Innseag na tulaich,
Air iomain sa' chéitean,
Bu neo-chionntach màran,
Mo ghraidh-sa gun bheud ann ;
'S gu 'm b'ait leam bhì 'g eisdeachd
Ri sgeula mo rùin.

ORAN ANNS AM BEIL AM BARD

A MOLADH A LEANNAIN,—AGUS A DHUTHAICH FEIN.

AIR FÖNN—"O'er the muir among the heather.

Gua e mis' tha briste, bruite,
Cia b'e ri'n leiginn mo rùnachd.
Mu'n ainm is binne sùgradh,
'S mi ri giulan a ciun-falaich.

E ho rò mo rùn an cailin
E ho rò mo rùn an cailin
Mo rùn cailin suaire' a mhàrain,
Tha gach là a' tigh'n' fò' m'aire.

Tha mo chridhe mar na cuaintean,
Mar dhuilleach nan cranu le luagan,
No mar fhiadh an aird nam fuar-bheann ;
'S mo chadal luaineach le faire.
E ho ro, &c.

Shiubhail mi fearann nan Gàil,
'S earrainn de Bbreutuinn air farsan
S cha'n fhacas na bheireadh barr,
Air Finne bhàn nan tlà-shul meallach.
E ho ro, &c.

Bu bhinne na smèorach Chéitein
Leam do ghloir, 's tu comhradh réidh rium,
'S mo chliabh air lasadh le h-éibhneas,
Tabhairt èisdeachd dha d' bheul tairis.
E ho ro, &c.

Bu tu mo chruit, mo cheol, 's mo thaileasg,
'S mo leug phrìseil, rìmhreach, aghmhor,
Bu leigheas eugail o na bhàs domh,
Na'm feudainn a ghnà bhi mar riut.

E ho ro, &c.

Gu muladach mi 's mi smaointinn,
Air cuspair mo chion' gun chaochladh,
Oigh mhìn, mhaiseach, nam bàs maoth-gheal
'S a slìos caoin-tlà mar an canach.

E ho ro, &c.

Thà do dhealbh gun chearb, gun fhiarradh,
Mìn-gheal, fìor-ghlan, dìreach, lionta,
'S do nadur cho seamh 's bu mhiannach,
Gu pailt, fiadaidh, ciallach, banail,

E ho ro, &c.

Air fad m' fhuireach an Dun-éideann,
Cumail comuinn ri luchd Beurla
Bheir mi 'n t-soraidh so gu'n treigsinn
Dh' ionnsaidh m' éibhneis ann 'sna gleann-

E ho ro, &c. [uaibh.

Ge do tharladh dhomh bhi 'n taobh-sa,
Gur beag mo thlachd dheth na dù'-Ghaill.
'S bìdh mi nìs a' cuir mo chùl riu,
'S a deanamh m' iùil air na beannaibh,

E ho ro, &c.

Gur eatom mo ghlèus, a's m' iompaidd,
'S neo-lodail mo cheum o'n fhonn so,
Gu tìr àrd nan sàr-fhear sunntach,
'S a treigsinn Galldachd 'nam dheannamh.

E ho ro, &c.

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

E ho ro, &c.

MOLADH AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

LUINNEAG.

*Hò rò gur toigh leinn drama,
Hò rò gur toigh leinn drama,
Hò rò gur toigh leinn drama,
'S ioma fear tha'n geall air.*

Mo ghaol an coilgearnach spraeil,
Dh-fhàs gu foirmeil, meamach, maiseach,
Dh-fhàs gu spéiseil, treabhach, tapaiddh,
Neo-lapach san aìmhreit;

Hò ro, &c.

Ach trocàir g' an d' fhuair a chailleach,*
Bha uaireigin anns na h-Earadh,
Cha mheasa nì mì do mhòadh,
Ge do lean mì 'm fonn aic'.

Hò ro, &c.

Thagh i 'm fonn so, 's sheinn i cliù dhut,
Dh-aithnich i'nsgoinn a bh'ann san drùthaig,
'Nuair a bhiodh a broinn san rùpail,
B'e rùn thu bhi teann oirr'.

Hò ro, &c.

Ach 's tu 'm fear briodalach, sùgach,
Chuireadh ar mì-ghean air chùl duinn,
'S a chuireadh teas oirn san dùlachd,
'Nuair bu ghnù an geamhradh,

Hò ro, &c.

Stuth glan na Tìseachd, gun truaillleadh,
Gur òc-shlaint cheir am beil buaidh è;
'S tu thogadh m'inn-tinn gu suairceas,
'S cha b'è draibh na *Fränge*.

Hò ro, &c.

'S tu 'n gill' éibhinn, meanmnach, boidheach,
Chuireadh na cailleachan gu bòilich,
Bheireadh seanachas as na h-òighean
Air ro-mhòid am baidheachd,

Hò ro, &c.

Chuireadh tu uails' anns a bha'-laoch,
Sparradh tu naill anns an arachd,
Dh-fhàgadh tu cho suaire' fear dreamach,
'S nach biodh air' air dreannudan.

Hò ro, &c.

'S tu ma laochan soltheamh, sìobhalt,
Cha bhi toinn ach far am bi thu,
Fograi' tu air falbh gach mì-ghean
'S bheir thu sìth á aìmhreit'.

Hò ro, &c.

'S mor tha thlachd air do luchd tòireachd,
Bithidh iad fiadaidh, pailt ma'n stòras,
Chaoidh cha sgrubair 's an taigh-òsd iad,
Sgapadh òir nan deann leo.

Hò ro, &c.

* The bard here alludes to the celebrated Mary M'Leod the poetess, who is said to have been a little *dry* in her last years. Tradition has it that, when Mary paid a visit to any of her friends, if the *shell* was not in immediate requisition, she feigned to be suddenly seized with colicks—raising such lugubrious moans and shrieks as could not but alarm the inmates. "Oh! Mary, dear daughter," they would exclaim in their simplicity, "what ails you—what can do you good?" Mary, who was musical even in her distress, would reply in the words of the chorus—" *Hò rò gur toigh leinn drama*."

Cha' n'eil cleireach, no pears eaglais,
Crabhach, teallsanach, no sagart,
Dha nach toir thu caochladh aigne—
Sparra' cèill san amblair.
Ho ro, &c.

Cha' n'eil cleasaich anns an rìoghachd
Dha' m bu leas a dhol a strì riut,
Dh-fhagadh tu e-san na shineadh,
'S pioban as gach ceann deth.
Ho ro, &c.

Dh-fhagadh tu fear mosach fialaidh,
Dheana' tu fear tosdach briathrach,
Chuire' tu sòg air fear eianail,
Le d' shughradhean greannar.
Ho ro, &c.

Dh-fhaga' tu cho slàn fear bacach,
'S e gun ìch, gun òich, gun acain,
'G eiridh le sunnt air a leth-chois,
Gu spailpeil a dhàmhsa.
Ho ro, &c.

Chuire' tu bodaich gu beadradh,
'S na cromaichean sgrògach, sgreagach,
Gu éiridh gu frogail, sa cheigeil,
Ri sgeig air an t-sheann aois.
Ho ro, &c.

Bu tu sùiriche mo rùin-sa,
Ge d' thuirt na mnathan nach b'fhìù thu,
'Nuair a thachras tu sa' chùil riù,
Bheir thu cùis gun taing dhiù.
Ho ro, &c.

Bu tu cairid an fhir-fhacail,
Bheireadh fuasgla' dha gu tapaidh.
Ged nach òl e dhìot ach cairteal,
'S blasmhoirid a chainnt e.
Ho ro, &c.

Tha cho liugha buaidh air fàs ort,
'S gu là-luain nach faod mi'n aireamh,
Ach 'se sgaoil do chliù 's gach àite,
Na bàird a bhì 'n geall ort.
Ho ro, &c.

Thogadh ort nach b'fheairde mis thu,
Gun ghoid thu ma chuid gun fhies cam
Ach gun taing do luchd do mhiosgairn
Cha chreid mise drannd dheth.
Ho ro, &c.

Bha mi uair, 's bu luach-mhor t-fheum dhomh,
Ge nach tuig mal-shluagh gun chùill e,
Dum amaban, sed quid refert,
Na ghràisg quæ amanda.
Ho ro, &c.

MAC-NA-BRACHA.

LUNNEAG.

*'S toigh linn drama, lion a ghlaime,
Cuir an t-searrag sin an nall;
Mac-ma-brach' an gille gasda,
Cha bu rapairean a chlainn.*

Ge b'e dhi-mol thu le theangaidh.
B'òle an aithne bha na cheann.
Mar tig thu fhathast na charamh,
Gu'm beil mo bharail-sa mealt'.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Na'm b'e duine dha nach b'èol thu,
Dheana' fòirneart ort le cainnt,
Cha bhidheamaid fein dha leanmhainn,
Chionn 's gu'm biodh do shealbh air gann,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Ach fear a bha greis na d' chomunn,
Cha b'e chomain-s' a bh'ann
Bhì cuir mi-chliù air do nadur,
Gur an dha-sa bhios a chall,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Co dh'ànireadh fear do bhéusan?
Ge do bheirt' e fein sa'n *Fhraing*,
No dhi-mholadh stuth na Tòiseachd?
Ach trudar nach ùladh dràm.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Stuth glan na Tòiseadh gun truaillleadh,
An ioc-shlaint is naisle t' ann.
S fearr gu leigheas na gach lighich,
Bha no bhitheas a measg Ghall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Cia mar a dheanamaid banais?
Cumhanta, no ceangal teann?
Mar bi dràm againn du'n Chleireach,
Ba leibeideach feum a pheann.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

* When our author's celebrated preceeding song in praise of whisky became generally known, Mr John Mac-Donald, the author of the excellent love-ditty, the second set of *Mairi Laghach*, invoked his muse and composed a parody on it systematically overthrowing every thing Ross had said in its praise. Our author having heard of this, again tuned his lyre—sustained the positions he formerly assumed—castigated the vilifier of *aqua vite* and at still greater length celebrated the inspiring qualities of it.

Tha luchd cràbhaidh dha do dhiteadh,
Le cùl-chaint a's briodal feall,
Ge d' nach aoidich iad le'm beoil thu,
Olaidh iad thu mar an t-àl't.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

A Chléir fein, ge seunt' an còta,
Tha'n sgornanan ort an geall,
Tha cuid ac' a ghabhas fraoileadh,
Cho math ri saighdear sa' champ,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

AN t-OLLA MAC-IAIN* le Bheurla,
Le 'Laideann a's 'Ghreugais-chainnt,
Gu'n dh-fhag stuth uaibhreach nan Gàel,
Teang' a chàuanaich ud mall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

'N uair thug e ruaig air feadh na h-Alba,
'S air feadh nan garbh-chrìoch ud thall
Dh-fhag Mac-na-brach' e gun lide
Na amadan liotach, dall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Gu'm b'ait leam fein, fhir mo chridhe,
Bhi mar ri d' bhuidhean 's gach àm,
'S tric a bha sinn ar dithis
Gun phìob, gun fhìdheil, a damhs!
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

MOLADH NA H-OIGHE GAELICH.

AIR Fonn—"Mount your baggage."

A Nighean bhòidheach
An òr-fhuil bhachalaich,
Nan gorm-shùl mìogach,
'S nam mìn bhàs sneachda-gheal,
Gu'n sìubhlain reidhleach
A'a sleibhteann l'hreatuinn leat,
Fo earradh sgaoilte
De dh'aodach breacain orm,

'S e sud an t-éideadh
Ri 'n eiradh m'aigne-sa,
'S mo nighean Ghàelach,
Aluinn agam ann;
O bheul na h-òidhe
Gu soills' na madainne,
Gu'm b'ait n-ar sùgradh
Gun dùsal cadail oirn.

Ge d' tha na bain-tighearnan
Gallda, fasanta,
Thug òigh na Gàellig,
Barr an mais' orra,
Gur annuir sheòighn i
Gun sgòid ri deare' oirre,
Na h-earradh glé-mhath
De dh'eudadh breacanach.

Gur foinnidh, mìleanta
Direach, dreachmhor, i,
Cha lùb am feoirnean
Fo bròig 'nuair shaltras i;
Tha deirge a's gile
Co-mhìre gleachdanaich,
Na gnùis ghill, éibhinn,
Rinn ceudan airtneulach.

Réidh dheud chomhnard
An ordugh innealta,
Fo bhilibh sàr-dhaitht',
Air blàth bhermillian;
Tha h-aghaidh nàrach
Cho lìn de chinealtachd,
'S gun tug a h-aogas,
Gach aon an ciomachas.

Gur binne còmhradh
Na òraid fhileanta,
Tha guth ni's ceòl-mhoir',
Na òigh-cheol binne-fhaclach,
Cha laidheadh bròn oirn,
No leon, no iomadan,
Ri faighinn sgeul duinn
O bheul na fìne sin.

'Nuair thig a Bhealltainn,
'S an Samhradh lùsanach,
Bì'dh sinn air àiridh,
Air àrd nan uchdanan,
Bì'dh cruin nan gleanntan
Gu canntair, cuirteasach,
Gu tric gar dùsgadh
Le sùrd gu moch-eiridh.

'S bì'dh 'n crodh, 's na caoirich,
'S an fhraoch ag innealtradh,
'S na gobh'raibh baig-fhìonn,
Gu ball-bhreac, bior-shuileach,
Bì'dh 'n t-àl 's an leimnich
Gun cheill, gun chion orra,
Ri gleachd 's ri còmhrag
'S a snòtach bhileagan.

Bi'dh mise, a's Màiri
Gach là 's na glacagan,
No'n doire géugach
Nan éunan breac-iteach,
Bi'dh cuach, a's smebrach,
Ri ceòl 's ri caiseamachd,
'S a gabhail òrain
Le sgòrnain bhlasda dhuinn.

Note.—"WILLIAM Ross chiefly delighted in pastoral poetry, of which he seized the true and genuine spirit—'Mòladh na h-òighe Gaeltìh' or his 'Praise of the Highland Maid' is a masterpiece in this species of composition. It embraces every thing that is lovely in a rural scene; and the description is couched in the most appropriate language."—BIBLIOTHECA SCOTO-CELTICA.

AN LADIE DUBH.

LUTINNEAG.

Hò ro ladie dhuì,
Hò ro eile,
Hò ro ladie dhuì,
Hò ro eile,
Hò ro ladie dhuì,
Hò ro eile,
Gu'm b'èibhinn le m'aigneadh
An ladie na'm feudadh.

Nach mireagach *Cupid*,
'S e sùgradh ri mhathair,
Dia brionnach gun suilean,
An duil gur ceòl-gàir' e,
A' tilgeadh air thuairneam,
Mu'n cuairt anns gach àite,
A shaighdean beag, guineach,
Mar's urrajan e'n sàthadh.
Ho ro ladie dhuì, &c.

Bha sagart 's na crìochan,
'S bu dìghaidh 'm fear-leughaidh,
Air dunadh le creideamh,
'S ie eagnachd cho eudmhor;
'S b'ann á cheann-eagair,
A theagasg bhì hénasach
Gun ofrail a nasgadh
Aig altairean *Bhenùis*.
Ho ro ladie dhuì, &c.

'Nuair a chunnaic a bhan-dia,
Fear-teampuill cho dùire,
Gun urram dh'a mailleadh,
Gun mhiagh air a sùgradh,
Chuir i 'n dia dalldach,
Beag, feallsach, gun sùilean,
'Dh-fheuchain am feudadh e,
A ghlèusadh gu h-òrlaim.
Ho ro ladie dhuì, &c.

'Nuair dhiuchd an dia baothar,
Beag, faoilteach, mu'n cuairt da,
Gun thilg e air saighead,
O chailin na bùaile
Chaidh 'n sagart na lasair,
S cha chuir as gu là-luain e,
Mar bhitheadh gun gheill e,
Do *Bhenus* san uair sin.
Ho ro ladie dhuì, &c.

S b'e aidmheil an *Lebhit*,
'Nuair a b' éigin da ùmhlachd,
Gu 'm b' fheairrde gach buachaille
Gruagach a phùsadh,
'S bha cailin na buaile,
Cho buan ann a shuilean,
'S gun robh i na aigneadh,
Na chadal 's na dhùsgadh.
Ho ro ladie dhuì, &c.

'S e fàth ghabh an sagart,
Air cairidh na h-òighe,
Air dha bhi air madainn,
Ga h-aidmheil na sheòmar,
A glacadh 'sa leagadh,
Air leabaidh bhig chòmhnaidh,
'S mu's maitheadh e peacadh,
Bhi tacan ga pògadh.
Ho ro ladie dhuì, &c.

Ach tilgidh na Cinnich,
Mar ilisgean oirne,
Mar tha sinn cho déidheil,
Air éibhneas na h-òige
Luchd-creideimh a's cràbhaidh,
Toirt stràcan gu gòraich,
'S a bristeadh nan àitean
Le barr am buill-dòchais!
Ho ro ladie dhuì, &c.

Note.—The foregoing cynical song was composed on a rigidly righteous Highland School-master, who, fancying that his ferula and cassock were sufficient to sustain him in his self-lauded innocence, was notorious in the countryside for his scorching tirades against all delinquents—especially such as had incurred the rebuke of the Kirk-session.—Our bard, although free from the grosser immoralities, being a little amorous in his disposition, came once or twice under the lash of this censor.—But alas! the instability of human virtues—"holy Willie", himself

got an illegitimate child! The *fama* of the Saint's sin ran from one corner of the Parish to the other by getting his servant maid in the *family way*.—The poet readily availed himself of the opportunity to retaliate upon the Dominic, and applied the lash with great skill.—Nothing excels the irony and sarcasm of our bard in this production; if he does not exult a little too loudly over a fallen enemy.

CUMHADH A BHIAIRD

AIR SON A LEANNAIN.

AIR Fonn—"Farewell to Lochaber."

Gen' is socrach mo leabaidh,
 Cha'n e'u cadal mo mhiann,
 Leis an luasgans' th'air m'aigheadh,
 O chearoi fad' agus cian,
 Gu 'm beil teine na lasair,
 Gun dol as na mo chliabh.
 Tabhairt brosnachadh gèur dhomh,
 Gu bhi 'g éridh 'sa triall.

CO-SHEIRM.

*Seinn éibhinn, seinn éibhinn,
 Seinn éibhinn an dàil,
 Seinn éibhinn bhinn éibhinn,
 Seinn éibhinn gach là,
 Seinn éibhinn, binn catrom,
 Seinn éibhinn, do ghnà
 Seinn éibhinn, seinn éibhinn,
 Chuireadh m' euslain gu lár.*

Tha mi còrr a's trì bliadhna,
 Air mo lionadh le gaol,
 'S gach aon là dhiu stiùireadh,
 Saighead ùr ann mo thaobh;
 Cia mar 's leir dhomh uì taitneach,
 Dh'aindeoin pailteas mo mhaoin?
 'S mi as éugmhais do mhàrain,
 Bhiodh gun ardan rium saor,
Seinn éibhinn, &c.

'S e do mhàran bu mbiann leam,
 'S e tigh'n' gun fhiabhras gun ghruaim,
 Mar ri blasdachd na h-òraid,
 'S e bu cheòl-bhinne fuaim;
 Dh'eireadh m' inntinn gu h-àbhachd,
 Ri linn bhi 'g aireamh gach buaidh.
 A bha co'-streup ri mo leannan
 Baididh, faràsda, suairc'.
Seinn éibhinn, &c.

'S gur gile mo leannan
 Nan eal' air an t-sràmh,
 Gur binn' i na'n smeòrach,
 Am barraibh rò-chrann sa mnaigh,
 Gur e geann'achd a beusan,
 'S i gun eacoir na càil,
 A lùb mise gu geilleadh
 Air bheag eigin na gradh.
Seinn éibhinn, &c.

Gu'm beil maise na h-eudann,
 Nach feudainn-s' a luaidh,
 Tha i pailt ann an ceutaidh,
 'S an ceill a thoirt buaidh,
 Gun a coineas ri featainn
 Ann an speis, san taobh-tuath,
 M' òg mhin mhala bhaididh,
 Thogadh n' inntinn o ghruaim,
Seinn éibhinn, &c.

'S ge do bhithinn an éugail,
 Agus leigh air toirt dùil,
 Nach biodh furtachd an dàn domh,
 Ach an bàs an gearr ùin',
 Chuireadh eugas mo mhin-mhal',
 Mo mhi-ghean air chùil,
 Ghlacainn binneas na smeòraich
 A's gheibhinn sòlas as ùr.
Seinn éibhinn, &c.

Ge binn cuach 's ge binn smeòrach,
 'S ge binn coisir 's gach erann,
 Seinn ciùil dhomh 'n coill smùdain,
 Theich mo shùgradh-s' air chall—
 Tha mi daonnan a smaointeach,
 Air mo ghaol ann sa' ghleann
 'S mi air tuiteam am mi-ghean,
 Gun a briodal bhi ann.
Seinn éibhinn, &c.

'Nuair a bhithinn-s' 's mo mhin-mhal'
 An gleannan rimheach na cuaich,
 No 'n doire fasgach na smeòraich,
 Gabhail sòlais air chuairt;
 Cha mhalairtin m' éibhneas
 O bhi ga h-eugmhais càr uair,
 Air son stòras fhir-stàta,
 Dh'aindeoin airdean an uail.
Seinn éibhinn, &c.

Ge bu rìgh mi air Albainn,
 Le cuid airgeid a's spréidh
 B'e mo raghaire mo mhin-mhal',
 Thar gach ribhinn dhomh fein,
 Cha bu shuaimhneas gu bàs domh
 'N aon àite fo 'u ghréin,
 'S mi as eugmhais do mhàrain,
 Gus mo thearnadh o bhead.
Seinn éibhinn, &c.

Ach mosg'leam tharais a mì-ghean,
S cuiream dìth air mo ghruaim,
Beò nì's faide cha bhì mi
Gun mo mhìn-mhala shùaire!
Oig mhìn beir mo shoraidh
Leat na choirean so shuas,
Seinn mo rùin ann sa' ghleannan.
'S tuigidh 'n cailin e bhuat.

Seinn eibhinn, &c.

CUACHAG NAN CRAOBH.*

CUACHAG nan craobh, nach trua'leat me chaòl'
'G òsnaich ri òidhech' chéothar—
Shiubhlainn le'm' ghaol, fo dhubhar nan craobh,
Gu'n duin' air an t-saoghal fheòraich,
'Thogainn ri gaoith am monadh an fhraoich,
Mo leabaich ri taobh dòrain—
Do chrùtha geal caomh sìnte ri m' thaobh,
'S mise ga'd chaoin phògadh.

Chunna' mi féin aisling, 's cha bhreug,
Dh-fhag sìn mo chré brònach,
Fear mar ri tè, a pògdh a beul,
A brìodal an deigh pòsaidh,
Dh'ùraich mo mhian, dh'ath'rich mo chiall,
Ghul mi gu dian, dòimeach,
Gach cuise agus féith, o iochdar mo chleibh
Thug iad gu leum co'-lath!

Ort tha mo gheall, chaill mi mo chomh,
Tha mi fo thròm chreuchdan,
Dh'aisigeadh t-fhonn slainte do'm chom,
Dhiuchdadh air lom m' éibhneas,
Thiginn ad dhàil, chuirinn ort fàilt',
Bhithinn a ghraidh réidh riut—
M'ulaidh 's mo mhian, m' aighear 's mo chiall,
'S ainm air fiamh gréin' thu!

* The poet, crossed in love, suffered such poignancy of grief that it ultimately brought on a consumption and he was for sometime bed-ridden. On a fine evening in May, he rose and walked out through the woods to indulge his melancholy alone.—Arriving at a large tree, he threw himself on the green sward beneath its branches, and was not long in his sequestered sylvan situation ere the cuckoo began to carol above him.—“The son of song and sorrow” immediately tunes his lyre, and sings an address to the feathered vocalist.—He pours out his complaints before the shy bird, and solicits its sympathies.—Had Burns been a Gaelic Scholar, we should have no hesitation in accusing him of plagiarism when he sung:—

“How can ye chaunt, ye little birds
While I'm so wae an' fu' o' care?”

But Ross embodies finer feelings and sentiments into his fugitive pieces than even the bard of Colla.

Thuit mi le d'ghàth, mhill thu mo ràth,
Strìochd mi le neart dòrain
Saighdean do ghaoil sàit' anns gach taobh,
'Thug dhiom gach caoin co'-lath,
Mhill thu mo mhais, ghoid thu mo dhreach,
'S mheudaich thu gal bròin domh;
'S mar fuasgail thu trà, le t-fhurann 's le t-fhàilt'
'S cuideachd ann bàs dhomh-sa!

'S cama-lubach t-fhàlt, fanna-bhui' nan cleachd
'S fabhrad nan rùsg àluinn;
Gruaidhean mar chaor, brèilleach mar aol,
Anail mar ghaeth gairaidh—
Gus an cuir iad mi steach, an caol-taigh nan leac
Bidh mi fo neart cràidh dheth,
Le smaointinn do chleas, 's do shùgradh ma seach,
Fo dhuilleach nam preas blàth'or.

'S millis do bheul, 's comhann do dheud,
Suilean air lidh àirneig,
'Ghùlaineadh bréid, uallach gu feill,
'S nasal an reull àluinn—
'Strua' gun an t-éud tha'n uachdar mo chleibh,
Gad bhuaidh-s' an ceud àite—
Na faighinn thu réidh pèsd' an chléir
B'fhasa dhomh-féin tearnach.

'S tu 'n ainm tha grunn, m'leanta, binu,
Le d' cheileir a sinn òran,
'S e bhì na do dhàil a dh'òidheche sa là,
Thoilicheadh càil m' òige:
Gur gile do bhian na sneachd air an fhiar,
'S na canach air sliabh moitich,
Nan deanadh tu rùin tarraim rium dlà'
Dheanainn gach tìrs' fhògar.

Càrair gu réidh clach agus cré
Ma'm leabaidh-s' a bhàr t-uaisle—
'S fada mi 'n éis a feitheamh ort féin
'S nach togair thu ghéug suas leam,
Na b'thus a bhiodh tinn, dheanainn-sa luim,
Mas biodh tu fo chuing truaighe,
Ach 's goirid an dàil gu'm faicear an là,
'M bi pràsgan a' trà'l m'uaigh-sa!

Mallachd an tùs, aig a mhnai-ghlùin',
Nach d' adhlac sa chùil beò mi!
Mu'n d' fhuair mi ort iùil ainm d'heas ùr,
'S nach dèirg thu fù pòg domh,
Tinn gu'n bhì slàn, dùisg' as mo phràmh,
Cuimhneachadh d'ann pòsaidh
Mo bheannachd ad dheigh, cheannaich thu-fein,
Le d' leannanachd gle òg mi.

ORAN EADAR AM BARD,

AGUS CAILLEACH-MHILLEADH-NAN-DAN.

AM BARD.

Ach gur mise tha duilich,
 'S mi gu muldach truagh,
 Cha'n urra' mi aireamh
 Mar a tha mi 's gach uair,
 Gu'm beil dòrain mo chridhe,
 Dha mo ruighinn cho crùaidh,
 Leis a' chion 'thug mi'n ribhinn,
 O nach dirich mi suas.

A' CHAILLEACH.

Tosd a shladaí, 's dean firinn,
 'S na bi 'g inusea' nam bréug,
 Cha chreid mi bhuaat fathasd,
 Nach eil da'ich do sgéul,
 Ma tha i cho maiseach,
 'S cho pailt ann an ceill,
 'S uach urra' mi t-aicheadh,
 Bheir mi barr dh'i thar chéud.

Ma's i ribhinn do leannan,
 Faire ! faire ! *brabhoé* !
 Cha bhi t-onoir gun anabharr ;
Your servant, my Lord,
 Mar a foghainn leat gruagach,
 Ach te uasal le sròl,
 Gus an faic mi do bhanais,
 Cha chan mi ni's mò.

AM BARD.

Tha mo leannan ni's àilte,
 Na tha sa'n Roinn-eòrp,
 Gur gile, a's gur glain' i
 Na canach an fheòir

* The woman here introduced as a hypereritic in song was a particular friend of the poet.—Ross began, in her presence, to sing the praises of "the girl of his affections" and his own certainty of a premature grave in consequence of her refusal of him.—The old wife heard the first stanza, and by way of episode or running commentary, endeavours to cure him of his passion.—She thus continues her intervening remarks to the end of his ditty.—The poet was so struck with the shrewdness and point of her episodes that he immediately versified them.—The song, therefore, comes before us in the shape of a duet—the woman, however, singing two stanzas for the poet's one.—Ross does every thing as he should—he well knew the garrulousness of women, and their privilege to have the last word in every controversy !

Gur binne na chlàrsach
 Leam àbbachd a beoil,
 Aig a mhiad s' thug mi ghaol d'i,
 Cha 'n fhaod mi bhi beò !

A' CHAILLEACH.

'S tu d' fhosgail thar chòir e,
 'S nach sòradh a bhreug,
 'S a liughad gnùis rò-ghlan
 'S an Roinn-eorpa gu leir,
 Ma's a sambladh dh'i 'n canach,
 Cha'n' aithne dhomh fheum ;
 Ma's e 'gaol a bheir triall ort,
 Deagh bhliadhn' as do dhéigh.

Ma's a binne na chlàrsach
 Leat àbbachd a beoil,
 Gur neònach nach cuala' sinn
 Luaidh air a ceòl ;
 Mar a h-ealaith os 'n ìosal
 Ann an diombaicheachd mhòr,
 Ris an eireadh a chridhe,
 Gun ach tri-'ear ma còir.

AM BARD.

'S i mo Leannan an 'eucag
 Air na ceudan thug barr,
 Gnùis shoillear, caol-mhala',
 Suil thairis, ghorm, thlà,
 Beul nàin mar an t-shirist
 O' millis thig fàilt',
 Gruaidh dhearg mar na caoran,
 Sud aogais mo ghraidh.

A' CHAILLEACH.

Mar b'e iteach na *Pecaig*,
 Cha bhiod spéis dh'i no diù
 Cha'n 'eil math innt' no dolaidh
 Mar a toilleich i 'n t-sùil
 Chuir a h-ionan, sa casan,
 Mi-dhreac air a mùirn,
 Ge d' tha spailp as a h-éideadh,
 Gur eun i nach fiù.

Gnùis shoillear, caol-mhala',
 Suil thairis, ghorm, thlà,
 Ge d' tha taitneachdain seal annt,
 Cha mhair iad ach gearr,
 Iatbaidh bilibh dearg, daite,
 Teangaidh sgàiteach, lom, ghearrt',
 'S mar tha seirce nan gruaidhean,
 Cha bhuain' iad na càch !

BRUGHAICHEAN GHLINN'-BRAON.

LUINNEAG.

*Beir mo shoraidh le dùrachd,
Do rìbhinn nan dlù-chiabh.
Ris an tric bha mi sìgradh,
Ann am Brughaichean Ghlinne-Braon.*

Gur e mis' tha gu cianail,
'S mi cho fad bhuat am bliadhna,
Tha lunn-dubh air mo shiarradh,
'S mi ri iargain do ghaoil.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha 'n fhead mi bhi subhach,
Gur he 's héus dùmh bhi dubhach,
Cha dirich mi brughach,
Chaidh mo shiubhal an laoid
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Chaidh m' astar a maillead,
O nach faic mi mo leannan,
'S ann a chleachd mi bhi mar riut,
Ann an gleannan a chaoil.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Ann a choill' am bi smùdan
'S e gu binn a seinn ciùil duinn,
Cuach a's smeòrach 'g ar dùsgadh,
A cuir na smùid diù le faoil'.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

'S tric a bha mi 's tu mìreadh,
Agus càch ga n-ar sìreadh,
Gu 's bu dèbhuach linn pilleadh,
Gu lunn nan laogh,
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Sinn air fàireadh na tulaich,
'S mo lann thar do mhuineal,
Sinn ag risdeachd nan luinneag,
Bhiodh a' mullach nan craobh.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Tha mise 'ga ràite,
'S cha 'n urra mi aicheadh,—
Gur iomadaich sàr
Thig air airidh nach saol.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Gur mis' tha sa' champar,
S mi fo chùis anns an am so,
Ann am prìosan na *Frainge*,
Fo ain-neart gach ann.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Ann an seòmraichean glaiste,
Gun cheòl, no gun inhaenas,
Gun ordugh a Sasuinn,
Mu thoirt dhathaigh gu saor.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha b'ionnan sud agus m' àbhaist.
A siubhal nam fàsach,
'S a dìreadh nan àrd-bheann,
Gabhail fàth air na laoidh.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

A siubhal nan stùc-bheann,
Le mo ghunna nach diultadh;
'S le mo phlasgaichean fùdair,
Air mo ghùn anns an fhraoch
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

ORAN CUMHAIDH.

[A rìa am bàrd an 'nuair a chual e gu'n phòs a leannan
(Mor Ros) air dh'i dhol dhachaigh do Shasuinn maille
ri còmpanach.]

AIR Fonn—"Robai dona gòrach."

GE fada na mo thanh mi
Tha 'n damhair dhomh dùsgadh,
Cia fàth ma'n thriall mo mhàran,
'S gum b' àbhaist dhomh sìgradh?
Carson a bhithinn brònach?
Ma'n b'igh 's gun a diù dhomh,
Ge'd ghlac i 'n luib a gràidh mi,
Le amhaitean *Chupid*.

Gach fear a bhios a feoraich,
Mar leonadh le gaol mi,
Tha raghaibh sud do'n tuathdaidh,
On 's dual da bhi smaointinn:
Cha 'n aidich mi ach fòil e,
'S cha mhò ni mi saoradh
Thig m' ùr-sgeul bho *Apollo*,
Mar sheolas na *Naoinear*.

Ach sud mar sheinneadh Cormaic,*
'S e dearmad a cheud ghaoil,

* Tradition says that this Cormac, whom the Bard mentions so often in the above song, was an Irish Harper, who came to Scotland and visited several of the Highland Chiefs. He at length went to the family of Macleod of Lewis, and served him for several years as a Harper. Having fallen in love with Macleod's eldest daughter, he

'S e gabhail cruith da iunnsaidh
Le inneal ciùil da gléusadh,
On chuir finne 'n diù-chall,
Mo shùgradh 's mo bheusan,
Gu'm bath mi'n guth an òrghain,
Le toraghan mo spéis dh'ì.

'Nuair dh'éirich Caillean Cormaic
Air chorra-ghleus gu fàrsan,
Gu'n d'fhebraich am fear òg
An e goraich a dh'fhas ann,
'S a liughad cailin beul-dhearg,
Cho béusach 's cho nàrach,
A's finne a th'air an fheill,
A tha feumach air màran.

'Nuair chual' am Macan-baath sin,
'S a ghaol bhí do-mhàchte.
'S e smaintich e gu thearbadh,
Bhí falbh as a dhùthaich
Ach nachdair na h-aobhair,
'S e 'n caoin ruith le tùrsa,
Gun ghlaic e cruith a's sheinn e,
Le binn-cheòl as àr e.

Bha feiteach air an an òrghan,
Aig Cormaic ri ard-cheol,
Mas biodh an fhuine 'n nachdar,
Air duan na fuaime clàrsaich,
Ach cha d' fhuair mise seul
Ann am Beurla na Gàellig,
A dh'innseadh dhomh mar d'fhaodainn
An gaol ud a smàladh.

O! teirmeasg air a ghaol sin,
Nach faodainn a theigsinn,
A's gur h-é chuir a laoid mi
Bhí smaintinn bean t-éigais,

resolved, on the first opportunity, to fly with her to Ireland. One night, after supper, Cormac tuned his harp, and played a tune of the name of "*Deuchain-ghleust*" *Mhic-O'Chormaic*," which had the power to lull all to sleep who were within hearing of it. By this magic music the whole of Macleod's household fell into a deep slumber. Cormac then drew a large dagger, which he used to carry about him, called *Madug-achlais*, to cut Macleod's throat. As he was drawing near the chief with his knife, Macleod's eldest son came in, after returning from his daily mountain sports, and seeing Cormac approaching his father with such a dreadful weapon, exclaimed—"Cormac! Cormac! what do you intend to do—are you mad?" Cormac replied, "Mad, my young man! think you so? I am not; but I have a regard for your fair sister, whom I am resolved to take with me to Ireland; and as your aged father will not gratify my desire, I must sever his head from his body and clear my way." On hearing this, the youth replied, "You had better not, as you may get your choice of a thousand virgins in Scotland, much fairer than my sister, without committing so cruel a deed." Cormac said, "You speak truly, my young man; hand me my lyre, that I may banish the virgin's love with the sound of my harp." The Bard uses this history as a text to the above song, where he complains that Cormac, with the melody of his harp, had cured his love, while a remedy for his own was never to be found.

'S 'n teirc a bha 'n ad ghnùis-ghil,
A lub mi gu eugail,
'S nach deann Lighich' slàn mi,
Och! b'fhearr gum b'e 'n t-éig e.

Is ciomach ann do ghaol mi
Ri smaintinn bean t-aillteachd,
Cha chadal anns an òidheib' dhomh,
'S cha 'n fhois anns 'an là dhomh,
Cha n' fhaicas ri mo ré,
'S cha 'n fhaigh mi sgeul gu bràth air
Ni b'aunsa' na bhí réith 's tu,
A gheug nam bàs bàna.

Gur binne leam do chòmhgradh
Na smealach nan geugan,
Na cuach sa mhadainn Mhàighe,
'S na clàrsach na'n teudan,
Na'n t-Easpuig air la Dòmhnach
'S a mòr-shluagh 'ga cisdeachd,
Na ge do chunnte stòras
Na h-Eorpa gu léir dhomh.

C'arson nach d' rugadh dall mi,
Gun chainnt no gun leirsinn?
Mas facas t-aghaidh bhàindil,
Rinn ainnleas nan ceudan,
O'n chunna' mi air thùs thu,
Bu chliùteach do bheusan,
Cha n' fhasa' leam nam bàs
A bhí lathair as t-éugmhaiss!

Ach 's truagh! gu'm beil do ràn-sa,
Cho dùr dha mo leamhuinn,
'S mo chridhe steach 'ga ghiulan,
A h-uile taobh dha falbh mi,
An cadal domh na dàsgadh
A sùgradh no seanachas,
Tha sud da m' ruagadh daonnan,
'S mi sgaoile gun tearmann!

Ach fagaidh mi mo dhuthaich
Gu 'n diùch-naich mi pairt dheth,
Ro-mheud sa thug mi rùn
Dha do chul buidhe, faineach,
Air triall dhomh thar m' éolas
A dh'ain-deoin mo chàirdean
Tha saighead air mo ghiùlan,
A lùbas gu làr mi!

'S a nise bho'n a thriall thu,
'S nach b' fhiach leat mo mhàran,
A chionn 's nach robh mi stòrasach,
Mòr ann an stàta,
Ach sud ge d'robh da 'm dhì-sa.
Cha 'n islich mi pairtean,
Tha m' aigne torrach, fìor-ghlan,
Nach diobair gu bràth mi.

Ach mu's a triall gun dail dut,
 Gu aite nam mor-sheol,
 Gu'n fhuireach ri do chairdean,
 Do dhàimh, no luchd t-eòlais,
 Biodh soirion air na spenran,
 Gun eiridh air mor-thonn,
 A dh' aiseageas le rèidh ghaoith
 Guu bheud thu gu seol-aìt

Mar sud bha ur-sgeul Chormaic
 Cho dearbhta sa' sheinn e,
 E-fein sa' chomunn òg
 'S iad gle bhronach ma thiuchcall,
 E gabhail cead le pòig dh'i,
 Gu'n chòmhradh gun impidh
 'S e dioladh guth an còdhail,
 Na h-òighe gu 'm pill e.

ORAN EILE,

AIR AN AOBBAR CHEUDNA.

Tha mise fo' mhalad sa'n àm
 Cha'n òlar leam dràm le suunt,
 Tha dùrrag air ghùr ann mo chàil
 A dh-fhiosraich do chàch mo rùin,
 Cha 'n faic mi 'dol seachad air sràid
 An cailin bu tlàithe sùil;
 'S e sin a leag m'aigneachd gu lár
 Mar dhuilleach bho bharr nan craobh.

A ghruagach is bach'liche cùl
 Tha mise ga t-inndran mòr,
 Ma thagh thu deagh àite dhut fein
 Mo bheannachd gach ré ga 'd' chòir:

Tha mise ri osnaich 'na d' dheigh,
 Mar ghaisgeach an déis a le'n;
 Na laidhe san àraich gun fheum
 'S nach teid anns an t-srúp ni's mō!

'S d' fhag mi mar iudmhail air tréud,
 Mar fhear nach toir spéis do mhnàoi,
 Do thuras thar chuan fo' bhreid,
 Thug bràs shileadh dhéur om shùil—
 B'fhearr nach mothaichinn fein
 Do mhaise, do cheill, 's do chliù,
 No suaireas milis do bheil
 'S binne no séis gach ciùil.

Gach anduin' a chluinneas mo chàs
 A cuir air mo nadur fiamh;—
 A cantain nach eil mi ach bàrd
 'S nach cinnich leam dàn is fiach—
 Mo sheanair ri pàigheadh a mhàil,
 'S m'athair ri màlaid riamh
 Chuireadh iad gearainn an crann,
 A's ghearain-sa rann ro' chiad.

'S fad a tha m' aigne fo ghruaim
 Cha' mhosgail mo chlàin ri ceòl,
 'M breislich mar ànrach a chuan
 Air bharrailh nan stuadh ri ceò.
 'S e iunndaran t-àbbachd bhuam
 A chaochail air snùadh mo neòil,
 Gun sùgradh, gun mhìre, gun naill,
 Gun chaithream, gun bhuadh, gun treòir!

Cha dhuigear leam calaidh air àill',
 Cha chuirear leam dàn air dòigh,
 Cha togar leam fonn air èlár
 Cha chluinnear leam gair nan òg.
 Cha dirich mi bealach nan àrd
 Le suigear mar bha mi'n tos,
 Ach triallam a chadal gu bràth
 Do thalla nam bàrd nach beò!

AILEAN DALL.

ALLAN M'DOUGALL, better known by the soubriquet of *Ailean Dall*, or blind Allan, was a native of Glencoe, in the county of Argyle. He was born about the year 1750, of poor but honest and industrious parents. When a young man, he was bound apprentice to a tailor, who, in conformity with the custom of the time and country, itinerated from farm to farm, "plying his needle" in every house where his services were required. The exursive nature of this occupation, accorded well with Allan's disposition—the house in which they wrought, was literally crammed every night with young and old, who passed the time in reciting old legends—tales of love, of war, of the chase—intermingled occasionally with songs and recitations of ancient poetry. Thus nurtured, Allan soon became famed for his fund of legendary lore. His mind became imbued with the yet lingering spirit of chivalry, which characterized his countrymen in former times. He heard the encomiums bestowed upon the *bards*, and his youthful breast felt the ardent flame of emulation. From the first stages of puerility, he was remarkable for his sallies of wit, and quickness of repartee—there was an *archness* about him, which indicated future eminence. It is said that as he was sitting one day cross-legged, sewing away at his seam, he retorted so keenly and waggishly on a fellow-apprentice, that the other, wincing under the lash, thrust his needle into Allan's eye;—in consequence of this, the assailed organ gradually melted away, and the other, as if by sympathy, wore off in the course of time. Thus, like Mœnides and Milton "wisdom at one entrance was clean shut out," from poor Allan. Nature, however, is an excellent compensator—we seldom find a man deprived of one faculty, who does not acquire others, in a pre-eminent degree. Such was the case with *Ailean Dall*. He possessed a lively imagination, an exursive fancy, and a retentive memory.

Incapacitated from pursuing his trade, he turned his attention to music, and soon acquired a tolerable knowledge of that science as a fiddler. But he never became eminent as a musician, and was chiefly employed at country weddings and raffles, and so earned a miserable pittance. About the year 1790, he removed with his family to Inverlochy, near Fort-William, where he was accommodated with a hovel and a small pendicle of land by Mr Stewart, who then held the salmon-fishing on the river Lochy, and the occupancy of an extensive farm. The change had materially bettered our bard's circumstances—his family did all necessary agricultural operations, and Allan's fiddle and muse were in ceaseless demand, and were occasionally successful in the realization of some little cash, or other remuneration.

We utterly repudiate the doctrine that hardships and indigence are, or can be fertile in the productions of genius ;—difficulties may spur to invention, but it is ease and comfort that can yield time and temper to give a polish to literary or poetic productions. The former may let off the whizzing squib of momentary excitation—it is the latter that can light up the bright-burning and pellucid torch of genius. During his stay at Inverlochry, he composed the most of his songs—his fame spread, and his reputation as a poet became ultimately stamped. His style is fine—his manner taking—his subject popular—and his selection of airs exceedingly happy. But while we are prepared to give our author a respectable position among the minstrels of our country, we are by no means disposed to place him in the first class.

Induced by the popularity his poems had acquired, Allan bethought him of preparing them for publication ;—and with this view, he consulted the late Mr Ewan M'Lachlan, of the Grammar School, Aberdeen, who was then employed as a tutor in the neighbourhood. Mr M'Lachlan, himself an assiduous votary of the muse, entered with his characteristic zeal and enthusiasm into the poet's prospects. He took down our author's compositions in manuscript, and as they would not of themselves swell even into a respectably sized volume, the amanuensis added a few of his own productions, together with several other select pieces. The volume thus "got up" soon became exceedingly popular—especially in that part of the country : to say that it possessed merit, is saying too little—but there were one or two obscene pieces which we would like, for the sake of moral purity, had been omitted.

Shortly after the appearance of his poems in a collected form, the far-famed Colonel Ronaldson M'Donald of Glengary, took Allan under his patronage, and gave him a comfortable cottage and croft near his own residence. And now might the palmy days of our minstrel be said to have commenced—he occupied the proud and enviable position of family-bard to the most famed *Ceann-taighe* in the Highlands. He laid aside his blue, home-made great-coat, and *hat*, and was equipped in habiliments suited to his newly acquired rank. Never was there a more marvellous transition outwardly ; and we venture to presume that the buoyancy of his feelings kept pace with his improved exterior. Allan now appeared in Glengary's retinue, clad in tartan trews, plaid, belt and bonnet, on all festival days and occasions of public demonstration. His minstrelsy tended to enliven the scene, and to inspire the party with the almost dormant chivalric spirit of their country. His panegyrics on Glengary were elaborate and incessant ; and, as poets like other mortals, must have some slight ingredient of selfishness about them, if our author stepped beyond the bounds of propriety or truth in this respect, he has his equal in Robert Southey, the poet-laureate—and this we should think sufficient apology ! He annually accompanied his patron to the gymnastic games at Fort-William ; and various anecdotes of his ready wit are related by the people of that place. He previously composed appropriate songs for these exhibitions, and sung them at the games, as if they had been strung together on the spur of the moment—always making sure of having his lyre tuned by two or three copious draughts, not of *Helicon*, but of *Benevis* ! On one occasion, after the sports of the day were over, Glengary having seen Allan quaff his third

shell, stepped forward and said—"Now, Allan, I will give you the best cow on my estate, if you sing the proceedings of this day, without mentioning my name!" The bard adroitly and at once replied:—

"Dheanainn latha gun ghrian,
A's muir bhian gun 'bhi sailt,
Mu'n gabhainn do na Gàidheil dàn,
Gun fhear mo ghràidh 'n aird mo mainn!"

i. e. I would sooner create daylight without a sun, and call into being a sea of fresh water, before I would celebrate a gathering of Highlanders, without Glengarry figuring the first in my verse.

But although Allan became Glengarry's family bard, he did not give up composing pieces of general interest—and quite detached from the connexions of his proper calling. Indeed many of his productions while with the "proud chieftain," are, if any thing, better and more popular than his first. In the year 1828, he travelled the counties of Argyle, Ross, and Inverness, taking subscriptions for a new and enlarged edition of his works; and on procuring 1000 names, he went to press in 1829. But alas! the book was only in progress, when the cold finger of death silenced his harp for ever. He died much regretted, and was interred in the burying-ground of Kilfianan.

In personal appearance, Allan M'Dougall was thin and slender, and somewhat diminutive in size. He commonly wore a black fillet over his eyes. He was seldom out of humour, and very rarely nursed his wrath so long as to lead him to indulge in satire. He was amongst the family bards what Ossian was among the Fingalians—"the last of the race."

ORAN DO MHAC-'IC-ALASDAIR GHLINNE-GARAIDH.

AIR FOKN—"Cuir a nall duinn am botal."

LUINNEAG.

*Faigh a nuas dhuinn am botal,
'S theid an deoch so nu 'n cuairt,
Lion burrach an copan,
Cum socrach a cluach;
Tosda Choirneil na fèile
Leis an eireadh gach buaidh,
Oighre Chnoideart a bhurraich,
'S Ghlinn-garaidh blo thuath.*

THIC ort measair a's adhare,
Agus taghadh nan arm,
Le d' mhiol-choin air lomhainn,
'S iad romhad a' falbh:

'Nuair theid thu do 'n mhonadh,
Bidh fuil air damh dearg;
Cas a shiubhal an fhirich,
Leat 'chinneadh an t-sealg.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S tu marbhaich' a choilich,
'S moch a ghoireas air chrann,
Bhuic bhioraich an t-sèilich
Agus eilid nam beamn:
'S tric a leag thu na luath's
A chaol-ruaghag 's a mliang,
Nuair a ruigeadh do luaidhe
Cha ghluaisleadh iad eang.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S tu namhaid na h-eala,
Lamb a mhealladh a gheoidh ;
B' fhearr leat 'fhaicinn 's an adhar,
Na na laidhe air lòn,
Air iteig ga chaitheamb,
'S luaidhe neimh' air a thoir
Bho ghunna beoil chumpaich.
'S cha bhiodh ùin' aige beò.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Lean do chruadal, 's do ghaisge,
'S am fasan bu dual
A bhi colgarra, cosant'
Gu brosnachadh sluaigh :
Gu h-armailteach, treubhach,
Gu geur lannach, cruaidh ;
'S tu shliochd nam fear treuna,
Nach geilleadh 's an ruaig,
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tha 'n naidheachd so fìor
Aig luchd innse nan duan,
Oir sgeul e ro chiunteach,
Air do shìmsir bha buaidh ;
Nach do dhìbir an deas-lamb,
Ach seasamh 's gach nair,
'S i bhuidhneadh a chis
Ri uchd strithe le fuaim.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Ghabh thu tlachd a's deagh-cheutaidh,
Do 'n bheus a bh' aig càch,
Luchd bhreacan an fheilidh
A dh' eireadh a' d phairt :
Toirm fheadan ga 'n gleusadh,
Leat is eibhinn an gair',
Mar ri binneas nan teud,
'S a bhi g' eisdeachd nam bàrd.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tog suas an crann dìreach,
'S brat rimheach gun sgàth,
Le cularaibh rioghail
A dh' innseas co iad ;
'S cha 'n òb do chuid gillean
Dol an iomairt na spàirn,
'S tu fein air an toiseach
A toirt mosglaidh da 'n càil.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tog colg ort, fhir ghasa,
Bi gaisgeil 's gu 'm faod ;
Thig marcaich, a's coisichean
Ort as gach taobh ;
A sheasamh do chòrach,
Clann-Domhnuill an fhraoich ;

Thig do chinneadh a d' chomhmadh,
A chraobh chòmhraig nan laoch !
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tha fir chalma ro fheairil,
Ann a 'd fhearannaibh fein,
Eadar Cnoideart 's Gleanu-Garadh,
'Theid barraicht' air ghleus :
'Chuireas cul air an naimhdean ;
Tha 'n ceannard ga 'n reir :
'S cha ghabh thu bhi ceannsaicht'
Le Ghraunnaich Shrath-Spé.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S leat cairdeas, le dùrachd
Fir ùr Inse-Gall,
Nach gabh giorag na mùiseag,
'N àm rusgadh nan laun ;
Na 'n cluinneadh iad strì riut,
Bhiodh mìltean dìubh 'nall ;
Mu 'n leigeadh iad cùs ort
'S iad a dhùbhladh do rànc.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Thig a d' choinneamh le farum
Buidhean bhras nan arm cruaidh
A bhuailleadh na buillean
'S a chuireadh an ruaig
'Bha gu h-ardanach, reachdmhor,
Gu feachd a dol suas
Bho Cheapaich nan craobh,
'Dh-fhag na glaoidh 's a Mhaol-ruaidh,
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Bho Chomhann nam bradan,
Is gasd' thig fo thrìall,
Clann Iain gun ghealltachd,
Bha 'neart-san leat riamh,
Le 'n airm an deagh ordugh,
Luchd a leonadh nam fiadh,
'S a dheanadh an tolladh
Mu 'n cromadh a ghrain.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Co 'thàirneadh riut riobadh
Nuair 'thig namheil bhua ?
Iarl' Antrum á Eirinn
Leis an eireadh na sluaigh ;
Mac-'Ic-Ailein nan geur lann,
Dheanadh euchd air a chuan,
Aig amheil na fir ghleusda
'Dhol a reubadh nan stuadh.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Thig iad sìd ort le dùthchas
Bho thùr nan clach réidh,
Braithrean Dhomhnuill, Cloinn-Dhùgbaill,
Marcaich shunntach nan stéud :

Clann an t-Shaoir bho thaobh Chruachainn,
Bha crualalach tréun ;
Ge d chaill iad a chòir
'Bh' aigan seòrs' ann an Sléibht',
Faigh a nuas, &c.

ORAN DO NA CIOBAIREAN

GALLDA.

THAINIG oirnn do dh-Albainn crois,
Tha daoine bochd nochdte ris,
Gnn bhiadh, gun aodach, gun chluain ;
Tha 'n Airde-tuath an deigh' a sgrìos :
Cha 'n fhaicear ach caoirich a's nain,
Goill mu 'n cuairt dhaibh air gach slìos ;
Tha gach fearann air dol fàs,
Na Gàcil 's an cinu fo fhliodh,

Cha 'n fhaicear crodh-laoigh air gleann,
No eich, ach gann, a' dol an èill ;
'S ann do 'n fhaisinneachd a bh' ann
Gun reachadh an crann bho fheum :
Chaidh na sealgairean fo gheall,
'S tha gach cuilbheir cam, gun ghleus ;
Cha mharbhar maoiseach no meann,
'S dh-fhuadaich sgrìachail Ghall na feidh.

Cha 'n 'eil àbhaich feadh nam beann,
Chaidh giomanaich teann fo smachd :
Tha fear na crìce air chall,
Chaidh gach eilid a's mang as :
Cha 'n fhaighear rungh-bhoc nan allt,
Le cù seang ga chur gu srath ;
An eirig gach cuis a bh' ann,
Fendaireachd nan Gall 's gach glaic.

Cha chluinnear geun ann am buaille,
Chaidh an crodh-guaillionn á suim ;
Cha 'n eisdear luinneag no duanag,
Bleodhan mairt aig gruagach dhuinn :—
Bho 'n chaidh ar cuallach an tainead,
'S tric a tha padhadh g' ar claidh,
N àite nan cairdean a bh' againn,
Linseach ghlas am bun gach toim !

Mar gun tuiteadh iad fo 'n chraoidh,
Cnuimhan caoich 'dol aog sa bharrach ;
'S ann mar sid a tha seann daoine,
'S clann bheag a-bogais bainne ;
Thilgeadh iad gu lomall cùirte,
Bho 'n dìthchas a bh' aig an seanair ;
B' thearr leinn gun tigeadh na Frangaich
A thoirt nan ceann deth na Gallaibh.

Dh-fhalbh gach pòsadh, threig gach bana's—
Sguir an luchd-ealaidh bhì seinn ;
Chuala sibhse tric ga aithris,
“ Caidseirean a teachd air cléibh ;”
'S ionnan sid 's mar thachair dhomh-sa,
Cha dean iad m' fheòraich air feill,
Far am b' àbhaist dhomh bhì mùirneach,
'S fearr leo cù ga chuir ri spréidh.

Gach aon fhear ' fhuair lamh-an-uachdar,
Dh-fhogair iad uatha gach neach
A reachadh ri aghaidh cruidail,
Na 'n tigeadh an roaig le neart :
Na 'n eireadh cogadh 'san rioghachd,
Bhiodh na ciobairean na 'n aire ;
'S e sid an sgeula bu bhinn linn,
Bhì ga 'n cuir gu dìth air fad !!

Eiridh iad moch la sàbaid,
'S tachraidh iad ri càch-a-chéill',
'S nuair a shìneas iad air stòrì,
'S ann g' an còmhraidh, tigh'n' air feur,
Gach fear a faoighneachd ri nàbuidh,
“ Cia mar sin a dh' fhaig thu 'n treud ?
Cìod i phris a rinn na muilt ?
No 'n do chuir thu iad gu féill ?”

“ Cha 'n aobhar talaich am bliadhn' e,
Rinn iad a sia-diag a's còrr ;
Ma tha thus' ag iarraidh fios air,
Cheannaich mi 'mhìn leis a chloimh ;
Dh-fhalbh na crogaichean air dàil ;
'S ma ghleidheas mi 'n t-àlach òg,
Ge do gheibh an trian diù 'm bàs,
Nì mi 'màl air na bhios beo.”

'Nuair dhìreas fear dhiù ri beinn,
An àm dha eiridh gu moch,
Bh' dh' sgreid Ghallda 'm beul a chleibh,
'G eighneachd na deigh a chuid cou ;
Ceol nach b' èibhion linn, a sgairt ;
Braci na shac air a chorp '
E suainte na bhreacan glas ;
Ua' -mhialan na fhalt 's na dhos.

'Nuair thig e oirnn sa ghaoth,
'S mairg a bhios air taobh-an-fhasga,
Cha 'n fhaod fhailleadh a bhì caoin,
'S e giulan nam maodal dhachaigh ;
'S tric e ga fhoileadh 'sa ghaorr,
Sios bho chaol-druim gu ehasan,
'S ge be reachadh leis a dh' òl,
'S feudar dhaibh an sròn a chasadh.

Nuair shuidheas dìthis no trìùir
'S an taigh-òrd' an cùis 'bhì reidh,
Chìtear aig toiseach a bhùird,
Cìobair agus cù na dheidh ;

Bu choir a thilgeadh an cùil,
'S glùn a chur am beul a cheibh,
Iomain a mach thun an dùin,
'S gabhadh e gu smìradh fein.

S olc a chuideachd do chàch,
Neach nach àbhaist a bhì glan ;
Cha chompanach dhaoine 'is fiach
Fear le fhiacal a spòth chlach,
Ann an garrahuic air a ghluinean,
Le chraos ga 'n sùghadh a mach ;
'S ma leigean tu 'n deoch ri bheul,
Na dheaghaidh na fiach a blas,

Amach luchd chràgairt na h-òluinn,
Ma 's a h-àill leibh comunn ceart !
Druidibh orra suas a chòmhla,
'S na leigibh a sròn a steach :
Bho nach cluinnear aca 'sèirì,
Ach craicinn agus clòimh ga reic,
Cumtadh na h-almisr, 's gach uair
'Ceannach uan mu 'n teid am breith.

Suidhidh sinn mu bhòrd gu h-èibhinn,
Gu ceolach, teudach, gun smalan,
Caoimhneil, carrantach, ri chèile,
'S na biodh aon do 'n treud n' ar carabh ;
Olaibh deoch-slaime Mhic-Choinnich,
'S Chòirineil Ghlinne-Garaidh,
Chionn gur beag orra na caoirich,
'S luchd dhaorachaidh an fhearuin.

ORAN LEANNANACHD.

Na m faighinn gille r'a cheannach,
A bheireadh beannachd gu Màiri,
'S mo shoraidh le caoimhneas
A dh-fhios na maighdinn' a chraidh mi ;
Ga nach a tug mi dhut faoidhreach,
Ann am foill dhut cha d' fhàs mi ;
'S mar a math leam thu fallain,
Nar a mheal mi mo shlaime !

Nar a mheal mi mo chòta,
Mar h'e mo dheoin a bhì lamh riut,
'S a bhì briodal ri 'm leannan,
An seomar daingeann nan clàraidh,
An tuchair fhaotainn am' phòca,
S gun a tòir a bhì laimh ruinn,
'S mi gun deanadh do phògadh,
Gun fheòraich de m' chairdean.

Gun fheòraich do m' chairdean.
'S fada a dh'fhalbhuinn a d' choinnidh
Far an deanainn riut còbail,
Cha bhidhinn beo gun a cumail :
Tha mo dhuil ann sa mhaighdein
Nach treig do chaoimhneas mi uile ;
'S mar do chaochail thu àbhaist,
Gheibhinn t-fhàilt' agus t-fhurann.

'S e t-fhurann a leon mi
A dh' fhaig am bron so air m' aigneadh,
A thromaich m' inntinn fo' èislein,
Cha dean mi eiridh le graide :
Tha mo chridhe neo-shuuntach,
Tha mi bruite fo'm aisean,
Aig a mheud 's thug mi 'ghaol dut,
'S nach fhaod sinn ' bli tachairt.

Nach faod sinn 'bhi tachairt
An àite falaich no 'n uaigneas,
Far an deanainn riut beadradh,
A 's tacan cleasachd air uairean ;
Ach se lagaich mo mhisneach,
Nach faod mi tric 'bhi mu 'n cuairt dhut :
B' fhearr a phog na 'bhi falamh,
Mar a faigh mi do bhuannachd,

Cha 'n 'eil m' èibhneas air thalamh,
Mar a faigh mi thu 'Mhàiri !
Cha dual domh bhì fallain
Ma bhios mi fada mar tha mi :
Cha ghuidhinn mo ghalair
Do m' charaid no 'm nàmbaid ;
Chaidh acaid am chridhe,
'S cha dean lighichean stà dhomh !

Beul milis, dearg, daite,
Deud snaighte mar dhisnean,
Suil ghorm is glan sealladh
Fo 'n chaol mhal' aig an rìbhinn
Tha cul buidhe mar òr ort,
Is boidheche nan dìtbean ;
Blas na meal' air do phògan,
'S be mo dheoin bhì riut sinnte.

Ge d' chum mi falach an sgeula
Tha mi 'n deigh blo cheann grèis ort ;
Aig a mhiad 's thug mi ghaol dut
Tha m' aodunn air preasadh :
Dh-fhas glaise 'nam ghruaidhean,
'S bochd a bhuaidh th' air an t-sheir sin,
A chaochail mo shuagh dhìom,
Mar dhuine truagh 'thig à teasaich.

Mar dhuine truagh thig à teasaich,
A bhiodh fad ann am fàbhras,
'S ann a dh-fhas mi mar fhuathaich',
Cho cruaidh ris an iarunn ;

Ach bho thoiseach ar sinusridh,
 " 'S trì ni thig gun iarraidh,
 An gaol agus eagail,
 'S gun leith-sgeul an t-iadach."

DUANAG DO 'N UISGE-BHEATHA.

FONN.—"Tha'n oidhche tighinn a's mise leam fin."

Tha fàileadh gun fhòtas
 Bho 'chneas Mhic-an-Toisich,
 Chuireadh blàths' ann am pòraibh,
 Là reòt a's gaoth tuath.

