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Complete

SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH :

OR,

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY,

AND

LIVES OF THE HIGHLAND BARDS ;

WITH

HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES,

AND

A COMPREHENSIVE GLOSSARY OF PROVINCIAL WORDS.

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Honorary Member of the Ossianic Society of Glasgow, the Gaelic Society of London, &c., &c.

WITH AN

HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF

THE MANNERS, HABITS, &c., OF THE ANCIENT CALEDONIANS.

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PREFACE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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JOHN MACKENZIE.



Man cuairt biodh lù chleas nan laogh.
 Rì taobh nan sruth, no air an leirg.
 'S an munean beag de'n chomhrag sgìth,
 'N am achnais of eadal gun cheilg

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



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Si può dire che si è

trovato un nuovo

La bellezza della

Conoscenza e la

INTRODUCTION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Appian. Pausanias.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Welsh or Cumri, from their general appellation of Ancient Britons, are considered as the original inhabitants,** but it is admitted by their own antiquaries, and shown by others, that the Gaël, or in their own lingual form, the Gwyddel must have preceded them.†† The Welsh authorities preserve the names of other colonies which arrived at uncertain periods. The Lloegrws came from Gwasgwn or 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 Cunraeg descent.‡‡

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

† Thucydides.

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

§ The Cassiterides, or Tin islands, are believed to be the Scillies. See various authorities cited "Scottish Gael," 1. 34.

|| Cæsar, Diodorus Siculus.

** Welsh Triads and other authorities.

†† Edw. Lhwyd, &c.

‡‡ Talliesen. Whittaker.

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

Several of the great divisions lost their names in the fluctuations of a predatory and unsettled state of society and were ultimately incorporated with more powerful neighbours. The Mæata, (Magh-aithich,) 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 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, if not the native, yet the classical appellation.† The redoubted Piets themselves were at last embodied with their more successful countrymen the Scots, but long retained the evidence of their descent in the designation of Gaëlwe-dians, and Galloway is still applied to a greatly reduced portion of their ancient kingdom.

No more prolific subject of literary contention has offered itself to the national controversialists, than the lineage of the Pietish nation, that powerful division which so long shared the sovereignty of the kingdom. A prevailing tradition from most early ages, held them as the original inhabitants;‡ the Roman writers identified them with the Caledonians,§ and in later ages they were recognised as Scots.|| 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.¶ But reverting to another opinion not less keenly supported: were the Piets of Gothic extract? It is not probable, that at so early an epoch, the Scandinavian wastes could furnish such a force as would be sufficient to expel the Celts and supplant their language, for except there was a very considerable number of colonists, the strangers would inevitably lose their own tongue in mixture with the natives. Language, like manners, is liable to change from many operating causes,

* Chalmers' Caledonia. I.

† Upwards of twenty etymologies are given of this name.

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

§ Eumenius, &c. || Galfridus Monumutensis.

¶ Pinkerton,—Betham.

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

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

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

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

† De moribus Germanorum.

§ Aristotle, Strabo, Plutarch.

¶ Simeon Dunelmensis, L. II. c. 34.

‡ De Bello Gallico.

|| Gunlaug saga, &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

|| “Eaters of corn.” MacPherson. It is not improbable that this is the term *Dhraonich*, Agriculturists. Grant’s Thoughts on the *Gaël*. ¶ The *Albanic Duan*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

¶ Amm. Marc. xxvii. 1. Tacitus, &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Dr Macpherson's Dissertation, 215.

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

‡ Introduction to the Hist. of Britain.

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

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

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

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

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

† Tacitus, &c.

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

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

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

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

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

* Diodorus.

† Walker's Hist. Ir. Bards.

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

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

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

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

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

* Diod. Marcel.

† Fordun, xiii. 5.

‡ Cambrian Register.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Book xv. ch. 9.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Macpherson’s Introduction, 190.

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

‡ Tacitus. l. Diodorus, 5.

“I will listen,” says he, “if I may hear their wandering steps. He goes. An aged bard meets him at the door.”* This paragraph is from the fall of Tura, and on it Dr Smith remarks, that “hospitality is one of those virtues which lose ground, in proportion as civilization advances. It still subsists to a high degree in the highlands; though vanishing so fast, that in some years hence, its existence in some parts may be as much doubted, as that of some other virtues ascribed by Ossian to his heroes. It is not many years, since it was the general practice to look out every evening, whether any stranger appeared, before the doors were shut. When any had cast up, the host had manifestly more pleasure in giving, than the guest in receiving the entertainment.”* The Gauls never closed the doors of their houses, lest they should miss the opportunity of entertaining strangers.† Cean uai na dai, the point to which the way of the stranger leads, was the poetical appellation of the house of a chief. In the praise of this virtue the bards ever indulged, and these portions may well be ranked among the beauties of their compositions. “Hospitality stood at the outer gate, and with the finger of invitation, waved to the traveller as he passed on his way.”‡ “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?’”§ So a Cum-raeg bard exclaims, “Cup-bearer! fill the horn with joy; bear it to Rhys in the court of the hero of treasure—the court of Owain, that is ever supported by spoils taken from the foe. It supports a thousand—its gates are ever open.”|| But the entertainment of strangers and travellers was not left to individual feeling. In the Highlands, were numerous *spidals* (Hospitia) which like the Irish Fonn-teach, were provided for at the public expense by Brehon appointment, and directed by the Bruighe or farmer of the open house.

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

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

* Gallic Antiquities, 317.

† Agathias, I. 13.

‡ Cave of Creyla.

§ Finan and Lorma.

|| Cyveiliog, Prince of Powis fl. 1160.

"Ge fagus clach do làr,
 "S faigse na sìn cobhair Choibhi."

"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, geannmnaidh mocheir 'each." Be cheerful, temperate, and rise early, or take exercise.

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

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

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

* Welsh, Irish, and Highland authorities.

† Oina morul.

‡ Lora.

§ Rojoux. Ducs de Bretagne. I. 135.

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

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

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

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

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

* Higgins' Celtic Druids.

† Torfæus.

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

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

* Diodorus. Marcellinus.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

† Smith's *Gallie Antiquities*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On his defeat, however, the hard 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 dropt, as useless, the profession by which he and his ancestors had so long held it. Iain Breac MacLeod of Dunvegan, who died in 1693, was perhaps the last chief who upheld the ancient state by numbering in his retinue, bard, harper, piper, jester, and the full number of what has been with an attempt at wit, designated the tail. Dr Mac Pherson mentions one who kept two bards, and they held a seminary for the instruction of students. About 1690, John Glass and John Macdonald, the bards of two lairds in different parts of the country, met by appointment in 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 beauteous *Darthula*. “Daughter of Colla, thou art low!” said *Cairbar's* hundred bards; “silence is at the blue streams of Selma, for *Trathul's* race have failed. When wilt thou rise in thy beauty, first of Erin's maids? Thy sleep is long in the tomb, and the morning distant far. The sun shall not come to thy bed, and say,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

† Etymologicon magnum.

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

"An crith-thaice ri luig fein,
Fui' gheug dhoilleir dharaich,
Lan ogluidheachd :—a chrom aomadh,
'S fheasag aosda sìos mu bhrollach.
-air lar tha shuil a dearcadh
Ach anan ann co'radh thaibhse."

The figurative and laconic reply is very characteristic.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Beauford.

† Dr Smith.

‡ Description of the Western Isles.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

† Berlese.

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

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

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

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

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

The Highland traditions are copious on the subject of the fall of the druids, which, from the particulars related, was not a sacrifice to the cause of Christianity. The frequent wars in which the Scottish tribes were engaged, increased the power of the Feargubreith, while it lessened that of the druid, who had long been the arbiter of all transactions. Treunmor, grandfather of Fin Mac 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 chastisement. The Irish legends detail the circumstances of their expulsion twice before the celebrated council of Drumceat, held in 580, where the whole order was doomed to proscription for their oppressive exactions, having gone so far as to demand the golden brooch which fastened the plaid or cloak of Aodh, the king of Ulster! The good Columba, the apostle of the Highlands, left his charge in the college of Ii, for the purpose of interposing his influence to avert the destruction of an order, which, under proper regulations, was so well suited to the genius of his countrymen, and he was successful in softening very materially the severity of their sentence. The bards were on this occasion reduced to the number of 200, one only being allowed to each of the provincial kings, and lord of a cantred, and he was enjoined for no cause to prostitute his talents in flattering the vanity of the great, or covering vice by adulatory strains. He was to compose and sing to the glory of God, honour of the country, praise of heroes and females, and exaltation of his patron and followers. There was evident necessity for restriction; the numbers having so greatly increased, that they were estimated at no less than one third of the population! The propensity which those who were so highly favoured, and possessed such influence, had, like most others, to exceed moderation, required a check. Cupidity, it has been observed, is an inherent passion; and the possession of much, begets a desire for more. The bards subjected themselves to much obloquy and dislike by their arrogance and neglect of their proper duties, which eventually led to sundry curtailments of their personal immunities.

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

* Cambrian Mag.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

† Major, *Lib.* iv.

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

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

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

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

To twa hieland singing women, vi s.

To ane woman 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 tranquillity, the natives could therefore cultivate their poetry and music as an agreeable source of rational amusement, and if they continued to chant forth their ancient martial lays, it was a pleasing solace to have reflection drawn to departed renown. An indulgence in reminiscences of a state which no more can be reverted to, is some slight alleviation of regret.

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

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

who always used pipes in their warlike operations. "As others with the sound of trumpets, so those with the sound of the pipes, are inspired with ardour for the fight." Derrick likewise alludes to its martial use, and in the representations of battles, we observe the pipers in a prominent position, but do not perceive a harper. The great pipe has survived, an equally national instrument, which is much better adapted for an accompaniment at the festive board. The exhilarating but loud-toned *Pìob* 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 *Clers* or circuits, held triennially. Prince Gruffudd, who, with the approbation of his *Gaëlic* friends, did so much for the repression of abuse and introduction of improvement in poetry and music, laid down express rules for the guidance of these meetings, regulating the mode of competition, qualification of candidates, &c., the chief object being "to extinguish falsehood, and establish certainty in the relation of events," the proper observance of which excellent practice served so well to perpetuate the true history of transactions. Invention, or propagation of falsehood was declared punishable by imprisonment and fine, and the like penalty was exacted for mockery, derision, or undeserved censure. Rhys ap Gruffudd, Prince of South Wales, gave a magnificent entertainment in the manner of the country, to King Henry II., when a large assemblage of bards attended, and received a confirmation of all their franchises. Similar meetings have been held at various times and places, sometimes by royal summons; at others, under the auspices of the nobility. Henry VIII. issued a commission for one to be held at *Caerwys* in *Flintshire*, 1523, "for the purpose of instituting order and government among the professors of poetry and music, and regulating their art and profession, according to the old statute of Gruffudd ap Cynan, Prince of *Aberfraw*." Queen Elizabeth appointed another to assemble at the same place in 1568, and those who were not found worthy to hold so honourable a calling, were charged to betake themselves to honest labour, on pain of punishment as vagabonds. On the 22d September, 1792, "a congress of the bards of the Isle of Britain," was held on *Primrose hill* in a suburb of London, with the view of "recovering druidical mythology and bardic learning.*" Since then, the *Cymrodorion* society has given frequent *Eisteddvods* in the

* Gentleman's Mag. LXII.

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

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

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

* Players at chess, gamesters.
§ Sheanachies.

† Tellers of tales.

‡ Rotul. Patentium, 253, 94.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* View of the state of Ireland.

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

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

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

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

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

† The late John Anderson, Esq., W.S.

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

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

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

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

AFALLENAU MYRDDIN.

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

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

* Jones' poetical relics of the W. bards.

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

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

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

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

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

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

† Dr O'CONNOR.

X
Irish
By
my self

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

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

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

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

* Walker, who quotes memoirs of 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.

† Bunting on Irish music, 1840.

Author

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

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

"The history of the bards, is perhaps of all others the most extraordinary," is the expression of an eminent writer on poetry and music;† and another has said, that "on the construction of the old Celtic poetry we want much information."‡ Since this wish was expressed, the subject has been treated by writers qualified by a competent knowledge of the language. The Triads, which form so curious a record, commemorate Tydain, who first made an order and regulation for the record of vocal song; and it is laid down that there are three requisites for a poetical genius—an eye that can see nature, a heart that can feel it, and boldness that dares to follow it. In Ireland, Ceanfael (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.§

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."|| Those who wish farther information respecting the Welsh bards will be amply gratified by consulting the elaborate works of Jones and Evans; it may be sufficient to

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

† Dr Brown.

§ II. p. 213.

‡ Pinkerton "the Goth."

|| Owen's Dictionary.

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

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

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

Mor yw gwael gweled,
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' object is to test the antiquity of this poetry, but he does so by a comparison with the Irish system which he allows to be so full of art, and so fanciful, that it could not be of ancient origin, nor the manner "of any Celtic tribe whatever!"

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

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

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

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

"Goll mear mileata	Laoch gu lan ndealbhuair
Ceap na crodhachta	Reim an richuraibh
Laimh fhial arachta	Leomhan luatharmach
Mian na mordaasa	A leonadh biodhbhaidh
Mur leim lanteinne	Ton ag tream tuarguin
Fraoch nach bhfuarthear	Goll nan gnath iorguil." &c.

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

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

Mr Davies dwells at considerable length on the sounds of the consonants and their combinations, according to the Irish table; but although he notices Shaw's observation "that the Highland poets, following their example, had also a classification," he does not let his readers know that the two differed. The sound of *ch*, by the Irish is accounted rough; by the Gaël of Alban, it is deemed soft, sprightly, forcible, &c. His objections therefore to *laoich*, which he maintains should be *laoigh* to agree in character with *faoin*; *fithich*, 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' own opinion of the same poems, which doubtless was not hastily formed, being expressed in more elegant language than we could readily command, or becomingly use for ourselves.

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

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

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

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

† See Transactions of Irish Academy.

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

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

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

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

Tighmora, Duan IV. l'ol. III. p. 52.

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

“ O! m' anam faic an 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 balbh,
Le cridhe leum, 'sa snamh 'na chèol,
An gaol bho shuil gu stùil a falbh,
Cuir stad air feidh nan sleibhtean mòr.”

Miann a Bhaird aosda, p. 16.

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

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

Osian

Again :—

“ Na h-eòineanan bòidheach a's òrdamail pònnng.
Stu mairceach nan sràneach a's fàrrumach cèum.”

MaeLachlan.

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 cūis! ar SINNSEAR,
 San INNSGINN a bha nan aigue
 A dh' fhagadh dhūinn mar DHILIR,
 Bhi RIOGHAIL : bē sin am Paidir."

p. 130.

Again :—

" Is mōr a ghreis a thug na SGOID
 'Sna SLOIGH a coimhead an euch lan ;
 Ach chlāon iad araon air an FHRAOCH,
 'S fuil CHRAOBHACH a ruith o' n creuchdaibh."

Morduth.

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

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

Here is another specimen of a similar style :—

Fhuair mi sgēula moch dicēdin
 Air laimh fhēuma bha gu ereūchdach,
 '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 seālladh,
 Beichdail āllaidh uaibhreach.

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

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

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

See p. 24.

Tha mo dhuils' ann an Dìt,
 Guir muirneach do thriall,

Gu Dùn ud nan cliār,
 Far bu duthchas do' m thriāth,
 Bhiodh gu fiughantach fiāll foirmeil,
 Bhiodh gu, &c.

See p. 30.

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

Si se 'n aimsir an dearbhar
 An targaich dhùinn,
 'S bras meinmnach fir Alba
 Fon armaibh air thūs;
 Nuair dh' eireas gach treun-laogh
 Na' n eideadh ghlan ūr,
 Le run feirg agus gairge
 Ge seirbhis a chrùin.

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

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

'S ā' mhādhāinn | chíūin gheāl, | ānn ām dhōmh | dūsghādh,
 'Aig bñn nā | stūicē | b ē'n sūgrādh | leam,
 A cheāre lē | sgiūcān | a gābhāil | tūchāin,
 'Sān cōileāch | cūirtēil | āg dūrdāil | trom.
 Ān drēathān | sūrdail, | 's ā rībhīd | chíul āige,
 Ā cūr nān | smūid dhēth | gū lūthār | binn;
 Ān trūid sām | brū dheārg | lē mōrān ūnaich,
 Rē cōilēir | sūnnatāch | bū shiūbhāilāch | 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 bhān òg, fair young Mary "so often imitated, but never equalled," is another captivating beauty in the composition of 'Fair Duncan of the songs.'

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

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

I.

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

II.

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

III.

Gearr sìos gu bàs,
Gun bharc sheol bàn,
Bli snàmh ma dhubh Inuistoir.

IV.

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

V.

Mar charaie chruinn,
Do chridhe gun roinn;
Mar lasair oidheh' do lann.

VI.

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

VII.

A mhacan ceann,
Nan cùrsan stann,
Sgrios naimhde sìos gu l' r.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

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

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

* Cr. of Ba'il?

† Smith's Gallic Antiquities.

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

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

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

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

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

Mar cheud gaoth an daraig Mhoirbheinn,
Mar cheud sruth o thorr nan aonach,
Mar neoil a' curadh gu dubhlaibh,
Mar chuan mor air traigh a' taomadh,
Cho leathèan, beucach, dorch, borb,
Thachair laoiach fo cholg air Lena.
Bha gairm an t-sluaigh air cruach nam beann,
Mar thorrunn an oidhclì nan sian,
'N uair bhriseas uial Chona nan gleann
'S mìle taibhs' a' sgreadadh gu dian
Air gaoith, fhaoin, fhìar nan carn.
Ghluais an Rìgh na' neart gu luath,
Mar thannas Threimhoir, fuath gun bhaigh,
'N uair thig e' n crom-osag nan stuadh
Gu Mòrbheinn, tìr sinns're a ghraidh.

* Rerum Hib. scriptores veteres.

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

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

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

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

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

It would certainly be impossible to preserve in any translation, the native simplicity, force and beauty of Gaëlic poetry. To those acquainted with the language, the representations are highly graphic and often sublime ; but the feeling and felicity of description could not be clothed in an English dress without lamentable deterioration. Could 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 ignorant of the A B C. Duncan MacIntyre is a celebrated instance, and a long

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

† Tighmora, 404.

‡ Berrathon.

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

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

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

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

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

I.

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

II.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* Nalson, Introduction to the Irish language—1803. Another version is given by Gillies.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

‡ Polybius IV.

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

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

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

There is a very curious method of singing peculiar to the Welsh. It is called *Penillion*, and consists in adapting verses to the harper's tunes while performing, without any previous knowledge of the order in which they will follow, and it is thus performed, as we have observed at a 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 improvisitorial feat is frequently accomplished with astonishing success, by persons quite illiterate. Many of those 'poetical blossoms' display great command of language and considerable genius.*

After the period when Ossian, 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 13th

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

If the age of bardism, in its primary sense, is gone, it is satisfactory to preserve a memorial of what it was, and evidence of its present state. In the following pages are the flowers and blossoms of Gaëlic poetry, culled with careful discrimination, and without the 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, &c., be a useful and becoming personage in the train of a chief? At a Highland banquet about fifty years ago, a call was made for the bards to be brought to the upper end of the room. “The bards are extinct,” observed Mac Nicail of Scoirebreac. “No,” quickly rejoined Alastair buidh Mac Ivor, “but those who patronised them are gone!”

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SAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH;

CR

THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY, &c.

MORDUBH.

A' CHEUD EARRAN.*

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 laimh na h-aois.
Osag tha 'g astar o thuath,
Na dean tuasaid rium, 's mi lag.
Bha mi uair gu'n robh mo cheum
Cho aotrom riut fein, a ghaoth;
Mo neart mar chraig a Chruaidh-mhill,
'S iomadh cath 's na bhuail mi beum;
'S tric taibhse mo naimbdean ag astar,
Le ceum lag, o bheinn gu beinn.
Ach thig àm do bhròin-sa, ghaoth,
'N uair dhìreas tu 'n t-aonach gu mall.
Cha'n imrich thu neoil thar coill,
'S cha lùb a choille fo d' laimh,
'S cha gheill am fraoch anfhann fein.—
Ach togaidh gach geug an ceann.
Bi-sa baigheil rium-s', a 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,

* 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' crìtheadh 's an iar.
D'fhosgail eilean Fhlaitheis sa' chuan,
Tri uairean dorsan nan nial,
A glaothaich, "Dean cabbag thar a chuain
Le d' chuach-fhalt àluinn, a ghrian."
Tha neoil dubh sìubhlach na h-oidhche,
Gun aoibhneas air chùl nan tonn;
'S tric iad ag amharc do thriall,
A ghnais àluinn tha 'g astar o'n ear.
Ach eiribh le 'r sgiathan o'n chuan,
A neoil dhorch nan iomadh gruain.
Tha sgàilean nan sonn o shean,
Tabhairt cuireadh do'n ghreiu gu fath-innis.*

Beannachd le ribhinn chiùin do ruin,
Buaidh le d' shagheid 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 lùc:
'S taitneach na smointean a thriall;
'S miannach dreach nam bliadhna dh-fhalbh!
Pill thusa, m' oige, le t-uile ghnìomh,
A's feuch do m' anam bliadhn' mo neirt;
Feuch gach cath 's na bhuail mi beum,
A's airm nan laoch bha treubhach borb,
Thugaibh suil o neoil 'ur suain.
'Fheara bha cruaidh anns gach cath,
Cluinnidh 'ur clann fuaime 'ur cliù,

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

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

Dh-fhalaich a ghealach a ceann,
Bha cadal reultan air chul neoil;
Cabhadh ghaoth a's chuan o chian,
Bu gharbh an cath 'bha eadar stuaidh,
A's sìleadh ghailbheach nan speur,
N uair dh' eirich co-shamhla Shailmhoir,*
O leabaidh fhuair sa' gharbh chuan;
A siubhal air bharrabhaigh nan stuagh,
'S a ghaoth' cur meanbh chath mu'n cuairt,
Dh' eirich mac an aoig air sgiath
Na h-osaig, gu gruaidh Chraigmhoir;
'S bha anail fhiadhaich nan nial,
Ag eiridh ma shleagh gun ghuih.
Ag amharc anuas o leabaidh fhuair,
Bu mhòr a brìdh a bha 'na ghuth:
"Duisgibh! chlann Alba nam buadh,
'S garbh colg "ur naimhdean o thuath;
A' gluasad air bharrabhaigh nan toun,
Tha clanna Lochluinn nan lom long.
Eiribh! chlann Alba nam buadh,
'S mor neart ur naimhdean o thuath."
Air sgiath na h-osaige fuair'
Dh-fhalbh mac na h-oidhche gu luath.
Lùb an darach garbh fo chasan,
'S chrith gach gallan roi' fheirg.
"Tionailbh mo shuinn o'n t-seilg,"
Thubhairt Ceann-feadhna na h-Alba,
"Soillsichibh sràd air Druim-Feinne,
A's thig mo laoiach o ghruaidh gach beinne."
Labhair Mordubh, Rìgh nan srath,
'S lionar crag tha 'g inneadh seil.
Chuala clann a chath am fonn,
A's leum iomadh lann ghlas amach.
Dh' eirich a mhadaun 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.

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

* 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.

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

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

CIABH-GLAS.

"Imich thus' a ghealtair chlaoin
Gu aiseiridh shàmhach nam ban.
Tha t' anam air chrith mar dhuille uaine,
A ghluaiseas roimh anail nan speur,
Mar thuiteas i roi' fhuachd a gheamhraidh,
Teich thusa o na naimhdean borb:
Ach is ioma' craobh gharbh sa bheinn so
A sheasas 'u uair is gailbheach sian.
Is tric thainig naimhdean o thuath,
Ach buannachd cha tug iad riamh.
Imich thusè 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 b' fhiù dha
Airm a rusgadh sa chath.
A feith air Clainn Lochluinn o thuath,
Bi 'n cruaidh lannan fuilteach o'n taobh.
Chualas t' fhacail bu bheag stà,
A mhic an ardain tog do ghàth."

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

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

Mar dhà neul tha siubhal air càrn,
'Nuair shiubhlas a ghrian air mìn dhrìnachd :
Dubhach bha na glinn roi 'n ceum,
Ag amharc an tighinn an deoir nan speur.
Cha 'n fhuir 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 thuilt.

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 àrlar a ghlinn',
Mar sin bha toiseach garbh a chath',
Is iomadh nàmh a thuit leinn.
Bha uamhann a bhlairste 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 roi' cheud ?
Chunnaic an Rìgh ar ceum air ais ;
Las anam a gbaigich le feirg,
'S àilt dearg a leanailt a shleagha ;
Bha taibhsean a naimhdean mu'n cuairt,
Ach fad' naith fein bha na laoch.
Thainig e mu dheireadh nan deigh,
Mar thonn a tuiteam o'n chreig ;
'S tric a dh' iarr an fhaire 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 ?
Cha b' anfhann na suinn—
Cha do theich sinn roi 'n mheata.
'S tric chuir neoil dhorch smal ort fein,
An aimsir ghailbheach nan sian.
Ach 'N uair thèid fògradh air a ghaoith,
'S thèid caonag nan speur gu taobh ;
'N uair bheir thu smachd air na neoil,
'S a ghlasas a ghaoth air do laimh ;
'N uair sheallas tu oirne nuas,
'S do chuach fhalt àluinn a sniomb ;
'N uair bhios fiamh ghàir air do ghnais,
'S mòr aoibhneas 'g èideadh gach cnuic—
'S aighreach leinn do bhuaidh 's na speuran,
A's beannaichidh sinn do gathan, a ghrian.
Imich gu d' leabaidh le ecòl,
Thusa tha meag nan reultan mòr ;

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

AN DARA II-EARRANN.

Tri uairean chrath an oidhche
A sgiath dubh, cheòthach, 's an ear ;
Tri uairean sheall na reultan,
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 osnadh nam marbh,
'S b' anfhann an guth 's na neoil ;
Chuinich sinne gaisg' an lamb,
A's ghabh sinn tamailte mòr.

Air ard-chraig dh' amhairc an rìgh,
'S lionar gaisgeach bha fo ghruaim ;
Bha 'n smointean soilleir dha fein,
A's labhair e le briathraibh cruaidh.
Air cuis 'n uair laidheas gruaim,
Thèid fuadach an cridhe crìon,
'S thèid fir fhann gu luath fo dhion ;
Togaidh an calma cheann roi' ghailleann ;
'S cha bhì fiamh taisne na ghuais.
Tha ceuman nan sian 's an doire,
'S cha lùb an darach a ghlinn.
Abraibh sibhse Chinn-fheadhna,
An tainig sinn o dhaoine crìon !
An ann do gheuga fann ar sleagh ?
O dharach Alba nam mor ghuais,
'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 bhròin nam marbh ?
Tha chlach ud le mòintich liath
A cumail cuimhne air treun laoch,
Ag radh, " Cha do theich ar n' athraiche riamh,
Fhearab 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 bhuail e an darach ;
" Ainmic bha mo bhuillean fann.
Ainmic fhuair mo naimhdean buaidh ;
Ge d' thug bliadhn' air falbh mo neart,
Nì 'm beil gealtachd am ghruaidh.
Shaoil leam gu'n togadh mo mhac
Mo leac, 's gu càireadh e mo cheann.

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

Ghlac Ogan Mac-Chorbuidh a sgiath,
An diomhainn duinn gu eiridh grein'
Nan' dean sibh feathamh da'r luchd mì rùn ?
An sin do labhair Ceannard treun,
'S tric thug siol Albainn an t-slige chiuin ;
Ach e' 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 lùne bhuirín,
A suamh as air bharraibh nam beann,
'N uair chaidhleas a ghealach fo shuain,
'S a chrathas gailiunn clachan trom',
'S fiamh eagail 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,* fanaibh gach laoch,
Air an tog lamb mhìn-gheal leac,
Ach laidhidd mise nochd air fraoch.
Cha bhi 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 ain laimh ;
Bu naimhdean a dh'-Alba, m'athraiche,
Aig Rìgh Lochluinn, b' ainmeil iad.
B'aite leam siubhal na falrge,
Thog sia gaisgich bhorb mo bhreid.
Thainig gaath le cabbaig o thuath,
'S thog na stuaidh le feirg an druim ;
Bha meanbh eathbadh g-eiridh mu'n cuairt,
S neoil ghruamach ag astar os-cinn.
Dh' eirich Albainn air bharr tuinn,

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

'S chrath gach doir' an ciabh le fàilte.
Bha sleibhtean gorm gu ceolmhor, binn,
Le cathadh mùn bho cheann ar bàrc.
Be Dunairm ceann-uighe nan coigreach,
A's shìn an Ceannard gasd' a lamb.
'S e beatha clann Lochluinn an Albainn,
'N uair bhios meirg fìochaidh air an lamb,
'S lionar ar feidh, a's làn ar sligean ;
'S tha cliù a's misneach 'n ar sgeul ;
'S e uime chitear gruaim air coigreach ?
Chaidh sùrd le sòlas air cuirm ;
B' aobhinn leinn còmhraidh ar sìth ;
'S bheannaich sinn naimhdean ar tir !

Mar gath greine air madainn chiuin,
'N uair chromar le drùchd gach geng,
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 cathaibh rìghrean cèin ;
Eireadh do chliù-sa fad as,
A's cluinnidh Mìn-bhàs an sgeul.
Raineas rìgh Eirinn nan sleagh,
A's thuit a naimhdean le m' laimh ;
Sheinn am bard, as fad' thar chuan
Chualas m' iomradh gu fial.
B' fhaoidh oighean Inne-fail,
Le 'n lamhan mìn-gheala caoin,
Romham gu furanach fial,
Ach ni 'n d' fhuair a h-aon mo ghradh.
'N tra thraoigh fearg, 's a phill sìth,
Phill mi gu òigh nam bàs mìn.
'N uair dh' eirich Dunairm gu h-ard,
Bha ghrian na tamh an cluain seanh,
'S a ghealach a siubhal gu luath
O nial gu nial le baoisge geal—
Thainig guth air osaig na h-oidhiche,
O chib an doire ud thall,
Mar ghuth na maidne cubhraidh,
Air aiseag gu m' chluais gu mìn mall :
" Imich, 's ma thuiteas tu ghraidh,
Mo shuilean bi'dh silteach gach trà."
Chrith m'anam le eagal am ciabh,
Mar nach robh e roinne riamh.
Chunnacas Mìn-bhàs nan gaoil
Le àrmunn gasda ri taobh.
Lùb mi 'n tiubhar, ag radh—
" A shaighead ruig cridhe na ceilg"
Nìor rachadh an laoch an cein,
A bhuidhean cliù do chridhe 'n ardain.
Rainig an guin nìmh a taobh,
A's chlaon an oigh-mhìn air tom.
Bha cunch-fhalt dearg le fuil,

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in fìllin

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A's dh'imich a h-òsnadh air oisag na h-oidhche.
 Cion a thainig guin an aoig ?"
 Thuirt an laoch, le gnth ard,
 " O laimh an fhir nach bu tais,"
 A's thog mi an t-sleagh am laimh.
 A mhacain na h-oidhche uaignidh,
 Thuirt an t-òg le mor iognadh,
 " 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 duachnidh,
 Le macaibh na gaoithe duibh';
 Far nach tog do lamhan lann,
 'S nach guin do shaghead cridhe gaoil."

B' fhad a gbreis thug sinn,
 Cha chualas Mìn-bhàs le gair 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-selig ?"

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 rùin.
 Tharuinn mi 'n t-saighead o'n chreuchd—
 S a h-uchd mìn-ghéal air a lot!
 A's shìl 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 còinneiteich liath
 Thogadh sud mu uaigh an laoch:
 Ga chòir sin an suain na tàmh,
 Tha 'n ribhinn bu 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 eisdèachd na gaoith',
 Bha neoil dhùbh dol tharum luath;
 A's clann an adhair, gu d' theich
 Le mòr gheilt, toirt dhomb-sa fuath!
 Tha Ceannard Dhunairm na onar,
 Rì bròn, 's a sileadh dheur;
 Air nairbh thig e gan còir;
 A's cluinear 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 Mìn-bhàs fo dhailleir na gealaich.
 An rè na gealaiche nuaidh,
 Théid mi an caramh an t-sluaigh.
 Cha 'n eil mùirn an talla Dbunairm,
 Theid mi, a righ; 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 rì crathadh;
 A's sian an adhair ga ghluasad.
 Théid an duine ga theach,
 O fhearg na doinione fuair';
 Ach seallaidh athair na soille
 Air na raoin, 's iad brònach.
 Dearsaidh a chiabhan le maise;
 A's fògraidh se namhaid nan luibh;
 Crathaidh na cuic 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 auar,
 A measg ur naimhdean is geur colg;
 Nach abrar, " Nach toir sibh buaidh,
 Chionn gu'm beil mi fhein na'r measg."

" 'S muladach do sgeul r'a luadh,
 A Mhorfhuil," se thuirt an Rìgh,
 " Ach ni 'n tuit thu ad' aonar sa chath,
 'S clann Alba an so na'n suain.
 Mar dhealan thu an am na strì,
 Ach coigil do chairdean a Mhorfhuil,
 Tuitidh fadheireadh an treun,
 Treigidh samhradh an àidh,
 'S thig gearradh le ghruaim gun bhàidh.
 Bha Mìn-bhàs am madainn a h-òige,
 Mar dheò greine am barraibh ògain;
 'S co dheanadh còmhrag na fheirg,
 Rì mac Dhunairm a bha garg?
 Cha do laidh e gun a chliù,
 Anns a chria'-thaigh chumhann chaol.
 Gu b' iomràiteach a ghaigse, 's an dàn,
 Sheinn na baird gu blasda binu.
 Ach tha sleagh t-athar, a Mhorfhuil,
 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 laimh' ri m' ghradh.

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

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

A's tog e a laoch le buaidh,
Arsa Ceannard bu mhòr clùh,
Ach, eisd ri truaighean is mò.
Bha mo thuireadh sa faraon,
Airson Ainnir a chaidh aog;
Ach ni'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 fhitheach bha a falt,
'S bha brolach mar eal' 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,
Culàluinn, am maise mnà.
Na b-aonar fhuair i mo rùn,
A's labhair i rithe an foil;
Nach ionnmuinn siubhal' an lò,
'S cubhraidh' Chuilàluinn am beith.
Tha sìr na seilg air beauntaibh cian;
Thràigh a mhuir fada null,
Fagail a carraig sa ghaoith bhlàth.
A nighean Shailmhoir nan bàs mìn
Rachamuid 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 ghuineid mhnà
A falt amlagach grunn,
Na dhuail ri feamainn nan tonn;
A's thill i uaiphe, eridhe bà!
Le b-aighear mu gnuimh nach àdh.
Thain an fhaireg tonn air thonn,
A's dhuaisg Culàluinn á suain,
A's b' ioghnà' lea ceangal a gruaige.
O fhasgail mo leadan, a ghraidh?
Nach truagh leat fhein mi, òigh!
C' uime bhuin thu rium cho bà,
'S mo mhacain aillidh am dheigh!
Fhreagair mac talla nan creng,

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.

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

Ach ni'n tearmunn dhut gu bràth,
A Ghuineid, do bhrathair baoth.
Thuit an laoch le 'm gheur lann,
Ged' dhion e mi aon uair sa chath.
Laimh ris ann an suram suain,
Laidh thusa a b' uabhraiche gnuimh;
Is minig an aising na h-oidheche,
Thig do thaibhse le droch fliamh.
Ach a Chuil-àill an fhuilte duihbh,
Is ionnmuinn leam thus' am shuain!
Thig thu gun chith, gun cholg,
'S cha sheun fear cuairt do chòmhaidh,
'N tra dh' eireas gealach gun snal.
Is minig a chluinnear do ghuth.
Roi' thighinn na 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' eireadh iad ard san duithre!
Amhuil a thuit mo chaomh, a Mhorfhuilte,
A's dh' eirich mo shleagh le buaidh,
Cha mhaireann aon ghràdh air thalamh,
A's leagar mor ghaigeach san naigh.

Dh' aithris Ceannard sgeula bhròin,
'S am feachd bha tosdach trom!
Bhrùchadh osnaidh a' chleibh,
'N tra dh' aithris e sgeula na truaighe.
'San doire dhailleach bha thamh,
Cha d' ghluais an osag am fraoch mìn;
Cha do shiubhail na neoil thar bheinn,
'S ni 'n robh sian an ciabh nan crag;
Bha gach crann a's lus an sìth,
A's laidh a ghaoth a sìos gu grad.
Ciod tha dearsadh san ear,
Faoin chruth le fàite gaire?
Tha ghealach na cadal gu seamh,
'S ni'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 giùlan sgeith a h-athar.
Ni'm beil a h-imeachd am feirg,
Is caomh i air an leirg gn h-ard.
Cuir fuadach fo smalan na h-oidheche,
Tha *reull na maidne na dearna;
A tighin' mar dhearsadh am moch thrà,
Toirt fios duinn mu eiridh na greine.

* Moidearg-mhadne.

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

AN TREAS EARRAN.

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

Choir Sunar, Ceann-feadhna nan laoch,
Tha treun mar charraig nan tonn,
Mar chnoc air thir-mor nach gluaisear,
Mise thugaibh, shiol nam beann.
Tha threun 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 chloisach?
Na 'n tuit e sìos do'n ghaisgeach,
Ag tabhairt feidh a shleibhteann ard?
Uaibhse, theich o'n chath,
Tha Siol 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 mbacain nam fonn is biun';
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 dèis an creich fein.
Thigeadh e le mhilltean 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.*
Mar thig an doireann bho thuath,

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

Le gaioth luath a's nialta fliuch,
A tuirinn o ghruaidhean nam beann,
Nuas air aonach, ghlìnn, a's shlochè—
Mar sin thainig Sunar le shuinn.
Bha 'n sgiathan mar nialaibh na h-oidhe—
Bha 'n aghaidh mar reultan 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 na bhàr.

Cia mar dh'aithriseam fein
Gnìomhan euchdach 'ur n-arm?
A shealgair Choirre-nan-stùc,
Chunna' do shuil Mor-chreag—
A tha togail a chinn gu h-àrd,
'S a gabhail nan nial na chiahb,
O mhalach 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 fàirge;
Ach bu ghàire, 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.
Lòb Siol Lochluinn gu luath
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 mhie Lochluinn a ghuth aird.
Mar charraig roi' dhoinneann 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 cliar.
“Mar dhoinionn an adhair mo laimh,
Cha seas na beanntan fein le'n coill,
'S le'n stacaibh cragach, an lathair.
Air an fhaigre thug mi buaidh,
'N uair le feirge do sgaol an cuan,
Mu fhearann a's fhonn, ag eigheach,
Is bheum gach rutha, a's sgeir bheuchach.
Ach 's faoin a labhair thu, chuain,
Bhuirb nan stuadh-ghlasa baoh?
Nach tug mi fein ort roimhe buaidh?
'S an seas Ceannard an t-sluaigh so ri'm thaobh?”

Sin samhail do bhriathraibh an laoidh.
 Ach, chrithnich an talamh mu'n cuairt,
 'N tra thog iad an sleaghan ard;
 Thuit craobhan le m' freumbach buaint',
 'S chrith creagan fo chasan nan treun?
 A's leum iad o'n leabaidh thainh.
 'S iomadh cruaidh a bha á truaill,
 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 gheidh 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 charraig,
 Amhuil 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 fhuair:
 Mar sin tha sgiath an laoidh da shluagh.
 Thog Morfholt a shleagh gu éuchd,
 A's ghabh e'n còdhail a ghaisgich,
 'S bu ghàbhaidh còmbrag nam fear borb;
 Fhreagair 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 éuchdan;
 Ach chlaon iad araon air an fhraoch,
 'S fuil cbraobhach a ruith o'n creuchdaibh.

Sin labhair Morfholt na mor ghnìomh,
 Cha'n eirich mo shleagh ni 's mò;
 'S cha ruigear 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 tuò an t-òg gun mheang.

An do thog mi mo lamb, 's mo lann,
 A Mhorfhuilt, a t-aghaidh, mo bhrathair?
 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 talbhe.

Chual an sluagh balbh a ghloir,
 'S bu mhor an bròn air son an laoidh.
 Theich Siol Lochluinn g' an cabhlach,
 A's shil deoir Mhordhuibh mar bhraon;
 Phill e air ais a shuinn—
 Thog iad leac-lighe gu h-ard,
 A's sheinn am bàrd cliù an t-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 reulltan cian—
 Tha dà thaibhse mu'n cuairt an còmhnaidh,
 Le acain bhròn tha siubhal air siantaibh.

COLLATH.

3 Parkside Place

Dalketh March 1. 1872

Dear Mr Campbell,

As I can find no trace
of the paper I wrote in '67, I
hope the enclosed may be of
some use to you. It is the
only version I ever heard in
Lochaber.

There seems to be a discrepancy
in your analysis of the verses
and lines - Gillies 67 + Duanaire
5 = 72. If I was considered the
unmistakable I think
Yours &c

D Macpherson

Prima you are aware collath in Mr Kenzie's
was composed by McCallum of Arisaig.

h,
fein an diugh.
h threin,
th !
do nàmh,
lealldubh;
ùigh,
n cheòl,
ochd,
il.
gu leir !
rì
aidh ?
fhois,
's na cluanaibh.

52

h,
!
h,
lh am dhì ?
hliu,
h-oige,
threuna,
i:

à;
i,

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n sùth,
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rom,
!
threig,
n eug ?
an adh,

h;
onn,

67

March 1 1872

I suppose that you are aware collath in Mr Kenzie's
was composed by McCallum of Arisaig.

Sin samhail do bhriathraibh an laoi.
 Ach, chrithnich an talamh mu'n cuairt,
 'N tra thog iad an sleaghan ard;
 Thuit craobhan le m' freumbach buaint',
 'S chrith creagan fo chasan nan treun?

A's leum iad o'n leabaidh thainn.

'S iomadh cruaidh

A's saighead a siub

Bha seoid ag amha

'S dà rìgh a gleac' g

Thuit sgiath Shun

'S thar a shloigh th

Thog Mordubh a sl

Ach chun'e uchd a

Bha smaointean air

A's ghleidh e laimh

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

Sin labhair Morfhalt na maraich.

Bha Morfhalt air
 Leis thuit laoch air
 Sheas Ceann-feadh
 Bha airde mar chra
 Dh'aom clann Alba
 O sgeith laidir mar
 Amhuil darag aosda
 'S na siantan ri com
 Ach togaidh tu do c
 Tha maiseach, gun
 Mu d' thimcheall th
 'S thig an sealgair o
 A's gheibh e dìon o'
 Mar sin tha sgiath e
 Thog Morfhalt a sh
 A's ghabh e'n còdha
 'S bu ghàbhaidh cò
 Fhreagair mac-talla
 Do dh' fhuaim an la
 Chuir iad coill a's fr
 Le 'n casan air uillín
 A's chrithnich clann
 Ag coimhead ri gnio

COLLATH.

Tha acain am aisling neo-chaoin !
An cadal do laogh, athair ?
Is eagal leamsa doininn 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 gnìomh !
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 theis,
A's àillteachd gach cruth gu crìon.
Mar shruthas blà na coill—
Mar thig neul daillreach air a ghrein—
Is amhuil sin beatha nam beo !
Cha choigil 's cha chaomhain sinn seud.
Ach, an comhnuidh dhomhs' am thamh ?
A mhic Chollaith, mo ghraidh, ca' beil thu ?
Aona mhic mo cheile chaoimh !
A t-aonar am beil thu air lear ?
Fair an laun ud air an eallachainn,
Mac-samhailt do dhealan nan cath.
Thog Oglach an lann so g'a liobh—
Lann m' athraichean an gnìomh nan rath.
Is iomadh cath a's còmhrag cruaidh
Is cuimhne leam a bhi le buaidh.

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

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

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

Tha tuitte dol tharuinn gu dlù,
A e' ait' am beil m' annsachd 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 ùigh,
Gun talla, gun fhlatthaibh, gun cheòl,
'S am bi Siol Armuinn fo sprochd,
Mar fhaileas ruiteach tro' neoil.
Ach 's diomhain mo thuireadh gu leir !
Ciod so 'm fà mu'm beil mo chri
Fo bhruailean le aisling-chruaidh ?
A bualladh gu critheach, gun fhois,
Mar dhuilleach roi dhoinnionn 's na cluanaibh.

Fhreagair mi fhein gu seamh,
A's tioma bhròn ga 'm chlaoi !

" Am fanam-sa so am thamh,"
Thuir Oglach, " 's mo ghradh am dhi ?
Cha chaill mi, ars' e-san, mo chlin,
Ann am madainn chaomh na h-oige.
B' eug-samhuil na h-armuinn threuna,
M' athraiche feile, gun ghiomb :
'S ni 'm fanamsa so gun àdh,
Mar gheug gun duille gun bhlà ;
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 sùl is glaine snuadh,
Ainnir shuaire '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' anna an àdh,
Gun cheò na Lanna, no blàr ?
Gach fùran le òigh gun smal,
Neo-ionan a's sine ri gal."
Thog e ri crannaibh na seoil,
A's dhomhlaich uime a shluaigh ;
Ri comh-stri ghailbheach nan tonn,

Mac Pheuman of "The Occasional". White March 1872
I suppose that you are aware Collath is Mac Pheuman's
It was composed by Mac Pheuman of Arisaig.

Bha fonn a ghaoil ann a bheul.
 Cha inheata, am fèasd, a chri,
 A's Ainnir da dhì 's an iuil;
 'S an oidhche fheartuinnneach gu lò,
 Ag udal cuain an aghaidh shian,
 "Fagamaid acain a's bròn,"
 Thuirt Oglaoch, "gu clanna nan crìon,
 Taosgar gach boinne de m' fhuil.
 Mu'n leigear leo an òigh."
 Dh' eirich leinne cairdean treun,
 Thar lear a thorchar cliu—
 Dh' eirich leinn Eilean nan laoch—
 Dh' eirich leinn Fraoch a's a shlugh.
 A chaitheadh ar slighe 's a chuan,
 Ghabh sinn an sin duan mu 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 shiùil.
 Is ion' le m' chrì an t-aites ard.
 Tha 'g eiridh àdhmhor a steach!
 Mar chlaraidh an talla nam fonn,
 Mar chuileann an sonn nach meat,
 Mar fhilath-innis mhìle bàrd,
 Biodh smaointe graidh a chri!
 Ionmhuinn gach sìle, gach braon,
 Ionmhuin maraon a's Beul-bì,
 Caoin chruth geal nan ioma dual,
 O shìol na cathraiche nuaidh,
 Càir gheal a chabhair 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 fathas luibh an raoin;
 Seargaidh a caoin chruth 's a dreach;
 "Sruthaidh a blàthan gun bhuain,"
 'S e deir Mac Nuaith is geire beachd.

Thug i ceisd, a's a gaol trom
 Do Shonn òg a chaidh thar lear;
 A's dh'eirich doinnionn nan lann
 Mu òigh chaoin gheal nan cleachd,
 Tha aigne 'n laoch mar aiteal spur,
 No lasair dhein air aonach ard;
 Co thraoghas a bhuirb ghàir?

A chlauna fial nan armunn fuidhidh,
 Eiribh gu duthaich fad as,
 Gu taomadh oirn mar dhoinnionn ghairbh,
 Nì h-aoibhinn an fheig a tha las'.
 Ach mairidh cliu nan saoidh gach ial,
 A ghlachdas ri truaighean gun mheath.
 A laochraidh nan sleagh liobhaidh gear,

Togadh oirbh, mear, leumnach, garg,
 Mor—uaibhreach—borb,
 Le uamhann cith agus colg!
 Theid gathaibh leoin tre 'n cridhe;
 (Is aoibhinn 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 thraoghas gailbheinn na h-àibheis,
 Mar an t-ànrach claoite sgith;
 Seallaidh gnais an iunrais caoin,
 Amhuil laoch n' tra philleas sìth.
 Ach e-san a thuideas le buaidh,
 Tha e faighinn caochladh nuadh;
 A mhealtuinn ionmhas nan saoidh,
 Nach ionmhuinn a chaoi, a chomhuuidh!

Thainig tioma air mo chrì,
 Rì cuimhne na chunna' mi fhein!
 Gualann-chatha nach bu tìm,
 Flathaibh fuileach bha ri m' linn.
 Nach eil a h-aon diu am shean aois?
 Nach b' eibhinn a bhì 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 laoch a bha ard—
 Bha bhoile mar chaoiribh cruach.
 Cha robh e riamh ann an sìth,
 'N uair ruisgeadh na lannan san strì;
 Bha imeachd mar thoran tro ghleann,
 Mar dhealan an adhair bha dheann.
 Ach threig an gaisgeach o chian,
 Carraig-chatha a chridhe fhial;
 'S chaidh mar aon ris iomadh còmhlan,
 Cha n-è mo shòlas nach eil e buan.
 Ach teirigidh sinn uile fa-dheoidh,
 A's chi an lò sinn sinail' san uaigh.*

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

Ach, Oglaoich, is dearcair trom,
 Sean aois a chromas an t-àrd,
 A chauchaileas cruth nam flath,

* 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.

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

Chunnacas reull bu dealrach dreach,
A soillse tro' dhuibhre na h-oidhche;
A's shoillsich a ghealach a ris,
'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 ghradh;
Ged' tha thusa balbh ad' dheoir!
Còmh is meuchaire, mhìne, ghile,
Taomadh gaoil mar dhearsa na h-òidhche!"
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!
Ciod so an sòlas diamhair,
A tha ga'm lionadh gun fhoghnadh?
Tha m' aigneadh a' leumnaich a ghua,
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 rùin a tha bhuainn.
Pillidh mar aon a gaoil
Ro chaoiu, mar ri caochladh cath.
Tha m' aigneadh a' leumnaich gu còmhrag.
Is ionmhuinn le oighean mac rath.

Aithris dhuinn fhilidh nan dàn,
Thuit mi fein am briathraibh ciùin,
Mar tha oigh na h-iomair bhaigh,
Rè a latha an reull iùil.
Beul-bì,* sòlus mhìle crì,
Maise mnà a bhil bhì;
Ighean ghaoil bu bhlada ceol,
A falt mar fhitheach, dubh mar smeoir.
Bha maise a's gradh le cheil' na sealladh,
A mala crom mar ite 'n lùin;
A còmh seamh, finealta, fuasgailt',
Cha lubadh a ceum nan feoirnean.
Bu chruth ionmbolt an ribhinu;
Ach ciod am fà mu'n robh sa 'g radh?
Gach aona bhuaidh do bhi air finne,
Bha sud air dunach nan laoch,
A thuit mar ghallan nan gleann,
Mar sgatbar fiùran nan crann.

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

Ach dh-fhailig mor mhaiss' a ghaoil,
Chaochail' cruth àillidh gu h-aog!
'N uair bhuail lann Chonnlaoidh uchd Dhonna-ghaill,
'S a ruith fhuil na thonnann blà!
Chlaon e air uilinn an t-armuinn,
An gath nimhe chaidh tro' airnean;
Gath geur guineach nan trì cholg,
Os ceann imleig shàth na bhoig.
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 ghrìdh 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 ghaoil!
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!
Theireadh iad, an sin n'an tàmh,
Tha òg-fhlath nam buadh, 's a ghràdh,
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;
Thannh sinn car ghreis air an leir,
Gu briseadh faire na maidne.
Bha'n cuan siar mar lainuir,
Le soillse àdhnhor 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, thuit Oglach, ard, mear,
Rombainn a nis' teachdair luath."
Chuir sinn rombainn lùghmhor òg,
Le fios gu Ardan, gun àdh!
"E chur chugainn Ainnir na mais',
'S gu'm pilleadh ar feachd ga'n cabhlach."
'S e thuit Ardan a chridhe bhuirb,
"Sinn fein a philleadh gu grad,
Air neo gu sguabadh e gach saoidh
Gu lear, mar fhaileas roi'n ghaoith
Gu lubadh e Oglach 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 easan,
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 nach leigeadh tu leam
An òigh a thug thu thar tuinn?
Ainnir nam meall-shuillean mìne,
'S an domh fhìn a thug i gradh!"
"Cha leiginn leat an oigh chaoìn,
No le aon laoch ann ad t-fheachd.
Is cian a shiubhail mi 'n cuan,
Is eileanan stuadh-ghlasa sàil',
'S cha 'n fhacas a samhla fo 'n ghrein,
'S cha sgar o cheile sinn ach bàs."
Sin mar labhair na suinn,
An cruai'-ghleachd 's am huinn ga 'n staille;
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.
Thuirilinn na cathaibh gu domhail,
'S bha Oglaoch am meadhon a nàmh.
Thainig Fraoch nan sonn ga chomhna,
'S bha abhainn fala dòl 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-fhìr sa' bhlàr.
Cha robh Ceanna-bheirt na dhidinn—
Cha robh roinn gun reuba fuileach!
Mar sin bha iomairt nan laoch,
Gus an do theich na h-ìomadh.
Thug sinn ar n'aghaidh gu lear;
A's thog sinn leinn Oglaoch creuchdach,
A's Fraoch, a's iomadh fear treun,
A chàradh fo 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 sàthaite na cliabh—
A com caoin bu ghile snuadh,
Air caochladh le dile fala!—
A falt am-lubach cleachdach
Na dhualaibh a falach a thabh—
Bha h-acain leoin fadheoidh,

Mu Oglaoch caomh a graidh!
Thog sinn dà lic le 'n còinntich,
A's sheinn an fìlìdh an cliù;
'S am fuigheal brònach a mhair,
Thog sinn thar lear ar suil! *
Bha sinn làtha sgìth 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 laugh an céin,"
Arsa Collath, 's a dheur a rùith;
"Bu gheal an cridhe bha na chom,
'S bu chaoine no deo grein a chruth.
Shaoileam, Oglaoich threin,
Gu biodh tu leam fhein an diugh,
Mar neart dhomh an shean aois,
A's feasgar mo là dhèmh dùl,
Is gearr an rè a fhuair
Thu, Ogain a b'uaisle gniomh!
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 tras—
Fhilidh dhàn nach eil i 'm bròn?"
"Tha," thuir Binn-ghuth gu caòin;
"Ach duiigidh i thall ud a ceòl.†"
'N uair threigeas 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 Filidh, ar fear inil.
"An t-eillean 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 fhilathaibh nad ceud chath,
Thainig oirn' an là nach àdh!
Thuit na gaisgich, thuit na saoidh.
'S truagh an laoidh a tha na 'r beul! — 400
A caoidh sìochd Chòlaith nan gràdh;
A's fblà an Rùtha a thuit uaith cian.
O fhinne gaoil a tha gun mhairg,
'S e mo chreach! an fhaigh tha steach.

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

† See Note, Mordubh, page 1. line 39.

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

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Ann's a cheitein ùrar, bhlà,
 Bhiod dreach is àill' air gach slios.
 Is gorm badanach am fraoch,
 Am faigheadh na soidh 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-thalt fein bha sgaoilt' gu h-ard,
 Sguabadh gu h-am-lubach air falbh,
 'S cha robh a dealbh air enoc no sliabh.
 Ach, ' ghrian, thig là do bhròin,
 N uair nach laidh thu le ceòl 'san iar,
 S nach eirich thu 's an ear le treoir,
 Ach mall mar mis', am chibhan liath."
 Bhiodh cneas Bhràishealla ri grein
 Shamhraidh, fo gach fear a's cneamh;
 An ealabhuidh 's an noiean bàna,
 'S an t-sobhrach an gleann fàs nan luibh;
 Ann's am faigheadh an leighe liath,*
 Furtachd fiach do chreuchd a's leòn!
 Olla shìol nan sleaghan geur,
 Da'n comhnidh o chéin an t-Sroin.
 'S traugh nach robh e san àr,
 'N uair thàr sinn gu tràigh fad as!
 'S bheireadh e na soidh o'n bhàs,
 'S bhiodhmaid mar bu ghnàth air lear.
 'S iomadh iomart bha ri m' linn,
 Cruai' bheumach air chiunt gach uair;
 A's shileadh ar deoir mar fhras nan speur,
 'N tra thuiteadh gaigich 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 tìom.
 Thuit an crann a b' ùrar fàs,
 A faillean mo gràidh san fhonn;
 Mar mhaoim sleibh, no dealan speur,
 Leagadh Ceann-feadhna nan cath;
 An dh-fhag e ach an meanglan òg?
 Ainnir nach beò leinn an nochd!
 'S ann o d' fhreumhach fein a bha iad,
 'S ni 'm beil a lathair dhù mac rath.

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

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

A nis a tuireadh gu truagh.
 Thàr sinn mar so leis an oidheche,
 Gun aoidh, gun chuilm, gun cheòl;
 Laidh smal air gach fonn a's fear,
 A's dhorchaidh na reultan fo 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.
 Thainig cù* le bural bròin,
 Bha'n gaothar tiamhaidh truagh!
 Nach cianail a nis an bruth,
 A's Rutha nan stùc ann an gruain!
 Gun laoch aig baile ni sealg;
 Gun chuilm, gun mhùirn, gun choin.

Slàn leibh a bheannaibh mo ghaoil,
 Ann's am faighinn mang a's daubh;
 Soraidd 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 libh gaisgeach a laun,
 Far an dealrach òigh gun fheall.
 'S am biodh Oglach a's Ainnir
 Mar reultan soillseach nan speur—
 An auma ag lasadh le gaol,
 Mar dheò grein' an aghaidh gun smal,
 Mar so biodh aising mo shean aois,
 'N uair dh'eireas mo ghuth gu bròn binn!
 'S nach dirich mi Creubh-bheinn an fheidh,
 Ach mall air làrach a ghlinn'.
 Beannachd a's ciad soraidd 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 dèis 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 ionnmuinn na their,
 Tha m' intinn gun chàil, air meath,
 Tha m' eibhneas uileadh air falbh
 Le blianaibh calma na b-òige.
 Is ciannail fuireach air traigh
 Sean aois, gun m' aiseag a null;
 'S mo thògradh ga m' ghreasad gu luath,
 Gu Flath-innis shuas gu bràth."

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

MIANN A BHAIRD AOSDA.*

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

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

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

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

THE AGED BARD'S WISH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

† An herb called St John's wort.

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

Briseadh tro chreag nan eidheann dlù,
Am fuaran 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.

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 *Tréig*, and the wave our music; though ghosts should shriek, and mountains roar, reclined in the cave, undisturbed was our rest.

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

I see Scur-eilt on the brow of the glen, where the cuckoo first raises her tuneful voice; and the beautiful green hill of the thousand firs, of herbs, of 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 tops 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 out to a mast, nor an oaken prow divide a wave.

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

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

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

* Allusion is here made to a fire of wood.

778

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

78

Sruthadh air sgèith na h-èsaig mhìn,
Glaodhan maoth nan crò mu'm chluais,
'N sin freagraidh a mheannh-spreigh,
'Nuair chluinn, an gineil, is iad a ruith a nuas.

9

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

10

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

11

'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 du'n dòs.

12

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

13

Bha ceò air flegch bhàrr an fhéidh
An deoch á Tréig 's nn tonn ar ceòl,
Ge d' sheinneadh tàisg 's ge d' rànach sléibh,
Siunte 's an uainh bu sheamh ar neoil.

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.

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 nar-
row bed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

14

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

15

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

16

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.

17

'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.

18

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

22-20

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mountain Blend

30

31

32

33

34

35

36

23 21

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

20 22

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

21 23

B'eil deòir do ruisg O! thusa rìbhinn,
Is mine mais' 's a's gile làmh?
Sòlas gu'n chrìoch do'n ghruaidh mhaoidh,
A chaoidh nach gluais on leabaidh chaoil.

24

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

25

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

26

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

27

O! m'anam faic an rìbhinn òg,
Fo sgéith an daraich, rìgh nan fìath,
'S a lamh shneachd' measg á ciabhan òir,
'Sa meall-shuil chiùin air òg a gràidh.

28

E-san a' seinn ri taobh 's i balbh,
Le cridhe lenn, 's a snàmh' na cheòl,
An gaol bho shuil gu suil a falbh,
Cuir stad air féidh nan sleibhtean mòr.

29

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

30

Sòlas gun chrìoch do'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 grunn.

31

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

32

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

33

O! cuir mo chluas ri fuaim Eas-mòr
Le chrònan a' tearnadh on chreig.
Bi'dh cruit agus slige ri'n thaobh,
'S an sgiath a dhian mo shìnnis sa' chath.

34

Thig le càirdeas thar a chuain,
Osag mbin a ghluais gu mall,
Tog mo cheò air sgiath do luathais,
'S imich grad gu eilean fhlaithais.

35

Far'm beil na laoiach a dh-fhalbh o shean,
An cadal trom gun dol le ceòl,
Fosglaidh-sa thailla Oisein a's l'haoil,
Thig an oidhche 's cha bhì'm bàrd air bhrath.

36

Ach o m'an tig i seal m'an triall mo cheò,
Gu teach nan bàrd, air àr-bheinn as nach pill.
Fair cruit 's mo shlige dh-innsaidh 'n ròid,
Ansin; mo chruit, 's mo shlige ghraidh, slàn leibh.

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

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

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

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

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

This is dramatic dialogue with genealogical tendencies
and topographical. Hunter, owl, household. age

17

3 Parkside Place

Dalkeith 25. Feb. 72

Dear Mr Campbell,

The 'Owl' to hand

yesterday, but as Saturday is one
of my busiest days, and as this
is Sunday, I can't add much to
your interesting paper. I may mention
however that in 67 I took down the
whole Bonarian tradition connected
with the Hunter. — A friend got hold
of the paper, and likely enough
destroyed it. Should it turn up this
week I will forward it along
with your own. Since that time
I came across Mr Grant of Laggan's
sketch and translation in verse of at least 1st

of about 'The times' MacBherson. —
R. Campbell Feb. 15. 1871

the most part of the Comhachag.
I have also heard that there is a
very good sketch in "Lays of the
Deer Forest" by the Chevaliers Stuart

The "Comhachag" also appeared (in
 Gaelic) in "Rosalie McDonald's collection of
 songs" Edinburgh 1776, 12mo. & Glasgow 1809
 Better known as Leabhar Rannmìll Dìis
 not of Alrid-wise, but of Eigg.

Seine ascaoin — bha Smaek aige,
'S latha Stòrmheil a bha e deanamh air.
Eig thuirt is i fàidteachadh air:

Mur teid thu 'dh-Eig,
Meid thu 'dh-ile;
'S mur teid thu 'dh-ile,
Meid thu 'dh-ìfrrinn!

A fragment of the Comhachag also
appeared in Albany's Anthology 1816. I
think Evan Macleachlan of Aberdeen gives
a translation but I forget. In case
you don't happen to have a copy

This is dramatic dialogue with genealogical truisms
and topographical. Hunter, CWL, humd. age

I will transcribe the title page from an old
Catalogue: "Albyn's Anthology; or a
select Collection of the Melodies and Vocal
poetry peculiar to Scotland and the Isles,
hitherto unpublished, collected and arranged
by Alexander Campbell, the modern
verses adapted to the Highland,
Hebridean, and Lowland Melodies, by
Sir Walter Scott, &c. 2 vols. fol. bds.
Scarce, uncut 30/-" Mac Campbell
was the editor of the second Edition
of the Gaelic Proverbs.

How well told is theaul's innocence
in the stanza —

Gha d'rimm mise baid no bréigean,
Bladh, no téampull, Chado bhris mi;
'S air m' fhear shein chad'rimm mi ionnadh, —
Sur { Cailleachag } bhoeth, ionrais mise!
a Hun }

The above if memory does not fail me is different
from McKenzie's. In Lochaber we never
say Seamhais — always Witheis —
Gleann-Witheis, Bròn Witheis, Brùn-Witheis &
Loch Witheis in Morar.

The author of the Comhachag was a native
of Glencoe — lived for a long time in Lochaber &
of about "the time of Mac Pherson" —
Campbell Feb. 15. 1571

at Ferseth where he died. His grave is still
pointed out at the door of the old chapel of Killy-
Chryl. Instead of facing the east it faces the
south "Las gum bi omi faicim na Maol Chumdaig"
But I'm breaking the Sabbath.

As I have only got a fragment (32 pp) of
Macdonaldi & the cover of even that, I cannot
send it you. I will however transcribe the
title page, also from an old Catalogue
"Music - Macdonald (Rev Patrick, of Kilmore, Argyll-
shire) a collection of Highland vocal Airs never
hitherto published, to which are added a few of the
most lively dances or Reels of Scotch Highlands, and
some specimens of Bag-pipe Music, 8o folio, 1781".
John Noble, Bookseller, Castle St, Inverness
is the only party likely to deal in with a
copy as it is very rare - published 27 years
before Beaumain - of course he may have seen
the Gaelic with Dr Smith - the Airs might
lead one to guess at least. I forgot to
mention that the Hunter must have lived in
the beginning of the sixteenth Century. He mentions
several of the Ropprek - "Alastair (Carrach) is styled Lord
of Lochaber in 1394 and in 1398". "Origines Parochiales" Vol. ii
part 1, p 176". He mentions Alastair Bhoth-Loinn who
was mae Raonuilt mhóir (who constructed 'Digh nam
Ileadh') mhie Shònnail ghlaig, mhie Conghais
na Fearsaid mhie Alastair Charaich mhie Iain
nan Eilean - Datis
Yours &
Donald Macpherson

A' CHOMHACHAG.*

Hunter 1

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

owl 2

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

Hunter 3 *owl*

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.

Hunter 4 *owl*

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

owl 5

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

owl 6

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

owl 7

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

owl 8

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,"

Hunter 9

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.

owl 10

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

owl 11

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

Hunter 12

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

owl 13

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.

owl 14

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

owl 15

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.

owl 16

Gun de chéil aic' ach an damh,
'S e 's muime dh'i' feur a's cneamh,
Mathair an laoi gh mheana-bhric mhir,
Bean an fhir mhall-rosgaich ghlain.

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

The occasion of the poem was this: He had married a young woman in his old age, who as might have been expected, proved a very unmet helpmate. When he and his dog were both worn down with the toils of 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 his dog; and accordingly brought it home. The poem is in the form of a dialogue between Donald and the owl. It is very unlikely that he had ever heard of Æsop, yet he contrives to make an owl speak, and that to good purpose. On the whole it is an ingenious performance and perhaps has no rival of its kind in the language. Allusion is made to his "half marrow," in the 57th stanza.

B

A version of this is in Mac Nicoll's manuscript
of about the time of Mac Pherson —
Campbell's ed. 15. 1571

¹⁷
'S sìùbhlach a dh'-fhalbhas e raon,
Cadal cha dean e sa'n smùir,
B' fhearr leis na plaide fo' thaobh,
Bàrr an fhraoich bhadanaich ùir.

¹⁸
Gur àluinn sgeamh an daimh dhuinn,
'Thearnas o shireadh nam beann,
Mac na h-eilde ris an t-shonn,
Nach do chrom le spid a cheann.

¹⁹
Eilid bhinneach, mheargant, bhallach,
Odhar, eangach, uchd réidh àrd,
Dannh togalach, eroic-cheannach, sgiamhach,
Crònanach, ceann-riabhach, dearg.

²⁰
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.

²¹
Creag mò 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.

²²
M' annsachd beinn sheasgaich nam fuaran,
An riasgach o'n dean au damh rànan,
Chuireadh gadhar is glan nuallan,
Féidh na'n ruaig gu Iubhir-Mheorain.

²³
B' annsa' leam na dùrdan bodaich,
Os ceann leic ri eararadh sìl,
Bùirean an daimh 'm bi ghuè dhuinnead,
Air leacann beinne 's e ri sìn.

²⁴
'N uair bhùras damh Beinne-bige,
'S a bhéucas damh Beinn-na-craige,
Freagraidh na daimh ud da chéile;
'S thig féidh a' Coirre-na-snaige.

²⁵
Bha mi o'n rugadh mi riabh,
Ann an caidridh fhiadh a's earb',
Ch'an fhaca mi dath air bian,
Ach buidhe, riabhach, a's dearg.

²⁶
Cha mhi-fhìn a sgaol an comunn,
A bha eadar mi 'sa Chreag-ghuanach,
Ach an aois ga'r toirt o chéile,
Gur grathunn an fhéil a' fhuaras.

²⁷
'S i creag mò chride-s' a Chreag-ghuanach,
A chreag dhuilleach, bhiolairrach, bhraonach,
Na'n tulach àrd, àluinn, fiarach,
Gur cian a ghabh i o'n mhaorach.

²⁸
Cha mhinig a bha mi 'g éisdeachd,
Re séideadh na muice-mara,
Ach 's tric a chuala mi mòran,
De chrònaich an daimh allaidh.

²⁹
Cha do chuir mi duil san iasgach,
Bhi ga iarraidh leis a mhadhar,
'S mòr gu'm b' annsa leam am fiadhach,
'S bhi air falbh nan sliabh as-t-fbaghar.

³⁰
'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.

³¹
Fad 'sa bhithinn beò no maireann,
Deò dhe 'n anam an am chorp,
Dh-fhanainn am fochar an fhéidh,
Sin an spreidh an robh mo thoirt.

³²
C'àit' an cualas ceòl bu bhinne,
Na mothar gadhair mhoir a' teachd,
Daimh sheannga na' ruith le gleann,
Miol-choin a dol annt a's ast'.

³³
'S truagh an diugh nach beò an fheoghainn,
Gun ann ach an ceò de'n bhuidheann,
Leis 'm bu mhiannach gloir nan gadhar,
Gun mheoghail, gun òl, gun bhruidhion.

³⁴
Bratach Alasdair nan Gleann,
A sròl fathrumach ri crann,
Suaicheantas shoilleir shìol Chuinn,
Nach do chuir suim an clann ghall

³⁵
'S ann an Cinn-Ghiubhsaich na laidhe,
Tha nàmbaid na graidhe deirge,
Lamb dheas a mharbhadh a bhradain,
Bu mhath e 'n sàbaid na feirge.

³⁶
Dh-fhag mi san Ruaidhe so shios,
Am fear a b' òle dhoms' a bhàs,
'S tric a chuir e ' thagraidh an cruathas,
Ann cluais an daimh chabraich an sàs

³⁷
Raonull Mac-Dhomhnuill ghlais,
Fear a fhuair sòghlum gu deas,
Deagh Mhac-Dhomhnuill a chuil chais,
Ni'm beò neach a chòmhraig leis.

³⁸
Alasdair cridhe nan gleann,
Gun e bhi ann mòr a' chreach,
'S tric a leag thu air an tom,
Slìochd nan sonn leis a chù ghlas.

³⁹
Alasdair mac Ailein mhòir,
'S tric a mharbh sa' bheinn na féidh,
'S a leanadh fad air an tòir,
Mo dhoigh gur Domhnullach treun.

⁴⁰
A's Dòmhnallach thu gun mhearachd,
Gur tu buinne geal na cruaghach,
Gur càirdeach thu do Chlaun-Chatain,
S gur h-e dalt thu do'n Chreig-ghuanach.

⁴¹
Ma dh-fhàgadh Domhnall a muigh,
Na aonar a' taigh na' flegadh,
S gearr a bhios gucag air bhuil,
Luchd a chruidh bi'dh iad a staigh.

⁴²
Mì'm shuidh air sìth-bhruth nam beann,
A coinhead air ceann Loch-a-Tréig,
Creag ghuanach am biodh an t-shealg,
Grianan ard am biodh na féidh.

⁴³
Chi mi na Dù-lochain bhuam,
Chi mi Chruach, a's Beinne-bhreac,
Chi mi Srath-Oisein nam Fiaun,
Chi mi ghrian air Meall-nan-leac.

⁴⁴
Chi mi Beinn-Neamhais gu h-àrd,
Agus an càrn-dearg ri bun,
A's coire beag eile ri taobh,
Chit' as monadh faoin a's muir.

⁴⁵
Gur rìmhach an coire dearg,
Far 'm bu mhiannach leinn bhi sealg,
Coirre nan tulaichean fraoich,
Innis nan laogh 's nan damh garbh.

⁴⁶
Chi mi braidh Bhídean-nan-dòs,
'N taobh so bhos do Sgurra-lìdh,
Sgurra-chòinntich nan damh seang—
Iomhuinn leam an diugh na chì.

⁴⁷
Chi mi Srath farsuinn a chruidh,
Far an labhar guth nan sòn, n,
A's Coire creagach a mhaime,
A' minig a thug mo làmh toll.

⁴⁸
Chi mi Garbh-bheinn nan damh donn,
Agus Slat-bheinn nan tom sìth,
Mar sin agus an Leitir dhubbh,
'S an trie a rinn mi fuil na' frith.

⁴⁹
Soraidd gu Beinn-allta bhuam,
O'n 's i fhuair urram nam beann,
Gu slios Loch-Earrachd an fhéidh,
Gu'm b'ionmhuinn leam féin bhi ann.

⁵⁰
Thoir soraidd uam thun an Loch',
Far am faicte 'bhos a's thall,
Gu uisge Leamhna nan lach,
Muime nan laogh breac 's nam meann.

⁵¹
'S e loch mo chridhse an loch,
An loch, air am biodh an lach,
Agus iomadh eala bhàn,
'S bh'ìdh iad a snàmh air ma seach,

⁵²
Olaidh mi a' Tréig mo theann-shàth,
Na dheidh cha bhi mi fo mhulad,
Uisge glan nam fuaran fallan,
O'n seang am fiadh a nì 'n langan.

⁵³
'S buan an comunn gun bhristeadh,
Bha eadar mise 's an t-uisge;
Sùgh nam mor bheann gun mhisge,
'S mise ga òl gun trasgadh.

⁵⁴
'S ann a bha 'n comunn bristeach,
Eadar mise 's a Chreag-sheilich,
Mise gu bràth cha dirich,
Ise gu dìlinn cha teirinn.

⁵⁵
On labhair mi umaibh gu léir,
Gabhaidh mi fhéin dibh mo chead,
Dearmad cha dean mi s an àm,
Air fiadhach ghleann nam beann beag.

⁵⁶
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.

⁵⁷
Tha blaidh mò bhogha 'n am uchd,
Le agh maol, odhar is àit,
Ise ceanalt 's mise gruamach,
'S eruagh an diugh nach buan an t-shlat.

⁵⁸
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.

⁵⁹
Thug a choille dhìot-s' an earb',
'S thug an t-àrd dhìom-sa na féidh,
Cha n eil nàire dhuinn a laoiach,
O'n laidh an aois oirun le chéil'.

⁶⁰
'Nuair a bha mi air an da chois,
'S moch a shiubhlain bhos a's thall,
Ach a nis on fhuair mi trì,
Cha ghluais mi ach gu mìn, mall.

⁶¹
Aois cha n'eil thu dhunn meachair
Ge nach feudar leinn do sheachnadh,
Cromaidd tu 'n duine dìreach,
A dh' fhàs gu mìleanta gàsda.

⁶²
Giorraichidh tu air a shaoghal,
Agus caochlaidhidh tu 'chasan,
Fagaidh tu cheann gun deudach,
'S nì thu eudann a chasadh.

⁶³
A Shinead chas-aodannach, pheallach,
A shream-shuileach, odhar, éitidh,
Cia ma 'n leiginn leat a lobhair?
Mo bhogha toirt dhìom air éiginn.

⁶⁴
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.

Thoir soraidd leam

Sphyn

Agc Thoir soraidd

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

Hunter 66
 Gabh thusa bhuansa 'm bàta,
 Aois grànda chairtidh na pléide,

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

Age 67.
 " 'S iomadh laoch a b' fhearr no thusa,
 Dh-fhàg mise gu tuisleach anfhann,
 'N dèis fhaobhachadh as a shreasamh,
 Bha riomhe na fhleasgach meannach."

268 lines

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RUaidH.

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

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

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

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

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

* There was another, though inferior poetess, of the family of *Alasdair Ruadh*, who is sometimes confounded with our authoress. Her name was Flora M'Leod. In Gaelic she is called *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.

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*.* She died at the advanced age of 105 years, and is buried in Harris. She used to wear a tartan *tonnag*, fastened in front with a large silver brooch. In her old days she generally carried about with her a silver-headed cane, and was much given to gossip, snuff, and whisky.

Mary M'Leod, the inimitable poetess of the Isles, is the most original of all our poets. She borrows nothing. Her thoughts, her verse, her rhymes, are all equally her own. Her language is simple and elegant; her diction easy, natural, and unaffected. Her thoughts flow freely, and unconstrained. There is no straining to produce effect: no search after unintelligible words to conceal the poverty of ideas. Her versification runs like a mountain stream over a smooth bed of polished granite. Her rhymes are often repeated, yet we do not feel them tiresome nor disagreeable. Her poems are mostly composed in praise of the M'Leods; yet they are not the effusions of a mean and mercenary spirit, but the spontaneous and heart-felt tribute of a faithful and devoted dependant. When the pride, or arbitrary dictate of the chief, sent her an exile to the Isle of Mull, her thoughts wandered back to "the lofty shading mountains,"—to "the young and splendid *Sir 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' iull air a mhòr luachach sin,
Bu chòir dhomh gum bi m' eòlas san tìr
Leòdach, mar pill cruadal mi,
Siubhlaidh mi 'n iarr, tro dhùlachd nan sìau,
Do'n tùr g'am bi triall thuath-cheathairn:
On chualas an sgeul buadhach gun bhreug,
Rinn acain mo chléibh fhuaadachadh.

"Chl mi Mac-Leòid 's prìseil an t-òg,
Rimheach gu mòr buadhalach,
Bho Ollaghair nan lann chuireadh sròlaibh ri crann;
'S Leòdach an dream uamharra,
Eiridh na fuinn gheusd air na suinn,
'S feumail ri am cruadal lad,
'Na fiuranaibh gharg an am rusgadh nan èrm,
'S cliutach an t-ainm fhuaras leibh.

"Sìol Tòrmoid nan sgiath foirmealach fal,
Dh' eireadh do shluagh luath-lamhach;
Deàlradh nam pios, tòrman nam plob,
'S dearbh gu'm bu leibh 'n dualachas;
Thainig teachdair de'n tìr gu macanta min,
'S ait leam gach nì chualas leam,
O Dhun-bheagan nan steud 's am freagair luchd-theud,
Bheir greis air gach sgeul buaidh-ghloireach.

"Nuair chuireadh na laich luingheas air chaol,
Turas ri gaoith ghluaisle leibh,
O bharrailh nan crann gu tarruinn nam ball,
Teannachadh teann suas rìthe,
Iomairt gu leir mar ri Mac-Leòid,
Charaich fo shòl uain-dhait' i,
Bho àrois an fhion gu talla nam pìos,
Gu'n bannaich mo Rìgh 'n t-uasal ud."

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

MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASDAIR RUaidH.

FUAIM AN T-SHAIMH.

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

Ach pìob nuallanach mhòr,
Bheireadh buaidh air gach ceòl,
'Nuair ghluais' i le meoir Phàdruig.*
'Nuairt ghluais' i, &c.

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

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

Cha'n fhacas ri m' ré,
Aon duine fo 'n ghrèin,
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 heil aighear a's ceann mo mhànrain.
Far beil aighear, &c.

Sir Tòrmod mo rùn,
Ollaghaireach thu,
Foirmeil o thùs t-abhaist.
Foirmeil o thùs, &c.

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

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

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

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

De'n linne a b'fhearr buaidh,
Tha 's na crìochaibh mu'n cuairt,
Clann fhirinneach Ruairi làin-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 cliù,
Ann am féil' 's an gnòis nàire.
Ann am féil, &c.

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

Ann an cruadal, 's an toil,
Ann am buaidh thoirt air sgoil,
Ann an uaisle gun 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 eliù,
Cha bu thoiseachadh ùr dhaibh Sir.
Cha bu thoiseach, &c.

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

* The celebrated Pàdraig mòr Mac Cruimein, one of the family pipers of Mac-Leod of Dunvegan.

* King Charles II.

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

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

Thug Dia dhut mar ghibht,
 Bhi gu morgalach glic,
 Chriosd deonaich' dha d'shliochd bhi àdhamhor.
 Chriosd deonaich', &c.

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

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

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

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

ORAN

DO DH' IAIN MAC SHIR TORMOD MHIC-LECID.*

LUINN EAG.

*H-ithill uthill agus ò,
 H-ithill ò h-òireannan
 H-ithill uthill agus ò,
 H-ithill ò-h-ò h-òireannan
 H-ithill uthill agus ò
 H-ithill ò h-òrionnan
 Fuillill ò h-ùillill ò,
 H-ò ri ghealladh h-i-il-an.*

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

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

Ged a thuirt mi riut clachair,
 Air m'fhacal cha b'fhior dhomb 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 Tòrmòd,
 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 fhìreach,
 'S ro mhath chinneas an fliadhach leat,
 Le d' lothain chon ghleusda
 Ann ad dheigh 'nuair thrialladh tu,
 Sin, a's cuilbhear caol, cinnteach,
 Cruaidh, dìreach, gun fhiaradh ann;
 Bu tu sealgair na h-eilid,
 A choilich, 's na liath-chirce.
H-ithill, &c.

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

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

* For the air, see the Rev. Patrick Macdonald's Collection of Highland Airs, pages 23—163.

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 ann ad laimh-sa
Lann spainteach, ghorin, dhias-fhada,
A's paidhir mhath *phiostal*
Air crios nam ball suimhanach.
H-ithill, &c.

AN TALLA 'M BU GHNA LE MAC-LEOID.

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

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

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

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

Chì mi 'n chliar a's na dàimhich,
A'trèigsinn na fàrdaich,
On nach éisd thu rì fàilte luchd-ceòil,
Chì mi 'n chliar, &c.

Shir Tòrmad nam bratach,
Fear do dhealbha-sa bu teare c,
Gun sgeilm a chuir asad no bòsd.
Shir Tòrmaid, &c.

Fhuair thu teist, a's deagh orram,
Ann am freasdal gach duine,
Air dheiseachd 's air nìrighioll 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 lamb nach robh tuisleach,
Dol a chaitheadh a chuspair,
Led' bhogha cruaidh, ruiteach, deagh-neoil.
'S i do lamb nach, &c.

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

Bhiodh céir ris na crannaibh,
Bu neo-eisleanach tarrainn,
'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 gáine 's an smeòirn.
'Nuair a leigte, &c.

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

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

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

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

CUMHA DO MHAC-LEOID.

Gua e naidheachd so fhuair mi,
A dh-fhuadaich mo chiall nam,
Mìr nach bitheadh i agam,
'S nach fhaic mi riamh i;
Gur e Abhall an lio so,
'Tha mise ga iargann;
E gun abuchadh meas air,
Ach air brisendh fo chlad 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 Lunnainn, 's am Pàris,
Thug sibh barr air na ceudan,
Chaidh n-ur cliù tharais
Thar talamh na h-Eiphit,
Cheann uidhe luchd ealaidh,
'S a leannan na fèileachd.

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

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

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

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

Gur ro bheag a shaoil mi,
Ri mo shaoghal gu'n eisdinn,
Gun cluinneamaid Leòdaich,
Bhi ga'm fogradh o'n òighbreachd,
'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
Clann-Raonuill, 's Clann-Dòmhnuaill,
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,
Dheanadh eiridh ri d' ghuailean,
'S gu'n robh thu na'm fineachd,
Air t-fhilleadh trì uairean,
'S e mo chreach gu'n do Chinneadh
Bhi ma chruinneachadh t-uaghach,
No glaoth do mhna muinntir
'S nach cluinntear, 's an uairs' i.

Tha mo cheist air an oighre,
Th'a stoidhle 's na h-Earadh,
Ged nach deach' thu san tuam' ud,
Far bo dual dut o d' sheanair.
Gur iomadh fuil uaibhreach,
A dh-fhuairich ad bhallaibh,
De shloinneadh nan rìghrean,
Leis na chiosaicheadh 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 mhorgha,
Bha reota sa chorp ud,
De shliochd armuun Chinntire,
Iarl' II', agus Ròis thu.

Mhic Iain Stiubhairt* na h-Apunn,
Ged a's gasd' an duin' òg thu,
Ged tha Stiubhartaich beachdail,
Iad tapaidd 'n àm foirneart,
Na ghabhsa 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 tigeadh fear coigreach
A thagradh ur'n Oighbreachd;
Ged nach eil e ro dhearbhta,
Gur searbh e ri eisdeachd,
Ged tha sinn' air ar creachadh
Mu chloinn mhac an fhir theilidh,
Sliochd Ruairidh mhoir allail,
'S gur airidh iad fein oir.

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

MARBH-RANN

DO DH-FHEAR NA COMRAICH.

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

'S tu'n laoch gun laigse, gun leòn,
Macan 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 faiteal do bheoil eisdeachd.

'S tu chlann na h-ìreinn a b'fhearr,
Glau an riamh as an d'fhàs,
Cairdeas rìgh as gach ball,
Bha sud sgriobt' leat am bainn,
Fò laimh duine gun mheang,
Ach thu lion-te de dh-ardan euchdach.

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

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

A lub abhoil nam buadh,
'S maire a tharladh ort uair,
Mu ghlaic Fhionnlaidh so shuas,
Air each erodhanta luath,
Nambaid 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 nair cumaig no blàir,
A thoirt cis d'fheò do nàmh,
Bu leat urram an là cheudaich.

Bu tu'n sgoileir gun diobradh,
Meoir a's grinne ni sgriobhadh,
Uasal faighidneach, cinnteach,
Bu leat lagh an taigh sgriobhaidh,
'S tu nach muchadh an fhuirinn,
Sgeul mo chreiche ! so shìl do chreuchdan.

Stad air m'aignear an dè
Dh'fhalbh mo mharcanta fèin,

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

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

'N am suidhe na d' sheomar,
Chaidh do bhuidhean an òrdugh,
Cha b'ann mu aighear do phòsuidh,
Le nighean Iarla Chlann-Dòmhuill,
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 ghul air mo ghruaidh,
'S goirt an gradan a fhuair,
Marcach deas nan each luath,
Sàr Cheannard air sluagh,
Mo chreach, t-fhagail ri uair m'fhéime.

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

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

MARBHIRANN DO DH' IAIN GARBH

MACILLEGALUM RARSAIDH.*

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

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

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

'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
Thoir 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 ghréin,
A dheanadh riut euchd fathasach.

Spealp nach dibreadh,
An cath, nan strì thu,
Casan dìreach, fad' finealt,
Mo chreach dhiobhail
Chaidh thu dhèidh oirn, le neart sìne,
Lamh nach dìbreadh caitheadh orr'.

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

Och ! m' fheudail bhuam,
Gun sgeul sa' chuan,
Bu ghè mhath snuadh,
Rì 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.

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

CHUMHA MHIC-LEOID.

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

'S trom an cùdthrom so dhrùidh,
Dh-fhag mo chùsleir gun lùgh,
'S tric snigh' mo shuil,
A tuiteam gu dù ;
Chail mi iuchair mo chuil :
Ann a cuideachd lùchd-ciùil,
Cha téid mi.

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

Co neach ga'n eòl,
Fear t-fhasain beò,
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,
Meanamnach rò-ghlic,
Dhearbh mo sgeoil-sa,
Seanachas eolais ;
Gun chearb foghlaim,
Dealbhach rò-ghlan t-eagaisg.

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

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

'Uaill a's aiteis,
'S an bhuat gu faighte,
Ri uair ceartais,
Fuasgladh facail;
Gun ghrnag gu lasan;
Gu suaice, suaiste, reusant,

Fo bhùird na ciste,
Chaidh grùnnd a ghliocais,
Fear fiughant, miseal,
Cuilmeach, gibteil,
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 làn ùr than ort,
Am beart dhlu dhainghinn:
Air cùll nan clann-fhàit teud-bhuidh.

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

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

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

Thù shliochd Ollaghair
Bha mor morgla,
Nan seòl corra-bheann,
'S nan còrn gorm-ghlas,
Nan ceòl òrghan
'S nan seòd bu bhorb ri eigin.

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

'S iomadh gair daltas,
'S mnai bhàs-bhuailt,

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

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

Sì fhras nach ciuin,
A thainig as ùr,
A shrac air siùil,
Sa bhris ar stiùir,
'S ar cairt mhatl iùil,
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 àill;
'S ar sùgradh gun ghruain
'S fad air chuimhne
Na fhuair mi fein deth.

LUINNEAG MHIC-LEOID.

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an tulaich',
Fo mhulad 's fo ime-cheist;
'S mi coimhead air Ile,
'S ann de'm iongnadh nan am so.
Bha mi uair nach do shail mi,
Gus 'n do chaochail air m' aimsir;
Gu'n tiginn an taobh so,
A dh' amhare 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-ri-ri rithibh h-ò- i ay ò.*

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

I hurabh o, &c.

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

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

I h-urabh o, &c.

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

I h-urabh o, &c.

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

I h-urabh o, &c.

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

I h-urabh o, &c.

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

I h-urabh o, &c.

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 talmbuinn;
Lamh ri gruaidh ruiteach,
Mar mhucaig na feara-dhris.

I h-urabh o, &c.

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

I h-urabh o, &c.

Miosair a's adharc,
Agus raogha gach armachd;
Agus lannatainnean 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, &c.

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

I h-urabh o, &c.

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

I h-urabh o, &c.

Ghabhail aighear na frìthe
'S a dìreadh nan garbh-ghlac;
A leigeil na'n cuilein,
'S a furan na'n seanna-chon.
'S e bu deireadh do'n fthuran ud.
Fuil thoirt air chalgaidh,
O luchd nan céir geala;
S nam falluinnean dearga.

I h-urabh o, &c.

O luchd nan céir geala,
'S nam falluinnean dearga,
Le d' chomhlain dhaoim' uaisle,
Rachadh cruaidh air an armaibh.
Luchd aithneachadh latha,
'S a chaitheamh na fairege,
'S a b'urainn ga seòladh,
Gu seòl-ait' an tarruinn' i.

I h-urabh o, &c.

AN CRONAN.

AN naigheachd so 'n dè
 Aighearach i,
 Moladh do 'n léigh,
 Thug mailleart d'am chéil
 'Nis teannaidh mi féin ri crònan,
 Nis teannaidh &c.

Beannachd do 'n bheul,
 Dh-aithris an sgeul
 Cha ghearain mi féin
 Na chaillleadh 's na dh-eug
 'S mo leanabh na dheidh comh-shlan
 'S mo leanabh, &c.

Nam biodh agamsa fion
 Gum b'ait leam a dhiol,
 Air slainnte do thighinn,
 Gud chairdean 's gud thir,
 Mhic àrmuinn mo ghaol,
 Be m' ardan 's mo phrìs,
 Alach mo rìgh thoghail
 Alach mo rìgh, &c.

'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 glus, &c.

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

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

Gu Dun turnaicheach àrd,
 Be sud innis nam bàrd,
 'S nam fìlìdh ri dàn,
 Far bu mhinig an tàmh,
 Cha b'ionad gu'n bhlàs daibh sud,
 Cha b'ionad gu'n bhlathas, &c.

Gu àros nach crìon
 Am bith gairich nam pìob
 'S nan clàrsach a rìs
 Le dearsadh nam pìos
 A' cuir sàradh an fion
 'S ga leigeadh an guiomh òr-cheaird,
 'S ga leigeadh an gnòomh, &c.

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

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

Fasan bu dual,
 Fantalach buan,
 Socrach ri tuath,
 Cosgail ri cuairt,
 Cosunta cruaidh,
 A'm brosnachadh sluaidh,
 A mosgladh an uair fuirneart.
 A mosgladh an uair, &c.

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, &c.

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

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

Uasal an treud,
 Deas, cruadalach, treun,
 Tha'n dual'chas dhut féin,
 Thèid ma d' ghuailibh ri t-fheum,
 De shìochd Ruairi mhóir fheil,
 Cuir sa suas a Mhic Dhé an t-og Rìgh,
 Cuir sa suas a, &c.

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

'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, &c.

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

'S leat Mac-Shimidh on Aird,
 'S Mac Choinnich Chinntail,
 Théid 'nad t-iomairt gun dail,
 Le h-ìomadaidh gràidh,
 Cha b'ìonghantach dhaibh,
 'S gur lìomhor do phairt dhaibh sin.
 'S gur lìomhor do phairt, &c.

'S goirt an naigheachd 's gur cruaidh,
 Mac 'Illean bhì bhuainn,

Gun a thaigheadeas suas.
 Bha do cheanghal ris buan,
 T-ursainn-chatha ri uair deuchainn.
 T-ursainn-chatha ri uair, &c.

B'ìomadh gasan gun chealg,
 Bu deas faicinn fo àrm,
 Bheireadh ceartachadh garbh,
 Is iad a chlaistinn ort fearg,
 Eadar Bràcadal thall as Brolas.
 Eadar Bracadal, &c.

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 fògradh.
 Thu bhì, &c.

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, &c.

A Rìgh nan 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, &c.

IAIN LOM;

OR,

JOHN MACDONALD, THE LOCHABER POET.

THIS celebrated individual, a poet of great merit, as well as a famous politician, was commonly called *Iain Lom*, literally, *bare John*; but so named from his acuteness, and severity on some occasions.* He was sometimes called *Iain 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-Raonaill na Ceapach*, a sept of the M'Donalds, he must have seen and known more of the men and manners of those times than ordinary. His powers and talents soon rendered him a distinguished person in his native country; and subsequent events made him of importance, not only there, but likewise in the kingdom.

The first occurrence that made him known beyond the limits of Lochaber, was the active part he took in punishing the murderers of the heir of Keppoch: the massacre was perpetrated by the cousins of the young man, about the year 1663. The poet had the penetration to have foreseen what had really happened, and had done all he could to prevent it. He perceived that the minds of the people were alienated from the lawful heir in his absence: he and his brother being sent abroad to receive their education during their minority, and their affairs being intrusted to their cousins, who made the best use they could of the opportunity in establishing themselves by the power and authority thus acquired in the land. Although he could not have prevented the fatal deed, he was not a silent witness. He stood single handed in defence of the right. As he failed in his attempt to awaken the people to a sense of their duty, he addressed himself to the most potent neighbour and chieftain Glengarry, who declined interfering with the affairs of a celebrated branch of the great *Clann-Dughail*; and there was no other that could have aided him with any prospect of success. Thus situated, our poet, firm in his resolution, and bold in the midst of danger, was determined to have the murderers punished. In his ire at the reception he met from Glengarry, he invoked his muse, and began to praise Sir Alexander M'Donald.

Nothing can give us a better idea of the power of the Highland clans, and of the state of the nation at this period, than this event, which happened in a family, and among a people, by no means inconsiderable. M'Donald of Keppoch could bring out, on emergency, three hundred fighting men of his own people; as brave and as faithful as ever a chieftain called out or led to battle, that would have shed the last drop of

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

their blood in his cause, and yet he had not an 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? he claimed his rights and titles by the edge of the sword!"

The kingdom of Scotland, as well as other nations, often suffered from the calamities that have been consequent on minorities. The affairs of Keppoch must have been in the most disordered state, when a people, warlike and independent in spirit, were trusted to the care, and left under the control of relations—selfish, and, as they proved, unworthy of their trust. The innocent, unsuspecting young men were sacrificed to the ambitious usurpation of base and cruel relatives. Our poet alone proved faithful; and, after doing what he could, it was not safe for him to rest there. The cause he espoused was honourable; and he was never wanting in zeal. Confiding in the justice of his cause, and his own powers of persuasion, (and no man better knew how to touch the spring that vibrated through the feelings of a high-spirited and disinterested chieftain,) he succeeded. Being favourably received by Sir Alexander M'Donald, he concerted measures for punishing the murderers, which met his lordship's approval, and indicated the judgment and sagacity of the faithful clansman.

A person was sent to North Uist with a message to Archibald M'Donald (*An Ciaran Mabach*), a poet as well as a soldier, commissioning him to take a company of chosen men to the mainland, where he would meet with the Lochaber bard, who would guide and instruct him in his future proceedings.

The usurpers were seized and beheaded. They met with the punishment they so richly deserved; but the vengeance was taken in the most cruel manner; and the exultation and feelings of the man who acted so boldly, and stood so firmly in the defence of the right, have been too ostentatiously indulged, in verses from which humanity recoils. How different from his melting strains, so full of sympathy and compassion for the innocent young men whose death he avenged!

The atrocious deed has been palpably commemorated, in a manner repugnant to humanity, by "*Tobar nan Ceann*."

Sometime thereafter the poet and Glengarry were reconciled. The chief well knew the influence of the "man of song" in the country, and had more policy than to despise one so skilled in the politics of the times—who made himself of more than ordinary consequence by the favour shown him by Sir Alexander M'Donald. No one of his rank could command greater deference. There might have been found votaries of the muses that poured out sweeter strains, but he was second to none in energy and pathos, in adapting his art to the object in view, and in producing the desired effect. He was born for the very age in which he lived. To the side he espoused he faithfully stood, and exerted all the energies of his mighty mind in behalf of the cause which he adopted. We shall not say that he was always in the right: in the one already related, he undoubtedly was; in a subsequent and greater cause he made one of a party. A poet is often led away by

* Alluding to vellum.

feeling, by passion and prejudice, when not left to cool reflection, or to the exercise of a better judgment. But *Iain Lom* entered on his enterprise with heart and zeal. A wider scene of action opened to his view. Usurpation, family feuds, and intestine troubles, gave way to civil war; and the vigilant seer became an active agent in the wars of Montrose.

One trait in the character of our poet, though not common, yet is not singular, and may be worthy of a remark or two. He was no soldier, and yet would set every two by the ears. Men of influence in the country, as well as chieftains at a distance, knew this, and dreaded him. An instance will put this in clear light. In the active scenes of those intestine troubles, a great politician and a famous bard was a person not to be neglected. He became an useful agent to his friends, and he received a yearly pension from Charles II. as his bard.

The Lochaber poet was the means of bringing the armies of Montrose and the Argyleshire men together, at Inverlochay, where the bloody battle that ensued proved so fatal to so many brave men, the heads of families of the Campbell clan.

It will be unnecessary to follow here a history so well known. The Argyleshire men, on learning the intentions of their enemies to make a second descent on their country, marched north in order to divert their course, and save Argyleshire from another devastation. John M'Donald's eyes were open to all that was passing. He hastened to the army of Montrose with the intelligence that the Campbells were in Lochaber. Mr Alexander M'Donald, (better known by his patronimic, *Alasdair Mac Cholla*), who commanded the Irish auxiliaries, took John as guide, and went in search of the Campbells. He, after search was made, and finding no trace of them, began to suspect the informer of some sinister motive; and declared, "if he deceived him, he would hang him on the first tree he met." "Unless," answered the poet, who was well informed of the fact, "you shall find the Campbells all here, for certainly they are in the country, before this time to-morrow, you may do so." The enemy at length appeared, and they prepared to give them battle. "Make ready, John," says the commander to the poet, "you shall march along with me to the fight." The poet, as has been asserted of the greatest of orators, was a coward; yet he too well knew his man to have altogether declined the honour he offered him; for Mr Alexander was not the man to be refused. The other was at his wits end. A thought arose quicker than speech; and it was fortunate for him. "If I go along with thee to-day," said the bard, "and fall in battle, who will sing thy praises to-morrow? Go thou, Alasdair, and exert thyself as usual, and I shall sing thy feats, and celebrate thy prowess in martial strains." "Thou art in the right, John," replied the other; and left him in a safe place to witness the engagement.

From the castle of Inverlochay, the poet had a full view of the battle, of which he gives a graphic description. The poem is entitled *The Battle of Inverlochay*. The natives repeat these heroic verses, as most familiar and recent ones. So true, natural, and home-brought is the picture, that all that had happened, seem to be passing before their eyes. The spirit of poetry, the language, and boldness of expression, have seldom been equalled, perhaps never surpassed; yet, at this distance of time, these martial strains are rehearsed with different and opposite feelings.

The changes which afterwards took place produced no change in the politics of our bard. He entered into all the turmoils of the times with his whole heart, and with a boldness which no danger could daunt, nor power swerve from what he considered his duty. He became a violent opposer of the union, and employed his muse against William and Mary. It mattered little to him of what rank or station his opponents were if they incurred his resentment. He treated his enemies with the same freedom and boldness whether on the throne, at the head of an army, or in the midst of a clan on whose fidelity the chief might always depend. But his friends who were of the party which he espoused were spared, while he made the nicest distinction between the shades and traits of character. How ingeniously he revenged himself on Glengarry in the praises bestowed on Sir Alexander M'Donald! Yet, would he suffer a hair of the head of any of his clan to be touched? No truly.

But how severe was he against a neighbouring clan that was always in opposition to his own. The Campbells he always lashed with the sharpest stripes of satire. The marquis of Argyre, 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 duilich leam," ars Iain, "nach urradh mi ga slugadh." i. e. "Have you ever seen, John, so many black cocks together?" "Yes," replied the undaunted bard. "Where?" demanded his grace. "At Inverlochay," returned the poet, alluding to the slaughter of the Campbells on that memorable day. "Ah! John," added his grace, "will you never cease gnawing the Campbells?" "I am sorry," says the other, "that I could not swallow them."

He was buried in Dun-aingal 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 leughainn 's fuath an tuire, &c."

Iain Lom composed as many poems as would form a considerable volume, the best of which are given in this work.

IAIN LOM.

MORT NA CEAPACH.

'S tearc an diugh mo chùis ghàire,
Tigh'n na ràidean so 'n iar;
'G amharc fonn Inbher-làire,
'N deigh a stràchdadh le siol;
Tha Cheapach na fàsach,
Gun aon aird oirre 's fiach;
'S leir ri fhaicinn a bhràithrean,
Gur trom a bhàre oirnn an t-sion.

'S ann oirnne thainig an diombuain,
'Sa 'n iomaghuin gheur;
Mur tha claidheamh ar finne,
Cho minig n' ar deigh;
Paca 'Thurcach gun sireadh,
Bhi a pinneadh ar cleibh;
Bhi n' ar breacain g' ar filleadh,
Meag ar cinne mor fein.

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

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

B' iad mo ghraidh na cuirp chàraidh,
Anns 'm bu dlù chur na'n sgian;
'S iad na 'n sineadh air ùrlar,
'N seomra ùr ga 'n cur sìos;
Fò chasan shìol Dùghail
Luchd a spuilleadh na 'n cliabh;
Dh' fhaig àlach am bìodag
Mur sgàile ruidil 'ur bian.

C' aite 'n robh e fo 'n adhar,
A sheall n'ur bhathais gu geur,
Nach tugadh dhuibh athadh,
A luchd 'ur labhairt 's 'ur bheus;

Mach o chlainn bhrathair n-athar,
Chaidh 'm bainn an aibhisteir threin;
Ach mu rinn iad bbur loisa.
'S trom a rosad dhaibh fein.

Tha sibh 'n cadal thaigh duinte,
Gun smuid deth gun cheò;
Far 'n d' fhuair sibh 'n garbh dhùsgadh,
Thaobh 'ur chùil a's 'ur beòil;
Ach na 'n faigheadh sibh ùine
O luchd ur mhi-rùn bhi leo;
Cha bu bhaile gun surd e,
Biodh air' air mùirn 's air luchd-ceoil.

A leithid de mhort cha robh 'n Albuinn,
Ged bu bhorb iad na 'm beus;
'S bochd an sgeul eadar bhràithrean,
E dhol an lathair mhic Dhé;
Mur am bàt air an linne,
Ge b'e shireadh na dèigh;
Cha tain' a leithid do mhillleadh,
Air ceann-cinnidh fo 'n ghréin.

Tha mulad air m' inntinn
Bhi 'g innseadh bbur beus
'S ann a ghabh iad am fath oirbh
'N uair chuidh 'ur fagail leibh fein
'Sa chuir sibh eungaidh 'ur càsaibh,
Ann an Aros na 'n ténd;
'S 'ur buachaillean bàth-chruibh,
Ann an garadh nam péur.

'S ann an sin a bha 'n cinneadh,
Bh' air am milleadh o 'n ceill;
Chaidh a ghlaicadh droch spioraid,
Ann an ionad fianh Dhé;
Sin am fath mu 'n robh sginean,
Cho minig 'n 'ur dèigh;
'S a 'neach nach do bhuailleadh,
Bhi ga bhuain anns a bhréig.

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

Gur h-ìom' òganach sgaiteach,
Lab bhachlach, sgiath chruin;

Eadar drochaid Allt Eire,
'S Rugha Shleibhte nan tonn ;
A dheanadh leat eiridh
Mu 'm biodh do chreuchdan lan tholl ;
'S a rachadh bras ann a t-eirig,
Dheagh Shìr Sheumais nan long.

Chuir Dia oirnn craobh shìo-chaint,
Bha da 'r dìonadh gu leoir ;
Da 'm bu choir dhuinn bhì strìochdadh,
Fhad 'sa 'n cian bhìodhmaid beò ;
Mas sinn fhein a chuir dìth oirr',
B' olc an dioladh sin oirnn ;
Tuitidh tuagh as na fàitheas,
Leis an sgathar na meòir.

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

Tha lionn-dubh air mo bhualadh,
'N taobh tuathal mo chleibh ;
'S mu mhaireas e buan ann,
B' fhearr leam uam e mur chéud ;
Gar an teid mi g'a innseadh,
Tha mi ciunteach a' m' sgeul ;
Luchd dheanadh na sìtheu,
Bhì feadh na tire gun deigh.

A BHEAN LEASAICH

AN STOP DHUINN.*

A bhean leasaich an stop dhuinn,
'S lion an cupa le sòlas,
Mas a brannaid no beoir i, tha mi toileach a h-òl
'N deochs' air Captain Chlann-Domhnuill,
'S air Sir Alasdair òg thig on chaol.

'M fear nach dùirig a h-òl
Gun tuit 'n t-shuil air a bhord as,
Tha mo dhùrachd do'n òigear,
Crann curaidh Chlann-Domhnuill,
Rìgh nan dùl bhì gad chònachd fhir chaoimh.

Greas mu 'n cuairt feagh 'u taigh i,
Chum gun gluaisinn le aighear,
Le sìochd uaibhreach an athar,
A choisin buaigh leis a chlaidheimh,
Fior ga ruagadh 's ga 'n caitheamh gu daor.

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

Sìochd a ghabhail nan steud thu,
Dh' fhas gu fathasach feile,
Do shìochd gasda Chuinn cheutaich,
'S a bba taghaich an Eirinn,
Ged a fhuair an claidhe 's an tèug oirth sgriob.

Bhìodh an t-iubhar ga lubadh,
Aig do fhleasgaichean ùra,
Dol a shiubhal nan stùc-bheann,
Ann 's an uighe gun churain,
Leis a bhuidheann ro 'n ruisgte na gill.

'S tha mo dhùil ann 's an Trianaid,
Ged thainig laigsinn air t-fhion fhuil,
Slat den chuilean bha ciatach,
Dh' fhas gu furanch fàilaidh,
Sheasadh duineil air bial-thaobh an rìgh.

'S an am dhut gluasad o' t-aitreamh,
Le d' cheòl cluais' agus caisneachd,
O thir-usal nan glas-charn,
Ga'n robh cruadal 's gaisge,
Gam bu shuaineas barr gaganach fraoich.

'Nuar a thairte fo luchd i,
Bhì tarroinn suas air a cupaill,
Bord a fuaraidh 's ruidh chuiop air,
Snaim air fuathail a fhuich bhuird,
'Sruth mu gvaillibh 's i suchta le gaoith.

'S nuar a chairte fo seòl i,
Le crainn ghasda 's le corcaich,
Ag iomart chleasan 's ga seoladh,
Aig a comhlau bu bhuiche,
Seal m'an tog' oirre ro-sheol o thir.

Gu Dun-Tuilm nam fear fallain,
Far an greadhnach luchd ealaidh,
Gabhail failte le caithream,
As na clàrsaichean glana,
Do mhnai òig nan teud banala binn.

Sìochd nan cuiridhean talmhaidh,
Leis an do chuireadh cath garabhach,
Fhuair mi urrad gar seannachas,
Gun robh an turas 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 flùgeis gun ghaiseadh,
A chuireadh fion di le pailteas,
Lamb dhearg ro na ghaiseach nan tìm.

Nuair bu sgìth de luchd-theud e,
Gheibhte Bìoball ga leughadh,
Le fìor chreideamh a's cèille,
Mar a dh' ordulch mac Dhé dhuibh,
S gheibhte teagasg na Cléir' uaibh le sìth.

Mhic Shir Seumas 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, mìn.

Sliochd na mìlidh 's nam fearabh,
Na sròl 's nam pìos 's nan cup geala,
Thogadh sìoda ri crannaibh,
Nuair bu rioghal an tarrauin,
Bhiodh pìob rimheach nam meallan da seinn.

Gum bu slàn 's gum a h-ìomlan,
Gach nì tha mi g-iomradh,
Do theaghlach rìgh-Fionghall,
Oighre dligheach Dhùn-Tuilm thu
Olar deoch air do chuilm gun bhi sì.

ORAN DO SHIOL DUGHAILL.*

'S taom 's gur cisleanach m' aigne,
'N diugh gur feudar dhomh aideach',
O 'n a dh' eigh iad riom cabar 's mi corr.
'S trom 's gur, &c.

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

Mi ga 'm fhogradh á m' dhùthaich,
'S m' fhearaun pòst' aig sìol Dùghaill,
'S iad am barail gu 'n àraich iad còir.
Mi ga m', &c.

Mi ga m' fhogradh gun aobhar,
'S nach mi shlaich mo shaobhaidh,
Mur mhada-galla 'sa chaonuag m'a shroin.
Mi ga m', &c.

Mo nà 's m' earuais feadh monaidh,
'S mi mar ghearr eadar chonabh,
Gun chead tearnadh measg loididh no feoir.
Mo nà 's, &c.

O nach d' fhàs mi 'm fhear morta,
Gu bhi sathadh mo chuirce,
Mur bha na cairdean curta 's taigh mhòr.
O Nach d' fhàs, &c.

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

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

Cleas na binne nach maireann,
Bha 'n sgìre Cille-ma-cheallaig,*
'Nuair a dhìt iad an gearran 'sa mhòd.
Cleas a bhinne, &c.

Lagh cho chearr 'sa bha 'm Breatunn,
Riun am mearlach a sheasamh,
Bhi ga thearnadh o leadairt nan còrd.
Lagh cho, &c.

Cleas dàn mnaoi a chruiteir,
Mun ghuimh nàrach rinn musag,
Thug i lamh air a phluiceadh le dòrn.
Cleas dana, &c.

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

'Nuair bha a bbeisd air a buaireadh
Na ciunta fèin's i lan uabhair,
Theid an eucoir an nachdar car seoil.
'Nuair bha, &c.

Faodar cadal gu seisdeil,
Aig fadal Shir Sheumais,
Leig an ladarnas deisteach ud leo.
Faodar, &c.

Ach na 'm faiciun do loingens,
'S mi nach bristeadh a choinneamh,
Na 'm biodh coiseachd air chomas domh beò.
Ach na 'm, &c.

Mire shrutha r'a darach,
Ga cuir an uighean gu h-aithghearr,
Crainne ghiubhais fo sparaibh a seoil.
Mire shrutha, &c.

* Women were the judges in this case, and a thief who was brought before them for stealing a horse, was allowed to escape while the horse was condemned to be hanged. The occasion was this:—Some time before the present action was raised, the same culprit had stolen the same horse and was prosecuted; but had the good fortune to get off in consequence of its being his first offence. It seems, however, the horse had found the thief so much the better master that he soon after "stole himself" away and returned, for which, poor fellow he had to suffer the above reward. This story is often referred to among the Highlanders when law and justice are evidently different things, they say—"Cha tugadh an Cille-ma-cheallaig breath bu chluaine."

* After the murder of Keppoch, the Poet was persecuted by the murderer: this song was composed on that occasion.

'Nuair a lagadh a ghaoth oirnn,
Bhiodh seol air pasgadh a b-aodaich,
'S buidheann ghasda mo ghaoil ri cuir bhòd.
'Nuair a lagadh, &c.

Raimh mu 'n dunadh na basaibh,
'S iad a lubadh air bhacaibh,
Sud a chùrsachd o 'n atadh na leis.
Raimh, &c.

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

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,*
Cha bhi sinn tuille fo 'r binuse.

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

Sir Seumas nan tùr 's nam baideal,
Gheibh luchd muirne cuir m' a' t-aitreabh,
Ge do rinn thu 'n dùsal cadail,
'S éibhinn leam do dhùsgadh madainn'.
O ro ro sin, &c.

* "After the murder of the children of Keppoch *Iain 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 Eglinton, and other six of the Privy Council, with orders and full powers to pursue, apprehend, and bring in, dead or alive, all those lawless robbers, and their 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 Rothes. Sir James died anno 1673."—*Extracted from an unpublished Historical MS. of the M'Donalds.*

Slàn fo d' thriall, a Chiarain mhabaich,
Shiùbhladh sliaibh gun bhaidh, gun chadal;
Fraoch fo d' shìnn' gun bhòd, gun bhagrach;
Chuir thu ceò fo 'n ròiseal bhradach.
O ro ro sin, &c.

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

Mhoire 's buidheach mis' a Dhia ort,
Cuid de 'n athchuing' bha mi 'g iarraidh,
'N grad spadadh le glas lannaibh liatha,
Tarruinn gladh air fad am facal.
O ro ro sin, &c.

Di-ciadainn a chaidh thu t-uidheam,
Le d' bhrataich aird 's do ghilleam dubha,
Sgrìob Ghilleaspig Ruaidh a Uithist,
Bhuail e meall 'an ceann na h-uighe.
O ro ro sin, &c.

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

Ach na'n cuireadh tu gach cùis gu àite,
Mu 'n sgaol thu t-itean air sàile,
'Nuair dh-eitich thu Inbher-làire,
B' fheird do mheas e meas nan Gàel.
O ro ro sin, &c.

'S ann leam nach bu chruai' an ghaoir ud,
Bh-aig mnaibh galach nam falt sgaolteach,
Bhi 'gan tarruinn mar bheul-snaoisein,
Sealg nam boc mu dhos na macilseach.
O ro ro sin, &c.

'S mairg a rinn fhòghlum san droch-bheirt,
'N déigh am plaosgadh fhuair bhuir ploidneadh,
Claigneann 'g am faoisgneadh a copar,
Mar chinn laoigh 'an déigh am plotadh.
O ro ro sin, &c.

ORAN AIR CRUNADH

RIGH TEAREACH II.

Mi 'n so air m' uilinn,
An ard ghleann muaidh,
'S mor fath mo shulas ri gàire.
Mi 'n so air, &c.

'S ge fad am thosd mi,
Ma 's e 's olc leibh,
Thig an sop a m' bhraghad.
'S ge fad, &c.

O 'n bha sheannas' orinn a chluinntinn,
 Ged bu teann a bha chuing oirnn;
 Gu 'n do thionndai' a chuibhle mar b'aill leinn.
 O 'n bha, &c.

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

Gur h-ole an nith dhuinn,
 Dhi stad am prìosan,
 'N am theachd an rìgh g'a àite.
 Gur h-ole, &c.

Thug Dia dhuinn fartachd,
 As na cliabhann druidte,
 'Nuair dh' iarr sinn iuchair a gharaidh.
 Thug Dia dhuinn, &c.

'Sa Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt,
 Ma chaidhe an crun ort,
 Dia na fhear stiuiridh air t-fbardaich,
 'Sa Thearlaich, &c.

Ma chaidh thu 'sa cbathair,
 Gun aon bhuille claidheimh,
 'N ainm an uthar 's an ard Rìgh.
 Ma chuaidh, &c.

'S thu thigh'n dhachaigh gu d' rìoghachd
 Mur a b' oil le d' luchd mì-rùin
 'N coinneamh ri mìle ciad fàilte.
 'S thu thigh'n, &c.

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

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

Cha b' fhas' an dùsgadh á cadal,
 Na madadh-rundh chuir a bractaich,
 'Nuair a fhuaradh thu lag, ach bhi t-aicheadh.
 Cha b' fhas, &c.

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

Leam is eibhinn mur thachair,
 Mur dh' eirich do 'n bhraich ud,
 Bha gach ceann d' i na bachlagan bana.
 Leam is, &c.

Cha robh uidhir nan cairtean,
 Nach robh tionndai' mi-cheart orr',
 Bha mo shuilean ga m faiciun an trath ud.
 Cha robh, &c.

'S ole an leasan diciadain,
 Mur a fartaich thu Dhia air,
 A ta feitheamh an Iarla neo bhaidheil.
 'S ole an leasan, &c.

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

Le maighdeinn sgorr-shuileach smachdail,
 Dh' fhagas giallan gun mheartuinn,
 Dhuineas fairas a Mhareuis mhi-chairdeil.
 Le maighdeann, &c.

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

Mur bha *Lusifer* tamull,
 'N deigh air thus bhi na Aingeal,
 Chaidh sgùrsa' le an-ìochd a Phàrais.*
 Mur bha, &c.

Bidh tu nis ann ad dheonbain,
 Dol timchioll an domhain,
 Bhrigh coltais toirt comh-fhillteachd dhasan.
 Bidh tu nis, &c.

'S mor a b' fhearr dhut na moran,
 No na chruinnich thu stòras,
 Bhi tionail an oiraich gu d' ghàradh.
 'S mor a b' fhearr, &c.

Na thu fhein 's do gheard misgeach,
 Bhi 'n àit as nach tig sibh,
 Mur sguile *phictuir* 'sa 'n sgathan,
 Na thu fhein, &c.

Na farabhalaich bhreaca,
 Bha tarraimh uaim ar cuid beartais,
 Chuir an rìgh mach a *Whitehall* dhuinn.
 Na farabhalaich, &c.

* This poet was of the Roman catholic persuasion. It is said that he could not read himself; but that he was acquainted with the whole of the historical parts of Scripture, his poems are a clear demonstration.

LATHA INBHER-LOCHADHIL.*

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-Dòmhnuaill.*

An cuala' sibhse 'n tionndadh duineil,
Thug an camp bha 'n Cille-Chuimein;
'S fad chaidh ainm air an iomairt,
Thug iad as an naimbdean iomain.

H-i rim, &c.

Dh'irich mi moch madainn dhòmhnuaich,
Gu barr caisteil Inbher-Lochaidh,
Chunna' mi 'n t-arm a dol an ordugh,
'S bha buaidh an là le Clann-Dòmhnuaill.

H-i rim, &c.

Direadh a mach glun Chuil-eachaidh,
Dh' aithnich mi oirbh sìrd 'ur tapaidh;
Ged bha mo dhuthaich na lasair,
'S éirig air a chùs mar thachair.

H-i rim, &c.

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

H-i rim, &c.

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

H-i rim, &c.

'S ioma fearr goirseid agus pillein,
Cho math 'sa bha riamh dheth d' chinneadh,
Nach d' fhead a bhotann thoirt tioram,
Ach faoghlu snámh air Bun-Neimheis.†

H-i rim, &c.

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

H-i rim, &c.

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

† When the Campbells were routed, they endeavoured to cross the river at the above-mentioned ford. To their astonishment, however, the task proved more irksome than they had anticipated; for, some of them losing their footing, their bonnets were carried down by the current. This event delighted and amused the poet; and, in order to make it at the same time ludicrous in itself, and galling to the poor Campbells, he began to address them as follows:—"A Dhuimhneacha Dhuimhneacha, cuimhnichibh 'ur boineidan."

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

H-i rim, &c.

Ge be dhireadh Toin-na-h-aire,
Bu lionor spog ùr ann air dlroch shailleadh,
Neul marbh air an suil gun anam,
'N deigh an sgiùrsadh le lannan.

H-i rim, &c.

Thug sibh toiteal teith ma Lochaidh,
Bhi ga 'm bualadh ma na srònan,
Bu lion'or claidheamh clais-ghorm comhnard,
Bha bualadh an lamhan Chlann-Dòmhnuaill.

H-i rim, &c.

Sin 'nuair chruinnich mor dhragh na fbalachd,
'N am rusgadh na 'n greidlein tana,
Bha iongnan nan Duimhneach ri talamb,
An deigh an luithean a ghearradh.

H-i rim, &c.

'S lionmhor corp nochte gun aodach,
Tha na 'n sineadh air chnocain fbraoiche,
O 'n bhlair an greaste na saoidhean,
Gu ceann Leitir blar a Chaorainn.

H-i rim, &c.

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

H-i rim, &c.

Iain Mbuideartaich nan seol soilleir,
Sheoladh an cuan ri la doilleir,
Ort cha d' fhuaradh briste coinnidh,
'S ait' leam Barra-breac fo d' chomas.

H-i rim, &c.

Cha b' e sud an sinbhal cearbach,
A thug Alasdair do dh' Albainn,
Creachadh, losgadh, agus marbhadh;
'S leagadh leis coileach Strath-bhlagaidh.

H-i rim, &c.

An t-eun dona chail a cheutaidh,
An Sasunn, an Albainn, 's 'n Eirinn,
Is it e a curr na sgeithe,
Cha miste leam ged a gheill e.

H-i rim, &c.

Alasdair nan a geur lann sgaiteach,
Gheall thu 'n dé a bhi cuir as daibh,
Chuir thu 'n reitreanta seach an caisteal,
Seoladh gle mhat air an leantuinn.

H-i rim, &c.

Alasdair nan geur lann guineach.
Na 'm biodh agad armuinn Mhuile;
Thug thu air na dh' fhalbh dhiu fuireach,
'S retreat air pràbar an duileisg.

H-i rim, &c.

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, &c.

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

H-i rim, &c.

Bhur sgrios mu 's truagh leam 'ur caradh,
'G eisdeachd an-shocair 'ur pàistean
Caoidh a phannail bh' ann 's 'n àraich
Donnalaich bhan Earraghàil.

H-i rim, &c.

LATHA THOM-A-PHUBAILL.*

LUINNEAG.

*H5-rò 's fada, 's gur fada,
'S cian fada gu leoir,
O 'n a chaidh thu air thuras,
Do bhaile Lunnainn nan cleac;
Na 'n cluinneadh tu fatrunn,
Le rabhadh on 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 dhearcadh an iubhair,
'Sa chur siubhal fo chraun;
'S diombach mise d' ur saothair,
'Nuair a dh' aom sibh a nall,
Nach deach a steach air Gleann-Aora,
Ghearradh braoisg nam beul cam.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

A Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Dòmhnail,
Chum thu chòdhail gu duineil;
'Nuair a shaoil an t-larl 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-aigne,
Dh' eisd thu chasaid an Lunnainn.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Ach a Mhoir-fhear Chlann-Dòmhnail,
'S fad do chomhnuidh measg Ghall;

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

A laoiach aigeantaich phriseil,
Oig rimbeich an àigh;
Tha maise an fhiona,
Ad ghruaidh dìreadh an àird;
'S tha thu shliochd nan trì Cholla,
Ga 'm biodh loingear air sàil.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S truagh nach robh iad na ciadan,
Do luchd sgaith agus lann;
Do na h-oganaich threubhach,
Nach euradh adbhans;
Cha bhi'mid ag eigheach,
Co da 'n eireadh an call;
'S ann aig geat Iubher-Aora,
Ghabh mo laoiach-sa gu càmp.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'M brudair chunnaic mi 'm chadal,
B' fhearr gu 'm faicinn e 'm dhùisg;
'S mi nach fuireadh ni b' fhaide,
Ann am plaide air m' ùigh,
Sealladh 'n siu do d' ghnùis aobhach,
'Nuair a phlaosgadh mo shuil,
B' ionann eiridh do m' aigne,
'S leum a bhradain am bùrn.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Gur mise bha tùrsach,
'N am dhomh dùsgadh o m' bhrudair;
Bhi faicinn do chursaibh
Dol a null air Druim-uachdair;
Bhi gad chuir 'sa 'n tolla-dhubh,
'S gun mo dhuil thu thig'n uaithe;
Laidh smal air mo shugradh,
Gus an daisgear an uaigh dhomh.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Tha prup air do chul-thaobh,
'S math a b' fhu dhut am faighneachd;
Eoin Abrach o'n Ghiùbhsaich,
Cha toir cubair a ghreim deth;
'S Gilleasbuig a Bhraighe,
Gu latha bhràth nach bi 'm foill dut;
Mac Iain 'sa chinneadh,
Gu 'n imicheadh an oidhch leat.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S Ioma marcaiche statail,
Gur an àir' mi ach cuid diu;
Eadar geata bhraigh Acuin,
Gu slios Blair nam fear luidneach;
Mur ghabh sud a's braigh Ard-dhail,
Agus braighe Bochaidir;
Ghabhadh leigeadh gu statail,
'N eirig là Tom-a-phubail.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S Ioma òganach guineach,
Laidir, duilich, do-aithneicht;

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, &c.

'S fad o'n chuala' mi seachas,
'S mi 'm sheana-ghiullan gòrach ;
Mu 'n do chuir mi crios-féilidh,
Os ceann leine no còta ;
Bhì ga innse gu soilleir,
Anns' gach coinnidh a's còdhail,
Gu 'm bu chairdeach an sloinneadh,
Sìol Mhoire 's Clann-Dòmhnail.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

A Rìgh ! nach robh iad an geambairn,
Lan teampuill do shluagh ;
Do luchd nam beul cama,
'S cha b' aind sud uainn ;
'S ioma claidheamh gear guineach,
Laidir fulangach cruaidh ;
Th' aig mo chinneadh ga 'm feitheamh,
'S aig Clann-'Illeain nam buadh.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

'S b' fhearr gu 'n tigeadh iad fhathasd,
Clann 'Illeain nan tuagh ;
'S cha bhiodh sgian ann am fraighe,
No claidheamh an truail ;
Bheirte mach na h-airm chatha,
'S cha bhiodh an latha sin buan ;
'S ged bu ghuineach na Duimhnich,
'S iad sìol Chuinn a bha cruaidh.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

Tha mo run air na gillean,
Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg ;
Dh-eireadh fearg orra 's frioghan,
Dhol an iomairt nan arm,
Dhol a null thar an linne,
Le gillean na Cairge ;
'S ioma marbh bhiodh ri shìreadh,
Air am pilladh do Chearara.

Ho ro 's fada, &c.

LATHA AIRDE-REANAICH.

SLAN gun dìth dhut a Mharcius,
Direach, maiseach, gun chromadh ;
Da shuil ghorm fo d' chaol mhala,
Nach d' fhas gu balachail, brounach ;
Cheart cho chinnteach 'sa 'm bàs,
Ged tha thu 'n dràs as an t-sealladh ;
Gu 'n beil mulad fo d' chom ort,
Mu bhas Ghoud Iarla Moire.*

* See the sixth stanza of the foregoing Song.

'S ceart 's cho cheart mar mo dhurachd,
Le beachd mo shul gur mi chuunnaic ;
Cha robh againn do sgathan,
Ach greasad trà do 'n taigh grunnach ;
"Aisling caillich mar a dùrachd,"
Gach mìo-rùn bha do 'n duin ud ;
Ged bu ladurna 'n cùl-chainnt,
Stad a chuis air an iomall.

Cha b e aingeachd na tuatha,
Gluais am marcus le dhaoine ;
Ach togail a bhrataich,
'G iarraidh smachd air luchd aobhair ;
Fhuair thu iuchair na còrach,
Gu t-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 saothreach ;
Cha robh cuilibheir caol glaice.
No gunna praise gan sgaoileadh ;
Eadar Innis-Chonnain nan cauach,
Gu ruig bail' Inbher-Aora.

'S ard *Lieutenant* o 'n rìgh thu,
Thug thu sgriob do dh' Earr'ghàil,
Bu leat Tairheart 's Cinn-tìre,
'S gach aon nith bh'auns an ait ud ;
Agus ile bheag riabhach,
Mu 'n iath a mhuir shàile ;
'S goirt a chnead a ta' m chliabh-sa,
Fhad 's bha 'n t-iasad gun phàigheadh.

Thighearn oig Ghlinne-garaidh,
Na bi falach do rùin oirnn ;
Oighre 'n duin' thu tha maireann,
Tha thu 'd charaid dhuinn dùbailt ;
Cha bbeo e 's cha mhairean,
Na ni ar sgaradh o d' chul-thaobh,
A luchd nan ceanna-bhearta' crabhaidh,
Thionndaidh falachd a chrùin ruibh.

'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 fudhaidh.

Na 'm biodh Tighearn na Learguinn,
Ann an Albainn 's e mar-riut ;
Agus Tighearn an Tairbeirt,
'S iad nach tairgeadh do mhealladh ;

Luchd na 'm peighinnean talmhaidh,
'S tu dh fhaodadh earbs' asd gu daigheann ;
Cha 'n eil iad beo do shliochd Cholla,
Na ni 'n comunn ud aithris.

Gur a h-ioma fear goirseid,
Gunna stoilte, 's lann dù-ghorm ;
Le 'n gunnaichean caola,
'S na daormuinn ga 'n giulan :
Mac-Laomuinn 's Mac-Lachuinn,
'S Mac-an-Ab o Ghleann-Dochart,
Mac-Neachduinn, 's Mac-Dhughail,
'S Mac-Iain-Stiubhairt o 'n Apuinn.

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

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

Na 'm biodh fear a bheoil mhoir ann,
O nach doirteadh gloir bhreamais !
Naile chailleadh sibh geoigh ris,
Nach b' fhiach an ròstadh ri teallaich :
Fhuair sibh sgapadh nan caorach,
Na 'm biodh a dhaoine air an talamh ;
'S ged a ghlac sibh le foill e,
B' e fhein an saighdear bu ghlaime.

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

'S mor thu eadar dha latha,
Ged bha e grathunn gun tighinn ;
Chaidh thu 'n cuir na bu leatha,
'N deigh t-athar a mhilleadh ;
Gun aon bhuille claidheamh,
Gun sathadh biodaig no sgine ;
Mur gu 'm bathadh tu coimleann,
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' bhi na charaid ;
'N deigh a Chom-sdair Stiùbhairt,
Thain' sibh 'n tus air le h-an-ìochd,
Thugadh an ceann deth gun sgrubadh,
Ann an tìr *Lady Murray*.

Buail an teud sin gu sealbhach,
'S na dean searbh i gun bhinneas ;
'S na toir t-aghaidh neo-chearbhadh,
Do 'n fhear nach earb thu do shlinnein ;
Ma chuir an rìgh an t-slat sgiùrsaidh,
'N glaic do dhuirn gun a sìreach ;
Uair mu seach air an fhurnais,
Mur bhuill' ùird air an innein.

Gloir do 'n Rìgh th' air a chathair,
'S mairg a ghabhadh mun chluinneadh ;
Nò ghuidheadh na bbreig e ;
Gach ni dh-eirich sa chunnaic ;
Mu 's ann le droch-bheart Iudais,
Dh-fhuair thu chlùd air an Lunnainn ;
Chaill thu 'n luireach 's na breidean,
'S gach aon eideadh bha umad.

'N cuala' sibhse 'sa 'n duthaich,
'N raontar-bùth bh' aig na luchan ;
'S iad a trusadh ri chèile,
Na 'n droch reisemaid churta ;
'Nuair bha eagal a chait orr' ;
Chaidh droch sgapadh an cuid diu ;
'S bheisd mhor 'su 'n robh phlaigh dhiu,
Sgrios gun agh oirr' mar fhurtachd.

Sin 'nuair labhair Dubh-na-h-àmrail,
A bheisd ghraund 'sa chrain mhullaich ;
Cha robh an sabhal nan àth dhiu,
Beisd le 'n àl nach do chruinnich,
Nuair bha 'm mòd ga 'r cuaidh shàrach'
'S na cuird a fagadh ma 'r muineil ;
'S ann an sud a bha 'n gàtur,
Co a chàradh iad umaibh.

B' ionann sin sa 'm bun rutha,
Cha 'n eil iad buidheach da' r 'n an-ìochd ;
Mar ehlach an ionad an uibhe,
Na 'm biodh luitheachd na 'n teangaidh ;
B' ionann sin 's do shliochd Dhiarmaid,
Bhi ga 'r biadhach an an-ìochd ;
Math an agaidh an uile,
Chuir mi luchd-sa 'n Àird-reanaich.

'Nuair bha 'n ad oirbh n-uiridh,
Bha sibh urraunta mòdhar ;
Am bliadhna chaill sibh an currachd,
'S eigin fuireach gle shamhach :

Chaill an t-Iarl air 'ur turas,
Mhead 'sa bhuinig e mhàl oirbh;
Gar am b' fhiach leis an duin' ud,
Bhì ri cruinneachadh cnàmhaig.

B' olc a b' fhiach do dhiuc-Atholl,
Dholl an coinne riut *Eardsaidh*,
'N deigh latha Roinn-Liothunn;
Thug sibh òc-shlaint mar earlais,
Mheall sibh null thar an abhuinn,
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 dìuc dhiot,
'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-à rinn, ho ro h-o bha ho,
Hi-rinn h-à rinn, ho ro h-o bha ho,
Biodh gach duine agaibh brònach,
Air son foirneart mo rìgh.*

'N dìugh chuala' mi naidheachd,
Air alt nach b'aimhealach leinn,
'N an cumadh e chasan—
'S gu boidh an t-ath-*ceul* cho binu—
Rìgh Seumas le farum,
Cur a dharaich na still;
O'n 's leat uachdar na raara,
Gluais a's taruinn gu tìr.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Mhic Mhuire na h-òighe,
Còimhead foirneart mo rìgh;
Co b'urrainn da'r smàladh—
Ach do lamhans' bhì leinn:
Fale a nis prionns Orans',
Cur na còir os a cinn;
Ach as do chobhair, a Shlan-'ear,
Thig furtachd a's slaint air gach tinn.
Hi-rinn, &c.

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

* A title formerly in Strathmore, now extinct.

Faic luchd nam breid dàite,
Bhì gun dealt ann ri'n linn;
'S ma tha 'n eucoir nan aigneadh,
Beum do shlat os an cinn.
Hi-rinn, &c.

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

Thug thu 'm follais an t-Slàn-'ear,
Sgeula gràin do luchd teagasig;
'S gur mòr am fà nàire,
'S an coig àintean a bhriseadh.
A nighean fhéin, 's mac a pheathar,
'N aghaidh labhairt an Sgrìobhtuir,
Mar bhreun ghearran 'sa chathair,
'S nach b'fhear-taighe da 'n sliochd e.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S fìor mhallaichte 'n lànán,
Chum an *Spàin* anns an roinn ud;
Seilbh chòir thoirt a dh-aindeoin,
Le mùtha malairt an t-slaighteir:
Ged' a stadadh an claidheamh,
G' d' bhuille chaith' ach na rinn e,
Bì'dh gach fuil 'g eighleach am flaitheas,
A d' dheigh a latha 's a dh' oidhche.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S ma'rg 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 dìolte,
Mas' a fìor a ta 'n fhàistinn.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'N uair chaidh *Whitehall* losgadh,
Bu mhall do choiseachd gun bhrògan;
'S mì nach rachadh le pairtì,
Air mhìre, bhàthadh, na tòite.
Mas' a daoine riun suas e,
B'fhuoin an cruadal, 's an seoltachd;
Cha 'n eil mì gearan—mo thruaighe!
Ach a lughad 's a fhuair dhìu an ròstadh
Hi-rinn, &c.

Cha tig ach rùcas a's cealgan,
O chruitean cealgach an ràbuill;
Cuiribh an t-aibhisdear saoil ris—
Biodh Dia a's daoine ga aicheadh.

Cleas eud bean a chruiteir,
 Fhuair a cursadh 'n sgàth gàraidh ;
 Thog iad airsan mar uirsgeul,
 Gu 'n do mhurt e dhearbhu-bhrathair.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Gu 'm bu ghrannda na sgeoil sin,
 Thog na deomhain ga dhìbeirt !
 'S nach b' urr' iad ga dhearbhadh,
 Ach mar bhuille searbh da 'n luchd mì-ruin ;
 Gu 'n cuirte isean a chlamhain,
 An nead clannach an fhìreoin ;
 Mac muice a bhalaich,
 Shalcha fala nan rìghrean.
Hi-rinn, &c.

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

Bha mac aig rìgh Daibhidh,
 'S bu deas àill air ceann sluaigh e,
 Chaidh e 'n aghaidh an athar,
 S am fear nach càir da bhuaireadh ;
 'N uair a sgaoileadh am blàr sin,
 Thug Dia pàigheadh na dhuais da ;
 'S o'n bu droch dhuine cloinn e,
 Chroch a choill air a ghruaig e.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach buaidh an droch sgeoil sin,
 Do phrionns Orains gun diadhachd,
 Ged' a rachadh do bhàthadh,
 Cha b' ionann bàs dut 'sa dh' iarrainn ;
 Ach mo suilean bhì t-fhaicinn,
 Eadar eachabh ga d' stialladh ;
 Dol a d' smalach 's an adhair,
 Mar luaithe dhaigte ga criathradh.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Sgrìos gun iarmad, gun duilleach,
 Cha 'n iarruinn tuille am dhàn duibh ;
 Gun sliochd a dh-iathadh mu t' uilinn,
 Do ghnuimh broinne droch Mhàiri ;
 Ged' a ghlacadh na theum e,
 'S farsuinn beul a mhic-lamhaich ;
 A shean staoile bhì 'n eunart,
 Aig na rinn thu thrusadh a cràineig.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach senn gun tuisleadh air Màiri,
 'S olc an làn tha na togsaid ;

'N ar fhaicear laogh càraid,
 Nuas gu làr as a poca.
 Cha bhì 'n sean fhacail claoite,
 Air neo 's claoch theid a thogail ;
 Tha 'n dà shant 's an droch mhuaoi ud,
 'S aunsadh * * * le no bōban.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Ach na 'n tigeadh an rìgh sin,
 'S a mhac dileas air aidmheil,
 Ged' a theireadh prionns Orains,
 Nach h-i choir a bhì againn,
 Cha bu mho orra Uilleam,
 Air sràid Lunnainn an Sasunn,
 'N ceann fhuadach deth mhuineal,
 Na cluais cuilein an radain.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Prionns Orains a mhì-rath,
 Mas' toil le Rìgh thoirt gu creideamh,
 'S còir an duilleag so thiondadh,
 Air a bhan-rìgh nach creid e.
 Ma shaoil am bith-shanntach sanntach
 Na mhac-samhla ga ghoid sud ;
 Na a runitheachd le lànnan,
 Air nighean *Seanalair Huitsein*.
Hi-rinn, &c.

B'fhearr gu 'm buaileadh e'n *staidse*,
 Tus a *bhàidse* bu chòir dha,
 N'am bu tuiteam 'sa phlaigh dhuinn,
 Mar 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, &c.

Sgeul buan e do'n mheareaid.
 'S nach tog a mac a cuid oighreachd ;
 'S ion dith cùram a ghabhail,
 Mu'n dùinear cathair na soills' orr ;
 Thoil i mallachd a h-athar,
 O'n ghabh an t-aibhisteir greim dh'i ;
 'S olc an dùchas a lean rith,
 Chuiinnt a seanair na throiteir.
Hi-rinn, &c.

'S math an toiseach ar seannsa,
 Ma rinn an Frangach a thapadh—
 Ma ghlacadh leis *Monsai*,
 Cha sgeul tum-sgeul ach ceartas,
 Bu mbath gu'm biodh an *adhbhansa*,
 Air a tiondadh gu Sasunn ;
 Na gu faicte an eunntar,
 Cho ghrad ri tionda nan cairtean.
Hi-rinn, &c.

* Rehoboam, poetically.

Ach ma stad air an diùc sin,
 'S nach e a run tigh'n ni's fhaide;
 Leig e cadal do'n chùirein—
 Stad a sgrìob mar a chleachd e;
 Ma leig gach saighdear a ghleus deth:
 'N uair tha leighheart mu'n chaisteal,
 B'fhearr gu'm faicinn an coileach,
 No, gu'n gairleadh a chaismeachd.
Hi-rinn, &c.

Mu tha e'n dân dhut teachd dhachaigh,
 'S uair dhut t-fhaicinn gun speurad;
 Ged' a fhuair thu pairt leonaidh,
 Rì àm fògraidh rìgh Sheumais;
 Ma tha thu cruaidh air an raiper,
 Seall air slachdan a ghleusaigh,
 Leis an do spionadh mo sgròban,
 Ma's fìor *Tòmas an Rùmair*.
Hi-rinn, &c.

AN IORRAM DHARAICH.

DO BHATA SIR SEUMAIS MHO-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, &c.

Leam is aith-ghearr a cheilidh,
 Rinneas mar ris an t-Seumas,
 Ris na dhealach mi'n dè moch la Càisge.
 Ris na dhealach mi'n dè, &c.

Dia na stiùir air an darach,
 A dh' fhalbh air tùs an t-siùil mhara,
 Seal mu'n tug e cheud bhoinne de thràghad.
 Seal mu'n tug e cheud bhoinne, &c.

Ge b'e àm cur a choirc e,
 'S mi nach pilleadh o stoc uat,
 'S ann a shuidhinn an toiseach do bhàta.
 'S ann a shuidhinn an toiseach, &c.

'Nuair bhiodh càch eur ri gnìomhadh,
 Bhiodh mo chuid-sa dheth dìomhain,
 G' ol nag ucagan fion' air a fàradh.
 G' ol na gucagan fion, &c.

Cha bu mharcach eich leumnaich,
 A bhuin'geadh geall reis ort,
 'Nuair a thogadh tu breid osceann sàille.
 'Nuair a thogadh tu breid, &c.

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

'Nuair a shuidheadh fear stiùir oir',
 'N àm bhi fagail na dùthcha,
 Bu mhear riuth a chuain dù-ghlais fo h-earrlinn.
 Bu mhear riuth a chuain, &c.

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

Ach na fuirbirnich threubhach,
 'S deis a dh'iomradh, 's a dh'eigheadh,
 Bheireadh tulg an tùs clé air ramh bràghad.
 Bheireadh tulg an tùs clé, &c.

'Nuair a d'fhalachichte na buird d'ì,
 'S nach faighte lan siuil d'ì,
 Bhiodh luchd taghaich sìor lùbadh nar àlach.
 Bhiodh luchd taghaich, &c.

'S iad gu'n eagal gun euslain,
 Ach ag freagradh dh'a chéile,
 'Nuair thigeadh muir beucach 's gach aird orr'.
 'Nuair thigeadh muir beucach, &c.

Dol tiomchioll Rugha na Caillich,
 Bu ro mhath siubhal a daraich,
 Gearradh shrutha gu cairidh Chaoil-Acuin.
 Gearradh shrutha gu cairidh, &c.

Dol gu uidhe chuain fhiadhaich,
 Mar bu chubhaidh leinn iarraidh,
 Gu Uist bheag riabhach nan cràgh-gheadh.
 Gu Uist bheag riabhach, &c.

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

Ach an Dubh-Chnoideartach, riabhach,
 Luchd-mhor, ard-ghuailleach dhionach,
 Gur lionmhor lann iaruin m'a h-earraich.
 Gur lionmhor lann iaruin, &c.

Cha bu chrann-lach air muir i,
 Shinthal ghleann gun bhi cruaidh,
 'S buill chainbe ri fulagan àrda.
 Buill chaineaba ri, &c.

Bha Domhnall an Duin innt,
 Do mhac oighre 's mor cùram,
 'S e do stòile fhuair cliù measg nan Gàidh.
 'S e do stòile fhuair cliù, &c.

Do mhac Uisteach gle-mhor,
 Dh'am bu chubhaidh bhi'n Sléibhte,
 O'n Rugha d'an eighthe Dun-sgathaich.
 O'n Rugha d'an eighthe, &c.

Og misneachail treun thu,
('S blath na bric ort san eudainn)
Mur mist' thu ro mhead 's a do nàir innt.
Mur mist' thu ro mhead, &c.

Gur mòr mo chion fein ort,
Ged nach cuir mi an ceill e,
Mhic an fhir leis an eireadh na Braigheich.
Mhic an fhir leis an eireadh, &c.

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

Dh'eireadh buidhean o Ruaidh leat,
Lùbadh iubhar mu'n guaillean,
Thig o Bhrughaichean fuar Charn-na-Làirge.
Thig o Bhrughaichean fuar, &c.

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

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

'S a fhreagradh do t-eigheach,
Gun eagal, gun easlainn,
'Nuair chluinneadh iad féin do chrois-tàra.*
'Nuair a chluinneadh iad féin, &c.

MARBIIRANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHONUILL.

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

'Se do thuras do 'n Dùn,
Dh-fhag snith' air mo shùil,
'Sa bhi faicinn do thùr gun cheò.
'Se do, &c.

* "Crois-tàra," or "crann-tàra," was a piece of wood, half burnt and dipt in blood, sent by a special messenger as a signal of distress or alarm. The person to whom it was sent, immediately despatched another person with it to some one else; and thus was intelligence passed from one to another over immense distances in an incredibly short time. One of the latest instances of its being used, was in 1715, by lord Breadalbine, when it went round Loch Tay, the distance of thirty-two miles, in three hours. The above method was used only in the day-time; for in the night, recourse was had to the "Sgorr-thùine," a large fire kindled on an eminence. See Ossian's "Carrig-thura." The last mentioned signal is spoken of by Jeremiah to denote distress, chap. vi. l.

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

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

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

'S leat Mac Pharlain na 'n eliar,
Bh-aig fir t-ait-sa riamb,
Mac-an Aba le chid na dhò.
Fear chann, &c.

Clann Iain a nuas,
'S fir a bhraighe so shuas,
'S Mac Ghriogair o Ruadh-shruth chuò.
Chlainn lein, &c.

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

'S leat Mac-Dhonnhuill a ris,
Na 'm bratach 's na 'm piob,
Crunair gasda na 'n rìgh bhrat sròil.
'S leat, &c.

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

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

Coinnlean gala de 'n cheir,
'S iad an lasadh gu genr,
Urlar farsuinn mu 'n eighle 'n t-òl.
Coinnlean, &c.

Bhiodh do ghillean mu seach,
A lionadh dibhe b' fhearr blas,
Fion Spainnteach dearg ac agus beoir.
Bhiodh do, &c.

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

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

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

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

Bhiodh mnathan òg an fhuit réidh,
Gabhail dhàn dhaibh le 'm beul,
Ann ad thalla gu 'n éisde ceòl.
Bhiodh, &c.

Fhir a dh' fhuilg am bàs,
'S a dboirt t-fhuil air ar sgath,
Na leig mulad gu bràth na 'r coir.
Fhir a, &c.

Nis on sgithich mo cheann,
Sior thuireadh do rannt,
Bi'dh mi sgr anns an àm is còir.
Nis o 'n sgithich, &c.

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

LWINNEAG.

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

'S ma'irg 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 bhlaithhe gun ghaiseadh;
Gu 'm biodh maoin air do nainhdean,
Ri linn dut spainnteach a ghilacadh.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Fhuair thu 'n cliù sin o thoiseach,
'S cha b' ole e ri iunseadh;
Craobh chosgairt sa bhlàr thu,
Nach gabhadh sgàth roinn 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, &c.

Gur farsuinn do ranntaibh,
Ri sheanachas 's ri shloinneadh;
Gur tu oighre 'n Iarl Ilich.
Nach tug cìs le gnìomh foilleil;
Marcaich ard na 'n each cruithreach,
Nan srian ùr 's na 'n lann soilleir,
Lamh threin ann an cruadal,
Ceannard sluaigh a toirt teine.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Fhuair thu onair fir Alba,
Bha meas 's ainm air fear t-phasain;
Ann an gliocas 'sa géire,
An cliù, an ceuaidh 'sa gaisge;
Thug Dia gùbhtean le buaidh dhub,
Cridhe fuasgailteach farsuinn;
Fhir bu chiùine na mhaighdeann,
'S bu gha'irge na 'n lasair.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

'S goirt an t-earchall a thachair,
O 'n chaidh an iomairt so tuatbal;
O latha blàir Sliabh-an-t-Siorram,
Chaill ar cinneach an uaislean;
Thionndaidh chuibhl' air Clann-Domhnuill,
'N treasa conspunn bhi bhuatha;
Ceann a's colar Chlann-Ràghnuill,
'N fhuil ard 's i gun troaillleadh.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Nis o 'n dh-fhalbh an triùir bhràithrean;
Chleachd mar àbhaist bhi suairce;
Laoich o Gharaidh nam bradan,
Caipteine' smachdail a chruadail;
Dh-fhalbh Sir Domhnuill a Sléibhte;
Bu mhor reusan a's cruadal;
Cha tig gu bràth air Clann-Domhnuill,
Triuir chonspunn cho cruaidh riù.

Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Chriosda dh-fhuilig am bàs duinn,
O 'n 's tu ar *patron* ùrnaigh;
Cum an t-aog o dha bhrathair,
Fhad 'sa b' àill leinn le dùrachd;
Dheanadh treis do 'n àlach,
So dh-fhag e gun sùilean;
'Sliochd an t-seobhaig 'sa 'n àrmuinn,
Nach tugadh each an sgiath chùil deth.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

'Nuair threig càch an cuid fearainn,
'S nach d-fhan iad 'sa 'n rìoghachd;
'Sheas thusa gu fearail,
'S cha b' ann le sgainneal a shìn thu;
Chuir thu fuaradh na froise,
Seach ar dorsaibh g' 'ar dìonadh;
Gu 'n robh t-fhaigsein cho làidir,
Ri leoghainn ard do 'n fhuil Rìoghail.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Cha robh Iarl ann an Albuinn,
Gheibheadh earbsa na run riut;
Gu 'm biodh toiseach gach naidheachd,
Gu lamhan a chùirteir;
Seobhag firinneach suairee,
Choisinn crnadal gach cùise;
Ceannard mhaithean a's uaislean,
Aig an t-sluagh 's iad ga ghùlan.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

Sgeula b' ait' leam ri in-seadh,
Sa bhi g' a leirsinn le 'r sùilean;
Do mhac oighr' ann a t-fhearan,
Mur bu mbath le luchd dùrachd;
Ach aon neach leis am b' oil e,
Luaidhe ghlas le neart fùdair;
Troimh' 'n cridh' air a fiaradh,
Chor 's nach iarradh iad tionndadh.
Ho-ro 's fada, &c.

CUMHA MIONTROISE

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

Ge duilich leam, 's ge diobhail,
M'fhear cinnidh math bhi dhìth orm,
Cha'n usa leinn an sgrìob's,
Tha'n iung air an rìoghachd bhoichd.

Tha Alba dol fo chios-chain
Aig Farbhnaich gun fhirinn,
Bhar a chulpa dhirich
'S e cuid de m'dhiobhail ghoirt.

Tha Sasunnaich 'g ar foireigneachd,
'G ar creach', 'g ar mort', 's 'g ar marbhadh
Gu 'n ghabh ar n-Athair fearg rinn,
Gur dearmad dhuinn, 's gur bochd.

Mar a bha cloinn Israel
Fo bhruid aig rìgh na h-Eiphit,
Tha sinn air a chor chendua,
Cha'n eigh iad rinn ach "siuc."

Ar rìgh an dèis a chrùnadh,
Mu'n gann a leum e ùr-fhas,
Na thaisteach bochd, ruisgte,
Gun gheard, gun chùirt, gun choisid'.

'G a fharr-fhuadach as àite,
Gun duine leis deth chàirdean,
Mar luing air nachdar saile,
Gun stiuir, 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 shluairich,
Bu ro mhath ruidhe gruadhach,
'N àn tarruinn suas gu trod.

Deud chàile, bu ro mbath dlùthadh,
Fudh mhala chaoil gun mbugaich,
Ge tric do dhàil gam' dhùsgadh,
Cha ruig mi chàch e nochd

Mhic Neill,* a Asainn chianail,
Na'n glacain ann am lionn thu,
Bhiodh m'fhacal 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 him, and believing to find friendship at his hands, willingly discovered himself; but Assynt not daring to conceal him, and being greedy of the reward which was promised to the person who should apprehend him by the council of the estates, immediately seized and disarmed him."* Montrose offered Macleod a large sum of money for his liberty, which he refused to grant. Macleod kept Montrose and his companion prisoners in the castle of Aird-bhreach, his principal residence, for a few days. He was from thence removed to Skibo castle, where he was kept two nights, thereafter to the castle of Braan, and thence again to Edinburgh.

• Bishop Wishart.

Nan tachrainns a's tu féin,
Ann am boglachan Beinn-Eite
Bhiodh uisge dubh na féithe,
Dol troimh chéile a's ploc.

Thu féin as t-athair céile
Fear taighe sin na Leime,
Ged chrochte sibh le chéile
Cha b'eirig air mo lochd.

