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Angus Stathers

c. Fancied Bheas
(West Tarbert
notio of
Rhenig-dale)

1 An Cara Debach p. 59

O l'ainm th'athar-sa, bhodairch,
Théid mi 'n Todann as áird,
Théid mi l'anga 's an Clisean
Agus l'isneabhal árd
A sin do'n Sgothé Iseal

Far an is l'igheer ád,
'S b'ídh me ~~l'omhann~~ ^{l'omhann} an an chneiradh
'S e b'í sud chneiradh me ghráidh

Chuin nín?

3.

A Bhean Bhean ^(tú) Chalam ^{is sílle ?}
's 'gelle?

Sin t'ím d'ádh t'ádh a well
'S mise léigil 'núr n-áite
Greis fo sháil n'á beann
Far a léigil 's an dámbair
Dádh na cráice 'na d'beann
'S eilid bhunneach n'á cast chas
D'íradh aonach n'á gleann ^{beann}

4.

'S t'á hoch l'acardal féin ann
Sinn féin an f'ídeh air a chlar
Far an cromadh na cludan
'Ná deh ghráin dol m'a l'áis
Loch n'á f'ídeh 'ga t'áigisín
Far 'n t'áic b'í f'ídeh d'ádh snáimh
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SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC
POETRY AND LIVES OF THE
HIGHLAND BARDS

EDITED BY

JOHN MACKENZIE

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

BY JAMES LOGAN, F.S.A.S.

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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 impresssive notes of impassioned exhortation, or the keen touch of satiric spirit, have affected a people like the Gael, 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.¹

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.² A more probable derivation is from the fair complexion by which the ancients characterised 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.³ Successive waves of migratory hordes must have flowed from the east, impelled

¹ Appian, Pausanias.

² A host of original writers, British and foreign, have exercised their ingenuity to give this word a satisfactory signification.

³ Pritchard demonstrates their eastern origin from the language. See many curious analogies with the Hebrew &c., in Maclean's *Hist. of the Celtic Language*—1840.

by a want of food, or a thirst for conquest, long before the Trojan war, when the Keltoi were first known to the Greeks, or when Herodotus, the father of history, informs us they inhabited to the farthest west.¹ 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.²

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 Cimberii, or Cimbri, the Getæ or Goths, the Scythæ or Celto Scyths, the Germani, 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 Celte 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.³

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.⁴

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.⁵ 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.⁶

¹ Book IV. c. 3. He flourished 500 years, A.C.

² Livy, Appian, Plutarch, on the Cimbrian war, &c., &c., &c., show what frightful beings fear had painted these formidable invaders.

³ Welsh authorities, and the Highland Society's Report on the Poems of Ossian, App. 309.

⁴ Thucydides.

⁵ Cæsar, of the Gallic wars, book V. chap. 12.

⁶ The Cassiterides, or Tin islands, are believed to be the Scillies. See various authorities cited "Scottish Gael," t. 34.

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.,¹ 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,² 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.³ The Welsh authorities preserve the names of other colonies which arrived at uncertain periods. The Lloegrws came from Gwasgwn or Gascony, 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.⁴

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.⁵ 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 prætentures, 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

¹ Caesar, Diodorus Siculus.

² Welsh Triads and other authorities.

³ Edw. Lhywd, &c.

⁴ Talliesen, Whittaker.

⁵ Chalmer's *Caledonia*, I.

compelled to leave the island, the Meats, losing their consequence, were quickly amalgamated with the general body. The CALEDONII, 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 as, if not the native, yet the classical appellation.¹ 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 Gaëlweadians, 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;² the Roman writers identified them with the Caledonians,³ and in later ages they were recognised as Scots.⁴ 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 Strathclyde Welsh, which are believed to have extended to Cumberland—all are Gaëlic.⁵ 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, 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.⁶

¹ Upwards of twenty etymologies are given of this name.

² Bede. See the arguments of Innes. Crit. Essay.

³ Fumenius, &c.

⁴ Galfridus Monumtensis.

⁵ Pinkerton,—Betham.

⁶ Quintilian. Appendix to Report on the Poems of Ossian, 263.

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? Caesar describes the South Britons as being in all respects like the people of Gaul, from which country he says they were.¹ Tacitus informs us, the Gothinian was the Gaëlic, and he particularizes two distinguished Belgic tribes, the Cimbri and Æstii, as using the proper British language.²

The Gothic tribes came to the west of Europe long after the Celtic migrations had spread population over the land, but the Getæ were Scythians, and these retained the name of Celto-Scythians³ when their ancient brethren and precursors, the Kelts, 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.⁴ 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 the 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!⁵ The refugees were located on the borders and east coast by the policy of our kings as a good means of defence against the English

¹ De Bello Gallico.

² De moribus Germanorum.

³ Aristotle, Strabo Plutarch.

⁴ Gunlaug saga, &c.

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 *Scoti*, or rather *Scuite*, is apparently a modification of *Scyth*, 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.¹ Those who had store of herds possessed the only riches of the pastoral state. In Ireland, which was inhabited by the Britons,² who were forced over, as we are told, on the arrival of the Belgæ in England,³ the Scots were the dominant and noble class, the natives or aborigines being considered an inferior order.⁴ 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 Scotie people were named the *Pictish*, and were known also as *Cruthenick*, a name indicative of peculiar habits.⁵ 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."⁶

¹ "The wandering nation" of the *Seanachies* and "restless wanderers" of *Ossian*. *Ammianus*, *Dio*, &c., attest the vagrant habits of the Scots; *Herodotus*, *Horace*, *Ammianus*, &c., of the *Scyths*.

² *Diodorus Sic.* *Dionysius Periegetes*.

³ *Ricard. Cirencestrensis*.

⁴ *Bede*.

⁵ "Eaters of corn." *MacPherson*. It is not improbable that this is the term *Dhraonich*, *Agriculturists*. *Grant's Thoughts on the Gaël*.

⁶ *The Albanic Durn*.

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.¹ The Gaëlic, the primordial tongue used by the whole inhabitants of both countries, has gradually given way 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—1542-1566²—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.³ 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,⁴ were distinguished by very remarkable habits and customs, many of which still characterise 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 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.⁵ The general appearance of the Celts must have been very peculiar to excite the notice of so many writers,⁶ and their aspect must have been a matter of ostentation when its preservation was an object of national care.⁷ The bardic effusions have always extolled the golden ringlets as imparting beauty to both sexes, comparing them to the grace-

¹ See the authorities quoted. Ritson's *Annals of the Scots, Picts, &c.*

² Buchanan, &c.

³ Chalmers' *Caledonia*, vol. 1.

⁴ Diogenes Laertius.

⁵ Pliny, xxviii. 12.

⁶ Herodotus, Cæsar, Strabo, Lucan, Livy, Silius, Diodorus, Tacitus, Pliny, Isidorus, &c., all describe the Celts as fair.

⁷ *Amm. Marc.* xxvii. 1. Tacitus, &c.

fulness 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 Píngalian 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.

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 Hecateus, 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.¹ 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, (*T'eamhair*) in Meath, and the science studied in different seminaries. In Scotland, besides other consecrated precincts, was *Ellan Druinich*, now Iona, the isle wherein the chief establishment of bards was placed, which the celebrated

¹ Diodorus.

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.¹ 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 law-givers 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.² 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 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.³ It was in this style of composition that the Gaëlic genealogies of the Scottish kings, repeated by the seanachies at coronations, were formed.⁴ 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 con-

¹ Hence the name, from *Darach*, an oak.

² Wood on the genius of Homer. The Spartans would not permit their laws to be written.

³ Dr. Macpherson's Dissertation, 215.

⁴ The last repetition of a Gaëlic genealogy was at the coronation of Alexander III., in 1249.

genial 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.”¹ 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*, 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

¹ Introduction to the Hist. of Britain.

observing the strength which memory can attain, when unassisted by writing, and prompted to exertion by the love of poetry and song."¹

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 Gael was recitations of the old poems in manner of dramas, for which they were excellently adapted, if not originally so intended.

The chief objects 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.² 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,³ 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.⁴

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 persecution of their implacable

¹ Report of the Committee of the Highland Society of Scotland on the authenticity of Ossian, p. 302.

² Tacitus, &c.

³ Ibid. c. 53. Amm. Mare. c. xxxi. Lucan.

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

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 effectively 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; charging 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 Cran 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 upon 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 dropped their arms.¹ The shaking of the "Chain of Silence" by the Irish bards produced the same effect.²

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 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,³ 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, while among the Scottish Gael 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.⁴

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 *melec*.

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*⁵. The address of that intrepid chief of the Caledonian Confederation,

¹ Diodorus.

Walkers Hist. Ir. Bards.

³ Diod. Marcel.

⁴ Fordun, xiii. 5.

⁵ Cambrian Register.

Calgacus, 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 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 Gaelic 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." The 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 ines-

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."¹

¹Macpherson's Introduction, 190.

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, etc., 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. Ifrinn¹ 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.² It continued unrestricted among the Gael 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

¹ I fuair fhuinn, the isle of the cold atmosphere or climate, ² Tacitus, 1; Diodorus, 5.

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. "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."¹ The Gauls never closed the doors of their houses lest they should miss the opportunity of entertaining strangers.² *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."³ "Turlach 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?"⁴ 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."⁵ 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 Gael 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.

¹ Gallic Antiquities, 317. ² Agathias, l. 13. ³ Cave of Creyla. ⁴ Finan and Lorma.

⁵ Cyveiliog, Prince of Powis, fl. 1160.

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 other wise 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:—

“ Ge fagus clach do làr,
‘S faigse na sin cobhair Choibh.”

“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, geannmaidh mocheir 'each.*” Be cheerful, temperate, and rise early, or take exercise.

As those who entered the order were obliged to bear an unblemished character,¹ 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!”² 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.”³ More examples could be given of these just and generous sentiments of the bards, who, while they could determine war, had also authority to

¹ Welsh, Irish, and Highland authorities.

² *Oima morul.*

³ *Lora.*

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 everywhere subjected. Conan, Duke of Bretagne, in the fervour of his zeal committed them to the flames.¹ 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 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 everything 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 these women had been Roman matrons defending the capitol, we should never have heard the last of their gallantry and patriotism.”²

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 or 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

¹ Rojoux, *Ducs de Bretagne*, i., 135.

² Higgins' *Celtic Druids*.

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.¹ Some of the Continental Celtic Kings are mentioned as poets. In 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.² 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.

¹ Torfoeus.

² Diodorus, Marcellinus.

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 for themselves, and they believed that their public utility fully justified the 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 tenth 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 Cowyil 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 disorganised, 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 son 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 the *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 demanded for the manslaughter of a bard, and for insulting or wronging him, is an indication of the regard in which he was held.¹ 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."²

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 Colyghan, who were bards, and on Avaon, who was the son of the famed Taliesen.

¹ The Wesigoths esteemed it a four-fold greater crime to strike a bard than any other person.

² Smith's Gallic Antiquities.

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 prelatory state of society there 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 dreamed of mourning for. Poor Richard Bastwick did his best in the doggerel Latin of the time, 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 befel 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' many 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 Mhuireach, the 17th in regular descent, lost his farm, and naturally dropped 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. MacPherson 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 Lochaber 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 beautiful 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.¹

¹ Pat, Macdonald on “The Influence of Poetry and Music on the Highlanders,” prefixed to his admirable collection of their vocal music.

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 rights 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.¹

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 Uilaluia or chorus, fist 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 did you die? Alas! 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!" Uilalaia, &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.² 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 sub-divisions. 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 re-

¹ The bards compose poems which the Rhapsodists repeat.—*Buchanan*.

² Beauford. Trans. of the Irish Academy, Vol. IV., where the whole is set to music.

ferred 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 novice. "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*, the top, is significant of the full-grown branches; and *Owydd*, 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*¹ as intimating a diligent cultivator, pronounces *Druid* to signify a teacher.² 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,

¹ *Thoughts on the Gaël*, &c., by James Grant, Esq.

² *Etymologicon magnum*.

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 Gaelic 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, etc., 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, MacBhairds, and Wards are their descendants; in Ireland and Argyle are the Mac Faid's 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 houses of the Druids; Bod-Ovyr, the Ovyd's dwelling, etc., etc. The Baile-bhairds in the Highlands and Harper's lands 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, 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 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 proscribed anchorite, who submitted to his evil destiny, doubtless, for his conscience' sake, like many fellow devotees. In the original the description is singularly striking:—

" An crith-thaice ri luirg fein,
Fui' gheug dhoilleir dharaich,
Lan ogluidheachd:—a chrom aomadh,
'S fheasag aosda sios mu bhrollach.
-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;
Shuilmhine! 's cruaidh leam do glaoth,
A 'taomadh air tiunn gun fhurtachd!"¹

In happier ages, the raiment was an object of careful attention among the Celtic people, with whom everything was precisely regulated; even the colours of the robes were apporportioned 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 *Barddgwccwll*, 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" *achd*," or ensign of authority, and the other bears the "cornan," or crescent, emblematic of the "cead rai re," the first quarter of the moon.² The robe is fastened by a brooch on the left shoulder.

¹ Gallic Ant., 335. From the Druid's appearance, it is generally called "the song of the grey man."

² Pliny says of the Celts, "ante omnia sexta luna."

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 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 needlework.¹ 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,² 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.³ 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

¹ Beauford.² Dr. Smith.³ Description of the Western Isles.

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 Gael 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 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.¹

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.² With them there were six classes of bards, three being poets and three musicians.

¹ 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.

² Borlase.

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 Prydain*' was always given.

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*, *Crwth*, 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 *Oirfidigh*, 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 *Cuilleanach*.

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 bard or 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 prescribed 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-riveted 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.¹ 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 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, etc., were they at liberty to divulge their knowledge.²

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 Cumhal, 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

¹ In Wales the bardic clergy sometimes accompanied the chanting of the service with the harp.

² Cambrian Mag.

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 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 Gwythelian (Gaël), and Alav the songster. Mwrchan, Lord of Ireland, was umpire, and by his power confirmed the proceedings at Glen Achlach.¹ The judicious

¹ About 1100. The harp and style of its music were on this occasion introduced from Ireland.

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, etc., 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:
 That tarmagants in tag and tatter,
 Full loud in Earse begoud to clatter,
 Au' rowp like ravin rowk;
 The deil sae deivit was wi ther yell,
 That in the deipest pot of hell
 He smorit them wi' smouk.”¹

¹ The Daunce. Ramsay's Evergreen, I. p. 246.

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 they have onie gudes of thair awin to live upon, that thair ears be nailed to the trone, or till ane uther tree, and thair care cutted off, and banished the cuntrie." By a statute of James VI., in 1579, those who were sangsters, tale-tellers, etc., and not in the special service of Lords of Parliament or boroughs as their common minstrel^s, were to be scourged and burned 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,¹ and received frequent gratuities. In 1490 and 1491 he was paid eighteen shillings. In the former year, "Martin Claeschaw and ye toder Ersche Claeschaw, 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.

¹ Major, Lib. iv.

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."

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 clarschochar, - - - - -	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 tranquility 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 woeful shrieks of the despairing women, called in a maddening voice for speedy and unsparring 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, etc., 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 22nd 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."¹ Since then the Cymrodorion Society has given frequent Eisteddvods in the 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.

¹Gentleman's Mag. LXII.

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 Clarsaghours, Tympanours, Crowthores, Kerraghers,¹ Rymours, Skelaghies,² 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.³ 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,⁴ 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."⁵ 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 Carraghs, who, under pretence of their travail, carried intelligence 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 these 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

¹ Players at chess, gamesters.⁴ Sheanachies.² Tellers of tales.³ Rotul. Patentium, 258, 94.⁵ Harris' edition of Wares' Hibernia, 98.

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."¹

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, and renounced a profession become disreputable.² 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."

¹View of the state of Ireland.

² In the book of Fermoy is a collection of mercenary rhapsodies. Lawless.

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.¹ 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;² 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 Leurnius' chariot-wheels as they rolled along, scattered wealth and blessings among the children of men.³

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

¹ The late John Anderson, Esq., W.S.

² One in praise of Arminius (Armin.) a celebrated chief, is mentioned in the Annals.

³ Posidonius apud Ritson. He flourished about 30 years before Christ.

explored, as far advanced in civilization as the Gauls, and were 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 civilisation 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 deploras 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 Cumræg 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 sixth century.¹

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

¹ Jones' poetical relics of the W. bards.

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 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, etc.”¹

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 fifth 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!² 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 second 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 fifth 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,

¹ 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 Afallanau or apple-tree garden.

² Dr. O'Connor.

Columcille, Adamnan, Dallan, Seanchan, Angus, Amergin, etc. 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 Maolmhurad; his contemporary Flann was accounted the Virgil of Ireland; Donagh O Daly, Abbot 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 of Scotland. The Munster bardic sessions, which were held so late as the beginning of last century, were suppressed by penal statute.¹ 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 1813.²

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

¹ Walker, who quotes memoirs of Clan 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.

² Bunting on Irish music, 1840.

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 characterises 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 Mac Fhinn.¹ 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.

¹ 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.

“The history of the bards is perhaps of all others the most extraordinary,” is the expression of an eminent writer on poetry and music;¹ and another has said that “on the construction of the old Celtic poetry we want much information.”² 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 neagir,” 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.³

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 hearers, 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.”⁴ Those who wish further information respecting the Welsh bards will be amply gratified by consulting the elaborate works of Jones and Evans. It may be sufficient to 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

¹ Dr. Brown.

³ II. p. 213.

² Pinkerton “the Goth.”

⁴ Owen’s Dictionary.

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.¹

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 production 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 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 of quatrains, their poetry being usually of such a form as the following:—

Mor yw gwael gweled,
Cymwro 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’s 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 acknowledged 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

¹ 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.

not exhibit this feature. If “both nation versified on the same principle,” is there not some inconsistency 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 mileata	Laoch gu lan ndealbhaig
Ceap na crodhachta	Reim an richuraibh
Laimh fhial arachta	Leomhan luatharmach
Mian na mordhasa	A leonadh biodhbhaidh
Mur leim lanteinne	Ton ag tream tuarguin
Fraoch nach bhfuarthear	Goll nan gnath iorguil, etc.

It is within the range of our observations to consider our author's opinion 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, etc. His objections therefore to *laoich*, which he maintains should be *laoigh* to agree in character with *faoin*; *sithich*, which ought to be the Irish *fiagh*; *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's 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."¹

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

¹ Besides several literal and versified translations in English, the Poems of Ossian have appeared in Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, German, Russian, Danish, Swedish, etc.

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.¹

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, etc., are quite perfect, but in fios, gion; làmh, bàs; feidh, sleibh; beur, speur, etc., 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 cearb 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:—

¹ See Transactions of Irish Academy.

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

Esan a' seinn ri taobh 's i talbh,
 Le cridhe leum, 'sa snamh 'na chèol,
 An gaol bho shuil gu suil a falbh,
 Cuir stad air feidh nan sleibhtean mör.

Miann a Bhoird aosda, p. 18.

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

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

Ossian.

Again:—

Na h-eòineanan bòidheach a's òrdamail pöngg,
 Stu märkeach nan sränneach a's färrumach cëum.

MacLachlan.

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 cüis! ar SINNSEAR,
 San INNSGINN a bha nan *aigue*
 A dh' fhagadh dhüinn mar DHILIE,
 Bhì RIOGHAIL: bë sin an *Paidër*.

p. 142.

Again:—

Is mör a ghreis a thug na SEOID
 'Sna SLOIGH a coinhead an *cuch* lan;
 Ach chlāon iad araon air an FHRAOCH,
 'S fuil CHRAOBHACH a ruith o' n *creuch*daibh.

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 bzaile
 Gam bheil an gluasad FARUSDA,
 Gun tug mi gaol co bzan duit,
 'Snach gluais e air an EARRACH so;

Mheall thu mi le d' shùgradh
 Le d' bhriodal a' le d' chùine,
 Lùb thu mi mar fhiùran,
 'S cha dùchas domb bhì FALLAIN zaith.

Here is another specimen of a similar style:—

Fhuair mi sgēula moch dicēdin
 Air laimh fhēuma bha gu creūchdach,
 'S leor a gheūrad anns An leūmsa
 Anal on trēud bha buaghar.
 O Dhun Gāranach ur āllail
 Na'n trup meāra' s na'n steud seānga,
 Na'n gleus glāna s' ceutach scālladh,
 Beichdail āllaidh zaibhreach.

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, etc.

Taigh mor macnasach, meāghrach,
 Nam nacaibh 's nam māigedeau,
 Far 'm bu tartarach gleādhraich nan corn,
 Taigh mor, etc.

See p. 27.

Tha mo dhuil' ann an Diā,
 Guir nuirneach do thriāll,
 Gu Dùn ud nan cliār,
 Far bu duthchas do' m thriāth,
 Bhiodh gu fiughantach fiāll foirmeil,
 Bhiodh gu, etc.

See p. 34.

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 dhūinn,
 'S bras meininnach fir Alba
 Fon armaibh air thūs;
 Nuir dh' eireas gach treun-laoch
 Na' n eideadh ghlan ūr,
 Le run feirg agus gairge
 Ge seirbhis a chrūin.

Donchadh Bān, or Doncan 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 Dourain* 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 *MacLachlan'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 á' mhádáinn | *chiúin* gheál, | ánn ám dhómh | *düs*gádh,
 Alg bün ná | *stúicé* | b'én *sá*grádh | leam,
 A cheáre lé | *sgíucán* | a gábháil | *túcháin*,
 'Sán cóileách | *cúirtéil* | ág *dúr*dáil | trom.
 An dréathán | *súrdail*, | 's á ribhíd | *chíul* áige,
 A cür nán | *smúid* dhéth | gú lúthár | binn ;
 An trúid sám | brú dheárg | lé mórán únaich,
 Ré cēilēir | *sánntách* | bú shiúbhlách | 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 inspire 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 the 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 cúrsan srann,
 Ard leumnach, Rìgh nan sleagh.

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

I.
 Offspring of chiefs,
 Of snorting chiefs,
 High bounding, King of spears !

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

III.

Gearr sìos gu bàs,
Gun 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 l'òich!
Do shuil mar chaoir ad cheann.

IV.

Like the thunder of destruction,¹
By thy stroke, O hero!
Thy darting eye like the flaming bolt.

V.

Mar charaic chruinn,
Do chridhe gun roinn;
Mar lasair oidhch' do laun.

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 làr.

VII.

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

In the poem entitled *Conn*² 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 buair an cadal,
Chruth Loda nan leir-chreach.
Sgap do dhealan;
Luaisg an talamh;
Buail an anam:
'S na maireadh ne beò dhiubh.

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 Gaelic of an orthography now rather obsolete. There are 27 verses, of which the following are the first and last:—

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

¹ *Qr. of Ba'il?*

² *Smith's Gallic Antiquities.*

Da Rìgh for chaogad, cluine,
Go mac Donncha dreach ruire,
Do shìol Eric ardgloin a noir,
Ghabhsad Albain, a eolaigh.¹

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.² A portion will be found p. 69.

Another selection from "the voice of Conn" 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 thorr nan aonach,
Mar neoil a' curadh gu dubhlaibh,
Mar chuan mor air traigh a' taomadh,
Cho leathean, beucach, dorcha, borb,
Thachair laoich fo cholg air Lena.
Bha gairm an t-sluaigh air cruach nan beann,
Mar thorrann an oidhch' nan sian,
'N uair bhriseas nial Chona nan gleann
'S mìle taibhs' a' sgreadadh gu dian
Air gaoith, fhaoin, fhiar nan carn.
Ghluais an Rìgh na' neart gu luath,
Mar thannas Threinnhoir, fuath gun bhaigh,
'N uair thig e' n crom-osag nan stuadh
Gu Morbheinn, tir sinns're a ghraidh.

Here in some parts the final syllables rhyme extremely well ; in others there appears no such agreement. The fifth and eleventh 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.

¹ *Rerum Hib. scriptores veteres.*

² 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, etc., 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.

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.”¹

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 MacDonald’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

¹ 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—dorch, darkening is omitted. The gairm was not a groan or cry of affright, but the battle-shout of defiance. For the “hollow wind,” the eleventh 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.

ignorant of the A B C. Duncan MacIntyre is a celebrated instance, and a long 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 Stiùart, 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 Gaëlic 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 characterised 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.¹ 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, tranquility, or the softer passions? No; their

¹ Daunev—Ancient Scottish Melodies: a curious and valuable work.

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 composition 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? But people were imbued 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, etc., 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.¹ 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 sympathise with the poet in the recital of a moving tale of woe. 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.”² 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

¹ 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.

² Tighmora, 404.

of the chiefs of old; they shall creep to their caves."¹ The closing portion of the aged bard's wish is of a similar cast. See page 18.

The generous sentiments which animated the Celtic 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.

"Bu ghile bian na canach sleibhte,
No ur-sneachd air bharrha gheuga."²

"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 Mac-Donald 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! etc., 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

¹ Berrathon.

² *Bas Airt 'ic Ardair*. Smith's Antiquities, 350.

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.

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

II.

Iarla maith Albann ag ol,
Is clann Uisneach dar coir cion,
Dingean thiarna Dhun na Ttreoin,
Gu thig Naoise pog gan fhios, etc.

“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 heard the news. I took my boat and rushed upon the sea, regardless whether I should live or die,” etc.¹ 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 Osrian, 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,” etc., David ap Edmwnt, 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 law 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,” etc. It seems the weight of John the Nightingale

¹ Nalson, Introduction to the Irish language—1808. Another version is given by Gillies.

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."¹

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 characterise 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 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," etc. 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.²

¹ Jones. One of those commemorated, is David ap Hywell Grigor.

² Book VI. Hibernienses aut sylvestres Scotos. The sylvestrian Scots were the Cernaech a choile, the Highlanders of the woods, a term formerly applied to these

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.²

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, etc."³ 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 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

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!

² See Gunn's able work on the use of the harp in the Highlands,

³ Polybius IV.

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 *Iorrans* 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 bardic *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 these "poetical blossoms" display great command of language and considerable genius.¹

After the period when *Ossian*, *Orain*, *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 15th century, a revival took place; and, since then, numerous bards of acknowledged excellence have from time to time appeared, besides those of lesser

¹ Walter in *Dissert. de Bardis*, gives a couplet which he pronounces grand.

"Tan a dwr yn ymwriaw,
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 wïw wy i weu e â, aia weuau
O'i wyau y weua;
E weua ei wê aia
A'i, weuau yw ieuau iâ!

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

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 encumbrance 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, etc., 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 Nicaill of Scoirebreac. “No,” quickly rejoined Alastair buidh Mac Ivor, “but those who patronised them are gone !”

AN CLAR-INNSIDH.

	TAOBH DUILLEAG		TAOBH DUILLEAG
	DUTHAL.		IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN 'IC-AILEIN.
Mordubh,	1	Oran do Mhac-Mhic-Ailein,	75
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SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH ;

OR

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY, &c.

MORDUBH,

A' CHEUD EARRAN.¹

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 ghlac an t-aog,
S uaigneach m' aigne 'n uamh mo bhròin ;
S' mòr mo leon fo lamh na h-aois.
Osag tha 'g astar o thuath,
Na dean tuasaid rium, 's mig 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 bhroin-sa, ghaoth,
'N uair dhireas 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 ghaoth,
Oir tha 'n aois ort fein ro theann.

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

¹ 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.

Tha ghrian a' critheadh 's an iar.
D'fhosgail eilean Fhlaitheis sa' chuan,
Tri uairean dorsan nan nial,
A glaothaich, "Dean cabhag thar a
chuain
Le d' chuach-fhalt àluinn, a ghrian."
Tha neoil dubh siubhlach na h-oidhche,
Gun aoibhneas air chùl nan tonn ;
'S tric iad ag amharc do thriall,
A ghnuis àluinn tha 'g astar o'n ear.
Ach eiribh le 'r sgiathan o'n chuan,
A neoil dhorch nan iomadh gruaim.
Tha sgàilean nan sonn o shean,
Tabhairt cuireadh do'n ghrein go flath-
innis.¹

Beannachd le ribhinn chiùin do ruin,
Buaidh le d' shaigheid 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 lic :
'S taitneach na smaointean a thriall ;
'S miannach dreach nam bliadhna dh-
fhallh !
Pill thusa, m' oige, le t-uile ghnìomh,
A's feuch do m' anam bliadhn' mo neit ;
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,

¹ The Sun was supposed to sleep in Flathinnis, 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 sentiment, sent the ghosts of their departed friends to this imaginary paradise.

Cluinnidh 'ur clann fuaim 'ur cliù.
'S thig sìleadh an sùl gu làr.
Tha m' anam a soillsreachadh le gnìomh,
Nam bliadhna dh-fhalbh, a's nach pill.

Dh-fhalaich a ghealach a ceann,
Bha cadal reulltan air chul neoil ;
Cabbag ghaoth a's chuan o chian,
Bu gharbh an cath 'bha edar stuidh,
A's sìleadh ghaillbheach nan speur,
N uair dh' eirich ro-shamhla Shailmhoir,¹
O leabaidh fhuair sa' gharbh chuan ;
A siubhal air bharruibh nan stuagh,
'S a ghaoth' cur meanbh chath mu'n cuairt.
Dh' eirich mac an aoig air sgiath
Na h-osaig, gu gruaidh Chraighmhoir ;
'S bha anail fhiadhaich nan nial,
Ag eiridh ma shleagh gun ghruin.
Ag amharc anuas o leabaidh fhuair,
Bu mhòr a bridh a bha 'na ghuth :
"Duisgibh ! chlan Alba nam buadh,
'S garbh colg "ur naimhdean o thuath ;
A' gluasad air bharruibh nan tonn,
Tha clanna Lochluinn² nan lom long.
Eiribh ! chlan Alba nam buadh ;
'S mor naert 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 roi' fheirg.
"Tionailibh mo shuinn o'n t-seilg,"
Thubbairt Ceann-feadhna na h-Alba,
"Soillsichibh srad air Druim-Feinne,
A's thig mo laoidh o ghruaidh gach beinne."
Labhair Mordubh, Rìgh nan srath,
'S lionar crag tha 'g innseadh sgeil.
Chuala clann a chath am fonn,
A's leum iomadh lann ghlas amach.
Dh' eirich a mhadainn san ear,
A's dh' iarr i air 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.

¹ Tradition says that Salmor was drowned in passing from the mainland to his own house 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.

² The Lochlins, signify in Gaelic *The Descendant of the Ocean*, and comprehend all the Northern Nations who invaded the Caledonians.

Air adhart dh' eirich Ciabh-ghlas treun'
A's iomadh sleagh air chul Cheann-aird.
Tha Treunmor a tional a shluaigh ;
'S c'uum'am bi Mordal air dheireadh.
Labhair Ciabh-ghlas, bu mhòr aois,
"Co chunnaic Sunar o thuath ?
Am beil e togail iomadh sleagh ?
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."

Thuirt 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 Thìr-mhoir bcag fo cheum,
'S trom colgar, gailbheach rìgh Lochluinn,
'S cha toir Siol Alb' air buaidh."

CIABH-GHLAS.

" Imich thus' a ghealtair e chlaoin
Gu aiseiridh shàmbach 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 mhic gun chliù,
Gu aiseiridh chuil nan daoine crion'.
Mur biodh aige-san tha gun chliù,
Naimhdean nach bu mhò na thu,
B' aobhar eagail nach h' fhiù dha
Airm a rusgadh sa chath.
A feith air Clainn Lochluinn o thuath,
Bi 'n cruaidh lannan fuilteach o'n taobh.
Chualas t' shacail bu bheag stà,
A mhic an ardain tog do ghàth."

Dh' eirich dà shleagh gu h-àrd—
Bha rusgadh lann air gach taobh.
Dhuisg anis neart na h-Alba,
Chum garbh chath thabhairt dh'i fein :
Ach, thainig sgiath laidir an t-sluaigh,
Rìgh àluinn Albainn a nuas,
Le corruich mhòr, 's le trom ghruaim,
Dh' amhaire e air na suinn làn fuath.
Bha shuil gu fiadhaich ag siubhal

Gu dubhach o fhear gu fear ;
 Air Eagal gu tuitcadh an sluagh,
 Borb luath ag imeachd bha ghuth :
 “ Na ruisgeadh lann a chloinn na fàirge,
 Na canaibh gu leag sibh sinn.
 Is tric dh' eirich sleagh ur 'n athraiche ;
 Is lionar an cill air ar tràigh ;
 Ach 's aoibhinn duihbs', a chlann Lochluinn,
 Leagar Alba le h-airm fein !”

Làn maslaidh bho fheirg an rìgh,
 Shiubhail na laoch a dhuisg an strì ;
 Mar dhà neul tha siubhal air càrn,
 'Nuair shiubhlas a ghrian air mìn dhriuchd:
 Dubhach bha na glinn ro' 'n ceum,
 Ag amharc an tighinn an deoir uan speur.
 Cha 'n fhiù leo an cnocan crìon,
 Tha triall chum gruaidh Ard-chraig.
 Mar sin a shiubhlas na suinn,
 An coinneamh a naimhdean borb.
 Air adhart tha ceum rìgh Alba,
 Mar gharbh chraig an aghaidh tuinn mhoir,
 'N uair chruinnicheas na stuaidh,
 A tabhairt garbh chath do thuilte.

Mar ghaoth oidhche shiubhlas air speur,
 Thainig clann Lochluinn nan sleagh ;
 Cha siubhail osag na h-aonar,
 'S ann'comhla 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 chath',
 Is iomadh nàmh a thuit leinn.
 Bha namhann a bhlaire air an fhraoch—
 Bha tuilte fala mu shleagh Cheann-ard ;
 B' iomadh creubhag a lot Mordal—
 Bu chruaidh, borb, flathail, gach fear.
 Ach co b' urrainn seasadh ro' cheud ?
 Chunnaic an Rìgh ar ceum air ais ;
 Las anam a ghaigich le feirg,
 'S àllt dearg a leanailt a shleagha ;
 Bha taibhsean a naimhdean mu'n cuairt,
 Ach fad' uaidh, fein bha na laoch.
 Thainig e mu dheireadh nan deigh,
 Mar thonn a tuiteam o'n chreig ;
 'S tric a dh' iarr an fhairg air dìreadh—
 S tric a thilg an stuadh 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 ?

Chà b' anfhann na suinn—
 Cha do theich sinn ro' '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 caonnag 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 ghuis,
 'S mòr aoibhneas 'g éideadh gach tnuic—
 'S aighearach leinn do bhuaidh 's na speuran,
 A's beannaichidh sinn do ghatan, a ghrian.
 Imich gu d' leabaidd le ceòl,
 Thusa tha measg nan reulltan mòr ;
 Bheir sinne buaidh fathasd,
 Ged' tha sinn a nochd fo leòn.

AN DARÀ H-EARRANN.

Tri uairean chrath an oidhche
 A sgiath duhb, cheòthach, 's an eàr ;
 Tri uairean sheall na reulltan,
 Mar neoil ghruamach nan speur.
 Bha osnadh thamailte nan laoch,
 'S a ghaoith ag astar nan càrn :
 Bha co-shamhla nan sonn 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 lamh,
 A's ghabh sinn tamailte mhòr.

Air ard-chraig dh' aimhaire an rìgh,
 'S lionar gaisgeach bha fo ghruaim ;
 Bha 'n smaointean soillear dha fein,
 A's labhair e le briathraibh cruaidh.
 Air cuis 'n uair laidheas gruaim,
 Théid fuadach an cridhe crìon,
 'S théid fir fhann gu luath fo dhìon ;
 Togaidh an calma cheann ro' ghailleann ;
 'S cha bhì fianh taise na ghnuis.
 Tha ceuman nan sian 's an doire,
 'S cha lùb an darach a ghùn.
 Abraibh sibhse Chinn-fneadhna,
 An tainig sinn o dhaoine crìon !
 An ann do gheuga fann ar sleagh ?
 O dharach Alba nam mor ghniomh,
 'S tric thainig naimhdean o thuath,
 'S c'uin 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 bhroin nam marbh?
 Tha chlach ud le mòintich liath
 A cumail cuimhne air treun laoich,
 Ag radh, "Cha do theich ar n' athraiche
 riamh,
 I'hearann leanaibh dian an lorg!"

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

Sheas Morcheann, Triath Allt-duibh,
 Tri uairean chrath e sgiath,
 Tri uairean bhual e an darach;
 "Ainmic bha mo bhuillean fann.
 Ainmic fhuair mo naimhdean buaidh;
 Ge d' thug bliadhn' air falbh mo neart,
 Ni 'm beil gealtachd am ghruaidh.
 Shaoil leam gu'n togadh mo mhac
 Mo leac, 's gu càireadh e mo cheann.
 Chaoidh ni 'n togar sgiath, no leac
 Le oigear flathail nan deas lann,
 Bha cheum air adhart sa chath:
 Ach d' fhaillig gach caraid mu 'n cuairt.
 Bha iomadh namhaid na stri;
 'S thuit an laoch ro' mhìle sluaigh."
 "Beannachd" ars 'an rìgh, "do'n laoch,
 Ach na aonar ni 'm faod e falbh;
 Thcid Ceann-feadhna nochd na lorg;
 'S dorch do choigrich tamh nam marbh."

Ghlaic Ogan Mac-Chorbuidh a sgiath,
 An diomhainn duinn gu eiridh grein'
 Nau' dean sibh feathamh da'r luchd mì-rùin?
 An sin do labhair Ceannard treun,
 'S tric thug siol Albainn an t-slige chiuin;
 Ach c' uin a thainig bàs air coigrich,
 'N uair a thachair iad le mùirn?
 Is treubhach, maiseach, linn Lochluinn,
 A's buinig sinn fòs ar cliù.
 Ciod uime thuiteamaid mar neul,
 Thig le sgleo bho linne bhuirn,
 A snamh as air bharruibh nam beann,
 'N uair chaidh leas a ghealach fo shuain,
 'S a chrathas gailiann clachan trom',
 'S fiamh eagal air rionnag nan sian?
 Crathaidh mhadainn a ceann 's an ear,
 'S eiridh a ghrian le cuach-fhalt ciuin;
 Biodh solus a gath' air gach sgiath,
 'S bàs a gearradh airm gach suinn.

A cur air sgiath Dhunairm,
 Deir Morfhalt,¹ fanaibh gach laoch,
 Air an tog lamh mhìn-gheal leac,
 Ach laidhidh mise nochd air fraoch.
 Cha bhì deoir air gruaidh am dheigh—
 Cha 'n eirich clach le mo chliù—
 Cha 'n abair athair—"mo mhac,"
 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 amlaimh;
 Bu naimhdean a dh'-Alba, m'athraiche,
 Aig Rìgh Lochluinn, b' ainmeil iad.
 B'aite leam siubhal na fairge,
 Thog sia gaisgich bhorb mo bhreid.
 Thainig gaoth 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-cinn.
 Dh' eirich Albainn air bharr tuinn,
 'S chrath gach doir' an ciabh le fàilte.
 Bha sleibhlean gòrm gu ceolmhor, binn,
 Le cathadh mìn bho cheann ar bàrc.
 Be Dunairm ceann-uighe nan coigreach,
 A's shin an Ceannard gasd' a lamh.
 'S e beatha clann Lochluinn an Albainn,
 'N uair bhios meirg fìochaidh air an lamh,
 'S lionar ar feidh, a's làn ar sligean;
 'S tha cliù a's misneach 'n ar sgeul;
 'S c'uime chitèar gruaim air coigreach?
 Chaidh sùrd le sòlas air cuirn;
 B' aobhinn leinn còmhradh 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 no 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 eathaibh rìghrean cèin;

¹ 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 Dunarm, who so hospitably received him on landing in Scotland, and to whom he occasioned the greatest misfortune—the loss of his family!

Eireadh do chliù-sa fad as,
 A's cluinnidh Min-bhàs an sgeul.
 Raineas rìgh Eirinn nan sleagh,
 A's thuit a naimhdean le m' lainn;
 Sheinn am bard, as fad' thar chuan
 Chualas m' iomradh gu fal.
 B' fhaoilidh oighean Innse-fail,
 Le 'n lamhan min-gheala caoin,
 Romham gu furanach fial,
 Ach ni 'n d' fhuair a h-aon mo ghradh.
 'N tra thraoigh fearg, 's a phill sith,
 Phill mi gu òigh nam bàs min.
 'N uair dh' eirich Dunairm gu h-ard,
 Bha ghrian na tamh an cluain seamh,
 'S a ghealach a siubhal gu luath
 O nial gu nial le baoisge geal—
 Thainig guth air osaig na h-oidhiche,
 O chìrb an doire ud thall,
 Mar ghuth na maidne cubhraidh,
 Air aiseag gu m' chluais gu min mall:
 "Imich, 's ma thuiteas tu ghraidh,
 Mo shuilean bi'dh sìlteach gach trà."
 Chrith m'anam le eagal am cliabh,
 Mar nach robh e roimhe riamh.
 Chunnacas Min-bhàs nan gaol
 Le àrmun gasda ri taobh.
 Lùb mi 'n tiubhar, ag radh—
 "A shaihead ruig cridhe na ceilg"
 Nior rachadh an laoch an cein,
 A bhuidhean cliù do cridhe 'n ardain.
 Rainig an guin nimhe a taobh,
 A's chlaon an oigh-mhìn air tom.
 Bha cuach-fhalt dearg le fuil,
 A's dh'imich a h-osnadh air osaig na
 h-oidhiche.
 Cion a thainig guin an aoig?"
 Thuirt an laoch, le guth ard,
 "O laimh an fhir nach bu tais,"
 A's thog mi an t-sleagh am laimh.
 A mhacain na h-oidhiche uaighnidh,
 Thuirt an t-òg le mor ioghnadh,
 "Tha neart a d' laimh, a ghaigich
 'N uair is faoin do nàmh.
 Nior thog an gaisgeach a shleagh,
 Le cridhe gun àdhadh, gun ghean.
 Falbhaidh do thaibhse duaichnidh,
 Le macaibh na gaoithe duibh";
 Far nach tog do lamhan lann,
 'S nach guin do shaihead cridhe gaol."

B' fhad a gheis thug sinn,
 Cha chualas Min-bhàs le gàir airm;
 Thuit a shleagh O laimh mo nàmh;

A's chlaon e fadheoigh air an fhraoch.
 Thainig a ghealach o neoil;
 A's chunnacas mo charaid na fhuil,
 "An do thuit thu, bhrathair ghaoil?"
 Thuirt an òigh, 's an t-aog na beul
 "'S nach faic t-athair thu pilleadh o n
 t-scilg?"

O! Mhorfhuil an tìr chein,
 C'aite an eirich do shleagh?
 Cha chluinn thu guth 'mo bhrathar fein,
 Cur fàilt ort tille le d' chliù.
 Ach uair eiginn thig an laoch,
 A's togaidh e 'n uaigh da rùn.
 Tharuinn mi 'n t-saighead o'n chreuchd—
 S a h-uchd min-gheal air a lot!
 A's shil mo dheoir le braonaibh fala
 Na h-ighinn, 's a suilean a plogadh
 N uair chun' i lamh Mhorfhuil na fuil,
 'Sgread i mar thannasg, a's theich
 A taibhse air neulaibh na gealaich.
 Ceithir chlachan le 'n còinneich liath
 Thogadh sud mu uaigh an laoich:
 Ga chòir sin an suain na tamh,
 Tha 'n ribhinn gu ghile taobh.

Sileadh oighean deoir a bhròin;
 A's seinnidh na h-eoin gu tiamhaidh
 Mu dhoire nan neultan dorcha.
 Rè na h-oidhche ag eisdeachd na gaoith',
 Bha neoil dhubb dol tharum luath;
 A's clann an adhair, gu d' theich
 Le mòr gheilt, toirt dhomh-sá fhuath!
 Tha Ceannard Dhunairm na onar,
 Ri bròn, 's a sileadh dheur;
 Air uairbh thig e gan còir;
 A's cluinnear a leon air a ghaoith.
 Cha tog es-an a shleagh ni 's mò,
 Ach coinnichidh a namh ma shleagh.
 Thuit Mac Dhunairm le m' laimh—
 Thuit Min-hhàs fo dhaille na gealaich.
 An rè na gealaiche nuaidh,
 Théid mi an caramh an t-saigh.
 Cha 'n eil mùirn an talla Dhunairm,
 Theid 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 anail fhuar na h-eigh-reotha.
 Laidh an damh aig steigh na carraige;
 'S tha eunlaidh luath gun cheòl.
 Tha 'n darach gun duilleach uaine.
 Tha cìrb an doire ri crathadh;
 A's sian an adhair ga ghluasad.

Théid an duine ga theach,
O fhearg na doinionne fuair';
Ach seallaidh athair na soillse
Air na raoin, 's iad brònach.
Dearsaidh a chiabhan le maise;
A's fògraidh se namhaid nan luibh;
Crathaidh na cnuic an gruaim air falbh,
'S ni fàilte ris a dol seach.

Suidhibh sibhse so gu là,
A Cheann-feadha nan slogh,
A's tuitidh mise am aonar,
A measg ur naimhdean is geur colg;
Nach abrar, "Nach toir sibh buaidh,
Chioon gu'm beil mi fhein na'r measg.

"'S muladach do sgeul r'a luadh,
A Mhorfhuilt," se thuir an Rìgh,
"Ach nì 'n tuit thu ad' aonar sa chath,
'S clann Alba an so na'n suain.
Mar dhealan thu an am na stri,
Ach coigil do chairdean a Mhorfhuilt,
Tuitidh fadheireadh an treun,
Treigidh samhradh an ài-ìh,
'S thig gearradh le ghrùaim gun bhàidh.
Bha Mìn-bhàs am madainn a h-òige,
Mar dheò greine am barraibh ògain;
'S co dheanadh còmhrag na fheirg,
Ri mac Dhunairm a bha garg?
Cha do laidh a gun a chliù,
Anns a chria'-thaigh chumhann chaol.
Gu b' iomràiteach a ghaigse, 's an dàn,
Sheinn na baird gu blasda binn.
Ach tha sleagh t-athar, a Mhorfhuilt,
Fo smal an ad' lamh sa 'n uairs';
Cha tog thu i 'n aghaidh ar nàmh—
Cha bhì fuil t-athar air do chruaidh."

'S i sleagh Cheannaird Dhuinairm,
A tha dearg le fuil a nàmh.
Cha togar ma lann sa chath,
Tha i sinte' làimh' ri m' ghradh.
Bu ladair an lamh a liobh
An t-sleagh so a th' agam fhein;
Ach tha e coimhead an taibhse,

¹ The ancient custom of laying the implements of war and of the chase in the grave with the fallen hero has 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. Dunarm, being weak through age, gave him his own spear, and made him his adopted son.

A threig uaidh air raon na nial.
'S an toir a naimhde buaidh,
Air athair an lài a shean aois?
Cha toir—'s e na chiabhan liath,
O rìgh, 'n tra thogam-sa shleagh.

A's tog e a laoich 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'n toir acain, no bròn,
Air ais dhuinn an dream tha fo'n fhòd.
Bu mhaiseach air sliabh Culàluinn,
Ainnir nan lamh geala, caoin;
Dubh mar fhithreach bha a falt,
'S bha brolach mar cal' air caol.
Thigeadh smal air dearsadh, gach òigh',
An lathair nigh'n Shonmhoir nan rath
Gu'm b' àluinn mathair mo chloinne!
A bha fonnar an talla a chiùl.
Thainig nighean Aonair nan Sleagh,
Da'n robh mo rùn an tùs m' oige;
'S ghabh a suil bu mhor goin,
Culàlunn, am maise mnà.
Na h-aonar fhuair i mo rùn,
A's labhair i rithe am foil;
Nach ionmhuinn siubhal' an lò,
'S cubhraidh' Chuilàluinn am beith.
Tha fir na seilg air beanntaibh cian;
Thràigh à mhuir fada null,
Fagail a carraige sa ghaoith bhlàth.
A nighean Shailmhoir nam bàs mìn
Rachamaid siar gun dàil.
Chaidh iad tro choille nan crann,
'S fo charraig àird mu'n iadh an cuan,
Chaidil Culàluinn bu gheal snudh.
Cheangail a ghuideidh mhna
A falt amlagach grunn,
Na dhuail ri feamainn nan tonn;
A's thill i uaipe, eridhe bà!
Le h-aighear mu gnìomh nach àdh.
Thain an fhairge tonn air thonn,
A's dhuig Culàluinn á suain,
A's b' ioghna' lea ceangal a gruaige.
O fuasgail mo leadan, a ghraidh?
Nach truaigh leat fhein mi, òigh!
C' uime bhuin thu rium cho bà,
'S mo mhacain aillidh am dheigh!
Fhreagair mac talla nan creug,
Ach bha nighean Aonair uaithe 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'ì bhi mar neul,
Air aigeal na mara ud shìos.

Ach nì'n tearmunn dhut gu bràth,
A Ghuineid, do bhrathair baoth.
Thuit an laoch le 'm gheur lann,
Ged' dhìon e mi aon uair sa chath.
Laimh ris ann an suram suain,
Laidh thusa a b' uabhraiche gnìomh ;
Is minig an aisling na h-oidhche,
Thig do thailhse le droch fhiamh.
Ach a Chuil-àill an fhuilt duibh,
Is ionmhuinn leam thus' am shuain !
Thig thu gun chith, gun cholg,
'S cha sheun fear cuairt do chòmhnaidh,
'N tra dh' èireas gealach gun smal.
Is minig a chluinnear do ghuth.
Roi' thighinn no doinionna ghairbh'.
Cluinnidh am maraich' an éigh,
A's gabhaidh tamh fo sgeith na creige ;
A coimhead nan tonn gun bheud,
Is caomh leis eigh nam boghannan,
Ged' èireadh iad ard san duibhre !
Amhuil a thuit mo chaomh, a Mhorfhuilt,
A's dh' eirich mo shleagh le buaidh,
Cha mhaireann aon ghràdh air thalamh,
A's leagar mor ghaisgeach san uaigh.

Dh' aithris Ccannard sgeula bhròin,
'S am feachd bha tosdach trom !
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 neoil thar bheinn,
'S nì 'n robh sian an ciabh nan crag ;
Bha gach crann a's lus an sìth,
A's laidh a ghaoth a sìos gu grad.
Cìod tha dearsadh san ear,
Facin chruth le faite gàire ?
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 leirg gu h-ard.
Cuir fuadach fo smalan na h-oidhche,
Tha reull¹ na maidne na dearna ;
A tighin' mar dhearsadh am moch thrà,

¹ Moidearg-mhadne.

Toirt fios duinn mu eiridh na greine.
C' uime tha t-imeachd cho luath,
Ainnir shuairce 's gile gnùis ?
Ach dh-fhag thu mhadainn òg 'na t-àite,
Is caomh leth-dheàlrach do chruth ;
Thar bhadan ceathaich na leirge,
A dh-fhalbhas ro' eiridh na greine.

AN TREAS EARRAN.

Bha briseadh na faire 's an ear,
'S theich duibhre air sgiathan luathais :
Dh' imich na reulltan 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 mac charraig nan tonn,
Mar chnoc air thir-mor nach gluaisear,
Mise thugaibh, shìol nam beann.
Tha fhìreun air sgiathan ro threun ;
'S tha sheobhaig ma cheum gu luath ;
Bha fhithich ma loma long !
Air imeachd 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 shleibhtean 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-mheat',
A chionn nach eil a naimhdean lìonmhor.

Ach, suidh thus' air an fhraoch,
A mhacain nam fonn is binn' ;
A's theid an t-slige làn mu'n cuairt ;
Cha 'n eil ar fuath air clann nam fonn.
A's pill a rithisd, gu foil,
Gu Rìgh Lochluinn, a ghlòir nach àdh ;
Innis dha gu'm beil eunlaidh nan sliabh,
Air sgiath an déis an creich fein.
Thigeadh e le mhiltean sloigh ;
Tha neart n ar cridhe-ne '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.¹

¹ 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,

Mar thig an doireann bho thuath,
 Le gaoth luath a's nialta fliuch,
 A tuirilinn o ghruaidhean nam beann,
 Nuas air aonach, ghlinn, a's shlochd—
 Mar sinn thainig Sunar le shuinn.
 Bha 'n sgiathan mar nialaibh na h-oidhche—
 Bha 'n aghaidh mar reulltan a' lasadh,
 'S na plathanaibh duibhreach, nialach.

Chaidh neart na h-Alba air adhart,
 Mar ghaillbheann thonn le gàir,
 Tha 'g imeachd an neart nan sian,
 Tha gluasad o chian gu h-àrd.
 Cluinnidh am maraiche an toirm,
 'S le fiamh theid e na dhàil,
 O nach urr' e nis a sheachnadh,
 Tha 'g iomairt air aghaidh no bhàrc.

Cia mar dh'aithriseam fein
 Gníomhan euchdach 'ur n-arm ?
 A shealgair Choirre-nan-stùc,
 Chuinna' do shuil Mor-chreag—
 A tha togail a-chinn gu h-àrd,
 'S a gabhail nan nial na chiabh,
 O mhulach tha tòirleum a nuas,
 Le tailmrich o ghruaidh na craig,
 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 chuisseag fhann,
 Fo dhoinionn na h-àibheis fuair',
 'N uair bhios buaireas thaibhse dian,
 'S na siantan uile fo ghruaim.
 Lùb Siol Lochluinn gu làth
 Roimh Rìgh Alba nan sluagh àir.
 Chunnaic Sunar e tighin—
 A's chrath e trì uairean a shleagh.
 Ach crathaidh tu i gu faoin,
 A mhic Lochluinn a ghuth aird.
 Mar charrag roi' dhoincann garbh,
 Tha ceann-feadhna na h-Alba an tràs.
 Am buinne tha neartar, mear,
 Teichidh roimh aghaidh gun chail.

“ Ach an do theich mise riamh, ”
 S e labhair Rìgh Lochluinn nan clìar.
 “ Mar dhoinionn an adhair mo laimh,
 Cha seas na beanntan fein le'n coill,
 'S le'n stacaibh cragach, am lathair.
 Air an fhaige thug mi buaidh,

he looked forward with a prophetic eye, and pronounced the fall of the people. Hence often the ground of belief in the second sight.

'N uair le feirge do sgaoil an cnan,
 Mu fhearann a's fhonn, ag eigheach,
 Is bheum gach rutha, a's sgeir bheucach.
 Ach 's faoin a labhair thu, chuain,
 Bhuirb nan stuadh-ghlas baoth ?
 Nach tug mi féin ort roimhe buaidh ?
 'S an seas Ceannard an t-sluaigh so ri m'
 thaobh ? ”

Sin samhail do bhriathraibh an laoch.
 Ach, chrithnich an talamh mu'n cuairt,
 'N tra thog iad an sleaghan ard;
 Thuit craobhan le m' freumhach buaint',
 'S crith creagan fo chasan nan treun ?
 A's leum iad o'n leabaidh thaimh.
 '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 ghleidh e laimh air ais.

Bha Morfhalt air aghaidh 's a chath—
 Leis thuit laoch air gach buille
 Sheas Ceann-feadhna bho thuath an cein ;
 Bha airde mar chraoibh fo blà.
 Dh'aom clann Alba air an ais,
 O sgeith laidir mar stuadh o charrag,
 Anhuil darag aosda nan àrd,
 'S na siantan ri comhstrì dhian.
 Ach togaidh tu do cheann le buaidh
 Tha maiseach, gun bheud o'n stoirm ;
 Mu d' thimcheall tha dìon gach uair ;
 'S thig an sealgair o'n fhuachd a d'
 dhlùthas,
 A's gheibh e dìon o'n iunnrais fhuaire :
 Mar sin tha sgiath an laoch da shluagh.
 Thog Morfholt a shleagh gu éuchd,
 A's ghabh e'n còdhail a ghaisgich,
 'S bu ghàbhaidh còmhrag nam fear borb ;
 Fhregair mac-talla nan creag
 Do dh' fhuaim an lannan glas' géura—
 Chuir iad coill a's fraoch á bun,
 Le 'n casan air uilinn an t-sleibhe—
 A's chrithnich clanna nan crìon,
 Ag coimhead ri gnìomh nan tréun-fhear
 Is mor a ghreis a thug na seoid,
 'S na sloigh a coimhead an éuchd ;
 Ach chlaon iad araon air an fhraoch,
 'S fuil chraobhach a ruith o'n creuchdaibh.

Sin labhair Morfholt na mor ghniomh,
 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 Bunar :
 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 Mhorfhuilt, a t-aghaidh, mo bhra-
 thair ?
 A sheol an tùs dhomh cleasan lùgh ;
 Ach, ni 'n t-sleagh ni 's mò.
 Fàram lamh 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 taibhse.

Chual an sluagh balbh a ghloir,
 'S bu mhor am bròn air son an laoich.
 Theich Siol Lochluinn g' an cabhlach,
 A's shil deoir Mhordhuibh mar hhraon ;
 Phill e air ais a shuinn—
 Thog iad leac-lighe gu h-ard,
 A's sheinn am bàrd cliù an t-seiod.
 Tha darag aosda na chòir,
 'S na mheuraibh mòr tha sranna ghaoth—
 Tha dealan an adhair mu'n cuair,
 'S cha tig fear turais na dhàil—
 Seachnaidh e 'n t-juil nach àdh,
 An aimsir nan reultan cian—
 Tha dà thaibhse mu'n cuairt an còmhnaidh,
 Le acain bhronn tha siubhal air siantaibh.

COLLATH.

THA acain am aisling neo-chaoin !
An cadal do laogh, athair ?
Is eagal leamsa doinnonn 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' anam an guiomh !
Ciod e bhrìgh, a shìol nan rann ?

Ach 's faoin so aisling na suain ?
Is faoin neo-bhuan gach uile nì.
Tuitidh an gaisgeach treun na threis,
A's àillteachd gach cruth gu crìon.
Mar shruthas blà na coill—
Mar thig neul daillreach air a ghrein—
Is amhail sìn 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 t-aonar am beil thu air lear ?
Fair an lann ud air an eallachainn,
Mac-samhailt do dhealan nan cath.
Thog Oglaoch an lann so g'a liobh—
Lann m' athraichean an gnìomh nan rath.
Is iomadh cath a's còmhrag cruaidh
Is cuimhne leam a bhì le buaidh.

Fhreagair an sin Aosar nan dàn,
A churaidh, a Chollaith nam buadh,
C'uime--ma bitheadh t-inntinn fo phràmh--
Bha Oglaoch mar athraichean treun,

¹ Fonar, 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. 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.

Curaidh treubhach e's a chath,
A' mosgladh air faiche nan cruaidh.
'S e bheireadh buaidh thar mhìle fath.

A's aosda lag mi nis fo bhròn,
Thuirt Collath, 's a dheoir a ruith !
Tha tuite dol tharuinn gu dlù.
A c' ait' am beil m' ansachd fein an diugh.
Gu b' ionmhuinn thu Oglaoich threin,
Mo leanabh fein a b' aille cruth !
Bha thu fann roimh imeachd do nàmh,
'S an triall mar thoran thar Mealldubh
A's thig an là gun teach, gun ùgh,
Gun talla, gun fhlaithaibh, gun cheòl,
'S am bì Siol Armuinn fo sprochd,
Mar fhaileas ruiteach tro' neoil.
Ach 's diomhain mo thuireadh gu leir !
Ciod so m' fà mu'm beil mo chrì
Fo bhruailean le aisling cruaidh ?
A bualladh gu critheach, gun fhois,
Mar dhuilleach roi dhoiniunn 's na
cluanaibh.

Fhreagair mi fhein gu seamh,
A's tìoma bhròin ga 'm chlaoi ;

“ Am fanam-sa am thamh.”
Thuirt Oglaoch, “ 's mo ghradh an dhì ?
Cha chaill mi, ars' e-san, mo chliu,
Ann am madainn chaomh na h-oige.
B' eug-samhuil na h-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 théid 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 bilibh ròis ;
Tha h-anail ni'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 sùil is glaine snuadh,
Ainnir shuairce 's igheann rìgh.
Mar torchair mi 'n oigh le m' lainn,
Ni mi còdhail rithe thall.

Mo chridhe 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' anma an àdh,
 Gun cheò na Lanna, no blàr?
 Gach fùran le òigh gun smal,
 Neo-ionan a's sine ri gal." 11
 Thog e ri crannaibh na seoil,
 A's dhomhlaich uime a shluaigh ;
 Rì comh-strì ghailbheach nan tonn,
 Bha fonn a ghaoil ann a bheul.
 Cha mheata, am feasd, a chri,
 A's Ainnir da dhì 's an iuil ;
 'S an oidhche fheartuinneach gu lò,
 Ag udal cuain aghaidh shian,
 " Fagamaid acaìn a's bròn,"
 Thuirt Oglaoch, " gu clanna nan crion,
 Taosgar gach hoinne 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 shluaigh.
 A chaitheadh ar slighe 's a chuan,
 Ghabh sinn an sin duan nu seach ;
 Sin sheinn duinn filidh 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' chrì an t-aiteas ard.
 Tha 'g eiridh àdhmhòr a steach !
 Mar chlaraibh an talla nam fonn,
 Mar chuileann an sonn nach meat,
 Mar fhath-innis mhìle bàrd.
 Biodh smaointe graidh a chrì !
 Ionmhuinn gach sìle, gach hraon,
 Ionmhuin maraon a's Beul-bì,
 Caoin chruth geal nan ioma dual,
 O shìol na cathraiche nuaidh,
 Càir gheal a chamhair a cneas,
 'S a leaca mìn 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 raoìn ;
 Seargaidh a caoin chruth 's a dreach ;
 " Sruthaidh a blàthan gun bhuaìn,"
 S e deir Mac Nuath is geire beachd.

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

A chlanna fial nan armunn fuidhidh,
 Eiribh gu duthaich fad as,
 Gu taomadh oirn mar dhoinionn ghairbh
 Nì h-aobhinn an fheirg a tha las'.
 Ach mairidh cliu nan saoidh gach ial,
 A ghleachdas ri truaighean gun mheath,
 A laochraidh nan sleagh liobhaidh gear,
 Togadh oirbh, mear, leumnach, garg,
 Mor—uaibhreach—borb,
 Le namhann cith agus tolg !
 Theid gathaibh leoin tre 'n cridhe ;
 (Is aobhinn fulang nan treun !)
 Buirbe nan gaisgeach 's an stri,
 Coigil a d' chleibh a's a d' shuain.
 Lamh nan treun gu cath biodh leat,
 'S an àrach fo lamh gu sguab.
 'N tra throaghas gailbheinn na h-àibheis,
 Mar an t-àrach claoite sgìth ;
 Seallaidh gnais an iunrais caoin,
 Amhuil laoich n' tra philleas sìth.
 Ach e-san a thuiteas le buaidh,
 Tha e faighinn caochladh nuadh ;
 A mhealtuinn ionmhas nan saoidh,
 Nach ionmhuinn a chaoi, a comhnuidh

Thainig tioma air mo chrì,
 Rì cuimhne na chunna' mi fhein !
 Gualann-chatha nach bu tim,
 Flathaibh fuileach bha ri m' linn.
 Nach eil a h-aon diu am shean aois?
 Nach b' eibhinn a bhi leo seach leinn?
 Chunnacas sonn mor nam buadh,
 Curaidh uaibhreach nan gnìomh garg :
 Lubadh nan cathan fo lainn.
 'N uair a mhosgladh e am feirg.
 'S e aigne an laoich a bha ard—
 Bha bhoile mar chaoiribh chruach.
 Cha robh e riann ann an sìth,
 'N uair ruisgeadh na lannan san stri ;
 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 uile fa-dhecidh.
A's chi an lò sinn sma' san uaigh.¹

Ach mairidh gu suthain 's an dàn,
Gnìonhan alloil aìdh nan saoidh :
'N uair chrionas a cholluinn gu smùr,
Mar an ùir an còmbdach criadh ;
Mar cheathach tra nòin air an t-sliabh,
Triallaidh an deò ag imeachd uainn,
Far nach teirig grian, no gradh—
Far a maircann àdh nan sonn.

Ach, Oglaoich, is deacair trom,
Sean aois a chromas an t-àrd,
A chaochaileas cruth nam fìath,
'S a dhallas fradharc chail nam bàrd.
Cia mar sheinneas mi dhut ceòl,
A laoich oig, am chiabhan liath ?
'S e labhair mi fein ris an t-saoidh,
Ceannard òg nam mìle clìar.

Chunnacas reull bu dealrach dreach,
A soillse tro' dhuibhre na h-oidche ;
A's shoillsich a ghealach a rìs,
'S na neoil ag imeachd gu luath.
"Mar aiteal nan reull ud gu h-ard.
Tha maise Ainnir," ars' an laoch,
"A lionadh m' anam do gradh ;
Ged' tha thusa balbh ad' dhoir !
Còm is meuchaire, mhìne, ghìle,
Taomadh gaol mar dhearsa na h-òidhe !
A lionadh anam de shòlais,
Is binne guth no fuaim nan clàr,
Is àille dreach no cruth cubhraidh,
An noinein bhàin fo dhealt nan speur.
Is anmhor 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 ruin a tha bhuainn,
Pillidh mar aon a gaol
Ro chaoìn, mar rì caochladh cath.
Tha m' aigneadh a' leumnaich gu còmhrag.
Is ionmhuinn le oighean mac rath.

¹ Fonar, 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.

Aithris dhuinn fhilidh nan dàn,
Thuirt mi fhein am briathraibh ciùin,
Mar bha oigh na h-iomair bhaigh,
Rè a latha an reull iùil.
Beul-bí,¹ sòlus mhìle crì,
Maise mnà a bhil bhì ;
Ighean ghaol bu bhlasda ceol,
A falt mar fhìtheach, dubh mar smeoir.
Bha maise a's gradh le cheil' na sealladh,
A mala crom mar ite 'n lòin ;
A còm seamh, fìnealta, fuasgailt',
Cha lubadh a ceum an feoirnean.
Bu chruth ionmholt am rìbhinn ;
Ach cìod am fà mu'n robh sa 'g radh ?
Gach aona bhuaidh do bhì air finne,
Bha sud air dunach nan laoch,
A thuit mar ghallan nan gleann,
Mar sgathar fùran nan crann.

Ach dh-fhailig mor mhais' a ghaol,
Chaochail ' cruth àillidh gu h-aog !
'N uair bhuail lann Chonnlaoidh uchd
Dhonnaghaill,
'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 flathaibh fo mhaoin :
Bu dearg gach sruthan san raon.
Thuit e mu throma ghràdh na h-oighe !
Mar chobhar sruth bha fhuil a dortadh,
'S a ruith—'s e fuil a chridhe bh' ann,
A brùcadh tro' chreuchdan nan lann.
Uaith sin, chluinte caoiran na h-oigh' :—
"Och, mo dhorainn, agus m' acain !
Nach deachaidh mi eug o chian,
Mu'n d'fhuair aon fhleasgach mo ghaol !
Thuit mo roghainn, thuit mo rùn,
Ach ma thuit e, fhuair e chliù.
Och ! nach robh sinn, ruin ghil còmhla,
Fo'n fhòd ghròm a gabhail comhnaidh !
Theircadh iad, an sin n'an tàmh,
Tha òg-fhlath nam buadh, s a ghradh,

¹ The history of Beivi 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.

An ceangal buan, an glais a bhàis.
Thuit iad mar luibhean an raoin,
Le'n uile bhàl, 's a mhadainn chubhraidh,
'S an dealt a boillsgeadh le gath greine."

Mar sin, thàr sinn chuige gu sèamh ;
Bha ar caoinh a tighin' san duibhre ;
Thamh sinn car ghreis air an leirg,
Gu briseadh faire na maidne.
Bha'n cuan siar mar lainnir,
Le soillse àdhmhor o'n ear ;
A's dealt nan speur air gach blà,
Gu foineil tlà mar an lear ;
Chaidh sinn f'ar n' armaibh gu leir ;
'S chaidh mosgladh fa eilean nan stuadh.
"Rachadh, thuirft Oglaoch, ard, mear,
Romhainn a nis' teachdair luath."
Chuir sinn romhainn Lùghmhor òg,
Le fios gu Ardan, gun àdh !
"E chur chugainn Ainnir ma mais',
'S gu'n pilleadh ar feachd ga'n cabhlach."
'S e thuirft Ardan a chridhe bhuirb,
"Sinn fein a philleadh gu grad,
Air neo gu sguabadh e gach saoidh
Gu lear, mar fhaileas roi'n ghaoith
Gu lubadh e Oglaoch fo lann,
Mar mheangan an doire nan crann."
Dhomhlaich an sin na sloigh
Air an fhaiche gu h-ard,
A's thàr sinn a suas nan codhail
Gun fhiamh, ge b' iomadh na laoch.

Bhuail na saoidh air a chéile,
A's chrith an learg 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 chuain,
'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' laimhse, churaidh gun àdh ?
C'uime uach leigeadh tu leam
An ògh a thug thu thar tuinn ?
Ainnir nam meall-shuilean mine,
'S an domh fhìn a thug i gradh !"
"Cha leiginn leat an oigh chaoin.
No le aon laoch ann ad t-fheachd.
Is eian a shiubhail mi 'n cuan,
Is eileanan stuadh-ghlasa sàil,

'S cha 'n fhacas a samhla fo 'n ghrein,
'S cha sgar o cheile sin ach bàs."
Sin mar labhair na suinn,
An cruai-ghleachd 's am buinn ga 'n staile;
Bha aigneadh an armuinn nach bu chli
Ag eiridh air bhoile 's an strì.
Thug e iarraidh dheacair threun,
A's shàth e chruaidh an cridhe Ardain.
Thuirliinn na cathaibh gu domhail,
'S bha Oglaoch am meadhon a nàmh.
Thainig Fraoch nan sonn ga chomhna,
'S bha abhainn fala dól seach.
Mar dhealan an adhair bha 'n lannaibh—
An tartar mar thòran adhair,—
Shin a's thàr iad gu chéile,
A's thuit na treun-fhir sa' bhàl.
Cha robh Ceanna-bheirt na dhidinn—
Cha robh roinn gun reuba fuileach !
Mar sin bha iomairt nan laoch,
Gus an do theich na h-iomadh.
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 lic an cois na tràghad :
A's Ainnir a tharuinn nan dàil,
Fhuaradh ise urad siar,
A cruth a caochladh mar neul !
A's sleagh sàithaite na cliabh
A com caoin bu ghile suadh,
Air caochladh le dile fala !—
A falt am-lubach cleachdach
Na dhualaibh a falach a taobh—
Bha h-acain leoin fadheoidh,
Mu Oglaoch caomh a graidh !
Thog sinn dà lic le 'n còinntich,
A's sheinn an filidh an cliù ;
'S am fuigheal brònach a mhair,
Thog sinn thar lear ar siuil !
Bha sinn làtha sgith air chuan,
Air udal seach stuadhan ard,
A seoladh gu muladach trom,
As eagais an t-suinn 's a ghràidh.

"A's dh-fhag sibh mo laogh an céin,"
Arsa Collath, 's a dheur a ruith ;
"Bu gheal an cridhe bha na chom,
'S bu chaoine no deo grein a chruth.

¹ 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 !

Shaoileam, Oglaoich threin,
 Gu biodh tu leam fhein an diugh,
 Mar neart dhomh am shean aois,
 A's feasgar mo là dhomh dlù,
 Is gearr an rè a fhuair
 Thu, Ogain a b'uaisle gnìomh !
 Bu mhor treoir do lamh 's do lainn :
 A's thuit thu, Oglaoch nach bu chli !
 Ach mairidh do chliù ' san dàn,
 A's triallaidh mise gun dàil a d' dheigh,
 Gu eilean nan flath san iar,
 'S mo ghrian a laidhe air lear.
 'S neo-aoibhinn a sealla an tràs—
 Fhìlidh dhan nach eil i 'm bròn ?"
 "Tha," thuir Binn-ghuth gu caoin ;
 " Ach daisgidh i thall ud a ceòl."¹
 'N uair threigas i sinne car seal,
 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 iul.
 " An t-eilean mu'n iadh 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' is cian,
 Caraid fhial bu mhor gràdh !
 De shìol fhìlthaibh 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 sliochd Chollaith nan gràdh ;
 A's 'blà an Rutha a thuit uaith cian.
 O fhinne gaoil a tha gun mhairg,
 'S e mo chreach ! an fhairg tha steach.
 Anns a cheitein ùr bhlà,
 Bhiod dreach is àill' air gach slios.
 Is gorm badanach am fraoch,
 Am faigheadh na saoidh an suain ;
 'S gur deacair, diamhair, 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-fhalt 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 erich thu 's an ear le treoir,
 Ach mall mar mis', am chiabhan liath."²
 Bhiodh cneas Bhrai-shealla ri grein
 Shamhraidh, fo gach feur a's cneamh ;
 An ealabhuidh 's an noinean bàn,
 'S an t-sobhrach an gleann fàs nan luibh ;
 Anns am faigheadh an leighe liath,¹
 Furtachd fiach do chreuchd a's leòn !
 Olla shìol nan sleaghan geur,
 Da'n comhaidh o chéin an t-Sroin.
 'S traugh nach robh e san àr,
 'N uair thàr sinn gu tràigh fad as !
 'S bheireadh e na saoidh o'n bhàs,
 'S bhiodhmaid mar bu ghnàth air lear.
 'S iomadh iomart bhà 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 thréig a's nach pill,
 'N uair thuit do chòlan treun,
 Ceannard Rutha, nach bu tiom.
 Thuit an crann a b' ùr ar fàs,
 A faillean mo gráidh san fhonn ;
 Mar mhaoin sleibh, no dealan speur,
 Leagadh Ceann-feadhna nan cath.
 An dh-fhag e ach am meangian òg ?
 Ainnir nach beò leinn an nochd !
 'S ann o d' fhreumhach fein a bha iad,
 'S ní 'm beil a lathair dhìù mac rath

Goiridh a chomhachag á creig,
 A's freagraidh guth airt-neul a h-uaimh ;
 Mar sin ar guileag bhròin ro lag,
 A nis a tuireadh gu truagh.
 Thàr sinn mar so leis an oidhche,
 Gun aoidh, gun chuilm, gun ceòl ;
 Laidh smal air gach fonn a's feur,
 A s dhorchach na reulltan for bhròn.
 'S faoin carraig Chollaith a nochd—
 Is faoin tha Innis fa sprochd,
 Leth dhoilleir ameasg nan nial,
 A's saoidh nan rath air ànradh cian.

¹ 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.

² See Note, Mordubh, page I., line 39.
³ Annir, daughter of Arnim, Chief of Rutha, poetically called "The Bloom of Beauty."

Thainig cù¹ le bural bròin,
 Bha'n gaothar tiamhaidh truagh!
 Nach cianail a nis am bruth,
 A's Rutha nan stùc-ann an gruaim!
 Gun laoch aig baile ni sealg;
 Gun chuilm, gun, mhùirn, gun choin.

Slan leibh a bheannaibh mo ghaoil,
 Anns am faighinn mang a's damh;
 Soraidh'le Armuinn a thréig,
 Nì h-eibhinn nan deigh ar seal.
 "Tha binneas," arsa Collath, "a d' bhròn,
 N tra dhuiseas tu smaoin mu'r n-òig' le
 gean.

Beannachd leibh uile gu lò
 San còdhail sinn thall o'n eug,
 Far nach liobh gaisgeach a lann,
 Far an dealrach òigh gun fheall.
 'S am biodh Oglaoch a's Ainnir
 Mar reulltan soillseach nan speur—
 An anma ag lasadh le gaol,

¹ The dog, of all animals the most sagacious and attached, mourns the absence or death of his master..

Mar dheo grein' an aghaidh gun smal,
 Mar so biodh aisling mo shean aois,
 'N uair dh'eireas mo ghuth gu bròn binn!
 'S nach dirich mi Creubh bheinn an fheidh,
 Ach mall air làrach a ghlinn'.
 Beannachd a's cjad 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.
 Biodh tuireadh na h-eala 'na m' bheul,
 A's i 'san léig an déis a leòn!
 Air a fagail faoin lea féin,
 'S e sud m'acain, éigh mo bhròin!

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

MIANN A BHAIRD AOSDA.¹

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

Gu socair sin 's an fheur mo thaobh,
Air bruaich nan dithean 's nan gaoth tlà,
'Smo chas ga sliobadh 's a' bhraon mhaoth,
'S e lùbadh tharais caoin tro'n bhlàr.

Biodh sòbhrach bhàn is àillidh snuadh,
M'an cuairt do'm thulaich is uain fo'dhriùchd,
'S an neòinean beag 's mo lamh air cluain,
'S an ealbhuidh' aig mo chluais gu h-ùr.

¹ 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. *Treig** 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 Ben-ard or Scur-eilt. Perhaps Ben-ard is another name for Ben-nevis. The great waterfall, mentioned near the end of the poem, may have been *Eas-bha*, 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 *calvit* 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.

* We likewise find Treig spoken of in "*Oran na comhachaig*," where the author of that piece says, "*Olaidh mi a Treig mo theam-shath*."

† An herb called St. John's wort.

Mu'n cuairt do bhruachaibh àrd mo ghlinn',
Biodh lùbadh ghéug a's orra blà;
'S clann bheag nam preas a' tabhairt seinn,
Do chreagaibh aosd' le oran gràidh.

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

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

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 acivity 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.

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 hunting 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 her trees;* 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.

* Allusion is here made to a fire of wood.

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

Sruthadh air sgéith na h-òsaig mhìn,
Glaodhan maoth nan crò m'um chluais,
'N sin freagraidh a mheanmh-sprcigh,
'Nuair chluinn, an gineil, is iad a ruith a nuas.

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

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

I see Ben-ard of beautiful curve, 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 cheerful
voice; and the beautiful green hill of the
thousand firs, of herbs, of roes, and of elks.

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 top of the waves. When
she soars on high among the clouds she will
be unencumbered.

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

Be thou by the summits of the moun-
tains, 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 swiftness from the strength of the
wind. Pleasant to my ear are the echoings
of thy wounded heart—the song of love.

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

B

'N sin chi mi, air leam, an gadhar,
A leanadh mi an-moch a's moch;
'S na sleibh bu mhiannach leam' thaghall.
'S na creagan a' freagairt do'n dós.

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

Bha ceò air fleagh bhàrr an fhéidh
An deoch á Tréig 's an tonn ar ceòl,
Ge d' sheinneadh tàisg 's ge d' rànadh
sléibh,

Sinnte 's an uaimh bu sheamh ar neoil.

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

Are the tears in thine eyes, O thou virgin
most modest and beauteous, and of the
whitest hand. Joy without end to the
smooth cheek that shall never move from
the narrow 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 walkest 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.

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

Chi mi Sgorr-eild' air bruach a ghlinn'
An goir a chuach gu binn an tòs.
A's gorm mheall-àid' na mìle giùbhas
Nan luban, nan earba, 's nan lòn.

Biodh tuinn òg a snàmh le sunnd,
Thar linne 's mìne giùbhas, gu luath.
Srath giùbhais 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 nial cha'n fhàs i tròm.

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

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

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

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

Co an tìr on gluais a' ghaoth,
Tha giulan glaoidh do bhroin on chreig?
Oigèir a chaidh uain a thriall,
'S a dh-fhàg mo chiabh ghlas gu'n taic.

B'eil deòir do ruisg O! thusa ribhinn,
Is mìne mais' 's a's gile làmh?
Sòlas gu'n chrìoch do'n ghrnaidh mhaoith,
A chaidh nach gluais on leabaidh chaoil.

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 beautiful 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, de-
scending from the rock; let a harp and a
shell be by my side, and the shield that
defended my forefathers in battle.

Come with friendship over the sea, O soft

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 l'er laimh threin,
'S cuiribh mo cheann fo bharrach ùr,
'N uair dh'èireas a' ghrian gu h-àrd,
Biodh a sgiath uain' os-ceann mo shùl.

An sin thig thu O! aisling chiùin,
Tha 'g astar dlù measg reull na h-òidhcin',
Biodh gnòimh m' oidhche ann ad chèòl;
Toirt aimsir mo mhùin g'um chuimhn'.

O! m'anam faic an ribhinn òg,
Fo sgéith an daraich, rìgh nam flath,
'S a lamh sneachd' 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 snàmh' na chèòl,
An gaol bho shuil gu suil a falbh,
Cuir stad air féidh nan sleibhtean mòr.

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

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

'N do thréig thu mì aisling nam buadh?
Pill fathast—aon cheum beag—pill!
Cha chluinn sibh mi 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 dhomh sibh, dhuibhse tha samhradh
Ach dhomsa geamhradh a chaidh,

blast that slowly movest; bear my shade on
the wind of thy swiftness, 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 dwelt 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 Arden, from whence there is no
return, give me the harp and my shell for
the road, and then, my beloved harp and
shell, farewell.

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

Thig le càirdeas thar a chuain,
 Osag mhìn a ghluais gu mall,
 Tog mo cheò air sgiath do luathais,
 'S imich grad gu cilean fhlaithéis.

Far'm beil na laoich a dh-fhalbh o shean,
 An cadal trom gun dol le ceòl,
 Fosglaihb-sa thalla Oisein a's Dhaoil,
 Thig an oidhche 's cha bhì'n bàrd air
 bhrath.

Ach o m'an tig i seal m'an triall mo chèò,
 Gu teach man bàrd, air àr-bheinn as nach
 pill.

Fair cruith 's mo shilge dh-iunnsaidh 'n ròid,
 An sin; mo chruith, 's mo shlige ghraidh,
 slan 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 Ardrven, 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 impressions 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 the 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.¹

A Chomhachag bho chd na Sròine,
A nochd is brònach do leabaidh,
Ma bha thu ann ri linn Donaghaill,
Cha'n iognadh ge trom leat t-aigheadh.

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

Nise bho na thà thu aosda,
Deun-sa t-fhaoisid ris an t-shagart,
Agus innis dhà gun èuradh,
Gach aon 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 ionluas,
Gur cailleach bho chd ionraig mise.

Chunnacas mac a Bhritheimh chalma,
Agus Feargus mor an gaisgeach,
As Torradan liath na Sròine,
Sin na laoi ch bha domhail, taiceil."

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

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

¹ This poem is attributed to Donald Macdonald, better known by the cognomen of *Domhnall mac Fhiullaidh nan Dan*—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

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

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' shinnsir,
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 bhithinngrathunn 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 siùhlhach,
A chreag ùrail, aighearach, ianach.

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

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

the chase, 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 the 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.

16 A's binn leam toraman na'n dös,
Ri uilinn nan corra-bheann cäs,
'S an eilid bhiorach is caol cös,
Ni fois fo dhuilleich ri teas.

17 Gun de chéil aic' ach an damh,
'S e 's muime dh'i feur a's cneamh,
Mathair an laoigh mheana-bhrich mhír,
Bean an fhír mhall-rosgaich ghlain.

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

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

20 Eilid bhinneach, mheargant, bhallach,
Odhar, eangach, uchd réidh àrd,
Damh togalach, croic cheannach, sgiam-
hach,
Crònanach, ceann-riabhach, dearg.

21 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.

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

23 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.

24 B' annsa' leam na áirdan bodaich,
Os ceann leic ri eararadh sil,
Bùirean an daimh 'm bi ghnè dhuinnead,
Air leacann beinne 's e ri sin.

25 'N mair bhùras damh Beinne-bige,
'S a bhéucas damh Beinne-na-craige,
Freagraidh na daimh ud da chéile;
'S thig féidh a' Coirre-na-snaige.

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

27 'Cha mhi-fhìn a sgaoil an communn,
A bha eadar mi 'sa Chreag-ghuanach,
Ach an aois ga'r toirt o chéile,
Gur grathunn an fhéil' a fhuaras.

28 'S i creag mo chridhe-s' a Chreag-
ghuanach,
A chreag dhuilleach, bhiolaireach, bhrao-
Na 'n tulach àrd, àluinn, fiarach, [nach,
Gur cian a ghabh i o'n mhaorach.

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

30 Cha do chuir mi duil san iasgach,
Bhì ga iarraidh leis a mhadhar,
'S mor g'um b' annsa leam am fiadhach,
'S bhì air falbh nan sliabh as-t-fhaghar,

31 '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.

32 Fad 'sa bhithinn bèò no maireann,
Deò dhe 'n anam an am chorp,
Dh-fhanainn am fochar an fhéidh,
Sin an spreidh an robh mo thoirt.

33 'C'àit' an cualas ceòl bu bhinne,
No mothar gadhair mhoir a' teachd,
Daimh sheannga na' ruith le gleann,
Mìol-choin a dol annt a's ast'.

34 'S truagh an diugh nach bèò an fheogh-
ainn,
Gun ann ach an ceò de'n bhuidheann,
Leis 'm bu mhiannach gloir nan gadhar,
Gun mheoghail, gun òl, gun bhruidhinn.

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

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

37 Dh-fhag mi san Ruaidhe so shios,
Am fear e b' òlc dhoms' a bhàs,
'S tric a chuir e ' thagradh an cruathas,
Ann eluais an daimh chabraich an sàs

38 Raonull Mac-Dhomhnuill¹ ghlais,
Fear a fhuair fòghlum gu deas,
Deagh M'hae-Dhomhnuill a chuil chais,
Nì'm beò neach a chòmhraig leis.

39 Alasdair cridhe nan gleann,
Gun e bhì ann mor a' chreach,
'S tric a leag thu air an tom,
Sliochd nan sonn leis a chù ghlas.

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

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

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

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

47 Chi mi na Dù-lochain bhuan,
Chi mi Chruach, a's Beinne-bhreac,
Chi mi Strath-Oisein nam Fiann,
Chi mi ghrian air Meall-nan leac.

48 Chi mi Beinn-Neamhais gu h-àrd,
Agus an càrn-dearg ri bun,
A's coire beag eile ri taobh,
Chìl' as monadh faoin a's muir.

49 Gur rìmheach àn coire dearg,
Far 'm bu mhiannach leinn bhì sealg,
Coirre nan tulaichean fraoich,
Innis nan laogh 's nan damh garbh.

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

¹ Raonull Mac-Dhomhnuill ghlais was a captain of great renown, who fought on the Clanranald side at "Blar-na-leine," 21st July, 1544. He was beheaded at Perth

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

52 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 fuil na' frith.

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

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

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

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

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

60 'S ann a bha 'n communn bristeach,
Eadar mise 's a Chreag-sheilich,
Mise gu bràth cha ùirich,
Ise gu dilinn cha teirinn.

61 On labhair mi umaibh gu léir,
Gabhaidh mi fhèin dìbh mo chead,
Dearmad cha dean mi s an àn,
Air fiadhach ghleann nam beann beag.

62 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 àm uchd,
Le agh maol, odhar is àit,
Ise ceanalt 's mise gruamach,
'S cruagha an diugh nach buan an t-shlat.

63 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.

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

65 'Nuair a bha mi air an da chois,
'S moch a shiubhlain bhos a's thall,
Acha a nis on fhuaire mi trì,
Chu ghluais mi ach gu min, mall.

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

67 Giorraichidh tu air a shaoghal,
Agus caochlaidhidh tu ' chasan,
Fagaigh tu cheann gun deudach,
'S ni thu eudann a chasadh.

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

69 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.

70 Labhair an aois a rithist ;
" 'S mo 's ruighinn tha thu leantainn.
Ris a bhogha sin a ghiùlan,
'S gur mòr bu chuibe dhut bàta."

71 Gabh thusa bhuamsa 'm bàta,
Aois grànda chairtidh na pléide,
Cha leiginn mo bhogha leatsa,
Do mhathas no d' ar, eigin.

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

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RU Aidh.

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.¹

It does not appear that Mary had done anything 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 ghna le Mac-Leoid*" was composed on the Laird being sick and dying. He playfully asked Mary what kind of a *lament*

¹ 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 *Fionaghal 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.

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 uithil 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.

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 Tòrmod nan trì Tòrmod.¹ 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

¹ We know 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 the occasion of John, son of Sir Norman, taking her out to get a sail in a new boat.

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 Tòrmod." 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' iuil 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 tìr g'am bi triall thuath-cheathairn:
On chualas an sgeul buadhach gun bhreug,
Rinn acain mo chléibh fhuadachadh.

" Chì mi Mac-Leòid 's priseil an t-òg.
Rimbeach gu mòr buadhalach,
Bho Ollaghair nan lann chuireadh sròlaibh
ri crann;
'S Leòdaich an dream uamharra.
Elridh na fuinn ghleusd air na suinn,
'S feumail ri am cruadail iad,
'Na fiuranaibh gharg an am rusgadh nan
àrm,
'S cliutach an t-annm fhuaras leibh.

" Siol Tòrmoid nan sgiath foirmealach fial,
Dh' eireadh do shluagh luath-lamhach;
Deàlradh nam pios, torman nam piob,
'S dearbh gu'm bu leibh 'n dualachas;
'Thaing teachdair do'n tìr gu macanta min,
'S ait leam gach ni chualas leam,
O Dhun-bheagan nan steud 's am freagair
luchd-theud,
Bheir greis air gach sgeul buaidh-
ghloireach.

" 'Nuair chuireadh na laoich loingheas air
chaol,
Turas ri gaoith ghulaiste leibh,
Obhharraibh nan erann gu taruinn nan ball,
'Teannachadh teann suas rithe,
Iomairt gu leoir mar ri Mac-Leòid,
Charaich fo shròl uain-dhait' i,
Bho árois an fhion gu talla nam pios,
Gu'm beannaich mo Rìgh 'n t-usal ud.

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RU Aidh.

FUAIM AN T-SHAIMH.

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

Ach piob nuallanach mhòr,
Bheireadh buaidh air gach ceòl,
'Nuair ghluaist' i le meoir Phàdruig.¹
'Nuairt ghluaist' i, &c.

Gur maìrg 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.

¹ The celebrated PADRUIG mòr Mac Cruimein, one of the family pipers of Mac-Leod of Dunvegan.

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

Beir an t-soghraidh so buam,
Gu talla nan cuach,
Far 'm biodh tathaich nan truadh dàimhail.
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 Tòrmod mo rùn,
Ollaghaireach thu,
Foirmeil o thùs t-abbaist.
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 Ciar,
Rè tamul, a's cian,
Dh-fhios a bhaile 'm biodh triall bhairdean.
Dh-fhios a bhaile, &c.

'Naile chunna' mì uair,
'S glan an lasadh bha d' ghruaidh,
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 mhl-ghean, &c.

De'n linne a b'fhearr buaidh,
Tha 's na crìochaibh mu'n cuairt,
Clann fhirinneach Ruairi làn-mhoir.
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 cliú,
Ann am féil' 's an gnuis nàire.
Ann am féil', &c.

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

Ann an cruadal, 's an toil,
Ann am buaidh thoirt air sgòil,
Ann an uaisle gun chron càileachd.
Ann an uaisle, &c.

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

Gu'm bu chubhaidh 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 fhuair cliù,
Cha bu thoiseachadh ùr dhaibh Sir.
Cha bu thoiseach, &c.

Bha fios co sibh
Ann an iomartas rìgh,
'Nuair bu mhulaidich strì Thearlaich.¹
'Nuair bu, &c.

Slan Ghàèil no Ghaill
Cha' dh-fhuaras oirbh foill,
Dh-aon bhuaireadh g'n d'rinn ur namhaid.
Dh-aon bhuireadh, &c.

Lochluinnich threun
Toiseach ur sgeil,
Sliochd solta bho freumh Mhànuis.
Sliochd solta, &c.

Thug Dia dhut mar ghìbht,
Bhi gu morghalach glìc,
Chrìosd deonaich' dha d'shliochd bhi
àdhmhor.
Chrìosd deonaich', &c.

Fhuair thu fortan o Dhia,
Bean bu shocraiche ciall,
'S i gu foisteineach fial nàrach.
'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 toileachadh treud,
'S a h-òlachd a rèir ban-rìgh.
'S a h-òlachd, &c.

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

ORAN

DO DH' IAIN MAC SHIR TORMOD
MHIC-LEOID.²

LUNNEAG.

H-ithill uthill agus ò,
H-ithill ò h-òireannan
H-ithill uthill agus ò,
H-ithill ò-h-ò òireannan
H-ithill uthill agus ò
H-ithill ò h-òriunnan
Faillil o h-àillil o,
H-o ri ghealladh h-i-il-an.

¹ King Charles II.

² For the air, see the Rev. Patrick Macdonald's Collection of Highland Airs, pages 28-163.

Ge do theid mi do m' leabaidh
 Cha'n é cadal is miannach leam,
 Aig ro mhead na tuile,
 'S mo mhùilean 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.

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

Ged a thuir mi riut clachair,
 Air m'fhacal 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 shliochd nam fear flathail,
 Bu mhath an ceann chliaranach.
 H-ithill, &c.

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

'Nuair a theid thu do'n fhireach,
 'S ro mhath chinneas an fhiadhach leat,
 Le d' lothain chon gheusda
 Ann ad dheigh 'nuair thrialladh tu,
 Sin, a's cuilbhear caol, cinnteach,
 Cruaidh, dìreach, gun fhiaradh ann ;
 Bu tu sealgar na h-èilid,
 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'fhas 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 Iain,
 Gu mu rathail a dh' eircas dut,
 'S tu mac an deagh athar,
 Bha gu mathasach meaghrachail,
 Bha gu furbhailteach, daonnachdach,
 Faoilteachail, deirceachail,
 Sàr cheannard air trùp thu,
 Na'n cuirte leat feum orra.
 H-ithill, &c.

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

 AN TALLA 'M BU GHINA LE
 MAC-LEOID.

RIGH ! gur muladach 'tha mi,
 'S mi gun mhìre gun mhànran,
 Anns an talla 'm bu gnà le Mac-Leòid.
 Righ ! gur, &c.

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

Tha do thalla mor prìseil,
 Gun fhasgadh gun dian air,
 Far am facadh mi 'n fion bhi 'ga òl.
 Tha do thalla, &c.

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

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

Shir Tòrmad nam bratach,
Fear do dhealbh-sa bu tearc e,
Gun sgeilm a chuir asad no bòsd.
Shir Tòmaid, &c.

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

Leat bu mhiannach coin lùgh-mhor,
Dol a shiubhal nan 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,
Led' bhogha cruaidh, ruiteach, deagh-
neoil.
'S i do lamh nach, &c.

Glac thom air do shliasaid,
An deig a snaitheadh gun fhiaradh,
'S barr dosrach de sgiathan an eoin.
Glac thom, &c.

Bhiodh céir ris na crannaibh,
Bu neo-eisleanach tarruinn,
'Nuair a leumadh an t-saighead o d' mheoir.
Bhiodh céir ris, &c.

'Nuair a leigte bho d' laimh i,
Cha bhiodh oirleach gun bhathadh,
Eadar corran a gàine 's an smèòrn.
'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-aóis òig.
Bha thu measail, &c.

Gu'm biodh farum air thaileasg,
Agus fuaim air a chlàrsaich,
Marabhuineadh do shar 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.

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

Gur e sgeula na creiche,
Tha mi nise ga éisdeachd,
Gach aon chneadh mar thig oirn',
Dol an tricead, san deinead,
Na chunnaic, 's na chualas,
'S na fhuaradh o'n cheud là,
Creach nid an t-seobhaic,
Air a sgatha ri aon uair.

Ach a Chlann an fhir allail,
Bu neo mhalartaich' beusan,
Ann an Lunnuinn, 's am Pàris,
Thug sibh barr air na ceudan,
Chaidh u-ur clùt tharais
Thar talamh na h-Eiphit,
Cheann uidhe luchd ealaidh,
'S a leannan na féileaeht.

Ach a fhriamhaich nan curaidh,
'S a chuirein nan leoghan,
A's ogha an dà sheanar,
Bu chaithreamaich' loistean :
C'ai' an robh e ri fhaotuinn
Air an taobhs' an Roinn-Eòrpa,
Cha b' fhuirasd 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 Tòrmad 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 iongnadh 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 ohorp a bhi 'san Dùthaich,
Anns an tuama bu dual dut ;
Sgeul eile nach fusadh,
Tha mi claitinn san uair so,
Ged nach toir mi dha creideas,
Gur beag orm ri luaidh e.

Gur ro bheag a shaoil mi,
Ri mo shaoghai gu'n eisdinn,
Gun cluinneamaid Leòdaich,
Bhi ga'm fogradh o'n òghreachd,
'S a'n còraichean glana,
'S a'm fearann gun déigh air
'S ar ranntanan farsuinn,
Na'n rach-te 'n am feum sud.

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

'S beag an t-ionghnadh Clann-Choinnich,
Dheannadh eiridh ri d' ghuailean,
'S gu'n robh thu na'm fineachd,
Air t-fhillleadh tri uairean,
'S e mo chreach gu'n do Chinneadh
Bhi ma chruinneachadh t-uaghach,
No glaodh do mhna muinntir
'S nach eluinntear, '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 Manainn.

'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 mhorga,
Bha reota sa chorp ud,
De shliochd armunn Chinntire,
Iari' Il', agus Ròis thu.

Mhic Iain Stiubhairt¹ na h-Apunn,
Ged a's gasd' an duin' òg thu,
Ged tha Stiubhartaich beachdail,
Iad tapaidh 'n àm foirneart,
Na ghabhsa meanmadh, no aiteas,
A's an staid ud, nach còir dhut,
Cha toir thu i dhaindeoin,
'S cha'n fhaigh thu le deòin i.

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

MARBH-RANN.

DO DH-FHEAR NA COMRAICH.

Tha mise air leaghadh le bròh,
O'n la dh-cug thu 's nach beò,
Mu m' fhuiran faighidneach, còir,
Uasat, aighearach òg,
'S uaisle shuidhe mu bhòrd,
Mo chreach t-fhaiginn gu'n treòir eiridh.

'S tu'n laoch gun laigse, gun leon,
Macan mìn-geal gun sgleò,
B' fhearail, finealt an t-òg,
De shliochd nam fear mòr,
D'a bu dual a bhi còir,
'S gu'm b'fhiù fàiteal do bheoil eisdeachd.

'S tu chlann na h-ireinn a b'fhearr,
Glan an riamh as a d'fhàs,
Cairdeas rìgh as gach ball,
Bha sud sgrìobt' leat am bairn,
Fo laimh duine gun mheang,
Ach tu lion-te de dh-ardan euchdach.

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

¹ Stewart of Appin was married to a daughter of MacLeod of Dunvegan, which made the MacLeods afraid that he should claim a right to the estate, on account of MacLeod having left no male heir.

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

A lùb 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 b'uair cis e.

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

Bu tu'n sgoileir gun diobradh,
 Meoir a's grinne ni sgrìobhadh,
 Uasal faighidneach, cinnteach,
 Bu leat lagh an taigh sgrìobhaidh,
 'S tu nach mucladh an fhirinn,
 Sgeul mo chreiche! soshil do chreuchdan.

Stad air m'aighear an dè
 Dh'fhalbh mo mharcantan féin,
 Chuir mi'n ciste nan teud,
 Dhiult an golha dhomh gléus,
 Dhiult sud mi 's gach leighe
 'S chaidh m'onair, 's mo rìgh dh'eug thu.

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

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

Ach gur mis' tha bochd truagh,
 Fiamh a ghuil air mo ghruaidh,
 'S goirt an gradan a fhuair,
 Marcach deas nan each luath,
 Sár Cheannard air sluagh,
 Mo chreach, t-fhagail ri uair m'fhéime.

Ach fhuair mi m'ailleagan òg,
 Mar nach b'abhaist gun cheòl,
 Saoir ri caradh do bhòrd,
 Mnai ri spionadh an fheoir,
 Fìr gun tàilgis, gun cheòl,
 Gur bochd fulang mo sgeòil eisdeachd.

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

MARBHRANN DO DH' IAN
 GARBH.

MACILLECHALUM BARSAIDH.¹

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

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

'S math lùbadh tu pic
 O chùl-thaobh do chinn,
 '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
 Thòirt a bhuanachd a cheòil,
 'S gu'n d'fhuair thu na 's leoir,
 'S na chaitheadh tu.

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

¹ This celebrated hero was drowned while on a voyage between Stornoway and Raasa.

Spealp nach dibreadh,
An cath, nan strì thu,
Casan dìreach, fad' fìnealt,
Mo chreach dhiobhail
Chaidh thu dhìth oirn, le neart sine,
Lamh nach dibreadh caitheadh orr'.

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

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

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

'Se e an sgeul craiteach
Do'n mhnaoi 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 sìrd cadail,
An runs air m'aigheadh,
Mo shuil frasach,
Gun sìrd macnais,
'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 snìgh' mo shuil,
A tuiteam gu dlù ;
Chail mi iuchair mo chuil :
Ann a cuideachd lùchd-ciuil,
Cha táid 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 eòil,
Fear t-fhasain bèò,
Am blasdachd beoil,
'S am maise neoil,
An gaisge glois,
An ceart san còir ;
Gun airceas na sgleò féile.

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

An treas la de'n Mhairt,
Dh' fhaibh m'aighear gu brath,
Bi sùd saighead mo chraidh,
Bhi 'g amharc do bhais,
A ghnuis fhathasach àilt ;
A dheagh mhic rathail,
An àrmuinn euchdaich,

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

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

Fo bhùird na ciste,
Chaidh grùnd a ghliocais,
Fear fiughant, miseal,
Cuilmeach, gibhteil,
An robh cliù gun bhriseadh ;
Chaidh ùir fò lic air m' eudail.

Gnùis na glainne,
Chùireadh sunnd air fearaibh,
Air each crùidheach ceann-ard,
'S lànn ùr than ort,
Am beart dhù dhainghinn ;
Air cùll nan clann-fhalt teùd-bhuidh.

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

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

Bu tric aoidh chairdean,
Gu d' dhùn àdhmhòr,
Suilbhear, fàilteach,
Cuilm-mhor stàtoil,
Gun bhuirb gun àrdan ;
Gun diultadh air màl dheirceach.

Thù shliochd Ollaghair
Bha mor morga,
Nan seòl corra-bheanu,
'S nan còrn gorm-ghlas,
Nan ceòl òrghan
'S nan seod bu bhorb ri eiginn.

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

'S iomadh gàir dalta,
'S mnàì bhàs-bhuailt,
Rì 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 ghlan ùr,
Thùg i cend ghradh ga rùn,
Bu mhòr a' h-aobhar ri sunnd,
Nuair a shealladh i'n ghnuis a céille.

Si fhras nach ciuin.
A thainig as ùr,
A shrac air siùil,
Sa bhris ar stiùir,
'S ar cairt mhath iùill,
S ar taice cùil ;
'S air caidridh ciùil,
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 uail ;
'S ar sùgradh gun ghruaim
S fad air chuimhne
Na fhuair mi fein deth.

LUINNEAG MHIC-LEOID.

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an tulaich',
Fò mhlud 's fo ime-cheist ;
'S mi coimhead air Ile,
'S ann de'm iongnadh san àm so.
Bha mi uair nach do shaol mi,
Gus 'n do chaochail air m' aimsir ;
Gu'n tiginn an taobh so,
A dh' amharc Iuraidh a's Sgarbaidh,

I h-urabh ò, i h-oiriunn ò,
I h-urabh ò, i h-oiriunn ò :
I h-urabh ò, h-ogaidh h-ò-ro,
H-i-rì-rì rithibh h-ò--i ag ò.

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

Gun caint' ann 's gach fearann,
Gum b' airidh fear t-ainm air ;
Fear do cheille, 's do ghliocais,
Do mhisnich, 's do mbeannmainn.
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, etc.

Agus t-òlachd, as t-uaisle,
Cha bu shuarach ri leanmhuinn :

Dh-fhuil dìreach rìgh Lochluinn;
 B' e sid toiseach de sheanachais.
 Tha do chairdeas so-iarraidh,
 Ris gach Iarla tha 'n Albuinn;
 'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann,
 Cha breug, ach sgeul dearbht' e.
 I h-urabh o, etc.

'S ri uaislean na h-Eireann,
 Cha bhreug ach sgeul dearbht' e;
 A mhic an fhir chliùtich,
 Bha gu fùghantach ainmeil.
 Thug barrachd an gliocas,
 Air gach Ridir bha 'n Albuinn;
 Ann an cogadh 's an sio'-chainnt,
 'S ann an dioladh an airgeid.
 I h-urabh o, etc.

Ann an cogadh 's an sio'-chainnt,
 'S ann an dioladh an airgeid;
 'S beag an t-iongnadh do mhac-sa,
 Bhìdh gu beachdail mor, meanmnach.
 Bhìdh gu fùghant', fial, farsuinn,
 O'n a ghlachd sibh mar sealbh e;
 Clann Ruairidh nam bratach,
 'S e mo chreach-sa na dh' fhalbh dhiu'.
 I h-urabh o, etc.

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

Fhir a chuirp 's glan cumadh,
 Gun uireasaidh 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, etc.

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 calachuinn;
 Miosair a's arharc,
 Agus raogha gach armachd;
 I h-urabh o, etc.

Miosair a's arharc,
 Agus raogha gach armachd;
 Agus lanntainnean tana,
 O'n ceannaibh gu 'm barra-dheis.
 Gheibhte sid air gach slios dhiu,
 Isneach a's cairbinn;
 Agus iubhair chruaidh, fhallain,
 Le 'n tafaidin cainbe.
 I h-urabh o, etc.

Agus iubhair chruaidh, 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, etc.

O iteach an fhir-eoin,
 'S o shioda na Gaille-bheinn';
 Tha mo chion air a churaidh,
 Mac Mhuire chuir sealbh air.
 'S e bu mhainnach le m' leanabh,
 Bhi 'm beannaibh nan sealga;
 Gabhail aighear na fridhe,
 'S a dìreadh nan garbh-ghlac.
 I h-urabh o, etc.

Gabhail aighear na frithe
 'S a dìreadh nan garbh-ghlac;
 A leigeil na'n cuilein,
 'S a furan na'n seanna-chon.
 'S e bu deireadh do'n fhuaran ud,
 Fuil thoirt air chalgaibh,
 O luchd nan céir geala;
 'S nam falluinnean dearga.
 I h-urabh o, etc.

O luchd nan céir geala,
 'S nam falluinnean dearga,
 Le d' chomhlain dhaoin' uaisle,
 Rachadh cruaidh air an armaibh
 Luchd aithneachadh latha,
 'S a chaitheamh na fairge,
 'S a h'urainn ga seòladh,
 Gu seòl-aith' an tarruinnte' i.
 I h-urabh o, etc.

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, etc.

Beannachd do 'n bheul,
 Dh-aithris an sgeul
 Cha ghearain mi féin
 Na chailleadh 's na dh-eng
 'S mo leanabh na dheidh comh-shlan
 'S mo leanabh, etc.

Nam biodh agamsa fion
 Gum b'ait leam a dhiol,
 Air slainnte do thighinn,
 Gud chairdean 's gud thir,
 Mhic àrmuinn mo ghaoil,
 Be m' ardan 's mo phris,
 Alach mo rìgh thogbhail,
 Alach mo rìgh, etc.

'S fàth mire dhuinn féin,
 'S do'n chinneadh gu leir,
 Do philleadh on eug,
 'S milis an sgeul,
 'S binne no gleus òrgain,
 'S binne no gleus, etc.

'S e m' aiteas gu dearbh,
 Gu'n glacair grad shealbh,
 An caisteal nan àrm
 Leis a mhacan da'n ainm Tòrmod,
 Leis a mhacan, etc.

Tha mo dhuilt' ann an Dia,
 Guir muirneach do thriall,
 Gu Dùn ud nan cliar,
 Far bu duthchas do 'm thriath,
 Bhiodh gu fiughantach fiall foirmeil,
 Bhiodh gu fiughantach fiall, &c.

Gu Dun turaideach àrd,
 Be sud innis nam bàrd,
 'S nam filidh ri dàn,
 Far bu-mhinig an tàmh,
 Cha b'ionad gu'n bhlàs daibh sud,
 Cha b'ionad gu'n bhlathas, etc.

Gu àros nach crìon
 Am bidh gàraich nam pìob
 'S nan clàrsach a rìs

Le dearsadh nam pìos
 A' cuir sàradh am fion
 'S ga leigeadh an gnìomh òr-cheaird,
 'S ga leigeadh an gnoomh, etc.

Buaghach am mac,
 Usal an t-slat,
 Dha'n dual a bhi ceart,
 Cruadalach pailt,
 Duais-mhor am beachd
 Ruaineach an neart Leòdach
 Ruaineach an neart, etc.

Fùran a chluain,
 Dùisg san deagh uair,
 'S dù dhut dol suas,
 'N cliù 's ann am buaidh,
 'S dùchas do'm luaidh,
 Bhidh gu fiughantach suaire ceol-bhinn
 Bhidh gu fiughantach suaire, etc.

Fasan bu dual,
 Fantalach buan,
 Sacrach ri tuath,
 Cosgail ri cuairt,
 Cosunta cruaidh,
 A'm brosnachadh sluaidh,
 A mosgladh an uair foirneart.
 A mosgladh an uair, etc.

Leansa 's na treig,
 Cleachdadh a's beus,
 T-aiteam gu leir,
 Macanta seimh,
 Pailt ri luchd theud,
 Gaisgeil am feum,
 Neart-mhor an deigh tòireachd.
 Neart-mhor an deigh, etc.

Sliochd Ollaghair nan lann,
 Thogadh sroiltean ri crann,
 Nuair a thoisich iad ann,
 Cha bu lionsgaradh gann,
 Fir a b' fhirinneach bann,
 Prìseil an dream,
 Rioghail gun chall còrach.
 Rioghail gun chall, etc.

Tog colg ort a ghaol,
 Bi ro-chalma 's gu'm faod,
 Gur dearbhtha dhut laoich,
 Dheth na chinneadh nach faoin,
 Thig ort as gach taobh gad chònadh,
 Thig ort as gach taobh, etc.

Uasal an treud,
 Deas, cruadalach, treun,
 Tha'n dual'chas dhut féin,
 Théid 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, etc.

Tha na Gàeil gu leir,
 Cho cairdeach dhut féin,
 'S gur feaird thu gu t-fheum,
 Sir Domhnull á Sleibht,
 Ceannard nan ceud,
 Ceannsgalach treun rò ghlic,
 Ceannsgalach treun, etc.

'S math mo bhaireil 's mo bheachd,
 Air na fiurain as leat,
 Gu curantach ceart,
 S ann de bharrachd do neart,
 Mac-'Ic-Ailein 's a mhac
 Thig le farum am feachd,
 Gud charaid a chasg t-fhoirneart.
 Gud charaid a chasg t-fhoirneart, etc.

A Gleann Garadh a nuas,
 Thig am barantas sluaidh,
 Nach mealladh ort uair,
 Cha bu churantus fuar
 Na fir sin bho chluain Chnòideirt.
 Na fir sin bho chluain, etc.

'S leat Mac-Shimidh on Aird,
 'S Mac Choinnich 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, etc.

'S goirt an naigheachd 's gur cruaidh,
 Mac 'Illean bhi bhuainn,
 Gun a thaigheadeas suas,
 Bha do cheanghal ris buan,
 T-ursainn-chatha ri uair deuchainn.
 T-ursainn-chatha ri uair, etc.

B'iomadh gasan gun chealg,
 Bu deas faicinn fo àrm,
 Bheircadh ceartachadh garbh,
 Is iad a chlaistinn ort fearg,
 Eadar Bràcadal thall as Brolas.
 Eadar Bràcadal, etc.

Tha mi 'g acan mo chall,
 Iad a thachairt gun cheann,
 Fo chasan nan Gàll,
 Gun do phearsa bhì ann,
 Mo chruaidh-chas nach gann,
 Thu bhì anns an Fhraing air tògradh.
 Thu bhì, etc.

A Chrosd cinnich thu féin,
 An spiunnadh 's an céill,
 Gu cinneadail treun,
 'N ionad na dh' éug,
 A Mhic an fhir nach d' fhuair beum,
 'Sa ghineadh o'n chré rò-ghlan.
 'Sa ghineadh o'n chré, etc.

A Rìgh aan gràs,
 Bidh 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, etc.

I A I N L O M ;

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.¹ He was sometimes called *Iain Manntach*, 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-Roanail 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 foresee 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

¹ Some say he was called *Iain Lom* because he was bare in the face, and never had any beard

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 their blood in his cause, and yet he had not an inch 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?¹ 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

¹ Alluding to vellum.

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 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 a 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 Inverlochy, 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 MacCholla*), 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 castle of Inverlochy, the poet had a full view of the battle, of which he gives a graphic description. The poem is entitled "The Battle of Inverlochy." 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 seems 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 Marquis 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 Marquis, 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 Marquis 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 dullich 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 Inverlochy,” 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-aingeal 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 Glencoe, 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.

MORT NA CEAPACH. *

'S tearc an diugh mo chùis ghàire,
Tigh'n na ràidean so 'niar;
'G amharc fonn Inbher-làire,
'N deigh a stràchdadh le siol;
Tha Cheapach na fiasach,
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 finne,
Cho minig n' ar deigh;
Paca Taurcach gun sireadh,
Bhi a pinnceadh ar cleibh;
Bhi n' ar breacain g' ar filleadh,
Measg ar ciunc mor fein.

'S garr o chomhairl' na h-aoine,
Dh' fhag a chaoidh sinn fo sprochd;
O am na feill-Mìcheil,
Ge b'e nith rinn mo lot;
Dh' fhag sud n' ar miol-mhùir sinn
'S na'r fuigheall spuir air gach port;
'Nuair theid gach cinneadh ri chéile,
Bidh sinne sgaoilte mu 'n chnoc.

'S ann di-sathuirne garr nainn,
Bhuail an 't-earrchail orm spot;
'S mi caoidh nan corp geala,
Bha call na fala fo 'm brot;
Bha mo lamhansa croabhach,
'N deigh bhi taosgadh 'ur lot;
'Se bhi ga 'r cuir ann an ciste,
Turm as miste mi nochd.

cinneach (T)

*meir in (T)
croabh-dhear (T)*

o'm (L)

* From Turner with some changes.

B' iad mo ghraidh na cuirp chùraidh,
 Anns 'm bu dlù chur na'n sgian;
 'S iad na 'n sineadh air ùrlar,
 'N seomar ùr ga 'n cur sìos;
 Fo chasan shìol Dùghaill
 Luchd a spuilleadh na 'n cliabh;
 Dh' fhag àlach am biodag
 Mur sgaile 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 bann an aibhistèir threine;
 Ach mu rinn iad bhur latsa.
 'S trom a rosad dhaibh fein.

Tha sibh 'n cadal thaigh duinte,
 Gun smùid deth gun cheò;
 Far 'n d' fhuair sibh 'n garbh dhùsgadh,
 Thaobh 'ur chùil a's 'ur beoil;
 Ach na 'm faigheadh sibh ùine
 O luchd ur mhi-rùin bhì beo;
 Cha bu bhaile gun surd e,
 Biodh air' air mùin 's air luchd-ceoil.

A leithid de mhòrt cha robh 'n Albuinn,
 Ged bu bhorb iad na m' beus:
 'S bochd an sgeul cadar bhraithrean,
 E dhòl an lathair mhic Dhé;
 Mur am bàt air an linne,
 Gc b'e shireadh na dèigh:
 Cha tain' a leithid do mhilleadh,
 Air ceann-cinnidh fo 'n ghréin.

Tha mulad air m' inntinn
 Bhì 'g innseadh bhur beus
 'S ann a ghabh iad am fath oirbh
 'N uair chuaidh 'ur fagaill leibh fein
 'S a chuir sibh cungaidd 'ur càsaibh,
 Ann an Aros na 'n téud;
 'S 'ur buachailean 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 sginean,
 Cho minig 'n 'ur deigh!
 'S a 'neach nach do bhuaileadh,
 Bhì ga bhuaire anns a bhréig.

Ach a Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Domhnuill
 'S fad do chomhdnuilth measg Ghall,
 Dh' fhag thu sinne n'ur breislich,
 Nach do fhreasdail thu 'n t-am;
 Nach do gleidh thu na h-itean,
 Chaidh gun fhios dut air chall;
 'Tha sinn corrach as t-aogais,
 Mur cholainn sgaoilte gun cheann.

Gur h-ìom' òganach sgaiteach,
 Lub bhachlach, sgiath chrom;
 Eadar drochaid Allt Eire,
 'S Rugha Shleibhte nan tonn;
 A dheanadh leat eiridh
 Mu 'm biodh do ehreuchdan lan tholl;
 'S a rachadh bras ann a t-eirig,
 Dheagh Shìr Sheumais nan long.

Chuir Dia oirn craobh shio-chaint,
 Bha da 'r dìonadh gu leoir;
 Da 'm bu choir dhuinn bhì striochdadh,
 Fhad 'sa 'n cian bhiodhnaid beò;
 Mas sinn fhein a chuir dith oir',
 B' olc an dioladh sin oirn;
 Tuitidh tuagh as na faitheas,
 Leis an sgathar na meòir.

'N glan fhiuran so bh' againn,
 'N taobh so fhlaithreas Mhic Dhé;
 Thainig sgiursadh a bhàis air,
 Chaill sinn thoirt le strachd geur;
 'N t-aon fhiuran a b' àillidh,
 Bh' ann 's phairce 'n robh speis;
 Mur gu 'm buaineadh sibh àilcan,
 Leis an fhàlàdair gheur.

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 tire gun deigh.

A BHEAN LEASAICHI

AN STOP DHUINN.¹

A bhean leasaich an stop dhuinn,
 'S lion an cupa le sòlas,

¹ This song was composed on account of the laird of Glengarry refusing his aid in apprehending the Keppoch murderers; and in order to provoke the chief, the poet began by singing the praises of Sir Alex. M'Donald of Slate and Sir James, his son.

* < R.D. as G. (perhaps more likely) with changes (not always for the better) introduced by editor.

Mas a brandai no beoir i, tha mi toileach
a h-òl

'N deochs air Captain Chlann-Domh-
nuill,

'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 dùlbhigad chònachd fhìr chaoimh.

Greas mu 'u cuairt feagh 'n taigh i,

Chum gun gluaisinn le aighear,

Le sliochd uaibhreach an athar,

A choisin buaidh leis a chlàidheimh,

Fior ga ruagadh 's ga 'n caitheamh gu daor.

Sliochd a ghabhail nan steud thu,

Dh' fhas gu fathasach feile,

Do shìochd gasdá Chuinn cheutaich,

'S a bha taghaich an Eirinn,

Ged a fhuair an claidhe 's an tèug oirbh
sgriob.

Bhiodh an t-iubhar ga lubadh,

Aig do fhleasgaichean ùra,

Dol a shiubhal nan stùc-bheann,

Ann 's an uighe gun churam,

Leis a bhuidheann ro'n ruisgte ga gill.

'S tha mo dhuil ann 's an Trianaid,

Ged thainig laigsinn air t-fhion fhuil,

Slat den chuillean bha ciatach,

Dh' fhas gu furanach fialaidh,

Sheasadh duineil air bial-thaobh an rìgh.

'S an am dhut gluasad o' t-aitreamh,

Le d' cheòl cluais' agus caismeachd,

O thir u'osal nan glas-charn,

Ga'n robh cruadal 's gaisge,

Gam bu shuaineas barr gaganach fraoich.

'Nuar a thairte fo luchd i,

Bhi tarraunn suas air a cupaill,

Bord a fuaraidh 's ruidh chuip air,

Snaim air fuathaill a fliuch bhuid,

'Sruth mu gualaibh 's i sùclta 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 thir.

Gu Dun-Tuilm nam fear fallain,

Far an greadhnach luchd ealaidh,

Gabhail failte le caitheamh,

As na clàrsaichean glana,

Do mhnaoi òig nan teud banala binn.

Sì'ochd nan cuiridhean talmhaidh,

Leis an do chuireadh cath garabhach,

Fhuair mi urrad gar seannachas,

Gun robh an turàs ud ainmeil,

Gun ro taigh 's leath Alba fo'r cis.

'S ioma neach a fhuair coir uaibh.

Ann sann àm ud le'r gòraich,

Ban diu 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 fhigeis gun ghaiseadh,

A chuireadh fion di le pailteas,

Lamh dhearg ro na ghaigeach nan tim.

Nuair bu sgìth de luchd-theud e,

Gheibhte Bioball ga leughadh,

Le fìor chreideamh a's cèille,

Mar a dh' orduich mac Dhé dhuibh,

S gheibhte teagasg na Cléir' uaibh le sìth.

Mhìc Shìr Seumais nam bratach,

O bhun Sleibhte nam bradan,

A ghlac an fheile 's a mhaise,

O cheann cèile do leapa,

Cum do reite air a casan,

Bi gu reusanta, macanta, min.

Sliochd na mìlidh 's nam fearabh,

Na sròl 's nam pios 's nan cup geala,

Thogadh sìoda ri crannaibh,

Nuair bu rìoghail an tarraunn,

Bhiodh pìob rìmbeach nam meallan da

seinn.

Gum bu slàn 's gum a h-ìomlan,

Gach ni tha mi g-ìomradh,

Do theaghlach rìgh-Fìonghall,

Oighre dligheach Dhùn-Tuilm thu

Olar deoch air do chuilm gun bhi sgi.

1
(with 's
in RMS)

GRAN DO SHIOL DUGHAILL.¹

'S TROM 's gur eisleanach m' aigne,
'N diugh gur feudar dhomh aideach',
O'n a dh' eigh iad rium cabar 's mi coir.
'S trom 's gur, etc.

Mi ga m' fhogradh á Clachaig,
'S mi gun mhánus gun aitreabh,
'S nach h-e 'màl a ta fairtleachadh orm.
Mi ga m', etc.

Mi ga m' fhogradh á m' dhùthaich,
'S m' fhearann pòst' aig siol Dùghaill,
'S iad am barail gu 'n ùraich iad còir.
Mi ga m', etc.

Mi ga 'm fhogradh gun aobhar,
'S nach mi shalaich mo shaobhaidh,
Mur mhada-galla 'sa chaonnag m'a shroin.
Mi ga m', etc.

Mo nì a's m' earnais feadh monaidh,
'S mi mar ghearr eadar chonabh,
Gun chead tearnadh measg loinidh no feoir.
Mo nì a's, etc.

O nach d' fhàs mi 'm fheàr morta,
Gu bhì sathadh mo chuirce,
Mur bha na cairdean curta 's taigh mhòr.
O nach d' fhas, etc.

Fuil a taosgadh o lotan,
Dh-fhaoite thogail le copan,
Ruith na caochan ma bholtaibh am bròg.
Fuil a taosgadh, etc.

A Ruadh ropach nam maodal,
Ged a ròpadh tu caolain,
Cha n' e do chogadh a shaoil mi theachd
orm.
A ruadh ropach,

Cleas na binne nach maireann,
Bha 'n sgrìre Cille-ma-cheallaig,²
'Nuair a dhìt iad an gearran 'sa mhòd.
Cleas a bhinne, etc.

Lagh cho chearr 'sa bha 'm Breatunn,
Rinn am mearlach a sheasamh,
Bhì ga thearnadh o leadairt nan còrd.
Lagh cho, etc.

Cleas dàm mnaoi a chruiteir,
Mun ghnìomh nàrach rinn musag,
Thug i lamh air a phluiceadh le dòrn.
Cleas dana, etc.

A bhean choite gun obadh,
Bu choir a dochair a thogail,
Thilg i chlach anns an tobar 's i beo,
A bhean choite, etc.

'Nuair bha a bheisid air a buaireadh
Na cionnta fèin's i lan uabhair,
Theid an eucoir an uachdar car seoil.
'Nuair bha, etc.

Faodar cadal gu seisdeil,
Aig fadal Shìr Sheumais,
Leig an ladarnas deistneach ud leo.
Faodar, etc.

Ach na 'm faicinn do loingear,
'S mi nach bristearh a choinneamh,
Na 'm biodh coiseachd air chomas domh
beò.
Ach na 'm, etc.

Mìre shrutha r' a darach,
Ga cuir an uigheam gu h-aithghearr,
Crainne ghiubhais fo sparaibh a seoil.
Mìre shrutha, etc.

'Nuair a lagadh a ghaoth oirnn,
Bhìodh seol air pasgadh a h-aodaich,
'S buidheann ghasda mo ghaoil ri cuir
bhòd.
'Nuair a lagadh, etc.

Raimh mu 'n dunadh na basaibh,
'S iad a lubadh air bhacaihbh,
Sud a chùrsachd o 'n atadh na leis.
Raimh, etc.

¹ After the murder of Keppoch the poet was persecuted by the murderer; this song was composed on that occasion.

² 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 chlaoinne.'

Buid ùr air a totaibh,
'S i na deann thun na cloiche,
Muir dhu-ghorm a' sgolltadh m'a bòrd.
Buid ùr air, etc.

AN CIARAN MABACH. *

Ged' tha mi m' eun fògraidh san tìr-sa,
Air mo ruagadh as na crìochan,
Glòir do Dhia 's do dh' Iarla Shì-phort,¹
Cha bhì sinn tuille fo 'r binne.

O rò rò seinn, cò nam b'àil leibh?
O rò rò seinn, cò nam b'àil leibh?
Call abhar-inn o, calman-codhail:
Trom orach as o, cò nam b'àill leibh !

Sir Seumas nan tìr 's nam baideal,
Gheibh luchd muirne cuirm a' t-aitreabh,
Gc do rinn thu 'n dùsal cadail,
'S èibhinn leam do dhùsgadh madainn'.
O ro ro sin, etc.

¹ "After the murder of the children of Keppoch Ian Manntach, 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 Eglington, 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 abettors.

"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, 1665, and signed Rothee, 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' shin' gun bhòsd, gun bhagradh;
Chuir thu ceò fo 'n ròiseal bhradach.
O ro ro sin, etc.

Rinn thu mhoch-eiridh Di-dòmhaich,
Cha b' ann gu 'n aitreabh a chòmhdach,
Thoir a mach nan cas-cheann dòite,
Chur sradag fo bhraclaich na feòla.
O ro ro sin, etc.

Mhoire, 's buidheach mls' a Dhia ort,
Cuid de 'n atcheuing' bha mi 'g iarraidh,
'N grad spadadh le glas lannaibh liatha,
Tarruinn ghad air fad am fiacal.
O ro ro sin, etc.

Di-ciadainn a chaidh thu t-uidheam,
Le d' bhraataich aird 's do ghillean dubha,
Sgrìobh Ghilleaspig Ruaidh a Uithist,
Bhnail e meall 'an ceann na h-uighe.
O ro ro sin, etc.

Cha d'iarr thu bàta no long dharaich,
Ri àm geamhraidh 'n tìs na gaillinn,
Triubhas teann feadh bheann a's bhealach,
Coiseachd bhonn ge trom do mhealag.
O ro ro sin, sin, etc.

Ach na'n cuireadh tu gach cuis gu àite,
Mu 'n sgaoil thu t-itean air sàile,
Nuair' dh-eitich thu Inbher-làire,
B' fheird do mheas e measg nan Gàcl.
O ro ro sin, etc.

'S ann leam nach bu chruai' an ghaoir ud,
Bh-aig mnaibh galach nam falt sgaoilteach,
Bhì 'gan tarruinn mar bheul-snaolsein,
Sealg nam boc mu dhos na maoilseach.
O ro ro sin, etc.

'Smairg a rinn fhòghlum san droch-bheirt,
'N dèigh am plaosgadh fhuair bhur ploi-
cneadh,
Claigneann 'g am faoisgneadh a copar,
Mar chinn laoigh 'an dèigh am plotadh.
O ro ro sin, etc.

ORAN AIR CRUNADH. †

RIGH TEAREACH II.

Mi 'n so air m' uillinn,
An ard ghleann munaidh,
'S mor fath mo shulas ri gàire.
Mi 'n so air, etc.

* From Selkies (with a few changes), including the misprint shin for shron.

'S ge fad am thosd mi,
Ma 's e 's ole leibh,
Thig an sop á m' bhraghad.
'S ge fad, etc.

O 'n bha sheams' orizn a chluinntinn,
Ged bu teann a bha chuing oirnn :
Gu 'n do thiondai' a chuibhle mar b'aill
leinn.

O 'n bha, etc.

An ceum so air choiseachd,
Le m' bhata 's le m' phoca,
'Sa 'n lamh ga stopadh gu sar-mbath.
An ceum, etc.

Gur h-ole an nith dhuinn,
Bhi stad am priosan,
'N am theachd an righ g'a áite.
Gur h-ole, etc.

Thug Dia dhuinn furtachd,
As na cliabhan druidte
'Nuair dh' iarr sinn iuchair a gharaidh.
Thug Dia dhuinn, etc.

'Sa Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt,
Ma chaidhe an crun ort,
Dia na fhear stiuiridh air t-fhardaich,
'Sa Thearlaich, etc.

Ma chaidh thu 'sa chathair,
Gun aon bhuille claidheinh,
'N ainm an athar 's an ard Righ.
Ma chuaidh, etc.

'S thu thigh 'n dhachaigh gu d' rioghachd
Mur a b' oil le d' luchd mi-ruin
'N coinneamh ri mìle ciad fáilte.
'S thu thigh'n, etc.

'S ioma *Subseig* mhor mhisgeach,
'S measa run dut na mise,
Tha cuir staigh am *petisean* àn drasda.
'S ioma, etc.

Luchd nan torra-chaisteal liatha,
Air an stormadh le iarunn,
B'ole na lorgairean riamh ann do gheard
iad.
Luchd na 'n, etc.

Cha b' fhas' an dùsgadh á cadai,
Na madadh-ruadh chuir a braclaich,
'Nuair a fhuaradh thu lag, ach bhi
t-aicheadh.
Cha b' fhas, etc.

Na mearlaich uile chuaidh dh' aon-taobh,
Ghearr muineal Mhoir-fhear I Hunndaidh,
'S math choisinn le bunndaids am
pàigheadh.

Na mearlaich, etc.

Leam is eibhinn mur thachair,
Mur dh' eirich do 'n h-òrach air.
Bha gach ceann d' i na bachlagan bana.
Leam is, etc.

Cha robh uidhir nan cairtean,
Nach robh tionnda' mi-cheart orr',
Bha mo shuillean ga m faicinn an trath ud,
Cha robh, etc.

'S ole an leasan Diciadain,
Mur a furtaich thu Dbia air,
A ta feitheamh an Iarla neo bhaidheil.
'S ole an leasan, etc.

'N am rusgadh a cholair,
Theid an ceann deth o choluinn,
Glòir agus moladh do 'n ard-Righ.
'N am, etc.

Le maighdeinnsgorr-shuileach smachdail,
Dh' fhagas giallan gun mheartuinn,
Dhùineas fairasa Mharcius mhi-chairteil.
Le maighdeann, etc.

'S ged 's e thùs cha 'n e dhieireadh,
Do luchd dhusgadh an teine,
'S mar mo rùn do 'n chuid eile da
chairdean.
'S ged 's e, etc.

Mur bha *Lusifer* tamull,
N' deigh air thùs bhi na Aingeal,
Chaidh sgùrsa' le an-ìochd a Phàrais.¹
Mur bha, etc.

Bidh tu nis ann ad dheomhain,
Dol timchioll an domhain,
Bhrìgh coltais toirt comb-fhillteachd
dhasan.
Bidh tu nis, etc.

'S mor a b' fhearr dhut na moran,
No na chruinnich thu stòras,
Bhi tional an otraich gu d' ghàradh.
'S mor a b' fhearr, etc.

¹ 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.

Na thu fhein 's do gheard misgeach,
Bhi 'n àit as nach tig sibh,
Mur sgaile phictuir 'sa 'n sgathan.
Na thu fhein, etc.

Na farabhalaich bhreaca,
Bha taruinn uainn ar cuid beartais,
Chuir an rìgh mach a *Whitehall* dhuinn.
Na farabhalaich, etc.

LATHA IABHER-LOCHAIDH.¹

LUINNEAG.

H-i rim h-ò-rò, h-ò-rò leatha,
H-i rim h-ò-rò, h-ò-rò leatha,
H-i rim h-ò-rò, h-ò-rò leatha,
Chaidh an latha le Clann-Domhnuill.

AN cuala' sibhse 'n tionndadh duineil,
Thug an camp bha 'n Cille-Chuimein ;
'S fad chaidh ainm air an iomairt,
Thug iad as an naimhdean iomain.
H-i rim, etc.

Dhìrich mi moch madainn dhòmhaich,
Gu barr caisteil Inbher-Lochaidh,
Chunna' mi 'n t-arm a dol an ordugh,
'S bha buaidh an là le Clann-Dòmhnuill.
H-i rim, etc.

Direadh a mach glun Chuil-eachaidh,
Dh' aithnich mi oirbh sùrd 'ur tapaidh ;
Ged bha mo dhuthaich na lasair,
'S éirig air a chùis mar thachair.
H-i rim, etc.

Ged bhiodh Iarlachd a bhraghaid,
An seachd bliadhna so mar tha e,
Gun chur, gun chliathadh, no gun aiteach,
'S math an riadh bho 'm beil sinn paighte.
H-i rim, etc.

Air do laimhse Tighearna Lathair,
Ge mor do bhosd as do chlaidheamh ;
'S ioma oglaoch chinne t-athar,
Tha 'n Inbher-Lochaidh na laidhe.
H-i rim, etc.

¹This battle was fought between the M'Donalds and the Campbells on Sunday, February 2, 1645.

'S ioma farr goirseid agus pillein,
Cho math 'sa bha riamh dheth d' chin-
neadh,
Nach d' fhead a bhotann thoirt tioram,
Ach faoghluim snàmh air Bun-Neimheis.¹
H-i rim, etc.

Sgeul a b' àite 'nuair a thigeadh,
Air Caim-beulaich nam beul slighneach,
H-uile dream dhiu mur a thigeadh,
Le bualadh lann an ceann ga 'm bristeadh.
H-i rim, etc.

'N latha sin shaoil leo dhol leotha,
'S ann bha laoiach ga 'n ruithe air reothadh,
'S ioma slaodanach mor odhar,
Bha na shineadh Air ach'-an-tothair.
H-i rim, etc.

Ge be dhireadh Tom-na h-aire,
Bulionor spog ùr ann air dhroch shailleadh,
Neul marbh air an suil gun anam,
'N deigh an sgiùrsadh le lannan.
H-i rim, etc.

Thug sibh toiteal teith ma Lochaidh,
Bhi ga 'm bualadh ma na srònan,
Bu lion'or claidheamh clais-ghorm comh-
nard,
Bha bualadhan lamhan Chlann-Dòmhnuill.
H-i rim, etc.

Sin 'nuair chruinnich mor dbragh na fhal-
achd,
'N am rusgadh na 'n greidlein tana,
Bha iongnan nan Duimhneach ri talamh,
An deigh an luithean a ghearradh.
H-i rim, etc.

'S lionmhur corp nochte gun aodach,
Tha na 'n sineadh air chnocain fhraoiche,
O 'n bhlar an greaste na saoidhean,
Gu ceann Leitir blar a Chaorainn.
H-i rim, etc.

¹ 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 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 Campbells, he began to address them as follows:—"A Dhuimhneacha Dhuimhneacha, cuimhnichibh 'ur boineidean."

* From Turner with a few changes.

Dh' innsinn sgeul eile le firinn,
 Cho math 'sa nì cleireach a sgrìobhadh ;
 Chaidh na laoiach ud gu 'n dicheall
 'S chuir iad maoin air luchd am mì-ruin.
 H-r rim, etc.

Iain Mhuideartaich nan seol soilleir,
 Sheoladh an cuan ri la doillear,
 Ort cha d' fhuaradh briste coinnidh,
 'S ait' leam Barra-breac fo d' chomas.
 H-i rin, etc.

Cha b' e sud an siubhal cearbach,
 A thug Alasdair do dh' Albainn,
 Creachadh, losgadh, agus marbhadh ;
 'S leagadh leis coileach Strath-bhalgaidh.
 Hi- rim, etc.

An t-eun dona chaill a cheuntaidh,
 An Sasunn, an Albainn, 's 'n Eirinn,
 Is it e a curr na sgeithe,
 Cha miste leam ged a gheill e,
 H-i rim, etc.

Alasdair nan a geur lann sgaiteach,
 Gheall thu 'n dé a bhi cuir as daibh,
 Chuir thu 'n reutea seach an caisteal,
 Seoladh gle mhath air an leantuinn.
 H-i rim, etc.

Alasdair nan geur lann guineach.
 Na 'm biodh agad armuinn Mhuile ;
 Thug thu air na dh' fhalbh dhiu fuireach,
 'S reutair air pràbar an duileisg.
 H-i rim, etc.

Alasdair 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, etc.

'M b' aithne dhuibhse 'n Goirtean-odhar,
 'S math a bha e air a thochar,
 Cha 'n inneir chaorach, no ghobhar ;
 Ach fuil Dhuihneach an deigh reothadh.
 H-i rim, etc.

Bhur sgrìos mu 's truagh leam 'ur caradh,
 'G eisdeachd an-shocair 'ur pàistean
 Caoidh a phannuil bh' ann 's 'n àraich
 Donnalaich bhan Earraghàil.
 H-i rim, etc.

LATHA THÌOM-A-PHUBAILL. ✱

LUIÑNEAG.

Hò-rò 's fada, 's gur fada,
 'S cian fada gu leoir,
 O 'n a chaidh thu air thuras,
 Do bhaile Lunnainn nan cleoc ;
 Na 'n cluinneadh tu fathunn,
 Le rabhadh an eoin ;
 'S gu 'n taoghladh tu 'n rathad,
 'S mi nach gabhadh dheth bròn !

AIR leith-taobh Beinne-buidhe,
 Sheas a bhuidheann nach gann ;
 Luchd dhearcàdh an iùbhair,
 'Sa chur siubhal fo chrann ;
 '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, etc.

A Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Dòmhnuille,
 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' fhaigh thu leigheart mu choinne,
 'S gun aon eislein a' t-aighe,
 Dh' eisd thu chasaid an Lunnainn.
 Ho ro 's fada, etc.

Ach a Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Dòmhnuille,
 'S fad do chomhnuidh measg Ghall ;
 A laoiach aigeantaich phriseil,
 Oig rimheich an àigh :
 Tha maise an fhiona,
 Ad ghruaidh dìreadh an àird ;
 'S tha thu shliochd nan tri Cholla,
 Ga 'm biodh longeas air sàil.
 Ho ro 's fada, etc.

'S truagh nach robh iad na ciadan,
 Do luchd sgaith agus lann ;
 Do na h-oganaich threubhach,
 Nach euradh *adhbhans* ;
 Cha bh' mid ag eigheach,
 Co da 'n eireadh an call ;
 'S ann aig geat Inbher-Aora,
 Ghab mo laoiach-sa gu càmp.
 Ho ro 's fada, etc.

' This battle was fought between the Campbells of Argyle and the men of Athol.

* From Turner with a few changes

am dhuibh
 2 (17)

'M brúadar chunnaic mi 'm chadal,
 B' fhear gu 'm faicinn e 'm dhùisg ;
 'S mi nach fuiréadh ni b' fhaide,
 Ann am plaide air m' ùigh,
 Sealladh 'n sin do d' ghnùis aobhach,
 'Nuair a phlaosgadh mo shuil,
 B' ionnan eiridh do m' aigne,
 'S leum a bhradain am bùrn.
 Ho ro 's fada, etc.

duil. bhrath
 (17)

Gur mise bha túrsach,
 'N am dhomb dùsgadh o m' bhrúadar :
 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 dnuisgear an uaigh dhomh.
 Ho ro 's fada, etc.

Tha pruip air do chul-thaobh,
 'S math a b' fhiu dhut am faighneachd ;
 Eoin Abrach o 'n Ghiùbhsaich,
 Cha toir cubair a gheim deth :
 'S Gilleasbuig a Bhràighe,
 Gu latha bhràth nach bi 'm foill dut ;
 Mac Iain 'sa chinneadh,
 Gu 'n imicheadh an oidhch leat.
 Ho ro 's fada, etc.

Handal
 (17)

'S ioma marcaiche statail,
 Gar an àir' mi ach cuid diu ;
 Eadar geata bhraigh Acuinne,
 Gn slios Blair nam fear luidneach :
 Mur ghabh sud a's braigh Ard-dhail,
 Agus braighe Bochuidir ;
 Ghabhadh leigeadh gu statail.
 'N eirig là Tom-a-phubail.
 Ho ro 's fada, etc.

'S ioma òganach guineach,
 Laidir, duilich, do-athnìcht ;
 Eadar braigh' uisge Thurraid,
 'S caol Mhuile nan canach,
 Ghearradh beum le 'n arm guineach,
 Ga 'n iomain do 'n fheamainn ;
 Ann an eirig nam muineal,
 Chaidh a chur sa 'n Aird-reanaich.
 Ho ro 's fada, etc.

'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 :

Bhi ga innse gu soilleir,
 Anns' gach coinnidh a's còdhail,
 Gu 'm bu chairdeach an sloinneadh,
 Siol Mhoire 's Clann-Domhnuill.
 Ho ro 's fada, etc.

A Rìgh ! nach robh iad an geambairn,
 Lan teampuill do shluagh ;
 Do luchd nam beul cama,
 'S cha b' ainid sud nainn ;
 'S ioma claidheamh genr guineach,
 Laidir fulangach cruaidh ;
 Th' aig mo chinneadh ga 'm feitheamh,
 'S aig Clann-'Illeain nam buadh.
 Ho ro 's fada, etc.

'S b' fhear gu 'n tigeadh iad fhathasd,
 Clann 'Illeain nan tuagh ;
 'S cha bhiodh sgian ann am fraighe,
 No claidheamh an truaill ;
 Bheirte mach na h-airm chatha,
 'S cha bhiodh an latha sin buan ;
 'S ged bu guineach na Duimhnic,
 'S iad siol Chuinn a bha cruaidh.
 Ho ro 's fada, etc.

Tha mo run air na gillean,
 Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg ;
 Dh-eireadh fearg ort a'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, etc.

LATHA AIRDE-REANAICII. *

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 chinnteach 'sa 'm bàs,
 Ged tha thu 'n dràs as an t-sealladh ;
 Gu 'm beil mulad fo d' chom ort,
 Mu bhas Ghoud Iarla Moire.¹

'S ceart 's cho cheart mar mo dhurachd,
 Le beachd no shul gur mi chunnaic ;
 Cha robh againn do sgathan,
 Ach greasad trà do 'n taigh grunnaich ;

¹ See the sixth stanza of the foregoing song.

* From Turner, with some changes.

"Aisling caillich mar a dùrachd,"
Gach mìo-rùn bha do 'n duin ud ;
Ged bu ladurnu 'n cùl-chainnt,
Stad a chuis air an iomall.

Cha b' e aingeachd na tuatha,
Ghluais am Marcus le dhaoine ;
Aeh togail a bhrataich,
'G iarraidh smachd air luchd aobhair ;
Fhuair thu iuchair na còrach,
Gu t-ordugh le d' dhaoine ;
Agus fosgladh gach caisteil,
Fad slait Inbher-Aora.

Gheill Dun-staf-innis grad dut,
Innis fharsuinn nam faochag ;
Ged bu daingheann a chlach i,
Fhuair thu steach air bheag sàoitreach :
Cha robh cuilbheir caol glaice.
No gunna praise gan sgaoiladh ;
Eadar Innis-Chonnain nan canach,
Gu ruig hail' Inbher-Aora.

'S ard *Liutenant* o 'n rìgh thu,
Thug thu sgrìob do dh' Earr'ghàel,
Bu leat Tairbeart 's Cinn-tìre,
'S gach aon nith bh'anns an ait ud ;
Agus Ile bheag rìabhach,
Mu 'n iath a mhuir shàile ;
'S goirt a chnead a ta 'm chliabh-sa,
Fhad 's bha 'n t iasad gan phàigheadh.

Thighearn oig Ghlinne-garaidh,
Na bi falach do rùn oirm ;
Oighre 'n duin' thu tha maireann,
Tha tha 'd charaid dhuinn dùbailt ;
Cha ltheo e 's cha mhairean,
Na ni ar garadh o d' chul-thaobh,
A luchd nan ceanna-bhearta' crabhaidh,
Thionndaidh falachd a chrùn ruilh.

'S e do charaid mor dealaidh,
Mac 'Ic-Ailein a Muideart,
Sliochd an Alasdair Gharaidh,
Luchd tharruinn nam fùran ;
Cha do chuir cainb shalach ;
Na tafaid ealamh ri d' chùl-chrann ;
Bheireadh beum air a h-athlorg,
Fhad sa mhaireadh a fiudhaidh.

Na 'm biodh Tighearn na Learguinn.
Ann an Albainn 's e mar-riut ;
Agus Tighearn an Tairbeirt,
'S iad nach fairsgeadh do mhealladh :
Luchd na 'm peiglinnean talmhaidh,

D

'S tu dh fhoadadh earbs' asd gu daigheann ;
Cha 'n cil iad beo do shliochd Cholla,
Na ni 'n comunn ud aithris.

Gur a h-ioma fear goirseid,
Gunna stoilte, 's lan, du-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-Stiubhairt o 'n Apuinn.

Cha 'n iongnadh thusa bhi fiamhach,
'N taobh shìos do Bhun-atha ;
Ged theid Duimhnich gu 'n dicheall,
'S gu dìdeann a chladheimh ;
'S leat na thubhairt mi chianamh,
Ceart cho dìreach ri saighead ;
'S leat Mac-Ionmhuinn an t-Stratha
Agus da Mhac-'Illeain.

'S fearr leam fhaicinn na chluinntinn,
Gu 'n do stad a chuimh air an muineal ;
Nis o 'n thionndaidh a chuibhle,
'S fad bhios Duimhnich gun urram ;
Ged a Shaoil le Mac-Cailein,
E bhi na bharrach air Muile ;
B' fhearr dha chumail na bh'aigne,
Na bhi 'g agradh air tuille.

Na 'm biodh fear a bheoil mhoir ann,
O nach doirteadh glòir bhreamais !
Naile chailleadh sibh geoigh ris,
Nach b' fhiach an rostadh 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 fhein an saighdear bu ghlaime.

Gur mairg a dh' earbadh a cairdeas,
Neach a dh'-fhas dheth an t-sloinneadh,
Na 'm biodh cuimh' air an lath' ud,
Fhuair iad t-athair fo 'n comas ;
Chuir iad smuid ri tur-arda,
Chaisteil Bhlair gu gle sboilleir ;
'S beag bha dhòchas an là sin,
Gu 'm biodh iad pàighte na 'n comainn.

'S mor tha eadar dha latha,
Ged bha e grathunn gun tighinn ;
Ghaidh thu 'n cuir na bu leatha,
'N deigh t-athar a mhilleadh ;
Gun aon bhuille claidheamh,
Gun sathadh biodaig no sgine ;

an (T)

un (T)

in (T)

(T)

in talamh (T)

un (T)

dh' fhuair (T)

Mur gu 'm bathadh tu coinnean,
Chaill e 'n oighreachd 'sa 'n cinneach.

'S beag a b' fhiach do Mhac Mhoirich,
Dhol n' ur coinneamh ach ainneamh ;
Na ghabhail mar chompach,
Ach fear da 'n geallt' bhì 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 seallbhach,
'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 sgiùrsaidh,
'N glaic do dhuirn gun a sireadh ;
Uair mu seach air an fhurnais,
Mur bhuillt' ùird air an innein.

Gloir do 'n Rìgh th' air a chathair,
'S maìrg a ghabhadh mun chluinneadh ;
No ghuidheadh na bhreig e ;
Gach ni dh-eirich sa chunnaic ;
Mu 's ann le droch-lheart Iudais,
Dh-fhuaigh 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 ranntar-bùth bh' aig na luchan ;
'S iad a' drochadh ri chèile,
Na 'n droch reiseimeid churta ;
'Nuair bha egal a chait orr' ;
Chaidh droch sgapadh an cuid diu ;
'Sa bheisd mhor 'sa 'n robh phlaigh dhiu,
Sgrios gun agh oirr' mar fhurtachd.

Sin 'nuair labhair Dubh-na-h-àmrain,
A bheisd ghrannnd 'sa chrain mhullaich ;
Cha robh an sabhal nan àth dhiu,
Beisd le 'n àl nach do chruinnich,
Nuair bha 'm mòd ga 'r eruaidh shàrach' ;
'S na cuird a fasgadh 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 luithéachd na 'n teangaidh ;
B' ionann sin 's do shliochd Dhiarmaid,
Bhì ga 'r biadhadh an an-ìochd ;
Math au aghaidh an uile,
Chuir mi luchd-sa 'n Afrd-reanaich.

'Nuair bha 'n ad oirbh n-uiridh,
Bha sibh urranta mòdhar ;
Am blaidhna chaill sibh an currachd,
'S eiginn fuireach gle shamhach :
Chaill an t-Iarl air 'ur turas,
Mheud 'sa bhuinig e mhàl oirbh ;
Gar am h' fhiach leis an duin' ud,
Bhì ri cruinneachadh cnàmhaig.

B' ole a b' fhiach do Dhiuc-Atholl,
Dholl an coinne riut *Eardsaidh*,
'N deigh latha Roinn-Lìothunn ;
Thug sibh òc-shlaint mar earlais,
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 shàr iarl air Tulaich-bheardainn ;
'S ged a dheanadh iad diùc dhìot,
'S ro mhath b' fhiu thu an t-aite ;
Tha do thìotal cho lionor,
Chumail dìon air do chairdean ;
Geard 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-á rinn, ho ro h-o bha ho,
Hi-rinn h-á rinn, ho ro h-o bha ho,
Biodh gach duine agaibh brònach,
Air son foirneart mo rìgh.

'N DRUGH chuala' mi naidheachd,
Air alt nach b' aimhealach leinn,
'N an cumadh e chasan —
'S gu boidh an t-ath-sgeul cho binn —
Rìgh Seumas le farum,
Cur a dharaich na still ;
O'n 's leat uachdar na mara,
Gluais a's taruin gu tìr.

Hi-rinn, etc.

Mhic Mhuire na h-òighe,
Coinhead foirneart mo rìgh ;
Co b' urrainn da 'r smàladh —
Ach do lamhans' bhì leinn :

† A title formerly in Strathmore, now extinct.

* From Turner, with some changes

Turner
[= Earl of Arles, forfeited, but retained]

Faic a nis prionns Orans',
Cur na còir os a cinn ;
Ach as do chobhair, a Shlan-'eor,
Thig furtachd a's slaint air gach tinn.
Hi-rinn, etc.

A Rìgh chumhachdaich, fheartaich,
Ga 'm beil beachd air gach nì,
Cum air aghaidh an ceartas—
An lagh seachranach pill :

Faic luchd nam breid dàite,
Bhi gun dealt ann ri'n linn ;
'S ma tha 'n ucoir nan aigheadh,
Beum do shlat os an cinn. *ciunn (T)*
Hi-rinn, etc.

'N uair a thainig thu Shasunn,
'S tu rinn aiseag a bhreamais ;
Sheilbh chòir thoirt air eigin,
O athair ceile thug bean dut.
Cha bi reull nan dùilean,
Bha deanadh juil dut 'san ain-eol ;
Mar bha roimh na trì rìghrean,
'N uair bha Iosa na leanabh.
Hi-rinn, etc.

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 Sgriobtuir,
Mar bhreun ghearran 'sa chathair,
'S nach b'fhear-taighe da 'n sliochd e.
Hi-rinn, etc.

'S fìor mhallaichte 'n lànan, *Spain (T)*
Chum an Spàin anns an roinn ud ;
Seilbh chòir thoirt a dh-aindeoin,
Le mùtha malairt an t-slaighteir : *fran (T)*
Ged' a stadadh an claidheamh,
Gun bhuille chaith' ach na rinn e,
Bi'dh gach fuil 'g eigheach am flaitheas,
A d' dheigh a latha 's a dh' oidheche.
Hi-rinn, etc.

'S maig a chreideadh droch naidheachd,
Thig tro amhaich a nàmhaid,
Chuireadh fùdar na ghreadan,
An grund' na h-eaglaise gnàthaicht ;
'S lionor lunn tha na teine,
'S a ghrund' n do spealadh an grain-shop
Ach, chi sinn fhathasd sud diolte,
Mas' a fìor a ta 'n fhàistinn.
Hi-rinn, etc.

'N uair chaidh *Whitehall* losgadh,
Bu mhall do choisachd gun bhògan ;
'S mi nach rachadh le pairti,
Air mhìre, bhàthadh, na dòite.
Mas' a daoine rinn suas e,
B'fhaoin an cruadal, 's an seoltachd ;
Cha'n eil mi gearan—mo thruaighe !
Ach a lughad 's a fhuair dhiu an ròstadh
Hi-rinn, etc.

Cha tig ach rùcas a's cealgan,
O chruitean cealgach an ràbuill ;
Cuiribh an t-aibhisdear saoil ris— *a sheul (T)*
Biodh Dia a's daoine ga aicheadh. *Bidh (T)*
Cleas eud bean a chruiteir,
Fhuair a cursadh 'n sgàth gàraidh ;
Thog iad airsan mar uirsgeul,
Gu 'n do mhurt e dhearbhb-bhrathair.
Hi-rinn, etc.

Gu 'm bu ghrannda na sgeoil sin,
Thog na deomhain ga dh'ibeirt !
'S nach b' urr' iad ga dhearbhadh,
Ach mar bhuille searbh da 'n luchd
mi-ruin ;

Gu 'n cuirte isean a chlamhain,
An nead clannach an fhìreoin ;
Mac muice a bhalaich,
Shalcha fala nan rìghrean.
Hi-rinn, etc.

'S maig rìgh a rinn cleamhnas,
Ri Dùitseachd shantach gun trocair ;
Cha b'e 'n onair bu ghnàs da,
Ged' 's tu brathair-mathair an rògair.
Ged' a thug thu d'ha Màiri
Air laimh, chum a pòsaidh,
Ghabh e t-oighreachd a t-an-toil
Thar do cheann, a's thu d' bheo-shlaint.
Hi-rinn, etc.

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 ; *caithair (T)*
'N uair a sgaoilleadh 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, etc.