*O! sid i'n deoch mhilis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn,
 Chuireadh blàths air gach eridhe,
 Ge do bhlithheadh iad fuar :
 O! sid i'n deoch mhilis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn.*

Bu taitneach an ceòl
 A bhi g' eisdeachd a chròuain,
 Ga leigeadh a stòp,
 A' cuir cròic air a chuaich.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

'S e gogail a choilich,
 Ga ghocadh rì gloine,
 Ceol iuntinneach, loinneil,
 A thoilleadh an duais ;
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

Ma chreidear mo sheanachas,
 Bu mhath leinn 'bhi sealg ort,
 Le h-urchair gun dearmad,
 Fras airgeid mu d' chluais.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

'Nuair chluimnte do ghluhan
 Ga tharruinn á buideal,
 Bu mhath le ar slugain
 Am fliuchadh gu luath.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

'S tu culaidh an damhsa
 Nuair thigeadh an geamhradh,
 A bheireadh air seann-dhuine
 'Cheann' thogail suas.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

Bu mhath thu air banais,
 Ga 'r cumail na 'r caithris,
 Nuair bhlithheadh luchd-ealaidh
 Rì caithream na 'r cluais.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

Be sid an stuth neartmhor,
 Dh-fhas misneachail, reachd-mhor,
 Nì saighdear do 'n ghealltair,
 Gu spealtadh nan cnuac.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

Sùgh brìgheil na thirne,
 Bho fheadan na pràise ;
 Tha sùioradail, laidir,
 An caileachd 's an snuagh.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

Ann an coinnidh, 's an codhail,
 Bheir daoine gu còmhraidh,
 'S binn luinneagan orain
 Mu bhord ga 'n cuir suas.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

Tha thu cleachdta 's gach dùthaich,
 N àm reiteachadh cumhant,
 Ma bhios sinn as t-ionnais,
 B'i'dh sùgradh fad bhuan.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

'Tha thu d' lighich' neo-thuisleach,
 A dh' fhiachas gach cuisle,
 Gun iarmailt no duslach,
 Air nach cuir thu ruaig.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

Gun eugail na fàilinn
 Tha 'n clannaibh nan Gàid,
 Nach toir thu gu slaint',
 Agus phaighear dhut dhuais.
O! sid i'n deoch, &c.

Nuair 'shuidheamaid socrach,
 'S e 'ghlaoilhte na bodaich,
 Cha b' ionnan 's am brochan,
 Thoir boslach dheth' nuas.

*O! sid i'n deoch, mhilis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn,
 Chuireadh blàths air gach eridhe,
 Ge do bhlithheadh iad fuar :
 O! sid i'n deoch mhilis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn.*

Note.—We have printed this song as we took it down
 from the poet's own recitation in 1828.

ORAN DO 'N MHISG.

AIR FÖNN—"An am dol sìos bhi dèdnach."

AN àm dhomh gluasad anns a mhadainn,
Cha 'n 'eil m' aigneadh sunntach,
'S e Mac-na-bracha 'rinn mo leagadh
Ann an leabaigh dhùinte ;
Mo chliabh na lasair, air a chasadh,
S airtneulach mo dhùsgadh,
'S e sud an gleachdair fhuair fo smachd mi,
'S dh' fhag e m' aisnean bruite.

Nuair a shuidh sinn san taigh-òsda,
Chaidh na stoip thar chuimtas,
Gu tric a tighinn, cha bu ruighinn,
Iad na 'n ruith a m' ionnsuidh,
Gun iarraidh dàlach a sìor phaigheadh
'G òl deoch-slaime 'Phrionusa ;
'S cha 'n iarraim fein a dh' aobhar ghàir',
Ach Ràonull a toirt cliù dhomh.

Nuair a ghluais mi gu tigh'nn dachaigh,
Lagadh a chion lùis mi,
Gun d' fhalbh mo neart gun leirsinn cheart,
Gu chaill mi 'm beachd bha m' shùilean ;
Feadh na h-oidhe 's mi gun suilleinn
Air mo shlaic 'san dùnan ;
Cha robh air chomas domh ach àrusg,
'S bha mo chairdean diùmbach.

'S leir dhomh 'n diugh gur mor an tàmailt
Càch a bhi ga m' ghiulan,
'S mi fein an duil gun robh mi laidir
Gus an d' fhag mo thùr mi ;
Ge do chair i 'n èis mo cholunn,
'S e mo sporan 'dhiubhail
Air guimh na misge 'shlaid gu fhios mi,
Mar tig gliocas ùr dhomh.

'S olc an ealaidh bhi ga leanailt,
'S airmideach an tùrn 'bhi
'Suidh' air bhord a glaochaich ùil,
'S mo phòcannan ga 'n tìomhadh,
A' sgapadh stòrais le meud-mhoir,
Ag iarraidh phòg 's na chillean ;
'S fad sa mhaireadh mo chuid òir,
Cha chuireadh ùdair eòl rium.

'S coir dhomh nise thoirt fos' near
An t-aithreachas a dhùbladh,
Mo bhoid gu gramail thoirt a'n Eala,
Dh' fbeuch an lean mo chliù rium ;

Cha teid deur a staigh fo m' dheudaich,
'S feudar tigh'n as iùnaid ;
Cha 'n fhaigh fear falamh seol air aran
Ach le fallas guise.

Labhair Raonull—" Na biodh sprochd ort,
'S theid mi nochd air t-ionnsuidh,
Gleidhidh mi dhut bean a's tochradh,
Cho coltach 's tha 's dùthaich ;
Ge do bhiodh tu gann de stoc,
Na faicear bechd do ghiulan ;
'S e'arson nach glaothamaid a'r botul
Ann an toiseach cùmhnant ?"

SMEORACH CHLOINN-DUGHAILL.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho-i, ri na, ho-ro, hù-o,
Ho-lìb ho-i na, i-ri, ù-o ;
'S smeòrach mise le Cloinn-Dùghaill
A seinn ciùil, an dluths' gach geige.*

CHA dean mi bròn an eòs falaich,
Tha seileir mo loin gun ainneis ;
Gheibh gach seòrsa seol air aran,
'S cha churam dhomhsa 'bhi falamh,
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Nuair a dh'èireas grian an earraich,
Diridh an ianlaith 's na crannaibh ;
Tha 'm beatha-san dian' air thalamh
Bho 'n laimh gus am bial, 's i ro mhath.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Gur a mise a smeòrach ghleannach,
Sheinninn ceol air bhàrr gach meangain ;
Ribheid ùr an siunnsair fallain,
'S math ma chàil, gun sàs air m' anail.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Madainn chéitein, 'n àm dhomh dùsgadh,
'Seinn gu h-éibhinn, eutrom, sìuhtlach ;
Dealt nan speur air gheugan cùraidh,
Grian ag éiridh, 's fear a' brùchdachd.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Ghineadh mi 's an tìr nach coimheach,
'S chaisginn m' iotadh le brìgh Chomhainn ;
Tobar ioc-shlaime nach reodhadh,
'G éiridh 'nìs bho 'n dilinn dhomhain
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Air taobh greine, gleann mo chridhe,
Far an robh éibhneas mo dhibhe;
Ge do bhiodh an t-eug a tighinn,
Bheireadh slainnt' do 'm chreubhsa rithist.

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S an tìr àigh do 'n gnà 'bhi cridheil,
Chaidh m' àrach gun fhaillinn bidhe,
Air nead sàbhailte gun snithe;
S gheibhinn blaths' air sgà Chloinn Iain.

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Tha mi nise measg Chloinn-Cham'roin,
Cinneadh mòr bha 'n seòrs ud ainmeil;
'N cath 's an còmhail, seòlta, calma;
'Dol gu còmhlag, stroiceach, marbhtach.

Ho-i, ri-na, &c.

'S piudhar mi do 'n ehuthaig shamhraidh,
Le 'm dheoin cha teid mi gu Galltachd;
Bho 'n is i Ghàellig is cainnt domh,
'Measg mo chàirdean tatar ann mi,

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Nuair theid fianlach feadh na coille,
Cruinnichidh ianlaith gach doire;
Thig gach ian gu nead le coilleig.

Stràbh ga shuimh am bial gach coillech.

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S ionnan sid 's mar dh'éireas dombsa;
Ma phiocas eàch mi le dòruinn,
Falbhaidh mis' "an riochd na smeòraich,"
'S theid mi 'm ghearan far an còr dhomb.

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Gu Dùn nan Clìar thriallainn dàna,
'Dhol fo sgiathaibh nan triath stàtail;
Ged nach eil Eoin Ciar a lathair,
'S maireann am fear liath a's Pàdruig.

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Dùn-olla nan tàireid arda,
Nam fear fuileach, builleach, stràcach,
'Sheasadh duineil luchd an cairdeis,
'Choisneadh urram ri uchd namhaid,

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S smeòrach mi bho chaisteal uaibhreach,
Nan steud prìseil, rìoghail, suairce,
Dream gun spid, bha 'n sinnsir nasal,
Bu mhor prìs ri linn Raon-Ruairidh.

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Dughallaich nan geur-lann aisneach,
Guineach, beamach, speiceach, sgaitheach,
Dol ri feum le treundas gaisgidh,
Garg 's a streup, 's bha 'n leas ri fhaicinn.

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha robh 'm Brusach na chuis fharmaid,
Ri fhuil cha chumadh iad earbsa,
Mu 'n do sgnir sibh, bha e searbh dha,
'S bu bheag leis a chuid de dh' Alba,

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Chuir sibh, Reibeart an cuil chumhainn,
Ghabh e gu fogradh car siubhail;
Cha robh dhaoine saor bho phuthar,
Fad 's a bha bhuir taobh-sa 'buidhinn.

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha b' iongnadh e 'ghabhail grain din,
'S tric a chuir iad cunnaert bais air;
Thug sibh uaithe 'sròl 's am braise,
'S tha sid an Dun-olla 'lathair.

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S i 'n t-sheann stòri tha mi gluasad,
'S naidheachd iur do 'n fhear nach cual i,
Sgeula fìor, ge fada bhuaithe,
Gun do sheas an linn ud cruadal.

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Buidheann gun fhiamh, nach d' iarr socair,
Rinn iad aon blar-diag a chosnadh;
Gus an tainig sgrìob na dosgainn,
Latha Dail-rìgh a mhi-fhortain.

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S e bu mhiannach leis a bhuidheann,
Bhi cur ard-raimh'chean fo 'n uidheam,
Seoladh ard air bharr nan sruithean,
Sgoltadh nam bàre le car shiubhal.

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Luchd a chaitheamh nan cuan borba,
'S muir a gairich ri b-aird stoirme;
Bheireadh iad gu aite soirbh i,
Dh' aindeoin barr nan sràc-thonn gorma.

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Fir mo ghaoil bho thaobh na tràghad,
Nach robh claon ri b-aodann gabhaidh,
Nach meataicheadh gaoin an t-sàile,
'Nuair a sgaoileadh iad a b-làch.

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha d' innis mi trian da 'r n' àbhaist,
'S tha mo mhuineal tioram tràisgte;
'S olaidh mi nis' bur deoch-slaime,
A shliochd a Cholla-Chathaich Spaintich.

Ho-i, ri na, &c.

TROD MNA-AN-TAIGHE RI FEAR,

AIR SON A BHI 'G OL AN DRAMA.

LATHA dhomh 's mi 'g òl an drama,
Còmhlaith ri oigearan glana,
Ge do bha mo bhean-sa banail,
'S sgainnealach a trod i rium.

*"O! teann a null, 's na tionndaidh rium,
Bho 'n 's e mo dhìumb a choisinn thu;
Fuirich sàmhach air mo chul-thaobh.
Sùgradh cha bhi nochd againn."*

Labhair ise 'sin na briathran:—
'Fasaidh tu d' shruthaire briagach,
S eagal leam nach pàidh thu t-fhiachan,
'S e do ghnìomh tha coltach ris.
O! teann a null, &c.

'Cha 'n fhuilig mi bonn a d' bheadradh
Air moch, no anamoch, no feasgar;
'S fearr leat comunn nan stòp beaga,
'S thoill thu leasan goirt' thoirt dhut.
O! teann a null, &c.

'Thug thu òg do cheannas-cinnidh
Do Mhac-an-Tòisich an gille;
'S bho na riun an t-bl do mhillleadh,
A d' mhire cha 'n 'eil toirt agam.
O! teann a null, &c.

'Cha 'n fharraid' thu 'm bithinn beo,
Nam faigheadh tu tombac' a's pòit,
Bhi sgapadh airgeid air gach bòrd,
'S cha 'n 'eil an seol ud fortanach.
O! teann a null, &c.

'S olc an an obair dhut bhi daonna
A tighinn dachaigh air an daoraich;
Cuiridh tu mise gu caoineadh,
'S dh' aognaich fear do choltais mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

'Tha thu gun leine, gun chota,
'S cha dean mise snàithn' ri d' bheo dhut;
Bho na dh' fhas thu d' dhuine ghrach
Chuir an t-bl bho chosnadh thu.
O! teann a null, &c.

'Tha thu gun bhriogais, gun fheileadh,
'S e air tolladh air do shleisnean;
S cia mar a ni mi dhut éideadh?
Chuir thu fein gu hochdainn mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

'Phèis mi thu dh' aindeoin mo chairdean,
Gun toil m' athar no mo mbàthar;
'S bho na ghabh mi nise gràin dhìot,
Falbh as fag a's droch-uair mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

'Phèis mi thu le deoin gun aindeoin,
'S bha thu seolt' air thì mo mheallaidh;
Bho na bha mi òg am amaid,
Rinn mi ceangal du-charach.
O! teann a null, &c.

'Ge do bheirinn spreidh a's earras
Do dh' fhear t-ìbhaist agus t-ealain,
Chosgadh tu e leis na galain;
Ailein! chaidh an ròsadh ort!
O! teann a null, &c.

'Ge nach robh mo chrodh air buaille,
Bhuininn do dh-fhior fhuil gun truailleadh;
'S na seallainn beagan mu 'n cuairt dhomh,
Cha d' fhuair thu mi socharach."
O! teann a null, &c.

E-SAN A' LABHAIRT

AIR A SHON FEIN

Eisp! a bhean, do d' ghearan uaibhreach,
'S fuirich sìobhalt ann a d' ghluasad,
S na bi maoidheadh ormsa t-uaisle,
Bho nach d' fhuair mi tochradh leat.

*O tionndaidh rium, a's deasaich rium,
'S a rùn! na bi ri moit orm,
'S teannaidh mise riut a null,
Le sugradh mar bu choltach dhuinn.*

'N cluinn thu mis', a bhean an taighe?
Eirich, 's theid mi leat a laidhe;
Smaoinich fein gun geill na mnathan,
'S gabhaidh iad le choiteach rud.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

A bhi trod rium cha 'n 'eil feum ann,
Cha chuis àbhachd dhuinn le cluic e:—
'Air beul duinne cha teid féichean."
'S e bhi réith is docha leinn.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

'S ge do dheanainn stòp a thràghadh,
Maille ri cuideachda chairdeil,
'S maing thu 'mhaoideadh orm gu bràch e,
Ged do phàidhinn crotag ris.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ge do dh' òlainn làn an taomain,
Thiginn dachaigh cridheil, gaolach;
'S cha bu chùis gu taigh a sgaoileadh,
Ge do ghlaodhainn botul dheth.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ge do labhair thu 's gach doigh rium,
Dh' aiudeon aon ri riamh a dhòl mi,
'S geal do churrachd, 's dubh do bhrogan,
'S dìonach, comhnard, socrach, iad.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ge do dh' fhanadh tu air t-eolas,
Gun tigh'n riamh a mall á Cnòideart,
Gheibhinn te le beagan stòrais,
Bhiodh cho boidheach coltas riut.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ach sin 'mair a labhair ise :—
"Smithich togail dhoit a nis",
Chàin thu thu fein, 's dhìt thu mise;
'S misd thu nach 'eil fòsadh ort."
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

GEARAN NA MNATHA AN

AGHAIDH A' FIR, AGUS IAD A FREAGAIRT A CHEILE.

FONN—" 'S muladach mi fhìn 's mo Dhòmhnall."

A' BHEAN,

'S cia mar dh-fhaodas mi bhi beo,
'S an duine breoite, truagh agam?
Tha e-san sean, agus mis' òg,
'S ann aig' tha 'n corr mar chuala mi:
Ge do laidheas mi 'ga chòir
Tha bhial 'sa shroin air fuarachadh,
'S gur mor a chulaidh ghraim a phog,
Le fhiasaig mhoir 'g a suathadh rium.

AM FEAR.

O! bhean, cha 'n 'eil do labhairt ceart,
Bha neart annam 'n uair fhuair thu mi;
Dheanainn mire, mùirn, a's macnus,
A's ghleachdainn ris na gruagaichean:

Sean-fhacal a dh-fhaodar innse,
Sgeula fìor a chualas e :—
"Cha lean an sìonnach air a shior-ruith,
'S bithidh e sgìth dheth uair-eigin."

A' BHEAN.

'S dona gbreis a mhair thu dhomhsa,
A's cha b'e 'm pòsadh buadhail e;
Dh-fhalbh do mbisneach, 's do threòir
An uair bu choir dhut cruadhachadh;
Ged bhiodh tu da-fhichead 's corr,
Cha b' aois ro mhor an tairmeachd sin;
'S gur lionmhor fear nach 'eil cho òg riut,
Chuireas pòr mar thuathanach.

AM FEAR.

Dheanainn cliathadh, 's chuirinn crann,
Na' faighinn earlaid luathaireach,
Agus cuideachadh ri bantairich,
'S gheibhinn taing, a's tuarasdail;
Ge do chaidh mi nis a prìs,
Bho 'n tha mi tinn air uaireanan;
Gu 'n robh mi roimhe 'm sgalaig ghriun,
'S bu mhor 'ga d' dhi na fhuair thu dhiom.

A' BHEAN.

'S a h-uile càs an robh thu riamh,
Bha teang' ad bhial a dh'fhuasgladh ort;
Na'n creideadh gach neach do sgiala,
Dhianadh tu na cruachan domh;
Ach caite fàca sinn do ghnìomh,
Nam fiachta ris an rùmhar thu?
Bha do dhruim 's do lamh cho diomhainn,
Sid an gionh a fhuair mi dhut.

AM FEAR.

O! bhean, nach labhair thu gu foil,
Cha 'n 'eil do chomhradh buannachdach;
'S ma thionndas tu rium a choir,
Bheir mise 'n corr nach fhuair thu dhut;
Glacaidh mi sìiste 'ann am dhòrn,
'S air ùrlar comhnard buailidh mi,
Bho airde na sparra nuas gu lar,
'S cha 'n fhag mi grainn air 'sguaib agad.

BHEAN.

'S na 'n togadh tu ort a chroit sin,
Choinneadh tu do dhuais orm;
Cha chluinnte gu bràch mis' 'g osnaich,
A's nochdainnse mo shuairceas dhut;
Chuirinn an t-im ann sa bhrochan,
A's chumainn deoch an uachdar riut;
'S cbaidleamaid gu sàmhach socrach
'S cha bhiodh sprochd no gruaim orm.

AM FEAR.

Shaoil mi bhean gu 'n robh thu bàindi,
 A's nach biodh sannt gu tuasaid ort:
 Ge do dh-fbasainse cho fann,
 'S nach tionndainn air do chluasaig riut;
 Air leam fein nach eil thu 'n call,
 'S do chlann a chuir ri ghuailibh dhut;
 'S ma dh-fhas thu guindeach nad' cheann,
 Gur bean tha 'n geall air buaireadh thu.

A' BHEAN.

'S ann agam-sa bha 'n ceannfath,
 Nuair chithinn càch a' cluaineis riut;
 Chaidh a' chuis bho fhaladhà,
 A's cha robh stà bhi d' bhuaichilleachd;
 Ged a's mis' a' ghlaic do lamh,
 Bha te no dha nach b' fhuathach leat;
 'S ma chosg thu riatha do liunn-tàth,
 Tha nis' am fàilt air fuarachadh.

AM FEAR.

Dh-aithnich thusa sin ort fein,
 A bheudag dh-fbas thu suarach orm:
 Chaill thu nise dhionn do speis,
 'S cha 'n 'eil do reite buan agam:
 Bho 'n a chaidh mise nis' bho fheum,
 'S e 'n t-eud a rinn do bhualadh-sa:
 'S moch 'sa mhadaim chuir thu 'n ceill domh,
 Nach robh m' eiridh suas agam.

A' BHEAN.

Is fhir gun stà, gun rath, gun dìreadh,
 Na bi 'g innse tualeas orm:
 Nam bidh tusa dhomhsa dileas,
 Cha robh m' iuntinn bruaillanach:
 Ach 's e bu mhiann leat a bhi brìodal,
 Rìs gach ribhinn chuailleanach:
 'S iomadh ribeinn agus cìr,
 A's deise chinna a fhuair iad bhuat'.

AM FEAR.

Ach c'aite 'n fhuair thu mi 'sa sgàth,
 Na'm faic tu 'g an tuairgneadh mi,
 Cha robh mi m' mheirleach cho math,
 'S nach glaca' tu mi uair-eigin:
 'S ma fhuair thu taisgeuladh no brath,
 'S e 's fhasa chuir a suas orm,
 S na càraich air a mhùin do chas,
 Ach leig a mach na chuala tu.

A' BHEAN.

'S ma chuireas tu mi gu m' dhùbhlàn,
 Bithidh a chuis na 's cruaidhe dhut:
 Gheibh a' ministèir an t-umhladh,
 A's theid an lùireach sbuaicheant ort;

Linnseach, mhaslach air a dùbladh,
 Leis gach dunadh tuaisgearra:
 'S ge do bhithinn' air du chul-thaobh,
 Air son crùn chà 'n fhuasglaim i.

AM FEAR.

Ach gus an càirear mi 's an ùir,
 Cha 'n thaic du shuil mu m' ghuaillan i,
 'S ma thig do naidheachd os ceann bùird,
 Cha chliù dhut a bhi luaidh sin rium;
 A's ge do lasadh t-fhearg le diumb,
 Cho ghrad ri fudar buaireasach,
 Cha chomhdaichear leat oru-sa chùis,
 Nach iunnsaich mi le h-uuibbreachas.

A' BHEAN.

'S cha mbor nach coma leam co dhiù,
 Cha robh do thùrn ach suarach leam:
 'S an a'r a b' fhearr a bha do shùgradh,
 Chunntainnse na h-uaireannan;
 Chaidleadh tu cho trom gun dùsgadh.
 Air mu chul le smuaisirein:
 'S ge do bhiodh mo thaigh 'ga rùsgadh,
 Cha robh curam gluasaid ort.

AM FEAR.

'S bheirinn comhairle gu h-eolach,
 Air gill' og tha fuasgailteach;
 E bhi glie ri àm a phòsaidh,
 'S laidhe seolta suas rithe:
 'S gun droch cleachdadh thoirt 'g a dheoin,
 Do ghòraig nach biodh stuaim innte,
 'S gun fhios nan lagaicheadh a thèir,
 Nach ordaicheadh i bhuaithe e.

A' BHEAN.

Am fear nach dean a threabhadh tràth,
 'S a mhàirt ged bhiodh e fuar aige,
 S eulaidh mhagaich e chion stà,
 'S ri latha bhàth cha bhuain e dìas;
 Bithidh am fearann aige fàs,
 Na stiallan bana, 's luachair air,
 A's e san broinein! a' dol bàs,
 'S na saibhlean làn aig tuathanaich.

AM FEAR.

'S cha 'n fheud mo threabhadhsa bhi mall,
 S do chall ri dheanadh suas agam;
 Bheir mi oigeich as a' ghleann,
 'S theid cuing gu teann mu 'n guaillannsa:
 A' Dun-éideann gheibh mi crann,
 'S e fasan gallda 's usaille leinn;
 Celtar, stailion, soc, a's bann,
 'S gach ball bhos ann theid cruaidh orra.

A' BHEAN.

Bi cho math 's do ghealladh dhomhsa,
 'S còrdaidh sinn gun duathalas;
 Bho 'n tha sinn cho fada combla,
 'S an pòsadh mar chruaidh shnuim oirnn;
 'S mor gur fearr leam an t-*alc eolach*,
 Na fogarach luasganach;
 A's cuiridh sinn ar treis an ordugh,
 A's mar a 's coir dhuinn gluaisidh sinn.

AM FEAR.

Is thuirt an sean-fhear, 's cha b'i bhriag,
 Ge d' eireadh sian nan cuartagan:—
 "Nach robh soirbheas laidir dian,
 Gun fhiath bhì goirid uaithe sin!"
 'S an cogadh bu chruaidh bh' ann rianh,
 Chaidh crìoch le rian air uair-eigin;
 'S cuir thusa, bhean, ri d' theangaidh srian,
 'S bithidh sìth 'ga dianamh suas againn.

ORAN NA CAILLICH.

AIR FÒNN—"Hò hì ho hà mo luadh mo leanamh."

Ma theid mi gu feill, gu féisd, no banais,
 B'fh'ise làn eud, 's i fein aig baile
 'S ma bheir mi le sùgradh suil air caileig,
 Gur diumb a's fàlachd sid dhomhsa.

*O hì o hà, gur cruaidh a chailleach,
 O hì, o hà, gur fuar a chailleach,
 Ho rè, ho rà, 's i ghrain a chailleach,
 Dh'fhàg mise 'nam amadan gòrach.*

Ma ni mi 'n taigh-òsda stòp a cheanuach,
 No suidhe air bòrd 's gun òl mi drama,
 Theid failleadh 'na sròin 's a dòrn an tarraunn,
 'S b'fh'ise muinntir a bhaile ri mòd oirnn,
O hì, o hà, &c.

Mar ceannaich mi *ti* cha'n fhiach mi m' fharaid
 A leighas a cinn, 's i cinn a gearan;
 Cha dean i rium sìth, ach strì a's carraid,
 'S ri càran teallaich an comhnuidh.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Bhithinn gu h-éibhinn, eatrom, aighearach,
 Aigionnach, gleusda, a' leum 's an Earrachd,
 Na 'n deanadh an t-eug bho chéil' ar sgaradh,
 'S gu 'n chrainn am falach fo 'n fhòd i.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Cha 'n airgead, cha 'n òr, cha stòr, cha thrusgan,
 'Chuir mise air a tòir ri moran cùirteis—
 Ach dalladh fo sglè le seòrsa buidseachd—
 'S ann agamsa tha 'n t-uirsgeul air Seòmaid.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Nuair thig mi bho 'n chrann an àm an earrach,
 Le fuachd air mo chall, 's mi 'n geall mo gharaidh,
 Cha 'n fhaod mi na taing dol teann air an teallach
 Mu 'n buail i gu h-ealamh le bròig mi.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Cha dian i dhomh feum, 's cha ghreidh i aran,
 Cha 'n àraich i feudail, spreidh, no leanamh,
 A' laidhe 'sa g eiridh 'g eigheach 's a' gearan.
 'S gu 'n reicinn gu deimhinn air ghròt i.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Tha cnaimhean cho chruaidh ri cuaille daraich,
 A craiceann, 's a tuar cho fuar ris a ghaillinn;
 Cha dean baraile guail aon nair a garradh,
 Gun dusan sac gearrain de mhoinne.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Gun fhaicail 'na ceann, 's car cam 'na peircal,
 Nuair thogadh i greann an àm an theasgair
 Gu'n teiche' gach clann, gach craun, 's seirreath,
 Aig miad an eagail romh ' gròigeis !!

*O hì, o hà, gur cruaidh a chailleach,
 O hì, o hà, gur fuar a chailleach,
 Ho rè, ho rà, 's i ghrain a chailleach,
 Dh'fhàg mise 'nam amadan gòrach.*

BARD LOCH-NAN-EALA.

JAMES SHAW, or *Bàrd Loch-nan-Eala*, was a native of the island of Mull, where he was born about the year 1758. He latterly resided in the parish of Ardochattan, Argyleshire, where he was commonly called the Lochnell poet. Being partly supported by the late General Campbell and his lady; she, it is said, encouraged him to publish some of his works, for which purpose he went to Glasgow to get them printed. Whether he got a printer to undertake the work or failed in the attempt is not known; for, on his return home, he died suddenly on board a Steamboat on his passage to Oban: this happened about the year 1828. He lived in a state of idleness and dissipation; praising those who paid him well for it, and composing satires on those who refused him money or liquor. A few of his poems were printed in Turner's Collection, and many others are preserved in manuscript, but they are chiefly local satires of little merit. "*Bi'dh Fonn oirre Daonnan*" is his *chef d'œuvre* and the only popular piece of all his compositions, except in his own country.

ORAN DO DH' FHIONNLA MARSANTA.

[Air son e chuir as a chéile seana chuir agus clachan iobairt, à bh'aig na Draoidhean bho shean.]

AIR FONN.—“*Alasdair á Gleanna-Garadh.*”

CHUNNA' mi brúadar air Fionnla,
'S chuir e iongnadh orm r'a fhaicinn,
'S ghabh mi iongandas ro mhor dheth,
Gu sònraicht o 'n bha mi 'm chadal;
Thuirtean au guth rinn dol da ionnsaidh,
Dh' innse nach e cùis a b' fhasa,
Dol a rusgadh càrn nan Druidhneach,
Na 'n car a thoirt a muinntir Ghlascho.

Ach dh' fharraid mi co as a dh' fhalbh e?
'S fhreagair e le seanachas grad mi,

Thuirtean e gu 'n robh a chairdean dilleas,
Eadar a Chill 's Allt-na-dacha;
Bha cuid air an Dùn so shuas diu,
'S bha uair a bha iad na bu phailt ann;
'S cha 'n eil mi buidheach a dh' Fhionnla,
Dhol gu 'n dùsgadh as an cadal.

'S chi thusa fhathasd le d' sluilean,
Ma bhios tu 's dùthaich ri fhaicinn,
Gu 'n téid an gnothach so dhioladh,
Cho chinnteach 'sa bha 'n crùn an Sasunn.

'S goilte e 'n steigh ùh' ann an uachdar
Chladbaich e 'n uaigh fo na leacan ;
E gun fhios co dhùibh bha innte,
Mac an rìgh na sliochd a bhaigeir.

'N saoil thu fhein nach robh e dàna,
Marsanta maileid no paca,
Dhol a rusgadh an àit-iobairt,
'S ioma linn a chuir e seachad ;
'N t-aite 'n robh enaimhean an t-seann-duin,
'N tiolaiceadh ann o cheann fada ;
Ma 'n tèid an gnothach gu crìch,
Gur duilghe dha na fiach a *bhlàstidh*.

Ma dh' eireas mise 's mo luchd leanmhuinn,
Gu 'm bi gnothach garbh a's dùthaich,
Theid Mac-'Ille-dhuibh a mbarbhadh,
'S cha dìon a chuid airgeid Fionnla,
Leagar an taigh air sa 'n sabhal,
Sgriosar am bathar 'sa bhùth air,
'S theid Gilleaspuig ri posta,
Agus crochar mac a chùbair.

Eiridh an tubaist do 'n chiobair,
'S laidhe binn air Mac-na-Ceairde,
'S ma dh' òrdaicheas e gu h-òle e,
'S gnothach neo-chiontach sud dāsan,
E na sheirbheiseach aig Fionnla,
Tuilleadh a null gu Feill-Màrtuinn,
'S ma chuireas e nall na leacan,
Ma bhios meachainn ann sann dāsan.

Bhi cuir fudair anns na creagan,
Chuireadh e eagal air bòcain,
Bhi ga 'n tolladh leis an tora,
'S bhi ga 'n sparradh leis na h-òrdan,
Daoine marbha bhi ga 'n gluasad,
'S gnothach uamhraidh gu leoir e,
'S na 'n leauainn e gu grunnid an t-seanchais,
B' ainmeil e na arin rìgh Deòrsa.

'S cha tèid a chorp fhein gu dìlinn,
Thiolaiceadh an aite gràs-mhor,
'S ann théid a losgadh mar iobairt,
Air a dhiteadh leis na fàidhean,
Theid a luath a chuir le abhainn,
'N aite nach fhaighear gu bràth i,
'S cha 'n faigh e ach rud a thoill e,
Chionn gu 'n d' rinn e gnothach graineil.

Ach dh' fhalbh an guth 's thug e chul rium,
Agus thionndaidh e gu h-ealamh,
Thuir e rium gu 'n d' rinn e dòchuimhu,
'S e ga innse dhomh mur charaid,
Fios a thoirt dh' ionnsaidh Dhùghaill,
Gu 'n robh a ghual a's nìrd ro ealamh,
Dheanadh torachan do dh-Fhionnla,
Chuir fudair an Dail-a-charra.

Smaointinn mi so ann am inntinn,
Nach bithinn a diteadh Dhùghaill,
Thuir mi ris gur duine grinn e,
Do dh' fhuil Rìghrean nan Stiùbhart,
Tha e fhein na dhuine toileil.
Dheanadh gnothach do dh' fhear dùthcha ;
'S ou bha Fionnla na chabbaig,
Cha bu mhath leis bhi ga dhìoltadh.

'Nuair a dhùisg mi ghabh mi eagal,
'S e na sheasamh air an ùrlar,
Dh' fheuch am faighinn reidh air falbh e,
Los nach coisinn na lorg diùmba ;
Tha Dùghall trom air an tombaca,
'S tha pailteas deth sin aig Fionnla ;
'S o 'n a labhair mi cho deas ris,
Ghabh e pairt de leith-sgeul Dhùghaill.

'S ann a tha 'n naidheachd so ciunteach,
Ged shaoileadh sibhs gur b' sà e,
Cha 'n iunnis mi a neach gu brath e,
Ach do chuideachd araid eolach ;
Cha robh a leithid riamh ri innse,
Eadar an Sìthean 's Lag-Chòthain
Co dhùibh th' ann breug no firinn,
Sin agaibh mur dh' innseadh dhomhs e.

BIDH FONN OIRRE DAONNAN

LUINNEAG.

*B' dh fonn oirre daonnan,
'S b' dh aoidh oirr' an cònaidh,
'S dh' fhaigadh m' inntinn aobhach
Bhi faicinn t-aodainn bhòidheach,
Le mhiad s'a thug mi ghaol dat,
A's aotromas na h-dìge,
Mar a dean mi t-fhaotainn,
Cha'n fhad' a ghaoil is b'èd mi !*

CHUNNA' mise bruarar,
Dh' fhaig luaineach an raoir mi'
Bhi' faicinn bean mo ghaoil
Ri mo thaobh fad' na h-eidheche.
Mi thionnda' le sòlas,
Gu pòg thoirt do 'n mhaighdinn
An duil gu'n robh i làmh rium,
Ged' bha mi na'm' aonar.
B' dh fonn, &c.

Ged' do bha mi' m' shuain,
Gu'm bu luath rinn mi dùsgadh
An duil gu'n robh mo thasgaich,
An cadal air mo chu' thaobh.

'Nuair shìn mi mo lamh,
Gu mo ghradh tharruinn dù rium,
Cha robh ann ach sgàile,
Rinn m' fhagail 'nuair dhèisg mi.
B' dh' fonn, &c.

Mo dhùrachd do'n ribhinn,
Dh' fhag m' inntinn-sa craiteach
Bean t-aogais cha leir dhomh,
La-fuille na sàbaid.
Do bheusan tha ceutach,
As t-eudainn ro nàrach,
Ach 's truagh mi thug gael dut,
'S nach faod mi bhì lamh riut.
B' dh' fonn, &c.

O furtaich air mo chàs-sa,
A ghraidh bhàn an t-shaoghail,
Tuig mar tha mo nàdur
An sàs aig do ghaol-sa.
Na fag mi mar tha mi
Dol bàs leis an fhaoinneachd,
'S gur tu stagh mo riaghailt,
Mo bhiadh agus m' aodach.
B' dh' fonn, &c.

'S muladach mi daonnan,
Do gbaol rinn mo leònadh,
Dh' fhalbh mo dhreach as m'aogais,
A's chaochail mo shòlas.
Cha'n 'eil àit' an téid mi
Nach saoil mi le guraich,
Gum beil mi faicinn t-aodann,
A's aoidh oir' an conaidh.
B' dh' fonn, &c.

Chualadh tu mar tha mi,
Gur bàs domh as t-aogmhaïs,
Tionndadh ann am blàth's rium
'S na fag aig an aog mi.
Thig a's thoir do laimh dhomh
Do ghradh, a's do chaoimhneas,
S cha 'n iarr mi tiull' a chàirdeas,
No dh' ailleas an t-shaoghail.

B' dh' fonn oirre daonnan,
'S b' dh' aoidh oir' an eudaidh,
'S dh' fhagadh m' inntinn aobhach
Bhì faicinn t-aodainn bhoidheach,
Le mhiad s'a thug mi ghaol dut,
A's aotromas na h-oige,
Mar a dean mi t-fhuotainn,
Cha'n fhad' a ghaol is beò mi,

ORAN DO BHOINIPART.

LUTNNEAG.

A ri! gur h-aotrom leinn an t-asdar,
Biodhmaid sunntach air bleag airneil,
Dhol an eòdhail Bhoiniparti,
Chionn bhì bagairt air rìgh Deòrs.

'ILLEAN eridhe biodhmaid sunntach,
Seasamaid onair ar dùthcha,
Fhad sa mhaireas luaidh' a's fùdar,
Ciod a chuireas cùram oirnn.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Thoisich thu oirnn o cheann fada,
Le bòsd, le bòilich, 's le bagradh,
'S ma thig thu air tìr an Sasunn,
Cha téid thu dhachaigh ri d' bheò.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Ged theannadh tu fhein 's na Fràngaich,
Rì tigh'n a Bhreatuinn le d' chabhlaich,
Cuiridh sinn a null gun taing thu,
'S b' fhearr dhut fuireach thall le d' dheoin.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

'Nuair chuir thu 'n Fhràng thair a chèile,
Dh' fhalbh thu mur shlaughteardo'n Eipheit,
'Nuair a chailt thu 'n coig-ciad-deug,
Gun theich thu fhein air eigin beò.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Bha luchd nan adaichean croma,
Na 'n laidhe air blàr g'a 'n lomairt,
'S e mo dhiùbbail bh' anns a choinneamh,
Nach d' fhan *Abercrombi* beò.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

An t-seann reiseimeid dubh mheasail,
An dara te sa 'n da-fhichead,
Nuair fhuair i suas riut a chli-gheadh,
Chuir i bristeadh ann ad chrò.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Nis dh' eirich na *Volunteers*,
'N onair an rìgh 's mhorair lainn,
Char nam Frangach gu 'n eridhe,
Chionn bhì bruidhinn tigh'n d' ar còir.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

O 'n fhuair sinn deise nan Gàidh,
Boineidean 's cotaichean sgàrlaid,
Suaithcheantas an rìgh mar fhabhar,
Le coc-ard de dh' ite 'n eoin.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

'S na 'm biodh againn mur bu dual duinn,
Lann chinn-Illich air ar cruachainn,
A' sgoltadh nan ceann g'a 'n guallean,
Ga 'm buaidh le smuais nan dorn.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Gum beil Albainn agus Sasunn,
An guallean a cheill' an ceart-uair,
Tha iad aig fuaim an aon fhacail,
Mar shrad eadar clach a's òrd.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Dh' fhalbh thu mar shlaughtear air chuan,
Mu 'n d' amhaire sinne mu 'n cuairt oirn,
'S ged thug thu Hanobhar bhuainn,
Ge b' oil leat cha d' fhuair thu 'n t-òr.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Ach ma gheibh sinn ann an sàs thu,
'N dearbh cha 'n fhaigh thu moran dàlach,
Do chrochadh an la-'r-na-mhàireach,
Le hach cota-bhàin a ròp.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Ged thig thu air tìr an Albainn,
'N dòchas losgaidh agus marbhaidh,
Tha againne suas de dh' armait,
Na shraças t eanchainn agus t-fheoil.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Tha saighdeirean Earraghäil,
Fearachail, foghainteach, daicheil,
'S chuireadh iad eagal a bhàis,
Air h-nille nàmhaid a ta beò.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

D U A N A G

DO MAC-AN T-SAOIR OHLINNE-NOGHA.

LUINNEAG.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, fear-dubh, fear-dubh
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, 's e liath-ghlas,
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, 's a chridhe gheal,
Le Spiorad glan gun iargain.

Thora beannachdan le dùrachd nam,
Gabh earam, 's na dean diochuimhn',
A's giulain iad a dh'ionnsaidh 'n fhir,
A's deise, grinne briatharan.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Na'm b'aithne dhomh-sa seanachas ort,
Na leanamhainn air do fhriamhaich,
Gu molainn thu gu diehallach,
'S air m'fhacal b'fhiach dhomh dhianamh.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'S tu ceann na teaghlach onarach,
A bha'n Gleann-nogha riamh sibh,
'S gu'm meal thu fein an stòile sin,
'S do dheagh mhac oighre ' liathadh.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Cha'n aithne dhomh 's na crìochan so,
('S cha mhis' a theid ga t-fhiachain)
Aon duine a chumas seanachas riut,
'S gun chearb bhi tigbinn o d' bhial air.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Cha smaoinich iad, 's cha'n urrainn ann
Aon duine chummaic riamh thu,
Cho deis 's a thig na facail ort,
'S nach fhad' theid thu ga'n iarraidh.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'Nuair a thain' an t-Olla Sasunnach,
Thoirnt maslaidh 'n aird an Iar so,
Gur tusa phill gu h-ullamh e,
'S tu b'urrainn dhol g'a dhianamh.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Gur luinneagach am bail' agad
Le ath-ghairm nan liath-chreag,
A' freagairt do na smeòraichean
Gu millis, ceolar, tiamhaidh.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Gu siubhlach, àghar, freagarach,
Gun stad, gun sgreud, gun sgriachan,
'Sa mhoch-thra', 'nuair a dhùisgeas tu,
Air madainn chiùin, 'sa ghrian ann.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'Nuair dhùradh tu na Lairigean
Led' ghunn' ad' laimh, 's le d' mhiol-choin,
Gu'n leigte frìdh san fhìrreach leat,
'S do ghillean bhi toirt bhian diu.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Ach 's eigin domh so innseadh dhut,
'S o 's fìor e, na gabh miotlachd,
(O'n t-shìon thu ris a chiobaireachd)
Gun leig thu cheaird s' air diochuimhn.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Nam bithiuns' ann sa chùirt a nis,
'S gach cùis a bhi gum' riaghladh,
Bhiodh Cruachan le chuid leitirichean
A' tigbinn a staigh fo d' chrìochan.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Be sud an rud bha nadura,
 'S tha cinnte aig càch gu'm h'fhior e,
 S o'n leig sibh uaibh le gòraich e,
 Bu choir dhut bhì ga iarraidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Ach sguiridh mis' dhe'n iomarbhaidh,
 'S nach buin dhomh bhì ga dianamh
 Gun fhios nach gabh iad ardan rium
 Am fìne* dh'araich riamh mi.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

SEUMAS MAC-GHRIOGAIR.

THE REV. JAMES M'GREGOR, D.D., was born at a small farm-house near Comrie, Perthshire, in the year 1762. His parents were not affluent, but they were in circumstances which enabled them to give the benefits of such education as the country afforded, to their son. Young M'Gregor, nurtured amid the sublime and romantic scenery of Lochearn-side, had his mind early imbued with the feelings of poesy; but it does not appear that he produced any thing worthy of preservation until an advanced period of his existence. While yet a young man, he studied the Gaelic language with considerable assiduity and success, and could write it—a very rare attainment in his younger days.

Being of a sedate and serious turn of mind, he was early designed for the ministry; and after going through the various seminaries and halls of learning, he was licensed to preach the gospel when about twenty-one years of age. Mr M'Gregor was conscientiously a dissenter from the Church of Scotland. He belonged to the Anabaptist branch of the Secession-Church, and studied divinity under the tuition of the Rev. W. Moncrieff, of Alloa. Shortly after he was licensed to preach, some colonists in Nova Scotia sent an earnest entreaty to this country, for a person of acknowledged abilities and evangelical piety to preach the gospel to them. After due consideration had been given to this requisition, Mr M'Gregor was fixed upon as an individual well qualified to discharge the arduous duties of such a situation, both from his mental qualifications and robust physical constitution. He readily agreed to this proposal; and, although he had the prospects of an advantageous settlement in his native country he hesitated not to go to a strange land to proclaim the gospel of peace.

In Nova Scotia he entered on a field boundless in extent as in difficulties. The inhabitants were far apart; there were no roads in the country; and when we say that the sphere of his operations included the eastern part of Nova Scotia, and the adjacent islands of Cape Breton and Prince Edward, the reader may form some idea of the Herculean task he had undertaken to discharge. He was, we believe, the first missionary to that country. While traversing from place to place, he encountered difficulties, perils, and

* The Campbells.

hardships, which few men would have undergone, undaunted. The site of Pictou contained only one or two houses—it was no easy matter to travel to the next hamlet through the density of woods and *unbridged* rivulets: marked trees, a pocketcompass, or an unintelligible and unintelligent Indian, were his only guides through the solitary and dreary wilderness—sleep was frequently a stranger to him for several nights,—a plank was his bed,—a potato his fare; yet the expatriated Highlanders around him were in need of the gospel; and that, to Mr M'Gregor, was enough.

Towards the close of this excellent man's life, he conceived the idea of clothing the doctrines of the gospel in versification, that he might unite the best and most wholesome instructions with the sweetest and most fascinating melodies. When entering upon the task, he wrote to a friend of his at Lochearn-side for a copy of Duncan M'Intyre's and M'Donald's Poems. His mind had been so occupied with the various studies necessary to the full and efficient discharge of his ministerial duties, that the airs, to which he wished to sing his contemplated hymns or songs, had escaped his memory. The desiderated volumes were sent; but, through the officiousness of some of his domestics, the fact of their being in the minister's possession became known, and a most unwarrantable, unjust and ungenerous construction was put upon the circumstance. How short-sighted, illiberal, and fanatical it was, to edge out insinuations against the genuineness of Mr M'Gregor's religious principles, simply because the productions of the two most brilliant stars of his native country were on the table of his study in a foreign land! How pitiful, that fanaticism which shrouds itself under the garb of piety—broad, expansive, benevolent piety! We blush for the moral perceptions and enlightenment of our expatriated countrymen, and notice these things simply in justice to departed worth.

Taking advantage of this state of public feeling, almost verging on what is understood in ecclesiastical language, as a schism, a stranger intruded himself about this period on his labours; and to the disgrace of many of M'Gregor's flock, they forsook the ministry of their long-trying friend, and followed the intrusionist. The desertion thus occasioned must no doubt have very much embittered his cup; but his expansive philosophy—his warm philanthropy—and above all, his genuine religious views, enabled him to bear it without a murmur. He proceeded cheerfully with his metrical effusions, until he composed as many as swelled into a respectable 18mo volume, which has now reached its third edition.

Mr M'Gregor's Poems are smooth in versification—pleasant in their garb and evangelical in their doctrines. They are almost all composed after the model of his countryman, Duncan M'Intyre, from whom he borrowed many of his ideas, using sometimes not only distichs and couplets, but entire stanzas with some slight alterations. We do not mean, however, to insinuate that our author trafficked wholesale in plagiarism, with the intention of “decking himself in another's leathers.” No! his poems are but parodies in many instances, and as such they are respectable and entitled to favourable consideration.

When M'Gregor's character and claims were notified to the Members of the University of Glasgow, the senate unanimously agreed to confer upon him the title of D.D., an honour which he amply merited by his services and attainments, and which, coming unsolicited

from his native country, and from so respectable a literary quarter, must have been soothing to his feelings, and have gilded the horizon of the evening shades of his life.

In the spring of 1828, Dr M'Gregor was seized with a fit of apoplexy ; and at Pictou, on the first of March, 1830, at the age of 68, he experienced a return which terminated in his death on the third day of that month. His funeral was attended by an immense assemblage of deploring friends, who showed their estimate of his character, worth and talents, by unfeigned expressions of regret.

AN SOISGEUL.

AIR FÖNN—"Coire-Cheathaich".

'Se 'n Soisgeul gràdhach thug Dia naigràs duinn
A chum ar sàbhaladh dhan mo rùin ;
Ach 's eòlas àrd e, air cùisibh àluinn,
Nach tuig an nàdur a tha gun iùil.
Gur mis' an truaghan 's n'as leòr man cuairt domh
A' tabhairt cluais da, mar fhuaim nach fiach ;
B' e 'n gnothach cruaidh e nach tuig an sluagh e,
An sgeul as uaisle a chualas riamh.

Tha clann nan daoine gu tur fo dhaorsa,
Aig dia an t-saoghail-s ag aoradh dhà :
Fo chois am miannan, a tha do-riarach ;
Gun fheart, gun iarraidh air Dia nan gràs ;
A' dianamh thair air gach nì is àill leis,
A' briseadh àinte an gach là gun sgios ;
E fad o'n smuaintibh, 's iad riuth gu luath uaith ;
Chum na truaighe ta buan gun chrìch.

Ge mòr an cùram th'aig Dia nan dùl diubh,
Cha tig iad dlù dha le ùrnaigh chaoi ;
Bu mhòr a' ghràin leo bhi uair 'na làthair,
An caidreamh blàth ris 'na àros naomb :
Iad ruith na gaoithe, 's ag earbsa daonnan,
Ri sonas fhaotainn am faoinis bhreug ;
Gun fhios, gun aird ac' air doigh a's fearr dhai
Na greim an dràst air n' a's àill le 'n eré.

Tha 'm barail làidir gur muinntir shlàin iad,
'S nach 'eil ceann-fàth ac' air gràsan Dé :
Tha 'n Soisgeul faoin leo, seach gean an t-saoghail,
Tha 'n cridhe aotrom, gun ghaol do'n Léigh

Ach 's àit an sgeul e, air leigheas ceutach
Do dhuin' euslan, fo chreuchdaibh ciùirt ;
'S naigheachd phriseil, bho Dhia na firinn
Do neach fo dhìtheadh, 's e dìblidh, brùit.

Do neach fo smuaircan, le Dia bhi 'n gruaim ris,
'S a lochdan uamhar 'g a chuartach' dlù ;
Gun fhios nach àite dha ifrinn chràiteach,
M'an tig am màireach, s' am bàs 'na shùil
Do neach a dh'fhoglum o'n Spiorad Naomha,
Gur sonas baoth bheir an saogh' l so uaith ;
Nach eil ann ach sgàil deth 'san àm tha làthair,
'S gu 'm bac am bàs e 's nach fàs e buan.

B'e sgeul an àigh e, air beatha 's slàinte,
O los' a bhàsaich 'na ghràdh do dhaoi.
'Si 'fhuil am plàsda anns am beil an tàbhachd,
'Nuair théid a chàradh gu bàigheil, caoin,
Ri cridhe leòinte, gun ghean, gun sòlas,
Ach doilich, brònach, gun seòl air sìth ;
Le Spiorad nasal nam fearta buadhar,
Nuair thig e nua air le gluasad min.

Sud sgeul ro aoibhneach, air maoin' a's oighreachd,
Do dhuine daibhir, gun sgoinn do'n t-saogh' l ;
Air crùn, 's rìoghachd a chaoi nach cìochnaich
Gun dragh gun mhlòthlachd, ach sìth, 's gaol.
Sud sgeul ro àraidh do dhuine tàireil,
Air urram àrd ann am Pàrras shuas ;
Le gràdh gun aithneas, a measg nan ainghean ;
'S cha teirig cainnt dàibh, toirt taing do'n Uan.

Deaghsgeul air fuasgladh, do pheacach truaillidh
 O chionta duaichnidh, nach suail a mheud ;
 Tre 'n chumhachd bhrioghar a ta an iobairt
 An t-Sagairt rioghail, ta sìobhailt, seamh :
 'S air feartaibh gràsmhor, nì cobhair tràth dha,
 'Nuair bhios a nàmhaid gu làidir, gleusd,
 A' tarraimn teann air chum 'earbs a thionnda
 Tur bun oiseann da, le ionnsuidh thréin

Air gràs, a's trècair, bheir neart, a's treùir dha,
 Re fad an ròid dh'ionnsuidh glòir an Uain ;
 'Sna neamhan àrd far am pàilt an gràdh dhaibh
 'S cha teirig càil daibh gu bràth g' a luadh.
 'S e cliù an sgeùil ud gur firinn mhòr e,
 Gun fhaeal mòr-naill, no sgleò gun bhri ;
 'S e Crìosd an éirig as buaine éifeachd,
 An iobairt rèitich, sàr stéigh na sìth.

Thug an t-Ard-rìgh aon mhac a ghràidh dhuinn,
 A ghabh ar nàdur, 's e bharr a rian ;
 'S an tug e 'n ùmhlaichd, ledeòin, 's le dùrachd,
 Thug coir as ùr dhuinn teachd dlù do Dhia :
 Sàr umhlachd chintach do lagh na Trianaid,
 Leis an duin' is Dia ann bha riann ri feum ;
 An coslas truaghain de dhùine truaillidh,
 Ach a b'fhearr, 's a b' uaisle na'n sluagh gu léir,

An caraid gaolach a choisinn saorsadh
 Do'n chinnradh dhaonna le caonnaig chruaidh ;
 A dh'fhuilig tamailt o rug a mbath' r e
 Gu là a bhàis ann an àit an t-sluaigh.
 Nuair bu naoidhean ùg e, rinn Herod fhògradh
 'S e deare' an combhùil air dèigh an t-sluaigh.
 Bha 'bheatha brònach, am fad 's bu bheò e,
 'S e cruaidh an tòir air gu bheò thoirt uaith.

Oir b' e bu ghnà dhaibh bhi deanamh tàir'
 Air Athair gràdhach, 's air àlntean naomh :
 'S bhi deanamh dearmaid air slàint' an anna,
 Le cleachda garg, a's le h-ana-gnath baath.
 Nasagairt uaibhreach, 's na h-ard dhaoine' uaisle
 'Nan naimhdean buan da, le fòath gun chrìch :
 A' dianamh dìbeill, le h-iomadh inleachd,
 'Us mòran mì-ruin ga 'shìr chur sìos.

'Us air a lorg bha na diabhail bhorba,
 Fo phrionns' an dorchadais, colgail, cruaidh :
 Ach 'se bu chràitich an ceartas àrd bhi
 Cur claidhe 'n sàs ann, gun bhàl, gun truas
 Rug mallachd Dhia air air son na fiachan,
 Bhuin' Athair fial ris gu fiata garg ;
 Oir rinn e thrèigsinn an àm na h-éigin,
 'Nuair chaidh a cheusadh le eucoir gharbh.

Ach 's gearr a' chusairt a bha'm bàs an uachdar,
 Gu h-aighearr fhuair e a' bhuaidh gu slàn ;
 Oir rinn e éiridh 'n treas latha 'n dèigh sud,
 Gu subhach, treubhach, chum feum do chàch :

Do pheacach dhùibhidh, a bha fo dhiteadh,
 Gu'n dianadh 'Threantachd didean daibh ;
 O chiont an nàduir, 's o'n lochd zibh gràineil.
 'S o chumhachd Shàtain bha ghnà ri foill.

Nis anns na h-àrdaibh, tha neart gu bràth aig
 A chum na's àill leis thoirt sàbhailt suas ;
 'Us chum a naimhdean a sgrìos gun taing dhaibh
 Droch dhaoine' a'saingle, luchdainneart chruai.
 Ach thar gach seòrsa na peacaich mhòra
 Le 'm fuathach eòlas air dèin an Triath :
 Nach creid an fhirinn, ged tha i cinnteach,
 Nach gluais gu dìreach, ach sìr dhol fiarr.

Ged bhiodh an crìosduidh 'n a laidh am prìosan,
 Gu dochrach, iotmhor, gun bhaidh, gun slaint,
 Nì'n soisgeul sìorruidh, tre bheannachd Iosa
 A chrìdhe tiorail, le fìor ghean gràidh.
 Ged dhùisg a nàmhaid geur leamhuinn cràiteach
 Gun aon cheann-fàth air ach gràdh, a's sìth :
 Tha crìdhe aoibhneach, tha ghnàis ro aoidheil ;
 Tha dàn 'us laoidh aig' gach oidhche gun dìth.

E cumail gleachdaidh an aghaidh peacaidh,
 'S astiùradh chleachdaidh, le beachd air Crìosd
 Tha gaol do'n reachd thar gach nì, 'us neach aig ;
 'S cha ghabh e tiachd ann an seachran fiarr.
 'Se Dia na trècair a neart, 's a chòmhnuadh,
 A bhios an còmhnuidh toirt seòlaidh dhà,
 Cha lag a dhòchas, cha bheag a shìlas,
 Tha aiteas mòr aig' nach eòl do chàch.

A Thighearn, Iosa, gabh truas do'n chrìosdachd,
 Tha 'n t-eòlas isail, 's gach crìch mun cuairt ;
 Is bras a dh' eireas gach mearachd éitidh
 'S is beag an t-eud th' aig a chéir san nair'.
 Dean creideamh, 's eòlas, dean gaol na eòrach,
 A's pailteas sùlais, a dhòrtadh nuas :
 Gu daoine' a philltinn, o'n cleachdaibh millteach,
 'S gu naomhachd inntinn bhi cinntinn suas.

* * * * *

A Dhè na sì-chaint, craobhsgeail an fhirinn,
 Measg slògh nan tìrean, 's nan Imnean eian :
 Mar dhaoine' air chall, ann an ceò nam leann iad,
 An oidhche teann orr, 's iad fann gun bhaidh.
 Thoir solus glè ghlan, thoir rathad réidh dhaibh,
 'Us crìdhe gléusd a thoirt géill do 'n uan !
 Thoir sgeul do shlàinte, thoir fios do ghràch dhaibh,
 Cuir feart do ghràsan 'nan dàil le boadh.

AN GEARAN.

AIR FÖNN—"Coire gòrm an fhàsach".

Is duilich leam mar tha mi
 A' siubhal le mo namhaid,
 Eas-umhal do na h-àintean,
 'S mo ghràdh dhaibh cho fann.
 "S iomadh fear a bhàrr orm"
 Tha dol a réir a nàduir;
 'S e 'n lagh tha fulang tàmailt,
 'Us tàire nach gann.
 Riamh o thuiteam Adhaimh,
 'Se 'm pecadh 'n ni a's fearr leinn,
 'S mì-chneasd a thug sinn gràdh dha;
 'Ga thàlath gach am.
 Cha d'fhuair mi fad mo làithean,
 Dad buannachd, no dad stà dheth,
 Ach daonna tarraim saìs orm,
 'S 'g am chàradh am fang.

'S e dh'fhùg gach ni a leugh mi,
 Gach searmoin riamh a dh' éisd mi,
 'S gach guth a labhair beul rium
 Gun fheum dhomh, gun stà.
 S e mhillas galladh Dhé orm,
 Nach earb mi ris ach eutrom,
 S nach còraich mi rium féin e,
 Gu h-éifeachdach, slàn.
 'S ann ehuir e mi an déis-laimh,
 'G am fhàgail ro mhì ghleusda,
 Gu h-obair nasal, enchdach,
 'S gu treubhanta as ard:
 Gu gleachdadh ris an eucóir
 A bhios a'm' chridhe 'g éiridh,
 No chithear ann am bhensaibh,
 Gu h-èitich, 's gu grànd.

Nam bithinn tairis, dìleas,
 A leantuinn ris an fhirinn.
 Bhiodh ise dhomh mar dhéan
 Nach diobradh gu bràth.
 Ged ehuireadh daoine sìos mi
 Le casaidean, 's le dìteadh,
 Gu'n togadh ise ris mi,
 'S dhlirinn an aird.
 Cha toilleadh i gu dìlinn
 Dad coire dhomh no mì-thlachd,
 Tha ceangal ris an t-sìth aic',
 'S is dìreach a gnà:
 Ach 's mòr an call, 's an dìth dhomh,
 Gu'm beil i tric air di-ghuimhn,
 'S nach' eil an creideamh einnteach
 A'm' iuntuinn a tàmh.

Bha amaideachd a's gòraich
 A leantuinn rium o m' òige,
 'S b' annsa leam gu mòr iad
 Na 'n t-eòlas a's fearr.
 Nan deanainn leth na còrach
 Cha chreidinn nach bu leòir e,
 S nach tearnadh sud fa-dhèidh mi,
 Gun dòigh air tigh'n' gearr.
 Ge mòr an t-aobhar sòlais
 Bhi 'n comunn Rìgh na glòire,
 'S iad b' annsa leam na h-òrain,
 'S bhi 'g òl nan deoch-slàint.
 Bu dallag mi nach sòradh,
 Bhi cluich air bruaich na dòrainn,
 An Diabhol ga mo threòrach
 Gu seòlta air laimh.

Gur mòr a' chreach, 's an diùbhail,
 Mo chridhe bhi gun dùrachd,
 A gabhail Dé nan dùl domh,
 Mar Ughdar mo shlàint:
 'S e tairgse dhomh 'na chùimhnant,
 A neart a bhi mar chùl domh,
 'S a ghluic as ard gu m' stiùireadh,
 Le cùram, 's le gràdh.
 Tha druidheachd air mo shùilean,
 'Se 'n rud a ni mo chiùrradh,
 D' an ruith mo mhian gu siùbhlach,
 'S mi lùbadh 'na dhùil.
 Mo shonas air mo chùl-thaobh,
 Mar anabas nach fù leam;
 'S m' anam an droch rùn da,
 'Ga dhiùltadh le tàir.

'S mi 'n duin' as truaigh' san t-saoghal,
 Fo chis aig m' easgar daobhaidh,
 Làn fuath do 'n bheath' a's caoine,
 'S an gaol air a' bhàs.
 Cò sheullas rium a'm' dhaorsa?
 Cò thionndas mi bho chlaonadh?
 Cha'n-aingil, no clann-daoine,
 Och! b' fhaoil iad sa' chàs.
 Ach taing do'n Athair naomha,
 A dh'ullaich dhomh an t-saorsa,
 Làn tearnadh o gach baoghal,
 Trid Aon-ghin a gbràidh.
 A Dhe ta iochdmhor, maoineach,
 Cia fhad a bhios mi caoineadh!
 O greas le d' chobhair chaomh,
 Agus saor mi gun dàil!

AN AISEIRIGH.

AIA Fonn—"Tha mise fo ghruain."

Thig am bàs oirn mu'n cuairt,
'S ceart gu 'n laidhinn 's an uaigh,
Ach cha téid mi le gruaim 'na chùir :
Oir bha Iosa mo ròin,
Greis 'na laidhe 's an àir,
'S rinn e'n leabaidh ud cùbhraidh dhòmhs,

Thug e'n gath us a' bhàs,
Rinn e caraid de m' nàmh,
A shaoil mo chumail gu bràth fo leòn :
Teachdair m' Athar e nis,
Dh'ionnsuidh m'anma le fios,
E dhol dhachaigh a chlisg chum glòir.