Craobh rùisgt' de'n Abhall bhreugach,
Gun mheas, gun chliù, gun cheutaidh,
Bha riamh ri murt a chéile,
'N ar fuigheall bheum, as chore.

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

CUMHA

DO SHIR DOMHNULL SHLEIBHTE.

'S CIAN 's gur fàda mi 'm thàmh,
'S trom leam 'm aigne fo phràmh,
'S nach cadal dhomh seamh 's tim eiridh.
'S cian 's gur fada, &c.

Laidh an aois orm gach uair,
Dreach an aoig air mo ghruaidh,
Is rinn e udail bhochd thruadh da féin diom.
Laidh an aois, &c.

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

Tha gach urra dol dhiom,
Bho faighinn furan le miadh,
Cuig urrad sa b' fhiach mi dh-eirig.
Tha gach urra dol, &c.

Chaill mi àrainn mo stuic,
Mo sgiath laidair 's mo phruipe,
Iad ri àiteach an t-sluic a's fear orr'.
Chaill mi àrainn mo stuic,

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

Mhùch mo mheoghail 's mo mheas,
Na daoil bhi cladhach bhuir flios,
Chaidh mo raoghainn fo lic de leugaibh.
Mhùch mo mheoghail, &c.

Bhuail an t-earrach orm spot,
'S trom a dh-fhairich mi lot,
Chuir e lùghad mo thoirt 's beag 'm fheum air.
Bhuail an t-earrach, &c.

Bàs Shir Domhnuill bho 'n Chaoil,
Chuir mo chomhnaidh fa-sgaol,
Dh'fhàg mi 'm aonar sa 'n aois ga 'm léireadh.
Bàs Shir Domhnuill, &c.

'S ann ruit a labhrainn mo mhiann,
Gu dàna ladurna, dian,
Ge do bhithinn da thrian sa 'n eacoir.
Sann ruit a labhrainn, &c.

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

Leoghann fireachail àigh
Miuinte, spioradail, àrd,
Umhail, iriosal, fearragha, treubhach.
Leoghann fìorachail, &c.

Léig nan arm a's nan each,
Reumail, aireil, gun airc,
Gheug thu 'n Armadail ghlas nan déideag.
Leig nan arm is nan each &c.

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

Bha mhnai bheul-dearg a bhruit.
Ri càll an ceille sa'm fuilte,
Cach ag éideadh do chuirp air déile.
Bha mhnai bheul-dhearg, &c.

Moch sa' mhadainn dir-daoil,
Thog iad tasgaidh mo ghaoil,
Deis a phasgadh gu caol 's na leintean.
Moch sa' mhadainn, &c.

An ciste ghiubhais nam bòrd,
'N truaill chumbainn na's leoir,
'N deis a dhùsgadh bho 'n t-sròl air speicean.
'N ciste ghiubhais nam, &c.

Gu euglais Shleibhte nan stuadh,
Chosg thu fein ri cuir suas,
Ge d' nach d'fhuirich thu buan ri sgleutadh.
Gu euglais Shleibhte, &c.

* Damaged meal bought in Leith, was given to M'L. Cod of Assynt for betraying the duke of Montrose.

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

Domhnall gorm bu glan gnùis,
Fear bu mhin bha de 'n triùir,
Cha bu chorr-cheann thu 'n cuirt rìgh Seurlas,
Domhnall gorm bu, &c.

Chunnaic mis thu air trian,
'S cha bu gna leat bhì erian,
'S gu'm bu nolaig le fion do réidhlean.
Chunnaic mis thu air, &c.

Cha bhola pháididh do mbiann,
'N am dhaibh falbh bhuat gu dian,
'N cois na tràghad ga'n lionadh réidh leat.
Cha bhola páidhidh, &c.

De dh-uisge-beatha 's do bheor,
'S iad a gabhail na's leoir,
Mur a thoilicheadh beoil ga eigheach.
De dh-uisge-beatha, &c.

Mu bhòrd gun time gun ghruaim,
Le òl, 's le iomart, 's le sluadh,
Is ceol bu bhinne na cuach 's a cheitean.
Mu bhòrd gun time, &c.

Fhnair thu deannal na dho,
Dh-fhag do pannal fo bròn,
Gu'm bu ghearran a leon m'un eighe.
Fhuair thu deannal, &c.

Air Raon-Ruairidh nan stràc,
Far na bhuannaich thu 'm blàr,
Chaill thu t-naislean a's t-armainn ghleusta.
Air Raon-Ruairidh, &c.

Air an talamh chrìon, chruaidh,
Nach falaicheadh gearrag a cluais,
Fhuair sibh deannal na luaidhe leughta.
Air an talamh, &c.

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

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

Dh-fhalbh thu fein 's do chuid mac,
Mala gheur sibh gu neart,
'S fada bho chéile fo cheapaibh réisg sibh.
Dh-fhalabh thu fein, &c.

'S blàth an leab' air bhuir cinn,
Seach daormainn thasgaidh nan suim,
Sibh bu sgapach air buinn le féile.
'S blàth an leab, &c.

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, &c.

AN CIARAN MABACH.

NO,

GILLEASPUIG RUADH MAC-DHOMHNUILL.

ARCHIBALD M'DONALD, commonly called *Ciaran Mabach*, was an illegitimate son of Sir Alexander M'Donald, sixteenth baron of Slate. He was contemporary with *Iain Lom*, the Lochaber bard, and his coadjutor in punishing the murderers of the lawful heirs of Keppoch.

In no one could his father more properly have confided matters of importance, requiring sagacity, zeal, and bravery, than in this son. Accordingly he made use of his services when necessary; and put the greatest dependence in his fidelity, prudence, and activity. *Ciaran Mabach* was no doubt amply requitted by his father, who allotted him a portion of land in North Uist. Grants of land were in those times commonly given to gentlemen of liberal education, but of slender fortune; where amid their rural occupations they enjoyed pleasures unknown to those who in similar stations of life were less happily located. Of this our bard was very sensible during his stay in Edinburgh, as we learn from his poem on that occasion.

It does not appear that our poet was a voluminous writer; and of his compositions there are very few extant. It is to be regretted that so few of his poems have been preserved, as his taste, education, and natural powers, entitle him to a high place among the bards of his country. Gentlemen of a poetical genius could have resided in no country more favourable to poetry than in the Highlands of Scotland, where they led the easy life of the sportsman, or the grazier, and had leisure to cultivate their taste for poetry or romance.

B' ANNSA CADAL AIR FRAOCH.

GÈ 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 thunn na h-Abaid,
'G eisdeachd glagraich nan sàor.

'S oil leam càradh na frìthe,
'S mì bhi 'n Lite nan long,
Eadar ceann Saileas Si-phort,
A's rutha Ghrianaig nan tonn,

Agus Uiginnis riabhach,
An tric an d'farr mì damh-donn,
'S a bhi triall thun nam bodach,
Dha'm bu chosnadh cas-chrom.

Cha'n eil agam cù gleusda,
A's cha'n eil feum agam dha,
Cha suidh mì air bachdan,
Air sliabh fad o chàch,
Cha leig mì mo ghaothar,
Chaidh faogh'd an tuim bàin,
'S cha sgaoil mì 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 mios Màigh.
 'S tric a dh'fhuilg 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 lòn.

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 fuilgeadh an t-sradag,
 A lasadh r'i corp,
 Och! a Mhuire mo chruaidh-chas,
 Nach dh'fhuair mi thu nochd.

Bean a b'aigeanntaich céile,
 Nam eiridh ri driùchd,
 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 am eiridh na grèine,
 Bu ghlan leirsinn do shùl.

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

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

MARBHIRANN

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHONUILL.*

B' FHEAAA am mor olc a chluinntinn,
 Bhrìgh ionradh na fhaicinn;
 Dhomhsa b' fhuasad' sud inuse,
 Rug air 'm inntinn trom shac dheth;
 O 'n is mi bha 'sa 'n fhuilang,
 Bu chruaidh duilich ri fhaicinn;
 Rainig croma-sgìan o 'n aog mi,
 Cha do shaor i bun aisne.

'S e dh' fhàg fodha dhomh 'n coite,
 Aon a mhoichead a dhùisg mi,
 'S mi gun fhear air barr agam,
 Thogadh 'm aigneadh a dùsal;
 'Nuair a bheum an sruth tràigh orm,
 Rug muir bàith' air a chul sin,
 Cha d' fhiosraich mi 'm bàs dùt,
 Gus an dh' fhàg mi thu 'n crùiste.

Fath m' acainn 's mo thùrsa,
 Nach dhuiseagar le teud thu,
 Na le tòrgan na fìdhle,
 Mo dhìobhail 's mo leir-chreach;
 Fhir a chumadh i dìonach,
 Dh' aindeoin siontan ga 'n eiread,
 Thu 'n diugh fo leacan na h-ùrach,
 Gun mo dhuil ri thu dh' eiridh.

'S bochd an ealtainns' thug so sgriob mi,
 Thug dhìom m' earr agus m' fhéusag,
 'S geur 's gur goirt spuir an ràsair,
 Thrusas cnàmhan a's féithean;
 Dh-fhag sud mise dheth craiteach,
 Dh-aindeoin dàil gu ro chreuchdach;
 Cha dean ballan no sàbh dheth,
 Mise slàn gus an eug mi.

Ge b' e chuireadh dhomh 'n umhail,
 Do mhor chumha ga m' leònadh,
 Na mo 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 mheoghail,
 As do dheaghaidh bochd dòlum,
 Osnadh fharbairneach, frithir,
 Tha m' fhéith-chridh' air a leònadh;
 Leigean fìos thun a bhreitheamh,
 Nach iarr slighe gu dò-bheart,

* The poet's brother.

Gur h-e "Port Raoghbuill uidhir,"*
Mur nach bu dligeach is ceòl domh.

'S bochd mo naidheachd r'a h-innse ;
Ge b' e sgrìobhadh i 'n tath-bhuinn ;
O 'n là rinn thu feum duine,
Gus 'n do chuireadh 'sa 'n làr thu ;
Bha mo dheas-lamh dol sìos leat,
An cladhan crìche mo chràdh-shlad ;
'S mor na b' fheadar dhomh fhulang,
Mo bhuan fhuireach o m' brathair.

'S bochd an ruinnigil fhuathais,
Rug air uaislean do chairdean,
'S goirt a bhonnag a fhuair iad,
'N latha ghluaisedh gu tàmh leat ;
Ge b' e neach is mo buannachd,
'N lorg luathair a bhàis so,
'S mise pearsa 's mo tuaighe,
'Sa 'nuair so th' air t-àruinn.

Cha chuis fharmaid mo lethid ;
'S ann tha mi 'n deigh mo spùillidh ;
Bhuin an t-eug dhìom gu buileach,
Barr a's iomall mo chùirte ;
'S feudar tamailte fhulang,
Gun dìon buill' air mo chùl-thaobh,
Stad mo chlaidheamh na dhuille,
'S bàth dhomh fuireach r'a rùsgadh.

* *Raoghull odhar* was a piper. There is a story told about this worthy, to the following purpose:—He was a great coward; and being in the exercise of his calling in the battle-field one day along with his clan, he was seized with such fear at the sight of the enemy, whom he thought too many for his party, that he left off playing altogether, and began to sing a most dolorous song to a lachrymose air, some stanzas of which had been picked up and preserved by his fellow soldiers; and which, on their return from the war they did not fail to repeat. When an adult is seen crying for some trifling cause, he is said to be singing "*Port 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 misort gu seinn thu 'Port Raoghnuill uidhir*," i.e. "I will make you sing '*Dun Donald's tune*.'" The following are a few of the stanzas:—

"Be so an talamh mi shealbhadh !
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 eagol,
Tha mi cinnteach gur beag a bhios beò
Chì mi lasadh an fhùdair,
Chluinn mi sgòilcadh nan dù-chlach ri òrd !*

Fhuair mi gunna nach diult mi,
Fhuair mi claidheamh nach lùb ann am dhòrn,
Ach ma nì iad mo mharbhadh,
Cìod a feum a nì 'n àrmach sin dhomh-s' ?
Tha mi tinn, &c.

Ged do gheibhinn-sa sealbh,
Air làn a chàisteal de dh' airgead 's de dh-òr,
Oich ! 'ma nì iad mo mharbhadh !
Cìod a feum a nì 'n t-airgead sin domh-s' ?"
Tha mi tinn, &c.

Bhuin an t-eug creach gun toir dhìom
Dh' aindeoin oigridh do dhùthecha ;
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,
Bhì fo bhòrd ann an dùnadh.

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

Call gun bhuinig gun bhuannachd,
Bha ga m' ruagadh' o 'n tràth sin ;
Cha b' i 'n iomairt gun fhuathas,
Leis 'n do ghluais mi mar chearrach ;
'N cluich a shaoil mi bhì 'm buannachd,
Dh' fhaoidte ghluasad air tàileasg ;
Thainig goin a's cur suas orm,
'S tha fear fuar dhomh na t-àite.

O 'n chaidh mail' air mo fhradharc,
'S nach taoghail mi 'n ard-bheann ;
Chuir mi cul ris an fhiadhach,
Pong cha n' iarr mi air clàrsaich ;
Mo cheol laidhe a's eiridh,
M' osnadh gheur air bheag tàbhachd ;
Fad mo rè bidh mi 'g acain,
M'beud 'sa chleachd mi dheth t-àilleas.

Ach dleasaidh faighidinn furtachd,
Nach faic thu chuisle ga luaithead ;
Air fear na teasaich 'sa 'n fhiabhrais,
'S gearr mu shìoladh a bhruidleir ;
Muir a dh' eireas ga bhraislead,
Nì fear math beairte dh' i suaineach ;
Ach e dh' iomairt gu tapaidh,
Ceann da shìalt 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' dheighnion ;
Chaill thu lan mèise feodair,
Air do shroìn do 'n fhùil glè dhèarg.

Luchd a chaitheadh nan cuaintean,
'S moch a ghluaisedh gu surdail,
Le 'n àlach chalpannan cruaidhe,
Bu bheag roimh' 'n fhuaradh an earam ;

Bu choma co dheth na h-unislean,
Ghlacadh gluasad na stiùrach ;
'S fear math beart air a gualunn,
B' urrainn fuasgladh gach cuise.

'N am gluasad o thìr dhuinn,
Bu neo-mhìodhoir ar lòistean,
Cornach, cupanach, fionach,
Glaineach, lèntaidh a stòpaibh ;
Gu cairteach, tailèngach, disneach,
'S tailc air uigh na 'm foirneibh ;

Dhomh-sa b' fhurasd' sud innse
Bu chuid do m' guoinn o m' aois òige.

Bu ro-eibneach mo leabaidh,
'S bha mo chadal gle chomhward,
Fhad 'sa dh' fhuirich thu agam,
An caoin chadal gun fhòtùs ;
Bu tu mo sgaith laidir dhùileas,
Gu mo dhion o gach dòrainn,
'S e cuid a dh' aobhar mo leith-truim,
Bhi 'n dìugh a seasamh do chòrach.

DIORBHAIL NIC A BHRIUTHAINN;

OR,

DOROTHY BROWN.

THIS poetess belonged to Luing, an island, in Argyleshire. It is uncertain when she was born; but she was cotemporary with *Iain Lom*; like him was a Jacobite, and also employed her muse in the bitterest satire against the Campbells. Indeed there must have been great pungency in her songs; for, long after her death, one Colin Campbell, a native of Luing, being at a funeral in the same burying-ground where she was laid, trampled on her grave, imprecating curses on her memory. Duncan MacIachlan, of Kilbride, in Lorn, himself a poet, and of whom the translator of Ossian makes honourable mention as a preserver of Gaelic poetry, being present, pulled him off her grave, sent for a gallon of whisky, and had it drunk to her memory on the spot. Her song to Alasdair Mac Cholla, was composed on seeing his *birlinn* pass through the sound of Luing on an expedition against the Campbells, in revenge for the death of his father, whom they had killed some time before. She is the only poetess who at all approaches *Mairi nighean Alasdair Ruaidh* as a successful votary of the muse. She composed a great many songs, but, not being much known out of her native island, perhaps, the following piece is the only thing of hers now extant. A tomb-stone, with a suitable Gaelic inscription, is about to be erected to her memory, in Luing, by a countryman of her own, Mr Artt M'Lachlan, of Glasgow, a gentleman well known for his zeal in every thing tending to promote the honour of Highlanders, and the Highlands.

ORAN DO DH' ALASDAIR MAC COLLA.

ALASDAIR a laogh mo chéille,
Co chuinnic no dh' fhaig thu 'n Eirinn,
Dh' fhag thu na mìltean 's na ceudan,
'S cha d' fhaig thu t-aon leithid féin ann,
Calpa cruinn an t-siubhail eutruim,

Cas chruinneachadh 'n t-sluaigh ri chéile,
Cha deanar cogadh as t-éugais,
'S cha deanar sìth gun do reite,
'S ged nach bi na Duimhnich reidh riut,
Gu 'n robh an rìgh mur tha mi féin dut.

*E-hò, hi u hò, rò h'ò eile,
E-ho, hi u ho, 's i ri ri ù,
Hò hi ù ro, o hò 'ò eile,
Mo dhiobhail dìth nan ceann-fheadhna.*

Mo chruit, mo chlarsach, a's m' fhiodhall,
Mo theud chiùil 's gach àit am bithinn,
'Nuair a bha mi òg 's mi 'm nighinn,
'S e thogadh m' inntinn thu thighinn,
Gheibheadh tu mo phòg gun bhruthinn,
'S mar tha mi 'n diugh 's math do dhlighe oirr'.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's e mo run am firionn,
Cha bhuachaille bhò 'sa 'n innis,
Ceann-feadhna greadhnach gun ghiorraig,
Marcaich nan steud 's leoir a mhìre,
Bhuidhneadh na cruintean d'a ghilleann,
'S nach seachnadh an toir iomairt,
Ghàlaich na 'n deanadh tu pilleadh,
Gheibheadh tu na bhiodh tu sireadh,
Ged a chaillinn ris mo chiuineach—
Pòg o ghruagach dhuinn an fhirich.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

'S truagh nach eil mi mar a b' àit leam,
Ceann Mhic-Cailein ann am achlais,
Cailein liath 'n deigh a chasgairt,
'S a 'n Crunair an deigh a ghlacadh,
Bu shunnadh a gheibhinn cadal,
Ged a b' i chreag chruaidh mo leabaidh.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

M' eudail thu dh' fheara' na dìlinn,
'S math 's eol dhomh do shloinneadh innse,
'S cha b' ann an cagar fo 's 'n iosal,
Tha do dbreach mar dh' òrdaich rìgh e,
Falt am boireid tha sinteach,
Sàr mhusg ort mo cuilibhear,
Dh'eighte geard an cuirt an rìgh leat,
Ceist na 'm ban o 'n Chaisteal Ìleach,
Dorn geal mu 'n dean an t-òr sniamhan.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Domhnallach gasda mo ghaoil thu,
'S cha b' e Mac Dhonnchaidh Ghlinne-Faochain.
Na duine bha beò dheth dhaoine,
Mhic an fhir o thùr na faoileachd,

Far an tig an long fo h-aodach,
Far an òlte fion gu greadhnach.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Mhoire 's e mo rùn an t-òigear,
Flughantach aigeanntach 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 fhalarnh stòras.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Bhuailte creach a's speach mhor leat,
'S cha bhiodh chridhe tigh'n a t-fheoraich,
Aig a liuthad Iarla a's mòrair,
Thigeadh a thoirt mach do chòrach,
Thig Mac-Shimidh, thig Mac-Leod ann,
Thig Mac-Dhonnall duibh o Lochaidh,
Bidh Sir Seumus ann le mhor fhir,
Bidh na b' annsa Aonghas òg ann,
'S t-fhuil ghreadhnach fein bhi ga dortadh,
'S deas tarruinn nan geur lann gleoiste.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

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

Mhoire 's iad mo run an comunn,
Luchd na 'n cul buidhe a's donna,
Dheanadh an t-iubhar a chromadh,
Dh' oladh fion dearg na thonnadh,
Thigeadh steach air mointich Thollaidh,
'S a thogadh creach o mhuinntir Thomaidh.
E-ho i u ho, &c.

Note.—As the air to which this piece is sung is rather a kind of irregular chant than a tune, the poetess was not necessitated to make all her stanzas of equal length. We know of other even good songs in similar style; and, perhaps, it is in some measure owing to this circumstance that the fertility of imagination, and raciness of language, so apparent in the compositions of some of our untutored bards is to be attributed. *Marbhrann Iain ghairbh*, at page 26, is an instance of this.

SILIS NIGHEAN MHIC RAONAILL.

CICELY or JULIAN M'DONALD lived from the reign of Charles II. to that of George I. She was daughter to *Mac Raognhaill na Ceapach*, and of the Roman Catholic persuasion. Consequently she was an enemy to Protestantism, and hence devoted the earliest efforts of her muse against the House of Hanover. It is said that in her young days she was very frolicsome. She then composed epigrams, some of which are very clever, and in our possession. She was married to a gentleman of the family of Lovat, and lived with him in *Moràghach Mhic-Shimidh*, a place which she describes in a poem, as bare and barren in comparison to her native Lochaber. This celebrated piece begins with, "*A theanga sin 'sa theanga shroil*," which was the first piece she composed after her marriage. During her residence in the North she composed "*Slan gu bràch le ceòl na clàrsach*," as a lament for Lachlan M'Kinnon the blind harper. This harper was a great favourite of our poetess, and used to spend some of his time in her father's family. He was also in the habit of paying her a yearly visit to the North, and played on his harp while she sung :—

"Nuair a ghlacadh tu do chlàrsach,
Sa bhiodh tu ga gleusadh lamh rium,
Cha mbath a thuigte le umaidh,
Do chuir chiul-sa, 's mo ghabhail dhan-sa."

During her residence in the North she composed several short pieces, among which is an answer to a song by Mr M'Kenzie of Gruneard 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.

MARBIIRANN AIR BAS A FIR.

'S i so bliadhna 's faid' a chlaoidh mi,
Gu'n cheol gu'n aighear gun fhaoilteas,
Mi mar bhàt air tràigh air sgaoileadh,
Gun stiùir, gun seol, gun ràmh, gun taoman.

O 's coma' leam fhìn na co dhiubh sin,
Mìre, no aighear, no sùgradh,
'N dìugh o shìn mì r'a chunntadh,
'S e ceann na bliadhna thug riadh dhiom dàbailt.

'S i so bliadhna' a chaisg air m' àilleas,
Chuir mi fear mo thnighe 'n càradh,
'N ciste chaoil 's na saoir 'ga sàbhadh ;
O ! 's mis tha faoin 's mo dhaoin' air m' fhàgail.
O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Chaill mi sin 's mo chnilean gràdhach,
Bha gu foinnidh, fearail, àillidh,

Bha gun bheum, gun leum, gun ardan ;
Bha guth a bheil mar theud na clàrsaich.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Ma 's beag leam sud fhuair mi bàrr air
Ceann mo stuic is prìp nan càirdean,
A leag na ceud le bheum 's na blàraibh,
Ga chuir fo 'n fhòd le òl na gràisge.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Cìod na creachan a thug bhuainn thu ?
Thug do dh' Inbheirnis air chuairt thu,
Dh' òl an fhiona làs do ghruaidhean
'S a dh'fhag thu d' chorp gu'n lot gun luaidhe.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

'S mor a tha gun fhios do d' chairdean
San tìr mhoir tha null o 'n t-sàile,
Thu bhi aig na Gaill ga d' chàradh
'S do dhuthaich fèin ga mort' le nàmhaid.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Bu tu 'n Curaidh fuilteach, buailteach,
Ceannsgalach, borb, laidir, uasal,
Na 'm b' ann am blàr no 'n spàirn a bhuailt' thu,
Gu 'm biodh do chairdean a' tàir-leum suas orr'.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Curaidh gasta, crodha, fumail,
Tionnsgalach, garg, beodha, euchdach ;
'N Coille-chrìothnaich 's là an t-sléibhe,
Bu luath do lann 's bu teann do bheuman.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Mo chreach long nan leoghann garga,
Nam brataichean sròil 's nan dath dearga,
Gur tric an t-eng gu geur g'ur sealg-sa
Leagail blur craun-siùil gu fàirge.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Nise bho na dh'fhalbh na braithrean
'S nach eil ach Uilleam dhiu lathair,
A rìgh mhoir, ma 's deonach dàil da,
Gus an dìong an t-òighre t-àite.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

Ach a rìgh mhoir tog 's an aird iad,
Mar chraoibh ubhlan, mheulair mhiaghair,
Mar ghallan ùr nach lùb droch aimsir,
Mar phreasa fiona 's lionmhor leanmhuinn.

O 's coma' leam fhìn, &c.

O 's e so deireadh 'n t-saoghail bhrìonnaich
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 fhìn, &c.

MARBHRANN

DO DH' ALASTAIR DUBH GHLINNE-GARAIDH.

ALASDAIR a gleanna-garadh,
Thug thu 'n diugh gal air mo shuilean,
'S beag ioghnadh mi bhi trom creuchdach,
Gur tric g'ar reubadh as ùr sinn,
'S deachdar dhomhsa bhi 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,
Cìod e 'm feum dhuinn bhi ga ghearan ?
Dh-fhan Mac-'Ic-Ailein sa bhlàr bhuain,
Chaill sinn darag laidir liath-ghlas,
Bha cumhail diou air a chairdean,
Capull-coille bharr na giubhsaich,
Seobhag sul-ghorm, lugh-mhor, laidir.

Dh-fhalbh ceann na céille 's na combairl,
Ann 's gach gnothach am bi cùram,
Aghaidh shocrach, sholta, thaitneach,
Cridhe fial, farsuinn, mu'n chuiueadh ;
Bu tu tagha nan sàr-ghaisgeach,
Mo ghualainn thaice-'s,—mo dhiubhail ;
Smiorail, fearail, foineamh, treabhadh,
Ceann-feadhna chaill Seumas Stiubhart.

Na b' ionnan do chach 's do ghoill,
Mu'n dh-imich an long a mach,
Cha rachadh i rithist air sàil,
Gun 'n fhios cia fath a thug i steach,
Ach 'nuair chunaig sibh an tràth sin,
A bhi g'ar fagal air faonthragh,
Bhrìst bhuir 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 laimhe,
Bu tu'm bradan ann san fhior-nisg,
Fior-eun on ealtainn is airde,
Bu tu'n leoghann thar gach beathach,
'S bu tu danh leathann na cràice.

Bu tu loch nach fàighe 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 leathann na sràide,
Bu tu leig loghmhor nam buadhan,
Bu tu clach uasal an fhàine.

Bu tu'n t-iubhair as a choille,
 Bu tu'n darach dainghean laidir,
 Bu tu'n cuileann bu tu'n dreaghunn,
 Bu tu'n t-abhall molach blath-mhor,
 Cha robh meur annad do' chritheanu,
 Cha robh do dhlighe ri fearna,
 Cha robh do chairdeas ri leamhan,
 Bu tu leannan nam ban àluinn.

Bu tu céile na mnà prisell,
 'S oil leam fhìn ga dìth an drasd thu,
 Ge d' nach ionnan dhomhsa is dhl-se
 'S goirt a tha mi-fhìn ma càradh,
 H-nìle bean a bhios gun chéile,
 Guidheadh i Mac Dhé na àite,
 O 's e 's urrainn bhì ga comhnadh,
 Anns gach leon a chuireas càs oirr'.

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

THA MI AM CHADAL &c.

DO DH' FHEACHD RÌGH SEUMAS.

GUR diombach mi 'n iomairt,
 Chuir gach fin' air fògradh ;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi
 Gun aighear gun eibhneas,

† The above four lines are lost.

'S gu'n reiteach o Dheòrsa ;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.
 Gur h-ioma bean uasal,
 Tha gu h-uaigneach na seomar,
 Gun aighear gun eibhneas,
 'S i 'g eiridh na h-onar,
 Sior chaidh na 'n uaislean,
 A fhuair iad ri phòsadh ;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.

Mo thruaighe a chlànn,
 Nach robh gann na 'n curaisde ;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi,
 'N am bualadh na 'n lann,
 An am na 'm buileanan ;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.
 Ge d' tha sibh 'sa'n àm,
 Feadh ghleann a's mhunaineann,
 Gu nochd sibh 'ur ceann
 'N am teandachd mar churaidhnean,
 'Nuair thig Seumas a nall,
 'Si bhur lann bhios fuileachdach.
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi.

'S e rìgh na muice,
 'S na Cuigse, rìgh Deòrsa ;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi,
 Mu 'n tig oirnn an t-samhainn,
 Bidh amhach 's na còrdaibh ;
 Tha mi am chadal 's na dùisgibh mi ;
 Na 'n eireadh sibh suas,
 Le cruadal a's duinealachd,
 Eadar islean a's uaislean,
 Thuath agus chumanta,
 'S gu'n sgiùrsadh sibh uaibh e,
 Rìgh fudain nach buineadh dhuinn ;
 Dheanainn an cadal gu sunndach leibh.

NIALL MAC-MHUIRICH.

NEIL MAC VURICH, the family bard and historian of Clanronald, *Mac-Dhònuill, Mhic-'Ic-Ailein*, was born in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He lived in South Uist, where he held a possession of land which is known to this day, as marked out and designated *Baile-bhàird*, i. e. the bard's farm. He was of a succession of poets that the illustrious family kept to record the history of their ancestors, and to fill the station so indispensably requisite in those days, in the halls of chiefs of renown. There were several poets of the name of *Mac-Mhuirich*, lineal descendants of the same man, who were distinguished from each other in various ways, as specified in the brief account given of *Lachunn mor Mac-Mhuirich Albannaich*; Neil was simply, if not emphatically, called *Niall Mac-Mhuirich*, Clanronald's *Seanachaidh*, or family historian.

He had written, in the Gaelic language, the history of the great clan whose records he kept, and the strains in which distinguished individuals were commemorated for their talents and prowess. But he satisfied not himself with writing what related to the family that honoured him with the office of bard: he likewise had written ancient poetry, and the history of past times.—See the Highland Society's account of the *Red Book*.

While this celebrated bard was most careful in recording every thing worthy of preservation, it is to be regretted that so little of his own history and works have been preserved. This has been often the case with men of genius. Very few Gaelic bards were at the trouble of writing their own productions: they trusted too much to memory; seldom reflected on what might happen in the lapse of time; never apprehended that succeeding generations would be indifferent about what seemed to them to be of the greatest moment. Neil M'Vurich, while he adopted the best method of handing down to posterity the invaluable relics of antiquity, might not think it worth his trouble to write his own poems, or record any anecdotes concerning himself. These, like many others, have been lost, with the exception of the two pieces given in this work. He lived to a great age, and was an old man in 1715.

To throw more light on the history of this tribe of poets, we beg to give the following, which is a copy of the declaration of Lachlan M'Vurich, a son of the bard, written in Gaelic, and addressed to Henry M'Kenzie, Esq., at the time he was writing the Highland Society's report of Ossian:—

BARRA, 9th August, 1800.

ANN an taigh Phadruig Mhic-Neacail an Torluim goirid o Chaisteal Bhuirghi ann an Siorramachd Inbhernis, 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,* 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 teaghlaich Mhic-'Ic-Ailein, ceannard Chlaun-Raonuill, mar bhardàibh,

* This is LACHUNN MOR MAC MUIRICH ALBANNAICH, or Lachlan mòr MacVuirich of Scotland, the second of this famous tribe of bards.

Where there are several individuals of the same name, it is necessary to have some marks to distinguish them. This has been always attended to by the Gaël though in various ways. It is common to call persons by their patronimics; and among clans, where many have the same name and surname, they could not be distinctly called and recognised otherwise: instead of saying Alexander M'Donald, where two, three, or four were found of the same name, in the same place, they called one, Alexander, the son of Allan, the son of John; another, Alexander, the son of Donald, the son of Neil; and another, the son of Rory, the son of Dugald, &c.

The Gaelic language being susceptible of describing beings and objects most minutely; individuals are frequently distinguished and described from their appearance, or qualities external and internal. Thus our author has been called Lachlann Mòr, in contradistinction to another of the same name who was less. *Mòr* signifies great in respect of one's person or mind. Its literal meaning is magnitude, and this is the sense in which it has been applied here. But there is another mark by which this bard was distinguished, namely, by his country, Albanach, or of Scotland. Irish bards, or minstrels, were once no strangers in Scotland, and especially the Highlands; for Albainn, the Gaelic term for Scotland, had been particularly applied to the Highlands. The cognomen, 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:—"BROSACHA-CATHA LE LACHUNN MÒR MAC MUIRICH ALBANNAICH DO DHOMHNUL A ILE RÌGH-INNSE-GALL AGUS IARLA ROIS LATHA MACHRAICH CHATHI-GAIRIACH."* The piece has a part for every letter in the Gaelic alphabet till near the end consisting altogether of three hundred and thirty-eight lines. It would occupy too much space to print it in this work. Here follow the two first, and also the thirteen last lines of the poem:—

A chlanna Cuinn cuimhnichibh,
Cruas an am na h-iorghuill.

* * * * *

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

A chuirean chonfhadach,
A bheirichean bunanta,
A leoghainnean lan-ghasta
Aon-chonnaibh iorghuilleach
De laochaibh chrodha, churanta
De chlaunnaibh 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! How well deserved our bard the

* This battle was fought, anno 1411, at a small village called Harlaw, in the district of Garioch, within ten miles of Aberdeen. The cause of it was this:—Walter Lesly, a man nobly born, succeeded to the Earldom of Ross, in right of his lady, who was daughter of that house. He had by her a son, who succeeded him, and a daughter, who was married to the Lord of the Isles. His son married a daughter of the duke of Albany, son of Robert II., at that time governor of Scotland; but dying young, left behind him only one child. It is said that she was somewhat deformed, and rendered herself a religious. From her the governor easily procured a resignation of the Earldom of Ross in favour of John earl of Buchan, his second son, to the prejudice of Donald lord of the Isles, who was grandson of the said Lesly, and supposed the nearest heir. He claimed his right accordingly, but finding the governor, who probably regarded him already as too powerful a subject, not inclined to do him that justice he expected, he immediately raised an army of no less than 10,000 men within his own isles, and putting himself at their head, made a descent on the continent, and, without opposition, seized the lands of Ross, and after increasing his army with the inhabitants, he continued his march from Ross until he came to Garioch, within ten miles of Aberdeen, ravaging the countries through which he passed, and threatening to enrich his men with the wealth of that town. But before he could reach that place, his career was stopped by Alexander Stewart, the grandson of Robert II., and earl of Marr. For this brave youth, by orders from the governor, drew together, with great expedition, almost all the

agus o an àm sin gu robh fearann Staoileagairi agus ceithir peighinean do Dhriomasdal aca mar dhuais bàrdachd o linn gu linn, feadh chuig ghlùn-déug : Gu'n do chaill an siathamh-glun déug ceithir peighinean Dhriomasdal, 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-Dòmhnail ; agus bha e mar fhiachan orra, 'nnair nach biodh mac aig a bhàrd, gu tugadh e fòghlum do mhac a bhrathar, no dha oighre, chum an còir air an fhearann a ghleidheadh, agus is ann a rèir a chleachdaidh so fhuair Niall, athair féin, ionnsachadh gu leughadh, sgrìobhadh, ìachdrai agus bàrdachd, o Dhòmhnail mac Nèill mhic Dhòmhnail, brathair athar.

Tha cuimhne mhath aige gu robh "Saothair Oisein" sgrìobht' ar craicnean ann an glèidhteanas athar o shinnsiribh ; gu robh cuid dheth na craicnean air an deanamh suas mar leabhraichean, agus cuid eile fuasgailt o chéile, anns an robh cuid do shaothair bhàrd eile, bharachd ar "Saothair Oisein."

Tha cuimhne aige gu robh leabhar aig athair ris an canadh iad an "Leabhar dearg," de phaipeir, a thainig o shinnsiribh, anns a robh mòran do shean eachdraidh nam fineachan Gàelach, agus cuid de "Shaothair Oisein" mar bha athair ag innseadh dha. Chan eil a h-aon de na leabhraichean so r'a fhaotainn an diugh, thaobh is 'nuair a chaill iad am fearann, gu do chaill iad am misneach agus an dùrachd. Cha'n eil e cinnteach ciod e thainig ris na craicnean, ach gu bheil barail aige gun tug Alasdair mac Mhaighstir Alasdair 'Ic-Dhòmhnail ar falbh cuid diubh, agus Raonull a mhac cuid eile dhiubh ; agus gum fac e dha no trì dhiubhaig tàileirean ga 'n gearradh sìos gu 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 agus na bu leatha, ach nach robh ùrad 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 ; gun b'aithne dha athair an t-shean làmh a leughadh gu math ; gu robh cuid de na craicnean aige féin an deigh bàis athar, ach a thaobh is nach d' ionnsaich e iad, agus nach robh aobhar meas aig' orra, gu deach' iad ar chall. Tha e ag ràdh nach robh h-aon de shinnsiribh air a robh Pall mar ainm, ach gu robh 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 aduomen Albanach ! He lived in the fifteenth century. He could not be ignorant of letters. He was well acquainted with all the idioms of his native language, and had the greatest command over its powers and energies. Nor was he ignorant of the genius of the people whom he addressed. Clann-Dòmhnail was the most powerful of the clans in his time. They were foremost in battle, and entitled to take the right in the field ; which was never disputed, till the battle of Culloden, which proved so fatal to many. Our poet, therefore, exhausted the almost exhaustless *copia verborum* of the language, for the purpose of infusing the spirit of the greatest heroism and love of conquest into the breasts of the warriors. nobility and gentry between the two rivers Tay and Spey, and with them met the invader at the place above mentioned, where a long, uncertain, and bloody battle ensued ; so long, that nothing but the night could put an end to it ; so uncertain, that it was hard to say who had lost or gained the day ; so bloody, that one family is reported to have lost the father and six of his sons. The earl of Marr's party, who survived, lay all night on the field of battle ; while Donald, being rather wearied with action than conquered by force of arms, thought fit to retreat, first to Ross, and then to the Isles.—*Abercromby's Hist.*

e air a sgrìobhadh o linn gu linn le teaghlach Chlann-Mhuirich, a bha cumail suas seana-chas Chlainn-Dòmhnail, 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 Dhòmhnail Mhic-Dhòmhnail, fear Bhaile Raghaill; Eoghain Mhic-Dhòmhnail, fear Gheara-sheilich; Eoghan Mhic-Dhòmhnail Fear Ghriminis; Alasdair Mhic-Ghill-eain, fear Hoster, Alasdair Mhic-Neacail, ministear Bheinne-bhaoghla; agus Ailein Mhic-Chuinn, ministear Uist-a-Chinne-tuath, a fear asgrìobh a seanachas so.

(Signed)

LACHUNN × 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 fifty-ninth year of his age, Lachlan, son of Neil, son of Lachlan, son of Neil, son of Donald, son of Lachlan, son of Neil *Mòr*, son of Lachlan, son of Donald, of the surname of Mac Vuirich, before Roderick M'Neil, laird of Barra, and declared, That, according to the best of his knowledge, he is the eighteenth in descent from Muireach, whose posterity had officiated as bards to the family of Clanronald; and that they had from that time, as the salary of their office, the farm of 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, but that it was longer and broader, though not so thick in the cover. That the parchments and the red book were written in the hand in which the Gaelic used to be written of old both in Scotland and Ireland before people began to use the English hand in writing Gaelic; and that his father knew well how to read the old hand. That he himself had some of the parchments after his father's death, but that because he had not been taught to read them, and had no reason to set any value upon them, they were lost. He says that none of his forefathers had the name of Paul, but that there were two of them who were called Cathal.

He says that the red book was not written by one man, but that it was written from age to age by the family of Clan Mhuirich, who were preserving and continuing the history of the Macdonalds, and of other heads of Highland clans.

After the above declaration was taken down, it was read to him, and he acknowledged it was right, in presence of Donald M'Donald of Balronald, James M'Donald of Garyhelich, Ewan Mac Donald of Griminish, Alexander Mac Lean of Hoster, Mr Alexander Nicolson, minister of Benbecula, and Mr Allan Mac Queen, minister of North-Uist, who wrote this declaration.

(Signed)

LACHLAN X MAC VUIRICH.

RODERICK MAC NIEL, J.P.

ORAN. DO MHAC-MHIC-AILEIN.*

Gur è naigheachd na cladaìn,
Rinn mo chruitheachd a shiaradh.
Le liunn-dubh, 's le bròn cianail,
Gu'n dhrùidh i trom air mo chrìochaibh,
Mo sgeul duilich nach iarr,
Mi 'ur còmhradh.
Mo sgeul, &c.

M' uaidh, 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, &c.

'S truagh gu'n mise bhi lamh ruit,
'Nuair a leagadh 's bhlàr thu,
Gu cruaidh curanta laidir,
Agus spionnadh nan Gàid,

Nàile dhiolainn do bhàs,
Dheanainn feòlach,
Nàile dhiolainn, &c.

Uidhist aighearach, éibhinn,
Dhubhach, ghalanach, dheurach,
Nis o rug ort am beum so,
'S goirt r'a fhulang nì 's éiginn,
Liuthad fear a tha 'n deigh air
Mac-Dhomhnuill.
Liuthad fear, &c.

Cha 'n é 'n Domhnull sin roimhe,
Ach mac sin Dhomhnuill ogh lain,
Ailean aoibhinn an aigheir,
Urram féile; rìgh flatba,
Ceannard meaghreach gu caitheamh
Na mòr-chuis.
Ceannard, &c.

'Nuair a chiaradh am feasgar,
Gum biodh branndaich ga losgadh,
Fion Frangach ga chosg leibh,

* The bard composed this song when a very old man, on hearing that his master was wounded at Shirriffinuir.

Coinnleis cèire gan losgadh,
Sàr Cheann-feadhna 'toirt brosnachadh,
Ceòil duibh.
Sàr Cheann-feadhna, &c.

Gum biodh fìdheall ga rùsgadh ;
Buidheann thaitneach air ùrlar ,
Piob a 'sgala nan sìonnas,
Fuaime talla r'a chùl sìn,
'G iomairt chleas air chrìos cùil
Nam fear òga.
'G iomairt chleas, &c.

M' ulaidh m'aighear am fùran,
An t-Ailean aighearach aoidheil,
Bha gu macanta miùnte,
Dh-fhàs gu h-aigeanach ùiseil,
Fhuair mi aoibhneas a d' chùirt,
Cha be'n dòlum,
Fhuair mi, &c.

Bu tu m' urram is m' annsachd,
Cha seinn mi eachdraidh do bhàis ort,
Aig eagal droch fhàisneachd,
'N dùil gum faiceamsa slàn thu,
Mar a faic gun toir Gàellig,
Nì's mò bhuam.
Mar a faic, &c.

Tha mi sgèth 's gu'n mi ullamh,
S mi 'n deigh mo chuire,
Gu'n dùil ri sud tuille ;
B'fhearr nach bitheadh na h-urrad,
O'n là chualas gu'n chuireadh
Do leòn ort.
O'n là, &c.

MARBH-RANN MHIC-'IC-AILEIN.

A MHRABHADH SA BHLIADHNA 1715.

Oen ! a Mhuire mo dhunaidh,
Thu bhi d' shineadh air t-uilinn,
An taigh mòr Mhoirear Dromad,
Gun ar dùil ri d' theachd tuille,
Le fàilte 's le furan,
Dh-fhios na dùtchea da'm buineadh,
A charaid Iarla Choig-Ulainn,
'S goirt le ceannard fir Mhuile do dhìol.
'S goirt le ceannard, &c.

Dh-fhalbh Dòmhnall nan Dòmhnall
A's an Raonull a b' òige,
S Mac-'Ic-Alastair Chuòideart,
Fear na misniche mòire,
Dh-fheuch am beireadh iad beo ort,

Cha ro'n sud dhaibh ach gòrrach,
Feum cha robh dhaibh nan tòireachd,
'S ann a fhuair iad do chòmhra gu'n chli.
'S ann a fhuair iad do chòmhra, &c.

Mo chreach mhòr mar a thachair,
'S è chuir tur stad air m' aiteas,
T-fhuil mhòrghalach reachdar,
Bhi air bòcadh a d' chraiceann,
Gun seòl air a casgadh ;
Bu tu rìgh nam fear feachda,
A chum t-onoir is t-fhacl,
'S cha do phill thu le geantachd a nìos.
'S cha do phill thu le geallachd, &c.

Mò cheist ceannard Chlann-Raonull,
Aig am biodh na cinn-fheadhna,
Na fir ùr air dheagh fhoghlum,
Nach iarradh de'n t-shaoghal,
Ach airm agus aodach,
Le 'n cuilbheirean eaola,
Sheasadh iad air an aodann,
Rinn iad sud is cha d'fhaod iad do dhìon.
Rinn iad sud, &c.

'S mòr gàir ban do chiunnidh,
O'n a thòisich an iomairt,
An sgeul a fhuair iad chuir tiom orr',
T-fhuil chraobhaich a' sìleadh,
'S i dortadh air mhìre,
Gu'n seol air a pilleadh,
Ge d' tha Raonall a d'ionad,
'S mòr ar call ged a chinneadh an rìgh.
'S mòr ar call ge do chinneadh, &c.

'S trom putbar na luaidhe,
'S goirt 's gur chumhann a bualadh,
Nach do ruith i air t-uachdar,
'Nuair a dh-ionntain iad uath thu,
Thug do mhuinntir gàir chruaidh asd ;
Ach 's è òrdugh a fhuair iad,
Ceum air 'n aghaidh le cruadal,
'S a bhi leantainn na ruaig air a druim.
'S a bhi leantainn na ruaig, &c.

Dheagh Mhic-Ailein mhic Iain,
Cha robh leithid do thaighe,
Ann am Breatann r'a chaighinn ;
Taigh mor fighantach, flatthail,
'M bu mhòr sìgrudh le h-aighear,
Bhiodh na h-uaislean ga thaghaich,
Rinn iad cuims' air do charthann,
Ann an toiseach an latha dol sìos.
Ann an toiseach an latha, &c.

'S iomadh gruagach 's bréideach,
Eadar Uidhist is Sléibhte,
Chaidh am mugha mu d' dheibhinn,
Laidh smal air na spèuraibh,

Agus sneachd air na gèugaibh,
Ghuil eunlaith an t-shléibhe,
O'n là chual iad gun d' eug tìu,
A cheann uidhe nan ceud bu mhor pris.
A cheann-uidhe nan ceud, &c.

Gheibht' a d' bhaile ma fheasgar,
Smùid mhòr, 's cha b' è 'n greadan ;
Fir ùr agus fleasgaich,
A' losga' fùdair le beadradh,
Cùirn is cupaichean breaca,
Piosan òir air an dealtradh,
'S cha b' ann falamh a gheibht' iad,
Ach gach deoch mar bu beart-mhoire brìgh.
Ach gach mar bu, &c.

'S ionadh clogaid a's targaid,
Agus claidheamh chinn airgeid,
Bhiodh mar coimneamh air ealachuin,
Dhomhsa b' aithne do sheachas,
Ge do b' farsuinn ri leanmhuinn,
Ann an eachdraidh na h-Alba ;
Raonuill òig dean beairt ainmeil,
O'n bu dual dut o d' leanmhuinn mòrghniomh.
O'n bu dual, &c.

'S cha bu lothagan cliata,
Gheibht' ad stàbuill ga'm biathadh ;
Ach eich chruideacha 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, &c.

SEANACHAS SLOINNIDH

NA PIOBA BHO THUS.

AODROMAN muice hō! hò!
Air a sheideadh gu h-ana-mhòr,
A cheud mhàla nach robh binn,
Thainig o thùs na dìlinn.
Bha seal ri aodromain mhuc,
Ga lìonadh suas as gach pìob,
Craiceann seana mhnilt na dhéigh sin,
Re searbhadas agus ri dùrdail.
Cha robh 'n uair sin ann sa phìob,
Ach seannasair agus aon lìop,
Agus maide chumadh nam fonn,
Da 'm b'-ainm an sumaire.
Tamull daibh na dhéigh sin,
Do fhuair as-innleachd innleachd,
Agus chinnich na trì chroinn inut,
Fear dhiu fada, leobhar, garbh,
Ri dùrdan reamhar ro shearbh.

Air faighinn an dùrdain soirbh,
Agus a ghòthaich gu loma léir,
Chraobh-sgaol a chrannaghail mar sin,
Ri searbhadas agus ri rùchdail.

Pìob sgreadanach Ian Mhic-Artair,
Mar eun curra air dol air ais,
Lan ronn 's i labhar luirgneach,
Com galair mar ghuilbneich ghlaiss.
Pìob Dhòmhnuill do cheòl na Cruinne,
Crannaghail bhreòite 's breun roi' shluagh,
Cathadh a mùin tro màla gredaidh,
Bo 'n tuil ghrainne robaich ruaidh :
Ball Dhòmhnuill is dös na pìoba,
Da bheist chursta ' chlaigeinn mhaoil,
Seinnidh Corra-ghluineach a gathuinn
Fuaim trùileach an tabhainn sheirbh.

Do-cheòl do bhi 'n ifrinn iochdrach,
Faobnar phioban nan dös cruaidh,
Culaidd a dhùsgadh nan deamhan,
Lùgail do mheoir reamhair ruaidh.
Air fheasgar an earraich mùin,
Mar gheum mairt caòile teachd gu tìus,
Thig sgreadail a chroim riabhach,
Mar bhr. . . tòine 'n di. . . . duibh.
Chuir Vénus a bha seal an Ifrinn,
Mar dhearbhadh sgeul gu fir an Domhain.
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 Mìr 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 peckey 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 thruas anille' a thug thu dh' Fìrinis!*" 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 cùirt an leoghainn mhearcaisaich,
Ge fear-ghalach ro-mhorghalach,
Ge smachdail, reachdail calmar' thu,
'S ro-anamanta neo morchuiseach,
Am bèul o'm blasd' thig argamaid,
'S tu dhearbhadh le ceart eòlas i.

Gur h-e fhad 's o'n dh' fhalbh thu nainn,
Dh' fhaig ime-cheisteach an comhnaidh sinn,
Gu'm b' fhearr leinn thu bhì sealgaireachd,
Air talamh garbh na mor-thìre,
Thu féin 's do bhuidheann ainmeineach,
Na n éireadh farragradh fòpa-san,
Bhiodh sunndach lughor arm-cleasach,
Sluagh garbh-bhuilleach, garg, comhragach.

Gu'm bi fid a gheala-bhratach,
'S neo-chearbach an tùs comh-strì i,
Tha chuis ud ar a dhearbhadh leibh,
Aig ro mhiad fearrdha 's cròdbalachd,
A lùthad òigear barraiceach,
A bhuaileadh tailm le stròic-lannabh,
O Sheile ghlas nan geala-bhradan,
Gu lùbhear gainmheich Mor-thìre.

Tha Cana 's Eig a' gèilleachdainn,
Do 'n treun fhear ud mar uachdaran,
O'n 's ann leatsa dh' eireas iad,
Deun féin gach treud dhiu' bhuachailleachd,
Am fiubhaidh gasda threubach 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 fhraas geur a cruaidh-shneachda,
 Bhur samhail riabh cha d' èirich dhuibh,
 An làthair feum no cruaidh-chuise,
 Gu cnoidheach, lotach, bèumanach,
 Gu fuilteach, creuchdach, luath-lamhach.

'S mor a bhuaidh 's na tiolaicean,
 'S an inntinn ata fuaighte riut,
 Tha gràdh gach duine chì thu ort,
 Cha 'n eòl dhomh fhìn fear fuatha dhut,
 Fear sgìpidh, measail, firinneach,
 Fear sìthmalte, sèamh, suairceil thu,
 Fear sunndach, mùirneach, brìodalach,
 Sàr chùirteir gu'n ghuimh 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 gu-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 shìunsireachd,
 'S e miad an gnìomh a fhuair dhaibh i,
 Gu'n d' fhàg iad daingheann sgrìobht agad,
 Fo lann an rìgh le shuaicheantas,
 Bhiodh t-àrd fhear coimheid dillis air,
 'N uair dh-fhas an rìoghachd tuair-shreupach.

Cur ro glan na friamhaichean,
 'S a fhìon-fhuil as 'n do bhuaineadh tu,
 Mo Raonullach bras mìleanta,
 Cruaidh ciunteach de mhein-chruaghach thu,
 Ar caraig dhaighean dhileas thu,
 Cha 'n ann gu'n strì' theid gluasad ort,
 Ar ceanna-bheairt 's ar sgiath dhìein thu,
 'S ar claidheamh 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 bhanntaichean 's do dhìleachdain.
 Gur h-e do nì-sa dh' fhuasgladh orr',
 Deanamaid urnaidh dhìcheallach,
 Gu 'n cumadh Crìosda suas dhuinn thu.

M A R B H R A N N

DO MHAC MHIC-AILEIN.

A bhliadhna leuma d'ar mìlleadh,
 An coig-deug 's a mìl' eile,
 'S na seachd ceud a roinn imeachd,
 Chaill sinn ùr-ros ar sinne,
 'S geur a leus air ar cinneadh ra'm beò.
 'S gèur a leus air, &c.

Mo sgèul cruaidh 's mo chràdh cridhe,
 Ar triath itaonullach dlitheach,
 Dh-ordaich Dia dhuinn mar thighearn'
 Gu là-bhràth nach dean tighinn,
 'S tu 'n Inbhir-Phephri fo' rithe na'm bòrd,
 'S tu 'n Inbhir-phephri, &c.

Marcach sunndach nam pillein,
 Air each cruidheach nach pilleadh,
 Nach d' ghabh cùram no giorag,
 An àm dùblachaidh 'n teine,
 Mo sgeul geur bha do spiorad ro-mhor,
 Mo sgeul geur, &c.

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, &c.

Leoghann tartarach, meanmnach,
 'S cian 's as fad a chaidh ainm ort,
 Beul a labhradh neo-chearbach,
 Bu mhor do mheas aig fìr Alba,
 'S tu toirt brosnachadh calma do'n t-sblògh.
 'S tu toirt brosnachadh, &c.

Fiuran gasda, deas, dealbhach,
 'Sgàthan tlachdar na h-Armait,
 'N uair a dh èireadh an fhearg ort,
 B' ann air ghile 's fiamh dearg oirr,
 Cha rùin pillidh bha meamna 'n laoiach òig.
 Cha rùin pillidh, &c.

Bha thu teom ann 's gach fearra-ghnìomh,
 Bu tu sgiobair na fàirge,
 Rì là cùs 's i tighin gaillbheach,
 'N uair a dheireadh i garbh ort,
 'S tu gu'n diobradh an t-anabhar ma bòrd.
 'S tu gun diobradh, &c.

'N àm siubhal a gharbhlaich.
 Butu 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, &c.

Oirne dh' imich am fuathas,
An sgrìob so thainig o thuath oirne,
Tha ar càbaill air fuasgladh,
Chaidh ar n-eirithire sguabadh,
A's sinn mar chuileanan euaire gu'n treòir.
A's sinn mar chuileanan, &c.

Chaill sinn renlla nan dualamh,
Chaidh ar riaghailt a ghluasadh,
Ar cairt-iuil air fàlhb uainne,
Bhrist ar stiuir ; mo cheud truaighe,
Sinn mar luing ann a' chuan 's i gu'n seòl.
Sinn mar luing, &c.

Sinn mar linne gun mhàthair,
Mar threud gun bhuachaille gnàthaicht
Simfobhruid aig ar nàmhaid,
H-uile fear a' toirt tàir dhuinn,
'S na coin luirge gach là air ar tòir.
'S no coin luirge, &c.

Dhuinn 's neo-shubhach an geamhradh,
An ruaig a thug sinn gu Galltachd,
Cha bu bhuannachd ach call dhuinn,
Nis mar cholaion gun cheann sinn
O roinn Raonull a's t-shamhradh uainn fàlhb.
O roinn Raonull, &c.

A gunùis a b' àillidh ri sirreadh,
An t-shùil bu bhlaithie gu'n tioma,
An leoghann àrd air dheagh-oilean,
'Nach d' chuir ùgh an gnìomh foilleil,
Ach an rioghalachd shoilleir gu'n leòin,
Ach an rioghalachd, &c.

'S oil leam càradh do chéile,
'S bean na h-aonar a'd' dhéidh i,
'N deigh a sgaradh o cend-gradh,
Mhic 'Ic-Ailein o'n dheng thu,
Fhìr a leanadh an fheisd mar bu chòir.
Fhìr a leanadh, &c.

Ach fhìr thug Maois as an Euphaid,
'S a sgoilt a mhuir na clàr réidh dhaibh,
Thug an trìuir as an èigin
O bhìdaghadh an creuchdan ;
A Rìgh nan rìgh na leig eucòir da'r còir.
A Rìgh na'n rìgh, &c.

M A R B I I R A N N

DO SHIR IAIN MAC-ILLEAIN TRIATH DHUBHAIRT.

IOMRAICH mo bheannachd,
Gu Bann-tighearna Thamair,
Bean 's am beil barrachd,
De charantachd nàduir ;

Chunaic mise gu dlìgheil,
A suilean ri snithe,
'S i 'g àireamh mar mhi-àdh,
Sior Iain da fàgail :
Bha dòrainn a cridhe,
Cho mòire ga ruighinn,
'S mar gu 'm biodh e air tighinn,
O dhearbhl nighean a màthar :
Gu cronachadh sgéula,
Bhiodh fada 'na dhéigh sin,
Thug Mairiead na féile,
Spòr gheur do'n fhear-dhàna.

Nach ionghnadh ri chlàistìn,
Gu'm beil mise o cheann fada,
Ann an tureadaich cadail,
Agus m' acaid ro-chraiteach ;
Tha eneidh air mo ghiùlan,
S mi leisg air a dùsgadh,
Air eagal le ' bùrach,
Gun ùraich i'm bàs dhomh,
Gidheadh cha sgeul-rùine,
Ach sgeula 's mor cùram,
Sir Iain gu'n dùsgadh,
An dlù chiste chlaruibh ;
B'e so an fhras chùirdaidh,
A rohill ar n-abhall's ar n-ubhlán :
Roim ar dosgainn a chrùnadh,
Fhrois am flùr bhàrr 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 chrìtheann gu'n chrìin-fhìodh,
Ach geugan ro phrìseil,
Do dh-fhlòn-fhuil na Spàine,
Bha fios aig luchd leubhaidh,
'S aig seanachaidhean geura,
Air ar teachd o *Ghatelus*,
As an Euphaid a thàinig,
Slìochd mhìlidhean trenna,
Fhuair ceannas na h-Eireann,
Mar bha fir na féile,
Agus Eirìmu dàna.

O'n ghin sibh o Scota,
Bha bhuaidh air bhur cordaì,
A' dearbhadh 's a còmhachd,
Am pòr as an d' fhàs sibh,
Far an gabhadh sibh còmhnaidh,
Bu leibh ceannas na fòid sin,
Le iomadaidh còrach,
Agus moran a bhàrr air,
Ciad nighean Mhic-Domhnuill,
Mar mhairiste pòsda,
B'e n seanaileir còmbraig,
'N ciad Thòisich a's àrmainn.

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O'n shuidhich sibh lù-chairt,
Bha dh-àileachd 'nar n-ùrais,
Gur h-iomarcach dùthaich,
Bh'air an cùineadh le pairt dhibh,
Bha de dh-àirde 'nar giùbhsaich,
'S nach tugadh càch pùic dhibh,
'S nach bu tric le luchd diumba,
Ar lùbadh le tàire,
Ach 's e n rud a thug sgiùrs oirbh,
Gu'm bu chinne le crùn sibh,
'S gu'm b'e dlìgh bhuir dùthchais,
Bhìdh san iùil dheth 'm bìodh iadsan,
Ge d' bha sin ann sa tim sin,
Na mbios 's na mhor mhisean,
Tha e nis gu truagh lìonthe,
Daor trì-filte pàighte.

Tha seann-fhacal eil ann,
Tha cho fìor 's mar a their iad,
Ge b'e neach air am beir e,
Bì'dh chneidh dheireannach craiteach,
Ge d' tha sinne ri achdain,
Na dh-fhalbh o cheann fad orinn,
Bhiodh ar dùil ri bli' beartach,
Na m bìodh againn na dh-fhàg sin,
Ach tha ar nadur cho truaighe,
'S nach faic sinn ar buannachd,
"Cha léir math an fhuarain,
Gus an uair sin an tràigh e,"
Tha e nios na nì' soilleir,
Da'r nàbuidhean comuinn,
Gun do bhristeadh mar phronnaig,
Gara'-droma nan Gàid.

Fear gasda gun chrìne,
Bha ainmeil san rìoghachd,
Cha bu tric a luchd mì-ruin,
Ri n innseadh no 'n àireamh,
Bu chompanach rìgh thu,
Am fear meamnach mor fìr-ghlic,
Cha 'n fhaicte e fo dhìobradh,
Ach am prìsealachd stàta,
Ann an cogadh luchd strìthe,
Cha robh masl' air ri innse,
Ghleidh e onoir a shìonsridh,
'S ann a mhiodaich e n-àrdachd,
Cha robh e, cha b' fhiach leis,
Bhì falbh fo bhrat filte,
Eadar e bhiodh na mhin-fhear,
Agus finid a làithean.

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 fhàinn,
Bu mhor air gach ached e,
Bu mhor e na phearsa,
Na ghastachd 's na àilleachd,
Bha e mor air son diulaioich,
Bha e mor gu bhì sùgach,
Bha e mor an dheagh ghiùlan,
Ann an cuirteannan àrda,
Bha e mor ann a misnich,
Bha e mor ann an gliocas,
Bha e mor gun cheist idir,
'S sàr ghibhteannan nàduir.

Na m bìodh e ri fhuasgladh,
O n bhàs a thug buaidh air,
Gur a h-iomadh laoch cruadail,
A ghluaiseadh 'na fhabhar,
An t-ainm coitheanta mor sin,
Ri'n gairte Clann-Dòmhuill,
O thoiseach an còrdaìs,
'S iad bu phòr da chiad màthair,
Agus uaislean nan Leòdach,
Thaobh fala agus feola,
Mur lanain ùr phòsda,
Leis 'm bu deonach bli' gràdhach,
Chunnacas mar phuthar,
An gruaidhean air dubhadh,
Mar gun deanadh làn phiuithar,
Geur chumha ma brathair.

Cia ma 'n fàgainn an dìochuimhn',
Dream eile da dhìslean?
Bha na cinn bu mhò prìs dhiu,
Rò dhìleas am pàirt dhut,
Fìr ghasda gun chrìne,
Bha ainmeil 's an rìoghachd,
Mar bha'n cinneadh mor prìs-eil,
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 sinne,
Nach e gnìomh a bha lochdach,
Ach an dearbha mhi-fhorton,
Bha'n toiseach 's an àbhar.

Na m b'athne dhomh innse,
Bha e mor ann san rìoghachd,
Ann am fala gun isle,
'S ann an lìonmhoireachd chairdean,
Le seanachas ri fìrinn,
O thoiseach an lìnne,
'S e fòin 's Iarla-Shì-I'hort,
Slìochd dìreachd da brathar,
Agus triath Ghlinne-Garaidh,
Ann an dlù-cheangal fala,

E cho teann air a cheangal,
 S nach e sgaradh a b' àill leo,
 'S e leantainn o'n tìm sin,
 Gu'n mhiosguinn gu'n mhì-ruin,
 'S nach gluasear le iunleachd,
 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 chompanach leapa,
 N am marcachd a's astair,
 'S nuair stadadh am màrsal,
 Bha thu ad t-fhianais air sìleadh,
 A chréuchdan, cho-mìre,
 Ri bras easraich pinne,
 'S a spiorad 'ga fluàgail,
 Agus uaislean a dhùthcha,
 Ri caoidhearann tìrsach,
 'S an crìdh air a chiùrradh,
 Ma mhùirneinn nan Gàid.

Thaobh dlìgh' agus dualchais,
 Bu dainheil ma d' ghuailibh,
 Mac-Néill o na cuaintaibh,
 'S a dhaoi'n 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 suilleir,
 Teachd le cabhlaichin troma,
 De luchd nan gath loma
 Na choinnidh do dh-Aros,
 'N uair a thachradh e ri,
 Mar Thriath 's mar cheann-uidhe,
 Dheanadh fhiontan iad subhach,
 'S bu bhuidheach 'n àm fhàgail.

Mar choir bho na fhlaithes,
 Bha rauntanan mhathà,
 Mac Ionmhuiun an t-Shratha;
 'S cha ghabhadh e fàth air:
 Ann an aimsir na ruaige,
 'N uair a ruigeadh luchd fuath e,
 Ba ghasda an ceann sluagh e,
 'N uair a ghluaisle leis àrmuinn:
 Bha e-san 's an tìm sin,
 Gu'n mhasla, gun mhi-chlù,
 Ann an 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 cath Mhàra.

Ach 's e raghainn a nì mi,
 Bheir mi glòir so gu fuidh,

'S nach gliocas no crìondachd,
 Dhomh mhiad 's tha mi 'g ràite,
 Gur h-e Fionnachd sau tìm sibh,
 Ann an àireamh no 'n innseadh,
 'N uair a bha sibh gu'n dìobradh,
 'N-ar miad is 'n-ar àirde,
 Eadar Sgalpa 's caol-lle,
 Ge do b' fharsuinn na crìochan,
 Bha roinn do gach tìr dhiu
 Fo chis duibh a' pàigheadh,
 Nis o thuit na stuic fhìon-fhuil,
 Rìs an abairt na rìghrean,
 Tha na geugan bu dils' dhaibh,
 Air crìonadh 'na'n aobhar.

O R A N

NAM FINEACHAN GAELACH.

'S i so 'n aimsir a dhearbhar
 An targanach dhuinn,
 'S bras meannach fir Alba
 Fo 'n armaibh air thùs;
 'N uair dh' éireas gach treun-laogh
 Nan éideadh glan ùr,
 Le rùn feirg' agus gairge
 Gu seirbhis a chrùin.

Theid mathaibh na Gàeltachd
 Gle shanntach sa chùis,
 'S gur lionmhor each seang-mhear
 A dhamhsas le suind,
 B'ìdh Sasunnaich cailte
 Gun taing dhaibh ga chionn,
 B'ìdh na Frangaich nan campaibh
 Gle theann air an eùl.

'N uair dh' éireas Clann-Dòmhnuaill
 Na leoghainn tha garg,
 Na beo-bheitbir, mhòr-leathuinn,
 Chonnspunnaich, gharbh,
 Luchd sheasamh na còrach
 G'an òrdugh lamh-dhearg,
 Mo dhuigh gu'm bu ghòrach
 Dhaibh toiseachadh oirbh.

Tha Rothaich a's Ròsaich,
 Gle dheanach teachd 'nar ceann,
 Barraich an treas seòrsa,
 Tha chomhnaidh measg Ghall;
 Clann Douachaidh cha bheireg so
 Gun eireadh libh 's gach àm,
 Mar sin is clann Renbhair
 Fir ghleusta, nach éisd gu'n bhì ann.

'S iad Clann-an-Nab an seòrsa
 A théid boidheach nan triall,
 'S glau còmhdaich nan comhlainn
 Luchd leonadh nan fiadh;

Iad féin a's Clann-Phàrlain
 Dream àrdanach, dian,
 'S ann a b' àbhaist gan àireamh
 Bhi 'm fàbhar Shìol-Chuim.

Na Leòdaich am pòr glan
 Cha b' fhòlach 'ur sìol,
 Dream rioghail gun fhòtus
 Nan gòrsaid, 's nan sgiath,
 Gur neartmhor, ro-eolach
 'Ur n-oig-fhir, 's 'ur liath,
 Gur e crudal 'ur dualchas
 A dh' fhuasgail sibh riamh.

Clann Iomnhuinn o'n Chréithich
 Fir ghle ghlan gu'n smùr,
 Luchd nan cuilbheirean gleusda
 Nam feuma nach diult:
 Thig Niallaich th' air sàile
 Air bhàrcaibh nan sùgh,
 Le 'n cabhlach luath làn-mhor
 O Bhàghan nan tùr.

Clànn-Illean o'n Dreollainn
 Theid sunndach san ruaig,
 Dream a chlosadh àineart,
 Gun taing choisinn buaidh;
 Dream rioghail do-chìosaicht,
 Nach strìochda do'n t-sluagh,
 'S iomadh mìle deas, dìreach,
 Bheir iuntinn dhuibh suas.

Gur guineach na Duimhnich
 'N am bhriseadh cheann,
 B' dh' cnuachdan gan spuaichdadh
 Le cruadal 'ur lann,
 Dream uasal ro uaimhreach,
 Bu dual bhi san Fhraing,
 'S ann o Dhiarmad a shìolaich
 Pòr lionmhor nach gann.

Tha Stiùbhartach ùr ghlan
 Nam fiurain gun ghiomh,
 Fir shunndach nan lù-chleas
 Nach tionndaidh le fiamh,
 Nach gabh cùram roi mhùiseag
 Cha b' fhiù leo bhi crìon,
 Cha bu shùgradh do dhù-ghall
 Cùis a bhuin dhibh.

Gur lionmhor lamh theoma
 Aig Eoghann Loch-Iall,
 Fir cholganda, bhorganda,
 'S oirdheirce gnìomh,
 Iad mar thuilbheum air chorra-ghleus,
 'S air chon-fhadh ro dbian
 'S i mo dhùilse nam ràsgadh
 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 fìor-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 laidir 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-armaidh
 A dhearbh sibh 'ur gnìomh.

Clann-Choinnich o thuath dhuinn
 Luchd bhuannachd gach cìs;
 Gur fuasgailteach, luath-lamhach
 'Ur n-uaislean san strì;
 Gur lionmhor 'ur tuadh-cheathairn
 Le 'n buailtibh de nì;
 Thig sluagh dùmhail gu'n chunnta
 A dùthaich Mhic-Aoidh.

Nis o chuimhnich mi m' iomrall,
 'S fàth iunntaichinn iad,
 Fir chunnabhalach chumainte,
 Nì cuinse le 'n laimh,
 Nach dean iomluas mu aona-chuis
 Chiunn iunntais gu bràth,
 Gur muirneach ri 'n iomradh
 Clann-Fhiunnlaigh 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 pìos,
 Air leam gum bi 'n eucoir
 'Nuair dh' éighthe sibh sìos.

Sìosalaich nan geur-lann
 Theid treun air chùl arn,
 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 beumam
'N uair dh' èireadh '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 titheach air geall,
Dh' aindeoin mùiseag nan dù-Ghall,
Thig cùis thar an ceann.

CROSDHANACHD

FHIR NAN DRUIMNEAN.

Tha bith ùr an tìr na Dreollainn,
'S coir dhuinn aithris,
Tha moran deth tigh'n am biochionnt'
Ri gnàs Shasuinn,
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 glòir Laideann,
Ghlacadh leis, gun chead a chairdean,
A cheird a bh'aige.

Labhairt—"S e an t-aobhar a thug do dhaoine aire thoirt do shannt an sgoileir so, 'nuair a mh-iannaich se cheird do bhi aig oide foghlum, nach laimhsicheadh e i, mar laimhsicheadh an t-oide foghlum féin i. Oir 'nuair a ghabhadh an t-oide foghlum air a dhaltachan, 's ann a ghabhadh e air na leanabanan, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na daoine àrsaidh mar au ceudna. 'Nuair ghabhadh an t-oide foghlum air a dhaltachan, 's ann a ghabhadh e air na ciontaich, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach air na neo-chiontaich. 'S ann uaith 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 ionnsach e clann, no leanabain,
Mar bu chòir dha,
Gus am bi iad na'n daoine àrsaidh
Fo 'n làn fheòsaig,

Cha tugadh an Cillmocheallaig
Breath bu chlaoinne,*
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 fhear ud,
Còir, no ea-coir,
Gabhair air a ghiort' de stràcaibh,
Le crios féilidh.

Labhairt—Agus b'fhiort do'n duine sin, cha d'fhuair eadh riamh rud a dh'ionnsachadh teanga droch mhuinnte, 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 ghlùn, cha'n ionnsaich laimh ri uilean."

A chuideachd da'm bu chòir bhi diamhair,
'S a ghnà '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 Shomhairle†
Le rabhart, sa gnàs siombailt,
'S còir gu'm beannaich sinn gu saibhear,
Cuid gach Criosduidh.
B'fhearr leam ge nach eil mi maoineach,
No luach gearrain,
Gu'm biodh coltas do thriuir
Gu turn aig Calum.‡

Labhairt—"S e aobhar thug do'n mhnau, bheusaich, cheart, chòir, so a radh, a rùn dèigh chneasta, chum gu'm biodh aig a fear féin a leithid, sa bhiodh aig a nàbaidhean; 's nach suil ghointe, no lombais, a bh' aic air cuid a coimhearsnaich. Mar bh'aig Gillebride Mac-an-t-Saor ann an Ruthaig, an Tirithe, a mhort an ceithir-fichaid eacarc le aon bheum-sula, 's a bhris long mhòr nan cuig erannag, a dhaindeoin a cablaichean sa h-acraichean. Uaith a sin a dubhradh—"Sann de'n cheird n chuingaidh."

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,

* See note, page 38.

† The shoemaker's wife.

‡ The shoemaker who had no children.

'S teann as nach feudadh ri h-uine,
E-fein bhi pàighte.
Ma rigeas an gearan so Seumas,
Breithearnh sàr-mhath,
Cha tog e dochair mu dheibhinn,
Ach glag mòr gaire.

Labhairt—Agus bha aobhar na dha nig an t-Siorramh choir air ghàir a dheanadh, thaobh gu'n d'rug timchioll-ghèarradh airsan, le coimhearsnachd ban-Spàinntich do thachair ris. 'S ann uatha sin a dubhradh, "An duine ni teine math deanadh e-féin a gharadh ris.

Note—The laird of Druimin kept an old school-master in his house, in the double capacity of tutor to his children and goer of errands. The dominie was one day sent to a shoemaker who lived on the laird's grounds, with a message ordering a pair of new shoes for his master. The souter declined the honour intended him, alleging as a reason that it was a standing rule on his part, "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* payer; one, in fact, who would run on an account to any conceivable length without ever thinking it time to settle it. Well, the wielder of the ferula returned, and reported to his master the *ipsissima verba* of the son of St Crispin. The laird was so exasperated at the insolence of his re-

tainer, that he immediately determined to be revenged on the souter; and, lest he should have the hardihood to deny his own words, he took the schoolmaster along with him. Now, the souter was a regular lickspittle; a mean, cringing, fawning, malicious, yet cowardly wretch; for, when the laird said to him, "Did you say to this gentleman," pointing to the dominie, "that you would make no more shoes for me till I had paid for the last I got?" "Oh no, no, Sir," said the shoemaker, with an air of surprise, "most willingly would I convert all the leather in my possession into shoes for your honour. I have but too much time to work for those who are not so able to pay me, and am therefore *always* at your service." The poor dominie was thunder-struck at the barefaced impudence of the "fause loon;" but, ere he had time to utter a word in explanation, the laird had not only laid the flattering unction to his own soul, but seizing the preceptor by the throat, placed his head between his own knees in a twinkling, and clutching Crispin's fustian in the 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 millstone." And though it may be that no grey stone points out the place of thy sepulture, yet has the bard embalmed thy name in his song.

AN T-AOSDANA MAC-MHATHAIN.

THIS poet flourished in the seventeenth century. He lived in Lochalshe, Ross-shire, where he had free lands from the Earl of Seaforth, and was called his bard. He was a poet of great merit, and composed as many poems as would occupy a large volume; but as they were not committed to writing, they suffered the same fate with the productions of Nial Mac-Mhurich, and were lost by being trusted to memory alone. The two pieces given here is all that can now be found of his works. "*Cubar Feigh*" 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.

Dzoch slainte'n Iarla thuathach,
A thriall an de thar chuaintean bhuain,
Le sgioba laidir luasanach,
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 chaolasan,
Bho charraig fhuair gun chaomhalachd,
Seachd beannachd tuath is daonachd dhut,
Buaidh làrach ri do shaoghail ort,
Fhir ghaol 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 sunudach, bras, neo-eisleanach,
Bhi fuasgladh pailteas eudaich dh'i,
Ga bhreideadh air gach bòrd.

Gu'n innsinn gnìomh do stiùireadair,
Fear cuimhneach, ciallach, curamach,
'Dh' aithnìheadh fiamh a chùlanaich,
A chuireadh srian ri cùrsaireachd,
Mu 'm bristeadh trìan a chuirnean oirr',
A mhuchadh e fo sròin.

T-fhear eolais laidir, fradharcach,
Deas labhrach, gaireach, gleoghairach,
Min chinnteach, seolta, faighidneach,
Crann geadha 'na 'd laimh adhairtaich,
Mac Samhail rùsg mhic-fraoire,
Sud mar thaghainn dhut na seoid.

Ma chaidh thu null thar chuainteanan,
Air darach naomh a ghluaisleadh tu,
Fìr bhuille saoir a 'dh fhuaisgeas i,
Bidh barrantas dhaoin' uaisle leat,
Bidh beannach bho chd, a's tuatha dhut,
Cha 'n eagal baoghal fuadaich dhuibh,
Bidh Dia ma 'n cuairt da d' sheol.

Mu sheol thu barc air fairge bhuainn',
Thu féin 's do choirneal Calamanach,
Fhuair cliù 'n cuirt na 'n Albannach,
Gur h-iomadh 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 fàllain, fìrineach,
Do Steornabhaidh bho linnteanan,
Bithidh ro-fhial gheala teinteannan,
Aig fir 's aig mnai 's toil-inntinn orra,
Ri linn thu theachd gu 'n cors.

Gur h-iomadh sruthan fìrinneach,
Tha 'n liuntichean an t-Sì-phortaich,
Tha triath na h-Earradh dìleas dhut,
Le 'n connspainn fhearail innsigineach,
A Lochlainn thig na mìltean,
Air chuan-sgìth gu teach Mhic-Leoid.

'Nuair cruinneicheas na Sàileich leat,
'S do chinneadh neartmhor tàbhachdach,
Bidh nìre, 's clùich, is gaireachdach,

Sa'n ionnad ann an tàrladh sìoh,
Cha 'n ioghuadh thu bhi ardanach,
Sa liuthad fion-fhuil àluinn,
A tha cairdeach ga do phòr.

Bidh Tòrmod òg na shinbhal leat,
Sìol-Leòid nan rò-seol uidheamach,
Fhìr stòlta, chomhnart, shuidhichte,
Bidh òl gu leòir nam suidhe dhaibh,
Bidh fion is beoir le sùlrachas,
Air piosaibh bùidhe òir.

M A R B H R A N N

DO DH' ALASDAIR DUBH GHLINNE-GARADH.

Fhuair mi sgeula moch di-ciadain,
Air laimh fheuma bha gu creuchdach,
'S leòir a gheurad ann sa 'n leumsa,
A nall o'n treud bha buaghar.

O Dhùn-Garannach ùr allail,
Na'n tùrp meara, 's nan steud seanga,
Nan gleus glana, 's ceutach sealladh,
Beuchdail, allaidh, uaimhreach.

Gur dubhach, deòrach, tha Clann Dòmhnail,
Mu chreach Chnòideirt neart nan ròiseol,
Gaisgich chròdha, nach tais 'n àm còmhraig,
Mo chreach mhòr 's mo chruadal.

Gur goirt an sgaradh tha'n Gleann-garadh,
O'n dh' fhalbh leannan nan arm glana,
Da 'm b' ainm Alasdair, ceann nam beannachd,
Glac nan geal lanu cruaghach.

Bu chall curaidh do dh' Alb' uile,
O dh' fhalbh cuilein, nan arm guineach,
Bu gharg turas, 'n sealg nan cumnart,
'N àm dha bhuille bhualadh.

'S an rioghachd so féin bu fhilathail t-fhèum,
'S bu sgathail bèum do chlaidheimh géir,
Do shamhailt féin cha'n fhac o'n dh' èug thu,
Ghaisgeich èuchdaich, bbughaich.

Ge b'e dhuisgeadh t-ain-ìochd,
Bu dlùth dha carraid, 'n tùs tarraunn
Rùsgadh lannan, surd air ghearradh,
Bruchdan fal air ghuailllean.

'S tu 'n Dònullach dian, connspunn nau triath,
Morghalach fial, ro lòdraich nan cliar,
Leis an òilte fion, agus òr ga dhìol,
Ann an aitribh nan crìoch sluaghail.

A shliochd rìgh Fionnaghail,
 Nan còrn geala-ghlaic 's nan sròl balla-bhreac,
 'M pòr nach cearbach, dol fo 'n armaibh,
 'N àm nan garbh-chath ruaidhneach.

Ach buaidh a's slàinte an fhir a dh-fhàg thu,
 Duineil, bràithreil, cinneil, càirdeil,
 Gaol bho nàmhaid, gràdh bho chàirdean,
 A shliochd nan àrmunn uasal.

AN T-AOSDANA MAC-'ILLEAN.

HECTOR MACLEAN, commonly called *Eachann Bacach an t-Aosdàna*, lived in the seventeenth century, and was poet to Sir Lachlan M'Lean, of Duart, from whom he had a small annuity. After much inquiry, we have not been able to procure any particulars of his life worth publication, or seen any more of his productions than are published in this work. The following elegy attracted the particular attention of the late Sir Walter Scott, and he has published an imitation, or free translation, which is every way worthy of that great bard.

MARBHRANN DO SHIR LACHUINN MAC-GHILLEAIN

TRIATH DHUBH-AIRD.

THRIALL ar bunadh gu Phàra,
 Co b'urrainn da sheachas?
 Mac-Mhuirich,* Mac-Fhearguis,
 Craobh a thuinich rè aimsir,
 Fhriamaich bunann an Alba,
 Chuidich fear dhiu' cath-Gairiach,
 Fhuair sinn ullaidh fear t-ainne theachd beò.
 Fhuair sinn, &c.

Cha chraobh chuire cha phlannta,
 Cha chnòdh bho'n uraidh o'n d' fhàs thu,
 Cha bhlà chuirte ma bhealltainn,
 Ach fàs duillich a's meanglain,
 A miar mullaich so dh' fhàg sinn,
 Cuir a Chrìosd tuilleadh an àite na dh' fhalbh.
 Cuir a Chrìosd, &c.

'S mor puthar an ràith-se,
 'S trom an dubhadh-sa dh'fhàs oirnn,
 Gur ro cumhann leinn t-àrdach,
 'N ciste luthaidh na'n clàran,
 'S fad is cuimhne leinne càradh nam bòrd.
 'S fad is cuimhne, &c.

* Clerk-Register of Icolmkill.

Chaidh do chiste 'n taigh geambraidh,
 Cha do bhrist thu chno shamhna,
 Misneach fear Innse-Gall thu,
 'S mor is miste do ranntaidh,
 Nach do chlisg thu roi' naimhdean,
 Fhir bu mheasail an campa Mhontroise.
 Fhir bu mheasail, &c.

Fhir bu rioghaile cleachdadh,
 'S tu bu bhioganta faicinn,
 A dol sìos am blàr machrachl,
 Bhiodh na mìltin ma d' bhrataich,
 Cbuid bu phrìseile 'n eachdraidh,
 Luchd do mhì-ruin na'n caist ort,
 'S ann a dh' innste leo t-fhasan,
 'Nuair bu sgì leo cuir sgapaidh na'm feòil.
 'Nuair bu sgìth, &c.

Cha bhiodh buannachd do d' nàmhaid,
 Dol a dh' fhuasgladh bhuaat làmhuiunn,
 Bba thu buadhach 's gach àite,
 Cha b'e fuath mhic a mhàile,
 Fear do shnuadh theachd na fhàrdaich,
 Cha dath naine bu bhlà dhut,
 'Nuair a bhuaileadh an t-àrdan ad phòr.
 'Nuair a bhuaileadh, &c.

Gu'm b' aithriseach t-fheum dhaibh,
 'N àn 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, &c.

'N àile chunaic mi aimsir,
 'S tu ri siubhal na sealga,
 Cha bu chuing ort a' gharbhach,
 Pic de'n inbhar cha d' fhàs i,
 Chuireadh umhal na spàirn ort,
 Cha bhiodh fuithil a tàrruine,
 'Nam biodh lutha na crannaghail,
 Chuireadh siubhal fo earr-ite 'n còin.
 Chuireadh siubhal, &c.

Glac chòmhnaidh an càradh,
 'M bian ròineach an t-sheana bhruid,
 Cinn stòrach o'n cheardaich,
 Cha bhiodh òirleach gu'n bhàthadh,
 Eadar smeòirn agus gàine,
 Le neart còraich a Flannas,
 Cha bhiodh feolach an tearmad,
 Air an seoladh tu'n crann sin ad dheòin.
 Air an seoladh, &c.

Cha b'e sin mo luan-Càisge,
 'Nuair a bhuail a ghath bàis thu,
 'S truagh a dh' fhàg thu do chairdean,
 Mar ghàir sheillein air làraich,
 'N deigh a mealunnan fhàgail,
 No uain earraich gu'n mhàthair,
 'S fada chluinnear an gàraich mu'n chrò.
 'S fada chluinnear, &c.

Gu'm bu mhath do dhiol freasdail,
 'N taigh mor am bial feasgair,
 Uisge beatha nan feadan,
 Ann am pìosan ga leigeil,
 Sin a's clàrsach ga spreigeadh ri ceòl.
 Sin a's clàrsach, &c.

Bhuineadh dhinne na ùr-ros,
 Fear ar taighe 's ar crùn air,
 Ghabh an rathad air thùs uinn,
 Lìothad latha ri chùntas,
 Bh'aig maitibh do dhùthcha,
 Miad an aighear 's a mùirne,
 Bha mi tathaich do chùirte,
 Seal mu'm b' aithne dho 'n turlar a dh'fhalbh,
 Seal mu'm b' aithne, &c.

B'eòl dhomh innse na bh'aca,
 Gu'm ba'm do mhiannan Shìr Lachuinn,
 Bhiodh 'g òl fìona 'n taigh farsainn,
 Le nuaidh rìmhach neò-as-caoin,
 Glòir bhinn agus macnais,
 Ann 'san am sin 'm bu ghnà leibh bli pòit.
 Ann 'san am sin, &c.

'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 làimhe gu'n laige,
 Gus 'm bu mhianach leibh cadal gu fòill.
 Gus 'm bu mhianach, &c.

Bhiodh na cearraich ri braise,
 Iomaire thùileasg ma'n seach ort',
 Fìr fòirne ri tartar,
 Toirm a's mthadh air chairtean,
 Dolair spàinteach a's tastain,
 Bhì' ga'n dioladh gu'n lasan na'n lorg.
 Bhì' ga'n dioladh, &c.

Thug càch teist air do bheusan,
 Bhà gradh a's eagail mhic Dhé ort,
 Bha fàth seirce ga d' chéill ort,
 Bha aòigh deiseach a's deilbh ort,
 Cha robh ceist ort mar threun fhear,
 Bhiodh na sgrìobhtair ga'n leubhadh,
 Ann ad thalla ma'n eireadh do bhòrd.
 Ann ad thalla, &c.

Ge bu lionmhar ort frasachd,
 Chum thu dìreach do d' mhacabh,
 Do bhreid rìmhach gu'n srachdadh,
 Cha do dhiobair ceann slait thu,
 O'n 's e Crìosd a b' fhear beart dhut,
 'Sin an Tì a leig lent an taod-sgòid.
 'Sin an Tì a leig, &c.

A mhic mo ghlacas thu'n stiùir so,
 Cha bu fhathas gun dùchas,
 Dhut bhì' grathuinn air h-ùrnaigh,
 Cuir da caitheamh an triuir oirr',
 Cuir an t-Athair ann tùs oirr',
 Biodh a Mac na fhear iuil oirr',
 An Spiorid Naomha ga giùlan gu nòs.
 An Naomha, &c.

O R A N

DOLACHUNN MOR MAC GILLEOIN

TRIATH DHUHB-AIRD.

A LACHUINN òig gu'n innsinn ort,
Sgeul is binn ri àireamb,
Nis o rinn e craobh-sgaoileadh,
'S na bheil an taobh so dh'fhaige,
Tha thu làn do dh' fhìnealtachd,
Cho ceart sa dh'innsadh 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 b'òrd 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 sochdrach gàire,
Do dheud gu'n stòir o'm binn thig glòir,
O'n fuighinn pòg a's fùille.*

'S e Ceannard Chlan-'Illeain,
Dh'fhàs flatbasach le cruadal,
Sgaoil e feadh gach tighearnaich,
Gu'n ghleidh thu dligeil t-uaisle,
Ach 's iomadh neach bu shùgradh leis,
Crùbadh ann an truailleachd,
Ach rinn thu beairt bu clùtaiche,
Air an dùchas mar ba dual dhut.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

'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 ruag an tùs ort,
Dh' aithnichinn air an fhaiche thu,
A lùb nan cas-chiabh ùr-ghlan,
Gu'm b' ursann-chath air gaisgeich thu,
Na'n tigeadh creach a d' dhùthaich.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

B' e sid an gasan leis bu taitneach,
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 an eòin gu h-ùr-ghlan,
Mu chul an fhéidh ma'n gearr e leum,
Ebidh thuil na leine brùite.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Sid na h-airm a ghlaicinn dut,
A dhol air sraid an fhùdair:
Cuilbhair a ghleis shniamhanaich,
A bheul o'n cinnteach cuimse,

Spàntach làdair, fulangach,
'N laimh 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, &c.

Mo ghaoil a 'm fear caiteanach,
A leubh a chairt 's riun 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 thig thu steach an teachdaireachd,
'S an ceart air bhachd an guala.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

'S iomadh bratach shuaicheanta,
'N robh smuais a's cruas a's càirdeas,
Eadar rutha Chuirteirnis,
Gu Dubh-airt thun a Garbh-leud,
Dh' eireadh fir Aird-ghobhar leat,
Fir fhoghainteach neo-sgàthach,
Dhearbhaime fhìn gu'n geileadh dhut,
Fir gheusta bho Bhra'-chàrnaig.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Ghluaiseadh leat s na h-eileanan,
Dream nach ceil an gràdh ort,
Thigeadh ort a mor-Innis,
A bhratach leòghann' làidir,
Chùite sid gu follaiseach,
Fir fhoinnidh ann an Aros,
Na fir ùra nach diùltadh,
Sgiùrs thoirt air an nàmhaid.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Dh' eireadh seòid o'n Mhuidhe leat,
Nach cuireadh bruthach spàirn orr',
Nan ceanna-bheairtean glana,
Nan lannan geal 's nan targaid,
Nan cuilbheirean caol acuinneach,
Aig gaisgich nan gnìomh gailbheach,
A dheanadh luath a chaisleacha,
'N uair dh' eireadh sràd bho theanachair.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

Bratach aig Clann-Dòmhnail,
'N a'm biodh ad chòir gu'm b' fheairrde,
Dh' fhàs gu seasmhach, cruadalach,
'N uair ghluaiseadh iad na'n armadh,
Ann an gliocas firinneach,
Cho math sa sgrìobh an seanachas,
Sìd an dream bha innsgineach,
Ri 'n innseadh nach robh leanabail.
A Lachuinn òig gu 'm faic mi thu, &c.

LACHUNN MAC THEARLAICH.

LACHLAN M'KINNON, alias *Lachunn Mac Thearlaich Oig*, flourished about the middle of the seventeenth century. He was a native of Strath, Isle of Skye, and a lineal descendant of the *Ceann-taighe* of the M'Kinnons of that place. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and although we have no data to ascertain the extent of his scholastic acquirements, it is obvious from a cursory glance at his productions that he was not unlettered,—while the purity and critical correctness of his Gaelic, furnishes ample proof that he studied and understood the structure of that language. He was an excellent musician, and was in the habit, when a young man, of carrying his violin about with him from place to place—more for recreation and amusement, than for any sordid considerations of pecuniary remuneration. The habits and predilections of his countrymen, their excessive fondness of poetry, music and dancing, always secured for such gifted individuals as M'Kinnon, the warmest grasp of hospitality's right hand wherever he went. He seems, however, to have discontinued the practice—in consequence of a low, unmanly attack upon his character and motives by a wandering bard of the name of M'Lennan.

Talents and genius are very seldom bestowed upon any individual without a copious mixture of impulses, that too often seek their gratification in improper indulgences. Burns and Byron were constituted after this manner. Lachlan M'Kinnon happened at one time to be perambulating the Main land, in the district of Lochalsh, where he put up for the night in the house of a respectable farmer. After supper, one of the daughters went out to prepare a bed for the cherished stranger in an out-house or barn. She was accompanied by a little favourite pug called *Coireal*, and the poet soon followed. Fairly ensconced with the fair and artless maid, and privacy favouring his designs, Lachlan yielded to the impulses of his heart, and the result was an illegitimate daughter, who seems to have inherited the broad humour and poetic genius of her father. Many of her repartees and witticisms have descended to us by oral recitation, but space remonstrates against our noticing but one, which may serve as a specimen of the whole. Some time after her father married, her stepmother was going from home, and meeting her about the door accosted her thus:—"You're my *first-foot*, and pity you if you are not lucky to meet with!" "Ask my father," rejoined the young woman, "and he will tell you that I am the most unpropitious omen that could come in your way." "Dear me! how that?" eagerly inquired the stepmother. "Because," continued the other, "I was the first person he himself met, while on his way to marry you, and God knows it was the most unlucky journey he ever made!" But we are digressing, and had almost forgot to say, that during M'Kinnon's struggle to deflower the farmer's daughter, little *Coireal* sounded so loud an alarm, that he seized it by the hind legs, and dashed out its brains against the wall! This has been made the subject of a very merry song, in which our author comes in for a pretty round flagellation.

Lachlan M'Kinnon died at a good old age, and was buried in his native parish, where some of his grandchildren are still living and much respected.

LATHA' SIUBHAL SLEIBHE.

MARBHFAISC ort a mhulaid,
 Nach do dh'fhuirich thu nochd uam
 'S nach do leig thu cadal domh,
 S an òidhe fada, fuar,
 Ma's ann a dh'larraidh 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 glaic a's cù,
 Gu'n thachair clann rium ann sa' ghleann
 A' gal gu fann chion iùil:
 Air leam gur b-iad a b'àillidh 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 mìne ciùin.

"Iochd, a's Gradh, a's Fùghbantas,
 'Nar triuir gur b-e ar n-ainm,
 Clann nan uaislean cùramach,
 A choisinn cliù 's gach ball,
 'Nuair phàigh an fhéile cis d'an Eug
 'S a cbaidh i-féin air chall,
 'Na thiomnadh dh'fhag ar n-athair sinn
 Aig mathaibh Innse-Gall.

"Tòrmód fial an t-shùgraidh,
 Nach d'fhàs m'a chuinneadh cruaidh,
 A bha gu fearail fùghantach,
 'S a chum a dhùthchas suas;
 'S ann air a bha ar taghaich,
 O'n thugadh Iain bh'uairean,
 'S beag m' fharmaid ris na feumaich
 O'n a bheum na cluig gu truagh!

"Bha'n duin' ud ro fhathasach,
 'S e mathasach le ceill,
 Bha e gu fial fùghantach,
 '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 shuillbheara,
 Le furbailt a's le mùirn:
 Gu'n ghlac e sinn le acarachd
 Mar dhaltachan 'nar triùir,
 A 's thogadh e gach neach againn
 Gu macant' air a ghluin.

"Fhuair sinn greis 'gar n-àrach,
 Aig Mac-Leòid a bha san Dùn,
 Greis eile gle shabhair
 Aig a bhrathair bha'n Dun-Tuilm:—
 Sin 'nuair labhair fùghbantas
 Dalt ùiseil Dhombnuill ghuirm:—
 "Bu tric leat a bhi sùgradh rinn,
 'S cha b' fhasan ùr dhuinn cuirm.

"N am eiridh dhuinn neo-airtneulach
 'S biadh maidne dhol air bòrd,
 Gheibhte gach ni riaghailteach,
 Bu mhiannach leat ga d' chòir;
 Cha d' chuir thu duil am priobairtich,
 Cha b' fhiach leat ach ni mòr;
 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' iùdmhail e' meas chàich
 Lamh sgapaidd òir, a's airgeid e
 Gu'n dearmad air luchd dhàn,
 A's mhiornaicheadh na clàrsairean
 Nach e bu tàire lamh.*

* Alluding to an Irish Harper of the name of *Caillean Cormac*, who, in consequence of a misunderstanding, left his master and fled to Scotland, at that time the saving ark of refugees, whether children of prose or verse. During his peregrinations in the hyperborean regions of Caledonia, he visited, according to the custom of the times, many of the Highland Chieftains and families of distinction, whose ears were not yet sufficiently refined to disrelish music, and who, consequently, appreciated his abilities and performances. Among others in whose families the Hibernian minstrel was well received, was that of the Laird of Applecross. On the day of his departure, Applecross, whose generosity was worthy of his country and high rank, gave Cormac a handful of gold pieces out of his right hand, and a similar quantity or silver ones out of his left. Such a splendid instance of genuine Highland liberality, could not but awake sentiments of the most lively gratitude in the naturally feeling bosom of the minstrel; who, upon his arrival in the Emerald Isle, lost no opportunity of trumpeting forth the praises of his benefactor. The tide of his quondam employer's rage having now subsided, and a reconciliation having been effected between the parties,

"Thug sinn ruaig gu'n sòrdh
Gu Mac-Choinnich mòr nan cuach,
Be'n duin' iochd-mhor, tèò-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 'ùr glasadh orin,
'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'àillidh dreach a's gnùis,
Gur tric a chum sibh coinnidh rium
Aig Coimneach anns a' Chùil.

"Ailpeanaich mhath chiar-dhuibh,
'Gam bu dùthchas riabh an Srath,
D'an tigeadh àirn gu sgiamhach
Ge bu riabhach leinn do dhath,
Bu lamh a dheanamh fiadhaich thu,
Gu'n dial bu bhìatach math,
'S a nise bho na thrial thu bh'uainn,
Cha'n iarraid sinn a staigh.

"Bu chuimir glan do chalpannan,
Fo shliasaid dhealbhaich thruinn,
'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 fradhach ort,
'Thaobh t-aghaidh 's cùl do chinn.

"Nam togail màil do dhùthchannan,
'S ga 'n dlùthachadh riut fcin;
Bhì'dhmaid air 'nar stiubhartan
'S 'nar triuir gu'm bì'dhmaid réidh,
Cha do thog sinn riabh bò Shambua dhut,
No Bealltainn cha b'e'r beus,
Cha mhò thug òich air tuathanach,
Bu mhò do thruas ri fheum."

Bha'n duin' ud na charaid dhomh,
'S cha chàr dhomh' chliù a sheinn,
Mas can cùch gur masgall e,
Leig tharais e na thim;
Do bhàs a dh-fhàg mi muladach,
'S ann chluinnear e 's gach tìr,
Cha b'ìoghua' mì ga t-iondrann,
Ann am cunntais thoirt 's an t-shuim.

'S mi smaoineach air na saoidheann sin
'S a bhi ga'n còidh gu truagh,
'S anhuil gheibh mi bhuinig ann,
Bhi taghaich air luig fhuair,
An taobh a chaidh iad tharais,
'S ann tha dachaigh uil' an t-sbluagh,
Dh'eug 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,* 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 *Cuicins*, 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, unfed and unclothed, from the abodes where they were accustomed to reign and revel. At length having reached his home, he went to bed, probably supperless, and gentle sleep not deigning to woo him, but in its stead the weeping muse, he composed, and, for the first time, sung this song. It was highly esteemed by the Highland bards and *seanachais*, the latter of whom entitled the tune to which it is sung, "*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 a'chdail m' iunn-drainn,
An aite cadail air mo leabaidh,
Carachadh sa tinnmadh.
Na 'm faighinn cead, gun rachainn grad,
Am still gu'n stad, gu'n aon-tamh;
A dh' fhios an àit' am fiosrach eadh,
Gu 'm beil mo ghradh-sa 'n Gembail.

his master asked Cormac:—"Creid i 'n tamh 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 chliù fhir na Comraich," or the left hand of Applecross, was the minstrel's prompt and quaint reply.

* Lest this statement may be mistaken, it is only to be inferred that his predecessors had been obliged to dispose of their lands, but that he still had some of the proceeds upon which he lived; but funds in cash, even if considerable, were not regarded in those days so honourable as even a very limited competency arising from a paternal estate.

'S ge fad air chuairt, m' 's tamull bh'uam,
An aisling bhuan so dhùisg m' ;
Thu bhi agam, ann am ghlaicibh,
Bhean bho 'n tlachd-mhor sùgradh.
A dhaineann buinig 's fada m' fhuireach,
Ann an iomal dùtbecha,
O choim a chiall ! gu 'm be mo mhiann,
Bhi 'n diugh a triall ga t-iunusaidh.

Air t-iunusaidh théid mi 'n uair a dheireas,
Mi gu h-eatrom sunndach ;
Gach ceum de'n t-shlighe, dol ga d' ruidhinn,
Bi'dh mo chridhe sùgach
Mo mhiann bhi 'n ceart-uair air bheag cadail
Ann ad chaidridh greannar ;
Mo dhuil gun chleith, le dùrachd mhath,
Gur h-e mo bheatha teann ort.

Ach oigh na maise 's òr-bhuidd falt,
'S do ghruidh air dreach an neionein ;
Tha éideadh grinn, mu dheud do chinn,
'S do beul bho 'm binn thig òran.
Rosg thana chaoim, fo d' mhala chaoil,
'S do mheall-shuil, mhin ga seòladh ;
'S i'n t-sheirc tha t-eudainn ghreas gu eug m',
Mar toir cléir dhomh còir ort.

Gu'n choir air t-fheutainn, ògh na féile,
Ghreas m' féin gu an-lamh ;
Fhuair thu 'n iosaad buaidh bho Dhiarmad,*
Tha cuir ciad an geall ort.
Ciochan geala, air uchd meallaidh,
Miann gach fir 'n ain sealltain ;
Do chion fallaich th' air mo mhealladh,
'S e na eallach throm orm.

Tha ruin nam fear, fo d' ghùn am falach,
Seang chorp, fallain, sunndach ;
Slíos 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 ;
T-aon bhroilleach geal, trom-cheist nam fear,
'S uasal an t-ion ban-righ.
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 m' ;

* Bha 'm "Bad-seirc" ann an gruaidnean Dhiarmaid.

Ceillidh, cliutach, beusach, muirneach,
Ceud fear ùr tha 'n deidh ort.
Bi'dh airnean bruit aig pairt de 'n chunntais, sin'
Dha 'n diult thu caoimhneas ;
Bi'dh slaint' as ùr, le fáilte chiuil,
Aig fear nì lub san roinn ort.

SGIAN DUBH

AN SPORGAIN CHAIM.

Dh' innsinn sgàil mu mhalairt duibh,
Na 'm fanadh sibh gu fòill,
Mur dh' eirich do 'n chall bhreamais domh,
'Nuair chaidh mi do Dhun-gleòis ;
Air bhi thall an Sgalpa dhomh,
Air cuir m' aig Lachunn òg ;
Fhuair mi bhiodag thubaisteach,
Le a caisein-uchd' bha mòr.

Bu mhath a chuir m' a bh'an', an sin,
'S mo bheannachd-sa na deigh ;
'N fhear ud dune chunnaic i,
A dhi-mol i gu leir ;
Ach fhuair m' fhuin bhoith biodaig ann
Nach tig an là nì feum,
A's stiallaire 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 cònuidd dhuibh bu bhiadh ;
Ged' dheanadh sibh cruinneachadh,
Tuilleadh a's coig ciad ;
'S tearc fear gun chaisein-uchd aige,
Cho gharbhe rì tore-fiadh.

Chuir an tìr so 'n duileachd m',
'Nuair chunnaic iad mur bhà ;
Bha gach neach ga choisrigheadh,
Roimh 'n dös a bh'air 'a barr ;
Bha sgonn do mhaide seilich innt ;
Bu gheinneanta riun fàs ;
Bheireadh saor neo chronail aisde,
Crosg da'n loinid bhàin.

Chuir Mac-Ionmhuinn bairlinn,
An trath so mach sa 'n tìr,
Chuir e na soachd barranntais,
Gu Donnacha Mac-a-Phì ;
Gabhail gu caol Arcaig leo,
Mu 'n ghabh i tàmh sa 'n tìr,
'Sa muinntir fein thoirt coinne dh' i,
'S gur soilleir i do m' dhith.

Cha 'n ion-mholaidh ghràth-bhat sin,
Thug thu steach thar chaol,
An t-arm a bha gun chaisrigeadh,
'Sa b' òle leam air mo thaobh :
'S maing sliasaid air am facas i,
A bhiodag phaitheach mhaol ;
B' iomlaideach air bhòrdaidh i,
Sgian dubh a sgòrnain chaoil.

B' i sud an bhiodag rosadach,
A b' òle leam air mo chliath',
'Si ruadh-mheirg uile 's coltas d' i,
Fo dhos de dh' fbiionnadh liath,
Bha maide reamhar geinneach innt'
'S car na h-amhaich fiar
Cha ghearradh i sgiath cuileige,
Le buille no le riach.

'Nuair chaidh mi dh' iarraidh breathanais,
Cha d' fhuair mi leithid riamh ;
Sin nuair thuit an Sàileanach,
('Nuair chàirich e rium biasd ;
Mathalt do chuire Mhòr-thirich,
Da'm beil an roibein liath ;
Duirceall dubh gun fhaobhar,
'N am taobhadh ris a bhiadh.)

" Bu mbath 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."

Thnirt mi fhìn cha'n fhiar dhut sin,
'S ann chaill thu d' ciall le aois ;
Còid a chnìmhne 's fuid' agad,
On stad i gu bhì maol ;
Chaidh mi air mo ghluin d' i,
Mu 'n do rùisg i rium a taobh ;*
'S thug i na seachd sgairtean aisid,
Gus 'n tug Mac-Talla glaoth.

Bu cheithir bliadhna-fichead d' i,
Bhì 'n citsein nìhorair-Gall ; †
'S fhuair i nram còcaireachd,
Thar moran de na bli' ann ;
Bha Mac-Aoidh ga teachdaireachd,
Mu 'n deach e chòmraig theann,
'S b' fhoirmeal ann a chogadh i,
Sgian dubh an sprògain chaim.

Ged thigeadh Clann-Domhnuill,
'S na seòid a tha mu thuath,
Mac-Aoidh an tuis feachda leo,
'S garbh bhratach an taobh tuath ;
'Nuair thig a bhratach Cheam-Sàileach.
'S a thairnnear ridhe suas ;

* Pulling it out of the sheath. † Lord Caithness.

'S teare fear gu'n chaisein gaoidseid air,
Bho smeig gu mhaodail sìos.

Note.—The poet happened to be one of a party at the house of *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 bhiodag*. The manner in which it is played is this :—The lights are extinguished, and every man casts his dirk under the table. The dirks are then shuffled with a staff, after which a person, having his right hand tied to his side, and a glove on his left, is blindfolded and put under the table to hand out one by one in rotation to every man who had cast a dirk in ; and every body had to keep the dirk which fell to him in this way. M'Kinnon's dirk was by far the best in the whole collection, but he lost it in the lottery, and got in its stead an old coarse dagger belonging to a Kintail man who was present. This person was one of those termed "*Clann 'Ic Rath Mholach*," i. e. *Hairy M'laes*. M'Kinnon was far from pleased with his lot, and he composed this song on the occasion.

CURAM NAM BANFRAICHEAN.

LUINNEAG.

*Hug hoireann hō-rō hūra-bho,
Bì'dh cùram air na bantraichean,
Hug hoireann hō-rō hūra-bho,
Bì'dh cùram air na bantraichean.*

*Bì'dh cùram air na mnathan òga,
'S mòran air na bantraichean,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*Bì'dh cùram tim an Earraich orra,
Gu'n bì 'n t-aran gann ara,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*Bì'dh cùram mor a's eagal orra,
Theaganh nach bi clannu aca,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*'Nuair bhios each gu cuirealdach,
Bì'dh iads a cumh 'an t-shean-duine,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*'Nuair shineas tu air mìreadh riudh',
Sìlidh iad mar alltanan,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*Bì'dh 'n dosan siar san 'm breidean fiar,
Air eucalan liath nam bantraichean,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*Bì'dh dealg a'm bun an fheamain ac,
'S breannaich a dhamh-as iad,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

*Ged bhidhinn fhìn gun òr gu'n spréigh,
Bu bheag mo spéis do sheann te dhubh,
Hug hoireann ho-ro, &c.*

Note.—This song was composed on M'Kinnon hearing that a friend of his was about to marry a rich old widow.

AN CLARSAIR DALL.

RODERICK MORISON, the far-famed harper and poet, commonly called *An Clàrsair Dall* was born in the Island of Lewis*, in the year 1646. His father was an Episcopalian Clergyman in that place, a man of great respectability and goodness of heart, and a descendant of the celebrated *Brìtheamh Leòghasach*. He had other two sons, Angus and Malcolm. At an early age, the three, who were all designed for the pulpit, were sent to Inverness to their education. They were not long there, when the small-pox made its appearance in the town with great virulence; our three pupils were seized with it, and although the best medical skill was in requisition, so severe was the malady, that Roderick lost his eye-sight, and had his face—otherwise a very fine, open and expressive one,—dreadfully disfigured and contracted by it. His brothers were more fortunate,—they followed up their clerical aspirations, and having gone through the *curriculum* of their order, Angus got a living in the parish of Contin, and Malcolm was appointed to the Chapel of Poolewe, in the parish of Gairloch, Ross-shire. Balked in his juvenile anticipations, and now incapacitated for any active, civil, military, or other profession, Rory directed his attention to the study of music, for which nature had furnished him with a first-rate genius. In this^b divine science he greatly excelled, and although he was no mean performer on other musical instruments, the silver-toned harp seems to have been his favourite. On this instrument, he left all other Highland amateurs in the rear.

His superiority as a musician, and his respectable connexions soon served him as a passport to the best circles in the North. He was caressed and idolized by all who could appreciate the excellence of his minstrelsy. Induced by the fair fame of his fellow-harpers in Ireland, he visited that country, and probably profited by the excursion. On his return to Scotland, he called at every baronial residence in his way; the Scotch nobility and gentry were at the time at the Court of King James in Holyrood-House—Rory

* The Messrs Chambers of Edinburgh, in their Journal, Number 451, of Saturday, September 19th, 1840, say, on the authority of Mr Bunting, that blind Rory was an Irishman. This is incorrect. We know how much Journalists are at the mercy of others, and how easily they are misled; but without at all expecting any thing like *omniscience* in the Messrs Chambers, we think, that before lending the weight of their columns to give currency to the mis-statement, they ought to have informed *themselves* of the facts.

Of Mr Bunting, we know nothing or almost nothing; but we sympathize with him in his literary researches, and attempts to resuscitate the musical spirit and ancient melody of his country. We protest, however, against his robbing us of our sweetest minstrel—not for the world would we accord to Hibernia the honour of having given birth to Rory Dall—and for this one reason, that he was *bona fide* born and brought up in the Highlands of Scotland; and, if a man must be born a second time, it does not necessarily follow, that that event must take place in Ireland. Mr Bunting's blind Rory, goes by the sonorous name of O'Cahan,—we have no objection to this; neither do we lay claim to any of the estates which descended to the said Rory O'Cahan as his patrimonial inheritance, but we claim for ourselves the honour of consanguinity with Roderick Morison, the blind harper. We have given his birth and parentage;—we have pointed to the 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.

wended his way to Edinburgh, where he met with that sterling model of a Highland Chieftain, John Breac M'Leod of Harris, who eagerly engaged him as his family harper. During his stay under the hospitable roof of this gentleman, he composed several beautiful tunes and songs, and, among the rest, that fascinating melody—" *Feill nan Crann*," which arose out of the following circumstance: Rory, sitting one day by the kitchen fire, had chanced to drop the key of his harp in the ashes which he was raking with his fingers, as M'Leod's lady entered and inquired of one of the maids—" *Ciod e tha dhùth air Ruairidh?*" "*Mhuire! tha a chrann—chaille e san luath e*," was the reply—" *Ma ta feumair crann eile 'cheannach do Ruairidh*;" continued Mrs M'Leod; and the gifted minstrel, availing himself of the forced or extended meaning of the word *crann*, forthwith composed the tune, clothing it in words of side-splitting humour, and representing the kitchen maids as ransacking every mercantile booth in the land, to procure him his lost implement!

Shortly after this period, we find our author located as a farmer at *Totamòr* in Glenelg, at that time the property of his liberal patron M'Leod, who gave him the occupancy of it rent-free. Here he remained during his friend's life, and added largely to the stock of his musical and poetical compositions.

An Clàrsair Dall was fondly attached to his patron, whose fame he commemorated in strains of unrivalled beauty and excellence. The chieftains of the clan M'Leod possessed, perhaps, greater nobleness of soul than any other of the Highland gentry; but it must be observed, that they were peculiarly successful in enlisting the immortalizing strains of the first poets in their favour—our author and their own immortal Mary. Rory's elegy on John Breac M'Leod, styled, "*Creach nan 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 master-piece of the kind. It comes before us in the form of a duet, in which Echo (the sound of music), now excluded like himself from the festive hall of M'Leod, indulges in responsive strains of lamentation that finely harmonize with the poignancy of our poet's grief.

This last song was composed after his ejection from his farm, and while on his way to his native Isle of Lewis. It is not true, as stated by Mr Bunting, that Rory Dall was a wandering minstrel. He indeed occasionally visited gentlemen's houses, but that was always under special invitation—he was born a minister's son, and did not require to earn his bread by wandering from place to place. Rory Dall was much respected in his age and country for those high musical powers which have contributed so much to the pleasure and delight of his countrymen—talents which have obtained for himself the imperishable fame of being one of the sweetest and most talented poets of our country. He died at a good old age, and was interred in the burying ground of *I*, in the Island of Lewis. Peace be to his manes! never we fear, shall the Highlands of Scotland again produce his like.

A CHIAD DI-LUAIN DE'N RAIDHE.

A CHIAD di-luain de'n raidhe,*
 Ge d' bhà mi leam fhìn,
 Cha d' fhuair mi duine an là sin,
 A thainig am ghaoith,
 Dh-fhiaraich cia mar bhà mi,
 Na'm bàil leam dhol sìos,
 An Tota-mòr so fhàgail,
 Nach b' àite dhomh e,
 'Soilleir dhuinne thar chach uile,
 Nach robh duin' a's tìr,
 A chumadh fear mar chàch mi,
 Mar b' àbhaist dhomh bhì.

Sin 'nuair chuala Fearachar,
 Mi'n dearmad aig càch,
 Thàinig e na m' chòdhail,
 On b' eòl dha mo ghnàs,
 Thug e leis air sgòid mi,
 Gu seòmar a mhnà,
 Anna lion an stòp dhuinn,
 'S na sòr oirn' a làn,
 Ge d' tha e falamh 's ro mhath 'n airidh,
 'Ghlaine fo thoirt dhà,
 'S gu'm faigheadh e luchd eòlais,
 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 bhì druit,
 'S an dorlach gu'n fhuasgladh,
 A suaineach a bhruc,
 Ge d' tha thu falamh 's ro mhath 'n airidh
 Ghlaine so thoirt dhut,
 'S gu'n òlaimid a dhà dhiu'
 Air slàinte an fhir bhrìc. †

An tì so thà mi 'g iomradh,
 'S a 'g iomagainn do ghnà,
 Cha cheil mi air do mhuinntir,
 Gach puing mar atà,

Ge b-eibhinn leam r'a chluinntinn,
 An saoidh a bhìdh slàn,
 Sgeul nach taitneach leamsa,
 Ma dh' iomalaidd thu gnàs,
 Fàth mo ghearain a bhì falamh,
 'S mi tamull o d' laimh,
 " 'S faide 'n fhead na t-eigheach,
 'S an fhéusag air fàs."

Ge d' fhuilgear gach nì 's feudar,
 'S neo-éibhinn le m' rùn,
 Thusa bhìdh 'n clar-sgithe,
 'S mi 'n tìr air do chùl,
 Le m' fheòsaig leathuinn leòmaich,
 Gu ròibeineach dlù,
 'S thusa a' giùlan màlaid,
 A ghnà ann san Dùn,
 Fhir bhrìc bhallaich, meall na bhàrail,
 'M fear a thuirt o thùs—
 " 'S fad o'n chridhe cheudna,
 Na 's cèin bho bheachd sùl."

Ge d' thà mise an dràsda
 Da m' àrach fad uat,
 Sloinnidh mi mo phàirt,
 Ris gach nàbaidh m'an cuairt,
 Ma 's beag ma's mor a dh' fheadas mi,
 Spréidh A chuir suas,
 Biodh sìd fo iochd nan sàr-fhear,
 Nach sàraich am fuachd,
 Rì là gaillionn an àrd bheannabh,
 'S iad nach gearain uair,
 'S tric an siubhal sealbhadh,
 Air shealg do 'n taobh-tuath.

Tha fìr ghasda bheòghant',
 Aig Eòghann Loch-iall,
 Nach seachnadh an tòireachd,
 'N àm tògbhail nan triath,
 Rachadh iad gu'n sòradh,
 An còdhail nan ciad,
 'S math am fulang dòrainn,
 'S tha cròbhachd nan giùmh,
 Fìr ro ghasda nach 'eil meata,
 Nach d'fhuair masladh riamh,
 Mhathas mo chuid dhòmh-sa,
 'S mi 'n dòchas gur fìor.

'S iad Clann-Mhic-'Ill-Ainmhaidh,
 'S oirdheirce gnìomh,
 Luch shiubhal a gbarblaich,
 'S a mharbhadh nam fiadh,

* The Highlanders had a practice in the olden times that is still partially observed in certain parts even at the present day, and that tended to keep alive and fan those habits of hospitality and friendly feelings among the inhabitants of particular districts for which they are so justly celebrated. The custom to which we allude, was to meet at an appointed house, on the first Monday of every quarter, to drink a bumper to the beverage of the succeeding, and wish it better or no worse than the present.

† John Breac Macleod.

Cha d' fhuair iad aobhar oibheum,
 Mar falbhadh iad sliabh,
 Cha dean iad a bheag ormsa,
 'S nach lorgair mi 's fiach,
 Mo chreach ma 'n coinnidh 's i fo'n comraic,
 'B'e an comunn mo mhiann,
 Buachaillean mo threud,
 'N uair nach léir dhuibh a ghrian.

Tha sliochd Iain Mhic-Mhàrtainn,*
 Gu tàbhachdach treun,
 Raghaunn air an naimhdeas,
 An cairdeas, gu'n bhreug,
 Cha bhuin iad ri fàl-bheairt,
 Mo lamhsa nach spéis,
 "Far an isl' an gàradh,
 Cha ghnà leo a leum,"
 Na fir ghasda gu'n bhi meata,
 'S iad nach seachainn stréup,
 Le 'n toircear buaidh 's gach spàirne,
 Aun 's gach àite dha 'n téid.

Clann-a-Phì † ri' n seanachas,
 'S neo-leanabaidh na seòid,
 Buidhean nan sgiath balla-bhreac
 A dhearbhadh an gleòis,
 'S iad nach seachnadh fuathas,
 'N àm bhualadh nan sròn,
 Ge b' e chuireadh fearg oir'
 Cha b' fharmaidach dhò,
 'N àm tarrainn nan lann tana,
 Caisgear carraid leò,
 "Buille 'n corp cha bhuail" iad,
 Tha uaisle nam pòr.

Tha Clann-'Ille-Mhaoil mhùinte,
 Bha cliù orra riamh,
 Buidhean tha do-cheannsaicht,
 Is ceannsgalach triall,
 Ri faicinn an naimhdean,
 'S neo-sgàthach an triath,
 B' annsa leibh ruaig shuundach,
 No tionntadh le fiamh,
 Laochraidh guineach nan arm fuileach,
 'S maing ri 'n bhuin sibh riamh,
 Tha nìmh a's neart 'n-ar naimhdeas,
 'S 'ur càirdeas gu'n fhiar.

Tha aig Colla còmhlaunn,
 Nach conn-lapach gleus,
 Luchd nam feudan dùbh-ghorm,
 Nach diùltadh ri feum,
 'N-àm na graide dhùsgadh,
 Gu 'n dùbladh blur feum,
 Bha fios aig Mac-an-Tòisich,
 Nach sòradh iad ceum,

Dol na choinnidh sa'n là shoilleir,
 'S gu'n iad coimeas cheud,
 B' annsa dol da bhualadh,
 No buaille '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-thùaclid ghann,
 Na fir churanta fhuair urram,
 Re h-àm iomairt lann,
 O minig luchd an aobhair,
 Gu craobhach a call.

Maille ris gach suairceas,
 Bha fuaite ri'r 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,
 Thoirte uam le m' thoil féin,
 Na mo chreachadh 's an dol seuchad,
 'S mi na m' aire mu'n spréidh,
 'S mi gu'n eagal tuairgùidh,
 'S mo bhuaille 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 truaill,
 Bu mhath do'r luchd gamhlais,
 San àm ud bhi bhuuibh,
 Biodh ceum cridheil air reang tri-ear,
 Cha gleidh bruinne buaidh,
 Aig bùidheann a mhoir cheann-aird,
 Nach teann mo chuid bhuam.

Tha 'n taic na laimhe,
 An Ceann-tàile so thall,
 Fir ghasda neo sgàthach,
 Ga'm b' àbhaidh bhi teann,
 Ri faicinn a nàmhaid,
 Nach failinnach greann,
 Is tric a fhuair buaidh làrach,
 Le àbhachd an lann,
 Neart a chlaidhe be air raghainn,
 Nach dh-fhàs fithast fann,
 Coille 's i gu'n chrìonach,
 Gur lionmhor a clann.

* Dochanassie men, a very brave little clan at that time.

† Locharkaig men, followers of Lochail.

'S iad marcaich na Mòidhe,
 Fir chrò nam buadh,
 'M beil aithn' agus eòlas,
 Nach sòradh an duais,
 Clann-Choinnich nan rò-seol,
 Na'n cròdh' mbilean sluaidh,
 Na beathraichean beòdha,
 Ga còir a bhì cruaidh,
 Dream gu'n laige ri am troide
 Ceann a chabraich suas,
 Aig luchd na gorm lann nàimhdeach,
 Nach sanntaich mo bhuar.

Note.—When the harper composed this song, he was residing in *Tota-Mòr*, in Glenelg, as a farmer, and the few of the clans he alludes to were people that he had good reason to fear would rob him, or, in other words, carry away his cattle—a very prevalent practice in those days. As, therefore, he had little or no means of defending himself, he immediately called his harp and his muse to his aid, and composed this song, in which those dreaded enemies are invested with all the attributes of honour, honesty, and good neighbourhood; and, as far as the bard was concerned, they always acted towards him in the characters his muse was willing to believe they actually possessed.

O R A N

DO DH-IAIN BREAC MAC-LLOID.

Tha mòran, mòran mulaid
 An deigh tuineachadh am chòm,
 Gur bliadhna leam gach seachduin,
 Bho nach facas lain donn;
 Na 'n cluinninn ged nach faicinn,
 Fear do phearsa thigh'nn dò 'n fhonn,
 Gu'n sgaoileadh mo phràmh 's m' aìrsneul,
 Mar shneachd òg ri aiteamh trom.

*Their mì hò-rò ghealla beag,
 'S na hò-rò challan h-ì,
 Their mì hò-rò ghealla beag,
 'S na hò-rò challan h-ì;
 Challan hì ho hò-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 eisdeadh sibh,
 Ri cuid de m' sgeul, gu'n mheang,
 'S mi caoidh an uasail bheadaraich,
 Tha bhuam an fheadhs' air chall;
 Cha robh cron ri fhaotainn ort,
 Ach thu bhì faoilidh ann,
 Bho 'n fhuair mi gu h-ùr èibhlinn thu,
 'N Dun-éideann, a measg Ghall.
Their mì ho-ro, &c.

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 a mhisg àicheadh,
 'S do dheoch-slainnte dol m' an cuairt.
Their mì ho-ro, &c.

Thug mi ionnsaidh sgairteal,
 As do dheigh an cladach doirbh,
 Ged nach tug mi capull leam,
 Na agair mi na lorg;
 Gu 'n robh mo choiseachd adhaiseach,
 'S an rathad a bhì dorch,
 Le breisleich mhic-nan-clìathan,*
 'S do lamh fhial ga dhìoladh orm.
Their mì ho-ro, &c.

Fhir so tha mi g' iomradh ort,
 Ga t-ionudrain tha mi bh' uam,
 Sròn ardanach an fhiùghantais,
 Cha b' fhiù leat a bhì crìon;
 Na 'n cluinninn fèin 's gu 'n tìgeadh tu,
 Fhir chridhe dhios nan crìoch,
 Gu'n èlaint do dheoch-slainnte,
 Ga do phàighinn ì, de dh' fhion.
Their mì ho-ro, &c.

Beul macanta, ciùin, rabhairtach,
 'N uair tharladh tu 's taigh-òsd,
 A dh'fhàs gu seirceil, suairce,
 Gaol 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-lamh fèin le deòin.
Their mì ho-ro, &c.

Cha robh fuath na greathachd ort,
 Ri t-amharc bha thu caoin,
 Saighdear foinnidh, flathail,
 Air an gabhadh gach neach gaol;
 Euchdach, treubdach, urramach,
 Bha 'n curaidh glan gu'n ghaoid,
 Gu fearail, meanmnach, measail,
 Air nach faighte an tìotal claon.
Their mì ho-ro, &c.

Saighdear fearail, fuasgaileach,
 Fear cruadalach, gu'n mheang,
 Ceaun-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 mì ho-ro, &c.

* An t-uisge-beatha.

Thig claidheamh socrach, stailinn dhut,
De 'n t-seòrs as fear sa bhùth,
'S e fulangach bho bharra-dheis,
Gu 'n ruig a cheanna-bheairt duirn;
Faobhar air a gheur chruaidh sin,
Nach gabhadh leum na lùb,
Lann air dhreach na daolaig',
'S i air taobh deas-laimh mo rùin.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S e sud an t-airn 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 laimh nach greagara,
'S tu leantainn as an deigh.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S fhada leam a chomhnaidh so,
Th' aig Eoin a measg nan Gall,
Cha ghiorra leam an oidheche,
Bhì ga chuimhneachadh 's gach àm:
Dh' fhaoltichinn na 'm faicinn thu,
Tigh'nn seachad ann sa gheann,
Cha ghabhinn fein borm faiteachais,
Ge d' ghlacadh tu mo gheall.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Corr agus trì ràidhean,
Tha thu d' chadal sàmhach bh' uain,
Gu'n t-fhaicinn blo na dh'fhàg thu sinn,
'S ar eiridhe ghnàth fo ghruaim;
A nis bho 'n chuir thu cùl ruinn,
'Sa laidh smùrnein air do gbruidh,
Mar sholas and deigh dorachadais,
Tha 'Tòrmod mar bu dual.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

'S e Tormod òg mo shubhachas,
Air bhuidheachas shìol-Leòid,
Ma 's mac an àit' an athar thu,
Thig fathast gu bhì mòr;
Ann san Dùn gu flathail,
'N robh do chinneadh roi beò,
Mac-ratha dhùisgeas eibhneas domh,
Le aighear thréig mi bròn.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

Ma thuirt iad ogha Thòrmoid riut,
B' i sud an fhoirm fhuil ghlan,
Ma thuirt iad iar-ogha Ruairidh riut,
B' i 'n àrd-fhuil naibhreath mhear;
'S ogha 'n Eoin gun truailleadh,
Thug snairceas air gach neach,
Mac an fhir nach b'fhuathach leam,
An nochd thog suas mo ghean.
Their mi ho-ro, &c.

CREACH-NA-CIADAIN.*

Tha muld, tha mulad,
Lion mulad ro mhòr mi,
'S ge d' is eigin domh fhulang,
Tha tuille 's na's leir orm;
Thromaich sac air mo ghiulan,
Le dùmhadas dòrainn,
Dh' amais dosgaich na bliadhn orm,
Creach-na-Ciadain so leon mi!

Creach-na-Ciadain so leon mi,
Dh' fhàg mi brèòite gu'n fhiabhras,
A dh'fhògair mo shlainte,
'S teara mo bhrathair 's na crìochan;
Agam glaoth an loin bhròuaich,
'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 ré domh bhì fallain,
Fhuair mi dìneir là Càisge,
'S cha b' fheairrde mo ghoin i.

Cha b' fheairrde mo ghoin i,
Ge do bha mi mu'n chòroinn,
'N diugh gur buan domh ri aithris,
Gu'n bhuail 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 chòmlra.

Cha'n fhaigh mi facal dheth chòmhra,
Chleachd mi mòran deth fhaotainn,
'N diugh dh' fhaodas mi ràite,
Gur uan gu'n mbàthair san trend mi,
'S ann is gna dhomh bhì tùrsach,
Gu'n bhrath fortachd as eugais,
'S o'n a chaochail e àbhaist,
'S teara a chaidh mo ghàir eibhinn.

'S teara a chaidh mo ghàir eibhinn,
Cha bheus domh bhì subhach,
Ghabh mi tlachd ann bì tùrsach,
Chuir mi ùigh ann bì dubhach,
Mu'n ti tha mi 'g iomradh,
Chuir an cuimhne mo phutar,
Nis o'n fhuair an uigh e-san,
Chaidh an caisead mo bhruthaich.

* This lamentation was composed on the death of John Breac Macleod.

Chaidh an caisead mo bhruthaich,
 'S mi fo chumha da dìreadh,
 Dol an truimead 's an àirde,
 An diugh a thainig mo dhìobhail:
 Dh' fhalbh mo laitheichean cìbhinn,
 O'n a thréig sibh Clàr-sgìthe,
 Tha mo thaic ann sua h-Earadh
 'N deigh fhalach 'na aonar.

'N deigh fhalach 'na aonar,
 Bi'dh e daonnan 'an uaigneas,
 Sgeul mu'n gearanach daoine,
 'S mnaí chaoiteach nan luath-bhos,
 'Siad a' co-stri r'a chèile,
 Ceol gun cìbhneas seachd truaighe!
 Leum mo chridhe 'ra spealtaibh,
 M' an chaismeachd 'n uair chualas.

Gur h-i chaismeachd so chualas,
 A luathaich orn tioma,
 Dh' fhàg to m' osnaich fuil bhrùite,
 A' sìor-dhrùthadh air m' innigh,
 'S fhaide seachduin na bliadhna,
 O'n a thrial sibh thair linne,
 Le frìmbach na fialachd,
 Bh'ann san lion-bhrat air fhilleadh,

'S ann san lion-bhrat air fhilleadh,
 Dh' fhàg mi spionnadh nan anfhann,
 Ceann-uidhe luchd-ealaidh,
 Mar ri earras luchd-seanachais.
 Agus ulaidh aos-dàna,
 Chuir do bhàs iad gu h-ìmcheist;
 'S o'n a chaidh thu sa chiste,
 Cha bu mhis a chùis fhàrmaid.

Cha bu mhis a chùis fhàrmaid,
 Ghabh mi tearbadh o'n treud sin,
 Far an robh mi a'm mheabh-bh-ghair,
 'An toiseach aimseir mo chéitein,
 'S ann an deireadh a Charbhais,
 A dhearbhadh ar feuchain
 Chaill mi 'n ùr-ghibht, a chreach mi,
 Anu an seachduin na Césda.

Ann an seachduin na Césda,
 Diciadain mo bhristidh,
 Chaill mi luchair na h-éudail,
 Cha mhi aon neach is mìst e,
 Gu'n bhrath faighinn gu bràth oirr',
 Sgeul a shàraich mo mhiseach;
 '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' fhaireach e thineas
 Leis 'n do mhilleadh a shlaime.

Far 'n do mhilleadh mo shlaime-s',
 'S ann a tharmaich dhòmh m' easlaint,
 Gu'n d' chuir aimsir na Càisge,
 Mi gu bràth fo throm airseal,
 Gheibh gach neach do na dh' fhàg thu,
 Rud 'an àite na bh' aca,
 Ach mis agus Màiri,
 A chuir a bràthair 'an tasgaidh.

Chaidh do bhràthair 'an tasgaidh,
 'Se mo chreach-sa gur fìor sud,
 'S ann an diugh tha mi 'g acain,
 Mar tha mhac na mhaol-ciarain,
 Agus ise bochd brònach,
 'N deigh a leonadh o'n chiadain,
 Thug mo mhaigbistir math uamsa,
 Leis 'n do bhuaineadh mo phian-bhron.

Mo phian-bhron a Mhàiri,
 Mar tha thu fo chumha,
 Nach faic thu do Bhràthair,
 Mar a b' àbhaist gu subhach,
 An sean-fhacal gnàthaichte,
 An diugh 's fìor e mar thubhairt:—
 "Cha robh meoghail ga miad,
 Nach robh na deigh galach, dubhach."

Nach robh na deigh galach, dubhach,
 'Se 'm fear subhach am beairteas,
 Cha'n fhaigh pinthar 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 bi leanbail,
 'S na bìdh marbh-ghean air t-uaislean,
 Cum an coimeas ruit féin iad,
 'S na toir beum dha t-àinm Ruairidh.

Ruairidh reachdar, ron-meanmach,
 Tartach, toirbeartach, teannuta,
 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 coileanach gann e,
Ach an ceannsgalach mileant'
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' bhrègan,
Na biodh daoin' ann am barail,
Ge d' tha car aig au òig ort,
Bidh gu fùghantach 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 dòlum 's rud aige,
Lean an dùthchas bu chòir dhut,
'S biodh mòr-chuis na t-aigheadh,
Ach ma leigeas tu dhìot e,
Bìdh na ciadan ga t-agairt,
'G ràdh gur crann sblatag chrìon thu,
'N àit' a ghnìomharaich bheachdail.

Maide dh' fhàs na chraoibh thoraidh,
Fo bhlà onarach àluinn,
Ann an lìos nan crann èuchdach,
Eba tlachd nan ceud ann 's gach àit' air,
Lean an dùthchas bu chathair,
A mhic an athar a chràidh sinn,
Na bidh ad chrìonaich gu'n duilleich,
Ann 'san ionad 'n do thàmh thu.

ORAN MOR MHIC-LEOID.

[EADAR AN CLARSAIR AGUS MAC-TALLA.]

Mìad a mhulaid tha 'm thaghall,
Dh' fhaig treoghaid mo chlàibh gu goirt
Aig na rinn mì ad dheighidh,
Air m' aghairt 's mo thrial gu port.
'S ann bha mis' air do thoir,
'S mì meas robh còir agam ort;
A dheagh mhic athar mo ghràidh,
B tu m' aighear, 's m' àdh, 's m' òle.

Chaidh a chuibhle mu'n cuairt,
Gu'n do thinnndaidh gu fuachd am blàthas,
Nalle chuna' mì uair,
Dùn flathail nan cuach a thràigh.

Far biodh taghaich nan duan,
Ioma' mathas gu'n chruas, gu'n chàs;
Dh' fhalbh an latha sin bhuain,
'S tha na taighean gu fuairidh fàs.

Dh' fhalbh, mac-tall' as an Dùn,
'N am sgarachdainn duinn r' ar triath;
'S ann a thachair e rium,
Air seacharan bheann, san t-shliabh.
Labhair e-san air thus—
"Math mo bharail gur tu ma 's fìor,
Chunna' mise fo' mhuirn,
Roi 'n uiridh an Dùn nan cliar."

A Mhic-talla, nan tùr,
'Se mo bharail gur tusa bhà,
Ann au teaghlach an fhìon',
'S tu g-aithris air gnìomh mo lamb;
"S math mo bharail gur mì,
'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,
Ann a bhaile 'n do thar mì m' iuil;
'S ann a nis dhuinn as léir,
Gu'm beil mis' a's tu féin air chùil.
A reir do chomais air sgeul,
O'n 's fear comuinn mì-féin a's tu;
'M beil do mhuinntearas buan,
Aig an triath ud, da'n dual an Dùn?

"Tha Mac-talla fo ghruaim,
Ann an talla 'm biodh fuaim a cheòil;
'S ionad taghaich nan cliar,
Gu'n aighear, gu'n mhiagh, gu'n phòit.
Gu'n mhire, gu'n mhuirn,
Gu'n iomrachia dlù nan còrn;
Gun chùirm, gu'n phailteas ri dàimh,
Gu'n mhaenas, gu'n mhàran beoil.

"S mì Mac-talla, bha uair
'G eisdeachd fathrum nan duan gu tigh;
Far bu mhuirneach am béus,
'N am cromadh do'n ghréin san t-sruth.
Far am b' fhoirmeal na seòid,
'S iad gu b-òranach, ceolmhor, clùth;
Ged nach faicte mo ghnùis,
Chluinnt' aca sa'n Dùn mo ghuth."

"N am eiridh gu moch,
Ann san teaghlach, gu'n spròc, gu'n ghruaim;
Chluinte gleadhraich nan dös,
'S an còile na' cois an t-suain;
'Nuair a ghabhadh i làn,
'S i gu'n cuireadh os n-aird na flusair;
Le meoir fhileanta bhinn,
'S iad gu ruith-leumach, dìonach, luath."

" Bhiodh a rianadair féin,
Cuir an òre gur h-e bhiodh ann ;
'S e g-eiridh na meas,
'S an éibhe gu tric na cheann.
Ge d' a b' ard leinn a fuaim,
Cha tuairgneadh 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 fàdaich féin ;
Dhomh-sa b' fhurasa dàdh,
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 ;
Fir chneatain ri clàir,
'S mnai' freagairt a ghnà cuir leò.
Da chomhairleach ghearr,
A labhairt 's gu 'm b'àrd an gloir ;
'S gu'm bu thitheach an guin,
Air an duine gu'n fhuil, gu'n fheoil."

" Gheibhte fhasgaich gu'n ghrain,
Na do thalla gu'n sgràig, gu'n fhuath ;
Muai' fhionna 'n fhuilte réidh,
Cuir buineis an céill le fuaim.
Le ceileireachd beoil,
Bhiodh gu h-ealanta, h-ordail, suaic ;
Bhiodh fear-bogha 'nan còir,
Ri cuir meo-ghair' a mheòir nan cluais.

" Thoir teachdaireachd bhuam,
Le deatam, gu Ruairidh òg ;
Agus innis dha féin,
Cuid de chunnard ged 'se Mac-Leòid.
E bhi'g amharc na dheigh,
Air an Iain * a dh-éug, s' nach beò ;
Ge bu shaihbhir 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

C U M H A

DO DH-FHEAR THALASGAIR.*

DH-FHALBH sòlas mo latha,
Dhòrchaich m' oidhche gu'n aighear,
Cha 'n eil lanntair na m' radhad,
'S gu'n mo chainnlean a' gabhail,
Tha luchd 'm foinneachd na'n laidhe sa'n ùir orr.

Bàs an Eoin so ma dheireadh,
Rinn ar leònachd gu soilleir,
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 bhuail oirn,
Sa dh' fhag uile fo ghruaim sinn,
Eadar islean a's uaislean do dhùthcha.

Se siol Leòid an siol dochair,
Sìol gu'n sòlas, gu'n sochair,
Sìol a bhroin a's na bochain,
Sìol gu'n cheòl a's gu'n bhroslium,
An siol dorainneach 's goirt a rùg sgiùirs orr.

Se'n clàr-sgìth an clàr ro sgìth,
Clàr na diobhail 's na dòsgainn,
Clàr gu'n eibhneas lann osnaidh,
Clàr nan deur air na rosgaibh,
An clàr geur, an clàr goirt, an clàr tùrsach.

Cneidh air chneidh 'sa chneidh chràiteach,
Na seana chneidhean ga 'n àrach,
Na 'n ùr chnàmhaibh an dràsta,
Sgrìob gach latha gar fàsgadh,
Gur tric taghaich a bhàis a toirt spuill dhinn.

Tha mi 'gràite le ceartas,
Thaobh aobharachd m' acaid,
Nach "fear e ri chlàistinn
An t-òlc cràiteach na fhaicinn,"
'S clàon a dh-fhag an sean-fhacal o thùs e.

with to make room for grooms, gamekeepers, factors, dogs, and the various *et ceteras* of a fashionable English establishment. We here beg the reader to note, that we have not said 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.

* Mr John M'Leod, son of Sir Roderick M'Leod.

AM PIOBAIRE DALL.

JOHN M'KAY, the celebrated piper and poet was born in the parish of Gairloch, Ross-shire, in the year 1666. Like his father, who was a native of Lord Reay's Country, he was born blind, but with perhaps the exception of a slight shade on their eyes, it would be difficult to the most acute observer to perceive that they had not their sight. When John had acquired the first principles or elementary parts of music from his father, he was sent to the College of Pipers in Skye, to finish his musical studies under the auspices of the celebrated Mac-Crummein. 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-Crummein 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 conglomerate 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 period of his apprenticeship; in short, he was infested with certain marauders, which detracted from his comfort and sleep. This circumstance he commemorated in the composition of a *piobaireachd* appropriately called "*Pronnadh nam Mial*," which, although his first effort, both as regards its variations and general structure, is equal to any thing of the kind.

One of the Mac-Crummeins, a celebrated musician known by the cognomen of Padruig Caogach, owing, we suppose, to his inveterate habit of twinkling or winking with his eyes, was about the time composing a new pipe tune. Two years had already elapsed since the first two measures of it became known and popular; but owing to its unfinished state, it was called "*Am port Leathach*." Some of the greatest poets have experienced more difficulty in supplying a single line or couplet than in the structure and harmonization of the entire piece—musicians, too, have experienced similar perplexities—and *Padruig Caogach* had fairly stuck. The embryo tune was every where chanted and every where applauded, and this measure of public approbation tended to double his anxiety to have it finished—but 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 Phàdrùig Chaogach*"—thus nobly re.

nouncing any share of the laudation which must have flowed upon the completion of the admired strain. Patrick, finding his peculiar province usurped by a blind beardless youth, became furiously incensed, and bribed the other apprentices to do away with his rival's life! This they attempted one day while walking together at Dun-Bhorraraig, 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-Cruimein, he returned to his native parish, where he succeeded his father as family-piper to the Laird of Gairloch. He was enthusiastically fond of music, and the florid encomiums which every where flowed in upon him, gave his inventive powers an ever-recurrent stimulus. During his stay in this excellent family, he composed no fewer than twenty-four piobaireachds, besides numberless strathspeys, reels and jigs—the most celebrated of which, are "*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*, and not to blow music *up* in his *a—*!"

Having returned to Gairloch, he never again went from home. He died in the year 1754, being consequently 98 years of age, and was buried in the same grave with his father, Ruairidh Dall, in the clachan of his native parish, Gairloch.

BEANNACHADH BAIRD DO SHIR ALASDAIR MAC-CHOINNICH,

TRIATH GHEARR-LOCH; AIR DHA NIGHEAN THIGHEARNA GHRANND A POSADH.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia an teach 's an tùr
'S an tì thainig ùr 'n-ur ceann,
Geug shonna, sholta gheibh cliù,
'Nì 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 Shì-phort an tòs
Dhiuchd an òigh is taitneich béus
'S o'n tuitear Shàileach a ris.
A fhreasdaileadh an rìgh na fheum.

'S bithidh Granndaich uime nach tìm,
Bu treubhaich iomairt 's gach ball.
O Spé a b' iomadaich linne,
A 's feidh air fìrichean àrd,

'S ann o na Cinnidhean nach fànn,
Thainig ann òigh is glaine cré,
Gruaidh chorcair, agus rosg mall,
Mala chaol, cham, 's cul réidh,

Tha h-aodann geal mar a chaile,
'S a corp sneachaidh air dheagh dhealbhh,
Maoth leanabh le gibeann saor,
Air nach facas fraoch no fearg.

Tha slios mar eala nan srùth,
'S a cruth mar ehanach an fheoir,
Cul cleachdach air dbreach nan téud,
No mar aiteal gréin air òr.

Bu cheòl-cadail i gu suain,
'S bu bhuachail' i air do-bhèus
Cainneal sholais feadh do theach,
A frithealadh gach neach mar fheum.

Gu meal thu-féin t-ùr bhean òg,
A Thriath Ghearr-Loch nan còrn fial
Le toil chairdean as gach tìr,
Gu meal thu 'i s beannachd Dhia,

Gu meal sibh breath, agus buaigh,
Gu meal sibh uaill, agus mùirn,
Gu meal sibh gach beannachd an céin,
'S mo bheannachd féin diubh air thùs.

'S iomadh beannachd agus teist,
Th'aig an òigh is glainne slios,
'S beannachd dha'n tì a thug leis,
Rogha nam bán an guè, sa meas.

DAN COMH-FHIURTACHD.

DO SHIR ALASDAIR MAC-DHOMHNAILL SHLEIBHTE.

[AIR DHA THIGHINN DHACHAIGH A LUNNAINN DO EHAISTEAL
ARMADAIL SA'N EILEAN SGATHANACH, AGUS A BHAIN-TIGHEARN'
ÒG MHAISEACH A BHI MÀRBL A STAIGH, AIR CHINN DA THIGHINN.
THARLADH DHA NA PHLOBAIRE DHALL A BHI STAIGH AIG AN ÌM,
AGUS SHEINN E 'N DÀN A LEANAS NA DHÀIL, A NICHADH DHA GU'N
CHÀILL IOMADH TRÉUN A'S FLATH AN CEUD GHRÀCH, D'A B'EIGIN
FADHEOIGH SÒLAS A GHLEACADH.]

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
Trotalrnis 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 slìochd nan rìrean o shean,
Dha'n robh miagh fainear air ceòl.

Ach 'sann dhomh-sa b'athne 'm bèus,
Na ghabh rium fein diù' o thùs,
Croinn-iubhair le brataichean sròil,
Loingeas air chòrs a's ròs-iùil.

Long a's leoghann a's lamh-dhearg,
Ga'n cuir suas an àinm an rìgh,
Suaicheantas le 'n eireadh neart,
'N nair thigeadh 'ur feachd gu tìr.

Na 'n tàrladh dhuibh' bhì air léirg,
Fo mhéirgh' dha'm biodh dearg a's bàn
Gu maiseach, faicilleach, treun,
Chuireadh sibh *ratreat* 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 mhac,
B'eòl dhomh Dòmhnall eile ris,
Chumadh fo chis na slòigh ceart.

B'eòl dhomh Dòmhnall nan trì Dòn'ull
'S ge b'òg e, bu mhòr a chliù,
Bhì'dh fearaibh Alb' agus Eirinn,
A 'g èiridh 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 dèigh.

Na'n tuiteadh m' aois cho fad a mach,
'S do mhac-sa theachd air mo thim—
B'e sin dhomh-s' an seachdamh glùn,
'Thainig air an Dùn ri' m' linn.

'S cha 'n ionghadh dhomh-sa bhì crìon,
A's mo chibhag a bhì liath
'S gach aon diu' le cridhe mòr
Toirt dhomh airgeid a's òir riamh.

'S gach aon diu' ga m' àrach clùth,
Thuigeadh iad uam gùth nam meur,
'S tha iadsa sàbhailt an diugh,
Anns a bhruth am b'eil iad féin.

'S tha mis' air fuireach sa'n àr,
'S mi cuir a bhlàir mar bha riamh,
'S mo chridhe 'g osnaich na'n dèigh,
Mar Oisian an dèigh, nam Fiann!

Gu meal thu t-oighreachd, 's do chliù,
Dheagh Mhic-Dhòmhnull nan ruin réidh,
'S ged dh'imich uat t-ùr bhean òg
Na biodh ort-sa bròn na dèigh.

'Sa liughad òigh thaitneach gun dì,
Tha eadar Clàr-sgith a's Mon-ròs
'S ma dha thaobh Arcamh a chùain
Deas a's tuath, thall sa bhùs.

Agus iad uil' ort an dèigh
Bheireadh dhut iad-féin 's an cuid,
Oighean taitneach nam beul binn,
Nam mèur grinn, 's nam brùine buig.

Chaill rìgh Bhreatainn, a's ba bhèud,
A leabaidh féin leug a ghaol
'S o na tharladh sud na chàr,
B'eigin dha bhì seal gu'n mhnai.

Mac-rìgh Sorchà* sgiath nan àrm
Gur h-e b'ainm dha Maighre borb,
Chaill e gheala-bhean mar ghéin,
'S dh'fhurich e-féin na deigh beò!

Chaill rìgh na h-Easpailt a bhean,
An ainmhir gheal nigh'n rìgh Greig,
'S gach aon diubh gabhail a null,
'S dh'imich o Fhionn a bhean féin.

On tha'n saoghal-so na cheò,
'S gur doigh dha bhì dol mu'n cuairt;
Bìdh'maid subbach annain féin
'S beannachd leis gach nì chaidh uainn.

* As Myro, son of the king of Sora,* was one day sailing in his little barque along the Irish coast, he came to a bay, remarkable for its beautiful seclusion. As his eye wandered here and there over every part of the smooth expanse, it at length rested on a group of nymphs desporting themselves, as they thought unseen, and enjoying the cool of a fine summer's eve among the waters. For a time, he fancied them mermaids, or daughters of the sea, and continued to gaze on them with admiration and awe; but observing, as he drew nearer, that their forms were entirely human, he made all sail to ascertain who they were! On observing his approach, they darted like lightning to conceal themselves in the crevice of an adjoining rock, whither fear and modesty compelled them to seek a hasty retreat. Determined to make captive of the fairest, whosoever she might be, he moored his skiff, and went in pursuit. He soon pounced upon them in their concealment, and carried off the most handsome. Awed with terror, and suffused with tears, she on her knees implored him for liberty,—telling him that her name was "*Fàine-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, 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.

* The island of Sorchà 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' fàgail na tìre,
'Siubhal na frith air an leath-taobh,
'S e dh'fhàg gun airgeid mo phòca,
Ceann mo stòir bhli fo' na leacan.

'S mi aig bràige 'n alltain riabhach,
A 'g iarraidh gu beallach na fèatha,
Far am bi damh dearg na cròice,
Mu Fhéill-an-ròid a dol san dàmhair.

'S mi 'g iarraidh gu Coir'-an-easain,
Far a tric a sgapadh fùdar,
Far am bi'dh miol-choin ga 'n teirbeirt,
Cuir mac-na-h-èilde gu dhùbbhan.

Coire gu'n easbhuidh gu'n iomrall,
'S tric a bha Raibeart ma d' chomaraich,
Cha n'eil uair a ni mi t-ìomradh,
Nach tuit mo chridhe gu troma-chràdh.

Upon which, Gaul, the son of Morni, stepping forth, encountered the stranger. But, valiant as was the arm of Gaul, he had well nigh been overpowered. Oscar, however, the son of Ossian, taking advantage of an exception to the Fingalian law, "not to aid either party in single combat with the *right hand*," hurled a dart at the young chief of Sora with his *left*; but which, missing its aim, unhappily pierced *Fàine-Solais* to the heart. Con-founded at the sight, Myro became unnerved, and was overpowered and bound by Gaul. *Fàine-Solais* was buried where she fell, and the young chief returned to Sora. The episode concerning the Maid of Craca, in the third book of Fingal, is to be regarded as another version of the same story, though perhaps the following poem, entitled "*Cach Mhaighre mhòir mhic rìgh Sorchà*," is the more correct. There are indeed several editions of this piece, all of which are good, but this, in our judgment, is the best. It furnishes internal evidence of its antiquity.

Là do Fhionn le beagan sluagh
Aig Eas-ruadh nan ùbha mall,
Chunnacas a' seòladh o'n lear
Curach cèò agus bean ann.

'S b' e sin curach bu mhadh gleus
A' ruith na steud air aghaidh eunain,
Clos cha d' riuneadh leis uo 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 chòibhar nan tonn,
Le fhuch-osraich 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 art ma 's tu Fionn,"
('S e labhair ruim am maise mnà)
" 'S i d' ghlùis do'n ànrach a ghrian,
'S i do sgiath ceann-tuighe na bàigh."

'S a gheug na maise fo dhriùchd bròin,
'S e labhair gu fòil mi fhéin,
Ma 's urra gorm-lannan do dhion,
Bidh ar cri nach tìom d'an réir.

" 'S e sin mise Coir'-an easan,
Tha mi 'n' sheasaidh mar a b' àbhaist,
Ma tha thu-sa na t-fhear calaidh,
Cluinneamaid annas do làimhe."