Ach buaidh an droch sgeoil sin,
Do phrionns Orains gun diadhachd,
Ged' a rachadh do bhàthadh,
Cha b' ionann bàs dut 'sa dh' iarrainn ;

ma Seusan
(T)
dhaith (T)
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, etc.

clainneach (T)
Sgrios gun iarmad, gun duilleach,
Cha 'n iarruinn tuille am dhàn duibh ;
Gun sliochd a dh-iathadh mu t' uilinn,
Do ghniomh 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, etc.

do dhèidh (T)
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 fhaicil claoite,
Air neo 's claoine theid a thogail ;
Tha 'n dà shant 's an droch mhnaoi ud,
'S annsadh . . . le no bōban.
Hi-rinn, etc.

blodh (T)
Ach na 'n tigeadh an rìgh sin,
'S a mhac dileas 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 mhùineal,
Na cluais cuilein an radain.
Hi-rinn, etc.

bie theantach (T)
Prionns Orains a mhi rath,
Mas' toil le Rìgh thoirt gu creideamh,
'S còir an duilleag so thionndadh,
Air a bhan-rìgh nach creid e,
Ma shaoil am bith-shanntach santtach
Na mhac-samhla ga ghoid sud ;
Na a ruitheachd le lannan, *
Air nighean Seanalair Huitsein.
Hi-rinn, etc.

B'fhearr gu 'm buaileadh e'n staidse,
Tus a bhàidse bu chòir dha,
N'am bu tuiteam 'sa phlaigh dhuinn,
Mar fhuair rìgh Phàro, 's a sheorsa ;
Mar bha chomhairle bhreige,
Chuir rìgh Seumas air fògradh ;

Aithris cleas nan droch rìghrean,
Leis 'n do dhiteadh Rìgh-boam.
Hi-rinn, etc.

Rehoboam
(T)

Sgeul buan e do'n mhearcaid.
'S nach tog a mac a cuid oighreachd ;
'S ion dith 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, etc.

Chuinnt i
(T)

'S math an toiseach ar seannsa,
Ma rinn am Frangach a thapadh—
Ma ghlacadh leis *Monsai*,
Cha sgeul tum-sgeul ach ceartas,
Bu mhath gu'm biodh an *adhbhansa*,
Air a tionndadh gu Susann ;
Na gu faicte an cunntar,
Cho ghrad ri tionndan nan cairtean.
Hi-rinn, etc.

Ach ma stad air an diùc sin,
'S nach e a run tigh'n ni'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 leighdear mu'n chaisteal,
B'fhearr gu'm faicinn an coileach,
No, gu'n gaireadh a chaismeachd.
Hi-rinn, etc.

bu (leis)
(T)

Mu tha e'n dàn dhut teachd dhachaigh,
'S nàr dhut t-fhaicinn gun speurad ;
Ged' a fhuair thu pairt leonaidh,
Ri àm fògraidh rìgh Sheumais :
Ma tha thu cruaidh air an raiper,
Seall an slachdan a ghleusaigh,
Leis an do spionadan mo sgròban,
Ma's fìor Tòmas an Réumair.
Hi-rinn, etc.

spiasadh
(T)

IORRAM DHARAICH. *

DOBHATA SIR SEUMAIS MHIC-DOMHNILL.

Moch, 's mi 'g eirigh sa mhadainn,
'S trom euslainteach m'aigne,
'S nach eighear mi'n caidreamh nam
braithrean,
'S nach eighear mi'n, etc.

* Rehoboam, poetically.

* Essentially from S,
but with some changes
which might indicate S
had another version before him?

Leam is aith-ghearr a cheilidh,
 Rinneas mar ris an t-Seumas,
 Ris na dhealaich mi'n dè moch la Caisge.
 Ris na dhealaich mi'n dè, etc.

Dia na stiùir air an darach,
 A dh' fhalbh air tùs an t-siul mhara,
 Seal mu'n tug e cheud bhoinne de thràg-
 hadh.
 Seal mu'n tug e cheud bhoinne, etc.

Ge b'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, etc.

'Nuair bhiodh càch cur ri gniombadh,
 Bhiodh mo chuid-sa dheth diomhain,
 G' ol na gucagan fion' air a fàradh.
 G' ol na gucagan fion, etc.

Cha bu mharcach eich leumnaich,
 A bhuin' geadh geall reis ort,
 'Nuair a thogadh tu breid oscann sàile.
 'Nuair a thogadh tu breid, etc.

'Nuair a thogadh tu tonnag,
 Air chuan meanmach nan droinnag,
 'S ioma gleann ris an cromadh i h-earrach.
 'S ioma gleann ris an cromadh, etc.

'Nuair a shuidheadh fear stiuir oir',
 'N àm bhi fagail na dùthcha,
 Bu mhear riuth a chuain du-ghlais fo
 h-earrlinn.
 Bu mhear riuth a chuain, etc.

Cha b' iad na Luch-armainn mheanbha,
 Bhiodh m'a cupuill ag eileadh,
 'Nuair a dh'eireadh mor shoirbheas le
 bàrlinn.
 'Nuair a dh'eireadh, etc.

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 olè, etc.

'Nuair a d'fhalaichte na buird d'i,
 'S nach faighte lan siuil d'i,
 Bhiodh luchd taghaich sior lùbadh nar
 àlach. lib' air a h- (S)
 Bhiodh luchd taghaich, etc.

'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, etc.

Dol tiomchioll Rugha na Caillich,
 Bu ro mlath siubhal a daraich,
 Gearradh shrutha gu cairidh Chaoil-Acuin.
 Gearradh shrutha gu cairidh, etc.

Dol gu uidhe chuain fhiadhaich,
 Mar bu chubhaidh leinn iarraidh,
 Gu Uist bheag riabhach nan cràg-gheadh,
 Gu Uist bheag riabhach, etc.

Cha bu bhruchag air meirg' i,
 Fhuair a treachladh le h-eiribeirt,
 'Nuair a thigeadh mor shoirbheas le
 gàbhadh.
 'Nuair a thigeadh mor, etc.

Ach an Dubh-Chnoiccartach, riabhach,
 Luchd-mhor, ard-ghuailleach dhionach,
 Gur lionmhor lann iarunn m'a h-earraich.
 Gur lionmhor lann iarunn, etc.

Cha bu chrann-lach air muir i,
 Shiubhal gheann gun bhi curaidh,
 'S buill chainbe ri fulagan àrda,
 Boill chaincaba ri, etc.

Bha Domhnall an Duin innt,
 Do mhac eighre 's mor cùram,
 'S e do stoilc fhuair cliù measg nan Gàel.
 'S e do stoilc fhuair cliù, etc.

Og misneachail treun thu,
 ('S blath na bric ort san eudainn)
 Mur mist' thu ro mheud 's a do nair innt.
 Mur mist' thu ro mheud, etc.

Do mhac Uisteach gle-mhor,
 Dh'am bu chubhaidh bh'i'n Sléibhte,
 O'n Rugha d'an eighthe Dun-sgathaich.
 O'n Rugha d'an eighthe, etc.

Gur mor mo chion fein ort,
 Ged nach cuir mi an ceill e,
 Mhìc an fhìr leis an eireadh na Braigheich.
 Mhìc an fhìr leis an eireadh, etc.

Ceist nam ban' o Loch-Tréig thu,
 'S o Shraith Oisein nan reidhlean,
 Gheibhte broic, agus féidh air a h-aruinn.
 Gheibhte broic, agus féidh, etc.

Dh'eireadh buidhean o Ruaidh leat,
 Lùbadh iubhar mu'n guailleann,

9 òradh
 gucagan
 (S)

Beas dubhan
 (S)

ann (S)

am S.

ann (S)

2 Tagha
 (S)

x mhear-shruthach cuan du-ghlainn (S)

Thig o Bhrughaichean fuar Charn-na-Làirge.
Thig o Bhrughaichean fuar, etc.

Dream eile dhe d' chinneadh,
Clann Iain o'n Einnear,
'S iad a rachadh san iomairt neo-sgàthach.
'S iad a rachadh san iomairt, etc.

'S iomadh òganach treubhach,
'S glac-crom air chùl sgéith air
Thig a steach leat o sgéith meall-na-Lairge.
Thig a steach leat, etc.

'S a fhreagrachd do t-eigheach,
Gun eagal, gun easlain,
'Nuair chluinneadh iad féin do chrois-tàra.¹
'Nuair a chluinneadh iad féin, etc.

MARBHIRANN. *

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHONUILL.

Gur fad tha mi 'm thamb,
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar,
Rìgh! 's deacair dhomh tàmh 's mi beo.
Gur fad tha, etc.

'Se do thuras do 'n Dùn,
Dh-fhag snìth' air mo shùil,
'Sa bhì faicinn do thùr gun cheò.
'Se do, etc.

Tha do bhaile gun speis,
Gun eich ga 'm modhadh le sreinn,
Dh-fhalbh gach fasan le Seumas òg.
Tha do bhaile, etc.

'Nuair a rachadh tu strì,
Ann an armait an rìgh,
Bhiodh do dhiollaid air mìl-each gorm.
Nuair a racha', etc.

¹ "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 1745 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. 1.

'Nuair a rachadh tu mach,
B' ard a chluinntte do smachd,
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat s 'Mac-Leoid.
Nuair a, etc.

'S leat Mac Pharlain na 'n cliar,
Bh-aig fir t-ait-sa riamb,
Mac-an Aba le chiad na dhò.
'S leat Mac, etc.

Clann Iain a nuas,
'S fir a bhraighe so shuas,
'S Mac Ghriogair o Ruadh-shruth chno.
Chlann Iain, etc.

Clann Cham-Shroin a nall,
O bhraighe nan gleann,
Chuireadh iubhar le srann am feoil.
Clann, etc.

'S leat Mac-Dhomhnuill a ris,
Na 'm bratach 's na 'm piob,
Crunair gasda na 'n rìgh bhrat sròll.
'S leat, etc.

Gu 'm faiceadh mo Dhia,
Do mhac air an t-sliabh,
Ann an duthaich nan cliar 's mi beò.
Gu 'm faiceadh, etc.

Thig a Atholl a nios.
Comhlan ghasda gun sgios,
Ceannard rompa 's e finealt òg.
Thig a Atholl, etc.

Coinnlean geala de 'n cheir,
'S iad an lasadh gu gear,
Urlar farsuinn mu 'n eichte 'n t-òl.
Coinnlean, etc.

Bhiodh do ghilleann mu seach,
A lionadh dibhe b' fhearr blas,
Fìon Spainnteach dearg ac agus beoir. *aca's*
Bhiodh do, etc. *(7)*

Uisge-beatha na 'm pios,
Rachadh 'n tairgead ga dhiol,
Gheibhte 'n gloin e mar ghriog an òir.
Uisge beatha, etc.

'S ann na shineadh 'sa 'n àllt,
Tha deagh cheann-taighe an aigh,
Ged a thuit e le dearmad leo.
'S ann na, etc.

Buidheann eile mo ghaoil,
Ga 'm bu shuaitheantas fraoch,
Och mo chreach ! nach d'-fhaod iad bhì
beò.

Buidheann, etc.

Buidheann eile mo ruin,
Air nach cualas mi-chliù,
Thig le Alasdair sunndach òg.

Buidheann, etc.

Bhiodh mnathan òg an fhuit rèidh,
Gabhail dhan dhaibh le 'm beul,
Ann ad thalla gu 'n éisde ceòl.

Bhiodh, etc.

Fhir a dh' fhuilig am bàs,
'S a dhoirt t-fhuil air ar sgath,
Na leig mulad gu bràth na 'r coir.
Fhir a, etc.

Nis o'n sgithich mo cheann,
Sior thuireadh do rann,
Bì'dh mì sgur anns an àm is còir.
Nis o 'n sgithich. etc.

MARBHRANN *

DO DH' ALASDAIR DUBH GHLINNE-
GARAI DH.

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 failte,
Tha ceannard àillidh na dùthcha ;
Sàr choirmileir foinnidh,
Nach robh folleil do 'n chrùn thu.

LUNNEAG.

Ho rò 's fada 's gar fada,
'S cian fada mo bhròn,
O 'n latha chàradh gu h-ìosal,
Do phearsa phriseil fo 'n fhòd,
Tha mo chrid-sa cùirte,
Cha dean mi sùgradh ri m 'bheò,
O 'n dh-fhalbh ceannard na 'n
uaislean,
Oighre dualchas an t-Sròim.

'S maing a tharladh roi' d' dhaoine,
'Nuair thogte fraoch ri do bhrataich ;
Dh' éireadh stuadh an clàr t-aodainn,
Le neart feirg agus gaisgidh ;

Sud am phearsa neo-sgàthach,
'N t-sùil bu bhlaithè gun ghaiseadh ;
Gu 'm biodh maoin air do naimhdean,
Ri linn dut spainnteach a ghlacadh.
Ho-ro 's fada, etc.

a (T)

Fhuair thu 'n cliù sin o thoiseach,
'S cha b' olc e ri innseadh ;
Craobh chosgairt sa bhlar thu,
Nach gabhadh sgàth roimh luchd phicean ;
No roi' shaighdeirean dearga,
Ged a b' armailtean rìgh iad ;
Le 'n ceannardan fuilteach,
'S le 'n gunnaichean cinnteach.
Ho-ro 's fada, etc.

Gur farsuinn do ranntaibh,
Ri sheanachas 's ri shloinneadh ;
Gur tu oighre 'n IarI Ilich.
Nach tug cis le gnìomh foilleil)
Marcaich ard na 'n each cruitheach,
Nan srian ùr 's na 'n lann soilleir,
Lamh threim ann an cruadal,
Ceannard sluaigh a toirt teine.
Ho-ro 's fada, etc.

do choisium (T)

Fhuair thu onair fir Alba,
Bha meas 's ainm air fear t-fhasain ;
Ann an gliocas 'sa géire,
An cliù, an ceuidh 'sa gaisge ;
Thug Dia gibhteas le buaidh dhut,
Cridhe fuasgailteach farsuinn ;
Fhir bu chiùine na mhaighdeann,
'S bu ghairge na 'n lasair.
Ho-ro 's fada, etc.

- fhaigsein (T)

'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 ;
Thionndaidh cuibhl' air Clann-Domhnuill,
'N treasa conspunn bhì bhuaitha ;
Ceann a's colar Chlann-Ràghnuill,
'N fhuil ard 's i gun truaillleadh.
Ho-ro 's fada, etc.

Nis o'ndh-fhalbh an triùir bhràithrean ;
Cleachd mar àbhaist bhì suairce ;
Laoich o Gharaidh nam bradan,
Caipeteine smachdail a chruadail ;
Dh-fhalbh Sir Domhnuill a Sléibhte ;
Bù mhor reusan a's cruadal ;
Cha tig gu bràth air Clann-Domhnuill,
Triuir chonnsponn cho cruaidh riu.
Ho-ro 's fada, etc.

a 2 (T)

Chriosad dh-fhuilig am bàs duinn,
O 'n 's tu ar *patrou* ùnuigh;
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-seobaig 'sa 'n àrnuinn,
Nach tugadh cach an sgiath chùil deth.
Ho-ro 's fada, etc.

'Nuair threig cách an cuid fearainn,
'S nach d-fhan iad 'sa 'n rioghachd;
'Sheas thusa gu fearail,
'S cha b' ann le sgainnel a shin thu;
Chuir thu fuaradh na froise,
Seach ar dorsaith g' 'ar dìonadh;
Gu 'n robh t-fhaigsein cho làidir,
Ri leoghainn ard do 'n fhuil Rìoghail.
Ho-ro 's fada, etc.

Cha robh Iarl ann an Albuinn,
Gheibheadh earbsa na run riut;
Gu 'm biodh toiseach gach naidheachd,
Gu lamhan à chiùrteir;
Seobhag firinneach suairce,
Choisinn cruadal gach cuise;
Ceannard mhaithean a's uaislean,
Aig an t-sluagh 's iad ga ghiùlan.
Ho-ro 's fada, etc.

Sgeula b' ait' leam ri inseadb,
Sa bhi g' a learsinn le 'r sùilean;
Do mhac oighr' ann a t-fhearann,
Mur bu mhath le luchd dùrachd;
Ach aon neach leis am b' oil e,
Luaidhe ghlas le neart fudair;
Troimh 'n cridh' air a fìradh,
Chor 's nach iarradh iad tionndadh.
Ho-ro 's fada, etc.

CUMHA MHONTRROISE.

Mi gabhail Strath Dhrum-uachdair,
'S beag m'aighear anns an uair so,
Tha'n lath' air dol gu gruamachd,
'S cha'n e tha buain mo sprochd.

Ge duilich leam, 's ge diobhail,
M'fhear cinnidh math bhi dhith orm,
Cha'n usa leam an sgrìobh',
Thaining air an rioghachd bhoichd.

Tha Alba dol fo chios-chain
Aig Farbhalaich gun fhirinn,

Bhar a chalpa dhirich
'S e cuid de m'dhiobhail ghoirt.

Tha Sasunnaich 'g ar foireigneadh,
'G ar creach', 'g ar mort', 's 'g ar
marbhadh

Gu 'n ghabh ar n-Athair fearg rinn,
Gur dearmad dhuinn, 's gur boichd.

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 thaisteach boichd, ruisgte,
Gun *gheard*, gun chiùrt, gun choisd'.

'G a fharr-fhuadach as àite,
Gun duine leis deth chàirdean,
Mar luing air uachdar sàille,
Gun stiùir, gun ràmh, gun phort.

Cha téid mi do Dhun-eideann,
O dhoirteadh fuil a Ghreumaich,
An leoghann fearail, treubhach,
'G a cheusadh air a chroich.

B'e sud am fìor dhuin uasal,
Nach robh de'n linne shuaraich,
Bu ro mhath ruidhe gruadhach,
'N àm taruinn suas gu trod.

Deud chaille, bu ro mhath dlùthadh,
Fudh mhala chaoil gun mhugaich,
Ge tric do dhàil gam' dhùsgadh,
Cha ruisg mi chach e nochd

Mhic Neill, a Asainn chianail,
Na'n glacain ann am lionn thu,
Bhiodh m'fhaic air do bhinn,
'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 those 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

* From S, with the exception of the 12th verse, which does not occur in any of the existing versions.

Nan tachrainns a's tu féin,
Ann am boglachan Beinn-Eite
Bhíodh 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' éirig air mo lochd.

Craobh rùisgt' de'n Abball bhreugach,
Gun mbeas, gun chliù, gun chentaigh,
Bha rianh ri murt a chéile,
'N ar fuigheall bheum, as chore.

Marb-phasg ort a dhì-mheis,
Nach ole a reic thu'm firean,
Air son na mine Làtich
A's da trian d i goirt.¹

CUMHIA *

DO SHIR DOMHNUL SILEIBHTE.

'S CIAN 's gur fàda mi 'm thàmh,
'S trom leam 'm aigne fo phràmh,
'S nach cadal dhomh seamh 's tìm eiridh.
'S cian 's gur fàda, etc.

Laidh an aois orm gach uair,
Dreac an aoig air mo ghruaidh,
Is rìnn e eudail bhoched thruadh da féin
diom.

Laidh an aois, etc.

Tha liunn-dubh orm gach là,
'S e ga m' thenghail a ghnà.
Air mo chùise cha rà-sgeul breig e.
Tha liunn-dubh orm, etc.

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" (a). 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.

(a) Bishop Wishart.

¹ Damaged meal bought in Leith was given to M'Leod of Assynt for betraying the Duke of Montrose.

Tha gach urra dol dhìom,
Bho faighinn furan le miadh,
Cuig urrad sa b' fliach mi dh-cirig.
Tha gach urra dol, etc.

Chaill mi àrmainn mo stuic,
Mo sgiath laidir 's mo phruip,
Iad ri àiteach an t-sluic a's feur orr'.
Chaill mi àrmainn mo stuic,

Fàth mo mhìre 's mo cholg,
Thaobh gach iomairt so dh' fhalbh,
Luathais air 'n imeachd air lòrg a céile.
Fàth mo mhìre, etc.

Mhùch mo mheoghail 's mo mheas,
Na daoil bhì cladhach bhur fios,
Chaidh mo raoghainn fo lic de leugaibh.
Mhùch mo mheoghail, etc.

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, etc.

Bàs Shir Domhnuil bho 'n Chaol,
Chuir mo choinmhaidh fa-sgaoil,
Dh' fhàg mi 'm aonar sa 'n aois ga 'm
léireadh.

Bàs Shir Domhnuill, etc.

'S ann ruit a labhrainn mo mhiann,
Gu dàna, ladurna, dian.

Ge do bhùthinn da thrian sa 'n eacoir.

'S ann ruit a labhrainn, etc.

Tha iomad smuainte bochd truadh,
Teachd air 'm aire 's gach uair,
Bho 'n la chaochail air snuadh fir t-eugais.

Tha iomad smuainte, etc.

Leoghan fìorachail àigh
Miuinte, spioradail, àrd,
Umhail, iriosal, fearragha treubhach.
Leoghann fìorachail, etc.

Leig nan arm a's nan each,
Reumail, aireil, gun aire,
Gheug thu 'n Armadail ghlas nan deideag.

Leig nan arm is nan each, etc.

Bha do chinneadh fo phràmh,
Do thuath 's do phaighearan màil,
Uaislean t-fhearainn 's gach lan-fhear-
feusaig.

Bha do chinneadh, etc.

of in

lan (S)

traoghaol (RMD)

liatha (RMD)

ard (RMD)
garg (RMD)

aircail gun aire (RMD)

* From RMD, with some changes [The following may be correct: léireadh for liatha; aireil for aircail. Other changes for the worse.]

ghéal (RMD)
 Bha mhnai bheul-dearg a bhruit,
 Ri càll an ceille sa'm fuil,[^]
 Cach ag éideadh do chuirp air déile.
 Bha mhnai bheul-dhearg, etc.

Moch sa' mhadaoin dir, daoin,
 Thog iad tasgaidh mo ghaoil,
 Deis a phasgadh gu caol 's na leintean.
 Moch sa' mhadaoin, etc.

diughadh fo an (RMD)
 An ciste ghiubhais nam bòrd,
 'N truaill chumhainn na's leoir,
 'N deis a dhùsgadh bho 'n t-sròl air speicean.
 'N ciste ghiubhais nam, etc.

Gu eaglais Shleibhte nan stuadh,
 Chosg thu fein ri cuir suas,
 Ge d' nach d'fhuirich thu buan ri sgleutadh.
 Gu eaglais Shleibhte, etc.

Dh-fhalbh na spalpain a null,
 Bha fial farsuinn na'n grunnad,
 Cha b'iad na fachaich gun rùm gun leud iad
 Dh-fhalbh na spalpain, etc.

Domhnull gorm bu glan gnùis,
 Fear bu mhìn bha de 'n trìuir,
 Cha bu chorr-cheann thu 'n cuirt rìgh Seurlas.

Domhnull gorm bu, etc.

trìthan (RMD)
 Chunnaic mis thu air trìan,
 'S cha bu gna leat bhì crian,
 'S gu'm bu nolaig le fion do réidhlean.
 Chunnaic mis thu air, etc.

paidh (RMD)
 Cha bhola pháididh do mhiann,
 'N am dhaibh falbh bhuat gu dian,
 'N cois na tràghad ga'n lionadh réidh leat.
 Cha bhola páidhidh, etc.

gun leanta (RMD)
 De dh-uisge-beatha 's do bheor,
 'S iad a gabhail na's leoir,
 Mur a thoilicheadh beoil ga cigheach.
 De dh-uisge-beatha, etc.

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, etc.

Fhuair thu deannal na dho,
 Dh-fhag do pannal fo bròn,
 Gu'm bu ghearran a leon m'un eithe.
 Fhuair thu deannal, etc.

Air Raon-Ruairidh nan stràc, *bhuadharach a bhàir (RMD)*
 Far na bhannaich thu 'm blàr,
 Chaill thu t-uaislean a's t-armainn ghleusta.

Air Raon-Ruairidh, etc

Air an talamh chrion, chruaidh,
 Nach falaicheadh gearrag a cluais,
 Fhuair sibh deannal na luaidhe leughta.
 Air an talamh, etc.

leatha (RMD)
 [= leithe]

Bu neo chraobhaidh na seòid,
 Fhuair sa chaonaig an leòn,
 B' ann diu Raonull a's Eoin a's Seumas.
 Bu neo chraobhaidh, etc.

Cha dean mi rùn ach gu foil,
 Do n-àl ùr 's th' air teachd òrnn,
 Bho nach dùisgear le ceòl Sir Seumas.
 Cha dean mi rùn, etc.

chead mhac (RMD)
 Dh-fhalbh thu fein 's do chuid mac,
 Mala gheur sibh gu neart,
 'S fada l'ho chéile fo cheapaibh réisg sibh.
 Dh-fhalbh thu fein, etc.

an t' sheim
 'S blàth an leab' air bhur cinn,
 Seach daormainn thasgaidh nan suim,
 Sibh bu sgapach air buinn le féile.
 'S blàth an leab, etc.

ga dhiol (RMD)
 Thuir mi 'n urrad ud ribh,
 Tha mi m' urainn a sheinn,
 'S lann ar muineal ma pill sibh breig mi.
 Thuir mi 'n uraid, etc.

gun/orm (RMD)

[= Slàn 'ur]

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 his son. Accordingly, he made use of his services when necessary; and put the greatest dependance in his fidelity, prudence, and activity. Ciaran Mabach was no doubt amply requited 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 lagan beag uaigneach,
 A's bad de'n luachair ri 'm thaobh,
 'Nuair dh'eirinn sa' mhadainn,
 Bhi siubhal ghlacagan caol,
 Na bhi triall thun na h-Abaid,
 'G eisdeachd glagraich nan saor.
 'S oil leam càradh na frithe,
 'S mi bhi 'n Lìte nan long,
 Eadar ceann Saileas Sì-phort,
 A's rutha 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 gclusda,
 A's cha'n eil feum agam dha,
 Cha suidh mi air bachdan,
 Air sliabh fad o chàch,
 Cha leig mi mo ghaothar,
 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 biolair an fhuarain,
 'S air bu shuarach an càl,
 'S mise féin nach tug fuath dhuibh,
 Ged a b' fhuar am mìos Màigh.
 'S tric a dh'fhuilig mi cruadal,
 A's moran fuachd air 'ur sgàth.

Be mo ghradh-sa fear buidhe,
 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's uisge luaineach an lòin.

B' i mo ghradh-sa a bhean uasal,
 Dha nach d' fhuaras riamh lochd,
 Nach iarradh mar chluasaig,
 Ach fìor ghualainn nan cnoc,
 'S nach fuilgicadh an t-sradag,
 A lasadh r'ì corp,
 Och ! a Mhnire mo chruaidh-chas,
 Nach dh' fhuair mi thu nochd.

Bean a b'aigeanntaich céile,
 Nam éiridh ri drùichd,
 Cha 'n fhaigheadh tu beud da,
 'S cha bu leir leis ach thu
 Sibh an glacaibh a chéile,
 Am fìor eudainn nan stùc,
 'S ann àm éiridh na grèine,
 Bu ghlan leirsinn do shùl.

2
grain
 'Nuair a thigeadh am foghar,
 Bu bhinn leam gleadhair do chléibh,
 Dol a ghabhail a chròinain,
 Air a mhoitich bhuig réidh,
 Dol an coinneamh do leannain,
 Bu ghile feaman a's céir
 Gur h-i 'n eilid bu bhòiche,
 A's bu bhrisge lòghmhorra ceum.

lean
Note.—This song was composed in Edinburgh while the poet was under the care of a surgeon for a sprain in his foot.

MARBHRANN

UO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHONUILL.¹

B' FHEARRAM mor olc a chluinntinn.
 Bhrìgh iomradh na fhìcinn ;
 Dhòmhsa 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.

¹ The poet's brother.

'S e dh' fhàg fodha dhomh 'n coite,
 Aon a mhoichead a dhùisg mi,
 'S mi gun fhear air barr agam,
 Thogadh 'm aigheadh 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 siontan ga 'n eiread,
 Thu 'n diugh fo leacan na h-ùrach,
 Gun mo dhuil ri thu dh' éiridh.

'S bochd an caltainn' thug so sgrìob
 mi,
 Thug dhiom m' earr agus m' fhéusag,
 'S geur 's gur goirt spuir an ràsair,
 Thrusas enàmhn a's féithean ;
 Dh-fhag sud mìse 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' leònachd,
 Na mo dhosan 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 mbeoghail,
 As do dheaghaidh bochd dòlum,
 Osnadh fharbairneach, frithir,
 Tha m' fhéith-chridh' air a leònachd ;
 Leigean fios thun a breitheamh,
 Nach iarr slighe gn dò-bheart,
 Gur h-e "Port Raoghull uidhir,"¹
 Mur nach bu dlìgheach is ceòl domh.

¹ *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 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

'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 lar thu;
Bha mo dheas-lamh dol sìos leat,
An cladhan crìche mo chràdh-shlad;
'S mor na b' fheadar dhomh fhulang,
Mo bhuan fhuireach o m' brathair.

'S bochd an ruinnigil fhuathais,
Rug air uaislean do chairdean,
'S goirt a bhonnag a fhuair iad,
'N latha ghluaiseadh gu tàmh leat;
Ge b'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 dhiom gu buileach,
Barr a's iomall mo chùirte;
'S feudar tamailte fhulang,
Gun dìon buill' air mo chùl-thaobh,
Stad mo chlaidheamh na dhuille,
'S bàth dhomh fuireach r'a rùsgadh.

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 Raoghnuill 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 Raoghnuill 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 shealbhach!
Tha gun chladach gun gharbhach gu'n chòs;
Anns an rachainn da'm fhalach,
'S sluagh gun athadh a teannadh faisg oirn.

Tha mi tinn leis an eagal,
Tha mi cinnteach gur beag a bhios beò
Chì mi lasadh an fhùdair,
Chluinn mi sgaircadh nan dù-chlach ri òrd!

Fhuair mi gunna nach diult mi,
Fhuair mi claidheamh nach lùbann am dhòrn,
Ach ma ni iad mo mharbhadh,
Ciod a feum a ni 'n àrmach sin domh-s'?

Tha mi tinn, etc.

Ged do gheibhinn-sa sealbh,
Air làn a chaisteal de dh' airgead 's de dh-òr,
Oich! 'ma ni iad mo mharbhadh?
Ciod a feum a ni 'n t-airgead sin domh-s'?"

Tha mi tinn, etc.

Bhuin an t-eug creach gun toir dhiom
Dh' aideoin oigrìdh do dhùthcha;
Dh' fhag e m' aigneadh fo dhòruinn,
'S bhuail e bròg air mo chuinneadh;
'S trom a dh' fhuasgail e deoir dhomh,
Bu mhor mo choir air an dubladh;
Mu cheann-uighe nan deoiribh,
Bhi fo bhòrd ann an dùnadh.

Bu deas déile mo shior-ruith,
'S gu 'm bu dìonach mo chlàraidh;
Bha mo chala gun diobradh,
Ga mo dhion as gach sàradh;
Riamh gus 'n tainig an dil orm,
Dh' fhag fo mhighcan gu bràth mi;
'S ard a dh' éirich an stailc-s' orm,
Chuir i as domh ma m' àirnean.

Call gun bhuing gun bhunnachd,
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 shaoil mi bhi 'm buannachd,
Dh' fhaointe ghluasad air tàileasg?
Thainig goin a's cur suas orm,
'S tha fear fuar dhomh na t-àite.

O 'n chaidh maill' air mo fhradharc,
'S nach taoghail mi 'n ard-bheann;
Chur mi cul ris an fhiadhach,
Pong cha n' iarr mi air clàrsaich;
Mo cheol laidhe a's eiridh,
M' osnadh gheur air bheag 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 shioladh a bhruaidlein;
Muir a dh' eireas ga bhraisead,
Ni fear math beairte dh' i suaineach;
Ach e dh' iomairt gu tapaidh,
Ceann da shlait thuig a's uaithe.

'Nuair a bha mi am ghille,
'S mi 'n ciad iomairt Shir Seumus,
Mar ri comhlan dheth m' chinneadh,
Seoladh air spinneig do dh' Eirinn;
'S ann aig I Chalum Chille,
Ghabh mi giorrag mu d' dheighinn;
Chaill thu lan mèise feodair,
Air do shròin do 'n fhuil glhè dhearg.

Luchd a chaitheadh nan cuaintean,
 'S moch a ghluaiscadh gu surdail,
 Le 'n àlach chalpannan 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-mhiodhoir ar lùistean,
 Cornach, cupanach, fionach,
 Glaineach, liontaidh a stòpaibh ;

Gu cairteach, taileasgach, disneach,
 'S taile air uigh na 'm foimibh ;
 Dhomh-sa b' fhuasgl' sud innse
 Bu chuid do m' gnoimh o m' aois òige.

Bu ro-eibneach mo leabaidh,
 'S bha mo chadal gle chombnard,
 Fhad 'sa dh' fhuirich thu agam,
 An caoin chadal gun fhòtus ;
 Bu tu mo sgaith laidir dhùileas,
 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 Luìng, an island in Argyleshire. It is uncertain when she was born; but she was contemporary 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 Luìng, 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 Luìng 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 Luìng by a countryman of her own, Mr. Artt M' Lachlan, of Glasgow, a gentleman well known for his zeal in everything tending to promote the honour of Highlanders and the Highlands.

ORAN DO DH' ALASDAIR MAC COLLA.

ALASDAIR a laoiġh mo chéille,
Co chunnaic no dh' fhag thu 'n Eirinn,
Dh' fhag thu na miltean 's na ceudan
'S cha d' fhag thu t-aon leithid féin ann,
Calpa cruinn an t-siulhail eutruim,
Cas chruinneachadh 'n t-sluaigh ri chéile,
Cha deanar cogadh as t-éigais,
'S cha deanar sith gun do reite,
'S ged nach bi na Duimhnich reidh riut,
Gu'n robh an righ mur tha mi féin dut.

E-hò, hí u hò, rò hõ eile,

E-ho, hí u ho, 's i ri ri ú,

Hò hí ù ro, o hò ò eile,

Mo dhiobhail dìth nan ceann-fheadhna.

Mo chruit, mo chlársach, 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 thiginn,
Gheibheadh tu mo phòg gun bhruithinn,
'Smartham 'n dìngh's math do dh'ligh oir'.
E-ho i u ho, etc.

Mhoire 's ma run am firionn,
Cha bhuaichille bhò 'sa 'n innis,
Ceann-feadhna greadhnach gun ghiorraig,
Marcaich 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 sìreadh.
Ged a chaillinn ris mo chinneach—
Pòg o ghruagach dhuinn an fhirich.

E-ho i u ho, etc.

'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 ghlacadh,
Bu shunnach a gheibhinn cadal,
Ged a b' i chreag chruaidh mo leabaidh.
E-ho i u ho, etc.

M' eudail thu dh' fheara' na dilinn,
'S math 's eoldhomh doshloinneadh innse,
'S cha b' ann an cagar fo 's 'n iosal,
Tha do dhreach mar dh' òrdaich righ e,
Falt am boineid tha sinteach,
Sàr mhug ort go cuilbhear,
Dh'eighte geard an cuir an righ leat,
Ceist na 'm ban o 'n Chaisteal Iteach,
Dorn geal mu 'n dean an t-òr sniamhan.

E-ho i u ho, etc.

Domhnallach gasdu mo ghaoil thu,
'S cha b' e Mac Dhonnchaidh Ghlinne-Faoch-
Na duine bha beò dheth dhaoine, [ain.
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, etc.

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, etc.

Bhuailte creach a's speach mhor leat,
'S cha bhiodh chridhe tigh 'n a t-fheoraich,
Aig a liuthad Iarla a's mòrair,
Thigheadh a thoirt nach do chòrach,
Thig Mac-Shimidh, thig Mac-Leod ann,
Thig Mac-Dhonnchaidh duibh o Lochaidh,
Bidh Sir Seumus ann le mhor fhir,
Bidh na b' annsa Aonghas òg ann,
'S t-fhuil greadhnach fein bhì ga dortadh,
'S deas taruinn nan gear lann gleoiste.
E-ho i u ho, etc.

'S na 'n saoiladh cinneadh t-athar,
Gu 'n deanadh Granntaich do ghleidheadh,
'S ioma fear gunna agus claidhcamh,
Chotaichean uain' 's bhreacan dhathan,
Dh' eiradh leat da thaobh na h-amhunn,
Cho lionmhor ri ibht an draighinn,
E-ho i u ho, etc.

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,
Thigheadh steach air mointich Thollaidh,
'S a thogadh creach o mhuintir Thomaidh.
E-ho i u ho, etc.

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 uututor'd 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 Raognaill 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 sang:—

"Nuair a ghlacadh tu do chlàrsach, Sa bhiodh tu ga gleusadh lamh rium,	Cha mhath a thuigte le umaidh, Do chuir chiul-sa, 's mo ghabhail dhan-sa."
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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 ehlaoidh mi,
 Gu'n cheol ga'n aighear gun fhaoilteas,
 Mi mar bhàt air tràigh air sgaoileadh,
 Gun stiùir, gun seol, gun ràmh, gun taoman.

O 's coma' leam fhin na co dhiubh sin,
 Mìre, no aighear, no sùgradh,
 'N diugh o shìn mi r' a chunntadh,
 'S e ceann na bliadhna thug riadh dhìom
 dìbailt.

'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'
 fhàgail.

O 's coma' leam fhin, etc.

Chaill mi sin 's mo chuilcan gràdhach,
 Bha gu foimhidh, fearail, àillidh,

eil?
Bha gun bheum, gun leum, gun ardan;
Bha guth a bheil mar theud na clàrsaich.
O 's coma' leam fhin, etc.

Ma 's beag leam sud fhuair mi bàrr air
Ceann mo stuic is pruiip nan càirdean,
A leag na ceud le bheum's na blàraibh,
Ga chuir fo 'n fhòd le òl na gràise.
O 's coma' leam fhin, etc.

Ciod na creachan a thug bhuainn thu?
Thug do dh' Inbheirnis air chuairt thu,
Dh' òl an fhiona lās do ghruaidhean
'S a dh'fhag thu d' chorp gu'n lot gun
luaidhe.
O 's coma' leam fhin, etc.

'S mor a tha gun fhios do d' chairdean
San tir mhoir tha null o 'n t-sàile,
Thu bhì aig na Gail ga d' chàradh
'S do dhuthaich féin ga mort' le nàmhaid.
O 's coma' leam fhin, etc.

Bu tu 'n Curaidh fuilteach, buailteach,
Ceannsgalach, borb, laidir, nasal,
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 fhin, etc.

Curaidh gasta, crodha fumail,
Tionnsgalach, garg, beodha, euchdach;
'N Coille-chriothnaich 's là an t-sléibhe,
Bu luath do lann 's bu teann do bheuman.
O 's coma' leam fhin, etc.

Mo chreach long nan leighbann garga,
Nam brataichean sròil 's nan dath dearga,
Gur tric an t-eug gu geur g'ur sealg-sa
Leagail bhur crann-siùil gu fàirge.
O 's coma' leam fhin, etc.

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-òighre t-àite.
O 's coma' leam fhin, etc.

Ach a rìgh mhoir tog 's an aird iad,
Mar chraoibh ubhlan, mbeulair mhiaghair,
Mar ghallan ùr nach lùb droch aimsir,
Mar p-hreasa fiona's lionmhor leannhuinn.
O 's coma' leam fhin, etc.

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 chaochladh Staidhle
O 's coma' leam fhin, etc.

MARBHIRANN.

DO DH' ALASTAIR DUBH GHLINNE-
GARAI DH.

ALASDAIR a gleanna-garadh,
Thug thu 'n diugh gal air mo shuilean,
'S beag ioghnadh mi bhì trom creuchdach,
Gur tric g'ar reubadh as ùr sinn,
'S deachdar dlombha bhì gun 'n osnaidh,
'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 mhac, 'sa bhrathair,
Ciod e 'm feum dhuinn bhì ga ghearan?
Dh-fhan Mac-'I-Ailcin sa bhàr bhuaìn,
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 céille 's na comhairl,
Ann 's gach gnothach am bì cùram,
Aghaidh shoerach, sholta, thaitneach,
Cridhe fial, farsuinn, mu'n chuireadh;
Bu tu tagha nan sar-ghaisgeach,
Mo ghualainn thaise-'s,—mo dhiubhail;
Smiorail, fearail, foineamh, treabhach,
Ceann-feadhna chaill Seumas Stiubhart

Na b' ionnan de chach 's do ghoill,
Mu'n dh-imich an long a mach,
Cha rachadh i rithist air sàil,
Gun 'n fhios cia fath a thug i steach,
Ach 'nuair chunnaig sibh an tràth sin,
A bhì g'ar fagal air fionthragh,
Bhrìst bhur cridheachan le mulad,
'S leir a bhuil cha robh sibh saogh'lach.

Bu tu'n lasair dhearg g'an losgadh,
'S bu tu sgoilteadh iad gu'n sailtean,
Bu tu gualann chur a chatha,
Bu tu'n laoch gun atha laimbe,

Bu tu'm bradan ann san fhior-uig,
 Fìor-eun on ealtainn is airde,
 Bu tu'n leoghann thar gach beathach,
 'S bu tu damh leathann na cràice.

Bu tu loch nach faighe thaomadh,
 'S tu tobar faoilidh na slainte,
 'S tu Beinn-Neamhais thar gach aonach,
 Bu tu chreag nach fhaoite thearnadh,
 Bu tu clach mhullaich a chaistail,
 Bu tu leac leàthann na stràide,
 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'n cuileann bu tu'n dreaghunn,
 Bu tu'n t-abhall molach blath-mhor,
 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 a chéile,
 Guidheadh i Mac Dhé na àite,
 O 's e 's urrainn bhi ga comhnadh,
 Anns gach leon a chuireas càs oirr'.

.

 1

Guidheam do mhac bhi na t-àite,
 'An saibhreas an àiteas 's an cùram,
 Alasdair a Gleanna. Garadh,
 Thug thu 'n diugh gal air mo shuilean.

* The above four lines are lost.

THA MI AM CHADAL, ETC,
 DO DH' FHEACHD RIGH SEUMAS.

Gur diombach mi 'n iomairt,
 Chuir gach fin' air fògradh ;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi
 Gun aighear gun eibhneas,
 '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 bualadh na 'n lann,
 An am na 'm builleanan ;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.
 Ge d' tha sibh 'sa'n àm,
 Feadh ghleann a's mhunaineann,
 Gu nochd sibh 'ur ceann
 'N am teanndachd mar churaidhnean,
 Nuair thig Seumas a nall,
 'S bhur lann bhios fuileachdach.
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.

'S e rìgh na muice,
 'S na Cuigse, rìgh Deòrsa ;
 Tha mi um chadal 's na dùisgibh mi,
 Mu 'n tig oirnn an t-samhainn,
 Bidh amlach 's na còrdaibh ;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi ;
 Na 'n eireadh sibh suas,
 De cruadal a's duinealachd,
 Eadar islean a's uaislean,
 Thuath agus chumanta,
 'S gu'n sgiùrsadh sibh uaibh e,
 Rìgh fuadain nach buineadh dhuinn ;
 Dheanainn 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 everything 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 Inbhnernis, a naoidhamh latha 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,¹ mhic Dhòmhnuill, do shloinne chlann Mhuirich, ann an lathair Ruairidh Mhic Nèill tighearna Bhàra, thabhairt a chòdaich, mar is fiosrach e-san, gur e féin an t-ochdamh glùn déug o Mhuireach a bha leanmhuinn teaghlach Mhic-'Ic-Ailein, ceannard Chlann-Raonuill, mar bhardaibh, agus o an àm sin gu robh fearann Staoileagairi agus ceithir peighinean do Dhriomasdal aca mar dhuais bàrdachd o linn gu linn, feadh chuig ghlùindéug: Gu'n do chaill an siathamh-glùn déug ceithir peighinean Dhriomasdail, 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 sloinneadh agus seanchas Chlann-Dòmhnuille; agus bha e mar fhiachan orra, 'nuair nach biodh mac aig a bhàrd, gu tugadh e fòghlum do mhac a bhrathar, no dha oighre, chum an còir air an fhearann a ghlèidheadh, agus is ann a rèir a chleachdaidh so fhuair Niall, athair féin, ionnsachadh gu leughadh, sgrìobhadh,

¹ 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 patronymics, 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, etc.

The Gaelic language being susceptible of describing beings and objects most minutely, individuals are frequently distinguished and described from their appearance or qualities, external or 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, Albanach, 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 Donuil to the highest pitch of enthusiasm before the battle of Harlaw. This poem is entitled in Gaelic—“ Brosnacha-catha Le Lachlunn Mòr Mac Mhuirich Albannaich, Do Dhomhnulle a Ile Rìgh-Innse-gall agus Iarla Rois

èachdrai agus bèrdachd, o Dhòmhnall mac Nèill mhic Dhòmhnall, brathair athar.

Tha cuimhne mhath aige gu robh “Saothair Oisein” sgrìobht’ ar craicnean ann an glèidhteanas atdar 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 Gàèlach, 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 an 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’-Dhòmhnall ar falbh cuid diubh, agus Raonull a mhac cuid eile dhiubh; agus gum fac e dha no trì dhiubh aig tàileirean ga ’n gearradh sìos gu criosan 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

Latha Machraich Chath-gairiach.”¹ 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 cuimhnichibh,
Cruas an am na h-iorghuill.

Gu ur-labhrach, ùr-lambach neart-mhor,
Gu coisneadh na cath-làrach,
Ri bruidhne ’ur biubhaidh,
A chlanna Chuinn cheud-chathaich,
'Si nis uair 'ur n'aithnaichidh.

A chuileanan chonfhadach,
A bheirichean buanta,
A leoghainnean lan-ghasta
Aon-chonnaibh iorghuilleach
De laochaibh chrodha, churanta
De chlannaibh Chùinn cheud-chathaich
A chlanna Chuinn, cuimhnichibh
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!

¹ 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

agus na bu leatha, ach nach robh ūrad thiughaid sa chòmhdach; 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’aithe 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 dithis dhiubh ris an canadh iad Cathal.

Tha e ’g ràdh nach ann le h-aon duine a sgrìobhadh an “Leabhar dearg,” ach gu robh e air a sgrìobhadh o linn gu linn le teaghlach Chlann-Mhuirich, a bha cumail suas seanachas Chlainn-Dòmhnuille, agus ceannardan nam fineachan Gàelach eile.

An deigh so a sgrìobhadh, chaidh a leughadh dha, agus dh-aidich e gu robh e ceart, ann an làthair Dhòmhnuille Mhic-Dhòmhnuille, fear Bhaile Raghail; Eoghain Mhic-Dhòmhnuille, fear Gheara-sheilich; Eoghan Mhic-Dhòmhnuille Fhear Ghrìminis; Alasdair Mhic-Ghillean, fear Hoster, Alasdair Mhic-Neacail, ministear Bhinne-bhaoghla; agus Ailein Mhic-Chuinn, ministear Uist-a-Chinne-tuath, a fear as grìobh 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, compeared in the

How well deserved our bard the 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-Dòmhnuille 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.

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 Mar. For this brave youth, by orders from the governor, drew together with great expedition almost all the 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 Mar’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.*

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 Clanranald; and that they had from that time, as the salary of their office, the farm of Staoiligary 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 Staoiligary 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, and 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 Balonald, 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.¹

Gur è maigheachd na ciadain,
Rinn mo chruitheachd a shiaradh.
Le liunn-dubb, 's le bròn cianail,
Gu'n dhrùidh i trom air mo chriochaibh,
Mo sgeul duilich nach iarr,
Mi 'ur còmhradh.
Mo sgeul, etc.

M' ulaidh, m' aighear, is m' aiteas,
Tha fo bhinn aig fir shasuinn.
Ar tighearn 'òg maiseach,
An t-ogh ud Iarla nam bratach,
Mac an fhir thug dhomh fasga
'Nuair b' òg mi.
Mac an fhir, etc.

'S truagh gu'n mise bhi lamh ruit,
'Nuair a leagadh 's bhlàr thu,
Gu cruaidh curanta laidir,
Agus spionnadh nan Gàel,
Nàile dhiolainn do bhàs,
Dheanainn feòlach,
Nàile dhiolainn, etc.

Uidhist aighearach, cìbhinn,
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, etc.

¹ The bard composed this song when a very old man on hearing that his master was wounded at Sheriffmuir.

Cha 'n é 'n Domhnull sin roimhe,
Ach mac sin Dhomhnuill ogh Iain,
Ailein aoibhinn an aigheir,
Urram féile ; rìgh flatha,
Ceannard meaghreach gù caitheamh
Na mòr-chuis.
Ceannard, etc.

'Nuair a ch iaradh am teagar,
Gum biodh branndaidh ga losgadh,
Fion Frangach ga chosg leibh,
Coinnlein cèire gan losgadh,
Sàr Cheann-feadhna 'toirt brosnachadh,
Cèbil duibh.
Sàr Cheann-feadhna, etc.

Gum biodh fìdheall ga rùsgadh ;
Buidheann thaitneach air ùrlar,
Pìob a 'sgala nan sìonnsar,
Fuaim talla r'a chùl sin,
'G iomairt chleas air chrìos cùil
Nam fear òga.
'G iomairt chleas, etc.

M' ulaidh m' aighear am fùran,
An t-Ailean aighearach aoidheil,
Bha gu macanta miùnte,
Dh-fhàs gu b-aigeantaich ùiseil,
Fhuair mi aoibhneas a d' chùirt,
Cha be'n dòlum,
Fhuair mi, etc.

Bu tu m' urram is m' annsachd,
Cha seinn mi eachdraidh do bhàis ort,

Aig cagal droch fhàisneachd,
 'N dùil gum faicamsa slàn thu,
 Mar a faic gun toir Gàilig,
 Nì's mò bhuan,
 Mar a faic, etc.

Tha mi sgith 's gu'n mi ullamh,
 S mi 'n deigh mo chuire,
 Gu'n dùil ri sud tuille ;
 B'fhéarr nach bitheadh na h-urrad,
 O'n là chualas gu'n chuireadh
 Do leòn ort.
 O'n là, etc.

MARBH-RANN MHIC-'IC-AILEIN.

A Mharbhadh sa Bhladhna 1715.

OCH ! a Mhuire mo dhunaidh,
 Thu bhi d' shìneadh air t-uilinn,
 An taigh mòr Mhoirear Drumad,
 Gun ar dùil ri d' theachd tuille,
 Le fàilte 's le furan,
 Dh-fhios na dùthcha da'm buineadh,
 A charaid Iarla Choig-Ulainn,
 'S goirt le ceannard fir Mhuile do dhìol.
 'S goirt le ceanuard, etc.

Dh-fhalbh Domhnall nan Dòmhnall
 A's an Raonull a b' òige,
 S Mac-'Ic-Alastair Chnòideart,
 Fear na misniche mòire,
 Dh-fheuch 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, etc.

Mo chreach mhòr mar a thachair,
 'S è chuir tur stad air m' aiteas,
 T-fhuil mhòrghalach reachdar,
 Bhi air bòcadh a dh' chraiceann,
 Gun seòl air a casgadh ;
 Bu tu rìgh nam fear feachda,
 A chum t-onoir is t-fhacal,
 'S cha do phill thu le gealtachd a nìos.
 'S cha do phill thu le gealtachd, etc.

Mo cheist ceannard Chlann-Raonuill,
 Aig am biodh na cinn-fheadna,
 Na fir ùr air dheagh fhoghlum,
 Nach iarradh de'n t-shaoghal,
 Ach airm agus aodach.
 Le 'n cuilbheirean caola,
 Sheasadh fad air an aodann,
 Rinn iad sud is cha d'fhaod iad do dhion.
 Rinn iad sud, etc.

'S mùr gàir ban do chinnidh,
 O'n a thòisich an iomairts
 An sgeul a fhuair iad chuir tiom orr',
 T-fhuil chraobhach a' sìleadh,
 'S i dortadh air mhìre,
 Gu'n seol air a pilleadh,
 Ge d' tha Raonall a d'ìonad,
 'S mòr ar call ged a chinneadh an rìgh.
 'S mòr ar call ge do cnuineadh, etc.

'S trom puthar na luaidhe,
 'S goirt 's gur chumhann a bualadh,
 Nach do ruith i air t-uachdar,
 'Nuair a dh-ionntrain iad uath thu,
 Thug do mhuintir gàir chruaidh asd ;
 Ach 's è òrnugh a fhuair iad,
 Ceum air 'n aghaidh le cruadal,
 'S a bhi leantainn na ruaig air a druim.
 'S a bhi leantainn na ruaig, etc.

Dheagh Mhic-Ailein mhic Iain,
 Cha robh leithid do thaighe,
 Ann am Breatunn r'a fhaighinn ;
 Taigh mòr fughantach, flathail,
 'M bu mhòr sìgradh le h-aighear,
 Bhiodh na h-uaislean ga thaghaich,
 Rinn iad cuims' air do chaitheamh,
 Ann an toiseach an latha dol sìos.
 Ann an toiseach an latha, etc.

'S iomadh gruagach 's bréideach,
 Eadar Uidhist is Sléibhte,
 Chaidh am mugha mu d' dheibhinn,
 Laidh smal air da spèurailh,
 Agus sneachd air an gèugaibh,
 Ghnuil eunlaith an t-shléibhe,
 O'n là chual iad gun d' eug thu,
 A cheann uidhe nan ceud bu mhòr prìs.
 A cheann-uidhe nan ceud, etc.

Gheibht' a d' bhaile ma fheasgar,
 Smitidh mhòr, 's cha b' è 'n greadan ;
 Fir ùr agus fleasgaich,
 A' losga' fudair le beadradh,
 Cùirn is cupaichean breaca,
 Pìosan òir air an dealtradh,
 'S cha b' ann falamh a gheibht' iad,
 Ach gach deoch mar bu neart-mhoire brìgh.
 Ach gach mar bu, etc.

'S iomadh clogaid a's targaid,
 Agus claidheamh chinn airgeid,
 Bhiodh mar coinneamh air ealachuin,
 Dhomhsa b aithne do sheanchas,

Ge do b' fharsuinn ri leanmhuinn,
Ann an eachdraidh na h-Alba ;
Raonuill ùig dean beart ainmeil,
O'n bu dual dut o d' leanmhuinn m'òr-
ghnìomh.
O'n bu dual, etc.

'S cha bu lothagan cliata,
Gheibht' ad stàbuill ga'm biathadh ;
Ach eich chruidheacha shrianach,
Bhiodh do mhiol-choin air iallaibh,
'S iad a' feitheamh ri fiadhach,
Ann sna coireanaibh riabhach,
B' è mo chreacha nach do liath thu,
M' an tainig teachdair ga d' iarraidh on
rìgh.
M' an tainig teachdair, etc.

SEANACHAS SLOINNIDH.

NA PIOBA BHO THUS.

AODROMAN muice hō! hō!
Air a sheideadh gu h-ana-mhòr,
A cheud mhàla nach robh binn,
Thainig o thìs na dlìnne,
Bha seal ri aodromain mhuc,
Ga lìonadh suas as gach pluic,
Craiceann seana mhuilt na dhéigh sin.
Re searbhadas agus ri dùrdaìl.
Cha robh 'n uair sin ann sa phìob,
Ach seansair agus aon lloip,
Agus maide chumadh nam fonn,
Da 'm b' ainm an sumaire.
Tamull daibh na dheigh sin,
Do fhuair as-innleachd innleachd,
Agus chinnich na trì chroinn innt,
Fear dhiu fada, leobhar, garbh,
Ri dùrdan reamhar ro shearbh.
Air faighinn an dùrdain soirbh,
Agus a ghóthaich gu loma léir,
Chraobh-sgaoil a chrannaghail mar sin,
Ri searbhadas agus ri rùchdaìl.

Pìob sgreadanach Ian Mhic-Artair,
Mar eun curra air dol air ais,
Lan ronn 's i labhar luirgneach,
Com galair mar ghuilbneich ghlais
Pìob Dhòmhnuille do cheòl na Cruinne,
Crannaghail bhreòite's breun roì' shluagh,
Cathadh a mùin tro màla grodaidh,
Bo 'n tuil ghrainnde robaich ruaidh :
Ball Dhòmhnuille is dōs na pìoba,
Da bheist chursta 'chlaigeinn mhaoil,

Seinnidh Gorra-ghluineach a ghathuinn
Fuaim thrìleach an tabhainn sheirbh.

Do-cheòl do bhi 'n ifrinn iochdrach,
Faobhar phìoban nan dōs cruaidh,
Culaidh a dhùsgadh nan deamhan,
Lìghail do mheoir reanlaìr ruaidh.
Air fheasgar an earraich mìn,
Mar gheum mairt caòile teachd gu thus,
Thig sgreadail a chroinn riabhaich,
Mar bhr. . . tōine 'n di. . . . duibh.
Chuir Vènusa a bha seal an Ifrinn,
Mar dhcarbhadhd sgeulgu firan Dòmhaìn.
Gur h-e corranach bhan is pìob ghleadhair,
Da leannan ciuil cluas nan Deamhan.

Fàileadh a ch . . dheth na mhàla
'S fàileadh 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 no 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 mi faicinn nach bu thuras caillt' a thug thu dh' Eirinn"—i.e., "Well done, my son, I see your errand to Ireland has not been lost."

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 cuirt an leoghainn mheàrcasaich,
 Ge fear-ghalach ro-mhorghalach,
 Ge smachdail, reachdail, cabnar thu,
 'S ro-anamanta neo morchuiseach,
 Am bèul o'm blasd' thig argamaid,
 'S tu dhearbhadh le ceart eòlas i.

Gur h-e fhad 's o'n dh' fhalbh thu uainn,
 Dh' fhag ime-cheisteach an comhnaidh
 sinn,
 Gu'm b' fhearr leinn thu bli sealgaireachd,
 Air talamh garbh na mor-thìre,
 Thu féin s do bhuidheann ainmeine ch,
 Na n èireadh farragrath fòpa-san,
 Bhiodh sunndach lughor arm-cleasach,
 Sluagh garbh-bhuilleach, garg comhrag-
 ach.

Gu'm bi fid a gheala-bhratach,
 'S neo-chearbach an tùs comb-stri i,
 Tha chuis ud ar a dhearbhadh leibh,
 Aig ro mhiad fearrdha 's cròdhalachd,
 A liuthad òigear barraideach,
 A bhuaileadh tailm le stròic-lannabh,
 O Sheile ghlas nan geala-bhradan,
 Gu Inbhear gainmhich Mor-thìre.

Tha Cana 's Eig a' géilleachdainn,
 Do 'n treun fhear ud mar uachdaran,
 O'n 's ann leatsa dh' eircas iad,
 Deun féin gach treud dhiu' bhuachail-
 leachd,
 Am fiubhaidh gasda threubhach sin,
 Nach labhar beuirtean truailidh leo,
 An laochraidh thaitneach gheur-lannach,
 A théid air ghleus gu fuathasach.

A Uidhist thig na ceudan ort,
 Fir bheur' a reubadh chuainteannan,
 Nach gabhadh sgreamh no deistinne,
 Roimh fhrasan géur a cruaidh-
 shneachda,
 Bhur samhail riabh cha d' éirich dhuibh,
 An lâthair 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 fhin fear fuatha dhut,
 Fear sgipidh, measail, firinneach,
 Fear sìthmalte, sèamh, suairceil thu.
 Fear sunndach, mùirneach, briodalach,
 Sàr chùirteir gu'n ghniomh buathanta.

Fear borb rò-gharg do-chaisgt thu,
 Na'n éireadh 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 prìseil ud,
 Mo sheobhag fìor-ghlan uasal thu,
 An onoir ghleidh do shinnsireachd,
 'S e miad an gnìomh a fhuair dhaibh i,
 Gu'n d' fhàg iad daingheann sgrìobht agad,
 Fò lamh an rìgh le shuaicheantas,
 Bhiodh t-àrd fhcar coimhcid dilis air,
 'N uair dh-fhas an rìoghachd tuair-
 shreupach.

Cur ro glan na friamhaichean,
 'S a fhìon-fhuil as 'n do bhuaicheadh tu,
 Mo Raonullach bras mìleanta,
 Cruaidh cinnteach de mhein-chruagh-
 ach thu,
 Ar caraigh daighean dhìleas thu,
 Cha 'n ann gu'n strì' theid gluasad ort,
 Ar ceanna-bheairt 's ar sgiath dhìdein thu,
 'Sarclaidheamh dìreach buan-sheasach.

Bu blàth ann àm na sìochthaimh thu,
 'S bu phrìunnsalach 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 Crìosda suas dhuinn thu.

MARBHIRANN.

DO M'AC M'HC-AILEIN.

A bhliadhna leuma d'ar mìleadh,
 An coig-deug 's a mìl' eile,
 'S na seachd ceud a roinn imeachd,
 Chaill sinn ùr-ròs ar finne,
 'S geur a leus air ar cinneadh ra'm beò.
 'S geur a leus air, etc.

Mo sgèul cruaidh 's mo chràdh cridhe,
 Ar triath Raonullach dlìtheach,
 Dh-ordaich Dia dhuinn mar thighearn'
 Gu là-bhràth nach dean tighinn,
 'S tu 'n Inbhir-Phephri fo' rìthe na'm
 bòrd,
 'S tu 'n Inbhir-phephri, etc.

Marcach sunndach nam pillein,
 Alr each cruideach nach pilleadh,
 Nach d' ghabh cùram no giorag,
 An àm dùblachaidh n teine,
 Mo sgeul geur bha da spiorad ro-mhor,
 Mo sgeul geur, etc.

Cuirtear aigeantach, mìleant'
 Muirneach, macnasach, fìor-ghlic,
 Ga 'n robh cleachdadh gach tìre,
 Agus fasan gach rìoghachd,
 Teanga bhlasda ri innse gach sgeòil.
 Teanga bhlasda, etc.

Leoghann tartarach, meanmnach,
 'S cian 's as fad a chaidh ainm ort,
 Beul a labhradh neo-cheurbach,
 Bu mhor do mheas aig fìr Albà,
 'S tu toirt brosnachadh calma do'n
 t-shlògh.
 'S tu toirt brosnachadh, etc.

Fìuran gasda, deas. dealbhach,
 'Sgàthan tlachdar na h-Armait,
 'N uair a dh' éireadh an fhearg ort,
 B' ann air ghìle s fiamh dearg oirr,
 Cha rùin pillidh bha meamna 'n laoch
 òig.
 Cha rùin pillidh, etc.

X Dr. Carmichael in a note in his Oct. says: "Cuan an an
cuan = cub in the ocean, Now & then a small-cub gets cast away from its
mother & is tossed about on the waves of the sea" But is it not cuan better?

Bha thu teom ann 's gach fearra-ghnìomh,
Bu tu sgiobair na fàirge,
Ri là cäs 's i tighin gailbheach,
'N uair a dheireadh i garbh ort,
'S tugu'n dìobradhan t-anabhar ma bòrd.
'S tu gun dìobradh, etc.

'N àm siubhal a gharbhlaich,
Bu tu taghadh an t-shealgair,
As do laimh bu mhòr m'earbsa,
Air an fhiadh bu tu 'n cealgair,
'S tu roinn gaoith' agus talmhuinn ma shròin.
'S tu roinn gaoith, etc.

Oirne dh' imich am fuathas,
An sgrìob so thainig o thuath oirinn,
Tha ar càbaill air fuasgladh,
Chaidh ar n-eirthire sguabadh, X
A's sinn mar chuileanan cuaine gu treòir.
A's sinn mar chuileanan, etc.

Chaill sinn reulla nan dualamh,
Chaidh ar riaghailt a ghluasad,
Ar cairt-iuil air falbh uainne,
Bhrìst ar stiùir; mo cheud truaighe,
Sinn mar luing ann a' chuan 's i gu'n seòl.
Sinn mar luing, etc.

Sinn mar linne gun mhathair,
Mar threud gun bhuachaille gnàthaicht
Sinn fo bhruid aig ar nàmhadh,
Il-uile fear a' toirt tàir dhuinn,
'S na coin luirge gach là air ar tòir.
'S no coin luirge, etc.

Dhuinn 's neo-shubhach an geamhradh,
An ruaig a thug sinn gu Galltachd,
Cha bu bhuannachd ach call dhuinn,
Nis mar cholainn gun cheann sinn
O roinn Raonull a's r-shamhradh uainn falbh.
O roinn Raonull, etc.

A gnùis a b' aillidh ri sirreadh,
An t shùil bu bhlaithie gu'n tioma,
An leoghan àrd air dheagh-oilean,
'Nach d' chuir ùgh an gnìomh foilleil,
Ach an rìoghalachd shoilleir gu'n leòin,
Ach an rìoghalachd, etc.

'S oil leam càradh do chéile,
'S bean na h-aonar a'd' dhéidh i,
'N deigh a sgaradh o ceud-gradh,
Mhic 'Ic-Ailein o'n dheug thu,

Fhir a leanadh an fheidh mar bu chòir.
Fhir a leanadh, etc.

Ach fhir thug Maois as an Eiphaid,
'S a sgoilt a mhuir na clàr réidh,
dhaibh,
Thug an triuir as an èigin
O bhì daghadh an creuchdan;
A Rìgh nan rìgh na leig eucòir da'r còir.
A Rìgh na'n rìgh, etc.

MARBHIRANN.

DO SHIR LAIN MAC-ILLEAIN TRIATH
DHUBHAIRT.

IOMRAICH mo bheannachd,
Gu Bann-tighearna Thamair,
Bean 's am beil barrachd,
Do charantachd nàduir;
Chunaic mise gu dlìgheil,
A suilean ri snithe,
'S i 'g àireamh mar mhi-àdh,
Sìor Iain da fàgail:
Bha dòrainn a cridhe,
Cho mòire ga ruighinn,
'S mar gu 'm biodh e air tighinn,
O dhearbh nighean a màthar:
Gu cronachadh sgeula,
Bhìodh fada 'na dhéigh sin,
Thug Mairread na féile,
Spòr gheur do'n fhear-dhàna,

Nach ionghnadh ri chlàistìn,
Gu 'm beil mise o cheann fada,
Ann an turcadaich cadail,
Agus m' acaid ro-chraiteach;
Tha cneidh air mo ghiàlan,
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 Iain gu'n dùsgadh,
An dlù chiste chlaraidh;
B'e so am fhras chitraidh,
A mhìll ar n-abhall's ar n-ubhlan:
Roinn ar dosgairn a chrunadh,
Fhrois am flùr bharr a ghàraidh

B'e féin ar crann dosrach
A chomhdaich le choltas
Gur á coilltichin solta
'N dh-fhas toiseach a fhreamha

Gu'n dreadhunn gu'n chrìonach,
 Gun chritheann gu'n chrin-rhìodh,
 Ach geugan ro phrìseil,
 Do dh-fhion-fhuil na Spàine,
 Bha fios aig luchd leubhaidh,
 'S aig seanachaidhean geura,
 Air ar teachd o Ghathelus,
 As an Euphaid a thàinig,
 Sliochd mhilidhean treuna,
 Fhunair ceannas na h-Eireann,
 Mar bha fìr na féile,
 Agus Eirimon dàna.

O'n ghin sibh o Scota,
 Bha bhuaidh air bhur cordai,
 A' dearbhadh 's a còmhach,
 Am pòr as an d' fhàs sibh,
 Far an gabhadh sibh còmhnaidh,
 Bu leibh ceannas na ròid 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.

O'n shuidhich sibh lù-chairt,
 Bha dh àileachd 'nar n-ùrais,
 Gur h-iomarcaich dùthaich,
 Bh'air an cùinneadh le pairt dhìbh,
 Bha de dh-àirde 'nar giùbhsaich,
 'S nach tugadh càch pàic dhìbh,
 'S nach bu tric le luchd diumba,
 Ar lubadh le tàire,
 Ach 's e n rud a thug sgiùrs oirbh,
 Gu'm bu chinne le crùn sibh,
 'S gu'm b'e dlìgh bhur dùthchais,
 Bhìdh san iùil dheth 'm biodhiadsan,
 Ge d' bha sin ann sa tìm sin.
 Na mhios 's na mhor mhìslean,
 Tha e nis gu truagh lìonnte,
 Daor trì-fille pàighte.

Tha seann-fhacal eill ann,
 Tha cho fìor 's mar a their iad,
 Ge b'e neach air am beir e,
 Bì'dh chneidh dheireannach crait-
 each,
 Ge d' tha sinne ri achdain,
 Na dh fhalbh o cheann fad orinn,

Bhiodh ar dùil ri bhì' beartach,
 Na m biodh againn na dh-fhàg sin,
 Ach tha ar nadur cho truaighe,
 'S nach faic sinn ar buannachd,
 "Cha léir math an fhuarain,
 Gus an uàir sin an tràigh e,"
 Tha e nios na nì' soilleir,
 Da'r nàbuidhean comuinn,
 Gun do hhrìsteadh mar phronnaig,
 Gara'-droma nan Gàil.

Fear gasda gun chrìne,
 Bha ainmeil san rioghachd,
 Cha bu tric a luchd mì-ruin,
 Rì n innsadh no 'n àireamh,
 Bu chompanach rìgh thu,
 Am fear meannach mòr fìr-ghlic,
 Cha 'n fhaicte e fo dhìobraidh,
 Ach am prìscalachd stàta,
 Ann an cogadh luchd strithe,
 Gha robh masl' air ri innse,
 Ghleidh e onoir a shinnsride,
 'S ann a mhìodaich e n-ràdachd,
 Cha robh e, cha b' fhiach leis,
 Bhì falbh fo bhrat filte,
 Eàdar e bhiodh na mhìn-fhear,
 Agus finid a laithean.

Bha e mor ann a miadachd,
 Bha e mor gu bhì rioghail,
 Bha e mor ann an grìde,
 Ann am fìrinn 's an càirdeas,
 Bu mhor e ri fhàin, n,
 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 sìgach,
 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 nàduir.

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 coithcheanta mor sin,
 Rì'n gairte Clann-Dòmhnuaill,
 O thoiseach an còrdais,
 'S iad bu phòr da chiad màthair,

Agus uaislean nan nan Leòdach,
Thaobh fala agus feola,
Mur lanain ùr phòsda,
Lels 'm bu deonach bhì' gràdhach,
Chunnacas mar phuthar,
An gruaidhean air dubhadh,
Mar gun deanadh lán phiuthar,
Geur chumba ma brathair.

Cia ma 'n fàgainn an diochuimhn',
Dream eile da dhislean?
Bha na cinn bu mhò prìs dhiu,
Ro dhileas am pàirt dhut,
Fìr ghasla gun chine,
Bha ainmeil 's an rioghachd,
Mar bha'n cinneadh mor prìseil,
So shìolaich o Bhàncho,
O thoiseach an dualchais,
Cha robh smal 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 daarbha mhi-fhorton,
Bha'n toiseach 's an àbhar.

Na m b'aithne d'omh innsè,
Bha e mor ann san rioghachd,
Ann am fala gun isle,
'Sannan lionmhoireachd chairdean,
Le seanachas ri firinn,
O thoiseach an linne,
'S e fèin 's Iarla-Shì-Phort,
Sliochd dìreachd da brathar,
Agus triath Ghlinne-Garaidh,
Ann an dlù-cheangal fala,
E cho teann air a cheangal,
S nach e sgaradh b' àill leo,
'S e leantainn o'n tìm sin,
Gu'n mhiosguinn gu'n mhi-ruin,
'S nach gluasear le innleachd,
Gu dilinn 's gu bràth e.

Bu cheart sheannachas, 's cha tagradh,
Thaobh falachd is caidreamh,
Dhut Caiptin Chlann-ra'uill,
Bha mar riut, sa' ghàbhadh
Do chois-nàbhaidh taitneach,
'S do chompanàch leapa,
N am marcachd a's astair,
'S 'nuair stadadh am màrsal,
Bha tu ad t-fhianais air sìleadh,
A chréuchdan, cho-mire,

Ri bras easraich pinne,
'S a spiorad 'ga fhàgail,
Agus uaislean a dhùthcha,
Ri caoidhearàn tùrsach,
'S an crìdh air a chiùrradh,
Ma mhùirneinn nan Gàel.

Thaobh dligh' agus dualchais,
Bu daimheil ma d' ghuailibh,
Mac-Nèill o na cuaintaibh,
'S a dhaoìn' uaisle gu'n tàire,
'Nuair a dheireadh oirbh trioblaid,
'S ann da iunnsaidh a thigeadh,
Le iartas cho bige,
Ri Litir a làimhe,
Chunnaic cach é cho soilleir,
Teachd le cabblaichin troma,
De luchd nan gath loma
Na choinnidh do dh-Aros,
'N uair a thachradh e riu,
Mar Thriath 's mar cheann-uidhe,
Dheanadh fhiontan iad subhach,
'S bu bhuidheach 'n àm fhagail.

Mar choir bho na fhlaithes,
Bha ranntanan mhatha,
Mac Ionmhuinn an t-Shratha;
'S cha ghabhadh e fath air:
Ann an aimsir na ruaige,
'N uair a ruigeadh luchd fuath e,
Ba ghasla an ceann sluaigh e,
'N uair a ghluaisle àrmuinn:
Bha e-san 's an tìm sin,
Gu'n mhasla, gun mhi-chliù,
Ann am fochar a shìnnsrìdh,
Le gnìomharadh dàna;
Nis o chaochail iad cleachdadh,
As an àite bu cheart daibh,
Chluinn sibh fein mar a thachair,
Dhaibh ann an catha Màra;

Ach 's e raghainn a ni mi.
Bheir mi glòir so gu fìnid,
'S nach gliocas no crìondachd,
Dhomb mhiad 's tha mi 'g ràite,
Gur h-e Fionnachd san tìm sibh,
Ann an àireamh no 'n innseadh,
'N uair a bha sibh gu'n d'obradh,
'N-ar miad is 'n-ar àirde,
Eadar Sgalpa 's caol-Ile,
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 crionadh 'na'n aobhar.

ORAN

NAM FINEACHAN GAELACH.

'S i so 'n aimsir a dhearbhar
An targanach dhuinn,
'S bras meamnach fir Alba
Fo 'n armaibh air thus ;
'N uair dh' éireas gach treun-laoch
Nan éideadh glan ùr,
Le rùn feirg' agus gairge
Gu seirbhis a chrùin.

Theid mathailb na Gàèltachd
Gle shanntach sa chùis,
'S gur lionmhor each seang-mhear
A dhàmsas le sunnd,
Bì'dh Sasunnaich cailte
Gun taing dhaibh ga chionn,
Bì'dh na Frangaich nan campaibh
Gle theann air an cùl.

'N uair dh' éireas Clann-Domhnuill
'Na leoghainn tha garg.
Na beo-bheithir, mhòr-leathunn,
Chonnsunnaich, gharbh,
Luchd sheasamh na còrach
G'an òrdugh lamh dhearg,
Mo dhòigh gu'm bu ghòrach
Dhaibh toiseachadh 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
Fìr ghlèusta, nach éisd gu'n bli annt.

'S iad Clann-an-Nab an seòrsa
A théid hoidheach 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 siol,
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 rianh.

Clann Iomhuinn o'n Chréithich
Fìr ghle ghlan gu'n smùr,
Luchd nan cuilbheircan gleusda
Nam feuma nach diult :
Thig Niallaich th' air sàile
Air bhàrcuibh nan sùgh,
Le 'n cabhlach luath làn-mhor
O Bhàghan nan tùr.

Clann-Illean o'n Dreollainn
Theid sunndach san ruaig,
Dream a chlosadh aineart,
Gun taing choisinn buaidh ;
Dream rioghail do-chiosaicht,
Nach strìochda do'n t-sluagh,
'S iomadh mìle deas, dìreach,
Bheir inn-tinn dhuibh suas.

Gur guineach na Duimhnic
'N am bhrieadh cheaun,
Bì'dh cnuachdan gan spuchdadh
Le crudal 'ur lann,
Dream uasal ro uaimhreach,
Bu dual bhì san Fhraing,
'S ann o Dhiarmad a shìolaich
Pòr lionmhor nach gann.

Tha Stiùbhartaich ùr ghlan
An fùrain gun ghiomh,
Sunndach nan lù-chleas
Nach tiomdaidh le fiamh,
Nach gabh cùram roi mhùiseag
Cha b' fhìù leo bhì crìon,
Cha bu shùgradh do dlù-ghall
Cùis a bhuiin dhibh.

Gur lionmhor lamh theoma
Aig Eoghann Loch-iall,
Fìr cholganda, bhorganda,
'S oirdheirc gnìomh,
Iad mar thuilbheum air chorra-ghleus,
'S air chon-fhadh ro dhian
'S i mo dhùilse nan rùsgadh
Nach diult sibh dol sìos.

Clann-Mhuirich nach sòradh
A chonnspairn ud ial,
Dream fhuilteach gun mhòr-chùis
Ga'n còir a bhi fial,
Gur gaisgeil for-sheolta,
Ar mòr thionail chiad,
Ni sibh spòltadh air feòlach
A stròiceadh fo 'n ian.

Tha Granndaich mar b' àbhaist
Mu bhràidh uisge Spé,
Fir ladir ro-dhàicheil
Theid dàn anns an streup,
Nach iarr cairdeas no fàbhar
Air nàmhaid fo 'n ghrein ;
'S i n-ur làmhach a dh' fhàgas
Fuil bhlàth air an fheur.

Tha Frisealaich ainmeil
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-armaibh
A dhearbh sibh 'ur gnìomh.

Clann-Choinnich o thuath dhuinn
Luchd bhuannachd gach cis ;
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.

Nis o chuimhnich mi m' iomrall,
'S fàth iunntraichinn iad,
Fir chunnabhalach chumaite,
Ni cuimse le 'n laimh,
Nach dean iomluas mu aona-chuis
Chionn iunntais gu bràth,
Gur muirneach ri 'n iomradh
Clann-Fhiunnlaidh Bhràì'-bhàrr.

Thig Gòrdanaich, 's Greumaich,
Grad gleusd as gach tìr ;
An cogadh rìgh Tearlach
Gum b' fheumail dha sibh ;
Griogaraich nan geur-lann
Dream speiseil nam pios,
Air leam gum bi 'n eucoir
'Nuair dh' éigte sibh sìos.

Siosalaich nan geur-lann
Theid treun air chùl arm,
An Albainn 's an Eirinn
B' e 'ur beus a bhi gàrg,
An àm dol a bhualadh
B' e 'n cruadal 'ur calg,
Bu ghuineach ur beuman
'N uair dh' éireadh 'ur fearg.

Nam biodh gach curaidh treun-mhor
Le chéile san àm,
Iad air aon inntinn dhìrich
Gun fhiaradh, gun chàim,
Iad cho cinnteach ri aon fhear,
'S iad tìtheach air geall,
Dh' aindeoin mùiseag nan dù-Ghall,
Thig cùis thar an ceann.

CROSDHANACHD

I
FHIR NAN DRUIMNEAN.

THA bìth ùr an tìr na Dreollainn,
'S coir dhuinn aithris,
Tha moran deth tìgh 'n am bìochionnt'
Ri gnàs Shasuinn,
Ni '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 cheaird a bh' aige.

Labhairt—'S e an t-aobhar a thug do dhaoine aire thoirt do shannt an sgoileir so, 'nuair a mhiannaich se cheaird 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 leanaban, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na daoine àr-saidh mar an ceudna. 'Nuair ghabhadh an t-oide foghlum air a dhàltachan, 's ann a ghabhadh e air na ciontaich, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach air na

Clann Mhuirich

*J. Stewart's
Collection
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Airs*

neo chiontaich. 'S ann uath sin a dubhradh — "Saoilidh am fear a bhios na thàmh, gur e féin a's fear lamh 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 daoine' àrsaidh

Fo 'n làn fhcosaig,

Cha tugadh an Cillmocheallaig

Breath bu chlaoine,¹

No ni rinn an ceann a b' aird',

A' màs 'ga dhioladh.

Gabhail do chrios an aois àrsaidh,

Air màs sean-duin',

'S fada ma'n ionnsaich an gnìomh sin

Ciall do theangaidh,

Ge be labhras ris an fear 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 e riaghaidh 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 màs am mor-ghleusadh sin. Mar deanadh sin a ciall ni bu mheasa. cha deanadh e idir ni b'fhearr i. Uaith sin a dubhradh—"Am fear nach ionnsaich laimh ri ghlun, cha'n ionnsaich laimh ri uilean."

A chuideachd da'm bu chòir bhi diamhair,

'S a ghna 'm falach,

Cha d'fhagadh da'n dìon bho chunnart,

Sion de dh' earradh,

Bha iad aon uair an lathair fianais,

An taigh gréusaich.

Dubhairt nighean Shomhairle²

Le rabhart, sa gnàs siomhailt,

'S còir gu'm beannaich sinn gu saibhear,

Cuid gach Crìosduidh.

B'fhearr leam ge nach eil mi maoineach,

No luach gearrain,

Gu'm biodh coltas do thriuir

Gu turn aig Calum.³

Labhairt—'S e aobhar thug do'n mhnai, bheusaich, cheart, chòir, so a radh, a rùn

¹ See note, page 43. ² The shoemaker's wife.

³ The shoemaker who had no children.

deagh chneasta, chum gù'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 còimhearsnaich. Mar bh'aig Gillebrìde Mac-an-t-Saoir ann an Ruthaig, an Tirithe, a mhòrt an ceithir-fichaid cearc le aon bheum-sula, 's a bhris long mhòr nàn cuig crannag. a dhaindeoin a cablaichean sa h-acraichean. Uaith a sin a dubhradh—"Sann de'n cheaird 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 thog Tearlach,

'S teann as nach feudadh ri h-uine,

E-fein bhi pàighte.

Ma rigeas an gearan so Seumas,

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 gàir a dheadh, thaobh gu'n d'rug timchioll-ghèarradh airsan, le còimhearsnachd ban-Spainted 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 schoolmaster 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 *dreach* paycr; 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 retainer 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 thunderstruck 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 footstrop in one hand, and lifting the dominie's philabeg 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 better-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 Lochalsh, Rosshire, 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-Mhurrich, and were lost by being trusted to memory alone. The two pieces given here is all that can now be found of his works. "Cabar 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-CHOINNICH.

DROCH slainte 'n Iarla thuathaich,
A thriall an de thar chuaintean bhuaie,
Le sgioba laidir luasganach,
Nach pilleadh càs na fuathas iad,
Muir gàireach air gach guallainn dh'i;
Air clar do lùinge luaithe,
Gabh mi cead dhìot is fhuair mi 'n t-òr

Gu'n cumadh Dia bho bhaoghal thu
Bho charraid cuain 's bho chaolanan,
Bho charraig fhuair gun chaomhalachd,

Seachd beannachd tuath is daonachd dhut,
Buaidh làrach ri do shaoghail 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-eisleanach,
Bhi fuasgladh pailteas eudaich dh'i,
Ga bhreideadh air gach bòrd.

adams with

Donegal 1821
1782

Gu'n innsinn gnìomh do stiùreadair,
Fear cuimhneach, ciallach, curàmach,
'Dh' aithnìceadh fiamh a chùlanaich,
A chuireadh srian ri cùrsaireachd,
Mu 'm bristeadh trìan a chuirnean oirr',
A mhuchadh e fo sròin.

T-fhear colais laidir, fradharcach,
Deas labhrach, gaireach, gleoghairach,
Min chinnteach, seolta, faighidneach,
Crann gearra 'na 'd laimh adhairtaich,
Mac Samhail räsrg mhic-fraoirg,
Sud mar thaghainn dhut na seoid.

Ma chaidh thu null thar chuainteanan,
Air darach naomh' a ghluaiseadh tu,
Fir bhuille saoir a 'dh fhuaigneas i,
Bidh barrantas dhaoine uaisle leat,
Bidh beannach bhochd, a's tuatha dhut,
Cha 'n eagal baoghal fuadaich dhuibh,
Bidh Dia ma 'n cuairt da d' sheol.

Mu sheol thu bare air fairge bhuainn',
Thu féin 's do choirneal Calamanach,
Fhuair cliù 'n cùirt 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 Sì-phortaich,
Thu dhol gu fallain, firineach,
Do Steornabhaidh bho linnteanan,
Bithidh ro-fhial gheala teinteannan,
Aig fir 's aig mnai-'s toil-intinn orra,
Ri linn thu theachd gu 'n cors.

Gur h-ìomadh sruthan firineach,
Tha 'n linnichean an t-Sì-phortaich,
Tha triath na h-Earradh dileas dhut,
Le 'n connspainn fhearail innsingneach,
A Lochlainn thig na mìltean,
Air chuan-sgith gu teach Mhic-Leoid.

'Nuair cruinneicheas na Sàileich leat,
S do chinneadh neartmhor tàbhachdach,
Bidh mire, 's cliùch, is gaireachdaich,
Sa'n ionnad ann an tàrladh sibh,
Cha 'n iognadh thu bhì ardanach,
Sa liuthad fion-fhuil àluinn,
A tha cairdeach ga do phòr.

Bidh Tòrmod òg na shiubhal leat,
Sìol-Leòid nan rò-seol uidheamach,
Fhir stòlta, chomhnart, shuidhichte,

* Nuadh?

Bidh òl gu leoir nam suidhe dhaibh,
Bidh fion is beoir le sùbhachas,
Air piosaibh bùidhe òir.

MARBHRANN.

DO DH' ALASDAIR DUBH GHLINNE-
GARAILL.

FHUAIR mi sgeul moch di-ciadain,
Air laimh fheuma bha gu creuchdach,
'S leòir a gheurad ann sa 'n leumsa,
A nall o'n teud bha buaghar,

O Dhùn-Garannach ùr allail,
Na'n trùp meara, 's nan steud seanga,
Nan gleus glana, 's ccutach sealladh,
Beuchdail, allaidh, uaimhreach.

Gur dubhach, deòrach, tha Clann
Dòmhnuille,
Mu chreach Chnòideirt neart nan roiseol,
Gaisgich chròdha, nach tais 'n àm còmh-
raig,
Mo chreach mhòr 's mo chruadal.

Gur goirtan sgaradh tha'n Gleann-garadh,
O'n dh' fhalbh leannan nan arm glana,
Da 'm b' ainm Alasdair, ceann nam bean-
nachd,
Glac nan geal lann cruaghach.

Bu chall curaidh do dh' Alb' uile,
O dh' fhalbh cuilein, nan arm guineach,
Bu gharg turas, 'n sealg nan cunnart,
'N àm dha bhuille bhualadh.

'S an rioghachd sò féin bu fhathail
t-fhèum,
'S bu sgathail bèum do chlaidheimh gèir,
Do shamhail fein cha'n fhac o'n dh' èug
thu,
Ghaisgeich èuchdaich, bhughaich.

Ge b'e dhuisegeadh t-ain-ìochd,
Bu dlùth dha carraid, 'n tùs tarrauin
Rùsgadh lannan, surd air ghearradh,
Bruchdan fal air ghuailllean.

S' tu 'n Dònullach dian, connspunn nan
triath,
Moighalach fial, rò lòdraich nan cliar,
Leis an òilte fion, agus òr ga dhìol,
Ann an aitribh nan crìoch sluaghail.

A shliochd rìgh F'ionnaghail,
 Nan còrn geala-ghlaic 's nan sròl balla-
 bhreac,
 'M pòr nach cearbabb, dol fo 'n armaibh,
 'N àm nan garbh-chath ruaidhneach.

Ach buaidh a's slàinte an fhir a dh-fhàg
 thu,
 Duineil, bràithreil, cinneil, càirdeil,
 Gaol bhò nàmhaid, gràdh bhò chàirdean,
 A shliochd nùn àrmunn uasal.

a' m' fhear
 o d'
 a/

AN T-AOSDANA MAC-'ILLEAN.

HECTOR MACLEAN, commonly called Eachann Bacach an t-Aosdana, 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 the great bard.

MARBHRANN DO SHIR LACHUINN MAC-'GHILLEAIN.

TREATH HUBH-AIRD.

THRIALL ar bunadh gu Phàra,
 Co b'urrainn da sheanchas?
 Mac-Mhuirich,¹ Mac-Fhearguis,
 Craobh a thuinich rè aimsir,
 Fhriamhaich bun ann an Alba,
 Chuidich fear dhiu' cath Gairiach,
 Fhuair sinn ullaidh fear t-ainme theachd beo.
 Fhuair, sinn, etc.

Cha chraobh chuire cha phlannta,
 Cha chnòdh bhò'n uraidh o'n d'fhàs thu,
 Cha bhàl chuirte ma bhealltainn,
 Ach fàs duillich a's meanglain,
 A miar mullaich so dh' fhàg sinn,
 Cuir a Chriosd tuilleadh an àite na dh'
 fhalbh.
 Cuir a Chriosd, etc.

'S mor puthar an ràith-se,
 'S trom an dubhadh-sa dh' fhàs oirn,
 Gur ro cumhànn leinn t-àrdach,
 'N ciste luthaidh na'n clàran,
 'S fad is cuimhne leinne càradh nam bòrd.
 'S fad is cuimhne, etc.

Chaidh do chiste 'n taigh gamhraidh,
 Cha do bhris thu chno shamhna,
 Mìseach fear Innse-Gall thu,
 'S mor is miste do ranntaidh,
 Nach do chlisg thu ro' naimhdean,
 Fhir bu mheasail an campa Mhontroise.
 Fhir bu mheasail, etc.

Fhir bu rioghaile cleachdadh,
 'S tu bu bhìoganta faicinn,
 A dol sìos am blàr machrach,
 Bhiodh na mìltin ma d' bhraataich,
 Chuid bu phrìseile 'n eachdraidh,
 Luchd do mhì-ruin na'n caist ort,
 'S ann a dh' innste leo t-fhasan,
 'Nuair bu sgi leo cuir sgapaidh na'm feòil
 'Nuair bu sgith, etc.

Cha bhiodh buannachd do d' nàmhaid,
 Dol a dh' fhuasgladh 'huat làmhuinn,
 Bha thu buadhach 's gach àite,
 Cha b'e fuath mhic a mhàile,
 Fear do shnuadh theachd na fhàrdaich,
 Cha dath uaine bu bhàl dhut,
 'Nuair a bhuaileadh an t-àrdan ad phòr.
 'Nuair a bhuaileadh, etc.

¹ Clerk-Register of Icolumkill.

Gu'm b' aithriseach t-fheum dhaibh,
 'N àm nan crannan a bheumadh,
 Chum nan deannal 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, etc.

'N àile chunaic mi aimsir,
 'S tu ri siubhal na sealga,
 Cha bu chung ort a' gharbhlach,
 Pic de'n inbhar cha d' fhàs i,
 Chuireadh umhal na spàirn ort,
 Cha bhiodh fuithil a tàrruinne,
 'Nam biodh lutha na crannaghail,
 Chuireadh siubhal, fo earr-ite 'n coin.
 Chuireadh siubhal, etc.

Glac chòmhnart an càradh,
 'M bian ròineach an t-sheana bhruc,
 Cinn stòrach o'n cheardaich,
 Can bhiodh òirleach gu'n bhàthadh,
 Eadar smeòirn agus gàine,
 Le neart còrcaich a Flànras,
 Cha bhiodh feolach an tearmad,
 Air an seoladh tu'n crann sin àd dheòin.
 Air an seoladh, etc.

Cha b'e sin mo luan-Càisge,
 'Nuair a bhuail a ghatb bàis thu,
 'S truagh a dh' fhàg thu do chairdean,
 Mar ghàir sheillein air làraich,
 'N deigh a mealunnan fhagail,
 No uain earraich gu'n mhàthair,
 'S fada chluinnear an gàraich mu'n chrò.
 'S fada chluinnear, etc.

Gu'm bu mhath do dhiol freasdail,
 'N taigh mor am bial feasgair,
 Uisge beatha nam feadan,
 Ann am piosan ga leigeil,
 Sin a's clàrsach ga spreigeadh ri ceòl.
 Sin a's clarsach, etc.

Bhuineadh dhinne na ùr-ros,
 Fear ar taighe 's ar crùn air,
 Ghabh an rathad air thùs uainn,
 Liuthad latha ri chùntas,
 Bh'aig maithibh do dhùthcha,
 Miad an aighear 's a mìirne,
 Bha mi tathaich do chùirte,

Seal mu'm b' aithne dho 'n turlar a dh'
 fhallbh.

Seal mu'm b' aithne. etc.

B'eòl dhomh innse na bh'aca,
 Gu'm ba'n do mhiannan Shìr Lachuinn,
 Bhiodh 'g òl fiona 'n taigh farsainn,
 Le mnaidh rìmheach neò-as-caoin,
 Glòir bhinn agus macnais,
 Ann 'san am sin 'm bu ghnà leibh bhì
 poit.
 Ann 'san am sin, etc.

'N am na faire bhiodh glasadh,
 Bhiodh chlarsach ga creachadh,
 Cha bhiodh ceòl innte an tasgaidh,
 Ach na meòir ga thoirt aiste,
 Gu'n leòn laimhe gu'n laige,
 Gus 'm bu mhianach leibh cadal gu foill.
 Gus 'm bu mhianach, etc.

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,
 Bhì' ga'n doladh gu'n lasan na'n lòrg.
 Bhì ga'n dioladh, etc.

Thug càch teist air do bheusan,
 Bha gradh a's eagal mhic Dhé ort,
 Bha fàth seirce ga d' chéill ort,
 Bha aoigh 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, etc.

Ge bu lionmhar ort frasachd,
 Chum thu dìreach do d' mhacabh,
 Do bhreid rìmheach gu'n srachdadh,
 Cha do dhiobair ceann slait thu,
 O'n 's e Crìosd a b' fhear beairt dhut,
 'Sin an Tì a leig leat an taod-sgòid.
 'Sin an Tì a leig, etc.

A mhic mo ghlacas thu'n stiùir so,
 Cha bu fhathas gun dùchas,
 Dhut bhì' grathuinn air h-ùrnaigh,
 Cuir ad caitheamh an triuir oirr',
 Cuir an t-Athair ann tùs oirr',
 Biodh a Mac na fhear iuil oirr',
 An Spiorad Naomha ga giùlan gu nòs.
 An Spiorad Naomha, etc.

ORAN.

DO LACHUNN MOR MAC GILDEOIN TRIATH
DHUBH-A RD.

A LACHUINN òig gu'n innsinn ort,
Sgeul is binn ri àireamh,
Nis o rinn e craobh-sgaoileadh,
'S na bheil an taobh so dh'fhairge,
Tha thu làn do dh' fhinealtachd,
Cho ceart sa dhinnscadh seachas,
Gur mac Iain 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 àrd mi,
A ghnùis sholta, 's am beul o'n soch-
drach gàire,
Do dheid gu'n stòir o'm binn thig
glòir,

O'n faighinn pòg a's fàilte.

'S e Ceannard Chlan-'Illeain,
Dh'fhàs fathasach le cruadal,
Sgaoil e feadh gach tighearnais,
Gu'n ghleidh thu dlìgheil t-uaisle,
Ach 's iomadh neach bu shùgradh leis,
Crùbadh ann an truailleachd,
Ach rinn thu beairt bu cliùtaiche,
Air an dùchas mar ba dual dhut.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, etc.

'S e na chuir mi dh'èòlas ort,
Dh' fhàg an ceò ma m' shùilean,
Aig a mhiad sa fhuair mi dheth,
Gu'n leig mi ruig au tùs ort,
Dh' aithnichinn air an fhaiche thu,
A lùb nan cas-chiabh ùr-ghlan,
Du'm b' ursann-chath air gaisgeich thu,
Na'n tigeadh creach a d' dhùthaic.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, etc.

B' e sid an gasan leis bu taitneach,
Picean 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 au còin gu h-ùr-ghlan,
Mu chul an fhéidh na'n gearr e leum,
Bhìdh fhuil na leine brùite.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, etc.

Sid na h-airm a ghlacainn dut,
A dhol air sraid an fhùdair:
Cuilbhair a ghleis shniamhanaich,
A bheil o'n cinnteach cuimse,

Spàntach làdair, fulangach,
'N Iainh a churaidh chliùtaich,
'S a 'n sgiath bu tric an taisbeanadh,
Air ghaoirdean deas nan lù-chleas.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, etc.

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 gaile.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, etc.

'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, etc.

Ghluaiseadh leat s na h-eileanan,
Dream nach ceil an gràdh ort,
Thigeadh ort a mor-Innis,
A bhratach leòghannt' laidir,
Chìte sid gu follaiseach,
Fir fhoineuidh ann an Aros,
Na fir ùra nach diùltadh,
Sgiùrs thoirt air an nàmhaid-
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, etc.

Dh' eireadh seòid o'n Mhuidhe leat,
Nach cuireadh bruthach spàirn orr',
Nan ceanna-bheairtean glana,
Nan lannan geal 's nan targaid,
Nan cuilbhèirean caol acuinneach,
Aig gaisgich nan gnìomh gailbhèach,
A dheanadh luath a chaisleacha,
'N uair dh' eireadh sradh bho theanachair.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, etc.

Bratach aig Clann-Domhnuill,
'N a'm biodh ad chòir gu'm b' fheairrde,
Dh' fhàs gu seasmhach, cruadalach,
'N uair ghluaiseadh iad na'n armadl,
Ann an gliocas firinneach,
Cho math sa sgrìobh an seanachas,
Sid an dream bha innsgineach,
Ri 'n innseadh nach robh leanabail.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, etc.

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 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 mainland 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 ensconsed 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.

MARBHPHAISG ort a mhulaid,
Nach do dh'fhuirich thu nochd uam
'S nach do leig thu cadal domh,
S an oidheche 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 anns an astar sin
Air gunna glèic a's cù,
Gun thachair clann rium ann sa ghleann
A' gal gu fann chion iùil :
Air leam gur h-iad a b'ailidh dreach
A chunnacas riamh le m' shuil.

Gu'm b'ioghnadh leam mar thàrladh
dhaibh
Am fàsach fad air chùl,
Coimeas luchd an aghaidhean
Gu'n tagha de cheann iùil,
Air beannachadh neo-fhiata dhomh
Gu'n d'fhiaraich mi :—" Co sùd?"
'S fhreagair iad gu cianail mi
A'm briathraibh mine clùin.

" Iochd, a's Gradh, a's Fìùghantas,
'Nar triuir gur h-e ar n-ainm,
Clann nan uaislean cùramach,
A choisinn cliù 's gach ball,
'Nuair phàigh an fhéile cis d'an Eug
'S a chaidh i-féin air chall,
'Na thiomnadh dh'fhag ar n-athair sinn
Aig mathaibh Innse-Gall.

" Tòrmòd fial an t-shùgraidh,
Nach d'fhas m'a chuinneadh cruaidh,
A bha gu fearail fìùghantach,
'S a chum a dhùthchas suas ;

'S ann air a bha air taghaich,
O'n thugadh Iain bh'uainn,
'S beag m' fharmaid ris na feumaich
O'n a bheum na cluig gu truagh !

" Bha'n duin' ud ro fhathasach,
'S e mathasach le ceill,
Bha e gu fial fìùghantach,
'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 Dhun-Bheagain
A's cha d'iarr sinn cead 'na thùr.
Fhuair sinn, fàilte shuibhheara,
Lc furbailt a's le mùirn :
Gu'n ghlac e sinn le acarachd
Mar dhaltachan 'nar tràir,
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 Fìùghantas
Dalt ùiseil Dhomhnuill ghuirm :—
" Bu tric leat a bhi stùgradh rinn,
'S cha b' fhasan ùr dhuinn cuirm.

" N am eiridh dhuinn neo airtneulach
'S biadh maidne dhol air bòrd,
Gheibhte gach ni riaghailteach,
Bu mhiannach leat ga d' chòir ;
Cha d' chuir thu duil am prìobairtich,
Cha b' fhiach leat ach ni mor ;
Bu chleachdadh air do dhitheid 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' indmhail e measg chàich
 Lamh sgapaidh òir, a's airgeid e
 Gu'n dearmad air luchd dhàn,
 A's mhionnaicheadh na clàrsairean
 Nach e bu tàirc lamh.¹

“ Thug sinn ruaig gu'n sòradh
 Gu Mac-Choinnich mòr nan cuach,
 Be'n duin' iochd-mhor, teò-chridheach,
 S bu leoghannt e air sluagh,
 Bha urram uaisl' a's ceannais aig'
 Air fearaibh an taobh-Tuath;
 Cha chuir' as geall a chailleadh e
 Ge d' fhalaich oirn e 'n uaigh!

“ O'n rinn an uaigh 'úr glasadh orm,
 'S nach faic mi sibh le'm shùil;
 'S cumhach, cianail, craiteach, mi,
 'S neo-ardanach mo shùrd,
 'S mi cuimhneachadh nam braithrean sin
 A b'ailidh dreach a's gniis,

¹ Alluding to an Irish harper of the name of *Cailaan 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, his master asked Cormac:— 'Creid i'n lamh bo fheile do fhuair 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 Applecross. 'Creid i'n ath te?' which was the next?—"Lamh chliath fhir na Comraich," or the left hand of Applecross, was the minstrel's prompt and quaint reply.

Gur tric a chum sibh coinnidh rium
 Aig Coinneach anns a' Chùill.

“ Ailpeanaich mhath chiar-dhuibh,
 'Gam bu dùthchas riabh an Srath,
 D'an tigeadh àirm gu sgiamhach
 Ge bu riabhach leinn do dhath,
 Bu lamh a dheanamh fadhaich thu,
 Gu'n dial bu bhia tach math,
 'S a nise bho na thriall thu bh' uainn,
 Cha'n iarraid sinn a staigh,

“ Bu chuimhir glan do chalpannan,
 Fo shliasiaid dhealbhach thruim,
 'S math thigeadh breacan cuachach ort,
 Mu'n cuairt an fhéile chruinn,
 'S ro mhath a thigeadh claidheamh dhut,
 Sgiath laghach nam ball grinn,
 Cha robh cron am fradharc ort,
 'Thaobh t-aghaidh 's cùl do chinn.

“ Nam togail màil do dhùthchannan,
 'S ga 'n dlùthachadh riut féin;
 Bhi'dhmaid air 'nar stiubhartan
 'S 'nar triuir gu'm b'i'dhmaidh réidh,
 Cha do thog sinn riabh bò Shamhna dhut,
 No Bealltainn cha b'e'r beus,
 Cha mhò thug òich air tuathanach,
 Bu mhò do thrusa ri fheum.”

Bha'n duin' ud na charaid dhomh,
 'S cha chàr dhomh' chliù a sheinn,
 Mas can càch gur masgall e,
 Leig tharais e na thim;
 Do bhàs a dh-fhàg mi muladach,
 'S ann chluinnear e 's gach tìr,
 Cha b'ìoghna' mi ga t-iondrann,
 Ann am cunntais thoir' 's an t-shuim.

'S mi smaointeach air na saoidheann sin
 'S a bhi ga'n caoidh gu truagh,
 'S amhuil gheilb mi bhuing ann,
 Bhi taghaich air luìg fhuair,
 An taobh a chaidh iad tharais,
 'S ann tha dachaigh uil' an t-shluagh,
 Dh'eng Iannraic priunsa Shasuinn;
 '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 unfrequently 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,¹ 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 unhandsome treatment the indignant bard returned instantly to Strath. While pursuing his homeward journey through the lonely glen beneath the towering *Caleens*, and while the fever of his resentment still burned within his bosom, he met, or imagined he met, *Generosity*, *Love*, and *Liberality*, outcasts, like himself, from the hearts and halls of Highland lairds, and bitterly inveighing against the tyranny that thus exiled them, unfeared 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 was sung, "*Tri-amh Fonn 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.

MOCH sa' mhadainn mi 's lan airtneil,
Tha mi 'g achdainn mi' iunndrainn,
An aite cadail air mo leabaidh,
Carachadh sa tiunntadh.

¹ 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.

Na 'm faighin cead, gun rachainn grad,
Am still gu'n stad, gu'n aon-tamb ;
A dh' fhios an àit' am fiosrach càch.
Gu 'm beil mo ghradh-sa 'n Geambail

'S ge fad air chuairt, mi 's tamull bh'uam,
An aisling bhuan so dhùisg mi ;
Thu lhi agam, ann am ghlaicabh,
Bhean bho 'n tlachd-mhor sùgradh.
A dhainean buinig 's fada m' fhuireach,
Ann an iomal 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 sunndach ;
Gach ceum de'n t-shlighe, dolga d'ruidhinn,
Bi'dh mo chridhe sùgach
Mo mhiann bhi 'n ceart-uairair bheag cadail
Ann ad chaidridh greannar ;
Mo dhuil gun cleith, le dùrachd mhath,
Gur h-e mo bheatha sùgradh.

Ach oigh na maise 's òr-bhuidh falt,
'S do ghruaidh air dreach an neicnein ;
Tha éideadh grinn, mu dheud do chinn,
'S do beul bho 'm binn thig òran.
Rosg thana chaoin, fo d' mhala chaoil,
'S do mheall-shuil, mhìn ga seòladh ;
'S i'n t-sheirc tha t-eudainn ghreas gu
eug mi,
Mar toir cléir dhomh còir ort.

Gu'n choir air t-fheutainn, òigh na féile,
Ghreas mi féin gu an-lamh ;
Fhuair thu 'n iosad buaidh bho Dhiarmad,¹
Tha cuir ciad an geall ort.
Ciochan geala, air uchd meallaidh,
Miann gach fir 'n am sealltain ;
Do chion fallaich th' air mo mhealladh,
'S e na callach throm orm.

Tha ruin nam fear, fo d' ghùn am falach,
Seang chorp, fallain, sunndach ;
Slios mar eala, cneas mar chanach,
Bho cheann tamull m' iuil ort.
Bho bharr do chinn, gu sàil do bhuinn ;
'S tu dhamhsadh 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 faineach ;

¹ Bha 'm "Bad-seirc" ann an gruidnean Dhiarmad.

T-aon bhroilleach geal, trom-cheist nam fear,

'S uasal an t-ion ban-rìgh.

Tha seirc, a's beusan, tlachd, a's ceutaidh,
Mar ri chéile fas riut ;

Do ghaol gach lò so rinn mo leòn,
Cho mor 's nach eol dhomh aireamh.

Cha 'n eol domh aireamh, trian de t-àilleachd,

Gus do'n bhas gun geill mi ;

Ceillidh, cliutach, beusach, muirneach,

Ceud fear ùr tha 'n deidh ort,

Bi'dh airnean bruit aig pairt de 'n chunnais, sin'

Dha 'n diult thu caoimhneas ;

Bi'dh slaint' as ùr, le fáilte chiuil,

Aig fear ni lubh san roinn ort.

SGIAN DUBH.

AN SPROGAIN CHAIM.

DH' innsinn sgeul mu mhàlairt duibh,
Na 'm fanadh sihh gu fòill,
Mur dh' eirich do 'n chall bhreamais domh,

'Nuair chaidh mi do Dhun-gleòis ;

Air bhì thall an Sgalpa dhomh,

Air cuirm aig Lachunn òg ;

Fhuair mi bhiodag thubaisteach,

Le a caisein-uchd' bha mòr.

Bu mhath a chuirn a bh'an', sin,

'S mo bheannachd-sa na deigh ;

'N fhear ud dune chunnaic i,

A dhi-mol i gu leir ;

Ach fhuair mi fhìn bloidh bodaig ann

Nach tig an là ni feum,

A's stiailaire mor feòsaig oirr',

Mur fhear d'a seòrsa fhein

Mas oil leibh an athais ud,

Gu 'n robh i agabh riamh ;

Loinidean a's òghnaichean,

An cònuidh dhuibh bu bhìadh ;

Ged' dheanadh sibh cruinneachadh,

Tuilleadh a's coig ciad ;

'S teare fear gun chaisein-uchd aige,

Cho gharbhe ri torc-fiadh.

Chuir an tìr so 'n duileachd mi,

'Nuair chunnaic iad mur bhà ;

Bha gach neach ga choisrigeadh,
Roimh 'n dös a bh'air 'a barr ;
Bha sgonn do mhaide seilich innt ;
Bu gheinneanta rinn fàs ;
Bheireadh saor neo chronail aisde,
Crosg da'n loimid bhàin.

Chuir Mac-Ionmhuinn ba'r'lìnn,

An trath so mach sa 'n tìr,

Chuir e na soachd barranntais,

Gu Donnacha Mac-a-Phi ;

Gabhail gu caol Arcaig leo,

Mu 'n ghabh i tàmh sa 'n tìr,

'Sa muinntir fein thoirt colune dh' i,

'S gur soilleir i do m' dhith.

Cha 'n ion-mholaidh ghràth-bhat sin,

Thug tu steach thar chaol,

An t-arm a bha gun chaisrigeadh,

'Sa b' olc leam air mo thaobh ;

'S mairg sliasaid air am facas i ;

A bhiodag phaiteach mhaol ;

B' iomlaideach air bhòrdaibh i,

Sgian dubh a sgòrnain chaoil.

B' i sud an bhiodag rosadach,

A b' olc leam air mo chliath',

'Si ruadh-mheirg uile 's coltas-d' i,

Fo 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 breath-
anais,

Cha d' fhuair mi leithid riamh ;

Sin nuair thuirt an Sàileanach,

('Nuair chàirich e rium biasd ;

Mathalt do chuirc Mhòr-thirich,

Da'm beil an roibein liath:

Duirceall dubh gun fhaobhar,

'N am taobhadh ris a bhìadh).

"Bu mhath sa bhruthainn 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-mhionnan sin,

Nach dh' fhag i duine beò ;

'S Nach robh neach ga 'm beanadh i,

Nach gearradh i' gu bhròig."

Thuirt mi fhìn cha'n fhior dhut sin,

'S ann chaill thu d' ciall le aois ;

Coid a chuimhne 's faid' agad,
 On stad i gu bhì maol ;
 Chaidh mi air mo ghùn d' i,
 Mu 'n do rùisg i rium a taobh ;¹
 'S thug i na seachd sgairtean aisd,
 Gus 'n tug Mac-Talla glaodh.

Bu cheithir bliadhna-fichead d' i,
 Bhì 'n citsein mhorair-Gall ;²
 'S fhuair i urram còcaireachd.
 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 chaim.

Ged thigeadh Clann-Domhnuill,
 'S na seòid a tha mu thuath,
 Mac-Aoidh an tùs feachda leo,
 'S garbh bhratach an taobh tuath ;
 'Nuair thig a bhratach Cheann-Sàileach,
 'S a thairnnear ridhe suas ;
 'S tearc fear gu'n chaisein gaoiseid air,
 Bho smeig gu mhaodail sios,

Note.—The poet happened to be one of a party at the house of Lachunn Og, 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 bhìodag. 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 everybody 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.

¹ Pulling it out of the sheath. ² Lord Caithness.

CURAM NAM BANTRAICHEAN.

LUINNEAC.

Hùg hoireann hō-rō hùra-bho,
 Bì'dh cùram air na bantraichean,
 Hùg hoireann hō-rō hùra-bho,
 Bì'dh cùram air na bantraichean.

Bì'dh cùram air na mnathan òga,
 'S mòran air na bantraichean,
 Hug hoireann ho-ro, etc.

Bì'dh cùram tim an Earraich orra,
 Gu'n bì 'n t-aran gann aca,
 Hug hoireann ho-ro, etc.

Bì'dh cùram mor a's eagal orra,
 Theagamh nach bì clann aca,
 Hug hoireann ho-ro, etc.

'Nuair bhios cach gu cuirealdach,
 Bì'dh iads a cumh 'an t-shean-duine,
 Hug hoireann ho-ro, etc.

'Nuair shineas tu air mireadh riudh',
 Sìlidh iad mar alltanan,
 Hug hoireann ho-ro, etc.

Bì'dh 'n dosan siar san 'm breidean fiar,
 Air cualan liath nam bantraichean,
 Hug hoireann ho-ro, etc.

Bì'dh dealg a'm bun an fheamain ac,
 'S breamanach a dhamhsas iad,
 Hug hoireann ho-ro, etc.

Ged bhìdhinn fhìn gun òr gu'n spréigh,
 Bu bheag mo spéis do sheann te dhubh,
 Hug hoireann ho-ro, etc.

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 Lews¹ 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. Baulked 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,

¹ The Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, in their Journal; Number 451, of Saturday, 19th September, 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 anything 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 sympathise 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 manses 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.

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 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 circumstances:—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 dhith air Ruairidh?" "Mhuire! tha a chrann—chail 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 immortalising 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 Ciadan," 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 masterpiece 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 pleasures 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 ràidhe,¹
 Ge d' bhà mi leam fhìn,
 Cha d' fhuair mi duine an là sin,
 A thainig am ghaoith,
 Dh-fhiaraich cia mar bhà mi,
 Na'm bàil leam dhol sìos,
 An Tota-mòr so f'hàgail,
 Nach b' àite dhomb e,
 'Soilleir dhuinne thar chach uile,
 Nach robh duin' a's tìr,
 A chumadh fear mar chàch mi,
 Mar b' àbhaist dhomb bhì.

Sin 'nuair chuala Fearachar,
 Mì'n dearmad aig càch,
 Thàinig e na m' chòdhail,
 On b' èbl dha mo ghnàs,
 Thug e leis air sgòid mi,
 Gu scòmar a mhnà,
 Anna lion an stòp dhuinn,
 'S na sòr oirn' a làn,

¹ 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,

Ge d' tha e falamh 's ro mhath 'n airidh,
 'Ghlaine fo thoirt dhà,
 'S gu'm faigheadh e luchd èblais,
 Na m biodh a phòca làn.

Labhair a bhean chòir sin,
 Gu banail eolach glic,
 Fhaic thu 'n t-uan gu'n mhàthair,
 An clàrsair gu'n chruit,
 An leabhar gu'n leubhair,
 'S e bheus a bhi druit,
 S' an dorlach gu'n fhuasgladh,
 A suaineach a bhruic,
 Ge d' tha thu falamh 's ro mhath 'n airidh
 Ghlaine so thoirt dhut,
 'S gu'n òlamaid a dhà dhiu'
 Air slàinte an fhir bhric.²

An tì so thà mi 'g iomradh,
 'S a 'g iomagainn do ghnà,
 Cha cheil mi air do mhuinntir,
 Gach puing mar atà,
 Ge h-cìbhinn leam r'a chluinntinn
 An saoidh a bhìdh slàn,
 Sgeul nach taitneach leamsa,
 Ma dh' iomalaid thu gnàs,
 Fàth mo ghearain a bhi falamh,
 'S mi tamull o d' laimh,
 " 'S faide 'n fhead no t-eigheach,
 'S an fheusag air fàs."

² John Breac Macleod.

Ge d' fhuiligear gach nà 's feudar,
 'S neo-éibhinn le m' rùn,
 Thusa bhidh 'n clar-sgithe,
 'S mi 'n tir air do chùl,
 Le m' fheòsaig leathuinn leòmaich,
 Gu ròibeincach dlù,
 'S thusa a' giùlan màlaid,
 A ghnà ann san Dùn,
 Fhìr bhric bhallaich, meall na bharail,
 'M fear a thuir o thùs—
 " 'S fad o'n chridhe cheudna,
 Na 's céin bho bbeachd sùl."

Ge d' thà mise an dràsda
 Da m' àrach fad uat,
 Sloinnidh mi mo phàirt,
 Ris gach nàbaidh m'an cnairt,
 Ma 's beag ma's mor a dh' fheudas mi,
 Spréidh a chuir suas,
 Bìoidh sid fo iochd nan sàr-fhear,
 Nach sàraich am fuachd,
 Rì là gaillionn an àrd bheannabh,
 'S iad nach gearain uair,
 'S tric an siubhal scalbhach,
 Air shealg do 'n taobh-tuath.

Tha fir ghasda bheòghant',
 Aig Eòghann Loch-iall,
 Nach seachnadh an tòircachd,
 'N àm tògbhail nan triath,
 Rachadh iad gu'n sòradh,
 An còdhail nan ciad,
 'S math am fulang dòrainn,
 'S tha cròdhachd nan gnìomh,
 Fir 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 oirdheirce gnìomh,
 Luch shiubhal a gharblaich,
 'S a mharbhadh nam fiadh,
 Cha d' fhuair iad aobhar oillbheum,
 Mar falbhadh iad slìabh,
 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 mhainn,
 Buachaillean mo threud,
 'N uair nach léir dhuibh a ghrian.

Tha sliochd Iain Mhic-Mhàrtainn,¹
 Gu tàbhachdach treun,
 Raghainn air an naimhdeas,
 An cairdeas, gu'n bhreug,
 Cha bhuin iad rì fàl-bheairt,
 Mo lamhsa nach spéis,
 "Far an isl' an gàradh,
 Cha ghnà leo a leum,"
 Na fìr 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-Phi² rì n seanachas,
 'S neo-leanabaidh na seòid,
 Buidhean nan sgiath balla-bhrec
 A dhearbhadh an glèòis,
 'S iad nach seachnadh fuathas,
 'N àm bhualadh nan sròn,
 Ge b' e chuireadh fearg orr'
 Cha b' fharmadach dhò,
 'N àn tarrainn nan lann tana,
 Caisgear carraid leò,
 "Buille 'n corp cha bhuil" iad,
 Tha uaisle nam pòr.

Tha Clann-'Ille-Mhaoil mhùinte,
 Bha cliù orra riamh,
 Buidhean tha do-cheannsaicht,
 Is ceannsgalach triall.
 Rì faicinn an naimhdean,
 'S neo-sgàthach an triath,
 B' annsa leibh ruaig shunndach,
 No tionntadh le fiamh,
 Laochraidh guineach nan arm fuileach,
 'S maing rì 'n bhuin sibh riamh,
 Tha nimh a's neart 'n-ar naimhdeas,
 'S 'ur càirdeas gu'n fhìar.

Tha aig Colla còmhlainn,
 Nach conn-lapach gleus,
 Luchd nam feudan dùbh-ghorm,
 Nach diùltadh rì 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,

¹ Dochanassie men, a very brave little clan at that time.

² Locharkaig men, followers of Lochail.

B' annsa dol da bhualadh,
No buaile 'n fir théud.

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 shuair urram,
Re h-àm iomairt lann,
O minig luchd an aobhair,
Gu craobhach a call.

Maille ris gach suairceas,
Bha fuaite ri'r gné,
Tharrainn sibh mar dhualchas,
An uaisle 'n ar cléith,
Gu creachadh cha do ghluais sibh,
Cha chuala mi e,
B' annsa leibh eun cluaise,
Thoirnt uam le m' thoil féin,
Na mo chreachadh 's an dol seachad,
'S mi na m' airc mu'm spréidh,
'S mi gu'n eagal tuairgnidh,
'S mo bhuaile fo' r méin.

Tha Gleann-Garadh ceannsgalach,
Connspunnach, cruaidh,
Chumadh ri luchd aimhreit,
A chonnspaid ud suas,
Na'm tharrainn gu sanntach,
An lann as an truail,
Bu mhath do'r luchd gamhlais,
San àm ud bhi bhuaibh,
Biodh ceum crìoheil air reang tri-car,
Cha gleidh bruinne buaidh,
Aig bìidheann a mhoir cheann-aird,
Nach teann mo chuid bhuan.

Tha 'n taic na laimhe,
An Ceann-tàile so thall,
Fìr ghàsda neo sgàthach,
Ga'm b' àbhaisd bhi teann,
Ri faicinn a nàmhaid,
Nach failinnach greann,
Is tric a shuair buaidh làrach,
Le àbhachd an lann,
Neart a chladhe be air raghainn,
Nach dh-fhàs fathast fann,
Coille 's i gu'n chrionabh,
Gur lionmhor a clann.

'S iad marcuich na Mòidhe,
Fìr chrò nam buadh,
'M beil aithn' agus eòlas,
Nach sòradn an duais,
Clann-Choimnich nan rò-seol,
Na'n cròdh' mhìlean sluaidh,
Na beathraichean beòdha,
Ga còir a bhi cruaidh,
Dream gu'n laige ri am troide
Ceann a chabraich suas,
Aig luchd na gorm lann nàimhdeach,
Nach sanntaich mò bhuar.

Note.—When the harper composed this song he was residing in Tota-Mòr, in Glen-eig, 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.

ORAN.

DO DH-IAIN BREAC MAC-LEOID.

THA mòran, mòran mulaid
An deigh tuineachadh am chòm,
Gur bliadhna leam gach seachduin,
Bho nach facas Iain donn;
Na 'n cluinninn ged nach faicinn,
Fear do phearsa thigh'nn dò 'n fhonn,
Gu'n sgaoileadh mo phràmh 's m' airsnenl,
Mar shneachd òg ri aiteamh trom.

Their mi hò-rò ghealla beag,
'S na hò-rò challan h-i,
Their mi hò-rò ghealla beag,
'S na hò-rò challan h-i;
Challan hì ho hù-rà 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 eisteadh sibh,
Ri cuid de m' sgeul, gu'n mheang,
'S mi caoidh an usaib' bheadaraich,
Tha bhuan an fheadhs' air chall;

Cha robh cron ri fhaotainn ort,
Ach thu bhì faoilidh ann,
Bho 'n fhuair mi gu h-ùr éibhinn thu,
'N Dun-éideann, a measg Ghall.
Their mi ho-ro, etc.

Thug mi ionnsaidh fhada,
As do dheigh 's mi 'n cladach cruaidh,
Thug mi ionnsaidh bhearraideach,
'S a chàmhanaich Di-luain;
Cha d'fhuaras an t-òg aigeantach,
Bu mhacanta measg sluaidh,
'S cha 'n fhaodainn à mhìsg àicheadh,
'S do dheoch-slaime dol m' an cuairt.
Their mi ho-ro, etc.

Thug mi ionnsaidh sgairteal,
As do dheig an cladach doirbh,
Ged nach tug mi capull leam,
Na agair mi na lorg;
Gu 'n robh mo choisachd adhaiseach,
'S an rathad a bhì dorch,
Le breisleich mhic-nan-clìathan,¹
'S do lannh fhial ga dhioladh orm.
Their mi ho-ro, etc.

Fhir so tha mi g' iomradh ort,
Ga t-ionndrain tha mi bh' uam,
Sròn ardanach an fhiùghantais,
Cha b' fhiù leat a bhì crìon;
Na 'n cluininn fèin 's gu 'n tìgeadh tu,
Fhir chridhe dhios nan crìoch,
Gu'n òlainn do dheoch-slaime,
Ga do phàighinn i, de dh' fhion.
Their mi ho-ro, etc.

Beul macanta, ciùin, rabhairtach,
'N uair tharladh tu 's taigh-òsd,
A dh'fhàs gu seirceil, suairce,
Gaul na'm ban, 's nan gruagach òg;
'S iomadh maighdeann cheutach,
A bha deigheil air do phòig,
Le 'm b' ait bhì cunntadh spreidhe dhut,
'S a deas-lannh fèin le deòin.
Their mi ho-ro, etc.

Cha robh fuath na greathachd ort,
Ri t-amharc bha thu caoin,
Saighdear foinnidh, fathail,
Air an gabhadh gach neach gaol;
Euchdach, treubhach. urramach,
Bha 'n curaidh glan gu'n ghaoid,

¹ An t-uisge-beatha.

Gu fearail, meanmnach, measail,
Air nach faighte an tiotal claon.
Their mi ho-ro, etc.

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 greann,
'Nuair dh' eireadh airde lasrach ort,
'S maing a' chasadh riut san àm.
Their mi ho-ro, etc.

Thig claidheamh socrach, stailinn dhut.
De 'n t-seòrs as fear sa bhùth,
'S e fulangach bho bharradheis,
Gu 'n ruig a cheanna-bheairt duim;
Faobhar air a gheur chruaidh sin,
Nach gabhadh leum na lùb,
Lann air dhreach na daolaig',
'S i air taobh deas-lainmh mo rùin,
Their mi ho-ro, etc.

'S e sud an t-airm a thaghainn dut,
'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 lannh nach greagara,
'S tu leantuinn as an deigh.
Their mi ho-ro, etc.

'S fhada leam a chomhnaidh so,
Th' aig Eoin a measg nan Gall,
Cha ghiorra leam an oidhche,
Bhì ga chuimhneachadh 's gach am;
Dh' fhaoltichinn na 'm faicinn thu,
Tigh'nn seachad ann sa ghleann,
Cha ghabhinn fein bonn faiteachais,
Ge 'd ghlacadh tu mo gheall.
Their mi ho-ro, etc.

Corr agus trì ràidhean,
Tha thu d' chadal sàmhach bh' uain,
Gu'n t-fhaicinn bho na dh'fhàg thu sinn,
'S ar cridhe ghnàth fo ghruaim;
A nis bho 'n chuir thu cùl ruinn,
'Sa laidh smùrnein air do ghruaidh
Mar sholas an deigh dorachadais,
Tha Tòrmod mar bu dual.
Their mi ho-ro, etc.

S e Tormod òg mo shubhachas,
 Air bhuidheachas shiol-Leòid,
 Ma 's mac an àit 'an athar thu,
 Thig fathast gu bhì mòr ;
 Ann san Dùn gu fathail,
 'N robh do chinne-ìh roi beò,
 Mac-ratha dhùisgeas eibhneas domh,
 Le aighear thrèi mi bròn.
 Their mi ho-ro, etc.

Ma thuirt iad ogha Thòrmoid riut,
 B' i sud an fhoirm fhuil ghan,
 Ma thuirt iad iar-ogha Ruairidh riut,
 B' i 'n àrd-fhuil uaibhreach mhear ;
 'S ogha 'n Eoin gun truaileadh,
 Thug suairceas air gach neach,
 Mac an fhir nach h'fhuathach leam,
 An nochd thog suas mo ghean.
 Their mi ho-ro, etc.

CREACH-NA-CIADAIN.¹

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 dùmhладas dòrainn,
 Dh' amais dosgaich na bliadh orm,
 Creach-na-Ciadain so leon mi !
 Creach-na-Ciadain so leon mi,
 Dh' fhag mi breòite gu'n fhiabhras,
 A dh'fhogair mo shlainte,
 'S tearc mo bhrathair 's na crìochan ;
 Agam glaoth an eoin bhrònaich,
 'N deigh a h-eoin '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' fhag putar fo m' leine,
 Nach faothaich leigh tha air thalamh,
 Mo leigheas cha'n fheadar,
 Cha rè domh bhì fallain,
 Fhuair mi dinneir là Càisge,
 'S cha b' fheairrde mo ghoin i.

¹ This lamentation was composed on the death of John Breac Macleod.

Cha b' fheairrde mo ghoin i,
 Ge do bha mi mu'n chò'roinn,
 'N diugh gur buan domh ri aithris,
 Gu'n bhuaill an t-earrach so bròg orm ;
 Mi mu'm màighsteir 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 mhàthair san treud mi,
 'S ann is gna dhomh bhì tìrsach,
 Gu'n bhrath furtachd as engais,
 '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 tlachd ann bi tìrsach,
 Chuir mi uigh ann bi dubhach,
 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.

Chaidh an caisead mo bhruthaich,
 'S mi fo chumha da dìreadh,
 Dol an truimead 's an àirde,
 An diugh a thainig mo dhiobhail :
 Dh' thalbh mo laitheichean eibhinn,
 O'n a thréig sibh Clàr-sgìthe,
 Tha mo thaic ann sna h-Earadh
 'N deigh fhalach 'na aonar.

'N deigh fhalach 'na aonar,
 Bi'dh e daonnan 'an uaigneas,
 Sgeul mu'n gearanach daoine,
 'S mnai chaoiteach nan luath-bhos,
 'S iad a' co-stri r'a chéile,
 Ceol gun eibhneas 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 fo m' osnaich fuil bhrùite,
 A' sior-dhrùthadh air m' innigh,
 'S fhaide seachduin na bliadhna,
 O'n a thriall sibh thair linne,
 Le friamhach na fialachd,
 Bh'ann san lion-bhrat air fhilleadh,

'S ann san lion-bhrat air fhilleadh,
 Dh' fhad mi spionnadh nan anfhann,
 Ceann-uidhe luchd-ealaidh,
 Mar ri earras luchd-seanachais.
 Agus ulaidh aos-dàna,
 Chuir do bhàs iad gu h-imeist ;
 'S o'n a chaidh thu sa chiste,
 Cha bu mhis a chuis fharmaid.

Cha bu mhis a chùis fharmaid,
 Ghabh mi tearbadh o'n treud sin,
 Far an robh mi a'm mheanbh-ghair,
 'An toiseach aimseir 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 iuchair na h-éudail,
 Cha mhí aon neach is miste e,
 Gu'n bhrath faighinn gu bràth oirr',
 Sgeul a shàraich mo mhisneach ;
 'S ann fo dhìomhaireachd m' àirnean,
 A tharmaich mo niosgaid.

A tharmaich mo niosgaid,
 Cha'n fhaidh mise bhì slàn deth,
 'Se fear tinn a chinn-ghalair,
 A nì'n gearan bochd cràiteach,
 'S ann air ata 'n easlaint,
 Nach d' fhiosraich a nàbaidh,
 'S cha mho dh' fhairaich e thinneas
 Leis 'n do mhilleadh a shlainte.

Far 'n do mhilleadh mo shlaint-s',
 'S ann a tharmaich dhòmh m' easlaint,
 Gu'n d' chuir aimsir na Càisge,
 Mì gu bràth fo throm àirsneal,
 Gheibh gach neach do na dh' fhad 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 acain,
 Mar tha nùhac na mhaol-ciarain,
 Agus ise bochd brònach,
 'N deigh a leonadh o'n chiadain,
 Thug mo mhaighstir math uamsa,
 Leis 'n do bhuaicheadh mo phian-bhròn.

Mo phian-bhròn a Mháiri,
 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 thubhairt :—
 “ Cha robh meoghail ga miad,
 Nach robh na deigh galach, dublach.”

Nach robh na deigh galach, dublach,
 'Se 'm fear subhach am beairteas,
 Cha'n fhaigh piuthar a bràthair
 Ach gheibh bean àluinn leth-leapach, | ✕
 Thainig àr air an dùthaich,
 Dia a dhùbladh an carta,
 'S ga cumail an uachdar,
 Gus am buadhaich do mhac e.

Gus am buadhaich do mhac e,
 'N déigh a ghlasadh le gruagaich,
 Lan saibhris is sonais,
 Ann san onair bu dual dut,
 Lean cùis 's na bì leanbail,
 'S na bìdh 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 shì-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 n 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 fìughantach smachdail,
 Rianail, reachdmhor, 'n triath Leòdach,
 “ Na faic frìd an sùil brìdean,”
 Cha chùis dìon do Mhac-Leòid e.

Cha chùis dìon do Mhac-Leòid,
 A bhì dèlum 's rud aige,
 Lean an dùthchas bu chòir dhut,
 'S biodh mòr-chuìs na t-aigheadh,
 Ach ma leigeas tu dhìot e,
 Bì'dh na ciadan ga t-agairt,
 'G ràdh gur crann shlatag chrìon thu,
 'N àit' a ghnìomharaich bheachdail.

Maide dh' fhàs na chraoibh thoraidh,
 Fo bhlà onarach àluinn,
 Ann an lìos nan crann éuchdach,
 Bha tlachd nan ceud ann 's gach àit' air,
 Lean an dùthchas bu chathair,
 A mhic an athar a chràidh sinn,
 Na bìdh ad chrìonaich gu'n duilleich,
 Ann 'san ionad 'n do thàmh thu.

ORAN MOR MHIC-LEOID.

[EADAR AN CLARSAIR AGUS MAC-TALLA.]

MÌAD a mhulaid tha 'm thaghall,
 Dh' fhag treoghaid mo chléibh gu goirt
 Aig na rinn mì ad dheighidh,
 Air m' aghairt 's mo thriall gu port.
 'S ann bha mis' air do thoir,
 'S mì meas robh còir agam ort ;
 A dheagh mhic athar mo ghréidh,
 B tu m' aighear, 's m' àdh, 's m' olc,

Chaidh a chuibhle mu'n cuairt,
 Gu'n do thiunnaidh gu fuachd am
 Naile chuna' mi uair, [blàthas,
 Dùn flathail nan cuach a thràigh.
 Far biodh taghaich nan duan,
 Ioma' mathas gu'n chruas, gu'n chàs ;
 Dh' fhalbh an latha sin bhuaìn,
 'S tha na taighean gu fuaraidh fas.

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' mhùirn,
 Roi 'n uiridh an Dùn nan cliar.”

A Mhic-talla, nan tùr,
 'Se mo bharail gur tusa bhà,
 Ann an teaghlach an fhion',
 'S tu g-aithris air gnìomh mo lamh :

“'S math mo bharail gur mi,
 'S cha b' urasd dhomh bhì mo thàmh ;
 G-eisdeachd brosluim gach ceòil,
 Ann am fochar Mhic-Leòid an àigh.”

A Mhic-talla so bha,
 Anns a bhaile 'n do thar mi m' iuil ;
 'S ann a nis dhuinn as léir,
 Gu'm beil mis' a's tu féin air chùl.
 A reir do chomais air sgeul,
 O'n 's fear comuinn mì-féin a's tu ;
 'M beil do mhuintearas buan,
 Aig an triath ud, da'n dual an Dùn ?

“Tha Mac-talla fo ghruaim,
 Anns an talla 'm biodh fuaim a cheòil ;
 'S ionad taghaich nan cliar,
 Gu'n aighear, gu'n mhiagh, gu'n phòit.
 Gu'n mhìre, gu'n mhùirn,
 Gu'n iomracha dlù nan còrn ;
 Gu'n chùirn, gu'n phailteas ri dàimh,
 Gu'n mhacnas, gu'n mhàran beoil.

“'S mì Mac-talla, bha uair
 'G eisdeachd fathrum nan duan gu tiugh ;
 Far bu mhuirneach am béus,
 'N am cromadh do'n ghréin san t-sruth.
 Far am b' fhoirmeal na seòid,
 'S iad gu h-òranach, ceolmhor, clùth ;
 Ged nach faicte mo ghnùis,
 Chluinnt' aca sa'n Dùn mo ghuth.”

“'N am eiridh gu moch, [ghruaim ;
 Ann san teaghlach, gu'n spróc, gu'n
 Chluinte gleadhraich nan dós,
 'S an céile na' cois on t-suain :
 'Nuair a ghabhadh i làn,
 'S i gu'n cuireadh os n-aird na fhuair ;
 Le meoir fhileanta bhinn,
 'S iad gu ruith-leumach, dìonach, luath.”

“Bhiodh a rianadair féin,
 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 thairgneadh e sinn gu teann ;
 Chuireadh tagradh am chluais,
 Le h-aidmheil gu luath, 's gu mall.

'Nuair a chuir' i na tàmh,
 Le furtachd na fùrdaich féin ;
 Dhomh-sa b' fhuasda ràdh,
 Gu'm bu churaideach gair nan téud.

Le h-iomairt dha làmh,
A cuir a binneas 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 ;
Fìr chneatain ri clàir,
'S mnai' freagairt a ghnà cuir leò.
Da chomhairleach ghearr,
A labhairt 's gu 'm b'ard an gloir ;
'S gu'm bu thitheach an guin,
Air an duine gu'n fhuil, g'un fheoil."

"Gheibhte fleasgaich gu'n ghrain,
Na do thalla gu'n sgràig, gu'n fhuath ;
Mnai' fhionna 'n fhuilt réidh,
Cuir buineis an céill le fuaim,
Le ceileireachd beoil,

Bhiodh gu h-ealanta, h-ordail, suaire ;
Bhiodh fear-bogha 'nan coir,
Ri cuir meo-ghair' a mheòir nan cluais.

"Thoir teachdaireachd bhuam,
Le deatam, gu Ruaridh òg :
Agus innis dha féin,
Cuid de chunnard ged 'se Mac-Leòid.
E bhìg amharc na dheigh,
Air an Ian' 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 M'Kenzie, 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 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 Rory 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.

CUMHA.

DO DH-FHEAR THALASGAIR.¹

DH-FHALBH sòlas mo latha,
Dhòrchaich m' oidhche gu'n aighear,
Cha 'n eil lantair 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 so bhuaill oirnn,
Sa dh' fhag uile fo ghruaim sinn,
Eadar islean a's uaislean do dhùthecha.

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 bhroslium,
An siol dorainneach 's goirt a rug sgiùrs orr.

Se'n clàr-sgith an clàr ro sgith,
Clàr na diobhail 's na dòsgainn,
Clàr gu'n eibhneas làn osnaidh,
Clàr nan deur air na rosgaibh,
An clàr geur, an clàr goirt, an clàr tìrsach.

Cneidh air chneidh 'sa chneidh chràiteach,
Na seana chneidhean ga 'n àrach,
Na 'n ùr chnàmhain an dràsta,
Sgriob gach latha gar fàsgadh,
Gur tric taghaich a bhàis a toirt spuil dhinn.

Tha mi 'gràite le ceartas,
Thaobh aobharachd m' acad,
Nach "fearr e ri chlàistinn
An t-olc cràiteach na fhaicinn,"
'S claon a dh-fhag an sean-fhacal o thùs e.

¹Mr. 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-Criummein. 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-Criummein 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 mheòirean 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 part 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-Cruimmins, 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 lapsed 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 everywhere chanted and everywhere applauded, and this measure of public approbation tended to double his anxiety to have it finished—but no! 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 Phàdruig Chaogaich"—thus nobly renouncing 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-Bhorrarig, 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 Phàdruig Chaogaich" procured great praise for our young musician, and gave rise to the following well-known proverb:—"Chaidh an fhòghluim os-ceann Mhic-Cruimein"—*i.e.*, "the apprentice outwits the master."

After being seven years under the tuition of Mac-Cruimmin, 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 everywhere 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 piobair-eachds, besides numberless strathspeys, reels and jigs—the most celebrated of which are "Cailleach a Mhuillear" and "Cailleach 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, 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.

BEANNACHADH BAIRD DO SHIR ALASDAIR MAC-CHOINNICH,

TRIATH GHEARR-LOCH; AIR DHA NIGHEAN THIGHEARNA GHRANND A POSADH.

GU'M beannaiche Dia an teach 's tìr
'S an tì thainig ùr 'n-ur ceann,
Geug shonna, sholta gheibh clùt,
'Ni buannachd dùthcha 's nach call.

A gheug a thainig 's an deagh uair,
Dha 'm buadhach mùirn agus ceòl
Ogha Choinnich nan rùn reidh,
'S Bharoin Shrath-Spé nam bò.

O Iarla Shi-phort an tòs
Dhiuchd an òigh is taitneich béus
'S o'n tuitear Shàileach a ris.
A fhreasaileadh an rìgh na fheum.

'S bithidh Granndaich uime nach tim,
Bu treubhaich iomairt 's gach ball.
O Spé a b' iomadaich linne,
A 's feidh air firichean àrd.

'S ann o na Cinnidhean nach fann,
Thainig ann òigh is glaine cré,
Gruaidh chorcair, agus rosg mall,
Mala chaol, cham, 's cul réidh.

Tha h-aodann geal mar a chailc,
'S a corp sneachaidh air dheagh dhealbh

Maoth leanabh le gibtean saor
Air nach facas fraoch no fearg.

Tha slíos mar eala nan srùth,
'S a cruth mar chanach an fheoir,
Cul cleachdach air dhreach nan téud,
No mar aiteal gréin air òr.

Bu cheòl-cadail i gu suain,
'S bu bhuachaill' i air do-bhéus
Cainneal sholais feadh do theach,
A fritealadh gach neach mar fheum.

Gu meal thu-féin t-ùr bhean òg,
A Thriath Ghearr-Loch nan còrn fia!
Le toil chairdean as gach tìr,
Gu meal thu i 's beannachd Dhia.

Gu meal sibh breath, agus buaigh,
Gu meal sibh uail, agus mùirn,
Gu meal sibh gach beannachd an cèin,
'S mo bheannachd féin diubh air thùs.

'S iomadh beannachd agus teist,
Th'aig an òigh is glainne slíos,
'S beannachd dha'n tì a thng leis,
Rogha nam bàn an gnè, sa meas.

DAN COMH-FHURTACHD.

DO SHIR ALASDAIR MAC-DHOMHNUIIL
SHLEIBHTE.

[AIR dha thighinn dhachaigh a Lunnainn do chaisteal Armadail sa'n Eilean Sgiath-anach, agus a Bhain-tighearn' òg mhaiseach a bhì màrbh a staigh, air chinn da thighinn. Tharladh dha na phiobaire dhall a bhì staigh aig an àm, agus sheinn e 'n dàn a leanas na dhàil, a nochdadh dha gu'n chàll iomadh tréun a's fath an ceud ghràdh, d'a b'eigin fadheoigh sólas a ghlacadh.]

BEANNACHD dhut o'n ghabh thu 'n t-àm,
O chrìch nan Gall gu do thìr,
Dùthchas tha ri slios a chuain
'S tric a choisinn buaigh dha'n rìgh.

Do bheatha gu do thìr féin,
'Dheagh Mhic-Dhomhnuill nan sèud saor,
'S àit le maithibh Innse-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 rìghean o shean,
Dha'n robh miagh fairear air ceòl.

Ach 'sann dhomh-sa b'aithne 'm bèus,
Na ghabh rium fein diu' o thùs,
Croinn-iubhair le brataichean sròil,
Loingear air chòrs a's ròs-ùil.

Long a's leoghann a's lamh-dhearg,
Ga'n cuir suas an ainm an rìgh,
Suaicheantas le 'n eireadh neart,
'N uair thigeadh 'ur feachd gu tìr.

Na'n tàrladh dhuibh' bhì air leirg,
Fo mhéirgh' dha'm biodh dearg a's bàa
Gu maiseach, faicilleach, treun,
Chuireadh sibh tretreat air càch.

Gu h-àrmach, armailteach, òg,
Neo-chearbach an tòir nan ruag,

'S gach àite 'n cromadh an ceann,
Bu leo na bhiodh ann, 'sa luach.

B'aithne dhomh Sir Seumas mòr
'S b'eòl dhomh Dòmhnall a mhae,
B'eòl dhomh Dòmhnall eile ris,
Chumadh fo chis na slòigh ceart.

B'eòl dhomh Dòmhnall nan tri Dòn'ull
'S ge b'òg e, bu mhòr a chliù,
Bhì'dh fearaibh Alb' agus Eirinn,
A 'g éiridh leis anns gach cùis.

B'eòl domh Sir Seumas na ruin,
T-athair-sa mhic-chliùtaich féin,
'S tus a nis an siathamh glùn
Dhordaich Rìgh nan dùl na'n déigh.

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,
'Thainig air an Dùn rì' m' linn

'S cha 'n ionghadh dhomh-sa bhi crìon,
A's mo chiabhag a bhì liath
'S gach aon diu' le cridhe mòr
Toirt dhomh airgeid a's òir riamb.

'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 fein.

'S tha mis' air fuireach sa'n àr,
'S mi 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 Dhomhnuill nan ruin rèidh,
'S ged dh'imich uat t-ùr bhean òg
Na biodh ort-sa bròn na déigh.

'Sa liughad òigh thaitneach gun di,
Tha eadar Clàr-sgìth a's Mon-ròs
'S ma dha thaobh Arcamh a chùain
Deas a's tuath, thall sa bhòs.

Agus iad uil' ort an déigh
Bheireadh dhut iad-féin 's an cuid,
Oighean taitneach nam beul binn,
Nam mèur grinn, 's nam broine buig.

Chaill rìgh Bhreatainn, a's ba bhèud,
A leabaidh féin leug a ghaol
'S o na tharladh sud na châr,
B'eigin dha bhí seal gu'n mínaoi.

Mac-rìgh Sorcha¹ sgiath nan àrm
Gur h-e b'ainm dha Maighre borb,
Chaille e gheala-bhean mar ghéin,
'S dh'fhurich e-féin na deigh beò !

Chaill rìgh na h-Easpailt a bhean,
An ainm gheal nigh'n rìgh Greig,
'S gach aon diubh gabhail a null,
'S dh'imich o Fhionn a bhean féin.

On tha'n saoghal-so na cheò,
'S gur doigh dha bhí dol mu'n cuairt ;
Bidh'maid subhach annain féin
'S beannachd leis gach ní chaidh uainn.

¹ 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, whether 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-Soluis," 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. Goaded to despair, she formed the resolution of attempting her escape, and,

* The island of Sorcha is frequently mentioned in the poems of Ossian. It is uncertain where it lay, but it seems to have been noted for the cruelty of its inhabitants.—Dr. Smith.

CUMHA CHOIR'-AN-EASAIN.

Mi 'n diugh a' fagail na tire,
'Sibhal na frith air an leath-taobh,
'S e dh'fhàg gun airgeid mo phòca,
Ceann mo stoir bhí fo' na leacan.

'S mi aig bràige 'n alltain riabhaich,
A 'g iarraidh gu beallach na fèatha,
Far am bi damh dearg na cròice
Mu Fhèill-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 dhùbhan.

Coire gu'n easbhuidh gu'n iomrall,
'S tric a bha Raibeart ma d' chomaruich,
Cha n'eil uair a ni mi t-ionradh,
Nach tuit mo chridhe gu troma-chràdh.

having sallied forth one day, as had been her custom, to the beach, she observed Myro's curach afloat, 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. 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-Soluis" to the heart. Conflounded at the sight, Myro became unnerved, and was overpowered and bound by Gaul. "Fàine-Soluis" 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 Mhaigre mhòr

“S e sin mise Coir'-an easan,
Tha mi m' shaasaidh mar a b'abhaist,
Ma tha thu-sa na t-fhear ealaidh,
Cluinneamaid annas do làimhe.”

An àill leat mis' a rùsgadh ceòil dut,
'S mi 'm shuidhe mar cheò a'it bealach,
Gu'n spèis aig duine tha beò dhìom,
O'n chaidh an Còirneil fo' thalamh.

Mo chreach! mo thùrsa, 's mo thruaighe!
Ga chuir san uair-s' dhomh an ìre,
Mhuinntir a chumadh rium uaisle,
Bhi'n diugh ann san uaigh ga m' dhi-sa.

Na'n creideadh tu uam a Cloire,
Gur h-e doran sud air m' inntinn,
'S cùid mhòr a ghabhail mo leisgeil,
Nach urrainn mi seasamh ri seinn dut.

mhic rìgh Sorcha.” is the more correct. There are, indeed, several editions of this piece, all of which were good, but this, in our judgment, is the best. It furnishes internal evidence of its antiquity:—

Là do Fhionn le beagan sluagh
Aig Eas-ruadh nan èubha mall,
Chunnacas a' seòladh o'n lear
Curach ceò agus bean ann.

'S b' e sin curach bu mhath gleus
A' ruith na steud air aghaidh cuain,
Clos cha d' rinneadh leis no tàmh
Gus an d' rainig e 'n t-Eas-ruadh.

'S dh' eirich as maise mnà,
B' ionann dealradh dh'i 's do'n ghréin,
'Sa h-uchd mar chobhar nan tonn,
Le fliuch-osnaich trom a cléibh.

Is sheas sinn uil' air an raon,
Na flaithean caoin a's mi féin;
A bhean a thainig thar lear,
Bha sinn gu leir roimpe séimh.

“S mo chomraich 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 dhritichd bròin,
'S e labhair gu foil mi fhéin,
Ma 's urra gorin-lannan do dhion,
Bidh ar cri nach tiom d'n réir.

“Tòrachd a ta orms' air muir,
Laogh is mòr guin air mo lorg,
Mac rìgh Sorcha sgiath nan arn,
Triath d'an ainm am Maighre horb.”

'S glacam do chomraich a bhean,
Ro aon fhear a th'air do thi;

“ Measar leam gur tu mac Ruairidh,
Chuuna mi mar ris a chòirneal,
'N uair a bha e beò na bheatha
Bu mhiann leis do leat-aid na sheòmar.

“ Bu lion'ar de mhaithean na h-Eireann,
Thigeadh gu m' réidhlean le h-ealaidh,
Sheinneadh Ruairidh dall dhomh fàilte,
Bhiodh Mac-Aoidh 's a chàirdean mar ris.”

O'n tha thus a' caoidh nan àrmunn,
Leis am b' abhaist bhi ga d' thaghall,
Gu'n seinn mi ealaidh gu'n duais dut,
Ge fada bhvam 's mi gu'n fhradharc.

'S lionmhor caochla teachd sa'n t-saoghal,
Agus aobhar gu bhì dubhach,
Ma sheinneadh san uair sin dut fàilte,
Seinnear an trà so dhut cumha.

'S a dh' aindeoin a Mhaighre bhuirb,
Bidh tu am bruth Fhinn aig sìth.

Tha talla nan creag air laimh,
Aite tàmh clanna nam fonn,
Far am faigh an t-anrach bàigh,
A thig thar bhàrca nan tonn.

'Sin chunnacas a tighinn' mar steud,
Laogh a bha mbeud thar gach fear,
A caitbeamh na fairge gu dian
An taobh ciand' a ghabh a bhean.

B' ard a chroinn, bu gheal a shiùil,
Bu mhìre 'n t-ùil na cobhar sruth;
“Thig a mharcaich nan steud stùadhach
Gu cuilm Fhinn nam buadh an diugh.”

Bha chlaidhe trom torteil nach gann
Gu teann air a shlios gu réidh,
Sgiath dhrimneach dhubh air a leis,
'S e 'g iomairt chleas air a clè.

Thug Goll mac Morna 'n urchair gheur,
As air an treun do thilg e sleagh;
B' i 'n urchair bu trùine beum,
D'a sgéith do rinn sì da bhliòdh.

Dh' eirich Oscar 's dh' eirich Goll
Bheireadh losga lòm 's gach cath,
'S dh' eirich iad uile na slòigh
A dh' amharc còmbrag nam fath.

Sin thilg Oscar le làn-fheirg
A chraosach dhearg le laimh chli,
Do mharbhadh leis bean an fhir
'S mor an cion do rinneadh l'i.

Thiodhlaiceadh leinn aig an Eas,
Fàine-Solais bu ghlan lith,
'S chuir sinn air barraibh a meòir,
Fàin òir mar onair gin rìgh.

“’S e sin ceòl is binne thruaighe,
Chualas o’ linn Mhic-Aoidh Dhòmhnuill,
’S fada mhaireas e am chluasan,
Am fuaim a bh’aig tabhunn do mheòirean.

“ Beannachd dhut agus buaidh-làrach,
Ann ’s gach àite ’n dean thu seasaidh,
Air son do phuirt bhlasda, dhionach,
Sa ghrian a’ teannadh ri feasgar.”

’S grianach t-ursainn féin a choire,
’S gun fhéidh a’ teannadh gu d’ bhaile,
’S iomadh neach da m’ b’ fhiach do mholadh,
Do chliath chorrach, bhíadhchar, bhain-
neach.

Do chiob, do bhorran, do mhilteach,
Do shlios a Choire gur lionach,
Lubach, luibheach, daite, dìonach,
’S fasgach do chuile ’s gur fiarach.

Tha t-èideadh uil’ air dhreach a chanaich,
Cèirn do mhullaich cha chrannaich,
Far ’m bi’ na féidh gu torrach,
’G eiridh fannmach ma t-fhireach.

Sleamhuinn shlios-thad do shliochd àraich,
Gu’n an gärt no’n càl mu t-ìosal,
Mannach, màghach, adhach, tearnach,
Graidheach, craiceach, fradharc frithe.

Neòineineach, gucagach, mealach,
Lònanach, lusanach, imeach,
’S bòrcach do ghorm luachair bhealaich,
Gu’n fhuachd ri doiniann ach cidheach.

Seamragach, sealbhagach, duilleach,
Min-leacach gorm-shléibhteach, gleannach,
Biadhchar, riabhach, riasgach, luideach,
Le ’n dìolta cuideachd gun cheannach.

’S cruiteal leam gabhail do bhraighe,
Biolaire t’uisge ma t-innsibh,

Miodar, màghach, cnochdach cāthair,
Gu breac blāth-mhor an uchd min-fheoir.

Gu gormanach, tolmanach, àluinn,
Lochach, lachach, dōsach, crai-ghia’ch,
Gadharach, faghaideach, bràidheach,
G-iomain na h-eilde gu nāmhaid.

Bùireineach, dubharach, bruachach,
Fradharcach, cròichd-cheannach, uallach,
Fèòrneanach uisge nam fuaran,
Grad ghaisgeant’ air ghāsgan cruadhlaich.

Colg-shuileach, fàileanta, biorach,
Spang-shronach, eangladhrach, corrach,
’S an amoch is meanbh-luath sireadh,
Air mhìre a’ dìreadh sa Chòire.

’Sa mhadainn ag èiridh le’r miol-choin,
Gu mùirneach, maiseach, gasda, gniom-
hach,
Lubach, leacach, glacach, sgiamhach,
Cracach, cabrach, cnagach, fiamhach.

’N am da’n ghréin dol air a h-uilinn,
Gu fuilteach, reubach, gleusda, gunnach,
Snapach, àrmach, calgach, ullamh,
Riachach, marbhach, tarbhach, giullach.

’N am dhuinn bhì’ teannadh gu d’ réidhlean,
Tinnteach, cainteach, cainnleach, céireach,
Fionach, còrnach, ceòlar, teudach,
Ordail, eòlach, g òl le réite.

Sguiridh mi nis’ dhìot a Choire,
O’n tha mi toilicht’ dheth do seanach as,
Sguiridh mise shiubhal t-aonaich,
Gus an tig Mac-Aoidh do dh’ Alba.

Ach ’s e mo dhùrachd dhut a Choire,
O’n ’s mòr mo dhùil ri dol tharad,
O’n tha sinn tuisleach sa mhonadh,
Bì dh’ 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.¹ 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 Ardnamurchan, 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

¹ "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.*

of the progress the scholars were making, the schoolmaster called up a little boy¹ 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.

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 anything at all in my parish that is worth relating or anything 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 anything 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 M'Donald 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

¹ 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.

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:—

“Che be 'n creideamh ach am brosgul,
Chuir thu ghiulan erois a phápa.”

After the year 1745, the bard and his elder brother, Angus, a man of a diminutive size, but of extraordinary strength,¹ escaped the pursuit of their enemies, and concealed themselves in the wood and caves of Kinloch-na-nua, above Borradaie, 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.