On a dh'éirich e rìs
Sàr Cheann-fheadhna mo shith,
Gun e dh'fhuireach fad shìos fo'n fhòd :
'Us gu 'n deachaidh e suas,
Ghabhail seilbhe d'a shluagh,
Auns na slaitheas, le luathghair mhòir.

Se mo chreidimh gun bhréig,
Gu 'n éirich mise 'na dhéigh,
Measg na buidhne gun bheud, gun ghò :
'Nuair a dh'fhosglar gach uaigh,
'S a théid beò auns gach sluagh,
Chum an togail 's an uair, gu mòd.

Sud an cumhachd tha treun,
Sud an fradhare tha geur,
Chuireas rithisd gach cré air dòigh ;
Dream chaidh itheadh le sluagh,
Dream chaidh mheasgadh 'n aon uaigh,
Dream chaidh losgadh 'nan luath 's nan ceò,

'S iomadh colainn bhios ann,
Tha fad air asdar o 'ceann
'S thig iad cuideachd 'san àm, gu foill.
'Thig iad uile 'nan taom,
As gach clagh tha 's an t-saogh'l,
'S as gach àraich, 's an d' aom na seòid.

Cha'n 'eil àit gu'm beil corp,
Air ard mhonadh, no cnoc,
Ann am fàsach, no slochd no mòin :
Ann an doimhneachd a' chuain,
No 's na h-aibhnaichean buan,
As nach éirich iad suas, 's iad beò.

Eiridh 'n diùc, 'us an rìgh,
Eiridh 'n bochd bha fa chis,
Eiridh gaisgeach an strì, 's an deòr'.

Eiridh' bhaintighearna mbaoth,
Eiridh 'n t-amadan baoth,
'S cha bhi dearmad air aosd, no òg.

Eiridhcuidac' le gruaim,
Chi iad fearg air an Uan,
Chuireas crith orr' a's uamhunn mhòr.
Eiridh cuid ac le aoidh,
Buidheann usal nan saoidh,
'G am bi oighreachd a chaidh an glòir.

AIR FOGHLUM NAN GAEL.

Fonn—"Chunna mi 'n diugh an Dun-eidann."

Bha na Gàèil ro aineolach dall,
Bha ionnsachadh gann nam measg,
Bha 'n eolas cho tana 's cho mall,
'S nach b' aithne dhaibh 'n call a mheas,
Cha chrìdeadh iad buannachd no stà,
Bhi 'n sgoilearachd ard da 'n cloinn,
Ged fheudadh fhaicinn gach là,
Gu'r i thog o 'n lár na Goill.

Theid aineolas nis as an tìr,
'S gach cleachdadh neo-dhireach crom,
A's mealaidh sinn sonas a's sìth,
Gun fharmaid no strì 'n ar fonn ;
Theid sgoilean chuir suas auns gach cearn,
Bi'dh leabhraichean Gàelig pailt ;
Bi'dh eolas a's diadhachd a fàs,
Thig gach duine gu stà 's gu rath.

Nis "togaidh na Gàèil an ceann,
'S bha bhi iad am fang nì's mò" ;
Bi'dh aca ard fhoghlum nan Gall,
A's tuisge neo mhall na chòir :
Theid innleachdan 'n oibribh air bonn,
Chuireas saibhreas 'n ar fonn gu pailt,
Bithidh 'n diblidh cho laidir ri sonn—
'S am bochd cha bhi lom le àire !

Thig na liuntean gu ciunteach mun cuairt,
Tha 'n sgrìobtur a luaidh thig oirn ;
'S an téid Satan a cheangal gu cruaidh,
'S nach meall e an sluagh le sgleò ;
Bi dh firinn a's sluchaint a's gaol,
A ceangail chloim daoin' ri chéil ;
Chan fhaicear fear dona mi-naomh,
Theid olc a's an t-saogh'l a's beud.

EOBHON MAC-LACHUINN.

EWEN MACLACHLAN was born at Torracalltuinn, on the farm of Coiruanan, in Lochaber, in the year 1775. Coiruanan was possessed by a family of the name of Mac-lachlan for many generations. The forefathers of E. Mac-lachlan came originally from Morven, first to Ardgour and thence to Lochaber, and appear to have been in general, men possessed of superior natural gifts. His great grandfather was *Dòmhnall-Bàn-Bàrd* contemporary with Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel. That bard's compositions are justly admired, particularly his elegy on occasion of the death of that chief. The mother of E. Mac-lachlan was a Mackenzie, descended from a branch of that clan, which had settled in Lochaber many generations back. His father, *Dòmhnall Mòr*, a man of venerable presence and patriarchal bearing, was reckoned one of the most elegant speakers of the Gaëlic language in his day. He was distinguished by the extent and diversity of his traditionary and legendary lore, as well as by the appropriate beauty and purity of the language, in which he told his tale, or conveyed his sentiments to the admiring listeners, who delighted to resort to his humble dwelling.

Though the father was himself illiterate, he was keenly alive to the benefits of education. Besides the subject of our memoir, he had several sons and daughters. Two of the former were afterwards respectable planters in the Island of Jamaica. In the village of Fort-William, where his father now resided, the parochial school of Killmalie had been situated since the middle of last century, and taught by superior teachers. At this school the brothers of Ewen Mac-lachlan, as well as himself, got the rudiments of their education, which, by their natural abilities and laudable ambition, all of them afterwards extended. Ewen was the youngest son of the family, except one. While he excelled his very clever brothers in mental abilities, he was their inferior in bodily strength; the physical weakness of limb which disqualified him, in some measure, for the playful exercises of his fellow-scholars, tended, among other causes, to direct his views to objects and pursuits of a more exalted character.

His first teacher was the Rev. John Gordon, afterwards minister of Alvie; after him, Dr William Singers of Kirkpatrick-Juxta. He did not remain long under the tuition of these gentlemen, and on account of his father's poverty, was but very indifferently supplied with books. His progress, notwithstanding, was great for his years; it indeed excelled that of all others in the school, and in general, his class-fellows were glad to grant him the perusal of their books, in consideration of his very efficient help to them in learning their lessons.

Mr Maclachlan, at an early age, went out as tutor into the family of Mr Cameron of Camisky, in the parish of Killmonivaig; there his desire for classical studies received a considerable impulse from his intercourse with the father of his host, Cameron of Lian-dally, then an old gentleman confined to bed. Liandally, like many of the gentlemen of his day in Lochaber, had been well instructed in the knowledge of the Latin tongue, and much exercised in the colloquial use of that ancient language in the parochial school of Killmalie, taught by a Mr Mac Bean. Mr Maclachlan no doubt derived much benefit from his "colloquies" with the venerable classic, who, from his being bed-ridden, also derived much amusement, as well as pleasure, from his communings with his young companion.

Mr Maclachlan's next engagement as tutor was, when about fifteen years of age, in the family of Mr Cameron of Clunes. His pupils were Captain Allan Cameron, now of Clunes, and his brother General P. Cameron, H.E.I.C.S. Here Mr Maclachlan made great progress in the study of the Greek and Latin languages. It is said, that he even travelled on the vacant Saturdays, to Fort-William, (whither his parents had removed,) in order to get from his former teacher, an outline of his prospective studies for the subsequent week. Thus he soon became able to translate, with fluency, the Scriptures of the New Testament from the original Greek into his mother-tongue, Gaëlic; and frequently did he astonish, as well as instruct and delight, the unsophisticated rustics of the place, by this singular display of erudition.

After the lapse of two years, he engaged as tutor in the family of Mr Mac Millan of Glenpēan, a very remote and romantic situation at the west end of Loch-aircaig. In this family, he resided for two years, still devoting his spare hours to the prosecution of his classical, and other studies. So great indeed was his ardour in this respect, that his worthy hostess often deemed it necessary, to insist on his relaxing his application to his books, in order to take healthful exercise in the open air. On such occasions, his favourite walk was along the banks of the "slow-rolling Peän," so sweetly celebrated in his own ode to that romantic stream, and on whose green borders were composed many of his finest juvenile strains. At this time also, our young bard began to show a *penchant* for instrumental music. He constructed a rude violin, on which he took lessons from an individual, by profession a piper, who lived in the neighbouring district or "country" of Mòror, and came occasionally to Glenpēan. This rustic instrument possessed but few, if any, of the qualities of a Cremona. An individual, who lived in the family at this period, describes it as being no bigger than a *ladle*—" *Cha bu mho i dhuibh na 'n tiadh,*" and he himself in the ode to Peän calls it "*fidheall na ràcail,*" or "dissonant lyre." Afterwards, however, our poet became a tolerable performer on the violin, as well as some other musical instruments.

After residing two years in Glenpēan, he returned to Clunes, and resumed his former office there. Here he remained for six years. In 1795, he fondly cherished the hope of being enabled to enter College, could he be so lucky as procure funds for that purpose. With the view of obtaining aid from certain wealthy namesakes of his, he and his father paid a visit to those gentlemen, and to some humbler persons, relations of his

mother. The *latter*, "were willing to contribute something;" but the *former* met his suit with a discouraging refusal, telling his father, that "he meant to ruin his son by putting such *idle* notions into his head, and that he ought rather to go home, and forthwith bind the lad as apprentice to his own trade,—that of a weaver." With heavy hearts and weary limbs, they returned home. After anxious and earnest deliberation on this important point, by the poet and his parents around their humble ingle, the idea of going to college was, for a time, abandoned; and the young man resolved to return next day, to the family of Clunes, where he was assured that he should be received with open arms. He accordingly set out for that place; but as he approached it, his earthly career was very nearly terminated. In those days, there was no bridge over the river Arkaig. He found the stream greatly swoln, and hazardous to ford. Night, however, was approaching, and therefore he ventured out. He had not proceeded far in the rugged channel, when he was carried off his feet, and swept away by the rapid current; he now thought with himself that his golden dreams of literary and philosophic distinction were at an end: he committed himself, however, to the care of him who hath said, "when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." On this he was providentially thrown on a stone, a part of which was still above the waters. After resting here a brief space, he made one desperate effort to reach the wished-for bank, and was successful. He there poured out a prayer of gratitude to the Most High for his signal deliverance from so great a danger. Forthwith Mr Mac-lachlan resumed his labours at Clunes; at the same time prosecuting his classical studies with unremitting ardour, as his time permitted. Here he composed several pieces of justly admired Gaëlic poetry; several of these and of his former compositions were published about 1798, in a volume printed in Edinburgh, for Allan M'Dougall, alias "*Dall*," musician, then at Inverlochy, afterwards family-bard to the late Glengarry. Among these were "*Dàin nan Aimsirean*," a translation of Pope's *Messiah*, "*Dàn mu Chonaltradh*," &c., and a translation of part of Homer's *Iliad* into Gaëlic heroic verse. During the currency of the year 1796, our poet was introduced by Dr Ross of Killmonivaig to the late Glengarry; and that Chief, ever after, continued his warm friend. He yielded him the pecuniary aid which he had in vain solicited from other sources. This kindly aid, together with our poet's own little savings out of his salaries, put him in circumstances to proceed to the University, whither he was accompanied by his anxious and affectionate father.* Arrived at Aberdeen, he determined to enter the lists as a competitor for a *bursary* at King's College. Here, for the first time, he found himself engaged with entire strangers in the arena of literary strife. The various pieces of *trial* being duly executed and given in, the hour for announcing the fate of the champions approached; the anxious expectants were assembled in the lobby of the great College-Hall, where the Professors were still engaged in earnest judicial deliberation. Meantime the rustic dress of the young Highlander, his diffident manner, and rather awkward appearance, drew upon him the ungenerous gibes and unmerited contempt of several young coxcombs,

* It is said that he travelled to Aberdeen, dressed in the mountain garb.

his rivals. It was sneeringly recommended to him to make a speedy retreat to the *wilds* of Lochaber, while he was comforted with the assurance that he had not the slightest chance of success. Enduring all this banter, with meek, but firm forbearance, he merely advised his assailants not to prejudge his case. The door of the hall was at length opened, the names of the successful competitors were announced, and the officer first called "EWEN MACLACHLAN," as being the best scholar, and chief bursar.

From that moment, he gained and retained the respect and warm regard of his fellow-students. He entered on his studies in Aberdeen with his wonted earnestness and diligence, and greatly distinguished himself in his classes. At the end of the Session, he resumed the charge of his pupils at Clunes; this he continued to do, during the recess annually, whilst he continued in the *gown classes*. At the end of that period, having obtained the degree of A.M., he entered the Divinity-Hall. Through the good offices of the Rev. Dr Ross, our student was presented to a Royal bursary in the gift of the Barons of Exchequer; and about the same time (anno 1800), he was appointed assistant to Mr Gray as librarian of King's College, and teacher of the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen. From the date of these appointments, he took up his permanent residence in that town, of which, at a subsequent period, he was made a free burgess. He continued to attend the Divinity-Hall for eight sessions, and in the enjoyment of the Royal bursary above mentioned. He was, during the period last mentioned, custodier of the library attached to the Divinity-Hall of Marischal College. From this date, the life of our theologian was indeed a life of incessant literary toil and scholastic labour. In addition to the duties of the offices to which he had been recently appointed, he devoted several hours every day to private teaching, in order to eke out the limited income derived from these offices. Many gentlemen, especially from the Highlands, sent to him their sons to be under his effective and immediate superintendence. Even in these circumstances, as well as through life, he displayed great liberality and affection towards his aged parents and his other near relations, by often relieving their wants out of his hard earnings.

After completing his attendance at the "Hall," and delivering his trial-pieces with éclat, he found the bent of his mind, as well as his ambition, directed to a "Chair," in one of the Universities, rather than to the Pulpit. He was encouraged in his aspiration after this object, by several friends, but particularly by Professor James Beattie of Marischal College. The Professor's death, however, in 1810, was a heavy blow to Mr MacLachlan's hopes. A strong mutual friendship had existed between them, amounting to affection. On the melancholy occasion of his friend's death, Mr MacLachlan composed an elegy in the Gaëlic tongue, which for beauty of language, sincerity of sorrow, and unrivalled elegance of composition, can bear comparison with any thing of the kind ever presented to the world. This was not the only composition in which our poet's grateful remembrance of Professor Beattie's friendship was commemorated. In his "*Metrical Effusions*," (Aberdeen, 1816,) is printed an elegant Latin ode addressed to that accomplished scholar, during his life, and an English ode, entitled "A dream," being an apotheosis on that patron of neglected merit. Some years after his settlement in Aberdeen, Mr MacLachlan turned his attention to Oriental literature, as well as to that of the

languages of modern Europe ; and his acquirements in these he made subservient to the critical culture of his mother-tongue. About the same time he undertook the arduous task of translating the Iliad of Homer into Gaëlic heroic verse. Of this immortal work, he finished nearly seven books, which still remain in MS. Besides this, he began to compile materials for a Dictionary of the Gaëlic language spoken in Scotland, and that, (as he did every thing else) from his mere regard and affection for every thing tending to promote the honour or improvement of his native land. What was *then* called "the Highland Society of Scotland," (having had reference to the mental culture of their Caledonian countrymen, instead of as now, unfortunately, to the physical development of the points of the inferior animals) had soon after entertained the project of preparing and publishing a Dictionary of that ancient language ; and having ascertained the eminent qualifications of Mr MacLachlan, and his progress in compiling the said work, they conjoined him with the late Dr Macleod of Dundonald, in carrying on the national Dictionary, compiled under their patronage. The department assigned to Mr MacLachlan was the Gaëlic-English, and so important and difficult a task could not have been committed to better hands. In the preface to the Dictionary published by Drs Macleod and Dewar, it is well remarked,—"Mr MacLachlan of Aberdeen especially brought to the undertaking great talents, profound learning, habits of industry which were almost superhuman, an intimate acquaintance with the Gaëlic language, and devoted attachment to the elucidation of its principles."

The pages of Mr MacLachlan's MS. of this great national work were enriched with innumerable vocables and phrases kindred to Gaëlic, derived not only from the cognate dialects of the Keltic, but also from the Greek and Latin, as well as from the Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldaic, Persian, and other Eastern languages.

In the winter of 1821 and 1822, he was engaged in transcribing this work for the press, and he expected to have it completed by the following July ; but alas ! his valuable life was not prolonged to see his hopes realized.

Let us now briefly revert to events somewhat prior in our poet's life. In the Metrical Effusions formerly mentioned, there is printed an ode in the Greek language, "*on the Generation of Light*," which had the honour of gaining the prize given by Dr Buchanan of Bengal to King's College for the best poetical ode upon the above subject. About this period (1816), he, at the request of his friend Lord Bannatyne M'Leod, deciphered several old Gaelic MSS., and transcribed them into the ordinary character. A difficult and laborious task. In 1819, Mr Gray died, and Mr MacLachlan was then appointed Head-Master of the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen, and also principal Session-Clerk and Treasurer of the parish of Old Machar. These promotions increased his income, but greatly added to his labour. He was likewise secretary to the Highland Society of Aberdeen ; and in this character, used to wear the full garb of his country when officially attending the meetings of the Society, and on other particular occasions. In 1820, the office of teacher of the classical department of the Inverness Academy became vacant. Many friends and admirers of Mr MacLachlan's great talents made strenuous exertions to procure his appointment to that situation. At the head of these friends was his firm supporter and original patron, Glengarry. Unhappily, the proceedings on that occasion,

instead of being conducted with a single regard to public utility, and the rewarding of merit, were mixed up with *local politics* and causeless prejudices. The result was, that after an unprecedentedly keen canvass, and the exercise of every available influence on both sides, Mr MacLachlan was excluded by the mere numerical force of the opposing party. It is plain from the very handsome document obtained from the Professors of Humanity and Greek at St Andrews, upon the occasion of Mr MacLachlan's being on a remit, examined by them, that want of deep scholarship, or talent as a successful teacher, was not the cause of his exclusion from a situation which he would have adorned.

Gifted with exquisite sensibility, he deeply felt the unworthy treatment thus experienced at the hands of his Norland countrymen; and he frequently expressed himself to the effect, that he was resolved never again to expose his peace of mind to the machinations of "ambidexter politicians."

Some short time after this period, his health became affected. His constitution began to yield under his incessant toils. He proceeded, however, to Ayrshire, to visit his colleague, Dr Macleod. There his health rallied considerably, and he continued in the enjoyment of much of that blessing, till the beginning of 1822; when again his health was most seriously assailed. He lingered till the 29th day of March, when this amiable man, and distinguished scholar, departed this life at the age of 47 years. It might be said that he died of a gradual decay and debility, induced by professional over-exertion and study. His locks had become, years before his death, silver-grey. In him, unquestionably, died the first Celtic scholar of his day. His premature death caused much regret in the public mind, particularly at Aberdeen, and throughout the Highlands; and deep sorrow among his numerous friends.

As a general scholar, possessed of varied learning and fine genius, Mr MacLachlan stood very high. The department of philology, however, was his *forte*, and favourite pursuit. In that respect, it is believed, he had few superiors. He was "eximius apud Scotos philologus." His Greek and Latin odes have met with the highest approbation from the *best* critics. The same may be predicated of his Gaelic poems. His Gaelic version of the first seven books of the Iliad stands second to the unrivalled original alone. His MS. of the national Gaelic-English Dictionary (if preserved) affords ample proof of his unwearied diligence and labour, and of his pre-eminent philological and antiquarian acquirements; notwithstanding it did not receive the final polish from his master-hand. With the true spirit of genius, his mind descended, with grateful elasticity, from those abstruse subjects to the lighter amusements of poetry and music; cheerful, and often playful conversation.

As a classical teacher, Mr MacLachlan's success is sufficiently evinced by the circumstance, that his pupils annually carried off the largest proportion of the bursaries competed for at the University. His excellencies as a scholar were equalled by his virtues as a man and a Christian. His piety was unfeigned, deep, and, in some respects enthusiastic. He was the very soul of *honour*. None could go before him in moral *purity*, worth and integrity. His manners, withal, displayed the most engaging simplicity. In life, he

secured the love and respect of all who knew him ; and in death, his memory is by them held in tender remembrance.

Eminently calculated to advance the literature and language of his native land, it is deeply to be regretted that he had not been placed through the munificence of individuals, or the public patriotism of his countrymen, in a situation of ease and comfort, such as a Professorship of Keltic in one of our Universities. There he could have effectually promoted the objects he so fondly cherished : the temperament of his modest nature required the supporting arm of a patron, as the limber vine requires the aid of the oak. But his was the too frequent lot of kindred spirits, to experience the heart-sickening of "hope deferred," and to be allowed to droop and die, the victims of ill-requested toil.

Mr MacIachlan possessed the friendship, and was the correspondent of several persons of distinction—among these might be enumerated, besides the late Glengarry, his Grace Alexander Duke of Gordon, Sir John Sinclair, Dr Gregory, and Lord Bannatyne Macleod. Much of their correspondence, (*if collated*) would be found very interesting.

In conformity with the prevailing feature of his character, this "true Highlander," on his death-bed directed his body to be laid with the ashes of his fathers at the foot of his native mountains ; "et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos." This dying request was religiously complied with. At Aberdeen, every mark of respect was paid to his memory. With all the solemnities usually observed at the obsequies of a Professor of the University, his body was removed from his house to the ancient chapel of King's College, his Alma Mater, and laid in the tomb of Bishop Elflington, the founder of this venerable seminary. Next morning, a great concourse of the most respectable persons in and around Aberdeen, including the Professors of both Universities, the Magistrates of the city and the Highland Society of Aberdeen chapterly, met in the College Hall, to pay their last respects to the remains of departed worth, and thence accompanied the hearse, bearing those remains, some distance out of town, and there bade a long and last adieu. Similar indications of respect and sorrow were evinced in all the towns through which the mournful procession passed. Glengarry, accompanied by a large number of his clansmen dressed in their native garb, paid a tribute of respect to his departed *protegé*, by meeting and escorting his remains, while passing through that chief's country. His Lochaber countrymen were not behind in exhibiting every proper feeling towards the memory of him whom they universally esteemed an honour to belong to their country. All classes of them came out to meet the hearse ; so that on entering his native village of Fort-William, the crowd was so dense, that the procession advanced with difficulty. Next day, being the 15th of April, the mortal remains of Ewen MacIachlan, preceded by the "wild wail" of the *piobrachd*, and accompanied by a larger assemblage than that of the preceding day, were conducted to their last resting-place, and laid with those of his fathers, at Killevaodain in Ardgour. There, "near the noise of the sounding dirge," sleeps "the waster of the midnight oil," without "one gray stone" to mark his grave !

AN SAMHRADH.

A12 FOSN.—“*An am dol sìos bhì dednach.*”

Moen 's mi 'g éiridh 'madainn chèitén,
 'S driùchd air fear nan Rìntean ;
 Bu shanntach éibhinn cáil gach creutair,
 'Tigh'n le gleus a'm frùgaibh,
 Gu bláthas na gréine 'b'agh'or éiridh,
 Suas air sgéith nam mòr-bheann ;
 'S é teachd o'n chuan gu dreachor, buaghach,
 Rìoghail, uasal, òr-bhuidh.

'Tha cùirtean ceutach cian nan speuran,
 Laith-ghorm, réidh mar ehlàraidh,
 'S do sgaoil bho chèile neol a sheideadh
 Stoirm nan reub-ghaoth àrda ;
 Gach dùil ag éigheach iochd a's rèite,
 'N teachd a cheud mhios Mbàigh oirnn ;
 S gu'm b' ùr neo-thruaillidh 'n trusgan uain',
 Air druim nan cluaintean fàsaich.

Bu chùirteil, prìseil, foirm gach eoin,
 An cuantal òrdail, greannar,
 Cuir sìos ar sgeòil is blasta gloir,
 Air bharr nan òg-mheur samhraidh,
 Le 'n rìbheid chiùil gu fonnar dlù,
 Na puirt bu shiublaich ranntachd ;
 'S mac-tall' a' freagairt fuaim an feadain,
 Shuas 's na creagan gleannach.

Bì 'n ioc-shlainnt chléibh am fìor shruth sléibh,
 O ghlaic nam fear-choir' arda.
 Le turaraich bhinn th'air bhalbhag min,
 A shiubblas sìos tro 'n àilean,
 Mar airgead glas, 'na choilleibh cas,
 Rì tòraghan bras gun tàmh orr',
 Cuir sùigh gun truail 's gach flùran uaine,
 'S dlù mu bhruch nam blàrabh.

B' è m' éibhneas riamh 'nuair dh' èirghe griau,
 Le cheud gath tiorail blàth oirn,
 Bhì ceum a sìos gu beul nam min-shruth,
 'S réidh ghorm lith mar sgàthan,
 A' snamh air falbh gu samhach balbh,
 Gu cuantaibh gailbheinn sàil ghlais,
 Tro lùbaibh cam le straitheibh ghleann
 Tha tilge greann a Mbàirt diu.

Air uchd an fhior-nisg 's grunn a chitear,
 Oibrean sìannta nàduir,
 Du-neòil nan speur a' falbh o chéil,
 Air chruach nan sleibhtean arda ;
 Gun saoil an t-sùil gur h-ann sa ghruand,
 'Tha dealbh gach ioghnaidh àghoir ;

Am bun os-ceann nan luibh 's nan crann,
 'S na'm beil sa' ghleann gan àrach.

Bi'dh bradan seang-mhear, druim-dhubh, tarr-
 'S cleoc nan meabh-bhall ruadh air, [gheal]
 Beo, brisg, gun chearb air bhuinne garbh,
 O'n mhuir is gailbheach uallan ;
 Gu b-iteach, earr-ghobhlach, grad-mheamnach,
 Leum air ghearr-sgiath luatha,
 Le cham-ghob ullamh cheapa chuileag,
 Bhios feadh shruth nan cuairteag.

Gum faicte loma barr gach tomain,
 Caoirich thromha, lìontaigh,
 Gu ceigeach, bromnach, garbh an tomalt,
 Rusgach, ollach, min-tiugh ;
 'S an uanaibh geala, luatha, glana,
 Rì cluaineis mhear a' dian-ruith,
 Le mèilich mhaoth m' au cuairt do'n raon,
 A's pàirt san fhraoch gan griannadh.

'S na tràthan ceart thig dròbh nam mar, t,
 'An ordugh steach do'n bhuailé,
 Le 'n iùthibh lan, gu reamhar, làirceach,
 Druim-fhionn, crà-dhearg, gualliom ;
 'S gach gruagach àigh gu eridheil, gàireach,
 Craicneach, snàthach, cuachach ;
 Air lom an tothair, fonn air bleothann,
 Steall bu bhothar fuaimrich.

Gur h-ionmhuinn gaoir struth-ghheimnich laogh,
 Rì leumnaich shaoil fea 'n àilein,
 Gu seang-brisg, uallach, eutrom, guanach,
 Pòr is uaisle stràiceis,
 'S iad dù-ghlas, riabhach, eaisfhionn, stiallach,
 Bailghionn, ciar-dhubh, barr-lom,
 'S an earblaibh sguabach togte suas,
 A' duibh-ruith suas gu màthair.

O Shàmhraidh gheugaich, ghriannaich, cheutaich,
 Dhuillich, fheuraich, chi in-ghil !
 Bho t-anail fein thig heart a's speurad,
 Do gach creutair diùidh,
 Bha 'n sàs 'an slabhraidh reot a gheamhraidh,
 Ann an àm na dùdhlachd,
 'S tha nis a'damhs, feadh ghlaic a's ghleann,
 M' ad theachd a nall as ùr oirn.

'S tu tarbhaich reachdor, biachar, pailt,
 Le feart do fhrasau blatha,
 A thig nan euraich mhaoth-bhuig dhriùchd,
 A' dorta sùigh gun fhàillinn,

S ann leam is taitneach fianh do bhrait,
O fhùraibh dait a ghàraidh
Cuir dealra boisgeil reull an daoimein,
'Mach gu druim nan ard-bheann.

Gach flòrao mais is àillidh dreach,
A' fàs 'an cleachdadh òrdail,
Gu rimbeach, taitneach, ciatach, snasamhor,
Ann 's an reachd bu choir dhaibh ;
An t-seamrag uaine 's barr-gheal gruag,
A's buidheann chuachach neoinein,
Lili guagach uau cluigean,
'S mìle lus nach eol domh.

Bidh sobhrach luaineach, gheal-bhui, chluasach,
Ann am braach nan alltabh,
'S a bhlolair uain taobh nam fàran,
Gibeach, eluaineach, cam-mheur ;
Thig ròs nam bad is boidheche dreach,
Na neoil na maidne samhraidh,
Gu ruiteach, dearg-gheal, cearsalach dealbhach,
Air roinn mheanbh nam fann-shlat.

An gleann fo bharrach, réisgeach, cannach,
Feurach, raineach, luachrach,
Gu min-bhog, mealach, brìghor, bainnear,
Cib, a's eneamh m' an cuairt ann ;
Bidh lom a bhlàir is reachdair fàs,
A' dol fo stràc neo-thruaillidh,
'S an saoghal a 'gàirdheas le fàillt,
A thaobh gu'n dh' fhag an fuachd sinn.

Gor ceann-ghorm lònneil dos gach doire,
Bhios sa choille chrèchdach,
Gu sleabhach ard fo lomlan blàth,
O bhun gu bharr 'n comhdach ;
An snothach sùghor thig o'n dùsluing
Ann sna fiàrain ròsar,
A' brùchda meas tro shlios nan geug,
A's tìs nan speur ga'n còmhnaidh.

Gach maoth phreas ùr gu duilleach cùbhraidh,
Penrach, ùbhlach, sòghar,
Trom thorrach, luisreagach, a' làbadh,
Measach, driùchdach, fòdail ;
Le cud-throm ghagan dlù dhonn-dhearg,
A bhios air slait nan cròc-mheur,
'S co millis blas ri mìl o'n sgeap,
Aig seillein breac a chrònain.

Bidh coisridh mhuirueach nan gob làghor,
Ann sgach ùr-dhos uaigneach,
Air gheugaibh dlù nan duilleach ùr-ghorm,
Chuireadh sunnt fo'n duanaig ;
Thig smeòrach chuirteil, druid a's bru-dhearg,
Uisge chiuin a's cuachag,
Le h-òran cianail, fann-bhog tiamhaidh,
N glacaig dhìomhair uaine.

M' an innsin sìos gach nì bu mhiann leam,
Ann an briathran seolta,
Cha chuirinn crìoch le dealbh am bliadhu'
Air ceathramh trian de'n b' eol domh,
M' a ghlòir nan speur, 's an t-saoghal gu léir,
A lion le h-èibhneas mòr mi,
'N uair rinn mi éiridh madainn chéitein,
'S dealt air feur nan lònntean.

AM FOGHAR.

FONN—"Nuair thig an Samhra geugach oirnn."

GRAD éiridh fonn a's fìor-ghleus oirbh,
Na biodh 'ur 'n iuntinn snauaireanach ;
Tha sgeul is ait leam lùnse dhuibh,
Cho binn bho chian cha chuala sibh ;
Tha 'm pòr bu taitneach cinntinn duinn,
Fo'n reachd is brìghair buaghalachd ;
'S gun teid an saoghal a riarachadh,
O dhìcheall gniumh nan tuathanach.

Tha 'm foghar a' nochda cairdeis duinn,
'S e bhuilich an pailteas gnàthaicht oirn
A mhaithas gu fialaidh pàirtichear,
Gun ghainne; gun fhàilline truacantachd ;
Gheibh duine's brùda shàthachadh
'O sheileir na dùstuing nàdurra ;
Gun' sgaoilear na bìird gu failteachail
Ga 'r cuireadh gu lìn ar tuarsadail

Theid sgràing an acrais bhiasaich dhinn,
'S a ghorta chrìon gu'm fuadaichear,
Bu ghuineach, sgaiteach, bior-guineach,
Géar-ghoint' a ruinn' ghob nuarranta ;
'S e 'dheughladh sùgh nan caolan bhuait,
'Chur neul an Aoig mu d' ghruaim-mhala ;
Gun teid an tarmasg dìoghaltach
A ghreasad null th' ar chnaintean bhuainn.

Bidh coirce strath nan dù-ghleannabh,
Fo'n dreach is chuirteil prìseileachd,
Trom thorach, diasach, cuinnleanach,
Ard, luirgneach, suighte, sonraichte ;
'S am pannal ceolmhor, mùirneachail,
Gu sunntach, sardail, ordamail.
Co gleusta, saithreach, luath-lamhach,
'S am barr ga bhuaín 'na dhòrlaichean.

Gach te gu dìleas deannadach,
Le corran cam-ghorm, geur-fhiadlach,
Ri farpais stritheil, dhiorrasaich,
Cuir fuinn a sìos fo dhuauagan ;

Bidh oigridh, lùghor, mheanmneach,
A' ceangal bhann na sguabannan,
Le 'n diolt am brìodal màranach,
A bheireadh gàir air gruagaichean.

'S an Iuchar ehiatach, ghaathor, théid
Feur-saoidh na faich' a sgaoileadh leinn
A' ceann nan riaghan caola 'bhios
Air lòn nan raointean uain-neulach ;
Na ràchdain làidir liath-ghiubhais
A tionndadh rolag sniomhanach,
Gu 'n tìormachadh 's na grian-ghathan,
Cho caoin 's as mian le tuathanach.

*N uair dh'fhosgla *Phæbus* seòmraichean,
Na h-aird-an-iar thoirt ordugh dhuinn ;
*An dubhar an fheasgair tòiseachar,
Ri cruinneacha feòir 'an cruachannan ;
Bidh mulain is gairbhe dòmhlaas,
Gu tomaltach, cuirrichdeach, mor-cheannach ;
Grad fhighear na sìonnain chorr umpa,
Gù sgiobailte, doigheil, suaicheanta.

Bidh imairean cian fo stràcan ann,
Le doireachan gorm buntàta orra,
Gu ginneach, dosach, cràc-mheurach,
Bog-mhògach, lairceach, uain-neulach ;
Barr-gùc a's dearg-gheal fàs orra,
'Sa dhreach mar ròs nan gàraidhnean ;
Bidh paidirein phlumbas àillidh ann,
Air mheangain 'nam barr nan cluanaibh.

Nuair thig an aimsir ghnàthaicht oirn,
'Sa bhuaineas a's làraich è,
Grad-nochlar fras bhuntàta dhuinn,
Ga chrathadh o'n bharr 'na dhòrlaichean,
Ceud mìle dreach a's dealbh orra,
Gu faobach, geumhlach, garbh-phlucach,
Cruaidh mheallach, uibeach, ghailbheach iad,
A' tuiteam mar gharbhlaich dòrnagan.

'S iad ciochach, dearg-dhubh, breac-shuileach,
Gu tana min-gheal, leacanach ;
Gu plubach, crinn-gheal, cnapanach,
'S iad fad-chumpach na uaireannan ;
B'e 'n toradh biadhar, feartach è,
Nach mall a lìona chaiteagan,
'Nuair ghrèidhear ann sa phraisich è,
'S è bhlas is taitneach buaghannan.

'S glan fàile nan cnò gaganach,
Air ard-shlios nan cròc had-dhuilleach ;
'S trom fàsor am por bagailteach,
Air bharr nam fad-gheng sòlasach ;
Thèid brìgh nam fìuran slat-mheurach,
'An cridhe nan ùr-chnap blasadach ;
Gur brisg, gheal sùgh a chagannaich,
Do neach a chagnas dòrlach dhiù.

'S clann-bheag a ghluà le'm pocannan,
A' streup ri h-ard nan dos-chramabh,
A bhuain nan cluaran mog-mheurach,
Gu lugh'or, docoir, luath-lamhach ;
'Nuair dh' fhaoisgear as na mogail iad,
'S a bhristear plaòisg nan cochall diu,
Gur caoin am maoth-bhlas fortanach,
Bhios air an fhros neo-bhruaileanach.

'S è mios nam buaidhean taitneach è,
Bheir pòc an t-sluaigh gu h-abachadh ;
O'm fògrar gruain an acrais diun,
O's maireann pailteas pòrsain duinn ;
Mìos bog nan ùbhlán breac-mheallach,
Gu peurach, plumbach, sgachagach,
A' lùisreadh sìos le dearcagailh,
Cìr-mhealach, beachach, gròiseideach.

Mios molach, robach, bracuirneach
'S è catoil ròiceil, tacarach,
Gu h-iolannach, cuirrichdeach, adagach,
Trom-dhiasach, bhreac-gheal, sguabanach ;
Mios miagh nam fuarag, stapagach,
Buntàtach, feòlar, sgadanach,
Gu h-imeach, càiseach, ceapaireach,
Le bheirteas pailt gu truacontachd.

Gu saothreach, stritheil, lamhachair,
An oigridh dhìleas, thàbhachlach,
Ri taobh nan linnagan sùile 'm biodh,
An sgadan a suannh 's a bhoineireachd
Snàth-moineis garbh an snàthadan,
A' fuaigheal lìon ri 'm bràghcheachan,
Gu sreangach, bolach, àrcanach,
Bheir bas do'n nàisein chleòc-lannach.

'Nuair dh'aomas ùidheche chiar-ghlas oirn,
'S a dhubhas an iarmailt cheò-neulach,
Gur h-ullamh, ealamh, iasgaidh, dol
Air ghleus an iarmaid shonraichte ;
Grad bhrùcaidh iad 'nan ciadan, as
Gach taobh 'n uair dhiolar òrdugh dhaibh,
Air bhàrcaibh eutrom luatb-ràmhach,
A' sguabadh a chuain ghorm-ghreannaich.

Gur dàicheil, sùrdail, cruadalach,
Fir ùr nan cruaidh lamh conspaideach,
A' stri co fuiribh 's luaithe bhios
Air thùs an t-sluaigh 's a chounsacha ;
A cholluinn nan tonn buaireasach,
Le neart nan cuaille beo ghiubhais ;
Mar dhrùid nan speur cho luath dhut iad,
Thar stuadh is naibhreach crònanaich.

Air tàrla dhuibh san ionad, 's am
Bì n t-iasg ri mire ghoraich, tèid
Na lìn a chur ga h-iongantach
Air uchd a ghrinnail bhòc-thonnach ;

'Nuair thogar ann sa mhàdainn iad
Gu trom-tan, breac le lodalachd,
Gur suntach, siubhlach, dhachaigh iad
Le'n tacar beairteach, sòlasach.

Gu h-aigeantach, eutrom, inntinneach,
Fìr aighearach, gheust, air linneannan,
Le saighdean geur nan trì-mheorabb,
Air ghallanaibh dìreach cruaidh shìleghach ;
A' sìreadh an èisg le duibh-liasaibh,
Theid seachad na leum air fìor-uisge ;
Na miorbhachan reubach, dìobhalach,
Gan tarraim gu tìr air bhrùachannaibh.

'S an oidheche chiùraidh, fhiathail, gum
Bì sìrd air leis gum pleòiteachadh,
Gum pacar aons na h-urraisgean iad
Speailt thioram ùr gu h-ordamail :
Bith dearg a's cruaidh gan giùlan ann,
Chuir smùid a suas gu beò-losgadh,
A ruith nam bradan fad-bhronnach,
Feadh bhuinne cás nam mor-shrùithean.

'S am bradan eutrom, aineasach,
Brig, grad-chlis, meamnach, luasganach,
'Na éideadh liath-ghlais, dhearg-bhallaich,
Dù-lannach, mean-bhreac, cluaineiseach ;
Gur gob-cham, sliosmhor, tarr-ghéal è,
Le stiùir bu shiobach carr-ghobhlach,
Ri lù-chleas bras air ghearr-agiathaibh,
'An toirmich gharbh nan eumirtengan.

Gun d'fhuair sibh dàn a nise bhuam,
Mar thug mi fios a' tòiseachadh,
Mu bhuaidh nam mìosan biotailteach,
Tha trom le ghibhean sòlasach,
Gu 'm beil da rann thar-fhichead ann
'S o's mist è tuille ròpaireachd,
Gun cuir mi crìoch gu tìmeil air,
M' am fàg mi sgith le bòilich sibh.

AN GEAMHRADH.

AIR FOMN—"S i so 'n àimsir a dhearbhar."

Tha *Phæbus* s na speuraibh
Ag éiridh na thriall,
Roi reulltaichean *Geur-shaighead*,*
Bheumnaich nan sian ;

Ur-éifeachd a cheud gath
Gu ceiteineach grinn,
A nì feum do gach creutair
O éireadh d'an diun.

Tha na tlà gathan blàth ud
A b' fhàbharach dhuinn
Gar fàgail aig nàmhaid
Na dh' fhàsas a h-ùir ;
O na thriall e roi chrìochaihb
Na Riaghailt a null
Gù *Sign-Adharc-Gaibhre*
Bu duibh-reotach iùil.

Tha àoidhealachd bàduir
A b' fhàiltiche tuar,
Fad an t-saoghail air caochladh
'S a h-aogasg fo ghruaim :
Tha giùig àir na dùilean
Le fùnntainn an fhuachd,
Fo dhù-liunn trom-thùrsach,
Ri ciucharan truagh.

Tha 'm Foghar reachdor, fialaidh,
Bu bhiadh abaich fàs,
Le cruachannaibh cuac-mheallach,
Sguab-thorach, làn,
Air treigsinn a shnuaidh,
O'n a dh'fhuaraich gach càil,
Roi'n mhìos chruai-ghuinneach, ghruamach
'S neo-thruacanta bàigh.

Le stròiceadh na dòilichinn
Thoirleum gu làr,
Gorm chomhdach nam mòr-chrann
Bu chròc-chennach barr,
Nì fuigh-bheatha sùghor
Nan ùr-fhaillean àrd,
Tro fhéithean nan geugan
Grad thearnadh gum freumh.

Na h-eòineinean boidheach
Is òrdamail pong,
Le'n dlù-fheadain shunntach
O'n siubhlaiche fonn ;
Gum fògrar o'n cheòl iad
Gu clò-chadal trom ;
'S nì iad comhuaidh 's gach còs
Ann am frògaibh nan toll.

Thig leir-sgrìos air treudan
Nam fear-luibhean gorm ;
Dì-mhilltear gach dìthean
Bu mhin-ghibeach dealbh :

* Sagittarius and Capricorn, two constellations on the Zodiac or Ecliptic.

+ Riaghailt, the Equinoctial line.

Fior aognaichidh aogasg
Nan aonach 's nan learg,
Le spionadh nan sianntan
Dian-ghuineach, garg.

An ciar sheillean srian-bhuidhe
'S cianaile srann,
Bha dicheallach gnìomhach,
Feadh chioch nan lus fann,
Gun còmhnuich e'n stòr-thaigh
Nan seòmraichean cam;
'S gu leoir aige bheo-shlàint
Air lòn-mhìl nach gann.

Theid a mheanbh-chuileag shamhraidh
Le teanutachd gu bàs,
Ge b' òibhneach a leumnaich
'An ceud-mhìos a mhàigh;
Gach lùb shruth bu bhùrn-ghlan
A shiubhladh tro 'n bhàr,
Fo chruaidh-ghlais de'n fhuar-dheibh
Is nuarranta càil.

B'f'dh sàr-obair nàduir
Le fàillinn fo bhròn,
Feadh chàthar, a's àrd-bheann,
A's fhàsach nan lòn;
Cha dearbhar clnith mheannach
Nan garbh-bhradan mòr,
'S ni iad tamh-chadal sàmhach
Fo sgàil bhadaibh gorm.

Theid Æolus, rìgh fiadhaich
Nan sianntainnean doirbh,
Gu fuar-thalla gruaim-ghreannach,
Tuath-fhrasan searbh;
Grad-fhuasglar leis cruaidh ghlas
Nan ua'-bhéisean garg,
Clach luath-mheallain, 's cuairt-ghaoth
Bu bhuaireanta colg.

Thig teann-chogadh Geamhraidh
Le h-aimbleas a nìos,
Ann an dorchadas stoirmibh
Air charbad nan nial;
A duibh-fhroiseadh sbaighdean
Tro'n àidhbheis gu dian,
Geur, ruinn-bhiorach, puiseannta,
Chlaidheas gach nì.

B'f'dh armachd nan uabhas
Mu'n cuairt da gach laimh,
Ri beuchdaich a reubas
Na speuran gu h-àrd;
Ion-stròicear a chròc-chuille
Mhòr as a freumh,
Le spùtadh garbh-sgiùrsaidh
Na dùdhlachd gun tlàths,

Gum bòch a mhuir cheann-ghlas
Is gaill-bheinneach greann;
Gur gorm-robach, doirbh-chorrach,
Borbaidh nan tonn;
Gu h-àrdach, càir-gheal,
A' bàrcadh nan deann;
Agus gairich a bhàis b'f'dh
Air bhàirlinn gach glinn!

Gum brùchd an fhras chiùrraidh
D'ar n-ionnsuidh a nuas,
A's bàthar gach àilean
Fo làn nan sruth luath,
A thaosgas san taomraich
Nam maom-thuiltean ruadh;
'S marachd-sine na dìleann
G'ar miobhadh le fuachd.

Thig clacha-meallain garbha
Le stàircaich mu'r ceann.
Gar spuacadh mar chruaidh-fhrois
De luaidhe nan Gall;
Gaoth bhuaireis ga sguabadh
O chruachaibh nam beann;
Luchd-coiseachd gan léireadh
Le h-éireadh nach gann.

Thig ceò tiugh nan neoil oirn
O mhòr mheall nan cruach,
Le smùidrich an dù-reothaidh
Dhìnghaltaich, fhuair;
Ga leir dhuinn lag-éiridh
Na gréine ri h-uair,
Grad-fhalchaidh i carbad
Geal, dealrach, sa' chuan.

Le dall-chur na faillbe
Gum falchar gach meall;
Sneachd cléiteagach gle-thiugh
Nan speur os ar ceann
Gu h-àrd domhainn barr-gheal
Air fásaich nan gleann;
B'f'dh nàdur fo'n stràc nd
Gu fàillinneach, faun.

Thig iom-chathadh feanntaidh
Fo shrannaich nan stoirm,
A ghluaiseas an luath-sneachd
Na fhuar-chithibh doirbh;
B'f'dh an smùid ud ad' sgiùrsadh
Le dù-chuthach searbh;
'Sa léireadh nan sleisnean
Mar gheur-shalanu garg.

B'f'dh gach sùil agus aodunn
Ag aognachadh fiamb;
Agus ceòraich an rèit
Air na feòsagaibh liath:

B'ìdh spùtadh na funntainn
Is drùightiche sian,
A' tolladh tro d' ghrùdhan
Gu ciùrr-bheumach, dian.

Mios reub-hhiorach, éireanda,
Chreuchdas gach dùil ;
Mios buaireasach, buailteach,
'S neo-thrucant' a ghnùis ;
Mios nuarranta, buagharra,
'S tuath-ghaothach spùt,
Bhios gu h-earr-ghlaiseach, feargach,
Le stairearach nach ciùin.

Mios burruglasach, falmarra,
Gharbh-fhrasach fuar ;
Tha gliob-shleamhain, dileanta,
Grim-reotach, cruaidh,
Ged robh luirghean gan ròsladh
Ri deagh theine guail,
B'ìdh na sàiltean gan cràdhladh
Gu bàs leis an fhuachd.

Mios colgarra, borb-chur,
Nan stoirneibh nan deann,
Gu funntainneach, puinnseunta,
'S diughaltach srann :
A' beuchdaich 's na speuraibh
Le leir-sgrìos gu càil:
Bior-dheilgneach, le gairisinn,
Bu mheill-chrìtheach greann.

Cha'n àireamh na thainig,
De bhàrdaibh san fheoil,
Gach ànradh thug teanntachd
A gheamhraidh g'ar còir ;
Ach, mu'm fairghear mo sheanachas
Gun dealbh air ach sgeòl,
Gur tìmh domh' bhi crìochnachadh
Briathran na sgeòil.

AN T-EARRACH.

AIR FOKK—"Thainig oirn do dh' Albainn crois."

THAINIG Earrach oirn m' an cuairt,
Theid am fuachd fo fhuadach eian
Theid air imrich thar a chuan
Geamhradh buaireasach nan sian :
Ràithe sneachdach, reotach, cruaidh,
A dh' atas colg nan lath-ghaoth òian
Sligheach, deilgneach, feanntaidh, fuar,
A lom, 'sa dh' aognaich snuadh gach nì.

Nis o'n phill a ghrian a nall
Tréigidh sìd a's annradh gàrg :
Islichear strannraich nan speur,
'S ceanglar srian am beul gach stoirm ;
Sguiridh na builg shéididh chruaidh
'San àibheis aird, a b' uaibhrich fearg :
Eubhar sìothchaimh ris gach dùil,
'S tiunndaich iad gu mughadh foirm.

Iompaichear an uair gu blàths,
Le frasaibh o'n aird-an-iar,
Leaghaidh sneachd na shruthaibh luath
O ghuaillibh nan gruaim bheann ciar.
Fosglaidh tobraichean a ghruinnidh,
A bhrùchdas nan spùtaibh dian ;
'S deith gu sgealbach, ceilleachdach, dlù,
Le gleadhraich ghairbh ga sgùradh sìos.

Sgapaidh dall-cheo tiugh nan nial
As a céil' an iar 's an ear,
Na mbeallaibh giobach, ceigeach, liath,
Druim-robach, ogluidh, ciar-dhubh, glas,
A' snàmh san fhailbhe mhòir gun cheann,
A null 'sa nall, mar luìng fo beairt ;
'S iathaidh iad nan rùsgaibh bàn
Mu spìodaibh pìceach àrd nam bac.

Nochdaidh *Phæbus* duinn a gnùis,
A' dealradh u thùr nan speur,
Le soillse caoimhneil, bhoisgeil, blàth,
Gu tiusmhor, bàigheil, ris gach creubh :
Na sgrios a ghaillionn chiurraidh fhuar,
Mosglaidh iad a nuas o'n eug ;
Ath-nuadhaichear a bhliadhn' as ùr,
Gach dùil gu mùirneach ; surd air feum.

Sgeudaichear na lóin 's na blàir,
Fo chomhdach àluinn lusaibh meanbh ;
Sgaolaidh iad a mach ri gréin
An duilleach fein fo mhìle dealbh :
Gu giobach, caisreagach, fo'm blàth,
Le'n dathaibh àillidh, fann-gheal, dearg ;
Bileach, mealach, maoth-bhog, ùr,
Luirgneach, sùghmhor, driùchdach, gorm.

Gur h-ionmhuinn an sealladh fonnmhor
A chitear air lom gach leacainn ;
'S cùbhraidh leam na fion na Frainge
Fàile thom, a's bheann, a's ghilac ;
Mìlseineach, biolaireach, sòbhrach,
Eagach cuach nan neoinin maisiach,
Siomragach, failleineach, brìgh'or,
Luachrach, ditheanach, gun ghaiseadh.

Thig mùilleinean de shluagh an fheòir
Beò fo tìus nam fann-ghath tlà,
Le 'n sgiathaibh sìoda, ball-bhreact ùir,
'S iad daithte 'm boichead mìos a Mhàigh :

An tuairneagaibh geal nam flùr,
Dhùisgidh iad le h-ìochd a bhlàis,
'S measgnaichidh an rìghle dlù
'Sa chéitein chiùin nach lot an càll !

Diridh snothach suas o'n fhriamhaich
Tro cham-chuislibh shniombain bhad-chrann,
Gu maoth-bhlada, mealach, cùlhraidh,
Sior chuir sùigh 's nam fùran shlatach ;
B'ìdh an còmhach gorm a' brùchdadh
Roi shlois ùr nan dlù-phreas dosrach,
Duilleach, làbach, nasal, sgiambach,
Dreach nam meur is rimheach coltas.

B'ìdh eoin bheaga bhinn a chàthair,
A cruinneachadh shràbh gu nèadan ;
Togaidh iad 's na geugaibh naigheach
Aitribh chnairteagach ri taice
Laidhidh gu cluthur nan tamh
A blàiteachadh nan cruinn nabh breaca,
Gus am bris an t-slighe làn,
'S an tig an t-àlach òg a mach dhaibh.

Thig éibhneas na bliadhn an tùs,
Mu'n crìochnaich an t-ùr-mhìos Màirt ;
Bheir an spréidh an toradh trom
Le fosgladh am bronu gu làr :
Brùchdaidh mìn, a's laoiagh, a's uain,
Nam mìltibh m'an cuairt do'n bhlàr ;
S breac-gheal dreach nan raon 's nan stùc,
Fo chòisridh mheanbh nan lù-chleas bàth !

Bidh gabhair nan adhaircean crècach,
Stangach, cam, an àird nan sgealb-chreag ;
Rob-bhrat iom-dhathach m'an cuairt daibh,
Caitean ciar-dhubh, gruamach, gorm-ghlas,
S na minneinean laghach, greannar,
Le meigeadaich fhanu g'an leanmhinn :
'S mìreanach a chleasachd ghuannach
Bhios air pòr beag luath nan gearr-mheann.

Caoirich cheig-rùsgach fo chòmhach ;
Sgaoilt air reithlein lóintean-driuchdach ;
'A uaineinean cho geal ri cainichean
Air chluaintibh nan learg ri sùgradh.
An crodh mòr gu lontaidh láireach,
Ag ionaltradh fhàsach ùr-ghorm ;
An dream lith-dhonn, chaisiunn, bhan-bhreac,
Ghuailiunn, chra-dhearg, mhàgach, dhùmhail.

'S iontinneach an eol ri m' chluais
Fann-gheum laogh m'an cuairt do'n chrò,
Ri coì-ruith timcheall nan raon,
Grad-bhrisg, seang-mhear, aotrom, beo ;
Stairich aig an lairghean luath,
Sios m'an bhruaich gu guanaich òg ;
'S teach 'sa mach á buaile lainn,
'S bras an leum ri bàirich bhò !

'N aimsir ghnàthaichte na bliadhna,
Sgapar siol gu biadh san fheavann.
Ga thilgeadh na fhraisaibh dìona.
'S na h-iomairean fiara, cama ;
Sgalag, a's eich laidir, ghuimbach
Ri straidhlich nan clàth gan tarrainn ;
'S tiodhlaicear fo'n dùsluing mhìn
An gràinean lontaidh 's brìgh'or toradh.

Sgoiltar am buntàta cnuachdach
Na sgràilleagaibh chnasach, bachlach ;
Theid an inneir phronn na lodaibh
Socach, trom, air chòmhnard achaidh ;
Le treun ghearrain chùbach, chàruach,
Chliabach, spidreach, bhràideach, shrathrach
Sùrd air teachd-an-tìr nan Gàid,
Dh' fheuch an tàr e fo'n talamh.

'Nuair a thogas *Phabus* àgh
Mach gu h-àird nan nial a ceann,
O sheomar dealrach a chuain
Ag òradh air chruach nan beann ;
Brùchdaidh as gach ceann an tuath,
'Staigh cha'n fhuirich luath no mall,
Inntrigidh air guionh nam boadh,
“ Buntàta 's inneir ! suas an crann ! ”

Theid an inneal-draibh an òrdugh,
Sean eich laidir mhor a' tarrainn
Nan ionustramaid ghleadrach, ròpach,
Beart 'san lionmhor còrd a's anull,
Ailbheagan nan cromag fiara,
Socach, coltrach, giadhach, langrach ;
Glige-ghlaige crainn a's iarunn,
Sùrd air guionh o'm biadhchor toradh !

Hush ! an t-ùraiche 's am bàn-each,
Fear air crann, 's air crann, 'sa chorraig,
Buntàta, 's inneir theith na cliabhaidh
Ga taomadh san fhiar-chlais ehorraich,
Aig bannal clis lùghmhor gleusda,
Cridheil, eutrom, brisg gun smalan ;
'S gillea òg a' diol na h-àbhachd,
Briathrach, gàireach, càirdeil, fearail.

'Nuair dh' fhalachar san ùir an pòr,
Thig feartan gar còir o'n àird,
A sgrìtean liath-ghlas nan nial,
Frasaidh e gu ciatach blàth,
Silteach, sàmbach, lionmhor, ciùin,
Trom na bhrùchdaibh, ciùbrach, tlàth ;
'S miorbhuilleach a bhaonach dhùl,
Iarbhach maoth-mhìn, driuchdach, seamh

'S lionmhor suicheantas an Earraich,
Nach comas domh luaidh le fìleachd ;
Ràidhe 's tric a chaochail earraidh,
'S ioma car o thùs gu dheireadh ;

Ràidhe'n tig am faoileach feannaigh,
Fuar chlach-mheallain, stoirm nam peileir,
Feadag, sguabag, gruain a Ghearrain,
Crainnti Chailleach is heura frìodhan.

'Nuair spùtas gaoth lom a Mhàirt oirn,
Nì 'n t-sid ud an t-àl a chrannadh,
Mìos cabhagach, oibreach, sraithreach,
Nam feasgar slàod-chianail, reangach :
Acras a' diogladh nam maodal,
Blianach, caol-ghlas, aognaidh, greannach ;
Deòghlar trian do t' fhuir-liunn-tàth bhuat ;
'S mar ghàd sniomhain tàirnear fad thu.

Ràidhe san tig tūs annlaimn,
Lìteach, càbhrach, làdhan lapach,
Druin-fhionn, cean-fionn, brucach, riaspach
Robach, dreamsglach, riadhach, rapach ;
Càl a's feoil, a's cruinn-bhùntàta,
'S aran corca làidir, reachdmhor :
Bog no cruaidh, ma chanar biadh ris,
S e nach diult an ciad nì 's faigse.

'N nair thig òg-mhìos chèitein ciùin oirn,
B'èdh a bhliadhn an tūs a maise ;
'S fìathail, caoimheil, soilse grèine,
Mìos geal ceutach, speur-ghorm, feartach,
Flùrach, ciùrach, bliochdach, maoinach,
Uanach, caorach, laoghach, martach,
Gruthach, uachdrach' càiseach, sùghmhòr,
Mealach, cùbhraidh, drùchdach, dosrach.

Nis thèid Earrach uainn air chuairt,
'S thig an samhradh ruag a nall ;
'S gorm-bhog duilleach geug air choill ;
Eunlaidh seinn air bharr nan crann ;
Drùchdan air feur gach glinn,
S lan-thoil-inntinn sgiamh nam beann :
Thèid mi ceum troi 'n lòn a nall,
'S tàirneam crìoch air fonn mo rann.

M A R B - R A N N

DO MR SEUMAS BEATTIE,

[Fear-teagaisg Cànaidh, 's nan Eolus nadurra, ann an Aol-taigh ùr-Obairreathain, a chaochail sa' mhadainn diardaoin, an ceathramh latha de'n ochdamh mìos 1810.]

— *πρωτο πταχπύμβα γωωο!*

AIR FOKN—"Mort Ghlinne-Comhann."

Och nan och ! mar a ta mi ;
Thréig mo shùgradh, mo mhàran, 's mo cheol !
'S trom an aiceid tha 'm chràdh-lot,
'S goirt an beum a rinn sgàinteach 'am fheòil ;

Mi mar ànrach nan cuaintean,
A chailleas astar feadh stuadhan sa chèo ;
O'n bhuail teachdair a bhàis thu,
A Charaid chaoimh bu neo-fhàilteunach glòir.

A Ghaoil ! a Ghaoil de na fearaibh !
'S fuar a nochd air an darach do chréubh
'S fuar a nochd air a bord thu,
Fhùrain uasail bu stòild ann ad bhèus !
An lamh gheal, fhuramach, chàirdeil,
Is tric a ghlac mi le fàilte gu 'n phléid,
Ri d' thaobh 's an anair na sìneadh,
Na meall fuar creadha, fo chis aig an éug !

A mblog-shuil donn bu tlà sealladh,
A nìs air tionndadh gun lannair a d' cheann !
'S sàmhach binne-ghuth nan ealaidh !
'S dùint' am beul ud o'm b' anasach eannt !
An eridhe fìrinneach soilleir,
Leis 'm bu spideil duais foille, no sannt ;
A nochd gun phlog air an deile !
Sian mo dhosgainn, nach breugach an rann.

Gun smid tha 'n ceann anns na thàrnaich
Bladh gach eòlais a b' àird ann am miagh ;
Gliocas ragnaidh na Gréige,
'S na thuig an Eadailt bu gheur-fhaclaich brìgh !
'S balbh fear-rèitich gach teagaimh ;
Anns a bheurla chruaidh, spreigearra, ghriinn !
'N uair bhios luchd-foghlaim fo dhubhar,
Co na t-ionads a dh' fhuasglas an t-snuim ?

'S balbh an labhraiche pòngail,
Bu tearc r'a fhaotainn a chompanach beoil ;
'Am brìnthran snaighte, sgéimh-dhealbhaich,
A chur na h-ealaidh no 'n t-seanchais air neoil ;
Ge b' è bàrd an dàin chéutaibh,
Mu chian-astar Ænéas o Thridh ;
'S fìrinn cheart nach bu diù leis,
E-fein thoirt mar ùghdair do sgeòil.

Gun smid tha'n gliocair a b' eolach,
Air fad na cruicheadh a dh' òrdaich Mac Dhó !
Gach gnè an saoghal na faireg,
'S amhachthìr chòmhnaird no 'n garbhlaich an
Gach bileag ghorm a tha lùbadh, [t-sléibh :
Fo throm eallaich nan drìncd ris a ghréin ;
'S an riòghachd mbeataitich b' àghor,
Do phurp ag iunse dhuinn nàdur gach seud,

'S balbh fear-aithne nan ràidean,
A shoillsich aingil a's fàidhean o thùs ;
A's soisgeul ghlormhor na slainte,
Thug fìus air tròcrairean Àrd-Rìgh nan dùl :
'An stèigh gach teagaisg bu ghrasmoir,
'S tearc pears-eaglais thug bàrr ort a Rùin !
Dòchas t-ama bu làidir,
'Sanfhuiladhòirteadh gu Pàrras thoirt dhuinn.

Riaghlaich t-eòlas 's do ghiulan,
Modh na foirfeachd a b' iùil dut 's gach ceum ;
Do mhòr-chridh uasal gun tùth ann
Gunghoinh, gun uabhar, gun lùban, gun bhrèig ;
Cha b' naise tholgach an fhasain,
Cha dealradh saibhreis a dh-atadh do spéis ;
'Si 'n iuntinn fhior-ghlan, a b' fhiù leat,
A's foghlum dichill ga stiùireadh le céill.

Mo chreach lèir ! an taigh mùirneach,
'S am faict' a ghreadhaingusumtach mu'n bhòrd,
Dreòs na céire toirt soillse,
Gach fion bu taitneiche faoileas, fo chròic :
Do chuilm bu chonatrach, fàilteach,
B' aiseag slainte dhuinn màran do bheoil ;
Bu bhinn a thogail na téis thu,
'Sa chruit fhonnoir ga gléusadh gu ceòl.

'N uair dh' éireadh còisridh bu choinnealt,
A dhamhs' gu lùghor ri prionadh nam pòg ;
Gum b' éibhinn crì do mhuà-comuinn,
Do chròilein maoth, 's iad gu tomanach, donn ;
A ghearradh leum air bhòrd loma,
Dol seach a chéile mar gheireadh am fonn,
Ach dh' fhalbh sid uile mar bhradar,
" No bristeadh builgein air uachdar nan tonn."