An àill leat mis' a rùsgadh ceòil dnt,
'S mi 'm shuidhe mar cheò air bealach,
Gu'n spéis 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.
Bh'i'n diugh ann san uaigh ga m' dhì-sa.

Na'n creideadh tu uam a Choire,
Gur h-e doran sud air m' iuntinn,
'S cuid mhòr a ghabhail mo leisgeil,
Nach urrainn mi seasamh ri seinn dut.

" Measar leam gur tu mac Ruairidh,
Chunna mi mar ris a chòirneal,
'N uair a bha e beò na bheatha
Bu mhiann leis do leathaid na sheòmar.

"Tòrachd a ta orms' air muir,
Laach is mòr guin air mo lorg,
Mac rìgh Sorchà sgiath nan arm,
Triath d'an ainm am Maighre borb."

'S glacam do chomraich a bhean,
Ro aon fhear a th' air do thì;
'S a dh' aindeoin a Mhaighre bhuirb,
Bidh tu am bruth Fhinn aig èilth.

Tha talla nan cìeag aig laimh,
Aite tàmh clanna nam fonn,
Far am faigh an t-anrach bàigh,
A thig thar bhàra nan tonn.

'Siv chunnacas a tighinn' mar steud
Laach a bha mhead thar gach fear,
A caitheamh na fairge gu dian
An taobh claid' a ghabh a bhean.

B' ard a chroinn, bu gheal a shùil,
Fu mhìre 'n t-ùil na còbhar sruth;
'Thig a mharaich nan steud stuadhach
Gu cuilm Fhinn nam buadh an diugh."

Bha chladhe trom toirteil nach gann
Gu teann air a shlios gu rèidh,
Sgiath dhrimeach dhùbh 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 truite beum,
D'a sgèith do rion sì da blàidh.

Dh' eirich Oscar 's dh' eirich Goll
Bheireadh losga lòn 's gach cat,
'S dh' eirich iad uile na slèigh
A dh'-amharc còmhag nam flath.

Sin thilg Oscar le làn-fheirg
A chraosach dhearg le laimh chil,
Do mharbhadh leis bean an fhir
'S mor an cion do riuneadh l'i.

Thiodhlaicheadh leinn aig an Fas,
Fàine-Solais bu ghlan lth,
'S chuir sinn air barraibh a mèdir,
Fàin òir mar onair gin rìgh.

"Bu lion'ar de mhaithean na h-Eireann,
Thigeadh gu m' réidhlean le h-ealaídh,
Sheinnead Ruairídh dall dhonn fáilte,
Bhíodh Mac-Aoidh 's a cháirdean mar ris."

O'n tha thus' a' caoidh nan ármunn,
Leis am b' abhaist bhi ga d' thaghall,
Gu'n seinn mi ealaídh gu'n duais dut,
Ge fada bhuam 's mi gu'n fhradharc.

'S lionmhor caochla teachd sa'n t-saoghal,
Agus aobhar gu bhi dubhach,
Ma sheinneadh san uair sin dut fáilte,
Seinnear an trá so dhut cumba.

"'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 choir,
'S gun fhéidh a' tearnadh gu d' bhaile,
'S ionadh neach da m' b' fhiach do mholadh,
Do chliath chorrach, bhiadhach, bhaíneach.

Do chloib, do bhorran, do mhillteach,
Do shlios a Choire gur lionach,
Lubach, luibheach, daite, dìonach,
'S fasgach do chuile 's gur fiarach.

Tha t-éideadh uil' air dhreach a chanaich,
Círeín do mhullaich cha chrannaich,
Far 'm bí' na féidh gu torrach,
'G eiridh farumach ma t-fhireach.

Sleamhuinn slios-fhad do shliochd àraich,
Gu'n an gáirt no'n cail mu t-íosal,
Mannach, màghach, adhach, tearnach,
Graidheach, craiceach, fradharc frithe.

Neòineineach, gucagach, mealach,
Lònanach, lusanach, imeach,
'S bòrcach do ghorm luachair bhealaich,
Gu'n fhuachd ri doinnionn ach cidheach.

Seamragach, sealbhagach, duilleach,
Min-leacach gorm-shléibhteach, gleannach,
Biadhach, riabhach, riagach, luideach,
Le 'n díolta cuideachd gu'n cheannach.

'S cruiteal leam gabhail do bhraghe,
Biolaire t-uisge ma t-innsibh,
Miodar, màghach, cnochdach cáthair,
Gu breac bláth-mhor an uchd min-fheoir.

Gu gormanach, tolmach, àluinn,
Lochach, lachach, dósach, crai-ghia'ch,
Gadharach, faghaideach, bràidheach,
G-iomain na h-eilde gu nàulaid.

Bùireineach, dubharach, bruachach,
Fradharcach, cròichd-cheannach, uallach,
Feòirneanach uisge nam fuaran,
Grad ghaisgeant' air ghàsgan cruadhlaich.

Colg-shulleach, fáileanta, biorach,
Spang-shronach, eangladhrach, corrach,
'S an amoch is meanbh-luath sireadh,
Air mhíre a' díreadh sa Chòire.

'Sa mhadaínn ag éiridh le'r miol-choin,
Gu mùirneach, maiseach, gasda, gníomhach,
Lubach, leacach, glacach, sgiamhach,
Cracach, cabrach, cnagach, fiannach,

'N am da'n ghréin dol air a h-uilinn,
Gu fuilteach, reubach, gleusda, guinnach,
Snapach, àrmach, calgach, ullamh,
Riachach, marbhach, tarbhach, giullach.

'N am dhuinn bhi' tearnadh gu d' réidhlean,
Tínniteach, cainteach, cáinnleach, céireach,
Fíonach, còrnach, ceòlar, teudach,
Ordail, eòlach, 'g òl le réite

Sguiridh mi nis' dhíot a Choire,
O'n tha mi toilicht' dheth do seanachas,
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,
Bh'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 internments in *Eilean-Fionain*, then the common burying-ground of both districts; and, as was the custom in former ages, consumed an anchor or two of whisky, and then fought. The presence of the clergyman was often required; and it was not seldom that his strength also was exhibited in parting the combatants. His character and prowess were so well-known that few men dared dispute his right as umpire. All were obliged to succumb to the pacificator; but the Suainart men alleged that he generally laid a heavy hand on them, the Moidart men being his own friends and relatives.

The Rev. gentleman had a large family of sons and daughters. The latter all died of the small-pox, after they had families of their own. An anecdote is still related concerning them. The small-pox raged in Moidart when his children were young, and Mr M'Donald removed with them to *Eilean-Fionain*, (not the burying-place but another island farther up in Loch-Sheil,) that they might escape the contagion that proved fatal to so many. And they did then escape. But nothing can more clearly evince our want of foresight and utter incompetency to judge of what is best than the result of the Rev. gentleman's care—that is, even taking it for granted that it was a consequence; for his daughters all died of the very malady from which he had been so anxious to guard them, and that at a time which to superficial thinkers would seem to have rendered the calamity awfully more distressing—when their death left several families of motherless children. The distress, we are but too apt to think, would have been greatly lessened if they had been taken away when their father consulted their safety by flight. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable to our dim vision!

Four of Mr M'Donald's sons lived to a good old age. Angus, the eldest, and his descendants, continued tacksmen of Dalilea for a century. Alexander, the subject of this memoir, was the second. His two younger brothers were settled in Uist as tacksmen.

The CLANRONALD of that day countenanced young men of merit. He wished young Alexander, of whom early hopes were entertained, to be educated for the bar. His father wished him to follow his own profession, and gave him a classical education. But

our poet, like many a wayward genius, followed his own inclination—and disappointed both his chief and his father. His abilities and qualifications fitted him for any calling; yet there seems to be a kind of fatuity attending those who woo the Muses, which often prevents them from adopting the most prudent and advantageous pursuits.

When attending college, it is certain, however, that he did not neglect his studies, as he was a good classical scholar. His genius was not of that kind which too easily indulges in the indolence and inactivity of life. His powers were great; and his energy of mind adequate to any task in which his will inclined him to act. But he was inconsiderate, or improvident. He entered into the married state before he had finished his studies, and soon found it necessary to attend to other avocations.* His marriage gave rise to the vulgar error, that he was intended to have been made a priest; but that, disliking the office, he disqualified himself by that rash step; whereas, he was a protestant of the English church.

As teaching is the usual and most proper occupation of students who must do something towards their own support, the poet, whose studies had been interrupted by his marriage, betook himself to that most useful, but arduous labour. It is said that he was at first teacher to the Society for propagating Christian knowledge.

We find him afterwards parochial schoolmaster of 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 of the progress the scholars were making, the schoolmaster called up a little boy† who had entered the school at the preceding term, and then commenced to learn the alphabet. He read now the Scriptures fluently and intelligibly. The Reverend gentlemen were well pleased with the specimen, and gave a favourable report of the school.

* "He was married to Jane McDonald, of the family of *Dail-an-eas*, in Glenetive. He composed a song on her, which is not remarkable for tenderness or affection, but cold and artificial, when compared with his lofty and impassioned strains in praise of *Mòrag*."—*Memoir prefixed to the Glasgow edition of 1839.*

† Duncan MacKenzie, 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 McDonald left his school and farm and joined the Prince. "Poor man," added he, "he lost his all." He also mentioned that the country was in an unsettled state for some time, and that he lost the opportunity of getting any more education.

A bard was, even in our poet's time, a conspicuous character, and that not only as the "man of song:" he was highly esteemed in war and in peace. He was first in council; consulted in all matters of importance as a man of acknowledged talent; as being shrewd, cautious, and intelligent. An anecdote will show the opinion entertained of our bard even in the eighteenth century. One day the clergyman and he met. They went to have a drink, and some conversation. "There is little public news, and what is the private?" enquired the clergyman. "Very little," was the answer. "Have you heard of any thing at all in my parish that is worth relating, or any thing the reverse?" "Nothing." "Then," said the minister, "I have a piece of news for you." "We shall hear it." "Yes; and it is, that one of my elders has got his nurse in the family way." "Is it possible!" "I understand that it is very true." The poet wondered that he had not heard of it. "How can any thing be known in the country, and I ignorant of it?" said he to himself. They parted. The poet felt chagrined: could not get over it. When he went home, he mentioned to Mrs McDonald the piece of intelligence communicated by the minister, but could not think who the elder was. She smiled, and told him it was himself,—she being in the family way, and nursing.

Of the changes and troubles of the year 1745, our author had his share. He laid down the ferula and took up the sword; abandoned his farm, and lost his all, in a cause which to cool reflection must have appeared hopeless. Prince Charles must have esteemed him as a highly accomplished scholar and a soldier, enthusiastic in his cause, so much attached to his interest, but, above all, as a bard. He was the Tyrtæus of his army. His spirit-stirring and soul-inspiring strains roused and inflamed the breasts of his men. His warlike songs manifested how heartily he enlisted in, and how sanguine he was in the success of the undertaking. He received a commission.

He not only changed his profession, and put all he had on the chance of the Prince's success, but he also changed his religion: he became a Roman Catholic. We need not wonder at this, as he was now among his friends and countrymen of that persuasion,—especially as he was given to changes. He was brought up a member of the Church of England; he was a member of the Church of Scotland when parochial schoolmaster and elder; and he became a member of the Church of Rome among his own clan and relations. The Mall bard, his constant antagonist, hit upon the true cause of his last change when he says:—

"Cha be 'n creideamh ach am brosgul,
Chuir thu ghinlan crois a phàpa."

After the year 1745, the bard and his elder brother, Angus, a man of a diminutive size, but of extraordinary strength,* escaped the pursuit of their enemies, and concealed

* Some good anecdotes are still current in Moidart about this great little man. He is called *Aonghas beag Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair*. We deem the following worth preserving:—*Colla bann* McDonald, of Barasdale, came one day to a ford of the Lochie which he was meaning to cross, and found Angus sitting on a stone taking off his shoes and stockings preparatory to going over also. The river was considerably swollen at the time, and Barasdale, who was a strong and tall man, accosted Angus as follows:—"My little fellow, keep on your shoes and stockings, as they

themselves in the wood and caves of Kinloch-na-nua, above Borradaile, in the district of Arisaig. Their local knowledge of the country, and the care and attention of friends, enabled them to elude all search, surmount difficulties, and endure privations to which many fell a sacrifice.

A well-authenticated anecdote of the poet and his brother demonstrate the courage of the soldier and the spirit of the times. One day, as they were removing from one place of concealment to another, Angus, observing that his brother's hair was grey, (the side of his head next the ground, cold and frozen, became quite grey the night before,) contemptuously declared him an old man. "I should not wonder," replied Alexander, "were it not a dwarf that called me 'a poor old man.'" Angus, turning instantly round, dared him to repeat his words. They were in imminent danger. The least noise or indication of persons concealing themselves might have betrayed the place of concealment, and it would not have been safe for them to remain any longer in that part of the country. Regardless of the situation and critical circumstances, the poet could not pass over an occasion of cracking a joke, and the spirit of the manikin was too high to suffer any contempt. The fear, however, of provoking the resentment of the redoubtable hero, made the bard observe silence.

After this eventful period, Alexander M'Donald lived poor. He was invited to Edinburgh by Jacobitical friends, residing in the metropolis, to take charge of the education of their children, and where he had a better opportunity of finishing the education of his own. From Edinburgh he returned to the Highlands, being disappointed of the expected encouragement, and took up his residence in Moidart. He and Mr Harrison, the priest, lived not on the best terms, and therefore he removed to Knoydart, and resided at Inveraoi.* He latterly returned into Arisaig, and resided at Sandaig till his death.

will make you wade the better, and make haste come over with me and keep in my wake; I will break the force of the stream, which will enable you to get over with the greater ease." Angus knew him, and thanked him for his goodness; he did also as he was bidden. When they were in the most rapid part of the stream, Barasdale was like to be overpowered by the current, and was for returning; which Angus dared him on his peril to do; and, placing himself between Coll and the stream, dragged him by sheer force to the other side. Then said Angus to him, "You called me 'little fellow' on the opposite side of the water; who, think you, might with greater propriety be called 'little fellow' on this side? Take advice: Never call any man *little* till you have proved him; and always try to form your estimate of a man's character by something more substantial than mere appearance. Remember, also, great as you are, that had it not been for a greater man than yourself you might have been meat for all the eels in the Lochie."

* He composed a number of songs after this: and one of them, entitled "*Ionraich Alasdair á Eigneig do dh' 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-eaglais chruaidh orm,
Mu'n cluinneadh a chluais trì chasaid." *

On the other hand, he represents *Inveraoi*, in Knoydart, a place like paradise,—full of all good things, blooming with roses and lilies, and flowing with milk and honey,—free of *ghosts, hobgoblins*, and *venomous reptiles*. How long he remained in this rocky paradise is not known; but he appears to have lived some time in Moidart, as he composed a very elegant song in praise of that country.

* For this song see the Glasgow edition of 1839, page 58.

He died at a good old age, and was gathered to his fathers in *Eilean-Fionain*, in Loch-Sheil.

Like most men of genius, who make some noise in the world, *Mac-Mhaighstir Alasdair* has been much lauded on the one side by the party whose cause he espoused, and as much vilified, and, in some instances, falsified, by the other party. Mr Reid, in his book, "*Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*," seems to have had his information from the last mentioned source. We have taken our account of him from undoubted authorities. We have seen individuals who knew and were intimate with him; and have been acquainted with many of his relatives, and some of his descendants. Let us now proceed to his works. The first given to the public was his "*Gaelic and English Vocabulary*," published under the patronage of the Society for propagating Christian knowledge in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland,—a work of acknowledged merit and great usefulness in the schools, and which is very creditable to the author. It appeared in 1741, and was the first Vocabulary or Dictionary of the language ever published in a separate form. It is not alphabetically arranged, but divided into subjects. His poems were first published at Edinburgh, in 1751, and but for their being in Gaelic must certainly have brought on their author the vengeance of the law agents of the crown, for it is scarcely possible to conceive of language more violent and rebellious than that of many of his pieces. The longest and most extraordinary of his poetical productions is his "*Birlinn Chlainn Raonuill*." "He has in his '*Birlinn*,'" says Mr Reid, "presented us with a specimen of poetry which, for subject matter, language, harmony, and strength, is almost unequalled in any language." He must have had the greatest command of the Gaelic language to have composed on a subject that would exhaust the vocables of the most copious.

From 1725 to 1745 he composed his descriptive poems, &c. "*Alt-an t-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 "*Óran an t-Samhraidh*," or "*Ode to Summer*," in which he is said to be delightfully redundant in epithets, like the season in its productions which he describes, he composed at Glencribisdale, situated on the south side of Loch-Snainart, in the parish of Morven. He came there on a visit the last day of April; and rising early next morning, and viewing the picturesque scenes around, was powerfully impressed with the varied beauties of nature, displayed in such ample profusion. His "*Ode to Winter*" is longer, and indicative of even greater powers of genius. The reason why this poem is not so popular as the forementioned is probably because it contains so many recondite terms and allusions. If it were as generally understood it would doubtless be as well appreciated. It was composed in Ardnamurchan, as well as many others in which scenes and events have been described which enable us to point out the locality and relate the circumstances that gave occasion to them. But

after leaving Ardnamurchan, a subject presented itself that required all his energy, exertion, and enthusiasm,—and he was not wanting in either of them. His powers, both bodily and mental, were roused to action. His soul was fired with the prospect in view. He invoked the Muse, and she was auspicious. The few that remain of his Jacobite poems and songs are known to excel all other productions of this mighty son of song. The “Lion’s Eulogy” breathes Mars throughout: so does the Jacobite song, sung to the tune of “*Waulking o’ the Fauld*,” beginning “*A chomuinn rioghail rùnaich*.” The song entitled “*An Breacan Uallach*” is equally spirited and warlike.

We have good authority for saying that a tenth of these poems and songs have not been given to the world. His son Ronald had them all in manuscript; but having published a collection of Gaelic poetry, and not meeting with much encouragement for a second volume, he allowed his MS. to be destroyed. Dr. M’Eachen, a friend and connexion, had the mortification of seeing leaves of them used for various purposes through the house.

Mr M’Donald could bear no rival. He often selected indifferent subjects to try his own powers. For instance, “The Dairy Maid,” and “The Sugar Brook.” But, while as a poet he merits the highest praise, he is not to be excused for his immoral pieces, which of course are excluded from the “*BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY*.”

MOLADH AIR AN T-SEANA CHANAIN GHAEALACH.

Gur h-i 's crìoch àraid
Do gach cainnt fo'n ghréin,
Gu ar smuaintean fhàsinhor
A phàirteachadh r'a chéil';
Ar n' inntinnean a rùsgadh,
Agus rùn ar crì,
Le 'r gnìomh, 's le 'r giùlan,
Sùrd chuir air ar dìth.
'S gu laoidh ar beoil
A dh'ìobradh Dhia nan dùl,
'S e h-ard chrìoch mhòr,
Go bi toirt dòsan elìù.
'S e'n duine féin,
'S aon chreutair reusant ann,
Gu'n tug toil Dé dh'a,
Gibht le bheul bhí cainnt:
Gu'n chum e so,
O'n-uile bhrùid gu léir;
O ghibht mhòr phrìseil-s'
Dhealbh na ìomhaidh féin!
Na'm beirte balbh e,
'S a theanga marbh na cheann,
B'i n iarguin shearbh e,
B' fhearr bhí marbh no ann.

'S ge h-ìomadh cànan,
O linn Bhabel 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 mì-run mhòr nan Gail.
'S i labhair Alba,
'S Galla-bhodaiche féin;
Ar fàith, ar priunnsai,
'S ar diùcannan gun éis.
An taigh-comhairl' an rìgh,
'Nuair shùidheadh air beinn' a chùit,
'S i Ghàellig Ìobhta,
'Dh' fhuasgladh snaim gach cùis.

'S i labhair Calum
 Allail ! a chinn-mbòir,
 Gach mith, a's maith,
 Bha 'n Alba beag a's mòr.

'S i labhair Gaill, a's Gàcil,
 Neo-chleirich, a's eléir
 Gach fear a's bean,
 A ghluaisleadh teang' am béul.
 'S i labhair Adhamh,
 Ann a Pàrrais féin,
 'S bu shiobhlach Gàilig
 O bheul àluinn Eubh'.
 Och tha bhuil ann !
 'S uireasach gann fo dhìth,
 Glòir gach teanga
 A labhras cainnt seach i.
 Tha Laideann coimbliont',
 Toirteach, teann ni's leoir ;
 Ach sgalach thràilleil e
 Do'n Ghàilig chòir.
 Sa'n Athen mhoir,
 Bha Ghrèuguis còr na tim,
 Ach b'ion d' i h-òrdag
 Chuir fo h-òr chrios grinn.
 'S ge min, slim, bòidheach,
 Cuirteil, rò bhog riobht',
 An Fhraingeis lòghmhor,
 Am *pàilis* mòr gach rìgh ;
 Ma thagras càch orr',
 Pairt d'an ainbhfheich' 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 tharraimn gaoth tro' bheul.
 'S 's fearr gu combhairl',
 'S gu gnodhach chuir gu fenn,
 Na aon teang' Eòrpach,
 Dh' ain-deoin bòsd nan Greug.
 'S 's fearr gu rusg,
 'S air chosabh a chuir dhuan ;
 'S ri cruaidh uchd cosgair,
 Bhrosnachadh an t-sluaigh.
 Ma chionneamh bàr,
 'S i 's tábhadhaich bheir buaidh,
 Gu toirt a bhàis
 Do 'n eucoir dhàicheil, chruaidh.
 Cainnt laidir, ruitheach,
 Is neo-liotach fuaim ;
 'S i seadhail, sìochdmhor,
 Brisg-ghloireach, mall, luath.

Cha'n fheum i iasad,
 'S cha mhò dh' iarras bhuath' ;
 O 'n t-sean mhathair chiatlach,
 Ian do chiadamh buaidh !
 Tha i-féin daonna,
 Saibhir, maoineach, slàn ;
 A taighean taisge.
 Dh' fhaclan gasda làn.
 A chànan, sgapach,
 Thapaidh, bhlasda, gbrinn !
 Thig le tartar,
 Neartmhòr, o beul cinn.
 An labhairt shìolmhor,
 Lionmhor, 's mìlteach buaidh.
 Sultmhòr, brighor,
 Fhìr-ghlan, chaoidh nach truail !
 B' i' n teanga mhillis,
 Bhinn-fhaclach 's an dàu ;
 Gu spreigeil, tioram,
 Ioraltach, 's i làn
 A chànan cheòlmhor,
 Shòghmhòr, 's glòrmhor blas,
 A labhair mòr-shliochd
 Scòta 's Ghàcil ghlaiss.
 'S air reir Mhic-Comb,
 An t-ùghdar mòr ri lùagh !
 'S i's freumhach òir,
 'S ciad *Ghràmar* glòir gach sluaigh !

MOLADH MORAIG.

AIR FÒNN—"Piobaireachd."

Urlar.

'S truagh gun mì 's a' choill
 'N uair bha Mòrag ann,
 Thilgeamaid na croinn
 Co bu bhòich' aguinn ?
 Inghean a chùil duinn,
 Air am beil a loinn,
 Bhi'maid air ar broinn
 Feadh na ròsan ;
 Bhreugamaid sinn fhìn,
 Mìreag air ar blion,
 A buain shobhrach mìn-bhui'
 Nan còsagan ;
 Theannamaid ri strì
 'S thaghlamaid san fhrith
 'S chailleamaid sinn fhìn
 Feadh nan sròineagan.

Suil mar ghòrm-dheare driùchd
 Ann an ceò-mbadainn ;
 Deirg' is gil' na d' ghnùis
 Mar bhà òirseidin.

Shuas cho mìn ri plùr :
 Shìos garbh mo chulaidh-chiùil ;
 Grian nam planad gùrs,
 A measg òigheanman ;
 Reulla ghlan gun smùir
 Measg nan rionnag-iùil ;
 Sgathan mais' air fùra
 Na bòichid thu ;
 Ailleagan glan ùr,
 A dhallas ruisc gu'n cùl ;
 Ma's ann de chriaghaich thù
 'S aobhar mòr-loughnaidh.

O'n thainig gnè de thùr
 O m' aois òige dhomh,
 Nir facas creutair dhù,
 Ba cho glòrmhoire ;
 Bha Malli dearbha caoin,
 'S a gruaidh air dhreach nan caor ;
 Ach caochlaidheach mar ghaoith,
 'S i ro ùranach ;
 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 ruisc bhi fionn ;
 Ach cha ba shà buirn-ionnlaid,
 Do'n Mhòraig-s' iad.

Siubhal.

O ! 's coma leam, 's coma leam,
 Uil' iad ach Mòrag ;
 Ribhinn dheas chulach
 Gun uireasbhuidh foghlum ;
 Cha'n fhaighear a siunnailt,
 Air mhaise no bhunnailt,
 No'm beusan neo-chumant',
 Am Muile no'n Leoghas.
 Gu geamnuidh, deas furanach.
 Duineil gun mhòr-chuis ;
 Air thaghadh na cumachd,
 O mullach gu brògan ;
 A neul tha neo-churaidh,
 'S a b-aghaidh ro lurach ;
 Go brìodalach, cuireideach,
 Urramach, seòlta.

O guili-gag ! guili-gag !
 Guili-gag Mòrag !
 Aice ta chulaidh
 Cu cuireadh nan òigear ;
 B' é'n t-aighear 'sa sulas,
 Bhi sìnte ri t-ulaidh,
 Seach daonnan bhi fuireach
 Ri munaran pòsaidh.
 D'am phianadh, 's d'am ruagadh
 Le buaireadh na feola ;
 Le aislingean-counain
 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 tu'n dinneadh
 Gu'n cinneadh tu deonach ;
 An deirgead, an grinnead ;
 Am minead, 's an teinnead ;
 Gu'm b'asainn chur spionnaidh,
 Agus spioraid am feoil iad.

Urlar.

Thogamaid ar fonn,
 Anus an òg-mhadainn ;
 'S *Phæbus* dath na'n toun,
 Air fianh òrensinn ;
 Fa'r cèill cha bhiodh conn,
 Ar sgà' dhoir' a's thom,
 Sinn air daradh trom
 Le'r cuid gòr-aileis ;
 Direach mar gu'm biodh
 Maoiseach's boc a frìth,
 Crom-ruaig a chéile dìon
 Timcheall òganann ;
 Chailleamaid ar clì
 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 dhomb caitheanhn,
 'S a laodaich mo rathan,
 A bhallag ghrinn laghach,
 Chuir na gathan-sa m'fheol-sa.

'S mar bithinn fo ghlasaibh,
 Cruaidh phaisgte le pòsadh,

Dh'ìobrainn cridhe mo phearsa,
 Air an altair so Mòrag,
 Gu'n liubhrainn gun airisneul,
 Ag stòlaibh a càs e ;
 'S mar gabhadh i tlachd dhiom,
 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 mhoel-thra Di-dòmhuach.

'S tu reulla nan cailin,
 Làn lannir gun cheò ort ;
 Fìor chomhnart gun charraid,
 Gun arral, gun bheòlam ;
 Cho min ri cloidh-eala,
 'S cho geal ris a ghaillinn ;
 Do sheang shlios sèamh fallain,
 Thug barrachd air mòran.
 'S tu ban-rìgh nan ainmhir,
 Cha sgallais an còmhraidh ;
 Ard foinnidh na d' ghallan,
 Gun bhaileart, gun mhòr-chuis ;
 Tha thu coimhliont' na d' bhallabh,
 Gu h-innsigineach athlamh ;
 Caoin, meachair, farasd,
 Gun fharum, gun ròpal.

Ullar.

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 ghniomh bhios clao,
 Cuireadh e cruaidh-shuim
 Air o'n ghòraich sin :
 Ach thug i so mo chiall,
 Uile bhuam gu trian ;
 Cha'n fhaca mi riamh
 Siunnailt Mòraig-sa,
 Ghoid i bhuam mo chri,
 'S shlad i bhuam mo chli,
 'S cuiridh i 'san chill,
 Fo na fòdaibh 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'fhuas,
 Na mi mionaid uat fuireach,
 Ge d' tha buarach na dùnach

D'am chumail o d' phòsadh.
 Do bheil mar an t-sirist,
 'S e millis ri phògadh,
 Cho dearg ri bhermillian,
 Mar bhileagan ròsan :
 Gu'n d'rinn thu mo mhillleadh,
 Le d' Chupid d'am bhiòradh,
 'S le d'shaighdan caol, biorach,
 A rinn ciorram fa m' chòta.

Tha mi lan mulaid,
 O'n chunnaic mi Mòrag,
 Cho trom ri clach-mhuilinn,
 Air lunnan d'a seòladh :
 Mac-samhail na cruinneig,
 Cha'n eil auns a chruinne ;
 Mo chri 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 ;
 Ri Pheonix cho aineamh ;
 'S glan lannir do chòta :
 Gu m'ùirnneach bannail,
 Gun àrdan gun stannart ;
 'S i corr ann an ceanal,
 Gun ainns gun fhòtas.
 Na faicte mo leannan
 'S a mbath-shluagh di-dònaich,
 B'i coltas an aingeal,
 Na h-earradh's na comhradh ;
 A pearsa gun talach
 Air a gibhtean tha barrachd ;
 A'n, Tì dh' fhàg thu gun aineamh,
 A riun do thalamh rud bòidheach.

Ullar.

Tha 'n saoghal lan de smaointeannan fcolar,
 Mamon bi'dh 'g ar claudh
 Le ghoisnichean ;
 A choluinn bheir oir'n gaul
 Ghabhail gu ro fhaoin,
 Air striopachas, air craos,
 Agus stròthalachd :
 Ach cha do chreid mi riamh
 Gu'n do sheas air sliabh,
 Aon te bha cho ciatach
 Ri Mòraig-sa ;
 A subhailean 's a ciall,
 Mar gu'm biodh ban-dia.
 Leagh an cri am chliamh
 Le cuid òrrachan.

Sinbhal.

Ar comhairle na ceilibh orn.
 Ciod eile their no ni mi ?
 Ma'n ribhinn bu tearc ceileireadh,
 A sheinneadh air an fhìdeig :
 Cha'n fhaighear à lethid eile so,
 Air tìr-mòr no 'n eileanan ;
 Cho iomlan, 's cho eireachdail.
 Cho teiridneach, 's cho biogail,
 'S ni cinnteach gur ni deireasach
 Mar ceileir so air Sine,
 Mi thuiteam an gaol leath-phairteach,
 'S mo cherenion ga'm dhiobhail ;
 Cha'n eil do bhùrn a Seile sid,
 No shneachd au Cruachan eilideach
 Na bheir aon fhionnach eiridneach
 Do'n teine th'ann am innsgin.

'Nuair chuala mi ceol leadanach
 An fheadain a bh'aig Mòrag.
 Rinn m'aigheadh 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 sgàl-eughach, glan ceolmhor,
 Nam binn-phort stuirteil, trileanta,
 Rì min-dhionachd, bog rò-chaoin ;
 A màrsal combuaird staideil sin,
 'S e lùghmhor grasmhor caiseamachd ;
 Fìor chrunluath, brig, spalpara,
 Fa clia-lù na bras-chaoin sporsail.

Chinn pois, is stuirte, a's sprai-chealachd,
 Am ghnais 'n uair bheachdaich giùamag,
 A seinn an fheadain ìoraltaich,
 B'ard iolach ann am chluasan ;
 A suain-cheol, sìthe mìr-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 uaimhrich !
 'S na h-uilt bu lùghmhor cromainean
 Air thollaibh a chroinn bhuadhaich !
 Gun slaod-mheoirich, gun ronnaireachd,
 Brìsg, tioram, sochdair, colaideach ;
 Geal-lùdag nan gearra-cholluinnnean,
 Na craplù, loinneil, guanach !

Urlar.

Chasgamaid ar u-ìot
 Le glan fhion an sin,
 'S bhualamaid gu dian
 Air glòir shìombhalta :
 Tuille cha bhiodh ann,
 Gus an tigeadh àn,

A bhi cluich air dàm,
 Air na tiodhan sin :
 Dh'òlaimaid ar dràm,
 Dh'fhògradh uainn gun taing,
 Gach ui chuireadh maill
 Air bhi miog-chuiseach ;
 Maighdean nan ciabh fann,
 Shuamhanach nan clann ;
 Mala chaol, dhonn, cham,
 Channach, fhinealta.

An crunluath.

Mo cheann tha lìn de sheilleanaibh
 O dheilich mi ri d'bhridal ;
 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 b-e frid i.
 Dh'fhalbh mo cheudfaidh còrporra
 Gu docharach le brudair,
 'N uair shaoil mi fortan thor chairt domh,
 'S mi'm thorroichim air mo chluasaig :
 Air dùsgadh as a chaithream sin
 Cha d'fhuair mi ach aon fhaileas d'i,
 An ionad na maoin bearraideach
 A mheal mi gu seachd uairean.

Ach, ciod thug mi gu glan fhaireachadh,
 Ach carachadh rinn cluanag :
 'S co so, o thus, bha Mhòrag ann,
 Ach Sine an òr-fhuilte chualaich ;
 '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 fhin thaobh 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 Mìrag i ;
 Gun d' aigis mi mo phogau dù,
 'S cha robh d'a coir dad uaipe.

Note.—This is one of the finest productions of the Celtic muse. The bard appears to have been really enamoured, and he pours forth his elegant, rapid, and impassioned strains in a torrent of poetry which has never been equalled by any of his contemporaries. Mòrag was a common country girl; and it is said that the poet's wife became jealous of her rival. The bard had talked of the marriage ties with the greatest contempt, and regretted that he was fettered with the bonds of wedlock. This raised a storm, and the bard sacrificed the mistress to appease the wife, and composed his "*Mhòladh*." Here is an instance of his disregard to truth and common decency, as well as of moral and poetical justice. As the praise was exaggerated and extravagant, the censure was cruel, unmanly, and undeserved. He first raised the object of his admiration to the skies, with the

most hyperbolic praise—and then, without any provocation, he suddenly wheels round and overwhelms his goddess with the most slanderous, foul-mouthed and unfeeling abuse. His “*Mì-mholadh Mòraig*” is printed in the *Glasgow complete edition of his works of 1839*.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

AIR Fonn—“*Through the wood, laddie.*”

AN déis dhomh dùsgadh 's a'mhadainn,
'S an dealt air a chùill,
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.*

Bi'dh am beithe deagh-bhoilrach,
Urail dosrach nan càrn,
Ri maoth-bhlàs drùchd céitean,
Mar ri caoin-dhearsadh gréine,
Brùchdadh barraich tro gheagan,
'S an mhios cheutach sa Mhùigh;
Am mìos breac-laoghach, buailteach;
Bhainneach, bhuaghach, gu dàir!

Bi'dh gach doire dlù naighnidh
'S trusgan uain' ump a' fàs;
Bi'dh an suothach a dìreadh
As gach friamhach a's isle,
Tro 'na cuislinnean suiomhain,
Gu miadachadh blà;
Cuach, a's smeòrach 's an fheasgar,
Seinn a leadain 'u am bàrr.

* We have heard it broadly asserted, that the commencing stanza of this song is a mere translation of the first stanza of a certain song in “*Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany*.” That there is a general similarity between these two stanzas, is admitted at once; and that M'Donnald may have seen the “*Miscellany*,” and also read the stanza in question, is likewise conceded. But that the similarity between the two is such as to warrant the conclusion that *he must have seen it*, we cannot allow. As to its being a translation, if our opinion were asked, we would say at once “*It is not*.” But we subjoin the lines from the “*Miscellany*,” that the reader may have the better opportunity of judging:—

“As early I wak'd,
On the first of sweet May,
Beneath a steep mountain,
Beside a clear fountain,
I heard a grave lute
Soft melody play,
Whilst the echo resounded
The dolorous lay.”

Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany, Vol. I.

A mìos breac-uigheach, braonach,
Cramhach, maoth-rosach, àidh!
Chuireas sgeadas neo-thruaillidh,
Air gach àite d'a dhùnachneachd;
A dh'fhogras sneachd le chuid fuachd,
O gheur-ghruain nam beann ìrd;
'S aig meud eagail roi *Phabus*,
Theid's na speuraibh 'na snàl.

A mìos lusanach, mealach,
Feurach, failleanach, blàth;
'S e gu gnagach, duilleach,
Luachrach, dìtheanach, lurach,
Beachach, seilleanach, deareach,
Ciurach, dealltach, trom, thà;
'S i mar chuirneanan daimèin,
Bhratach bhoisgeil air làr!

'S moch bhios *Phabus* ag òradh
Ceap nam mòr-cruach 's nam beann;
'S bi'dh 'san uair sin le sòlas,
Gach eun binn-fhaclach boidheach.
Ceumadh meur-buillean ceòlar,
Feadh phres, ògan, a's ghleann;
A chorruil chuirteach gun sgreadan,
Aig pòr is beadarraich greann!

'S an am tighinn do'n fheasgar,
Co-fheasgradh aon am,
Ni 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.

Bi'dh gach creutair do laigid
Dol le suigart do'n choill;
Bi'dh an dreadhan gu balcant',
Foirmeil, talcorra, bagant',
Sir chuir fàilt air a mhadainn,
Le rifeid mhaisich, bhuig, bhinn;
Agus *Robin* d'a bheusadh
Air a ghéig os a chinn.

Gur glan gall-fheadan *Ri har!*
A seinn na'n cuislinnin grinn,
Am bàrr nam bilichean blàthor,
'S an dós na lom-dharag àrda,
Bhiodh 's na glacagan fàsaich
As cuibhraidh fàile na'm fion;
Le phuirt thriolanta shiubhlach
Phronnair lùghor le dìon.

Sid na puirt a's glan gearradh.
'S a's ro ealanda roinn;
Chuirceadh m'fuintinn gu beadradh,
Clia-lù t-fheadain ma'n eudradh,

'N am do'n chrodh bhi g'an leigeadh,
An innis bheirtir's a' choill;
'S tu d' leig air baideil ri cionthar,
An grianan aon-chasach cruinn.

Bi'dh bradan seang-mhear an fhìor-uisg',
Gu brisg, slinn-leunnach, luath;
Nam bhuidhnean tarra-ghealach, lannach,
Gu h-iteach, dearg-bhallach, earrach,
Le shoillesean airgeid d'a earradh,
'S min-bhreac lainnireach tuar;
'S e-féin gu crom-ghobach ullamb,
Ceapadh chuileag le cluain.

A bhealltuinn bhog-bhailceach, ghrianach,
Lònach, lianach, mo ghràidh,
Bhainneach, fhionn-mheagach, uachdrach,
Omhanach, loinideach, chuachach,
Ghruthach, shlamanaich, mhiosrach,
Mhiodrach, mhiosganach làn,
Uanach, mheannanach, mhaoinneach,
Bhocach, mhaoiseach, làn àil!

O! 's fìor éibhinn r'a chluintuinn,
Fann-gheum laoi' anns a chrò
Gu h-ùral, min-bhallach, àluinn;
Druim-fhionn, gearr-fhionnach, fàili,
Ceann-fhionn, colg-rasgach, cluas-dearg,
Tarra-gheal, guaineiseach, òg,
Gu mògach, bog-ladhrach, fàsor,
'S e leum ri bàraich nam bò!

A shòbhrach gheala-bhuì' nam bruachag,
Gur fanna-gheal, snuaghar, do ghuùis!
Chinneas badanach, cluasach,
Maoth-mhìn, bagaita luaineach;
Gur tu ròs is fearr cruadal
A nì ghlasad a h-ùir;
Bi'dh tu t-eideadh as t-earrach
'S c ch ri falach an sùl.

'S eùraidh fàileadh do mhuineil,
A chrios-Cho-chulainn nan càrn!
Na d' chruinn bhàbaidhean riabhach,
Lòineach, fhad-luigheach, sgianhach,
Na d'thuim ghiobagach, dreach-mhìn,
Bharr-bhuidh, chasurlaich, àird;
Timcheall thulmanan diamhair
Ma m bi'm biadh-ianain a fìs.

'S gu'm bi fìorineisean boisgeil
A thilgeas foincal ni's leoir,
Ar gach lù-ghart de neoinein,
'S do bharrabhaigh sheamragan lòmhar;
Mar sin is leasachan soilleir,
De dh-fheada-coille nan còs,
Timcheall bhoganan loinneal,
A's tric an eilid d'an còir.

'Nis treigidh coileach á ghucag,
'S caitean bruceach nan craobh,
'S théid gu mullach nan sliabh-chnoc',
Le chire ghearr-ghobaich riabhach,
'S bi'dh'ga suiridh gu cùirteil
Am pillein cùl-gorma fraoich:
'S ise freagra le tùchan:—
“ Pì-hù-hù tha thu faoin.”

A choilich chraobhaich nan gearr-sgiath,
'S na falluine dùl',
Tha dubh a's geal air am miosgadh,
Go ro oirdheire na t-ìtich;
Muineal lainnireach, sgipi,
Uaine, slis-mhìn, 's tric crom!
Gob na'n pongannan millis
Nach faict' a sìleadh nan ronn!

Sid an turaraich ghlan, loinneal,
A's ard coilleag air tom,
'S iad ri bù-rà-rùs seamb, céutach
Ann a feasgar bog céitean;
Am bannal geal-sgirteach, 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 FOKN—"Tweedside."

THARRUINN grian rìgh nam planad 's nan rèull,
Gu sign Chancer di-ciadain gu beachd,
A riaghlas cothrom ma'n eriochnaich e thriall,
Da mhios-déug na bliadhna ma seach;
Ach gur h-e 'n dara, di-sathuinn' na dhéigh,
A ghrian-stad-shamraidh, aon-déug, an là's fàid;
'S a sin tiuntaidh e chùrsa gu seimh,
Gu seas-ghrian a gheamhraidh gun stad.

'S o dh'imich e 'nis uainn m'an cuairt,
Gu'm bi fuachd oir'n gu'm pill e air ais,
Bi'dh gach là dol an giorrad gu féum,
'S gach oidhe de do réir dol am fad:
Sruthaidh luibhean, a's coill, agus fear,
Na fàs-bheodha crìon-éugaidd iad as;
Teichidh snodhach gu friambach nan crann,
Sùighidh glaohan an sùgh-bheath' a steach.

Seachdaidh géugan glan cùbhraidh nan crann,
Bha's an t-samhradh trom-stràc-te le meas,
Gu'n tòrr-leum an toradh gu lár,
Gu'n sgriosair an bàrr far gach lìos.
Guilidh feadain a's creachainn nam beann,
Sruthain chrìostail nan gleann le trom sprochen,
Caoidh nam fuaran ri meaculnn gu'n cluinne,
Deoch-shunnta nam maioseach 's nam boc.

Laidhidh bròn air an talamh gu léir,
Gu'n aognaich na sléibhteann's na cnuic;
Grad dubhaidh caoin uachdar nam blàr,
Fal-rùisgte, 's iad fàillinneach bochd.
Na h-eoin bhuchallaich' bhreac-iteach, ghrinn,
Sheinneadh basganta, binn, am barr dhòs,
Gu'n téid a ghlas-ghùib ar am beul,
Gun bhodha, gun teud, 's iad nan tost.

Sguiridh bùirdisich sgiathach nan speur,
D'an ceileiribh grianach car greis,
Cha seinn iad a' maidnean gu h-àrd,
Na fcasgaran chràbhach 's a' phreas;
Cadal cluthor gu'n dean anns gach còs,
Gabhail fasgaidh am frògamh nan creag;
'S iad ag ionndrainn nan gatbanan blàth,
Bhiodh ri dealradh o sgàile do theas.

Cuirear daltachan srian-bhuidh nan rìs
Bharr mhìn-chìoch nan òr-dhìthean beag,
'S inghean gucagach lili nan lìn,
Nam fluran, 's gheal noinein nan eug;
Cha deoghlair le beachan nam bruch,
Cròdhaidh fuarachd car cuairt iad na sgeap;
'S cha mho chruinnicheas seillein a mhàil,
'S thar gheal-ùr-ros chroinn garaidh cha streap.

Tearnaidh bradan, a's sgadan, 's gach iasg,
O t-iarguinn gu fìa-ghrùnnd nan loch;
'S gu fan air an aigein dù-dhonn,
Ann an doimhneachd nam fonn a's nan slochd.
Na bric tharra-ghéalach, earra-ghobhlach shliom,
Leumadh mearagant', ri usgraichean chop,
Nam cairtealan geamhraidh gu'n tàmh,
Meirbh, sàmhach, o thàmh thu fo'n ghlob.

Chàs a's ghreannaich gach tulach, 's gach tòim,
'S dèite lom chinne gach fireach, 's gach glac;
Gu'n d' obhreach na sìtheanan feoir,
Bu Insanach, feoirneanach brat;
Thiormaich monaiean, 's ruadhaich gach fonn;
Bheuchd an fhairge 's ro thonn-ghreannach gart;
'S gu'n sgreitich an dùlachd gach long,
'S thèid an cabhlach na long-phort a steachd.

Néulaich paircean a's miodair gu bàs,
Thuit gach fàsach, 's gach àite fo bhruid;
Chiarach monadh nan iosal 's nan ard;
Theirig dathanan gràsmlhor 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, smèorach, a's cuach, agus druid.

A fhraoich bhada-naich, ghaganaich, ùir,
D'am b'ola's d'am b'fhudar a mhil,
B'i bhlàth ghrian do bhalet's gach uair,
Gu guillachd do ghruaige le sgil;
'S a mhadain iuchair 'nuair bhoisgeadh a ghuùis,
Air bhuidhinnin driùchdach nan dril,
B'fhor chùbhraidh 's gu'm b'eibhinn an smùid
So dh'eireadh bharr chuirnein gach bil.

Gu'n theirig suth-talmhuinn nam bruach;
Dh-fhalbh an enuasach le'n trom-lubadh slat,
Thuit an t-ubhall, an t-siris, 's a pheur,
Chuireadh bodha air a ghéig anns a bhad.
Dh-fhalbh am bainne bho'n eallach air chùl,
Ma'm bi leanaba bi ciùcharan bochd;
'S gu'n pill a griann gu sign *Thaurus* nam buadh,
'S treun a bhuadhaicheas, fuachd, agus gort.

Thèid a ghrian air a thurus man cuairt,
Do *thropic Chapricorn* ghruamach gun stad,
O'n tig fearthuinn chruinn, mheallanach, luath,
Bheir air mullach nan cuairteagan sàd;
Thig tein'-adhair, thig torann na dhéigh,
Thig gaillionn, thig éireadh nach lag,
'S cinnidh uisge na ghlaimeachan cruaidh,
'S na ghlas-léugaibh, mìn, fuar-lieneach rag.

A mios nuarranda, garbh-fhrasach dorch',
Shneachdach, cholgarra, stoirm-shìonach bith;
Dhisleach, dhall-churach, chathach, fhliuch, chruai,
Bhiorach, bhuagharra, 's tooth-ghaathach eith;
Dheibheach, lia-rotach, ghlib-shleambain gharbh,
Chuireas sgiobairean fairge nan ruith;
Fhliuchach, fhuntuinneach, ghluineach, gun tlàs;
Cuiridh t-anail gach càileachd air chrit.

A mios eratanach, casadach, lòm,
A bhios troin air an t-sonn-bhrochan dubh;
Churraiceach, chasagach, lachdunn a's dhonn,
Bhrisneach, stocainneach, chom-chochlach, thiugh,
Bhrègach, mhiotagach, pheiteagach bhàn,
Imeach, aranach, chàiseach, gun ghruth;
Le miann bruthaiste, mairt-fheoil a's càl;
'S ma bhios blàth nach dean tàir air gnè stuth.

A mios brotagach, toiteanach sògh
Ghìonach, stròitheal, fhoir gheòdach gu muic;
Lìteach, làghanach, chabaisteach chòrr,
Phoiteach, ròmasach, ròiceil, gu sult;
'S an taobh-muigh ge do thugh sinn ar e'm,
Air an fhàile gheur-thollach gun tlus,
'S feudar dram òl mar linnigeadh eléibh,
A ghrad fhadas tein'-eibhinn 's an uehd.

Bi'dh grean'-dubh air cuid mòr de'n Roinneorp,
O lagaich sgéamh òrdha do theas,
Do sholas bu shblas ro mhòr,
Ar fragharc a's ar lochrann geal deas ;
Ach 'nuair thig e gu *Gemini* a rìs,
'S à lannir 's gach righeachd gu'n cuir,
'S buidh soillsein nan coirean's nam meall,
'S riochdail fiamh nan òr-mheall air a mhuir.

'S thèid gach salmair ball-mhaiseach ùr,
Ann an crannaig chraobh-dhlù-dhuillich chais,
Le 'n seol féin a sheinn laoidh 's a thoirt cliù,
Chiunn a *phlanaid*-s a chùrsadh air ais ;
Gu'm bí coisir air leth anns gach géig,
An *dusgaibh* éibhinn air réidh-shlios nan slat,
A toirt lag iobairt le'n ceileir d'an Triath,
Air chaol chorrailh an sgiath anns gach glaic.

Cha bhi creutair fò chupan nan speur.
'N sin nach tiundaidh ri 'n speurad's ri'n dreach,
'S gu'n toir *Phabus* le buadhan a bhlaís,
Anam-fàs daibh a's càileachdain ceart
Ni iad ais-éiridh choitcheann on uaigh
Far na mhiotaich am fuachd iad a teachd,
'S their iad :—*guileag-doro-hidola-hunn*,
Dh-fhalbh an geumhra 's tha'n samhradh air teachd.

ORAN NAM FINEACHAN GAELACH.

A CHOMUINN rioghail rùinich,
Sàr ùmblachd thugaibh naibh,
Biodh 'ur ruigs gun smùirnean,
'S gach crì gun treas gun lùb ann ;
Deoch-slaime Sheumais Stiùbhairt,
Gu muirneach cuir ma'n cuairt !
Ach ma ta giomh air bith 'n 'ur stamaig,
A chàileis naomh 'n truailh.

Lion deoch-slaime Thearlaich
A mheirlich ! straic a chuach ;
B'i sid an ioc-shilant' àluinn,
Dhath-bheothaicheadh mo chàileachd
Ge d'a bhiodh am bàs orm,
Gun neart, gun àdh, gu tuar.
A Rìgh nan dùl a chuir do chàbhlach,
Oirn thar shìl' le luathas.

O ! tog do bhaideil àrda,
Chaol, dhionach, shàr-gheal nuadh,
Ri d'crannai lh bì-dhearg, làidir,
Gu taisdeal nan tonn gàireach ;

Tha *Aeolus* ag raitinn
Gu 'seid e rap-ghaath chruaidh,
O'n aird an ear ; 's tha *Neptun* dileas,
Gu mineachadh a chuain.

'S bochd ata do chùirdéan
Aig ro mhead t-fhàrdail uainn ;
Mar àlach mhaoth gun mhathair ;
No beachainn breac a ghàraidh,
Ag sionnach 'n déis a fàsachd',
Air fàilinn feadh nam brnach.
Aisig cabhagach le d' chabhlach,
'S leighis plàidh do shluagh.

Tha na dée ann an deagh rùn dut ;
Greas.ort le sùrd neo-mharbh,
Thar dhronnaig nan tonn dù-ghorm,
Dhruim-robach, bharr-chas, shiubhlach,
Ghleann-chlaghach, cheann-gheal, shù'.dhlù,
Na mothar chul-ghlas, ghairbh ;
Na cuan-choirean, greannach, stuadh-thorthach,
'S crom-bhileach, molach, falbh.

Tha muir a's tìr cho-réidh dhut,
Mar deann thu féin a searg ;
Doirtidh iad na'n ceudan,
Nau laomabh tiugha, tréumna,
A Breatann a's á Eirinn,
Ma d'*standard* breid-gheal dearg ;
A ghasraidh sgaitheach, ghluineach, ròghail ;
Chreuchdach, fhior-luath, gbagh !

Thig do chinneadh féin ort,
Na treun-fhir laomsgair gharbh,
Na'm beitheiribh gu reubadh ;
Na'n leoghannaibh gu creuchdadh ;
Na'n nathraichean grad-leumneach,
A lotas geur le 'n calg,
Le'n gathan faobharach, rinn-bheurra
Ni mor éuchd le'n arm.

'N àm bhrataichean làn-éideadh,
Le dealas geur gun chealg,
Thig Dòmhnallaich, nan deigh sin ;
Cho dileas dut ri d'leine ;
Mar choin air fasdadh eile ;
Air chath-chrith geur gu sealg ;
'S mairg n.mhaid do'n nochd iad fraoch,
Long, leoghann, craobh, 's laimb-dheurg.

Gu neartaich iad do chàmpa
Na Caim-beulaich gu dearbh,
An Diuc Earraghalach mar cheann orr',
Gu mòrghalach mear prionnsail ;
Ge b'e bheir air iunsaidh,
B'e sid an tionsgnadh searbh,
Le lannan lotach, dù-ghorm, toirteil,
Sgoltadh chorp gu'm balg.

Gu tarbartach, glan, caiseamachd,
Fìor thartarach na'n *rànc*,
Thig Cluainidh le chuid Pearsanach;
Gu cuanda gleusda grad-bheirteach;
Le spaintichean teann-bheirteach
'S cruaidh fead ri sgailceadh cheann;
Bi'dh fuil d'a dòrtadh, 's smuais d'a spealtadh,
Le sgealpaireachd 'ur lann.

Druididh suas ri d' mheirghe,
Nach meirbh an am an àir,
Clann'Illeoin * nach meirgich
Airm ri uchd do sheirbheis;
Le'm brataichean 's snuadh féirg orra,
'S au leirg mar thairbh gun sgàth;
A foirne, fearail, nimheal, arrail,
'S builleach, allamh làmh!

Gun thig na fiùrain Leòdach ort,
Mar sheochdain 's coin fu spàig;
Na'n tuireamh lann-ghorm, thinnisneach;
Air chorra-ghleus streup gun tiomachas;
An reiseamaid fìor ionnalta,
'S fàth gioraig dol na dhàil;
Am bi iomadh bòchdan fuilteach, foirmeil,
Théid le stoirm gu bàs.

Thig curaiddhean Chlann-cham-shroin ort,
Theid meanmnach sìos na d' spàirn;
An fhoireann ghuineach, chaithreamach,
'S neo-fhiamhach an am tarruinn;
An lann ghlas mar lasair dealanaich,
Gu gearradh cheann, a's lamh;
'S mar luthas na drèige, 's eruthas na crèige,
Chluinntes sgreid nan cnàmh.

Gur cinnteach dhuibh d'ar coinnneachadh,
Mac-Choinnich mor Chinn-Tàile:
Fìr laidir, dhàna, choimhneala,
Do'n fhìor-chruaidh air à foinneachadh,
Nach gabh fiamh no somultachd,
No sgreamh ro' theine bhlàr;
'S iad gu nàrach, fuileach, foinnidh,
Air bhoil gu dhol na d'chùs.

Gur foirmeil, priseil, òrdail,
Thig Tòisichean nan *rànc*,
Am màrsail stàtoil, còmhnhard;
Gu plòbach, bratach, sròl-bhuì;
Tha rioghalachd a's mòrchuis,
Gu'n sòradh anns 'n dream;
Daoine laidir, neartmhor, cròdha,
'S iad gun ghò, gun mheang!

Thig Graundaich gu ro thartarach,
Neo fhuad-bheirteach do d' champ

* Clann 'Illean.

Air phrioblosgadh gu cruadal,
Gu snaidheadh cheann, is chluas diu;
Cho nimheil ris na tìgeribh
Le feachdraidh dian-mhear, dùn',
Chuireas iomad fear le sgreadail,
'S a bhreabadaich gu làr.

Thig a ris na l'risealaich,
Gu sgipi le neart garbh;
Na seòchdaibh fìor-ghlan, togarrach,
Le fuathas bhlàr nach bogaichear;
An còmhlan fearradha, cosgurach,
'S maing neach do nochd iad fear;
A spuir ghlas aig dlùs an deirich
Bi'dh nan éilean dearg.

Nan gasraidh ghaisgeil, lasgurra,
Thig Lachunnaich gun chàird;
Na saighdean dearga puiseanda;
Gu claidheach, sgiathach, cuinnsearach;
Gu gunnach dagach, ionnsaichte,
Gun chuuntais ac' air àr;
Dol nan deannamh 'n aodainn pheileir,
Teachd o theine chhìich.

Gabhaidh pàirt do t-iorghaills',
Clann-lomphuinn's oirdheire càil;
Mar thuinn ri tìr a sìor-bhuaidh;
No bile lasrach dian-loisgenach;
Nan treudan luatha, fìor-chonfach,
Thoirg griosach air an nàmh;
An dream chathach, Mhuileach, Shraithach,
'S math gu sgathadh chnàmh.

'S mòr a bhìo's ri corp-rusgadh,
Na'n closaichean's a bhlàr,
Fìthich anns a rocadaich
Ag itealaich, 's a cnocaireachd;
Cioeras air na cosgadaich,
Ag òl's ag ith an sàth.
Och's tùrsach fann a chluinntir moch-thra,
Ochanaich nan àr!

Bi'dh fuil is gaor d'a shùidreadh ann,
Le lù-chleasan 'ur làmh;
Meangar cinn, a's dùirn dhiu;
Gearrar ùilt le smuaisridh;
Ciosnaichean am blùidh,
D'an dù-losgadh, 's d'an cnàmh;
Crùnair le poimp Tearlach Stiùbhart;
'S Frederic Priamus fo shàil.

Note.—This address to the Highland clans is a stately spirit-stirring martial poem, where the bard describes the various Jacobite clans coming forward in warlike array to place Charles on the throne, and leave the Hanoverians under his feet. The satirist (*Aireach Mhuile*) represents the poet travelling through the country to excite the Highlanders to arms, and it is probable that this song was composed on that occasion. It was well calculated to rouse the warlike clans to the approaching conflict.

O R A N.

AIR RÒNN—"Cille-chragaidh."

Tha deagh shoisgeul feadh nan garbh-chrioch,
Sùrd air armaibh còmhraig;
Uird ri dàraich deanamh thargaid
Nan dual ball-chruinn boidheach;
Chaidh ar seargadh le càrn earraghloir
Sluaigh fìor chealgach Shòrais,
O's sgeul dearbhtha thig thar fàirge,
Neart ro gharbh d' ar fòirion.

Thig thar lear le gaoith an ear oirn,
Toradh deal ar dòchais,
Le mhilte fear, 's le armaibh geal,
Prionns' ullamb, mear, 's e dò-chaisgt;
Mac Rìgh Seumas, Tearlach Stiubhart,
Oighre chrùn th'air fògar,
Gu'n dean gach Breatuinneach làn umhlachd,
Air an glùn' d'a mhòrachd.

Ni na Gàeil bheodha, ghasda,
Eiridh bhras le sròlamb;
Iad nan ciadan uim' ag iathadh,
S coltas dian cuir gleois orr';
Gu'n fhìlamh 's iad fiata, claidheach, sgiathlach,
Gunnach, riaslach, stròiceach,
Mar chonfadh leoghannaibh fiadhaich,
'S acras dian gu feoil orr'.

Dèanamh ullamh chum ar turuis,
'S bithibh guineach, deonach;
So an cumasg, am bi na builean,
An deantar fuil a dhòrtadh;
Och a dhuin' 's lionmhor curaidh
Is fìor sturraile co-strì,
A leigir fear eile mar chuileann,
Dh' fhaotainn fuil air Sebras!

'S iomadh neach a thèid air ghaiseg,
Tha fìor lag na dhòchus,
Gus a nochdar *standard* brat-dhearg,
An rìgh cheart-s' tha bìrue,
Ge do bhiodh e na fhìor ghealtair,
Gur cruaidh rag gu bhòig e,
Ceart cho gairge ris an lasair,
A losgadh asbhuain corna.

Mhoir is sgairteil, foirmeil, bagant,
Gàeil ghasda, chrodha;
Gach aon bhratach sìos do'n bhaiteal
Le 'n gruaidh laisde ròsg-dearg;
Iad gun fhìamh, gun fheall, gun ghaiseadh;
Rioghail, beachd-bhorb, pròiseal;
Gu no-lapach ri linn gaise,
Spùinnteach ghlas nan dòrnaibh.

'S binn linn plapraich nan breid bhratach,
Sranraich bras ri mòr-ghaoith,
An glachdaibh gaisgeich nan ceum staiteil,
Is stuirteil, sgairteil, mòision;
'S lann ghorm sgaiteach, do shàr-shlacan
Geur gu srachdadh shròn' aige,
Air bac cruachain an fhir bhrataich,
Gu cuir tais air fogradh.

'S furbaidh tailceant, 's cumta pearsa,
Treun-laoch spraeal, doid-ghéal;
Pìob d' a spalpadh, suas na achlais,
Mhosglas lasan gleois duinn;
Caismeachd bhras bhinn, bhrodadh aigne,
Gu dian chasgairt slòigh leis;
Chuireadh torman a phuirt bhaigheil,
Spioraid bhras 'n 'ar pòraibh.

Bithibh sunndach, lughor, bèumach,
Sgrìosach, geur, gu feolach,
'S bi'dh *Mars* creuchdach, cogach, reubach,
Auns 'na speur d' ar seoladh;
Soirbhichidh gach nì gu leir libh,
Ach sibh-fein bhi deonach;
Màrsailibh gun dàil, gu'n eislein,
Lughor, eudrom, ceol-mhor.

Màrsailibh, gun fheall, gun airsneul,
Gach aon bhratach bhoidheach;
Cuideachd shuaicheanta nam breacan,
'S math gu casg na tòireachd;
'Nuair a ruiseas sibh na claisich
Bi'dh smuis bhreac feadh feòir libh;
Gaor a's eanachuinn na spadul,
'S na liath-shad feadh mhointich.

Sliocraich, slacraich, nan cruaidh shlacan,
Freagra basgur sheaunsair;
'Nuair a theid a ruaig gun stad libh
Gur ro fad a chluinntear,
Feadraich bhuillean, sgoltadh mhullach,
Sios 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 oirne,
Spealgadh ghlaimeachan aig grìosaich,
'S e cur beinn air Seòras;
Ach 's onaraiche anis an gnìomh,
Na cuig-ceud mìle bàla;
'S fearr aon *siola* a dh'fhuil 's an fhriith
No galoin fhìon air bhòrdaibh.

Dearbhaidh beachdaidh sibh bhi ceart d'a,
Eirdh grad le 'r slòghaibh;
Gu'n 'ur mnathan, clann, no beirteas,
Chuir stad-feachd 'n 'ur dòchus;

Ach gluasad inntinneach, luath, ciunteach,
Rioghail, liont' de mhòr-chuis;
Mar an raineach a dol sìos dhubh,
Sgriosadh dian luchd clèòchdan.

'Ur ceathairne ghruamach, nìneheil,
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 sluagh, a 's tric thug buaidh,
An iomairt chruaidh a chòmhraig;
Deanamaid gluasad gu'n dad uamhuinn,
'S na biodh fuathas òirne;
Doirtidh uaislean an taobh-tuath,
Mac Shìm nan ruag, 's Diuc-Gòrdon;
Le mharc-shluagh is nuarant gruaim;
'S ruaim aimhì fhuar nam pòramh.

ORAN RIOGHAIL A BHOTAIL.

AIR FÒNN—"Let us be jovial, fill our glasses."

BODHMAID subhach, 's òlar deoch linn,
Osnaich 'n ar fochar cha tàmh,
Na smaointicheamaid ar bochdainn,
Fhad 's a bios an copan lán.

LUNNEAG.

Hò-rò air fùlldar-àraidh
Ho air m'aildar-ràraidh rò,
Hò-rò air m'aildar-raridh
Fùlldar, rùlldar, ràraidh hò.

Olamaid glainneachean làn',
Air slainte an t-Seumais ata uainn;
Cuireamaid da shlaime an càraid,
Tosda Thearlaich stràic a chuach.
Ho-ro, &c.

Ma ta stamach anns a chuideachd,
Nach dean a chuidsa d' ar miann,
Siapaidh e 'mach as ar carabh,
Mar an carran as an t-shiul.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cuireadh ar cupachan tharsta;
Aisig cäs an còrn m'an cuairt;
Faicear cùibhinneachd air lasadh,
Le fìor sgairt 'n ar beachd, 's 'n ar gruaidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

Biodh ar cridhachan a dambsa,
Linn an drams' a dhol na thruaill,
Mar gu 'm biodhmaid 's a cheart am-sa,
Dol do 'n chàmp a dh'fhaotainn buaidh.
Ho-ro, &c.

De'n 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, &c.

'S-ioma fearsta, falachaidh, tlachdmhor,
Tha 'm mac-na-bracha r'a luagh;
Rinn sin e na leannan do mhiltean,
'S na mhilseiln prìseil do'n t-sluagh.
Ho-ro, &c.

Sgaolaidh e ghruaim far a mhuigein;
Nì e fìughalach fear cruaidh;
Nì e cruadalach fear gealtach,
Gus an téid e feachd no 'n ruaig.
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e cainnteach am fear tostach;
Nì e brosgulach fear dùr;
Nì e suireach am fear nàrach;
'S fàgaidh e dàn' am fear diùid.
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e pògach am fear àilleant
Nach fuilgeadh cailin 'na chòir;
Sparraidh e damhs' anns na casan,
Nach d' rinn riamh aon chàr d' an deoin.
Ho-ro, &c.

Fagaidh e neo shanntach acrach;
Toinidh se cäs am fear sliom;
Bheir e caitean air fear sleamhainn;
'S nì e spreadhail am fear tiom.
Ho-ro, &c.

An t-airgead a bha d'a sticleadh,
An sporan nan chripleach riamh,
Bheir e furtachd dha á prìosan,
Le fuasgladh cruaidh-shnaim nan làl.
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e aogheal am fear doichleach;
Nì e socharach fear teann;
Nì e duin' uasal do'n bhalach;
Nì e fathrumach fear fann.
Ho-ro, &c.

Nì e saor chridheach fear duinte,
'S faoisididh e rùn a chrì;
Saoilidh an lag gur h-e 'n laidir,
Gus an dcarbh e chàil 'sau strì.
Ho-ro, &c.

Tairrnidh e mulad gu aiteas ;
 Tiunndaidh e aairsneul gu fonn ;
 Mionach nan sporan gu spìol e
 Le ghob biorach chrìomas lom.

Ho-ro, &c.

Thigeadh meanmna, 's falbhadh aairsneul
 Air chairstealan uainn do'n Rùimh ;
 Seinneam òrain cheolmor, ghasda,
 Shuundach, bhras, nach lapach gloir.

Ho-ro, &c.

'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, &c.

'S mìlse no ceilearadh smeòraich,
 Le luinneag coelmhor air gógig,
 Creatraich shrideagach do sgòrnain ;
 Cratan 's bùiche fo 'na ghréin !

Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne na luinneag coin-bùchainn,
 Bhiodh ri tùchan am barr thonn,
 Guileag do mhuineil a's giug ort ;
 Cuisle-chiuil a dhùisgeadh fonn.

Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne no cluig-chiuil an Ghlascho,
 T-fhuaim le bastul dol 's a chòrn ;
 Sid an fhàilt a ghleusadh m' aigne,
 Mac-na-bràch a teachd le pùig.

Ho-ro, &c.

Lìon domh suas an t-slige-chreachbainn ;
 Cha 'n ion a seachnadh gu dràm ;
 'S math Ghàellig oirr' an creathann ;
 An t-slig' a chreach sinne a t' ann.

Ho-ro, &c.

'S binne no ceol collich choille,
 Bhiodh ri coilleig air an tom,
 Dùrdail a bhotail ri glainne ;
 Crònan lóinteach thoilleadh bonn !

Ho-ro, &c.

Teicheadh liun-dubh as 'ur comunn ;
 Falbhadh gainne ; 's pailt 'ur n-òr ;
 Na biodh spèuclair oirbh gu ganntar,
 Fheadh 's a bhìo's an dram 'n 'ur sròin.

Ho-ro, &c.

Biodh 'ur ceann-agaidh uile 'n ceart uair,
 Cho ruiteach ri dreach nan ròs,
 'Nuair a thèid 'ur fuil air ghabhail,
 Le beirm lagbach Mhic-an-Tòis.

Ho-ro, &c.

Gur dìonnasaireach, spinnsearach, t-fhàileadh,
 'S teas-ghradhach do shuàg tro' m' chliabh
 Fadadh blàis air feadh mo mhìonaich ;
 Gur ro mhioragach do thriall !

Ho-ro, &c.

Gur gucagach, coileagach, brisg-gheal,
 Bruicheal, neo-mhisgeach do thuair,
 'N a d' shlabhraidhean crìostail a dùrtadh,
 Rì binn-chronanaich am chluais.

Ho-ro, &c.

Sgaioleamaid o altair *Bhachuis* :
 A cheirich taig a chailis uat ;
 Dh-fhalbh ar fuachd ; 's cìod 'ta dhì oirn ?
 Thugamaid bàig' crìon do 'n t-suain.

Ho-ro, &c.

Ach freasdal sinn air ghairm na maidne,
 Le t-ioc-shlaint aghunhor lan bhuadh,
 'S thoir dhùinn aon ghloic-nid 'n ar leabaidh
 A bheir crith-chlaiginn oirn m'an cuairt !

Ho-ro, &c.

ALLT-AN-T-SIUCAIR.

AIR FOKN—"The Lass of Patie's Mill."

A dol thar Allt-an-t-siùcair,
 A' madainn chùbhraidh Chéit,
 'S paideirean geal dlù chnap,
 De 'n driùchd ghorm air an fheur,
 Bha *richard* 's *robin*, brù-dhearg
 Rì seinn, 's fear dhìu na bhéus ;
 'S goic moit air eunthaig chùl-ghuirm,
 'S gùg-gùg aic' air a ghéig.

Bha smeòrach cur na smùid dh'i
 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 'gleusadh lùgh a theud ;
 An coileach-dubh ri dùrdan ;
 'S a chearc ri tùchan réidh.

Na bric a gearradh shùrdag,
 Rì plubraich dhìu le chéil',
 Taobh-leumnaich mear le lù-chleas,
 'S a bhùrn, le mùirn ri gréin ;
 Rì ceapadh chulleag siùbhlach,
 Le 'm briseadh lùghor féin ;
 Druim-lann-ghorm, 's ball-bhreac giùran ;
 'S an lannir-chuil mar lèig.

Mil-dheola sheillein strianach,
Le crònan 's fiata srann,
'N an dithibh baglach, riabhach,
Ma d' bhlathaibh grìanach chrann ;
Sraibh-dhriucain dhonua, thiachdaidh,
Fo shìnean cìochan t-fheir,
Gun theachd-an-tìr no bhìadh àe',
Ach fàileadh ciatach ròs.

Gur millis, brisg-gheal, bùrn-ghlan,
Meall-chùirneanaeh, 's binn fuaim,
Bras-shruthaibh Uillt-an-t-siùcair,
Rì 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, ruain, no cèd,
Bheir anam-fàs, a's gluasaid,
D'a chluanagan ma bhòrd.
Gaoir bheachainn bhui' 's ruadha,
Rì diogladh chluaran òir,
'S còir mheala d' a chuir suas leo,
An ceir-chuachagan 'nan stòr.

Gur sòlas an ceòl-cluaise,
Ard-bhairich buar ma d' chrò ;
Laoigh cheann-fhìonn, bhreaca, ghuanach
Rì freagra' nuallan bhò ;
A bhanàreach le buaraich,
'S am buachaille fa còir,
Gu bleothan a chruidh ghuailinn,
Air cuaich a thogas cròic.

Bi'dh lòchrainn mheal' a lùbadh
Nan sràbh, 's brù air gach gèig,
Do mheasan millis cùbhraidh,
Nan ùbhlán 's nam péur ;
Na duilleagan a lìugadh,
A's fallas cùil diu féin ;
'S clann bheag a' gabhail tùchaidh,
D' an imlich dlù le 'n béul.

B' e crònan t-èsan srùlaich,
An dùrdaill mhùirneach Mhàigh ;
'S do bhoirichibh daite, sgùm-gheal,
Tiugh, flùranach, dlù, tlà ;
Le d' mhanul do dhealt ùr-mhin,
Mar dhùra cùil ma d' bhlà ;
S air calg gach feòirnein dùir-fhe' ir,
Gorm neamhadh dhriùchd a fàs.

Do bhrat lan shradag daoimein,
De bhraon nì soills' air làr ;
A *chapel's* gasda foineal,
Gun cho-fine ann a *Whitehall* ;

Ma d' bhearra gorm-bhreac coillteach,
Ann chinn a loinn le h-àl,
Na sobhraichean mar choillean,
Na 'n coilleiribh na d' sgàth.

Bi'dh guileag eala tùchan,
'S eoin bhùclunnn am barr thonu,
Ag inbhear Uillt-an-t-siùcair,
Snamh lù-chleusach le fonn ;
Rì seinn gu mòiteil, cuirteil,
Le muineil-chiuil, 's iad crom,
Mar mhàla piob a's lùb air ;
Ceòl tiamhaidh ciuin, nach trom.

O! 's grinn an obhair ghràbhaill,
Rinn nàdur air do bhruaich,
Le d' lurachain chreabhach, fhàsor,
'S am buicein bhàn orr' shuas ;
Gach saimeir, neòinean, 's màsag,
Min-bhreachd air làr do chluain ;
Mar rèultan rèòt an dearsadh,
Na spangan àluinn nuadh.

Bi'dh cruinn, 's am bàrr mar sgàrlaid,
Do chaorran àluinn ann ;
'S craobhan bachlach, àrbhuidh,
A faoisgeadh àrd ma d' cheann ;
Bi'dh dearcán, 's snithean sùghor,
Trom lùbadh an luis féin,
Caoin, seachdaì, blasdadh, cubhraidh,
A call an dràis rì gréin.

'S co lan mo lios rì Phàrrais,
De gach cnuas a 's fearr an coill ;
Na réidhlich arbharr fasaìdh,
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 féidh 'n a d' fhirltean ;
'S na d' chladach 's mìltean éisg ;
Na d' thrùigh tha maorach lìomhor ;
'S air t-uisge 's fìor-bhras leus,
Aig oganachaibh rìmhach,
Le morgha' fìor-chruaidh gèur.

Gur h-ùròil, sìochdory cuanda,
Grèidh-each air t-fhuarain ghorm,
Le 'n iotadh tarraim suas riut,
Le cluinntinn nuall do thoimn ;
Bi'dh buicein binneach 's ruadhag,
'S minn-mheanbh-bhreac, cluais-dearg, èg
Rì h-ionaltradh gu h-uaigneach,
'S rì ruideis luath ma d' lòn.

Gur damhach, adhach, laoghach,
 Mangach, maoiseach, t-fhonn ;
 Do ghlinn le seilg air laomadh,
 Do gharbhlach-chraobh 's do lom ;
 Gur h-àluinn barr-fhionn, braonach,
 Do chanach caoin-gheal thom,
 Na mhaibenibh caoin, mao-mhin ;
 Na d' mbointich sgaoth-cheare donn.

B' e sid an sealladh èibhinn,
 Do bhruchan glè-dhearg ròs,
 S iad daite le gath gréine,
 Mar bhoisnich leug-bhui' òir ;
 B' iad sid an geiltre glé ghrinn,
 Cinn déideagan measg feoir,
 De bharraibh luibhean ceutach ;
 'S foirm bhinn aig téud gach eoin.

O lili rìgh nam fùran !
 Thug bàrr mais air ùr-ros gheug,
 Na bhabagan cruinn, plùir mhìn,
 'S a chrùn geal, ùr mar ghréin ;
 Do'n uisge ud Allt-an-t-siùcair,
 'S e cùbhraidh d'a o bheud
 Na rionnagan ma lùbaibh,
 Mar reullan-iùil na spéur.

Do shealbhag ghlan 's do luachair
 A bùrcadh suas ma d' choir ;
 Do dhìthein lurach, luaineach,
 Mar thuairneagan de'n òr ;
 Do phreis làn nèada cuachach,
 Cruinn, cuairteagach, aig t-eoin ;
 Barr bhraonan 's an t-sail-chuachaig,
 Na'n d'òs an uachdar t-fheoir.

B' e sid an leughas lèirsinn,
 De luingeas bréid-gheal, luath,
 Na 'n sguadronaibh seoil-bhréid-chronn,
 A bordadh geur ri d' chluais ,
 Nan giubhsaichibh beò 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 fhuaran 's blasda glèir,
 An caochan 's mò buadhan,
 Ata fo thuath 's an Eòrp ;
 Lion ach am bùla suas deth,
 'S do bhranndaidh fhuair mi's còir ;
 Am puinse milis, guanach,
 A thairrneas sluagh gu ceòl !

Muim' altrom gach pòr nasail,
 Nach meith le fuachd nan speur,
 Tha sgiath fo 'n airde tuath oirr',
 Dh'fhag math a buar, 's a fear ;

Fonn deas-oireach, fìor uaibbreach,
 Na spèuclar buan do'n ghrein ;
 Le spreidh theid duine suas ann,
 Cho luath ri each na leum !

'S aol is grunn d'a dhalibh,
 Dh-fhàg nàdur tarbhach iad ;
 Air a meinn gu'n tòir iad arbhar,
 'S tiugh, stàrbhanach nì fàs ;
 Bi'dh dearrsanaich shearr-fhiachlach,
 D' a lannadh sìos an boinn,
 Le luinneagan binn nìonag ;
 An ceol a 's mìse, roinn !

An Coir' is fearr 's an dùthaich,
 An Coir' is sùghor fonn ;
 'S e Coirean Uillt-an-t-siùcair,
 An Coirean rùnach lom ;
 'S ge lom, gur molach, ùrail,
 Bog miadar dlù a thom,
 'M beil mìl is bainn' a brùchdadh,
 'S uisg' ruith air siùcar proun.

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 Mhàr ;
 An Coir' a faigh duin-uasal,
 Biast-dubh, a's ruadh 'na chàrn !

An Coire brocach, taobh-ghorm ;
 Torcach, faoilidh blàth ;
 An Coire lonach, naosgach,
 Cearcach, craobhach, gràidh ;
 Gu bainneach, bailceach, braonach,
 Breacach, laoghach, blàr ;
 An sultor mart, a's caora,
 'S a 's torach laomsgair bàrr !

An Coire am bi na caoirich
 Na 'n caogadaibh, le 'n àl ;
 Le 'n reamhad 'g gabhail faoisgnidh,
 A 'n craicnibh maoth-gheal tlà ;
 B' iad sid am biadh, 's an t-aodach,
 Na t-fhaoin-ghleannaibh 's na t-ard ;
 An Coire luideach, gaolach,
 'S e làn do mhaoinibh gràis !

An Coire iachach, dràcach
 'M bi guillneich 's traigh-gheoidh òg ;
 An Coire coileachach, lan-damhach,
 'S moch, 's is an-moch spòrs ;
 'S tìm dhomb sgur 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 ewes low aloud, and the calves answer responsive—while the dairy-maid is busily engaged at her task. The ground is bespangled with flowers of richer hues than the most costly gems. The horses gather together in groups to drink of the streamlet, and the kids are sporting and dancing about its banks. The ships, with all their white sails bent to the gentle breeze, are passing slowly along the Sound of Mull. The poet selects the most natural, lively, and agreeable images in the rural scene. All good judges admit that there is not a descriptive poem, in Gaelic or English, fit to be compared with this exquisite production.

ORAN LUAIGHE NO FUCAIDH.

LUINNEAG.

*Agus hò Mhòrag, no ho-rò,
'S no ho-rè-ghealladh.*

A Mhòrag chintach a chuil dhualaich,
Gur h-è do luaigh a th' air m'aire.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S ma dh'imich thu null thar chuain uainn',
Gu ma luath a thig thu thairis.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S cuimhnic thoir leat bannal ghruagach,
A luaigheas an clò ruadh gu dainghean.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

O! cha leiginn thu do'n bhuala,
Ma salaich am buachar t-anart.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

De cha leiginn thu gu eualach;
Obair thruaillidh sin nan cailleg.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Gur h-i Mòrag ghriinn mo ghuanag,
Aig am beil an cuilean barr-fhionn.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S gaganach, bachlagach, cunchach,
Ciablag na gruagaiche glaine.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Do chùl peuchdach sios na dhualaibh
Dhalladh e uaislean le laimhir:
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Sios na fheoirneinean ma d' ghuailllean,
Leadan cuachagach na h-ainnir:
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Do chùl pèurlach, òr-bhni, luachach,
Tìmeall do chluasan na chlannaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

A, Mhòrag! gu beil do chuailean
Ormsa na bhuaireadh gu'n sgainnear.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S ge nach iarr mi thu ri d' phùsadh,
Gu'm b' e mò rùn a bhì mar riut.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S ma thig thu a rithist am lùbaibh,
'S e 'n t-èug a rùn ni ar sgaradh.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Leanaidh mi cho dlù ri d' shàilean,
'S a nì bairneach ri sgeir mhara.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Shinbhail mi cian leat air m' eòlas,
Agus spailp de'n strachd ar m' ain-eol.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Gu leanainn thu feadh an t-saoghail,
Ach thusa ghaoil theachd ar fharraid.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Gu'n chuireadh air mhisg le d' ghaol mi;
'S mear aodruan a ghaoir ta m' bhallaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S a Mhòrag! g am beil a ghruaidh chiatach:
'S glan a fiaradh thar do mhala.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Do shùil shuillbhear, shochedrach, mhòdhar,
Mhìreagach, chomhnart, 's i meallach.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Dèud cailce shnasda na ribhinn,
Snaite mar dhìsn' air a gearradh.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Maighdean bhoidheach, na 'm lùs caoive,
'S iad cho maoth ri clòidh na h-eala.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

Cìochan leaganach nan gucag,
'S fàileadh a mhuga d' a h-anail.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S iomadh oigear a ghabh tlachd dhìot,
Eadar Mor-thir agus Mannuinn.
Agus ho Mhorag, §c.

'S iomadh gaisgeach do ghàel,
Nach obadh le m' ghràdh-sa tarraunn :
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

A reachadh le sgiath, 's le clàidheamh,
Air bheag sgà gu bial nan cannon :
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Chunnardaicheadh dol nan òrdaibh,
Thoirt do chòrach, 'mach a dh' ain-deoin.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S iomadh àrmunn làsdail, trèubhach,
Ann an Dun-eideann, am barail.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Na faiceadh iad gnè do dhuais ort,
Dheanadh tarraunn suas ri d' charraid.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Mo chionn gu'n dheanadh leat éridh,
Do Chaipitín féin Mac-'Ie-Ailein :
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu'n theann e roi' ro chàch riut,
'S nì e fàs d e, ach thig thairis :
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gach duine, tha 'n Uidhist a Muideart,
'S an Arasaig dhù-ghorin a bharrach ;
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

An Cana, an Eige, 's am Morror ; *
Reiseamaid chorr ud Shìol-Ailein !
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'N am Alasdair,† a's Mhontròs',
Gu 'm bu bhòchdain iad air Ghallaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Gu'n d' fhairich là Inbher-Lòchaidh,
Co bu stròicich ann le lannaibh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Am Peairt, an Cill-Saoidh,‡ 's an Allt-Eireann,
Dh-fhag iad Rèubalaich gu'n anam.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Alasdair mor Ghlinne-Cothann,
'S bragad còimheach Ghlinne-garadh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Mar sin is an t-Armunn Sléibhteach,
Ge d' a tha e-féin na leanamh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Dh'èiridh leat a nall o'n Rùdha,
Antrum là'-chleasach nan seang-each.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Dhruideadh, na Gàel gu leir riut,
Ge b' e dh'èireadh leat no dh'fhanadh.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Shuath, deich mìle dhiu air clè dhuibh,
An cogadh rì Sèurlas nach maireann.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

'S iomadh clò air 'n tug iad caitean,
Eadar Cat-taobh agus Anuinn.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Bha càch diultadh teachd a luagh dhuibh,
'S chruinnich iad-san sluagh an bannail.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

A rì ! bu mhath 's an luagh-lamh iad,
'Nuair a thàirrneadh iad na lannan !
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

H-uile clò a luaigh iad riamh dhuibh,
Dh-fbag iad e gu ciatach daingheann ;
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Teann, tiugh, daingheann, fite, luaite,
Daite ruadh, air thuar na fala.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Greas thairis le d' mhnathan luaighe,
'S theid na gruagaichean-sa mar riu.
Agus ho Mhorag, &c.

Note.—This song has been always highly popular, and is certainly the most spirited and elegant of all our Jacobite songs. Charles is represented under the similitude of Mòrag—a young girl with flowing locks of yellow hair waving on her shoulders. She had gone away over the seas, and the bard invokes her to return with a party of maidens (*i. e.* soldiers) to dress the red cloth, in other words, to beat the English red coats. The allegory is kept with elegance and spirit, and the poet introduces himself as one who had followed Mòrag in lands known and unknown, and was still ready to follow her over the world if required.

SMEORACH CHLOINN-RAONUILL.

LUINNEAG.

*Holaibh o iriag hòroll ò,
Hòlaibh o iriag hòro ì,
Hòlaibh o iriag hòroll ò,
Smeòrach le Clann-Raonuill mi.*

Gur h-e mis' an smeòrach chreagach,
An déis leum bharr chuaich mo nidein,
Sholar bidh do'm ianaibh beaga,
Sheinneam ceol air bhàrr chag bidein.
Hòlaibh o iriag, &c.

* Mòr.Thir. † Alasdair Mac Cholla. ‡ Kilsyth.

Smeòrach mise do Chlann-Dòmhnuihl,
Dream a dhìthicheadh, 's a leonadh,
'S chuireadh mis' an riochd na smeòraich
Gu bhì seinn, 'sa cuir ri ceol daibh.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

Sa chreig ghuirn a thogadh mise
An sgìreachd Chaisteil duibh nan cliar
Tìr tha daonnan a' cuir thairis
Le tuil bhainne, meal', a's fion.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

Sliochd nan Eun o'n Chaisteil-thìream,
'S o Eilean-Fhianain nan gallan,
Moch, a's feasgar togar m'ìolach,
Seinn gu bìleach, milis, mealach.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

Tha mi de'n ghùr rioghail, luachach,
'S math eun fhaotainn á nead, uasal,
Ghineadh mi gun chol, gun truailleadh,
Fo sgiathaibh Ailein mhic Ruairidh.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

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 tigh nan trodan.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

Cinneadh rioghail, th'air am buaineadh,
A meribh meara na cruadhach,
'S daoinein iad gun spàr gun truailleadh,
Nach gabh stùr, gnè, smal, no ruadh-mheirg.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

Cinneadh mor gun bhòsd gun sparun,
Suairce, sìobhalta, gun ràpal,
Caomhail, cineadail ri'n càirdean.
Fuilteach, faobharach, ri namhaid.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

Raonullaich nan òr chrios taghach,
Nan lùireach, nan sgiath, 's nan clogaid,
A thèid sìos gu gunnach, dagach,
Nu fir ghasda shunndach, chogach.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

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.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

Ach mur tig mo rìgh-sa dhachaigh
Triallaidh mi do dh-uamhaig shloenich,
'S bithidh mi'n sin ri caoidh, 's ri bùsraich,
Gus am faigh mi bàs le osnìch.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

Ach ma thig mo phrìunnsa thairis
Cuirear mis' an cliabhan lurach,
'S bithidh mi canntaireachd gu buileach
'S ann 'san àros ni mi fuireach.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

Madainn chéitean am barr gach badain
Sgaoileadh ciùil o ghlaic mo ghuilbein,
'S àluinn mo chruiteach, 's mo ghlagan,
Stailceadh mo dha buinn air stuibeau.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

Gur e mise cruit nan cnocan,
Seinn mo leadain air gach bacan,
'S mo chearc féin gain' bheus air stocan,
'S glan ar glocan air gach stacan.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

Crith chiuil air m'ugan da bhogadh,
'S mo chom tur uile làn beadruidh,
Tein-eibhinn am uchd air fadadh,
'S mi air fàd gu damhs' air leagail.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

'Nuair chuirean goic air mo ghogan,
'S thogain mo shailm air chreagan,
Sann orm féin a bhiodh am frogan,
Ceol ga thogail, 's bròn ga leagail.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

Eoin bhuchalach bhreac na coille,
Le'n òrganuibh òrdail mar riun,
'S feadag ghlan am beul gach coilich,
'S hinn fead-ghuil air gheugaibh baraich.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

'S mis an t-eunan beag le m'fheadan,
Am madainn dhriùchd am barr gach badain,
Sheinneadh na puirt ghrinn gu'n spreadan,
'S ionmhuinn m'fheadag feadh gach lagain.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

Togamaid deoch-slaime na h-armailt,
Dh-eirich le Tearlach o'n gharbhlaich,
Na fir ghasda dheanadh searr-bhuain
Air feoil 's cnàimhean nan dearg chot.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

Olamaid fliuchadh ar slùgain,
'S cuireamaid mu'n cuairt lan nogain,
'Slaime Sheumais suas le suigcart,
Tosta Thearlaich sìos le sogan.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

Slaime an teaghlaich rioghail inbheich
Olamaid gu sunndach, geannail.
'S nigheamaid ar sgornain ghionaich
Le dram milis, suileach, glaineach.

Holaihb o iriag, &c.

Cuireamaid sìos feadh ar mìonaich
Tosta nan curaidhnean clannach,
Nan colg gasda, sgaiteach, biorach,
'S ro mhòr sgìl air còmhrag lannach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

O tha mi teannadh gu eir-thir,
Ullaicheam m'acair gu cala,
Tosta Mhuideirt ceann nan Seileach,
'S an t-slaime eil' nd triath nan Garrach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Lìonaibh suas a's olaibh bras i,
Slainte Raonuill òig o's deas i,
Sguiribh dh'amharc thugaibh as i,
Siabaibh leibh i as a teas i.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Strac suas a ghlaime cheudna,
Cuimhnicheamaid slaint an t-Stéibhtich
Ridir òg gasda na eireadh,
Dol le sgùirt a shracadh bheistean.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Slaint Iarl Antrum s' tosta prìseil,
'S na tha 'n Eirinn chlànaibh Mìlidh,
Tha mo shìle bàthadh m'fataidh
Chionn gu'm beil mo bheul lan mìslein.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Diolamaid gu foirmeil, frasach,
Slainte Bhaosadail mu'n stad sinn,
Laogh treun a dh'eireadh sgairtail,
Chuir *retreat* air bheistean Shasuinn.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Lion suas duinn glaine do'n Deasach,
Learganaich nan gorm lann claiseach,
Laoghraidh sgathadh cheann, a's leasraidh,
Na suinn sheasmbach, shundach, mhaiseach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Co namhaid sin riu sheasadh,
'S cruaidh ruisgte nan duirn gu slaiseadh?
Anns an ruaig nuair ghabhadh teas iad,
Le lù-chleasan bhualadh shaisean.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Greasam gu fìnid gun stopadh,
Ach cha mhiann leam a bhì bacach,
Puirt chìùil na smedraich dosaich,
Tostam fìor sheobhac na Ceapaich.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Togamaid slainte nan Gleannach,
O chothann nam bradan earrach
Bheireadh air bocanaibh pilleadh,
Cha bu ghiorcach iad air bealach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cuireamaid mu'n cusairt gu toileach,
Slainte Mhic Dhùghaill o'n Bbarraich,
Cridhe rioghail, teamhar, solais,
Tha na bbroilleach shìos am falach.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Chuimhnicheam Iain Ciar a Lathuinn,
Aig nach robh an stoidhle cumhann,
Gheibh e mùirn, a's onair fhathach,
A's caicheadh *dràis* mar as cubhaidh.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

Cìod am fath dhaibh bhì ga'r tagradh?
'S nach urr' iad chuir rinn cluigean,
Sguiribh de'r boilich 's de'r splayain,
'N rud tha againn, 's Dia thug dhuinne.

Holaibh o iriag, &c.

ORAN DO PHIRIONNSA TEARLACH.

LUTINNEAG.

*O hì-ri-rì tha e tighinn,
O hì-ri-rì, 'n rìgh tha uainn,
Gheibheamaid ar n'airm 's ar n'èideadh
'S breacuan-an-fhèilidh an cuach!*

'S EIBHINN leam fhìn tha e tighinn,
Mac an rìgh dhlighich tha uainn,
Slìos mòr rioghail d'an tig Ìrmachd,
Claidheamh a's targaid nan dual.

O hì-ri-rì, &c.

'S ann a tighinn thar an t-shàile,
Tha 'm fear ard a's àille snuadh,
Marcaiche sunndach nan stéud-each,
Rachadh gu h-eutrom san ruaig.

O hì-ri-rì, &c.

Samhuilt an fhaoilich a choltas,
Fuaradh froise 's fada-cruaidh,
Lann thana 'na 'laimh gu cosgairt,
Sgoltadh chorp mar choire' air cluain.

O hì-ri-rì, &c.

Tòrmán do phìoba 's do bhrataich,
Chuireadh spiorad bràs san t-sluagh,
Dhèireadh ar n-àrdan 's ar n-aighe,
'S chuir' air a phrasgan ruaig!

O hì-ri-rì, &c.

Tairneanach a *bhombh* 's a *channoin*,
Sgoilteadh e'n talamh le' chru'as,
Fhreagradh dha gach beinn a's beallach,
'S bhodhradh a mhac-tall ar cluas!

O hì-ri-rì, &c.

Gur maire d'an éideadh san là sin,
Còta granda 'n mh'èdar ruadh,
Ad bhileach dhubh a's coe-àrd innt',
Sgoilteas mar an chàl ro'n chruaidh.
O hi-ri-ri, &c.

ORAN EILE

DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

LUTNNEAG.

*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.*

Мочн 'sa mhadainn 's mi dùsgadh,
'S mor mo shunn 's mo cheol-gàire ;
O'n a chuala mi 'm prionnsa,
Thigh'n do dhùthaich Chlann-Rà'ill.
Thug hò-o, &c.

O'n a chuala mi 'm prionnsa,
Thigh'n do dhùthaich Chlann-Rà'ill ;
Grainne mullaich gach rìgh thu,
Slan gu'm pill thusa Thearlaich.
Thug hò-o, &c.

Grainne mullaich gach rìgh thu,
Slan gu'm pill thusa Thearlaich ;
'S ann tha 'n fhior-fhuil gun truailleadh,
Anns a ghruaidh is mor nàire.
Thug hò-o, &c.

'S ann tha 'n fhior-fhuil gun truailleadh,
Anns a ghruaidh is mor nàire ;
Mar ri barrachd na h-uaisle,
'G eiridh suas le deagh nadur.
Thug hò-o, &c.

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 hò-o, &c.

'S na 'n tigeadh tu rithisd,
Bhiodh gach Tighearn' na 'n àite ;
'S na 'n càraicht' an crùn ort,
Bu mhuirneach do chairdean.
Thug hò-o, &c.

'S na 'n càraicht a crùn ort,
Bu mhuirneach do chairdean ;
'S bhiodh Loch-iall mar bu choir dha,
Cuir an ordugh nan Gàil.
Thug hò-o, &c.

'S bhiodh Loch-iall mar bu choir dha,
Cuir an ordugh nan Gàil ;
A's Clann-Dòmhnuille a chruadail,
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraibh.
Thug hò-o, &c.

A's Clann-Dòmhnuille a chruadail,
Choisinn buaidh anns na blaraibh ;
'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-strì,
Ri luchd chòtaichean màdair.
Thug hò-o, &c.

'S iad gu 'n cumadh a cho-strì,
Ri luchd chòtaichean màdair ;
Sud a chuideachd bhiodh foirmeil,
Boinneid ghorm a's coe-àrd orr'.
Thug hò-o, &c.

Sud a chuideachd bhiodh foirmeil,
Boinneid ghorm a's coe-àrd orr ;
'S bhiodh am féileadh 'sa'n fhasan,
Mar ri gartanan sgàrlaid.
Thug hò-o, &c.

'S bhiodh am féileadh 'sa'n fhasan,
Mar ri gartanan sgàrlaid ;
Eile cuach air bhachd easgaid,
Paidhir phìostal 's lann Spaiunteach.
Thug hò-o, &c.

Eile cuach air bhachd easgaid,
Paidhir phìostal 's lann Spaiunteach
'S na 'm faighinn mo dhùrachd,
Bhiodh an diùc air dhroch càradh.
Thug hò-o, &c.

'S na 'm faighinn mo dhùrachd,
Bhiodh an diùc air dhroch càradh ;
Gu 'm biodh bùidsear na feola,
Agus corcach m'a bhràghad !
Thug hò-o, &c.

Gu 'm biodh bùidsear na feola,
Agus corcach m'a bhràghad ;
'S gu'n gibhtinn a mhaighdeann,
Mar oighreachd d'a bhrathair.
Thug hò-o, &c.

'S gu 'n gibhtinn a mhaighdeann,
Mar oighreachd d'a bhrathair—
Ach slàn gu'n tig thu 's gu 'n ruig thu,
Slàn gu'n tig thusa Thearlaich.
Thug hò-o, &c.

FÀILTE NA MOR-THIR.

LUINNEAG.

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, &c.

Grian-thir òr-bhuidh, 's uaine còta,
 'S froinidh ròs ri h-alltaibh.
H-eitirin, &c.

Le biadh 's le dìbh a' cuir thairis,
 Cha téid Earrach teann orr.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S ianach, lurach, slìos a tulaich,
 'S duilleach 'mullach chrann innt.
H-eitirin, &c.

A choill gu h-uile fo làn-duilleach,
 'S i na culaidh-bainnse.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S bainneach, bailceach, braonach glacach,
 Bruachan tachdrach, Ailleart.
H-eitirin, &c.

Uisge fallain nan clach geala,
 Na do bhaile Geamhraidh.
H-eitirin, &c.

'Slionach, slatach, cuibhleach, breacach,
 Seile ghlas nan samhnan.
H-eitirin, &c.

Mor-thir ghlan nam bradan tarra gheal,
 'S airgeadach cuir lann orr'.
H-eitirin, &c.

Tir lan sonais, saor o dhonus,
 Gun dad conais dranndain.
H-eitirin, &c.

Seireeach, caidreach, gun dad sladachd,
 Saor o bhraid, 's o anntlachd.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S àluinn a beinnean, 'sa sraithean,
 'S èibhinn dath a gleannatan.
H-eitirin, &c.

Greidhean dhearg a' tàmh mu fireach,
 Eilid bhiorach, 's mang aic.
H-eitirin, &c.

Boe air daradh timcheall daraig,
 'N déigh a leannain cheann-deirg.
H-eitirin, &c.

Searrach bhuicín anns an ruicil,
 'S e sìor chruiteil dhamsaigh.
H-eitirin, &c.

Na meinn bheaga 's iad ri beadrach,
 Anns na creagan teann air.
H-eitirin, &c.

Coilich choille, 's iad ri coilleig,
 Anns an doire chrannail.
H-eitirin, &c.

Cnòthach, caorach, dearcach, braonach,
 Glasrach, raonach, aibhneach.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S deiltreach, laomach, meiltreach, caointeach,
 A fuinn mhaoineach, leamhnach.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S cùbhraidh 'suthan, 's badach luibhean,
 Ris a bhruthainn ann-teas,
H-eitirin, &c.

'S feurach, craobhach, luideach, gaolach.
 An tìr fhaoilidh sheannsaìl.
H-eitirin, &c.

Grian ag èiridh 'gòradh sléibhe,
 'S beachan gheug ri srannraich.
H-eitirin, &c.

Seillein ruadha diogladh chluaran,
 'S mìl ga buain le dranndan.
H-eitirin, &c.

Breac le sùlas leum a bhuinne,
 Ruidh nan cuileag greannar.
H-eitirin, &c.

Bàrr gach tomain fo bhrat gorm-dhearc,
 Air gach borrachan alltain.
H-eitirin, &c.

Lusan cùbhraidh mach a' brùchdadh,
 'S cuid diubh cùl-ghorm bainn-dearg.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S ceolar, éibhinn, bàrr gach géige,
 'S an eòin féin a damhs' orr'.
H-eitirin, &c.

Croth air dàir am bàrr an fhàsaich,
 N fhèoir nach d'fhàs gu crainntidh.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S iad air theas a' ruith le 'm buaraich,
 'S tè le cuaich gan teann-ruith.
H-eitirin, &c.

'S miosrach, cuachach, leabach, luachrach,
Dol gu buaille 's t-sàmhradh.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S òmhach, uachdrach, blàthach, enuachdach,
Lòn nam buachaill annta.

H-eitirin, &c.

'S imeach, gruthach, meogach, sruthach,
An imirich shubhach, shlambach.

H-eitirin, &c.

Deoch gun tomhas dol far comhair,
Gun aon ghlothar gainntir.

H-eitirin, &c.

IORRAM CUAIN.

Gur neo-aoidheil turas faoillich,
Ge d' bhiodh na daoine tàbhachdach.

Tha m' fhearann saibhir hò-a hò,

Ho-rè hi-rò na b' àile leat mì :

Tha m' fhearann saibhir hò-a hò.

An fhairge molach, bronnach, torrach,
Giobhach, corrach, ràpalach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S cruaidh ri stiùireadh bial-mhuir duldaidh,
Teachd le bruchdail chàrsanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Clagh a chulain cha b'e 'n sùgradh,
'S e ri bùirein bàchdanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

An cùlanach féin cha n e 's fasadh,
Agus lasan àrdain air.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Teachd gu dlù' n deighe chéile,
Agus geunnaich dàir orra.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

An fhairge phàiteach, 'sa bial farsuinn,
Agus acras araidh oirr'.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S mairg a choimeas muir ri mointich,
Ge d' bhiodh mor-shuachd stràchd orra.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Neoil a' gealadh oidhche shalach,
Gun aon chala sàbhailte.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Dubh-ra-dorcha gun dad ghealaich,
Oir-thir ain-eoil' ard-chreagach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gaoth a' seideadh, muir ag eiridh,
'S fear ag eubhach ard ghuthach :—

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

“ Sud e' tidhinn 's cha n'ann ruighinn,
Croc-mhuir, friothar, bàsanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

“ Cum ceann caol a fiodha dìreach,
Ri muir diolain, dàsunnach.”

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Ach dh'aithnich sinn gun sheol sinn fada,
A mach san t-sàmh 's bu ghabhaidh sin.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S leag sinn a croinn u's a h-aodach,
'S bu ghniomh dhaoine caileachdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S chuir sinn amach cliathan rìghne,
Is bu ghrinn an àlach iad.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S shuidh orr' ochdnuar, theoma, thromas,
A' sgoillteadh tonnann stàplaineach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Héig air chnagaibh, hùg air mhaidean,
'S cogall bhac air t-àbhraibh !

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad a' mosgladh suas a chéile,
'S masgadh treun air sàil aca.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Sginean lochdrach ràmh a Lochluinn,
'Bualadh bboc air bhàirlinnean.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad a' traobhadh suas na dìle,
Le neart fìor-gbarg ghàirdennan.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Cathadh mara 's marcachd-shine,
'S stoirm nan sion, da' n sàrachadh.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Lasraichean sràd theine-shiunnachain,
Dearg o'n iumradh chàileachdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iad ag obair as an léintean,
“ Ilùg a's théid 'da ràmh' aca.”

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Iorram ard-bhinn shuas aig Eamun,
Aun an cléith ràmh bràghada.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Aonghas Mac-Dhonnachaidh da réir sin,
A ri ! bu treun a thàirneadh e.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Donnacha Mac-Uraig a luagh leo,
'S b' fhada buan a spàlagan.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Bha fuaim aon-mhaide air chléith ac'
Bualadh spéicean tàbhachdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Raimh dam pianadh, 's fir dan spianadh,
'N glachdaibh iarraidh àrd-thonnach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gallain chiatnach, leoghar, liaghach,
'S fuirbhean da'n sàrachadh.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Lunnan mìne, 's duirn da'n sìneadh,
Seile sìos air dhearnainean.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Muir ag osnaich shuas ma toiseach.
Chuip-gheal, choip-gheal, ghàir-bheuchdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Suas le sguradh saoidh ri bùirein,
Le sìor dhurachd sàr iomaraidh.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Slabhraidh chuirneineach ri dùirdail,
Shìos bha stiur a fàgail ann.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gaoth na deannan 's i ri feannadh,
Na'n tonn ceann-fhionn ràsanach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Na fir lughmhòr an deigh an rùsgaidh,
A' cur smùid dbeth an àlaichean.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Chaidh cha mhìticheadh a misneach,
Na fir sgìbidh thàbhachdach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Rìgh an eagail, Neptun ceigeach,
Ri sìor sgreadail—"bàthar sibh!"

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gu'm b'fhad uambuinn muir ri nualraich,
'S cathadh cuair a stracadh orr',

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'Ghuidh an sgiòba geur na dùilin,
'S fhuair an urnaigh gràfadh dhaibh.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Smachdaich Æolus na spèuran,
'S a bhuilg shèidibh àrd-ghaothach.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Gun d' rinn Neptun fairge lòmhadh,
Mar bhiodh glaine sgàthain ann.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Sgaoil na neòil bha tònn-ghorm ciar-dhubh,
'S shoilsich grian mar b' àbhaist dh'i.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

'S mhothaich an sgioba do dh' fhearann,
'S ghlac iad cala sàbhailte.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

Ghabh iad pronn, a's deoch, a's leabaidh,
'S rinn iad cadal samhach orr'.

Tha m' fhearann, &c.

A BHANARACH DHONN.

LUTINNEAG.

*A Bhanarach dhonn a 'chruidh,
Chaoin a chruidh, dhonn a chruidh ;
Caillin deas donn a cruidh,
Cuachag an f'hàsaich.*

A Bhanarach mhìogach,
'S e do ghaol thug fo chis mi ;
'S math thig lamhainnean sìoda,
Air do mhìn-bhasan bàna.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S mor bu bhinne bhi t-eisteachd,
An am bhi bleothan na spreidhe ;
N'an smèrach sa' chéitein,
Am barr géig an am fàs-choill.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'Nuair a sheinne tu coilleag,
A leigeil mairt ann an coille ;
Thaladh eunlaidh gach doire,
Dh' eisteachd coireall do mharain.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Ceol farasda fìor-bhinn,
Fonnar, farumach, dìonach ;
A sheinne an caillin donn mìogach,
A bheireadh biogadh air m' àirneann.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S ge b' fhonnar an fhiodhball,
'S a teudan an rithidh;
'S e bheireadh damhs air gach cridhe
Ceol uighin na h-àiridh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Tha deirg agus gile,
A gleachd an gruaidhean na finne',
Beul mìn mar an t-shirist,
O'm milis thig gaire.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Deud snasda na rìbhinn,
Snaite, cruinn, mar na disnean;
Gur h-i 'n donn-gheal, ghlan snideach,
'S ro mhìog-shuileach fàite.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Chuireadh maill' air do leirsinn,
Ann am madainn chiuin chéitein,
Na gathannan greine,
Thig bho teud-chul cas, fainneach.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S ciatach nuallan na gruagaich,
A' bleothann cruidd ghuaillinn;
A' toirt torroman air cuachaig,
'S bothar fhuaim aig a clàraibh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'S taitneach siubhal a cuaillein,
Ga chraithadh mu cluasan;
A' toirt muigh air seid luachraich
An taigh buaile, an gleann fìsaich.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

A' muineal geal boidheach,
Mu'n iathadh an t-òmar,
A' dhath féin air gach seòrsa,
Chite dortadh tre bràghad.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Dà mhaoth-bhois bu ghrinne,
Fo 'n dà ghàirdein bu ghile;
'N uair a shìnt iad gu h-innealt',
Gu sìnean cruidd fhàsghadh.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Gu'm bu mhothar mo bheadradh,
Teachd do'n bhuaille mu ead-thra,
Séamh sult-chorpach beitir,
'S buarach ghreasaid an àil aic'.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

Glac gheal a b' ard gleodhar,
A' stealladh bainn' an csaich bleothainn;
A' seinn luinneagan seadhach,
An gobhal na blàraig.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

'N uair thogadh tu bhuarach,
Cuach a's cùrrusan na buaile;
B'ao-coltach do ghluasad
Ri guanag na sràide.
A Bhanarach dhonn, &c.

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.

Mìle marbhaig air an t-saoghal,
'S carach baoghalach a dhàil;
Cuibhl' an fhortain oirn air caochladh,
Cha do chleachd sinn moim ro' chàich;
Tha sinn a nis air ar sgaoileadh,
Air feadh ghleann, a's fhraoch-beann àrd;
Ach teanailidh sinn fòs ar daoine,
'N uair a dh' fhaodas sinn gu blàr.

Misneach mhat a mhuinntir ghaolach,
'S gabhaidh Dia dhuinn daonnan càs;
Cuiribh dùchus daingheann, faoilteach,
Anns an aon Tìni dhuin stà:
'S buanaichibh gu rìgheil, adhrach,
Traisgeach, uirneach, caoineach, blà;
'S bì'bh dìleas do chach a chéile,
'S duinear suas ar creuchdan bàis.

Ach 's feadar dhomhs' a nis bhi falbh uaibh,
A Ghàèilibh cùlma mo ghràidh;
Bu mhor m' earbsa' às ar fònadh,
Ge do h-d' fhonadh dhuinn 's an àr,
'S iomadh ana-cothrom a choimnich
Sinn, 's an choimnidh bha gu agh;
Ach gubhaidh mis' a nis mo chead dhihb,
Uine bheag: uch thig mi tràth.

Leasaichidh mi fòs ar callsa,
Charaidhnean gun fheall, gun sgàth;
A dhìlse dhlìodhach, rìgheil, threnna,
A dleanadh èuchd ri uchd nam blàr;
'S cinna's coluinn chuir o chéile,
Sinn, 's sibh-féin a sgaradh fàs;
Ach togaibh suas ar misneach glensda,
'S cuiream féin r' ar creuchdan plàsd.

NA GAEL.

A Mhoire sinn th' air ar cèusadh!
Air dhi-céile, sinn gun chàil;
Tearlach Stiubhart Mac rìgh Séumas,
A bli na eigin 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 réidh dhut :
M' urnaigh gheur leat fein os àird ;
'S ge do sgar mio-fhortan deurach
Sinn o chéile, 's ceum ro'n bhàs ;
Ach soraidd leat a mhic rìgh Seumas,
Shùgh mo chéille thig gun chaird.

Chaill sinn ar stiùir, 's ar buill-bheairte ;
Thugadh uaiun ar n-acair-bàis ;
Chaill sin ar compaid '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-astar,
Dean gleas tapaidh 's thig gun dail.

AM PRIONNSA.

Beannachd gu léir le Clann-Dòmhnuaill,
Sibh a dh' fhoirinn orm na m' chàs,
Eadar eileanan, a's mhòr-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-fhòirneart,
Nan con sròn-ghaoth 'bha ri 'r sàil.

Sibh a rinn fo-laimh na Trianaid,
Mis' a dhion o mhì-ruin chùich ;
Mo dhearg-naimhdean, neartmhor, lionmhor,
Chuir an lion feadh ghileann a's àrd.
A mhiad 's a thaisbean sibh d' ar dilseachd,
'S còir nach dì-chuimhnich gu bràth ;
A dharr, gur sibh is luaithe shìn rium,
Toic air tìr 's au talamh-ard.

NA GAEL.

Ochan! ochan! cruaidh an dearmad,
Bhì 'g ar tearbadh bhut gun bhàs ;
B'ì 'n fhoir èibhinneachd, 's am beirteas,
Bhì d' a t-fhaicinn gach aon là ;
B'ìdh ar rùisg lan tim a frasadh ;
Ar crì lag-chùiseach gun chàil,
Gu 'm pill thus' a ris air tais oirn,
Beannachd leat le neart ar gràidh.

AM PRIONNSA.

O! tiormaichibh a suas 'ur sùilean,
'Chomuinn rùnaich 'fhuair 'ur cràdh,
B'ìdh sibh fàs, maoineach, mòirneach,
N 'ur gàrd dùbailt' ma *Whitehall*,

'Nuair a bhios an reubal lùbach,
Rì bog chrùban feadh nan cùrn,
Gu 'm bì sibhs' an caithream cùirte,
Lasdail, lù-chleasach, làn àidh.

AM BREACAN UALLACH.

LUINNEAG.

*Hé 'n clò-dubh,
Hò 'n clò-dubh,
Hé 'n clò-dubh,
B'fhearr am breacan.*

B' FHEARR leam breacan uallach,
Ma m' ghuaillean, 's a chuir fo m' achlais,
Na ged gheibhlinn còta,
De 'n chlà is fearr thig à Sasuinn.

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

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 clò-dubh, &c.

Eilidh cruinn nan cnachan,
Gur buadhach an t-earradh gaisgeich ;
Shiubhlainn leat na fuarain,
Feadh fhuar-bheann ; 's bu ghasd' air faich thu.

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

Fìor chulaidh an t-saighdear,
'S neo-ghloiceil ri uchd na caismeachd ;
'S ciatach 's an *adhbhans* thu,
Fo shrantraich nam pìob 's nam bratach.

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

Cha mhios anns an dol sìos thu,
'Nuair sgrìobar á duille claiseach ;
Fìor earradh na ruaige,
Gu luaths a chuir anns na casan !

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath gu sealg an fhéidh thu,
'N am eridh do 'n ghréin air creachunn ;
'S dh-fhalbhainn leat gu lodhar,
Dì-dòmhnach a dol do'n chlachan.

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

Laidhinn leat gu cearbail,
'S mar earbaig gu 'm brìosgainn grad leat,
Na b' ullamb air m' armachd,
Na dearganach, 's mosgaid ghlagach.

He 'n clò-dubh, &c.

'N am coilich a bhí dùrdan,
Air stùcan am madainn dhealta.
Bu ghasda t-fheum 's a chùis sin,
Sench mùtan de thrustar càsaig.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Shiubhlainn leat a phòsadh,
'S bharr feirnein cha fhrosainn dealta ;
B' i sid a' t-sunach bhùidheach,
An òg-bhean bha moran tlachd dh'i.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

B' aigeantach 's a' choill' thu,
D a m' choireadh le d' bhlàths 's le t-fhasgath,
Bho chathadh, a's bho chrion-chur,
Gu 'n dìonadh tu mi ri frasachd.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Air t-uachdar gur a sgiamhach
A laidheadh a sgiath air a breacadh ;
'S claidheamh air chrìos ciatach,
Air fhiaradh os-ceann do phleatan.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S deas a thigeadh cuilbheir,
Gu suilbhearra leat fa 'n asgaill ;
'S a dh-aindeoin uisg' a's urchaidh,
No tuil-bheum gu 'm biodh air fasgath.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Bu mhath anns an oidhch' thu ;
Mo loinn thu mar aodach-leapa ;
B' fhearr leam na 'm brat lìn thu,
Is priseile thig a Glascho.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

S' baganta grunn bòidheach,
Air bannais a's air mòd am breacan ;
Suas an èileadh-sgnaibe,
'S dealg-gualainn a' cur air fasdaidh.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

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 an fear a chuir as dut.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Shaoil leis gun do mhaolnich, so
Faobhar nan Gèil tapaidh,
Ach 's ann a chuir e géur orr',
Ni 's beurra na deud na h-calltainn :

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Dh-fhag e iad làn mì-ruin,
Cho ciocrasach ri coin aernach ;
Cha chaig deach an iotadh,
Ge b' fhion i, ach fìor fhuil Shasainn.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Ged' spion sibh an Crì asainn,
'S ar broilleichean sìos a shracdh,
Cha toir sibh asainn Tearlach,
Gu bràth gus an téid ar tacadh !

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

R' ar n-anam' tha e fuaighte,
Teann, luaite cho cruaidh ri glasan ;
'S uainn cha' n fhaodar fhuasgladh,
Gu 'm buainear am fear ud asainn.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Cleas na mnatha-siùbhla,
'Gheibh tuillinn mu'm beir i' b-asaid ;
An ionad a bh'i'n duimh ris,
Gun dùbbail d'a fear a lasan.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Ge d' chuir sibh oirne buarach,
Thìgh, luaighte, gu 'r falbh a bhacadh,
Ruithidh sinn cho luath,
'S na 's buaine na féidh a ghlasraidh.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Tha sinn 's na t-sean nàdar,
A bhà sinn ro am an acta ;
Am pearsannan 's an inntinn,
'S 'n ar rìghelachd cha téid lagadh.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S i 'n fhuil bha 'n cuisl' ar sinnsridh,
'S an innsginn a bha n' an aigne,
A dh-fhagadh dhuinn' mar dhileab,
Bhì rìgheil.—O! sin ar paidir !

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mallachd air gach seòrsa,
Nach deonaicheadh fòs dol leat-sa,
Co dhiù bhiodh aca còmhдах,
No còmhruiste, lòn gu 'n chraiceann.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

Mo chion an t-òg fearragha,
Thar fairge chaidh uainn air astar :
Dùrachd blàth do dhùthcha,
'S an ùrnaigh gu lean do phearsa.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

'S ge d' fhuair sibh lamh-an-nachdar,
Aon uair oirn le seòrsa tapaig,
An donus blàr ri bheò-sa,
Ni feòladair tuilleadh tapaidh.

He 'n clo-dubh, &c.

TEARLACH MAC SHEUMAIS.

AIR FÖNN—"Black Jock."

O! Tearlach mhic Sheumais,
Mhic Sheumais, mhic Thearlaich,
Leat shiubhlainn gu h-eutrom,
N'am èubhachd 'bhì mairsal,
'S cha b' ann leis a phlàigh ud,
A tharmaich o'n mhuic.
Bheireadh creideamh a's reusan
Oirn éiridh mar b' àbhaist,
Leis an ailleagan cheutach,
'Shliochd éifeachdach Bhàncho;
Mo ghràdh a ghruaidh àluinn,
A dhearsadh orm stuir.
Thu 'g iomachd gu sùrdail,
Air tùs a bhataill,
Cha fhrosainn an drùchda,
'S mi dlù air do shàilean;
Mi eadar an talamh
'S an t-adhar a seòladh,
Air iteig le aighear,
Misg-chath, agus shòlais;
'S caismeachd phìob' mòra,
Bras-shròiceadh am puirt.

O 'n eibhinneachd ghlòrmhor,
An t-sùlais a b' airde!
G'ar lìonadh do spionnadh,
Air slinneinibh Thearlaich,
Gu 'n calcadh tu àrdan
An càileachd ar cuirp;
Do làthaireachd mhòr-chuiscach,
Dh-fhògradh gach faillinn,
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 do nàmhaid;
'S mar deanadh fir Shasuinn
Do mhealladh, 's do thrèigsinn,
Bhiodh an crùn air a spalpadh,
Le d' thapadh air Séurlas,
A dh-aindeoin na bèist'.
Leis an d' érich na h-uile.

Gu 'm b' fhoirmeil leam torman
Na 'n òrghanan àluinn!
'S tein'-éibhinn a lasadh
Gu bras-gheal air sràidibh!
'S na croisibh ri h-àrd-ghaoir,
Mhoir Thearlaich ar Prionns'!

Gach uinneag le foineal
A boisgeadh le dearsadh,
Le solus nan coillean,
'S deas mhaighdeann d'an smàladh;
'S gach nì mar a b' araidh.
'G cuir fàilt' air le puimp!
Na canoin ri bùirich,
'S iad a' stùradh an fhàilidh,
A' cuir crith air gach dùthaich
Le muiseag nan Gàel;
Agus sinne gu lù'-chleasach,
Mùirneach lan àrdain,
Am marsail gu mìuinte,
Ard-shundach m' a shailean—
'S gann bha cudrom 's gach fear dhuinn,
Trì chairteil a phuinnt!

MO BHOBUG AN DRAM.

AIR FÖNN—"The bucket you want."

LUINNEAG.

Ho rò mo bhobug an dràm,
Hò ri mo bhobug an dràm,
Hò rò mo bhobug an dràm,
'S e chuireadh an sòdan na m' cheana.*

FHEARABH ta'r suidhe ma 'n bhòrd,
Le 'r glaineachan cridheil n-'ar dòrn,
Na leanamaid ruidhinn air òl,
Ma mill sinn ar bruidhinn le bùl.
Ho ro mo, &c.

Na tostachan sìgeanta fial,
'Ga'n aiseag gu ruige mo bhial;
Bu mhìreagach stuigeadh, a's triall,
Am mairsal de ciogailt tro' m' chliabh.
Ho ro mo, &c.

* 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 fhìach an sinéabhar a th' ann,
Ge d' clainn am buideal le srann,
Gu'n gulan mo choilainn mo cheann.
Ho rò mo, &c.

Thuir cailleach cho libeas' sa bh' ann,
'Nuair fhuair i blas air an dràm:—
"O! tairrribh 'ur casan a chlamn,
'S bheir mise mo char air an damhs."
Ho rò mo, &c.

'S tu chuireadh an cuireid' san t-sluagh,
'N am cogaidh ri adainn nan ruag,
Gun olamaid sgaile dhìot gu luath,
Ma sguideamaid slacain a truailh'.

Ho ro mo, &c.

'S tu dh' fhadadh sinn tapaidh san tòir,
'N am tarrainn nan glas-lann ri sròin,
'Nuair thilgte na breacain de 'n t-slògh,
'S á truaill, bheirt a mach claidhe mòr.

Ho ro mo, &c.

Ge tu mo leannan glau ùr,
Cha phòg mi gu dìlinn thu 'n cùil;
Ach phògaim, a's dheodhlainn thu rùin,
Nuair thig thu 's *Jacobus* na d' ghnùis:

Ho ro mo, &c.

An t-ainm sin is fearr ata ann,
Aium Sheumais a chuir air do cheann;
'S e thogadh an sògan fo m' chainnt,
'S a dh-fhadadh gu blada mo dhròm.

Ho ro mo, &c.

Fadamaid teine beag shìos,
Na lauraichean ciuin a ni grìos,
A gharas ar claiageann 's ar crì',
'Sa dh-fhògras ar n'airteal, 's ar sgìos.

Ho ro mo, &c.

Gur tu mo ghlaineag ghlan lom,
Mo leannan is cannaiche fonn;
Ged rinneadh thu dh' fheamain nan tonn,
Gur mòr tha do cheanal na d' còim.

Ho ro mo, &c.

O fair a ghaol channaich do phòg,
Leig clannadh d' a t-anail fo m' shròin,
Gur cubhraidh leam fannal do bheoil,
No tùis agus mire na h-Eòrp.

Ho ro mo, &c.

O aig a ghlaime do phòg!
Cuir speirid n' ar teangaidh gu ceòl;
An òc-shlainte bheanaichte chòir,
A leasaicheas cuàmhan a's feoil!

Ho ro mo, &c.

M A R B H R A N N

DO PHEATA CALUMAN, A MHARBHADH LE ABHAG.

'S tursach mo sgeul ri luaidh,
'S gun chàch gha d' chaoidh,
Ma bhàs an fhir bu leanaibh' tuar,
'S dà mheanbh ga chaoidh.

'S oil leam bàs a Choluim chaoimh,
Nach b' anagrach guis,
A thuitean le madadh d'a 'm bèus,
Dòran nan càrn.

'S tu 's truagh linn de bhàs nan ian;
Mo chràdh nach beò,

Fhir a b' iteagach, miotagach triall,

Ge bu mheirbh do threòir;

B' fheumail' do Noah na càch,

'N am bhàrcadh nan stuadh,

Ba tu 'n teachdair' gun seacharan d' à,

'Nuair thraigh an euan;

A dh' idreachdainn do dh-fhalbh an tuil,

Litir gach fear;

Dùghall is Colum gu'n chuir

Deagh Noah thar lear;

Ach chaidh Dùghall air seacharan cuain,

'S cha do phill e riamh;

Ach phill Colum le iteagaich luath,

'S a fhreagra na bhial.

Air thùs, cha d' fhuair e ionad d' a bhonn

An seasadh e ann,

Gus do thiormaich dìle nan tonn,

Thar mullach nam beann;

'S an sin, a litir-san leugh an duine bha glic,

Gu 'n thiormaich a bhaile,

'S gu'm faigheadh a mhuirichinn, cobhair na'n

Agus fuasgladh na 'n aird, [teire,

Le neart cha spùilte do nead,

Ge do thigte dha d' shlad;

Bhiodh do chaisteal fo bhearradh nan creag,

Ann an daingnichibh rag;

Bha do mhodh siolach air leath bho chàch,

Cha togradh tu suas,

Ach a durraghail an taca ri d' ghràdh,

'S a cuir cagair 'u a cluais.

Cha do chuir thu duil ann airgead no spréidh,

No fèisd am biodh sùgh,

Ach spioladh, a's criomadh an t-sìl le d' bhèul;

'S ag òl a bhùirn;

Aodach, no anart, sìoda, no sròl,

Cha cheannaicheadh tu 'n bùth;

Bhiodh t-òideadh de mhìn-iteacha gorm,

Air nach drùidheadh an drùchd;

Cha do ghabh thu riamh paidir no creud,

A ghuidh nan dùl;

Giheadh, cha 'n eil t-anam am péin

O chaidh tu 'null,

Cha 'n e gun chiste no anart

Bhi comhdach do chrè,

Fo lùc ann an ùir,

Tha mise ge cruaidh e, 'g acain gu léir,

Ach do thuitean le cù.

Note.—This is the best of his smaller pieces, although it contains more of sparkling conceit than tenderness or pathos. It is probable that it was composed before he became a member of the Church of Rome, as he says that the pigeon never repeated *paternoster* or *creed*.

MOLADH

A CHAIM-BEULAICH DHUIBH.

Gx beag orts' an Caim-beulach dubh,
 Gur toigh leams' an Caim-beulach dubh ;
 Biodh e dubh, no geal, no gris-fhionn,
 Gràdh mo chri-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-beirt,
 'N an dubh dhlòintibh fhòtusach, tiugh.

'Suilean cuirpt' bh' ann an droch chrùth,
 A fhuair oilbheim do 'n fhear gheal-dhubh,
 Do 'n dream oirdheirc 's foirmeile fuil ;
 'S duilich töl a chuir 'n a chruaidh stuth.
 'S tric le madraidh bhì ri dealunn,
 An òidheche reòt' ris a' ghealaich ;
 B' ionann sin, 's eifeachd t-ealaich,
 Air cliù geal a Chaim-beulaich dhuibh.

'S cia mar fhuair thu dh' aodann no ghnais,
 Caineadh uasail gun mhodh, gun thus ?
 Fhior dhearc-luachrach chinnich a lus ;
 Ma t-aoir bhacaich tachdam thu bhrùie.
 Sgiùrsaigh mi gu gu 'm bi thu marbh thu ;
 Cha bhì ach mo theang' de dh'arm riut ;
 A rag-mheirlich, bhradaich, a gharbhlaich,
 'S ioma gharbh-mhart dh'fheann thu le d' chuic.

Do'n t-sìol chruithneachd chuireadh gu tiugh ;
 Cha b' e 'n fhìdeag, no 'n coirce dubh,
 Ach por prìseil, 's ro sgaoilteach cnr,
 Feadh gach rìoghachd air tìr, 's air muir.
 Gur iongantach leam, a dhuine,
 Mar robh mearan ort air tuinneadh,
 Cìod man do bhuin thu do 'n urr' ad ;
 Cuiraidh ullamb, 's cuireideach fuil ?

Dream nan geur-lann gu reubadh cuirp,
 Cruaidh 'g a feachainn air beulamb 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 ;
 Tughlach ùiseil Iarla-Bhealaich ;
 'S buadhach caitheam ri uchd an truid !

'S cinnteach thiotadh gheibh thu do mhurt,
 Ma t-aoir chiotaich, mhosguinnich churt ;
 Ge do dh' eirich gu robh ort stuir,
 Bi'dh a bhiodag rìleadh do chuirp.
 Claigeann gun eanachainn, gun mheadrach,
 Sa faodadh na h-iolairèan neadach ;
 Cia mar fhuair thu ghnùis do sgìodar,
 Ghluasad idir an ionad puirt ?

Eisg bhochd, chearbaich, seargaidh mì tur,
 Do theanga chealgach a chearbaire dhuibh,
 Rinn an t-searbhag gun chair' a muigh ;
 Asad dh' earbinn "cealgairèachd cruith."
 Cha fhior-ragair ge d' bhiodh fearg air
 Do 'n d' rinn thus' a dhuin' an t-searbhag ;
 Ach èg faighidneach gun earra-ghloir ;
 Lan do dh' fearra-ghnìomh, dhearbh e le ghuin.

Bha thu mi-mhoil a toirt dh'a guth ;
 Cràg a chobhair gu màgradh gruth ;
 Leòbas odhar a ghlaimeadh suth,
 Deis dh'a leaghadh, 's e ruidh na shruth.
 Cha bu bheudagan gu sàbaid
 Ach fìor leoghann stolda, staideil,
 Do 'n d' rinn us' an t-oran pràbach ;
 Ach fìor ghaisgeach ; 's am blàr 'ga chur.

Sparram cinnteach ort a ghlas-ghuib ;
 Losgadh peircill, corcadh, a's cuip
 Air son ascaoin chealgach do bhuis ;
 B' f'hèarr gu 'm bithinn-sa fasag dhut.
 Ge do bhiodh tu caineadh ghàel,
 Anns gach sìorramachd a dh' àirinn,
 Seachainn muinntir Earra-ghàel,
 'S gun a Cheòlraidh fabharach dhut.

'S maing a dh' èireadh ri sìol an tuirc,
 Gasraidh ghleusda nach èradh cluich ;
 Cha bu bhèus dhaibh bhì ris a' mhurt,
 Ach cath trèun, a's cothrom r' an uchd'.
 Ge beag ort-sa mìle cuairt e,
 'S ioma sonn aigeanntach ullach,
 Eadar Asainn, 's Clunigh nan luath-long,
 A 's trom luaigh air Caim-beulach dubh.

Suil na seòca, 's ro bheòchail cur,
 An ceann rò-bhinn nam bachalag dubh ;
 Cha b' i "fròg-shuil, rògair" a chruidh ;"
 Fìor fhiamb seoid air còr ann an sult.
 'S geal 's a's dearg do leac, a's t-aogas,
 Ge thubhuirt iad "peircell caol riut ;"
 Cha b' ionann as sligeas-gaoisneach,
 'S fiasag-p*-laoigh ort nach eil tiugh.

'S ge d'reachadh tu 's na spèuraibh
 Chum a Chaim-beulach dhuibh éisgeadh,
 Tuitidh tusa mar a bhéisteg,
 'N a t-ionad féin am buachair maire.
 Thusa bhreinen, magaran cac ;
 E-sau ghle-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-fhì'ch, 's nadur na muic ;
 Beul mhic-lamhaich, 's fàileadh a bhrùic ;
 Spàgan clàrach ; suilean nan cùp'.

De dh' oirlichean noiridh bàrdail,
Toisean o d' bhathais, gu d' shàil thu ;
'S feannam do leathar a thràill dhìot,
Chionn gu'n chàin' thu'n Caim-beulach dubh.

Cha 'n fhear sgipi thus' ach fìor ghlug ;
'S beairt gun teagamh bi'dh tu fo bhruid ;
T-iasag failidh, t-fhalt, a's do ruig ;
Tuitidh t-fhiaclan 's fàlbhaidh do thuigs'.
'S coltach nach b' aithne dhut mise,
'Nuair a bha mi so gun fhios dut ;
Na 'm b' eol, cha ghlaicadh tu mhisneach,
Ròine riobadh as an fhear dhubh.

Note.—The Black Campbell was a cattle-lifter, and stole some cows from M'Lean of Lochbuy. For this M'Lean's *àireach*, or herdsman, composed the satire. At the end of the song he calls on all the bards to join him in lashing the thief. When M'Donald heard this he composed his song in praise of Campbell and against the satirist—without any cause of love or hatred to either party. It is only an exercise of his wit ; but it shows his usual talents and powers of invention, and felicity of language. After that the herdsman composed a very severe satire on M'Donald himself. We give a few verses of the satire on Campbell as a specimen :—

" An Caim-beulach dubh & Cinn-tàile,
Iar-ogh' mhòrtair 's ogha 'mhèirlich ;
Am Braid-Alban fhuair e àrach,
Siol na ceilge 's meirleach a chruidh.
'S obhar, ciar, an Caim-beulach dubh,
'S oilleil, fadhaich, amharc sa' chruth ;
'S lachdan làth-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 gear e ;
Cuiream fios gu bàird gach fearainn,
Gus an caill e 'n craiceann na shruth." *'S obhar, ciar, &c.*

MOLADH AN LEOGHAINN.

AIR Fonn—" *Cabar Feidh.*"

Faillt' an leoghainn chreuchdaich,
Is eugsamhuil spracalachd,
'Nuair dheireadh do chinn-fheadna,
Bu mheaghrach am brataichean,
'Nuair chruinnicheadh gach dream dhiu,
Gu ceannsgalach tartarach,
Bhiodh pronnadh agus callach,
Air naimhdean a thachradh 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 spealtairachd,
Le'n geur cholg ri stracadh bholg,
'A gearradh cheann is chorpunnun ;
'S cha sluagh gun chruaidh gun cheannsgal,
Le'n lann bheireadh fosadh orr.

Dùisg a leoghainn euchdaich,
'S dean ùirigh gu farumach,
Air brat ball-dearg, breid-ghéal,
'S fraoch sleibhe mar bharan air ;
Teg suas do cheann gu h-eatrom,
'S na speuraibh gu caithreanseach,
'S théid mi-fhìn cho géire,
'Sa dh'fheudas mi d' arabhaig ;
Togam suas do mholadh prìseil,
'S do cheann righeil farasda,
Cha'n 'eil ceann no corp san righeachd,
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 tarrauin ruit.

Co b'urrainn thair no dì-bleachd,
Gu dìlinn a bharalacha ?
No shamhlachd riut mì-chliù,
A rìgh nan ceann barrasach ;
A chreutair ghasda, rimheich,
'S garg fìor-dheas do tharruinse,
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 còmhlaigh ghasda lan do ghaisge,
Teanailt bras gu leanailt ris,
Fear gu casgairt 'nan gnùis dhaithe,
Fraoch a's fràs 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 ;
Chòmhlagach, iomairteach ;
Bu ghunnach, dagach, òr-sgiathach,
Ghìrseideach, nimheil iad ;
Bu domhain farsuinn creuchdach,
Cneidh euchdach am fìrinnach ;
Iad gu sùrdail losga' fùdair,
Toirt as snuid bho lasraichean ;
Na fir ùra, gheala, lùghar.
A ghearr smuais a's aiseichean ;
Lannan dù-ghorm, geura, cùl-tiugh,
'N glaic nan fìran aigèantach,
A' sgolta chorp a sìos gu'n rumpail,
Sùrd le sunnd air stracaireachd.

'S foinni, fearail, laidir,
Cuanda, dàicheil, cinneadail,
Slìochd nan Collaidh lamh-dhearg,
'S iad lan do dh' ard spiorad ann.
Cho dian ri lasair chrà-dheirg,
'S gaoth Mhàirt a' cuir spìonnaidh in

Gun mheang, gun mbeirg, gun fhàillín,
'Nar càileachd ge d' shìreair sibh ;
Na fir chogach thèid 's na trodaibh,
Nach biodh ro lotaibh gioragach ;
Nach iarr brosnà 'rì h-àm cosgraidh,
A phronna chorp a's mhìonaichean,
A' sgatha cheann, a's lamb, a's chas, diubh,
Ann san toit le mire-chath,
Na fir bhèurra, threin, fhearrdha,
Gheur, armach, fhineadail !

An cinneadh maiseach, treubhach,
Nan réidh-chuillbheir acuinneach,
Nach diultadh dol air ghleus,
Rì h-àm feuma gu grad-mharbhadh,
Madaidh ri ùird ghleusta,
Gu beuma nan sradagan,
A' conas dearg ri chéile,
A' cuir eibhlean gu lasraichean.
Frasan dealanach dearg phelleir,
Teachd o'r teine tartarach,
A' spadadh, 's a pronnadh, 's a leadairt,
Nan corp ceigeach, casagach.
Lannan dù-ghorm dol gan dùlan,
A gearra smùis is aisnichean,
Aig na treunaibh cruaidh, bheumnach,
'S luath bhuala speachannan.

Clann-Dòmhnuaill tha mi 'g ràite,
'N sìr chinneadh urramach,
'S tric a fhuair 's na blàraibh,
Air nàmhaid buaidh iomanach ;
Iad fearra, tapuidh, dàna,
Cho làn de nìmh-ghuineadeach,
Rì nathraichean an t-sléibhe,
Le'n geur-lannaibh fulangach.
Iad gu sìtheach, gleusta, cos-luath,
Rùnach, bos-luath, fulasgach,
Cruas na craige, luathas na draige,
Chluinntè fead am buillionean ;
Na fir dhàna, lùghar, nàrach,
Fhoinnidh, làidir, urrandà,
Cho garg ri tuil-mhaoim sléibhe,
No falaig gheur nam muaineann !

A charraig dhaingheann dhileant,
Nach dìobair gu'n acarachd,
Gluais suas gu spòrsail rìgheil,
Ro d' mhìlinibh 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 fleasgach cùl-bhuil dòid-gheal,
Is garbh dorn is slinneinean,
A dh' éireas leat an tùs na co'-strì,
A nì comhrag min-bhuailteach,

Iad gu bonn-mhall, bas-luath, cròdha,
Saitheach, stròiceach, iomairteach,
A' dol a sìos an àm na teughbail,
'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' bhuaidh ri crann fulangach ;
Chite conadh ruaimleach,
'An gruaidhean na h-uile fir.
'S daingheann, seasmhach, rang do fhleasgach,
'Nuair bhiodh deise tarraun orr,
Cha toir eagal nàmhaid eag aunt,
'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-chaitbreamach.

Nan tigeadh ortsa foirneart,
Gu d' leon o chrich aineolaich,
Coigrich le rùn dò'-bheirt,
Gu d' chòir thoirt a dh-aindeoin diot :
'S iomad làn cheann-ileach,
'S lainn liobhta 'm beairt dhaingheann ann,
A thairneadh suas ri d' shìoda,
Dheth t-fhior-fhuil d'a t-anagladh.
Fuiribin chomasach nach cromadh,
Ro fhrois tholladh phearsunnann ;
Nach biodh somult dhol air cholluin,
'N am bhi sonnadh chlaigeannan.
Crùn-luath lomarra 'ga phronnadh,
Air pìob loinneich thartaraich,
A chuireadh anam ann sna maibh,
A dhol gu fearr-ghleus gaisge leo.

Stoc Chlann-Dòmhnuaill dh' éireadh,
Le'n geugaibh 's le meanganaibh,
B'i sìd a choille cheutach,
A b' eugsamhuil 's bu cheannardaich.
'Nuair thàirrneadh iad ri chéile
Gach treubh dhù gu fearachail,
'S mairg a spìola feusag
Nan leoghann, ga ghreannachadh.
Bhiodh cinn is dùirn ga sgathadh dhiubh-san,
Ann an dùiseal lannaireachd,
Fuil ri feur-imeachd 's ri srùladh,
Feadh nan lùb 's nan camhanan.
Bhiodh lannan lotach dù-ghorm,
Cuir smhùdrich de cheannaibh Ghall,
Is caoidhrean cruaidh a's rànach,
'S an àraich gu gearanach.

C'ait am beil san rìgheachd,
Am fear-ghnìomh thug barrachd oirbh ?

Nam brosnachhte chum strì sibh,
 A mhillidhnean barraideach;
 Na tuirin sgairteil prìseil,
 De'n fhior-chruaidh nach faunaicheadh:
 D'am b' àbhaist a bhì dileas,
 'S nach dìobradh na ghealladh iad,
 Gaodhair chatha théid mar shaighead,
 Sios le'n claidhe' dealanaich.
 Nach toir atha gun dad athais,
 Gus an sgath iad bealach romp;
 Cuirp gau 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 fùlasgach,
 Sliochd Ghàèil ghlais á Scòta
 Thig deonach m' ar cularaibh.
 Gun tig iad le rùn cruadail,
 'S gum fuaigh iad gu bunailteach,
 Rì teanchair ghairg an leoghainn,
 'S rì spògaibh dearg fuileachdach.
 Togaibh leibh gun airc gun easbhuidh,
 Trom fheachd seasmhach cunnbhalach,
 De laochraidh dheise, shunndach, threiseil,
 Théid neo-leisg 's an iomairt sgleo.
 Cha'n fhacas rianh na suinn 'nan geiltibh
 Dol 'an teas nan cumasgan;
 Teichidh iad o'r stròiceadh,
 'S o'r sròlaibh breac, duilleagach.

BEANNACHA LUINGE,

MAILLE RÌ BROSNACHA FAIRGE, A RINNEADH DO
 SGOIBA DURLINN THIGHEARNA CHLANN-RAONUILL.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia Long Chlann-Raonuill,
 A cheud là do chaidh air siùil',
 E-fein, 's a threin fhir ga caitheamh,
 Treun a chaidh thar mathas chàich;
 Gu'm beannaich an Co-dhia naomh,
 An iunra is anail nan speur,
 Gu'n sguabta garbhach na mara,
 G'ar tarraim gu cala ròidh.
 Athair a chruthaich an fhaire!
 'S gach gaith a sheideas as gach ìrd,
 Beannaich ar caol-bharc 's ar gaisgich,
 'S cum i-fein 's a 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 croinn 's ar taodaibh gu léir
 Ar stadh, 's ar tarraim cun fallain,
 'S na leig-sa 'nar caranach beud.
 An Spiorad Naomh biodh air an stiùir,
 Seoladh è 'n t-iùil a bhios ceart;
 'S eol da gach long-phort fo'n ghréin,
 Tilgeamaid sinn féin fo bheachd.

Beannuchadh nan Arm.

Gu'm beannaiche Dia'ar claidhean,
 'S ar lannan spainnteach, geur ghlas,
 'S ar lùirichean troma màilleach,
 Nach gearr-te le faobhar tais;
 Ar lannan cruadhach, 's ar gòrsaide,
 'S ar sgiathan an-dealbhach dualach;
 Beannaich gach armachd gu h-ionnann,
 'Th' air ar n-ionnchar 's ar crios-guail;
 Ar boghannan foinealach iubhair,
 'Ghabhadh lugha ri uchd tuasaid;
 'S na saighdean beithe nach spealgadh,
 Ann am balgan a bhrùic ghruamaich,
 Beannaich ar biodag, 's ar daga;
 'S ar n-èile gasd ann an cuaichean,
 'S gach trealach cath agus còmhraig,
 Tha'm bàrc Mhic-Dhòmhnuill san uair so.
 Na biodh simplidheachd oirbh no taise,
 Gu'n dol air ghaisge le cruadal,
 Fad 's a mhaireas ceithir bùird d'i,
 No bhios càrad shùth dh'i fuaighte;
 'M fad 's a shùmhais i fo 'r casan,
 Na dh'fhaineas enag dh'i an uachdar,
 A dh-aindeoin aon fhuathas gam faic sibh,
 Na meataicheadh gart a chuain sibh;
 Ma ni sibh cothacha ceart,
 'S nach mothaich an fhaire 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 ciuntinn tais,
 'S dàch' i bhoghadhach 's an strì,
 No chinntinn idir ni's brais;
 'S amhuil sin a ta mhuir mhor,
 Coisinnidh le colg 's le sùrd,
 'S gu'n ùmhlaich i dhut fa-dheoigh,
 Mar a dh'òrdaich Rìgh nan dùil.

Brosnachadh ionraidh gu ionad seòlaidh.

Gun cuirt an iubhrach dhubb-dhealbhach,
 An àite seòlaidh,
 Sàthaibh a mach cleathan rìghne,
 Liath-lom còmhnaid;
 Ràmhann mìn-lunnacha dealbhach,
 Socair, eutrom,
 A ni 'n t-ionnradh 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 gaibbheacha, tarbhach,
 Nan cleth troma,
 A bheir air bochd-thuinn thonnaich,
 Lot le'n cromadh,
 Le sgionan nan ràmh geal, tana,
 Bual a cholluinn,
 Air mullach nan gorm-chnochd, ghleannach,
 Gharbhlach, thomach.
 O ! sinibh 's tàirrnibh, agus lùbaibh,
 Ann sna bacaibh !
 Na gallain bhas-leathunn, ghiùbhsaich,
 Le lùs ghilac-ghéal.
 Na fuirbinean 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-reamhar, réitha,
 Fo bhàrr stuadhan ;
 Iurghuilich garbh 'an tùs cléithe,
 'G eubhach suas orr ;
 Iorram dhùisgeas an speurad,
 Ann sna guaillean ;
 'Sparras a Bhirliun le sèitrich,
 Tro gach fuar-ghleann ;
 Sgoltadh na bòchd-thuinn a' beucaich,
 Le sàimh chruaidh-chruim,
 Dh-ìomaineas beanntaiean beiseil,
 Ro dà ghualainn.
 Hùgan ! air cuan, nuallan gàireach,
 Heig air chnagaibh !
 Farnn le bras-ghaoir na bàirlinn,
 Itis na maidibh ;
 Ràimh gam pianadh, 's bolgan fol',
 Air bhos gach fuirbì ;
 Na suinn laidir gharba thoirteil,
 'S cop gheal iomradh,
 'Chreanaicheas gach bòrd dheth darach,
 Bìgh a's iarann ;
 'S lannan gan tilgeil le staplainn,
 Chnap ri sliasaid ;
 Foirne fearail, a bheir tulga,
 Dugbarra, dàicheil,
 'Sparras a chaol-bharc le giùbhsaich,
 'N aodann àibheis,
 Nach pillar le frìgh nan tonn dù-ghorm,
 Le lùghs ghàirdein ;
 Sud an sgìoba 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-deug, suidhe
 air na ràimh, a chum a h-iomradh, fo'n ghaoith
 gu ionad seolaidh, do ghlaodh CALUM GARBH,
 MAC-RAONAILL NAN CUAN, Iorram oirre, 's
 è air ràmh-bràghad, agus 's i so i:—*

'S a nis o rinneadh 'ur taghadh,
 'S gur coltach dhuibh bhì 'n-ar roghainn,
 Thugaibh tulga neo-chladharra dàicheil.
 Thugaibh tulga, &c.

Thugaibh tulga neo-chearbach,
 Gu'n airsneal gun dearmad,
 Gu freasdal na gaille-bheinne shìl-ghlais.
 Gu freasdal, &c.

Tulga danarra treun-ghlac,
 A ridheas cnàmhan a's féithean,
 Dh-fhàgas soilleir a ceumannan àlaich.
 Dh-fhagas, &c.

Sgobadh fonnar gun éislein,
 Rì garbh bhrosnacha chéile,
 Iorram gleust ann bho bheul fir a bràghad.
 Iorram gleust, &c.

Cogull ràmh air na bacaibh,
 Leois, a's rusgadh air bhasaibh,
 'S ràimh d'an suimh ann an achlaisean ard-
 'S ràimh, &c. [thonn.

Biodh 'ur gruaidhean air lasadh,
 Biodh 'ur bois gu'n leòb chraicinn,
 Fallas mala bras chrapa gu làr dhìth.
 Fallas mala bras, &c.

Sinibh, tàirrnaibh, a's luthaibh,
 Na gallain liath-leothar ghiubhais,
 'S dianaibh uighe tro shruthaibh an t-sàile.
 'S deanaibh, &c.

Cliath ràmh air gach taobh dh'ì,
 Masgadh fàirge le saothair,
 Dol 'na still ann an aodann na bàirlinn.
 Dol 'na still, &c.

Iomraibh cò'-lath glan gleusta,
 Sgoltadh bòc-thuinn a' beucaich,
 Obair shunndach gun eislein gun fhàrdal.
 Obair shunndach, &c.

Buaillibh co-thromach tréin i,
 Sealltainn tric air a chéile,
 Dùisgibh spiorad 'n-ar féithean gu laidir !
 Dùisgibh spiorad, &c.

Biodh a darach a' colhainn,
Ris na fiadh-ghleannaibh bronnach
'S a da shliasaid a' pronnadh, gach bàrlainn.
'S a da shliasaid, &c.

Biodh an fhairge ghlas thonnach,
Ag àt 'na garbh mhothar ionnach,
S na h-ard-uisgeachan bronnach 'sa ghàraich.
'S na h-ard-uisgeachan, &c.

A ghlas-fhàirge sìor chopadh,
A steach mu dà ghualainn thoisich,
Sruth ag osnaich a' sloistreadh a h-earr-linn.
Sruth ag osnaich, &c.

Slibb, tàirrnibh, a's lùbaibh,
Na gathain mhìn-lunnach chùl-dearg,
Le iumaircidh smuis 'ur garbh ghàirdean.
Le iumaircidh smuis, &c.

Cuiribh fothaibh an rugh' ud,
Le fallas mhailean a' sruthadh,
'S togaibh sìùil ri bho Uidhist nan crà-ghiadh.
'S togaibh sìùil, &c.

Dh-ìomair iad 'an sin gu ionad seòlaidh.

An sin thàr iad na seoil shìthe,
Gu fìor ghasda,
'Shaor iad na sia-raimh-dheug,
A' steach tro' bacadh,
Sgathadh grad iad sìos r'a shiasaid,
Sheachnadh bhac-bhreid.
Dh-òrdaich Clann-Raonuill d' an-uaislean,
Sàr-sgiobairean cuain a bhi aca,
Nach gabhadh eagal ro fhuathas,
No gnè thuairgneadh a thachradh.

Dh-òrdaicheadh an deigh an taghadh na, h-uile duine dhol 'an seilbh a ghram' àraidh féin 's na cho-lorg sin ghlaodhadh ri fear na stiùrach suidh air stiùir anns na briathraibh so :—

Suitheadh air stiùir trom laoch leathunn,
Neartar, fuasgailt,
Nach tilg bun no bàrr na sùmaid,
Fairge bhuaith ;
Claireanach taiceil, lan spiunnaidh,
I'locach, màsach,
Min-bheumnach, faicleach,
Furachail, lan nàistín ;
Bunnsaidh eutromach,
Garbh, sòcair, seolta, lugh'or ;
Eirmseach, faighidneach, gun ghriomhag,
Rìh-uchd tùilín ;
'Nuair a chluinn e 'n fhàirge ghiobach,
Teachd le bùirein,

Chumas a ceann caol gu sgìbhidh,
Ris na sùghaibh ;
Chumas gu socrach a gabhail,
Gun dad luasgain.
Sgòd a's cluas ga rian le amharc,
Suil air fuaradh ;
Nach caill aon òirleach na h-òrdaig,
Deth cheart chùrsa ;
'Dh-aìndeoin 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-aìndoin fuathais,
Ge do dh-atadh a mhuir cheanna-ghlas
Suas gu chluasaibh ;
Nach b'urraim am fuiribh chreanachadh,
No ghluasad,
O ionad a shuidh, 's e tearainnte,
'S ailm 'na asguil,
Gu freasdal na seana mbara ceanna-ghlas,
'S gleann-ghaoir ascaoin,
Nach crithnich le fuaradh cluaise,
An taod-aoire,
Leigean leath ruith a's gabhail,
'S làn a h-aodaich ;
Cheanglas a gabhail cho daingheann,
'M barr gach tuinne,
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 ;
Leigean eudthrom air ceann slaite,
Ri h-àm cruaidhich,
Dh-fhnothaicheas air crann 's nìr acuinn,
Bheir dhaibh fuasgladh ;
Thuigean a ghaoth mar a thig i,
Do réir seòlaidh,
Fhreagras mìn le fearas beairte,
Beum an sgòid-fhir :—
'Sìor chuideachadh leis an acuinn,
Mar fàilnich buill bheirte
Reambar ghaoiste.

Chuireadh air leth fear-sgòide.

Suitheadhfeas sgòid' air an tota
Gaoirdean laidir,
Nan righnín gaoisneach, feitheach,
Reambar, cnànach ;

Cràgan tiugha, leathunn, clianach,
 Meur gharbh chròcach :
 Mach's a steach an sgòid a leigeas,
 Le neart sgròbaidh ;
 'An àm cruaidhich a bheir thuig i,
 Gaoth ma sheideas,
 'S 'nuair a nì an oiteag lagadh,
 Leigeas beum leis.

Dh-òrdaicheadh air leth fear-cluaise.

Suitheadh fear crapara, taiceil,
 Gasda, cuanda,
 Laimhsicheas a chluas neo-lapach,
 Air a fuaradh ;
 Bheir imirich sìos sa suas i,
 A chum gach urracaig,
 A reir 's mar thig an soirbheas.
 No barr urchaid ;
 'S ma chi e 'n iunnrais a 'g éiridh,
 Teachd le h-osaich,
 Lomadh e gu gramail treun-mhor
 Sìos gu stoc i.