¹Some good stories are still current in Moidart about this great little man. He is called Aonghas beag Mac Mhaighstín Alasdair. We deem the following worth preserving:—Colla bán M'Donald 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 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 empowered 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.”

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.¹ He latterly returned into Arisaig, and resided at Sandaig till his death. 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 made 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

¹ He composed a number of songs after this: and one of them, entitled "Iomraich Alasdair á Eigneig do dh' Inner-aoidh," 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-eagláis chruaidh orm,
Mu'n chluinneadh a chluais tri 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 Murrer, as he composed a very elegant song in praise of that country.

† For this song see the Glasgow edition of 1839, page 88

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, etc. "Alt-an t-Siucair" 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-Sambraidh," 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 Ardnurchan, 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 Ardnurchan 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 chonuinn rioghail rùnach." The song entitled "Am 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'Eachran, 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 GHAELACH.

GUR h-i 's crìoch àraid
 Do gach cainut fo'n ghréin,
 Gu ar smuaintean fhàsmhor
 A phàirteachadh r'a chéil';
 Ar n' inntinnean a rùsgadh,
 Agus rùn ar crì,
 Le'r gnìomh, 's le 'r giùlan,
 Sìrd chuir air ar duth.
 'S gu laoidh ar beoil
 A dh'ìobradh Dhia nan dùil,
 'S e h-ard chrìoch mhòr,
 Go bi toirt d'òsan cliù.
 'S e'n duine féin,
 'S aon chreutair reusant ann,
 Gu'n tug toil Dé dh'a,
 Gibht le bheul bhì cainnt :
 Gu'n chum e so,
 O'n-uile bhruid gu léir ;
 O ghibht mhòr phrìseil-s'
 Dhealbh na iomhaidh féin !
 Na'm beirte balbh e,
 'S a theanga marbh na cheann,
 Bi 'n iarguin shearbh e,
 B' fhearr bhì marbh no ann.

'S ge h-iomadh cànan,
 O linn Bhabal fhuair
 A'sliochd sin Adhamh,
 'S i Ghàellig a thug buaidh.
 Do'n labhradh dhàicheil,
 An t-urram àrd gun tuairms',
 Gun mheang, gun fhàilinn,
 Is urrainn càch a luaigh.
 Bha Ghàellig, ullamh,
 Na glòir fìor ghuineach cruaidh,
 Air feadh a chruinne
 Ma'n thuilich an Tuil-ruadh.
 Mhair i fòs,
 'S cha téid a glòir air chall
 Dh'ain-deoin gò,
 A's mi-run mhòr nan Gall.

'S i labhair Alba,
 'S Galla-bhodaiche féin ;
 Ar flaith, ar priunnsai,
 'S ar diùcannan gun éis.
 An taigh-comhairl' an rìgh,
 'Nuair shúidheadh air beinn' a chùirt,
 'S i Ghàellig liobhta,
 'Dh' fhuasgladh snaim gach cùis.
 'S i labhair Calum
 Allail ! a chinn-mhòir,
 Gach mith, a's maith,
 Bha 'n Alba beag a's mòr.

'S i labhair Gail, a's Gàeil,
 Neo-chleirich, a's cléir
 Gach fear a's bean,
 A ghluaisleadh teang' am béul.
 'S i labhair Adamh,
 Ann a Pàrrais féin,
 'S bu shiubhlach Gàellig
 O bheul àluinn Eubh'.
 Och tha bhuil ann !
 'S uireasach gann fo dlùth,
 Glòir gach teanga
 A labhras cainnt seach i.
 Tha Laideann coimhliont',
 Toirteach, teann ni's leoir ;
 Ach sgalach thràilleil e
 Do'n Ghàellig chòir.
 Sa'n Aithne mhoir,
 Bha Ghrèuguis còr na tim,
 Ach b'ion d' i h-òrdag
 Chuir fo h-òr chrios grinn.
 'S ge min, slin, bòidheach,
 Cuirteil, rò bhog liobht',
 An Fhraingeis lòghmhor,
 An pàilis mòr gach rìgh ;
 Ma thagras càch orr',
 Pairt d'an ainbhfeich' féin,
 'S ro bheag a dh' fhàgas
 Iad de dh-àgh na cré.

'S i 'n aon chànan
 Am beul nam bàrd 's nan éisg,
 'S fearr gu càineadh,
 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 gnodhach chuir gu feum,
 Na aon teang' Eòrpach,
 Dh' ain-deoin bòsd nan Greug.
 'S 's fearr gu rosg,
 'S air chosabh a chuir dhuan :
 'S ri cruaidh uchd cosgair,
 Bhrosnachadh an t-sluaigh.
 Ma chionneamh bàr,
 'S i 's tàbhachdaich bheir buaidh,
 Gu toirt a bhàis
 Do 'n eucoir dhàicheil, chruaidh.
 Cainnt laidir, ruithteach,
 Is neo-liotach fuaim ;
 'S i seadhail, sliochdmhor,
 Brisg-ghloireach, mall, luath.

Cha'n fheum i iasad,
 'S cha mhò dh'iarras bhuath' ;
 O 'n t-sean mhathair chiatach,
 Lan do chiadamh buaidh !
 Tha i-fein daonnan,
 Saibhir, maoineach, slàn ;
 A taighean taisge,
 Dh'fhaclan gasda làn.
 A chànan, sgapach,
 Thapaidh, bblasda, ghrinn !
 Thig le tartar,
 Neartmhor, o beul cinn.
 An labhairt shiòlmhor,
 Lionmhor, 's milteach buaidh.
 Sultmhor, brighor,
 Fhìr-ghlan, chaoidh nach truaill !
 B' i 'n teanga mhilis,
 Bhinn-fhaclach 's an dàn ;
 Gu spreigeil, tioram,
 Ioraltach, 's i làn
 A chànan cheòlmhor,
 Shòghmhor, 's glòrmhor blas,
 A labhair mòr-shliochd
 Scòta 's Ghàeil ghlais.
 'S air reir Mhic-Comb,
 An t-ighdar mòr ri lùaigh !
 'S i's freumhach òir,
 'S ciad Ghràmair glòir gach sluaigh !

MOLADH MORAIG.

AIR FONN—"Plobaireachd."

Uslar.

'S truagh gun mi '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 ròsanan ;
 Bhreugamaid sinn fhìn,
 Mìreag air ar blion,
 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 driùchd
 Ann an ceò-mhadainn ;
 Deirg' is gil' na d' ghnùis
 Mar bhà oirseidin.
 Shuas cho min ri plùr ;
 Shios 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 cùil ;
 Ma's ann de chriaghaich thù
 'S aobhar mòr-ionghnaidh,

O'n thainig gnè de thùr
 O m' aois òige dhomh,
 Nir facas creutair dhiù,
 Bha cho glòrmhoire ;
 Bha Malli dearbha caoin,
 'S a gruaidh air dhreach nan caor ;
 Ach caochlaidheach mar ghaoith,
 'S i ro òranach ;
 Bha Pegi fad an aois,
 Mar be sin b'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
 Gunuireasbhuidh foghlum ;
 Cha'n fhaighear a siunnailt,
 Air mhaise no bhunailt,
 No'm beusan neo-chumant',
 Am Muile no'n Leoghas.
 Gu geamnuihh, deas furanach,
 Duineil gun mhòr-chuis ;
 Air thaghadh na cumachd,
 O mullach gu brògan ;
 A neul tha neo-churaidh,
 'S a h-aghaidh ro lurach ;
 Go brìodalach, cuireideach,
 Urramach, seòlta.

O guili-gag ! guili-gag !
 Guili-gag Mòrag !
 Aice ta chulaidh
 Gu cuireadh nan òigear ;
 B' é'n t-aighear 'sa sulas,
 Bhi sinte ri t-uidh,
 Seach daonnan chi fuireach
 Ri munaran pòsaidh.
 D'am phianadh, 's d'am ruagadh
 Le buaireadh na feola ;
 Le aislingean-eonnain
 Na colla d' am leonadh ;
 'Nuair chidh mi 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 tairneadh gu beag-nair',
 Ceann-eaglais na Ròimhe.
 Air bhuigead 's air ghilead,
 Mar lili nan lòintean ;
 'Nuair dheana t'un dinneadh
 Gu'n cinneadh tu deonach ;
 An deirgead, an grinnead ;
 Am mìnead, 's an teinnead ;
 Gu'm b'asainn chur spionnaidh,
 Agus spioraid am feoil iad.

Urlar.

Thogamaid ar fonn,
 Anns an òg-mhadainn ;
 'S Phœbus' dath na'n tonn,
 Air fiamh òrensinn ;
 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 frith,
 Crom-ruaig a chéile dion
 Timcheall òganann ;
 Chailleamaid ar cli
 A' gàireachdaich linn-fhìn,
 Le bras mhacnas dian sin
 Na h-ògalachd.

Siubhal.

O dastram ! dastram !
 Dastram, Mòrag !
 Ribhinn bhuidh bhastalach,
 Leac-ruiteach ròsach ;
 A gruaidhean air lasadh,
 Mar lasair-chlach dhaite,
 'S a deud mar an sneachda,
 Cruinn-shnait' an dlù òrdugh.
 Ri Bhenus cho tlachdmhor,
 An taitneachdainn fheol'or ;
 Ri Dido cho maiseach,
 Cho' snasmhor 's cho còrr r'i ;
 'S e thionnsgan dhomh caitheamh,
 'S a laodaich mo rathan,
 A bhallag ghrinn laghach,
 Chuir na gathan-sa m'fheol-sa.

'S mar bìthinn fo ghlasaibh,
 Cruaidh phaisgte le pòsadh,
 Dh'ioibrainn cridhe mo phearsa,
 Air an altair so Mòrag,
 Gu'n liubhrainn gun airsneul,
 Ag stòlaibh a càs e ;
 'S mar gabhadh i tlachd dhìom,
 Cha b' fhada sin beò mi.
 O 'n t-urram ! an t-urram !
 An t-urram ! do Mhòraig !
 Cha mhor nach do chuir i ;
 M'fhuil uil' as a h-òrdugh ;
 Gu'n d'rug orradh ceum-tuislidh,
 Fo iomachd mo chuislean,
 Le teas agus murtachd,
 O mhoch-thra Di-dòmhuich.

'S tu reulla nan cailin,
 Làn lannir gun cheò ort ;
 Fìor chomhnart gun charraid,
 Gun arral, gun bheòlam ;
 Cho mìn ri cloidh-eala,
 'S cho geal ris a ghaillionn ;
 Do sheang shlios sèamh fallain,
 Thug barrachd air mòran.
 'S tu ban-rìgh nan ainneir,
 Cha sgallais an còmhradh ;
 Ard foinnidh na d' ghallan,
 Gun bhaileart, gun mhòr-chuis ;
 Tha thu coimhliont' na d' bhallabh,
 Gu h-innsgineach athlamh ;
 Caoin, 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 tig fa dhuine taom,
 Gu droch ghnìomh 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
 Siunnait Mòraig-sa,
 Ghoid i bhuam mo chrì,
 'S shlad i bhuam mo chlà,
 S cuiridh i 'san chhill,
 Fo na fòdaibh mi.

Siubhal.

Mo cheist agus m'ullaidh
 De'n chunnaic mi d' sheòrs thu,
 Le d' bhroilleach geal-thuraid,
 Nam mullaichean bòidheach ;
 Cha'n fhaigh mi de dh' fhuras,
 Na ni mionaid uat fuireach,
 Ge d' tha buarach na dunach
 D'am chumail o d' phòsadh.
 Do bheul mar an t-sirist,
 'S e milis ri phògadh,
 Cho dearg ri bhermillian,
 Mar bhileagan ròsan ;
 Gu'n d'rinn thu mo mhilleadh,
 Le d' Chupid d'am bhioradh,
 'S le d'shaighdan caol, biorach,
 A rinn ciorram fa m' chòta.

Tha mi lan mulaid,
 O'n chunnaig mi Mòrag,
 Cho trom ri clach-mhuilinn,
 Air lunnan d'a seòladh ;
 Mac-samhail na cruinneig,
 Cha'n eil anns a chruinne ;
 Mo chrì air a ghuin leat,
 O'n chunna' mi t-òr-chul
 Na shlamagan bachallach,
 Casarlach, còrnach ;
 Gu faineagach, cleachdagach,
 Dreach-lubach, glòrmhor,
 Na reullagan cearlach ;
 Mar usgraichean dreachmhor,
 Le fudar san fhasan
 Grian-lasda, ciabh òr-bhuidh.

Do shlios mar an canach ;
 Mar chaineal do phògan ;
 Rì Pheonix cho aineamh ;
 'S glan lannir do chòta ;
 Gu mhùirinneach banail,
 Gun àrdan gun stannart ;
 'S i corr ann an ceanal,
 Gun ainis gun fhòtus.
 Na faicte mo leannan
 'S a mhath-shluagh di-dònaich,
 B'i coltas an aingeal,
 Na h-earradh's na comhradh ;
 A pearsa gun talach
 Air a gibhteann tha barrachd ;
 A'n, Tì dh' fhàg thu gun aineamh,
 A rinn do thalamh rud bòidheach,

Urlar.

Tha 'n saoghal lan de smaointeannan
 feolar,
 Mamon bi'dh 'g ar clao-nadh
 Le ghoisnichean ;
 A bholuinn bheir oir'n gaol
 Ghabhail gu ro fhaoin,
 Air stripachas, air craos,
 Agus stròthalachd ;
 Ach cha do chreid mi riamh
 Gu'n do sheas air sliabh,
 Aon te bha cho ciatach
 Rì Mòraig-sa ;
 A subhailean 's a ciall,
 Mar gu'm biodh ban-dia.
 Leagh an cri am chliamh
 Le cuid òrrachan.

Siubhal.

Ar combhairle no ceilìh orn.
 Cìod eile their no ni mi?
 Ma'n ribhinn bu tearc ceileireadh,
 A sheinneadh air an fhìdeig;
 Cha'n fhaighear a lethid eile so,
 Air tìr-mor no 'n eileanan;
 Cho iomlan, 's cho eireachdail.
 Cho teiridneach, 's cho blogail,
 'S ni cinnteach gur ni deireasach
 Mar ceileir so air Sìne,
 Mi thuiteam an gaol leath-phairteach,
 'S mo cherenion ga'm dhiobhail;
 Cha'n 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 cool leadanach
 An fheadain a bh'aig Mòrag,
 Rinn m'aigneadh damhsa' beadarach,
 '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 sgal-eughach, glan ceolmhor,
 Nam binn-phort stuirteil, trileanta,
 Rì min-dhionachd, bog rò-chaoin;
 A màrsal comhnard staideil sin,
 'S e lùghmhor grasmhor caiseamachd;
 Fìor chrunluath, brìg, spalpara,
 Fa clia-lù na bras-chaoin sporsail.

Chinn pois, is stuir, a's sprachealachd,
 Am ghnuis 'n uair bheachdaich giùmag,
 A seinn an fheadain ioraltaich,
 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 tuasaid.
 O'n buille meoir bu lomarra,
 Gu pronnadh a phuirt uainhrich!
 'S na h-uilt bu lùghmhor cromainean
 Air tollaibh a chroinn bhuaidhaich!
 Gun slaod-mheoirich, gun ronnaireachd,
 Brig, tioram, sochdair, colaideach;
 Geal-lùdag nan gearra-cholluinean,
 Na craplù, loinneil, guanach!

Urlar.

Chasgamaid ar n-ìot
 Le glan fhion an sin,
 'S bhualamaid gu dian
 Air gloir shiombhalta;
 Tuille cha bhiodh ann,
 Gus an tigeadh àm,
 A bhi cluich air dàim,
 Air na tiodhan sin;
 Dh'òlaimaid ar dràm,
 Dh'fhògradh uainn gun taing,
 Gach ni chuireadh maill
 Air bhi mlog-chuiseach;
 Maighdean nan ciabh fann;
 Shniamhanach nan clann;
 Mala chaol, dhonn, cham,
 Channach, fhinealta.

An crunluath.

Mo cheann tha làn de sheileanaibh
 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 telesgop,
 'S ge d'bhiodh meudach beinn' ann,
 'S ann theirinn gur h-e frid i.
 Dh'fhalbh mo cheudfaidh còrparra
 Gu docharach le brудар,
 'N uair shaoil mi fortan thor chairt domh,
 'S m' m thorroichim air mo chluasaig;
 Air dùsgadh as a chaitream sin
 Cha d'fhuair mi ach aon fhaileas d'i,
 An ionad na maoin bearraideach
 A mheal mi gu seachd uairean.

Ach, cìod thug mi gu glan fhaireachadh,
 Ach carachadh rinn cluanag;
 'S co so, o thus, bha Mhòrag ann,
 Ach Sìne an òr-fhuilt chuachaich;
 'Nuair thùr i gu'n do lagaich mi,
 'S gu feumainn rag chuir stalcaidh ann,
 Gu'n d'rinn i draoidheachd-chadail domh,
 Rinn cruaidh fìor rag de m luaidhe.
 Bha cleasachd-sa cho innealta,
 'S cho innleachdach ma'n cuairt d'i;
 Nach faodainn fhìn thaoibh sì-mhaltachd,
 Gun dlighe crìon thoirt uam dh'i;
 Gu'n thiunnaidh mi gu h-ordail r'i;
 'S gu'n shaoil mi gu'm b'i Mòrag i;
 Gun d' aig mi mo phogan 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 "Mì-mholadh." 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 FONN—"Through the wood, laddie."

AN déis 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 bhinn.¹

Bì'dh am beithe deagh-bholtrach,
 Urail dosrach nan càrn,
 Rì maoth-bhlàs driùchd céitean,
 Mar ri caoin-dhearsadh gréine,

¹ 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

Brùchdadh barraich tro gheugan,
 'S an mhios cheutach sa Mhàigh;
 Am mìos breac-laoghach, buailteach;
 Bhainneach, bhuaghach, gu dàir!

Bì'dh gach doire dlù uaignidh
 'S trusgan uain' ump a' fas;
 Bì'dh an snothach a diredh
 As gach friamhach a's isle,
 Tro 'na cuislinnean sniomhain,
 Gu maidachadh blà;
 Cuach, a's smeòrach 's an fheasgar,
 Seinn a leadain 'n am bàrr.

A mìos breac-nigheach, braonach,
 Crèmhach, maoth-rosach, àidh!
 Chuireas sgeadas neo-thruaillidh,
 Air gach àite d'a dhuaichneachd;
 A dh'fhogras sneachd le chuid fuachd,
 O gheur-ghruaim nam beann àrd;
 'S aig meud eagail roi Phœbus,
 Theid's na speuraibh 'na smàl.

A mìos lusanach, mealach,
 Feurach, faileanach, blàth;
 'S e gu gucagach, duilleach,
 Luachrach, dlitheanach, lurach,
 Beachach, seilleanach, dearcach,
 Ciurach, dealltach, trom, thà;
 'S i mar chuirneanan dalmein,
 Bhraataeh bhoisgeil air làr!
 'S moch bhios Phœbus ag òradh
 Ceap nam mòr-cruach 's nam beann;
 'S bì'dh 'san uair sin le sòlas,
 Gach eun binn-fhaclach boidheach,
 Ceumadh meur-buillean ceòlar,
 Feadh phres, ògan, a's ghleann;
 A chorruil chuirteach gun sgeadan,
 Air pòr is beadarraich greann!

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.

'S an am tighinn do'n fheasgar,
Co-fheasgradh aon am,
Nì iad co'-sheirm, shéimh, fhallain,
Gu bileach, binn-ghobach, allail,
A seinn gu lù-chleasach daigheann
A meas ur-mheaghain nan crann ;
'S iad féin a beucail gu foirmeil,
Le toirm nan òrgan gun mheang.

Bì'dh gach creutair do laigid
Dol le suigeart do'n choill ;
Bì'dh an dreadhan gu balcant',
Foirmeil, talcorra, bagant',
Sir chuir fàilt air a mhadainn,
Le rifeid mhaisicht bhuig, bhinn ;
Agus Robin d'a bheusadh
Air a ghéig os a chinn.

Gur glan gall-fheadan Richard
A seinn na'n cuislinninn grinn,
Am bàrr nam bilichean blàthor,
'S an dós na lom-dharag àrda,
Bhiodh 's na glacagan fàsaich
As cubhraidh fàile na'm fion ;
Le phuirt thriolanta shiubhlach
Phronnair lùghor le dion.

Sid na puirt a's glan gearradh,
'S a's ro ealanda roinn ;
Chuireadh m'inntinn gu beadradh,
Clia-lù t-fheadain ma'n cadradh,
'N am do'n chrodh bhì g'an leigeadh
An innis bheitir's a choill ;
'S tu d' leig air baideil ri cionthar,
An grianan aon-chasach croinn.

Bì'dh bradan seang-mhear an fhior-uisg',
Gu brisg, slinn-leumnach, luath ;
Nam bhuidhnean tarra-ghealach, lannach,
Gu h-iteach, dearg-bhallach, earrach,
Le shoillsean airgeid d'a earradh,
'S min-bhreac lannireach tuar ;
'S e-fèin gu crom-ghobach ullamh,
Ceapadh chuileag le cluain.

A bhealltuinn bhog-bhailceach, ghrianach,
Lònach, lianach, mo ghràidh,
Bhainneach, fhionn-mheagach, uachdrach,
Omhanach, loinideach, chuachach,
Ghruthach, shlamànach, mhiosrach,
Mhiodrach, mhiosganach, làn,
Uanach, mheannanach, mhaoinach,
Bhocach, mhaoiseach, làn àil !

O ! 's fìor éibhinn r'a chluinntinn,
Fann-gheum laoigh a'ns a chrò
Gu h-ùral, min-bhallach, àluinn ;
Druim-fhionn, gearr-fhionnach, fàilì,
Ceann-fhionn, colg-rasgach, cluas-dearg,
Tarra-gheal, guaineiseach, òg,
Gu mogach, bog-ladhrach, fàsor,
'S e leum ri bàraich nam bo !

A shòbhrach gheala bhui' nam bruachag,
Gur fanna-gheal, snuaghar, do ghnùis !
Chinneas badanach, cluasach,
Maoth-mhin, baganta luaineach ;
Gur tu ròs is fearr cruadal
A nì gluasad a h-ùir ;
Bì'dh tu t-eideadh as t-earrach
'S e' ach ri falach an sùl.

'S cùraidh fàileadh do mhùineil,
A chrios-Cho-chulainn nan càrn !
Na d' chruinn bhabaidean riabhach,
Lòineach, fhad-luirgneach, sgiamhach,
Na d' thuinm ghiobagach, dreach-mhin,
Bharr-bhuidh, chasurlaich, àird ;
Timcheall thulmanan diamhair
Ma m bì'm biadh-ianain a fàs.

'S gu'm bì froineisean boisgeil
A thilgeas foineal nì's leoir,
Ar gach lù-ghart de noceinè,
'S do bharrabh 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 brucach nan craobh,
'S théid gu mullach nan sliabh-chnoc',
Le chirc ghearr-ghobaich riabhaich,
'S bì'dh'ga suiridh gu cùirteil
Am pillein cùl-gorma fraoich ;
'S ise freagra le tùchan :—
“ Pi-hù-hù tha thu faoin.”

A choilich chraobhaich nan gearr-sgiath,
'S na falluine dùì',
Tha dubh a's geal air am mìosgadh,
Go ro oirdheir na t-itich ;
Muineal lannireach, sgipi,
Uaine, slis-mhin, 's tric crom !
Gob na'n pongannan mìlis
Nach faic' a sìleadh nan ronn

Sid an turaraich ghlan, Ioinneal,
 A's ard coilleag air tom,
 'S iad ri bù-rà-rùs seamh, céutach
 Ann a feasgar bog céitean ;
 Am bannal geal-sgríteach, uchd-ruadh ;
 Mala ruiteach, chaol, 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 Fonn—"Tweedside."

THARRUINN grian rìgh nam planad 's nan
 rèull
 Gu sign Chancer di-ciadain gu beachd,
 A riaghlas cothrom ma'n crìochnaich e
 thriall,
 Da mhios-déug na bliadhna ma seach ;
 Ach gur h-e 'n dara dì sathuirn' na dhéigh,
 A ghrian-stad-shamraidh, aon-déug, an la
 's faid ;
 'S a sin tiuntaidh e chùrsa gu seimh,
 Gu seas-ghrian a gheamhraidh gun stad.
 'S o dh'imich e 'nis uainn m'an euairt,
 Gu'm bi fuachd oir'n gu'm pill e air ais,
 Bì'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,
 Sìighidh glaoghan an sùgh-bheath' a steach.
 Seachdaidh géugan glan cubhraidh nan
 crann,
 Bha's an t-samhradh trom-stràc-te le meas,
 Gu'n tòrr-leum an toradh gu làr,
 Gu'n sgriosair am bàrr far gach lios.
 Guilidh feadain a's creachainn nam beann,
 Sruthain chriostail nan gleann le trom
 sprochd,
 Caoidh nam fuaran ri meacuinn gu'n cluinn,
 Deoch-shunnta nam maioseach 's nam boc.

Laidhidh bròn air an talamh gu léir,
 Gu'n aognaich na sléibhtean's na cnuic ;
 Grad dubhaidh 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 ghas-ghùib ar am beul,
 Gun bhodha, gun teud, 's iad nan tost.

Sguiridh bhùirdisich sgiathach nan speur,
 D'an ceileiribh grianach car greis,
 Cha seinn iad a' maidnean gu h-àrd,
 No feasgaran chràbhach 's a' phreas ;
 Cadal cluthor gu'n dean anns gach còs,
 Gabhail fasgaidh am frògamh nan creag ;
 'S iad ag ionndrainn nan gathanan blàth,
 Bhiodh rì dealaradh o sgàile do theas.

Cuirear daltachan srian-bhuidh nan ròs
 Bharr mhìn-chìoch nan òr-dhìthean beag,
 'S inghean gucagach lili nan lòn,
 Nam fluran, 's gheal noinein nan eug ;
 Cha doeghlair le beachan nam bruach,
 Cròdhaidh fuarachd car cuairt iad na sgeap ;
 'S cha mho chruinnicheas seillein a mhàl,
 'S thar gheal-ùr-ros chroinn garaidh cha
 streap.

Tearnaidh bradan, a's sgadan, 's gach
 iasg,
 O t-iarguin 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 usgraichean chop,
 Nan cairtealan geamhraidh gu'n tàmh,
 Meirbh, samhach, o thàmh thu fo'n *ghlob*.

Chàs a's ghreannaich gach tulach, 's
 gach tòrn, [glac ;
 'S dòite lom chinn gach fireach, 's gach
 Gu'n d' obhraich na sìtheanan feoir,
 Bu lusanach, feoirneanach brat ;
 Thiormaich monaiean, 's ruadhaich gach
 fonn ; [nach gart ;
 Bheuchd an fhairge 's ro thonh-ghrean-
 'S gu'n sgreitich an dùlachd gach long,
 'S théid an cabhlach na long-phort a
 steachd.

Néulaich paircean a's miodair gu bàs,
Thuit gach fàsach, 's gach àite fo bhruid ;
Chiaraidh monadh nan ìosal 's nan ard ;
Theirig dathanan gràsmhor gach luig ;
Dh-fhalbh am fàileadh, am *musg*, a's am
fonn ;
Dh-fhalbh am maise bharr lombair gach
buig ;
Chaidh an eunlaidh gu caoidhearann truagh,
Uiseag, smeròach, a's cuach, agus druid.

A fhraoich bhadanaich, ghaganaich, ùir,
D'am b'ola's d'amb b'fhudar a mhil,
B'i bhlàth ghrian do bhalet's gach uair,
Gu giullachd do ghruaige ie sgil ;
'S a mhadain iuchair 'nuair bhoisgeadh a
ghnùis,
Air bhuidhinnin driùchdach nan dril,
B'fhior chùbhraidh 's gu'm b'eibhinn an
smùid,
So dh'èireadh bharr chuirnein gach bil,

Gu'n theirigsuth-talmhuinn nam bruach ;
Dh'fhalbh an cnuasach le'n trom-lubadh
slat,
Thuit an t-ubhall, au t-siris, 's a pheur,
Chuireadh bodha air a ghéig anns a bhàd.
Dh-fhalbh am bainne bho'n eallach air
chùl,
Ma'm bi leanaba bi ciùcharan bochd ;
S gu'm pill a grian gu *sig'n* Thaurus nam
buadh,
'S treun a bhuaidhaicheas, fuachd, agus
gort.

Théid a ghrian air a thurus man cuairt,
Do thropic Chapricorn ghruam 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 ghlaineachan cruaidh,
'S na ghlas-léugaibh, mìn, fuar-lieneach
rag.

A mìos nuarranda, garbh-fhrasach dorch',
Shneachdach, cholgarra, stoirm-shionach
bith ;
Dhisleach, dhall - churach, chathach,
fhliuch, chruai,
Bhiorach, bhuaigharra, 's tuath-ghaothach
cith ;

Dheibheach, lia-rotach, ghlib-shleamhain
gharbh,
Chuireas sgiobairean fairge nan ruith ;
Fhliuchach, fhuntuinneach, ghuineach, gun
tlàs ;
Cuiridh t-anail gach càileachd air chrith.

A mìos cratanach, casadach, lòm.
A bhios trom air an t-sonn-bhrochan dubh ;
Churraiceach, chasagach, lachdunn a's
dhonn,
Bhrisneach, stocainneach, chom-choch-
lach, thiugh,
Bhrògach, mhiotagach, pheiteagach bhàn,
Imeach, aranach, chàiseach, gun ghruth ;
Le miann bruthaiste, mairt-fheoil a's càl ;
'S ma bhios blàth nach dean tàir air gné
stuth.

A mìos brotagach, toiteanach sòigh
Ghionach, stròitheal, fhior gheòcach gu
muic ;
Liteach, làghanach, chabaisteach chòrr,
Phoiteach, ròmàsach, ròiceil, gu sult ;
'S an taobh-muigh ge do thugh sinn ar cùm,
Air an fhàile gheur-tholltach gun tius,
'S feudar dram òl mar linnigeadh cléibh,
A ghrad fhadas tein'-eibhinn 's an uchd.

O R A N.

AIR FONN—"Cille-chragaidh."

THA deagh shoisgeul feadh nan garbh-
chrioch,
Sùrd air armaibh còmhraig ;
Uird ri dararaich deanamh thargaid
Nan dual ball-chruinn boidheach ;
Chaidh ar seargadh le càrn earraghloir
Sluaigh fìor chealgach Shòrais,
O's sgeul dearbhtha thig thar fairge,
Neart ro gharbh d' ar fòirinn.

Thig thar lear le gaoith an ear oirn,
Toradh deal ar dòchais,
Le mhìlte fear, 's le armaibh geal,
Prionns' ullamh, mear, 's e dò-chaisgt ;
Mac Rìgh Seumas, Tearlach Stiubhart,
Oig'hre chruin th'air fògar,
Gu'n dean gach Breatuinneach làn
umhlachd,
Air an glùn' d'a mhòrachd.

Ni na Gàeill bheodha, ghasda,
Eiridh bhras le sròlanh ;
Iad nan ciadan uim' ag iathadh,
S coltas dian cuir gleois orr' ;
Gu'n thlanh 's iad fiata, claidheach,
sgìathach,
Gunnach, riaslach, stròiceach,
Mar chonfadh leoghannaibh fiadhaich,
'S acras 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' 's lionmhor curaidh
Is fìor sturraile co-stri,
A leigir fear eile mar chuileann,
Dh' fhaotainn fuil air Seoras !

'S iomadh neach a thèid air ghaisge,
Tha fìor lag na dhòchus,
Gus a nochdar *standard* brat-dhearg,
An rìgh cheart-s' tha òirne,
Ge do bhiodh e na fhìor ghealtair,
Gur cruaidh rag gu bhroig e,
Ceart cho gairge ris an lasair,
A losgadh asbhuaire eorna.

Mhoir is sgariteil, foirméil, bagant,
Gàeill ghasda, chrodha ;
Gach aon bhratach sìos do'n bhaiteal
Le 'n gruaidh laisde ròsg-dearg ;
Iad gun fhiamh, gun fheall, gun ghaiscadh ;
Rioghail, beachd-bhord, pròiseal ;
Gu no-lapach ri linn gaisge,
Spàinnteach ghlas nan dòrnaibh.

'S binn linn plapraich nam breid
bhratach,
Sranraich bras ri mòr-ghaoith,
An glachdaibh gaisgeich nan ceum staiteil,
Is stuirteil, sgariteil, *moision* ;
'S lann ghorm sgaiteach, do shàr-schlacan
Geur gu srachdadh shròn' aige,
Air bac cruachain an fhìr bhataich,
Gu cuir tais air fògradh.

'S furbaidh tailceant, 's cumta pearsa,
Treun-laoch spraiical, doid-ghéal ;
Pìob d' a spàlpadh, suas na achlais,
Mhosglas lasan gleois duinn ;
Caismeachd bhras bhinn, bhrodadh aigne,
Gu dian chasgairt slòigh leis ;
Chuireadh torman a phuirt bhaisgeil,
Spioraid bhras 'n 'ar pòraibh.

Bithibh sunndach, lughor, bèumach,
Sgrìosach, geur, gu feolach,
'S bi'dh Mars creuchdach, cogach,
reubach,
Anns 'na speur d' ar seoladh ;
Soirbhichidh gach ni gu leir libh,
Ach sibh-fein bhi deonach ;
Màrsailibh gun dàil, gu'n eislein,
Lughor, eudrom, ceol-mhor.

Màrsailibh, gun theall, gun airseul,
Gach aon bhratach bhoidheach :
Cuideachd shuaicheanta nam breacan,
'S math gu casg na tòireachd ;
'Nuair a ruisgeas sibh na claisich
Bi'dh smuis bhreac feadh feòir libh ;
Gaoir a's eanachuinn na spadul,
'S na liath-shad feadh mhointich.

Sliocraich, slacraich, nan cruaidh
Freagra basgur sheannsair ; [shlacan,
'Nuair a theid a ruaig gun stad libh
Gur ro fad a chluinntear,
Feadraich bhuillean, sgoltadh mbullach,
Sìos gu bun an rumpuill ;
Ruaig orr' uile mar mhoim tuile ;
Chaidh cha 'n urr' iad tiuntadh.

'S iomadh fear a dh' oladh lionta,
Slainte an rìgh-s' tha òirne,
Spealgadh ghlaineachan air grìosaich,
'S e cur beinn air Seòras ;
Ach 's onaraiche anis an gnìomh,
Na cuig-ceud mìle bòla ;
'S fearr aon *siol* a dh'fhuil 's an fhrlth
No galoin fhion air bhòrdaibh.

Dearbhaidh beachdaidh sibh bhi ceart
Eiridh grad le 'r slòghaibh ; [d'a,
Gu'n 'ur mnathan, clann, no beirteas,
Chuir stad-feachd 'n 'ur dòchus ;
Ach gluasad inntinneach, luath, cinnteach,
Rioghail, liont' de mhòr-chuis ;
Mar an raineach a dol sìos duibh,
Sgrìosadh dian luchd clèochdan.

'Ur ceathairne ghruamach, nimheil,
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 dearganaich le 'r gathan,
'S le'r fìor chrathadh cruadhach.

'S beagan sluaigh, a 's tric thug buai lh,
An iomairt chruaidh a chòmhraig ;
Deanamaid gluasad gu'n dad uambuinn,
'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 aimhì fhuar nam pòramh.

ORAN RIOGHAL A BHOTAIL.

AIR FONN—"Let us be jovial, fill our
glasses."

BIODHMAID subhach, 's òlar deoch linn,
Osnaich 'n ar fochar cha tàmh,
Na smaointicheamaid ar bochdainn,
Fhad 's a bios an copan làn.

LUINNEAG.

Hè-rò air falldar-àraidh
Ho air m'alldar-ràraidh rò,
Hò-rò air m'alldar-raridh
Fàlldar, ralldar, ràraidh hò.

Olamaid glainneachean làn',
Air slainte an t-Seumais ata uainn ;
Cuireamaid da shlaint' an càraid,
Tosda Thearlaich tràic a chuach.
Ho-ro, etc.

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-shiol.
Ho-ro, etc.

Cuireadh ar cupachan tharsta ;
Aisig cās an còrn m'an cuairt ;
Faicear èibhinneachd air lasadh,
Le flor sgairt 'n ar beachd, 's 'n ar
gruaidh.
Ho-ro- etc.

Biodh ar cridhachan a damhsa,
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, etc.

De'n dibh bhrìdhear neartar bhlasda,
'S mìlse no mìl bheach gu pòit,
Lion an soitheach sin amach dhuinn,
De 'n stuth bhlasdar ud 'san stòp.
Ho-ro, etc.

'S-ioma fearsta, falachaidh, tlachdmhor,
Tha 'm mac-na-bracha r'a luaigh ;
Rinn sin e na leannan do mhiltean,
'S na mhilsein prìseil do'n t-sluagh.
Ho-ro, etc.

Sgaolaidh e ghruaim far a mhuigein ;
Ni e fughantach fear cruaidh ;
Ni e cruadalach fear gealtach,
Gus an tèid e feachd no 'n ruaig.
Ho-ro, etc.

Ni e cainnteach am fear tostach ;
Ni e brosgulach fear dùr ;
Ni e suireach am fear nàrach ;
'S fàgaidh e dàn' am fear dùid.
Ho-ro, etc.

Ni e pògach am fear àilleant
Nach fuilgeadh cailin 'na chòir ;
Sparraidh e damhs' anns na casan,
Nach d' rinn riamh aon chàr d' an deoin.
Ho-ro, etc.

Fagaidh e neo shanntach acrach ;
Toinnidh se cās am fear sliom ;
Bheir e caitean air fear sleamhainn ;
'S ni e spreadhail am fear tiom.
Ho-ro, etc.

An t-airgead a bha d'a sticleadh,
An sporan nan chripleach riamh,
Bheir e furtachd dha á prìosan,
Le fuasgladh cruaidh-shnaim nan ia'l.
Ho-ro, etc.

Ni e aoigheal am fear doichleach ;
Ni e socharach fear teann ;
Ni e duin' uasal do'n bhalach ;
Ni e fathrumach fear fann:
Ho-ro, etc.

Ni e saor chridheach fear duinte,
'S faoisididh e rùn a chri ;
Saoilidh an lag gur h-e 'n laidir,
Gus an dearbh e chàil 'san stri.
Ho-ro, etc.

Tairnidh e mulad gu aiteas ;
Tìunndaidh e airsneul gu fonn ;
Mionach nan sporan gu spìol e
Le ghob biorach chrìomas lom.
Ho-ro, etc.

Thigeadh meanmna, 's falbhadh airsneul
Air chairstealan uainn do'n Ròimh ;
Seinneam òrain cheolmor, ghasda,
Shunndach, bhras, nach lapach gloir.
Ho-ro, etc.

'Nuair bheirear botul a stapul,
'S a chromar ri cap a cluas ;
'S eibhinn a ghogail là earraich,
Cogair searraig ris a chuaich !
Ho-ro, etc.

'S milse no ceilearadh smeòraich,
Le luinneag ceolmhor air géig,
Creatraich shrideagach do sgòrnain ;
Cratan 's bòiche fo 'na ghréin !
Ho-ro, etc.

'S binne na luinneag coin-bùchainn,
Bhiodh ri tùchan am barr thonn,
Guileag do mhùineil u's giuig ort ;
Cuisle-chiuil a dhùisgeadh fonn.
Ho-ro, etc.

'S binne no cluig-chiuil an Chlascho,
T-fhuaim le bastul dol 's a chòrn ;
Sid an hàilt a ghleusadh m' aigne,
Mac-n-bràch a teachd le pòig.
Ho-ro, etc.

Lìon domh suas an t-slige-chreachainn ;
Cha 'n ion a seachnadh gu dràm ;
'S math Ghàèlig oirr 'n creathann ;
An t-slig' a chreach sinne a t' ann.
Ho-ro, etc.

'S binne no ceol coilich choille,
Bhiodh ri colleig air an tom ;
Dùrdail a bhotail ri glainne ;
Crònan loinntal thoilleadh bonn !
Ho-ro, etc.

Teicheadh liun-dubh as 'ur comunn ;
Falbhadh gainne ; 's pailt 'ur n-òr ;
Na biodh speùclair oirbh gu ganntar,
Fheadh 's a bhio's an dram 'n 'ur sròin.
Ho-ro, etc.

Boidh 'ur ceann-aghaidh uile 'n ceart uair,
Cho ruiteach ri dreach nan ròs,
'Nuair a théid 'ur fuil air ghabhail,
Le beirm laghach Mhic-an-Tòis,
Ho-ro, etc.

Gur dìonnsaireach, spinnsearach, t-fhàil-
cadh,
'S teas-ghradhach do shnàg tro' m'
chliabh
Fadadh blàis air feadh mo mhionaich ;
Gur ro mhioragach do thriall !
Ho-ro, etc.

Gur gucagach, coilleagach, brisg-gheal,
Bruicheal, neo-mhìsgeach do thuar,
'N a d' shlabhraidhean croisteal a dòrtadh,
Ri binn-chronaich am chluais.
Ho-ro, etc.

Sgaoilcamaid o altair Bhachuis ;
A chleirich taisg a chailis uat ;
Dh-fhalbh ar fuachd ; 's ciod 'ta dhì oirn ?
Thugamaid bàig' erion do 'n t-suain.
Ho-ro, etc.

Ach freasdal sinn air ghairm na maidne,
Le t-ioc shlàint aghmhor lan bhoadh,
'S thoir dhùinn aon ghloic-nid 'n ar
leabaidh
A bheir crith-chlaiginn oirn m'an cuairt !
Ho-ro, etc.

ALLT-AN-T-SIUCAIR.

AIR Fonn—"The Lass of Patie's Mill."

A dol thar Allt-an-t-siùcair,
A' madainn chùbhraidh Chéit,
'S paideirean geal dlù cìnap,
De 'n driùchd ghorm air an fheur,
Bha richard 's robin, brù-dhearg
Ri seinn, 's fear dhìù na bhéus ;
'S goic moit air cuthaig chùl-ghuirm,
'S gùg-gùg aic' air a ghéig.

Bha smeòrach cur na smùid dh'ì
Air bacan cuil le' féin ;
An dreadhann-donn gu sùrdail,
'S a rifeid chiuil na bheul ;
Am breacan-beith' a's lùb air,
'S e 'g leusadh lùgh a theud ;
An coileach-dubh ri dùrdan ;
'S a chearc ri tùchan réidh.

Na bria a gearradh shùrdag,
Ri plubraich dhlu' le chéil',
Taobh-leumnaich mear le lù-chleas,
'S a bhùrn, le mùirn ri gréin ;

Ri ceapadh chuileag siùbhlach,
Le 'm briseadh lùghor féin ;
Druim-lann-ghorm, 's ball-bhreach giùran ;
'S an lannir-chuil mar lèig.

Mil-dheocla sheillein strianach,
Le crònan 's fiata srann,
'N an dìthihh baglach, riabhach,
Ma d' bhlaithaibh grianach chrann ;
Sraibh-dhriucain dhonna, thiachdaidh,
Fo shinean ciochan t-fheòir,
Gun theachd-an-tìr no bhiahdh 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 toirt dhaibh bhuadan sùghor,
Ga 'n sui bheathacha m'an cuairt.

Bùrn tana, glan, gun ruadhan,
Gun deathach, ruaim, no ceò,
Bheir anam-fàs, a's gluasaid,
D'a chluanagan ma bhòrd,
Gaoir bheachainn bhui' 's ruadha,
Ri diogladh chluaran òir,
'S céir 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, ghuanach
Ri freagra' nuallan bhò ;
A bhanàreach le buaraich,
'S am buachaille fa còir,
Gu bleothan a chruidh ghuailinn,
Air cuaich a thogas cròic.

Bì'dh lòchrainn mheal' a lùbadh
Nan sràbh, 's brù air gach géig,
Do mheasan milis cùbhraidh,
Nan ùbhlán 's nam péur ;
Na duilleagan a lùgadh,
A's fallas cùil diu féin ;
'S clann bheag a' gabhail tàchaidh,
D' an imlich dlù le 'm béul.

B' e crònan t-easan srùlaich,
An dùrdaìl mhùirneach Mhàigh ;
'S do bhoirichibh daite, sgùm-gheal,
Tiugh, fiùranach, 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 bhraon lan shradag daoimein,
De bhraon ni soills' air làr ;
A *chapel's* gasda foineal,
Gun cho-fine ann a Whitehall ;
Ma d' bhearra gorm-bhreach coilteach,
Ann chinn a loiu le h-àl,
Na sobhraichean mar choillean,
Na 'n coilleiribh na d' sgàth.

Bì'dh guileag eala tùchan,
'S eoin bhùchuinn am bar thonn,
Ag inbhear Uillt-an-t-siùcair,
Snamh lù-chleasach le fonn ;
Ri seinn gu mòiteil, cuirteil,
Le muineil-chiuil, 's iad crom,
Mar mhàla pìob a's lùb air ;
Ceòl tiamhaidh ciuin, nach tron.

O ! 's grinn an obhair ghràbhail,
Rinn nàdur air do bhruaich,
Le d' lurachain chreabhach, fhàsor,
'S am buicein bhàn orr' shuas ;
Gach saimeir, neoinean, 's màsag,
Min-bhreachd air làr do chluain ;
Mar réulltan reòt an dearsadh,
Na spangan àluinn nuadh.

Bì'dh cruinn, 's am bàrr mar sgàrlaid,
Do chaorran aluinn ann ;
'S craobhan bachlach, àrbhuidh,
A faoisgneadh àrd ma d' cheann ;
Bì'dh dearcán, 's suithean sùghor,
Trom lùbadh an luis féin,
Caoin, seachdai, blasdadh, cubhraidh,
A call an druìs ri gréin.

'S co lan mo lios ri Phàrrais,
De gach cnuas a 's fearn an coill ;
Na réidhlich arbhar fàsaidh,
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 dhruim !

Do thachdar mar' a's tìre,
Bu theachd-an-tìr leis féin ;
Na 'n treudan téidh 'n a d' fhrithean ;
'S na d' chladach 's miltean éisg ;

Na d' thràigh tha maorach lionmhor ;
 'S air t-uisge 's fìor-bhras leus,
 Aig oganachaibh rìmhreach,
 Le morgha' fìor-chruaidh gèur.

Gur h-ùroil. sliochdor, cuanda,
 Greidh-each air t-fhuarain ghorm,
 Le 'n iotadh turruinn suac riut,
 Le cluinntinn nuall do thoirm ;
 Bì'dh buicein binneach 's ruadhag,
 'S minn-mheanbh-bhreac, cluais-dearg,
 òg
 Rì h-ionaltradh gu h-uaigneach,
 'S rì ruideis luath ma d' lòn.

Gur damhach, adhách, laoghach,
 Mangach, maoiseach, t-fhonn ;
 Do ghlinn le seilg air laomadh,
 Do gharbhach-chraobh 's do lom ;
 Gur h-àluinn barr-fhionn, braonach,
 Do chanach caoin-gheal thom,
 Na mhaibenibh caoin, mao-mhin ;
 Na d' mhointich sgaoth-chearc donn.

B' e sid an sealladh èibhinn,
 Do bhruachan glè-dhearg ròs,
 S iad daite le gath gréine,
 Mar bhoisguich leug-bhui' òir ;
 B' 'iad sid an geiltre glé ghrinn,
 Cinn déideagan measg fòir,
 De bharraibh luibhean ceutach :
 'S foirm bhinn aig téud gach coin.

O lili rìgh nan fùran !
 Thug bàrr mais air ùr-ros gheug,
 Na bhabagan cruinn, plùir mhin,
 'S a chrùn geal, ùr mar ghréin ;
 Do'n uisge ud Allt-an-t-siùcair,
 'S e cùbhraidh d'a o bheud
 Na rionnagan ma lùbaibh,
 Mar reullan-iùil na spéur.

Do shealbhag ghlan 's do luachair
 A bòreadh suas ma d' choir ;
 Do dhìthein lurach, luaineach,
 Mar thuairneagan de'n èr ;
 Do phreis lán neda cuachach,
 Cruinn, cuairteagach, aig t-coin ;
 Barr bhraouan 's an t-sail-chuachaig,
 Na'n dös an uachdar t-fheoir.

B' e sid an leughas lèirsinn,
 De luingeas bréid-gheal, luath,

Na 'n sguadronaich seoil-bhrèid-chrom,
 A bordadh geur ri d' chluais ;
 Nan giubhsaichibh bèò ghleusda,
 'S an cainb gu léir riu shuas ;
 'S Caol-Muile fuar d'a reubadh,
 Le anail speur bho thuath.

'S cruaidh a bhairlinn fhuair mi,
 O'n fhuatan 's blasda glòir,
 An caochan 's mò buadhan,
 Ata fo thuath 's an Eòrp ;
 Lion ach am bòla suas deth,
 'S do bhrannaidh fhuair ni's còir ;
 Am puinse milis, guanach,
 A thairneas slugh 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 feur ;
 Fonn deas-oireach, fìor uaibhreach,
 Na spèuclar buan do'n ghrein ;
 Le spreidh theid duine suas ann,
 Cho luath ri each na leum !

'S aol is grunn d'a dhàibh,
 Dh-fhàg nàdur tarbhach iad ;
 Air a meinn gu'n toir iad arbar,
 'S tiugh, stàrbhanach ni fàs ;
 Bì'dh dearsanaich shearr-fhiaclach,
 D' a lannadh sìos am boinn,
 Le luinneagan binn nionag ;
 An ceol a 's mìsle, roinn !

An Coir' is fearr 's an dùthaich,
 An Coir' is sìghor fonn ;
 'S e Coircan Uillt-an-t-siùcair,
 An Coirean rùnach lom ;
 'S ge lom, gur molach, ùrail,
 Bog miadar dlù a thom,
 'M beil mil is bann' a brùchdadh,
 'S uisg' ruith air siùcar 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 faig 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 Caire am bi na caoirich
 Na 'n caogadaibh, le 'n àl ;
 Le 'n reamhad 'g gabhail faisgnidh,
 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 lán do mhaoinibh gràis !

An Coire lachach, dràcach
 'M bi guilbneich 's tràigh-gheoidh òg ;
 An Coire coileachach, lan-damhach,
 'S moch, 's is an-moch spòrs ;
 'S tùm dhomh sgar d' an àireamh,
 An Coire 's fàsor pòr
 Gu h-innseach, 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 in 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.

LUIÑNEAG.

Agus hò Mhòrag, no ho-rò,
 'S no ho-rè-ghealladh.

A MHORAG chiatach a chuil dualaich,
 Gur h-è do luaigh a th' air m'aire.
 Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

'S ma dh'imich thu null thar chuain uainn',
 Gu ma luath a thig thu thairis.
 Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

'S cuimhnich their leat bannal ghruagach,
 A luaigheas an clò ruadh gu dainghean.
 Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

O! cha leiginn thu d'on bhuala,
 Ma salaich am buachar t-anart.
 Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

De cha leiginn thu gu cualach ;
 Obair thruaillidh sin nan caileag.
 Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Gur h-i Mòrag ghrinn mo ghuamag,
 Aig am beil an cuailean barr-fhionn.
 Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

'S gaganach, bachlagach, cuachach,
 Ciabhag na gruagaiche glaine.
 Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Do chul peuchdach sios na dhualaibh
 Dhalladh e uislean le lainuir :
 Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Sios na fheoirneian ma d' ghuaillan,
 Leadan cuachagach na h-ainnir :
 Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Do chùl pèurlach, òr-bhui, luachach,
 Timcheall do chluasan na chlannaibh.
 Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

A, Mhòrag! gu heil do chuailean
 Ormsa na bhuaireadh gu'n sgainnear.
 Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

'S ge nach iarr mi thu ri d' phùsadh,
 Gu'm b' e mo rùin a bhì mar riut.
 Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

'S e 'n t-èug a rùin ni ar sgaradh,
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Leanaidh mi cho dlù ri d' shàilean,
'S a ni bairneach ri sgeir mhara.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Shiubhail mi cian leat air m' eòlas,
Agus spailp de'n stroichd ar m' ain-eol.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Gu leanainn thu feadh an t saoghail,
Ach thusa ghaoil theachd am fharraid.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Gu'n chuireadh air mhìsg le d' ghaol mì;
'S mear aodrum a ghaoir ta m' bhallaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

'Sa Mhòrag 'gam beilaghruaidh, chiatach;
'S glan a fiaradh thar do mhala.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Do shuil shuilbhear, shochdrach, mhòdhar,
Mhireagach, chomhnart, 's i meallach,
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Dèud cailce shnasda na ribhinn,
Snaite mur dhisn' air a gearradh.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Maighdean bhoidheach, na 'm bös caoine,
'S iad cho maoth ri cloidh na h-eala.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Ciochan leaganach nan gucag,
'S fàileadh a *mhurga* d' a h-anail.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

'S iomadh oigear a ghabh tlachd dhìot,
Eadar Mor-thìr agus Mannuinn.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

'S iomadh gaisgeach do Ghàel,
Nach obadh le 'm ghrádh-sa taruinn :
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

A reachadh le sgiath, 's le clàidheamh,
Air bheag sgà gu bial nan *cannon* :
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Chunnardaicheadh dol nan òrdaibh,
Thoir do chòrach, 'mach a dh' ain-deoin.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

'S iomadh àrmunn làsdail, trèubhach,
Ann an Dun-eideann, àm barail.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

No faiceadh iad gnè do dhuais ort,
Dheanadh taruinn suas ri d' charraid.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Mo chionn gu'n dheanadh leat éridh,
Do Chaipin féin Mac-'Ic-Ailein :
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Gu'n theann e ro' ro chàch riut,
'S ni e fasd e, àch thig thairis :
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Gach duine, tha'n Uidhist a Muideart,
'S an Arasaig dhù-ghorm a bharrach ;
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

An Cana, an Eige, 's am Mòrror ;¹
Reiseamaid chorr ud Shiol-Ailéin !
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

'N an Alasdair,² a's Mhontròs',
Gu'm bu bhochdain iad air Ghallaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Gu'n d' fhairich là Inbhér-Lochaidh,
Co bu stròicich ann le lannaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Am Peairt, an Cill-Saoidh,³ 's an Allt-
Eireann,
Dh-fhag iad Ràubalaich gu'n anam.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Alasdair mor Ghlinne-Cothann,
'S bragad coimheach Ghlinne-garadh.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Mar sin is an t-Armunn Sléibhteach,
Ge d' a tha e-fein na leanamh.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Dh' éiridh leat a nall o'n Rùdha,
Antrum lù'-chleasach nan seang-each.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Dhruideadh, na Gàel gu leir riut,
Ge b' e dh' eireadh leat no dh' fhanadh.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

¹ Mòr-Thìr. ² Alasdair Mac Cholla.
³ Kilsyth.

Shuath, deich mìle dhiu air clè dhuibh,
Nn cogadh ri Sèurlus nach maireann.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

'S iomadh clò air 'n tug iad caitean,
Eadar Cat-taobh agus Anuinn.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Bha càch diultadh teachd à luagh dhuibh,
'S chruinnich iad-san sluagh am bannail.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

A rì ! bu mhath 's an luagh-lamh iad,
'Nuair a thàirneadh iad na lannan !
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

H-nìle clò a luaigh iad riamh dhuibh,
Dh-fhag iad e gu ciatach daingheann ;
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Teann, tiugh, daingheann, fite, luaite,
Daite ruadh, air thuar na fala.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

Greas thairis le d' mhnathan luaighe,
'S theid na gruagaichean-sa mar riu.
Agus ho Mhorag, etc.

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 cloth—in other words, to beat the English redcoats. 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 hòroll ò,
Holaibh o iriag hòro ì,
Holaibh o iriag hòroll ò,
Smeòrach le Clann-Roonuill mi.

GUR h-e mis' an smeòrach chreagach,
An déis leum bharr chuaich mo nidein,
Sholar bidh do'm inaibh beaga,
Sheinneam ceol air bhàrr gach bìdein.
Holaibh o iriag, etc.

Smeòrach mise do Chlann-Dòmhnuille,
Dream a dhithicheadh,'s a leonadh,
'S chuireadh mis' an riochd na smeòraich
Gu bhì seinn, 'sa cuir ri ceol daibh.
Holaibh o iriag, etc.

Sa chreig ghuirm a thogadh mise
An sgìreachd Chaisteil duibh nan cliar
Tìr tha daonnan a' cuir thairis
Le tuil bhainne, meal', a's fion.
Holaibh o iriag, etc.

Sliochd nan Eun o'n Chaisteil-thiream
'S o Eilean-Fhianain nan gallan,
Moch, a's feasgar togar m'ìolach,
Seinn gu bileach, milis, mealach,
Holaibh o iriag, etc.

Tha mi de'n ghùr rioghail, luachach, ✓
'S math eun fhaotainn á nead, uasal,
Ghineadh mi gun chol, gnn truaillleadh,
Fo sgiathaibh Ailein mhic Ruàiridh.
Holaibh o iriag, etc.

Cinneadh, glan gun smùr, gun smodan ✓
Gun smàl gun luaith ruaidh, no ghrodan.
'S iad gun ghiomh, gun fheall, gun sodan,
'S treum am buill' an tiugh nan trodan.
Holaibh o iriag, etc.

Cinneadh rioghail, th'air am baimeadh, ✓
A meribh meara na cruadhach,
'S daoimein lad gun spàr gun truaillleadh,
Nach gabh stùr, gnè, smal, no ruadh-
mheing.
Holaibh o iriag, etc.

Cinneadh mor gun bhòsd gun sparan, ✓
Suairce, sìobhalta, gun ràpal,
Caomhall, cineadail ri'n càirdean,
Fuilteach, faobharach, ri namhaid.
Holaibh o iriag, etc.

Raonullaich nan òr chrìos taghach,
Nan lùireach, nan sgiath, 's nan clogaid,
A théid sìos gu gunnach, dagach,
Na fir ghasda shunnadh, chogach.
Holaibh o iriag, etc.

Sud na h-aon daoine th'air m'aire,
Nach dianadh air spùileadh cromadh,
Dhianadh anns an àraich gearradh
Cinn ga'n sgaradh, cuirp ga'm pronnadh.
Holaibh o iriag, etc.

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.
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

Ach ma thig mo phrionnsa thairis
Cuirear mis' an cliabhan lurach,
'S bithidh mi canntaireachd gu buileach
'S ann 'san àrois ni mi fuireach.
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

Madainn chéitean am barr gach badain,
Sgaoileadh ciùil o ghlaic mo ghuibein,
'S àluinn mo chruiteach,'s mo ghlagan,
Stailceadh mo dha buinn air stuibein.
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

Gur e mise cruit nan cnocan,
Seinn mo leadain air gach bacan,
'S mo chearc féin gam' bheus air stocan,
'S glan ar glocan air gach stacan.
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

Crith chiuil air m'ugan da bhogadh,
'S mo chom tur uile làn beadraidh,
Tein-eibhinn am uchd air fadadh,
'S mi air fàd gu damhs' air legail.
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

'Nuair chuirean goic air mo ghogan,
'S thogain mo shailm air chreagan,
Sann orm féin a bhìodh am frogan.
Ceol ga thogail,'s bròn ga leagail.
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

Eoin bhuchalach bhreac na coille,
Le'n òrganaibh òrdail mar rinn,
'S feadag ghlan am beul gach coilich,
'S binn fead-ghuil air gheugaibh baraich.
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

'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.
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

Togamaid deoch-slainte na h-armailt,
Dh-eirich le Tearlach o'n gharbhlaich,
Na fir ghasda dheanadh searr-bhuain
Air feoil 's cnàimhean nan dearg chot.
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

Olamaid fìinichadh ar slùgain,
'S cuireamaid mu'n cuairt lan nogain,
'Slainte Sheumais suas le suigeart,
Tosta Thearlaich sios le sogan.
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

Slaint' an teaghlaich rioghail inbheich
Olamaid gu sunndach, geanail.
'S nigheamaid ar sgornain ghionaich
Le dram milis, suileach, glaineach.
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

Cuireamaid sios feadh or mionaich
Tosta nan curaidhnean clannach,
Nan colg gasda, sgaiteach, biorach,
'S ro mhor sgil air còmhrag lannach.
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

O tha mi teannadh gu eir-thir,
Ullaicheam m'acair gu cala,
Tosta Mhuideirt ceann nan Seileach,
'S an t-slaime eil ud triath nan Garrach.
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

Lionaibh suas a's olaibh bras i,
Slainte Raonuill oig o's deas i.
Sguiribh dh'amharc thugaibh as i,
Siabaibh leibh i as a teas i
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

Stràc suas a ghlaine cheudna,
Cuimhnicheamaid slaint an t-Stéibhtich
Ridir òg gasda na eireadh,
Dol le sgairt a shracadh bheistean.
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

Slaint Iarl Autrum s' tosta priseil,
'S na tha 'n Eirinn chlannaibh Mìlidh,
Tha mo shìle bàthadh m'iastaidh
Chionn gu'm beil mo bheul lan mislein.
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

Diolamaid gu foirmeil, frasach,
Slainte Bhaosadail mu'n stad sinn,
Laoch treun a dh'cìreadh sgairtail,
Chuir retreat air bheistean Shasuinn.
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

Lion suas duinn glàine do'n Deasach,
Learganaich nan gorm lann claiseach,
Laochraidh sgathadh cheann, a's leasraidh,
Na suinn sheasmhach, shundach, mhai-
seach.
Hòlaibh o iriag, etc.

Co namhaid sin riu sheasadh,
'S cruaidh ruisgte nan duirn gu slaiseadh ?
Ann an ruaig nuair ghabhadh teas iad,
Le lù-chleasan bhualadh shaisean.
Hoiabhb o iriag, etc.

Greasam gu fìnid gun stopadh,
Ach cha mhìann leam a bhj bacach,
Puir chiuil na smeòraich dosaich,
Tostam fìor sheobhac na Ceapaich.
Hoiabhb o iriag, etc.

Togamaid slainte nan Gleannach,
O chothann nam bradan earrach
Bheireadh air bocanaibh pilleadh,
Cha bu ghioracach iad air bealach.
Hoiabhb o iriag, etc.

Cuireamaid mu'n cuairt gu toileach,
Slainte Mhic Dhùghaill o'n Bharraich,
Cridhe rìoghail, reamhar, solais,
Tha na bhroilleach shìos am falach.
Hoiabhb o iriag, etc.

Chuimhniceam Iain Ciar a Lathuirn,
Aig nach robh an *stoidhle* cumhann,
Gheibh e mùirn, a's onair fhathach,
A's caitheadh *drais* mar as cubhaidh.
Hoiabhb a iriag, etc.

Cìod am fath dhaibh bhì ga'r tagradh ?
'S nach urr' iad chuir rinn cluigean,
Sguiribh de'r boilich 's de'r splagain,
'N rud tha agaiun, 's Dia thug dhuinne.
Hoiabhb o iriag, etc.

ORAN DO PHRIONNSA
TEARLACH.

LUINNEAG.

O hì-ri-ri tha e tighinn,
O hì-ri-rì, 'n rìgh tha uainn,
Gheibheamaid ar n'airm 's ar n'èideadh
'S breacan-an-fhéilidh an cuaich !

'S EIBHINN leam fhìn tha e tighinn,
Mac an rìgh dhìghìch tha uainn,
Slìos mòr rìoghail d'an tig àrmaehd,
Claidheamh a's targaid nan dual.
O hì-ri-ri, etc.

'S ann a tighinn thar an t-shàile,
Tha 'm fear ard a's àille sruadh,
Marcaiche sunndach nán stéud-each,
Rachadh gu h-èutrom san ruaig.
O hì-ri-ri, etc.

Samhuilt an fhaollich a choltas,
Fuaradh froise 's fada-cruaidh,
Lann thana 'na 'laimh gu cosgairt,
Sgoltadh chorp mar choir' air cluain.
O hì-ri-ri, etc.

Tòrman do phioba 's do bhrataich,
Chuireadh spiorad bràs san t-sluagh,
Dhéireadh ar n-àrdan 's ar n-aighe,
'S chuir' air a phrasgan ruaig !
O hì-ri-ri, etc.

Tairneanach a *bhombh* 's a *channain*,
Sgoilteadh e'n talamh le' chru'as,
F'hreagradh dha gach beinn a's beallach,
'S bhodhradh a mhac-tall ar cluas !
O hì-ri-ri, etc.

Gur maìrg d'an éideadh san là sin,
Còta granda 'n mhàdar ruadh,
Ad bhileach dhubb a's coc-àrd innt',
Sgoilteas mar an chàl ro'n chruaidh.
O hì-ri-hi, etc.

ORAN EILE.

DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

LUINNEAG.

Thug hò-o, laill hò-o,
Thug o-ho-rò 'n àill leibh,
Thug hò-o, laill hò-o,
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,
Thìgh'n do dhùthaich Chlann-Rà'ill.
- Thug ho-o, etc.

O'n a chuala mi 'm prionnsa,
Thìgh'n do dhùthaich Chlann-Rà'ill ;
Grainne mullaich gach rìgh thu,
Slan gu'm pill thusa Thearlaich.
Thug ho-o, etc.

Grainne mullaich gach rìgh thu,
Slàn gu'm pill thusa Thearlaich ;
'S ann tha 'n fhìor-fhuil gun truailleadh,
Anns a ghruaidh is mor nàire.
Thug ho-o, etc.

'S ann tha 'n fhìor-fhuil gun truailleadh,
Anns a ghruaidh is mor nàire ;
Mar ri barrachd na h-uaisle,
'G eiridh suas le deagh nadur.
Thug ho-o, etc.

Mar ri barrachd na h-uaisle,
'G eiridh suas le deagh nadur ;
'S na 'n tigeadh tu rithisd,
Bhiodh gach Tighearn' na 'n àite.
Thug ho-o, etc.

'S na 'n tigeadh tu rithisd,
Bhiodh gach Tighearn' na 'n àite ;
'S na 'n càraicht' an crùn ort,
Bu mhuirneach do chairdean.
Thug ho-o, etc.

'S na 'n càraicht a crùn ort,
Bu mhuirneach do chairdean ;
'S bhiodh Lechh-iall mar bu choir dha,
Cuir an ordugh nan Gàel.
Thug ho-o, etc.

'S bhiodh Loch-iall mar bu choir dha,
Cuir an ordugh nan Gàel ;
A's Clann-Dòmhnuil a chruadail,
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraibh.
Thug ho-o, etc.

A's Clann-Dòmhnuil a chruadail,
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraibh ;
'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-strì,
Ri luchd chòtaichean màdair.
Thug ho-o, etc.

'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-strì,
Ri luchd chòtaichean màdair ;
Sud a chuideachd bhiodh foirmeil,
Boinneid ghorm a's coc-àrd orr ;
Thug ho-o, etc.

Sud a chuideachd bhiodh foirmeil,
Boinneid ghorm a's coc-àrd orr ;
'S bhiodh am féileadh 'sa'n fhasan,
Mar ri gartanan sgàrlaid.
Thug ho-o, etc.

'S bhiodh am féileadh 'sa'n fhasan,
Mar ri gartanan sgàrlaid ;
Eile cuaich air bhachd easgaid,
Paidhir phìostal 's lann Spainnteach
Thug ho-o, etc.

Eile cuaich air bhachd easgaid,
Paidhir phìostal 's lann Spainnteach ;
'S na 'm faighinn mo dhùrachd,
Bhiodh an diùc air dhroch càradh.
Thug ho-o, etc.

'S na 'm faighinn mo dhùrachd,
Bhiodh an diùc air dhroch càradh ;
Gu 'm biodh bùidsear na feola,
Agus corcach m'a bhràghad !
Thug ho-o, etc.

Gu 'm biodh bùidsear na feola,
Agus corcach m'a bhràghad ;
'S gu'n gibhtinn a mhaighdeann,
Mar oighreachd d'a bhrathair.
Thug ho-o, etc.

'S gu 'n gibhtinn a mhaighdeann,
Mar oighreachd d'a bhrathair—
Ach slàn gu'n tig thu 's gu 'n ruig thu,
Slàn gu's tig thusa Thearlaich.
Thug ho-o, etc.

—————
FAILTE NA MOR-THIR.

LUNNEAG.

H-eitirin àirinn uirinn òth-h-o-rò,
H-eitirin àirinn h-ò-rò.

FAILT' ort féin a mhòr thir bhoidheach,
Anns an òg-mhios bhealltainn.
H-eitirin, etc.

Grian-thir òr-bhuidh, 's uaine còta,
'S froinidh ròs ri h-alltaibh.
H-eitirin, etc.

Le biadh 's le dìbh a' cuir thairis,
Cha téid Earrach teann orr.
H-eitirin, etc.

'S ianach, lurach, slios a tulaich,
'S duilleach 'mullach chrann innt.
H-eitirin, etc.

A choill gu h-uile fo làn-duilleach,
'S i na culaidh-bainnse.

H-eitirin, etc.

'S bainneach, bailceach, braonach glacach,
Bruachan tachdrach, Ailleart.

H-eitirin, etc.

Uisge fallain nan clach geala,
Na do bhaile Geamdruidh.

H-eitirin, etc.

'Slionach, slatach, cuibhleach, breacach,
Seile ghlas nan samhnan.

H-eitirin, etc.

Mor-thir ghlan nam bradan tarra gheal,
'S airgeadach cuir lann orr'.

H-eitirin, etc.

Tir lan sonais, saor o dhonus,
Gun dad conais dràndain.

H-eitirin, etc.

Seirceach, caidreach, gun dad sladachd,
Saor o bhraid, 's o anntlachd.

H-eitirin, etc.

'S àluinn a beinnean, 'sa sraithean,
'S éibhinn dath a gleanntan.

H-eitirin, etc.

Greidhean dhearg a' tàmh mu fireach,
Eilid bhiorach, 's mang aic.

H-eitirin, etc.

Boc air daradh tìmcheall daraig,
'N déigh a leannain cheann-deirg.

H-eitirin, etc.

Searrach bhucin anns an ruicil,
'S e sior chruiteil dhamhsaidh.

H-eitirin, etc.

Na meinn bheaga 's iad ri beadradh,
Anns na creagan teann air.

H-eitirin, etc.

Coilich choille, 's iad ri coilleig,
Anns an doire chranntail.

H-eitirin, etc.

Cnòthach, caorach, dearach, braonach,
Glasrach, raonach, aibhneach.

H-eitirin, etc.

'S deiltreach, laomach, meiltreach, caoin-
teach,

A fuinn mhaoiniach, leamhnach.

H-eitirin, etc.

'S cùbhraidh 'suthan, 's badach luibhean,
Ris a bhruthainn ann-teas.

H-eitirin, etc.

'S feurach, craobhach, luideach, gaolach,
An tìr fhaoilidh sheannsail.

H-eitirin, etc.

Grian ag èiridh 'gòradh sléibhe,
'S beachan gheug ri srannraich.

H-eitirin, etc.

Seillein ruadha diogladh chluaran,
'S mil ga buain le dramdan.

H-eitirin, etc.

Breac le sùlas leum a bhuinne,
Ruidh nan cuileag greannar.

H-eitirin, etc.

Bàrr gach tolmair fo bhrat gorm-dhearc,
Air gach borrachnan alltain.

H-eitirin, etc.

Lusan cùbhraidh mach a' brùchdadh,
'S cuid diùbh cùl-ghorm bairn-dearg.

H-eitirin, etc.

'S ceolart éibhinn, bàrr gach géige,
'S an eòin féin a damhs' orr'.

H-eitirin, etc.

Crodh air dáir am bàrr an fhàsaich,
N fhèoir nach d'fhàs gu crainntidh.

H-eitirin, etc.

'S iad air theas a' ruith le 'm buaraich,
'S tè le cuaich gan teann-ruith.

H-eitirin, etc.

'Smiosrach, cuachach, leabach, luachrach,
Dol gu buaile 's t-sàmhradh.

H-eitirin, etc.

'S òmhach, uachdrach, blàthach
cnuachdach,

Lòn nam buachaill annta.

H-eitirin, etc.

'S imeach, gruthach, meogach, sruthach
An imirich shubhach, shlambach.

H-eitirin, etc.

Deoch gun tomhas dol far comhair,
Gun aon ghlothar gainntir.
H-eiurìn, etc.

I O R R A M C U A I N.

GUR neo-aoidheil turas faoillich,
Ge d' bhiodh na daoine tàbhachdach.

Tha m' fhearann saibhir hò-a Ito,
Ho-rì hi-rò na b' àile leat mì ;
Tha m' fhearann soibhir hò-a hò.

An fhairge molach, bronnach, torrach,
Giobhach, corrach, ràpalach.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

'S cruaidh ri stiùireadh bial-mhuir
duldaidh,
Teachd le bruchdail chàrsanach.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Clagh a chulain cha b'e 'n sùgradh,
'S e ri bùirein bàchdanach.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

An cùlanach féin cha n e 's fasadh,
Agus lasan àrdain air.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Teachd gu dlù' n deighe chéile,
Agus geunnaich dàir orra.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

An fhairge phàiteach, 'sa bial farsuinn,
Agus acras araidh oirr'.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

'S maig a choimeas muir ri mointich,
Ge d' bhiodh mor-shneachd strachd orra.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Neoil a' gealadh oidhche shalach,
Gun aon chala sàbhailte.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Dubh-ra dorcha gun dad ghealaich,
Oir-thir ain-eoil' ard-chreagach.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Gaoth a' seideadh, muir ag eiridh,
'S fear ag eubhach ard ghuthach :—
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

“ Sud e' tidhinn 's cha n'ann ruighinn,
Croc-mhuir, friothar, bàsanach.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

“ Cum ceann caol, a fiodha dìreach,
Rì muir diolain, dàsunnach.”
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Ach dh'aithnich sinn gun sheol sinn fada,
A mach san t-sàmh 's bu ghabhaidh sin.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

'S leag sinn a croinn a's a h-aodach,
'S bu ghniomh dhaoine cailleachdach.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

'S chuir sinn amach cliathan rìghne,
Is bu ghrinn an àlach iad.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

'S shuidh orr' ochdnar, theoma, throma,
A' sgoillteadh tonnan stàplainneach.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Héig air chnagaibh, hùg air mhaidean,
'S cogall bhac air t-àchranaibh !
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Iad a mosgladh suas a chéile,
'S masgadh treun air sàil aca.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Sginean lochdrach ràmh a Lochluinn,
'Bualadh bhoc air bhàrlinnean.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Iad a' traoghadh suas na dìle,
Le neart fìor-gharg ghàirdeanan.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Cathadh mara 's marcachd-shine,
'S stoirm nan sion, da 'n sàrachadh.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Lasraichean srad theine-shiunnachain,
Dearg o'n iumradh chàileachdach.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Iad ag obair as an léintean,
“ Hùg a's théid 'da ràmh' aca.”
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Ioramm ard-bhinn shuas aig Eamun,
Ann an cléith ràmh bràghada.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Aonghas Mac-Dhonnachaidh da réir sin,
A ri ! bu treun a thàirneadh e.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Donnacha Mac-Uraig a luagh leo,
'S b' fhada buan a spàlagan.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Bha fuaim aon-mhaide air chléith ac',
Bualadh spéicean tàbhachdach.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Raimh dam pianadh, 's fir dan spianadh,
'N glachdaibh iarraidh àrd-thonnach.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Gallain chiatach, leoghar, liaghach,
'S fuirbinean da'n sàrachadh.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Lunnan mìne, 's duirn da'n sìneadh,
Seile sìos air dhearnainean.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Muir ag osnaich shuas ma toiseach,
Chuip-gheal, choip-gheal, ghàir-bheuch-
hach.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Suas le sgaradh-saoidh ri bùirein,
Le sìor dhurachd sàr iomaraidh.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Slabhraidh chuirneineach ri duirdail,
Shìos bha stiur a fàgail ann.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Gaoth na deannan 's i ri feannadh,
Na'n tonn ceann-fhionn ràsanach.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Na fir lughmhor an deigh an rùsgaidh,
A' cur smùid dheth an àlaichean.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Chaoidh cha mhìticheadh a mìsneach,
Na fir sgìbidh thàbhachdach.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Rìgh an eagail, Neptun ceigeach,
Ri sìor sgreadail—"bàthar sibh!"
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Gu'm b'fhad' uamhuinn muir ri nualraich,
'S cathadh cuain a stràcadh orr'.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

'Ghuidh an sgioba geur na dùilin,
'S fhuair an urnaigh gràfadh dhaibh.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Smachdaich Æolus na spèuran,
'S a bhuilg shèidibh àrd-ghaothach.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Gun d' rinn Neptun fairge lòmadh,
Mar bhiodh glaine sgàthain ann.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Sgaoil na neòil bha tòn-ghorm clar-
dhubbh,
'S shoilsich grian mar b' àbhaist dh'.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

'S mhòthaich an sgioba do dh' fhearann,
'S ghlac iad cala sàbhailte.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

Ghabh iad pronn, a's deoch, a's leabaidh,
'S rinn iad cadal samhach orr'.
Tha m' fhearann, etc.

A BHANARACH DHONN.

LUIÑNEAG.

A Bhanarach dhonn a 'chruidh,
Chaoin a chruidh, dhonn a chruidh ;
Cailin deas donn a cruidd,
Cuachag an fhàsaich.

A Bhanarach mhìogach,
'S e do ghaol thug fo chis mi ;
'S math thig lamhainnean sìoda,
Air do mhìn-bhasan bàna.
A Bhanarach dhonn, etc.

'S mor bu bhinne bhi t-eisteachd,
An am bhi bleothan na spreidhe ;
N'an smeòrach sa' chéitein,
Am barr gèig an am fàs-choill.
A Bhanarach dhonn, etc.

'Nuair a sheinne tu coilleag,
A leigeil mairt ann an coille ;
Thaladh eunlaidh gach doire,
Dh' eisteachd coireall do mhàrain.

Ceol farasda fìor-bhinn,
Fonnar, farumach, dìonach ;
A sheinn an caillin donn mìogach,
A bheireadh biogadh air m' àirneann
A Bhanarach, dhonn, etc.

'S ge b' fhonnar an fhiodhall,
'S a teid an rithidh ;
'S e bheireadh damhs air gach cridhe
Ceol nighin na h-àiridh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, etc.

Tha deirg agus gile,
A gleachd an gruaidhean na finne',
Beul min mar an t-shirist,
O'm milis thig gàire.
A Rhanarach dhonn, etc.

Deud snasda na ribhinn,
Snaite, cruinn, mar na disnean ;
Gnr h-i 'n donn-gheal, ghlan smideach,
'S ro mhìog-shuileach fàite.
A Bhanarach dhonn, etc.

Chuireadh maill' air do leirsinn,
Ann an madainn chiuin chéitein,
Na gathannan greinè,
Thig bho teud-chul cas, fainneach.
A Bhanarach dhonn, etc.

'S ciatach nuallan na gruagaich,
A' bleothann cruaidh ghuailinn ;
A' toirt torroman air cuachaig,
'S bethar fhuaim aig a clàraibh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, etc.

'S taitneach siubhal a cuailein,
Ga crathadh mu cluasan ;
A' toirt muigh air seid luachraich
An taigh buaile, an gleann fàsaich.
A Bhanarach dhonn, etc.

A' muineal geal boidheach,
Mu'n iathadh an t-òmar,
A' dhath féin air gach seòrsa,
Chite dortadh tre bràghad.
A Bhanarach dhonn, etc.

Dà mhaoth-bhols bu ghrinne,
Fo 'n dà ghàirdein bu ghile ;
'N uair a shint iad gu h-innealt',
Gu sinean cruaidh fhàsgadh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, etc.

Gu'm bu mhothar bu bheadradh,
Teachd do'n bhuaille mu ead-thra,
Séamh sult-chorpach beitir,
'S buarach ghreasaid an àil aic'.
A Bhanarach dhonn, etc.

Glac gheal a b' ard gleodhar,
A' stealladh bainn an cuaich bleothainn ;

A' seinn luinneagan seadhach,
An gobhal na blàraig.
A Bhanarach dhonn, etc.

'N uair thogadh tu bhuarach,
Cuach a's cùrrusan na buaile ;
B'ao-coltach do ghluasad
Ri guanag na stràide.
A Bhanarach dhonn, etc.

O R A N,

MAR GUM B'ANN EADAR AM PRIONNS
AGUS NA GAEL.

AIR FONN—"Good night an' joy be wi'
you a'."

AM PRIONNSA.

MILE marbhaisg air an t-saoahal,
'S carach baoghalach a dhàil ;
Cuibhl' an fhortain oirn air caochladh,
Cha do chleachd sinn moim ro' chàch ;
Tha sinn a nis air ar sgaileadh,
Air feadh ghleann, a's f'hraoch-beann àrd ;
Ach teanailidh sinn fòs ar daoine,
'N uair a dh' fhaodas sinn gu blàr.

Misneach mhath a mhuinntir ghaolach,
'S gabhaidh Dia dhuinn daonnan càs ;
Cuiribh dòchus daingheann, faoilteach,
Anns an aon Tì ni dhuin stà :
'S buanaichibh gu righeil, adhrach,
Traisgeach, uirneach, caoineach, blà ;
'S bi'bh dileas do chach a chéile,
'S ùinear suas ar creuchdan bàis.

Ach 's feadar dhomhs a nis bhi falbh
uaibh,

A Ghàelibh càlma mo ghràidh ;
Bu mhor m' ea. bsa' às ar fònadh,
Ge do hd' fhonadh dhuinn 's an àr,
'E iomadh ana-cothrom a choinnich
Sinn, 's an choinnidh bha gun àgh ;
Ach gabhaidh mis' a nis mo chea dhìbh,
Uine bheag: ach thig mi tràth.

Leasaichidh mi fòs ar callsa,
Chruaidhnean gun fheall, gun sgàth ;
A dhilse dhliodhach, righeil, threuna,
A dheanadh éuchd ri uchd nam blàr ;
'S cinn a's coluinn chuir c chéile,
Sinn', 's sibh-féin a sgaradh fàs ;
Ach togaibh suas ar misneach gleusda,
'S cuiream féin r' ar creuchdan plàs.

NA GAEL.

A Mhoire sinn th' air ar cèusadh !
 Air dhi-cèille, sinn gun chàil ;
 Tearlach Stiubhart Mach rìgh Séumas,
 A bhi na eiginn anns gach càs ;
 Gur h-e sin a rinn ar lèireadh,
 Gur h-e 's feudar dha gu'm fàg ;
 Sinn 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 rèidh dhut ;
 M' urnaigh ghéur leat fein os àird ;
 'S ge do sgar mìo fhortan deurach
 Sinn o chéile, 's ceum ro'n bhàs ;
 Ach soraidh leat a mhic rìgh Seumas,
 Shùgh mo chéille thig gun chaird.

Chaill sinn ar stiùir, '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 chinn, gun chasan,
 Sinn marr charcaisich gun stàth ;
 Ach gabh thus' a ghràidh do t-àstar,
 Dean gleas tapaidh 's thig gun dail.

AM PRIONNSA,

Beannachd gu léir le Clann-Dòmhnuille,
 Sibh a dh' fhoirinn orm na m' chàs,
 Eadar eileanan, a's mhòr thìr,
 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-fhoirneart,
 Nan con sròn-ghaoth 'bha ri 'r sàil.

Sibh a rinn fo laimh an Trianaid,
 Mis' a dhion o mhì-ruin chàich ;
 Mo dhearg-naimhdean, neartmhor, lion-
 mhor,
 Chuir an lion feadh ghleann a's àrd.
 A mhiad 's a thaisbean sibh d' ar dilseachd,
 'S còir nach dì-chuimhuich gu bràth ;
 A bharr, gur sibh is luaithe shìn rium,
 Toic air tìr 's an talamh-ard.

NA GAEL.

Ochan ! ochan ! cruaidh an dearmad,
 Bhi 'g ar tearbadh bhuat gun bhàs ;
 B'i 'n fhoir èibhinneachd, 's am beirteas,
 Bhi d' a fhaicinn gach aon ià ;

Bì'dh ar rùisg lan tim a frasadh ;
 Ar cri lag-chùiseach gun chàil,
 Gu 'm pill thus' a ris air tais oirn,
 Beannachd leat le neart ar gràidh.

AM PRIONNSA.

O ! tìormaichibh a suas 'ur sùilean,
 'Chomuinn rùnaich 'fhuair 'ur cràdh,
 Bì'dh sibh fàs, maoinneach, mùirneach,
 N 'ur gàrd dùbailt' ma *Ehitchall*,
 'Nuair a bhios an reubal lùbach,
 Ri bog ehrùban feadh nan càrn,
 Gu 'm bi sibhs' an caitheam cuirte,
 Lasdail, lù-chlesach, làn àidh.

AM BREACAN UALLACH.

LUINNEAG.

Hé 'n clò-dubh,
 Hò 'n clò-dubh,
 Hé 'n clò-dubh,
 B fhearr an breacon.

B' FHEARR leam breacan uallach,
 Ma m' ghuaillean, 's a chuir fo m' achlais,
 Na ged gheibhinn còta,
 De 'n chlà is fearr thig á Sasuinn.
 He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

Mo laochan fein an t-éideadh,
 A dh-fheumadh an crios d' a ghlasadh,
 Cuaicheanach an éilidh,
 Déis eiridh gu dol air astar.
 He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

Eilidh cruinn nan cuachan,
 Gur buadhach an t-earradh gaisgeich ;
 Shiubhlainn leat na fuarain,
 Feadh fhuar-bheann ; 's bu ghasd' air
 faich thu.
 He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

Fìor chulaidh an t-saighdear,
 'S neo-ghloiceil ri uchd na caismeachd ;
 'S ciatach 's an *adhbans* thu,
 Fo shranntaich nam piob 's nam bratach.
 He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

Cha mhios anns an dol sìos thu,
 'Nuair sgrìobar á duille claiseach ;
 Fìor earradh na ruaige,
 Gu luatha a chuir anns na casan !
 He 'n cio-dubh, etc.

Bu mhath gu sealg an fhéidh thu,
'N am eridh do 'n ghréin air creachunn ;
'S dh-fhalbhainn leat gu lodhar,
Di-dòmhaich a dol do'n chlachan,
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

Laidhinn leat gu cearbail,
'S mar earbaig gu' m briòsgainn grad leat,
Na b' ullamh air m' armachd,
Na dearganach, 's mosgaid ghlagach.
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

'N a coilich am bhi dùrdan,
Air stùcan am madainn dhealta.
Bu ghasda t-fheum 's a chùis sin,
Seach mùtan de thrustar cásaig.
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

Shiubhlainn leat a phòsadh,
'S bharr feoirncin cha fhrosainn dealta ;
B' i sid a t-sunach bhòidheach,
An òg-bhean bha moran tlachd dh'i.
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

B' aigeantach 's a' choill' thu,
D a m' choireadh le d' bhlàths 's le t'-
fhasgath,
Bho chathadh, a's bho chrion-chur,
Gu 'n dìonadh tu mi ri frassachd.
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

Air t-nachdar gur a sgiamhach
A laidheadh a sgiath air a breacadh ;
'S claidheamh air chrios ciatach,
Air fhiaradh os-ceann do phleatan.
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

'S deas a thigeadh cuilbheir,
Gu suilbhhearra lear fa 'n asgail ;
'S a dh-aindeoin nisg' a's urchaid,
No tuil-bheum gu 'm biodh air fasgath.
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

Bu mhath anns an oidhch' thu ;
Mo loinn thu mar aodach-leapa ;
B' fhearr leam na 'm brat lin thu,
Is prìseile thlg a Glascho.
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

S' baganta grinn bòidheach,
Air banais a's air mòd am breacan ;
Suas an éileadh-sguaibe,
'S dealg-gualainn a' cur air fasdaidh.
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

Bu mhath an là 's an oidhch' thu,
Bha loinn 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, etc.

Shaoil leis gun do mhaolaich, so
Faobhar nan Gàèl tapaidh,
'Ach 's ann a chuir e géur orr',
Ni 's beurra na deud na h-ealltainn :
He n clo-dubh, etc.

Dh-fhag e iad làn mì-ruin,
Cho ciocrasach ri coid acrach ;
Cha chaisg deoch an iotadh,
Ge b' fhion i, ach fìor fhuil Shasuinn.
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

Ge d' spion sibh an Cri asainn,
'S ar broilleichean sìos a shracadh,
Cha toir sibh asainn Tearlach,
Gu bràth gus an tèid ar tacadh !
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

R' ar n-anam' tha e fuaighte,
Teann, luaite cho cruaidh ri glasan ;
'S uainn cha 'n fhaodar fhuasgladh,
Gu 'm buaineam am fear ud asainn.
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

Cleas na mnatha-siubhla.
'Gheibh tuillinn mu'm beir i' h-asaid ;
An iomad a bh'i'n duimh ris,
Gun dùbhail d'a fear a lasan.
He 'n clo-dube, etc.

Gé d' chuir sibh oirne bnarach,
Thiugh, luaighte, gu 'r falbh a bhacadh,
Ruithidh sinn cho luath,
'S na 's buaine na féidh a ghlasraidh.
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

Tha sinn 's na t-sean nàdar,
A bhà sinn ro am an *acta* ;
Am pearsannan 's an inntinn,
'S 'n ar' righealachd cha téid lagadh.
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

'S i 'n fhuil bha 'n cuis' ar sinnsridh,
'S an innsginn a bha n an aigne,
A dh-fhagadh dhuinn' mar dhileab,
Bhì righeil—O! sin ar paidir !
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

Mallachd air gach seòrsa,
Nach deonaicheadh fòs dol leat-a,
Co dhiù bhiodh aca còmh-dach,
No còmhruiste, lòm gu 'n chraiceann.
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

Mo chion an t-òg fearragha,
Thar fairge chaidh uainn air astar ;
Dùrachd blàth do dhùthcha,
'S an ùrnaigh gu lean do phearsa.
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

'S ge d' fhuair sibh lamh-an-uachdar,
Aon uair oirn le seòrsa tapaig,
An *donus* blàr ri bheò-sa,
Ni feòladair tuilleadh tapaigh.
He 'n clo-dubh, etc.

TEARLACH MAC SHEUMAIS.

AIR FONN—"Black Jock."

O! Tearlaich mhic Sheumais,
Mhic Sheumais, mhic Thearlaich,
Leat shiubhlainn gu h-eutrom,
N am èubhachd 'bhi màrsal,
S' cha b' ann leis a phlàigh ud,
A tharmaich o 'n mhuc.
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 stuirt.
Thu 'g iomachd gu sùrdail,
Air tùs a bhataill,
Cha fhrosainn an drùthda,
'S mi dlù air do shàilean ;
Mi eadar an talamh
'S an t-adhar a seòladh,
Air iteig le aighear,
Mìsg-chath, agus shòlais ;
'S caismeachd phìob' mòra,
Bras-shròiceadh am puirt.

O 'n eibhinneachd ghlòrmhor,
An t-sòlais a b' airde !
G' ar lionadh 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 stàilinn,
'Nuair sheal' maid gu sunndach,
Air fabhra do rùisg.
Gu gnùis torrach de chruadal,
De dh' uaisle, 's de nàire,
Nach taisicheadh fuathas,
Ro' luaidhe de nàmhaid ;
'S mar deanadh fir Shasuinn
Do mhealladh, 's do thréigsinn,
Bhiodh an crùn air a spalpadh,
Le d' thapadh air Sèurlas,
A dh-aindeoin na béist',
Leis an d' érich na h-uile.

Gu 'm b' fhoirmeil leam tòrman
Na 'n òrghanan 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 coillean,
S' deas mhaighdeann d'an smàladh ;
'S gach ni mar a b' araidh.
'G cuir fàilt' air le puimp !
Na *canoìn* 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 marsail gu miùinte,
Ard-shundach m' a shailean—
'S gann bha cudrom 's gach fear dhuinn,
Tri chairsteil a phuinnt?

MO BHOBUG AN DRAM.

AIR FONN—"The bucket you want."

LUINNEAG.

Ho rò mo bhobug an dràm,
Hò ri mo bhobug an dràm,
Hò rò mo bhobug an dràm,
'S c chuireadh an sòdan na m' cheann.¹

¹ The above chorus is not by Macdonald—it belongs to an old Uist song. Here are two stanzas of the original :—

Cha téid mi'n taigh-òsd' tha sud thall,
Cha'n fhiach an sinéabhar a th' ann,

FHEARABH ta'r suidhe ma 'n bhòrd,
Le 'r glaineachean cridheil n-'ar dòrn,
Na leanamaid ruidhinn air òl,
Ma mill sinn ar bruidhinn le bòl.
Ho ro mo, etc.

Na tostachan sigeanta fial,
'Ga'n aiseag gu ruige mo bhial;
Bu mhireagach stuigeadh, a's triall,
Am màrsal le ciogailt tro' m' chliabh.
Ho ro mo, etc.

'S tu chuireadh an cuireid' san t-sluagh,
'N am cogaidh ri aodainn nan ruag,
Gun olamaid sgaile dhìot gu luath,
Ma sguidseamaid slacain a truail'.
Ho ro mo, etc.

'S tu dh' fhagadh sinn tapaidh san tòir,
'N am taruinn nan glas-lan ri sròin,
'Nuair thilgte na breacain de 'n t-slògh,
'S á truail, bheirt a mach claidhe mòr.
Ho ro mo, etc.

Ge tu mo leannan glan ùr,
Cha phòg mi gu dilinn thu 'n cùil;
Ach phògaim, a's dheodhlaiun thu rùin,
Nuair thig thu 's *Jacobus* na d' ghnùis:
Ho ro mo, etc.

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, etc.

Fadamaid teine beag shios,
Na lasraichean ciuin a ni grios,
A gharas ar claigeann 's ar cri',
'Sa dh-fhògras ar n'airteal, 's ar sgios.
Ho ro mo, etc.

Gur tu mo ghlaineag ghlan lom,
Mo leannan is cannaiche fonn;
Ged rinneadh thu dh' fheamain nan tonn,
Gur mòr tha do cheanal na d' chòm.
Ho ro mo, etc.

Ge d' olainn am buideal le staun,
Gu'n giulan mo cholainn mo cheann.
Ho rò mo, etc.

Thuir cailleach cho libeasd' sa bh' ann,
'Nuair fhuair i blas air an dràm;—
"O! tairrribh 'ar casan a chlann,
S bheir mise mo char air an damps'."
[Ho rò mo, etc.

O fair a ghaoil channaich do phòg,
Leig clannadh d' a t-anail fo' m' shroin,
Gur cubhraidh leam fannal do bheoil,
No tùis agus *mire* na h-Eòrp.
Ho ro mo, etc.

O aigis a ghlaire do phòg!
Cuir spèird n' ar teangaigh gu ceòl;
An loc-shlainte bheannaichte chòir,
A leasaicheas cnàmhan a's feoil!
Ho ro mo, etc.

MARBHRANN.

DO PHEATA CALUMAN, A MHRABHADH
LE ABHAG.

'S tùrsach mo sgeul ri luaidh,
'S gun chàch gha d' chaeidh,
Ma bhàs an fhìr bu leanabail' tuar,
'S dà mheanbh ga chaoidh.
'S oil leam bàs a Choluim chaoimh,
Nach b' anagrach gnàs,
A thuiteam le madadh d'n 'm bèus,
Dòran nan càrn.
'S tu 's truagh linn de bhàs nan ian;
Mo chràdh nach beò,
Fhìr a b' iteagach, mìotagach 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' idreachdainn do dh-fhalb an tuil,
Litir gach fear;
Dùghall is Colum gu'n chuir
Deagh Noah thar leas;
Ach chaidh Dùghall air seacharan cuain,
'S cha do phill e riamh;
Ach phill Colum le iteagaich luath,
'S a fhreàgra na bhial.
Air thùs, cha d' fhuair e ionad d' a bhonn
An seasadh e ann,
Gus do thiormaich dile nan ton,
Thar mullach nam beann;
'S an sin, a litir-san leugh an duine bha
Gu 'n thiormaich a bhaile, [glic,
'S gu'm faigheadh a mhuirichinn, cobhair
Agus fuasgadh na 'n aire, [na'n teirc,
Le neart cha spùilte do nead,
Ge do thigte dha d' shlad;
Bhiodh do chaisteal fo bhearradh nan
Ann an dainghnichibh rag; [creag,

Bha do mhòdh siolaich air leath bho
 Cha togradh tu suas, [chach,
 Ach a durraghail an taca ri d' ghràdh,
 'S a cuir cagair 'n a cluais,
 Cha do chuir thu duil ann airgead no
 No fèisd am biodh sùgh, [spréidh,
 Ach spioladh, a's criomadh an t-sil le d'
 'S ag òl a bhùirn; [bhèul;
 Aodach, no anart, sìoda, no sròl,
 Cha cheannaicheadh tu 'm bùth;
 Bhiodh t-éideadh de mhìn-iteacha gorm,
 Air nach drùidheadh an drùichd;
 Cha do ghàbh 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 lic anns an ùir,
 Tha mise ge cruaidh e, 'gacain gu léir,
 Ach do thuiteam le cò.

NOTE.—This is the best of the 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, so he says that the pigeon never repeated *paternoster* or *creed*.

MOLADH

A CHAIM-BEULAICH DHUIBH.

Ge beag ort's an Caim-beulach dubh,
 Gur toigh leams' an Caim-beulach dubh;
 Biodh e dubh, no geal, no gris fhionn,
 Gràdh mo chrì-s' an Caim-beulach dubh.
 Ge h-ainnisgeach air an t-seòrs' thu,
 Na 'm b' aithne dhomsa do phòrsa,
 Chuirinn moran fios do 'n dò-bheirt,
 'N an dubh dhlòintibh fhòtusach tuigh.
 'Suilean cuirpt' bh' ann an droch chrùth,
 A fhuair oibheim do 'n fhear gheal-dhubh,
 Do 'n dèan oirdheir 's foirmeile fuil;
 'S duilich tolg a chuir 'n a chruaidh stuth.
 'S tric le madraidh bhì ri dealunn,
 An òidhche rèòt' ris a' ghealaich;
 B' ionann sin, 's eifeachd t-ealaidh,
 Air cliù geal a Cbaim-beulaich dhuibh.

'S cla mar fhuair thu dh' aodann no ghnuis,
 Caineadh uasail gun mhòdh, gun thus?
 Fhior dhearc-luachrach chinnich a lus;
 Ma t-aoir bhacaich tachdam thu bhrùic.
 Sgiùrsaidh mi gu gu'm bi thu marbh thu;
 Cha bhì ach mo theang' de db'arm riut;
 A rag-mheirlich, bhradaich, agharbhlaich
 'S ioma gharbh-mhart dh' fheann thu le
 d' churc.

Do'n t-soil chruithneachd chuireadh gu
 Cha b'e'n fhèideag, no 'n coirce dubh, [tiugh;
 Ach por priseil, 's ro sgaoilteach cur,
 Feadh gach rioghachd air tìr, 's air muir.
 Gur iongantach leam, a dhuine,
 Mar robh mearan ort air tuinneadh,
 Ciod ma'n 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 bualadh phluic,
 'N am retrèata dh' éibheach le stuir.

Cha "bhreac breun-loin" idir Cailean,
 Ach do dh'fhion-fhuil ard Mhic-Cailein;
 Teughlach ùiseil Iarla-Bhealaich;
 'S bna dhach 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,
 Bi'dh a bhiodag ridleadh do chuirp.

Claigeann gun eanachainn, gun mhead-
 Sa faodadh na h-iolairèan neadadh; [rach,
 Cià mar fhuair thu ghnùis do sgiodar,
 Ghluasad idir an ionad puirt?

Eisg bho chd, chearbaich, seargaidh mi tur,
 Do theanga chealgach a chearbaire dhuibh,
 Rinn an t-searbhag gun chair' a muigh;
 Asad dh' earbinn "cealgaireachd cruidh."

Cha fhior-ragair ge d' bhiodh fearg air
 Do 'n d' rinn thus' a dhuin' an t-searbhag;
 Ach òg faighidneach gun earra-ghloir;
 Lan do dh' ferra-ghniomh, dhearbh e
 le ghuin.

Bha thu mi-mhoil a toirt dh'a guth;
 Cràg a chobhair gu màgradh gruth;
 Leòbas odhar a ghlainneachd suth,
 Deis dh'a leaghadh, 's e ruidh na shruth.
 Cha bu bheudagan gu sàbaid
 Ach fìor leoghan stolda, staideil,
 Do 'n d' rinn us' an t-oran pràbach;
 Ach fìor ghaisgeach; 's am blàr 'g a chur.

Sparram cinnteach ort a ghlas-ghuib ;
 Losgadh peircill, corcadh, a's cuip
 Air son ascaoin chealgach do bhuis ;
 B' fhearr gu 'm bithinn-sa fagasg dhut.

Ge do bhiodh tu caineadh ghàel,
 Anns gach siorramachd a dh' àirinn,
 Seachainn muinntir Erra-ghàel,
 'S gun a Cheòlraidh fabharach dhut.

'S mairg a dh' éireadh ri siol an tuirc,
 Gasraidh ghléusda nach éaradh cluich ;
 Cha bu bhéus dhaibh bhi ris a mhurt,
 Ach cath trèun, a's cothrom r' an uchd.
 'E beag ort-sa mìle cuairt e,
 'S ioma sonn aigeanntach ullach,
 Eadar Asainn, 's Cluaigh nan luath-long,
 A 's trom luaigh air Caim-heulach dubh.

Suil na seòca, 's ro bheòchail cur,
 An ceann rò-bhinn nam bachalach dubh ;
 Cha b' i "fròg-shuil, rògair" a chruidh ;"
 Fìor fhiamh seoid air còr ann an sult.
 'S geal 's a's dearg do leac, a's t-aogas,
 Ge thubhuirt iad "peirceall caol riut ;"
 Cha b' ionann as sligeas-gaoisneach,
 'S fiasag-p ** -laoi gh ort nach eil tiugh.

'S ge d'reachadh tu 's na spèuraibh
 Chum a Chaim-beulach dhuibh éisgeadh,
 Tuitidh tusa mar a bheisteach,
 N a t-ionad féin am buachair mairt.
 Thusa bhreinen, magaran cac ;
 E-san ghlè-ghlan lomlan do thlachd ;
 Thus a dhéistinn 's muig ort air àt,
 Mar bu bhéus do dhòran no chât.

Aodann craineig, fharr-aodann tuirc ;
 Com a chnaimh-fhi'ch, 's nadur na muic ;
 Beul mhic-lamhaich, 's fàileadh a bhruc ;
 Spàgan clàrach ; sailean nan cùsp'.
 De dh' oirlicheau aoiridh bàrdail,
 Toisèam o d' bhathais, gu d' shàil thu ;
 'S feannam do leathar a thràill dhìot,
 Chioun gu'n chàin' thu'n Caim-beulach
 dubh.

Cha 'n fhearr sgipi thus' ach fìor ghlug ;
 'S beairt gun teagamh bi'dh tu fo bhruid ;
 T-iasag failidh, t-fhalt, a's do ruigs ;
 Tuitidh t-fhiaclan 's falbhaidh do thuigs'.
 'S coltach nach 'b aithue dhut mise,
 'Nuair a bha mi so gun fhios dut ;
 Na 'm b' eol, cha ghlacadh tu mhisneach,
 Ròine riobadh as an fhearr 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, 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 á Cinn-tàile,
 Iar-ogh' mhortair 's ogha 'mheirlich ;
 Am Braid-Alban fhuair e àrach,
 Siol na ceilge 's meirleach a chruidh.
 'S obhar, ciar, an Caim-beulach dubh,
 'S oillteil, fiadhaich, amharc sa' chruth ;
 'S lachdan liath-ghlas, dubh cha'n fhiach e ;
 'S fear gu'n mhiadh 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 FONN—"Cabair Feidh."

Faill' an leoghainn chrenchdaich,
 Is eugsamhuil spracalachd,
 'Nuair dheireadh do chinn-fheadna,
 Bu mheaghrach am brataichean,
 'Nuair chruinnicheadh gach dream dhiu,
 Gu ceannsgalach tartarach,
 Bhiodh pronnadh agus calladh,
 Air naimhdean a thathradh ribh ;
 Iad gu h-òirdheire air bharr corr-ghleus,
 Teinteach foir-dhearg, lasrachail,
 'S ard an stoirm air mhìre-chonbhaidh,
 'S lainn nan dorn ri spealtaircachd,
 Le'n geur cholg ri stracadh bholg,
 A' gearradh cheann is chorpunnan ;
 S cha slugh gun chruaidh gun cheannsgal,
 Le'n lann bheireadh fosadh orr.

Dùisg a leoghainn euchdaich,
 'S dean èirigh gu farumach,
 Air brat ball-dearg, breid-gheal,
 'S fraoch sleibhe mar bharan air ;
 Tog suas do cheann gu h-eatrom,
 'S na speuraibh gu caithreaseach,
 'S thèid mi-fhìn cho géire,
 'Sa dh' fheudas mi d' arabhaig ;

Togam suas do mholadh prìseil,
 'S do cheann ridheil 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 taruinn ruit.

Co b'urrainn tàir no dì bleachd,
 Gu dìlinn a bharalacha?
 No shamhlaidheadh riut mì-chliù,
 A rìgh nan ceann barrasach;
 A chreutair ghasda, rimheich,
 'S garg fìor-dheas do tharruinnse,
 Air brat glan de'n t-sìoda,
 Ri mìn-chrann caol gallanach;
 E ri plapraich ri crann-brataich,
 A' stailce chàs gu h-eangarra;
 Is còmhlain ghasda lan do ghaigse,
 Teanailt bras gu leanailt ris,
 Fearg gu casgairt 'nan gnùis dhaite,
 Fraoch a's fras gu fearachas;
 Bhì'dh sgrios a's lannadh sìos,
 Air luchd mì-ruin a bheanadh riut.

Cha robh garta glèòis,
 Air an t-seòrsa o'n ghineadh tu,
 An dream rathail mhòr-chùiseach;
 Chòmhragach, iomairteach;
 Bu ghunnach, dagach, òr-sgiathach,
 Gòirseideach, nimheal iad;
 Bu domhain farsuainn creuchdach,
 Cneidh euchdach am fìrionnach;
 Iad gu sùrdail losga' fùdair,
 Toirt as smuid bho lasraichean;
 Na fìr ùra, gheala, lùghar,
 A ghearra smuais a's aisnichean;
 Lannan dù-ghorm, geura, cùl-tiugh,
 'N glaic nam fìuran aigeantach,
 A' sgotha chorp a sìos gu'n rumpaill,
 Sùrd le sunnd air stracaireachd.

'S foinni, fearail, laidir,
 Cuanda, dàicheil, cinneadail,
 Sliochd nan Collaidh lamh-dhearg,
 'S iad lan do dh'ard spiorad annt.
 Cho dian ri lasair chrà-dheirg,
 'S gaoth Mhàirt a' cuir spìonnaidh in t'
 Gun mheang. gun mheirg, gun fhàillin,
 'Nar càileachd ge d' shìrean sibh;
 Na fìr chogach théid '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 lamh, a's chas, diubh,
 Ann san toit le mire-chath,
 Na fìr bhèurra, threin, fhearrdha,
 Gheur, armach, fhineadail!

An cinneadh maiseach, treubhach,
 Nan réidh-chuilbheir acuinneach,
 Nach diultadh dol air ghleus,
 Ri h-àm feuma gu grad-mharbhadh,
 Madaidh ri ùird ghleusta,
 Gu beuma nan sradagan,
 A' conas dearg ri chèile,
 A' cuir eibhlean gu lasraichean.
 Frasan dealanach dearg pheileir,
 Teachd o'r teine tartarach,
 A' spadadadh, 's a pronnadh, 's a leadairt,
 Nan corp ceigeach, casagach.
 Lannan dù-ghorm dol gan dùlan,
 A gearra smùis is aisnichean,
 Aig na treunaibh cruaidh, 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, tapuidh, dàna,
 Cho làn de nimh-ghuineadeach,
 Ri nathraichean an t-sléibhe,
 Le'n geur-lannaibh fulangach,
 Iad gu sìtheach, gleusta, cos-luath,
 Rùnach, bos-luath, fulasgach,
 Cruas na croige, luathas na draige,
 Chluinntte fead am bullinnean;
 Na fìr dhàna, lùghar, nàrach,
 Fhoinnidh, làidir, urranda,
 Cho garg ri tuil-mhaoim sléibhe,
 No falaisg gheur nam munainean!

A charraig dhaingheann dhileant,
 Nach dìobair gu'u acarachd,
 Gluais suas gu spòrsail righeil,
 Ro d' mhlìinibh gaisgeanda;
 'S iad mire geal na cruadhach,
 Gun truaille, gun ghaiseadh annt',
 'S bòcain a chuir ruaig iad,
 Bheir buaidh le 'n sluagh bras-bhuilleach.
 'S ioma feasgach cùl-bhui deid-gheal,
 Is garbh dom is slinneinean,
 A dh' éireas, leat an tùs na co'-stri,
 A ni comhrag mìn-bhuailteach,

Iad gu bonn-mhall, bas-luath, cròdha,
Saitheach, stòriceach, lomaineach,
A' dol a sìos an àm na teugbhail,
'S lèoghunn bèuc air mhìre aca.

A leoghuinn bheucaich, ghruamaich,
Bheil cruadal air tuineacha,
Is tric a dhearbh an cruaidh chùis
'S na buan ruagaibh cumasgach.
'Nuair a spailpte suas thu,
Le d' bhuidh ri crann fulangach ;
Chite conadh ruaimleach,
'An gruaidhean na h-uile fir.
'S daingheann, seasmhach, rang do
fhleasgach,
'Nuair bhiodh deise taruinn orr,
Cha toir eagal nàmhaid eag annt,
'S iad mar chreag nach caraicheadh,
S glan am preas iad, chaoidh cha teich iad,
'S fiodh nach peasg, de'n darach iad :
S tric a fhuair sibh air 'ur nàmhaid,
'S na blàraibh buaidh-chaitreamach.

Nan tigeadh ortsa foirneart,
Gu d leon o chrich aincolaich,
Coigrich le rùn dò'-boeirt,
Gu d' chòir thoirt a dh-aindeoin diot :
'S iomad làn cheann-ileach,
'S lann liobhta 'm beairt dhaingheann
ann,
A thairneadh suas ri d' shòda,
Dheth t-fhìor-fhuil d'a t-anagladh.
Fuiribin chomasach nach cromadh,
Ro fhrois tholladh phearsunnan ;
Naeh biodh somult dhol air cholluin,
'N am bhì sonnadh chlaigeannan.
Crìn-lu th lomarra 'ga phronnadh,
Air piob 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' eugsamhuil 's lu cheannardaich.
'Nuair thàirneadh iad ri chèile
Gach treubh dhiu gu fearachail,
S maig a spiola feusag
Nan leoghann, ga ghreannachadh.
Bhiodh cinn is dùimn ga sgathadh dhiubh-
san,
Ann an dùiseal lannaireachd.

Fuil ri fear-imeachd 's ri srùladh,
Feadh nan lùb 's nan camhanan.
Bhiodh lannan lotach dù-ghorm,
Cuir smùidrich de cheannaibh Ghall,
Is caoidhrean cruaidh a's rànaich,
'S an àraich gu gearanach.

C' ait am beil san rìgheachd,
Am fear-ghnìomh thug barrachd oirbh?
Nam brosnachite chum strì sibh,
A mhìlidhnean barraideach :
Na tuirin sgairteil prìseil,
De'n fhìor-chruaidh nach fannaicheadh:
D'am b' àbhaist a bhì dileas,
'S nach dìobradh na ghealladh iad,
Gaothair chatha théid mar shaigheid,
Sìos le'n claidhe' dealanaich.
Gus an sgath iad healach romp ;
Cuirp gan sgatha 's cruaidh ga crathadh,
'S orra pathadh falanach ;
Chluintear fead ar claidhean,
Truagh ghair agus langanaich.

Tha iomadh mìle an Alba,
De gharbh-fhearaibh fulasgach,
Sliochd Ghàeil ghlais á Scòta
Thig deonach m' ar *cularaibh!*
Gun tig iad le rùn cruaidh,
'S gum fuaigh iad gu bunailteach,
Ri teanchair ghaire an leoghainn,
'S ri spògaibh dearg fuileachdach.
Togaibh leibh gun aire gun easbhuidh,
Trom fheachd seasmhach cunnbhalach,
De laochraidh dheise, shunndach, threiseil,
Théid neo-leisg 's an iomairt sgleo.
Cha'n fhacas riamh na suinn 'nan gelltibh
Dol 'an teas nan cumasgan ;
Teichidh iad o'r stròiceadh,
'S o'r sròlaibh breac, duilleagach.

BEANNACH LUINGE,

MAILLE RI BROSNACHA FAIRGE, A RINNE-
ADH DO SGIOAA BIRLINN THIGHEARNA
CHLANN-RAONUILL.

GU'M beannaiche Dia Long Chlann-Rao-
nuill,
A cheud là do chaidh air sàil',
E-fein, 's a threiu fhir ga caitheamh,
Treun a chaidh thar mathas chàich ;

Gu'm beannaich an Co-dhia naomh,
 An iunrais anail nan speur,
 Gu'n sguabta garbhllach na mara,
 G'ar tarruinn gu cala réidh.
 Athair a chruthaich an fhairge !
 'S gach gaoth a sheideas as gach àird,
 Beannaich ar caol-bhare 's ar gaisgich,
 'S cum i-fein 's gasraidh slàn.
 A Mhic beannaich féin ar n-achdair
 Ar siùil, 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 creinn 's ar taodaibh gu léir
 Ar stadh, 's ar tarruinn cum fallain,
 'S na leig-sa 'nar caramh beud.
 An Spiorad Naomh biodh air an stiùir,
 Seoladh è 'n t-iùil a bhios beart ;
 'S eol da gach long-phort fo'n ghréin,
 Tilgeamaid sinn féin fo bheachd.

Beaunuchadh nan Arm.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia ar claidhean,
 'S ar lannan spainnteach, geur gblas,
 'S ar lùirichean troma màilleach,
 Nach gearr-te le faobhar tais ;
 Ar lannan cruadhach, 's ar gòrsaid,
 'S ar sgiathan an-dealbhach dualach ;
 Beannaich gach armachd gu h-iomlan,
 Th' air ar n-iomchar 's ar crios-guaile ;
 Ar boghannan foinealach iubhair,
 'Ghabhadh lu'gha ri uchd tuasaid ;
 'S na saighdean beithe nach spealgadh,
 Ann an balgan a bhuic ghruamaich,
 Beannaich ar biodag, 's ar daga ;
 'S ar n-èile gasd ann an cuaichean,
 'S gach trealaich cath agus còmhraig,
 Tha'm bàrc Mhic-Dhòmhnuill san uair so.
 Na biodh simplidheachd oirbh no taise,
 Gu'n dol air ghaigse le cruadal,
 Fad 's a mhaireas ceithir bhùrd d'i,
 No bhios càrad shùth dh'i fuaighte ;
 'M fad 's a shnàmhas i fo 'r casan,
 Na dh'fhainas cnag dh'i an uachdar,
 A dh-aindeoin aon fhuathas gam faic sibh,
 Na meataicheadh gart a chuain sibh ;
 Ma nì sibh cothacha ceart,
 'S nach mothaich an fhairge sibh dibli,
 Gun islich a h-àrdan '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 bhoghachadh 's an strì,
 No chinntinn idir nì's brais ;
 'S amhuil sin a ta mhuir mhor,
 Coisinnidh le colg 's le sùrd,
 'S gun ùmhlaich i dhut fa dheigh,
 Mar a dh' òrdaich Rìgh nan dùl.

Brosnachadh iomraidh gu ionad seòlaidh.

Gun cuirt an iubhrach dhulbh-dhealbhach,
 An àite seòlaidh,
 Sàthaibh a mach cleathan rìghne,
 Liath-lom còmhnard ;
 Ràmhan min-lunnacha dealbhach,
 Socair, eutrom,
 A nì 'n t-ionradh toirteil, calma,
 Bos luath, caoir-gheal ;
 Chuireas an fhairge 'na sradaibh,
 Suas 's 'na'n speuraibh,
 'Na teine-siunnachain a' lasadh,
 Mar fhras éibhlean ;
 Le buillean gailbheacha, 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, ghlean-
 Gharbhllach, thomach. [nach,
 O! sinibh 's tàirrnibh, agus lùbaibh,
 Ann sna bacibh !
 Na gallain bhas-leathunn, ghiùbhsaich,
 Le lùs ghlac-gheal.
 Na fuirbnean troma, treuna,
 A' laidhe suas orr,
 Le'n gaoirdeanaibh dòideach, feitheach,
 Gaoisneach, cnuachdach,
 'Thogas 's a' leagas le chéile,
 Fo aon ghluasad,
 A gathan liath-reamhae, réithe,
 Fo bhàrr stuadhan ;
 Iurghuilich garbh 'an tùs cléithe,
 'G eubhach suas orr ;
 Iorram dhùisgeas an speurad,
 Ann sna guailean !
 'Sparras a Bhirlinn le sèitrich,
 Tro gach fuar-ghleann ;
 Sgoltadh na bòchd-thuinn a' beucaich,
 Le sàimh chruaidh-chtuim,
 Dh-iomaineas beanntaineàn beisdeil,
 Ro dà ghualainn.

Hògan ! air cuan, nuallan gàireuch,
 Heig air chnagaibh !
 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 lomradh,
 'Chreanaicheas gach bòrd dheth darach.
 Blgh a's iarann !
 'S lannan gan tilgeil le staplainn,
 Chnap ri sliasaid ;
 Foirne fearail, a bheir tulga,
 Dugharra, dàicheil,
 'Sparras a chaol-bharc le giubhsaich,
 'N aodann àibheis,
 Nach pillar le friegh nan tonn du-ghorm,
 Le lùgha ghàirdein ;
 Sud an sgioba neartmhor, shùrdail,
 Air chùl àlaich,
 Phronnas na cuairteagan cùl-ghlas,
 Le roinn ràmhachd,
 Gun sgios gun airtneal gun lùbadh
 Rì h-uchd gàbhaidh.

*An sin an deigh do na sia-fearaibh-deng,
 suidhe air na ràimh, a chum a h-ìom-
 radh, fò'n gheoith gu ionad seolaidh. do
 ghlaodh CALUM GARBH, MAC-RAON-
 AILL NAN CUAN. Iorram oirre, 's t air
 ràmh-bràghad, agus 's i so i :—*

'S a nis o rinneadh 'ur taghadh,
 'S gur coltach dhuibh bhi 'n-ar roghainn,
 Thugaibh tulga neo-chladharra dàicheil.
 Thugaibh tulga, etc.

Thugaibh tulga neo-chearbach,
 Gu'n airsneal gun dearmad,
 Gu freasdal na gaille-bheinne sàil-ghlais.
 Gu freasdal, etc.

Tulga danarra treun-ghlac,
 A ridheas cnàmhan a's féithean,
 Dh-fhàgas soilleir a ceumannan àlaich.
 Dh-fhagas, etc,

Sgobadh fonnar gun éislein,
 Ri garbh bhrosnacha chéille,
 Iorram gleust ann bho bheul fir a
 Iorram gleust, etc. [bràghad.

Cogull ràmh air na bacaibh,
 Leois a's rusgadh air bhasaibh,
 'S ràimh d'an sniomh ann an achlaisean
 'S ràimh. etc. [ard-thonn.

Biodh 'ur gruaidhean air lasadh,
 Biodh 'ur bois gu'n leòb chralcinn,
 Fallas mala bras chrapa gu làr dhìbh.
 Fallas mala bras, etc.

Snìbh, tàirnaibh, a's luthaibh,
 Na gallain liath-leothar ghiubhais,
 'S dianaibh uighe tro shruthaibh an
 'S dianaibh, etc. t-sàile.

Cliath ràmh air gach taobh dh i,
 Masgadh fàirge le saothair,
 Dol 'na still ann an aodann na bàirlinn.
 Dol 'na still, etc.

Iomraibh cò-lath glan gleusta,
 Sgoltadh bòc-thuinn a' beucaich,
 Obair shundach gun eislein gun fhàrdal.
 Obair shundach, etc.

Buailibh co-thromach tréin i,
 Sealltainn tric air a chéile,
 Dùisgibh spiorad 'n-ar féithean gu laidir !
 Dùisgibh spiorad, etc.

Biodh a darach a' collainn,
 Ris na fiadh-ghleannaibh bronnach
 'S a da shliasaid a' pronnadh, gach bar-
 'S a da shliasaid, etc. [lainn.

Biodh an fhairge ghlas thonnach,
 Ag àt 'na garbh mhothar lonnach,
 S na h-ard-uisgeachan bronnach 'sa ghàr-
 'S na h-ard-uisgeachan, etc. [aich.

A ghlas-fhairge sior chopadh,
 A steach mu dà ghualainn thoisich,
 Sruth ag osnaich a' sloistreadh a h-earr-
 Struth ag osnaich, etc. [linn.

Snìbh, tàirribh, a's lùbaibh,
 Na gathain mhìn-lunnach chùl-dearg,
 Le iumaireidh smuis 'ur garbh ghàirdean.
 Le iumaireidh smuis, etc.

Cuiribh fothaibh an rugh' ud,
 Le fallas mhailean a' sruthodh,
 'S togaibh siùil rì bho Uidhist nan crà-
 'S togaibh siùil, etc. [ghiadh.

Dh-ìomair iad 'an sin gu ionad seolaidh.

An sin thàr iad na seoil shìthe,
 Gu fìor ghasda,
 'Shaor iad na sia-ràimh-dheug,
 A' steach tro' bacaibh.

Sgathadh grad iad sìos r'a sliasaid,
Sheachnadh bhac-bhreid.
Dh-ordaich Clann-Raonuill d'an-uaislean,
Sàr-sgiohairean cuain a bhi aca,
Nach gabhadh eagal ro fhuathas,
No gne thuirgheadh a thachradh.

*Dh-òrdaicheadh an deigh an taghadh na,
h-nìle duine dhol 'an seilbh a ghràm'
àraid fèin 's na cho-lorg ssn ghlaodhadh
ri fear na stiùrach suidh air stiùr anns
na briathraibh so:—*

Suidheadh air stiùr trom laoch léathunn,
Neartar, fhasgailt',
Nach tilg bun no bàrr na sùmaid,
Fairge bhuaithe ;
Claireanach taiceil, lan spiunnaidh,
Plocach, màsach,
Min-bheumnach, faicleach,
Furaehail, lan nàistin ;
Bunnsaidh cutromach,
Garbh, sòcair, seolta, lugh'er ;
Eirmseach, faighidneach, gun ghriomhag,
Rih-uchd tùilín :
'Nuair a chluinn e 'n fhàirge ghiobach,
Teachd le bùirein,
Chumas a ceann caol gu sgibidh,
Ris na sùghaibh ;
Chumas gu socrach a gabhail,
Gun dad luasgain.
Sgòd a's cluas ga rian le anharc,
Suil air fuaradh ;
Nach caill aon òirleach na h-òrdaig,
Deth cheart chùrsa ;
'Dh-aindeoin bàrr sùmadain màra,
Teachd le sùrdaig ;
Theid air fuaradh leatha cho daingheann,
Mas a h-èigin,
Nach bi lann, no reang 'na darach,
Nach tòir eibh asd ;
Nach taisich a's nach téid 'na bhreislich,
Dh-aindoin fuathnis,
Ge do dh-atadh a mhuir cheanna-ghlas
Suas gu chluasaibh ;
Nach b'urrainn am fuiribh chreanachadh,
No ghluasad,
O ionad a shuidh, 's e tearainnte,
'S ailm 'aa asguil,
Gu freasdal na seana mhara ceanna-ghlas,
'S gleann-ghaoir ascaoin,
Nach crithnìch 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 tunne,
Falbh dìreach 'na still gu cala,
'N aird gach buinne.

Dh-òrdaicheadh a mach fear-beairte.

Suidheadh toirtearlach garbh dhòideach,
'An glaic beairte,
A bhios staideil lan do chùram,
Graimear, glac-mhor ;
Leigéas cudthrom air ceann slaite,
Ri h-àm cruaidhich,
Dh-fhaothaicheas air crann 's air acuinn,
Bheir dhaibh fuasgladh ;
Thuigeas a ghaoth mar a thig i,
Do réir seòlaidh,
Fhreagras min le fearas bearte,
Beum an sgòid-fhir :—
'Sior chuideachadh leis an acuinn,
Mar fàilnich buill bheairte
Reamhar ghaoise.

Chuireadh air leth fear-sgòide.

Suidheadh fear sgòid' air an tota
Gaoirdean laidir,
Nan righinin gaoisneach, feitheach,
Reambar, cnàmhach ;
Cràgan tiugha, leathunn, clianach,
Meur gharbh chròcach ;
Mach's a steach an sgoid a leigeas,
Le neart sgròbaidh ;
'An àm cruaidhich a bheir thuig i,
Gaoth na sheideas,
'S 'nuair a ni an oiteag lagadh,
Leigeas beum leis.

Dh-òrdaicheadh air leth fear-cluaise.

Suidheadh fear cranara, taiceil,
Gasda, cuanda,
Laimhsicheas, a chluas neo-lapach,
Air a fuaradh ;
Bheir imirich sìos sa suas i,
A chum gach urraicag,
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.

Do-òrdaicheadh do'n toiseach fear-iùil.

Eireadh mar-nialach na sheasamh,
 Suas do'n toiseach,
 'S deanadh e dhuinn 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 tire,
 Le sàr-shùl-bheachd,
 O'n 'se sin a's Dia gach sìde,
 'S reull-iùil duinn.

Chuireadh air leth fear-calpa na tàirrne.

Suitheadh air calpa na tàirrne,
 Fear gu'n soistinn,
 Snaomanach fuasgailteach, sgairteil,
 Foinnidh, sòlta ;
 Duine cùramach gu'n ghriobhag,
 Ealamh gruamach ;
 A bheir uaip a's dh'i mar dh-fheumas,
 Gleusda, luaineach ;
 Laitheas le spòghannan troma,
 Treun' air tarruinn ;
 Air cudthrom a dhòid a' cromadh,
 'Dh-ionnsuidh daraich ;
 Nach ceangail le sparraig mu'n urracaig,
 An taod-frithir ;
 Ach gabhail ùime gu daingheann seolta,
 Le lùb-rithe ;
 Air eagal 'n uair sgairte an t-ausadh,
 I chuir stad air,
 Los i ruith 'na still le crònan,
 Bharr na cnaige.

*Chuireadh air leth fear-innse nan uisgeachan.
 's an fhàirge air cinntinn tuilleadh a's
 molach, agusthuirt an Stiùireadair ris:—*

Suitheadh fear-innse gach uisge,
 Làmh ri m' ehluais-sa,
 'S cumadh e a shùil gu biorach,
 'An crìdh' an fhuaraidh.
 Taghaibh an duine leth cagalach,
 Fiamhach sicir,
 'S cha mhath leam e bhi air fad,
 'Na ghealtair' riochall ;
 Boidh e furachair 'nuair chi è,
 Fuaradh froise,
 Co dhiubn bhios an soirbheas,
 Na deireadh no na toiseach ;

'S gu'n cuireadh e mis air m' fhaicill,
 Suas d'am mhosgladh,
 Ma ni e gnè chunnairt fhaicinn,
 Nach bi tostach.
 'S ma chi e coltas muir bhàite,
 Teachd le nuallan.
 A sgairteas cruaidh :—“ceann caol a
 fiodha,
 Chumail luath ris.”
 Biodh e ard labhrach, céillidh,
 'G-eubhach “bàirlinu ;”
 'S na ceileadh air fear na stiùrach,
 Ma chi gabhadh.
 'Na biodh fear innse nan uisgean,
 Ann ach e-san ;
 Cuiridh giambhag, briot, a's gusgul,
 Neach 'na bhreislich.

*Dh-òrdaicheadh a mach fear-toomaidh, 'san
 fhàirg' a' bàrcadh air am muin rompa 's
 nan dèigh.*

Freasdladh air leabaidh na taoime,
 Laoch bhios fuasgailt',
 Nach fannaich gu bràth 's nach tiomaich,
 Le gair chuintean ;
 Naeh lapaich, 's nach meataich,
 Fuachd, sàil', no clach-mheallain
 Laomadh mu bhroilleach 's mu mhuneal,
 'Na fuar steallaibh ;
 Le crùmpa mor cruinn tiugh fiodha,
 'Na chiar dhòidibh,
 Sior thilgeadh a mach na fàirge
 A steach a dhoirteas ;
 Nach dlrich a dhrum lùghor,
 Le rag earlaid,
 Gus nach fag e sìle 'n grunnid,
 Nan làr a h-earluinn ;
 'S ge do chinneadh a buird cho tolltach
 Ris an ridil,
 Chumas cho tioram gach cnag dh'i,
 Ri clàr buideil.

*Dh-òrdaicheadh dithis gu dragha nam ball
 chulao-daich, 's coltas orra gun tugta na
 sìthil uapa le ro ghairbhead na sìde.*

Cuiribh caraid laidir chnàmh-reamhar,
 Gairbneach, ghaoistneach,
 Gum freasdaladh iad tearuinnt treun
 ceart i,
 Buill chul-aodaich ;
 Le smuais a's le miad lùghis,
 An ruighean treunna,

'N am cruaghaich bheir orr a steach,
 No leigean beum leis,
 Chumas gu sgiobalta a staigh e,
 'Na teis meadhon,
 Dh-ordaicheadh Donnacha Mac-Chor-
 maig,
 A's Iain mac Iain,
 Dithis starbhanach theoma, ladorn,
 De dh-fhearaibh Chàna.

*Thaghadh seisir gn'fearas ùrlair, an earalas
 gum fàilnicheadh a h-aon de na thnirt
 ni, no gu'n spionadh onfadh na fàirge
 mach thar bord è, 's gn'n suidheadh fear
 dhiù so 'na àite.*

Eircadh seiseir ealamh, ghleusta,
 Lamhach, bheotha,
 Shiubhlas, 'sa dh-fhalbas, 's a leumas,
 Feadh gach bòrd dh'i,
 Mar ghearr-fhiadh am mullach sléibhe
 'S coin d'a copadh ;
 Streupas ri cruaidh bhallaibh réidhe,
 De'n chaol chòrcaich,
 Cho grad ri feòragan céitein,
 Ri crann rò-choill ;
 A bhois ullamh, ealamh, treubhach,
 Falbhach, eolach,
 Gu toirt dh'i, 's gu toirt an ausadh,
 'S clausail òrdail,
 Chaitheas gun airtneal gun éislean,
 Long Mhic-Dhòmhnuille.

*Do bha nis na h-uile gosreass a bhuineadh
 do 'n t-seoladh, air a chuir 'an deagh raig-
 hailt, agus theann na h-uile laoch tapaidh
 gun taise, gun fhiamh, gun sgàthachas
 chum a cheatrt ionaid an d'òrdaichadh
 dha dot: agus thog iad na siùil ma òiridh
 na greine là-fheill-Bride, a' togail a mach
 o bhun Lìch-Aineirt, ann 'an Uidhist-a-
 chinne-deas.*

Grian a faoisgneadh gu h-òr-bhuidh',
 A's a mogul,
 Chinn an speur gu dùbhuidh dòite,
 Lan de dh-oglachd ;
 Dh-fhàs i tonn-ghorm, tiugh, tàrr-lachd-
 unn,
 Odhar, iargalt ;
 Chinn 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 frois orr,
 Thog iad na siuil bhreaca,
 Bhaidealacha, dhiònach ;
 'S shìl iad na calpannan raga,
 Teanna, rìghne,
 Ri fiodhanan arda, fada,
 Nan colg bigh dhearg ;
 Cheangladh iad gu gramail, snaompach,
 Gu neo-chearbach,
 Tro shùilean nan cormag iarrainn,
 'S nan cruinn ailbheag.
 Cheartaich iad gach ball de'n acuinn,
 Ealamh, dòigheil ;
 'S shuidh gach fear gu freasdal tapaidh,
 'Bhuill bu choir dha ;
 'N sin dh' thosgail uinneagan an adhair.
 Ballach, liath-ghorm,
 Gu séideadh na gaoithe greannaich,
 'S bannail iargalt ;
 Thrruinn an cuan a bhrat dù-ghlas,
 Air gu h-uile,
 A mhantul garbh caiteanach, ciar-dhubh,
 Sgreitidh buinne,
 Dh-at e 'na bheannaibh, 'sna ghleannaibh,
 Molach robach.
 Gun do bhòchd an fhairge choigeach,
 Suas na cnocaihb ;
 Dh-fhosgail a mhuir ghorm na craosaibh,
 Farsuinn, cràcach,
 'An glaicibh a chélie ri taosgadh,
 'S caonnag bhàs-mhor.
 Gum b' fhear-ghnìomh bhì 'g amharc 'an
 aodann
 Nam maom teinntidh,
 Lasraichean sradanach sionnachain,
 Air gach beinn diubb.
 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 sìn,
 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'i :
 Na ceòsanaich arda, chroma,
 Teachd 's a bhàirich,
 M'an tigeadh iad idir 'n-ar caramh,
 Chiuinnt' an gàirich.

Iad a sguabhadh 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 gíobach,
 Gur beag nach dochaineadh an sàil,
 An t-aigeal sligeach :
 An fhairge ga maistreadh 's ga sluistreadh,
 Troimhe chéile,
 Gun robh ròin a's mialan mòra,
 'Am barrachd eigin.
 Onfadh a's tonnan na mara,
 A's falbh na luinge,
 'A sradadh an eanchainean geala,
 Feadh gach tunne.
 Iad ri nuallanaich ard-uamhaineach,
 Searbh thùrsach ;
 'G eubhach, gur h-ìochdarain sinne,
 Dragh chum bìùrd sinn :
 Gach min-iasg a bh'ann san fhàirge,
 Tarr-gheal, tiunnadait' ;
 Le gluasad confach na gailbheinn,
 Marbh gun chunntas.
 Clachan a's maorach an aigeil,
 Teachd an uachdar,
 Air am buain a nuas le slacraich,
 A chuain uaimhreigh.
 An fhairge uile 'si 'na brochan,
 Strioplach, ruaimleach,
 Le fuil 's le gaor nam biast lorcach,
 'S droch dhath ruadh orr.
 Na bèistean adharcach iangach,
 Plutach, lorcach ;
 Lan cheann-sian nam beoil gun gialaibh,
 'S an craos fosgailte.
 An aibheis uile lan bhochdan,
 Air cragradh.
 Le spògan le earbuill mor-bhaist,
 Air magradh.
 Bu sgreamhail an ròbhain sgrìachach,
 Bhi 'ga eisdeachd,
 Thogadh iad air caogad mìlidh,
 Eatrom céille.
 Chaill an sgioba càil g'an claiستهachd,
 Rì bhi 'g èisteachd,
 Ceileirean sgreadach nan deomhan,
 'S m' òthar bhéistean.
 Fa-ghàir na fairge 'sa slacraich,
 Gleachd ri darach,
 Fosghair a toisich a sloistreadh,
 Mhuca-màra.

A' Ghaoth ag ùrachadh a fuairaidh
 As an iar-aird ;
 Bha sinn leis gach seòrsa buairidh,
 Air ar pianadh.
 S sinn dall le cathadh fairge,
 Sior dhol tharuinn,
 Tairneanach òibheiseach ré oidhche,
 'S teine dealain.
 Peileirean bethrich a' losgadh,
 Ar cuid acuinn ;
 Fàileadh a's deathach na riofa,
 Gar glan thachadh :
 Na dùilean uachdrach a's ìochdrach,
 Ruinu air togail.
 Ach 'n uair dh'artlaich air an fhairge,
 Toirt oirn strìòchda,
 Ghabh i truas le fàite gàire,
 Rinn i sìth ruinn.
 Ge d'rinn, cha robh crann gun lubadh,
 Seol gun reubadh ;
 Slat gnn sgaradh, rac gun fhàillin,
 Ràmh gun éislein.
 Cha robh stagh ann gun stuadh-leumnach :
 Beairt ghaisidh,
 Tarruinn, no cupull gun bhrìstheadh,
 Fise ! Faise !
 Cha robh tota no beul-mor ann,
 Nach tug aideach,
 Bha h-uile crannaghail a's goireas,
 Air an lagadh.
 Cha robh achlachan no aisne dh'i,
 Gun fhuasgladh ;
 A slat-bheoil 'sa sguitchinn asgail,
 Air an tuairgneadh.
 Cha robh falmadair gun sgoltadh,
 Stiùir gun chreuchadh ;
 Cnead a's dìosgan 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 tràladh,
 Cha robh calp' ann gu'n lubadh ;
 Cha robh ball a bhùineadh dh'i-se,
 Nach robh nì'a measa na thúrath.
 Ghairm an fhairge sìochaint ruinne,
 Air crois Chaol Ile,
 'S gu'n d'fhuair a gharbh ghaoth,
 Shearbh-ghlòireach, ordugh sinidh.
 Thog i uainn do ionadaibh uachdrach
 An adhair ;

'S chinn i dhuinn na clàr rèidh mhìn-gheal, 'N deigh a tubhunn.	De'n ghiubhas a bhuaìn M'c-Bharais, 'An Eilean-Fhionain.
'S thug sinn buidheachas do'n Ard-Rìgh, Chum na dùilean,	'S rinn sinn an t-ìomra réidh tulganach, Gun dearmad ;
Deagh Chlann-Raonuill bhi sàbhailt, O bhàs bruideil.	'S ghabh sinn deag long- phort aig barraibh,
'San sin bheum sinn a siuil thana, bhallach, Do thùillin ;	Gharraig Fhearghais ; Thilg sinn Acraichean gu socair,
'S leag sinn a croinn mhìn-dearg ghasda, Air fad a h-ùrlair,	An san ròd sin ; Ghabh sinn biadh a's deoch gun airceas,
'S chuir sinn a mach ràimh chaol bhasgant, Dhaite mhìne,	'S rinn sinn eòmhnuidh.

IAIN MAC CODRUM.

JOHN M'CODRUM,¹ 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

¹The Mac Codrums are not properly a clan, but a sept of the M'Donalds. They belong to North Uist.

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 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 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 Fheinn?*" by which he meant to inquire whether or not he knew any of the poems of Ossian relative to the Fingalians, but 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. "*Am 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 drinn 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 abhaist aoidhean a bhi aiga.*" "*Tha mi creidsin,*" replied the witty John, "*nach bi e fulamh dhiu sin cuideachd mu bhios na carcan a breith (uibhean).*"¹

¹ Mac Codrum's skill in 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-iomradh?*" "*As a gairdeanan,*" answered the bard. Another asked, "*An ann bho thuath a hainig sibh?*" to which Mac Codrum again rejoined "*pairt bho thuath a's pairt bho thighearnan.*"

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, ingenious, 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 poems. 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 anything 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.

SMEORACH CHLANN-DOHNUILL.

LUINNEAG.

Holaibh o iriag hòroll ò,
 Holaibh o iriag hòro ò,
 Holaibh o iriag hòroll ò,
 Smeòrach le Clann-Dòmhnúill mi.

SMEORACH mis air urlar Phabail;
 Crubadh ann an dùsal cadail,
 Gun deorachd a theid nì's faide;
 Trumeid mo bhròin thòirleum maighe.
 Holaibh o iriag, etc.

Smeòrach mis ri mulach beinne,
 'G amharc gréin' a's speuran soilleir,
 Thig mi stolda choir na coille,
 'S bidh mi beò air tròdas eile.
 Holaibh o iriag, etc.

Smeòrach mis air bharr gach bidean,
 Dianamh muirn ri driùchd na maidne,
 Bualadh mo chliath-lù air m' fheadan,
 Seinn mo chiuil gun smùr gun smòdan.
 Holaibh o iriag, etc.

Ma mholas gach eun a thír fein,
 Cìod am fath nach moladh mise—
 Tìr nan curaidh, tìr nan cliar;
 An tìr bhiachar, fhialaidh, mhiosail!
 Holaibh o iriag, etc.

An tìr nach caol ri cois na mara,
 An tìr ghaolach, chaomhach, chanach,
 An tìr laoghach, uanach, mheannach,
 Tìr an arain, bhaineach, mhealach.
 Holaibh o iriag, etc.

An tìr riabhach, ghrianach, thaitneach;
 An tìr dhionach, fhiarach fhasgach;
 An tìr lianach, ghlaghach, lachach,
 'N tìr 'm bi biadh gun mhiagh air tacar.
 Holaibh o iriag, etc.

An tìr choirceach, eornach, phailte;
 An tìr bhuadhach, chluanach, ghartach;
 An tìr chruachach, sguabach, ghaisneach
 Dlù ri cuan, gun fhuachd ri sneachda.
 Holaibh o iriag, etc.

'S i 'n tìr sgianhach tìr na mbachrach,
 Tìr nan dithean, miadar, daite;
 An tìr laireach, aigeach, mhartach,
 Tìr an aigh gu bràch nach gaisear.
 Holaibh o iriag, etc.

Ah tìr' a's bòiche ta ri falcinn;
 'M bi fir òg an comhdach dreachail;
 Pailt nì 's leoir le pòr na machrach;
 Spreigh air mòintich; òr air chlachan.¹
 Holaibh o iriag, etc.

¹ Alluding to kelp.

An cladh Chòthan rugadh mise,
'N aird na h-Unnair chaidh mo thogail ;
'Fradharc a chuain uaimhrich, chuislich.
Nan stuadh guanach, cluaineach, cluich-
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, etc. [each.

Measg Chlann-Domhnuill fhuair mi m-
ultrum,

Buidheann nan seol, 's nan sròl daite !
Nan long luath air chuintean farsuinn,
Aiteam nach ciùp rusgadh ghlass-lann.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, etc.

Na fir eolach, stoilde, stàideil,
Bha 's an chomb-stristricheach, sgaiteach,
Eir gun bhròn, gun leon, gun airsneal,
Leanadh tòir, a's tòir a chasgadh.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, etc.

Buidheann mo ghaoil nach faoin-eaitean,
Buidheann nach ganu greann san aisith ;
Buidheann shunntach 'n am bhi aca,
Rusgadh lann fo shranntaich hhratach.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, etc.

Buidheann uallach un nair caismeachd,
Leanadh ruaig gun Inaidh air gealtachd ;
Cinn a's guailan cruaidh gan spealtadh,
Aodach ruadh le fuaim ga shracadh.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, etc.

Buidheann rioghail, 's fir-ghlan, alla,
Buidheann gun fhiamh, 's iotadh fal orr ;
Buidheann gun sgàth 'm blar nà'n deannal,
Eoinnidh, nàrach, laidir, fearail.
HOLAIBH A IRIAG, etc.

Buidheann mor 's am pòr nach troicheil,
Dh-fhas gu meanmach, dealbhach, toir-
teil ;
Fearail fo'n airm, 's maireg d'a nochdadh,
Ri uchd stoirm nach leanabail coltas
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, etc.

Suidheam' mu'n bhord, stoilde, beachdail
An t-shuil san dorn nach òl a mach l,
Slainte Shir Seumais thigh'n' dachaigh ;
Aon mhae Dhé mar sgéith d'a phearsa.
HOLAIBH O IRIAG, etc.

COMHRADH.

(MAR GU'M B, ANN.)

EADAR CARAID AGUS NAMHAID AN
UISGE-BHEATHA.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an lasgaire spraiceil,
Fear nan gorm-shuilean maiseach,
Chuireadh foirm fo na macaibh,
'Nuair a thachradh iad ris.
'Nuair a chruinnicheadh do chòisir,
Cha b i chulim gun a chòmhradh ;
Gheibhte rainn agus òrain,
'S iomadh *stori* na measg ;
Gille beadarrach, sùgach,
Tha na chleasaiche lùghor ;
'S ro mhath bhreahadh an t-ùrlar,
Agus tiunntadh gu brig.
'S e dhamsadh gu h-uallach ;
Gu h-acaideach, guanach ;
Gun sealltainn air truailleachd,
Ach uaisl' agus meas.

NAMHAIDH.

'S maireg a dheanadh an t-òran,
'S nach deanadh air chòir e ;
Gun bhi moladh an do'-fhlr.
Bha na rògaire tric,
Fear a sheargadh an conach,
Thiunntadh mionach nan sporan
Dh-fhàgadh leanbain air aimbheirt,
Ann an carraid 's an drip.
An struthaire di-bhuan,
Tha gu brosgulach, briagach ;
Fear crosta mi-chiallach,
Gun riaghailt, gun mheas.
Cail mor tha gun bhuinnig,
Ann an sòlas ro dhiombuan ;
S fear stòrais is urrainn
A bhi cumantas ris.

CARAID.

'Mhic-an-Tòisich, mhic-bhracha.
'Fhir comhraig nan gaisgeach,
A chuireadh bòilich 's na claignean,
Sa chulreadh casan air chrith !
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' ;

Dheunadh lag am fear neartor ;
 Dheanadh daibhir fear beairteach,
 Dh-ain-deoin pailteas a chruidh ;
 An ceart aghaidh na th' aca,
 De mhuir, no mheoghail, no mhacnus,
 'S tu raghainn is taitneich,
 De chùis mhacnais air bìth.

NAMHAID.

A dhuin ! an cual' thu, no'm fac' thu,
 Riamh ni's miosa chuis mhacnais,
 Na bhi '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 bhi 'g coinneachadh Rati,
 Ni do loamadh ma d' bheartas ;
 Luchd a chomuinn, 's a chaidrimh,
 Ni e 'n creachadh gun fhios.
 'S e ciall-sgur a bhios aea,
 Bhi ri buillean. 's ri cnapadh ;
 Gu 'm bi fuil air an claignean,
 'S bi 'm batachan brist.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an lasgaire suairce,
 Chleachd bhi'n caidreamh nan uaislean ;
 'S iomadh tlachd, a's déagh bhuaidh,
 Ata fuaite ri d' chrios.
 Biorach, gorm-shuilleach, meallach,
 Beachdail, coigarra, fallain,
 Laidir, caoin, air deagh tharruinn,
 Gu fògradh gaillionn a' chuirp.
 Far an cruinnich do phàistean,
 Gu 'm bi mir' ann a's màran,
 Agus iomadh ceol-gàire ;
 'S iad neo-chràifeach ma 'n cuid.
 Bheir e 'n t-umaidh gu sòlas ;
 Ni e glic am fear gòrach ;
 Ni e sundach fear brònach ;
 'S ni e gèrach fear glic.

NAMHAID.

'M b' e sin raghainn nam macabh,
 Bhi gu'n fhradharc, gu'n chlaisteachd ;
 Nair bu mhiann leò dhol dachaigh,
 'Sh e ni thachras ni's mios'.
 Gur e 'n ceann is treas cas daibh,
 Lom-làn mheall, agus chnapan ;

Gach aon bhall ga 'm hi aca,
 Goid a neart uath' gun fhios.
 Iad na 'n tamhaisg gun toinisc :
 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 aòdach 'ga shròicheadh ;
 Cha 'n fhaod iad bhi stòlda,
 'S iad an comhnuidh air mhisg.

CARAID.

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 ceòl 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 dionach ;
 Ni e crosta fear ciallach ;
 Ni e tostach fear briathrach,
 Ach ann am *blialum* nach tuig.

NAMHAID.

Nach dona mar spòrs,
 Bhi suidhe ma bhùrdaibh ;
 Na bhi milleadh mo stòrais,
 Le gòraich gun mheas.
 Le siarach, 's le stàplaich ;
 Le briathran mi-ghnàthaicht' ;
 Ri spearadh, 's ri sàradh
 An Abharsair dhuibh.
 Bi dh an donus, 's an dòlas,
 De chonas, 's do chonh-strì ;
 'S do tharruinn air dhòrnaibh,
 Anns an chomhail nach glic :
 Ri fuathas, 's ri sgainneal ;
 Ri gruaidhean 'g an pronnadh,
 Le gruagan 'g an tarruinn,
 Le barrachd de 'n mhisg.

ARAID.

Mo ghaol an gille glan éibhinn,
 Dh fhas gu cineadail spéiseil ;
 Dh fhàs gu spioradail treubhach,
 'Nuair a dh-éireadh an drip.

Bhiodh do ghillean ri sòlas,
Iad gu mireagaeh bòidheach,
Iad a' sireadh 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' anntlachd an cluich.
Cuid d'a fasan air uairean,
Duirn, a's bat, agus gruagadh,
Dh-aithnte dhreach air an spuacan,
Gu'n robh bruidleis 's a' mhisg.

NAMHAID.

Tha mhisg dona 'n a nàdur,
Lom-làn mòrchuis a's ardain ;
Lom-làn bòsd agus spàraig,
Anns gach càs 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 shineadh ;
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.

CARAID.

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 fearn an taigh òsd' thu ;
Fear a's ùrfhailteach òrain ;
Fear nach fuilgear 'n a ònar,
Ach a bhòilich 's an driop.
Fear tha màranach, ceolar ;
Cridheil, càirdeach, le pògan ;
'S a lamh dheas air a phòca,
'S sgapadh stòrais le misg.

NAMHAID.

A chinn-aobhair a chonais,
S' tric a dh-fhobhaich na sporain ;

Fhir nach d' fhoghlum an onair,
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 mùr thu ;
Fear ri carraid, 's ri comh-strì ;
Fear ri geallam ; 's cha tòram ;
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.

CARAID.

Ge b' e thionnsgan, no dh-inndrig,
Air ann ionnstramaid phriseil,
'S duine grunn-dail na innsgin,
Bha gu h-intinneach glic.
Thug bho arbhar gu siol e ;
Thug bho bhraich, gu ni 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-sushainte còladh,
Thogadh sligeachan reòta ;
Dheth fir bhreithe gun sgrìd.
An donus coinneamh no còdhail,
No eireachdas mor-shluagh,
Gun do cheileireachd bhoidheach,
Cha bhi sòlas na measg.

NAMHAIDH.

Ge be thionnsgan an aimhlig,
'S olc an grunn-d 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 naeh beirte gu aois e ;
Ach bàs na naoidheachan beag.
Dhùisg e trioblaid a's comh-strì,
Ruisg e bìodag an dòrnaibh,
Chuir e peabar san dòmhnach,
'Nuair a thoisich a mhisg.
Cha chuis buinig ri leanmhuinn,
Ach cuis guil agus falmhachd,
Sa chaoidh cha'n urr' thuga sheanachas,
Mar a dh-fhalbh do chuid leis.

DI-MOLADH

PIOB' DHOMHNUILL BAAIN.

A'CHAINNT a thuirt Iain
 Gu'n labhair e cearr i,
 'S feudar dhuinn àicheadh
 Is pàidheadh d'a cinn.
 Dh-fhag e Mac-Cruimein,
 Clann-Duilidh a's Tearlach ;
 Is Dòmhnullan Bàn
 A tharruinn gu prìs.
 Orm is beag mòran sgeig,
 Agus bleid chòmhraidh,
 Thu labhairt na h-urrad
 'S nach b'urrainn thu chòmhdach,
 Ach pilleadh gu stòlda
 Far 'n do thòisich thu dian.

An cual' thu cia 'n t-urrainn
 An taobh-sa do Lunnuin?
 Air na piobairean uile
 B'e Mac-Cruimein an rìgh :
 Le pongannan àluinn
 A b'fhonnaire fàilte,
 Thàirneadh 'an càileachd
 Gu slàinte fear tinn.
 Caismeachd bhinn, 's i bras dian.
 Ni tais' a's fiamh fhògradh ;
 Gaisg' agus cruadal,
 Tha buaidh air an òinsich,
 Muim uasal nan Leòdach,
 Ga spreotadh le spid.

A' bhàirisgeach spòrsail
 Bh' aig Tearlach 'ga pògadh,
 An t-àilleagan ceòlar,
 Is bòiche guth cinn.
 Tha na Gàeil cho déigheil
 Air a mhàran aic éisdeachd,
 'S na tha'n 'an Dun-eideann
 A luchd beurl' air an tí.
 Breac nan dual is neartmhor fuaim,
 Eras an ruaig nàmhadh.
 Leis 'm bu cheòl leadurra,
 Feadannan spàineach,
 Luchd dheiseachan màdair
 Bhì cràidht' air droch dhiol.

Nan cluinn't ann am Muile
 Mar dh-fhàg thu Clann-Duill,
 Cha b'fhuilear leo t-fhuil
 Bhì air mulach do chinn.
 'S i bu 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 beul fiara
 'Gar pianadh 's 'gar fògradh ;
 Rinn iad le foirneart
 Bhur còir a bhuin dibh.

Cha tug thu taing idir
 Do bhriogardaich Thearlaich,
 Mach o fhear bhàille
 Bhì ghnà air a thì.
 Mhol thu' chorr' ghillogach
 Nach dilgeadh de bhàidse,
 Ach deannan beag gràin,
 No màm do dhroch shìl.
 Shaoil thu suas maoin gun ghruaim,
 Craobh nam buadh ceòlmhor,
 Chuireadh fonn fo na creagan
 Le breabadaich mheoirean ;
 'S nach fuilligeadh òdròchain !
 A thogail a cinn.

Cha'n fhaigh a' chùis-chòirt ud
 Talla 'm bì mùirn,
 Ach àth air a mùchadh
 Le dùdan 's le sùith.
 Cha bhì cathair aig Domhnull
 'S cha 'n éirich e cònard,
 Ach suidh' air an t-sòrn
 Agus sòpag ri dhruim.
 Plàigh bliogh phuirt, gàir dhroch
 dhuis,
 Faileadh cuirp bhreòite ;
 Ceòl tha cho sgreadaidh
 Rì sgreadail nan ròcus,
 No iseanan òga
 Bhiodh leòinte chion bidh.

Nach gasta chùis-bhùrt'
 A bhì cneatraich air ùrlar
 Gun phronnadh air lùtha
 Gun siubhlaichean grunn,
 A' sparradh od-ròch-ain
 A'n earball od-ròch-ain !
 A' sparradh od-ròch-ain
 An tòn òd-ro-bhì.
 Mál' caol càrn le thaosg chrann,
 Gaoth mar ghreann reòta,
 Tro na tuill fhiara
 Nach dìonaich na mcoirean,
 Nach tuigear air dòigh
 Ach "òth-heòin" 's "òth-hì" !