A rìgh ! gur cianail mo smaointean,
Ri linn do t-hrois bhì faotrach gun mhùirn !
Sguir a chuilm 's an ceol-gàire,
Chaidh meoghail ghreadhnach a's màran o'r cùl :
Chinn an talla fuar fàisail ;
'S è chuir mullach na fardoich 'na smùr
Ceann na didiun, 's na riaghailt,
A bhì sa' chadal throm shiorruidh nach dùisg !

Do bhauntrach bhoichd mar ian tiamhaidh,
Ri truagh thùrsa, 'sa sgàthan mu b-àl ;
A neadan creachta, 's i dòineach,
Mu gaol a sholair an lòn daibh gach tràth :
O'n dh'imich Fir-eun na h-ealtainn,
Tha'n t-searbh-dhìle 'tigbinn thart as gach àird !
A Rìgh nan aingeal ! bi d' dhòn daibh,
'S tionndaidh ascaoin na sine gu tlàths.

'S ioma sùil ata silteach,
A thaobh ùigh nam fear glic gun bhì buan :
Tha mìltean ùrnuigh ga d' leantainn,
Le mìltean dùrachd, a's beannachd gu t-uagh ;
A liuthad diùlannach ainnis,
A dh' àrdaich t-ionnsachadh ainneamh gu uail ;
'S gach là bhios càirdens air faoineachd,
A Bheattie chfùitich ! bi'dh cuimh' air do luach.

Rinn t-éug sinn uile gun sòlas,
Tha teach nan innleachd, 'sa òigridh fo phràmh ;
Chaidh Albainn buileach fo cùislean,
Sgur na Ceòlraidhean Grèugach de'n dàn :

Thainig dall-bhrat na h-òidhich' oirn,
O'n chaidh lochraun na soillse na smàl :
B' e sid an crith-reothadh céitein
A mhill am fochann bu cheutaiche bàrr !

Bu tu craobh-abhull a ghàraidh,
A chaidh cha chinnich nì's àillidh fo'n ghrèin !
Dealt an t-sàmhruidh mu blàthaibh,
Lòisreadh dhuilleag air chràcaibh, a geug
Ach thilg dubh-dhoirionn a gheamhraidh,
A bheithir theinntidh le srann as an speur ;
Thuit an gallan ùr, rimheach,
'S uile mhaise ghrad-chrion air an fheur !

A Thì tha stiùireadh na cruinne !
'S tleig d'ar n-ionnsuidh a bhuille bha cruaidh !
Sinne enail an t-sàr ulaidh,
Neònad priseil nan iomadaidh buaidh !—
Dh' fhalbh a chombaid, 's na siùil oirn,
Chaidh an gaisreadh 's an fhiùbbhai 'n am bruan,
Gach creag 'na cunnart do'n fhiùraich,
O laidh duibhr' air rèull-lùil an taobh- Tuath.

Och ! nan och, mar a ta mi !
Mo chridhe 'n impis bhì sgàinte le bròn !
Tha 'n caraid-eùirt' an dèigh m' fhàgail,
A sheasadh dùrachdach dan' air mo chòir :
Bì'dh sid am chliabh 'na bheum cuàmhain,
Gus an uair auns an t-àr m' fo'n fhòd ;
Ach 's glic an t-Aon a thug eis dhuinn,
'S da òrdugh naomh bith'mid strìochda gach lòn.

SMEORACH CHLOINN-LACHUINN.

LUINNEAG.

*Hoilbìh o, iriag, ò luil, ò ;
Hoilidh o, iriag, hòrò hì ;
Hoilbìh o, iriag, ò luil, ò ;
Smedraich a sheinn òran mì.*

'S smebrach mise le chloinn-Lachuinn ;
Seinneam ceòl air bharr nan dùsan :
'S tric leam dùsgadh moch am' chadal
'S m'òran maidne 'sheinn le frègan.
Hoilbìh o, &c.

Cha mhi 'm fiteach gionach, sgàiteach,
Na clamban a chrom-ghnib shraçaich ;
'S cian mo linn o' eoin a chathair
Chleachd tigh'n' beò air sàth nan àblach
Hoilbìh o, &c.

'S mor gu'm b' anns' an àm bhi 'g'éiridh
Madaim Shamhraidh fhaun-bhuig, chéitein ;
Dìol nan rann gun ghreann gun eislein,
'S toirm an danhs' air chraun nan géugau.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Bha mi n' còmhnuidh 'n tùs mo laithibh
Aig Peithium nan seamh-shruth airgeid,
Measg nam flùran driuchdach, dlùtha,
Fhuair mi 'n àrach pàirt de m' aimsir.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Tha mi nis an tìr gun bhruaidhlean,
Tìr tha feartach, reachdor, buaghail ;
'S lionmhor àgh tha fàs air uachdar
Tìr nan sealbh da'n ainm na Cluaineann.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Tha na h-eoin is labhar coireall,
Feadh na coille 'n dlùths nam badan ;
Buidheann phròiseal, cheulmhor, loinneal,
Ard an colleag,—binn an glaigeal.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Tha gach crann gu trom fu chòmhdach,
Duilleach, badach, meurach, cròcach ;
Stràc de 'n mheas cur shlios nan ògan,
'S eunlaith 'seinn nam fonn an òrdugh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Coisridh lughor, mùirneach, greannar,
Seolta gluasad fuaim an seannsar ;
Pòr gun sgread, gun reasg, gun teanndachd,
Gleusd' am feadain ; deas an ranntachd.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Grian a'g eiridh dealrach, òr-bhui,
Le gath soills' air ghorm nam mor-bheann ;
Fàileadh cubhraidh dhriuchd nan lointean,
Sileadh meal air bharr gach feòirnean.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Eoin bheag bhuchlach nam pong ceòlmhor !
Coinh-fhreagraibh leam téis an òrain ;
Dreach nan cluaineann mar bu choir dhomh
Dh' innsinn sios am briathran òrdail.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S ionnmhuinn leam a chulaidh fhraoich
Dh' fhas air taobh nan luirgnean càs,
Badach, gaganach, caoin, ùr,
'S neoil do'n' mhil a smuidealh às.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S boidheach treud nan naineann geala
Ruith 'sa réis feadh chluaineann bainnear ;
'S caoirich bhronnach, thromha, cheigeach,
Air 'm bu sheideach blonag shaille.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S blasda, soilleir uisg am fuaran
Fallain brisg gun mhisg gun bhruaidhlean ;
'S cràcach, gibeach, biolair' naine,
Fàs gu h-ailli laimh ri'm bruaichan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S labhar fuaim nan sruthan siùblach,
Theid thar bhalbhag dlù nan alltan ;
Turraich mhear gach cuailleann dh-ghuirm,
Dol feadh lùb tro làr nan gleanntan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S taitneach, sgiambach, maoth-bhog ùr,
Fas do fhilùr is lionmhor dreach ;
Mar ghorm rionnagach nan speur,
Dealbh gach seud a sgaoil mu d' bhrat.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Brat nan dìthean driuchdach, guamach,
Lurach, luachrach, dualach, bachlach,
Cuachach geal nan neoinean eagach,
Sid a sgeadach tha mu'd' ghlaicabh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Do chrodh-laoigh air lom an àilean,
Reamhar, sultmhor, liontai, làirceach,
Caisiunn, druimionn, guailiunn, cra-dhearg,
Bainnear, bliochdach sliechd gun fbaillinn.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Baile feartach coire a's eòrna,
'S reachmhor fàsar dhailleann còmhuard ;
Be sid bàrr na mìle sòlas
A chuir sgrainng na goirt air fagradd.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Talamh tarbhach trom gu gnàisich,
Leatromach fo bhàrr buntata,
Chinn gu luirgneach, meurach, màgach,
Cluigeannach le plumbais àillidh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S tric du phreasan peurach, ubhlach,
Groiseideach, trom-dheareach, dù-dhonn ;
Luisreadh sios le gagain driuchdach,
'S buan an t-shlainnt an fàile cùbhraidh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Baile coisrigte nam beannachd !
Fraochach, flùrach, luachrach, mealach,
Martach, laoghach, caorach, bainneach,
Coillteach, duilleach, geugach, torach.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Nis' tha carbad boisgeil *Phæbuis*
A' marcachd an aird nan speura ;
'S o'n tha 'n rann an cuimse faidead,
'S tim' bhi lasachadh nan teudan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

EALAI DH GHAOIL.

LUINNEAG.

*Air faillirín, illirín, uillirín d,
Air faillirín, illirín, uillirín d,
Air faillirín, illirín, uillirín d,
Gur boidheach an comunn,
'Th'aig coinneamh 'n t-Srath-mhoir.**

Gua gile mo leannan
Na'n eal' air an t-shnàmh,
Na cobhar na tuinne,
'S e tilleadh bho'n tràigh :
Na'm blàth-bhainne buaile,
'S a chuach leis fo bhàrr,
Na sneachd nan gleann dōsrach,
'Ga fhroiseadh mu'n bhlàr
Air faillirín, &c.

Tha cas-fhalt mo ròin-sa
Gu sìubhlach a snìomh,
Mar na neoil bhuidhe ' lùbas
Air stùcaibh nan sliabh,
Tha ' gruaidh mar an ròs,
'Nuair a's bòidheche 'bhios fhiamh,
Fo ùr-dhealt a Chéitein,
Mu'n éirich a ghrian.
Air faillirín, &c.

* The chorus and first stanza of this song are not Mac-lachlan's. They were composed by Mrs M'Kenzie of Balone, at a time when, by infirmity, she was unable to attend the administration of the Lord's Supper in Strath, more of Lochbrann, — and ran word for word the same except the last two lines of the verse which are slightly altered. Our talented author got them and the air from some of the north country students in Aberdeen. All the other stanzas, however, are original, and worthy of the poetic mind of Mac-lachlan. The following translation of it by the celebrated author, we subjoin for the gratification of the English reader :—

Not the swan on the lake, or the foam on the shore,
Can compare with the charms of the maid I adore :
Not so white is the new milk that flows o'er the pail,
Nor the snow that is show'rd from the boughs of the vale.

As the cloud's yellow wreath on the mountain's high brow,
The locks of my fair one redundantly flow ;
Her cheeks have the tint that the roses display,
When they glitter with dew on the morning of May.

As the planet of Venus that gleams o'er the grove,
Her blue-rolling eyes are the symbols of love :
Her pearl-circled bosom diffuses bright rays,
Like the moon, when the stars are bedimm'd with her blaze.

The mavis and lark, when they welcome the dawn,
Make a chorus of joy to resound through the lawn ;
But the mavis is tuneless—the lark strives in vain,
When my beautiful charmer renews her sweet strain.

When summer bespangles the landscape with flow'rs,
While the thrush and the cuckoo sing soft from the bow'rs,
Through the wood-shaded windings with Bella P'll rove,
And feast unrestrain'd on the smiles of my love.

Mar Bhénnas a boisgeadh
Thar choilltibh nan ard,
Tha a ming-shuil ga m' bhuaireadh
Le suaicheantas graidh :
Tha bràighe nan séud
Ann an eideadh gach àidh,
Mar ghealach nan speur
'S i cur reultan fo phràmb.
Air faillirín, &c.

Bi'dh 'n uiseag 's an smebrach
Feadh lóintean nan driùchd,
'Toirt fàilte le'n òrain
Do'n òg-mhadainn chiùin ;
Ach tha'n uiseag neo-sheòlta,
'S an smebrach gun sunnt,
'Nuair ' thoisicheas m' éudail
Air gleusadh a ciùil.
Air faillirín, &c.

'Nuair thig samhradh nan noinean
A comhdach nam bruach,
'S gach eoinean 'sa chròc-choill'
'A ceòl leis a chuaich,
Bi'dh mise gu h-éibhinn
'A leumnaich 's a ruaidh,
Fo dhlù-mheuraibh sgàileach
A màran ri m' luaidh.
Air faillirín, &c.

RANN DO'N LEISG.

A LEISG reangach, robach, dhuaichnuidh,
Mallachd buan bho dhuan nam bàrd dhut,
'S bochd an t-shian do'n tì bheir cluas dhut,
'S dearbh nach dual gu'n dean e tàbhachd,
'S fìor an sgeul a sgrìobh rìgh Solamh,
" Nach robh sonas riann ad ghlaicibh ;"
A chairbh rag gun sgrìd gun fhosgladh,
Trom-cheann marbh nach mesguil facal,
'S ronngach fàrdalach gun rùth-bhalg ;
Do sheann chlosach bhruchdach, lachdunn,
'S miann leat coimbearsp bhuan an rosaid,
Dealbh na gorta sgaoil mu t-asail,
Thu fo'n lùirich na d' chuail chnàmhaich,
Reic thu Farrais air son cadail,
Drean an Aois na d' ghrod-chraas bearnach,
Do chràg chearr am muing do phap-chinn.
Sìd an sluagh thug bith an tús dut,
A Mi-chùram 's Dith-na-sgoinne
Slabhraidh theann de phraisich chruaidh ort,
S dà cheud pànu'd de'n luaidhe d' dheireadh.

A Leisg throm ga 'm budhar spad-chluas
'S tu 'n gadaiche 'shlad na h-ainsir' :

Ged' bhiodh mìle cuip gad' shlaisleadh
 Cha tig an stadaich a t-earball.
 Sibhs ann sam beil feum a's dìreadh,
 Ruithibh grad an tìm gu freagairt ;
 Mu'n cosgrar sibh fo shlaic iarainn
 Ban-mhaighstear iarnaidh na sgreatachd.

CLACH-CUIMHNE

GHLINNE-GARAIDH AIG TOBAR-NAN-CEANN.

Fhà a stair ! thig faisg a's leubh
 Sgeul air ceartas an Dé bhuain ;
 Eisd ri dìol na cèlg a dh'fhàg
 A Cheapach na làraich fhuair.
 Sgaoil na mìltich lion an éig
 Mu bhord éibhinn nam fleagh fial
 'S mbeasgnaich iad an sean 's na h-òig
 'S an aon tòrr na'm fuil gun ghiomh.
 Mhosgail corruich an t-àrd-thriath,

Ursann dhian nan cumblan cruaidh,
 Morair Chlann-Dòmhnuille an fhracich,
 Leoghaun nan euchd, craobh nam buadh,
 Dh-iarr e 's chaidh Dioghailt na leum,
 Mar bheithir bheumnaich nan nial,
 Ghìac e'n dream a dheilbh an fhoill,
 'S thug lan duais mar thoill an gnìomh.
 Lamh riut-sa' ghòrm fhuarain ghrinn,
 Dh' ionnlaideadh seachd cinn nan lùb,
 'S aig casan a ghaigich àigh
 Thilgeadh iad air lár a dhùin.
 Corr as coig fheadh bliadhn' deug
 Thriall nan speur lho dheas gu tuath,
 Bho 'n ghairmeadh TOBAR-NAN-CEANN,
 De'n t-sruthan so 'n cainnt an t-shluaigh.
 Mìse 'n Seachdadh thar dheich glùn
 De fhreumh àiseil an laòich thréin,
 Mac-Mhic-Alasdair m'ainm gnàiths,
 Flath Chlann-Dòmhnuille nan sàr euchd,
 Thog mi chlach's air lom an raoin,
 Faisg air caochan a chliù bhuain,—
 Mar mheas do cheann-stuic nan triath,
 'S gu'n cuimhnicht' an gnìomh ri luaths.

ALASDAIR MAC-IONMHUINN.

ALEXANDER M'KINNON was born in Moror, in the district of Arisaig, Inverness-shire, in the year 1770, in which year his father was tacksman. At the age of 24, he enlisted in the gallant 92d regiment, in which he served with marked distinction till 1801, when, in the famous battle of Alexandria, he received three several wounds, which were the means of breaking up his connexion with that corps. After the battle, Corporal M'Kinnon was found lying among the wounded and dead, "with his back to the field and his feet to the foe," in frozen gore, and on the apparent verge of dissolution. In disposing of the many brave fellows who fell on that memorable day, it was found necessary to dig ditches or pits in which indiscriminately to inter them ; and such was the seemingly lifeless condition of M'Kinnon, that he was ordered to be buried among the others. This order would have been executed had not Sergeant M'Lean, a bosom-friend and companion of our bard, been prompted by feelings of the purest friendship, to seek him out amid the heaps of carnage in which he was entombed. The Sergeant, applying his ear to the poet's breast, perceived that everlasting silence had not yet been imposed on his lyre ;—his respirations were feeble and slow, but he lived ; and his friend insisted upon having him forthwith conveyed to one of the hospital ships.

Upon experiencing the care and attention his situation required, he gradually recovered from his wounds; and it was during his convalescence on board the hospital ship that he composed his truly sublime and admirable poem so descriptive of the battle. M'Kinnon, on arriving in England, was discharged with a pension; but a life of inactivity seemed little to accord with his sanguine temperament,—for he was no sooner able to bear arms than he joined the 6th Royal Veteran Battalion, in which he served all the remainder of his earthly career. He died at Fort-William, Lochaber, in the year 1814, at the age of 44, and was interred with military honours.

Corporal M'Kinnon was prepossessing in appearance; he stood about 5 feet 10 inches in height; he was athletic in form and of very fine proportions and symmetry. As a poet he ranks very high: his mind, indeed, was of that gigantic order, which, by its own propelling powers, could rise equal to any subject he chose to sing. Judging from some of his MSS, now before us, he studied the Gaelic language to good purpose; few have been able so completely to master its idiom and to soar on the syren wings of poesy, sustaining throughout such a sublime and uncontaminated diction. We have not been able to ascertain what his scholastic acquirements were in English, but we feel warranted in supposing these respectable, for he wrote the vernacular tongue with great accuracy, the study of which, it must be recollected, formed none of the school-attainments in his juvenile days.

The four pieces here presented to the reader are of prime quality. They speak for themselves, and need no passing encomiums from us. Any poetaster may string stanzas together *ad infinitum*, and at a hand-gallop; he may infuse something of the spirit of poetry into them, but to give metrical composition a high finish—to put so much excellence into a poem as to ensure its survival, after the interest of the circumstance that called it forth has passed away—to do this, has fallen only to the lot of a few gifted individuals.

No one could be more happy in his choice of subjects than M'Kinnon; and, most assuredly, none could handle his materials better. He was an enthusiastic soldier: he saw and admired the prowess of the British arms, and commemorated their feats in strains which cannot die. The poet that chronicled these feats, was worthy of the indomitable army that performed them. Ossian's heroes are often put beyond themselves through the magnifying vista of poetic description;—and who has not felt how much of the prowess of Ajax and Hector owed its existence to the redundancy of Homer's inventive powers? M'Kinnon has indulged in no fanciful representations;—he has honestly and truthfully recorded such achievements as British valour performed within his ocular cognizance; and one characteristic feature of his muse is, that she was always *on duty*.

It would be out of place here to attempt a formal criticism upon the works of this excellent poet. His heroics, in which he seems most at home, admit of no comparison. We wonder what stuff the poet was made of: the poet, who could wind himself up—yes, and inoculate us, too, with the high, patriotic, and impassioned feelings of his soul, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and depict, with more than the fidelity of the painter's hand, the panorama of the most sanguinary battles that ever drew the belligerent powers

of two mighty empires face to face! His poem on the battle in Alexandria beginning "*Am Mios deircamach an Fhoghair*," has all the minuteness of detail of a studied prose narrative, while the vividness of his description, the freshness of his similes, the sublimity of his sentiments, rivet our breathless attention on the various evolutions of the day, from the discharge of the first shot until the whole place is strewn with mangled carcasses, and the dark wing of night overshadows the gory and groaning plain.

His "*Dubh-Ghleannach*" is a nautical production in which his muse appears to great advantage; and we are told by a friend, not likely to be misinformed on the subject, that this was his favourite piece. Mr M'Donald, the proprietor of the yacht, which the poet immortalizes, was so well pleased with the poem, that he gave M'Kinnon £5, and this sum appeared so enormous in the estimation of a boor, a neighbour of M'Kinnon's, that he spoke to him on the subject, saying, "It is a bonny song, to be sure, but faith, neighbour, you have been as well paid for it!" "I tell you, sir," replied the poet, "that every stanza of it—every timber in the '*Dubh-Ghleannach's*' side—is worth a five-pound note!" This retort must be regarded more in the light of a reprimand, than as an empty gasconade. Men of genius, however, cannot be blind to their own merit; and if they ought not to be the trumpeters of their own fame, they are entitled, by the law of self-defence, to retaliate on the narrow-souled detractors of their well-earned laurels. Mac-Kinnon was neither egotistical nor pedantic: he submitted his pieces to the rigid criticisms of his fellow-soldiers, and never hesitated to throw out an idea, a distich, or even a stanza at their bidding. This has, perhaps, tended to the critical correctness of his Gaelic and the excellence of his productions: we read them and are satisfied: there is nothing wanting, nothing extraneous.

ORAN AIR DO'N BHARD A DHOL AIR TIR ANNS AN EIPHEIT.

AIR FÖNN—"Deoch-slaime an Iarla Thuathaich."

GE fada an dràst gun dùsgadh mi,
Cha chadal seimh bu shùgradh dhomh,
Ach ragaidh chnàmh gun lùghs annta,
Air leabaidh-lair gun chùirteanau,
Gun chaidreamh bho luchd dùthcha,
'S mi gun charaid-rùn am chòir.
Gun chaidreamh, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil fear a thàirneas rium,
Na thuigeas an deagh Ghàellig mi,
Nach innis mi gu'n d' rainig mi,
'N uair dh' imich sinn do 'n àite sin,
Gu 'm b' aobhar giorag nàmhaid sinn,
Le 'r luingeas àrd fo sheòil.
Gu 'm b' aobhar, &c.

An t-ochdamh grian do 'n Mhàirt againn,
A nochdadh ar cuid bhàtaichean,
Bu choltach seòlta an Càbhlach iad,
Na 'n trotan mar a b' àbhaist dhaibh,
'S na Breatninnich na 'm bàrr orra,
Le 'n cliathan ràmh san reòt'.
'S na Breatninnich, &c.

Gu 'n chuir air tìr na saighdearan,
Na fir gun fhiamh, gun fhoill annta,
Le 'n eireadh grian gu boisgeanta,
Ri lainnir an lann toileasach,
'S an ceannard féin ga 'n soillseachadh,
Mar dhaoimein a measg òir.
'S an ceannard, &c.

An darag dhileas dharaich ud,
Nach dh'fhàg 'san linn so samhail da,
An leòghann rioghail, amaisgeach,
An cliù 's am firinn cheannasach,
Tha do ghaol mar anam dhuinn,
Air teannachadh na 'r feòil.
Tha da ghaol, &c.

A dol gu tìr le d' bhrataichean,
Air cheann do mhùltean gaisgealadh,
Shaoil Frangaich ghrimeach, ghlas-neulach,
Le spìd gu 'n pillte dhachaigh sinn,
Gu 'n strìochdadh iad da 'r lasraichean,
Bu dhionmhor bras ar sròil.
Gu 'n strìochdadh, &c.

Bu neimheil, smearail, dùrachdach,
Gu danara làn mhùiseagach,
An canoin ann sa bhùireinich,
'S dealaach le fudar dhiu,
Cha bu lèur an tràigh le smùidreadh,
Dh'fhàg na speuran dùinnt' an cèb.
Cha bu lèur, &c.

Mar biodh cruaidh losgadh ionlan ann,
'San uair is luaithe dh' iomraichte,
Air luchd-euain a b' ullamh tularadh,
Greasadh ri cluais iorghuille,
'S na naimhdean d'ana tilgeadh oirn,
Mar ghàradh tiomcheall òb.
'S na naimhdean, &c.

Choinnich iad 'san uisge sinn,
A tigh'n' air snàmh gu 'n crìoslaichean,
'N uair bheireadh lambach bristeadh dhuinn
An duil gu 'm bàite an tiota sinn,
Gu stàlinneach, làn, misneachail,
Gu sgrios às na bhiodh beò.
Gu stàlinneach, &c.

Choinnich ar fir shomalt iad,
Le roinn nam pìosan guineideach,
Ma 'n d'fhàg an tonn fo 'r bonnabh sinn,
Chaill siol na Frainge fuil annta,
'S am bàs bhà iad a cumadh dhuinn,
Fhuair pàirt dià dh'fhuilg bròin.
'S am bàs, &c.

Chuir buillean lann le susbairceachd,
Bho 'n tuinn mar choilltich thuistidh iad,
Gach dara crann a tuiteam dhiu,
Na 'n sineadh sìos le 'r cusbairceachd,
Thuig Frangaich nach faun Thurcaich,
Le 'n cuid laon a mhurt an slùigh.
Thuig Frangaich, &c.

Ri iomairt ghoirt na stàilinne,
Bha iomain cas bho 'n tràigh orra,
Gu 'n fhios co 'm fear bu tàire againn,
A b' ullamh lot le saithidhean,

N am dlùthadh ris an àraich,
'S trom a dhràigh ar lùd na 'm leon.
'N am dlùthadh, &c.

'N uair sgaoileadh bh'uainn 's gach àite iad,
Mar chaoirich 's gille-màrtainn aunc',
'S tric a chite fàll oirbh,
Na ruith a dhì a mhaighsteir,
Bu lionmhor marcach tàbhachdach,
Le each air tràigh gun deò.
Bu lionmhor, &c.

Bha 'm buidhean rioghail Gàelach,
Gu h-iuntineach, borb, ardanach,
Air thoiseach, mar a b' àbhaist daibh,
Gu lotach, piceach, stailinneach,
Mar nathairichean, gun chàirdeas
Do dh' aon nàmhaid a bha beò.
Mar nathairichean, &c.

Tha clann nan eilean aon-sgeulach,
Co theireadh gu 'n do chaochail iad?
'S iad fèin an dream nach maoil-chluasach,
'N uair thàirnte a mire eannaig iad,
Mar bheithir thana craoslachadh,
B' fhiar shaoineis tigh'n' ga 'n còir.
Mar bheithir, &c.

Mar mhiol-chion sheang, luath-leumnach,
'Eangach, ìneach, tuasaidheach,
Ri leanailt strì gun fhuarachadh,
Le slubhal 's i a dh' fhuasgail iad,
Bha Frangaich air an ruagadh,
'S iad na 'n ruith mar chuain gun tr òir.
Bha Frangaich, &c.

ORAN

AIR BLAR NA R-EIPHIT.

C' arson nach tuisichinn sa chàmpa,
Far na dh'fhàg mi clann mo ghaol,
Thog sinn tuighean Sannhraidh ann,
Le barrach mheang nan craobh,
Bu solas uaibbreach, ceannard,
A bhi gluasad ri uchd naimhdean ann,
'S a dh'aindeoin luaidhe Fhrangach,
B' aobhar dàmsba bhi ri 'r taobh.

Cha chualas ri linn seanachais,
Ann an cogadh arm na 'n strì,
Cuig mìle-diag cho ainmeil ruibh,
A tharraunn airm fo 'n Rìgh;

B' aobhar clù an trèun-fhear Albannach,
 A fhuair a chuis ud earbsa ris,
 Nach càbairean a thearbadh leis,
 Thoirnt guìomh nan àrm gu crìch.

Dh'iarr e moch dì-ciadain,
 'S a' chiad dìagachadh de 'n Mbàirt,
 Gach *comisari* riarachadh,
 Ar biadh a mach oirn trà;
 Rùm ' bhi air ar cliathaichean,
 Gu h-ullamh mar a dh' iarramaid,
 Nach faodadh iad air chiad-lungaidh,
 Dol sìos leis ann sa bhàr.

'S ann air dìr-daoin a dh'fhàg sinn,
 Air sàr chabhlach fad air chùl,
 Na 'm faigheadhnaid rian snàmba dhaibh,
 Bu làidir iad na 'r càis;
 Lean Mac-a-Ghobha* cairdeil ruinn,
 'S gu 'm b' fhoghainteach a bhàtaichean,
 A dh' aindeoin gleadhraich nàmhaid,
 Chum e smàladh air an sùil.

Bha ar 'n àrd cheann-feadhna toirteil,
 Ann san àm gu 'r propadh suas,
 Bho dhream gu dream ga 'm brosnachadh,
 Cha b' ann le moit na ghrnadh;
 Ghlacadh cuibhle 'n fhortain,
 Ann san lùmh nach tionndadh toisgeal i,
 'S a dhùisgeadh suunt gu cosuadh dhuinn,
 Mar Fhionn a mosgladh shluaidh.

Thàirneadh na laoiach shomalta
 Na 'n cumhlann thromas, bhorb,
 Bu tàrlach, làmhnan, comasach,
 An sradag fhuinnidh falbh;
 A g' iarraidh àite an cromadh iad,
 Na 'n tugadh nàmhaid coinneamh dhaibh,
 Gu 'm fag-te 'n àrach tonn-fhuileach,
 Le stàilinn thollach bhoig.

Bho nach tionndadh nàimh gu casgairt,
 Bu dlù lasair air an deigh,
 'N uair chunnacas gnùis nam Breatunnach,
 B'fhearr casan dhaibh na strèup;
 Thug iad an cùl gu tapaidh ruinn,
 A shiubhal gu dlù astarach,
 A sior dhion an cùl le marcaichean,
 Chum lasachadh na 'm ceum.

Bha gilleaigh lùghar, sgairteil ann,
 Nach d' aom le gealtachd riamh,
 Mar dh' fhaodadh iad ga 'n leantain,
 Philleadh caogad each le 'n guìomh;

Bu smaointean faoin d'a marcaichean,
 Nach fàighte daoine ghleachdadh iad,
 'S na laoiach nach fàoithe chaisleachadh,
 Ga 'n caol ruith mach air sliabh.

Bu tric an còmhach casgairt sinn,
 Thug sud oirn stad na dhà,
 Bhi gun eòlas ann san astar sin,
 'N dùil mhòr ri gaisge chàich;
 Dh' fheuch *Ralph* gach doigh a chleachda leis,
 'S an dian-te sròil a thaisbeanadh,
 'S a dh' aindeoin seòltachd dh' fhairtlich oirn,
 An toirt gu casgairt làmh.

Bha sinn làidir, guineideach,
 Dàna, urranta 'san strì,
 Bha iadsan ràideil, cuirveideach,
 Làn thuineachadh 's an tìr.
 Ghabh iad àird na monaidhean,
 Gu 'n dh' fhuair iad àite cothromach,
 'S an dianadh làmhach dolaidh dhuinn,
 Gu 'n toileachadh r'a linn.

Thairneadh gàradh droma leinn,
 De dh' armuinn fhuinnidh thrèin,
 Bho shùil gu sàil a coinneachadh
 'N trà chromaidh air a ghrèin;
 Bu dàingeau, làidir, comasach,
 A phàirc ga m' fhàl na bonaidean,
 Cha bu chadal séimh ga 'n comunn,
 'S càch ma 'r coinneamh air a bheinn.

Stad sinn ré na h-oidheche sin,
 Gu leir an cuim nan àrm,
 Bha leannan fein, gu maighdeannail,
 Fo sgéith gach saighdear, bàlbh;
 Na 'n tigeadh feum na faoinachd orr',
 'S gu tugte nobhar bruidhne dhì,
 Bn neamhail a spéic phuiseanta,
 Bho 'n bheul bu chinnteach sealg.

Dh' earbadh dìon an 'n anmanan,
 Rì Albaunaich mo rùin
 Fir nach thèinte cearbaich orra,
 'N àm tharruinn arm gu dlù;
 Riun iad a chaithris armaidteach,
 Gu h-ullamh, ealamh, ealachuimeach,
 'S na 'n deanadh nàmhaid tairgheachadh,
 Bha bàs allabarach na 'n gnùis,

Sinn ullamh air ar connspagan,
 Gu dol san tòir gu dìon,
 An treas madainn diag a shònraich iad,
 Le 'r ceannard mòr gu 'n fhiamh;
 An dà rèiseamaid a b' òige againn,
 Na Gréamaich agus Górdonaich,
 A ruith gu dian an còmhachail,
 Na bha dortadh leis an t-sliabh,

* Sir Sidney Smith.

Cho ullamh ris an fhùdar,
A bha dol na smùid ma 'r ceann,
Ghluais na gilleau lù-chleasach,
Air mhìre null do 'n ghleann;
Thug sinn le teine dùbailte,
Bristeadh as na trùpairean,
Bha Gréumaich nan éuchd fiùghantach,
'S cha d' éisd iad mùiseag lann.

Mar stoirn a b' iargalt connasachd,
A spionadh neòil a's chraon,
A riasladh fàirge mòire,
Gu pianadh sheòl 's ga 'n call;
Cruaidh dian bha buaidh nan Gòrdonach,
Bu lionmhòr sguab a's dorlaichean,
A bhunaidh iad air a chòmhnard,
Far an tug na slòigh dhaibh ceann.

Dhlùthaich ar n' arm urramach,
Gu h-ullamh air ar cùl,
Lion iad an t-sreath fhulangach,
Rinn guineideach gu smùis;
Bu naimhdeil dian an gunnaireachd,
A dh'fhàg an slàbh 's nial fuileach air,
Bha cuirp na 'n riadhan uireasach,
Fo 'n ian gun tuille lùis.

'N àm propadh ris an nàmhaid,
Sinn g'an smàladh ann sa' cheò,
Las a bheinn mar àmbuinn ruinn,
A bàrcadh na prais uirn;
Shaoil sinn gur h-i *Vesuvius*,*
A sgàin bho bonn le tàirneanaich,
Airm chaola b' fhaoinéis làmh ridhe,
'S craos na chaoir tigh'n' beò.

Bha craoslach nan geum neimheil,
Gu brènn, aineulach, sa' cheò,
A bheist bu tréine langhanaich,
Bu reusan sgreamh do dh' fheòil;
Bu chailteach dhuinn an denlanach,
'S a liughad saighdear bearraideach,
Bha 'n oidhche sin a mearachd oirn,
Gu 'n anam air an tòir.

Dh' aindeoin a h-ard bhùrainnich,
Bha làidir, mùiseach, garbh,
Ga b' oil leis an cuid trùpairean,
Am bruchdadh riun an arm;
Ge d' fhuair sinn beagan diùbhalach,
A laoghad cha do lùb sinn daibh,
Bu lionmhòr marachd cùl-donn diù,
Fo 'r casan brùite, mairbh.

* *Vesuvius*, poetically rendered *Vesuvius*, a volcanic mountain near the bay of Naples.—The first eruption took place in the year 79, when Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed.

Thug iad an cùl, 's cha mhasladh dhaibh,
Chuir casgairt iad na'n teinn,
Sinn ga'n sgiursadh do 's na fasaichean,
'S gach tùbh na las a bheinn;
Thionndadh gach cùis taitneach dhuinn,
Bho bhon a cùil 's a cäs-mhalaich,
Cha d' fhuirich gnùis dhiu gleachda ruinn,
Nach d' bhrùchd amach na still.

'S cäs a throm an ruaig orra,
Cho cruaidh 's a chualas riamh,
Bha *Abercrombie* suas rintha,
Le shluadh a dh' fhuasgail fial;
Mar bhi'dh am baile bhunnaich iad,
Le canain air a chuartaichadh,
Bha barachd dhiù 's na h-naighichean,
'S a dh' fhuaraich air an t-slabh.

Thàirneadh gàradh làidir,
'Dh' arm tabbachtach nach strìochd,
Ma choinneamh *Alexandria*,
Air airde *Aboukir*;
'N nair rainig sinn an làrach sin,
'S a dhealaich mi ri m' chàirdean ann,
'S ann ghiùlain iad gu m' bhàta mi,
'S fuil bhàth fo 'n air an fhiar.

Tha 'n dà Bhaiteal àraidh
An deagh Ghàellig ann am chuimhn',
Cha 'n e 'n treas fear bu tàire,
'S math a b' fhiach e bàrd ga sheinn;
Tha mi sa' cheaird air mhàgagan,
Cha 'n fhilidh no fear dàna mi,
Na dh' innis mi cha nàr leam e,
Co chluinneas e' àit 'n an d' rinn.

ORAN AIR BLAR NA H-OLAIND

AIR FOKK—*"Alasdair à Gleanna-Garadh."*

Ara mios deireannaich an fhoghair,
An dara latha, 's math mo chuimne,
Ghluais na Breatannaich bho'n fhaiche,
Dh'ionnsaidh tachairt ris na mainnheadan;
Thug *Abercromboidh* taobh na mara
Dhiu le'n canain, 's mi ga 'n cluintinn;
Bha fòirneadh aig *Mur** gu daingeann,
Cumail aingil ris na Fràngaich.

Thriall *Abercrombaidh* 's *Mur* na feile,
Le 'n laoch éuchdach, thun a bhaiteil;
Tharruinn iad gu h-eolach, treubhach,
Luchd na beurla ri uchd craith;

* General Sir John Moore.

N uair a dhlù na h-airm ri chèile,
 Dhubhadh na speuran le 'u deathaich;
 S bu lionmhor fear a bha 's an éisdeachd,
 Nach do ghluais leis fein an ath oidhche'.

Dh'fhag iad sinne mar a b'annsa,
 Fo cheannardachd Mhorair Hunndaidh,
 An t-òg smiorail, fearail, naimhdeil,
 N an teannadh ain-neart ga 'r n-ionnsuidh;
 Le bhrataichean sìod' a strannraich,
 Ri 'u cuid crann a damhs' le muiseag;
 S na fir a toghairt 's na Fràncaich,
 B' iad mo rùinse chlann nach diultadh.

Bha 'u leoghanu colgarra gun ghealtachd,
 Le mhile fear sgairteil là' ruinn;
 An Camshronach garg o'n Earrachd,
 Mar ursainn chatha 's na blàraibh;
 Dh'aontaich sinn mar aon sa bhaiteal,
 Le faobhar luin sgaiteach stailion;
 Cha bu ghluais le 'r laoch gun taise,
 Faoinis air an fhuich' le lèimhaich.

Bhruchd na naimhdean le 'u trom làdach,
 Air muin chàich an àite teine;
 'N uair fhuair Sasunnaich droch chàradh,
 Phill iad o'n àraich 'u' ar coinneamh.
 Ghlaodh Ralph uaibbreach ri chuid armunn
 Greasaibh na Gàil n' an coinnidh,
 'S tionndaidh iad an ruaig mar b' àbhaist,
 An dream ardanach, neo-fhoileil.

Grad air an aghairt 's an àraich,
 Ghluais na saighdearan nach pillte;
 Mar iolair guineach, gun chaoimhneas,
 Nach b'fhuasda chlaoidh le mì-mhodh,
 Thug iad sgries na'n gathan boiseach,
 Mar dhealanaich bìdhiche dhiliun;
 Rì sior iomain romp nan naimhdean,
 'S neul na fal' air roinn am picean.

'N uair a dh'ionndrainn a chonnspuinn
 Morair Gùrdon o uchd buailte;
 'S a chual iad gu'n robh e leòinte,
 Dh'ùraich iad le deoin an tuasaid;
 Mar mhaoin do thuil nam beann m'bra,
 Brùchdadh bho na neoil mu'r guaillean,
 Lean iad an ruaig le cruaidh spòltach,
 Gu fuilteach, mor bluileach, gruamach.

Bha Camshronaich an tùs a chatha,
 Air an losgadh mar an cìauda;
 Leonadb an Ceann-feodhna sgairteil,
 Rì còmhraig bhaitealach a liath e;
 Gu sonraicht' coltach an deareag,
 'S an fheoil nach taisicheadh fiamh i;
 Mu'n chom a ghrian fo cleòc-taisgte,
 Phàidh sinn air an ais na fiachan.

Ged' bha na Rìoghalaich bho Albainn,
 Na fir ainmeil, mheamnach, phrìseil,
 Fada bhuainn ri uair a gharbh eath,
 'S buaidh a b' ainm dhaibh ri uchd mhiltean;
 Ghreas iad air aghaidh gu colgail,
 'N uair a chual iad stòirm nam picean;
 Mo creach! luchd nam breacan balla-bhreac,
 Bhi le lasair marbh na'n sìneadh.

Tha na Fràncaich math air teine,
 Gus an teannar goirid uapa;
 'S an mar sin a fhois iad sinne,
 Rì deich mìonaidean na h-uarach;
 Ach, 'n uair dh'fhaod ar laoch gun tioma,
 Dh'ol an àite buille bhuiladh,
 Bha roinn nan stailinne biorach,
 Sàthadh guineideach mu'n tuairmse.

Gu'm bi sin an tuairmse smiorail,
 Chionnteach, amaiseach, gun dearmad;
 Thug na leoghainn bhorba, nimheil,
 Bu cholgail sealladh fo'n armaibh;
 Rì sgiùrsadh naimhdean mar fhaisg,
 A's driùchdan fallais air gach ealg dhiu;
 'S bha Fràncaich a brùchdadh fala,
 'S an cùl ri talamh sa ghainmheich.

Mar neoil fhuilteach air an riasladh,
 Le gaith a b'iargalta séideadh;
 Ruith nam baibibh ceigeach, lia'-ghlas,
 An deigh an cliathadh as a chèile:
 Chìte na naimhde gun riaghailt,
 Teicheadh gu dian o uchd streupa;
 'S iad a leaghadh air am bialthaobh,
 Mar shneachd am fianais na grèine.

Ged' a phill sinn o ar dùthaich,
 Cha d' mhill sinn air cliù an cruadal
 Bha sinn gach latha ga'n sgiùrsadh,
 Mar chaoirich aig cù ga'n ruagadh.
 Dh'aindeoin an cuid slòigh gun chumantas,
 Tigh'n o'n Fhràing as ùr ga'r bualadh,
 Bu leig ar gaisgich gu tionndadh,
 'Nuair a chòrd an Diùc ri'n uaislean.

'N uair chuireadh am baiteal seachad,
 'S a dh-àireadh ar gaisgich threubhach,
 Bha ioma Gàel 's an deachaidh
 Le miad am braise 's an streupa,
 Fuil a ruith air lotaibh frasach,
 Bho luchd nam breacanan fèilidh,
 'S i sior thaomadh leis na glacan—
 'S truagh! nach dh'fhaod ar gaisgich éirigh!

'S bochd gun sian orra bho luaighe,
 On a bha iad cruaidh 'na'n nàdur,
 Fulangach gu dhol san tuasaid,
 Guineideach 'nuair ghluaist' an àrdan,

Cha robh math d'an nàmhaid gluasail,
Dh'iarraidh buaidh orra's na blàraibh,
Chaill iad aig an tràigh seachd uairean,
Tuilleadh 's na bha bhuain 'san àraich.

'Nis o'n chuir iad sinn do Shasunn,
Ghabhail ar cairtealan geamhraidh,
Far am faigh sinn leann am pailteas,
Ged' tha Mac-na-praisich gann oirn
Olar leinn deoch-slaime' Mharcuìs—
Ar gualann thaice 's ar Ceannard;
Tha sinn cho ullamh's a àit leis,
Dhion a bhataichean bho ainneart.

Note.—Various spurious editions of this unrivalled piece have been published in different collections of Gaelic Poems. It is now printed genuine, for the first time, from the poet's own MS.; and never, perhaps, did poet's lay commemorate prowess in more graphic and burning language.

AN DUBH-GHLEANNACH.

LATHA dhomb 's mi 'n cois na tràghad
Chuala mi caismeachd nan Gàel,
Dh' aithnich mi meoir grunn a Bhràthaich,
Air siunnsair ùr bu lùghor gairich,
A's thuig mi gu'n a ghluais an t-àrmunn,
Fear thogail nan tùr uasal,* stàtoil.
Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach a bh' ann!
Idè rò ghealladh, na co chuireadh i,
—Trom oirre seinn

Bu mhiann leam suinnt nam port eallanta,
Bu chonnabhallach ùrlar a's gearraidhean,
Dionach, lùghor, dlù, neo-mhearachdach—
Tìomhadh nan sìnbhlaichean caithreamach,
Dhùisgeadh lùgh na smuis 's na carraidean,
Dùthchas nan lann dù-ghorm tana dhuibh.
Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Dh'irich mi 'm bruthach le h-èibhneas,
Dh'eisdeachd ri fàilte rìgh Seumas,
Chunna' mi'n Druimneach dhubh, ghleusda,
Cuir fa-sgaoil a h-aodaich breid-ghil,
Air machair mhìn, sgiamhach, rèidhleach,
Mar steud cruithnach—'s i' cuir réise.
Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Chunna' mi 'n Druimneach dhubh, dhealbhach,
Long Alasdair ghlinnich nan gabh-chrioch,
Mar steud rioghail air bharr fairge,
Togail bho thir le sìoda balla-bhreac,
Suaicheantas rioghail na h-Alba,
Ghluaiseadh na mìltean gu fearra-ghleus.
Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

* This song was composed on the pleasure-boat of Alexander McDonald, Esq., of Glenaladale, who endeared himself to his countrymen by the cenotaph he erected for Prince Charles Stuart in Glenamau.

'Nuair ghabhaidh i'm fuaradh na sliasaid,
'S gualla 'n fhasgadh chasadh dian ris,
Ghearradh i'n linn' air a fiaradh,
Dh' èignich i Corran an diarrais,
'S leum i air iteig mar ian as!
Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

'Nuair gheibheadh i cliathaich fo fhars'neachd,
Soirbheas na sliasaid ga brosnachd,
Mar shiù'ladh mial-chù bras-astrach,
Na ruith air sliabh a's fiadh air thoiseach,
I dìreadh nan tonn liath 's ga'n sgoltadh,
Shuaitheadh i iad mar iarunn locrach.
Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Mhionnaich Neptune agus Æolus,
Bho n' chaidh gaoth a's cuan fo'n òrdugh,
Nach do mhaslaicheadh cho mòr iad
Bho linn na h-Airc a bha aig Noah,
Gu robh 'n rìgh is airde còmhnaidh,
Dion 's a sàbhaladh Chloinn-Dòmhnauill!
Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Bha Neptune agus Æolus eudmhor—
Dh-iarr iad builg nan stoirm a shéideadh
Dh-òrdaich iad gach bòrd dh'i reubadh,
'S na siùil a stracadh na'm bréidean,
Le borb-sgreid a's fhead na reub-ghaoith,
'Cuir siaban thonn na steoll 's na speuran;
Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Thoisich ùr-spairn chruaidh mar dh'iarr iad,
Chruinnich neoil dhubha na h-iarmailt,
Na'n trom-lùrichean dlù iargalt,
'S iad a trusadh sùrd 'sa lìonadh
Mar dhòrch smùid á fuirneis iarunn,
Gu bruchadh stoirm bha garbh a's fiadhaich.
Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

'N earalas fo laimh air gabhaidh
Chuir sibh an ceann i gu dàna;
Gach cupall a's stagh 's an robh failinn—
Sparradh buill thaghta n'an àite;
Slabhraidhean canach air fàraidh,
Theannaich sibh gu daingean laidir.
Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Bheartaich iad gach ball neo-chearbach,
Ullamh, deas gu gleachd ri fairge;
Tharruinn i le gaoith an earra-dheas
Ghlac i 'n caol fo' taobh 's bu dòrbh e,
'S ged bha Neptune saothreach, stoirmheil,
Mhaslaich an saobh-shruth 's an dòrch e!
Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Nochd an dubhair gnùis gun chaoimhneas,
Sgaoileadh cùirtearan na h-bidheche;

Sgioba na h-iubhraich an gainntir
 On' chial duil gu cur Dun-aoibhneis
 Phaisg iad trian gach sìuil gu teann-chruaidh,
 A's las iad ri cairt-iùil na coinnlean.

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Iomradh slàn do Chaitein Alasdair,
 Le sgioba tabhachdach, bearraideach,
 Bumbhann leam fàilt' ur cairdean dealai' dhuibh,
 Calla sèamh bho ghàthbhadh mharanan,

Coinnidh bhàigheil bhlàth gach caraid dhuibh,
 Pòg bhur mathar, mhua 's bhur leannan duibh.
Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Chaidh rìgh nan soirbheas gu dhùla,ò,
 Aig miad na strannaraich 's na h-òpraid;
 Dh-fhosgail na builg air an cùlthaoibh,
 Mun gann a fhuair iad an dùnadh,
 Bha Maighdeann nan Mor-bheann cuirteil,
 An aearsaid fo shròin na dùthcha!

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

AM BARD-CONANACH.

DONALD M'DONALD, commonly called *Am Bàrd-Conanach*, or the Strathconnon Bard, was born in Strathconnon, Ross-shire, in the year 1780. Owing probably to the secluded situation of his native glen, and the supineness of his parents, who deemed education of no essential importance to enable a man to get through the world, or, at least, thought one might weather through tolerably well without it, he got no English education, but could read Gaëlic. The wild and romantic scenery of his birth-place, with its characteristic exuberance of rock, wood, and water, was well calculated to inspire his breast at an early age with those poetical leanings, which, at a more advanced period, transpired in glowing verse. Highlanders, especially in his younger days, never dreamed of training their children up to any useful trade; the eldest son was invariably recognised as his father's legitimate successor in his little farm;—and the other, or junior members of the family, generally got possession of similar pendieles. Thus they married and got themselves established in the world—strangers to the promptings of ambition, and free from the cares, turmoils, and solicitudes of their more affluent neighbours, the Lowlanders.

Donald M'Donald earned his livelihood as a sawyer; an employment that probably suggested itself as being more immediately productive of pecuniary aid than any other common in his country.

Having spent a number of years at the saw in his native glen, he removed to the town of Inverness, where he established himself as a regular sawyer. Like many other sons of genius and song, M'Donald was of a convivial disposition and warm temperament. He committed some youthful indiscretions which had drawn down upon him the combined wrath of his friends and the Kirk Session, and he has not left us in the dark as to the measures which were adopted against him. His parents dreading that he would elope with a young girl, who was reported to be in a state of pregnancy by him, had recourse to the severe measure of putting him in "durance vile." But, although they succeeded in frustrating his every attempt to do justice to his paramour, they failed to improve the morals of their aberrant son. He ultimately married a young girl, a country-

woman of his own, of the name of M'Lennan, with whom he enjoyed a great share of connubial happiness.

The first of the two songs we annex to this notice, he composed in Edinburgh, upon witnessing the demonstrations of joy which took place upon hearing the result of the battle of Alexandria. It is a triumphant piece, and a very respectable effort, exhibiting, as it does, no mean poetical talents. The other is equally good in its way. All his poems were arranged and taken down in manuscript preparatory to their being printed, but our author was seized with Cholera in the year 1832, which terminated his mortal career. The intention of publishing was consequently relinquished for the time, nor have we heard of any measures having been adopted to resume it.

M'Donald was of a middle-sized stature—active and cheerful. He was an excellent companion, and much liked by his acquaintances.

ORAN DO BHONIPART.

LATHA soilleir samhraidh dhomh,
Air càbhsairean Dhan-éideann,
Gu'm fàca mi na brataichean,
A lasadh ris a ghréin ann,
Chuala mi na gunnaidhean,
A's dh' fhuirich mi ga'n éisdeachd,
'S mac-talla bh'auns na creagan,
A' toirt' freagairt dhaibh le éibhneas.

'Nuair sheall mi air gach taobh dhiom,
Feadh na dùthcha fad 's bu léir domh,
Bha ceòl 'sua h-uile taigh a bh' ann,
'S tein-aighear air na sléibhtean,
On chualas anns na Gàsaidean
'S gach àite bhi ga leughadh;
Gun deach' an ruaig air *Bonipart*
S an onair aig a Ghréumach.

'S lionmhor bratach Albannach,
Tha ballach, balla-bhreac, boidheach,
Tha eadar a chrìoch Shasunnach,
Gu ruige taigh lain-Ghròta,
Fir laidir, shunntadh, thogarrach,
Nach òb a dhòl an òrdugh
Gu dol an coinneamh *Bhonipart*,
Chuir onair air rìgh Seòras.

C'àite biodh na h-Albannaich?
Duin' uaisle calma, treubhach,
Fir shuuntach, shanntach, thogarrach,
Na seòld nach òbadh éiridh,
Ach on nach fiù laimhe leo,
Du bhàs a thoirt le treun-bheirt,

'S an thilg iad air sgeir thràghad thu,
'S gu'm bàsaich thu chion béidh ann.

Ach 's beag leam sud mar phianadh ort—
'S a mhiad sa rinn thu dh' eacòir,
Ach léir-sgrìos nan deich plàighean,
A bh' air Phàròh anns an Eipheid;
Gu'n laidh iad air do chraiceann,
Gu do shracadh as a chéile,
'S gu'n cluinnt' air falbh deich mìl' thu,
A's mi fhìn a bhi ga t-éisdeachd.

'S tu chaill do nàire, 'nuair
A bha thu ann an dòchas,
Gun leige sinn do Shasuinn thu,
Ged' ghlac thu bhuain Hanòbher,
Ach cuiridh sinne dbachaigh thu,
S seachdnar air do thòireachd,
S mar toir thu grad do dhaoine leat
Cha ruig a h-aon diù beò thu!

Nach saol thu nach bu ladorn dhut
Bhi bagairt air rìgh Deòrsa,
An cual thu fear chuir aodainn air
Nach daor a phàigh e ghòraich,
Ge do choisinn ainneart dhut
An Fhràng a chuir fo t-òrdugh,
'S e t-amhaich a bheir dioladh ann
Le tobha snìobhta còraich.

'Nuair thig am morair Sléibhteach ort,
'S na ceudan de Chlann-Dòmhnail,
Mar sud a's Mac-Ie-Alasdair,
Ghlinn-gairaidh agus Chnòideirt,

'Nuair thogas iad am brataichean,
'S an gaisgich a chuir còladh
O! c'ait' am faod thu t-fhalach orr'
Mar sluig an talamh beò thu!

Ma chì iad aona bbaoisgeadh dhìot
Bìdh greim ac' air do sgòrnan,
'S chan' eil de dh'eich no dhaoin' agad
Na shaoas tu bho meòirean,
Ged dh-eireadh na deich *legonan*,
Bh'aig Ceasar auns an Ròinh leat,
Cha'n fhaothaich iad air t-amhaich
A's na lamhan aig Clann-Dòmhnuaill.

'Nuair thig Mac-Choinnich Bhrathain ort,
Le cheathairn' de dhaoin' uaisle,
Sud a bhratach aigeantach
Le cabar an daimh ghruamaich,
Cha tàr thu na bheir pilleadh orr'
A chruinneachadh mu'n cuairt-daibh,
'Nuair ruigeas fir Chinn-tàile
Co an geard a chumas bhuath thu?

'Nuair thig an cinneadh Frisealach,
Tha fios gur daoine bòrb iad,
Gu'n reachadh iad tro theine
Le Mac-Shimidh mòr na Moraich.
Cha tàr thu na bheir pilleadh
Air na fir ud 'nuair bhios colg orr',
'S ged reacha tu fo'n talamh
'S e mo bhairil gu'm bì lòrg ort.

'Nuair a thig Mac-an-Tòisich,
Le sheòid ort a Srath-Eireann,
Mar sud agus fir Chluainidh,
Is iad uil' an gualle chéile
Ma gheibh an cat na chrubhan thu,
Le dhubhanan beag' geura,
Ged bhiodh càch air bheagan dhìot
Bìdh aige-sa cheud féin dhìot.

Tha Clann-an-Ab' a bagairt ort,
'S iad o cheann fad an deigh ort,
'S na gheibh iad ann am fagus dut,
Gur grad a bheir iad leum ort,
Bristidh iad do bhrataichean,
Na spealtan as a chéile,
'S bi'dh tus an sin na d' starsaich ann,
Fo chasan nam fear gleusda!

Tha Gòrdonach an toir ort,
'S chan' eil beò na nì do thearnadh,
'Nuair dh-eireas morair Hunnadaidh,
Le fhearabh ionnsaicht, laidir,
On se fein a's còirneal,
Air na seòid ga'm buin buaidh-làrach:
'S e chanas sinn gu bicheanta
An dà-fhichead a's na dhà riu.

Ach cùimhuich thus a cheathairne,
Chuir latha *Fontevòl*,
'S a sheasadh ams an àraich,
As càch a chuir air fògar,
Chì thu nis san Fhràing iad
Fu chomannnda mhorair Gòrdoin,
Se nì do lamhsa dh' fheum dhut,
An *rèusar* chuir ri d' sgòrnan.

Tha Rùsaich agus Rothaich,
'S iad ro choimheach dhut le chéile,
Ma gheibh iad ma do chomhair
Gabh mo chomhairle 's thoir thu fein as!
Ach ma chì thu 'm firean
Tigh'n' le sgrìob ort as na speuran,
Na gheibh i ann na crubhanan
Grad luthaig oirre féin e.

'Nuair chruinnicheas na gaisgich,
Thig bho Apuinn-Mhic-Ian-Stiùbbairt
Slìochd nan rìghrean Abannach,
Da'n tig na h-airm a rùsgadh,
Co bheireadh tàire dhaibh
Nach faigheadh pàigheadh dùbhailt,
'S ma gheibh iad ann an sàs thu,
Gu bràch chan fhaic thu d' dhùthaich.

'Nuair chruinnicheas Clann-Iomhuinn,
Cha shòr a dol 'san ùspairn,
'S m'ithich dhut bhì tiomnadh,
'Nuair tha 'u t-iomraidh iad a dùsgadh,
Ma dh-eireas dhut gun tachair sibh,
'S guu faic iad thu le'n suilean,
Sid na fir a chaitheas,
Anns an adhar na do smùid thu.

Tha Caimbeulaich cho naimhdeil dut,
'S iad sanntach air do mharbhadh,
A Diùc tha 'n Earraghàil,
Agus morair ard Bhraid-Albann
C'ait am beil na thearnas tu,
S na h-àrmuinn ud a sealg ort,
'S ceart cho math dhut fàladair
A chàradh ri do shealabhan!

'Nuair a thig Clann-Ghriogair ort
'S neo-chliobach a chuir ruaig iad,
'S fir iad uach gabh pilleadh
Le teine no le luaidhe,
Le'n gairdean laidir, smiorail,
'S le lannan biorach, cruaghach,
S ma chì iad fad na h-òirleach dhìot,
Cha bheò na chumas bhuat iad.

Thig Siosalaich Srath-ghlas ort
Na'n lasgairean man cuairt dhut,
Le lannan geur a chin-aisnich
Tarsuinn air an cruachan,
'Nuair thòisicheas na gaisgich ud,
Air taruinn as an truaillean

Chì thu do chuid brataichean,
Ga srachadh ma do chluasan !

Thig Mac-'Ill-Lean Dhubhaird ort
'S gur subhach nì e greim ort,
Le dhaoine laidir lù-chleasach,
Nach diult a là no dh-òidheche,
Nì iad sin do sgiùrsadh-sa
Gu cuil an àite slaigheir,
'S thèid thu air do ghluinean daibh
'Nuair chì thu 'gudis an saighdear

An sin thig ort na Camshronaich,
Fìr laidir, ainmeant, eblach,
Da thaoibh Loch-iall a's Arasaig,
As chaisteal Inbher-Lòchaidh,
'Nuair a thig na saoidhean sin
Bu mhath gn straoiceadh feòla,
Cha mhiòs air pronnadh mhullach iad,
'S bu ghnà leo fuil a dhortadh.

Thig Mac-Néill a Bara ort
Le dhaoine falain finealt,
Daoine bheir a ficead dhiubh,
Bristeadh a's na mìltean,
Baoisgidh iad mar dhealanach,
Rì òidheche shalach dhùile,
'S m'an téid thu ceart na t-fhaireachadh
—Bìdh ainneart mar a's tìr ort.

Thig Clann-an-t-Shaor á Cruachan ort
Na fìr 's an ruaig nach dìobradh,
An am dol anns an chabhaig,
Sud na gallanan nach pillte,
Sliochd nan Gèil cruadalach,
Bu dual daibh a bhì dìleas,
Gu dol an coinneamh Bhonipart,
Chuir onair air an rioghachd.

'Nuair chruinncheas Clann-Fhiunnlaidh.
Na fìr shunntach tha gun eislean,
Bheir iad tha gu cuinntais,
As na dh' iunnsaich tha de dh' eucoir,
C'ait' am beil de Fhràngaich
Na cheannsaicheas le sreup iad,
'S gun tugadh iad gu ciosachadh,
Na mìltean leis na ceudan.

Thig fathast dìc Mbontròise ort,
Le fhearabh mòr an deigh ort,
'S ann an sin thig an dòrain ort
'Nuair thoisicheas na Gréumaich
'S an t-aon fhear tha ri t-aodainn,
'S e daonnann cuir *retreat* ort,
Cha'n fhad' gu'm bì do cheann aige,
Rì crann mas e thoil fein e.

Guidheamaid buaigh-làrach,
Leis na Gàil anns gach teughbail,

Toil inntinn aig ar càirdean
'S gach nàmhaid a bhì geilleadh,
Mar chuala mis a chaiseamachd
Bha taitneach leam ri èisdeachd,
Air latha soilleir sàmhraidh
'S mi air càbhsairean Dhun-éideann.

ORAN D'A LEANAN.

[Agus sgeul' a bhì air a thogail gun robh i torrach aige, 's e 'g innseadh cho math 'sa bhiodh e dh' i ged a b' fhor mar chaidh aithris.]

Fhuair mi sgéula moeh an dè,
'S cha deach' mi 'n èis ri chluinntinn,
'S cha tug mi geill nach deanainn feum,
Le gaol do 'n té mu 'n d' innseadh,
'S cha toir mi fuath dh' i, 's beag mo luaidh air
Ged a fhuair mi cinnt air,
'Sa dh' aindeoin cruadal ga 'n toir cuairt sin,
Gheibh sinn bhuainn ri tìr e.

A ghruagach dhonn, ma dh' fhas thu trom,
Tha mis, air bhonn nach dìobair,
Gu 'n seas mi thu, air bhialthaobh cùirt,
'S cha 'n ann an dùil do dhìtheadh,
Tha mi air bheachd gu 'n seas mi ceart.
Ge d' bheir am *Parson* eis diom,
'S gu 'm pàighinn daor air rà do ghaoil,
Na 'n tàrainn saor 'sa 'n tìr so.

Gu 'm pàighinn daor gu t-fhàgail saor,
Mu 'n leiginn t-aodann nàrach',
Fa chomhair cùirt mar fhasan ùr,
'S nach robh e 'n rùn do nàduir,
Cha n' eil mi 'n dùl thu dhol na 'n luib,
Mur tig a chuibhle cearr oirnn,
'S ma chumas airgead thò o chis,
Gu 'n seas mi fhìn na t-àite.

Gur fad a rachainn ann ad leithsgenl,
Gu do sheasamh cliùiteach,
'S ghabhainn uileadh orm an *seisoin*,
Gu d' leith-trom a ghìblan,
'S ged chumadh iad mi ann gun lasadh,
Gus an àt mò shùilean,
Mar dìobair ceartas mi, cha 'n fhaicear,
Chaoidh thu ac' fo mhùiseag.

Ach 's truadh ! nach robh mi agus tu,
Dol fo na siùil do dh-Eirinn,
Na thir eile 's faide buainn,
Nach d' ruig air suaimhneas fheutainn,
'S truagh nach faicinnse bhì seòladh,
A's sinn air hòrd le chéile,
Gun dùil a chaoidh thigh'n' air ar 'n eblas,
Do'n Ruinn-Eòrp na dheigh sin !