Dh-òrdaicheadh do'n toiseach fear-iùil.

Eireadh mar-nialach na sheasamh,
 Suas do'n toiseach,
 'S deanadh e dhuim eolas seasmach,
 Cala a choisneas ;
 Sealladh e 'n ceithir àirdean,
 Cian an adhair,
 'S innseadh e do dh-fhear na stiùrach,
 'S math a gabhail.
 Glacadh e comharadh tìre,
 Le sàr-shùil-bheachd,
 O'n 'se sin a's Dia gach sìde,
 'S reull-iuil duinn.

Chuireadh air leth fear-calpa na tàirne.

Suitheadh air calpa na tàirne,
 Fear gu'n soistinn,
 Snaomanach fuasgailteach, sgairteil,
 Foimnidh, sòlta ;
 Duine cùramach gu'n ghriobhag,
 Ealamb gruamach ;
 A bheir uair a's dh'i mar dh-fheumas,
 Gleusda, luaineach ;
 Laitheas le spòghannan troma,
 Treun' air tarraunn ;
 Air cudthrom a dhòid a' cromadh,
 'Dh-ionnsuidh daraich ;
 Nach ceangail le sparraig mu'n urracaig,
 An taod-frithir ;
 Ach gabhail uime 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,
 agus thuirt an Stiùireadair ris :—*

Suitheadh fear-innse gach uisge,
 Làmh ri m' chluais-sa,
 'S cumadh e a shùil gu biorach,
 'An cridh' an fhuaraidh.
 Taghaibh an duine leth eagalach,
 Fiamhach sicir,
 'S cha mhath leam e bhi air fad,
 'Na ghealtair' riorbhall ;
 Biodh e furachair 'nuair chi è,
 Fuaradh froise,
 Co dhiubh bhios an soirbheas,
 Na deireadh no na toiseach ;
 'S gu'n cuireadh e mis air m' fhaicill,
 Suas d'am mhosgladh,
 Ma nì e gnè chunnairt fhaiciunn,
 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 " bàirlinn ;"
 'S na ceileadh air fear na stiùrach,
 Ma chi gàbhadh.
 'Na biodh fear innse nan uisgean,
 Ann ach e-san ;
 Cuiridh giamhag, briot, a's gusgul,
 Neach 'na bbreislich.

*Dh-òrdaicheadh a much fear-taomaidh, 'san
 fhàirg' a' bàrcadh air am muin rompa 's nan
 déigh.*

Freasdladh air leabaidh na taoime,
 Laoch bhios fuasgailt',
 Nach fannaich gu bràth 's nach tiomaich,
 Le gàir chuaintean ;
 Nach lapaich, 's nach meataich,
 Fuachd, sàil', no clach-mheallain
 Laomadh mu bhroilleach 's mu mhuineal,
 'Na fuar steallaibh ;
 Le crùmpa mòr cruinn tiugh fiodha,
 'Na chiar dhòidibh,
 Sior thilgeadh a mach na fhàirge
 A steach a dhoirteas ;
 Nach dìrich a dhruim lùghor,
 Le rag earlaid,
 Gus nach fag e sìle 'n grunn'd,
 Nan làr a h-earluinn ;
 'S ge do chinneadh a buird cho tolltach
 Ris an ridil,
 Chumas cho tioram gach cnag dh'i,
 Rì clàr buideil.

*Dh-òrdaicheadh dithis gu dragha nam ball chul-
aodaich, 's coltas orra gun tugta na siùil uapa
le ro ghairbhead na sìde.*

Cuiribh caraid laidir ehnàmh-reamhar,
Gairbneach, ghaoistneach,
Gum freasdaladh iad tearuinn treun ceart i,
Buill chul-aodaich ;
Le smuais a's le miad lùghis,
An ruighean treunna,
'N am cruaghaich bheir orr a steach,
No leigeas beum leis,
Chumas gu sgiobalta a staigh e,
'Na teis meadhon,
Dh-òrdaicheadh Donnacha Mac-Chormaig,
A's Iain mac Iain,
Dithis starbhanach theoma, ladorn,
De dh-fhearaibh Chana.

*Thaghadh seisir gu fearas àrlair, an earalas
gum fàilnicheadh a h-aon de na thuir mi, no
gu'n spionadh onfadh na fàirge mach thar
bord è, 's gu'n suidheadh fear dhiù so 'na
àite.*

Eireadh seiseir ealamh, ghleusta,
Lambach, bheotha,
Shiubhlas, 'sa dh-fhalbas, 's a leumas,
Feadh gach bòrd dh'ì,
Mar ghearr-fhiadh am mullach sléibhe
'S coin d'a copadh ;
Streupas ri cruaidh bhallaibh réidhe,
De'n chaol chòreach,
Cho grad ri feòragan cèitein,
Rì crann rò-choill ;
A bhios ullamh, ealamh, treubhach,
Falbhach, eolach,
Gu toirt dh'ì, 's gu toirt an ausadh,
'S clausail òrdail,
Chaitheas gun airtsneal gun éislean,
Long Mhic-Dhòmhnuill.

*Do bha nis na h-uile goireas a bhuineadh do 'n
t-seoladh, air a chuir 'an deagh riaghailt, agus
theann na h-uile laoch tapaidh gun taise, gun
fhiamh, gun sgàthachas cham a cheairt ionaid
an d'òrdaichadh dha dol; agus thog iad na
suir ma èiridh na greine là-fheill-Bhùle, a'
togail a mach o bhun Loch-Aineirt, ann 'an
Uidhist-a-chinne-deas.*

Grian a faoisgheadh gu h-òr-bhuidh',
A's a mogul,
Chinn an speur gu dùbhuidh dòite,
Lau de dh-oghlach ;
Dh-fhàs i tonn-ghorm, tiugh, tàrr-lachdunn,
Odhar, iargalt ;
Chinn gach dath bhiodh ann am breacan,
Air an iarmailt.

Fada-cruaidh san aird an iar orr,
Stoirm 'na coltas,
'S neil shiubhlach aig gaath gan riasladh,
Fuaradh frois orr.
Thog iad na siùil bhreaca,
Bhaidealacha, dhìonach ;
'S shìn iad na calpannan raga,
Teanna, rìghne,
Rì fiodhanan arda, fada,
Nan colg bigh dhearg ;
Cheangladh iad gu gramail, snaompach,
Gu neo-chearbach,
Tro shùilean nan cormag iarrainn,
'S nan cruinn aillbheag.
Cheartaich iad gach ball de'n acuinn,
Ealamh, dùigheil ;
'S shuidh gach fear gu freasdal tapaidh,
'Bhuill bu choir dha ;
'N sin dh' fhosgail uinneagan an adhair.
Ballach, liath-ghorm,
Gu séideadh na gaoithe greannaich,
'S bannail iargalt ;
Tharruinn an cuau a bhrat dù-ghlas,
Air gu h-uile,
A mhantul garbh caiteanach, ciar-dhubh,
Sgreitidh buinne,
Dh-àt e 'na bheannaibh, 's na ghleannaibh,
Molach ròbach.
Gun do bhòchd an fhairge cheigeach,
Suas na enocaibh ;
Dh-fhosgail a mhuir ghorm na craosaibh,
Farsuinn, cràcach,
'An glaicibh a chéile ri taosgadh,
'S caonnag bhàs-mhor.
Gum b' fhear-ghnìomh bhi 'g amharc 'an aodann
Nam maom teinntidh,
Lasraichean sradanach sionnachain,
Air gach beinn diubh.
Na beulanaich arda liath-cheann,
Rì searbh bheucail ;
Na cùlanaich 's an clagh dùdaidh,
Rì fuaime gheumnaich.
'Nuair dh-eirimid gu h-allail,
Am barr nan tonn sin,
B' eigin an t-ausadh a bhenrradh,
Gu grad phongail :
'Nuair thuiteamaid le aon slugadh,
Sios 's na gleannaibh,
Bheirte gach seòl a bhiodh aice
'Am barr nan crann d'ì :
Na ceòsanaich arda, chroma,
Teachd 's a bhàirich,
M'an tigeadh iad idir 'n-ar caramh,
Chluinnt' an gàirich.
Iad a sguabadh nan tonn beaga,
Lom gan sgìrdsadh,
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-aigéal sligeach ;
 An fhairge ga maistreadh 's ga sluistreadh,
 Troimhe chéile,
 Gun robh ròin a's mialan mòra,
 'Am barrachd eigin.
 Onfadh a's tonnau na mara,
 A's falbh na luinge,
 A' sradadh an eanchainean geala,
 Feadh gach tuinne.
 Iad ri nuallanaich ard-uamhaineach,
 Searbh thùrsach ;
 'G eubhach, gur h-ìochdarain sinne,
 Dragh chum bùird sinn :
 Gach min-iag a bh'ann san fhàirge,
 'Tarr-gheal, tiunnadait' ;
 Le gluasad confach na gailbheinn,
 Marbh gun chunntas.
 Clachan a's maorach an aigéil,
 Teachd an uachdar,
 Air am buain a nuas le slacraich,
 A chuain uaimbreich.
 An fhairge uile 'si 'na brochan,
 Strioplach, ruaimleach,
 Le fuil 's le gaur nam biast lorcach,
 'S droch dhath ruadh orr.
 Na bèistean adharcach iongach,
 Plùtach, lorcach ;
 Lan cheann-sian nam beoil gun gialaibh,
 'S an craos fosgailte.
 An aibheis uile lan bhochdan,
 Air cragradh,
 Le spògan 's le earbuill mor-bhiast,
 Air inagradh.
 Bu sgreamhail an ròbhain sgriachach,
 Bhi 'ga eisdeachd,
 Thogadh iad air cogad mìlìdh,
 Eatrom céille.
 Chaill an sgioba càil g'an claiستهachd,
 Ri bhi 'g éisteachd,
 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' Gbath ag ùrachadh a fuaraidh
 As an iar-aird ;
 Bha sinn leis gach seòrsa buairidh,
 Air ar pianadh.
 S sinn dall le cathadh fairge,
 Sior dhol tharunn,
 Tairneanach aibheiseach rè oidhche,
 'S teine dealain.
 Peileirean bethrich a' losgadh,
 Ar cuid acuin ;

Fàileadh a's deathach na riofa,
 Gar glan thachadh :
 Na dùilean uachdrach a's iochdrach,
 Ruinn a' cogadh ;
 Talamh, teine uisg a's sion-ghath,
 Ruinn air togail.
 Ach 'n uair dh'artaich air an fhairge,
 Toirt oirn strùchda,
 Ghabh i truas le fàite gaire,
 Rinn i sìth ruinn.
 Ge d'rinn, cha robh crann gun lubadh,
 Seol gun reubadh ;
 Slat gun sgaradh, rac gun fhàillin,
 Ràmb gun èislein.
 Cha robh stagh ann gun stuadh-leumnach :
 Beairt ghaisidh,
 Tarruinn, no cupull gun bhristeadh,
 Fise ! Faise !
 Cha robh tota no beul-mor ann,
 Nach tug aideach,
 Bha h-uile crannaghail a's goireas,
 Air an lagadh.
 Cha robh achlachan no aisne dh'ì,
 Gun fhuasgladh ;
 A slat-bheoil 'sa sguithcinn asgail,
 Air an tuairgneadh.
 Cha robh falmadair gun sgoltadh,
 Stiùir gun chreuchadh ;
 Crèad 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 bhuineadh dh'ì-se,
 Nach robh nì's measa na thùradh.
 Ghairm an fhairge sìochaint ruinne,
 Air crois Chaol Ile,
 'S gu'n d'fhuair a gharbh ghaoth,
 Shearbh-ghlòireach, ordugh sìnidh.
 Thog i uainn do ionadaibh uachdrach
 An adhair ;
 'S chinn i dhuinn na clàr rèidh mìn gheal,
 'N deigh a tabhunn.
 'S thug sinn buidheachas do'n Ard-Rìgh,
 Chum na dùilean,
 Deagh Chlann-Raonuill a bhi sàbhailt,
 O bhàs bruideil.
 'S an sin bheum sinn a siuil thana, bhallach,
 Do thùllin ;
 'S leag sinn a croin mhìn-dearg ghasda,
 Air fad a h-ùrlair.
 'S chuir sinn a mach ràmb chaol bhasgant,
 Dhaite mhìne,
 De'n ghiubhas a bhuain Màc-Bharais,
 'An Eilean-Fhìonain.

'S rinn sinn an t-ìomra rèidh tulganaich,
 Gun dearmad ;
 S ghabh sinn deag long-phort aig barraibh,
 Charraig Fhearghais ;

Thilg sinn Acaichean gu socair,
 Ann san ròd sin ;
 Ghabh sinn biadh a's deoch gun airceas,
 'S rinn sinn còmhnuidh.

IAIN MAC CODRUM.

JOHN M'CODRUM,* the North Uist bard, commonly called *Iain Mac Fhearchuir*, was contemporary with the celebrated Alexander M'Donald. He was bard to Sir James Macdonald, who died at Rome. The occasion of his obtaining this situation was as follows :—He made a satirical piece on all the tailors of the Long Island, at which they were so exasperated that they would not work for him on any account. One consequence of this was, that John soon became a literal tatterdemalion. Sir James meeting him one day, inquired the reason of his being thus clad. John explained. Sir James desired him to repeat the verses—which he did ; and the piece was so much to Sir James's liking, that John was forthwith promoted to be his bard, and obtained free lands on his estate in North Uist. In a letter from Sir James Macdonald to Dr Blair of Edinburgh, relating to the poems of Ossian, dated Isle of Skye, 10th October, 1763, we find Sir James speaking as follows of Mac Codrum :—"The few bards that are left among us, repeat only detached pieces of these poems. I have often heard and understood them, particularly from one man called John Mac Codrum, who lives on my estate, in North Uist. I have heard him repeat, for hours together, poems which seemed to me to be the same with Macpherson's translations."

The first of M'Codrum's compositions was a severe and scurrilous satire. Being young, and unnoticed, he was neglected to be invited to a wedding to which he considered he had as good a right to be bidden as others. He was very indignant, and gave vent to his feelings in the most severe invectives. He had the prudence to conceal his name. The wedding party being minutely characterized, several of them lampooned, and held up to derision, the poem gave great offence to some of those concerned. Although the author was concealed, the satire could not be suppressed. Several individuals were suspected, while the real author enjoyed the pleasure of knowing himself to be at the same time a person of some consideration, and amply revenged for the neglect of those who should have acknowledged it. His father only knew him to be the author. He was alone about the farm : John was in the barn, whither his parent went, as he could hear no

* The Mac Codrums are not properly a clan, but a sept of the M'Donalds. They belong to North Uist.

one thrashing ; but, on approaching nearer, he heard his son rehearsing his poem. He admonished him to attend more to his work than to idle songs, and left him, without thinking of the verses he had heard till the fame of the satire was spread abroad, and a noise was made about it throughout the country. The verses then recurred to his mind, and he had no doubt of the real author. He spoke to John most seriously in private. He was himself a pious and a respectable man, and was much affected at the thought that any of his family should disgrace his fair reputation. He was sensible of the ill-will and hatred that John would incur were he known to be the author ; and he, moreover, disapproved of the license taken with the characters of individuals. The young poet promised him that he would give him no more occasion of regret on that score ; and he kept his word. Respect for his parent's authority restrained him ; for he composed no more of the kind while his father lived, nor any so severe afterwards. He must have had great command over himself, as well as submission to the will of a parent. It is no easy task for a young author, while hearing his compositions recited and applauded, not to indicate the interest which he feels. Although unnoticed and unknown, while feeling all the flattering suggestions which popularity must have incited within him, yet a revered parent's authority checked the progress of the young aspirant in the career of fame.

After his father's death, M'Codrum concealed no longer the flame which he had been smothering in his breast. His name became known, and he was acknowledged to be the most famous bard in the Long Island since the time of Neil M'Vurich, the family bard of Clanronald. John M'Codrum was, like most of the bards, indolent. The activity of the body, and the exertion of mental qualities, go not always together. An anecdote will better illustrate this part of his character than any description we can give:—A gentleman sent for his neighbours to assist in draining a lake. The country people assembled in numbers ; and, exerting themselves, soon finished the work, much sooner than the poet had expected they would have done : he just came in time to see the last of it. The gentleman was determined to punish him for his sluggish and indifferent behaviour. When he ordered some provisions and a cask of whisky for the people, he told them to sit down, and called on the poet to act as chaplain, and ask a blessing. The bard was not regarded as a man of *grace*. All were attentive, thinking him for once out of place. He, however, spoke in a most reverential manner—his grace was brief and pithy, couched in verse, and was longer remembered than the sumptuous repast. While he expressed gratitude to the bestower of all good gifts, he turned the operations of the day into ridicule.

When Mr M'Pherson was collecting "Ossian's Poems," he landed at Lochmady, and proceeded across the moor to Benbecula, the seat of the younger Clanronald. On his way thither he fell in with a man, whom he afterwards ascertained to have been *Mac Codrum*, the poet : M'Pherson asked him the question, "*Am beil dad agad air an Fhéinn ?*" by which he meant to inquire whether or not he knew any of the poems of Ossian relative to the Fingalians, but that the terms in which the question was asked, strictly imported whether or not the Fingalians owed him anything, and Mac Codrum,

being a man of humour, took advantage of the incorrectness or inelegance of the Gaelic in which the question was put, answered as follows:—*Cha'n eil, is ged do bhutheadh 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 stroughold 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, "*Caitheadh mi 'n oidheche nochd mar-ris, ma's àbhaist aoidhean a bhi aiga.*" "*'Tha mi creidsin,*" replied the witty John, "*nach bi e falamh dhiù sin cuideachd mu bhios na cearcan a breith (uibhean).*"*

In purity and elegance of language Mac Codrum comes nearest to Macdonald, who appears to have been his model. Some of his pieces appear to us as servile copies of great originals. When he chooses to think and compose for himself, he appears to more advantage; witty, ingenuous, and original. His satire on "*Donald Bain's Bagpipe*" is a masterpiece of its kind; full of wit and humour, without the filth and servility that disgrace the satires of Macdonald and other Keltic poets. His poems on "*Old Age*" and "*Whiskey*" are excellent. They first appeared in Macdonald's volume, without the author's name; but Mac Codrum's countrymen have claimed them for him. He never published any thing of his own, and many of his poems are now lost. In his days the only poets who ventured to send their works to the press were Macdonald and Macintyre; and, it is probable, that their great fame prevented our author from entering the lists with such formidable competitors.

* Mac Codrum's skill in the Gaelic was exquisite, and he was in the practice of playing on words of doubtful or double meaning, when used by others. He was once on a voyage, and the boat put into Tobermory, in the island of Mull, when the inhabitants, as usual, gathered on the shore to learn from whence the strangers came. One of them asked the crew, "*Cia as a thug sibh an t-ìomradh?*" "*As na gairdeanan,*" answered the bard. Another asked, "*An ann bho thuath a h-uinnig sibh?*" to which Mac Codrum again rejoined, "*pàirt bho thuath a's pàirt bho thighearnan.*"

'SMEORACH CHLANN-DOMHNUILL.

LUNNEAG.

*Holaibh o iriag hòroll ò,
HOLAIBH o iriag hòro ì,
HOLAIBH o iriag hòroll ò,
Smeòrach le Clann-Dòmhnúill mi.*

SMEÒRACH mis air urlar Phabail;
Crubadh ann an dùsal cadaill,
Gun deorachd a theid nì's faide;
Truimeid mo bhròin thòirleum maigne.
HOLAIBH o iriag, §c.

Smeòrach mis ri mulach beinne,
'G amharc grèin' a's speuran soilleir,
Thig mi stolda choir na coille,
'S bidh mi beò air tre'das eile.
HOLAIBH o iriag, §c.

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, §c.

Ma mholas gach eun a thìr fein,
Ciod am fath nach moladh mise—
Tìr nan curaidh, tìr nan clìar;
An tìr bhìachar, fhìalaidh, mhiosail?
HOLAIBH o iriag, §c.

An tìr nach caol ri cois na mara,
An tìr ghaolach, chaombach, chanach,
An tìr laoghach, uanach, mheannach,
Tìr an arain, bhaineach, mhealach.
HOLAIBH o iriag, §c.

An tìr riabhach, ghrianach, thaitneach;
An tìr dhionach, fhìarach, fhasgach;
An tìr lianach, ghiaghach, lachach,
'N tìr 'm bi biadh gun mhiagh air tacar.
HOLAIBH o iriag, §c.

An tìr choirceach, eornach, phailte;
An tìr bhudhach, chluanach, ghartach;
An tìr chruachach, sguabach, ghaisneach
Dlù ri cuan, gun fhuachd ri sneachda.
HOLAIBH o iriag, §c.

'S i 'n tìr sgiambach tìr na mhachrach,
Tìr nan dithean, miadar, daite;
An tìr laireach, aigeach, mhartach,
Tìr an aigh gu bràch nach gaisear.
HOLAIBH o iriag, §c.

An tìr a's bòiche ta ri faicinn;
'M bi fir òg an comhdach dreachail;
Pailt nì 's leoir le pòr na machrach;
Spreigh air mòintich; òr air chlachan.*
HOLAIBH o iriag, §c.

An cladh Chòthan rugadh mise,
'N aird na h-Unnair chaidh mo thogail;
'Fradharc a chuain uaimhrich, chuislich,
Nan stuadh guanach, cluaineach, cluicheach.
HOLAIBH o iriag, §c.

Measg Chlann-Domhnúill fhuair mi m-altrom,
Buidheann nan seol, 's nan srùl daite;
Nan long luath air chuaintean farsuinn,
Aiteam nach ciuin rusgadh ghlas-lann.
HOLAIBH o iriag, §c.

Na fir eolach, stòilde, stàideil,
Bha 's an chomh-strì stroiceach, sgaiteach,
Fir gun bhròin, gun leon, gun airsueal,
Leanadh tòir, a's thoir a chasgadh.
HOLAIBH o iriag, §c.

Buidheann mo ghaoil nach faoin caitean,
Buidheann nach gann greann san aisith;
Buidheann shunntach 'n am bhì aca,
Rusgadh lann fo shranntaich bhratach.
HOLAIBH o iriag, §c.

Buidheann uallach an uair caismeachd,
Leanadh ruaig gun luaidh air gealtachd;
Cinn a's guaillean cruaidh gun spealtadh,
Aodach ruadh le fuaim ga shracadh.
HOLAIBH o iriag, §c.

Buidheann rìoghail, 's fir-ghlan, alla,
Buidheann gun fhiamh, 's iotadh fal orr;
Buidheann gun sgàth 'm blàr na'n deannal,
Fòinnidh, nàrach, laidir, fearail.
HOLAIBH o iriag, §c.

Buidheann mor 's am pòr nach troicheil,
Dh-fhas gu meanmach, dealbhach, toirteil;
Fearail fo'n airm, 's mairg d'a nochdadh,
Ri uchd stoirm nach leanabail coltas.
HOLAIBH o iriag, §c.

Suidheam' mu'n bhòrd, stòilde, beachdail,
An t-shuil san dorn nach òl a mach i,
Slainte Shìr Seumais thigh'n' dachaigh;
Aon mhac Dhé mar sgéith d'a phearsa.
HOLAIBH o iriag, §c.

* Alluding to kelp

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 chuilm gun a chòmhradh;
 Gheibhte rinn agus òrain,
 'S iomadh stòr na measg:
 Gille bearrach, sùgach,
 Tha na chleasaiche lùghor;
 'S ro mbath bbreabadh an t-ùrlar,
 Agus tiuntadh gu brisg.
 'S e dhamhsadh gu h-uallach,
 Gu h-aucaideach, guanach;
 Gun sealltainn air truailleachd,
 Ach uaisl' agus meas.

NAMHAID.

'S maing a dheanadh an t-òran,
 'S nach deanadh air chòir e;
 Gun bhi moladh an do'-fhuir.
 Bha na rùgaire tric.
 Fear a sheargadh an conach,
 Thiuntadh mionach nan sporan
 Dh-fhàgadh leanbain air aimbhbheirt,
 Ann an carraid 's an drip.
 An struthaire di-bhuan,
 Tha gu brosgulach, briagach;
 Fear crosta mi-chiallach,
 Gun riaghailt, gun mheas.
 Call mor tha gun bhuinnig,
 Ann an sòlas ro dhiombuan;
 'S fear stòrais is urrainn
 A bhi cumantas ris.

CARAID.

'Mhic-an-Tòisich, mhic-bhracha,
 'Fhir combraig nan gaisgeach.
 A chuireadh bìllich 's na claigneann,
 Sa chuireadh 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';
 Dheanadh lag am fear neartor;
 Dheanadh daibhir fear beairteach,
 Dh-am-deoin pailteas a chruid;
 An ceart aghaidh na th' aca,
 De mhuirn, no mheoghail, no mhacnus,

'S tu ragbainn is taitneich,
 De chùis mhacnuis air bith.

NAMHAID.

A dhuin! an cual' thu, no'm fac' thu,
 Riamh ni 's miosa chùis mhacnuis,
 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 Itati,
 Ni do lomadh ma d' bheartas;
 Luchd a chomuinn, 's a chaidrimh,
 Ni e 'n creachadh gun fhios.
 'S e ciall-sgur a bhios aca,
 Bhi ri builleann, 's ri cnapadh;
 Gu 'm bi fuil air an claigneann,
 'S bi 'm batachan brist.

CARAID.

Mo ghaol an lasgaire suairce,
 Chleachd bhi 'n caidreamh nan naislean;
 'S iomadh tlachd, a's deagh bhuaidh,
 Ata fuaite ri d' chrios.
 Biorach, gorm-shuileach, meallach,
 Beachdail, colgarra, fallain,
 Laidir, cavin, air deagh tharruinn,
 Gu fògradh gaillionn a' chuirp.
 Far an cruinnich do phàistean,
 Gu 'm bi mi' ann a's màran,
 Agus iomadh ceol-gàire;
 'S iad neo-chrùiteach ma 'n cuid.
 Bheir e 'n t-umaidh gu sòlas;
 Ni e glic am fear gòrach;
 Ni e sumdach fear brònach;
 'S ni e gòrach fear glic.

NAMHAID.

'M b' e sin ragbainn nam macabb,
 Bhi gu'n fhradharc, gu'n chlaisteachd;
 'Nuair bu mhiann leò dhol dachaigh,
 'S e ni thachras ni's mios'.
 Gur e 'n ceann is treas cas daibh,
 Lom-làn mheall, agus chnapan;
 Gach aon bhall ga 'm bi aca,
 Goid a neart uath' gun fhios.
 Iad na 'n tamhaisg gun toinieg;
 Iad a labhairt an douais;
 Iad ro lamhach gu conus,
 'S nach urr' iad cuir leis;
 Bi'dh an aodnaibh 'g an sgrùbadh,
 Bi'dh an aodach 'ga shròireadh;
 Cha 'n fhaod iad bhi stùlda,
 'S iad an comhuidh air mhing.

CARAIÐ.

Nach boidheach an spòrs,
Bhi suidhe ma bhòrdaibh,
Le cuideachda chòir,
A bhios 's an tòir air an dìhh !
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 fosgaoilt' fear dìonach ;
Ni e crosta fear ciallach ;
Ni e tostach fear briathrach,
Ach ann am *blialum* nach tuig.

NAMHAID.

Nach dona mar spòrs,
Bhi suidhe ma bhòrdaibh ;
Na bhi milleadh mo stòrais,
Le gòraich gun mheas.
Le siarach, 's le stàplaich ;
Le briathran mi-ghnàthaicht' ;
Ri spearadh, 's ri sàradh
An Abharsair dhuibh.
Bi dh an donus, 's an dolas,
De chonas, 's do chomh-stri ;
'S do tharruinn air dhòrnaibh,
Anns an chomhail nach glie :
Ri fuathas, 's ri sgainneal ;
Ri gruaidhean 'g an pronnadh,
Le gruagan 'g an tarruinn,
Le barrachd de 'n mhìsg.

ARAIÐ.

Mo ghaol an gille glan éibhinn,
Dh-fhàs gu cineadail spéiseil ;
Dh-fhàs gu spioradail treubhach,
'Nuair a dh-éireadh an drip.
Bhiodh do ghille an ri sòlas,
Iad gu mìreagach bòidheach,
Iad a' sìreadh ni 's leoir,
'S iad ag òl mar a thig.
Iad gu h-aighearach fonnor,
Iad gun athadh, gun lompais ;
Iad ro mhath air an ronngas,
'Nuair a b' anntlachd an cluich.
Cuid d'a fasan air uairean,
Duirn, a's bat, agus gruagadh,
Dh-aithnte dhreach air an spuacan,
Gu'n robh bruidleir 's a' mhìsg.

NAMHAID.

Tha mhìsg 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-iarbhaile ;
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-mhi-loin ;
Gu 'm aithlise lionor ;
'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 chuireach a mhìsg.

CARAIÐ.

Mo ghaol an cleasaiche lùghor,
Fear gun cheasad gun chùna ;
Fear gu'n cheiltinn air cùineadh,
'N am bhi dlùthachadh ris.
Bheireadh tlachd a's a mhùigean ;
Dheanadh gealtair de 'n diùhlach ;
Dheanadh dàn' am fear diùid,
Chum a chùis a dhol leis.
Fear a's fearr an taigh 'sd' thu ;
Fear a's ùrghailteach òrain ;
Fear nach fuillgear 'n a ònar,
Ach a bhàilich 's an drip.
Fear tha màranach, ceolar ;
Cridheil, càirdeach, le pògan ;
'S a lamb dheas air a phòca,
'S sgapadh stòrais le mìsg.

NAMHAID.

A chinn-aobhair a chonais,
'S tric a dh-fhobhaich na sporaid ;
Fhir nach d' fhoghlum an anair,
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 m' r' thu ;
Fear ri carraid, 's ri comh-stri ;
Fear ri geallan ; 's cha tòran ;
Thug sid leonadh do d' mheas.
Ni thu 'm pùitear 'n a striopaich,
Ni thu striopaich 'n a pùitear ;
'S iomadh mìle droch còdhail,
A tha'n tòir air a mhìsg.

CARAIÐ.

Ge b' e thionnsgan, no dh-inndrig,
Air ann ionnstramaid phriseil,
'S duine grunn-dail na innsgin,
Bha gu h-intinneach glie.
Thug bho arbhar gu sìol e ;

Thug bho bhraich, gu ni a's brìgheil';
 Thug á prais 'na cheo-lìnth e,
 'Mach tro eblìath nan lùb tric.
 Thug á buideal gu stòp e,
 Rinn e 'n t-susbainte còladh,
 Thogadh sligeachan reùta;
 Dheth fir bhreòite gun sgrid.
 An donus coinneamh no còdhail,
 No eireachdas mor-shluaigh,
 Gun do cheileireachd bhoidheach,
 Cha bhi sòlas na measg.

NAMHAID.

Ge be thionnsgan an aìmhlig,
 'S olc an grunn bha na eanachainn,
 'S mor a dhùisg e de dh-argamaid,
 'S de dhroch sheanachas mar ris.
 Dheilbh e misg agus daorach,
 Rinn e breisleach san t-shaoghal.
 B'fhearr nach beirte gu aois e;
 Ach bàs na naoidheachan beag.
 Dhùisg e trioblaid a's comh-strì,
 Ruisg e biodag an dòrnaibh,
 Chuir e peabar san dòmhnaich,
 'Nuair a thoisich a mhisg.
 Cha chùis buinig ri leannmhuinn,
 Ach cuis gail agus falmhachd,
 Sa chaidh cha'n orr' thu ga sheanachas,
 Mar a dh-fhalbh do chuid leis.

D I - M O L A D H

PIOB' DHOMHNUILL BHAIN.

A'CHAIinnt a thuir Iain
 Gu'n labhair e cearr i,
 'S feudar dhuinn àicheadh
 Is pàidheadh d'a cinn.
 Dh-fhag e Mac-Crumein,
 Clann-Duillidh a's Tearlach;
 Is Dòmhnallan Bàn
 A tharruinn gu prìs.
 Orm is beag mòran sgeig,
 Agus bleid chòmhraidh,
 Thu labhairt na h-urrad
 'S nach b'urraim thu chòmhdach,
 Ach pilleadh gu stòlda
 'Iar 'n do thòisich thu dian.

An cual' thu cìr 'n t-urran
 An taobh-sa do Lunnainn?
 Air na piobairean nìle
 B'e Mac-Crumein an rìgh:

Le pongannan àluinn
 A b'fbonnaire fàilte,
 Thàirrneadh 'an càileachd
 Gu slàinte fear tinn.
 Caismeachd bhinn, 's i bras dian,
 Nì tais' a's fiamh fhàgradh;
 Gaisg' agus cruadal,
 Tha buaidh air an òisich,
 Muim uasal nan Leòdach,
 Ga spreotadh le spìd.

A' bhàirisgeach spòrsail
 Bh' aig Tearlach 'ga pògadh,
 An t-àileagan ceòlar,
 Is bìiche guth cinn.
 Tha na Gàil cho dèigheil
 Air a mhàran aic èisdeachd,
 'S na tha'n 'an Dun-eideann
 A luchd beurl' air an ài.
 Breac nan dual is neartmhor fuaim,
 Bras an ruaig nàmhaid,
 Leis 'm bu cheòl leadurra,
 Feadannan spàineach,
 Luchd dheiseachan màdair
 Bhì crìdht' air droch dhìol.

Nan cluinnt' 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 bhriogardach Tearlaich,
 Mach o fhear bhàile
 Bhì ghn' air a thì.
 Mhòl thu 'chorr' ghliogach
 Nach dligeadh de bhàidse,
 Ach deannan beag gràin,
 No màin de dhroch shìl.
 Shaoil thu suas maoin gun ghruaim,
 Craobh nam buadh ceòlmhor,
 Chuireadh fonn fo na creagan
 Le breabadaich mheòirean;
 'S nach fuilligeadh òdròchain!
 A thogail a cinn.

Cha'n fhaigh a' chùis-bhùirt ud
 Talla 'm bi mùinn,

Ach àth air a mùchadh
 Le dùdan 's le sùth.
 Cha bhi cathair aig Dòmhnall
 'S cha 'n éirich e cònard,
 Ach suidh' air an t-sòrn
 Agus sòpag ri dhruim.
 Plàigh bloigh phuirt, gàir dhroch dhuibh,
 Fàileadh cuirp bhreòite ;
 Ceòl tha cho sgreadaidh
 Rì sgreadail nan ròcus,
 No iseanan òga
 Bhiodh leòinte chion bidh.

Nach gasta chùis-bhùrt'
 A bhi cneatraich air ùrlar
 Gun phronnadh air lùtha
 Gun siubhlachean grunn,
 A' sparradh *od-ròch-ain*
 A'n earball *od-ròch-ain* !
 A' sparradh *od-ròch-ain*
 An tòn *òd-ro-bhì*.
 Mál' caol cam le thaosg chrann,
 Gaoth mar ghreann reòta,
 Tro na tuill fhiara
 Nach diònaich na meoirean,
 Nach tuigear air dòigh
 Ach "*òth-leòin*" 's "*òth-hì* !"

Diùdhadh nam fùidhidh
 Bha aig Tubal Cain,
 'Nuair sheinn e puirt Ghàellig
 'S a dh'àlaich e phlob.
 Bha i tamull fo 'n uisge
 'Nuair dhruideadh an àirce.
 Thachair dh'i cnàmbhadh
 Fo uisge 's fo ghaoith.
 Thàinig smug agus dus
 Anns na duis bhreòtach,
 Iomadach drochaid
 G'a stopadh na sgòrnan.
 Dh-fhàg i le crònan
Od-ròch-ain, gun brìgh.

Bha i seal uair
 Aig Maol Ruainidh O' Dornan,*
 Chuireadh mì-dhòigheil
 Thar ordugh na fuinn.
 Bha i treis aig Mac-Bheatrais
 A sheinneadh na dàin,
 'Nar theirig a' chlarsach
 '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.

Turruraich an dòlais,
 Bha greis aig Iain òg dh'i.
 Chosg i ribheidean cònaich
 Na chòmhnadh le nà.
 Bha i corr is seachd bliadhna
 'Na h-atharais-bhialain
 Aig Mac-Eachuinn 'ga riasladh
 Air sliabh Chnoc-an-lìn.
 An fhùidhidh shean nach dùisg gean,
 Ghnùis nach glan còmhach :
 'S mairg dha 'm bu leannan
 A' chraunalach dhòinidh.
 Chàite gràn eòrna
 Leis na dh-fhoghadh dh'i ghaoith.

Mu'n cuirear fo h-inneal
 Corra-bhinneach na glaochaidh,
 'S inneach air aodach
 Na dh-fheumas i shnàth.
 Cha bheag a' chuis dhéistinn
 Bhi 'g éisdeaid a gaoiraich ;
 Dhianadh i aognaidh
 An taobh a bhiodh blàth.
 Riasladh phort, sgrìachail dhos,
 Fhir ri droch shaothair,
 Bheir i chiad éubha
 'N àm scéideadh a gaoithe,
 Mar ronnac bà caoile
 'S i faotainn a' bhàis.

Tha'n iunsramaid ghlagach
 Air a lobbhadh na eraiceann ;
 Cha'n fhuirich i 'n altan
 Gun chearcaill g'a tàdh'.
 'S seirbh' i na'n gabhann
 Rì tabhann a crùnluath,
 Tròmpaid a dhùisgeadh
 Gach lùdas fhuair bàs.
 Mar chòm geur'ich 'ga chreuchdadh
 Shéideadh làn gaoithe,
 Turraich nach urra' mi
 Siunnait da innsaidh,
 Ach rodain ri sianail
 No sgiamhail laoigh òg.

Com caithte na curra
 Is tachdadh 'na muineal,
 Meoir traiste gun fhurus
 Cur triullín 'an dò,
 Sheinneadh a brollaich
 Rì solus an eòlain,
 Ruidhle gun órdugh
 An còmhnuidh air làr.
 'N aognaidh lòm, gaoth tro tholl,
 Gàir gun fhonn còmhraig,

* A wandering Irish piper, whose music the Highlanders could not appreciate.

A thaisicheadh cruadal,
'S a luathaicheadh teoltachd,
Gu beachdail don-dùchais
Mu 'n t-sòrn am bi ghràisg.

Bi'dh gaoth a' mhùil' ghrodaidh
Cur gair ann na dosaibh,
I daonnan 'na trotan
Ri propadh " òd-rà."
Bi'dh seannsaor 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 dì-moladh pioban,
Ach leigeidh mi' chluinntinn
Gu'n phill mi Mac-Phàil.

A' CHOMH-STRI.

Gux h-e dhùisg mo sheanchas domh
Cùis mu'm beil mi dearmalach,
Gach Turcach 's gach Gearmailteach,
Gach Frangach 'an rùn marbhaidh dhuinn ;
Muir no tìr cha tearmann duinn.

Tha mo dhùil 's gur firinneach,
Gach muiseag tha mi cluinntinn deth,
Nach dean iad unnsa dhireadh oirn,
S nach buinig iad na h-lunsean 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 diùc a dh'fhasan duinn ?

Ge morthalach rìgh Phruisia
'S na rìghrean mòr tha 'n trioblaid ris,
'S co neònach leams' am Friséalach,
'S am Bàideanach le measrachadh,
Bhi deanamh réit 's nach bris iad i.

Bha mise nair 's gu'm faca mi
Nach creidinn bhàithe facal deth,
Nach bithinn suas 'nuair thachradh e,
A liughad gruag a's bagaisde,
Bha fuasgladh anns an t-sabaid ud.

'Nuair dh-inntrigeadh an ascaineis,
Is àrd a chluinnt 'm Pabaidd iad :
Fhreagair coill a's clachan daibh ;
Cha bhiodh bean 'an àite faicinn daibh,
Iad féin 's mac-talla bàs-bhualadh.

'Nuair bhiodh iad sgì 's na tagraichean,
'Se crìochnacha ' bhiodh aca-san,
A'g iarraidh iasad bhatachan,
Gach tuairisgeul ri chlaistinn ann,
Nach cuallas riamh o bhaisdeadh sinn.

Gur mairg a bhiodh 'san ùbairaid
'Nuair ghabhadh iad gu tùirneileis.
Bhiodh fàsghadh air na sùilean ann ;
Bu lionmhor 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 eagnadh ann ;
Bhiodh cluasan air an sracadh ann ;
Bhiodh spuaicean air an cnapadh ann.

'Nuair thuitedh iad gu mì-chentaidh,
Bhiodh rùsgadh leis na h-inean ann ;
Bhiodh piocadh leis na bideagan ;
Bhiodh riabadh air na cìreanan ;
Bhiodh eus de'n uile mì-loinn ann.

Mu'm biodh a' chomh-strì dealaichte,
Bhiodh dòrnagan 'g an sadadh ann ;
Bhiodh sgrùbadh air na malaidh ann ;
Bhiodh beoil a's sìleadh fal' 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 sgìobailt iad an àn bogsaigeadh ;
Cha bhriseadh e na cogaisean.

'S ann do 'n tìr bu shamhach so ;
Bu shòlas inntinn bàilli e ;
Bu lionmhor fear gu'n àiteach' ann,
Dol gu fianais 's fianh a bhàthaidh air,
Caoidh mu mhnai 's nu phèistean ann.

Bha Uidhist air a nàrachadh.
Bha Iutharn air a fàsachadh.
Le guidheachan na càraid ud
Bha sòlas air an àbhairsear.
Bu neònach leis nach tàinig iad.

Cluinnidh Mac-Cninn an toiseach e.
Cluinnidh a ris an Dotor e,
Mar chrìochnaichear na portaibh ud.
Cha taig 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 Bhàili thair an dùthaich e;
Air chàch cha dean mi cùmhnadh air,
Bheir iad bàidse a's dùrachd dhomh.

O R A N,

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHOMHNAILL SHLEIBTHE.

Aia tuiteam a' m' chadal
A nis o cheann fada
Gu'n thachair dhomh acaid
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 riaghladh a ròidean!
An tì 'm beil mo dhòchas
Fo chòmhnadh an Ard-rìgh,
Lagaich mo dhòrainn,
Nearraich mo shòlas,
Chuir mi an dòchas
Bhi ni 's òige na tha mi.

'S iomadach buille
So b'eudar dhuinn fhulang.
Bha chuing air ar mùineal
'S bu truin' i na phrèiseach
Cho trom ri clach-mhuilein
'Na sineadh air lunnan,
Ri iargain nan euraidh
'S iad uil' air ar fàgail.
Gradan a' gheamhraidh
A lagaich gu teann siun,
'Nuair a chaill siun ar ceannard,
Nach robh shamhla measg Ghàel,
Connspunn na h-aoidhealachd,
Leòghann na riòghalachd,
Dòrainn r'a innseadh
Dha 'n linne nach tàinig:

Dòrainn r'a innseadh,
An dòrainn a chlaoidh sinn,
Thoirleum n-ar n-inntinn
Cho ìosal ri 'r shàilean;
Ar Ceann-feadhna mòr prìseil
Bu mhòr urram san riòghachd,
Gu'n do bhuin an t-eug dhinn e,
Ar mi-fhortan làidir!
Fhir a chuunaic ar cruadal,
Leig umainn am fuaradh,

Bi thusa 'na d' bhuachaill
Air na fhuair sinn 'na àite.
Cuir dhachaidh Sir Seumas
Gun aiceid, gun éislean,
Gu chuideachda féin;
Mhuire 's éibhinn a tharsuinn.

Chriosda, gléidh dhùinne
Ar buachaille cliùiteach,
Ar n-uachdaran dùthcha;
Tha chùram an dràs oirn.
Allail ar fùran,
Smiorail, a's grunnail,
Fearail ri dhùsgadh
'Nan tiunnatadh a mhàrau,
Ar baranta mùirneach,
Carraig ar bunndaids,
Ar n-iùil 's ar cairt dhùbailt
S ar crùn a's an thàileasg,
An ròn nach 'eil bristeach,
Ar lann ann am trioblaid,
Ar ceannard 's ar misneach,
Fear briseadh a' bhàire.

An dùsgadh no'n eadal duinn,
'N ùrnuigh no'n achanaich
Ar déirce ga nasgadh,
Thu thigh'n' dachaidh sàbhailt.
Muint' ann an chleachdadh thu,
Cliùiteach ri d' chlaistinn thu,
Muirneach ri t-fhaicinn
Air each no air lùr thu,
Ar 'n-aighear 's ar sòlas,
Ar fion air na bòrdaibh,
Ar mire 's ar ceòl thu,
'S ar doigh air ceòl-gàire:
Ar connspunna féile
A dheònaich Mac Dhé dhuinn
Gu còir chur air stéidhe,
'S gu eucoir a smàladh.

Gur h-innealt' an connspunn
Ceann-cinnidh Chlann-Dòmhnail,
Fear iriosal stòlda
Gun tòir air an àrdan;
Eireachdail, coimhliont',
Soilleir 'an eòlas,
Canair 'n am togbhaill ris,
Bòchdan, mo lamhsa,
Cùirteir na sìobhaltachd,
Urla na h-aoidhealachd,
Tlusail ri dileachdain 's
Cuimhneach air airidh,
Aigeantach innsineach,
Beachdail air riòghalachd,
Gaisgeach ro mhilten
Nan sineadh e 'n gòirdean.

Mo rùn an sàr ghaisgeach,
 Fear òg a' chùil chleachdaich,
 Fear mòrghalach gasda,
 Gun ghaiseadh, 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 ghluaiseadh neo-shomalt'
 An coinneamh an nàmhaid
 Le spàintichean loma,
 Le mosgaidean troina,
 Le fùdar caol meallach
 'N àm teannadh ri làmbach.

Ge fad a bha 'n acaid
 'Na còmhnuidh fo m'asgail,
 Fògraidh mi as i,
 Thig aiteas 'na h-àite.
 Cuiridh mi airtueal
 Air fuadach gu chairtealan,
 Nuair chuireas Dia dhachaidh
 Na dh-aisig mo shlàinte.
 Moladh dha 'n léigh
 A dh-fhàg fallain mo chreuchdan,
 Tharruinn mo spéiread
 Ni 's tréine na b'abhast!
 Aghaidh Shir Seumais,
 Aghaidh na féile,
 Taghadh gach speulcair
 Thug an léirsinn ni b'fhearr dhomh.

Aghaidh na stàidealachd,
 Aghaidh na sgairtealachd,
 Aghaidh na maisealachd,
 Tlachd agus àilleachd:
 Aghaidh na fearalachd,
 Aghaidh na smioralachd,
 Aghaidh is glaine
 Bheir sealladh 'an sgàthan.
 Aghaidh na stòldachd,
 Aghaidh na mòrchuis,
 Aghaidh an leòghainn,
 Ach tòiseachadh cearr air!
 Buinidh dha 'n òigear
 Bhi cùrant 'an comh-strì,
 '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-aigeanach stàdail.
 Pìob tholltach 'ga spalpadh
 Sior-phronnadh nam bras-phort,
 Fraoch tomach nam badan
 Rì brat-cramn da chlàradh.

Barant de dh-uaislean
 A' tarruinn nu'n cuairt di;
 Gu'm b'fhearail an dulachas
 'N am buannach buaidh-làrach.
 Ceathairne ghruamach,
 Gun athadh roimh luaidhe,
 Dh-fhìgadh gun gluasad
 Cuirp fhuair anns an àraich.

Gur h-iomadh sàr-ghaisgeach
 Tha urrantan smachdail,
 A theannadh a steach riut
 'N àm aisith no cinàmhain:
 Le 'n spàintichean sgaiteach
 Cho geur ris an ealtainn,
 'N am bhualadh nan clàigean
 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 àm lomadh nam faobhar
 Rì aodainn an nàmhaid.

Na'm faicte Sir Seumas
 'S gu'n cuireadh e feum air,
 Gur h-iomadh taobh dh-èireadh leis
 Réisimeid làidir.
 'An Alb' a's 'an Eirinn
 Cho deònach le chéile,
 O Chluaidh nan long gleusta
 Gu leum e Phort-phàrraig.
 Uaislean Chinn-tìre
 Bu dual da o shìnsir,
 Gu rachadh iad sìos leis
 Gun di-chuimhn, gun fhàillinn.
 Gu'm biodh iad cho tìdheach
 'S gu'n dianadh iad mi-stath
 Mar leòghannan miannach
 'S gun bhiadh aig an èlach.

Dh-èireadh na Leòdaich,
 Dh-èireadh 's bu chòir dhaibh,
 Dh-èireadh, 's bu deònach
 Thaobh eòlais 's càirdeis.
 Thigeadh an mòr-shluagh
 Brisg ann an òrdugh,
 Sgiolta na comspuinn
 An tòiseachadh blàir iad.
 Dearbhadh na fearalachd
 Calma 'n àm tarruinn iad,
 An ealg mar na nathraichean
 'S fearann 'ga reiteach.
 Stròiceach le lannaibh iad,
 Dòrtach air falanan,
 Còcairean ealamh
 Air cheannan 's air chàimhean.

Dhùisgeadh 'na d' charraid
 Fir òr Ghlinne-garadh,
 B'e 'n dearmad gu'n ghainne
 Siol Ailein da fhàgail.
 Daoine cho fearail,
 Cho saoireach air lannaibh,
 Gu faicte neul fal' orr'
 Gan tarruinn a sgàbard,
 Iuntinneach, togarach,
 Inpidh 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-èireadh fir Mhuile
 Le éibhe nan cuinneadh iad,
 Dh-èireadh iad uile
 Gu h-urranta làidir.
 Dualchas a chumadh iad,
 Gualaian ri uileann iad,
 Buailidh iad buillean
 Mu 'm fuilig thu tàmailt.
 'S cràiteach ri innseadh
 Bhi 'g h-èireamh bhur dìobhail,
 Na thuit de'n dream ròghail
 Am mì-fhortan Thearlaich.
 Iadsan cho ìosal
 Fo shàilean nan Duineach,
 Na cairdean cho dìleas
 'S a bha *ine* ris a' phaipeir.

M A R B H R A N N

DO SHIR SEUMAS MAC-DHOMHNAILL SHLEIBHTE.

[A DH-EUG 'S AN ROINN.]

Moch 'sa maduinn 's mi 'g éirigh,
 Cha 'n e 'n cadal tha streup riun,
 'S fhuich mo leaba gun seasdar, gun sàmhechair.
 'S fhuich mo leaba gun seasdar, &c.

Cha 'n eil agam na dhéigh,
 'N déis mo thaic-sa 'gam thréigsinn,
 Ach maille clasteachd a's léirsinn a's tàbhachd.
 Ach maille clasteachd, &c.

'S trom a' chuing-s' air ar muineal,
 Air ar lìonadh le mulad,
 Tha sinn sgìth 's cha 'n ann ullamh a ta sinn.
 Tha sinn sgìth, &c.

Sinn ri iargainn nan curaidh
 Nach robh 'n iasad ach diombuan,
 Gun fhear liath a bhi uil' air an làraich.
 Gun fhear liath, &c.

Daoine mòrchuiseach measail,
 Daoine còrr ann an iochd iad,
 Daoine cròdha gu bristeadh air nàmhaid.
 Daoine cròdha, &c.

Ann an ùine dà fhichead
 Gur dìobhail ar briseadh,
 Chuir e dùbhailt a nis oirn e làthair!
 Chuir e dùbhailt, &c.

Chaill sin cùigear no seisir
 Do na comspuinn bu treise,
 Nach robh beò ann am Breatann an àicheadh.
 Nach robh beò, &c.

Ann an uaisle 's 'an urram,
 Anns gach deagh bhuaidh bh'air duine;
 Ann an cruadal gu buinig buaidh-làrach.
 Ann an cruadal, &c.

'S bochd an ruaigs' oirn an còmhnuidh,
 Dh-fhàg ar gualainn 'nan ònar,
 Bhi sguabadh ar n-òigridh gun dàil uainn.
 Bhi sguabadh ar n-òigridh, &c.

Thàinig meaghoil gu bròn duinn,
 Thàinig aighear gu dòralun,
 Chaill sinn amharc a's sùlas ar sgàthain.
 Chaill sinn amharc, &c.

Bàs ar n-uachdarain prìseil,
 Sgeul a's cruaidhe ri chluinntinn;
 Fhuair luchd fuath' agus mì-ruin an àilleas.
 Fhuair luchd fuatha, &c.

Gur h-e 'm fuaradh-s' an uiridh
 Chuir ar gluasad 'an trumad,
 So 'n ruaig tha 'gar n-iomain gu anurath.
 So 'n ruaig tha gar n-iomain, &c.

Bhi fo phuthar an sgeoil ud
 Gach aon latha ri'r beo-shlaint,
 Air bheag aighear, no sòlais, no sl'inte.
 Air bheag aighear, &c.

Fhuair sinn naigheachd ar leatrom,
 Fhuair sinn naigheachd na creiche,
 Sin an naigheachd thug leagadh d'ar n-ardan.
 Sin an naigheachd, &c.

'S trom an galar 's is diubhail
 Mòran uallaich ri ghiùlan,
 Rinn ar n-anail a mbuchadh 's ar dàna.
 Rinn ar n-anail, &c.

Nis on 's dìleachdan bochd mi,
Oighre dìreach air Oisian,
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh fhortain do Phàdruig.
Bha 'g innseadh chruaidh, &c.

Mi 'g innseadh cruas m'fhortain,
Mar a dh-inntrig e 'n toiseach ;
Cha'n 'eil brìgh dhomh, no toirt bhì 'ga àireamh.
Cha'n 'eil brìgh, &c.

Ach an sgrìob thug a' chreach oirn,
Dh-fhàg a chaoidh' sinn 'ga h-acain,
So i 'n dìle chuir brat air na thàinig.
So i 'n dìle chuir, &c.

Dh-fhalbh ar ceannard òg maiseach,
Bha gun àrdan, gun ghaiseadh,
Muir a thàinig gu grad a thug bhàrc oirn.
Muir a thàinig gu grad, &c.

Chuir ar leabaidh san droigheann,
'S gun ar cadal thar faighinn,
Ar sùil frasach o'n naigheachd a thàinig.
Ar sùil frasach, &c.

O nach dùil ri Sir Seumas,
'S beag ar rùn 'an gàir eibhinn,
B'f'dh sinn tùrsach 'na dhéidh gu 's a bàs duinn.
Bithidh sinn tùrsach, &c.

Chaill sinn duilleach ar géige,
Gràinne mullaich ar déise,
So an turas chuir éis air ar n-armuinn.
So an turas chuir, &c.

'S eudar fuireach ri sìochainnt,
O nach urrainn air strì sinn,
Ach bhì fulang gu 'n strìochd sinn d'ar nàmhaid.
Ach bhì fulang, &c.

Ma thig oirn foirneart no bagradh,
Sinn gun dòigh air am bacadh ;
Tha sinn leointe 'nar pearsa 's 'n-ar càileachd.
Tha sinn leointe, &c.

O'n là thàinig am briseadh,
A thug tearnadh 'nar meas duinn,
Ar Ceann-tànach 's ar misneach g'ar fàgail.
Ar Ceann-tànach, &c.

Dh-fhag e sinne bochd tùrsach,
Ann an ionad ar cùraidh,
Gun e philleadh g'a dhùchannan sàbhailt.
Gun e philleadh, &c.

Thug e sgrìob air n-uaislean,
Chaoidh' cha dirich an tuath e,
Tha sinn mi-gheanach truagh air bheag stàtha.
Tha sinn mi-gheanach, &c.

Sinn mar chaoirich gun bhuachaill,
'N déis an t-aoghair thoirt uatha,
Air ar sgaoileadh le ruaig 'Ille-mhàrtuinn.
Air ar sgaoileadh, &c.

Ar toil-inntinn 's ar s' las,
Craobh a dhèidh an còrach,
Ann an cathair na Ròimh' air a chàradh.
Ann an cathair, &c.

Thu bhì 'n cathair na Ròimhe,
'S goirt ri innseadh na sgeoil sin !
'Dhé ! cha dirich Clann-Dòmhnail nì 's airde.
'Dhé ! cha dirich, &c.

O'n là sgathadh ar n-bgan,
A' chraobh bu fhlatthaile còmhach,
Gun a h-abhall air dòigh dhuinn a tharail.
Gun a h-abhall, &c.

Mòr an sgeul san Roinn-Eòrp e,
Mòr a bheud do rìgh Seòrsa,
Mòr an éis air do sheòrsa gu bràth e !
Mòr an éis air do sheòrsa, &c.

Cha do dhùineadh an còta,
'S cha do ghiùlan na brògan,
Neach an cunntadh iad eòladh do phàirtean.
Neach an cunntadh, &c.

Ann an gliocas, 's 'an eòlas,
Ann an tuisge 's am mòrchuis,
Is na gibhteanan mòr a bha fàs riut.
Is na gibhteanan, &c.

Tha sinn deurach, bochd, tùrsach,
Gun ghair eibhinn, gun duil ris,
Mar an Fheinn agus Fionn air am fàgail.
Mar an Fheinn, &c.

Sinn gun Oscar, gun Diarmad,
Gun Gholl osgarra falaidh,
Gach craobh thoisich air triall uaim gu Pèrrais.
Gach craobh thoisich, &c.

C'inn nam biuidheannan calma
Leis an d'umhaicheadh Alba,
'S iomadh ùghdar thug seanchas mar bha sin.
'S iomadh ùghdar, &c.

'S bochd a chrìochnaich ar n-aìmsir,
Mar Mhaol-ciaran gun Fhearclhair,
Sinn ag iarguinn na dh-fhalbh uaim 's nach tainig
Sinn ag iarguinn, &c.

'Se nì 's cosmhuil ri sheanchas,
Lìon sinn copan na h-àingeachd,
Gus 'na bhrosnach sinn fearg an Tì 's àirde.
Gus 'na bhrosnach, &c.

Se'n Tì phrìseil thug uainn e
Chum na rioghachd is buaine;
O Chrìosda, cum suas duinn na bràithrean.
O Chrìosda, cum suas, &c.

Note.—The poet laments the untimely death of five or six of the M'Donalds of Slate. Sir Alexander died, a young man, in 1746; and his son, the amiable and accomplished Sir James, died at Rome in 1766, aged 25. This family prudently avoided committing themselves in the rebellion of 1745; but the bard appears to have been a thorough Jacobite.

MOLADH CHLANN-DOMHNUILL.

AIR FOKN—"Oran a ghunna da' b' ainm an spàinteach."

TAPADH leat, a Dho'ill '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 ghnothach 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 dì-chuimhu' no mearachd;
Mhol thu gach sean is gach òg dhiubh.
Mhol thu 'n uaislean, mhol thu 'n islean.
Dh-fhag thu shìos air an aon dùigh iad.
Na bheil de 'n ealain ri chluinntinn,
Cha chion dicheil a dh-fhag sgòd oirr'.

Teannadh ri moladh ar daoine,
Cha robh e saoirbheach air aon dùigh;
An gleus, 'an gaisge 's 'an tèdmachd,
Air aon aobhar thig 'nau còdhail
Nochdadh an eudann ri gradan
Cha robh gaiseadh anns a' phòr nd,
Clìù a's pailteas, mais' a's tàbhachd;
Ciod e 'n càs nach faight' air chòir iad?

Cha bu mhìst' thu mise laimh riut,
'An am a bhi 'g aireamh nan conspuinn,
Gu inns' am maise 's an uaisle,
An gaisge 's an cruadal 'n am togbhaill.
B'iad sud na fir a bha fearail
'Philleadh an-seasgair 'an t-èireachd,
'S a dh'fhagadh salach an araich
Nam fanadh an nàmhaid ri 'n còmhrag.

Ach nam faireadh tu na fir ud
Rì 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 leùghainn.

Cha mhòr a thionnal nan daoin' ud
Bha ri fhaotainn san Roinn Eòrpa.
Bha iad fearrail 'an am caonnaig,
Gu fuileach, faobharrach, strùiceach.
Nam faigheadh tu iad 'an gliocas
Mar bha 'm misneach a's am mòrchuis,
C'ait' am feudadh tu aireamh,
Aon chinne' h'fhearr na Clann-Dòmhnuaill.

Bha iad treubhach, fearail, foinnidh,
Gu neo-lomara mu 'n stòras.
Bha iad cunbhalach 'nan gealladh,
Gun fheall, gun charachd, gun ròidean.
Ge de dh-iarrta nuas an sinnsir,
O mhullach an cinn gu'm brègan,
'N donas cron a bha ri inns' orr',
Ach an rioghalachd mar sheòrsa.

Ach ma mhol thu ar daoin' uaisle,
C'uim nach de luaidh thu Mac-Dhòmhnuaill?
Aon Mhac Dhé bhi air 'na bhuachaill'
G'a ghleidheadh buan duinn 'na bheò-shlainte!
On 's curaidh a choisneas buaidh e,
Leanas ri dhualchas 'an còmhnuidh,
Nach deachaidh neach riamh 'na thuasaid
Riun dad buannachd air an comh-strì.

C'ait an dh-fhag thu Mac 'Ic-Ailein
'Nuair a thionnailleadh e mhòr-shluagh,
Na fir chrodha bu mhòr alla,
Ri linn Alasdair 's Mhontruis?
'S mairg a dhùisgeadh ruinn blur n-aisith
No thionndadh taobh ascaoin bhar cleuca,
Ge b'e sùil a bhiodh 'gan ambarc
Cromadh sìos gu abhainn Lòchaidh.

Ach ma chaidh tu 'nan sealbhaidh,
C'uim nach de sheanchais thu air chòir iad,
Teaghlach asal Ghlinne-garadh
'S nam fiùrain o ghleannaibh Chnoideart.
'S iomadh curaidh laidir uaimbheach
Sheasadh cruaidh 's a bhuailleadh strùicean,
O cheann Leòch-Uthairn nam fuar-bheann
Gu bun na Stuaidhe am Mòr-thìr.

An dh-fhag thu teaghlach na Ceapaich
'S mòr a' chreach nach 'eil iad còmhlan,
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-strì,
Daoine foinnidh, fearail, fearradha
Rùsgadh arm a's fearg na'n srònan?

Dh-fhag thu Mac Dhùghail a Lathurn,
(Bu mhuirneach gabhail a chòmhlain,)
Cuide ri uaislean Chinntire,
O'n Roinn llich 's mhaol na h-Odha.
Dh-fhag thu Iarl Antrum á Eirinn
Rinn an t-euchd am blàr na Bòine.
'Nuair a dhlùthaicheadh iad ri chéile,
Co chunntadh féich air Clann-Dòmhnúill?

Alba, ge bu mhòr ri inns' e,
Roinn iad i o thuinn gu mòintich.
Fhuair an còir o làimh Chlann-Domhnúill,
Fhuair iad a ris an Ròta;
'S ioma currai mhòr bha innte
Cunntaidh Antrum ge bu mhòr i.
Sgrios iad as an naimhdean uile,
'S thuit Mac Ghuilbinn san tòireachd.

Bhuinig iad baile 's leth Alba;
'S e 'n claidheamh a shealbhaich coir dhaibh.
Bhuinig iad latha chath Gairbheach,
Rinn an argumaid a chòmhdach.
Air bheagan cònaidh gu trioblaid
Thug iad am bristeadh a mòran,
Mac Ill-Iain ann le chuideachd,
'S Lachann cutach Mac-an-Tòisich.

Nan tigeadh feum air Sir Seumas,
Gun éireadh iad uile còmhlaich
O roinn Ghall-thaobh gu roinn Ile,
Gach fear thug a shinnisr còir dhaibh.
Thigeadh Mac-Choinnich á Brathainn,
Mac-Aoidh Strath-Nàbhair 's diùc Gordon,
Thigeadh Barraich, 's thigeadh Bànaich,
Rothaich a's Sàilich a's Rùsaich.

Ar luchd dàimh 's ar cairdean dileas
Dh-eiridh leinne a sìos 'an comh-stri.
Thigeadh uaislean Chloinne-Lean
Mu'n cuairt cho daingheann ri d' chòta,
Iad fo ghruaim 'an uair a' chatha
Cruaidh 'nan lamhan sgathadh feòla,
Tarruinn spàinteach làidir liobhar
Sgoilteadh dìreach cinn gu brògan.

Bhuidheann fhuilteach, glan nan geur-lann,
Thigeadh reiseamid nan Leòdach,
Thigeadh reiseamid nan Niallach
Le loingheas lionmhor 's le seòltaibh,
Foirbeisich 's Frisealaich dh-éireadh,
'S thigeadh Clann-Reubhair 'an òrdugh.
'Nuair a dhùisgeadh fir na h-Iubhraich,
Co thigeadh air tùs ach Tòmas!!

Note.—There are several hills in the Highlands which still bear the name *Tom-na-h-Iubhraich*, all haunted by the fairies. One of them is near Strachur, Lochfine side; another near Inverness. According to popular belief, Thomas the Rhymer was captain of the fairy troops.

ORAN DO'N TEASAICH.

AIR FOKN—"Daibhidh grèsgach crom ciar."

'S mise chaill air geall na carachd,
Bha eadar mi-féin sa chailleach,
Gu'n tug i dhìom brìgh mo bharra,
Cul mo chinn a chuir ri talamh.
M' fhuil a's m' fheoil thug i dhìom,
Chuir i crònan 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 Ròimhe.
Cailleach dhuathsach, chrom, chiar,
Bha làn tualeis a's bhriag,
Chuir mi'm bruailean 's gach iall,
'S chuir i 'm fudach mo chiall.

'S bochd a fhuair mi bhuat am foghar,
'S mi gun luaisg air buain no ceanghal,
Mo cheann ìosal a's mi am laidhe,
Bruite tinn a's sgios am chnaimhean.
Bha mo chnaimhean cho sgith,
'S ged do sgathadh iad dhìom,
Gu'n robh am padhadh gam chlaoidh,
'S gun tràighinn abhainn le mhiad.

'S bochd an t-àite leap' am fiabhras,
Dh-fhagas daoine fada, riabhach,
Glagach 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 biadh theid a steach,
A dha thrian iunte stad.

Do chota fàs is e gun lianadh,
T-òsan rocach air dhroch fhiaradh,
Caol do choishe nochdaidh pliaithach,
Ionan cho fad ri cat fìadhaich.
Casan pliaithadh gun sùgh,
Fo'n da shleasaid gu'n lugh,
Gur pailt liagh dhaibh no lunn,
Cha bhean fiar dhaibh nach lùb.

Bidh do mhuinneal fada, feathach,
'S taisnichean mar chabar cleibhe,
Easgadan glagach gun spéirid,
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 sa b'abhaist,
 Air uachdar currachd nach àluinn ;
 Cluasan gu'n uireasbhaidh fàsa,
 Ceann cho lùn 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-sambla do'n aog.

Bidh tu coltach ri fear misge,
 Gun dad bl gun aon mhir ithe,
 Chionn nach bi lùghs na d' dha iosgaid,
 Bidh tu null sa nall mar chlisnich.
 Bi'dh tu d' shiachaile lag,
 'S ceann do shìthe gun ueart,
 Ann ad ghniomh cha bhi tlachd,
 Na d' chus mhiò-loinn air fad.

ORAN NA H-AOISE.

AIR FOKN—"The pearl of the Irish nation."

Cha tog mise foun,
 Cha 'n eirich e leam,
 Tha m' aigne ro throm
 Fo easlain' ;
 Tha 'n crì tha 'na m' chom
 Mar chloich 's i na deann,
 'S i tuiteam le gleann,
 'S cha 'n eirich ;
 Tha 'n gaisgeach nach tiom
 Rinn a' cogadh, 's a' stri,
 Cha 'n fhaigh sinn a chaoidh
 Bhi reidh ris ;
 On is treis' e na sinn,
 Théid leis-an ar claoidh,
 'S cha teasaig aon ni
 Fo 'n ghréin sinn !
 'S cuis thùrsa gu dearbh
 Bhi 'g ionndrain mar dh-fhalbh,
 Ar cruitheachd, ar dealbh
 'S ar 'n eugag,
 Ar spionnadh, 's ar neart,
 Ar cumadh, 'sar dreach,
 Ar cur an ann gleachd',
 A's streupa ;
 Mar a sgaoileas an cèl
 Air aodainn an fheoir,
 'S a chaochaileas neoil
 'S na 'n speuran,
 Tha 'n aois a' teachd oirn
 Cumhach, caointeach, làn bròin,
 'S neo-shocrach ri leòn
 An té ud.

Aois chasacadh gharbh,
 Cheann-trom, chadalach, bhalbh,
 Ann an ion 's a bhi marbh
 Gu'n speirid ;
 Cha ghluais thu ach mall,
 Agus cauill' ann do laimh,
 Dol mu'n cuairt air gach àlt,
 A's féithe ;
 Cha chuir thu gu bràth,
 'S cha chunhaidh 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 bhochd,
 Ri caoidh na rug ort,
 Neo brìgheil gun toirt,
 Gun spéis thu ;
 Do luchd comuinn, a's gaoil
 Fo chomhair an aoig,
 Gun chomas a h-aon
 Diu eirigh ;
 Dh-fhalbh t-earnais, 's do chuid,
 Dh-fhalbh slainte do chuirp,
 Thig ort faillinne tuigs',
 A's reasain,
 Thig di-chuimhne, thig bà'chd,
 Thig diombanas dha,
 Thig mi-loinn do chairdeau
 Féin ort.

Aois ùghar gun bhrìgh
 Ga t-fhègar gun cill,
 Dh-fhagas bòdhaig a chinn
 Ro éitidh,
 Aois bhòdhar nach cluinn,
 Gun toighe, gun suim ;
 Gun chàr foghainteach strì,
 No streupa,
 Aois acaideach thinn
 Gun taice, gun chli,
 Gun ghaisge, gun spid,
 Gun speirid,
 Lan airtneal, a's cràidh
 Gun aidmbeil bhi slàn,
 Gun neach dha'm beil càs
 Dheth t-éigin.

Aois ghreannach bhochd through,
 'S measa sealladh, a's tuar,
 Maol, sgallach, gun ghruaig,
 Gun déudaich,
 Roc aodainneach, chruaidh,
 Phreasach, chraicneach, lom, fhuar,
 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 chùil,
 'S tu 's mìose na 'm bàs,
 'S tu 's tric a rinn tràill
 De 'n treun-fhear.

Aois chiar-dubh a bhròin,
 Gun riomhachd, gun spòrs,
 Gun toil inntinn ri ceol
 Do éisdeachd;
 Rob fhiasagach ghlas,
 Air dhroch sheasamh chàs,
 Leasg, sheotail, neo-ghrad
 Gu eirigh;
 Cha'n fhuilig thu 'm fuachd,
 'S ole an ùrr' thu 'n càs cruaidh
 'Se do mhuinghin an tuath,
 'S an déirce;
 Cha 'n eil neach ort an tùir,
 Nach e aidmheil am beoil
 Gur fada leo beò
 Gun fheum thu.

Aois uain' a's ole dreach,
 Orin 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 ole greann,
 Aois acaideach mhall,
 Aois phrab-shuileach dhal
 Gun leirsin,

Chas fheargach gun sùth,
 Lan farmaid, a's thù,
 Rì fear meannach, beò,
 Lùghmhor, gleusda.

Faire! faire! dhuin' òig,
 Cia do bharantas mòr,
 'Ne do bharail bhì beò
 'S nach éug 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 crabbaidh
 An uaigh dha'n téid thu.

Ach fàrdach gun tuar
 Bhreun, dhaolagach, fhuar
 Anns an caraich iad suas
 Leat féin thu;
 Co mòr 's tha e d' bheachd,
 Dheth d' stòr cha téid leat,
 Ach bùrdain bheag sbuaighte,
 A's léine,
 Ach 's e cùram as mò,
 Dol a dh-ionnsaidh a mhòid,
 Thoir cunntas an còir,
 'S an ea-coir,
 Far nach seasamh do nì
 Dhut dad dheth d' chuid feich,
 'S mo an t-eagal
 Bhì 'm prìosan péine!

EACHUNN MAC-LEOID.

EACHUNN MAC-LEOID, or HECTOR M'LEOD, the South Uist bard, lived after the year 1745, on the main land, chiefly in the districts of Arisaig and Morar. He composed and sung as he was moved by those internal powers of which the generality of men appear but little sensible. There are some individuals that appear heavy and destitute of parts, who are possessed of powers which attract the attention and merit the esteem of those who are more intimately acquainted with them: our poet was one of these. What occasioned his removal from the Long Island we know not. It is not unlikely that he was sent hither to watch and give information of what was going on in those troublesome times. He went often to Fort-William, as if doing something of no consequence, while in reality he was hearing all the news of the day, which he related to friends who durst not appear themselves. Shrewd and intelligent, he concealed those talents from strangers, to whom he seemed fooling, which character he could assume as occasion required. As he was frequently going and returning the same way, he was suspected and brought as a spy before the Governor of the Fort: on being examined and interrogated, he acquitted himself so well, under the assumed character, that he was dismissed as a fool.

MOLADH DO CHOILEACH SMEORAICH.

Mòch madainn shamhrai' am mìos fàs nam meas,
'Nuair bu ro aluinn leinn sgiamh gach luis,
'Bha cuibhrig, air dhreach criostail de 'n dealt,
Na dhlù bhrat a' còmhach gach cuic.

'Nuair bhios seillean le lan shòlas
Deilleanachd a meas nan dìthean,
Cop meala mu ghab a chrònain,
A' deoghladh nan geugan mine.

Sin àmanns, am molaich le duilleach gach craobh,
'S ro bhoidheach gach tullach fo bhlà,
A's nallanach gach uile spréidh,
A' geinnich ri chéil' iad fein, 's an cuid àil.

'Nuair bhitheas gach àilean, 's gach doire,
Le blà uaine fo làn toraidh,
A's meanglain gach craoibh sa' choille
Cromadh fo throm nam meas millis.

An ceann leath dara mìos an t-samhraidh,
'Nuair a's grianaich gach aon ardan,
'S gach fiadhair gu mion-bhreac, boidheach,
Le meilbheig, le nòinean, 's le slàn-lus.

Chualas co-sheirm binn, ceolmhor,
Beagan roimh eirigh na gréine,
Aig coltas coileich na smeòraich,
'S maighstir mac-talla 'g a bheusadh.

An sin a chualadh mi'n cheileireachd binn,
Bu curaideich seinn, gu cuimir, 's gu luath,
Air feadan ga m'fhreagrachd, gach seilau 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,
Bu mhillse 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,
On aig tha na puirt as fìor chanaiche rainn,
'San robh urrad de thlachd, na laidh air a nead.

B'annsa leam na fiodhall, a's piob,
Bhi tamull dhe m'aimsir na m'shuidh na chòir,
On aig tha na puirt as fìor chanaiche rainn,
'S a's ealanta seinn gun aon bhuile meoir.

Bheirinn comhairle trà air gach nighin, 's mnai,
Gach laidir, a's lag, gach beartach, a's bochd,
Iad a mholadh oid-lunnsaich an coin, gu beachd,
Le h-inntinn cheart, gu h-an-moch, 's gu moch.

MOLADH EAS MOR-THIR.

Eas Mhor-thìr sòraidh le d' stoirm,
Bu mhorghalach, gleodhraich do thriall,
Bu bharra-gheal fliuch dortadh nam bàre,
Bha toirleum le braidhe do chléibh.

Na maoth-linntean tha bàlbh, mall,
Far nach bith saobh-shruth a' leum,
'S gile 'n cop ri 'n taobh tha tàmh
Na caineichean àluinn an t-shléibh.

'S a choille tha timcheall do bhruach,
Bu cheolmhor ceileireadh ian,
Gu lurach air bharraibh nan geug,
'N am do ghrein togail o nial.

As t-Sambradh nar thigeadh am blàthas,
Bu chubhraidh fàilleadh nan ròs
A dh-fhasadh 's na fàsaichean fàraich,
Tha 'n taobh-s' d'an eas mhendbrach mhòr.

'San fhobhar anns a choill sin Crois,
Nam biodh tu coiseachd na measg,
Chitheadh tu croit air gach gäs,
A lubadh fo chudrom a mens.

Bu nuallanach, binn-ghuthach spréidh,
Geimhich, iad fhein 's an cuid àil,
Mu innis mhullaich an tòir,
Far am bith 'n t-sobhrach a' fàs.

'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 guallean gu fàineach.

Shealladh i air feadh na spréidhe,
'S dh-eubhadh i " Buigheag, a's Blàrag,
Niosag a's Donnag a's Guallionn,
Brinne 's an t-Agh-ruadh a's Càsag."

Shuigheadh i gu comhard cruinn,
'S cuman eadar a dà ghluin,
'S ghabhadh i 'n t-òran gu binn :—
" Thoir am bainne a bho dhonn."

'Nuair thigeadh an spréidh a ris,
Dh' Acha-Uladail air fhodar,
B' òranach, ceolar, clann lain,
Nan suidheadh fo'n chrochd g'am bleedhan.

Bu bhinne na cuachan an fhàsaich,
Nuallan nan gruagaichean boidheach,
Ann', a's Catriona a's Màiri,
Fionnaghal a's Beathag a's Seònaid.

Lionadh iad gach uile shoitheach,
'S cha b' eagal gu'n traghadh an dì,
Ged thigeadh an sluagh san radhad,
Gheibheadh iad linntean na dìbhe ;

Gu slamanach, fiinne-mheogach, ònach,
Mulchagach, miosganach, blàthach,
Muigheach, miosrach, miodrach, cuachach,
Gruthach, uachdrach, sligeach, spaineach.

Bu ruideasach gàmhnan agus laogh,
Bu mhigecadeach meinn a's uain,
B' aigionntach fiadh agus carb,
A' dìreadh 's tearnachd nan cruach.

B' ebhinn an sealladh o'n tràigh
Loinggeas a' snàmh troinn na caoil ;
Turadh, a's teas anns gach aird,
'S an fhàirge na clàr comh-reidh caoin.

'Nuair stadainid aig a bhaile
An deighe bhi sgith 's a mhonadh,
Bhiodh duil againn ri làn glaine
A searrag Màiri Nic-Cholla.

MOLADH COILLE CHROIS.

M'IONMHUINN, m'anusachd, 's mo thlachd,
 Ga 'n tug mi toirt;
 Cha'n aicheadhain do'n chléir nach deanain stad,
 Sa' choill sin Crois.
 'S binn cruit cheolmhor, a's clàrseach cheart,
 'S piob le cuid dös;
 Ach 's binne na h-eoin a' seinn mu'n seach,
 Sa' choill sin Crois.
 Dh-aon innleachd d'an d' fhuairadh amach,
 Gu'r dìon o'n ole,
 B' fhearr dubhar nan craobh le smuaintean ceart,
 Sa' choill sin Crois.
 Ged' bhìdh tu gun 'radharc sùl gun lùgh do chos,
 A d' dheòire bochd;
 Na'm bu mhath leat do shlaointe philleadh airais,
 Ruig coille Chrois.
 Aig àilleachd a lùis a's misleachd a meas,
 'S aig feabhas a blàis;
 Cha'n iarradh tu sholas nam biodh tu glic,
 Ach coille Chrois.
 Am beil ceol-cluaise san t-saogal-sa bhos,
 Cho binn 's cho bràs?
 Ri sior-bhoreadh stòir mil an eas,
 Ri taobh coill' Chrois.
 Teanradh a bhuinne le creag,
 Gun uireasbhuidh neart;
 Nach traoth, 's nach tràigh, 's nach fas beag,
 Nach reòdh 's nach stad.
 Is lionmhor bradan tarra-gheal, druim-bhreac,
 A leumas ris;
 Cho luath 's a tharas iad as,
 A comh-ruith bho'n Eas.

A N T A I S B E A N.

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 sgàpadh do dhulachd an cheò,
 Na paidirean air an fhear,
 Mar leugau fo sgéimh an ùir.

Bha màghanan mìlteach 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,
 Creamh, agus biolair a' fàs,
 Air àileanaibh aimh-reidh, 's air lèin,
 Far 'm bu lionmhoire ròs geal, a's dearg.

Bu cheolmhor, celleireach, 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 torgban 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 seul,
 Co e na'm faighinn deth cainnt.

Thainig e gu tosdach, mall,
 Gu foighidneach, foistineach, ciuin;
 Labhair e fosgara, reidh,
 "A ghabhail sgéil 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 fhainge mar choill'
 Le crannaibh loingheis làn ard,
 Le brataichean anasach, ùr,
 Air leam gu'm b'ann as an Spainn.

Chuuna' mi cabhlach ro mhor,
 Gu gàireach gabhail gu tìr,
 Bu luchdmhor, làn athaiseach iad,
 Suaicheantas Frangaeb 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 àrd'.

Chualadh mi coileach 's e gairm,
 'S e bualadh a sgiathan gu cruaidh,
 A's thuirt an duine math sin rium:—
 "Cluinn coileach na h-Airde-tuath'."

Chunna' mi tighinn air thùs
 Stiubhartach, cinneadh an rìgh,
 Na'm bòcanan gioraig san léirg,
 'Dhearg an airm le fuil san strì.

Thainig Ciann-Dòmhuill na'n deigh,
Mar chonaibh coufach gun bhiadh,
Na'm beathraichean guineach, geur,
An guailean a chéile gu gníomh.

B'aluinn, dealbhach, am breid sròil
Air a cheangal ri crann caol,
An robh caisteal, bradan, a's long,
Lamh dhearg, iolair a's craobh.

Bha fraoch os ceann sin gu h-ard'
Ceangailt' am barr a chraimh chaoil,
Bha sin ann, a's leoghann dearg,
'S cha b'áite tearmuinn a chraos.

Tháirrneadh na sloigh air sliabh Fife,
An coinneamh ri cath a chur,
Fhuair iad brosnachadh fíor mhear,
Thug eirigh le buirbe na'm fuil :—

" A Chlannaibh mílidh mosgailibh,
Is somalta, cian 'ur cadal,
Teannaibh ri díoladh Chuilodair,
Dh'át na fiachan so fada.
Toisichibh gu h-ardanach,
Gu bras, rioghail, moralach,
Gu near, leumnach, dearg-chneadhach,
Gu luath-lamhach, teun-bhuilleach.
Gu aigneach, inusginneach,
Gu an-athach, nánhadach,
Gu mion-chuimhneach, díoghaltach,
Gu gruamach, fiata, an-tròcaireach.
Gun tearmuinn, gun mhathanas,
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 ùmhilachd,
Gun athadh do nàmhaid
Ach a gabhail romhaibh thoirt iubhair
A' cosuadh na cath-laraich."

Chunnaic mi air leath o chùch
Trì leoghainn a b'fharsuinne cróis
Thug iad trì sgairtean cho ard'
'S gu'n sgain creagan aig mead an glnoth.

Bha leoghann diu sin air chreig ghuirm,
Dha'm b'ainm Iain Muideartach òg,
O'n Chaisteal thiream, 's o Bhòrrgh,
Deshliochd nan Collaidh bu bhorb colg.

Thog sean leoghann luath a cheann,
'S a chas rioghail an Duntuilm,
Dh'a'm bu shean eireachdas riamh,
Buaidh nan sliabh an càs a chrùim,

Thainig an treas leoghann diù
O'n choill', 's o gharaidh nam bàre,
A's dh'ordaich iad pairt dhe'n cuid sluagh
Dhol a thiolaiceadh nam marbh.

Labhairt.—San an sin a thagh iad oifigich an-diadhaidh, an-trocaireach, an-aobhach, an-athach, an-iochdmhor. Agus thagh iad cuid-eachd de bhorb, bhrothach, bhodach, dha'm b'airm chosanta spaidean, agus sluasaidean, gu tiolacadh nam marbh, agus gu glanadh na h-àraich. Aonghas ambarra á Eigneag—Calum crosda á Gruluinn—Eoghann Iargalta á Crùsa-bhaig—Dughall Ballach á Gallabaidh—Niall Eangharra á Raimisgearaidh—agus Domhnall Durrgha á Gearas.

Chunna' mì Gleann soileir uam,
An robh eireachdas thar gach glinn,
B'airde cheileirich', cheolmhoir' fuaim,
Gladhaich nan cuach os a chinn.

Theid fargradh feadh Bhreatuinn gu léir ;
Eirigh gu feachd fir gu leoir,
Chí sibh na Gàicil a' triall
Le rioghalachd mar bu còir.

Note.—The poet was a stanch Jacobite. In this Ode he describes what he and many others in his day most earnestly desired, and to which they eagerly looked, notwithstanding what they suffered at, and after the battle of Culloden. The bard gives full scope to his imagination; poetically describing scenes which his active fancy draws before him. It was not safe, in his time, to express the real sentiments entertained on a subject so near and dear to the heart, and so full of danger to all concerned. He therefore makes use of the style and metaphors adopted, that the poem might be intelligible to those alone who contemplated the dark events of futurity.

GILLEASPUIG NA CIOTAIG;

OR,

ARCHIBALD M'DONALD, THE UIST COMIC BARD.

WE know little more of this distinguished poet than the following songs contain, one of which was composed to the chief of the clan Cameron, who resided on his estate in Lochaber, when the poet visited that country. Having met with great kindness from the chief, the poet made the only return he could have made, and which was considered no small requittance in those days—he sung his praise. It was a tribute of gratitude. Another was composed to ridicule a vain young man; who, it is still believed, had a better right to the property of Lovat than the person who succeeded to it; but being guilty of murder, was obliged to fly the country. He used to appear in a dress which, in his estimation, completed the gentleman; but in the eyes of others made him ridiculous. Happening to be at a wedding in his full dress, with his hanger, or dirk, dangling at his side in the dance, and buckled shoes, the piper imprudently played the tune “*Tha biodag air mac Thòmais*,”—a satire composed by our bard to the identical man. He, incensed, drew his dirk, which all supposed he would sheathe in the bag of the piper, but, in his fury, mortally wounded him. He escaped to America, and durst not appear to claim the estate. His other poems remind us of similar pieces by Burns. Men of genius have similar ideas, and make use of the same means to expose such as they observe laying themselves open to ridicule.

* * We omit the poem in praise of Lochiel, as inferior to the bard's humorous pieces. It is in “Stewart's Collection,” page 103.

MARBHRANN DO DH' IAIN RUADH PIOBAIR.

FHUAIR mi sgeula bho'n ghobha,
Cha'n aobhar meoghail, ach gruaim,
E-fein fo mhi-ghean, 's fo thrioblaid,
Ri iarunn cist' do dh' Iain Ruadh.*
Saoir a' locaradh, 'sa' sàbhadh,
'S a chulaidh bhàis 'ga cuir suas,
Samhach cadal na corra,
Cha chluinnear tuilleadh a fuaim.

Chaidh na maidean á òrdugh,
Cha'n aithne 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,
Ragha caismeachd mo chluais.

Ceol bu bhlasd' a's bu bhinne,
'Dhùsgadh spiorad do'n t-sluagh,
Ceol bu tartaraich' siubhal,
Thionndadh tioma gu cruas:
Ceol mar smebrach a ghlinne,
Ceol a's binne na cuach;
Meoir gun bhraise, gun ghiorradh,
Dian ruith-leumnach, luath.

Bu sgiolta sealladh do sheannasair,
Air port, 's air crunn-luath, 's air cuairt,
Pronnadh cnaparra, lùghmhor,
Caismeachd shunntach 'san ruaig;

* 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.

Dheanadh gaisgeach de'n sgliùraich,
Chuireadh diùn-laoch na luaths,
Claidhean glasa 'gan rùsgadh,
Claignean brùit' aig luchd fuath.

'S iomadh aon tha gu' iundrain,
O'n chaidh ùir ort san uaigh ;—
An toiseach labhair an splùcan,
Bhiodh tu giùlan gach uair.
"Tha mi féin gun tombaca,
Cha b'e cleachdadh a fhuair,
'S tric chuir Iain fo m'aisne,
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
Fònn a b'fhearr leis 'g a luaidh."

Thuir am pigidh bha lann ris,—
"Faigh an t-àra gu luath,
Cuir am chlaigeann-sa spàirt e,
Tha tart 's gach àite mu'n cuairt.
Thainig con-tràigh na pl'ighe,
Tha nithe gnàthaichte bhuainn,
Cha bhi reothart gu bràth ann,
'S ann a thràigheas an cuan."

Thuir am buideal, 's am botal,
Thuir an gòc ris an stòp,
Thuir an copan, 's an t-slige ;
" 'S mor an sgrios th'air tigh'n oirn.
Tha gach sruth air a dhùnadh,
Bha cuir a dh-ionnsaidh nan lòn,
Cha'n fhaighear drap air an ùrlar,
A fhliuchas brù Dhòmhnuill bìg."

O'n dh-fhalbh an còmpanach sàr-mhath,
Dh-fhalbh an ràbhart, 's an spòrs,
Dh-fhalbh beannachd na cloinne,
'S e sheinneadh an ceòl.
Nis o rinneadh do charadh
'N ciste chlàraich nam bòrd,
'S mor as mist iad an Phàro,
Gun fhear do ghnàis a bhi beò.

Dh-fhalbh an deagh ghille cuideachd,
Nach robh sgrubail san ùrd' ;
Dh-fhalbh fear tràghadh nan searrag,
Chosgadh barrachd thar stòp.
Dh-fhalbh fear deanadh nan duanag
Leis an luaghte gach clò,
Cha b'e ghuais a bhi gearan,
Ge h-ioma glain' thug dha pòg.

'S beag mo shunnt ri lath féille,
'S beag mo speis dheth gach ceòl,
'S beag mo thlachd dhe bhi 'g eisteachd,
Gaoir theud fhir nan cròc.
Leam a b'annsa do bhruidhean,
'N àn suidhe mu bhòrd,
Na droch dhreòchdan air fìdhill.
Mar fhuaim snithe an lòn.

Bha thu d' dhamhsair air ùrlar,
Bha thu siubhlach air snamh ;
Bha thu d' chairiche lùghmhor,
Cha bhiodh tu d' luireich fo chàch.
Urram leum, agus ruithe,
Glac threu 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 rìbh,
'S leibh mo bheannachd sau àm.
Biodh an uaigh air a treachladh,
Ann am fasan nach gam ;
Buideal rùm aig a chasan,
'S rol tombac aig a cheann.

AISEIRIGH IAIN RUADHIL.

LUINNEAG.

*Id-rò gu'm b'èibhinn leam,
'Chluinntinn gu'n do dh-èisich thu,
'S ann leam a's ait an sgéula sin,
On chaidh an t-Eug cho teann ort.*

CHUALADH mi gu'n chailleadh thu,
'S gu'n do rinneadh t-fhaltaire,
'S e cùis mu'n robh mi gearanach,
Do bhean a bhi na bantraig.
Ho-ro, &c.

Thug iad bho na h-òsdairean
Buideal an gn' tòrradh dhut,
Mu bheireas mi gun òl orra,
'S e nì sinn seòrsa balnuse.
Ho-ro, &c.

On tha ginbhas sàbhte agad,
'S gu'n d'rinn an gobha tairnean dut,
'S ann theannas sinn ri bàta,
Theid do Phàro dh-iaraidh Branndai.
Ho-ro, &c.

Cha bhi dad a dh'éis oirre,
Gheibh i gach ní dh'fhénmas i,
Ní'n lion aodach a main-seol d'i,
'S gu'n dean na speicean crann d'i.

Ho-ro, &c.

Cha'n easbhuidh nach bi ballaibh ann,
Gu cuplaichean, 's gu tarruinnéan,
Tha ròpaichean gun ghainn' againn,
'S gu'n ceangail sinu gu teann iad.

Ho-ro, &c.

Cha'n eil m'inntiun gearanach,
O'n chuir thu dhìot an galar ud,
'S ann tha do phìob na deannal,
A toirt caitheam air ceol damhsaidh.

Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bha thu ann san réiseamaid,
Bu sgairtail, tapaidh, treubbach, thu,
Na h-uile fear a leumeadh ort,
Ghreadadh tu gun taing e.

Ho-ro, &c.

'Nuair bha thu na t-òganach,
Bu lionmhor àit' am b'èolach thu,
Chunna' mis' an clòsaidean,
Ag ùl an Amsterdam thu!

Ho-ro, &c.

ORAN CNAIDEIL

DO 'N OLLA LEODACH.

LUINNEAG.

*Thugaibh, thugaibh, bō ! bō ! bō !
An Doctar Leòdach 's biodag air,
Faicill oirbh san taobh sin thall
Nach toir e 'n ceann a thiota dhiùb.*

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, &c.

Bha thu na do bhasbair còrr,
'S claidheamh-mòr an tarruinn ort,
An saighdear 's measa th'aig rìgh Deòrs',
Chòmhraigeadh e Alasdair.

Thugaibh, &c.

Gu' bhiodh sud ort air do thaobh,
Claidheamh caol sa ghliogartaich ;
Cha'n eil falcag thig o'n tràigh,
Nach cuir thu oarr nan itean d'i.

Thugaibh, &c.

Biodag 's an deach an gath-séirg
Air crìos seilg an luidealaich ;
Bha seachd oirlich oirr' a mheirg,
Gur mairg an rachadh bruideadh dh'i.

Thugaibh, &c.

A bhiodag 's mìos' th' anns an tìr,
'S a beart-chìon air chrith oirre,
Chnàm a faobhar leis an t-suith,
'S cha ghearr i 'n im na dh' itheadh tu.

Thugaibh, &c.

Claidheamh, agus sgàbard dearg,
S cearbach sud air amadan,
'Ghearradh amhaichean nan sgarbh,
A dh-fhagadh marbh gun anail iad.

Thugaibh, &c.

Cha nè deoch bhainne, na mheig,
'S cìnteach mì rinn ucsa dhìot,
Ach biadh bu docha leat nan t-im,
Giobainean nan gùgachan.

Thugaibh, &c.

'S iomad farspag rinn thu mharbhadh,
A's sùlair garbh a rug thu air,
A bhlianna sin, mu 'n deach thu 'n arm,
Chuir uibhean sgarbh cìoch-shlugain ort.

Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair theid thu na chreig gu h-ard,
Cluinnear gàir nan iseanan ;
'S mu thig am fulamair a d' dhail,
Sathaidh tu do bhiodag ann.

Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair a theid thu sa' Chreig-bhàin,
Cha mhòr do stà 'sna sgorrachan ;
Cha tig na h-eunlaidh a'd' dhàil,
Le fàileadh do chuid drogaichean.

Thugaibh, &c.

'Nuair a theid thu air an ròp,
A rìgh bu mhor do cudthrom air ;
Mu thig an cipean a's a ghruud,
Cluinnear plumb 'nuair thuiteas tu.

Thugaibh, &c.

Bu tu theannaicheadh an t-sreang
Cha'n bhi i fann mur bris thu i,
Direadh 's na h-iseanan a d' sgéith.
Air leam gu'm feum thu cuideachadh.

Thugaibh, &c.

Cha mharbh thu urrad ri càch,
Ge leathan laidir mogur thu ;
'S t-hìrm cha dian a bheag a stà,
Mur sgrìobar clàr, na praise leo.
Thugaidh, &c.

Note.—Dr M'Leod, the subject of this song, was a native of St. Kilda. He was some time abroad, as surgeon to a Highland regiment, and on his return home he used to go about in his full uniform, in which the poet thought he made rather an odd figure.

BANAIS CHIOSTAL-ODHAIR.

LUNNEAG.

*A bhanais a bha'n Cìostal-odhar,
Ann an Cìostal-odhar, odhar,
A bhanais a bha'n Cìostal-odhar,
Cha robh othail chòir oirre !*

THAINIG fear a staigh gu'n ghriobadh,
Dh-innse gu'n tainig am pigidh,
Fhuaras botul lionadh slige,
Bu bhinn glig a's erònu.
A bhanais, &c.

Thainig fear a nuas le mì-nìhodh,
Gu e-féin a chuir an ìre,
Thòisich e air bleith nan ìnean,
Gu mì-fhìn a sgròbadh.
A bhanais, &c.

Ach labhair mise gu fiadhaich :—
“ Mas e mì-stath tha thu 'g iarraidh,
Gur dòcha gu'n cuir mi'n fhìacail,
Air iochdar do sgrùnnain ! ”
A bhanais, &c.

Smaointich mi eiridh 'n-am sheasamh,
On bu ghnà leam a bhli 'g eadradh,
Ole na dbeigh gu'n d'rinn mi ' leagadh,
'S bhàil mi breab san tòin air.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair a chaidh na fir gu riansadh,
Gu'n robh ceathrar dhiu sa ghriosaich ;
Am fear bu laige bha e'n iochdar,
'S thug iad mìrean beò as.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair a thoisich iad air buillean,
Cha robh mì-fhìn a' cur cuir dhiom,
Gus na mhùigh iad air mo mhuinneal,
'S air duileasg mo shròine.
A bhanais, &c.

An sin 'nuair a dh' eirich an trioblaid,
Thainig iad far an robh mise,
Thog iad mi mach thun na sìtig',
Theab gu'n ithte beò mi.
A bhanais, &c.

Thug iad a mach thun nan raointean,
Mar gun reachadh eù ri caoirich,
'S am fear nach do sgròb iad aodann,
Bha aodach ga shròiceadh.
A bhanais, &c.

'Nuair thoisich iad air a chéile,
Stràdadh na fal' anns na speuran ;
Bha 'mis' an ìite gan éisdeachd,
'S gun b' éibhinn an spòrs iad.
A bhanais, &c.

Bhuail iad air a chéile chnagadh,
Leig iad air a chéile shàdadh,
Shiù iad air aithris na braide,
'S air eagnadh nan òrdag.
A bhanais, &c.

Fear ri caoineadh, fear ri aighear,
Fear na sheasamh, fear na laidhe,
Fear a pògadh bean-an-taighe,
Fear a gabhail òrain !
A bhanais, &c.

Cha robh ann ach beagan dibhe,
Leig iad a dh-iunnasaidh an eiridhe,
Bha fear a's fear aca rithist,
Gun bhruidhinn gun chòmhradh.
A bhanais, &c.

Sin 'nuair a labhair am fìdhleir :—
“ Chuir sibh mo phuirt feadh na fìdhle ;
'S mis am fear gu'n tig an dlinn,
Nach toir sgrìob air ceòl duibh.”
A bhanais, &c.

DUGHALL BOCHANNAN.

DUGALD BUCHANAN was born in the parish of Balquidder, Perthshire, in the year 1716. His father was a small farmer, who also rented a mill. His mother was an excellent and pious woman; but, unfortunately for him, she died when he was only six years old. His father gave him such education as he could afford; and that appears to have been more than was commonly taught at country schools at that time. When he was only twelve years of age, he was sent to teach in another family, where he did not improve in his morals, as he learned to curse and swear. When he was farther advanced in life, he became loose and immoral, associating with bad company, and apparently regardless of the pious example that had been set before him by his mother. When he grew up, he was apprenticed to a house-carpenter in Kippen, where he did not continue long, till he removed to Dumbarton. Here he continued the same course of profane and sinful practice that afterwards caused him much trouble and remorse of conscience during many years, until he at last obtained peace with God, and became a sincere and eminent Christian. He does not appear to have settled long in any place, till the "Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge" appointed him schoolmaster and catechist at Kenloch Ranoch, in the year 1755. In this remote place he laboured with great pains and diligence in his calling during the remainder of his days; and here he composed those hymns which will render his name as lasting as the language in which they are written. Besides the hymns, he wrote a diary, which was published in the year 1836, with a memoir of the author prefixed. From this memoir we shall copy a short abstract of his labours and diligence at Kenloch Ranoch. Although he was not a regular licentiate, he acted as a kind of missionary; and exhorted, preached, catechised, and reproved, till he wrought a great reformation on the people in that district:—"Ranoch is an extensive district, in the parish of Fortingall. It is situated at a great distance from the church, and the clergyman visited it at long intervals. The people, therefore, instead of assembling on Sabbath to worship God, generally met to play at foot-ball. Moved with zeal for the glory of God, and grieved at the sins he witnessed, he zealously set about reforming the people, by convincing them of the sinfulness of their ways. Finding it impossible to bring them together for prayer or exhortation, he would follow them to the scene of their sinful amusements, and there reason with them about death and judgment to come. By the great and disinterested anxiety he manifested for their spiritual welfare, some of them were brought to a better observance of the Sabbath, by uniting with him in the worship of God. The impression made on the minds of those who came to hear him was such, that they persuaded their friends and neighbours to come also, which gradually drew a more numerous attendance. His piety and excellence of character becoming now

generally known, the numbers who flocked from all parts to hear him were so great, that the house in which they had hitherto met was insufficient to contain them: he therefore adjourned with the people to a rising ground on the banks of the 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 upon his mind, and gave him more extensive views of the omnipotence and wisdom of the Divinity. He was, during either of these years, introduced to the celebrated David Hume the historian, who, having been informed of his excellent character, received him with great affability, and entered very familiarly into conversation with him on various topics.

While discussing the merits of some authors, Mr Hume observed that it was impossible to imagine any thing more sublime than the following lines which he repeated:—

“ The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision—
Leave not a wreck behind.”

Buchanan at once admitted the beauty and sublimity of the lines, but said that he had a book at home from which he could produce a passage still more sublime, and repeated the following verses:—“ And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works.” *

He published his “*Hymns*” about the year 1767. The demand for this little work has continued since, and every year adds to its popularity—a sure proof of its merit. There have been at least fifteen editions of it printed; while of the works of the celebrated bards, Macdonald and Macintyre, there have been only four editions.

Our author continued his useful and pious labours at Ranoch till his death, which happened on the second of June, 1768, when he was seized with fever, which carried him off in the fifty-second year of his age. During his illness he was frequently delirious, and in that state would sing of the "Lamb in the midst of the throne." In his lucid intervals he expressed his full hope in the resurrection of the just, and his desire to depart and be with Christ. The people of Ranoch wished his remains to be buried among them, but his relations carried the body away to their own country, and he was buried in the burying-ground of the Buchanans at Little Lenny, near Callander. In his person he was considerably above the middle size, and rather of a dark complexion, but upon a close inspection his countenance beamed affection and benevolence. Among his intimate acquaintance he was affable, free, jocular and social, and possessed much interesting information and innocent anecdotes, in consequence of which his company was much sought after by all the families in the country. In his dress he was plain and simple, wearing a blue bonnet and a black dress, over which he generally wore a blue great-coat. After his death his widow removed to Ardoch, where she remained till the time of her death. He left two sons and two daughters: one of the latter was alive in 1836.

As a poet, Buchanan ranks in the highest class. Endowed with great power of imagination, and full of moral and religious enthusiasm, his poetry is at once fervid, lofty, and animated; and invariably calculated to promote the cause of religion and virtue. Those distinguishing qualities have rendered him the most popular poet in the language; and we may safely assert, that his popularity will endure as long as the language in which he has written is understood.

"*The Day of Judgment*" is the most popular poem in the language. It displays great force of imagination, and fixes the mind on the sublime and awful scenes of a world brought to an end, amidst the wreck of elements, and the assemblage of the whole human race to judgment.

"*The Scull*" is full of good poetry, with appropriate reflections on the vanity of mortal enjoyments. It shows the fierce tyrant and the lowly slave—the haughty chief and the humble tenant—the mighty warrior and the blooming virgin—the mercenary judge and the grasping miser—all reduced to one level, the grave; to feed the lowly worm and the crawling beetle.

"*The Dream*" contains useful lessons on the vanity of human pursuits, and the unsatisfactory rewards of ambition. The following lines ought to be remembered by every one who envies greatness:—

" Cha 'n 'eil neach o thrioblaid saor,
A' measg a' chinne-daonn' air fad
'S co lionmhor osna aig an rìgh,
Is aig a neach is isle staid."

"*The Winter*" begins with a vivid description of the effects of that season, and the preparation of men and animals to provide food and shelter. The poet then draws a comparison between the winter and the decline of human life, warning the old man to

prepare for his future state, as the husbandman prepares food and fuel for winter—to imitate the prudent foresight of the ant and the bee, and not the idle and improvident fly, dancing joyously in the sunbeams till he perishes by the winter's frost. This excellent poem is deservedly admired as one of the finest specimens of didactic poetry in the Gaelic language.

LATHA' BHREITHIENNAIS.

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 rìs,
'Thoir breith na fìrinn air gach neach.

An cadal peacaidh 'ta'd nan suain,
A' bruidar pailteas de gach nì:
Gu'n umhail ac'n' uair thig am bàs,
Nach meal iad Pàrras o'n àrd Rìgh.

Le cumbachd t-fhacail Dhé tog suas,
An sluagh chum aithreachais na thrà,
Is beannaich an Dàn so do gach neach,
Bheir seachad éisteachd dha le gràdh.

Mo smuaintean talmhaidh Dhé tog suas,
'S mo theanga fuasgail ann mo bheul;
A chum gu'n labhrainn mar bu chòir,
Mu ghloir 's mu uamhunn latha Dhé.

Air meadhon oidheh' 'nuair bhios an saogh'l,
Air aomadh tharais ann an suain;
Grad dhùisgear suas an cinne-daoin',
Le glaoth na trompaid 's airde fuaim.

Air neul ro aird nì fhoillseach' fèin,
Ard aingeal treun le trompaid mhoir;
Is gairmidh air an t-saogh'l gu léir,
Iad a ghrad éiridh chum a mhòid:—

“ O cluinnibhs uile chlann nan daoin,
Nis thainig ceann an t-saogh'l gu beachd;
Leumaibh 'nar beatha sibhs 'ta marbh,
Oir nis gu dearbh 'ta los' air teachd.”

Is seididh e le sgàl cho chruaidh,
'S gu 'n cuir e sleibhte 's cuan 'nan rìith;
Grad chlisgidh na bhios marbh 'san uaigh,
Is na bhios beo le h-uamhunn crìth.

Le osaig dhoinionnach a bheil,
An saogh'l so reubaidh e gu garg,
'S mar dhùn an t-seangain dol 'na ghluais,
Grad bhrùchdaidh 'n uaigh a nìs a mairbh.

'N sin cruinnichidh gas cas in lamh,
Chaidh chur san àraich fad o chéil;
'S bidh farum mor a measg nan enàmh,
Gach aon diù 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 togaidd iad an ceann,
'Ta àm am fuasglaidh orra dlù;
Is mar chraoibh-mheas fo iomlan blàth,
Tha dreach an Slànùifheir 'nan gnùis:

Tha obair Spiorad naomh nan gràs
Air glanadh 'n nàduir o 'n taobh steach;
'S mar thrusgan glan 'ta àmhlaehd Chrìosd,
Ga'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;
Thoir coinneamh uamhasach da 'n corp.

'N sin labhraidh 'n t-anam brònach truagh,
R'a choluinn oillteil, uamhar, bhreun,
“ Mo chlaoidh! ciod uim' an d'éirich thu
Thoir peanas dùbailt oirn le chéil?

“ O! 'n eigin dòmhsa dol aris,
Am prìosan neo-ghlan steach a'd ehré?
Mo thruaighe mi, gu'n d'aontaich riamh,
Le t-anamiana brùdeil fèin!

“ O'm faigh mi dealach' rint gu bràth!
No 'n tig am bàs am feasd a'd chòir!
'N drùigh teine air do chuainnean iarain!
No dibb-fheirg Dhé an straidh i t-fheòil!”

Eiridh na rìghrean 'e daoine mòr,
Gun smachd gun òrdugh ann nan Rìmh;
'S cha'n aithn' ear iad a measg an t-sluaidh,
O 'n duine through bhla ac' na thràill.

'S na daoine uaibhreach leis nach b' fhiù,
Gu 'n ùmhlaicheadh iad fèin 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 chlachan cruaidh,
Is sgriosaihbh sinn á tir nam beò,
A chum 's nach faic sinn glòir an Uain."

Amach às uamhaidh gabhaidh 'thriall
An diabhol 's a chuid aingle féin,
Ge cruaidh e 's éigin teachd a lèth'r,
A' slaodadh shlùibhraidh 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 dèidh le latha garbh :

Grad fhosglaidh a's a chéil na neòil,
Mar dhorus seòmair an àrd Rìgh,
Is foillsichear am Breitheamh m'èr,
Le glòir is greadhnachas gun chrìch.

Tha 'm bogha-frois mu'n cuairt da cheann,
'S mar thuil nan gleann tha fuaim a ghuth ;
'S mar dhealanach tha sealladh sùl,
A' spùtadh a's na neulaibh tiugh.

A ghrian àrd-lòcharan nan spéur,
Do ghloir a phearsa géillidh grad ;
An dealradh drillseach thig o gbnùis,
A solus mùchaidh e air fad.

Cuiridh i nìmpe culaidh bhroin,
'S bidh 'ghealach mar gun dòirt' oir' fuil,
Is crathar cumbachdan 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 doininnach.

O chuibhlìbh 'charbaid thig amach,
Sruth mor de theine laist' le féig ;
Is sgaoilidh '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 suns,
'S bidh teas-ghoil air a' chuan gu léir.

Na beanntan iargalt nach tug seach,
An stòras riamh de neach d'an deòin,
Ta iad gu fialaidh taosgadh 'mach,
An ìomhais leaght' mar abhainn mhàir.

Gach neach bha sgriobadh cruinn an òir,
Le sannt, le dò-bheirt, no le fuil ;
Làn chaisgibh 'nis 'ur 'n iota mòr,
'S a nasgaidh blaibh dheth o'n tuil.

O sibhse rinn 'ur bun do'n t-saogh'l,
Nach tig sibh 's caoinibh e gu geur,
'N uair tha e 'gleacadh ris a bhàs,
Mar dhuine lùidir dol do'n eug.

A chuiste chleachd bli fallain fuar,
Ri mireag uaibhreach feadh nan gleann,
'Tha teas a chléibh 'ga 'n smùidreadh suas,
Le goilbìbh 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 osuaich 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-adbar ga thacbd' le neula tiugh,
'S an toit 'na meallaibh dubh dol suas
'S an teine millteach spùtadh 'mach,
'Na dhualaibh caisreagach mu'n cuairt.

Tìmecheall a' chruinne so gu léir,
Borb-bheucaidh 'n tairneanach gu bras ;
'S bidh 'n lasair lomadh gloir nan speur,
Mar fhaloisg ris na sléibhte càs.

Is chum an doininn 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 easgradh nìble saogh'l !

'M feadh tha gach nì 'an glaic an éig,
'S a chruitheacbd gu léir dol bun-oscann,
Teannaidh am Breitheamh oirne dlù,
A chum gach cùis a chur gu ceann.

'N sin gluaisidh e o àird nan spéur,
Air cathair a Mhòrachd féin a nuas,
Le greadhnachas nach facas riamh,
'S le dhiadhachd sgeadaichte mun cuairt.

Ta mìle tàirneanach 'na làimh,
A chum a naimhde sgrios am feirg,
Is fonn-chrith orr' gu dol an greim,
Mar choin air èill 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,
An dream a dh'aicheadh creideamh Chrìosd,
Na reic e air son nì nach b'fhiach.

A shluagh gun chiall thug miann do'n òr,
Roinn ghloir is eibhneas flaitheas Dé,
'Ur malairt ghòrach faicibh nis,
'S an sgrios a thug sibh oirbh féin.

'S a mhuinntir uabhbreach leis 'm bu nàr,
Gu 'n cluinnte cràbhadh dh' 'n ur teach;
Faicibh a ghlòir 's na b' iognadh leibh,
Ged dhruid e sibh á riogh'chd amach.

O Herod faic a nis an Rìgh,
D' an tug thu spid is masladh mor,
Ga sgeadachadh le trusgan ruadh,
Mar shua'neas sgallais air a ghlòir.

Nach faic thu Breitheamh an t-saoghail gu léir,
'S mar endach uime 'n lasair dhearg;
A' teachd thoirt dnais do dhaoine còir,
'S a sgrios luchd dò-bheirt ann am feirg.

Is thusa Philat tog do shuil,
'S gu'm faic thu nis' a mùthadh mòr;
An creid thu gur h-e sud an Tì
A rinn thu dhìteadh air do mhòd?

An creid thu gur e-sud an ceann,
Mun d' iath gu teann an sgitheach gear,
Na idir gur i sud a ghnùis,
Air na thilg na h-Iùdaich sìle breun!

'M bu leoir gu'n theich a ghrian air chùl,
A' dultadh fianuis thoirt do'n gnìomh?
Cìod uim' nach d'fhuair a chruitheachd bàs,
'N uair chéusadh air a chraun a TRIATH?

Cuiridh e aingle 'mach gach taobh,
Chum ceithir ghaothaibh 'n domhain mhòir,
A chuairteachadh gach aon do'n t-sluagh,
A steach gu luath a dh'ionnsuidh 'mhòid.

Gach neach a dh' àitich coluinn riamh,
O'n ear 's o'n iar tha nise' teachd,
Mar sgoath de bheachaibh tigh'n mu ghéig,
An déidh dhaibh eiridh 'mach o'n sgeap.

'N sin togaidh aingeal glormhor suas,
Ard bhratach Chrìosd da'n suaich'neas fuil;
A chruinneachadh na ghluais sa choir,
'S da fhulangas rinn dòigh a's bun.

Do m'ionnsuidh cruinnichibh mo naoimh,
Is tioraillibh gach aon de'n dream,
A rinn gu dìleas is gu dlù,
Le creideamh 's ùmlachd ceangal leam.

'N sin tionsgnaidh 'm Breith' air cùis an là,
A chum a naimhde chur fo bhinn,
Is fosglaidh e leabhraichean suas,
Far am beil peacadh 'n t-sluaigh air chuimhn':

Fosglaidh e 'n cridhe mar an ceudn',
Air dhoigh 's gur léir de'n h-uile neach,
Gach uamharrachd bha gabhail tàmh,
Air feadh an àrais ud a steach:

'N uair chi' an sealladh so dhiubh féin,
Is dearbh gur léir dhaibh ceartas Dhia;
'S b'ìdh 'n gruaidh a leagbadh as le nàir
Nach lugha cràdh na teine dian.

Togaidh an trompaid 'rìs a fuaim,
"Na labhradh a's na gluaiseadh neach;"
Air chor gu'n cluinn gach beag a's mòr,
A bhreith thig air gach se'rs' amach.

"A dhaoine sanntach thréig a chòir,
'S a leag 'ur dòchas an 'ur toic,
A ghlais gu teann 'ur cridhe suas,
'S a dhruid 'ur cluas ri glaoth nam bochd.

"An lomnochd cha do dhion o'n fhuachd,
'S do'n acrach thruagh cha d'thug sibh biadh,
Ged lion mi féin 'ur cisd' de lòn,
'S 'ur treuda' chnr a'mòd gach bliadhn'.

"Ni bheil sibh iomchuidh air mo riogh'chd,
As eugmbais firinn, iochd, a's graidh;
'S o reub 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 sranntaich àrd,
'S cha 'n cìsd o'r teangaidh ghobhlaich cliù,
Le trìùchd a phuinnsein air a bàrr.

"Is sibhs' thug fuath da m' òrduigh naomh,
Is leis nach b'ionnmuinn caomh' mo theach;
Leis 'm bu bhliadhna suidhe uair,
Am àros tabhairt cluais do m' reanch.

" Cionnas a mhealas sibh gu bràth,
A'm' sheirbhis sabaid shiorruidh bhuan
Na cionnas bheir 'ur n-anam gràdh,
De'n uì da'n tug 'ur nàdur fuath ?

" 'Luchd mì-ruin agus farmaid mhòir
Da'n doruinn iomlan sonas chàich,
Le doilghios geur a' cnàmh 'ur crì,
Mu aon neach oirbh féin bheir barr.

" Cia mar a dh-fheudas sibh gu bràth,
Làn shonas àiteach ann an glòir ;
Far am faic sibhs mìlte dream,
Ga'n ardach' os bbur ceannu gu mòr ?

" Am fad 's bu léir dhuibh feadh mo rìogh'chd,
Neach b' àirde inbhe na sibh féin ;
Nach fadadh mì-run 's farmad 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' naombachd fuath,
Ga'n tabhairt suas gu toil na feol'.

" Mar b' ionmhuinn leibh bhì losgadh 'n teas,
'Ur n-uabhair, dheasaich mi dhuibh fearg,
Leaba dearg theth 'san laidh sibh sìos,
Am brachaibh-lìn de lasair dheirg.

" Ged bheirinn sibh gu rioghachd mo ghlòir,
Mar mhucan steach gu seòmar rìgh ;
'Ur nàdur neoghlan bhiodh ga chràdh,
Le'r miannaibh bàsachadh chion bìdh.

" Gach neach tha iomchuidh air mo rìogh'chd,
Teannaibh sibhs chum mo dheis,
Is cruinnichibh seachad chum mo chli,
A chrìonach o na crannaibh meas."

'N sin tearbainidh e chum gach tuobh,
Na caoraich o na gobhraibh lom ;
Ceart mar nì'm buachaille an tréud,
'N uair chuairtaicheas e sprèidh air tom.

'N sin labhraidh e ri luchd a dheis,
" Sibhs ta deasaichte le m' ghràs,
Thigibhs, sealbhaichibh an rioghachd,
Nach faic a sonas crìoch gu bràth.

" Spealg mise 'n geat' bha oirbhsè dùinnt',
Le m' ùmhachd 's m' fhulangas ro-ghéur ;
'S dh-fhogail an t-sleadh gu farsuinn suas,
Am leith-taobh dorus nuadh dhuibh féin.

" Chum craoibh na beath' ta 'm Pàrrais Dé,
Le h-èibhneas teannaibh steach da còir ;
'S a fearta iongantach gu léir,
Dearbhadh 'ur n-uile chréuchd 's bhur leòn.

" An claidhe ruisgte bha laist ga dìon,
O laimh 'ur sinnsir Adhamh 's Eubh,
Rinn mise truaill 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 smeòraichean a measg a geug,
Chum molaidh gléusaibh binn bhur càil.

" Le 'maise sàsaichibh 'ur sùil,
Is oirbh fo sgàil cha drùigh an teas,
O 'duilleach cùraidh òlaibh slàint ;
Is bith'bh neo-bhàsmhor le a meas.

" Gach uile mheas tha 'm Pàrrais Dé,
Ta nis gu leir neo-thoirmisgt' dhuibh ;
Ithibh gun eagal o gach géig,
A nathair nìmh cha téum a chaoidh.

" A's uile mhiann 'ur n-anma féin,
Lau 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 oibrice mo rioghachd mhòir,
'Ur n-eòlas ciocrach cuiribh' meud.

" Ur n-eibhneas, mais' 'ur tuigs', 's 'ur gràdh,
Bitheadh gu shiorruidh fàs nì 's mò ;
'S cha choinnich sibh aon nì gu bràth,
Bheir air 'ur n-anam cràdh no leòn.

" Cha 'n fhaca sùil, 's cha chuala cluas,
Na thaisg mi suas de shonas duibh,
Imichibh, 's biodh 'ur dearbhadh 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 diàbhuil siubhlaibh uam.

" 'S mo mhallachd maille ribh gu bràth,
A chum 'ur cràdh 's 'ur cur gu pian,
Gluaisibhs chum an teine mhòir,
Ga'r ròsdadh ann gu cian nau cian."

Mar sgàin an talamh a's a cheil,
'N uair gabh e teaghlach Chòrach steach,
Ceart laimh riu fosglaidh 'n uaigh a beul,
'S i miannanaich air son a creich.

Is mar a shluig 'mhuc-mbara mhòr,
Iònas 'n uair chaidh 'thilgeadh 'mach,
Nì slugan dubh an dara bàis,
A charbad iathadh umpa steach.

San uamhaidh taobhaidh iad ri chéil,
A ghluais nam beath' gu h-éucorach;
Luchd mhionn a's mort a's fianuis-bhréig;
Luchd misg a's reubainn 's adhaltrais.

Mar chualraig dhريس an ceangal teann,
An slabhraidh tha gach dream leo féin;
'S an comunn chleachd bhi 'n eaidreamh dlù,
Mar bhioran rùisgte dol nan crè.

Mar leaghan garg fo' chuibhreach cruaidh,
Le thoscaibh reubadh suas a ghlais;
An slabhraidh cagnaidh iad gu dian,
'S gu bràth cha ghearr am fiacian phrais.

Bidh iad gu siorruidh 'n glacaibh 'bhais,
'S an cridh' ga fhàsgadh asd' le bròn,
Ceangailt air cuan de phronnughs laisd'
'S a dheatach uaine tachd an sròn.

Mar bhàirneach fuaighte ris an sgeir,
Tha iad air creagaibh goileach teann;
Is dibh-fheirg Dhé a' seideadh 'chuain,
Na thonnaibh buaireis thar an ceann.

'N tra dhùineas cadal crnaidh an sùil,
Teas feirg 's an-dochas dùsgidh iad;
A chnuimh nach bàsaich 's cibhle beò,
A' cur an dòruinn shiorruidh 'meud.

Air ifrinn 'n uair a gheibh iad sealbh,
S làn-dearbhab co gu'n toir iad eis,
Faodaidh sinn pàirt d'an gearan truagh,
Chuir amns na briathraibh cruaidh so sios.

" O staidh na neo-ni 'n robh mi 'm thàmh,
Ciod uime dh-àrdach Dia mo ceann!
Mo mhile mallachd aig an là,
'N do gabh mo mhathair mi' na broinn.

" Ciod uime fhuair mi tuigse riamh?
No ciall a's reusan chum mo stiùir?
Ciod uim' nach d'riun thu cuileag dhiom?
Na durrag dhìblidh 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 bhuann,
A' suimh a' chuain a ta gu'n tràigh!

" Ged àireamh uile reulta nèimh,
Gach féur a's duilleach riamh a dh-fhàs,
Mar' ris gach braon a ta sa' chuain,
'S gach gainneamh chuairticheas an tràigh.

" Ged chuiream mìle bliadhna seach,
As leith gach aon diubh sud gu léir,
Cha d'imich seach de'n t-siorr-achd mhòir,
Ach mar gu 'n tòisicheadh i 'n dé.

" Ach O! 'n do theirig trècair 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 deimhin fèin a's ceart mo bhinn;
Ach c'fhada bhios mi 'n so ga m' chrìdh,
Mu'm bi do cheartas sàitheach dhiom!

" No 'm bi thu dìolte 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 dhìoltas mi gu m' chùil,
Cha 'n àrdaich e do chliù, a Dhé,
'S cha'n fhuir do d' Mhorachd t-fhearg a chosg,
Air comharadh cho bochd rium féin.

" Ged lean de dhìoltas mi gu m' chùil,
Cha 'n àrdaich e do chliù, a Dhé,
'S cha'n fhuir do d' Mhorachd t-fhearg a chosg,
Air comharadh cho bochd rium féin.

" O Dhia! nach sgrios thu mi gu tùr?
'S le d' chumhachd cuir air 'm anam crìoch,
'S gu staid na neo-ni tìlg mi uait,
Far nach 'eil fulang, smuain, no gnìomh.

" Ach O! se so mo thoillt'neas féin
Is nì'm beil éu-coir buntainn rium;
Oir dhiùlt mi taigse shaor de Chrìosd,
'S nior ghabh mi d'a fhuil phrìseil suim.

" Mo choguis ditiidh mi gu bràth,
An fhianuis bha ga 'm chàineadh riamh;
An-ìochd no éu-coir ann mo bhàs,
Cha leig i chìradh 'm feasd air Dia.

" Aitheanta thilg mi air mo chùil,
A's ruith mi dùrachdach gu'm sgrios,
Is 'fhianuis féin a' m' eiridhe mhùch,
A' druid' mo shùile roimh mo leas.

" Cia meud an dìogh'ltas tha dhomh' dual
A's leith mo pheacaidh uamhor dàn
Am peac' thug dù'lan do dh-fhuil Chrìosd,
'S a dh-fhàg gun éifeachd brìgh a bh 's.

" Gidheadh nach 'eil de Bhundhan féin,
Neo-chrìochanach gu léir o chian?
'S an toir mo chiont air ìochd a's gràdh,
Gu'm fàs iad crìochnachd' 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 ?

* * * * *

" Ge truagh mo ghuidhe cha'n eisdar i,
A's fois no f'èth cha'n fhaidh mi chaoidh'
Ach beath' neo-bhàsmhor teachd as ùr,
Gu'm neartach' ghiùlan tuille claoidh."

Ach stad mo rann a's pill air t-ais
O shlochd na casgraidh dhein a nios,
Is feuch cionnas a bheir thu seòl
Do'n dream tha beò nach teid iad sìos.

A leughadair a'm beil e fìor,
Na chuir mi cheana sìos am dhàn ?
Ma se 's gu'm beil thig s' lùb do ghlan
Le ùrnuigh 's aithreachas gun dàil :—

" A dh-ionnsuidh Iosa teich gu luath,
A' gabhail gràin a's fuath do d' pheac',
Le creideamh fìor thoir ùmhachd dhà,
An uile àith'nta naomh a reachd.

" Gabh ris na h-oifigibh gu léir,
'S ri h-aon diubh na cuir féin do chùl;
Mar Fhàidh, mar Shagart, 'us mar Rìgh,
Chum slàinte, didean, agus iuil.

" Bìodh 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 'fhireantachd dean bun a mhàin,
'S na taic gu bràth ri d' thoill'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 thu,
Is chum de shonais shiorruidh féin,
Air fead gach rè a' seinn a chliù."

AN CLAI GEANN.

'S mi 'm shuigh aig an uaigh,
Ag amharc ma bruaich,
Feuch clai geann gu snuadh air làr;
Is thog mi e suas,
A' tiomach' gu truagh,
Ga thionndadh mu 'n cuairt am làimh.

Gun àille gun dreach,
Gun aithne gun bheachd;
Air duine theid seach 'na dhàil;
Gun fhiacail 'na dheud,
No teanga 'na bheul,
No slugan a ghleusas chìl.

Gun ruthadh 'na ghruaidh
'S e rùisgte gun ghruaig;
Gun eisdeachd 'na chluais 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-ìuil mar b' abh'sd.
Ach durragan crom,
A chleachd bhì san, tom,
Air cladhach' da tholl 'nan àit.

Tha n' eanachainn bha 'd chùl,
Air tionndadh gu smùr,
Gun tionnsgal no sùrd air t-fheum;
Gun smuainteach' a'd' dhàil,
Mu philleadh gu bràth,
A cheartach' na dh-fhag thu 'd dheidh.

Cha 'n innis do ghnùis,
A nise co thù,
Ma's rìgh mo ma's dìuc thu féin
'S ionann Alasdair mòr,
Is traill a dhì lòn,
A dh-eug air an òtrach bhreun.

Fhìr chlaghach na h-naigh;
Nach cagair thu 'm chluais,
Co 'n clai geann so fhuair mi 'm laimh?
'S gu 'n cuirinn ris ceisd,
Mu gnàth mu 'n do theasd;
Ge nach fregair e' m' feasd mo dhàn.

'M bu mhaighdean deas, thu,
Bha sgiambach a'd' ghnùis,
'S deagh shuidheach' a'd' shùil da reir?
Le d' mhaise mar lìon,
A' ribeadh mu chrì',
Gach òganaich chì'dh 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 dlreach.

No 'm breitheamh ceart thù,
Le tuigs' agus iùil,
Bha reiteach gach cuis do'n t-sluagh;

Gun aomadh le pàirt',
Ach dìteadh gu bàs,
Na h-eucoir bha daicheil cruaidh ?

No 'n do reic thu a chòir,
Air ghlaicadh 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 fìar ;
'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 bhòd,
Gu 'n dìbreadh 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' plàs,
Gu d' chumail aon trà o'n uaigh.

No 'n seanalair thù,
A choisinn mor chliù,
Le d' sheoltachd a stiùireadh airm ?
Air naimhdean toirt buaidh,
Ga 'n cur ann san ruaig,
'S ga 'm fàgail nan cruachan mairbh.

'N robh do chlaidheamh 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' choluinn' eur séis,
'S a' coisneadh ort feisd gach là ;
Is claigeann do chinn,
'Na ghearasdan dìon,
Aig daolagan diblidh 'n tàmh.

Pàirt a' claidhach' do dhéud,
A steach ann a' d' bheul,
'S cuid eile ri reub' do chluas ;
Dream eil nan sgùd,
'Tigh'n amach air do shùil,
A' spùinneadh 's a' rùsg' do ghruaidh.

No m' fear thu bha pòit,
Gu tric 's an taigh òsd,
'S tu cridheil ag òl nan dràm ?
Nach iarradh dhut fein
De fhlaithneas Dé,
Ach beirm á bhí 'g eiridh a' d' cheam ?

Nach iarradh tu 'cheòl,
Ach mioman mu'n bhòd,
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 suaire,
Gu measara stuam mu d' bhòd ;
Le miannaibh do chré,
Fo chuibhreachadh geur,
'N am suidhe gu feisd 's gu sògh ?

No 'n geòcaire mòr,
Bha gionach air lòn,
Mar choin an am feòlach dearg ;
A' toileach' do mhiann,
Bha duilich a riar,
'S tu geilleadh mar Dhia do d' bholg ?

Tha nise do bhrù,
Da 'n robh thu a' lùb',
De ghaineamh 's do dh' ùir gle làn,
'S do dheudach air glas',
Mu d' theangaidh gun bhlas,
Fo gheimhleachaibh prais a bhàis.

No 'm morair ro mhòr,
A thachair am dhòrn,
Neach aig an robh còir air tìr ;
Bha iochdmhor ri bochd,
A' clùthach' nan nochd,
Reir pailteas a thioic 's a nìth ?

No 'n robh thu ro chruaidh,
A' feannadh do thuath,
'S a' tanach' an gruaidh le mál ;
Le h-agartas geur
A glacadh an spréidh
'S am bochdainn ag éigheach dàil ?

Gu'n chridh' aig na daoine,
'Bh'air lomadh le h-aois,
Le 'n claigeannan maola truagh ;
Bhí seasamh a' d' chòir,
Gun bhoineid 'nan dòrn,
Ge d' tholladh gaoth reit' an cluas.

Tha nise do thràill,
Gun urram a' d' dhàil,
Gun ghearsom', gun mhàl, gun mhòd ;

Mor-mholadh do'n bhàs,
A chasgair thu trà,
'S nach d' fhùilig do stràic fo'n fhòd.

No 'm ministeir thù,
Bha tagradh gu dùl,
Ri pobull 'an ùghdaras Dé;
Ga 'm pilleadh air ais,
Bha 'g imeachd gu bras,
Gu h-ìfrinn na casgradh dhein ?

No 'n robh thu gun sgoiun,
Mar mhuinne nu chloinn,
Gun chùram a h-oighreachd Dhé;
Na 'm faigheadh tu 'n rùsg,
Bha coma co dhiù,
M' an t-sionnach bhì stiùireadh 'n treud ;

Leam 's cinnteach gun d' fhuair,
Do dheanadas duais,
'N uair rainig thu 'm Buachaill' mòr;
'N uair chuartich am bàs,
A steach thu 'na laith'r,
Thoirte cunntas a' d' thàlant' dè.

No 'n ceann thu bha làn,
De dh-innleachdan bàis,
Gu seolta ga 'n tath' r'a cheil';
G'an cur ann an guiomh,
Gun umbail gun fhiamh,
A freagra' do Dhia 'nan deigh ?

'N robh teanga nam breug,
Gun chuibhreach fo d' dheud,
A' togail droch sgeul air càch;
Gath puinsein do bheil,
Mar naithir a' teum,
'S a' lotadh nan ceud gach là ?

Tha i nise na tamb,
Fo cheangal a bhàis,
Gun sgainneal a' plàigh na dùthch';
A's durruga graund,
Air lobbadh '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 gairmear thu suas gu mòd.

Mar losgann dubh graund,
Ag iomairt a smàg,
Gu 'n eirich thu 'n aird o'n t-slochd;
Thoirte coinneamh do Chriosd,
'Na thighinn a ris,
A dh' fhaotainn làn dìol a' t-òc.

'N uair theid thu fo bhinn.
Ni cheartas do dhùt';
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 eolas air Dia,
'S ga'n d' rinn thu a riar 'sa chòir;
Ged tha thu 'n diugh ruisg',
Gun aithe', gun iùil,
Gun teanga, gun sùil, gun sròn.

Gabh misneach san uaigh,
Oir eiridh tu suas,
'N uair chluineas tu fuaime an stuie,
'S do thruaileachd gu leir,
Shios 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 fuaime,
A mholaidh th' aig sluagh a chùirt.

'N uair dhealraicheas Criosd,
Na thigheachd a ris,
A chruinneach' na 'm firean suas;
'N sin bheir thu de leum,
Thoirte coinneamh dha féin,
Mar iolair nan speur aig luaths.

'N uair dh-eireas tu 'n àiré,
Grad chuiridh ort fàilt,
A mhealtainn a chàirdeas féin,
Gun dealach' gu bràth,
R'a chomunn no ghràdh,
A steach ann am Pàiras Dé.

Fhìr 'chluinneas mo dhàn,
Dean aithreachas trà,
'M feadh mhaithraes do shlaht 's do bheachd;

Mu'n tig ort am bàs,
Nach leig thu gu bràth,
Air geata nan gràs a steach.

AM BRUADAR.

Ain bhith dhomhsa ann am shuain
A' bruidh diamhain mar tha còch,
Bhi 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,
Bhi smuainteach greim a ghleidh do'n ghaoith,
No fos gu'n lion an saogh'l mo chri.

" Is diamhain d'ut bhi 'g iarraidh shìre,
'N aon nì' no'n ait air bith fo 'n ghréin;
Cha chlos do d' chorp an taobh so 'n uaigh,
No t-anam 'n taobh so shuainhneas Dé.

" An tra dh'ith Adbamb 'a meas an tùs,
Am peacadh dhrùigh e air gach nì;
Lion e na h-uile nì le saoth'r,
Is dh-fhag é 'n saogh'l na bhriste crì.

" Air sonas 'anma chuill e chòir,
Mar ris gach sòlas bha'n sa gharr'
O sin ta 'shliochd nan deoiribh truagh;
Mar nan a mearachd air a mbàth'r.

" Rì meilich chruaidh ta'd ruith gach nì,
'An duil gu 'm faigh an inntinn clos;
Ach dhaibh tha 'n saogh'l gun iochd no truas,
Mar mhuime còimheich fhuair gun tlùs.

" Mar sin tha iad gun fhois no tàmh,
Ga 'n shrach' glacadh faileas breig;
'S a' deoth'l toil-inntinn o gach nì,
Is iad mar chlochan seag nam beul.

" Bidh teannadachd eigin ort am feasd,
'S do dhòchas faicinn fhasgladh t-fheum,
An còmhnuidh dhut mar fhad do làimh;
Ach gu brath cha'n fhaigh dheth gróim.

" Cha teagaisg t-fheuchain 's dearbhadh thù,
O dhùil is carbsa chuir sa' bhreig,
A rinn do mbealladh mìle uair,
'S cho fhada bhuit an diugh san dé.

" An nì bu mho da'n tng thu miann,
Nach dh-fhag a mbealltinn rianh e searbh?
Tha tuille sonais ann an duil,
Na tha'n an crùn le bhi na sheilbh.

" Ceart mar an ròs a ta sa' ghàr',
Crìon seargaidh bhla 'nuair theld a bhuain;
Mu'n ganu a ghlasac tu e d' làimh,
Grad threigidh fhàileadh e 'sa shnuadh.

" Cha 'n eil neach o thrioblaid saor,
Am measg a 'chinne daoin' air fad,
'S co lionmhor osna aig an rìgh,
Is aig an neach is isle staid.

" Tha 'smùdan fein ós ceann gach fòid
Is dòruinn ceangailt' ris gach math;
Tha'n ròs a fàs air drisean geur,
'S an taic' a cheil tha mùil san gath.

" Ged fhaic thu neach 'an saibhreas mòr
Na meas a shòlas bhi thar chàch;
An tobar 's gloine chi do shùil,
Tha ghrùid na iochdar gabhail tàmh.

" 'S mu chuireas t-anail e 'na ghluais,
Le tarrainn 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 àird,
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' fìar an aghaidh cheil,
A ta o shuidheach' fein do-chur;
A reir mar dhìreas tu n' bharr,
'S cho chinnteach nì thu cam a bhun.

" Na h-ludhaich 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'l't,
A ta thu faotain ann a d' làimh,
Fa chomhair saibhreas, 's inbhe cùirt
Tha caitheamh, cùram agus cràdh.

" Ged chàrn thu òr a'd' shlige suas,
Fa chomhair fàsaidh 'n luaith da reir,
Is ge do chuir thu iunte riogh'chd,
A mheidh cha dìrich i na deigh.

" Tha cuibhrionn iomchuidh aig gach neach,
'S ged tha thu meas gur tuille b' fhearr;
Cha d' thoir an t-anabharr tha'n an sud,
Am feasd an cudrom a's a' chràdh;

" O iomluas t-inntinn tha do plian ;
A' diùlta 'n diug na dh'iarr thu 'n dé ;
Cha chomasach an saogh'l do riar,
Le t-anamianna 'n aghaidh chéil.

" Na 'm faigheadh toil na feol a rùn,
D'a mianna brudeil dh'iarradh sath ;
Flaitheas a b' aird' cha'n iarrach i,
Na annta sud bhi siorruidh 'suàmh.

" Ach ge do b' iomhuinn leis an fhe'il,
Air talamh còmhnaichadh gach ré ;
Bhiodh dùrachd t-ardain agus t-uail,
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 s'saichidh e t-uile mhianu.

" Tha 'n cuideachd sud gach nì san t-saogh'l,
Tha 'n comas dhaoine shealbhadh' fìor ;
Tha bhiadh, a's eudach agus slàint,
Is saorsa, càirdeas, agus sìth."

'An sin do mhosgail a's mo shuain,
Is dh-fhag mo bhradar mi air fad ;
Ghrad leig mi dhìom bhi ruith gach sgàil,
Is dh-fhàs mi toilichte le m' staid.

AN GEAMHRAD II.

Nis theirig an samhradh,
'S tha 'n geamhradh teachd dlù oirn,
Fìor nàmhaid na chinneas,
Teachd a mhilleadh ar dùthcha ;
Ga saltairt fo chasaibh,
'S d'a maise ga rùsgadh ;
Gun iochd ann ri dadum,
Ach a' sladadh 's a' plùndruinn.

Sgaol oirne a sgiathan,
'S chuir e ghrian air a chùlthaobh ;
As an nead thug e 'n t-àlach,
Neo-bhàigheil 'gar sgiùrsadh ;
Sneachd iteagach gle-gheal,
O na speuran tigh'n dlù oirn,
Clacha meallain 's gaoth thuathach,
Mar luaidhe is mar fhùdar.

'N uair shéideas e anail,
Cha 'n fhag anam an fùdar ;
Tha bhilean mar shìosar,
Lomadh lios de gach ùr-ros ;

Cha bhi sgeadach air coille,
No doire nach rùsg e ;
No sruthan nach tachd e,
Fò leachdannan dù'-ghorn.

Fead reòta a chleibhe,
Tha seideadh na doinìonn,
Chuir beirm ann san fhuirge,
'S a dh' àt' garbh i na tonnan ;
'S a bhinnich an clàmhuinn,
Air àirde gach monaidh,
'S ghlan sgùr e na reulltan,
D' ar pòile le'n solus.

Tha gach beathach a's duine,
Nach d' ullaich 'na sheasan,
Ga 'n sgiùrsadh le gaillìonn
Gun talla' gun eudach ;
'S an dream a bha gnìomhach,
'Fas fargalt mi-dhèirceil ;
Nach toir iasad do leisgean,
Ann san t-sneachda ged éug e.

Tha 'n seillein 's an seangan,
A bha tìonal an stòrais,
Le gliocas gun mhearachd,
A' toirt aire do'n doruinn ;
'G ithe bidh 's ag ùl meala,
Gun ghainne air lòn ac,
Fò dhion ann san talamh,
O anail an reòta.

Tha na cuileagan ciatach,
'Bha diamhain san t-samhradh,
'S na gathanan gréine
Gu h-eibhinn a' damhsa ;
Gun deasach 'gun chùram,
Roi' dhùlachd a gheamhradh ;
A nise a' dol bl's',
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 criche.
Do dhionadh o'n doruinn.

Gur mithich fàs diaghaidh,
'S do chiabhan air glasadh,
'Na 'm beàrnaibh do dheudach,
Is t-eudann air casadh,
Do bhathais air rùsgadh,
'S do shùilean air prabadh,
Agus cròit ort air lùbadh,
Chum na h-ùire do leaba'.

Tha na sruthanan craobhach,
Bha sgaoileadh a' d' bhallaibh,
Gu mìrengach 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 beatha,
Tha air caitheamh gun fheum ann,
'S o chrup ann a' d' chliabh e,
Gur h-e phian bhì 'ga shéideadh
Tha 'n corp a chruit chiùil ud,
Air diùltadh dhut gleusadh;
'S comhar cinnt' air a thasgaidh,
Bhì lasach' a theudan.

Theich madainn na h-òige,
'S treòir mheadhon latha
Tha 'm feasgar air cìradh,
'S tha ghrian ort a laidhe;
'S mu bha thusa diamhain,
Gun guiomh is gun mhaithreas;
Gu h-ealamh bì d' dhùsgadh,
Mu'n dùinear ort flaitheas.

'Reir caithe na beatha,
'S tric leatha gun crìoch i;
Bìdh an cleachadh fàs làidir,
Do fhàsach o'n inntinn;
Na labhair an sean-fhacal,
'S deimhin leam 's fìor e,
"An car theid san t-seana-mhaid'
Gur h-ainmic leis dìreadh."

Ach ògnaich threibhich
Their-s' éisdeachd do m' òran,
'S leig dhìot bhì mì-chéillidh,
Ann an céitein na h-òige;
Tha aois agus ea-slaime,
Air do dheigh ann an tòir ort;
'S mu nì h-aon aca gréim ort,
Pillidh t-cibhneas gu bròn dut.

An aois a tha 'n tòir ort,
Bheir i leon ort nach saoil thu;
Air do shuillean bheir ceathach,
Is treabhaidh sì t-aodann;
Bheir i crith-reodh' inn d' ghruaig',
Is neul uaine an aoig leis,
'S cha toig aiteamh na grian ort,
'Bheir an liath-reodh a chaoidh' dhìot.

Bheir nì's measa na sud ort,
Fàilne tuigs' agus reusain;
Dìth leirsinn a' t-inntinn;
Dìth cuimhn' agus géire;

Dìth gliocais chum gnothaich;
Dìth mothaich a'd' cheudfath
'S gu'm fàs thu mar leanabh,
Dhì spionnaidh a's céille.

Fàsaidh 'n cridhe neo-aithreach,
'S neo-ealamh chum tionndadh,
Aon tagra' cha drùigh air,
'S cha lùb e d'a ionnsuidh;
Ceart mar tha 'n talamh,
'N am gaillionn a's teandachd;
Ged robh mìltean 'dol thairis,
Cha dean aile sa' chausair.

Faic seasain na bliadhna,
'S dean ciall uath a tharruinn;
'S mas àill leat gu'm buain thu,
Dean ruadhar 'san earrach;
Dean connadh san t-samhradh,
Nì sa' gheamhradh do gharadh;
'S ma dhìbreas tu 'n seasan,
Dhut 's eigin bhì fàlamh.

'S mar cuir thu siol fallain,
Ann an earrach na h-òige,
Cho chinnteach 's am bàs dut,
Cuiridh Sàtan droch phòr ann;
A dh-fhàsas 'na dhubhaile,
'S 'na luidheannan fèilmhòr;
'S bìdh do bhuain mar a chuir thu,
Ma's subhaile no dò-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 meagan nach snìomh thu,
Cha spion thu 'na chraoibh e;
Mar shìneas e ghéigan,
Bìdh fhreumhan a' sgàileadh.

Tha do bheatha neo-chinnteach
O 'n teinn a bheir bàs ort,
Uime sin bì ri dicheall
Do shìth dheanamh trèthail;
'S e milleadh gach cùise
Bhì gun chùram cur dàil innt';
'S ionann aithreachas crìche,
'S bhì cur sìl mu Fheill-màrtuinn.

Tha ghrian ann sna speuraibh
A' ruith réise gach latha;
'S i 'giorrach' do shaoghail,
Gach oidheche a laidheas;
'S dlù ruitheas an spàla,
Troì' snathailbh 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 chì thu chùis thar a mìthich ;
 Bidh do choguis 'ga d' phianadh,
 Mar sgian ann a d' chridhe ;
 'S co-ionann a giùlan,
 'S laidhe ruisgt' ann an sgitheach.

Faic a chuileag 'ga dìteadh
 Le sionntaibh an nàduir,
 'S o na dhùbhir i 'n seasan,
 Gur h-eigin 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 last 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 Tì 's airde glòir,
 An Tì 's modha no gach neach ;
 Cruithear an t-saoghail gu léir,
 Da'n cubhaidh dhuinn géill' air fad.

'S tu rinn an domhan 's na th' ann,
 Na cuaintean domhain, 's am fonn ;
 'S chuir thu iasg g'a altrum ann,
 'S thug thu ciall gu ghlacadh dhuinn.

Rinneadh leat gealach a's grian,
 Thogail fianuis air do ghloir ;
 Cha'n aithris mi a mìle trian,
 De chruthachadh an Dia is mò.

'S tu rinn na 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 oirnn'.

Rinneadh leat an duine' ris,
 A réir t-iomhaidh chum do ghloir ;
 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-aisiun 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-thuilig i 's a sliocht an bàs,

Cha robh a teasargain aig neach,
 O'u a chumhnanta 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 sgrios ;
'Noair chunnaic e Adhamh na airc,
Rinn e cumhant' nan gràs ris.

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

Crochadh e ri crann an aird,
'S an t-sleagh saite tro a chorp ;
Crùn geur na péine chuir mu cheann,
Fhuair mac Dhé le nàimhde lot.

Crùn sgithich, an aite crùn rìgh,
Mar thailceas, 's mar dhì-meas mòr ;
Domblas agus fion geur,
'N deoch a thug iad dha ri h-àl.

Na tàirnean g'an cur an s's,
Am bosaibh a lamh le òrd ;
'S fuil a chridhe ruith á thaobh,
Ceannachd bu daoire nan t-òr.

'Nuair chaidh Crìosd gu péin a bhàis,
'S a dh' fhuilig e air son an t-sluaigh ;
Sgoilt brat an teampuil sìos gu ìr,
'S dhùisg na mairbh an aird o'n uaigh.

Chreathnaich an talamh trom, le crith,
Air a ghrein gu'n tainig smal ;
Le feirg Dhé, do chrath e 'n sin ;
Dh-fhuilig Crìosd an bàs rè seal.

Dh-adhlaic iad an t-Uan fo lie,
Thug e buaidh, san uaigh cha d' fhan ;
As a bhàs thug e gheur-ghluin,
'S dh-eirich an treas là gun smàl.

Na shuidh' nig deas-laimh athar a tì,
Crìosd le gràsan os ar ceann ;
A' cur oifig sagairt an gnìomh,
A' deasachadh a rioghachd dhuinn.

Thig an t-ama san tig mac Dhé,
Creidibh sud gur sgeula fìor ;
Le mìlteibh mìl' de dh' ainglibh treun,
Thoir oirne breith a réir ar gnìomh.

'N sin seinnear an trompaid gu h-ard,
Leis na h-ainglean 's àille snuagh ;
Eiridh na mairbh an aird o'n ùir,
'S bheir e cùmntas uaith' an cuan.

Liubhradh gach uaigh na fhuair i-féin,
'S cha bhí neach de'n treud air chall ;
Nochd iad nìl' ann fadhbais Dé,
'S e Mhac féin is breitheamh ann.

Bithidh iadsan soilleir an sin,
Mar sholas dealrach an dreach ;
Thig Crìosd nan coinneamh le gean,
'S bith sith an comunn nam flath.

Ni thu 'n sin tearbadh air gach neach,
'S dìonaidh tu o'n fheirg na's leat,
Mhead 's tha air an dearbhadh dhut,
Coirear iad fo dhion do bhràit.

Cuirear na gobhair air laimh chllì,
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 mhathair a clann ;
'S mallaichidh 'n t-athair a mhac,
Nach do ghabh a smachd 'na àm.

'S iomadh sgairteach, a's gu' geur,
Ri h-am cluintinn sgeul an cràidh ;
Mallachadh a chéile gu léir,
Sgarachdainn ri Uan a ghràidh.

Sin là an dealachaidh blochd,
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 mìleadh cuirear iad,
Fo dhiogbaltas an Ard-Rìgh ;
Gun duil ri furtachd no ri b's,
Gu bràth, cha tig iad a nìos.

Fasaidh 'n cuirp cho chruaidh ri prais,
Mar iarunn an cas san lamh ;
G'an cumail beo ann an sìor phian,
Teine dian gun fhurtachd là.

Gach aon là mar bhlianna bhuan,
An lagann loisgneach, cruaidh an sàs ;
G'an liodairt le teas a's fuachd,*
Sud an duais ge fad an dàil.

* The ancient Caledonians entertained the idea that hell was a cold and inhospitable place, as the following stanza from an old poem will show:—

" 'S mairg a roghnaicheas Ifrinn fhuar,
'S gur h-à uamh nan droigheann geur,
Is beag orm Ifrinn fhuar, fhluch,
Aite bith-bhuan is searbh deoch."

The following lines from *Dàn an Fhir Chlaoin* give it this character:—

" I sin allaidh na fèine,
Led' thigh-chèd as le t-uamh-bhéidean
A thir nam pian gun bhìadh gun bhàigh,
Dol ad dèil be sud mo dhèisidh."

Latha cha bhí ann na dheigh,
Falaichear na reultan 's a ghrian;
Sgriosar an saoghal gu leir,
'S neach cha téid an toll bho Dhia.

M'achanaich riuts', air sgàth do mhie,
Meadaich mo ghliocas le gràs;
'S thoir dhomh-mathanas 's gach cùis,
Seal m'an druid mo shuil le bàs.

ROB DONN.

ROBERT MACKAY, otherwise called *Rob Donn*, was born in the winter season of the year 1714, at *Allt-na-Caillich*, in the parish of Durness, in the county of Sutherland, and in that part of the county, properly enough, till of late, designated by its inhabitants and others, "Lord Reay's country," and in the native tongue "*Dùthaich Mhic-Aoidh*," or, "The country of the Mackay." The bard was not the eldest son of his father; he had three brothers, of whom nothing remarkable is remembered. His father, Donald Mackay, or Donald Donn, is not remembered to have been of any poetic talent; but his mother's talents of that description are known to have been more than ordinarily high. She was remarkable for the recital of Ossian's poems, and the other ancient minstrelsy of the land. She lived to a very advanced age; and we have heard an instance of singular female 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* a popular air.

If local scenery could be really imagined conducive in any way to the formation or training of poetic genius, of a truth the nursery of our bard might well lay claim to that merit—"the emblem of deeds that *were* done in its clime." The surrounding localities of his native spot, we believe, are not surpassed in picturesque grandeur by any other in the Highlands of Scotland.

Rob Donn might say of himself, with Pope, that "he lisped in numbers." Ere he had yet but scarcely obtained even the power of lisping, an anecdote is recorded of his infant age of no ordinary description, though homely enough in its history. At the wonted season of making provision for the winter, according to the country's fashion, by slaughtering of beeves, our bard's father, on one occasion, happened to slaughter two, one of which was found inferior in quality to the other. The small-pox, at the time, was committing mournful devastations among the youth of the neighbourhood. While busied in the necessary avocation of curing their winter's beef, the father says, "Now, the best of this beef is not to be touched till we have seen who survives the small-pox to share it." The infant bard, scarcely yet able to articulate or walk, on hearing this, exclaimed, "*'S olc a' chuid sin do 'n fhear a dh' fhalbhas!*" i. e. "He who departs will have a bad share of it, then!" "True, my boy," said the father, "and yours will never be a bad share, while you remain able to use it."