Diùdhadh nam fiùdhidh
 Bha aig Tubal Cain,
 'Nuair sheinn e puirt Ghàellig
 'S a dh'alaich 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
 Anns na duis bhreòtach,
 Iomadach drochaid
 G'a stopadh na sgòrnan.
 Dh-fhaig i le crònan
 Od-ròch-ain, gun brigh.

Bha i seal uair
 Aig Maol Ruainidh O' Dornan,¹
 Chuiaeadh mi-dhòigheil
 Thar ordugh na fuinn.
 Bha i treis aig Mac-Bheatrais
 A sheinneadh na dàin,
 'Nar theirig a' chlàrsach
 'S a dh'fhàillig a pris.
 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.

Turauraich an dòlais,
 Bha greis aig Iain òg dh'i.
 Chosg i ribheidean cònaich
 Na chòmhnadh le nì
 Bha i corr is seachd bliadhna
 'Na h-atharais-bhialain
 Aig Mac-Eachuinn 'ga riasladh
 Air sliabh Chnoc-an-lin.
 An fhiudhidh shean nach dùisg
 gean,
 Ghnùis nach glan còmhdach :
 'S maireg dha 'm bu leannan
 A' chrannalach dhòinidh.
 Chàite gràn eòrna
 Leis na dh-fhoghadh dh'i ghaoith.

Mu'n cuirear fo h-inneal
 Corra-bhinneach na glaodhaich,
 'S inneach air aodach
 Na dh-fheumas i shnàth.
 Cha h-heag a' chuis dhéistinn
 Bhi 'g éisdeachd à gàoraich ;

¹A wandering Irish piper, whose music the Highlanders could not appreciate.

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 ronnan bà caoile
 'S i faotinn a' bhàis.

Tha'n iunsramaid ghlagach
 Air a lobhadh na craiceann ;
 Cha'n fhuirich i 'n altan
 Gu'n chearcaill g'a tàdh'.
 'S seirbh' i na'n gabhann
 Ri tabhann a crùnluath,
 Tròmpaid a dhùisgeadh
 Gach Iudas fhuair bàs.
 Mar chòm geur'ich 'ga chreuchdadh
 Shéideadh làn gaoithe,
 Turraich nach urra' mi
 Siunnailt da innseadh,
 Ach rodain ri sianail
 No sgiamhail laoigh òig.

Com caithte na curra
 Is tachdadh 'na muineal,
 Meoir traiste gun fhurus
 Cur triullin 'an dàn,
 Sheinneadh a brollaich
 Ri solus an eòlain,
 Ruidhle gun òrdugh
 An còmhnuidh air lár,
 'N àognaidh lòm, gaoth tro tholl,
 Gàir gun fhonn còmhraig,
 A thaisicheadh cruadal,
 'S a luathaicheadh teoltaced,
 Gu beachdail don-dòchais
 Mu 'n t-sòrn am bi ghràisg.

Bì'dh gaoth a' mhàil' ghrodaidh
 Cur gàir anns na dosaibh,
 I daonnan 'na trotan
 Ri propadh "òd-rà."
 Bì'dh seannsaidh caol, crochtach
 Fo chaonnaig aig ochdnar,
 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 pioban,
 Ach leigeidh mi' chluinntinn
 Gu'n phill mi Mac-Phail.

A' CHOMH-STRI.

GUR h-e dhùisg mo sheànchas domh
Cùis mu'm beil mi dearmalach,
Gach Turcach 's gach Gearmailteach,
Gach Frangach an rùn marbhaidh dhuinn;
Muir no tìr cha tearmunn duinn.

Tha mo dhùil 's gur firinneach,
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 foghnadh claidhean maide dhuinn
Gu seasamh a' chrùn Shasunnaich,
Mar thug an diuc a dh'fhasan duinn?

Ge morghalach rìgh Phruisia
'S na rìghrean mòr tha 'n trioblaid ris,
'S co neònach leams' am Frisealach,
'S am Bàideannach le measrachadh,
Bhi deanamh réit 's nach bris iad i.

Bha mise uair 's gu'm faca mi
Nach creidinn bhuaithe fàcal deth,
Nach bithinn suas 'nuair thachradh e,
A linghad gruag a's bagaisde,
Bhn fuasgladh anns an t-sabaid ud.

Nuair dh-inntrigeadh an ascaoineis,
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 sgl' 's na tagraichean,
iSe crìochnacha 'bhiod aca-san,
A'g iarraidh iasad bhataehan,
Gach tuairisgeul ri chlaistiun ann,
Nach cualas riàmh o bhaisdeadh sinn.

Gur maing a bhiodh 'san ùbaraid
'Nuair ghabhadh iad gu tùirneileis.
Bhiodh fàsgadh air na sùilean ann;
Bu lìonmhor duirn a's glùinean ann;
A's breaban cha bhiodh cùmhn' 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 mi-cheuntaidb.
Bhiodh rùsgadh leis na h-inean ann;
Bhiodh piccadh leis na bideagan;
Bhiodh riabadh air na cireanan;
Bhiodh cus de'n uile mì-loinn ann.

Mu'm biodh a' chomh-strì dealaichte,
Bhiodh dòrnagan 'g an sadadh ann;
Bhiodh sgròbadh air na malaiddh ann]
Bhiodh beoil a's sìleadh fat' asda;
'S nis leòr aig fear dha aithris ann.

'Nuair theirgeadh giubhas Lochlainneach
'S a' choill' an déis a stopadh oirn,
Bu mhath na h-airm na bodchrannan;
Bu sgiobailt iad an àm bogsaigeadh;
Cha bhriseadh e na cogaisean.

'S ann do'n tìr bu shamhach so;
Bu shòlas inntinn bàilli e;
Bu lìonmhor fear gu'n àiteach' ann,
Dol gu fianais 's fiamh a bhàthaidh air,
Caoidh mu mhnaì 's mu phàistean ann.

Bha Uidhist air a nàrachadh.
Bha Iutharn air a fàsachadh.
Le guidheachan na càraidh ud
Bha sòlas air an àbhairsear.
Bu neònach leis nach tàinig iad.

Cluinnidh Mac-Cuinn an toiseach e.
Cluinnidh a ris an Dotor e,
Mar chrìochnaichear na portaibh ud.
Cha taing e làn a' chopain domh,
Gu 'm bàraig e dà bhotul rium.

Innsidh mi do dh-Uisdean e,
D'fhear Bhàile pàirt do'n t-sùgradh, ud,
Do'n Bhàillì thair an dùthaich e;
Air chàch cha dean mi cùmhnadh air,
Bheir iad bàidse a's dùrachd dhìomh.

O R A N.

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHOMHNUILL
SHLEIBHTE.

AIR tuiteam a' m' chadal
A nis o cheann fada
Gu'n thachair dhomh acad
A stad ann am bhràghad,
Tha chnead air mo ghiùlan
Tha àmhgharach ciùrrta.

Cha bhi mi 'ga mùchadh,
 Gu rùisg mi os aird i.
 Ach Dia bhi 'ga chòmhnadh
 'S a raighladh a ròidean !
 An tì 'm beil mo dhòchas
 Fo chòmhnadh an Ard-rìgh,
 Lagaich mo dhòrainn,
 Neartaich mo shòlas,
 Chuir mi an dòchas
 Bhi ni 's òige na tha mi.

'S iomadach buille
 So b'eadar dhuinn fhulang.
 Bha chuing air ar mùineal
 'S bu truin i na phràiseach
 Cho trom ri clach-mhuileinn
 'Na sineadh 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 measag Ghàèl,
 Connspunn na h-aoidhealachd,
 Leòghann na rìoghalachd,
 Dòrainn r'a innscaidh
 Dha 'n linne nach tàinig :

Dòrainn r'a innscaidh,
 An dòrainn a chlaoidh sinn,
 Thoirleum n-ar n-inntinn
 Cho ìosal ri 'r sàilean ;
 Ar Ceann-feadhna mòr prìseil
 Bu mhòr urram san rìoghachd,
 Gu'n do bhuin an t-eug dhinn e,
 Ar mi-fhortan làidir !
 Fhir a chunnaic ar cruadal,
 Leig umainn am fuaradh,
 Bi thusa 'na d' bhuachaill
 Air na fhuaire sinn 'na àite.
 Cuir dhachaidh Sir Seumas
 Gun aiceid, gun éislean,
 Gu chuideachda fèin ;
 Mhuire 's éibhinn a tharsuinn.

Chrìosda, gleidh dhùinne
 Ar buachaille cliuiteach,
 Ar n-uachdaran dùthcha ;
 Tha chùram an dràs d'oirn.
 Allail ar fùran,
 Smiorail, a's grunn-dail,
 Fearail ri dhùsgadh
 Nan tiuntadh a mhàran,

Ar baranta mùirneach,
 Carraig ar bunndaisd,
 Ar n-ìuil 's ar cairt dhùbailt
 S ar crùn a's an 'àileasg,
 An ràmh nach 'eil bristeach,
 Ar lann ann àm trioblaid,
 Ar ceannard 's ar mìsneach,
 Fear briseadh a' bhàire.

An dùsgadh no'n cadal duinn,
 'N ùrnuigh no'n achanaich
 Ar déirce ga nasgadh,
 Thu thigh'n' dachaidh sàbhailt.
 Mhìnt' ann an chleachdadh thu,
 Cliùiteach ri d' chlaistinn thu,
 Muirneach ri t-fhaicinn
 Air each no air làr thu,
 Ar 'n-aighear 's ar sòlas,
 Ar fion air na bòrdaibh,
 Ar mire 's ar ceòl thu
 'S ar doigh air ceòl-gàire :
 Ar connspunna Tèile
 A dheònaich Mac Dhé dhuinn
 Gu còir chur air stéidhe,
 'S gu eucoir a smàladh.

Gur h-inneal' an connspunn
 Ceann-cinnidh Chlann-Dòmhnuille,
 Fear iriosal stòlda
 Gun tòir air an àrdan ;
 Eireachdail, coimhliont',
 Soilleir 'an eòlas,
 Canair 'n am togbhail ris,
 Bòchdan, mò lamhsa,
 Cùrteir na sìobhaltachd,
 Urla na h-aoidhealachd,
 Tlusail ri dileachdain 's
 Cuimhneach air airidh,
 Aigeantach innsgeinach,
 Beachdail air rìoghalachd,
 Gaisgeach ro mhilten
 Nan sineadh e 'n gairdean.

Mo rùn an sàr ghaisgeach,
 Fear òg a' chùil chleachdaich,
 Fear mòrghalach gasda,
 Gun ghaisceadh, gun tàire.
 Curaidh nam brataichean
 Guineach ri 'm bagairt iad,
 Chuireadh an t-sradag
 'Na lasair gun smàladh.
 A bhuaileadh a' chollaid
 Mu 'n chluain air an cromadh iad

A ghluaisèadh neo-shomalt'
 An coinneamh an nàmhaid
 Le spàintichean loma,
 Le mosgaidean toma,
 Le fùdar caol meallach
 'N àm teannadh ri làmhach.

Ge fad a bha 'n acad
 'Na còmhnuidh 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
 Nì 's tréine na b' àbhaist !
 Aghaidh Shir Seumas,
 Aghaidh na féile,
 Taghadh gach speulcair
 Thug an léirsinn ni b'fhearr dhomh.

Aghaidh na stàidealachd,
 Aghaidh na sgaritealachd,
 Aghaidh na maisealachd,
 Tlachd agus àilleachd ;
 Aghaidh na fearalachd,
 Aghaidh na sniùralachd,
 Aghaidh is glaine
 Bheir sealladh 'an sgàthan.
 Aghaidh na stòldachd,
 Aghaidh na mòrchuis,
 Aghaidh na leòghainn,
 Ach tòiseachadh cearr air !
 Buinidh dha 'n òigear
 Bhi currant 'an comb-stri,
 'S gur iomadh laoch dorn-gheal
 Bheir tòireachd mas aill leis.

Cha sùgradh ri chlaistinn
 Bhi dùsgadh do chaismeachd,
 Bhi rùsgadh do bhratach
 Gu h-aigeantach stàdail.
 Pìob tholltach 'ga spalpadh
 Sior-phronnadh nam bras-phort,
 Fraoch tomach nam badan
 Ri brat-crann da chàradh.
 Barant de dh-uaislean
 A' tarruinn mu'n cuairt d'i ;
 Gu'm b'fheairail an dulachas
 'N am buannach buaidh-làrach.

Ceathairne ghruamach,
 Gun athadh roimh luaidhe,
 Dh-fhàgadh gun gluasad
 Cuirp fhuair anns an àraich.

Gur h-ìomadh sàr-ghaisgeach
 Tha urranta smachdail,
 A theannadh a steach riut
 'N àm aisith no cnàmhain :
 Le 'n spaintichean sgaiteach
 Cho geur ris an ealtainn,
 'N am bhualadh nan claigeann
 Gu 'n spealtadh iad cnàimhean.
 Gu fireachail aotrom,
 Air mhir' anns a' chaonaig,
 Bhiodh fuil air na fraochaibh
 Mu 'n traoghadh an ardan :
 Le comunn gun chlaonadh,
 Gun somaltachd gaoirdean,
 'N ém lomadh nam faobhar
 Ri aodainn an nàmhaid.

Na'm faicte Sir Seumas
 'S gu'n cuireadh e feum air,
 Gur h-ìomadh taobh dh-éireadh leis
 Réisimeid làidir.
 'An Alb' a's 'an Eirinn
 Cho deònach le chéile,
 O Chluaidh nan long gleusta
 Gu leum e Phort-phàdruig.
 Uaislean Chinn-tìre
 Bu dual da o shinnsir,
 Gu rachadh iad sìos leis
 Gun dì-chuimhn, gun fhàilinn
 Gu'm biodh iad cho tìdheach
 'S gu'n dianadh iad mi-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
 Brìsg ann an òrdugh,
 Sgiolta na connspuinn
 An tòiseachadh blàir iad.
 Dearbhadh na fearalachd
 Calma 'n àm tarruinn iad,
 An calg mar na nathraichean
 'S fearann 'ga reiteach.
 Stròiceach le lannaibh iad,
 Dòrtach air falanan,

Còcairean ealamb
Air cheannan 's air chàimhean.

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 taruinn a *sgabard*,
Intinneach, togarach,
Impidh cha 'n obadh iad,
Fìor chruaidh gun bhogachadh
'S obair air làrach.
Calma mar churaidhnean,
'S mairg air an cuireadh iad ;
Chuireadh am buillean
Gu fulang na spaintich.

Dh-eireadh fìr Mhuile
Le éibhe nan cluinneadh iad,
Dh-éireadh iad nìle
Gu h-urranta làidir.
Dualchas a chumadh iad,
Gualainn ri uileann iad,
Buailidh iad buillean
Mu 'm fuilig thu tàmailt.
'S cràiteach ri innseadh
Bhi 'g àireamh bhur dlobhail,
Na thuit de'n dream riòghail
Am mì-fhortan Thearlaich.
Iadsan cho ìosal
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-DHOMANUILL
SHLEIBHTE.

[A DH-EUG 'S AN RIOMH.]

MOCH 'sa maduinn 's mi 'g éirigh,
Cha 'n e 'n cadal tha streup rium,
'S fliuch mo leaba gun seasdar, gun
sàmhchair.

'S fliuch mo leaba gun seasdar, etc.

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, etc.

'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, etc.

Sinn ri iargainn nan curaidh
Nach robh 'n iasad ach diombuan,
Gun fhear liath a bhi uil' air an làrach.
Gun fhear liath, etc.

Daoine morchuiseach measail,
Daoine còrr ann an iochd iad,
Daoine crodha gu bristeadh air nàmhaid.
Daoine cròdha, etc.

Ann an ùine dà fhichead
Gur diòbhail ar briseadh,
Chuir e dùbhailt a nis oirn e làthair !
Chuir e dùbhailt, etc.

Chaill sin còignear no seisir
Do na connspuinn bu treise,
Nach robh beò ann am Breatann an
àicheadh.
Nach robh beò, etc.

Ann an uaisle 's 'an urram,
Anns gach deagh bhuaidh bh'air duine :
Ann an cruadhal gu buinig buaidh-làrach.
Ann an cruadal, etc.

'S bochd an ruaigs' oirn an còmhnuidh,
Dh-fhag ar gualainn 'nan ònar,
Bhi sguabadh ar n-òigridh gun dàil uainn.
Bhi sguabadh ar n-òigridh, etc.

Thàinig meaghoil gu bròn duinn,
Thàinig aighear gu dòrainn,
Chaill sinn amharc a's sòlas ar sgàthain.
Chaill sinn amharc, etc.

Bàs ar n-uachdarain priseil,
Sgeul a's cruaidhe ri chluinntinn ;
Fhuair luchd fuath' agus mì-ruin an
àilleas.
Fhuair luchd fuatha, etc.

Gur h-e 'm fuaradh-s' an uiridh
Chuir ar gluasad 'am trumad,
So 'n ruaig tha 'gar n-ìomain gu annrath.
So 'n ruaig tha gar n-ìonaim, etc.

Bhi fo phuthar an sgeoil ud
Gach aon latha ri'r beo-shlaint,
Air bheag aighear, no slàinte.
Air bheag aighear, etc.

Fhuair sinn naigheachd ar leatrom,
Fhuair sinn naigheachd na creiche,
Sin an naigheachd thug leagadh d'ar
n-ardan.
Sin an naigheachd, etc.

'S trom an galar 's is diubhail
Mòran uallaich ri ghiùlan,
Rinn ar n-anail a mhuchadh 's ar dàna.
Rinn ar n-anail, etc.

Nis on 's dileachdan bochd mi,
Oighre dìreach air Oisian,
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh fhortain do
Phàdruig.
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh, etc.

Mi 'g innseadh cruas m'fhortain,
Mar a dh-inntrig e 'n toiseach ;
Cha'n 'eil brìgh dhomh, no toirt bhi 'ga
àireamh.
Cha'n 'eil brìgh, etc.

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, etc.

Dh-fhalbh ar ceannaid òg maiseach,
Bha gun àrdan, gun ghaiseadh,
Muir a thàinig gu grad a thug *bharc* oirn.
Muir o thàinig gu grad, etc.

Chuir ar leabaidh san droigheann,
'S gun ar cadal thar faighinn,
Ar sùil frasach o'n naigheachd a thàinig.
Ar sùil frasach, etc.

O nach dùil ri Sir Seumas,
'S beag ar rùn 'an gàir eibhinn,
Bì'dh sinn tùrsach 'na dhéidh gu 's a'm
bàs duinn.
Bithidh sinn tùrsach, etc.

Chaill sin duilleach ar géige,
Gràinne mullaich ar déise,
So an turus chuir éis air ar n-armuinn.
So an turus chuir, etc.

'S eudar fuireach ri siochainnt,
O nach urrainn oir strì sinn,
Ach bhi fulang gu 'n strìochd sinn d'ar
nàmhad.
Ach bhi fulang, etc.

Ma thig oirn foirneart no bagradh,
Sinn gun dòigh air am bacadh ;
Tha sinn leointe 'nar pearsa 's 'n-ar
càileachd.
Tha sinn leointe, etc.

O'n là thainig am briseadh,
A thug tearnadh 'nar meas duinn,
Ar Ceann-tànach 's ar misneach g'ar
fàgail.
Ar Ceann-tànach, etc.

Dh-fhag e sinne bochd tùrsach,
Ann an ionad ar cùraidh,
Gun e philleadh g'a dhùchannan sàbhailt.
Gun e philleadh, etc.

Thug e sgrìob air n-uaislean,
Chaoidh' cha dìrich an tuath e,
Tha sinn mi-gheanach truagh air bheag
stàtha.
Tha sinn mi-gheanach, etc.

Sinn mar chaoirich gun bhuaichail,
'N déis an t-aoghair thoirt uat'a,
Air ar sgaoileadh le ruaig 'Ille-mhàrtuinn.
Air ar sgaoileadh, etc.

Ar toil-inntinn 's ar sòlas,
Craobh a dhìdeann ar còrach,
Ann an cathair na Ròimh' air a chàrèdh.
Ann an cathair, etc.

Thu bhi 'n cathair na Ròimhe,
'S goirt ri innseadh na sgeoil sin !
'Dhé ! cha dìrich Clann-Dòmhnuille ni 's
airde.
'Dhe ! cha dìrich, etc.

O'n là sgathadh ar n-ògan,
A' chraobh bu fhilathail còmhach,
Gun a h-abhall air dòigh dhuinn a tharail.
Gun a h-abhall, etc.

Mòr an sgeul san Roinn-Eòrp e,
Mòr a bheud do rìgh Seòrsa,
Mòr an éis air do sheòrsa gu bràth e !
Mòr an éis air do sheòrsa, etc.

Cha do dhùineadh an còta,
'S cha do ghiùlan na brògan,
Neach an cunntadh iad còladh do phàir-
tean.

Neach an cunntadh, etc.

Ann an gliocas, 's 'an eòlas,
Ann an tuisge 's am mòrchuis,
Is na gibhteanan mòr a bha fas riut.
Is na gibhteanan, etc.

Tha sinn deurach, boehd, tùrsach,
Gun ghair eibhinn, gun dùil ris,
Mar an Fheinn agus Fion air am fàgail.
Mar an Fheinn, etc.

Sinn gun Oscar, gun Dirrmad,
Gun Gholl osgarra fialaidh,
Gach craobh theoisich air triall uainn gu
Pàrrais.
Gach craobh thoisich, etc.

Cinn nam biuidheannan calma
Leis an d'ùmhlaidheadh Alba,
'S iomadh ùghdar thug seanchas mar bha
sin.
'S iomadh ùghdar, etc.

'S boehd a chrìochnaich ar n-aimsir,
Mar Mhaol-ciaran gun Fhearchair,
Sinn ag iargainn na dh-fhalbh uainn 's
nach tainig.
Sinn ag iargainn, etc.

'Se ni 's cosmhuil ri sheanchas,
Lìon sinn copan na h-aingeachd,
Gus 'na h-hrosnaich sinn fearg an Ti 's
àirde.
Gus 'na bhrosnaich, etc.

Se'n Ti phriseil thug uainn e
Chum na rioghachd is buaine ;
O Chrìosda, cum suas duinn na bràithrean.
O Chrìosda, cum suas, etc.

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 FIONN—"Oran a ghunna da' b'
ainm an spainteach."

TAPADH leat, a Dho'll Ic-Fhionnlaidh,
Dhùisg thu mi le pàirt de d' chomhradh.
Air bheagan eòlais san dùthaich,
Tha cunntas gur gille còir thu.
Chuir thu do chomaine romhad,
'S feairde do gnothach an còmhnuidh
'S cinnteach 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 slìos air an aon dòigh iad.
Na bheil de 'n ealain ri chluinntinn,
Cha chion dicheil a dh-fhag sgòd oirr',

Teannadh ri moladh ar daoine,
Cha robh e saoirbheachd air aon dòigh ;
An gleus, 'n gaisge 's 'an teòmachd.
Air aon aobhar thig 'nan còdhail
Nochdadh an eudann ri gradan
Cha robh gaiseadh anns a phòr ud,
Clìù a's pailteas, mais' a's tàbhachd]
Cìod e 'n càs nach faight' air chòir iad ?

Cha bu mhìst' thu mise laimh riut,
A'n am a bhi 'g aireamh nan connspunn,
Gu inns' an maise 's an uaisle,
An gaisge 's an cruadal 'n am togbhairl.
B'iad sud na fir a bha fearail
'Philleadh an-seasgair 'an tòireachd,
'S a dh'fhagadh salaeh an araich
Nam fanadh an nàmhaid ri'n còmhrag.

Ach nam faiceadh tu na fir ud
Ri uchd teine 's iad 'an òrdugh,
Coslas fiadhaich a dol sìos orr',
Falbh gu dian air bheagan stòldachd ;
Claidheamh ruisgt 'an laimh gach aon fhir.
Fearg 'nan aodann 's faobhar gleois orr',
Iad cho nimheil ris an iolair,
'S iad cho frioghail ris na leòghainn.

Cha mhòr a thionnall nan daoin' ud
Bha ri fhaotainn san Roinn Eòrpa.
Bha iad fearrail 'an am caonnaig,
Gu fuileach, faobharrach, stròiceah.

Nam faigheadh tu iad 'am gliocas
 Mar bha 'm mlsneach a's am mòrchuis,
 C' ait' am feudadh tu aireamh,
 Aon chinne' b'fhearr na Clann-Dòmhnuille.

Bha iad treubhach, fearail, foinnidh,
 Gu neo-lomara mu 'n stòras.
 Bha iad cunbhalach 'nan gealladh,
 Gun fheall, gun charachd, gun ròidean.
 Ge do dh-iartra nuas an sinnsir,
 O mhullach an cinn gu'm brògan,
 'N donas cron a bha ri inns' orr',
 Ach an rìoghalachd mar sheòrsa.

Ach ma mhol thu ar daoine' uafslè,
 C'uim nach do luaidh thu MacDhòmhnuille?
 Aon Mhac Dhé bhi air 'na bhuachail'
 G'a ghlèidheadh buan duinn 'na bheò-
 shlainte!
 On 's curaidh a choisneas buaidh e,
 Leannas ri dhualchas 'an còmhnuldh,
 Nach deachaidh neach riamh 'na thuasaid
 Rinn dad buannachd air an comh-stri.

C'ait an dh-fhag thu Mac 'Ie-Ailein
 'Nuair a thionaidheadh a mhòl-shluagh,
 Na fir chrodha bu mhòr alla,
 Ri linn Alasdair 's Mhentròis?
 'S mairg a dhùisgeadh ruinn bhur n-aisith
 No thionndadh taobh ascaoin bhur cleòca,
 Ge b'e stùil a bhiodh 'gan amhar
 Cromadh sìos gu abhainn Lòchaidh.

Ach ma chaidh tu 'nan sealbhaidh,
 C'uim nach de sheanchais thu air chòir iad,
 Teaghlach uasal Ghlinne-garabb
 'S nam fiùrain o ghleannaibh Chnoideart.
 'S iomadh curaidh laidir uaimhreach
 Sheasadh cruaidh's a bhuaileadh stròicean,
 O cheann Loch-Uthairn nam fuar-bheann
 Gu bun na Stuaidhe am Mòr-thir.

An dh-fhag thu teaghlach na Ceapaich
 'S mòr a' chreach nach 'eil iad còmhsan,
 Dh-éireadh leinn suas 'an aisith
 Le 'm piob 's le 'm brataichean sròile.
 Mac Iain a Gleanna-Cothan,
 Fir chothanta 'n am na comh-stri,
 Daoine foinnidh, fearail, fearradha
 Rùsgadh arm a's fearg na'n sròn'n?

Dh-fhag thu Mac Dhùghail a Lathurn,
 (Bu mhuirneach gabhail a chòmhlain,
 Cuide ri uaislean Chinntire,
 O'n Roinn Ilièh 's mhaol na h-Odha.

Dh-fhag thu Iarl Antrum á Eirina
 Riun an t-euchd am blàr na Bòine.
 'Nuair a dhlùthaicheadh iad ri chèile.
 Co chunntadh féich air Clann-Dòmhnuille?

Alba, ge bu mhòr ri inns' e,
 Roinn iad i o thuinn gu mòintich.
 Fhnair an còir o làimh Chlann-Dòmhnuille,
 Fhuair iad a ris an Ròta ;
 'S ioma currai mhòr bha innte
 Cunntaidh Antrum go bu mhòr ì.
 Sgrios iad as an naimhdean uile,
 'S thuit Mac Ghuilbinn san tòireachd.

Bhuinig iad baile 's leth Alba ;
 'Se'n claidheamha 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 an le chuideachd,
 'S Lachann cutach Mac-an-Tòisich.

Nan tigeadh feum air Sir Seumas,
 Gun éireadh iad uile còmhlat
 O roinn Ghall-thaobh gu roinn Ile,
 Gach fear thug a shinnsir còir dhaibh.
 Thigeadh Mac-Choinnich à Brathainn,
 Mac Aoidh Strath-Nàbhair's diùc Gordon,
 Thigeadh Barraich, 's thigeadh Bànaich,
 Rothaich a's Sailich a's Ròsaich.

Ar luchd dàimh 's ar càirdean dileas
 Dh-eiridh leinne a sìos 'an comh-stri.
 Thigeadh uaislean Chloinne-Lean
 Mu'n cuairt cho daingheann ri d' chòta,
 Iod fo ghruaim 'an uair a' chatha
 Cruaidh 'nan lamhan sgathadh feòla,
 Tarruinn spàinteach laidir liobhar
 Sgoilteadh dìreach cinn gu brògan.

Bhuidheann fhuilteach, glan nan geur-lann,
 Thigeadh reiseamid nan Leòdach,
 Thigeadh reiseamid nan Niallach
 Le loingheas lìonmhor 's le seòltaibh,
 Foirbeisich 's Frisealaich dh-éireadh,
 'S thigeadh Ciann-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, Lochfine side another near Inverness. According to popular belief, Thomas the Rhymer was captain of the fairy troops.

ORAN DO'N TEASAICH.

AIR FÒNN—"Daibhidh gròsgach crom
ciar."

'S mise chaill air geall na carachd,
Bha cadar mi-féin sa chailleach,
Gu'n tug i dhìom brìgh mo bharr,
Cul mo chinn a chuir ri talambh.

M' fhuil a's m' fheoil thug i dhìom,
Chuir i cronan 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 mor na Tròidhe,
S nan gaisgeach bha 'm feachd na Roimhe.

Cailleach dhuathsach, chrom, chiar,
Bha làn tuailleis a's bhriag,
Chuir mi'm bruailean 's gach iall,
'S chuir i 'm fuadach mo chiall.

'S bochd a fhuair mi bhuat am foghar,
'S mi gun luaigh air buain no ceanghal,
Mo cheann iosal a's mi am laidhe,
Bruite tinn a's sgios am chnaimhean.

Bhà mo chnaimhean cho sgith,
'S ged do sgathadh iad dhìom,
Gu'n robh am padhadh gam chlaoidh,
'S gun tràighinn abhainn le mhiad.

'S bochd an t-àite leap am fiabhras,
Dh-fhagas daoine fada, riabhach,
Glaich 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,
Deoch no biad theid a steach,
A dha thrian 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 sùgh,
Fo'n da shleasaid gu'n lùgh,
Gur pailt liagh dhaibh no lunn,
Cha bhean fiar dhaibh nach lùb.

Bidh do mhuinneal fada, feathach,
'S taisnichean mar chabar clèibh,
Easgadan glagach gun spéirid.
Glúinean ri tachas a chéile.

Glúinean geura gun neart,
'S iad cho ciar ris a chairt,
Thu cho creubhi ri cat,
B' fhearr an t-eug gad sgath as.

A bhonaid da uiread as b' àibhaist,
Air uachdar currachd nach àluinn ;
Cluasan gu'n uireasbhaidh fasa,
Ceann cho lòm ri crì na dearnaidh.

Cha be 'n còmpanach caomh,
Dh-fhag cho lom mi 's cho maol,
Rinn mo chom mar phreas caoil,
Mar mhac-samhla do'n aog.

Bidh tu coltach ri fear misge,
Gun dad òl gun aon mhir ithe,
Chionn nach bi lùghs na d' dha iosgaid,
Bidh tu null sa nall mar chlisnich.

Bidh 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

AIR FÒNN—"The pearl of the Irish
nation."

CHA tog mise fonn,
Cha 'n eirich e leam,
Tha m' aigne ro throm
Fo easlain' ;
Tha 'n crí 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 ri ;

On is treis' e na sinn,
Théid leis-an ar claidh,
'S cha teasaig aon ni
Fo 'n ghrèin sinn !

'S cuis thùrsa gu dearbh
Bhi 'g ionndrain mar dh-fhalbh,
Ar cruitheachd, ar dealbh
'S ar 'n eugasg,
Ar spionnadh, 's ar neart,
Ar cumadh, 'sar dreach,
Ar cur an ann gleachd'
A's streupa ;

Mar a sgaoileas an ceò
 Air aodainn an fheoir,
 'S a chaochailleas neoil
 'S na 'n speuran,
 Tha 'n aois a' teachd oirn
 Cumhach, caointeach, lán 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 màll.
 Agus cualll' ann do laimh,
 Dol mu'n cuairt air gach àllt,
 A's féithe;
 Cha chuir thu gu bràth,
 'S cha chumhaidh dhut e,
 Geall ruithe, no snamh,
 No leuma,
 Ach fiabhras, a's cradh
 Ga t-iarraidh gu bàs,
 Ni 's lionmhoir' na plàigh
 Na h-Eiphit.

Aois chianail ro bhoichd,
 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 failinne tuigs',
 A's reasain,
 Thig dì-chuimhne, thig bà'chd,
 Thig diombanas dha,
 Thig mi-loinn do chairdeon
 Féin ort.

Aois oghar gun bhrìgh
 Ga t-fhògar gu cill,
 Dh fhagas bòdhaig a chinn
 Ro éitidh,
 Aois bhòdhar nach cluinn,
 Gun toighe, gun suim!
 Gun chàr foghainteach stri,
 Na streupa,
 Aois acaideach thinn
 Gun taice, gun chli,

Gun ghaisge, gun spìd,
 Gun speirid,
 Lan airtneal, a's cràidh
 Gun aidmheil bhi slàn,
 Gun neach dha'm beil càs
 Dheth t-éigin.

Aois ghreannach bhoichd thruagh,
 'S measa sealladh, a's tuar,
 Maol, sgallach, gun ghruaig,
 Gun déudaich,
 Roc aodainneach, chruaidh,
 Phreasach, chraicneach, lom, fhuar,
 Chrùbach, chrotach,
 Gun ghluasad céuma;
 Aois lobhar nan spìoc
 Bheir na subhailcean dhinn,
 Co san domhainn le'm binn
 Do shéis-sa?
 Aois ghliogach gun chàil,
 'S tu 's miose na 'm bàs,
 'S tu 's tric a rinn tràill
 De 'n treun-fhear.

Aois chiar-dubh a bhòin,
 Gun riomhachd, gun spòrs,
 Gun toil inntinn ri ceol
 Do éisdeachd;
 Rob fhiasagach ghlais,
 Air dhroch sheasamh chàs.
 Leasg, sheotail, neo-ghrad
 Gu eirigh;
 Cha'n fhuilig thu 'm fuachd,
 'S olc an ùr' thn 'n càs cruaidh
 'Se do mhuinghinn an tuath,
 'S an déirce;
 Cha 'n eil neach ort an tòir,
 Nach e aidmheil 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 mhìre, gun mhùirn,
 Gun spiorad, gun sùth;
 Far an cruinnich luchd-ciùil
 Cha téid thu,
 Aois chairtidh 's olc greann,
 Aois acaideach mhall,
 Aois phrab-shuileach dhall
 Gun leirsin,

Chas fheargach gun sùth,
 Lan farmaid, a's thù,
 Ri fear meanmach, beo,
 Lùghmhor, gleusda.

Faire ! faire ! dhuin' òig,
 Cia do bharantas mòr,
 'Ne do bharaib bhi beò
 'S nach èug 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 dha'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 bòrdain bheag shnaighte,
 A's léine,
 Ach 's e cùram as mò,
 Dol a dh-ionnsaidh a mhòid,
 Thoirt cunntas an còir,
 'S an ea-coir,
 Far nach seasamh do ni
 Dhut dad dheth d' chuid feich
 'S mo an t-eagal
 Bhi '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 these 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 CHOILEACH SMEORAICH.

MOCH madainn shamhrai' am mìos fàs
nam meas,

'Nuair bu ro aluinn leinn sgiamh gach luis,
Bha cuibhrig, air dhreach criostal de 'n
dealt,

Na dhlù bhra a' còmhdach gach cnuic.

Sin àm anns, am molaich le duilleach
gach craobh,

'S ro bhoidheach gach tullach fo bhlà,
A's nuallanach gach uife spréidh,
A' geimnich richéil' iad fein, 's an cuid àil.

An ceann leath dara mìos an t-samhraidh,
Nuair a's grianaich gach aon ardan,

'S gach fiadhair gu mion-bhreac, boidheach,
Le meilbheig, le nòinean, 's le slàn-lus.

'Nuair bhios seillean le lan shòlas
Deilleanachd a measg nan dìtean,
Cop meala mu ghob a chròinain,
A' deoghladh nan geugan mine.

'Nuair bhitheas gach àilean, 's gach doire,
Le blà uaine fo làn toraidh,
A's meanglain gach craoibh sa' chòille
Cromadh fo throm nam meas mìlis.

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 mì'n cheileireachd binn,
Bu curaideich seinn, gu cuimir, 's gu luath,
Air feadan ga m'fhreagrachd, gach seilan
sa' bhein

Ann an eirigh na greine, sa' mhadainn
di-luain.

B'e sin an ceol caoin gun tuchan, gun
sgread,
Gun eislean, na stad na chliabh, no na
ghob,

B mhlise na binneas nan teud air fad,
'Nuair ghearradh e fead air deireadh gach puirt.

'S iad sin na puirt a bha binn, mion, bras,
Socrach ri 'n seinn, gun ochan, gun chnead,
Buglansgeimh eudaich an eoin, 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,
Onaig thana puirt as fìor chanaiche rann,
'S a's ealanta seinn gun aon bhuile meoir.

Bheirinn comhairle trà air gach nighin,
's mnai,
Gach laidia, a's lag, gach beartach, a's bochd,
Iad a mholadh oid-iunnsaich an eoin, gu beachd,
Le h-inntinn cheart, gu h-an-moch, 's gu moch.

MOLADH EAS MOR-THIR.

EAS Mhor-thir sòraidh le d' stoirn,
Bu mhorghalach, gleodhraich do thriall,
Bu bharragheal fliuch dortadh nam bàre,
Bha toirleum le braidhe do chléibh.

Na maoth-linntean tha bàibh, mall,
Far nach bith saobh-shruth a' leum,
'S gile 'n cop ri 'n taobh tha làmh
Na caineichean alluinn an t-shléibh.

'S a choille tha timcheall do bhruach,
Bu cheolmhor ceilcìreadh ian,
Gu turach air bharruibh nan geug,
'N am do ghrein togail o nial.

As t-Samhradh nar thigeadh am blàthas,
Bn chubhraidh fàileadh nan ròs
A dh-fhasadh 's na fasaichean fraoich,
Tha 'n taobh-s' d'an eas mheadhrach mhòr.

'San fhobhar anns a choill sin Crois,
Nam biodh tu coiseachd na measg,
Chitheadh tu croit air gach gàs.
A lubadh fo chudrom a meas.

Bu nuallanaeh, binn-ghuthach spréidh,
Geimhich, iad fhein 's an cuid àil,
Mu innis mhullaich an tùir,
Far am bith 'n t-sobhrach a' fas.

'Nuair thigeadh am buachaill a mach,
'S a ghabhadh e mu chul a chruidh,
Mu'n cuairt do Bhad-nan-clach-glas,
A bhuail' air 'm bu tric am bliochd.

Thigeadh banarach na spréidhe,
Ballag do nighinn chruinn àluinn,
Falt clannach, fionn-bhuighe, dualach,
Mu'n cuairt da guailleann gu faineach.

Shealladh i air feadh na spreidhe,
'S dh-cubhadh? "Buigheag, a's Blàrag,
Nìosag a's Donnag a's Guaillionn,
Brinne 's an t-Agh-ruadh a's Càsag."

Shuigheadh i gu comhard cruinn,
'S cuman eadar a dà ghlùn,
'S ghàbhadh 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, ceolur, clann Iain,
Nan suidheadh fo'n chrodh g'am bleedhan.

Bu bhinne na cuachan an fhasaich,
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 traghadh an di,
Ged thigeadh an sluagh san radhad,
Gheibheadh iad linntean na dibhe.

Gu slamalach, finne-mheogach, ònach,
Mulchagach, miosganach, blàthach,
Muigheach, miosrach, miodrach, cua-
chach,
Gruthach, uachdrach, sligeach, spaineach.

Bu ruideasach gàmhnan agus laoigh,
Bu mhìgeadeach meinn a's uain,
B' aigionntach fiadh agus earb,
A' dìreadh 's tearnadh nan cruach.

B' e bhinn an sealladh o'n tràigh
Loinggeas a' snàmh triomh 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
Ga 'n tug mi toirt; [thlachd,
Cha'n aiceadhain do'n chléir nach
Sa' choill sin Crois. [deanain stad,
'S binn cruit cheolmhor, a's clàirseach
'S pìob le cuid dös; [cheart,
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 olc,
B' fhearr dubhar nan craobh le smaintean
Sa' choill sin Crois. [ceart,
Ged' bhìdh tu gun radharc sùil gun lùgh
A d' dheòire bochd; do chos,
Na'm bu mhath leat do shlainte philleadh
Ruig coille Chrois. [air ais,
Aig àilleachd a lùis a's misleachd a meas,
'S aig feabhas a blàis;
Cha'e iarradh tu sholas nam biodh tu glic,
Ach coille Chrois.
Am beil ceol-cluaise san t-saoghal-sa bhos,
Cho binn 's cho bràs?
Ri sior-bhorcadh stòir mil an eas,
Ri taobh coill' Chrois.
Tearnadh a bhuinne le creag,
Gun uireasbhuidh neart;
Nach traogh, 's nach tràigh, 's nach fas
Nach reòdh 's nach stad, [beag,
Is lionmhor bradan tarra-gheal, druim-
A leummas ris; bhreac,
Cho luath 's a tharas iad as,
A chomh-ruith bho'n Eas.

AN TAISBEAN.

MOCH madainn Chéitein ri ceò,
'N am do'n ghréin togail bho neoil,
Chunna' mi sealladh sa' bheinn,
'S eibhinn ri eisdeachd mo sgeoil'.
Bha dearsa le teas a' cur smùid
A bruachanan molach fraoich,
'S bha dealradh nan gathanan blàth
Cur sgeimh air cuirnean nam braon.

Bha dealt a' driùchdadh gu grinn,
'N am sgapadh do dhulachd an cheò,
Na paidirean air an fhear,
Mar leugan fo sgeimh an òir.

Bha màghanan milteach feoir,
Bu mheilbheagach', dhitheanach' blà,
Air gach taobh dhe'n uisge chruaidh,
Bu luath mu thuath a ruith bàlbh.

Bha neonain, a's sòbhrach gu dlù,
Creanbh, agus biolair a' fàs,
Air àilleanaibh aimh-reidh, 's air lòn,
Ear '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 ni b'fhearr.

Chunna' mi 'n uaigneas leis fein,
Ag eisdeachd ri 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 mi-féin sa' ghleann,
Smuaintich mi gu'n gabhainn sgeul,
Co e na'm faighinn deth cainnt.

Thainig e gu tosdach, mall,
Gu foighidneach, ciuin;
Labhair e fosgara, reidh,
"A ghabhail sgeíl 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 sluaigh na'n làn fheing.

Chunna' mi'n fhairge mar choill'
Le crannaibh 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 Frangach na'n croinn.

Thainig na sluaigh sin gu tìr,
'S cha b' uaigneach an gluasad o thràigh,
Bha lamhach nan canon, 's am fuaim,
A' gluasad air chrith na'm beann ard'.

Chualadh mi coileach 's e gairm,
'S e bualadh a sgiathan gu cruaidh,
A's thuirnt an duine math sin rium:—
"Cluinn còileach na h-Airde-tuath."

Chunna' mi tighinn air thùs
Stiubhartaich, cinneadh an rìgh,
Na'm bòcanan gioraig san léirg,
'Dhearg an airm le fuil san strì.

Thainig Ciann-Dòmhnuille na'n deigh,
Mar chonaibh confach gún bhiaidh
An robh beathraichean guineach, geur,
An guailean a chéile gu gnìomh.

B'àluinn, dealbhach, am breid sròil
Air à 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'
Ceangail' am barr a chrainn chaoil,
Bha sin ann, a's leoghann dearg,
'S cha b'àite tearmuinn a chraos.

Thàirneadh na sloigh air sliabh Fife,
An coinneamh ri cath a chur,
Fhuair iad brosnachadh fìor mhear,
Thug eirigh le buirbe na'm fuil:—

"A Chlannaibh mìlidh mosgailibh,
Is somalta, cian 'ur cadai,
Teannaibh ri dioladh Chullodair,
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 aìgneach, innsinneach,
Gu an-athach, nàmhàdach,
Gu mion-chuimhneach, dioghaltach,
Gu gruamach, fiata, an-tròcaireach.
Gun tearmun, gun mathanas,
Gun ath-thruas, gun bhuigeachas,
Gun innidh, gun eagal,
Gun umhail, gun fhaicill.
Gun fhiamh, gun an-mhisneich,
Gun chùram, gun ghealtachd,
Gun taise, gun fhaiteachas,
Gun saidealtachd, gun uamhann.
Gun eiseamail, gun ùmhlachd,
Gun athadh do nàmhaid
Ach a gabhail romhaibh thoirnt iulbhair
A' cosnadh na cath-laraich."

Chunnaic mi air leath e chàch
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 ghuirm,
Dha'm b'ainm Iain Muideartach òg,
O'n Chaisteal thream, 's o Bhòrgh,
De shliochd nan Collaidh bu bhorb colg.

Thog sean leoghann luath a cheann,
'S a chas rioghail an Duntuilm,
Dh'a'm bu shean eireachas riamh,
Buaidh nan sliabh an càs a chrúinn.

Thainig an treas leoghann diú
O'n choill', 's o gharaidh nam bàrc,
A's dh'ordaich iad pairt dhe'n cuid sluaigh
Dhol a thiolaidheachd nam marbh.

Labhairt.—San an sin a thaghl iad
oifigich an-diadhaidh, an-tròcaireach, an-
aobhach, an-athach, an-ìochdmhor. Agus
thaghl iad cuideachd de bhorb, bhrothach,
bhodach, dha'm b'airm chosanta spaidean
agus sluasaidean, gu tiolacadh nam marbh,
agus gu glanadh na h-àraich. Aonghas
amharra à Eigneag—Calum crosda à
Gruluin—Eoghann Iargalta à Cràsa-
bhaig—Dughall Ballach à Gallabaidh—
Niall Eangharra à Raimisgearaidh—agus
Domhnall Durrgha à Gearas.

Chunna' mi Gleann soileir uam,
An robh eireachdas thar gach glinn,
B'airde cheileirich', cheolmhoir' fuam,
Glaodhaich nan cuach os a chinn.

Theid fargradh feadh Bhreatuinn gu léir;
Eirigh gu feachd fir gu leoir,
Chi sibh na Gàeil a' triall
Le rioghalachd mar bu còir.

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 chiefs, 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 Thomais*"—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 Lochiell 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,
 Rì iarunn cist' do dh' Iain Ruadh.¹
 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 dhomh-s an cuir suas,
 Tha'n gaothair air stòpadh,
 Tha'n dà dhòs na'n trom-shuain.
 Chaill an seannsair a chlaisteachd,
 Tha'n gleus air a ghrad leigeadh suas,
 O'n tric a thainig ceòl taitneach,
 Ragh a caismeachd mo chluais.

¹ John M'Quithen, a piper in South Uist. He was a great companion and favourite of the bard. This elegy was composed while the piper was living.

Ceol bu bhlasd' a's bu bhinne,
 Dhùsgadh spiorad do'n t-sluagh,
 Ceol bu tartaraich' siubhal,
 Thionndadh tioma gu cruas :

Ceol mar smeòrach a ghlinne,
Ceol a's binne na cuach ;
Meoir gun bhraise, gun ghiorradh,
Dian ruith-leumnach, luath.

Bu sgiolta sealleadh do sheansair,
Air port, 's air crunn-luath, 's air cuairt,
Pronnadh cnaparra, lùghmhor,
Caismeachd shunntach 'san ruaig ;
Dheanadh gaisgeach de'n sglùraich,
Chuireadh diùn-laoch na luaths,
Claidhean 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 spliùcan,
Bhiodh tu giùlan gach uair.
“Tha mi féin gun tombaca,
Cha b'e cleachdadh a fhuair,
'S tric chuir Iain fo m'aise,ne,
Greim, a's cairteal, a's cuach.”

Thuir a ghloin' a bha'n Asdain,
“Mo sgeul craiteach, ro chruaidh !
Dh-fhalbh mo shùgradh, 's mo mhàran,
Thug am bàs leis Iain Ruadh ;
Fear a chluicheadh a chlàrsach,
Dheanadh dàn, agus duan,
Cha b'e Caluinn a chràmpaidh
Fonn a b'fhearr leis 'g a luaidh.”

Thuir am pigidh bha lamh ris—
“Faigh an t-àrca gu luath,
Cuir am chlaigeann-sa spàirt e,
Tha tart 's gach àite mu'n cuairt.
Thainig con-tràigh na plàighe,
Tha nithe gnàthaichte bhuaninn,
Cha bhi reothart gu bràth ann,
'S ann a thràigheas an cuan.”

Thuir an buideal, 's am botal,
Thuir an gòc ris an stòp,
Thuir an copan, 's an t-slige ;
“'S mor an sgrìos 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 Dhòmhuill òig.”

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 ghnàis a bhi beò.

Dh-fhalbh an deagh ghille cuideachd,
Nach robh sgrubail san òsd' ;
Dh-fhalbh fear tràghadh nan searrag,
Chosgadh barrachd thar stòp.
Dh-fhalbh fear deanadh nan duanag
Leis an luaighte gach clò,
Cha b's ghnàs a bhi gearan,
Ge h-ioma glain' thug dha pòg.

'S heag mo shunnt ri lath féille,
'S heag mo speis dheth gach ceòl,
'S heag mo thlachd dhe bhi 'g eisteachd,
Gaoir theud fhir nan cròc.
Leam a b'annsa do bhruidhean,
'N àm suidhe mu bhòrd,
Na droch dhreòchdan air fìdhill,
Mar fhuaim snithe 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 ruiteh,
Glac threun a ruitheadh an ràmh,
'San àm caitheadh na cloiche,
Bu leat an toiseach air càch.

Thoir 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 fasan nach gann ;
Buideal rùm aig a chasan,
'S rol tombac aig a cheann.

AISEIRIGH IAIN RUAIDH.

LUIÑNEAG.

*Hè-rò gu'm b'èibhinn leam,
'Chluinntinn gu'n do dh-èirich thu,
'S ann leam a's ait an sgeula 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, etc.

Thug iad bho na h-òsdairean
Buidealan gu tòrradh dhut,
Mu bheireas mi gun òl orra,
'S e ni sinn seòrsa bainne.
Ho-ro, etc.

On tha giubhas sàbhte agad,
'S gu'n d'rinn an gobha tàirnean dut,
'S ann theannas sinn ri bàta,
Theid do Phàro dh-iaraidh Branndai.
Ho-ro, etc.

Cha bhi dad a dh'éis oirre,
Gheibh i gach ni dh'fhéumas i,
N'i'n lion aodach a *main*-seol d'i,
'S gu'n dean na speicean crann d'i.
Ho-ro, etc.

Cha'n casbhuidh nach bi ballaibh ann,
Gu cuplaichean, 's gu taruinnan,
Tha ròpaichean gun ghainn' againn,
'S gu'n ceangail sinn gu teann iad.
Ho-ro, etc.

Cha'n eil m'intinn gearanach,
O'n chuir thu dhìot an galar ud,
'S ann tha do phìob na deannal,
A toirt caithream air ceol damhsaidh.
Ho-ro, etc.

'Nuair, bha thu ann san réiseamaid,
Bu sgairtail, tapaidh, treubhach, thu,
Na h-uile fear a leumadh ort,
Ghreadadh tu gun taing e.
Ho-ro, etc.

'Nuair bha thu na t-òganach,
Bu lionmhor àit' am b'èolach thu,
Chunna' mis' an clòsaidean,
Ag òl an Amsterdam thu !
Ho-ro, etc.

ORAN CNAIDEIL
DO 'N OLLA LEODACH.

LUINNEAG.

*Thugaibh, thugaibh, bo ! bo ! bò !
An Doctar Leodach 's biodag air,
Faicill oirbh san taobh sin thall
Nach toir e 'n ceann a thiota dhibh.*

NUAIR bha thu a d'fhleasgach òg,
Bu mhòrchuiseach le claidheamh thu,
Chaidh Ailean Muillear riut a chòmhraig,
'S leon e le bloidh spealun thu.
Thugaibh, etc.

Bha thu na do bhasbair còrr,
'S claidheamh-mòr an taruinn ort,
An saighdear 's measa th'aig rìgh Deòrs',
Chòmhraigeadh e Alasdair.
Thugaibh, etc.

Gu' bhiodh sud ort air do thaobh,
Claidheamh caol sa ghliogartaich ;
Cha'n eil falcag thig o'n tràigh,
Nach cuir thu barr nan itean d'i.
Thugaibh, etc.

Biodag 's an deach an gath-séirg
Air crios seilg an luidealaich ;
Bha seachd oirlich oirr' a mheirg,
Gur maigr an rachadh bruideadh dh'i.
Thugaibh, etc.

A bhiodag 's mios' th' anns an tìr,
'S a beart-chinn air chrith oirre,
Chnàmh a faobhar leis an t-suith,
'S cha ghearr i 'n im na dh' itheadh tu.
Thugaibh, etc.

Claidheamh, agus sgàbard dearg,
'S cearbach sud air amadan,
Ghearradh amhaichean nan sgarbh,
A dh-fhagadh marbh gun anail iad.
Thugaibh, etc.

Cha né deoch bhainne, na mheig,
'S cinnteach mi rinn ucsa dhìot ;
Ach biadh bu docha leat nan t-im,
Giobainean nan gùgachan.
Thugaibh, etc.

'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 cìoch-shlugain ort.
Thugaibh, etc.

'Nuair théid thu na chreig gu h-ard,
Cluinnear gàir nan iseanan ;
'S mu thig am fulamair a d' dhail,
Sathaidh tu do bhiodag ann.
Thugaibh, etc.

'Nuair a theid thu sa' Chreig-bhàin,
Cha mhòr do stà 'sna sgorrachan ;
Cha tig na h-eunlaith a'd' dhàil,
La fàileadh do chuid drogaichean.
Thugaibh, etc.

'Nuair a théid 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, etc.

Bu tu theannaichheadh an t-sreag
Cha bhi i fann mur bris thu i,
Dreadh 's na h-iseanan a d' sgéith,
Air leam gu'm feum thu cuideachadh,
Thugaibh, etc.

Cha mbarbh thu urrad ri càch,
Ge leathan laidir mogur thu ;
S' t-àirm cha dian a bheag a stà,
Mur sgrìobar clàr, na praise leo.
Thugaibh, etc.

Biodag agus claidheamh caol,
Air do thaobh 's a ghlogartaich :
Na h-uile eun a thig na lath'r
Gun cur thu bar na ite dheth.
Thugaibh, etc.

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 Ciostal-odhar,
Ann an Ciostal-odhar, odhar,
A bhanais a bha'n Ciostal-odhar.
Cha robh othail chòir oirre !*

THAINIG fear a staigh ga'm ghriobadh,
Dh-innse gu'n tainig am pigidh,
Fhuaras botul lionadh slige,
Bu bhinn glig a's crònan.
A bhanais, etc.

Thainig fear a nuas le mi-mhodh,
Gu e-féin a chuir an ìre,
Thòisich e air bleith nan inean,
Gu mi-fhìn a sgròbadh.
A bhanais, etc.

Ach labhair mise gu fiadhaich :
"Mas e mi-stath tha thu 'g iarraidh,

Gur dòcha gu'n cuir mi'n fhìcaicil,
Air iochdar do sgòrnain !"
A bhanais, etc.

Smaointich mi eiridh 'n-am sheasamh,
On bu ghnà leam a bhì 'g eadradh,
Olc na dheigh gu'n d'rinn mi' leagadh,
'S bhuail mi breab san tòin air.
A bhanais, etc.

'Nuair a chaidh na fir gu riasladh,
Gu'n robh ceathrar dhiu sa ghriosach ;
Am fear bu laige bha e'n iochdar,
'S thug iad mìrean beò as.
A bhanais, etc.

Chaidh iad fire faire chliamain,
Sìd iad uile feadh na griosach,
Fear bu laige bha e'n iochdar,
'S thug iad pios dheth 'n tòin as.
A bhanais, etc.

'Nuair a thoisich iad air buillean,
Cha robh mi-fhìn a' cur cuir dhìom,
Gus na mhùigh iad air mo mhuinneal,
'S air duileasg mo shròine.
A bhanais, etc.

Am sin 'nuair a dh' eirich an trioblaid,
Thainig iad far an robh mise,
Thog iad mi mach thun na sitig',
Theab gu'n ithte beò mi.
A bhanais, etc.

Thug iad a mach thun nan raointean,
Mar gun reachadh cù ri caoirich,
'S am fear nach do sgrìob iad aodann,
Bha aodach ga shròiceadh.
A bhanais, etc.

'Nuair thoisich iad air a chéile,
Stradadh na fal' anns na speuran ;
Bha 'mis' an àite gan éisdeachd,
'S gun b' éibhinn an spòrs iad.
A bhanais, etc.

Bhuail iad air a chéile chnagadh,
Léig iad air a chéile shàdadh,
Shin iad air aithris na braide,
'S air cagnadh nan òrdag.
A bhanais, etc.

Fear ri caoincadh, fear ri aighear,
Fear na sheasamh, fear na laidhe,
Fear a pògadh bean-an-taighe,
Fear a gabhail òrain !
A bhanais, etc.

Cha robh ann ach beagan dibhe,
Leig iad a dh-iunnsaidh an cridhe,
Bha fear a's fear aca rithist,
Gun bhruidhinn gun chòmhradh.
A bhanaid, etc.

Sin 'nuair a labhair am fìdhleir:—
“Chuir sibh mò phuirt feadh na fìdhle;

'S mis am fear gu'n tig an dilinn,
Nach toir sgrìob air ceòl duibh.”
A bhanaid, etc.

Seall a mach co chi thu tig hinn—
Cailleach nam moganan dubha,
Gur math a dhiris i bruthach
Leis an t-siubhal spògach.
A bhanaid, etc.

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 Renloch 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 football. 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 Ranoch. 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 on 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 anything 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 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."¹

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 distinguished qualities have rendered him the most popular poet in the language;

¹ Rev. xx., 11-12.

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 stad.”

“*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 Gaëlic 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 firinn air gach neach.

An cadal peacaidh 'ta'd nan suainn,
A' brудар pailteas de gach nì;
Gu'n umhail ac'n' uair 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 go 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 uamhunn latha Dhé.

Air meadhon oidhch' 'nuair bhios an
saogh'l,

Air aomadh tharais ann an suain;
Grad dhùisgear suas an cinne-daoin',
Le glaodh na trompaid 's airde fuaim.

Air neul ro aird nì fhoillseach' féin,
Ard aingeal treun le trompaid mhoir;
Is gairmidh air an t-saogh'l gu léir,
Iad a ghradh éiridh chum a mhòid:—

“ O cluinnibhs uile chlann nan daoine,
Nis thainig ceann an t-saogh'l gu beachd ;
Leumaibh 'nar beatha sibhs 'ta marbh,
Oir nis gu dearbh 'ta Ios' air teachd.”

Is seididh e le sgal cho chruaidh,
'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-seangain dol 'na ghluais,
Grad bhrùchdaidh 'n uaigh a nois a
mairbh.

'N sin cruinnichidh gas cas is lamh,
Chaidh chur san àraich fad o chéil ;
'S bidh farum mor a measg nan cnàmh,
Gach aon diu' dol 'na àite fein.

Mosglaidh na fireanaich an tùs,
Is dùisgear iad gu leir o'n suain,
An anamaibh turlingidh o ghloir,
Ga'n còmh'lachadh aig beul na h-uaigh.

Le eibhneas togaidh iad an ceann,
'T àm am fuasglaidh orra dlù ;
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 ;
'Smar thrusganglan 'ta ùmhlachd Chriosd,
Ca'n deanamh sgiamhach o'n taobh 'mach.

Dùisgear na h-aingidh suas 'n an déigh,
Mar bhéisdibh gairisneach as an t-slochd ;
'S o ifrinn thig an anama truagh ;
Thoirt coinneamh uamhasach da 'n corp.

'N sin labhraidh 'n t-anam brònach truagh,
R'a choluinn oilleil, uamhar, bhreun,
“ Mo chlaoidh ! ciod uim' an d'èirich thu
Thoirt peanas dùbailt oirn le chéil !

“ O 'n eigin dòmhsa dol aris,
Am prìosan neo-ghlan steach a'd' chré ?
Mo thruaighe mi, gu'n d'aontaich riamh,
Le t-anamianna brùdeil féin !

“ O'm faigh mi dealach' riut gu bràth !
No 'n tig am bàs am feasd a'd' chòir !
'N drùigh teine air do chnaimhean iarain !
No dibh-fheirg Dhé anstruidh i t-fheòil !”

Eiridh na rìghrean 'e daoine mòr,
Gun smachd gun òrdugh ann nan laimh ;
'S cha'n aithn' ear iad a measg an t-sluaidh,
O 'n duine through bha ac' na thràill.

'S na daoine uaibhreach leis nach b' fhiù,
Gu 'u 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 sgàirneich ghairbh de chlachah cruaidh,
Is sgriosaibh sinn á tir nam beò,
A chum 's nach faic sinn glòir an Uain.”

Amach ás uamhaidh gabhaidh 'thriall
An diabhol 's a chuid aingle féin,
Ge cruaidh e 's éigin teachd a làth'r,
A' slaodadh shlàbhraidh a's a dhéigh.

'N sin fàsaidh ruthadh ann san spéur
Mar fhàir 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 àrd Rìgh,
Is foillsichear am Breitheamh mòr,
Le glòir is greadhnachas gun chrich.

Tha 'm bogha-froismu'n cuairt da cheann,
'S mar thuil nan gleann tha fuaim a ghuth ;
'S mar dhealanach tha sealladh shùil,
A' spùtadh a's na neulaibh tiugh.

A ghrian àrd-lòcharan nan spéur,
Do ghloir a phearsa géillidh grad ;
An dealradh drillseach thig o ghnùis,
A solus mùchaidh e air fad.

Cuiridh i uimpe culaidh bhroin,
'S bidh 'ghealach mar gun dòirt' oirr' fuil,
Is crathar cumhachdan nan spéur,
A' tilgeadh nan réull a's am bun.

Bidh iad air uideal ann san spéur,
Mar mheas air géig ri ànradh garbh ;
Tuiteam mar bhraonaibh dh-uisge dlù,
'S an glòir mar shùilean duine mhairbh.

Air charbad teine suidhidh e,
'S mun cuairt da béucaidh 'n tairneanach,
A' dol le ghairm gu crìoch na nàmh,
'S a'reub nan neul gu doimionnaeh.

O chuibhlibh 'charbaid thig amach,
Sruth mor de theine laist' le féirg;
Is sgaoidh 'n tuil' ud air gach taobh,
A' cur an t-saogh'l na lasair dheirg.

Leaghaidh na Dùile 'nuas le teas,
Ceart mar a leaghas teine céir;
Na cnuic's na sléibhte lasaidh suas,
'S bidh teas-ghoil air a' chuan gu léir.

Na beanntan iargalt nach tug seach,
An sróras riamh do neach d'an deòin,
Ta iad gu falaidh taosgadh 'mach,
An ionmhais leaght' mar abhainn mhòir.

Gach neach bha sgrìobadh cruinn an òir,
Le sannt, le dò-bheirt, no le fuil;
Làn chaisgibh 'nis 'ur 'n iota mòr,
'S a nasgadh òlaibh 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 ri a bhàs,
Mar dhuine làidir dol do'n eug.

A chuisle chleachd bhi fallain fuar,
Ri mireag uaibhreach feadh nan gleann,
'Tha teas a chléibh 'ga 'n smùidreadh suas,
Le goilbhu buaireis feadh nam beann.

Naich faic sibh 'chrith tha air mu'n cuairt,
'S gach creag a' fuasgladh ann 's gach
sliabh,

Nach cluinn 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-eibhlean beò.

Tha 'n t-adhar ga thachd' le neula tiugh,
'S an toit 'na meallaibh dubh dol suas
'S an teine millteach spùtadh 'mach,
'Na dhualaibh caisreagach mu'n cuairt.

Timcheall a' chruinne so gu léir,
Borb-bheucaidh 'n tàirneanach gu bras;
'S bidh 'n lasair lomadh gloir nan speur,
Mar fhaloisg ris na sléibhte cäs.

Is chum an doinionn 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 shaibhreas Rìgh na 'm feart,
Nach iunndrain casgradh mhìle saogh'l!

'M feadh tha gach ni '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 greadhachas nach facas riamh,
'S le dhiadhachd sgeadaichte mun cuairt.

Ta mìle tàirneanach 'na laimh,
A chum a naimhde sgrios am feirg,
Is fonn-chrith orr' gu dol an greim,
Mar choin air éill ri h-am na seilg.

Aingle gun àireamh tha 'na chuir,
Le 'n sùilean suidhicht' air an Rìgh,
Chum ruith le òrdughsan 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,
Andreama dh'aiseadh creideamh Chrìosd,
Na reic e air son ni nach b'fhiach.

A shluagh gun chiall thug miann do'n òr,
Roimh ghloir is eibhneas flaitheas Dé,
'Ur malairt ghòrach faicibh nis,
'S an sgrios a thug sibh oirbh féin.

'S a mhuinntir uaibhreach leis 'm bu nàr,
Gu 'n cluinnte cràbhadh dhà 'n'ur teach;
Faicibh a ghlòir 's na b' iognadh leibh,
Ged dhruid e sibh á riogh'chd amach.

O Herod faic a nic an Rìgh,
D'an tug thu spid is masladh mor,
Ga sgeadachadh le trusgan ruadh,
Mar shuai'neas sgallais air a ghlòir.

Nach faic thu Breitheamh an t saoghai
gu léir,

'S mar eudach uime 'n lasair dhearg;
A' teachd thoirt duais do dhaoine còir,
'S a sgrios luchd dò-bheirt ann am feirg.

Is thusa Phìlat tog do shuil,
'S gu'm faic thu nis' a muthadh 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 geur,
Na idir gur i sud a ghnòis,
Air na thilg na h-Iùdhaich sile breun !

'M bu leoir gu'n theich a ghrian air chùl,
A' diultadh fianuis thoirt do'n gnìomh ?
Ciod uim' nach d'fhuaireachruitheachd bas,
'N uair chéusadh air a chrann a TRIATH?

Cuiridh e aingle 'mach gach taobh,
Chum ceithirghaothaibh'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,
Marsgaoth de bheachaibh tigh'n mu ghéig,
An déidh dhaibh eiridh 'mach o'n sgeap.

'N sin togaidh aingeal glormhor suas,
Ardbhratach Chrìosd da'n suaich' neas fuil;
A ch-ruinneachadh 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 dìleas is gu dlù,
Le creideamh 's ùmlachd ceangal lean.

'N sintionsgnaidh 'm Breith' air cùis an la,
A clum a nàimhde chur fo bhinn,
Is fosglaidh e leabhraichean suas,
Far am beil peacadh 'n t-sluaigh air
chuibhn' :

Fosglaidh e 'n cridhe mar an ceudn',
Air dòigh 's gur léir de'n h-uile neach,
Gach uamharrachd bha gabhail tàmh,
Air feadh an àrois ud a steach :

'N uair ch' an sealladh so dhiubh féin,
Is dearbh gur léir dhaibh ceartas Dhia ;
'S bidh 'n gruaidh a leaghadh sa le nàir
Nach lugha cràdh na teine dian.

Togaidh an trompaid 'ris a fuaim,
" Na labhradh a's na gluaiseadh neach ;"
Air chor gu'n cluinn gach beag a's mor,
A bhreith thig air gach seòrs' amach.

" A dhaoine sanntach thréig a chòir,
'S a leag 'ur dòchas ann 'ur toic,
A ghlais gu teann 'ur cridhe suas,
'S a dhruid 'ur cluas ri glaodh nam bochd.

" An lomnochd cha do dhion o'n fhuachd,
'S do'n acrach thruagh cha d'thug sibh
Ged lion mi féin 'ur cisd' de lon, [biadh,
'S 'ur treuda' chur a'mòd gach bliadhn'.

" Nibheilsibh iomchuidhair moriogh' chd,
As eugmhais fìrinn, iochd, a's graidh ;
'S o reul' sibh m' iomhaidh dhìbh gu léir,
Agraibh sibh féin 'nar sgrios gu bràth.

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" A nathraiche millteach 's oillteil greann,
Cha binn leam ceol 'ur srantaich àrd,
'S cha 'n éisd o'r teangaidh ghobhlaich clùt,
Le driùchd a phuinnsein air a bàrr.

" Is sibhs' thug fuath da m' òrduigh naomh,
Is leis nach b' ionmhuinn caomh mo theach ;
Leis 'm bu bhliadhna suidhe uair,
Am àros tabhairt cluais do m' reachd.

" Cionnas a mhealas sibh gu bràth,
A'm' sheirbhis sàbaid shiorruidh bhuan
Na cionnas bheir 'ur n-anam gràdh,
De n ni da'n tug 'ur nàdur fuath ?

" Luchd mì-ruin agus fàrmaid mhòir
Da'n doruinn iomlan sonas chàich,
Le doilghìos geur a' enàmh 'ur cri,
Mu aon neach oirbh féin bheir barr.

" Cia mar a dh-fheudas sibh gu bràth,
Làn shonas àiteach ann an glòir ;
Far am faic sibhse mìlte dream,
Ga'n ardach' os bhur ceann gu mòr ?

" Am fad 's bu léir dhuibh feadh mo
riogh' chd,
Neach b' àirde inbhe na sibh féin ;
Nach fadadh mì-run 's fàrnad cùirt,
Tein' ifrinn duibh a'm flaitheas Dé ?

" Is sibhs' 'an slighe na neo-ghloin ghluais,
'S gu sònraicht' thruaill 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-uabhair, dheasaich mì dhuibh fearg,
Leaba dearg theth 'san laidh sibh sìos,
Am brachailbh-lin de lasar dheirg.

“Ged bheirinn sibh gu rìoghachd mo
ghlòir,

Mar mhucan steach gu seòmar rìgh ;
'Ur nàdur neoghlán bhiodh ga chràdh,
Le'r miannaibh bàsachadh chion bidh.

“Gach neach tha iomchuidh air mo
rìogh'ehd,

Teannaibh sibhse chum mo dheis,
Is cruinnichibh seachad chum mo chli,
A chrìonach o na crannaibh meas.”

'N sin tearbainidh e chum gach taohh,
Na caoraidh o na gobhraibh lom ;
Ceart mar nì'm buachaille an tréud,
'N uair chuairtaicheas e spréidh air tom,

'N sin labhraidh e ri luchd a dheis,
“Sibhse ta deasaichte le m' ghràs,
Thiglbhse, sealbhaichibh an rìoghachd,
Nach faic a sonas crìoch gu bràth.

“Spealg mise 'n geat' bha oirbhse dùinnt'.
Le m' ùmhlachd 's m' fhulangas ro-ghéur:
'S dh-fhosgail an t-sleadh gu farsuinn suas,
Am leith-taobh dorus nuadh dhuibh féin.

“Chum craoibh nabeath' ta 'm Pàrrais Dé,
Le h-éibhneas teannaibh steach do còir ;
'S a fearta iongantach gu léiv,
Dearbhadh 'ur n-uile chréuchd's bhur leòn.

“An claidhe ruisgte bha laist ga dìon,
O laimh 'ur sinnsir Adhamb 's Eubb,
Rinn mise truail dhe m' chridhe dhà,
'S a lasair bhàth mi le m' fhuil féin.

“Fo dosraich ùrair suidhibh sìos,
Nach searg's nach crìon am feasd a blàth)
'S mar smèdraichean a measg a geug,
Chum molaidh gléusaibh binn bhur càil.

“Le 'maise sàsaichibh 'ur stùil,
Is eirbh fo sgàil cha drùgh an teas,
O 'duilleach càraidh òlaibh slàint ;
Is bith'bh neo-bhàsmhor le a meas.

“Gach uile mheas tha 'm Pàrrais Dé,
Ta nìs gu leir neo-thoirnisgt' dhuibh ;
Ithibh gun eagal o gach géig,
A nathair nimh cha téum a ebaoidh.

“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 iongantach na slàint,
Sior rannsaichibh air aird 's air leud,
'S feadh oibrìche mo rìoghachd mhòir,
'Ur n-eòlas ciocrach cuiribh' meud.

“Ua n-eibhneas, mais' 'ur tuigs', 's 'ur
gradh,

Bitheadh gu siorruidh fàs ni 's mò ;
'S cha choinnich sibh aon ni gu bràth,
Bheir air 'ur n-anam cràdh no leòn.

“Cha'n fhaca suil, 's cha chuala cluas,
Na thaisg mi suas de shonas duibh,
Imichibh, 's biodh 'ur dearbhachd féin,
Sior-innse sgéul 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
Dhia,

A chum an diabhull siubhlaidh uam.

“'S mo mhallachd maille ribh gu bràth,
A ehum 'ur cràdh 's us cur gu pian,
Gluaisibhse chum an teine mhòir,
Ga'r ròsdadh ann gu cian nan cian.”

Mar sgàin an talamb a's a chell,
'N uair gabh e teaghlach Chòrach steach,
Ceart laimh riu fosglaidh 'n uigh a beul,
'S i miannanaich air son a creich.

Is mar a shlig 'mhuc-mhara mhòr,
Iònas 'n uair chaidh 'thilgeadh 'mach,
Ni slugan dubh an dara bàis,
A charbad iathadh umpa steach.

San uamhaidh taobhaidh iad ri chèil,
A ghluais nam beath' gu h-èucorach ;
Luchd mhionn a's mort a's fisuis-bhréig ;
Luchd misg a's reubainn 's adhaltrais.

Mar chualaidh dhris an ceangal teann,
An slabhraidh tha gach dream leo féin ;
'S an comunn chleachd bhi 'n caidreamh
Mar bhioran ruisgte dol nan crè. [dlù,

Mar leoghan garg fo' chuibhreach cruaidh,
Le thoscaibh reubadh suas a ghlais ;
An slabhraidh cagnaigh iad gu dian,
'S gu bràth cha ghearr am fiaclan phrais.

Bidh iad gu siorruidh 'n glacaibh 'bhais,
iS an cridh' ga fhàsgadh asd' le bròn,
Ceangailt air cuan de phronnug laisd'
'S a dheatach uaine tachd an sròn.

Mar bhàirneach fuaighte ris an sgeir,
Tha iad air creagaidh goileach teann ;
Is dibh-fheirg Dhé a' seideadh 'chuain,
Na thonnaibh buaireis thar an ceann.

'N tra dhùineas cadal cruaidh an suil,
Teas feirg 's an-dochas dùisgidh iad ;
A chnuimh nach bàsaich 's eibhle beò,
A' cur an dòruinn shiorruidh 'meud.

Air ifrinn 'n uair a gheibh iad sealbh,
S làn-dearbhadh co gu'n toir iad cis,
Faodaidh sinn pàirt d'an gearan truagh,
Chuir anns na briathraibh cruaidh so sìos.

" O staidh na neo-ni 'n robh mi 'm thàmh,
Cìod uime dh-àrdach Dia mo ceann !
Mo mhìle mallachd aig an là,
'N do gabh mo mbathair mi' na broimn.

" Cìod uime fhuair mi tuigse riamh ?
No ciall a's reusan chum mo stiuir ?
Cìod uim' nach d' rinn thu cuileag dhiom ?
Na durrag dhiblidh ann san ùir ?

" Am mair mi 'n so gu saogh'l nan
saogh'l !

'N tig crìoch no caochladh orm gu brath,
Am beil mi nis san t-siorr'achd bhuan,
A' snàmh a' chuain a ta gun tràigh !

" Ged àireamh uile reullta nèimh,
Gach féur a's duilleach riamh a dh-fhàs,
Mar' ris gach braon a ta sa' chuan,
'S guch gaineamh chuairticheas an tràigh.

" Ged chuiream mìle bliadhna seach,
As leith gach aon diubb sud gu léir,
Cha d'imich seach de'n t-slor'achd 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 bràth !
No glas mo làmh an dean e sgaoil !

" '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 shios !

" 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 dhiom !

" No 'm bi thu dìo'lte dhiom gu bràth,
'N deach lagh an nàduir chuir air cùl ?
Mo thruaighe mi ! 'n e so am bàs
A bhagair thu air Adhamh 'n tùs ?

" Air sgà' do dhìo'ltas 'm bi thu 'sniomh
Snàthain mo bheath' gu siorruidh caol !
Nach leoir bhi mìle bliadhn' ga m' losg' ?
As leith gach lochd a rinn mi 's t-saogh'l ?

" Ged lean de dhìo'ltas mi gu m' chùl,
Cha 'n àrdaich e do chliù, a Dhé,
'S cha'n fhuir dò d' Mhorachd t-fhearg a
chosg,
Air comharadh cho bochd rium féin.

" O Dhia ! nach sgrios thu mi gu tìr ?
'S le d' chumhachd cuir air 'm anam
crioch,
'S gu staid na neo-ni tilg mi uait,
Far nach 'eil fulang, smuain, no gnìomh.

" Ach O ! se so mo thoillt' neas féin
Is nì'm beil èu-coir buntainn rium ;
Oir dhiùlt mi tairgse shaor de Chrìosd,
'S nìor ghabh mi d'a fhuil phrìseil suim.

" Mo choguis dìtidh mi gu bràth,
An fhianuis bha ga'm chàineadh riamh ;
An-ìochd no èu-coir ann mo bhàs,
Cha leig i chàradh 'm feasd air Dia.

" Aitheanta thilg mi air mo chùl,
A's ruith mi dùrachdach gu'm sgrios,
Is 'fhianuis féin a' m' chridhe mhùch,
A' druid mo shiùle roimh mo leas.

" Cia meud an diogh'ltas tha dhomh' dual
A's leith mo pheacaidh uamhor dàn
Am peac' thug dùlan do dh-fhuil Chrìosd,
'S a dh-fhàg gun éifeachd brìgh a bhàis.

" Gidheadh nach 'eil de Bhuadhan féin,
Neo-chrìochanach gu léir o chian ?
'S an toir mo chiont air ìochd a's gràdh,
Gu'm fàs fad crìochnaicht' ann an Dia ?

" An comas dut mo thilgeadh uat
Far nach cluinn do chluas mo sgread ?
'M beil dorchadas an ifrinn féin
Far nach bu léir do Dhia mo staid ?

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“Ge truagh mo ghuidhe cha'n eisder i,
A's fois no fèth cha'n fhaidh mi chaoidh'
Ach beath' neo-bhàsmhor teachd as ùr,
Gu'm neartach' ghiùlan tuille claidh.”

Ach stad mo rann a's pill air t-ais
O shloehd na easgraidh dhein a nios,
Is feuch cionnas a bheir thu seòl
Do'n dream tha beò nach teid iad sios.

A leughadair a'm beil e flor,
Na chuir mi cheana sios am dhàn?
Ma se 's gu'm beil thig s' lùb do ghùn
Le ùrnuigh 's aithreachas gnn dàil:—

“A dh-ionnsuidh Iosa teich gu luath,
A' gabhail gràin a's fuath do d' pheac',
Le creideamh fìor thoir ùmhhlachd 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 iuil.

“Biodh eiseimpleir am beach do shùl,
Chum d' uile ghluasachd 'stiùir da reir,
'S gach meadhon dh-ordaich e chum slàint'
Bi fein g'an gnàthachadh gu leir.

“As 'thireantachd dean bun a mhàin,
'S na taic gu bràth ri d' thoil'tneas fein;
'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 na bruaich,
Feuch claiigeann gun snuadh air làr;
Is thog mi e suas,
A' tiomach' gu truagh,
Ga thionndadh mu 'n cuairt am làimh.

Gun àille gnn 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 riisgte gun ghruaig;
Gun eisdeachd 'na chiuais do m' dhàn;
Gun anail na shròin,
No àille de'n fhòid,
Ach lag far 'm bu chòir bhì àrd.

Gun dealradh 'na shùil,
No rosg uimpe dùn',
No fradharc ri h-iuil mar b' abh'sd.
Ach durragan crom,
A chleachd bhì san, tom,
Air cladhach' da thoil '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 eo thù,
Ma's rìgh mo ma's diùc thu féin
'S ionann Alasdair mòr.
Is traill a dhì lòn,
A dh-eug air an òtrach bhreun,

Fhir chlaghach nu h-uaigh:
Nach cagair thu 'm chluais,
Co 'n claiigeann so fhuair mi 'm laimh?
'S gu 'n cuirinn ris ceisd,
Mu guàth mu 'n do theasd;
Ge nach feugair e' m' feasd ma dhàn.

'M bu mhaighdean deas, thu,
Bha sgiabhach a'd' ghnùis,
'S deagh shuidheach' a'd' shùil da reir?
Le d' mhaise mar lion,
A' ribeadh mu chrì',
Gach òganaich ch'ìdh thu fein.

Tha nise gach àdh,
Bha cosnadh dhut graidh,
Air tionndadh gu grain 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 iuil,
Bha reiteach gach cuis do'n t-sluagh;
Gun aomadh le pàirt',
Ach diteadh gu bàs,
Na h-eucoir bha daicheil cruaidh?

No 'n do reic thu a chòir,
Air ghlaicaid de'n òr,
O 'n dream da 'n robh stòras pailt?
Is bochdainn an t-sluaigh,
Fo fhoirneart ro chruaidh,
A fulang le cruas na h-aire.

'S mar robh thusa fìor,
Ann a t-oifig am binn,
'S gun d'rinn thu an dìreach fiar;
'S cho chinnteach an nì,
'N uair thainig do chrioch,
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 dilbreadh 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 cliù,
Le d' sheoltachd a stiùireadh airm?
Air naimhdean toirt buaidh,
Ga 'n eur ann san ruaig,
'S ga 'm fàgail nan cruachan màrlh.

'N robh do chlàidheamh gun bheirt,
No 'n dh-fhàg thu do neart,
'N uair choinnich 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' cholunn' cur séis,
'S a' coisneadh ort feisd gaeh là;
Is claigeann do chinn,
'Na ghearasdan dìon,
Aig daolagan diblidh 'n tàmh.

Pàirt a' claodhach' de dhéud,
A steach ann a' d' bheul,
'S cuid eile ri reub' do chluas;
Dream eile nan sgùid,
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 òl nan dràm?
Nach iarradh dhut fein
De fhlaithneas Dé,
Ach beirm á bhì 'g eiridh a' d' cheann?

Nach iarradh tu 'cheòl,
Ach miannan mu'n bhòrd,
Is feuchainn co 'n dòrn bu chruaidh:
Mar bho no mar each,
Gun tuigse, gun bheachd,
'S tu brùchdadh 'sa sgèith mu'n chuaich?

Na 'n duin' thu bha ghluas'd
Gu ceanalta suaicr,
Gu measara stuam mu d' bhòrd;
Le miannaibh do chrè,
Fo chuibhreachadh geur,
'N am suidhe gu feisd 's gu sògh?

No 'n gròcaire 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 de bhrù,
Da 'n robh thu a' lùb',
De ghaineamh 's do dh' ùir gle làn,
'S do dhendach air glas',
Mu d' theangaidh gun bhlas,
Fo gheimhleachaibh prais a bhais.

No 'm morair ro mhòr,
A thachair am dhòrn,
Neach aig an robh còir air tìr;
Bha iochdmhor ri bochd,
A' clùthach' uan nochd.
Reir pailteas a thoic 's a nìth?

No 'n robh thu ro chruaidh,
A' feannadh do thuath,
'S a' tanach' an gruaidh le màl;
Le h-gartas geur
A glacadh an spréidh
'S am bochdainn ag éigheach dàil?

Gu'n chridh' aig na daoin',
'Bh'air lomadh le h-aois,
Le 'n claigeannan maola truagh;
Bhì seasamh a' d' choir,
Gun bhoineid 'nan dòrn,
Ge d' tholladh gaoth rèòt' an cluas.

Tha nise do thràill,
 Gun urram a' d' dhàil,
 Gun ghearsan', gun mhàl, gun mhòd ;
 Mor-mholadh do'n bhàs,
 A chasgair thu trà,
 'S nach d' fhuilig do stràic fo'n fhòid.

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-ifrinn na casgradh dhein?

No 'n robh thu gun sgoinn,
 Mar mhuime mu chloinn,
 Gun chùram a h-oghreachd Dhé ;
 Na 'm faigheadh tu 'n rùsg,
 Bha coma co dhiù,
 M' an t-sionnach bhì stiùireadh 'n treud.

Lcam 's cinnteach gun d' fhuair,
 Do dheanadas duais,
 'N uair rainig thu 'm Buachaill' mòr ;
 'N uair chuartich am bàs,
 A steach thu 'na laith'r,
 Thoirt 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 umhail 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 a nise na tamh,
 Fo cheangal a bhàis,
 Gun sgainneal a' plàigh na dùthch' ;
 A's durraga grànd,
 Air lobhadh 'na h-àit,
 An deigh dhaibh cnàmh gu cùl.

'S mu lean thu do ghnàths,
 Gu leabaidh do bhàis,
 Gun tionndadh' na thrà ri còir ;
 Car tamull na h-uair,
 Dean flaitheas de'n uaigh,
 Gus an gairmeas thu suas gu mòd.

Mar losgann dubh grànd,
 Ag iomairt a smàg,
 Gu 'n eirich thu 'n aird o'n t-slochd ;
 Thoirt coinneamh do Chrìosd,
 'Na thighinn a ris,
 A dh' fhaotainn làn diol a' t-olc.

'N uair theid thu fo bhinn,
 Ni cheartas do dhìt' ;
 Ga d' fhògradh gu sìorruidh uaith ;
 Gu lasair ga d' phian,
 Chaidh dheasach' da'n Diabh'l,
 'S a mhallachd gu dian 'ga d' ruag.

'N sin cruaidhichidh 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 colas air Dia,
 'S gu'n d' rinn thu a riar 'sa chòir ;
 Ged tha thu 'n diugh ruisgt',
 Gun aithe', gun iùll,
 Gun teanga, gun sùil, gun sròn,

Gabh misneach san uaigh,
 Oir eiridh tu suas,
 'N uair chluineas tu fuaim an stuic,
 'S do thruailleachd gu leir,
 Shìos fàgaidh tu'd' dheigh,
 Aig durragan breun an t-sluic.

Oir deasaichidh Dia,
 Do mhaise mar ghrian,
 Bhiodh ag eiridh o sgiath na m' beann ;
 'Cur fradharc ro gheur,
 'S na suilean so féin,
 'S iad a' dealradh mar reullt' 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 mhòlàidh th' aig sluagh a chùirt.

'N uair dheairraicheas Crìosd,
 Na thigheachd a ris,
 A chruinneach' na 'm fìrcan suas ;
 'N sin bheir thu de leum,
 Thoirt coinneamh dha féin,
 Mar iolair nan speur aig luaths.

'N uair dh-cireas 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 mhàiries do shlaint 's do
 Mu'n tig ort am bàs, [bheachd;
 Nach leig thu gu hràth,
 Air geata nan gràs a steach.

A M BRUADAR.

AIR bhith dhomhsa ann am shuain
 A' bruadar diamhain 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 snuainteach greim a ghleidh do'n
 ghaoith,
 No fos gu'n lion an saogh'l mo chrì.

"Is diamhain dut bhì 'g iarraidh sàimh,
 'N aon nì' no'n ait air bith fo 'n ghréin;
 Chachlos no d' chorp an taobh do 'n uaigh,
 No t-anam 'n taobh do shuainhneas 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-fhàg é 'n saogh'l na bhrìste crì'.

"Air sonas 'anma chaill e chòir,
 Mar ris gach sòlas bha'n sa gharr'
 O sin ta 'shliochd nan deoiribh truagh;
 Mar uan a mearachd air a mhàth'r.

"Ri 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 coimheich fhuair gun tlùs.

"Mar sin tha iad gun fhois no tàmh,
 Ga 'n sàrach' glacadh faileas breig;
 'S a' deoth'l toil-inntinn o gach nì,
 Is iad mar chiochan seasg nam beul.

"Bidh teanndachd eigin ort am feasd,
 'S do dhòchas faicinn fuasgladh t-fheum,
 An còmhnuidh dhut mar fhad do làimh;
 Ach gu brath cha'n fhaigh dheth gréim.

"Chateagaisg t-fheuchain's dearhadh thù,
 O dhùil is carbsa chuir sa' bhreig,
 A rinn do mhealladh mìle uair,
 'S cho fhada bhuat an diugh san dé.

"An nì bu mho da'n tug thu miann,
 Nach dh-fhaga mhealtuinn riamh 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 bhuan;
 Mu'n gann a ghlacas tu e d' làimh,
 Grad threigidh fhàileadh e 'sa shnuadh.

"Cha 'n eil neach a thrioblaid saor,
 Am measg a 'chinne daoin' air fad,
 'S co lionmhor osnà aig an rìgh,
 Is aig an neach is isle staid.

"Tha 'smùdan fein òs ceann gach fòid
 Is dòruinn ceangailt' 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 mor
 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 tarruinn 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 dhìreachadh air fad.

"Mar bhata' fiar an aghaidh cheil,
 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'n Mhana dhòirteadh orra 'nuas;
'N tra chuir gach neach a chuid's a chlàr,
Cha robh air bàrr no dadum uaith.

“ Mar sin a ta gach sonas saogh't,
A ta thu faotainn ann a d' làimh,
Fa chomhair saibhreas, 's inbhe cùirt
Tha caitheamh, cìram agus cràdh.

“ Ged chàrn thu òr a'd' shlige suas,
Fa chomhair fàsaidh 'n luaith da reir,
Is ge do chuir thu innte rìogh'chd,
A mbeidh cha dìrich i na deigh.

“ Tha cuibhrionn iomchuidh aig gach
neach,
'S ged tha thu meas gur tuille b' fhcarr;
Cha d' thoir an t-anabharr tha'n an sud,
Am feasd an cudrom a's a' chràdh;

“ O lomluas t-inntinn tha do phian;
A' diùlta' 'n diugh na dh'iarr thu 'n dé;
Cha chomasach an saogh'l do riar,
Le t-ànamianna 'n aghaidh chéil.

“ Na 'm faigheadh toil na feol a rùn,
D'a mianna brudeil dh'iarradh sath;
Flaitheas a b' aird' cha'n iarradh i,
Na annta sud bhì siorruidh 'snàmh.

“ Ach ge do b' ionmhuinn leis an fheòl,
Alr talamh còmhachadh gach ré;
Bhiodh dùrachd t-ardain agus t-uaill,
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 mhiann.

“ Tha 'n cuideachd sud gach nì san
t-saogh'l,
Tha 'n comas dhaoine shealbhach' fìor;
Tha bhìadh, a's eudach agus slàint,
Is saorsa, càirdeas, agus sìth.”

'An sin do mhosgail a's mo shuain,
Is dh-fhag mo bhruadar mì air fad;
Ghrad leig mi dhìom bhì-ruith gach sgàil,
Is dh-fhàs mì toilichte le m' staid.

AN GEAMHRADH.

Nìs 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.

Sgaoil oirne a sgiathan,
'S chuir e ghrlan air a chùlthaobh;
As an nead thug e 'n t-àlach,
Neo-bhàigheil 'gar sgiùrsadh;
Sneachd iteagach gle-ghéal,
O na speuran tigh'n dlù oirn,
Clacha meallain 's gaoth thuathaeh,
Mar luaidhe is mar fhùdar.

'N uair sheideas e anail,
Cha in fhag anam am fùran;
Tha bhilean mar shiosar,
Lomadh lios de gach ùr-ros:
Cha bhì sgeadach air coille,
No doire nach rùisg e;
No sruthan nach tachd e,
Fo leachdannan dù-ghorm.

Fead reòta a chleibhe,
Tha seideadh na doinionn,
Chuir beirm ann san fhaire,
'S a dh' àt' garbh i na tonnan;
'S a bhinntich an clàmhuinn,
Air àirde gach monaidh,
'S ghlan sgùir e na reultan,
D' ar péile le'n 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-dhéirceil;
Nach toir iasad do leisgean,
Ann san t-sneachda ged èug 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 diamhain san t-samhradh,
 'S na gathanan gréine
 Gu ù-eilbhinn a damhsa ;
 Gun deasach 'gun chùram,
 Roi' dhùilachd a gheamhraidh ;
 A nise a' dol bàs',
 Ann 's gach àite le teanntachd.

Ach eisd rium a shean-duin',
 'S tuig an samhladh 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 àithreachas crìche.
 Do dhionadh o'n doruinn.

Gur mithich fàs diadhaidh,
 'S do chiabhan air glasadh,
 'Na 'm beàrnailb do dheudach,
 Is t-eudann air casadh,
 De bhathais air rùsgadh,
 'S do shùilean air prabadh,
 Agus cròit ort air lùbadh,
 Ghum na h-uire do leaba'.

Tha na sruthanan craobhaich,
 Bha sgaoileadh a' d' bhallaibh,
 Gu mireagach buailteach.
 Clis gluasadach tana ;
 A nise air traoghadh
 O n' t-aomachadh thairis,
 O'n a ragaich 'sa dh-fhuaraich
 Teas uabhar na fala.

Balg-seididh na heatha,
 Tha air caitheamh gun fheum ann,
 'S o chrup ann a' d' chliabh e,
 Gur h-e phian bhi 'ga shéideadh
 Tha 'n corp a chruit chiùll ud,
 Air diùltadh dhut gleusadh ;
 'S comhar cinnt' air a thasgaidh,
 Bhi lasach' a theudan.

Theich madainn na h-òige,
 'S treòir mheadhon latha
 Tha 'm feasgar air ciaradh,
 'S tha ghrian ort a laidhe ;
 'S mu bha thusa diamhain,
 Gun gnìomh is gun mhaithreas ;
 Gu h-ealamh bi d' dhùsgadh,
 Mu n dùinear ort flaitheas.

'Reir caithe na beatha,
 'S tric leatha gun crìoch i ;
 Bidh an cleachadh fàs laidir,
 Do-fhàsach o'n inntinn ;
 Na labhair an sean-fhacal,
 'S deimhinn 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-mi-chèillidh,
 Ann an céitein na h-òige :
 Tha aois agus ea-slainnt,
 Air do dheigh ann an tòir ort ;
 'S mu ni h-aon aca gréim ort,
 Pìllidh t-eilbhneas gu bròn dut

An aois a tha 'n toir òrt,
 Bheir i leon ort nach saoil thu ;
 Air do shuilenn bheir ceathach.
 Is treabhaidh si 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,
 Failne tuigs' agus reusain ;
 Dith ieirsinn a' t-inntinn ;
 Dith cuimhn' agus géire ;
 Dith gliocais chum gnothaich ;
 Dith mothaich a'd' cheudfath
 'S gu'm fàs thu mar leanabh,
 Dhi spionnaidh a's céille.

Fàsaidh 'n cridhe neo-aithreach,
 'S neo-ealamh chum tionndadh,
 Aon tagra' cha drùigh air,
 'S cha lub e d'a ionnsuidh ;
 Ceart mar tha 'n talamh,
 'N am gaillionn a's teannachd ;
 Ged robh milliteun 'dol thairis,
 Gha dean aile sa' chausair.

Faic seasain na bliadhua,
 'S dean ciall uath a tharruinn ;
 'S mas àill leat gu'm buain thu,
 Dean ruadhar 'san earrach ;
 Dean connadh san t-samhradh,
 Ni sa' gheamhradh do gharadh ;
 'S ma dhìbreas tu 'n seasan,
 Dhut 's eigin bhi fàlamh,

'S mar cuir thu siol fallain,
Ann àn earrach na h-òige,
Cho chinnteach 's am bàs dut,
Cuiridh Sàtan droch phòr ann ;
A dh-fhàsas 'na dhubhaile,
'S 'na laidheannan feòlmhor ;
'S bidh do bhuain mar a chuir thu,
Ma's subhaile no dè-bheirt.

Ma bhios t-òige gun riaghladh,
'S t-anamiannan gun taod riu,
Gum fàs iad cho fiadhaich,
'S nach srian thu ri t-aois iad ;
Am meangan nach sniomh thu,
Cha spion thu 'na chraoibh e ;
Mar shineas e ghéugan,
Bidh fhreumhau a' sgàoilcadh.

Tha do bheatha neo-chinnteach
O 'n teinn a bheir bàs ort,
Uime sin bi ri dìcheall
Do shith dheanamh tràthail ;
'S e milleadh gach cùise
Bhi gun chùram cur dàil innt' ;
'S ionan aithreachas criche,
'S bhì cur sil mu Fheill-màrtuinn.

Tha ghrian ann sna speuraibh
A' ruith réise gach latha ;
'S i 'giorrach' do shaoghail,
Gach oidhche a laidheas ;
'S diù ruitheas an spàla,
Troì' shnathaibh do bheatha :
Tha' fighe dhut leine,
Nì beisdean a chaitheamh.

'S ma ghoideas e dlù ort,
Gun do dhùil bhi r'a thighinn :
'N sin fosglaidh do shùilean,
'S chi thu chùis tha' a mithich ;
Bidh do choguis 'ga d' phianadh,
Mar sgian ann a d' chridhe ;
'S co-ionann a giùlan,
'S laidhe ruisgt' ann an sgitheach.

Faic a chuileag 'ga diteadh
Le sionntaibh an nàduir,
'So o na dhìbhir i 'n seasan,
Gur h-eigiu d'i bàsach' ;
Faic gliocas an t-seangain,
Na thional 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 the 18th century. He was blind, and the people in that country still preserve some traditionary 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 Ti 's airde glòir,
An Ti 's modha no gach neach ;
Cruithear an t-saoghail gu léir,
Do'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 ghlòir ;
Cha'n aithris mi a mìle trian,
De chruthachadh an Dia is mò.

'S tu rinn na reulltan 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 oirn'.

Rinneadh leat an duine' ris,
A réir t-iomhaidh chum do ghlòir ;
Ach chaill e 'n oidhreacht ud gun luach,
'S cha'n fhuasgalar i le òr.

S tu chuir am fradharc na cheann,
Chuir thu falt tro chlaigeann lom ;
Thug thu cluas gu éisteachd 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 thaobh 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-fhuilig i 's a sliochd am bàs.

Cha robh a teasargain aig neach,
O'n a chumbnanta 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 airc,
Rinn e cumhnant' nan gràs ris.

Thainig Iosa 'nuas le thoil,
Thug e suas mar iobairt fhuil ;
Mac na frinn, Uan gun chron,
M'ar ciontain-ne fhuair e ghain

Crochadh e ri crann an aird,
'S an t-sleagh saite tro a chorp ;
Crùn geur na péine chuir mù cheann,
Fhuair mac Dhé le màimhde lot.

Crùn sgìthich, an aite crùn rìgh,
Mar thailceas, 's mar dhi-meas mòr ;
Domblas agus fion geur,
'N deoch a thug iad dha ri ù-òl.

Na tairnean g'an cur an sàs,
Am bosaibh a lamh le òrd ;
'S fuil a chridhe ruithe á thaobh,
Ceannachd bu daoire nan t-òr.

'Nuair chaidh Criosd gu péin a bhàis,
'S a dh' fhuilig e air son an t-sluaigh ;
Sgoilt brat an teampuill sìos gu làr,
'S dhùisg na mairbh an aird o'n uaigh.

Chreathnaich an talamh trom, le crìth,
Air a gheirn gu'n tainig smal ;
Le feirg Dhé, do chrath e 'n sin ;
Dh-fhuilig Criosd am bàs re seal.

Dh adhlaic iad an t-Uan fo lic,
Thug e buaidh, san uaig cha d' fhan ;
As a bhàs thug e gheur-ghuin,
'S dh-eirich an treas là gun smàl.

Na shuidh' aig deas-laimh athar a ta,
Criosd le grasan 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 mìltibh mìl' de dh' aingibh trenn,
Thoirte oirne breith a réir ar gnìomh.

'N sin seinnear an trompaid gu h-ard,
Leis na h-ainglean 's àille suaigh ;
Eiridh na mairbh an aird o'n ùir,
'S bheir e cùntas uaith' an cuan.

Liubhraidh gaeh uaig na fhuair i-féin,
'S cha bhí neach de'n treud air chall ;
Nochdar iad uil' am fiadhnuis Dé,
'S e Mhac féin is breitheamh ann.

Bithidh iadsan soilleir an sin,
Mar sholus dealrach an dreach ;
Thig Criosd nan eoinneamh le gean,
'S bith sith an comunn nam flath.

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

Cuirear na gobhair air laimh chll,
Chum triall gu prìosan a' bhròin ;
Druidear suas, 's gur cruaidh an sgeul,
Flath-Innis Dhé air an sròin.

Mallaichidh 'n nighean a mathair,
Mallaichidh m'athair a clann ;
'S mallaichidh 'n r-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 lá an dealachaidh bhochd,
G'an sgarachdainn a dh'aindeon riut ;
G'an sgiursadh gu h-aineal an loisg,
'S gun duil aig anam tigh'n' as.

An teach d'a milleadh cuirear iad,
Fo dhioghaltas an Ard-Rìgh ;
Gun duil ri furtachd no ri bàs.
Gu bràth, cha tig iad a nìos.

Fasaìdh 'n cuirp cha chruaidh ri prais,
Mar iarunn an cas san lamh ;
G'an cumail beo ann an sior phian,
Teine dian gun fhurtachd là.

Gach aon là mar bhlianna bhuan,
An lagan loisgneach, cruaidh an sàs ;
G'an liodairt le teas a's fuachd,¹
Sud an duais ge fad an dàil.

Latha cha bhi ann na dheigh,
Falaichear na reulltan 's a ghrian ;
Sgriosar an saoghal gu leir,
'S neach cha téid an toll bho Dhia.

M'achanaich riuts', air sgàth do mhic,
Meadaich mo ghliocas le gràs ;
'S thoir dhomh mathanas 's gach chùis,
Seal m'an druid mo shuil le bàs.

¹ 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 maìrg a roghnaicheas Ifrinn fhuar,
'S gur h-i uamh nan droighean geur,
Is beag orm Ifrinn fhuar, fhliuch,
Aite bith-bhuan is searbh deoch.”

The following lines from *Dàn an Fhìr Chlaoin* give it this character :—

“ I sin allaidh na freòine,
Led thiugh-cheò as le t-uamh-bhéisdean
A thig nam pian gun bhìadh gun bhàigh,
Dol ad dhàil be sud mo chéisdinn.”

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 “*Duthaich 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 fortitude 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* apopular 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 bhi 'n diugh gun aodach,
Le slao-daireachd 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 grunnn na clais',
Cha 'n 'eil air, ma tha e gann,
Ach na tha ann a thoir 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.*” etc. 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-hachlais*, 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 dependence, 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 anyone—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 rapartee 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 censorer 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 nigh?" 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 rapartee 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 parish 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 zèal 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 inscription:—

[*First Side.*]

IN MEMORY

OF

ROB DONN, OTHERWISE ROBERT MACKAY,

OF DURNESS,

THE REAY GAELIC BARD.

THIS TOMB WAS ERECTED 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-FHALBH THU, MUR SGATHADH SUD OIRNN.

[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.”¹

ÆTATIS 64.

ORAN DO PHRIONNSA TEARLACH.

AN diugh, an diugh, gur reusontach
 Dhuinn éiridh ann an sanntachas,
 An tri-amh lath' air crìochnachadh,
 De dhara mios a' gheanbhruidh dhuinn;
 Dean'maid comunn fàilteach riut,
 Gu bruidhneach, gàireach, òranach,
 Gu botalach, copach, stòpanach,
 Le cruith, le ceòl, 's le damhsaireachd.

Dean'maid comunn fàilteach
 Ris an là thug thun an t-saoghail thu;
 Olamaid deoch-slàinte nis
 An t-Seumais òig o 'n d' inntig thu;
 Le taing a thoirt do 'n Ard Rìgh shuas,
 Gu 'n d' fhuair domhàthair ìobhraigeadh,
 Dheth h-aon bha do na Gàeil,
 Mar bha Dàibhidh do chlainn Israeil.

Tha cupall bhliadhn' a's ràidhe,
 O 'n là thàinig thu do dh' Alba so;
 'S bu shoilleir dhuinn o 'n tràth bha sin,
 An fhàilte chuir an aimsir oirn.
 Bha daoine measail, miadhail oirn,
 'S bha àrach ni a' sealbhadh' oirn,
 Bha barran troma tìr' againn,
 Bha toradh frith' a's fairg' againn.

AN diugh, an diugh, gur cuimhne leam,
 Air puig nach còir a dhearmad ort,
 Mu bhreith a' phrionnsa riòghail so,
 Dhe 'n teaghlach dhìrich Albannaich;
 Togamaid suas ar sìilean ris,
 Le ùrnuigh dhlù gun chealgaireachd,
 Ar làmhnan na 'm biodh feum orra,
 Le toil 's le eud 's le earbsalachd.

Togamaid fuirm a's meanmnadh ris,
 Is aithnichear air ar dùrachd sinn,
 Le latha chumail sundach leinn,
 As leth a' phrionnsa Stiùbhartach;
 Gur cal' an àm na h-éigin e,
 Ar carraig threun gu stiùireadh air;
 Thug bàrr air cheud am buadhannan,
 '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 làmhnan e,
 Mar Absalom, gur sgiamhach e,
 Gur sgiath 's gur dìon d' a chàirdean e.

Nach fhaic sibh féin an spéis
 Aghabh na speurangubhi'gùmhladh dhù;
 'N uair sheas an reannag shoillseach,
 Anns an *line* an robhsa stiùireadh leis;
 An conhar' bh' aig ar Slànuighear,
 Ro Theàrlach thigh'n do 'n dùthaich so,
 'N uair chaidh na daoine ciallach ud
 G' a iarraidh gu Ierusalem.

A nis, a Theàrlach Stiùbhairt,
 Na 'm biodh an crùn a th' air Seòras ort,
 Bu lionmhor againn cùirtearan,
 A' caitheamh ghùn is chleòcaichean;
 Tha m' athchuig ris an Tì sin,
 Aig am beil gach ni ri òrduchadh,
 Gu 'n teàrnadh e o 'n cheilg ac' thu,
 'S gu 'n cuir e 'n seilbh do chòrach thu.

¹ The above lines, in memory of the bard, were written by the late Rev. Alexander Pope, minister of Reay.

ORAN NAN CASAGAN DUBHA.

[A rinn am bàrd 'n uair chual' e gu 'n do bhacadh an t-éideadh Gàèlach le lagh na rioghachd; agus muinntir a dhùtbeha fein bhì uile air taobh rìgh Deòrsa 's a' bhliadhna 1745.]

LAMH' Dhé leinn, a dhaoine,
C' uime chaochail sibh fasan,
'S nach 'eil agaibh de shaorsa,
Fìù an aodaich a chleachd sibh;
'S i mo b'harail 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 dhilsean,
Deanamh achdachan ùra,
Gu bhì dùblachadh 'n daorsa;
Ach on 's balaich gun uails' iad,
'S fearr am bualadh no 'n caomhna,
'S bidh ni 's lugha g'a t-fheitheamh,
'N uair thig a leithid a risd 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 dhiubh;
Oir tha caraid math cùil ac',
A rinn taobh ris na dh' earb ris,
'S a' chuid nach d' imich do 'n Fhraing leis,
Fhuair iad *pension* 'nuair dh-fhalbh e.

Cha robh oifigeach Gàèlach
Eadar *Serjent* a's *Còirneil*,
Nach do chaill a *chomission*,
'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 bliadh' air ath-philleadh,
Air son uinneagan *leòsain*.

Cha robh bhliadhna na taic so,
Neach a sheasadh mar sgoileir,
Gun *chomission* rìgh Breatainn,
Gu bhì 'n a Chaptein air onair;
Chaidh na ficheadan as diubh,
Nach do leasaich sud *dolar*,
Ach an sgùrsaigeadh 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 rìoghail,
Chaidh bhur cisean am modhad;
'S math ann airidh gu 'n faicte
Dream cho tais ribh a' cumha,
Bhì tilgeadh dhìbh bhur cuid bhreacan,
'S a' gabhail chasagan dubha.

Och! mo thruaighe sin Albainn!
'S tìr a d'bearbh sibh bhur reuson,
Gur i 'n roinn bh' ann bhur n-inntinn,
'N rud a mhill air ach gleus sibh;
Leugh an *Gòbharment* sannt [dhìbh,
Anns gach neach a thionndaidh ris féin
'S thug iad baoight do bhui gionaich,
Gu 'r cuir fo mhionach a chéile.

Ghlac na Sasunnaich fàth oirbh,
Gus bhur fàgail ni 's laige,
Chum 's nach bitheadh 'g ur cunntadh,
'N ur luchd comh-strì ni b' fhaide;
Ach 'n uair a bhios sibh a dh-easbhuidh
Bhur n-airm, 's bhur n-acuinnan sraide,
Gheibh sibh *sarsaigeadh* 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,
Bhì air slabhruidh aig clamhan;
Ach ma tha sibh 'n ar leòghainn,
Pillibh 'n dòghruinn s' 'na teamhair,
'S deanaibh 'n deudach a thrusadh,
Mu 'n téid bhur busan a cheangal.

'N uair thig bagradh an nàmhaid,
Gus an àit anns do phill e,
'S ann bu mhath leam a chàirdean,
Sibh bhì 'n àireamh na buidhne,
D' am biodh spioraid cho Gàèlach,
'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 cuingean,
 Dheth na bhuidheann tha 'n éigin ;
 A tha cantainn 'n an cridhe,
 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 'n a chadal,
 Eadar bràighe Srath-Chluanaidh,
 Agus bruachan Loch-abair ;
 Rachadh 'n cùisibh mhic t-athar,
 'S a chrùn, 's a chathair 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 suilean,
 Gus a' chùis a bhì searbh dhuibh ;
 Bidh bhur duais mar a' ghobhar
 A fhéid a bhleodhan gu tarbhach,
 'S a bhith'r a' fuadach 's an fhoghar
 Is ruag 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 bhì seasmhach 'n a inntinn?
 " C' uim' an dìtheadh 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 Hianobhar,
 Sparradh oirne le achd e,
 Tha againn prionnsa 'n a aghaidh,
 Is neart an lagha 'g a bhacadh ;
 O Bhith, tha shuas 'na do bhreitheamh,
 Gun chron 's an dithis nach fac thu,—
 Mar h-e a th' ann, cuir air aghairt
 An t-aon a 's lugha 'm bi pheacadh.

I S E A B A I L N I C - A O I D H.

AIR FIONN—Pìobaireachd.

An t-ùrlar.

ISEABAIL Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar,

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar ;
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar :
 Seall sibh Nic-Aoidh
 Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 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 chaidh,
 'S i so do thim ;
 Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 Am bonnabh nam frith',
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh !
 A dhuine gun mhnaoi,
 Ma thig thu a chaidh,
 'S i so do thim ;
 Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
 Aig a' chrodh laoigh,
 Am bonnabh nam frith',
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Comharradh duibh
 Nach 'eil gu math,
 Air fleasgach amh
 Bhi feadh a so,
 'N uair tha bean-taigh'
 Air Riothan nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 Gun duine mar-ri.

Comharradh duibh
 Nach eil gu math,
 Air fleasgaich amh
 Bhi feadh a so,
 'N uair tha bean-taigh'
 Air Riothan nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 'S i na h-aonar.
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, etc.

An dara Siubhal.

Seall sibh bean-taigh
 Air Riothan nan Damh,

Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 Gun duine mar-ri ;
 Seall sibh bean-taigh
 Air Rìothan nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh bean-taigh
 Air Rìothan nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 Gun duine mar-ri ;
 Seall sibh bean-taigh
 Air Rìothan nan Damh,
 Muigh aig a' chrodh,
 '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 Rìothan nan Damh,
 Gheibh e bean-taigh,
 'S cuireadh e rith'.

Duine sam bith
 Th' air son a' chluich'.
 Do chinneadh math,
 Le meud a chruidh,
 Deanadh e ruith
 Do Rìothan nan Damh,
 Gheibh e bean-taigh,
 'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, etc.

An Taobhluath.

Nach faic sibh an *oibseig*
 Tha coslach ri glacadh,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
 Rì crodh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n h-aonar,

Nach faic sibh an *oibseig*
 Tha coslach ri glacadh,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
 Rì crodh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neònach am fasan,
 Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
 Nan nithean bu taitneich'
 Dhaibh féin e bhì aca,
 Bhì fulang a faicinn,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
 Rì crodh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neònach am fasan,
 Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
 Nan nithean bu taitneich'
 Dhaibh féin e bhì aca,
 Bhì fulang a faicinn,
 Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
 Rì crodh agus eachaibh,
 Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.
 Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, etc.

An Crunluath.

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-ìomadh fear.
 'S an ranuidheachd '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, etc.

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, "Failte Phriunns." 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 Edit., 1829.

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-nan-Glaimhidheach.
 'S folluiseach a dh-fhalbh i,
 Callaidheachd an déigh Aoidh,
 Thoilich i ' bhi 'n a mnaoi,
 'N àiteachan fàsachail;
 Chunna' mise mar bha i,
 Turraban 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 ni,
 Sgaoilt' feadh nan àirdhnean.
 'S chunnaic mi thu féin, Aoidh,
 'N uair a rinn thu 'm pill,
 Gurraidh cruinn anns a' bheinn,
 'S duilich dhuibh 'àicheadh.

Siubhal.

'S suarach an t-uidheam,
 Do ghruagach 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-bhuachaill.
 Ma tha agaibh de chridhe,
 Na philleas mo bhruidhean,
 Thèid 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 ruitheadh beul duibhe,
 'B fheàrr gun a chlàistinn.
 'S suarach an t-uidheam, etc.

Crunluath.

Na càirdean 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,
 Chaoidh gus an ruigeadh i 'n taigh,
 Am b' àbhaist d'i tàth fhaighinn.
 Dh-fhàg i 'n t-aran a' bruich',
 'S dh-fhalbh 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 chràcanaich.
 Na càirdean bu dealaidh, etc.

RANN AIR LONG RUSPUINN.

[Sean long bheag, a bha air a càradh le ceannaiche, bha 'n a slean duine, agus a bhrist roimhe sin; chàraich e an long so, le spruilleach luinge chaidh a bhriseadh ri stoirm geambraidh air tràigh fagus do Ruspunn; bha 'n ceannaiche pòsd' ri seann nighin tacan ro'n àm sin, 's iad gun chlann. 'N uair rinn e suas an long, 's ann le luath ranaich mar luchd a chaidh e leatha air a' cheud siubhal.]

SEANA mharaich, seana cheannaich,
 Le seana chaileig, 'r 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 tritùr ghaisgeach gun neach caisrigt',
 Air dhroch eistreadh 'n an caol ruith.
 Gu long *Ruspunn* nach pàigh cuspunn,
 An t-seana chupuill nam plàigh rith',
 'S mòr an éis e do fhear *pension*,
 Bha 's na rancaibh fada muigh,
 Bhi air chùl fraighneach air stiùir Sine,
 Gun dùil sineadh ri deagh chluich.

ORAN NAN SUIRIDHEACH.¹

FHEARAMH òg' leis am miannach pòsadh,
 Nach 'eil na sgeòil so 'g 'ur fàgail trom?
 Thachuida's diomhair' thacur an lìn dibh,
 Cha 'n 'eil an trian diubh a' ruigheachd
 fuinn.
 Tha chuid a's faighreachail' air an oigh-
 reachd s',
 O 'm bèil am *prise* a' dol air chall,
 Marchoireanlàidir, cur mail' air pairtidh,
 Tha barail chàirdean, a's gradhgun bhonn.

¹For the air see "The Rev. Patrick M'Donald's Collection of Highland Airs," page 17, No. 112.

Tha fear a' suiridh an dingh air inighean,
 Gun bharaill iomraill nach dean e tùrn;
 Bha i uair, 's bu chumha buairidh,
 A ghuth d' a cluais, a's a dhreach' d' a sùil.
 Anseangaol cinnteach bha aigar sinnsir',
 Nach d' fhuair cead imeachd air feadh na
 dùthch',
 Nach glan a dhearbh i, gu 'n deach' a
 mharbhadh,
 'N nair ni i bàrgan, 'nuair thig fear ùr.

'S iomadh caochladh thig air an t saoghal,
 'S cha chan an fhìrinn nach 'eil e erosd',
 Na h-uile maighdean a ni mar rinn i,
 Tha fois a h-intinn an cunnart feasd.
 An duine treabhach, mur 'eil e spréidh-
 each,

A dh' aindeoin eud, tha e féin 'g a chosg,
 'S le comhairl' ghòraich a h-athair dhòlum,
 'G a deanamh deònach le toic, 's le trosg.

O 'n tha 'n gaol ac' air fàs mar Fhaoilleach,
 Na bitheadh stri agaibh ri bhì pòsd',
 'A seasmhachd inntinn cha 'n eil thu
 cinnteach,

Rè fad na h-aon oidhch' gu teachd an lò;
 An tè a phàirticheas riut a càirdeas,
 Ged tha i 'gràdh sud le cainnt a beòil,
 Fo cheann seachduin, thig caochladh
 fleasgaich,
 'S cha 'n fhaigh thu facal dh'i rè do bheò.

Ach 's mòr an nàire bhì 'g an sàrachadh,
 Oir tha pàirt dhiubh de 'n inntinn stòl',
 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 heatha searbh dh'i,
 'S gur fearr leis marbh i, na 'faicinn pòsd'.

Faodaidh reason a bhi, gu tréigeadh
 An fhìr a 's beusaich' a théid 'n a triall;
 Ged tha e cairdeach, mur 'eil e pàgach,
 Ud! millidh pràcas na th' air a mhiann;
 Tha 'n duine suairce, le barrachd stuam-
 achd,

A' call a bhuanachd ri té gun chiall;
 'S fear eile 'g éiridh, 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 moran neònachas fear an dòchais so,
 Gun bhì cnòdach ni 's modha bonn;
 Fear eile sìneadh le mire 's taosnadh,
 Le comunn faoilteach, no aigeadh trom,
 'S ge math na trì sin gu cosnadh aontachd,
 Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon diubh nach 'eil a' call.

Ma tha e pagach, ma tha e sgathach,
 Ma tha e nàrach, ma tha e mear;
 Ma tha e sanntach, ma tha e greannar,
 Ma tha e cainnteach, a's e gun chron;
 Ma tha e bòidheach, ma tha e seolta,
 Ma tha e comhnard, ma tha e glan,
 Ma tha e diombain, ma tha e gnìomhach,
 Ud, ud! cha 'n fhiach le a h-aon diubh sin!

Ma tha e pàgach, tha e gun nàire,
 'S ma tha e sgathach, cha bheag a' chrois;
 Ma tha e gaolach, tha e 'n a chaora;
 'S ma tha e faoilteach, tha e 'n a throsg;
 Ma tha e gnìomhach, their cuid, "Cha 'n
 fhiach e,
 Tha 'm fear ud mìodhair, 's e sud a
 chron;"

'S ma tha e failligeach ann an aiteachadh,
 "Cha bhì barr aig", is bi'dh e bochd."

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 dhìtheadh dha air a chùl.
 An duine meanmnach, 's e toimhseil,
 ainneil,

Cha chluinn thu 'ainm ach mar fhear gun
 diù;

'S nach fhaic thu féin, air son iomadh
 reusoin,
 Gu 'n deach' an spréidh os ceann céille,
 's cliù.

Tha fear fòs ann, dh-aindeoin dòchais.
 A dh' fhaodas pòsadh gun mhòran char;
 Na'm biodh de chiall aig' na dh' aithnich
 riamh,
 Gu 'n a dh-éirich grian anns an àirde 'n ear;
 Dean 'n a dhuaire e, a rugadh 'n cuaran,
 Thoir baile 's buardha, a's treabhair gheal;
 Leig labhairt uair dha, ri athairgruagaich,
 'S bheir mi mo chluas dhut mar faigh e
 bean.

A M BRUADAR.

AIR FÓN—“*Latha siubhal sleibhe dhomh.*”

CHUNNA' mise bruadar,
Fhir nach cuala, thig a's cluinn;
Ma 's breisleach e, cur casg air:
'S ma tha ccart ann, bi 'g a sheinn;
Na m' b' fhior dhomh féin gu 'm faca mi,
Am Freasdal, 's e air beinn;
Gach ní a's neach 'n a amharc,
Is e coimhead os an cinn.

Chunna' mi gach seòrsa 'n sin,
A' tigh'nn 'n an cròthaibh, cruinn;
'S na 'm b' fhior dhomh, gu'n robh mòran
diubh,
A b' eòl domh ri mo linn;
Ach eò a bha air thòs dhiubh,
Ach na daoine pòsd' air sreing—
'S a' cheud fhear a thuir facal diubh,
Cruaidh chasaid air a mhnaoi.

Labhair 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, [neach,
Gu cealgach, feargach, droch-mhein-
'S an droch-uair, teann a null.’

“Their i rium, gu h-ain-meinneach,
'N uair dh' éirsas fearg 'n a sròin,
Gu 'm b' olc mi ann an argumaid,
'S nach b' fhearr mi thogail sgeòil—
Cha b' ionann duit 's do e' ainm a sud,
'S deagh theanachaidh e 's taigh-òsd',
O! 's buidhe dhi-s' thug dhachaigh e,
B' e féin am fleasgach còir.

“Nuair chlosas mis' ri smuaineachadh,
Gach truaighe thug mo shàr;
Their i, sgeigeil, beumach, rium,
Gur ro mhath dh-éisdinn sgeul;
Is their i ris na labhras mi,
Gu 'n canadh clann ni b' fhearr;
Aon ghnìomh, no cainnt, cha chinnich
leam,
Nach di-mol i le 'beul.’”

Thuirt 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 drannd;
“Tha 'n adharc sgorrach, éitidh;
Ach o 'n 's éigin d'i bhi ann,
O! ciod e 'n t-àite 'n càra dh'i
Bhi fas, na air a' cheann.”

Thubhairt fear de 'n àireamh ud.
Bu tàbhachdaiche bh' ann,
“A Fhreasdail, rinn thu fàbhor rium,
Am pairt 'nuair thug thu clann;
Ged thug thu bean mar mbàthair dhaibh,
Nach dean gach dàrna h-àm,
Ach h-uile ghnìomh a 's tarsuinne,
Mar ' thaclras thigh'n 'n a ceann.”

Fhregair Freasdal reusonta—
“S e 's feumail dhut bhi stuaim',
'S a liuthad la 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 nis na fàthan,
Air am b' àill leat a cur bhuat?'

“Nach bochd dhomh, 'nuair thig *strain-
searan*,
Bhios ceòlmhor, cainnteach, binn,
'Nuair 's math leam a bhi falaidh riuth',
'S ann bhios i fiata rùinn?
'N uair dh' òlas mi gu cùirteil leath',
'S e gheibh mi cùl a cinn,
'S bidh mise 'n sin am bhreugadair,
Ag radh gu 'm beil i tinn.

“Cha tàmh i 'm baile dithribh leam,
Cha toigh leath' gaoth 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 ni chòir;
A bhi ni 's dlùith' r' a dhleasannas,
Mar 's truime crois 'g a leòn;
Ged shaoileadh tu ga 'm maitheadh dhut,
Na pheacaich thu gu h-òg;
Cha 'n fhear gun chamadh crannchair thu,
Fhad 's bhios a' cham-chomhdh' l' s' beò.

“Cha 'n fnac thu féin o rugadh tu,
Aon cheum de m' obair-s' fiar,
Ged chunnaic mi mar chleachdadh tu,
Do dhreachdan 's do chiall;
Cia h-ìomadh *trìc* gu beartas,
Bh' airan dithheadh steach 'n ad chliabh,
Nach fhaic thu gur h-aon aisinn dhiot,
A chum air ais sud riamh.

“Aidich féin an fhìrinn,
Agus chì thu 'n sin mar bha,
A' mheud 's a ghabh mi shaothair rith',
Gus an caoch'leadh i ni b' fharr;
Dh-fheuch bochdain agus beartas dh'i,
Is euslaint agus slàint',
Is thainig mi cho fagus d'i,
'S a bagairt leis a' bhas.

“'Nuair a dh' fheuch mi bochdain dh'i,
'S ann ortsa chuir i 'm fàt;
'S cha mhò a rinn an t-socair i
Ni b' fhosgarraich' ri càch;
Le h-euslaint' 'nuair a bhun mi rith',
'S ann frionasach a dh-fhas;
An t-slainte 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 théid 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;
Ni i' sgeig a's cnaid orm,
Gun ghair' a' tigh'nn a' còm;
'Nuair bhitheas sinn 'n ar n-aonaran,
Bidh 'cainnt' 's a h-aogas trom,
Ach 'n uair 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 chuing,
'S gu 'm b' eòl dut gu 'n robh m' aimsir,
Is mo mheanmhadh air an claidh;
B' fhrasad' dhut 's na bliadhnaibh ud,
Mo riarachadh le mnaoi
Bhiodh ùmhail, cairdeil, rianail dhomh,
'S nach iarradh fear a chaoidh.”

“Dh' fhaodainn-sa do phòsadh
Ris an t-seòrsa tha thu 'g ràdh,
Ach 's aonan as a' chiad dhiubh,
Bheireadh riarachadh dhut ràidh;
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 sgaioleadh mach mu 'n cuairt;
'S na h-uile bean bha pòsda 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 bhì ni 's sathaicht';
Ach gu m' fhagail trom, neo-shundach,
Cha 'n eòl domh pung a's dach',
Na gealltanas mo thòileachadh,
Gun choimhlionadh gu bràth.

“An duine sin tha mar rium,
Tha sior ghearan air mo shund,
Dhearbhainn féin air 'fhiacail,
Ged nach d' iarr mi, nach do dhiùlt:
Bidh mòran diubh mi-reusona,
'Nuair gheibh thu 'n sgeul gu grunn,
Tha dùil ac' gu 'n ghluais mireag riuth',
An spiorad nach 'eil annt'.

“'S neònach leam an dràsda 'n so,
Sior àbhaist nam fear pòsd',
Their do ladarn' dàna,
Nach do thoirmisg aithne pòg;
Cia mòr an diùbheas beusan
Th' eadar eucoir agus còir,
Cha 'n eòl domh aite-seasaimh,
Gun a chos air aon diubh dhò.”

Chunnaic mi 's an àite sin,
Ni àbhachdach gu leòir,
Is shaoil mi gu 'm bu reuson e,
O 'n tigeadh eudach mòr;
Ciod bh' ann ach fear gun chomas,
'G iarraidh connnt 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 bhi 'g ainmeachadh le cainnt,
 A' mheud 's a bh' ann de dh-argumaid,
 'S do chomunn gearrta greann';
 Bha 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 olc a leanadh tu ri daoine
 A leanadh riut;
 Am fear a cheangail sreang gu teann riut,
 Leis a' ghlut;
 'Nuair tharruinn gach fear a cheann féin
 'S es' a thuit. [d'i,

AN SAOGHAL.

Is sibhse tha mar sin, a dhaoine,
 'S b' abhaist duibh,
 'S olc a leanadh sibh ri saoghal
 A leanadh ribh;
 Ged chuir mise sorchan fodhaibh,
 'S air gach taobh,
 Mas sibh féin tha gabhal teichidh,
 Soraidh 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 dlinn
 Mì gu péin,
 'S nach 'eil flaitheas cho prìseil dhomh
 Riut féin.

AN SAOGHAL.

S ann bu chòir dhut bhi cur t-còlais
 Nì bu deis',
 Far am biodh na h-uile sòlas
 Nì bu treis',
 Ged nì mis' an t-umaidh àrach
 Rì car greis,
 'N uair a thogras e féin m' fhagail,
 Leigeam 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 glé dhuaineil,
 Ge bu ghuanach a shròn.

A' bhliadhna na caluinn-s',
 Bu gheur am 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 cò a 's dàcha bhi coireach,
 Na 'm fear a dh-fhagas am baile leis féin?
 Binn sin uair-eigin, etc.

Chunnaic mis' air a' bhòrd thu,
 Bhliadhna ghaibh Sìne Ghòrdan 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 tulchainn a' gheat',
 Shlob na bonna-chasan reamhar
 Dheth na loma-leacan sleamhuinn gun taic!
 Binn sin uair-eigin, etc.

Dearbh cha ghabhainn-sa iognadh
 As an leac so chuir mìltean a muigh,
 Dhe na corra-cheannaich' bhriagach,
 Aig am faicte 'n dà iosgaid air chrith;
 Ach an trostanach treubhach,
 Chuireadh neart a dha shléid' an sith,
 Ma thuit es' aig an dorus,
 Cia mar sheasas fear eile 's an bith?
 Binn sin uair-eigin, etc.

'S ann tha ceumanan Freasdail
 Toirt nan ceudan de *leasanan* duinn,
 Deanamh iobairt de bheagan,
 Gu 'm biodh càch air an teagasg r' an linn;
 Ach ma thuiteas fear aithghearr,
 Le bhi sealltuinn ro bhras os a chinn,
 Cha 'n 'eil fhios agam, aca,
 Co a 's ciontaich' an leac no na buinn.
 Binn sin uair-eigin, etc.

Tha mise féin ann an eagal,
 'G iarraidh fásaich no eag do shàil,
 Is mi falbh air an leacaich,
 Air an d' fhuair daoine seasmhach an sàr ;
 Ach tha m' earbsadh tre chunnart,
 Mo gharbh-chnaimhean uile bhì slàn,—
 Oir ged a thàrladh dhomh clibeadh,
 Cha 'n 'èil àird' aig mo smigeid o' n làr.
 Binn sin uair-eigin, etc.

An duin' òg s' tha 'n a léigh,
 Tha mì clàistinn tha tighinn à 'dhéigh,
 Fhuair *eleanor* o dhithis,
 Chum gu'n siùbhladh e suidhicht' 'n a
 cheum ;
 Ach mu'n chùis tha d' a leantuinn,
 Cuiream cùl ri bhì cantuinn ni 's léir ;
 Ach na 'm biodh brìgh na mo chomhairl',
 So an t-àm am beil Somhairl' 'n a feum.
 Binn sin uair-eigin, etc.

Ian Mhic-Uilleim 's an t-Srathan,
 Faodaidh deireadh do lathach'-s' bhì,
 Ged tha 'n aimsir-s' cho sìtheil, [searbh
 'S nach 'èil guth riut mu phrìs air an tàrbh ;
 Chaidh luchd-fàbhoir a bhriseadh,
 Na bha 'n dreuchd eadar Ruspunn 's am
 Am fear a thig le mòr urram, [Pàrbd ;
 Gheibh e ceud mìle mallachd 's an fhaibh.¹
 Binn sin ueir-eigin, etc.

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 sleamhuinn an leac a th'aig
 dorus an taigh mhoir."

MARBHRANN.

(Do dhithis mhuinteir ro ainmeil 'nan
 duthaich, Mr. Iain Munro, Ministèir Sgìre
 Eadarachòlais, agus Mr. Dòmhnall Mac-
 Aoidh, Maighstir-sgoile, sgìre Fair.)

AIR EONN—"Oran na h-aoise."

'S e mo bheachd ort, a bhàis,
 Gur bras thu ri pàirt,
 Gur teachdai' tha iaidir, treun, thu ;
 An cogadh no 'm blàr,

¹ "Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks
 their end."

—Johns, Van. Hum. Wishes.

Cha toirear do shàr,
 Aon duine cha tàr do thréigsinn ;
 Thug thu an dràs'd
 Dhuinn buille no dhà,
 Chuir eaglaisean bànn, a's foghlum ;
 Is 's fhuasad dhomh ràdh,
 Gur goirid do dhàil,
 'S gur tric a' toirt bearn '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' fhad thu
 Bhuidhean a b' àirde,
 A bhiodh do chàch ro fheumail ;
 A bhruidhean a b' fheàrr
 A' tighinn o 'm beul,
 'S an cridheachan làn de reuson ;
 Chaidh ghibhteachan 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 ain-ìochd, gach feall, 's gach eucoir ;
 Dà sholus a dh-fhalbh
 A earrannan garbh',
 Dh-fhagan talamh-sa dorch d' a réir sin ;
 Ge d' tha e ro chruaidh,
 Gu 'n deach' iad 's an uagh,
 Tha cuida gheibh buaidh a's féum 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' am 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 carbs' gu léir iad ;
 A dh' aindeoin an aoig,
 B' e 'n cairi le gaoil,
 'Nuair sgair e o thir nam breug iad

Tha sgeulan r' a inns'
 Mu dhéighinn na dìth's,
 A 's feumail a bhì sna ceudan ;
 Feudaidh mi ràdh,
 Cia teumach am bàs,
 Nach tug e ach pairt d' a bheum uainn.

Ged thug e le tinn,
 An corpa do 'n chill,
 Bidh iomradh ro bhinn 'n an déigh orr' ;
 Is iomadh beul 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' fheàrr an réis ud ;
 S mac-samhuil dhuinn iad,
 Ged nach 'eil sinn cho àrd, [ant' ;
 Anns na nitheanaibh cràbhaidh, leugh-
 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 tòlr
 Gach neach a tha beò,
 'G an glacadh an còir no 'n cucoir ;
 Na gheibh e 'n a dhòrn,
 Cha reic e air òir,
 Ri gul, no ri deoir cha 'n èisd e.
 Chi mi gur fiù
 Leis tighinn do 'n chùil,
 Gu fear th' ann an *clud* 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 dìth'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 'prìs,
 Air t' ais thu a ris, [tèid thu.
 'S tu dh' easbhuidh an aoin mu 'n

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 pòsadh éigheachd.

Ma 's beag, no ma 's mòr,
 Ma 's sean, no ma 's òg,
 Ma 's cleachdamh dhuinn còir no cucoir ;
 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 fradhrac ar cinn cha léir e ;
 Ach tha glaodh aig' cho cruaidh,
 'S gu 'm faodadh an sluagh,
 A chluinntinn le cluasan reusoin.
 Nach dearc sibh a chùil,
 Is fear aig' fo iùil,
 'S e sealtuinn le 'shùil gu geur air ;
 An diugh ciod am fàth,
 Nach bidh'maid air *gheard*, [bhuainn.
 'S gu 'n bhui e ar nàbuidh 'n dé

A chumbachd a tha
 Cur chugainn a bhàis,
 Gun teagamh nach pàighear 'fheich dha ;
 Tha misneachd a's bonn
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall,
 Air tagradh na gheall do bheul 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' chreutar.

M A R B H I R A N N,

DO MHAIGHSTIR MURCHADH MAC-
 DHOMHNUILLE, MINISTEAR SGIRE
 DHIURINNIS AN DUTHAICHI
 MHIC-AOIDH.

'S e do bhàs, 'Mhaighstir 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 di-chuimhn' air t-iomradh,
 No do ghnìomharan iomlaid,
 Ach leantadh t-iomchan-s' gu léir ;
 Gur h-e chràdh mi 'n am mheannmadh,
 'S do luchd-gràidh agus leamhuinn,
 Meud do shaothrach mu 's d' fhalbh thu,

'S lugh'd a luirg as da dhéigh;
Bheir cuid *leasanan* buadhach,
O bhruaich fasanan t-naghach,
Nach tog daiseachan suarach,
As na chual iad bhuat féin.

Fìor mhasgull chionn pàidhidh,
No stad gealtach le gábhadh,
Bhrìgh mo bheachd-s' ann an dànaibh,
'S mi nach deanadh, 's nach d' rinn;
Ach na 'm biodh comain no stá dhut,
Ann a t-alladh chur os àird dut,
Co ach mis' do 'm bu chàra,
'S co a b' fheàrr na thu thoill?
Bhuidhean mholtach-s' a dh-fhàg sinn,
Ged nach urr' iad a chlàistinn,
'S còir bhì 'g aithris am pàirtean,
Gun fhàbhor, 's gun fhoill;
Oir 's buain' a' chumhne bheir bàrda,
Air deagh bhoadhannaibh nàduir,
Na 'n stoc cruinn sin a dh-fhàg iad,
Is comh-stri chàirdean 'g a roinn.

Bha do ghibhtean-sa làidir,
Air am measgadh le gràsan,
Anns a' phearsa bha àluinn,
Lom-lan de na chèil;
An tuigs' bu luchdmhoir' gu gleidheadh,
An toil a b' easgaidh gu maitheadh,
'S na h-uile h-aigheadh cho fiathail,
Fad do bheatha gu léir.
Bhiodh do chomhairl' an còmhnuidh,
Le do chobhair 's do chòmhlnadh,
Do luchd-gabhail na còrach,
Réir 's mar shebladh tu féin;
Dheanadh tu 'n t-aindeonach deònach,
Is an t-aineolach còlach—
'S b' e fìor shonas do bheòshlaint,
Bhì tabhairt còrr dhaimh 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,
Ba tu 'n labhairteach saoitreach,
Bu tu 'n comhairleach timeil,
'S crìoch a' ghaoil ann ad fhuath;
Tha e 'n a ladarnas gábhaidh,
Bhì le h-eagal ag àicheadh,
Nach 'eil stoc aig an Ard-Rìgh,

Ni an àird na chaidh uainn;
Ach 's fàbhor Freasdail, 's a's ioghnadh,
No 'n ni 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 stroighlich,
Air son féich, agus oighreachd,
Fàgaidh beartaich mur *fhìne c*,
Air an cloinn as an déigh;
'S e ni a 's minig a chi mi,
Dh' aindeoin diombunachd time,
Gu'm beil giontach nan daoine,
Tarruinn claoanadh 'n an céill;
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, fianhach,
Smuainteach, facalach, gnìomhach,
Ann do ghnòthachailbh diomhair,
Gun bhì diomhain aon uair;
Chàith thu t-aimsir gn saoitreach,
Air son sonas nan daoine;
'S cha b' e truaillidheachd shaoghail
No aon ni 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 uails',
A' dol o 'n bheatha bu sheirbhe,
Tre na cathan bu ghairbhe,
Dh-ionnsuidh Flaithias na tairlbe,
Gu buan shealbhachadh duais.

Gu'm beil cealgairachd chràbhaidh,
Air a dearbhadh gu gábhaidh,
Tha 'n a gairisinn r' a clàistinn,
Is ro chràiteach r' a luaidh;
Nuair a thuit thu le bàs bhuaninn,
Mar gu 'm briseadh iad bràighdean,
Dhùisg na h-uile sin a b' àbhaist,
A bhì an nàdur an t-sluaigh;
Gu'm beil cath aig an Ard-Rìgì,
Gu bhì gabhail nam pàirtean,
Anns na chruthaich e gràsan,

Thug air aghairt gach buaidh;
Rinn sud sinne 'n ar fàsach,
Anns an talamb-s' an trà so,
So a' bharail th' aig pàirt diubh,
Tric '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 mheas air gach tàlann,
'S tu a thuigeadh na dàna,
'S am fear e dheanadh na rainn;
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-oidhch' agus strianach,
An coilltean fiadhaich, 's an glinn.

'S eòl domh daoine 's an aimsir-s',
Dh-fhàs 'n an cuideachd glé ainmeil,
Tigh'nn 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 diubh,
Mar na pàisdean gun chéill;
Fhuair mi car ann do rianaibh-s',
Le do ghibhteann bha fialaidh,
Nach do dhear mi, ma 's fìor dhomh.
An aon neach riamh ach thu féin,—
Càil gach cuideachd a lionadh.
Leis na theireadh tu dìomhan,
'S crìoch do sheanchais gun fhìaradh,
Tighinn gu diadhaidheachd threun.

Bha do chuid air a sgoileadh
Gu bhì cuideachadh dhaoine,
'S fhad 's a bha thu 's an t-saoghal,
'S tu nach faodadh bhì pàidht';
Chuid bu taitneich' 'n an ìomchainn,
Cha 'n 'eil facal mu 'n timcheall,
Cha bhì ceartas mu 'n ìomradh,
Ach le 'n ìmrich, 'n am bàs.
'S truagh am peanas a thoill sinn,
Thaobh nan cìontan a rinn sinn,—
Bhì sìor ghearradh ar goibhlean,

'S ar cuid theaghlaichean fàs;
Gun cheann laidir gu fhoighneachd,
Co nì 'n àirde na chaill sinn,
Cuid, d' an cràdh, là is oidhche,
Nach tig t-oghre 'na t-àit.

CUMHA DO MHR. MURCHADH.

[A rinn am bard an ceann bliadhna an déigh bàis an duin' uasail sin, air iarrtas a a mhic am fìor Gàcl suairc ionnsaichte, Mr. Padruig Mac-Dhòmhnuill, ministear Sgìre' Chille-moire an Earraghàil, air dha thig-bhinn do 'n dùthaich, agus a bhì aig àm àraidh an cuideachd 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 m' fhògail,
'S maing nach d' fhuair sinn,
Linn no dhà dhiot.

CHRIDHE na féile,
A bhéil na tàbhachd,
Cheann na céille,
'S an fhoghlum chràbhaidh,
Làimh gun ghanntair
An am dhut paigheadh,
An uachdar a' bhùird,
A ghnùis na failte.
S' cianail, etc.

Tha mise 'n am aonar,
Mar aon ann am fàsach,
'S nì gun fheum dhomh,
Aobhar ghàire,
Cuims' ann an cainnt,
Ann an rann no dànachd,
Chionn 's nach 'eil thu ann
G' an clàistinn.
'S cianail, etc.

Chaochail iad rianan,
O chioslaich am bàs thu,
Cha 'n 'eil meas am bliadhna,
Air ciall, no air cràbhadh;
Thionndaidh na biastan
Gu riasradh gràineil,
Leo-san leig Dia,
Srian o 'n là sin.
'S cianail, etc.

Rinn cuid bròn

Fa choir do bhàis-sa,
Ach ghabh iad sgìos,
Ann an mìos no dhà dheth;
Cha 'n 'eil mis' mar iadsan,
Riaraicht' cho trà dheth,—
An ceann na bliadhna,
'S cianail a tha mi,
'S *cianail, etc.*

S' caomh leam an teaghlach,
'S a' chlann sin a dh-fhàg thu,
'S caomh leam na fuinn,
Bhidhte seinn ann ad fhàrdaich;
'S caomh leam bhì 'g ùrachadh
Chliù nach tug bàs dhìot;
'S caomh leam an ùir th' air do thaobh,
Dheth na Bhàghan!
'S *cianail, etc.*

ORAN A' GHEAMHRAIDH.

AIR FÖNN—" *Through the wood, laddie.*"

MOCH 's mi 'g éiridh 's a mhadainn,
'S an sneachd air a' bheinn,
Ann an lagan beag monaidh,
Ri madainn ro dhoinid,
S ann a chuala mi 'n lonan,
Chuir an loinid o sheinn,
Is am pigidh ag éigheach
Ris na speuraibh, 's cha bhinn,

Bithidh am beithe crìon, crotach,
Sìor stopadh o 'fhas;
Mar ri gaoth gharbh shéididh,
Agus ioma-chathadh 'g éiridh,
Cròcan barraich a' géilleadh,
Mìos éigheach an àil;
A' mhìos chneatanach, fhuachdaidh,
Chòimheach, ghruamach, gun tlàths'.

Bi'dh gach doire dubh uaigneach,
'N dùil fuasgladh o bhlàth;
Bithidh an snodhachd a' traoghadh,
Gus an fhreumh as na shìn e,
Crupaidh chairt ris gu dìonach,
Gus an crìon i gu làr;
'N lon-dubh anns a' mhadainn,
r sgreadail chion blàiths.

Mhìos dheitheasach, chaoile,
Chòimheach, ghaothach, gun bhlàths',
Chuireadh feadail na fuarachd,
Anns gach badan bu dualaich',
Dhòirteadh sneachda 'n a ruathar,
Air chruach nam beann àrd',
'S an àm teichidh na gréine,
Caillidh *Phabus* a bhlàths'.

Mhìos chaiseaneach, ghreannach,
Chianail, chainneanach, gheàrrt',
'S i gu clachanach, currach, [neach,
Chruaidhteach, sgealpanach, phuinn-
Shneachdach, chaochlaideach, fhrasach,
Reòtach, reasgach, gu sàr;
'S e na chaoineinean craidhneach,
Fad na h-oidhch' air an làr.

'S ann bhìos *Phabus* 'n a reòtachd,
An ceap nam mòrchruach 's nam beann;
Bidh 's an uair sin 's cha neònach,
Gach eun gearra-ghobach gòineach,
Spioladh iomall an otraich,
Cur a shròin anns an dàm;
Còmhradh ciùrrta gun bheadradh,
Le bròn a's sgreadal 'n an ceann.

'S an àm tighinn an fheasgair.
Cha bhì an acaras gann;
Nì iad còmhnuidh 's gach callaid,
Buileach anmhunn a's callaidh,
Sgrìobadh ùir as na ballaibh,
Mìos chur doinionn nan gleann,
'S iad a' beucail gu toirmneach,
'S cha bhì 'n eirbheirt ach mall.

Ach nach dao-chail 's a' gheamhradh,
Fann ghéim gamhna chion feòir,
Gnùgach, caol-dromach, fearsnach,
Tioram, tarra-ghreannach, àrsaidh,
Biorach, sgreamanach, fuachdaidh,
Siltean fuaraidh r' a shròin,
'S e gu srgog-laghrach gàgach,
Fuláing sàrach' an reòt.

Bidh gach creutair d' a threisead,
'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 euslaimh,
Air son gun thréig iad a' bheinn.

Sud na puirt bu ghoirt gearradh,
Is bu shalaiche seinn,
Ghabhadh n' inntinn 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 h-àsruidh, tioma-chasach, tinn.

Am bradan caol bharr an fhìor uisg',
Fliuch, slaod-earballach, fuar,
'S e gu tàrr-ghlogach, ronnach,
Chlamhach, ghear-bhallach, lannach,
Soills na meirg' air 'n a earradh,
Fiamh na gainn' air 's gach tuar,
'S e gu crom-cheannach, burrach,
Dol le buinne 'na chuaich.

An t-samhainn bhagarach, fhiadhaich,
Dhubhrach, chiar-dhubh, gun bhlàths,
Ghuineach, ana-bhliochdach, fhuachd
aidh,
Shruthach, steallanach fhuaimneach,
Thuileach, an-shocrach, uisgeach,
Gun dad measaich ach càl,
Bithidh gach deat, a's gach miseach,
Glacadh aogais 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 AIRIDH.

[Rinn am bàrd an t-òran so d' a leannan, Anna Moiriston, nighean òg ro chliùiteach, d' au 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 ehun na h-àiridh far an robh i aig an am, 's ann a dheare e oirre an cuid-eachd an t-saor bhàin, d' am b' ainm Iain Moraidh, ghabh e gu ro-throm i a ehur cùl ris féin. Phòs i an saor bàin an déigh so, agus 'se aithris an t-sluaigh—nach robh i riamh toilichte gu 'n chuir i cùl ri Rob Donn; agus cha mho a dhearbh an saor bàin e féin 'n a chéile ro thaitneach.]

'S TROM leam an àiridh,
'S a ghàir so a th'innt',
Gu'n a phairt sin a b' àbhaist,
Bhi 'n dràs air mo chinn;

Anna chaol-mhalach, chioch-chorrach,
Shlip-cheannach, ghrinn,
'S Iseabail a bheoil mhilis;
Mhara-naich, bhinn.
Heich! mar a bhà
Air mo chinn;
'S e dh-fhag mi cho cràit-each,
'S gu'n stà dhomh bhi 'g inns'.
Heich! etc.

Shiubhail mis a bhuail';
Agus shuas feagh nan craobh,
'S gach àit' anns am b' àbhaist,
Bhi tàthladh mo ghaoil,
Chunna 'm' m fear bàn,
A's e m' àran r'a m' naoi
'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 nà e ri sheinn.
'S e, etc.

Anna bhuidhe nighean Don'uill,
Na'm b'eol dut mo ni,
'S e do ghradh, gu'n bhi pàidht',
Thug a mhàn bhuan mo chli;
Tha e dhomh às t-fhianais
Cho ghnìomhach, 's trà chi.
Diogladh 's a' smuaiseach,
'S gur ciuirrt' tha mo chri.
Air gach trà
'S mi ann an strì,
'Feuchainn ri àicheadh,
'S e fàs rium mar chraoibh.
Air, etc.

Labhar i gu h-àilleasach,
Fàiteagach rium:—
"Cha tàr thu bhi làmh rium,
Gu càradh mo chinn;
Bha siathnar ga m' iarraidh,
Car bliadhna de thim;
'S cha b' airidh thar càch thu
Thoir barr os an cinn.
Há! há! hà!
An d' fhàs thu gu tinn
Mas e 'n gaol a bheir bàs ort
Gu'm pàidh thu ga chinn!
Ha! etc.

Ach cia mar bheirinn fuath dhut
Ged' dh-fhuaraich thu rium?

'Nuair a's feargaich mo sheannachas,
 Ma t-ainm air do chùl,
 Thig t-ìomhaigh le h-annsachd
 Mar shamhladh 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 fasaidd e 'n trà sin,
 Cho airde ri tùr!
 'S théid, etc.

On a chualas gu'n gluaisear thu,
 Bhuam leis an t-saor,
 Tha, mo shuain air a bhuairleadh
 Le brudairean gaoil,
 Gu'n an càirdeas a bha sid
 Cha tàr mi bhì saor.
 Ga mo bhàrnaigeadh laimh riut
 'S e ghnà dhomh mar mhaor.
 Ach ma thà
 Mi ga do dhi,
 B'fheairde mi pàg hhuat
 Mas fagadh tu 'n tìr.
 Ach ma tha, etc.

AN RIBHINN ALUINN EIBHINN OG.

THA Deòrs' air a' Mhàidsear
 Ro dhan' ann an cainnt,
 An rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Sior chur an cèill,
 Gu robh é-san fo *staint*¹
 An rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Ach 'nuair théid an t-òsd,
 Mu 'n bhòrd ann an rancaibh,
 Olaidh e gu càirdeach,
 Deoch-slàinte na baintighearn,
 Bidh h-uile fear do chàch,
 Mach o Sàlaidh, toirt taing dha,
 An rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Mu 'm faca mo shùil thu,
 'S e 'n cliù ort a fhuair me,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Mar gu'm bu bhàn-dé thu,
 Gu 'n géilleadh an sluagh dhut,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Shaoil leam gu'm bu bhòsd,

A chuid mhòr bhasa luaidh riut,
 Gus na shin an cèil,
 Sa sin gun tug iad a suas mi,
 Ach chreid mi h-uile drann dheth,
 'S an danns 'nuair a ghluais thu,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

Shuidh mi ann an cuil,
 Mar gu 'n dùisgteadh à tranns mi,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Is dh'amhairceadh an trìùr ud,
 Le 'n sùilean, 's le sannt ort,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Do réir mar a dh-fhaodainns'
 A h-aodann a rannsachadh,
 Dhùraigeadh Sàlaidh,
 An Maidsear 'n a bhantraich;
 Tha aoibhneas air Deòrsa,
 Mu 'n bhròn bh' àir a' Ghrrandach,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

Chà 'n 'eil a h-aon,
 'S a' Bhatàillean d' an eòl thu,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Nach 'eil ort a brудар,
 Mas fuasgailt' no pòsda,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Gus an ruig e Tearlach,
 An maisdear a b' òige;
 Ged bu chruaidh 'ainm
 Ann an armailt rìgh Deòrsa,
 Chaoch'leadh e faobhar,
 Le gaol 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 an pàidhear a dhuais dha,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Fuiligidh mi sùil,
 Na fuiligidh mi cluas dhiom,
 Ma tha aon de 'n trìùr ud,
 As tric thasa luaidh' riut,
 Cho tinn le do ghaol,
 Ris an aon fhear a's fuath leat,¹
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

¹ E bhì cheana pòsd'.

¹ Be Rob Donn féin "an aon fhear a b fhuath leatha."

S e 'n t-aobhar nach ordaichinn,
 Sàlaidh do 'n Chòirneil,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Eagal gu 'm bìtheadh càch
 Ann an naimhdeas r' a bheò dha,
 An rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Creutair cho caoimhneil riut,
 Is maighdeann cho bòidheach riut,
 Ri! bu mhòr an diobhail,
 Gu 'n cailleadh tu g' ad dheòin iad,
 Suiridhich an t-saoghail,
 Le aon fhear a phòsadh,
 An rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

ORAN EILE.

DO 'N MHAIGHDEINN CHEUDNA.

AIR FONN—"Sweet Molly."

LUIÑNEAG.

Fear a dhannsas, fear a chluicheas,
 Fear a leumas, fear a ruitheas.
 Fear a dh-eisdeas, no ni bruidhean,
 Bi 'n creidheach' aig Sàlaidh.

DH-FHALBH mi dùthchan fada, leathan,
 'G amharc inigheannan a's mhnathan;
 Eadar Tunga 's Abar-readhain,
 Cha robh leithid Sàlaidh.
 Fear a dhannsas, etc.

An Dun-éideann 's an Dun-dìdhe,
 'S a h uile ceum a rinu mi dh-uighe,
 Cha 'n fhaca mi coltach rithe,
 Bean mo chridhe Sàlaidh.
 Fear a dhannsas, etc.

'S math a claidinn, '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 dhannsas, etc.

'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 fear i.
 Fear a dhannsas, etc.

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 dhannsas, etc.

Caiptein treun nan Grenadeer,
 'S airde leumas, 's fear a ruitheas,
 Cha 'n eil àit an dean i suidhe,
 Nach bi e-san laimh rith'.
 Fear a dhannsas, etc.

Na 'n racha' dealbh a chur 's a' bhrrataich,
 Ann an arm an Iarla Chataich,
 Bhiodh iad marbh mu 'n dèant' a glacadh,
 Ged bhiodh neart a' Phap' orr'.
 Fear a dhannsas, etc.

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 nigh'n a Ghiobarlan," 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.

BRIOGAIS MHIC RUAIRIDH.