Ach cìà mar 's urrainn domh bhì beò,
'S cho mar sa thug mi spéis d'ut?
Na cìà mar dh'fhaodas mi bhì stòilte
'S mi gun chòir air t-fheutainn?
Ged fhaighinn airgead na Roinn-Eòrpa,
Agus òr na h-Euphaid,
Cha chumadh e mì suas car uaire,
S tu bhì bhuam gun sgeul ort.

Ach cùis mo chruadail, 's faide bhuam,
An diugh dh' uair na 'n dé thu!
S ma leanas tu mar sin air luaths,
Gu 'n bì sinn cuairt bho chéile,
Ach ma thionndas tu do sblios rium,
'S fìosrach mi mar dh' eireas,
Gur gearr an ùin a thàmbas tu,
'Nuair thig do chùl na dheigh sin.

Mas e gun chuir thu rium do chùl
Ann an duil mo threigsinn,
Gus an cuir iad mi 'sa 'n ùir
Cha dean mi tùrn ad dheighse;
Cì mar dh' fhaodas mi bhì saor,
'S nach dean an saoghal feum dhomh?
Mo chridh air fhalach lo do ghaol,
Gun duil a chaidh ri fheutainn

Tha gaol nam boireannach o 'n òige,
Mar an ceò 'sa chéitean,
Laidhidh e ri madaon dhriùchd,
Rì làr cho dù 's nach léir dhuinn,
Chì mi 'n t-adhar a's an beanntan,
Dol an ceann a chéile,
Ach sgaoilidh e ri ùin ro ghearr,
Gun fhìos cìà 'n t-àit' an téid e.

Gur mor a bh' agam ort do mheas,
'S cha tug mi fios do chàch air,
'S o 'n is beairt e tha gun fhios,
Cha 'n innis mis gu bràch e,
Gu'm beil an sean-fhacal o shinnsear,
Tigh'n gu cinnt an drasda—
"Gur faide bhuam an diugh na 'n dé,
A bhean nach d' fheud mi thàladh."

Cha 'n eil mo chadal domh ach ciùirt,
'S cha 'n eil mo dhùisg ach cianail,
Cha n' eil an obair dhomh ach cràdh,
'S cha n' fheairde mi bhì diannhain,
Cha dean laidhe dhomh ach creuchdan,
'S cha toir eiridh dhìom iad,
Cha toir asdar mi gu slainte,
'S cha 'n fhasa tàmh no guiomh dhomh.

Ged a tha mi 'n so 'sa ghleann,
Cha b' e bhì ann a b' fhearr leam,
'S mar b' e cruaidhead mo chomannd,
Bu luath mo dheann ga fhàgail,
Gur fada 'n aimsir tha o 'n uair,
A chualas bhì ga radhainn,
Gur cruaidh an reachd a bhì fo smachd,
'S bith mise nochd mur tha mi!

Cha b' e chùis bhì nochd an glàis,
Na 'n tiginn aisde a maireach,
Ach bhì 's na fiabhrais fad sheachd bliadhna,
Gun la riamh dhù tearuinn;
Cha robh uair gun chuartaich ùr dhomh,
Gur ciùirte rium iad m' fhàgail,
Nis o 'n lagaich iad mo phearsa,
Tha mo sgairt air failinn!

AM BARD SGIATHANACH.

DONALD M'LEOD, commonly called the "*Skye Bard*," was born in the parish of Durness, Isle of Skye, about the year, 1785.—His parents were in humble circumstances, and consequently unable to give him an extended education: but, whether by self-application, or otherwise, he acquired a tolerable knowledge of the Gaelic language.

In the year 1811 he published an octavo volume—consisting of all his own compositions and a few poems, the productions of other bards, ancient and modern. We cannot, however, say that, with the exception of a few pieces, either the original or selected poems, which it contains, are of a high order. Our author was little more than twenty years when he "came out;" the manhood of his mind was not fully formed;—neither reading

nor society had ripened his judgment, or refined his taste ; and we are convinced, had he profited by the sage admonition of Pope, and left "his piece for seven years", that the character of his book would be far different from what it is.

Donald M'Leod possesses a fine and delicate musical ear, and so fastidious has he proved himself in the nice discrimination of sounds, that, to preserve the smoothness, cadence and harmony of his pieces, original and select, he actually interpolated them with words of no meaning, or, at least, paid no attention to grammatical rules, but took the cases, tenses and numbers, as it suited his convenience.

In the year 1829, he travelled the Highlands, taking in subscriptions for a new work, the prospectus of which is now before us, and promises a "correct history of *Calum-Cille, Coinneach Odhar, Am Britheamh Leòghasach agus an Taoitear-Sàileach*, from the cradle to the grave." But whether he failed in the attempt of publication, or was otherwise diverted from his object, we cannot say ; but the projected volume never made its appearance. This is much to be regretted, for, from the impression made on our minds by M'Leod's talents and legendary lore when we saw him in 1828, we are perfectly warranted in saying that it would amply recompense a perusal. Few men could *speak* the Gaelic with greater fluency and correctness than our author, and there was an archness about him which set off his story and witticism in an admirable light.

Shortly after the period of which we write, the Skye Bard emigrated to America, and of his history or adventures in the western hemisphere, we know nothing. He returned to his native country last harvest, and set up as a merchant in Glendale, near Dunvegan.

His two pieces here given are not destitute of poetic merit. Indeed, they possess some genuine strokes of grandeur, which entitle them to a place among the productions of poets of higher pretensions and fame. M'Leod possesses within him the elements of true poetic greatness ; and if these are brought into fair play, under auspicious circumstances, it is within the compass of possibilities that he may yet take his stand amongst the first class of the minstrels of his country.

ORAN DO REISEAMAID MHIC-SHIMIDH,

CEANN-CINNIDH NAM FRISEALACH SA' BHLIADHNA, 1810.

AN am ùracha' fhacail domh,
'S eunntas thoirt seachad,
Air cliùteachadh fhasain
Nan gaisgeach tha 'n tràthsa
Air tìundaidh a steach oirn,
Gu lù-chleasach, aigeantach,
Làbht' ann am breacain,
'S paiste ann an sgàrlait ;
Is cliùteach a bhratach,
To'n eunntar air faiche sibh,
Thoir team nach bu chaidilbh,
Ur tachaird le dàmhair,

Is dùl dha na chasas riubh
Tìundadh le masladh,
Na'n uine bhi paisgte,
Fo'r casan sa'n aràich,

Cha choram dha'n aithribh,
An dumhlaich ar Caipiteinean,
'S dùl dhaibh an t-achdsa,
Bheir easg' as an nàmhaid ;
Le innnsaidh nam bagraidean,
Fudar na lasraichean,
Mù dhaibh cha'n fhaighear

Na bhagras air pàirt' dhiubh ;
An cul-thaobh cha 'n fhaicear,
A tiunnadh le gealtachd,
Cho dlù 's ga 'm bi 'm feachd
A bhios aca mar nàmhaid,
'N am rùsgadh nan glas-lann,
Biodh cunntas gun astar,
'S croinn rùiste gun bhratach
Ga'n stailceadh fo'n sailean.

Cha 'n eil cunntas air fasain
Fo'n chrùn th'aig Rì Shasuinn,
Nach eil ionnsaicht' am pearsa,
Na th'aca de dh'àireamb,
Is mùirneach ri'm faicinn iad,
'S clùiteach ri'n claisinn iad,
'S lùghmhor an casan,
'Sa 's brais an' cath-làmh iad,
'S àluinn an crisleachadh,
Sgàbardach, biodagach,
Stailinneach, pisteach,
Slios-lannach, deàrsach ;
Sgàrlaiteach, leisichte,
An càradh fo itean,
Thug stàtchan meas dhaibh,
Nach fiosraich mo chànan.

Tha *Lovat* 's a dhaingheann,
Na shòlas dha'n fhearunn,
An deònaich iad fanutninn,
Nan gearasdain laidir ;
'S mòr-chuiseach, ceannasach
'S stroilte ro'n tarrauin iad,
'S neòil an cuid lannan,
Mar lainnir an sgàthain ;
A's feidh nan ceann cabrach
A leumnaich mar bhradain,
A bencail, 's a plabraich,
Rì caismeachd an làmhach ;
Miann leirsinn, is claisneachd
An' éisdeachd, 's am faicinn,
'S binn gleòraich an caismeachd
A steach air na sràidean.

O! dhaoib' nach fac iad,
'S beag ionghna a chleachd sibh,
Mar saoirich sibh 'm fada,
Gu 'm faicinn an càradh,
An' cauchla' gu beachdaidh,
Bho 'n aodainn gu'n casan,
Cho aontach dha 'n fhacal.
Cha 'n fhacas air làraich ;
'S pìob mhor a chaol-mhuineil,
A lùrigeadh luinneig,
Tro *ibhiri* cuimr,
A's ribheidean spàinteach ;
Siod na choir uimpe,
'S gaoraich a h-uinneag,

A'g innseadh dha 'n druma'
Mar chuireas i fàilte.

Bi'dh slàinnte *Mhic-Shimidh*,
Na càirdeas dha' chiuineadh,
Sa'n t-àl nach do ghluineadh,
Bìdh sìreadh ro' chàch orr' ;
'S ard ann an spiorad e,
'S laidir an' gillean e,
'S barr air an t-shiorachd e,
'S teine e nach smàlair,
'S gàradh ro ghioraig e,
Sàbhaladh cinneadh e,
Slàinte bho thinneas e,
'S tuilleadh air àird air !
Bho 'n thàr e mar ghìhbhtean,
An àird 's a cuid sliochda'
Buaidh-làrach biodh tric leis,
Mu 'm brist' iad am bàra

Buaidh-làrach air urram,
Do chàradh a *chulair*,
Roi réitichear ullamh
Gu iomal gach sràide ;
'S reull ann an Lunnainn thar,
'S greidhneach do thuras ann',
Eiridh iad uile,
Na t-fluran 's na t-flàbhar ;
Séididh na h-uramaich,
Céir nan cuid uinneagan,
'S gleusar gach inneal
Is binne gu cànan ;
Gach stiobal, 's gach druma,
Na pìoban, 's na feadain,
'S na cinn as na tunnaichean
Roma le t-àilleas.

Ach ge treun thu mar churaidh,
'S deich ceud fo do chumail
Lan-reiseamaid ullamh,
Gheur, ghluineach, neo-sgàthach.
'S e shleulaich do bhuinnig,
Cinn fheodhna na cruinne,
Lan ceill' agus urraidh,
A cumal do phàirte ;
S rioghal do Chaipiteinain,
'S aoigheil ri 'm faicinn iad,
S innsgluineach, faicileach
'S laide air puràd iad,
Bho shàilean an casan,
Gu 'm bàrr air a marcadh,
'S òr faineach na mhapaidd,
Gu'n achlais bho 'n àirdid ;

Gu'n cloinnte na's beachdaidh iad,
Sloinnidh mi 'mach dhnibh iad,
Is lannairean laisd' iad,
Cha taisich am blàths iad ;

Eacoir, na craichinín,
 Dh'èiris 'n ar feachdanain,
 'S leir dhomh na chaisgeas e,
 An gaisgeach is màidséar ;
 Ge leibh e na ghlaine,
 'S bàs millteach e 'n carraid,
 Nì shaighdean geur, tana,
 Cuim fhala a thràthadh,
 'N glaic diolt' an eich allail,
 'S ard sraun ann am falas,
 'S dheannas mar dhealan,
 A gearradh, 's stràdach.

'S làmh shéunt' thu na t-earradh,
 'S ard iarras do dheannadh,
 'Sgrìob dheuchain na gaillio,
 Sion chal' gun bhàigh thu ;
 'S deuchineach sealladh
 Air iarbhail do ghalair,
 Cuirp lionmhor ri talamh,
 Nan earruinnean gearrte :
 'S tìr' bhàtach thu 'm fallachd,
 'S corn iatach na falla',
 'S e lion an nì 'n t-annart,
 Is stailceas fò làr iad.
 Bheir ioc-shlainnt' an cannan
 Ceo fiamha ga 'n dalladh,
 A spianas bho 'n talamh,
 Nan deannanan smùil iad.

Ge gruamach a sealladh,
 Fò shuaicheatais ballach,
 Mar bhualadh na mara,
 Na falaisge Màirte,
 Tha'n suairceas 's an cenneal,
 'S am boichead mar leannain,
 A buaireadh nan caileag
 'S am mealladh nam pàistean ;
 Theid Bainn-tighearnan glana,
 Dhe'u cuimhne 's dhe'n aithne'
 Cho cinnteach 's dh' amais mi,
 'N eallaidh-sa ràite,
 'S biodh banntraichean fhearnaibh,
 'S an clann air an dronnaig,
 Le geall an cuid bán,
 A bhì falach fu' chàrn leibh.

Note.—The above spirited song is now partly freed from the obscurity which characterized it in the author's own collection—it will still, however, task the understanding of many readers, but we could make no further emendations without manifest danger to the structure of the piece.

SMEORACH NAN LEODACH.

LUTINNEAG.

*Uilibheag i na i ri u o,
 Uilibheag u na i ri i u,
 Smeòrach mise 'nach o'n Tùr,
 Is gleograch cùirn na bhuird le feusde.*

'S mise smeòrach bg a ghrinnis,
 Shèinnis ceol mar òrgan millis,
 Feadan òrdail fo mo ribheid,
 'S fead mo mheir air comhra àilleant'.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Cha b' i crìonach liath na mosgan,
 Bho na shìolaich treud an fhòrtain,
 Ach fìogh miath, nam miar, gun socadh,
 Geal mar ghrian, bho bhian Rìogh Lochlainn
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

An caisteil àrd dha'n làidir fìne,
 Ma'n iath pàrlamaid gun ghioraig,
 Nach iarr bhìgh an àite millidh,
 A dhialadh bais gun stràc ga'm pilleadh.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Ge do dh'eug e cha treig fhasan,
 Cha toir streupa na geimh gaiseadh,
 As na connspuinn còlach, smachdail,
 Nach d'rinn ceò gun feoil a shrachdadh.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Gu'n dean glòir nan neòil a phasgadh,
 'S nach bi comhra' fo shroin peacaich,
 Bithidh na Leodaich mar òr daite,
 Sheasas còir, 's nach fògair casgradh.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Ma thig tìr a chòir na h-àitribh,
 Theid an connspaid air shèoil gaisgidh,
 Snapach, òrdach, tòiteach, speachdach,
 Naisgear feòil do dh' eòin an achaidh.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Theid an tarbh fo chalg na maise,
 Le shròil balla-bhreac, ri geula ghasan,
 Nach leig earabal gu falbh dhathaigh,
 Gu'm bi 'n anaman marbh fo chasan.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

'S lannach, hlobhach, dìseach, claiseach,
 Meachair, fìnealt', rìmhach, laisde,
 Na brais phrìseil, o'n tìr fhasgach,
 Nach leig cìos le strì, na feachdaibh.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

'Nuair theid dìon air sgiath gach bealaich,
S luchd an fhiamha, siaradh tharais,
Car na'm bial 'us liad na'n teangeidn,
'S dorus riab' air cìas gach fear dhù.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

'N uair thig sgian bho chliabh gach gille,
A sgoltadh bhlioin, 's a dianamh phinne,
Gheibh am fiacail biadh gun sireadh,
'S gloine lionta, an ioc-shlaint' spioraid.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

'N uair a chiaradh grian gu calla',
Thigeadh triall nan diolt-each meara,
Srannach, sianach, srianach, staileach,
Ealand', iargalc', lionta an lannir.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Gus an Dùn is mùrneach caithream,
Dha'm beil iùil gach cùrsa ceannas,
Dha'm beil iuntas dlù mar ghaineamh,
Nach toir spùil gu cunntas gainne.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Far an lionor fion ga mhalairt,
Far an iarrar guiomh fir-eallaidh,
Far an ciatach miann gach seallaidh,
Far a riadhlar ciadan ain-eoil.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Seinneam fonnmhor, pongail, m'ealaidh,
As a chom nach trom mar ealach,
Cha tig togn ma bhonn mo thalla,
Ni mo chall, na ghanntas m'aran.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Tha mo chuach na cuairteig mheala,
'S barrach uaine suineadh tharum,
Air mo chluasaig 's fuaghte m' anail,
'S iomadh dual a luadh le'm theangaidh,

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Air mo thaobh an craobh nam meangan,
Cha toir gaoth dhìom m'aodach droma,
'S ma thig naoisg a ghaoirich mar rium,
Ni miaoir a sgaoileas tan' iad.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

'S iomadh buaidh fo stuaidh mo bhalla,
Chuireadh ruaig air sluagh a caraid,
Nach dean gluasad gun ruaim calla,
Dorainn fuathais a chuain fhala',

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Bratach-shithe nan trì seallaidh,
Fasda, dhìdein, nan crìoch cainis,
Glag an stiobla dha'n strìochd ain-eòchd,
Meirghe na fìrinn gun lìth sgainneil.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Sliochd an Ollaghair a bhorb sheallaidh,
Mìc a tholgas le'n gorm lannan
Rìochd an fharabhais nach falbh falamh,
Cuip na h-Albun, san dearbh dhainghean.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Neart Eoin Tormod cha searg ascall,
'Smaise chrannachar 's gach dearbh eachdraidh
'S pailt na h-armabh na bhalg acuinne,
'S brais a leanamhuinn ga sgala shuapadh.

Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

BARD LOCH-FINE.

EVAN M'COLL, better known to his countrymen as the "Mountain Minstrel," or "*Clàr-sair nam Beann*," was born at Kenmore, Loch-Fyne-side, in the year 1812. His parents, although not affluent, were in the enjoyment of more comfort than generally falls to the lot of Highland peasants; and were no less respected for their undeviating moral rectitude than distinguished for their hospitality, and the practice of all the other domestic virtues that hallow and adorn the Highland hearth. The subject of our memoir was the second youngest of a large family of sons and daughters. At a very early age he displayed an irresistible thirst for legendary lore and Gaelic poetry; but, from the seclusion of his native glen and other disadvantageous circumstances, he had but scanty means for fanning the latent flame that lay dormant in his breast. M'Coll, however, greedily devoured every volume he could procure, and when the labours of the day were over, would often resort

to some favourite haunt where, in the enjoyment of that solitude which his father's fire-side denied him, he might be found taking advantage of the very moonlight to pore over the minstrelsy of his native country, until lassitude or the hour of repose compelled him to return home.

His father, Dugald M'Coll, seems to have been alive to the blessings of education ; for as the village school afforded but little or nothing worthy of that name, he, about the time that our bard had reached his teens, hired a tutor for his family at an amount of remuneration which his slender means could scarcely warrant. The tutor's stay was short, yet sufficiently long to accomplish one good purpose—that of not only enabling Evan properly to read and understand English, but also of awakening in him a taste for English literature. A circumstance occurred about this time which tended materially to encourage our author's poetic leanings. His father, while transacting business one day in a distant part of his native parish, fell in with a Paisley weaver, who, in consequence of the depression of trade, had made an excursion to the Highlands with a lot of old books for sale. M'Coll bought the entire lot, and returned home groaning under his literary burden, which Evan received with transports of delight. Among other valuable works, he was thus put in possession of the “Spectator,” “Burns' Poems,” and the “British Essayists.” He read them with avidity, and a new world opened on his view : his thoughts now began to expand, and his natural love of song received an impetus which no external obstacles could resist.

Contemporaneous with this literary impulsion, was the artillery of a neighbouring Chloe, whose eyes had done sad havoc among the mental fortifications of our bard : he composed his first song in her praise, and, although he had yet scarcely passed the term of boyhood, it is a very respectable effort, and was very well received by his co-parishioners. The circumstances in which his father was placed, rendered it necessary for him to engage in the active operations of farming and fishing, and he was thus employed for several years.

In the year 1837, he threw off the mask of anonymity, and appeared as a contributor to the Gaelic Magazine, then published in Glasgow. His contributions excited considerable interest, and a general wish was expressed to have them published in a separate form by all Highlanders, with the exception of his own immediate neighbours, who could not conceive how a young man, with whom they had been acquainted from his birth, should rise superior to themselves in intellectual stature and in public estimation. They of course discovered that our youthful bard was possessed of a fearful amount of temerity, and the public, at the same time, saw that *they* were miserably blockaded in their own mental *timberism*. If native talent is not to be encouraged by fostering it under the grateful shade of generous friendship, it ought, at least, to have the common justice of being allowed to work a way for itself, unclogged by a solitary fetter—unchilled by the damping breath of unmerited contempt or discouragement. The high-souled inhabitants of Inverary failed to extinguish the flame of M'Coll's lamp ; and now, as they are not probably much better engaged, we recommend them to “see themselves as others see them,” in our author's retaliative poem, “*Slochd a Chopair*,” in which they are strongly mirrored, and the base metal of which they are made powerfully delineated.

It is well for dependant merit that there are gentlemen who have something ethereal in them: much to their honour, Mr Fletcher of Dunans, and Mr Campbell of Islay, patronized our author, and through the generously exercised influence of either, or both of these gentlemen, M'Coll was appointed to a situation, which he now holds, in the Liverpool Custom-house.

M'Coll ranks very high as a poet. His English pieces, which are out of our way, possess great merit. His Gaelic productions are chiefly amorous, and indicate a mind of the most tender sensibilities and refined taste. The three poems, annexed to this notice, are of a very superior order: one of them comes under that denomination of poetry called *pastoral* or *descriptive*, and evinces powers of delineation, a felicity of conception, and a freshness of ideality not equalled in modern times. The second is an elegiac piece, before whose silver, mellifluent tones we melt away, and are glad to enjoy the luxury of tears with the weeping muse. The love ditty is a natural gush of youthful affection, better calculated to show us the aspirations of the heart than the most elaborate production of art. M'Coll imitates no poet; he has found enough in nature to instruct him—he moves majestically in a hitherto untraversed path; and, if we are not continually in raptures with him, we never tire—never think long in his company. But we are reminded that praises bestowed on a living author subject us to the imputation of flattery:—long may it be ere Evan M'Coll is the subject of any posthumous meed of laudation from us!

LOCH-AIC.

A LOCH-AICE na gnùis' chaoin—

Gnùis ghabh gaol air a bhí ciùin,

'S air an tric an laidh gath-gréin'

Soilair mar uchd sèamh mo ròin!

'Oide-altruim mhaith nam breac,

Gar an leatsa cath nan tonn,

'S ged nach d' amais long fo bhréid

Air t-uchd réidh riamh chur f'a bonn.

'S leat an eala 's grinne com

'S i neo-throm air t-uchd a' snámh.

Eun a's gile cueas na 'ghrian,

Sneachd nan sliabh, no leannan bhéird!

'S leat bho Lochluinn a's bho 'n t-Suain

An lach bheag is uaine cùl;

'S tric 'ga còir—'s cha n-ann 'ga feum,

Falach-fead a's caogadh shùl.

'S leat an luinneag 'sheinneas òigh

'Bleodhan bhò gu tric ri d' thaobh;

'S leat an duan a thogas òg

'S e g' a còir a measg nan craobh.

Seinnidh e—"Tha cueas mo ghràidh

Ged mar chanach tla nan glac,

'S failleasan a ghaoil 'n a sùil

Mar tha nàmh an ground Loch-aic!

C'àit' an taitneach leis an earh'

Moch a's anamoch 'bhi le 'laogh?

C'àit' an trice dorus dearg,

'Fhir nan garbh-chròc, air do thaobh?

C'àit' ach ri taobh loch mo ròin—

Far, aig bun nan stùc ud thall,

'S an robh uair mo chàirdean tiugh

Ged tha iad an diùgh air chall!

O air son a bhi leam féin!

'Siubhal sèimh taobh loch nan sgòrr

'Nuair bhios gath na gealaich chaoin,

Nuas a' taomadh ort mar òr.

'Nuair tha duilleach, fochunn, feur,

Fo 'n òg-bhraon a' cromadh fliuch,

'S gun aon rionnag anns an speur

Nach 'eil céile dh'i 'na t-uchd.

'Nuair tha 'n ciobair ann a shuain
'Faicinn mada'-ruadh 'na threud,
'S e 'dian-stuigeadh nan con luath
Gu bhì shuas mu 'n dean e beud :

Sud an t-àm 's am bì ri d' thaobh
Ceòl a mhaoth'cheas clis gach cridh
Sud an t-àm 'san tug thu gràdh,
'Shìne bhàn ! do 'n fhilidh shìth.

'Tional gheibhar air dh'ì bhì
'N Coir'-an-t-sìth aon fheasgar Màigh,
Chualas guth ro-mhìlis, sèamh—
Shaoil i nèamh a bhì aig làimh.

Dh' èisd i,—'s mar bu mhotha dh-èisd,
'S ann bu bhinne teud a chiùil ;
Lean i,—'s mar a b' fhaide lean,
'S ann a b' fhaid' e as, mo dhùil !

Rainig i, mu dheireadh, cnoc,
Dorus fosgailt air a suas,
'S dh' fhaireich i gur ann bho sin
Bhrùchd an ceol bu bhlasda fuaim.

"Thig a's taigh, a Shìne bhàn !
Thig, a ghràidh, gun eagal beud ;
Feuch an oidliche dhubh m' an cuairt—
'S fada bhuaht do dhachaigh féin."

Chaidh i 's taigh—ma's fìor mo sgeul—
'Thuit i 'n gaol air fear a chiùil !
Dh' òl i 'n deoch bu deoch do chàch,
'S tuilleadh riamh cha d'fhàg i 'n dùn.

RANNAN AIR BAS BANACHARÀID

A BHA ANABARRACH GAOLACH, 'S A CHAOCHAIL
'NA LEANABHACHD.

CHAOCHAIL i—mar neultan ruiteach
'Bhios 'san Ear ma bhrìste' fàire ;
B' fharmaid leis a' ghréin am bòichead,
'S dh'èirich i 'na glòir 'chur sg' il orr' !

Chaochail i—mar phlatha gréine,
'S am faileas 'na réis 'an tùir air ;
Chaochail i—mar bhogh' nan speuran,
Shìl an fhras a's thréig a ghlòir e.

Chaochail i—mar shneachd a laidheas
Anns an tràigh ri cois na fairge ;
Dh'aom an làn gun iochd air aghaidh,
'Ghile O ! cha b'fhada shealbhaich.

Chaochail i—mar ghuth na clàrsaich,
'Nuair a's drùitiche 's a's mìls' e ;
Chaochail i—mar sgeulachd àluinn
Mu'n gann 'thòisichear r'a h-innseadh

Chaochail i—mar bhoillsge gealaich'
'S am maraich' fo eagal 's an dòrcha ;
Chaochail i—mar bbruadar mìlis,
'S an cad'laiche duilich gu'n d' falbh e.

Chaochail i 'an tùs a h-àille !
Cha seachnadh Pàrras as féin i ;
Chaochail i—O ! chaochail Màiri
Mar gu'm bhàite 'ghrian ag èiridh !

DUANAG GHAOIL.

AIR FÒNN—"Ille dhuinn, 's toigh leom thu."

LUIÑNEAG.

*A nighean donn nam mala eom,
A nighean donn nan caoin-shùl,
A nighean donn blo 'm binne fonn,
Gur mor mo gheall air t-fhaotainn.*

A NIGHEAN DONN a's grinne cruth,
A's binne guth 's a's caoine,
Ge geal an cobhar air an t-sruth
'S ann bhiodh e dubh ri d' thaobh su.
A nighean donn, &c.

Mo rùn a' chaileag luinneagach,
Deagh bhanarach na spréidhe,
'S nach géill 'n seòmar uinneagach
'Dh' aon chruinnig 'tha 'n Dun-éil' ann.
A nighean donn, &c.

Té eil' air bhith, d' a sgiamhaichead,
'Na t-fhianuis-sa cha leud dhomh ;
S ann tha thu 'meas nan nianagan
Ceart mar tha 'ghrian meas reulltan.
A nighean donn, &c.

O 's truagh 'bhi 'n so air Galdachd
'Nuair tha 'n Samhradh 'us mo cheud rùn
A' strì co 's grinne dheàrsas
Nis air àirdheann Ghlinn-crèran !
A nighean donn, &c.

Cha tugainn air bhì 'm dhùic cead 'bhi
Le m' rùn 'am bothan-gheugan,
'S cha ghabhainn coron òir air son
Bhì 'n sud a' pògadh m' éiteig.
A nighean donn, &c.

A rùn, nam biodh tu deònach air,
'S ar càirdean nìle réidh ruinn,
Cha chuirinn tuille dàlach ann,
Am màireach bu leam féin thu !
A nighean donn, &c.

AIREAMH TAGHTA
DE
SHAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH;
OR
A CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

The following songs and poems are the productions of gentlemen, who invoked the muse only on rare occasions, and under the impulse of strong feelings excited by extraordinary events;—or, of individuals of whose history little is known to the world, and whose works were not sufficiently voluminous to entitle them to a place among the professed or recognised bards. When the tide of chivalry ran high in the Highlands, and ere the Gaelic ceased to be spoken in the chief's hall, it was deemed no disparagement to people of the highest rank to embody their feelings on any subject in Keltic poetry. Many of these pieces are of commanding merit, and it is hoped that they will form an appropriate and valuable appendage to this work. So far as practicable, the paternity of the poem is given, and such historical and illustrative notes are interspersed as the full elucidation of the subject seemed to require.

MOLADH CHABAIR-FEIDH

LE TORMOD BAN MAC-LEOID.

DEOCH-SLAINTE ' chabair féidh so

Gur h-éibhinn 's gur h-aighearach ;

Ge fada bho thír fein e,

Mhic Dhé greas g'a fhearann e ;

Mo chrochadh a's mo cheusadh,

A's m' éideadh nar mbeala mi,

Mur áit leam thu bhí 'g eiridh

Le treun neart gach caraide!

Gur mise chunna' sibh gu gunnach,

Ealamb, ullamb, acuinneach ;

Ruith nan Rothach 's math 'ur gnothach,

Thug sibh sothadh maidne dhaibh ;

Cha deach' Cataich air an tapadh,

Dh'fhag an neart le eagal iad,

Ri faicinn ceann an fhéidh ort

'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort !

Be'n t-amadan fear Fòluis,

'Nuair thòisich e cogadh riut ;

Rothaich agus Ròsaich—

Bu ghòrach na bodaich iad ;

Frisealaich a's Granudaich,

An càmpa cha stadadh iad ;

'S thug Foirbeisich nan teann-ruith,

Gu seann taigh Chuilodair orr'.

Theich iad uile 's cha dh-fhuirich

An treas duine 'bh'aca-san ;

An t-Iarla Catach ruith e dhachaigh—

Cha do las a dhagachan ;

Mac-Aoidh nan creach gun thar e as.

'S ann dh'éigh e 'n t-each a b' aigeanmaich,

Ri gabhal an ra-treunta,

'Nuair dh-eirich do chabar ort !

'S ann an sin bha 'm fuathas
 Ga'n ruagadh thar bhealaichean,
 An deas dhuinn a's an tuath dhuinn,
 Gu luath ruith roi' d' cheann-eideadh ;
 Mar sgaoth a dh'eoin nam fuar-bheann,
 A's gruaim air a b-uile fear,
 A tearnadh bho na sléibhteann
 Gu réidhleinn 's gu cladaichean.
 Dh'eigh iad port 's gu'n d'fhuair iad coit,
 'S bu bheag an toirt mar thachair dhaibh ;
 Ciod e'n droch rud rinn am brosnach',
 Le'n cuid mosg nach freagradh srad,
 'S a liothad toirtear dheth na Rothaich,
 Dol air fiod thac chlaigeannan ?
 'S ann ghabh iad an ratreata,
 'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort !

Gu'm faigh mi fein mi dhùrachd—
 ('Se dhùisg as mochadal mi)
 An 'Ti da'n geill na dùilean,
 'S da'n ùmhlaich na h-uile ni,
 Gun greas e thu gu d' dhùthaich,
 Gu h-uiseil 's gu h-urramach !
 Gur tu nach leigeadh cuis,
 Leis na dù-Ghaill nach buineadh dhaibh ;
 'S tu bheireadh clotha do' luchd gnothaich,
 Gun fhios co a throdadh riut ;
 Am fine Rothach chuir thu fothadh
 Ge mor leotha 'n ladornas,
 Ga'n cuir romhad le'n ruith-choimhich,
 'S am baile-nodha na shradagan,
 'S na lasaie anns na speuran,
 Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort !

Chunna mi m'a thuath thu,
 'S gu'm b'nachdaran allail thu ;
 Bha Cataich fo do chùram,
 'S dh' ùmhlaich na Gallaich dhut ;
 'S gach tì bha riut an diùmba,
 'S nach dùirigeadh sealladh ort,
 A faicinn bhì ga'n sgiùrsadh,
 Gu dùthaich nach buineadh dhaibh.
 Le gasraidh fhinealt dheth do chinneadh
 Nach gabh giorag eagalach ;
 Luchd chlogaid 's bhiodag 's chorcan bheach,
 Cha philleadh luchd-bagairt iad ;
 Thig feachd Mhic-Shimi gu do mhilleadh,
 'S ruithidh iad gu saidealta ;
 'S gu'n teich iad o chlàr t-eudainn,
 'Nuair dh'eireas do chabar ort !

Th'am brochan a' toirt sàr dhuibh,
 'S tha 'n càl a' toirt àt oirbh ;
 Ach 's beng is misde 'n t-àrmunn,
 'Ur sàth thoirt an nasgaidh dhuibh ;
 Ge mòr a thug sibh chàise,
 Thar àiridhean Asaime,

Cha'n fhacas cuirm a'm Fèilais,
 Ge mòr bha do chearcann ann ;
 Caisteal biorach, nead na h-iolair',
 Coin a's gilleann gortach ann ;
 Cha'n fhaicear bioran ann ri teinne,
 Mur bidh dìleag bhrochann ann ;
 Cha'n fhaicear mairt-eoil ann am poit ann,
 Mur bi cearc ga plotaigeadh ;
 'S ga'n tional air an déirce,
 'Nuair thréigas gach cosgais iad.

Cha'n eil ian 's na speuran,
 Is breine n'an iolair,
 Cha 'n ionan idir beus d'i,
 'S do dh-fhéidh anns na firichean ;—
 Bi'dh iadsa moch ag eiridh,
 A feuchainn a bhàilair ;
 'S bi'dh is' air sean each caoile,
 Ri slaodadh a mhìonaich as ;
 Chuir i spuir astaigh na churach,
 A's thug i fhuil na spadail as,
 An t-ian gun sonas' giarrraidh donais,
 Bi'dh na coin a' sàbaid ris ;
 'S breun an t-isean e air iteig,
 Gun fhios c'ait' an stadadh e,—
 Mas' olc a lean e àbhaist,
 Cha b' fheàrr far na chaidil e.

Cha'n eil ian 'san t-saoghail
 R'a fhaotainn tha coltach riut,—
 Cha'n ithear do chuid sìthne—
 Rinn firinn a' mollachadh ;
 Ged tha ort iteag dhìreach,
 Mar fhior shaigneadh corranach,
 S ged' thuir iad riut am fireun,
 Tha ionan an donais ort !
 S ioma buachaille th' air fuar chno',
 Agus cnaill b'at' aige' ;
 Nì guidhe bhuan do bhuaintan bhuath,
 'S a bhuaileas bho do thapadh thu ;
 'Nuair bheir thu ruaig air feadh nan uan,
 'S a bhios buaireas acnis ort,
 'N uair thachras cabar féidh ort,
 Gu'm feum thu bhì snasadh dha' !

Tha cabar-fearna Dhòmhnuille,
 Mar spòrs' anns an talamh' ac' ;
 Nach innseadh sibh dhomhs' e,
 'S gu'm b'eol domh a charachadh ;
 'S chuirinn fios gu h-eòlach,
 Gu Seòras an caraideach,
 Gur h-e Fear Dhuin-Dòmhnuille,
 Le lòn chum an t-anam ris ;
 'Bhiad gun mheas, gun mhiagh gun, ghliocas
 Riamh bu tric 's an talamh-s' thu ;
 Dh'ol a's dh'ith thu trian do d' phiseach,
 'S tu an t-isean anaideach ;

Chuir na Rothaich thu air ghnòthach,
 'S tu an t-amhusg aineolach,
 'S ged' thug Clann-Choinnich miadh ort,
 Cha b' fhiach thu 'n treas enrrainn deth.

Faire! faire! 'shaoghail,
 Gur caochlaidheach carach thu.
 Chumna mise Si-phort,
 'Nam pioban cruaidh, sgalanta,
 Nach robh an Alb' a dh'aon-shluagh,
 Ged shìneadh Mac-Caillein ris,
 Na chumadh riuts an eudann,
 'Nuair dh'éireadh do chabar ort!
 Dh'éireadh leat an còir 'san ceart,
 Le trian do neart gu bagarach,
 Na bh'eadar Asainn, a's fa dheas,
 Gu ruig Sgalpa chraganach,
 Gach fear a glacadh gunna snàip,
 Claidheamh glas, no dagachan,—
 Bu leat Sir Dòmhnall Shìleibhte,
 'Nuair dh'éireadh do chabar ort!

Dh'éireadh leat fir Mhùideirt,
 'Nuair ruisgte do bhraataichan,
 Le 'n lannan daite dù-ghorm,
 Gu'n eiuirte na marcaich leo;
 Mac-Alasdair 's Mac-Ionmhuinn,
 Le 'n cuilbheirean acuinneach;
 'Nuair rachadh iad 'san iorghuill,
 Gu'm b' ioghna mur trodaill iad:—
 Bi'dh tu fhathast gabhail aighear,
 Ann ann Brathuinn bhaidealach,
 Bi'dh cinne t-athair ort a feitheamh,
 Co bhrathadh bagradh ort?
 Bi'dh fion ga chaitheamh feadh do thaighe,
 'S nìge-beatha feadanach;
 'S gur lionmhor pioh' ga'g gleusadh,
 'Nuair dh'éireas do chabar ort!

Note—Norman M'Leod, the author of the foregoing popular clan song was a native of Assynt, Sutherlandshire. Little is known to us of his parentage except that he moved in the higher circles of his country, and upon his marriage, rented an extensive farm in his native parish. He had two sons whose status in society shows that he was in comfortable, if not affluent circumstances—one of them was Professor Hugh M'Leod of the University of Glasgow; and the other, the Rev. Angus M'Leod, Minister of Rogart in the county of Sutherland. Both sons were men of considerable erudition and brilliant parts,—and Angus's name is still mentioned in the North with feelings of kindness and respect.

Norman M'Leod lived long on a footing of intimate familiarity and friendship with Mr M'Kenzie of Ardloch whose farm was contiguous to that of our author; and "*Cabar-feidh*," which has single-handed stamped the celebrity of M'Leod, arose out of the following circumstance. The earl of Sutherland issued a commission to William Munroe of Achany, who, with a numerous body of retainers and clansmen, by virtue of said commission, made a descent on Assynt and carried off a great many cattle. This predatory excursion was made in the latter end of summer, when, according to the custom of the country, the cattle were grazing on distant pasturages at

the sheilings, a circumstance which proved very favourable to the foragers—for they not only took away the cattle, but also plundered the sheilings, and thus possessed themselves of a great quantity of butter and cheese. Indignant at the baseness and injustice of such cowardly conduct, M'Leod invoked the muse and composed "*Cabar-feidh*," or the clan-song of the M'Kenzies—making it the vehicle of invective and bitter sarcasm against the Sutherlanders and Munroes, who had antecedently made themselves sufficiently obnoxious to him by their adherence to the Hanoverian cause in 1745.

That a production teeming with so much withering declamation and piquancy of wit should have told upon its hapless subjects, may be reasonably supposed. Munroe was particularly sore on the subject, and threatened that the bard should forfeit his life for his temerity, if ever they should meet. They were personally unacquainted with each other; but chance soon brought them face to face. Munroe was commonly known by a grey-coloured bonnet which he wore, and was called "*Uilleam a bhonnaid uadhir*." One day as he entered Ardguy Inn, there sat Norman M'Leod, on his way to Tain, regaling himself with bread and butter, and cheese and ale. Munroe was ignorant of the character of the stranger; but not so M'Leod—he immediately knew Achany by the colour of his bonnet—drunk to him with great promptitude, and then offered him the *horza* with the following extemporary salutation:—

"Aran a's im a's cais,
 Mu'n tig am bas air Tormod;
 A's deoch do fhir an rothaid,
 'S cha ghabh na Rothaich fearg ris."

which may be translated thus—

Bread and butter and cheese to me,
 Ere death my mouth shall close;
 And, traveller, there's a drink for thee,
 To please the black Munroes.

Achany was pleased with the address, quaffed the ale, and when he discovered who the courteous stranger was, he cordially forgave him, and cherished a friendship for him ever after. Years after the events recorded above, the poet's son, Angus, then a young licentiate, waited upon Achany, relative to the filling up of the vacancy in the parish of Rogart.—"And do you really think, Sir," said Achany, "that I would use my influence to get a living for your father's son? *Cabar-feidh* is not forgotten yet." "No! and never will," replied the divine, "but if I get the parish of Rogart, I promise you it shall never be sung or recommended from the pulpit there!" "Thank you! thank you!" said Achany, "that is one important point carried—you are not so bad as your father after all, and we must try to get the kirk for you!" He gave him a letter to Dunrobin and he got the appointment.

"*Cabar-feidh*" is one of the most popular songs in the Gaelic language, and deservedly so. It has been erroneously ascribed to Matheson, the family-bard of Seaforth; but now for the first time, it is legitimately paternized, and the only correct edition, which has yet appeared, is here given. The song itself bears internal evidence that our history of its paternity is strictly correct; and our proofs in corroboration are numerous and decisive. Nothing can surpass the exultation of the bard while he sings the superiority of the clan M'Kenzie over those, who have drawn upon themselves the lash of his satire. The line "*Nuair dh'éireadh do chabar ort!*" falling in at the end of some of the stanzas, has an electrifying effect; and, although figurative in its language, is so applicable as to transport us beyond ourselves to those feudal times when our mountain warriors rushed to the red field of battle to conquer or to die. The music, as well as the poem, is M'Leod's, and forms one of the most spirit-stirring airs that can be played on the bagpipe; so popular, indeed, has this tune been in many parts of the Highlands, that it was not danced as a common reel, but as a sort of country-dance. We have seen "*Cabar-feidh*" danced in character, and can bear testimony that, for diversified parts, for transitions, mazes and evolutions, it yields not, when well performed, to any "*Cotillon* bred new from France."

MALI CHRUINN DONN.

LEIS AN CHEISTEAR CHRUBACH.

AIA Fonn—"Carraig Fhearghuis."

O'n thagaich mi'n rathad,
 Gu'n taghail mi monadh
 S an tuiteadh an sneachda,
 'S a ghaill-shion gu trom ;
 'S an talamh neo-chairsigt',
 'S na chaill mi na casan,
 Mu'n d'rainig mi'n caisteal
 'N robh *Mali* chruinn donn !
 'Nuair a ràinig mi doras
 Gu'n dh'fhàs mi cho toilicht,
 'S gu'n d' rinn mi gach dosgainn
 A thogail gu fonn ;
 A's thàmh mi 's an asdail,
 Bha 'n sàil beinn an t-sneachda
 Cho blàth ris a chladach
 Bha m fasnadh nan tonn.

Fhìr a shiubhlas an rathad,
 A dh'ionnsuidh na Dabhaich,
 Uam imirich mo bheannachd
 Gu *Mali* chruinn donn ;
 Tha thuinnidh sa' ghleannan,
 Aig alltan a cheannaich',
 S gur daoine gun tabhail
 Nach taghaidh an fonn ;
 I mar ionnbas an tasgaidh,
 Gun chomart gun gheasan,
 Ach a faotainn gu taitneach,
 Dha 'n fhear rachadh ann ;
 'S ged bhithinn am Bhàron,
 Air dùthaich Chlainn-Eachuinn,
 Gu'm foghuadh mar *mhaitche*,
 Leam *Mali* chruinn donn !

Tha pearsa cho bòidheach,
 Tha i tlachdmhor na còmhach,
 Tha taitneas na còmhach,
 Mar smeorach nan gleann,
 Gu'n d' eiltich mo chridhe,
 'Nuair rinu i rium brithinn,
 'S bu bheatha dhomh rithist
 Gu tighinn a nall.
 Bha h-aogasg gun smàlan
 Bha caoin air a rasgaibh,
 Bha gaol air a thasgaidh,
 'S a chridhe' bha na còm :
 Gu'n smaoinich mi agam
 Nach rachain am mearachd,
 Ged theirinn gur piuthar
 I dh' iain gael, donn.

Na meòir sin bu ghile,
 Bha còrr air ghrinneas,
 A's bòiche nì fìghe
 A's fuaidheal glan réidh ;
 Gur cuimhir, deas, dìreach,
 A shiubhlas tu'n rìdhe,
 'S a fhreagradh gu h-òrdail
 Do cheòlan nam meur ;
 Tha'n earbag 'sa mhonadh,
 'S math tearmunn o'n ghaillinn,
 'S gur sealbhach do'n fhear sin
 A ghlasas a ceum.

O mheacain an t-suaireis,
 'S o leasraidh na h-uaisle,
 Be t-fhasan 's bu dual duit
 O'n bhuaineadh do sheòrs ;
 Gur furanach, pàirteach,
 Am preas as an dh'fhàs thu,
 Mar rinneadh do chàradh
 O'n An 's o'n t-Srath-mhòr.
 Na'm biodh sibh a làthair,
 'S an staid mar a b'àill leam,
 Cha reicinn 'ur càirdeas
 Air muil 'na Roinn-Eorp ;
 Gu'm beil mi 'n diugh sàbhailt,
 O chunna mi Màiri
 Gu'n sheas i dhomh àite,
 Na màthar nach bèò !

Chuir i fasnadh mu'n cuairt domh,
 Mar earradh math uachdair,
 Gu'n bhuilich i uaisle
 Le suaiceas glan beòil.
 Làmh shoilleir neo-spìceach,
 'S an cridhe neo chrianta,
 Aig nighean Catriona
 'S mo bhriathar bu chòir !
 Ge nach faea mi t-thair,
 Gu'n cuala mi leithid,
 'S gu'm b'urra mi aithris,
 Cuid dh' fhasain an t-seoid :—
 Bha e fial ris na mathaibh—
 Ceann' chliar agus cheathairn',
 'S bu dhiobhail mar thachair
 Luaths' chaidh e fo'n fhòd.

Bhiodh òl ann, bhiodh ceòl ann,
 Bhiodh furan, bhiodh pòit ann,
 Bhiodh òrain, bhiodh dòchas
 Mu bhòd an fhir fhéil :—
 Bhiodh iasg ann, bhiodh sealg ann,
 Bhiodh fiadh, agus earb ann,
 Bhiodh coileach dubh barragheal,
 Ga mbarbhadh air géig.

Bhiodh bradan an fhiòr-uisg,
 Bhiodh taghadh gach sìthu' ann,
 Bhiodh liath-chearcan fraoich
 Anns an fhrith aig a fèin ;
 'Nàin tighinn gu bhaile,
 'S gu thùrlach gun ainnis,
 Bhiodh rusgadh air ealaidh,
 Casg paghaidh, a's sgios.

B' iad sud na fir uaisle,
 Gun chrìne gun ghruaimean
 Cha 'n fhaigheadh càch buaidh orr'
 'N tuasaid na'n streup ;
 Iad gun ardan, gun uabhar,
 Neo smachdail air tuatha,
 Ach fearann fo 'n uachdar
 'Fàs suas anns gach nà.
 O na dh'ìmich na h-àrmuinn,
 Chaidh an saoghal gu tàire,
 'S b'ìdh bròn agus pàidh
 Rì chlàistinn na'n deigh :—
 'S na 'm fanain ri fhaicinn,
 Cho fad' ri mo sheanair,
 Gu'm farr'deadh gach fear dhiom
 —“ Am faca mi 'n Fhéinn ?”

O na dhi-mìch na h-àrmuinn,
 'S e n-ar cuid na tha làthair,
 Gu mu beannaicht' an geard
 Th'air an àlach a th' ann !
 Ceud soraidh, ceud fàille,
 Ceud furan gu Màiri,
 A dh'fhàg sinn 'sa Mhàigh
 Ann am braighe nan gleann
 'S i cuachag na coille,
 Na h-uaisle 's na h-oilean,
 A dh'fhàg sinn gu loinneil
 An creagan nam beann ;
 A gheala-ghlan gun ainnis,
 B'e t-ainm a bhi banail,
 'S gu'n dhearbha thu bhi duineil,
 'S nìr chluinneam-s' do chall !

Gu'n cluinneam-s' do bhuinig,
 Ge nach faic mi thu tuilleadh,
 Gar an iarradh tu idir
 Dhol fad' as an fhonn ;
 Ach an àite na 's dèiseil,
 Gun bhlàr, no gun chreagan,
 S ma gheibh m' achanaich freagairt
 Cha'n eaghl dut bonn ;
 Tha uaislean, 's treun-laoich,
 Tha truaghain a's feumaich,
 'Toirt tuaraisgeul gleusta
 Air t-fheum anns gach ball ;
 Tha gach tlachd ort ri innseadh,
 Lamh gheal a nì sgrìobhadh,
 'S gur tuigsach a chiall
 A chuir Dia na do cheann !

B'ìdh mo dhàn agus m' òran,
 B'ìdh m' alla mar 's eòl domh,
 Gu bràth fhad 's is beò mi
 Toirt sgeùil ort a chaoidh :
 Na thuair mi dhe t-fhurann,
 Cha'n fhuaraich e tuille,
 Nì smaointean mo chridhe
 Rìut brithinn nach pill ;
 Cha 'n eil Siòrrachd dha 'n téid mi,
 Ged ' ruighinn Dan-éideann,
 Nach toir mi deagh sgeul ort
 Fhad 'dh' eisdear mo rainn
 'S bheir mi Charraig bho Fheargus,
 Gu atharrach ainme,
 'S leuchd-ealaidh na h-Alba
 D'a sheanchas 's d'a sheinn.

Ceud furan, ceud fàille,
 Ceud soraidh le bàrdachd
 Ceud tlachd mar ri àilleachd,
 Air fàs air a mhnaoi ;
 Ceud beannachd na dhà dhut,
 'S gu'm faiceam-sa slàn thu,
 Mu tha idir an dàn domh,
 'Dhol gu bràth do Loch-bhraoin ;
 Ged nach sgalaiche bàird mi,
 Cha 'n urrainn mi àicheadh,
 Ma thig iad nì 's dàine
 Gu'm paigh iad ris daor :—
 'S i bean nan rasg trodhad,
 Gun ardan, gun othail,
 'S i Màiri 's glain' bodhaig
 —Creag odhar nan craobh.

Creag ghabhar, creag chaorach,
 Creag bheann, agus aonaich,
 Creag fhasgach ri gaoith thu,
 Creag laogh, agus mheann ;
 Creag chaoran, creag chnothan,
 Creag fhiarach, a's chreamhach,
 Creag ianach a' labhairt
 Am barraibh nan crann ;
 Gu'n cluinnte guth smeòrach
 An uinneag do sheònaire,
 'S a chuthag a còmhradh
 Mar a h'eòl d'i bhi cainnt.
 'S b'ìdh ealaidh a mhonaidh,
 Rì cluich anns an dorus
 Mar onair ri *Mhàli*,
 Bean shona nan Gleann.

O nach urra mi sgrìobhadh,
 No litir a leughadh,
 Fhìr a dhealaich an dé rium
 Aig càrn an fheidh dhuinn,
 'Chuir a chuid gillean,
 'Sa ghearrain ga'm shleadh,
 Mu'n rachadh mo mhilleadh,
 An curaisde puill ;

O nach urra mi mholadh,
An onair mar choisinn,
Mo bheannachd gu meal e
Gun easlaint a chaidh!
Fhir a shiubhlas an rathad,
A dh' ionnsuidh na Dabhoich,
Uam inirich mo bheannachd
Gu *Màli* chruinn Donn!

Note—The above truly admirable song was composed by William M'Kenzie, the Gairloch and Lochbroom catechist, commonly called *An Ceistear Crìbach*, owing to a lameness which he had. He was a native of the parish of Gairloch, and was born about the year 1670. In his early years, M'Kenzie had the reputation of being a serious young man; he committed to memory the whole of the questions of the Shorter Catechism in Gaelic, and was subsequently allowed a small stated salary for going about from hamlet to hamlet in the forementioned parishes, catechising the young, and imparting religious instruction to all who chose to attend his meetings. It was while employed on these missions that he composed the foregoing. It was the dead of winter: the houses were far apart—a tremendous storm came on—and our author, to save his life, was compelled to stand in the shelter of a rock. In this situation he was fortunately discovered, and conveyed on horseback to the house of Mr M'Kenzie of Balone, where he experienced the greatest kindness. He forthwith invoked his muse, and celebrated the praises of his host's sister, then a beautiful young lady, and afterwards Mrs M'Kenzie of Kernsary, in Gairloch. A song of less poetic grandeur and merit might well have immortalized any mountain maid, and established the reputation of the author, and put it beyond the reach of detraction.

M'Kenzie continued to officiate in the capacity of perambulatory catechist for a period of seven years, and was then deposed, under circumstances which we shall briefly recount. He happened to be in Strath Gairloch at a time when the nuptials of one of the native rustics were celebrated; and, contrary to what he might well expect, he was left uncalled to the feast. How he felt in consequence of this indignity, we would probably have been left in the dark, had not two or three others, who had been slighted like himself, congregated where he lived, having with them a bottle of whisky. The glass went round, and various witticisms and epigrams were exploded, manifesting the contempt in which they held the newly-married couple, and the entire round of their relatives and guests. At length it was propounded to the catechist whether he ought not to commemorate the circumstances in a poem or song. Forgetting the sacredness of his office and the tenure by which he held his situation, in the buoyancy of the moment, he sung the following extemporary effusion before they separated:—

ORAN EADAR CARAID OG OIÐHCHE, 'M BAINNSE.

AIR FÒNN—"Oran na Feannais."

ISE.—'S mithich dhuinne bhi 'g eiridh,
O'n tha sin feumach air cadal,
Bho na rinn sinn n-ar supeir,
Cha dean sin fuireach na 's fàide;
Mae a math an cuid leumach,
Biodh iad feò ris gu latha,
An rud sin th'agad a dhùine,
'S an ris is mo n' annas,
Gu fos a bhias.

ESAN.—'S fada 'n latha gu b'oidheche,
'S fàid' an oidheche na'n latha,
'S iomadh seachdain sa' bhàdhna,
Gu bhi 'g iarraidh gu leithid,
'S mude sinne 'sinn gorch,
A dh'ol a thoiseachadh bris ris,
'S ma ni sinn n'ar malleadh,
Gur h-ann is meas' an diùltear ris,
'S nach 'eil sinn sean.

ISE.—Ach c'uime 's oiside sinn fhìachainn,
Bh'fhìach am fadh dhùine a leantainn,
'S ma chi thu feò na chuis ghraie e,
Cha bhi mi dana ga tnagar;
Chual'ais' aig mo mhathair,
Gur ni gnathaete leithid,
'S gur beag math th'ann sa phasadh,
'S a bhi as aonais an thasain,
'S e aig gach neach.

ESAN.—'S truagh nach robh mi gun phasadh,
Ara breinean 's e 'g eiridh,
Bu mhodha m' feum air a chadal,
'S mi 'n deigh coseachd an aonach,
Chall mi craicenn nam meòran,
Ann 's na brogan 's iad daor dhomh,
Ge b'f' fhear air an t-saighal
'S nach 'eil mi 'n sgàrt.

ISE.—Dh'bhàid' air do sheasachas,
'S maig a dh'fhalbh leat tha aonaich,
'S truagh nach robh mi gun dearc ort,
Ach mi dh'fhicinn an t-saighal,
Le do chrama-shàit gun phasach,
Nach tig thuige to'n aodach
'S maig a thachair ad chuideachd,
Fhior thuadair nan doane,
'S a ghlogaidh-hoth!

ESAN.—A Rì! bu mhise 's iad na h-annas leat,
'S moch a fannu mi mo mhatbaid,
Cha bhàid do thobheim che luath dhomh,
Na b'fh' tu tuaine na n'arach,
Dh'fhàdadh tuas bhi suas leis,
Na'n deann uair ann san raith' e,
'S mise dh'fhicinn an aonaich,
Thun na h-annas so a tha mi,
Gue dol na char.

ISE.—Dh'f' aithnich mise ort nach b'fhìach thu,
'S gu'm bu shiacheir breun thu,
'S nach robh dùne 's na crìochan,
Cho meana rian air an fheum riut,
Tha mi dh'fheasuidh do spors,
Dh'fhalbh mi phasadh an de leat,
'S mar faigh mi m'neachd fo maireach,
A chaidh cha charachair breid orm,
'S eba ruig mi leas.

ESAN.—Dh'is tu sin ann a nair,
Mar a carachair breid ort,
Bhair gach baidhich obut toibheum;
'Nuair a chloinn iad mar dh'f'icich;
Ge do ruigeadh tu 'm Parson,
Gu n'ar sgaradh bho chleie;
A chaidh cha 'n fhaigh thu chead posadh
'S e 'n aghaidh ordugh na cleire,
'S nach 'eil e cear.

ISE.—Iannas thusa dhomh 'n fhìrinn,
Na'm beil feum dhomh bhi fuireach,
No'n beil comas air t-inneachd,
Na 'na dhùilt tha mi builleach,
Mar e sochair tha fas ort,
Gu do lann chuir sa 'n obair
Fagaidd mis thu cho eolach,
Ris na seòid tha ris comuata,
Bho chian fad.

ESAN.—'Nuair a thainig an oidheche,
'S nach robh solis ann ach dorch,
'S a chaidh an duthaich,
'S nach robh duil ri luchd fàlba,
Air an obair gun shin e,
'Nuair a dh'f'icich a mheanmaim,
'S theab nach sgairidh e fhathas,
Le ma thainn am baragau ud
Ris cho math.

ISE.—'S fearud na bhi falamh,
Ma ni thu cleardadh dheth 'n comhnuidh,
'S ann ann am feobhas a theid thu,
Cha dian mi t-eòchach na t'olach,
Cha'n 'eil air obair ach sinuadh,
'S a bhi ga s' dleamh comhnuidh,
Cha bhi fàiteachan treubach,
'S b'fh' do b'fh' air tear bronch
Nach teid na char.

This comico-satirical production was soon made public, and the author was lauded by one party, and denounced by another. The ministers of Gairloch and Loch-

broom shook their heads—shuddered at the profanity of the catechist, and gave intimation from their respective pulpits that the catechistical labours of our author had ceased! He was previously dragged before the Presbytery, examined, and cross-examined, as to the extent and number of his bardic delinquencies. One or two of the elders and ministers had the hardihood to espouse his cause while thus arraigned at the Presbytery's bar, and insisted that the reverend judges should hear the song from his own lips. "I can repeat no song," said the bard, "unless I accompany the words with an air; and to sing here would be altogether unbecoming." This obstacle was removed by consent of the Moderator, and he sung the song with great glee, while his judges were more obliged to their handkerchiefs than to their gravity for the suppression of risibility. It does not appear that M'Kenzie was ever afterwards restored to his situation. He died at a good old age, and was buried in Craggan-Inbhir of Muckle Greenard, Lochbroom.

CALUM A GHLINNE.*

LUNNEAG

*Mo Chailin donn òg,
S mo nighean dubh thogarach,
Thogainn ort fonn,
Neo-throm gun toguinn,
Mo nighean dubh gun iarraidh,
Mo bhrìathar gun togainn,
S gu'n innsinn an t-aobhar,
Nach cileas 'ga d'fhogralh,
Mo Chailin donn òg.*

Gu'm beil thu gu boidheach,
Bainndidh, banail,
Gun chruon ort fo 'n ghréin,
Gun bheum, gun sgáinnir,
Gur gil' thu fo d'leine
Na eiteag na mara,
'S tha coir' agam fein
Gun chéile bhí mar-riut.
Mo Chailin donn òg, &c.

* The author of this popular song was Malcolm M'Lean, a native of Killochewe, in Ross-shire. M'Lean had enlisted in the army when a young man, and upon obtaining his discharge, was allowed some small pension. Having returned to his native country, he married a woman, who, for patience and resignation, was well worthy of being styled the sister of Job. Malcolm now got the occupancy of a small pendicle of land and grazing for two or three cows in Glensgaith, at the foot of Ben-fuathais, in the county of Ross. M'Lean during his military career seems to have learned how to drown dull care as well as "fight the French"—he was a bacchanalian of the first magnitude. He does not, however, appear to have carried home any other of the soldier's vices with him. Few men have had the good fortune to buy immortality at so cheap a rate of literary and poetical labour as "Calum a Ghlinne;" on this single ditty his reputation shall stand unimpaired as long as Gaelic poetry has any admirers in the Highlands of Scotland.

The occasion of the song was as follows: M'Lean had an only child, a daughter of uncommon beauty and loveliness; but owing to the father's squandering what ought,

Gur mauladach mi,
'S mi 'n deigh nach math leam,
Na dheanadh dhut stà
Aig càch 'ga mhalairt;
Bi'dh t-athair an comhnuidh
'G o le caithream,
'S e enlas nan còrn
A dh-fhag mi cho falamh.
Mo Chailin donn òg, &c.

Nam bithinn a'g òl
Mu bhord na dibhe,
'S gum faicinn mo mhian
'S ma chiall a' tighinn,
'S e 'n copan heag donn
Thogadh fonn air mo chridhe,
'S cha tugainn mo bhriathar
Nach iarraim e rithist.
Mo Chailin donn òg, &c.

Bi'dh bodaich na dùch'
Ri burs' 's ri fauid,
A cantain rium fein
Nach geill mi dh-ainnis;
Ged tha mi gun spréidh,
Tha teud ri tharruinn,
'S cha sguir mi de 'n òl
Fhad 's is bea mi air thalamh.
Mo Chailin donn òg, &c.

'S ioma badachan gnù
Nach dùirig m' aithris,
Le thional air spreidh
'S iad ga threigsinn a's t-earrach
Nach cosg anns a bhliadhua
'Trian a gballain,
'S cha toir e fo 'n ùir
Na 's mù na bheir Calum.
Mo Chailin donn òg, &c.

under any economical system of domestic government, to have formed her dowry, she was unwood, unsought, and, for a long time, unmarried. The father, in his exordium, portrays the charms and excellent qualities of his daughter, dealing about some excellent side-blows at fortune-hunters, and taking a reasonable share of blame to himself for depriving her of the bait necessary to secure a good attendance of wooers.

The song is altogether an excellent one, possessing many strokes of humour and flights of poetic ideality of no common order; while its terseness and comprehensiveness of expression are such, that one or two standing proverbs or adages have been deduced from it. His "Nighean dubh Thogarach," and her husband were living in the parish of Contin, in the year 1769. Malcolm, so far as we have been able to ascertain, never got free of his tavern propensities, for which he latterly became so notorious, that when he was seen approaching an inn, the local trappers left their work and flocked about him. He was a jolly good fellow in every sense of the word; fond of singing the songs of other poets, for which nature had provided him with an excellent voice. He died about the year 1761.