The first verse he is said to have composed, was when he had attained only his third year. Its occasion indeed testifies that his age could not have been much more at the time. It was the country's fashion for children, when they had little more than left the nurse's lap, to be dressed in a short frock, or cassock, formed close to the body round the waist, and buttoned at the back. A tailor had fitted our youthful author with such an habiliment, and next morning the child was anxious to exhibit it; but his mother, and the domestics, having been summoned early to some out-door pursuits, Robert became anxious to get abroad in his new garb, but found himself quite defeated in every attempt to button it on. He took the alternative of sallying forth in a state of nudity; when, being met by his mother coming towards the house, she chided him for being seen in this state. Robert's defence was made in the following stanza:—

“ 'S math dhomhsa bhi 'n diugh gun aodach,
 Le slaodaireachd Mhurchaidh 'Ic Neill,
 Mo bhroilleach chur air mo chùlthaobh,
 'S gun a dhùnadh agam fhéin !”

reproaching the tailor for the trick he had played him, in placing the buttons behind, and lamenting his own inability to accommodate the new dress to his person. His next exhibition of poetic promise was given in the same year, we are told, in the harvest season, when all the inmates of the family were employed in reaping. An old woman, who acted as nurse to the children, was on this occasion ealled 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 grunn na clais',
 Cha 'n 'eil air, ma tha e gann,
 Ach na tha ann a thoirt as.”

At the age of six or seven years, he attracted the particular attention of Mr John Mackay, the celebrated *Iain Mac-Eachuinn*, a gentleman of the family of *Sherray*, then living on the neighbouring farm of *Musal*. This gentleman, of poetic talents himself, prevailed with our author's parents to allow their child to come into his service, or rather into his family, at the early age we have mentioned. In this family our author remained as a servant from this age till the period of his marriage. Here he experienced liberal treatment, and sincere, unvaried kindness, of which he ever retained a lively and grateful recollection, especially towards his master; and it is no trifling praise to both, that though they once or twice latterly had a difference, the bard's esteem and affection returned when the casual excitement had passed; and when it lay upon his mind, he was never once known to have given it the least utterance in any shape bordering upon disrespect,

and after his death the bard composed an admirable elegy to his memory, which combines as forcible, energetic description of character and conduct, with as pure poetic power as can be found in any poetry of its kind. The bard most feelingly and pathetically concludes it with a solemn appeal of his having mentioned no virtue or trait of which he was not himself a witness.

A youth of our author's poetic mind could not be expected to remain long a stranger to the more tender susceptibilities of his nature. Nor has he left us in ignorance of his first love. It is the subject of one of his finest songs:—" *'S trom leam an àiridh,*" &c. Here his passion breathes with an innocent, simple faithfulness, with an ardour and truth of poetic recital, that no lays of the kind can perhaps surpass.

After his marriage, Rob Donn first resided at the place of *Bad-na-h-achlais*, then probably forming a part of his late employer's tenure. It was, we believe, soon after this period, that Robert was hired by Lord Reay to the office of a cow-keeper, at that time an office, though a humble one, of considerable responsibility and trust. In this station he continued for the greater part of his after life-time. We have not been able to ascertain dates with precision, to say whether it was before or after having accepted this office that our bard enlisted as a private soldier in the first regiment of Sutherland Highlanders, which was raised in 1759. He did not enlist so much as a soldier, as he was urged by the country gentlemen holding commissions in that corps, and as he himself felt inclined to accompany them. The regiment was reduced in 1763, and our bard returned to his home.

Though we have said that he spent mostly the after period of life, since he entered the service of Lord Reay, in that office, it was not without interruption. He left his servitude at one time, and we are inclined to think it was then he went into the military service. While he had charge of Lord Reay's cattle, and his wife of the dairy, during the summer months, it was also his province to look over them during the winter months: and it became a part of his duty, or an employment connected with it, to thresh out corn for supplying the cattle with fodder. To the laborious exercises of the flail, the bard could never submit. He employed servants to perform this part of his duty. That was, however, taken amiss, and he was told that he must himself wield the flail or leave the situation. He chose the latter alternative; and removed, with his family, to the place of Achmore, in that part of the parish of Durness which borders upon Cape Wrath. Indeed, though we have no decided authority for the supposition, we are inclined to believe that the difference between him and his noble employer originated in another cause than that ostensibly alleged. The bard had been dealing his reproofs rather freely. No feeling of dependance, no awe of superior rank or station, ever restrained him from giving utterance to his sentiments, or from enjoying his satire, whenever what he conceived to be moral error, or evil example, called for reproof. And this was dealt with the dignity that belongs to virtue, refusing, as he always did on such occasions, to compromise that dignity by indulging in personal invective. But whatever was the cause of the difference that occasioned his removal, he was soon recalled, and left not the service again during the life of the chief.

Robert continued to attend his usual avocations till within a fortnight of his death, which took place on the 5th August, 1778, being then aged 64 years. The death of the bard caused a universal feeling of sadness, not only in his own native corner, but over the whole county. It might be said that there was no individual but mourned for him as a friend: those only excepted whose continued immoralities and errors had rendered them objects on which fell with severity the powerful lash of his satire.

His stories of wit and humour were inexhaustible; and, next to superior intelligence and acuteness of mind, formed perhaps in his every-day character the most distinguishing feature. He had ever a correct and delicate feeling of his own place; but if any one, high or low, superior or equal, drew forth the force of his sarcasm upon themselves, by assuming any undue liberty on their part, it was an experiment they seldom desired to repeat. His readiness and quickness of repartee often discovered him where he had been personally unknown before. At one time, when travelling northward through a part of Argyllshire, he met by chance with Mr M'Donald of Achatriochadan, well known in his own country as a man of notable humour and distinguished talents. Robert addressed to this gentleman some question relative to his way; and giving a civil answer, Mr M'Donald added, "I perceive, my man, by your dialect, you belong to the north—what part there?" "To Lord Reay's country." "O! then, you must know Rob Donn!" "Yes I do, as well as I know myself. I could point him out to you in a crowd." "Pray do inform me, then, what sort of person he is, of whom I have heard so much." "A person, I fear, of whom more has been spoken than he well deserves." "You think so, do you?" The last answer did not please the inquirer, who was poetic himself, thinking he had met with too rigid a censurer of the northern bard, and the conversation ceased, while they both proceeded together on their way. After a pause, Mr M'Donald, pointing to Ben-Nevis, which now rose in the distance before them, says, "Were you ever, my man, at the summit of yonder mountain?" "I never was." "Then you never have been so near to heaven." "And have you yourself been there?" "Indeed I have." "And what a fool you have been to descend!" retorted the bard, "are you sure of being ever again so high?" M'Donald had caught a tartar. "I am far deceived," said he, "if thou be not thyself Rob Donn!" The bard did not deny it, and a cordial friendship was formed between them.

To Rob Donn's moral character testimony has already been borne. It was uniformly respectable. To those acquainted with what may well be denominated the moral and religious statistics of the bard's native country at that time, and happily still, it will furnish no inconsiderable test not only of his moral but of his strictly religious demeanour, that he was chosen a ruling elder, or member of the Kirk Session of the parish of Durness. In that country such an election was never made where the finger of scorn could be pointed at a blemish of character. It scarcely requires to be told, that his society was courted not alone by his equals, but still more by his superiors in rank. No social party almost was esteemed a party without him. No public meeting of the better and the best of the land was felt to be a full one, without Rob Donn being there.

In the bosom of his own humble but respectable family, we have good authority for

saying that he was a pattern in happiness and in temper. A family of thirteen were mostly all spared to rise around him, trained to habits of industry and of virtue. None of them became celebrated as inheriting their father's genius; but some of his daughters possessed more or less of the "airy gift;" and from their attempts at repartee and impromptu, the father used frequently to draw much mutual and harmless enjoyment. His wife had a musical ear and voice unrivalled in the country; and any ordinary pastime of their winter evenings was for the family and parents to join their voices in song; while we believe, that when the father's absence did not prevent, they never ceased to exemplify the most sacred lineaments of the immortal picture in "The Cottar's Saturday Night."

Rob Donn's compositions may be classed into four kinds—Humorous, Satirical, Solemn, and Descriptive; all these severally, with few exceptions, belonging to the species of poetry commonly called Lyrical. He was illiterate; he knew not his alphabet. The artificial part of poetry, if poets will grant that expression legitimate, was to him utterly unknown. Perhaps he never took more than an hour or two to compose either his best or his longest songs. Even the most of the airs to which he composed are original, which presents as a single circumstance the resources of his mind to have been of no ordinary extent. His works were published in Inverness, with a memoir prefixed, in 1830.

In forming an estimate of the moral and poetical merits of Rob Donn, his biographer has been more guided by the opinions and prejudices of his countrymen, than by a just and impartial examination of the poet's works. In poetry, as in religion, we may be allowed to judge men by their fruits. Rob has been held up as a man of high moral and religious worth; but the editor himself admits, that many of his pieces are too indelicate for publication.

Many of his published pieces are such as no good man ought to have produced against his fellow creatures. His love of satire was so indiscriminate, that he often attacks persons who are not legitimate objects of ridicule. Little men and women are the unceasing objects of his satire; and he does not spare the members of his own family.

He was proud of his own powers of satire, and seemed to enjoy the dread of those who feared the exercise of his wit. His satire is not rancorous and vindictive, but playful and sportive; more calculated to annoy than to wound. If he was not invited to a feast or wedding, next day he composed a satire, full of mirth and humour, but too indelicate to be admitted into his book. He has not the wit and poignancy of Macintyre, who composed his satires while in a state of irritation to punish his enemies.

As a writer of elegies, he is more distinguished for sober truth, than poetical embellishment. He hated flattery; and, in closing an elegy on the death of a benefactor, he declares that he had recorded no virtue that he had not himself observed.

As a poet he cannot be placed in the highest rank. He is deficient in pathos and invention. There is little depth of feeling, and very slender powers of description to be found in his works; and, when the temporary and local interest wears away, he can never be a popular poet.

Yet, Rob Donn has been honoured more than any of his brother poets in the Highlands. A subscription having been raised among his countrymen for a monument to his memory, it is now erected in the parish burying-ground of Durness, over his grave. Its foundation stone was laid on 12th January, 1829, with masonic honours, and a procession to the burying-ground, not only of the whole parish, but joined by numbers from the other parishes of "Lord Reay's country," headed by Captain Donald Mackay, of the 21st Regiment of foot, who has done himself honour worthy of record by his activity and zeal in raising the subscription, and bringing, with his other coadjutors, this intention to its completion. The monument now stands a record of the bard's fame, and an honourable testimony of his countrymen's feelings. It is of polished granite, on a quadrangular pedestal of the same enduring material, and bears the following inscriptions :—

[*First Side.*]

IN MEMORY
OF

ROB DONN, OTHERWISE ROBERT MACKAY,

OF DURNESS,

THE REAY GAELIC BARD.

THIS TOMB WAS ERRECTED AT THE EXPENSE OF A FEW OF HIS COUNTRYMEN,

ARDENT ADMIRERS OF NATIVE TALENT,

AND EXTRAORDINARY GENIUS,

1829.

[*Second Side.*]

“POETA NASCITUR NON FIT.”

OBIIT 1773.

[*Third Side.*]

“BU SHLUAGH BORB SINN GUN BHREITHEANAS,
NUAIR A DH-FHALBH THU, MUR SGATHADH SUD OIRNN.

“Δέγεις· ἐλὼν γὰρ εἶμ' ὁ πορσύναι τὰδε
Γνοῦς τὴν παρῶσαν τέχνην, ἣ ὁ' εἴχεν πάλαι.”

[*Fourth Side.*]

“SISTE VIATOR, ITER, JACET HIC SUB CESPITE DONNUS,
QUI CECINIT FORMA PRESTANTES RURE PUELLAS;
QUIQUE NOVOS LETO CELEBRAVIT CARMINE SPONSOS;
QUIQUE BENE MERITOS LUGUBRI VOCE DEFLEVIT;
ET ACRITER VARIIS MOMORDIT VITIA MODIS.”*

ÆTATIS 64.

* The above lines, in memory of the bard, were written by the late Rev. Alexander Pope, minister of Reay.

ORAN DO PHRIONNSA TEARLACH.

An diugh, an diugh, gur reusontach
 Dhuinn éiridh ann an sauntachas,
 An tri-amh lath' air crìochnachadh,
 De dhara mios a' gheamhraidh dhuinn;
 Dean'maid comunn fàilteach riut,
 Gu bruidhneach, gàireach, òranach,
 Gu botalach, copach, stòpanach,
 Le cruit, le ceòl, 's le damhsaireachd.

Dean'maid comunn fàilteach
 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 do mhàthair Ìobhbraigeadh,
 Dheth h-aon bha do na Gàèil,
 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 oirnn.
 Bha daoine measail, miadbail oirnn,
 'S bha àrach nì a' sealbhach' oirnn,
 Bha barran troma tìr' againn,
 Bha toradh frith' a's fairg' againn.

An diugh, an diugh, gur cuimhne leam,
 Air puig nach eòir a dhearmad ort,
 Mu bhreith a' phrionnsa rìoghail so,
 Dhe 'n teaghlach dhirich Albannaich;
 Togamaid suas ar sùilean ris,
 Le ùrnuigh dhlù gun chealgairachd,
 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 sunndach leinn,
 As leth a' phrionnsa Stiùbhartach;
 Gur cal' an àm na h-éigin e,
 Ar carraig threu gu stiùireadh air;
 Thug bàrr air cheud am buadhannan,
 'S tha eridhe 'n t-sluaigh air dlùthadh ris.

Cha 'n iognadh sin, 'n uair smuainichear
 An dualachas o 'n tàinig e;
 'N doimhne bh' ann gu foghlumite;
 Gun bhonn do dh' éis 'n a nàdur dheth,
 Mar Sholamh, 'n cleachdadh reusanta,
 Mar Shamson, treùn an làmhnan e,
 Mar Absalom, gur sgiamhach e,
 Gur sgiath 's gur dìon d' a chàirdean e.

Nach fhaic sibh féin an spéis
 A ghabh na speuran gu bh' 'g ùmhladh dha;
 'N uair sheas an reannag shòilleach,
 Anns an *line* an robhsa stiùireadh leis;
 An comhar' bh' aig ar Slànuighear,
 Ro Thearlach thigh'n do 'n dùthaich so,
 'N uair chaidh na daoine ciallach ud
 G' a iarraidh gu Ierusalem.

A nis, a Thearlaich Stiùbhairt,
 Na 'm biodh an crùn a th' air Seòras ort,
 Bu lionmhor againn cùrtearan,
 A' caitheamh ghùn is chleòcaichean;
 Tha m' athachuig ris an Tì sin,
 Aig am beil gach nì ri òrduchadh,
 Gu 'n teàrnadh e o 'n cheilg ac' thu,
 'S gu 'n cuir e 'n seilbh do chòrach thu.

ORAN NAN CASAGAN DUBHA.

[A rinn am bàrd 'n uair chual' e gu 'n do bhacadh an t-éideadh Gàèlach le lagh na rìoghachd; agus muinntir a dhùthcha fein bh' 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,
 Fiù an aodaich a chleachd sibh;
 'S i mo bharail mu 'n éighe,
 Tha 'n aghaidh fhéileadh a's osan,
 Gu 'm beil caraid aig Teàrlach,
 Ann am *Pàrlamaid* Shasainn.

Faire! faire! 'Rìgh Deòrsa,
 'N ann a spòrs' air do dhilsean,
 Deanamh achdachan ùra,
 Gu bh' dùblachadh 'n daorsa;
 Ach on 's balaich gun nails' iad,
 'S fearr am bualadh no 'n caomhna,
 'S bidh nì '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 Gàrlach
 Eadar *Serjent* a's *Cirneil*,
 Nach do chaill a *chomision*,
 'N uair chaidh 'm briseadh le fòirneart ;
 A' mbeud 's a fhuair sibh an uiridh,
 Ged bu diombuan r'a òl e,
 Ebeir sibh 'm bliadhn' air ath-philleadh,
 Air son uinneagan *lèdsain*.

Cha robh bhliadhna na taic so,
 Neach a sheasadh mar sgoileir,
 Gun *chomision* righ Breatainn,
 Gu bhì 'n a Chaptein air onair ;
 Chaidh na ficheadan as diubh,
 Nach do lensaich sud *dolar*,
 Ach an sgiùrsaigeadh dhachaidh,
 Mar chù a dh-easbhuidh a *choiluir*.

Ach ma dh-aontaich sibh rìreadh,
 Rì bhur sìor dhol am mugha,
 Ged a bha sibh cho rioghail,
 Chaidh bhur eisean am modhad ;
 'S math an airidh gu 'n faicte
 Dream cho tais ribh a' cumha,
 Bhì tilgeadh dhiubh bhur cuid bhreacan,
 'S a' gabhail chasagan dubha.

Och ! mo thruaighe sin Albainn !
 'S tùr a dhearbh sibh bhur reusan,
 Gur i 'n roinn bh' ann bhur n-inntinn,
 'N rud a mhill air gach gleus sibh ;
 Leugh an *Gòbharment* samit
 Anns gach neach a thionndaidh ris féin dhiubh,
 'S thug iad baoight do bhur glonaich,
 Gu 'r cuir fo mhionach a chèile.

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 bhias sibh a dh-easbhuidh
 Bhur n-airm, 's bhur n-aeuinnean sraide,
 Gheibh sibh *sèarsaigeadh* mionaich,
 Is bidh bhur peanas ni 's graide.

Tha mi faicinn bhur troaighe,
 Mar ni nach eualas a shamhail,
 A' chuid a's fearr de bhur seabhaig,
 Bhì air slabhruidh aig clannhaig ;
 Ach ma tha sibh 'n ar leighainn,
 P'illibh 'n dòghruinn s' 'na teamhair,
 'S deanaibh 'n deudach n thrusadh,
 Mu 'n téid bhur busan a cheangal.

'N uair thig bagradh an nàmhaid,
 Gus an bit anns do phill e,
 'S ann bu mhaith leam a chàirdean,
 Sibh bhì 'n àireamh na buidhne,

D' am biodh spioraid cho Gàrlach,
 'S gu 'm biodh an sàr ud 'n an cuimhne,
 Gus bhur pilleadh 's an abhainn,
 Oir tha i roimh bhì 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-ghlensadh an gathan,
 Gu éiridh latha do thighinn.

'S iomadh neach a tha guidhe,
 Rì 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 Breatainn a's Eirinn."

'S iomadh òganach aimsichte,
 Tha 's an àm so 'n a cladal,
 Eadar bràighe Srath-Chluannaich,
 Agus bruachan Loch-abair ;
 Rachadh 'n cùisibh mbic 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 sùilean,
 Gus a' chùis a bhì searbh dhuibh ;
 Bidh bhur duais mar a' ghobhar
 A thèid a bhleodhan gu tarbhach,
 'S a bhith r'a fuadach 's an fhoghar
 Is ruaig nan gaothar r'a h-earbail.

Ma 's e 'm peacach a 's modha
 'S coir a chumbachd a chlaoidheadh ;
 Nach e Seumas an Seachdamh
 Dhearbh bhì sensmhach 'n a inntinn ?
 " C' uim' an dteudh sibh 'n onair,
 Na bhiodh sibh moladh na daoidheachd ?"
 'S gur h-e dhlùitheachd d' a chreideamh
 A thug do choigrich an rìoghachd.

Fhuair sinn rìgh á Hanobhar,
 Sparradh oirme le achd e,
 Tha againn prionnsa 'n a aghaidh,
 Is neart an lagha 'g a bhacadh ;
 O Bhith, tha sluas 'na do bhreitheamh,
 Gun chrun 's an dithis nach fac thu,—
 Mar h-e a th' ann, cuir air aghairt
 An t-aon a 's lugha 'n bi peacadh.

ISEABAIL NIC-AOIDH.

AIR FÓN—*Piobaireachd.*

An t-àrlar.

ISEABAIL Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chro dh laoigh,
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar,
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chro dh laoigh,
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar;
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chro dh laoigh,
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar:
Seall sibh Nic-Aoidh
Aig a' chro dh laoigh,
Am bonnabh nam frith'
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

An ceud Siubhal.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh!
A dhuine gun mhuai,
Ma thig thu a chaoidh,
'S i so do thim;
Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chro dh laoigh,
Am bonnabh nam frith',
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Mhuire 's a Rìgh!
A dhuine gun mhuai,
Ma thig thu a chaoidh,
'S i so do thim;
Nach faic thu Nic-Aoidh,
Aig a' chro dh 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 Rìothan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chro dh,
Gun duine mar-ri.

Comharradh duibh
Nach 'eil gu math,
Air fleasgach amh
Bhi feadh a so,
'N uair tha bean-taigh'
Air Rìothan nan Damh,

Muigh aig a' chro dh,
'S i na h-aonar.

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An dara Siubhal.

Seall sibh bean-taigh
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chro dh,
Gun duine mar-ri;
Seall sibh bean-taigh
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chro dh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh bean-taigh
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chro dh,
Gun duine mar-ri;
Seall sibh bean-taigh
Air Rìothan nan Damh,
Muigh aig a' chro dh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Duine sam bith
Th' air son a' chluich',
De chiuneadh math,
Le mend 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 mend a chruidh,
Deanadh e ruith
Do Rìothan nan Damh,
Gheibh e bean-taigh,
'S i 'n a h-aonar.

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

An Taobhlath.

Nach faic sibh an oibseig
Tha coslach ri glacadh,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri cro dh agus eachaibh,
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

Nach faic sibh an oibseig
Tha coslach ri glacadh,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri cro dh agus eachaibh,
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neònach am fasan,
Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
Nan nithean bu taitneich'
Dhaibh féin e bhi aca,
Bhi fulang a faicinn,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri cro dh agus eachaibh,
Air achadh 'n a h-aonar.

'S neònach am fasan,
Do dhaoine tha dh' easbhuidh
Nan nithean bu taitneich'
Dhaibh féin e bhí aca,
Bhí fulang a faicinn,
Am bliadhna 'g a cleachdadh,
Ri crodh agus eachaibh,
Air acadh 'n a h-aonar.
Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

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.

Iunsidh mis do dh-iomadh fear,
'S an rannuidheachd 'n uair chluinnear i,
Gu'm beil i air a cumail
As na h-uile h-àite follaiseach,
Le ballanan a's cuinneagan,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.

Seall sibh air a' cheannaidheachd,
An iomallan nam mullaichean,
Am bliadhna 's i gu muladach,
Na h-uile là 'n a h-aonar.

Iseabail Nic-Aoidh, &c.

Note.—This song was composed in praise of a young lady, the daughter of *Iain mac Eachuinn*, the bard's early friend, to the well known air of the pipe tune, "*Fàilte Phrionns*." To those who have attended to the variations of that air, as played properly upon the great Highland bag-pipe, it cannot but appear as a very respectable effort, that the bard has met all its variations, quick and slow, with words and with sentiments admirably suited both to the air and to his subject.—*Vide Memoir of Edw.* 1829.

Small text line, likely a printer's mark or a very small note.

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-Glainhidheach.
'S folluiseach a dh-fhalbh i,
Callaidheachd an dèigh Aoidh,
Thoilich i 'bhi 'n a mnaoi,
'N àiteachan fàsachail;
Chunna' mise mar bha i,
Turrahan an dèigh Aoidh,
'M bealach cadar dà bheinn,
B' àill leo gu 'n tàmhadh iad.
Chunnaic mi rud eile ris,
Dh-innis domh nach robh sibh saor,
Il-uile h-aon de an nì,
Sgaoilt' feadh nan àiridhnean.
'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,
Bhí pronnadh 's a' bruidhean,
Is càb oirre gàireachdaich.
Triall thun na h-uighe,
Gun ghmothuch no guidhe,
A' mbealladh le bruidhean,
Pàisteachan bà-bhuachaill.
Ma tha agaibh de chridhe,
Na philleas mo bhruidhean,
Théid mis air an t-slighe,
'S feuchaidh mi 'n t-àite
An robh sibh 'n 'ur suidhe,
'N 'ur laidhe 's 'n ur suidhe,
'S mu 'n ruitheadh beul duibhe,
B' fheàrr gun a chlàistinn.
'S suarach an t-uidheam, &c.

Crunluath.

Na chuirdean bu dealaidh bha staigh,
Chàirich iad iomadh fear roimh',
Dh' fheuchainn an cumadh iad uaith,
Ailleas nach b' fheàirde i,
Thionndaidh i 'bus ris an fhraigh,
'S bhòidich nach pilleadh i troigh,
Chaidh gus an ruigeadh i 'n taigh,
Am b' àbhaist d'ì fàth 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 nuigh,
'S iad a fhuair sealladh a' chluich,
Anna 'n a ruith, teannadh o 'n taigh,
'N dèigh 'ille chràcaich.
Na càirdean bu denaidh, &c.

RANN AIR LONG RUSPUINN.

[Sean long bheag, a bha air a càrhadh le ceannaische, bha 'n a shean duine, agus a bhrist roinne sin; chàraich e an long so, le spruilleach luinge chaidh a bhriseadh ri stòrm geamhraidh air tràigh fagus do Ruspuinn; bha 'n ceannaische pòsd' ri seann nighinn 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 cheannaisch,
Le seana chaileig, 's iad gun sliochd;
Gun tuar conaich air a' chual chrannaich,
Is luath rainich air cheud luchd.
Bha sean acair, gun aon taic innt',
Air sean bhacan, ri sean taigh;
Leig an sean tobha gun aon chobhair,
An sean eithear air seana chloich.
Bha trìuir ghaigseach gun neach caisrig',
Air dhroch eistreadh 'n an caol ruith.
Gu long *Ruspuinn* nach pàigh cuspuinn,
An t-seana chupuil nam plàigh rith'.
'S mòr an éis e do fhear *pension*,
Bha 's na ranaibh fada muigh,
Bhi air chùl fraighneach air stiùir Sìne,
Gun dùil sineadh ri deagh chluich.

ORAN NAN SUIRIDHEACH.*

FHEARAMH òg' leis am miannach pòsadh,
Nach 'eil na sgeùil so 'g 'ur fàgail trom?
Tha chuid a 's diomhair' tha cur an lìn diùb,
Cha 'n 'eil an trian diùb a' ruigheachd fuinn.
Tha chuid a's faighreachail' air an oighreachd s',
O 'm beil am *prise* a' dol air chall,
Mar choirean làidir, cur maill' air pàirtidh,
Tha barail chàirdean, a's gràdh gun bhonn.

Tha fear a' suiridh an diugh air inighean,
Gun bharrail iomraill nach dean e tùrn;
Bha i uair, 's bu chumha buairidh,
A ghuth d' a cluais, a's a dhreach d' a sùil.
An sean ghaol cinnteach bha aig ar sinnsir',
Nach d'fhuair cead imeachd air feadh na dùthch',
Nach glan a dhearbh i, gu 'n deach' a mharbhadh,
'N uair ni i bàrgan, 'nuair thig fear ùr.

'S iomadh caochladh thig air an t-saoghal,
'S cha chan an fhuirinn nach 'eil e crosd',
Na h-uile maighdean a ni mar rinn i,
Tha fois a h-iuntinn an cunnart feasd.
An duine treubhach, mur 'eil e spréidheach,
A dh' aindeoin eud, tha e fèin 'g a chosg,
'S le comhairl' ghòraich a h-athair dhòlun,
'G a deanamh deònach le toic, 's le tross.

* For the air, see "The Rev. Patrick M'Donald's Collection of Highland Airs," page 17, No. 112.

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 teacnd an lò;
An tè a phàirticheas riut a càirdeas,
Ged tha i 'gràdh sud le cainnt a bheil,
Fò cheann seachduin, thig caochladh fleasgaich,
'S cha 'n fhaigh thu facal dh'i rè do bheò.

Ach 's mòr an nàire bhi 'g an sàrachadh,
Oir tha pàirt dhiùb de 'n inntinn stùt',
Mach o bhàrantan agus chàirdean,
Bhi milleadh ghràidh sin tha fas gu h-òg;
Mur toir i aicheadh do 'n fhear a's fearr leath',
Ged robh sud craiteach dh'i fad a beò,
Ni h-athair feargach, a beatha searbh dh'i,
'S gur fearr leis marbh i, na 'faicinn pòsd'.

Faodaidh reason a bhi, gu tréigeadh
An fhir a 's beusnich' a théid 'n a triall;
Ged tha e cairdeach, mur 'eil e pàgach,
Ud! millidh pràcas na th' air a mhiann;
Tha 'n duine suaice, le barrachd stuamachd,
A' call a bhuannachd ri tè 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 mor an neònachas fear an dòchais so,
Gun bhì cnòdach ni 's modha bonn;
Fear eile sineadh le mire 's taosnachd,
Le comunn faoilteach, no aigneachd trom,
'S ge math na trì sin gu cosnadh aontachd,
Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon diùb 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 chroin;
Ma tha e bòidheach, ma tha e seolta,
Ma tha e còmhuard, ma tha e glan;
Ma tha e diomhain, ma tha e gnìomhach,
Ud, ud! cha 'n fhiach le a h-aon diùb 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 thross;
Ma tha e gnìomhach, their cuid, "Cha 'n fhiach e,
Tha 'm fear ud mìodhair, 's e sud a chroin;"
'S ma tha e failligeach ann an aiteachadh,
"Cha bhi 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 tùrn;
'S nach 'eil a h-aon de na tha mi 'g innseadh,
Nach 'eil 'n a dhìteach dha air a chùil.

An duine meannnach, 's e toimhseil, ainmeil,
Cha chluinn thu 'ainn 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, a dh-aindeoin dùchais,
A dh' fhaodas pòsadh gun mhòran char ;
Na'm biodh de chiall aig' na dh'aithnich riamh,
Gu 'n do dh-éirich grìan anns an àirde 'n ear ;
Dean 'n a dhuaire e, a rugadh 'n cuaran,
Thoir baile 's buar dha, a's treabhair gheal ;
Leig labhairt uair dha, ri athair gruagaich,
'S bheir mi mo chluas dhut mar faigh e bean.

AM BRÚADAR.

AIR FÖNN—“*Latha siubhal sléibhe dhomh.*”

CHUNNA' mise brúadar,
Fhìr nach cuala, thig a's cluinn ;
Ma 's breisleach e, cur easg air ;
'S ma tha neart ann, bi 'g a sheinn ;
Na m' b' fhìor dhomh féin gu 'm faca mi,
Am Freasdal, 's e air beinn ;
Gach nì a's neach 'n a amhare,
Is e coimhead os an ciun.

Chunna' mi gach seòrsa 'n sin,
A' tigh'nn 'n an crèthaibh, cruinn ;
'S na 'm b' fhìor dhomh, gu'n robh mòran diubh,
A b' eòl domh ri mo linn ;
Ach cò a bha air thòs dhiubh,
Ach na daoine pòsd' air sreing,—
'S a' cheud fhear a thuirt facal diubh,
Cruaidh chasaid air a mhnai.

Labhair glagair àraidh ris,—
“ 'S tu leig mo naimhdeas leam,
N uair phòs mi ghobach, àrdanach,
Nach obadh cnàmhan rium ;
'S e 's eainnt an taobh mo leapa dh'i,
An uair is pailte rùm,
Gu cealgach, feargach, droch-mheinneach,
'S an droch-uair, teann a null.”

“ Their i ris, gu h-ain-meinneach,
'N uair dh' éireas fearg 'n n sròin,
Gu 'm b' olc mi ann an argumaid,
'S nach b' fheàrr mi thogail sgeòil,—
Cha b' ionann duit 's do c' ainm e sud,
'S deagh sheanachaidh 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, sgeigil, beumach, rium,
Gur ro mhath dh-éisdinn sgeul ;
Is their i ris na labhras mi,
Gu 'n canadh clann nì b' fhearr ;
Aon ghnìomh, no eainnt, 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 drann ;
“ Tha 'n adhare sgorrach, éitidh ;
Ach o 'n 's éigin d'i bhì ann,
O! ciod e 'n t-àite 'n cùra dh'i
Bhì fàs, na air a' cheam.”

Thubhairt fear de 'n àireamh ud,
Bu tàbhachdaiche bh' ann,
“ A Fhreasdail, rinn thu fàbhor rium,
Am pàirt 'nuair thug thu clann ;
Ged thug thu bean mar mhatàir dhaibh,
Nach dean gach dàrna h-àm,
Ach h-uile gnìomh a 's tarsuime,
Mar ' thachras thigh'n 'n a ceann.”

Fhreagair Freasdal reusonta,—
“ 'S e 's feumail dhut bhì stuaim',
'S a liuthad là a dh' éisd mi riut,
Is tu 'na t-éigin chruaidh ;
Mu 'n do chumadh léine dhut,
Bha 'n céile sin riut fuaight',
Is ciod iad nis na fàthan,
Air am b' àill leat a cur bhuaht'?”

“ Nach bochd dhomh, 'nuair thig *strainsearan*,
Bhios ceòlmhor, eainnteach, binn,
'Nuair 's math leam a bhì fialaidh riuth',
'S ann bhios i fiata ruinn ?
'N uair dh' ùlas mi gu cùirteil leath',
'S e gheibh mi cùl a cinn,
'S bidh mise 'n sin 'n ann bhreugadair,
Ag ràdh gu 'm beil i tinn.

“ Cha tàmh i 'm baile dìthribh leam,
Cha toigh leath' gaoth nam beann,
An t-àite mosach, fàsachail,
Am beil an eràbhadh gann ;
'S ged chuir mi làmh ri eaglais i,
Cha 'n fhada dh' fhanas ann,—
'An t-àite dona, tàbhurnach,
Bidh sluagh cur neul 'n a ceann.”

Sin 'n uair thubhairt Freasdal ris,—
“ 'S e thig do 'n neach nì chòir ;
A bhì nì 's dlùith' r' a dhleasan,as,
Mar 's truinne crois 'g a leòn ;

Ged shaoileadh tu gu 'm maitheadh dhut,
Na pheacaich thu gu h-èig;
Cha 'n fhear gun chamadh crannchair thu,
Fhad 's bhios a' cham-chomhdh' l' s' beò.

"Cha 'n fhac thu féin o rugadh tu,
Aon cheum de m' obair-s' fiar,
Ged chunnaic mi mar chleachdadh tu,
Do dhreachdau 's do chiall;
Cia h-iomadh tric gu beartas,
Bh' air an d'fheadh steach 'n ad chliabh,
Nach fhaic thu gur h-aon aisinn dhìot,
A chum air ais sud riath.

"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' fhearr;
Dh-fheuch bochdainagus 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 riun an t-socair i
Ni b' fhosgarraich' ri càch;
Le h-euslaint' 'nuair a bhun mi rith',
S ann frìonasach a dh-fhas;
An t-slaime bhuam cha 'n aidich i,
'S cha chreid i bhuam an 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 thòid 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 bhìtheas siun 'n ar n-aonaran,
Bidh 'cainnt' 's a h-aogas trom,
Ach 'n uain thig na fir gu fuirneil,
Gheibh sinn òl, a's cuirm, a's foun.

"A Fhreasdail, rinn thu seirbhe dhomh,
'S ann orm a chuir thu chuig,
'S gu 'm b' eòl dut gu 'n robh m' aimsir,
Is mo mheanmnadh air an claidh;
B' fhuasad' dhut 's na bliadhnaibh ud,
Mo riarachadh le mnaoi
Bhiodh ùmhail, cairdeil, rianail dhomh,
'S nach iarradh fear a chaidh."

"Dh' fhaodainn-sa do phòsadh
Ris an t-seòrsa tha thu 'g ràdh,
Ach 's aon an as a' chiad dhiubh,
Bheireadh riarachadh dhut raidh;
An tè de 'n nadur neònach ud,
'S nach toireadh pòg gu bràth,
Aon dràm no deoch cha 'n òlar leath',
'S cha dheònaich i do chàch."

Air an dara dùsal dhomh,
'N dèigh dùsgadh as mo shuain,
Chunnaic mi na daoine sin,
Ag sgaoileadh mach mu 'n cuairt;
S na h-uile bean bha pùda sin,
A' dol 'n an dènaibh suas,
Ach 's aon tè as an fhichead dhiubh,
Bha buidheach leis na fhuair.

Labhair aon bean iunnsuicht' dhiubh,
Bu mhotha rùm na càch:—
"Am biadh, an deoch, 's an aodaichean,
Cha 'n fhaodainn bh' ni 's sathaicht';
Ach gu m' fhagail trom, neo-shunndach,
Cha 'n eòl domh pung a's dàch',
Na gealltanais mo thòileachadh,
Gun choimhlionadh gu bràth.

"An duine sin tha mar rium,
Tha sior ghearan air mo shunnd,
Dhearbhainn féin air 'fhiacaill,
Ged nach d' iarr mi, nach do dhiùlt;
Bidh mòran diubh mi-reusonta,
'Nuair gheibh thu 'n sgeul gu grunn,
Tha dùil ac' gu 'n ghluais mireag riuth',
An spiorad nach 'eil ann."

"S neònach leam an dràsda 'n so,
Sior àbhaist nam fear pòd',
Their gu ladarn' dàna,
Nach do thoirmisg aithne pòg;
Cia mòr an diùbheas beusan
Th' eadar eucòir agus eòir,
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 reusan e,
O 'n tigeadh eudach mòr;
Cìod bh' ann ach fear gun chomas,
'G iarradh comunn tè gun chòir,
'S bha fìor dhroch bheachd aig ceud deth,
'S a bhean féin 'g a chur an spòrs.

Chuireadh e neul 'n am eanchainn-s',
A bh' 'g 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' ghluir;
 'Nuair tharruinn gach fear a cheann féin d'i,
 'S es' a thuit.

AN SAOGHAL.

Is sibhse tha mar sin, a dhaoine,
 'S b' abhaist duibh,
 'S 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 ní a's toigh leam
 Fo na ghréin;
 C' uim' an leigeadh tu gu dilinn
 Mi gu péin,
 'S nach 'eil flaitheas cho priseil dhomh
 Riut féin.

AN SAOGHAL.

S ann bu chòir dhut bhì cur t-còlais
 Nì bu deis',
 Far am biodh na h-uile sòlas
 Nì bu treis',
 Ged nì mis' an t-umaidh ìrach
 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 ghvanach a shròn.

A' EHLIADHNA 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 nì bha 's na cairtean,
 Chaidh e feargach oirnn seachad an dé;
 'S cò a 's dàcha bhì coireach,
 Na 'm fear a dh-fhagas am baile leis féin?
 Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Chunnaic mis' air a' bhòrd thu,
 Bhliadhna ghabh Sine Ghòrdon an t-àt,
 'S cha chuireadh tu t-aodann
 Ann an comunn nach slaodadh tu leat;
 Ach 'nuair shaoil leat do shorchan,
 Bhì cho laidir ri tulchaim a' gheat',
 Shlob na boima-chasan reambar
 Dheth na loma-leacan sleamhuinn gun taic!
 Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Dearbh cha ghabhainn-sa ioghnadh
 As an leac so chuir mìltean a muigh,
 Dhe na corra-cheannaich' bhriogach,
 Aig am faicte 'n dà iosgaid air chrith;
 Ach an trostanach treubhach,
 Chuireadh neart a dha shléisd' an an sith,
 Ma thuit es' aig an dorus,
 Cia mar sheusas fear eile 's am bith?
 Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

'S ann tha ceumanan Freasdaill
 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 bhì 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, &c.

Tha mise féin ann an eagal,
 'G iarraidh fàsaich no eag do mhàil,
 Is mì falbh air an leacaich,
 Air an d' fhuair daoine seasnach an sàr;

Ach tha m' earbsadh tre chunnart,
Mo gharbh-chnaimhean uile bhì slàn,—
Oir ged a thàrladh dhomh clibeadh,
Cha 'n 'eil àird' aig mo smigead o 'n làr.
Binn sin uair eigin, &c.

An duin' ùg s' tha 'n a léigh,
Tha mi clàistinn tha tighinn á 'dèigh,
Fhuair e *leasan* o dhithis,
Chum gu 'n sìubhladh e suidhicht' 'n a cheum;
Ach mu 'n chùis tha d' a leantuinn,
Cuiream cùl ri bhì cantuinn mi 's léir;
Ach na 'm biodh brìgh na mo chomhairl',
So an t-àm am beil Somhairl' 'n a feum.
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Ian Mhic-Uilleim 's an t-Srathan,
Faodaidh deireadh do lathach'-s' bhì searbh,
Ged tha 'n aimsir-s' cho sìtheil,
'S nach 'eil guth riut mu phris air an tàrbh;
Chaidh luchd-fabhoir a bhriseadh,
Na bha 'n dreuchd eadar Ruspunn's am Pàrbh;
Am fear a thig le mòr urram,
Gheibh e ceud mìle mallachd 's an fhalbh.*
Binn sin uair-eigin, &c.

Note.—Dr Morrison, the hero of this song, was for a long time in high esteem and favour in the family of Lord Reay; but at length a misunderstanding arising between them, he found cause to leave the family, reflecting, at the same time, on the fluctuating temper and unsteady favour of the great, and repeating the old Gaelic adage, "*Is seamhuinn an iac a tha'ig dorus an taigh' mhòir.*"

M A R B H I R A N N.

[Do dhithis mhinistear ro ainmeil 'nan dùthaich, Mr Iain Munro, Ministear Sgìre Eadarachao'ais, agus Mr Dòmhnall Mac-Aoidh, Maighstir-sgoile, sgìre Fair.]

AIR FÖNN—"Oran na h-aoise."

'S e mo bheachd ort, a bhàis,
Gur bras thu ri pàirt,
Gur teachdair' tha laidir, treum, thu;
An cogadh no 'm blàr,
Cha toirear do shàr,
Aon duine cha tàr do thréigsinn;
Thug thu an dràs
Dhuinn buille no dhà,
Chuir eaglaisean bàs, a's foghlum;
Is 's fhuasad dhomh ràdh,
Gur goirid do dhàil,
'S gur tric a' toirt beàrn 'n ar Cléir thu.

Bhuin thu ruinn garbh,
Mu 'n dithis so dh-fhalbh,
'Nuair ruith thu air lòrg a chéil' iad;
C' uime nach d' fhàg thu

Bhuidhean a b' àirde,
A bhiodh do chàch ro fheumail;
A bhruidhean a b' fheàrr
A' tighinn o 'm beul,
'S an cridheachan lùn 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;
Dhì sholus a dh-fhalbh
A earrannan garbh',
Dh-fhùg an talamh-sa dorch d' a réir sin;
Ge d' tha e ro chruaidh,
Gu 'n deach' iad 's an uaigh,
Tha cuid a gheibh buaidh a's feum dheth;
Mar ris gach aon nì,
Dh-aithris iad dhuinn,
Chaidh 'n gearradh á tìm an leughaidh.

Dithis a bh' ann,
Bu chomhairl' 's bu cheann,
Do phobull fhuair àm g' an éisdeachd;
Dithis, bha 'm bàs
'N a bhriseadh do chàch,
Gidheadh gu 'm b' e 'm fàbhor féin e;
Cha ladurn gu dearbh,
Dhuinn chreidsinn 'nuair dh-fhalbh,
Gu 'n d' fhreagair an earbs' gu léir iad;
A dh' aindeoin an aoig,
B' e 'n cairide gaoil,
'Nuair sgair e o thìr nam breug iad.

Tha sgeulan r' a inns'
Mu dhéighinn na dith's,
A 's feumail a bhì sna ceudan;
Feudaidd mi ràdh,
Cia teumach am bàs,
Nach tug e ach pàirt d' a bheum uainn.
Ged thug e le tiun,
An corpa do 'n chill,
Bidh iomradh ro bhinn 'n an déigh orr';
Is iomadh beul ciun,
Ag aithris 's gach linn,
Na labhair, na sheinn, 's na leugh iad.

Sinne tha làithair,
'Tuig'maid an t-stràchd-s',
Is cleachdamaid trà air reuson;
Nach faic sibh o'n bha,
An lathachan s' geàrr,
Gu 'n ruith iad nì b' fhe'rr an réis ud;
'S mac-sambuil dhuinn iad,
Ged nach 'eil sinn cho àrd,

* "Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end"
Johne, l'an. Hum. Wishes.

Anns na nitheanaibh cràbhaidh, leughant' ;
 Na earb'maid gu bràth,
 Gu 'n ruig sin an t-àit-s'
 Mur lean sinn ri pàirt d' an ceuman.

Tha 'n teachdair s' air tòir
 Gach neach a tha beò,
 'G an glacadh an còir no 'n encoir :
 Na gheibh e 'n a dhùrn,
 Cha reic e air òir,
 Rì gul, no rì deoir cha 'n èisd e.
 Chì mì gur fiù
 Leis tighinn do 'n chùil,
 Gu fear th' ann an clàid mar éideadh ;
 'S ged dheanamaid dùn,
 Cha cheannaich e dhuinn,
 Aon mhionaid de dh-ùin o 'n eug sin.

An dithis so chuaidh,
 Cha rachadh cho luath,
 Na 'n gabhadh tu uainn an éirig ;
 Cha leig'maid 'n an dith's
 Iad as an aon mhios,
 Na 'm b' urradh sinn dìol le sendan :
 Ach 's teachdair ro dhàn'
 Thu, tighinn o 's àird,
 Buailidh tu stàtaibh 's dèirean ;
 Cha bhacar le 'pris,
 Air t' ais thu a ris,
 'S tu dh' easbhuidh an aoin mu 'n téid thu.

Glacaidh tu chloinn
 A mach bho na bhroinn,
 Mu 's faic iad ach soills' air éigin ;
 Glacaidh tu 'n òigh,
 Dol an coimeamh 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 encoir ;
 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 glaidh aig' cho cruaidh,
 'S gu 'm faodadh an sluagh,
 A chluinntinn le cluasan reusoin.
 Nach deare sibh a chùl,
 Is fear aig' fo iùil,
 'S e sealtuinn le 'shùil gu geur air ;
 An diugh ciod am fàth,
 Nach bith'maid air gheàrd,
 'S gu 'n bhuin e ar nàbuidh 'n dé bhuainn.

A chumbachd a tha
 Cur chugainn a bhàis,
 Gun teagamh nach plèighear 'fhéich dha ;
 Tha misneachd a's bonn
 Aig neach a tha 'n geall,
 Air tagradh na gheall do bheil dha.
 Oir 's athair do chlann
 A dh' fheitheas a th' ann,
 'S fear-taighe do 'n bhantraich féin e ;
 'S e'n Cruithear a th' ann,
 A bheir gu neo-ghann,
 Na thoilleas sinn anns a' chreutair.

M A R B H R A N N,

DO MHAIGHSTIR MURCHADH MAC-DHOMHAILL.

MINISTEAR SGIRE DHIURINNIS

AN DUTHAICH MHC-AOIDH.

'S e do bhàs, 'Mhaighstir Murchadh,
 Rinn na h-àitean so dhòrachadh,
 'S ged chaidh dàil ann do mharbhrann,
 Labhraidh balbhachd ri céill.
 Na 'm biodh a' Chrìosdaidheachd iomlan,
 Cha rachadh dì-chuimhn' air t-iomradh,
 No do ghnìomharan iomlaid,
 Ach leantadh t-ionchan-s' gu léir ;
 Gur h-e chràdh mi 'n am mbeamhnadh,
 'S do luchd-gràidh agus leanmhuinn,
 Meud do shaothrach mu 's d' fhalbh thu,
 'S lugh'd a luirg as do dhéigh ;—
 Bheir cuid *teasan*an buadhach,
 O bhruaich fasanan t-naghach,
 Nach tug daiseachan suarach,
 As na chual iad buat féin.

Fìor mhasgull chionn pàidhidh,
 No stad gealtach le gàbhadh,
 Bhrìgh mo bheachd-s' ann an dènaibh,
 'S mi nach deamadh, 's nach d' rinn :
 Ach na 'm biodh comain no stà dhut,
 Ann a t-alladh ehur 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 bh' g' aithris am phàrtean,
 Gun fhàbhor, 's gun fhoill ;
 Oir 's buain' a' chuimhne bheir bàrda,
 Air deagh bhuadhannaibh nàduir,
 Na 'n stoe cruinn sin a dh-fhàg iad,
 Is comh-stri chàirdenn' g' a roinn.

Bha do ghibhtean-sa làidir,
 Air am measgadh le gràsan,
 Anns a' phearsa bha àluinn,
 Lom-lan de na chéill ;

An tuigs' bu luchdmhoir' gu gleidheadh,
An toil a b' àsgaidh gu matheadh,
'S na h-uile h-aigneadh cho fhathail,
Fad do bheatha gu léir.

Bhiodh do chomhair' an còmhnuidh,
Le do chobhair 's do chòmhnuadh,
Do luchd-gabhail na còrach,
Réir 's mar sheòladh tu féin ;
Dheanadh tu 'n t-aindeonach deònach,
Is an t-aineolach eòlach—
'S b' e fìor shonas do bheòshlaint,
Bhì tabhairt còrr dhaibh de léirs'.

Bha thu caomh ri fear feumach,
Bha thu saor ri fear reusant',
Bha thu aodanach, geurach,
Mar chloich, ri eucoiriach, cruaidh ;
Bu tu 'n tabhairteach maoiniach,
Bu tu 'n labhairteach saothreach,
Bu tu 'n comhairleach timeil,
'S crìoch a' ghaoil ann ad fhuath ;
Tha e 'n a ladarnas gàbhaidh,
Bhì le h-eagal ag àicheadh,
Nach 'eil stoc aig an Ard-Rìgh,
Nì an àird na chaidh uainn ;
Ach 's fàbhor Freasdail, 's a's ioghnadh,
No 'n nì a 's faisge do mhìorbhuil,
Am bèarn so th' againn a lìonadh,
Gu blas miannach an t-sluaigh.

Leam is beag na tha dh' fhoighneachd,
Mu na thubhairt, 's na riun thu,
'S mu na chliù sin a thoil thu,
O 'n là chaill sinn thu féin ;
Ach m'èran tartar is stroighlich,
Air son féich, agus oighreachd,
Fàgaidh beartaich mur *fhinc* e,
Air an cloinn as an déigh ;
'S e nì a 's minig a chi mi,
Dh' aindeoin diombunachd tìme,
Gu'm beil gionaich nan daoine,
Tarruinn clauonadh '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, fiambach,
Smuainteach, facalach, gnìomhach,
Ann do ghnòthachaidh diomhair,
Gun bhì diomhain aon uair ;
Chaith thu t-aimsir gu saothreach,
Air son sonas nan daoine ;
'S cha b' e truailleadhachd shaoghailt
No aon nì ehar 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 uaills',

A' dol o 'n bheatha bu sheirbhe,
Tre na cathan bu ghairbhe,
Dh-ionnsuidh Flaithreas na tairbhe,
Gu buan sheallbachadh duais.

Gu'm beil cealgaireachd chràbaidh,
Air a dearbhadh gu gàbhaidh,
Tha 'n a gairisinn r' a clàistinn,
Is ro chràiteach r' a luaidh ;
Nuair a thuit thu le bàs bhuainn,
Mar gu 'm briseadh iad bràighdean,
Dhùisg na b-uile sin a b' àbhaist,
A bhì an nàdur an t-sluaigh ;
Gu'm beil eath aig an Ard-Rìgh,
Gu bhì gabhail nam pàrtean,
Anns na ebruthaich e gràsan.
Thug air aghairt gach buaidh ;
Rinn sud sinne 'n ar fàsach,
Anns an talamh-s' an trà so,
So a' bharail th' aig pàirt diubh,
Tric 'g a ràtainn air t-uagh.

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 deth 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,—
Cailleadh-oidhech' agus strìannach,
An coilltean fiadhaich, 's an gliinn.

'S eòl domb daoine 's an aimsir-s',
Dh-fhàs 'n an cuideachd glé ainmeil,
Tigh'nnu 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 ghìbhteann bha fialaidh,
Nach do dhearc mi, ma 's fìor dhomh.
An aon neach riamh ach thu féin,—
Càil gach cuideachd a lìonadh,
Leis na theireadh tu diomhan,
'S crìoch do sheanchais gun fhìradh,
Tighinn gu diadhaidheadh threun.

Bha do chuid air a sgaoileadh
Gu bhì cuideachadh dhaoine,

'S fhad 's a bha thu 's an t-saoghal,
 'S tu nach faodadh bhi pàidht';
 Chuid bu taitneich 'n an iomchann,
 Cha 'n 'eil facal mu 'n timcheall,
 Cha bhi ceartas mu 'n iomradh,
 Ach le 'n imrich, 'n am bàs.
 'S truagh am peanas a thoill sinn,
 Thaobh nan ciontan a rinn sinn,—
 Bhi sìor ghearradh ar goibhlean,
 'S ar cuid theaghlàichean fàs;
 Gun cheann laidir gu fhoighneachd,
 Co ni 'n àirde na chaill sinn,
 Cuid, d' an cràdh, là is oidheche,
 Nach tig t-oighre 'na t-àit.

CUMHA DO MHR. MURCHADH.

[A rinn am bard an ceann bliadhna an déigh bàis an duin' uasal sin, air larrtas a mhic am fìor Gàel-suaire ionnsaichte, Mr Padruig Mac.Dhòmhnaill, ministear Sgrè' Chille-moire an Earraghàil, air dha thighinn do 'n dùthaich, agus a bhi aig àm àraidh an cuicheadh 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 mairg nach d' fhuair sinn,
 Linn no dhà dhìot.

CHRIDHE na féile,
 A bhéil na tàbhachd,
 Cheann na céille,
 'S an fhoghlum chrìbhaidh,
 Làimh gun ghanntair
 An am dhut paigheadh,
 An nachdar a' bhùird,
 A ghuais na fáilte.
 'S cianail, &c.

Tha mise 'n am aonar,
 Mar aon ann am fàsach,
 'S ni 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, &c.

Chaochail iad rianan,
 O chioslaich am bàs thu,
 Cha 'n 'eil meas am bliadhna,
 Air ciall, no air cràbhadh;
 Thionndaidh na biastan
 Gu rianstradh gràineil,
 Leo-san leig Dia,
 Srian o 'n là sin.
 'S cianail, &c.

Rinn cuid bròn
 Fa choir do bhàis-sa,
 Ach ghabh iad sgios,
 Ann am mìos no dhà dheth;
 Cha 'n 'eil mis' mar fadsan,
 Riaraidh' cho trà dheth,—
 An ceann na bliadhna,
 'S cianail a tha mi.
 'S cianail, &c.

'S caomh leam an teaghlach,
 'S a' chlann sin a dh-fhàg thu,
 'S caomh leam na fuinn,
 Bhidhte seinn ann ad fhàdaich;
 'S caomh leam bhi 'g ùrachadh
 Chliù nach tug b'is dhìot;
 'S caomh leam an àir th'air do thaobh,
 Dheth na Bhàghan!
 'S cianail, &c.

ORAN A' GHEAMHRAIDH.

AIR FOKK—"Through the wood, luddie."

Mocu 's mi 'g éiridh 's a mhadainn,
 'S an sneachd air a' bheinn,
 Ann an lagan beag monaidh,
 Rì madainn ro dhoimid,
 'S ann a' chuala mi 'n lonan,
 Chuir an loinid o sheinn,
 Is am pigidh ag éighench
 Rìs na speuraibh, 's cha bliinn.

Bithidh am beithe crìon, crotach,
 Sìor stopadh o 'thàs;
 Mar ri gaoth gharbh shéididh,
 Agus ioma-chathadh 'g éiridh,
 Crècan barraich a' géilleadh,
 Mìos éigheach an àil;
 A' mhìos chneatanach, fhuachdaidh,
 Choimheach, 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,
Sior sgreadail chion blàiths.

Mhios dheitheasach, chaoile,
Choimheach, 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 *Phæbus* a bhlàths'.

Mhios chaiseaneach, ghreannach,
Chianail, chainneanach, gheàrrt',
'S i gu clachanach, currach,
Chruaidhteach, sgealpanach, phuinneach,
Shneachdach, chaochlaideach, fhrasach,
Reùtach, reasgach, gu sàr ;
'S e na chaoirneinan craidhneach,
Fad na h-oidhech' air an làr.

'S ann bhios *Phæbus* 'n a reòtachd,
An ceap nam mòr chruach 's nam beann ;
Bidh 's an uair sin 's cha neònach,
Gach eun gearra-ghobach goineach,
Spìoladh iomall an oiraich,
Cur a shròin anns an dàm ;
Còmhraidh ciùrrta gun bheadradh,
Le bròn a's sgreadal 'n an ceann.

'S an àm tighinn an fheasgair,
Cha bhi an acaras gann ;
Ni iad còmhuidh 's gach callaid,
Buileach amhunn a's callaidh,
Sgrìobadh ùir as na ballaibh,
Mios chur doinionn nan gleann,
'S iad a' beucail gu toirmneach,
'S cha bhi 'n eirbheirt ach mall.

Ach nach daoibhail 's a' gheamhradh,
Fann ghéim gamhna chion feòir,
Gnùgach, caol-dromach, fearsnach,
Tioram, tarra-ghreannach, àrsaidh,
Biorach, sgreamhanach, fuachdaidh,
Sìltean fuaraidh r' a shròin,
'S e gu sgrog-laghrach gùgach,
Fulang 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 ua h-aighean fo euslainn,
Air son gun thrùig iad a' bheinn.

Sud na puirt bu ghoirt gearradh,
Is bu shalaiche seinn,
Ghabhadh m' iuntinn riamh eagal,
Roinn bhur sgreadail 's a' mhadainn,
'N àm a' chruidh bhi air ghadaibh,
'S an cuid fodair 'g a roinn,
'S iad 'n am baideinibh binnieach,
Gu h-àsruidh, tioma-chasach, tinn.

Am bradan caol bharr an fhìor uisg',
Fliuch, slaod-earballach, fuar,
'S e gu tàrr-ghlogach, romnach,
Chlambach, 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 chuach.

An t-samhainn bhagarach, fhiadhaich,
Dhubhrach, chiar-dhubh, gun bhlàths,
Ghuineach, ana-bhlòchdach, fhuachdaidh,
Shruthach, steallanach fhuaimneach,
Thuileach, an-shocrach, uisgeach,
Gun dad measaich ach càl,
Bithidh gach deat, a's gach mìseach,
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 ÀIRIDH.

[Rinn am bàrd an t-òran so d' a leannan, Anna Moiriston, nighean òg ro chliùiteach, d' an tug e cheud ghaol ; bha e tada 'g a h-iarraidh, agus ise car leam-leat, gun bhi 'g a diùtadh no 'g a gabhail ; ach turas a thug e chun na h-àiridh far an robh i aig an am, 's ann a dhear e oirre an cuideachd an t-saor bhàin, d' am b' ainm Iain Moraidh, ghabh e gu ro-throm i a chur cùl ris féin. Phòs i an saor bân an dèigh 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 bân e féin 'n a chéile ro thaitneach.]

'S TROM leam an àiridh,
'S a ghàir so a' th'inn',
Gu'n a phairt sin a' bàbhaist,
Bhi 'n dràsd air mo chinn ;

Anna chaol-mhalach, chioch-chorrach,
 Shlip-cheannach, ghrinn,
 'S Iseabail a bheoil mhillis ;
 Mharanaich, bhinn.
 Heich ! mar a bhà
 Air mo chinne ;
 'S e dh-fhag mi cho craiteach,
 'S gu'n stà dhomh bhi 'g inns'.
 Heich ! &c.

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'raun r'a mhuaoi
 'S b' fhearr leam nach tarainn
 An trà ud na ghaoith.
 'S e mar a bha,
 Air mo chinne,
 A dh' fhag air bheag tàth uir
 Ge nàr e ri sheinne.
 'S e, &c.

Anna bhuidhe nighean Dou'uill,
 Na'm b'eol dut mo nì,
 'S e do ghradh, gu'n bhi pàidht',
 Thug a mhàn bhuam mo chù :
 Tha e dhomh às t-fhianais
 Cho ghnìomhach, 's trà chì.
 Diogladh 's a' smuaiseach,
 'S gur ciuirrt' tha mo chrì.
 Air gach trà
 'S mi ann an strì,
 'Feuchainn ri àicheadh,
 'S e fàs rium mar chraoibh.
 Air, &c.

Labhar i gu h-àilleasach,
 Fàiteagach rium :—
 " Cha tàr thu bhi lànne rium,
 Gu càradh mo chinne :
 Bha siathnar ga m' iarraidh,
 Car' bliadhna de thinn ;
 'S cha b' airidh thar càch thu
 Thoir barr os an cinn.
 Hè ! hù ! hù !
 An d' fhàs thu gu tinn
 Mas e 'n guol a bheir bàs ort
 Gu'm pàidh thu ga chinne !
 Ha ! &c.

Ach cia mar bheirinn fuath dhut
 Ged' dh-fhoaraidh thu rium ?
 'Nuair a's feargaich mo sheannachas,
 Ma t-uinn air do chùl,
 Thig t-iomhaigh le h-annasachd
 Mar shamhadh na m' uidh,

As saoilaidh mi gur gaol sin,
 Nach caochail a chaoidh.
 'S thèid air a ràdh,
 Gu'n dh-fhas e as ùr,
 'S fasaich e 'n trà sin,
 Cho airde ri tùr !
 'S thèid, &c.

On a chualas gu'n gluaisear thu,
 Bhuam leis an t-saor,
 Tha, mo shuain air a buaireadh
 Le bruadairean gaoil,
 Gu'n an càrdeas a bha sid
 Cha tàr mi bhi saor.
 Ga mo bhàrnaigeadh lainn riut
 'S e ghuà dhomh mar mhaor.
 Ach ma thà
 Mi ga do dhì,
 B'fheairde mi pàg bhuat
 Mas fagadh tu 'n tìr.
 Ach ma tha, &c.

AN RIBHINN ALUINN EIBHINN OG.

THA Deòrs' air a' Mhàidsear
 Ro dhàn' ann an cainnt,
 An rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Sior char an ecill,
 Gu robh é-san fo staint *
 An rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Ach 'nuair thèid an t-òrd,
 Mu 'n bhòrd ann an raicaibh,
 Olaidh e gu c'irdeach,
 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 mi,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Mar gu'm bu bhan-dé thu,
 Gu 'n gèilleadh an sluagh dhut,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Shaoil leam gu'm bu bhòrd,
 A chuid mhòr bhasa luaidh riut,
 Gus na shinn an ceòl,
 Sa sin gun tug iad a suas mi,
 Ach chreid mi h-uile drannud dheth,
 'S an danns 'nuair a' ghluais thu,
 A rìbhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

* E bhi cheana pòsd'.

Shuidh mi ann an cùil,
 Mar gu 'n dùisgteadh á tranns mi,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Is dh'amhairceadh an triùir ud,
 Le 'n sùilean, 's le saunt ort,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Do réir mar a dh-fhaodainns'
 A h-aodann a rannsachadh,
 Dhùraigeadh Sàlaidh,
 Am Maidsear 'n a bhantraich ;
 Tha aoibhneas air Deòrsa,
 Mu 'n bhron bh' air a' Ghranudach,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon,
 'S a' Bhatàillea d' an eòl thu,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Nach 'eil ort a brudair,
 Mas fuasgailt' no pòsda,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Gus an ruig e Tearlach,
 Am maisdear a b' òige ;
 Ged bu chruaidh 'ainm
 Ann an armait rìgh Deòrsa,
 Chaoch'leadh e faobhar,
 Le gaol fa do chòir-sa,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

Am fear a bhios an gaol,
 Cha 'n fhaodar leis 'fhuadach,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 'S ann is cruaidh a 'chàs,
 Gus am pàidhear a dhuais dha,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Fuiligidh mi sùil,
 No fuiligidh mi cluas dhìom,
 Ma tha aon de 'n triùir ud,
 As tric thasa luaidh' riut,
 Cho tinn le do ghaol,
 Ris an aon fhear a's fuath leat,*
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

'S e 'n t-aobhar nach ordaichinn,
 Sàlaidh do 'n Chòirneil,
 A ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Eagal gu 'm bitheadh càch
 Ann an naimhdeas r' a bheò dha,
 An ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.
 Creutair cho caoimhneil riut,
 Is maighdeann cho bìdheach riut,
 Ri ! bu mhòr an dòibhail,
 Gu 'n cailleadh tu g' a dhèoin iad,
 Suiridhich an t-saoghail,
 Le aon fhear a phòsadh,
 An ribhinn àluinn, éibhinn, òg.

O R A N E I L E

DO 'N MHAIGHDEINN CHEUDNA.

AIR FONN—"Sweet Molly."

LUNNEAG.

*Fear a dhannas, fear a chluicheas,
 Fear a leumas, fear a ruitheas,
 Fear a dh-èisdeas, no nì braidhean,
 Bi 'n creidheach' aig Sàlaidh.*

DH-FHALBH mi dùitheach fada, leathan,
 'G amharc inigheannan a's mhuathan ;
 Eadar Tunga 's Abar-readhain,
 Cha robh leithid Sàlaidh.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

An Dun-éideann 's an Dun-didhe,
 'S a h-uile ceum a rinn mi dh-uighe,
 Cha 'n fhaca mi coltach rithe,
 Bean mo chridhe Sàlaidh.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

'S math a claitinn, 's math a fradharc,
 Blasd' a caill agus na their i,
 'S math do 'n fhear a tharadh 'n gaire,
 Do dhoireachan Sàlaidh.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

'S math a muigh, 's is math a staigh i,
 'S math 'n a guth i, is math 'n a dath i';
 'S math 'n a suidhe 'n ceann na sreath' i,
 Sann na laidhe 's fearr i.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

Fear a dh' iarras i 's nach fhaigh i,
 'S fear nach iarr i a chionn aghaidh,
 Cha robh fhios a'm co an roghainn
 Thaghainn as na dhà sin.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

Caiptein treun nan Grenadeer,
 'S airde leumas, 's fearr a ruitheas,
 Cha 'n 'eil àit an dean i suidhe,
 Nach bi e-san luimh rith'.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

Na 'n racha' dealbh a chur 's a' bhrataich,
 Ann an arm an Iarla Chataich,
 Bhiodh iad marbh mu 'n dèant' a glacadh,
 Ged bhiodh neart a' Phàp' orr'.

Fear a dhannas, &c.

Note.—Sally Grant, the subject of the foregoing two songs, was a girl of easy virtue, who followed the Sutherland fencibles. She was at first mistress to the Earl who commanded; she then served the officers, and finally the privates and drummers. Rob composed another song, called "*Mòr nigh' n a Ghicbarlam*," on the same girl, but the Editor has left it, and a number of others of the same description, out of the book on account of their indelicacy.

* Be Rob Donn féin "an aon fhear a b' fhuath leatha."

BRIOGAIS MHIC RUAIRIDH.

[Rinneadh an t-òran so leis a' bhàrd aig banais "Iseabail Nic-Aoidh," nighean Iain 'Ic-Eachainn, air dh'ì bhi pòsda ri Iain, mac Choinnich Sutharlain. Bha cruinneachadh anabarrach sluagh air a' bhanais de dh-uaislean na dùthcha; ach air do dh-Iain Mac-Eachuinn agus am bàrd cur a mach air a chèile goidid roimh 'n am sin, cha d' fhuair am bàrd cuireadh thun na bainnse, ged bha e chòmhnuidh ann an àite fagus do laimh. Ach air do Choinneach Sutharlain, athair fhir na bainnse, thighinn air an ath mhadainn an dèigh a' phòsaidh, agus Rob Donn ionndrainn, thubhairt e ri Iain Mac-Eachuinn, gu 'n b' fhearr cuiradh a thoirt do 'n bhard 'n a thràth, no gu 'n cluinnete sgeula mu 'n bhanais fathast. Bha fios aig Iain Mac-Eachuinn, nach tigeadh am bàrd air 'àilleas-sa, ged chuireadh e fios air. An sin chuir na h-uaislean uile, 'n an ainm fèin, fios air, agus mur tigeadh a leis an teachdaireachd sin, gu 'n rachadh iad fèin uile g' a shireadh. Thàinig Rob Donn gu toileach; oir bha mòr spéis aig do dh-Iain Mac-Eachuinn, 's d' a theaghlach, ged thainig eadar iad aig an àm sin. Air an t-slighe dh-ionnsuidh taigh na bainnse, dh-fhoighnich Rob Donn ris an teachdaire thainig d' a iarraidh. An do thachair ni àmhuilteach 's an bith 'n am measg o thòisich a' bhanais? Thuit an teachdaire nach cual e-san ach ann rud—Gu 'n do chaill "Mac Ruairidh 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 ann ach astar dà mhìle, bha 'n t-òran deanta; agus cho luath 's a shuidh e, thoisich e air a ghabhail.]

LUTNEAG.

*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 chadul,
'S 'nuair thainig a' mhadainn
Cha d' fhuairadh i.*

CHaidh bhriogais a stampadh,
Am meadhon na cunlaich,
'S chaidh Uisdean a dhams',
Leis na gruagaichean;
'Nuair dh-fhàg a chuid misg e,
Gu'n tug e 'n sin briogadh,
A dh-iarraidh ua bhriogais,
'S cha d' fhuair e i.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Na 'm bìtheadh 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' suathenechan.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Iain Mhic Eachuinn,
Ma 's tusa thug leat i,
Chur grabadh air peacadh
'S air buaireadh leath';
Ma 's tu a thug leat i,
Cha ruigeadh tu leas e,
Chaidh t-uair-sa seachad
Mu 'n d' fhuair thu i.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Chaitriona Nigh 'n Uilleim,*
Dean briogais do 'n ghille,
'S na cumadh sud sgillinn
A' thuarasdal;
Ciod am fios nach e t-athair,
Thug leis i g' a caitheamh,—
Bha feum air a leithid,
'S bha uair dhieth sin.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Briogais a' chonais,
Chaidh chall air a' bhanais,
Bu liutha fear fanaid
Na fuaidheil oirr';
Mur do ghléidh Iain Mac-Dhòmhnuill,
Gu pocan do 'n òr i,
Cha robh an Us-mhòine
Na luaidheadh i.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Mur do ghléidh Iain Mac-Dhòmhnuill,
Gu pocan do 'n òr i,
Cha robh an Us-mhòine
Na ghluaisleadh i.
Mu Uilleam Mac-Phàdruig,
Cha deanadh i stà dha,
Cha ruigeadh i 'n àird'
Air a' chruachan dha.
An d' fhidir, &c.

Tha duine 'n Us-mhòine
D' an ainm Iain Mac-Sheòrais,
'S gur iongantais 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, &c.

Na trígibh ri bràigh' e,
'M feadh 's a bhios e mar tha e,
Air eagal gu 'n sàraich
An luachair e;

* Bean Iain Mhic Eachainn.

Na leigibh bho bhail' e
Do mhòinteach nan coille,
Mu 'n tig an labhallan,
'S gu buail i e.

An d' fhidir, &c.

Na 'm faiceadh sibh ' leithid,
Bha bann oir' de leathair ;
Bha toll air a speathar,
'S bha tùthag air,
'S bha feum aic' air cobhair,
Mu bhréidean a gobhail,
Far am biodh am fear odhar,
A' suathadh rith'.

An d' fhidir, &c.

Ach Iain Mhic-Choinnich,*
'S ann ort a bha 'n sonas,
Ged 's mùr a bha dhonadas
Sluaigh an so ;
'Nuair bha thu cho sgìobalt,
S nach do chaill thu dad idir,
'S gur tapaidh a' bhriogais
A bhuannaich thu !

An d' rhidir, &c.

ORAN AIR SEAN FHLEASGACH,

AGUS SEANA MHAIGHDEAN,

MU'N ROBH SGEULIAD BHI DOL A PHOSADH.

Tha mhaighdean 's an àite-s'
Tha àireamh de bhliadnaibh,
Is shaoil leam nach pòsadh
Neach beò i, chion briadh ;
Ach 's garbh-dheanta calg-fhionnach
Calbhar r' a bhìadhadh,
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 Mhairiread, cha chòir dhut
Bhì gòrach no fiata,
Tha mairist ni 's leòir dhut,
An còmhnuidh 'ga t-iarraidh ;
Ni 's grèinde 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 gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

* Fear na bainne.

Tha ministear còir ann,
Is mùran de chiall aig' ;
'N a thaoitear do 'n iughean,
Gun iomrall gun fhiaradh ;
Is b' fheàr leis, an òigh
Bhì gun phòsadh seachd bliadhna,
Na 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Bhì triall 'na gaoith.

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged bhiodh ann a phòcaid,
De dh-èr na th' aig Iarla,
Bu mh' r a' chùis bhròin e
Do 'n òigh tha e 'g iarraidh ;
Sùilean a's sròn,
Agus fe' sag, a's fìaclan
A' ghille dhuibh ciar-dhuibh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'S ole an leannan òinid
An t-òlach s' 'u a fhìonaig,
'N a laidhe 'n a chòta,
'N a règaire miodhoir,
A shàllean 'n a thòin,
Is a shròn ris a' ghriosaich ;
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Tha triall 'na gaoith.

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Tha pung ann a chùileachd,
Thug bàrr air na ciadan ;
Tha 'aogas ro ghrànnda,
'S e air fàilleadh 'n t-srànaich ;
An uair bha e an Grùididh,
Cha taobhaicheadh fiadh ruinn,
Leis a' ghille dubh ciar-dhubh,
Bhì triall 'n an gaoith.

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

Ged tha e cho daoachail,
Is aogas cho fiadhaich,
Bithidh feum air 's an tìr so,
Air tioman de 'n bhliadhna,
A thoirt ghabhraidh air mheann,
'S a chur chlann dheth na ciochan ;
'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh
Tha triall 'na gaoith.

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

'Nuair a bha sinn cruinn
Anns a' bheinn, 's sinn ri fiadhach,
Bu tric a bhiodh tu 'n sàs
Anns an t-sàuce-pan, is biadh ann ;
Bhiodh eagal air bàis oirnn,
Gu 'n enàmhadh tu bian oirnn,
A ghille dhuibh ciar-dhuibh,
Tha triall 'na gaoith.

'S e 'n gille dubh ciar-dhubh, &c.

ORAN NAN GREISICHEAN BEAGA.

AIR FOSN—"Crù nan Gobhar."

CHUNNA' mi crannanach,
Cuimir 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 bhoineid dhìom,
'S bheannaich mi féin da.

*Tha mi ro bhuidheach
Air chomhairl' nam breitheamhan,
Dh-òrdaich gach dithis dhìu
Bhi le aon chéile;
Faodaidh sìochd tighinn
An deigh na buidhinn so,
Fathast a bhitheas
'N an ionantas fèille.*

Chaidh mi air m' aghairt,
Is shàraich e m' fhoighidinn,
Feuchainn le a' lughad
C' ait' am faighinn da còile;
Fhuair mi 'n taigh Choimnich i,
C' uinne gu 'n ceilinn,
'S a h-apan deiridh
Cho ghoirid r' a fhéileadh-s'.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tòmas a's Dòmhnall,
Seòras a's Alasdair,
'S coltach 'n an colluinn
A' cheathrar r' a chéile;
B' fheàrr leam tè thapaidh
Bhiodh seachad air leth-cheud,
Na a faicinn air leth-trath,
Aig fear dhiubh mar chéile.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha iomadh sgeul eile
Tha againn gu barantach,
Naidheachd 'g a h-aithris
A baile Dhun-Éideann,
Nach 'eil uile cho àit'
Ann an oibrichibh freasdail,
Ri faicinn nam peasan
A' maitheadh a chéile.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha mise fo chachdan,
Nach urradh mi leasachadh,
Nach fhaigh mi non fear dhiu
Nì maitse do Chéitidh;

Tha truas aig mo chridhe
Ri seasgaich' na h-ighinn,
Nach faigh siun aon leighich,
Chuireas dithis ri chéil' diu.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Cuirear do 'n eilean iad,
'S thugar mir fearainn dhaibh,
'S bheir iad an air'
Air na gearrain 's a' chéitein;
Air egal am pronnaidh
Ri fiodh no ri bolla,
Tha tub aig a' Mhorair
Nì taigh dhaibh le chéile.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

'Tha agam-sa tuilleadh
De leithid an fhirionnach-s';
'S air chor a's gu'n cluinnear iad,
Seinneam air scis iad;
Dòmhnall beag biorach,
Air pòsadh an uraidh;
'S tha dithis de 'n fhine
Aig a' mhinisteir féin diu.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Na grèisichean beaga,
Oir 's iad is maoir eaglais,
Tha dùil ac' mo thagradh,
Air son magaidhnean beumach;
Bithidh mise fo egal,
'Nuair chluinneas mi 'm bagradh,
O 'n thachair mi eadar
An sagart 's an cléireach.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha dùil a'm gur dùilich leis
Mis' chur an cunnart,
'S gu 'n do chaomhain mi 'n cuilean,
'S gu 'm bu mhuileach leis féin e;
'S ma chreideas mi 'm ministeir,
An déigh 's na dh-innis e,
'S e 'm moncaidh an uiridh,
Mu mhìre na 'n Grèibhenr.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha sgenla 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-èibhlean.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

'S bòidheach am baganach
Seòras na h-eaglais,
Chualas na creagan
Toirt freagairt d' a éigheachd ;
Shamblaich mi 'm fleasgach ud
Ris a' gharra-ghartan,
Cho bìogach r' a fhaicinn,
'S cho neartmhor r' a éisdeach.

Tha mi ro bhuidheach, &c.

Tha Curstaidh fo chachdan,
Mur bhailich mi 'macan,
Gu 'n abrainn an garran,
Ri fleasgach cho treun ris ;
Seas thusa fa 'chomhair,
Is amhaire a chrodhan,
'S an tè thug an dreobhan air,
Thomhais i féin e.

Tha ri ro bhuidheach, &c.

ORAN NA CARAIDE BIGE.

Tha dithis anns an dùthaich-s',
Tha triall gu dhol a phùsadh ;
'S gur beag an t-aodach ùr,
Ni gùn dhoibh a's léine.

*Hei tha mo run duit,
Ito, tha mo run duit,
Hei tha mo run duit,
A runn ghil' na tréig mi.*

Dithis a tha ùg iad,
Dithis a tha bòidheach,
Dithis tha gun òirleach
A chòrr air a chéile.

Hei, tha mo run duit, &c.

Ma bhios macan buan ac',
'S gu 'n téid e ris an dual'chas,
Cuiridh e gu luath
An cù-ruadh as an t-saobhaidh.

Hei, tha mo run duit, &c.

Ach ma thèid a chrùsach,
Sgaoilt' air feadh na dùthcha,
Thèid prospig ris na sùilean,
Tha dùil a 'm, mus léir iad.

Hei, tha mo run duit, &c.

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, thrésg e a leannan.]

'S ANN a bhuail an iorghuill,
Air an t-suiridheach tha 'n so shìos,
Chuir e 'ùgh' air céile,
'S gu 'n do réitich iad 'n an dìos ;
Shaoil mi féin 'n uair thèisich iad,
Gu 'n còrdadh iad gun sgìos ;
Ach chum àsraidh beag do gamhuinn iad,
Gun cheangal còrr is mìos.

Sin, 'n uair thuirte a' mhaighdean,
Nach foighnich sibh rium fios,
Is innsidh mi a rìreadh,
Gu 'm bu chaochlaideach a rian ;
Gu robh e cheart cho de'nach,
Ri duin' òg a chualas riamh ;
'S a nis gu 'n ghabh e bhuar dhiom,
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'n'n air aghaidh ann a chùis ;
'S e roghnaich es' an tàillearachd—
'S i b' fheàrr leis na bhì pùd' ;
O nach d' fhuair e 'n gamhuinn àsraidh,
Ged fhaigheadh e 'm bàs de 'n spùt.

Dh-aithnich mi 's an amhare ort,
Gu robh do thomhas ganm,
Chunnaic mi air t-iomchuinn,
Gu robh 'n iom-chomhairl' 'n ad cheann ;
'S nach robh do spiorad diomhair,
'G a do ghriosaibh 's a' cheart àm ;
'Nuair b' fheàrr leat gamhuinn caoile,
Na do bhean, 's do ghaol, 's do chlann.

H-uile fear a chì thu,
'G a do dhìteadh air do chùil,
Ged leasaich sinn an t-airgead dhut,
Mu cheithir mhàrg 's ni 's mò,
'S e their gach filidh facail riut,
Gu spot chur air do chliù,
Gu 'n d' rinn an gamhuinn bacailinn,
Do chontract ' chuir air cùil.

'S mis a fhuair mo chàradh,
Leis na fearaibh as gach taobh,
A' mbeud 's a bha 'g am iarraidh dhiubh,
'S nach b' fbiach leam duin' ach thu ;

Shaoil mi féin 's an fhoghar,
'Nuair a thag mi thu á triùir,
Nach fanadh tu cho fada bhuam,
Ged b' fhiach an gamhuinn crùn.

AM BOC GLAS.

Os tha mi na m' aonar,
Gu'n team 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.
*P'è hé fannndarai fèininn òth-orò,
Hithilì fannndarai fèininn òth-orò,
Fa-thel-oth fannndarai fèininn òth-orò,
Hithilì shiubhal e,
Hannndarai 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 Iar' òig.
Pe he fannndarai, &c.

'Nuair thigeadh am Foghar,
Co dhianadh a bhuam?
Co dhianadh an ceanghal,
No sgrùdhadh an sguab?
Co chuireadh na siamanan,
Ceart air na tudanan?
Ach am boc luideach,
Nu'm faigheadh e duais.
Pe he fannndarai, &c.

Gu'n tug iad a' chobhair ud,
Bhuaine gun fhios;
A's dh' fhagadh na gobhair
Gun bhaine gun bhloechd;
Tha sine nigh'n Uilleim,
A caoine 'sa tuireadh,
'S a suilean a' silleadh
Air son a bhuic ghlaiss.
Pe he fannndarai, &c.

Note.—This song was composed on a rake in Sutherland shire, who, having got a number of young women in the family way, was obliged to take refuge in the Sutherland fencibles, where the poet gave him the name of *Boc Glas*—a name that he retained during life. The tune is excellent, and may justly be entitled the first of the Sutherland shire pipe jigs. It was the poet's own composition. He also composed several other popular airs of great merit.

ORAN.

[Do dh' fhear a bha suiridh air nighinn òig, agus fear eile bhi 'g a toirt bhuaithe; bha mathair na h-ìoghinn (a tha labhart 's a' cheud rann) 'n a banàraich aig Morair Mac-Aoidh, agus e-san 'n a bhuachaille; agus am fear bha toirt na h-ìoghinn bhuaipe 'n a bhreabadair.—Tha t-òran air a sgrìobhadh do rèir dearbh Ghàidlig a bhàrd féin oir cha ghabhadh e seinn air còchlach dòigh.]

LUINNEAG.

*Tha 'n gille math ruadh,
'S e laidir, luath,
Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas
'S nach d' fhuair e i.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh,
'S e laidir, luath,
Cha 'n urr' e bhi suas,
'S nach d' fhuair e i.*

FULEASGAICH tha 'g imeachd
An agbaidh na gaoith,
Gun dùil aig mo nighinn
Thu thighinn a chaidh;
Gu 'm b' fhearr a bhi shuas leat
Am buaile Mhic-Aoidh,
Na fleasgach na fighe,
Le fhichead bò laogh.*
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Cha 'n urradh mi dhearbhadh
Mar chearb air bhuir clann,
Gur ann anns na càirdean
Tha mhèirl' air an fonn,
'Nuair théid gach mearachd
A chionachadh tholl,
Bidh fuigheall an innich
'S an ime cho trom.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Tha Seumas Mac-Cullach,
'N a dhuine 'm beil spéis,
Tha onoir bho 'leanabas
'G a dhearbhadh 'n a bheus;
Tha fear anns a' bhaile-'
Gun chol ach an spréidh,
Tha e 'n uidheam na goide
Ni 's faide no éis'.
Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

Mo chomhairl' a nìgean,
'S na snidhich do bhonn,
Air rud bhios 'n a pheanas,
'S 'n a mhearachd dhut tholl,
Tha dùil agad achdaidh
Ri beartas 'n a steoll,
Le fuigheall an innich,
'S cha chinnich e boll.

Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

* Fichead maide na beairte.

Na 'm faiceadh sibh 'm fleasgachan
 Tapaidh a th' againn,
 Ag iomart nan casan
 Mu seach air na maidean,
 Le 'iteachan inuich
 A' pilleadh 's a' glagartaich,
 Cnap aig a' mhuidh,
 'S an t-slinn a' feadaireachd.

Tha 'n gille math ruadh, &c.

ORAN FHAOLAIN.

[Sgalag a bh'aig a' bhàrd, air an robh Faolan aca mar leas-ainm. Cha robh Faolan ach 'n a chreutair fachanta, agus b' àbhaist do dh' ingheannan a' bhàird a bhi 'g a thilgeadh air a chèile mar leannan.]

LUNNEAG.

*Gu neartaich an seallbh,
 'S gu leasaich an seallbh,
 An t-abhagan mairbh ud, Faolan.
 Gu neartaich an seallbh,
 'S gu leasaich an seallbh,
 An t-abhagan mairbh ud, Faolan.*

Thig Ealasaid Mhoraidh,
 'Nuair chromas a' ghrian,
 O 'n eirthir a nìs do 'n dithreach,
 Oir chual' i 'n a chagaraich' bheaga aig càch,
 An t-urram bha ghnà aig Faolan.
Gu neartaich an seallbh, &c.

Thàinig oirnn Iain le naidheachd a nuas,
 Cha chreid mi nach cual' an sgìr' e,
 Gu 'n deachaidh nàimn Curstaidh
 Le briogadh do Chlurraig,
 Eagal bhi dùl air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an seallbh, &c.

Tha Curstaidh a's Deònadh,
 A's Céitidh nigh'n Deursa,
 Is Màiri bhuidh' òg nan caorach,
 'G an deasachadh mìr, gu leasachadh pròis,
 A shreasdail 's gu 'm pòs iad Faolan
Gu neartaich an seallbh, &c.

Tha Curstaidh bheag Dhonn,
 'S a cridhe ro throm,
 Air eagal nach crom rith' Faolan;
 Tha Màiri ag ràdh nach dean e dh'ì sth,
 Nach 'eil e nì 's fearr no caolan!
Gu neartaich an seallbh, &c.

An uair a fhuair Ceitidh sealladh dheth ris,
 'S e thubhairt i féin a's faoil oirr'.
 Ged nach 'eil mi 'g a fhaicinn
 Cho sgìobalt ri phirt,
 'S ann tha e nì 's fearr na shaoil mi.
Gu neartaich an seallbh, &c.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh nighean,
 No bean air an fhèd,
 A bheireadh d' an deòin an gaol dà,
 O 'n tha e gu sìogaideach, rugaideach, marbh,
 Cha bhoc, is cha tarbh, ach laos-boc.
Gu neartaich an seallbh, &c.

Gu'm beil a' bhean againn 'n a laidhe ri làr,
 'S i 'g acainn gu bràth a caol-druim
 Cha chuir i dhuinn tuilleadh
 A' mhìn air a' bhùrn;
 Ach dheanadh i taobh ri Faolan.
Gu neartaich an seallbh, &c.

Tha bean-an-taigh' againne
 Leth-cheud 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 seallbh, &c.

Tha Ceitidh a's Curstaidh, gu briogant' an cùil,
 O 'n tha iad an dùil ri daoine;
 'Nuair bhios mi beartach,
 Gu 'n toir mi dhuibh gùn,
 Na 'n deanadh iad mùn air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an seallbh, &c.

Comhairl a bheirinn a nìs ort a Phàdaidh,
 O 'n nach 'eil nàir 'na t-aodann,
 'Nuair nì mi 'n ath ebrathadh
 Gun toir mi dhut greim,
 Na 'n leigeadh tu br * 'in air Faolan.
Gu neartaich an seallbh, &c.

Shaoil leam nach labhradh e
 Mu'n a' bhuntat',*
 Ach bidh e nì's paight' no shaoil leis,
 Na 'n tigeadh an donas do 'n bhail-s' na dheann,
 Gu tugainn air cheann da Faolan.
Gu neartaich an seallbh, &c.

* The bard and Faolan being one day planting potatoes in a field near a public-house, some acquaintances of the former came that way, who went in to have some refreshment, and took him along with them. Faolan also followed, and got his "shill," 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 DHAIBHI' DO DH' ARCAMH.

[Bha Daibhidh 'so 'n a bhuachaille, agus 'n a àireach, aig duin' usal àraidh, ann am bail' eile, beagan mhiltean bhò 'àite fèin; agus 'nuair a bha Daibhidh dol dachaigh leis an tna agus leis a' chàise, gu mhaighstir, fhuair e air bàta ceilpe, bha dol an rathad; ach 's ann chuireadh leis an stoirn iad air tìr ann an Arcamh, 's ged a b' ann 's a' ghrund a rachadh Daibhidh, cha deanadh na nàbaidhnean mòran caoidh air a shon.]

Nach cruaidh, craiteach, an t-aiseag,
A fhuair Dhaibhidh do dh' Arcamh,
Dh-fhalbh an càise, 's a' cheilp, a's e-fèin.
Nach cruaidh, &c.

O 'n chaidh a bhàs dheanamh cinnteach,
Shuas mu bhraighe Loch-Uinnseard,
Gu'm bu ghàireach gùth minn as a dhéigh.
O 'n chaidh, &c.

Thubhairt nigh'n Dho'uill 'Ic Fhiunnlaidh,
Ris an t-Siorramh neo-shunndach,
Dearb cha mhise an t-aon neach tha 'n éis.
Thubhairt nigh'n, &c.

Ma chaill thusa t' fhear impidh,
Chaill mise m' fhear aon-taigh;
Co nis is fear-punndaidh do 'n spréidh?
Ma chaill thusa, &c.

Bha do nàbaidhnean toigheach,
Anns gach bàgh 'g iarraidh naidheachd,
'S leis a' chràdh bh'orr', cha'n fhaigheadh iad deur
Bha do nàbaidhnean, &c.

Ach o 'n chual iad thu philleadh,
O na cuaintean, gun mhilleadh,
Shin an sluagh ud air sìleadh gu léir.
Ach o 'n chual iad, &c.

Mach o acarairh thrailleil,
Bhios a' streup mu do cheairde,
Cha bhi creutair gun chràdh as do dheigh.
Mach o acarairh, &c.

Ach ma 's bàs dùt mas tig thu,
'S ann bhios deuchainn a ghliocais,
Aig an fhear bhios cur lic ort le spéis.
Ach ma 's bàs, &c.

Sgrìobhar sìos air a braighe—
'So am ball 's am beil Daibhidh,
A luchd na h-encoir, thig bàs oirbh gu léir.'
Sgrìobhar sìos, &c.

Sgrìobhar suaicheantas Dhaibhidh;
Ceann gaibhre, a's càbag,
Rotach gleadhraich, a's faladair gear.
Sgrìobhar suaicheantas, &c.

Ceann griomach a bhagair,
Sùil mhiogach nam praban,
Beul bìogach nan eagar 's nam breug.
Ceann griomach, &c.

'S ann tha 'n eachdairidh ghàbhaidh,
Nis mu ais-eiridh Dhaibhidh,
'S e tighinn dachaigh 'n a stàirneanach treun.
'S ann tha 'n eachdairidh, &c.

Leis gach deoch a bha blasda,
Is iomadh biadh nach do chleachd e,
'S ann is fearr e 'na phearsa mar chend,
Leis gach deoch, &c.

Dh-fhas e stailceanach, pùinnseach,
'S ann is treis' air gach puig e,
Cuiribh 'cheist ris a' mnaoi aige fein.
Dh-fhas e stailceineach, &c.

Tha mnathan uaisl' auns a' mhachair,
O na chual iad mar thachair,
Chuid bu stuama an cleachdaibh 's am beus.
Tha mnathan uaisl' &c.

A bhiodh deònach gu 'n tachradh,
Gnothuch còir anns na cairtean,
Bheireadh oirnn' dol a dh' Arcamh gu leir.
A bhiodh deònach, &c.

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

ORAN AN AINM DITHIS NIGHEAN

IAIN MHIC EACHAINN.

[Tè dhiubh air tighinn dachaigh bho sgoil, agus gun spéis aice nis, na 'm b' fhlòr, do 'n dùthaich; agus an tè eile, nach robh riamh o 'n bhaile, a' moladh na dùthcha.]

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 fosgailt',
'S graine shop ri làr.

Cha 'n 'eil sèdmar aig Rìgh Breatainn,
'S taitneich' leam na 'n Càrn,
Oir tha e uaignidheach do ghrugaich,
'S ni e fuaim 'nuair 's àill;

Feur a's coille, blà a's duille,
'S iad fo iomadh neul,
Is ise le *echo*, mar na teudan,
Seirm gach séis a 's fearr.

Cha b' àite còmhnuidh leam air Dhòmhnaich,
A bhi 'n rùig no 'n càrn,
Oir, mur robh strìanach ann air bhliadhna,
Cha robh riamh ni b' fhearr;
Fuaim na beinne, 's gruaim a' ghlinne,
'S fuathach leam a' ghàir;
O! cràdh mo chridhe, reubadh lighe,
An t-àit an tìghe 'm feur.

Ciod am fath mu 'n tug thu fuath sin,
Do na bruachaibh ard?
Nach fhaic thu fein, 'nuair thig an spreidh,
Gur feumail iad le 'n àl?
Cha chràdh cridhe, air làrach shuidhe,
Fuaim na lighe lain,
Do 'n gnàth bhi claghach roimh a h-aghaidh,
Is feur na deighidh a' fàs.

Na bha fìrinneach dheth t-amhran,
'N fhad 's bha 'n samhradh blàth.
Rinn e tionndadh oidhche-Shamhna,
'S bheir an gearhadh 'shàr;
Duille shuidhicht' barr an fhiodha,
Dh-fàs i buidhe-bhàn,
'S tha mais' 'n t-Srath' air call a dhath,
Le steall de chathadh-làir.

Gleidhidh 'n talamh thun an t-samhraidh,
Sin a chrann e 'n dràs,
Beath a's calltunn latba-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 chliathadh,
'S nach robh biadh a' fàs;
B' fhearr bhi folluiseach an Goll-thaobh,
Na bhi 'n comunn ghraigs.
Air mo dholladh leis an chonnadh,
Laimh ri bolla fàil.

Note.—This is a contrast between the pleasures of a town and a pastoral life, as if by two young ladies, (daughters of the celebrated "*Iain Mac-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 muse in descriptive poetry.

MARBHRANN IAIN GHRE,

ROGHAIKD.

[Agus e air caochladh ann an Siorramachd Pheairt, air a shlighe dol dachaigh do Chat-taobh.]

Tha rògairean airtnealach, trom,
'N taobh bhos agus thall do na *Chrasg*,
O 'n chual iad mu 'n cuairt an Ceann-ciunnidh,
Gu 'n do dh-euge an Siorramachd Pheairt;
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 e féin Rìgh nam fearr.

Cha 'n aithne dhomh aon ni cho laidir,
'S an t-saoghul-s', ri bàs, gu toirt teum;
'N t-stràc thug e an dràs' oirn an aghairt,
Gun do marbh e fear Roghaird do leum.
Tha Sàtan ro bhrònach, 's cha 'n iognadh,
Ged fhaigheadh e 'n t-aon-sa dha féin,
Air son nach 'eil fathast air sgeul aig'
Fear a sheasas dha 'àite 'na dhéigh.

'S fad a bho chunnacas, 's a chualas,
Gur teachdaire gruamach am bàs;
Gidheadh gu'm beil euid bh'ann an daoich ris,
Toirt rud-eigin gaoil da an dràs':
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 càch.

Sibhshe tha mòr agus mion,
Sibhshe tha sean 's a tha òg,
Thugaibh cheart air' air a' bhàs,
'Nuair is beartaich' 's is làine bhur cròg;
Oir thig e mar mhèirleach 's an oidhcl',
Ged robh sibh uile cruinn mu na bhòrd;
'S cha 'n fheudar a mhealladh le foill,
'S gu 'n do mheall e Ceann-feadhna nan ròg.

Rinn deamhnan is trìucairean talmhaidh,
Election mu chealgair bhiodh trenn,
Co bu stàraich', bu chàraich', 's bu cheilgeich',
'S a b' fhearr chuireadh lith air a' bhréig;
B' e Sàtan am breitheamh bu shine,
Da 'm b' aithne gach fine fo 'n ghréin;
'S b' i 'bharail nach fhaigheadh e leithid,
Mur robh e 's na Grèadaich iad féin.

Bu mhatth leam an ciontach a bhuailadh,
'S cha b' àil 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 ghabh.

Tha breugan a's cuir air am fàgail,
Do 'n thear a's fearr tàlann g' an ius';
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' i chion aois;
Ach an sin gheibh e obair an t-Sàtain,
Ceart comb-luath 's is bàs do fhear Chraoich.

M A R B H R A N N,

UILLIEM MHUILLEIR, AN CEARD.

O 'nuair 's a chaidh Uilleam fo 'n ùir,
Gur tearc againn sùil tha gun deur,
Do mhuilleir, a bhrachair, no 'chèicair,
No 'mhathas da 'n nòs bhì ri sprèidh;
Cha mhodha na clambain a's gaobhair,
Tha subhach 's an fhoghar-s' 'n a dhéigh;
Air son gu 'm buin iomall na cloinne,
Gach ubh a's gach eireng dhaibh féin.

'S glan a tha 'n talamhs-s' 'n a fhàsach,
O 'nuair chaidh thu bàs o cheann mìos;
Ge maiseach na macain so dh-fhàg thu,
Cha seas iad dhuinn t-àitse 'n an dìos;
'S ann a tha acuinne do cheàirde,
Mar rud chaidh 'n an clàraibh 's an dìosg,
An t-òrd a's am balg ris an teine,
An rusp, a's an t-innein, 's an t-ìosp.

'S giorra mo sgil, na mo dhùrachd,
Gu 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 gaor aig na coin 'g a do ruith,
Agus nìr air dhroch bhrùich ann do dhòrn.

Air fhad 's a thèid cliù ort a leantuinne,
Cha 'n urrainn mi chantainn gu leòir;
'S tu dh-fhuineadh, a ghuitendh, 's a chriathradh,
'S tu dh-itheadh, 's a dh-iarradh an còrr;
'S tu rùchadh 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 feadh na talmhainn-s
A' choiteir, a' shearbhant, no 'thuath,
Nach ionndraineadh Uilleam, as aodann
Oir shiùbhladh e 'n sgìre ri uair;
Nis o '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.

M A R B H R A N N,

DO THRIUIR SHEANN FHEASGACH.

[CLANN FHIR TAIGH RUSPUINN.]

AIR FÖNN—"Latha ' siubhal sleibhe dhomh."

'N AN laidhe so gu h-ìosal,
Far na thiodhlaic sinn an triùir,
Bha fallain, làidir, inntinneach,
'Nuair d' inntig a' bhliadhn' ùr;
Cha deach' seachad fathast,
Ach deich latha dh' i o thùs;—
Cìod fhios nach tig an teachdair-s' oirnn,
Nì 's braise na ar dùil?

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 cluaidh,
Bha an aon bheatha thimcil ac',
'S bha 'n aodach de 'n aon chlàimh;
Mu 'n aon uair a bhàsaich iad,
'S bha 'n nàdur d' an aon bhnaidh;
Chaidh 'n aon siubhal dhaoine leo,
'S chaidh 'n sineadh 's an aon uaigh.

Bu daoine nach d' rinn briseadh iad,
Le fiosrachadh do chàch;
'S cha mhò a rinn iad aon dad,
Ris an can an saoghal gràs;
Ach ghineadh iad, a's rugadh iad,
Is thogadh iad, a's dh-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 seanu daoine,
Nach d' ionnsuich an staid phòsd';

Nach gabh na tha 'nan dleasan,
A dheasachadh no lòn,
Ach caomhnadh nì gu falair dhaibh,
S a' falach an cuid ùir.

Cha chaith iad féin na rinn iad,
Agus oigbheachan 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 bì mì fhéin,
Gur duirche, taisgte 'n t-òr ac',
Na 'nuair bha e 'n tòs 's a mhèinn.

Barail ghlic an Ard-Rìgh—
Dh-fhàg e pàirt de bhuidhean gann,
Gu feuchainn iochd a's oileanachd,
D' an dream d' an tug e meall ;
C' arson nach tugta pòrsan,
Dhe 'n cuid stòrais aig gach àm,
Do bhochdan an Tì dheònaicheadh,
An còrr a chur 'na cheann ?

An déigh na rinn mi rùsgadh dhuibh,
Tha dùil agam gun iochd,
'S a liuthad facal firinneach
A dhìrich mi 'n ur n-uchd,
Tha eagal orm nach éisd sibh,
Gu bhì feumail do na bhochd ;*
Nì 's mò na rinn na fleasgaich ud,
A sheachduin gus a nochd.

Note.—Two of these bachelors were somewhat remarkable, having been born together, brought up together, and died within a night of each other. They were buried in the same hour, in the same grave, and by the same company of men. Their whole study, from their youth, was to hoard up money, and had much of it hid under ground, which they neither had the heart to use themselves, nor to bestow upon their friends, none of which has yet been found.

MARBHRANN

DO DH' IAIN MAC-EACHUINN.

[An duin' 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-eòlais 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 Iain Mac-Eachainn gu 'n robh e ceart.]

Iain Mhic-Eachainn, o dh-eug thu,
C' àit an téid sinn a dh-fhaotainn
Duine sheasas 'n ad fhine,
An rathad tionail no sgaoilidh.

* It is said that a wandering beggar called upon them for alms seven days previous to their death, whom they refused to relieve, a circumstance at which the bard hints above.

'S nì tha cinnt' gur beart' chunnairt,
Nach dean duine tha aosd' e,
'S ged a bheirt' de 'n àl òg e,
'S tearc tha beò fear a chì e.

Dearbh cha b' ionann do bheatha,
'S do dh' fhir tha fathast an caomhnadh,
Thionail airgead a's fearann,
'S b' dh' buidhean eile 'g an sgaoileadh ;
Bhios iad féin 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' pàidheadh gu moltach,
Na bhios ac' air a chéile ;
Ach an còrr, thèid a thasgaidh,
Gur cruaidh a cheiltinn o 'n fhéile,
Is tha 'n sporan 's an sùilean,
Cheart cho dùit' air an fheumach.

Leis an leth-onoir riataich-s',
Tha na ciadan diubh faomadh,
Leis am fearr bhì fo fhìchan,
Fad aig Dia na aig daoine ;
Thig fo chall air nach beir iad,
'S e ceann mu dheireadh an dèteadh,
" C' uim nach tug sibh do 'n bhochd,
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 suilleir,
Air chor 's gu 'm beir an t-àl òg' air ;
Oir tha t-ìomradh-s' cho feumail,
Do 'n neach a thèid ann do rùidean,
'S a bha do chuid, fhad 's bu mhaireann,
Do 'n neach bu ghàim' ann an stòras.

Fhir tha 'n latha 's an comas,
Ma 's àill leat alla tha fiughail,
So an tim mu do choinneamh,
An còir dhut greimeachadh dlù ris ;—
Tha thu 'm batal a' bhàis,
A thug an t-àrmunn-s' do 'n ùir uainn,
Glacadh gach fear agaibh 'oifig,
'S mo làmh-s' gu 'n cothaich i cliù dhuibh.

Oir ged tha cuid a bhios fachaidd,
Air an neach a tha fialaidh,
'S i mo bharail-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 lobairt do bhith-bhuantachd,
Air son trì fichead de bhliadhnaich'.

'S lìonmhor neach bha gun socair,
A chuir thu 'n stoc le do dhùilig,
Agus bàth-ghìollan gòrach,
Thionail eòlas le t-éisdeachd ;
Dearbh cha 'n aithne dhomh aon neach,
Mach o ùmaidhnean spréidhe,
Nach 'eil an iuntinn fo cudthron,
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' fheàrr leat punnd dheth do chuid bhuat,
Na unnsa cuid-throim air t-iuntinn ;
Thilg thu t-aran 's na b-uisgean,
'S gheibh do shliochd iomadh-fillt' e.

Chi mi 'n t-aim-beartach uasal,
'S e làn gruamain a's airtneil,
'S e gun airgead 'n a phòcaid,
Air an taigh-bda dol seachad ;
Chi mi bhantrach bhochd, dheurach,
Chi 'n déireach làn acrais,
Chi mi 'n dilleachdan ruisgte
Is e falbh anns na ragaibh.

Chi mi 'n ceòl-fhear gun mheas air,
Call a ghibhtean chion cleachdaidh,
Chi mi feumach chion combairl',
A' call a ghnòthuich 's a thapadh.
Na 'm bitheadh air' agam fhìarachd,
Ciod 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-iomadaidh sluaigh so,
'N an eulaidh-thruais chionn 's nach brò thu,
'S ged e 'n call-s' a tha 'n nachdar,
Chi mi buannachd nan òlach :—
O 'n a thaisbean domh 'm bliadluna,
Iomadh biadhtach nach b' eòl domh,
Mar na reannagan riallaidh,
An déigh do 'n ghrian a dhul fo orr'.

'S tric le marbhrannan moltaich,
A bhios cleachdach 's na dùthchaibh-s',
Gu 'm bi coimeasgadh masguill,
Tigh'nn a stench ann' 'n a bhrùchdao
Ach ged robh mis' air mo mhionnan,
Don 'Tì tha cumail nan dùilean,
Cha do luaidh mu 'n doine-s',
Ach buaidh a chunna' mo shùil air.

MARBHÀIR EOGHAINN.

LUNNEAG.

'S cian fada, gur fada,
'S cian fada gu leòir,
O 'n là bha thu fo sheach-thinn,
Gun aon ag acain do bhròin ;
Ma tha 'n tim air dol seachad,
'S nach d' rinn thu cleachdadh air chòir,
Ged nach dàil dut ach seachduin,
Dean droch fhasan a leòn.

'S tric thu, Bhàis, cur an cèill dhuinn,
Bhi sìor 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-fhòghnadh,
Le do leum as na cùirtean,
Do na chùil am beil Eòghann.
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Ach na 'n creideadh sinn, Aoig, thu,
Cha bhiodh 'n saoghal-s' 'g ar dalladh,
'S nach 'eil b-aon de shliochd Adhaimb,
Air an t-mallt leat cromadh ;
'S i mo bharail gur fìor sud,
Gur àrd 's gur ìosal do shealladh ; *
Thug thu Pelham à mòrachd,
'S an d' fhuair thu Eòghann 's a' Pholladh ?
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Tha thu tigh'nn air an t-seòrs' ud,
Mu 'm beil bròn dhaoine mòra,
'S tha thu tighinn air muinntir,
Mu nach cluinntear bhi còine ;
Cha 'n 'eil aon 's an staid mheadhoin,
Tha saor fathast o dhòghruinn,
Do nach buin a bhi caitheis,
Eadar Pelham a's Eòghann.
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

Tha iad tuiteam mu 'n cuairt duinn,
Mar 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 cuail thu Eòghann fo ghalar ?
Fhir a's mò anns na b-àitean-s',
An cuail thu bàs mhaighstir Pelham ?
'S cian fada, gur fada, &c.

* “ Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.”—*Hor. Carmin. lib. i. Carmin. iv.*

Ach a chuidheachd mo chridhe,
 Nach toir an dithis-s' oirn sgathadh!
 Sinn mar choinneil an launtair,
 'S an dà cheann a' sìor 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, &c.

Note.—Among Rob Donn's elegies, it would be difficult to distinguish the best. But as a test of his own abilities as a poet we would at once fix upon *Màrghrann Eoghainn*, where he makes his subject a general one—the uncertainty of time, and the calls to preparation for death sounded to mankind in the simultaneous fall of the high and the low, the rich and the poor. The use made of the circumstances that led to it exhibits a poet's mind. Rob Donn had heard accounts of the death of Mr Pelham, the first minister of state. The same day when this intelligence reached him, he took a stroll to the neighbouring mountains of Durness, in search of deer. He was for that day unsuccessful; but judging, as a sportsman can on such occasions, that better fortune might attend him the following morning, instead of returning home he determined to spend the night, and await the dawn, at a solitary house situated at the head of Loch Erribol, that he might be the more nigh to surprise his game when morning arrived. The bleak dreariness of this spot of itself might present almost to any mind a striking contrast to all that we deem comfortable, social, or desirable in life. Here was a solitary hut (still standing), where the bard was to pass the night. And here was a solitary man, decrepid in old age, stretched on his wretched bed of straw, or heath, and so exhausted by a violent attack of asthma, that the bard pronounced him, in his own mind, surely in the very grasp of the King of Terrors. The idea of Mr Pelham's death, called away from the summit of ambition and worldly greatness, contrasted with this individual's state, set our author to the invoking of his muse. Ewen was unable from weakness to converse, or even to speak with the bard, who, kindling a fire for himself, sat down, and the elegy being composed, he was humming it over. He soon found, however, that Ewen had still his bodily sense of hearing, and his mental sense of pride. When the bard came to the recital of the last verse, the concluding lines of which may be thus metrically rendered, though we acknowledge not poetically,—

"Among men's sons where could be found
 One lowly, poor, like thee?
 And where in all this earth's wide round,
 But kings, more high than He?"

Ewen, summoning the remains of his strength to one effort of revenge for the insult in the former two lines, seizing a club, crept out of bed, and was at the full stretch of his withered arm wielding a blow at the bard's

head, who only observed it just in time to avoid it. He used, we may believe, the mildest measures to pacify Ewen's choler. He related the circumstance afterwards to some of his friends; and, though others frequently spoke of it as a good joke, the bard could never indulge, we are told, even in a smile, upon the subject. He spoke of it with solemnity; and did not desire to hear the circumstance repeated. Ewen's elegy has been frequently compared to the well known Ode of Horace, "*Solentur acris hirs*," &c.; and had Rob Donn studied Horace, we would doubtless say that he had at least in view the lines, "*Pallida mors aquo pulsat pede*," &c. &c.—*Memoir*. 1859.

R A N N.

[A rinn am bàrd, air madainn, ann an taigh mìnstear 'Shléibhte, air an turas bha e san eilean-sgiathanach. Thainig bàrd de mhuinntir an Eilein do thaigh a' mhinistear, agus iad ri 'm biadh-maidne. Dh-iarr am mìnstear air rann a dheanamb air:—“Sgiath chogaidh, Im, muc, plomb-thombaca, agus Sagart.” Rinn am bàrd Sgiathanach so, mar chithear; agus thubhairt Rob Donn, “‘S bochd dh-fhag thu ‘n Sagart,” agus ann an tiota rinn e-eféin a'n rann mu dheireadh.]

THUIRT AM BÀRD SGIATHANACH.

A' mhuc mar bhaidh,
 'S an sgiath mar bhòrd,
 'S an Sagart nach itheadh an t-ìm,
 Sparrainn a' phìob 'u a thòin.

THUIRT ROB DONN.

Bhaidhainn an Sagart gu grinn—
 Bheirinn dha 'n t-ìm air a' mhuie;
 An targaid air a làimh chli,
 A's pìob-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 (*Jain Mac Eachainn*) 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 ‘*Màrghrann Eoghainn*,’—it will be greatly more instructive than any sermon you can give.” Mr Macdonald's esteem for Ewen's elegy did not go quite so far, as to cause him to adopt the advice.

DONNACHADH BAN.

DUNCAN MACINTYRE, commonly called *Donnacha Bàn nan òran* was born at Drumiaghart, 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 Chloim-an-Leisdeir*.) He endeavours to excuse himself for his retreat, and more especially for parting with such a useless weapon; and he could have entered the army of the prince with much more zeal, had he been among the Jacobites. He, therefore, indulges his inclination in the descriptions he gave. The resentment of a bard, was not, in former days, incurred with impunity. The poem was known every where, recited in all parts. The famous battle of Falkirk was enough to give it publicity; and the ridicule so ingeniously, though indirectly, aimed at the gentleman who refused so paltry a sum of money to one who risked his life on his account, was well understood in the whole country. But Macintyre was not satisfied with all he said of the useless sword. He complained of the injustice done him, to the Earl of Breadalbane, who obliged Mr Fletcher to pay him his wages.

The first time he saw Macintyre after paying him, was at a market; being incensed at him for daring to complain of him, and more so because of his audacity in lampooning him, he stepped up, and taking his staff, struck him, exclaiming, "Go, fellow, and compose a song to *that*." The humble poet of nature was obliged to submit in silence, to the unworthy treatment, and, shrugging his shoulders, walked away. But the pain he felt was momentary; not so the wound of the passionate man, inflicted by the sharp edge of genius. It was probed by the disapprobation of all who witnessed his conduct, which recoiled on himself as a more severe punishment than he had given to the young poet of rising fame.

Duncan Macintyre, being a good marksman, was appointed forester to the Earl of Breadalbane, in *Coire-Cheathaich*, and *Beinn-dòrain*; and afterwards to the Duke of 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 "*Beinn-*

dòain," and "*Coire-Cheuthaich*," in strains that are inimitable, and have rendered his name immortal. Good judges of Gaelic poetry seem to be at a loss to which of these productions to give the preference. The first required powers, and knowledge of the noble amusement of the chase, and of the music of the bagpipes, to which few can aspire. And while we affirm that he was never equalled in this species except by the celebrated M'Donald, in his praise of Mòrag, we must conclude it to be his master-piece. And where is any to be compared to the last? which is indeed unrivalled.

Public schools were but thinly established in the Highlands of Scotland in his early days; and his place of residence was distant from the parochial school, so that our author derived no benefit from education. He possessed no advantage in reading the works of others, nor had he an opportunity of getting his own productions written. One advantage he had that was common to all lovers of song—he heard the poetry of his country recited; and, so tenacious was his memory, that not a line, or a word, of his own composition escaped it, which had only been written when sent to the press. A clergyman transcribed them from oral recitation. The first edition of his poems and songs was published in 1768. He went through the Highlands for subscribers, to defray the expense. During his life his work came to three editions, and since then, one edition was printed in Glasgow, in 1833.

He afterwards served in the Earl of Breadalbane's Fencible regiment, during the period of six years, (1793—1799) until it was discharged; he was a considerable time in the city guard of Edinburgh; and after that lived a retired life, subsisting on what he could have saved of the subscriptions of the third edition, which he published in 1804. The collection contains lyric, comic, epic, and religious compositions, all of merit, and composed solely by himself, unassisted in any way but by the direction and power of his own genius. His poetical talents, therefore, justly entitle him to rank among the first of the modern bards. He died at Edinburgh, in October, 1812. In his younger days he was remarkably handsome, and throughout his whole life possessed an agreeable and easy disposition. He was a pleasant and convivial companion; inoffensive, and never wantonly attacked any person; but, when provoked, he made his enemy feel the power of his resentment. See his verses to Uisdean and others. Neither he nor M'Donald knew when to set bounds to their descriptions, and in their satires went on beyond measure.

Duncan Macintyre lived to see the last edition of his poems delivered to his subscribers. The Rev. Mr M'Callum, of Arisaig, "saw him travelling slowly with his wife. He was dressed in the Highland garb, with a checked bonnet, over which a large bushy tail of a wild animal hang; a badger's skin fastened by a belt in front, a hanger by his side, and a soldier's wallet was strapped to his shoulders. He was not seen by any present before then, but was immediately recognised. A forward young man asked him 'if it was he that made Ben-dourain?' 'No,' replied the venerable old man, 'Ben-dourain was made before you or I was born, but I made a poem in praise of Ben-dourain.' He then enquired if any would buy a copy of his book. I told him to call upon me, paid him three shillings, and had some conversation with him. He spoke slowly; he seemed to have no high opinion of his own works; and said little of Gaelic poetry; but said, that officers in

the army used to tell him about the Greek poets; and Pindar was chiefly admired by him."

Of his works, the poems and songs composed when following the pursuits of his youthful pleasures, are incomparably the best. It would be endless to attempt to mark the particular beauties in them. The reader must peruse them all in their native garb, the natural scenes of his darling pursuits are well known, but in his description every thing assumes a novel appearance, and in the enchanted scenes that rapidly pass, we wonder that we never observed such beauties before in so bewitching colours. His soul was poured out in the animating and interesting strains. His language is simple and appropriate; chaste and copious. He is most felicitous in the choice of words, idioms, and expressions. He was a man of observation and thought, and revolved the subject of his study often in his mind. M'Donald is learned, and indicates the scholar on all occasions; he was the pupil of nature. M'Donald could not compose on the spur of the moment, a reply *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 have been able to compose what you have repeated." Well, Macintyre commenced in the same measure, and continued in flowing and ready numbers till the gentleman was glad to stop him by giving him his reward.

Of his love songs the best is that composed to his wife "Màiri Bhàn òg." It seems an inexhaustible subject, in which he pours out the happy thoughts and elevated sentiments of the lover, in similes and comparisons taken from the most delightful scenes of nature, and the field of mental enjoyments. The 6th and 7th stanzas are truly beautiful.

The Lament of Colin Campbell, Esq. of Glenure, would alone immortalize his name. The subject was well adapted to awaken melancholy feelings of the most poignant nature. Mr Campbell fell the victim of envy and ill-will, arising from ill-founded suspicion. What pathos and tenderness! The mournful strains that so eloquently describe the fatal events were not those of a mercenary bard; they were the painful feelings of a foster-brother, poured out in the most earnest and pathetic effusions of a mind alive to the sentiments of an unfeigned sympathy.

His final leave of the mountains, dated 19th September, 1802, is full of tenderness, and sentiment, appropriate to his age and reminiscences.

ORAN DO BHLAR NA H-EAGLAISE BRICE.*

AIR FÖNN—"Alasdair à Gleanna-Garadh."

LATHA dhuinn air machair Alba,
Na bha dh-armailt aig a chuirge,
Thachair iad oirne na reubail,
'S bu neo-eibhinn leinn a chuideachd ;
'Nuair a chuir iad an ratreut oirinn,
'S iad 'nar deigh a los ar murtadh,
'S mur deanamaid feum le'r casan,
Cha tug sinne sràd le'r musgan.

'S a dol an coinneamh a Phrionnsa,
Gu'm bu shunnach a bha sinne,
Shaoil sinn gu'm faigheamaid cùis dheth,
'S nach ro dhuinn, ach dol g'a sireadh ;
'Nuair a bhuail iad air a chéile,
'S ard a leumamaid a pillleadh,
'S ghabh sinn a mach air an abhainn,
'S dol g'ar n-amhaich ann san linne.

'N am do dhaoine dol nan éideadh,
Los na reabalaich a philleadh,
Cha do shaoil sinn, gus na ghéill sinn,
Gur sinn féin a bhite 'g iomain ;
Mar gu'n rachadh cù ri caoirich,
'S iad 'nan ruith air aodainn glinne,
'S ann mar sin a ghabh iad sgaoileadh
Air an taobh air an robh sinne.

Sin 'nuair thàinig càch 'sa dhearbhadh iad
Gu'm bu shearbh dhuinn dol nan cuideachd ;
Se'n trùp Ghallda g'an robh chàll sin,
Bha Coluinn gun cheann air cuid diubh :
'Nuair a thachair ribh Clann-Dòmhnuaill,
Chum iad cùmhail air an uchdan,
Dh-fhàg iad creuchdan air an rèubadh,
'S cha leighiseadh léigh an cuislean.

Bha na h-eich gu crùitheach, srianach,
Girteach, iallach, fiamhach, trùpach ;
'S bha na fir gu h-armach, fòghluimt',
Air an sounrachadh gu murta.
'Nuair a dh-aom sinn bharr an t-sleibh',
Is mòran feum againn air furtach,
Na bha beo bha cuid dhiubh leoint',
'S bha sinu brònach mu 'na thuit ann.

Dh-eirich fuathas ann san ruaig dhuinn,
'Nuair a ghluais an sluagh le leathad ;
Bha Prionns' Tearlach le chuid Frangach,
'S iad an geall air teachd 'nar rathad :

Cha d' fhuair sinn facal comand'
A dh-iarraidh ar nàimhdean a sgathadh ;
Ach comas sgaoileadh feadh an t-saoghail,
'S cuid againn gu'n fhaotain fhathasd.

Sin 'nuair thàinig mise dhachaigh
Dh-ionnsuidh Ghilleaspuig o'n Chrannaich,
'S ann a bha e 'n sin cho fhàta,
Ri broc liath a bhiodh an garraidh ;
Bha e duilich ann san àm sin,
Nach robh ball 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 chlaideimh ;
'Se gu lùbach, leumnach, bearnach,
'S bha car cùm ann, ann san amhaich ;
Dh-fhàg e mo chruachainse brùite
Bhì 'ga ghiùlan feadh an rathaid,
'S e cho tròim ri cabar fearna,
'S maig 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-Leasdair ;
Claidheamh bearnach a mhi-fhortain,
'S ann bu choltach e ri greidlein.

Am ball-teirmeisg a bha meirgeach,
Nach d'rinn seirbbeis 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 builleann,
Cha robh eugas air an t-saoghal,
'S maig a shaoirach leis an cuimeasg ;
An claidheamh dubh air 'n robh an t-àimbleas,
Gu'n chrìos, gun chrambait, gun duille,
Gu'n roinn, gun fhaobhar, gun cheana-bheart,
'S maig a thàrladh leis an cunnart.

* This is the author's first song.

Thug mi leam an claidheamh bearnach,
 'S b'olc an asuinn e sa' chabhaig,
 Bhi ga ghiulan ar mo shliasaid,
 'S maing mi rianh a thug o'n bhail' e ;
 Cha toir e stobadh uo sàthadh,
 'S cha robh e làidir gu gearradh ;
 Gu'm b'e diuthadh a bhuill airm e,
 'S e air meirgeadh air an fharadh.

Chruinnich uaislean Earraghàcail,
 Armaillt 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-thàg sinn ann san àraich,
 Latha blàr na h-Eaglais'-brice.

ORAN DO'N MHUSG.

AIR FOSN—" *Mo dhuth an Tomaidh.* "

'S IOMADH car a dh-fheudas,
 Thigh'n air na fearaibh,
 Is theag' gu'n gabh iad gaoil
 Air an tè nach faigh iad ;
 Thug mi fichead bliadhna
 Do'n chiad tè ghabh mi,
 Is chuir i rithid eul rium,
 Is bha mi falamh.

Is thàinig mi Dhun-éideann
 A dh-iarraidh leannain,
 Is thuirt an Caiptin 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'n'n charabh.

Rinn e mar a b'àbhaist
 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 Seùnaid,
 'S b'e Deòrsa seannair.

Tha i soitheamh, suaíree,
 Gun ghruain, gun smalan,
 Is i cho àrd an uaisle
 Rì mnaoi san fhearann ;

Is culaidh a m' chumail suas i,
 O'n tha mar rium,
 Is mòr an t-aobhar smuairin
 Do'n fhear nach faigh i.

Leig mi dhìomh Nic-còiseam
 Ged' tha i maireann,
 Is leig mi na daimh chrèach
 An taobh bha 'n aire,
 Is thaobh mi ris an òg mhnai,
 'S ann leam nach aithreach
 Cha n'eil mi gu'n stòras
 O'n phòs mi 'n ainm.

Bheir mi fhein mo bhriathar
 Gum beil i ro mhath,
 Is nach d'aithnich mi rianh oirro
 Cron am falach,
 Ach gu foinneamh, finealta,
 Direach, fallain,
 Is i gu'n ghabid gu'n, ghiomb,
 Gu'n char fiar, gu'n chamadh.

Bithidh i air mo ghiulan,
 'S gur math an airidh,
 Nì mi fhéin a sgùradh
 Gu math 's a glanadh ;
 Chuirinn ri an t-àilleadh
 Ga cumail ceannalt,
 Is cuiridh mi ri m' shùil i,
 'S cha diùlt i aingal.

'Nuair bhios cion an stòrais
 Air daoine ganna,
 Cha leigeadh nigh'n Dheòrsa
 Mo phèca falamh ;
 Cumaidh i rium ùl
 Ann 's na taighean leanna,
 'S pàidhidh i gach stòpan
 A nì mi cheannach.

Nì i mar bu mhiann leam
 A h-uile car dhomh,
 Cha 'n innis i bréag dhomh,
 No sgeula mearachd ;
 Cumaidh i mo theaghlach
 Cho math 's bu mhath leam,
 Ge nach dean mi soathair
 No obair shalach.

Sgithich mi ri ghiomb,
 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,
 Cur h-e'n duine dìomhain
 Is faide mhaircas.

'S i mo bheanag ghaolach
 Nach dean mo mhealladh,
 Fòghnaidh i dhomh daonna
 A dheanamh arain ;
 Cha bhi faillinn aodaich
 Orm no anart,
 'S chaidh eùram an t-saoghail
 A nis as m'aire !

MOLADH BEINN-DORAIN.

AIR FOSN—"Pìobaireachd."

Urlar.

Ak t-urram thar gach beinn
 Aig Beinn-dòrain !
 Na chuunaic 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 an bi fear,
 'S foineasach an spréidh,
 Bhios a chòmhnaidh ann ;
 Greadhainn bu gheal cèir,
 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 chóir
 Bhios mar chòmhach air ;
 'S culuidh g'a chuir éug,
 Duin' a dheanadh téuchd,
 Gunna bu mhath gléus,
 An glac òganaich ;
 Spòr anns am biodh beann,
 Tarran air a ceann,
 Snap a bhuaileadh teann
 Ris na h-ordaibh i ;
 Ochd-shlisneach gun fheall,
 Stoc de'n fhiodh gun mheang,
 Lotadh an damb seang,
 A's a leònadh e.
 'S fear a bhiodh mar cheaird,
 Riu' sònrraichte,
 Dh-fhòdhnadh dhaibh gun taing,

Le chuid seòlaidhean ;
 Gheibhte sud ri àm
 Pàdrùig anns a' ghleann,
 Gilleam a's coin sheang,
 'S e toirt orduidh dhaibh ;
 Peileirean nan deann,
 Teiue g'an cuir ann,
 Eilid nam beann àrd,
 Théid a leònadh leo.

Siubhal.

'Si 'n eilid bheag, bhinneach,
 Bu ghluiniche sraonadh,
 Le cuinnein geur, biorach,
 A sireadh na gaoithe,
 Gasganach, speireach,
 Feadh chreachainn na beinne,
 Le eagal ro' theine,
 Cha teirinn i 'n t-aonach ;
 Ge d' théid i na cabhaig,
 Cha ghearaibh i maothan ;
 Bha siunsreachd fallain,
 'Nuair a shìneadh i h-anail,
 'S toil-inntinn leam tanasg,
 Ga' lannan a chluinntinn,
 'Si 'g iarraidh a leannain
 'N àm darraidh le caoineas,
 'S e damb a chinn allaidh
 Bu gheal-cheireach feamau,
 Gu caparach, ceannard,
 A b' fharannach raoiceadh,
 'S e chòmhnuidh 'm Beinn-dòrain,
 'S e eolach m'a fraoinibh.
 'S ann am Beinn-dòrain,
 Bu mhòr dhomh r'a innseadh
 A liuthad damb ceannard,
 Tha fannntuinn san fhrith ud ;
 Eilid chaol, eanngach,
 'S a laoighean 'ga leantuinn,
 Le 'n gasgana geala,
 Ri bealach a dìreadh,
 Ri fraoidh Choire-chruiteir,
 A chuideachda phiceach ;
 'Nuair a shìneas i h-iongan
 'S a thóid i na' deannaibh,
 Cha saltradh air thalamh,
 Ach barran nan inean,
 Cò b'urraibh g'a leantuinn,
 A dh-fhearaibh na rioghachd ?
 'S arraideach, farumach,
 Carach air grine,
 A chòisridh nach fhonadh
 Gnè smal air an inntin,
 Ach caochlaideach, curaideach,
 Caol-chasach, ullamh,
 An aois cha chuir truim' orra,

Mulad no mì-ghean ;
 'Se shlùnaich an culaidh,
 Feoil mhais, agus mhuinil,
 Bhi tàmhaichd am bunailt,
 An cuile na frìche ;
 Le hilleas a fuireach,
 Air fìsach 'nan grunn,
 'Si 'n àsainn a mhuime,
 Tha cumail na cìche,
 Ris na laòigh bhreaca, bhallach,
 Nach meathlaich na siauntan,
 Le 'n cridheacha meara,
 Le bainne na cìoba.
 Griseanach, eangach,
 Le 'n girteagan geala,
 Le 'n corpannan glanna,
 Le fallaineachd fìor-uisg ;
 Le farum gun ghearan,
 Feadh ghleannan na mìllich ;
 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 fhrìth
 Mar bu chbìr dh'ì bhi,
 Far am faigh i mìlteach
 Glan-feòirneanach ;
 Bruchorachd a's cìob,
 Lusan am bi brìgh,
 Chuireadh sult a's ìgh
 Air a lòineibh.
 Fuaran auns am bi
 Biolaire gun dìth,
 'S millse lea' na 'm fion
 'S e gu'n òladh i ;
 Cuiseagan a's riasg,
 Chinneas air an t-sliabh,
 B' annsadh lea' mar bhìadhb
 Na na fòghlaichean.
 'S ann do'n teachd-an-tìr
 A bha sùghar lea',
 Sobhrach a's eala-bhi
 'S barra neòineanan ;
 Dobhrach, bhallach, mhìn,
 Ghobhlach, bharrach, shliom,
 Lòintean far an cinn
 I'na mòthraichean ;
 Sud am pòrsan bìdh
 Mheudaicheadh an clì
 Bheireadh iad a mìos
 Rì hm dò-licheinn ;
 Chuireadh air an druim

Brata saille cruinn,
 Air an carcais luim
 Nach bu lòdail.

B' e sin an caidreamh grunn
 Mu thrà-neòine,
 'Nuair a thionaladh iad cruinn,
 Anns a' ghlòmuinn :
 Air fhad 's ga'm biodh an oidhch',
 Dad cha tigeadh ribh,
 Fàsadh bhun an tuim
 B' àite còmhnuidh dhaibh ;
 Leapaichean nam fadhl,
 Far an robh iad riamh,
 An aonach farsuinn fial,
 'S ann am mòr-mhonadh.
 'S iad bu taitneach fiamh,
 'Nuair bu dàitht' am bian,
 'S cha b' i' n àirc am mian,
 Ach Beinn-dòrain.

Siubhal.

A bhein lusanach, fhaileanach,
 Mheallanach, lìontach,
 Gun choimeas 'ga falluinn
 Air thalamh na Crìosdach ;
 'S ro-neònach tha mise,
 Le bìchead a sliosa,
 Nach 'eil còir aie' an ciste
 Air tiotal na rìoghachd ;
 'S i air dùbladh le gìbhtean,
 'S air lùisreadh le mìosan,
 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 innsadh ;
 Far an uchd-ardach coileach,
 Le shrutaichibh lònneil,
 'S eoin bhuchalach bheag' eil
 Le'n ceileiribh lìonmhor.
 'S am buicean beag sgìolta,
 Bu sgìobalt' air grìue,
 Gu'n sgiorradh, gu'n tubaist,
 Gu'n tuisleadh, gu'n dìobradh,
 Crodhunadh, biorach
 Feadh coire 'ga shireadh,
 Feadh fraoich agus frìch,
 Air mhìre 'ga dhìreadh ;
 Feadh ranaich, a's barraich
 Gu'm b' araideach iuntinn,
 Ann an ìosal gach feadain,
 'S air àirde gach creagain
 Gu mìreanach, heiceasach,
 Easgonach, sìnteach ;
 'Nuair a thèid o' na bhoile
 Le rìsge sa' choille,
 A's e ruith feadh gach doire,

Air dheireadh cha bhi e :
 Leis an eangaib bu chaoile
 'S e b' eutruime sinteag,
 Mu chnocanaibh donna
 Le ruith dara-tomain,
 'S e togairt an coinneamh
 Bean-chomuinn o's 'n iosal.

Tha mhaoisleach bheag bhrannga
 Sa' ghleannan a chòmhnaidh,
 'S i fuireach san fhìreach
 Le minneinan òga :
 Cluas bhiorach gu clàisteachd,
 Sùil 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 òganach ;
 Biolaichean nam bruach
 'S àite-còmhnuidh dh'i,
 Duilleagan nan craobh,
 Bileagan an fhraoich
 Criomagan a gaoil,
 Cha b'e 'm fòrtus.
 A h-aigeadh eutrom suairc,
 Aobhach aig gun ghruaim,
 Ceann bu bhraise, ghuanache,
 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 mbòir,
 O'n is miosail leatha bhi 'Luan
 A's a Dhòmhnaich ann :
 Pris an dean i suain

Bichionta mu'n cuairt,
 A bhristeas a' ghaoth tuath,
 'S nach leig deò oirre,
 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, ògeil i ;
 Grad-charach ri uair,
 'S eathlamh bheir i cuairt,
 'Nuair thachradh i'n ruaig,
 'S a bhiodh tòir oirre.
 'S mao-bhuidh daith' a snuagh,
 Dearg a dreach sa tuar,
 'S gurro-iomadh buaidh
 Tha mar chòladh oirr' ;
 Fulangach air fuachd,
 Is i gun chum' air luath's ;
 Urram clàisteachd chluas
 Na Rinn-còrpa dh'i.

Siubhal.

Bu ghrinn leam am pannal
 A' tarrainn an òrdugh,
 A' dìreadh le farum
 Rì carraig na Sròine ;
 Eadar sliabh Craobh-na-h-ainnis,
 A's beul Choire-dhainghein,
 Bu bhaidlichar greidh cheannard
 Nach ceannaich am pòrsan ;
 Da thaobh choire-rannoich
 Mu sgéith sin a' bhealaich,
 Coire réidh Beinn-Achaladair,
 A's thairis mu'n chonn-lon :
 Air lurgain na Laoidhre
 Bu ghreadhnach a' chòisri,
 Mu lùrach-na-Féinne
 'S a' Chraig-sheilich 'na dhéigh sin,
 Far an cruinnich na h-éildean
 Bu neo-spéiseal mu'n fhòghlaich :
 'S gu'm b'e 'n aighear a's an éibheas
 Bhi faicheachd air réidblein,
 'A comh-mhacnús r'a chéile,
 'S a' leumnaich feadh mòintich ;
 Ann am pollachaibh daimseir
 Le sodradh gu meamnach,
 Gu togarrach mearrachdasach,
 Ain-fheasach ghrach.
 'S cha bhiodh lùt air an teangaidh
 Taobh shois a' Mhill-teanail,
 Le fion-uillt na h-Annaid,

Bla meala r'a òl air ;
 Sruth brioghmhor geal tana,
 'S e sìothladh tor 'n ghaineamh,
 'S e 's millse na'n caineal,
 Cha b' ain-eolach oirnn e :
 Sud an ioc-shlàinnte mhaireann,
 A thig a iochdar an talainn,
 Gheibhte lìonmhoireachd math dh'i
 Gu'n a cheannach' le stòras ;
 Air fàruinn na beinne
 Is dàicheala sealladh,
 A dh'fhàs anns a' cheithreamh
 A' bheil mi 'n Rinn-eòrpa :
 Le gloinead a h-uisge,
 Gu mao-bhlàst a brisg-gheal,
 Caoin, caomhail, glan, mìosail,
 Neo-mhisgeach ri pòit' air :
 Le fuarainibh grinne
 Am bun gruamach no biolair,
 Còineach uaine mu'n iomall,
 A's iomadach seòrsa :
 Bu ghlan uachdar na linne
 Gu neo-bhuairesach milis,
 Tigh'n 'na chuairteig o'n ghrinneal
 Air slinnein Beinn-dòrain.

Tha leth-taobh na leachdaiinn
 Le mais' air a còmhach,
 '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,
 'Si b'asadh dhomh mholadh,
 Bha sonas gu leòir oirr' :
 Cluigeanach, gucagach,
 Uchdanach, còmhnaidh,
 Le dìthean glan, ruiteach,
 Breac, misleanach, sultmhor :
 Tha 'n fhrìdh air a busgadh
 San trusgan bu chòir dh'i.

Ullar.

'S am monadh farsuinn faoin
 Glacach, srònagach ;
 Lag a' Choire-fhraoich
 Cuid bu bhòiche dheth ;
 Sin am fearann enoin
 Air an d'fhàs an aoidh,
 Far am bi na laoiagh
 'S na daimh chrèach ;
 A's e deisearach ri grèin,
 Seasgaireachd g'a réir,
 'S neo-bheag air an òldeig

Bhi chòmhnaidh ann.
 'S glan fallain a crò,
 Is banail i 'na bens ;
 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 lìonmhor feadan caol
 Air an òirich gaoth,
 Far am bi na laoiach
 Cumail còdhalach ;
 Bruthaichean nan learg
 Far am biodh greidh dhearg,
 Ceann-uisge gach sealg
 Fad am beò-shlainnt' ;
 A's e làn do'n h-uile maoin,
 A thig amach le braon,
 Fàile nan sùth-chraobh,
 A's nan ròsan an.

Gheibte tachdar éisg
 Air a còrsa,
 A's bhi 'gan ruith le leus
 Anns na mòr-shruthan ;
 Mòrtha cumhann geur,
 Le chraun giubhais féin,
 Aig fìr shubhach, threubhach
 'Nan dòrnaibh :
 Bu shòlasach a' leum'
 Bric air buinne réidh,
 A' ceapadh chuilag eutrom
 'Nan dòrlaichean ;
 Cha 'n'eil muir no tìr
 Am beil tuille brìgh,
 'S tha feadh do chrich'
 Air a h-òrdachadh.

An Crunluath.

Tha 'n eilid anns a ghleannan so,
 Cha 'n amadan gu'n eòlas
 A leanadh i mar b' aithne dha
 Tig'n furasda na cùdhail,
 Gu faiteach bhi 'na h-eòrlas,
 Tig'n' am faigse dh'i mu'n caraich i,
 Gu faicilleach, gle earraigeach,
 Mu'n fairich i ga còir e ;
 Feadh shlochd, a's ghlaic, a's chamhanan,
 A's chlach a dheanadh falach air,
 Bhi beachdail air an talamh,
 'S air a' char a thig na neoil air ,
 'S an t-asdar bhi 'ga tharruinn air
 Cho macanta 's a b' aithne dha,
 Gu'n glacadh e ga h-aideoin i
 Le h-anabharr seòltachd ;
 Le tìr, gun ghainne baralach,
 An t-sùil a chuir gu danara,
 A' stiùireadh' na du'-bannaiche,

'S a h-aire ri fear-cróice ;
 Bhiodh rùdan air an tarrauin
 Leis an lùb' an t-iarruun-earra,
 Bheireadh ionusai' nach bi'dh mearachdach
 Do'n fhear a bhiodh 'ga seòladh ;
 Spòr ùr an dèis a teannachadh,
 Buil' ùird a' sgailceadh dainghean ris,
 Cha diùlt an t-srad, 'nuair bheanas i
 Do'n deannaigh a bha neònach :
 Se 'm fùdar tioram tean-abaich
 Air chùl an asgairt gbreannanaich,
 Cuir smùid ri acuinn mheallanaich
 A baraille Nic-Cbiseam.

B'ionmbuinn le fir cheanalta,
 Nach b'aineolach mu spòrsta,
 Bhì timcheall 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 mbath barrandas
 Thoir aingil 'nuair bu chòir dh'i ;
 'S le cuilean foirmeal togarrach,
 'G am biodh a stiùir air bhogadan,
 'S e miol'airteich gu sodanach,
 'S nach ob e dol 'nan còdhail ;
 'Na fhurbuidh làidir, cosgarrach,
 Ro inntinneach, neo-fhoistinnach,
 Gu guineach, sgiamhach, gob-easgaidh,
 San obair bh'aig a sheòrsa ;
 'S a fhriogan cuilg a' togail air,
 Gu maildheach, gruamach, doichealach,
 'S a gheanachan cuasaichd fosgailt',
 'Comh-bhogartaich r'an sgòrnan,
 Gu'm b' araideach a' charachd nd,
 'S bu chabhadh a' n còmhnuidh,
 'Nuair a shìneadh iad na h-iongannan
 Le h-athghoirid na mòintich ;
 Na beanntaichean 's na bealaichean
 Gu'm freagradh iad mac-talla dhut,
 Le fuaim na gairme gallanaich
 Aig farum a' choin ròmaich :
 'Gan tearnadh as na mullaichean
 Gu linnichean nach grunnaich iad,
 'S ann a bhith's iad feadh na tuinne ;
 Anns an luineinich 's iad leibinte
 'S na cuileinean gu fùlasgach
 'G an cumail air na munealaibh,
 'S nach urrainn iad dol tuilleadh as,
 Ach fuireach, 's bhì gun deò ann',
 'S ge do thuir mi began riu,
 Mu'n innsinn uil' an dleasnas orra,
 Chuireadh iad a' m' bhreisligh mi
 Le deisimearachd chòmraidh.

COIRE-CHEATHAICH.

Sg Coire-cheathaich nan aighean siùbhlach,
 An coire rùnach, is ùrar fonn,
 Gu lurach, miadh-fheurach, mìn-gheal, sùghar,
 Gach lusan fùar bu chùbhraidh leam ;
 Gu molach dù-ghorm, torrach lùisreagach,
 Corrach plùireanach, dlù-ghlan grunn ;
 Caoin, ballach, dìtheanach, cannach, mìsleanach,
 Gleann a' mhìlltich, 'san lìonmhor mang.

Tha falluinn dhùinte, ga daingheam, dùbailt',
 A mhaireas ùinne, mu'n rùisg i lòn,
 Do'n fheur is cùl-fhinne dh' fhàs na h-ùrach,
 'S a bhàrr air lùbadh le drùchda tròm,
 Mu choir guanach nan torran uaine,
 A' bheil luibh a's luachair a suas g'a cheann ;
 'S am f'sach guamach an càs a bhuanadh,
 Nam b' àite cruaidh e, 'm biodh tuath le'n suim

Tha trusgan faoilidh air cruin an aonaich,
 Chuir sult is aoidh air gach taobh a d' chòm,
 Mìn-fheur chaorach is barraibh bhraonan,
 'S gach lus a dh' fheadhadh bhì 'n aodainn thòm.
 M'an choir' is aoidheala tha r'a fhaotain,
 A chunnaic daoine an taobh so 'n l'fhaing ;
 Mur dean e caochladh, b' e 'n t-aighear suoghalt'
 Do ghillean aotrom bhì daonna ann.

'S ann m'an Ruadh-aisrigh dh'fhàs na cuairtagan,
 Clùthar, cuacheanach, 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' mhìlltich,
 A chuireag dhìreach, 's an fhiteag cham ;
 Muran brioghar, 's an grunnasg lìonmhor,
 M'an chuilidh dhiombair, am bi na suinn.

Tha sliabh na làirig an robh mac-Bhaidi,
 'Na mhothar fàsaich, 's na stràchda tròm ;
 Slios na bàl-leachdainn, cha 'n i is tàire,
 'S gur tric a dh' àraich i '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 laoih gu h-ùiseil a là 'sa dh'oidheche,
 'S na h-uiread cruinn diubhair druim Clach-fionn.

Do leacan chaoimhneil gu dearcach, braoileagach,
 Breac le foireagan is cruinn dearg ceann
 'N cream 'na charaichean, am bac nan staidh-
 Stacan fraoinesach nach bu ghann : [richean,
 Am bearnan-brìde, 's a pheighinn rioghail,
 'S an canach mìn-gheal, 's am mìslean aunn ;

'S a h-uile mìr dheth, o'n bhun is ìsle
Gu h-ionad cìcean na crìch' is àird'.

'S rìmhach còta na craige mòire,
'S cha 'n 'eil am folach a' d'choir 'san àm,
Ach m'èunan còinntich, o 's e bu nòsaire,
Air a chòmhachadh bhòs a's thall :
Na lagain chòmhnard am bun nan srònag,
Am b' na sòghraichean, 's neibnein faun,
Gu bileach, feòirneineach, millis, roineagach,
Molach, ròmach, gach seòrs a' th' ann.

Tha mala ghrumach, de'n bhiolar uaine,
Mu'n h-uile fuaran a th' ann san fhonn ;
Is doire shealbag aig bun nan garbh-chlach,
'S grinneal gainbheich' gu meabh-gheal, pronn ;
'Na ghluagabh plumbach air ghoil gun aon teas,
Ach coileach bùirn tighin' á grunnd eas lòn,
Gach struthan uasal 'na chuaillean cùl-ghorm,
A' ruith na spùtaibh, 's na lùbaibh steoll.

Tha bradan tarra-gheal sa choire gharbhlaich,
Tha tig'n o'n fhaighe bu ghailbheach tonn,
Le luinneis mheamnach a' ceapa mheabhchuil-
Gu neo-cheartach le cham-ghob cròm : [eag,
Air bhuinne borb, is e leum gu foirmeil,
'Na éideadh colgail bu ghorm-glas druim,
Le shòillean airgeid, gu h-iteach meana-bhreac,
Gu lannach, dearg-bhallach, earr-gheal sliom.

'S Coire'-cheathaich an t-aighear priseil,
'S an t-àite rioghail mu'n bidht' a' sealg,
Is bidh féidh air ghiulan le làmhach fùdair,
A' cur luaidhe dhù'-ghorm gu dlù nan caig :
An gunna gleusda, s' an cuilean eutrom,
Gu fuileach, feumanach, treubhach, garg,
A ruith gu siùbhlach, a gearradh shùrdag,
'S a dol g'a dhùlan ri cùrsan dearg.

Gheibhte daonnan mu d' ghlaicibh facine,
Na h-aighean maola, na laoi, 's na maing.
Sud bu mhian leinn 'am madainn ghrianaich,
Bhi dol g' an an iarraidh, 's a' fiadhach bheann,
Ged thigeadh siontan oirni' uisg a's dile,
Bha seòl g'ar dìdean mu'n chrìch san àm,
An creagan ìosal am bun na frithe,
S an leabaidh dhìona, 's mi m' shineadh ann.

Sa' mhadainn chiùin-ghil, an àm dhomb dùsgadh,
Aig bun na stùice be' n sùgradh leam ;
A' chearc le sgiùcan a' gabhail tùchain,
S an coileach cùirteil a' dùrdail cròm :
An dreathan sùrdail, 's a ribheid chiùil aige,
A' cur nan snùid deth gu lùghor binn ;
An druid s am brù-dhearg, le mòran ùinich,
Ri ceileir sunndach bu shùbhlach ramn.

Bha eòin an t-sléibhe 'nan ealtainn 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 smedrach, am bàr nan ògan,
A' gabhail ùrain gu ceolmhor binn :
'Nuair ghoir an cuanail gu loinneil, guanach,
'S e 's gloin' a chualas am fuaim sa' ghleann.

'Nuair thig iad còmhla' na bheil a' d' chòirse
De'n h-uile seòrsa bu chòir bhi ann ;
Dann na cròice air srath na mòintich,
'S e gabhail crònain le dreacann 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, fìnealta, dìreach, seang.

Tha mhaoiseach chùl-bhuil air feadh na dùs-
Aig bun nam fùran 'gan rùsga' lòn, [luing
'S am boc gu h-ùtluidh ri leaba chùirteil,
'S e 'ga bùrach le rùdan cròm ;
'S am minnean riabhach bu luime cliathach,
Le chunnein fiata, is fiadhaich ceann,
'Na chadal guamach an lagann uaigneach,
Fo bhàrr na luachrach na chuariteig chruim.

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 cuacaibh, an nead na chuariteig,
'S a mhill 'ga buannachd air cruaidh an tuim,
Aig seillein riabhach, breaca, srianach,
Le'n crònann cianail is fiata srann.

Bha cus ra' fhaotainn de chnòthan caoine,
'S cha b' iad na caochagan aotrom gann,
Ach bagailt mhaola, bu taine plaosg,
A' toirt brìgh á laghan na maoth-shlaid faun :
Srath nan caochan 'na dhosaibh caorainn,
'S na phreasaibh caola, Ean chraobh a's mheang ;
Na gallain ùra, 's na faillein dhùltha,
'S am barrach dùinte mu chùl nan crann.

Gach ìte timcheall nam fàsach iomlan,
Màin a's fion-ghleann, 's an tuilm ga chòir :
Meall-tionail làmh ris, gu molach, tlùthail,
B'e chulaidh dh'àrach an àlaibh òig ;
Na daimh 's na h-éildean a'm madainn ebeitin
Gu moch ag éirigh air réidhleis feòir ;
Greidhean dhearg dhùil air taobh gach leargain,
Mu 'n Choire gharbhlaich, 'g an aium an Crò.

ORAN DO'N GHIUNNA

GA 'N AINM NIC-COISEAM.

LUINNEAG.

*Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,
Gur muladach leam uam thu ;
Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,
'S mi dìreachd bheann a's uchdanan,
B' àit leam thu bhì cuidir rium,
'S do chudthrom air mo ghulainn.*

'Nuair chaidh mi do Ghleann-Lòcha,
'Sa cheannaich mi Nic-Cbiseam,
'S mise nach robh gòrach,
'Nuair chuir mi 'n t-ùr ga fuasgladh.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Choire-cheathaich thu,
'Nuair bha mi fhéin a taghaich ann,
'S tric a chuir mi laidhe leat,
Na daimh 's na h-aidhean ruadha.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Bheinn-a-chàistil thu,
'S do'n fhàsach a tha 'n taice ri,
Am Màin a's Creag-an-aparrain,
Air leaca Beinn-nam-fuaran.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi thu Bheinn-dùrain,
An cinne na daimh chròcach,
'Nuair theannadh iad ri crònan,
Bu bhòidheach leam an nuallan.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Choire-chruiteir thu,
O's àite grianach thusail e,
Gu biachar, fiarach, lusanach,
Bhiodh spuir ann aig daoine-uaille.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Ghìulain mi Ghleann-éite thu,
Thog mi ris na créisean thu,
Se mhead 'sa thug mi spéis duit
A dh'fhàg mo cheum cho luaineach.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

'S math am Meall-a-bhùiridh thu,
Cha mbiosa 'm Beinn-a-chrùlaist thu,
'S tric a-loisg mi fùdar leat,
An Coire-chùl-na-cruaiche.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi Làirig-ghartain thu,
O's aluinn an coir-altrum i,
'S na féidh a deanamh leapaichean
Air Creachuinn ghlas a bhuachaill.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Thug mi thu do'n fhàs-ghlaic
'Sa Ghleann am bi na làn-daimh,
'S tric a chaidh an àrach
Mu bhraidhe Cloich-an-tuairneir.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

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, &c.

Thug mi Bheinne-chaorach thu,
Shireadh bhoc a's mhaoiseach,
Cha b'eagal gun am faotainn,
'S iad daonnan 'san Tòrr-uaine.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

'Nuair théid mi ris a mhunadh,
'S tu mo roghainn de na gunnachan,
O'n fhuair thu féin an t-urram sin,
Cò nis a chumas bhut e?
Horo mo chuid, &c.

Ged' tha mi gann a stòras,
Gu suidhe leis na pòitearan,
Ged' théid mi do 'n taigh-bda,
Cha 'n òl mi ann an cuach thu.
Horo mo chuid, &c.

ORAN SEACHARAN SEILG.

LUINNEAG.

*Chunna' mi 'n damh donn
'S na h-éildean.
Dìreachd a bhealaich le chéile ;
Chunna' mi 'n damh donn
'S na h-éildean.*

'S mi tearnadh á Coire cheathaich,
'S mòr mo mhighean 's mi gun aighear,
Siubhal frithe rè an latha,
Thilg mi spraidhe nach d'rinn feum dhomh.
Chunna' mi, &c.

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, &c.

'Nuair a dh'éirich mi sa' mhadainn,
Chuir mi innte fùdar Ghlascho,
Pealair teann a's trì puist Shasnach,
Cuifean asgiart air a dhégh sin.
Chunna' mi, &c.

Bha 'n spòr ùr an déighe breacadh,
Chuir mi ùille ris an acuinn,
Eagal drùchd bha mùdan craiceinn
Cumail fasgaidh air mo chéile.

Chunna' mi, &c.

Laidh an eilid 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, &c.

Ràinig mise taobh na bruaiche,
'S chosg mi rithe mo chuid luaidhe ;
'S 'nuair a shaoil mi i bhi buailte,
Siu an vair a b' aird' a leum i.

Chunna' mi, &c.

'S muldach bhi siubhal frithe,
Ri là gaoith', a's uisg', a's dile,
'S ordugh teann ag iarraidh sìthne,
Cuir nan gionanach 'nan éigin.

Chunna' mi, &c.

'S mithich tearnadh do na gleannaibh
O'n tha gruamaich air na beannaibh,
'S ceathach dhìnte mu na meallaibh,
A' cuir dalladh air ar léirsinn.

Chunna' mi, &c.

Bi' sinn beò an dòchas ro-mbath,
Gu'm bi chùis uis' fhearr an ath la',
Gu'm bi gaoth, a's grian, a's talamh,
Mar is math leinn air na sléibhteann.

Chunna' mi, &c.

Bithidh an luaidhe ghlas 'na deannamh,
Siubhal réidh aig conaibh seanga ;
'S an damh donn a sìlendh fala,
'S àbbachd aig na fearaibh gleusda.