[Rinneadh an t-òran so leis a' bhàrd aig banais "Iseabail Nic-Aoidh," nighean Iain 'Ic-Eachainn, air dh'i bhi pòsda ri Iain, mac Choimnich Sutharlan. Bha cruinneachadh anabarrach sluagh air a' bhanais de dh-uaislean na dùthcha; ach air no dh-Iain Mac-Eachuinn agus am bàrd cur a mach air a chèile goirid roimh 'n am sin, cha d' fhuair am bàrd cuireadh thun na bainnse, ged bha e chòmhnuidh ann an àite fagus do laimh. Ach air do Choinneach Sutharlan, athair fhir na bainnse, thighinn air an ath mhadainn an dèigh a' phòsadh, agus Rob Donn ionndrainn, thubhairt e ri Iain Mac-Eachuinn, gu 'm b' fhearr cuireadh a thoirt do 'n bhàrd 'n a thràth ne gu 'n cluinnte sgeula mu 'n bhanais futhast. Bha fios aig Iain Mac-Eachuinn, nach tigeadh bàrd air ailleas-sa ged cuireadh e fios air. An sin chuir na h-uaislean uile, 'n an ainm féin, fios air, agus mur tigeadh a leis an teachdaireachd sin, gu 'n rachadh iad féin uile g' a shireadh. Thainig Rob Donn gu toileach; oir bha mòr spéis aig do dh-Iain Mac-Eachuinn. 's d' a theaghlach, ged thainig eadar iad aig an am sin. Air an t-slighe dh-ionsuidh taigh na bainnse, dh-fhoighnich Rob Donn ris an teachdaire thainig da' iarraidh. An do thachair ni amhuilteach 's am bith 'n am measg o thòisich a' bhanais? Thuirt an teachdaire nach cual e-san ach aon rud—Gu 'n do chaill "Mac Ruaraidh beag," gille thainig an cois fhir na bainnse, a bhriogais. Bu leoir so leis a' bhàrd, agus mu 'n d' rainig e taigh na bainnse, ged nach robh an achastar da mhìle, bha 'n t-òran deanta agus cho luath 's a shuidh e, thoisich e air a ghabhail.]

LUINNEAG.

An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich,
 No 'n cuala sibh,
 Co idir thug briogais
 Mhic Ruairidh leis?
 Bha bhriogais ud againn
 An am dol a chadal,
 'S 'nuair thainig a' mhadainn
 Cha d' fhnaradh i.

CHaidh bhriogais a stampadh,
 Am meadhon na connlaich,
 'S chaidh Uisdean a dhamhs',
 Leis na gruagaichean ;
 'Nuair dh-fhàig a chuid misg e,
 Gu'n tug e 'n sin briosgadh,
 A dh-iarraidh na briogais,
 'S cha d' fhuair e i.
 An d' fhidir, etc.

Na 'm bitheadh tu làimh ris,
 Gu 'n deanadh tu gàire,
 Ged bhidheadh an siataig
 Na d' chruachanan ;
 Na faiceadh tu 'dhronnag,
 'Nuair dh-ionndrain e 'pheallag,
 'S e coimhead 's gach callaid,
 'S a' suaitheachan.
 An d' fhidir, etc.

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' fhidir, etc.

Chaitriona Nigh'n Uilleim,¹
 Dean briogais do 'n ghille,
 'S na cumadh sud sgillinn
 A' thuarasdal ;
 Ciod am fois nach e t-athair,
 Thug leis i g' a caitheamh,—
 Bha feum air a leithid,
 'S bha uair dheth sin.
 An d' fhidir, etc.

Briogais a' chonais,
 Chaidh chall air a' bhanais,
 Bu liutha fear fanaid
 Na fuaidheill oirr' ;

¹ Bean Iain Mhic Eachain.

Mur do ghléidh Iain Mac-Dhòmh-
 Gu pocan do 'n òr i, [nuill,
 Cha robh an Us-mhòine
 Na luaidheadh i.
 An d' fhidir, etc.

Mur do ghléidh Iain Mac-Dhòmh-
 Gu pocan do 'n òr i, [nuill,
 Cha robh an Us-mhòine
 Na ghluaiseadh i.

Mu Uilleam Mac-Phàdruig,
 Cha deanadh i stà dha,
 Cha ruigeadh i 'n iùrd'
 Air a chruachan dha.
 An d' fhidir, etc.

Tha duine 'n Us-mhòine
 D' an ainm Iain Mac-Sheòrais,
 'S gur iongantas dhomhsa
 Ma ghluais e i ;
 Bha i cho cumhang
 Mur cuir e i 'm mugha,
 Nach dean i ni 's modha
 Na buarach dha,
 An d' fhidir, etc.

Na leigibh ri bràigh' e,
 'M feadh 's a bhios e mar tha e,
 Air eagal gu 'n sàraich
 An luachair e ;
 Na leigibh bho bhail e
 Do mhòinteach nan coille,
 Mu 'n tig an labhallan,
 'S gu buail i e.
 An d' fhidir, etc.

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, etc.

Ach Iain Mhic-Choinnich,¹
 'S ann ort a bha 'n sonas,
 Ged 's mòr a bha dhonadas
 Sluaigh an so ;
 'Nuair bha thu cho sgiobalt,
 S nach do chaill thu dad idir,
 'S gur tapaidh a' bhriogais
 A bhuannaich thu ?
 An d' fhidir, etc.

¹ Fear na bainne.

ORAN AIR SEAN FFILEASGACH,

AGUS SEANA MHAIGHDEAN,

MU 'N ROBH SGEUL LAD BHI DOL A
PHOSADH.

Tha mhaighdean 's an àite-s'
Tha àircamh de bhliadhnaibh,
Is shaoil leam 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' gaoith.
'S e 'n dille dubh ciar-dhubh, etc.

Tha ministèir eòir 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, etc.

Ged bhiodh ann a phòcaid,
De dh-òr na th' aig Iarla,
Bu mhòr a' chùis bhròin e
Do 'n òigh tha e 'g iarraidh;
Sùilean a's sròn,
Agus feòsag, a's fìaclan
A' ghille dhuibh chiar-dhuibh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, etc.

'S olc an leannan òinid
An t-òlach s' 'n a fhionaig,
'N a laidhe 'n a chòta,
'N a rògair miodhoir,

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, etc.

Tha pung ann a chàileachd,
Thug bàrr air na ciadan;
Tha 'aogas ro ghrànndà,
'S e air fàileadh 'n t-srianaich;
An uair bha e an Grùididh,
Cha taobhaicheadh fìadh ruinn,
Leis a' ghille dubh chiar-dhubh,
Bhì triall 'n an gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, etc.

Ged tha e cho daochain,
Is aogais cho fiadhaich,
Bithidh feum air 's an tìr so,
Air tioman de 'n bhliadhna,
A thoit ghabhraidh air mheann,
'S a chur chlann dheth na cìochan;
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, etc.

'Nuair a bhà sinn cruinn
Auns 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 oirn,
Gu 'n canmhadh tu bian oirn,
A ghille dhuibh ehiar-dhuibh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, etc.

ORAN NAN GREISICHEAN BEAGA.

AIR Fonn — "Crò nan Gobhar."

CHUNNA' mi crannanach,
Cuimhir ri ceannaireachd,
'N Acha-na h-Annaid,
Cur feannag á chéile;
Sheall mi le annas air,
'S shìn mi ri teannadh ris,
Thug mi mo bhòineid dhiom,
'S bheannaich mi féin da.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach
Air chomhairl nan breitheamhnan.
Dh-òrdaich gach dithis dhiu
Bhì le aon chéile;

Faodaidh sliochd tighinn
An deigh na buidhinn so,
Fathast a bhitheas
'N an iongantas féillé.

Chaidh mi air m' aghairt,
Is shàraich e m' fhoighidinn,
Feuchainn le a' lughad
C' ait' am faighinn da céile;
Fhuair mi 'n taigh Choinnich i,
C' uime gu 'n ceilinn,
'S a h-apanan deiridh
Cho ghoirid r' a fhéileadh-s'.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, etc.

Tòmas a's Dòmhnall,
Seòras a's Alasdair,
'S coltach 'n an colluinn
A' cheathrar r' a chéile;
B' fheàrr leam tè thapaiddh
Bhiodh seachad air leth-cheud.
Na a faicinn air leth-trath,
Aig fear dhiubh mar chéile.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, etc.

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 bhuidheach, etc.

Tha mise fo chachdan,
Nach urradh mi leasachadh,
Nach fhaigh mi aon fear dhiu
Ni *maitse* do Chéitidh;
Tha truas aig mo chridhe
Ri seasgaich' na h-ighinn,
Nach faigh sinn aon leighich,
Chuireas dithis ri chéil' diu.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, etc.

Cuirear do 'n eilean iad,
'S thugar mir fearainn dhaibh,
'S bheir iad an air'
Air na gearrain 's a' chéitein;
Air eagal am pronnaidh
Ri fiodh no ri bolla,
Tha tub aig a' Mhorair
Ni taigh dhaibh le chéile.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, etc.

Tha agam-sa tuilleadh
De leithid an fhirionnaich-s';
'S air chor a's gu'n cluinnear iad,
Seinneam air séis iad;
Dòmhnall beag biorach,
Air pòsadh an uiridh;
'S tha dithis de 'n fhine
Aig a' mhinisteir féin diu.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, etc.

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 cléireach.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, etc.

Tha dùil a'm gur duilich leis
Mis' chur an cunnart,
'S gu 'n do chaonhain mi 'n cuilean,
'S gu 'm bu mhuilleach leis féin e;
'S ma chreideas mi 'm ministeir,
An deigh 's na dh-innis e,
'S e 'm *moucaidh* an uiridh,
Mu mhire na 'n Gréibhear.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, etc.

Tha sgeula r' a h-aithris,
Mu Bhaile-na-Cille,
Gu 'n robh iad fo iomas
An uiridh le chéile;
Am bliadhna 'n an dithis,
E-féin 's an cù buidhe,
Gun triall ac' gu uidhe
Ach 'n an suidh' aig na h-éibhlean.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, etc.

'S bòidheach am baganach
Seòras na h-eaglais,
Chualas na creagan
Toirt freagairt d' a éigheachd;
Shamhlaich mi 'm fleasgach ud
Ris a' gharra-ghartan,
Cho biogach r' a fhaicinn,
'S cho neartmhor r' a éisdeach.
Tha mi ro bhuidheach, etc.

Tha Curstaidh fo chachdan,
Mur bhailich mi 'macan,
Gu 'n abrainn an garraan,
Ri fleasgach cho treun ris;

Seas thusa fa 'chomhair,
Is amhairc a chrodhan,
'S an tè thug an dreobhan air,
Thomhais i féin e.
Tha ri mo bhuidheach, etc.

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,
Ho, tha mo rùn dut,
Hèi tha mo rùn dut,
A rùn ghil' na tréig mi.

Dithis a tha òg iad,
Dithis a tha bòidheach,
Dithis tha gun òrleach
A chòrr air a chéile.

Hei, tha mo run duit, etc.

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 run duit, etc.

Ach ma théid a chrùsach,
Sgaoilt' air feadh na dùthcha,
Théid *prospig* ris na sùilean,
Tha dùil a 'm, mus léir iad.

Hei, tha mo run duit, etc.

O R A N.

[Do dh' fhear chaidh a chòrdadh ri
nighin òig, ach cha bhiodh e toilichte mu
'n tochradh, mur tugadh iad dhà gamhuinn
eile bharrachd air na bha iad toileach thoirt
seachad: agus air so a dhiùltadh dha,
thréag e a leannan.]

'S ANN a bhuaill an iorghuill,
Air an t-suiridheach tha 'n so shios,
Chuir e 'ùigh' air céile,
'S gu 'n do réitich iad 'n an dios;
Shaoil mi féin 'n uair thòisich iad,
Gu 'n còrdadh iad gun sgios;
Ach chum àsraidh beag do ghanhuinn iad,
Gun cheangal còrr is mios.

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 tàillearach—
'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 amharc ort,
Gu robh do thomhas gann,
Chunnaic mi air t-iomchuinn,
Gu robh 'n iom-chomhairl' 'nad cheann;
'S nach robh do spiorad dìomhair,
'G a do ghriosadh 's a' cheart àm;
'Nuair b' fheàrr leat gamhuinn caoile,
Na do bhean, 's do ghaol, 's do chlann.

II-uile fear a chì thu,
'G a do dhìtheadh air do chùl,
Ged leasaich sinn an t-airgead dhut,
Mu cheithir mhàrg 's ni 's mò,
'S e their gach filidh faicail riut,
Gu *spot* chur air do chliù,
Gu 'n d' rinn an gamhuinn bacainn,
Do *contract* ' 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 à trìuir,
Nach fanadh tu cho fada bhuam,
Ged b' fhiach an gamhuinn crùn.

AM BOC GLAS.

ON 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 hé fanndarai feininn òth-orò,
Iithili fanndarai feininn òth-orò,
Fa-thel-oth fanndarai feininn òth-
Iithili shiubhal e, [orò,
Hanndarai hith-horò,
Fa-thel-òth, fa-thel-òth.

'S iomadh òganach smearail,
Bha fearail gu leòr;
A chunna' mis
Ann an cogadh rìgh Deòrs'.
'S cha'n fhaca mi boc,
Ga thogail air feachd,
Ach aona bhoc glas
A Bh' aig mac an Iarl' òig.
Pe he fanndarai, etc.

'Nnair thigeadh am Fogbar,
Co dhianadh a bhuain?
Co dhianadh an ceanghal,
No sgrudhadh an sguab?
Co chuireadh na siamanan,
Ceart air na tudanan?
Ach am boc luideach,
Na'm faigheadh e duais.
Pe he fanndarai, etc.

Gu'n tug iad a' chobhair ud,
Bhuaine gun fhios;
A's dh' fhagadh na godhair
Gun bhaine gun bhliochd;
Tha Sìne nigh'n Uilleim,
A caoine 'sa tuireadh,
'Sa suilean a' sìleadh
Air son a bhuic ghlaìs.
Pe he fanndarai, etc.

Note.—This song was composed on a rake in Sutherlandshire, 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 Sutherlandshire pipe jigs. It was the poet's own composition. He also composes several other popular airs of great merit.

O R A N.

[Do dh' fhear a bha suiridh air nighinn òig, agus fear eile bhì 'g a toirt bhuaithe; bha mathair na h-ingham (a tha labhairt s a' cheud rann) 'n a banàraich aig Morair Mac-Aoidh, agus e-san 'n a bhuachaille; agus am fear bha toirt na h-ingham bhuaipe 'n a bhreabadair.—Tha 'n t-òran air a sgrìobhadh do réir dearbh Ghàellig a bhàrd féin oir cha ghabhadh e scéinn air caochladh dòigh.]

LUINNEAG.

Tha 'n gille math ruadh,
'S e laidir, luath,
Cha 'n urr' e bhì suas
'S nach d' fhuair e i.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh,
'S e laidir, luath,
Cha 'n urr' e bhì suas,
'S nach d' fhuair e i.

FHLEASGAICH tha 'g imeachd
An aghaidh na gaoith',
Gun dùil aig mo nighinn
Thu thiginn a chaoidh;
Gu 'm b' fhearr a bhì shuas leat
Am buaile Mhic-Aoidh,
Na fleasgach na fighe,
Le fhichead bò laoigh.¹
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, etc.

Cha 'n urradh mi dhearbhadh
Mar chearb air bhur clann,
Gur ann anns na càirdean
Tha mhèir' air am fonn,
'Nuair théid gach mearachd
A chronachadh tholl,
Bidh fuigheall an innich
'S an ime cho trom.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, etc.

Tha Seumas Mac-Cullach,
'N a dhuine 'm beil spéis,
Tha onoir bho 'leanabas
'G a dhearbhadh 'n a bheus;
Tha fear anns a' bhaile-s'
Gun chol ach an spréidh,
Tha e 'n uidheam na goide
Ni 's faide no éis'.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, etc.

Mo chomhairl' a nighean,
'S na suidhich do bhonn,
Air rud bhios 'n a pheanas,
'S 'n a mhearachd dhut tholl,

¹ Fichead maide na beairte.

Tha dhùl agad achdaidh
 Rì beartas 'n a steoll,
 Le fuighleach an innich,
 'S cha chinnich e boll.
 Tha 'n gille math ruadh, etc.

Na 'm faiceadh sibh 'm fleasgachan
 Tapaidh 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, etc.

ORAN FHAOLAIN.

[Sgalag a bh'aig a' bhàrd, air an robh
 Faolan aca mar leas-ainn. Cha robh
 Faolan ach 'n a chreutair fachanta, agus b'
 àbhaist do dh'ingheann a' bhàird a bhi 'g
 a thilgeadh air a chéile mar leannan.]

LUINNEAG.

Gu neartaich an sealbh,
 'S gu leasaich an sealbh,
 An t-abhagan màrbh ud, Faolan,
 Gu neartaich an sealbh,
 'S gu leasaich an sealbh,
 An t-abhagan màrbh ud, Faolan.

THIG Ealasaid Mhoràidh,
 'Nuair chromas a' ghrian,
 O 'n eirthir a nòs do 'n dithreabh,
 Oir chual' i 'n a chagaraich' bheaga aig
 cach,
 An t-urram bha ghnà aig Faolan.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, etc.

Thàinig oirnn Iain le naidheachd a nuas,
 Cha chreid mi nach cual' an sgrì 'e,
 Gu 'n deachaidh uainn Curstaidh
 Le briosgadh do Chlurraig,
 Egal bhì dlù air Faolan.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, etc.

Tha Curstaidh. a's Deònachd,
 A's Cèitidh nigh'n Deòrsa,
 Is Màiri bhuidh' òg nan caorach, [pròis,
 'G an deasachadh mòr, gu leasachadh
 A fhreasdal 's gu 'm pòs iad Faolan.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, etc.

Tha Curstaidh bheag Dhonn,
 'S a cridhe ro throm,
 Air eagal nach crom rith' Faolan ;
 Tha Màiri ag ràdh nach dean e dh'ì stà,
 Nach 'eil e ni 's feàrr no caolan !
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, etc.

An uair a fhuair Cèitidh sealladh dheth
 ris,
 'S e thulbhairt i féin a's faicil oirr'.
 Ged nach 'eil mi 'g a fhaicinn
 Cho sgiohalt ri pàirt,
 'S ann tha e ni 's fearr na shaoil mi.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, etc.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh nighean,
 No bean air an fhòd,
 A bheireadh d' an deòin an gaol dà,
 O 'n tha e gu siogaideach, rugaideach,
 markb,
 Cha bhoc, is cha tarbh, ach laos-boc.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, etc.

Gu'm beil a' bhean againn 'n a laidhe ri
 làr,
 'S i 'g acain gu bràth a caol-druim
 Cha chuir i dhuinn tuilleadh
 A' mhìn air a' bhùrn ;
 Ach dheanadh i taobh ri Faolan.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, etc.

Tha bean-an-taigh' againn
 Leth-chead 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 sealbh, etc.

Tha Cèitidh a's Curstaidh, gu briosgant'
 an cùil,
 O 'n tha iad an dùil ri daoine ;
 'Nuair bhios mi beartach,
 Gn 'n toir mi dhuibh gùn,
 Na 'n deanadh iad mùn air Faolan.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, etc.

Comhairl a bheirinn a nis ort a Phàdaidh,
 O 'n nach cil nàir 'na t-aodann,
 'Nuair ni mi 'n ath chrathadh
 Gun toir mi dhut greim,
 Na 'n leigeadh tu br . . m air Faolan.
 Gu neartaich an sealbh, etc.

Shaoil leam nach labhradh e
 Mu'n a' bhuntàt,¹
 Ach bidh e nì's paight' na shaoil leis,
 Na 'n tigeadh an donas do 'n bhail-s' 'na
 dheann,

Gu tugainn air cheann da Faolan.
 Gu neartaich an seallbh, etc.

¹ 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 DHAIBHÌ' DO DHÌ' ARCAMH.

[Bha Daibhidh so 'n bhuaichille, agus 'n a àireach, aig duin' uasal àraidh, ann am bail' eile, Leagan mhiltean bho 'àite féin; agus 'nuair a bha Daibhidh dol dachaigh leis an im agus leis a chàise, gu mhaighstir, fhuair e air bàta ceilpe, bha dol an rathad; ach 's ann chuireadh leis an stoirm iad air tìr ann an Arcamh, 's ged a b' ann 's a' ghrund a rachadh Duibhidh, cha deanadh na nàibaidhnean mòran caoidh air a shon.]

NACH cruaidh, craiteach, an t-aiseag,
 A fhuair Dhaibhidh do dhì' Arcamh,
 Dh-fhalbh an càise, 's a' cheilp, a's e-féin.
 Nach cruaidh, etc.

O 'n chaidh a bhàs dheanamh cinnteach,
 Shuas mu bhraighe Loch-Uinnseard,
 Gu 'm bu ghàireach giùth minn as a
 dhéigh.
 O 'n chaidh, etc.

Thubhairt nigh'n Dho'uill 'Ic Fhiunn-
 laidh,
 Ris an t-Siorramhneo-shundach, ['n éis.
 Dearbh cha mhise an t-aon neach tha
 Thubhairt nigh'n, etc.

Ma chail thusa t' fhear impidh,
 Chail mise m' fhear aon-taigh;
 Co nis is fear-punndaidh do 'u spréidh?
 Ma chail thusa, etc.

Bha do nàibaidhnean toigheach,
 Anns gach bàgh 'g iarraidh naidheachd,
 'S leis a' chradh bh'orr, cha'n fhaigh-
 eadh iad deur.

Bha do nàibaidhnean, etc.

Ach o 'n chual iad thu philleadh,
 O na cuaintean, gun mhilleadh,
 Shìn an slugh ud air sìleadh gu léir.
 Ach o 'n chual iad, etc.

Mach o acaraidh thrailleil,
 Bhios a' streup mu do cheairde,
 Cha bhi creutair gun chràdh as do dheigh.
 Mach o acaraidh, etc.

Ach ma 's bàs dut mas tig thu,
 'S an bhios deuchainn a ghliocais,
 Aig an fhear bhios cur lic ort le spéis.
 Ach ma 's bàs, etc.

Sgriobhar sios air a braighe—
 "So am ball 's am beil Daibhidh.
 A luchd na h-encoir, thig bàs oirbh gu
 leir."
 Sgriobhar sios, etc.

Sgriobhar suaicheantas Dhaibhidh;
 Ceann gaibhre, a's càbag,
 Rotach gleadhach, a's faladair geur,
 Sgriobhar suaicheantas, etc.

Ceann grìomach a bhagair,
 Sìul mhlogach nam praban,
 Beul bìogach nan cagar 's nam breug.
 Ceann grìomach, etc.

'S ann tha 'n eachdairidh ghàbhaidh,
 Nis mu ais-eiridh Dhaibhidh,
 'S e tìghinn dachaigh 'n a stàirneanach
 treun.
 'S ann tha 'n eachdairidh, etc.

Leis gach deoch a bha blasda,
 Is iomadh biadh nach do chleachd e,
 'S ann is fear e 'na pheasa mar cheud.
 Leis gach deoch, etc.

Dh-fhas e stailceanach, pùinnseach,
 'S ann is treis' air gach puing e,
 Cuiribh 'cheist ris a' mhnaoi aige fein.
 Dha-fhas e stailceineach, etc.

Tha mnathan uaisl' anns a' mhachair,
 O na chual iad mar thachair, [beus.
 Chuid bu stuama an cleachdaibh 's am
 Tha mnathan uaisl', etc.

A bhiodh deònach gu 'n tachradh,
Gnòthuch còir anns na càrtean,
Bheireadh oirnn' dol a dh' Arcamh
A bhiodh deònach, etc. [gu leir.

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 rlamh o 'n bhaile, a' moladh no dùtcha.]

CIA b' e dheanamh mar rinn mis',
Bu mhisd se e gu bràth,
Dhol do 'n bheinn, an aghaidh m' inntinn,
Mhill e mi mo shlainn';
Pairt de m' acain. braigheach Mheirceinn,
'S àit gun mharcaid e.
Ach spain a's copraich, 's bà-theach
'S graine shop ri làr.]fosgail',

Cha 'n 'eil seòmar aig Rìgh Breatainn,
'S taitneich' leam na 'n Carn,
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 Dhòmh-
A bhì 'n ròig no 'n càrn, [nach,
Oir, mur robh strianach ann air bhliadhna,
Cha robh riamh nì b' fhèarr;
Fuaim na beinne, 's gruaim a' ghlinne,
'S fuathach leam a' ghàir;
O! cràdh mo chridhe, reubadh lighe,
An t-àit an tighe 'm feur.

Ciod am fath mu 'n tug thu fuath sin,
Do na bruaichibh ard?
Nach fhaic thu fein, 'nuair thig an spreidh,
Gur feumail iad le 'n àl?
Cha chradh cridhe, air làrach shuidhe,
Fuaim na lighe lain,
Do 'n gnàth bhì claghach roimh a h-
Is feur na deighidh a' fàs. [aghaidh,

Na bha firinneach dheth t-amhran,
'N fhad 's bha 'n samhradh blàth,
Rinn e tionndadh oidhche-Shamhna,
'S bheir an geamhradh 'shàr;
Duille shuidhicht' barr an fhiodha,
Dh-fàs i buidhe-bhàn,
'S tha mais' 'n t-Srath, air call a dhath,
Le steall de chatbhadh-làir.

Gleidhidh 'n talamh thun an t-samhraidh,
Sin a chraun e 'n dràsd,
Beath a's calltunn latha-bealltuinn,
Gealltanach air fàs;
Bidh gruth a's crathadh air na srathan,
'S téirgidh 'n caitheadh-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 chliath-
'S nach robh biadh a' fàs; [adh,
B' fhear bhì folluiseach an Goll-thaobh,
Na bhì 'n comunn ghràisg.
Air mo dholladh leis an chonnadh,
Laimh ri balla fàil.

Mu chaidh thus' a sios do Gholladh,
Gu bhì'n comunn graisg;
'S mu fhuar thu'n aireachd fo' na glasan,
Cum air ais do chail;
Oir se chleachd a mise bhì taobh mo leab;
An uair bu phailt an càl,
Am fiodhan tolltach, cais' ga thionndadh,
'S cuid ga'n ionn' id am blathach.

Note.—This is a contrast between the pleasures of a town and of a pastoral life, as if by two young ladies (daughters of the celebrated "Iain Mac-Eachuinn"), 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 music in descriptive poetry.

MARBHRANN IAN GHIRE,

ROSGHAIRD.

(Agus e air caochladh ann an Siorrachd
Pheairt, air a shlighe dol dachaigh do
Chat-taobh.)

THA rògaircau airtnealach, trom,
'N taobh bhos agus thall do na *Chrasg*.

O'n chual iad mu 'n cuairt an Ceann-
cinnidh, [P'heairt ;

Gu 'n do dh-eug e an Siorramachd
Dh-aindeoin a dhreachdan 's a chiall :

Cha do chreid duine riamh a bha ceart,
Aon smid thainig mach air a bheul
'S cha mhò chreid a féin Rìgh nam
feart,

Cha'n aithne dhomb aon ni cho laidir,
'S an t-saoghal s', ri bàs, gu toirt teum ;
'N t-stràc thug e an dràs'd' 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 mach '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 bell cuid bh' ann an
daoch ris,

Toirt rud-eigin gaol da an dràs'd' :
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 ceud car á càeh.

Sibhse tha mòr agus mion,
Sibhse tha sean 's a tha òg.
Thugaibh cheart air' air a' bhàs,
'Nuair is beartaich' 's is làine bhur cròg ;
Oir thig e mar mhéirleach 's an oidhch',
Ged robh sibh uile cruinn mu na bhòrd ;
'S cha'n fheadar a mhealladh le foill,
'S gu'n do mheall e Ceann-feadhna
nan ròg.

Rinn deamhan is trìucairean talmhaidh,
Election mu chealgair bhiodh treun,
Co bu stàraich', bu chàraich, 's bu cheilg-
eich',

'S a b' fheàrr 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 's na Grèadhach iad féin.

Bu mhath leam an ciontach a bhualadh,
'S cha b' àill leam duin' uasal a shealg ;
'S ged chuireas mi gruaim air a' choireach,
Cha gabh an duin' onarach fearg ;

Tha Caiptein Rob Grè air a dhiùltadh,
Le breitheanas Prionnsa nan cealg ;
Rinn coimeasgadh Reothach a chumadh,
Gu uails' agus duinealas gharg.

Tha breugan a's cuir air am fàgail,
Do 'n fhear a 's feàrr tàlann g' an inns' ;
Cha cheadaich a' chùis e do Bhàtair,
Tha onoir a's àrdan 'n a ghrìd ;
Ge comasach Iain a bhràthair,
Cha'n fhaigh e an dràs'd' i chion aois ;
Ach an sin gheibh e obair an t-Sàtain,
Ceart comh-luath 's is bàs do fhear
Chraoich.

MARBHRANN,

UILLIEM MHUILLEIR, AN CEARD.

O 'nuair 's a chaidh Uilleam fo 'n tìr,
Gur tearc againn suil tha gun deur,
Do mhuilleir, a bhràchair, no 'chòcair,
No 'mhnathan da 'n nòs bhì ri spréidh ;
Cha mhodha 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 talamh-s' 'n a fhàsach,
O 'nuair chaidh thu bàs o cheann m'ios ;
Ge maiseach na macain so dh-fhàg thu,
Cha seas iad dhuinn t-àite 'n an dios ;
'S ann a tha acuinn 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 innseadh do chliù mar is còir ;
'S minig a dhearc 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 gaol air na coin 'g a do ruith,
Agus mìr air dhroch bhrùich ann do
dhòrn.

Air fhad 's a théid cliù ort a leantuinn,
Cha'n urrainn mi chantainn gu leòir ;
'S tu dh-fhuineadh, a ghuiteadh, 's a
chriathradh,
'S tu dh-itheadh, 's a dh-iarradh 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 dhomh neach feudh na
talmhainn-s
A' choiteir, a' shearbhant, no 'thuath,
Nach ionndraineadh Uilleam, as aodann,
Oir shiùbhladh e 'n sgìre ri uair ;
Nis e 'n a chual iad gu 'n deach' e,
Tha rud-eigin smal air daoine' uails',
Air son nach 'eil neach ac 's a' mhachair,
A ghlanas taigh-cac no poit fhuail.

MARBHRANN,

DO THRIUIR SHEANN FHLEASGACH.

(CLANN FHIR TAIGH RUSPUINN.)

AIR FONN—"Latha' siubhal sleibhe
dhomh."

'N AN laidhe so gu h-ìosal,
Far na thiodhlaic sinn an triuir,
Bha fallain, làidir, inntinneach,
'Nuair d' inntig a' bhliadhn' ùr ;
Cha deach' seachad fathast,
Ach deich lath dì'i o thùs ;—
Cìod fhios nach tig an teachdair-s' oirnn,
Ni 's braise na ar dùill ?

Am bliadhna thim' bha dithis diubh,
Air tighinn o'n aon bhroinn,
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 gheàrr e snàith'n na beath-s' ac',
Gun dàil ach latha 's oidhch'.

Aon duine 's bean o'n tàinig iad,
Na bràithrean ud a chuaidh,
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 gh-fhàs—
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 dleasanas,
A dheasachadh no lòn,
Ach caomhnadh ni gu falair dhaibh,
'S a' falach an cuid òir.

Cha chaith iad féin na rinn iad,
Agus oighreachan cha dèan,
Ach ulaidhnean air shliabh ac',
Bhios a' biadhadh chon a's éun ;
Tha iad fo 'n aon dìteadh.
Fo nach robh, 's nach bi mi fhéin,
Gur druידte, taisgte 'n t-òr ac',
Na 'nuair bha e 'n tòs 's a mheinn.

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 àm,
Do bhochdan an 'Ti dheònaicheadh,
An còrr a chur 'na cheann ?

An déigh na rinn mi rùsgadh dhuibh,
Tha dùil-agam gun lochd,
'S a liuthad facal firinneach
A dhirich mi 'n ur n-uchd,
Tha eagal orm nach éisd sibh,
Gu bhì feumail do na bhochd ;¹
Ni 's mò na rinn na fleasgaich ud.
A sheachduin gus a nochd.

NOTE.—Two of these bachelors were somewhat remarkable, having been born together (not twins, as poem says, within one year of each other), 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.

¹ 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.

MARBIIRANN.

DO DH' LAIN MAC-EACHUINN.

[An dun' 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 air fad, 's gu 'n d' aidich iad uile, gu 'n robh am marbhrann so gun mhearachd, 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 lain Mac-Eachainn gu'n robh e ceart.]

LAIN MHC-EACHAINN, o dh-eug thu,

C' àit an téid sinn a dh-fhaotainn
Duine sheasas 'n ad fhinne,

An rathad tionail no sgaoilidh.
'S nì tha cinnt' gur beart' chunnairt,
Nach dean duine tha aosd' e,
'S ged a bheirt' ge 'n àl òg e,
'S tearc tha beò fear a chì e.

Dearbh cha b' ionann de bheatha,

'S do dh' fhir tha fathast an caomh-
Thionall airgead a's fearann [nadh
'S b' dh' buidhean eile 'g an sgaoileadh;
Bhios iad fèin air an gearradh,
Gun ghuth an caraid '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' paidheadh 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 shùlean,
Cheart cho dùint' air an fheumach.

Leis an leth-noir riataich-s',

Tha na ciadan diubh faomadh,
Leis am fearr bbi fo fhìachan,
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 bochd,
Am biadh, an deoch, a's an t-aodach?"

Ach na 'm b' urrainn mi, dhùraighdinn

Do chliù-s' chur an òrdugh,
Ann an litrichean soilleir,
Air chor 's gu 'm beir an t-àl òg' air;

Oir tha t-iomadh-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 fiughail,
So an tim mu do choinneamb,
An còir dhut greimeachadh dlù ris;—
Tha thu 'm batal a' bhàis,
A thug aif t-àrmun-s' do 'n àir uainn,
Glacadh gach fear agaibh 'oifig,
'S mo làmh-s' gu 'n cothaich i cliù
dhuibh.

Oir ged tha cuid a bhios fachaid,

Air an nèach a tha fialaidh,
'S i mo bhairil-s' gur achdaidh
Bu chòir an achuing so iarraidh;—
Gu 'm bu luath thig na linnean,
Nì chuid a's sine dhinn ciallach,
Nach dean sinn iobairt do bhith-bhuan-
tachd,
Air son trì fichead de bhliadhnach'.

'S lionmhor neach bha gun socair,

A chuir thu 'n stoc le do dhéilig,
Agus bàth-ghiollan gòrach,
Thionail eòlas le t-éisdeachd;
Dearbh cha 'n aithne dhomh aon neach,
Mach o ùmaidhnean spréidhe,
Nach 'eil an inntinn fo cudthrom,
Air son do chuid, no do chéile.

Fhir nach d' ith mìr le taitneas,

Na 'm b' eòl dut acrach 's an t-saoghal,
Fhir a chitheadh am feumach,
Gun an éigh' aig' a chluinntinn;
B' fhearr leat punnd dheth do chuid bhuat,
Na unnsa cuid-throim air t-inntinn;
Thilg thu tìaran 's na h-uisgean,
'S gheibh do shliochd iomadh-fillt' e.

Chì mi 'n t-aim-beartach uasal,

'S e làn gruamain a's airteil,
'S e gun airgead 'n a phòcaid,
Air an taigh-òsda dol seachad;
Chì mi bhantrach bhochd, dheurach,
Chì 'n déirceach 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 comhairl',
A' call a ghnòthuich 's a thapadh.

Na 'm bìtheadh air' agam fhiarachd,
Cìod e is ciall do 'n mhòr acain-s',
'S e their iad uile gu léir rium:—
"Och! nach d' eug Iain Mac-
Eachuinn!"

Chi mi 'n t-ìomadaidh sluaigh so,
'N an culaidh-thruais chionn 's nach
beò thu,

'S ged e 'n call-s' a tha 'n-uachdar.
Chi mi buannachd nan òlach;—
O 'n a thaisbean domh 'm bliadhna,
Iomadh biadhach nach b' eòl domh,
Mar na reannagan riallaidh,
An déigh do 'n ghrian a dhòl fo orr'.

'S tric le marbhrannan moltach,
A bhios cleachdach 's na dùthchaibh-s',
Gu 'm bi comeasgadh masguill,
Tigh'nn a steach annt' 'n a brùchdan
Ach ged robh mis' air mo mhionnan,
Don Tì tha cumail nan dùilean,
Cho 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 acan do bhròin;
Ma tha 'n tim air dol seachad, [chòir,
'S nach d' rinn thu cleachdadh air
Ged nach dàil dut ach seachduin,
Dean droch fhasan a leòn.

'S TRIC thu, Bhàis, cur an céill dhuinn,
Bhi sior éigheachd ar cobhrach:
'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-fhòghuadh.
Le do leum as na cùrtean,
Do na chùil am beil Eòghann.
'S cian fada, gur fada, etc.

Ach na 'n creideadh sinn, Aoig, thu,
Cha biodh 'n saoghal-s' 'g ar dalladh,
'S nach 'eil h-aon de shìochd Adhainh,
Air an tàmailt leat cromadh;

'S i mo bharaill gur fìor sud,
Cur àrd 's gur ìosal do shealladh;
Thug thu Pedham á mòrachd,
'S an d' fhuair thu Eòghann 's a'
Pholladh?
'S cian fada, gur fada, etc.

Tha thu tigh'nn air an t-seòrs' ud,
Mu 'm beil bròn dhaoine mòra,
'S tha thu tighinn air muinntir,
Mu nach cluinntear bhi còine;
Cha 'n 'eil aon 's an staid mheadhoin,
Tha saor fathast e dhòghruinn,
Do nach buin a bhi caithris,
Eadar Pelham a's Eòghann.
'S cian fada, gur fada, etc.

Tha iad tuitean mu 'n cuairt duinn,
Mur gu 'm buailt' iad le peilear,
Dean'maid ullamh, 's am fuaim so,
Ann ar cluasan mar fharum;
Fhir a 's lugha measg mòran,
An cual thu Eòghann fo ghalar?
Fhir a 's mò anns na h-àitean-s',
An cual thu bàs mhaighstir Pelham?
'S cian fada, gur fada, etc.

Ach a chuidheachd mo chridhe,
Nach toir an dìthis-s' oirn sgathadh!
Sinn mar choinneil an lanntair,
'S an dà cheann a' sior chaitheamh;
C' àit an robh anns 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, etc.

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 Marbhrann Eoghainn, where he makes his subject a general one—the uncertainty of time, and he 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 but (still standing), where the bard was to pass the night. And here was a solitary man, decrepit in his 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 cholera. 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, “*Solvitur acris hiems,*” etc; and had Rob Donn studied Horace, we would doubtless say that he

had at least in view the lines, “*Pallida mors œquo pulsat pede,*” etc. 1.—“*Memoir,*” 1829.

RANN.

(A rinn am bard, air madainn, ann an taigh ministear 'Shlèibhte, air an turus bha e san eilean-sgiathanach. Thainig bard de mhuintir an Eilein do thaigh a' mhinistear, agus iad ri 'm biadh-maidne. Dh-iarr am ministear air rann a dheanamh air:—
“Sgiaih ehogaidh, im, muc, plomh-tbom-baca, agus Sagart.” Rinn am bard Sgiathanach so, mar chithear; agus thubhairt Rob Donn, “'S bochd dh-fhag thu 'n Sagart,” agus ann an tiota rinn e-féin a'n rann mu dheireadh.)

THUIRT AM BABD SGRATHANACH.

A' mhuc mar bhiaidh,
'S an sgiath mar bhòrd,
'S an Sagart nach itheadh an t-ìm,
Sparrainn a' phìob 'n a thòin.

THUIRT ROB DONN.

Bhiadhainn an Sagart gu grinn—
Bheirian dha'n t-ìm air a' mhuic;
An targaid air a làimh chli,
A's piob-thombaca 'n a phluic!

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 Eachuinn) 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 ‘*Marbhrann 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 this 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 everywhere, 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 Braidalbane, in Coire-Cheathaich and Beinndòrain; and afterwards to the Duke of Argyle, 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 "Beinndòrain" and "Coire-Cheathaich," 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 masterpiece. 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 composition, 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 hung; a badger's skin fashioned 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 everything 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 *impromptu*. 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 are 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.¹

AIR FÓN—Alasdair á Gleanna-Garadh.”

LATHA dhuinn air machair Alba,
Na bha dh-armailt aig a chuirge,
Thachair iad oirne na reubail,
'S bu neo-eibhinn lein a chuideachd;
'Nuair a chuir iad an ratreut oirn,
'S iad 'nar deigh a los ar murtadh,
'S mur deanamaid feum le'r casan,
Cha tug sinne srad le'r musgan.

'S a dol an coinneamh a Phrionnsa,
Gu'm bu shundach a bha sinne,
Shaoil sinn gu'm faigheamaid cùis dheth,
'S nach ro dhuinn, ach dol g'a sireadh;
'Nuair a bhuaill iad air a chéile,
'S ard 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 sgaioleadh
Air an taobh air an robh sinne.

Sin 'nuair thàinig càch 'sa dhearbhadh iad
Gu'm bu shearbhadh dhuinn dol nan cuid-
eachd;

Se'n trùp Ghallda g'an robh chàll sin,
Bha coluinn gun cheann air cuid diubh;
'Nuair a thachair ribh Clann-Dòmhnuille,
Chum iad còmhail air an uchdan,
Dh-fhàg iad creuchdan air an réubadh,
'S cha leighiseadh léigh an cuislean.

Bha na h-eich gu crùitheach, srianach,
Girteach, iallach, flambach, trùpach;
'S bha na fir gu h-armach, fòghluimt;
Air an sonnrachadh gu murta.
'Nuair a dh-aom sinn bharr 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-cirich 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 sgaioleadh feadh an t-saoghail,
'S cuid againn gu'n fhaotain fhathasd.

¹ This is the author's first song

Sin 'nuair thàinig mise dhachaigh
 Dh-ionnsuidh Ghilleaspuig o'n Chran-
 'S ann a bha e 'n s.n. cho thiata, [naich,
 Ri broc liath a bhiodh an garraidh ;
 Bha e duilich ann san àm sin,
 Nach robh hall aige r'a tharruinn,
 'S mòr an diùbhail na bha dhì air,
 Claidheamh sinnsireachd a sheanar.

Mòran iarruinn air bheag faobhair,
 Gu'm be sud aogas a chladheimh ;
 'Se gu lùbach, leunnach, bearnach,
 'S bha car cam ann, ann san amhaich ;
 Dh-fhàg e mo chruachainse briùte
 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 daibh féin a b' éigin teicheadh ;
 Ged' a chaill mi ann san am sin
 Claidheamh ceannairt Chloinn-an-Leas-
 dair ;

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 diùbhail 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'fhiù 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 buillean,
 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 chrios, gun chràmbait, gun duille,
 Gu'n roinn, gun fhaobhar, gun cheana-
 bheart,
 'S mairg a thàrladh leis an cunnart.

Thug mi leam an claidheamh bearnach,
 'S b'òle an asuinn e sa' chabhaig,
 Bhi ga ghiùlan ar mo shliasaid,
 'S mairg mi riamh a thu'g o'n bhail' e ;

Cha toir e stobadh no sàthadh,
 'S cha robh e làidir gu gearradh ;
 Gu'm b'e diùthadh a bhuill airm e,
 'S e air meirgeadh air an fharadh.

Chruinnich uaislean Earraghàeil,
 Armaill làidir de *mhalisi*,
 'S chaidh iad mu choinneamh phrionns'
 Tearlach,

'S duil aca r'a chàmp a bhristeadh ;
 'S ioma fear a bh' ann san àit ud
 Nach robh sàbhailt mar bha mise,
 A'mheud sa dh-fhlag sinn ann san àraich,
 Latha blàr na h-Eaglais'-brice.

ORAN DO'N MHUSG.

AIR FONN—"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 fichead bliadhna
 Do'n chiad tè ghabh mi,
 Is chuir i rithish cùl rium,
 Is bha mi falamh.

Is thàinig mi Dhun-éideann
 A dh-iarraidh leannain,
 Is thuirt an Caitein Caimbeul,
 'S e 'n geard a bhaile,
 Gu'm b'aithne dha bantrach
 Ann àite falaich,
 'S gu'n deanadh e àird
 Air a cur a'm' charabh.

Rinn e mar a b'abhaist
 Cho mhath 's a ghealladh,
 Thug e dhomh air làimh i,
 'S am paigheadh mar ri ;
 Is ge b'e bhi 's a feòraich
 A h-ainm no sloinneadh,
 Their iad rithe Seònaid,
 'S b'e Deòrsa seannair.

Tha i soitheamh, suairce,
 Gun ghruaim, gun smalan,
 Is i cho àrd an naisle
 Ri mnaoi san fhearann ;

Is culaidh a m' chumail suas i,
O'n tha mar rium,
Is mòr an t-aoibhar smuairin
Do'n fhear nach faigh i.

Leig mi dhìom Nic-còiseam
Ged' tha i maireann,
Is leig mi na daimh chròcach
An taobh bha 'n aire,
Is thaobh mi ris an òg mhnaoi,
'S ann leam nach aithreach
Cha n'eil mi gu'n stòras
O'n phòs mi 'n ainneir.

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 ghùalan,
'S gur math am airidh,
Ni mi fhéin a sgrùradh
Gu math 's a glanadh;
Chuirinn ri an t-ùilleadh
Ga cumail ceanalt,
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 mhiann leam
A h-uile car dhomh,
Cha 'n innis i bréug dhomh,
No sgeula mearachd;
Cumaidh i mo theaglach
Cho math 's bu mhath leam,
Ge nach dean mi soathair
No obair shalach

Sgithich mi ri gnìomh,
Ged' nach d'rinn mi earras,
Thug mi bòid nach b' fhiach leam,
Bhi ann a'm sgalaig;

Sguiridh mi g'am phianadh,
O'n thug mi 'n aire,
Gur h-e'n duine dìomhain
Is faide mhaireas.

'S i mo bheanag ghaolach
Nach dean mo mhealladh,
Fòghnaidh i dhomh daonnan
A dheanamh arain;
Cha bhi fàillinn aodaich
Orm no anart,
'S chaidh cùram an t-saoghail
A nis as m'aire!

MOLADH BEINN-DORAIN.

AIR FONN—"Piobaireachd."

Urlar.

AN t-urram thar gach beinn
Aig Beinn-dòrain!
Na chunnaic mi fo 'n ghréin,
Si bu bhòiche leam;
Monadh fada, réidh,
Cuile 'm faighte féidh,
Soilleireachd an t-sléibhe
Bha mi sònrrachadh;
Doireachan nan 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,
Gun mhòrchuis,
Théid fasanda na éideadh,
Neo-spòrsail;
Tha mhanntal uime féin,
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 bhuaileadh teann
Ris na h-ordaibh i;

Ochd-shlísneach gun fheall,
 Stoc de'n fhiodh gun mheang,
 Lotadh an damh seang,
 A's a leònadh e.
 'S fear a bhiodh mar cheaird,
 Riu' sònraichte,
 Dh-fhòdhnadh dhailbh gun taing,
 Le chuid seblaidhean ;
 Gheibhte sud ri àm
 Pàdruig anns a' ghleann,
 Gillean a's coin sheang,
 'S e toirt orduidh dhailbh ;
 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,
 Gasganach, speireach,
 Feadh chreachainn na beinue,
 Le eagal ro' theine,
 Cha teirinn i 'n t-aonach ;
 Ge d' théid i na cabhaig,
 Cha ghearain i maothan ;
 Bha sinnsreachd fallain,
 'Nuair a shineadh i h-anail.
 'S toil-inntinn leam tanasg,
 Ga' lanngan a chluinntinn,
 'Si 'g iarraidh a leannain
 'N àm darraidh le caoineas,
 'S e damh a chinn allaidh
 Bu gheal-cheireach feaman,
 Gu caparach, ceannard,
 A b' fharamach raoiceadh,
 'S e chòmhuidh 'm Beinn-dòrain,
 'S e eolach m'fraoinibh.
 'S ann am Beinn-dòrain,
 Bu mhòr dhomh r'a innsèadh
 A liuthad damh ceannard,
 Tha fanntuinn san fhrith ud ;
 Eilid chaol, eanngach,
 'S a laoighean 'ga leantuinn,
 Le 'n gasgana geala,
 Ri healach a d' dreadh,
 Ri fraoidh Choire-chruiteir,
 A chuideacha phiceach ;
 'Nuair a shíneas i h-iongan
 'S a théid i na' deannaibh,

Cha saltradh air thalamh,
 Ach barran nan ìnean,
 Cò b'urraim g'a leantuinn,
 A dh-fheariaibh na rìoghachd?
 'S arraideach, farumach,
 Carach air grine,
 A chòisridh nach fhanadh
 Gné smal air an inntinn,
 Ach caochlaideach, curaideach,
 Caol-chasach, ullamh,
 An aois cha chuir truum' orra,
 Mulad no mì-ghean ;
 'Se shlànaich an culaidh,
 Feoil mhais, agus mhuineil,
 Bhi tàmhachd am bunailt,
 An cuile na frìthe ;
 Le àilleas a fuireach,
 Air tàsach 'nan grunna,
 'Si 'n àsainn a mhuime,
 Tha cumail na ciche,
 Ris na laoigh bhreaca, 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-uisg ;
 Le farum gun ghearun,
 Feadh ghleannan na mìltich ;
 Ge d' thigeadh an sneachda
 Cha 'n iarradh iad aitreabh,
 'S e lag a Choir'-altrum
 Bhios aca g'an didean ;
 Feadh stacan, a's bhacan,
 A's ghlacagan diomhair,
 Le 'n leapaichean fàsach
 An taic Eas-an-t-sìthan.

Urlar.

Tha 'n eilid anns an fhrith
 Mar bu chòir dh'ì bhi,
 Far an faigh i mìlteach
 Glan-feòirneanach ;
 Bruchorachd a's ciob,
 Lusan am bi brìgh,
 Chuireadh sult a's ìgh
 Air a lùineinibh.
 Fuaran anns am bi
 Biolaire gun dìth,
 'S millse lea nam fion
 'S e gu'n òladh i ;
 Cuiseagan a's riasg,

Chinneas air an t-sliabh,
 B' annsadh lea' mar bhíadh
 Na na fòghlaichean.
 'S aun do'n t-uchd-an-tìr
 A bha sòghar lea',
 Sobhrach a's eala-bhà
 'S barra neòineanan ;
 Dobhrach, bhallach, mhin,
 Ghobhlach, bharrach, slìiom,
 Lòintenn far an cinn
 I'na mòlraichean ;
 Sud am pòrsan bìdh
 Mheudaicheadh an cli
 Bheireadh iad a nìs
 Rì am dò-licheinn ;
 Chuireadh air an druim
 Brata saille cruinn,
 Air an carcais luim
 Nach bu lòdail.

B' e sin an caidreamh grinn
 Mu thrà-neòine,
 'Nuair a thionaladh iad cruinn,
 Anns a' ghluiminn ;
 Air fhad 's ga'm biodh an oidhch',
 Dad cha tìgeadh rìbh,
 Fasgadh bhun an tuim
 B' àite còmhnuidh dhaibh ;
 Leapaichean nam fiadh,
 Far an roibh iad riamh,
 An aonach farsuinn fial,
 'S ann am mòr-mhonadh.
 'S iad bu taitreach fiamh,
 'Nuair bu daith' am bian,
 'S cha b'i 'n airc am miann,
 Ach Beinn-dòrain.

Siubhal.

A bheìn lusanach, fhaileanach,
 Mheallanach, lìontach,
 Gun choimeas 'ga falluinn
 Air thalamh na Crìosdachd ;
 'S ro-neònach tha mise,
 Le bòichead a sliosa,
 Nach 'eil còir aic' an ciste
 Air tiotal na rioghachd ;
 'S i air dùbladh le gibhtean,
 'S air lùisreadh le miosan,
 Nach 'eil bìchiont' a' bristeadh
 Air phriseanaibh 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 loinneil,
 'S eoin bhuchalach bheag' eil
 Le'n ceileiribh lìonmhor.

'S am buicean beag sgiolta,
 Bu sgiobalt' air grìne,
 Gu'n sgiorradh, gu'n tubaist,
 Gu'n tuisleadh, gu'n diobradh,
 Crodhanadh, bìorach
 Feadh coir 'ga shireadh,
 Feadh fraoich agus firich,
 Air mhìre 'ga dhìreadh ;
 Feadh ranaich, a's barraich
 Gu'm b' araideach iuntinn,
 Ann an ìosal gach feadaim,
 'S air àirde gach creagain
 Gu mìreanach, beiceasach,
 Easgonach, sìnteach ;
 'Nuair a théid e 'na boile
 Le clisge sa' choille,
 A's e ruith feadh gach doire,
 Air dheireadh cha bhì e :
 Leis an cangaig bu chaoile
 'S e b' eutruime sìnteach.
 Mu chnocanaibh donna
 Le ruith dara-tomain,
 'S e togairt an coinneamh
 Bean-chomuinn o's 'n ìosal.

Tha mhnoisleach bheag bhrannga
 Sa' ghleannan a chòmhnaidh,
 'S i fuireach san fhìreach
 Le minneicean òga :
 Cluas bhìorach gu clùisteachd,
 Sìil chorrach gu faicinn,
 'S i earbsach 'na casan
 Chur seachad na mòintich :
 Ged' thig Caoillte 's Cuchullainn,
 'S gach duine de'n t-seòrs' ud,
 Na tha dhaoine 's do dh-eachaibh,
 Air fasta rìgh Deòrsa,
 Nan tèarnadh i craiceann
 O luaidhe 's o lasair.
 Cha chual' a's cha 'n fhac i
 Na ghlacadh r'a beò i,
 'S i grad-charach, fad-chasach,
 Aigeannach, neònach,
 Geal-cheireach, gasganach,
 Gealtach roi' mhadadh,
 Air chaisead na leachdainn
 Cha saltradh i còmhnard ;
 Si noigeanach, groigeasach
 Gog-cheannach, sòrnach ;

Bior-shuileach, sgur-shuileach,
Frionasach, furachair,
A fuireach sa' mhunadh,
'Sna thuinich a seòrsa.

Urlar.

Bi sin a' mhaoisleach luaineach,
Feadh òganan;
Biolaichean nam bruach
'S àite-còmhhuuidh dh'i,
Duilleagan nan craobh,
Bileagan an fhraoich
Criomagan a gaoil,
Cha b'e 'm fòtrus.
A h-aigheadh eutrom suairc,
Aobhach aig gun ghruaim,
Ceann bu bhraise, ghuaaiche,
Ghòraiche;
A' chré bu cheanalt' stuaim,
Chalaich i gu buan
An gleann a' bharrach uaine
Bu nòsaire.

'S tric a ghabh i cluain
Sa' chreig mhòir,
O'n is miosail leatha bhi 'Luan
A's a Dhòmhach ann:
Pris an dean i suain
Bichionta mu'n cuairt,
A bhristeas a' ghaath tuath,
'S nach leig deò oirré,
Am fasgadh doire-chrò,
An taice ris an t-sròin,
Am measg 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 uair,
'S eathlamh bheir i cuairt,
'Nuair thachradh i'n ruaig,
'S a bhiodh tòire oirre.
'S mao-bhuuidh daith' a' snuagh,
Dearg a dreach sa tuar,
'S guro-iomadha buaidh
Tha mar chòladh oirr';
Fulangach air fuachd,
Is i gun chum' air luath's;
Urram clàisteachd chluas
Na Rinn-còrpa dh'i.

Siubhal.

Bu ghrinn leam am pannal
A' taruinn an òrdugh,
A' dìreadh le farum
Ri carraig na Sròine;
Eadar sliabh Craobh-na-h-ainnis,
A's beul Choire-dhainghein,
Bu bhìadhchar greidh cheannard
Nach ceannaich am pòrsan;
Da thaobh choire-rannoich
Mu sgéith sin a' bhealach,
Coire réidh Beinn-Achaladair,
A's thairis mu'n chonn-lon:
Air lurgain na Laoidhre
Bu ghreadhnach a' chòisri,
Mu làrach-na-Feinne
'S a' Chraig-sheilich 'na dhèigh sin,
Far an cruinnich na h-éildean
Bu neo-spéiseal mu'n fhòghlaich:
'S gu'm b'e 'n aighear a's an éibhneas
Bhi faicheachd air réidhlein,
'A comb-mhacnus r'a chéile,
'S a' leumnaich feadh mòintich;
Ann am pollachaibh daimseir
Le sodradh gu meannach,
Gu togarrach mearrachdasach,
Ain-fheasach gòrach.

'S cha bhiodh lot air an teangaidh
Taobh shois a' Mhill-teanail,
Le fion-uilt na h-Annaid,
Blas meala r'a òl air;
Sruth brioghmhor geal tana,
'S e sìothladh tor 'n ghineamh,
'S e 's millse na'n caineal,
Cha b' ain eolach oirmn e:
Sud an ioc-shlàinnte mhaireann,
A thig a iochdar an talaimh.
Gheibhte liumhoireachd 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-còrpa:
Le gloinead a h-uisge,
Gu mao-bhlàst a brig-gheal,
Caoin, caomhail, glan, miosail,
Neo-mhisgeach ri pòit' air:
Le fuarainibh grinne
Am bun grumach no biolair,
Còineach uaine mu'n iomall,
A's iomadach seòrsa:
Bu ghlan uachdar na linne
Gu neo-bhuairesach millis,

Tigh'n 'na chuariteig o'n ghrinneal
Air slinncein Beinn-dòrain.

Tha leth-taobh na leachdainn
Le mais' air a còmh-dach,
'S àm fridh-choirean creagach.
Na shesamh g'a chòir sin,
Gu stobanach, stacanach,
Slocanach, laganach,
Cnocanach, crapanach,
Caiteanach, ròmach,
Pasganach, badanach,
Bachlagach, bòidheach
A h-aiseirine corrach,
'Nam fasraichsan mollach,
'S b'asadh dhomh mholladh,
Bha sonas gu leòir oirr':
Cluigeanach, gucagach,
Uchdanach, còmh-nard,
Le dithean glan, ruiteach,
Breac, misleanach, sultmhor:
Tha 'n fhrìdh air a busgadh
San trusgan bu chòir dh't.

Urlar.

S' anì monadh farsuinn faoin
Glacach, srònagach;
Lag a' Choitire-fhraoich
Cuid bu bhòiche dheth;
Sin am fearann caoin
Air an d'fhàs an aoidh,
Far am bì na laoigh
'S na daimh chròcach;
A's e deiscarach ri grèin,
Seasgaireachd g'a réir,
'S neo-bheag air an éildeig
Bhi chòmhnaidh ana.
'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 gaol
A h-uil' òganaich,
A chunna' riamh a thaobh,
'S a ghabh eòlas air:
'S lionmhor feadan caol
Air an cìrich gaath,
Far am bì na laoich
Cumail còdhalach;
Bruthaichean nan learg
Far am biodh greidh dhearg,
Ceann-uirge garh sealg
Fad am beo-shlainnt';
A's e làn do'n h-uile maoin,

A thig amach le braon,
Fàile nan suth-chraobh,
A's nan ròsann an.

Gheibte tachdar éisg
Air ♠ còrsa,
A's bhì 'gan ruith le leus
Anns na mòr-shruthan;
Mordha cumhann geur,
Le chrann giubhas féin,
Aig fir shubhach, threubhach
'Nan dòrnaibh:
Bu shòlasach o' leum'
Bric air buinne réidh,
A ceapadh chuileag eutrom
'Nan dòrlaichean;
Cha 'n eil muir no tir
Am beil tuille brìgh,
'S tha feadh do chrich'
Air a h-òrdachadh.

An Cruinluath.

Tha 'n cilid anns a ghleannan so,
Cha 'n amadan gu'n eòlas
A leanadh i mar b aithne dha
Tig'n farasda na còdhail,
Gu faiteach bhì '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 shlochd, a's ghlae, a's chamh-
anan,
A's chlach a dheanadh falach air,
Bhì beachdail air an talamh,
'S air a' char a thìg na neoil air;
'S an t-asdar bhì 'ga tharruinn air
Cho macanta 's a b' aithne dha,
Gu'n glacadh e ga h-aindeoin i
Le h-anabharras seòltachd;
Le tur, gun ghainne baralach,
An t-sùil a chuir gu danara,
A' stiùreadh' na du'-bannaiche,
'S a h-aire ri fear-cròice;
Bhiodh rùdan air an tarruinn
Leis an lùbt' an t-iarrunn-earra,
Bheireadh ionnsa' nach bì'dh mear-
achdach
Do'n fhleair a bhiodh 'ga seòladh;
Spòr ùr an déis a teannachadh,
Buil ùird a' sgailleadh dainghean ris,
Cha diùlt an t-srad, 'nuair bheanàs i
Do'n deannaigh a bha neònach:
Se 'm fìdar tioram tean-abaich
Air chùl an asgairt ghreannanaich,

Cuir smùid ri acuinn mheallanaich
A baraille Nic-Chisèam.

B'ionnluinn le fir ehanalta,
Nach b'aineolach mu spòrsta,
Bhì tìmcheall air na bealaichean
Le fearalachd na h-òige :
Far am bi na féidh gu farumach,
'S na fir 'nan déigh gu caithriseach,
Le gunna bu mhath barrandàs
Thoir aingil 'nuair bu chòir dh'i ;
S le cuilean toirmeal togarrach,
'G am biodh a stiùir air bhogadan,
'S e miol'airteich gu sodanach,
'S nach ob e dòl 'nan còdhail ;
'Na fhurbuibh làidir, cosgarrach,
Ro inntinneach, neo-fhoistinnach,
Gu guineach, sgiamhach, gob-easg-
San obair bh'aig a sheòrsa ; [aidh,
'S a fhriogan cuilg a' togail air,
Gu maillicheach', guamach, doicheal-
ach,

'S a gheanachan cnuasaichd fosgailt',

'Comh-bhogartaich r'an sgòrnan.

Gu'm b' araidheachd a' charachd ud'

'S bu chabhagach i 'n còmhnuidh,

'Nuair a shineadh iad na h-iongannan

Le h-athghoirid na mòintich ;

Na beanntuichean 's na bealaichean

Gu'm freagradh iad mac-talla dhut,

Le fuaim na gairme gallanaich

Aig farum a' choin rònaich ;

'Gan tearnadh 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 muncalaibh,

'S nach urrainn iad dol tuilleadh as,

Ach fuireach, 's bhì gun deò annt',

'S ge do thuirt mi began riu,

Mu'n innsinn uil' an dheasnas orra,

Chuireadh iad a' m' bhreislich mi

Le deisimearachd chòmhraidh.

COIRE-CHEATHAICHI,

SE Coire-cheathaich nan aighean siùbh-

An coire rùnach, is ùrar fonn, [lach,

Gu lurch, miadh-fheurach, min-gheal,

sùghar,

Gach lusan flùar bu chùbhraidh leam ;

Gu molach dù-ghorm, torrach lùistreagach,
Corrach plùireanach, dù-ghlann grinn ;
Caoin, ballach, ditheanach, cannach,
mìsleanach,

Glèann a' mhilltìch, 'san lionmhor mang.

Tha falluinn dhùinte, ga dainghean,
dùbailt',

A mhaireas ùinne, mu'n rùisg i lòm,
Do'n fheur is cùl-fhinne dh' fhàs na h-
ùrach,

'S a bhàrr air lùbadh le driùchda tròm,

Mu choire guanach nan torran uaine,

A' bheil luibh a's luachair a suas g'a
cheann ;

'S am fàsach guamach an càs a bhuanadh,

Nam b' àite cruidh e, 'm biodh tuath le'n
suim

Tha trusgan faoilidh air cruic an aonaich,

Chuir sult is aoidhair gach taobha d'chòm,

Min-fheur chaorach is barraibh bhraonan,

'S gach lus a dh' fheudadh bhì 'n aodainn
thòg,

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
saoghalt'

Do ghillean aotrom bhì daonnan ann.

'S ann m'an Ruadh-aisrigh dh' fhàs na

cuairtagan,

Clùthar, cuaicheanach, cuannar, àrd,

Na h-uile cluaineag's am bàrr air luasgadh,

'S a ghaoth' g an sguabadh a null 'sa nall :

Bun na cipe is bàr a' mhilltìch,

A chuisseag dhireach, 's an fhuiteag cham ;

Muran brioghar, 's an grunnasg lionmhor,

M' an chuillidh dhìomhair, am bi na suinn.

Tha sliabh na làirig an robh mac-Bhaidi,

'Na mhothar fàsaich, 's na stràchda tròm ;

Slios na bàn-leachdainn, cha'n i is tàire,

'S gur tric a dh' àraich t' n làn 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 laoigh gu h-ùiseil a là 'sa dh'oidhche,

'S na h-uiread cruinn diubh air druim

Clach fionn.

Do leacan c'aoimhneil gu dearcach,

braoileagach,

Breac le foireagan is cruinn dearg reann

'N creamh 'na charaichean, am bac nan staidhrichean,

Stacan fraoinesach nach bu ghann ;
Am bearnan-brìde, 's a pheighinn rioghail,
'S an canach min-gheal, 's am misleau ann ;
'S a h-uile mìr dheth, o'n bhun is isle
Gu h-ionad cìrean na crìch 's àird'.

'S rimheach còta na craige mòire,
'S cha'n 'eil am fòlach a' d' choir 'san àm,
Ach méunan còinntich, o' s e bu nosaire,
Air a chòmhdachadh bhos a's thall :
Na lagain chòmhnard am bun nan srònag,
Am bi na sòghraichean, 's neòinein fann,
Gu bìleach, feòirneineach, milis, roin-
eagach,
Molach, ròmach, gach seòrs' a th' ann,

Tha maia ghruamach, de'n bhìolar uaine,
Mu'n h-uile fuaran a th' ann san fhonn ;
Is doire shealbag aig bun nangarbh-chlach,
S grinneal gainbheich' gu meanbh-gheal,
pronn :

'Na ghluagaibh plumbach air ghoil-gun
aon teas,
Ach coileach bùirn tighin' á grunn d eas
lòm,

Gach struthan uasal 'na chuailean cùl-
ghorm,
A' ruith na spìtaibh, 's na lùbaibh steoll.

Tha bradan tarra-gheai sa choire gharbh-
laich,
Tha tig'n o'n fhairge bu ghailbheach tonn,
Le luinneis mheannach a' ceapa mheanbh-
chuileag,

Gu neo-chearbach le cham-ghob cròm ;
Air bhuinne borh, is e leum gu foirmeil,
'Na éideadh colgail bu ghorm-glas druim,
Le sbòilsean airgeid, gu h-iteach meana-
bhreac,
Gu lannach, dearg-bhallach, carr-gheal
slìom.

'S Coire'-cheathaich an t-aighear prìseil,
'S an t-àite rioghail mu'm bidht' a' sealg,
Is bidh feidhair ghiùlan le làmhach fùdair,
A' cur luai 'he 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 cìrsan dearg.

Gheibhte daonnaid mu d' ghlaicibh faoine,
Nah-aighean maola, na laoigh, 's na maing.

Sud bu mhiann leinn 'am madainn ghriann-
aich,

Bhi dol g' an an iarraidh, 's a' fiadhach
bheann,

Ged thigeadh sìontan oirnn' uisg a's dile,
Bha seòl g'ar didean mu'n chrìch san àm,
An creagan iosal am bun na frithe,
S an leabaidh dhìona, 's mi m' shineadh
ann.

Sa'mhadainn chiuin-ghil, an àm dhomh
dùsgadh,

Aig bun na stùice be 'n sùgradh leam .
A' chearc le sgiùcan a' gabhail tùchain,
S an coileach ciùrteil a dùrdail cròm ;
An dreathan sìrdail, 's a ribheid chiuil
aige,

A' cur nan smùid deth gu lùghor binn ;
An druid s am brù-dhearg, le mòran
iùnich,

Ri ceileir sunndach bu shiubhlach rann.

Bha coin an t-sléibhe 'nan caitain gle-
ghloin,

A' gabhail bheusan air ghéig sa' choill,
An uiseag cheutach, 's a luinneag féin aice,
Feadan spéiseil gu réidh a seinn :

A chuach, 'sa smeòrach, am bàr nan
ògan,

A' gabhail òrain gu ceolmhor binn :

'Nuair ghoir an cuannal gu loinneil,
guanach,

'S e 's gloin' a chualas am fuaim sa'
gl leann.

'Nuair thig iad còmhla' na bheil a' d'
chòirse

De'n h-uile seòrsa bu cheir bhi ann :
Damh na cròice air srath na mòintich,
'S e gabhail cròinain le dreòcam àrd ;
A' dol san fhéithe gu bras le h-éibhneas,
A' mire-leumnaich ri éildeig dhuinn :
Bi sin an ribhinn a dh'fhas gu mìleanta,
Foinneamh, finealta, dìreach, seang.

Tha mhaoiseach chùl-bhui air feadh na
dùsluing

Aig bun nam fiùran 'gan rùsga' lòm,
'S am boc gu h-ìtluidh ri leaba chùirteil,
'S e 'ga bìrach le rùdan cròm ;

'S am minnean riabhach bu luime cliathach,
Le chunnein fiata, is fiadhaich ceann,

'Na chadal guamach an lagan uaigneach,
Fo bhàrr na luachrach na chuariteig
chruinn.

Is lionmhor cnuasachd a bha mu'n cuairt
dut,

Ri àm am buain gum bu luaineach clann,
Ri tional guamach, gu fearail suairce,
'S a' roinn gu h-uasal na fhuair iad ann;
Céir-bheach na cnuacaibh, an nead na
chuaireig,

'S a mhil 'ga buannachd air cruaidh an
tuim,

Aig seillein riabhach, breaca, srianach,
Le'n crònan cianail is fiata srann.

Bha cus ra' fhaotainn de chnothan caoine,
'S cha l' iad na caochagau aotrom gann,
Ach bagailt mhaola, bu taine plaoisg,
A 'toit brìgh á laoghan na maoth-shlaid
fann :

Srath nan caochan 'na dhosaibh caorainn,
'S na phreasaibh caola, làn chraobh a's
mheang ;

Na gallain ùra, 's na faillein dhlùtha,
'S am barrach dùinte mu chùl nan crann.

Gach àite timcheall nam fàsach iomlan,
Màm a's fion-ghleann, 's am tuilm gu
chòir :

Meall-tionail làimbris, gu molach, tlàthail,
B'e chulaidh dh'arach an àlaich òig ;
Na daimh 's na h-éildean a'm madainn
cheitein

Gu moch ag éirigh air réidhleis feòir ;
Greidhein dhearg dhiù air taobh gach
leargain,

Mu'n Choire gharbhlaich, 'g an ainm an
Ceò.

ORAN DO'N GHUNNA

GA 'N AINM NIC-COISEAM.

LUNNEAG.

Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,
Gur muldach leam uam thu ;
Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,
'S mi dìreadh bheann a's uchdanan,
B' ait leam thu bhì cuidir rium,
'S do chudthrom air mo ghulainn.

'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, etc.

Thug mi Choire-cheathaich thu,
'Nuair bha mi fhèin a taghaich ann,
'S tric a chuir mi laidhe leat,
.Na daimh 's na h-aidhean ruadha.
Horo mò chuid, etc.

Thug mi Bheinn-a-chaistil thu,
'S do'n fhàsach a tha 'n taice ri,
Am Màm a's Creag-an-aparrain,
Air leaca Beinn-nam-fuaran.
Horo mo chuid, etc.

Thug mi thu Bheinn-dòrain,
An cinne na daimh chròcach,
'Nuair theannadh iad ri crònan,
. Bu bhòidheach leam an nuallan.
Horo mo chuid, etc.

Thug mi Choire-chruitair thu,
O's àite grianach thusail e,
Gu biachar, fiarach, lusanach,
Bhìodh spuirt ann aig daoine-uailse.
Horo mo chuid, etc.

Ghìulain mi Ghleann-èite thu,
Thog mi ris na créisean thu,
Se mheud 'sa thug mi spéis dut
A dh'fhàg mo cheum cho luaineach.
Horo mo chuid, etc.

'S math am Meall-a-bhùiridh thu,
Cha mhiosa 'm Beinn-a-chrùlaist thu,
'S tric a loisg mi fudar leat,
An Coire-ghùl-na-cruaiche.
Horo mo chuid, etc.

Thug mi Làirig-ghartain thu,
O's aluinn an coir altrum i,
'S na féidh a deanamh leapaichean
Air Creachuinn ghlas a bhuaichail.
Horo mo chuid, etc.

Thug mi thu do'n fhàs-ghlaic
'Sa Ghleann am bì na làn-daimh,
'S tric a chaidh an ùrach
Mu bhraidhe Cloich-an-tuairneir.
Horo mo chuid, etc.

Chaidh mi do dh' Fheadha-chaorainn,
Le aighear Choire-chaolain,
Far an robh na daoine,
A bha 'n gaol air a ghreidh uallaich.
Horo mo chuid, etc.

Thug mi Bheinne-chaorach thu,
Shìreadh bhoc a's mhaoiseach,

Cha b'eagal gun am faotainn,
'S iad daoinn an 'san Tòrr-uaine.
Horo mo chuid, etc.

'Nuair théid mi ris a mhunadh,
'S tu mo roghainn de na gunnathan,
O'n fhuair thu féin an t-urram sin,
Cò nis a chumas bluat e?
Horo mo chuid. etc.

Ged' tha mi gann a stòras,
Gu suidhe leis na poitearan,
Ged' théid mi do 'n taigh-òsda,
Cha 'n òl mi ann an cuaich thu.
Horo mo chuid, etc.

ORAN SEACHARAN SEILG.

LUINNEAG.

Chunna' mi 'n damh donn
'S na h-eildean.
Direadh a bhealaich le chéite ;
Chunna' mi 'n damh donn
'S na h-eildean.

'S MI teanadh á Coire cheataich,
'S mòr mo mhighean 's mi gun aighear,
Siubhal frithe ré an latha,
Thilg mi spraidhe nach d'rinn feum
Chunna' mi, etc. [dhomh.

Ged' tha bacadh air na h-armaibh,
Ghleidh mi 'n spainteach thun na seilge.
Ge do rinn i orm de chearbaich,
Nach do mharbh i mac na h-éilde.
Chunna' mi, etc.

'Nuair a dh'éirich mi sa' mhadainn,
Chuir mi innte fìdar Ghlascho,
Pealair teann a's trì puist Shasnach,
Cuifean asgairt air a dhégh sin.
Chunna' mi, etc.

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, etc.

Laidh an ellid air an fhuaran,
Chaidh mi farasda mu'n cuairt d'i,
Leig mi 'n deannal ud m'a tuairmse,
Leam is cruaidh gu'n d'rinn i éiridh.
Chunna' mi, etc.

Ràinig mise taobh na bruaiche,
'S chosg mi rithe mo chuid luaidhe ;
'S 'nuair a shaoil mi i bhi buaillte,
Sin an uair a b' aird' a leum i.
Chunna' mi, etc.

'S muldach bli siubhal frithe,
Ri là gaoith', a's uisg', a's dile,
'S ordugh teann ag iarraidh sithne,
Cuir nan giomanach 'nan éigin.
Chunna' mi, etc.

'S mithich teanadh do na gleannaibh
O'n tha gruamaich air na beannaibh,
'S ceathach dùinte mu na mealleibh,
A' cuir dalladh air ar léirsinn.
Chunna' mi, etc.

Bi' sinn beò an dòchas ro-mhath,
Gu'm bi chùis nì's fhearr an ath la'.
Gu'm bi gaoth, a's grian, a's talamh,
Mar is math leinn air na sléibhtean.
Chunna' mi, etc.

Bithidh an luaidhe ghlas 'na deannamh,
Siubhal réidh aig conaibh seanga ;
'S an damh donn a sileadh fala,
'S àbhachd aig na fearaibh gleusda,
Chunna' mi, etc.

CEAD-DEIREANNACH

NAM BEANN.

BHA mi'n dé¹ m Beinn-dòrain,
'S na còir cha robh mi aineolach,
Chunna mi gleanntan
'S na beanntaichean a b'aithne dhomh ;
Be sin an sealladh éibhinn
Bhi 'g imeachd air na sléibhtibh,
'Nuair bhiodh a ghrian ag éiridh,
'Sa bhiodh na féidh a langanaich.

'S aobhach a ghrèidh ullach,
Nuair ghluaiseadh iad gu farumach,
'S na h-éildean air an fhuaran,
Bu chuannar na laoi ghallach ann ;
Na maoisichean 's an ruadh-bhuic,
Na coilich dhubh a's ruadha,
'S e'n ceòl bu bhinne chualas [aich.
'Nuair chluinnt' am fuaim 'sa chamhan-

'S togarach a dh' fhalbhainn
 Gu sealgairèvhch nam beallaichean,
 Dol 'mach a dhìreadh garbblaich,
 'S gu'm b'ana-moch tigh'nn gu baile mi ;
 An t-uisge glan san t-àile
 Thar mullach nam beann arda,
 Chuidich e gu fas mì ;
 'Se rinn domh slàinnt a's fallaineachd.

Fhuair mì greis am' àrach
 Air àiridhean a b' aithné dhomh,
 Rì cluiche, 's mire 's màran,
 An caoimheas blàth nan caileagan ;
 Bu chùis an aghaidh nàduir
 Gu'm maireadh sin an dràst ann,
 'S b' éigin bhì da'm fagail
 'Nuair thàinig tràth dhuinn dealachadh.

'Nis o'n bhuail an aois mi,
 Thuair mi gaoid a mhaireas domh,
 Rinn milleadh air mo dheudach,
 'S mo léirsinn air a dalladh orm,
 Cha'n urrainn mi bhì treubhach,
 Ged' a chuirinn feum air,
 'S ged' bhìodh 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
 Rì fear fiadhaich ceannartaich ;
 Ged' bu toigh leamh riamh iad,
 'S ged' fhaicinn air an t-sliabh iad,
 Cha téid mi 'nis ga'n iarraidh
 O'n chaill mi trian na h-analach.

Rì àm dol anns a bhùireadh,
 Bu dùrachdach a leanainn iad,
 'S bhìodh uair aig sluagh na dùthcha,
 Toirt òrain ùra 's rannachd dhaibh ;
 Greis eile mar rì càirdean,
 'Nuair bha sinn anns na Càmpan,
 Bu chridheil anns an àm sinn ;
 'S cha bhìodh an dràm oirnn annasach.

'Nuair bha mi 'n toiseach m' òige,
 'S i ghòraich a chum falamh mi ;
 'S e fortan tha cuir oirne
 Gach aon ni còir a' ghealladh dhuinn ;
 Ged' tha mi gann a stòras,
 Tha m' inntinn 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-gaoid a b'abhaist
 Bhì siubhal fasaich mar rium ann,
 'Sa bhein is leag a shaoil mi,
 Gu'n deanadh ise caochladh ;
 O'n tha i 'nis fo chaoirich,
 S 'ann thug an saoghal càr asam.

'Nuair sheall mi air gach taobh dhìom,
 Cha'n fhaodainn gun bhì smalanach.
 O'n theirig coil' a's fraoch ann,
 S na daoine bh'ann, cha mhaireann iad ;
 Cha'n 'eil fiadh r'a shealg ann,
 Cha'n 'eil eun no carb ann,
 'M beagan nach 'eil marbh dhiubh,
 '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 uasal rimheach, cheanalta,
 Na bhàrran a tha prìseil,
 'S na fàsaichean tha lionmhor,
 O's àit a leag mi dhìom iad,
 Gu bràth mo mhìle beannachd leo !

CUMHA CHOIRE-CHEATHAICHI.

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 ràdur,
 Na 'm biodh e mar a bha e,
 'Nuair dh' fhàg mi e nall ;
 Gunnaireachd a's làmhaich
 Spuir a s abhar ghaire,
 Chleachd bhì aig na h-àrmuinn
 A b'abhaist bhì sa' ghleann ;
 Rinn na fir ud fhàgail—
 'S Mac-Eoghainn f'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 féidh 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 sgil aig air an nàdur
 Ged' thàinig e ann :
 B' fhearr dha bhì mar b' àbhaist,
 Os ceann an t-soithich chàtha,
 'S làmban a bhì làn d'ì,
 Ga fàsadh 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 riamh dhut,
 Bhì trusa nan cearc biata,
 Gur tric a rinn iad siathnail,
 Le piannadh do lamh.
 Is iad na 'm baidnibh riabhach,
 Mu-amhaich 's ann ad' sgiathan,
 Bhiodh itealaich a's sgiabail
 Mu-fhiaclan san àm :
 Bu ghiobach thu ri riaghailt,
 Mu chidsin taighe 'n iarla,
 Gar nach b'e do mhiann
 Bhì cuir bhian air an stàing.

Ged' tha thu 'nis sa' bhràighe,
 Cha chòmpanach le càch thu,
 'S tha h-uile duine tàir ort
 O'n thàinig thu ann ;
 'S éigin dut am fàgail
 Nì 's measa na mar thàinig
 Cha taintinn thu ri 'n nàdur
 Le cnàmhan, 's le cainnt :
 Ged' fhaiceadh tu ghreidh uallach,
 'Nuair racha tu mun-cuairt daibh,
 Cha dean thu ach am fuadachadh
 Suas feadh nam beann ;
 Leis a ghunna nach robh buadhar,
 'S a mheirg air a toll cluaise,
 Cha 'n eirmis i na cruachan,
 An cuaille dubh cam.

Se 'n Coire chaidh an déis laimh,
 O'n tha e nis gu'n fhéidh ann,
 Gun duin' aig am beil spéis diubh,
 Nì feum air an cùl ;
 O'n tha iad gu'n fhear-gléidhte,
 Cha'n fhuirich iad r'a chéile,
 'S ann a ghabh iad an ratreuta
 Seach réidhlean nan lùb.
 Cha 'n 'eil pris an ruadh-bhuic,

An coille na air fuaran,
 Nach b' éigin da bhì gluasad
 Le ruaig feadh na dùthchì ;
 '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 crionadh
 Sios as an rùsg ;
 Na preasan a bha brioghar
 Na dosaibh tiugha lionmhor,
 Air seachda' mar gu'n spiont' iad
 A nìs as an ùir ;
 Na failleanan bu bhòiche,
 Na slatan a's na h-ògain,
 'S an t-àit am biodh an smèorach,
 Gu mòdhar a séinn ciùil ;
 Tha iad uil' air caochladh,
 Cha d' fhuirich fiodh no fraoch ann ;
 Tha mullach bharr gach craoibhe,
 'S am maor 'ga thoirt diù.

Tha uisge strath na díge,
 Na shruthbladh dubh gun sioladh
 Le barraig uaine liogh-ghlais
 Gu mì-bhlasda grandd ;
 Feur-lochain is tàchair
 An cinn an duileag-bhàite
 Cha 'n 'eil gnè tuille fàs
 Ann san àit' ud san àm ;
 Glumagan a chàthair,
 Na ghluigaibh domhain, sàmhach,
 Cho tingh ri sìghan càtha,
 'Na làthaich 's na phlám ;
 Sean bhùrn salach ruadhain
 Cha ghloinne ghrund na uachdar,
 Gur coslach ri muir ruaidh e,
 Na ruaimle feadh stanng.

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 lòm 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 eucoir
 An fheudail a chall ;

Cha lugha 'n t-aobhar mio-tlachd,
Am fear a chleachd bhì tiorail,
A' tearnadh a's a dìreadh
Ri frith nan damh seang.

Ach ma's duine de shliochd Phàdruig
A théid a nis do'n àite,
'S gu 'n cuir e as a làraich
An tàch'ran a th' ann ;
Bì'dh 'n coire mar a bha e,
Bì'dh laoigh is aigheìn dar ann,
Bì'dh daimh a dol san dàmhair,
Air fasach nam beann ;
Bì' buic s'na badainn blatha,
Na bric san abhainn làimh rin,
'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 bairlinn,
Sud thagail gun taing.

ORAN GAOIL.

A MHAIRI bhàn gur barrail thu,
'S gur barraicht' air gach seòl thu,
O'n thug mi gaol cho daingean dut,
'S mi t'fharraid anns gach codhail :
'S carbsach 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 gurr geinn' dheth fhéin 'ga thean-
nachadh

A spealtadh e 'na òrdaibh :”
'S mi 'n dùil, a réir na h-ealaidh sin,
Gur math leat mi bhì d' sheòrsa,
Nach tréig thu mi, 's gu 'm faig mi thu
Le bannaibh daingean phòsda.

'S e chum an raoir mi m' aireachadh
An spéis a ghabh mi òg dhiòt ;
Bha smaointean tric air m' airese
Mu'n ainuir is fhearr fòghlum :
Cha 'n 'eil cron r'a àireamh ort,
O' d' bhàrr gu sàil do bhròige,
Ach ciallach, fialaidh, fabharach,
Air fiamh a ghàir' an còmhnuidh.

'S do chùl daithe làn-mhaiseach
Mu'n cuairt a'd' bhràigh' an ordugh,
Air sniamh, mar theudan clàrsaiche,
Na fhàineachan glan nòsar :
Gu lùdh-dhonn, pleatach, sàr-chleach-
Gu dosach, fàsmhor, dòmhail, [dach,
Gu lùbach, dualach, bachlach, guairs-
Snasmhor, cauchach, òr-bhuidh, [geach,

Tha t-aghaidh nàrach bhanaìl,
Dà chaol mhala mar ite còin ort ;
Kosgan réidhe, fallaine
'S dà shùil ghorm, mhcallach, mhòthar :
Do ghruaidh mar chaorann meangainn,
A thug barrachd air na ròsan ;
Do dheud geal. dreachmhor, meachair,
'S do bheul, o'm binn thig òran. [grinn,

Tha do phòg mar ùbhlan gàraidh,
'S tha do bhràighe mar an neoinein ;
Do chiochan liontach, mulanach,
'S an sìod' g an cumail còmhnaid :
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 bìodh tu talach orm,
Gur ro-bheag leat mò stòras ;
'Bha dà-rud-dheug a' tarraim uam
Na thionail mi de phòrsan :
Bhiodh òl, a's féisd, a's banais ann ;
Bha ceòl, a's beus, a's ceannaichean,
N' fhéil, 's na gibhtean leannanachd,
An amaideachd 's an òige.

'S a nis nam faighinn mar' rium thu,
Cha leanainn air an t-seòl sin ;
Dheanainn àiteach fearainn,
A's crodh-bainne chur m'n chrò dhut ;
Mharbbainn 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-còlas,
S mi 'n dùil gur tu bu leannan domh,
'S nach mealladh tu mi m' dhòchas :
Ge d' bhiodh an bàs an caralbh dhomh
Gu'n bharaill ri tighe'n beò uathl [mhàlda
'S e dh'fhàgadh slàn mi n' ribhinn
Mairi bhàn o Lòch-lairig.

AN NIGHEAN DONN OG.

'S i nighean mo ghaoil
An nighean donn òg ;
Nam biodh tu ri m' thaobh,
Cha bhithinn fo' bhròn.

'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 bèò.
'S i nighean, etc.

'Nuair sheallas mi t-aodainn,
'S mi 'n coinneamh ri t-fhaotainn,
Gur math leam nam faodainn
Bhi daonann a'd' chòir.
'S i nighean, etc.

O'n a thug thu dhomh gealladh,
'S ann dutsa nach aithreach,
'S cha'n fhaic iad thu'n ath-bhliadhn'.
A'd' bhanaraich bhò.
'S i nighean, etc.

Cha téid thu do'n bhnaile,
A bhleothan cruidd ghuaillfhionn ;
Cha chuir thu ort cuaran,
'S gur uallach do bhròg.
'S i nighean, etc.

Cha'n fhòghnadh le m' chruineig,
A' bhurach no chuinneag,
'S cha chluinnear gu'n cumadh tu
Cuman a'd' dhòrn.
'S i nighean, etc.

Cha d' théid thu Bhad-odhar
A leigeadh nan gobhar,
'S minn bheag as an deodhaigh
'G an deothal mu'n chrò.
'S i nighean, etc.

Cha leig mi thu 'n fhireach
Thoir a' cruidd as an innis
Air eagal na gillean
Bhi sireadh do phòig
'S i nighean, etc.

Cha taobh thu duin'-uasal
'S cha'n aill leat am buachail,
'S cha'n fhearde fear-fuadainn
Bhi cruaidh air do thoir.
'S i nighean, etc.

Cha taobh i fear idir,
Air eagal mo trioblaid ;
'S cha tollich tè mise
Ach ise le deoin.
'S i nighean, etc.

S i ribhinn a bhaile,
Tha sir-thigh'n air m' aire,
Nam bitheadh i mar rium,
Cha dh' fharraid mi stòr.
'S i nighean, etc.

Bheir mis' thu Dhun-éideann
A dh'ionnsacha' beurla,
'S cha 'n fhàg mi thu t-éigin,
Ri spréidh an fhir-mhoir.
'S i nighean, etc.

A'nighean na gruaige,
Cha chreidinn ort tuailleas ;
O'n tharruinn mi suas riut,
Cha 'n fhuath leam do sheòl.
'S i nighean, etc.

'S e mheudaich mo ghaoil ort
Gu'n d' fhas thu cho aobhach,
'S gu'n leumadh tu daonnan
Cho aotrom 's na h-eoin.
'S i nighean, etc.

'S i 'n togarrach laghach
A thogainn mar roghainn,
Nam bithinn a' taghail
'S an taigh am bi 'n t-ol.
'S i nighean, etc.

Gu'm b' fhearrde daoin'-uaisle
'N àm thionnda' nan cuach thu,
A thoirt luinneagan-luaidh dhaibh
Mu'n euairt air an stòp.
'S i nighean, etc.

'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, etc.

'S tu fhreagrach gu h-inneallt
Am feadan 's an ribheid,
A sheinneadh gu fileanta,
Ruith-leumach ceòl.
'S i nighean, etc.

'S tu thogadh mo spiorad,
'Nuair a théid thu air mhìre,
Le d' cheileirean binne,
'S le grinneas do bhèil,
'S i nighean, etc.

Leis na gabh mi do cheisd ort,
Am madainn 's am feasgar,
Dheanainn riut cleasachd
A's beadradh gu leòir :
'S i nighean, etc.

Dheanainn riut furan
Am bliadhn' a's an uiridh ;
Bu docha nan t-uireasbhuidh,
Tuill' a's a' chòir.
'S i nighean, etc.

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 cumhnanta teann
'S le banntaibh daingean,
'S le snaim a dh'fhanas, nach tréig ;
'S e t' fhaotain air làmh
Le gràdh gach caraid
Kinn slàinte mhaireann a'm' chrè.

'Nuair bha mi gu tinn
'S mi 'n cinnseal leannain,
Gun chinnt cò theannadh rium féin,
'S ann a chunna' mi 'n òigh
Air bòrd taigh-leanna,
'S bu mhòthar 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 laoigh 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 ghaoil,
A's chluinneadh mo chluas
Am fuaim a bhithheadh
Aig luathas mo chridhe ri 'm thaobh.

Sin 'nuair chuir *Cupid*
An t-uldach a'm bhroilleach,
G'a shaighdean corranach caol,
A dhruidh air mo chuislean,
Chuir luchd air mo choluin,
Leis thuit mi ge b'oil leam a's dh'aom
Dh'innis mi sgeul
Do'n tè rinn m' acain,
Nach léigh a chaisgeadh mo ghaoid ;
'Se leighis gach creuchd
I fhéin le feartan
Theachd réidh a'm' ghlaicibh mar shaoil.

Bheirinn mo phòg
Do'n òg-mhnaoi shomult'
A dh-fhàs gu boinneanta, caoin,
Gu mìleant, còmhuard,
Seòcail, foinnidh,
Do chòmhradh gheibh mi gu saor.
Tha mi air sheòl
Gu leòir a'd' chomain,
A mhòid 'sa chuir thu gu faoin
De m' smaointean gòrach,
Pròis nam boireannach,
'S còir dhomh fuireach le h-aon.
Chaidh mi do'n choill'
An robh croinn a's gallain,
Bu bhoisgeil sealladh mu'n cuairt,
'S bha miann mo shùl
Do dh'fhiùran barruicht'
An dlù's nam meanganan shuas ;
Geng fo bhlàth
O bàrr gu talamh,
A lùb mi farasda nuas :
Bu duilich do chàch
Gu bhràth a gearradh,
'S e 'n dàn domh 'm faillean a bhuainn.

Shuidhich mi fion
Air fìor-uisg tana,
'S mi strì 'ga tharruinn air bruaich,
'S thug mi le sgrìob
Air tìr a ghealag,
S a lith mar eal' air a' chuan ;
'S toilicht' a dhfhàg

E'n là sin m' aigheadh,
 An roinn a bh'agam san uair ;
 B'i coimeas mo cheud mhna'
 Reull na maidne,
 Mo cheile cadail 's mi 'm shuain.

'S e b'fhasan leat riamb
 Bhi ciallach banail,
 Ri gnìomh, 's ri ceanal mnà-uails';
 Gu pàirteach, bàigheal,
 Blàth, gun choir,
 Gun ghìomh, gun ghoinne, gun chruas,
 Gu déirceach, daonntach,
 Faoilidh, farrasd',
 Ri daoine 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, suaire,
 'Nuair theannain riut dlù,
 Bu chùraidh t' anail

No ùbhlan 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 uair,
 Gu beulchair, gàireach,
 Aluinn, coineil,
 Gun chàs a thoille' dhut fuath ;
 Chuir i guin bhàis
 Fad ràith' am mhuineal

Dh'fhàg làn mi inhlad 'sa ghruaim,
 'Nuair thuig i mar bha,
 'Sa thàr mi 'n ulaidh,
 Ghrad spàr i 'm cunnart ud bhuam.

'S ann thog e mi 'm pris
 O'n tìm so 'n uiridh,
 An nì 'san urrainn a fhuair,
 'Sguab do'n ire
 Fhlor-ghloin chruineachd,
 An siol is urramaich buaidh ;
 Sin na chuir mi
 Co-rimheich umad,
 Bha t' inntinn bunailteach, buan :

Lionadh do sgiambachd
 Miann gach duine, [snuagh.
 An dreach, fiamh, an cumachd, 's an

Do chuach-fhalt bàn
 Air fàs cho barrail,
 'S a bhàrr làn chamag a's dhual ;
 T-aghaidh ghlan, mhàlda,
 Nàrach, bhanail,
 Do dhà chaol mhala gun ghruvim ;
 Sùil ghorm, lìontach,
 Mhin-rosg, mheallach,
 Gun dìth cur fal' ann ad' ghruadh,
 Deud gheal iobhraidh
 Dìonach, daingean,
 Beul bìdh nach canadh ach stuaim.

Shiùbhladh tu fàsach
 Airidh glinne
 'San àit an cinneadh an spréidh,
 G' am bleothan nu chrò,
 'S bhi chòir na h-innis,
 Laoigh òg a' mireadh 's a' leam ;
 Cha mhiosa do lamh
 'S tu làimh ri coinnil

No 'n seòmar soilleir ri gréin,
 A' fuaidheal 's a' fàitheam
 Bhann a's phionar,
 An àm chur grinnis air gréus.

Do chneas mar an éiteag
 Glè ghlan, fallain,
 Corp seang mar chanach an t-sléibh ;
 Do bhràigh co-mhìn,
 'S do chiochan corrach

S iad lìontach, solais le chéil :
 Gaoirdein tlà geal
 Làmh na h-ànnir,
 Caol mheoir, glac thana, bàs réidh ;
 Calpa deas ùr,
 Troigh dhlù 'm bròig chumair

Is lùghar innealta ceum.

'S ann fhuair mi bhean chaoin
 Aig taobh Mhàn-charraidh,
 'S a gaol a'm' mhealladh o'm chéill ;
 Bha cridhe dhomh saor,
 'Nuair dh'fhaod mi tharruinn,
 Cha b'fhaoin dhomh bharaill bhi d' réir
 'S ioma' fuil uasal,
 Uaibhreach, fharumach,
 Suas ri d' cheann-aghaidh fhéin,
 Gad' chumail am pris
 An Rìgh 's Mac-Cailein
 'S tu shìol nam fear a bha 'n Sléibht'.

'Nam faighinn an dràst
Do chàradh 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' dhòigh :
Cha toir mi gu bràth dhut
Drèandan teallaich
Mu'n àrdaich aileag do chléibh,
Ach rogha' gach màrain,
Gràdh a's furan,
Cho blàth 'sa b'urraim mo bheul.

Dheanainn dut ceann,
A's crann, a's t-earrach,
An àm chur ghearran an éill,
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-coin air bharran nan geug ;
'S cha bhí thu ri d' bheò
Gun seòl air aran,
'S mi chòmhnuidh far am bi féidh.

ORAN

DO LEANABH-ALTROM.

ISEABAL òg
An òr-fhuilte bhuidh,
Do ghruaidh mar ròs,
'S do phòg mar ubhal,
Do bheul dreachnìhor,
Meachair, grinn,
O'm faighte na h-òrain
Cheòl-mhor bhinn.

'S tu 's gloine 's cannaiche
Bhanaile snuadh,
Gur deirge na'n t suthag
An ruthadh tha d' ghruaidh.
Do mhìn rosg lìontach,
Siobhailt, suaire,
Gnùis mhàlda, nàrach,
Làn de stuaim.

'S e cosail na h-ainnir
An eal' air an t-snàmh,
Do chneas mar an canach
Co cheanalta thlà,

Do' chìochan corrach
Air bhroileach geal bàn,
Do bhàigh mar ghrian,
'S do bhian mar chnàmh.

Do chuach-fhalt bachallach,
Cas-bhuidh, dhù,
Gu h-amlagach, daite,
Làn chaisreag a's lùb,
'Na chiabhannaibh chleachdach
Am pleata' gu dù
Air sniamh gu léir
Mar theudan ciùil.

'S ioma' fuil uasal
Gun truille', gun tàir,
Tha togail 'na stuaidheanaibh
Suas ann ad' bhàrr,
Clann-Domhnuill a' chruadail
Fhuair buaigh anns gach blàr,
Gus an tàin' an là suarach
Thug bhuath' an deas làmh.

'S ban-Chaimbeulach dhìreach
Am ribhinn dheas òg,
Cha striochadh do dhìlsean
A luchd mì-ruin tha beo ;
'S gach ear tha dol dìots,
Ga d' shìr-chur am mòid,
'S thu theaglach an Iarla
Shliochd Dhiarmaid nan sròl.

Tha Cinncaidh do sheanamhar
Mòr ainmeil gu leòir,
Na Cama-shronaich mheamnach
Bu gharg air an tòir ;
'S iomadh àit anns' na dhearbh iad
Le fearra-ghleus an dòrn,
Bhì marbhtach le'n armachd
Air dearganaich Dheòrs'.

'S 'n ainneir bu taitnich'
A bh' ac' anns a n'ùr,
A thachair bhì agam
'Ga h-altrom le cìch ;
'Nuair a sheasas i fathast
Air faidhir àn rìgh,
Bìdh ioma' fear fearainn
A' faraid,—“ Co i ?”

Gruagach ghea', shomulta,
Shoilleir gu leòir,
'S i finealta, foinnidh,
Gun chroma', gun sgeòp ;

Calpa deas cosail,
A choisichéadh ròd,
Troigh chuimir, shocair
Nach dochuinn 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 meòir,
Bidh *ruffles* a's ribein
Air Iseabail òig.

O R A N D O ' N T - S E A N N

FHREICEADAN GHAEALACH.

DROCH Slàinnt' an Fhreiceadain,
'S àill leinn gun cheist i,
Si an fhàillte nach beag oirnn
Dhol deisal ar cléibh,
Cha'n fhàg sinn am feasd i,
O'n tha sinn cho dleasanach,
Do na h-àrmuinn bu sheirceile
Sheasadh an sreud ;
Na curraidhnean calma,
G'am buineadh bhi 'n Albainn,
Feadh mhonaimean garbhlaich
A' sealg air na feidh,
Fhuair mis' orra seanachas,
Nach mios' an cois fairg' iad,
Bhi'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 loingear làidir thug leis iad,
Nach saraicheadh beagan,
Muir a' garrach gun greasa'
'S i freagrachd dhaibh féin,
Chuir gach làmh mar bu deise,
Buill de'n chòrcaich bu treise,
Ri barr nan crann seasmhacha
Leth-taobh gach bréid,
'S 'g imeachd air chuaintibh,
'Nuair a dh'éirich gaoth tuath le,
B'ainmeil air luath's i,
'S i gluasad gu réidh,

'Nuair a chuir iad na h-àrmuinn
Air tir ann an Flànnhras,
'S iad fada bho'n pàirti,
'S o'n àiteachan féin,
Bha onoir nan Gàid
An earbsa r'an tàbhachd,
Bha sin mar a b' abhaist
Gun fhàillinn fo 'n ghrein
Tha urram an dràsd
Aig gach tir anns an d'fhas iad,
Le feobhas an àbhaist,,
An nàduir 'sam beus,
Bhi dileas d'an càirdcan,
Cur sìos air gach nàmhaid,
'S iomadh rìoghachd an d'fhag iad,
Fuil bhlat air an fheur.

'S là *Foutenoi*
Thug onoir gu leòir dhaibh,
'Nuair a chruinnich iad coladh,
'Sa thòisich an streup ;
Bu tartraich ar Coirneal,
Cur ghaisgeach an ordugh,
Na lasgairean òga,
Chaidh deònach na dhéigh,
Na gleachdairean còmhraig
Is fearr th'aig' Rìgh Deòrsa,
A fhuair fasan a's foghlum
A's eolas ga reir ,
'S dùil am bheil mise
'Nam rùsgadh na trioblaid,
Gun tugadh a fichead dhùu
Briseadh á ceud.

Fir aigeannach mheamnach,
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 glana,
Nach diùltadh dhaibh aingeal,
Spor ùr air an teannadh
Gu daingean nan gleus,
Gu cuinsearach, biodagach,
Fùdarach, miosarach,
Adharcach, miosail,
Gu misneachail treun.

Na spealpan gun athadh
A chleachd bhi ri sgathadh,
Nach seachnadh dol fhathasd

An rathad 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 bheud.

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 cairsach,
 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 leanmhainn
 Air leargainn an t-sléibh.

Sliochd fineachan uasal
 A gin o 'na tuathaich,
 'S an iomairt bu dual dhaibh
 Dol suas air gach ceum,
 Gach cās mar bu luaithe,
 'S gach laimh mar bu chruaidhe,
 'S an ardan an uachdar
 A' bualadh 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 lamhach nan gillean,
 'S le lannan geur biorach,
 Bhiodh an naimhdean air iomann
 A' silleadh nan creuchd.

Bu cliùtach na lasgairean
 Ura deas gasda,
 Miann sul iad ri'm faicinn
 Do gach neach leis an léir,
 Gach seol mar a chleachd iad,
 Le'n comhdacha dreachmhòr,

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, no éis.

'Nuair a thainig an trioblaid,
 'S i a *Dha-san-da-fhìthead*,¹
 Bha dàna le misneach,
 'S le mios orra fein,
 Bras, ardanach, fiosrach,
 Gun fhaillin, gun bhriseadh,
 'S cuid araidh ga'n gibhteann
 Bhi'n gliocas 's an ceill ;
 Tha talannan tric'
 Aig a phairt ud bithechionnt,
 S na h-uil' àit' anns an tig iad,
 No 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.

ORAN GHLINN-URCHIAIDH.

MU'N tig ceann bliadhna tuille,
 Cha bhi sinn uile 'n Tora-mhuilt :
 Théid sinn thar nam bealaichean,
 Do'n fhearann an robh 'n tìs :
 Far am beil ar dilsean,
 Ann san tìr am beil ar cuid ;
 'S an t-àit an còr dhuinn crìochnachadh
 'S an tiodhlaicear ar cuirp.

'S an Clachan-an-Diseirt,
 Bu ghrinn bhi ann an diugh,
 Suidhe 'n eaglais mhiorbhuileach,
 An *dasg* bu rimheach cur ;
 Ag'eisdeachd ris na dh'innseadh dhuinn,
 Am fear bu shìobhailt guth ;
 Is e toirt sgeu 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 siol an cur :

¹ 42nd Regiment,

Cinnidh arbhar craobhach ann
 Cho caoin gheal ris a ghruth,
 Gu reachdmhar, biadhchar, brioghar,
 Tròm, torach, liontach, tiuth.

Bu chridheil bhi sa' gheamhradh ann,
 Air bainnsean gheibhte spuir ;
 Fonn cheol réidh na piobaireachd,
 'S cha bhiodh sgìos mu sgar :
 Fuaim nan teud aig fìdheilrean,
 A sheinneadh sìos na cuir ;
 'S an luinneag féin aig nìonagan,
 Bu bhinne mhillse guth.

Gheibhte bradan fìor-uisg ann,
 A dìreadh ris gach sruth ;
 Eoin an t-sléibh gu lionmhor,
 'S na milltean coileach dubh ;
 Earba bheag an sgrìobain,
 Na nìinnein chrìon 's na buic,
 'S a ghleann am beil na fritheachan,
 'S na giùmanaich 'n am bun.

O'n a thàinig mi do'n fhearann so,
 Cha'n fhaigh mi pris an còin,
 '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 doire-chrò,
 Far am bi' na làn-daimh,
 Nì'n dàmhair ann sa cheò.

Mo shoraidh do Ghleann-urchaidh
 Nan tulchan glasa feòir,
 Far am beil na sealgairean,
 'S a fhuair iad ainm bhi còrr ;
 A dhìreadh ris na garbhlaichean,
 Am biodh greidh dhearg na's leòin
 'S bhiodh gillean 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 damhsa mar ri ceòl ;
 Cridhealas r'a chéile,
 'S na béin a bhi 'ga'n òl ;
 'S cha 'n fhaicte cùis 'na h-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 càmp.

'S tric a bha càmp Rìoghail ann,
 'S bu rimheach an luchd-dreuchd ;
 Trìp' nan sran-each lionmhor,
 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 suairce 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 cir.

'S mòr a tha do bhain-tighearnan
 A null 'sa nall an t-sràid,
 Gùntaichean de'n t-sìoda orr',
 Ga'n sliogadh ris a bhlàr ;
 Stòise air na h-ainnrean
 Ga'n teannachadh gu h-àrd.
 Buill mhais air eudainn bhòidheach,
 Mar thuilleadh sporsa dhaibh.

Na h-uile té mar thigeadh dh'i,
 Gu measail a' measg chàich,
 Uallach, rimheach', ribeanaeh,
 Cruinn, min-geal, giòbach, tlà
 Trusgan air na h-oigheanan,
 Ga'n còmhdachadh gu làr ;
 Bròg bhiorach, dhionach, chothromach,
 'S bu chorrach leam a sàil.

'Nuair chaidh mi staigh do'n Abailte
 Gu'm b'ait an sealiadh sùl
 Bhi 'g amharc air na dealbhanan
 Rìgh *Fearghas* anns air thù

A nis o'n rinn iad falbh uainn,
Tha Alba gun an Crùn :
'Se sin a dh'fhàg na garbh-chrìochan
'S an aimsir so à cùirt.

Bi lòchrainn ann de ghloineachan,
A's coinneal anns gach àit,
A meudachadh an soillearachd,
Gu sealladh a thoirt daibh :
Cha lagha 'n t-aobhar éibhneis,
Cluig-chinil ga'n éisdeachd ann,
S gur binne na chuach chéitein iad,
Le'n toragan éibhinn ard.

Bi farrum air na *coitseachan*,
Na'n trotan 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 *Parlamaid*
A chì mi thall an t-each,
Na sheasamh mar a b'àbhaist da,
Air lòm a chabhsair chlach :
Chuir iad srian a's diallaid air,
'S e'n Rìgh a tha n'a glaic,
Ga'n robh còir na rìoghachd so,
Ge d' dhìobair sad a mhac :¹

Tha taigh mòr na *Parlamaid*
Air ardachadh le tlachd,
Aig daoin-uailse ciallach,
Nach tug riamh 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-leigheus ann
Aig leighichean ri fenn,
A dheanadh slàn gach dochartas
A bhiodh 'n corp no'n crè ;
Aon duine bhiodh an eu-slainnte,
No'n freasdal ris an léigh,
Be sin an t-àite dleasannach,
Gu theasairginn o'n éug.

Tha Dun-éidean bòidheach
Air iomadh seòl na dha,

¹ King James VII. was the brother of Charles II., whose statue is here described.

Gu'n bhaile anns an rìoghachd so
Nach deanadh strìochda dha ;
A liuthad fear a dh'innis ann
A bheireadh cis de chàch,
Daoin' uaisle casg an iota,
A g' òl air fion na *Spainnt*.

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 taitniche
Na'n Abait a's am *Banc*,
Na taighean mòra rimheach,
'Am bu chòir an Rìgh bhì stad.

ORAN DUTHCHA.

LUIÑNEAG.

Hoirionn ò ho hi-ri-rio,
Hoirionn ò ho hi-ri-rio.
Hoirionn ò hi-ri-ò,
'S i mo dhùthaich a dh'fhàg mi.

Ged' a tha mi car tamaill,
A tàmh measg na Gallaidh,
Tha mo dhùthaich air n'aire,
'S cha mhath leam a h-àicheadh.
Hoirionn o ho, etc.

Ged' is éiginn dhuinn gabhail
Leis gach nì thig 'san rathad,
Gn'm b'fhearr na na srathan,
Bhì taghaich 'sa bhràidhe.
Hoirionn o ho, etc.

Ged' is còmhnaid na sràidean,
S mòr a b'fhearr bhì air àiridh,
Am frith nam Beann àrda,
'S nam fàsaichean blàtha.
Hoirionn o ho, etc.

Beurla chruaidh gach aon latha,
'N ar cluais o cheann ghrathainn,
'S e bu dual duinn o'r n-athair,
Bhì labhairt na Gàellig.
Hoirionn o ho, etc.

Ged' is cliùteach a Mhachair,
Le cùnnradh 's le fasan,
Be air dùrachd dol dachaigh,
'S bhì 'n taice r'ar càirdean :
Hoirionn o ho, etc.

Bhi 'n Clachan-an-Diseirt.
A faicinn air dillseann,
Gum b'ait leinn an tìr sin.
O'n a's i rinn air 'n àrach.
Hoirionn o ho, etc.

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, etc.

N àm suidhe 's taigh-òsda,
Gu luinneagach, ceolmhor
Bu bhinn ar cuid òran,
S bhi 'g-òl nan deoch-slàinte.
Hoirionn o ho, etc.

Luchd dhìreadh nan stùicean,
Le'n gunnathan dù-ghorm,
A loisgeadh am fudar,
Ri ùdlaiche làn-daimh.
Hoirionn o ho, etc.

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, etc.

Gu fiadhach a mhunaidh,
No dh' iasgach air buinne,
Anns gach gnìomh a nì duin
'S mòr urram nan Gàel.
Hoirionn o ho, etc.

ORAN

DO DH' IARLA BHRAID-ALBANN.

AIR FÓN—“ An Tailcar Acuinneach.”

DEOCH-slainnt' an Iarla
Cuir dian na'r caramh i,
'S mo gleibh sinn làn i,
Gu'm fàg sinn falamh i;
'Nuair thig i oirne
Gu'm bì 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 rls ann;
O'n dh'éirich slugh le
Gu feum 'sa chruadal,
A réir do dhualchais
Bì'dh buaidh a dh'ain-deoin leat.

Gur deas am fùtran
Air thùs nan gallan thu,
'S cha ghabh thu cùram
Ro ghnùis nan aineolach;
Led' chòmhlaibh ùra
'S thu 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 ghnìomha,
Bu dian 'sa charraid iad.

Ma thig na Frangaich
A nàll 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 éididh 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 rin.

'S i sin a garbh bhratach,
A dh' fhalbh o'n bhaile leinn,

'S iad fir Bhraid-Albann
Gu dearbh a leannas i,
Fir ùra, chalma,
A tha lughmor, meannach,
Ma dhùisgear fearg orra,
'S mairg a bheanas dhaibh.

Tha connsuinn 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.

Cuid eil' an phàirti,
Gu dàn le fearalachd,
Théid lionmhor, làidir
'S an àit a gheallas iad ;
Fir shunndach dhàicheil,
A grunn d Earr-Gàel,
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 fir 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 amaideach,
'S a mhisneach ard
Tha 'nar ceann, 's a dh'fhannas ann ;
Tha 'n Rìgh ag earbsadh
Gu'n dhol sinn argamaid,
Le strì na h-armailt
Mar dhearbh ar 'n-atraichean.

'Nuair thog iad sròl
'S na fir mhòra tarruinn ris,

'S o'n fhuait iad eòlas
Air fòghlum cabhagach.
Cha'n fhaicear cò-ladh
De ghaisgich òga,
Am feachd Rìgh Deòrsa.
Aon phòr thug barrachd orr'.

Tha'n Samhradh blàth ann
O'n dh'fhag an t-earrach sinn,
Ma ni sinn càmp
'S e bhios ann dhuinn fallaineachd :
Tha ni air gleanntaibh
Cha bhi sinn gann dhu,
'S ur lionmhor Gàll
Tha cuir aird air aran dhuinn.

'S e 'n togail inntinn
Cho grinn 'sa b'athne dhomh,
Bhi'n cùirt an Rìgh
Gu'n bhi stri ri sgagalachd ;
Cha dean sinn feòraich
'S cha teirig lòn dhuinn
Ra'r beò air Gearasdan.

IAIN CAIMBEUL A' BHANCA.

IAIN CHAIMBEUL a' bhanca,
Gu'm faicem thu slàn,
Fhir a chumail na dàimh,
'Gan buineadh bhì mòr :
Le d' chridhe fial, fearall,
A thug barrachd air càch,
An iomadaibh càs
A thuilleadh nan slògh.
Fhuair thu meas, nach 'eil bichiont'
A measg Bhreatuinneach,
Banc an òir bhì fo d' sgòd,
Ann an còir 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 fallalreacht féin
Gu farasda. fòil :
Air dhìollaid nàn cùrsan
Bu dùbailte sréin,
'S tu bhuidhneadh gach réis,
A shiubhladh an ròd.

Na h-eich bhearcasach, chalma,
 Bhiodh garbh, cumachdail,
 Is iad gu h-anmadail, meamnach,
 Le 'm falbh gurilleumach.
 Cruidheach, 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 chinn airgeid.
 Cruaidh, calma, nach lùb,
 Lann 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 bhi 'mach freagarach ;
 Fudar cruaidh, sgeilceara,
 'M feadan gle dhireach,
 A'd lamhan geal, mine,
 'S cuileabhar caol, gorm.

Bu cheannard air feachd thu,
 An am gaisgidh no feum,
 Fhìr mhisneachail, threim
 A b' fhiosrach 's gach seòl ;
 A fhuair fòglum, a's fasan,
 Is aiteas g'a réir,
 Tur pailte le céill
 A' cur aignidh am mòid.
 An am suidhe na cùrte,
 No dùbladh an t-seisein,
 An uchd bearraidh no binne,
 S i t-fhirinn a sheasadh :
 Deadh theang-fhear gu *deasput*,
 Bu fhreagarach cainnt,
 A bhuidheadh gach geall
 'S a chumadh a chòir.

'S e do shùgradh bha earailteach,
 Ceannalta, suaire,
 An am tional nan uaislean
 Mar riut a dh-òl ;
 Gu failteachail, furanach,
 A cuireadh a suas,
 Gach duine de'n t-sluagh,
 G'am-buineadh bhi d' choir :
 Na diùcan bu rimhiche,
 A chit' ann am Breatunn,

Is bu chompanach rìgh thu,
 Le firinn 's le teisteas,
 Fhìr ghreadhnaich bu sheirceile
 Sheasadh air bhlàr,
 Fo 'n deise bhiodh lan,
 De lastanan òir.

'S math thig dhut san fhasan,
 An ãd a's a ghruag,
 Air an deasachadh suas
 Am fasan an t-slòigh
 Gu camagach, daithte,
 Lan chaisreag a's chuach,
 Gu bachlach 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 uireasbhuidh,
 Amlagach, cleachdach,
 Cruinne cas-bhuidh tlà,
 Cho gasda ri barr,
 Th' air mac san Roinn-eòrp ;

'S i t-aghaidh ghlan, shoilleir,
 Bha caoineil ro suaire,
 Caol mhala gun ghruaim,
 Suil mheallach bu bhòidhch' ;
 Gnùis áillidh mar chanach,
 Bu cheanalta, snuagh,
 Mìn, cannach, do ghruaidh,
 Mar bharra nan ròs.
 Cha 'n 'eil àilleachd air càch,
 Nach tug pairt urram dhut ;
 Foinnidh, finéalta, dìreach,
 Deas fir chumachdail,
 Calpa chruinn, cothromach,
 Corrach, gu d' shàil,
 Gun chron ort a' fàs,
 O mhulach gu bròig.

Do smaointeana glìce,
 Le misnich 's le céill,
 Do thuigse ghlan, gheur,
 'S deagh thuiteamas beoil ;
 Gun tuirsneadh, gun bhrìsteadh,
 Gun trioblaid, fo'n gréin,
 A b' fhiosrach mi féin,
 Is misd thu bhi b' chòir.
 'S ioma gibht' a tha 'nis,
 Lìonmhor tric minig ort,
 Iuil a's fios, mùirn a's mios,
 Flùr a' measg finnich thu,

An uaisle le spiorad,
Air mhìreadh a' d' chàil,
'S tu iriosal, baigheil,
Cinneadail, eòir.

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 glòin, canachan,
Coinnleircean airgeid,
'S dreòs dheàlrach o chéir,
Feadh t-aitreamh gu léir,
'S iad pailte gu leòir.

B'e do mhiann a luchd ealaidh,
Piob sgalanta, chruaidh,
Le caithream cho luath,
'S a ghearradh nà 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 dlù ruith-leumach,
Feadain lom, chruinne, dhonn,
Thogadh fonn mireanach,
Clàrsach le grinneas,
Bu bhinn-fhaclach 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;
Dìuc Earraghalach ainmeil,
Ceann armail' nam buagh,
Leis na dhearbhadh làmh chruaidh,
Is ris an d'earbadh gu leòir:
An t-larla clùiteach g'an dùthchas
Bhi 'n Tùr Bhealaich,
A chuir an ruaig le chuid sluaigh,
Air na fuar Ghallaich;

Mòrair Loudon nan seang-each,
Ard sheanalair càimpe,
Fhuair urram comann,
Far na bhuidhin na seòid,

Tha iomadh càs eile
Nach cèilinn san uair,
Tha tarruinn ort buaidh,
A mhaireas ri d' bheò;
Fuil riòghail air lasadh
Amach-ann ad' ghruaidh,
Cuir t-aigheadh a suas
Le àiteas ro-mhòr;
Tha bunntam a's léirsinn,
Gu léir ann ad' phearsa,
Fhìr shunntaich na féile,
Sgeul éibhinn a b' àit leam,
Na 'm faicinn a'màireach
Le àbhachd 's le mùirn,
Bhi d' chàradh fo 'n chrùn
An àite rìgh Deòrs'.

C U M H A D H I A R L A

BHRAID-ALBANN.

'S TRUAGH r'a éisdeachd an sgeul
Fhuair mi féin tuille 's luath;
Rinn an t-éug ceann na céille
'S nam beus a thoirt uainn:
Cha'n 'eil léigh tha fo 'n ghréin,
Dheanadh feum dhut 's an uair:
'S bohd a'd' dhéigh sinn gu léir,
'S cha 'n'eil feum bhi 'ga luaidh.

Tha do chairdean làidir, liomhor
Anns gach tìr a tha mu'n cuairt;
So na dh-fhàg an aigheadh iosal,
Do chorp priseil bhi 'san uaigh:
Is iad mar loingear gun bhi dìonach,
Fad o thìr air druim a' chuain:
'S tusa b'urrainn 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' dhaoin' 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 falamh
 Bha le h-ainnis air dhroch shnuagh,
 Seann daoine 's bantraichean fanna
 Bha faotainn beathachaidh uair:
 'S ann bu truaigh a' ghaoir a bh'aca,
 'S deòir gu frasach air an gruidh,
 Caoineadh cruaidh, a's bualadh bhasan,
 'S bhi toirt pairt de 'm falt a nuas.

'S muladach an nochd do dhùthaich,
 'S dubhach tùrsach tha do shluagh;
 Cha 'n iognadh sin, 's mòr an diùbhal
 Antionndadh sothigh'n oirnn cho luath.
 Am fear a b'abhaist bhi le dùrachd
 Gabbail cùram dhiubh gach uair,
 Dh'fhàg iad 'na laidhe 'san ùir e
 Far nach dùisg e gu Là-luain.

'S ann an tràthaibh na Feill-brìde
 Thàinig crìoch air saoidh nam buadh.
 'S lòm a thug an t-eug an sgrìob oirnn,
 Och! mo dhìth cha deic a luath's,
 Bhuail an gath air flàth na firinn
 Bha 'gar dìonadh o gach cruas:
 'S goirid leinn do ré 'san àite,
 Ged' their càch gu'n robh thu buan.

Cha do sheall thu riamh gu h-ìosal
 Air ni chuireadh sìos an tuath:
 Bu chùl-taic dhaibh anns gach àit thu,
 'S tu bha ghnàth 'gan cumail suas.
 Cha bu mhiann leat togail ùlaimh;
 Sin a' chòis d'n tug thu fuath:
 Bha thu faotainn gaol gach duine.
 'S ghléidh thu'n t-urram sin a fhuair.

Bha thu léirsinneach le suaiceas;
 Dh-fhàs a' d' chòm an uaisle mhor;
 Ciall a's misneach mar ri cruadal,
 Fhuair thu 'n dualchas sin o d' sheòrs'.
 Bha thu fiosrach, glie, neo-luaineach;
 Bha t-intinn buan anns a' chòir.
 O'n a thog iad air ghiùlan sluaigh thu,
 'S aobhar sin a luathaich deòir.

Chan'eil aobneas ann am Bealach,
 Chan'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 mhachair air mhùthadh seòil,
 'N àit an éididh sin a chieachd thu,
 Ciste, 's léine 's brat de'n t-sròl.

'Nam bu daoine bheireadh dhinn thu,
 D'éireadh milltean air an tòir,
 O bheul Tatha gu Lathuirn-lochdrach,
 Sin fo chis dut agus còr;
 Far an d'fhàs na gallain fhìor-ghlan,
 A's iad lìonmhor ann gu leòir,
 A rachadh togarrach gud' dhìoladh,
 Nach obadh dol sìos le deòin.

'S ann tha chùis ni's fearr mar tha i,
 Dòchas làidir thu bhì beo
 Am measg nan aingeal a tha 'm Phàrras,
 Ann an gàirdeachas ro-mhòr:
 Gur e 'n Ti a ghlac air làimh thu,
 'Thug 'san àite sin dhut còir
 Air oighreachd is fearr na dh'fhàg thu,
 'An àros àghmhor Rìgh na glòir.

Ged' tha 'm fear a thig a' t-àite
 Thall an tràths' tharr chuainteann mòr,
 Guidheam dlù gu'n tig e sàbhailt
 (Soirbheis àrd ri cùl gach seòil)
 A dh' fhaotainn seilbh air an t-saibhreas,
 'S air an oighreachd sin bu chòir:
 A ghabhail cùram ga chuid fearainn,
 'S ga chuid daoine sean a's òg.

CUMHIA' CHAILEIN

GHLINN-IUBHAIR.

SMAOINTÈAN truagh a th'air m'aigne,
 Dh' fhàg orm smuàirean, a's airsneul,
 An àm gluasad am leabaidh,
 Gha chadal ach dùisg;
 Tha mo ghruaighean air scaeadh,
 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 putar luehd mì-ruin,
 Mo sgeul dubhach r'a innseadh
 Thu bhì d' shineadh 'san ùir;
 'S truagh gach duine de d' dhilsean,
 O'n a chaidh do chorp prìseil,
 An ciste chuthainn, chaòil, dhìonaich,
 'S ann an lìon-anart ùr.

B'e sinn an corp àluinn,
 'Nuair bha thu roimhe so d' shláiante,
 Gun chion cumachd no fàs ort,
 Gu foinnidh, dàicheil deas ùr;

Suairce, foisin-neach, failt teach,
 Uasal, iorsal bàidheil,
 Caoimhneil, cinneadail, càirdeil,
 Gun chron r'a ràit' air a chùl ;
 Làn do ghliòcas, 's do léirsinn,
 Gu dana, misneachail, treubhach,
 Gach àit an sirte gu feum thu,
 'S ann leat a dh'èireadh gach cùis :
 B'e do choimeas an drèagan,
 No in 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 mi,
 'S gun do thaic a bhi làimh riut,
 'Nuair ghabh iad fàth ort o d' chùl,
 Air do thaobh 's thu gun chomhradh,
 S'an àm 'n do chaochail an deò bhuat,
 T-fhuil chraobhach, dhearg, 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 tròcair a dhùil.

B'e 'n cridhe gun tioma, gun déisein,
 Gun adh, gun chinneas, gun cheutaidh,
 A chuir lamh a'd' mhilleadh gun reusan,
 Le cion céill' agus tuir ;
 'S e glac mar chomharl' an eucoir,
 'S boed an gnothaich mar dh'èirich,
 Dh-fhàg e sinne fo eu-slainnt,
 Is e féin 'na fhear-ciùrn ;
 'S ge nach sùmhach 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 charadh an tasgaidh,
 An àite cadail nach dùisg.

'S e do chadal gu siorruidh,
 A dh'fhàg m' aigne cho tiomhaidh,
 'S tric smaointeana diomhain ;
 A tigh'n gu dian orm as ùr,
 'S tròm a dh'fhàs orm an iargainn,
 Is goirte tàrsa nam fiabhras,

Mo chomh-alt àluinn, deas, ciatach,
 An deigh's a riabadh gu dlù ;
 Mìle mallachd do'n làimh sin,
 A ghabh cothrom 's fàth ort,
 A thug an comas do'n làmhach,
 'Nuair chuir e 'n spàinteach r'a shùil ;
 Sgeula soilleir a b' àil leam,
 Gu'n cluinnt' am follais aig càch,
 E bhi dol ri crommaig le fàradh,
 Gus am miosa dhà-sa na dhuinn.

Ge b'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 bhi gu h-olc dhut,
 'S gu'n a chridh' aig aodainn a nochadh,
 'S ann a thain' e sàmbaeh mu'n chnocan,
 'S a ghabh ort socair o d' chùl.
 'S e mo dhùibhail a thachair,
 An àm do'n fhùdar ud lasadh,
 Nach robh ad' chàirdean an taic riut,
 Na bheireadh aicheamhail diubh ;
 'S a liuthad fiuran deas, tlachdmhor,
 Nach gabhadh cùram ro' bhagra,
 A chuireadh smùid ris an Apuinn,
 A chionn gu'm faicadh iad thu.

'S tròm a phaigh sinn an lobairt,
 A chuir ar nàmhaid a dhìth oirnn,
 Ged' tha 'n aichmhail gu'n dioladh,
 Thig fhathasd lìontan mu'n chùis,
 Chuireas càch an staid iosail,
 Air son an àilleagaiu phriseil,
 Bh' ann san àite mar fhrean,
 A chleachd firinn 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 fineachan laidir,
 Bu mbath a gabhail do phàirt,
 An rìgh a's diùc Earraghàel,
 Nach fhaicadh failinn a'd' ehùis ;
 Iarla dligheach Bhraid-Albann,
 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,
Nalaoich bhuidhneach, mhòr, mheamnach
Le'n lanna ceann-bheartach, cùil ;
Mac-Dhomhnuil duibh, 's Cloinn-
Chamroin.

S gu leòir a thighearna ainmeil ;
S fhad o'n chuala sinn seachas,
Gu'n do dhearb iad an cliù.

S ghabh thu àite le ordugh,
Air pairt do Shrath-locha,
'S cha b' ann air ghaol stòrais,
'Na los am pòrsan thoirt diùbh ;
Ach a sheasamb 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 faoineachd,
Gun robh t-aire-sa daonnan,
Bhì sgainneart nan daoin ud,
'Na 'n leigeadh sgaoilteach air chùil ;
Chite fhathasd a chaochladh,
N'am faighe tu saoghal,
Gur e bhì taruinn luchd gaol ort,
As gach taobh, a bha d' rùn.

Bu tu cridhe na féile,
Dh' fhàs gu tighearnail, ceutach.
An làthair brìtheamh Dhun-éideann,
'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'èug a céilidh deas, ùr ;
Fhuair mi 'n seallochd nach b'eibhinn,
An uaigh mu d' choinneamh 'ga réiteach,
'S truagh gach commun thug spéis dhut,
O'n chaidh tu féin anns an ùir,
'S gun dùil a nis ri thu dh-éiridh,
'S e dh'fhàg mise fo eu-slainnt,
Bhì 'n diugh ag' innseadh do bheusan,
'S nach tig thu dh-éisdeachd mo chliù.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDII.

'NUAIR thig an Sàmhra' geugach oirn,
Théid siann nan speur o'n ghruamaiche,
Thig thus a's blàs a's aoibhneas—
Théid gach ni g'a réir am buadhalachd.

Thig feart le neart an gréin' oirn,
Ni 'n saoghal gu léir a chuartaichadh ;
Thig teas o slios 'nuair dh'éireas i
Ni feum, 's cha tréigear uainne e.

Bidh pòr ann an tìr ghràiseirean,
Chur sil ann san tìm ghnàthaichte ;
A' toirt bridh as an ùir nàdurra,
O'n bhlàr g'a bhàrr a ghluaiseas e :
Gu reachdmhor, breac, neo- fhàillineach,
Trom-chuinleanach, garbh-ghràinean-
Gu diasach, riabhach, caileanach, [ach,
Gu biadhchar, làn, 'nuair bhuainear e.

'S glan fàileadh nan geug liobhara,
Mu ghàradh nan seud lìonmhora.
Am biodh àileagain glé riomhacha
Le blath's a' sir chur snuadh orra ;
Gu h-ùbhlach, peurach, figiseach,
Glan, brioghmhor, diomhair, guamais-
Gach sràid is àillidh grineachan, [each
Mar Phéalas rìgh r'an cuartaichadh.

'S ro-ghreannagach gleann fìor-mhonaidh,
Cur òmhaigh ghriinn an uachdar air ;
Gach lus le bhàrr cho mhìor-ailteach,
A' fàs fo mhìle snaicheantas ;
Gu duilleach, lurach, dìtheanach,
Glan rìmhèach, lìonmhor, cuaicheanach,
Gu ròpach, dosach, mìsleanach,
Gu millteachail, mìn uain-nealach.

Bì'dh fonn air gach neach nàdurra,
Bhiodh sealltainn gach ni gnàthaichte,
Am blàr lom a' cur dreach fàsaich air,
Gach là cur stràc neo-thruaillidh air,
Gu molach, torach blàth-mhaiseach,
'S na craobhan làn de chruasachdan
Gu h-ùrur, du'-ghorm, àileanta,
Le frasan blàtha, bruaidleanach.

Bì'dh gach frùth gu lìonntach, feurach !
'S théid na féidh 'nan éideadh suaich-
eanta,
Gu h-ullach, binneach, ceumannach,
Grad-leumanach, bior chluaiseanach ;
Gu cròcach, cabrach, còir-ghéalach,
Gu manngach, eangach, éildeagach,
'Gan grianadh sa' mhios chèiteanach,
Air slios an t-sléibh mu'n cuartaich iad.

Bì'dh laogh ri taobh gach aighe dhiubh,
'Nan laldhe mar is còir dhaibh ; bì'dh

Gach damh a's manng cho aighearach,
 'Nuair thig Fìll leathain ròid orra :
 Bu tuille lòn a's saoghail,
 Do gach neach a ghabhadh gaol orra,
 Bhì tric ag amharc caol orra
 'S a 'g éisdeachd gaoin an crònaich.

Bi'dh maoisleach a chinn ghuaich,
 A cur dreach a's snuadh a's tuar oirre,
 'S i tilgeadh cuilg a' gheambraidh
 A chuir gurt a's greann a's fuachd oirre:
 O'n thàinig blàthas an t-Sàmhraidh oirnn,
 Cuiridh si màntal ruadh oirre,
 S tha inntinn ghrinn g'a rèir aice,
 Gu fallain, fèitheach, fuasgailteach.

Bi'dh am minnein ùrar meanbh-bhallach;
 Gros tioram air a ghnùis bu sgeinmeile;
 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'-chuileag,
 Gu sgrideil, gibeach, gearra-mhasach,
 An sliochd 'g an ainm na ruadhagan.

Bi'dh gach creutair fàillineach,
 A bha greis an càs na fuaralachd,
 A togaill an cinn gu h-àbhachdach,
 O'n a thàinig blàth's le buaidh orra :
 Na h-coin sa' phong a b'abhaist daibh,
 Gu ceolmhar, fonnmhor, fàilteachail,
 Feadh phreas a's thòm ri gà, deachas,
 Gun chàs a dh'fhàgadh truailidh iad.

'S neo-thruaillidh am pòr lionmhor ud,
 'S gur spéiseil grinn a ghluàiseas iad ;
 Le'm beus a 'seinn mar fhileirean,
 Gur h-aoibhinn binn ri m' chlus an iad ;
 'S glan luinneagach, fìor-inntinneach,
 A' chanain chinn thig uatha-san ;
 'S iad gobach, sgiathach, cireineach
 Gu h-iteach, dìonach, cluaineiseach.

Bi'dh an coileach le thorman tùchanach,
 Air chnocanaibh gorm a dùrdanaich,
 Puirt fhileanta, cheolmhor, shiublacha,
 Le ribheid dlù chur seòl orra ;
 Gob crom nam pongan lùgh'ora,
 'S a chneas le dreach air a dhùblachadh,
 Gu slios dubh, girt-gheal, ùr-bhallach,
 'S dà chire a sùgradh bòidheach ris.

Thig a chuthag sa' mhios chéiein oirn,
 'S bidh riabhag 'na seuchdan còmhladh
 ri,

'S an dreachan a gleusadh sheannsairean
 Air a ghéig is aifd a mhòthaicheas e.
 Bidh chòill' gu léir 's na gleanntaichean,
 Air chrathadh le h-aoibneas canntair-
 eachd,

Aig fuaim a chunail cheannsalaich,
 Feadh phreas, a's chrann, a's òganan.

Na doireachean coill' bu dìomhaire,
 'S na croinn mu'n iadh na smeoraichean
 Theid gach craobh an ciataichead,
 Bi'dh caochladh fiamh a's neòil orra ;
 Gu meanganach, dìreach sniomhanach,
 Théid cridhe nam friamh an sòghair-
 Le trusgan ùr g'a mhiadachadh, [eachd,
 Bar-gùc air mhiaraih nòsara.

Bi'dh am beatha gu cuisleach, fùranach,
 Gu faileanach, slatach, ùr-fhasach :
 Thig snothach fo 'n chairt a's druiscalachd,
 Bidh duilleach a's rùsg mar chòmhdach
 ai ;

Le bruthainn thèid brìgh na duslain ann
 Am barrach dlù nan òganan'
 Gu plùiréineach, caoin, maoth-bhlasda,
 Mo roghainn de shnaoisean sròine e.

'S a bhìolaire luidneach, sliom-chluasach,
 Ghlas, chruinn-cheannach, chaoiu,
 ghormneulach,

Is i fàs glan, uchd ard, gilmeineach,
 Fo bàrr-geal, iomlan, sònraichte ;
 Air ghlaic, bu taitneach cearmonta,
 Le seamragan 's le neòineanan ;

'S gach lus a dh'fhendain ainmeachaidh,
 Cuir anbarra dhreach bòichead air.

Gur badanach, caoineil, m'leanta,
 Cruinn, mopach, mìnchruth, mongoin-
 each.

Fraoch groganach, dù'-dhonn, gris-dearg,
 Bàrr cluigeanaich, sinnteach, gorm-
 bhileach ;

Gu dosach, gasach, uain-neulach,
 Gu cluthor, cluaineach, tolmagach ;

'S a mhil 'na fìdar gruaige dha,
 'Ga chumail suas an spòrsalachd.

'S i gruag an deataich rìmhich i,
 'S mòr a brìgh 's is lionmhor buaidh
 oirre,

Céir-bheach nan sgeap a cinntinn oirr',
 Seillein breac feadh tuim 'ga chruasachd
 Gu cianail, tiamhaidh, srann aige, [sud ;
 Air bhàrr aam meas a' dranndanaich,

Bhiodh miann bhàn-òg a's bhain-tigh-earnan
Na fhardalch ghreannar, ghuamaisich.

Is é gu striteach, riabhach, ciar-cheannach,
Breac, buidh, stiallach, srian-bhallach.
Gobach, dubhanach, riasgach, iargalta,
Ri gnìomh gu dian mar thuathanach ;
Gu surdail, grunn-dail, dianadach,
Neo-dhiomhanach 'na uaireanan ;
'S e fàile lusan fiadhaiche
Bhì's aige bhìadh 'sa thuarasdal.

Gach tàin is àirde chruinnicheas
Do'n àiridh uile ghluaiseas iad ;
Thig bliochd a's dàir gun uireasbhuidh,
Craobh àrd air cuman gruagaiche ;
Na h-aighean is òige làidire,
Nach d'fhiosraich tràth na buaraichean ;
Bì'dh luinneag aig rìbhinn chùl-duinn
dhaibh,
'Gum briodal cùin le duanagan.

'S fìor ionmhuinn mu thràth neòine
Na laoigh òga chòir na buaile sin,
Gu tarra-gheal, ball-bhreac, bòtainneach,
Sgiùthach, druim-fhionn' sroin-fhionn,
guaillinneach ;
Is iad gu lith-dhonn, ciar-dhubh, càraid-each,
Buidh, gris-fhionn, crà'-dhearg, suaich-lonta,
Seang, slìos'ra dìreach sàr-chumpach,
Cas, bachlach, bàrr an suaniche.

Bì'dh foirm a's colg air creatairean,
Gustoir, meil, gleust' gath-nuadhachadh ;
Le forgan torchuirt feudalach,
An treud, 's an spréidh, 's am buachaille :
An gleann, barrach, bileach, réidhleanach,
Creamh, rainneach, réisg a's luachair-each,
'Secain, cannach, ceutach, mìn chruthach,
Fìreach, sléibhteach, feurach, fuanach.

Bì'dh mionntain, camonhìl, 's sòghraichéan,
Géur bhileach, lònach, luasganach,
Cathair thalmhanta, 's carbhinn chròc-cheannach,
Gharg, amlach, ròmach, chluas-bhior-
Suthan-làir, 's fàile ghròiseidean : [ach,
Làn lìlidh' 's ròsa cuacheanach,
Is clann-hheag a trusa leòlaichean,
Buaig chòrr an còs nam bruchagan.

Bì'dh 'm blàr fo stràchd le ùraireachd,
Oidhch iuchair bhruinneach, cheò-bànach,
Gach sràbh 'sa bàr air lùhadh orra
Le cudthrom an drùichd 's le lòdalachd ;
'Na phaideirean lionmor, cùirneineach,
Gu briogmhor, sùghmhor sòlasach,
Cuiridh ghrian gu dian 'na smùldean e,
Le fiamh a gnùis 's an òg-mhadainn.
'Nuair a dhearsas a gnùis bhaoisgeil,
Gu fial, flathail fiamh, geal, caoineil oirnn,
Thig mathas a's gnìomh ie sàibhireachd,
Chair loinn air an Roinn-eòrpa so ;
Le aobneas gréine soilleachadh,
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 FONN—"Sean' Triuthais Uilleachan."

'So tha na briogais liath-glas
Am bliadhna cuir mulaid oirnn,
'S e'n rud nach fhacas riamh oirnn,
'S nach miann leinn a chumail oirnn ;
'S na'm bitheamaid uile dileas
Do'n rìgh bha toirt cuireadh dhuinn,
Cha'n fhaicte sin gu dilinn,
A strìochda do'n chulaidh so.

'S o'lc an seòl duinn, am Prionns òg
A bhì fo mhòran duilichinn,
A's Rìgh Deòrsa a bhì chòmhnaidh,
Far 'm bu chòir dha tuineachas ;
Tha luchd-eòlas a toirt sgeòil duinn
Nach robh còir air Lunnainn aige,
'S e Hanòbhar an robh sheòrsa,
'S coigreach oirnn an duine sin—
'S e'n Rìgh sin nach buineadh dhuinn,
Rinn dì-mheas na dunach oirnn,
Mu'n ceannsaich e buileach sinn,
B' e'n t-àm dol a chumasg ris ;
Na rinn e oirnn a dh' ann-tlache,
A mhì-thlachd, a's a dh' àimhreit,
Air n-eudach thoirt gu'n tàing dhinn,
Le ain-neart a chumail ruinn.
'So tha na briogais, etc.

A's ò'n chuir sinn suas a bhriogais,
Gur neo-mhiosail leinn a ehulaidh ud,
Ga'n teanadh ma na h-ìosganann,

Gur trioblaideach leinn umainn iad ;
 'S bha sinn roimhe misneachail,
 'S na breacain fo na criosan oirnn,
 Ged' tha sinn am bichiontas
 A nis a' cuir nan sumag oirnn :
 'S air leam gur h-olc an duais
 Do na daoine chaidh 'sa chruadal,
 An eudaichean thoirt uapa
 Ge do bhuadhnuich Diuc Uilleam leo :
 Cha'n fhaod sinn bhì suigeartach,
 O'n chaochail ar culaidh sinn,
 Cha'n aithnich sinn a chéile
 La-féile no cruinneachaidh.
 'So tha na briogais, etc.

'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 deanamb tús deth,
 Cha d'rinn mi bonn sùlas
 Ris an deise nach robh dàimheil
 Do'n phàirti gu'm buinnin-sa ;
 'S neo-sheannsar a chulaidh i,
 Gur grannda leinn umainn i
 Cho teann air a cumadh dhuinn,
 'S nach h'fheairde leinn tuilleadh i ;
 Bidh putanan na glùinean,
 A's bucalan ga'n dùnadh,
 'S a bhriogais air a dùbladh,
 Mu chùl-thaobh a h-uile fir.
 'So tha na briogais, etc.

Gheibh sinn adan ciar-dhubh,
 Chur dian air ar mullaichean,
 A's casagan cho shliogta,
 'S a mhinicheadh muillean 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 ruinn,
 A choiseachd nan gleann-fasaich,
 'Nuair a rachamaid do dh' àiridh,
 No dh' àit 'm biodh cruinneagan :
 Se Deòrs' a rinn an encoir,
 'S ro dhlombach tha mi féin deth,
 O'n thug e dhinn ar n' éideadh,
 'S gach eudach a bhuneadh dhuint.
 'So tha na briogais, etc.

'S bha h-uile h-aon de'n Phàrlamaid
 Fallsail le'm fiosrachadh,
 Nuair chuir iad air na Caimbeulach

Teandach nam briogaisean ;
 'S gu'r h-iaid a rinn am feum dhaibh
 A bhliadh'n a thàin' an stréupag,
 A h-uile h-aon diubh dh' éiridh
 Gu léir 'am *Mhìsì* 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' fheudadh e,
 Shaoileadh e chuir mulaid oirnn.
 'So tha na briogais, etc.

'S ann a nis tha fios againn
 An t-ìochd a rinn Diuc Uilleam ruinn,
 'Nuair a dh' fhàg e sinn mar phriosan-
 aich,
 Gun bhiodagan, gun ghunnachan,
 Gun chlaidhe, gun chrios tarsuinn oirnn.
 Cha'n fhaigh sinn pris nan dagachan ;
 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 fheaird iad gu'n bhuithinn e ;
 Na'n tigeadh oirne TEARLACH,
 'S gu'n éireamaid 'na chàmpa,
 Gheibhte breacain chàrmeit,
 'S bhiodh aird air na Gunnachan.
 'So tha na briogais, etc.

O R A N D O 'N E I D E A D H I GHAELACH.

FHUAIR mi naidheachd as ùr,
 Tha taitinn ri rùn mo cridh
 Gu fàigheamaid fasan na dùthch
 A chleachd sinn an tús ar tin.
 O'n tha sinn le glaineachan làn,
 A' bruidhinn air màran binn,
 So i deoch-slàinte Mhontrois,
 A sheasamh a chòir so dhuinn,

Chunna' mi 'n diugh an Dun-éideann,
 Comunn na féile cruinn,
 Litir an fhortain thug sgeul,
 Air toiseach an éibhnis dhuint.
 Pìob gu loinneil an gleus,
 Air soilleireachd réidh an tuim ;

Thug sinn am follais a' 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 cleòc,
'S cha bhùineadh an seòrs' ud
dhuinn :

Buacail a' dùnadh ar bròg,
'S e 'm barr-iall bu bhòiche leinn ;
Rinn an droch fhasan a bh'oirnn',
Na bodaich d'ar 'n òigridh ghrinn.

Mhill e pàirt d'ar cumachd
O'n bhlàr, 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 ri'm linn,
'Nuair a rinn pàirti Lunnainn,
Gach àit a's urram thoirt dhinn.

'S fhada bha 'n onair air chail,
Is fasan nan Gàll oirnn dlù,
Còta ruigeadh an t-sàil,
Cha tigeadh e dàicheil dhuinn ;
B'èigin do'n bhrigis bhì ann,
'Nuair a chaidh ar comann cho
ciùin

'S gu'n h'rinneadh gach finne nan tràill,
'S gach fireannach fhàgail rùisgt'.

Tha sin anis mar as math leinn,
'S gur h-àrd ar caraid 'sa chùirt,
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 dlighe air ais dhuinn,
Le ceartas an rìgh 'sa chrùin.

Fhuair e dhuinn comas nan arm.
A dheanamh dhuinn sealg nan stùc,
'S a ghleidheadh ar daoine 'sa chàmp,
Le fàgall an naimhdean brùit.
Thogadh e misneach nan *Clann*,
Gu iomairt nan lann le sunnd,
Piob, 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 bhrigis 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 ;
Cò' a chadadh nam ball,
ym bitheadh a' chàrnaid dlù,
Osan nach ceangail ar céum,
'S naeh ruigeadh mar réis an glùn.

Togaidh na Gàeil an ceann,
Cha bhì iad an fannng ni's mò,
Dh' fhalbh na speirichinn teann
Thug orra bhì mall gun lùgh :
Siubhlaidh iad fireach nam qeann,
A dh'iarraidh dhamh seanug le'n cù ;
S eutrom théid 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 diùc.

ORAN A BHIOTAIL.

'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 u'ar cainnt,
Chaisg i ar 'n iota
'N fhior dheoch mhillis,
Bu mbuladach sinne,
Na 'm biodh i air chall.

Deoch slàinntè nan gaisgeach
Nan Gàelìbh gasda,

Ga'm b' àbhaist mar fhasan,
 Bhi pòit air an dràm,
 Luchd gaoil an stuth bhlasda,
 'S air dhaoirid an lacha,
 Nach caomhnadh an beartas
 A sgapadh 'san àm.
 Fear g'am beil ni
 Gheibh e na shireas e,
 Fear a sha crionda
 Fanadh e thàll :
 Fear a tha m'or
 Cha'n fhuilig sinn' idir e,
 'S am fear a bheil grinneas
 Thèid iomain a nàll.

'S ro rioghail an obair
 Strnfh briògar na togalach,
 Ioc-slainnt a bhogaicheas
 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,
 Gu do bhiodh strì
 Mu thogail na nuirichinn,
 Cia mar is urrainn sinn
 Fuireach bho'n drùm ?

Tha e fionnar do'n chreabhaig
 A h-uile la gréine
 Thig teas o na speuraibh
 Thar sléibhteann nam beann,
 'S e math ri la reòta
 Chuir blàth's ann am pòraibh
 An fhìr thèid g'a dheòin
 An taigh-òsda na dheann.
 Cuiridh e sunnd
 Air muinntir eireachdail.
 Timcheall a bhùird
 S cuid eile dhiubh damhs' ;
 Thogamaid fonn neo-throm
 A's ceileirin,
 'S freagarrach shinneas sinn
 Deireadh gach rann.

O'n shuidh sinn cho fada,
 'S gu'n dh-òl sinn na bh'-againn,
 'S i chòir dol a chadal
 O'n thàinig an t-àm,
 Cha'n fhòghnadh ach pailteas
 Thoirt sòlas ga' n' aigheadh,

Deoch mhòr anns a mhadainn
 Gu leigheas ar ceann.
 Am fear tha gun chli,
 Cuiridh e spiorad ann.
 Togaidh e cri
 Gach fir 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, hanndan,
 Di-dir-ir-i-hal-hi il-lum,
 Di-dir-ir-i-hal haoi-rum ;
 Di-i'il-hal dir-ir-i,
 Ha-ri-ha'al-haoi-rum,
 Di-i'il-haal-àil-il-i'il,
 Dor-ri-ho'ol-hann-dan.

THA fortan ann bi deoch againn,
 Na biodh an còpan gann oirnn,
 Tha pailteas anns na botalaibh,
 Cha'n 'eil an stoc air chàil oirnn ;
 'S feairrde sinn a toiseach e,
 Gu brosnachadh ar cainnte,
 Ged' bhiodh a h-uile deoch againn,
 'S e 's docha leinn am *Brunndal*.
 Di-haal-lum, etc.

'S e sinn an struthan mireanach,
 An tobair millis seansail,
 Tha binneas mar ri grinneas
 A chuir spiorad am fear fann ann ;
 'S feairrde sin na shireas sinn,
 Cha chulaidh mhilleadh cheann e ;
 'S ro mhath 'n seise muineil
 Do gach duine ghabhas rann e.
 Di-haal-lum, etc.

Na fir anns am beil cridhealas,
 Nach 'eil an cridhe gann ac,
 Companaich na dibhe,
 A ni suidhe leis an dràm iad ;
 Iarraidh iad a rithisd e,
 Mu bitheas beagan ann deth,
 Nuair cluinneas iad an fhidheall,
 Bi' iad fighearach gu dàmhsa.
 Di-haal-lum, etc.

'Nuair gheibh sinn de na barrailean,
Na 's math leinn fa'r comannda,
Ra cupain a tha falamh
Bhi le searraig a cuir annta ;
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-*chann dai*.
Di-haal-lum, etc.

Cha chunnart duinn e theireachdainn,
Tha seileir anns an Fhràing dheth ;
Cha'n eil eagal gainne
Air na loingear thug a nàll e ;
Their sinne on bu toigh leinn e,
Nach dean a choire call oirn ;
Air fhad 's ga'n dean sinn fuireach ris,
Bhi gabhail tuille sannt alr.
Di-haal-lum, etc.

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, etc.

ALASDAIR NAN STOP.

LUINNEAG.

Alasdair nan stòp
Ann an sràid a chùil,
Sin an duine còir
Air am béil mo rùn.

'S COMA leat an *siola*,
B'annsa leat an *stòp*,
Cha'n e sin bu dochadh
Ach am *hotal* mòr.
Alasdair nan stòp, etc.

Théid thu do'n taigh-òsda.
'S òlaidh tu gu fial ;
Cha robh gainne stòrais
Air do phòca riamh.
Alasdair nan stòp, etc.

Bha thu greis dheth t-aimsir
Ann an àrm an Rìgh,

S

Cumaidh sin riut airgead,
'S fhearra dhut e na nì.
Alasdair nan stòp, etc.

Gheibheadh tu led' cheanal
Leannan anns gach tìr,
Ged' a bhiodh tu falamh
Cha bhiodh bean a'd' dhi'.
Alasdair nan stòp, etc.

Tha thu math air fairge,
'S tric thu marbhadh éisg,
Càs a shiubhal garbhlaich,
Théid thu shealg an fhéidh.
Alasdair nan stòp, etc.

Ged' thuirt Callum breac
Nach robh thu tapaidh riamh,
Cò a chreidéadh sin
Ach duine bha gun chiall?
Alasdair nan stòp, etc.

'Nuair a théid mi Ghlascho
'S taitneach leam bhi 'g ol,
Ann an taigh mo eharaid
Alasdair nan stòp.
Alasdair nan stop, etc.

NIGHBAN DUBH RAINEACH.

AIR FONN—"Cuir a chinn dileas."

CHUIR nighean dubh Raineach
Orm farran a's mìothlachd,
Nach cuir mi dhòm
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 daingeann 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 ciod a nì mi,
O'n a tha mi
Gun searrach, gun làir,

Gun chaora, gun òisg,
 Gun ghabhar, gun mhiseach.
 Gun a mart mìn
 A chrímeas am blàr.

Cha robh mi gun airgead
 Gus an d' fhalbh e gu mi-mhail,
 Leis an te chrlon
 Nach d'amhairc air mo chàs:
 Rinn i mo chreachdadh
 'S bu pheacach an ni dh'i
 Mise chuir sìos,
 Gun i féin chuir an àird,

Cia mar a cheuanicheas mi
 Camraig 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 mhart
 Air mo sgàth;
 'S i rinn an eucoir
 A bhèisd a thug uam e,
 'S tha mi fo ghruaim
 O mbadainn Di-màirt.

A rìgh nach robh mearlaich
 Na cearna so'n rioghachd,
 Anns a mhuir iosail,
 Fada bho thràigh;
 Is caile dlhubh Raineach
 'S an fheumain an iochdar,
 Chuideacha bìdh
 Do phartan nan spàg.

RANN GEARRADH - ARM.

CHUNA' mi 'n diugh a chlach bhuagh-
 'S an leua àiuinn, [ach,
 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 sireadh pilleadh gun bhuannachd,
 No buaidh làrach.

Bha sibh uair gu grinn a seòladh
 Air tuinn sàile,
 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.