Nam bithinn air féill,
'S na ceudan mar rium,
De chuideachda chóir
A dh-òladh drama;
Gun suidhinn mu 'n bhòrd
'S gun tràighinn mo shearrag
'S cha tuirt mo bhean riamh rium
Ach—"Dia leat a Chalum!"*
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

Ged tha mi gun stòr,
Le ùl 's le iumairt,
Air bheagan de nì,
Le prìs na mìne;
Tha fortan aig Dia,
'S e fialaidh uime,
'S mo gheibh mi mu shlaointe,
Gu 'm pàidh mi na shìr mi.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

Ge mor le càch
Na tha mi milleadh,
Cha tugainn mo bhòid
Nach clainn tuilleadh,
'S e gaol a bhi mor
Tha m' fheul a' sireadh—
Tha 'n sgeul ud ri aithris
Air Callum a Ghliune.
Mo Chailin donn og, &c.

* The virtue of mildness in his wife was often put to the test, and found to be equal to the glowing representation of the poet. Malcolm had occasion to go to Dingwall on a summer day for a bolus of oatmeal; and having experienced the effects of a burning sun and sultry climate, he very naturally went into a public-house on his way to refresh himself. Here he came in contact with a Badenoch drover, who, like himself, did occasional homage at the shrine of the red-eyed god. Our "worthy brace of toppers" entered into familiar confab; gill was called after gill until they got gloriously happy. Malcolm forgot, or did not choose to remember, his meal; the drover was equally indifferent about his own proper calling—and thus they sat and drank, and roared and ranted, until our poet told his last sixpence on the table. After a pause, and probably revolving the awkwardness of going home without the meal, "Well," said Malcolm, "if I had more money, I would not go home for some time yet." "That's easily got," replied his crony, "I'll buy the grey horse from you." The animal speedily changed owners, and another and more determined onslaught on "blue ruin" was the consequence. Our poet did nothing by halves,—he quaffed stoup after stoup until his pockets were emptied a second time. "Egad!" exclaimed M'Lean, making an effort to lift his head and open his eyes, "I must go now!" "You must," rejoined his friend, "but I cannot see, for the life of me, how you can face your wife." "My wife!" exclaimed the bard in astonishment, "pshaw! man, she's the woman that never said or will say worse to me than "Dia leat a Chalum!," that is, God bless you Malcolm. "I'll lay you a bet of the price of the horse and the meal that her temper is not so good, and that you will get an entirely different salutation," replied the drover, who had no great faith in the tactfulness of the female sex. "'Done!' my recruit," vociferated the bard, grasping the other eagerly by the hand. Away went Malcolm and with him the landlord and other two men, to witness and report what reception

CLACHAN GHLINN'-DA-RUAIL.

LUINNEAG.

*Mo chailleag bhian-ghael, mheall-shuileach,
A dh-fhàs gu fùllain, fuosgail',
Gur trom mo cheum o 'n dhealaidh sinne,
Aig clachan Ghlinn'-da-ruail.*

Di-dònaich rinn mi chòlachadh,
Bean òg 's mòdhar gluasad,
Tha 'guth mar cheol na smèraiche.
'S mar bhil' an ròis a gruidhean.
Mo chailleag, &c.

'S caoin a seang shlios furanach,
Neo-churaidh a ceum uallach;
Tha 'gairdean bàn gle chumadail;
'S deud iurach u' a beul guamach.
Mo chailleag, &c.

S ro fhaicilleach 'n a còmhraidh i,
Gun sgilm, gun sgleò, no tnaileas;
Gur fathail coiseachd shràidean i,
Air bheagan stait no guaineis.
Mo chailleag, &c.

Ged bheireadh Seòras àite dhomh,
Cho ard 's a tha meag uaislean;
Air m' fhacal 's mor a b' fhearr leam,
A bhi 'n Coir-chnaimh na m' bhuachaill.
Mo chailleag, &c.

O 's truagh nach robh mi 's m' ailleagan
Air airidh cois nam fuar-bheann!
Bu shocair, sèimh a chaidlinn, 's i
Nan m' ahlais, air an luachair.
Mo chailleag, &c.

Cha suaimhneas bidheib' air leabaidh dhomh,
Ga t-fhaicinn ann am bradar;
'S am Bioball fein cha hainhsich mi,
Gun t-iomhaigh ghraidh ga 'm bhuairealla.
Mo chailleag, &c.

our drouthy friend should meet. He entered his dwelling, and, as he approached on the floor, he staggered and would have fallen in the fire, placed grateless in the centre of the room, had not his wife flung her arms affectionately about him, exclaiming, "Dia leat a Chalum!" "Ah!" replied Malcolm, "why speak thus softly to me,—I have drunk my money and brought home no meal." "A heatherbell for that," said his helpmate, "we will soon get more money and meal too." "But," continued the intoxicated poet, "I have also drunk the grey horse!" "What signifies that, my love," rejoined the excellent woman, "you, yourself are still alive and mine, and never shall we want—never shall I have reason to murmur while my Malcolm is sound and hearty." It was enough: the drover had to count down the money, and in a few hours Mrs M'Lean had the pleasure of hailing her husband's return with the horse and meal.

'N uair b' fhileant' briar' a mhinisteir,
A fìosrachadh mu 'r truailleachd;
Bha mise coimhead dùrachdach,
Na seice tha d' shùil neu-luaineach.
Mo chailleag, &c.

Ged shuidheas Cléir na tire leam,
'S mi sgriobhadh dhaibh le luath-lainn;
'S ann bhios mo smuaintean dìomhaireach,
Air Sìne dhuinn a chuach-shuilt.
Mo chailleag, &c.

Ach 's eagal leam le m' cheileireachd,
Gu 'n gabh an seisein gruaim rium:
Ged fhugras iad do 'n Olaint mi,
Ri m' bhèd cha toir mi fuath dhut!
Mo chailleag, &c.

Note.—The above popular song has been attributed to so many reputed poets, that we feel great pleasure in putting the reader right on the subject. The Perthshire people claimed it for the late Rev. Dr Irvine of Little Dunkeld; while the others were equally certain that it was the production of Mr Archibald Currie, teacher of the Grammar School, Rothesay. To arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to its paternity, we have instituted the necessary inquiries, and have now the satisfaction to announce that it is the composition of Mr Angus Fletcher, parochial schoolmaster of Dunoon. We subjoin Mr Fletcher's letter in reply to our communication:—

"I was born at Coirint-shce (Coiruti), a wild, sequestered, and highly romantic spot on the west bank of Loch-ecck, in Cowal, early in June, 1776; and was chiefly educated at the parish school of Kilmodan, Glendaruel. From Glendaruel I went to Bute in 1791, where I was variously employed until May, 1804, when I was elected parochial schoolmaster of Dunoon, and that situation I have continued to fill (however unworthily) hitherto.

"The '*Lassie of the Glen*' is my earliest poetical production, and came warm from the heart at the age of 16 years. '*Clachan Ghlinn-da-ruail*,' I think, was composed in 1807, in compliment to a very 'bonnie He-lan lassie,' Miss Jean Currie of Coirechnaive, now Mrs B——n. In this song, although I believe the best of the two, the heart was not at all concerned. It appeared first in the '*Edinburgh Weekly Journal*,' with my initials, and has been evidently copied from that paper into Turner's Collection of Gaelic Songs. The verse beginning '*Nuair 'shuidheas Cléir na tire leam*,' has reference to the situation I then held of deputy-clerk to the Presbytery of Dunoon, and to the office of Session-clerk of the united parish of Dunoon and Kilmean, which I still hold."

Here, then, the authorship of "*Clachan Ghlinn-da-ruail*" is settled. It is one of the best and most popular of our amorous pieces, and, although the talented author says that "the heart was not at all concerned" in it, we venture to remind him that Nature, that excellent schoolmistress, had taught him to study *her* ways. The air to which it is sung is also very popular, and is known in the Lowlands by the name of *Neil Gow's Strathspey*. But, without wishing to denote that celebrated violinist of any of his laurels, we beg to inform the reader that that air was known in the Highlands centuries before Neil was born. It is called "*Ceilireacht na Mnatha Sàh*," or the "*Fairy's Carol*," and has the following tradition annexed to it. A certain farmer had engaged a young beautiful female as herd and dairymaid, for a period of twelve months. During the first days of her servitude, as her character and history were altogether unknown, it was necessary to have a sharp eye after her. On one occasion while her employer went out to see whether she was tending the cattle with

due care, he found her dancing lightly on the green, and singing a Gaelic song, one verse of which we subjoin:—

"Am bun a chruidh cha chathris mi,
Am bun a chruidh cha bhi mi;
Am bun a chruidh cha chathris mi,
'S mo leabaidh anna an t-shithean."

We beg to translate this for the sake of the English reader,—

I'll tend not long thy cattle, man,
I'll tend not long thy bullock;
I'll tend not long thy cattle, man,
My bed is in yon hillock.

But to return to Mr Fletcher, we are sorry that want of room prevents us from giving the "*Lassie of the Glen*" in Gaelic. We annex, however, an English translation of it which has deservedly become very popular. It is from Mr Fletcher's own pen.

AIR—"Cum an Fhìasag ribeach bhuam."

Beneath a hill 'mong birken bushes,
By a burnie's dimplit lim,
I told my love with artless blushes,
To the Lassie o' the Glen.

O! the birken bank see glazie,
Hey! the burnie's dimplit lim:
Dear to me's the burnie lassie,
Living in yon rashie glen.

Lanely Ruail! thy stream see glassie,
Shall be aye my fav'rite theme;
For, on thy banks, my Highland lassie,
First confessed a mutual flame.
O! the birken, &c.

What bliss to sit and name to fash me,
In some sweet wee bow'ry den!
Or fondly stray among the rashes,
Wi' the Lassie o' the Glen!
O! the birken, &c.

And though I wander now unhappy,
Far frae scenes we haunted then,
I'll ne'er forget the bank see glassie,
Nor the Lassie o' the Glen.
O! the birken, &c.

MALI BHEAG OG.

NACH truagh leat mi 's mi 'm prìosan,
Mo Mhali bheag òg,
Do chairdean a' cuir binn' orm,
Mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal thù.
A bhean na mala mìne,
'S na 'm pogan mar na fìguis,
'S tu nach fagadh shies mi,
Le mi-rùn do bhcoil.

Di-dòmhnaich anns a' ghleann duinn,
Mo Mhali bheag òg
'Nuair thoisich mi ri cainnt riut;
Mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal mhòr.
'Nuair dh'fhosgail mi mo shùilean,
'S a shàli mi air mo chul-thaobh;
Bha marcach an eich chrùthaich,
Tigh'n' dùl air mo lèrg.

'S mise bh'air mo bhuairleadh,
Mo Mhàli bheag òg,
'Nuair 'thain an 'sluagh mu'n cuairt duinn
Mo ribhinn ghlan air :
'S truagh nach ann san uair ud,
A thuit mo lamh o m' ghualainn,
Mu'n dh' amais mi do bhuaidh,
Mo Mhàli bheag òg.

Gur bòiche leam a dh'fhas thu.
Mo Mhàli bheag òg,
Na'n lili ann san fhàsach,
Mo cheud ghradh 's mo rùn :
Mar aiteal caoin na gréin'
Ann an madainn chiùin ag eirigh,
Be sud do dhreach a's t-eugais,
Mo Mhàli bheag òg.

'S mise a thug an gaol
Dha mo Mhàli bhig òg,
Nach dealaich rium sa'n t-saoghal,
Mo nighean bhoideach thu.
Tha t-fhàlt air bharr nan teudan,
Do ghruaidhean mar na coaran ;
Do shuilean, fathail, aobhach,
'S do bheul-labhairt ciùin.

Shiubhlainn leat an saoghal,
Mo Mhàli bheag òg ;
Cho fad a's cùl na gréine,
A gheug a's ailli gnùis
Ruithinn agus leumainn,
Mar fhiadh air bharr nan sléibhteann,
Air ghaol 's gu'm bithinn réidh 's tu,
Mo Mhàli bheag òg.

'S truagh a rinn do chàirdean,
Mo Mhàli bheag òg !
'Nuair thoir misg iad do ghràdh dhomh,
Mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal thu :
Nan tugadh iad do lamh dhomh,
Cha bhithinn 's ann san am so,
Fo' bhinn air son mo ghraidh dhut,
Mo Mhàli bheag òg.

Ge d' bheirte mi bho'n bhàs so,
Mo Mhàli bheag òg,
Cha 'n iarrainn tuille dèilach,
Mo cheud ghradh 's mo rùn :
B'annsa 'n saoghal-s' fhàgail,
'S gu'm faicinn t-aodann ghradbach ;
Gu'n chuimhn' bhí air an là sin,
'S na dh'fhàg mi thu ciùirt'.

Note.—The above beautiful song was composed by a young Highland officer, who had served under King William on the continent soon after the Revolution. His history, which elucidates the song, was thus :—He was the son of a respectable tenant in the Highlands of Perthshire, and while a youth, cherished a desperate passion for a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring landed proprietor. Their love was reciprocal—but such was the disparity of their circumstances that the obstacles

to their union were regarded even by themselves, as insuperable. To mend matters, the gallant young Highlander enlisted, and being a brave soldier and a young man of excellent conduct and character, he was promoted to the rank of an officer. After several years' absence, and when at the end of a campaign, the army had taken up their winter quarters, he came home to see her friends—to try whether his newly acquired status might not remove the objections of her friends to their union. She was still unmarried, and if possible more beautiful than when he left her—every feature had assumed the highly finished character of womanhood—her beauty was the universal theme of admiration. Othello-like, the gallant young officer told her of "hair-breadth 'scapes by land and flood" and so enraptured the young lady that she readily agreed to clope with him.

Having matured their arrangements, they fled on a Saturday night—probably under the belief that the non-appearance of the young lady at her father's table on Sabbath morning, would excite no surmises in the hurry of going to church. She, indeed, had complained to her father of some slight headache when she retired to rest, and instructed her maid to say next morning that she was better, but not disposed to appear at the breakfast table. Not satisfied with the servant's prevarication, who was cognizant of the elopement, the father hurried to his daughter's bed-room, and, not finding her there, he forcibly elicited the facts from the girl. He immediately assembled his men, and pursued the fugitive lovers with speed and eagerness. After many miles pursuit, they overtook them in a solitary glen where they had sat down to rest. The lover, though he had nobody to support him, yet was determined not to yield up his mistress ; and being well armed, and an excellent gladiator, he resolved to resent any attack made upon him. When the pursuers came up, and while he was defending himself and her with his sword, which was a very heavy one, and loaded with what is called a steel apple, (*ubhal a' chaidheamh*), she ran for protection behind him. In preparing to give a deadly stroke, the point of the weapon accidentally struck his mistress, then behind him, so violent a blow, that she instantly fell and expired at his feet ! Upon seeing this, he immediately surrendered himself, saying, "*That he did not wish to live, his earthly treasure being gone !*" He was instantly carried to jail, where he composed this heart-melting song a few days before his execution.

Our neighbours, the Irish, claim this air as one of their own, but upon what authority we have been left in the dark. Sir John Sinclair establishes its nativity in Scotland, but falls into a mistake in making an inn the scene of the melancholy catastrophe of the lady's death. The song itself substantiates our version of it. The second stanza was never printed till given by us—the whole is now printed correctly for the first time. It is one of the most plaintive and mellow in the Gaelic language—full of pathos and melancholy feeling. The distracted lover addresses his deceased mistress, as if she were still living—a circumstance that puts the pathetic character of the song beyond comparison, and amply illustrates the distraction of his own mind—a state of mental confusion, and wild melancholy, verging on madness.

MAIRI LAGHACIL.

(ORIGINAL SET.)

LE MURCHADH RUADH NAM BO.

LUINNEAG.

Illo, mo Mhàiri Laghach,
S tu mi Mhàiri blinn ;
Illo, mo Mhàiri Laghach,
'S tu mi Mhàiri ghlinn,

*Ho, mo Mhàiri Laghach,
'S tu mo Mhàiri bhinn;
Mhàiri bhoidheach, lurach,
Rugadh anns na glinn.*

Nuair a thig a Bhealltainn,
Bithidh ' choill fo bhlà,
'S eoin bheaga 'seinn duinn—
A dh'èidhech a's na là;
Gobhair agus caoirich,
A's crodh-laoigh le'n àl,
'S Màiri bhàn gan saodach',
Mach ri aodainn chàrn.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

'Nuair a thig an Sàmhradh,
B'unsaid bhí 's na glinn,
Ged robh an t-aran ganu oirn,
B'ídh 'n t-amhlán trí fillt'
Gheibh sinn gruth a's uachdar,
Buannachd a chruidh laoiigh,
As lonaid a chiuu chuachaich,
Chuir mu'n cuairt a mbéig,
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

"A Pheigi," arsa Seònaid,
" 'S neònach leam do chàil,—
Nach iarradh tu 'sheòmar,
Ach Gleann-smeòil gu bràth."—
"B'ídh mis' dol do'n' bhuaile,
A's m' fhalbh mu m' chluas a 'fàs,
'S b'ídh na fir a faighneachd,
Maighdean a chùil bhàin.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

'M fear a thig an rathad.
'S math leis thu bhí ann,
Do ghruaidh mar na caorann,
Bhios ri taobh nan àilt:
Tha thu banail beusach—
Cha leir dhomh do mbeang;
B'aunsa bhí ga d'phògadh,
Na pòit fion na Fraing.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Na'm biodh Seònaid lùidir,
Chuir a làmh 's an ìm,
Peigi ris an àl,
A's Màiri mu 'n chrodh-laoigh,—
Bhithinnse gu stàtoil,
Dol gu àiridh leibh,
'S cha bhitheamaid fo phràcas,
Te nach tàmhach linn.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Nuair shuidheas daoine uaisle,
Mu'n cuairt air a bhòrd,
'G èilteachadh ri chéile,
'S déigh ac' air bhí cèil,

Cha'n fhaic mis an éis iad,
Air son séis da'm beoil,
Luinneag Màiri chuachach,
Tha shuas an Gleann-smeòil.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Note.—The author of the foregoing popular song was Murdoch M'Kenzie, a Loch-broom Drover, known better in his native country, by the cognomen of "Murchadh Ruadh nam Bò," or red-haired Murdoch of the droves. Mr M'Kenzie composed many excellent songs, and had them taken down in manuscript, preparatory to publication; but at the opportunity of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Lachlan M'Kenzie, of Lochearn, he consigned them to the flames. His own daughter, *Màiri Laghach*, was the subject of the above pastoral. Mr M'Kenzie's maid servant, it appears, had absconded from his service at a time when her labours were most required in the sheeling or mountain milk-house, and the parent naturally appreciates the services of his own daughter, who at a very early age showed great expertness in that department. The air is original, and so truly beautiful that the song has attained a degree of popularity, which its poetry would never have entitled it to, if compared to an old, or inferior air. Mr M'Kenzie died in 1831.

MAIRI LAGHACH.

(SECOND SET.)

LUINNEAG.

*Ho, mo Mhàiri laghach,
'S tu mo Mhàiri bhinn,
Ho, mo Mhàiri laghach,
'S tu mo Mhàiri ghriann:
Ho, mo Mhàiri laghach,
'S tu mo Mhàiri bhinn
Mhàiri bhoidheach lurach,
Rugadh anns na glinn.*

B'òg bha mis' a's Màiri
'M fasaichean Ghlinn-Smeòil,
'Nuair chuir macan-Bhenuis,
Saighead gheur 'n am fheoil;
Tharraunn sinn ri chéile,
Ann an eud cho beò,
'S nach robh air an t-saoghal;
A thug gaol cho mor.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

'S tric bha mis' a's Màiri,
Falbh nam fàsach fial,
Gu'n smaointean air fàl-bheairt,
Gu'n chail gu droch ghuimh;
Cupid ga n-ar tàladh,
Ann an cairdeas dian;
S barr nan craobh mar sgàil dhuinn,
'Nuair a b' aird' a ghrian.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Ged bu leamsa Alba'
A h-airgead a's a maoin,
2 A

Cia mar bhithinn soua
Gu'n do chomunn gaol?
B' anusa bhi ga d' phàgadh,
Le deagh chòir dhomh fhein,
Na ged fhuighinn stòras,
Na Roinn-Eorp' gu léir.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Tha do bhroilleach soluis
Làn de shonas graidh;
Uchd a's gile sheallas,
Na 'n eal' air an t-sùamh:
Tha do mhin shlios, fallain,
Mar chianach a chàir,
Muineal mar an fhaoinn
Fo 'n nòdaian a's àillt'.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Tha t fhalt bachlach, dualach,
Ma do chluais a' fàs,
Thug nadur gach buaidh dha,
'Thar gach gruaig a bha:
Cha 'n 'eil dragh, no tuairgne,
'Na chuir suas gach là;
Chas gach ciabh mun-cuirt d'heath,
'S e 'na dhuail gu bharr.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Tha do chàile-dheud shnaighte
Mar shneachda nan ard;
T-anail mar an cuineal;
Beul bho'm banail fàilt:
Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris;
Min raisg chinnealt, thlà;
Mala chaol gu'n ghrunnean,
Gnùis gheal 's cuach-fhalt bhà.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Thug ar n-uabhar barr
Air àilleas rìghrean mor;
B' iad ar leabaidh stàta
Duilleach 's barr an fheoir:
Flùraichean an fhàsaich
'Toir dhuinn cuil a's treòir,
A's sruthain ghlan nan ard
A rhuireadh slaint 's gach pòr.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Cha robh inneal cùil,
A thuradh rianli fo 'n ghréin,
A dh'-aithriseadh air chòir,
Gach eol bhiodh againn fhein:
Uisge air gach linnan,
Sneòrach air gach géig;
Cuthag 's gùg-gùg aic',
'Madainn churaidh Chéit'.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Note.—The second set of "Mairi Laghach," is the composition of Mr John M'Donald, tacksman, of Seorraig, Loch-

broom, a gentleman of great poetical talents. It is infinitely superior to the original set, and, while Mr M'Kenzie has the merit of having composed the air, Mr M'Donald is entitled to the praise of having sung that most beautiful of airs, in language, which, for purity, mellowness, and poetry, was never surpassed. Mr M'Donald now lives in the island of Lewis, where he is much respected; he is the author of many excellent poems and songs, and in him yet the Highland muse finds a votary of ardent devotedness,—of nerve, tact, talent, intelligence, and wit. We subjoin a beautiful translation of five stanzas of this popular song by another gifted Highlander Mr D. M'Pherson, bookseller, London.

CHORUS.

*Sweet the rising mountains, red with heather bell,
Sweet the bubbling fountains and the dewy dells;
Sweet the snowy blossom of the thorny tree!
Sweeter is young Mary of Glensmole to me.*

Sweet, O sweet! with Mary o'er the wilds to stray,
When Glensmole is dress'd in all the pride of May,—
And, when weary roving through the greenwood glade,
Softly to recline beneath the bidden shade.

Sweet the rising mountains, &c

There to fix my gaze in raptures of delight,
On her eyes of truth, of love, of life, of light—
On her bosom purer than the silver tide,
Fairer than the cana on the mountain side.

Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

What were all the sounds contriv'd by tuneful song,
To the warbling wild notes of the sylvan gleam?
Here the merry lark ascends on dewy wing,
There the mellow unwin and the blackbird sing.

Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

What were all the splendour of the proud and great,
To the simple pleasures of our green retreat?
From the crystal spring fresh vigour we inhale;
Rosy health does court us on the mountain gale.

Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

Were I offered all the wealth that Albion yields,
All her lofty mountains and her fruitful fields,
With the countless riches of her subject seas,
I would scorn the change for blisses such as these!

Sweet the rising mountains, &c.

CUIR A CHINN DILEIS.

(ORIGINAL SET.)

LUINNEAG

*Cuir a chinn dileis,
Dileis, dileis,
Cuir a chinn dileis,
Thuram do lann,
Do ghorm-shuil thairis,
A mhealladh na mìltean,
'S duine gun chrì,
Nach tugadh dhut gràdh.*

Cha thinneas na feachda,
'S a mhalainn su bhual mi:
Ach acaid ro buan
Nach leigheis gu bràch.
Le sealladh air faiche,
De shluat an taigh uasail,
Moch-thra di-luain,
'S mi 'g auharc an là.

Rinn deiseid a pearsa,
Nach facas a thuarmas;
'G imeachd fo'n chuach-chùil,
Chamagach, thla.

Riun dealaradh a mais',
Agus lasadh a gruaidhean,
Mis' a ghrad bhualadh,
'Tharais gu làr.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Ach dh' eirich mi rithist,
Le cridhe làn uabhair;
A's dh' imich mi ruathar,
Ruighinn na dàil.

G'a b-iathadh na m' ghlaicibh,
Ach smachdaich i bhuam sin
Ochan! is truagh!

A mbeath i mo chàil.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do dhearc-shuilean glana,
Fo mhalla gun ghruaimean;
'S daigheann a bhuail iad,
Mise le d' ghràdh.

Do ròs bhilean tana,
Seamh. farasda, suairce,
Cladhaichear m' uaigh

Mar glac thu mo làmh.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Tar fuaigail air m' anam
On cheanghal is cruaidhe;
Cuimhnich air t-uaisle,
'S cobbair mo chàs.

Na biodham-s' am thràill dut
Gu bràch, on aon uair-s';
Ach tiomaich o chruas,

Do chridhe gu tlàs.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Cha'n fhaodar leam cadal,
Air leabaidh an uaigneas;
'S m' aigne ga bhuaire',

Dh' òidhebe 's a là.

Ach ainuir is binne,
'S a's grimme, 's a's suairce;
Gabh-sa dhiom truas,
'S bithidh mi slàn!

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

CUIR A CHINN DILEIS.

(MODERN SET.)

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an uilinn
A tuireadh sa caoine;
Bhuail saighead a ghaoil mi,
Direach gu'm shàil.
Dh' fhàs mi cho lag,
'S nach b' urra' mi dìreadh;

Le goirteas mu chinn,
'S cha d' shin i dhomh lamh.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an tulaich,
An iomal na cùirte;
A' g' ambare mo rùin,
'S i 'n ionad ro ard.

Thug i le fionnaireachd,
Sealladh de sùil domh,
'S thiuinn daidh i cul-thaobh,
Seachad air barr.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Sheall mi am dheighidh,
Gu fradharc dh' fhaotainn;
'S chuna' mi h-aodann,
Farasda, tla.

Chuna' mi sealladh,
A mhealladh na mìltean,
'S amaideach mi,
'S nach faigh mi na pàirt,

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

'Tha mais' ann ad bhilean
Cha 'n aithris luchd-ciùil e,
'Togaidh tu sunnt,

An tallachan ard.

Leagair leat seachad,
Sàr ghaigich na dùtch';
Le sealladh do shùil,
'S le giùlan do ghnàis.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do bhraghadh mi 's gile,
Na canach na dìge;
Chite dol sìos,
'M fonn bhaine blàth.

S ioma rud eile—
Cha 'n 'eil i ri faotainn,
Idir san t-saoghal,
Aogais mo ghraidh,

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do chul mar an canach,
T-fhalt clannach 's cùirn air,
A chumas an drùichd,

Gu dù air a bharr,
Na chuailean air casadh,
Na chleachdan air lùbadh,
'S do-cheannaicht' an cròn,

'Tha giùlan a bhliath,

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do ghruaigh mar an corcur,
Beul socair u'm binn sgeul;
Dènd mar na dìsne,
'S finealt a dh' fhàs,
Do shlios mar an eala,
S do mheall-shuilean mìogach,

Thaladh thu m' iinntinn,
'S cha pill i gu bràch.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Note.—The above two beautiful songs are of great antiquity, and their authorship is not known. There is a translation of one of them, by a lady, in Johnson's "Scottish Musical Museum," Vol. II. The English version, however, although very literal and not destitute of merit, conveys no idea of the spirit, felicity, and poetical grandeur of the original.

AN NOCHD GUR FAOIN

MO CHADAL DOMH.

An nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh,
Sior acain na'm beil bh'uam,
Do chomunn le deagh chaoimhnealachd,
Dh'fhag mi bho 'n raoir fo ghruaim.
Gur tric mi ann an aisling leat,
Gach uair da 'n dean mi suain;
Trom-osaich 'nuair a dhùisgeas mi,
Air bhi dha t-iundrann bh'uam.

Air bhi dhomh 'g-iundrann suaireis bh'uam,
'S tu leagh mo shuadh 's mo bhlà;
O rinn do ghaol-sa' fuarachadh,
Cha dualach dhomh bhi slàn.
'S ann riut a leiginn m' uir-easbhuiddh,
Air ghleus nach cluinneadh càch,
Dh'fhag t-aogas mi cho muladach,
'S gur cunnart dhomh am bàs.

Is mor a ta do ghibhtean ort,
A ta gun fhios do chàch
Corp seang gun fheall gun fhalachd ann,
Gur càs thu mhealladh graidh.
'S a liughad òigear furanach,
A thuilleadh orms' an sàs,
D' an tugadh t-aodann faothachadh,
'S an t-aog ga 'n cur gu bàs.

Cha chuireadh gaol gu geilte mi,
Na 'm freagradh tu mo ghlòir,
Gur h-e do chòmradh maighdeannail,
Mo raghainn dheth gach ceòl.
'S gur h- iomadh òidheib' no-aibhneach,
Chum do chaoimhneas mi fo leòn;
Is bi'dh mi nochd a' m' aonarann,
A sinainteuch bean do neòil.

Tha bean do neòil am braithreachas,
Ri eala bhàn nan spèur:
Gur binne leam bhi màran leat,
Na clàrsaichean nan tèud.
Is tha do thlachd a's t-aillidheachd,
Ag cur do ghraidh an ceill;
Gur cosmhuil thu ri àilleagan,
Da'n umhlaich c' ch gu léir.

Is beairt a chlaoidh mo shochair thu,
'S a shocraich ort mo ghaol;
'S gur e mheudaich tùrsa dhomh,
Gu'n thu bhi dhomh mar shaoil.
Sgeul fìor a dh' fhendar aireamh leam;
Gur leir a bhlà 's a chaoin;
Gu'n d' fhag gach speis a th' agam dhut,
An nochd mo chadal faoin.

Gu 'n d' rinn mi Alb' a chuartachadh,
O Chluaidh gu uisge Spé;
Is bean do neòil cha chualas,
Bu neo-luainiche na beus.
Is corrach, gorm, do shuilean;
Gur geal, s gur dùl, do dheud,
Falt buidhe 's e na chuachan ort,
'S a shnuaigh air dhreach nan téud.

Thug mise gaol da rìridh dhut,
'Nuair bha thu d' nionaig òig;
Is air mo laimh nach dìbrinn e,
Air mhìle ponn de 'n òr:
Ge d' fhaighinn fhìn na chròintean e,
Ga chunntadh dhomh air bòrd;
Cha treiginn gaol na rìbhinne,
A tha 'n Ile ghlas an theòir.

ORAN AILEIN.

LUTNEAG.

*Hug d' ho-ri ho hoireannan,
Hug d' ho-ri 's na h-ri kù d',
Hithill ù høg oireannan,
Hia o ho ri høg oireannan!*

AILEIN, Ailein, is fad an cadal,
Tha'n uisceag a' gairm 's an la glasadh,
Grian a'g èiridh air an leachdainn,
S fada bhuan fhìn luchd nam breacan.
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

Ailein duinn gabh sgoinn 's bi g' eiridh,
Tionail do chloinn, cuimhnich t-fheum ort.
Bi'dh Alba mhòr fo bheinn bhéisdéan,
Mar a dion a muinntir féin i.
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

Bheir iad Mòrag* mhù air éigin,
'S eagal leam gu'n dian i géilleadh,
S gu'm bi sliochd gun an coir féin ac.
De Bhreatainn mhòr no de dh-Eirinn.
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

'Mhòrag na'm faicinn t-fhear-ceusaidh,
Ge b' ann air càbhsair Dhùn-Eideann,
Thàirrgainn na lainn chaola, gheura.
'S dh-fhagainn fhìn e mairbh gun eiridh
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

* Prince Charles. † The Duke of Cumberland

ORAN

DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH

Fhàid ud tha thàit ma àiridh nan Combaichean,
B'fhearr leam fhinn gu'n cinneadh gnothach leat,
Shiùbhlainn Gleann-Isoidh a's Gleann'-comhan
Dà thaobh Loch-iall a's Gleann'-tadha leat, [leat,

*Hillirin hò-rò ho bha hò,
'S na hillirin hò-rò ho bha hò,
Na hillirin hò-rò ho bha hò,
Mo leann-dubh m'òr on chaidh tu dhìon.*

Shiùbhlainn moch leat, shiùbhlainn ana-moch,
Air feadh choilletean, chreagan, a's gharbhach,
O! gur h-e mo rùn an sealgair,
'S tu mo raghainn do shluagh Alba.

Hillirin hò-ro ho bha hò, &c.

A Thearlaich òig a chuirein chiataich,
Thug mi gaol d'at 's cha ghaol bliadhna,
Gaoil nach tugainn do dhiùc na dh'iarla,
B'fhearr leam fhinn nach faca mi rianh thu.

Hillirin hò-ro ho bha hò, &c.

Fhleasgaich ud am beul a Ghlinne,
Le t-fhalt dualach sìos ma d' shliinnean,
B'annsa leam na chuach bu bhinne,
'Nuair dheanadh tu rium do chòmhradh milis.

Hillirin hò-ro ho bha hò, &c.

Bha do phòg mar fhion na frainge,
Bha do ghruaidh mar bhrailleig Shàmhraidh,
Suil chorrach ghorra fo'd'mhala ghreannar,
Do chul dualach, ruadh, a mheall mi.

Hillirin hò-ro ho bha hò, &c.

A Thearlaich òig a mhic Rìgh Séumas,
Chunna mi toir mhòr an dèigh ort,
Iadsan gu subhach a's mise gu deurach,
Uisge mo chinu tigh'n' tinn o'm léirsinn.

Hillirin hò-ro ho bha hò, &c.

Mharbh iad m'athair a's mo dhà bhràthair,
Mhill iad mo chinneadh a's chreach iad mo chà-
[irdean,
Sgrìos iad mo dhùthaich rùisg iad mo mhathair,
'S bu laoghaid mo mhulad nan cinneadh le
Hillirin hò-ro ho bha hò, &c. [Tearlach.

Note.—The real author of this favourite ditty is not known, and though published on the "lips of thousand fair maidens and fond admirers," this is the first time it has been committed to press. Various MS. copies of it are in our possession, the oldest of which is by a Lady and bears the following title. "Miss Flora Macdonald's Lament for Prince Charles."

CUMHA DO DH' UILLEAM SISEAL,

FEAR INNS-NAN-CEANN AN SRATH-GRLAS
A THUIT LATHA CHUILLODAIR.
LE MHNAOI FEIN.

ООН! a Thearlaich òig Stiùbhairt,
'S e do chùis rinn mo leireadh,
Thug thu bhuam gach nì bh'agam,
Ann an cogadh na t-aobhar:
Cha chrodh, a's cha chaoirich,
Tha mi caoidh ach mo chéile,
Ge do dh'fhàgte mi m'aonar,
Gun sian 's au t-saoghal ach leine.
Mo rùn geal òg.

Co nis 'thogas an claidheamh,
No nì chathair a lionadh?
'S gann gur h-e tha air m' aire,
O uach maireann mo chiad ghradh;
Ach cia mar gheibhin o m' nàdur,
A bhì 'g àicheadh na 's miann leam,
A's mo thogradh cho làidir,
Thoir tu àite mo rìgh math?
Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tu'm fear mor bu mhath cumadh,
O d' m'bullach gu d' bhrògan,
Bha do shìos mar an eala,
'S blas na meal' air do phògan;
T-fhalt dualach, donn, iurach,
Mu do mhuineal an òrdugh,
'S e gu cam-lubach, cuimeir,
'S gach aon toirt urram d'a bhoichead.
Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tu 'm fear slinneanach leathunn,
Bu chaoile meadhon 's bu dealbhaich;
Cha bu taillear gun còlas,
'Dheanadh còta math gearra dhut;
Na dheanadh dhut triubhais
Gun bhì cumhann, no gann d'at;
Mar gheala-bhradan do chùsan,
Le d' ghearr ùsair mu d' chailpa.
Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tu iasgair na h-amhunn—
'S tric a thaghaich thu fein i;
Agus sealgair a mhùnaidh—
Bhiodh do ghunn' air dheagh ghleusadh;
Bu bhinn leam tabhunn do chuirein,
Bheireadh fuil air mac eile;
As do laimh bu mhor m' earbsa—
'S tric a mharbh thu le chéil iad.
Mo rùn geal òg

Bu tu pòitear na dìbhe—
 'N àm suidhe 's taigh òsda,
 Ge be dh'òladh 's tu phaidheadh;
 Ged' thuitheadh càch nu na bordaibh,
 Bhi air mhing cha 'n e b' fhiù leat,
 Cha do dh' ionnsaich thu òg e,
 'S cha d' iarr thu riamh cùis,
 Air te air chul do mhna pòsda.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Gur mis th'air mo sgàradh,
 'S ge do chaoimh, cha bhreug e—
 Chaidh mo shùgradh gu sìleadh,
 O'n nach pillear bho'n eug thu,
 Fear do chéile a's do thuisge,
 Cha robh furast ri fhentainn,
 'S cha do sheas an Cuilodair,
 Fear do choltais bu treine.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

'S ioma baintighearna phrìseil,
 Le'n sìoda 's le 'n sròlabbh,
 Dàn robh mis' an chuis-fhàrmaid,
 Chionn gu'n tairgeadh tu pòg dhomh;
 Ge do bhithinn cho seallach,
 'S gu'm bu leam airgead Hanothbar,
 Bheirinn enèc auns na h-àintean,
 Na'n cumadh càch sinn bho phòsadh!
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Och! nan och! gur mi bochdag,
 'S mi làn osnaich an còmhnuidh;
 Chaill mi dùil ri thu thighinn—
 Thuit mo chridhe gu doirtheadh;
 Cha tog fiodball, no clàrsach,
 Pìob, no tàileag, no ceòl e;
 Nis o chuir ind thu'n tasgaidh,
 Cha dùisg caidridh duin' òg mi.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Bha mi greis ann am barail,
 Gu'm bu mhaireann mo chéile,
 S gu'n tigeadh tu dhathaigh,
 Le aighear 's le h-éibhneas,
 Ach tha 'n t-àm air dol tharais,
 'S cha 'n fhaic mi fear t-eugais,
 Gus an teid mi fo'n talamh,
 Cha dealaich do spéis rium.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

'S iomadh bean a tha brònach,
 Eadar Tròiteirnis 's Sléibhte,
 Agus té tha na bautrean,
 Nach d'fhuair samhla da'm chéile;
 Bha mise lan sòlais,
 Fhad 's bu bheò sinn le-chéile,
 Ach a nis bho na dh'fhalbh thu,
 Cha chuis fhàrmaid mi féin daibh!
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Note.—Christiana Fergusson, the authoress of the above elegiac production was a native of the Parish of Contin, Ross-shire, where her father was a blacksmith—chiefly employed in making dirks and other implements of war. She was married to a brave man of the name of William Chisholm, a native of Strathglas, and a near kinsman of the Chief of that name. On the memorable day of Culloden, William was flag-bearer or banner-man of the clan; and most assuredly the task of preserving the "*Bratach Chaimh-each*" from the disgrace of being struck down, could not have fallen into better hands. He fought long, and manfully; and even after the retreat became general, he rallied and led his clansmen again and again to the charge, but in vain. A body of the Chisholms ultimately sought shelter in a barn, which was soon surrounded by hundreds of the red-coats who panted for blood. At this awful conjuncture William literally cut his way through the government forces. He then stood in the barn door, and with his trusty blade, high raised, and in proud defiance, guarded the place. In vain did their spears and bayonets aim their thrusts at his fearless breast—he hewed down all who came within reach of his sword, and kept a semicircle of eight feet clear for himself in the teeth of his desperate enemies. At length he was shot by some Englishmen, who climbed up to the top of the barn from behind, where he fell as a hero would wish to fall, with seven bullets lodged in his body.

His wife forthwith composed the foregoing beautiful and heart-touching lament, which is altogether worthy of an affectionate woman. She is so full of the idea of her noble-souled husband, that her own personal hardships and privations find no place in the catalogue of her miseries—they have but one great radical source, the death of her beloved. Neither does she pour invective on the depopulators of her country—no! these were too insignificant to draw her mind for a moment from her peerless William Chisholm. With great good taste too, she devotes to the Prince one solitary expression of sympathetic condolence:—

Who now shall wield the burnish'd steel,
 Or fill the throne he ought to fill?

and then, with the wings of a mateless dove, flutters over the mangled carcass of her husband, and depicts his matchless person and soul in language that would melt the sternest heart to sympathy. There are several passages of great beauty, pathos and sublimity in this song; and, apart from the interesting circumstance that called it forth, it possesses all the essential properties or attributes of a first rate production. The air is original.

MORT GHILINNE-COMHANN.

LEIS A BHARD MHUCANACH.*

LAMB Dhé leinn a sbaoghail!

Tha thu carach, mar chaochla nan sion,
 An nì nach guidheamaid fhaotainn
 Mar na sruthaibh ag aomadh a nìs;
 'S i chneidh féin, thar gach aobhar,
 Bhios gach duine ri caoine, 's e tinn,
 Breth Mhic-Samhain air saoidhean,
 Tigh'n an a ghleachd ruinn a thaobh cùl ar cinn.

A Rìgh! fheartaich na gréire
 Tha'n cathair na féile, dean sìth,
 Rì cloinn an fhir a bha eutach,
 Nach bu choltach ri féile fir chrìon;
 'N uair a thogta leat bratach,
 Croinn rhaola, fraoch dait', agus pìob,
 Bhiodh muai ghaoil, le foaim bhàs
 A' caoi laoiach nan arm sgaitach 's an strì.

Gu'n robh aigne duin' nasail
 Aig a bhaill' agus uaithe a' d' chòir,
 (ha b' i gheire gun toigse
 Bha sa bheul bu neo-thuisliche glòir;
 Ceann na céille 's na cuideachd
 Rinn na h-eacoraich cuspair dheth t'fheoil;
 Cha b' e 'm breugair' a mhurtadh
 Le luchd shéideadh nam plùicean air stòl.

Ach fear mòr bu mhath cumadh,
 Bu neo-sgàthach an curaidh gun ghiomb,
 Cha robh barr aig mac duine ort
 Ann an àilleachd, 's an uirigleadh cinn;
 Anns a bhlàr bu mhath t-fhuireach
 Chosnadh làrach, a's urram do'n rìgh;
 Mo sgread chràiteach am fulachd!
 A bha 'n taigh chlàraidh 'n robh furan nam pìos.

Cha robh do chridhe mar dhreagon
 Tarruinn slighe na h-eacoir a'd' chùrs,
 'S tu le d' chlàidheimh ag éiridh
 As leth t-athar 's rìgh Seumas a chrùn:
 'Taid an Albainn 's an Eirinn,
 Luchd a thaghaich, 'sa réiteach do chùis;
 B'ìdh là eile ga dheuchainn
 'S tus' ad laidhe gun éisdeachd fo'n ùir.

B'iad mo ghràdh na cuirp gheala
 Bha gu fùghantach, fearail, neo-chrìon,
 'S maing a chunnaic 'ur n-uaislean
 Dol fo bhinn 'ur luchd-foatha gun dìon;

Ach nam bitheamaid 'nar n-armaibh
 Mu'n do chruinnich an t-sealg air an tìr,
 Bhiodh luchd chòtaichean dearga
 Gun dol tuilleadh do dh' armait an rìgh.

Cha robh gnothach aig léigh
 'Dhol a leigheas nan creuchd nach robh slàn,
 A' call am fala fo'n leintean
 Bha na fir bu mhor féil' ri luchd-dhàn,
 Nam b'e cothrom na Féinne
 Bhiodh eadar sibh fein 's clanna Ghall,
 Bhiodh eoin mholach an t-sléibhe
 Gairsinn salach air chréabhagan chàich.

Cha b'e cruadal an cridhe
 Thug dhaibh buannachd air buidheann mo rùin,
 Tùigeadh luaidhe na cithibh
 'S sibh mo thruaidh! gun fhios air a chùis:—
 Eadar naaislean a's mhithibh
 Gun robh bhuaidh ud a' ruith oirn o thùs;
 O'n 's i 'n naigh ar ceann-uidhe
 B'ìdh na sluaisdean a' frithealadh dhuinn!

Cha b'i sud an fhuil shalach
 Bha ga taomadh mu'n talamh sa' ghleann,
 'S a liuthad àmaidh mar ghearran
 A bha cuir fùdair na dheannabh mu 'r ceann;
 A Rìgh dhùlaich nan aingeal!
 Gabhsa cùram da 'r n-anam, 's sibh thall,
 Chaidh 'ur cuantas an taisead
 Le garbh dhùsgadh na malairt a bh' ann.

Thrùs do chinneadh r'a chéile,
 Dheanabh coinneamh an dè anns an Dùn,
 Cha d' aithris thu sgeula
 Fhir a b' urrainn a réiteach gach cùis;
 Ite dhaingean na'n sgéith thu,
 'S am baranta treun air an cùl
 B'ìdh là eile ga fheuchainn,
 'S mise druידte fo dhéile 's an ùir.

Cha bu chòcairean gioraig
 Chumail còmharrd an slinnein ro chàch;
 O'n là thòisich an iomairt
 Chaill Chlann-Dòmhnall ceann-fine no dhà;
 'N gleacair òg 'ur ceann-cinnidh
 Chuir a dhòchas 'un smioraibh a chnàmh;
 Gheibheadh eacaire bioradh
 Rogha spòltaich o spinnadh a làmh.

Luchd a thràghadh nam buideal
 Bheireadh carrach air rùban de'n fhìon,
 'Nuair a thàrladh sibh cuideachd
 Bu neo-bhrùideil mu'n chupan ud sibh;
 Ag iomairt thàilleasg, a's chluichibh
 Air a chlàr bu neo thrùail 'ur guiomh;
 Cha bu chearr am measg troid sibh
 'N am pàidheadh na cuideachd, 's g'an diol.

* This bard was one of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, and lived in the island of Muck, for which he was called *Am Bàrd Mucanach*. After much inquiry this is all the information we could obtain concerning him, nor did we see any more of his productions. But from this piece it may be seen that he was one of the first poets of his day. We took down this version of the poem from the recitation of an old man in Glencoe, anno 1833.

Gu'n beil mise fo mhulad
 Ag amharc 'ur gunnaidh' air stéill,
 Sàr ghiomanaich ullamb
 Leis an cinneadh an fhuil anns a bheinn,
 Ann am frith nan damh mullaich
 Far an deante libh muuasg air seilg,
 Ga bu tric sibh gan rùsgadh
 Cha d' iarr sibh riamb cunntas 's na bein.

Cha bu sgàthairean gealtach
 Bhiodh a' maoitheadh an gaisge gach là,
 Tha 's an Eilean na'n cadal
 Nach dùisg gus am faicear am bráth,
 Luchd dhìreadh nan èit-bheann
 Le'n cuilbheirean gleusta na'n laimh,
 'S lionmhor fear nach d'rinn éiridh
 Bha na ghiomanach treun air a h-earr.

Rìgh gur mis tha fo airtneul
 Rì am dhomh bhì faicinn 'ur beann,
 'S cha lugha mo chùran
 Rì bhì 'g amharc bhuir dùtchannan thall,
 Mur bhithe mar thachair
 'S ann leamsa gum b'ùit bhì dol ann,
 Gus an tainig a chreach oirn
 Mar gu'n tuiteadh a chlach leis a ghleann !

'S iomadh fear tha toirt sgainneil
 Do'n tighearn òg air an fhearann so thall,
 Eadar ceann Locha-Raineach,
 Rugha Shléibhte, 's bun Gharaidh nam beann,
 Bha thu feicheannach daingean
 Far an éiste ri d' theangaidh an cainnt,
 Mar urbal peucaig gu tarrainn,
 'S mar ghati reubaidh na nathrach gu call.

Leum an stiùir bharr a claignin
 Le muir sùigh, 's gun sinn ath-chainnteach dho,
 Dh'fhalbh na croinn, 's na buill-bheairte,
 'S leig sinn uallach na slait air an sgòd ;
 'S bochd an dùsgadh sa' mhadainn
 So fhuair sinn gu grad a theachd oirn,
 S ma gheibh sinn ùine ri fhaicinn
 Bheir sinn fùcadh mu'n seach air a chlà.

Note.—The cruel massacre of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, to which this "Lament" relates, was perpetrated by a party of soldiers under the command of captain Campbell of Glenlyon, in February, 1691. Thirty-eight persons suffered in this massacre; the greater part of whom were surprised in their beds, and hurried into eternity before they had time to implore Divine mercy. The design was to butcher all the males under seventy that lived in the valley, the number of whom amounted to two hundred; but some of the detachments not arriving in time to secure the passes, one hundred and sixty escaped. Campbell having committed this brutal deed, ordered all their houses to be burned, made a prey of all the cattle and effects that were found in the valley, and left the helpless women and children, whose fathers and husbands he had murdered, naked and forlorn, without covering, food, or shelter, in the midst of the snow that covered the face of the whole country, at the distance of six miles from any inhabited place. For a particular account of this most unjust action, see "Smollett's History of England."

BHA CLAUDHEAMH AIR IA'IN

'S AN T-SEARMOIN.

LUNNEAG.

*Bha claidheamh air Iain,
 Air Iain, air Iain,
 Bha claidheamh air Iain 's an t-searmoin ;
 Bha claidheamh air Iain,
 Fear deas-luimh mo chridhe,
 'S tu 'dheanadh an fhuighe neo-chearbach.*

THAINIG litrichean bagraidh,
 A nall a Lochabar,
 'Nuair chualas gu'n deachaidh tu t-armachd ;
 Ghabh an ceannard mor chùram,
 'S gach freiceadan dhùbail e,
 Eagal 's gun dùisgeadh tu Albainn !
Bha claidheamh, &c.

'Se'n sgathdan beag casraidh
 A thainig mu dheas oirn,
 'Chuir Iain na bhrislich mu 'armachd,
 'S ann a mhosgail mo chridhe,
 Deagh fhortain 'bhì tighinn,
 'Nuair chithinn a chladheamh 's an t-searmoin.
Bha claidheamh, &c.

Air là Sliabh an t-siorra
 Cha ghabhadh tu giorrag,
 'Nuair chaidh na gillea gu stairich,
 'Nuair ghlaoidh iad am bristeadh,
 Cha philleadh tu idir—
 'S ann dh-fhag thu na ficheadan marbh dhù. *Bha claidheamh, &c.*

Gur mòr a bha d' phòrabh,
 De dh'ard an Chlann-Dòmhnail—
 Na'm bitheadh do phuca lan airgeid,
 Gu'n tugadh tu dhachaigh dhuinn
 Rìgh fhear na h-Apunn,
 A dh'aindeoin fir Shasunn mar marbht' thu.
Bha claidheamh, &c.

'S iomadh òganach ullamb,
 Nach éisleadh an cumasg,
 Bha gun chladheamh, gun ghunna, gun targaid,
 Gun urad na biodaige,
 'M falach fo chrìoslaich ;
 Ged' bha Mac-a-Ghiobaich na armachd.
Bha claidheamh, &c.

'S mòr mo chùran mu d' phearsa
 Mu t-arm a's mu t-aeuinn,
 Mu d' shlinnean mu d' chearislea 's mu d'
 'S gu'n 'bhris thu an t-achda [bhalgan,
 'Rinn Deòrsa bha 'n Sasunn,
 'Nuair chaidh thu cho spailpeil na t-armachd.
Bha claidheamh, &c.

Chaidh 'n claidheamh air astar,
Do bhraighe Lochabar,
Laidh rua-mheing le dealt air a bharra-dheis ;
Tha'm breabadair againn,
Na chliamhuinn do'n t-Sagart,
'S gu'm faigh e bho'n pharson sin tearnad.

Bha claidheamh, &c.

Mu dh-fhaireas sibh cunnart,
'S nach fhaod sibh a chumail,
Cuirbh e thuinidh do'n Gharbh-shliabh ;
'S iomadh àite math falaich,
Dà thaobh Loch-Garaidh,
'S tha'n dream ud gle dhealaidh du Bhalgan.

Bha claidheamh, &c.

Note.—The foregoing burlesque is the composition of Angus M'Donald, of Glencoe, commonly called *Aonghas Mac Alasdair Ruaidh*. The subject of it was Iain Gibeach, a weaver, belonging to the same glen. This John was present at the battle of Sherrifmuir in 1715, but deeming "prudence the best part of valour," he made more use of his heels than of his arms. It is said that, in order the more effectually to shield his person from danger, he laid himself down behind a dyke, pulling a portion of that fabric over him, and that thus covered he was rode over by the combatants. On the first safe opportunity, he entirely abandoned the scene of strife, which but indifferently suited his taste. His flight to Glencoe was a rapid one. There, however, he did not fail to give a magniloquent account of his feats of arms at Sherrifmuir, being, at the same time, the first intellenger of that doubtful action. He afterwards went to church with his broadsword slung in his belt in order to indicate his valour, by setting the Act of Parliament for disarming the Highlanders at defiance! This last exploit of our *hero* gave birth to the admirable pasquin, "John wields his sword in the kirk."

FEAR A BHATA.

I. UNNEAG.

Fhìr a bhàta, na horo-eile,

Fhìr a bhàta, na horo-eile ;

Fhìr a bhàta, na horo-eile,

Gu ma slàn dut, 's gach àit an tèid thu.

'S tric mi sealtuinn o'n chnoc a's àirde,
Dh-fheuch am faic mi fear a bhàta ;
An tig thu 'n dingh, na'n tig thu maireach ?
'S mar tig thu idir, gur truagh a tà mi.

Fhìr a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

Tha mo chridhe-sa briste, brùite ;
'S tric na deoiribh a ruith o'm shuilean ;
An tig thu nochd, na 'm bi mo dhùil riut ?
Na 'n dùin mi 'n dorus, le osna thùrsaich ?

Fhìr a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

'S tric mi foidhneachd de luchd nam bàta,
Am fac iad thu, na 'm beil thu sàbhailt ;
S ann a tha gach aon aca rium a 'g ràite,
Gur gòrach mise na thug mi gràdh dhut.

Fhìr a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

Gheall mo leannan domh gùn dhe 'n t-sìoda,
Gheall e sud agus breacan riomhach ;
Fain' òir anns am faicinn Ìomhaigh ;
Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e dìochuimhn'.

Fhìr a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

Cha 'n eil baile beag 's am bì thu,
Nach tàmh thu greis ann, a chor do sgios diot ;
Bheir thu làmh air do leabhar riomhach,
A ghabhail dhuanaig 's a bhuaireadh nionag.

Fhìr a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

Ged a thuir iad gu'n robh thu aotrom,
Cha do laghadaich sud mo ghaol ort ;
'Bi'dh tu m' aisling anns an òidheche,
A's anns a mhadainn bi'dh mi 'ga t-fhoineachd.

Fhìr a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

Thug mi gaol dut 's cha'n fhaod mi àicheadh ;
Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ràidhe ;
Ach gaol a thòisich 'nuair bha mi m' phàisde,
'S nach searg a chaidh, gus an claidh am bàs mi.

Fhìr a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

Tha mo chàirdean gu tric ag innseadh,
Gu'm feum mi t-aogas a chuir air dìochuimhn' ;
Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho dìamhain,
'S bhi pilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaidh.

Fhìr a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

Tha mo chrìosan air dol an airde,
Cha'n ann bho fhìdhleir, na bho chlèrsair ;
Ach bho stiùireadair a bhata—
'S mur tig thu dhachaigh, gur truagh mar tha mi.

Fhìr a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

Bi'dh mi tuille gu tùrsach, dearach,
Mar eala bhàn 's i an dcis' a reubadh ;
Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach,
A's càch uileadh an deighidh tréigsinn.

Fhìr a bhata, na horo-eile, &c.

ORAN GAOL.

DO MHAIGHDIN UASAIL 'S AN EILEAN-FHADA.

I. UNNEAG.

*A Mhàiri bhòidheach, 's a Mhàiri ghaolach,
A Mhàiri bhòidheach, gur mòr mo ghaol ort,
A Mhàiri bhòidheach, gur tu a chlaoidh mi,
'S a dh-fhàg mi brònach, gun doigh air t-fhoatainn.*

MHAIRI bhòidheach gur mòr mo ghaol ort,
Gur tric mi cuimhneachadh ort 's mi m'nonar,
Ge do shiubhlainn gach ceum de'n t-saoghal,
Bi'dh t'iomhaigh bhòidheach tigh'n beò gach
A Mhàiri bhòidheach. &c. [taobh dhìom.

2 B

'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo Mhàiri bhòidheach,
 Ann an gleannan faoin a's ceò air—
 'S ged bu rìgh mi 's an Roinn-Eòrpa,
 Cha'n iarrainn pòg ach bho Mhàiri bhòidheach.
A Mhàiri bhòidheach, &c.

Ach chithear féidh air sgéith 's na' speuran,
 'S chithear iasg air aird nan sléithean,
 Chithear sneachda dubh air gheugan,
 Mu'm faicear caochladh tig'n air mo spéis dhut.
A Mhàiri bhòidheach, &c.

O Mhàiri!—lughdaich thu mo chiall domh,
 Tha mo chrìdh' le do ghaol air lionadh;
 Tha gach là dhomh cho fad ri bliadhna,
 Mur faic mi 'còdainn a ta mar ghrian domh.
A Mhàiri bhòidheach, &c.

Do shuilean meallach fo d' mhala bhòidheach,
 Do bhilean tana air dhath nan ròsan,
 Slios mar chanach an gleannan mòintich,
 'S do ghruaidh mar chaoran fo séith nam mòr-
A Mhàiri bhòidheach, &c. [bheann.

Fhàir a shiubhlas thar thonnann uaibhreach,
 A dh'ionnsaidh luiseachan cian nan cuaintean,
 Thoir gach sìod, agus nì tha luach-mhor,
 Dh'ionnsaidh Màiri a rìnn mo bhuaireadh.
A Mhàiri bhòidheach, &c.

Eoin! a's moiche a thèid air sgiathan,
 'S a dhìreas suas ann an aird na h-iàrmailt,
 Na bitheadh latha thig fad na bhliadhna,
 'S nach seinn sibh ceol d'a mo Mhàiri chiataich.
A Mhàiri bhòidheach, &c.

Ach cha dean Eala air slios nam mor-thonn,
 Cha dean smeòrach an badan bhòidheach,
 Cha dean gach inneal ciùil ach crònan,
 'Nuair a sheinneas mo Mhàiri bhòidheach.
A Mhàiri bhòidheach, &c.

Ge do bhì mi gu tàrsach cianail,
 'S mi le cùram air mo lionadh,
 Nì do ghnùis-sa tha mar a ghrian domh,
 Mo chrìdhe sunntach 'nuair thig thu m'fhianais.
A Mhàiri bhòidheach, &c.

Gu mo slàn do mo Mhàiri bhòidheach,
 Ge b'e àite 's am bi i còmhnuidh,
 'S e mo dhùrachd-sa 'm fad 's a's beò mi,
 Gu'm bi gach sùlas aig Mhàiri bhòidheach.
A Mhàiri bhòidheach, &c.

Note.—This song was composed by a schoolmaster in North Uist, who fell in love with one of the daughters of a family in which he was tutor; and his attachment to her preyed so heavily on his mind, that he sunk under it, and was consigned to a premature grave.

AN NIGHEAN BHUIDH BIAN.

LE DOMHNALL MAC-AONGHAIS

LUTNEAG.

*Mo nighean bhuì' bhàn na fàlbhadh tu leam,
 Mo nighean bhuì' bhàn na fàlbhadh tu leam,
 Mo nighean bhuì' bhàn na fàlbhadh tu leam,
 Gu'n ceunnaicheinn gùn de'n t-shìoda dhut.*

NIGHEAN bhàn th'air eoc a mhurain,
 Dha'n tug mi mo ghaol o'n uiridh,
 E'annsa leam na òr na cruinne
 'Chuilein thu bhi' sìnte rium.
Mo nighean bhuì' bhàn, &c.

'S furasd dhomh-sa' ghruagach t-àireamh,
 Do chul dualach, cuachach, fàineach,
 Gruaidh thana, dhearg, a's glan' deàrsudh;
 'S falt mar bharr nan dìtean ort.
Mo nighean bhuì' bhàn, &c.

Tha thu gu ro bhòidheach taitneach,
 Foghainteach, deas, ann an pearsa,
 Cha 'n urra' mi chiall 's a thasgaidh,
 Trian dheth do thlachd innseadh dhut.
Mo nighean bhuì' bhàn, &c.

'S mall do ròsg, 's gur glan do leirsinn,
 Suil ghorm, mar dhearcag an t-shlèibhe,
 Mala chaoi a's caoine rèidhe,
 Cha bu bhreug ach fìrinn sud.
Mo nighean bhuì' bhàn, &c.

Calpa bàu nach iarr an gartan,
 Troigh shocrach nach dochunn faiche,
 'S e mheudaich cho mòr mo thlachd dhìot,
 Chionns nach faicte mi-ghean ort.
Mo nighean bhuì' bhàn, &c.

Beul is hinne sheinneas òrain,
 Millis, blasda, socair, còmhnaidh,
 Gu fonnor, farasd, ro dhoigheil,
 Cha bhì sgòd ri' inns' oirre.
Mo nighean bhuì' bhàn, &c.

Anna ged' nach eil mi stocail,
 Cha 'n i'n t-shnàthad mo cheird chosnaidh,
 Dheannain aran eorna 's corca
 Mar ris an dhroch shìde dhut.
Mo nighean bhuì' bhàn, &c.

Ma nì thu mar a tha thu labhairt,
 'S gu'n cùm thu rium-sa do ghealladh,
 So mo làmh gur mì do leannan,
 'S nach bi ba-laoch sìnte riut.
Mo nighean bhuì' bhàn, &c.

ORAN GAOIL

LE NIGHEAN FHIR NA REILAG.

Thig trì nith gu'n iarraidh,
 An t-eagal, an t-iadach, 's an gaol;
 'S gur beag a chùis mhaslaidh,
 Ged' ghlacadh leo mis air a h-aon,
 'S a lughad bean uasal
 A fhuaradh sa' chiont an robh mi,
 A thug an gaol fuadainn
 Air ro bheagan duaise ga chionn.
*Air failirinn, illirinn,
 Uillirinn, othóro laoidh!
 'S creaidh fortan gun fkius.
 A chuir mise fo chuing do ghaol.*

'Fhir a dhìreas am bealach
 Beir soruidh do 'n ghleannan fo thuath;
 A's iunús do m' leannan,
 Gur maireann mo ghaol 's gur buan,
 Fear eile cha ghabh mi
 'S cha 'n fhuiligh mi idir a luaidh
 Gus an dean thu ghaol m' àicheadh,
 Cha chreid mi bho chàch gur fuath.
Air failirinn, &c.