Chunna' mi, &c.

CEAD-DEIREANNA CH

NAM BEANN.

BHA mi'n dé* 'm Beinn-dòrain,
'S na còir cha robh mi aineolach,
Chunna mi gleannan
'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 ghreidh uallach,
'Nuair ghluaisidh iad gu farumach,
'S na h-éildean air an fhuaran,
Bu chuannar na laogh bhallach ann ;
Na maoisichean 's an ruadh-bhuic,
Na coilich dhubb a's ruadha,
'S e'n ceòl bu bhinne chualas
'Nuair chluinnt' am fuaim 'sa chamhanaich.

'S togarach a dh' fhalbhainn
Gu sealgairiachd nam beallaichean,
Dol 'mach a dhìreadh garbhaich,
'S gu'm b'ana-moch tigh'nn gu baile mi ;
An t-uisge glan 'san t-àile
Thar mullach nam bean arda,
Chuidich e gu fàs mi ;
'Se rinn domh slàinnt a's fallaineachd.

Fhuair mi greis am' àrach
Air àiridhean a b' aithne dhomh,
Ri cluiche, 's mire 's màran,
An caoimhneas blàth nan caileagan ;
Bu chùis an aghaidh nàduir
Gu'm maireadh sin an dràs ann,
'Se b' éigin bhi da'm fàgail
'Nuair thàinig tràth dhuinn dealachadh.

'Nis o'n bhuail an aois mi,
Fhuair mi gaoid a mhaireas domh,
Rinn milleadh air mo dheudach,
'S mo léirsinn air a dalladh orm ;
Cha'n urrainn mi bhi treubhach,
Ged' a chuirinn feum air,
'S ged' bhiodh an ruaig an' dhéigh-sa,
Cha dean mi ceum ro chablagach.

Ged' tha mo cheann air liathadh,
'S mo chiabagan air tanachadh,
'S tric a leag mi mial-chù
Ri fear fiadhaich ceannartaich ;
Ged' bu toigh leam 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.

Ri àm dol anns a bhùireadh,
Bu dùrachdach a leanainn iad,
'S bhiodh uair aig sluagh na dùthcha,
'Toirt dràin ùra 's rannach dhaibh ;
Greis eile mar ri càirdean,
'Nuair bha sinn anns na C' mpan,
Bu chridheil anns an àm sinn ;
'S cha bhiodh an dràm oirnn annasach.

'Nuair bha mi 'n toiseach m' ùige,
'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 smaintean mòr air m' aire-sa,
 Nach robh 'n luchd-gaoil a b' àbhaist
 Bhi siubhal fàsaich mar rium ann,
 'Sa lheinns is beag 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 coill' 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 earb ann,
 'M beagan nach 'eil marbh dhiubh,
 'Se rinn iad falbh gu baileach as.

Mo shoraidh leis na frithean,
 O's mìobhailteach, na beannaibh iad,
 Le biolair uainne a's fìor-uisg,
 Deoch usal rinneach, cheanalta,
 Na bhàrran a tha prìseil,
 'S na fàsaichean tha lìonmhor,
 O's àit a leag mi dhìom iad,
 Gu bràth mo mhìle beannachd leo !

CUMHA CHOIRE-CHEATHAICH.

S DUILICH leam an càradh
 Th' air coire gorm an fhàsaich,
 An robh mi greis da'm' àrach
 'S a bhràidhe so thall ;
 S iomadh fear a bharr orm,
 A thaitneadh e r'a nàdur,
 Na 'm biodh e mar a bha e,
 'Nuair dh' fhàg mi e nall ;
 Gunnaireachd a's làmhach
 Spuirt a s aobhar ghaire,
 Chleachd bhì aig na h-àrmuinn
 A b' àbhaist bhì sa' ghleann ;
 Rinn na fir ud fhàgail—
 'S Mac-Eoghainn t'ann a 'dràsta,
 Mar chloich an ionnad càbaig
 An àite na bh' ann.

Tha 'n Coir' air dol am fàillin,
 Ged' itbear 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-tùmbha
 Mar bha e sa' ghleann.
 Tha 'm Bàran air a shàrach'
 Is dh'artaich air an tàladh,
 Gun sgìl aig air an nàdur
 Ged' thàinig e ann ;
 B' fhearr dha bhì mar b' àbhaist,
 Os ceann an t-soithich chàtha,
 'Sa làmban a bhì làn d'i,
 Ga fàsgadh gu teann.

Se mùghadh air an t-saoghal
 An coire laghach gaolach,
 A dhol anis air faoin-tragh,
 'S an maor a theachd ann :
 'S gur h-e bu chleachdadh riamh dhut,
 Bhì trusa nan cearc biata,
 Gur tric a rinn iad siathnail,
 Le piaunnadh do làmh,
 Is iad na 'm baidnibh riabbach,
 Mu-ambaich 's ann ad' sgiathan,
 Bhiodh itealaich a's sgiabail
 Mu-shiaclan san àm :
 Bu ghiobach thu ri riaghailt,
 Mu chidsin taighe 'n iarla,
 Gar nach b'e do mhlann
 Bhì cuir bhian air an stàing.

Ged' tha thu 'nis sa' bbràighe,
 Cha chòmpanach le càch thu,
 'S tha h-uile duine tàir ort
 O'n thàinig thu ann ;
 'S éigin dut am fàgail
 Ni 's measa na mar thàinig
 Cha taintinn thu ri 'n nàdur
 Le 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 ghubna nach robh buadhar,
 'S a mbeirg air a toll cluaise,
 Cha 'n eirmis i na cruachan,
 An cuaille dubh cam.

Se 'n Coire chaidh an déis-laimh,
 O'n tha e nis gu'n fhéidh ann,
 Gun duin' aig am beil spéis diubh,
 Ni feum air an cùl ;
 O'n tha iad gu'n fhear-gléidhte,
 Cha'n fhuirich iad r'a chéile,

'S ann a ghabh iad an ratreuta
Seach réidhlean nan lùb.
Cha 'n 'eil prìs an ruadb-bhuic,
An coille na air fuaran,
Nach b' éigin da bhi gluasadh
Le ruaig feadh na dùthech';
'S cha' n' eil a nis' mun cuairt da,
Aon spùirt 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 crìonadh
Sios as an rùsg;
Na preasan a bha brioghar
Na dosaibh tiugha lìonmhor,
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 smebrach,
Gu mòdhar a seinn 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 srath na dìge,
Na shruthladh dubh gun sìoladh
Le barraig uaine liogh-ghlais
Gu mi-bhlhasda grannd;
Fèur-lochain is tàchair
An cion an duileag-bhàite
Cha 'n 'eil gnè tuille fàs
An san àit' ud san àm;
Glumagan a chàthair,
Na ghluigaibh domhain, sàmhach,
Cho tiugh ri sùghan càtha,
'Na làthaich 's na phlàin;
Sean bhùrn salach ruadhain
Cha ghloinne ghruind 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 sìbhrach gu'n sail-chuaich,
Gun lus uasal air càrn
An slabh an robh na h-éildean,
An àite laidhe 's éiridh
Cho lòn ri cabhsair féille,
'S an fèur ehnin e gann;
Chuir Alasdair le ghéisgeil
A ghràdh ud as a chèile,
'S air lean gur mòr an encoir
An fheudail a chall;

Cha lugha 'n t-aobhar mìo-thlachd,
Am fear a chleachd bhi tiorail,
A' tearnadh a's a dìreadh
Ri frith nan damh seang.

Ach ma's duine de shliochd Phàdruig
A théid a nis do'n àite,
'S gu 'n cuir e as a làraich
An tàch'ran a th' ann;
Bi'dh 'n coire mar a bha e,
Bi'dh laoiigh is aigheinn dàr ann,
Bi'dh daimh a dol san dàmhair,
Air fasach nam beann;
Bi' buie s'na badain blatha,
Na bric san abhainn làimh riu,
'S na féidh an srath na làirge
Ag' arach na mang;
Thig gach uile ni g'a àbhaist,
Le aighear a's le àbhachd,
'Nuair gheibh am Baran bairlinn,
Sud fhagail gun taing.

ORAN GAOIL.

A MHAIRI bhàn gur barrail thu,
'S gnr barraicht' air gach seòl thu,
O'n thug mi gaol cho daingean dut,
'S mi t'fharraid anns gach codhail:
'S earbsach mi a'd' cheannaltas,
'S na fhuair mi chean' ad' chòmhradh,
Nach urrainn càch do mhealladh uam
'N dèis do ghealladh dhòmh-sa.

'S chuala mi mar shean-fhacal
Mu'n darach, gur fiodh còrr e:—
“'S gur geinn' dheth fhéin 'ga theannachadh
A spealtadh e 'na òrdaibh:”
'S mi 'n dùil, a réir na h-ealaith sin,
Gur math leat mi bhi d' sheòrsa,
Nach tréig thu mi, 's gu 'm faigh mi thu
Le bannaibh daingean phòsda.

'S e chum an raoir mi m' aireachadh
An spéis a ghabh mi òg dhìot;
Bha smaointean tric air m' airese
Mu'n ainm is fhearr fùghlam;
Cha 'n 'eil cron r'a àireamh ort,
O' d' bhàrr gu sail do bhròige,
Ach ciallach, fialaidh, fìabharach,
Air fiamh a ghàir' an còmhnuidh.

'S do chùl daithte làn-mhaiseach
Mu'n cuairt a'd' bhràigh' an òrdugh,

Air sniamh, mar theudan clàrsaiche,
 Na fhàineachan glan nòsar :
 Gu lùdh-dhonn, pleatach, sàr-chleachdach,
 Gu dosach, fàschor, dòmhail,
 Gu lùbach, dualach, bachlach, guairsgeach,
 Suasmhor, cauchach, òr-bhuidh.

Tha t-aghaidh nàrach bhanaidh,
 Dà chaol mhala mar ite eòin ort ;
 Rosgan réidhe, fallaine
 'S dà shùil ghorm, mheallach, mhòthar :
 Do ghruidh mar chaorann meangain,
 A thug barrachd air na ròsan ;
 Do dheud geal, dreachunhor, meachair, grunn,
 'S do bheul, o'n binn thig òran.

Tha do phòg mar ùbhlán gàraidh,
 'S tha do bhràighe mar an neòinein ;
 Do chiochan lìontach, mulanach,
 'S an sìod' g an cumail còmhnaidh :
 Corp seang, geal, gnéadhail, fùrnach,
 Deagh-chumachdail, neo-spòrsail ;
 Do chalpa cruinne lùghara,
 'S an troigh nach lùb an feòirnean.

'S e m fàth mu'n biodh tu talach orm,
 Gur ro-bheag leat mo stòras ;
 'Bha dà-rud-dheug a' tarrninn uam
 Na thionail mi de phòrsan ;
 Bhiodh òl, a's féisd, a's bannais ann ;
 Bha cèil, a's beus, a's ceannaichean,
 N' fhéill, '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 ùteach fearainn,
 A's crodh-bainne chur mu chrò dhut ;
 Mharbhainn iasg na mara dhut,
 'S an fadhb sa' bhealach cheòthar,
 Le gunna caol nach mearachdaich,
 'S a mhealladh fear na cròice.

'S mòr an gaol a ghabh mi ort
 Le ro bheagan a dh-eòlas,
 S mi 'n dùil gur tu bu leannan domh,
 'S nach mealladh tu mi m' dhòchas :
 Ge d' bhiodh am bàs an carabh dhomh,
 Gu'n bharail ri tigh'n beò uath,
 'S e dh'fhàgadh slàn mi n' ribhinn mhàlda,
 Mairi bhàn o Lùch-luirig.

AN NIGHEAN DONN OG.

'S i nighean mo ghaoil
 An nighean donn òg ;
 Nam biodh tu ri m' thaobh,
 Cha blàthinn fo' bhròd.
 'S i nighean mo ghaoil
 An nighean donn òg.

'S i Mairi Nic-Neachdainn
 Is dàicheile pearsa,
 Ghabh mis' uiread bheachd ort
 Ri neach a tha beò.
 'S i nighean, &c.

'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, &c.

O'n a thug thu dhomh gealladh,
 'S ann dutsa nach aithreach,
 'S cha'n fhaic iad thu 'n ath-bhlaidh.
 A'd' bhanaraich bhò.
 'S i nighean, &c.

Cha téid thu do'n bhuaille,
 A bhleothan cruaidh ghuailfhionn ;
 Cha chuir thu ort cuaran,
 'S gur uallach do bhròg.
 'S i nighean, &c.

Cha 'n fhòghnadh le m' chruinneig,
 A' bharach no chuinneag,
 'S cha chluinnear gu'n cumadh tu
 Cuman a'd' dhòrn.
 'S i nighean, &c.

Cha d' théid thu Bhad-odhar
 A leigeadh nan gobhar,
 'S minn bheag as an deodhaigh
 'G an deothal mu'n chrò.
 'S i nighean, &c.

Cha leig mi thu 'n fhìreach
 Thoir a' cruaidh as an innis
 Air eagal na gillean
 Bhi sireadh do phòg
 'S i nighean, &c.

Cha taobh thu duin' uasal
 'S cha 'n aill leat am buachaill,
 'S cha 'n fhearde fear-fuadainn
 Bhi cruaidh air do thoir.
 'S i nighean, &c.

Cha taobh i fear idir,
Air eagal mo thrioblaid ;
'S cha toilich tè mise
Ach ise le deoin.
'S i nighean, &c.

S i ribhinn a bhaile,
Tha sir-thigh 'n air m' aire,
Nam bitheadh i mar rium,
Cha dh' fharraid mi stòr.
'S i nighean, &c.

Bheir mis' thu Dhun-éideann
A dh'ionusacha' beurla,
'S cha 'n flùg mi thu t-èigin,
Ri spréidh an fhir-mhòir.
'S i nighean, &c.

A'nighean na gruaige,
Cha chreidinn ort tuaileas ;
O'n a tharruinn mi suas riut,
Cha 'n fhuath leam do sheòl.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S e mheudaich mo ghaol ort
Gu'n d' fhàs thu cho aobhach,
'S gu'n leumadh tu daonnan
Cho aotrom 's na h-eoin.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S i 'n togarrach laghach
A thogainn mar roghainn,
Nam bithinn a' taghall
'S an taigh am bi 'n t-òl.
'S i nighean, &c.

Gu'm b' fhearrde daoine'-naise
'N àm thionnda' nan cuach thu,
A thoirt luinneagan-luaidh dhaibh
Mu'n cuairt air an stòp.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S leat urram an damhsaidh,
'S an fhidheal 'na teann-ruith ;
Bu chridheil san àm thu,
'S an dràm air a' bhòrd.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S tu fhreagradh gu h-inneallt
Am feadan 's an ribheid,
A sheinneadh gu fìleanta,
Ruith-leumach ceòl.
'S i nighean, &c.

'S tu thogadh mo spiorad,
'Nuair a thèid thu air mhìre,
Le d' cheileirean binne,
'S le grinneas do bheòil,
'S i nighean, &c.

Leis na gabh mi do cheisd ort,
Am madainn 's am feasgar,
Dheanainn riut cleasachd
A's beadradh gu leòir :
'S i nighean, &c.

Dheanainn riut furan
Am bliadhn' a's an uiridh ;
Bu docha nan t-uireashuidh,
Tuill' a's a' chòir.
'S i nighean, &c.

ORAN D'A CHEILE

NUADH-POSDA.

A MHAIRI bhàn òg,
'S tu 'n òigh th'air m'aire,
Ri'm bheò bhi far am bithinn fhéin ;
O'n fhuair mi ort còir
Cho mòr 's bu mhatht leam,
Le pòsadh ceangailt' o'n chléir,
Le cùmhnanta teann
'S le banntaibh daingean,
'S le snaim a dh'fhanas, nach tréig ;
'S e t' fhaotain air làimh
Le gràdh gach caraid
Rinn slànnte mhaireann a'm chrè.

'Nuair bha mi gu tinn
'S mi 'n ciunseal leannain,
Gnn chinnt cò theannadh rium fèin,
'S ann a chunna' mi 'n òigh
Air bòrd taigh-leanna,
'S bu mhòthar ceanalt' a bens ;
Tharruinn mi suas rith',
'S fhuair mi gealladh
O'n ghruagaich bhanaibh bhi 'm réir ;
'S mise bha aobhach
T' fhaotain mar' rium,
'S crobh laogh a' Bharain n'd' dheigh.

Madainn Di-luain,
Ge buan an t-slighe,
'Nuair ghluais mi, ruithinn mar ghaoth,
A dh-fhuainn mo luaidh
'S rud bhuainn n-ar dìthis
Nach dual da rithist gu'n sgaoil ;
Thug mi i 'n uaigneas
Uair a bhruidhinn,
'S ann fhuair an nighean mo ghaol,
A's chluinneadh mo chluas
Am fuaim a bhitheadh
Aig luathas mo chridhe ri 'm tbaobh.

Siu 'nuair chuir *Cupid*
 An t-uldach a'm' bbroilleach,
 G'a shaighdean corranach caol,
 A dhrùidh air mo chuislean,
 Chuir luchd air mo choluinn,
 Leis thuit mi ge b'oil leam a's dh'aom
 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 mileant, còmharnad,
 Seòcail, foinnidh,
 Do chòmhradh gheibh mi gu saor.
 Tha mi air sheùl
 Gu leir a'd' chomain,
 A mhòid 'sa chuir thu gu faoin
 De m' smaointean gòrach,
 Pròis nam boireannach,
 'S còir dhomb 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 meanganau shuas ;
 Geug fo bhlàth
 O bàrr gu talamh,
 A lùb mi farrasda suas :
 Bu duilich do chàch
 Gu bràth a gearradh,
 'S e 'n dàn domh 'm faillean a bhuain.

Shuidhich mi lìon
 Air fìor-uisg tana,
 'S mi strì 'ga tharruinn air bruaich,
 'S thug mi le sgrìob
 Air tìr a ghealag,
 Sa lìth mar eai' air a' chuau ;
 'S toilicht' a dh'fh'g
 E 'n là sin m' aigneadh,
 An roinn a bh'agam san uair ;
 B'i coimeas mo cheud mhna'
 Reull na maidne,
 Mo chéile cadail 's mi 'm shuain.

'S e b'fhasan leat riamh
 Bhi ciallach banail,
 Rì gnìomh, 's ri ceanal mnà-uais' ;
 Gu pàrteach, bàigheal,
 Blàth, gun choire,

Gun ghìomh, gun ghoinne, gun chruas,
 Gu déireach, daointach,
 Faoilidh, farrasd',
 Rì daoìn fanna, bochd, truagh ;
 Is tha mi le'd' sheùl,
 An dòchas ro-mhatl,
 Gur lòn do t-anam do dhuais.

Chuir mi air thùs ort
 Lùil a's aithne,
 Le sùgradh ceanalta, suaire,
 'Nuair theannain riut dlù,
 Bu chùraidh t' anail
 No ùbhlàn meala 'gam buain :
 Cha bhiodh sgeul rùin,
 A b'ùil 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 millis,
 Do nàdur grinneas gach uair,
 Gu beulchair, gàireach,
 Aluinn, coineil,
 Gun chàs a thoille' dhut suath ;
 Chuir i guin bhàis
 Fad ràith' am mhuineal
 Dh'fhàg làn mì mhulad 'sa ghruaim,
 'Nuair thuig i mar bha,
 'Sa thàr mi 'n ulaidh,
 Ghrad spàr i 'n cunnart ud bhuam

'S ann thog e mi 'm prìs
 O'n tìs so 'n uiridh,
 An nì 'san urrainn a fhuair,
 'Sguab do'n ìre
 Fhìor-ghloin chruineachd,
 An sìol is urramaich buaidh ;
 Sin na chuir mi
 Co-rimheich umad,
 Bha t' inntinn bunailteach, buan :
 Lìonadh do sgiambachd
 Miann gach duine,
 Au dreach, fiamh, an cumàchd, 's an snuagh,

Do chuach-fhalt bàn
 Air f.s cho barrail,
 'S a bhàrr làn chamag a's dhuil ;
 T-agaidh ghlan, mhàlda,
 Nàrach, bhànail,
 Do dhà chaol mhala gun ghruaim ;
 Sùil ghorm, lìontach,
 Mhìn-rosg, mheallach,
 Gun dìth cur fal' ann ad' ghruadh,
 Deud gheal lobhraidh

Dìonach, daingean,
Beul bidh nach canadh ach stuaim.

Shiùbhladh tu fàsach
Airidh glinne
'San àit an cinneadh an spréidh,
G' am bleathan mu chrò,
'S bhí chòir na h-innis,
Laoigh òg a' m'eadh 's a' leum ;
Cha mhiosa do laimh
'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 ghlán, fallain,
Corp seang mar chanach an t-sléibh ;
Do bhràigh co-mhìn,
'S do chòchan corrach
S iad lìontach, soluis le chéil :
Gaoirdein tlà geal
Làmh na h-ainnir,
Caol mbeoir, glac thana, bäs réidh ;
Calpa deas ùr,
'Troigh dhlù 'm bròig chumair
Is lùghar innealta ceum.

'S ann fhuair mi bhean chaoin
Aig taobh Mhàin-charraidh.
'S a gaol a'm' mhealladh o'm chéil ;
Bha cridhe dhomh saor,
'Nuair dh'fhaod mi tharruinn,
Cha b'fhaoin domh bharail bhi d' réir
'S ioma' fuil uasal,
Uaibhreach, fharumach,
Suas ri d' cheann-aghaidh fhéin,
Gad' chumail am prìs
An Rìgh 's Mac-Caillein
'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 falamb.
Cha b' àill leam bean eil' a'd' dhèigh :
Cha toir mi gu bràth dhut
Dranndan 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-carrach,

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-eoin 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-fhuil bhuidh,
Do ghruaidh mar ròs,
'S do phòg mar ubhal,
Do bheul dreachmhor,
Meachair, grinn,
O'm faighte na h-brain
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 tlà,
Do chòchan corrach
Air bhroileach geal bàn,
Do bhràigh mar ghrian,
'S do bhian mar chuàin.

Do chuach-fhalt bachallach,
Cas-bhuidh, dhlù,
Gu h-anlagach, daite,
Làn chaisreag a's lùb,
'Na chialbhannaibh cleachdach
Am pleata' gu dlù
Air sniamh gu léir
Mar theudan ciùil.

'S ioma' fuil uasal
Gun truaille', gun thair,
Tha togail 'na stuaidheanaibh
Suas ann ad' bhàrr,
Clann-Domhnuill a' chruadal
Fhuair buaigh anns gach blàr,

Gus an tàin' an là suarach
Thug bhuath' an deas làmh.

'S ban-Chaimbeulach dhireach
An rìbhinn dheas òg,
Cha strìochadh do dhìlsean
A luchd mì-ruin tha beo ;
'S gach car tha dol dìotsa,
Ga d' shìr-chur am mèid,
'S thu theaghlach an iarla
Shliochd Dhiarmaid nan sròl.

Tha Cinneadh 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 Dbeòrs'.

'S 'n ainneir bu taitnich'
A bh' ac' ann a s'tir,
A thachair bhì agam
'Ga h-altrom le cìch ;
'Nuair a sheasas i fathast
Air faidhir an rìgh,
Bìdh ioma' fear fearainn
A' faraid,—“ Cò i ? ”

Gruagach gheal, shomulta,
Shoilleir gu leòir.
'S i finealta, foinnidh,
Gun chroma', gun sgeòp ;
Calpa deas cosail,
A choisicheadh ròd,
Troigh chuimhir, 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 chèir
Fainneachan daoimein
Air roinn gach mèir,
Bìdh *rufes* a's ribeinn
Air lseabail òig.

ORAN DO'N T-SEANN

FHREICEADAN GHAELACH,

Deoch Stàinnt' an Fhreiceadain,
'S àill leinn gun cheist i,
Si an fhàillte nach beag oirnn
Dhol deisal ar cléibh,

Cha'n fhàg sinn am fead i,
O'n tha sinn cho dleasanach,
Do na h-àrmuinn bu sheirceile
Sheasadh an sreud ;
Na curraidhnean calma,
G'am buineadh bhì 'n Albainn,
Feadh mhonainean garbhlaich
A' sealg air na féidh,
Fhuair mis' orra seanachas,
Nach mios' an cois fairg' iad,
Bhìdh an cìtcheanan 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 sàraicheadh beagan,
Muir a' garrach gan greasa'
'S i freagradh dhaibh féin,
Chuir gach làmh mar bu deise,
Buill de'n chòraich bu treise,
Ri barr nan crann seasmhacha
Leth-taobh gach bréid,
'S 'g imeachd air chuaintibh,
'Nuair a dh'èirich gaoth tuath le,
B'ainmeil air luath's i,
'S i gluasad gu réidh.

'Nuair a chuir iad na h-àrmuinn
Air tìr ann an *Flànnhras*,
S iad fada bho'm pàirti,
'S o'n àiteachan féin,
Bha onoir nan Gàel
An earbsa r'an tàbhachd,
Bha sin mar a b' abhaist
Gun fhàillinn fo 'n ghreinn
Tha urram an dràs
Aig gach tìr anns an d'fhas iad,
Le feobhas an àbhaist,
An nàduir 'sam beus,
Bhì dileas d'an càirdean,
Cur sìos air gach nàmhaid,
'S iomadh rìoghachd an d'fhag iad,
Fuil bhlath air an fheur.

'S là *Fontenoi*
Thug onoir gu leòir dhaibh,
'Nuair a chruinnich iad coladh,
'Sa thòisich an streup ;
Bu tartraich ar Coirneal,
Cur ghaisgeach an ordugh,
Na lasgairean òga,
Chaidh deònach na dhéigh,
Na gleachdairean còmhraig
Is fearr tha'ig' Rìgh Deòrsa,

A fhuair fasan a's foghlum
 A's eolas ga reir ;
 'S dùil am bheil mise
 'Nam rùsgadh na trioblaid,
 Gun tìgadh a fìthead dhiù
 Briseadh á cend.

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,
 Spoir ùr air an teannadh
 Gu daingeann nan gleus,
 Gu cuinneasrach, biodagach,
 Fùdarach, miosarach,
 Adharcach, miosail,
 Gu misneachail treun.

Na spealpan gun athadh
 A chleachd bhi ri sgathadh,
 Nach seachnadh dol fhathad
 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 fhacalach an labhairt
 Le caisimeachd chatha,
 S e 'n caisteal a'n claidheamh,
 Ga'n gleidheadh bho bhend.

Fir acuinneach armach,
 Le'm brataichean balla-bhreac,
 Bu tlachdmhor an armailt iad,
 'S b' ainmeil am feum ;
 Slìochd altrom nan garbh-chrìoch,
 Am feachd a tha earbsach,
 Nach caisgear an ain'eas
 Gu'n dearbh iad nach geill.
 Leinn is fad' o'n a dh' fhalbh sibh
 Air astar do'n *Ghearmailt*,
 Chur as do gach cealgair
 Chuir fearg oirbh fein,
 An glacadh 'sa marbhadh,
 'S an sgapadh mar mheanbh-chrodh,
 'S na madaidh ga'n leanmhaim
 Air leargainn an t-sléibh.

Slìochd fineachan uasal
 A gin o 'na tuathaich,
 'S an iomairt bu dual dhaibh
 Dol suas air gach ceum,
 Gach càs mar bu luaithe,
 'S gach laimh mar bu chruidhe,
 'San ardan an uachdar
 A' buaidh 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 gilleann,
 'S le lannan geur biorach,
 Bhiodh an naimhdean air iomain
 A' silleadh nan creuchd.

Bu cliùtach na lasgairean
 Ura deas gasda,
 Miann sùl iad ri'm faicinn
 Do gach neach leis an léir,
 Gach seol mar a chleachd iad,
 Le'n comhdacha dreachmhor,
 Le 'n osanan breaca,
 'S le'm breacana 'n fheil :
 Tha mo dhuil ri'n tigh'n dhachaigh,
 Gun an ùin' a bhi fada,
 Le cumhnanta ceartais
 Fir Shasuinn gu leir,
 Le stiùireadh an aigeil,
 Muir dhù-ghorm chur seachad,
 'S nach cum an cuan farsuinn
 Orr' bacadh, no éis.

'Nuair a thainig an trioblaid,
 'S i a *Dha-san-da-fhìthead*,*
 Bha dàna le misneuch,
 'S le mios orra fein,
 Bras, ardanach, fiosrach,
 Gun fhaillin, gun bhriseadh,
 'S cuid araidh ga'n gibhtean'
 Bhi'n gliocas 's an cèill ;
 Tha talamdan tric'
 Aig a phairt ud bithechionnt,
 'S na h-uil' àit' anns an tig iad,
 No idir a thèid.
 Co an drust a their mise,
 Thig an aird ribh a chlisge ?
 Mar fàg sibh e nis'
 Aig an t-slìochd thig n'ar deigh.

* 42d Regiment.

ORAN GHLINN-URCHAI DH.

Mu'n tig ceann bliadhna tuille,
 Cha bhí sinn uile 'n Tora-mhuilte :
 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 tìodhlaicear ar cuirp.

'S an Clachan-an-Diseirt,
 Bu ghrinn bhí ann an digh,
 Suidhe 'n eaglais mhiorbhuileach,
 An *dasg* bu rìmbeach cur ;
 Ag' eisdachd ris na dh'innseadh dhuinn,
 Am fear bu shìobhailt guth ;
 Is e toirt sgeul a Bhlobaill duinn,
 'S a bhrìgh a'tig'n gu buil.

Gleannan blàth na tìoralachd,
 An ro-mhath 'n cinn an stuth
 Far am beil na h-innseagan,
 Am beil an sìol an cur :
 Cinnidh arbhar craobhach ann
 Cho caoin gheal ris a ghruth,
 Gu reachdmhar, biadhchar, brìoghar,
 Tròm, torach, lìontach, tiuth.

Bu chridheil bhí sa' gheamhradh ann,
 Air bainsean gheibhte spuirte ;
 Fonn cheol réidh na pìobaireachd,
 'S cha bhiodh sgios mu sgur :
 Fuaim nan tend 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 lìonmhor,
 'S na milltean coileach dubh ;
 Earba bheag an sgrìobain,
 Na minnein chrìon 's na buic,
 'S a ghleann am beil na frìtheachan,
 'S na glomanaich 'n am bun.

O'n a thàinig mi do'n fhearann so,
 Cha 'n fhaigh mi prìs an eòin,
 'S cha 'n 'eil fàth bhí bruidhinn
 Mu'n fhear-bhuidh air 'm bì 'n cròc :
 Cha b'ionnan 's bhí mar b'abhaist domh,
 Aig bràigh doire-chrò,
 Far am bì' na lùn-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 aium bhí còrr ;
 A dhìreadh ris na garbhlaichean,
 Am biodh greidh dhearg na's leòir
 'S bhiodh gillean tròm le eallachan
 A dh'fhàgadh tarbbach bord.

'S an uair a thigte dhachaigh leo.
 Gu'm b'fhasanta bhuir seòl,
 A suidhe 'san taigh-thàirne,
 'S bhí damhsa mar ri ceòl ;
 Cridhealas r'a chéile,
 'S na béin a bhí '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'éibhinn leam bhí 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 c'amp.

'S tric a bha càmp Rìoghail ann,
 'S bu rìmbeach an luchd-dreuchd ;
 Trùp' nan srann-each lìonmhor,
 Gu dìleas air a gheard :
 Bhiodh gach fear cho eòlach
 'S na h-uile seòl a b'fhearr,
 Na fleasgaich bu mhath fòghlum
 A dhol an òrdugh blàir.

'S iomadh fleasgach uasal ann,
 A bha gu suairce grinn,
 Fùdar air an gruagan,
 A suas gu bàrr ann cinn ;
 Leadainn dhonna, dhualach
 Na chuachagan air suìomh ;
 Bàrr dosach mar an sìoda,
 'Nuair lìogadh e 'le eir.

'S mòr a tha do bhain-tighearnan
 A nùll 'sa nàll an t-sràid,
 Gùntaichean de'n t-sìoda orr',
 Ga'n sliogadh ris a bhlàr ;
 Stòise air na h-ainnirean
 Ga'n teannachadh gu h-àrd.
 Buill mhaiss air eudainn bhòidheach,
 Mar thuilleadh spòrsa dhaibh.

Na h-uile tè mar thigeadh dh'i,
 Gu measail a' measg chàich,
 Uallach, rimheach*, rimcanach.
 Cruinn, min-geal, giobach, tlà ;
 Trusgan air na h-oigheanan,
 Ga'n còmh-dachadh gu làr ;
 Bròg bliorach, dhionach, chothromach,
 'S bu chorrach leam a sàil.

'Nuair chaidh mi staigh do'n Abailte,
 Gu'm b'ait an sealladh sùl
 Bhi 'g amharc air na dealbhnan,
 Rìgh *Fearghas* ann air thùs ;
 A nis o'n rinn iad falbh uainn,
 Tha Alba gun an Crùn :
 'Se sin a dh'fhàg na garbh-chriochan
 'S an aimsir so á cùirt.

Bi lòchrainn ann de ghloineachan,
 A's coinneal anns gach hìt,
 A meudachadh an soillearachd,
 Gu sealladh a thoirt daibh :
 Cha lagha 'n t-aobhar éibhneis,
 Cluig-chiuil 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 mheamhach, mhìreanach,
 A b'airde binneach ceann ;
 Cha'n e am fraoch a b'innis daibh,
 Na frichean nam beann.

Is ann an clous na *Pàrlamaid*
 A chi mi thall an t-each,
 Na sheasamh mar a b'abhaisit da,
 Air lòn a chabhsair chlach ;
 Chuir iad srian a's diallaid air,
 'Se'n Rìgh a tha n'a glaic,
 Ga'n robh còir na rìoghachd so,
 Ge d' dhiobair iad a mhaic* :

Tha taigh mòr na *Pàrlamaid*
 Air ardachadh le tlachd,
 Aig daoim-uaisle 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-leigheas ann
 Aig leighichean ri feum,

* King James VII. was the brother of Charles II. whose statue is here described.

A dheanadh slàn gach dochartas
 'A bhiodh 'an corp no'n crè ;
 Aon duine bhiodh an en-slainnute,
 No'n freasdal ris an léigh,
 Be sin an t-àite dleasannach,
 Gu thensairginn o'n éug.

Tha Dun-éidean bhìdheach
 Air iomadh seòl na dha,
 Gu'n bhaile anns an rìoghachd so
 Nach deanadh strìochda dha ;
 A liuthad fear a dh'innsinn ann
 A bheireadh eis de chàch,
 Daoim' uaisle casg an iota,
 A g' òl air fion na *Spàinnt*.

Ge mòr a tha de dh' astar
 Eadar Glascho agus Peairt,
 Is cinnteach mi ged' fhaicinn
 Na tha dh'aitreabh ann air fad,
 Nach 'eil ann is taituiche
 Na'n Abait a's am *Banc*,
 Na taighean mòra rimheach,
 'Am bu chòir an Rìgh bhì stad.

ORAN DUTHCHA.

LUNNEAG.

Hoirionn ò ho hì-rì-rìo,
Hoirionn ò ho hì-rì-rìo,
Hoirionn ò hì-rì-ò,
'S i mo dhùthaich a dh'fhàg mi.

Ged' a tha mi car tamaill,
 A tàmh measg na Gallaibh,
 Tha mo dhùthaich air m'aire,
 'S cha mhath leam a h-àicheadh.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Ged' is éiginn dhuinn gabhail
 Leis gach nì thig 'san rathad,
 Gu'm b'fhearr na srathan,
 Bhi taghaich 'sa bhràidhe.
Hoirionn o ho, &c

Ged' is còmh-nard na sràidean,
 S mòr a b'fhearr bhì air ùiridh,
 Am frith nam Beunn àrda,
 'S nam fàsaichean blàtha.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Beurla chruaidh gach aon latha,
 'N ar cluais o cheann ghrathainn,
 'S e bu dual duinn o'r n-athair,
 Rhi labhairt na Gàidlig.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Ged' is cliùteach a Mhachair,
Le cùnnradh 's le fasan,
Be air dùrachd dol dachaigh,
'S bhi 'n taice r'ar càirdean :
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Bhi 'n Clachan-an-Diseirt,
A faicinn air dillsean,
Gum b'ait leinn an tìr sin,
O'n a 's i rinn air 'n àrach.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Cha be fasan nan daoine' ud,
Bhi 'n conas na 'n caonnaig,
Ach sonas an t-saoghail,
'S bhi gaolach mar bhràithrean.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

N àm suidhe 's taigh-òsda,
Gu luinneagach, ceolmhor
Bu bhinn ar cuid òran,
'S bhi 'g-òl nan deoch-slainnte,
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Luchd dhìreadh nan stùicean,
Le'n gunnathan dù-ghorm,
A loisgeadh am fùdar,
Ri ùdlaiche làn-daimh.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

S e bu mhiann leis na macaibh,
Bhi triall leis na slatan,
A chuir srian ris a bhradan,
Cha be fhasan am fàgail.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

Gu fiadhach a mhunaidh,
No dh' iasgach air buinne,
Anns gach gnìomh a nì duin
'S mòr urram nan Gàid.
Hoirionn o ho, &c.

O R A N

DO DH' IARLA BHRAID-ALBANN.

AIR FOKN.—“*An Tailear Acainneach.*”

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 bi sinn ceolmhor,
'S gu'n gabh sinn ùrain
Ga h-òl gu farumach.

'S e'n t-armunn suaice
A ghluais á Bealach leinn,
'S na sàr dhaoine-uaisle
R'a ghualainn mar ris ann;
O'n dh' éirich sluagh le
Gu feum 'sa chruadal,
A réir do dhualchais
B'ìdh buaidh a dh'ain-deoin leat.

Gur deas am fiùran
Air thùs nan gallan thu,
'S cha ghabh thu cùram
Rò ghnùis nan aineolach;
Led' chòimblain ùra
'S thu féin ga'n stùireadh,
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 bàthadh,
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 builleann beumach,
Cha leigheas léigh iad,
'S cha ghléidh e'n t-anam riu.

'S i sin a garbh bhratach,
A dh' fhalbh o'n bhaile leinn,
'S iad fir Bhraid-Albann

Gu dearbh a leannas i,
Fìr ùra, chalma,
A tha lughmor, meamnach,
Ma dhùisgear fearg orra,
'S mairg a bheanas dhaibh.

Tha connspuinn àraidh
A bràigh gblinn-fallach leinn,
A fhuair buaidh-làrach
'S gach àit 'n do tharruinn iad,
Le luchd an làmhach
Rì 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 ;
Fìr shunudach dhàicheil,
A grunn Earr-Gàel,
Nach diult 's na blàraibh
Le làmhach caithriseach.

Na h-Urrachaich eireachdail
Le'n urachair sgallanta,
Cuir suas nam pelleirean
Nach cualas mearachdach,
S iad buaghar iomairteach
'S cha dualchas giorag dhaibh,
'S an ruag cha philleadh iad,
'S gur cruaidh le'n lannan iad.

Na h-uaislean Eileanach,
'S ann uain nach fannadh iad,
'S fìr chuairteach beinn' iad,
'S air chuan, na'm marnichean ;
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 anai'-each,
'S a mhiseach ard
Tha 'nar ceann, 's a dh'fhanas ann ;
Tha 'n Rìgh ag earbsadh
Gu'n diol sinn argamaid,
Le strì na h-armailt
Mar dhearbha 'n-atraichean.

'Nuair thog iad sròl
'S na fìr mhòra tarruinn ris,
'S o'n fhuair iad eòlas
Air fòghlum cabhagach,
Cha'n fhaicear cò-ladh
De ghaigich òga,

Am feachd Rìgh Deòrsa,
Aon phòr thug barrachd ort'.

Tha'n Sambradh blàth ann
O'n dh'fhag an t-earrach sinn,
Ma nì sinn càmp
'S e bhios ann dhuinn fallaineachd :
Tha nì air gleanntaibh
Cha bhi sinn gann dhiu,
'S gur lionmhor Gàll
Tha cuir aird air aran dhuinn.

'S e 'n togail inntinn
Cho grunn 'sa b'aithe dhomh,
Bhi'n cùirt an Rìgh
Gu'n bhi strì ri sgalachd ;
Cha dean sinn feòraich
Air tuille stòrais,
'S cha teirig lòn dhuinn
Ra'r beò air Gearasdan.

IAIN CAIMBEUL A' BHANCA.

IAIN CHAIMEUL a' bhanca,
Gu'm faiceam thu slàn,
F'hir a chumail na dàimh,
'Gam buineadh bhì mòr ;
Le d' chridhe fial, fearail,
A thug barrachd air càch,
An iomadaibh càs
A thuilleadh nan slògh.
Fhuair thu meas, nach 'eil bichiont'
A measg Bhreatainneach,
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 freugradh do bheòil.

'S tu marcach nan srùnn-each,
Is farramaich ceum,
Le 'm falluireachd fèin
Gu farasda, fòil :
Air dhiollaid nan 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-anmadaid, meamnach,
Le 'm falbh gurilleumach,

Cruideach, dlù-thairgneach,
Mear, aineasach, fuasgailteach,
Ceannardach, cluas-bhiorach,
Uallach gu leoir.

B'e do roghainn a dh'armachd,
An targaid chruinn ùr,
Gu meanbh-bhallach dlù,
Buidh' tairgneach cruaidh seòlt ;
Is claidheamh chinn airgeid,
Cruaidh, calma, nach lùb,
Lann thana, gheur-chiùil,
Gu daingean a'd dhùrn ;
Mar ri dag ullamh, grad,
A bhiodh a suap freasdalach,
Nach biodh stad air a sraid
Ach bhi 'mach freagarach ;
Fudar cruaidh, sgeilecara,
'M feadan gle dhìreach,
A'd lamhan geal, mìne,
'S cuileabhar caol, gorm.

Bu cheannard air feachd thu,
An am gaisgidh no feum,
Fhir mhisneachail, threim
A b' fhiosrach 's gach seòl ;
A fhuair foglum, a's fasan,
Is aiteas g'a réir,
Tur pailte le céill
A' cur aignidh am mòid.
An am suidhe na ciùrte,
No dùbladh an t-seisein,
An uchd bearraidh no binne,
'S i t-fhirinn a sheasadh :
Deag theang-fhear gu *deasput*,
Bu fhreagarach cainnt,
A bhuidhneadh gach geall
'S a chumadh a chòir.

'S e do shùgradh bha earailteach,
Ceannalta, suaire,
An am tionail nan uaislean
Mar riut a dh-òl ;
Gu failteachail, furanach,
A cuireadh a suas,
Gach duine de'n t-sluaigh,
G'am buineadh bhi d' chòir :
Na diùcan bu rimhiche,
A chit' ann am Breatunn,
Is bu chompanach rìgh thu,
Le firinn 's le teistias,
Fhir ghreadhnaich bu sheirceile
Sheasadh air blàr,
Fo 'n deise bhiodh lan,
De lastanan òir.

'S math thig dhut san fhasan,
An ùd a's a ghruag,

Air an deasachadh suas
Am fasan an t-slòigh
Gu camagach, daitlìte,
Lan chaisreag a's cluach,
Gu bachlach mu'n cuairt,
Le maise ro-mhòr :
Tha gach ciabh mar do mhiann,
Air an suiomh cumachdail,
Fiamh dhonn, torrach, tròm,
Gu'n aon bhonn uireasbhuidh,
Amlagach, cleachdach,
Cruinne cas-bhuidh tlà,
Cho gasda ri barr,
Th' air mac sau Roinn-eòrp' ;

'S i t-aghaidh ghlan, shoilleir,
Bha caoineil ro suaire,
Caol mhala gun ghruain,
Sùil mheallach bu bhòidhch' ;
Guàis àillidh mar chanach,
Bu cheanalta, snuagh,
Min, cannach, do ghruaidh,
Mar bbarra nan ròs.
Cha 'n 'eil àilleachd air cèch,
Nach tug pairt urram dhut ;
Foinnidh, finealta, dìreach,
Deas fir chumachdail,
Calpa chruinn, cothromach,
Corrach, gu d' shàil,
Gun chron ort a' fàs,
O mhulach gu bròig.

Do smaointeana glice,
Le misnich 's le céill,
Do thuigse ghlan, gheur,
'S deagh thuiteamas beoil ;
Gun tuirseadh, gun bhristeadh,
Gun trioblaid, fo'n ghréin,
A b' fhiosrach mi féin,
Is misd thu bhi d' chòir.
'S ioma gibht' a tha 'nìs,
Lionmhor tric minig ort,
Luil a's fios, mùirn a's mìos,
Flùr a' measg fìnnich thu,
An uaisle le spiorad,
Air mhìreadh a' d' chàil,
'S tu iriosal, baigheil,
Cinneadail, còir.

Gheibhte sud ann ad' thalla,
Fion geal is math tuar,
Deoch thana gun druaid,
'S i fallain gu pòit ;
Bhiodh sunnd agus farum
Air aire an t-sluaigh,
Deadh ghean ann san uair,
A teannaidh r'a h-bl ;
Q

Ann san taigh bu mhòr seadh,
 Leis nach dragh aithnichean,
 Mùirn a's caoin, a bhios air fheadh,
 Cupa 's gloin, canachan,
 Coinneirean airgeid,
 'S dreòs dheàlrach o chéir,
 Feadh t-aitreamh gu léir,
 'S iad pailte gu leòir.

B'e do mhiann a luchd ealaidh,
 Pìob sgalanta, chruaidh,
 Le caithream cho luath,
 'S a ghearradh na meòir ;
 Puirt shiùlacha, mheara,
 Is fìor allail cur suas,
 Ann an talla nam buadh
 Bu bharrail mu'n stòr
 Crnìte ciùil, torman ùr,
 Is e gu dlù ruith-leumach,
 Feadain lom, chruinne, dhonn,
 'Thogadh fonn nìreanach,
 Clàrsach le grìneas,
 Bu bhinn-fhacalach fuaim,
 'S cha pilleadh tu 'n duais,
 'Nuair a shireadh tu ceòl.

'S iomadh ùit am beil do charaid,
 A t-fharaid mu'n cuairt,
 An deas a's an tuath,
 Cho dleas'nach 's bu chòir ;
 Diùc Earraghalach ainmeil,
 Ceann armailt' nam buagh,
 Leis na dhearbhadh làmh chruaidh,
 Is ris an d'earbadh gu leòir :
 An t-farla cliùiteach g'an dùthchas
 Bhi 'n Tùr Dhealaich,
 A chuir an ruaig le chuid sluaigh,
 Air na fuar Ghallaich ;
 Mòrair Loudon nan seang-each,
 Ard sheanalair càim,
 Fhuair urram comann,
 Far na bhuidhin na seòid.

Tha iomadh càs eile
 Nach ceilinn san uair,
 Tha tarraim ort buaidh,
 A mhaireas ri d' bheò ;
 Fuil rioghail air lasadh
 Amach ann ad' ghruidh,
 Cuir t-aigneach a snas
 Le àiteas ro-mhòr ;
 Tha bunntam a's léirsinn,
 Gu léir ann ad' phearsa,
 Fhìr shuuntach na fèile,
 Sgeul éibhinn a b' àit leam,
 Na 'm faicinn a'mhàireach
 Le àbhachd 's le mùirn,

Bhi 'd chàradh fo 'n chrùn
 An àite rìgh Deòrs'.

CUMHADH IARLA

BHRAID-ALBANN.

'S TRUAUGH r'a òiseachd an sgeul
 Fhuair mi féin tuille 's luath ;
 Rinn an t-éag ceann na céille
 'S nam beus a thoirt uain :
 Cha'n 'eil léigh tha fo 'n ghréin,
 Dheanadh fenn dhut 's an uair :
 'S bochd a'd' dhéigh sinn gu léir,
 'S cha 'n'eil feum bhi 'ga luaidh.

Tha do chairdean làidir, lìomhor
 Anns gach tìr a tha mu'n cuairt ;
 So na dh-fhàg an aigneadh ìosal,
 Do chorp prìseil bhi 'san uaigh :
 Is iad mar loingear gun bhi dìonach,
 Fad o thìr air druim a' chuain ;
 'S tusa b'urraim an toirt sàbhailt,
 Ge do bhiodh an gabhadh cruaidh.

'S ann an diùgh a chaidh do chàradh
 'An ciste chlàr 's ad leabaidh fhuair ;
 Is muladach a'd' dhéigh an tràths'
 A' chuid is airde do d' dhaoim' uails.
 Tha gach duin' agad fo phràmh,
 'S goirt an càs ann bheil an tuath ;
 'S iad do bhoichdan a tha cràiteach ;
 'Thugadh an taic' làidir uath'.

'S iomadh dilleachdan òg falamh
 Bha le h-ainnis air dhroch shluagh,
 Seann daoine 's bantraichean fanna
 Bha faotainn beathachaidh uair :
 'S ann bu truaigh a' ghaoir a bh'aca,
 'S deòir gu frasach air an gruaidh,
 Caoineadh cruaidh, a's buaidh bhasan,
 'S bhi toirt pàirt de 'm falt a nuas.

'S muladach an nochd do dhùthaich,
 'S dubbach tùrsach tha do shluagh :
 Cha 'n iognadh sin, 's mòr an dùibhail
 An tionndadh so thigh'n oirn cho luath,
 Am fear a b'àbhaist bhi le dùrachd
 Gabhail cùram dhiubh gach uair,
 Dh'fhàg iad 'na làidhe 'san ùir e
 Far nach dùisg e gu Là-luain.

'S ann an tràthaibh na Feill-bròde
 Thàinig crìoch air snòidh nam buadh.

'S lòn a thug an t-eug an sgrìob oirnn,
 Och ! mo dhith cha deic a luath's,
 Bhuail an gath air flàth na fìrinn
 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 riann gu h-ìosal
 Air nì chuireadh sìos an tuath ;
 Bu chùl-taie dhaibh auns gach àit thu,
 'S tu bha ghnàth 'gan cumail suas.
 Cha bu mhiann leat togail ùlaimh ;
 Sin a' chùis d'an tug thu fuath :
 Bha thu faotainn gaòil gach duine,
 'S ghlèidh thu'n t-urram sin a fhuair.

Bha thu léirsinneach le suaireas ;
 Dh-fhàs a'd' chòm an uaisle mhòr ;
 Ciall a's misneach mar ri cruadal,
 Fhuair thu 'n dualchas sin o d' sheòrs'.
 Bha thu fiosrach, glic, neo-luaineach ;
 Bha t-inntinn buan auns a' chòir.
 O'n a thog iad air ghiùlan sluaigh thu,
 'S aobhar sin a luathaich deòir.

Chan'eil aoibneas ann am Bealach,
 Chan'eil farum ann, no cèil ;
 Daoine dubhach, 's mnathan galach,
 A's iad gun ealaidh ach am bròn ;
 O'n a chaidh do ghiùlan dachaigh
 O'n mbachair air mhùthadh seòil,
 'N àit' an èididh sin a chleachd thu,
 Ciste, 's léine, 's brat de'n t-sròl.

'Nam bu daoine bheireadh dhinn thu,
 Dh'éireadh milltean air an tòir,
 O bheul Tatha gu Lathuinn-ìochdrach,
 Sin fo chis dùt agus còr :
 Far an d'fhàs na gallain fhìlor-ghlan,
 A's iad òumhor ann gu lèòir,
 A rachadh togarrach gud' dhioladh,
 Nach obadh dol sìos le deòin.

'S ann tha chùis nì's fearr mar tha i,
 Dòchas làidir thu bhi beo
 Am measg nan aingeal a tha 'm Phàrras,
 Ann an gl'irdeachas ro-mhòr :
 Gur e 'n Tì a ghlac air làimh thu,
 'Thug 'san àite sin dhub còir
 Air oighreachd is fearr na dh'fhàg thu,
 'An àros aghmhor 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
 (Soirbheas àrd ri cùl gach seòil)
 A dh' fhaotainn seilbh air an t-saibheas,
 'S air an oighreachd sin bu chòir ;

A ghabhail cùram ga chuid fearainn,
 'S ga chuid daoine sean a's òg.

CUMHA' CHAILEIN

GHLINN-IUBHAIR.

SMAOINTEAN truagh a th'air m'aigne,
 Dh' fhàg orm smuaircan, a's airtsneul,
 An àm gluasad am leabaidh,
 Cha chadal ach dùisg ;
 Tha mo ghruaighean air seacadh,
 Gun dìon uair air mo rasan,
 Mu'n sgeul a chualas o'n Apuinn,
 A ghluais a chaismeachd ud dhuin',
 Fear Ghlinn-iubhair a dhìth oirnn,
 Le putar luchd mì-ruin,
 Mo sgeul dubhach r'a innseadh
 Thu bhi d' shìneadh 'san ùir ;
 'S truagh gach duine de d' dhlisean,
 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' shlàimte,
 Gun chion cumachd no fàs ort,
 Gu foimnidh, dàicheil deas ùr ;
 Suairce, foisinneach, fàillteach,
 Uasal, iorsal bàidheil,
 Caoimhneil, cinneadail, càirdeil,
 Gun chruon r'a ràit' air a chùl ;
 Làn do ghliocas, 's do léirsinn,
 Gu dana, misneachail, treubhach,
 Gach àit an sìrte gu feum thu,
 'S ann leat a dh'éireadh gach cùis ;
 B'e do choimeas an drèagan,
 No 'n t-sothag 's na speuraidh,
 Co bu choitach r'a chéile
 Ach iad fèin 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 chachaille ghàraidh,
 Fhuair thu 'n tacaid a chràidh mì,
 'S gun do thaic a bli làimh riut,
 'Nuair ghabh iad fàth ort o d' chùil,
 Air do thaoibh 's thu gun chòmhradh,
 'S an àm 'n do chaochail an deò bhàt,
 T-fhuil chraobhach, dhearg, bhòidheach
 A gabhail dòrtadh 'na brìchd,

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 ádh, gun chinneas, gun cheutaidh,
A chuir lámh a'd' mhilleadh gun reusan,
Le cion céill' sgus tùir ;

'S e glac mar chomharl' an eucoir,
'S boc an gnothaich mar dh'éirich,
Dh-fhàg e sinne fo eu-slainnt,
Is e féin 'na fhear-cùirn ;

'S ge nach sàmhach a leabaidh,
Le eagal a ghlacadh,

Cha 'n e tha mi 'g acain,
Ach mar a thachair do'n chùis ;
An t-armunn deas, tlachdmhor,
A tha 'n dràst' an Ard-chatain,
An déigh a chòradh an tasgaidh,
An àite cadail nach dùisg.

'S e do chadal gu sìorruidh,
A dh'fhàg m' aigne cho tìomhaidh,
'S tric smaointean diomhaín ;
A tigh'n gu dian orm as ùr,
'S tròm a dh'fhàs orm an iargainn,
Is goirte tàrsa nam fiabhras,
Mo chomh-alt ùlunn, deas, ciatach,
An déigh's a riabhadh gu dlù ;
Mìle mallachd do'n lèimh sin,
A gabh cothrom is fàth ort,
A thug an comas do'n làmhach,
'Nuair chuir e 'n spòrteach r'a shùil ;
Sgeula soilleir a b' àil leam,
Gu'n cluinnt' an follais aig càch,
E bhi dol ri crommaig le fàradh,
Gus am mìosa 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 b-òle dhut,
'S gu'n a chridh' aig aodainn a nochadh,
'S ann a thain' e sàmhach mu'n chnocain,
'S a gabh ort socair o d' chùil.
'S e mo dhiùbhail a thachair,
An àm do'n fhùdar ud lasadh,
Nach robh ad' chàirdan an taic riut,
Na bheireadh aicheamhail diubh ;
'S a linnhad furan deas, tlachdmhor,
Nach gabhadh cùram ro' bhagra,
A chuireadh smùid ris an Apuinn,
A chionn gu'm faiceadh iad thu.

'S tròm a pb'igh sinn an iobairt,
A chuir ar nàmhaid a dhùth oirnn,

Ged' tha 'n aicheamhail gu'n dìoladh,
Thig fhathasd lìontan mu'n chùis,
Chuireas càch an staid losail,
Air son an àilleagain phrèiseil,
Bh' ann san àite mar fhàrean,

A chleachd firinn a's cliù ;
'S bochd an naidheachd r'a àireamh,
Gur ann an uasgaidh a tha thu,
Nach tainig fhathasd mu'n chàs ud,

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 gàmblas air chùil.

'S iad na fìneachan laidir,
Bu mhath a gabhail do phàirti,
An rìgh, a's diùc Earraghàil,
Nach fhaiceadh fàilinn a'd' chùis ;
Iarla dlìgheach Bhraid-Albann,
Air thùs a tighinn gu'n chearbaich,
'S gur ioma' fear arnach,
A sheasadh calma r'a chùil ;
Mac-Aoidh 's a luchd-leamhuinn,
Leis an éireadh suinn nach bu leanbaidh,
Na laoch bhuidhneach, mhòr, mheamnach,
Le'n lanna ceann-bheartach, cùil ;
Mac-Dhombhuil diubh, 's Cloinn-Chamroin,
S gu leòir a thighearnan ainmeil ;
S fhad o'n chuala sinn seanchas,
Gu'n do dhearb iad an cliù.

S ghabh thu àite le ordugh,
Air pairt do Shrath-lùcha,
'S cha b' ann air ghaol stòrais,
'Na los am pòrsan thoirt diùbh ;
Ach a sheasann an còrach,
Le meud do cheisd air an t-sèdrs' ud,
'S an òidhre dleasnach air fògra,
G'am bu chòir bhi 'sa chùirt ;
'S ge do theireadh luchd faoinneachd,
Gun robh t-àire-sa daonnan,
Bhi sgainneart nan daoine ud,
Na 'n leigeadh sgoilteach air chùil ;
Chite fhathasd a chaochladh,
N'am faighe tu saoghal,
Gur e bhi tarraiminn luchd gaoil ort,
As gach taobh, a bha d' rùn.

Bu tu cridhe na féile,
Dh' fhàs gu tighearnaile, ceutach.
An làthair brìtheamh Dhun-éideann,
'S tric a reitich thu eùis ;
'S oil leam càradh do cheud-mhua,
'S òg a bhantrach a'd' dhéigh i,
Lion campar gu léir i,
O'n dh'èug a céillidh deas, ùr ;
Fhuair mi 'n sealladh nach b'eibhinn,

An uaigh mu d' choinneamh 'ga réiteach,
 'S truagh gach common thug spéis dhut,
 O'n chaidh tu féin anns an ùir,
 'S gun dùil a nis ri thu dh-éiridh,
 'Se dh'fhàg mise fo eu-slainnt,
 Bhì 'n diugh ag' innseadh do bheusan,
 'S nach tig thu dh-éiseachd mo chliù.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

'NUAIR thig an Sàmhra' geugach oirnn,
 Théid siann nan speur o'n ghrùamaiche,
 Thig tlus a's blàs a's aoibhneas—
 Théid gach nì g'a réir am buadhalachd.
 Thig feart le neart na gréin' oirnn,
 Nì 'n saoghal gu léir a chuartaichd;
 Thig teas o slios 'nuair dh'éireas i
 Nì feun, 's cha tréigear uainne e.

Bidh pòr ann an tìr ghràiseirean,
 Chur sil ann san tìr ghnàthaichte;
 A' toirt brìdh as an ùir nàdurra,
 O'n bhlàr g'a bhàrr a ghluaisas e:
 Gu reachdmhor, breac, neo-fhàillineach,
 Trom-chuinleach, garbh-ghràineach,
 Gu diasach, riabhach, càileanach,
 Gu biadhach, làn, 'nuair bhuaineas e.

'S glan fàileadh uan geug òbhara,
 Mu ghàradh nan seud lìomhóra.
 Am biodh àileagain glé rìomhacha
 Le blàth's a' sìr chur snuadh orra;
 Gu h-ùbhlach, peurach, figiseach,
 Glan, brioghmhor, dìomhair, guamaiseach
 Gach sràid is àillidh grineachan,
 Mar Phéalas rìgh r'an cuartachadh.

'S ro-ghreannar gach gleann fìor-mhonaidh,
 Cur lomhaigh ghrinn an uachdar air;
 Gach lus le bhàrr cho mhòr a'ailteach,
 A' fàs fo mhìle suaicheantas;
 Gu duilleach, turach, dìtheanach,
 Glan, rimbeach, lìomhor, euaicheanach,
 Gu ròpach, dosach, mìseanach,
 Gu millteachail, mìn uain-nealach.

Bi'dh fonn air gach neach nàdurra,
 Bhiodh sealltainn gach nì 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-ùrar, dù'-ghorm, àileanta,
 Le frasan blàtha, bruaideanach.

Bi'dh gach frùth gu lìonnach, fearach;
 'S théid na féidh 'nan éideadh suaicheanta,
 Gu h-ullach, binneach, ceumannach,
 Grad-leumanach, bior-chluaiseanach;
 Gu cròcach, cabrach, céir-ghéalach,
 Gu maungach, eangach, éildeagach,
 'Gan grianadh sa' mhios chéiteanach,
 Air slios an t-sléibh mu'n cuartaich iad.

Bi'dh laogh ri taobh gach aighe dhiubh,
 'Nan laidhe mar is còir dhaibh; bi'dh
 Gach damh a's maung 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 gaol air crònaich.

Bi'dh maoisleach a chiun ghuaich,
 A cur dreach a's snuadh a's tuar oirre,
 'S i tilgeadh cuilg a' gheamhraidh
 A chuir gurt a's greann a's fuachd oirre:
 O'n thàinig blàthas an t-Sàmhraidh oirnn,
 Cuiridh sì manntal ruadh oirre,
 S tha iuntinn 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, ammadail,
 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 aium na ruadhagan.

Bi'dh gach creutair fàillineach,
 A bha greis an càs na fuaralachd,
 A togail an einn gu h-àbhachdach,
 O'n a thàinig blàth's le buaidh orra:
 Na h-eoin sa' phong a b' àbhaist daibh,
 Gu ceolmbar, fonnmhor, fàilteachail,
 Feadh phreas a's thòrn ri gairdeachas,
 Gun chàs a dh'fhàgadh truailidh iad.

'S neo-thruaillidh am pòr lìomhor ud,
 'S gur spéiseil grinn a ghluaisas iad;
 Le'm beus a' seinn mar fhileirean,
 Gur h-aoibhinn binn ri m' chlus an iad;
 'S glan luinneagach, fìor-iuntinneach,
 A' chànnain chinn thig uatha-san;
 'S iad gobach, sgiathach, chreineach
 Gu h-iteach, dìonach, eluaiseach.

Bi'dh an coileach le thorman tùchanach,
 Air chuocanaibh gorm a dùrdanaich,

Puirt fhileanta, cheolmhor, shiùblacha,
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' mhìos chéitein oirn,
'S bith riabhag 'na seuchdan còmhlaid ri,
'S an dreathan a gleusadh sheannsairean
Air a ghéig is aird a mhòthaicheas e.
Bidh chòill' gu léir 's na gleanntaichean,
Air chrathadh le h-aobheas canntaireachd,
Aig fuaim a chunail cheannsalaich,
Feadh phreas, a'a 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 eridhe nam friamh an sòghaireachd,
Le trusgan ùr g'a mbiadachadh,
Bar-gùc air mhiaraibh nòsara.

Bi'dh am beatha gu cuisleach, fiùranach,
Gu faileanach, slatach, ùr-fhasach ;
Thig snothach fo 'n chairt a's druisealachd,
Bidh duilleach a's rùsg mar chòmhach air ;
Le bruthainn thèid brìgh na duslain ann
Am barrach dlù nan òganan'
Gu plùireineach, caoin, maoth-bhlasda,
Mo roghainn de shnaoisean sròine e.

'S a bhiolaire luideach, sliom-chluasach,
Ghlas, chruinn-cheanuach, chaoin, ghorm-
Is i fàs glan, uchd-ard, gilmeineach, [neulach,
Fo bàrr-geal, iomlan, sònraichte ;
Air ghlaic, bu taitneach cearmonta,
Le seamragan 's le neòinean ;
'S gach lus a dh'fheudain ainmeachaidh,
Cuir anbarra dhreach bòichead air.

Gur badanach, caoineil, mìleanta,
Cruinn, mopach, mìnchruth, mongoineach.
Fraoch groganach, dù'-dhonn, grìs-dearg,
Bàrr cluigeanaich, sinnteach, gorm-bhileach ;
Gu dosach, gasach, uain-neulach,
Gu cluthor, cluaineach, tolmagach ;
'S a nìhil 'na fùdar gruaige dha,
'Ga chunail suas an spòrsalachd.

'S i gruag an deataich rìmhich i,
'S mòr a brìgh 's is hommhor buaidh oirre,
Céir-bheach nan sgeap a cinntinn oirr',
Scillein breac feadh tuim 'ga chruasachd sud ;
Gu cianail, tiambaidh, srann aige,
Air bhàrr nam meas a' dranndanaich,

Bhiodh miann bhan-òg a's bhain-tighearnan
Na fhàrdach ghreannar, ghuamaisich.

Is e gu striteach, riabhach, ciar-cheannach,
Breac, buidh, stiallach, srian-bhallach.
Gobach, dubhanach, riasgach, iargalta,
Ri gnìomh gu dian mar thuathanach ;
Gu surdail, grunnail, dianadach,
Neo-dhiomhanach 'na uaireanan ;
'S e fàile lusan fiadhaiche
Bhi's aige bhiadh 'sa thuarasdal.

Gach thin is àirde chruinnicheas
Do'n àiridh uile ghluaisias iad ;
Thig blioched a's dàir gun uireasbuidh,
Craobh àrd air cumann gruaige ;
Na h-aighean is òige làidire,
Nach d'fhiosraich tràth na buaraichean ;
Bi'dh luinneag aig rìbhinn chul-duinn dhaibh,
'Gam bròdal ciùin le duanagan.

'S fìor ionnluinn mu thràth neòine
Na laogh òga chòir na buaile sin,
Gu tarra-gheal, ball-bhreac, bòtainneach,
Sgiùthach, druim-fhionn' sroin-fhionn, guill-
[inneach ;
Is iad gu lth-dhonn, ciar-dhubh, càraideach,
Buidh, grìs-fhionn, crà'-dhearg, suaichionta,
Seang, slios'ra dìreach, sàr-chumpach,
Cas, baclach, bàrr an suainiche.

Bi'dh fòirm a's colg air creatairean,
Gu stòirmeil, gleust' 'g ath-nuadhachadh ;
Le forgan torchuirt feodalach,
An treud, 's an sprèidh, 's am buachaille ;
An gleann, barrach, bileach, ròidhleach,
Creamh, rainneach, réis a's luachaireach,
'S e caoin, cannach, ceutach, mìn chruthach,
Fìreach, sléibhteach, feurach, fuaranach.

Bi'dh mionntain, camomhil, 's sòghraichean,
Géur bhileach, lònach, luasganach,
Cathair thalmhanta, 's carbhinn chròc-rhean-
[nach,
Gharg, amlach, ròmach, chluas-bhiorach,
Suthan-làir, 's fàile ghròiseidean ;
Làn bìlidh' 's ròsa cnaicheanach,
Is clann-bheag a trusa leòlaichean,
Buain chòrr an còs nam bruchagan.

Bi'dh 'm làr fo stràchd le ùraireachd.
Oidhech iuchair bhrùinneach, chòb-bànach,
Gach sràbh 'sa bàrr air lùbadh orra
Le cudthrom an driùchd 's le lèdalachd ;
'Na phaideirean liomor, cùirneineach,
Gu brìogmhor, slighmhor sòlasach,
Cuiridh ghrian gu dian 'na smùidean e,
Le fiamh a gnùis 's an ìg-mhadainn.

'Nuair a dhearsas a gnùis bhaoisgeil,
Gu fial, fathail fiamh, geal, caoineil oirnn,
Thig mathas a's gnìomh le sàibhireachd,
Chuir loinn air an Roinn-eòrpa so ;
Le aoibneas gréine soilseachadh,
Air an speur gu réidh a spaoileas i,
Cuir an géil gach feum a riun 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 m'uid oirnn,
'S e'n rud nach fhacas riann oirnn,
'S nach miann leinn a chumail oirnn ;
'S na'm bitheamaid uile dileas
Do'n rìgh bha toirt cuireadh dhuinn,
Cha'n fhaicte sinn gu dilinn,
A strìochda do'n chulaidh so.*

'S olc an seòl duinn, am Prionns òg
A bhi fo mhòran duilichinn,
A's Rìgh Deòrsa a bhi chòmhnaidh,
Far 'm bu chòir dha tuineachas ;
Tha luchd-eòlais a toirt sgeòil duinn
Nach robh còir air Lunnainn aige,
'S e Hanbhar an robh sheòrsa,
'S coigreach oirnn an duine sin—
'S e'n Rìgh sin nach buineadh dhuinn,
Riun di'-mbeas na dunach oirnn,
Mu'n ceannsaich e buileach sinn,
B' e'n t-àm dol a chumas ris ;
Na rinn e oirnn a dh' ann-thlachd,
A mhi-thlachd, a's a dh' àimbheit,
Air n-eudach thoirt gu'n tàing dhinn,
Le ain-neart a chumail ruinn.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

A's ò'n chuir sinn suas a bhriogais,
Gur neo-mhiosaill leinn a chulaidh ud,
Ga'n teanadh ma na h-ìosgannan,
Gur trioblaid each leinn umainn iad ;
'S bha sinn roimhe misneachail,
'S na breacain fo na crìosan 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 Druic Uilleam leo ;
Cha'n fhaod sinn bhi suigeartach,
O'n chaochail ar culaidh sinn,
Cha'n aithnich sinn a chéile
La-féile no cruinneachaidh.

'So tha na briogais, &c.

'S bha uair-eigin an t-saoghal
Nach saoilinn gu'n cuirinn orm,
Briogais air son aodaich,
'S neo-aoidheil air duine i ;
'S ged' tha mi deanamh dèis deth,
Cha d'rinn mi bonn sùlas
Ris an deise nach robh dèimheil
Do'n phàirti ga'm buinnin-sa ;
'S neo-sheannsar a chulaidh i,
Gur grannda leinn umainn i,
Cho teann air a cumadh dhuinn,
'S nach b'fheairde leinn tuilleadh i ;
Bidh putanan na glùinean,
A's bucalan ga'n dùnadh,
'S a bhriogais air a dùbladh,
Mu chùl-thaobh a h-uile fir.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

Gheibh sinn adan ciar-dhubh,
Chur dian air ar mullaichean,
A's casagan cho shligta,
'S a mhìnich eadh mullèan iad ;
Ged' chumadh sin am fuachd dhinn,
Cha'n fhag e sin cho uallach,
'S gu'n toillich e ar n-naisean,
Ar tuath no ar cummanta ;
Cha taitinn e gu bràth ruinn,
A chois eachd nan gleann-fùsaich,
'Nuair a rachamaid do dh' àiridh,
No dh' àit 'm biodh cruinneagan :
Se Deòrsa' a rinn an eucòir,
'S ro dhiombach tha mi féin deth,
O'n thug e dhinn ar n'èideadh,
'S gach eudach a bhuineadh dhuinn.
'So tha na briogais, &c.

'S bha h-uile h-aon de'n Phàrlamaid
Fallsail le'm fiosrachadh,
'Nuair chuir iad air na Caimbeulaich
Teanndach nam briogaisean ;
'S gu'r h-ìad a rinn am feum dhaibh
A bhliadh'n a thàin' an stréupag,
A h-uile h-aon diubh dh'èiridh
Gu léir 'am Millisi 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 muidaid oirnn.
So tha na briogais, &c.

'S ann a nis tha fios againn
An t-ìochd a rinn Diuc Uilleam ruinn,
'Nuair a dh' fhàg e sinn mar phrìosanaich,
Gun bhiodagan, gun ghunnachan,
Gun chlaidhe, gun chrìos tarsuinn oirnn,
Cha'n fhaigh sinn prìs nan 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 èireamaid 'na chàmpa,
Gheibhte breacain chàrneit,
'S bhiodh aird air na Gunnachan.
'So thu na briogais, &c.

ORAN DO'N EIDEADH GHAEALACH.

FHUAIR mi naidheachd as ùr,
Tha taitinn ri rùn mo crìdh
Gu faigheamaid fasan na dùthch
A chleachd sinn an tùs ar tìm.
O'n tha sinn le glaineachan làn,
A' bruidhinn air màran binn,
So i deoch-slànnte Mhontrois,
A sheasamh a chòir so dhuinn,

Chunna' mi 'n dìgh an Dun-Éideann,
Comunn na fèile cruinn,
Litir an fhortain thug seul,
Air toiseach an éibhnis dhuinn.
Pìob gu loinneil an gleus,
Air soilleireachd réidh an tuim ;
Thug sinn am follais ar 'n éideadh,
A's cò a their réubail ruinn ?

Deich bliadhna fichead a's còrr,
Bha casag de'n chlo m'ar druim,
Fhuair sinn ad agus cleòc,
'S cha bhuineadh an seòrs' ud dhuinn :
Bucail a' dùnadh ar bròg,
'S e 'm barr-iall bu bhùiche leinn ;
Rinn an droch fhasan a bh'oirnn',
Na bodaich d'ar 'n ùigridh ghrinn.

Mhill e phàirt d'ar cnamhadh
O'n bhàr, 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 dhuinn.

'S fhada bha 'n onair air chaidh,
Is fasan nan Gàill oirnn dùl,
Còta ruigeadh an t-sàil,
Cha tigeadh e dàicheil dhuinn :
B'èigin do'n bhrìgis bhì ann,
'Nuair a chaidh ar comann cho cùin
'S gu'n d'rinneadh gach fìinne nan tràill,
'S gach fìreannach fhàgail rùisgt'.

Tha sinn 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 inharcus,
A thagair an dràst ar cùis ;
Fhuair e gach dlìghe 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 fàgail an naimhdean brùit.
Thogadh e misneach nan Clann,
Gu iomairt nan lann le sunnd,
Pìob, a's bratach ri crann,
'S i caiseamachd àrd mo rùin.

Fhuair sinn cothrom an dràst,
A thoilicheas gràdh gach dùthch',
Comas ar culaidh chur oirnn,
Gun fharaid de phòr nan lùb :
Tha sinn a nis mar is còir,
A's taitnidh an seòl r'ar sùil ;
Chuir sinn' a bhrìgis air làr,
'S cha tig i gu bràth á cùil.

Chuir sinn a suas an deise,
Bhios uallach, freagarach, dhuinn,
Breacan an fhéile phreusach,
A's peiteag de'n eudach ùr ;
Còt' a chadadh nam ball,
Am bitheadh a' chàrnuid dùl.
Osan nach ceangail ar cèum,
'S nach ruigeadh mar réis an glùn.

Togaidh na Gàill an ceann,
Cha bhì iad an fannn nì's mò,
Dh' fhalbh na speirichinn teann
Thug orra bhì mall gun lùgh :
Siubhlaidh iad fireach nam beann,
A dh'iarraidh dhamb seannn le'o 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 BHOTAIL.

'NUAIR a shuidheas sinn socrach
'S a dh-òlas sinn botal,
Cha'n aithnich ar stoc bhuainn
Na chuireas sinn ann;
Thig onoir a's fortan
Le sonas a chopain,
Ga'r son nach bi deoch oirnn
Mu'n tog sinn ar ceann?

Bheir an stuth grunn oirnn
Seinn gu fileanta,
Chuir a thoil-inntinn
Binneas n'ar cainnt,
Chaisg i ar 'n lora
'N fhlòr dheoch mhillis,
Bu mhladach sinne,
Na 'm biodh i air chall.

Deoch slànnte nan gaisgeach
Nan Gàelibh gasda,
Ga'm b' àbhaist mar fhasan,
Bhi pòit air an dràm,
Luchd gaoil an stuth bhlasda,
'S air dhaoirid an lacha,
Nach caomhnadh am beartas
A sgapadh 'san àm.

Fear g'am beil nì
Gheibh e na shireas e,
Fear a tha crionda
Fanadh e thàll;
Fear a tha m'or
Cha'n fhuillig sinn' idir e,
'S am fear a bheil grinneas
Théid iomain a nàll.

'S ro rioghaill an obair
Sruth briogar na togalach,
Ioc-slainnt a bhogalcneas
Cridhe tha gann;

'S e chuireadh an sòdan
Air fear a bhìòdh togarrach,
'S chuireadh e 'm bodach
A' fearr á bhìòdh team,
Cha 'n 'eil e 'san tìr,
Uasal no cumanta,
Nach 'eil air thì
Gach urram a th' ann,
Ge do bhìòdh strì
Mu thogail na muirichinn,
Cia mar is urrainn sinn
Fuireach bho'n dràm?

Tha e fionnar do'n chreabhaig
A h-uile la gréine
Thig teas o na speuraibh
Thar sléibhtean nam bean,
'S e math ri la rèda
Chuir blàth's ann am pòraibh
An fhlir théid g'a dheòin
An taigh-òsda na dheann.
Cuiridh e sunnd
Air muinntir eireachdail,
Tìmehall a bhùird
S cuid eile dhiubh damhs';
Thogamaid fon neo-throm
A's ceileirín,
'S freagarrach shinneas siun
Deireadh gach rann.

O'n shuidh sinn cho fada,
'S gu'n dh-lì sinn na bh'-againn,
'S i chòir dol a chadal
O'n thàinig an t-àm,
Cha'n fhòghnadh ach pailteas
Thoirte sòlas ga' n' aigneadh,
Deoch mhòr anns a mhadainn
Gu leigheas ar ceann.

Am fear tha gun chli,
Cuiridh e spiorad ann.
Togaidh e crì
Gach fir a tha faun,
Théid am fear tinn
Gu grunn 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,
 Hu-ri-ha'al-haoi-rum,
 Di-i'il-haal-dil-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 chall oirnn;
 'S feairrde sinn an toiseach e,
 Gu brosnachadh ar cainnte,
 Ged' bhiodh a h-uile deoch againn,
 'S e 's docha leinn am Branndai.

Di-haal-lum, &c.

'S e sinn an sruthan mireanach,
 An tobair millis seansail,
 Tha binneas mar ri grinneas
 A chuir spiorad am fear fann ann;
 'S feairrde sinn na shireas sinn,
 Cha chulaidh mhillleadh cheann e;
 'S ro mhath 'n seise muineil
 Do gach duine ghabhas rann e.

Di-haal-lum, &c.

Na fir anns am beil cridhealas,
 Nach 'eil an cridhe gann ac,
 Companaich na dibhe,
 A ni suidhe leis an dràm iad;
 Iarraidh iad a rithisd e,
 Mu bhitheas beagan ann deth,
 Nuair chluinneas iad an fhidheall,
 Bi' iad fighearach gu dàmhsa.

Di-haal-lum, &c.

'Nuair gheibh sinn de na barrailean,
 Na 's math leinn fa'r comannda,
 Na cupain a tha falamh
 Bhi le searraig a cuir anna;
 Gu ch raid bhios a taitneadh ruinn,
 Gu'm b'ait leinn e bhi cainnt ruinn,
 Nuair thig a ghloinne bhasdalach,
 Air bhlas an t-siucair-channдай.

Di-haal-lum, &c.

Cha chunnart duinn e theireachdainn,
 Tha seileir anns an Fhràidh dheth;

Cha'n eil eagal gainne
 Air na loingear thug a uall e;
 Their sinne an bu toigh leinn e,
 Nach dean a choire call oirnn;
 Air fhad 's ga'n dean sinn fuireach ris,
 Bhi gabhail tuille sannt air.

Di-haal-lum, &c.

Na fir a tha na 'n sgrubairean,
 Nach caith an cuid 's an àm so,
 Cha'n imir iad bhi cuidirinn,
 Na'n tubaisdean le ganntar;
 Cha sir iad dol an cuideachd,
 A's cha'n iarr a chuideachd ann iad;
 Mar cuir am bùrn am paghadh dhiubh,
 Cha'n fhaigheadh iad am Branudai.

Di-haal-lum, &c.

ALASDAIR NAN STOP.

LUINNEAG.

*Alasdair nan stòp
 Ann an sràid a chùil.
 Sin an duine coir
 Air am beil mo rùn.*

'S coma leat an siola,
 B'annsa leat an stòp,
 Cha'n e sin bu dochadha
 Ach am botal mòr.

Alasdair nan stòp, &c.

Théid thu do'n taigh-òsda,
 'S òlaidh tu gu fial;
 Cha robh gaine stòrais
 Air do phòca riamh.

Alasdair nan stòp, &c.

Bha thu greis dheth t-aimsir
 Ann an àrm an Rìgh,
 Cumaidh sin riut airgead,
 'S fhearra dhut e na nì.

Alasdair nan stòp, &c.

Gheibheadh tu led' cheanail
 Leannan anns gach tìr,
 Ged' a bhiodh tu filamh
 Cha bhiodh bean a'd' dhi'.

Alasdair nan stòp, &c.

Tha thu math air fairege,
 'S tric thu marbhadh éisg,
 Càs a shiubhal garbhlaich,
 Théid thu shealg an fhéidh.

Alasdair nan stòp, &c.

Ged' thuirt Callum breac
Nach robh thu tapaidh riamh,
Cò a chreideadh sin
Ach duine bha gun chiall?
Alasdair nan stòp, &c.

'Nuair a théid mi Ghlascho
'S taitneach leam bhi 'g ol,
Ann an taigh mo charaid
Alasdair nan stòp.
Alasdair nan stòp, &c.

NIGHEAN DUBH RAINEACHIL.

AIR FÒNN—"Cuir a chinn dileas."

CHUIA nighean dubh Raineach
Orm farrao a's m'iothlachd,
Nach cuir mi dhìom
Le cabhaig an dràst,
Ghoid i mo sporan,
'S na dollair gu lìonmhor,
Bh' agam fos n-ìosal
Feitheamh ri m' làimh.

Nam biodh a chail' ud
Gu 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 chrimeas am blàr.

Cha robh mi gun airgead
Gus an d' fhalbh e gu mì-mhail,
Leis an te chrìon

Nach d'amhaire air mo chàs;
Rinn i mo chreachdadh
'S bu pheacach an nì dh'i
Mise chuir sìos,
Gun i féin chuir an àird,

Cia mar a cheanannicheas 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 slòn
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 mhadainn Di-màirt.

A rìgh nach robh mearlaich
Na cearna so'n rìoghachd,
Anns a mhuir ìosal,
Fada bho thràigh;
Is caille dhubh Raineach
'S an fheumain an ìochdar,
Chuideacha bidh
Do phartan nan spàg.

RANN GEARRADH-ARM.

CHUNNA' mi 'n diugh a chlach bhuaghach,
'S an leug àluinn,
Ceanglaichean de'n òr mu'n cuairt dh'i
Na chruinn m'àilleadh;
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,
Fìr nach gabh giorag no fuathas,
Le fuaime làmhach;
Fìne 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,
 A dh'aindeoin eucorach gach nùmhaid ;
 Na h-airm ghaigse, ghasda, ghléusda,
 Dh'òrduigh an Rìgh gu féum dhàsan,
 Cho math 'sa th' aig duine 'n dream threun sin,
 Sliochd Cholla cheud-chathaich Spàintich.

Dorn an claidheamh, a's làmh duin'-uasail
 Le crois-tàraidh,
 Iolairean le 'n sgiathan luatha,
 Gu cruas gàbhaidh,
 Long ag imeachd air druim chruaithean
 Le siùil àrda,
 Gearradh arm Mhic-an-t-Shaoir 'o Chruachan,
 Aonaich uachdrach Earraghàil.

Tha do dhaoine tric air faire,
 Sgiobairean calma, neo-sgathach ;
 Tha 'n aogas cumachdail, dealbhach,
 'S iomadh armailt 'am beil phàirt dhiu' ;
 Thug iad gaol do shiubhal garbhlaich,
 Moch a's anmoch a sealg fàsaich ;
 Cuid eile dhiubh 'nan daoine' uaisle,
 'S tha cuid dhiubh 'nan tuath ri àiteach.

'S rìoghail eachdraidh na chualas
 Riamh mu'd phàirti,
 S lìonmhor an taic, na tha suas dhiubh,
 Na'm biodh càs ort ;
 Tha gach buaidh eile ga' reir sin,
 An Gleann-Nodha fein an tàmhaichd,
 Pìob a's bratach a's neairt aig Seumas,
 An Ceann-ciunnidh nach treig gu bràth sinn.

ORAN LUÀIDH.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho rò gu'n togainn air hùgan fhathasd,
 Ho rò i-o mi'n téid mi luidhe ;
 Ho rò gu'n togainn air hùgan fhathasd,*

Thogamaid fonn air luadh a' chlàidhin ;
 Gabhaidh sinn ceol, a's òrain mhatha.
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

B' fheaird' an clò bhi chòir nan gruagach,
 A dheanadh an luadh le'n lamhan ;
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair a thionndas iad air cléith e,
 Chluinntes fuaimean gach té dhiubh labhairt.
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

Orain ghrinne, bhinne, mhilse,
 Aig na ribhinnean 'gan gabhail ;
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

Luinneag ac' air luadh an eudaich,
 Sundach, saothrachail ri mathas.
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

Thogamaid fonn gu cèol-mhor, aotrom,
 Air a' chlà bu daoire dathan.
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

An clò brionnach, ballach, citach,
 Triuchanach, stiallagach, guthach ;
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

An clò taitneach, basach, bòisgeil,
 Laisde, daoimeineach, 's e leathunn.
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

Gu'm bu slàn a bhios na caoraich
 Air an d' fhàs an t-aodach fathail.
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

Beannachd aig an laimh a shnìomh e,
 'S i rinn gnìomh na deagh bbean-taighe ;
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

S ann is coltach ris an t-sìod' e,
 Dh'fhàg i mìn e, 's rinn i math e ;
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

Snàth cho rithinn ris na teudan,
 'S e choréidh 'sa dh' fheudta shuaitheadh ;
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha robh pluc, no meall, no gaog ann,
 No giòg chaol, no sliasaid reamhar.
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair a théid an clò a'n mhàrgadh,
 'S e nì 'n t-airgead air an rathad
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha bhi slat a sìos o chrùn deth,
 Mianu gach sùl e anns an fhaidhir,
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

Cha bhi suirighich' anns an dùthaich
 Nach bi 'n dùil ri pàirt dha fhaighinn.
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

'S ann a tha 'n toil-inntinn aodaich
 Aig na daoine' a bhios 'ga chaitheadh.
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

Thogainn am fonn a dh'iarradh pòitear,
 A's luaidhinn an clò bu mhiann le mnathan.
Ho rò gu'n togainn, &c.

'S olc an obair luadh nò fùcadh,
Ma bhios tùchadh oirnn le padhadh.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Chuireadh e sunnt air muinntir òga,
Suidheadh mu bhòrd ag ùl gu latha.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Puinne le gloineacha' làna,
Deochana-sìhinnte 'gan gabhail;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Greis air fion, a's greis air branndai,
Greis air dràm de'n uisge-bheatha;
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

Greis air fìdhleireachd 's air damhsa,
Greis air canntaireachd 's air aighear
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

'Nuair théid stèirn an àird an aodainn,
'S ro-mhath 'n t-àm do dhaoine laidhe.
Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.

A O I R A N T A I L E I R.

A DHOMHNUIL Bhàin Mhic O' Neacainn
Tha 'n droch nàdur a d' phearsa,
Cha gnàthaich thu 'n ceartas,
Gus am bàsaich thu 'n pheacadh,
'S maing àit anns na thachair,
Am ball-sampuil gun chneastachd,
'A rinn grainell an sgaiteachd ud oirnn,
'A rinn grainell, &c.

Fhìr a thoisich ri ealaidh,
Bha thu gòrach a d' bhàrùil,
'Ga seòladh am' charabbh,
'S gu'n mì t-fhèdraich, no t-fhàraid,
Chuir thu sgleò dhìot a's fanaid,
Co dhiubh 's deoin leat no 's ain-deoin,
Tha mì 'n dòchas gu'm faigh thu do leòir,
Tha mì 'n dochas, &c.

Dhomhsa b'aithne do bheusan;
Tha thu ain-eolach, beumnach,
Is do theangaidh mar reusar,
Le taineid 's le géireid,
Thug thu deannal domh' fhéin d'i,
O's ann agad tha 'n eucoir,
Com' nach paighinn thu 'n éirig de sgeòil,
Com' nach paighinn, &c.

'S tu chraobh ghrodlaich air crìonadh,
Lan mosgainn, a's fhionag,

A dh'fhas croganach, ìosal,
Goirid, crotach, neo-dhìreach,
Stoc thu togairt na ghrìosaich,
A thoill do losgadh mar iobairt,
Leig thu 'n Soisgeul air dì-chuimhn' gu mòr,
Leig thu 'n Soisgeul, &c.

Bu bheag an diùbhail e thachairt
An la thùr thu na facail,
Da phuund agus cairteal
De dh'fhùdar cruaidh, sgaigteal,
A bli a d'bhroinn air a chalcadh,
'S bli 'gad' sgaineadh le maitse,
Gas am fasadh tu t-ablach gun deb,
Gas am fasadh, &c.

'S blònach ruithinn gun fheum thu,
Ge do bhitheadh tu 'm féithe,
Coin is fithich a' d' theumadh,
Cha bhiodh an dìol béidh ac'.
'S tric thu teann air 'na h-éibhlean,
Bhreac do shuimeir gu t-éislich,
Blàth an tein' air do shléisdean gu mòr,
Blàth an tein', &c.

O' nach taileir is fhiù thu,
Chuir càch as a chùirt thu;
Bìdh tu ghnà anns na cuiltean,
A' caradh nan lùireach,
Bu tu asuinn nan clùitean,
'S tric a shuidh thu 'san smùraich,
'Nuair a bhithinn's air cùl fir nan cròc,
'Nuair a bhithinn's &c.
'S e do choltas r'a lunnseadh,
Fear sop-cheannach, grimeach,
Gun bhonaid, gun phiorbhuic,
Gu'n bhad-mullaich, gun chirean,
Lòm uil' air a spionadh,
Car gu t'uillinn a sìos ort,
Stràc na dunach de'n sgrìobaich mu'd cheòs,
Stràc na dunach, &c.

'S iomadh àit anns na thachair,
An tailer Mac-Neacainn,
Eadar Albainn a's Sasunn,
Bailtean margaidh a's machair;
'S tric a shealg thu air praisich,
O' nach d' fhalbh thu le clapa,
Chaoidh' cha mharbh e duin' aca de'n t-sìl' gh,
Chaoidh' cha mharbh, &c.

'S duine dona gun mhiòs thu,
Dh'fhas gun onair gun ghliocas,
Fear gun chomas gun bhrìosgadh,
Chail do spionnadh 's do mhisneach,
Leis na riun thu de'n bhìdseachd,
Bu tu 'n slaightire misgeach,

'S cian o'n thoill thu do cuipeadh mu'n òl,
'S cian o'n thoill thu, &c.

'S fòmadh ceapaire ròmais,
Rinn thu ghilacadh na d' chrògan,
Is bhì ga stailleadh le t-òrdaig,
Ann ad' chab-dheudach sgòrnach,
'S reamhar farsuinn do sgòrnach,
Brù mar chuilean an òtraich,
Fhuair thu urram nan geòcach ri d'bheò,
Fhuair thu urram, &c.

Bi'dh na mnathan ag ràite
'Nuair a rachadh tu'n àiridh
Gun tolladh tu'n t-àras
Ann 'sam bitheadh an chàise ;
'Nuair a dh'itheadh tu pàirt deth,
'S a bhiodh tu air trasgadh,
Anns a' mhuidhe gu'n spàrr thu do chròg,
Anns a' mhuidhe, &c.

'S tu 'n tollaran cnàimhteach,
Ge bu ghionach do mhàileid,
Tha do mhionach air t-fhàgail,
Gu'n chrìoman deth làthair ;
Cochall glogach ma t-àruinn,
Tha do sgamhan a's t-àinean
Làn galair, a's fàslaich, a's chùs,
Làn galair, &c.

Beul do chléibh air a thachdadh,
Air scéideadh '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 casdaich,
Gus an d' éirich do chraicean o t-fheoil,
Gus an d' éirich, &c.

Tha do chreuchdan, 's do chuisean,
Làn eucail a's trusdair,
'S thu feumach air furtach,
Tha 'n dèideadh a' d' phluicean,
'S thu t-éiginn le clupaid,
T-anail bhreun, gu tròm, murtaidh,
'S maig a dh'fheuchadh dhìot moch-thra do
'S maig a dh'fheuchadh, &c. [thòehd,

Do dheud sgròb-bhearnach, cabach,
Am beil na sgòrr-fhiacalan glasa,
Mosgàin, còsacha, sgealpach,
Lùibte, granuda, cam, feachdte,
A null 's a nall air an tarsuinn,
Cuid diubh caillt' air dol asad,
'S nam beil ann diubh air spagadh do bheoil,
'S nam beil ann diubh, &c.

Bi'dh na ronnach gu silteach,
'N an tonnaibh gorm, ruithteach,

A ghabhail toinneamh o d' liopan,
Thar cromadh do smige ;
'S dorch, doilleir, do chlisneach,
Cheart cho dubh ris a phice,
Uchd na curra ort, ceann circ, 's gob geòidh,
Uchd na curra, &c.

Do mhaol chruacach air failleadh,
Gun chluasan, gun fhailleach ;
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 rèit',
'S gur fuair, &c.

Tha ceann binneach 'na stùic ort,
Geocach, leith-cheannaich, giùgach,
Eudann brucannaich, grùgach,
Sròn phlucach na mùire,
Tha croit air do chùil-thaobh,
'S mòran lurcaich a'd' ghluinean,
Da chois chama, chaol, chrùbach, gun treòir,
Da chois chama, &c.

Cha 'n eil uiread nau sàiltean,
Aig a phliutaire spàgach,
Nach 'eil cuspach a's gùgach,
Tha thu d' chrìoplach 's ad' chràigeach,
'S lionmhor tubaist an tàileir,
Dh-fhàg an saoghal 'na thràill e,
'S maig a shaothraich air t-àrach 's tu òg,
'S maig a shaothraich, &c.

Ma tha thu de shliochd Adhamh,
Cha choslach ri c'ch 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 fhòd,
'S do chorp odhar, &c.

A O I R A N N A.

ANNA nigh 'n Uilleam a'n Cròmpa,
Bean gun choim 's i fhéin air àimbreith,
Nuair chaidh mi 'n toiseach g'a sealltainn,
Cha'n e 'm fortan a chuir ann mi ;
Bhruidhinn mise sìobhailt, suairce,
Mar dhuin-uasal anns an àm sin ;
Thòisich ise mar 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 bheo idir gu an dràm i;
Cha neònach leam i bhi misgeach,
'S i 'n còmhnuidh a measg a Bhrann dai,
'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,
Bhi cho gheur le sgainneil chainnte,
'S maing air 'na thachair bean bheumach,
Aig am beil am beul gun fhaithream;
'M fear a bheir ise dhachaigh,
'S ann air thig a chreach 'san calldach,
'Nuair shaoil e gum bu bhean cheart i,
'S ann thachair e ri bhana-mhaighstir.

A bhana-chleasaiche gun ghrinneas,
'S maing fleasgach a thèid na caramh,
'S tric i tuiteam leis na gillean,
Ceap tuislidh i do na fearaibh;
A bhean bhruidhneach, mhisgeach, ghionach,
Ghlearach, Ionach, shanntach, shallach,
Roinn gu reubadh air a teangaidh,
Coltach ri gath geur na uathrach.

Còmhach nach falaich a craiceann,
Leomach gun sebl air cuir leis ann,
Cha'n 'eil brògan slàn mu' casan,
Cha'n 'eil còta 'n-aird mu leasaibh;
Oirre tha aogas na glaisitg,
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'riun mi tachairt,

Ged' thàine' mi ann gun fhios domh,
'S fhearr falbh tràth na fuireach aca:
Bana-mhaighsdir a chomuin bhrìstich,
ANNA tha ainmeil 'san eachdraidh;
Mu gheibh càch i mar fhuair mis i,
Cha tig iad gu bràth g'a faicinn.

AOIR UISDEAN PHIOBAIR'.

TURAS a chaidh mi air astar
A Chinn-tàile,
Chunna mi daoine-uailse tlachdmhor,
Caoimhneil, phirteach;
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 ni e an droch nàduir,
Tabhunaich ri sluadh na dùthcha,
'S be rùn gu'n gearradh e 'n sàiltean
'S math an còmpanach do'n chù e,
'S dona 'n còmpanach le càch e,
Cha chuideachd e bhàrd no phìobair,
Aig a mhiomhalachd 'sa dh'fhàs e.

Aidich fhéin nach 'eil thu 'd phìobair,
'S leig dhìot bhi 'm barail gur bàrd thu;
Daoine cridheil iad le chéile,
'S bithidh iad gu léir a tàir ort;
Fear ciùil gun bhinneas gun ghrinneas,
Fuadaichidh sinn as ar pàirt e,
Mar a thilgeas iad craobh chrìonaich
O 'n fhìonan a mach as a ghàradh.

Mu chi thusa bàrd no filidh
No fear dàna,
Mu bhios aon diubh 'g iarraidh gille'
Ghiùlan màlaid,
Lean an duine sin le dùrachd,
Los gu'n siùbhla' tu h-uil àite;
'S mòr 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 dà-san,
Gus am bi craiceann do dhroma'
Fàs na bhallaibh loma, bàna,

Mar a chi thu mille' srathrach
Air gearran a bhios ri àiteach.

Cia mar a dheanadh e òran,
Gun eòlas, gun tuigse nàduir,
O nach deanadh e air dùigh e,
S ann bu ch'ir dha fuireach samhach;
Bruidhinn ghlugach 's cuid di mabach,
Mòran stadaich ann am pàirt d'i,
Na ni e phlabartaich chòmhradh,
Cha bheo na thuigear a Ghàellig.

'S sgimealair cheanna na'm bòrd thu,
Far am faigh thu 'u t-òl gun phàigheadh;
Cia mar chunntas sinn na geòcaich,
Mar bi Uisdean òg 'san àireamh?
Cha robh do bhrù riamh aig sìochadh,
Gus an lionadh tu bhìadh chàich i:
'S mòr an t-òl na chaisgeadh t'-lotadh,
'Nuair ch'ite thu 's do ghloc pàiteach.

'S tric do leab' an lag an òtraich,
No'n cùl gairaidh,
Bi do cheann air con-tom còmhuard,
'S ro mhath 'n t-àit e;
Bidh na coin ag iomlaich t'fheòsaig,
A toirt dìot a bheoil 'sa chàirean,
Do chraos dreammach toirt phòg salach
A'd dhearbh bhràithrean.

Na'n cluinne' sibh muc a ràcail,
Gebidh a's tumagan a ràcail,
'S ann mar sin a bha pìob Uisdean,
Brònach muladach a ràcail;
Muineal gun' aonann air tùcha,
'N ribheid cha'n fheadh bhi làidir,
'S e call daonnan air a chùl-thaobh,
Na gaoith bu ch'oir dol an 'sa mhàla.

Bha lurga coin air son gaothair'
A'd chraos farsuinn,
'S culaidh sin a thogail plàigh
'S an enai' air malcadh;
Ri:n e t'anail salach bréun,
Ma théid neach fo'n Ghréin an taic riut,
'S fhearr bhi eadar thu 'sa ghaoth,
Na seasamh air taobh an fhasga.

Cia mar a ni Uisdean òg dhuibh
Ceòl gu damhsa,
Nuair a chitheadh tu sruth ròin
O'n h-uile toll a bh' air an t-seannsaír:
'Sgeul tha fìor a dh'innseas mise,
Gur h-e dh'fhàg e 'nis cho mauntach
Gu'n tug iad dheth leis an t-siosar
Barr na teanga.

Séididh Uisdean pìob an ronnagain,
'S mòr a h-auntachd,

Bithidh i coltach ri gaoir chonnasbeach
A bhìodh an enoc 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 FAOCHAIGH* ann an Sasunn,
'S mor a mhasladh 'us à mhì-chlà,
Chail e na bh' aige de chairdean,
'S tha 'naimhdean air einntinn lionmhor.
Ge b' fhad' a theich e air astar,
Chaidh a ghlacadh, 's tha e cìosnaicht;
Chàraich iad e fo na glasan,
'S tha 'n iuchair taistg' aig maor a phrìosuin.

Tha e 'nis' an àite cumhann,
'S e 'n a chrùban, dubhach, deurach,
A chas daingeann ann an iarunn,
'G a phianadh, a's e 'n à eigin.
B' fhasa dha 'bhi anns an fhiabhras
Na 'n iarguin a tha 'n à chrùbhaig;
'S e 'n sin o cheann còrr a's bliadhna,
A h-uile là ag iarraidh réite.

Ach, na'm faigheadh tusa réite
An éirig na rinn thu 'sheannachas,
B'aobhar-misnich do gach béist e
Gu'm faodadh iad féin do leannmhainn;
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-àitean
Chuir thu bréugan air an Triannid
'S air na h-iartrasan a dh' fhag iad;
Tha e 'nis' 'n à ghnòthach cosail,
'Réir an t-soisgeil 'tha mi chlistinn,
Gu'n do chuir thu cùl ri sochair
Na saors' a choisinn ar Slàn'ear.

Chuir thu cùl ri d' bhàidean-baistidh,
'S mòr a mhasladh dhut an aicheadh,
Chail thu 'chùirt 'am biodh an ceartas,
Roghnaich thu 'm peacadh 'n a h-àite:
Ghleith 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.

* John Wilks.

Ach, ged a sheallte 'h-uile doire,
 Cha rohn coille riann gun chrìonach,
 'S tha fics aig an t-saoghal buileach
 Nach bi 'choill uile cho dìreach :—
 'S tusa 'chraobh 'tha 'n deigh seacadh,
 Gun chairt, gun mheangain, gun mheuran,
 Gun snomhach, gun sùgh, gun duilleach,
 Gun 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 àire ;
 'S tu 'm madadh-allaidh gun fhiaclan,
 'S maing a dh'iarradh 'bhi mar tha thu,
 'S tu 'n ceann-ciunnidh 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' chrine 's air a' bhochdainn ;
 'S e 'n donas thug dhut a bhi spòrsail
 'S ann bu chòir dhut bhi 'gad chosnadh,
 'S bochd nach d' fhan thu aig do dhùthchas,
 'Ad bhrùthair, a' bruich nam poitean,
 A' cumail dibbe ris gach grùdair'
 'Nuair a dhùrighheadh iad na botail.

Bha thu, greis 'ad thim, 'ad bhaigear,
 'S laidh thu 'n fhad sin air na cairdean,
 (Bu oidhche 's gach taigh a's dùthaich,
 A dhùraigeadh cuid an trath' dhut ;
 A mhead 's a bha de dh' ainfeichil ortsa
 Chuir thu cuid nam bochd g' à phàidheadh :
 Ciod e 'ais' a chuir an stoc thu
 Ach an robaireachd 's a mhèirle ?

Shaoil thu gu'm faigheadh tu achainn,
 (Bu mhasladh gu'm biodh i 'd thàirgse)
 Cead suidhe 'am parlamaid Bhreatainn,
 Gun chiall, gun cheartas, 'ad eanchainn.
 Duine dall a chaidh air seachran,
 Nach 'eil beachdail air na 's fhearra dha,
 Le còmhraidh tubaisdeach, tuisleach,
 'S le sr droch-thuiteanas cearbach.

Duine gun fhearann, gun oighreachd,
 Gun nì' gun staoile, gun airgid,
 Gun bheus, gun chreidhinn, gun chreideas,
 Gun ghin a chreideas à sheanachas ;

Duine misgeach, bristeach, breugach,
 Burraidh tha na bbeisd 's u'a ainmhidh,
 'S trioblaid-inntinn, le itheadh dèisneach,
 Gu tric a' tèumadh a chridhe chealgaich.

Tha thu sònraicht' ann ad chonan
 A' togail conais 'am measg dhaoine,
 Cha chualas roimhe do choinneas
 A bhi dhonas air an t-saoghal,
 Ach an nathair an garadh Edein,
 A mheall Eubh aig bun na craoibhe,
 A chombairlich gu buain a mhios i,
 A dh'fhag ris an cinne-daoine.

Thoisich thu 'n toiseach 's an éucoir
 Ag inise bhréugan air rìgh Deòrsa,
 Cha chreid duine bhuat an sgéul ud,
 'S cha toir iad éisdeachd do d' chòmhraidh ;
 'S beag a dhrùigheas do dhroch-dùruidh,
 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 dhòimhs' an sonn o'n d' fhàs e,
 Duin-uasal foisinneach, fonnar,
 Cridhe connar, aigne àrda ;—
 Seanalair, air thù na h-armailt,
 A bha ainmeil anns nan blàraibh ;
 Cha mbeid e madadh air bhàthail
 A bhi tabhannaich an tras' ris.

'S gòrach a labhair thu mòran
 Air cùl Iarla Bhòid, an t-armunn,
 Cònnspunn onerach, le firinn
 A' seasamh na rioghachd gu laidir ;
 'S e gu h-àrd-urramach, prìseil
 Ann an cùirt an rìgh 's na bàin-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 samhach,
 Na'n tigeadh tu 'n còir nan Garbh-chrioch,
 Bu mhaing a bhiodh ann ad àite ;
 Bhiodh tu 'm prìosan ri do làthan
 'Dh' aindeoin na ghàbhadh do phàirt-sa ;
 'S an eirig na rinn thu 'dhroch-bheairt,
 Bheirtheadh chroich mar ghalar-bais dhut.

Cha-n ioghnadh dhut bhi 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' fhàs thu ;
 'S lionar mì-run ann ad chuideachd,—
 Mallachd na Cuigse 's a' Phàp ort !
 Mallachd an t-saoghail gu leir ort !
 'S mo mhallachd fein mar ri càch ort !

R A N N

* A GHABHAS MAIGHIDEAN 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-dòmhuich
 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 tarraim a' 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 ud bhuat.

MARBH-RANN DO CHU

A CHAIDH BATHADH 'SA MHAIGHIEACH TARSAINN
NA BHEUL.

LATHA do Phàdrúig 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 riamh san tìr ;
 Ach bran a bh'aig rìgh nam Fian.

Gaodhar, bu gharg calg a's fionnadh,
 Cruaidh, colgair, fuil a's malla,
 Bu mhadh dreach, a's dealbh, a's cumachd,
 A churraidh bu gharg sa charraid,
 Bheirreadh e 'm fiadh dearg a mullach,
 'Sam Boc-earb, a dluthas a bharraidh,
 B'e fhasan bhi triall don mhunadh,
 'S cha tain' e riamh dhachaigh fallamh.

Culaidh leagadh nan damh dùnn,
 Air mullach na'n tòim 's nan cnoc,
 Namhaid n'am biast 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 tìm,
 Gus an teannar mi fhein da còir :
 Còmhach flainn 's léine lìn,
 A's ciste dhubh dhionach bhòrd,
 Air mheud 's ga 'n cruinnich mi nì,
 Sud na théid 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'ar fàgail gach aon lò,
 Gur nadurra dhuinne gach tràth,
 Gum beil am bas a' teannadh oirnn.

Tha mo pheaca-sa ro thròm,
 'S muldach sin leam an drast ;
 Tha mi smaoinreacha' gu tric,
 Lùthad uair a bhrist mi 'n àithn,
 Le miann mo dhroch inntinn féin,
 Leis an robh mo chreubhag làn ;
 Gun chuimhn air Ughdarras Dé,
 Le dùrachd am bheul n'am laimh.

Ged 'is mòr mo pheaca gnìomh,
 'S mi 'n cionta ceud pheacaidh Adh'mh,
 Cheannuacha' mi le fuil gu daor,
 A dhòirte sgaoilteach air a bhlàr ;
 Tha mo dhùil, 's cha dùchas faoin,
 Ri iochd fhaotainn air a sgàth,
 Gu'n glacer m'anam gu sìth,
 Le fulangas Chrìosd amhàin :

Tha mo dhòchas ann an Crìosd
 Nach dìobair e mi gu bràth,
 'Nuair a leagar mo chorp sìos
 Ann an staid ìosal fo'n bhlàr ;
 Gu'n togar m'anam a suas,
 Gu rìoghachd nam buadh 's nan gràs,
 Gu'm bi mo leaba fo' dhion
 Cois cathrach an Tì is aird.

Cha bhiodh m'eagal ro' an aog,
 Ged 'tbigheadh e m thaobh gun dàil,

N'am bithinn do pheaca saor,
'N déigh's a ghaol a thug mi dha;
Tha mo dhùil anns an Dia bheo,
Gu'n dean e tròcair orm an dràst,
Mo thoirt a 'steach a' dh'ionad naomh,
'N cuideachd Mhaois a's Abraham.

Gabhaidh mi 'nis mo chead an t-sluagh,
Le'n toirt suas daibh ann am' chainnt,
Fàgaidh mi aca na chnusaich
Na stuaghan a bh'ann am cheann;
'Los gu'n abair iad ra' chéile,
"Mar a leugh sinn féin gach rann,
Cò air an d'théid sinn ga'n sirreadh?
'Nis cha'n 'eil am Fìlidh ann."

MARBH-RANN AN UGHDAIR,

DHA FEIN.*

Furta tha 'd sheasamh air mo lùic
Bha mise mar tha thu'n dràst;
Si mò leaba 'n diugh an uigh,
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 glie,
Cuimhnich tric gu'n tig am bàs.

Cuimhnich t-anam a's do Shlànuigh'r,
Cuimhnich Phàrras thar gach àit;
Gabh an cothrom gu bhì sàbhailt
Ann an gairdeachas gu bràth:
Ged' a thuit sinn anns a ghàradh
Leis an fhàillig a rinn Adh'mb,
Dh'èirich ar misneach as ùr
'Nuair fhuair siubh Cùmhnant' nan Gràs.

Cuimhnich daonnan a chur romhad,
Gu'n coimhead thu a h-uile àitn',
O'se cumbachdan an ard rìgh
Rinn am fàgail air dà chlàr;

* The Author's Epitaph, by himself.

Chaidh sin liubhairt do Mhaois;
Rinn Maois an liubhairt do chàch;
Na'm b'urraim sinne ga'm freagradh,
Cha b'aobhar eagail am bàs.

Caochladh beatha th' ann 's cha bhàs,
Le beannachadh gràsmhor, 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 slìochd Adhaimh suas.

Seinnear an tròmpaid gu h-àrd,
Cluinnear 's na h-uile àit' a fuaim;
Dùisgear na mairbh as a bhlàr
'N do chàraich càch iad 'nan suain;
'S mheud 'sa chailleadh le an-uair,
No le anradh fuar a chuain;
Gu sliabh Shìoin théid an sluagh,
Dh' fhaotain buaidh le fuil an Uain.

Gheibh iad buaidh, mar fhuair an sìol,
A chinn lionmhor anns an fhòrn;
Cuid deth dh'fhàs gu fallain, dìreach,
'S cuid na charran isal cròm;
Gleidhear a chuid a tha lìonntach,
'Am beil brìgh a's torradh tròm;
Caillear a chuid a bhios aotrom,
'S leigear leis a ghaoith am moll.

Cha'n eil bean na duine beò,
Na lànain phòsda nach dealaich;
Bha iad lionmhor sean a's òg
Ar luchd-eòlais nach 'eil maireann;
Cha b'e sin an t-aobhar bròin
Bhì ga'n cuir fo'n fhòd am falach,
Na'm biodh am bàs na bhàs glan,
Cha bu chàs talamh air thalamh.

Ghabh mi 'nis mo chead do'n t-saoghal,
'S do na daoine dh'fhuirich ann;
Fhuair mi greis gu sunndach aotrom,
'S i 'n aois a rinn m' fhàgail fann;
Tha mo thàlant an air caochladh,
'S an t-aog air tighinn 's an àm;
'S e m' achanach air sgàth m' Fhear-saoraidh,
Bhì gu math 's an t-saoghal thàll.

FEAR SRATH-MHAISIDH.

MR LAUCHLAN MACPHERSON, of Strathmasie, was born about the year 1723, and died in the latter end of the last century. He was a gentleman and a scholar; and gave his able assistance to Mr James M'Pherson in his arduous and successful translations of Ossian's poems. His own works have not been printed in a collected form, and the most of them have, therefore, never been committed to press.* Mr Macpherson was not a poet by profession; he invoked his muse only when an object of approbation or animadversion presented itself, and attracted his notice: his observations and remarks were made on the customs and manners of men; his humour was directed against, and his ridicule exposed, excesses. He had the felicity of expressing himself in terms most appropriate to the posture and light in which men stood, who exposed themselves to censure; and he never failed in placing them in a position in which no one would wish to be found, yet into which many often fall.

CUMHA DO DH' EOBHON MACPHEARSON, TIGHEARNA CHLUAINIDH.

[AIR DHA TEICHEADH DO 'N FHRAING.]

Gur lìonmhor trioblaid sìnte,
Ris an linn a chi 'n droch shaoghal so,
Tha plàigh, claidheamh 's mì-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 riù
Gheibh daoine dìreach uomadh ann.

Ged dh'èirinn le rìgh Seumas,
Agus dol air ghleus fo m' armachd leis,
Mar saoil mì gur h-e'n eu-còir é,
An ni chòir gu'n eight' am chealgair mi?

Ma ni sinn mar a's léir dhuinn
Cha bhì Rìgh na Gréin cho feargach ruinn,
Ach 'se clann nan daoine' a's géir-breithich,
S gur fad is éis air Alba sin.

O! is iomadh gaisgeach sàr-bhuilleach,
A laodaich blàr an eunntais oirn,
Thug Tearlach a's na fìsaichean,
Chaill fuil an dail nan Stìubhartach,
Nan cadal trom 's na h-àraichean,
'S a'n cùl ri làr 's cha dùisgear iad,
Bha croich a's tuagh toirt às orra,
'S bha cuid dhia dh'fhag an Dùthchannan.

* All the poems that we have ever heard or seen attributed to him are in the collection, with the exception of four: viz., *A Hunting Song*, in the form of a dialogue between the sportsman and the mountain deer, in which President Forbes's Unclothing Act is loudly declaimed against; *The Advice*, in which the poet labours to curb ambition, and to modify inordinate worldly desires; *An Amorous Piece*, and *Aoir nan Luch*. These last two we have captured in an old Manuscript, together with the song we have classed first in his section of this work. We have had considerable difficulty in deciphering it; but the Love ditty we found partly erased and partly unintelligible, and *Aoir nan Luch*, although not destitute of merit, is not much to our liking.

Am fear a dh'fhag an dùthaich so,
 Bu mhath air chul na Cruadhach e,
 Be'n Gàel sgaiteach, cliùteach e,
 'S bu duthasach air Cloainidh e:
 Be'n crann chuir croiseal diùbhalach
 A dhruid a null thar chuaintean e;
 Thug teistean fir thar cheudan leis,
 "A chaoidh nach meud a 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 fhaigeach e,
 Mar fhaoilteach 's stoirm ga dùbhlachadh,
 Mar thein air fraoch nan garbhlaichean,
 'S mar easraich gharbh an ùr uisge.

Cha chuireadh faileas gruaimhean air
 'S cha chuireadh fuathas càmpar air,
 Cha bu raghainn tuasaid leis,
 'S na b'fheadar dha bu luath-lambach,
 Bha luim, a's greim, a's cruadal ann,
 'S bu treun a' bualadh nàmhaid e,
 Mar caitainn gheur fo'n fheur uain e
 Gun gearrte sluagh san aimhreit leis.

Cha bu bhras gun reusan e
 'S cha mhò bu leumach, gòrach e,
 Biodh lamh a casg na h-eu-corach
 S lamh eile treun sa' chomraig aig.
 Bha truas a's iochd ri feumaich ann,
 'S b'i sìth a's reit a b'òrdugh dha,
 'S cha'n fhaca mis le'm leirsinne
 No'n neach fo'n ghrein ri foirneart e.

Cha bu duine gòrach e,
 A chuireadh bòsd á thrucantais
 Mu nàdur gu dearbh b'eolach mi,
 Bha cuid de'm sheorsa dh'eireadh leis:
 Mas buidheann ghasd an còmhraig sibh,
 Bidh na *Naoidh* an conaidh beusadh dhuibh,
 'S mas bratach thais an co-strì sibh,
 Cha chluinnear beoil a' séis umaibh.

'Nuair thrialladh brais na feirge dheth,
 Bu mhàlta tlà mar mhaighdeinn e,
 Bu bhlath mar aiteal gréin inhoich e,
 Bu chiùin mar spéur an anamoich e
 Mar ghlaceair 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 toilleannach.

'Nuair bha'n saoghal bruaillleanach,
 S gluasad air luchd nàtsaichean

Nuair bhiodh an cinn gun chluasagan,
 Gun tàmh le buail' a's bàthaichean,
 Thug Eobhon sgrìob thoirt fuasgladh dhuinn,
 'S ghlais e suas a Ghàidhealachd,
 'S cha'n iarradh iad mar bhuachaillean
 'S an taobh-tuath ach na fàsaichean.

Ach dh-fhalbh e nis a's dh'fhag e sinn,
 'S co chaisgeas lamh na h-eacorach?
 Ged fhaicte 'n chbìr ga sàrachadh,
 Gu'n chaill sinn làmh ar trenndais,
 Mo bheannachd suas do Phàrrais leis,
 Bho'n dh'fhill am bàs na éideadh e,
 'S a dh'aindean rìgh a's parlamaid,
 Rinn Rìgh nan gràsan réite ris.

COMUNN AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

FEAR mo ghaoil an t-uisge-beatha,
 Air am bi 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 Ìonnmhor naise feadh an taighe
 'S biasd nach caitheadh cùineadh.
Cìod eile, &c.

Cha b'e sud an comunn snarrach.
 'S maing a dh'iarradh an taobh shuas daibh.
 'S iad nach cromadh thun na fuaraig,
 Ge bu dual daibh 'n lùireach.
Cìod eile, &c.

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 trìùir dhiubh.
Cìod eile, &c.

B'fh' iad làn misnich is cruadail,
 Gu h-aigeantach brisg 'san tuasaid.
 Chuireadh aon fhichead san uair sin
 Tearlach Ruadh fo 'n chrùn duinn!
Cìod eile, &c.

Chluinneadh fear a bhiodh gun chluas iad,
 Nan deanadh luinneag a's tuaim e;

Comunn teangach, cainnteach, cuachach,
Damhsach, suaire', neo-bhrùideil.
Ciod eile, &c.

Comunn aoidheil, òlmhor, plàirteil,
Pògach, dornach, srònach, gùbhaidh,
Spòrsail, ceòlmhor, eòrnach, gàireach,
Nach cuir càs gu smuilein.
Ciod eile, &c.

Gar am pàidhear an fheill-màrtuinn
'S ged' rach an rìgh — mhàthair,
Leanaidh iads' an ioc-shlaint àdmhor
Gus am fàg an lùghs iad.
Ciod eile, &c.

'M fear a chaidh choinhead na h-oidheche,
Leig a chasan air a dhruim e;
Thug e staigh an rud nach d'rinn e,
'S b'oilteil a bha chùltaobh.
Ciod eile, &c.

Dh'éirich am fear a bha làimh ris
Theicheadh ro bholadh an fhàillidh,
Thuit e anns a' mhnuighe-làgain,
'S mhill a' chàth a shùilean.
Ciod eile, &c.

Dh'éirich an treas fear gu dàicheil
Chum 's gu'n tearnadh e'm fear bàite,
Chuir e ghrìosach as le mhàsan,
'S còta Spàinneach ùr air.
Ciod eile, &c.

'N sin dar dh'éirich iad uile
Thuirt fear, " Gabhar greim do 'n duine,
Fhuair e masladh, 's cha b'e munar :
Loisgeadh mu 'na ghlùn e."
Ciod eile, &c.

Thuirt caraid an fhir a chaidh losgadh
" Tha thu fìor bhreugach, a losgain.
Bi mach fhad 's tha 'n doras fosgailt',
Ognaich, lobhte dhùisg so "
Ciod eile, &c.

San uair a 's fear a bhios aca
Bi'dh làmh air gach cuail' a's bata,
Bi'dh fear buailte, 's fear ga thachdadh,
'S fear fo 'n easan ciùrrte.
Ciod eile, &c.

Fear eile thig aileag 'na bhràgad,
Stiuiridh e'm broilleach a bhràthar
Aran proun, a's ìm a's càise,
Brucach, blàth, cur smùid dheth.
Ciod eile, &c.

Their bean-an-taighe gu dìblidh—
" Dhuin', is òle nu càradh bìdh sin,
'S mòr a b'fhearr dhomb agam fhìn e,
'S mòid a phrìs a's dùthaich."
Ciod eile, &c.

'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, &c.

'Nuair dh'fhàsas a' bhangaidd goirid,
Chuid nach tainig ach mu dheireadh,
O nach faigh iad làn an goile,
Goiridh iad gu diùmach.
Ciod eile, &c.

Théid iadsan a nis anns sa chéile,
'S ehi gach mad' e féin 'an déigh laimh,
Bi'dh surd air na h-armaidh gléusta,
'S deudaichean 'gan rùsgadh.
Ciod eile, &c.

'S ann an sin a bhios a' chaonnag,
Fìrion, farum, chon a's dhaoinne,
Clann a' ranaich, mnàir ri caoine,
'S baobhail crost' a' chùirt iad.
Ciod eile, &c.

'S ma chreideas gach fear na chual e,
'S meas' e na thuirt Callum Ruadh rium.
'S iad na coin n bhios 'an uachdar.
'S bi' daoin' uaisle mùchta.
Ciod eile, &c.

A BHANAIS BHAN.

LUINNEAG.

Mo rùn air a chomunn ud
Cha somolta neo-thomadach,
Mo dhàrachd do 'n chomunn ud
Gun bìd gun bholla gunn duibh.

AN CUALA' SIBHS' A BHANAIS BHAN,
Bh'aig Eobhann Mac-Dhùghaill Di-mairt,
Ann am Pae-ulla gu h-ard
Aig na thràigh iad àngar.
Mo run, &c.

'Nuair a thainig iad a nìos
Rinn iad achanaich ri Brian

Iad a bhi uille cho liath,
Re ciabhag fhir na bainne.
Mo run, &c.

Labhair fear na bainse fein
Tha dath airgeid oirn' gu leir
Ciod an cron tha oirn fo 'n ghrein
Mar dean fear-beurra raun oirn ?
Mo run, &c.

Thuir Pàdruig Mac-Mhuirich gu fòil
Agam-sa 'tha bhratach shròil
Is mar sguir am bùrd d'a sgleò
Mar tha mi beo theid sreang air.
Mo run, &c.

Labhair an Cleireach gu dàn'
Agam-sa ta ceart thar chàch ;
Theid am Ministear am' phàirt
'S gun téid am bàrd sa phrangas.
Mo run, &c.

Thuir 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 run, &c.

Thuir fear bu dàine na càch
Agam cha'n'eil spéis d'ar dàn,
Eiribh 's cuim' an t-ùrlar blà'
'S gu'n lion mo lamh-sa dràm dhuibh.
Mo run, &c.

Dh'éirich iad uil cho bhras
'S ann an sud bha farum chàs,
Mar gu'm bithheadh an trùp ghlas,
Ag dol am baileth Frangach.
Mo run, &c.

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 run, &c.

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, &c.

Ged tha bhrigis mìothlachdar,
Gur feumail anns na crìochan i,
Gach fear a bhios ri diolanas,
Gu 'n toir i strìochdadh air gun taing.
'S coma leam, &c.

Ach cuiribh air na mnathan i,
'S ann orra 's fearr a laidheas i,
Gur sgìobalt' air feadh taighe i,
'S b' e 'n ceol am faighinn iunt a dambs'.
'S coma leam, &c.

Gur mise bh' ann 'sa 'n eisdeachd,
'S na mnathan 'g radh ri cheile,
Gu 'm b' fhearr leo orra fhein i,
Na bhi ceusadh an fhir chaim !
'S coma leam, &c.

Cha mhath gu dìreadh bruthaich i,
S cha 'n fhiach leinn thun an t-siubhail i,
'S cha 'n eil mi idir buidheach,
Air an fhear a luthaig i bhi ann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Cha mhath an t-eideadh idir i,
'Nuair theid sinn anns an uisge lea,
'Nuair lubas i m' ar 'n iosgaidean,
Gu 'n d' theoir i niosgaid air gach ball.
'S coma leam, &c.

Bhrigis dubh gun sianadh,
Chuir as an t-aodach briatha,
Bhiodh fosgailt air ar bialthaobh,
'S nach iarradh a chumail teamn.
'S coma leam, &c.

Chuir i mach do Shasuinn sinn,
Le surd a bhi sgairteil oirnn,
'S leig i rithisd dhachaigh sinn,
Gun fhiù a Chaiptein air ar ceann.
'S coma leam, &c.

Ged thug iad dhuinn 'sa 'n fhasan i,
Cha 'n eil i idir taitneach leinn,
'S truagh a Rìgh ! nach robh e tachte,
'M fear* a thug an t-achd a nall.
'S coma leam, &c.

* Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, was Lord President of the Court of Session in the eventful period of the Rebellion, 1745.

IAIN RUADH STUART.

JOHN ROY STUART, not less celebrated for his invocations of the muse than for his prowess in the field of battle, was a native of Kincardine, in Badenoch. Being of the middle class, and the son of a respectable tacksman, to whose farm he succeeded, he had the benefit of a good education. His scholastic advantages, combined with his extraordinary genius, soon procured him the reputation of a "knowing one." Like many other votaries of the muse, he manifested a strong and early predilection for hunting and fishing, which in themselves are a species of poetry. At an early period of his existence he copiously imbibed the principles of Jacobinism. These principles grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength ;—and he was always proud to trace his descent from the royal family of the Stuarts. We do not mean here to enter on the moral or constitutional dissection of a poet ; but history and observation have combined to impress us with the fact, that people of colonel Stuart's mental structure are, some how or other, more liable to fall into companies than men of solid clay. The continual demands upon his presence at the festive board led to some irregularities, upon which censoriousness might animadvert, but over which we are disposed to draw the veil of oblivion. This we are the rather inclined to do, as he himself always stood forth as "king's evidence" against his own eruptions at the shrine of Bacchus. His genuine sallies of wit have established his reputation as an arch wag ; and his more plaintive strains are characterized throughout by originality and great pathos.

Stuart's mind was of that fabric which delights in the jostle of the elements of strife ; and his puissant arm, coolness of courage, and intrepidity of action, trumpeted his fame far and near. It is needless here to recount his adventures and "hair-breadth 'scapes," in the memorable civil war of 1745,—history already records them. On the first out-breaking of that war he was in Flanders, actively engaged in belligerent operations against the British government, when the Duke of Cumberland was called home to lead the Hanoverian forces against the Prince. Roy Stuart also hurried to his native country, now distracted with intestine broils and civil war ; and when at Culloden, he signalized himself in hewing and cutting down the red-coats, and spreading havoc and death on all hands, the Duke, pointing to the subject of our memoir, inquired who he was : "Ah !" replied one of his aides-de-camp, "that is John Roy Stuart." "Good God !" exclaimed the Duke, "the man I left in Flanders doing the butcheries of ten heroes ! Is it possible that he could have dogged me here ?" It is told of Colonel Stuart that he strongly urged for a day's truce before attacking the Government forces at Culloden. This, however, Lord George Murray overruled ; and the prognostications

of the Colonel were but too fully verified in the result of a precipitate and unequal combat. The sombre feelings whose dark current chafed his soul in consequence of the extinguishment of the Jacobites' hopes on that day, are beautifully embodied in two fine and pathetic songs. In one of these he directly charges Lord George with treachery, and pours forth torrents of invective and revenge. His martial strains thunder along with the impetuosity of the mountain torrent—racy, sinewy, and full of nerve. He was so firm in his opinion of his Lordship's sinister motives, that he rushed from rank to rank that he might "hew the traitor to pieces." His elegiac muse was also of a very high order; his "*Lament for Lady M'Intosh*," whose attachment to the Jacobin party is well known, is at once lofty in sentiment, poetical in its language, and pathetic in its conceptions. We do not mean to ascribe to poetic or military genius all the recklessness which a sober-plodding world compliments it with; and we, therefore, suppress a gossiping story in which our warrior-poet figures with the Lady of the Lord Provost of Glasgow. After lurking for some time in the caves, woods, and fastnesses of his native country, he escaped to France with other faithful adherents of Charles, where he paid the debt of Nature, leaving behind him an imperishable fame for the genuine characteristics of a warrior and a poet.

LATHA CHUILODAIR.

AIR FÒNN.—"*Murt Ghlinne-Comhann*."

O! gur mor mo chuis mhalaid,
 '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 rag mheirleach 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 Debrsa nam biasd;
 B'e sud dìteadh na còrach,
 An fhirinn 'sa beul foipe sìos;
 Ach a rìgh mas a deoin leat,
 Cuir an rioghachd air seol a chaidh dhinn,
 Cuir rìgh dligheach na còrach,
 Rì linn na tha beo os ar cinn.

Mo chreach armait nam breacan,
 Bhi air sgaoileadh 's air sgapadh 's gach àit,
 Aig fìor bhalgairean Shasunn,
 Nach no ghuathaich bonn crartas na 'n dail;
 Ged a bhuannaich iad baiteal,
 Cha b'ann da 'n cruadal na 'n tapadh a bha,

Ach gaodh n-iar agus frasan,
 Thigh'n a nios oirnn bharr machair nan Gall.*

S truagh nach robh sinn an Sasunn,
 Gun bhi cho teann air ar dachaigh sa bha,
 'S cha do sgaoil sinn cho aithghearr,
 Bhiodh ar dicheall ri seasamh n'a b' fhearr;
 Ach 's droch dhraoidheachd a's drachdan,
 Rinneadh dhuinne mu 'n deachas na 'n dail,
 Air na frithean eolach do sgap sinn,
 'S bu mhi-chombail gu'n d' fhairtlich iad oirnn.

Mo chreach mhor! na cuirp ghlé-gheal,
 Tha na 'n laidh' air na sleibhteann ud thall,

* Allusion is here made to Nairn, where the Duke of Cumberland was celebrating his birth-day on the night preceding the battle. Thither the Highlanders wended their way, expecting to take him by surprise; but it blew in their faces a tremendous storm of rain and wind, and frustrated the attempt. The storm continued next day, and tended materially to discomfit the operations of the mountaineers in the commencement, and ultimately to their total and precipitate rout.

Gun chiste gun leintean,

Ga 'n adhlaiceadh fhein anns na tuill ;

Chuid tha beo dhiu 'n deigh sgaileadh,

'S iad ga fògar le gaothan thar tuinn ;

Fhuair a Chuigs' a toil fein dinn,

'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 spùileadh 's gun bhlaiths againn ann ;

Caisteal Dhuinidh 'n deigh a losgadh,

'S e na laraich lom, thosdach, gun mhiagh ;

Gu 'm b'e 'n caochala' goirt e,

Gu 'n do chaill sinn gach sochair a b' fhiach.

Cha do shaoil leam, le m' shùilean,

Gu 'm faicinn gach cùis mar a tha,

Mur spùtadh nam faoilleadh,

'N am nan luidhean a sgaileadh air blàr ;

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,*

Fhuair e 'n lath' ud air ordugh dha fein ;

Bha 'n da chuid air a mheoirean,

Moran glogan gun trocair le foill ;

Mheall e sinne le chòmhra',

'S gu 'n robh ar barail ro mhor air r'a liun.

Ach fhad 'sa 's beo sinn r'ar latha,

'Bi'dh sinn caoidh na ceathairn chaidh dhinn,

Na fir threubhach bha sgairteil,

Dheanadh teughbail le claidheamh 's le sgiath ;

Mur biodh sìantan n' ar n' agbaidh,

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 mombiann.

Och nan och ! 's mi fo sprochd,

'S mi 'n dràsda ri osnaich leam fein

'G amhare feachd an dù-Rosaich,

'G ithe fèur agus cruineachd an fhuinn ;

Rothaich iargalt a's Cataich,

Tigh'n a nall le luchd chasag a's lann,

Iad mar mhiol-choin air acras,

Siubhal crìochan, charn, chlach, agua bheann.

Mo chreach ! tìr air an tainig,

Rinn sibh nis clàr reidh dh'i cho lom,

Gun choirce gun ghnàisich,

Gun sìol taght' ann am fàsach na 'n fonn,

Pris na cìrc air an spàrdan,

Gu ruige na spàinean thoirt uainn,

Ach sgrios na craoibhe 'fa blà dhiubh,

Air a crìonadh fo barr gus a bonn.

Tha ar cinn fo 'na choille,

'S eigin beannan n's gleannain thoirt oirnn,

Sinn gun sùgradh gun mhaenus,

Gun eibhneas, gun aitheas, gun cheòl,

Air bheag bìdhe no teine,

Air na stùcan an laidheadh an cèb,

Sinn mar chomhachaig eile,

Ag eisdeachd ri deireas gach lò.

ORAN EILE,

AIR LATHA CHUILODAIR.

O ! gur mis' th' air mo chràdh,

Thuit mo chridhe gu làr,

'S tric snithe gu m' shàil o m' leirsinn.

O ! gur mis', &c.

Dh'fhalbh mo chlaistinneachd bhuam,

Cha chluinn mi 'sa n' uair,

Gu mall na gu luath ni 's eibhinn.

Dh'fhalbh mo, &c.

Mu Phriunns' Thearlach mo rùin,

Oighre dligheach a chruin,

'S e gun fhios cìod an tùbh o m' theid e.

Mu Thearlach, &c.

Fuil rioghail nam buadh,

Bhi 'ga dìobairt 's an uair,

'S mac diolain le 'shluagh ag éiridh.

Fuil rioghail, &c.

Siol nan cuilean a bha,

Ga 'n ro mbath chinnich an t-àl,

Chuir iad sinn' ann an càs na h-éigin.

Siol nan cuilean, &c.

Ged a bhuannaich sibh blàr,

Cha b' an d' ur cruadal a bha,

Ach gun ar shluaghainn' bhi 'n dàil a chéile.

Ged a bhuannaich, &c.

Bha iad iomadaidh bhuainn,

Dheth gach finne mu thuath,

'S bu mhiste sinn' e ri uair ar fèuma.

Bha iad iomadaidh, &c.

Coig brataichean sròil,

Bu ro mbath chuireadh an lò,

Gun duine dhiubh chòir a chéile.

Coig brataichean, &c.

* Lord George Murray.

Iarla Chrompa le shlòigh,
Agus Bàrasdal òg,
'S Mac-'Ic-Ailein le sheoid nach geilleadh.
Iarla Chompa, &c.

Clann-Ghriogair nan Gleann
Buidheann ghiobach nan lann
'S iad a thigeadh a nall na 'n eight' iad.
Clann-Ghriogair, &c.

Clann-Mhuirich nam buadh,
Iad-san uile bhi bhuaime,
Gur h-e m' iomadan truagh r'a leughadh.
Clann Mhuirich, &c.

A Chlann-Domhnuill mo ghaoil,
'Ga 'm bu shuaitheantas fraoch,
Mo chreach uile ! nach d' fhaod sibh eiridh.
A Chlann-Domhnuill, &c.

An fhuil uaibhreach gun mheang,
Bha buan, cruadalach, ann,
Ged chaidh ur bualadh an am na téugbail.
An fhuil uaibhreach, &c.

Dream eile mo chreach,
Fhuair an laimheasach' goirt,
Ga 'n ceann am Frisealach gasda, treublach.
Dream eile, &c.

Clann-Fhionnlaidh Bhraidh-Mharr,
Buidheann ceannsgalach, ard,
'Nuair a ghlaoidhte adbhans 's iad dh' eireadh.
Clann-Fhionnlaidh, &c.

Mo chreach uile 's mo bhron,
Na fir ghasd' tha fu leòn,
Clann-Chatain nan srol bhi dhéis-laimh.
Mo chreach uile, &c.

Chaill sinn Dòmhnall donn, suaire,
O Dhùn Chrompa no shuas,
Mar ri Alasdair ruagh na feile.
Chaill sinn Dòmhnall, &c.

Chaill sinn Raibeart an àigh,
'S cha bu ghealtair e' m blàr
Fear sgathadh nan enamh 's nam feithean.
Chaill sinn Raibeart, &c.

'S ann thuit na rionnagan gasd ;
Bu mhath aluinn an dreach,
Cha bu phàigheadh leinn mairt na 'n éirig.
'S ann thuit, &c.

Air thus an latha dol sios,
Bha gaoth a cathadh nan sian,
As an adhar bha trian ar leiridh.
Air thus an latha, &c.

Dh' fhàs an talamh cho trom,
Gach fraoch, fearunn a's fonn,
'S nach bu chothrom dhuinn lom an t-sleibhe.
Dh' fhàs an talamh, &c.

Lasair theine nan Gall,
Frasadh pheileir mu 'r ceann,
Mhill sid eireachdas lann 's bu bhead e.
Lasair theine, &c.

Mas fìor an dàna g'a cheann,
Gu 'n robh Achan* 'sa chàmp,
Dearg mbeirleach nan raud 's nam breugan.
Mas fìor an dàna, &c.

'S e sin an Seanalair mo
Gràin a' smallachd an t-sloigh,
Reic e onoir 'sa chòir air eucoir.
'S e sinn an, &c.

Thionnaidh choileir 'sa chleòc,
Air son an sporain bu mhò,
Riun sud dolaidh do sheoid rìgh Seumas.
Thionnaidh, &c.

Ach thig cuibhle an fhortain mu 'n cuairt,
Car bho dheas na bho thuath,
'S gheibh ar 'n eas-caraid duais na h-eucoir.
Ach thig cuibhle, &c.

'S gu 'm bi Uilleam Mac Dheòrs',
Mur chraoibh gun duilleach fu leòn,
Gun fhreamh, gun mheangan, gun mheoirean
'S gu 'm bi Uilleam, &c. [gélge.

Gu ma lom bhios do leac,
Gun bhean, gun bhrathair gun mhac,
Gun fhuaim clàrsaich, gun lasair chéire.
Gun ma lom, &c.

Gun sòlas, sonas, no seannas,
Ach dòlas dona mu d' cheann,
Mur bh' air ginealach Chlann na h-Eiphit.
Gun solas sonas, &c.

A's chi sinn fhathas do cheann,
Dol gun athadh ri crann,
'S eoin an adhair gu teann ga réubadh.
A's chi sinn, &c.

'S bidh sinn uile fa-dheòidh,
Araon sean agus òg,
Fo 'n rìgh dbligheach 'ga 'n coir duinn géilleadh.
'S bidh sinn, &c.

* Lord George Murray is here alluded to; his father to preserve his estates whatever the upshot of the conflict might be, sent Lord George to join the Prince, while his oldest son took up arms in support of the government forces—each having instructions to measure their adherence or fidelity according to the probabilities of success.

URNAIGH IAIN RUADH.*

Aig taobh sruthain na shuidhe 's e sgith,
Tha 'n Crìosdaidh bochd Iain Ruadh,
Na cheatharnach fhathasd gun sìth,
Sa chàs air tuisleadh sa 'n tìnn gu truagh.

Ma thig Duimhniche no Cataich a'm dhàil,
Mu 'n slanaich mo lùigheannan truagh,
Ged thig iad cho tric a's is àill,
Cha chuir iad orm lamh le luath's.

Ni mi 'n ubhaidh riann Peadar do Phàil,
'S a lùighean air fàs leum bruaich,
Seachd paidir 'n ainm Sagairt a's Pàp,
Ga chuir ris na phlàsd mu'n cuairt.

* Having sprained his ankle when under hiding, after the battle of Culloden, and while resting himself beside a cataract, keeping his foot in the water, he composed the above piece as a prayer, and the following stanzas in English; both of which he seems to have couched in the style of language peculiar to the Psalms.

JOHN ROY STUART'S PSALM.

The Lord's my target, I will be stout,
with dirk and trusty blade,
Though Campbells come in flocks about,
I will not be afraid.

The Lord's the same as heretofore,
he's always good to me,
Though red-coats come a thousand more,
afraid I will not be.

Though they the woods do cut and burn,
and drain the waters dry;
Nay, though the rocks they overturn,
and change the course of Spey:

Though they mow down both corn and grass,
and seek me under ground;
Though hundreds guard each road and pass,
John Roy will not be found.

The Lord is just, lo! here's a mark,
he's gracious and kind,
While they like fools grop'd in the dark,
as moles he struck them blind.

Though lately straight before their face,
they saw not where I stood;
The Lord's my shade and hiding-place—
he's to me always good.

Let me proclaim, both far and near,
o'er all the earth and sea,
That all with admiration hear,
how kind the Lord's to me.

Upon the pipe I'll sound his praise,
and dance upon my stumps,
A sweet new tune to it I'll raise,
and play it on my trumps.

† An incantation of great antiquity, handed down to us from the classic era of Homer. It has still its class of sturdy believers in many remote and pastoral districts of

Ubbaidh eile as leith Mhuire nan gràs,
'S urraim creideach dheanadh slau ri nair;
Tha mis' am chreideamh gun teagamh, gun dail,
Gu'n toir sium air ar naimhdean buaidh.

Sgeul eile 's gur h-oil leam gu'r fìor,
Tha 'n drasd anns gach tìr mu 'n cuairt,
Gach fear gleusda bha feumail do 'n rìgh,
Bhi ga 'n ruith feadh gach fìrlh air an ruaig.

Bodaich dhona gun onair, gun bhrìgh,
Ach gionach gu ni air son duais,
Gabhail fàth oirnn 's gach àit ann sa'm bì—
Cuir a chuibhle so' Chriosda mu'n cuairt!

Ma thionndas i deiseal an dràsd,
'S gu'm faigh Fraugaich am Flannras buai',
Tha 'n earbs' as an targaichd bha,
Gu 'n tig armailt nì stà dhuinn thar chuan.

the Highlands. The Editor well recollects with what self-complacency and *sans froid* the female Esculapii of his native glen used to repeat the "*Edlas sgiuchadh fathas*," over the hapless hobler of sprained ankles. With the success or result of the procedure we have nothing to do: its efficacy was variously estimated. The "*Cantation orum*" was a short oration of Crambo, in the vernacular language; and if the dislocated joints did not jump into their proper places during the recitation, the practitioner never failed to augur favourably of comfort to the patient. There were similar incantations for all the ills to which human flesh is heir: the toothach, with all its excruciating pain, could not withstand the potency of Highland magic; dysentery, gout, dysury, &c., had all their appropriate remedies in the never-failing specifics of incantation. Nor were these cures confined to the skilful hand of the female necromancer alone; an order of men, universally known by the cognomen of the "*Clair-sheana-choin*," were the legitimate practitioners in the work. Two of these metrical incantations we may briefly quote as specimens of the whole. The first relates to the cure of worms in the human body and runs thus:—

"Mharbhainn dubhag 's mharbhainn doirbhcag,
A's naoi naicnear dheth a seòrsa.
'S fiolar crìon nan casan lionmhor,
Bu mhnir pianadh air feadh feòla," &c.

Here follows the other, denominated. "*Eolas a Chronachaidh*," or "*Casg Eum-Sula*." During its repetition, the singular operation of filling a bottle with water, was being carried on; and the incantation was so sung as to chime with the gurgling of the liquid, as it was poured into the vessel; thus forming a sort of uncouth harmony, according well with the wild and superstitious feelings of the necromancers. From the fact that one or two Irish words occur in it, and that the charm was performed in the name of St Patrick, it is probably of Irish origin; but we know that it held equally good in the Highlands of Scotland as it did across the Channel.

Deanamsa dhutsa, eolas air sul,
A uelch 'ille Phàdrig naomh,
Air at amhaich a's stad carabuil,
Air naoi conair 's air naoi connachair,
As air naoi bean seang sìth,
Air suil seanna-ghille 's sealla seanna-mhna,
Mas a suil fir i, i lasadh mar bhlgh,
Mas a suil mnath i, i bbi dh'eachnuidh a cìch,
Falcadair fuar agus fuarachd da fuil,
Air an nì, 's air a daoine,
Air a erodh, 's air a caoirich fein.

Gu'n toir Fortan dha didean le gràs,
Mur Mhaois 'nuair a thraigh a mhuir ruadh,
Sgu'm bidh 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 corraich ro-mhor,
Crom-an-donais! chaidh 'n seòrsa 'n diasg.

A Rìgh shoerach Muire nan gràs,
Crom riumsa le baigh do chluas;
'S mì 'g umbladh le m' ghluin air an làr,
Gabh achanaich araid bhuam.

Cha'n eil sinn a sireadh ach còir,
Thug Cuigs agus Dheorsa bhuainn;
'Reir do cheartais thoir neart dhuinn a's treoir,
A's cum sinn bho fhoirneart sluaigh! Amen.

CUMHA DO BHAINTIGHEARNA

MHIC-AN-TOISICH.*

Cia iad na dèe 's na Duilean tréun,
Theid leanasa sa'n sgeul' bhroin?
Tha ghealach fàs, 's na reulltan glan,
'S a ghrian fo smal gach lò,
Gach craobh, gach coill, gach bean 's cloinn,
Dha 'm beil na'm broinn an deò,
Gach luibh, gach fear, gach nì 's gach spreidh,
Mu'n tì rinn boise mòr.

Mar choinneal chéir, 's i lasadh treun,
Mar earr na grein ro nòin,
Bha reull na mais, fo shiontaibh deas,
A nis thug frasan mor,
Oir bhris na tuinn 's na tobair bhuinn:
'S le mulad dhruigh na neoil,
'Se lagaich siun, 's ar 'n-aighe tinn,
'S gu'n ruith ar ciun le deòir.

Mu'n ribhlon àilt nan ioma gràs,
A choisinn gràdh an t-sluigh,

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,
'Se do chuir fo lùic 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 sròil,
A nis a ta gach neach fo chràdh,
'S tu 'n ciste chlàr nam bòrd,
A gheug nam buadh is aillidh snuadh,
Gur mis tha trungh 's nach beò,
Do chuimhn' air chruas ri linn nan slugh,
Gur cinnte' dh'fhuasglas deòir.

Tha Mac-an-Toisich nan each seang,
'S nam bratach srannmhor sròil,
Gun aobhar gairdeachais ach cràdh,
Ma ghràdh 's nach eil i beò,
A ribhinn shuaire 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 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, dirk, and guns, together with a bagpipe and old pail (drum), our octogenarian little army lurked in a dense clump of brushwood until the red-coats came up. It was now night, and the sound of Lord Loudon's men was heard—they were within a mile of Moy! The smith and his followers, as instructed by her Ladyship, fired gun after gun, until the six were discharged; he then roared out "Clan M'Donald, rush to the right—Cameron, forward in a double column in the centre—M'Intosh, wheel to the left, and see that none will escape!" This was enough; the red-coats heard—stood, and listened—all the clans were there—so, at least, thought Lord Loudon, and away they fled in the greatest disorder and confusion, knocking one another down in their flight, and not daring to look behind them until they had distanced the smith by miles!

* For the Air, see the Rev. Patrick M'Donald's Collection of Highland Airs, page 16—No. 106.

COINNEACH MAC-CHOINNICH.

KENNETH M'KENZIE was born at *Caisteal Leauir*, 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 "*Piobairachd na Luinge*" is an imitation of M'Intyre's inimitable "*Beinn-dòrain*," but it possesses no claims to a comparison with that master-piece. We are not prepared to say which is the best school for poetic inspiration, or for refining and maturing poetic genius; but, we venture to assert, that the habits of a seafaring man have a deteriorating influence over the youthful feelings. This has, perhaps, been amply exemplified in the person of Kenneth M'Kenzie. He was evidently born with talents and genius; but, notwithstanding the size of his published volume, we find only four or five pieces in it which have stepped beyond the confines of mediocrity: these we give, as in duty bound.

M'Kenzie returned from sea in the year 1789, and commenced going about taking in subscriptions, to enable him to publish his poems. With our own veneration for the character of a poet, we strongly repudiate that timber brutality which luxuriates in insulting a votary of the muses. Men of genius are always, or almost always, men of sensibility, and nice and acute feelings; and it appears to us inexplicable how one man can take pleasure in showing another indignities, and hurting his feelings. The itinerant subscription-hunting bard, has always been the object of the little ridicule of little men. At him the men of mere clay hurl their battering-ram; and our author appears to have experienced his own share of the evil. Having called upon Alexander M'Intosh, of Cantray Down, he not only refused him his subscription, but gruffly ordered him to be gone from his door! Certainly a polite refusal would have cost the high-souled gentleman as little as this rebuff, and apologies of a tolerably feasible nature can now be found for almost every failing. Our bard, thus unworthily insulted, retaliates in a satire of great

merit. In this 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.* Distressed at this mournful occurrence, which he well knew the superstition and gossip of his country would father upon him, M'Kenzie went again among his subscribers, recalled the books from such as could be prevailed upon to give them up, and consigned them to the flames : a sufficient indication of his sorrow for his unmerciful, and, as he thought, fatal castigation of M'Intosh. This accounts for the scarcity of his books.

Shortly after this event, his general good character and talents attracted the attention of Lord Seaforth and the Earl of Buchan, whose combined influence procured him the rank of an officer in the 78th Highlanders. Having left the army, he accepted the situation of Postmaster in an Irish provincial town, where he indulged in the genuine hospitality of his heart, always keeping an open door and spread table, and literally caressing such of his countrymen as chance or business led in his way. We have conversed with an old veteran who partook of his liberality so late as the year 1837.

In personal appearance, Kenneth M'Kenzie was tall, handsome, and strong-built ; fond of a joke, and always the soul of any circle where he sat. If his poems do not exhibit any great protuberance of genius, they are never flat ; his torrent may not always rush with impetuosity ; but he never stagnates ; and such as relish easy sailing and a smooth-flowing current, may gladly accept an invitation to take a voyage with our sailor-poet.

MOLADH NA LUINGE.

LUINNEAG.

'S beag mo shunnt ris an lùinn,
Mòran bùirn 's beagan bracha ;
B'annsa leam caismeachd mo rùin,
Air cuan dù-ghorm le capull.

Ge d' a tha mi ann san àm,
Air mo chrampadh le astar,
'S tric a thug mi greisean gàrbh,
Air an fhàirge ga masgadh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Greis le beachd a deanamh làil,
'S greis cuir siùil ann am pasgadh,

Greis air iomairt, 's greis air stiùir,
'S greis air chul nam ball-acuinn.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'S e mo cheist an capall grinn,
Rachadh léinn air an aiseag,
'S taobh an fhuaraidh, fos a cinn,
S muir ri slinn taobh an fhasgaidh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Uair a bhiodh i fada shìos,
Anns an iochdar nach faiet' i,
'S greis eile 'n-aird nam frith,
S i cuir dh'i air a leath-taobh.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

* This happened in the year 1792, in which our author published.

'S i nach pilleadh gun cheann-fa',
 'S i neo-sgàthach gu srachdadh,
 A gearradh tuinn' le geur roinn,
 'S cudrom gaoith' air na slatan.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

'Nnair a chuirte i air a dùigh,
 'S a cuid sebl ris na racan,
 Chnirt' a mach an t-aodach sgeòid :
 Sud a sròn ris an as-caoin.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Bhiodh i turaban gun tàmh,
 'S chluinnte g'àinich fo'n t-sac i,
 'S bhiodh gach glùn dh'i dol fillt',
 'S chluinnte bid aig gach aisinn.
'S beag mo shunnt. &c.

Chite muir na thonnan àrd,
 'S chluinnt' i gàraich gu farsuinn,
 'S bheireadh ronn ard nan steoll,
 Buille thròm ann gach achlais.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Ann an as-caoineachd a chuain,
 'S ann am fuathas na fraise,
 Thugaihh faiceil air a ghaoth ;—
 “Fhearabh gaoil cumaibh rag i.”
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Chluinnte farum aig an fhaigr',
 Molach garbh anns an ath-sith,
 Beucach, rangach, torrach, searbh,
 Srannach, anabharadh, brais i.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Buill bu treis de'n chorcaich ùir,
 Croinn de'n ghiubhsaich bu daite,
 Eideadh cainb nach biodh meanbh,
 'S chite geala-dhearg a bhrataich.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

Se mo ruin na fearadh gleust',
 'S iad nach tréigeadh 'an caitean,
 Chluinnte laugan nam fear òg,
 'S iad nach deanaicheadh gealtachd.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

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, &c.