An onoir a fhuair an saor Sléibhteach,
 Leis gach treun'tas a dh'fhàs ann,
 Ghleidheadh fathasd ga shliochd fein i,
 Adh'aindeoin eucorach gach nàmhaid;
 Na h-airm ghaige, ghasda, dhléusda,
 Dh'òrduigh an Rìgh gu féum ghàsan,
 Cho math 'sa th' aig duine 'n dream
 threun sin, [tich.
 Sliochd Cholla cheud-chathaich Spàin-
 Dorn an claidheamh, a's làmh duin'-
 Le crois-tàraidh, [usail
 Iolaircan le 'n sgiathan luatha,
 Gu cruas gàbhaidh,
 Long ag imeachd air druim chuaintean
 Le siùil àrda, [Chruachàn,
 Gearradh arm Mhic-an-t-Shàoir 'o
 Aonaich uachdrach Earraghàel.

Tha do dhaoine tric air fairge,
 Sgiobairean calma, neo-sgathach;
 Tha 'n aogas cumachdail, dealbhach,
 'S iomadh armailt 'am beil pàirt dhiu';
 Thug iad gaol do shiubhal garbhlaich,
 Moch a's anmoch a sealg fàsaich;
 Cuid eile dhiubh 'nan daoin' uaisle,
 'S tha cuid dhiubh 'nan tuath ri
 àiteach.

'S rìghail eachdraidh na chualas
 Rìamh mu'd phàirti,
 S liomhor 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 neairt aig Seumas,
 An Ceann-cinnidh nach treig gu bràth
 nn.

O R A N L U A I D H.

L U I N N E A G.

Ho rò gu'n togainn air hùgan fhathasd,
Ho rò i-o mu'n téid mi laidhe ;
Ho rò gu'n togainn air hùgan fhathasd.

TOGAMAID fonn air luadh a' chlòlain ;
Gabhaidh sinn ceol, a's òrain mhatha.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

B' fheaird' an clò bhi chòir nan gruagach,
A dheanadh an luadh le'n lamhan ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

'Nuair a thionndas iad air cléith e,
Chluinnte fuaim gach té dhiubh labhairt.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

Orain ghrinne, bhinne, mhilse,
Aig na ribhinnean 'gan gabhail ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

Luinneag ac' air luadh an eudaich,
Sunndach, saothrachail ri mathas.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

Thogamaid fonn gu cèol-mhor, aotrom,
Air a' chlò bu daoire dathan.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

An clò brionnach, ballach, citach,
Triuchanach, stiallagach, gathach ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

An clò taitneach, basach, bòisgeil,
Laisde, daoimeineach, 's e leathunn.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

Gu'm bu slàn a bhios na caoraich
Air an d' fhàs an t-aodach flathail.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

Beannachd aig an laimh a shníomh e,
'S i rinn gnìomh na deagh bhean-taighe ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

S ann is coltach ris an t-sìod' e,
Dh' fhag i mìn e, 's rinn i math e ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

Snàth cho rithinn ris na teudan,
'S e choréidh 'sa dh' fheudta shuaith-
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc. [eadh ;

Cha robh pluc, no meall, no gaog ann,
No giòg chaol, no sliasaid reamhar.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

'Nuair a théid an clò a'n mhàrgadh,
'S e ni 'n t-airgead air an rathad
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

Cha bhi slat a sìos o chrùn deth,
Miann gach sùl e anns an fhaidhir.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

Cha bhi suirighich' anns an dùthaich
Nach bi 'n dùil ri pàirt deth fhaighinn.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

'S ann a tha 'n toil-inntinn aodaich
Aig na daoine' a bhios 'ga chaitheadh.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

Thogainn am fonn a dh' iarradh pòitear,
A's luaidhinn an clò bu mhiann le
mnathan.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

'S olc an obair luadh no fùcadh,
Ma bhios tùchadh oirnn le padhadh.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

Chuireadh e sunnt air muinntir òga,
Suidheadh mu bhòrd ag òl gu latha.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

Puinnse le gloineacha' làna,
Deochana-slainnte 'gan gabhail ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

Greis air fion, a's greis air branndai,
Greis air dràm de'n uisge-bheatha ;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

Greis air fìdhleireachd 's air damhsa,
Creis air canntaireachd 's air aighear
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

'Nuair théid stàirn an àird an aodainn,
'S ro-mhath 'n t-àm do dhaoine laidhe.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, etc.

A O I R A N T A I L E I R.

A DHOMHNUILL 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 graineil an sgaiteachd ud oirnn,
'A rinn graineil, etc.

Fhir a thoisich ri ealaidh,
 Bha thu gòrach a d' bharail,
 'Ga seòladh am' charabh,
 'S gu'n mì t-fheòraich, no t-fharaid,
 Chuir thu sgleò dhìot a's fànaid,
 Co dhiubh 's deoin leat no 's ain-deoin,
 Tha mì 'n dòchas gu'm faigh thu do
 Tha mì 'n dochas, etc. [lèbìr,

Dhomhsa b'aithne do bheusan ;
 Tha thu ain-eolach, beumnach,
 Is do theangaidh mar reusar,
 Le taineid 's le géiridh,
 Thug thu deannal dhomh fhéin d'ì,
 O's ann agad tha 'n eucoir,
 Com' nach pàighinn thu 'n éirig de
 Com' nach pàighinn, etc. [sgèbil,

'S tu chraobh ghrodlaich air crionadh,
 Lan mosgainn, a's fhionag,
 A dh'fhas croganach, ìosal,
 Goirid, crotach, neo-dhlreach,
 Stoc thu togairt na ghriosaich,
 A thoill do losgadh mar ìobairt,
 Leig thu 'n Soisgeul air dì-chuimhn' gu
 Leig thu 'n Soisgeul, etc. [mòr,

Bu bheag an diùbhail e thachairt
 An la thùr thu na facail,
 Da phunnd agus cairteal
 De dh'fhùdar cruaidh, sgariteal,
 A bhì a d'bhroinn air a chalcadh,
 'S bhì 'gad' sgaimeadh le *maitse*,
 Gus am fasadh tu t-ablach gun deò,
 Gas am fasadh, etc.

'S blonach ruithinn gun fheum thu,
 Ge do bhithheadh tu 'm féithe,
 Coin is fithich a' d' theumadh,
 Cha bhiodh an diol béidh ac'.
 'S tric thu teann air 'na h-éibhlean,
 Bhreac do shuimeir gù t-éislich,
 Blàth an tein' air do shléidean gu mòr,
 Blàth an tein', etc.

O' nach taileir is fhìu thu,
 Chuir càch as a chùirt thu ;
 Bi'dh tu ghnà anns na cuiltean,
 A' caradh nan lùireach,
 Bu tu asuinn nan clùitean,
 'S tric a shuidh thu 'san smùraich,
 'Nuair a bhithinn's' air cùl fir nan cròc,
 'Nuair a bhithinn's', etc,

'S e do choltas r'a ìnnseadh,
 Fear sop-cheannach, grimeach,
 Gun bhonaid, gun phiorbhuic,
 Gu'n bhad-mullaich, gun chìrean,
 Lòm uil' air a spionadh,
 Car gu t'uilinn a sìos ort,
 Stràc na dunach de'n sgrìobaich mu'd
 Stràc na dunach, etc. [cheos,

'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,
 Chaoidh' cha mharbh e duin aca de'n t-
 Chaoidh' cha marbh, etc. [slògh

'S duine dona gun mhìos thu,
 Dh-fhas gun onair gun ghliocas,
 Fear gun chomas gun bhriosgadh,
 Chaill do spionnadh 's do mhisneach,
 Leis na rinn thu de'n bhidseachd,
 Bu tu 'n slaightire misgeach,
 'S cian o'n thoill thu do cuispeadh mu'n
 'S cian o'n thoill thu, etc. [òl,

'S iomadh ceapaire ròmais,
 Rinn thu ghlacadh na d' chrògan,
 Is bhì 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'
 Fhuair thu urram, etc. [bhèò,

Bi'dh na mnathan ag ràite
 'Nuair a rachadh tu'n àiridh
 Gun tolladh tu'n t-àras
 Ann 'sam bìtheadh an càise ;
 'Nuair a dh'itheadh tu pàirt doth,
 'S a bhiodh tu air trasgadh,
 Anns a' mhuidhe gu'n spàrr thu do
 Anns a' mhuidhe, etc. [chròg,

'S tu 'n tollaran enàimhteach,
 Ge bu ghionach do mhàileid,
 Tha do mhionach air t-fhàgail,
 Gu'n chrioman deth làthair ;
 Còchall glogach ma t-àruinn,
 Tha do sgamhan a's t-àinean
 Làn galair, a's fàslaich, a's chòs,
 Làn galair, etc,

Beul do chléibh air a thachdadh,
 Air séideadh 's air brachadh,
 'S e gu h-eididh air malcadh,
 'S mòr t-fheum air a chartadh,
 Gach aon eugail a' d' phearsuinn,
 Caitheamh. éitich, a's cadaich,
 Gus an d' éirich do chraicean o t-fheoil,
 Gus an d' éirich, etc.

Tha do chreuchdau, 's do chuislean,
 Làn eucail a's trusdair,
 'S thu feumach air furtach,
 Tha 'n déideadh a' d' phluicean,
 'S :hu t-éiginn le clupaid,
 T-anail bhreun, gu tròm, murtaidh,
 'S malrg a dh'fheuchadh dhìot moch
 thra do thòchd,
 'S mairg a dh'fheuchadh, etc.

Do dheud sgròb-bhearnach, cabach,
 Am beil na sgòrr-fhiaclan glasa,
 Mòsgain, còsacha, sgealpach,
 Liùbte, 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, etc.

Bi'dh na ronnan gu silteach,
 'N an tonnaibh gorm, ruitteach,
 A ghabhail toinneamh o d' liopan,
 Thar cromadh do smige;
 'S dorcha, doilleir, do chlisneach,
 Cheart cho dubh ris a phice,
 Uchd na curra ort, ceann circ, 's gob
 Uchd na curra, etc. [geòidh,

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 gar fuair, etc.

Tha ceann binneach 'na stiùc ort,
 Geocach, leith-cheannaich, giùgach,
 Eudann brucannaich. grùgach,
 Sròn phlucach na mùire,
 Tha croit air do chùl-thaobh,
 'S mòran lurcaich a' d' ghlùinean,
 Da chois chama, chaol, chrùbach, gun
 Du chois chama, etc. [treòir,

Cha 'n eil uiread nan sàiltean,
 Aig a phliutaire spàgach,
 Nach 'eil cusnach a's gàgach,
 Tha thu d' chrioplach 's ad' chràigeach,
 'S lionmhor tubaist an tàileir,
 Dh-fhàg an saoghal 'na thràill e,
 'S mairg h shaothraich àir t-àrach 's tu
 'S mairg a shaothraich, etc. [òg

Ma tha thu de shliochd Adhamh,
 Cha choslach ri càch thu,
 Aig olcas a dh' fhàs thu,
 O thoiseach do làithean;
 Cha tig cobhair gu bràth ort,
 Gus am foghainn am bàs dut,
 'S do chorp odhar a chàradh fo'n fhod,
 'S do chorp odhar, etc.

AOIR ANNA.

ANNA nigh'n Uilleam a'n Cròmpa,
 Bean gun chonn's i fhein air àmhreith,
 Nuair chaidh mi'n toiseach g'a sealltainn,
 Cha'n e 'm fortan a chul ann mi;
 Bhruidhinn mise sìobhailt, suairce,
 Mar dhuin-uasal anns an àm sin;
 Thòisich ise màr chù croda,
 Bhiodh anns na dorsan a dranndail.

'S ann aice tha beul an sgallais,
 Gu fanaid a dheanamh 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 bheò idir gun an dràm i;
 Cha neònach leam i bhi misgeach.
 'S i 'n còmhnuidh a measg a Bhrannda,
 '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 bhi ann d'i?
 Breunag ris ann can' iad gaorsach,
 A bha daonann 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 maigr air 'na thachair bean bheumach,
Aig am beil am beul gun fhaitheam ;
'M fear a bheir ise dhachaigh,
'S ann air thig a chreach 'san calldach,
'Nuair shaoil e gum bu bhean cheart i,
'S ann thachair e ri bhana-mhaighstir.

A bhana-chleasaiche gun ghrinneas,
'S maigr fleasgach a théid na caramh,
'S tric i tuiteam leis na gillean,
Ceap tuislidh i do na fearaibh ; [nach,
A bhean bhruidhneach, mhisgeach, ghio-
Ghlearach, Ionach, shanntach, shallach,
Roinn gu reubadh, air a teangaidh,
Coltach ri gath geur na natrach.

Còmhach nach falaich a craiceann,
Leomach gun seòl air cuir leis an,
Cha'n 'eil brògan slàn mu casan,
Cha'n 'eil còta 'n-aird mu leasaibh ;
Oirre tha aogas na glaistig,
Neul an aoig 'na h-aodainn preasach,
Closach i air searga' lachdunn,
'S coltach i ri dealbh na Leisge !

Taigh tha làn de mhnathan misgeach,
'S olc an t-àit an d'rinn mi tachairt,
Ged' thàine' mi ann gun fhios domh,
'S fhèarr falbh tràth na fuireach aca :
Bana-mhaighsdir a chomuinn bhrìstich,
ANNA tha ainneil 'san eachdraidh ;
Mu gheibh càch i mar fhuair mis i,
Cha tig iad gu bráth g'a faicinn.

AOIK UISDEAN PHIOBAIR'.

TURAS a chaidh mi air astar
A Chinn-taile,
Chunna mi daoim-uaisle 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 cù an droch nàduir,
Tabhunaich ri suadh na dùtbha,
'S be rùn gu'n gearradh e 'n shailtean
'S math an còmpanach do'n chù e,
'S dona 'n còmpanach le càch e,
Cha chuideachd e bhàrd no phio-bair,
Aig a mhìomhalachd 'sa dh'fhàs e.

Aldich fhéin nach 'eil thu 'd phio-bair,
'S leig dhìot bhì 'm barail gur bàrd
Daoine crìdhcìl iad le chéile, [thu :
'S bìthidh iad gu léir a tàir ort ;
Fear ciùil gun bhinneas gun ghrinneas,
Fuadaichi.lh sinn as ar pàirt e,
Mar a thilgeas iad craobh chrìonaich
O 'n fhìonan a mach as a ghàradh.

Mu chì thusa bàrd no filidh
No fear dàna,
Mu bhios aon diùbh 'g iarraidh gille'
Ghìulan màlaid,
Lean an duine sin le dùrachd,
Los gu'n sìubhlla' tu h-uil àite ;
'S mor an glanadh air do dhùthaich,
I chuir cùl riut 's thu g'a fagail.

No ma chì thu fear a sheinneas
Pìob no clàrsach,
Faodaidh tusa 'n t-inneal ciùil
A ghiùlan da-san,
Gus am bì craiceann do dhroma'
Fàs na bhallaibh loma, bàna,
Mar a chì thu mille' srathrach
Air gearran a bhios ri àiteach.

Cis mar a dheanadh e òran,
Gun eòlas, gun tuigse nàduir,
O nach deanadh e air dò'gh e,
S ann bu chòir dha fuireach sàmhach ;
Bruidhinn ghlagach 's cuid di mabach,
Mòran stadaich ann am pàirt d'ì,
Na nì e phlabbartaich chòmhradh,
Cha bheo na thuigeas a Ghàèilig.

'S sgimealair cheanna na'm bòrd thu,
Far am faigh thu'n t-òl gun fhàigheadh ;
Cia mar chunntas sinn na gebeach,
Mar bì Uisdean òg 'san àireamh !
Cha robh do bhrù riamh aig sìochadh,
Gus an lìonadh tu bhìadh chàich i :
'S mòr an t-òl na chaisgeadh t'ìotadh,
'Nuair chite thu 's do ghloc pàiteach.

'S tric do leab' an lag an òtraich,
 No'n cùl gàraidh,
 Bi do cheann air con-tom còmhnard,
 'S ro mhath 'n t-àit e ;
 Bidh na coin ag iomlalach t'fheòsaig,
 A toirt diot a bheoil 'sa chàirean,
 Do chraos dreammach toirt phòg salach
 A'd dhearbh bhràithréan.

Na'n cluinne' sibh muc a rucail,
 Geòidh a's tunnagan a ràcail,
 'S ann mar sin a bha pìob Uisdean.
 Brònach muladach a rànaich ;
 Muineal gun' aolmann air tùcha,
 'N ribheid cha'n fheadh bhì làidir,
 'S e call daonnan air a chùl-thaobh,
 Na gaoith bu chòir dol an 'sa mhàla,

Bha lurga coin air son gaohair'
 A'd chrais farsuinn,
 'S culaidh sin a thogail plàigh
 'S an cnai' air malcadh ;
 Rinn e t'anaid salach bréun, [riut,
 Ma théid neach fo'n Ghréin an taic
 'S fhearr bhì eadar thu 'sa ghaoth,
 Na seasamh air taobh an fhasga.

Cia mar a ni Uisdean òg dhuilbh
 Ceòl gu damhsa,
 Nuair a chitheadh tu sruth rònn
 O'n h-uile toll a bh' air an t-seannsaig;
 'Sgeul tha fìor a dh'innseas mise,
 Gur h-e dh'fhag e 'nis cho manntach
 Gu'n tug iad dheth leis an t-siosar
 Bar na teanga.

Séididh Uisdean pìob an ronnain,
 'S mòr a h-anntlachd,
 Bithidh i coltach ri gaoir chonnsbeach
 A bhìodh an cnoc fraoich a dranndail;
 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 FAOCHAIGH¹ ann an Sasunn,
 'S mòr a mhasladh 'us ã mhì-chliú,
 Chaill e na bh' aige de chairdean,
 'S tha 'n lamhdean air cinntinn lionmhor.

¹ John Wilks.

Ge b' fhad' a theich e air astar,
 Chaidh a ghlacadh, 's tha e ciosnaicht ;
 Chàraich iad e fo na glasan, [àin.
 'S tha 'n iuchair taisg' aig maor a phrios-

Tha e 'nis' an àite cumhann,
 'S e 'n a chrùhan, dubhach, deuracli,
 A chas daingeann ann an iarunn,
 'G a phianadh, a's e 'n ã eigin.
 B' fhasa dha' bhì anns an fhiabhbras
 Na 'n iarguin a tha 'n ã chréubhaig ;
 'S e 'n sin o cheann corr 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 leannhainn ;
 Fear gun seadh, gun lagh, gun réusan,
 'S anns an éucoir a ta t-earbsa ;
 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-àinteann
 Chuir thu bréugan air an Trianaid
 'S air na h-iarrtasan a dh' fhag iad ;
 Tha e 'nis' 'n ã ghnòthach cosail,
 'Réir an t-soisgeil 'tha mi claidinn,
 Gu'n do chuir thu cùl ri sochair
 Na saors' a choisinn ar Slàn 'ear.

Chuir thu cùl ri d' bhòidean-baistidh,
 'S mòr a mhasladh dhut an aicheadh,
 Chaill thu 'chùirt 'am biodh an ceartas,
 Roghnaich thu 'm peacadh 'n a àite ;
 Gheidh thu 'n riaghalt 's an seol-stiùiridh
 A bh' aig Iudas, do dhearbh bhrathair ;
 'S mòr an sgainneal air do dhùthaich
 Thusa, bhrùid, gu'n d' rinn thu fàs innt.

Ach, ged a sheallte 'h-uile doire,
 Cha robh coille riannh gun chrionach,
 'S tha fios aig an t-saoghal buileach
 Nach bi 'choill uile cho dìreach :—
 'S tusa 'chraobh 'tha 'n déigh seacadh,
 Gun chairt, gun mheangain, gun mheuran,
 Gun snomhach, gun sùgh, gun duilleach,
 Cun rùsg, gun urad nam freumhan.

'S tu an t-eun a chaidh 's an deachamh,
 'S e nead creacht' an deachaidh t-fhagail ;
 'S tu 'm fìtheach nach d' rinn an ceartas,
 A chaidh air theachdaireachd o 'n àirc ;

'S tu 'm madadh-allaidh gun fhiaclan,
S' mairg a dh'iarradh 'bhi mar tha thu,
'S tu 'n ceann-cinnidh aig na biastan,
'S tha gach duin' a's fiach a' tàir ort.

Cha-n ioghnadh leam thu 'bhi 'd bhalach,
'S 'bhi salach ann ad nàdur,
O'n a thin thu ris an dùthchas
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 shloightire 'chaidh t-àrach !

Thoisich thu 'n toiseach gu h-iseal
Air a' chrìne 's air a' bhochdainn :
S e 'n donas thug dhut a bhì spòrsail
'S ann bu chòir dhut bhì 'gad chosnadh,
'S brochd nach d' fhan thu aig do
dhùthchas,
'Ad bhrùthair, a bruich nam poitean,
A' cumail dìbhe ris gach grùdair'
Nuair a dhrùgheadh iad na botail.

Bha thu, greis 'ad thim, 'ad bhaigear,
'S laidh thu 'n fhad sin air na cairdean,
A bhì oidhche 's gach taigh a's dùthaich,
A dhùraigeadh cuid an trath' dhut ;
A mbeud 's a bha de dh' ainfheich ortsa
Chuir thu cuid nam bochd d' à 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 parlamaid Bhreatuinn,
Gun chaill, gun cheartas, 'ad eanchainn.
Duine dall a chaidh air seachran,
Nach 'eil beachdail air na 's fhearra dha,
Le còmhradh tubaisdeach, tuisleach,
'S le sir droch-thuiteamas cearbach.

Duine gun fhearann, gun eighreachd,
Gun nì' gun staoile, gun airgid,
Gun bheus, gun chreidhimh, gun chre-
ideas,
Gun ghin a chreideas ä sheanachas ;
Duine misgeach, bristeach, breugach,
Burraidh tha na bheisd 's n'a ainmhidh,
'S trioblaid-inntinn, le itheadh dèisneach,
Gu tric a' téumadh a chridhe chealgaich.

Tha thu sònraicht' ann ad chonan

A' togail conais 'am measg dhaoine,
Cha chualas roimhe do choimeas
A bhì dhonas air an t-saoghal,
Ach an nathàir an garadh Edein,
A mheall Eubb 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 innse 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 dhòmhs' an sonn o'n d' fhàs e,
Duin-usal foisinneach, fonnar,
Cridhe connar, aigne àrda ;—
Seanalair, air thùs na h-armailt,
A bha ainmeil anns san blàraibh ;
Cha mhìsd e madadh air bhàothal
A bhì tabhannaich an tras' ris.

'S gòrach a labhair thu mòran
Air cùl larla Bhòid, an t-armunn,
Cònnsunn onorach, le firinn
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' fhiach 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 mhaig 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 ioghnadh dhut bhì fo mhulad,
Fhuair thu diùmb gach duin' an àl so ;
'S e sin fein a bha thu 'cosnadh,
'S creutair crosd thu o'n a dh' fhas thu ;
'S lionar mi-run ann ad chuideachd, —
Mallachd na Cuigse 's a' Phàp ort !
Mullach an t-saoghail gu leir ort !
'S mo mhallachd fein mar ri each ort !

R A N N

A GHABHAS MAIGIIDEAN D'A LEANNAN.

CHA 'n eòlas graidh dhut
 Uisge shràbh na shop,
 Ach gràdh an fhir thig riut,
 Le blaths a tharruinn ort ;
 Eirich moch Di-dòmhnuaich
 Gu lic 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 tarruinn á uaigh ;
 Loisg air teine crìonaich e,
 Dean sud gu léir na luath,
 Suath sin ra gheala-bhroilleach,
 An aghaidh na gaoith tuath ;
 'S théid mise 'n ra 's am barrantas,
 Nach falbh 'm fear úd bhuat.

MARBH-RANN DO CHU

A CHAIDH BATHADH 'SA MHAIGHEACH
TARSAINN NA BHEUL.

LATHA do Phàdruig 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 bha luath, laidir, lùghar, diann,
 Cha robh a leithid rianh san tìr ;
 Ach bran a bh'aig rìgh nam Fian.
 Gaodhar, bu gharg calg a's fionnadh,
 Cruaidh, còlgara, fuil a's malla,
 Bu mhath dréach, 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 fallamb.
 Culaidh leagadh nan damh dònn,
 Air mullach na'n tòim 's nan cnoc,
 Namhaid na'm biasd 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 uaigh,
 Tha 'n leaba' sin fuar gu leòir,
 Gu'n fhios agam cia fhad an tìim,
 Gus an teannar mi fhein da còir :
 Còmhach flainn 's léine lin,
 A's ciste dhubh dhionach bhòrd,
 Air mheud 's ga 'n cruinnich mi nì,
 Sud na theid leam sìos fo'n fhòd.
 'S beag ar cùram ro 'n bhàs,
 'M fad 'sa bhios sinn làidir òg,
 Saoilidh sinn mu gheibh sinn dàil,
 Gur e ar 'n àite fuireach beo ;
 Faodaidh sinn fhaicinn air càch,
 'S iad g'àr fàgail gach aon lò,
 Gur nadurra dhuinne gach tràth,
 Gum bheil am bas a' teannadh oirnn.

Tha mo pheaca-sa ro thròm,
 'S muldach sin leam an drast ;
 Tha mi smaoinreacha gu tric,
 Liuthad uair a bhrìst mi 'n àithn,
 Le miann mo dhroch inntinn fàin,
 Leis an robh mo chreubhag làn ;
 Gun chuimhn air Ughdarras Dé,
 Le dùrachd am bheul n'am laimh.

Ged' is mòr mo pheaca gaiomh,
 'S mi 'n cionta ceud pheacaidh Adh'mh,
 Cheannacha' mi le fuil gu daor,
 A dhòirte sgaoilteach air a bhàr ;
 Tha mo dhùil, 's cha dòchas faoin,
 Rì iochd fhaotainn air a sgàth,
 Gu'n glacar m'anam gu sìth,
 Le fulangas Chrìosd amhàin :

Tha mo dhòchas ann an Crìosd
 Nach dòbair e mi gu bràth,
 'Nuair a leagar mo chorp sìos
 Ann an staid Ìosail fo'n bhàr ;
 Gu'n togar m'anam a suas,
 Gu rioghachd nam buadh 's nan gràs,
 Gu'm bi mo leaba fo' dhion
 Cois cathrach an Tì is air.

Cha biodh m'eagal rò' an aog,
Ged' thigeadh e m thaobh gun dàil,
N'am bìthinn do pheaca saor,
'N déigh's a ghaoil a thug mi dha ;
Tha mo dhùil anns an Dia beo,
Gu'n dean e tròcair orm an dràst,
Mo thoirt a 'steach a' dh'ionad naomh,
'N cuideachd Mhaois a's Abraham.

Galbhaidh mi 'nis mo chead an t-sluagh,
Le'n toirt suas daibh ann am' chainnt,
Fàgaidh mi aca na chnuasaich
Na stuaghan a bh'ann am cheann ;
'Los gu'n abair iad ra' chéile.
" Mar a leugh sinn fein gach rann,
Cò air an ò' théid sinn ga'n sirreadh ?
'Nis cha'n 'eil am Filidh ann."

MARBH-RANN AN UGHDAIR,

DIA FEIN.¹

FHIR tha 'd sheasamh air mo lic
Bhi mise mar tha thu'n dràst ;
Si mò leaba 'n diugh an uaigh.
Cha'n 'eil smior no smuais a'm' chnàimh :
Ged' tha thusa làidir, òg,
Cha mhair beo, ged' fhuair thu dàil ;
Gabh mo chomhairle 's bi glic,
Cuimhnich tric gu'n tig am bàs.

Cuimhnich t-anam a's do Shlànuigh'r,
Cuimhnich Phàrras thar gach àit ;
Gabh an cothrom gu bhi sàbhailt
Ann an gàirdeachas gu bràth :
Ged' a thuit sinn anns a gbàradh
Leis an fhailling a rinn Adh'mh,
Dh'èirich ar misneach as ùr
'Nuair fhuair sinn Còmhnant' nan Gràs.

Cuimhnich daonnan a chur romhad,
Gu'n coimhead thu a h-uile àithn',
O' se cumhachdan an ard rìgh
Rinn an fàgail air dà chlàr :
Chaidh sin liubhairt do Mhaois ;
Rinn Maois an liubhairt do chàch ;

Na'm b'urraim sinne gu'm freagradh,
Cha b'aobhar eagail am bàs.

Caochladh beatha th' ann 's cha bhàs,
Le beannachadh gràsmbor, buan ;
Gach neach a ni 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-ard,
Cluinnear 's na h-uile àit' a fuaim ;
Dùisgear na mairbh as a bhàl
'N do chàràich càch iad 'nan suain ;
'S mheud 'sa chailleadh le an-uair,
No le anradh fuar a chuain ;
Gu sliabh Shioin théid an sluagh,
Dh' fhaotain buaidh le fuil an Uain.

Gheibh iad buaidh, mar fhuair an siol,
A chinn ìonmhor anns an fhòn :
Cuid deth dh'fhàs gu fallain, dìreach,
'S cuid na charran ìosal cròm :
Gleidhear a chuid a tha lìonntach,
'Am beil brìgh a's torradh tròm ;
Caillear a chuid a bhios actrom,
'S leigear leis a ghaoith am moll.

Chan éil bean na duine bèò,
Na lànain phòsda nach dealaich ;
Bha iad lìonmhor sean a's òg
Ar luchd-eòlais nach 'eil maireann :
Cha b'e sin an t-obhar bròin
Bhi 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 actrom,
'S i 'n aois a rinn m' fhàgail fann :
Tha mo thàlant an air caochladh,
'S an t-aog air tighinn 's an àm ;
'S e m' achanaich air sgàth m' Fhear-
saoraidh,
Bhi gu math 's an t-saoghal thàll.

¹ The Author's Epitaph, by himself.

FEAR SRATH-MHAISIDH.

MR. LAUHLAN MACPHERSON, of Strathmasie, was born about the year 1723, and died in the latter end of the 18th 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.¹ Mr. M'Pherson 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 fell.

CUMHA DO DH' EOBHON MACPHEARSON, TIGHEARNA
CHLUAINIDH.

[AIR DHA TEICHEADH DO 'N FHRAING.]

GUR lionnhor trioblaid sinte,
Ris an linn a chi 'n droch shaoghal so,
Tha plàigh, claidheamh 's mi-run ann,
Tha gaol na firinn aotrom ann,
Tha fear na foille dìreadh ann,
Tha 'n cri-aon-fhillt' a' tearnadh ann,
S ma lasas EAS' a rìreamh riu
Gheibh daoine dìreach aomadh ann.

Ged dh'èirinn le rìgh Seumas,
Agus dol air ghleus fo m' armachd leis,
Mar saoil mi gur h-e'n eu-còir é,
An nì chòir gu'n èight' am chealgair mi?
Ma nì sinn mar a's léir dhuinn
Cha bhì Rìgh na Gréin cho feargach ruinn,
Ach 'se clann nan daoìn' a's géir-breithich,
S gur fad is éis air Alba sin.

¹ 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 Unclathing 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.

O ! is iomadh gaisgeach sàr-bhuilleach,
A laodaich blàr an cunntais oirn,
Thug Tearlach a's na fàsaichean,
Chaill fuil an dail nan Stiubhartach,
Nan cadal trom 's na h-àraichean,
'S a'n cùl ri làr 's cha dùisgear iad,
Bha croich a's tuagh toirt bàs orra,
'S bha cuid dhiu dh'fhag an Dùthchannan.

Am fear a dh'fhag an dùthaich so,
Bu mhath air chul na Cruadhach e,
Be'n Gàel sgaiteach, cliùteach e,
'S bu duthasach air Cluainidh e :
Be'n crann chuir croiseal dùbhalach
A dhruid a null thar chuaintean e ;
Thug teistean fir thar cheudan leis,
"A chaoidh nach meuda bhuadhaicheas."

Gu'm b'fhearail, smiorail, anmant e
Bu lasair fhearg 'nuair dhùisgeadh e
Bu bheo na fheol 's na mhealbhainn e,
Bu bhealach far am bruchdadh e,
Mar thuinn ri carraig fhaigear e,
Mar fhaoilleach 's stoirm ga dubhlachadh,
Mar thein air fraoch nan garbhlaichean,
'S mar casraich gharbh an ùr uisge.

Cha chuireadh faileas gruaiméan air
'S cha chuireadh fuathas càmpar air,
Cha bu raghainn tuasaid leis,
'S na b'fheudar 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 aimhreit leis.

Cha bu bhrais gun reusan e
'S cha mhò bu leumach, gòraeh e,
Biodh lamh a casg na h-eu-corach
S lamh eile treun sa' ebonraig aig.
Bha truas a's iochd ri feumaich ann,
'S b'i sith a's reit a b'òrdugh dha,
'S cha'n fhaca mis le'm leirsinne
No'n neach fo'n gheirn ri foirneart e.

Cha bu duine gòrach e,
A chuireadh bòsd á thruacantais
Mu nàdur gu dearbh b'eolach mi,
Bha cuid de'm sheorsa dh'eireadh leis :
Mas buidheann ghasd an còmhraig sibh,
Bidh na *Navaidh* an conaidh beusadh
dhuibh,
'S mas bratach thais an cò-strì sibh,
Cha chluinnear beoil a' séis umaibh.

'Nuair thrialladh brais na feirge dheth,
Bu mhàlta tlà mar mhaighdeinn e,
Bu bhlat mar aiteal gréin mhoich e.
Bu chiùin mar spéur an anamoich e
Mar ghlaicair oigh fo ceud-bharra,
'S i tighinn gu réith gu caoimhnealachd,
Bha sean a's òg cho speiseil dheth,
'S nach fac iad treun cho toillteannach.

'Nuair bha'n saoghal bruilleanach,
S gluasad air luchd nàthsaiichean
Nuair bhiodh an cinn gun chluasagan,
Gun tàmh le buail' a's bàthaichean.
Thug Eobhon sgrìob thoirt fuasgladh
dhuinn,
'S ghlais e suas a Ghàeldachd,
'S cha'n iarradh iad mar bhuachaillean
'S an taobh-tuath ach na fàsaichean.

Ach dh-fhalbh e nis à's dh'fhag e sinn,
'S co chaisgeas lamh na h-eacorach ?
Ged fhaicte 'n chòir ga sàrachadh,
Gu'n chaill sinn làmh ar treundais,
Mo bheannachd suas do Phàrrais leis,
Bho'n dh' fhill am bàs na éideadh e,
'S a gh'aindean rìgh a's parlamaid,
Rinn Rìgh nan gràsan réite ris.

COMUNN AN UISGE-BHEATHIA.

FEAR mo ghaoil an t-uisge-beatha,
Air am bì na daoine a' feitheamh !
'S tric a chuir e saoi' na laidhe
Gun aon chlaideamh rùsgadh.
Cìod eile chuireadh sunnt oirn,
Mur cuireadh bean a's liunn e ?

'Nuair chaisgeas gach sluagh am pathadh,
'S a théid mac nam buadh air ghabhail,
'S lionmhor uaisle feadh an taighe
'S blàs nach caitheadh cùinneadh.
Cìod eile, etc.

Cha b'e sud an comunn suarrach.
'S mairg a dh'iarradh an taobh shuas
daibh.
'S iad nach cromadh thun na fuaraig,
Ge bu dual daibh 'n lùireach.
Cìod eile, etc.

Gheibht' an sin gach làmh bu chruaidhe,
'S cò b'fhearr na clann na tuatha ?

'M fear bhiodh aig an amar-fhuail,
Gu 'm buaileadh e aon trìuir dhiubh.
Ciod eile, etc.

Bidh iad làn misnich is cruadail,
Gu h-aigeantach brisg 'san tuasaid,
Chuireadh aon fhichead san uair sin
Tearlach Ruadh fo 'n chrùn duinn!
Ciod eile, etc.

Chluinneadh fear a bhiodh gun cluais iad,
Nan deanadh luinneag a's fuaim e;
Comunn teangach, cainnteach, cuachach,
Damhsach, suaire', neo-bhrùideil.
Ciod eile, etc.

Comunn aoidheil, òmhhor, pàirteil,
Pògach, dornach, srònach, gàbhaidh,
Spòrsail, ceòlmhor, còrnach, gàireach,
Nach cuir càs gu smuirein.
Ciod eile, etc.

Gar am pàidhear an fheill-màrtuinn
'S ged' rach an rìgh — mhàthair,
Leannaigh iads' an ioc-shlaint àdmhor
Gus am fàg an lùghs iad.
Ciod eile, etc.

'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'òillteil a bha chùltaobh.
Ciod eile, etc.

Dh'éirich am fear a bha làmh ris
Theicheadh rò bholadh àn fhàilidh,
Thuit e anns a' mhuihe-làgain,
'S mhill a' chàth a shùilean.
Ciod eile, etc.

Dh'éirich an treas fear gu dàicheil
Chum 's gu'n tearnadh e'm fear bàite,
Chuir e ghriosach as le mhàsan,
'S còta Spàinneach ùr air.
Ciod eile, etc.

'N sin dar dh'éirich iad uile
Thuirtear, "Gabhar greim do 'n duine,
Fhuair é masladh, 's cha b'e munar:
Loisgeadh mu 'na ghlùn e."
Ciod eile, etc.

Thuirtear a' fhir a chaidh losgadh
"Tha thu flòr bhreugach, a losgain.

Bi mach fhad 's tha 'n doras fosgailt',
Oglaich, lobhte dhuigs so."
Ciod eile, etc.

San uair a 's fear a bhios aca
Bidh làmh air gach cuail' a's bata,
Bidh fear buailte, 's fear ga thachdadh,
'S fear fo 'n casan ciurrte.
Ciod eile, etc.

Fear eile thig aileag 'na bhr-àgad,
Stuuiridh e'm broilleach a bhrathar
Aran pronn, a's im a's càise,
Brucach, blàth, cur smùid dheth.
Ciod eile, etc.

Their bean-an-taighe gu diblidh—
"Dhuin', is olc an càradh bidh sin,
'S mòr a b'fhèarr dhomh agam fhìn e,
'S mòid a phris a's dùthaich."
Ciod eile, etc.

'N sin dar thig na coin sa chom-ith,
Leigidh, iad air cìmith camith.
Leasaichidh fear eile an nollaig
Le gleus ronnach ùrar.
Ciod eile, etc.

'Nuair dh'fhàsas a' bhngaid goirid,
Chuid nach tainig ach mu dheireadh,
G nach faigh iad làn an goile,
Goiridh iad gu diùmach.
Ciod eile, etc.

Théid iadsan a nis anns sa chéile,
'S chi gach mad' e féin 'an déigh laimh,
Bidh surd air na h-armaidh gléusta,
'S deudaichean 'gan rùsgadh.
Ciod eile, etc.

'S ann an sin a bhios a' chaonnag,
Bìrum, farum, chon a's dhaoine,
Clann a' rànaich, mnàir rì caoine,
'S baobhail crost' a' chuirtear.
Ciod eile, etc.

'S ma chreideas gach fear na chual e,
'S meas' e na thuirtear Callum Ruadh rium,
'S iad na coin a bhios 'an uachdar.
'S bi' daoin' uaisle mìchta.
Ciod eile, etc.

A BHANAIS BHAN.

LUINNEAG.

Mo rùn air a chomunn ud
 Cha somolta neo-thomadach,
 Mo dhùrachd do 'n chomunn ud
 Gun bhò gun bholla gann daibh.

AN cuala' sibhs' a bhanais bhàn,
 Bh'aig Eabhon Mac-Dhùghaill Di-mairt,
 Ann am Pac-ulla gu h ard
 Aig na thràigh iad àngar.
 Mo rùn, etc.

'Nuair a thainig iad a nios
 Rinn iad achanach ri Brian
 Iad a bhì uille cho liath,
 Re ciabhag fhir na bainnse.
 Mo rùn, etc.

Labhair fear na bainse fein
 Tha dath airgeid oirn' gu leir
 Ciod an cron tha oirn fo 'n ghrein
 Mar dean fear beurra rann oirn?
 Mo rùn, etc.

Thuirt Pàdruig Mac-Mhuirich gu fòil
 Agam-sa 'tha bhràtach shròil
 Is mar sguir am bàrd d'a sgleò
 Mar tha mi beo theid sreang air.
 Mo rùn, etc.

Labhair an Cleireach gu dàn'
 Agam-sa ta ceart thar chàeh ;
 Theid am Minister am' phàirt
 'S gan téid am bàrd sa phrangas.
 Mo rùn, etc.

Thuirt am Maighisdir-Sgoile liath
 Mu 'se gleus-air-mas a mhiann,
 Mo roghuinn-s' e th'air seachd ciad
 'S i cheaird bha riamh cuir ann domh.
 Mo rùn, etc.

Thuirt fear bu dàine na càch
 Agam cha'n'eil spéis d'ar dàn,
 Eiribh 's cuimt' an t-ùrlar blà,
 'S gu'n lion mo lamh-sa dràm dhuibh,
 Mo rùn, etc.

Dh'èirich iad uil cho bhras
 'S ann an sud bha farum chàs,
 Mar gu'm bitheadh an trùp ghlas,
 Ag dol am baileal *Frangach*.
 Mo rùn, etc.

Cha di-chuimhnich mi gu bràth
 Gus an téid mi anns an làr
 Comunn ciar-dubh glas mo gràidh
 A bha san trà so damhsadh.
 Mo rùn, etc.

Bha gille fear na bainnse mach,
 Tri fichead bliadhna 's a seachd
 Nì edus le tatar chas,
 A nochd la neart a bhrannai.
 Mo rùn, etc.

Bha 'n gill' aig a mhnaoi òig
 Leth cheud bliadhna 'san t-Sròrn
 Nì e danns an nochd gu leòr,
 'San t-iaroch òg a cainnt ris.
 Mo rùn, etc.

Bha fear na bainns'-an duin' òg,
 Tri fichead bliadhna' mu fheill an Roid,
 'S a bhean bheannaicht' bh' aige pòsd,
 Cha robh i deo an taing air.
 Mo rùn, etc.

Bha fear eile mu na bhòrd,
 Cha robh e sean 's cha robh e òg,
 Bha e ceithir fichead bliadhna' a's còrr,
 'S a chaidh cha phòs e bantrach.
 Mo rùn, etc.

A BHRIGIS LACHDUNN.

LUINNEAG.

'S coma leam a bhrigis lachdunn,
 B' annsa 'm feile-beag 'sa m breacan,
 'S beag a ghabh mi riamh de thlachd,
 De'n fhasan a bh'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, etc.

Ged tha bhrigis miotlachdar,
 Gur feumail anns na criochan i,
 Gach fear a bhios ri diolanas,
 Gu 'n toir i strìochdadh air gun taing.
 'S coma leam, etc.

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 damhs'.
 'S coma leam, etc.

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, etc.

Cha mhath gu dìreadh bruthaich i,
 'S cha'n fhiach leinn thun an t-siubhail i,
 'S cha 'n eil mi idir buidhreach,
 Air an fhear a luthaig i bhi ann.
 'S eoma leam, etc.

Cha mhath an t-eideadh idir i,
 'Nuair theid sinn anns an uisge lea,
 Nuair lùbas i m' ar 'n iosgaidean,
 Gu 'n d' thoir i niosgaid air gach ball.
 'S coma leam, etc.

Bhrlgis dubh gun sianadh,
 Chuir as an t-aodach briatha,
 Bhiodh fosgait air ar bialthaobh,
 'S nach iarradh a chumail teann.
 'S coma leam, etc.

Chuir i mach do Shasunn sinn,
 Le surd a bhi sgairteil oirn,
 'S leig i rithisd dhachaigh sinn,
 Gun fhlu a Chaiptein air ar ceann.
 'S coma leam, etc.

Ged thug iad dhuinn 'sa 'n fhasan i,
 Cha 'n eil i idir taitneach leinn,
 'S truagh a Rìgh! mach robh e tachte,
 'M fear¹ a thug an i-achd a nall.
 'S coma leam, etc.

¹ 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 invocation 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 Jacobitism. 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 moral or constitutional dissection of a poet, but history and observation have combined to impress us with the fact that the people of Colonel Stuart's mental structure are, somehow 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 characterised 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 that memorable civil war of 1745—history already records them. On the first outbreaking 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 redcoats, 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 Murray 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 opinions 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 Jacobite 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 the 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.

LATHA CHUILODAIR.

AIR FÓN—“Murt Gblinne-Comhann.”

O! gur mo chuis mhulaid,
 'S mi ri caoine na guin a ta 'm thir,
 A rìgh! bi laidir 's tu 's urrainn,
 Ar naimhdean a chumail fo chis
 Oirne 's laidir diuc Uilleam,
 'N ragmheirleach tha guin aige dhuinn;
 B'e sud salchar nan steallag,
 Tigh'n an uachdar air chruineachd an fhuinn.

Mo chreach Tearlach Ruadh, boidheach,
 Bhi fo bhinn aig rìgh Deòrsa nam biasd;
 B'e sud diteadh na còrach,
 An fhirinn 'sa beul foipe sois;
 Ach a rìgh mas a deoin leat, [dhinn,
 Cuir an rìoghachd air seol a chaidh
 Cuir rìgh dligheach na còrach,
 Ri linn na tha beo os ar cinn.

Mo chreach armait nam breacan,
 Bhi air sgaoileadh 's air sgapadh 's
 gach àit,
 Aig fìor bhalgairan Shasuinn,
 Nach no ghnathaich bonn ceartas na
 'n dail;
 Ged a bhuannaich iad baiteal, [bha,
 Cha b'ann da 'n cruadal na 'n tapadh a
 Ach gaodh n'iar agus frasan,
 Thigh'n a nios oirnn bharr machalr
 nan Gall.¹

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'
 fherr;
 Ach 's droch dhraoidheachd a's drachdan,
 Rinneadh dhuinne mu 'n deachas na 'n
 dail,

¹ 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.

Air na frithean colach do sgap sinn,
 'S lu mhi-chomhail gu'n d' fhairtlich
 iad oirnn.

Mo chreach mhor! na cuirp ghlé-gheal,
 Tha na'n laidl' air na sleibhmean ud thall,
 Gun chiste gun leintean,
 Ga 'n adhlaicheadh fhein anns na tuill;
 Chuid tha beo dhiu 'n deigh sgaoileadh,
 'S iad ga fògar le goathan thar tuinn;
 Fhuair a Chuigs' a toil fein dinn, [ruinn.
 'S cha chan iad ach “réubaltaich”
 ruinn.

Fhuair na Gaill sinn fo 'n casan,
 'S mor a nàire 'sa maslath sid leinn,
 'N deigh ar dùthcha 's ar 'n àite,
 A spùilleadh 's gun bhlatas againn ann;
 Caisteal Dhuinidh 'n deigh a losgadh,
 'S e na laraich lom, thosdach, gun
 mhiagh;
 Gu 'm b'e 'n caochala' goirt e, [fhiach.
 Gu 'n do chaill sinn gach sochair a 'b

Cha do shaoil leam, le m' shùilean,
 Gu 'm faicinn gach cùis mar a tha,
 Mur spùtadh nam faoilleach, [blàr;
 'N am nan luidhean a sgaoileadh air
 Thug a chuibhle car tionndaidh,
 'S tha ioma fear aime-cheart an càs;
 A Rìgh seall le do chaoimhneas,
 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,¹
 Fhuair e 'n lath' ud air ordugh dha fein;
 Bha 'n da chuid air a mheoirean,
 Moran giogan gun trocair le foill;
 Mheall e sinne le chòmhra', [linn.
 'S gu 'n robh ar barail ro mhor air r'a

Ach fhad 'sa 's beo sinn r'ar latha,
 B'ìdh sinn caoidh na ceathairm chaidh
 dhinn,
 Na fir threubhach bha sgariteil,
 Dheanadh teughbail le claidheamh 's
 le sgiath;
 Mur biodh siantan n' ar n' aghaidh,
 Bha sinn shios air ar n' aghairt gu dian,
 'S bhiodh luchd Beurla na n' laidhe,
 Ton-air-cheann, b' e sid m'aighear 's
 mo mhiann.

¹ Lord George Murray.

Och nan och ! 's mi fo sprochd,
 'S mi 'n dràsda ri osnaich leam fein
 'G amharc feachd an dù-Rosaich,
 'G ithe féur agus cruineachd an fhuinn;
 Rothaich iargalt a's Cataich,
 Tigh'n a naìl le luchd chasag a's lann,
 Iad mar mhiol-choin air acras,
 Siubhal criochan, charn, chlach, agus
 bheann.

Mo chreach! tìr air an tainig,
 Rinn sibh nis clar reidh dh'i cho lom,
 Gun choirce gun ghnàisich, [fonn,
 Gun siol taght' ann am fàsach na 'm
 Prìs na circ air an spàrdan,
 Gu ruige na spànean thoirt uainn,
 Ach sgrios na craobhe f'a blà dhiubh,
 Air a crionadh fo barr gus a bonn.

Tha ar cinn fo 'na choille, [oirnn,
 'S eigin beanntan a's gleannain thoirt
 Sinn gun sùgradh gun mhacnus,
 Gun eibhneas, gun aitheas, gun cheòl,
 Air bheag bìdhe no teine,
 Air na stècan an laidheadh an ceò,
 Sinn mar chomhachaig eile,
 Ag eisdeachd ri deireas gach lò.

ORAN EILE.

AIR LATHA CHUILODAIR.

O! gun mis' th' air mo chràdh,
 Thuit mo chridhe gu làr,
 'S tric snithe gu m' shàil o m' leirsinn.
 O! gur mis', etc.

Dh'fhalbh mo chlalstinneachd bhuam,
 Cha chluinn mi 'sa n' uair,
 Gu mall na gu luath ni 's éibhinn.
 Dh'fhalbh mo, etc.

Mu Phriunns' Thearlach mo rùin,
 Oighre dligheach a chruin,
 'S e gun fhios ciod an tùbh a theid e.
 Mu Thearlach, etc.

Fuil rioghail nam buadh,
 Bhi 'ga dìobairt 's an uair,
 'S mac diolain le 'shluagh ag éiridh.
 Fuil rioghail, etc.

Siol nan cuilean a bha,
 Ga 'n ro mhath chinnich an t-àl,
 Chuir iad sinn' ann an càs na h-éigin.
 Siol nan cuilean, etc.

Ged a bhuannaich sibh blàr,
 Cha b' an d' ur cruadal a bha,
 Ach gun ar shluaghainn' bhi 'n dàila chéile.
 Ged a bhuannaieh, etc.

Bha iad iomadaidh bhuainn,
 Dheth gach finne mu rhuath,
 'S bu mhiste sinn' e ri uair ar féuma.
 Bha iad iomdaidh, etc.

Coig brataichean sròil,
 Bu ro mhath chuireadh an lò,
 Gun duine dhiubh chòir a chéile.
 Coig brataichean, etc.

Iarla Chrompa le shlòigh,
 Agus Bàrasdol òg,
 'S Mac-'Ic-Ailein le sheoid nach geilleadh.
 Iarla Chrompa, etc.

Clann-Ghriogair nan Gleann
 Buidheann ghiobach nan lann
 'S iad a thigeadh a nall na 'n eight' iad.
 Clann-Ghriogair, etc.

Clann-Mhuirich nam buadh,
 Iad-san uile bhi bhuainn,
 Gur h-e m' iomadan truagh r'a leughadh.
 Clann-Mhuirich, etc.

A Clann-Domhnuill mo ghaoil,
 'Ga 'm bu shuaitheantas fraoch,
 Mochraeh uile! nach d' fhaod sibh eiridh.
 A Chlann-Domhnuill, etc.

An fhuil uaibhreach gun mheang,
 Bha buan, cruadalach, ann,
 Ged eaidh ur bualadhan am na téugbhair.
 An fhuil uaibhreach, etc.

Dream eile mo chreach,
 Fhuair an laimhseacha' goirt, [hach.
 Ga 'n ceann am Frisalach gasda, treub-
 Dream eile, etc.

Clann-Fhiunnlaigh Bhraidh-Mharr,
 Buidheann ceannsgalach, ard, [eireadh.
 'Nuair a ghlaoidhte aibhans 's iad dh'
 Clann-Fhiunnlaigh, etc.

Mo chreach uile 's mo bhron,
Na fir ghasd' tha fo leòn,
Clann-Chatain nan srol bhì dhéis-laimh.
Mo chreach uile, etc.

Chaill sinn Dòmhnall donn, suaire,
O Dhùn Chrompa so shuas,
Mar ri Alasdair ruagh na feile.
Chaill sinn Dòmhnall, etc.

Chaill sinn Raibeart an àigh,
'S cha bu ghealtair e' m blàr
Fear sgathadh nan cnamh 's nam feithean.
Chaill sinn Raibeart, etc.

'S ann thuit na rionnagan gasd;
Bu mhath aluinn an dreach,
Cha bu phàigheadh leinn mairt na 'n éirig.
'S ann thuit, etc.

Air thus an lathda dol sìos,
Bha gaodh a cathadh nan sian,
As an adhar bha trian ar leiidh.
Air thus an latha, etc.

Dh' fhàs an talamh cho trom,
Gach fraoch, fearunn a's fonn,
'S nach bu chothrom dhuinn lom an
Dh' fhàs an talamh, etc. [t-sleibhe.

Lasair theine nan Gall,
Frasadh pheileir mu 'r ceann,
Mhill sid eireachdas lann 's bu bheud e.
Lasair theine,¹ etc.

Mas fìor an dàna g'a cheann,
Gu 'n robh Achan ¹ 'sa chàmp,
Dearg mheirleach nan raud 's nam
Mas fìor an dàna, etc. [breugan.

'S e sin an Seanalair mor
Gràin a' s mallachd an t-sloigh,
Reic e onoir 'sa chòir air eucoir.
'S e sinn an, etc.

Thionndaidh choileir 'sa chleòc,
Air son an sporain bu mhò,
Rinn sud dolaidh do sheoid rìgh Seumas.
Thionnaidh, etc.

¹ 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.

Ach thig cuibhle an fhortain mu 'n
Car bho dheas na l'ho thuath, [cuairt,
'S gheibh ar 'neas-caraid duais na h-eucoir.
Ach thig cuibhle, etc.

'S gu 'm bì Uilleam Mac Dheòrs',
Mur chraoibh gun duilleach fo leòn,
Gun fhreamh, gun mheangan, gun mheoir
'S gu 'm bì Uilleam, etc. [eangéige.

Gu ma lom bhios do leac,
Gun bhean, gun bhrathair gun mhac,
Gun fhuaim clàrsaich, gun lasair chéire.
Gun ma lom, etc.

Gun sòlas, sonas, no seanns,
Ach dòlas dona mu d' cheann,
Mur bh' air ginealach Chlann na h-Eiphit.
Gun solas sonas, etc.

A's chi sinn fhathasd do cheann,
Dol gun athadh ri crann,
'S eoin an adhair gu teann ga réubadh.
A's chi sinn, etc.

'S bidh sinn uile fa-dheòidh,
Araon sean agus òg,
Fo 'n rìgh dhligheach 'ga 'n coir duinn
'S bidh sinn, etc. [géilleadh.

URNAIGH IAIN RUAIDH.¹

AIG taobh sruthain na shuidhe 's e sgith,
Tha 'n Criosdaidh bochd Iain Ruadh,
Na cheatharnach fhathasd gun sith,
Sa chàs air tuisleadh sa 'n tìmg tuagh.

¹ 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.

Ma thig Duimhnic no Cataich a'm dhàil,
 Mu 'n slanaich mo lùigheannan truagh,
 Ged thig iad cho tric a's is àill,
 Cha cuir iad orm lamh le luath's.

Ni mi 'n ubhaidh¹ rinn Peadar do Phàl,
 'S a lùighean air fàs leum brauich,
 Seachd paidir 'n ainm Sagairt a's Pàp,
 Ga chuir ris na phlàsd mu'n cuairt.

Ubhaidh eile as leith Mhuire nan gràs,
 'S urrainn creideach dheanadh slan ri uair;
 Tha mis' am chreideamh gun teagamh,
 gun dail,
 Gu'n toir sinn air ar naimhdean buaidh.

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.

¹An 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 the Highlands. The Editor well recollects with what self-complacency and *sans froid* the female Esculapii of his native glen used to repeat the "Eòlas sgiuchadh feithe," over the hapless hobbler 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 tooth-

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 dhona gun onair, gun bhrìgh,
 Ach gionach gu ni ar son duais,
 Gabhail fàth oirnn 'sgach àit ann sa'm bì --
 Cuir a chuibhleso' Chriosda mu'n cuairt!

Ma thionndas i diseal an dràsh, [buaì',
 'S gu'm faigh Frangaich am Flannras
 Tha 'm earbs' as an targanachd bha,
 Gu'n tig armailt nistà dhuinn thar chuan.

ache, with all its excruciating pain, could not withstand the potency of Highland magic; dysentery, gout, dysury, etc., 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 "Clair-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 'g mharbhainn doirbheag,
 A's naoi naoinear dheth a seòrsa,
 'S fiolar crìon nan casan lionmhor,
 Bu mhor pianadh air feadh feòla," etc.

Here follows the other, denominated "Eòlas a Chronachaidh," or "Casg Beum-Sula." During its repetition the singular operation of filling a bottle of 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.

Deanamsa dhutsa, eolas air sul,
 A uchd 'Ille Phàdrùig naoimh,
 Air at amaich a's stad earabùill,
 Air naoi conair 's air naoi connachair,
 As air naoi bean seang sith,
 Air suil seanna-ghille 's sealla seanna-mhna,
 Mas a suil fir i, i lasadh mar bhìgh,
 Masa sùil mnath i, i bhì dh'easbhnic a cìch,
 Falcadair fuar agus fuarachd da fuil,
 Air an ni, 's air a daoine,
 Air a crodh, 's air a caoirich fein.

Gu'n toir Fortan dha didean le gràs,
Mur Mhaois 'nuair a thraigh a mhuir
ruadh,
S gu'm bith Deòrsa le 'dhrealainibh bàit,
Mur bha 'n t-amadan Pharaoh 's a
shluagh.

'Nuair bha Israel sgìth '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;
Ghabh flaitheas rinn corruich ro-mhor,
Crom-an-donais! chaidh 'n seòrsa 'n
diag.

A Rìdh shocrach Muire nan gràs,
Crom riumsa le baigh do chluas;
'S mi 'g umhladh le m' ghùn air an làr,
Gabh achanaich araid bhuan.

Cha'n eil sinn a sireadh ach còir,
Thug Cheirs agus Dheorsa bhuaninn;
'Reir do cheartais thoir neart dhuinn a's
treoir,
A's cum sinn bho fhoirneart sluaigh!
Amen.

CUMHA DO BHIAINTIGHEARNA.

MHIC-AN TOISICH.¹

Cia iad na dée 's na Duilean treun,
Theid leamsa sa'n sgeul' bhroin?
Tha ghealach fòs, 's na reultan glan,
'S a ghrian fo smal gach lò, [cloinn,
Gach craobh, gach coill, gach bean 's
Dha 'm bheil na'm broinn an deò,
Gach luibh, gach feur, gach nì 's gach
Mu'n tì rinn boise mòr. [spreidh,

Mar choinneal chéir, 's i làsadh treun,
Mar earr na grein ro nòin,
Bha reull na mais. fo shiontaibh deas,
A nis thug frasain mor,
Oir bhris na tuinn 's na tobair bhuin; '
'S le mulad dhruigh na neoil,
'S e lagaich sinn, 's ar 'n-aighe tinn,
'S gu'n ruith ar cinn le deòir.

¹For the Air, see the Rev. Patrick M'Donald's Collection of Highland Airs, page 16—No. 106.

Mu'n ribhinn àilt nan ioma gràs,
A choisinn gràdh an t-slòigh,
Mo bheud gu bràth do sgeula bais,
An taobh ud thall de'n Gheòp,
Ainnir ghasd' nan gorm-shuil dait,
'S nan gruaidh air dhreach nan ròs,
'S e do chuir fo lic a chlaoidh mo neart,
'S a dh'fhag mi 'm feasd gun treòir.

Do chorp geal, seang, mar lili bàn,
'Se 'n deis' a charadh 'n sròl,
A nis a ta gach neach fo chràdh,
'S tu 'n ciste chlàr nam bòrd,
A gheug nam buadh is allidh snuadh,
Gur mis tha truagh 's nach beò,
Do chuimhn' air chruas, ri linn nan
Gur cinnte' dh'fhuasglas deòir. [sluagh,

Tha Mac-an-Toisich nan each seang,
'S nam bratach srannmhor sròil,
Gun aobhar gàirdeachais ach cràdh,
Ma ghràdh 's nach eil i beò,
A ribhinn shuairc a b' aillidh snuadh,
O Chaisteal Uaimh nan còrn,
An gallan réidh 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 had 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 incertitude. 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,

he was in the boat.
service

dirk, and guns, together with a bagpipe and old pail (drum), our octogenarian little army lurked in a dense clump of brush-wood until the red-coats came up. It was now night, and the sound of Lord Louden'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 Louden, 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.

COINNEACH MAC-CHOINNICH.

KENNETH M'KENZIE was born at Caisteal Leuair', 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 conned 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 "Pìobairachd na Luinge" is an imitation of M'Intyre's "Beinn-dòrain," but it possesses no claims to a comparison with the masterpiece. 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 the 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 cynic 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.¹ Distressed at this mournful occurrence—which he well knew the superstition and gossip of his country would father on 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 liùnn,
Mòran bùirn 's beagan bracha;
B'anna leam caismeachd mo rùin,
Air cuan dù-ghorm le capull.

Ge d' a tha mi ann san àm,
Air mo chrapadh le astar,
'S tric a thug mi greisean gàrbh,
Air an fhàirge ga masgadh.
'S beag mo shunnt, etc.

¹ This happened in the year 1792, in which our author published,

Greis le beachd a deanamh iùil,
 'S greis cuir siùll ann am pasgadh,
 Greis air iomairt, 's greis air stiùir,
 'S greis air chul nam ball-acuinn.
 'S beag mo shunnt, etc.

'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, etc.

Uair a bhiodh i fada shìos,
 Anns an ìochdar nach faict' i'
 'S greis eile 'n-aird nam frìth,
 S i cuir dh'i air a leath-taobh.
 'S beag mo shunnt, etc.

'S i nach pilleadh gun cheann-fa',
 'S i neo-sgàthach gu srachdadh,
 A gearradh tuinn' le geur roinn,
 'S cudrom gaoith' air na slatan.
 'S beag mo shunnt, etc.

'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, etc.

Bhiodh i turaban gun tàmh,
 'S chluinnte g'ainich fo'n t-sac i,
 'S bhiodh gach glùn dh'i dol fillt',
 'S chluinnte bid aig gach aisinn.
 'S beag mo shunnt, etc.

Chite muir na thonnan àrd,
 'S chluinnt' i gàraich gu farsuinn,
 'S bheireadh ronà ard nan steoll,
 Buille thròm ann gach achlais.
 'S beag mo shunnt, etc.

Ann an as-caoineachd a chuain,
 'S ann am fuathas na fraise,
 Thugaidh fauceil air a ghaoth—
 " Fhearabh gaoil cumaibh rag i."
 'S beag mo chunnt, etc.

Chluinnte farum aig an fhaing',
 Molach garbh anns an ath-sith,
 Beucach, rangach, torrach, searbh,
 Srannach, anabharadh, brais i.
 'S beag mo shunnt, etc.

Buill bu treis de'n chorraich uir,
 Croinn de'n ghiubhsaich bu daite,

Eideadh cainb nach biodh meanbh,
 'S chite geala-dhearg a bhrataich.
 'S beag mo shunnt, etc.

Se mo ruin na fearadh gleust',
 'S iad nach tréigeadh 'an caitean,
 Chluinnte langan nam fear òg,
 'S iad nach deonaicheadh gealtachd.
 'S beag mo shunnt, etc.

Tha'n cridheachan farsuinn mòr,
 'S tric a dh'òl iad na bh'aca,
 Damhs a's inghinean a's ceòl,
 'Nuair bu chòir dol gu 'n leabaidh.
 'S beag mo shunnt, etc.

Bi'dh iad gu fuireachar geur,
 'N am do'n ghrein dol a chadal,
 Ceileireach, luinneagach, réidh,
 N am bh'i 'g éiridh sa' mhadainn.
 'S beag mo shunnt, etc.

AM FEILE PREASACH.

LUINNEAG.

'S e feile preasach tlachd mo riùn,
 'S osan nach ruig faisg an glùn,
 'S còta breac nam basan dlù,
 'S bonaid dhù-ghorm thogarrach.

B' annsa leam am féie cuaich,
 Na casag de 'n aodach luaight',
 'S brisig nan ceannglaichean cruaidh,
 Gur e'n droch-uair a thogainn dh'i.
 'S e feile preasach, etc.

Tha mo rù do'n eideadh lās,
 Cuach an fhéilidh nan dlù bhās,
 Shiubhlain leis 's na slèibhtean cās,
 'S rachainn brais air obair leis,
 'S e feile preasach, etc.

Ge'd a tharlainn ann sa' bhéinn,
 Fad na seachduin 's mi leam féin, [beud,
 Fuachd na h-oidhch' cha dean dhomh
 Tha 'm breacan fhéin cho caidearach,
 'S e feile preasach, etc.

Shiubhlain leis feadh ghleann a's sleibh,
 'S rachainn do'n chlachan leis fhéin,
 Tlachd nan gruagach 's uaill nan steud,
 S é deas gu feum na'n togramaid.
 'S e feile preasach, etc.

'S ealamh cadrom è sa' ghleann,
'S cuilbheir réidh fo' sgeith gun mheang,
A dh'fhagaidh udlaich ceir-gheal fann,
A bheireadh srann sa leagadh e.
'S e feile preasach, etc.

Am féileadh air am beil mi'n geall,
Dealg nar guailibh suas gun fheall,
Crios ga ghlasadh las neo-theann,
'S biodh e gach am gu baganta.
'S e feile preasach, etc.

'S ann leam bu taitneach è bhi n-àird,
Nam dhomb tachairt ri mo ghràdh,
B'fhearr leam seachduin dheth na dhà
De bhrigis ghrainnde rag-sheallach.
'S e feile preasach, etc.

'S caomh a'n t-èide 'm breachdan ùr,
'S ann air féin a dh'eireadh cliú,
Mar sin 's buaigh-larach ann 's gach cuis,
'S e dheannadh tùrn gun eagal air.
'S e feile preasach, etc.

'N am do ghaigich dol air feum
Gàeil ghasd gu sracadh bhéin,
Piob ga spalpadh 's anail réidh,
A chuireadh end a's fadadh annt.
'S e feile preasach, etc.

B'e sud caismeachd àrd mo rùin,
Cronan gàireach, bàrr gach ciùil,
Brais phuirt mheara, leanadh dlù,
Chlath gu lùghor grad-mheurach,
'S e feile preasach, etc.

Nnair a ghlicht' san achlais i,
Beus bu taitnich chunna' mi,
Siunnsair pailt-thollach gun di—
Os cionn a chinn gu fad-chrannach.
'S e feile preasach, etc.

'Si's boiche dreach'sa'stlachdmhor snuagh,
Tartrach, sgairteil, brais phuirt luath,
Muineal cròm air uchd nam buagh,
Chluinnte fuaim 'nuair ragadh i.
'S e feile preasach, etc.

A ri! bu ruith-leumach na meoir,
Dàmhsa brais mu'n seach gun leon,
Is iad air chrith le mire gleòis,
Chluinnte sròl gu farumach.
'S e feile preasach, etc.

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 spadàireachd.
'S e feile preasach, etc.

Fhuair i 'n t-urram thar gach ceòl,
Cuiridh i misneach 's gach feoil,
Togaidh i gu aird nan neoil,
Inntinn seoid gu baitealach.
'S e feile preasach, etc.

MAIREARAD MHOLACH MHIN.

LUIÑNEAG.

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 ceann Loch-nis nam bradan tarra-gheal,
Tha le ime-cheist air a ti.
Mo rùn, etc.

'S àile chumainn trod ri naoinear,
Ged' a dh'aoimhadh iad gu stri,
'S cha leag mi gu bràth le duin' i,
On a dh'fhàs i molach mìn.
Mo rùn, etc.

'S truagh nach sinn bha air àiridh,
Air ar fàgail ann leinn fhìn,
S chumadh i bho'n fhuachd mi sàbhailt,
On a dh'fhàs i molach mìn.
Mo rùn, etc.

Ge d' a gheibhinn tàirgse bhàintigh'rn,
'S neo-ar-thaing a bheirinn d'i, [drais,
'S mòr gum b'fherr leam Nic-'Ill-Eann-
Tha na th'ann d'i molach mìn.
Mo rùn, etc.

Buaidhean mo chruinneig cha léir dhomb,
An cuir an géill cha dean mi 'n inns',
Thug nàdur dh'i tuigs as reasan,
Agus ceill nam beusan fillt.
Mo rùn, etc.

Tha i sgeudaichte le h-àilteachd,
'S a càirdeas mar ghràn air pill,
Séimh, fallain, ùr, 's cumaite dh'fhàs i,
O mullach gu sàil a buinn.
Mo rùn, etc.

Leam a b'ait a bhi ga pògadh,
Beul an tig an t-òran binn,
Gruaidh mar dhearcaig, suil is mòdhair,
'S mor mo bhòsd a glòir à cinn.
Mo rùn, etc.

B'annsa leam a bhi ga h-eisdeachd,
Na smeorach sa Chéitean shìl,
Na fonn fìdhle nam binn theudan,
'S na tha cheòl 'an Eirinn chrì.
Mo rùn, etc.

Do Chuilodair gu'n tig gàisgich,
Gillean tapaiddh as gach tìr,
'S bi'dh gach fear an geall air fuireach,
Mar ri Màirearad mholach mhìn.
Mo rùn, etc.

Dheanainn cur, a's àr, a's buain dh'i,
'S dheanainn cruach gun chiorram dh'i,
S bheirinn sìthinn ò uchd fhuar-bheann,
'S bheirinn ruaig air cuaintean sgi.
Mo rùn, etc.

Shìubhlain latha 's shìablain 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, etc.

AN TE DHUBH.

AIR FÖNN—"A Mhòrag na dean mar sin."

LUNNEAG.

Hoireann ò eile
'S na hì-rì-ri eile
Horeann h-ò 's na h-o eile
Gur mor mo speis do'n te dhuibh.

'S truagh nach robh mì air m' thàgail
Le m' leannan 's an fhàsach,
Far nach fhaicinn mo chairdean
Tha toir tàir' do'n te dhuibh!
Hoireann, etc.

An seilbh gleannain gun chonnalach,
'S air mulach nam beannian,
Ghleidhinn aran do m' anusachd,
Geg tha 'n ceann oirre dubh.
Hoireann, etc.

Dheanainn cuir agus buain d'i,
'S bheirinn turus thar chuaintean,
'S cha bhiodh uireasbhuidh uair oirr'—
Ged tha cnailean cho dubh.
Hoireann, etc.

Dheanainn treabhadh ri oireadh
'S dheanainn cur anns an oidhche;
Dheanainn mire ri maighdein—
'S chuirinn daoimein air *trumph!*
Hoireann, etc.

Ge suarach aig càch i,
Tha uaisle na nàdur,
Thà suairceas na gàire—
Ged tha 'm barr oirre dubh!
Hoireann, etc.

Thug nadur dh'i gliocas,
Mar gheard air a tuigse,
'S i làn de dheagh ghibhtean,
'S a ceann nach miste bhi dubh!
Hoireann, etc.

Ciochan corach is mìne,
Air uchd soluis na rìbhinn,
Deud gheal mar na dìsnean,
'S beul o 'm binn a thig guth.
Hoireann, etc.

O gualainn gu h-òrdaig,
Fhuair urram bhan òga,
Glac gheal nan caol-mhèirean,
'S a gàirdean feola cho tiugh.
Hoireann, etc.

S math thig *staidheas* le faomadh,
Air a bodhaig is gaolaich,
'S gur gil' i fo h-aodach,
Na chuid is caoine de 'n ghruth.
Hoireann, etc.

Cruinn chalpa na gruagaich,
Gun dochair mu 'n cuairt d'i,
Triodh chumir 's i cuanta
Nach cuir cuagach brog dhuibh.
Hoireann, etc.

Gnùis is aillidh ri sireadh,
Ciùin tià ann an iomairt,
'S le snathaid nì grinneas,
Nach dean iomadh te dhuibh!
Hoireann, etc.

Ged a tha i gun stòras,
Tha taitneas na còmhradh,

B'annsa furan a pòige,
Na'n te ga'n leòrn a cuid cruidh.
Hoireannf etc.

S ma 'm bitheadh i riarach,
Air fuireach seachd bliadhna,
Cheannaichean breid d'i gun iarraidh,
Mu'm biodh a sia dhùit air ruith.
Hoireann, etc.

Dh-olainn 's cha neònach,
De dh-uisg' a phuill mhòine,
Air a slainte gu deònach—
Gòr mise dh-oladh de'n t-sruth!
Hoireann, etc.

DROBHAIR NAN CAILEAGAN.

AIR FÒNN—"Cabar Feidh."

S a nise bho'n a theig sinn,
Le chéile bhí farasda,
Bheirinn comhairl' fheumail,
Dhuth fhein ann san dealachadh;
Na toir do rùn gun reason,
Do thè dheth na caileagan,
Oir 's duilich leam gun d'éist mi,
Droch sgeula ma fhearaiginn;
Na bí cho tric a' dol na measg,
Mar chraoibh gun mheas, na caileagan,
Ge d' shaoileadh tus, gun robh iad dhut,
Cho mìn ad t-uchd ri bainne dhut,
Nam suidhe steach, le eibhneas ai t,
Ri cuir ma seach nan dramachan,
Bí'dh cuir nan cinn a'g éiridh,
S' gach tè dhiu ri fanaid ort!

Tha na gillean òga,
Nan dòchas cho amaideach,
'S iad le'm barail ghòrach,
'An tòir air na caileagan,
Ach fhad sa bhios an suilean,
Cho duinnte, cha'n aithnich iad,
'S cha 'n fhaic iad Gloc-air-gàradh,¹

¹ 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

Ged' tharladh i maille riu.
A chaoidh cha'n fhaic sibh, iad cho ceart,
Mar gabh sibh beachd le ghlaineachan
'S mus e 's gun dearc sibh, mo 's faisg,
Gun tig a ghart, san t-eanach dhibh:
Mar bheathach bochd, a bhios gun toirt,
'Nuair theid a ghoirt a's t-earrach ann,
'S ceart ionann 's mar ni ghòraich,
Air drobhar nan caileagan.

Ge b'è chuireas dùil annt',
An dùrachd cha'n aithnich é,
Ge d' ghealladh i do phògadh,
'S ge d' òladh i drama leat.
'S ge d' gheailadh i le dòchas,
Gum pòsadh i 'neathrar thu,
'Nuair thionnta' tu do chùl-thaobh,
Bí'dh 'n shùilean gan camadh riut.
Mar sud their ise, ged' tus 's glic',
Gun deanainn *trìc*, nach aithne dhut,
'S ge mor do bheachd, cha rachainn leat,
Mar biodh do bheartas màile riut,
'S mar be dhomh 'n leisg, a bhì am leis,
Gun 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 bí'dh air aithreachas,
'S ma dh' fheuchas i dha cairdeas,
Cha'n fhearr bhios a bharail oirr';
'S mo theid e mo is dàna—
Thig tàir' agus farran air,
'S mo gheibh i e sa ghàradh,
Cha tàr e dhol tharais air:
Bí'dh e cho glic ri duin' air mhìsg,
'S bìdh càch ga mheas mar amadan;
Nuair bhios glact mar ian an *snàp*,
'S nach urr' e chas a tharruinn as;
'S a chaoi le tlachd, cha 'n fhaigh e las,
Mur brist e 'n acuinn theannachaidh,
'S ma se 's nach cuir e brèid oirr',
'S an éibhinn ri latha dha.

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.

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 Argyleshire, etc., 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 trials, 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 in 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 luin 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 grogshop 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,—"*Feasgar luain*," so intimately connected with the poet's fate, has been already noted. 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-oighe Gaelich*," although not so plaintive or tender, is, perhaps, as a poetical composition, far before the other. Never was maiden immortalised 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'aigne,
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' iunnasaidh,
'Dhùisg mi as mo shuain,
'Nuair fhuair mi 'n sgeul bha mor ri èigh'd
Gun d'eadròmaich mo smuain.

Is làtha sealbbach, rathail, dealarach,
Alail, ainmeil, àgh-mhor,
A dh'fhuasgail air na h-Albannaich,
Bho mhachraichean gu garbhlaichean,
Bho uisge-Thuaid¹ gu Arcamh-chuain,
Bho Dheas gu Tuath gu léir;
Is binne 'n srann feadh shrath a's ghleann
Na òrgan gun mheang gléus.

A Mharcuis òig nan Gréumach,
Fhir ghleust' air aigne rioghail,
O! gu'm a buan air t-aiteam thu,
Gu treubhach, bñadhach, macanta,
'S tu 'n ùr-shlat aluinn 's muirneil blàth
De'n fhuibhaidh aird nach crion,
Gur tric na Gàeil 'g òl do shlaint',
Gu h-armunnach air fion.

Mo cheist am firean foinnidh, dìreach,
Maiseach, fìor-ghlan, ainmeil,
Mo sheobhag sùl-ghorm, amaisgeil,
Tha comhant, cliùiteach, bearraideach,
A b'aird' a leumadh air each-sreine,
'M barrachd euchd thar chàich;
'S tu bhùinig cuis a bharr gach cùirt',
'S a chuir air chùl ar càs!

Air bhi air fàrsan dhomh gach là
Gur tus tha ghnà air m' inntinn,
Mo rùn do'n tìr o'n d'imich mi,
'S mo shuil air fad gu pilleadh ri;
'S ann thogas orm gu grad mo cholg
Le aigne meanmach, treun—
Mo chliabh tha gabhail lasadh aigheir,
'S àit mo naigheachd féin.

Thainig *fasan* anns an achd
A dh'òrdaich pailt am feileadh,
Tha eiridh air na breacanan
Le farum treun neo-lapanach,
Bì'dh oighean thapaiddh sniomh 'sa dath
Gu h-eibhinn, àit, le uail
Gach aon diù 'g eideadh a' gaoil fein
Mar 's réidh leo anns gach uair.

Biodh cogadh ann no sio-chainnt,
Cha chuir sin sior-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 uasal féin;
Le lannan cruaghach, neart-mhor, buan,
A leantain ruaig gun sgios!

¹ The Water of Tweed.

On fhuair sinn *fasan* le'r sàr chleachdaidh,
Dùisgeadh beachd ar sinnsir,
Le rùn gun cheilg 's na h-uile fear,
'S gun nheirgh' air leirg nan Lunnuin-
neach,
Le sunnt a's gleus, a's barrachd spéis
Toirt àite¹ fein do'n Rìgh,
Mo bhàs gun éis mar b'fhèarr leam fein sin,
No ge d' éibht' an t-shìth!

Note.—This song, as its title indicates, was composed on the repeal of President Forbes's unclotting 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 cudgel, "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.

AIR FÒNN—"Wat ye wha I met yestreen."

O! mosg'leamaid gu suilbhear àit,
Le sunntachd ghasd', a's eireamaid,
Tha mhadainn-sa le furan caomh [duinn;
Toirt cuireadh faoilteach, éibhinn,
Cuireamaid fàilt air an lò,
Le cruitean cèolmhor, teud-bhinneach,
'S biodh ar cridhe deachdadh fuinn
'L ar beoil a seinn le speirid dha.

Nach cluinn thu bith-fhuaim suthain,
seamh, [rach,
'S a bhruthainn sgeamhail, bhlà-dhealt-
'S beannachdan a nuas o neamh
A dortadh fial gu làr aca:
Tha nadur a caochladh tuar [ach,
Le caomh-cruth, cuannda, pairt-dhath-
'S an cruinne iomlan, mu'n iath grian,
A taruinn fiamhan gràsail air!

¹ Hanover.

Nach cluinn thu còisir stolda, suaire',
 'S an doir' ud shuas le'n òranan,
 Seinn cliù dha'n Cruthadair fein,
 Le laoidhean ceutach, solasach,
 Air chorraibh an sgiath g'un tamb
 Air mheangain ard nan rò-chrannaibh,
 Le'n ceileirean toirt moladh bin, n,
 Dha'n Tì dh'ath-phill am bèotachd riu.

Gu'm b'fhearr na bhi'n cadal an tanih,
 Air leabaidh stàta chloimh-itich,
 Eiridh moch sa mhadainn Mhàigh,
 Gu fulbh na fàsach fheoirneinich,
 Ruaig a thoirt air bharr na driùchd,
 Do dhoire dlù nan smeòraichean,
 Am bi tùis is curaidh na fion,
 Le fàile ciatach ròsanan.

Tha feartan toirbheartach, neo-ghann,
 'S an àm so gun ghreann dubhlachdach,
 Cuir trusgan trom-dhait' air dach raon,
 Le dealt, 's le braon ga'n ùrachadh
 Tha *Flora* cnodachadh gach cluain,
 Gach glaic, a's bruch le fùraichean,
 S bi'dh neòinean, ròsan, 's lili bàn,
 Fo'n dithean aluinn, chùl-mhaiseach.

Tha *Phæbus* fein, le lòchrann aigh,
 Ag òradh àrd nam beanntaichean,
 'S a' taomadh nuas a ghathan tlà,
 Cuir dreach air blàth nan gleanntanan ;
 Gach innseag 's gach coirean fraoich
 Ag tarruinn faoilte na Bealltainn air ;
 Gach fireach, gach tulach, 's gach tom
 Le foirm cuir fuinn an t-samhraidh orr'.

Tha caoin, a's ciùin, air muir a's tir,
 Air machair mhìn 's air garbh-shleibtean,
 Tha cuirnean driùchd na thùir air làr,
 Ri aird 's ri àin na geala-ghreine ;
 Bi'dh coill', a's pòr, a's fraoch, a's féur,
 Gach iasg, gach éun, 's na h-ainmhidhean
 Ri teachd gu'n gnàsalachd 's gu nòs,
 Na'n gné, 's na'n doigh, san 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 mi-ghean, sgios a's gruaim,
 'S na bidheamaid uair fo'n aineartan,
 Crathamaid air chùl gach bròn,
 Le fonn, le còl, 's le canntaireachd ;
 'S binn' an tathaich sud mar cheud
 No gleadhraich eitidh chàbhsairean,
 S mi' m'pillein chùrai', chul ghorm fhraoich,
 'S na brughaichean saor on chàmparaid.

Bitheadh easlaint eitigeach, gun chli
 An didean rimheach sheòmraichean
 Bitheadh éugailean gun spéis, gun brigh,
 'N aitribh rìghrean, 's mor-uaislibh,
 Biodh slainte chonnabhalach gach ial,
 Am buthaibh fial gun stròthalachd,
 Aig Gàeil ghasd' an éididh gheartt
 Fir spéiseil, chairdeil, rò-gheanach !

ORAN AIR GAOL NA H-OIGHE.

DO CHAILEAN.

ANN am madaian chiùin cheitean,
 'S an spreidh air an lòn,
 Agus cailin na buaile,
 Gabhail 'n-uallain mu'n còir ;
 Do bhi gathanan *Phæbus*,
 A cuir an ceill tro' na neoil,
 Latha buadhach, geal, éibhinn,
 'S las na speuran le ròs.

Ach cha b'e 'n tòn, bha'd a'tional,
 Anns an Innis sa' ghleann,
 So bhuin m'aighe gu luasgan,
 '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 ciùneil, foistineach, grinn.

Shnàmh mo smaointean an iognhadh,
 'S thuit mi n' coachladh ro-mhòr,
 Sheas mi snasaicht mar iomhaidh,
 'G amharc dian air an òigh,
 'S ge do bhrosnaich mo dhùrachd mi
 Dh'eisdeachd ùr-laoidh a beoil,
 Stad mì rithist le mùnadh,
 'S dheachd mi rùn gu bhi fòil.

Ach gur deacair dhomh innseadh,
 Leis mar dhiobrainn an cainnt,
 Dreach na finn' 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 chaineal,
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' lùic bu mhìn-dheirge gruaidh,
Gun innleachd bhà, ach buaidh naduir,
A toirt gach barr dhut gun uaill!

Aghaidh bhaindidh, ghlan, mhòdhar,
Bu bhinne, ròs-dheirge, beul,
Suil mheallach, ghorm, thairis,
Caol mhala, 's rosg réidh,
Uchd sòluis, lan sònais,
Geala bhroilleach mar ghréin
'S triodh mhìn-ghéal, chaoin, 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 buär,
Gun do dh'imich an cailin,
Min, farasda, suairc';
Ghleus i guth, 's ghabh i òran,
'S bu rò-bhinn chéol bheireadh buaidh.

B ann 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 binn an co'-ghleus d'i,
'S gun do dh'éisd mi cár 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 sinn a tional nan dìthean,
Leinn fhìn feadh nan cluan;

A s sinn 'gar leagadh nar sineadh,
'Nuair bu sgù leinn air bruaich
'S bhìodh na cruitearan sgiathach,
Cuir ar cionalais bhuaìn.

"Gu'm bu neo-chiontach màran
Mo gràidh ann sa' chòill;
A's sinn a' mireadh n-ar 'n-aonar,
Gun smaointinn air foill;
Sinn gun mhulad, gun fhadachd,
O mhadainn gu h-òidech',
Agus *Cupid* 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 fagall,
'S bhìhidh càch as an deigh;
'S ann a dhiucas mi tharais
Do na ghàran leam fein,
Gu bhì taomadh mo dhosgainn
Ann an fochar nan gèug.

"Tha mo chairdean fo ghruaim rium,
O là chual' iad mar tha—
Gur annsa 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 dileas,
Cia fath mu'n dibrinn-sa dha?"

So mar sheinn an caomh chailin,
Tòsan tairis a gràidh,
'S a boid sheasmhach da ceud ghaol.
A's nach dìbheadh gu bràth,
Gach òigh' eile da 'n cluinn so,
Gun robh a h-inntinn gu bàs,
Gu bhì leantainn an t-samh'l nd,
Gu'n a h-an-toil thoirt dha.

Ach air bhì grathuinn na m' thamh dhomh,
'S mi gun àbhachd san ròd,
'So m chliabh air lasadh le h-éibhneas
A' tabhairt éisdeachd da'n òigh—
Chunnacas òganach gasda
Teachd o' leacain a chrò,
'S e le uile shàr imeachd,
'S b'ann gu Innis nam bò.

Bha dhreach, 'sa dhealbh mar bumhian-
Le òigh iarraidh dh'i féin, [nach,
An tùs briseadh an rùnachd,
'S i fo h-ùr bhìl air féil;

Beachd a b'fhearr, bu neo-fhuras
A thabhairt tuille na dheigh,
Air an òganach mhaiseach,
A teachd o leacain nan géug.

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

Is ann an glacaibh 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 dìth dhaibh,
Gu là 'n crìch a's mì 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. Ross 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.

Soraidd bhuan dha'n t-suaithneas bhàn,
Gu là-luain cha ghluais o'n bhàs ;
Ghlac an uaigh an suaithneas bàn
'S leacan fuaraidh tnam' a thàmh !

Air bhì dhomh-sa triall thar druim
Air di-dònaich, 's comhlan leam,
Leughas litir naigheachd leinn,
'S cha sgeul ait a thachair innt'.
Soraidd bhuan, etc.

Albainn arsaidh ! 's fathunn bròin,
Gach aon mhuir bàit' tha bàrcadh oirn,
T-oighre rioghail bhì san Ròimh,
Tirt' an caol chist' liobhta bhòrd !
Soraidd bhuan, etc.

'S trom leam m'osnaich anns gach là
'S tric mo smuaintean fad' o laimh—
Cluain an domhain truagh an dàil,
Gur cobhartach gach feòil do'n bhàs !
Soraidd bhuan, etc.

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.
Soraidd bhuan, etc.

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

'S lionnhor laoch a's mìli treun,
Tha 'n diugh an Albainn as do dhéidh,
Iad fo's n-ìosal sìleadh dheur,
Rachadh dian leat anns an t-sréup.
Soraidd bhuan, etc.

'S gur neo-shubhach, dubhach, sgi,
Do threud ionmhuinn anns gach tìr,
Buidheann meannach bu'gharg cìl,
Ulamh, àrm-chleasach 's an t-srì.
Soraidd bhuan, etc.

Nis cromaidh na cruitearan binn,
Am barraibh dhòs fo' sprochen an cinn,
Gach beò bhiodh ann an srath na'm beinn
A caoidh an co'-dhosgainn leinn.
Soraidd bhuan, etc.

Tha gach beinn, gach enoc, 's gach sliabh,
Air am faca sinn thu triall,
Nis air call, an dreach 's am fiamh,
O nach tig thu chaoidh nan cian.
Soraidh bhuan, etc.

Bha'n t-àl òg nach fac thu riamh,
'G altrum graill dhut agus miagh,
Ach thuit an cridhe nis na'n cliabh,
O na chaidil thu gu sìor.
Soraidh bhuan, etc.

Ach biodh ar n' ùirnigh moch gach là
Ris an Tì is aird' e ta,
Gun e dhioladh oirn' gu bràth,
Ar 'n éucoir air an t-suaithneas bhàn.
Soraidh bhuan, etc.

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 bàna thréig.
Soraidh bhuan, etc.

Cuireamaid soraidh bhuaninn gu réidh
Leis na dh'imicheas an céin,
Dh'ionnsaidh an àit' na laidh an reull,
Dh'fhògradh uainn gach gruaim a's neul.
Soraidh bhuan, etc.

'S bitheamaid toilicht' leas na tha,
O nach d' fhaod sinn bhà na's fearr,
Cha bhì n-ar cuairt an so ach gearr,
A's leanaidh sin an suaithneas bàna.
Soraidh bhuan, etc.

MIANN AN OGANAICH GHAELICH.

AIR FONN—"We'll go no more a roving."

Tha sud do ghnà air m'inntinn,
Le iompaidh chinnteach, réidh,
'S gur fada bho'n bu mhiannach leam,
Gu'n triallanaid dha réir;
'S a nis' bho nach urrainn mi
Ga chumail arm gu léir,
B'ìdh mi fadheoidh ag aideachadh
Na th'agam dhut de spéis.

An sin treigearmaid am farsan,
'S gu'm b' fhearr na bhì air chuairt,

Bhì maille ris a' chailin sin,
Le farasdachd gun ghruaim.
An sin treigearmaid, etc.

Gach aon a chi mi 's beartaiche,
Bithidh spailp orr' as am maoin,
Ach sud cha b'urrainn m' iasgach-sa,
Ge d' liathain leis an aois,
Mo nadur ge d' bhiodh iarratach,
Dha' mhiann 's nach tugainn taobh,
Le snaim cho dian cha shnasaichinn,
Mar glacte mi le gaol.
An sin treigearmaid, etc.

Na ged' bu shamhl' an stòras mi,
Ge neonach sud leibh fein.
Dha'n neach is liugh' còraichean,
Tha 'm Breatuinn mhòr gu leir
Ge soilleir inbhe 'n stàta sin,
Cha tàladh e mi ceum,
'S air mhilltean òir cha lubainn-s'
Ach an taobh dha 'm biodh mo dhéidh,
An sin treigearmaid etc.

Gach fear dha'm beil na smaointean so,
Bithidh m'aonta dha gu mor.
Air chumba gun ghnè theag-mhaladh,
R'a fhaotainn bhì na dhòigh;
A rùn-sa 'nuair a d'fhiosraichinn,
Na'm measainn bhì air chòir,
Gu'm molainn gun a diobairt dha,
Cho fad sa bhiodh e beò.
An sin treigearmaid, etc.

Gu'm b'ait leam cailin 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 tàrladh aic' a bhì
'S ga réir bhì pailt' an eliù,
Cha chreidinn gu'm bu mhist' i e,
'S i fein bhì glie aù chù.
An sin treigearmaid, etc.

Cha treiginn féin a bharail sin,
A dh'aindeoin 's na their càch,
Le iomluas ghu bhì caochlaidheach,
'S nach aontaicheadh mo chàil,
Gach fear b'ìdh mar a's toileach leis,
Gun choireachd bhuan gu bràth,
'S a leanas e gu dicheallach,
A bheairt a chi e 's fearr,
An sin treigearmaid, etc.

MIANN NA H-OIGHE GAELICH.

[AIR AN FHONN CHEUDNA.]

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

Gu'm b' annsa na bhi m'onar,
 Mo lamh 's mo ghaol thoirt uam,
 Maraon a's lùbadh farasda,
 Le òigear fearail suaire.
 Gu'm b'annsa, etc.

Na'n deanadh fortan fabhar rium,
 'S an dàil sin chuir ma m' ehòir,
 Le òigear maiseach, mìleanda
 Gun anbharr, no dith stòir,
 A' chuir an taobh a bithinn-sa,
 'S mi fein am nighinn òig,
 Gun easbhuidh seadh no pàirtean air
 Cha'n aich'ain e ach fòil.
 Gu'm b' annsa, etc.

B'e sud an céile 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 saibhreas sona mi,
 Gun t-uileachas na dhéigh.
 Gu'm b' annsa, etc.

Gu'n curradh Ni-math bhuam-sa sud !
 Fear; abhaidh, cruaidh, gun chliù,
 Na fhio: aig dhriopail, gheur-chuisich,
 Bhios leirsinneach le shùil,
 Gun tonad a measg dhaoine dheth,
 Gun ghean, gun fhaoilt, na ghnùis,
 Gun fhailteachd, chairdeil, fburanach—
 Gun uirghioll aig a's fiù.
 Gu'm b' annsa, etc.

Ach òigear dreachannor, tabhachdach
 Neo-ardanach na ghné,
 Bhios calma 'nuair as éigin da,
 'S rei'-bheartach dha reir;

Gun stòras bhi tigh'n'n tharais air,
 Gun aim-bheartas gu leir,
 'S e sud na'm faighinn m'iarratas,
 A mbiannaichinn dhomh fein.
 Gu'm b' annsa, etc.

ORAN

AR AISEADH AN FHEARUINN DO NA CINN-
 FHEADHNA SA' BHLIADIINA—1782.

LUNNEAG.

Their mi hòro hùgo hoiriunn,
 Ho i hòiriunn hòro,
 Their mi hòro hùgo hoiriunn.

THUG m' inntinn air fad gu beadradh,
 Mar nach leagadh bròn i.
 Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, etc.

Bith'maid gu m'aranach, geanaich,
 Fearail, mar bu chòir dhuinn.
 Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, etc.

Cuirt an bòla breac na tharruinn,
 'S glaineachan air bòrd dhuinn.
 Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, etc.

Chuala mi naigheachd a Sasunn,
 Ris na las mo sholas.
 Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, etc.

No Suinn a bha'n iomairt Thearlaich,
 Thigh'n' gu dàil an còrach.
 Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, etc.

'S ge d' tha cuid diu sud a thriall uainn,
 Tha 'n iarmad air fòghnadh.
 Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, etc.

Feudaidh mac bodaich a réiste,
 Bhi cuir bleid a stòras.
 Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, etc.

Cosgamaid bòla de chuineadh
 Nan Suinn nach eil bheò dhiu.
 Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, etc.

Tostamaid suas gach ceann-òinne,
 Bh'anns an iomairt mhòir ud.
 Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, etc.

Tostamaid suas luchd ga leanmhuinn,
 Gun dearmad air Deòrsa :
 Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, etc.

Sluagh Bhreathuinn agus Eirinn,
Geilleachdainn da morachd.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, etc.

Ge bu duilich lein an sgeul ud,
Mac Rìgh Seumas fhògradh.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, etc.

Cha'n eil stà a bhi ga iunndran
Ge b'e 'm priunnsa còir e.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, etc.

'S gun tig tuisleadh air na rìghrean
Mar a dhiobras òlach.
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, etc.

Fonn an cinnich fìor shìol coirce,
Cinnidh fochan òtraich ;
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, etc.

Mar thug mi gu ceann mo luinneag,
Sguiridh mi gu stòlda,
Their mi horo hugo hoiriunn, etc.

FEASGAR LUAIN.

FEASGAR Luain, a's mi air chuairt,
Gu'n cualas fuaim nach b' fhuathach leam,
Ceòl nan teud gu h-òrdail, réidh,
A's coisir da reir os a chionn ;
Thuit mi'n caochladh leis an ioghnadh,
A dh-aisig mo smaointean a null,
'S chuir mi 'n ceil gu'n imichinn céin,
Le m'aigneadh fein, 's e co'-strèap rium.

Chaidh mi steach an ceann na còisir,
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 rinn an gaol mo leòn air ball !

Dhiuchd mar aingeal, ma mo choinneamh,
'N ainneir òg, bu ghrinne snuadh ;
'Seang shlios fallain air bhàl canaich,
No mar an eal' air a chuan ;
Suil ghorm, mheallach, fo ehaoil mhala
'S caoin' a sheallas 'g amharc uath,
Beul tla, tairis' gun ghnè smalain,
Dha'n gna carthannachd gun uail.

Mar ghatb gréin' am madainn cheitein,
Gu'n mheath i mo leirsinn shùil,
'S i ceumadh ùrlair gu réidh. iompaidh,
Do reir pugannan a chiuil ;
Ribhinn mhòdhail, 's fìor-ghlan fòghlum,
Dh-fhion-fhuil mhòrghalach mo rùin,
Reull nan òighean, grian gach còisiridh,
'S i'n chiall chòmhraidh, cheòl-bhinn,
chiuin.

'S tearc an sgeula sunnail t-éugaig,
Bhi ri fheatainn san Roinn-Eòrp,
Tha mais', a's feile, tlachd, a's ceutaidh,
Nach facas leam fein fa m' chòir,
Gach cliù a' fàs riut mùirn, 's an àillteachd,
An sùgradh, 's a màran beoil,
'S gach buaidh a b'ailli, bh' air *Diana*,
Gu leir mar fhagail, tha aig Mòir,

'S bachlach duallach. cās-bhuidh', cuach-
Càradh suaineas gruaig do chinn, [ach,
Gu h-àluinn, bòidheach, faineach, òr-
bhuidh',
An càraibh seòighn' san òrdugh 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 puing !

Bu leigheas éugail, slan o'n Eug,
Do dh' fhear a d' fheudadh bhi ma d'
chòir
B' fhear na'n cadal bhi na t-fhagaig,
'G éisdeachd agallaidh do bheoil ;
Cha robh *Bhenus* a measg leugaibh,
Dh' aindeoin féucantachd cho boidh'ch,
Ri mùirninn mhìn, a leon mo chridh',
Le buaidhean, 's mi 'g a dith ri m' bheò.

'S glan an fhion-fhuil as an fhriamhaich
Thu, gun fhìarradh mhiar, no mheang,
Cinneadh mòrghalach, bu chrodha,
Tional cò'ladh cho'-stri lann,
Bhuin'eadh cùis a bharr nan dù'-Ghall,
Sgiursadh iad gu'n dùthchas thall,
Leanadh ruaig air Càtaich fhuara,
'S a toirt buaidh orr' anns gach ball.

Tha cabar-féidh an dlúth's do reir dhut,
Nach biodh easlaineach san strì,
Fìr nach òbadh leis ga'n togail
Dol a chogadh 'n aghaidh rìgh,

Bu cholgail, fuiceant' an stoirm feachdaidh,
Armach, breacanach, air tì
Dol 'san iomairt gun bhonn gioraig,
'S nach pilleadh gu dhòl fo chis.

'S trom leam m' osna', 's cruai' leam
m'fhortan

Gun ghleus socair, 's mi gun sunnt,
'S mi ri smaointinn air an aon rùn,
A bhui mo ghaol gun ghaol da chionn,
Throm na Dùilean peanas dùbailt,
Gu mis' umhlachadh air ball,
Thàladh *Cupid* mi san dùsal,
As na dh-ùisg mi buite, fann !

Beir soraidh buam do'n ribhinn shuaire',
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' bàn.
'S nach brúadar cadaid a ghluais m'aigne,
'S truaigh nach aidich è dhomh tàmh,
'S ge b'ann air chuairt, no thall an cuan,
Gu'm bi mi smuainteach ort gu bràth.

MOLADH A BHAIRD.

AIR A THIR FEIN.

ON is fàrsan leam gach là,
Bi'dh 'n sràchd so gu Braid-Albann,
A d'fheuch a fear a gheibh mi slaint,
A thigh'n' gu àrd nan garbh-chrioch,
S ge do dhirich mi Làire-Ìla.
Tha mo spid air falbh bhuan,
Ge tùs bliann' ùir e 's beag mo shùrd,
Ri brughaichean Choire-Choramaic.

A thaigh Chill-Fheinn, cha bhuanachd
leinn,
Air chinnt' ge d' tha thu boidheach,
A bhi 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-Flaclain 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 ràfàird rium gum b'fhearr,
Na Gearr-loch an taobh-Tuatha,
Fhearan gortach, lan de bhochdain,
Gun socair aig tuath ann.

Beir mo shoraidh 'thàr a mhonaidh,
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' gleannun fàsaich,
Bi'dh cuach, sa bhadan, seinn a leadainn,
Moch sa mhadainn, Mhàighe,

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 bhainneach, uachdrach, mhealach,
Chaomhach, channach, thiorail,
Tìr an arain, tìr an tachdair,
Sithne, a's pailteas iasgaich,

Tìr an àigh i, tìr nan àrmunn,
Tìr nan sàr-fhear gleusda :
Tìr an t-suirceis, tìr gun ghruaimean,
Tìr is uaisle féile.
An tìr bhòrcach, nan frith ro-mhor,
Tìr gun leon, gun gheibhinn,
An tìr bhraonach, mhachrach, raonaeh,
Mhàrtach, laoghach, fhèurach.

Gu'n tì nollaig nìhòr le sonas,
Gu comunn gun phràbar,
O'n's lionmhor gaisgeach le sàr acuinn
Theid gu feachd na tràghad,
Marshluagh Mhic-Chù'il le cruai' fhiubhai',
Ruaig gun chùn' air sràchdan :
Bi'dh Muireardach maide fo' bhinn chabar
Gu stad i sa Bhràidhe.

Ge do tha mi siubhal Galldachd,
Cha'n ann tha mo mhì-chuis,
Ge d' tha mi 'n taobh-s' ann [nach priobal
Tha mo rùn do'n chomunn chiùin
'N am teirce' do'n là thig sibh o'n tráfgh,
Gu seòmar bàn nam pisean ;
Bi'dh ceòl nam feadan s Eoin da spreig-
Gu beagadh 'ur mi-ghean. [eadh.

Bi'dh bòla lan air bhord na'n dàil,
Cuir surd fo chàil na còisir, [luach.
Bi'dh laoidh mu'n cuairt nach cluinnt' a
Aig suinn chuir cuairt na h-Eòrpa

Bi'dh luagh a's luinneag, duan a's iorram,
'S cuairt le sgl bh'o'n òisich,
Aig buidhean ghasda, nan arm sgaiteach.
Treunmhor air feachd comh-stri.

'Nuair tharladh sibh 'san taigh-thabhairn,
Far an tràighte stòip leibh,
Cha b'e'n cannan bhiodh n'ur pairt,
An uair a b'airde pòit dhuibh,
Ach mir, a's màran, gaol, a's cairdeas
'S iomairt lamh gun dò-bheirt
'S bu bhinn ri èisdeachd cainnt 'ur béul,
Seach iomairt mheur air òigh chèol.

Cho fad sa dh'imich eliù na h-Alba,
Fhuaradh ainm na dùch' ud,
An àm a h-uaislean dhol ri cruadal
'S Eachuinn ruadh air thùs dhiubh,
O là *Raon Flodden* nam beum tròm?
A shocraich bonn na fùdhaidh,
Gu h-uallach, dòsrach, suas gun dòsgainn,
Uasal bho stoc mhùirneach.

ORAN A RINN AM BARD.

ANN AN DUN-EIDEANN.

AIR FONN—"The Banks of the Dec."

SA' mhadainn 's mi 'g eiridh,
'S neo-éibhinn a ta mi,
Cha b' ionann a's m' àbhaist,
Air airidh nan gleann,
O 'n thainig mi 'n taobh-s',
Chuir mi cùl ris gach màran,
'S cha bheag a chuis-ghraine leam,
Cannran nan Gall:
Cia mar dh'fheudain bhì subhach,
S mo chrì an 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 cheil mi,
'S gur grain' leam bhì 'g amharc,
Na th'agam na gheall.
O! 's tric bha mi falbh leat,
A gheala-bhean na féile,
Ann a doure nan géug,
A's air reidhleìn na driùchd;
'S air srathaibh a ghlinne,
Far bu bhinne gùth smeòraich,
'S air iomair nan nòineinan,
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
Rì sgeula mo rùin.

ORAN ANNS AM BEIL AM BARD

A MOLADH A LEANNAIN.—AGUS A
DHUTHAICH FEIN.

AIR FONN—"O'er the muir among
the heather."

GUR e mis' tha briste, bruite,
Cia b'e ri'n leiginn mo rùnachd.
Mu'n ainm is binne sùgradh,
'S mi ri giulan a cion-falaich.

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

Tha mo chridhe mar na cuaintean,
Mar dhuilleach nan crann le luasgan,
No mar fhiadh an aird nam fuar-bheann;
'S mo chadal luaineach le faire.
E ho ro, etc.

Shiubhail mi fearann nan Gàel,
'S earrainn de Bhreatuinn air fàrsan
'S cha'n fhacas na bheireadh barr,
Air Finne bhàn nan tlà-shul meallach.
E ho ro, etc.

Bu bhinne na smeòrach Chéitean
Leam do ghlòir, 's tu comhradh réidh rium,
'S mo chliabh air lasadh le h-éibhneas,
Tabhairt èisdeachd dha d' bheul tairis.
E ho ro, etc.

Bu tu mo chruit, mo cheol, 's mo thaileasg,
'S mo leug phriseil, rìmheach, aghmhor,
Bu leigheas eugail o na bhàs domh,
Na'm feudainn a ghnà bhì mar riut.
E ho ro, etc.

Gu muldach mi 's mi smaointinn,
Air cuspair mo chion' gun chaochladh,

Oigh mhìn, mhaiseach, nam b' às maoth
'S a slios caoin-tlà mar an canach. [gheal
E ho ro, etc.

Thà do dhealbh gun chearb, gun fhiarradh,
Mìn-ghéal, fìor-ghlan, dìreach, lionta,
'S do nadur cho searm 's bu mhianmach,
Gu pailt, fialaidh, ciallach, banail,
E ho ro, etc.

Air fad m' fhuireach an Dun éideamh,
Cumail comuinn ri luchd Beurla
Bheir mi 'n t-soraiddh so gun treigsinn
Dh' ionnsaidh m' éibhneis ann 'sna glean-
naibh.
E ho ro, etc.

Ge do tharladh dhomb' bhì 'n taobh-sa,
Gur beag mo thlachd dheth na dù'-Ghaill.
'S bì'dh mì nis a' cuir mo chùl riu,
'S a deanamh m' iùil air na beannaibh.
E ho ro, etc.

Gur eatom mo ghleus, a's m' ionpaidh,
'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, etc.

Dìridh mì gu Tulach-Armuinn,
Air leth-taobh Srath mìn na Làirce,
'S tearnaidh mì gu Inneag blà-choill
'S gheibh mì Finne bhàn gun smalan.
E ho ro, etc.

MOLADH AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

LUINNEAG.

Hò rò gur toigh leinn drama,
Hò ro gur toigh lein drama.
Hò rò gur toigh lein drama,
'S ioma fear tha'n geall air.

Mo ghaol an coilgearnach spraiceil,
Dh-fhàs gu foirmeil, meanmach, mais-
each,
Dh-fhàs gu spéiseil, treabhach, tapaiddh,
Neo-lapach san aimhreit ;
Ho, ro, etc.

Ach trocair g' an d' fhuair a chailleach,¹
Bha uaireigin anns na h-Earadh,
Cha mheasa ni mi do mholadh,
Ge do lean mì 'm fonn aic'.
Ho ro, etc.

Thagh i 'm fonn so, 's sheinn i cliù dhut,
Dh-aithnich i 'n sgoinn a bh' ann san
drùthaig,
'Nuair a bhiodh a broinn san rùpail,
B'e rùn thu bhì teann oir'.
Ho ro, etc.

Ach 's tu 'm fear briodalach, sùgach,
Chuireadh ar mì-ghèan air chùl duinn,
'S a chuireadh teas oin san dùlachd,
'Nuair bu ghnù an geamhradh,
Ho ro, etc.

Stuth glan na Tòiseachd, gun truailleadh,
Gur ioc-shlaint choir am beil buaidh è ;
'S tu thogadh m' inntinn gu suairceas
'S cha b'è druaidh na *Frainge*.
Ho ro, etc.

'S tu'n gill' éibhinn, meanmach, boidh-
each,
Chuireadh na cailleachan gu bòilich,
Bheireadh seanachas as na h-òighean
Air ro-nhòid am baindeachd.
Ho ro, etc.

Chuireadh tu uails' anns a bha'-laoch,
Sparradh tu uail anns an fearch,
Dh-fhàgadh tu cho suairc' ar dreamach,
'S nach biodh air' air dreannan.
Ho ro, etc.

'S tu mo laochan soitheamh, siobhalt,
Cha bhì loinn ach far am bi thu,
Fograi' tu air falbh gach mì-ghèan
'S bheir thu sith a aimhreit'.
Ho ro, etc.

¹ 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 colics—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 leann drama."

'S mor tha thlachd air do luchd tòireachd,
Bithidh iad fialaidh, pailt ma'n stòras,
Chaoidh cha sgrubair 's an taigh-òsd iad,
Sgapadh òir nan deann leo.

Ho ro, etc.

Cha' n'eil cleireach, no pears eaglais,
Crabhach, teallsanach, no sagart,
Dha nach toir thu caochladh aigne—
Sparra' cèill! san amhlair.

Ho ro, etc.

Cha' n'eil cleasaich anns an rìoghachd
Dha' m bu leas a dhol a strì riut,
Dh-fhagadh tu e-san na shineadh,
'S pìoban as gach ceann deth.

Ho ro, etc.

Dh-fhagadh tu fear mosach fialaidh,
Dheana' tu fear tosdach briathrach,
Chuire' tu sòg air fear cianail,
Le d' shoghraidhean greannar.

Ho ro, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

Bu tu sùiriche mo rùin-sa.

Ge d' thuirt na mnathan nach b'fhiù thu,
'Nuair a thachras tu sa' chùil riu,
Bheir thu cùis gun taing dhiù.

Ho ro, etc.

Bu tu cairid an fhir-fhacail,
Bheireadh fuasglà' dha gu tapaidh.
Ged nach òl e dhiot ach cairteal,
'S blasmhoirid a chainnt e.

Ho ro, etc.

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, etc.

Thogadh ort nach b'fheairde mis thu,
Gun ghoid thu mo chuid gun fhios uam

Ach gun taing do luchd do mhiosgainn
Cha chreid mise drannd dheth.
Ho ro, etc.

Bha mi uair,'s bu luach-mhor t-fheum
dhomh,
Ge nach tuig mal-shluagh gun chéill e,
Dum amaban, sed quid refert,
Na ghràisg *que amanda.*
Ho ro, etc.

MAC-NA-BRACHA.¹

LUINNEAG.

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

Ge b'e dhi-mol thu le theangaidh.
B'òlc an aithne bha na cheann.
Mar tig thu fhathast na charamh,
G'um beil mo bharail-sa mealt'.
'S toigh linn drama, etc.

Na'm b'e duine dha nach b'èol thu,
Dheana' fòirneart ort le cainnt,
Cha bhidheamaid fein dha leanmhuinn,
Chionn 's gu'm biodh do shealbh air ganu,
'S toigh linn drama, etc.

Ach fear a bha greis na d' chomunn,
Cha b'e chomainn-s' a bh'ann
Bhi cuir mi-chliù air do nadur,
Gur an dha-sa bhios a chall,
'S toigh linn drama, etc.

Co dh'àoireadh fear do bhéusan?
Ge do bheirt' e fein sa'n *Fhraing*,
No dhi-mholadh stuth na Tòiseachd?
Ach trudar nach òladh dràm.
'S toigh linn drama, etc.

¹ When our author's celebrated preceding song in praise of whisky became generally known, Mr. John MacDonald, the author of the excellent love ditty, the second set of "Mairi Laghach," invoked his muse and composed a parody on it, systematically overthrowing everything 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.

Stuth glan na Tòiseadh gun truailleadh,
An ioc-shlaint is uaisle t' ann,
'S fearr gu leigheas na gach lighich,
Bha no bhitheas a measg Ghall.
'S toigh linn drama, etc.

Cia mar a dheanamaid banais?
Cumhnanta, no ceangal teann?
Mar bi dràm againn do'n Chleireach,
Bu leibeideach feum a pheann.
'S toigh linn drama, etc.

Tha luchd cràbhaidh dha do dhiteadh,
Le cùl-chaint a's briodal feall,
Ge d' nach aidich iad le'm beoil thu,
Olaidh iad thu mar an t-àllt.
'S toigh linn drama, etc.

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, etc.

AN t-OLLA MAC-IAIN¹ le Bheurla,
Le 'Laideann a's 'Ghreugais-chainnt,
Gu'n dh-fhag stuth uaibhreach nan Gàel,
Teang' a chànanaich ud mall.
'S toigh linn drama, etc.

'N uair thug e ruaig air feadh na h-Alba,
'S air feadh nan gorbh-chrioch ud thall
Dh-fhag Mac-na-brach' e gun lide
Na amadan liotach, dall.
'S toigh linn drama, etc.

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 phlob, gun fhidheil, a damhs!
'S toigh linn drama, etc.

MOLADH NA H-OIGHE GAELICH.

AIR FONN—"Mount your baggage."

A NIGHEAN bhòidheach
An òr-fhuilt bhachalaich,
Nan gorm-shùl mlogach,
'S nam min bhàs sneachda-gheal,

¹ Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Gu'n siubhlain reidhleach
A'a sleibhtean Bhreatuinn leat,
Fo earradh sgaoilte
De dh'aodach breacain orm.

'S e sud an t-éideadh
Ri 'n eireadh m'aigne-sa,
'S mo nighean Ghàelach,
Aluinn agam ann;
O bheul na h-òidhche
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 Gàelig,
Barr am mais' orra,
Gur annir sheòighn i
Gun sgòid ri dearc' 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-mhire gleachdanaich,
Na gnùis ghil, éibhinn,
Rinn ceudan airtneulach.

Réidh dheid chomhnard
An ordugh innealta,
Fo bhilibh sàr-dhaitht',
Air blàth *bhermillian*;
Tha h-aghaidh nàrach
Cho làn de chinealtachd,
'S gun tug a h-aogas,
Gach aon an ciomachas.

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

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

Bj'dh cruit nan gleanntan
Gu canntair, cuirteasach,
Gu tric gar dùsgadh
Le sìrd gu moch-eiridh.

'S bi'dh 'n crodh, 's na caoirich,
'S an fhraoch ag inealtradh,
S na gobh'raibh bailg-fhionn,
Gu ball-bhreac, bior-shuileach,
Bi'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 la 's na glacagan,
No'n doire géugach
Nan éunan breac-iteach,
Bi'd cuach, a's smòrach,
Ri ceòl 's ri caiseamachd,
'S a gabhail orain
Le sgornain bhlasda dhuinn.

NOTE.—“ William Ross chiefly delighted in pastoral poetry, of which he seized the true and genuine spirit—‘ Moladh na h-òighe Gaelich ’ or his ‘ Praise of the Highland Maid ’ is a masterpiece in this species of composition. It embraces everything that is lovely in a rural scene ; and the description is couched in the most appropriate language.”—Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica.

AN LADIE DUBH.

LUIÑNEAG.

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'aigheadh
An ladie na'm feudadh.

Nach mireagach *Cupid*,
S e sùgradh ri mhathair,
Dia *hrionnach* gun suilean,
An duil gur ceòl-gàir e,
A' tilgeadh air thuairream,
Mu'n cuairt anns gach àite,
A shaighdean beag, guineach,
Mar's urrainn e'n sàthadh.
Ho ro ladie dhuì', etc.

Bha sagart 's na crìochan,
'S bu diaghaidh 'm fear-leughaidh,
Air dùnadh le creideamh,
'S le eagnachd cho eudmhor ;
'S b'ann á cheann-eagair,
A theagasg bhi béusach
Gun ofrail a nasgadh
Aig altairean *Bhenuis*.
Ho ro ladie dhuì', etc.

'Nuair a chunnaic a bhan-dia,
Fear-teampuill cho dùire,
Gun urram dh'a maildeachd,
Gun mhiagh air a sùgradh,
Chuir i 'n dia dalldach,
Beag, feallsach, gun stùilean,
'Dh-fheuchain am feudadh e,
A ghleusadh gu h-ùrlaim.
Ho ro ladie dhuì', etc.

'Nuair dhuicnd an dia baother,
Beag, faoilteach, mu'n cuairt da,
Gun thilg e air saighead.
O chailin na bùaille
Chaidh 'n sagart na lasair,
S cha chuir gu là-luain e,
Mar bhitheadh gun gheill e,
Do *Bhenus* san uair sin.
Ho ro ladie dhuì', etc.

'S be aidmheil an *Lebhit*,
'Nuair a b' éigin da ùmhlachd,
Gu 'm b'fheairrde gach buachaille
Grugach a phùsadh,
'S bha cailin na buaile,
Cho buan ann a shuilean,
'S gun robh i na aigheadh,
Na chadal 's na dhùsgadh.
Ho ro ladie dhuì', etc.

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

Ach tilgidh na Cinnich,
Mar ilisgean oirne,
Mar tha sinn cho déidheil,
Air éibhneas na h-òighe
Luchd-creideimh a's cràbhaidh,
Toirt stràcan gu gòraich,

'S a bristeadh nan aintean
Le barr am buill-dòchais !
Ho ro ladie dhui', etc.

NOTE.—The foregoing cynical song was composed on a rigidly righteous Highland schoolmaster, who, fancying that his ferula and cassock were sufficient to sustain him in his self-lauded innocence, was notorious in the country-side 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. This *fama* of the saint's sin ran from one corner of the parish to the other by getting his servant in the *family way*. The poet readily availed himself of the opportunity to retaliate upon the dominie, 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 BHAIRD.

AIR SON A LEANNAIN.

AIR FÒNN—"Farewell to Lochaber."

GED' is socrach mo leabaidh,
Cha'n e'n cadal mo mhiann,
Leis an luasgans' th' air m' aigheadh,
O cheann fad' agus cian,
Gu 'm beil teine na lasair,
Gun dol as na mo chliabh,
Tabhairt brosnachadh geur domh,
Gu bhì 'g éiridh 'sa triall.

CO'.SHEIBM.

Seinn éibhinn, seinn éibhinn,
Seinn éibhinn an dàil,
Seinn éibhinn bhinn éibhinn,
Seinn éibhinn gach là.
Seinn éibhinn, binn eatrom,
Seinn éibhinn, do ghnà,
Seinn éibhinn, seinn éibhinn,
Chuireadh m' easlain gu iar.

Tha mi còrr a's trì bliadhna.
Air mo lionadh le gaol,
'S gach aon là dhiu stiùireadh,
Saighead ùr an mo thaobh ;

Cia mar 's leir dhomh ni taitneach,
Dh' aindeoin pailteas mo mhaoin ;
'S mi as éugmhais do mhàrain,
Bhiodh gun ardan rium saor,
Seinn eibhin, etc.

'S e do mharan bu mhiann 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 bhì 'g aireamb gach buaidh,
A bha co-streup ri mo leannan
Baindidh, farasda, suairc'.
Seinn, eibhinn, etc.

'S gur gile mo leannan
Nan eal' air an t-snàmh,
Gur binn' i na'n smeòrach,
Am barraibh ro-chrann sa mnaigh,
Gur e geamnachd a beusan,
'S i gun eacoir na càil,
A lùb mise gu geilleadh
Air bheag eigin na gradh.
Seinn eibhinn, etc.

Gu'm beil maise na h-eudann,
Nach feudainn-s' à luaidh,
Tha i pailt ann an ceutaidh,
'S an ceill a thoirt buaidh,
Gun a coimeas ri featainn
Ann an speis san taobh-tuath,
M' òg mhin-mhala bhaindidh,
Thogadh m' inntinn o ghruaim.
Seinn eibhinn, etc.

'S ge do bhithinn an éugail,
Agus leigh air toirt dùil,
Nach biodh furtachd an dàn domh
Ach am bàs an gearr ùin',
Chuireadh eugas mo mhin-mhal',
Mo mhi-ghean air chùl,
Ghlacainn binneas na smeoraich
A's gheibhinn solus as ùr.
Seinn eibhinn, etc.

Ge binn cuach 's ge binn smeòrach,
'S ge binn coisir 's gach crann,
Seinn ciùil dhomh 'n coill smudain,
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 brìodal bhì ann.
Seinn eibhinn, etc.

'Nuair a bhithinn-'s 's mo mhìn-mhal'
 An gleannan rimheach na cuaich,
 No 'n doire fasgach na smèoraich,
 Gabhail sòlais air chuairt ;
 Cha mhalairtin m' éibhneas
 O bhì ga h-eugmhais càr uair,
 Air son stòras fhìr-stata,
 Dh' aindeoin airdead an uail.
 Seinn eibhniun, etc.

Ge bu rìgh mi air Albainn,
 Le cuid airgeid a's spréidh
 B'è mo raghainn mo mhìn-mhal',
 Thur gach rìbhinn dhomh fein,
 Cha bu shuaimhneas gu bàs domh
 'N aon àite fo 'n ghréin,
 'S mi as eugmhais do mhàrain,
 Gus mo thearnadh o bheud.
 Seinn eibhinn, etc.

Ach mosg'leam tharais a mi-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 rùn ann sa' ghleannan,
 'S tuigidh 'n cailin e bhuat.
 Seinn eibhinn, etc.

CUACHAG NAN CRAOBH.¹

CHUACHAG nan craobh, nach trua' leat
 mo chabì'
 'G òsnaich ri òidhch' cheòthar—

¹The poet, crossed in love, suffered such poignancy of grief that it ultimately brought on a consumption, and he was for some time 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 greenward 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 Coila.

Shiubhlainn le'm' ghaol, fo dhubhar nan
 craobh,
 Gu'n duin' air an t-saoghal fheòraich,
 Thogainn ri gaoith an monadh an fhraoich,
 Mo leabaidh 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 sin mo chre bronach,
 Fear mar ri tè, a pògdh a beul,
 A briodal an deigh pòsaidh, [chiall
 Dh'ùraich mo mhiann, dh'ath'rich mo
 Ghul mi gu dian, dòimeach,
 Gach cuisle agus féith, o iochdar mo
 Thug iad gu leum co'-ath! [chléibh

Ort tha mo gheall, chaill mi mo chonn,
 Tha mi fo throm 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 — [chiall
 M'ulaidh 's mo mhiann, m' aighear 's mo
 'S ainair air fiamh gréin' thu!

Thuit mi le d'gháth, mhill thu mo ráth,
 Stríochd mi le neart dòrain
 Saighdean do ghaoil sàit' anns gach taobh,
 'Thug dhìomh gach caoin co'-lath,
 Mhill thu mo mhais, ghoid thu mo dhreach,
 'S mheudaich thu gal bròin domh;
 'S mar fuscail thu trà, le t-fhàilt'
 'S cuideachd am bàs dhomh-sa!

'S cama-lubach t-fhàilt, fanna-bhuì' nan
 'S fabhrad' nan ròsg àluinn; [cleachd
 Gruaidhean mar chaor, broilleach mar aol,
 Anail mar ghaoth gàraidh — [nan leac
 Gus an cuir iad mi steach, an caol-taigh
 Bidh mi fo neart cràidh dlieth,
 Le smaointinn do chleas, 's do shùgradh
 ma seach,
 Fo dhuilleach nam preas blàth'or.

'S milis do bheul, 's comhnard do dheud, ✕
 Sùilean air lidh àirneig,
 'Ghiùlaineadh bréid, uallach gu feill,
 'S uasal an reull àluinn— [chleibh,
 'Strua' gun an t-éud tha'n uachdar mo
 Gad bhualadh-s' an ceud àite—
 Na faighinn thu réidh pùs'd on a chleir
 B'fhasa dhomh-féin tearnadh.

Verses 12, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9 are substantially the same as in D.S. 164 of the
 Mackenzie Collection, dated Feb. 7, 1764. So they cannot be by William Ross.

* ⑦ 'S tu 'n ainair tha grinn, milleanta, binn,
Le d' cheileir a sinn òran,
'S e bhì na do dhàil a dh'òidhche sa là,
Thoilicheadh càil m' òige:
Gur gile do bhian na sneachd air an fhiar,
'S na canach air sliabh mointich,
Nan deanadh tu rùn tarruinn rium dlù'
Dheanainn gach tùrs' fhògar.

* ⑧ Càrair gu réidh clach agus cré
Ma'm leabaidh-s' a bhri 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
Mas biodh tu fo chuing truaighe, [luim,
Ach 's goirid an dàil gu'm faiccar an là,
'M bi prásgan a' tràl' m'naigh-sa!

* ⑨ Mallachd an tùs, aig a mhnaoi-ghlùin',
Nach d' adhlaic sa chùil beò mi!
Mu'n d' fhuair mi ort iùil ainair dheas ùr,
'S nach dùirig thu fiù pòg dhomh,
Tinn gu'n bhì slàn, dhùisgt' as mo phràmh,
Cuimhneachach dàn pòsaidh [fein,
Mo bheannachd ad deigh, cheannaich thu-
Le d' leannanachd gle òg mi.

ORAN EADAR AM BARD,¹

AGUS CAILLEACH-MHILLEADH-NAN-DAN.

AM BARD.

ACH gur mise tha duilìoh,
'S mi gu muladach truagh,
Cha'n urra' mi aireamh
Mar a tha mi 's gach uair,

¹ The woman here introduced as a hyper-critic 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 everything as he should. He well knew the garrulousness of women, and their privilege to have the last word in every controversy.

Gu'm beil dòrain mo chriche,
Dha mo ruighinn cho crùaidh,
Leis a' chion 'thug mi'n ribhinn,
O nach dirich mi suas.

A' CHAILLEACH.

Tosd a shladaì', 's dean firinn,
'S na bi 'ig innsea' nam bréug,
Cha chreid mi bhuat fathasd,
Nach eil da'ich do sgéul,
Ma tha i cho maiseach,
'S cho pailt ann an ceill,
'S nach urra' mi t-aicheadh,
Bheir mi barr dh'i thar chéud.

Ma's i ribhinn do leannan,
Faire! faire! *brabhoe!*
Cha bhì t-onoir gun anabharr;
Your servant, my Lord,
Mar a foghainn leat gruagach,
Ach te nasal le sròl,
Gus am faic mi do bhanais,
Cha chan mi nì's mò.

AM BARD.

Tha mo leannan nì's àilte,
Na tha sa'n Roinn-còrp,
Gur gile, a's gur glain' i
Na canach an fheòir
Gur binne na chlàrsach
Leam àbhachd a beoil,
Aig a mhiad s' thug mi ghaol d'i,
Cha 'n fhaod mi bhì 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 samladh dh'i 'n canach,
Cha'n' aithne dhomh fheum;
Ma's e 'gaoil a bheir triall ort,
Deagh bhliadhn' as do dhéigh.

Ma's a binne na chlàrsach
Leat àbhachd a beoil,
Gur neònach nach cuala' sinn
Luaidh air a ceòl;
Mar a h-ealaidh os n' iosal
Ann an diomhaireachd mhòr,
Ris an aireadh 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 min mar an t-shirist
 O' millis thig fàilt',
 Gruaidh dhearg mar na caoran,
 Sud aogais mo ghrridh.

A' CHAILLEACH.

Mar l'è iteach na *Peachig*,
 Cha bhiod spéis dh'i no diu
 Cha'n 'eil math innt' no dolaidh
 Mar a toillich i 'n t-sùil
 Chuir a h-ionan, sa casan,
 Mi-dhreach air a mùirn,
 Ge d' tha spailp as a h-éideadh,
 Gur eun i nach fiù.

Gnùis shoillear, caol-mala,
 Suil thairis, ghorm, thlà,
 Ge d' tha taitneachdain seal annt,
 Cha mhair iad ach gearr,
 Iathaidh bilibh dearg, daite,
 Teangaidh sgaiteach, lom, gheartt',
 'S mar tha seirce nan gruaidhean,
 Cha bhuain' iad na càch !

BRUGHAICHEAN GHLINN'-
BRAON.

LUINNEAG.

Beir mo shoraidh le dùrachd,
 Do rlbhinn nan dlù-chiabh.
 Ris an tric bha mi sùgradh,
 Ann am Brughaichean Ghlinne-Braon.

GUR e mis' tha gu cianail,
 'S mi cho fad bhuat am bliadhna,
 Tha liunn-dubh air mo shiarradh,
 'S mi ri iargain do ghaoil.
 Beir mo shoraidh, etc.

Cha'n fhead mi bhì subhach,
 Gur he's béus domh bhì dubhach,
 Cha dirich mi brughach,
 Chaidh mo shiubdal an laoid.
 Beir mo shoraidh, etc.

Chaidh m' astar a maillead,
 O nach faic mi mo leannan,
 'S ann a chleachd mi bhì mar riut,
 Ann an gleannan a chaoil.
 Beir mo shoraidh, etc.

Ann a choill' am bhì smùdan
 'S e gu binn a seinn chùil duinn,
 Cuach a's smebrach 'g ar dùsgadh,
 A cuir na smùid diù le faoilt'.
 Beir mo shoraidh, etc.

'S tric a bha mi 's tu mireadh,
 Agus càch ga n-ar sireadh,
 Gu 's bu deònach linn pilleadh,
 Gu Innis nan laogh,
 Beir mo shoraidh, etc.

Sinn air fàireadh na tulaich,
 'S mo lamh thar do mhuineal,
 Sin ag eisdeachd nan luinneag,
 Bhiodh a' mullach nan craobh
 Beir mo shoraidh, etc.

Tha mise 'ga ràite,
 'S cha'n urra mi aicheadh,—
 Gur iomadach sàr
 Thig a' air airidh nach saol,
 Beir mo shoraidh, etc.

Gur mis' thu sa' champar,
 'S mi fo chis anns an am so,
 Ann am prìosan na *Frainge*,
 Fo ain-neart gach aon.
 Beir mo shoraidh, etc.

Ann an seò-mraichean glaiste,
 Gun cheol, no gun mhacnas,
 Gun ordugh a Sasuinn,
 Mo thoirt dhathaigh gu saor,
 Beir mo shoraidh, etc.

Cha b'ionnan sud agus m' àibhaist.
 A siubhal nam fàsach,
 'S a diredh nan àrd-bheann,
 Gabhail fèth air na laoich.
 Beir mo shoraidh, etc.

A siubhal nan stùc-bheann,
 Le mo ghunna nach diultadh ;
 'S le mo phlasgaichean fùdair,
 Air mo ghlinn anns an fraoch
 Beir mo shoraidh, etc.

ORAN CUMHAIDH.

[A rimm am bard an 'nuair a chual e gu'n phòs a leannan (Mor Ros) air dh'ì dhol dhachnigh do Shasuinn maille ri còmp-anach.]

AIR FÒNN—"Ùrbai dona gòrach."

GÈ fada na mo thamh mì
Tha 'n damhair dhomb dùsgadh,
Cia fàth ma'n thriall mo mhàran,
'S gum b'abhaist dhomb sùgradh?
C'arson a bhithinn brònach?
Ma'n òigh 's gun a diù dhomb,
Ge'd ghlac i 'n luib a gràidh mì,
Le ambailtean *Chupid*.

Gach fear a bhios a feoraich,
Mar leonadh le gaol mì,
Tha raghainn 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,¹
'S e dearmad a cheud ghaoil,
'S e gabhail cruith da iunnsaidh
On chuir finne 'n diù-chall,
Mo shùgradh 's mo bhéusan,
Gu'm bath mi'n guth an òrghain,
Le toraghan mo spéis dh'ì.

'Nuair dh'èirich Cailean Cormaic
Air chorra-ghleus gu fàrsan,
Gu'n d'fhèdraich am fear òg
An e goraich a dh'fhas ann,

¹ 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 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-ghleus! Mhic-O'-Chormaic*," which had the power to lull all to sleep who were within hearing of it. By this magic music the whole of Macleod's household fell into a deep slumber. Cormac then drew a large dagger, which he used to carry about him, called *Madag-achlais*, to cut Macleod's throat. As he was drawing near the chief with his knife Macleod's eldest son came in, after returning from his daily mountain sports, and seeing Cormac

'S a liughadh 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-baoth sin,
'S a ghaol bhi do-nhuchte,
'S e smaointich e gu thearbadh,
Bhi falbh as a dhùthaich
Ach nochdadair na h-aobhair,
'S e 'n caoin ruith le tùrsa,
Gun ghlac e cruith a's sheinn e,
Le binn-cheòl as ùr e.

Bha feiteach air an an òrghan,
Aig Cormaic ri ard-cheol,
Mas biodh an fhinne 'n uachdar,
Air duan na fuaim clàrsaich,
Ach cha d' fhuair mise sgeul
Ann an Beurla no Gàellig,
A dh'inneadh dhomb mar d'fhaodainn
An gaol ud a smàladh.

O! teirmeasg air a ghaol sin,
Nach faodainn a threigsinn,
A's gur h-é chuir a laoid mì
Bhi smaointinn bean t-éugais,
'S 'n teirc a bha 'n ad ghnùis-ghil,
A lub mì gu eugail,
'S nach dean Lighich' slàn mì,
Och! b'fhearr gum b'e 'n t-éug e.

Is ciomach ann do ghaol mì
Ri smaointinn bean t-aillteachd,
Cha chadal anns an òidhech' dhomb,
'S cha 'n fhois anns 'an là dhomb,

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.

Cha n' fhacas ri mo ré,
 'S cha 'n fhaigh mi sgeul gu bràth air
 Ni b'annsa' na bhì réith 's tu,
 A gheug nam bàs bàna.

Gur binne leam do chòmhradh
 Na smeorach 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 eisdeachd,
 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 bhaindidh,
 Rinn aimhleas nan ceùdan,
 O'n chunna' mi air thùs thu,
 Bu chliùteach do bheusan,
 Cha n' fhasa' leam na'm bàs
 A bhì lathair as t-éugmhais !

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

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 ghiulan,
 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 dhi'-sa,
 Cha 'n islich mi pairtean,
 Tha m' aigne torrach, fìor-ghlan,
 Nach diobair gu bràth mi.

Ach mu's a triall gun dail dùt,
 Gu aite nam mor-sheol,
 Gun fhuireach ri do chairdean,
 Do dhàimh, no luchd t-eòlais,

Biodh soirion air na speuran,
 Gun eiridh air mor-thonn,
 A dh' aiseageas le réidh ghaoith
 Gun bheud thu gu seol-ait.

Mar sud bha ur-sgeol Chormaic
 Cho dearbhtha sa' sheinn e,
 E-fein sa' chomunn òg
 'S iad gle bhronach ma thimcheall,
 E gabhail cead le pòig dh'i,
 Gu'n chòmhradh gun impidh
 'S e dioladh guth an còdhail,
 Na h-bìghe gu 'm pill e.

ORAN EILE.

AIR AN AOBHAR CHEUDNA.

THA mise fo' mhulad sa'n àm
 Cha'n òlar leam dràm le sunnt,
 Tha dùrrag air ghùr ann mo chàil
 A dh-fhiosraich do chàch mo rùn,
 Cha 'n faic mi 'dol seachad air sràid
 An cailin bu tlàithe sùil;
 'S e sin a leag m'aigheadh gu làr
 Mar dhuilleach bho bharr nan craobh.

A ghrugach is bach'liche cùl
 Tha mise ga t-iundran mòr,
 Ma thagh thu deagh àite dhut fein
 Mo bheannachd gach ré ga 'd' chòir;
 Tha mise ri osnaich 'na d' dheigh,
 Mar ghaigseach an déis a leòn;
 Na laidhe san àraich gun fheum
 'S nach teid anns an t-sréip nì's mō !

'S d' fhadh mi mar iudmhaìl air tréud,
 Mar fhear nach toir spéis do mhnàoi,
 Do thuras thar chuan fo' bhreid,
 Thug bràs shiieadh dhéur om' shùil—
 B'fhearr nach mothaichinn fein
 Do mhaise, do cheill, 's do chliùt,
 No suairceas milis do bheil
 'S binne no séis gach ciùil.

Gach anduin' a chluinneas mo chàs
 A cuir air mo nadur fiamh—
 A cantainn nach eil mi ach bàrd
 'S nach cinnich leam dàn is fiach—
 Mo sheanair ri pàigheadh a mhàil,
 'S m'athair ri màlaid riamh
 Chuireadh iad gearainn an crann,
 A's ghearainn-sa rann'ro' chlad.

'S fad a tha m' aigne fo ghruaim
 Cha' mhosgail mo chluain ri ceòl,
 'M breislich mar ànrach a chuan
 Air bharruibh nan stuadh ri ceò.
 'S e iunndaran t-àbhachd bhuan
 A chaochail air snùadh mo neòil,
 Gun sìgradh, gun mhìre, gun uaill,
 Gun chaithream, gun bhuadh, gun treòir !

Cha dhuigear leam calaidh air àill',
 Cha chuirear leam dàn air dòigh,
 Cha togar leam fo'n air clàr
 Cha chluinnear leam gàir nan òg.
 Cha dirich mi bealach nan àrd
 Le suigear mar bha mi'n tòs,
 Ach triallam a chadal gu bràth
 Do thalla nam bàrd nach beò !

AILEAN DALL.

ALLAN M'DOUGALL, better known by the sobriquet 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 excursive 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 characterised 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 excursive 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 music were in ceaseless demand, and were occasionally successful in the realisation 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 Inverlochy 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 blian gun 'bhi sailt,
Mu'n gabhainn do na Gàeil dàn,
Gun fhear mo ghràidh'n aird mo rainn!”

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 Hightanders 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 anything, better and more popular than his first. In the year 1826 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
GHILINNE-GARaidH.

AIR FONN—"Cuir a nall duinn am botal."

LUINNEAG.

Faigh a nuas dhuinn am botal,
'S theid an deoch so mu 'n cuairt,
Lion barrach an copan,

Cum socrach a chuach;
Tosda Choirneil na féile
Leis an eireadh gach buaidh,
Oighre Chnoideart a bharrach,
'S Ghlinn-garaidh bho thuath.

THIG ort measair a's adharc,
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 fhìrich,
Leat 'chinneadh an t-sealg.
Faigh a nuas, etc.

'S tu marbhaich' a choilieh,
'S moch a ghoireas air chrann,
Bhuic bhioraich an t-seilich
Agus eilid nam beann:
'S tric a leag thu na luath's
A chaol-ruaghag 's a mhang,
Nuair a ruigeadh do luaidhe
Cha ghluaiseadh iad eang.
Faigh a nuas, etc.

'S tu namhaid na h-eala,
Lamh a mhealladh a gheoidh;
B' fhearr leat 'fhaicinn 's an adhar,
Na na laidhe air lòn,
Air iteig ga chaitheamh,
'S luaidhe neimh' air a thoir
Bho ghunna beoil chumpaich,
'S cha bhiodh ùin' aige beò.
Faigh a nuas, etc.

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, etc.

Tha 'n naidheachd so fìor
Aig luchd innse nan duan,
Gur sgeul e ro chinnteach,
Air do shinnsir bha buaidh,
Nach do dhibir an deas-lamh.—
Ach seasamh 's gach uair,
'S i bhuidhneadh a chis
Ri uchd strithe le fuair.
Faigh a nuas, etc.

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 éibhinn an gair',
Mar ri binneas nan teud,
'S a bhi g' eisdeachd nam bàrd.
Faigh a nuas, etc.

Tog suas an crann dìreach,
'S brat rimheach gun sgàth,
Le *cularaibh* rioghaill
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, etc.

Tog colg ort, fhir ghasa,
Bì 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' chomhnadh,
A chraobh chòmhraig nan laoch!
Faigh a nuas, etc.

Tha fir chalma ro fhearail,
Ann a 'd fhearannaibh fein,
Eadar Cnoideart 's Gleann-Garaidh,
'Theid barraicht' air ghleus:
'Chuireas cul air an naimhdean;
Tha 'n ceannard ga 'n reir:
'S cha ghabh thu bhi ceannaicht'
Le Granndaich Shrath-Spé.
Faigh a nuas, etc.

'S leat cairdeas, le dùrachd
Fir ùr Innse-Gall,
Nach gabh giorag na muiseag,
'N àm rusgadh nan lann;

Na 'n cluinneadh iad stri riut,
 Bhiodh mìltean diubh 'nall ;
 Mu 'n leigeadh iad cùs ort
 'S iad a dhùbhladh do rànc.
 Faigh a nuas, etc.

Thig a d' choinneamh le farum
 Buidhean bhras nan arm cruaidh
 A bhuaileadh 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, etc.

Bho Chomhann nam bradan,
 Is gasd' thig fo thrial,
 Clann Iain gun ghealtachd,
 Bha 'neart-san leat riamh,
 Le 'n airm an deagh ordugh,
 Luchd a leonadh nam fiadh,
 'S a dheanadh an tolladh
 Mu 'n cronadh a ghriann.
 Faigh a nuas, etc.

Co 'thàirneadh riut riobadh
 Nuair 'thig nam beil bhua? *[aill,*
 Iarl' *Antrum* á Eirinn
 Leis an eireadh na sluaigh ;
 Mac-'Ic-Ailein nan geur lann,
 Dheanadh euchd air a chuan,
 Aig am beil na fir ghleusda
 'Dhol a reubadh nan stuadh.
 Faigh a nuas, etc.

Thig iad sid ort le dùthchas
 Bho thùr nan clach réidh, *[aill,*
 Braithrean Dhomhnuill, Cloinn-Dhùgh-
 Marcaich shunntach nan stéud ;
 Clann an t-Shaoir bho thaobh Chruach-
 Bha cruadalach tréun ; *[ainn,*
 Ge d chaill iad a chòir
 'Bh' aigan seòrs' ann an Sléibht'.
 Faigh a nuas, etc.

ORAN DO NA CIOBAIREAN.

GALLDA.

THAINIG oirnn do dh-Albainn crois,
 Tha daoine bochd nochdte ris,

Gun bhìadh, gun aodach, gun chluain ;
 Tha 'n Airde-tuath an deigh' a sgrìos ;
 Cha 'n fhaicear ach caoirich a's uain,
 Goill mu 'n cuairt dhaibh air gach slìos ;
 Tha gach fearann air dol fàs,
 Na Gàeil 's an cinn fo fhliodh.

Cha 'n fhaicear crodh-laoigh air gleann,
 No eich, ach gann, a' dol an éill ;
 '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 àbhachd feadh nam beann-
 Chaidh giomanaich teann fo smachd
 Tha fear na cròice air chall,
 Chaidh gach eilid a's mang as ;
 Cha 'n fhaighear ruagh-bhoc nan allt,
 Le cù seang ga chur gu srath ;
 An eirig gach cuis a bh' ann,
 Feadaireachd nan Gall 's gach glaic.

Cha chluinnear geum ann am buaile,
 Chaidh an crodh-guailinn á suim ;
 Cha 'n eisdear luinneag no duanag,
 Bleodhan mairt aig gruagaich dhuinn :—
 Bho 'n chaidh ar cuallach an tainead,
 'S tric a tha padhadh g' ar claidh,
 N àite nan cairdean a bh' againn,
 Linnseach ghlas am bun gach tuim !

Mar gun tuiteadh iad fo 'n chraoidh,
 Cnomhan caoich 'dol aog sa bharrach ;
 'S ann mar sid a tha seann daoine,
 'S clann bheag a h-aogais bainne ;
 Thilgeadh iad gu iomall chùirte,
 Bho 'n dùthchas a bh' aig an seanair ;
 B' fhearr leinn gun tigeadh na Frangaich
 A thoirt nan ceann deth na Gallaibh.

Dh-fhalbh gach pòsadh, threig gach banais,
 Sguir an luchd-ealaidh bhi seinn ;
 Chuala sibhse tric ga aithris,
 " Caidseirean a teachd air céibh ;"
 'S ionnan sid 's mar thachair dhomh-sa,
 Cha dean iad m' fheòraich air feill,
 Far am b' àbhaist dhomh bhi 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 cruadail,
 Na 'n tigeadh an ruaig le neart ;
 Na 'n eireadh cogadh 'san rioghachd,
 Bhiodh na ciobairean na 'n airc ;
 S' e sid an sgeula bu bhinn linn,
 Bhi ga 'n cuir gu dìth air fad !

Eiridh iad moch la sàbaid,
 'S tachraidh iad ri càch-a-chéil',
 'S nuair a shìneas iad air *stori*,
 'S ann g' an còmhradh, tigh'n' air feur,
 Gach fear a faoighneachd ri nàbuidh,
 " Cia mar sin a dh' fhag thu 'n treud?
 Ciod 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,
 Ni mi 'màl air na bhios beo."

'Nuair dhireas fear dhùil ri beinn,
 An àm dha eiridh gu moch,
 Bi'dh sgread Ghallda 'm beul a chleibh,
 'G eigheachd an deigh a chuid con ;
 Ceol nach b' éibhinn linn, a sgairt ;
Bracsi '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 fhaileadh a bhì caoin,
 'S e giulan nam maodal dhachaigh ;
 'S tric e ga fhoileadh 'sa ghaorr,
 Sios bho chaol-druim gu chasan,
 'S ge be reachadh leis a dh' òl,
 'S feudar dhaibh an sròn a chasadh.

Nuair shuidheas dithis no trìuir
 'S an taigh-òsd' an cùis 'bhi réidh,
 Chitcar aig toiseach a bhùird,
 Ciobair agus cù na dhéidh ;
 Bu choir a thilgeadh an cùil,
 'S glùn a chur am beul a chleibh,
 Iomain a mach thun an dùin,
 'S gabhadh e gu smiùradh fein.

S olc a chùideachd do chàch,
 Neach nach àbhaist a bhì glan ;
 Cha chompanach dhaoine 's fiach
 Fear le fhiaclan a spòth chlach,
 Ann an garrabhuic air a ghluinean,
 Le chraos ga 'n sùghadh a mach ;
 'S ma leigeas tu 'n deoch ri bheil,
 Na dheaghaidh na fiach a blas,

Amach luchd chràgairt na h-òluinn,
 Ma 's a h-àill leibh comunn ceart !
 Druidibh orra suas a chòmhlà,
 'S na leigibh a sròn a steach :
 Bho nach cluinnear aca 'stori,
 Ach craicinn agus clòimh ga reic,
 Cunntadh na h-aimsir, 's gach uair
 'Ceannach uan mu 'n teid am breith.

Suidhidh sinn mu bhòrd gu h-éibhinn,
 Gu ceolach, teudach, gun smalan,
 Caoimhneil, carantach, ri chéile,
 '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 fhearainn.

ORAN LEÀNNANACHD.

NAM 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 faoidhrean,
 Ann am foill dhut cha d' fhàs mi :
 'S mar a math lean thu faillain,
 Nar a mheal mi mo shlaime !

Nar a mheal mi mo chòta,
 Mar b'e mo dheoin a bhì lunn riut,
 'S a bhì briodal ri m' leannan,
 An seomar daingeann nan clàraidh,
 An iuchair fhaotainn am' phòca,
 S gun an tòir a bhì laimh rùinn,
 '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 còdhal,
 Cha bhidhinn beo gun a cumail :

Tha mo dhùil ann sa mhaighdein
Nach treig do chaoimhneas mi uile ;
'S mar do chaochail thu àbhaist,
Gheibhinn t-fhàilt' agus t-fhuran.

'S e t-fhuran a leon mi
A dh'fhag am bron so air m'aigneachd,
A thromaich m'inntinn fo' éislein,
Cha dean mi eiridh le graide :
Tha mo chridhe neo-shunntach,
Tha mi bruite fo'm aisnean,
Aig a mhèud 's thug mi 'ghaol dut,
'S nach fhaod sinn 'bhi 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' éibhneas air thalamh,
Mar a faigh mi thu 'Mhàlri !
Cha dual domh bhi fallain
Ma bhios mi fada mar tha mi :
Cha ghuidhinn mo ghalar
Do m' charaid no 'm nàmhaid ;
Chaidh acad 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 boidhche na'n dithean ;
Blas na meal' air do phògan,
'S be mo dheòin bhi riut sinnte.

Ge d' chum mi falach an sgeula
Tha mi 'n dheigh bho cheann greis 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-sheirc
A chaochail mo shnuagh dhiomh, [sin,
Mar dhuine truagh 'thig á teasaich.

Mar dhuine truagh thig á teasaich,
A bhiodh fad ann am fiabhras,
'S ann a dh-fhas mi mar fhuathaich',
Cho cruaidh ris an iarunn ;

Ach bho thoiseach ar sinnsridh,
" 'S trì ni thig gun iarraidh,
An gaol agus cagal,
'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 fhotas
Bho 'chneas Mhic-an-Tòisich,
Chuireadh blàths' ann am pòraibh,
Là reòt a's gaoth tuath.

O ! sid i 'n deoch mhilis
Nach pilleamaid uainn,
Chuireadh blaths air gach cridhe,
Ge do bhitheadh iad fuar :
O ! sid i 'n deoch mhilis
Nach pilleamaid uainn.

Bu taitneach an ceòl
A bhi g' eisdeachd a chròinain,
Ga leigeadh a stòp,
A' cuir cròic air a chuaich.
O ! sid i 'n deoch, etc.

'S e gogail a choilich,
Ga ghocadh ri gloinë,
Ceol ìntinneach, loinneil,
A thoilleadh an duais ;
O ! sid i 'n deoch, etc.

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, etc.

'Nuair chluinnte do ghlugan
Ga tharruinn á buideal,
Bu math le ar slugain
Am fliuchadh gu luath.
O ! sid i 'n deoch, etc.

'S tu' culaidh an damhsa
Nuair thigeadh an geamhradh,
A bheireadh air seann-duine
'Cheann' thogail suas.
O ! sid i 'n deoch, etc.

Bu mbath thu air banais,
Ga 'r cumail na 'r caithris,
Nuair bhithheadh luchd-ealaidh
Ri caithream na 'r cluais.
O! sid i 'n deoch, etc.

Be sid an stuth neartmhor,
Dh-phas misneachail, reachd-mhor,
Ni saighdear do 'n ghealltair,
Gu spealtadh nan cnuac,
O! sid i 'n deoch, etc.

Sùgh brigheil na thirne,
Bhò fheadan na pràise ;
Tha spioradail, laidir,
An caileachd 's an snuagh.
O! sid i 'n deoch, etc.

Ann an coinnidh, 's an còdhail,
Bheir daoine gu còmhradh,
'S binn luinneagan orain
Mu bhord ga 'n cuir suas.
O! sid i 'n deoch, etc.

Tha thu cleachdta 's gach dùthaich,
N am reiteachadh cùmhnant,
Ma bhios sinn an t-iunnais,
B'f'dh sùgradh fad bhuaib.
O! sid i 'n deoch, etc.

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, etc.

Gun eugail na fàilinn
Tha 'n clannaibh nan Gàel,
Nach toir thu gu slaint',
Agus phaighear dhut dhuais.
O! sid i 'n deoch, etc.

Nuair 'shuidheamaid socrach,
'S e 'ghlaodhte 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 cridhe,
Ge do bhithheadh 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 FONN—"An am dol sìos bhì
deònach."

AN àm dhomh gluasad anns a mhadainn,
Cha 'n 'eil m' aigheadh sunntach,
'S e Mac-na-bracha 'rinn mo leagadh
Ann an leabaidh dhùinte ;
Mo chliabh na lasair, air a chasadh,
S airtneulach mo dhùsgadh,
'S e sud an gleahdair fhuair fo smachd
'S dh' fhag e m' aisnean bruite. [mi,

Nuair a shuidh sinn san taigh-òsda,
Chaidh na stoip thar chunntas,
Gu tric a tighinn, cha bu ruighinn,
Iad na 'n ruith a m' ionnsuidh,
Gun iarraidh dàlach a sior phaigheadh
'G òl deoch-slaime 'Phrionnsa ;
'S cha 'n iarrainn fein a dh' aobhar ghàir',
Ach Raonull 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,
Gun chaill mi 'm beachd bhà m
shùilean ;

Fead na h-oidhche 's mi gun soillseinn
Air mo shlaoic 'san dùnan ;
Cha robh air chomas domh ach àrusg,
'S bha mo chairdean diùmbach.

'S leir dhomh 'n diugh gur mor an
tàmait

Càch a bhì ga m' ghiulan,
'S mi fein an duil gun robh mi laidir
Gus an d' fhag mo thùr mi ;

Ge do chuir i 'n éis mo cholunn,
'S e mo sporan 'dhiubhail

Air gnìomh na misge 'shlaid gun fhios mi,
Mar tig gliocas ùr dhomh.

'S olc an ealaidh bhì ga leanailt,
'S aimideach an tùrn bhì

'Suidh' air bhord a glaodhaich òil,
'S mo phòcannan ga 'n tionndadh,

A' sgapadh stòrs le meud-mhoir,
Ag iarraidh phòg 's na cùiltean ;

'S fad sa mhaireadh mo chuid òir,
Cha chuireadh òsdair cùl rium.

'S coir dhomh nise thoirt fos' near
An t-aithreachas a dhubladh,

Mo bhoid gu gramail thoirt a'n Eala,
Dh' fheuch an lean mò chliù rium ;
Cha teid deur a staigh fo m' dheudaich,
'S feudar tigh'n as iùnaïs ;
Cha 'n fhaigh fear falamh seol air aran
Ach le fallas gnuise.

Labhair Raonull—" Na biodh sprochd
'S theid mi nochd air t-ionnsuidh, [ort,
Gleidhidh mi dhut bean a's tochradh,
Cho coltach 's tha 's dùthaich ;
Ge do bhiodh tu gann de stoc,
Na faicear bochd do ghiulan ;
'S c'arson nach glaothamaid a'r botul
Ann an toiseach cùmhnant ?"

SMEORACH CHLOINN-DUGHAILL.

LUINNEAG.

Ho-i, ri na, ho-ro, hù-o,
Ho-lib ho-i na, i-ri, ù-o ;
'S smeòrach mise le Cloinn-Dùghaill
A seinn ciùil, an dluths' gach géige.