Fhir nan gorm shuilean meallach,
 O 'n ghleannan de'm bidheadh an smùid,
 Gu 'm beil a chaoin mhala,
 Mar chanach an t-sléibh' fo dhriùchd;
 'Nuair reach* tu air t-uillinn,
 Bhiodh foil air fear dhìreadh nan stùc,
 'S nam bi'dh tu ghaol mar rium
 Cha b' anaid an céile leam thu.
Air failirinn, &c.

Na faicinn thu tighinn,
 'S fios domh gur tusa bhiodh ann;
 Gu'n eireadh mo chridhe
 Mar aiteal na gréin' thar nam beann;
 'S gu'n tugainn mo bhriathar,
 Gach gaoisdean tha liath na mo cheann
 Gu'm fasadh iad buidhe,
 Mar dhìthein am bruthaich nan allt!
Air failirinn, &c.

Cha b' ann air son beartais,
 No idir ro phailteas na spréigh;
 Cha b' fhearr do shìol bhodach
 Bha m' osnadh cho trom á dhéidh.
 Ach mhac an duin' uasail,
 Fhuair buaidh air an dùthaich gu léir;
 Ge do bhitheamaid falamh,
 Tha caraíd a chitheadh oirn feum.
Air failirinn, &c.

* Reachadh, poetically rendered.

Mur tig thu féin tuilleadh
 Gur aithne dhomh mhalairt a th' ann
 Nach eil mi cho beartach
 Rì cailin an achaidh ud thall.
 Cha tugainn mo mhisneachd,
 Mo ghliocas, a's grinneas mo làimh,
 Air buaille chrodh ballach
 A's cailin gun idèl na'n ceann.
Air failirinn, &c.

Mu chaidh thu orm seachad,
 Gur taitneach, neo-thuisleach, mo chliù;
 Cha d' rinn mi riut comunn,
 'S cha d' laidh mi leat riamh ann an cùil.
 Cha 'n araichinn arachd
 Do dhuine choir àd air a chrùn;
 On tha mi cho beachdail,
 S gu'n smachdaich mi gaol nach fù.
Air failirinn, &c.

Bu laoghadh mo thàmailt,
 Na 'm b' airidh ni b' fhearr a bhiodh ann;
 Ach dubh-chail' a bhuacair,
 'Nuair ghlacas i buarach na làimh.
 Nuair thig an droch earrach
 'S a chaillear an nì ann sa' ghleann;
 Bitheas is' air an t-shiùlaid
 Gun tuille d'heath' bunaltas ann.
Air failirinn, &c.

ES-AN DA FREAGAIRT.

S trnadh nach robh mi 's mo leannan,
 'S a chrannaig air stiùireadh le gaoith,
 Na 'm bùthaig bhig bharrach,
 Aig imeal a ghleannain leinn fhìn,
 No'n Lochlainn an daraich
 R'a taobh na mara fo thuinn,
 Gun chuimhn' air a chailin
 A dh' fhàg mi air àiridh chruidh-laoidh.
Air failirinn, &c.

DUANAG GHAOIL.

LE BAINTEGHEARN ILLE-CHALUM RASA.

LUINNEAG.

*Thainig an gille dubh,
 'N raoir na bhaile-so;
 'S trom mo cheum,
 On thréig do ghealladh mi.*

Gua mis' tha gu tinn,
 Le goirteas mo chinn;
 'S ged' reach mi na chill,
 Cha phill mo leannan mi.
Thainig an gille, &c.

'S e m' ulaidh 's mo ghràdh,
Fear dubh agus bàn ;
Cha'n innis mi chàch,
Gu bràch, do ghealladh dhomh.
Thainig an gille, &c.

Gur h-ioma' bean òg,
Le sìoda agus sròl ;
A chuuntadh le deoin,
Ma chrò crodh baine dhut.
Thainig an gille, &c.

Gur guirme do shùil,
No 'n dearcaig fo 'n driùchd ;
'S gur finealt do ghnùis,
Na ùr-ros mheaganan.
Thainig an gille, &c.

'N gille dubh caol,
Na laidhe san fhraoch ;
'S a ghuuna ri thaobh,
B'e 'n fhaodail fhalaich e.
Thainig an gille, &c.

'S math thig gunna bheoil chaoil,
An deas-lamh mo ghaoil ;
'S cha chlaghaire faoin,
A dh-fhaodadh taruinn ris.
Thainig an gille, &c.

'S tu marbhaich an fhéidh,
'S a cholich air géig,
'S a bhric air an leum,
'S gu'n réibte 'n eala leat.
Thainig an gille, &c.

'S tu sealgair a gheoigh,
'S an lach air an lòn ;
'S nam biodh i na d' chòir,
Gu'n leoint, a mhaigheach leat.
Thainig an gille, &c.

'Nuair lùbadh tu 'n glùn,
'S a chaogadh tu 'n t-sùil ;
Bhiodh eilid nan stùe,
'S a cùl ri talamh leat.
Thainig an gille, &c.

B'u stiùirich 'a chuain,
Air bharaibh nan stuadh,
Ri latha fliuch, fuar :—
Mo luaidh do dh' shearaibh thu.
Thainig an gille, &c.

Ged' bhidheadh a ghaoth,
Ri sgoltadh nan craobh ;
Gu'n cumadh mo ghaoil,
A' taobh 's na maranan.
Thainig an gille, &c.

Mo bheannachd ad dhéigh,
Ma dh-fhag thu mi féin ;
Ach guidheamaid céile,
Beusach, banail, dut.
Thainig an gille, &c.

MO NIGHEAN CHRUINN DONN.

LUINNEAG.

*Dh-fhalbh mo nighean chruinn, donn,
Bhuam do' dh-Iuraidh ;
Dh-fhalbh mo nighean chruinn, donn,
Cneas mar eala nan tonn—
Beul o'm binne thig fonn,
Leis an deagh iompaidh.*

'S TAVACH nach robh mi 's mo ghaoil
Ann an gleann cùbhradh ;
'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo ghaoil
Ri h-uisg' ann 's ri gaoith ;
'S fo shileadh nan craobh
Bhithreamaid suuntach.
Dh-fhalbh, &c.

Nam biodh agamsa spréidh
Bhithiun glé chùirteil,
Nam biodh agamsa spréidh
Feadh bheann agus sléibh,
B' ùr a gheibhinn thu féin,
S cha bu chéil' ùmaidh.
Dh-fhalbh, &c.

Ged tha thus' an tràth-s'
Ann an Gleann-Iuraidh,
Ged tha thus' ann an tamh,
Tha t-aighe fo phràmh,
Agus mise gun stà,
Le do ghràdh ciùrrte
Dh-fhalbh, &c.

Beir mo shorruidh gun dàil
Bham do dh-Iuraidh ;
Beir mo shorruidh le gràdh
Dh-fhios na h-bìgh rinn mo ebràdh ;
'S 'nuair a chluinn i mar thà,
B' dh si-féin tursach.
Dh-fhalbh, &c.

Cha'n eil aice mar chéil'
Ach am fir ùmaidh,
Cha'n eil aice mar chéil',
Ach sean bhodach gun spéis,
'S e mar ghearran bho'n fhéill—
Doirbh, breun, brùdail !
Dh-fhalbh, &c.

AN NIGHEAN DUBH.

A NIGHEAN dubh nan gruaidhean craobhach,
Bha uair gu'm bu bheag a shaoilinn,
Gu'n caillinn an òidhech' as t-aonais,

Chaidh sid aog a's chaochail e cruth.

Tha thu suarach umam an diugh,

Ge d' bhu uair bu toigh leot mo guth;

Tha thu suarach umam an diugh.

'Nuair a bha sinn anns na gleannan,
'Cuallach a chruidh-laoigh mu'n mhaoinnir,
Shaoil mi fhìn nach robh air thalamh
Fear a mhealladh bean a chinn duibh.

Tha thu suarach, &c.

A thé sinn a th' aig na gamhnan,
Bha mi uair is bu mhór mo gheall ort;
'S gil' thu na sneachd' air na beannan,
Ann san àm am bite 'ga chur.

Tha thu suarach, &c.

'Nuair a thogadh tu guth t-dràin,
Bu bhinn' thu na chuach 's an 'smeòrach,
'Nuair a sheinneadh iad mar chòmhla,
Madainn cheb air bharrach an stuit.

Tha thu suarach, &c.

Tha do chneas cho gheal 's an faolag,
Du dha ghruaidh cho dearg 's na caoran;
Suilean meallach, gorm, na t-aodain,
Mala chaol, mar ite 'n loiu-duibh.

Tha thu suarach, &c.

Tha mi lag, ged' bha mi laidir,
Tha mi sgìth gu siubhal fhàsach;
'S gur e thug mo chridhe nàmh,
Ro mhiad a gràidh a bhàirig mi dhut.

Tha thu suarach, &c.

Tha thu bòidheach, tha thu loinneil,
'S duilich leam gu'm beil thu foilleil;
'S binne thu na guth choilich-choille,
Anns an duire 'n goireadh e moch.

Tha thu suarach, &c.

Is tric a bha saill air sean each,
Agus pùisean ann an glainne,
Amhuil sin as gaol mo leannain,
Mar chop geal air bharraibh nan sruth.

Tha mi suarach umad an diugh,

Ged' bha uair bu toigh leam do guth,

Tha mi suarach umad an diugh.

OCHOIN! MO CHAILIN.

Gu 'n dh'eirich mi moch, air madainn an dé,
'S ghearr mi'n ear-thalinnhainn, do bhri mo sgéil;
An duil gu'm faicinn-sa rùn mo chéilbh;
Ochòin! gu'm facas, 's a cùl rium féin.

Ochòin! mo chailin, 's mo shùil a d' dhéigh,

Ochòin! mo chailin, 's mo shùil a d' dhéigh;

Mo Lili, mo Lili, 's mo shùil a d' dhéigh:

Cha leir dhonn am bealach, le sìleadh nan deur.

Na 'm bidheadh sud agam, mo lùgh 's mo leum,
Mi 'm shuidh air a bhealach, 's mo chù air éill;
Gu'n deanainn-sa cogadh, gu laidir, treun,
Mu 'n leiginn mo leannan le fear tha fo 'n gréin.

Ochoin! mo chailin, &c.

'S am orm-sa tha mulad sa'm fiabhras mòr,
On chualas gun deach' thu le Brian a dh-òl:
Mo chomunn cha dean mi ri mnaoi san fheoil,
O rinn thu mo thréigsinn, 's mi fein a bhi beò.

Ochoin! mo chailin, &c.

O! cha 'n 'eil uiseag, no faoilinn bhàn,
Am barr a chaisteil 's an robh mi 's mo gràdh;
Nach eil ri tuirleadh, a dh-òidheche 's do là,
On' chual' iad gu'n ghlacadh mo chailin air làin.

Ochoin! mo chailin, &c.

Note.—This song is said to have been composed by an Irish student, who had taken a fancy for a Highland girl when attending the classes in the University of Glasgow. "Brian," mentioned in this piece, was another Irish student, and a rival of our Hibernian poet.

THA MO CHADAL LUAINEACH.

Tha mo chadal luaineach,
'S an uair so cha 'n fhaigh mi tàmh;
Cuimhneachadh an uasail,
A ghluais air madainn di-màirt.
Oigear a chuill dualaich,
'S nan cuachagan tromha, tlà;
Ged bhiodh agam buaile,
'S tu dh' fhuasglainn 's cha 'n fhear de chàch.

M' ulaigh agus m' eudail,
Bu réidh leam sealladh do shùil;
Mar aiteal na gréine,
'S i 'g eiridh moch madainn dhriùchd.
Do bheul tana glé dhearg,
Fo 'n eudann 's guirme suil;
'S ged bhiodh tu ad leine
B' e m' éibhneas de dh-fhearaibh thu.

M' aighear a 's mo rùn thu,
S e cuirtear na féile bh' ann ;
Cás dhíreachd nan stùc-bheann,
Ceum lùghar air feagh nan gleann.
A mhiad sa thug mi dhù dhut,
Gu'n dh' fhàg e na shuilean dall ;
'S gu'n deanaion leat lùbadh
Ged dhiùltainn trì mìle Gall.

On thana' mi 'n tìr so,
Air m' inntinn gun laidh trom sproc ;
Coimhneachadh na dh' fhàg mi,
Cha tàmh dhomb 'm baile no port.
Oigear a chul-shnìomhain,
Beul sìomhail nach labhair lochd ;
Ged bhidhinn fò mhi-ghean
Gu'n innsinn dhut e le 'm thoil.

'S coma leam 'n seann duine,
Laidheas gu teann ris an stoc ;
Fad na h-òidheche gearraidh,
Cha tuindaidh 's gu'm bi na thosd.
Laidhidh e gu diblidh,
Na shineadh air bharr nan sup,
Gu'n tarraunn e t-sranntaich,
'S gun tiundaidh e eul a nòig.

C' arson nach labhrainn caoin riut
A ghaoil, cha cheillim sid ort ?
Seann-duine cha taobh mì,
Ged dh' fhaodadh cha'n eireadh moch.
Ged' robh aige caoirich,
'S an saoghal a bhì gu thuil ;
'Nuair labhradh e pràmhail
Bu chraiteach mo chridhe 'm chorp.

M' uilidh, 's mo ghràdh, thu,
Gur ràidhe gach bidhech' ad dhéigh ;
Lamb stiùireadh a bhàta,
Ga sàbhaladh as gach beud.
Poitear san taigh-thàbhairn thu,
A phaidheadh a measg nan ceud,
Giomhanach nan ard-bheann,
'S cha shlàn a biodh mac an fhéidh.

Note.—This song has been sung and admired in Scotland time immemorial, and no tradition now remains of its authorship. The air is of great beauty, and as we have heard a lady, a native of Ireland, sing an Irish song to the same tune, we cannot say whether it belongs to us or to the sister kingdom. Here is the first stanza of the Irish, according to the Scottish orthography :—

“Madainn 's mi gu h-uaigneach,
Air bruch-loch' an Innis-fail ;
A falbh air feadh a chruaich,
Gu h-uallach 's mo ghrua' an laimh.
S ann a dhear' mi stuair,
Na gruaig fime' mhiannail bhain,
A' gus dorchach buain' aig,
De'n luachair bu ghlaise dh-fime'.”

NIGHEAN DONN NA BUAILE.

A NIGHEAN donn na buaile,
Ga'm beil an gluasad farasda ;
Gu 'n tug mi gaol cho buan dut,
'S nach gluais e air an earrach so.
Mheall thu mi le d' shùgradh,
Le d' bhriudal a's le d' chiùine ;
A's lùb thu mi mar fhiùran,
'S cha dùthchas domh bhì fallain bhuat.

Do chùl donn dait' an òrdugh,
Gu bachelach, bòidheach, camagach,
T' aghaidh flathail, chòmhoard,
Mar ite 'n eoin do mhalaichean,
Dà shuil chorrach, mhiogach,
Rosg glan a' cumhail diunn orr' ;
Do ghruaidhean meachair, mìne,
'S do phòg mar fhìogais mheanganan.

Mar reull a measg an t-sluaigh thu,
Nam gluasad a chum tionaidh ;
Cha tugadh *Bhéus* buaidh ort,
'S ard thug do shnuadh-sa barrachd oirr'
Chit' am fion a' dealaradh,
Ann am dol sìos tre d' bhragad ;
Gur math thig sìoda 'n càradh,
Ma mhuinneal bàn na h-ainneire.

Do sheang chorp, fallain, sunntach,
Nach do chiùrr an an-shocair,
'Nuair reachadh tu air ùrlar,
Bu lùghar anns na caraibh thu ;
Le d' calpannan deas, bòidheach,
Cruinn, cumadail, neo-lbdaì ;
Troigh chruinn ann am broigh chòmhnaird,
Nach tuir air fèirnean carachadh.

Do bheul o'm binn' thig òrain,
Ceol agus ceileirean,
Gur binne leam do chòmhradh,
Na smèorach air na meanganan.
O 'n chuir mi 'n tús ort eolas,
Gu'n tug mi gaol cho mòr dhut,
'S mar faigh mi thu ri d' phòsadh,
Gu 'n cuir do bhròn fu'n talamh mì.

Na 'm b' e 's gu'm biodh tu deùnach,
'S gu'm pòsamaid an ath-ghoirid,
Cha 'n farrainn leat de stòras,
Ach còmhada na banaraich.
Ge b' leamsa 'n Roinn Eòrpa,
'S America le mòr shluagh,
Na 'm faighinn dhomb fhìn còir ort.
Bu leat gach stòr 's gach fearann dhù.

A ghaoil na creid droch sgeul orm,
 Ge 'd robh luchd-bhreug a labhairt riut;
 Tha m' inntinn-se cho réidh dhut,
 'S nach bi aon seud an an-fhios dut.
 Ge d' their iad riut le bòillich,
 Gur beag leo mo chuid stòrais;
 A chaoidh cha churam lòn dut,
 'S an rìgh cuir seòl air aran duinn.

Note.—The author of this favourite song was the Rev. Duncan Macfarlane, at one time chaplain to a Highland regiment, and lately minister of the Gaelic chapel, Perth.

AN CAILIN DILEAS DONN.

Gur ma slàn a chì mi,
 Mo chailin dileas donn;
 Bean a' chualain réidh,
 Air an deise dh-eireadh fonn;
 'S i cainnt do bheoil bu bhinn leam,
 'N uair a bhiodh m' inntinn trom,
 'S tu thogadh suas mo chri'
 'Nuair a bhi'dh tu bruidhinn rium.

Gur muldach a tà mi,
 'S mi nochd air aird a chuain,
 'S neo shuuntach mo chadal domh,
 'S do chaidridh fada bhuam;
 Gur tric mi ort a smaointeach;
 As t-aogais tha mi truagh;
 'S mar a deau mi t-fhaotainn
 Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan!

Suil chorrach mar an dearcag
 Fo' rosg a dh-ìathas dùl;
 Gruaidhean mar na caoran,
 Fo 'n aodann tha leam ciùin—
 Mar d' aithris iad na bhreugan,
 Gun tug mi féin dut rùin;
 'S gur bliadhna leam gach là'
 Bho'n uair a dh-fhàg mi thu.

Theireadh iad mas d' fhalbh mi bh'uat,
 Gu 'm bu shearbh leam dhol ad chòir;
 Gu do chuir mi cùl riut,
 'S gu'n dhiult mi dhut mo phòg.
 Na cuireadh sid ort cùram,
 A rùin,—na creid an sgleò;—
 Tha t-anail leam nì 's cùraidh,
 Na'n drùicid air bharr an fheoir.

Tacan mu'n do sheol sinn,
 'S ann a thoiseich càch
 Ri iunseadh do mo chruinneig-sa,
 Nach pillinn-sa gu bràth.

Na cuireadh sid ort gruaimean
 A luaidh; ma bhios mi slàn;
 Cha chum dad idir bhuat mi,
 Ach saighead chruaidh a bhàis.

Tha moran de luchd aimlis,
 'S a sheannachais an droch sgeòil,
 An chridheacha mar *phuisean*,
 Cha chuimhnich iad air chòir;
 Ach na creid an sgeula;
 Ma gheibh a' chléir oirn còir,
 'S ma dh' fhanas sinn bho chéile,
 'Si 'n éigin a bheir oirn'.

Tha 'n snain a nise ceangailte,
 Gu daigheann agus teann;
 'S e their luchd na fanoid rium
 Nach 'eil mo phròthaid ann:—
 'M fear aig am beil fortan,
 Tha crois aige na cheann,
 'S tha mise taingeil, toilichte,
 Ge d' tha mo sporan gann.

Note.—This song is the composition of Hector M'Kenzie, a sailor belonging to Ullapool, Lochbroom. M'Kenzie is still alive—verging upon ninety years of age, and resides either in Glasgow or in Liverpool. He composed several *Duanags* of considerable merit. The air of this song is excellent and original; the composition, though good, is not so happy. A bad version of it appeared in Turner's Collection with a spurious verse beginning:—

“Tha Caimbeulach mar chlaireas,
 Ga t-ardachadh le strìth.”

M O R A G.

LUIÑNEAG.

'S i luaidh mo chagair Mòrag,
 Mo ghool sa mhàdain Mòrag,
 Gu'm b'ait leam agam Mòrag,
 Gur taitneach leam a còmhraidh.

'S tu Mhòrag rinn mo bhuairleadh,
 O chunna' mi di-luan thu,
 Tha m'aigne leat a gluasad,
 'S cha tìmh e mar bí buaidh leis,
 Mur geill thu bi'dh mi truagh dheth.
 'S i luaidh mo chagair, &c.

Do shaigidean rinn mo leubadh,
 'S iad chuir mi uil' as ordugh,
 Cha bhi mi tuille 'n sblas,
 Mur fàiltich thu le phòg mi,
 'S do lamh a gealladh còir ort.
 'S i luaidh mo chagair, &c.

'S tu 'n reull a' measg nan òg-bhan,
 Do mhaise lian le bròn mi,

Do ghruaidh dh-fhàg fann na ròsan,
Do dheud dh-fhàg glas na neòinein,
Cha leir dhomh samh' do bhòicheid.
'S i luaidh mo chagair, &c.

Ge h-ioma tè a chi mi,
Cha téid iad uile 'm pris riut,
'S tu *Bhenus* measg nam mìltean,
'S e t-eugas thug mo chli bhuam,
S a dh-fhàg an duigh gun lì mi.
'S i luaidh mo chagair, &c.

'Nuair bhitheas mi ann a m'aon'ar,
Nam chadal na mo sheummar,
Thig t-iomhagh làn de bhòichead,
An sinn dùisgidh mi le sòlas,
An duil gu'm beil sinn còmhla.
'S i luaidh mo chagair, &c.

Gur tric mi air mo ghluasad,
'N àm cuimhneach air na h-uairean,
An robh mi, a's tu cluaineas,
'S a ruith le cèumau luatha,
'S nach pill iad tuille nuad' dhomh.
'S i luaidh mo chagair, &c.

Chuala tu mar tha mi,
Gu'm bheil mo chridhe 'n gràdh dhut;
Nis cuimhnich air do nàdur,
A's tionndaidh ann am blàs rium,
'S na fag a chaidh am thrail mi.
'S i luaidh mo chagair, &c.

Note.—This deservedly popular air became known in the capital of Scotland only fifty or sixty years ago. "The young Highland Rover" and another song, both by Burns, are the only English words hitherto adapted to it.—*M. Pherson's Melodies from the Gàidic.*

AN GILLE DUBH CIAR-DHUBH.

CHA dirich mi brughach,
'S cha shiubhail mi mòinteach,
Dh-fhalbh mo ghuth cinn,
'S cha sheinn mi òran.
Cha chaidil mi uair,
O luan gu dòmhnuach,
'S an gille dubh ciar-dhubh;
Tighinn fo m' àidh.

'S truagh nach robh mise,
'S an gille dubh ciar-dhubh;
An aodainn na beinne
Fo shileadh nan sìantan;
An lagan beag fàsaich,
Nan àitigin dìamhair,
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S e tighinn fo m' àidh.

Dh-òlainn deoch-slain',
A ghille dhuibh chiar-dhubh
Do dh-uisge nan lòn,
Cho deònach 's ge b' fhion e,
Ged tha mi gun òr,
Tha nì 's leor tigh' n' d'am iarraidh,
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S e tighinn fo m' àidh.

Mo ghille dubh bòidheach,
Ge gòrach le càch thu;
Dheanainn do phòsadh,
Gun deoin da mu chàirdean;
Shiubhlainn leat fada,
Feadh lagan a's fhasach,
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S tu tighinn fo m' àidh.

Mo ghille dhubh laghach,
'S neo-raghainn leam t-fhàgail,
Na 'm faicinn an cuideachd thu,
Thaghainn ro chàch thu;
Ged' fhaicinn cuig mìl',
Air chiunt gur tu b' fhearr leam,
Cha ghabhainn fear liath
'S tu tighinn fo m' àidh.

'S luaineach mo chadal,
Bho mhadainn di-ciadain,
'S bruaileanach m' aigneadh,
Mur furtaich thu chiall mi.
'S mi raor air dhroch leabaidh,
Cha'n fhada gu liath mi,
'S an gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tighinn fo m' àidh.

Note.—This fine little song is attributed to a Highland Sappho of the thirteenth century. Burns became so enamoured of it on hearing it sung by a lady, during his peregrination to the mountains, that he immediately wrote verses to the air, and it then became known for the first time to the English reader. To the same poet's taste we are indebted for the beauties of *simple melody*, and to the same lady's singing we owe the "Banks of the Devon," from "*Banarach dhonn a chruidh*," p. 127.—See *Burns's Letters*.

CRUINNEAG A CHRUIDH.

THA mulad mòr ga m' shàrach
Nach faigh mi dol do 'n àiridh,
'S cha'n fhaod mi bhi ga ràite,
Air eagal càch ga leughadh.

*Mo chailin grinn, meall-shuileach, dubh,
'S toigh leam fhìn cruinneag a chruidh,
'Chailin ghrinn, mheal-shuileich,
Air m' fhalluinn thug mi spéis dhut*

Cha'n e nach bu mhiannach leam,
Gach òidheche iaidhe sinnte riut,
Ach m' iuntinn a bh' 'g innseadh dhomh,
Nach strìochdadh tu 's an éa-còir.
Mo chailin grinn, &c.

Tha nise bliadhn' a's còrr,
O'n a dhùiriginn do phòsadh,
'S tha 'n gaol a thug mi òg dhut
An diugh cho beò 's an ceud là.
Mo chailin grinn, &c.

Na'm biodh mo chruinneag deònach,
Cha chumadh Cléir no stòl mi,
Ach dh-fhalbhainn leat thar m' eòlas,
A phòsadh do Dhuin-éideann.
Mo chailin grinn, &c.

Thug mi gaol ro òg dhut,
Nach tréig mi fhad 's is beò mi,
An dùil ri t-fhaigbinn pòsda,
Le toil a's deòin na Cléire.
Mo chailin-grinn, &c.

Tha gruaimen air mo chàirdean,
Gu'n tug mi gaol thar chàch dhut,
Ach cuim' an deanainn t-àicheadh
'S gu'n tug thu gràdh d'a réir sud ?
Mo chailin grinn, &c.

Dh-innsinn duibh a h-aogas,—
A gruaidh cho dearg ri caoran,
'S a dù shùil mheallach, chaogach,
Fo mhala ehal na h-euchdaig.
Mo chailin ghrinn, &c.

A bràighe dealrach riombach,
Mu'n àillte thig an sìoda,
'S a broilleach corrach chlochan—
A s gile 'fhiamh na'n éiteag.
Mo chailin ghrinn, &c.

Do phòg air bhlas na'm figis,
O'n tbeul dh-fhas meachair, sìomhalt;
'S e mheud sa fhuair mi d' bhrìodal,
A ghoid an cridh' a'm' chreubhaig.
Mo chailin ghrinn, &c.

Cha'n e mòid do phòrsain,
A dh-fhàg mo chion cho mòr ort;
Na'm faigbinn thu ri phòsadh,
Cha stòr a bha mo dhéidh air.
Mo chailin grinn, meall-shuileach, dhubbh,
'S toigh leam fhlìn cruinneag a chruidh,
'Chailinn ghrinn meall-shuileich,
Air m' fhualluinn thug mi spéis dhut.

FEAR AN LEADAIN THLAITH.

LUINNEAG.

Fhìr an leadain thlàith,
Dh-fhàg thu mi fo bhròn
Tha mi trom an dràs,
'S e sin fà mo dheoir!

Fuar chuil dualaich, chleachdaich,
'S bìche fiamh ri fhaicinn,
Tha do ghaol an tasgaidh
N seòmar glàist' na m' fheòil.
Fhìr an leadain, &c.

Tha do ghruidh mar shuthain,
An garaidh nan ubhall,
Binne leam no chuthag,
Uirighill do bheòil.
Fhìr an leadain, &c.

An toiseach a Gheamhraidh,
'S ann a ghabh mi geall ort
Shaoil leam gu'm bu leam thu,
'S cha do theann thu'm chòir.
Fhìr an leadain, &c.

Fhìr an leadain laghaich,
'S tu mo rùn 's mo raghain,
'Na'n sguireadh tu thaghal
'S an taigh an bh'n t-òl.
Fhìr an leadain, &c.

Fhìr an leadain chraobhaich,
'S òg a rinn thu m' aomadh,
Thug thu mi bhò 'm dhaoine,
Fhuair mo shaothair òg.
Fhìr an leadain, &c.

An gair' a rinn mi'n uiridh,
Chuir mo cheam an truimead,
'S mis a tha gu duilich,
'S muldach mo cheòl.
Fhìr an leadain, &c.

FÀILTE DHUT A'S SLAINTE LEAT.

LUINNEAG.

Fàilte dhut a's slainte leat,
Fàilte chuirinn a's do dhéigh:
Fàilte dhut a's slainte leat,
Fàilte chuirinn a's do dheigh.

Se mo rùn an Gàel laghach,
'S tu a thaghainn 's cha be'n Gall;
Ort a thig na h-airm gu sgibhidh,
Os ceann adhaire-chrios nam ball.
Fàilte dhut, &c.

'S tu sealgair a's dìrich amhare,
'S geal an aingeal th' ann ad ghleus ;
'S tric do luaidhe ghlas na siubhal,
'S i gu fuilteach, guineach, geur.
Faillte dhut, &c.

Bu tu nàmh a chapuill-choille,
'S a bhnic an doire nan stùc ;
Marbhaich a bhrìc ris a choinneil,
'S a choilich anns a choille dhlù.
Faillte dhut, &c.

'S math thig sid air do ghiùlan
Flag anns am bi fùdar gorm,
'S aireach leam nach d' rinn mi còis riut,
Ged a bhiodh an t-àmhladh orm !
Faillte dhut, &c.

Leat cha 'n iarrainn seòmar cadail,
No clàraidh leap' bhi ri m' thaobh ;
B' annsa bhi le m' ghaol 's le m aighear,
'N àros nan aighean 's nan laogh.
Faillte dhut, &c.

Ma chaidh tu timicheall air an rugha,
Bi'dh mi dubhach as do dheigh ;
'S gus an cluinn mi thu 'bhi tighinn,
Gu'n robh gach slighe dhut réidh.
Faillte dhut, &c.

HI-RI-RI 'S HO RA-ILL-O.

LUNNEAG.

*Hi-ri-ri 's ho ra-ill-o,
Ruill o ho, raill o,
Hi-ri-ri 's ho ra-ill o,
Mo nighean donn is bòidheche.*

On tha mi fo mhulad air m'aineol,
Anns an tìr nach faic mi cairid,
Ruigidh mi nise mo leannan,
Gus am faigh mi còir oirr',
Hi-ri ri, &c.

Bha' mi òg a measg nan Gall,
'S thug mi greis air feagh nam beann,
'S ge lion'or té on d'fhuair mi cainnt,
'S ann tha mi 'n geall air Mòraig.
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

Còmhach ciun is àilte snuadh,
S e'n ordudh nan ioma' dual,
Gus an cuir iad mi 's an naigh,
Cha toir mi fuath do Mhòraig.
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

Na h-orain mhilis thig od bhenl,
'S annsa' leam na ceol nan teud,
'S binne na smeòrach air géig,
Na fuinn thig réidh bho Mhòraig.
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

'S cliùtach, siomhalta, do bheus,
Aighe ciùin, 's e socrach, réidh
Gu seirceil, suairce, soitheamh, gléiste,
Gnùis na féile Mòrag !
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

B' annsa leam na br na spaiute,
Do ghnùis fhaicinn le fiamh gàire,
'S e sid a dh-fhag bruite m' àirnean,
Mìad mo ghràidh do Mhòraig.
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

'Nuair lionte 'n deoch a bhiodh blàth,
Ma fheasgar 's na cupain bhàn',
Ged dhuisgear sgainneal le càch,
Cha chluinnear cànan Mhòraig.
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

'N uair chuirt an fhiodhal air ghleus,
Gu damhs air an ùrlar réidh,
Bu dlù mo bheachd air gach té,
'S mo chridhe leum gu Mòraig.
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

Na glacadh tu nise mo làimh,
Gu'n leiginn mulad ma làr,
Ghabhainn òran, a's dheanainn dàn,
'S mo làmh gu'n tugainn pòg dhut.
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

Note.—There are various sets of this popular song, we cannot, indeed, say how many. Of these we think this is the best, and we are told it is the original. It was written by the Rev. Charles Stewart, D.D., late minister of Strathchur.

ORAN CUMHAIDH,

DO-DH' EACHUNN RUADH NAN CATH
A MHARBHADH LATHA INBHIR-CHEITEAN.

Gua h-oil leam an sgeul sin,
A dh-éisd mi di-dòmhaich,
Gun bhi tuille d'a sheanchas,
Ach an fhoill a' rinn Hòburn ;
Dh-fhàg iad deagh Mhac-'Illean
A cur a chatha na ònar,
'S theich iad féin troi chéile
Gun fhear-éilidh an òrdugh.
*Fàil il-an hù-il-an, hi-il-an ò rò ;
Fàil il-an hù-il-an, hi-il-an ò rò ;
Fàil il-an hù-il-an, hi-il-an ò rò ;
Fàil il-an ó hō : och nan och ! mar a tà sinn !*

Bu mhor bha dh-uireasbhui' làmh ort,
 Ged thug àrdan ort fuireach,
 Ach tuille 's an t-ana-bharr
 Theachd a nall air an luingis ;
 'S mis a chuireadh an geall
 Mur biodh aon ach na h-urrad,
 Nach bualadh iad bairt ort
 Anu sa chàmpa le sulas.
Fail il-an, &c.

Chuir thu ghràbhailte chruadhach
 Air gruag nan ciabh amlach,
 Lann than' air do chruachan—
 'S i na cruaidh chum a barra-dheis ;
 Sgiath dhaingean nan cruai-shnaim,
 Agus dual nam breac-meanmnoch,
 Agus paidhear mhath *Phiosal*
 Air chrios nam ball airgeid.
Fail il-an, &c.

Cha bu shlacan aig òidid
 Culaidh chòmhraig a ghaigich,
 Dol' an coinneamh do nàmhaid
 Cha chrith-mhàntain so ghlaic thu ;
 'Nuair a bhuail thu beum-sgéithe,
 Dh' iarr thu cèile *chombat* riut,
 S nuair a thug thu na'n còdhail
 Theich Hòburn 's a mharc-shluagh.
Fail il-an, &c.

'S ann a thug thu do dhualchas
 O'n fhear a bhuailleadh an Gruinneart,*
 Cha robh iomairt gun fhuathas,
 'S cha robh buannachd gun chunnart ;
 Chluinnta torunn na làmbaich
 Agus tairneanach ghuuna,
 Rì deas-laimh mo ghràidh-sè
 'Cuir nan Spainteach gu'm falang.
Fail il-an, &c.

'Nuair a thogta leat *leibhí*,
 'S a dh'eighte fear air a mhàg leat,
 'Mhuire ! 's ioma beaù baile
 Dh-fhàg sud tamull na bantraich,
 Agus leanamh beag cìche
 Na dhilleachdan anfhann,
 Ach ge d'ailich do mhuiutir
 Cha'n ann ump' tha ar dearmad.
Fail il-an, &c.

Gur h-iomadh laoch dòrn-gheal
 Chaidh an òrdugh mu d' bhrataich,
 Agus ògachach sgiamhach
 Bha ga riasladh fo eachaibh,
 Agus spailp do fhear-taighe
 Nach tugadh atha d'a phearsa,

A' bheireadh claidheamh a' duille
 Bhiudh cho guineach ri ealtuinn.
Fail il-an, &c.

'Nuair a thogamaid feachdan,
 A rì ! bu ghasd ar ceann-armailt ;
 Ga b'e thigeadh air t-eachdraidh,
 Ghabh iad tlachd dhìot air Ghalltachd ;
 Bu tu caraìd a Mharcuis
 A bha 'n Sasunn gun cheann air,
 Agus co-aime an Eachuion
 Leis 'n do ghblacadh au càbhlach.
Fail il-an, &c.

S fad' o dh-imich am fear ud,
 'S cha 'n ann da ghearan a tha sinn ;
 Ach mar dh-fhàgadh gun sealladh
 Suil mheallach an àrmuinn ;
 Ach gu math an t-aon Dia dhuinn
 Gu'r h-e iargain a chràidh sinn,—
 Gun robh aoidh fir an dombain
 Ann na chu-sheis' a' fàs riut !
Fail il-an, &c.

Ga b'e thug dhut cion-falaich,
 Na thog do ealantan litrich,
 Ge bi uighean Mhic-Chailein
 Bu dìol maraiste dh' is' thu ;
 Gur maing i thug gaol dut
 Ma chaochlas i 'n is e,
 'S nach faic i air talamh
 Do mhac-samhail am misuich.
Fail il-an, &c.

M'a dheireadh an t-Samhraidh
 Cha robh meamna do sgeul oirn,
 'S beag an t-ìoghna do ranntachd
 Bhi fo chàmpar as t-eugais ;
 Agus muinntir do dhùthcha
 'Bhi fo chùran mu d' dheibhinn,
 Gun robh 'n t-aobhar ud aca
 Ga ruig an Leas agus Treufag !
Fail il-an, &c.

Tha iunntraichinn bhuaijane,
 'S cha bu shuarach an call e ;
 Gu'm bu mhòr an luach-taisgeil
 Ma tha 'n t-ath-sgeal a dearbhadh ;
 'So bheireadh daoine' uaisle
 As an uachdran aiumeil,
 'S as ar tighearna smachdail
 'S cha bu lapach an ceannard.
Fail il-an, &c.

C'ait an robh e air thalamh
 Boinne fala a b' àillie,
 Na t-oighre-sa 'Dhubhairt,
 Lochabuidh agus Arois ?

* Lachunn Mòr, Chief of Maclean, Lord of Duart and Morven, killed at Grunneart in Isla, 5th August, 1598.

Gu'r iomad bean uasal
A bha gruag air dhroch càradh,
Ged nach dh-fhuair iad de sgeula
Ach gu'n chreuchdadh 'sa bhlàr thu.
Fail il-an, &c.

Tha do phàirc air a dùnadh—
Ionad lùchairt nan Gàel;
Gur deacair sud innseadh
Aig ro dhillsid do phàirtidh;
Tha chraobh a b'fhearr ùbhlan
Air a rùsgadh an dràst diu;
Och! a Mhuire mo dhiùbhaill
Chaidh am flùr thar a ghàraidh!
Fail il-an, &c.

Note.—This beautiful elegy was composed on the death of Sir Hector Roy Maclean, second baronet of Duart and Morven, who was killed in the battle of Inverkeithing, 28th July, 1651. The author of the poem is unknown.

O R A N

DO SHIR EACHUNN MAC 'ILLEAN DHUBHAIRT.*

LE IAIN MAC-ILLEAN.

Dh' fhalbh air thuras fir Alb' uile,
'S na dh-fhàg Lunnainn dùmhail,
'S e fà ar m'laith ceannard Mhuile,
Gu'm b'e a chulaidh ionndrain,
Chunnacas nair thu, linn Raoin-Ruairidh,
Cha tuga luchd-fuatha pùic dhìot,
'S bu treun do gheard gu dol do'n bhlàr,
Ged dh-fhalbh thu 'n dràst le aon-fhear!

'S an Dreòlaion tha air iomadh fà,
Fir a's muil fo chùram,
Mu'n tì a chaidh do Shasunn bhuain:
Ga 'm beil an uaisle ghiùlain,
Tha sinn na dheigh mar ian air géig,
Air chridh' am péin ga chiùradh,
Cha'n nachdar leinn aon gair air beul,
Mar faigh sinn sgeul ni 's ùire.

'Nuair chaidh thu d' bhàta moch di-màirt,
Gu fhalbh bharr clàr do dhùthcha,
Gur truagh a bha gach tonn air tràigh,
Le coltas cràidh a's tùrsa,
Chaidh gath air ghleus gu grad gu t-fheum,
Gu h-ealamb, gleusda, sùrdail,
Gun feum air neart nan laoch bu leat,
Ach aon-fhear prùp ga stiùireadh.

Bu truagh' nad dhéigh bha gruaim nan speur,
Gun an teas 'sa ghréin bu dù dh'i!
Gun Sambradb féin na chùrsa béis,
Ach mar aimsir gheur na dùlachd!

* This song was composed on Sir Hector M'Lean, fifth baronet, when he went to France in 1721. He died at Pome, July, 1750.

Gun mheas air crann, gun fheur ach gann,
Gun chuthag ann, no smùdan,
Gun sealg nam beann ri fhaotainn ann,
'S gun damb sa' ghleann 'ni bùireadh!

Bha coille 's machair caomh ri Eachunn,
Thaobh gu'm bu ghasd am flùr e,
Mar ùmhachd dhò fo bhonn a bhròg,
Bha feur nam fòd a' lùbadh,
Na fhianais féin e grad a'g' éiridh,
Suas gu h-eutrom, drùichdach,
'S b'e barail gheur gach neach da'm leir,
Gu'r falbh 'n ad dheigh bu rùn dà!

Cha dù do 'n bannrion air aon aobhar,
'Bhi na nàmhaid dhuinne,
Gun seanachas dhanne riamh ri fhaotainn,
Gur dream a dh-aom o'n' chrùn sinn,
Gu aon aobhar—dha ri fhaotainn,
Aig luchd-gaoil no diùmba—
Air falbh le aighear do'n Fhraigh air bhaideal,
B'e sud an aitis shùl-ghorm.

'S mor an luidheachd thug thu bhuat,
Air son na fhuair thu chùirt air,
Cinneadh greadhnach, feachdail, meadhrach,
Fearann saor, a's dùthaich,
An t-anam féin bha staigh a'd chré,
Chaidh sin na cheudan cùntart,
Do shliochd fo fhuath 's am leat bu chruaidh,
'S nach robh e'n dual no 'n dù dhut.

An talla chomhnuidh 'n robh a sheòrsa,
Riamh gu còlmhor, mòirneach,
An earradh broin cha'n aoibhneas dò,
Fo fhuaim nan stòp aig dù-Ghaill;
'Nuair fhuair e steach e leum e'n aiteas;
Air leis gu m' chaisteal u' e,
Bha clach chinu-snait' air caochladh dreach,
Cho geal ri sneachd ri aon-uair.*

Tha 'n tì rion ceann dibh air an rann's,
Gu tric fo ainneart spùillidh:—
'Nuair chì e'n t-am ga'r cuir a nall,
Gun bheud, gun chall, gun chunnard,
Bi'dh sibh air sògh, air cuirm, 's air ceòl;
Air blaths gu leir, 's air sùgradh,
'S gheibh sibh gu ceart bhuir còir air ais,
'S dìon a dh' aindeoin cùise.

'Na'n abradh neach nach eil so ceart,
Cha'n iarrain dad bu mhò dha,
No teachd fo chall mar tha sinn ann,
Gun rìgh, gun cheann, gun dùthaich,
Ach chì mi 'ghnà gur fìor an ràit,
'S gur bristeadh àithn' bho thùs e:—
"Gu'r beag mar chràdh le fear tha slàn,
A chnead tha nàbaidh bùirich."

* This stanza has reference to some wild superstitious story, of which we freely confess our ignorance.

AN LAIR DHONN.

LE MURCHA' MOR MAC MHIG MURCHAIDH
EAR AICHEALAI DH.

Tha mise fo ghruaim,
'S guu mi 'n caidridh a chuain,
Cha chaidil mi uair air chòir.
Tha mise fo ghruaim, &c.

Ge socrach mo gheus,
Air capull na leum,
Cha chaisgear leam m' fheum le treòir.

Loth philleagach, bhreun,
Fo phillin 's fo shrein,
Aon ghille na deigh bu lòd ;

Cha tugadh i ceum,
Ach duine 's i-féin,
'S gu'n cuireadh i feum air lòn.

Na 'n gabhaidh i sgios,
'S e b' fheudar dol sìos,
'S a treigsinn ge b' fhiamh an tòir ;

Cha b' ionnan 's mo làir,
Air linne nam bàre,
B' dh gillean a ghnà cuir bhòd.

Iubhrach shocrach a chuain
Dha 'n cliù toiseach dol suas,
'S croinn dhosrach nam buadh fo sheòl,

Air bharrabh nan stuadh,
'Cuir daraich na luaths,
'S baill tharuin nan dual 'n am dhòrn.

'S i b' aighirich ceum,
Dha 'm faca mi-féin,
'S cha chuireadh i feum air lòn ;

Cha 'n iarradh i moll,
No fodar, no pronn,
Ach sodradh nan tonn fo 'sròin.

Reubadh mara le sùrd
Fo bheul sgair agus sùigh,
Deis a barradh gu dlù le òrd ;

Ruith eòip air a clàr,
'S i druite fo shàl,
'S bu chruit leam a gàir fo sheòl.

Be sud m' aighear 's mo mhiann.
Ged ghlasaich mo chiabh,
'S cha shlat agus srian a'm' dhòrn ;

Ged thigeadh an ruaig,
Le caitheamh a chuain,
Cha laidheadh uirn fuachd no leòn.

Fhir a dh'im'cheas an Iar,
Bho nach cinnteach mo thriall,
Bi 'g innse gur bliadhn' gach lò ;

'S beir an t-soraidh so null,
Air fad oir thìr an fhuinn,
Far am faighte na suion a 'g òl.

Gu Innis an fhéidh,
Gu eilir an eigs,
Far nach diolar leam féich air lòn ;

Gu eilein nan tonn,
Nam han àlluinn 's nan sonn
Bu mhileanta fonn mu bhòrd.

Gu comunn mo ràin,
Nach cromadh an t-shuil,
'N àm tromachadh dhuinn air pòit ;

'S sinn gun àrdan gun strì,
Gun àireamh air nì
'Cuir sàradh am fion 's ga òl.

Note.—The author of this piece was Mr Murdoch M'Kenzie of Aicheldy, in Ross-shire, a gentleman of high respectability. In the early part of his life he resided in the island of Lewis, occasionally going to sea, in a vessel of his own. Afterwards he became a cattle-dealer on an extensive scale, purchasing among the tenantry of that island, and exposing them for sale in the English market. He happened to be in England with a drove of cattle, and not getting immediate sale, he was compelled to remain a considerable time. Being thus wholly unoccupied, he hired a gig in which he took short excursions through the adjacent country, and it was when thus employed that he composed his " *Lair Dhonn* ". The air is by himself. He composed several other pieces of merit.

IORRAM* DO SHEUMAS BEATON.

IAR-ODHA DO 'N OLLA MHEULEACH.

LUINNEAG.

*He ho lal ò,
He ho ró hó nàilbh ;
He ho lal ò.*

'S e mo ràna Seumas :
He ho lal o, &c.

Fear a bheus a b'àil' leam :
He ho lal o, &c.

Beatonach gun amharus :
He ho lal o, &c.

* This kind of composition is not used by any of our modern poets. Various pieces of this sort are in our possession, but they are generally of little poetic merit, though the airs are sometimes cheering and melodious if well sung. We shall only give the following as a specimen of the whole of the ancient " *Iorrams*."

Leanach cha'n àicheam :

He ho lal o, &c.

Cha b' iognadb leam idir e ;

He ho lal o, &c.

'N duine ud a bhi stàtail :

He ho lal o, &c.

Car' an olla Mhuileach thu,

He ho lal o, &c.

Fhuair urram 's na blàraibh

He ho lal o, &c.

Thainig fios o'n Rìgh ort ;

He ho lal o, &c.

'Dh-innseadh gu'n robh 'm bàs air :

He ho lal o, &c.

Cha robh feum nan carrachd dhaibh,

He ho lal o, &c.

A d' mhealladh* cha robh stà dhaibh,

He ho lal o, &c.

Na'n tachra' tu 'n glacaig orm,

He ho lal o, &c.

Mheallainn thu do'n fhàsach,

He ho lal o, &c.

Chàrainn féin mo phlaide fodhad,

He ho lal o, &c.

'N taigh-cuimhead na h-àiridh.

He ho lal o, &c.

* The Beaton's were a race of hereditary physicians who lived in Mull from the time of the Druids. Allusion, however, is here made to a time when one of the Scottish monarchs being dangerously ill, and hearing of Beaton's fame, sent for him as the forlorn hope,—the court doctors having pronounced their Royal patient incurable. The physicians in attendance, jealous of our rural Æsculapius, or, at least, anxious to put his skill to the test, brought him, with great pomp and formality, cow-urine instead of that of his Majesty, averring that its colour indicated the desperation of the ailment. Beaton at once detected the fraud, saying, "if it be his Majesty's urine, it smells strongly of the byre ; and if you, gentlemen, open him up, you will find he is with calf !" but upon seeing the proper fluid, he undertook the case, and was successful in effecting a speedy restoration of his Majesty's health.

Many anecdotes have orally come down to us as illustrative of the Beaton's skill. One of these we may give in corroboration.—Sailing along the coast of Mull on a calm summer evening, the song of a milk-maid floated softly on the breeze and arrested the attention of the boatmen. "Is not that a charming voice?" remarked one of the party to Dr Beaton.—"S' b'breagh' an guth air uachdar tosgainn e!" was the mysterious and significant reply.—i.e. A very fine voice for one who has swallowed a frog! It subsequently turned out that the young woman whose melody had charmed our navigators, had actually swallowed the amphibious animal ; and, although it did not then annoy her, it soon assumed an alarming aspect, and had almost terminated in her death. We give one other anecdote:—

Beaton was once sent for by a gentleman at Aros, who had been long indisposed, and was attended by two emi-

ORAN LE FORSAIR CHOIR' AN T-SL.

CHA be tùchan a chratàin,
'So dhùisg mi sa' madainn,
Ach caumhneach' fir chabair na cròic.

Gu'm beil m' inntinn cho deacair,
Ri fear sgith 's e 'n deigh astair,
Bhiodh air mhi-glèus gun leabaidh na chòir.

'S ann air cùl choir chreachainn,
So dhùilt thu dhomh lasadh,
Air ùldaiche cabrach nan cròic.

Tha corr a's ocbd bliadhna deug,
Bho'n chaidh sinn 'n carabb a chéile,
'S cha d' rinn thu riamh eacoir bu mhò.

Bha'n spor bhearnach, gheur, thana,
Am beil-snaip air deagh theannadh,
Ge do dhùilt thu dhomh aingeal riòrd.

Na 'n tugadh tu aingeal,
Chuirinn cuinntart air anam,
Ge d' chaillinn ris gearran 'sa' mhòd.

nent physicians. The worthy brace of health-restorers retired as Beaton entered the chamber of sickness, and after a few preliminary questions, he examined the patient's body, exudations, &c. He soon ascertained that the chieftain's complaint arose from a boil on the stomach, and forthwith bethought him how to effect a cure. His knowledge of the human system, and the laws that regulate it, enabled him to foresee that some violent exertion of the lungs would probably have the desired effect ; in short, he put his brains to work to try how he could make the sick man laugh. Beaton, in the presence of his patient, discharged his excrements on a shovel, and then brandered it with culinary skill and care until it was sufficiently dry to be reduced to powder. This ludicrous preparation was then made up in a paper parcel, and left half open on a table beside the astonished patient. Without giving any prescription of a dietary or medicinal nature, he took his leave, promising, however, that he would revisit the chieftain on the following day. He was no sooner gone than the other doctors returned to the object of their solicitude, anxious to ascertain the result of his interview with Beaton. The patient told them that he had received no advice from their rustic brother, but that he had left a powder there on the table, not deigning, however, to give any instructions as to how or when it was to be used. The medical gentlemen were roused to the highest pitch of curiosity to analyze the powder. What could it be?—It was brown and quite dry. Yielding to the curiosity of the moment, they smelt the simple—it was perfectly innocuous ; each took his forefinger and thumb, and seizing a goodly quantity of it, they tasted and swallowed the pulverized excrements of their friend ! The patient knew the history of the preparation—he saw, shook, and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. It was enough ; the boil burst, and the chieftain vomited a quantity of corrupt matter. A few days after, and the gentleman was foremost in the chase ; and Beaton universally lauded as a man of shrewdness, skill, and penetration.

Leig mi ruith chrios mo bhreacain,
Gus do rùsg air mo chasan,
Mu'n cluinneadh tu tartraich mo bhròg.

Bha mi 'g ealadh mar dh-fhodainn,
Dol an aghaidh na gaoithe,
Mu'n gabhadh tu sraonadh ad shròin.

'Sàr chuirtear na maise,
(Chuir e lùb air gu m' fhaicinn,)
Ga m bu dùthchas bhì 'n creachainn an fheoir.

'Nuair thog thu do cheann rium,
Cha robh ' thrùp aig na Fraungaich,
Na chuireadh a deann ud gad chòir.

Gus an cluinn na gu 'm faic mi,
Tuill ùr ann do dheacadh,
Bì mi t-iarraidh car seachdoin na dhò.

Bì mi gabhail do sgeula,
Ciod e n' t-iùil nan taobh theid thu,
Mhìc an fhir ga'm bì 'n fhéile ro mhòr.

Mhìc an fhir a nì 'm bùirean,
'S ga'm bì n anail as cùiridh,
'S tric a chuir mi do lùireach 's an stòp.

'S a chuid eile de'n chùineadh,
Dhol a cheannach an fhùdair,
Spàirt dheth ga shùdhadh am shròin.

Bu tu mislean nan naisleann,
'N robh misneach le cruadal,
Air an dh-fhas na h-airm uallach gun spòrs.

Note.—*FORSAIN CHOIRIA' AN T-SUL*, the author of this song, lived near Kilmun, a hundred and fifty years ago. His real name was John White: he composed several songs, some of which are in our possession, but our limits will not permit us to insert them here.

IORRAM NA TRUAIGHE

DO THIGHEARNA CHILL-DUINN.

LE SACHAIRI MAC-ALLAIDH.

Gua i Iorram na truaighe,
Tha mise 's an uair so a seinn :

Gur e mheadaich droch shnuagh orm,
'S a laghdaich a ghrug bharr mo chinn,
A liuthad sgaradh a fhuair mi,
'O 'n là b' aithne dhomh gluasad leam fhìn
Ach so 'n t-aon bheum 's cruaidhe,
Chuir an saoghal air uachdar ri m' linn.

Gur bochd m' ur-sgeul ri leughadh,
Ge be dheanadh rium éisteachd an dràs,
Tha mo chridhe ga reubadh,
O 'n là chuala' mi sgeula do bhàis,

Gu'm heil m' inntinn ro bhruite,
'S tric snithe mo shuilean gu làr,
Bho 'n là dh-fhàisich an ùir thu,
Fhir bu fhathaille gnùis am measg chàich.

Measg chàich bu tu 'chuideachd,
Air mo laimh cha bu sgrubaire bùird,
Ann an tuigse 's an reusan,
Cha do dh-fhìdrich mi féin ort ach cliù,
Ann an ath-truas ri d' dhaoine,
'Nuair chidhe' tu baughal ri 'n cùl,
Gur tu b' urainn da 'n tearnadh,
Fhir bu tairise blà-sealladh sùl.

Suil bu ghuirme ua 'n dearcag,
Fo agbaidh ghlan, ghasa, chùil réidh,
Gruaidh dhearg mar na caorann,
Slìos bu gile na faoilinn nan speur ;
Meoir bu griune gu sgrìobhadh,
Litir bhàb bu glan sgrìob 'o d' pheann geur ;
Nochd gur tùrsach tha m' inntinn,
Air thùs domh bhì g' iniseadh do bheus.

Beus a b' ainneamh ri fhaotainn,
Measg clanna nan daoine anns an fhonn,
Le d' chiall chunabhalach, socrach,
Cha bu leir dhomh aon lechd a bha 'd chom ;
'S e tholl mo chridhe gu beachdaidh,
Gun thu thighinn air t-ais oin le fonn,
Ceannard m' òil agus m' aigheir,
Fo na bòrdaibh na laidhe gu trom.

Bhuainn gu 'n tug iad a nis thu,
Gu là-luain mo shuil silteach ga d' chaidh,
Gur e fuaigheal do chiste,
Càs bu cruaidhe 'n robh mise na 'm bì,
Ge bu chruaidh b' fheadar fhulang,
Ochoin ! tha mo bhunadh da m' dhìth,
Mo cheol, m' òl, agus m' aighear,
Fo na bòrdaibh na laidhe 's an I.*

Air an l ann san t-seapall,
Tha 'n tì bu mhòr ceist air an dàimh,
'S tu nach tréigeadh am feasd iad,
Fhad sa dh-fhaodadh tu 'n teasraiginn slàn,
'S bochd leam gaoir do dhaoine' uaisle,
'S iad mur chaoirich gun bhuachaill air blàr,
A Rìgh ghaolach ! gabh tras dìnn,
Nois 'o thug an t-Aog 'uath thu gu dàil.

Dàil cha 'n iarainn a nis,
Ach bhì triall chum do lice mo mhiann,
Dol a dh-innusaigh na cathrach,
'Chuir cùram an eallaich su dhìom,
'S beag mu spéis dhìot a shaoghail,
Na 'n creideadh na daoine gur fìor,—
Tha sior ghiùlain a pheacaidh,
Choisinn sgiùrsadh le masladh do Chrìosd'.

* A burial place in the island of Lewis, near Stornoway

Ach a Chrìosd tha sa' chathair,
Air deas laimh an athar gu buan,
An diugh 's leir dhut mo dhòran,
'S mi n deigh cloidhean an doruis thoirt uam,
Fbìr thug maòis as an Eiphid,
'S a sgoilt na clàr réidh dha mhuir ruadh,
Fhìr a chum mi 'sa dhéilbh mi,
So an Iorram a shéirm mi gu truagh!

Note.—*Sachairi*, or Zachary Macaulay, the author of this elegy, was born in the island of Lewis, in the beginning of the eighteenth century. He was the son of an Episcopalian clergyman and liberally educated. The subject of this piece was M'Kenzie, the last laird of Kildun, whose widow lady kindly entertained Prince Charles when in Lewis* (not "*Tighearn Asaint*," as erroneously stated in the *Lovers and other Collections*. The last of the lairds of *Assaint* had been dead some time before our poet was born). This *Tighearna Chill-Duinn*, was a gentleman of literary and poetical taste; he was a relative and great companion of our author. It is said that Macaulay grew melancholy after his death, though in his youth he was somewhat loose, and wrote some wanton pieces, clever enough in their way. The most celebrated of these was the "*Ghlogram-chas*," the air of which was a favourite with Burns, as appears from one of his letters to Thomson.

ORAN GAOIL.

LEIS A BHARD CHIANDA.

FONN—"Tha mo leannan air fàs rium an gruaim."

'Tha mo chridhe mar chuaintean,
Air beil mulad, a's bruailean a snámh,
Gur h-e trom-cheist mo leannain
Mo throm ghalair a's m'èuslain a ghnà,
'Tha mo shuillean gu sìlteach,
Mo dheòir 'tuiteam mar uisge gu làr,
'Tha liunn-dubh air mo bhuairleadh,
Rinn mo chaidridh thoirt bhuan 's mo phràmh.

Mu'n ribhinn òig àluinn,
Bann-rìgh na h-uil' mhnà ta fo 'n ghréin,
Ann an deasachd 's an eolas,
Ann an tuigse 's 'm fòghlum 's an céill,
Ann an geamnachd 's am mialtachd,
Ann am baindeach gun mhi-rùin, gun énd,
Gradh neo-chiontach, diamhair,
Neo-lochdach, gun ghiamh, 's gun bhend.

* "While they were at lady Kildun's they killed a cow, for which the Prince would have paid, but she at first refused till the Prince insisted upon it. When they left the place they took some of the cow with them, two pecks of meal, and plenty of brandy and sugar, and at parting lady Kildun gave Edward Burk a lump of butter."—*Ascanius*, p. 134, Stirling, 1902.

Ge b' leam ùghdarachd Ailein,*
Ur-labradh gach sgoile 's ro àird',
Bu ro bheag leam mo chomas,
Air do dheanamh-sa follais an dàn,
Ach mu 'm pillear san àth mi,
'S mor gur fearr a bhì bàit air an t-suámh,
Bho 'n a's onair 'n nach mulad,
Leam do mholadh bho d' mhullach gu d' shàil.

Dh-fhàs air ragha nan òg-bhan,
Cùl sgiamhach, falt còrnach nan eucach,
Cianbach, cam-lubach, easlach,
Sgiamhach, amalagach, creach-bhuil', gach dual,
Barr gasta chùil or-bhuil',
Mar dhreach theudan a's eòl-mhòire fuaim,
B' éibhinn fhaicinn ga réiteach,
'S fiamh laiste na gréin' mu do chluais.

Fuaim òrghain na fìdhe,
Ceol toragha nam pìob a's nan teud,
Cha do sheinneadh an sì-hhruth,
Ceol a's binne no pìopan do chléibh,
Gaoth mar lusan na frìthe,
Tigh'n bhò uinneagan mìne do bhéil,
Bilean blàth-bhriathrach, àluinn,
Aig an ribhinn a's eanaimh-ghile dend.

'S ceart cho geal tha do bhràgad,
Ri canach no trà-shneach air géig,
'S corrach mìn na tuilichean
Dh-fhàs na mulain air mullach do chléibh,
Bàsan fionalta, bàna,
Meoir ghriun-chaoil ga'm àbhaist cuir ghréis,
Air seudan le br-shnath,
Dealbh iomhaigh gach éoin a's gach géig.

'Nam biodh na h-urad aig càch ort,
'Sa bh' agamsa ghràdh air do neòil,
Cha bu ràfart no mearachd,
Leo mi labhairt mo bhairéil a's mo ghloir,
Ach ua'n creideadh iad fìrinn,
Cha tréiginn air mhilltean thu 'n òr,
No air airgead nan Innsean,
Do bheadradh, do dhìseachd, 's do phòg.

Bidh mi nìs a' co-dhùnadh,
Agus cuiream ri tùrsa gu bràch,
Cha 'n eil sì-shàimh nam aigneadh,
O'n nach meal mi do chaidridh 's do ghràdh:
Bho'n a thug thu làn fhuath domh,
Gus an téid mi 'san uaigh leis a bhàs,
Bidh ma chridhe mar chuaintean,
Air bì mulad' a's bruailean a snámh!

Note.—This song is a lament for the loss of the poet's sweetheart, a coy maiden to whom he was attached, but who preferred and married another. It is questionable, however, whether he was altogether so grieved about the circumstance as he would have us to suppose.

* Allan Ramsay, the poet.

COMHRADH, MAR GU'M B'ANN

EADAR DITHIS NIGHEAN MHC-DHOMHNUILL DUIBH,

LE IAIN MAC-ILLEAN.

AIR FOSN—"Tha'n òidheche nochd ro aonarach."

Thuit Mairéad nigh'n' Dòmhnúill,

'S i tòiseachadh gu ciùin,

A phiuthar, ciod an t-òrdugh?