Bìdh iad gu fuireachar geur,
 'N am do'n ghrein dol a chadal,
 Ceileireach, linnneagach, rùidh,
 N am bh'i 'g ìiridh sa' mhadainn.
'S beag mo shunnt, &c.

AM FEILE PREASACH.

LUINNEAG.

*'S e feile preasach tlachd mo ruin,
 'S osan nach ruig fuais an glùn,
 'S còta breac nam basan dlù,
 'S bonaid dhù-ghorm thogarrach.*

B' annsa leam am fèile cnaich,
 Na casag de 'n aodach lnaight',
 'S brìgis nan ceanglaichean cruaidh,
 Gur e'n droch-nair a thogainn dh'i.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Tha mo rùn do'n eideadh lùs,
 Cuach an fhéilidh nan dlù bhàs,
 Shiubhlain leis 's na sléibhteann cäs,
 'S rachainn brais air obair leis.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Ge'd a tharlainn ann sa' bhéinn,
 Fad na seachduin 's mi leam féin,
 Fuachd na h-oidhche' cha dean dhomh beud,
 Tha 'm breacan fhéin cho caidearach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Shiubhlain leis feadh ghleann a's sleibh,
 'S rachainn do'n chlachan leis fhéin,
 Tlachd nan gruagach 's uail nan steud,
 S è deas gu feum na'n togramaid.
S e feile preasach, &c.

'S ealamh eadrom è sa' ghleann,
 'S cuilbheir réidh fo' sgéith gun mheang,
 A dh'fhagaidh udlach ceir-ghéal fànn,
 A bheireadh srann sa leagadh e.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Am féilendh 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, &c.

'S ann leam bu taitneach è bli n-àird,
 Nam dhomh tachairt ri mo ghriadh,
 B'fhearr leam seachduin dbeth na dhà
 De bhrìgis ghrainde rag-sheallach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S caomh a'n t-èide 'm breachdan ùr,
 'S ann air féin a dh'eireadh cliù,
 Mar sin 's buaigh-larach ann 's gach cùis,
 'S e dheanadh tìrn gun eagal air.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'N am do ghaisgich dol air feum
Gàil ghasd gu sracadh bhéin,
Piob ga spalpadh 's anail réidh,
A chuireadh eud a's fadadh annt.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

B'e sud caismeachd lrd mo rùin,
Cronan gàireach, bàrr gach ciùil,
Brais phuirt mheara, leanadh dlù,
Clath gu lùghor grad-mheurach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Nuair a ghlaict' san achlais i,
Beus bu taitnich chunna' mì,
Siunnsair paill-thollach gun dì—
Os cionn a chinn gu fad-chrannach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

'S i 's boiche dreach 'sa 's tlachdmhor snuagh,
Tartrach, sgaitheil, brais phuirt luath,
Muineal cròm air uchd nam buagh,
Chluinnte fuaim 'nuair ragadh i.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

A ri! bu ruith-leumach na meoir,
Dàmbsa brais mu'n seach gun leon,
Is iad air ebrith le mire gleòis,
Chluinnte sròl gu farumach.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Bheireadh i air ais gu fònn
An cridhe dh'fhàs gu tùrsach, tròm,
'S chuireadh i spiorad 's gach sonn
Gu dol air am gu spadaireachd.
'S e feile preasach, &c.

Fhuair i 'n t-urran thar gach ceòl,
Cuiridh i mìsneach 's gach toil,
Togaidh i gu aird nan neoil,
Intinn seoid gu baitealach
'S e feile preasach, &c.

MAIREARAD MHOLACH MHIN.

LUINNEAG.

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, &c.

'N àile chumainn trod ri naoinear,
Ged' a dh'aomadh iad gu strì
'S cha leag mì gu bràth le duin' i,
On a dh'fhàs i molach mìn.
Mo rùn, &c.

'S truagh nach sinn bha air àiridh,
Air ar fàgail ann leinn fhìn,
S chumadh i bho'n fhuachd mì sàbhailt,
On a dh'fhàs i molach mìn.
Mo rùn, &c.

Ge d' a gheibhinnt thàirge bh' iutigh'rn,
'S neo-ar-thaig a bheirian d'i,
'S mòr gun b'fheir leam Nic-'Ill-Eandrais,
Tha na th'ann d'i molach mìn.
Mo rùn, &c.

Eusaidhean mo chruinneig cha léir dhomh,
An cuir an géill cha dran mì 'n ions',
Thug nàdur dh'i tuigs as reasan,
Agus ceill nam beusan fillt.
Mo rùn, &c.

Tha i sgeudaichte le h-àilteachd,
'S a chàirdeas mar ghrin air pill,
Séimh, fallain, ùr, 's cumaite dh'fhàs i,
O mulach gu sàil a buinn.
Mo rùn, &c.

Leam a b'ait a bhi ga pògadh,
Beul on tig an t-òran binn,
Gruaidh mar dhearcaig, suil is mòdhair,
'S mor mo bhòd a glòir a cinn.
Mo rùn, &c.

B'annsa leam a bhi ga b-eisdeachd,
Na smeorach sa Chéitean shìl,
Na fonn fìdhle nam binn theudan,
'S na tha cheòl 'an Eirinn chrì.
Mo rùn, &c.

Do Chuilodair gu'n tig gàisgich,
Gillean tapaidh as gach tìr,
'S b'f' dh' gach fear an geall air fuireach,
Mar ri Mairearad mholach mhìn.
Mo rùn, &c.

Dheanainn cur, a's àr, a's buain dh'i,
'S dheanainn cruach gun chiorram dh'i,
S bheirinn sìthinn o uchd fhuar-bheann,
'S bheirinn ruaig air cuaintean sgì.
Mo rùn, &c.

Shìnbhlain latha 's shìublain òidheche,
Is ghleidhinn sàibhreas dh'i gun dì,
S on is caomh leam Nic-'Ill-Eandrais,
'S caomh le Nic-'Ill-Eandrais mì.
Mo rùn, &c.

AN TE DHUBH.

AIR Fonn—"A Mhòrag na dean mar sin."

LUINNEAG.

Hoiréann ò eile
'S na hì-rì-rì eile
Hoiréann h-ò 's na h-o eile
Gur mor mo speis do'n te dhuibh.

'S truagh nach robh mi air m' fhàgail
 Le m' leannan 's an fhàsach,
 Far nach fhaicinn mo chairdean
 Tha toir tàir do'n te dhuibh!
Hoiréann, &c.

An seilbh gleannain gun chonnalach,
 'S air mulach nam beanntan,
 Ghleidhinn aran do m' annsachd,
 Geg tha 'n ceann oirre dubh.
Hoiréann, &c.

Dheanainn cuir agus buain d'i,
 'S bheirinn turus thar chuaintean,
 'S cha bhiodh uireasbhuidd uair oirr—
 Ged tha cuailleann cho dubh.
Hoiréann, &c.

Dheanainn treabhadh ri oireadh
 'S dheanainn cur anns an oidliche;
 Dheanainn mire ri maighdein—
 'S chuirinn daoimein air triumph!
Hoiréann, &c.

Ge suarach aig càch i,
 Tha uaisle na nàdur,
 Tha suairceas na ghàire—
 Ged tha 'm barr oirre dubh!
Hoiréann, &c.

Thug nadur dh'i gliocas,
 Mar gheard air a tuigse,
 'S i làn de dheagh ghibhtean,
 'S a ceann nach miste bhi dubh!
Hoiréann, &c.

Ciochan corach is mine,
 Air uchd soluis na ribhinn,
 Dend gheal mar na dìsnean,
 'S beul o 'm binn a thig guth.
Hoiréann, &c.

O gualainn gu h-brdaig,
 Fhuair urram bhan òga,
 Glac gheal nan caol-mheòirean,
 'S a gàirdean feola chio tiugh.
Hoiréann, &c.

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.
Hoiréann, &c.

Cruinn chalpa na gruagaich,
 Gun dochair mu 'n cuairt d'i,
 Troidh chuitnir 's i cuanta
 Nach cuir cuagach brog dhubb
Hoiréann, &c.

Gnùis is aillidh ri sireadh,
 Ciùin tlà ann an iomairt,
 'S le snathaid nì grinneas,
 Nach dean iomadh te dhubb!
Hoiréann, &c.

Ged a tha i gun stòras,
 Tha taitneas na còmhraidh,
 B'annsa furan a pòige,
 Na'n te ga'n leom a cuid cruaidh.
Hoiréann, &c.

S na 'm bitheadh i riarach,
 Air fuireach seachd bliadhna,
 Cheannaichean breid d'i gun iarraidh,
 Mu'm biodh a sia dhiù air ruith.
Hoiréann, &c.

Dh-olainn 's cha neònach,
 De dh-uisg' a phuill mhòine,
 Air a slainte gu deònach—
 Gür mise dh-oladh de'n t-sruth!
Hoiréann, &c.

DROBHAIR NAN CAILEAGAN.

AIR Fonn—"Cubar Feidh."

'S a nise bho'n a théig sinn,
 Le chéile bhi farasda,
 Bheirinn combairl' fheumail,
 Dhut 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 fhearaginn;
 Na bi cho tric u' dol na measg,
 Mar chraoibh gun mheas, na caileagan,
 Ge d' shaoileadh tus, gun robh iad dhut,
 Cho min ad t-uchd ri bainne dhut,

Nam suidhe steach, le eibhneas ait,
Ri cuir ma seach nan dramachan,
Bi'dh cuir nan cinn a'g èiridh,
'S gach tè dhiù ri fanaid ort!

Tha na gillea òga,
Nan dòchas cho amaideach,
'S iad le'm barail ghràch,
'An t-àir air na caileagan,
Ach fhad sa bhios an suilean,
Cho duinne, cha'n aithnich iad,
'S cha 'n fhaic iad Gloc-air-gàradh,*
Ged' tharladh i maille riù.
A chaidh 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 dhiù:
Mar bheathach bochd, a bhios gun toirt,
'Nuair theid a ghoirt a's t-earrach ann,
'S ceart ionann 's mar ni ghàraich,
Air drùbhar nan caileagan.

* A clamorous vain young woman, whose custom was, when she saw any strangers passing by, to get up on some eminence, and call the hens from the corn, or cry to the herd to be careful, for no other reason than that she might be taken notice of. The cognomen is one of general application, but the bard had a particular dame in view;—and we have been told on undoubted authority, when she heard of her new name, that she gave up all concern about the hens and the herd-boy, to the great comfort and ease of both. Her father, however, suffered by the assumed modesty of his daughter—the herd-boy slept, the cows followed the hens into the corn fields, and destroyed them so much, that the old man was heard to swear if he came in contact with the poet, he would give him a hearty flagellation for making his daughter worse than useless to him at outside work!

Ge b'è chuireas dùil ann,
An dùrachd cha'n aithnich è,
Ge d' dheanadh i do phògadh,
'S ge d' òladh i drama leat,
'S ge d' ghealladh i le dòchas,
Gum pòsadh i 'neathrar thu,
'Nuair thionnta' tu do chùl-thaobh,
Bi'dh 'n sùilean gan camadh riut.
Mar sud their ise, ged' tus 's glic',
Gun deanainn tric, nach aithne dhut,
'S ge mor do bheachd, cha rachainn leat,
Mar biodh do bheartas màile riut,
'S mar be dhomh 'n leisg, a bhi am leis,
Cun deanainn reic a's ceannach ort,
'S 'nuair bhios tu falamh chùinneadh,
Gum feuch mi cùl-thaobh bhaile dhut.

'S ge be ghabhas fàth orr',
Gu bràch bi'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:
Bi'dh e cho glic ri duin' air mhisg,
'S bidh càch ga nheas mar amadan;
Nuair bhios e glact' mar ian an suàp,
'S nach urr' e chas a tharruinn as;
'S a chaoi le tlachd, cha 'n fhaigh e las,
Mur brist e 'n acuin theannachaidh,
'S ma se 's nach cuir e brèid oirr',
'S an-éibhinn ri latha dha.

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, &c., seeing and observing all around him with the eye and discernment of a real poet. At this period, he composed many of his valuable songs; but some of these, we are sorry to say, are not now to be found.

Having returned to Gairloch, he was soon afterwards appointed to the charge of the parish school of that place, which he conducted with no ordinary degree of success. From the time of his entering upon this charge, it was generally remarked, that he proceeded in the discharge of his duties with unremitting firmness and assiduity, and in a short time gained a reputation for skill in the instruction of the young committed to his trust, rarely

known in the former experience of that school. He had a peculiar method and humour in his intercourse with his pupils, which amused and endeared the children to him: at the same time it proved the most effectual means of impressing the juvenile mind and conveying the instructions of the teacher. Many of those who were under his tuition still speak of him with the greatest enthusiasm and veneration.

In the course of his travels, and while schoolmaster of Gairloch, he contracted an intimacy with several respectable families, many of whom afforded him testimonies of friendship and esteem. His company was much sought after, not only on account of his excellent songs, but also for his intelligence and happy turn of humour. He was a warm admirer of the songs of other poets, which he often sung with exquisite pleasure and taste. His voice, though not strong, was clear and melodious, and he had a thorough acquaintance with the science of music. He played on the violin, flute, and several other instruments, with considerable skill; and during his incumbency as schoolmaster, he officiated as precentor in the parish church.

In the capacity of schoolmaster he continued till his health began rapidly to decline. Asthma and consumption preyed on his constitution, and terminated his mortal life, in the year 1790, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. This occurred while he was residing at Badachro, Gairloch. His funeral was attended by nearly the whole male population of the surrounding country. He was interred in the burying ground of the *Clachan* of Gairloch, and a simple upright stone, or *Clach-chuimhne*, with an English inscription, marks his "narrow house."

In personal appearance, Ross was tall and handsome, being nearly six feet high. His hair was of a dark brown colour, and his face had the peculiarly open and regular features which mark the sons of the mountains; and, unlike the general tribe of poets, he was exceedingly finical and particular in his dress. As a scholar, Ross was highly distinguished. In Latin and Greek he very much excelled; and it was universally allowed that he was the best Gaelic scholar of his day.

It is not to be wondered at, that a being so highly gifted as was Ross, should be extremely susceptible of the influence of the tender passion. Many of his songs bear witness that he was so. During his excursions to Lewis, he formed an acquaintance with Miss Marion Ross of Stornoway (afterwards Mrs Clough of Liverpool,) and paid his homage at the shrine of her beauty. He sung her charms, and was incessant in his addresses,—

"Every night he came
With music of all sorts, and songs composed
To her:"

But still he was rejected by the coy maid; and the disappointment consequent on this unfortunate love affair, was thought to have preyed so much on his mind, as to have impaired his health and constitution, during the subsequent period of his life. To this young lady he composed (before her marriage) that excellent song expressive of his feelings, almost bordering on despair, "*Feasgar luain a's mi air chuairt.*"

In the greater number of his lyrics, the bard leads us along with him, and imparts to

us so much of his own tenderness, feeling, and enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand and kindle with his sentiments.

Few of our Highland bards have acquired the celebrity of William Ross—and fewer still possess his true poetic powers. In purity of diction, felicity of conception, and mellowness of expression, he stands unrivalled—especially in his lyrical pieces. M'Donald's fire occasionally overheats, and emits sparks which burn and blister, while Ross's flame, more tempered and regular in its heat, spreads a fascinating glow over the feelings, until we melt before him, and are carried along in a dreamy pleasure through the Arcadian scenes, which his magic pencil conjures up to our astonished gaze. If M'Intyre's torrent fills the brooklet to overflowing, the gentler stream of Ross, without tearing away the embankment, swells into a smooth-flowing, majestic wave—it descends like the summer shower irrigating the meadows, and spreading a balmy sweetness over the entire landscape. If it be true that "*Sermo est imago animi*," the same must hold equally true of a song—and judging from such of his songs as have come into our hands, our author's mind must have been a very noble one—a mind richly adorned with the finest and noblest feelings of humanity—a mind whose structure was too fine for the rude communion of a frozen-hearted world—a mind whose emanations gush forth, pure as the limpid crystalline stream on its bed of pebbles. It is difficult to determine in what species of poetry William Ross most excelled—so much is he at home in every department. His pastoral poem "*Oran an t-Samhraidh*," abounds in imagery of the most delightful kind. He has eschewed the sin of M'Intyre's verbosity and M'Donald's anglicisms, and luxuriates amid scenes, which, for beauty and enchantment, are never surpassed. His objects are nicely chosen—his descriptions graphic—his transitions, although we never tire of any object he chooses to introduce, pleasing. We sit immoveably upon his lips, and are allured at the beck of his finger, to feed our eyes on new and hitherto unobserved beauties. When we have surveyed the whole landscape, its various component parts are so distinct and clear, that we feel indignant at our own dulness for not perceiving them before—but as a finished picture, the whole becomes too magnificent for our comprehension.

Ross possessed a rich vein of humour when he chose to be merry;—few men had a keener relish for the ludicrous. His Anacreontic poem "*Moladh an Uisge-Bheatha*," is a splendid specimen of this description. How vivid and true his description of the grog-shop worthies—not the base and brutalized debauchees—but that class of rural toppers, who get *Bacchi plenus* once or twice in the year at a wedding, or on Christmas. This was a wise discrimination of the poet: had he introduced the midnight revelry, and baser scenes of the city tavern, his countrymen could neither understand nor relish it. But he depicts the less offensive panorama of his country's bacchanals, and so true to nature—so devoid of every trait of settled libertinism, that, while none is offended, all are electrified—and the poet's own good taste and humour expand over the singer and the entire group of auditors.

Among his amorous pieces, there are two of such prominent merit, that they cannot be passed over.—"*Feargar tuain*," so intimately connected with the poet's fate, has been

already noticed. Its history like that of its author, is one of love and brevity—it was composed in a few hours to a young lady, whom he accidentally met at a convivial party—and sung, with all its richness of ideality and mellowness of expression, before they broke up. “*Moladh na h-òighe Gàèlich*,” although not so plaintive or tender, is, perhaps, as a poetical composition, far before the other. Never was maiden immortalized in such well-chosen and appropriate strains—never did bard’s lips pour the incense of adulation on maiden’s head in more captivating and florid language, and never again shall mountain maid sit to have her picture drawn by so faithful and powerful a pencil.

Without going beyond the bounds of verity, it may be affirmed that his poetry, more perhaps than that of most writers, deserves to be styled the poetry of the heart—of a heart full to overflowing with noble sentiments, and sublime and tender passions.

ORAN DO MHARCUS NAN GREUMACH;

AGUS DO’N EIDEADH-GHAELACH.

Bu trom an t-arsneul a bh’air m’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’ iunnsaidh,
’Dhùisg mi as mo shuain,
’Nuair fhuair mi ’n sgeul bha mor ri éigh’d
Gun d’eadròmaich mo smuain.

Is làtha sealbhach, rathail, dealarach,
Alail, ainmeil, àgh-mhor,
A dh’fhuasgail air na h-Albannaich,
Bho mhachraichean gu garbhlaichean,
Bho uisge-Thuaid* gu Arcamh-chuain,
Bho Dheas gu Tuath gu léir;
Is binne ’n sraun feadh shrath a’s ghleann
Na òrgan gun mbeang glèus.

A Mhareuis òig nan Gréumach,
Fhìr ghleust’ an aigne rioghail,
O! gu’m a buan air t-aiteam thu,
Gu treubhach, buadhach, macanta,
’S tu ’n ùr-shlat aluinn ’s muirneil blàth
De’n fhiubhaidh aird nach crìon,
Gur tric na Gàèil ’g òl do shlàint’,
Gu h-arinunnach air sìon.

* The Water of Tweed.

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 bhuinig cuis a bharr gach cùirt,
’S a chuir air chùil ar càs!

Air bhi air farsan dhomh gach là
Gur tus tha ghuà 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 chòig
Le aigne meannmach, treun—
Mo chliabh tha gabhail lasadh aigheir,
’S àit mo naigheachd fèin.

Thainig *fusan* anns an achd
A dh’òrdaich pailt am feileadh,
Tha eiridh air na breacanan
Le farum treun neo-lapanach,
Bi’dh eighean thapaidd suionh ’sa dath
Gu h-eibhinn, àit, le uaill
Gach aon diù ’g eideadh a’ gaoil fein
Mar ’s rèidh leo anns gach uair

Biodh cogadh ann no sìò-chainnt,
Cha chuir sin sìor-euchd oirn,
An arm no feachd ma thogras iad,
No 'n àr-amach cha 'n obanaid,
Le'r teanadh suas ri uchd an fhuath's',
Le'r n'earadh uasal fèin ;
Le lannan cruagbach, neart-mhor, bnan,
A leantain ruaig gun sgios !

On fhuair sinn *fasan* le'r sàr ehleachdadh,
Dùisgeadh beachd ar sìmsir,
Le rùn gun cheilg 's na h-uile fear,
'S gun mheirgh' air leirg nan Lunnainneach,
Le sunnt a's gleus, a's barrachd spéis
Toirt àite* fein do'n Rìgh,
Mo bhàs gun èis mar b'fhearr 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 enclothing 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 Fonn—"Wat ye wha I met yestreen."

O! mosg'leamaid gu snillhear àit,
Le sunntachd ghasd', a's eireamaid,
Tha mhadaimn-sa le furan caomh
Toirt cuireadh faoilteach, éibhinn, duinn ;
Cuireamaid fàilt air an lò,
Le cruitean cèolmhor, teud-bhinneach,
'S biodh ar cridhe denchdadh faimn
'S ar beoil a seinn le speirid dha.

Nach cluinn thu bith-fhuaim suthain, seamh,
'S a bhruthaimn sgeamhail, bhà-dhealtrach,
'S beannachdan a nuas o neamh
A dortadh fial gu làr aca :
Tha nadur a caochladh tuar
Le caomh-cruth, cuanuda, pairt-dhathach,
'S an cruinne iomlan, mu'n iath grian,
A tarraimn fianhan gràsail air !

* Hanover.

Nach cluinn thu còisir stolda, suaire',
'S an doir' ud shuas le'n branan,
Seinn cliù dha'n Crutheadair fein,
Le laoidhean ceantach, solasach,
Air ehorraibh an sgiath gun tamh
Air mheangain ard nan rò-chrannaibh,
Le'n ceileirean toirt moladh binu,
Dha'n Tì dh'ath-phill an bèotachd rin.

Gu'm b'fhearr na bh'i'n cadal an tamh,
Air leabaidh stàta chloimh-itich,
Eiridh moelh sa mhadaimn Mhàigh,
Gu falbh na fàsach fheirneinich,
Ruaig a thoirt air bharr na trìùchd,
Do dhoire dlà nan smeòraichean,
Am bi tùis is curaidh na fion,
Le faile ciatach ròsanan.

Tha feartan toirbheartach, neo-ghann,
'S an am so gun ghream dubhlachdach,
Cuir trusgan trom-dhaic' air gach raon,
Le dealt, 's le braon ga'n ùrachadh
Tha *Flora* cnodachadh gach cluin,
Gach glaic, a's bruach le flùrnicean,
S bi'dh neòinean, ròsan, 's lili bân,
Fo'n dithean aluinn, chùl-mhaiseach.

Tha *Phæbus* fein, le lòchran aigh,
Ag òradh àrd nam beanntaichean,
'S a' taomadh nuas a ghathan tlà,
Cuir dreach air blàth nan gleantanan ;
Gach innseag 's gach coirean fraoich
Ag tarraimn failt na Bealltainn air ;
Gach f'ireach, gach tulach, 's gach tom
Le foirm cuir foimn an t-samhraidh orr'

Tha caoin, a's ciùin, airmuir a's tìr,
Air machair mhùn 's air garbh-shleibtean,
Tha cuirnean trìùchd na thùir air làr,
Ri aird 's ri àin na geala-ghreine ;
Bi'dh coill', a's pòr, a's fraoch, a's fèur,
Gach iasg, gach cùn, 's na h-ainmhidhean
Ri teachd gu'n gn' salachd 's gu nòs,
Na'n gnù, 's na'n doigh, san aimsir so.

Gur éibhinn ìbhachd nìonag òg,
Air ghasgan fèir 's na h-onaichean,
An gleantaibh fàsach 's iad gu suaire',
A falbh le huar ga'n saodachadh ;
Gu h-urail fallain gun sgios,
Gu maisench, fialaidh, faoilteachail,
Gu neo-chiontach 'gun eheilg, a's gràs
Nan gaol a snàmh nan aodannan.

Uain' gach mì-ghean, sgios a's gruaim,
'S na bìdheamaid nair fo'n nìneartan,
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 rìmhach sheòmraichean
Bitheadh éugailean gun spéis, gun brìgh,
'N aithribh rìghrean, 's mor-uaislibh,
Biodh slainte chonnabhalach gach ial,
Am buthaibh fial gun stròthalachd,
Aig Gàeil ghasd' an éididh ghearr,
Fir spéiseil. chairdeil, rò-gheanach !

ORAN AIR GAOL NA H-OIGHE

DO CHAILEAN.

Ann am madainn chiùin cheitean,
'S an spreidh air an lòn,
Agus cailin na buaile,
Gabhail 'n-uallain mu'n còir :
Do bhì gathanan *Phabus*,
A cuir an ceill tro' na neoil.
Latha buadhach, geal, éibhinn,
'S las na speuran le ròs.

Ach cha b'e 'n tìin, bha'd a tìonal,
Ann an Innis sa' ghleann,
So bluìn m'aigne gu luasgan,
'S mi air chuairt anns an am,
Ach an cailin bu dreach-mhoire',
Mìne mais', agus loinn,
Bh'air an tulaich na'm fochar,
Gu ciùineil, foistineach, grinn.

Shnàmh mo smaointean an ioghnadh,
'S thuit mi 'n coachladh ro-mhùr,
Sheas mi snasaicht mar iombaidh,
'G amharc dian air an òigh,
'S ge do bhrosnach mo dhùrachd mi
Dh'eisdeachd ùr-laoidh a beoil,
Stad mi rithist le münadh,
'Sdheachd mi rùn gu bhì fòil.

Ach gur deacair dhomh innseadh,
Leis mar dhiobrainn an cainnt,
Dreach na fìnn' ud, sa h-àlteachd,
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' fhiòr-ghlain
Fo' lic bu mhìn-dheirge gruaidh,
Gun innleachd bhà, ach buaidh naduir,
A toirt gach barr dhut gun uail !

Aghaidh bhaindibh, ghlan, mhòdhar,
Bu bhinne, ròs-dheirge, beul,
Suil niheallach, ghorm, thairis,
Caol-mhala, 's rosg réidh,
Uchd sòlais, lan sònais,
Geala bhroilleach mar ghréin
'S troidh mhùn-gheal, chaoin, shoerach,
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 buair,
Gun do dh'imich an cailin,
Mìn, farasda, suaire' ;
Ghleus i guth, 's ghabh i ùran,
'S bu rò-bhinn chèol bheireadh buaidh.

Bann air gaol bha i tighinn,
S rùn a cridhe, sa buaidh,
Do dh'òg-laoch nan ciabh òr-bhuidh',
An leitir Laomuinn nan coach,
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 éar 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 tìonal nan dùthean,
Leinn fhìn feadh nan cluan ;
A s sinn 'gar lagadh nar slneadh,
'Nuair bu sgì leinn air bruaich
'S bhiodh na cruitearan sgiathach,
Cuir ar cionalais bhuainn,

" Gu'm bu neo-chiontach màran
Mo gràidh ann sa' chòill ;
A's sinn a' mireadh n-ar 'n-aonar,
Gun smaointinn air foill ;

Sion gun mhuladh, gun fhadachd,
O mhadainn gu h-òidhch',
Agus *Cupid* g'ar tàladh,
Gu toirt gràidh, 's sinn nar cloinn.

" 'S ge du thainig an samhradh,
'S mi sa' ghleann so ri spréidh,
Gur e's tric leam am fagail,
'S bithidh càch as an deigh ;
'S ann a dhiucas mi tharais
Do na ghàran leam fein,
Gu bhí taomadh mo dhosgainn
Ann am fochar nan gèug.

" Tha mo chairdean fo ghruaim rium,
O là chual' iad mar tha—
Gur anusa leam Cailean
Na fear-baile le thàn ;
Ach cha treiginn-s' mo cheud-ghradh,
Gus an géillein do'n bhàs ;
On a gheall e bhí dèileas,
Cia fath mu'n dìbrinn-sa dha ?"

So mar sheinn an caomh chailin,
Tòsan tairis a gràidh,
'S a boid sheasmhach da ceud ghaol,
A's nach dìbreadh gu bràth,
Gach òigh' eile da cluinn so.
Gun robh a h-inntinn gu bàs,
Gu bhí leantainn an t-samh'l ud,
Gu'n a h-an-toil thoirt dha.

Ach air bhí grathuinn na m' thamh dhomh,
'S mi gun àbhachd san ròd,
'S mo chliabh air lasadh le h-éibhneas
A' tabhairt éisdeachd da'n òigh—
Chunnacas òganach gasda
Teachd o' leacain a chrò,
'S e le uile shàr imeachd,
'S b'ann gu Innis nam bò.

Bha dhreach, 's adhealbh mar bumhiannach,
Le òigh iarraidh dh'i féin,
An tùs briseadh an rùnachd,
'S i fo h-òr bhlà air féill ;
Beachd a b'f hearr, bu neo-fhurasd
A thabhairt tuille na dheigh,
Air an òganach mhaiseach,
A teachd o' leacain nan gèug.

Ach suil dha'n tug an t-òg gasda
Bu rioghail mais' air gach taobh,
Dheare air òigh nan cialbh eas-bhuidh',
Siar fo' asgail nan craobh ;
Dheachd n chrìdhe le fortachd
Gu'm b'e sud cuspair a ghaol,
A's ghuidh e beannachd da 'n chodhail,
A bheag am bròn daibh araon.

Is ann an glaciubh a chèile,
Le mòr spéis mar bu mhiann,
Ghlais an dìth's ud le éibhneas,
'S an rùn réidh ga'n cuir dian ;
'S o'n bha furan cho tairis,
'S nach b'fhuras aithris cho fial,
Ghuidh mi sònas gun dìth dhaibh,
Gu là 'n crìch a's mi triall.

Note.—The circumstances that called forth the foregoing beautiful song were these:—Our author in his excursions was perambulating the Highlands of Perthshire, where he happened to alight on a sheiling, or mountain dairy, in the occupancy of a respectable farmer's daughter attended by a young man one of her father's servants. The bard was warmly invited to remain with them in this humble but hospitable hut for some days to rest himself and to bear them company. The invitation was accepted. A person of the poet's penetration could not long remain ignorant of the fact that the artless maiden was uneasy in her mind ; and, as they had now arrived at that stage of intimate familiarity which justifies the disclosure of secrets ; upon being questioned, she told him that her affections were fixed upon a neighbouring swain—a handsome, young fellow, whose advances, however, were discountenanced by her parents in consequence of his poverty. 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

*Soraidh bhuan dha'n t-suaitheanas bhàn,
Gu là-luain cha ghluais o'n bhàs ;
Ghlac an uigh an suaitheanas bàn
'S leacain fuaraidh tuaim' a thamh !*

Air bhí dhomh-sa triall thar druinn
Air di-dònaich, 's comblan leam,
Leughas litir naigheachd leinn,
'S cha sgeul' a' t thachair' innt',
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Albainn arsaighd ! 's fathunn bròin,
Gach aon mhuir bàit' tha bàrcadh oirn,
T-òighre rioghail bhí san Ròimh,
T'irt' an caol chist' òbhta bhòrd !
Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S trom leam m'osnaich anns gach là
'S tric mo smuaintean fad' o laimh—
Cluain an domhain truagh an dàil,
Gur cobhartach gach feib do'n bhàs!

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Tha mo chridh' gu briste, fann,
'S deoir mo shùl a' ruith mar àllt,
Ge do cheillin sud air am,
Bhrùchd e mach 's cha mhiste leam.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Bha mi seal am barail chruaidh,
Gu'n cluinnte caisimeachd mu'n cuairt;
Cabhlach Thearlaich thigh'n' air chuan,
Ach thréig an dàil mi gu là-luain,

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S lionmhor laoch a's mili treun,
Tha 'n diugh an Albainn as do dhéidh,
Iad fo's n-ìosal sìleadh dheur,
Rachadh dian leat anns an t-sréup.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

'S gur neo-shubhach, dubbach, sgi,
Do threud ionmhuiun anns gach tìr,
Buidheann meannach bu gharg cli,
Ulamh, àrm-chleasach 's an t-srì.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Nis cromaidh na cruitearan binn,
Am barraibh dhòs fo' sprochd an ciun,
Gach beò bhiodh ann an srath na'm beinn
A caoidh an co'-dhosgainn leinn.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Tha gach beinn, gach cnoc, 's gach sliabh,
Air am faca sinn thu triall,
Nis air call, an dreach 's am fiamh,
O nach tig thu chaidh nan cian.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Bha'n t-àl òg nach fac thu riamh,
'G altrun graidh dhut agus miagh,
Ach thuit an cridhe nis na'n cliabh,
O na chaidil thu gu sìor.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Ach biodh ar n' ùirnigh moch gach là
Ris an Tì is aird' a ta,
Gun e dhioladh oirn' gu bràth,
Ar 'n éucoir air an t-suaithneas bhàn.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Ach's eagul leam ge math a chléir,
'S gach sonas gheallair dhuinn le'm beul,
Gu'm faicear siun a' sìleadh dhéur,
A choinn an suaithneas bân a thréig.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

Cuireamaid soraidh bhuaninn gu réidh
Leis na dh'innicheas an céin,
Dh'ionnsaidh an àit' na laidh an reull,
Dh'fhògradh uainn gach gruain a s neul.

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

S bitheamaid toilicht' leis na tha,
O nach d' fhaod sinn bhì na's fearr,
Cha bhì n-ar cuairt an so ach gearr,
A's leanaidh sin an suaithneas bân,

Soraidh bhuan, &c.

MIANN AN OGANAICH GHAEILICH.

AIR FOKX—"We'll go no more a roving."

THA sud do ghnà air m'inntinn,
Le iompaidd chinnteach, réidh,
'S gur fada bho'n bu mbiannach leam,
Gu'n triallamaid dha réir;
'S a nis' bho nach urrainn mi
Ga chumail orm gu léir,
Bi'dh mi fadheoidh ag aideachadh
Na th'agam dhut de spéis.

*An sin treigearmaid am farsan,
'S gu'm b' fhearr na bhà air chuairt,
Bhì maille ris a' chailin sin,
Le farasdachd gun ghruain.
An sin treigearmaid, &c.*

Gach aon a chì 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' mbiann 's nach tugainn taobh,
Le snaim cho dian cha shuasaichinn,
Mar glacte mi le gaol.

An sin treigearmaid, &c.

Na ged' bu shamhl' an stòras mi,
Ge neonach sud leibh fein.
Dha'n neach is lugh' còraichean,
Tha 'm Breatuinn mhòr gu leir
Ge soilleir inbhe 'n stàta siu,
Cha tàladh e mi ceum,
'S air mhilltean òir cha lubainn-s'
Ach an taobh dha 'm biodh mo dhéidh.

An sin treigearmaid, &c.

Gach fear dha'm beil na smaointean so,
 Bitbhidh m'aonta dha gu mor,
 Air chumha gun ghnè theug-mhaladh,
 R'a fhaotainn bhì na dhèigh;
 A rùn-sa 'nuair a d'fhiosraicinn,
 Na'm measainn bhì air chòir,
 Gu'm molainn gun a dìobairt dha,
 Cho fad sa bhiodh e beò.
An sin treigcamaid, &c.

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 cliù,
 Cha chreidinn gu'm bu mhìst' i e,
 'S i fein bhì glic air chùl.
An sin treigcamaid, &c.

Cha treiginn féin a bharail sin,
 A dh'aindeoin 's na their càch,
 Le iomluas gu bhì caochlaidheach,
 'S nach aontaicheadh mo chàil,
 Gach fear bi'dh mar a's toilleach leis,
 Gun choireachd bhuam gu bràth,
 'S a leanas e gu dichenllach,
 A bheairt a chí e 's fearr.
An sin treigcamaid, &c.

MIANN NA H-OIGHE GAELICH.

[AIR AN FHOINN CHEUDNA.]

Na's tarladh dhomh sin fheatainn,
 Cha b'eigin leam no càs,
 Bhì 'g iomlaid gaoil gun fhadal ris,
 'S gu réidh ga nìdmheil dha,
 'Sa dh' aindeoin uail a's gòraich
 Nan dìghean òga, bàth,
 'Se sud an teuchd gu dìdeanadh,
 An cridbeachan gu bràth.

*Gu'm b' annsa na bhì m'dnar,
 Mo lamh 's mo ghaol thoirt uam,
 Maraon a's lùbadh farasda,
 Le dìgear fearail suaire.
 Gu'm b'annsa, &c.*

Na'n deanadh fortan fabhar rium,
 'S an dàil sin chuir ma m' chòir,
 Le òigear maiseach, mìleanda
 Gun anbharr, no dìth 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, &c.

B'e sud an céile thaghninn-sa,
 'S cha chladhaire neo-threun,
 Dha'm biodh làn nan còbhraichean,
 Dheth 'n èr 's gun treòir dha réir;
 A threudan a' tigh'n' tharnis air,
 Le barrachd dheth gach séud,
 Cha'n fhagadh saibhreas sona mi,
 Gun toilleachas na dhèigh.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

Gu'n cumadh Ni-math bhuam-sa sud!
 Fear gabhaidh, cruaidh, gun chliù,
 Na fhionaig dhriopail, gheur-chuisich,
 Bhios leirsinneach le shùil,
 Gun tomad a measg dhaoine dheth,
 Gun ghean, gun fhaolt, na ghnùis,
 Gun fhailteachd, chairdeil, fhuarach—
 Gun uirghioll aig a's fù.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

Ach òigear dreachmhor, tabhachdach
 Neo-ardanach na ghnè,
 Bhios calma 'nuair as òigin da,
 'S rei'-bheartach dha ier;
 Gun stòras bhì tigh'n' tharais air,
 Gun ain-bheartas gu leir,
 'S e sud na'm faighinn m'iarratas,
 A mhiannaichinn dhomh fein.
Gu'm b' annsa, &c.

ORAN

AR AISEADH AN FHEARUINN DO NA CINNFHEADHNA
 SA' BHLIADHNA—1782.

LUINNEAG.

*Their mi hòro hugo hoirium,
 Ho i hòirium hòro,
 Their mi hòro hugo hoirium.*

Thug m' inntinn air fad gu beadradh,
 Mar nach leagadh bròn i.
Their mi hòro hugo hoirium, &c.

Bith'maid gu m'aranach, geanaich,
 Fearall, mar bu chòir dhuinn.
Their mi hòro hugo hoirium, &c.

Cuirt am b'la breac na tharruinn,
'S glaineachan air bòrd dhuinn.
Their mi horo hugo hoirunn, &c.

Chuala mi naigheachd a Sasunn,
Ris na las mo shùlas.
Their mi horo hugo hoirunn, &c.

Na Suinn a bha 'n iomairt Thearlaich,
'Thigh'n' gu dàil an còrach.
Their mi horo hugo hoirunn, &c.

'S ge d' tha cuid diu sud a thriall uainn,
Tha 'n iarmad air fòghnadh.
Their mi horo hugo hoirunn, &c.

Feudaidd mac bodaich a réiste,
Bhi cuir bleid a stòras.
Their mi horo hugo hoirunn, &c.

Cosgamaid bòla de chuineadh
Nau Suinn nach eil beò dhin.
Their mi horo hugo hoirunn, &c.

Tostamaid suas gach ceann-finne,
Bh'anns an iomairt mh'ir ud.
Their mi horo hugo hoirunn, &c.

Tostamaid suas luchd ga leanmhuinn,
Gun dearinad air Deòrsa:
Their mi horo hugo hoirunn, &c.

Sluagh Bhreatuinn agus Eirinn,
Geilleachdainn da mhòrachd.
Their mi horo hugo hoirunn, &c.

Ge bu duilich leinn an sgeul ud,
Mac Rìgh Seumas fhògradh.
Their mi horo hugo hoirunn, &c.

Cha'n eil stà a bhi ga iunndran
Ge b'e 'm prionnsa còir e.
Their mi horo hugo hoirunn, &c.

'S gun tig tuisleadh air na rìghrean
Mar a dhiobras ìlach,
Their mi horo hugo hoirunn, &c.

Fonn an cinnich fìor shìol coirce,
Cinnidh fochan òtraich;
Their mi horo hugo hoirunn, &c.

Mar thug mi gu ceann mo luinneag,
Sguiridh mi gu stùda,
Their mi horo hugo hoirunn, &c.

FEASGAR LUAIN.

FEASGAR Luain, a's mi air chuairt,
Gu'n cualas funim nach b' fhuathach leam,
Ceòl nan teud gu b'irdail, réidh,
A's coisir da reir os a chionn;
Thuit mi 'n caochladh leis an ioghnadh,
A dh-aisig mo smacintean a null,
'S chuir mi 'n ceill gu'n imichinn céin,
Le m'aigheadh fein, 's e co'-strèap rium.

Chaidh mi steach an ceann na coisir,
An robh òl a's ceòl as dàmhs',
Ribhinnean, a's fleasgaich òga,
'S iad an ordugh grinn gun mheang;
Dhearcas fa leath air na b-òighean,
Le ròsg foil a null 'sa nall,
'S ghlacadh mo chridhe, 's mo shùil cò'ladh,
'S rium an gaol mo leòn air ball!

Dhiuchd mar aingeal, ma mo choinneamh,
'N ainmhir òg, bu ghrinne suadh;
'Seang shlios fallain air bhlà canaich,
No mar an eal' air a chuan;
Suil ghorm, mbeallach, fo chaoil mbala
'S caoin' a sheallas 'g amharc uath,
Beul tìl, tairis' gun ghnè smalain,
Dha'n gnà earthannachd gun uail.

Mar ghath gréin' am madainn cheitein,
Gu'n mheath i mo leirsinn shùl,
'S i ceumadh ùrlair gu réidh, iompaidh,
Do reir pugannan a chiùil;
Ribhinn mhòdhail, 's fìor-ghlan fògblum,
Dh-fhìon-fhuil mhòrghalach mo rùin,
Reull nan òighean, grian gach còisridh,
'S i'n chiall chòmhraidh, cheòl-bhinn, chiùin.

'S tearc an sgeula sunnailt t-éngaisg,
Bhi ri fhèatainn san Roinn-Eòrp,
Tha mais', a's feile, tlachd, a's ceutaidh,
Nach facas leam fein fa m' chòir,
Gach cliù a' fàs riut mùir, 's an àillteachd
An sùgradh, 's a màran beoil,
'S gach buaidh a b'àilli, bh' air Diana,
Gu leir mar fhagail, tha aig Mòir,

'S bachelach, duallach, cäs-bhuidh', cuachach,
Càradh suaineas gruaig do chinn,
Gu h-àluinn, bòidheach, faineach, òr-bhuidh',
An càraibh se'ighn' 'san ìrdugh grinn,
Gun chran a' fàs riut, a dh' fheut' aireamh,
O do bharr gu sàil do bhuinn;
Dhiuchd na buaidhean, òigh, mn' cuairt dut,
Gu meudachdain t-uail 's gach puing!

Bu leigheas éugail, slan o'n Eug,
Do dh' fhear a d' fheadadh bhi ma d' choir
B' fhear na'n cadal bhi na t-fhagaisg,
'G éisdeachd agallaidh do bheoil;
Cha robh *Dhenns* a measg leugaibh,
Dh' aindeoin féicantachd cho boidh'eh,
Ri mùirinn mhìn, a leon mo chridh',
Le buaidhean, 's mi 'g a dìch ri m' bheò.

'S glan an fhion-fhuil as na fhriamhaich
Thu, gun fhiarradh mhiar, no mheaug,
Cinneadh mòrghalach, bu chrodha,
Tional cù'ladh cho'-stri lann,
Bhuin'eadh cùis a bharr nan dù'-Ghall,
Sgiursadh iad gu'n dùitheas thall,
Leanadh ruag air Càtaich fhuara,
'S a toirt buaidh orr' anns gach ball.

Tha cabar-féidh an dlùth's do reir dhut,
Nach biodh easlaineach san strì,
Fìr nach òbadh leis ga'n togail
Dol a chogadh 'n aghaidh rìgh,
Bu cholgail, faiceant 'n aoirm feachdaidh,
Armach, breacanach, air tì
Dol 'san iomairt gun bhonn gioraig,
'S nach pillleadh gu dhol 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 bhuin mo ghaol gun ghaol d'a chionn.
Throm na Dùilean peanas dùbailt,
Gu mis' umhlachadh air ball,
Thàladh *Cupid* mi san dùsal,
As na dhùisg mi bruite, fann!

Beir soraidd 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 brudard cadail a ghluais m'aigne,
'S truagh 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,
Bì'dh 'n sràchd so gu Braid-Albann,
A d'fheuch a fearr a gheibh mi slaint,
A thigh'n' gu àrd nan garbh-chrioch,
S ge do dhìrich mi Làire-Ila.
Tha mo spid air falbh bhuam,
Ge tùs bliann' ùir' e 's beag mo shùrd,
Ri brughachean Choire-Choramaic.

A thaigh Chill-Fheinn, cha bhuanachd leinn,
Air chinnt' ge d' tha thu boidheach,
A 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-Fhaolain nam bà-maola
'S nam fear-caola, luatha,
'S mi nach tagh'leadh, air do ghaol thu.
Nochd gur faonraidh fuar thu;
Thuirt heul an ràfard rium gum b'fhearr,
Na Gearr-loch an taobh-Tuatha,
Fhearann gortach, lan de bhochdain,
Gun socair aig tuath ann.

Beir mo shoraidd 'thìr a mhonaidd,
A's nam beann còrrach, àrda,
Frìdh nan gaisgeach 's nan sonn gasda,
Tìr Chlann-Eachuinn Ghearr-loch,
Gur uallach, eangach, an damh breangach,
Suas tro' gleannan fàsaich,
Ri'dh euach sa bhadan, seinn a leadainn,
Moch sa mhadainn, Mhàighe,

Gum b'e Gearr-loch an tìr bhaigheil,
'S an tìr phairteach, bhindhar,
Tìr a phailteis, tìr gun ghaiume,
Tìr is glaine fialachd,
An tìr bhaimeach, 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 gléusda;
Tìr an t-suairceis, tìr gun ghruaimean,
Tìr is uaisle féile.
An tìr bhòrach, nam frìth ro-mhor,
Tìr gun leon, gun gheibhinn,
An tìr bhraonach, mhachrach, raonach,
Mhàrtach, laoghach, fhéurach.

Gu'n tì nollaig mhòr le sonas,
Gu comunn gun phràbar,
O'n's lionmhor gaisgeach le sàr acuinn
Theid gu feachd na tràghad,
Mar shluagh Mhic-Chù'il le cruai' fhiùbhai',
Ruag gun chùn' air sràchdan;
Bì'dh Muireardach maide fo' bhinn chabar
Gu stad i sa Bhràidhe.

Ge do tha mi siubhal Galdachd,
Chà'n ann tha mo mhl-chuis,
Ge d' tha mi 'n taobh-s' ann
Tha mo rùin do'n chomunn chiùin nach prìobal

'N'am teirce' do'n là thig sibh o'n tràigh,
Gu seòmar bàn nam pisean ;
Bi'dh ceòl nam feadan 's Eoin da spreigeadh
Gu beagadh 'ur mi-ghean.

Bi'dh bòla lan air bhord na'n dàil,
Cuir surd fo chàil na còisir,
Bi'dh laoidh mu'n cuairt nach cluinnt' a luach.
Aig suinn chuir cuairt na h-Eòrpa
Bi'dh luagh a's luinneag, duan a's iorram,
'S cuairt le sgil bho'n bìsich,
Aig buidhean ghasda, nan arm sgaiteach.
Treunmhor air feachd comh-strì.

'Nuair tharladh sibh 'san taigh-thabhairn,
Far an tràighte st'ip leibh,
Cha b'e'n canuran 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 éisdeachd cainnt 'ur béul,
Seach iomairt mheur air ùgh-chèol.

Cho fad sa dh'imich cliù na h-Alba,
Fhuaradh ainm na dùch' ud,
An am a h-uaislean dhol ri cruadal
'S Eachunn ruadh air thùs dhiubh,
O là *Raon Flodden* nam beum tròm'
A shocraich bonn na fiùdhaidh,
Gu h-uallach, dòsrach, suas gun dòsgainn,
Uasal bho stoc mhùirneach.

ORAN A RINN AM BARD

ANN AN DUN-EIDEANN

AIR FOKK—"The Banks of the Dee."

Sa' mhadainn 's mi 'g eiridh,
'S neo-éibhinn a ta mi,
Cha b' ionann a's m' àbhaist,
Air airidh nan gleann,
O 'n thainig mi 'n taobh-s',
Chuir mi cùl ris gach màran,
'S cha bheag a chuis-ghraine leam,
Canran nan Gall :
Cia mar dh'fheudain bhi subhach,
S mo chri 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 bhi 'g amhare,
Na th'agam na gheall.

O ! 's tric bhia mi falbh leat,
A gheala-bhean na féile,
Ann a doire nan géug,
A's air reidhleis na driùchd ;
'S air srathaibh a ghlinne,
Far bu bhinne gùth smeòraich,
'S air iomair nan nòineinean,
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'àit leam bhi 'g eisdeachd
Ili sgeula mo rùin.

ORAN ANNS AM BEIL AM BARD

A MOLADH A LEANNAIN,—AGUS A DHUTHAICH FEIN.

AIA FOKK—"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 suaire' a mhàrain,
Tha gach là a' tigh'n' fò' m'aire.

Tha mo chridhe mar na cuaintean,
Mar dhuilleach nan crann le luasgan,
No mar fhiadh an aird nam fuar-bheann ;
'S mo ehadal luaineach le faire.
E ho ro, &c.

Shiubhail mi fearann nan Gàil,
'S earrainn de Bhreatainn air fàrsan
S cha'n fhacas na bheireadh barr,
Air Finne bhàn nan tlà-shul meallach.
E ho ro, &c.

Bu bhinne na smeòrach Chéitein
Leam do ghlòir, 's tu combradh réidh rium,
'S mo chliabh air lasadh le h-éibhneas,
Tabhairt éisdeachd dha d' bheul tairis,
E ho ro, &c.

Bu tu mo chruit, mo cheol, 's mo thaileasg,
'S mo leug phriseil, rìmhach, aghmhor,
Bu leigheas eugail o na bhàs domh,
Na'm feudaime a ghuà bhì mar riut.

E ho ro, §c.

Gu muladach mi 's mi smaointinn,
Air cuspair mo chion' gun chaochladh,
Oigh mhìn, mhaiseach, nam bàs maoth-gheal
'S a slios caoin-tlà mar an canach.

E ho ro, §c.

Thà do dhealbh gun chearb, gun fhiarradh,
Mìn-ghéal, fìor-ghlan, dìreach, lìonta,
'S do nadur cho seasmh 's bu mhiannach,
Gu pailt, fialaidh, ciallach, banail,

E ho ro, §c.

Air fad m' fhuireach an Dun-éideann,
Cunail comuinn ri luchd Beurla
Bheir mi 'n t-sràidh so gu'n treigsinn
Dh' ionusaidh m' éibhneis ann 'sna gleann-
[naibh.]

E ho ro, §c.

Ge do tharladh dhomh bhì 'n taobh-sa,
Gur beag mo thlachd dheth na dù'-Ghaill.
'S bi'dh mi uis a' cuir mo chùl riu,
'S a deanamh m' iùil air na beannaibh,

E ho ro, §c.

Gur eatrom mo ghleus, a's m' iompaidh,
'S neo-lodail mo cheum o'n fhonn so,
Gu tìr àrd nan sàr-fhear sunntach,
'S a treigsinn Gailldachd 'nam dheannamh.

E ho ro, §c.

Dìridh mi gu Tulach-Armuinn,
Air leth-taobh Srath mùn na Làirce,
'S tearnaidh mi gu Innseag blà-choill
'S gheibh mi Finne bhàn gun smalan.

E ho ro, §c.

MOLADH AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

LUINNEAG.

*Hò rò gur toigh leinn drama,
Hò rò gur toigh leinn drama,
Hò rò gur toigh leinn drama,
'S ioma fear tha'n geull air.*

Mo ghaol an coilearnach spraiseil,
Dh-thàs gu fuirmell, meannmach, maiseach,
Dh-thàs gu spéiseil, treabhach, tapaidh,
Neo-lapach san ainmheir;
Hò ro, §c.

Ach trocair g' an d' fhuair a chailleadh,*
Bha uaireigin anns na h-Earadh,
Cha mheasa nì mì do mholadh,
Ge do lean mi 'm fonn aic'.
Hò ro, §c.

Thagh i 'm fonn so, 's sheinn i cliù dhut,
Dh-aithnich i'nsgoinn abh'aun san drùthaig,
'Nuair a bhiodh a broinn san rùpail,
B'e ràn thu bhì teann oirr'.
Hò ro, §c.

Ach 's tu 'm fear brìodalach, sùgach,
Chuireadh ar mì-ghèan air chùl duinn,
'S a chuireadh tens oirn san dùlachd,
'Nuair bu ghnù an geamhradh,
Hò ro, §c.

Stuth glan na Tùiseachd, gun truaillleadh,
Gur òc-shlaunt choir am beil buaidh è;
'S tu thogadh m'ùinntinn gu suaireas,
'S cha b'è druaid na *Frainge.*
Hò ro, §c.

'S tu 'n gill' éibhinn, meanmnach, boidheach,
Chuireadh na cailleachan gu bòilich,
Bheireadh seanachas as na h-òighean
Air ro-mhòid am buindeachd,
Hò ro, §c.

Chuireadh tu uails' anns a bha'-laoch,
Sparradh tu uail anns an arachd,
Dh-fhàgadh tu cho suaire' fear dreamach,
'S nach biodh air' air draundan.
Hò ro, §c.

'S tu mo laochan soithenmh, sìobhalt,
Cha bhì loinn ach far am bi thu,
Fograi' tu air falbh gach mì-ghèan
'S bheir thu sìth á ainmheir'.
Hò ro, §c.

'S mor tha thlachd air do luchd tòireachd,
Bithidh iad fialaidh, pailt ma'n stòras,
Chaidh cha sgrubair 's an taigh-òsd iad,
Sgapadh òir nan deann leo.
Hò ro, §c.

* The bard here alludes to the celebrated Mary M'Leod the poetess, who is said to have been a little *dry* in her last years. Tradition has it that, when Mary paid a visit to any of her friends, if the *shell* was not in immediate requisition, she feigned to be suddenly seized with colicks—raising such lugubrious means and shrieks as could not but alarm the inmates. "Oh! Mary, dear daughter," they would exclaim to their simplicity, "what ails you—what can do you good?" Mary, who was musical even in her distress, would reply in the words of the chorus—"Hò rò gur toigh leinn drama".

Cha' n'eil cleireach, no pears eaglais,
Crabbach, teallsanach, no sagart,
Dha nach toir thu caochladh aigne—
Sparra' cèill san amhlair.
Ho ro, &c.

Cha' n'eil cleasaich anns an rioghachd
Dha' m bu leas a dhòl a strì riut,
Dh-fhagadh tu e-san na shìneadh,
'S pioban as gach ceann deth.
Ho ro, &c.

Dh-fhagadh tu fear mosach fialaidh,
Dheana' tu fear tosdach briathrach,
Chuire' tu sòg air fear cianail,
Le d' shoghraidhean greannar.
Ho ro, &c.

Dh-fhaga' tu cho slàn fear bacach,
'S e gun ìch, gun òich, gun acain,
'G èiridh le suunt air a leth-chois,
Gu spailpeil a dhàmhsa.
Ho ro, &c.

Chuire' tu bodaich gu beadradh,
'S na cromaichean sgrùgach, sgreagach,
Gu éiridh gu frogail, sa cheigeil,
Ri sgeig air an t-sheann aois,
Ho ro, &c.

Bu tu sùiriche mo rùin-sa,
Ge d' thuirt na mnathan nach b'fhiù thu,
'Nuair a thacbras tu sa' chùil rin,
Bheir thu cùis gun taing dhiù.
Ho ro, &c.

Bu tu cairid an fhir-fhacail,
Eheireadh fuasgla' dha gu tapaidh.
Ged nach òl e dhìot ach cairteal,
'S blasmhoirid a chaint e.
Ho ro, &c.

Tha cho liugha buaidh air fàs ort,
'S gu là-luin nach faod m' n àireamh,
Ach 'se sgaol do chliù 's gach àite,
Na bàird a bhi 'n geall ort.
Ho ro, &c.

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 drannud dheth.
Ho ro, &c.

Bha mi uair, 's bu luach-mhor t-fheum dhomh,
Ge nach tuig mal-shluagh gun chéill e,
Dum amabam, sed quid refert,
Na ghràisg *que amanda.*
Ho ro, &c.

MAC-NA-BRACHIA.

LUINNEAG.

*'S toigh linn drama, lion a ghluine,
Cuir an t-searrag sin an nall;
Mac-ma-brach' an gille gasda,
Cha bu rapairean a chlaan.*

Ge b'e dhi-mol thu le theangaidh.
B'olc an aithne bha na cheann.
Mar tig thu fhathast na charamh,
Gu'm beil mo bharail-sa mealt'.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Na'm b'e duine dha nach b'èol thu,
Dheana' fòirneart ort le cainnt,
Cha bhidheamaid fein dha leamhainn,
Chionn 's gu'm biodh do shealbh air gunn,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Ach fear a bha greis na d' chomunn,
Cha b'e chomain-s' a bh'ann
Bhi cuir mi-chliù air do nadur,
Gur an dha-sa bhios a chall,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Co dh'àoireadh fear do bhòusan?
Ge do bheirt' e fein sa'n *Fhraing*,
No dhi-mholadh stuth na Tòiseachd?
Ach trudar nach dladh dràm.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Stuth glan na Tòiseadh gun truailleadh,
An ioc-shlaint is uaisle t' ann,
S fearr gu leigheas na gach lighich,
Bha no bhlitheas a measg Gball.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

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, &c.

* 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 every thing Ross had said in its praise. Our author having heard of this, again tuned his lyre—sustained the positions he formerly assumed—castigated the vilifier of *aqua vitæ* and at still greater length celebrated the inspiring qualities of it.

Tha luchd cràbhaidh dha do dhiteadh,
Le cùl-chaint a's briodal feall,
Ge d' nach aidich iad le'm beoil thu,
Olaidh iad thu mar an t-àlt.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

A Chléir fein, ge seunt' an còta,
Tha'n sgornanan ort an geall,
Tha cuid ac' a ghabhas fraoileadh,
Cho math ri saighdear sa' champ,
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

AN t-OLLA MAC-IAIN* le Bheurla,
Le 'Laideann a's 'Ghreugais-chaintnt,
Gu'n dh-fhag stuth uaibhreach nan Gàel,
Teang' a chànanaich ud mall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

'N uair thug e ruaig air feadh na h-Alba,
'S air feadh nan garbh-chrìoch ud thall
Dh-fhag Mac-na-brach' e gun lide
Na amadan liotach, dall.
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

Gu'm b'ait leam fein, fhir mo chridhe,
Bhi mar ri d' bhuidhean 's gach àm,
'S tric a bha sinn ar dithis
Gun phìob, gun fhidheil, a damhs!
'S toigh linn drama, &c.

MOLADH NA H-OIGHE GAELICH.

AIR FÒNN—"Mount your baggage."

A Nighean bhòidheach
An òr-fhuilte bhachalaich,
Nan gorm-shùl miogach,
'S nam mìn bhàs sneachda-gheal,
Gu'n siubhlain reidhleach
A'a sleibhteann Bhreanuinn leat,
Fo earradh sgaoilte
De dh'aodach breacain orm,

'S e sùd an t-èideadh
Ri 'n eireadh m'aigne-sa,
'S mo nighean Ghàelach,
Aluinn agam ann;
O bheul na h-òidhe
Gu soills' na madainne,
Gu'm b'ait n-ar sùgradh
Gun dùsal cadail oirn.

* Dr Samuel Johnson.

Ge d' tha na bain-tighearnan
Gallda, fasanta,
Thug òigh na Gàellig,
Barr an mais' orra,
Gur annir sheòighn i
Gun sgòid ri dearc' oirre,
Na h-earradh glé-mbath
De dh'eudadh breacanach.

Gur foinnidh, mìleanta
Direach, dreachmhor, i,
Cha lùb am feoirnean
Fo bròig 'nuair shaltras i;
Tha deirge a's gile
Co-mhìre gleachdanaich,
Na gnùis ghil, éibhinn,
Riun ceudan airtneulach.

Réidh dheud chomhnard
An ordugh innealta,
Fo bhilibh sàr-dhaith',
Air blàth bhermillian;
Tha h-aghaidh nàrach
Cho làn de chinealtachd,
'S gun tug a h-aogas,
Gach aon an cìomnachas.

Gur binne còmhradh
Na òraid fhileanta,
Tha guth nì's ceòl-mhoir',
Na òigh-cheol binn-fhaclach,
Cha laidheadh bròn oirn,
No leon, no iomadan,
Ri faighinn sgeul duinn
O bheul na finne sin.

'Nuair thig a Bhealltainn,
'S an Samhradh lùsanach,
Bi'dh sinn air ùiridh,
Air àrd nan uchdanan,
Bi'dh cruil nan gleanntan
Gu canntair, cuirteasach,
Gu tric gar dùsgadh
Le sùrd gu moch-eiridh.

'S bi'dh 'n eirodh, 's na caoirich,
'S an fhraoch ag ineatradh,
'S na gobh'raibh bailg-fhionn,
Gu ball-bhreac, bior-shuileach,
Bi'dh 'n t-àl 's an leinnich
Gun cheill, gun chion orra,
Ri gleachd 's ri còmhrag
'S a snòtach bhileagan.

Bi'dh mise, a's Màiri
Gach là 's na glacagan,
No'n doire géugach
Nan éunan breac-iteach,
Bi'dh cuach, a's smeòrach,
Ri ceòl 's ri caiseamachd,
'S a gabhail òrain
Le sgòrnain bhlasda dhuinn.

Note.—"WILLIAM ROSS chiefly delighted in pastoral poetry, of which he seized the true and genuine spirit—'Moladh na h-òighe Gaelich' or his 'Praise of the Highland Maid' is a masterpiece in this species of composition. It embraces every thing that is lovely in a rural scene; and the description is couched in the most appropriate language"—BIBLIOTHECA SCOTO-CELTICA.

AN LADIE DUBH.

LUINNEAG.

*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'aigneachd
An ladie na'm feudadh.*

Nach mireagach *Cupid*,
'S e sùgradh ri mhathair,
Dia briounach gun suilean,
An duil gur ceòl-gàir' e,
A' tilgeadh air thuaiream,
Mu'n cuairt anns gach àite,
A shaighdean beag, guineach,
Mar's urrainn e'n sàthadh.

Hò ro ladie dhuì', &c.

Bha sagart 's na crìochan,
'S bu diaghaidh 'm fear-leughaidh,
Air dunadh le creideamh,
'S le eagnachd cho eudmhor;
'S b'ann & cheann-eagair,
A theagasg bhì bheusach
Gun òfrail a nasgadh
Aig altairean *Bhennis*.
Hò ro ladie dhuì', &c.

'Nu air a chunnaic a bhan-dia,
Fear-teampull cho dùire,
Gun urram dh'a maildeachd,
Gun mhiagh air a sùgradh,
Chuir i 'n dia daldach,
Beag, feallsach, gun sùilean,
'Dh-fheuchain am feudadh e,
A ghlèusadh gu h-ùrlaim.
Hò ro ladie dhuì', &c.

'Nuair dhiuchd an dia baothar,
Beag, faoilteach, mu'n cuairt da,
Gun thilg e air saighead,
O chailin na bùaile
Chaidh 'n sagart na lasair,
S cha chuir as gu là-luain e,
Mar bhitheadh gun gheill e,
Do *Bhenus* san uair sin.
Hò ro ladie dhuì', &c.

S b'e aidmheil an *Lebhit*,
'Nuair a b' éigin da ùmhlachd,
Gu 'm b' fheairrde gach buachaille
Gruagach a phùsadh,
'S bha cailin na buaile,
Cho buan ann a shuilean,
'S gun robh i na aigneadh,
Na chadal 's na dhùsgadh.
Hò ro ladie dhuì', &c.

'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.
Hò ro ladie dhuì', &c.

Ach tilgidh na Cinnich,
Mar ilisgean oirne,
Mar tha sinn cho dèidheil,
Air éibhneas na h-òighe
Luchd-creideimh a's cràbhaidh,
Toirt stràcan gu gòraich,
'S a bristeadh nan àitean
Le barr am buill-dòchais!
Hò ro ladie dhuì', &c.

Note.—The foregoing cynical song was composed on a rigidly righteous Highland School-master, who, fancying that his ferula and cassock were sufficient to sustain him in his self-lauded innocence, was notorious in the countryside for his scorching tirades against all delinquents—especially such as had incurred the rebuke of the kirk-session.—Our bard, although free from the grosser immoralities, being a little amorous in his disposition, came once or twice under the lash of this censor.—But alas! the instability of human virtues—"holy Willie", himself

got an illegitimate child! The *fama* of the Saint's ain ran from one corner of the Parish to the other by getting his servant maid in the *family way*.—The poet readily availed himself of the opportunity to retaliate upon the Dominic, and applied the lash with great skill.—Nothing excels the irony and sarcasm of our bard in this production; if he does not exult a little too loudly over a fallen enemy.

CUMHADH A BHÀIRD

AIR SON A LEANNAIN.

AIR FÒNN—"Farewell to Lochaber."

Gen' is socrach mo leabaidh,
 Cha'n e'n cadal mo mhiann,
 Leis an luasgans' th'air m'aigneadh,
 O rheann fad' agus cian,
 Gu 'm beil teine na lasair,
 Gun dol as na mo ehliaibh.
 Tabhairt brosnachadh gèur dhomh,
 Gu bhi 'g éridh 'sa triall.

CO'-SHEIRM.

*Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn,
 Seinn eibhinn an dàil,
 Seinn eibhinn bhinn eibhinn,
 Seinn eibhinn gach là,
 Seinn eibhinn, binn eatrom,
 Seinn eibhinn, do ghnà
 Seinn eibhinn, seinn eibhinn,
 Chuireadh m' easlain gu làr.*

Tha mi còrr a's trì bliadhna,
 Air mo lìonadh le gaol,
 'S gach aon là dhùis sthèireadh,
 Saighead ùr ann mo thaobh;
 Cia mar 's leir dhomh ni taitneach,
 Dh'aindeoin pailteas mo mhàoin?
 'S mi as éugmhais do mhàrain,
 Bhiodh gun ardan rium saor,
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'S e do mhàran bu mhiann leam,
 'S e tigh'n' gun fhiabhras gun ghruaim,
 Mar ri blasdach na h-òraid,
 'S e bu cheòl-bhinne fuaime;
 Dh'eireadh m' inntinn gu h-àhachd,
 Ri linn bhi 'g aireamh gach buaidh,
 A bha co'-streup ri mo leannan
 Baididh, farasda, suaire'.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'S gur gile mo leannan
 Nan eal' air an t-sùimh,
 Gur binn' i na'n smeòrach,
 An barraibh rò-chrann sa mnàigh,
 Gur e geamhachd a beusan,
 'S i gun encur na càil,
 A lùb mise gu geilleadh
 Air bheag eigin na gradh.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Gu'm beil maise na h-eudann,
 Nach feudaime-s' a luaidh,
 Tha i pailt ann an ceutaidh,
 'S an ceill a thoirt buaidh,
 Gun a coimeas ri feataime
 Ann an speis, san taobh-tuath,
 M' òg mhin mhala bhaididh,
 Thogadh m' inntinn o ghruaim,
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'S ge do bhithinn an éugail,
 Agus leigh air toirt dhùil,
 Nach biodh furtachd an dòn domh,
 Ach am bàs an gearr ùir',
 Chuireadh engas mo mhin-mhal',
 Mo mhi-ghean air chùl,
 Ghlacaim binneas na smeòrach
 A's gheibhinn sòlas as ùr.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Ge binn cuach 's ge binn smeòrach,
 'S ge binn coisir 's gach crann,
 Seinn cùil dhomh 'n coill smùdain,
 Theich mo shùgradh-s' air chall—
 Tha mi dannan a smaoineach,
 Air mo ghaol ann sa' ghleann
 'S mi air tuiteam am mi-ghean,
 Gun a brìodail bhi ann.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

'Nnair a bhithinn-'s 's mo mhin-mhal'
 An gleann rimheach na cnaich,
 No 'n doire fagach na smeòrach,
 Gabhail sòlais air chnairt;
 Cha mhalairtin m' eibhneas
 O bhi ga h-eugmhais càr uair,
 Air son stòras fhir-stàta,
 Dh'aindeoin airdean an uail.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

Ge bu rìgh mi air Albaime,
 Le cuid airgeid a's spréidh
 B'e mo raghaim mo mhin-mhal',
 Thar gach ribhinn 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, &c.

Ach mosg'leam tharais a mi-ghean,
'S cuiream dìth air mo ghruaim,
Beò nì's faide cha bhi mi
Gun mo mhin-mhala shuairc!
Oig mhìn beir mo shoraidh
Leat na choirean so shuas,
Seinn mo rùn ann sa' gheannan.
'S tuigidh 'n caillin e bhuat.
Seinn eibhinn, &c.

CUACHAG NAN CRAOBH.*

CHUACHAG nan craobh, nach trua'leat mo chaòir'
'G òsuaich ri òidhech' cheòthar—
Shiabhlainn le'm' ghaol, fo dhubhar nan craobh,
Gu'n duin' air an t-saoghal fheòraich,
Thogainn ri gaoith am monadh an fhraoich,
Mo leabaidh ri taobh dòrain—
Do chrùtha geal caomh siute ri m' thaobh,
'S mise ga'd chaoin phògadh.

Chunna' mi féin aisling, 's cha bhreug,
Dh-fhag sin mo chré brònach,
Fear mar ri tè, a pògdh a beul,
A briodal an deigh pòsaidh,
Dh'ùraich mo mhiann, dh'ath'rich mo chiall,
Ghol mi gu dian, dòimeach,
Gach cuisle agus féith, o iochdar mo chléibh
Thug iad gu leum co'-lath!

Ort tha mo gheall, chaill mi mo chonn,
Tha mi fo throm chreuchdan,
Dh'aisigeadh t-fhonn slaiute do'm chom,
Dhiuchdadh air lom m' éibhneas,
Thiginn ad dbàil, chuirinn ort fàilt',
Bhithinn a ghraidh réidh riut—
M'ulaidh 's mo mhiann, m' aighear 's mo chiall,
'S ainneir air fiamh gréin' thu!

* The poet, crossed in love, suffered such poignancy of grief that it ultimately brought on a consumption and he was for sometime bed-ridden. On a fine evening in May, he rose and walked out through the woods to indulge his melancholy alone.—Arriving at a large tree, he threw himself on the green sward beneath its branches, and was not long in his sequestered sylvan situation ere the cuckoo began to carol above him.—“The son of song and sorrow” immediately tunes his lyre, and sings an address to the feathered vocalist.—He pours out his complaints before the shy bird, and solicits its sympathies.—Had Burns been a Gaelic Scholar, we should have no hesitation in accusing him of plagiarism when he sung:—

“How can ye chaunt, ye little birds
While I'm so wae an' fu' care?”

But Ross embodies finer feelings and sentiments into his fugitive pieces than even the bard of Coila.

Thuit mi le d'ghàth, mhill thu mo ràth,
Strìochd mi le neart dòrain
Saighdean do ghaoil shìt' anns gach taobh,
'Thug dhiom gach caoin co'-lath,
Mhill thu mo mhais, ghoid thu mo dhreach,
'S mheudaich thu gal bròin domh;
'S mar fuasgail thu trà, le t-fhurann 's le t-fhàilt'
'S cuideachd am bàs dhomh-sa!

'S cama-lubach t-fhàlt, fanna-bhuì' nan cleachd
'S fabhrad nan rösge àluinn;
Gruaidhean mar chaor, broilleach mar aol,
Anail mar ghaoth gàraidh—
Gus an cuir iad mi steach, an caol-taigh nan leac
Bidh mi fo neart cràidh dheth,
Le smaointinn do chleas, 's do shùgradh ma seach,
Fo dhuilleach nam preas blàth'or.

'S mìlis do bheul, 's comhnard do dheud,
Suilean air lùbh àirneig,
'Ghiùlaineadh bréil, uallach gu feill,
'S suas an reull àluinn—
'Strua' gun an t-éud tha'n uachdar mo chieibh,
Gad bhuiladh-s' an ceud àite—
Na faighinn thu réidh pùd' on a chleir
B'fhasa dhomh-féin tearnadh.

'S tu 'n ainneir tha grunn, mìleanta, binu,
Le d' cheileir a sinn òran,
'S e bhi na do dhàil a dh'òidheche sa là,
Thoilicheadh càil m' òige:
Gur gile do bhian na sneachd air an fhiar,
'S na canach air sliabh mointich,
Nan deanadh tu rùn tarrauin rium dlù'
Dheanainn gach tùrs' fhògar.

Càirair gu réidh clach agus cré
Ma'm leabaidh-s' a bhrì t-uaisle—
'S fada mi 'n éis a feitheamh ort féin
'S nach togair thu ghéug suas leam,
Na b'thus a bhiodh tinn, dheanainn-sa luim,
Mas biodh tu fo chuing truaighe,
Ach 's goirid an dàil gu'm faicear an là,
'M bi pràsgan a' tràl' m'uaigh-sa!

Mallachd an tùs, aig a mhnai-ghlòin',
Nach d' adhlac sa chùil beò mi!
Mu'n d' fhuair mi ort iùil ainneir dheas ùr,
'S nach dùirig thu fiù pòg domh,
Tinn gu'n bhi slàn, dùisg' as mo phrành,
Cuimhneachach dàn pòsaidh
Mo bheannachd ad dheigh, cheannaich thu-fein,
Le d' leannanachd gle òg mì.

ORAN EADAR AM BARD,

AGUS CAILLEACH-MHILLEADH-NAN-DAN,

AM BARD.

Ach gur mise tha duilich,
 'S mi gu mhadach tragh,
 Cha'n urra' mi aireamh
 Mar a tha mi 's gach uair,
 Gu'm beil dèrain mo chridhe,
 Dha mo ruighinn cho èrtuaidh,
 Leis a' chion 'thug mi'n ribhinn,
 O nach dìrich mi suas.

A' CHAILLEACH.

Tosd a shladaì, 's dean firinn,
 'S na bi 'g inntea' 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-a'fheadh,
 Bheir mi barr dh'i thar chéud.

Ma's i ribhinn do leannan,
 Faire ! faire ! *brabhoë* !
 Cha bhi t-onoir gun anabarr ;
Your servant, my Lord,
 Mar a foghainn leat grugach,
 Ach te uasal le sròl,
 Gus am faic mi do bhanais,
 Cha chan mi ni's mò.

AM BARD.

Tha mo leannan ni's àilte,
 Na tha sa'n Roinn-èòrp,
 Gur gile, a's gur glain' i
 Na canach an fhèidh

* The woman here introduced as a hypererotic in song was a particular friend of the poet.—Ross began, in her presence, to sing the praises of "the girl of his affections" and his own certainty of a premature grave in consequence of her refusal of him.—The old wife heard the first stanza, and by way of episode or running commentary, endeavours to cure him of his passion.—She thus continues her intervening remarks to the end of his ditty.—The poet was so struck with the shrewdness and point of her episodes that he immediately versified them.—The song, therefore, comes before us in the shape of a duet—the woman, however, singing two stanzas for the poet's one.—Ross does every thing as he should—he well knew the garrulousness of women, and their privilege to have the last word in every controversy !

Gur binne na chlarsach
 Leam àbhachd a beoil,
 Aig a mhiad s' thug mi ghaol d'i,
 Cha 'n fhaod mi bhi beò !

A' CHAILLEACH.

'S tu d' fhosgail thar chòir e,
 'S nach sòradh a bhreug,
 'S a liughad gnùis rò-ghlan
 'S an Roinn-corpa gu leir,
 Ma's a samhladh dh'i 'n canach,
 Cha'n' aithne dhomh fheum ;
 Ma's e 'gaol a bheir triall ort,
 Deagh bhliadhn' as do dhèigh.

Ma's a binne na chlarsach
 Leat àbhachd a beoil,
 Gur neònach nach euala' sinn
 Luaidh air a ceòl ;
 Mar a h-ealaidh os 'n iosal
 Ann an diomhaireachd mhòr,
 Ris an eireadh a chridhe,
 Gun ach trì-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 mìn mar an t-shirist
 O' mìlis thig fàilt',
 Gruaidh dhearg mar na caoran,
 Sud aogais mo ghraidh.

A' CHAILLEACH.

Mar b'e iteach na *Pucaig*,
 Cha bhiod spéis dh'i no diù
 Cha'n 'eil math innt' no dolaidh
 Mar a toillech i 'n t-shil
 Chuir a h-ionan, sa casan,
 Mi-dhreach air a mùirn,
 Ge d' tha spailp as a h-èidendh,
 Gur eun i nach fiù.

Gnùis shoillear, caol-mhala',
 Suil thairis, ghorm, thlà,
 Ge d' tha taitneachdain seal aunt,
 Cha mhair iad ach gearr,
 Iathaidh bilibh dearg, daite,
 Teangaidh sgaitach, lom, ghearrt',
 'S mar tha seirce nan gruaidhean,
 Cha bhuain' iad na càch !

BRUGHAICHEAN GHILINN'-BRAON.

LUTNEAG.

*Beir mo shoraidh le dùrachd,
Do rìbhinn nan dlù-chiabh,
Ris an tric bha mi sìgradh,
Ann am Brughaichean Ghlinne-Braon.*

Gur e mis' tha gu cianail,
'S mi cho fad bhuat am bliadhna,
Tha liunn-dubh air mo shiarradh,
'S mi ri iargain do ghaoil.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha 'n fheud mi bhi subhach,
Gur he 's béus domb bhi dubhach,
Cha dirich mi brughach,
Chaidh mo shiubhal an laoid
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Chaidh m' astar a maillead,
O nach faic mi mo leannan,
'S ann a chleachd mi bbi mar riut,
Ann an gleannan a chaoil.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Anns a choill' am bi smùdan
'S e gu bin a seinn ciùil duinn,
Cuach a's smeòrach 'g ar dùsgadh,
A cuir na smùid diù le faoil'.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

'S tric a bha mi 's tu mireadh,
Agus càch ga n-ar sireadh,
Gu 's bu deònach linn pilleadh,
Gu Innis nan laogb,
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Sinn air fàireadh na tulaich,
'S mo lamb thar do mhuineal,
Sinn ag eiseachd nan luinneag,
Bhiodh a' mullach nan craobh.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Tha mise 'ga ràite,
'S cha 'n urra mi aicheadh,—
Gur iomadhach sàr
Thig air airidh nach saol,
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Gur mis' tha sa' champar,
S mi fo cbis anns an am so,
Ann am prìosan na *Frainge*,
Fo ain-neart gach aon.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Ann an seòmraichean glaiste,
Gun cheòl, no gun mhacnas,
Gun ordugh a Sasuinn,
Mo thoirt dhathaigh gu saor.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

Cha b'ionnan sud agus m' àbhaist.
A siubhal nam fàsach,
'S a dìreadh nan àrd-bheann,
Gabhail fàth air na laoich.
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

A siubhal nan stùc-bheann,
Le mo ghunna nach diultadh;
'S le mo phlasgaichean fùdair,
Air mo ghlùn anns an fhraoch
Beir mo shoraidh, &c.

ORAN CUMHAIDH.

[A rin am bàrd an 'nuair a chual e gu'n phòs a leannan
(Mor Ros) air dh' dhol dhachaigh do Shasuinn maille
ri còmpanach.]

AIR FÖNN—"Robai dona gòrach."

Ge fada na mo thamh mi
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 mi,
Le amhailtean *Chupid*.

Gach fear a bhios a feoraich,
Mar leonadh le gaol mi,
Tha raghainn sud do'n tuathdaidh,
On 's dual da bhi smointinn;
Cha 'n aidich mi ach fòil e,
'S cha mhò ni mi saoradh
Thig m' ùr-sgeul bho *Apollo*,
Mar sheolas na *Naoinear*.

Ach sud mar sheinneadh Cormaic,*
'S e dearmad a cheud ghaoil,

* Tradition says that this Cormac, whom the Bard mentions so often in the above song, was an Irish Harper, who came to Scotland and visited several of the Highland Chiefs. He at length went to the family of Macleod of Lewis, and served him for several years as a Harper. Having fallen in love with Macleod's eldest daughter, he

'S e gabhail cruit da iunnsaidh
Le inneal ciùil da gléusadh,
On chuir finne 'n diù-chiall,
Mo shùgradh 's mo bhéusan,
Gu'm bath mi'n guth an òrhain,
Le toraghan mo spéis dh'i.

'Nuair dh'èirich Cailean Cormaic
Air chorra-ghleus gu fàrsan,
Gu'n d'fhebraich am fear òg
An e goraich a dh'fhas ann,
'S a liughad cailin beul-dhearg,
Cho béusach 's cho nàrach,
A's finne a th'air an fheill,
A tha feumach air mhàran.

'Nuair chual' am Macan-baoth sin,
'S a ghaol bhi do-mhùchte.
'S e smaointich e gu thearbadh,
Bhi falbh as a dhòthaich
Ach nochd adair na h-aobhair,
'S e 'n caoin ruith le fàrsa,
Gun ghlac e cruit a's sheinn e,
Le binne-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 am Beurla no Gàellig,
A dh'innseadh dhomh mar d'fhaodainn
An gaol ud a smàladh.

O! teirmeasg air a ghaol sin,
Nach faodainn a threiginn,
A's gur h-é chuir a laoid mi
Bhi smaointinn bean t-éugais,

resolved, on the first opportunity, to fly with her to Ireland. One night, after supper, Cormac tuned his harp, and played a tune of the name of "*Deuchain-ghleust' Mhic-O'-Chormaic*," which had the power to lull all to sleep who were within hearing of it. By this magic music the whole of Macleod's household fell into a deep slumber. Cormac then drew a large dagger, which he used to carry about him, called *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 approaching his father with such a dreadful weapon, exclaimed—"Cormac! Cormac! what do you intend to do—are you mad?" Cormac replied, "Mad, my young man! think you so? I am not; but I have a regard for your fair sister, whom I am resolved to take with me to Ireland; and as your aged father will not gratify my desire, I must sever his head from his body and clear my way." On hearing this, the youth replied, "You had better not, as you may get your choice of a thousand virgins in Scotland, much fairer than my sister, without committing so cruel a deed." Cormac said, "You speak truly, my young man; hand me my lyre, that I may banish the virgin's love with the sound of my harp." The Bard uses this history as a text to the above song, where he complains that Cormac, with the melody of his harp, had cured his love, while a remedy for his own was never to be found.

'S 'n teirc a bha 'n ad ghnuis-ghil,
A lub mi gu eugail,
'S nach deann Lighich' slàn mi,
Och! b'fhearr gum b'e 'n t-éug e.

Is ciomach ann do ghaol mi
Ri smaointinn bean t-ailteachd,
Cha chadal ann an òidheh' dhomh,
'S cha 'n fhois anns 'an là dhomh,
Cha n' fhacas ri mo ré,
'S cha 'n fhaigh mi sgeul gu bràth air
Ni b'annsa' na bhi 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 bhainidh,
Rinn ainmheas nan ceudan,
O'n chunna' mi air thùs thu,
Bu chliùteach do bheusan,
Cha n' fhasa' leam nam bàs
A bhi 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-uile taobh dha falbh mi,
An cadal domh no dùsgadh
A sùgradh no seanachas,
Tha sud da m' ruagadh daonnan,
'S mi sgaoilte gun tearmann!

Ach fasgaidh 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 dut,
 Gu aite nam mor-sheol,
 Gu'n 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-sgeul Chormaic
 Cho dearbhta sa' sheinn e,
 E-fein sa' chomunn òg
 'S iad gle bhronach ma thimcheall,
 E gabhail cead le pòig dh'i,
 Gu'n chòmbradh gun impidh
 'S e dioladh guth an còdhail,
 Na h-òighe gu 'm pill e.

ORAN EILE,

AIR AN AOBHAR CHEUDNA.

Tha mise fo' mbulad sa'n àm
 Cha'n òlar leam dràm le sunnt,
 Tha dùrrag air ghùr ann mo chàil
 A dh-fhiosraich do chàch mo rùin,
 Cha 'u faic mi 'dol seachad air sràid
 An cailin bu tlàithe sùil;
 'S e sin a leag m'aigneachd gu làr
 Mar dhuilleach bho bharr nan craobh.

A ghruagach is bach'liche cùl
 'Tha mise ga t-innran mòr,
 Ma thagh thu deagh àite dhut fein
 Mo bheannachd gach ré ga 'd' chùir:

'Tha mise ri osuaich 'na d' dheigh,
 Mar ghaisgeach an déis a lein;
 Na laidhe san àraich gun fheum
 'S nach teid anns an t-sréup nì's mō!

'S d' fhad m' mar iudmhail air tréud,
 Mar fhear nach toir spéis do mhnàoi,
 Do thuras thar chuan fo' bhreid,
 'Thug bràs shileadh dhéur om shùil—
 B'fhearr nach mothaichinn fein
 Do mhaise, do cheill, 's do chliù,
 Nò suairceas milis do bheil
 'S binne no séis gach ciùil.

Gach anduin' a chluinneas mo chàs
 A cuir air mo nadur fiamh;—
 A cantain nach cìl m' ach bàrd
 'S nach cinnich leam dàn is fiach—
 Mo sheanair ri pàigheadh a mhàil,
 'S m'athair ri màlaid riamb
 Chuireadh iad gearainn an crann,
 A's ghearainn-sa rann ro' chiad.

'S fad a tha m' aigne fo ghruaim
 Cha' mhosgail mo chlàid ri ceòl,
 'M breislich mar ànrach a chuan
 Air bharraibh nan stuadh ri ceò.
 'S e iunndaran t-àbhachd bluam
 A chaochail air suadh mo nèil,
 Gun sùgradh, gun mhìre, gun uail,
 Gun chaitream, gun bhuadh, gun treòir!

Cha daisgear leam ealaidh air àill',
 Cha chuirear leam dàn air dòigh,
 Cha togar leam fonn air clàr
 Cha chluinnear leam gair nan òg.
 Cha dirich m' bealach nan àrd
 Le suigear mar bha m' 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 characterized his countrymen in former times. He heard the encomiums bestowed upon the *bards*, and his youthful breast felt the ardent flame of emulation. From the first stages of puerility, he was remarkable for his sallies of wit, and quickness of repartee—there was an *archness* about him, which indicated future eminence. It is said that as he was sitting one day cross-legged, sewing away at his seam, he retorted so keenly and waggishly on a fellow-apprentice, that the other, wincing under the lash, thrust his needle into Allan's eye ;—in consequence of this, the assailed organ gradually melted away, and the other, as if by sympathy, wore off in the course of time. Thus, like Mœnides and Milton "wisdom at one entrance was clean shut out," from poor Allan. Nature, however, is an excellent compensator—we seldom find a man deprived of one faculty, who does not acquire others, in a pre-eminence 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 muse were in ceaseless demand, and were occasionally successful in the realization of some little cash, or other remuneration.

We utterly repudiate the doctrine that hardships and indigence are, or can be fertile in the productions of genius ;—difficulties may spur to invention, but it is ease and comfort that can yield time and temper to give a polish to literary or poetic productions. The former may let off the whizzing squib of momentary excitement—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 Gàidh dàna,
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 Highlanders, without Glengarry figuring the first in my verse.

But although Allan became Glengarry's family bard, he did not give up composing pieces of general interest—and quite detached from the connexions of his proper calling. Indeed many of his productions while with the "proud chieftain," are, if any thing, better and more popular than his first. In the year 1828, he travelled the counties of Argyle, Ross, and Inverness, taking subscriptions for a new and enlarged edition of his works; and on procuring 1000 names, he went to press in 1829. But alas! the book was only in progress, when the cold finger of death silenced his harp for ever. He died much regretted, and was interred in the burying-ground of Kilfianan.

In personal appearance, Allan M'Dougall was thin and slender, and somewhat diminutive in size. He commonly wore a black fillet over his eyes. He was seldom out of humour, and very rarely nursed his wrath so long as to lead him to indulge in satire. He was amongst the family bards what Ossian was among the Fingalians—"the last of the race."

ORAN DO MHIAC-'IC-ALASDAIR GHILINNE-GARAIDH.

AIR FÖNN—"Cuir a nall duinn am boial."

LUTINNEAG.

*Faigh a nuas dhuinn am boial,
'S theid an deoch so mu 'n caairt,
Lion barrach an copan,
Cam socrach a chuach;
Tosda Choirneil na fèile
Leis an cìreadh yach buaidh,
Oighre Chnoideart a bharrach,
'S Ghlinn-garaidh blo thuath.*

Thig ort measair n's adharc,
Agus taghadh nan arm,
Le d' mhiol-choin air lomhainn,
'S iad romhad a' falbh:

'Nuair theid thu do 'n mhonadh,
Bìdh fuil air damh dearg;
Cas a shìubhlal an fhlùich,
Leat 'chlùneadh an t-sealg.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S tu marbhaich' a choilich,
'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, &c.

'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 beil chumpaich.
'S cha bhiodh ùin' aige beò.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Lean do chruadal, 's do ghaisege,
'S am fasan bu dual
A bhi colgarra, cosant'
Gu brosnachadh sluaigh ;
Gu h-armailteach, treubhach,
Gu geur lannach, cruaidh ;
'S tu shliochd nam fear treuna,
Nach geilleadh 's an ruaig,
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tha 'n naidheachd so fìor
Aig luchd innse nan duan,
Gur sgeul e ro chinnteach,
Air do shìnnisr bha buaidh ;
Nach do dhìbir an deas-lamh,
Ach seasamh 's gach uair,
'S i bhuidhneadh a chìs
Ri uchd strithe le fuaim.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Ghabh thu tlachd a's deagh-cheutaidh,
Do 'n bheus a bh' aig càch,
Luchd bhreacan an fheilidh
A dh' eireadh a' d phairt :
Toirm fheadan ga 'n gleusadh,
Leat is éibhinn an gair',
Mar ri binneas nan teud,
'S a bhi g' eisdeachd nam bàrd.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Tog suas an crann dìreach,
'S brat rimheach gun sgàth,
Le cularaibh rioghaill
A dh' innseas co iad ;
'S cha 'n òh do chuid gillean
Dol an iomairt na spòirn,
'S tu fein air an toiseach
A toirt mosglaidh da 'n càil.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

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, &c.

Tha fir chalma ro fhearail,
Ann a' d' fhearannaibh fein,
Eadar Cnoideart 's Gleann-Garadh,
'Theid barraicht' air ghleus :
'Chuireas cul air an naimhdean ;
Tha 'n ceannard ga 'n reir :
'S cha ghabh thu bhì ceannsaicht'
Le Ghranndaich Shrath-Spé.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

'S leat cairdeas, le dùrachd
Fìr ùr Innse-Gall,
Nach gabh giorag na mùiseag,
'N àm rusgadh nan lann ;
Na 'n cluinneadh iad strì riut,
Bhiodh mìltean diubh 'nall ;
Mu 'n leigeadh iad cùs ort
'S iad a dhùbhladh do rànc.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Thig a' d' choinneamh le farum
Buidhean bhras nan arm cruaidh
A 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, &c.

Bho Chombann nam bradan,
Is gasd' thig fo thriall,
Clann laim gun ghealltachd,
Bha 'neart-san leat riamh,
Le 'n airm an deagh ordugh,
Luchd a leonadh nam fiadh,
'S a dheanadh an tolladh
Mu 'n cromadh a ghrain.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Co 'thàirneadh riut riohadh
Nuair 'thig nam beil bhuat ?
Iarl' Antrum á Eirinn
Leis an eireadh na sluaigh ;
Mac-Ie-Ailein nan geur lann,
Dheanadh euchd air a chuan,
Aig am beil na fir ghleusda
'Dhol a reubadh nan stuadh.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

Thig iad sid ort le dùthchas
Bho thùr nan clach réidh,
Braithrean Dhomhnuill, Cloinn-Dhùghaill,
Marcaich shuuntach nan stéid :

Clann an t-Shaoir bho thaobh Chruachainn,
Bha cruadalach tréun ;
Ge d' chaill iad a chòir
'Bh' aigan seòrs' ann an Sléibht'.
Faigh a nuas, &c.

ORAN DO NA CIOBAIREAN

GALLDA.

Thainig oirnn do dh-Albainn crois,
Tha daoine bochd nochdte ris,
Gun bhìadh, gun aodach, gun chluain ;
Tha 'n Aird-eatuath an deigh' a sgrìos :
Cha 'n fhaicear ach caoirich a's uain,
Goill mu 'n cuairt dhaibh air gach slios ;
Tha gach fearann air dol fàs,
Na Gàidil 's an einn fo fhìodh,

Cha 'n fhaicear crodh-laoigh air gleann,
No eich, ach gaun, a' dol an éill ;
'S ann do 'n fhaissinneachd 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 crùice 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-guailionn á suin ;
Cha 'n eisdear luinneag no duanag,
Bleodhan muirt aig gruagaich dhuinn :—
Bho 'n chaidh ar cuallach an tainead,
'S tric a tha padhadh g' ar claoidh,
N àite nan cairdean a bh' againn,
Linnseach ghlas am bun gach tuim !

Mar gun tuiteadh iad fo 'n chraoidh,
Cnuimhan caoich 'dol aog sa bharrach ;
'S ann mar sid a tha seann daoine,
'S clann bheag a-b' aogais bainne ;
Thilgeadh iad gu ìomall cùirte,
Bho 'n dùthchas a bh' aig an seanair ;
B' thearr leinn gun tigeadh na Frangaich
A thoirt nan ceann deth na Gallaibh.

Dh' fhalbh gach p' sàdh, threig gach banaid—
Sguir an luchd-ealaidh bhi seinn ;
Chuala sibhse tric ga aithris,
“ Caidseirean a teachd air cléibh ;”
'S iounan sid 's mar thachair dhomh-sa,
Cha dean iad m' fheadraich 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 rìoghachd,
Bhiodh na ciobairéan na 'n aire ;
'S e sid an sgeula bu bhinn linn,
Bhi ga 'n cuir gu dìth air fad ! !

Eiridh iad moch la sibaid,
'S tachraidh iad ri càch-a-chéil',
'S nuair a shìneas iad air sèirí,
'S ann g' an còmhraidh, 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 bliadhun' e,
Rinn iad a sia-diag a's c'rr ;
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 dhìreas fear dhùid ri beinn,
An àm dha eiridh gu moch,
B' i'dh sgread Ghallda 'm beul a chleibh,
'G eigheachd na deigh a chuid con ;
Ceol nach b' éibhinn linn, a sguirt ;
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 fhuileadh a bhi 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 trìùir
'S an taigh-òsd' an cùis 'bhi réidh,
Chitear aig toiseach a bhùird,
Cìobair 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 chuideachd do chàch,
 Neach nach àbhaist a bhi glan ;
 Cha chompanach dhaoine 'is 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 bheul,
 Na dheaghaidh na fiach a blas,

Amach luchd chràgairt na h-òluinn,
 Ma 's a h-àill leibh comunn ceart !
 Druidibh orra suas a chòmhla,
 'S na leigibh a sròn a steach :
 Bho nach cluinnear aca 's dòri,
 Ach craicinn agus clòimh ga reic,
 Cuuntadh 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, carrantach, ri chéile,
 'S na biodh aon do 'n treud n' ar carabh ;
 Olaidh deoch-slaime Mhic-Choinnich,
 'S Chòirineil Ghlinne-Garaidh,
 Chionn gur beag orra na caoirich,
 'S luchd dhaorachaidh an fhearuiun.

ORAN LEANNACHD.

NAM faighinn gille r'a cheannach,
 A bheireadh beannachd gu Màiri,
 'S mo shoraidh le caoimhneas
 A dh-fhios na maighdion' a chraidh mi ;
 Ga nach a tug mi dhut faoidhreach,
 Ann am foill dhut cha d' fhàs mi :
 'S mar a math leam thu fallain,
 Nar a mheal mi mo shlaime !

Nar a mheal mi mo chòta,
 Mar b'e mo dheoin a bhi lamh riut,
 'S a bhi briodal ri 'm leannan,
 An seomar daingean nan clàraidh,
 An iuchair fhaotainn am' phuca,
 S gun an tòir a bhi laimh ruinn,
 'S mi gun deanadh do phògadh,
 Gun fheòraich de m' chairdean.

Gun fheòraich do m' chairdean,
 'S fada a dh'fhalbhuinn a d' choiunidh
 Far an deanainn riut còdbail,
 Cha bhidhinn beo gun a cumail :
 Tha mo dhuil ann sa mhaighdein
 Nach treig do chaoimhneas mi uile ;
 'S mar do chaochail thu àbhaist,
 Gheibhinn t-fhàilt' agus t-fluran.

'S e t-fluran a leon mi
 A dh' fhaig am bron so air m' aigheadh,
 A thromach m' inntinn fo' éislein,
 Cha dean mi eiridh le graide :
 Tha mo chridhe neo-shuuntach,
 Tha mi bruite fo'm aisean,
 Aig a mheud 's thug mi 'ghaol dut,
 'S nach fhaod sinn ' 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 mhiseach,
 Nach faod mi tric 'bhi mu 'n cuairt dhut :
 B' fhearr a phog na 'bhi falaich,
 Mar a faigh mi do bhuannachd,

Cha 'n 'eil m' éibhneas air thalamh,
 Mar a faigh mi thu 'Mhàiri !
 Cha dual domh bhi fallain
 Ma bhios mi fada mar tha mi :
 Cha ghuidhinn mo ghalar
 Do m' charaid no 'm nàmhaid ;
 Chaidh acaid am chridhe,
 'S cha dean lighichean stà dhuinn !

Beul mìlis, dearg, daite,
 Deud snaighte mar dhisnean,
 Suil ghorm is glan sealladh
 Fo 'n chaol mhal' aig an rìbbinnu
 Tha cul buidhe mar òr ort,
 Is boidheche nan dìthean ;
 Blas na meal' air do phògan,
 'S be mo dheòin bhi riut sinnte.

Ge d' chum mi falach an sgeula
 Tha mi 'n deigh 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 sin,
 A chaochail mo shnuagh dhiom,
 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 shuathaich',
 Cho cruaidh ris an iarunn ;

Ach bho thoiseach ar sinnsridh,
 " 'S trì nì thig gun inraidh,
 An gaol agus eagail,
 'S gun leith-sgeul an t-iadach."

DUANAG DO 'N UISGE-BHEATHIA.

Fonn.—"Tha'n oidhche tighinn a's mise leam fin."

Tha fàileadh gun fhòtas
 Bho 'chneas Mhìc-an-Tòisich,
 Chuireadh blàths' ann am pòraibh,
 Là rèòt a's gaòth tuath.

*O! sìd i 'n deoch mhìlis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn,
 Chuireadh blàths air gach cridhe,
 Ge do bhitheadh iad fuar ;
 O! sìd i 'n deoch mhìlis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn.*

Bu taitneach an ceòl
 A bhi g' eisdeachd a chrònain,
 Ga leigeadh a stòp,
 A' cuir cròic air a chuaich.
O! sìd i 'n deoch, &c.

'S e gogail a choilich,
 Ga ghocadh ri gloine,
 Ceol inntinneach, loinneil,
 A thoilleadh an duais ;
O! sìd i 'n deoch, &c.

Ma chreidear mo sheanachas,
 Bu mhath leinn 'bhi sealg ort,
 Le h-urchair gun dearmad,
 Fras nìrgeid mu d' chluais.
O! sìd i 'n deoch, &c.

'Nuair chluinnt do ghluhan
 Ga tharruinn á buideal,
 Bu mhath le ar slugain
 Am fìnichadh gu luath.
O! sìd i 'n deoch, &c.

'S tu culaidh an damhsa
 Nuair thigeadh an geamhradh,
 A bheirradh air seann-duine
 'Cheann' thogail suas.
O! sìd i 'n deoch, &c.

Bu mhath thu air banais,
 Ga 'r cumail na 'r caithris,
 Nuair bhitheadh luchd-ealaidh
 Rì caithream na 'r cluais.
O! sìd i 'n deoch, &c.

Be sìd an stuth neartmhor,
 Dh-fhas misneachail, reachd-mhor,
 Nì saighdear do 'n ghealltair,
 Gu spealtadh nan cuuac.
O! sìd i 'n deoch, &c.

Sùgh brìgheil na thirne,
 bho fheadan na pràise ;
 Tha spioradail, laidir,
 An cailleadh 's an snuagh.
O! sìd i 'n deoch, &c.

Ann an coinnidh, 's an codhail,
 Bheir daoine gu còmhraidh,
 'S binn luinneagan orain
 Mu bhord ga 'n cuir suas.
O! sìd i 'n deoch, &c.

Tha thu cleachdta 's gach dùthaich,
 N àm reiteachadh cùmhaunt,
 Ma bhios sinn as t-ionnais,
 Bi'dh sùgradh fad bhuain.
O! sìd i 'n deoch, &c.

Tha thu d' lighich' neo-thuisleach,
 A dh' fhuichas gach cuisle,
 Gun iarmailt no dunsach,
 Air nach cuir thu ruag.
O! sìd i 'n deoch, &c.

Gun eugail na fàilinn
 Tha 'n clannaibh nan Gàid,
 Nach toir thu gu slaint',
 Agus phaghear dhut dhuais.
O! sìd i 'n deoch, &c.

Nuair 'shuidheamaid socrach,
 'S e 'ghladhte na bodach,
 Cha b' ionnan 's am brochan,
 Thoir boslach dheth' nuas.

*O! sìd i 'n deoch, mhìlis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn,
 Chuireadh blàths air gach cridhe,
 Ge do bhitheadh iad fuar ;
 O! sìd i 'n deoch mhìlis
 Nach pilleamaid uainn.*

Note.—We have printed this song as we took it down
 from the poet's own recitation in 1859.

ORAN DO 'N MHIISG.

AIR FÒNN—"An am dol sìos bhì deònach."

AN àm dhomh gluasad anns a inhadainn,
 Cha 'n 'eil m' aigheadh sunntach,
 'S e Mac-na-brachia 'rinn mo leagadh
 Ann an leabaidh dhùinte ;
 Mo chliabh na lasair, air a chasadh,
 S airtneulach mo dhùsgadh,
 'S e sud an gleachdair fhuair fo smachd mi,
 'S dh' fhag e m' aisnean bruite.

Nuair a shuidh sinn san taigh-òsda,
 Chaidh na stoip thar chunntas,
 Gu tric a tighinn, cha bu ruighinn,
 Iad na 'n ruith a m' ionnsuidh,
 Gun iarraidh dälach a sìor phagheadh
 'G òl deoch-slaime 'Phrionnsa ;
 'S cha 'n iarrainn fein a dh' aobhar ghàir',
 Ach Ràonull a toirt cliù dhomh.

Nuair a ghluais mi gu tigh'un dachaigh,
 Lagadh a chion lùis mi,
 Gun d' fhalbh mo neart gun leirsinn cheart,
 Gun chaill mi 'm beachd bha m' shùilean ;
 Feadh na h-oidhche 's mi gun soillseinn
 Air mo shlaic 'san dùnan ;
 Cha robh air chomas domh ach àrusg,
 'S bha mo chairdean diùmbach.

'S leir dhomh 'n diugh gur mor an tàmailt
 Càch a 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 èis mo choluinn,
 'S e mo sporan 'dhiubhail
 Air gnìomh na misge 'shlaid gun fhios mi,
 Mar tig gliccas ùr dhomh.

'S olc an ealaidh bhì ga leanailt,
 'S aimideach an tùrn 'bhi
 'Suidh' air bhord a glaothaich òil,
 'S mo phòcannan ga 'n tionndadh,
 A' sgapadh stòrais le meud-mhoir,
 Ag iarraidh phòg 's na cùltean ;
 'S fad sa mhaireadh mo chuid òir,
 Cha chuireadh òsdair cùl rium.

'S coir dhomh nise thoirt fos' near
 An t-athreachas a dhùbladh,
 Mo bhoid gu gramail thoirt a'n Eala,
 Dh' fheuch an lean mo chliù rium ;

Cha teid deur a staigh fo m' dheudaich,
 'S feudar tigh'n as iùuais ;
 Cha 'n fhaigh fear falamb seol air aran
 Ach le fallas gnuise.

Labhair Raonull—" Na biodh sprochd ort,
 'S theid mi nochd air t-ionnsuidh,
 Gleidhidh mi dhut bean a's tochradh,
 Cho coltach 's tha 's dùthaich ;
 Ge do bhiodh tu gann de stoc,
 Na faicear bochd do ghiulan ;
 'S c'arson nach glaothamaid a'r hotul
 Ann an toiseach cùmhuant ?"

SMEORACH CHLOINN-DUGHAILL.

LUNNEAG.

*Ho-i, ri na, ho-ro, hù-o,
 Ho-lìb ho-i na, i-ri, ù-o ;
 'S smeòrach mise le Cloinn-Dùghaill
 A seinn ciùil, an dluths' gach gèige.*

CHA dean mi bròn an còs falaich,
 Tha seileir mo loin gun ainns :
 Gheibh gach seòrsa seol air aran,
 'S cha churam dhomhsa 'bhi falamb.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Nuair a dh'eireas grian an earraich,
 Diridh an ianlaith 's na crannaibh ;
 Tha 'm beatha-san dian' air thalamh
 Bho 'n laimh gus am bial, 's i ro mhath.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Gur a mise a smeòrach gheannach,
 Sheinninn ceol air bhàrr gach meangain ;
 Ribheid ùr an siunnsair fallain,
 'S math mo chàil, gun sàs air m' anail.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Madainn chéitein, 'n àm dhomh dùsgadh,
 'Seinn gu h-èibhinn, eutrom, siubhlach ;
 Dealt nan speur air gheugan cùraidh,
 Grian ag éiridh, 's fear a' brùchdadh.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Ghineadh mi 's an tìr nach coimbeach,
 'S chaisginn m' iotadh le brìgh Chomhainn ;
 Tobar ioc-shlaime nach reodhadh,
 'G éiridh 'nìos bho 'n dilinn dhomhainn.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Air taobh greine, gleann mo chridhe,
Far an robh éibhneas mo dhibhe;
Ge do bhiodh an t-eug a tighinn,
Bheireadh slainnt' do 'm chreubhsa rithist.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S an tìr àigh do 'n gnà 'bhi cridheil,
Chaidh m' àrach gun fhaillinn bidhe,
Air nead sàbhailte gun snithe;
'S gheibhinn blaths' air sgà Chloinn Iain.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Tha mi nise measg Chloinn-Cham'roin,
Cinneadh mòr bha 'n seòrs ud ainmeil;
'N cath 's an còmhail, seòlta, calma;
'Dol gu còmhrag, stoiceach, marbhtach.
Ho-i, ri-na, &c.

'S piudhar mi do 'n chuthaig shamhraidh,
Le 'n dheoin cha teid mi gu Galltachd;
Bho 'n is i Ghàilig is cainnt domh,
'Measg mo chàirdean talar ann mi,
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Nuair theid fianlach feadh na coille,
Cruinnichidh ianlaith gach doire;
Thig gach ian gu nead le coilleig
Sràbh ga shuimh am bial gach coilich.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S ionnan sid 's mar dh'èireas domhsa;
Ma phiocas càch mi le dòruinn,
Falbhaidh mis' "an riochd na smeòraich,"
'S theid mi 'm ghearan far an cùr dhomh.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Gu Dùn nan Clìar thrìallainn dàna,
'Dhol fo sgiathaibh nan triath stàtail;
Ged nach eil Eoin Ciar a lathair,
'S maireann am fear liath a's Pàdruig.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Dùn-olla nan tùireid arda,
Nam fear fuileach, builleach, strèach,
'Sheasadh duineil luchd an cairdeis,
'Choisneadh urram ri uchd namhaid.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S smeòrach mi bho chaisteal uaibhreach,
Nan steud prìseil, rìoghail, snairce,
Dream gun spid, bha 'n sinuisir uasal,
Bu mhor prìs ri linn Raon-Ruairidh.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Dughallaich nan geur-lann aisneach,
Guineach, benmach, speiceach, sgaiteach,
Dol ri feum le treundas guisgidh,
Garg 's u streup, 's bha 'n leus ri fhaicinn.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha robh 'm Brusach na chuis fharmaid,
Ri fhuil cha chumadh iad earlusa,
Mu 'n do sguir sibh, bha e searbh dha,
'S bu bheag leis a chuid de dh' Alba,
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Chuir sibh, Roibeart an cuil chumhainn,
Ghabh e gu fogradh car sinbhail;
Cha robh dhaoine saor bho phuthar,
Fad 's a bha bhur taobh-sa 'buidhinn.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha b' iongnadh e 'ghabhail grain diu,
'S tric a chuir iad cumart bais air;
Thug sibh uaithe 'sìol 's am braisde,
'S tha sid an Dùn-olla 'lathair.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S i 'n t-sheann stòri 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, &c.

Buidheann gun fhiamh, nach d' iarr socair,
Rinn iad aon blar-diag a chosnadh;
Gus an tainig sgrìob na dosgainn,
Latha Dail-rìgh a mhi-fhortain.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

'S e bu mhiannach leis a bhuidheann,
Bhi cur ard-raimh' chean fo 'n uidheam,
Seoladh ari air bharr nan sruithean,
Sgoltadh nan bàrc le car shiubhal.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Luchd a chaitheamh nan cuan borha,
'S muir a gairich ri h-àird stoirme;
Bheireadh iad gu aite soirbh i,
Dh' aindeoin barr nan sràc-thom gorma.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Fir mo ghaoil bho thaobh na tràghad,
Nach robh claon ri h-aodann gabhaidh,
Nach meataicheadh gaoir an t-sàile,
'Nuair a sgaoileadh iad a h-àlach.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

Cha d' innis mi trian da 'r n' àbhaist,
'S tha mo mhùineal tioram tràisgte;
'S olaidh mi nis' bur deach-slainge,
A shliochd a Cholla-Chnathaich Spaintich.
Ho-i, ri na, &c.

TROD MNA-AN-TAIGHE RI FEAR,

AIR SON A BHI 'G OL AN DRAMA.

LATHA dhoinh 's mi 'g òl an drama,
Còmhlaith ri oigearan glana,
Ge do bha mo bhean-sa banail,
'S sgainnealach a trod i rium.

*"O! teann a null, 's na tionndaidh rium,
Bho 'n 's e mo dhùmb a choisinn thu;
Fuirich sàmhach air mo chul-thaobh.
Sgradh cha bhì nochd againn."*

Labhair ise 'sin na briathran:—

"Fasaidh tu d' shruthaire briagach,
S eagal leam nach pàidh thu t-fhiachan,
'S e do ghniomh tha coltach ris.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Cha 'n fhuilig mi bonn a d' bheadradh
Air moch, no anamach, no feasgar;
'S fearr leat comunn nan stòp beaga,
'S thoill thu leasan goirt' thoirt dhut.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Thug thu òg do cheannas-cinnidh
Do Mhac-an-Tùisich an gille;
'S bho na rinn an t-bl do mhilleadh,
A d' mhìre cha 'n 'eil toirt again.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Cha 'n fharraid' thu 'm bithinn beo,
Nam faigheadh tu tombac' a's pòit,
Bhì sgapadh airgeid air gach bòrd,
'S cha 'n 'eil an seol ud fortanach.
O! teann a null, &c.

"'S olc an an obair dhut bhì daonnan
A tighinn dachaigh air an daoraich;
Cuiridh tu mise gu caoineadh,
'S dh' aognaich fear do choltais mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Tha thu gun leine, gun chata,
'S cha dean mise snaithn' ri d' bheo dhut;
Bho na dh' fhas thu d' dhuine gèrach,
Chuir an t-bl bho chosnadh thu.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Tha thu gun bhriogais, gun fheileadh,
'S e air tolladh air do shleisnean;
'S cia mar a nì mi dhut ìdeadh?
Chuir thu fein gu bochdaim mi.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Ph's 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, &c.

"Ph's mi thu le deoin gun aindeoin,
'S bha thu seolt' air thì mo mheallaidh;
Bho na bha mi òg am amaids,
Rinn mi ceangal do-charach.
O! teann a null, &c.

"Ge do bheirinn spreidh a's earras
Do dh' fhear t-ìbhaist agus t-ealain,
Chosgadh tu e leis na galain;
Ailein! chaidh an rùsad ort!
O! teann a null, &c.

"Ge nach robh mo chrodh air buaille,
Bhuininn do dh-fhior fhuil gun truailleadh;
'S na seallainn beagan mu 'n cuairt dhomh,
Cha d' fhuair thu mi socharach."
O! teann a null, &c.

E-SAN A' LABHAIRT

AIR A SHON FEIN

Faisn! a bhean, do d' ghearan uaibbreach,
'S fuirich sìobhalt ann a d' ghluasad,
S na bi maoidheadh ormsa t-uaisle,
Bho nach d' fhuair mi tochradh leat.

*O tionndaidh rium, a's deasaich rium,
'S a ràin! na bi ri moit orm,
'S teannaidh mise riut a null,
Le sgradh mar bu choltach dhuinn.*

'N cluinn thu mis', a bhean an taighe?
Eirich, 's theid mi leat a laidhe;
Smaoinich fein gun geill na mnathan,
'S gabhaidh iad le choiteach rud.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

A bhì trod rium cha 'n 'eil feum ann,
Cha chuis àbhachd dhuinn le cheil e:—
"Air beul duinnite cha teid fèichean,"
'S e bhì rèith is docha leinn.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

'S ge do dheanainn stòp a thràghadh,
 Maille ri cuideachda chuirdeil,
 'S maing thu 'mhaidheadh orm gu bràch e,
 Ged do phàidhinn crotag ris.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ge do dh' òlainn làn an taomain,
 Thiginn dachaigh cridheil, gaolach;
 'S cha bu chùis gu taigh a sgaoileadh,
 Ge do ghlaodhainn botul dheth.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ge do labhair thu 's gach doigh rium,
 Dh' aindeon aon nì riamh a dhùl mi,
 'S genl do churrachd, 's dùbh do bhrogan,
 'S dionach, comhnard, socrach, iad.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ge do dh' fhanadh tu air t-eolas,
 Gun tigh'nn riamh a nall á Cnùideart,
 Gheibhinn te le beagan stòrais,
 Bhiodh cho boidheach coltas riut.
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

Ach sin 'nuair a labhair ise:—
 "Smithich togail dhoit a nìs",
 Chàin thu thu fein, 's dhùt thu mise;
 'S misd thu nach 'eil fòsadh ort."
O tionndaidh rium, &c.

GEARAN NA MNATHA AN

AGHAIDH A' FIR, AGUS IAD A FREAGAIRT A CHEILE.

FONN—" 'S muldach mi fhìn 's mo Dhòmhnall."

A' BHEAN,

'S cia mar dh-fhaodas mi bhì beo,
 'S an duine breòite, truagh agam?
 Tha e-san scan, agus mis' òg,
 'S ann aig' tha 'n corr mar chuala mi:
 Ge do laidheas mi 'ga chòir
 Tha bhial 'sa shroin air fuarachadh,
 'S gur mor a chulaidh ghraim a phog,
 Le fhiasaig mhoir 'g a suathadh rium.

AM FEAR.

O! bhean, cha 'n 'eil do labhairt ceart,
 Bha neart annam 'n uair fhuair thu mi;
 Dheanainn mire, mùin, a's macus,
 A's ghleachdainn ris na gruagaichean;

Sean-fhacal a dh-fhaodar innse,
 Sgeula fìor a chualas e:—
 "Cha lean an sionnach air a shior-ruith,
 'S bithidh e sgith dheth uair-eigin."

A' BHEAN.

'S dona ghreis a mbair thu dhomhsa,
 A's cha b'e 'm pòsadh buadhail e;
 Dh-fhalbh do mhisneach, '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 cliathadh, 's chuirinn crann,
 Na' faighinn earlaid luathaireach,
 Agus cuideachadh ri bantraich,
 'S gheibhinn taing, a's tuarsadal;
 Ge do chaidh mi nìs a prìs,
 Bho 'n tha mi tinn air uaireanan;
 Gu 'n robh mi roinhe 'm sgalaig ghrinn,
 'S bu mhor 'ga d' dhù na fhuair thu dhiom.

A' BHEAN.

'S a h-uile càs an robh thu riamh,
 Bha teang' ad bhial a dh'fhuasgladh ort;
 Na'n creideadh gach neach do sgiala,
 Dhianadh tu na cruachan domh:
 Ach caite faca sinn do ghnìomh,
 Nam fiachta ris an rùmbar thu?
 Bha do dhruim 's do lamh cho diomhainn,
 Sid an gionh a fhuair mi dhut.

AM FEAR.

O! bhean, nach labhair thu gu foil,
 Cha 'n 'eil do chomhradh buannachdach:
 'S ma thionndas tu rium a choir,
 Bheir mise 'n corr nach fhuair thu dhut;
 Glacaidh mi sùiste 'ann am dhòrn,
 'S air òrlar comhnard buailidh mi,
 Bho airde na sparra nuas gu làr,
 'S cha 'n fhag mi graim air sguab agad.

BHEAN.

'S na 'n togadh tu ort a chroit sin,
 Choisneadh tu do dhùn is orm:
 Cha chluinnte gu bràch mis' 'g osnaich,
 A's nochdainnse mo shuaircens dhut;
 Chuirinn an t-im ann sa bhrochan,
 A's chumainn deoch an uachdar riut;
 'S chaidleamaid gu sàmhach socrach
 'S cha bhiodh sprochd no gruasim orm.

AM FEAR.

Shaoil mi bhean gu 'n robh thu bàindi,
 A's nach biodh sannt gu tuasaid ort:
 Ge do dh-fhàsainne cho fann,
 'S nach tionndainn air do chluasaig riut;
 Air leam fein nach eil thu 'n call,
 'S do chlann a chnòir ri ghuailibh 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 fhaladhbh,
 A's cha robh stà bhi d' bhuachailleachd;
 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 bheudag 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 domh,
 Nach robh m' eiridh suas agam.

A' BHEAN.

Is fhir gun stà, gun rath, gun dìreadh,
 Na bi 'g inuse tuailleas orm:
 Nam bidh tusa dhomhsa dileas,
 Cha robh m' iinntinn bruaileanach:
 Ach 's e bu mhian leat a bhi brìodal,
 Rìs gach ribhinn chuailleanaich:
 'S iomadh ribein agus cìr,
 A's deise chinn a fhuair iad bhuat'.

AM FEAR.

Ach e'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 taisgenladh 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' ministeir an t-uimhladh,
 A's theid an bùireach shuaicheant ort;

Linnseach, mhaslach air a dùbladh,
 Leis gach dùnadh tuaisgearra:
 'S ge do bhitinnis' 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' ghuaillean i,
 S ma thig do naidheachd os ceann bùird,
 Cha chliù dhut a bhi luaidh sin rium;
 A's ge do lasadh t-fhearg le diumb,
 Cho ghrad ri fudar buairesach,
 Cha chomhdaichear leat orm-sa chùis,
 Nach iunnaich mi le h-uaihbreachas.

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,
 Chuuntainne 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 bhi glie ri am a phòsaidh,
 'S laidhe seolta suas rithe:
 'S gun droch cleachdadh thoir 'g a dheoin,
 Do ghòraig nach biodh stuaim inute,
 'S gun fhios nan lagaicheadh a threòir,
 Nach ordaicheadh i bhuaithie 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 bhàth cha bhuain e dias;
 Bithidh am fearann aige fàs,
 Na stiallan bana, 's luachair air,
 A's e-san bròinein! a' dol bàs,
 'S na saibhlean làn aig tuathanaich.

AM FEAR.

'S cha 'n fhead mo threabhadhsa bhi mall,
 S do chall ri dheanadh suas agam;
 Bheir mi oigeich as a' ghleann,
 'S theid cuing gu teann mu 'n guailleannsa:
 A' Dun-éideann gheibh mi crann,
 'S e fasan gallda 's usaile leinn;
 Celtar, stailinn, soc, a's bann,
 'S gach ball bhos ann theid cruaidh orra.

A' BHEAN.

Bi cho math 's do ghealladh dhomhsa,
 'S còrdaidh sinn gu duathalas;
 Bho 'n tha sinn cho fada comhla,
 'S am pòsadh mar chruaidh shuinn oirnn;
 'S mor gur fearr leinn an t-olc eolach,
 Na fogarach luasganach;
 A's cuiridh sinn ar treis an ordugh,
 A's mar a 's coir dhuinn gluaisidh sinn.

AM FEAR.

Is thairt an sean-fhear, 's cha b'i bhrìag,
 Ge d' eireadh sian nan eartagan:—
 "Nach robh soirbheas laidir d'ian,
 Gun fhiath bhi goirid uaithe sin:"
 'S an cogadh bu chruaidh bh' ann riamh,
 Chaidh crìoch le rian air uair-eigin;
 'S cuir thusa, bhean, ri d' theagaidh srian,
 'S bithidh sìth 'ga dianamh suas againn.

ORAN NA CAILLICH.

AIR FOSN—"Hò hì ho hà mo luadh mo leanamh."

Ma theid mi gu feill, gu féisd, no banais,
 Bi'dh ise làn end, 's i fein aig baile
 'S ma bheir mi le sùgradh snìl air cailleig,
 Gur diumb a's fàlachd sìd dhomhsa.

*O hì o hà, gur cruaidh a chailleach,
 O hì, o hà, gur fuar a chailleach,
 Ho rè, ho rà, 's i ghrùn a chailleach,
 Dh'fhàg mise 'nam amadan ghrach.*

Ma ni mi 'n taigh-òsda stòp a cheannach,
 No snidhe air bòrd 's gun òl mi drama,
 Theid faileadh 'na sròin 's a dòrn an taruinn,
 'S bi'dh muinntir a bhaile ri mòd oirnn,
 O hì, o hà, &c.

Mar ceannaich mi ti cha'n fhiach mi m' fharaid
 A leighas a cinn, 's i tinn a gearan;
 Cha dean i rium sìth, ach strì a's carraid,
 'S ri èran teallaich an comhnuidh.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Bhithiun gu h-èibhinn, eatrom, aighearach,
 Aigionnach, glensda, a' leum 's an Earrachd,
 Na 'n deanadh an t-eug bho chéil' ar sgaradh,
 'S gu 'n c'rainn an falach fo 'n fhòd i.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Cha 'n airgead, cha 'n òr, cha stòr, cha thrangan,
 'Chuir mise air a t'ìr ri moran cùirteis—
 Ach dalladh fo sgleò le seòrsa buidseachd—
 'S ann agamsa tha 'n t-uirsgeul air Seònaid.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Nuair thig mi bho 'n chrann an àm an earrach,
 Le fuachd air mo chall, 's mi 'n geall mo gharaidh,
 Cha 'n thaod mi na taighe dol teann air an teallach
 Mu 'm buail i gu h-ealamh le bròig mi.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Cha d'ian i dhomh feum, 's cha ghreidh i aran,
 Cha 'n èraich i feudail, spreidh, no leanamh,
 A' loidhe 'sa g eiridh 'g eighneach 's a' gearan,
 'S gu 'n reicinn gu deimhin air ghròt i.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Tha cnaimhean cho chruaidh ri cuaille daraich,
 A craiceann, 's a tuar cho fuar ris a gbaillionn;
 Cha dean baraile guail aon uair a garradh,
 Gun dusan sac gearrain de mhoinc.
O hì, o hà, &c.

Gun fhaicail 'na ceann, 's car cam 'na peirceal,
 Nuair thogadh i greann an àm an fheasgair
 Gu'n teiche' gach clann, gach crann, 's seisreac,
 Aig miad an eagail romh ' gròigeis !!

*O hì, o hà, gur cruaidh a chailleach,
 O hì, o hà, gur fuar a chailleach,
 Ho rè, ho rà, 's i ghrùn a chailleach,
 Dh'fhàg mise 'nam amadan ghrach.*

BARD LOCH-NAN-EALA.

JAMES SHAW, or *Bàrd Loch-nan-Eala*, was a native of the island of Mull, where he was born about the year 1758. He latterly resided in the parish of Ardochattan, Argyleshire, where he was commonly called the Lochnell poet. Being partly supported by the late General Campbell and his lady ; she, it is said, encouraged him to publish some of his works, for which purpose he went to Glasgow to get them printed. Whether he got a printer to undertake the work or failed in the attempt is not known ; for, on his return home, he died suddenly on board a Steamboat on his passage to Oban : this happened about the year 1828. He lived in a state of idleness and dissipation ; praising those who paid him well for it, and composing satires on those who refused him money or liquor. A few of his poems were printed in Turner's Collection, and many others are preserved in manuscript, but they are chiefly local satires of little merit. "*Bìdh Fonn oirre Daonnán*" 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 à Gleanna-Garadh.*"

CHUNNA' mi brúadar air Fhionnla,
'S chuir e ionghnadh orm r'a fhaicinn,
'S ghabh mi iongandas ro mhor dheth,
Gu sònraicht o 'n bha mi 'n 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 muiuntir Ghlascho.

Ach dh' fharraid mi co as a dh' fhalbh e ?
'S fhreagair e le seanachas grad mi,

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 cadał.

'S chì thusa fhathasd le d' shuilean,
Ma bhios tu 's dùthaich ri fhaicinn,
Gu 'n téid an gnothach so dhioladh,
Cho chiunteach 'sa bha 'n crùn an Sasunn.

'S goilt e 'n steigh bh' ann an uachdar
Chladhaich e 'n naigh fo na leacan ;
E gun fhios co dhiù bha innte,
Mac an rìgh na sliochd a bhaigeir.

'N saoil thu fhein nach robh e dàna,
Marsanta maileid no paca,
Dhol a rusgadh an àit-iobairt,
'S ioma linn a chuir e seachad ;
'N t-aite 'n robh enaimhean an t-seann-duin,
'N tiolaiceadh ann o cheann fada ;
Mu 'n téid an gnothach gu crìch,
Gur duilghe dha na fiach a *bhlàstidh*.

Ma dh' eireas mise 's mo luchd leanmhuinn,
Gu 'm bi gnothach garbh a's dùthaich,
Theid Mac-'Ille-dhuibh a mharbhadh,
'S cha dìon a chuid airgeid Fionnla,
Leagar an taigh air sa 'n sabhal,
Sgriosar am bathar 'sa bhùth air,
'S theid Gilleaspuig ri posta,
Agus crochar mac a chùbair.

Eiridh an tubaist do 'n chiobuir,
'S laidhe binn air Mac-na-Cearde,
'S ma dh' òrdaicheas e gu h-olc e,
'S gnothach neo-chiontach sad dāsān,
E na sheirbheiseach aig Fionnla,
Tuilleadh a null gu Feill-Màrtuinn,
'S ma chuireas e nall na leacan,
Ma bhios meachainn ann sann dāsān.

Bhi cuir fudair anns na creagan,
Chuireadh e eagal air bòcain,
Bhi ga 'n tolladh leis an tora,
'S bhi ga 'n sparradh leis na h-òrdan,
Daoine marbha bhi ga 'n gluasad,
'S gnothach uamhraidh gu leoir e,
'S na 'n leanainn e gu grunnad an t-seanchais,
B' ainmeil e na arm rìgh Deòrsa.

'S cha téid a chorp fhein gu dilinn,
Thiolaiceadh an aite gràsmhor,
'S ann theid a losgadh mar iobairt,
Air a dhiteadh leis na faidhean,
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 grainneil.

Ach dh' fhalbh an guth 's thug e chul rium,
Agus thionndaidh e gu h-ealamh,
Thuir e rium gu 'n d' rinn e diochuimhn,
'S e ga inmse dhomh mur 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.

Sinaintich mi so ann am inntinn,
Nach bithinn a dteadh 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 mhatht leis bhi ga dhìoltadh.

'Nuair a dhùisg mi ghabh mi eagal,
'S e na sheasamh air an ùrlar,
Dh' fheuch am faighinn reidh air falbh e,
Lòs nach coisinn na lorg diùmba ;
Tha Dùghall trom air an tombaca,
'S tha pailteas deth sin aig Fionnla ;
'S o 'n a labhair mi cho deas ris,
Ghabh e pairt de leith-sgeul Dhùghaill.

'S ann a tha 'n naidheachd so cinnteach,
Ged shaoileadh sibhse gur b'òd e,
Cha 'n innis mi a neach gu brath e,
Ach do chuideachd araid eolach ;
Cha robh a leithid riamh ri inmse,
Eadar an Sìthean 's Lag-Chòthain
Co dhiù th' ann breug no firinn,
Sin agaibh mur dh' innsedh dhomhs e.

B'IDH FONN OIRRE DAONNAN

LUINNEAG.

*B' dh fonn oirre daonnan,
'S b' dh aoidh oirr' an cònaidh,
'S dh' fhaigadh m' inntinn aobhach
Bhi faicinn t-aodainn bhàidheach,
Le mhìod s'a thug mi ghaol dui,
A's astromas na h-dìge,
Mar a dean mi t-fhaotainn,
Cha'n fhad' a ghaol is beò mi !*

CHUNNA' mise brudair,
Dh' fhaig luaineach an raoir mi'
Bhi' faicinn bean mo ghaol
Ri mo thaobh fad' na h-oidheche.
Mi thunnad' le sòlas,
Gu pòg thoirt do 'n mhaighdinn
An duil gu'n robh i làmh rium,
Ged' bha mi na'n' aonar.
B' dh fonn, &c.

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 shìu mi mo lamh,
Gu mo ghradh tharruinn dlù rium,
Cha robh ann ach sgàile,
Rinn m' fhagail 'nuair dhùisg mi.
B' dh' fonn, &c.

Mo dhùrachd do'n rìbhinn,
Dh' fhaig m' iuntinn-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 thug gaol dut,
'S nach faod mi bhì lamh riut.
B' dh' fonn, &c.

O furtaich air mo chàs-sa,
A ghraidh bhan an t-shaoghail,
Tuig mar tha mo nàdur
An sàs aig do ghaol-sa.
Na fag mi mar tha mi
Dol bàs leis an fhaoinnachd,
'S gur tu stagh mo riaghailt,
Mo bhìadh agus m' aodach.
B' dh' fonn, &c.

'S muldach 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 conaidh.
B' dh' fonn, &c.

Chualadh tu mar tha mi,
Gur bàs domh as t-aogmhais,
Tìondadh ann am blàth's rium
'S na fag aig an aog mi.
Thig a's thoir do laimh dhomh
Do ghradh, a's do chaoimhneas,
S cha 'n iarr mi tiull a chàirdeas,
No dh' ailleas an t-shaoghail.

*B' dh' fonn oirre daonnan,
'S b' dh' aoidh oirr' an cònaidh,
'S dh' fhagadh m' inntinn aobhach
Bhì faicinn t-aodainn bhoidheach,
Le mhiad s'a thug mi ghaol dut,
A's aotromas na h-oige,
Mar a dean mi t-fhaotainn,
Cha'n fhad' a ghaol is bed mi.*

ORAN DO BHOINIPART.

L'UNNEAG.

*A ri! gur h-aotrom leinn an t-asdar,
Biodhmaid sunntach air bheag airtneid,
Dhol an còdhail Bhoiniparti,
Chionn bhì bagairt air rìgh Deòrs.*

'ILLEAN cridhe biodhmaid sunntach,
Seasamaid onair ar dùthcha,
Fhad sa mhaireas luaidh' a's fùdar,
Ciod a chuireas cùram oirnn.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Thoisich thu oirnn o cheann fada,
Le bàsd, le bòilich, 's le bagradh,
'S ma thig thu air tìr an Sasuinn,
Cha téid thu dhachaigh ri d' bheò.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Ged theannadh tu fhein 's na Frànagaich,
Rì tigh'n a Bhreatainn le d' chabhlach,
Cuiridh sinn a null gun taing thu,
'S b' fhearr dhut fuireach thall le d' dheoin.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

'Nuair chuir thu 'n Fhràigh thair a chéile,
Dh' fhalbh thu mur shlaointear do'n Eipheit,
'Nuair a chaill thu 'n coig-ciad-deug,
Gun theich thu fhein air eigin bed.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Bha luchd nan adaichean croma,
Na 'n laidhe air blàr g'a 'n lomairt,
'S e mo dhiùbbhail bh' anns a choinneamh,
Nach d' fhan Abercrombi bed.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

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 chivò.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Nis dh' eirich na Volunteers,
'N onair an rìgh 's mhorair Iain,
Chur nam Frangach gu 'n cridhe,
Chionn bhì bruidhinn tigh'n d' ar còir.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

O 'n fhuair sinn deise nan Gàid,
Boineidean 's cotaichean sgàrlaid,
Suaithcheantas an rìgh mar fhabhar,
Le coc-ard de dh' ite 'n eoin.
A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

'S na 'm biodh againn mar bu dual duinn,
Lann chinn-lich air ar cruachainn,
A' sgoltadh nan ceann g'a 'n guaillean,
Ga 'm bualadh le sunais nan dòrn.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Gum beil Albainn agus Sasunn,
An guaillean a cheill' an ceart-uair,
Tha iad aig fuaim an aon fhacail,
Mar shrad eadar clach a's brò.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Dh' fhalbh thu mar shlaughtear air ehnau,
Mu 'n d' amhaire sinne mu 'n cnait oirnn,
'S ged thug thu Hanobhar bhuanin,
Ge b' oil leat cha d' fhuair thu 'n t-òr.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Ach ma gheibh sinn ann an sàs thu,
'N dearbh cha 'n fhaigh thu moran dèlach,
Do chrochadh an la-'r-na-mhàireach,
Le fiach cota-bhàin a ròp.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Ged thig thu air tìr an Albainn,
'N dòchas losgaidh agus marbhaidh,
Tha againne suas de dh' armait,
Na shracas t eanchainn agus t-fheoil.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

Tha saighdeirean Farraghaeil,
Fearachail, foghainteach, daicheil,
'S chuireadh iad eagal a bhàis,
Air b-uille nàmhaid a fa brò.

A ri! gur aotrom, &c.

D U A N A G

DO MAC-AN T-SAORH GHILINNE-NOGHA.

LUINNEAG.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, fear-dubh, fear-dubh
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, 's e liuth-ghlas,
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, 's a chridhe gheal,
Le Spiorad glan gun iargain.

Thoir beannachdan le dùrachd uam,
Gabh e ram, 's na dean diochuimhn',
A's giulain iad a dh'ionnsaidh 'n fhir,
A's deise, grinne briatharan.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Na'm b'aithne dhomh-sa seantachas ort,
Na leanamhainn air do fhriamhaich,
Gu molainn thu gu dicheallach,
'S air m'fhacal b'fhiach dhomh dhianamh.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'S tu ceann na teaghlach onarich,
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, &c.

Cha'n aithne dhomh 's na crìochan so,
('S cha mhis 'a theid ga t-fhiachain)
Aon duine a chumas seanachas riut,
'S gun chearb bhì tighinn o d' bhial air.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

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 ga'n iarraidh.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'Nuair a thain' an t-Olla Sasunnach,
Thoir maslaidh 'n aird an Iar so,
Gur tusa phill gu h-ullamh e,
'S tu b'urrainn dhòl g'a dhianamh.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Gur luinneagach am bail' agad
Le ath-ghairm nan liath-chreag,
A' freagarirt do na smèrtaichean
Gu mìlis, ceolar, tianluaidh.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Gu sinbhlach, àghar, freagarach,
Gun stad, gun sgread, gun sgrìachan,
'Sa mhoch-thrà, 'nuair a dhùisgeas tu,
Air madainn chiùin, 'sa ghrian ann.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

'Nuair dhireadh tu na Lairigean
Led' ghunn' ad' lùmh, 's le d' mhiol-choin,
Gu'n leigte feidh san fhìreach leat,
'S do ghilleann bhì toirt bhian diu.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Ach 's eigin domh so innseadh dhut,
'S o 's fìor e, na gabh miotlachd,
('n t-shìnn thu ris a chloibaireachd)
Gun leig thu cheird s' air diochuimhn.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Nam bithinn' ann sa chùirt a nis,
'S gach cùis a bhì gum' riaghladh,
Bhiodh Crnachan le chuid leitrichean
A' tighinn a staigh fo d' chrìochan.

Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Be sud an rud bha nadura,
 'S tha cinnte aig càch gu'n b'fìor e,
 S o'n leig sibh uaibh le gòraich e,
 Bu choir dhut bhi ga iarraidh.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

Ach sguiridh mis' dhe'n iomarbhaidh,
 'S nach buin dhomh bhi ga dianamh
 Gun fhios nach gabh iad ardan rionn
 Am finne* dh'araich riamh mi.
Fear-dubh, fear-dubh, &c.

SEUMAS MAC-GHRIOGAIR.

THE REV. JAMES M'GREGOR, D.D., was born at a small farm-house near Comrie, Perthshire, in the year 1762. His parents were not affluent, but they were in circumstances which enabled them to give the benefits of such education as the country afforded, to their son. Young M'Gregor, nurtured amid the sublime and romantic scenery of Lochearn-side, had his mind early imbued with the feelings of poesy; but it does not appear that he produced any thing worthy of preservation until an advanced period of his existence. While yet a young man, he studied the Gaelic language with considerable assiduity and success, and could write it—a very rare attainment in his younger days.

Being of a sedate and serious turn of mind, he was early designed for the ministry; and after going through the various seminaries and halls of learning, he was licensed to preach the gospel when about twenty-one years of age. Mr M'Gregor was conscientiously a dissenter from the Church of Scotland. He belonged to the Anabaptist branch of the Secession-Church, and studied divinity under the tuition of the Rev. W. Moncrieff, of Alloa. Shortly after he was licensed to preach, some colonists in Nova Scotia sent an earnest entreaty to this country, for a person of acknowledged abilities and evangelical piety to preach the gospel to them. After due consideration had been given to this requisition, Mr M'Gregor was fixed upon as an individual well qualified to discharge the arduous duties of such a situation, both from his mental qualifications and robust physical constitution. He readily agreed to this proposal; and, although he had the prospects of an advantageous settlement in his native country he hesitated not to go to a strange land to proclaim the gospel of peace.

In Nova Scotia he entered on a field boundless in extent as in difficulties. The inhabitants were far apart; there were no roads in the country; and when we say that the sphere of his operations included the eastern part of Nova Scotia, and the adjacent islands of Cape Breton and Prince Edward, the reader may form some idea of the Herculean task he had undertaken to discharge. He was, we believe, the first missionary to that country. While traversing from place to place, he encountered difficulties, perils, and

* The Campbells.

hardships, which few men would have undergone, undaunted. The site of Pietou contained only one or two houses—it was no easy matter to travel to the next hamlet through the density of woods and *unbridged* rivulets: marked trees, a pocketcompass, or an unintelligible and unintelligent Indian, were his only guides through the solitary and dreary wilderness—sleep was frequently a stranger to him for several nights,—a plank was his bed,—a potato his fare; yet the expatriated Highlanders around him were in need of the gospel; and that, to Mr M'Gregor, was enough.

Towards the close of this excellent man's life, he conceived the idea of clothing the doctrines of the gospel in versification, that he might unite the best and most wholesome instructions with the sweetest and most fascinating melodies. When entering upon the task, he wrote to a friend of his at Lochearn-side for a copy of Duncan M'Intyre's and M'Donald's Poems. His mind had been so occupied with the various studies necessary to the full and efficient discharge of his ministerial duties, that the airs, to which he wished to sing his contemplated hymns or songs, had escaped his memory. The desiderated volumes were sent; but, through the officiousness of some of his domestics, the fact of their being in the minister's possession became known, and a most unwarrantable, unjust and ungenerous construction was put upon the circumstance. How short-sighted, illiberal, and fanatical it was, to edge out insinuations against the genuineness of Mr M'Gregor's religious principles, simply because the productions of the two most brilliant stars of his native country were on the table of his study in a foreign land! How pitiful, that fanaticism which shrouds itself under the garb of piety—broad, expansive, benevolent piety! We blush for the moral perceptions and enlightenment of our expatriated countrymen, and notice these things simply in justice to departed worth.

Taking advantage of this state of public feeling, almost verging on what is understood in ecclesiastical language, as a schism, a stranger intruded himself about this period on his labours; and to the disgrace of many of M'Gregor's flock, they forsook the ministry of their long-tried friend, and followed the intrusionist. The desertion thus occasioned must no doubt have very much embittered his cup; but his expansive philosophy—his warm philanthropy—and above all, his genuine religious views, enabled him to bear it without a murmur. He proceeded cheerfully with his metrical effusions, until he composed as many as swelled into a respectable 18mo volume, which has now reached its third edition.

Mr M'Gregor's Poems are smooth in versification—pleasant in their garb and evangelical in their doctrines. They are almost all composed after the model of his countryman, Duncan M'Intyre, from whom he borrowed many of his ideas, using sometimes not only distichs and couplets, but entire stanzas with some slight alterations. We do not mean, however, to insinuate that our author trafficked wholesale in plagiarism, with the intention of “decking himself in another's 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 shades of his life.

In the spring of 1828, Dr M'Gregor was seized with a fit of apoplexy ; and at Pictou, on the first of March, 1830, at the age of 68, he experienced a return which terminated in his death on the third day of that month. His funeral was attended by an immense assemblage of deploring friends, who showed their estimate of his character, worth and talents, by unfeigned expressions of regret.

AN SOISGEUL.

AIR FONS—"Coire-Cheathaich".

'S e 'n Soisgeul gràdhach thug Dia nan gràs duinn
A chum ar sàbhaladh dhan mo rùin :
Ach 's e blas àrd e, air cùisibh àluinn,
Nach tuig an nàdur a tha gun làil.
Gur mis' an truaghan 's n' asleòr man cuairt domh
A' tabhairt cluais da, mar fhuaim nach fìach ;
B' e 'n guothach cruaidh e nach tuig an sluagh e,
An sgeul as uaisle a chualas riamh.

Tha clann nan daoine gu tur fo dhaorsa,
Aig dia an t-saoghail-s ag aeradh dhà :
Fo chois am miannan, a tha do-riarach ;
Gun fheart, gun iarraidh air Dia nan gràs :
A' dianamh tàir air gach nì is àill leis,
A' briseadh àitean gach là gun sgìos ;
E fad o'n smuaintibh, 's iad riuth gu luath uaith ;
Chum na truaighe ta buan gun chrìch.

Ge mòr an cùram th'aig Dia nan dùl diubh,
Cha tig iad dlù dha le ùrnaigh chaoin ;
Bu mhòr a' ghràin leo bhì uair 'na làthair,
An caidreamh blàth ris 'na àros naomh :
Iad ruith na gaoithe, 's ag earbsa daonnan,
Ri sonas fhaotainn am faoinis bhreug ;
Gun fhios, gun aird ac' air doigh a's fearr dhai
Na greim an dràst air n' a's àill le 'n cré.

Tha 'm barail làidir gur muinntir shlàn iad,
'S nach 'eil ceann-fàth ac' air gràsan Dé ;
Tha 'n Soisgeul faoin leo, seach gean an t-saoghail,
Tha 'n cridhe aotrom, gun ghaol do'n Léigh

Ach 's àit an sgeul e, air leigheas ceutach
Do dhuin' euslan, fo chreuchdaibh ciùirt ;
'S naigheachd phriseil, bho Dhia na firinn
Do neach fo dhìteadh, 's e dìblidh, brùit.

Do neach fo smuaircan, le Dia bhì 'n gruaim ris,
'S a lochdan uamhar 'g a chuartach' dlù ;
Gun fhios nach àite dha ifrinn chràiteach,
M'an tig am màireach, s' am bàs 'na shùil
Do neach a dh'fhoglum o'n Spiorad Naomha,
Gur sonas baoth bheir an saogh'l so uaith ;
Nach eil ann ach sgàil deth 'san àm tha làthair,
'S gu 'm bac am bàs e 's nach fàs e buan.

B'e sgeul an àigh e, air beatha 's slàinte,
O Ios' a bhàsaich 'na ghràdh do dhaoin.
'Si 'fhuil am plàs anns am beil an tàbhachd,
'Nuair théid a chàradh gu bàigheil, caoin,
Ri cridhe leòinte, gun ghean, gun sùlas,
Ach doilich, brònach, gun seòl air sìth ;
Le Spiorad uasal nam fearta buadhar,
Nuair thig e nuas air le gluasad mìn.

Sud sgeul roaoibhneach, air maoin' a's oighreachd.
Do dhuine daibhir, gun sgoinn do'n t-saogh' ;
Air crùn, 's rioghachd a chaoi nach crìochnaich
Gun dragh gun mbiòthlachd, ach sìth, 's gaol.
Sud sgeul ro àraidh do dhuine tàireil,
Air urram àrd ann am Pàrras shuas ;
Le gràdh gun aibhleas, a measg nan ainghean ;
'S cha teirig cainnt daibh, toirt taing do'n Uan.

Deaghsgeul air fuaigladh, do pheacach truailidh
 O chiont an nàduir, nach suail a mbeud ;
 Tre 'n chumbachd bhrioghar a ta an iobairt
 An t-Sagairt rioghal, ta sìobhailt, seamh :
 'S air feartaibh gràmhòr, ni cobhair tràth dha,
 'Nuair bhios a nàmhaid gu làidir, gleusd,
 A' tarraimn teann air chum 'earbs a thionnda
 'Tur bun osceann da, le ionnsuidh thréin

Air gràs, a's tròcair, bheir neart, a's treibh dha,
 Re fad an ròid dh'ionnsuidh glòir an Uain ;
 'Sua neamhan àrd far an pailt an gràdh dhaibh
 'S cha teirig càil daibh gu bràth g' a luadh.
 'S e cliù an sgeùil ud gur fìrinn mhòr e,
 Gun fhacal mòr-uailh, no sgleò gun bhri ;
 'S e Crìosd an éirig as buaine éifeachd,
 An iobairt rèitich, sàr stéigh na sìth.

Thug an t-Ard-rìgh aon mhac a ghràidh dhuinn,
 A ghabh ar nàdur, 's e bharr a rian ;
 'S an tug e 'n ùmhachd, le dedòin, 's le dùrachd.
 Thug còir as ùr dhuinn teachd dlù do Dhia :
 Sàr ùmhachd chiatach do lagh na Trianaid,
 Leis an duin' is Dia ann bha riann ri feum ;
 An coslas truaghain de dhùine truailidh,
 Ach a b'fhearr, 's a b' uaisle na'n sluagh gu léir,

An caraid gaolach a choisinn saorsadh
 Do'n chinneadh dhaonna leacannuig chruaidh ;
 A dh'fhinnig tamailt o rug a mbath'r e
 Gu là a bhàis ann an àit an t-sluaigh.
 Nuair bu naoidhean òg e, rinn Herod fh'gradh
 'S e deare' an comhnuir air d'èigh an t-sluaigh.
 Bha 'lheatha brònach, an fad 's bu bheò e,
 'S e cruaidh an tòir air gu bheò thoirt uaidh.

Oir 'l' e bu ghnà dhaibh bhí deanamh tàir'
 Air Athair gràdhach, 's air àitean naomh :
 'S bhí deanamh dearmaid air shìnt' an anna,
 Le cleachda garg, a's le h-ana-guath baoth.
 Nasagairt uaibhreach, 's na h-ard dhaoin' uaisle
 'Nan naimhdean buan da, le fuath gun chrìch :
 A' dianamh dìcheill, le h-ionadh innleachd,
 'Us mòran mì-ruin ga 'shìr chur sìos.

'Us air a lorg bha na diabhail bhorba,
 Fo phrìoms' 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,
 Bhain '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' eumairt 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 chàch :

Do pheacach dhùblidh, a bha fo dhiteadh,
 Gu'n dianadh 'thireantachd didean daibh ;
 O chiont an nàduir, 's o'n lochdaibh gràineil.
 'S o chumbachd Shàtain bha ghnà ri foill.

Nis anns na h-àrdaibh, tha neart gu bràth aig
 A chum na's àill leis thoirt sàbhailt suas ;
 'Us chum a naimhdean a sgrios gun tuing dhaibh
 Droch dhaoin' n'saingle, luchdainneart chruai.
 Ach thar gach seòrsa na peacaich mhòra
 Le 'm fuathach còlas air deòin an Triath :
 Nach creid an fhìrinn, ged tha i cionnteach,
 Nach gluais gu dìreach, ach sìr dhol farr.

Ged bhiodh an crìosduidh 'n a laidh am prìosan,
 Gu dochrach, iotmhor, gun bhìadh, gun slaint,
 N'f'n soisgeul sìorruidh, tre bheannachd Iosa
 A chridhe tiorail, le fìor ghean gràidh.
 Ged dhùisg a nàmhaid geur leamhuinn cràiteach
 Gun aon cheann-fàth air ach gràdh, a's sìth :
 Tha cridhe aoibhneach, tha ghnàis ro aoidheil ;
 Tha dàn 'us laoidh aig' gach oidhech gun dìth.

E cumail gleachdaidh an aghaidh peacaidh,
 'Sastùireadh chleachdaidh, le beachd air Crìosd
 Tha gaol do'n reachd thar gach mì, 'us neach aig ;
 'S cha ghabh e tlachd ann an seachrau 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 còl do chàch.

A Thighearn, Iosa, gabh truas do'n ebrìosachd,
 Tha 'n t-còlas iosal, 's gach eioch mun cuairt ;
 Is bras a dh' éireas gach mearachd éitidh
 'S is beag an t-eud th' aig a chéir san uair'.
 Dean creideamh, 's eòlas, dean gaol na còrach,
 A's pailteas slais, a dhòrtadh mnas :
 Gu daoin' a philltinn, o'n cleachdaibh millteach,
 'S gu naomhachd innitinn bli ciontinn suas.

* * * * *

A Dhè na sì-chaint, craobhsgeoil an fhìrinn,
 Measg sìdgh nan tìrean, 's nan lùnsan cian :
 Mar dhaoin' air eall, ann an ceò nam beann iad,
 An oidhech teann orr, 's iad fann gun bhìadh.
 Thoir solus glè ghlan, thoir rathad réidh dhoibh,
 'Us cridhe gleusd a thoirt géill do 'n uan !
 Thoir sgeul do shlàinte, thoir fios do ghràidh dhaibh.
 Cuir feart do ghràsan 'nan dàil le buaidh.

AN GEARAN.

AIR FÓN—“Coire gòrm an fhàsaich”.

Is duilich leam mar tha mi
 A' sìobhal le mo namhaid,
 Eas-umhal do na h-àitean,
 'S mo ghràdh dhaibh cho fann.
 “S iomadh fear a bhàrr orm”
 Tha dol a réir a nàduir;
 'S e 'n lagh tha fulang tàmailt,
 'Us tàire nach gann.
 Riamh o thuiteam Adhaimh,
 'Se 'm pecadh 'n nì a's fearr leinn,
 'S mì-chneasd a thug sinn gràdh dha,
 'Ga thàlath gach an.
 Cha d'fhuair mi fad mo làithean,
 Dad buannachd, no dad stà dheth,
 Ach daonna tarrainn sàis orm,
 'S 'g am chàradh am fang.
 'S e dh'fhàg gach nì a leugh mi,
 Gach searmoin riamh a dh' èisd mi,
 'S gach guth a labhair beul rium
 Gun fheum dhomh, gun stà.
 'S e mhilleas gealladh Dhé orm,
 Nach earb mi ris uch eutrom,
 S nach cìraich mi rium féin e,
 Gu h-éifeachdach, slàn.
 'S ann chuir e mi an dèis-laimh,
 'G an fhàgail ro nì 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-èitich, 's gu grànd.