CHA dean mi bròn an còs falaich,
Tha seileir mo loin gun ainnis ;
Gheibh gach seòrsa seol air aran,
'S cha churam dhomhsa 'bhi falamh.
Ho-i, ri na, etc.

Nuair a dh'èireas grian an earraich,
Diridh an ianlaith 's na crannaibh ;
Tha 'm beatha-san diant' air thalamh
Bho 'n laimh gus am bial, 's i ro mhath.
Ho-i, ri na, etc.

Gur a mise a smeòrach ghleannach,
Sheinninn ceol air bhàr gach meangain ;
Rìbheid ùr an siunnsair fallain,
'S math mo chàil, gun sàs air m' anail.
Ho-i, ri na, etc.

Madainn chéitein, 'n àm dhomh dùsgadh,
'Seinn gu h-éibhinn, eutrom, siubhlach ;
Dealt nan speur air gheugan cùraidh,
Grian ag eiridh, 's fear a' bruchdadh.
Ho-i, ri na, etc.

Ghineadh mi 's an tìr nach coimbeach,
'S chaisginn m' iotadh le brìgh Chomhainn ;
Tobar ioc-shlainte nach reodhadh,
'G éiridh 'nìos bho 'n dilinn dhomhain.
Ho-i, ri na, etc.

Air taobh greine, gleann mo chridhe,
Far an robh éibhneas mo dhìbhe ;
Ge do bhiodh an t-eug a tighinn,
Bheireadh slainnt' do'm chreubhsa
Ho-i, ri na, etc. [rithist

'S an tìr áigh do 'n gnà 'bhi cridheil,
Chaidh m' àrach gun fhaillinn bidhe,
Air nead sàbhailte gun snithe ;
S gheibhinn blaths' air sgà Chloinn
Ho-i, ri na, etc. [Iain.

Tha mi nise measg Chlonn-Cham'roin,
Cinneadh mòr bha 'n seòrs ud ainmeil ;
'N cath 's an còmhail, seòlta, calma ;
'Dol gu còmhrag, stroiceach, marbh-
Ho-i, ri na, etc. [tach.

'S piudhar mi do 'n chuthaig shamhradh,
Le 'm dheoin cha teid mi gu Galltàchd ;
Bho 'n is i Ghàellig is cainnt domh,
'Measg mo chàirdean talar ann mi,
Ho-i, ri na, etc.

Nuair theid fianlach feadh na coille,
Cruinnichidh, ianlaith gach doire ;
Thig gach ian gu nead le còlleig
Sràbh ga shnìomh am bial gach coilich.
Ho-i, ri na, etc.

'S ionnan sid 's mar dh'èireas domhsa ;
Ma phiocas càch mi le dòruinn,
Falbhaidh mis' "an riochd na smeò-
raich,"
'S theid mi 'm ghearan far an còr
Ho-i, ri na, etc. [dhomh.

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, etc.

Dùn-olla nan tùireid arda,
Nam fear fuileach, builleach, stràcach,
'Sheasadh duineil luchd an cairdeis,
Choisneadh urram ri uchd namhaid.
Ho-i, ri na, etc.

'S smeòrach mi bho chaisteal uaibhreach,
Nan steud priseil, rioghail, suairce,
Dream gun spid, bha 'n sinnsir uasal,
Bu mhor pris ri linn Raon-Ruairidh.
Ho-i, ri na, etc.

Dughallaich nan geur-lann aisneach,
Guineach, beumach, speiceach, sgaiteach,
Dol ri feum le treundas gaisgidh,
Garg's a streup, 's bha 'n leus ri fhaicinn.
Ho-i, ri na, etc.

Cha robh 'm Brusach na chuis fharmaid,
Ri fhuil cha chumadh iad earbsa,
Mu 'n do sguir sibh, bha e searbh dha,
'S bu bheag leis a chuid de dh' Alba,
Ho-i, ri na, etc.

Chuir sibh, Roibeart an cuil chumhainn,
Ghabh e gu fogradh car siubhail ;
Cha robh dhaoine saor bho phuthar,
Fad 's a bha bhur taobh-sa 'buidhinn.
Ho-i, ri na, etc.

Cha b' iongnadh e 'ghabhail grain diu,
'S tric a chuir iad cunnart bais air ;
Thug sibh naithe 'sròl 's am braisde,
S' tha sid an Dun-olla 'lathair.
Ho-i, ri na. etc.

'S i 'n t sheann *stori* tha mi gluasad,
'S naidheachd ùr do 'n fhear nach cual i,
Sgeula fìor, ge fada bhuaithe,
Gun do sheas an linn ud cruadal.
Ho-i, ri na, etc.

Buidheann gun fhiamh, nach d'iarr socair,
Rinn iad aon bhlar-diag a chosnadh ;
Gus an tainig sgrìob na dosgainn,
Latha Dail-rìgh a mhi-fhortain.
Ho-i, ri na, etc.

'S e bu mhiannach leis a bhuidheann,
Bhi cur ard-ramh'chean fo 'n uidheam,
Seoladh ard air bharr nan sruithean,
Sgoltadh nam hác le car shiubhal.
Ho-i, ri na, etc.

Luchd a chaitheamh nan cuan borba,
'S muir a gairich ri h-aird stoirme ;
Bheireadh iad gu aite soirbh i,
Dh' aindeoin barr nan sràc-thonn
gorma.
Ho-i, ri na, etc.

Fir mo ghaoil bho thaobh na tràghad,
Nach robh claon ri h-aodann galbhaidh,
Nach meataicheadh gaoid an t-sàile,
'Nuair a sgaoileadh iad a h-àlach.
Ho-i, ri na, etc.

Cha d' innis mi trian da 'r 'n àbhaist,
'S tha mo mhuinneal tioram tràisgte ;
'S olaidh mi nis' bhur deoch-slainte,
A shliochd a Cholla-Chathaich Spain-
Ho-i, ri na, etc. [tich.

TROD MNA-AN-TAIGHE RI FEAR.

AIR SON A BHI 'G OL AN DRAMA.

LATHA dhomh 's mì 'g òl an drama,
Còmhlaht ri oigearan glana,
Ge do bha mo bhean-sa banail,
'S sgainnealach a throd i rium.

“ O ! teann a null, 's na tionndaid rium,
Bho 'n 's e mò dhiumb a choisinn thu ;
Fuirich sàmhach air mo chul-thaobh.
Sùgradh cha bhì nochd againn.”

Labhair ise 'sin na briathran:—
“ Fasaidd tu d' shruthaire briagach,
S eagal leam nach pàidh thu t-fhiachan,
'S e do ghnìomh tha coltach ris.
O ! teann a null, etc.

“ 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, etc.

“ Thug thu òg do cheannas-cinnidh
Do Mhac-an-Tòisich an gille ;
'S bho na rinn an t-òl do mhilleadh,
A d' mhìre cha 'n 'eil toirt agam.
O ! teann a null, etc.

“ 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, etc.

“ 'S olc an obair dhut bhi daonnan
A tighinn dachaigh air an daoraich ;
Cuiridh tu mise gu caoineadh,
'S dh' aognaich fear do choltais mì.
O ! teann a null, etc.

“ Tha thu gun leine, gun chota,
'S cha dean mise snaithn' ri d' bheo dhut ;
Bho na dh' fhas thu d' dhuine gòrach,
Chuir an t-òl bho chosnadh thu.
O ! teann a null, etc.

“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, etc.

“Phòs mi thu dh' aindeoin mo chairdean,
 Gun toil m' athar no mo mhàthar ;
 'S bho na ghabh mi nise gràin dhìot,
 Falbh as fag a's droch-uair mi.
 O ! teann a null, etc.

“Phòs mi thu le deoin gun aindeoin,
 'S bha thu seolt' air thì mo mheallaidh ;
 Bho na bha mi òg am amaid,
 Rinn mi ceangal do-charach.
 O ! teann a null, etc.

“Ge do bheirinn spreidh a's carras
 Do dh' fhear t-àbhaist agus t-ealain,
 Chosgadh tu e leis na galain ;
 Ailein ! chaidh an rösad ort !
 O ! teann a null, etc.

“Ge nach robh mo chrodh air buaile,
 Bhuininn do dh-fhior fhuil gun truail-
 leadh ;

'S na seallainn beagan mu'n cuairt dhomh,
 Cha d' fhuair thu mi socharach.”
 O ! teann a null, etc.

ESAN A' LABHAIRT.

AIR A SHON FEIN.

EISD ! a bhean, do d' ghearan uaibhreach,
 'S fuirich sìobhalt ann a d' ghluasad,
 S na bi maoidheadh ormsa t-uaisle,
 Bho nach g' fhuair mi tochradh leat.

O tionndaidh rium, a's deasaich rium,
 'S a rtùn ! na bi ri moit orm,
 'S teannaich 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, etc.

A bhì trod rium cha 'n 'eil feum ann,
 Cha chuis àbhachd dhuinn le cheil e :—

“Air beul duinnte cha teid féichean.”
 'S e bhì réith is docha leinn.
 O tionndaidh rium, etc.

'S ge do dheanainn stòp a thràghadh,
 Maille ri cuideachda chairdeil,
 'S maing thu 'mhaoidheadh orm gu bràch e,
 Ged do phàidhinn crotag ris.
 O tionndaidh rium, etc.

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, etc.

Ge do labhair thu 's gach doigh rium,
 Dh' aindeon aon ni riamh a dhòl mi,
 'S geal do churrachd, 's dubh do bhrogan,
 'S dìonach, combnard, socrach, iad.
 O tionndaidh rium, etc.

Ge do dh' fhanadh tu air t-eòlas,
 Gun tigh'nn riamh a nall á Cnòideart,
 Gheibhinn te le beagan stòrals,
 Bhiodh cho boidheach coltas riut.
 O tionndaidh rium, etc.

Ach sin 'nuair a labhair ise :—
 “Smithich togail dhìot a nis',
 Chàn thu thu fein, 's dhìt thu mise ;
 'S misd thu mach 'eil fòsadh ort.”
 O tionndaidh rium, etc.

GEARAN NA MNATHA AN

AGHAIDH A' FIR, AGUS IAD A FREAGAIRT A CHEILE.

FONN—“'S muldach mi fhin 's mo
 Dhòmhnnull.”

A' BHEAN.

'S cia mar dh-fhaodas mi bhì beo,
 'S an duine breòite, truagh agam ?
 Tha e-san sean, agus mis' òg,
 'S ann aig' tha 'n corr mar chuala mi :
 Ge dò laidheas mi 'ga chòir
 Tha bhial 'sa shroin air fuarachadh,
 'S gur mor a chulaidh ghrain 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 sionnach air a shìor-rùith,
 'S bithidh e sgìth dheth uair-eigin."

A' BHEAN.

'S dona ghreis a mhair thu dhomhsa,
 A's cha b'e 'm pòsadh buadhail e ;
 Dh-fhalbh do mhìsneach, 's do threòir
 An uair bu choir dhut cruadhachadh ;
 Ged bhiodh tu da-fhichead 's corr,
 Cha b' aois ro mhor an tuairmeachd sin ;
 'S gur lionmhor fear nach 'eil cho òg riut,
 Chuireas pòr mar thuathanach.

AM FEAR.

Dheanainn cìlachadh, 's chuirinn crann,
 Na' faighinn earlaid luathaireach,
 Agus cuideachadh ri bantraich,
 'S gheibhinn taing, a's tuarasdal ;
 Ge do chaidh mi nis a pris,
 Bho 'n tha mi tinn air uaireanan ;
 Gu 'n robh mi roimhe 'm sgalaig ghrinn,
 'S bu mhor 'ga 'd dhì na fhuair thu
 dhìom.

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 faca sinn do ghnìomh,
 Nam fiachta ris an rùmhar thu ?
 Bha do dhruim 's do lamh cho diomhainn,
 Sid an gìomh 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 sùiste 'ann am dhòrn,
 'S air ùrlar comhnard buailidh mi,
 Bho airde na sparra nuas gu làr,
 'S cha 'n fhag mi gainn air sguuib agad.

A' BHEAN.

'S na 'n togadh tu ort a chroit sin,
 Choisneadh tu do dhuais orm :

Cha chluinnte gu bràch mis' 'g osnaich,
 A's nochdainnse mo shuairceas dhut :
 Chuirinn an t-ìm ann sa bhrochan,
 A's chumainn deoch an uachdar riut ;
 'S chaidleamaid 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-fhàsainnse cho fann,
 'S nach tionndainn air do chiusaig
 riut ;
 Air leam fein nach eil thu 'n call,
 'S do chlann a chuir ri ghuailleibh dhut,
 'S ma dh-fhas thu guinideach 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' bhuchailleochd :
 Ged a's mis' a ghlac do lamh,
 Bha te no dha nach b' fhuathach leat :
 'S ma chosg thu riutha do liunn-tàth,
 Tha nis' am fàilt air fuarachadh.

AM FEAR.

Dh aithnich thusa sin ort fein,
 A bhendag dh-fhas thu suarach orm :
 Chaill thu nise dhìom do spéis,
 '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 mhadainn chuir thu 'n ceill
 Nach robh m' eiridh suas agam. [domh,

A BHEAN.

Is fhir gun stà, gun rath, gun dìreadh,
 Na bi 'g innse tuailas orm ;
 Nam bidh tusa dhomhsa dileas,
 Cha robh m' intinn bruilleanach :
 Ach 's e bu mhiann leat a bhi briodal,
 Ris gach ribhinn chuaileanaich :
 'S iomadh ribein agus cìr,
 A's deise chinn a fhuair iad bhuat'.

AM FEAR.

Ach c'aite 'n fhuair thu mi 'sa sgàth,
 Na'm faca 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' dhùbhlán,
Bithidh a chuis na 's cruaidhe dhut :
Gheibh a' ministear an t-umhladh,
A's theid an lùreach shuaicheant ort ;
Linnseach, mhaslach air a dùbladh,
Leis gach dunadh tuaisgearra :
'S ge do bhithinn' air do chul-thaobh,
Air son crùn cha 'n fhuasglainn i.

AM FEAR.

Ach gus an càirear mi 's an ùir,
Cha 'n fhaic do shuil mu m' ghuailllean i,
S ma thig do naidheachd os ceann búird,
Cha chliù dhut a bhì luaidh sin rium ;
A's ge do lasadh t-fhearg le diumb,
Cho ghrad ri fudar buaireasach,
Cha chomhdaichear leat orm sa chùis,
Nach iunnaich mi le h-uaibhreachas.

A' BHEAN.

'S cha mhor nach coma leam co dhìù,
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 mo 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 bhì glic ri àm a phòsaidh,
'S laidhe seolta suas rithe :
'S gun droch cleachdadh thoirt 'g a dheon,
Do ghòraig nach biodh stuaim innte,
'S gun fhios nan lagaicheadh a thredòir,
Nach ordaicheadh i bhuaithe e.

A' BHEAN.

Am fear nach dean a threabhadh tràth,
'S a Mhàirt ged bhiodh e fuar aige,
'S culaidh mhagaidh e chion stà,
'S ri latha blàth cha bhuaireas d'ias ;
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 fhead mo threabhadhsa bhì mall,
S do chall ri dheanadh suas agam ;
Bheir mi oigeich as a'ghleann,
'S theid cuing gu teann mu 'n guaill-
eannsa :
A' Dun-éideann gheibh mi crann,
'S e fasan' gallda 's usaile leinn ;
Coltar, stailinn, soc, a's bann,
'S gach ball bhios ann theid cruaidh orra.

A' BHEAN.

Bi cho math 's do ghealladh dhomhsa,
'S còrdaidh sinn gun duathalas :
Bho 'n tha sinn cho fada comhla,
'S am pòsadh mar ehruaidh shnuim
oirnn ;
'S mor gur fearr leam an t-olc colach,
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'ì 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 riamh,
Chaidh crìoch lé rian air uair-eigin ;
'S cuir thusa, bhean, ri d' theangaidh
srìan,
'S bithidh sìth 'ga dianamh suas againn.

ORAN NA CAILLICH.

AIR FÓN—“ Hò hì ho hà mo luadh mò
leanamh.”

MA theid mi gu feill, gu feisd, no banais,
Bì'dh 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 ha, gur fuar a chailleach,
Ho rè, ho ra, 's i ghrain a chailleach,
Dh'fhàg mise 'nam amadan gòrach

Ma nì mi 'n taigh-òsda stòp a cheannach,
 No suidhe air bòrd 's gun òl mi drama,
 Theid faileadh 'na sròin 's a dorn an
 taruinn,
 'S bì'dh muinntir a bhaile ri mòd oimn.
 O hi, o ha, etc.

Mar ceannaich mi /i cha'n fhiach mi m'
 fbaraid
 A leigheas a cinn, 's i tinn a gearan ;
 Cha dean i rium sith, ach strì a's carraid,
 'S ri càran teallaich an comhnuidh.
 O hi, o ha, etc.

Bhithinn gu h-éibhinn, eatrom, aighearach,
 Aigionnach, gleusda, a' leum 's an
 Earrachd,
 Na 'n deanadh an t-eug bho cheil' ar
 sgaradh,
 'S gu 'n càrainn am falach fo 'n fhòd i.
 O hi, o ha, etc.

Cha'n airgead, cha'n òr, cha stòr, cha
 thruagan,
 'Chuir mise air a tòir ri moran cùirteis—
 Ach dalladh fo sgleò le seòrsa buidseachd—
 S ann agamsa tha 'n t-uirsgeul air
 Seònaid
 O hi, o ha, etc.

Nuair thig mi bho 'n chrann an àm an
 carraich,
 Le fuachd air mo chall, 's mi 'n geall mo
 gharadh,

Cha 'n fhaod mi na taing dol teann air an
 teallach
 Mu 'm buail i gu h-ealamb le bròig mi.
 O hi, o ha, etc.

Cha dian i dhom feum, 's cha ghreidh i
 aran,
 Cha 'n àraich i feudail, spreidh, no
 leanamh,
 A' laidhe 'sa g cìridh 'g eigheach 's a'
 gearan,
 'S gu 'n reicinn gu deimhinn air ghròt i.
 O hi, o ha, etc.

Tha cnaimhean cho cruaidh ri cuaille
 daraich,
 A craiceann, 's a tuar cho fuar ris a
 ghaillionn ;
 Cha dean baraile guail aon uair a garadh,
 Gun dusan sac gearrain de mhoine.
 O hi, o ha, etc.

Gun fhiacaill 'na ceann, 's car cam 'na
 peirceal,
 Nuair thogadh i greann an àm an fheasgair
 Gu'n teiche' gach clann, gach crann, 's
 seisreach,
 Aig miad an cagail romh 'gròigeis !!

O hi, o hà, gur cruaidh a chailleach,
 O hi, o ha, 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 Ardchattan, 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. "B' 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 seanna chuirn 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 iongantas ro mhór dheth,
Gu sònraicht o'n bha mi'm chadal;
Thuir an guth rium 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 mí,
Thuir e gu'n robh a chairdean dileas,
Eadar a Chill 's Allt-na-dacha;
Bha cuid air an Dun so shuas diu,
'S bha uair a bha iad na bu phailt' ann;
'S cha'n eil mi buidheach a dh' Fhionnla,
Dhol ga'n dùsgadh as an cadal.

'S chì thusa fhathasd le d' shuilean,
Ma bhios tu 's dùthaich ri fhaicinn,
Gu'n téid an gnothach so dhioladh,
Cho chinnteach 'sa bha'n crùn an Sasunn.

w

Sgoilt e 'n steigh bh' ann an uachdar
Chladhaich e 'n uaigh fo na leacan;
E gun fhios co dhiù bha innte,
Mac an rìgh na sliochd a bhaigeir.

'Nach saoil thù 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 cnaimhean an 1-seann-
'N tiolaiceadh ann o cheann fada; [duin,
Mu 'n téid an gnothach gu crìch,
Gur duilghe dha na fiach a *bhlastidh*.

Ma dh' eireas mise 's mo luchd lean-
[mhuinn,
Gu 'm bì gnothach garbh a's dùthaich,
Theid Mac-'Ille-dhuibh a mharbhadh,
'S cha dìon a chuid airgeid Fionnla,
Leagar an taigh air 's an sabhal,
Sgriosar am bathar 'sa bhùth air,
'S theid Gilleaspig ri posta,
Agus crochar mac a chùbair.

Eiridh an tubaist do 'n chiobair,
'S laidhe binn air Mac-na-Cearde,
'S ma dh' òrdaicheas e gu h-olc e,
'S gnothach neo-chiontach sud dàsan,
E na sheirbheiseach aig Fionnla,
Tuilleadh a null gu Feill-Martuinn,
'S ma chuireas e nall na leacan,
Ma bhios meachainn ann sann dàsan.

Bhi cuir fudair anns na creagan,
Chuireadh e eagal air bòcaín,
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 leanainn e gu grund an t-sean-
B' ainmeil e na arm rìgh Deòrsa. [chais.

'S cha téid a chorp fhein gu dilinn,
Thiolaiceadh an aite gràsmhor,
'S ann théid a losgadh mar iobairt,
Air a dhiteadh leis na fàidhean,
Theid a luath a chuir le abhuinn,
'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
Agus thionndaidh e gu h-ealamh, [rium,
Thuirt e rium gu 'n d' rinn e diochuimhn,
'S e ga innse dhomb mar charaid,
Fios a thoirt dh' ionnsaidh Dhùghaill,
Gu 'n robh a ghual a's uird ro ealamh,
Dheanadh torachan do dh-Fhionnla,
Chuir fudair an Dail-a-charra.

Smaointich mi so ann am inntinn,
Nach bithinn a diteadh Dhùghaill,
Thuirt 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 on bha Fionnla na chabhaig,
Cha bu mthath leis bhi ga dhiultadh.

'Nuair a dhùisg mi ghabh mi eagal,
'S e na sheasamh air an ùrlar,
Dh' fheuch am faighinn reidh air falbh e,
Los nach coisninn 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 cinnteach,
Ged shaoileadh sibhse gur bòsd e,
Cha 'n innis 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 dhiù th' ann breug no firinn,
Sin agaibh mur dh' innseadh dhomhs e.

BI'DH FONN OIRRE DAONNAN.

LUINNEAG.

Bi'dh fonn oirre daonnan,
'S bi'dh aoidh oirr' an cònaidh.
'S dh' fhadh m' inntinn aobhach
Bhi faicinn t-aodainn bhòidheach,
Le mhiad s'a thug mi ghaol dut,
A's aotromas na h-òige,
Mar a dean mi t-fhaotainn,
Cha'n fhad' a ghaoil is beo mi!

CHUNNA' mise bruadar,
Dh' fhad luaineach an raoir mi'
Bhi' faicinn bhean mo ghaoil
Ri mo thaobh fad' na h-oidhche.
Mi thunnda' le sòlas,
Gu pòg thoirt do 'n mhaighdinn
An duil gu'n robh i làmh rium,
Ged' bha mi na'm' aonar.
Bi'dh fonn, etc.

Ged' do bha mi' m' shuain,
Gu'm bu luath rinn mi dùsgadh
An duil gu'n robh mo thasgaidh,
An cadal air mo chul-thaobh.
'Nuair shìn mi mo lamh,
Gu mo ghradh tharruinn dlù rium,
Cha robh ann ach sgàile,
Rinn m' fhagail 'nuair dhùisg mi.
Bi'dh fonn, etc.

Mo dhùrachd do'n ribhinn,
Dh' fhad m' inntinn-sa craiteach
Bean t-aogais cha leir dhomh,
La feille na sàbaid.
Do bheusan tha ceutach,
As t-eudainn ro nàrach,
Ach 's truagh mi thog gaol dut,
'S nach faod mi bhi lamh riut.
Bi'dh fonn, etc.

O furtaich air mo chàs-sa,
A ghraidh bhan an t-shaoghail,
Tuig mar tha mo nàdur
An sàs aig do ghaol-sa.

Na fàg mi mar tha mi
Dol bàs leis an fhaoineachd,
'S gur tu stagh mo riaghailt,
Mo bhiadh agus m' aodach.
Bì'dh fonn, etc.

'S muladach mi daonnan,
Do ghaol 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 gòraich,
Gum beil mi faicinn t'-aodann,
A's aoidh oirr' an cònaidh.
Bì'dh fonn, etc.

Chualadh tu mar tha mi,
Gur bàs domh as t-aogmhais,
Tionndadh ann an 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 tuill' a chàirdas,
No dh' ailleas an t-shaoghail.

Bì'dh fonn oirre daonnan,
'S bì'dh aoidh oirr' an cònaidh,
'S dh' fhagadh m' inntinn aobhach
Bhi faicinn t-aodainn bhoidheach,
Le mhiad 's a thug mi ghaol dut,
A's aotromas na h-oige,
Mar a dean mi t-fhaotainn,
Cha'n fhad' a ghaoil is beò mi.

ORAN DO BHOINIPART.

LUINNEAGH.

A ri! gur h-aotrom leinn an t-asdar,
Biodhmaid sunntach air bheag airtneil,
Dhol an còdhail Bhoiniparti,
Chionn bhi bagairt air aigh Deòrs.

'ILLEAN cridhe biodhmaid sunntach,
Seasmaid onair ar dùthcha,
Fhad sa mhaireas luaidh' a's fùdar,
Ciod a chuireas cùram oirnn.
A ri! gur aotrom, etc.

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, etc.

Ged theannadh tu fhein 's na Fràncaich,
Ri tigh'n a Bhreatuinn le d' chabhlach,
Cuiridh sinn a null gun taing thu,
'S b'fhearr dhuit fuireach thall le d'
A ri! gur aotrom, etc. [dheoin.

'Nuair chuir thu 'n Fhràing thair a chéile,
Dh' fhalbh thu mur shlaoi gtear do 'n
Eipheit,
'Nuair a chaill thu 'n coig-ciad-deug,
Gun theich thu fhein air eigin beò.
A ri! gur aotrom, etc.

Bha luchd nan adaichean croma,
Na 'n laidhe air blàr 'g an lomairt,
'S e mo dhiùbhaill bh' anns a choinneamh,
Nach d' fhan *Abercrombi* beò.
A ri! gur aotrom, etc.

An t-seann reisimeid dubh mheasail,
An dara te sa 'n da-fhichead,
Nuair fhuair i suas riut a chlisgeadh,
Chuir i bristeadh ann ad chrò.
A ri! gur aotrom, etc.

Nis dh' eirich na *Volunteers*,
'N onair an rìgh 's mhorair Iain,
Chur nam Frangach gu 'n cridhe,
Chionn bhi bruidhinn tigh'n d' ar còir.
A ri! gur aotrom, etc.

O 'n fhuair sinn deise nan Gàel,
Boineidean 's cotaichean sgàrlaid,
Suaithcheantas an rìgh mar fhabhar,
Le cocàd de dh' ite 'n eoin.
A ri! gur aotrom, etc.

'S na 'm biodh againn mur bu dual duinn,
Lann chinn-Illich air ar cruachainn,
A' sgoltadh nan ceann 'g an guailleann.
Ga 'm bualadh le smuais nan dòrn.
A ri! gur aotrom, etc.

Gum beil Albainn agus Sasunn,
An guailleann a cheill' an ceart-uir,
Tha iad aig fuaim an aon fhacail,
Mar shrad eadar clach a's òrd.
A ri! gur aotrom, etc.

Dh' fhalbh thu mar shlaoightear air chuan
Mu 'n d' anhaire sinne mu 'n cuairt oirnn,
'S ged thug thu Hanobhar bhuainn,

Ge b' oil leat cha d' fhuair thu 'n t-òr.
A ri! gur aotrom, etc.

Ach ma gheibh sinn ann an sàs thu,
'N dearbh cha 'n fhaigh thu moran dàlach,
Do chrochadh an la-'r-na-mhàireach,

Le fiach cota-bhàin a ròp.
A ri! gur aotrom, etc.

Ged thig thu air tìr an Albainn,
'N dòchas losgaidh agus marbhaidh,
Tha againne suas de dh' armailt,
Na shracas t-eanchainn agus t-fheoil.
A ri! gur aotrom, etc.

Tha saighdeirean Earraghàeil,
Fearachail, foghainteach, daicheil,
'S chuireadh iad eagal a bhàis,
Air h-uile nàmhaid a ta beò.
A ri! gur aotrom, etc.

— — —
D U A N A G

DO MHAC-AN T-SAOIR GHLINNE-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 geal,
Le Spiorad glan gun iargain.

THOIR beannachdan le dùrachd uam,
Gabh cùram, 's na dean diochuimhn',
A's giulain iad a dh ionnsaidh 'n fhir,
A's deise, grinne briatharan,
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, etc.

Na'm b'aitlne dhomh-sa seanachas ort,
Na leanamhainn air do fhriamhaich,
Gu molainn thu gu dicheallach,
'Sairm'fhacal b'fhiach dhomh dhianamh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, etc.

'S tu ceam na teaghlach onarach,
A bha'n Gleann-nogha riamh sibh,
'S gu'm meal thu fein an stoile sin,
'S do dheagh mhac oighre 'liathadh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, etc.

Cha'n aithne dhomh 's na crìochan so,
('S cha mhis' a theid ga t-fhiachainn)

Aon duine a chumas seanachas riut,
'S gun chearb bhi tighinn o d' bhial air.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, etc.

Cha smaoinich iad, 's cha'n urrainn ann
Aon duine chunnaic riamh thu,
Cho deis 's a thig na facail ort,
'S nach fhad' theid thu 'gan iarraidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, etc.

'Nuair a thain' an t-Olla Sasunnach,
Thoirt maslaidh 'n aird an Iar so,
Gur tusa phill gu h-ullannh e,
'S tn b'urrainn dhol g'a dhianamh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, etc.

Gur luinneagach am bail' agad
Le ath-ghairm nan liath-chreag,
A' freagairt do na smeòraichean
Gu milis, ceolar, tiamhaidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, etc.

Gu siubhlach, àghar freagarach,
Gun stad, gun sgreag, gun sgrìochan,
'Sa mhoch-thra', 'nuair a dhùisgeas tu,
Air madainn chùin, 'sa ghrian ann.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, etc.

'Nuair dhireadh tu na Lairigean
Led' ghunn' ad' laimh, 's le d' mhiol-choin,
Gu'n leigte feidh san fhìreach leat,
'S do ghillean bhi toirt bhian diu.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, etc.

Ach 's eigin domh so innseadh dhut,
'S o 's fìor e, na gabh miòthlachd
O'n t-shin thu ris a chlobaireachd
Gun leig thu cheaird s' air diochuimhn.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, etc.

Nam bithinn' ann sa chùirt a nis,
'S gach cùis a bhi gun' riaghladh,
Bhiodh Cruachan le chuid leitrichean
A' tighinn a staigh fo d' chriochan.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, etc.

Be sud an rud bha nadura,
'S tha cinnte aig each gu'm b'fhìor e,
S o'n leig sibh uaibh le gòraich e,
Bu choir dhut bhi ga iarraidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, etc.

Ach sguiridh mis' dhe'n iomarbhaidh,
'S nach buin dhomh bhi ga dianamh
Gun fhios nach gabh iad ardan rium
Am finne¹ dh'araich riamh mi.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, etc.

¹ The Campbells.

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 anything 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 Anti-Burgher 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 and 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 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 pocket-compass, 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 Lochearnside 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 preceptions 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 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 feathers." 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 shadow of his life.

In the spring of 1828 Dr. M'Gregor was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and at Pictou, on the 1st of March, 1830, at the age of 68, he experienced a return, which terminated in his death on the 3rd day of the 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 FONN—"Coire-Cheathaich."

'S e 'n Soisgeul gràdhach thug Dia nan gràs duinn	Iad ruith na gaoithe, 's ag earbsa daonnan,
A chum ar sàbhaladh dàn mo rùin :	Ri sonas fhaotainn am faoineis bhreug ;
Ach 's eòlas àrd e, air cùisibh àluinn,	Gun fhios, gun aird ac' air doigh a's fearr dhaibh
Nach tuig an nàdur a tha gun iùil.	Na greim an dràst air n' a's àill le 'n crè.
Gur mis' an truaghan 's n'as leòr man cuairt domh	Tha 'm barail làidir gur muinntir shlàn iad,
A' tabhairt cluais da, mar fhuaim nach fiach ;	'S nach 'eil ceann-fàth ac' air gràsan Dé :
B' e'n gnothach cruaidh e nach tuig an sluagh e,	Tha 'n Soisgeul faoin leo, seach gean an t-saoghail,
An sgeul as uaisle a chualas riamh.	Tha 'n cridhe aotrom, gun ghaol do'n Léigh
Tha clann nan daoine gu tur fo dhaorsa,	Ach 's àit an sgeul e, air leigheas ceutach
Aig dia an t-saoghail-s ag aoradh dhà :	Do dhuin' euslan, fo chreuchdaibh ciùirt ;
Fo chois am miannan, a tha do-riarach ;	'S naigheachd phrìseil, bho Dhia na firinn
Gun fheart, gun iarraidh air Dia nan gràs :	Do neach fo dhiteadh, 's e diblidh, brùit.
A' dianamh tàir air gach ni is àill leis,	Do neach fo smuaircean, le Dia bhi 'n gruaim ris,
A' briseadh àintean gach là gun sgìos ;	'S a lochdan uamhar 'g a chuartach' dlù ;
E fad o'n smuaintibh, 's iad ruith gu luath uait ;	Gun fhios nach àite dha ifrinn chràiteach,
Chum na truaighe ta buan gun chrìch.	M'an tig am màireach, 's am bàs 'na shùil
Ge mòr an cùram th'aig Dia nan dùl diubh,	Do neach a dh'fhoghlum o'n Spiorad Naomha,
Cha tig iad dlù dha le ùrnaigh chaoin ;	Gur sonas baoth bheir an saogh 'l so uait ;
Bu mhòr a' ghràin leo bhi uair 'na làthair,	Nach eil ann ach sgàil deth 'san àm tha làthair,
An caidreamh blàth ris 'na àros naomh ;	'S gu 'm bàc am bàs e 's nach fàs e buan,

B'e sgeul an àigh e, air beatha 's slàinte,
 O Ios' a bhàsaich 'na ghràdh do dhaoin.
 'Si 'fhuil am plàsd anns am beil an
 tàbhachd,
 'Nuair théid a chàradh gu bàigheil,
 caoin,
 Ki cridhe leointe, gun ghean, gun sòlas,
 Ach doilich, brònach, gun seòl air sìth :
 Le Spiorad uasal nam fearta buadhar,
 Nuair thig e nuas 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 crìoch-
 naich
 Gun dragh gun mhiòthlachd, ach sìth,
 's gaol.
 Sud sgeul ro àraidh do dhuine tàireil,
 Air urram àrd ann am Pàrras shuas ;
 Le gràdh gun aimhleas, a measg nan
 ainglean ;
 'S cha teirig cainnt dàibh, toirt taing
 do'n Uan.

Deagh sgeul air fuasgladh, do pheacach
 truallidh
 O chionta duaichnidh, nach suail a
 mheud ;
 Tre'n chumbachd bhrioghar a ta an iobairt
 An t-Sagairt rìoghail, ta sìobhailt, seamh :
 'S air feartaibh gràs-mhor, ni cobhair
 tràth dha,
 'Nuair bhios a nàmhaid gu làidir,
 gleusd,
 A' taruinn teann air chum 'earbs a
 thionnda
 Tur bun osceann da, le ionnsuidh
 thréin.

Air gràs, a's tròcair, bheir neart, a's
 tròcùir dha,
 Re fad an ròid dh'ionnsuidh glòir an
 Uain ;
 'Sna ncamhan àrd far am pailt an gràdh
 dhaibh
 'S cha teirig càil daibh gu bràth g' a
 luadh.
 'S e cliù an sgeòil ud gur firinn mhòr e,
 Gun fhàcal mòr uaill, no sgleò gunbhri ;
 'S e Criosd an ùrigh 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 ùmhlachd, le-deòin, 's le
 dùrachd,
 Thug còir as ùr dhuinn teachd dlù do
 Dhia :
 Sàr umhlachd chiatach do lagh na Trianaid,
 Leis an duin' is Dia ann bha riamh ri
 feu,.
 An coslas truaghain de dhuine truallidh,
 Ach a b'fhèarr, 's a b' uaisle na'n
 sluagh gu léir,
 An caraid gaolach a choisinn saorsadh
 Do'n chinneadh dhaonna le caonnaig
 chruaidh ;
 A dh'fhuilig tamailt o rug a mhath'r e
 Gu la a bhàis ann an àit an t-sluaigh.
 Nuair bu naoidhean òg e, rinn Herod
 fhogradh
 'S e dearc' an comhnuì air dòigh an
 t-sluaigh.
 Bha 'bheatha brònach, an fad 's bu bheò e,
 'S e cruaidh an tòir air gu bheò thoirt
 uaidh.

Oir b' e bu ghnà dhaibh bhi deanamh tàir'
 Air Athair gràdhach, 's air àintean
 naomh :
 'S bhi deanamh, dearmaid air slàint' an
 anna,
 Le cleachda garg, a's le h-ana-gnath
 baoth.
 Na sagairt uailhbreach, 's na h-ard dhaoin'
 uaisle
 'Nan naimhdean buan da, le fuath gun
 chrioh :
 A' dianamh dicheill, le h-ìomadh inn-
 leachd,
 'Us mòran mì-ruin ga shir chur sìos.

'Us air a lorg bha na diabhail borla,
 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 thréigsinn an àm na h-éigin,
 'Nuair chaidh a cheusadh le eucoir
 gharbh.

Ach 's gearr a' chuairt a bha 'm bàs an uachdar,

Gu h-aighearr fhuair e a' bhuaidh gu slàn ;

Oir rinn e éiridh 'n treas latha 'n deigh sud,
Gu subhach, treubhach, chum feum do chach :

Do pheacaich dhìblidh, a bha fo dhiteadh,
Gu'n dianadh 'fhìreantachd didean daibh ;

O chiont an nàduir, 's o'n lochdaibh gràineil,

'S o chumhachd Shàtain bha ghnà ri foill.

Nis anns na h-àrdaibh, tha neart gu bràthl aig

A chum na's àill leis thoirt sàbhailt suas ;

'Us chum a naimhdean a sgrìos gun taing dhaibh

Droch dhaoin'a's aingle, luchd ainneart chruai.

Ach thar gach seòrsa na peacaich mhòra
Le 'm fuathach eòlas air deòin an Triath :

Nach creid an fhirinn, ged tha i cinnteach,
Nach gluais gu dìreach, ach sir dhol fiarr.

Ged bhiodh an criosduidh 'n a laidh am prìosan,

Gu docrach, iotmhor, gun bhiadh, gun slaint,

Ni'n soisgeul sìorruidh, tre bheannachd Iosa

A chridhe tiorail, le fìor ghean gràidh.

Ged dhùisg a nàmhaid gear leanmhuinn cràiteach

Gun aon cheann-fàth air ach gràdh, a's sith ;

Tha cridhe aobhneach, tha ghnuis ro aoidheil ;

Tha dàn 'us laoidh aig' gach oidhch gun dith.

E cumail gleachdaidh an aghaidh peacaidh,
'S a stiùireadh chleachdaidh, le beachd air Crìosd

Tha gaol do'n reachd thar gach ni, 'us neach aig ;

'S cha ghabh e tlachd ann an seachran fiarr.

'Se Dia na tròcair a neart, 's a chòmhnaidh,
A bhios an còmhnuidh toirt seòlaidh dhà,

Cha lag a dhòchas cha bheag a shòlas,
Tha aiteas mòr aig' nach eòl do chach.

A Thighearn, Iosa, gabh truas de'n chriosdachd,

Tha 'n t-eòlas iosal, 's gach crìoch mun cuairt ;

Is bras a dh' eireas gach mearachd éitidh
'S is beag an t-eud th' aig a chiéir san uair'.

Dean creideamh, 's eòlas, dean gaol na còrach,

A's pailteas sòlais, a dhòrtadh nuas :

Gu daoine a philltinn, o'n cleachdaibh millteach,

'S gu naomhachd inntinn bhi cinntinn suas.

A Dhè na si-chaint, craobhsgaoil an fhirinn,

Measg slògh nan tìrean, 's nan Innsean cian :

Mar dhaoine air chall, ann an ceò nam beann iad,

An oidhehe teann orr, 's iad fann gun bhiadh.

Thoir solus glè ghlan, thoir rathad réidh dhoibh,

'Us cridhe gleusd a thoirt géill do n Uan !

Thoir sgeul do shláinte, thoir fios do ghàidh dhaibh,

Cuir feart do ghràsan 'nan dàil le buaidh

AN GEARAN.

AIR FÒNN—"Coire gòrm an fhàsaich."

Is duilich leam mar tha mi
A' siubhal le mo namhaid,

Eas-umhal do na h-àntean,

'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 peacadh '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 daonnan tarrainn sàis orm,
 'S 'g am chàradh am fang.

'S e dh'fhag 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 mhilleas gealladh Dhé orm,
 Nach earb mi ris ach eutrom,
 S nach càraich mi rium féin e,
 Gu h-éifeachdach, slàn.
 'S ann chuir e mi an déis-laimh,
 'G am fhàgail ro mhì ghleusda,
 Gu h-obair uasal, euchdach,
 'S gu treubhantas ard:
 Gu gleachdadh ris an eucoir
 A bhios a'm chridhe 'g éiridh,
 No chithear ann am bheusaibh,
 Gu h-éitich, 's gu grànd.

Nam bithinn tairis, dileas,
 A leantuinn ris an fhirinn,
 Bhiodh ise dhomh mar dhìdean
 Nach dìobradh gu bràth.
 Ged chuireadh daoine sìos mi
 Le casaidean, 's le dìteadh,
 Gu'n togadh ise ris mi,
 'S dhirinn 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 dì-chuimhn,
 'S nach' eil an creideamh cinnteach
 A'm inntinn 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 teanadh sud fa-dheòidh mi,
 Gun dòigh air tigh'n' gearr.

Ge mòr an t-aobhar sòlais
 Bhì 'n comunn Rìgh na glòire,
 'S iad b' annsa leam na h-òrain,
 'S bhì 'g òl nan deoch-slainnt.
 Bu dallag mi nach soradh,
 Bhì cluich air bruaich na dòrainn,
 An Diabhol ga mo threòrach
 Gu seòlta air laimh.

Gur mòr a' chreach, 's an diùbhail,
 Mo chridhe bhì gun dùrachd,
 A gabhail Dé nan dùl domh,
 Mar Ughdar mo shlàint:
 'S e tairgse dhomh 'na chùmhnannt,
 A neart a bhì mar chùl domh,
 'S a ghliocas 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 mhiann gu siùbhlach,
 'S mi lùbadh 'na dhàil.
 Mo shonas air mo chùl-thaobh,
 Mar anabas nach fiù 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 sheallas rium a'm' dhaorsa?
 Cò thionndas mi bho chlaonadh?
 Cha'n-aingil, no clann-daoine,
 Och! b' fhaoin iad sa' chàs.
 Ach taing do'n Athair naomha,
 A dh'ullaich dhomh an t-saorsa,
 Làn teanadh o gach baoghal,
 Trid Aon-ghin a ghràidh.
 A Dhe ta iochdmhor, maoineach,
 Cia fhad a bhios mi caoineadh!
 O greas le d' chobhair chaomh,
 Agus saor mi gun dàil!

AN AISEIRIGH.

AIR FONN—"Tha mise fo ghruaim."

THIG am bàs oirn mu'n cuairt,
 'S ceart gu 'n laidhinn 's an uaigh,
 Ach cha téid mi le gruaim 'na còir;
 Oir bha Iosa mo rùin,
 Greis 'na laidhe 's an ùir,
 'S rinn e'n leabaidh ud cùbhraidh dhòmhs',

Thug e'n gath as 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'èirich e ris
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,
Anns na flaitheas, 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 anns gach sluagh,
Chum an togail 's an uair, gu mòd.

Sud an cumhachd tha treun,
Sud am fradharc tha geur,
Chuireas rithisd gach cré air dòigh ;
Dream chaidh itheadh le sluagh,
Dream chaidh mheasgadh 'n ann uaigh,
Dream chaidh losgadh 'nan luath 's nan ceo.

'S iomadh colainn bhios ann,
Tha fad air asdar o 'ceann
'S thig iad cuideachd 'san àm, gu fòil.
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 ga'm beil corp,
Air ard mhonadh, no cnoc,
Ann am fàsach, no slochd no mòin' ;
Ann an doimhneachd a' chuain,
No 's na h-aibhnichean buan,
As nach éirich iad suas, 's iad beò.

Eiridh 'n diùc, 'us an rìgh,
Eiridh 'm bochd bha fa chis,
Eiridh gaisgeach an strì, 's an deòr'.
Eiridh' bhaintighearna mhaoth,
Eiridh 'n t-amadan baoth,
'S cha bhì dearmad air aosd, no òg.

Eiridh cuid ac' le gruaim,
Chi iad fearg air an Uan,
Chuireas crith orr' a's uamhunn mhòr,
Eiridh cuid ac le aoidh,
Buidheann uasal nan saoidh,
'G am bi oighreachd a chaoidh an glòir.

AIR FOGHLUM NAN GAEL.

FONN—"Chunna mi 'n diugh an
Dun-eidann."

BHA na Gàeil ro aineolach dall,
Bha ionnsachadh gann nam measg,
Bha 'n eolas cho tana 's cho mall,
'S nach b' aithne dhaibh 'n call a mbeas,
Cha chreideadh iad buannachd no stà,
Bhì 'n sgoilearachd ard da 'n cloinn,
Ged fheudadh fhaicinn gach la,
Gu'r i thog o 'n làr na Goill.

Theid aincolas nis as an tìr,
'S gach cleachdadh neo-dhireach cron,
A's mealaidh sinn sonas a's sìth,
Gun fharmad no strì 'n ar fonn ;
Theid sgoilean chuir suas anns gach cearn,
Bì'dh leabhraichean Gàelig pailt ;
Bì'dh eolas a's diadhachd a fàs,
Thig gach duine gu stà 's gu rath.

Nis "togaidh na Gàeil an ceann,
'S cha bhì iad am fang nì's mò ;"
Bì'dh aca ard fhoghlum nan Gall,
A's tuigse neo mhall na chòir ;
Theid innleachdan 'n oibrìbh air bonn,
Chuireas saibhreas 'n ar fonn gu pailt,
Bithidh 'n diblidh cho laidir ri sonn—
'S am bochd cha bhì lom le airc !

Thig na linntean gu cinnteach 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 ;
Bì'dh firinn a's sìochaint a's gaol,
A ceangail chloinn daoine 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 Maclachlan for many generations. The forefathers of E. Maclachlan 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. Maclachlan 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 Kilmalie had been situated since the middle of last century, and taught by superior teachers. At this school the brothers of Ewen Maclachlan 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 Singer, 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 Kilmonivaig; there his desire for classical studies received a considerable impulse from his intercourse with the father of his host, Cameron of Liandally, 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 Glenpëan, 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 Pëan," so sweetly celebrated in his own ode to that romantic stream, 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 Glenpëan. 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 liadh," and he himself in the ode to Pëan 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 Glenpëan, 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 an apprentice to his own trade—that of a weaver." With heavy hearts and weary limbs they returned home. After anxious and earnest deliberations 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 swollen 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 then poured out a prayer of gratitude to the Most High for his signal deliverance from so great a danger. Forthwith Mr. Maclachlan 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, *atias* "Dall," musician, then at Inverlochy, afterwards 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 coxcombs, 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 MAC-LACHLAN," 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 burghess. 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, custodian 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

¹ It is said that he travelled to Aberdeen dressed in the mountain garb.

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 *eclat*, 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 aspirations 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 Gaelic tongue, which for beauty of language, sincerity of sorrow, and unrivalled elegance of composition, can bear comparison with anything 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 Gaelic 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 Gaelic language spoken in Scotland, and that (as he did everything else) from his mere regard and affection for everything 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

Gaelic-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 Gaelic 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 Gaelic, 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, Persic, 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 realised.

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 the 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 canvas, 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 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 Professor 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-requited toil.

Mr. Maclachlan 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 Elphinston, 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 *protege* 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 men 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 Maclachlan, 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 mid-midnight oil," without "one gray stone" to mark his grave.

AN SAMHRADH.

AIR FONN.—"An am dol sìos bhì deònach."

Moch 's mi 'g éiridh 'madainn chèitín,
'S drùidh air fear nan lònitean;
Bu shuntach éibhinn càil gach cheutair,
'Tigh'n le gleus a'm frògaibh,
Gu blàthas na gréine 'b'agh'or eiridh,
Suas air sgéith nam mòr-bheann;
'S è teachd o'n chuan gu dreachor, bua-
Rioghail, uasal, òr-bhuidh. [ghach,

Tha chùrtean ceutach cian nan speuran,
Liath-ghorm, réidh mar chlàraidh,
'S do sgaoil bho chèile neoil a sheideadh
Stoirm nan reub-ghaoth arda;
Gach dùil ag éigheach iochd a's rèite,
'N teachd a cheud mhios Mhàigh oirnn;
S gu'm b' ùr neo-thruaillidh 'n trusgan
Air druim nan cluaintean fàsaich. [uain',

Bu chùrteil, prìseil, foirm gach eoin,
An cuantal òrdaìl, greannar,
Cuir sìos ar sgeòil is blasta gloir,
Air bharr nan òg-mheur samhraidh,
Le 'n ribheid chìuil gu fonnar dlù,
Na puirt bu shiubhlach ranntachd;
'S mac-tall' a' freagairt fuaim am feadain,
Shuas 's na creagan gleanntach.

Bi 'n ioc-shlaint chléibh am fìor shruth
O ghlac nam fear-choir' arda, [sléibh,
Le turaraich bhinn th'air bhalbhag mìn,
A shiubhlas sìos tro 'n àilean,
Mar airgead glas, 'na choilichibh cas,
Ri tòraghan bras gun tàmh orr',
Cuir sùigh gun truaill 's gach fùran uaine,
'S dlù mu bhruach nam blàrabh.

B' é m' éibhneas riamh 'nuair dh' èirghe
Le cheud gath tiorail blàth oirn, [grian,
Bhì ceum a sìos gu beul nam mìn-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 Mhàirt diu.

Air uchd an fhìor-uisg 's grinn a chitear,
Oibrean siannta nàduir,
Du-neoil nan speur a' falbh o chéil,
Air chruach nan sleibhteann arda;
Gun saoil an t-sùil gur h-ann sa ghrunnd,
Tha dealbh gach ioghnaidh àghoir:
Am bun os-ceann nan luibh 's nan-crann,
'S na'm beil sa' ghleann gan àrach.

Bì'dh bradan seang-mhear, druim-dhubh,
tarrgheal'
'S cleoc nan meanbh-bhall ruadh air,
Beo, bhìsg, gun chearb air bhuinne garbh,
O'n mhuir is gailbheach nuallan;
Gu h-iteach, earr-ghobhlach, grad-mheam-
Leum air ghearr-sgiath luatha, [nach,
Le cham-ghob ullamh cheapa chuileag,
Bhios feadh shruth nan cuairteag.

Gum faicte loma barr gach tomain,
Caoirich throma, lìontaidh,
Gu ceigeach, brònnaich, garbh an tomalt,
Rusgach, ollach, mìn-tiugh;
'S an uanaibh geala, luatha, glana,
Ri cluainis mhear a' dian-ruith,
Le mèilich mhaoth m'an cuairt do'n raon,
A's pàirt san fhraoch gan grianadh.

'S na tràthan ceart thig dròbh nam mart,
'An ordugh steach do'n bhuaile,
Le 'n ùithibh làn, gu reamhar, làirceach,
Druim-fhionn, crà-dhearg, guallionn;
'S gach gruagach àigh gu cridheil, gàireach,
Craicneach, snàthach, cuachach;
Air lom an tothair, fonn air bleothann,
Steall bu bhothar fuaimrich.

Gur h-ionmhuinn gaìr struth-gheimhich
Ri leunnaich fhaoin fea'n àilein, [laogh,
Gu seang-brìsg, uallach, eutrom, guanach,
Pòr is uaisle stràiceis, [stiallach,
'S iad dù-ghlas, riabhach, caisfhionn,
Bailghfionn, ciar-dhubh, barr-lom,

'S àn earblaibh sguabach togte suas,
A' duibh-ruith nuas gu màthair.

O Shàmhraidh gheugaich, ghrianaich,
cheutaich,

Dhuillich, fheuraich, chiùin-ghil !
Bho t-anail fein thig neart a's speurad,
Do gach creutair diùidi,
Bha 'n sàs 'an slabhraidh reot a gheamh-
Ann an àm na dùdlachd, [raidh,
'S tha nis a'damhs, feadh ghlac a's ghleann,
M' ad theachd a nall as ùr oirn.

'S tu tarbhach reachdor, biachar, pailt,
Le feart do fhrasan blatha,
A thig nan ciuraich mhaoth-bhuig dhriùchd,
A' dorta sìugh gun fhàillinn,
'S ann leam is taitneach fiamh do bhrait,
O fhùraibh dait a ghàraidh
Cuir dealra boisgeil reull an daoimein,
'Mach gu druim nan ard-bheann.

Gach fluran mais is àillidh dreach,
A' fàs 'an cleachdadh òrdail,
Gurimheach, taitneach, ciatach, snasmhor,
Ann 's an reachd bu choir dhaibh ;
An t-seamrag uaine 's barr-gheal gruag,
A's buidheann chuachach neoinein,
Lili gucagach nan cluigean,
'S mìle lus nach eol domh.

B' dh sobhrach luaineach, gheal-bhui,
Ann am bruach nan alltabh, [chluasach,
'S a bhiolair uain taobh nam fuaran,
Gibeach, cluaineach, cam-mheur ;
Thig ròs nam bad is boidhche dreach,
Na neoil na maidne samhraidh,
Gu ruiteach, dearg gheal, cearslach,
dealbhach,
Air roinn mheanbh nam fann-shlat.

An gleann fo bharrach, réisgeach, cannach,
Feurach, raineach, luachrach,
Gu min-bhog, mealach, brighor, bainnear,
Cib, a's cneamh m' an cuairt ann ;
Bidh lom a bhlàir is reachdair fàs,
A' dol fo stràc neo-thruaillidh,
'S an saoghal a 'gàirdeachas le fàillt,
A thaobh gu'n dh' fhag am fuachd sinn.

Gur ceann-ghorm loinneil dos gach doire,
Bhios sa choille chròchdaich,
Gu sleabhach ard fo iomlan blàth,
O bhun gu bharr 'n comhdach ;

An snothach sùghor thig o'n dùsluing
Ann sna fùrain nòsar,
A' brùchda meas tro shlios nan geug,
A's tlus nan speur ga'n còmhnaidh.

Gach maoth phreas ùr gu duilleach cùbh-
Peurach, ùbhlach, sòghar, [raidh,
Trom thorrach, luisreagach, a' lùbadh,
Measach, driùchdach, lòdail ;
Le cud-throm ghagan dlù dhonn-dhearg,
A bhios air slait nan cròc-mheur,
'S co milis blas ri mil o'n sgeap,
Aig seillein breac a chrònain.

Bidh coisridh mhuirneach nan god lùghor,
Anns gach ùr-dhos uaigheach,
Air gheugaibh dlù nan duilleach ùr-ghorm,
Chuireadh sunnt fo'n duanaig ;
Thig smèdrach chuirteil, druid a's bru-
Uiseag chiùin a's cuachag, [dhearg,
Le h-òran cianail, fann-bhog tiamhaidh,
N glacaig dhiomhair uaine.

M' an innsinn sios gach ni bu mhiann leam,
Ann am briathran seolta,
Cha chuirinn crioich le dealbh am bliadhn'
Air ceathramh trian de'n b' eol domh,
M' a ghlòir nan speur, 's an t-saoghal gu
A lion le h-éibhneas mòr mi, [léir,
'N uair rinn mi éiridh madainn chéitein,
'S dealt air feur nan lòintean.

AM FOGHAR.

FONN—"Nuair thig an Samhra geugach
oirn."

GRAD éiridh fonn a's fìor-ghleus oirbh,
Na biodh 'ur 'n inntinn smuaireanach ;
Tha sgeul is ait leam innse dhuibh,
Cho binn bho chian cha chuala sibh ;
Tha m' pòr bu taitneach cinntinn duinn,
Fo'n reachd is brioghair buaghalachd ;
'S gun teid an saoghal a riarachadh,
O dhicheall gnìomh nan tuathanach.

Tha 'm foghar a' nochda cairdeis duinn,
'S e bhuilich am pailteas gnàthaicht oirn
A mhaitheas gu fialaidh pairtichear,
Gun ghainne ; gun fhàilne truacontachd ;

Gheibh duine's brùid a shàthachadh
'O sheileir na dùsluing nàdurra;
Gun' sgaoilear na bùird gu failteachail
Ga 'r cuireadh gu làn ar tuarasdail.

Theid spraing an acrais bhiasgaich dhinn,
'S a ghorta chrion gu'm fuadaichear,
Bu ghuineach, sgaiteach, bior-guineach,
Géur-ghoint' a ruinn'-ghob nuarranta;
'S e 'dheòghladh sùgh nan caolan bhuat,
'Chur neul an Aoig mu d' ghruaim-
Gun teid an tarmasg dioghaltach [mhala;
A ghreasad null th' ar chuaintean
bhuainn.

Bidh coirce strath nan dù-ghleannabh,
Fo'n dreach is cùrteil prìseileachd,
Trom thorach, diasach, cuinnleanach,
Ard, luirgneach, suighte, sonraichte;
'S am panna ceolmhor, mùirneachail,
Gu sunntach, surdail, ordamaill;
Co gleusta, saoitreach, luath-lamhach,
'S am barr ga bhuain 'na dhòrlaichean.

Gach te gu dileas deannadach,
Le corran cam-ghorm, geur-fhiaclach,
Ri farpuis stritheil, dhiorrasaich,
Cuir fuinn a sios fo dhuaganan;
Bidh oigrìdh, lùghor, mheanmnach,
A' ceangal bhann ma sguabannan,
Le 'n diolt am brìodal màranach,
A bheireadh gàir air gruagaichean.

'S an Iuchar chiatach, ghaothor, théid
Feur-saoidh na faich' a sgaoileadh leinn
A' ceann nan riaghan caola 'bhios
Air lom nan raointean uain-neulach;
Na ràchdain làidir liath-ghiubhais
A tionndadh rolag sniomhanach,
Gu 'n tiormachadh 's na grian-ghathan,
Cho caoin 's as miann le tuathanach.

'N uair dh'fhosgla *Phabus* seòmraichean,
Na h-aird-an-iar thoirt ordugh dhuinn;
'An dubhar an fheasgair tòisichear,
Ri cruinneacha feòir 'an cruachannan;
Bidh mulain is gairbhe dòmhadas, [nach,
Gutomaltach, cuirrichdeach, mor-chean-
Grad fhighear na siomain chorr umpa,
Gù sgiobailte, doighel, suaicheanta.

Bidh iomairean 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 cluaran-
aibh.

Nuair thig an aimsir ghnàthaicht oirn,
'Sa bhuainear as a làraich è,
Grad-nochdar fras bhuntàta dhuinn,
Gachrathadh o'n bharr 'na dhòrlaichean,
Ceud mìle dreach a's dealbh orra,
Gufaobach, geamhlach, garbh-phlucach,
Cruaidh mheallach, uibeach, ghailbheachiad
A' tuiteam mar gharbhlaich dòrnagan.

'S iad ciochach, dearg-dhubh, breac-shuil-
Gu tana min-gheal, leacanach; [each,
Gu plubach, cruinn-gheal, cnapanach,
'S iad fad-chumpach na ùaireannan;
B'e 'n toradh biadhar, feartach è,
Nach mall a liona chaiteagan,
'Nuair ghréidhear ann sa phraisich è,
'S è bhlas is taitneach buaghannan.

'S glan fàile nan cnò gaganach,
Air ard-shlios nan cròc bad-dhuilleach;
'S trom fàsar am por bagailteach,
Air bharr nam fad-gheug sòlasach;
Theid brìgh nam fiuran slat-mheurach,
'An cridhe nan ùr-chnap blasadach;
Gur brig-gheal sùgh a chagannaich,
Do neach a chagnas dòrlach dhiù.

'S clann-bheag a ghnà le'm pocannan,
A' streup ri h-ard nan dos-chrannabh,
A bhuain nan cluaran mog-mheurach,
Gu lugh'or, docoir, luath-lamhach;
'Nùair dh' fhaoisgear as na mogail iad,
'S a bhrìstear plaoisg nan cochall diu,
Gur caoin am maoth-bhlas fortanach,
Bhios air an fhros neo-bhruaileanach.

'S è mìos nam buaidhean taitneach è,
Bheir pòr an t-sluaigh gu h-abachadh;
O'm fògrar gruaim an acrais dinn,
O's maireann pailteas pòrsain duinn;
Mìos bog nan ùbhlan breac-mheallach,
Gu peurach, plumbach, sgeachagach,
A' lùisreadh sios le dearcagaibh,
Cir-mhealach, beachach, gròiseideach.

Mios molach, robach, bracuirneach
'S è catoil ròiceil, tacarach,
Gu h-iolannach, cuirrichdeach, adagach,
Trom-dhiasach, bhreac-gheal, sguaba-
nach.

Mios miagh nam fuarag, stapagach, [nach ;
Buntàtach, feòlar, sgadanach,
Gu h-imeach, càiseach, ceapaireach,
Le bheirteas pailt gu tuacantachd.

Gu saoitreach, stritheil, lamhachair,
An òigridh dhileas, thàbhachdach,
Ri taobh nan linnean sàile 'm biodh,
An sgadan a snamh 's a bhoinneireachd
Snàth-moineis garbh an snàthadan,
A' fuaigheal lion ri 'm bràigheachan,
Gu sreangach, bolach, àrcanach,
Bheir bas do'n nàisein chleòc-lannach.

'Nuair dh'aomas òidhche 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 bhàraibh eutrom luath-ràmhach,
A' sguabadh a chuain ghorm-ghrean-
naich.

Gur dàicheil, sùrdail, cruadalach,
Fir ùr nan cruaidh lamh conspaideach,
A' stri co fuiribi 's luaithe bhios
Air thùs an t-sluaigh 's a chonnsacha ;
A cholluinn nan tonn buairesach,
Le neart nan cuaille beo ghiubhais ;
Mar dhrùid nan speur cho luath dhut iad,
Thar stuadh is uaibhreach crònanaich.

Air tàrla dhuibh san ionad, 's am
Bi n t-iasg ri mire ghoraich, theid
Na lin a chur ga h-iongantach
Air uchd a ghrinnail bhòc-thonnaich ;
'Nuair thogar ann sa mhadainn iad
Gu trom-lan, breac le lodalachd,
Gur suntach, siubhlach, dhachaigh iad
Le'n tacar beairteach, sòlasach.

Gu h-aigeantach, eutrom, inntinneach,
Fir aighearach, ghleust, air linneannan,
Le saighdean geur nan trì-mheurabh,
Air ghallanaibh dìreach cruaidh shleagh-
A' sireadh an èisg le duibh-liasaibh, [ach ;
Theid seachad na leum air fìor-uisge ;
Na mordhachan reubach, diobhalach,
Gan taruinn gu tìr air bhruachannaibh.

'S an oidhche chiùraidh, fhiathail, gum
Bi sùrd air leois gam pleòiteachadh,
Gum pacar anns na h-urraisgean iad
Speailt thioram ùr gu h-ordamail ;

B idh dearg a's cruith gan giùlan ann,
Chuir smùid a suas gu beò-losgadh,
A ruithe nam bradan fad-bhronnach,
Feadh bhuiinne cās nam mor-shruithean.

'S am bradan eutrom, aineasach, [ach,
Brìsg, grad-chlis, meamnach, luasgan-
'Na èideadh liath-ghlais, dhearg-bhallaich,
Dù-lannach, mean-bhreach, cluaineis-
each ;
Gur gob-cham, sliosmhor, tarr-ghéal è,
Le stiùir bu shiabhach earr-ghobhlach,
Ri lù-chleas bras air ghearr-sgiathaibh,
'Au toirmrich gharbh nan cuairteagan.

Gun d'fhuir sibh dàn a nise bhuan,
Mar thug mi fios a' tòiseachadh,
Mu bhuaidh nam miosan bòtailteach,
Tha trom le gibhtean sòlasach,
Gu 'm beil da rann thar-fhichead ann
'S o's mist è tuille ròpaireachd,
Gun cuir mi crioich gu timeil air,
M' am fàg mi sgìth le bòilich sibh.

AN GEAMHRADH.

AIR FONN—" 'S i so 'n aimsir a
dhearbhar."

Tha *Phabus* s na speuraibh
Ag éiridh na thriall,
Roi reulltaichean *Geur-shaighead*,¹
Bheumnaich nan sian ;
Ur-éifeachd a cheud ghat
Gu ceiteineach grinn,
A ni feum do gach creutair
O éireadh d'an dìon.

Tha na tlà gathan blàth ud
A b' fhàbharach dhuinn
Gar fàgail aig nàmhaid
Na dh' fhàsac a h-ùir ;
O na thriall e roi chriochaibh
Na Riaghailt² a null
Gù *Sign-Adharc-Gaibhre*
Bu duibh-reotach iùil.

Tha àoidhealachd nàduir
A b' fhàiltiche tuar,
Fad an t-saoghail air caochladh
'S a h-aogasg fo ghruaim ;

¹ Sagittarius and Capricorn, two constellations on the Zodiac or Ecliptic.

² Riaghailt, the Equinoctial line.

Tha giùig àir na dùilean
Le funntainn an fhuachd,
Fo dhù-liunn trom-thùrsach,
Ri ciucharan truagh.

Tha 'm Foghar reachdor, fialaidh,
Bu bhìadh abaich fàs,
Le cruachannaibh cnuac-mheallach,
Sguab-thorach, làn,
Air treigsinn a shnuaidh,
O'n a dh'fhuaraich gach càil,
Roi'n mhios chruai-ghuinneach, ghruam-
'S neo-thruacanta bàigh. [ach

Le stròiceadh na dòilichinn
Thoirleum gu làr,
Gorm chomhdach nam mòr-chrann
Bu chròc-cheannach barr,
Ni fuigh-bheatha sùghor
Nan ùr-fhaillean àrd,
Tro fhéithean nan geugan
Grad thearnadh gum freumh.

Na h-èòineian 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 comhnuidh 's gach còs
Ann am frògaih nan toll.

Thig leir-sgrios air treudan
Nam feur-luibhean gorm ;
Di-mhilltear gach dìthean
Bu mhin-ghibeach dealbh;
Fior aognaichidh aogasg
Nan aonach 's nan learg,
Le spionadh nan sianntan
Dian-ghuineach, garg.

Air 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-shlaint
Air lòn-mhil nach gann.

Theid a mheanbh chuileag shamhraidh
Le teanntachd gu bàs,
Ge b' éibhneach a leumnaich
'An ceud-mhìos a Mhàigh;

Gach lùb shruth bu bhùrn-ghlan
A shiubhladh tro 'n bhlàr,
Fo chruaidh-ghlais de'n fhuar-dheibh
Is nuarranta càil.

Bì'dh sàr-obair nàduir
Le fàillinn fo bhròn,
Feadh chàthar, a's àrd-bheann,
A's fhàsach nan lon:
Cha dearbhar cluith mheamnach
Nan garbh-bhradan mòr,
'S nì iad tamh-chadal sàmhach
Fo sgàil bhadaibh gorm.

Theid Æolus, rìgh fiadhaich
Nan sianntainnean doirbh,
Gu fuar-thàlla gruaim-ghreannach,
Tuath-fhrasan searbh;
Grad-fhuasglàr leis cruaidh ghlas
Nan ua'-bhéidean garg,
Clach luath-mheallain, 's cuairt-ghaoth
Bu bhuaireanta colg.

Thig teann-chogadh Geamhraidh
Le h-aimhleas a nìos,
Ann an dorachdas stoirmibh
Air charbad nan nial;
A duibh-fhroiseadh shaighdean
Tro'n àidhbheis gu dian,
Geur, ruinn-bhiorach, puiseannta,
Chlaidheas gach nì.

Bì'dh armachd nan uabhas
Ma'n cuairt da gach laimh,
Ri beuchdaich a reubas
Na speuran gu h-àrd;
Ion-stròicear a chròc-choille
Mhòr as a freumh,
Le spùtadh garbh-sgiùrsaidh
Na dùdlachd gun tlàths.

Gum bòch a mhuir cheann-ghlas
Is gaill-bheinneach greann;
Gur gorm-robach, doirbh-chorrach,
Borbhadh nan tonn;
Gu h-àrdanch, càir-ghéal,
A' bàrcadh nan deann;
Agus gàirich a bhàis bì'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 marcachd-sìne na dìleann
 G'ar mìobhadh le fuachd.

Thig clacha-meallain garbha
 Le stairearaich 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
 Dhiugha'taich, fhuair;
 Ga leir dhuinn lag-éiridh
 Na gréine ri h-uair,
 Grad-fhalchaidh i carbad
 Geal, dealrach, sa' chuan.

Le dall-chur na failbhe
 Gum falchar gach meall;
 Sneachd cléiteagach gle-thiugh
 Nan speur os ar ceann
 Gu h-àrd domhainn barr-gheal
 Air fásaich nan gleann;
 B'i'dh nàdur fo'n stràc ud
 Gu fàillineach, fann.

Thig iom-chathadh feanntaidh
 Fo shrannaich nan stoirm,
 A ghluaiseas an luath-shneachd
 Na fhuar-chithibh doirbh;
 B'i'dh an smùid ud ad' sgiùrsadh
 Le dù-chuthach searbh;
 'Sa léireadh nan slèisnean
 Mar gheur-shalann garg.

B'i'dh gach sùil agus aodunn
 Ag aognachadh fiamh;
 Agus ceòraich an reòt
 Air na feòsagaibh liath;
 B'i'dh spùtadh na funntainn
 Is drùightiche sìan,
 A' tolladh tro d' ghrùdhan
 Gu ciùrr-bheumnach, dian.

Mios reub-bhiorach, éireanda,
 Chreuchdas gach dùil;
 Mios buaireasach, buailteach,
 'S neo-thruacant' a ghnùis;

Mios nuarranta, buagharra,
 'S tuath-ghaothach spùt,
 Bhios gu h-earr-ghlaiseach, feargach,
 Le stairearaich nach ciùin.

Mios burrughlasach, falmarra,
 Gharbh-fhrasach fuar;
 Tha gliob-shleamhain, dìleanta,
 Grim-reotach, cruaidh,
 Ged robh luirgnean gan ròstadh
 Ri deagh theine guail,
 B'i'dh na sàiltean gan cràdhladh
 Gu bàs leis an fhuachd.

Mios colgarra, borb-chur,
 Nan stoirmibh nan deann,
 Gu funntainneach, puinnseunta,
 'S diughaltach srann;
 A' beuchdaich 's na speuraibh
 Le leir-sgrìos gu call;
 Bior-dheilgneach, le gairisinn,
 Bu mheill-chritheach greann.

Cha'n àireamh na thainig,
 De bhàrdaibh san fheoil,
 Gach ànnradh thug teanntachd
 A gheamhraidh g'ar còir;
 Ach, mu'm faighear mo sheanachas
 Gun dealbh air ach sgleò,
 Gur tim dhomh bhi crìochnachaeh
 Briathran mo sgeòil.

AN T-EARRACH.

AIR FONN—"Thainig oirn do dh'
 Albainn crois."

THAINIG Earrach oirn m' an cuairt,
 Theid am fuachd fo fhuadach cian
 Theid air imrich thar a chuan
 Geamhradh buaireasach nan sìan;
 Ràithe sneachdach, reotach, cruaidh,
 A dh' atas colg nan luath-ghaoth dian
 Sligneach, 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;
 Islicheas 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 tiunndaidh iad gu mùghadh foirm.

Iompaichear an uair gu blàths,
 Le frasaibh o'n aird-an-iar,
 Leaghaidh sneachd na shruthaibh luath
 O ghuailibh nan gruaim bheann ciar.
 Fosglaidh tobraichean a ghruinnid,
 A bhrùchdas nan spùtaibh dian ;
 'S deith gu sgealbach, ceilleachdach, dlù,
 Le gleadhraich ghairbh ga sgùradh sios.

Sgapaidh dall-cheo tiugh nau nial
 As a céil' an iar 's an ear,
 Na mheallaibh giobach, ceigeach, liath,
 Druim-robach, ogluidh, ciar-dhubh, glas,
 A' snàmh san fhailbhe mhòir gun cheann,
 A null 'sa nall, mar luing fo beairt ;
 'S iathaidh iad nan rùsgaibh bàn
 Mu spiodaibh piceach àrd nam bac.

Nochdaidh *Phabus* duinn a gnùis,
 A' dealradh o thùr nan spur,
 Le soille caoimhneil, baoisgeil, blàth,
 Gu tlusmhor, bàigheil, ris gach creubh :
 Na sgrios a ghaillionn chiurraidh fhuar,
 Mosglaidh iad a nuas o'n eùg ;
 Ath-nuadhaichear a bhliadhn' as ùr,
 Gach dùil gu mùirneach ; surd air feum.

Sgeudaichear na lòn 's na blàir,
 Fo chomhdach àluinn lusaibh meanbh ;
 Sgaoilidh iad a mach ri gréin
 An duilleach fein fo mhille 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 chìtear air lom gach leacainn ;
 'S cùbhraidh leam na fion na Frainge
 Fàile thom, a's bheann, a's ghlacag ;
 Milseineach, biolaireach, sòbhrach,
 Eagach cuach nan neoinein maiseach,
 Siomragach, failleineach, brìgh'or,
 Luachrach, ditheanach, gun ghaiseadh.

Thig mùilleinean de shluagh an fheòir
 Beo fo tlùs nam fann-ghath tlà,
 Le'n sgiathaibh sìoda, ball-bhreach òir,
 'S iad daithte'm boichead mìos a Mhàigh:
 An tuairneagaibh geal nam flùr,
 Dùisgidh iad le h-ìochd a bhlàis,
 'S measnoichidh an rìghle dlù
 'S a chéitein chiùin nach lot an càil !

Diridh snothach suas o'n fhriamhaich
 Tro cham-chuislibh shniomhain bhad-
 chrann,
 Gu maoth-bhlasda, mealach, cùbhraidh,
 Sior chuir stùgh 's nam fiùran shlatach ;
 Bi'dh an còmhdach gorm a' brùchdadh
 Roi shlios ùr nan dlù-phreas dòsrach,
 Duilleach, làbach, uasal, sgiamhach,
 Dreach nam meur is rìmheach coltas.

Bi'dh eoin bheaga bhinn a chàthair,
 A cruinneachadh shràbh gu neadan ;
 Togaibh iad 's na geugaibh uaigneach
 Aitribh chuairteagach ri taice
 Laidhidh gu cluthor nan tamh
 A blàiteachadh nan cruinn ubh 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 bronn gu làr :
 Brùchdaidh minn, a's laoigh, 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 cràcach,
 Strangach, cam, an aird nan sgealbh-
 chreag ;
 Rob-bhrat iom-dhathach m'an cuairt
 daibh,
 Caitean ciar-dhubh, gruamach, gorm-
 ghlas,
 S na minneinan laghach, greannar,
 Le meigeadaich fhan g'an leanmhuinn :
 'S mireanach a chleasachd ghuanach
 Bhios air pòr beag luath nan gearr-
 mheann.

Caoirich cheig-rùsgach fo chòmhdach ;
 Sgaoilt air reithlein lònitean-driuchdach ;
 'A uaineinean cho geal ri cainichean
 Air chluaintibh nan learg ri sùgradh.
 An crodh mòr gu liontaidh làirceach,
 Ag ionaltradh fhàsach ùr ghorm ;
 An dream lith-dhonn, chaisiann, bhan-
 bhreach,
 Ghuailionn, chra-dhearg, mhàgach,
 dhùmhaile.

'S inntinneach an ceol ri m' chluais
 Fann-gheum laogh m'an cuairt do n chrò,

Ri coi'-ruith timcheall nan raon,
 Grad-bhrisg, seang-mhear, aotrom, beò;
 Stairirich aig an luirgnean luath,
 Sios m'an bhruaich gu guanaich òg ;
 'S teach 'sa mach á buaile lain,
 'S bras an leum ri bàirich bhò !

'N aimsir ghnàthaichte na bliadhna,
 Sgapar siol gu biadh san fhearann,
 Ga thilgeadh na fhraasabh dìona,
 'S na h-iomairean fiara, cama ;
 Sgalag, a's eich laidir, ghnìomhach
 Ri straidhlich nan cliath gan tarrauin ;
 'S tìodhlaicear fo'n dùsluing mhìn
 An dràinean liontaidh 's brìgh'or toradh.

Sgoilt ear am buntàta cnuachdach
 Na sgràilleagaibh cluasach, bachlach ;
 Theid an inneir phronn na lòdaibh
 Socach, trom, air chòmhnard achaidh ;
 Le treun gheàrrain chùbach, chàrnach,
 Chliabhach, spidreach, bhràideach,
 shrathrach
 Sùrd air teachd-an-tìr nan Gàel,
 Dh' fheuch an tàrar e fo'n talamh.

'Nuair a thogas *Phæbus* àigh
 Mach gu h-àird nan nial a ceann,
 O sheomar dealrach a chuain
 Ag òradh air ehruach nam beann ;
 Brùchdaidh as gach cearn an tuath,
 'Staigh cha'n fhuirich luath no mall,
 Inntrigidh air gnìomh nam buadh,
 " Buntàta 's inneir ! suas an crann !"

Theid an inneal-draibh an òrdugh,
 Sean eich laidir mhor a' tarrauin
 Nam ionnstramaid ghlcadhrach, ròpach,
 Beairt 'san lionmhor còrd a's amull,
 Ailbheagan nan cromag fiara,
 Socach, coltrach, giadhach, langrach ;
 Glige-ghlaige crainn a's iarunn,
 Sùrd air gnìomh 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 cliabhaibh
 Ga taomadh san fhiar-chlais chorraich,
 Aig bannal clis lùghmhor gleusda,
 Cridheil, eutrom, brisg gun smalan ;
 'S gillean òg a' dìol na h-àbhachd,
 Briathrach, gàireach, càirdeil, fearail.

'Nuair dh' fhalachar san ùir am pòr,
 Thig feartan gar còir o'n àird,

A sgirtean liath-ghlas nan nial,
 Frasaidd e gu ciatach blàth,
 Silteach, sàmhach, lionmhor, ciùin,
 Trom na bhrùchdaibh, ciùbhrach, tlàth ;
 'S miorbhuilleach a bhraonach dhù,
 Iarbhach maoth-mhìn, driuchdach,
 samh.

'S lionmhor suaicheantas an Earraich,
 Nach comas domh luaidh le fileachd ;
 Raidhe 's tric a chaochail earraidh,
 'S ioma car o thùs gu dheireadh ;
 Ràidhe 'n tig am faoileach feannaidd, [eir
 Fuar chlach-mheallain, stoirm nam peil-
 Feadag, sguabag, gruaim a Ghearrain,
 Crainnti Chaillteach is beurra friodhan.

'Nuair spùtas gaoth lom a Mhàirt oirn,
 Nì 'n t-sìd ud an t-àl a chrannadh,
 Mios cabhagach, oibreach, saoitreach,
 Nam feasgar slaod-chianail, reangach :
 Acras a' diogladh nam maodal,
 Blianach, caol-ghlas, aognaidh, grean-
 nach ;
 Deòghlar trian do t' fhior-liunn-tàth bhuar ;
 'S mar ghad sniomhain tàirnear fad thu.

Ràidhe san tig tùs annlainn,
 Liteach, càbhrach, làdhan lapach,
 Druim-fhionn, cean-fhionn, brucach, rias-
 pach
 Robach, dreamsglach, riadhach, rapach
 Càl a's feoil, a's cruinn-bhùntàta,
 'S aran corca laidir, reachdmhor :
 Bog no cruaidh, ma chanar biadh ris,
 S e nach diult an ciad nì 's faigse.

'N uair thig òg-mhios chèitein ciùin oirn,
 B'ìdh a bhliadhn an tùs a maise ;
 'S fathail, caoimhneil, soillse grèine,
 Mios geal ceutach, speur-ghorm, feartach,
 Flùrach, ciùrach, bliochdach, maoiniach,
 Uanach, caorach, laoghach, martach,
 Gruthach, uachdrach' caiseach, sughmhor,
 Mealach, cùbhraidh, drùchdach, dosrach.

Nis théid Earrach uainn air chuairt,
 'S thig an samhradh ruaig a nall ;
 'S gorm-bhog duilleach geug air choill ;
 Eunlaidh seinn air bharr nan crann ;
 Driùchdan air fear gach glinn,
 S lan-thoil-inntinn sgiamh nam beann :
 Theid mì ceum troi 'n lòn a null,
 'S tàirneam crìoch air fonn mo rann.

MARB-RANN

DO MR. SEUMAS BEATTIE.

[Fear-teagaisg Cànain, 's nan Eolus nadurra, ann an Oil-thigh ùr-Obairreadhain, a chaochail sa' mhadainn Diardaoin, an ceathranh latha de'n ochdanh mìos 1810.]

AIR FONN—"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 am beum a rinn sgàinteach 'am
fheoil ;

Mi mar ànrach nan cuaintean,
A chailleas astar feadh stuadhan sa chèò ;
O'n bhuaile teachdair a bhàis thu,
A Charaid chaoimh bu neo-fhailteumach
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 stòid ann ad bhèus !
An lamh gheal, fhurach, chàirdeil,
Is tric a ghlac mi le fàilte gu'n phléid,
Ri d' thaobh 's an anairt na sineadh,
Na meall fuar creadh, fo chis aig an éug !

A mhiog-shuil donn bu tlà sealladh,
A nis air tionndadh gun lannair a d' cheann !
'S sàmhach binn-ghuth nan ealaidh !
'S dùint' am beul ud o'm b' anasach cainnt !
An cridhe firinneach soilleir,
Leis 'm bu spèidil duais foille, no sannt ;
A nochd gun phlog air an déile !
Sian mo dhosgainn, nach breugach an rann.

Gun smid tha'n ceann anns na thàrmaich
Bladh gach eòlais a b' àird ann am miagh ;
Gliocas eagnaigh na Gréige,
'S na thuig an Eadailt bu gheur-fhaclaich
brìgh !

'S balbh fear-rèitich gach teagamh ;
Anns a Bheurla chruaidh, spreigearra,
ghrinn !

'N uair bhios luchd-foghlum fo dhubhar,
Co na t-ionads a dh' fhuasglas an t-snuim ?

'S balbh an labbraiche pòngail,
Bu tearc r'a fhaotainn a chompanach beoil ;
'Am briathran snàighte, sgéimh-dhealb-
hach,

A chur na h-ealaidh no 'n t-seanchais air
neoil ;

Ge b' è bàrd an dàin chéutaich,
Mu chian-astar Ænéas o Thròidh ;
'S frinn cheàrt nach bu diù leis,
E-fein thoirt mar ùghdair do sgeòil.

Gun smid tha'n ghlocair a b' eolach,
Air fad na cruitheachd a dh' òrdaich Mac
Gach gnè an saoghal na fairge, [Dhé !
'S a mhachthir chòmhnaird no 'n garbh-
laich an t-sléibh :

Gach bileag ghorm a tha lùbadh,
Fo throm eallaich nan driuchd ris a
ghréin ;
'S an riòghachd mheatailtich b' àghor,
Do phurp ag innse dhuinn nàdur gach
seud.

'S balbh fear aithne nan ràidean,
A shoillsich aingil a's fàidhean o thùs ;
A's soisgeul glormhor na slainte,
Thug fios air tròcairean àrd-Rìgh nan dùl :
An stèigh gach teagaisg bu ghrasmhoir,
'S tearc pears-eaglais thug bàrr ort, a Rùin !
Dòchas t-anma bu làidir,
'San fhuil a dhoirtheadh gu Pàrras thoirt
dhuinn.

Riaghlaich t-eòlas 's do ghiulan, [ceum ;
Modh na foirfeachd a b' iuil dut 's gach
Do mhòr-chridh uasal gun trùth ann
Gun ghoimh, gun uabhar, gun lùban, gun
bhrèug ;

Cha b' uailse tholgach an fhasain,
Cha dealradh saibhreis a dh'atadh do
spéis ;

'Sì 'n inntinn fhior-ghlan, a b' fhuil leat,
A's foghlum dìchill ga stiùreadh le céill.

Mo chreach léir ! an tàigh mùirneach,
'S am faict' a ghreadhain gu sunntach mu'n
Dreòs na céire toirt soille, [bhòrd,
Gach fion bu taitniche faoileas, fo chròic ;
Do chuilm bu chonaltrach, fàilteach,
B' aiseag slainte dhuinn màran do bheoil ;
Bu bhinn a thogail na tèis thu,
Sa chruit fhonnor ga gléusadh gu ceòl.

'N uair dh' éireadh còisiridh bu choin-
nealt,
A dhams' gu lùghor ri pronnadh nam
pòng ;
Gum b' éibhinn crì do mhàna-comuinn,

Do chròilein maoth, 's iad gu tomanach,
donn ;

A ghearradh leum air bhòrd loma,
Dol seach a chéile mar ghoireadh am fonn,
Ach dh' fhalbh sid uile mar bhruadar,
"No bristeadh builgein air uachdar nan
tonn."

A rìgh ! gur cianail mo smaointean,
Ri linn do t-àrais bhi faontrach gun
mhuirn !

Sguir a chuilm 's an ceol-gaire,
Chaidh meoghail ghreadhnach a's màran
Chinn an talla fuar fàsaid ; [o'r cùl :
'S è chuir mullach na fardoich 'na smùr
Ceann na didinn, 's ra riaghailt,
A bhi sa' chadal throm shiorruidh nach
duisg !

Do bhantrach bhochd mar ian tiam-
haidh.

Ri truagh thùrsa, 'sa sgiathan mu h-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 'tighinn thart as gach
àird !

A Rìgh nan aingeal ! bi d' dhìon daibh,
'S tionndaidh ascaoin na sine gu tlàths.

'S ioma sùil ata silteach,
A thaobh ùigh nam fear glic gun bhi buan :
Tha mìltean ùrnuigh ga d' leantainn,
Le mìltean dùrachd, a's beannachd gu
t-uaigh ;

A liuthad diùlannach ainnis, [uaill ;
A dh' àrdaich t-ionnsachadh ainneamh gu
'S gach là bhios càirdeas air faoinneachd,
A Bheattie chliùitich ! bi'dh cuimhn' air do
luach.

Rinn t-éug sinn uile gun sòlas,
Tha teach nan innleachd, 'san òigridh fo
phramh ;

Chaidh Albainn buileach fo èislean,
Sgur na Ceòlraidhean Grèngach de'n dàn :
Thainig dall-bhrat na h-òidhch' oirn,
O'n chaidh lochran 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 chaoidh cha chinnich ni's àillidh fo'n
ghrèin !
Dealt an t-sàmbruidh mu blàthaibh,

Lùisreadh dhuilleag air chràcaibh, a geug
Ach thilg dubh-dhoirionnagheamhraidh,
A bheithir theinntidh le srann as an speur ;
Thuit an gallan ùr, rimheach,
'S uile mnaise ghrad-chrion air an fheur !

A Thì tha stiùireadh na cruinne !
'S tu leig d' ar n-ionnsuidh a bhuille bha
Sinne cnaill an t-sàr ulaidh, [cruaidh !
Neònad prìseil nan iomadaidh buaidh !—
Dh' fhalbh a chombaisd, 's na siùil oirn,
Chaidh an gaisreadh 's an fhiubhai 'n am
bruan,
Gach creag 'na cunnart do'n fhiùraich,
O laidh duibhr' air rèull-iùil an taobh-
Tuath.

Och ! nan och, mar a ta mi !
Mo chridhe 'n impis bhi sgàinte le bròn !
Tha 'n caraid-cùirt' an deigh m' fhàgail,
A sheasadh dùrachdach dan' air mo chòir :
Bi'dh sid am chliabh 'na bheum cnàm-
hain,
Gus an uair anns an tàr mi fo'n fhòd ;
Ach 's glic an t-Aon a thug cis dhinn,
'S da òrdugh naomh bith' mid strìochdta
gach lò.

SMEORACH CHLOINN-LACHUINN.

LUINNEAG.

Hoilìbh o, iriag, ò luil, ò ;
Hoilìdh o, iriag, hòro hì ;
Hoilìbh o, iriag, ò luil, ò ;
Smeòraich a sheinn òran mì.

'S smeòrach mise le chloinn-Lachuinn ;
Seinneam ceòl air bharr nan dòsan :
'S tric leam dùsgadh moch am' chadal
'S m'òran maidne 'sheinn le frògan.
Hoilìbh o, etc.

Cha mhi 'm fitheach gionach, sgàiteach,
Na clamhan a chrom-ghiub shracaich ;
'S cian mo linn o' eoin a chathair
Chleachd tigh' n' beò air sàth nan àblach.
Hoilìbh o, etc.

'S mor gu'm b' anns' an àm bhi 'gèiridh
Madainn Shamhraidh fhann-bhuig,
chéitein ;

Diol nan rann gun ghreann gun eislein,
'S toirm an damhs' air chrann nan
géugan.

Hoilibh o, etc.

Bha mi n' còmhnuidh 'n tùs mo laithibh
Aig Peithinn nan seamh-shruth airgeid,
Measg nam fiùran driuchdach, tlàtha,
Fhuair mi 'n àrach pàirt de m' aimsir.

Hoilibh o, etc.

Tha mi nis an tìr gun bhruaidhlean,
Tìr tha feartach, reachdòr, buaghail ;
'S lionmhor àgh tha fàs air uachdar
Tìr nan sealbh da'n ainm na Cluainean.

Hoilibh o, etc.

Tha na h-eoin is labhar coireall,
Feadh na coillé 'n dlùths nam badan ;
Buidheann phròiseal, cheolmhor, loinneal,
Ard an coilleag,—binn an glaigeal.

Hoilibh o, etc.

Tha gach crann gu trom fo chòmhdach,
Duilleach, badach, meurach, cròcach ;
Stràc de 'n mheas cur shlios nan ògan,
'S eunlaith 'seinn nam fonn an òrdugh.

Hoilibh o, etc.

Coisridh lughor, mùirneach, greannar,
Seolta gluasad fuaim an seannsar ;
Pòr gun sgrad, gun reasg, gun teandachd,
Gleusd' an teadain ; deas an ranntachd,

Hoilibh o, etc.

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.

Hoilibh o, etc.

Eoin bheag bhuchlach nam pòng ceòlmhor !
Coimh-fhreagraibh leam téis an òrain ;
Dreach nan cluainean mar bu choir dhomh
Dh' innsinn sios am briathran òrdail.

Hoilibh o, etc.

'S ionnmhuinn leam a chulaidh fhraoich
Dh' fhas air taobh nan luirgnean cäs,
Badach, gaganach, caoin, ùr,
'S neoil do'n' mhil a smuideadh äs.

Hoilibh o, etc.

'S boidheach treud nan uainean geala
Ruith 'sa réis feadh chluainean bainnear ;

'S caoirich bhronnach, throma, cheigeach,
Air 'm bu sheideach blonag shaile.

Hoilibh o, etc.

'S blasda, sòilleir uisg am fuaran
Fallain brisg gun mhisg gun bhruaidhlean ;
'S cràcach, gibeach, biolair' uaine,
Fàs gu h-ailli laimh ri'm bruachan.

Hoilibh o, etc.

'S labhar fuaim nan sruthan sìtbhlach,
Theid thar bhalbhag dlù nan alltan ;
Turraich nhear gach cuailleàn dù-ghuirm,
Dol feadh lùb tro làr nan gleanntan.

Hoilibh o, etc.

'S taitneach, sgiamhach, maoth-bhog ùr,
Fas do fhùr is lionmhor dreach ;
Mar ghorm rionnagach nan speur,
Dealbh gach seud a sgaoil mu d' bhrat.

Hoilibh o, etc.

Brat nan dlthean driuchdach, guamach,
Lurach, luachrach, dualach, bachlach,
Cuachach geal nan neoinean eagach,
Sid a sgeadach tha mu' d' ghlacaibh.

Hoilibh o, etc.

Do chrohd-laòigh air lom an àilean,
Reamhar, sultmhor, liontai, làirceach,
Caisiòn, druimionn, guailiòn, cra-
dhearg,

Bainnear, bliochdach sliochd gun fhaillinn.

Hoilibh o, etc.

Baile feartach coirc a's eorna,
'S reachmhor fàsar dhailean còmhnard ;
Be sid bàrr na mìle sòlas
A chuir sgrainng na goirt air fogradh.

Hoilibh o, etc.

Talamh tarbhach trom gu gnàisich,
Leatromach fo bhàrr buntata,
Chinn gu luirgneach, meurach, màgach,
Cluigeanach le plumbais àillidh.

Hoilibh o, etc.

'S tric do phreasan peurach, ubhlach,
Groiseideach, trom-dhearcach, dù-dhonn ;
Luisreadh sios le gagan driuchdach,
'S buan an t-shlainnt am faile cùbhraidh.

Hoilibh o, etc.

Baile coisrigte nam beannachd !
Fraochach, fùrach, luachrach, mealach,

Martach, laoghach, caorach, bainneach,
Coillteach, duilleach, geugach, torach.
Hollibh o, etc.

Nis' tha carbad boisgeil *Phæbuis*
A' marcachd an aird nan speura ;
'S o'n tha 'n rann an cuimse faidead,
'S tìm' bhi lasachadh nan teudan.
Hollibh o, etc.

EALAI DH GHAOIL.

LUINNEAG.

Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin ò,
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin ò,
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin ò,
Gur boidheach an comunn,
'Th'aig coinneamh 'n t-Srath-mhòir.¹

GUR gile mo leannan
Na'n eal' air an t-shnàmh,
Na cobhar na tunne,
'S e tilleadh bho'n tràigh ;
Na'm blàth-bhainne buaile,
'S a chuach leis to bhàrr,
Na sneachd nan gleann dösrrach,
'Ga fhroiseadh mu'n bhlàr
Air faillirin, etc.

¹The chorus and first stanza of this song are not MacIachlan's. They were composed by Mrs. Mackenzie of Balone at a time when by infirmity she was unable to attend the administration of the Lord's Supper in Strathmore of Lochbroom, 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 MacIachlan. 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,
Or the snow that is show'r'd 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 ;

Tha cas-fhalt mo rùn-sa
Gu sìubhlach a sniomh,
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 faillirin, etc.

Mar Bhénus a boisgeadh
Thar choiltibh nan ard,
Tha a miog-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 phràmh.
Air faillirin, etc.

Bì'dh 'n uiseag 's an smeòrach
Feadh lointean nan driùtchd,
'Toirt fàilte le'n bràin
Do'n òg-mhadainn chiùin ;
Ach tha'n uiseag neo-sheòlta,
'S an smeòrach gun sunnt,
'Nuair 'thoisicheas 'm éudail
Air gleusadh a chìil.
Air faillirin, etc.

Her cheeks have the tint that the roses
display,
When they glitter with dew on the morn-
ing 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 be-
dimin'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 I'll rove,
And feast unrestrain'd on the smiles of
my love.

'Nuair thig sàmhradh nan noinean
 A comhdach nam bruach,
 'S gach coinean 'sa chròch-choill'
 'A ceòl leis a chuaich,
 B'ìdh mise gu h-éibhinn
 'A leumnaich 's a ruaig,
 Fo dhlù-mheuraibh sgàileach
 A màran ri m' luaidh.
 Air faillirin, etc.

RANN DO'N LEISG.

A LEISG reangach, robach, dhuaichnigh,
 Mallachd buan bho dhuan nam bàrd dhut,
 'S bochd an t-shian do'n ti bheir cluas dhut,
 'S dearbh nach dual gu'n dean e tàbhachd,
 'S fìor an sgeul a sgrìobh rìgh Solamh,
 "Nach robh sonas riamh ad ghlaicibh ;"
 A chairbh rag gun sgrìd gun fhosgladh,
 Trom-cheann marbh nach mosgail facal,
 'S rongach fàrdalach gun rùth-bhalg ;
 Do sheann chlosach bhruchdach, lachdunn,
 'S miann leat coimhearsp bhuan an rosaid,
 Deallbh na gorta sgaoil mu t-asdail,
 Thu fo'n lùirich na d' chuail chnàmhaich,
 Reic thu Farrais air son cadail,
 Drein an Aoig na d' ghrod-chraos bearnach,
 Do chràg chearr am muing do phap-chinn.
 Sid an sluagh thug bith an tùs dut,
 A Mì-chùram 's Dith-na-sgoinne
 Slabhraidh theann de phràisich chruaidh ort,
 S dà cheud punnd de'n luaidhe d' dheireadh.

A Leisg throm ga'm bodhar spad-chluas
 'S tu 'n gadaiche 'shlad na h-aimsir :
 Ged' bhiodh mìle cuip gad' shlaiseadh
 Cha tig an stadaich a t-earball.
 Sibhs ann sam beil feum a's dìreadh,
 Ruithilbh grad an tìm gu freagairt ;
 Mu'n cosgrar sibh fo shlait iarainn
 Ban-mhaighstear iarmaidh na sgreatachd.

CLACH-CUIMHNE

GHLINNE-GARAIDH AIG TOBAR-NAN-
 CEANN.

FHIR astair ! thig faisg a's leubh
 Sgeul air ceartas an Dé bhuan ;
 Eisd ri diol na ceilg a dh'fhàg
 A Cheapach na làraich fhuair.
 Sgaoil na milltich lion an éig
 Mu bhord éibhinn nam fleagh fial
 'S mheasgnaich 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 comhlan cruaidh,
 Morair Chlann-Dòmhnuille an fhraoich,
 Leoghann nan euchd, craobh nam buadh,
 Dh-iarr e 's chaidh Dioghailt na leum,
 Mar bheithir bheumnaich nan nial,
 Ghlac e'n dream a dheilbh an fhoill,
 'S thug lan duais mar thoill an gniomh.
 Lamh riut-sa' ghòrm fhuarain ghrinn,
 Dh' ionnlaidead seachd cinn nan lùb,
 'S aig casan a ghaisgich àigh
 Thilgeadh iad air làr a dhùin.
 Corr as coig fìthead bliadh'n deug
 Thriall nan speur bho dheas gu tuath,
 Bho 'n ghairmeadh TOBAR-NAN-CEANN,
 De'n t-sruthan so 'n cainnt an t-shluaigh.
 Mise 'n Seachdamh thar dheich glùin
 De fhreumh ùiseil an laoich thréin,
 Mac-Mhic-Alasdair m'ainm gnàiths,
 Flath Chlann-Dòmhnuille nan sàr euchd,
 Thog mi chlachs' air lom an raoin,
 Faisg air caochan a chliù bhuan,—
 Mar nheas do cheann-stuic nan triath,
 'S gu'n cuimhnicht' an gniomh ri luathis.

ALASDAIR MAC-IONMHUINN.

ALEXANDER M'KINNON was born in Morar, in the district of Arisaig, Inverness-shire, in the year 1770, in which farm his father was tacksman. At the age of 24 he enlisted in the gallant 92nd Regiment, in which he served with marked distinction till 1801, when, in the famous battle of Alexandria, he received three severe wounds, which were the means of breaking up his connection 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 choose 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, containing 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 streams 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 deireannach 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 strewed 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. M'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 DHIOL AIR TIR ANNS AN EIPHEIT.

AIR FONN—"Deoch-slaichte an' Iarla Thuathaich."

GE fada an dràst gun dùsgadh mi,
 Cha chadal sèimh bu shùgradh dhomh,
 Ach ragaid chnàmh gun lùghs annta,
 Air leabaidh-làir gun chùirteanan,
 Gun chaidreamh bho luchd dùthcha,
 'S mi gun charaid-rùin am chòir.
 Gun chaidreamh, etc.

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, etc.

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 Breatuinnich na 'm bàrr orra,
 Le 'n cliathan ràmh san rèòt',
 'S na Breatuinnich, etc.

Gu 'n chuir air tìr na saighdearan,
 Na fir gun fhiamh, gun fhoill annta,
 Le 'n eireadh grian gu boisgeanta,
 Ri lannir an lann foileasach,
 'S an ceannard féin ga 'n soillseachadh,
 Mar dhaoimein a measg òir.
 'S an ceannard, etc.

An darag dhìleas dharaich ud,
 Nach dh'fhàg 'san linn so samhail da,
 An leòghann rìoghail, amaisgeach,
 An cliù 's am firinn cheannasach,
 Tha do ghaol mar anam dhuinn,
 Air teannachadh na 'r feòil.
 Tha da ghaol, etc.

A dol gu tìr le d' bhraataichean,
 Air cheann do mhiltean gaisgealadh,
 Shaoil Frangaich ghrimeach, ghlas-
 neulach,
 Le spid gu 'n pillte dhachaigh sinn,
 Gu 'n strìochdadh iad da 'r lasraichean,
 Bu dhionmhor bras ar sròil.
 Gu 'n strìochdadh, etc.

Bu neimheil, smearail, dùrachdach,
 Gu danara làn mhùiseagach,
 An canoin ann sa bhùireinich,
 'S dealanach le fudar dhiu
 Cha bu lèur an traigh le smùidreadh,
 Dh'fhàg na spèuran dùinnt' an ceò.
 Cha bu lèur, etc.

Mar biodh cruaidh losgadh iomlan ann,
 'San uair is luaithe dh' iomraichte,
 Air luchd-cuain a b' ullamh tulgaradh,
 Greasadh ri cluais iorghuille,
 'S na naimhdean dàna tilgeadh oirn,
 Mar ghàradh tiomcheall òb.
 'S na naimhdean, etc.

Choinnich iad 'san uisge sinn,
 A tigh'n' air snàmh gu 'n crioslaichean,
 'N uair bheireadh lamhach bristeadh
 dhuinn
 An duil gu 'm bàite an tiota sinn,
 Gu stàlneach, làn, misneachail,
 Gu sgrios às na bhiodh beò.
 Gù stàlneach, etc.

Choinnich ar fir shomalt iad,
 Le roinn nam piosan 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 diù dh'fhuilang bròin.
 'S am bàs, etc.

Chuir buillean lann le susbairachd,
 Bho 'n tuinn mar choilltich thuislidh iad,
 Gach dara crann a tuiteam dhiu,
 Na 'n sineadh sios le 'r cusbairachd,
 Thuig Frangaich nach fann Thurcaich,
 Le 'n cuid lann a mhurt an slòigh.
 Thuig Frangaich, etc.

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 àuaich,
 'S trom a dhrùigh ar làid na 'm feòil.
 'N am dlùthadh' etc.

'N uair sgaoileadh bh'uainn 's gach àite
 iad,
 Mar chaoirich 's gille-màrtainn annt',
 'S tric a chite fall oirbh,
 Na ruith a dhì a mhaighsteir,

Bu lionmhor marcach tàbhachdach,
 Le each air traigh gun deò.
 Bu lionmhor, etc.

Bha 'm buidhean rioghail Gàelach,
 Gu h-inntinneach, 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, etc.

Tha clann nan eilean aon-sgeulach,
 Co theireadh gu 'n do chaochail iad?
 'S iad fein an dream nach maol-chluasach,
 'N uair thàirnte a mire caonnaig iad,
 Mar bheithir thana craoslachadh,
 B' fhiur fhaoineis tigh'n' ga 'n còir.
 Mar bheithir, etc.

Mar mhiol-choin sheang, luath-leumnach,
 'Eangach, ìneach, tuasaideach,
 Ri leanailt strì gun fhuarachadh,
 Le siubhal 's i a dh' fhuasgail iad,
 Bha Frangaich air an ruagadh,
 'S iad na 'n ruith mar chuain gun tredir.
 Bha Frangaich; etc.

ORAN

AIR BLAR NA H-EIPHIT.

C' arson nach tòisichinn sa chàmpa,
 Far na dh'fhàg mi clann mo ghaoil,
 Thog sinn taighean Samhraidh ann,
 Le barrach mheang nan craobh,
 Bu solas uaibhreach, ceannard,
 A bhì gluasad ri uchd naimhdean ann,
 'S a dh'aindeoin luaidhe Fhrangach,
 B' aobhar dànnsa bhì ri 'r taobh.

Cha chualas ri linn seanachais,
 Ann an cogadh arm na 'n strì,
 Cuig mìle-diag cho ainmeil ruibh,
 A tharruinn airm fo 'n Rìgh;
 B' aobhar cliù an trèun-fhear Albannach,
 A fhuair a chuis ud earbsa ris,
 Nach cùbairan a thearbadh leis,
 Thoirt gnìomh nan àrm gu crìch.

Dh'iarr e moch dì-ciadain,
 'S a' chiad diagachadh de 'n Mhàirt,
 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 dir-daoin a dh'fhàg sinn,
Air sàr chabhlach fad air chùl,
Na 'm faigheadh maid rian snàmha dhaibh,
Bu làidir iad na 'r ciùis ;
Lean Mac-a-Ghobha¹ 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 ga 'r propadh suas,
Bho dhream gu dream gu 'm brosnachadh,
Cha b' ann le moit na ghruaidh ;
Ghlacadh cuibhle 'n fhortain,
Ann san laimh nach tionndadh toisgeal i,
'S a dhùisgeadh sunnt gu cosnadh dhuinn,
Mar Fhionn a mosgladh shluaidh.

Thàirneadh na laoi ch shomalta
Na 'n comhlann thromha, bhorb,
Bu tàrslach, làmhhan, comasach,
An sradag fhonnidh 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 bholg.

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 tapaiddh ruinn,
A shiubhal gu dlù astarach,
A sior dhion an cùl le marcaichean,
Chum lasachadh na 'm ceum.

Bha gillean lùghar, sgairteil ann,
Nach d' aom le gealtachd riamh,
Mar dh' fhaodadh iad ga 'n leantain,
Philleadh caogad each le 'n gnìomh ;
Bu smaointean faoin d'a marcaichean,
Nach faighte daoine ghleachdadh iad,
'S na laoi ch nach faoite chaisleachadh,
Ga 'n caol ruith mach air sliabh.

Bu tric an còmhdach casgairt sinn,
Thug sud oin stad na dhà,
Bhì gun eòlas ann san astar sin,
'N dùil mhòr ri gaisge chàich ;

¹ Sir Sidney Smith.

Dh' fheuch *Ralph* gach doigh a chleachda
'S an dian-te sròil a thaisbeanadh, [leis,
'S a dh' aindeoin seòltachd dh' fhairtlich
An toirt gu casgairt làmh. [oirn,

Bha sinn làidir, guineideach,
Dàna, urranta 'san strì,
Bha iadsan ràideil, cuireideach,
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 fhonnidh thréin,
Bho shàil' gu sàil' a coinneachadh
'N trà' chromaidh air a ghréin ;
Bu daingean, laidir, comasach,
A phairc 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-oidhche sin,
Gu leir an cuim nan àrm,
Bha leannan fein, gu maighdeannail,
Fo sgéith gach saighdear, bàlbh ;
Na 'n tigeadh feum na faoineachd orr',
'S gu tigte aobhar bruidhne dhi,
Bu neamhail a spèic phuiseanta,
Bho 'n bheul bu chinnteach sealg.

Dh' earbaidh dìon an 'n anmanan,
Rì Albannaich mo rùin
Fir nach tàirnte cearbaich orra,
'N àm tharruinn arm gu dlù ;
Rinn iad a chaithris armailteach,
Gu h-ullamh, ealamh, ealachuinn each,
'S na 'n deanadh nàmhaid tairgneachadh,
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 réiseamaid a b' òige againn,
Na Gréamaich agus Gòrdonaich,
A ruith gu dian an còmhdhail,
Na bha dortadh leis an t-sliabh,

Cho ullamh ris an fhùdar,
A bha dol na smùid ma 'r ceann,
Ghluais na gillean lù-chleasach,
Air mhìre null do 'n ghleann ;

Thug sinn le teine dùbailte,
Bristeadh as na trùpairean,
Bha Gréumaich nan éuchd fùghantach,
'S cha d' éisd iad mùiseag lann.

Mar stoirm a b' iargalt connsachadh,
A spionadh neòil a's chrann,
A riasladh fàirge mòire,
Gu pianadh sheòl 's ga 'n call;
Cruaidh dian bha buaidh nan Gòrdonach,
Bu lionmhor sguab a's dorlaichean,
A bhuan 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 sliabh '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 àmhuinn ruinn,
A bàrcadh na prais oirn;
Shaoil sinn gur h-i *Vesàvius*,¹
A sgàin bho bonn le tàirmeanaich,
Airm chaola b' fhaoineis làmh ridhe,
'S craos na chaoir tigh'n' beò.

Bha craoslach nan geum neimheil,
Gu brèun, aineolach, sa' cheò,
A bheist bu tréine langhanaich,
Bu reusan sgreabh do dh' fheòil;
Bu chailteach dhuinn an dealanach,
'S a liughad saighdear bearraideach,
Bha 'n oidhche sin a mearachd oirn,
Gu 'n anam air an tòir.

Dh' aindeoin a h-ard bhùrainich,
Bha làidir, mùiseach, garbh,
Ga b' oil leis an cuid trùpairean,
Am bruchdadh rinn an arm;
Ge d' fhuair sinn beagan dùibhalach,
A laoghad cha do lùb sinn dailh,
Bu lionmhor marcach cùl-donn dlù,
Fo 'r casan brùite, màrbh.

¹ *Vesuvius*, poetically rendered *Vesàvius*, 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 càs-mhulaich,
Cha d' fhurich gnùis dhiu gleachda ruinn,
Nach d' bhrùchd amach na still.

'S càs a throm an ruaig orra,
Cho cruaidh 's a chualas riamh,
Bha *Abercrombie* suas riutha,
Le shluadh a dh' fhuasgail fial;
Mar bh' dh' am baile bhuanach iad,
Le canain air a chuartachadh,
Bha barachd dhiù 's na h-uaighichean,
'S a dh' fhuaraich air an t-sliabh.

Thàirneadh gàradh làidir,
'Dh' arm tabhachdach nach strìochd,
Ma choinneamh *Alexandria*,
Air airde *Aboukier*;
'N uair rainig sinn an làrach sìn,
'S a dhealaich mi ri m' chàirdean ann,
'S ann ghiùlain iad gu m' bhàta mi,
'S fuil blàth fo 'm air an fhiar.

Tha 'n dà Bhaiteal àraidh
An deagh Ghàèlig ann am chuimhn',
Cha 'n e 'n treas fear bu tàire,
'S math a b' fhiach e bàrd ga sheinn;
Tha mi sa' cheird air mhàgaran,
Cha 'n fhilidh no fear dàna mi,
Na dh' innis mi cha nàr leam e,
Co chluinneas e' àit an d' rinn.

ORAN AIR BLAR NA H-OLAINN.

AIR FONN—"Alasdair à Gleanna-
Garadh.

AIR MIOS DEIREANNACH AN FHOGHAIR,
An dara latha, 's math mo chuimhne,
Ghluais na Breatunnaich bho'n fhaiche,
Dh'ionnsuidh tachairt ris na naimhdean;
Thug *Abercrombaidh* taobh na mara
Dhiu le'n canain, 's mi ga'n cluintinn;
Bha fòirneadh aig *Mur*¹ gu daingeann,
Cumail aingil ris na Fràncaich.

¹ General Sir John Moore.

Thriall *Abercrombaidh's Mùr* na feile,
 Le 'n laoch éuchdach, thun a bhaiteil ;
 Tharruinn iad gu h-eolach, treubhach,
 Luchd na beurla ri uchd catha ;
 N uair a dhliù na h-airm ri chéile,
 Dhubhadh na speuran le 'n deathaich ;
 S bu lionmhor fear a bha 's an éisdeachd,
 Nach do ghluais leis fein an ath oidhch'.

Dh'fhag iad sinne mar a b'annsa,
 Fo cheannardach Mhorair Hunnaidh,
 An t-òg smiorail, fearail, naimhdeil,
 N an teannadh ain-neart ga 'r n-ionn-
 suidh ;
 Le bhратаichean siod' a strannraich,
 Ri 'n cuid crann a damhs' le muiseag ;
 S na fir a toghairt 's na Frànгаich,
 B' iad mo rùinse chlànn nach diultadh.

Bha'n leoghann colgarra gun ghealtachd,
 Le mhìle 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 lann sgaiteach stailinn ;
 Cha bu ghniomh le 'r laoch gun taise,
 Faoinéis air an fhaich' le làmhach.

Bhruchd na naimhdean le 'n trom làdach,
 Air muin chaich an àite teine ;
 'N uair fhuair Sasunnaich droch chàradh,
 Phill iad o'n àraich n' ar coinneamh.
 Ghlaodh Ralph uaibhreach ri chuid
 armunn
 Greasaibh na Gàcil 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 iolaire guineach, gun chaoimhneas,
 Nach b'fhurasda chlaoidh le mì-mhodh,
 Thug iad sgrios na'n gathan boisgeach,
 Mar dhealanaich oidhche dhilinn ;
 Ri sior iomain romp nan naimhdean,
 'S neul na fal' air roinn am picean.

'N uair a dh'ionndrainn a chonnspuinn
 Morair Gòrdon o uchd buailte ;
 'S a chual iad gu'n robh e leòinte,
 Dh' àraich iad le deoin an tuasaid ;
 Mar mhaoim do thuil nam beann mòra,
 Brùchdadh bho na neoil mu'r guaillean,
 Lean iad an ruaig le cruaidh spòltach,
 Gu fuilteach, mor bhuilleach, gruamach,

Bha Camshronaich an tùs a chatha,
 Air an losgadh mar an cianda ;
 Leonadh an Ceann-feodhna sgairteil,
 Ri còmhraig bhaitealach a liath e ;
 Gu sonraicht' coltach an dearcag,
 'S an fheoil nach taisceadh fiamh i ;
 Mu'n chroom 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 chath,
 'S buaidh a b' ainm dhaibh ri uchd
 mhiltean ;
 Ghreas iad air aghaidh gu colgail,
 'N uair a chual iad stoirm nam picean ;
 Mo creach ! luchd nam breacan balla-
 bhreac,
 Bhi le lasair marbh na'n sineadh.

Tha na Frànгаich math air teine,
 Gus an teannar goirid uapa ;
 'S an mar sin a fhrois iad sinne,
 Ri deich mionaidean na h-uarach ;
 Ach, 'n uair dh'fhoad ar laoch gun tioma,
 Dhòl an àite buille bhualadh,
 Bha roinn nan stailinne biorach,
 Sàthadh guineideach mu'n tuairmse.

Gu'm bi sin an tuairmse smiorail,
 Chinnteach, amaiseach, gun dearmad ;
 Thug na leoghainn bhorba, nimheil,
 Bu cholgail sealladh fo'n armaibh ;
 Ri sgiùrsadh naimhdean mar fhalaig,
 A's driùchdan fallais air gach calg dhiu !
 'S bha Frànгаich a brùchdadh fala,
 'S an cùl ri talamh sa ghainmhich.

Mar neoil fhuilteach air an riasladh,
 Le gaoth a b'iargalta séideadh :
 Ruith nam baidibh ceigeach, lia'-ghlas,
 An deigh an cliathadh as a chéile :
 Chlè na naimhde gun riaghailt,
 Teicheadh gu dian o uchd streupa ;
 'S iad a leaghadh air am bialthaobh,
 Mar shneachd am fianais na gréine.

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 chunntas,
 Tigh'n o'n Fhrànга as ùr ga'r bualadh,
 Bu leisg ar gaisgich gu tionndadh,
 'Nuair a chòrd an Diùc ri'n uaislean.

'N uair chuireadh am baiteal seachad,
 'S a dh-àireadh air 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 féilidh,
 'S i sior thaomadh leis na glacan...
 'S truagh! nach dh'fhaod ar gaisgich
 éiridh!

'S bochd gun sian orra bho luaighe,
 On a bha iad cruaidh 'na'n nàdur,
 Fulangach gu dhol san tuasaid,
 Guineideach 'nuair ghluais' an àrdan,
 Cha robh math d'an nàmhaid gluasad,
 Dh'iarraidh buaidh orra' s na 'blàraibh,
 Chaill iad air an tràigh seachd uairean,
 Tuilleadh 'n na bha bhuan '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-slainte' Mharcuis—
 Ar gualann thaice 's ar Ceannard;
 Tha sinn cho ullamh's a àit leis,
 Dhion a bhrataichean 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 dhomh 's mi 'n cois na tràghad
 Chuala mi caismeachd nan Gàel,
 Dh' aithnich mi meoir grinn a Bhràthaich,
 Air siunnsir ùr bu lùghor gàirich,
 A's thuig mi gu'n a ghluais an t-àrmuinn,
 Fear thogail nan tìr uasal,¹ stàtoil.
 Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach a bh' ann!
 Hò rò ghealladh, na co chuireadh i,
 —Trom oirre, 'seinn.

¹ This song was composed on the pleasure boat of Alexander M'Donald, Esq., of Glenaladale, who endeared himself to his countrymen by the cenotaph he erected for Prince Charles Stuart in Glenfinnan.

Bu mhiann leam sunnt nam port eallanta,
 Bu chonnabhallach ùrlar a's gearraidhean,
 Dionach, lughor, dlù, neo-mhearachdach—
 Tionndadh nan siubhlaichean caith-
 reamach,
 Dhùisgeadh lùgh na smuis 's na carraidean,
 Dùthchas nan lann dh-ghorm tana dhuibh.
 Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, etc.

Dhirich mi 'm bruthach le h-éibhneas,
 Dh'eisdeachd ri fàilte rìgh Seumas,
 Chunna' mi'n Druimineach dhubb,
 ghleusda,
 Cuir fa-sgaoil a h-aodaich breid-ghil,
 Air machair mhìn, sgiamhach, réidhleach,
 Mar stead cruithreach—'s i' cuir réise.
 Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, etc.

Chunna' mi 'n Druimineach dhubb,
 dhealbhadh,
 Long Alasdair ghlinnich nan garbh
 chrioch,
 Mar steud rìoghail air bharr fairge,
 Togail bho thir le sòda balla-bhreach,
 Suaicheantas rìoghail na h-Alba,
 Ghluaiseadh na mìltean gu fearra-ghleus.
 Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, etc.

'Nuair ghabhaidh i'm fuaradh na sliasaid,
 'S gualla 'n fhasgadh chasadh dian ris,
 Ghearradh i'n linn' air a fiaradh,
 'N aghaidh gaoithe, sid a's lionaidh,
 Dh' éignich i Corran an diarrais,
 'S leum i air iteig mar ian as!
 Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, etc.

'Nuair gheibheadh i cliathaich fo fhars
 'neachd,
 Soirbheas na sliasaid ga brosnachd,
 Mar shiu'ladh mial-chù bras-astrach,
 Na ruith air sliabh a's fiadh air thoiseach,
 I dìreadh nan tonn liath 's ga'n sgoltadh,
 Shnaitheadh i iad mar iarunn lochrach.
 Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, etc.

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 còmhnadh,
 Dion 's a sàbhaladh Chloinn-Dòmhnail!
 Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, etc.

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-sgread a's fead na reub-ghaoith,
'Cuir siaban thonn na steoll 's na speuran :

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, etc.

Thoisich ùr-spairn chruaidh mar dh'iarr
iad,

Chruinnich neoil dhubha na h-iarmailt,
Na'n trom-lùirichean dlù iargalt',
'S iad a trusadh sùrd 'sa lionadh
Mar dhòrch smòid á fuirneis iaruin,
Gu bruchadh stoirm bha garbh a's fiad-
haich.

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, etc.

'N earalas fo laimh air gabhaidh
Chuir sibh an ceann i gn dàna ;
Gach cupall a's stagh 's an robh failinn—
Sparradh buill thaghta na'n àite ;
Slabhraidhean canach air fàraidh,
Theannaich sibh gu daingean laidir.

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, etc.

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 doirbh e,
'S ged bha *Neptune* saoihtreach, stoirmeil,
Mhaslaich an saobh-shruth 's an dòrch e !

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, etc.

Nochd an dubhair gnùis gun chaoimh-
neas,

Sgaoileadh cùrtearan na h-òidhehe ;
Sgioba na h-iutbhraich an gainntir
On' chiad duil gu cur Dun-aoibhneis
Phaisg iad trian gach siùil gu teann-
chruaidh,

A's las iad ri cairt-iùil na coinnlean.

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, etc.

Iomradh slàn do Chaiptein Alasdair,
Le sgioba tàbhachdach, bearraideach,
Bu mhiann leam fàilt' ur cairdean dealaì'
dhuibh,

Calla sèamh bho ghàbhadh mharanan,
Coinnidh bhàigheil bhlàth gach caraidh
dhuibh,

Pòg bhur mathar, mhna 's bhur leannan
duibh.

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, etc.

Chaidh rìgh nan soirbheas gu dhùlan,
Aig miad na strannaraich 's na h-ùpraid ;
Dh-fhosgail na builg air an cùlthaobh,
Mun gann a fhuair iad an dùnadh,
Bha Maighdeann nam Mor-bheann
cuirteil,

An acarsaid fo shròin na dùthcha !

Si'n Dubh-Ghleannach, etc.

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 an English education, but could not read Gaelic. 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 invariable 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 pendicles. Thus they married, and got themselves established in the world—strangers to the promptings of ambition, and free from the cares, turmoils, and solitudes 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 reputed 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 countrywoman 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 the 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 Dhun-éideann,
 Gu'm faca 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' anns 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 'sna h-uile taigh a bh' ann,
 'S tein-aighear air na sléibhteann,
 On chualas anns na Gàsaidean
 'S gach aite bhi ga leughadh ;
 Gun deach' an ruaig air *Bonipart*
 S an onair aig a Ghréumach.

'S lionmhor bratach Albannach,
 Tha ballach, balla-bhreact, boidheach,
 Tha eadar a chrìoch Shasunnach,
 Gu ruige taigh Iain-Ghròta,
 Fir laidir, shuntadh, thogarrach,
 Nach òb a dhol an òrdugh
 Gu dol an coinneamh *Bhonipart*,
 Chuir onair air rìgh Seòras.

C'àite biodh na h-Albanaich ?
 Duin' uaisle calma, treubhach,
 Fir shunntach, shanntach, thogarrach,
 Na seoid nach òbadh éiridh,
 Ach on na fiù laimhe leo,
 Do 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 Phàroh anns an Eipheid ;
 Gu'n laidh fad air do chraiceann,
 Gu do shracadh as a chéile,
 'S gu'n cluinnt' air falbh deich mìl' thu,
 A's mi fhìn a bhì ga t-éisdeachd.

'S tu chaill do nàire, 'nuair
 A bha thu ann an dòchas,
 Gun leige sinn do Shasuinn thu,
 Ged' ghlac thu bhuaìn Hanòbher,
 Ach cuiridh sinne dhachaigh 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 Fhràing a chuir fo t-ordugh,
 'S e t-amhaich a bheir dioladh ann
 Le tobha sniobhta còrcaich.

'Nuair thig am morair Sléibhteach ort,
 'S na ceudna de Chlann-Dòmhnùill,
 Mar sud a's Mac-Ic-Alasdair,
 Ghlinn-garaidh agus Chnòideirt,
 'Nuair thogas iad am brataichean,
 'S an gaisgich a chuir còladh
 O ! c'àit' am faod thu t-fhalach orr'
 Mar sluig an talamh beò thu !

Ma chì iad aona bhaoisgeadh dhìot
 Bidh greim ac' air do sgòran,
 'S chan' eil de dh' eich no dhaoin' agad
 Na shaoras tu bho meòircan,
 Ged dh-eireadh na deich *legonan*,
 Bh' aig Ceasar anns an Ròimh leat,
 Cha'n fhaothaich iad air t-amhaich
 A's na lamhan aig Clan-Dòmhnùill.

'Nuair thig Mac-Choinnich Ebrthain
 Le cheathairn' de dhaoin' uaisle, [ort,
 Sud a bratach aigeantach
 Le cabar an daimh ghruamaich,
 Cha tàr thu na bheir pilleadh orr'
 A chruinneachadh mu'n cuairt-daibh,
 'Nuair ruigas 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 bhàireil 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 gualaie chéile
 Ma gheibh an cat na chrubhan thu,
 Le dhubhanan beag' geura,
 Ged bhìodh càch air bheagan dhìot
 Bidh 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 bhraitaichean,
 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 ni do thearnadh,
 'Nuair dh-eireas morair Hunndaidh,
 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 dha' riu.

Ach cùimhnich thus a cheathairne,
 Chuir latha *Foutenoi*,
 'S a sheasadh anns an àraich,
 As càch a chuir air fògar,
 Chi thu nis san Fhràing iad
 Fo chomannda mhorair Gòrdoin,
 Se ni do lamhsa dh' fheum dhut,
 An *reusar* chuir ri d' sgòrnan.

Tha Ròsaich agus Rothaich,
 'S iad ro choimheach dhut le chéile,
 Ma gheibh iad ma do chomhair
 Gabh mo chomhairle 's thoir thu fein
 Ach ma chi thu 'm firean [as !
 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-Stiùbhairt
 Sliochd 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 fhu d' dhùthaich

'Nuair chruinnicheas Clann-Ionmhuinn,
 Cha shòr a dol 'san ùspairn,
 'S mithich dhut bhi tiomnadh,
 'Nuair tha'n t-ìomraidh iad a dùsgadh,
 Ma dh-eireas dhut gun tachair sibh,
 'S gun faic iad thu le'n suilean,
 Sid na fir a chaitheas,
 Anns an adhar na do smuìd thu.

Tha Caimbeulaich cho naimhdeil dut,
 'S iad sanntach air do mharbhadh,
 A Diùc tha 'n Earraghàel,
 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 nàch gabh pilleadh
 Le tèine no le luaidhe,
 Le'n gairdean laidir, smiorail,
 'S le lannan biorach, cruaghach,
 S ma chi iad fad na h-òirleich dhìot,
 Cha bheò na chumas bhuaht iad.

Thig Siosalaich Strath-ghlas ort
 Na'n lasgairean man cuairt dhut,
 Le lannan geur a chinn-aisnich
 Tarsuinn air an cruachan
 'Nuair thòisicheas na gaisgich ud,
 Air taruinn as an truailean
 Chi thu do chuid brataichean,
 Ga srachadh ma do chlassan !

Thig Mac-'Ill-Lean Dhubhaird ort
 'S gur subhach ni e greim ort,
 Le dhaoine laidir lù-chleasach,
 Nach diult a là no dh-òidhche,
 Ni iad sin do sgiùrsadh-sa
 Gu cuil an àite slaighteir,
 'S théid thu air do ghluinean daibh
 'Nuair chi thu 'gnùis an saighdear

An sin thig ort na Camshronaich,
 Fir laidir, ainmeant, eòlach,
 Da thaobh Loch-iall a's Arasaig,
 As chaisteal Inbher-Lòchaidh,
 'Nuair a thig na saoidhean sin
 Bu mhath gu straoiceadh feòla,
 Cha mhios air pronnadh mhullach iad,
 'S bu ghnà leo fuil a dhortadh.

Thig Mac-Néill a Bara ort
 Le dhaoine falain finealt,
 Daoine bheir a fichead dhiubh,
 Bristeadh a's na mìltean,
 Baoisgidh iad mar dhealanach,
 Ri òidhche shalach dhìle,
 'S m'an téid thu ceart na t-fhaireachadh
 —Bidh ainneart mur a's tìr ort.

Thig Clann-an-t-Shaoir á Cruachan ort
 Na fir 's an ruaig nach diobradh,
 An am dol anns an chabhaig,
 Sud na gallanan nach pillte,
 Slòchd nan Gàèl cruadalach,
 Bu dual daibh a bhi dileas,
 Gu dol an coinneamh Bhonipart,
 Chuir onair air an rìoghachd.

'Nuair chruinncheas Clann-Fhiunnlaidh,
 Na fir shunntach tha gun eislean,
 Bheir iad tha gu cunntais,
 As na dh' iunsaich thu de dh' eucoir,
 C'ait' am beil de Fhràncaich
 Na cheannsaicheas le sreup iad,
 'S gun tugadh iad gu ciosachadh,
 Na miltean leis na ceudan.

Thig fathast diùc Mhontròise ort,
 Le fhearabh mor 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 Gàèil anns gach teughbail,
 Toil inntinn aig ar càirdean
 'S gach nàmhaid a bhi geilleadh,
 Mar chuala mis a chaiseamachd
 Bha taitneach leam ri éisdeachd,
 Air latha soilleir sàmhraidh
 'S mi air cábhsairean Dhun-éideann.

ORAN D' A LEANAN.

[Agus sgeul' a bhi air a thogail gun robh
 i torrach aige, 's e 'g innseadh cho math 'sa
 bhiodh e dh' i ged a b' fhiar mar chaidh
 aifhris.]

FHUAIR mi sgéula moch an dè,
 'S cha deach' mi 'n éis ri chluinntinn,
 'S cha tug mi geill nach deanainn feum,
 Le gaol do 'n tè mu 'n d' innseadh,
 'S cha toir mi fuath dh' i, 's beag mo luaidh
 Ged a fhuair mi cinnt air, [àir
 'Sa dh' aindeoin cruadal ga 'n toir cuairt
 Gheibh sinn bhuan ri tim e. [sinn,

A ghruagach dhonn, ma dh' fhas thu trom,
 Tha mis, air bhonn nach diobair,
 Gu 'n seas mi thu, air bhialthaobh cuirt,
 'S cha 'n ann an duil do dh'èadh,
 Tha mi air bheachd gu'n seas mi ceart,
 Ge d' bhéir am *Parson* cis diom,
 'S gu 'm pàighinn daor air rà do ghaoil,
 Na 'n tàrainn sàor 'sa 'n tim so.

Gu 'n pàighinn daor gu t-fhàgail saor,
 Mu 'n leiginn t-aodann nàrach',
 Fa chomhair cuirt 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 thù o chis,
 Gu 'n seas mi fhìn na t-àite,

Gur fad a rachainn ann ad leithsgeul,
 Gu do sheasamh chluiteach,
 'S ghabhainn uileadh orm an *seisoin*,
 Gu d' leith-trom a ghiùlan,
 'S ged chumadh iad mi ann gun lasadh,
 Gus an àt mo shùilean,
 Mar diobair ceartas mi, cha 'n fhaicear,
 Chaidh thu ac' fo mhùiseag.

Ach 's truadh ! nach robh mi agus tu,
 Dol fo na siùl do dh-Eirinn,
 Na thir eile 's faide buainn,
 Nach d' ruig air suaimhneas fheutainn,
 'S truagh nach faicinnse bhi seòladh,
 A's sinn air bòrd le chéile,
 Gun duil a chaidh thigh'n' air àr'n eòlas,
 Do'n Roinn-Eòrp na dheigh sin !

Ach cia mar 's urrainn domh bhi beò,
 'S cho mor sa thug mi spéis dut?
 Na cia mur dh' fhaodas mi bhi stòilte
 'S mi gun chòir air t-fheutainn?
 Ged fhaighinn airgead na Roinn-Eòrpa,
 Agus òr na h-Euphaid,
 Cha chumadh e mi suas car uaire,
 S tu bhi bhuan gun sgeul ort.

Ach chis mo chruadail, 's faide bhuan,
 An diugh dà uair na 'n dé thu !
 S ma leanas tu mar sin air luaths,
 Gu 'm bi sinn cuairt bho chéile,
 Ach ma thionndas tu do shlios rium,
 'S fiosrach mi mar dh' eireas,
 Gur gearr an ùin a thàmhus tu,
 'Nuair thig do chùl na dheigh sin.

Mas e gun chuir thu rium do chùl
 Ann an duil mo threiginn,
 Gus an cuir iad mi 's 'n ùir
 Cha dean mi tùn ad dheighse ;
 Cia mar dh' fhaodas mi bhì saor,
 'S nach dean an saoghal feum dhomh ?
 Mo chridh air fhalach le do ghaol,
 Gun duil a chaoidh ri fheutainn

Tha gaol nam boireannach o 'n òige,
 Mar an ceò 'sa chéitean,
 Laidhidh e ri madainn dhriùchd,
 Ri làr cho dlù 's nach léir dhuinn,
 Chi mi 'n t-adhar a's na beanntan,
 Dol an ceann a chéile,
 Ach sgaoilidh e ri lùn ro ghearr,
 Gun fhios cia '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 fheairrde mi bhì diabhain,
 Cha dean laidhe dhomh ach creuchdan,
 'S cha toir eiridh dhìom iad,
 Cha toir asdar mi gu slainte,
 'S cha 'n fhasa tàmh no gnìomh dhomh.

Ged a tha mi 'n so 'sa ghleann,
 Cha b' e bhì ann a b' fhearr leam,
 'S mar b' e cruaidhead mo chomann,
 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 bidh mise nochd mur tha mi !

Cha b' e chùis bhì nochd an glàis,
 Na 'n tiginn aise a maireach,
 Ach bhì's na fiabhrais iad sheachd bliadhna,
 Gun la riamh dhiu tearuinnt ;
 Cha robh uair gun chuartaich ùr dhomh,
 Gur ciùirte rinn 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 production 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 Mr. 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 witicism 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 cunntas thoirt seachad,
 Air cliuteachadh fhasain
 Nan gaisgeach tha 'n tràthsa
 Air tiunndaìdh a steach oirn,
 Gu lù-chleasach, aigeantach,
 Lùbh' ann am breacain,
 'S paiste ann an sgàrlait ;

Is cliùteach a bhratach,
 Fo'n cunntar air faiche sibh,
 Thoir leam nach bu chaidribh,
 Ur tachaird le dàmhair :
 Is dlù dha na chasas riubb
 Tiunndadh le masladh,
 Na'n uine bhi paisgte,
 Fo'r casan sa'n aràich.

Cha churam dha'n aitribh,
 An dhumhlaich ar Caipiteanean,
 'S dlù dhaibh an t-achdsa,
 Bheir casg, as an nàmhaid;
 Le iunnsaidh nam bagraidean,
 Fndar na lasraichean,
 Dlù 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 Ri Shasuinn,
 Nach eil ionnsaicht' am pearsa,
 Na th'aca de dh'àireamh,
 Is mùirneach ri'm faicinn iad,
 'S clùiteach ri'n claidinn iad,
 'S lùghmhor an casan,
 'Sa 's brais an' cath-làmh iad,
 'S àluinn an crisleachadh,
 Sgàbardach, biodagach,
 Stailinneach, pistealach,
 Slios-lannach, deàrsach;
 Sgàrlaiteach, leisichte,
 An càradh fo itean,
 Thug stàtathan meas dhaibh,
 Nach fiosraich mo chànan.

Tha *Lovat* 's a dhainghean,
 Na shòlas dha'n fhearunn,
 An deònaich iad fanntuinn,
 Nan gearasdain laidir:
 'S mòr-chuiseach, ceannasach
 'S stroilde ro'n taruinn iad,
 'S neòil an cuid lannan,
 Mar lannir an sgàthain;
 A's feidh nan ceann cabrach
 A leumnaich mar bhradain,
 A beucail, 's a plabraich,
 Ri caismeachd an làmhaich;
 Miann leirsinn, is claisneachd
 An' éisdeachd, 's am faicinn,
 'S binn gleòraich an caismeachd
 A steach air na sràidean.

O! dhaoin' nach fac iad,
 'S beàg ionghna a chleachd sibh,

Mur saoirich sibh 'm fada,
 Gu 'm faicinn an càradh,
 An' caochla' gu beachdaidh,
 Bho 'n aodainn gu'n casan,
 Cho aontach dha 'n fhacal,
 Cha 'n fhacas air làraich;
 'S plob mhor a chaol-mhuineil,
 A lirigeadh luinneig,
 Tro *ibhiri* cuimir,
 A's ribheidean spàinteach;
 Siod na chuir uimpe,
 'S gaoraich a h-uinneag,
 A'g innseadh dha 'n druma'
 Mar chuireas i fàilte.

B' dh slàinte *Mhic-Shimidh*,
 Na càrdeas dha' chinneadh,
 Sa'n t-àl nach do ghineadh,
 Bidh sireadh ro' chach 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 ghibhtean,
 An àird 's a cuid sliochda'
 Buaidh-làrach bìodh 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 thu,
 'S greidhneach do thuras ann',
 Eiridh iad uile,
 Na t-fhuran 's na t-fhàbhar;
 Séididh na h-uramaich,
 Céir nan cuid uinneagan,
 'S gleusar gach inneal
 Is binne gu cànan;
 Gach stiobal, 's gach drumas,
 Na ploban, 's na feadain.
 'S na cinn as na tunnaichean
 Ruma le t-àilleas.

Ach ge treun thu mar churaidh,
 'S deich ceud fo do chumail
 Lan-reiseamaid ullamh,
 Gheur, ghuiteach, neo-sgàthaeh,

'S e sheulaich do bhuinnig,
Cinn fheodhna na cruinne,
Lan ceill' agus urraidh,
A cumal do phàirte;
S rioghal do Chairtean,
'S aoigheil ri 'm faicinn iad,
S innsinneach, faicileach
'S laisde air paràd iad,
Bho shàilean an casan,
Gu 'm bàrr air a marcadh,
'S òr faineach na mhapaiddh,
Gu'n achlais bho 'n àir-did ;

Gu'n cluinnte na's beachdaidh iad,
Sloinnidh mi 'mach dhuibh iad.
Is lanntairean laisd' iad,
Cha taisich am blàths iad ;
Eacoir, na craichinin,
Dh'eiris 'n ar feachdanain,
'S leir dhomh na chaisgeas e,
An gaisgeach is màidsear ;
Ge leibh e na ghlaine,
'S bàs millteach e 'n carraid,
Ni shaighdean geur, tana,
Cuim fhala a thràthadh,
'N glaic diolt' an eich allail
'S ard srann ann am falas,
'S dheannas mar dhealan,
A gearradh, 's stràcadh.

'S làmh shéunt' thu na t-earradh,
'S ard iarras do dheannal,
'Sgriob dheuchain na gaillin,
Sìon chal' gun bhàigh thu ;
'S deuchineach sealladh
Air iarbhail do ghalair,
Cuirp lionmhor ri talamh,
Nan earruinnean gearrte :
'S tòir' bhìatach thu 'm fallachd,
'S corn iatach na falla',
'S e lion an ni 'n t-annart,
Is stailceas fo làr iad,
Bheir ioc-shlainnt' an cannan
Ceo fiamha ga 'n dalladh,
A spianas bho 'n talamh,
Nàn deannanan màin iad.

Ge gruamach a sealladh,
Fo shuaicheatais ballach,
Mar bhualadh na mara,
Na falaisge Màirte,
Tha'n suairceas 's an cenneal,
'S am boichead mar leannain,

Z

A buaireadh nan caileag
'S am mealladh nam pàistean ;
Theid Bann-tighearnan glana,
Dhe'n cuimhne 's dhe'n aithne'
Cho cinnteach 's dh' amais mi,
'N eallaidh-sa ràite,
'S biodh banntraichean fhearaibh,
'S an clann air an dronnaig,
Le geall an cuid bán,
A bhi falach fo' chàrn leibh.

NOTE.—The above spirited song is now partly freed from the obscurity which characterised 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.

LUINNEAG.

Ulibheag i na i ri ù o,
Ulibhéag ù na i ri ù ù,
Smeòrach mise 'mach o'n Tùr,
Is gleoghrach chùirn ma bhuird le
feusde.

'S mise smeòrach òg a ghrinnis,
Shèinnis ceol mar òrgan milis,
Feadan òrdail fo mo ribheid,
'S fead mo mheòir air comhra fillant'.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

Cha b' i crionach liath na mosgan,
Bho na shìolaich treud an fhortain.
Ach fiogh miath, nam miar, gun socadh,
Geal mar ghrian, bho bhian Riogh Loch-
lainn.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

An caisteil ard dha'n làidir finne,
Ma'n iath pàrlamaid gun ghioraig,
Nach iarr bàigh an àite millidh,
A dhialadh bais gun stràc ga'm pilleadh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

Ge do dh'eug e cha treig fhasan,
Cha toir streupa na geimh gaiseadh,
As na connspuinn eòlach, smachdail,
Nach d'rinn ceò gun feoil a shrachdadh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

Gu'n dean glòir nan neòil a phasgadh,
'S nach bi còmhra' fo shroin peacaich,
Bithidh na Leodaich mar òr daite,
Sheasas còir, 's nach fògair casgradh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

Ma thig tòir a chòir na h-aitribh,
Theid an connspaid air sheòil gaisgidh,
Snapach, òrdach, tòiteach, speachdach,
Naisgear feòil do dh' eòin an achaidh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

Theid an tarbh fo chalg na maise,
Le shròl bhalla-bhreac, ri geala ghasan,
Nach leig earabal gu falbh dhathaigh,
Gu'm bi 'n anaman balbh fo chasan.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

'S lannach, liobhach, disneach, claiseach,
Meachair, finealt', rìmhach, laisde,
Na brais phrìseil, o'n tìr fhasgach,
Nach leig cìos le strì, na feachdaibh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

'Nuair theid dìon air sgiath gach bealaich,
S luchd an fhiamha, siaradh tharais,
Car na'm bìal 'us liad na'n teangaidh,
'S dorus riabt' air cìas gach fear dhiu.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

'N uair thig sgian bho chliabh gach gille,
A sgoltadh bhliòn, 's a dianamh phinne,
Gheibh am fiacail biadh gun sìreadh,
'S gloine lionta, an ioc-shlaint' spioraid.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

'N uair a chiaradh grian gu calla',
Thigeadh triall nan diolt-each meara,
Srannach, sianach, srianach, staileach,
Ealand', iargalt', lionta an lannir.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

Gus an Dùn is mùirneach caithream,
Dha'm beil iùil gach cùrsa ceannas,
Dha'm beil iuntas dlù mar ghaineamh,
Nach toir spùil gu cunntas gainne.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

Far an lionor fion ga mhalairt,
Far an iarrar gnìomh fir-eallaidh,
Far an ciatach miann gach seallaidh,
Far a riadhlar ciadan ain-eoil.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

Seinneam fonnmhor, pongail, m'ealaidh,
As a chom nach trom mar ealach,
Cha tig tonn ma bhonn mo thalla,
Nì mo chall, na ghanntas m'aran.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

Tha mo chuach na cuairteig mheala,
'S barrach uaine suaineadh tharum,
Air mo chluasaig 's fuaghte m' anail,
'S iomadh dual a luadh le'm theangaidh
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

Air mo thaobh an craobh nam meangan,
Cha toir gaath dhìom m'aodach droma,
'S ma thig naoisg a ghaoirich mar rium,
Nì mi aoir a sgaoilas tar' iad.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

'S iomadh buaidh fo stuaidh mo bhalla
Chuireadh ruaig air sluagh a caraid,
Nach dean gluasad gun ruaim calla,
Dorainn fuathais a chuain fhala',
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

Bratach-shìthe nan trì seallaidh,
Fasda, dhìein, nan crìoch cainis,
Glag an stiobla dha'n strìochd ain-ochd,
Meirghe na firinn gun lith sgainneil.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

Silochd an Ollaghair a bhorb sheallaidh,
Mic a tholgas le'n gorm lannan
Rìochd an fharabhais nach falbh falamh,
Cuip na h-Albun, san dearbh dhaininghean.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

Neart Eoin Tormod cha searg ascall,
'S maise chrannachar 's gach dearbh
eachdraidh
'S pailt na h-armabh na bhalg acuinn,
'S brais a leanamhuinn ga gala shnapadh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, etc.

BARD LOCH - FINE.

EVAN M'COLL, better known to his countrymen as the "Mountain Minstrel," or "Clàrsair 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 Essayist." 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 Inveraray 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 dependent merit that there are gentlemen who have something ethereal in them : much to their honour, Mr. Fletcher, of Dunans, and Mr. Campbell, of Islay, patronised 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 even M'Coll is the subject of posthumous need of laudation from us!

LOCH-AIC.

A LOCH-AICE na gnùis' chaoin—
Gnais ghabh gaol air a bhì ciùin,
'S air an tric an laidh gath-gréin'
Soilleir mar uchd sèamh mo rùin!

'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 cala 's grinne com
'S i neo-throm àir t-uchd a' snàmh.
Eun a's gile cneas na 'ghrian,
Sneachd nan sliabh, no leannan baird!

'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 cneas mo ghràidh
Geal mar chanach tlà nan glac,
'S faileasan a ghaoil 'n a sùil
Mar thà nèamh an grunnnd Loch-aic!

C'ait' an taitneach leis an earb'
Moch a's anamoch 'bhi le 'laogh?
C'ait' an trice dorus dearg,
Fhìr nan garbh-chròc, air do thaobh?

C'ait' ach ri taobh loch mo rùin—
Far, aig bun nan stùc ud thall,
'S an robh uair mo chàirdean tuigh
Ged tha iad an diùgh air chall!

O air son a bhì 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 fiuch,
'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 bi ri d' thaobh
Ceòl a mhaoth' cheas clis gach crìdh
Sud an t-àm 'san tug thu gràdh,
'Shine bhàn! do 'n fhilidh shìth.

'Tional ghobhar air dh' i bhì
'N Coir'-an-t-sith aon fheasgar Maigh,
Chualas guth ro-mhilis, sèamh—
Shaoil i nèamh a bhì aig làimh.

Dh' eisd i,—'s mar bu mhotha dh-éisd,
'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 fogsailt air a suas,
'S dh' fhairich i gur ann bho sin
Bhruchd an ceol bu bhlasda fuaim.

“Thig a's taigh, a Shìne bhàn!
Thig, a ghraidh, gun eagal beud;
Feuch an oidhche dhùbh m' an cuairt—
'S fada bhuat do dhachaigh fein.”

Chaidh i 's taigh—ma's fìor mo sgeul—
Thuit i 'n gaol air fear a chiuil !
Dh' òl i 'n deoch bu deoch do chàch,
'S tuilleadh riamh cha d'fhag i 'n dùn.

RANNAN AIR BAS BANACH-
ARAI

A BHA ANABARRACH GAOLACH, 'S A
CHAOCHAIL 'NA LEANABHACHD.

CHAOCHAIL i—mar neultan rùiteach
'Bhios 'san Ear ma bhrìste' fàire ;
B' fharmaid leis a' ghréin am bòichead,
'S dh'éirich i 'na glòir 'chur sgàil orr' !

Chaochail i—mar phlatha gréine,
'S am failcas 'na réis 'an tòir air ;
Chaochail i—mar bhogh' nan speuran,
Shil an fhras a's thréig a ghlòir e.

Chaochail i—mar shneachd a laidheas
Ann 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 drititiche 's a's mils' 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 bhruadar milis,
'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 bàite 'ghrìan ag éiridh !

DUANAG GHAOIL.

AIR FÒNN—" 'Ille dhuinn, 's toigh
leam thu."

LUIÑNEAG.

A nighean donn nam mala crom,
A nighean donn nan caoin-shùl,
A nighean donn bho '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-srath
'S ann bhiodh e dhubb ri d' thaobh sa.
A nighean donn, etc.

Mo rùn a' chaileag luinneagach,
Deagh bhanarach na spréidhe,
'S nach géill 'n seòmar uinneagach
'Dh' aon chruinneig 'tha 'n Dun-
éideann.
A nighean donn, etc.

Tè eil' air bhith, d' a sgiamhaichead,
'Na t-fhianuis-sa cha leur dbomh ;
S ann tha thu 'measg nan nianagan
Ceart mar tha 'ghrìan measg reulltan.
A nighean donn, etc.

O's truagh 'bhi 'n so air Galldachd
'Nuair tha 'n Samhradh 'us mo cheud
rùn
A' strì co 's grinne dheàrsas
Nis air àiridhean Ghlinn-crèran !
A nighean donn, etc.

Cha tugainn air bhi 'm dhùc cead 'bhi
Le m' rùn 'am bothan-gheugan,
'S cha ghabhainn coron òir air son
Bhi 'n sud a' pògadh m' éiteig.
A nighean donn, etc.

A rùn, nam biodh tu deònach air,
'S ar càrdean uile réidh ruinn,
Cha chuirinn tuille dàlach ann,
Am màireach bu leam féin thu !
A nighean donn, etc.

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 thir fein e,
 Mhic Dhé greas g'a fhearann e;
 Mo chrochadh a's mo cheusadh,
 A's m' éideadh nar mheala mi,
 Mur áit leam thu bhí 'g eiridh
 Le treun neart gach caraide !

Gur mise chunna' sibh gu gunnach,
 Ealamh, ullamh, 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 Fòlais,
 'Nuair thòisich e cogadh riut;
 Rothaich agus Ròsaich—
 Bu ghòrach na bodaich iad;
 Frisealaich a's Granndaich,
 An càmpa'cha stadadh iad;
 'S thug Foirbeisich nan teann-ruith,
 Gu seann taigh Chnìlodair 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'èigh e 'n t-each a b'aigean-
 neach,
 Ri gabhail an ra-treuta,
 '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 ro' d' cheann-eideadh;
 Mar sgaoth a dh'coinn nam fuar-bheann,
 A's gruaim air a h-uile fear,
 A tèarnadh bho na sléibhteann
 Gu réidhleinn 's gu cladaichean.
 Dh'èigh iad port 's gu'n d'fhuair iad coit,
 'S bu bheag an toirt mar thachair dhaibh;
 Cìod e'n droch ruirinn am brosnach',
 Le'n cuid mosg nach freagrach srad,
 'S a liuthad toirtear dheth na Rothaich,
 Dol air flod thar chlaigeannan?
 'S ann ghabh iad an ratreata,
 'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort!
 Gu'm faigh mi fein m' dhùtrachd —
 ('Se dhùisg as mo chadal mi)
 An Tì 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 cùis,
 Leis na dhì-Ghail nach buineadh dhaibh;
 'S tu bheireadh clothá 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 lasair anns na speuran,
 Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort!
 Chunna mi m'a thuath thu,
 'S gu'm b'uachdaran allail thu;

Bha Cataich fo do chùram.
 'S dh' ùmhlaich na Gallaich dhut;
 'S gach ti 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
 bireach,
 Cha philleadh luchd-bagairt iad;
 Thig feachd Mhìe-Shìmi gu do mhilleadh,
 'S ruithidh iad gu saidealta;
 'S gu'n teich iad o chlàr t-eudainn,
 'Nuair dh'èircas do chabar ort!
 Th'am brochan a' toirt sar dhuibh,
 'S tha 'n càl a' toirt à oirbh;
 Ach 's beag is mìse 'n t-àrnnun,
 'Ur sàth thoirt an nasgaidh dhuibh:
 Ge mòr a thug sibh chàise,
 Thar àiridhean Asainne,
 Cha'n fhacas cuirm a'm Fòlais,
 Ge mòr bha do chearcan ann;
 Caisteal biorach, nead na h-ìolair',
 Coin a's gillean gortach ann;
 Cha'n fhaicear bìoran an ri teinne,
 Mur bidh dileag bhrochain ann;
 Cha'n fhaicear màirt-coil ann am poit ann,
 Mur bi ceare ga plotaigeadh:
 'S ga'n tional air an déirce,
 Nuair thréigeas gach cosgais iad.
 Cha'n éil ian 's na speuran,
 Is breine n'an òltaire,
 Cha 'n ionan idir beus d'i,
 'S do dh-fhèidh anns na frichean;—
 Bì'dh iadsa' moch ag eiridh,
 A feuchainn a bhìoltaire;
 'S bì'dh is' air sean each caoile,
 Rì slaodadh a mhìonaich as;
 Chuir i spuir a staigh na churach,
 A's thug i fhuil na spadal as,
 An t-ian gun sonas' gearraidh donais,
 Bì'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' fhearr fàr na chaidil e.
 Cha'n eil inn 'san t-saoghal
 R'a fhaotainn tha coltach riut,
 Cha'n ithear do chuid sithne—
 Rinn firinn a' mollachadh:

x do d' luchd cethaich

Chaidh chan fhacsaic ac' a mharb.
 + Al' fheadar reit' a choshaibhachd.

O Nì fuidhe chomhadh do bhean do shuabh
 + Gur h-e Comhach Achadh Dòmhnall

MOLADH CHABAIR-FEIDH.

Ged tha ort iteag dhìreach,
 Mar fhior shaighdean corranach,
 S ged' thuirf iad riut am fireun,
 Tha ionan an donuis ort!
 S ioma buachaille th' air fuar chnoc,
 Agus cuaille bàt' aige';
 Ni guidhe bhuan do bhuntain bhuaith,
 'S a bhuaileas bho do thapadh thu;
 'Nuair bheir thu ruaig air feadh nan uan,
 'S a bhios buaireas acrais ort,
 'N uair thachras cabar féidh ort,
 Gu'm feum thu bhi snasadh dha!
 Tha cabar-ferna Dhómhnail,
 Mar spòrs' anns an talamh' ac';
 Nach innseadh sibh dhomh' s' e,
 'S gu'm b'eol domh a charachadh;
 'S chuirinn fios gu h-eòlach,
 Gu Seòras an caraideach.
 Gur h-e Fear Dhuin-Dòmhnail,
 Le lòn chum an t-anam ris;
 'Bhiasad gun mhéas, 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 amaideach;
 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 earraim deth.
 Faire! faire! shaoghail,
 Gur caochlaidheach carach thu,
 Chunna mise Si-phort,
 'Nam pìoban cruaidh, sgalanta,
 Nach robh an Alb' a dh'aon-shluagh,
 Ged shìneadh Mac-Cailein ris,
 Na chumadh riuts an eudann,
 'Nuair dh'èireadh do chabar ort!
 Dh'èireadh leat an còir 'san ceart,
 Le trian do neart gu bàgaraeh,
 Na bh'eadar Asainn, a's fa dheas,
 Gu ruig Sgalpa chraganach,
 Gach fear a glacadh gunna snàip,
 Claidheam glas, no dagachan,—
 Bu leat Sir Dòmhnall Shlèibhte,
 'Nuair dh'èireadh do chabar ort!
 Dh'èireadh leat fir Mhùideirt,
 'Nuair ruisgte do bhraataichean,
 Le 'n lannan daite dù-ghorm,
 Gu'n ciuirte na marcaich leo;
 Mac-Alasdair 's Mac-Ionmhunn,
 Le 'n cuilbheirean acuinneach;

'Nuair rachadh iad 'san iorghuill,
 Gu'm b' ioghna mur trodadh iad:—
 Bì'dh tu fhathast gabhail aighear,
 Ann am Brathuinn bhaidealach,
 Bì'dh cinne t-athair ort a feithéamh,
 Co bhrathadh bàgradh ort?
 Bì'dh fion ga chaitheamh feadh do thaighe,
 'S uisge-beatha feadanach;
 'S gur lionmhor piob' ga'n gheusadh,
 'Nuair dh'èireas 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 regret.