A nìs m'an deònach thu:

Mas ionnan dhut 's dhòmhsa,

Bì' t-bìgh, a's gheibh thu cliù;

'S na iarr dhut féin do shòlas,

Ach pòsadh ris an ùir!

Sin 'nuair labhair Marsaili,

'S bu taitneach leam a glòir;

A phiuthar 's beag mo chialaidh,

Do bhriathran sin do bheoil;

Gu'm b'fhearr leam a bhì mactus,

Ri mhac sin Eachuinn òig,

Na bhì cràbhadh mar ri sagart,

Agus paidearan na'm' dhòrn.

Ochan! 's bochd an fhaoisid sin,

A phiuthar, ghaolach, òg,

Taonta thoirt do'n t-shaoghal,

'S nach bì thu daonnan beò;

Gur h-e gnìomh a b' fhoghaintich,

Do leabhar a bhì d' dhòrn,

Na bhì falbh an gleannan fasaich,

Gun sàilm, ach bàirich bhò.

Air eagal t-fheirg' na t-ardain,

Bì'dh m' aicheadh dhut gu mall,

Gur truagh na smaointean dh-fhàs annad,

'S gun t-àrach a measg Ghall;

Gabh féin sgéoil an easpuig,

Fhuair ar creidimhne na cheann,

'Fhiachain nach sean òrdugh,

Am pòsadh a bhì ann

Tha ìomadh nì ga chleachdadh,

Le lagh eaglais anns gach àit,

Ach faigh-sa dhomh-sa 'm Bioball;

'S e freamh gach firinn e;

'S fearr pòsadh, ge be thogradh e,

No losgadh, cùis a chràigh!

Ach ge be nach dean aon chuid diù,

Gur ciunteach gur h-e 's fearr

B' fhearr leam a bhì calteanach,

Le taitneas, a's le stòr;

'S a bhì gu beartach, mearracasach

Le airgead a's le òr.

Bhì gu rìmheach, fasanta,

Le pasmunn a's le sròl;

Na bhì seargadh an taigh-cràbhaidh,

Gun fiù a ghàir', ach bròn.

A bharail a th' aig càch ort,

'S e aobhar nàir as mò,

Gur h-e rud 'chum bho chràbhadh thu,

Ro mhiad do ghràidh air pòig,

Na biodh tu air t-ùrnaigh mosglaithe,

'S tu trodan ris an fheoil,

Gur deibhinn leam gu'n coisneadh tu,

An rioghachd 's mugha glòir.

An rud ud their na càirdean,

Ciod e 'm fàth dhuinn bhì de 'n ràn,

Gu feairde bean air bheansaichid,

A céile féin ri glùn;

An te nach ith am follais rud,

An connaltradh no'n cùirt,

Cha chreid na daoine glìce,

Nach ith i cnid an cùil.

Gur bochd na smaointean aignidh,

Aig mnaoi agaladh do bhéil;

Ge h-ioma neach tha'n càirdeas,

Cha'n ionnan nàdur 's beus;

Bì'dh barail aig a phòitear,

Bhios ag òl gach uair ga m' feud,

Gum bì gach neach an gràdh,

Air an dìbh laidir mar e-féin.

B' fhearr leam a bhì daonachdach,

Ri feumanaich do ghna;

No bhì gu faoilteach, furanach,

Ro' gach duin ad dhàimh;

Bho'n 's e 'm beus bu tric a bh'aig,

Gach mnaoi bu ghlic do mhnà,

Na bhì air mo ghluin ag eadarghuidh,

Ri Peadar no ri Pàl.

An t-àite taisge diamhair,

'S am beil t-ulaidh agus t-òr,

Gun ann ach seòrsa phigidhean,

'S bristear iad gu fòil,

Far am beil mo thasgaidh-sa,

Tha glasan air do-leòint;

Gum beil mo Stiùbhart saibhir,

'S bheir a làidheal domh mo lù

Bha gach bean bho'n tainig mi,

Gle stàthail anns gach euchd,

'S bu ìnchd a thabhairt dàlach iad,

Do neach air bith am feum,

Bu mhiosail ann an nàisinn iad.

'S nàire 'm miadh do gléidh;

'S cha'n iarrainn féin do dn-àilleas,

Ach a bhì mar bhà iad féin.

Gur deacair dhomhsa ràitinn,
 'Nach nàdurach do bheis;
 Mar a bha na càirdean,
 Gur stàthail bhì da'n réir;
 Gluais thusa mar b'abhaist,
 Feuch an taitin e rint féin,
 'S cha toill mise mòran diùmaidh,
 Chionn dol ri ùin' ad dheigh.

Note.—John Maclean, the author of this song and another excellent one at page 384, composed on Sir Hector Maclean's leaving his country and going to France in 1721, was a celebrated bard in the island of Mull. He died about the year 1760. When Dr Johnson and Boswell visited that island in 1773, they heard these songs sung by a lady. Boswell observes that "all the company who understood the Gaelic were charmed with the verses."—*Boswell's Journal*, p. 392.

O R A N

DO NIGHEAN FHIR NA COMRAICH.

LE UILLEAM MAC-CHOINNICH.

'S CIANAIL m' aigne bho na mhadainn,
 Ghabh mi cead de 'n ribhinn;
 Ti cho taitneach rint cha'n fhaic mi
 Ann an dreach no fiambachd.
 Bu thrian de m' lòn do bhrìathran beoil,
 A teachd mar cheol a sì-bhruth;
 'S i 'n t-sheire a ta na d' bhràgad bàn,
 A thaisg mo ghradh gu diomhair.

Ciochan corrach, lionta, soluis,
 Air do bhroilleach réidh-ghlan;
 Do sheang-sblìos fallain mar an eala,
 No mar chanach sléibhe.
 Bas ionnhuinn, caoin nan geala, mbeur caol,
 A' dealbh nan craobh air peurlainn;
 'S tu fialaidh, glic—'s do chiall gun tig,
 Air diombaicheachd nan reultan.

Do bhràighe glè gheal mar ghath gréine,
 T'aghaidh réidh ghlan mhodhar;
 Siunnailt t-eugais 's tearc ri fheutuinn,
 Gur tu reuil nan òighean.
 Gur bachlach, dualach, cas-bhuì, cuachach,
 T'fhalt ma'n euairt an ordugh;
 S ann tha gach ciabh mar fhain air sniamh,
 'S gach aon air fiamh an ùir dhiubh.

'Nighean aingil nan rosg malla,
 'S nan gruaidh glana, nàrach;
 Dà shuil ghorm, mbeallach, fu'd chaol-mhala,
 'S gach aon a' mhealladh gràidh dhiubh.
 Tha mais' ad gnùis, gun easbhuidh mùirn
 Beul meachair, ciùin, nì màran,
 Do bhrìndal caomh, 's do loinn marann.
 A rinn mo ghaol-sa thàradh.

Corp seamhaidh bàn, cho-lionas gradh
 Gach tì a tharadh iùil ort;
 'S ann tha do shnuagh, toirt barr air sluagh,
 'S tu 'n ainmhir shuairce, ehlintach,
 Du dheas chalpannan ro dhealbhadh,
 Gu'n bhì meanbh, no dùmhail;
 Troigh chruinn, chomhuard, dh-fhalbhas modhar,
 Nach dean feirn' a lùbadh.

Cho glan is tu 's neo shuilleir dhuinn,
 'S mar ghealach thu 'n tùs éiridh;
 Beul tana, muint' a's anail chubhraidh,
 'S siunnailt thu do *Bheurus*.
 'S e chrun do thlachd deud ùr mar chailc,
 Air dlùthadh ceart ri chéile;
 O'n tig an t-òran eatrom, ceol-mhor,
 Mar an smeòrach chéitean.

Bho Fhlath nan dùl, tùs rath' fhuair thu,
 Bhi modhail, ciuin gun ardan;
 Tha iochd, a's cliù, a's loim, a's mùirn,
 Air glaothadh dlà' ri d' nadur.
 'S tu air do bhuain a freamb nam buagh,
 De 'n treun-fhuil uasail, statoil;
 Thu fialaidh, pailt, an gnìomh, 's an tlachd
 'S do chiall co-streup ri t-àillteachd.

* * * * *

Mi cian o d' chaidridh, 's bnan dhomh fhaidid.
 Dh-fhag sud m' aigne pianail;
 Osnach do ghnà, gun fhois, gun tìmh,
 A fhrois gach blàth dheth m' fhion-fhuil.
 'S e bhrosnach deoir 's a chlaoidh mo threoir
 An ribhinn òg so thriall bh'uainn;
 'S tu 's trom a dh-fhàg mi, ògh mo ghràidh,
 Le d' bhròn ata mi cianail.

Note.—William Mackenzie the author of this beautiful song, was the son of a respectable tacksman at Lochcarron, Ross-shire. He lived about the middle of the last century, and was one of three brothers who were all poets. This song was composed on a beautiful young lady, Miss Mackenzie of Applecross. After she departed from his father's house on her way home, William and his brother Alexander accompanied her part of the way, and the song was made on their return. When he repeated it to his brother, Alexander said he could make a better song himself, and would allow his father to judge which of the two were best. He then composed *Ant. Aulcan*. * Alexander died soon afterwards, and then William composed that admirable elegy on his death, which is unequalled in tenderness and pathos by the most celebrated of the Keltic bards.

* SONAIDH SLAN D'AN AILLEAGAN.
 Bha 'n co m' n' tra so 'n rìor,
 Gur barrachd ann an ailleachd thu,
 'S gur laim-mhaiseach do loinn,
 Thug thu barr air m' n' na le-Albann,
 Ann an dreach 's an dealbh 's an sgoinn,
 Dh-fhag nadur ann an glocas dhub,
 Gach buaidh dhuu sud os-roinn.

Ge dana dhomh ri raite sin,
 Thug nadur dhub na 's leor,
 Cho mor 's gun d' rinneadh bannrig dhiot,
 Gun ardan no gne fhois,

CUMHA' ALASDAIR DHUINN

LE BHRATHAIR.

UILLEAM MAC-CHOINNICH CHIANDA.

'S trom an luchd so th'air m'inntinn,
 Agus m'uirsgheul ri innse gur truagh,
 Thriall mo shùgradh 's mo mbàran,
 Lion tùrsa 'n a àite mi 's gruaim,
 Tha mo choill air a maoladh,
 'S nì soilleir a sbaoil air mo ghruidh,
 'S tearc mo shochair ri fhaotainn,
 O'n là ghlacadh le Aog thu cho luath.

'S ann a chiad lùtha 'n earrach,
 Bhuail an t-éug mi a spealadair lom,
 Bhris air ùbhan mo ghàraidh,
 Leag e m'abhull fo bhàl thar a bhonn,
 Rium-sa bhoinn e neo-fharasd,
 'Nuair thug e leis Alasdair donn,
 Mo chruas iomairt 's mo chearrachd,
 'S truaigh dhùinne nach tearuinn sinn bonn.

'S e bhi d' chàradh air eislig,
 Rinn mo chràladh fo asnaich mo chléibh,
 Chuir mo chrì as a chochull,
 Chor 's nach suidhich è socrach na dhéidh
 Gur luath e le bhuille,
 Na mar ghluaiseas an duilleach air géig,
 Chaidh mo shlàinte gu mearan,
 Cha 'n eil feum bhi' ga ghearan ri léigh.

Cha'n eil eon ri aireamh ort,
 A dh-fhaodadh fas air feoil,
 Am measg ban og a's maighdeannan,
 Ma dhaimcan a measg oir!

A measg nam ban gur sgathan thu,
 Toirt barr oir anns gach geall,
 'S bachelach, buidhe, sniamhanach,
 Gach eamh tha air do cheann;
 Tha do gheòidh cho dreachnuoire,
 It ubhan dait air crann,
 Sùilean gorm mar dhearcagan,
 Ma'n iath na'n rang tha mall.

'N tìobh staigh do d' bhilean daite,
 Tha deud geal, chaille, ghrinn,
 O'n ceolnuoire thig orain,
 Na na smeòraichean a seinn,
 Mar eile cronn am falach ort,
 'S e bharait am beil sinn,
 Gun thig tho-fein a's *Bhenus*
 Ann an dealbh, 's an engais, croinn.

Trìan do mhaist cha'n innse leam,
 A dh-àinean mi da'n eam-
 Braghad mar chuin-lìonganach,
 Fo'n aghaidh mhìn gun smail;
 Gur corrach geal na cìochan,
 Thair do bhròileach lìonta, glan,
 Glac ghealla-mheur, faineach, fìnealta,
 Tha teom air gnomh nam ban.

Cho fad sa mhaireas Albannaich,
 B'ìdh ionraidh ort air bhul,
 Slios mar eal' air chumaintean,
 Air an oigh a's uaisle fuit,
 Do phos air bhlas nam fìogaisean,
 'S do bheul oir binn thig guth,
 'Nam eiseach, fuisin na fàbheileireachd,
 Gur fionalta do chuir.

'S e bhi' stràcadh air tuillinn,
 Chuir mu shlàint' ann an cumart bochd, fann,
 Am breislich bàis bhi ga t'ambarc,
 Ghres tre m'airnean an t-saighead gu cham
 Bhris an t-srian bha ri m' aigneadh,
 Dh-fhalbh mo chiall chaidh fà m' eagail air chall,
 Chaidh mo ghearah gu neo-ni,
 Beairt a réubaidh mo shonais a bh'ann.

Dhia ullaich-sa féin mi,
 'S mi'n deidhig mo cheill a bhuin diom,
 O 'n là bhuinnig an t-Eug dhìom,
 An tì 's mo robh m'èibhneas fo Chrìosd,
 Tha mo bhun ann san Treun-fhear,
 A dh-fhuilig a cheusadh da'r diou,
 Gu'm beil t'anam am Phàrrais,
 'S b' é bhi' mar riut a' màireach mo mhiann.

Tha gach duine dheth d' chàirdean,
 Mar ri' d' mhuime 's ri d' bhraithrean fo bhròn,
 'S an aon a phiuthar a dh-fhag thu,
 Ri sior chumha 's ri fàsgadh nan dèrn,
 Gu'm beil fios aig an àrd-Rìgh,
 Ged nach fiosaiche chàch mar tha leòn,
 Gach aon neach tha mi' ràitinn,
 Gu'm beil an cridheachan cràiteach ni's leòir.

'S beag a t-ìoghnadh mar thà iad,
 Mar mhuir reobhairt air tràghadh le debir,
 Cha b' è garlaoch na feachda,
 Bha sibh 'g àireamh bhi' agaibh mar threòir,
 Ach fòghlum, cruadal, a's cleachdadh,
 An thir-thrèin bu mhor tapadh 's an tòir,
 Da m' bu leannan an uaisle,
 Ann ad leanabh, 's gun d'fhuair thu i òg.

B' e sud fùran na glaine,
 Bha gu fùghantach, fearail, a' fàs,
 Muirneach, iriosal, suairec,
 Sùgach, binn-fhacalach, huaghach, 's gach càs,
 Fear do choimeis cha chualas,
 Thaobh gach subhaile bha fuaite ri d' ghnàs,
 Dh-fhag thu uile fo ghruaimen,
 Gach tì chunnaig, no chuala do bhàs.

Bha do threabhantas ullamh,
 Ann 's gach feum ann's an cuireadh tu làmh,
 Chor 's nach cùbaire' b'urrann,
 Cùis a bhuinnig de 'n churaidh gun sgàth,
 Ge do theireadh luchd-mascuill,
 Gur h-i bhreug cuid is ceart tha mi ràdh,
 Dhearbhu thu féin a bhi tapaidh,
 Ge do dh-éireadh dhomh fantainn a'm thàmh.

Fhuair thu tuigse an deagh nàduir,
 Agus gliocas bho àrd-Rìgh nan dùl,
 Ann an céill bha thu labhar,
 'S ann an ceudfaidhean fathail bha thu,

Ann 's gach ceaird bha thu cosant,
Gu neo-ardanach, foistinneach, cùin,
Ort ri ìreannh bu deacair,
Crou an' càileachd, am pearsa, no 'n cliù.

Shuidhich t'iuntinn air cheartas,
Air chinnte, fhìr reachdair so dh-eug,
Leis gach neach bha thu taitneach,
Iochdar, caomh-chàirdach, ceart anns gach
Gu fial, furanach, nàrach; [céum
Riamh mar churaidh neo-sgàthach gun bhéud,
Leoghunn fìorachail, tapaidh,
Teò-chridhach, iriseal, macant' am beus.

Thriall gach socair bha agam,
Chaidh mo chòmhuaidh 's mo chadal an laoid,
Tha lionn-dubh agus aìrsneal,
Da m' tharunn gu leabaidh am shlad,
Ga m' shior ruagadh am shlanan,
Dh-aìndèin cruadail na tapadh ga m' faod,
Tha ma ghualainn gun tàice
On là bhuaileadh ort slacan an Aoig.

Chaidh mo shùgradh fo lithe,
Gur ciùirt' tha mo chridhe an còmh,
Osuach thùrsach da m' theirbheirt,
Blas mo chùpain gur seirbh e na'n dòmb,
Fhìr a chruthaich mi'n ceud uair,
'S a tha stiùireadh nan réul os ar ceann,
Orm furtaich, 's cluinn féin mi,
S tog an luchd so th'air m'iontinn gu trom.

MAIRI DHONN

THORRA-CHAISTEIL *

LE COINNEACH MAC-CHONNICH.

L'UNNEAG.

*Mhàiri dhonn, bhàidheach, dhonn,
Mhàiri dhonn 's mor mo thlachd dhiot;
Thogainn fonn gun bli trom,
Air nigh'n' duinn Thorra-Chaisteil.*

GUM MA SLÀN DO'N MHAIGHDINN ÒIG,
'Tha gu stòlda na cleachdadh;
Tha gu fìorach, tairis, tlà,
'Tha gu màranach, nacant'
Mhàiri dhonn, &c.

'S gile na'n sneachda do bhian,
'S fallain, sgiamhach, do phearsa;
Gun thu cuidreamach, no caol,
Beathail, aotrom, gun ghaiseadh.
Mhàiri dhonn, &c.

* There are several places of the above name in the Highlands, the one referred to in this song is near Creag-ghobhar in Lochbroom.

'S ann ort féin a dh-fhàs a ghruag,
'Tha na dualaibh gu cleachdadh;
Clannach, dlù gheibh i cliù,
Miann gach sùl bhì 'ga faicinn.
Mhàiri dhonn, &c.

Aghaidh fhilthasach gun sgraing,
'S e da shealltuinn tha taitneach;
Suil chorrach fo mhala chaoil,
Gorm air aogais na dearcaig.
Mhàiri dhonn, &c.

'S glan an rutha tha na d' ghruaidh,
Bòidheach, snuadh-mhòr, gun ghaiseadh;
Tha thu eireachdail gu leoir;
Co tha beò nach gabh tlachd dhiot?
Mhàiri dhonn, &c.

'S beinn leam ceileirean do bheoil,
Gabhail òrain gu taitneach;
Do ghùth mar smeòraich sa' choill';
'S tric thu seinn aig a Chaisteal.
Mhàiri dhonn, &c.

Bha mi greis an deas 's an tuath,
A' meas ghruagaichean tlachd-mhòr;
Ach té idir a thug barr,
Ort a Mhàiri cha'n fhacas.
Mhàiri dhonn, &c.

Gu'm fhaic mis' thu aig fear òg,
Dha'm bì stòras, a's pailteas,
Spréidh a's fearann agus fonn,
'S chridhe conn-mhor gu'n airceas.
Mhàiri dhonn, &c.

Bì'dh do thaigh agad le mùirn
Air mo cheann's anns an fhasan,
Mu thig mi idir na chòir,
Cha'n ann beò théid mi-seachad.
Mhàiri dhonn, &c.

Tha do chairdean liomhor, treun,
Dheanadh feum anns na baiteil;
Frisealaich bho'n airde tuath,
'S math gu bualadh nan glas-lann.
Mhàiri dhonn, &c.

MAIRI GHREANNAR.

LEIS A BHARD CHIANDA.
L'UNNEAG.

*O shaorainn, shaorainn, shaorainn i,
Air m' fhacl fhéin gu'm faodainn sin;
'S ged bhiodh cuid nach saoilteadh e,
Gu'n saorainn Màiri Ghreannar.*

SHAORAINN FHEIN GUN TEAGAMH I,
Ged bha mi tric a' beadradh r'i,
Nach d' iarr mi mi mi-dhleasannach,
'S nach freagrach dhomh bhì cainnt air.
O shaorainn, &c.

Shaorainn fein gu deonach i,
'S cha b' eagal leam ged' bhòidichinn,
Nach d' fhuair mi bheag de dh'-fhotos iont',
O 'n ghabh mi eòlas cainnt oirr'.
O shaorainn, &c.

Ma tha cron ri leughadh ort
An gnìomh, no 'n gnè, cha léir dhomh e,
'S a dh-aindeoin beachd an t-saoghail so,
Is tusa daonnan m' aunsachd.
O shaorainn, &c.

Tha suairceas, tlachd, a's sìmhaltachd,
A strì co dhìu a's dìlse dhut ;
Tha maise, cliù, a's fìnealtachd,
Ag imeachd air gach laimh dbiot.
O shaorainn, &c.

Gur modhail, soerach, briathrach thu ;
Gur aoidheil, caoimhneil, ciallach thu ;
S nam biodh gach cùis mar dh-iarrainn iad,
Bu tu mo chiad bhean-bainnse.
O shaorainn, &c.

T'fhalt boidheach, cam-bhuidh, dualagach,
'S a bharr a' fàs gu d' cruachanan—
Do phòg mar mhil nan cuachagan,
'S do shuadh air dhreach an t-sàmhraidh.
O shaorainn, &c.

Gur soitheamh, banail, beusach thu ;
Gur geamail, sunntach, entrom thu ;
Gur conuar, fonnar, spéiseil thu ;
Gu h-aoidheil, ceillidh, greannar.
O shaorainn, &c.

Cha mhol mi thu, cha'n urra mi,
Cha'n eil mo bhriathran ullamh dhomh,
Do bheusan thug mi 'n t-urram dhaibh,
'S iad chuir mi uile 'n geall ort.
O shaorainn, &c.

Ach dh-innsinn fhàid gu soilleir dhuibh,
Co i, 's co bhuaithe a shloinneadh i,
Mur be gun d' fhuair sibh coire dhomh,
Air son na rinn mi chainnt oirr'.
*O shaorainn, shaorainn, shaorainn i,
Air m' fhacal fhéin gu'm fuodainn sin ;
'S ged bhiodh cuid nach saoilteadh e,
Gu'n saorainn Màiri Ghreannar.*

Note.—The author of this and the preceding song is Mr Kenneth M'Kenzie, late tacksman of Monkcastle and Strath-na-Sealg, in Lochbroom, Ross-shire. He was a descendant of one of the three brothers already mentioned who were all poets. These two songs were composed on the same girl, who was his own servant. He wrote several other humorous pieces; they are in our possession, but are rather too local for insertion here. Mr M'Kenzie died in 1827.

THA TIGH'N' FODHAM EIRIDH.

LE IAIN MAC DRUGHAILL 'IC-LACHUINN.

DO THIGHEARNA CHLANN-RAONAILL.

LUINNEAG

*Tha tigh'n' fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha tigh'n' fodham, fodham, fodham,
Tha tigh'n' fodham, fodham, fodham
Tha tigh'n' fodham éiridh.*

Sid an t-slaiente chùramach ;
Olamaid gu sunntach i ;
Deoch slaint' an Ailein Mhùideartaich—
Mo dhùrachd dhut gun éirich.
Tha tig'n fodham, &c.

Ged a bhiodh tu fada bh'uam,
Dh-eireadh sunnt a's aigideah orm ;
'Nu 'r chluinninn sgeul a b' aite leam,
Air gaisgeach nan gnìomh euchdach.
Tha tig'n fodham, &c.

'S iomadh maighdean bharrasach,
G'a math d' an tig an earrasaid,
Eadar Baile-Mhanaich, agus
Caolas Bharraidh 'n déigh ort.
Tha tig'n fodham, &c.

Tha pairt an Eilean Bheagram dhuibh,
'S cuid 's an Fhràing 's 'san Eadailt dhiu,
'S cha'n eil latha tangaig nach
Bi 'n Cille-Pheadair treud dhiù.
Tha tig'n fodham, &c.

'Nuair chruinnicheadh am pannal ad,
Bleid caol an caradh crannaig orra,
Bidh falus air am malaichean
A' damhs air urlar dèile.
Tha tig'n fodham, &c.

Nuair chiaradh air an fheasgar,
Gum bu bheadarach do fhleasgaichean,
Bhiodh pìoban mòr 'gan spreigeadh ann,
A's feadanan 'gan gleusadh.
Tha tig'n fodham, &c.

Sgìobair ri là gailinn thu
A sheoladh cuan nam maranan,
A bheireadh long gu calachan
Le spionnadh glac do threun-fhear.
Tha tig'n fodham, &c.

Seul beag eile a dhearbhadh leat,
 Gur sealgair sìthne 'n garbhach thu,
 Le d' chuillbheir caol, nach dearmadach,
 Air dearg-ghreigh nan ceann eathrom.
Tha tig'n fodham, &c.

B' e sid an leoghann aigeannach,—
 'Nuair nochadh tu do bhaidealan
 Lamh dhearg, a's long, a's bradanach,
 'Nuair 'lasadh meanmna t'eudainn.
Tha tig'n fodham, &c.

Note—This popular and cheerful song was composed on the rising of Allan, the famous Captain of Clanronald, in 1715. He was slain at Sherrifmuir, and the bards vied with one another in lamenting his death. Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, boasted that he could sing *one* verse of this ditty. He relates that "when Clanronald's servant was found watching the body of his master the day after the battle, one asked who that was? the servant replied, 'he was a man yesterday.'"—*Boswell's Journal*, p. 358.

ORAN ALLABAIN SUIRIDH.

LE PIOFAIRE FHIR GHLINN-ALLADAIL.

LUIÑEAG.

*Thug mi 'n òidheche raoir sa 'n àiridh,
 Thug mi 'n òidheche raoir 'sa 'n àiridh,
 Chaith mi 'n òidheche cridheil, caoinhneil,
 Mar ri maighdeannan na h-àiridh.*

Mìle marbhaig air an t-sùiridh,
 'S bochd le neach da 'n téid i iomrall,
 Fagaidh si iuntinn fo iomaguinn,
 Gluasad cho sìmplidh ri mearlach.
Thug mi 'n, &c.

Oidheche dhomb 's mi 'm bun na tìre,
 'S mi goirid o bheagan nìonag,
 'Smaointich mi gluasad os 'n iosal,
 Nochdadh mo bhrìodail le gràdh dhaibh.
Thug mi 'n, &c.

'Nuair rainig mi taigh-an-Dùnain,
 Bha chomhl' ac' air a deagh dhùnadh,
 'Sa dh-aingein m' òlais a's mo thùir,
 Gun thòisich na goid chuil ri rànaich.
Thug mi 'n, &c.

Labhair mo chompanach runach,
 Dean stad 's feuchaidh sinn cleas ùr dh' i,
 Faigh thusa boiseag dheth 'n bhùrn,
 'S fànaidh na lùdagan sàmhach.
Thug mi 'n, &c.

Fhuair sinn staigh gun dad uamhainn,
 'S bha sinn farasda n' ar gluasad,
 Rainig sinn leubaidh nan graagach,
 'S chuir mi-fhìn gu suaire mo làmh orr'.
Thug mi 'n, &c.

Thuir i rium, na tig ni 's faide,
 'S leanabh te eile nam achlais,
 Cha 'n eil rùm agad fo 'n phlaide,
 'S bi pilleadh dhachaigh mar thainig.
Thug mi 'n, &c.

Thuir mise, na bi cho òichealach,
 Fuirich gu sì-mhalta, soerach,
 Dad a mhì-mhodh dbut cha nochd mi,
 Gus 'n eirich thu moch a maireach.
Thug mi 'n, &c.

Thuir i, ma ta culr dhìot t-aodach,
 Bheir mise nochd mo leath-taobh dhut,
 Air eagal 's gu 'n dean thu m' aoireadh,
 'S cha 'n ann air son gaol do mhàrain.
Thug mi 'n, &c.

Mu n' d' fhuair mi mi-fhìn gu soerach,
 Cìod a rinn am pàist ach mosgladh,
 'S a nuair a ghrios mi e bhi tosdach,
 'Theann e 'san droch-uair air rànaich!
Thug mi 'n, &c.

Thuir bea-an-taighe le dearra, A chlann a chum mi am chaithris,
 Ar leam gu 'm feumadh sibh anail
 Gur sìobhlach ur teanga le Gàellig.
Thug mi 'n, &c.

Chuir a briathran mi o thapadh,
 Eadar seorsa nàire 's gealtachd,
 'S cha robh driùchd a bba tro 'm chraiceann,
 Nach cuireadh cnag air an lár dheth.
Thug mi 'n, &c.

Dh-eirich i ionunn 'sa bhi rùisgte,
 'S theann i ri lasadh a chrùisgeen,
 'S mu 'n d' fhosgail i ceart a sùilean,
 Bha mis air taobh cuil na fàrdaich.
Thug mi 'n, &c.

Ach fhir tha fuireach 'sa bhaile,
 Giùlain mo shoraidh gu Anna,
 'S innis d' i gu 'n d' rinneadh ealaidh,
 Do 'n luchd-faire bh' air an àiridh.
*Thug mi 'n òidheche raoir sa 'n àiridh,
 Thug mi 'n òidheche raoir 'sa 'n àiridh,
 Chaith mi 'n òidheche cridheil, caoinhneil,
 Mar ri maighdeannan na h-àiridh.*

Note—This hearty song is the composition of John M'Gilvray, nephew to the late Mr Macdonald, of Glenaladale. M'Gilvray composed several other local pieces of no general interest.

ORAN SUGRADH.

LE ALASDAIR OG THRIASLAIN.

LUINNEAG.

*Hil ù hìlin drò hó ró hìlin éile,
Hil ù hìlin drò hó ró hìlin éile,
Hil ù hìlin drò hó ró hìlin éile,
'S a nighean donn an t-shùgraidh,
Mo dhàrachd bhì rèith 's tu.*

BHA mì-fhéin 's mu mhàthair,
Dì-màirt ann sa'n t-seòmar,
'S gu robh i rium a g' ràitinn—
“ Nach nàr dhut bhì gòrach,
A laidhe leis na caileagan,
Gur amaideach an dòigh e,
'S cha pòs bean gu bràch thu,
'S a ghràisg' ud an tòir ort !”
Hil ù hìlin, &c.

Thuir mi fhìn gu dìblidh,
Gur ciunteach gu'm b' fhior sùd,
'S nach bu duine fir-glic,
Bha strì ris a ghuioth sin,
A cosg, a chuid le mì-chlin,
'S le mì-cheutaidh mhiannan,
Ach sguiridh mi ri'm bheò dheth,
Ochoin ! 's heg mo mbian air.
Hil ù hìlin, &c.

Sin 'nuair a thuir mo mhàthair—
“ O b'fhearr leam gu'm b'fhior sin,
Gu sguireadh tu gu bràch dheth,
'S gu'm fasadh tu ciallach,
Ged as iomadh càineadh,
Is àithn thug mi riamh dhut,
'S ann leigeadh tu ma d' chluais iad,
Le buaireadh na 'm biast ud.”
Hil ù hìlin, &c.

'S ioma' duine b'fhearr na mi,
Dh-fhàilig sa cheum sin,
Ministirean, pàirt dhiù,
Air airde 's ga leubh iad,
A bhean an cual' thu 'm Pàpa'
Rinn pàist' ann sa Eiphid ;
Na 'n cuala tu Rìgh Daibhidh,
Chaidh dàn air Batseba.
Hil ù hìlin, &c.

“ Ministear, na Pàpa'
A dh-fhàilig sa ghnìomh sin,
Olc no mhat a rinn iad,
Cha'n fhaighnichear dhìots' e,
'S b' fhearr dhut a bhì cèillidh,
Ri ceusadh do mhiannan,

'S ma rinn iadsan eacoir,
'S iad fhein a bheir dial ann.
Hil ù hìlin, &c.

“ Bu mbath an duine Daibhidh,
Ged dh-fhàilig e 'n uair sin,
Bha e eneasda, naomha,
'S bha gaol aig an t-sluagh air,
Cha eomharda' do 'n Rìgh sin,
Do mbisteireachd thruaillidh,
'S mi-loinn aig an t-saoghail,
A ghaolach dheth d' ghluasad.”
Hil ù hìlin, &c.

A bhean an cual' thu Sola',
Bha morghalach, fir-ghlie,
Dha 'n robh urram foghluin,
Eòlais, a's criandachd,
'Nuair phòs e seachd ceud bean,
'S oehd fìthead-deug diù dialain,
'S their thusa a bhean nach fhiach
Fear a dh-iaras a sia dhiu,
Hil ù hìlin, &c.

“ Bha'n duinne sin na shearmonaich,
Ainmail sa Bhiobull,
Nach duna leam do sheanachas,
Cho dearbhta' ga dhiteadh,
Ciod e cho brais sa bhitheadh e,
Mu'n ruitheadh e air mìle',
Cha b'fhearde an te ma dheireadh dhiu,
Gu deibhian os a cinn e,”
Hil ù hìlin, &c.

A bhean na 'm bithinn's ann,
Auns an am bha e-féin ann,
'S gu 'm bithinn a eileart lùmh ris,
An àit an robh theud sa,
'Nuair bhitheadh e ga shàrachadh,
Ghna' air gach tè dhiù,
Gu'n rachainn greis na àite,
Na 'm b'fheairde leis fhéin e.
Hil ù hìlin, &c.

'Nuair bhios ma chlann-sa laidir,
'S a dh-fhàsas iad crìanda'
Gu 'n teid mi null air sàl leo,
Gu sràid Charolina,
Sin a 'nuair a dh-eudar
Gach aon chuir ri gniomh dhiu,
Bìdh duine air ceann gach feuma,
'S mi fein a bhì diabhain.
Hil ù hìlin, &c.

* * * * *

Note.—This song, in the form of a duet between a young gentleman and his mother, was composed by Alexander, son of the late Mr M'Leod of Triaslan, in the Isle of Skye. On his begetting several illegitimate children, he emigrated to America about thirty years ago.

GAOIR NAM BAN MUILEACH.

LE MAIREARAD NÍ LACHUINN.

'S coir leam gaoir nam ban Muileach,
Iad a caoineadh 's a tuireadh,
Mu na dh-fhalbh 's mu na dh-fhuirich;
Gun Sir Iain an Lunnainn,
E 's an Fhràing air cheann turais;
'S trom an calldach thu dh-fhuireach!
Gur h-e aobhar ar duaidh,
Gun e leinn, ar ceann-uighe,
'S òg a choisinn e 'n t-urran 's na blaraibh.
'S òg a choisinn e 'n t-urran, &c.

'Mhuire! 's mise th'air mo sgaradh,
O Fheill-brìde so chaidh,
O Fheill-micheil, o Shambhainn,
Chaidh a sìos sìochd ar taighe.
Thainig dìle tha ath-'bhuaile!
'S mise an truaghan bochd mhathas,
A tha faondrach gun fharaid,
Thaobh nàmhaid, no caraid;
Gun cheann cinne thaobh athar, no mathar.
Gun cheann cinne thaobh athar, &c.

Cha 'n e Ailean, no Eachunn,
Leis an eireadh fir Shasuinn,
So tha mise ag acainn;
Ach Iarla nam bratach,
Thogadh sìoda ri crannaibh,
Nam pios òir, 's nan còrn dàite;
Dheanadh stòras a sgapadh,
B' iad cinn-fheodhnaidh nan gaisgeach,
Sir Iain, a's ceannard Chlann-Rànail.
Sir Iain, a's ceannard, &c.

'S cairdeach Lachunn nan ruag dhut;
Cha neart dhaoine thug bhuainn thu;
Na 'm b'e, dh-eireadh mu d' ghuaillean,
Luchd chlogaidean cruadhach,
Rachadh dàn anns an tuasaid;
Fir chrìdha bho thuath dhuinn,
Le airm ghasda, gun rua'-mheirg.
'S bochd an acad se bhuaill mi,
O'n là chruinnich do shluagh ann an Aros.
O'n là chruinnich do shluagh, &c.

A mhic rìgh nan long siùbhlach,
Ged bu chairdeach do'n chrùn thu,
Co an neach d' am bi suilean,
Nach gabhadh da 'n innsaibh,
Mar bha choill air a rùsgadh,
'S an robh gach seud eùbhraidh?
Thuit a blà, a's a b-ùr-shàs;
Fhrois a b-abhal, 's a b-bhlau;
Cha robh leighe a chuireadh am bàs bhuat.
Cha robh leighe a chuireadh, &c.

'S e chuir m'astar an maillead,
Agus m' amharc an daillead,
A bhi faicinn do chlainne,
A's iad na 'n ceatharnaich choille;
A's cean curam da 'n oilean;
Iad g' am fògairt gun choire,
Mar chaora thuadain gun aodhair;
Mar sgaoth ianlaidh ro fhaoghaid;
Nach eil fhios co an doire 's an tàm iad.
Nach eil fhios co an doire, &c.

'S maig a d'fheumas am fulang.
Gach eugail 's an duine!
Ach, 's mithich dhomhsa nis sgur dhibh,
'S gun toiseacha tuille.
'S e mo chòmhra-sa tuireadh!
'S ann mu 'n taice so 'n uiridh,
A bha sinn aobhach am Muile;
Ach bhris an claidheamh na dhuille,
'N uair a shaoil sinn gu 'n cumadh iad slàn e.
'N uair a shaoil sin gu 'n, &c.

Note.—The real name of the author of this lament was Margaret Maclean, sometimes called *Mairearad Ní Lachunn*, from Lachlan being the christian name of her father. She lived in the island of Mull, of which place she was a native. Like all local poets, *Ní Lachunn* has been applauded by her countrymen in general, though we must confess that we are blind to any poetic grandeur in her compositions. We have seen twenty-five pieces of composing, but the above seven stanzas is her *chef d'œuvre*.

ORAN SUGRIDH

LE MR IAIN MUNRO.

A'IR FÒNN.—"Up an' wa'r them a' Willie."

LUINNEG.

An tèid thu leam, a ghràidhag,
An tèid thu leam air sàl-uig,
An tèid thu leam, air bhàrr nan tonn,
Gu tìr nan gleann 's nan àrd-bheann.

'S e d' chumadh dealbhach, àillidh,
Mur dheafradh reult na fàire,
'S e d' nadur ciùin 's do bhàigh, 's do mhùirn,
A leag mo rùin 's mo ghràdh ort.
An tèid thu leam, a ghràidhag, &c.

Cha tèid mi leat a Ghàidhal,
Mo chairdun gaoil cha-n fhàg mi;
Cha tèid mi null gu tìr nam beann.
'S cha-n fhàg mi clann mo mhàthar.
An tèid thu leam, a ghràidhag, &c.

Cha tèid mi leat a Ghàidhal,
Mo dhùich a chaoi' cha-n fhàg mi;

Gur bochag* am fonn 's tha'n t-aran gann,
'Au tìr nan gleann 's nan àrd-bheann.

An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Cha téid mi leat a Ghàidhal,
Cha'n 'eil do thaigh ach tàirail,
Bhith'n'n fo sproc, nam bithinn bochg,
An tìr nan cnoc 's nan àrd-bheann.

An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Tha agum taigh cho àillidh,
Ris an taigh 'san d'fhuair thu t'àrach,
'S bi'dh cuan 'us fonn riut fiál gach am,
An tìr nan gleann 's nan àrd-bheann.

An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Mur 'eil mor chrionachg fàs ann,
An tìr nan gleann 's nan àrd-bheann,
Tha bàrr nì's leor, 'us fàs an fheoir,
'An tìr nan lòn 's nan àiridh.

An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

'Tha agum spré le'n àiltun,
'S mo mheana-chroth air na h-àirdun,
'S bi' laoidh, 'us uain, air raoin, 'us cluain,
'S gur taitnach fuaim am bàirich.

An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Ged nach 'eil mo long air sàl-uisg,
Gu saibhras 'dheanamh 'n àird dhoinh,
Théid bàt 'us lian, gach là gu rian,
'S bi' agud iasg gu t-àillus.

An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Bi' agud éidadh blàth, glan,
'Us breacan mìn mu d' bhràghud,
Cha téid thu mach, gun ghill 'us each,
'S bi' h-uile neach riut càirdal.

An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Bi tu fallan, slàintal,
Le gaoith a chuain 's nan àrd-bheann,
'S bi eoin na coill, 's nan sliabh gun fhoill,
Le coiral binn cuir fàilt ort.

An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Bi mis' riut suilbhar, bàighal,
Mar mhadin shàmhradh bblàth-ghil,
Cha tig orst béud, nach dean mo chréchg,
On thug mi spéis thar càch dbut.

An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

Stad a nis a Ghàidhal,
Mo chrì, mo rùn, 's mo làmh dbut,
Gu'n téid mi null gu tìr nam beann
Oir choisinn fonn do dhàin mi.

An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, &c.

* This song and the following are printed *verbatim et literatim* from the author's own MS. being what he deemed an improvement on the received system of orthography.

ORAN DUCHA.*

LEIS AN DUIN UASAL CHIANDA.

AIR FOKN.—“The Battle of the Boyne.”

LUINNAG.

*O théid sinn, théid sinn, le suigart agus aoidh,
O théid sinn, théid sinn, gu dednach,
O théid sinn, théid sinn, tharis air an t-Sràidh,
Gu nuinntir ar dàimh, 'us ar n-èdils.*

Ged bha sinn bliantun fada, fada, bhuath,
A'm Baile-Chluaidh' a chònidh,
Tamul beag gu-n tréig sinn, ar gairm 'sa nis gu-n
A dh'fhaotinn an gràdh 'us an còra, [téid sinn,
O théid sinn, théid sinn, &c.

Gu-n toir sinn cuairt, rithist do-n taobh-tuath,
Us théid sinn ruaig do Dhòrnach,
'S chì sinn Droit-an-agh, 's fa comhar air gach
Caistalun 'us páircun 'us lóintun. [taobh,
O théid sinn, théid sinn, &c.

Chì sinn an Caol, air am faca sinn le gaoith,
Bàtichun aotrom a seòladh
Chì sinn na beanntun, a ghledhadh sneachg san
Is chì sinn na h-àbhnichun bo'ach. [t-sàmhradh,
O théid sinn, théid sinn, &c.

Chì sinn na glinn, anns an d'rugadh sinn ;
'S' bu ghuà leinn bhì aotrom, gòrach,
'S chì sinn na coilltun, le aighar 'us toil-inntinn,
'S bu ghuà leinn bhì cluinntinn nan smeòrach.
O théid sinn, théid sinn, &c.

'S chì sinn na cluain air am bithadh llaogh 'us uain
Ri mire gun ghruaim anns an òg-mhios,
'S chì sinn na h-aonich, air an inaltadh nacaorich
O'n d'fhuair sinn sàr aodichun còmhlich.
O théid sinn, théid sinn, &c.

Chì sinn na raoin, le blà a bheallidh chaoin,
'S a chéitau bhì's aobhach 'us bòidhach,
Is chì sinn na bruachon fo sgàil 'a bhàrrich uaine
Gu tric anns 'na bhuain sinn an t-sòrach.
O théid sinn, théid sinn, &c.

Chì sinn an lag, 's an t-eas gu bècach, grad,
'S am bradan a léum suas na chùdhail,
Chì sinn am badan, 'sam bithadh collich bhead-
Ri co-chath 'sa mhadin chhìin, cheòthar. [rach,
O théid sinn, théid sinn, &c.

Chì sinn gach sliabh, air am bithadh greighun
Ri mire air riasgun, 's air lóintun, [fhiadh,
Is chì sinn an lagan edar àrd nan cragun,
'S an caidladh an earbag air chhinnich.
O théid sinn, théid sinn, &c.

* Composed by Mr Munro, on the prospect of a visit to his native country. 2 E

'S ch'ì sinn gach lach, o'n tric an tugadh steach,
Bric mheana-bhallach, airgidach, òr-bhùì'

'S mu'm bithadha an cù-donn, a shiùladh foan tonn

'S eal' a snàmh os-a-cheann ann am mòr-chuis.

O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

'S ch'ì sinn gun ghruaim, a bhanarach le fuaim,

'Sa bhuaille, gu duanagach, òranach,

A bleothan a chruidh-ghuaillun, is iad a' sgur

Le taitnas tairt cluais agus deoin di [de nualain

O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

'S imadh, 's imadh ni, a ch'ì sinn anns an tìr,

Nach saoilte thigh'n ann 'nuair bu chlann sinn

Thar aisig na coit, tha ragha, ragha, droit,

'San àite na croit, baile-Bhanna.

O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

'S rathad rìghal, réidh, tre chragun fhuaoch us

Is carbadun màil, air an ordugh [gheng

Gach là sìos le sraun 'us gach là suas le deann

Tre-n t-Sligach us bhonn phreas-an-òrdain.

O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

'S deagh fhearanu ùr, a rinnadh le mòr shaoth'r

Bho chruai bhlàrùn fraoich, agus mòintich,

'Us imadh lethad cruaidh, bha riann gu seo, gun

Le òg-ghiuthas uain air chòmhach. [bhuaidh

O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

Deùlidh sinn as ùr, gaoth is athar cùr,

Bheir slaint agus sùrd dhuinn 'us sòlas,

Ar cairdun bheir dhuinn, aran càis agus Ìm,

'S deach laidir de-n dràm, agus ceòl leis.

theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

Ged tha sinn an cèin, a nochg o ar tìr,

S o'r caomh chairdun gaoil, 'us sean eòlach,

Olidh sinn le ràin, deagh shlainte dhaibh gach-

Is buaidh do dha thaobh Caolas Dhèrbnich. [aon

O theid sinn, theid sinn, &c.

Note—The Author of this and the preceding poem was John Munro, Esq., Accountant, Glasgow, who was born at Sordale, parish of Crieche, Sutherland-shire, on the 11th Nov. 1791. He was the eldest son of Andrew Munro,

Merchant, Spinningdale, and of Betty, daughter of the late John Ross, Esq. of Inveran. In October, 1791, his father removed to the new Village of Spinningdale in the same parish, where a Cotton Mill and a Weaving Factory had been erected by a Glasgow Company; here he carried on business as a Merchant along with Manufacturing and Bleaching on his own account for a number of years; but various circumstances rendering his efforts unsuccessful, in 1802 he was appointed to manage the Weaving Department of the Company. John, then in his eleventh year, was a good scholar, and able to write his father's books, but on the 19th of April, 1803, he had the misfortune to lose his father by an accidental death in his 39th year. His father was an enterprising man, and highly esteemed, for purity of intention and public spirit. On the death of her husband, Mrs Munro was aided in prosecuting the education of her children by her brothers in Glasgow, who were in flourishing circumstances. John was engaged, during the four winter seasons succeeding the death of his father, teaching in respectable families; and being now 16 years of age, and his uncles having procured a situation for him in Glasgow, he arrived there in March, 1808. He acted as clerk and cash-keeper during the succeeding nineteen years, in Houses of the first eminence, and in 1827, on his employers becoming insolvent, he commenced business as an Accountant.

Previous to this period he visited his native country, and had the melancholy satisfaction of being present at his mother's decease on the 20th Sept., 1845. It was in the prospect of this visit that he composed "*O! theid sinn,*" &c. His acknowledged integrity and industry procured him considerable business without solicitation, from which, along with other successful speculations, he had realized a respectable competence by the period of his decease; which took place on the 27th Nov., 1837.

Mr Munro's mind was early imbued with serious impressions, and his piety increased with his years. During the whole of his life, the closest intimacy never detected a fault in his conduct, which leaned not to the side of virtue. He spent about a fifth of his income in aid of benevolent and religious purposes;—pious men, teachers and students from the Highlands sought his intimacy; and he failed not to patronize piety and talents, and to aid such as he conceived to be deserving. His unassuming manner was no less conspicuous than his independence of mind; he was a diligent student, and in the hours of relaxation from business, he became author of several religious pamphlets and poems. The deep interest he took in promoting Gaelic literature, and in teaching a Gaelic Sabbath School, and for many years acting as Secretary to the Society for the support of Gaelic Schools, rendered his name familiar to the religious portion of his countrymen throughout the Highlands. His early death was much regretted. He was interred in the Necropolis, and a Monument, with a suitable inscription, is there erected to his memory.

GLOSSARY.

A

Abhachd, a harmless gibling or joking
Abram, clámpra, an oar guard, &c.
Achdadh, certain, self-satisfied
Aibhéis, the sea, ocean, the horizon
Aibheisreach, immense, ethereal, &c.
Aimhealach, vexing, uneasy, galling
Aimhadh, sour, sulky, sullen, surly
Aistig-chonnain, a libidinous dream
Aanglath, tearnaah, protection
Aol-taigh, university, college
Arsadh, ancient, old, over-aged
Ausathor abhsadh, a jerk, a sea phrase,
 also the whole canvass of a boat
 or ship

B

Baile-na-buirthe, Bergen, the former
 capital of Norway
Baileg, a spruce neat little woman
Baganta, no baganta, tight, compact
Baicho, the progenitor of the Stuarts
Bairseach, a foolish woman, idiotic
Bastadh, showy, cheering
B'iter, neat, clean, tidy, compact
Badh-muinn, wood-sorrel
Biogach, small, diminutive, dwarfish
Boganta, lively, snart, apt to start
Biosgach, catching at morsels, greedy
Bualam, gibberish, jargon, senseless
 talk
Borranach, the banks of a burn or
 river
Bráth, air bhráth, to be found, to the
 fore, extant
Breiteach, a woman wearing the badge
 of marriage
Bronnach, flattering, coaxing, &c.
Bruit, chit-chat, tattle, small talk
Brostam, excitement, vigour
Brothach, a hairy rough man, a pim-
 pled fellow
Breilleach, unintelligible disjointed talk,
 unpleasant sounds, jargon
B'usagadh, a tearing to tatters, or
 breaking asunder, confusion
Bunthana, foolish, awkward, clumsy
 in conversation or action
Buidh, a hero, a champion, an enemy
Bunndust, fee, wages, bounty
Burarus, warbling or purling noise

C

Cairbin, guanna-glait, a carbine
Cariche, a wrestler, a tumbler
Caiscragach, wrinkled or creased
Culthar, ionach, greedy, voracious,
 glutinous
Columan-codhail, a God-send, a pro-
 pitious omen
Cowdhearn, lamentation
Capull-coille, a capercaillie or moun-
 tain cock; this species of fowls is
 now nearly extinct in the Highlands
 of Scotland
Carslach, abounding in ringlets,
 round, globular, circular
Culheach, ceathach, mist, fog, vapour
Clach, surge, a burying-place, &c.
Càn-hunn, clifelt, & *clòb*, sleet
Cànan-fhail, luxuriant waving hair
Claireach, a kind of sword, also a
 rifle gun

Clairanach, a wandering bard or min-
 strel, a swordsman, a wrestler
Chuan, attention, retirement, peace,
 slumber
Cauidel, scoffing, jeering, derision
Cobhrachear, coffers, money-drawers
Collaid, a contest, a scold, a struggle
Comarach, direction or tendency
 forward
Comaich, petition, request, demand
Conach, saithir, rich, riches
Cosgrach, conquerors, victors
Cota-ban, fourpence (Western Isles id.)
Craibhaidh, hard, well tempered
Cranngadh, implements, apparatus
Craobhaidh, niggardly, mean
Crap-là, a musical phrase among pipers
Creadheach, cràiteach, hurtful, pain-
 ful, excruciating
Cras-co-chalam, no *lus-co-chalam*,
 an herb called "my lady's belt"
Croiteach, slochd-charlach, a kind of
 mortar, a circular stone hollowed
 for preparing pot barley or pound-
 ing bark
Croilein clann, a circle of children, &c.
Crom-un-domas, blood and wounds!
 egad! zounds!
Cuannal, cuantail, a company of song-
 sters, a band of musicians
Cuan-sgith, the sea between the Isle
 of Skye and Lewis
Cuide-chuill, a musical vein
Cuide-shuamhain, the winding veins
 of trees
Carasde or cur-oisde, a quagmire

D

Daimheach, a friend, companion, a
 stranger
Daiseachan, low witted insipid poets
Daochail, grameil, disgusting, un-
 pleasant, loathsome
Deal, zealous, keen, earnest
Dealachan, zeal, great glee, hilarity,
 earnestness
Deanam, anxiety, eagerness, solicitude
Deangr, rib-grass, a little fair one, a
 darling, a conceit
Deilcanachd, the humming of bees,
 the barking of dogs
Droch-thunta, decanted drink
Dulenn, everlasting, profound, unin-
 dated, rainy
Duinn, endless, never, also an inunda-
 tion or deluge
Dios, duthis, plural of one; two
Ditheadh, cramming, filling by force
Duchd, come to me, approach me;
dean, a-way I begone I disperse
Doind, extreme cold, hoar frost
 clemency
Duoidh, loathsome, hateful, con-
 temptible
Drage, Gen. of dring, an ignis fatuus,
 an atmospheric phenomenon
Duaineil, ridiculous, ludicrous, laugh-
 able
Da-chlach, a flint, also a cabalistic
 stone
Dudaidh, resembling in sound that of a
 horn, deep intonation
Dualachd, affliction, sorrow
Dumhneach, the primitive surname of
 Campbell, *bho Dhiarnad O'Duine*

Duirceall, a half-worn dirk or knife
Dustlung, dusturan, dust, earth, soil

E

Ealabhuidhe, ealabhi, St John's wort
Eorarach, ararach, parching corn in
 a pot preparatory to grinding
Eistreach, traigh, a rough stony ebb,
 a sea beach

F

Fachach, a little insignificant man, a
 puffin
Faibhe, the aerial expanse, a ring
Faiteat, a hearty cheerful salute,
 friendly talk, &c., &c.
Faobachadh, act of despoiling, plun-
 dering
Farsargadh, provocation, enmity; re-
 port, surmise
Farpais, emulation, strife, rivalry
Feda-coille, the flowers of wood-sorrel
Feara-ghris, hawthorn or briar
Fearsgaran, vespers, evening devotions
Fideag, a stalk of corn, a reed
Fiadhair, uncultivated ground, a ley
 land
Firionn, man (now obsolete), male,
 masculine
Fisidhuidh, fìbhaidh a prince, a valiant
 chief, an arrow, a company
Fochlann, an apprentice, a pupil
Forne, a set of towers, a crew, a bri-
 gade, a troop
Fraghe, a scabbard, a sheath, protec-
 tion wall, shelter
Falamair, fulmair, a sea-bird peculiar
 to St Kilda, a species of petrel

G

Gaille-bheinn, a huge billow, a snow
 storm
Gall-sheadan, a flageolet, a clarinet
Gainne, gainne, an arrow, a dart, shaft
Garra-gart, no Gánra-gart, trenn-rì-
traun, a corn-crake, quail
Gaisreachd, gaisridh, warlike troops
 military
Gasgou, a green, a parterre
Geambairn, confinement, prison
Gearson, entrance money, fee paid for
 admission, (Grassum, Sc.)
Giamtag, fear panic, sudden alarm
Giobann, a St Kildian sausage made
 of fat from the gullets of fowls
Gloic-nid, sgailt-shede, a dram in bed
 before rising in the morning
Gothach, the reed of a bag-pipe, drone
Graethachd, surliness, moroseness,
 churlishness
Grus, grìis, embroidery, needlework,
 tambouring
Guamag, a neat tidy woman, a tight
 dressed girl
Guga, a St Kilda bird, a short-necked
 hunchbacked man
Gusgal, idle talk, clatter, filth, refuse

I

Ian-bheinn, a melodious sea-fowl
Iisgean, taunts, nick-names, reflec-
 tions on one's conduct

Innidh, entrails, bowels
Inns-Gail, primitive name of the Hebrides, now confined to Isle of Skye
Lomchanna, conduct, behaviour, deportment
Ircana, a patriarchal woman, a dam, the mother of a race
Isnach, or *oisneach*, a ride gun
Lánahad, a fugitive, a coward, a low feeble fellow
Iurghileach, a noisy contentious fellow, a ranter, a bawler
Iuthara, Iyinn, irinn, hell, the abode of demons

L

Lanrach, full of chains or fetters
Lá-lá-n, doom's-day, the last day
Leam, the wide ocean, the main
Leam, a small plain or hill, a battle-field, a green goose
Liobasa, slovenly, untidy, awkward, clumsy
Liob, a contemptuous name for the mouth-piece of a bag-pipe, a thick lip
Líobhar, polished, burnished
Lustara, pleasure-boats, lodgings, tents, or hostels
Lon, an elk, a blackbird, an ouzel
Lorgair, one that traces or tracks, a dog that follows by scent
Líbh, a roe (now obsolete)
Luch-armunn, a pigmy, a dwarf
Lunn, penetrate, a heaving-billow, &c.

M

Mac faoir, sílair, the gannet, a voracious fowl or person
Mac-lámhaich, cat-mara, gríasaich, the fish called a sea-devil
Maidyran, matins, morning prayers or devotions
Maighd-eunn, a maiden, an instrument for beheading with
Machairan, a child of grief, melancholy
Mársal, mársadh, a march, or marching of troops
Mathair, a blunt sword, knife, or other weapon
Meardrach, meter, erambo (Irish id.)
Méilag, belly, protuberance
Méara-casach, active, nimble, vigorous
Meirgh, a banner, flag, pennon
Méirgheng, mairbhaz, a corn-poppay
Mhána, síos, downward, from above
Míghuinn, sounds of musical instruments
Muiréardach, female fighter or champion, an undaunted female
Muirchunn, children, inmates, occupants of one house
Muirneinn, (Irish id.) darling, or beloved
Munadh, a hill or hillock, (used poetically for *monadh*)

O

Olach, an eunuch, a fumbler, &c., &c.
Olachd, hospitality, kindness, bounty
Oraid, an oration, a speech, an essay
Oráidit, shining like gold, gilded, excellent, precious

P

Páis, a slap, a blow with the open hand, a box on the ear

Peighinn, a measure of land (not now in use)
Pídh, brú-dhearg, robin red-breast
Plíathach, splay-footed, bandy-legged
Prádh, botching, bungling, spoiling
Prábh, the rabble, the refuse of any grain or seed
Prais, praiscach, a pot or pot-metal, a still
Priobartaich, parsimony, meanness, shabbiness
Prioblosgadh, a sudden burning or sense of heat, a twinkling blaze
Púthar, a wound or hurt, a scar
Púic, bribe, veil, *cho tug e píic dheth*, he made nothing of him

R

Ranntangan, title deeds, deeds of conveyance, chattels
Rannar-bídh, a confused dance without system
Ratí, a ludicrous appellation made to signify whisky
Riastradh, outbreaking, immorality, eruption
Rintach, díolaia, illegitimate
Robain, towering waves, swelling roaring billows, heavy rains
Róisail, the lowest and basest rabble, a high swelling wave
Róseol, the highest of a ship's sails, top-gallants, full sails
Rosg, prose writing, an eye, eyelids
Ruanach, firm, fierce, steadfast, stony

S

Sámh, surge, the agitation of waves on thesea-beach, the crest of whitened billows
Saol, a seal, a mark, an impression
Saradh, a broaching, a distraining, an arrestment
Seasdar, rest, repose, comfort, pallet, pillow, a place whereon to rest
Seas-ghrian, the equinoctial line
Seis, a musical air, the humming of bees or flies
Seis, one's match or equal, a companion
Seighin, rare, superior, out of the common order, eccentric
Seol-áit, an anchorage, a harbour
Sgalaiche, a man ready to raise the humankind against his neighbour
Sgíbhídh, tight, active, handsome, neat
Sgídhreach, a clumsy person, a slattern, a female tattler, a young sea gull
Síadair, lóni, rheumatism, rheumatic pains
Siogaideach, dwarfish, bony, ill-made
Síth, a span, a squint, determined position in standing
Sunnachan, bianan, phosphoric fire
Slán, a defence, a garrison, a protection
Smoil, Gen. of *Sual, Gleann-smoil*, the glen of mist
Smeòira, the end of an arrow next the bow-string
Snaois, a spit of dried fish, &c., &c.
Sòrn, a hearth, the flue of a kiln or oven, a concavity
Spangan, spangles, glittering toys, decorations, embellishments
Speach, a dart, virus, a blow or thrust, a wasp
Spreudh, or *spreigh*, velocity, gallant movement, gliding
Srianach, a badger, a brock

Stairbhanach, an athletic well-built person
Slaonag, ronnán, saliva, spittles
Sual, tumours, *sual* (Ir. id.), wonder
Suchte, filled, saturated, tightened
Sunaire, a coarse cudgel, a lethal weapon, a beetle
Sunnaidh, a likeness, a comparison, a resemblance

T

Tarbharnach, fuaimneach, noisy, garulous
Tafaid, the string of a bow for throwing arrows
Taisdel, a journey, a travel, a march, a voyage
Teobhlath, a division of a pipe tune
Targanach, a prognostication, a prophesying
Teallsanach or *faltsanach*, a philosopher, or astronomer
Teamhair, season, in season, fit time
Teiridneach, eiridneach, medicinal, having the power to cure
Teòitnach, cowardice, cowardliness
Theasid, chaochail, dh'eug, he died, *thasaid*
Tobha, bail, ríp, rope, esble
Toghbail, a feud, a levying of forces, a rising in arms
Tunmhóil, sensible, prudent, frugal
Tuital, an attack in battle, a warlike movement, a flock of water fowls
Tuileartach, a thick gigantic man, a dense column of smoke
Turroichim, a deep snoring or sleep
Tusan, on onset, beginning, prelude
Tusgair, messenger, harbinger, ambassador
Treabhair, tighean, houses, out-houses, steadings
Troghad, a stitch in one's side, &c.
Truillinn, ao trcalainn, nonsensical stuff, doggerel
Troghad, rosg-troghad, soft rolling eyes, full orbed
Tróidh, Troy, an ancient city which baffled the united efforts of all Greece for ten years
Trosq, a cod, in Sutherlandshire a fool
Tuairneag, a round knob or small cup
Turavach, a rattling or tumbling noise
Turcodach, nodding, a sudden jerk from the sensation of sleep
Tuilm, Gen. of *tolha*, a hillock, a mound, a knoll
Tulc, a grudge, an upbraiding, puking
Tuillín, canvass, sea storm, a shipped wave
Tuana, ducklings (obsolete), waves
Tuairneilcas, a striking of heads against each other as rams, contact, collision

U

Uachdair, farm stock ; *fo uachdair*, under stock
Uca, ucas, the gadus or coal fish, stenlock (Sc.)
Urghnitech, anecdotal, jocular, cheerful in conversation
Urlainn, the countenance, beauty, the fore part of a ship
Urlar, division of a pipe tune
Urracag, a thowl, an oar pun, a elate
Urraisgan, inuadations, overflings, speals (Sc.)

CLAR-AMAIS

DO REIR EAGAIR NA H-AIBIDIL

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