Norman M'Leod lived long on a footing of intimate familiarity and friendship with Mr. M'Kenzie of Ardroch, whose farm was contiguous to that of our author; and "Cabair-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 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 "Cabair-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

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> 10a) S me chaidh tu thar na cuimhne eile (McL)
 'Nuair thig na Macs na h-ìngear dh'èireadh (T)

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 bhonaid uidhir." 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; 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 *horn* with the following extemporary salutation:—

"Aran a's in 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, trav'ler, 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, relating 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 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'eireadh 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 brent new from France."

MALI CHRUINN DONN.

LEIS AN CHEISTEAR CHRUBACH.

AIR FONN—"Carraig Fhearghuis."

O'n thagaich mi'n rathad,
Gu'n taghail mi monadh
'S an tuiteadh an sneachda,
'S a ghail-shion gu trom;
'S an talamb neo-chairsrigt',
'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 fàsghadh nan tonn.

Fhir a shiubhlas an rathad,
A dh'ionnsuidh na Dabhaich,
Uam imirich mo bheannachd
Gu *Mali* chruinn donn;
Tha thuinnidh sa' ghleannan,
Aig altan a cheannaich',
'S gur daoine gun tabhail
Nach taghaich am fonn;
I mar ionmhas an tasgaidh
Gun chunnart gun gheasan,
Ach a faotainn gu taitneach,
Dha 'n fear rachadh ann;
'S ged bhithinn am Bhàron,
Air dùthaich Chlainn-Eachuinn,
Gu'm foghnadh mar *mhaitche*,
Leam *Mali* chruinn donn!

Tha pearsa cho bòidheach,
Tha i tlachdmhor na còmhdach,
Tha tainèas na còmhradh,
Mar smèòrach nan gleann,

Gu'n d' eiltich mo chridhe,
 'Nuair rinn 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
 Naeh rachain am mearachd,
 Ged theirinn gur piuthar
 I dh' Iain geal, donn.

Na meòir sin bu ghile,
 Bha còrr air ghrinneas,
 A's bòiche ni fighe
 A's fuaidheal glan réidh ;
 Gur cuimir, deas, direach,
 A shiubhlas tu'n ridhle,
 'Nuair dhuisgear gu cridheil
 Dhut fiodhall nan teud :
 'S tu cheumadh gu bòidheach,
 'S a thionndadh gu h-èòlach,
 'S a fhreagrachd gu h-òrdail
 Do cheòlan nam meur ;
 Tha'n earbag 'sa mhonadh,
 'S math tearmunn o'n ghaillionn,
 'S gur sealbhach do'n fhear sin
 A ghlacas a ceum.

O mheacain an t-suaireis,
 'S o leasraidh na h uaisle,
 Be t-fhasan 's bu dual dut
 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 mnai na Roinn Eorp ;
 Gu' tu beil mi 'n diugh sàbhailt,
 O chunna mi Màiri
 Gu'n sheas i dhomh àite,
 Na màthar nach bèò !

Chuir i fàsadh mu'n cuairt domh,
 Mar earradh math uachdair,
 Gu'n bhuilich i uaisle
 Le suaiceas glan beòil,
 Làmh shoilleir neo-spiocach,
 'S an cridhe neo chrinta,

Aig nighean Catriana
 'S mo bhriathar bu chòir !
 Ge nach faca mi t-athair,
 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 bhòrd am fhir fhéil ;—
 Bhiodh iasg ann, bhiodh sealg ann,
 Bhiodh fiadh, agus earb ann,
 Bhiodh coileach dubh barragheal,
 Ga mharbhadh air géig.
 Bhiodh bradan an fhiòr-uisg,
 Bhiodh taghadh gach sìthn' ann,
 Bhiodh liath-chearcan fraoich
 Anns an fhrith aig a féin ;
 'Nàm 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 fhaighead 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 nì.
 O na dh'ìmich na h-àrmuinn,
 Chaidh an saoghal gu tàire,
 'S b'ìdh bròn agus pàidh
 Ri 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-mich na h-armuinn,
 'S e n-ar cuid na tha làthair,
 Gu mu beannaicht' an geard
 Th'air an àlach a th' ann !
 Ceud soraidh, ceud fàilte,
 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 dhearbhu thu bhi duineil,
 'S nir 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 déiseil,
 Gun bhlàr, no gun chreagan,
 S ma ghéibh m' achanàich freagairt
 Cha'n eagal dut bonn ;
 Tha uaislean, 's treun-laoich,
 Tha truaighain a's feumaich,
 'Toirt tuaraisgeul gleusta
 Air t-fheum anns gach ball ;
 Tha gach tlachd ort ri innseadh,
 Lamh gheal a ni sgrìobhadh,
 'S gur tuigseach a chiall
 A chuir Dia na do cheann !

Bì'dh mo dhàn agus m' òran,
 Bì'dh m' alla mar 's eòl domh,
 Gu bràth fhad 's is beò mi
 Doirt sgeòil ort a chaoidh :
 Na fhuair mi dhe t-fhuran,
 Cha'n fhuaraich e tuille,
 Nì smaointean mo chridhe
 Riut brithinn nach pill !
 Cha 'n eil Sìrrachd dha 'n téid mi,
 Ged 'ruighinn Dun-éideann,
 Nach toir mi deagh sgeul ort
 Fhad 'dh' eisdear mo rainn
 'S bheir mi Charraig bho Fheargus,
 Gu atharrach ainme,
 'S leuchd-calaigh na h-Alba
 D'a sheanchas 's d'a sheinn.

Ceud furan, ceud fàilte,
 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 ni 's dàine
 Gu'm paigh iad ris daor :—
 'S i bean nan rasg trodhad,
 Gun àrdan, gun othail,
 'S i Màiri 's glain' bodhaig
 —Creag odhar nan craobh.

Creag ghobhar, 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 giùth smeòrach
 An uinneag do sheòmaid,
 'S a chuthag a còmhradh
 Mar a b' eòl d'i bhi cainnt.
 'S bì'dh calaigh a mhonaidh,
 Ri cluich anns an dòrus
 Mar onair ri *Mhàiri*,
 Bean shona nan Gleann.

O nach urra mi sgrìobhadh,
 No litir a leughadh,
 Fhir a dhealaich an dé rium
 Aig càrn an fheidh dhuinn.
 'Chuir a chuid gilleann,
 'Sa ghearrainn gu'm' shireadh,
 Mu'n rachadh mo mhilleadh,
 An caraide puill :
 O nach urra mi mholadh,
 An onair mar choisinn,
 Mo bheannachd gu meal e
 Gun easlaint a chaoidh !
 Fhir a shiubhlas an rathad,
 A dh' ionnsuidh na Dabhoich,
 Uam imirich mo bheannachd
 Gu *Màiri* chruinn Donn !

NOTE.—The above truly admirable song was composed by William M'Kenzie, the Gairloch and Lochbroom catechist, commonly called "An Ceistear Crubach," 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 satisfied the reputation of the author, and put it beyond the reach of destruction.

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 the company:—

ORAN EADAR CARAID OG OIÐHCHE,
'M BAINNSE.

AIR FONN—"Oran na Feannaig."

ISE.—'S nìthich dhuinne bhi 'g eiridh,
O'n tha sin feumach air cadal,
Bho na rinn sinn n-ar suipeir,
Cha dean sin fuireach na 's faide;
Mas a math an cuid leumuaich,
Biodh iad fein ris gu latha,
An rud sin th'agad a dhùine,
'S an ris is mo n-ar annas,
Gu fios a bhlas.

ESAN.—'S fada 'n latha gu h-oidhche,
'S faid' an oidhche na'n latha,
'S iomadh seachdain sa' bhliadhna,
Gu bhi 'g iarraidh gu leithid,
'S misde sinne 'sinn gorach,
A dhol a thoiseachadh brais ris,
'S ma ni sinn' n'ar milleadh,
Gur h-ann is meas' an dibhearson,
'S nach 'eil sinn sean.

ISE.—Ach c'ùime 's misde sinn fhiachainn,
Dh'fhiach am fiach dhuinn a leantuinn,
'S ma chi thu fein na chuis ghrain e,
Cha bhi mi dana ga thagar;
Chuala mis' aig mo mbathair,
Gur ni gnathaicte leithid,
'S gur beag math th'ann sa phosadh,
'S a bhi an aonais an fhasain,
'S e aig gach neach.

ESAN.—'S truagh nach robh mi gun phosadh,
Arsa broinean 's e'g eiridh,
Bu nìbodha m' feum air a chadal,
'S mi 'n deigh coiseach an aonich,
Chaill mi craiceann nam meoirean,
Ann 's na brogan 's iad daor dhomb,
'S cha dian mi 'n obair air t ailleas,
Ge b'i b' fhearr air an t-saoghal
'S nach 'eil mi 'n sgairt.

ISE.—Di-bidh ! air do sheanachas,
'S ma'rg a dh'fhalbh leat thar aonaich,
'S truagh nach robh mi gun dearc ort,
Ach mi dh'fhaicinn an t-saoghail,
Le do chroma-shlait gun phiseach,
Nach tig thuige fo'n aodach
'S ma'rg a thachair ad chuideachd,
Fhior thrudair nan daoine,
'Sa ghlogaidh-hoth !

ESAN.—A Ri ! bu mhise chuis thruais leat,
'S moch a fhuair mi mo mhabadh,
Cha bhìdh do thoibheim cho luath
dhomb,
Na bìdh tu stuaime na narach,
Dh'fhaodadh tusa bhi suas leis,
Na'n deanain uair ann san raith' e,
'S mise dh'fhuireach as aonais,
Thun na h-aois so a tha mi,
Gun dol na char.

ISE.—D' aithnich mise ort nach b'fhiach
thu,
'S gu'm bu shiachaire breun thu
'S nach robh duine 's na crìochan,
Cho measa rian air an fheum riut,
Tha mi dh'eisbhuidh do sporsa,
Dh-fhalbh mi phosadh an de leat,
'S mar faigh mi misneachd fo maireach,
A chaoidh cha charaichear breid orm,
'S cha ruig mi leas.

ESAN.—Bi tu sin ann a naire,
Mar a caraichear breid ort,
Bheir gach nabaidh dhut toibheum;
'Nuair a chluinn iad mar dh'eirich;
Ge do ruigeadh tu 'm Parson,
Gu n-ar sgaradh bho cheile;
A chaoidh cha 'n fhaigh thu chead
posadh
'S e 'n aghaidh ordugh na cleire,
S nach eil e ceart.

ISE.—Innis thusa dhomb 'n fhirinn,
Na'm beil feum dhomb bhi fuireach,
Na'm beil comas air t-innleachd,
No 'na dhiult thu mi builleach,
Mas e sochair tha fas ort,
Gu do lamb chuir sa 'n obair
Fagaidh mis thu cho eolach,
Ris na seoid tha ris cumanta,
Bho chian fad.

ESAN.—'Nuair a thainig an oidhche,
'S nach robh soils' ann ach dorcha,
'Sa chaidil an duthach,
'S nach robh duil ri luchd falbha,
Air an obair gun shin e,
'Nuair a dh'èirich a mheanmainn,
'S theab nach sguiread e fhathasd,
Le ma thaitinn am baragan ud
Ris cho math.

ISE.—'S fearr sud na bhì falamh,
Mi na thu cleachdadh dbeth 'n cumh-
nuidh,
'S mas ann am feobhas a theid thu,
Cha dian mi t-eibheach na t-olach,
Cha'n 'eil air obair ach sineadh,
'S a bhì ga sir dheanamh comhnuidh,
Cha bhì faiteachan treubhach,
'S bidh don-bidh air fear bronach
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 Lochbroom 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 Creagan-an-Inbhir of Muckle Greenard, Lochbroom.

CALUM A GHILINNE.¹

LUNNEAG.

Mo Chalin donn òg,
So mo nighean dubh thogarach,
Thogainn ort fonn,
Neo-throm gun togainn,

¹ The author of this popular song was Malcolm M'Lean, a native of Kinlochewe, in Ross-shire. M'Lean had enlisted in the army when a young man, and upon obtain-

Mo nighean dubh gun iarraidh,
Mo bhriathar gun togainn,
S gu'n insinn an t-aobhar,
Nach eileas 'ga d thogradh,
Mo Chailin donn òg.

ing 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 Chlinne:" 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, under any economical system of government, to have formed her dowry, she was unwooed, 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 Thogarrach," 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 toppers 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 1764.

GU'M beil thu gu boidheach,
 Bainnidh, banail,
 Gun chron ort fo 'n ghréin,
 Gun bheum, gun sgainnir ;
 Gur gil' thu fo d' leine
 Na eiteag na mara,
 'S tha coir' agam fein
 Gun chéile bhi mar-riut.
 Mo Chailin donn og, etc,

Gur muladach mi,
 'S mi 'n deigh nach math leam,
 Na dheannadh dhut stà
 Aig càch 'ga mhalairt ;
 Bì'dh t-athair an comhnuidh
 'G ol le caithream,
 'S e eolas nan còrn
 A dh-fhag mi cho falamh.
 Mo Chailin donn og, etc.

Nam bithinn a'g òl
 Mu bhord na dibhe,
 'S gum faicinn mo mhiann
 'S mo chiall a' tighinn,
 'S e 'n copan beag donn
 Thogadh fonn air mo chridhe,
 'S cha tugainn mo bhriathar
 Nach iarrainn e rithist.
 Mo Chailin donn og, etc.

Bì'dh bodaich na dùch'
 Ri bùrst 's ri fanaid,
 A cantain rium féin
 Nach geill mi dh-ainnis :
 Ged tha mi gun spréidh,
 Tha teud ri tharruinn,
 'S cha sguir mi de 'n òl
 Fhad 's is beo mi air thalamh.
 Mo Chailin donn og, etc.

'S ioma bodachan gnù
 Nach dùirig m' aithris,
 Le thional air spreidh
 'S iad ga threigsinn a's t-earrach
 Nach cosg anns a bhliadhna
 Trian a ghallain,
 'S cha toir e fo 'n ùir
 Na 's mù na bheir Calum.
 Mo Chailin donn og, etc.

Nam bithinn air féill,
 'S na ceudan mar rium,

De chuideachda chòir
 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!"¹
 Mo Chailin donn og, etc.

Ge ! tha mi gun stòr,
 Le òl 's le lomairt,
 Air bheagan de nì,
 Le prìs na mine ;
 Tha fortan aig Dia,
 'S e falaidh uime,
 'S mo gheibh mi mo shlaintè,
 Gu 'm pàidh mi na shir mi.
 Mo Chailin donn og, etc.

Ge mor le càch
 Na tha mi milleadh,
 Cha tugainn mo bhòid
 Nach olainn tuilleadh,
 'S e gaol a bhi mor
 Tha m' fheoil a sireadh—
 Tha 'n sgeul ud ri aithris
 Air Calum a Ghlinne.
 Ma Chailin donn og, etc.

¹ 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 boll 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

CLACHAN GHLINN'-DA-RUAIL.

LUINNEAG.

Mo chaileng bhian-gheal, mheall-
shuileach,
A dh-fhas gu fallain, fuasgail'.
Gur trom mo cheum o 'n dhealaich
sinn,
Aig clachan Ghlinn'-da-ruail.

Di-dònaich rinn mi chòlachadh,
Bean òg 's mòdhar gluasad,
Tha 'guth mar cheol na smeòraiche,
'S mar bhil' an ròis a gruaidhean.
Mo chaileag, etc.

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 taciturnity 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 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 graceless 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 meat 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.

'S caoin a seang shlios furanach,
Neo-churaidh a ceum uallach.
Tha 'gairdean bàn gie chumadail;
'S deud lurach n' a beul guamach.
Mo chaileag, etc.

'S ro fhaicilleach 'n a còmhradh i,
Gun sgilm, gun sgleò, no tuaileas;
Gur fathail coiseachd shràidean i,
Air bheagan stàit no guaineis.
Mo chaileag, etc.

Ged bheireadh Seòras àite dhomh,
Cho ard 's a tha measg uaislean;
Air m' fhacal 's mor a b' fhearr leam,
A bhì 'n Coir-chnaimh na m' bhua-
chail.
Mo chaileag, etc.

O 's truagh nach robh mi 's m' ailleagan
Air airidh cois nam fear-bheann!
Bu shocair, sèmh a chaidlinn, 's i
Nan m' achlais, air an luachair.
Mo chaileag, etc.

Cha suaimhneas òidhch' air leabaidh
dhomh,
Ga t-fhaicinn ann am brудар;
'S am Bìobail fein cha laimsich mi,
Gun t-ìomhaigh ghràidh ga 'm bhuaireadh.
Mo chaileag, etc.

'N uair b' fhileant' briar' a mhinisteir,
A fiosrachadh mu 'r truaillachd;
Bha mise coimhead dùrachdach,
Na seirc tha d' shùil neo-luaineach.
Mo chaileag, etc.

Ged shuidheas Cléir na tìre leam,
'S mi sgrìobhadh dhaihle le luath-
laimh;
'S ann bhios mo smuaintean diomh-
aireach,
Air Sìne dhuinn a chuach-fhuilt.
Mo chaileag, etc.

Ach 's eagal leam le m' cheileiroachd,
Gu 'n gabh an seisein gruaim rium:
Ged fhogras iad do 'n Olaint mi,
Ri m' bhèò cha toir mi fuath dhnt!
Mo chaileag, etc.

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 Coirín-t-shee (Coirinti), a wild, sequestered, and highly romantic spot on the west bank of Lochek, in Cowal, early in June, 1776; and was chiefly educated at the parish school of Kilmolan, 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 Hie-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 Cleir 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 Kilmun, which I still hold."

Here, then, the authorship of "Clachan Ghlinn-daruail" 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 denude 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 "Ceileireachd na Mnatha Sith," 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 chaitris mi,
Am bun a chruidh cha bhi mi;
Am bun a chruidh cha chaitris mi,
'S mo leabaidh anns 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 Fhiasag ribeach bhuan."

Beneath a hill 'mang birken bushes,
By a burnie's dimpilt linn;
I told my love with artless blushes,
To the Lassie o' the Glen.

O! the birken bank sae grassie,
Hey! the burnie's dimpilt linn;
Dear to me's the bonnie lassie,
Living in yon rashie glen.

Lanely Ruail! thy stream sae glassie,
Shall be aye my fav'rite theme;
For, on thy banks, my Highland lassie,
First confessed a mutual flame.
O! the birken, etc.

What bliss to sit and nane to fash us,
In some sweet wee bow'ry den!
Or fondly t'ray among the rashes,
Wi' the Lassie o' the Glen!
O! the birken, etc.

And though I wander now unhappy,
Far frae scenes we haunted then,
I'll ne'er forget the bank sae grassie,
Nor the Lassie o' the Glen.
O! the birken, etc.

MALI BHEAG OG.

NACH truagh leat mi 's mi 'm prìosan,

Mo Mhàli 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 fìoguis,

'S tu nach fagadh shìos mì,

Le mì-rùin do bheoil.

Di-dòmhaich anns a' ghleann duinn,

Mo Mhàli bheag òg,

'Nuair thoisich mi ri cainnt riut ;

Mo chuid de'n t-shaoghal mhòr.

'Nuair dh'fhosgail mì mo shùilean,

'S a sheall mì air mo chul-thaobh ;

Bha marcach an eich chrùthaich,

Tigh'n dlù air mo lòrg.

'S mise bh'air mo bhuaireadh,

Mo Mhàli bheag òg,

'Nuair 'thain an 'sluagh mu'n cuairt duinn

Mo rìbhinn gblan ùr :

'S truagh nach ann san uair ud,

A thuit mo lamh o m' ghualainn,

Mu'n dh' amais mì do bhualadh,

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 rùin :

Mar aiteal caoin na gréin'

Ann am madainn 'hìuin ag eirigh,

Be sud do dhreach is t-eugais,

Mo Mhàli bheag òg.

'S mise a thug an gaol

Dha mo Mhàli bhig òig,

Nach dealaich rium sa'n t-saoghal,

Mo nighean bhoidéach thu.

Tha t-fhàlt air dhreach nan teudan,

Do ghruaidhean mar na caoran ;

Do shùilean, 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 sléibhtean,

Air ghaol 's gu'm bithinn réidh 's tu,

Mo Mhàli bheag òg.

'S truagh a rinn do chàirdean,

Mo Mhàli bheag òg,

'Nuair thoirmisg 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 mì bhò'n bhàs so,

Mo Mhàli bheag òg,

Cha 'n iarrainn tuille dàlach,

Mo cheud ghradh 's mo rùin :

B'annsa 'n saoghal-s' fhàgail,

'S gu'm faicinn t-aodann ghradhach ;

Gun chuimhn' bhì air an là sin,

'S na dh'fhàg mì 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 elope 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 bedroom, 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' chhlaidheimh"), 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 LAGHACH.

(ORIGINAL SET.)

LE MURCHADH RUADH NAM BO.

LUINNEAG.

Hò, mo Mhàiri Laghach,
 'S tù mo Mhàiri bhinn :
 Hò, mo Mhàiri Laghach,
 'S tu mo Mhàiri ghrinn :

Hò, mo Mhàiri Laghach,
 'S tu mo Mhàiri bhinn ;
 Mhàiri bhoidheach, lurach,
 Rugadh anns na glinn.

Nuair a thig a Bhealltainn,
 Bithidh ' choill fo bhla,
 'S eoin bheaga ' seinn duinn—
 A dh'òidhch a's a là ;
 Cobhair agus caoirich,
 A's crodh-laoigh le'n àl,
 'S Màiri bhàn gan saodach',
 Mach ri aodainn chàrn.
 Hò, mo Mhàiri, etc.

'Nuair a thig an Sàmhradh,
 B'annsa bhi 's na glinn,
 Ged robh an t-aran gann oirnn,
 Bì'dh 'n t-amhlan tri ùllt'
 Gheibh sinn gruth a's uachdar,
 Buannachd a chruidh laoigh,
 As ionaid a chinn chuachaich,
 Chuir mu'n cuairt a nihing,
 Hò, mo Mhàiri, etc.

"A Pheigi," arsa Seònaid,
 "'S neònach leam do chàil,—
 Nach iarradh tu 'sheòmar,
 Ach Gleann-smeòil gu bràth."—
 "Bì'dh mis' dol do'n' bhuaile,
 A's m' thalt mu m' chluas a 'fàs,
 'S bì'dh na fir a faighneachd,
 Maighdean a chùil bhàin.
 Hò, mo Mhàiri, etc.

'M fear a thig an rathad,
 'S math leis thu bhi ann,
 Do ghruaidh mar na caorann,
 Bhios ri taobh nan allt :
 Tha thu banail beusach—
 Cha leir dhomh do mheang ;
 B'annsa bhi ga d'phògadh,
 Na pòit fion na Fraing,
 Hò, mo Mhàiri, etc.

Na'm biodh Seònaid làidir,
 Chur a làmh 's an ìm,
 Peigi ris an àl,
 A's Màiri mu 'n chrodh-laoigh,—
 Bhithinnse gu stàoil,
 Dol gu àiridh leibh,
 'S cha bhitheamaid fo phràcas,
 Te nach tàmhadh linn.
 Hò, mo Mhàiri, etc.

Nuair shuidheas daoin' uaisle,
 Mu'n cuairt air a bhòrd,
 'G èilteachadh ri chèile,
 'S dèigh ac' air bhi ceòl,
 Cha'n fhaic mis an èis iad,
 Air son sèis da'm beoil,
 Luinneag Màiri chuachach,
 Tha shuas an Gleann-smeòil.
 Ho, mo Mhàiri, etc.

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 importunity of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Lachlan M'Kenzie, of Lochcarron, he consigned them to the flames. His own daughter, "Mairi 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 sheiling 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 composed to an old, or inferior air. Mr. M'Kenzie died in 1831.

MAIRI LAGHACH.

(SECOND SET.)

LUINNEAG.

Hò, mo Mhàiri laghach,
 'S tu mo Mhàiri bhinn,
 Hò, mo Mhàiri laghach,
 'S tu mo Mhàiri ghrinn :
 Hò, 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 ;

Tharruinn sinn ri chèile,
 Ann an eud cho bèò,
 'S nach robh air an t-saoghal ;
 A thug gaol cho mor.
 Ho, mo Mhàiri, etc.

'S tric bha mis' a's Màiri,
 Falbh nam fàsach fial,
 Gu'n smaointean air fàl-bheairt,
 Gu'n chail gu droch ghnìomh ;
 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, etc.

Ged bu leamsa Alba'
 A h-airgead a's a maoin,
 Cia mar bhithinn sona
 Gu'n do chomunn gaoil ?
 B' annsa bhi ga d' phògadh,
 Le deagh chòir dhomh fhein,
 Na ged fhaighinn stòras,
 Na Roinn-Eorp' gu léir.
 Ho, mo Mhàiri, etc.

Tha do bhroilleach soluis
 Làn de shonas graidh ;
 Uchd a's gile sheallas,
 Na 'n eal' air an t-snàmh :
 Tha do mhin-shlios, fallain,
 Mar chanach a chàir ;
 Muineal mar an fhaoiinn
 Fo 'n aodainn a's àillt'.
 Ho, mo Mhàiri, etc.

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-cuairt dheth,
 'S e 'na dhual gu bharr.
 Ho, mo Mhàiri, etc.

Tha do chaille-dheud shnaighte
 Mar shneachda nan ard ;
 T-anail mar an caineal ;
 Beul bhò'm banail fàilt :
 Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris ;
 Min raisg chinnealt, thlà ;
 Mala chaol gu'n ghruaimean,
 Gnùis gheal 's cuach-thalt bàn.
 Ho, mo Mhàiri, etc.

Thug ar n-uabhar barr
 Air àilleas rìghrean mor ;
 B' iad ar leabaidh stàta
 Duilleach 's barr an fheoir ;
 Flùraichean an fhàsaich
 'Toir dhuinn cail a's treòir,
 A's sruthain ghlan nan ard
 A chuireadh slaint 's gach pòr.
 Ho, mo Mhàiri, etc.

Cha robh inneal ciùil,
 A thuradh riamh fo 'n ghréin,
 A dh'-aithriseadh air chòir,
 Gach ceol bhiodh againn fhein :
 Uiseag air gach lònán,
 Smeòrach air gach géig ;
 Cuthag 's gùg-gùg aic',
 'Madainn churaidh Chéit'.
 Ho, mo Mhàiri, etc.

NOTE.—The second set of "Mairi Laghach," is the composition of Mr. John M'Donald, tacksman, of Scoraig, 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 bells,
 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 green-
 wood glade,
 Softly to recline beneath the birken shade.
 Sweet the rising mountains, etc.

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 sid
 Sweet the rising mountains, etc.

What were all the sounds contriv'd by
 tuneful men,
 To the warbling wild notes of the sylvan
 glen ?
 Here the merry lark ascends on dewy wing,
 There the mellow mavis and the blackbird
 sing.
 Sweet the rising mountains, etc.

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, etc.

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, etc.

CUIR A CHINN DILEIS.

(ORIGINAL SET.)

LUINNEAG.

Cuir a chinn dilleis,
 Dilleis, dilleis,
 Cuir a chinn dilleis,
 Tharum do làmh,
 Do ghorm-shuil thairis,
 A mhealladh na mìltean,
 'S duine gun chli,
 Nach tugadh dhut gràdh.

CHA thinneas na feachda,
 'S a mhadainn so bhual mi :
 Ach acad ro buan
 Nach leigheis gu bràch.
 Le sealladh air faiche,
 De shlait on taigh usail,
 Moch-thra di-luain,
 'S mi 'g amharc an là.

Rinn deiseid a pearsa,
 Nach facas a thuarma ;
 'G imeachd fo'n chuach-chùl,
 Chamagach, thla.
 Rinn dealaradh a mais',
 Agus lasadh a gruaidhean,
 Mis' a ghrad bhualadh,
 Tharais gu làr.
 Cuir a chinn dileis, etc.

Ach dh' eirich mi rithist,
 Le cridhe làn uabhair ;
 A's dh' imich mi ruathar,
 Ruighinn na dàil.
 G'a h-iathadh na m' ghlaicibh,
 Ach smachdaich i bhuam sin
 Ochan ! is truagh !
 A mheath i mo chàil.
 Cuir a chinn dileis, etc.

Do dhearc-shuilean glana,
 Fo mhalla gun ghruaimean ;
 'S daighcann a bhuaill iad,
 Mise le d' ghràdh.
 Do ròs bhilean tana,
 Seamb, farasda, suaice,
 Cladhaichear m' uaigh
 Mar glac thu mo làmh.
 Cuir a chinn dileis, etc.

Tar fuasgail air m' anam
 On cheanghal is cruaidhe :
 Cuimhnich air t-uaisle,
 'S cobhair mo chàs.
 Na biodham-s' am thraill dut
 Gu bràch, on aon uair-s' ;
 Ach tiomaich o chruas,
 Do chridhe gu tlàs.
 Cuir a chinn dileis, etc.

Cha'n fhadar leam cadal,
 Air leabaidh an uaigneas ;
 'S m' aigne ga bhuaire',
 Dh' òidhche 's a là.
 Ach ainnir is binne,
 'S a's grinne, 's a's suaice ;
 Gabh-sa dhiom truas,
 'S bithidh mi slàn !
 Cuir a chinn dileis, etc.

CUIR A CHINN DILEIS.

(MODERN SET.)

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an uilinn
 A tuireadh sa caoine ;
 Bhuaill saighead a ghaoil mi,
 Direach gu'm shàil.
 Dh' fhàs mi 'cho lag,
 'S nach b' urra' mi dìreadh ;
 Le goirteas mo chinn,
 'S cha d' shin i dhomh lamh.
 Cuir a chinn dileis, etc.

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an tulaich,
 An iomall na cuirte ;
 Ag amharc mo rùin,
 'S i 'n ionad ro ard.
 Thug i le fionnaireachd,
 Sealladh de sùil domh,
 'S thiunndaidh i cul-thaobh,
 Seachad air barr.
 Cuir a chinn dileis, etc.

Sheall mi am dbeighidh,
 Gu fradharc dh' i fhaotainn ;
 'S chunna' mi h-aodann,
 Farasda, tlà.
 Chunna' mi sealladh,
 A mhealladh na mìltean,
 'S amaideach mi,
 'S nach faigh mi na pàirt,
 Cuir a chinn dileis, etc.

Tha mais' ann ad bhilean
 Cha 'n aithris luchd-ciùil e,
 Togaidh tu sunnt,
 An tallachan ard.
 Leagair leat seachad,
 Sàr ghaigich na dùthch' ;
 Le sealladh do shùl,
 'S le giùlan do ghnàis.
 Cuir a chinn dileis, etc.

Do bhraghad ni 's gile,
 Na canach na dige ;
 Chite dol sìos,
 'M fionn bhainne blàth.
 S ioma rud eile—
 Cha 'n 'eil i ri faotainn,
 Idir san t-saoghal,
 Aogais mo ghraidh,
 Cuir a chinn dileis, etc.

Do chul mar an canach,
T-fhalt clannach 's ciùrn air,
A chumas an driùchd,
Gu dlù air a bharr.
Na chuailean air casadh,
Na chleachdan air lùbadh,
'S do-cheannaicht' an crùin,
Tha giulan a bhlath.
Cuir a chinn dileis, etc.

Do ghruaigh mar an corcur,
Beul socair o'm binn sgeui ;
Deud mar na disne,
'S finealt a dh' fhàs.
Do shlios mar an eala,
'S do mheall-shuilean miogach,
Thaladh thu m' inntinn,
'S cha phill i gu brach.
Cuir a chinn dileis, etc.

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-osnaich 'nuair a dhùisgeas mi,
Air bhì dha t-iundrann bh'uam.
Air bhì dhomh 'g-iundrann suairceis bh'
uam,
'S tu leagh mo shnuadh 's mo bhlà ;
O rinn do ghaol-sa' fuarachadh,
Cha dualach dhomh bhì slàn.
S ann riut a leiginn m' uir-easbhuidh,
Air ghleus nach cluinneadh càch,
Dh-fhag t-aogasg mi cho muladach,
'S gur cunnart dhomh am bàs.

Is mor a ta do ghibhlean 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 freagrath tu mo ghloir,
Gur h-e do chòmhradh maighdeannail,
Mo raghainn dheth gach ceol.
'S gur h-ìomadh òidhch' neo-aoibhneach,
Chum do chaoimhneas mi fo leòin ;
Is bì'dh mi nochd a' m' aonaran,
A smaointeach bean do neòil.

Tha bean do neòil am braitheachas,
Ri eala bhàn nan spéur ;
Gur binne leam bhì mànnan leat,
Na clàrsaichean nan téud.
Is tha do thlachd a's t-aillidheachd,
Ag cur do ghraidh an ceill ;
Gur cosmhuil thu ri àilleagan,
Da'n umhlaich càch gu léir.

Is beairt a chlaoidh mo shochair thu,
'S a shocraich ort mo ghaol ;
'S gur e mheudaich tùrsa dhomh,
Gu'n thu bhì dhomh mar shaoil.
Sgeul fìor a dh' fheudar 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 chuartaichadh,
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 dlù, do dheud,
Falt buidhe 's e na chuachan ort,
'S a shnuagh air dhreach nan téud.

Thug mise gaol da rìridh dhut,
'Nuair bha thu d' nionaig òig ;
Is air mo laimh nach dibrinn e,
Air mhìle punnd de 'n òr :
Ge d' fhaighinn fhìn na chrùintean e,
Ga cunnadh dhomh air bòrd ;
Cha treiginn gaol na ribhinne,
A tha 'n Ile ghlas an fheòir.

ORAN AILEIN

LUINNEAG.

Hùg ò ho-ri ho hoireannan,
Hùg ò ho-ri 's na hì ri hù ò,
Hithill ù hòg oireannan,
Hù o ho ri hòg oireannan !

AILEIN, Ailein, is fad an cadal,
Tha'n uiseag a' gairm 's an là glasadh,
Grian a'g èiridh air an leachdainn,
S fada bhuam fhìn luchd nam breacan.
Hug o ho-ri, etc.

Ailein duinn gabh sgoinn 's bi g' eiridh,
Tionail do chlonn, cuimhnich t-fheum orr.
Bì'dh Alba mhòr f: bheinn bhéisdean,
Mar a dion a muinntir fain i.
Hug o ho-ri, etc.

Bheir iad Mòrag¹ mhìn air éigin,
'S eagal leam gu'n dian i géilleadh,
S gu'n bi sliochd gun an coir fèin ac.
De Bhreatainn mhòr no de dh-Eirinn.
Hug o ho-ri, etc.

'Mhòrag na'm faicinn t-fhear-ceusaidh,²
Ge b' ann air càbhsair Dhùn-Eideann,
Thàirngainn na lainn chaola, gheura
'S dh-fhagainn fhìn e màrbh gun eiridh.
Hug o ho-ri, etc.

¹ Prince Charles. ² The Duke of Cumberland.

ORAN

DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

FHIR ud tha thall ma àiridh nan Comh-
aichean,
B'fhèarr leam fhìn gu'n cinneadh gnoth-
ach leat,
Shiùbhlainn Gleann-laoidh a's Gleann'-
comhan leat,
Da thaobh Loch-iall a's Gleann'-tadha
leat,

Hillirin hò-rò ho bha hò,
'S na hillirin hò-rò ho bha hì,
Na hillirin hò-rò ho bha hò,
Mo leann-dubh mòr on chaidh tu dhiom.

Shiùbhlainn moch leat, shiùbhlainn ana-
moch,
Air feadh choilltean, chreagan, a's ghar-
bhlach,
O ! gur h-e mo ruin an sealgair,
'S tu mo raghainn do shluagh Alba.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, etc.

A Thearlaich òig a chuilein chiataich,
Thug mi gaol dut 's cha ghaol bliadhna,
Gaol nach tugainn do dhiùc na dh'iarla,
B'fhèarr leam fhìn nach faca mi riamh
thu
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, etc.

Fhleasgaich ud am beul a Ghlinne,
Le t-fhalt dualach sìos ma d' shlinnean,
B'annsa leam na chuach bu bhinne,
'Nuair dheanadh tu rium do chòmhradh
milis.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, etc.

Bha do phòg mar fhion na l'iainge,
Bha do ghruaidh mar bhraileig Shàmh-
raidh,
Suil chorrach ghorm fo'd'mhala ghrean-
nar,
Do chul dualach, ruadh, a mheall mi.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, etc.

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 ho-ro ho bha ho, etc.

Mharbh iad m'athair a's mo dhà bhràth
air,
Mhill iad mo chinneadh a's chreach iad
mo chàirdean,
Sgrios iad mo dhùthaich ruisg iad mo
mhathair,
'S bu laoghaid mo mhulad nan cinneadh
le Tearlach.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, etc.

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, SISEAL

FEAR INNS' NAN-CEANN AN SRATH-
GHLAS A THUIT LATHA CHUILODAIR.
LE MHNAOI FEIN.

OCH ! a Thearlaich òig Stiubhairt,
'S e do chùis rinn mo leireadh,
Thug thu bhuan gach ni bh'agam,
Ann an cogadh na t-aobhar:
Cha chrodh, a's cha chaorich,
Tha mi caoidh ach mo chéile,
Ge do dh'fhàgte mi m'aonar,
Gun sian 's an t-saoghal ach leine.
Mo rùn geal òg.

Co nis 'thogas an claidheamh,
No ni chathair a lionadh?
'S gann gur h-e tha air m' aire,
O nach maireann mo chiad ghradh;
Ach cia mar gheibhinn 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' mhullach gu d' bhrògan,
Bha do shlios mar an eala,
'S blas na meal' air do phògan;
T-fhalt dualach, donn, lurach,
Mu do mhùineal an òrdugh,
'S e gu cam-lubach, cuimeir,
'S gach aon toirt urram d'a bhoicead.
Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tu 'm fear slinneanach leathunn,
Bu chaoile meadhan 's bu dealbhaich
Cha bu taillear gun eolas,
'Dheanadh cota math gearra dhut;
Na dheanadh dhut triubhais
Gun bhì cumhann, no gann dut;
Mar gheala-bhradan do chäsan
Le d' ghearr òsan mu d' chalpa.
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 chuilein,
Bheireadh fuil air mac eilde;
As do laimh bu mhor n' earbsa--
'S tric a mharbh thu le chéil iad.
Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tu pòitear na dilbe—
'N àm suidhe 's taigh òsda,
Ge be dh'oladh 's tu phaidheadh;
Ged' thuiteadh each mu na bordaibh,
Bhì air mhìsg cha 'n e b' fhiu 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 chanam, 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 fneutainn,
'S cha do sheas an Cuilodair,
Fear do choltais bu treine.
Mo rùn geal òg.

'S ioma baintighearna phriseil,
Le'n sìoda 's le 'n srolabh,
Dàn robh mis' am chuis-fhàrmaid,
Chionn gu'n tairgeadh tu pòg dhomh;
Ge do bhithinn cho seallbhach,
'S gu'm bu leam airgead Hanobhar,
Bheirinn cnàc anns 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 thigheinn—
Thuit mo chridhe gu doirteadh;
Cha tog fiodhall, no clàrsach,
Piob, no tàileasg, no ceòl e;
Nis o chuir iad thu'n tasgaidh,
Cha dùisg caidridh duin' òig mi.
Mo rùn geal òg.

Bha mi greis ann am barail,
Gu'm bu mhaireann mo chéile,
S gu'n tigeadh tu dhachaigh,
Le aighear 's le h-cìbhneas,

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 bantraich
 Nach d'fhuair sàmhla 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.—Christina 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 Choimheach" 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 semi-circle 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 burnished steel,
 Or fill the throne he ought to fill!"

and then, with the wings and wail 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 GHLINNE-COMIANN.

LEIS A BHARD MHUCANACH.¹

LAMH Dhé leinn a shaoghail!

Tha thu carach, mar chaochla nan sion,
 An ni nach guidheamaid fhaotainn
 Mar na sruthaibh ag aomadh a nios ;
 'S i chneidh féin, thar gach aobhar,
 Bhios gach duine ri caoine, 's e tinn,
 Breth Mhic-Samhain air saoidhean,
 Tigh'nn a ghleachd ruinn a thaobh cùl
 ar cinn.

A Rìgh ! fheartaich na gréine
 Tha'n cathair na féile, dean slth,
 Ri cloinn an fhir a bha ceutach,
 Nach bu choltach ri féile fir chrion ;
 'N uair a thogta leat bratach,
 Croinn chaola, fraoch dait', agus plob,
 Bhiodh mnai ghaoil, le fuaim bhàs
 A' caoi laoich nan arm sgaiteach's an stri.

Gu'n robh aigne duin' nasail
 Aig a bhail' agus uaithe a' d' chòir,
 Cha b' i gheire gun tuigse
 Bha sa bheul bu neo-thuisliche glòir ;

¹ 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.

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 plucean air stòl.

(4) Ach fear mòr bu mhath cumadh,
Bu neo-sgáthach an curaidh gun ghionn,
Cha robh barr aig mac duine ort
Ann an àilleachd, 's an uirigleadh cinn :
Anns a bhàl 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' chlaidheimh ag éiridh
As leth t-athar 's rìgh Seumas a chrùin :
'Taid an Albuinn 's an Eirinn,
Luchd a thaghaich, 'sa réiteach do chùis ;
Bí'dh là eile ga dheuchainn
'S tus' ad laidhe gun éisdeachd fo'n ùir.

(5) B'iad mo ghràdh na cuirp gheala
Bha gu fiùghantach, fearail, neo-chrìon,
'S mairg a chunnaic 'ur n-uaislean
Dol fo bhinn 'ur luchd-fuatha 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' armailt an rìgh.

(11) 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,

(6) Cha b'e cruadal an cridhe
Thug dhaibh buannachd air buidheann
mo rùn,
Tilgeadh luaidhe na cithibh
'S sibh mo thruaidh ! gun fhios air a
chùis :—

Eadar uaislean a's mhaithibh
Gun robh bhuaidh ud a' ruith oirn o thùs ;
O'n 's i 'n uaigh ar ceann-uidhe
Bí'dh na sluaisdean a' frithealadh dhuinn !

Cha b'i sud an fhuil shalach
Bha ga taomadh mu'n talamh sa' ghleann,
'S a liuthad ùmaidh mar ghearran
A bha cuir fùdair na dheannaibh mu 'r
ceann ;
A Rìgh dhùlaich nan aingeal !
Gabhsa cùram da 'r n-anam, 's sibh thall,
Chaidh 'ur cunntas an tainead
Le garbh dhùsgadh na malairt a bh' ann.

Thrùs do chinneadh r'a chéile,
Dheanamh 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 an baranta treun air an cùl
Bí'dh là eile ga fheuchainn,
'S mise druidte fo dhéile 's an ùir.

Cha bu chòcairean gioraig
Chumail còmhnard an slinnein ro chàch ;
O'n là thòisich an iomairt
Chaill Chlann-Dòmhnuille ceann-fine no
dhà ;
'N gleacair òg 'ur ceann-cinnidh
Chuir a dhòchas 'an smioraibh a chnàmh ;
Gheibheadh còcaire bioradh
Rogha spòltaich o spionnadh a làmh.

Luchd a thràghadh nam buideal
Bheireadh earrach air rùban de'n fhlon,
'Nuair a thàrladh sibh cuideachd
Bu neo-bhrùideil mu'n chupan ud sibh ;
Ag iomairt thàileasg, a's chluichibh
Air a chlàr bu neo thru'ail 'ur gnìomh ;
Cha bu chearr am measg truid sibh
'N an pàidheadh na cuideachd, 's g'an
diol.

Gu'm beil mise fo mhulad
Ag anharc 'ur gunnaidh' air stéill,
Sàr ghiomanaich ullamh
Leis an cinneadh an fhuil anns a bheinn,
Ann am frith nan damh mullaich
Far an deante libh munasg air seilg,
Ga bu tric sibh gan rùsgadh
Cha d' iarr sibh riann cunntas 's na béin.

(10)
 Cha bu sgàthaircan gealtach
 Bhiodh a' maoitheadh an gaisge gach là,
 Tha 's an Eilean na'n cadal
 Nach dùisg gus am faicear am bràth,
 Luchd dhreadh nan éit-bheann
 Le'n cuilbheirean gleusta na'n laimh,
 'S liomhor fear nach d'rinn éiridh
 Bha na ghiomanach treun air a h-earr.

Rìgh gur mis tha fo airtneul
 Rì am dìomh bhì faicinn 'ur beann,
 'S cha lugha mo chùram
 Rì bhì 'g amharc blur duthchannan thall,
 Mur bhìthe mar thachair
 'S ann leamsa gum b'ait bhì dol ann,
 Gus an tainig a chreach oirnn
 Mar gu'n tuiteadh a chlach leis a ghleann !

(12)
 'S iomadh fear tha toirt sgainneil
 Do'n tighearn òg air an fhearann so thall,
 Eadar ceann Locha-Raineach,
 Rugha Shlèibhte, 's bun Gharaidh nam
 beann,
 Bha thu feicheannach daingean
 Far an éiste ri d' theangaidh an cainnt,
 Mar urbal peucaig gu tarruinn,
 'S mar ghath reubaidh na nathrach gu
 call.

(13)
 Leum an stiùir bharr a claiginn
 Le muir slùgh, 's gun sinn ath-chainnt-
 each 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 oirnn,
 'S na 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 IAIN

'S AN T-SEARMOIN.

LUINNEAG.

Bha claidheamh air Iain,
 Air Iain, air Iain,
 Bha claidheamh air Iain 's an t-
 searmoin ;
 Bha claidheamh air Iain,
 Fear deas-laimh mo chridhe,
 'S tu 'dheanadh an fhlìghe 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,
 Egal 's gun dùisgeadh tu Albainn !
 Bha claidheamh, etc.

'Se'n sgathdan beag casraidh
 A thainig mu dheas oirn,
 'Chuir Iain na bhreislich mu 'armachd,
 'S ann a mhosgail mo chridhe,
 Deagh fhortain 'bhi tighinn,
 'Nuair chitlìnn a chladheamh 's an t-
 searmoin.
 Bha claidheamh, etc.

Air là Sliabh an t-siorra
 Cha ghabhadh tu giorrag,
 'Nuair chaidh na gillean gu stairich,
 'Nuair ghlaoidh iad am bristeadh,
 Cha philleadh tu idir—
 'S ann dh-fhag thu na ficheadan marbh
 dhiin.
 Bha claidheamh, etc.

Gur mòr a bha d' phòrabh,
De dh'ardan Chlann-Dòmhnuaill—
Na'm bitheadh do phòca lan airgeid,
Gu'n tugadh tu dhachaigh dhuinn
Rìgh fhear na h-Apunn,
A dh'aindeoin fir Shasuinn mar marblt'
thu.

Bha claidheamh, etc.

'S iomadh òganach ullamh,
Nach éisdeadh an cumasg,
Bha gun chladheamh, gun ghunna, gun
targaid,
Gun urad na biodaige,
'M falach fo chrioslaich ;
Ged' bha Mac-a-Ghiobaich na armachd.
Bha claidheamh, etc.

'S mòr mo chùram mu d' phearsa
Mu t-arm a's mu t-acuinn,
Mu d' shlinnean mu d' chearisleam 's mu
d' bhalgan,
'S gu'n 'bhrìst thu an t-achda
'Rinn Deòrsa bha 'n Sasunn,
'Nuair chaidh thu cho spailpeil na t-
armachd.

Bha claidheamh, etc.

Chaidh 'n claidheamh air astar,
Do bhraighe Lochabar,
Laidh rua-mheirg le dealt air a bharr-
dheis :

Tha'm breabadair againn,
Na chliamhuinn do'n t-Sagart,
'S gu'm faigh e bho'n pharson sin
tearmad.

Bha claidheamh, etc.

Mu dh-fhaireas sibh cunnart,
'S nach fhaod sibh a chumail,
Cuiribh e thuinnidh do'n Gharbh-shliabh ;
'S iomadh àite math falaich,
Dà thaobh Locha-Garaidh,
'S tha'n dream ud gle dhealaidh do
Bhalgan.

Bhu claidheamh, etc.

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 intelligencer 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 BHÀTA.

LUINNEAG.

Fhir a bhàta, na horo-éile,
Fhir a bhàta, na horo-éile ;
Fhir a bhàta, na horo-éile,
Gu ma slàn dut, 's gach àit' an téid thu.

'S tric mi sealtuinn o'n chnoc a's àirde,
Dh-fheuch am faic mi fear a bhàta :
An tig thu 'n diugh, 'a'n tig thu maireach?
'S mar tig thu idir, gur truagh a tà mi.
Fhir a bhata, na horo-éile, etc.

Tha mo chridhe-se 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 ?
Fhir a bhata, no horo-eile, etc.

'S tric mi foidhneachd de luchd nam bàta,
Am fac iad thu, na 'm beil thu sàbhailt ;
S ann a tha gach aon ara rium a 'g ràite,
Gur gòrach mise ma thug mi gràdh dhut.
Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, etc.

Gheall mo leannan domh gùn dhe 'n t-sìoda,

Gheall e sud agus breacan rìomhach ;
Fain' òir anns am faicinn Ìomhaigh ;
Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e dìoch-
uimhn'.

Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, etc.

Cha 'n eil baile beag 's am bì thu,
Nach tàmh thu greis ann, a chur do sgios
diot ;

Bheir thu làmh air do leabhar rìomhach,
A ghabhail dhuanaig 's a bhuaireadh
nìonag.

Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, etc.

Ged a thuirt iad gu'n robh thu aotrom,
Cha do laghadaich sud mo ghaol ort ;
'Bì'dh tu m' aising anns an òidhche,
A's anns a mhadainn bì'dh mi 'ga t-
fhoineachd.

Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, etc.

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 chaoidh, gus an claidh
am bàs mi.

Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, etc.

Tha mo chàirdean gù tric ag innseadh,
Gu'm feum mi t-aogas a chuir air
diochuimhn' ;

Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho diamh-
ain,

'S bhi pilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaidh.
Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, etc.

Tha mo chrìosan air dol an airde,
Cha'n ann' bho fhìdhleir, na bho chlàrsair ;
Ach bho stiùireadair a bhata—

'S mur tig thu dhachaigh, gur truagh mar
tha mi.

Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, etc.

Bì'dh mi tuille gu tìrsach, deurach,
Mar eala bhàn 's i an déis' a reuladh ;
Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach,
A's càch uileadh an deighidh tréigsinn.

Fhir a bhata, na horo-eile, etc.

ORAN GAOIL,

DO MHAIGHDIN UASAIL 'S AN EILEAN-
FHADA.

LUIÑNEAG.

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-fhaotainn.

MHAIRI bhòidheach gur mòr mo ghaol
ort,

Gur tric mi cuimhneachadh ort 's mi
m'aonar,

Ge do shìubhlainn gach ceum de'n t-
saoghal,

Bì'dh t'ìomhaigh bhòidheach tigh'n beò
gach taobh dhìom.

A Mhàiri bhòidheach, etc.

'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, etc.

Ach chithear féidh air sgéith 's na' speuran,
'S chithear iasg air aird nan sléithean,
Chithear sneachda dubh air g'heugan,
Mu'm faicear caochladh tig'n air mo spéis
dhut.

A Mhàiri bhòidheach, etc.

O Mhàiri!—lughdaich thu mo chiall
domh,

Tha mo chridh' le do ghaol air lionadh :
Tha gach là dhomh cho fad ri bliadhna,
Mur faic mi t'aodainn a ta mar ghrian
domh.

A Mhàiri bhòidheach, etc.

Do shuilean meallach fo d' mhala bhoidh-eich,

Do bhùlean tana air dhath nan ròsan,
Slios mar chanach an gleannan mòintich,
'S do ghruaidh mar chaoran fo séith nam mòrbheann.

A Mhari bhoidheach, etc.

Fhir a shiubhlas thar thonnan uaibhreach,
A dh'ionnsaidh Innseachan cian nan cuaintean,

Thoir gach slod, agus ni tha luach-mhor,
Dh'ionnsaidh Màiri a rinn mo bhuair-eadh.

A Mhari bhoidheach, etc.

Eoin ! a's moiche a théid air sgiathan,
'S a dhireas suas ann an aird na h-iàrmailt,
Na bitheadh latha thig fad na bliadhna,
'S nach seinn sibh ceol d'a mo Mhàiri chiataich.

A Mhari bhoidheach, etc.

Ach cha dean Eala air slios nam morthonn,
Cha dean smeòrach am badan bòidheach,
Cha dean gach inneal ciùil ach crònan,
'Nuair a sheinneas mo Mhàiri bhòidheach.

A Mhari bhoidheach, etc.

Ge do bhi mi gu tùrsach cianail,
'S mi le cùram air mo lionadh,
Ni do ghnùis-sa tha mar a ghrian domh,
Mo chridhe suntach 'nuair thig thu m'fhianais.

A Mhari bhoidheach, etc.

Gu mo slàn do mo Mhàiri bhòidheich,
Ge b'e àite 's am bi i còmhnuidh,
'S e mo dhùrachd-sa 'n fad 's a's beò mi,
Gu'm bi gach sòlas aig Màiri bhòidheich.

A Mhari bhoidheach, etc.

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 BHAN.

LE DOMHNUL MAC-AONGHAIS.

LWINNEAG.

Mo nighean bhui' bhàn na falbhadh tu leam,

Mo nighean bhui' bhàn na falbhadh tu leam,

Mo nighean bhui' bhàn na falbhadh tu leam,

Gu'n ceannaicheinn gùn de'n t-shloda dhut.

NIGHEAN bhàn th'air cnoc a mhurain,
Dha'n tug mi mo ghaol o'n uiridh,
B'annsa leam na òr na cruinne
'Chuillein thu bhi' siute rium.

Mo nighean bhui' bhàn, etc.

'S furasd dhomb-sa' ghruagach t-àireamh,
Do chul dualach, cuachach, fàineach,
Gruaidh thana, dhearg, a's glan' deàrsadh;

'S falt mar bharr nan dithean ort.

Mo nighean bhui' bhàn, etc.

Tha thu gu ro bhòidheach taitneach,
Foghainteach, deas, ann am pearsa,
Cha 'n urra' mi chiall 's a thasgaidh,
Trian dheth do thlachd innseadh dhut.

Mo nighean bhui' bhàn, etc.

'S mall do rōsg, 's gur glan do leirsinn,
Suil ghorm, mar dhearcag an t-shlèibhe,
Mala chaol a's caoine réidhe,
Cha bu bhreug ach firinn sud.

Mo nighean bhui' bhàn, etc.

Calpa bàn nach iarr an gartan,
Troigh shocrach nach dochunn faiche,
'S e mheudaich cho mòr mo thlachd dhiot,

Chionns nach faicte mi-ghean ort.

Mo nighean bhui' bhàn, etc.

Beul is binne sheinneas òrain,
Millis, blasda, socair, còmhnard,
Gu fonnor, farasd, ro dhoigheil,
Cha bhi sgòd ri' inns' oirre.

Mo nighean bhui' bhàn, etc.

Anna ged' nach eil mi stocail,
Cha 'n i'n t-shnàthad mo cheird chosn-aidh,

Dheannain aran eorma 's corca
Mar ris an dhroch shìde dhut.
Mo nighean bhui' bhàn, etc.

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 bì la-laoch sìnne riut.
Mo nighean bhui' bhàn, etc.

ORAN GAOIL.

LE NIGHEAN FHIR NA REILIG.

TIG trè nìth gu'n iarraidh,
An t-eagal, an t-ìadach, 's an gaol ;
'S gur beag a chùis mhaslaidh,
Ged' ghlacadh leo mis air a h-aon,
'S a luinghad bean uasal
A fhuaradh sa' chiont an robh mì,
A thug an gaol fuadainn
Air ro bheagan duaise ga chionn.
Air failirin, illirin,
Uillirin, othóro laoidh !
'S cruaidh fortan gun fhìos,
A chuir mise fo chuing do ghaoil.

'Fhìr a dhìreas am bealach
Beir soruidh do 'n ghleannan fo thuath ;
A's innis do m' leannan,
Gur maireann mo ghaol 's gur buan,
Fear eile cha ghabh mì
'S cha 'n fhuilig mì idir a luaidh
Gus an dean thu ghaoil m' àicheadh,
Cha chreid mì bho chàch gur fuath.
Air failirinn, etc.

Fhìr nan gorm shuilean meallach.
O 'n ghleannan de'm bidheadh an
smùid,
Ga 'm beil a chaoìn mhala,
Mar chanach an t-sléibh' fo dhriùchd :
'Nuair readh¹ tu air t-uilinn,
Bhiodh fuil air fear dhlreadh nan stùc.
'S nam bì'dh tu ghaoil mar riun
Cha b' anaid an céile leam thu.
Air failirinn, etc.

Na faicinn thu tighinn,
'S fios domh gur tusa bhiodh ann ;
Gu'n cìreadh mo chridhe
Mar aiteal na gréin' thar nam beann ;

¹ " Reachadh," poetically rendered.

'S gu'n tugainn mo bhriathar,
Gach gaoisdean tha liath na mo cheann
Cu'm fàsadh iad buidhe,
Mar dhùthein am bruthaich nan allt !
Air failirinn, etc.

Cha b' ann air son beartais,
No idir ro phailteas na spréigh ;
Cha b' fhear do shìol bhodach
Bha m' osnaich cho trom á dhéidh.
Ach mhac an duin' uasail,
Fhuair buaidh air an dùthaich gu léir ;
Ge do bhitheamaid falamb,
Tha caraid a chitheadh oirn feum.
Air failirinn, etc.

Mur tig thu féin tuilleadh
Gur aithne dhomh mhalairt a th' ann
Nach eil mì cho beartach
Rì cailin an achaidh ud thall.
Cha tugainn mo mhìsneachd,
Mo ghliocas, a's grinneas mo làmh,
Air buaile chrodh ballach
A's cailin gun iùil na'n ceann.
Air failirinn, etc.

Mu chaidh thu orm seachad,
Gur taitneach, neo-thuisleach, mo
chliù ;
Cha d' rinn mì riut comunn,
'S cha d' lardh mì leat riamh ann an
cùil.
Cha 'n araichinn arachd
Do dhuine chuir àd air a chrùn ;
On tha mì cho beachdail,
S gu'n smachdaich mì gaol nach fiù.
Air failirinn, etc.

Bu laoghaid mo thàmailt,
Na 'm b' airidh ni b' fhearr a bhiodh
ann ;
Ach dubh-chail' a buacair,
'Nuair ghlacas i buarach na làmh.
Nuair thig an droch earrach
'S a chaillear an ni ann sa' ghleann ;
Bitheas is' air an t-shiùilaid
Gun tuille dheth' bunaltas ann.
Air failirinn, etc.

ES-AN DA FREAGAIRT.

S truadh nach robh mì 's mo leannan,
'S a chrannaig air stiùreadh 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 àirdh chruidh-
 laoidh.
 Air failirinn, etc.

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.

GUR mis' tha gu tinn,
 Le goirteas mo chinn ;
 'S ged' reach mi na chill,
 Cha phill mo leannan mi.
 Thainig an gille, etc.

'S e m' ulaidh 's mo ghrádh,
 Fear dubh agus bàn ;
 Cha'n innis mi chàch,
 Gu bràch, do ghealladh dhomh.
 Thainig an gille, etc.

Gur h-ioma' bean òg,
 Le sìoda agus sròl ;
 A chunntadh le deoin,
 Ma chrò crodh bainne dhut.
 Thainig an gille, etc.

Gur guirme do shùil,
 No 'n dearcag fo'n dritichd ;
 'S gur finealt do ghnùis,
 Na ùr-ros mheanganan.
 Thainig an gille, etc.

'N gille dubh caol,
 Na laidhe san fhraoch ;
 'S a ghunna ri thaobh,
 B'e 'n fhaodail fhalaich e.
 Thainig an gille, etc.

'S matl thig gunna bheoil chaoil,
 An deas-lamh mo ghaoil ;
 'S cha chlaghaire faoin,
 A dh-fhaodadh tarruinn ris.
 Thainig an gille, etc.

'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, etc.

'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, etc.

'Nuair lùbadh tu 'n glùn,
 'S a chaogadh tu 'n t-sùil ;
 Bhiodh eilid nan stùc,
 'S a cùl ri talamh leat.
 Thainig an gille, etc.

B'u stiùirich' a chuain,
 Air bharruibh nan stuadh,
 Ri latha fliuch, fuar :—
 Mo luaidh do dh' fhearaibh thu.
 Thainig an gille, etc.

Ged' bhidheadh a ghaoth,
 Ri sgoltadh nan craobh ;
 Gu'n cumadh mo ghaol,
 A' taobh 's na marannan.
 Thainig an gille, etc.

Mo bheannachd ad dhéigh,
 Ma dh-fhag thu mi féin ;
 Ach guidheamaid céile,
 Beusach, banail, dut.
 Thainig an gille, etc.

MO NIGHEAN CHRUIINN DONN.

LUINNEAG.

Dh-fhalbh mo nighean chruinn, donn,
 Bhuan 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 TRUAGH nach robh mi 's mo ghaol
 Ann an gleann cùbhraidh ;
 'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo ghaol
 Ri h-uisg' ann 's ri gaoith ;
 'S fo shileadh nan craobh
 Bhitheamaid sunntach.
 Dh-fhalbh, etc.

Nam biodh agamsa spréidh
 Bhithinn glé chùirteil,
 Nam biodh agamsa spréidh
 Feadh bhéann agus sléibh,
 B' ùr a gheibhinn thu féin,
 'S cha bu chéil' ùmaidh.
 Dh-fhalbh, etc.

Ged tha thus' an tràth-s'
 Ann an Gleann-Iùraidh,
 Ged tha thus' ann an tàmh,
 Tha t-aigne fo phràmh,
 Agus mise gun stà,
 Le do ghràdh ciùrte.
 Dh-fhalbh, etc.

Beir mo shorruidh gun dàil
 Bhuam do dh Iùraidh;
 Beir mo shorruidh le gràdh
 Dh-fhios na h-òigh rinn mo chràdh;
 'S 'nuair a chluinn i mar thà,
 Bi'dh sì-féin tùrsach.
 Dh-fhalbh, etc.

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, etc.

AN ÆNIGHEAN DUBH.

A NIGH'N dubh nan gruaidhean craobh-
 ach,

Bha uair gu'm bu bheag a shaoilinn,
 Gu'n caidlinn an òidhech' as t-aonais,
 Chaidh sid aog a's chaochail e cruth.
 Tha thu suarach umam an diugh,
 Ge d' bha uair bu toigh leat mo ghuth;
 Tha thu suarach umam an diugh.

'Nuair a bha sinn anns na gleannain,
 'Cuallach a chruidh-laigh mu'n mhainnir,
 Shaoil mi fhìn nach robh air thalamh
 Fear a mhealladh bean a chinn duibh.
 Tha thu suarach, etc.

A thé sinn a th' aig na gamhnan,
 Bha mi uair is bu mhòr mo gheall ort;
 'S gil' thu na sneachd' air na beanntan,
 Ann san àm am bite 'ga chur.
 Tha thu suarach, etc.

'Nuair a thogadh tu giùth t-òrain,
 Bu bhinn' thu na chuach 's an 'smeòrach,
 'Nuair a sheinneadh iad mar chòmhlà,
 Madainn cheò air bharrach an stuib.
 Tha thu suarach, etc.

Tha do chneas cho gheal 's an fhaolag,
 Do dha ghruaidh cho dearg 's na caoran;
 Suilean meallach, gorm, na t-aodann,
 Mala chaol, mar ite 'n loin-duibh.
 Tha thu suarach, etc.

Tha mi lag, ged' bha mi laidir,
 Tha mi sgith gu siubhal fhàsach;
 'S gur e thug mo chridhe mhàn,
 Ro mhiad a gràidh a bhàirg mi dhut.
 Tha thu suarach, etc.

Tha thu bòidheach, tha thu loinneil,
 'S duilich leam gu'm beil thu foilleil;
 'S binne thu na guth choilich-choille,
 Anns an doire 'n goireadh e moch.
 Tha thu suarach, etc.

Is tric a bha saill air sean each,
 Agus puisean ann an glainne,
 Amhuil sin as gaol mo leannain,
 Mar chop geal air bharrailh nan sruth.
 Tha mi suarach umad an diugh,
 Ged' bha uair bu toigh leam do ghùth,
 Tha mi suarach umad an diugh.

OCHOIN ! MO CHAILIN.

Gu 'n dh'eirich mi moch, air madainn
 an dé,
 'S ghearr mi'n ear-thalmhainn, do bhri
 mo sgéil;
 An duil gu'n faicinn-sa rùin mo chléibh;
 Ochèin ! gu'm facas, 's a cùl rium féin.

Ochèin ! mo chailin, 's mo shùil a
 d' dhéigh,

Ochèin ! mo chailin, 's mo shùil a
 d' dhéigh;

Mo Lili, mo Lili, 's mo shùil a d'
 dhéigh:

Cha leur dhomh am bealach, le
 sìleadh nan deur.

Na 'm bidheadh sud agam, mo lùgh 's
mo leum,
Mì 'm shuidh air a bhealach, 's mo chì
air èill ;
Gu'n deanainn-sa cogadh, gu laidir,
treun,
Mu 'n leiginn mo leannan le fear tha fo
'n ghréin.
Ochoin ! mo chailin, etc.

'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, etc.

O ! cha 'n 'eil uiseag, no faoilinn bhàn,
Am barr a chaisteil 's an robh mi 's mo
ghràdh ;
Nach eil ri tuireadh, a dh-òidhche 's
do là,
On' chual'iad gu'n ghlacadh mo chailin
air làimh.
Ochoin ! mo chailin, etc.

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 LUAINÈACH.

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 troma, 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 shùl ;
Mar aiteal na gréine,
'S i 'g eiridh moch madainn dhrùichd.

Do bheul tana glé dhearg,
F'o 'n eudann 's guirme suil ;
'S ged bhiodh tu ad leine
B' e m' éibhneas de dh-fhearailbh thu.

M' aighear a 's mo riin thu,
S e cuirtear na féile bh' ann ;
Càs dhireadh nan stùc-bheann,
Ceum lùghar air feagh nan gleann.
A mhiad sa thug mi dhiù dhut,
Gu'n dh' fhàg e mo shuillean dall ;
'S gu'n deanainn leat lùbadh
Ged dhiùltainn trì mìle Gall.

On thana' mi 'n tir so,
Air m' inntinn gun laidh trom sproc ;
Cuimhneachadh na dh' fhàg mi,
Cha tàmh dhonh 'm baile no port.
Oigear a chul-shniomhain,
Beul siomhalt nach labhair lochd ;
Ged bhidhinn fo mhi-ghean
Gu'n innsina dhut e le 'm thoil.

'S coma leam 'n seann duine,
Laidheas gu teann ris an stoc ;
Fad na h-òidhche geamhraidh,
Cha tiunndaidh 's gu'm bi na thosd.
Laidhidh e gu diblidh,
Na shineadh air bharr nan sop,
Gu'n tarrainn e t-sranntaich,
'S gun tiunndaidh e cul a nòig.

C' arson nach labhrainn caoin riut
A ghaoil, cha cheilinn sid ort ?
Seann-duine cha taobh mi,
Ged dh' fhaodadh cha'n eireadh moch.
Ged' robh aige caoirich,
'S an saoghal a bhi gu thoil ;
'Nuair labhradh e pràmhail
Bu chraiteach mo chridhe 'm chorp.

M' uilidh, 's mo ghràdh, thu,
Gur ràidhe gach òidhch' ad dhéigh ;
Lamh 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-ullach 's mo ghunn' am laimh.
S ann a dhearc' mi stuaire,
Na gruaig ùnne' mhùinneil bhain,
Agus durlach buain' aic,
De'n luachair bu ghlaise dh-fhas'.”

NIGHEAN DONN NA BUAILLE.

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' bhriodal a's le d' chiùine ;
A's lùb thu mi mar fhiùran,
'S cha dùthchas domh bhifallain bhuat.

Do chùl donn dait' an òrdugh,
Gu bachlach, bòidheach, camagach,
T' aghaidh fhlatthail, chòmhnard,
Mar ite 'n eoin do mhalaichean,
Dà shuil chorrach, mhiogach,
Rosg glan a' cumhail dìonn orr' ;
Do ghruaidhean meachair, mìne,
'S do phòg mar fhiogois mheanganan.

Mar reull a measg an t-sluaigh thu,
Nam gluasad a chum tionalaidh ;
Cha tugadh Bhénus buaidh ort,
'S ar'd thug do shnuadh-sa barrachd
oir'

Chit' an fion a' dealaradh,
Ann am dol sìos tre d' bhraghad ;
Gur math thig sìoda 'n càradh,
Ma mhuinneal bàn na h-ainnìre.

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-lòdail ;
Troigh chruinn ann am broig chòmhn
aird,
Nach toir air fèirnean carachadh.

Do bheul o'm binn' thig òrain,
Ceol agus ceileirean,
Gur binne leam do chòmhradh,
Na sméorach air na meanganan.
O 'n chuir mi 'n tùs ort eolas,
Gu'n tug mi gaol cho mòr dhut,
'S mar faigh mi thu ri d' phòsadh,
Gu 'n cuir do bhròn fo'n talamh mi.

Na 'm b' e 's gu'm biodh tu deònach,
'S gu'm pòsamaid an ath-ghoirid,
Cha 'n iarrainn leat de stòras,
Ach còmh-dacha na banaraich.
Ge b' leamsa 'n Roinn Eòrpa,
'S America le mòr shluagh,
Na 'm faighinn dhomh fhìn còir ort,
Bu leat gach stòr 's gach fearann diù.

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 bòilich,
Gur heag 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.

GU ma slàn a chùl mi,
Mo chailin dìleas 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 chrì'
'Nuair a bhí'dh tu bruidhinn rium.

Gur muladach a tà mi,
 'S mi nochd air aird a chuain,
 'S neo shunntach mo chadal domh,
 'S do chaidridh fada bhuan ;
 Gur tric mi ort a smaointeach ;
 As t-aogais tha mi truagh ;
 'S mar a dean mi t-fhaotaim
 Cha bhi mo shaoghal buan !

Suil chorrach mar an dearcag
 Fo' rosg a dh-iathas dlù ;
 Gruaidhean mar na caoran,
 Fo 'n aodann tha leam ciùin—
 Mar d' aithris iad na breugan,
 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 cùran,
 A rùin,—na creid an sglèò ;—
 Tha t-anail leam ni 's cùraidh,
 Na'n drùichd air bharr an fheoir.

Tacan mu'n do sheol sinn,
 'S ann a thoisich càch
 Ri innseadh 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 aimlisg,
 '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 coir,
 'S ma dh' fhanas sinn bho chéile,
 'S i 'n éigin a bheir oirn'.

Tha 'n snaim 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 Caimbeulaich mar chairdeas,
 Ga t-ardachadh le strith.”

MORAG.

LUINNEAG.

'S i luaidh mo chagair Mòrag,
 Mo ghaol sa mhadainn Mòrag,
 Gu'm b'ait leam agam Mòrag,
 Gur taitneach leam a còmhradh.

'S TU Mhòrag rinn mo bhuaireadh,
 O chunna' mi di-luan thu
 Tha m'aigne leat a gluasad,
 'S cha tàmh e mar bi buaidh leis,
 Mur geill thu bi'dh mi truagh dheth.
 'S i luaidh mo chagair, etc.

Do shaighdean rinn mo leònadh,
 'S iad chuir mi uil' as ordugh,
 Cha bhi mi tuille 'n sòlas,
 Mur fàiltich thu le pòig mi,
 'S do lamh a gealladh coir ort.
 'S i luaidh mo chagair, etc.

'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 sàmh' do bhòicheid.
 'S i luaidh mo chagair, etc.

Ge h-ioma tè a chi mi,
 Cha téid iad uile 'm pòis riut,
 'S tu Bhenus measg nam mìltean,
 'S e t-engas thug mo chli bhuan,
 'S a dh-fhàg an diugh gun li mi.
 'S i luaidh mo chagair, etc.

'Nuair bhitheas mi ann a m'aoonar,
 Nam chadal na mo sheòmar,
 Thig t-iomhagh làn de bhòichead,

An sinn dùisgidh mi le sòlas,
An duil gu'm beil sinn còmhla.
'S i luaidh mo chagair, etc.

Gur tric mi air mo ghluasad,
'N àm cuimhneach air na h-uairean,
An robh mi, a's tu cluaineas,
'S a ruith le cèuman luatha,
'S nach pill iad tuille nuadh dhomh.
'S i luaidh mo chagair, etc.

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 chaoidh am thrail mi.
'S i luaidh mo chagair, etc.

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 Gaelic.*

AN GILLE DUBH CIAR-DHUBH.

CHA dirich mi brughach,
'S cha shiubhail mi mointeach,
Dh-fhalbh mo ghuth cinn,
'S cha sheinn mi òran.
Cha chaidil mi uair,
O luan gu dòmhach,
'S an gille dubh ciar-dhubh ;
Tighinn fo m' ùidh.

'S truagh nach robh mise,
'S an gille dubh ciar-dhubh ;
An aodainn na beinne
Fo shileadh nan siantan ;
An lagan beag fàsaich,
Nan àitigin diamhair,
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S e tighinn fo m' ùidh.

Dh-òlainn deoch-slainn',
A ghille dhuibh chiar-dhuibh
Do dh-uisge nan lòn,
Cho deònach 's ge b' fhion e,
Ged tha mi gun òr,
Tha ni 's leor tigh'n' d'am iarraidh,
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S e tighinn fo m' ùidh.

Mo ghille dubh bòidheach,
Ge gòrach le càch thu ;
Dheanainn do phòsadh,
Gun deoin da mo chàirdean :
Shiubhlainn leat fada,
Feadh lagan a's fhàsach,
'S cha ghabh mi fear liath
'S tu tighinn fo m' ùidh.
Mo ghille dhubh laghach,
'S neo-raghainn leam t-fhàgail,
Na 'm faicinn an cuideachd thu,
Thaghainn ro chàch thu ;
Ged' fhaicinn cùig mìl',
Air chinnt gur tu b' fhearr leam,
Cha ghabhainn fear liath
'S tu tighinn fo m' ùidh.

'S luaineach mo chadal,
Bho mhadainn di-ciadain,
'S bruaileanach m' aigneachd,
Mur furtaich thu chiall mi,
'S mi raoir air dhroch leabaidh,
Cha'n fhada gu liath mi.
'S an gille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Tighinn fo m' ùidh.

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' Letters.*

CRUINNEAG A CHRUIDIL.

THA mulad mòr ga m' shàrach
Nach faigh mi dol do 'n àiridh,
'S cha'n fhaod mi bhì ga ràite,
Airagal càch ga leughadh.
Mo chailin grinn, meal-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 laidhe sinnte riut,
Ach m' inntinn a bhi 'g innseadh dhomh,
Nach strìochdadh tu 's an éa-còir.
Mo chailin grinn, etc.

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, etc.

Na'm biodh mo chruinneag deònach,
Cha chumadh Cléir no stòl mi,
Ach dh-fhalbhainn leat thar m' eòlas,
A phòsadh do Dhun-éideann.
Mo chailin grinn, etc.

Thug mi gaol ro òg dhut,
Nach tréig mi fhad 's is beò mi.
An dùil ri t-fhaighinn pòsda,
Le toil a's deòin na Cléire.
Mo chailin grinn, etc.

Tha gruaimhean 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, etc.

Dh-innsinn duibh a h-aogas,—
A gruaidh cho dearg ri caoran,
'S a dà shùil mheallach, chaogach,
Fo mhala chaol na h-euchdaig.
Mo cailin grinn, etc.

A bràighe dealrach rìomhach,
Mu'n àillte thig an sìoda,
'S a broilleach corrach chiochan—
A s gile 'fhiamh na'n éiteag.
Mo chailin grinn, etc.

Do phòg air bhlas nam figis,
O'n bheul dh-fhas meachair, sìomhalt :
'S e mhead sa fhuair mi d' bhriodal,
A ghoid an crìdh' a'm' chreubhaig.
Mo chailin grinn, etc.

Cha'n e mòid do phòrsain,
A dh-fhàg mo chion cho mòr ort ;
Na'm faighinn thu ri phòsadh,
Cha stòr a bha mo dhéidh air.
Mo chailin grinn, meal-shuileach,
dhubb,
'S toigh leam fhìn cruinneag
a chruidh,
'Chailinn ghrinn meal-shuiteich,
Air m' fhalluinn thug mi spéis dhut.

FEAR AN LEADAIN THILAITH.

LUINNEAG.

Fhir an leadain thlàith,
Dh-fhàg thu mi fo bhròn
Tha mi trom an dràs,
'S e sin fà mo dheoir !

FHIR chuil dualaich, chleachdaich,
'S bòiche fiamh ri fhaicinn,
Tha do ghaol an tasgaidh
N seomar glai't' na m' fheòil.
Fhir an leadain, etc.

Tha do ghruaidh mar shuthain,
An garaidh nan ubhall,
Binne leam no chuthag,
Uirighill do bheoil.
Fhir an leadain, etc.

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.
Fhir an leadain, etc.

Fhir an leadainn laghaich,
'S tu mo ruin 's mo raghain,
'Na'n sguireadh tu thaghal
'S an taigh am bì'n t-òl.
Fhir an leadain, etc.

Fhir an leadain chraobhaich,
'S òg a rinn thu m' aomadh,
Thug thu mi bhò 'm dhaoine,
Fhuair mo shaothair òg.
Fhir an leadain, etc.

An gàir' a rinn m' n uiridh,
 Chuir mo cheum an truimead,
 'S mis a tha gu duilich,
 'S muladach mo cheòl.
 Fhir an leadain, etc.

FAILTE 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-àirm gu sgibidh,
 Os ceann adhairc-chrios nam ball.
 Fàilte dhut, etc.

'S tu sealgair a's dìrich amharc,
 'S geal an aingeal th' ann ad ghleus ;
 'S tric do luaidhe ghlas na siubhal,
 'S i gu fuilteach, guineach, geur.
 Fàilte dhut, etc.

Bu tu nàmh a chapuill-choille,
 'S a bhuic an doire nan stùc ;
 Marbhaich a bhric ris a choinneil,
 'S a choilich anns a choille dhlù.
 Fàilte dhut, etc.

'S math thig sid air do ghiùlan
 Flasp anns am bi fùdar gorm,
 'S aireach leam nach d' rinn mi cùis riut,
 Ged a bhiodh an t-ùmhladh orm !
 Fàilte dhut, etc.

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.
 Fàilte dhut, etc.

Ma chaidh tu timicheall air an rugha,
 B' i'dh mi dubhach as do dheigh ;
 'S gus an cluinn mi thu 'bhi tighinn,
 Gu'n robh gach slighe dhut réidh.
 Fàilte dhut, etc.

HI-RI-RI 'S HO RA-ILL-O.

LUINNEAG.

Hi-ri-rì 's ho ra-ill-ò,
 Raill o ho, raill ò,
 Hi-ri-rì 's ho ra-ill-o,
 Mo nighean donn is bòidhche.

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-rì, etc.

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-rì, etc.

Còmhach cinn is àille snuadh,
 S e'n ordudh nan ioma' dual,
 Gus an cuir iad mi 's an uaigh,
 Cha toir mi fuath do Mhòraig.
 Hi-ri-rì, etc.

Na h-orain mhilis thig od bheul,
 'S annsa' leam na ceol nan teud,
 'S binne na smeòrach air géig,
 Na fuinn thig réidh bho Mhòraig.
 Hi-ri-rì, etc.

'S cliùtach, siomhalta, do bheus,
 Aigne ciùin, 's e socrach, réidh
 Gu seirceil, suaice, soitheamh, gléiste,
 Gnùis na féile Mòrag !
 Hi-ri-rì, etc.

B' annsa leam na òr na Spainte,
 Do ghnùis fhaicinn le fiamh gàire,
 'S e sid a dh-fhag brute m' àirnean,
 Miad mo ghràidh do Mhòraig.
 Hi-ri-rì, etc.

'Nuair lionte 'n deoch a bhiodh blàth,
 Ma fheasgar 's na cupain bhàn',
 Ged dhuise gear sgainneal le càch,
 Cha chluinnear càran Mhòraig.
 Hi-ri-rì, etc.

'N uair chuir 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-rì, etc.

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, etc.

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-

[Eillean Bacach] CHEITEAN.

GUR 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-'I'lean
 A cur a chatha na ònar,
 'S theich iad féin troi chéile
 Gun fhear-éilidh an òrdugh.

Fail 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 o rò ;
 Fail il-an ó hõ: och nan och ! mar
 a tà sinn !

✓ Bu mhor bha dh-uircasbhui' làmh ort,
 Ged thug àrdan ort fuireach,
 Ach tuille 's an t-ana-bharr
 Theachd a nall air an luings ;
 'S mis a chuireadh an geall
 Mur biodh ann ach na h-urrad,
 Nach bualadh iad baing ort
 Ann sa chàmpa le sulas.
 Fail il-an, etc.

✓ 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-meanmnach,
 Agus paidhear mhath phìostal
 Air chrìos nam ball airgeid.
 Fail il-an, etc.

Cha bu shlacan aig òinid
 Culaidh chòmhraig a ghaisgich,
 Dol' an coinneamh do nàmhaid
 Cha chrith-mhàntain so ghlac thu ;
 'Nuair a bhuail thu beum-sgéithe,
 Dh' iarr thu céile chombat riut,
 S nuair a thug thu na'n còdhail
 Theich Hòburn 's a mharc-shluagh.
 Fail il-an, etc.

'S ann a thug thu do dhualchas
 O'n fhear a bhuaileadh an Gruinneart,¹
 Cha robh iomairt gun fhuathas,
 'S cha robh buannachd gun chunnart ;
 Chluinnte torunn na làmhach
 Agus tairneanach ghunna,
 Rì deas-laimh mo ghràidh-sè
 'Cuir nan Spainteach gu'm falang.
 Fail il-an, etc.

'Nuair a thogta leat leibhi,
 'S a dh'èigte fear air a mhàrg leat,
 'Mhuire ! 's ioma bean baile
 Dh-fhàg sud tamull na banntraich,
 Agus leanamh beag ciche
 Na dhilleachdan anfhann,
 Ach ge d'uillich do mhuinntir
 Cha'n ann ump' tha ar dearmad.
 Fail il-an, etc.

✓ Gur h-iomadh laoch dòrn-gheal
 Chaidh an òrdugh mu d' bhraataich,
 Agus òganach sgiamhach
 Bha ga riasladh fo eachaibh,
 Agus spailp do fhear-taighe
 Nach tugadh atha d'a phearsa,
 A' bbeireadh claidheamh a' duille
 Bhiodh cho guineach ri ealtuinn.
 Fail il-an, etc.

'Nuair a thogamaid feachdan,
 A rì ! bu ghasd ar ceann-armailt ;
 Ga b'e thigeadh air t-eachdraidh,
 Ghabh iad tlachd d'biot air Ghalltachd ;
 Bu tu caraid a Mharceis
 A bha 'n Sasunn gun cheann air,
 Agus co-ainm an Eachuinn
 Leis 'n do ghlacadh an càbhlach.
 Fail il-an, etc.

¹ Lachunn Mòr, Chief of Maclean, Lord of Duart and Morven, killed at Grunneard in Isla, 5th August, 1598.

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' h-e iargain a chràidh sinn,—
 Gun robh aoidh fir an domhain
 Ann na cho-sheis' a' fàs riut !
 Fail il-an, etc.

Ga b'è thug dhut cion-falaich,
 Na thog do ealantan litrich,
 Ge bi nighean Mhic-Chailein
 Bu dìol maraiste dh' is' thu ;
 Gur mairg i thug gaol d'ut
 Ma chaochlas i 'nis e,
 'S nach faic i air talamh
 Do mhac-samhail am misnich.
 Fail il-an, etc.

M'a dheireadh an t-Samhraidh
 Cha robh meamna do sgeul oirn,
 'S beag an t-ioghua do ranntachd
 Bhi fo chàmpar as t-eugais ;
 Agus muinntir do dhùthcha
 'Bhi fo chùram mu d' dhéibhinn,
 Gun robh 'n t-aobhar ud aca
 Ga ruig an Leas agus Treufag !
 Fail il-an, etc.

Tha iunntraichinn bhuanne,
 '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 ainmeil,
 'S as ar tighearna smachdail
 'S cha bu lapach an ceannard.
 Fail il-an, etc.

C'ait an robh e air thalamh
 Boinne fala a b' àilli,
 Na t-oghre-sa 'Dhubhairt,
 Lochabuidh agus Arois ?
 Gu'r iomad bean asal
 A bha gruag air dhroch càradh,
 Ged nach dh-fhuair iad de sgeula
 Ach gu'n chreuchdadh 'sa bhàr thu.
 Fail il-an, etc.

Tha do phàire air a dùnadh—
 Ionad luchairt 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 dhiùbhall
 Chaidh am flùr thar a ghàraidh !
 Fail il-an, etc.

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.

ORAN

DO SHIR EACHUNN MAC 'ILLEAN

DHUBHAIRT¹

LE IAIN MAC-'ILLEAN.

DH' fhalbh air thuras fir Alb' uile,
 'S na dh-fhàg Lunnainn dùmbail,
 'S e fà ar m'ulaid ceannard Mhuile,
 Gu'm b'è a chulaidh ionndrain,
 Chunnacas uair thu, linn Raoin-Ruairidh,
 Cha tuga luchd-fuatha piùc dhìot,
 'S bu treun do gheard gu dol do'n bhàr,
 Ged dh-fnalbh thu 'n dràsd le aon-
 fhear !

'S an Dreòllainn tha air iomadh fà,
 Fir a's mnàil fo chùram,
 Mu'n tì a chaidh do Shasunn bhuaìn :
 Ga 'm beil an uaisle ghiùlain,
 Tha sinn na dheigh mar ian air géig,
 Air chridh' am péin ga chùradh,
 Cha'n nochdar leinn aon ghair air beul,
 Mur 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 tìrsa,
 Chaidh gaoth air ghleus gu grad gu t-
 fheum.
 Gu h-ealamh, gleusda, sìrdail,
 Gun feum air neart nan laoch bu leat,
 Ach aon-fhear pròp ga stiùireadh.

¹ This song was composed on Sir Hector M'Lean, fifth baronet, when he went to France in 1721. He died at Rome, July, 1750.

Bu truagh' nad dhéigh bha gruaim nan speur,

Gun an teas 'sa ghréin bu dù dh'í !
 Gun Samhradh féin na chursa béis,
 Ach mar aimsir gheur na dùlachd !
 Gun mheas air crann, gun fheur ach gann,
 Gun chuthag ann, no smúdan,
 Gun sealg nam beann ri fhaotainn ann,
 'S gun damh sa' ghléann 'ni bùireadh !

Bha coille 's machair caomh ri Eachunn,
 Thaobh gu'm bu ghasd am flùr e,
 Mar ùmhlachd dhò fo bhonn a bhròg,
 Bha feur nam fòd a' lùbadh,
 Na fhianais féin e grad a'g' éiridh.
 Suas gu h-èutrom, driùichdach,
 'S b'e barail gheur gach neach da'm leir,
 Gu'r falbh 'n ad dheigh bu rùn dà !

Cha dù do 'n bhannrinn air aon aobhar,
 'Bhi na nàmhaid dhuinne,
 Gun seanachas dhaoine riamh ri fhaotainn,
 Gur dream a dh-aom o'n' chrùn sinn,
 Gun aon aobhar—dha ri fhaotainn,
 Aig luchd-gaoil no diùmba—
 Air falbh le aighear do'n Fhraing air bhaideal,
 B'e sud an aithis shùl-gorm.

'S mor an luidheachd thug thu bhua,
 Air son na fhuair thu chùirt air,
 Cinneadh, greadhnach, feachdail, meadhreach,
 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 ceòlmbor, mùirneach,
 An earradh broin cha'n aoibhneas dó,
 Fo fhuaim nan stòp aig dù-Ghail ;
 'Nuair fhuair e steach e leum e'n aiteas ;
 Air leis gu m' chaistéal ur e,
 Bha clach chinn-snait' air caochladh dreach,
 Cho geal ri sneachd ri aon-uair.¹

¹ This stanza has reference to some wild superstitious story, of which we freely confess our ignorance.

Tha 'n tí rinn ceann dibh air an ranns',
 Gu tric fo ainneart spùillidh :—
 'Nuair chi e'n t-am ga'r cuir a nall,
 Gun bheud, gun chall, gun chunnard,
 B'ídh sibh air sògh, air cuirm, 's air ceòl ;
 Air blaths gu leoir, 's air sùgradh,
 'S gheibh sibh gu ceart bhur còir air ais,
 'S dìon a dh' aindeoin ciùse.

'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 chi 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."

AN LAIR DHONN.

LE MURCHA' MOR MAC MIHC MHURCH-
 AIDH FEAR AICHEALAI DH.

THA mise fo ghruaim,
 'S gun mi 'n caidridh a chuain,
 Cha chaidil mi uair air chòir.
 Tha mise fo ghruaim, etc.

Ge socrach mo ghleus,
 Air capull na leum,
 Cha chaisgear leam m' fheum le treoir.

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 gabhadh i sgìos,
 'S e b' fheudar dol sìos,
 'S a treigsinn ge b' fhiamh an tòir ;

Cha b' ionnan 's mo làir,
 Air linne nam bàrc,
 B'ídh 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 buill tharuinn nan dual 'n an 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 dhè le òrd ;

Ruith chùip air a clàr,
'S i druite fo shàl,
'S bu chruit leam a gair 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 oirn 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-soraith so null,
Air fad oir-thìr an fhuinn,
Far am faighte na suinn a 'g òl.

Gu Innis an fhèidh,
Gu eirir an eigs,
Far nach diolar leam féich air lòn ;

Gu eilein nan tonn,
Nam ban àlluinn 's nan sonn
Bu mhileanta fonn mu bhòrd.

Gu comunn mo rùin,
Nach cromadh an t-shuil,
'N àm tromachadh dhuinn air pòit ;

'S sinn gun àrdan gun stri,
Gun àireamh air mì
'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 "Làir Dhonn." The air is by himself. He composed several other pieces of merit.

IORRAM¹ DO SHEUMAS BEATON.

IAR-ODHA DO 'N OLLA MHUILEACH.

LUIÑNEAG.

He ho lal ò,
He ho ró hó nàilbìh ;
He ho lal o.

'S e mo rùnsa Seumas :
He ho lal o, etc.

Fear a bheus a b'àil' leam :
He ho lal o, etc.

Beatonach gun amharus :
He ho lal o, etc.

Leanach cha'n àicheam :
He ho lal o, etc.

Cha b'ìognadh leam idir e :
He ho lal o, etc.

'N duine ud a bhi stàtail :
He ho lal o, etc.

Car' an olla Mhuileach thu,
He ho lal o, etc.

¹ 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 "Iorram."

Fhuair urram 's na blàraibh
He ho lal o, etc.

Thainig fios o'n Rìgh ort ;
He ho lal o, etc.

'Dh-innseadh gu'n robh 'm bàs air :
He ho lal o, etc.

Cha robh feum nan carrachd dhaibh,
He ho lal o, etc.

A d' mhealladh¹ cha robh stà
dhaibh,
He ho lal o, etc.

Na'n tachra' tu 'n glacaig orm,
He ho lal o, etc.

Mbeallainn thu do'n fhàsach,
He ho lal o, etc.

Chàrainn féin mo phlaide fodhad,
He ho lal o, etc.

'N taigh-coimhead na h-àiridh.
He ho lal o, etc.

ORAN LE FORSAIR CHOIR' AN T-SI.

CHA be tùchan a chratain,
'So dhùisg mi sa' mhadainn,
Ach caumhneach' fir chabair na cròic.

¹ The Beatons were a race of hereditary physicians who lived in Mull from the time of the Druids.

Many anecdotes have orally come down to us as illustrative of the Beatons' 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 breagh' an guth air uachdar losgann 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.

Gu'm beil m' inntinn cho deacair,
Ri fear sgith 's e 'n deigh astair,
Bhiodh air mhi-ghleus gun leabaidh na
chòir.

'S ann air cùl Choir chreachainn,
So dhiult thu dhomh lasadh,
Air ùldaiche cabrach nan cròc.

Tha corr a's ochd bliadhna deug,
Bho'n chaidh sinn 'n carabh 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 dhiult thu dhomh aingeal ri bòr.

Na 'n tugadh tu aingeal,
Chuirinn cunnart air anam,
Ge d' chailinn ris gearran 'sa' mhòd.

Leig mi ruith chrios mo bhreacain,
Gus do rùisg air mo chasan,
Mu'n cluinneadh tu tartraich mo bhròg.

Bha mì 'g ealadh mar dh-fhaodainn,
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 Frangaich,
Na chuireadh a deann ud gad chòir.

Gus an cluinn na gu 'm faic mi,
Tuill ùr ann do dheacaid,
Bi mi t-iarraidh car seachduin na dhò.

Bi mi gabhail do sgeula,
Ciod e n' t-ùil nan taobh theid thu,
Mhic an fhir ga'm bi 'n fhéile ro mhòr.

Mhic an fhir a ni 'm bùirean,
'S ga'm bi 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 fhùidair,
S pàirt dheth ga shùdhadh am shròin.

Bu tu mislean nan uaislean,
'N robh misneach le cruadal,
Air an dh-fhas na h-airm uallach gun
spòrs.

NOTE.—Forsair Choiri'an-t-Shì, 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.

GUR i iorram na truaighe,
Tha mise 's an uair so a seinn :
Gur e mbeadaich droch shnuagh orm,
'S a laghdaich a ghruag bharr mo chinn,
A liuthad sgaradh a fhuair mi,
'O 'n là b' aithne dhomh gluasad leam fhìn
Ach so 'n t-aon bhcum '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 beil m' inntinn ro bhruite,
'S tric snithe mo shuilean gu làr,
Bho 'n là dh-fhalaich an ùir thu,
Fhir bu fhlaithle gnùis am measg chàich,

Measg chàich bu 'n 'chuideachd,
Air mo laimh cha bu sgrubaire bùird,
Ann-an tuigse 's an reusan,
Cha do dh-fhidrich mi féin ort' ach cliù,
Ann an ath-truas ri d' dhaoine,
'Nuair chidhe' tu baoghal ri 'n cùl,
Gur tu b' urainn da 'n tearnadh,
Fhir bu tairise blà-sealladh sùl.

Suil bu ghuirme na 'n dearçag,
Fo aghaidh ghlan, ghasta, chùil réidh,
Gruaidh dhearg mar na corann.
Slios bu gile na faoilinn nan speur :
Moeir bu grinne gu sgrìobhadh,
Litr bhàn bu glan sgrìob 'o d' pheann
geur ;

Nochd gur tùrsach tha m' inntinn,
Air thùs domh bhi g' innseadh 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 lochd a bha 'd
chòm ;
'S e tholl mo chridhe gu beachdaidh,
Gnn thu thighinn air t-ais oirn 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'
chaoidh,
Gur e fuaigheal do chiste,
Càs bu cruaidhe 'n robh mise na 'm bì,
Ge bu chruaidh b' fheudar fhulang,
Ochoin ! tha mo bhunadh da m' dhith,
Mo cheol, m' òl, agus m' aighear,
Fo na bòrdaibh na laithe 's an I.¹

Air an I 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 ghaolaich ! gabh tras diù,
Nois 'o thug an t-Aog 'uath thu gun dàil.

Dàil cha 'n iarainn a nis,
Ach bhì triall chum do lice mo mhiann,
Dol a dh-iunnsaidh na cathrach,
'Chuir cùram an eallaich so dhìom,
'S beag mo spéis dhìot a shaoghail,
Na 'n creideadh na daoine gur fìor ;—
Tha sior ghiùlain a pheacaidh,
Chòisinn sgiùrsadh le masladh do Chrìosd'.

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 dornis thoirt
uan,
Fhir thug Maois as an Eiphid,
'S a sgoilt' na clàr réidh dha' Mhuir ruadh,
Fhir a chum mi 'sa dhéilbh mi,
So an Iorram a shéim mi gu truagh !

¹ A burial place in the island of Lewis, near Stornoway.

NOTE.—Saclairi, 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 Lewis¹ (not "Tighearn Asaint," as erroneously stated in the Inverness 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 "Gliogram-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 fas rium an gruaim.*"

THA mo chridhe mar chuaintean,
Air beil mulad, a's bruaillan a snàmh,
Gur h-e trom-cheist mo leannain
Mo throm ghalar a's m'euslaint a ghnà,
Tha mo shuilean gu silteach,
Mo dheòir 'tuiteam mar uisge gu làr,
Tha liunn-dubh air mo bhuaireadh,
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 geammachd 's an nialtachd,
Ann am bairdeach: gun mhì-ruin, gun éud,
Gradh neo-chionntach, diamhair,
Neo-lochdach, gun ghiamh, 's gun bheud.

¹ "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, 1802.

Ge b' leam ùghdarachd Ailein,¹
Ur-labhradh gach sgoile 's ro aird',
Bu ro bheag leam mo chomas,
Air do dheanamh-sa follais an dàn,
Ach mu 'm piller san àth mi,
'S mor gur fearr a bh' àit air an t-snàmh,
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 cuach,
Ciamhach, cam-lubach, caslach,
Sgiamhach, amalagach, dreach-bhui',
gach dual,
Barr gasta chùil or-bhui,
Mar dhreach theudan a's ceol-mhòire fuaim,
B' éibhinn fhaicinn ga réiteach,
'S fiamh laiste na gréin' nu do chluais.

Fuaim òrghain na fìdhle,
Ceol toraghain nam piob a's nan teud,
Cha do sheinneadh an sì-bhruth,
Ceol a's binne no piopan do chléibh,
Gaoth mar lus na frithe,
Tigh'nn bho uinneagan mine do bhéil,
Bilean blàth-bhriathrach, àluinn,
Aig an ribhinn a's cnaimh-ghile deud.

'S ceart cho geal tha do bhràghad,
Ri canach no trà-shneachd air géig,
'S corrach mìn na tuilichean
Dh-fhàs na mulain air mullach do chléibh,
Bàsan fionalta, bàna,
Meoir ghrinn-chaol ga'm àbhaist cuir ghréis,
Air seudan le òr-shnath,
Dealbh iomhaigh gach éoin a's gach géig.

'Nam biodh na h-urad aig càch ort,
'S a bh' agamsa ghràdh air do nèoil,
Cha bu ràfart no mearachd,
Leo mi labhairt mo bhairil a's mo ghloir,
Ach na'n creideadh iad firinn,
Cha tréiginn air mhiltean thu 'n òr,
No air airgead nan Innsean,
Do bheadradh, do dh'isleadh, 's do phòg.

¹ Allan Ramsay, the poet.

Bi'dh mi nis a' co-dhùnadh,
 Agus cuiream ri tùrsa gu bràch,
 Cha 'n eil sì-shàimh nam aigheadh,
 O'n nach meal mi do chaidridh 's do
 ghràdh :

Bho'n a thug thu làn fhuath dhomb,
 Gus an téid mi 'san uaigh leis a bhàs,
 Bi'dh na chridhe mar chuaintean,
 Air bi mulad' a's braillean a snàmh !

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.

COMHRADH, MAR GU'M B'ANN

EADAR DITHIS NIGHEAN MHIC-DHOMH-
 NUILL DUIBH, LE IAIN MAC-'ILLEAN.

AIR FONN—" *Tha'n oidhche nochd ro
 aonarach.*"

TRUIRT Mairead nigh'n' Dòmhnuille,
 'S i tòiseachadh gu ciùin,
 A phiuthar, ciod an t-òrdugh?
 A nis m'an deònach thu :
 Mas ionnan dhut 's dhòmhsa,
 Bì t-òigh, a's gheibh thu cliù ;
 'S na iarr dhut féin do shòlas,
 Ach pòsadh ris an tùr !

Sin 'nuair labhair Marsaili,
 'S bu taitneach leam a glòir ;
 A phiuthar 's beag mo chiataidh,
 Do bhriathran sin do bheoil ;
 Gu'm b' fhearr leam a bhì macnus,
 Ri mac sin Eachuinn òig,
 Na bhì cràbhadh mar ri sagart,
 Agus paidearan na'm' dhòrn.

Ochan ! 's bochd an fhaoidid sin,
 A phiuthar, ghaolach, òg,
 T'aonta thoirt do'n t-shaoghal,
 'S nach bì thu daonna beò ;
 Gur h-e gnìomh a b' fhoghaintich,
 Do leabhar a bhì d' dhòrn,
 Na bhì falbh an gleanntan fàsaich,
 Gun sàilm, ach bàirich bhò.

Air eagal t-fheirg' na t-ardain,
 Bi'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 iomadlì ni ga chleachdadh,
 Le lagh eaglais anns gach àit,
 Ach faigh-sa dhomh-sa 'm Bìoball-
 'S e freamh gach fìrinn e ;
 'S fearr pòsadh, ge be thogradh e,
 No losgadh, cùis a chràigh !
 Ach ge be nach dean aon chuid diù,
 Gur cinnteach gur h-e 's fearr.

B' fhearr leam a bhì caiteanach,
 Le taitneas, a's le stòr ;
 'S a bhì gu beartach, mearracasach
 Le airgead a's le òr.
 Bhì gu rìmhèach, fasanta,
 Le pasmunn a's le sròl ;
 Na bhì seargadh an taigh-cràbhaidh,
 Gun fìù 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 mhìud 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 rìoghachd 's mugha glòir.

An rud ud their na càirdean,
 Ciod e 'm fàth dhuinn bhì de 'n rùn,
 Gu feairrde bean air bheusaichid,
 A céile féin ri glùn ;
 An te nach ith am follais rud,
 An connaltradh no'n ciùirt,
 Cha chreid na daoine glìce,
 Nach ith i cuid 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 on gràdh,
 Air an dibh laidir mar e-féin.

B' fhearr leam a bhi daonachdach,
 Ri feumanaich do ghnà ;
 No bhi gu faoilteach, furanach,
 Ro' gach duin ad dhàimh ;
 Bho'n 's e 'm beus bu tric a bh'aig,
 Gach mnaoi bu ghlic do mhnaì,
 Na bhi 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 lòn.

Bha gach bean bho'n tainig mi,
 Gle stàthail anns gach euchd,
 'S bu luchd a thabhairt dàlach iad,
 Do neach air bith am feum,
 Bu mbiosail ann an nàisinn iad,
 'S nàire 'm miadh do ghléidh ;
 'S cha'n iarrainn féin do dh-àilleas,
 Ach a bhi mar bhà iad féin.

Gur deacair dhomhsa ràitinn,
 'Nach nàdurach do bheus ;
 Mar a bha na càirdean,
 Gur stàthail bhì da'n réir ;
 Gluais thusa mar b' àbhaist,
 Feuch an taitin e riut féin,
 'S cha toill mise mòran diùmaidh,
 Chionn dol ri ùn' ad dheigh.

NOTE.—John Maclean, the author of this song and another excellent one at page 388, 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.

ORAN.

DO NIGHEAN FHIR NA COMRAICH.
 LE UILLEAM MAC-CHOINNICH.

'S CIANAIL m' aigne bho na mhadainn,
 Ghabh mi cead de 'n rìbhinn ;
 2 C

Ti cho taitneach riut cha'n fhaic mi
 Ann an dreach no fiamhachd.
 Bu thrian de m' lòn do bhriathran beoil,
 A teachd mar cheol a sì-bhruth ;
 'S i 'n t-sheirc a ta na d' bhraghad bàn,
 A thaig mo ghradh gu diomhair.

Ciochan corrach, lionta, soluis,
 Air do bhroilleach réidh-ghlan ;
 Do sheang-shlios fallain mar an eala,
 No mar chanach sléibhe.
 Bas ionmhuinn, caoin nan geala, mheur
 caol,
 A' dealbh nan craobh air peurlainn ;
 'S tu fialaidh, glic—'s do chiall gun tig,
 Air diomhaireachd nan reulltan.

Do bhraighe glè-ghéal mar gath gréine,
 T'aghaidh réidh ghlan mhodhar ;
 Siunnailt t-eugais 's tearc ri fheutuinn,
 Gur tu reull nan òighean.
 Gur bachlach, dualach, cas-bhui', cuach-
 ach,
 T' fhalt ma'n cuairt an ordugh ;
 Sann tha gach ciabh mar fhain air sniamh,
 'S gach aon air fiamh an òir dhiubh.

'Nighean aingil nan rosg malla,
 'S nan gruaidh glana, nàrach ;
 Dà shuil ghorm, mheallach, fo'd chaol-
 mhala,
 'S gach aon a' mhealladh gràidh dhiubh,
 Tha mais' adghnùs, gun easbhuidh mùirn
 Beul meachair, ciùln, ni màran,
 Do bhriòdal caomh, 's do loinn maraon,
 A rinn mo ghaol-sa thàradh.

Corp seamhaidh bàn, cho-lionas gradh
 Gach ti a tharadh iùil ort ;
 'S ann tha do shnuagh, toirt barr air
 sluagh,
 'S tu 'n ainneir shuairce, chliuteach,
 Do dheas chalpannan ro dhealbhadh,
 Gu'n bhì meanbh, no dùmhail ;
 Troigh chruinn, chomhnard, dh-fhalbhas
 modhar,
 Nach dean feoirn' a lùbadh.

Cho glan is tu 's neo shoilleir dhuinn,
 'S mar ghealach thu 'n tùs éiridh ;
 Beul tana, muint' a's anail chubhraidh,
 'S siunnailt thu do *Bhenus*.

'S e chrun do thlachd deud ùr mar chaille,
Air dlùthadh ceart ri chéile ;
O'n tìg an t-òran eatrom, ceol-mhor,
Mar an smeòrach chéitean.

Bho Fhlath nan dùl, tùs rath' fhuair thu,
Bhì modhail, ciuin gun ardan ;
Tha iochd, a's cliù, a's loinn, a's muirn,
Air glaothadh dlù' ri d' nadur.
'S tu air do bhuain a freamh nam buagh,
De 'n treun-fbuil uasail, statoil ;
Thu fialaidh, pailt, an gnìomh, 's an tlachd
'S do chiall co-streup ri t-àillteachd.

Mi cian o d' chaidridh 's buan dhomh
fhaidid,
Dh-fhag sud m' aigne pianail ;
Osnaich do ghnà, gun fhois, gu tàmh,
A fhrois gach blàth dheth m' fhion-
fhuil.

'S e bhrosnaich deoir 's a chlaoidh mo
threoir
An ribhinn òg so thriall bh'uainn ;
'S tu 's trom a dh-fhàg mi, òigh 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 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-Ailleagan*.† 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.

† SORAIDH slan do'n ailleagan,
Bha 'n so ma'n tra so 'n raoir,
Gur barraicht' ann an ailleachd thu,
'S gur lan-mhaiseach do loinn,
Thug thu barr air mnai na h-Albann,
Ann an dreach 's an dealbh 's an sgoinn,
Dh-fhag nadur ann an gliocas dhut,
Gach buaidh dhìu sud os-roinn.

Ge dana dhomh ri raite sin,
Thug nadur dhut na 's leor,
Cho mor 's gun d' rinneadh bannrigh dhìot,
Gun ardan no gne phrois,

Cha'n eil cron ri aireamh ort,
A dh-fhadadh fas air feoil,
Am measg ban og a's maighdeannan,
Ma dhàimean a measg oir !

A measg nam ban gur sgathan thu,
Toirt barr orr anns gach geall,
'S bachlach, buidhe, sniamhanach,
Gach ciamh tha air do cheann ;
Tha do ghruaidh cho dreachmhoire,
Ri ubhlán dait air crann,
Suilean gorm mar dhearcagan,
Ma'n iath na'n raisg tha mall.

'N taobh staigh do d' bhilean daite,
Tha deud geal, chaille, ghrinn,
O'n ceolmhoire thig orain,
Na na smeoraichean a seinn,
Mar eile cronn am falach ort,
'S e bharaill am bèil sinn,
Gun thìg thu-fein a's *Bhenus*
Ann an dealbh, 's an eugais, croinn.

Trian do mhais cha'n innsear leam,
A dh-ainean ni da'n can—
Braghad mar chuan-lionganach,
Fo'n aghaidh mhìn gun smal ;
Gur corrach geal na ciochan,
Th'air do bhroilleach lionta, glan,
Glac ghealla-mheur, faineach, ìnealta,
Tha teom air gnìomh nam ban.

Cho fad sa mhaireas Albannaich,
Bì'dh iomraidh ort air bhul,
Slios mar eal' air chuaintean,
Aig an oigh a's uaisle fuil,
Do phog air bhlas nam fiogaisean,
'S do bheul o'm binn thig guth,
'Nam eisdeach, fuaim na fìdheileireachd,
Gur fionalta do chuir.

CUMHA' ALASDAIR DHUINN.

LE BHRATHAIR.

UILLEAM MAC-CHOINNICH CHIANDA.

'S TROM an luchd so th'air m'inntinn,
Agus m'uirseul ri innse gur truagh,
Thriall mo shùgradh 's mo mhàran,
Lion tùrsa 'n àite mi 's gruaim,
Tha mo choill air a maoladh,
'S nì soilleir a shaoil air mo ghruaidh,
'S tearc mo shochair ri fhaotainn,
O'n là ghlacadh le Aog thu cho luath.

'S ann a chiad làtha 'n earrach,
Bhuail an t-éug mi a spealadair lom,
Bhrìst air ùbhlán mo ghàraidh,
Leag e m' abhull fo bhlà thar a bhonn,
Rium-sa bheinn e neo-fhrasad,
'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 eisleig,
 Rinn mo chràladh fo asnaich mo chléibh,
 Chuir mo chrì as a chochull,
 Chor 's nach suidhich è socrach na dhéidh
 Gur luaithe le bhuille,
 Na mar ghluaiseas an duilleach air géig,
 Chaidh mo shlàinte gu mearan,
 Cha 'n eil feum bhi' ga ghearan ri léigh.

'S e bhi' stràcadh air tuillinn,
 Chuir mo shlàint' ann an cunnart bochd,
 fann,
 Am breislich bàis bhi ga t'amharc
 Ghreas tre m'airnean an t-saighead gu
 cham
 Bhrist an t-srian bha ri m' aigheadh,
 Dh-fhalbh mo chiall chaidh fa m' eagaill
 air chall,
 Chaidh mo ghearradh gu neo-ni,
 Beairt a réubaidh mo shonais a bh'ann.

Dhia ullaich-sa féin mi,
 'S mi'n deidhigh mo cheill a bhuin diom,
 O 'n là bhuinnig an t-Eug dhìom,
 An tì 's mo robh m'èibhneas fo Chriosd,
 Tha mo bhun ann san Treun-fhear,
 A dh-fhuilig a cheusadh da'r dìon,
 Gu'm beil t'anam am Pàrrais,
 '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 aona phiuthar a dh-fhag thu,
 Ri sior chumha 's ri fàsghadh nan dòrn,
 Gu'm beil fios aig an àrd-Rìgh,
 Ged nach fiosraiche 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 tha iad,
 Mar mhuir reobhairt air tràghadh le deòir,
 Cha b' è garlaoch na feachda,
 Bha sibh 'g àireamh bhi' agailb mar
 threòir,
 Ach fòghlum, cruadal, a's cleachdadh,
 An fhìr-thrèin bu mhor tapadh 's an tòir,
 Da ni' bu leannan an uaisle,
 Ann ad leanabh, 's gun d'fhuar thu i og.

B' e sud fùran na glaine,
 Bha gu fùghantach, fearail, a' fàs,
 Muirneach, iriosal, suaice,
 Sùgach, binn-fhaclach, buaghach, 's
 gach càs,
 Fear do choimeis cha chualas,
 Thaobh gach subhailc bha fuaite ri d'
 ghnàs,
 Dh-fhag thu uile fo ghruaimean,
 Gach tì chunnaic, 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-mascul,il,
 Gur h-i bhreugh 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 flathail bha thu.
 Ann 's gach ceaird bha thu cosant,
 Gu neo-ardanach, foistinneach, ciùin,
 Ort ri àireamh bu deacair,
 Cron an' càileachd, am pearsa, no 'n cliù.

Shuidhich t'inntinn air cheartas,
 Air chinnte, fhìr reachdair so dh-eug,
 Leis gach neach bha thu taitneach,
 Iochdar, caomh-chàirdeach ceart anns
 gach céum
 Gu fial, furanach, nàrach ;
 Riamh mar churaidh neo-sgàthach gun
 bhéud,
 Leoghunn fiorachail, tapaidh,
 Teò-chridheach, iriseal, macant' am beus.

Thriall gach socair bha agam,
 Chaidh mo chòmhnaidh 's mo chadal an
 laoid,
 Tha liunn-dubh agus airsneal,
 Da m' tharuinn gu leabaidh am shlaod,
 Ga m' shior ruagadh am shlapan,
 Dh-aindeòin cruadail na tapadh ga m'
 faod,
 Tha ma ghualainn gun tàice
 On là bhuaileadh ort slacan an Aòig.

Chaidh mo shùgradh fo lithe,
 Gur ciùirt' tha mo chridhe am chòm,
 Osnach thùrsach da m' theirbheir,
 Blas mo chùpain gur seirbh e na'n dòmb,
 Fhir a chruthaich mi'n ceud uair,
 'S a tha stiùireadh nan réull os ar ceann,
 Orm furtaich, 's cluinn féin mi,
 S tog an luchd so th'air m'inntinn gu trom.

MAIRI DHONN.

THORRA-CHAISTEILL.¹

LE COINNEACH MAC-CHIONNICH.

LUINNEAG.

Mhàiri dhonn, bhòidheach, dhonn,
 Mhàiri dhonn 's mor mor mo thlachd
 dhìot ;
 Thogainn fonn gun bhì trom,
 Air nigh'n' duinn Thorra-Chaisteil.

Gu ma slàn do'n mhaighdinn òig,
 Tha gu stòlda na cleachdadh ;
 Tha gu fiosrach, tairis, tlà,
 Tha gu màranach, macant'
 Mhairi dhonn, etc.

'S gile na'n sneachda do bhian,
 'S fallain, sgiamhach, do phearsa ;
 Gun thu cuidreamach, no caol,
 Beathail, aotrom, gun ghaiseadh.
 Mhairi dhonn, etc.

'S ann ort féin a dh-fhàs a ghruag,
 Tha na dualaibh gu cleachdach ;
 Clannach, dlù gheibh i cliù,
 Miann gach sùl bhì 'ga faicinn.
 Mhairi, dhonn, etc.

Aghaidh fhathasach gun sgraing,
 'S e do shealltuinn tha taitneach ;
 Suil chorrach fo mhala chaoil,
 Gorm air aogais na dearcaig.
 Mhairi dhonn, etc.

'S glan an rutha tha na d' ghruaidh,
 Bòidheach, snuadh-mhòr, gun ghais-
 eadh ;

¹ There are several places of the above name in the Highlands, the one referred to in this song is near Creag-Ghobhar in Lochbroom.

Tha thu eireachdail gu leoir ;
 Co tha bèò nach gabh thlachd dhìot ?
 Mhairi dhonn, etc.

'S beinn leam ceileirean do bheoil,
 Gabhail òrain gu taitneach ;
 Do ghùth mar smeòraich sa' choill' :
 'S tric thu seinn aig a Chaisteal.
 Mhairi dhonn, etc.

Bha mi greis an deas 's an tuath,
 A' measg ghruagaichean tlachd-mhòr ;
 Ach té idir a thug barr,
 Ort a Mhàiri cha'n fhacas.
 Mhairi dhonn, etc.

Gu'm faic mis' thu aig fear òg,
 Dha'm bi stòras, a's pailteas,
 Spréidh a's fearann agus fonn,
 'S chridhe conn-mhor gu'n airceas.
 Mhairi dhonn, etc.

Bì'dh do thaigh agad le mùirn
 Air mo cheann's anns an fhasan,
 Mu thig mi idir na chòir,
 Cha'n ann bèò théid miseachad.
 Mhairi dhonn, etc.

Tha do chairdean lionmhor, treun,
 Dheanadh feum anns na bàiteil ;
 Frisealaich bho'n airde tuath,
 'S math gu bualadh nan glas-lann.
 Mhairi dhonn, etc.

MAIRI GHREANNAR.

LEIS A BHARD CHIANDA.

LUINNEAG.

O shaorainn, shaorainn, shaorainn i,
 Air m' fhaical fhéin gu'm faodainn sin ;
 'S ged bhiodh cuid nach saoilteadh e,
 Gu'n saorainn Màiri Chreannar.

SHAORAINN fhein gun teagamh i,
 Ged bha mi tric a' beadrach r'i,
 Nach d' iarr mi mi ni-dhleasanach,
 'S nach freagradh dhomh bhì cainnt air.
 O shaorainn, etc.

Shaorainn fein gu deonach i,
 'S cha b' cagal leam ged' bhòidichinn,
 Nach d' fhuair mi bheag de dh'-fhotus
 innt',
 O 'n ghabh mi eòlas cainnt oirr'.
 O shaorainn, etc.

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' annsachd.
 O shaorainn, etc.

Tha suairceas, tlachd, a's simhaltachd,
 A strì co dhù a's dilse dhut ;
 Tha maise, cliù, a's finealtachd,
 Ag imeachd air gach laimh dhiot.
 O shaorainn, etc.

Gur mòdhail, socrach, briathrach thu ;
 Gur aoidheil, caoimhneil, ciallach thu ;
 S nam biodh gach cùis mar dh-iarrainn
 iad,
 Bu tu mo chiad bhean-bainnse-
 O shaorainn, etc.

T'fhalt boidheach, cam-bhuidh, dual-
 agach,
 'S a bharr a' fàs gu d' cruachanan—
 Do phòg mar mhil nan cuachagan,
 'S do shnuadh air dhreach an t-sàmh-
 raidh.
 O shaorainn, etc.

Gur soitheamh, banail, beusach thu ;
 Gur geanail, sunntach, eutrom thu ;
 Gur connar, fonnar, spèiseil thu ;
 Gu h-aoidheil, ceillidh, greannar.
 O shaorainn, etc.

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, etc.

Ach dh-innsinn fhìn gu soilleir dhuilbh,
 Co i, 's co bhuaite a shloinneadh i,
 Mur bè gun g' fhuair sibh coire dhomh,
 Air son na rinn mi chainnt oirr'.

O shaorainn, shaorainn, shaorainn i,
 Air m' fhacal fhéin gu'm faodainn sin ;
 'S ged bhiodh cuid nach saoilleadh 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 Strathna-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 publication here. Mr. M'Kenzie died in 1827.

THA TIGH'N' FODHAM EIRIDH.

LE IAIN MAC DHUGHAILL '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-slaointe chùramach ;
 Olamaid gu sunntach i ;
 Deoch slaint' an Ailein Mhuideartaich—
 Mo dhùrachd dhut gun éirich.
 Tha tigh'n' fodham, etc.

Ged a bhiodh tu fada bh'uam,
 Dh-eireadh sunnt a's aigheadh orm ;
 'Nu 'r chluinninn sgeul a b' aite leam,
 Air gaisgeach nan gnìomh euchdach.
 Tha tigh'n' fodham, etc.

'S iomadh maighdean bharrasach,
 G'a math d' an tig an earrasaid,
 Eadar Baile-Mhanaich, agus
 Caolas Bharraidh 'n déigh ort.
 Tha tigh'n' fodham, etc.

Tha pairt an Eilean Bheagram dhiubh,
 'S cuid 's an Fhràing 's 'san Eadailt dhiu,
 'S cha'n eil latha teagaisg nach
 Bi 'n Cille-Pheadair treud dhiù.
 Tha tigh'n' fodham, etc.

'Nuair chruinnicheadh am pannal ad,
Bleid caol an caradh crannaig orra,
Bidh falus air am malaichean
A' damhs air urlar déile.
Tha tigh'n fodham, etc.

'Nuair chiaradh air an fheasgar,
Gum bu bheadarach do fhleasgaichean,
Bhiodh pioban mòr 'gan spreigeadh ann,
A's feadanan 'gan gleusadh.
Tha tigh'n fodham, etc.

Sgiobair ri là gaillinn thu
A sheoladh cuan nam maranan,
A bheireadh long gu calachan
Le spionnadh glac do threun-fhear.
Tha tigh'n fodham, etc.

Sgeul beag eile a dhearbhadh leat,
Gur sealgair sìthe 'n garbhach thu,
Le d' chuillbheir caol, nach dearmadach,
Air dearg-ghreigh nan ceann eatrom.
Tha tigh'n fodham, etc.

B' e sid an leoghann aigeannach,—
'Nuair nochadh tu do bhaidecalan
Lamh dhearg, a's long, a's bradanan,
'Nuair 'lasadh meannna t'eudainn.
Tha tigh'n fodham, etc.

NOTE.—This popular and cheerful song was composed on the rising of Allan, the famous Captain of Clanronald, in 1715. He was slain at Sherriffmuir 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 SUIRIDII.

LE MIOFAIRE FHUR GHLINN-ALLADAIL.

LUINNEAG.

Thug mi 'n òidhche raoir sa 'n àiridh,
Thug mi 'n òidhche raoir sa 'n àiridh,
Chaith mi 'n òidhche cridheil, caoimh-
neil,
Mar ri maighdeannan na h-àiridh

MILE marbhaig air an t-sùiridh,
'S bochd le neach da 'n téid i iomrall,
Fagaidh si inntinn fo iomaguinn,
Gluasad cho simplidh ri mearlach.
Thug mi 'n, etc.

Oidhche dhomh 's mi 'm bun na tìre,
'S mi goirid o bheagan nìonag,
'Smaointich mi gluasad os 'n ìosal,
Nochdadh mo bhriodail le gràdh dhaibh.
Thug mi 'n, etc.

'Nuair rainig mi taigh-an-Dùnain,
Bha chomh' ac' air a deagh dhùnadh,
'Sa dh-aindeoin m' òlais a's mo thùir,
Gun thòisich na goid chuil ri rànaich.
Thug mi 'n, etc.

Labhair mo chompanach runach,
Dean stad 's feuchaidh sinn cleas ùr dh' i,
Faigh thusa boiseag dheth 'n bhùrn,
'S fanaidh na lùdagan sàmhach.
Thug mi 'n, etc.

Fhuair sinn staigh gun dad uamhainn,
'S bha sinn farasda n' ar gluasad,
Rainig sinn leabaidh nan gruagach.
'S chuir mi fhìn gu suairc mo làmh orr',
Thug mi 'n, etc.

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, etc.

Thuir mise, na bi cho doichleach,
Fuirich gu sì-mhalta, socrach,
Dad a mhì-mhodh dhut cha nochd mi,
Gus 'n eirich thu moch a maireach.
Thug mi 'n, etc.

Thuir i, ma ta cuir dhìot t-aodach,
Bheir mise nochd mo leath-taobh dhut,
Aig eagal 's gu 'n dean thu m' aoireadh,
'S cha 'n ann air son gaol do mhàrain.
Thug mi 'n, etc.

Mu n' d' fhuair mi mi-fhìn gu socraeh,
Cìod a rinn am pàist ach mosgladh,
'S a nuair a ghrios mi e bhì tosdach,
Theann e 'san droch-uair air rànaich !
Thug mi 'n, etc.

Thuir bean-an-taighe le dearras,
A chlànn a chum mi am chaithris,
Ar leam gu 'm feumadh sibh anail,
Gu sìubhlach ur teanga le Gàelig.
Thug mi 'n, etc.

Chuir a briathran mi o thapadh,
Eadar seorsa nàire 's gealtachd,
'S cha robh driùchd a bha tro 'm chraic-
eann,
Nach cuireadh cnag air an làr dheth.
Thug mi 'n, etc.

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, etc.

Ach fhir tha fuireach 'sa bhaile,
Giùlain mo shoraidh gu Anna,
'S inns 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, caoimh-
neil,
Mar ri maighdeannan na h-àiridh.

NOTE.—This hearty song is the composi-
tion of John M'Gilvray, piper to the late
Mr. Macdonald of Glenaladale. M'Gilvray
composed several other local pieces of no
general interest.

ORAN SUGRADH.

LE ALASDAIR OG THRIASLAIN.

LUNINEAG.

Hil ù hilin òrò hó ró hilin éile,
Hil ù hilin òrò hó ró hilin éile,
Hil ù hilin òrò hó ró hilin éile,
'S a nighean donn an t-shùgraidh,
Mo dhùrachd bhí réith 's tu.

BHA mi-fhein 's mo mhàthair,
Di-màirt ann sa'n t-seòmar,
'S gu robh i rium a g' ràitinn—
“Nach nàr dhut bhí gòrach,

A laidhe leis na caileagan,
Gu amaideach an dòigh e,
'S cha phòs bean gu bràch thu,
'S a ghràisg' ud an tòir ort!”
Hil ù hilin, etc.

Thuir mi fhìn gu dìblidh,
Gu cinnteach gu'm b' fhior sid,
'S nach bu duine fir-glic,
Bha stri ris a ghnìomh sin,
A cosg, a chuid le mi-chliu,
'S le mi-cheutaidh mhiannan,
Ach sguiridh mi ri'm bheò dheth,
'Ochoin ! 's beg mo mhian air.
Hil ù hilin, etc.

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 hilin, etc.

'S ioma' duine b'fhearr na mi,
Dh-fhàilig sa cheum sin,
Ministirean, pàirt dhù,
Air airde 's ga leubh iad,
A bhean an cual' thu 'm l'apa'
Rinn pàist' ann sa Eiphid ;
Na 'n cuala tu Rìgh Daibhidh,
Chaidh dàn air Batseba.
Hil ù hilin, etc.

“Ministeir, na Pàpa'
A dh-fhàilig sa ghnìomh sin,
Olc no mhath a rinn iad,
Cha'n fhaighnichear dhiots' e,
'S b' fhearr dhut a bhì céillidh,
Ri ceusadh do mhiannan,
'S ma rinn iadsan eacoir,
'S iad fhein a bheir dial ann.
Hil ù hilin, etc.

“Bu mhath an duinne Daibhidh,
Ged dh-fhàilig e 'n uair sin,
Bha e cneasda, naomha,
'S bha gaol aig an t-sluagh air,

Cha chomharda' do 'n Rìgh sin,
Do mhisteirachd thruaillidh,
'S mi-loinn aig an t-saoghail,
A ghaolaich dheth d' ghluasad."
Hil ù hìlin, etc.

A bhean an cual' thu Sola',
Bha morgalach, fir-ghlic,
Dha 'n robh urram foghlum,
Eòlais, a's criandachd,
'Nuair phòs e seachd ceud bean,
'S ochd fichead-deug diù dialain,
'S their thusa a bhean nach fhiaich
Fear a dh-iaras a sia dhiu,
Hil ù hìlin, etc.

"Bha'n duinne sin na shearmonaich,
Ainmail sa Bhiobull,
Nach dàna 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 deibhinn os a cinn e."
Hil ù hìlin, etc.

A bhean na 'm bithinns¹ ann,
Anns an am bha e-féin ann,
'S gu 'm bithinu a cheart làmh ris,
An àit an robh threud 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, etc.

'Nuair bhios ma chlann-sa laidir
'S a dh'fhàsas iad crianda'
Gu 'n teid mi null air sàl leo,
Gu sràid Charolina,
Sin a 'nuair a dh-eudar
Gach aon chuir ri gnìomh dhiu,
Bidh duine air ceann gach feuma,
'S mi fein a bhi diamhain.
Hil ù hìlin, etc.

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 MAIREARAID NI' LACHUINN.

'S GOIRT 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 dunaidh,
Gun e leinn, ar ceann-uighe,
'S òg a choisinn e 'n t-urram 's na blaraibh.
'S òg a choisinn e 'n t-urram, etc.

'Mhuire! 's mise th'air mo sgaradh,
O Fheill-bride so chaidh,
O Fheill-micheil, o Shamhainn,
Chaidh a sìos sliochd ar taighe:
Thainig dile tha ath-'bhuaillt!
'S mise an truaghan bochd mhnatha,
A tha faondrach gun fharaid,
Thaobh nàmhaid, no caraid;
Gun cheann cinne thaobh athar, no
mathar.
Gun cheann cinne thaobh athar, etc.

Cha 'n e Ailean, no Eachunn,
Leis an eireadh fir Shasuinn,
So tha mise ag acain;
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, etc.

'S cairdeach Lachunn nan ruag dhut;
Cha neart dhaoine thug bhuainn thu;
Na 'm b'e, dh-eireadh mu d' ghuaillan,
Luchd chlogaidean cruadhach,
Rachadh dàn anns an tuasaid;
Fir chròdha bho thuath dhùinn,
Le airm ghasda, gun rua'-mheing.
'S bochd an acad so bhuaill mi,
O'n là chruinnich do shluagh ann an Aros.
O'n là chruinnich do shluagh, etc.

A mhic rìgh nan long siùbhlach,
Ged bu chairdeach do'n chrùn thu.
Co an neach d' am bi suilean,
Nach gabhadh da 'n ionnsaidh,

Mar bha choill air a rùsgadh,
'S an robh gach seud cùbraidh?
Thuit a blà, a's a h-ùr-fhàs;
Fhrois a h-abhul, 's a h-ùbhlán;
Cha robh leighe a chùireadh am bàs bhuat.
Cha robh leighe a chùireadh, etc.

'S e chuir m'astar am maillead,
Agus m' ambarc an daillead,
A bhì 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 fhuadain gun aodhair;
Mar sgaoth ianlaidh ro fhaoghaid;
Nach eil fhios co an doire 's an tàmh iad.
Nach eil fhios co an doire, etc.

'S mairg a d'fheumas am fulang,
Gach eugail 's an duine!
Ach, 's mithich dhomhsa nis sgar dhibh.
'S gun toiseacha tuille.
'S e mo chòmhra-sa tuireadh!
'S ann mu 'n taice so 'n uiridh,
A bha sinn àobhach 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, etc.

NOTE.—The real name of the author of this lament was Margaret Maclean, sometimes called *Maireavad Ni' Lachuinn*, 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, *Ni' Lachuinn* 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.

AIR FONN.—“*Up an' wa'r them a' Willie.*”

LUINNEG.

An téid thu leam, a ghraìdhag,
An téid thu leam air sàl-uisg,
An téid thu leam, air bhàrr nan tonn,
Gu tìr nan gleann 's nan àrd-bheann.

'Se d' chumadh dealbhach, àillidh,
Mur dhealradh reult na faire,
'Se d' nadur ciùin 's do bhàigh, 's do
mhùirn,
A leag mo riùn 's mo ghraìdh ort.
An téid thu leam, a ghraìdhag, etc.

Cha téid mi leat a Ghàidhal,
Mo chairdun gaoil cha-n fhàg mi;
Cha téid mi null gu tìr nam beann,
'S cha-n fhàg mi clann mo mhàthar.
An téid thu leam, a ghraìdhag, etc.

Cha téid mi leat a Ghàidhal,
Mo dhùich a chaoi' cha-n fhàg mi;
Gur bochg¹ am fonn 's tha'n t-aran gann,
'An tìr nan gleann 's nan àrd-bheann.
An téid thu leam, a ghraìdhag, etc.

Cha téid mi leat a Ghàidhal,
Cha'n 'eil do thaigh ach tàiral,
Bhith'nn fo sproc, nam bithinn bochg,
An tìr nan cnoc 's nan àrd-bheann.
An téid thu leam, a ghraìdhag, etc.

Tha agum taigh cho àillidh,
Ris an taigh 'san d'fhuair thu t'àrach,
'S bi'dh cuan 'us fonn riut fiàl gach am,
An tìr nan gleann 's nan àrd-bheann.
An téid thu leam, a ghraìdhag, etc.

Mur 'eil mor chrionachg fàs ann,
An tìr nan gleann 's nan àrd-bheann,
Tha bàrr ni's leor, 'us fàs an fheoir,
'An tìr nan lòn 's nan àiridh.
An téid thu leam, a ghraìdhag, etc.

Tha agum spré le'n àiltun,
'S mo mheana-chrodh air na h-àirdun,
'S bi laoidh, 'us uain, air raoin, 'us cluain,
'S gur taitnach fuaim am bàirich.
An téid thu leam, a ghraìdhag, etc.

Ged nach 'eil mo long air sàl-uisg,
Gu saibhrus 'dheanamh 'n àird dhomh,
Théid bàt' 'us lian, gach là gu rian,
'S bi' agud iasg gu t-àillus.
An téid thu leam, a ghraìdhag, etc.

¹ 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.

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, etc.

Bi tu fallan, slaintal,
 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, etc.

Bi mis' riut suilbhar, bàighal,
 Mar mhadinn shàmhrìdh bhlàth-ghil,
 Cha tig orst béud, nach dean mo chréchg,
 On thug mi spéis thar càch dhut.
 An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, etc.

Stad a nis a Ghàidhal,
 Mo chri, mo ruin, 's mo làmh dhut,
 Gu'n téid mi null gu tìr nam beann
 Oir choisinn fonn do dhàin mi.
 An teid thu leam, a ghraidhag, etc.

ORAN DUCHA.¹

LEIS AN DUIN UASAL CHIANDA.

AIR FONN.—“*The Battle of the Boyne.*”
 LUINNAG.

O théid sinn, théid sinn, le suigart agus
 aoidh,
 O théid sinn, théid sinn, gu deònach,
 O théid sinn, théid sinn, tharis air an
 t-Sràidh,
 Gu muinntir ar dàimh, 'us ar n-eòlis.

GED bha sinn blianntun fada, fada,
 bhuath,
 A m Baile-Chluaidh' a chònidh,
 Tamul beag gu-n tréig sinn ar gairm, 'sa
 nis gu-n téid sinn,
 A dh'fhaotinn an gràdh 'us an còra,
 O théid sinn, théid sinn, etc.

Gu-n toir sinn cuairst, rithist do-n taobh-
 tuath,
 Us théid sinn ruaig do Dhòrnach,
 'S chì sinn Droit-an-agh, 's fa comhar air
 gach taobh,

¹ Composed by Mr. Munro on the prospect of a visit to his native country.

Caistalun 'us pàircun 'us lòintun.
 O théid sinn, théid sinn, etc.

Chì sinn an Caol, air am faca sinn le
 gaoith,
 Bàtichun aotrom a seòladh
 Chì sinn na beanntun, a ghledhadh
 sneachg san t-sàmbradh,
 Is chì sinn na h-àbhnicun bo'ach,
 O théid sinn, théid sinn, etc.

Chì sinn na glinn, anns an d'rugadh sinn;
 'S' bu ghnà leinn bhì aotrom, gòrach,
 'S chì sinn na coilltun, le aighar 'us toil-
 inntinn,
 'S bu ghnà leinn bhì cluinntinn nan
 smeòrach.
 O théid sinn, théid sinn, etc.

'S chì sinn na cluain air am bithadh laoigh-
 'us uain
 Ri mire gun ghruaim anns an òg-mhios,
 'S chì sinn na h-aonich, air an inaltradh
 na caorich
 O'n d'fhuair sinn sàr aodichun còmhlich.
 O théid sinn, théid sinn, etc.

Chì sinn na raoin, le blà a bheallidh
 chaoin,
 'S a chéitan bhì's aobhach 'us bòidhach,
 Is chì sinn na bruachan fo sgàil 'a bhàrrich
 uaine
 Gu tric anns 'na bhuaibh sinn an t-sòrach.
 O théid sinn, théid sinn, etc.

Chì sinn an lag, 's an t-eas gu bècach,
 grad,
 'S am bradan a léum suas na chòdhail,
 Chì sinn am badan, 'sam bithadh coilich
 bhead-rach,
 Ri co-chath 'sa mhadinn chiuin, cheòthar.
 O théid sinn, théid sinn, etc.

Chì sinn gach sliabh, air am bithadh
 greighun fhìadh,
 Ri mire air riasgun, 's air lòintun,
 Is chì sinn an lagan edar àrd nan cragun,
 'S an caidladh an earbag air chòinntich.
 O théid sinn, théid sinn, etc.

'S chì sinn gach loch, o'n tric an tugadh
 steach,
 Bric mheans-bhallach, airgidach, òr-bhui'
 'S mu'n bithadh an cù-donn, a shiùladh

fo an tonn
'S cal' a snámh os-a-cheann ann am mòr-
chuis.

O theid sinn, theid sinn, etc.

'S chì sinn gun ghruaim, a bhanarach le
fuaim,

'Sa bhuaile, gu duanagach, oranach,
A bleothan a chruiddh-ghuaillun, is iad a'
sgur de nualain

Le taitnas toirt cluais agus deoin di

O theid sinn, theid sinn, etc.

'S imadh, 's imadh ni, a chì sinn anns
an tìr,

Nach saoilte thigh'n ann 'nuair bu chlann
sinn

Thar aisig na coit, tha ragna, ragna, droit,

'San àite na croit, baile-Bhanna.

O theid sinn, theid sinn, etc.

'S rathad rìghal, réidh, tre chragun
fhraoich us gheug

Is carbadun màil, air an ordugh

Gach là sios le srann 'us gach là suas le
deann

Tre-n t-Sligach us bhonn phreas-an-
òrdain.

O theid sinn, theid sinn, etc.

'S deagh fhearann ùr, a rinnadh le mor
shaoth'r

Bho chruai bhàlrun fraoich, agus mòintich,

'Us imadh lethad cruaidh, bha riamh gu
seo, gun bhuaidh

Le òg-ghiuthas uain air chòmhdach.

O theid sinn, theid sinn, etc.

Deòlidh sinn as ùr, gaoth is athar cùr,

Bheir slaint agus sùrd dhuinn 'us sòlas,

Ar cairdun bheir dhuinn, aran càis agus
im,

'S deoch laidir de-n dràm, agus ceòl leis.

O theid sinn, theid sinn, etc.

Ged tha sinn an cèin, a nochg o ar tìr,

'S o'r caomh chaidun gaoil, 'us sean còlich,

Olidh sinn le ruin, deagh shlainte dhaibh
gach-aon

Is buaidh do dha thaobh Caolas Dhòrnich.

O theid sinn, theid sinn, etc.

NOTE.—The author of this and the preceding poem was John Munro, Esq., Accountant, Glasgow, who was born at Sordale, parish of Crieich, Sutherland-shire, on the 11th November, 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, 1794, 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 loose his father by an accidental death in his thirty-eighth 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 sixteen 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 September, 1825. It was in the prospect of this visit that he composed, *O! theid sinn, etc.* His acknowledged integrity and industry procured him considerable business without solicitation, from which, along with other successful speculations, he had realised a respectable competence by the period of his decease, which took place on the 27th November, 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 independency of mind; he was a dili-

gent 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

- Abhachd*, a harmless gibing or joking
- *Abran, clampa*, an oar guard, &c.
- *Achdaidh*, certain, self-satisfied
- Aibheis*, the sea, ocean, the horizon
- Aibheiseach*, immense, ethereal, &c.
- Ainhealach*, vexing, uneasy, galling
- Aimhidh*, sour, sulky, sullen, surly
- *Asling-chonnain*, a libidinous dream
- *Anagladh tearnadh*, protection
- *Aol-taigh*, university, college
- Arsaidh*, ancient, old, over-aged
- Ausadh* or *ahhsadh*, a jerk, a sea phrase, also the whole canvass of a boat or ship

B

- Baile-na-buirbhe*, Bergen, the former capital of Norway
- Ballag*, a spruce neat little woman
- Baganta, no boganta*, tight, compact
- Bancho*, the progenitor of the Stuarts
- *Baraiseach*, a foolish woman, idiotic
- Bastalach*, showy, cheering
- *Beitir*, neat, clean, tidy, compact
- Biadh-ianain*, wood-sorrel
- *Biogach*, small, diminutive, dwarfish
- Bioganta*, lively, smart, apt to start
- *Biosgach*, catching at morsels, greedy
- Bliatum*, gibberish, jargon, senseless talk
- *Borrachan*, the banks of a burn or river
- *Brath air bhrath*, to be found, to the fore, extant
- Breideach*, a woman wearing the badge of marriage
- *Brionnach*, flattering, coaxing, &c.
- *Briot*, chit-chat, tattle, small talk
- Brosuim*, excitement, vigour
- *Brothach*, a hairy rough man, a pimpled fellow
- *Brollaich*, unintelligible disjointed talk, unpleasant sounds, jargon
- *Bruasgadh*, a tearing in tatters, or breaking asunder, confusion
- *Buathanta*, foolish, awkward, clumsy in conversation or action

- Buidh*, a hero, a champion, an enemy
- Buindaist*, fee, wages, hountry
- Burarus*, warbling or purling noise

C

- Cairbin, gunna-glaic*, a carbine
- Cairiche*, a wrestler, a tumbler
- Caisreagach*, wrinkled or creased
- *Calbhar, lonach*, greedy, voracious, gluttonous
- Caluman-codhail*, a God-send, a propitious omen
- Caoidhearán*, lamentation
- Capull-coille*, a capercaillie or mountain cock; this species of fowls is now nearly extinct in the Highlands of Scotland
- Cearslach*, abounding in ringlets, round, globular, circular
- Cidheach, ceathach*, mist, fog, vapour
- *Clagh*, surge, a burying-place, &c.
- *Clamhuinn, cliefcit, gliob, sleat*
- Clann-shalt*, luxuriant waving hair
- Claiseach*, a kind of sword, also a rifle gun
- *Clíaranach*, a wandering bard or minstrel, a swordsman, a wrestler
- *Cluáin*, attention, retirement, peace, slumber
- *Cnaidcíl*, scoffing, jeering, derision
- Cobhraiseach*, coffers, money-drawers
- *Collaid*, a contest, a scold, a struggle
- Comaraich*, direction or tendency forward
- *Comeric*, petition, request, demand
- Conach, saibhir*, rich, riches
- Cosgaraich*, conquerers, victors
- Cota-ban*, fourpence (Western Isles id.)
- *Crabhaidh*, hard, well tempered
- Crannaghail*, implements, apparatus
- *Craobhaidh*, niggardly, mean
- Crap-lu*, a musical phrase among pipers
- *Cradhneach, craiteach*, hurtful, painful, excruciating
- *Crios-co-chulainn, no lus-co-chulainn*, an herb called "my lady's belt"
- *Croiteag, slochd-chartach*, a kind of mortar, a circular stone hollowed for preparing pot barley or pounding bark
- Croilein clann*, a circle of children, &c.

- *Crom-an-donais*, blood and wounds! egad! zounds!
- Cuannal, cuantál*, a company of songsters, a band of musicians
- *Cuan-sgith*, the sea between the Isle of Skye and Lewis
- Cuisle-chiuil*, a musical vein
- Cuisle-shniomhain*, the winding veins of trees
- *Curaisde* or *cur aisde*, a quagmire

D

- Daimheach*, a friend, companion, a stranger
- *Daiseachan*, low witted insipid poets
- *Daorchail, graineil*, disgusting, unpleasant, loathsome
- Deal*, zealous, keen, earnest
- Dealachan*, zeal, great glee, hilarity, earnestness
- *Deatam*, anxiety, eagerness, solicitude
- Deidcag*, rib-grass, a little fair one, a darling, a conceit
- Deilleanachd*, the humming of bees, the barking of dogs
- *Deoch-thunta*, decanted drink
- Dileant*, everlasting, profound, inundating, rainy
- *Dilinn*, endless, never, also an inundation or deluge
- Dios, dithis*, plural of one; two
- *Ditheadh*, cramming, filling by force
- *Diuchd*, come to me, approach me; *siuc*, away! begone! disperse
- *Doinid*, extreme cold, hoar frost clemency
- *Doinith*, loathsome, hateful, contemptible
- *Draige*, Gen. of *druid*, an ignis fatuus, an atmospheric phenomenon
- *Duaineil*, ridiculous, ludicrous, laughable
- *Du-chiach*, a flint, also a cabalistic stone
- Dudaidh*, resembling in sound that of a horn, deep intonation
- *Duiteachd*, affliction, sorrow
- *Duimhneach*, the primitive surname of Campbell, *bho Dhiarmad O'Duine*
- *Duirceall*, a half-worn dirk or knife
- *Dustuing, dustuinn*, dust, earth, soil

E

- Ealbhuidhe calabhi*, St John's wort

- *Eavaradh, uraradh*, parching corn in a pot preparatory to grinding
- *Eistreadh, traigh*, a rough stony ebb, a sea beach

F

- *Fachach*, a little insignificant man, a puffin
- *Faillhe*, the aerial expanse, a ring
- Faiteal*, a hearty cheerful salute, friendly talk, &c., &c.
- Faobhachadh*, act of despoiling, plundering
- *Farragradh*, provocation, enmity; report, surmise
- *Farpais*, emulation, strife, rivalry
- Feuda-coille*, the flowers of wood-sorrel
- Feara-ghris*, hawthorn or briar
- *Feasgaran*, vespers, evening devotion
- *Fidag*, a stock of corn, a reed
- *Fiadhair*, uncultivated ground, a ley land
- Firionn*, man (now obsolete), male, masculine
- Fuidhidh, fuidhaidh* a prince, a valiant chief, an arrow, a company
- Foghluin*, an apprentice, a pupil
- Foirne*, a set of rowers, a crew, a brigade, a troop
- *Fraighe*, a scabbard, a sheath, protection wall, shelter
- Fulamair, fulmair*, a sea-bird peculiar to St Kilda, a species of petrel

G

- Gaille-bheim*, a huge billow, a snow storm
- *Gall-headan*, a flageolet, a clarinet
- *Gaine, gainne*, an arrow, a dart, shaft
- *Garra-gart, no Ganra-gort, trean-ri-trean*, a corncraik, quail
- Gaisreadh, gaisridh*, warlike troops, military
- *Gasgan*, a green, a parterre
- *Geanbairn*, confinement, prison
- *Gearsom*, entrance money, fee paid for admission, (Grassum, Sc.)
- *Gianhag*, fear, panic, sudden alarm
- *Giobain*, a St Kildian sausage made of fat from the gullets of fowls
- *Gloic-nid, sgailc-sheide*, a dram in bed before rising in the morning
- *Gothach*, the reed of a bag-pipe, drone
- *Greathachd*, surliness, moroseness, churlishness
- Greus, greis*, embroidery, needlework, tambouring
- Guanag*, a neat tidy woman, a tight dressed girl
- Guga*, a St Kilda bird, a short-necked hunchbacked man
- *Gusgul*, idle talk, clatter, filth, refuse

I

- Ian-buchainn*, a melodious sea-fowl
- Illiscean*, taunts, nicknames, reflections on one's conduct
- Innidh*, entrails, bowels
- Innse-Gall*, primitive name of the Hebrides, now confined to Isle of Skye
- Iomchuinn*, conduct, behaviour, deportment
- *Ircann*, a patriarchal woman, a dam, the mother of a race
- Isnach or oisneach*, a rifle gun
- Iudmhail*, a fugitive, a coward, a low feeble fellow
- Iurghuileach*, a noisy contentious fellow, a ranter, a bawler
- Iutharn, ifrinn, irinn*, hell, the abode of demons

L

- Langrach*, full of chains or fetters
- La-buain*, doom's day, the last day
- Lear*, the wide ocean, the main
- Learg*, a small plain or hill, a battlefield, a green, goose
- Liobasda*, slovenly, untidy, awkward, clumsy
- Liob*, a contemptuous name for the mouth-piece of a bag-pipe, a thick lip
- Liobhar*, polished, burnished
- Loistean*, pleasure-boats, lodgings, tents, or booths
- Lon*, an elk, a blackbird, an ouzle
- Lorgair*, one that traces or tracks, a dog that follows by scent
- Lub*, a roe (now obsolete)
- Luch-armunn*, a pigmy, a dwarf
- Lunn*, penetrate, a heaving-billow, &c.

M

- Mac-raoir, sulair*, the gannet, a voracious fowl or person
- Mac-lanhaich, cat-mara, griasach*, the fish called a sea-devil
- Maidnean*, matins, morning prayers or devotions
- Maighdeann*, a maiden, an instrument for beheading with
- Maol-ciaran*, a child of grief, melancholy
- Marsal-marsadh*, a march, or marching of troops
- Mathalt*, a blunt sword, knife, or other weapon
- Meardrach*, meter, crambo (Irish id.)
- Mealag*, belly, protuberance
- Meara-casach*, active, nimble, vigorous
- Meirghe*, a banner, flag, pennon
- Meilbhag, mealbhag*, a corn-popy
- Mhan, sios*, downward, from above
- Moghunn*, sounds of musical instruments
- Muirichach*, female fighter or champion, an undaunted female

- Muirichinn*, children, inmates, occupants of one house
- Muiruinn*, (Irish id.) darling, or beloved
- Munadh*, a hill or billock, (used poetically for *monadh*)

O

- Olach*, an eunuch, a fumbler, &c., &c.
- Olachd*, hospitality, kindness, bounty
- Oraid*, an oration, a speech, an essay
- Ordha*, shining like gold, gilded, excellent, precious

P

- Pais*, a slap, a blow with the open hand, a box on the ear
- Peighinn*, a measure of land (not now in use)
- Pigidh, brù-dhearg*, robin red-breast
- Pliathach*, splay-footed, bandy-legged
- Prabadh*, botching, bungling, spoiling
- Prabar*, the rabble, the refuse of any grain or seed
- Prais, praiseach*, a pot or pot-metal, a still
- Priobartach*, parsimony, meanness, shabbiness
- Prioblosgadh*, a sudden burning or sense of heat, a twinkling blaze
- Puthar*, a wound or hurt, a scar
- Puic*, bribe, veil, *cha tug e puic dheth*, he made nothing of him

R

- Rannannan*, title deeds, deeds of conveyance, chattels
- Ranntar-buth*, a confused dance without system
- Rati*, a ludicrous appellation made to signify whisky
- Riastradh*, outbreaking, immorality, eruption
- Riataich, diolain*, illegitimate
- Robain*, towering waves, swelling roaring billows, heavy rains
- Roiseal*, the lowest and basest rabble, a high swelling wave
- Ro-seol*, the highest of a ship's sails, top-gallants, full sails
- Rosg*, prose writing, an eye, eyelids
- Ruanach*, firm, fierce, steadfast, stony

S

- Samh*, surge, the agitation of waves on the sea-beach, the crest of whitened billows
- Saoil*, a seal, a mark, an impression
- Saradh*, a broaching, a dis-training, an arrestment
- Scasdar*, 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
Seoighu, rare, superior, out of the common order, eccentric
Seol-ait, an anchorage, a harbour
Sgalaiche, a man ready to raise the hue and cry against his neighbour
Sgibhidh, tight, active, handsome, neat
Sglinnach, a clumsy person, a slattern, a female tattler, a young sea gull
Siataig, loini, rheumatism, rheumatic pains
Siogaideach, dwarfish, bony, ill-made
Sith, a span, a squint, determined position in standing
Siunnachan, bianan, phosphoric fire
Slan, a defence, a garrison, a protection
Smeoil, Gen. of *Smal, Gleann-smeoil*, the glen of mist
Smeoim, the end of an arrow next the bow-string
Snaois, a spit of dried fish, &c., &c.
Sorn, a hearth, the flue of a kin or oven, a concavity
Spangan, spangles, glittering toys, decorations, embellishments
Speach, a dart, virus, a blow or thrust, a wasp
Spreidh, or *sprigh*, velocity, gallant movement, gliding
Srianach, a badger, a brock
Stairbhanach, an athletic well-built person
Staoanag, ronnan, saliva, spittle
Sual, tumours, *suail* (Ir. id.), wonder
Suchte, filled, saturated, tightened
- Sumaire*, a coarse cudgel, a lethal weapon, a beetle
Siunnailt, a likeness, a comparison, a resemblance
- T
- Tarbhnach, fuaimneach*, noisy, garrulous
Tafaid, the string of a bow for throwing arrows
Taisdeal, a journey, a travel, a march, a voyage
Taobhluaith, a division of a pipe tune
Targanach, prognostication, a prophesying
Teallsanach or feallsanach, a philosopher, or astronomer
Teamhair, season, in season, fit time
Teiridneach, ciridneach, medicinal, having the power to cure
Teoltachd, cowardice, cowardliness
Theasd, chaochail, dh'eug, he died, *theasd e*
Tobha, ball, rop, rope, cable
Togbhair, a feud, a levying of forces, a rising in arms
Toimhseil, sensible, prudent, frugal
Toiteal, an attack in battle, a warlike movement, a flock of water fowls
Toitearlach, a thick gigantic man, a dense column of smoke
Torroichim, a deep snoring or sleep
Tosan, an onset, beginning, prelude
Tosgair, messenger, harbinger, ambassador
Treabhair, tighcan, houses, outhouses, steadings
- Troghaid*, a stitch in one's side, &c.
Triullinn, no tvealinn, nonsensical stuff, doggerel
Troghad, rosg-troghad, soft rolling eyes, full orb'd
Troidh, 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
Turaraich, a rattling or rumbling noise
Turcadaich, nodding, a sudden jerk from the sensation of sleep
Tuilm, Gen. of *tolm*, a hillock, a mound, a knoll
Tulg, a grudge, an upbraiding, puking
Tuillin, canvas, sea storm, a shipped wave
Tuinn, ducklings (obsolete), waves
Tuirneiltas, 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.)
Ushailteach, 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 pin, a clate
Urraisgean, inundations, overflowing speats (Sc.)

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