Nam bithinn tairis, dileas,
 A leantuinn ris an fhàirinn.
 Bhiodh ise dhomh mar dhàidean
 Nach dìobradh gu bràth.
 Ged chuireadh daoine sìos mi
 Le casaidean, 's le dìteadh,
 Gu'n togadh ise ris mi,
 'S dhèinn an aird.
 Cha toilleadh i gu dìlinn
 Dad coire dhomh no mì thlachd,
 Tha ceangal ris an t-sith 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' èige,
 'S b' annsa leam gu mòr iad
 Na 'n t-eòlas a's fearr.
 Nan deanainn leth na còrach
 Cha chreidinn nach bu leòir e,
 S nach tearnadh sud fa-dheòidh mi,
 Gun dòigh air tigh'n' gearr.
 Ge mòr an t-aobhar sòlais
 Bhi 'n comunn Rìgh na glòire,
 'S iad b' annsa leam na h-òrain,
 'S bhi 'g ùl nan deoch-slàint.
 Bu dallag mi nach s'radh,
 Bhi cluich air bruaich na dòraunn,
 An Diabhol ga mo thrèorach
 Gu seòlta air laimh,

Gur mòr a' chreach, 's an diùbhail,
 Mo chridhe bhi gun dàrachd,
 A gabhail Dé nan dùl domh,
 Mar Ughdar mo shlàint:
 'S e tairgse dhomh 'na chùmhnaht,
 A neart a bhi mar chùl domh,
 'S a ghliocas ard gu m' stiùireadh,
 Le cùram, 's le gràdh.
 Tha druidheachd air mo shùilean,
 'Se 'n rud a nì mo chiùrradh,
 D' an ruith mo mhianu gu sìubhlach,
 'S mi lùbadh 'na dhàil.
 Mo shonas air mo chùl-thaobh,
 Mar anabas nach fù leam;
 'S m' anam an droch rùn da,
 'Ga dhùltadh 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' shaoin iad sa' chàs.
 Ach taing do'n Athair naomha,
 A dh'ullaich dhomh an t-saorsa,
 Làn tearnadh o gach baoghal,
 Trid Aon-ghin a ghràidh.
 A Dhe ta iochdmhor, maoineach,
 Cia fhad a bhios mi caoineadh!
 O greas le d' chobhair chaoimh,
 Agus saor mi gun dàil!

AN AISEIRIGIL.

AIR FÖNN—"Tha mise fò ghruaim."

Thug am bàs oirn mu'n cuairt,
 'S ceart gu 'n laidbinn 's an uaigh,
 Ach cha téid mi le gruaim 'na cùir:
 Oir bha Iosa mo rùin,
 Greis 'na laidhe 's an ùir,
 'S rinn e'n leabaidh ud cùbhraidh dhòmhs',

Thug e'n guth 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' auma le fios,
 E dhol dhachaigh a chlisg chum glòir.

On a dh' éirich e rìs
 Sàr Cheann-fheadhna mo shìth,
 Gun e dh'fhuireach fad shìos fo'n fhòd:
 'Us gu 'n deachaidh e suas,
 Ghabhail seilbhe d'a shluagh,
 Anns na slaitheas, le luathghair mhòir.

Se mo chreidimh gun bhréig,
 Gu 'n éirich mise 'na dhéigh,
 Measg na buidhne gun bhead, gun ghò:
 'Nuair a dh'fhosglar gach uaigh,
 'S a théid heò anns gach sluagh,
 Chum an togail 's an uair, gu mòd.

Sud an cumhachd tha treun,
 Sud am fradharc tha gear,
 Chuireas rithisd gach cré air dòigh;
 Dream chaidh itheadh le sluagh,
 Dream chaidh mheasgadh 'n aon unigh,
 Dream chaidh losgadh 'nan luath 's nan ceò,

'S iomadh colainn bhios ann,
 Tha fad air asdar o 'ceann
 'S thig iad cuideachd 'san àm, gu foill.
 Thig iad uile 'nan taon,
 As gach clagh tha 's an t-saogh'l,
 'S as gach àraich, 's an d' aom na scòid.

Cha'n 'eil àit ga'm beil corp,
 Air ard mhonadh, no enoc,
 Ann am fàsach, no sòchd no mòin':
 Ann an doimhneachd a' chuain,
 No 's na h-aibhnaichean buan,
 As nach éirich iad suas, 's iad beò.

Eiridh 'n diùc, 'ns an rìgh,
 Eiridh 'm boelch bha fa chis,
 Eiridh gaisgeach an strì, 's an deòr'.

Eiridh' bhaintighearna mbaoth,
 Eiridh 'n t-amadan baoth,
 'S cha bhi dearmad air aosd, no òg.

Eiridh cuidac' le gruaim,
 Chi iad fearg air an Uan,
 Chuireas crith orr' a's uamhuun mhòr.
 Eiridh cuid ac le aoidh,
 Buidheann uasal nnn saoidh,
 'G am bi oighreachd a chaidh an glòir.

AIR FOGHILUM NAN GAEL.

FÖNN—"Chunna mi 'n diugh an Dun-eidann."

BHA na Gàcil ro aineolach dall,
 Bha ionnsachadh ganu nam measg,
 Bha 'n eolas cho tana 's cho mall,
 'S nach b' aithne dhaibh 'n call a mheas,
 Cha chrideadh iad buannachd no stà,
 Bhi 'n sgoilearachd ard da 'n cloinn,
 Ged fheadadh fhaicinn gach là,
 Gu'r i thog o 'n lár na Goill.

Theid aineolas nis as an tìr,
 'S gach cleachdadh neo-dhireach crom,
 A's mealaidd einn sonas a's sìth,
 Gun fharmaid no strì 'n ar fonn;
 Theid sgoilean chuir suas anns gach cearu,
 Bi'dh leabhraichean Gàclig pailt;
 Bi'dh eolas a's diadhachd n fàs,
 Thig gach duine gu stà 's gu rath.

Nis "togaidh na Glèil an ceann,
 'S bha bhi iad am fang nì's mò";
 Bi'dh aca ard fhoghlum nan Gall,
 A's tuigse neo mhall na chòir:
 Theid ionleachdan 'n oibribh air bonn,
 Chuireas saibhreas 'n ar fonn gu pailt,
 Bitheadh 'n dìblidh cho laird ri sonn—
 'S am boelch cha bbi lom le airc!

Thig na liuntean gu cinnteach mun cuairt,
 Tha 'n sgriobtur a luaidh thig oirn;
 'S an téid Satan a cheangal gu cruaidh,
 'S nach meall e an sluagh le sgèò;
 Bi dh fionn a's sìochaint a's gaol,
 A ceangail chloinn daoine ri chéil;
 Chan fhaicear fear dona mì-naomh,
 Theid ole a's an t-saogh'l a's beud.

EOBHON MAC-LACHUINN.

EWEN MACLACHLAN was born at Torracalltuinn, on the farm of Coiruanan, in Lochaber, in the year 1775. Coiruanan was possessed by a family of the name of Mac-lachlan for many generations. The forefathers of E. Mac-lachlan came originally from Morven, first to Ardgour and thence to Lochaber, and appear to have been in general, men possessed of superior natural gifts. His great grandfather was *Dòmhnall-Bàn-Bàrd* contemporary with Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel. That bard's compositions are justly admired, particularly his elegy on occasion of the death of that chief. The mother of E. Mac-lachlan was a Mackenzie, descended from a branch of that clan, which had settled in Lochaber many generations back. His father, *Dòmhnall Mòr*, a man of venerable presence and patriarchal bearing, was reckoned one of the most elegant speakers of the Gaëlic language in his day. He was distinguished by the extent and diversity of his traditionary and legendary lore, as well as by the appropriate beauty and purity of the language, in which he told his tale, or conveyed his sentiments to the admiring listeners, who delighted to resort to his humble dwelling.

Though the father was himself illiterate, he was keenly alive to the benefits of education. Besides the subject of our memoir, he had several sons and daughters. Two of the former were afterwards respectable planters in the Island of Jamaica. In the village of Fort-William, where his father now resided, the parochial school of Killmalie had been situated since the middle of last century, and taught by superior teachers. At this school the brothers of Ewen Mac-lachlan, as well as himself, got the rudiments of their education, which, by their natural abilities and laudable ambition, all of them afterwards extended. Ewen was the youngest son of the family, except one. While he excelled his very clever brothers in mental abilities, he was their inferior in bodily strength; the physical weakness of limb which disqualified him, in some measure, for the playful exercises of his fellow-scholars, tended, among other causes, to direct his views to objects and pursuits of a more exalted character.

His first teacher was the Rev. John Gordon, afterwards minister of Alvie; after him, Dr William Singers of Kirkpatrick-Juxta. He did not remain long under the tuition of these gentlemen, and on account of his father's poverty, was but very indifferently supplied with books. His progress, notwithstanding, was great for his years; it indeed excelled that of all others in the school, and in general, his class-fellows were glad to grant him the perusal of their books, in consideration of his very efficient help to them in learning their lessons.

Mr Maclachlan, at an early age, went out as tutor into the family of Mr Cameron of Camisky, in the parish of Killmonivaig; there his desire for classical studies received a considerable impulse from his intercourse with the father of his host, Cameron of Lian-dally, then an old gentleman confined to bed. Liandally, like many of the gentlemen of his day in Lochaber, had been well instructed in the knowledge of the Latin tongue, and much exercised in the colloquial use of that ancient language in the parochial school of Killmalie, taught by a Mr Mac Bean. Mr Maclachlan no doubt derived much benefit from his "colloquies" with the venerable classic, who, from his being bed-ridden, also derived much amusement, as well as pleasure, from his communings with his young companion.

Mr Maclachlan's next engagement as tutor was, when about fifteen years of age, in the family of Mr Cameron of Clunes. His pupils were Captain Allan Cameron, now of Clunes, and his brother General P. Cameron, H.E.I.C.S. Here Mr Maclachlan made great progress in the study of the Greek and Latin languages. It is said, that he even travelled on the vacant Saturdays, to Fort-William, (whither his parents had removed,) in order to get from his former teacher, an outline of his prospective studies for the subsequent week. Thus he soon became able to translate, with fluency, the Scriptures of the New Testament from the original Greek into his mother-tongue, Gaëlic; and frequently did he astonish, as well as instruct and delight, the unsophisticated rustics of the place, by this singular display of erudition.

After the lapse of two years, he engaged as tutor in the family of Mr Mac Millan of Glenpëan, a very remote and romantic situation at the west end of Loch-airaig. In this family, he resided for two years, still devoting his spare hours to the prosecution of his classical, and other studies. So great indeed was his ardour in this respect, that his worthy hostess often deemed it necessary, to insist on his relaxing his application to his books, in order to take healthful exercise in the open air. On such occasions, his favourite walk was along the banks of the "slow-rolling Peän," so sweetly celebrated in his own ode to that romantic stream, and on whose green borders were composed many of his finest juvenile strains. At this time also, our young bard began to show a *penchant* for instrumental music. He constructed a rude violin, on which he took lessons from an individual, by profession a piper, who lived in the neighbouring district or "country" of Mòrror, 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 Peän calls it "*fidheall na ràcail,*" or "dissonant lyre." Afterwards, however, our poet became a tolerable performer on the violin, as well as some other musical instruments.

After residing two years in 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 apprentice to his own trade,—that of a weaver." With heavy hearts and weary limbs, they returned home. After anxious and earnest deliberation on this important point, by the poet and his parents around their humble ingle, the idea of going to college was, for a time, abandoned; and the young man resolved to return next day, to the family of Clunes, where he was assured that he should be received with open arms. He accordingly set out for that place; but as he approached it, his earthly career was very nearly terminated. In those days, there was no bridge over the river Arkaig. He found the stream greatly swoln, and hazardous to ford. Night, however, was approaching, and therefore he ventured out. He had not proceeded far in the rugged channel, when he was carried off his feet, and swept away by the rapid current; he now thought with himself that his golden dreams of literary and philosophic distinction were at an end: he committed himself, however, to the care of him who hath said, "when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." On this he was providentially thrown on a stone, a part of which was still above the waters. After resting here a brief space, he made one desperate effort to reach the wished-for bank, and was successful. He there poured out a prayer of gratitude to the Most High for his signal deliverance from so great a danger. Forthwith Mr Mac-lachlan resumed his labours at Clunes; at the same time prosecuting his classical studies with unremitting ardour, as his time permitted. Here he composed several pieces of justly admired Gaëlic poetry; several of these and of his former compositions were published about 1798, in a volume printed in Edinburgh, for Allan M'Dougall, alias "*Dall*," musician, then at Inverlochy, afterwards family-bard to the late Glengarry. Among these were "*Dàin nan Aimsirean*," a translation of Pope's *Messiah*, "*Dàn mu Chonalttradh*," &c., and a translation of part of Homer's *Iliad* into Gaëlic heroic verse. During the currency of the year 1796, our poet was introduced by Dr Ross of Killmonivaig to the late Glengarry; and that Chief, ever after, continued his warm friend. He yielded him the pecuniary aid which he had in vain solicited from other sources. This kindly aid, together with our poet's own little savings out of his salaries, put him in circumstances to proceed to the University, whither he was accompanied by his anxious and affectionate father.* Arrived at Aberdeen, he determined to enter the lists as a competitor for a *bursary* at King's College. Here, for the first time, he found himself engaged with entire strangers in the arena of literary strife. The various pieces of *trial* being duly executed and given in, the hour for announcing the fate of the champions approached; the anxious expectants were assembled in the lobby of the great College-Hall, where the Professors were still engaged in earnest judicial deliberation. Meantime the rustic dress of the young Highlander, his diffident manner, and rather awkward appearance, drew upon him the ungenerous gibes and unmerited contempt of several young coxcombs,

* It is said that he travelled to Aberdeen, dressed in the mountain garb.

his rivals. It was sneeringly recommended to him to make a speedy retreat to the *wilds* of Lochaber, while he was comforted with the assurance that he had not the slightest chance of success. Enduring all this banter, with meek, but firm forbearance, he merely advised his assailants not to prejudge his case. The door of the hall was at length opened, the names of the successful competitors were announced, and the officer first called "EWEN MACLACHLAN," as being the best scholar, and chief bursar.

From that moment, he gained and retained the respect and warm regard of his fellow-students. He entered on his studies in Aberdeen with his wonted earnestness and diligence, and greatly distinguished himself in his classes. At the end of the Session, he resumed the charge of his pupils at Clunes; this he continued to do, during the recess annually, whilst he continued in the *gown classes*. At the end of that period, having obtained the degree of A.M., he entered the Divinity-Hall. Through the good offices of the Rev. Dr Ross, our student was presented to a Royal bursary in the gift of the Barons of Exchequer; and about the same time (anno 1800), he was appointed assistant to Mr Gray as librarian of King's College, and teacher of the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen. From the date of these appointments, he took up his permanent residence in that town, of which, at a subsequent period, he was made a free burgess. He continued to attend the Divinity-Hall for eight sessions, and in the enjoyment of the Royal bursary above mentioned. He was, during the period last mentioned, custodier of the library attached to the Divinity-Hall of Marischal College. From this date, the life of our theologian was indeed a life of incessant literary toil and scholastic labour. In addition to the duties of the offices to which he had been recently appointed, he devoted several hours every day to private teaching, in order to eke out the limited income derived from these offices. Many gentlemen, especially from the Highlands, sent to him their sons to be under his effective and immediate superintendence. Even in these circumstances, as well as through life, he displayed great liberality and affection towards his aged parents and his other near relations, by often relieving their wants out of his hard earnings.

After completing his attendance at the "Hall," and delivering his trial-pieces with eclât, he found the bent of his mind, as well as his ambition, directed to a "Chair," in one of the Universities, rather than to the Pulpit. He was encouraged in his aspiration after this object, by several friends, but particularly by Professor James Beattie of Marischal College. The Professor's death, however, in 1810, was a heavy blow to Mr MacLachlan's hopes. A strong mutual friendship had existed between them, amounting to affection. On the melancholy occasion of his friend's death, Mr MacLachlan composed an elegy in the Gaëlic tongue, which for beauty of language, sincerity of sorrow, and unrivalled elegance of composition, can bear comparison with any thing of the kind ever presented to the world. This was not the only composition in which our poet's grateful remembrance of Professor Beattie's friendship was commemorated. In his "Metrical Effusions," (Aberdeen, 1816,) is printed an elegant Latin ode addressed to that accomplished scholar, during his life, and an English ode, entitled "A dream," being an apotheosis on that patron of neglected merit. Some years after his settlement in Aberdeen, Mr MacLachlan turned his attention to Oriental literature, as well as to that of the

languages of modern Europe ; and his acquirements in these he made subservient to the critical culture of his mother-tongue. About the same time he undertook the arduous task of translating the Iliad of Homer into Gaëlic heroic verse. Of this immortal work, he finished nearly seven books, which still remain in MS. Besides this, he began to compile materials for a Dictionary of the Gaëlic language spoken in Scotland, and that, (as he did every thing else) from his mere regard and affection for every thing tending to promote the honour or improvement of his native land. What was *then* called "the Highland Society of Scotland," (having had reference to the mental culture of their Caledonian countrymen, instead of as now, unfortunately, to the physical developement of the points of the inferior animals) had soon after entertained the project of preparing and publishing a Dictionary of that ancient language ; and having ascertained the eminent qualifications of Mr MacLachlan, and his progress in compiling the said work, they conjoined him with the late Dr Macleod of Dundonald, in carrying on the national Dictionary, compiled under their patronage. The department assigned to Mr MacLachlan was the Gaëlic-English, and so important and difficult a task could not have been committed to better hands. In the preface to the Dictionary published by Drs Macleod and Dewar, it is well remarked,—“ Mr MacLachlan of Aberdeen especially brought to the undertaking great talents, profound learning, habits of industry which were almost superhuman, an intimate acquaintance with the Gaëlic language, and devoted attachment to the elucidation of its principles.”

The pages of Mr MacLachlan's MS. of this great national work were enriched with innumerable vocables and phrases kindred to Gaëlic, derived not only from the cognate dialects of the Keltic, but also from the Greek and Latin, as well as from the Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldaic, 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 realized.

Let us now briefly revert to events somewhat prior in our poet's life. In the Metrical Effusions formerly mentioned, there is printed an ode in the Greek language, “on the *Generation of Light*,” which had the honour of gaining the prize given by Dr Buchanan of Bengal to King's College for the best poetical ode upon the above subject. About this period (1816), he, at the request of his friend Lord Bannatyne M'Leod, deciphered several old Gaelic MSS., and transcribed them into the ordinary character. A difficult and laborious task. In 1819, Mr Gray died, and Mr MacLachlan was then appointed Head-Master of the Grammar School of Old Aberdeen, and also principal Session-Clerk and Treasurer of the parish of Old Machar. These promotions increased his income, but greatly added to his labour. He was likewise secretary to the Highland Society of Aberdeen ; and in this character, used to wear the full garb of his country when officially attending the meetings of the Society, and on other particular occasions. In 1820, the office of teacher of the classical department of the Inverness Academy became vacant. Many friends and admirers of Mr MacLachlan's great talents made strenuous exertions to procure his appointment to that situation. At the head of these friends was his firm supporter and original patron, Glengarry. Unhappily, the proceedings on that occasion,

instead of being conducted with a single regard to public utility, and the rewarding of merit, were mixed up with *local politics* and causeless prejudices. The result was, that after an unprecedentedly keen canvass, and the exercise of every available influence on both sides, Mr Maclachlan was excluded by the mere numerical force of the opposing party. It is plain from the very handsome document obtained from the Professors of Humanity and Greek at St Andrews, upon the occasion of Mr Maclachlan's being on a remit, examined by them, that want of deep scholarship, or talent as a successful teacher, was not the cause of his exclusion from a situation which he would have adorned.

Gifted with exquisite sensibility, he deeply felt the unworthy treatment thus experienced at the hands of his Norland countrymen; and he frequently expressed himself to the effect, that he was resolved never again to expose his peace of mind to the machinations of "ambidexter politicians."

Some short time after this period, his health became affected. His constitution began to yield under his incessant toils. He proceeded, however, to Ayrshire, to visit his colleague, Dr Macleod. There his health rallied considerably, and he continued in the enjoyment of much of that blessing, till the beginning of 1822; when again his health was most seriously assailed. He lingered till the 29th day of March, when this amiable man, and distinguished scholar, departed this life at the age of 47 years. It might be said that he died of a gradual decay and debility, induced by professional over-exertion and study. His locks had become, years before his death, silver-grey. In him, unquestionably, died the first Celtic scholar of his day. His premature death caused much regret in the public mind, particularly at Aberdeen, and throughout the Highlands; and deep sorrow among his numerous friends.

As a general scholar, possessed of varied learning and fine genius, Mr Maclachlan stood very high. The department of philology, however, was his *forte*, and favourite pursuit. In that respect, it is believed, he had few superiors. He was "*eximius apud Scotos philologus*." His Greek and Latin odes have met with the highest approbation from the *best* critics. The same may be predicated of his Gaelic poems. His Gaelic version of the first seven books of the Iliad stands second to the unrivalled original alone. His MS. of the national Gaelic-English Dictionary (if preserved) affords ample proof of his unwearied diligence and labour, and of his pre-eminent philological and antiquarian acquirements; notwithstanding it did not receive the final polish from his master-hand. With the true spirit of genius, his mind descended, with grateful elasticity, from those abstruse subjects to the lighter amusements of poetry and music; cheerful, and often playful conversation.

As a classical teacher, Mr Maclachlan's success is sufficiently evinced by the circumstance, that his pupils annually carried off the largest proportion of the bursaries competed for at the University. His excellencies as a scholar were equalled by his virtues as a man and a Christian. His piety was unfeigned, deep, and, in some respects enthusiastic. He was the very soul of *honour*. None could go before him in moral *purity*, worth and integrity. His manners, withal, displayed the most engaging simplicity. In life, he

secured the love and respect of all who knew him ; and in death, his memory is by them held in tender remembrance.

Eminently calculated to advance the literature and language of his native land, it is deeply to be regretted that he had not been placed through the munificence of individuals, or the public patriotism of his countrymen, in a situation of ease and comfort, such as a Professorship of Keltic in one of our Universities. There he could have effectually promoted the objects he so fondly cherished : the temperament of his modest nature required the supporting arm of a patron, as the limber vine requires the aid of the oak. But his was the too frequent lot of kindred spirits, to experience the heart-sickening of "hope deferred," and to be allowed to droop and die, the victims of ill-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 Elfington, 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 *protégé*, by meeting and escorting his remains, while passing through that chief's country. His Lochaber countrymen were not behind in exhibiting every proper feeling towards the memory of him whom they universally esteemed an honour to belong to their country. All classes of them came out to meet the hearse ; so that on entering his native village of Fort-William, the crowd was so dense, that the procession advanced with difficulty. Next day, being the 15th of April, the mortal remains of Ewen 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 midnight oil," without "one gray stone" to mark his grave !

AN SAMHRADH.

ÀTA FÒNN.—“ *An am dol sìos bhi deònach.* ”

Mocu 's mi 'g éiridh 'madainn chéitín,
'S drùchd air fear nan òintean ;
Bu shuntach éibhinn cáil gach creutair,
'Tigh'n le gleus a'm frògaibh,
Gu bláthas na gréine 'b'agh'or éiridh,
Suas air sgéith nam mòr-bheann ;
'S è teachd o'n chuan gu dreachor, buaghach,
Rioghail, uasal, òr-bhuidh.

Tha cùirtean ceutach cian nan speuran,
Laith-ghorm, réidh mar chlàraidh,
'S do sgaoil bho chèile neoil a sheideadh
Stoirn nan reub-ghaoth arda ;
Gach dùil ag éigheach fochd a's rèite,
'N teachd a cheud mhios Mhàigh oirnn ;
S gu'm b' ùr neo-thruaillidh 'n trusgan uain',
Air druim nan cluaintean fàsaich.

Bu chùirteil, prìseil, foirm gach coin,
An cuantal òrdail, greannar,
Cuir sìos ar sgeòil is blàsta gloir,
Air bharr nan òg-mheur samhraidh,
Le 'n ribheid chiùil gu for-nar dlù,
Na puirt bu shiublaich ranntachd ;
'S mac-tall' a' freagairt fuaim an feadain,
Shuas 's na creagan gleanntach.

Bì 'n ioc-shlaint chléibh am fìor shruth sléibh,
O ghlaic nam fear-choir' arda.
Le turaraich bhàin th'air bhalbhag mìn,
A shiubhlas sìos tro 'n àilean,
Mar airgead glas, 'na choilichibh eas,
Ri tòraghan bras gun tàmh orr',
Cuir sùigh gun traxill 's gach flòran uaine,
'S dlù mu bhruach nam bìlarabh.

B' è m' éibhneas riamh 'nuair dh' éirghe grian,
Le cheud gbath tiorail blàth olrn,
Bhì ceum a sìos gu heul nam mìn-shruth,
'S réidh ghorm lith mar sgàthan,
A' snamh air fulbh gu samhach bulbh,
Gu cnantaibh gailbheinn sàil ghlais,
Tro lùbaibh cum le straitheibh ghleann
Tha tilge greann a Mhàirt diu.

Air nehd an fhìor-uig '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 ghrunn,
Tha dealbh gach toghnaidh 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, tarr-
'S cleoc nan meanbh-bhall ruadh air, [ghen'
Beo, brisg, gun chearb air bhunne garbh,
O'n mhuir is gailbheach nuallan ;
Gu h-iteach, earr-ghobhlach, grad-mheamnach,
Leum air ghearr-sgiath luatha,
Le cham-ghob ullamh cheapa chuilcag,
Bhios feadh shruth nan cnairteag.

Guin faicte loma barr gach tomain,
Caorich thromha, liontaidh,
Gu ceigeach, bronnach, garbh an tofalt,
Rusgach, ollach, min-tiugh ;
'S an unaihb geala, luatha, glana,
Rì cluaineis mhear a' dian-ruith,
Le mèillich mhaoth m' an cuairt do'n raon,
A's pàirt san fhraoch gau griauadh.

'S na tràthan ceart thig dròbh nam mart,
'An ordugh steach do'n bhuaile,
Le 'n ùithibh làn, gu reamhar, làirceach,
Drnim-fhionn, crà-dhearg, guaillionn ;
'S gach gruagach àigh gu cridheil, gàireach,
Craicneach, snàthach, cuachach ;
Air lom an tothair, fonn air bleothann,
Steall bu bhiothar fuaimrich.

Gur h-ionmhuinn gaoir struth-ghheimnich-laugh,
Ri leumnaich fhaoin fea 'n àilein,
Gu seang-brisg, uallach, eutrom, guanach,
Pòr is uaisle stràiceis,
'S iad dù-ghlas, riabhach, caisfhionn, stiallach,
Bailghfionn, ciar-dhubh, barr-lom,
'S an earblaibh sguabach togte suas,
A' duibh-ruith nuas gu màthair.

O Shàmhradh ghengaich, ghrianaich, cheutaich,
Dhuillich, fheuraich, chi-in-ghil !
Bho t-anail fein thig neart a's speurad,
Do gach creutair diùidi,
Bha 'n sàs 'an slabhraidh reot a gheamhraidh,
Ann an àm na dàdlachd,
'S tha nis a'damhs, fèadh ghlaic a's ghleann,
'M' ad theachd a nall as ùr oirn.

'S tu tarbhach reachdor, biachar, pùilt,
Le feart do fhrasan blatha,
A thig nan ciaraich mhaoth-bhuig dhriùchd,
A' dorts sùigh gun fhàillinn,

'S ann leam is taitneach fiamh do bhrait,
O fhilùraibh 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,
Gu rimheach, 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.

Bi'dh sòbhrach luaineach, gheal-bhui, chluasach,
Ann am bruach nan alltabh,
'S a bhlolair 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-sblat.

An gleann fo bharrach, réisgeach, canuach,
Feurach, raineach, luachrach,
Gu min-bhog, mealach, brìghor, bainnear,
Cìb, a's eneamh in' an cuairt ann ;
Bidh lom a bhlàir is reachdair fàs,
A' dol fo stràc neo-thruaillidh,
'S an saoghall a 'gàirdechas le fàillt,
A thaobh gu'n dh' fhag am fuachd sinn.

Gur ceann-ghorm loinneil dos gach doire,
Bhios sa choille chrùchdaich,
Gu sleabhach ard fo iomlan blàth,
O bhun gu bharr 'n comhdach ;
An snothach sùghor thig o'n dùsluing
Ann sna fiùrain nòsar,
A' brùchda meas tro shlios nan geug,
A's tlus nan speur ga'n còmhnuadh.

Gach maoth phreas ùr gu duilleach cùbhraidh,
Peurach, ùbhlach, sòghar,
Trom thorach, luisreagach, a' lùbadh,
Measach, driùchdach, lùdail ;
Le cud-throm ghagan dlù dhonn-dhearg,
A bhios air slait nan crèc-mheur,
'S co millis blas ri mil o'n sgeap,
Aig seillein breac a chròtain.

Bidh coisridh mhuirneach nan gob lùghor,
Ann sgach ùr-dhos uaigneach,
Air gheugaibh dlù nan duilleach ùr-ghorm,
Chuireadh sunnt fo'n duanaig ;
Thig smèorach chuirteil, druid a's bru-dhearg,
Uiseag chiùin a's cuachag,
Le h-òran cianail, fann-bhog tiamhaidh,
N glacaidh dhiomhair uaine.

M' an innsin sìos gach nì bu mhian leam,
Ann am briathran seolta,
Cha chuirinn crìoch le dealbh am bliadhn'
Air ceathramh trian de'n b' eol domh,
M' a ghloir nan speur, 's an t-saogha' gu léir,
A lion le h-éibhneas mòr mi,
'N nair rinn mi éiridh madainn chéitein,
'S dealt air feur nan lòintean.

AM FOGHAR.

Fonn—"Nuair thig an Samhra geugach oirn."

GRAN éiridh fonn a's fìor-ghlens oirbh,
Na biodh 'ur 'n inntinn smuàireanach ;
Tha sgeul is ait leam innse dhuibh,
Cho binn l'ho 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 dhìcheall guìomh nan tuathanach.

Tha 'm foghar a' nochda cairdeis duinn,
'S e bhuilich am pailteas gnàthaicht oirn
A mhaithas gu fialaidh pairticear,
Gun ghainne; gun fhàilne truacantachd ;
Gheibh duine's brùda shàthachadh
'O sheileir na dùsluing nàdurra ;
Gun' sgaolair na bùird gu failteachail
Ga 'r cuireadh gu lùn ar tuarsadail

Theid sgraing an acrais bhiasgaich dhinn,
'S a ghorta chrìon gu'm fuadaichear,
Bu ghuineach, sgaitheach, bior-guineach,
Géur-ghoint' a ruinn' ghob nuaranta ;
'S e 'd'heughbladh sùgh nan caolan bhuat,
'Chur neul an Aoig mu d' ghruaim-mhala ;
Gun teid an tarmasg dìoghaltach
A ghreasad null th' ar chuaintean bhuainn.

Bidh coirce strath nan dù-ghleannabh,
Fo'n dreach is cùirteil prìseileachd,
Trom thorach, diasach, cuinnleanach,
Ard, luirgneach, suighte, sonraichte ;
'S am pannal ceolmhor, mùirneachail,
Gu sunntach, surdail, ordamail.
Co gleusta, saothreach, luath-lamhach,
'S am barr ga bhuain 'na dhòrlaichean.

Gach te gu dìleas deannadach,
Le corran cam-ghorm, geur-fhiaclach,
Ri farpuis stritheil, dhiorraich,
Cuir fuinn a sìos fo dhuaganan ;

Bidh oigridh, lùghor, mbeanmheach,
A' ceangal bhann na sguabanuan,
Le 'n diolt am briodal màranach,
A bheireadh glàir air gruagaichean.

'S an Iuchar chiatnach, ghaothor, théid
Feur-saoidh na faich' a sgoileadh leim
A' ceann nan riaghan caola 'bhios
Air lom nan raoitean uain-neulach ;
Na ràchdain làidir liath-ghiubhais
A tionndadh rolag suiomhanach,
Gu 'n tiormachadh 's na grian-ghathan,
Cho caoin 's as miaun le tuathanach.

'N uair dh'fhosgla *Phæbus* sèdmraichean,
Na h-aird-an-iar thoirt ordugh dhuinn ;
• An dubhar an fheasgair tòisichear,
Ri cruinneacha feòir 'an cruachannan ;
Bidh mulain is gairbhe dòmhadas,
Gu tomaltach, cuirricheach, mor-cheannach ;
Grad fhighear na siomain chorr umpa,
Gù sgiobailte, doigheil, suaicheanta.

Bidh iomairean cian fo stràcan ann,
Le doireachan gorm buntàta orra,
Gu ginnreach, dosach, cràc-mheurach,
Bog-mhògach, lairreach, uain-neulach ;
Barr-gùc a's dearg-gheal fàs orra,
'Sa dhreach mar ròs nan gàraidhnean ;
Bidh paidirein phlumbas àillidh ann,
Air mheangain 'nam barr nan cluanaibh.

Nuair thig an aimsir ghnàthaicht oirn,
'Sa bhuainear as a làraich è,
Grad-nochdar fras bhuntàta dhuinn,
Ga chrathadh o'n bharr 'na dhòrlaichean,
Ceud mìle dreach a's dealbh orra,
Gu faobach, geamlach, garbh-phlucach,
Cruidh mheallach, uibeach, ghailbheach iad,
A' tuiteam mar gharbhlaich dòrnagan.

'S iad cìochach, dearg-dhubh, breac-shuileach,
Gu tana mìn-gheal, leacannach ;
Gu plubach, cruinn-gheal, cnapanach,
'S iad fad-chumpach na uaireannan ;
B'e 'n toradh biadhar, feartach è,
Nach mall a lìona chaitangan,
'Nuair ghréidhear ann sa phraisich è,
'S è bhlas is taitneach buaghaman.

'S glan fàile nan cnò gaganach,
Air ard-shlios nan cròc bad-dhuillennach ;
'S trom fàsor am por bagailteach,
Air bharr nam fad-ghéug sòlasach ;
Theid brìgh nam fùran slat-mheurach,
'An cridhe nan ùr-cnap blasadach ;
Gur brisg-ghéal sùgh a chagannaich,
Do neach a chagnas dòrlach dhù.

'S clann-bheag a ghnà le'm pocannan,
A' streup ri h-ard nan dos-chrannabh,
A bhuain nan cluann mog-mheurach,
Gu lugh'or, docoir, luath-lambach ;
'Nuair dh' fhaoisgear as na mogail iad,
'S a bhristear plaoisg nan cohall diu,
Gur caoin am maoth-bhlas fortuach,
Bhios air an fhros neo-bhruaileanach.

'S è mìos nam buaidhean taitneach è,
Bheir pòr an t-sluaigh gu h-abachadh ;
O'm fograr gruain an acrais dinn,
O's maireann pailteas pòrsain duinn ;
Mìos bog nan ùbhlán breac-mheallach,
Gu peurach, plumbach, sgeachagach,
A' lùisreadh sìos le dearcagaibh,
Cir-mhealach, beachach, gròiseideach.

Mios molach, robach, bracuirneach
'S è catoil ròicèil, tacarach,
Gu h-ìolannach, cuirricheach, adagach,
Trom-dhiasach, bhreac-gheal, sguabanach ;
Mios miagh nam fuarag, stapagach,
Buntàtach, feòlar, sgadanach,
Gu h-ìneach, càiseach, ceapaireach,
Le bheirtas pailt gu truacantachd.

Gu saothreach, stritheil, lambachair,
An oigridh dhileas, thàbhachdach,
Ri taobh nan luingean sàile 'm biodh,
An sgadan a snamh 's a bhoimeireachd
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 òidheche chiar-ghlas oirn,
'S a dhubhas an iarmailt chèo-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-ghreannach.

Gur dàicheil, sùrdail, cruadalach,
Fir ùr nan cruaidh lamh conspaideach,
A' strì co fuiribh 's luaithe bhios
Air thùs an t-sluaigh 's a chonnasacha ;
A cholluinn nan tonn buaireasach,
Le neart nan cuaille beo ghiubhais ;
Mar dhrùid nan speur cho luath dhut iad,
Thar stuadh is uinbhreach crònanaich.

Air tàrla dhuibh san ionad, 's am
Bì n t-iasg ri mìre ghorach, theid
Na lìn a chur ga h-ìongantach
Air uched a ghrinnail bhòc-thonuach ;

'Nuair thogar ann sa mhàdainn iad
Gu trom-lan, breac le lodalachd,
Gur suntach, siubhlach, dhachaigh iad
Le'n tacar beairteach, sòlasach.

Gu h-aigeanntach, eutrom, inntinneach,
Fìr aighearach, ghleust, air lingeannan,
Le saighdean geur nan trì-mheurabh,
Air ghallanaibh dìreach cruaidh shleagbach ;
A' sireadh an èisg le duibh-lìasaibh,
Thèid seachad na leum air fìor-uisge ;
Na mordhachan reubach, dìobhalach,
Gan tarraim gu tìr air bhruachannaibh.

'S an oidheche chìùraidh, fhiathail, gum
Bì sùrd air leis gam pleòiteachadh,
Gum pacar anns na h-urraigean iad
Speallt thioram ùr gu h-ordamail :
Bidh dearg a's cruaidh gan giùlan ann,
Chuir smùid a suas gu beò-losgadh,
A ruith nam bradan fad-bhronnach,
Feadh bhuinne cäs nam mor-shruithean.

'S am bradan eutrom, aineasach,
Brisg, grad-chlis, meamnach, luasganach,
'Na éideadh liath-ghlais, dhearg-bhallaich,
Dù-lannach, mean-bhreac, cluaineiseach ;
Gur gob-cham, slisimhor, tarr-gheal è,
Le stiùir bu shiabhach earr-ghobhlach,
Ri lù-chleas bras air ghearr-agiathaibh,
'An toirmrich gharbh nan cuairteagan.

Gun d'fhuair sibh dàn a nise bhuam,
Mar thug mi fios a' tòiseachadh,
Mu bhuaidh nam mìosan biotailteach,
Tha trom le gibhtean sòlasach,
Gu 'm beil da rann thar-fhichead ann
'S o's mist è tuille ròpaireachd,
Gun cuir mi crìoch gu tìmeil air,
M' am fàg mi sgìth le hòilich sibh.

AN GEAMHRADH.

AIR Fonn—" 'S i so 'n aimsir a dhearbhar."

Tha *Phæbus* s na speuraibh
Ag éiridh na thrìall,
Roi reulltaichean *Geur-shaighead*,*
Bheumnaich nan sìan ;

Ur-éifeachd a cheud gath
Gu ceiteineach grinn,
A ni feum do gach creutair
O éireadh d'an dìon.

Than a tlà gathan blàth ud
A b' fhàbharach dhuinn
Gar fàgail aig nàmbaid
Na dl' fhàsas a h-ùir ;
O na thrìall e roi chrìochaibh
Na Riaghailt† 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 :
Tha giùig air na dùilean
Le funntainn an fhuachd,
Fo dhù-linn trom-thùrsach,
Ri ciucharan truagh.

Tha 'm Foghar reachdor, sìalaidh,
Bu bhliadh 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, ghruamach
'S neo-thruacanta bàigh.

Le stròiceadh na dòilichinn
Thoirleum gu làr,
Gorm chomhdach nam mòr-chrann
Bu chròc-cheannach barr,
Nì fuigh-bheatha sùghor
Nan ùr-fhaillean àrd,
Tro fhéithean nan geugan
Grad thearnadh gum freumh.

Na h-eòineinean boidheach
Is òrdamail pong,
Le'n dlù-fheadain shunntach
O'n siubhlaiche fonn ;
Gum fògrar o'n cheòl iad
Gu clò-chadal trom ;
'S nì iad comhuaidh 's gach còs
Ann am frògaibh nan toll.

Thig leir-sgrìos air treudan
Nam feur-luibhean gorm ;
Di-mhilltear gach dìthean
Bu mhin-ghibeach dealbh :

* Sagittarius and Capricorn, two constellations on the Zodiac or Ecliptic.

† Riaghailt, the Equinoctial line.

Fior aognaichidh aogasg
Nan aonach 's nan learg,
Le spionadh nan siannan
Dian-ghuineach, garg.

An ciar sheillean srian-bhuidhe
'S cianaile srann,
Bha dicheallach gnìomhach,
Feadh chìoch nan lus fann,
Gun còmhnuich e'n stòr-thaigh
Nan seòmraichean cam ;
'S gu leoir aige bheo-shlaint
Air lòn-mhìl nach gann.

Theid a mheanbh-chuileag shamhraidh
Le teanntachd gu bàs,
Ge b' éibhneach a leumnaich
'An ceud-mhìos a mbàigh ;
Gach lùb shruth bu bhùrn-ghlan
A shiubhladh tro 'n bhlàr,
Fo chruaidh-ghlais de'n fhuar-dheibh
Is nuarranta càil.

Bi'dh sàr-obair nàduir
Le fàillinn fo bhròin,
Feadh chàthar, a's àrd-bheann,
A's fhàsach nan lòn ;
Cha dearbhar cluith mheamnach
Nan garbh-bhradan mòr,
'S ni iad tamh-chadal sàmhach
Fo sgàil bhadaibh gorm.

Theid Æolus, rìgh fiadhaich
Nan sianntainnean doirbh,
Gu fuar-thalla gruaim-ghreannach,
Tuath-fhrasan searbh ;
Grad-fhuasglàr leis cruaidh ghlas
Nan ua'-bhòisdean garg,
Clach luath-mheallain, 's cuairt-ghaoth
Bu bhuaireanta colg.

Thig teann-chogadh Geamhraidh
Le h-aimhleas a nìos,
Ann an dorchadas stoiruibh
Air charbad nan nial ;
A duibh-fhroiseadh shaighdean
Tro'n àidhbheis gu dian,
Geur, ruinn-bhiorach, puiseannta,
Chlaoidheas gach nì.

Bi'dh armachd nan uabhas
Mu'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 greanu ;
Gur gorm-robach, doirbh-chorrach,
Borbadh nan tonn ?
Gu h-àrdach, càir-gheal,
A' bàrcadh nan deann ;
Agus gàirich a bhàis bi'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 maoin-thuilean ruadh ;
'S marcachd-sìne na dìleann
G'ar mìobhadh le fuachd.

Thig clacha-meallain garbha
Le stairearach 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 mbeall nan cruach,
Le smùidrich an dù-reothaidh
Dhìnghaltaich, fhuair ;
Ga leir dhuinn lag-éiridh
Na gróine ri h-uair,
Grad-fhalchaidh i carbad
Geal, deulrach, sa' chuan.

Le dall-chur na failbhe
Gum falchar gach meall ;
Sneachd cléiteagach gle-thuing
Nan speur os ar ceann
Gu h-àrd domhainn barr-gheal
Air fàsaich nan gleann ;
Bi'dh nàdur fo'n stràc ud
Gu fàillinneach, fann.

Thig iom-chatbhadh feanntaidh
Fo shramnaich nan stoirn,
A ghluaiseas an luath-shneachd
Na fhuar-chithibh doirbh ;
Bi'dh an smùid ud ad' sgiùrsadh
Le dù-chuthach searbh ;
'Sa léireadh nan slèisnean
Mar gheur-shalann garg.

Bi'dh gach sùil agus aodunn
Ag aognachadh fianh ;
Agus ceòraich an rèb
Air na feòsagaibh liath :

Bi'dh spùtadh na funntainn
Is drùightiche sìan,
A' tolladh tro d' ghrùdhan
Gu ciùrr-bheumnach, dian.

Mios reub-bhiorach, éireanda,
Chreuchdas gach dùil ;
Mios buairesach, buailteach,
'S neo-thrucant' a ghnùis ;
Mios nuarranta, buagharra,
'S tuath-ghaothach spùt,
Bhios gu h-earr-ghlaiseach, feargach,
Le stairearach nach ciùin.

Mios burroughlasach, falmarra,
Gharbh-fhrasach fuar ;
Tha gliob-shleamhain, dileanta,
Grim-reotach, cruaidh,
Ged robh luirnean gan ròsladh
Ri deagh theine guail,
Bi'dh na sàiltean gan cràdhladh
Gu bàs leis an fhuachd.

Mios colgarra, borb-chur,
Nan stoiruibh nan deann,
Gu funntainneach, puinnseunta,
'S diùghaltach srann :
A' beuchdaich 's na speuraibh
Le leir-sgrìos gu call:
Bior-dheilgneach, le gairisinn,
Bu mheill-chrithach greann.

Cha'n àireamh na thainig,
De bhàrdaibh san fheoil,
Gach ànnradh thug teanntachd
A gheamhraidh g'ar còir ;
Ach, mu'm fairghear mo sheanachas
Gun dealbh air ach sgleò,
Gur tim dhomh bhì crìochnachadh
Briathran mo sgeòil.

AN T-EARRACH.

AIR FOMH—"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, seanntaidh, fuar,
A lom, 'sa dh' aognaich snuadh gach nì.

Nis o'n phill a ghrian a nall
Tréigidh sìd a's annradh gàrg :
Islichear strannraich nan speur,
'S ceanglar srian am beul gach stoirn ;
Sguiridh na builg sbéididh 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 ghuaillibh nan gruaim bheann ciar.
Fosglaidh tobraichean a ghruinn,
A bhrùchdas nan spùtaibh dian ;
'S deith gu sgealbach, ceilleachdach, dlù,
Le gleadhraich ghairbh ga sgùradh sìos.

Sgapaidh dall-cheo tiugh nan nial
As a cèil' an iar 's an ear,
Na mheallaibh giobach, ceigeach, liath,
Druim-robach, ogluidh, ciar-dhubh, glas,
A' snàmh san fhaillbhe mhòir gun cheann,
A null 'sa nall, mar luing fo beairt ;
'S iathaiddh iad nan rùsgaibh bàn
Mu spiodaibh piceach àrd nam bac.

Nochdaidh *Phabus* duinn a gnùis,
A' dealradh o thùr nan speur,
Le soille caoimhneil, baoisgeil, blàth,
Gu tlusmhor, bàigheil, ris gach creubh :
Na sgrios a ghaillionn chiuirraidh fhuar,
Mosglaidh iad a nuas o'n eug ;
Ath-nuadhaichear a bhliadhn' as ùr,
Gach dùil gu mùirneach ; surd air feum.

Sgeudaichear na lòn 's na blàir,
Fo chomhdach àluinn lusaibh meauhb ;
Sgaoididh iad a mach ri gréin
An duilleach fein fo mhìle dealbh :
Gu giobach, caisreagach, fo'm blàth,
Le'n dathaibh àillidh, fann-gheal, dearg ;
Bileach, mealach, maoth-bhog, ùr,
Luirgneach, sùghmhor, driùchdach, gorm.

Gur h-ionmhuinn an sealladh fonnmhor
A chitear air lom gach leacainn ;
'S cùbhraidh leam na sìon na Frainge
Fàile thom, a's bheann, a's ghlaic ;
Milseineach, biolaireach, sòbhrach,
Eagach cuach nan neoinn maiseach,
Siomragach, failleineach, brigh'or,
Luachrach, ditheanach, gun ghaiseadh.

Thig mùilleinean de shluagh an fheòir
Brò fo tlùs nam fann-ghath tlà,
Le 'n sgiathaibh sìoda, ball-bhreac òir,
'S iad daithte 'm boichead mìos a Mhàigh :

An tuairneagaibh geal nam flùr,

Dùisgidh iad le h-ìochd a bhlàis,

'S measgnaichidh an rìghle dlù

'S a chéitein chiùin nach lot an càil !

Diridh snothach suas o'n fhriamhaich

Tro cham-chuislibh shníomhain bhad-chraun,

Gu maoth-bhlasda, mealach, cùbhraidh,

Sior chuir sùigh 's nam fiùran shlàtach ;

Bi'dh an còmhach gorm a' brùchdadh

Roi shlois ùr nan dlù-phreas dosrach,

Duilleach, làbach, uasal, sgiamhach,

Dreach nam meur is rimheach coltas.

Bi'dh eòin bheaga bhinn a chàthair,

A cruinneachadh shràbh gu nèadan ;

Togaidh iad 's na geugaibh naigheach

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 ìbhneas 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 mion, a's laoi, a's uain,

Nam mìltibh m'an cuairt do'n bhlàr ;

'S breac-ghéal dreach nan raon 's nan stùc,

Fo chòisridh mheanbh nan lù-chleas bàth !

Bidh gabhair nan adhaircean crèach,

Stangach, cam, an aird nan sealb-chreag ;

Rob-bhrat iom-dhathach m'an cuairt daibh,

Caitean ciar-dhubh, gruamach, gorm-ghlas,

S na minneinan laghach, greannar,

Le meigeadaich fhann g'an leanmhuinn :

'S mìreanach a chleasachd ghuanach

Bhios air pòr beag luath nan gearr-mheann.

Caoirich cheig-rùsgach fo chòmhach ;

Sgaoilt air reithleinn lònitean-driuchdach ;

'A uaineinean cho geal ri cainichean

Air chluaintibh nan learg ri sùgradh.

An erodh mòr gu liontaidh làirceach,

Ag ionaltradh fhàsach ùr-ghorm ;

An dream lith-dhonn, chaisiunn, bhan-bhreac,

Ghuailiunn, chra-dhearg, mhàgach, dhùmhail.

'S inntinneach an eòl ri m' chluais

Fann-ghèum laogh m'an cuairt do'n chrò,

Ri coì-ruith timcheall nan raon,

Grad-bhrisg, seang-mhear, aotrom, brò ;

Stairirich aig an luirghean luath,

Sios m'an bhrùnach gu gnaich òg ;

'S teach 'sa mach á buaille lain,

'S bras an leum ri bàirich bhò !

'N aimsir ghnàthaichte na bliadhna,

Sgapar siol gu biadh san fhearann,

Ga thilgeadh na fhrasaibh dìona,

'S na h-iomairean fiara, cama :

Sgalag, a's eich laidir, ghuimhach

Ri straidhlich nan cliath gan tarraunn ;

'S tiodhlaicear fo'n dùsluing mhin

An gràineau liontaidh 's brìgh'or toradh.

Sgoiltear am buntàta enuachdach

Na sgràilleagaibh cluasach, bachlach ;

Theid an inneir phronn na lòdaibh

Socach, trom, air chòmhuard achaidh ;

Le treun ghearrain chùbach, chàrnach,

Chliabhach, spidreach, bhràideach, shrathrach

Sùrd air teachd-an-tìr nan Gàid,

Dh' fheuch an tàr e fo'n talamh.

'Nuair a thogas *Phæbus* àigh

Mach gu h-àrd nan nial a ceann,

O sheomar dealrach a chuain

Ag òradh air chruach nam beann ;

Brùchdaidh as gach ceann an tuath,

'Staigh cha'n fhuirich luath no pall,

Inntrigidh air gnìomh nam buadh,

" Buntàta 's inneir ! suas an crann ! "

Theid an inneal-draibh an òrdugh,

Sean eich laidir mhòr a' tarraunn

Nan ionnstramaid ghleadrach, ròpach,

Beairt 'san lionmhor còrd a's amull,

Ailbheagan nan cromag fiara,

Socach, coltrach, giadhach, langrach ;

Glige-ghlaige cruinn 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 chornig,

Buntàta, 's inneir theith na cliabhaidh

Ga taomadh san fhiar-chlais chorraich,

Aig barral clis lùgmhor gleusda,

Cridheil, eutrom, brisg gun smalan ;

'S gillean òg a' diol na h-àbhachd,

Brinthrach, gàireach, càirdeil, fearail.

'Nuair dh' fhalachar san ùir an pìr,

Thig feartan gar còir o'n àird,

A sgrìtean liath-ghlas nan nial,

Frasaidh e gu ciatach blàth,

Silteach, sàmbach, lionmhor, ciùin,

Trom na bhrùchdaibh, ciùbrach, tiàth ;

'S miorbhnilleach a bhraonach dhùl,

Iarbhach maoth-mhiu, driuchdach, seamh

'S lionmhor sunicheantas an Earraich,

Nach comas domh luaidh le fìleachd ;

Ràidhe 's tric a chaochail enraidh,

'S ioma car o thùs gu dheireadh ;

Ràidhe'n tig am faoileach feannaidh,
Fuar chlach-mbeallain, stoirn nam peileir,
Feadag, sguabag, gruaim a Ghearrain,
Crainnti Chailleach is heurra friodhan.

'Nuair spùtas gaoth lom a Mhàirt oirn,
Ni 'n t-sìd ud an t-àil a chrannadh,
Mios cabhagach, oibreach, saothreach,
Nam feasgar slaod-chianail, reangach :
Acras a' diogladh nam maodal,
Blianach, caol-ghlas, aognaidh, greannach ;
Deòghlar trian do t' fhior-liunn-tàth bhuat ;
'S mar ghad sniomhain tàirnear fad thu.

Ràidhe san tig tùs annlainn,
Liteach, càbhrach, làdhan lapach,
Druin-fhionn, cean-fhionn, brucach, riaspach
Robach, dreamsglach, riadhach, rapach ;
Càl a's feoil, a's cruinn-bhuntàta,
'S aran corca laidir, reachdmhor :
Bog no cruaidh, ma chanar biadh ris,
S e nach diult an ciad ni 's faigse.

'N uair thig òg-mhios chèitein ciùin oirn,
B' dh a bhliadhn an tùs a maise ;
'S flathail, caoimhneil, soilse grèine,
Mios geal ceutach, speur-ghorm, feartach,
Flùrach, ciùrach, bliochdach, maoineach,
Uanach, caorach, laoghach, martach,
Gruthach, uachdrach' caiseach, sùghmhòr,
Mealach, cùbhraidh, drùchdach, dosrach.

Nis théid Earrach uainn air chuairt,
'S thig an samhradh ruag 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 mi ceum troi 'n lòn a null,
'S tàirneam crìoch air fonn mo rann.

M A R B - R A N N

DO MR SEUMAS BEATTIE,

[Fear-teagaisg Càinain, 's nan Eolus nadurra, ann an Aol-taigh ùr-Obairreadhain, a chaochail sa' mhàdainn diardaoin, an ceathramh latha de'n ochdamh mìos 1810.]

— κρηναὶ σταλαῖς ὕδατος γοῦνο !

AIR FONN—"Mort Ghlinne-Comhann."

Och nan och ! mar a ta mi ;
Thréig mo shùgradh, mo inhàran, 's mo cheol !
'S trom an aiceid tha 'm chràdh-lot,
'S goirt am beum a rinna sgàiteach 'an fheòil ;

Mi mar ànrach nan cuaintean,
A chailleas astar feadh stuidhan sa chèò ;
O'n bhuail teachdair a bhàis thu,
A Charaid chaoimh bu neo-fhàilteumach gl'ìir.

A Ghaoil ! a Ghaoil de na fearaibh !
'S fuar a nochd air an darach do chréubh
'S fuar a nochd air a bord thu,
Fhiùrain uasail bu stòild ann ad bhèus !
An lamh gheal, fhurannach, chàirdeil,
Is tric a ghlac mi le fàilte gu 'n phléid,
Ri d' thaobh 's an anair na sìneadh,
Na meall fuar creadha, fo chis aig an éug !

A mhiog-shuil donn bu tìà 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 spideil duais foille, no sannt ;
A nochd gun phiosg air an dèile !
Sian mo dhosgainn, nach breugach an rann.

Gun smid tha 'n ceann anns na thàrnaich
Bladh gach eòlais a b' àird ann am miagh ;
Gliocas eagnaich na Gréige,
'S na thuig an Eadailt bu gheur-fhaclaich brigh !
'S balbh fear-rèitich gach teagaimh ;
Annas a bheurla chruaidh, spreigearra, ghriunn !
'N uair bhios luchd-foghlaim fo dhubhar,
Co na t-ionads a dh' fhuasglas an t-suinm ?

'S balbh an labhraiche pòngail,
Bu tearc r'a fhaotainn a chompanach beoil ;
'Am briathran snaighte, sgéimh-dhealbhadh,
A chur na h-ealaidh no 'n t-seanchais air neoil ;
Ge b' e bàrd an dàin chéutaich,
Mu chian-astar Ænéas o Thrùidh ;
'S firinn cheart nach bu dùil leis,
E-fein thoirt mar ùghdair do sgeòil.

Gun smid tha'n gliocair a b' eolach,
Air fad na cruithachd a dh' òrdaich Mac Dhé !
Gach gnè an saoghal na fairge,
'S a mhachthir chùmhnaidh no 'n garbhlaich an
Gach bileag ghorm a tha lùbadh, [t-sleibh :
Fo throm eallaich nan driùchd ris a ghrèin :
'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 ghlormhor 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-ama bu làidir,
'San fhuiladh-òr-thadhn Pàrras thoirt dhuinn.

Riaghlach t-eòlas 's do ghiulan,
Modh na foirfeachd a b' iuil dut 's gach ceum ;
Do mhòr-chridh uasal gun tnùth ann
Gunghoimh, gun uabhar, gun lùban, gun bhrèig ;
Cha b' uaisle thogach an fhasain,
Cha dealradh saibhreis a dh-atadh do spéis ;
'Sì 'n iuntinn fhior-ghlan, a b' fhuil leat,
A's foghlum dìchill ga stiùireadh le céill.

Mo chreach lèir ! an taigh mùirneach,
'S am faict' a ghreadhaingusuntach mu'n bhòrd,
Dreòs na céire toirt soillese,
Gach fion bu taitniche faoileas, fo chròic :
Do chuilm bu chonatrach, fàilteach,
B' aiseag-slainge dhuinn màran do bheoil ;
Bu bhinn a thogail na téis thu,
'S a chruit fhonnoir ga gléusadh gu ceòl.

'N uair dh' éireadh còisridh bu choinnealt,
A dhamhs' gu lùghor rì pronnadh nam pòg ;
Gum b' éibhinn crì do mhnà-comuinn,
Do chrùilein maoth, 's iad gu tomanach, donn ;
A ghearradh leum air bhòrd loma,
Dol seach a chéile mar ghloireadh am fonn,
Ach dh' fhalbh sid uile mar bhrùadar,
"No bristeadh builgein air uachdar nan tonn."

A rìgh ! gur cianail mo smaointean,
Rì linn do t-àrois bhi faotrach gun mhùirn !
Sguir a chuilm 's an ceol-gàire,
Chaidh meoghail ghreadhnach 's màran o'r cùl :
Chinn an talla fuar fàsail ;
'S è chuir mullach na fardoich 'na smùr
Ceann na didinn, 's na riaghailt,
A bhi sa' chadal throm shiorruidh nach dùisg !

Do bhantrach bhoched mar ian tiamhaidh,
Rì truagh thùrsa, 'sa sgiathan mu h-àl ;
A nèadan 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-dhile 'tighinn thart as gach àird !
A Rìgh nan aingeal ! bi d' dhion daibh,
'S tionndaidh ascaoin na sìne 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-uaign ;
A liuthad diùlannach ainmis,
A dh' àrdaich t-ionnsachadh ainneamh gu uaill ;
'S gach là bhios-càirdeas air faoineachd,
A Bheattie chluitich ! bi d' cuin' air do luach.

Rinn t-éug sinn nìle gun sòlas,
Thateach nan inneachd, 'san òigridh fo phràmh ;
Chaidh Albainn buileach fo cìslean,
Sgur na Ceòlraidean Grèugach de'n dàn :

Thainig dall-bhrat na h-òidhech' oirn,
O'n chaidh lochbrann na soillese na smàl :
B' e sid an crith-reothadh céitein
A mhìll am fochann bu cheutaiche bàrr !

Bu tu craobh-abhull a ghàraidh,
A chaoidh cha chinnich m' s' àillidh fo'n ghrèin !
Dealt an t-sàmbruidh mu blàthaibh,
Lùisreadh dhuilleag air chràcaibh, a geug
Ach thilg dubh-dhoirionn a gheamhraidh,
A bheithir theinntidh le srann as an speur ;
Thuit an gallan ùr, rìmhach,
'S uile mhaise ghrad-chrìon air an fheur !

A Thì tha stiùireadh na cruinne !
'Stuleig d'ar n-ionnsuidh a bhuille bha cruaidh !
Sinnse enail an t-sàr ulaidh,
Neònad priseil nan iomadaidh buaidh !—
Dh' fhalbh a chombaisd, 's na siùil oirn,
Chaidh an gaisreadh 's an fhiùbhai 'n am bruan,
Gach creag 'na cunnart do'n fhiùraich,
O laidh duibh' 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 dèigh m' fhàgail,
A sheasadh dùrachdach dan' air mo chòir :
Bi'dh sid an chliabh 'na bheum enàmhain,
Gus an uair anns an tàr mi fo'n fhòd ;
Ach 's glic an t-Aon a thug cìs dhinn,
'S da òrdugh naomh bith'mid strìochda gach lò.

SMEORACH CHLOINN-LACHUINN.

LUINNEAG.

*Hoilidh o, iriag, d' luil, b ;
Hoilidh o, iriag, hòrò hì ;
Hoilidh o, iriag, d' luil, d ;
Smeòraich a sheinn òran mì.*

'S smèòrach mise le chloinn-Lachuinn ;
Seinneam ceòl nìr bharr nan dùsan ;
'S tric leam dùsgadh moch am' chadal
'S m'braun maidne 'sheinn le frùgan.
Hoilidh o, &c.

Cha mhi 'm fiteach gionach, sgàiteach,
Na clamban a chrom-ghiub shraicich ;
'S cian mo linn o' eoin a chathair
Chleachd tigh'n' beò air sàth nan àblach.
Hoilidh o, &c.

'S mor gu'm b' anns' an àm bhi 'g'éiridh
Madaoin Shamhraidh fhaun-bhuig, chéitein ;
Dìol nan rann gun ghreann gun eislein,
'S toirm an damhs' air chrann nan géugan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Bha mi n' còmhnuidh 'n tùs mo laithibh
Aig Peithinn nan seamb-shruth airgeid,
Measg nam flùran driuchdach, tlàtha,
Fhuair mi 'n àrach pàirt de m' aimsir.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Tha mi nis an tìr gun bhruidhlean,
Tìr tha feartach, reachdor, buaghail ;
'S lionmhor àgh tha fàs air nachdar
Tìr nan seabh da'n ainm na Cluaineau.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Tha na h-eoin is labhar coireall,
Feadh na coille 'n dlùths nam badan ;
Buidheann phròiseal, cheolmhor, loinneal,
Ard an coilleag,—binn an glaigeal.

Hoilbh o, &c.

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.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Coisridh lughor, mùirneach, greannar,
Seolta gluasad fuaim an seannsar ;
Pòr gun sgread, gun reasg, gun teannachd,
Gleusd' am feadain ; deas an rauntachd.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Grian a'g eiridh dealrach, òr-bhui,
Le gath soills' air ghorm nam mor-bheann ;
Fàileadh cubhraidh dhriuchd nan lointean,
Sileadh meal air bharr gach feòirnean.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Eoin bheag bhuchlach nam pong ceòlmhor !
Coimh-fhreagraibh leam tèis an òrain ;
Dreach nan cluaineau mar bu choir dhomh
Dh' innsinn sìos am briathran òrdail.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S ionnmhuinn leam a chulaidh fhraoich
Dh' fhas air taobh nan luirgnean cäs,
Badach, gaganach, caoin, ùr,
'S ucoil do'n' mhil a smuidealh às.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S boidheach treud nan uaineau geala
Ruith 'sa réis feadh chluaineau bainnear ;
'S caoirich bhronnach, thromach, cheigeach,
Air 'm bu sheideach blonag shaile.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S blasda, soilleir uisg am fuanan
Fallain brisg gun mhisg gun bhruidhlean ;
'S cràcach, gibeach, biolair' uaine,
Fàs gu h-aillm laimh r'im bruachan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S labhar fuaim nan sruthan siùblach,
Theid thar bhalbhag dlù nan alltan ;
Turraich mhear gach cuailleau dù-ghuirm,
Dol feadh lùb tro làr nan gleannan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S taitneach, sgiambach, maoth-bhog ùr,
Fas do fhìlùr is lionmhor dreach ;
Mar ghorm rionnagach nan speur,
Dealbh gach seud a sgaoil mu d' bhrat.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Brat nan dithean driuchdach, guamach,
Lurach, luachrach, dualach, bachlach,
Cuachach geal nan neoineau eagach,
Sìd a sgeadach tha mu'd' ghlaicabh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Do chrodh-laoigh air lom an àilean,
Reamhar, sultmhor, liontai, làirceach,
Caisioun, druimionn, guaillionn, cra-dhearg,
Bainnear. bliochedach slioched gun fhaillinn.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Baile feartach coire a's eòrna,
'S reachmhor fàsar dhaileau còmharnad ;
Be sìd bàrr na mìle sòlas
A chuir sgrainng na goirt air fogradh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Talamh tarbhach trom gu gnàisich,
Leatromach fo bhàrr buntata,
Chiun gu luirgneach, meurach, màgach,
Cluigeauach le plumbais àillidh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

'S tric do phreasan peurach, ubhlach,
Groiseideach, trom-dheareach, dù-dhonn ;
Luisreadh sìos le gagan driuchdach,
'S buan an t-shlainnt am fàile cubhraidh.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Baile coisrigte nam beannachd !
Fraochach, flùrach, luachrach, mealach,
Martach, laoghach, caorach, bainneach,
Coillteach, duilleach, geugach, torach.

Hoilbh o, &c.

Nis' tha carbad boisgeil *Pharbuís*
A' marcachd an aird nan speura ;
'S o'n tha 'u rann an cuimse faideal,
'S tìnn' bhi lasachadh nan teudan.

Hoilbh o, &c.

EALAI DH GHÀOIL.

LUTINNEAG.

*Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin ò,
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin ò,
Air faillirin, illirin, uillirin ò,
Gur boidheach an conunn,
'Th'aig coinneamh 'n t-Srath-mhoir.**

Gur gile mo leannan
Na'n eal' air an t-shnàmh,
Na cobhar na tuime,
'S e tilleadh bhò'n tràigh;
Na'm blàth-bhainne buaille,
'S a chuach leis fo bhàrr,
Na sneachd nan gleann dösrrach,
'Ga fhroiseadh mu'n bhàr
Air faillirin, &c.

Tha cas-fhalt mo rùin-sa
Gu siùbhlach a sniomh,
Mar na neoil bhuaidhe ' 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, &c.

* The chorus and first stanza of this song are not Mac-lachlan's. They were composed by Mrs M'Kenzie of Balone, at a time when, by infirmity, she was unable to attend the administration of the Lord's Supper in 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 Mac-lachlan. The following translation of it by the celebrated author, we subjoin for the gratification of the English reader:—

Nor 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 shower'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;
Her cheeks have the tint that the roses display,
When they glitter with dew on the morning of May.

As the planet of Venus that gleams o'er the grove,
Her blue-rolling eyes are the symbols of love:
Her pearl-circled bosom diffuses bright rays,
Like the moon, when the stars are bedimmed 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 alive 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.

Mar Bhénus a boisgeadh
Thar choiltibh nan ard,
Tha a miog-shuil ga m' bhuaireadh
Le suaicheantas graidh:
Tha bràighe nan sénd
Ann an eideadh gach àidh,
Mar ghealach nan speur
'S i cur reultan fo phràmh.
Air faillirin, &c.

Bi'dh 'n uiseag 's an smebrach
Feadh lòintean nan driùchd,
'Toirt fàilte le'n òrain
Do'n òg-mhadainn chiùin;
Ach tha'n uiseag neo-sheòlta,
'S an smebrach gun sunut,
'Nuair ' thoisicheas m' éudail
Air gleusadh a ciùil.
Air faillirin, &c.

'Nuair thig samhradh nan noinean
A comhdach nam bruach,
'S gach coinean 'sa chròc-choill'
' A ceòl leis a chuaich,
Bi'dh mise gu b-éibhinn
'A leumnaich 's a ruaig,
Fo dhlù-mheuraibh sgàileach
A màran ri m' luaidh.
Air faillirin, &c.

RANN DO'N LEISG.

A LEISG reangach, robach, dhuaichnidh,
Mallachd buan bho dhuan nam bàrd dhut,
'S bochd an t-shian do'n tì bheir cluas dhut,
'S dearbh nach dual gu'n deau e tàbhachd,
'S fìor an sgeul a sgrìobh rìgh Solamh,
"Nach robh sonas riann ad ghlaicibh;"
A chairbh rag gun sgrid gun fhosgladh,
Trom-cheann marbh nach mosgail facal,
'S ronngach fàrdalach gun rùth-bhalg;
Do sheann chlosach bhruchdach, laethdunn,
'S miann leat coinnearsp bhuan an rosuid,
Dealbh na gorta sgaol m' t-asdail,
Thu fu'n lùirich na d' chuail chuamhaich,
Reic thu Farrais air son cadail,
Drean an Aoig na d' ghruid-chraos bearnach,
Do chràg chearr nam muing do phap-chinn.
Sid an slugh thug bitb an tàs dut,
A Mi-chùram 's Dìth-na-sgainne
Slabhraidh theann de phraisich chruaidh ort,
S dà cheud punnd de'n luaidhe d' dheireadh.

A Leisg throm ga 'm badhar spad-chluas
'S tu 'n gadalche 'shlad na h-aimsir':

Ged' bhiodh mìle cuip gad' shlaisleadh
 Cha tig an stadaich a t-earball.
 Sibhs ann sam beil feum a's dìreadh,
 Ruithibh grad an tim gu freagairt;
 Mu'n cosgrar sibh fo shlaht iarainn
 Ban-mhaighstear iarnaigh na sgreatachd.

CLACH-CUIMHNE

GHLENNE-GARAIDH AIG TOBAR-NAN-CEANN.

FHR astair! thig faisg a's leubh
 Sgeul air ceartas an Dé bhuain;
 Eisd ri dìol na ceilg a dh'fhàg
 A Cheapach na làraich fhuair.
 Sgaoil na milltich lion an éig
 Mu bhord éibhinn nam fleagh fial
 'S mheasgaich 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-Dòmhnuaill an fhuaoich,
 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 gnìomh.
 Lamh riut-sa' ghòrm fhuarain ghrinn,
 Dh' ionnlaideadh seachd cinn nan lùb,
 'S aig casan a ghaigich àgh
 Thilgeadh iad air lár a dhùin.
 Corr as coig fichead bliadhn' 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 glùn
 De fheumh ùiseil an laoi ch thréin,
 Mac-Mhic-Alasdair m'ainm gnàiths,
 Flath Chlann-Dòmhnuaill nau sàr euchd,
 Thog mi chlachs' air lom an raoin,
 Faisg air caochan a chliù bhuain,—
 Mar mheas do cheann-staic nan triath,
 'S gu'n cuimhnicht' an gnìomh ri luaths.

ALASDAIR MAC-IONMHUINN.

ALEXANDER M'KINNON was born in Moror, in the district of Arisaig, Inverness-shire, in the year 1770, in which farm his father was tacksman. At the age of 24, he enlisted in the gallant 92d regiment, in which he served with marked distinction till 1801, when, in the famous battle of Alexandria, he received three several wounds, which were the means of breaking up his connexion with that corps. After the battle, Corporal M'Kinnon was found lying among the wounded and dead, "with his back to the field and his feet to the foe," in frozen gore, and on the apparent verge of dissolution. In disposing of the many brave fellows who fell on that memorable day, it was found necessary to dig ditches or pits in which indiscriminately to inter them; and such was the seemingly lifeless condition of M'Kinnon, that he was ordered to be buried among the others. This order would have been executed had not Sergeant M'Lean, a bosom-friend and companion of our bard, been prompted by feelings of the purest friendship, to seek him out amid the heaps of carnage in which he was entombed. The Sergeant, applying his ear to the poet's breast, perceived that everlasting silence had not yet been imposed on his lyre;—his respirations were feeble and slow, but he lived; and his friend insisted upon having him forthwith conveyed to one of the hospital ships.

Upon experiencing the care and attention his situation required, he gradually recovered from his wounds; and it was during his convalescence on board the hospital ship that he composed his truly sublime and admirable poem so descriptive of the battle. M'Kinnon, on arriving in England, was discharged with a pension; but a life of inactivity seemed little to accord with his sanguine temperament,—for he was no sooner able to bear arms than he joined the 6th Royal Veteran Battalion, in which he served all the remainder of his earthly career. He died at Fort-William, Lochaber, in the year 1814, at the age of 44, and was interred with military honours.

Corporal M'Kinnon was prepossessing in appearance; he stood about 5 feet 10 inches in height; he was athletic in form and of very fine proportions and symmetry. As a poet he ranks very high: his mind, indeed, was of that gigantic order, which, by its own propelling powers, could rise equal to any subject he chose to sing. Judging from some of his MSS, now before us, he studied the Gaelic language to good purpose; few have been able so completely to master its idiom and to soar on the syren wings of poesy, sustaining throughout such a sublime and uncontaminated diction. We have not been able to ascertain what his scholastic acquirements were in English, but we feel warranted in supposing these respectable, for he wrote the vernacular tongue with great accuracy, the study of which, it must be recollected, formed none of the school-attainments in his juvenile days.

The four pieces here presented to the reader are of prime quality. They speak for themselves, and need no passing encomiums from us. Any poetaster may string stanzas together *ad infinitum*, and at a hand-gallop; he may infuse something of the spirit of poetry into them, but to give metrical composition a high finish—to put so much excellence into a poem as to ensure its survival, after the interest of the circumstance that called it forth has passed away—to do this, has fallen only to the lot of a few gifted individuals.

No one could be more happy in his choice of subjects than M'Kinnon; and, most assuredly, none could handle his materials better. He was an enthusiastic soldier: he saw and admired the prowess of the British arms, and commemorated their feats in strains which cannot die. The poet that chronicled these feats, was worthy of the indomitable army that performed them. Ossian's heroes are often put beyond themselves through the magnifying vista of poetic description;—and who has not felt how much of the prowess of Ajax and Hector owed its existence to the redundancy of Homer's inventive powers? M'Kinnon has indulged in no fanciful representations;—he has honestly and truthfully recorded such achievements as British valour performed within his ocular cognizance; and one characteristic feature of his muse is, that she was always *on duty*.

It would be out of place here to attempt a formal criticism upon the works of this excellent poet. His heroics, in which he seems most at home, admit of no comparison. We wonder what stuff the poet was made of: the poet, who could wind himself up—yes, and inoculate us, too, with the high, patriotic, and impassioned feelings of his soul, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and depict, with more than the fidelity of the painter's hand, the panorama of the most sanguinary battles that ever drew the belligerent powers

of two mighty empires face to face ! His poem on the battle in Alexandria beginning "*Am Mios 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 strewn with mangled carcasses, and the dark wing of night overshadows the gory and groaning plain.

His "*Dubh-Ghleannach*" is a nautical production in which his muse appears to great advantage ; and we are told by a friend, not likely to be misinformed on the subject, that this was his favourite piece. Mr McDonald, the proprietor of the yacht, which the poet immortalizes, was so well pleased with the poem, that he gave M'Kinnon £5, and this sum appeared so enormous in the estimation of a boor, a neighbour of M'Kinnon's, that he spoke to him on the subject, saying, "It is a bonny song, to be sure, but faith, neighbour, you have been as well paid for it !" "I tell you, sir," replied the poet, "that every stanza of it—every timber in the '*Dubh-Ghleannach*'s' side—is worth a five-pound note !" This retort must be regarded more in the light of a reprimand, than as an empty gasconade. Men of genius, however, cannot be blind to their own merit ; and if they ought not to be the trumpeters of their own fame, they are entitled, by the law of self-defence, to retaliate on the narrow-souled detractors of their well-earned laurels. Mac-Kinnon was neither egotistical nor pedantic : he submitted his pieces to the rigid criticisms of his fellow-soldiers, and never hesitated to throw out an idea, a distich, or even a stanza at their bidding. This has, perhaps, tended to the critical correctness of his Gaelic and the excellence of his productions : we read them and are satisfied : there is nothing wanting, nothing extraneous.

ORAN AIR DO'N BHIARD A DHOL AIR TIR ANNS AN EIPHEIT.

AIR Fonn—"Deoch-slainge an Iarla Thuathaich."

Ge fada an dràst gun dùsgadh mi,
Cha chadal seimh bu shùgradh dhomh,
Ach ragaid chnàmh gun lùghs annta,
Air leabaidh-làir gun chùirteanan,
Gun chaidreamh bho luchd dùthecha,
'S mi gun charaid-rùn am chòir.
Gun chaidreamh, &c.

Cha 'n 'eil fear a thàirneas rium,
Na thuigeas an deagh Ghàclig 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 shebil.
Gu 'm b' aobhar, &c.

An t-ochdamh grian do 'n Mhàirt againn,
A nochdadh ar cuid bhàtaichean,
Bu choltach seòlta an Càbblach iad,
Na 'n troatan mar a b' àbhaist dhaibh,
'S na Breatuinnich na 'm bàrr orra,
Le 'n cliathan ràmh san reòt'.
'S na Breatuinnich, &c.

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 dhaoinéin a measg òir.
'S an ceannard, &c.

An darag dhìleas dharaich ud,
Nach dh'fhàg 'san linn so samhail da,
An leòghann rioghail, amaisgeach,
An cliù 's am firinn cheannasach,
Tha do ghaol mar anam dhuinn,
Air teannachadh na 'r feòil.
Tha da ghaol, &c.

A dol gu tìr le d' bhrataichean,
Air cheann do mhiltean gaisgealadh,
Shaoil Frangaich ghrimeach, ghlas-neulach,
Le spàd gu 'n pillte dhachaigh sinn,
Gu 'n strìochdadh iad da 'r lasraichean,
Bu dhionmhor bras ar sròil.
Gu 'n strìochdadh, &c.

Bu neimheil, smearail, dùrachdach,
Gu danara làn mhùseagach,
An canoin ann sa bhùireinich,
'S dealanach le fudar dhiu,
Cha bu lèur an traigh le smùidreadh,
Dh'fhàg na speùran dùinnt' an eòb.
Cha bu lèur, &c.

Mar biodh cruaidh losgadh iomlan ann,
'San uair is luaithe dh' iomraichte,
Air luchd-cuain a b' ullamh tulgaraidh,
Greasadh ri cluais iorghuille,
'S na naimhdean dàna tilgeadh oirn,
Mar ghàradh tìomcheall òb.
'S na naimhdean, &c.

Choinnich iad 'san uisge sinn,
A tigh'n' air snàmh gu 'n erioslaichean,
'N uair bheireadh laimhach bristeadh dhuinn
An duil gu 'm bàite an tiota sinn,
Gu stàilneach, làn, misneachail,
Gu sgrios às na bhiodh beò.
Gu stàilneach, &c.

Choinnich ar fir shumalt iad,
Le roinn nam piosan guineideach,
Ma 'n d'fhàg an tonn fo 'r bonnabh sinn,
Chaill siol na Frainge fuil anna,
'S am bàs bhà iad a cumadh dhuinn,
Fhuair pàirt diù dh'fhuilang bròin.
'S am bàs, &c.

Chuir builleann lann le susbairachd,
Bho 'n tuinn mar ehoilltich thuislùd iad,
Gach dara crann a tuiteam dhiu,
Na 'n sineadh sìos le 'r cusbairachd,
Thuig Frangaich nach fann Thureaich,
Le 'n cuid lann a mhurt an slòigh.
Thuig Frangaich, &c.

Ri iomairt ghoirt na stàilinne,
Bha iomain eas bho 'n tràigh orra,
Gu 'n fhios co 'm fear bu tàire againn,
A b' ullamh lot le saithidhean,

N am dlùthadh ris an àraich,
'S trom a dhrùigh ar làid na 'm feòil.
'N am dlùthadh, &c.

'N uair sgaoileadh bh'uaime 's gach àite iad,
Mar chaoirich 's gille-mùrtainn ann',
'S tric a chite fàll oirbh,
Na ruith a dhì a mhaighsteir,
Bu lionmhor marcach tàbhachdach,
Le each air tràigh gun deò.
Bu lionmhor, &c.

Bha 'm buidhean rioghail Gàclach,
Gu h-imtinnreach, borb, ardanach,
Air thoiseach, mar a b' àbhaist daibh,
Gu lotach, pìceach, stailinneach,
Mar nathairichean, gun chàirdeas
Do dh' aon nàmhaid a bha beò.
Mar nathairichean, &c.

Tha clann nan eilean aon-sgeulach,
Co theireadh gu 'n do chaochail iad ?
'S iad fèin an dream nach maol-chluasach,
'N uair thàirte a mire caonnaig iad,
Mar bheithir thana craoslaebadh,
B' fhiar fhaoinis tigh'n' ga 'n còir.
Mar bheithir, &c.

Mar mhiol-chion sheang, luath-leumnach,
'Eangach, ineach, tunsaidach,
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 treòir.
Bha Frangaich, &c.

ORAN

AIR BLAR NA H-EIPHIT.

C' arson nach thaisichinn sa chàmpa,
Far na dh'fhàg mi clann mo ghaol,
Thog sinn taighean Samhraidh ann,
Le barrach mbeang nan craobh,
Bu selas uaibhreach, ceannard,
A bhì gluasad ri uchd naimhdean ann,
'S a dh'aindeoin haidhe Fhrangach,
B' aobhar dàmsha bhì ri 'r tuobh.

Cha chualas ri linn seannchais,
Ann an cogadh arm na 'n strì,
Caig mìle-dìag cho ainmeil ruibh,
A tharruinn airm fo 'n Rìgh ;

B' aobhar cliù an trèun-fhear Albannach,
A fhuair a chuis ud earbha ris,
Nach cùbairean a thearbhadh leis,
Thoirnt 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 eliathaichean,
Gu h-ullamh mar a dh' iarramaid,
Nach faodadh iad air chiad-lungaidh,
Dol sìos leis ann sa bhlàr.

'S ann air dir-daoin a dh'fhàg sinn,
Air sàr chabhlach fad air chùl,
Na 'm faigheadhmaid rian snàmba dhaibh,
Bu làidir iad na 'r cùis ;
Lean Mac-a-Ghobha* cairdeil ruinn,
'S gu 'm b' fhoghainteach a bhàtaichean,
A dh' aindeoin gleadhraich nàmhaid,
Chum e smàladh air an sùil.

Bha ar 'n àrd cheann-feadhna toirteil,
Ann san àm ga 'r propadh suas,
Bho dhream gu dream ga '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 coznadh dhuinn,
Mar Fhionn a mosgladh shluaidh.

Thairneadh na laoi ch shomalta
Na 'n còmhlan throma, bhorb,
Bu tàrlach, làmhnan, comasach,
An sradag fhionnidh fàbh ;
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 chuinnacas gnùis nam Breatunnach,
B'fhearr casan dhaibh na strèup ;
Thug iad an cùl gu tapaidd ruinn,
A shiubhal gu dlù astarach,
A sìor 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 smointean faoin d'a marcaichean,
Nach faighte daoine ghleachdadh iad,
'S na laoi ch nach faoite chaisleachadh,
Ga 'n eol ruith mach air sliabh.

Bu tric an còmhach casgairt sinn,
Thug sud oirn stad na dhà,
Bhi gun eòlas ann san astar sin,
'N dùil mhòr ri gaisge chàich ;
Dh' fhuach *Ralph* gach doigh a chleachda leis,
'S an dian-te sròil a thaisbeanadh,
'S a dh' aindeoin seòltachd dh' fhairtlich oirn,
An toirt gu casgairt làmh.

Bha sinn làidir, guineideach,
Dìna, 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 liun.

Thairneadh gàradh droma leinn,
De dh' armuinn fhionnidh thréin,
Bho shùil' gu sàil' a coinneachadh
'N trà chromaidh air a ghréin ;
Bu daingean, làidir, comasach,
A phàire 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 fauineachd orr',
'S gu tugte aobhar bruidhne dhì,
Bu neamhail a spéic phuiseanta,
Bho 'n bheul bu chinnteach sealg.

Dh' earbadh dìon an 'n anmanau,
Rì Albannaich mo rùin
Fir nach tàirnte cearbaich orra,
'N àm tharruinn arm gu dlù ;
Ruinn iad a chaithbris armailteach,
Gu h-ullamh, ealamh, ealachuinneach,
'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 inadaun diag a shònraich iad,
Le 'r ceannard mòr gu 'n fhiamb ;
An dà réiseamaid a b' òige againn,
Na Gréamaich agus Gòrdenaich,
A ruith gu dian an còmhdaill,
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 Gréunaich nan éuchd fiùghantach,
'S cha d' éisd iad mùiseag laim.

Mar stoirm a b' iargalt connsachadh,
A spionadh neòil a's chram,
A riaslath fàirge mòire,
Gu pianadh sheòl 's ga 'n call;
Cruaidh dian bha buaidh nan Gòrdonach,
Bu lionmhor sguab a's dorlaichean,
A bhuain iad air a chòmhnard,
Far an tug na slòigh dhaibh ceann.

Dhlùthaich ar n' arm urramach,
Gu h-ullamh air ar cùl,
Lìon iad an t-sreath fhulangach,
Rinn guineideach gu smùis;
Bu naìmhdeil 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 Vesavius,*
A sgàin bho bonn le tairneanaich,
Airm chaola b' fhaoinis làmh ridhe,
'S craos na chaoir tigh'n' beò.

Bha craoslach nan geum neimheil,
Gu brèun, aineolach, sa' cheò,
A bheist bu tréine laughanaich,
Bu reusan sgreamh do dh' fheòil;
Bu chailteach dhuinn an dealanach,
'S a liughad saighdear bearraideach,
Bha 'n oidheche sin a mearachd oirn,
Gu 'n anam air an tìr.

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 began diùbhadhach,
A laoghnd cha do lùb sinn daibh,
Bu lionmhor marcach cùl-donn diù,
Fo 'r casan brùite, mairbh.

* Vesuvius, poetically rendered *Vesavius*, 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 mhaslath dhaibh,
Chuir casgairt iad na'n teinn,
Sinn ga'n sgiursadh do 's na fasnichean,
'S gach tùb na las a bheinn;
Thionndadh gach cùis taitneach dhuinn,
Bho bhon a cùil 's a cùs-mhulaich,
Cha d' fhurich gunis dhiu gleachda ruinn,
Nach d' bhrùchd amach na still.

'S cäs a throm an ruag orra,
Cho cruaidh 's a chualas riamh,
Bha *Abercrombie* suas riutha,
Le shluadh a dh' fhuasgail fial;
Mar bhì'dh am baile bhuannaich iad,
Le canain air a chuartachadh,
Bha barachd dhù 's na h-uaghichean,
'S a dh' fhuaraich air an t-sliabh.

Thàirneadh gàradh làidir,
'Dh' arm tabhaichdach nach strìochd,
Ma choinneamh *Alexandria*,
Air airde *Aboukier*;
'N uair raing sinn an làrach sin,
'S a dhealaich mi ri m' chàirdean ann,
'S ann ghiùlain iad gu m' bhàta mi,
'S fuil bhlàth fo 'm air an fhiar.

Tha 'n dà Bhaiteal àraidh
An deagh Ghàclig ann am chuimhn',
Cha 'n e 'n treas fear bu tàire,
'S math a b' fhiach e bàrd ga sheinn;
Tha mi sa' cheaird air nàgaran,
Cha 'n fhilidh no fear dàna mi,
Na dh' innis mi cha nàr leam e,
Co chluinneas c' àit' an d' rinn.

ORAN AIR BLAR NA II-OLAIND

AIR FOKK—*“Alasdair à Gleanna-Garadh.”*

AIR mìos deireannach an fhoghair,
An dara latha, 's math mo chuimne,
Ghluais na Breatunnaich bho'n fhaiche,
Dh'ionnsuidh tachairt ris na maimhdean;
Thug *Abercrombaidh* taobh na mura
Dhiu le'n canain, 's nì ga 'n eluintinn;
Bha fòirneadh aig Mùr* gu daingean,
Cumail aingil ris na Fràngaich.

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;

* General Sir John Moore.

N uair a dhlù 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 oidheh'.

Dh'fhag iad sinne mar a b'annsa,
 Fo cheannardachd Mhorair Hunnaidh,
 An t-òg smiorail, fearail, naimhdeil,
 N an teannadh ain-neart ga 'r n-ionnsuidh ;
 Le bhrataichean sìod' a strannraich,
 Rì 'u cuid crann a damhs' le muiseag ;
 S na fir a toghairt 's na Frànagach,
 B' iad mo rùinse chlann 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 ghnìomh le 'r laoch gun taise,
 Faoineis air an fhaich' le lannhaich.

Bhruchd na naimhdean le 'n trom làdach,
 Air muin chàich 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 Gàèil n' an coinnidh,
 'S tionndaidh iad an ruaig mar b' àbhaist,
 An dream ardanach, neo-fhoileil.

Grad air an aghairt 's an àraich,
 Ghluais na saighdearan nach pillte ;
 Mar iolair guineach, gun chaoimhneas,
 Nach b'fhlurasda chlaoidh le mì-mhodh,
 Thug iad sgrios na'n gathan boisgeach,
 Mar dhealanaich bìdhche dhilinn ;
 Rì sior iomain romp nan naimhdean,
 'S neul na fal' air roinn nam picean.

'N uair a dh'ionndrainn a chonnspuinn
 Morair Gùrdon o uchd buailte ;
 'S a chual iad gu'n robh e leòinte,
 Dh'ùraich iad le deoin an tuasaid ;
 Mar mhaoin do thuil nam beann 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,
 Rì còmhraig bhaitealach a liath e ;
 Gu sonraicht' coltach an deareag,
 'S an fheoil nach taisceadh fiamh i ;
 Mu'n chrom a ghrian fo cleòc-taisgte,
 Phàidh sinn air an ais na fiachan.

Ged' bha na Rìoghalaich bho Albainn,
 Na fir aiumeil, mheannach, phrìseil,
 Fada bhuainn ri uair a gharbh chath,
 'S buaidh a b' aium dhaibh ri uchd mhiltean ;
 Ghreas iad air aghaidh gu colgail,
 'N nair a chual iad stoirin nam picean ;
 Mo creach ! luchd nam breacan balla-bhrac,
 Bhi le lasair marbh na'n sìneadh.

Tha na Frànagach math air teine,
 Gus an teannar goirid uapa ;
 'S an mar sin a fhrois iad sinne,
 Rì deich mionaidean na h-uarach ;
 Ach, 'n uair dh'fhaod ar laoch gun tioma,
 Dhol an àite buille bhuiladh,
 Bha roinn nan stailinne biorach,
 Sàbhadh guineideach mu'n tuairmse.

Gu'm bi sin an tuairmse smiorail,
 Chinnteach, amaiseach, gun dearmad ;
 Thug na leoghainn bhorra, nimheil,
 Bu cholgail sealladh fo'n armaibh ;
 Rì sgiùrsadh naimhdean mar fhalaig,
 A's driùchdan fallais air gach calg dhiu ;
 'S bha Frànagach a brùchdadh fala,
 'S an cùl ri talamh sa ghaimhich.

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 ;
 Chìte na naimhde gun riagbailt,
 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 chuuntas,
 Tigh'n o'n Fhràing as ùr ga'r bualadh,
 Bu leisg ar gaisgich gu tionndadh,
 'Nuair a chòrd an Diùc ri'n uaislean.

'N uair chuireadh am bairteal seachad,
 'S a dh-àireadh ar gaisgich theubhach,
 Bha ioma Gàèl '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 éirigh !

'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 nairean,
Tuilleadh 's na bha bhuain 'san àraich.

'Nis o'n chuir iad sinn do Shasunn,
Ghabhail ar cairtealan geamhraidh,
Far am faigh sinn leann am pailteas,
Ged' tha Mae-na-praisich gann oirn
Olar leinn deoch-slaime' Mharcuìs—
Ar gualann thaice 's ar Ceannard;
Tha sinn cho ullamh's a ùit 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 Gàid,
Dh' aithnich mi meoir grinn a Bhràthaich,
Air siunnsair ùr bu lùghor gàirich,
A's thuig mi gu'n a ghluais an t-àrmuinn,
Fear thogail nan tùr uasal,* stàtoil.

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach a bl' ann!

Hò rò ghealladh, na co chuireadh i,

—Trom oirre 'seinn

Bu mhiann leam sunnt nam port eallanta,
Bu ebonnabhallach ùrlar a's gearraidhean,
Dionach, lùghor, dlù, neo-mhearachdach—
Tionndadh nan siubhlaichean caithreamach,
Dhùisgeadh lùgh na sinuis 's na carraidean,
Dùthchas nan lann dù-ghorm tana dhuibh.

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Dh'irich mi 'm bruthach le h-éibhneas,
Dh' eisdeachd ri fàilte rìgh Seumas,
Chunna' mi'n Druimneach dhubb, ghleusda,
Cuir fa-sgaol a h-aodaich breid-ghil,
Air machair mhìn, sgiamhach, réidhleach,
Mar steud cruithreach—'s i' cuir réise.

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Chunna' mi 'n Druimneach dhubb, dhealbhadh,
Long Alasdair ghlinnich nan garbh-chrioch,
Mar steud rioghail air bharr fairge,
Togail bho thìr le sìoda balla-bhreac,
Snaicheantas rioghail na h-Alba,
Ghluaiseadh na mìltean gu fearra-ghileus.

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

* This song was composed on the pleasure-boat of Alexander M'Donald, Esq., of Glenadale, who endeared himself to his countrymen by the cenotaph he erected for Prince Charles Stuart in Glenfinnan.

'Nuair ghabhaidh i'm fuaradh na sliasaid,
'S gualla 'n fhasgadh chasadh dian ris,
Ghearradh i'n linn' air a fiaradh,
'N aghaidh gaoithe, sìd a's lionaidh,
Dh' éignich i Corran an diarrais,
'S leum i air iteig mar ian as!

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

'Nuair gheibheadh i cliathaich fo fhars'neachd,
Soirbheas na sliasaid ga brosnachd,
Mar shiu'ladh mial-chù bras-astrach,
Na ruith air sliabh a's fiadh air thoiseach,
I dìreadh nan tonn liath 's ga'n sgoltadh,
Shuaitheadh i iad mar iarunn locrach.

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Mhionnaich Neptune agus Æolus,
Bho n' chaidh gaoth a's cuan fo'n òrdugh,
Nach do mhaslaicheadh cho mòr iad
Bho linn na h-Aire a bha aig Noah,
Gu robh 'n rìgh is airde còmhnaidh,
Dion 's a sàbhaladh Chloinn-Dòmhnail!

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Bha Neptune agus Æolus eudmhor—
Dh-iarr iad builg nan stoirn a shéideadh
Dh-òrdaich iad gach bòrd dh'i reubadh,
'S na sìuil a sracadh na'm bréidean,
Le borb-sgread a's fead na reub-ghaoith,
'Cuir siaban thonn na steoll 's na speuran:

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Thoisich ùr-spairn chruaidh mar dh'iarr iad,
Chruinnich neoil dhubha na h-iarmailt,
Na'n trom-lùrichean dlù iargalt',
'S iad a trusadh sìrd 'sa lionadh
Mar dhùrch smùid à fuirneis iarunn,
Gu bruchadh stoirn bha garbh a's fiadhaich.

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

'N earalas fo laimh air gabhaidh
Chuir sibh an ceann i gu dàna;
Gach cupall a's stagh 's an robh failinn—
Sparradh buill thaghta na'n àite;
Slabhraidhean canach air fàraidh,
Theannaich sibh gu duingean laidir.

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Bheartaich iad gach ball neo-chearbach,
Ullamh, deas gu glenach ri fàirge;
Tharruinn i le gaoith an earra-dheas.
Ghlac i 'n caol fo' taobh 's bu doirbh e,
'S ged bha Neptune saothreach, stoirneil,
Mhaslaich an saobh-shruth 's an dòrch e!

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Nochd an dubhair gnùis gun chaoimhneas,
Sgaoleadh cùirtearan na h-àidhele;

Sgioba na h-iubhraich an gainntir
 On' chiad duil gu cur Dun-aoibhneis
 Phaig iad trian gach siùil gu teann-chruaidh,
 A's las iad ri cairt-iùil na coinnlean.

Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Iomradh slàn do Chaitein Alasdair,
 Le sgioba tàbhachdach, bearraideach,
 Bumbhian leam fàilt' ur cairdean deala' dhuibh,
 Calla sèamb bho ghàbhadh mharanan,

Coinnidh bhàigheil bhlàth gach caraid dhuibh,
 Pòg bhur mathar, mhua 's bhur leannan duibh.
Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

Chaidh rìgh nan soirbheas gu 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 dùtcha!
Sì'n Dubh-Ghleannach, &c.

AM BARD-CONANACH.

DONALD M'DONALD, commonly called *Am Bàrd-Conanach*, or the Strathconnon Bard, was born in Strathconnon, Ross-shire, in the year 1780. Owing probably to the secluded situation of his native glen, and the supineness of his parents, who deemed education of no essential importance to enable a man to get through the world, or, at least, thought one might weather through tolerably well without it, he got no English education, but could read Gaeìlic. 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 oldest son was invariably recognised as his father's legitimate successor in his little farm;—and the other, or junior members of the family, generally got possession of similar 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 reported to be in a state of pregnancy by him, had recourse to the severe measure of putting him in "durance vile." But, although they succeeded in frustrating his every attempt to do justice to his paramour, they failed to improve the morals of their aberrant son. He ultimately married a young girl, a country-

woman of his own, of the name of M'Lennan, with whom he enjoyed a great share of connubial happiness.

The first of the two songs we annex to this notice, he composed in Edinburgh, upon witnessing the demonstrations of joy which took place upon hearing the result of the battle of Alexandria. It is a triumphant piece, and a very respectable effort, exhibiting, as it does, no mean poetical talents. The other is equally good in its way. All his poems were arranged and taken down in manuscript preparatory to their being printed, but our author was seized with Cholera in the year 1832, which terminated his mortal career. The intention of publishing was consequently relinquished for the time, nor have we heard of any measures having been adopted to resume it.

M'Donald was of a middle-sized stature—active and cheerful. He was an excellent companion, and much liked by his acquaintances.

ORAN DO BHONIPART.

LATHA soilleir sambraidh dhomh,
Air càbhsairean Dhan-èideann,
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 dhìom,
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 àite bhi ga leughadh;
Gun deach' an ruaig air *Bonipart*
S an onair aig a Ghréumach.

'S lionmhor bratach Albannach,
Tha ballach, balla-bhreac, boidheach,
Tha eadar a chrìoch Shasunnach,
Gu ruige taigh Iain-Ghròta,
Fir laidir, shunntadh, thogarrach,
Nach òb a dhol an òrdugh
Gu dol an coinneamh *Bhonipart*,
Chuir onair air rìgh Seòras.

C'àite biodh na h-Albannaich?
Duiu' uaisle calma, trenbhach,
Fir shunntach, shanntach, thogarrach,
Na seòid nach òbadh éiridh,
Ach on nach fiù laimhe leo,
Do bhàs a thoirt le trenn-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 iad air do chraiceann,
Gu do shracadh as a chéile,
'S gu'n cluinnt' air falbh deich mìl' thu,
A's mi fhìn a bh' ga t-éisdeachd.

'S tu chaill do nàire, 'nuair
A bha thu ann an dòchas,
Gun leige sinn do Shasuinn thu,
Ged' ghlac thu bhunai Hanoibher,
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 eual thu fear chuir aodainn air
Nach daor a phàigh e ghòraich,
Ge do choisinn ainneart dhut
An Fhràin a chuir fo t-òrdugh,
'S e t-amhaich a bheir dioladh ann
Le tobha sniobhta còraich.

'Nuair thig am morair Sléibhteach ort,
'S na ceudan de Chlann-Dòmhuill,
Mar sud a's Mac-'Ie-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 aoqa bhaoisgeadh dhìot
Bìdh greim ac' air do sgòrnan,
'S chan' eil de dh'eich no dhaoin' agad
Na shaoras tu bho meòirean,
Ged dh-eireadh na deich *legonan*,
Bh'aig Ceasar anns an Ròimh leat,
Cha'n fhaothaich iad air t-ambaich
A's na lamhan aig Clann-Dòmhnuaill.

'Nuair thig Mac-Choinnich Bhrathain ort,
Le cheathairn' de dhaoin' uaisle,
Sud a bhratach aigeatuch
Le cabar an daimh ghruamaich,
Cha tàr thu na bheir pilleadh orr'
A chruinneachadh mu'n cuairt-daibh,
'Nuair ruigeas fir Chinn-tàile
Co an geard a chumas bhuath thu?

'Nuair thig an cinneadh Frisealach,
'Tha fios gur daoine bòrb iad,
Gu'n reachadh iad tro theine
Le Mac-Shimidh mòr na Moraich.
Cha tàr thu na bheir pilleadh
Air na fir ud 'nuair bhios colg orr',
'S ged reacha tu fo'n talamh
'S e mobhailleil gu'm bì lòn orr.

'Nuair a thig Mac-an-Tòisich,
Le sheòid ort a Srath-Eireann,
Mar sud agus fir Chluainidh,
Is iad uil' an gualle chéile
Ma gheibh an cat na chrubhan thu,
Le dhubhanan beag' geura,
Ged bhiodh càch air bheagan dhìot
Bìdh aige-sa cheud féin dhìot.

'Tha Clann-an-Ab' a bagairt ort,
'S iad o cheanu fad an deigh ort,
'S na gheibh iad ann am fagus dut,
Gur grad a bheir iad leum ort,
Bristidh iad do bhrataichean,
Na spealtan as a chéile,
'S bì'dh tus an sin na d' starsaich ann,
Fo chasan nam fear gleusda!

Tha Gùrdonach an toir ort,
'S chan' eil beò na nì do thearnadh,
'Nuair dh-eireas morair Hunnadaidh,
Le fhearabb ionnsaicht, laidir,
On se fein a's còirneal,
Air na seoid ga'm buin buaidh-làrach:
'S e chanas sinn gu bicheanta
An dà-fhichead a's na dhà riu.

Ach cùimhnich thus a cheathairne,
Chuir latha *Fontenoi*,
'S a sheasadh ams an àraich,
As càch a chuir air fògar,
Chì thu nis san Fhràing iad
Fo chomannnda mhorair Gùrdoin,
Se nì do lamhsa dh' fheum dhut,
An réusar 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 as!
Ach ma chì thu 'm firean
Tigh'n' le sgriob 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
Slìochd nan rìghrean Abannach,
Da'n tig na h-àirm a rùsgadh,
Co bheireadh tàire dhaibh
Nach faigheadh pàigheadh dùbhaill,
'S ma gheibh iad ann an sàs thu,
Gu bràch chan fhaic thu d' dhùthaich.

'Nuair chruinnicheas Clann-Ionmhuinn,
Cha sbòr a dol 'san ùspairn,
'S mithich dhut bhì tiomnadh,
'Nùair tha 'n t-ìomraidh iad a dùsgadh,
Ma dh-eireas dhut gun tachair sibh,
'S gu faic iad thu le'n suilean,
Sid na fir a chaitheas,
Anns an adhar na do smùid thu.

Tha Caimbeulaich cho naimhdeil dut,
'S iad sanntach air do mharbhadh,
A Diùc tha 'n Earraghàil,
Agus morair ard Bhraid-Albann
C'àit 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 nach gabh pilleadh
Le teine no le luaidhe,
Le'n gairdean laidir, smiorail,
'S le lannan biorach, cruaghach,
S ma chì iad fad na h-òirleach dhìot,
Cha bheò na chumas buuat iad.

Thig Siosalaich Srath-ghlas ort
Na'n lasgairean man cuairt dhut,
Le lannan geur a chinn-àisnich
Tarsuinn air an cruachan,
'Nuair thòisicheas na gaisgich ud,
Air tarruinn as an truailleann

Chì thu do ehuid brataichean,
Ga srachadh ma do chluasan !

Thig Mac-'Ill-Lean Dhubhaird ort
'S gur subhach nì e greim ort,
Le dhaoine laidir lù-chleasach,
Nach diult a là no dh-bidhe,
Nì iad sin do sgiùrsadh-sa
Gu cuil an àite slaighteir,
'S thèid thu air do ghiùinean daibh
'Nuair chì thu 'gnùis an saighdear

An sin thig ort na Camshrònach,
Fìr laidir, ainneant, eòlach,
Da thaobh Loch-Iall a's Arasaig,
As chaistéal 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 Bàra ort
Le dhaoine falain finealt,
Daoine bheir a fhead dhiubh,
Bristeadh a's na mìltean,
Baoisgidh iad mar dhealanach,
Rì òidheche shalach dhìle,
'S m'an tèid thu ceart na t-fhaireachadh
—Bidh ainneart mar a's tìr ort.

Thig Clann-an-t-Shaoir á Cruachan ort
Na fìr 's an ruaig nach dìobradh,
An am dol anns an chabhaig,
Sud na gallan nach pillte,
Sliechd nan Gàel cruadalach,
Bu dual daibh a bhì dèileas,
Gu dol an coinneamh Bhonpart,
Chuir onair air an rìoghachd.

'Nuair chruinnecheas Clann-Fhiumhlaidh,
Na fìr shuntach tha gun eislean,
Bheir iad tha gu cuinntais,
As na dh' ìnnsaich tha de dh' eucoir,
C'àit am beil de Fhràncaich
Na cheannsaicheas le sreup iad,
'S gun tugadh iad gu cìosachadh,
Na mìltean 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 b' do cheann aige,
Rì crann mas e thoil fein e.

Guidheamaid buaigh-làrach,
Leis na Gàeil anns gach teughbail,

Toil inntinn aig ar càirdean
'S gach nàmhaid a bhì geilleadh,
Mar chuala mis a chaiseamachd
Bha taitneach leam ri éisdeachd,
Air latha soilleir sàmhraidh
'S mi air càbhsairean Dhuin-éideann.

ORAN D'A LEANAN.

[Agus sgeul' a bhì air a thogail gun robh i torrach aige, 's e 'g innseadh cho math 'sa bhiodh e dh' i ged a b' thior mar chaidh aithris]

Fhuair mi sgéula moch an dè,
'S cha deach' mi 'n éis ri chluinntinn,
'S cha tug mi geill nach deanaim feum,
Le gaol do 'n té mu 'n d' innseadh,
'S cha toir mi fuath dh' i, 's beag mo luaidh air
Ged a fhuair mi cinnt air,
'Sa dh' aindeoin cruadal ga 'n toir cuairt sinn,
Gheibh sinn bhuainn ri tìm e.

A ghrnagach dhonn, ma dh' fhas thu trom,
Tha mis, air bhonn nach dìobair,
Gu 'n seas mi thu, air bhialthaobh cùirt,
'S cha 'n ann an duil do dhìtheadh,
Tha mi air bheachd gu 'n seas mi ceart,
Ge d' bheir am *Purson* eis diom,
'S gu 'n pàighinn daor air rà do ghaoil,
Na 'n tàrainn saor 'sa 'n tìm so.

Gu 'm pàighinn daor gu t-fhàgail saor,
Mu 'n leiginn t-aodann nàrach',
Fa chomhair cùirt mar fhasan ùr,
'S nach robh e 'n rùn do nàduir,
Cha n' eil mi 'n dùl thu dhol na 'n luib,
Mur tig a chuibhle cearr oirnn,
'S ma chumas airgead thù o chis,
Gu 'n seas mi fhòn na t-àite.

Gur fad a rachainn ann ad leithsgeul,
Gu do sheasamh cliùiteach,
'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 dìobair ceartas mi, cha 'n fhaicear,
Chaidh thu ac' fo mhùiseag.

Ach 's truadh ! nach robh mi agus tu,
Dol fo na siùil do dh-Eirinn,
Na thùr eile 's faide buainn,
Nach d' ruig air suaimheas fhèintainn,
'S truagh nach faicinnse bhì seòladh,
A's sinn air bòrd le chèile,
Gun duil a chaidh thigh'n air ar 'n eòlas,
Do'n Roinn-Eòrp na dheigh sin !

Ach cia mar 's urrainn domh bhì beò,
 'S cho mar sa thug mi spéis d'ut?
 Na cia mar dh' fhaodas mi bhì stòilte
 'S mi gun chòir air t-fheutainn?
 Ged fhaighinn airgead na Roinn-Eòrpa,
 Agus òr na b-Euphaid,
 Cha chumadh e mi suas car uaire,
 S tu bhì bhuam gun sgeul ort.

Ach cùis mo chruaidh, 's faide bhuam,
 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 shìos rium,
 'S fìosrach mi mar dh' eireas,
 Gur gearr an ùin a thàmbhas tu,
 'Nuair thig do chùl na dheigh sin.

Mas e gun chuir thu rium do chùl
 Ann an duil mo threigsinn,
 Gus an cuir iad mi 'sa 'n ùir
 Cha dean mi tòrn ad dheighse;
 Cia mar dh' fhaodas mi bhì saor,
 'S nach dean an saoghal feum dhomh?
 Mo chrìdh air fhalach bo 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,
 Chì mi 'n t-adhar a's an beanntan,
 Dol an ceann a chéile,
 Ach sgaoilidh e ri ùin ro ghearr,
 Gun fhìos cia 'n t-àit' an téid e.

Gur mor a bh' agam ort do mheas,
 'S cha tug mi fìos do chàch air,
 'S o 'n is beairt e tha gun fhìos,
 Cha 'n ionns mis gu bràch e,
 Gu'm beil an sean-fhacal o shìnnsear',
 Tigh'n gu cinnt an drasda—
 "Gur faide bhuam an diugh na 'n dé,
 A bhean nach d' fhead mi thàladh."

Cha 'n eil mo chadal domh ach ciùirt,
 'S cha 'n eil mo dhùisg ach cianail,
 Cha n' eil an obair dhomh ach cràdh,
 'S cha n' fheairde mi bhì diamhain,
 Cha dean laidhe dhomh ach creuchdan,
 'S cha toir eiridh dhìom iad,
 Cha toir asdar mi gu slainte,
 'S cha 'n fhasa tàmh no guìomh 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,
 Eu luath mo dheann ga fhàgail,
 Gur fada 'n aimsir tha o 'n uair,
 A chualas bhì ga radbainn,
 Gur cruaidh an reachd a bhì fo smachd,
 'S bidh mise nochd mur tha mi!

Cha b' e chùis bhì nochd an gläis,
 Na 'n tigiun aise a maireach,
 Ach bhì 's na fiabhrais fad sheachd bliadhna,
 Gun la riamh dhù tearuinn;
 Cha robh uair gun chuartach 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 productions of other bards, ancient and modern. We cannot, however, say that, with the exception of a few pieces, either the original or selected poems, which it contains, are of a high order. Our author was little more than twenty years when he "came out;" the manhood of his mind was not fully formed;—neither reading

nor society had ripened his judgment, or refined his taste ; and we are convinced, had he profited by the sage admonition of Pope, and left "his piece for seven years", that the character of his book would be far different from what it is.

Donald M'Leod possesses a fine and delicate musical ear, and so fastidious has he proved himself in the nice discrimination of sounds, that, to preserve the smoothness, cadence and harmony of his pieces, original and select, he actually interpolated them with words of no meaning, or, at least, paid no attention to grammatical rules, but took the cases, tenses and numbers, as it suited his convenience.

In the year 1829, he travelled the Highlands, taking in subscriptions for a new work, the prospectus of which is now before us, and promises a "correct history of *Calum-Cille, Coinneach Odhar, Am Britheamh Leòghasach agus an Taoitear-Sàileach*, from the cradle to the grave." But whether he failed in the attempt of publication, or was otherwise diverted from his object, we cannot say ; but the projected volume never made its appearance. This is much to be regretted, for, from the impression made on our minds by M'Leod's talents and legendary lore when we saw him in 1828, we are perfectly warranted in saying that it would amply recompense a perusal. Few men could *speak* the Gaelic with greater fluency and correctness than our author, and there was an archness about him which set off his story and witticism in an admirable light.

Shortly after the period of which we write, the Skye Bard emigrated to America, and of his history or adventures in the western hemisphere, we know nothing. He returned to his native country last harvest, and set up as a merchant in Glendale, near Dunvegan.

His two pieces here given are not destitute of poetic merit. Indeed, they possess some genuine strokes of grandeur, which entitle them to a place among the productions of poets of higher pretensions and fame. M'Leod possesses within him the elements of true poetic greatness ; and if these are brought into fair play, under auspicious circumstances, it is within the compass of possibilities that he may yet take his stand amongst the first class of the minstrels of his country.

ORAN DO REISEAMAID MHIC-SHIMIDH,

CEANN-CINNIDH NAM FRISEALACH SA' BHLIADHNA, 1810.

AN am ùracha' fhacail domh,
'S cumntas thoir seachad,
Air cliutachadh fhasain
Nan gaisgeach tha 'n tràthsa
Air tinndaidh a steach oirn,
Gu lù-chleasach, aigeantach,
Lùbht' ann am breacain,
'S paiste ann an sgàrlait ;
Is cliùteach a bhratach,
To'n cumntar air faiche sibh,
Thoir leam nach bu chaidribh,
Ur tachaird le dàmhair ;

Is dlù dha na chasas riubh
Tiunnadh le masladh,
Na'n uine bhi paisgte,
Fo'r easan sa'n aràich,

Cha churam dha'n aitrìbh,
An dumhlaich ar Caipiteinean,
'S dlù dhaibh an t-achdsa,
Bheir casg' as an nàmhaid ;
Le iunnsaidh nam bagraidean,
Fudar na lasraichean,
Dlù dhaibh cha'n fhuighear

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-lanu,
Biodh cunntas gun astar,
'S croinn rùiste gun bhratach
Ga'n stailleadh fo'n sailean.

Cha 'n eil cunntas air fasain
Fo'n chrùn th'aig Rì Shasuinn,
Nach eil ionnsaicht' am pearsa,
Na th'aca de dh'aireamh,
Is mùirneach ri'm faicinn iad,
'S clùiteach ri'n claitinn 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 stàtachan meas dhaibh,
Nach fiosaich mo chànan.

Tha *Lovat* 's a dhaingheann,
Na shòlas dha'n fhearum,
An deònaich iad fanntuinn,
Nan gearasdain laidir ;
'S mòr-chuiseach, ceannasach
'S stroilde ro'n tarrauin iad,
'S neòil an cuid lannan,
Mar lainnir an sgàhain ;
A's feidh nan ceann cabrach
A leumnaich mar bhradain,
A beucail, 's a plabraich,
Rì caismeachd an làmbaich ;
Miann leirsinn, is claisneachd
An' éisdeachd, 's am faicinn,
'S binn gleòraich an caismeachd
A steach air na sràidean.

O! dhaoim' nach fac iad,
'S beàg ionghua a chleachd sibh,
Mar 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 piob mhor a chaol-mbuineil,
A lùrgeadh luinneig,
Tro ìbhiri cuimir,
A's ribbeidean spàinteach ;
Siod na chuir uimpe,
'S gaoraich a h-uinneag,

A'g innseadh dha 'n drumà'
Mar chuireas i fàilte.

Bi'dh slànnte *Mhic-Shimidh*,
Na càirdeas dha' chinneadh,
Sa'n t-àl nach do ghineadh,
Bìdh sìreadh roi' chàch orr' ;
'S a'ad ann an spiorad e,
'S laidir an' gilleau 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 biodh tric leis,
Mu 'm brist' iad am bàra.

Buaidh-làrach air urram,
Do chàradh a *chulair*,
Roi réitichear ullamh
Gu iomal gach sràide ;
'S reull ann an Lunnainn 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 drumà,
Na pioban, 's na fannain.
'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, ghuineach, neo-sgàthach,
'S e sheulaich do bhuinnig,
Cinn fheadhna na cruinne,
Lan ceill' agus urraidh,
A cumal do phàirte ;
S rioghal do Chaipiteinean.
'S aogheil ri 'm faicinn iad,
S innsginneach, faicleach
'S laisde air paràd iad,
Bho shàilean an casan,
Gu 'm bàrr air a marcadh,
'S òr faineach na mhapaidd,
Gu'n aclair bho 'n àirdid ;

Gu'n cluinnte na's beachdaidh iad,
Sloinnidh mi 'mach dhuibh iad,
Is launtairean laisd' iad,
Cha taisich am blàths iad ;

Eacoir, na craichinín,
 Dh'éiris 'n ar feachdanain,
 'S leir dhomb na chaisgeas e,
 An gaisgeach is màidsear ;
 Ge leibh e na ghlaine,
 'S bàs millteach e 'n carraid,
 Nì shaighdean genr, tana,
 Cuim fhala a thrùthadh,
 '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-carradh,
 'S ard iarras do dheannal,
 'Sgrìob dheuchain na gailín,
 Sìon chal' gun bhàigh thu ;
 'S deuchineach sealladh
 Air iarbhail do ghalair,
 Cuirp lionnbor ri talamh,
 Nan earruinnean gearrte :
 'S tìir' bhìatach thu 'm fallachd,
 'S corn iatach na falla',
 'S e lion an nì 'n t-annart,
 Is stailceas fu làr iad.
 Bheir ioc-shlainnt' an cannan
 Ceo fiamha ga 'n dalladh,
 A spianas bho 'n talamh,
 Nan deannanan smàil iad.

Ge gruamach a sealladh,
 Fo shuaicheatais ballach,
 Mar bhualadh na mara,
 Na falaisge Màirte,
 Tha'n suaireas 's an cenneal,
 'S am boichead mar leannain,
 A buaireadh nan cailleag
 'S am menlath nam pàistean ;
 Theid Bainn-tighearnan glana,
 Dhe'n cuimhne 's dhe'n aithne'
 Cho cinnteach 's dh' amais mi,
 'N eallaidh-sa ràite,
 'S biodh banntraichean fhearraibh,
 'S an clann air an dronnaig,
 Le geall an cuid bán,
 A bhì falach fu' chàrn leibh.

Note.—The above spirited song is now partly freed from the obscurity which characterized it in the author's own collection—it will still, however, task the understanding of many readers, but we could make no further emendations without manifest danger to the structure of the piece.

SMEORACH NAN LEODACH.

LUINNEAG.

*Uilibheag i na i ri i o,
 Uilibheag i na i ri i u,
 Smeòrach mise 'mach o'n Tàr,
 Is gleoghrach càirn ma bhuird le fcasle.*

'S mise smeòrach ùg a ghrinnis,
 Shèinnis ceol mar òrgan milis,
 Feadan òrdail fo mo ribheid,
 'S fead mo mheòir air comhra fìlleant'.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Cha b' i crìonach liath na mosgan,
 Bho na shìolaich treud an fhortain,
 Ach fìogh miath, nan miar, gun socadh,
 Geal mar ghrian, bho bhian Rìogh Lochlainn
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

An caisteil àrd dha'n làidir finne,
 Ma'n iath pàrlamaid gun ghioraig,
 Nach iarr bligh an àite millidh,
 A dhialadh bais gun stràc ga'm pilleadh.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Ge do dh'eug e cha treig fhasan,
 Cha toir streupa na geimh gaiscadh,
 As na connspuinn eòlach, smachdail,
 Nach d'rinn ceò gun feoil a shrachdadh.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Gu'n dean glòir nan neòil a phasgadh,
 'S nach bì còmhra' fo shroin peacaich,
 Bithidh na Leodaich mar òr daite,
 Sheasas còir, 's nach fògair casgradh.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Ma thig tìir a chòir na h-aithribh,
 Theid an connspaid air sheòil guisgidh,
 Snapach, òrdach, tòiteach, speachdach,
 Naisgear feòil do dh' eòin an achaidh.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

Theid an tarbh fo chalg na maise,
 Le shròl balla-bhreac, ri geala ghasan,
 Nach leig earabal gu fùlbh dhatthaigh,
 Gu'm bì 'n anaman balbh fo chasan.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

'S lannach, lìobhach, dìsneach, claiseach,
 Meachair, fìnealt', rimbach, laisde,
 Na bruis phrìseil, o'n tìr fhasgach,
 Nach leig cìos le strì, na feachdaibh.
Uilibheag i na i ri, &c.

'Nuair theid dìon air sgiath gach bealaich,
S luchd an fhiamha, siaradh tharais,
Car na'm bial 'us liad na'n teangaidh,
'S dorus riabt' air cìas gach fear dhiu.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'N uair thig sgian bho chliabh gach gille,
A sgoltadh bhlioin, 's a dianamh phinne,
Gheibh am fiacail biadh gun sìreadh,
'S gloine lionta, an òc-shlainn spioraid.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'N uair a chiaradh griann gu calla',
Thigeadh triall nann-diolt-each meara,
Sraunach, sianach, srianach, staileach,
Ealand', iargalt', lionta an lainnair.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Gus an Dùn is mùirneach caithream,
Dha'm beil idil gach cùrsa ceannas,
Dha'm beil iuntas dlù mar ghaineamh,
Nach toir spùil gu cumantas gainne.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Far an lionor fion ga mhalairt,
Far an iarrar gnìomh fir-eallaidh,
Far an ciatach inlann gach seallaidh,
Far a riadhlair ciadan ain-eoil.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Seinneam founmhor, pongail, m'ealaidh,
As a chom nach trom mar ealach,
Cha tig tonn ma bhonn mo thalla,
Nì mo chail, na ghanntas m'aran.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Tha mo chuach na cuairteig mbeala,
'S barrach uaine suaineadh tharun,
Air mo chluasaig 's fuaghte m' anail,
'S ionadh dual a luadh le'm theangaidh,
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Air mo thaobh an eraobh nam meangan,
Cha toir gaoth dhìom m'aodach droma,
'S ma thig naoisg a ghaoirich mar rium,
Nì m'aoir a sgaoileas tun' iad.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

'S iomadh buaidh fo stuaidh mo bhalla,
Chuireadh ruaig air sluagh a caraid,
Nach dean gluasad gun ruaim calla,
Dorainn fuathais a chuain fhala',
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Bratach-shithe nan trà seallaidh,
Fasda, dhidein, nan crìoch cainis,
Glag an stiobla dha'n strìochd ain-eohd,
Meirghe na firinn gun lìth sgainneil.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Sliochd an Ollagbair a bhorb sheallaidh,
Mìc a tholgas le'n gorm lannan
Rìochd an fharabhais nach falbh falamh,
Cuij na h-Albun, san dearbh dhainghean.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

Neart Eoin Torinnod cha searg ascall,
'S maise chrannachar 's gach dearbh enchdraidh
'S pailt na h-armabh na bhalg acuinne,
'S brais a leanamhuinn ga sgula shuapadh.
Ulibheag i na i ri, &c.

BARD LOCH-FINE.

EVAN M'COLL, better known to his countrymen as the "Mountain Minstrel," or "*Clùr-sair nam Beann*," was born at Kenmore, Loch-Fyne-side, in the year 1812. His parents, although not affluent, were in the enjoyment of more comfort than generally falls to the lot of Highland peasants; and were no less respected for their undeviating moral rectitude than distinguished for their hospitality, and the practice of all the other domestic virtues that hallow and adorn the Highland hearth. The subject of our memoir was the second youngest of a large family of sons and daughters. At a very early age he displayed an irresistible thirst for legendary lore and Gaelic poetry; but, from the seclusion of his native glen and other disadvantageous circumstances, he had but scanty means for fanning the latent flame that lay dormant in his breast. M'Coll, however, greedily devoured every volume he could procure, and when the labours of the day were over, would often resort

to some favourite haunt where, in the enjoyment of that solitude which his father's fire-side denied him, he might be found taking advantage of the very moonlight to pore over the minstrelsy of his native country, until lassitude or the hour of repose compelled him to return home.

His father, Dugald M'Coll, seems to have been alive to the blessings of education ; for as the village school afforded but little or nothing worthy of that name, he, about the time that our bard had reached his teens, hired a tutor for his family at an amount of remuneration which his slender means could scarcely warrant. The tutor's stay was short, yet sufficiently long to accomplish one good purpose—that of not only enabling Evan properly to read and understand English, but also of awakening in him a taste for English literature. A circumstance occurred about this time which tended materially to encourage our author's poetic leanings. His father, while transacting business one day in a distant part of his native parish, fell in with a Paisley weaver, who, in consequence of the depression of trade, had made an excursion to the Highlands with a lot of old books for sale. M'Coll bought the entire lot, and returned home groaning under his literary burden, which Evan received with transports of delight. Among other valuable works, he was thus put in possession of the “Spectator,” “Burns' Poems,” and the “British Essayists.” He read them with avidity, and a new world opened on his view : his thoughts now began to expand, and his natural love of song received an impetus which no external obstacles could resist.

Contemporaneous with this literary impulsion, was the artillery of a neighbouring Chloe, whose eyes had done sad havoc among the mental fortifications of our bard : he composed his first song in her praise, and, although he had yet scarcely passed the term of boyhood, it is a very respectable effort, and was very well received by his co-parishioners. The circumstances in which his father was placed, rendered it necessary for him to engage in the active operations of farming and fishing, and he was thus employed for several years.

In the year 1837, he threw off the mask of anonymity, and appeared as a contributor to the Gaelic Magazine, then published in Glasgow. His contributions excited considerable interest, and a general wish was expressed to have them published in a separate form by all Highlanders, with the exception of his own immediate neighbours, who could not conceive how a young man, with whom they had been acquainted from his birth, should rise superior to themselves in intellectual stature and in public estimation. They of course discovered that our youthful bard was possessed of a fearful amount of temerity, and the public, at the same time, saw that *they* were miserably blockaded in their own mental *timberism*. If native talent is not to be encouraged by fostering it under the grateful shade of generous friendship, it ought, at least, to have the common justice of being allowed to work a way for itself, unlogged by a solitary fetter—unchilled by the damping breath of unmerited contempt or discouragement. The high-souled inhabitants of Inverary failed to extinguish the flame of M'Coll's lamp ; and now, as they are not probably much better engaged, we recommend them to “see themselves as others see them,” in our author's retaliative poem, “*Slochd a Chopair*,” in which they are strongly mirrored, and the base metal of which they are made powerfully delineated.

It is well for dependant merit that there are gentlemen who have something ethereal in them: much to their honour, Mr Fletcher of Dunans, and Mr Campbell of Islay, patronized our author, and through the generously exercised influence of either, or both of these gentlemen, M'Coll was appointed to a situation, which he now holds, in the Liverpool Custom-house.

M'Coll ranks very high as a poet. His English pieces, which are out of our way, possess great merit. His Gaelic productions are chiefly amorous, and indicate a mind of the most tender sensibilities and refined taste. The three poems, annexed to this notice, are of a very superior order: one of them comes under that denomination of poetry called *pastoral* or *descriptive*, and evinces powers of delineation, a felicity of conception, and a freshness of ideality not equalled in modern times. The second is an elegiac piece, before whose silver, mellifluent tones we melt away, and are glad to enjoy the luxury of tears with the weeping muse. The love ditty is a natural gush of youthful affection, better calculated to show us the aspirations of the heart than the most elaborate production of art. M'Coll imitates no poet; he has found enough in nature to instruct him—he moves majestically in a hitherto untraversed path; and, if we are not continually in raptures with him, we never tire—never think long in his company. But we are reminded that praises bestowed on a living author subject us to the imputation of flattery:—long may it be ere Evan M'Coll is the subject of any posthumous meed of laudation from us!

LOCH-AIC.

A LOCH-AICE na gnùis' chaoin—
Gnùis ghabh gaol air a 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 rèidh riamh chur f'a bonn.

'S leat an eala 's grinne com
'S i neo-throm air t-uchd a' snàmh.
Eun a's gile cneas na 'ghrian,
Sneachd nan sliabh, no leannan bàird!

'S leat bho Lochluinn a's bho 'n t-Suain
An lach bheag is uaine cùl;
'S tric 'ga còir—'s cha n-aun 'ga feum,
Falach-fead a's caogadh shùl.

'S leat an luinneg '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 thà nan glac,
'S faileasan a ghaoil 'n a sùil
Mar tha nèamh an grunnnd Loch-aic!

C'àit' an taitneach leis an earb'
Moch a's anamoch 'bhi le 'laogh?
C'àit' an trice dorus dearg,
'Fhir nan garbh-chròc, air do thaobh?

C'àit' ach ri taobh loch mo rùin—
Far, aig bun nan stùc ud thall,
'S an robh uair mo chàirdean tiugh
Ged tha iad an diùgh air chail!

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, fear,
Fo 'n òg-bìraon a' cromadh fliuch,
'S gun aon rionnag anns an speur
Nach 'eil céile dh'i 'na t-uchd.

'Nuair tha 'n ciobair ann a shuain
'Faicinn mada'-ruadh 'na threud,
'S e 'dian-stuigeadh nan con luath
Gu bhì shuas mu 'n dean e beud :

Sud an t-àm 's am bi ri d' thaobh
Ceòl a mhaoth'cheas clis gach crìdh
Sud an t-àm 'san tug thu gràdh,
'Shìne bhàn ! do 'n fhilidh shìth.

'Tional gbobhar air dh'ì bhì
'N Coir'-an-t-sìth aon fheasgar Màigh,
Chualas guth ro-mhillis, sèamh—
Shaoil i nèamh a bhì aig làimh.

Dh' èisid i,— 's mar bu mhotha dh-èisid,
'S ann bu bhinne teud a chiùil ;
Lean i,— 's mar a b' fhaide lean,
'S ann a b' fbaid' e as, mo dhùil !

Rainig i, mu dheireadh. cnoc,
Dorus fosgailt air a suas,
'S dh' fbaireich i gur ann bho sìn
Bhrùchd an ceol bu bhlasda fuaim.

“Thig a's taigh, a Shìne bhàn !
Thig, a ghràidh, gun eagal beud ;
Feuch an oidheche dhubh m' an cuairt—
'S fada bbuat do dhachaigh féin.”

Chaidh i 's taigh—ma's fìor mo sgeul—
Thuit i 'n gaol air fear a ebiùil !
Dh' òl i 'n deoch bu deoch do chàch,
'S tuilleadh riamh cha d'fhàg i 'n dùn.

RANNAN AIR BAS BANACHARÀID

A BHA ANABARRACH GAOLACH, 'S A CHAOCHAIL
'NA LEANABHACHID.

CHAOCHAIL i—mar neultan ruiteach
'Bhios 'san Ear ma bhrìste' fàire ;
B' fharmaid leis a' ghréin am bòichead,
'S dh'èirich i 'na glòir 'chur sg'oil orr' !

Chaochail i—mar phlatha gréine,
'S am faileas 'na réis 'an tòir air ;
Chaochail i—mar bhogh' nan speuran,
Shìl an fhraas a's thréig a ghlòir e.

Chaochail i—mar shnacadh a laidheas
Annas an tràigh ri cois na fairge ;
Dh'nom an làu gun iochd air aghaidh,
'Ghile O ! cha b'fhada shealbhaich.

Chaochail i—mar ghuth na clàrsaich,
'Nuair a's drùitiche 's a's mìls' e ;
Chaochail i—mar sgeulachd àluinn
Mu'n gann 'thòisichear r'a h-inneadh

Chaochail i—mar bhoillsge gealaich'
'S am maraich' fo eagal 's an dòrcha ;
Chaochail i—mar bhruadar mìlis,
'S an cad'laiche duilich gu'n d' falbh e.

Chaochail i 'an tùs a h-àille !
Cha seachnadh Pàrras as féin i ;
Chaochail i—O ! chaochail Mhàiri
Mar gu'm bàite 'ghrian ag éiridh !

DUANAG GHIAOIL.

AIR FÒNN—“ 'Ille dhuinn, 's toigh leom tìu.”

LUINNEAG.

*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-fhuotainn.*

A NIGHEAN donn a's grinne cruth,
A's binne guth 's a's caoine,
Ge geal an cobhar air an t-sruth
'S ann bhiodh e dubh ri d' thaobh-sa.
A nighean donn, &c.

Mo rùn a' chaileag luinneagach,
Deagh bhanarach na spréidhe,
'S nach géill 'n seòmar uinneagach
'Dh' aon chruinneig 'tha 'n Dùn-Éideann.
A nighean donn, &c.

Té eil' air bhith, d' a sgiamhaichend,
'Na t-fhianuis-sa cha leur dhomh ;
S ann tha thu 'meas nan nianagan
Ceart mar tha 'ghrian measg reulltan.
A nighean donn, &c.

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-eréran !
A nighean donn, &c.

Cha tuga'n air bhi 'm dhùle cead 'bhi
Le m' rùn 'am bothan-ghengan,
'S cha ghabhainn coròin òir air son
Bhi 'n sud a' pògadh m' éiteig.
A nighean donn, &c.

A rùn, nam biodh tu deònach air,
'S ar càirdean uile réidh ruinn,
Cha chuirinn tuille dàlach ann,
Am màireach bu leam féin thu !
A nighean donn, &c.

AIREAMH TAGHTA
DE
SHAR-OBAIR NAM BARD GAELACH;
OR
A CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

The following songs and poems are the productions of gentlemen, who invoked the muse only on rare occasions, and under the impulse of strong feelings excited by extraordinary events;—or, of individuals of whose history little is known to the world, and whose works were not sufficiently voluminous to entitle them to a place among the professed or recognised bards. When the tide of chivalry ran high in the Highlands, and ere the Gaelic ceased to be spoken in the chief's hall, it was deemed no disparagement to people of the highest rank to imbody 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 thòir fein e,
Mhic Dhé greas g'a shearann e;
Mo chrochadh a's mo cheusadh,
A's m' éideadh nar mheala mi,
Mur àit leam thu bhì '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 Fòluis,
'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 Chuilodair orr'.
Theich iad uile 's cha dh-fhuirich
An treas duine 'bh'aca-san;
An t-Iarla Catach ruith e dhachaigh—
Cha do las a dhagachan;
Mac-Aoidh nan creach gun thar e as,
'S ann dh'éighe 'n t-each a b' aigeannaich,
Ri gabhal 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'euin nam fuar-bhean,
 A's gruaim air a h-uile fear,
 A tearnadh bho na sléibhteann
 Gu réidhleinn 's gu cladaichean.
 Dh'eigh iad port 's gu'n d'fhuair iad coit,
 'S bu bheag an toirt mar thachair dhaibh ;
 Ciod e'n droch rud rinn am brònach',
 Le'n cuid mosg nach freagradh sràd,
 'S a liuthad toirtear dheth na Rothaich,
 Dol air fiod thar chlaigeannan ?
 'S ann ghabh iad an ratreata,
 'Nuair dh'eirich do chabar ort !

Gu'm faigh mi fein mi dhùrachd—
 ('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-uisell 's gu h-urramach !
 Gur tu nach leigeadh cuis,
 Leis na dù-Ghaill nach buineadh dhaibh ;
 'S tu bheireadh clotha do' luchd gnothaich,
 Gun fhios co a throdadh riut ;
 Am fine Rothach chuir thu fothadh
 Ge mor leotha 'n ladornas,
 Ga'n cuir romhad le'n ruith-choimhich,
 'S am baile-nodha na shradagan,
 'S na 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 tì bha riut an dùimha,
 'S nach dùirigeadh sealladh ort,
 A faicinn bhi ga'n sgiùrsadh,
 Gu dùthaich nach buineadh dhaibh.
 Le gasraidh fhinealt dheth do chinneadh
 Nach gabh giorag eagalach ;
 Luchd chlogaid 's bhiodag 's chorean bireach,
 Cha philleadh luchd-bagairt iad ;
 Thug feachd Mhic-Shimi gu do mbilleadh,
 'S ruithidh iad gu saidealta ;
 'S gu'n teich iad o chlàr t-eudainn,
 'Nuair dh'eireas do chabar ort !

Th'am brochan a' toirt sàr dhuibh,
 'S tha 'n càl a' toirt àt oirbh ;
 Ach 's beag is misde 'n t-àrannan,
 'Ur sàth theirt an nasgaidh dhuibh :
 Ge mòr a thug sibh chàise,
 Thar àiridhean Asainne,

Cha'n fhuacas cuirm a'm Fòlais,
 Ge mòr bha do chearcan ann ;
 Caistéal biorach, nead na h-ìolair',
 Coin a's gilleas gortach ann ;
 Cha'n fhuicear bioran ann ri teinne,
 Mur bidh dileag bhrochain ann ;
 Cha'n fhuicear mairt-eoil ann an poit ann,
 Mur bi cearc ga plotaigeadh ;
 'S ga'n tional air an déirce,
 'Nuair thréigear gach cosgais iad.

Cha'n eil ian 's na speuran,
 Is breine n'an òlaire,
 Cha 'n ionan idir beus d'ì,
 'S do dh-fhéidh anns na firichean :—
 Bi'dh iadsa moch ag éiridh,
 A feuchainn a bhiolaire ;
 'S bi'dh is' air sean each caoile,
 Rì slaodadh a mhiònaich as ;
 Chuir i spuir astaigh na chorach,
 A's thug i fhuil na spadul as,
 An t-ian gun sonas' gearraidh donais,
 Bi'dh na coin a' sàbaid ris ;
 'S breun an t-isean e air iteig,
 Gun fhios e'ait' an stadadh e,—
 Mas' olc a lean e àbhaist,
 Cha b' fheàrr far na chaidil e.

Cha'n eil ian 'san t-saoghal
 R'a fhaotainn tha coltach riut,—
 Cha'n ithear do chuid sìthne—
 Rinn firinn a' mollachadh :
 Ged tha ort iteag dhìreach,
 Mar fhior shaighdead corranach,
 S ged' thuirt iad riut am fireun,
 Tha ionan a' donais ort !
 S ioma buachaille th' air fuar chnoc,
 Agus cuaille bàt' aige' ;
 Nì guidhe bhuan do bhuntainn bhuath,
 'S n' 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-fèarna Dhòmhnuille,
 Mar spòrs' anns an talamh's ac' ;
 Nach innseadh sibh dhomhs' e,
 'S gu'm b'èol domh a charachadh ;
 'S chuirinn fios gu h-eòlach,
 Gu Seòras an caraideach,
 Gur h-e Fear Dhuin-Dòmhnuille,
 Le lòn chunn an t-anam ris ;
 'Bhiad gun mheas, gun mhiagh gun, ghliocas
 Riamh bu tric 's an talamh-s' thu ;
 Dh'ol a's dh'ith thu trian do d' phisrach,
 'S tu an t-isean annaideach ;

Chuir na Rothaich thu air ghnathach,
S tu an t-ambusg aineolach,
'S ged' thug Clann-Choinnich miadh ort,
Cha b' fhiach thu 'n treas earrairinn deth.

Faire ! faire ! 'shaoghail,
Gur caochlaidheach carach thu,
Chuana mise Si-phort,
'Nam pìoban cruaidh, sgalanta,
Nach robh an Alb' a dh'aon-shluagh,
Ged shineadh 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 bagarach,
Na bh'eadar Asainn, a's fa dheas,
Gu ruig Sgalpa chraganach,
Gach fear a glacadh gunna snàip,
Chlaidheamh glas, na dagachan,—
Bu leat Sir Dòmhnull Shléibhte,
'Nuair dh'èireadh do chabar ort !

Dh'èireadh leat fir Mhùideirt,
'Nuair ruisgte do bhraataichean,
Le 'n lannan daite dù-ghorm,
Gu'n cuirte na marcaich leo ;
Mac-Alasdair 's Mac-Ionnainn,
Le 'n cuilbheirean acuinnneach ;
'Nuair rachadh iad 'san iorghuill,
Gu'm b' ioghua mur trodadh iad :—
Bh'dh tu fhathast gabhail aighner,
Ann am Brathuinn bhaidealach,
Bh'dh cinne t-athair ort a feitheamh,
Co bhrathadh bagradh ort ?
Bh'dh fion ga chaitheamh fheadh do thaighe,
'S uisge-beatha feadanach ;
'S gur lionmhòr pìob' ga'n gleusadh,
'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 respect.

Norman M'Leod lived long on a footing of intimate familiarity and friendship with Mr M'Kenzie of Ardloch whose farm was contiguous to that of our author ; and "*Cabar-feidh*," which has single-handed stamped the celebrity of M'Leod, arose out of the following circumstance. The earl of Sutherland issued a commission to William Munroe of Achany, who, with a numerous body of retainers and clansmen, by virtue of said commission, made a descent on Assynt and carried off a great many cattle. This predatory excursion was made in the latter end of summer, when, according to the custom of the country, the cattle were grazing on distant pasturages at

the sheilings, a circumstance which proved very favourable to the foragers—for they not only took away the cattle, but also plundered the sheilings, and thus possessed themselves of a great quantity of butter and cheese. Indignant at the baseness and injustice of such cowardly conduct, M'Leod invoked the muse and composed "*Cabar-feidh*," or the clan-song of the M'Kenzies—making it the vehicle of invective and bitter sarcasm against the Sutherlanders and Munroes, who had antecedently made themselves sufficiently obnoxious to him by their adherence to the Hanoverian cause in 1745.

That a production teeming with so much withering declamation and piquancy of wit should have told upon its hapless subjects, may be reasonably supposed. Munroe was particularly sore on the subject, and threatened that the bard should forfeit his life for his temerity, if ever they should meet. They were personally unacquainted with each other ; but chance soon brought them face to face. Munroe was commonly known by a grey-coloured bonnet which he wore, and was called "*Uileam a bhoineid 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 *horz* with the following extemporary salutation :—

"Aran a's im a's calis,
Mu'n tig am bas air Tormod ;
A's deoch do fhuir an rothaid,
'S cha ghabh na Rothaich leag ris."

which may be translated thus—

Bread and butter and cheese to me,
Ere death my mouth shall close ;
And, traveller, there's a drink for thee,
To please the black Munroes.

Achany was pleased with the address, quaffed the ale, and when he discovered who the courteous stranger was, he cordially forgave him, and cherished a friendship for him ever after. Years after the events recorded above, the poet's son, Angus, then a young licentiate, waited upon Achany, relative to the filling up of the vacancy in the parish of Rogart.—"And do you really think, Sir," said Achany, "that I would use my influence to get a living for your father's son ? *Cabar-feidh* is not forgotten yet." "No ! and never will," replied the divine, "but if I get the parish of Rogart, I promise you it shall never be sung or recommended from the pulpit there !" "Thank you ! thank you !" said Achany, "that is one important point carried—you are not so bad as your father after all, and we must try to get the kirk for you !" He gave him a letter to Dunrobin and he got the appointment.

"*Cabar-feidh*" is one of the most popular songs in the Gaelic language, and deservedly so. It has been erroneously ascribed to Matheson, the family-bard of Seaforth ; but now for the first time, it is legitimately paternized, and the only correct edition, which has yet appeared, is here given. The song itself bears internal evidence that our history of its paternity is strictly correct ; and our proofs in corroboration are numerous and decisive. Nothing can surpass the exultation of the bard while he sings the superiority of the clan M'Kenzie over those, who have drawn upon themselves the lash of his satire. The line "*Nuair dh'èireadh do chabar ort !*" falling in at the end of some of the stanzas, has an electrifying effect ; and, although figurative in its language, is so applicable as to transport us beyond ourselves to those feudal times when our mountain warriors rushed to the red field of battle to conquer or to die. The music, as well as the poem, is M'Leod's, and forms one of the most spirit-stirring airs that can be played on the bagpipe ; so popular, indeed, has this tune been in many parts of the Highlands, that it was not danced as a common reel, but as a sort of country-dance. We have seen "*Cabar-feidh*" danced in character, and can bear testimony that, for diversified parts, for transitions, mazes and evolutions, it yields not, when well performed, to any "*Cotillon* bred new from France."

MALI CHRUINN DONN.

LEIS AN CHEISTEAR CHRUBACH.

AIA FONN—"Carraig Fhearghuis."

O'n thagaich mi'n rathad,
 Gu'n taghail mi monadh
 S an tuiteadh an sneachda,
 'S a ghaill-shion gu trom ;
 'S an talamh neo-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 dosgairn
 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 fàsadh nan tonn.

Fluir a shiubhlas an rathad,
 A dh'ionnsuidh na Dabhaich,
 Uam imirich mo bheannachd
 Gu *Mali* chruinn donn ;
 Tha thuinnidh sa' ghleannan,
 Aig alltan a cheannaich',
 S gur daoine gun tabhail
 Nach taghaich am fonn ;
 I mar ionmhas an tasgaidh,
 Gun chunnart gun gheas,
 Ach a faotainn gu taitneach,
 Dha 'n fhear rachadh ann ;
 'S ged bhithinn am Bhàron,
 Air dùthaich Chlainn-Eachuinn,
 Gu'm foghnaidh mar *mhaitche*,
 Leam *Mali* chruinn donn !

Tha pearsa cho bòidheach,
 Tha i tlachdmhor na còmhach,
 Tha taitneas na còmhach,
 Mar smeòrach nan gleann,
 Gu'n d' eiltich mo chridhe,
 'Nuair rinn i rium brithinn,
 'S bu bheatha dhomh rithist
 Gu tighinn a nall.
 Bha h-aogus gun smàlan
 Bha caoin air a rasgaibh,
 Bha gaol air a thasgaidh,
 'S a chridhe ' bha na còm :
 Gu'n smaoinich mi agam
 Nach rachain am mearachd,
 Ged theirinn gur piuthar
 I dh' lain geal, donn.

Na meòir sin bu' ghile,
 Bha còrr air ghrinneas,
 A's bòiche nì fìghe
 A's fuaidheal glan ròidh ;
 Gur cuimr, deas, dìreach,
 A shiubhlas tu'n rìdhle,
 'Nuair dhùisgear gu eridheil
 Dhut fiodhall nan teud :
 'S tu cheumadh gu bòidheach,
 'S a thionndadh gu h-eòlach,
 'S a fhreagradh 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 ghleacas a ceum.

O mheacain an t-suairceis,
 '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-Strath-mhòr.
 Na'm biodh sibh a lùthair,
 'S an staid mar a b'àill leam,
 Cha reicinn 'ur càirdeas
 Air muai 'na Roinn-Eorp ;
 Gu'm beil mi 'n diugh sàbhailt,
 O chumma mi Màiri
 Gu'n sheas i dhomh àite,
 Na màthar nach beò !

Chuir i fàsadh mu'n cuairt domh,
 Mar earradh math nachdair,
 Gu'n bhuilich i uaisle
 Le suairceas glan beòil.
 Làmh shoilleir neo-spìocach,
 'S an cridhe neo chrìouta,
 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-seòid :—
 Bha e fial ris na mathaibh—
 Ceann' ehlair agus cheathairn',
 'S bu dhiobhail mar thachair
 Luaths' chaidh e fu'n fhòd.

Bhiodh òl ann, bhiodh ceòl ann,
 Bhiodh furan, bhiodh pòit ann,
 Bhiodh òrain, bhiodh dòchas
 Mu bhòrd an fhir fhéil :—
 Bhiodh insg unn, bhiodh sealg ann,
 Bhiodh fiadh, agus carb ann,
 Bhiodh coileach dubh barragheal,
 Ga mharbhadh air géig.

Bhiodh bradan an fhiòr-uig,
 Bhiodh taghadh gach sìthn' ann,
 Bhiodh liath-chearcan fraoich
 Anns an fhrith aig a féin ;
 'Nà m tighinn gu bhaile,
 'S gu thùrlach gun ainneis,
 Bhiodh rusgadh air ealaídh,
 Casg paghaidh, a's sgios.

B' iad sud na fir uaisle,
 Gun chrìne gun ghruaimean
 Cha 'n fhaigheadh càch buaidh orr'
 'N tuasaid na'n streup ;
 Iad gun ardan, gun uabhar,
 Neo smachdail air tuatha,
 Ach fearann fo 'n uachdar
 'Fàs suas anns gach nì.
 O na dh'imich na h-àrmuinn,
 Chaidh an saoghal gu tàire,
 'S bi'dh bròn agus pàidh
 Rì chlàistinn na'n deigh :—
 'S na 'm faoinn 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-àrmuinn,
 'S e n-ar cuid na tha làthair,
 Gu ma beannaicht' an geard
 Th'air an àlach a th' ann !
 Ceud soraídh, ceud fàilte,
 Ceud furan gu Màiri,
 A dh'fhàg siun 'sa Mhàigh
 Ann am braighe nan gleann
 'S i cuachag na coille,
 Na h-uaisle 's na h-oilean,
 A dh'fhàg siun gu loinneil
 An creagan nam beann ;
 A gheala-ghlan gun ainneis,
 B'e t-ainn a bhi banail,
 'S gu'n dhearbhu thu bhi duineil,
 'S nìr chluinneam-s' do chall !

Gu'n cluinneam-s' do bhuinig,
 Ge nach faic mi thu tuilleadh,
 Gar an iarradh tu idir
 Dhol fad' as an fhonn ;
 Ach an àite na 's déiseil,
 Gun bhlàr, no gun chreagan,
 S ma gheibh m' achanaich freagairt
 Cha'n eagail d'ut bonn ;
 Tha uaislean, 's treun-laoich,
 Tha truaghain a's feumaich,
 'Toirt tuaraisgeul gleusta
 Air t-fheum anns gach ball ;
 Tha gach tlachd ort ri innseadh,
 Lamh gheal a nì sgrìobadh,
 'S gur tuigseach a chiall
 A chuir Dia na do cheann !

Bi'dh mo dhàn agus m' òran,
 Bi'dh m' alla mar 's ebl domb,
 Gu bràth fhad 's is beò mi
 Toirt sgeibh ort a chaoidh :
 Na fhuair mi dhe t-fhuran,
 Cha'n fhuaraich e tuille,
 Nì smaointean mo chridhe
 Riat brithinn nach pill ;
 Cha 'n eil Siòrrachd 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-ealaídh na h-Alba
 D'a sheanchas 's d'a sheinn.

Ceud furan, ceud fàilte,
 Ceud soraídh le bàrdachd
 Ceud tlachd mar ri àilleachd,
 Air fàs air a mhnaoi ;
 Ceud beannachd na dhà dhut,
 'S gu'm faiceam-sa slàn thu,
 Mu tha idir an dàn domh,
 'Dhol gu bràth do Loch-bhraoin ;
 Ged nach sgalaiche bàird mi,
 Cha 'n urrainn mi àicheadh,
 Ma thig iad nì 's dàine
 Gu'm paigh iad ris daor :—
 'S i bean nan rasg trodhad,
 Gun àrdan, gun othail,
 'S i Màiri 's glain' bodhaig
 —Creag odhar nan craobh.

Creag ghobhar, creag chaorach,
 Creag bheann, agus aonaich,
 Creag fhasgach ri gaoidh thu,
 Creag laogh, agus mheann ;
 Creag chaoran, creag chnothan,
 Creag fhiarach, a's chreamhach,
 Creag ianach a' labhairt
 Am barraibh nan crann ;
 Gu'n cluinnte guth smeòrach
 An uinneag do sheòmar,
 'S a chuthag a còmhradh
 Mar a b'eòl d'i bhi cainnt.
 'S bi'dh ealaídh a mbonaidh,
 Rì cluich anns an dèrus
 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 ghearrain ga'm' shireadh,
 Mu'n rachadh mo mbilleadh,
 An curaisde puill ;

O nach urra mi mholadh,
 An obair mar chaisinn,
 Mo bheannachd gu meal e
 Gun easlaint a chaidh!
 Fhìr a shiubhlas an rathad,
 A dh' iomsuidh na Dabhuich,
 Uam imirich mo bheannachd
 Gu *Màli* chruinn Donn!

Note.—The above truly admirable song was composed by William M'Kenzie, the Gairloch and Lochbroom catechist, commonly called *An Ceistear Crìbach*, owing to a lameness which he had. He was a native of the parish of Gairloch, and was born about the year 1670. In his early years, M'Kenzie had the reputation of being a serious young man: he committed to memory the whole of the questions of the Shorter Catechism in Gaelic, and was subsequently allowed a small stated salary for going about from hamlet to hamlet in the forementioned parishes, catechising the young, and imparting religious instruction to all who chose to attend his meetings. It was while employed on these missions that he composed the foregoing. It was the dead of winter: the houses were far apart—a tremendous storm came on—and our author, to save his life, was compelled to stand in the shelter of a rock. In this situation he was fortunately discovered, and conveyed on horseback to the house of Mr M'Kenzie of Balone, where he experienced the greatest kindness. He forthwith invoked his muse, and celebrated the praises of his host's sister, then a beautiful young lady, and afterwards Mrs M'Kenzie of Kersary, in Gairloch. A song of less poetic grandeur and merit might well have immortalized any mountain maid, and established the reputation of the author, and put it beyond the reach of detection.

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 sisters 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 expended, manifesting the contempt in which they held the newly-married couple, and the entire round of their relatives and guests. At length it was propounded to the catechist whether he ought not to commemorate the circumstances in a poem or song. Forgetting the sacredness of his office and the tenure by which he held his situation, in the buoyancy of the moment, he sung the following extemporary effusion before they separated:—

ORAN EADAR CARAID OG OIDHICHE, 'M BAINNSE.

AIR FÒNN.—“*Oran na Feannag.*”

ISR.—‘S mithich dhùine bhi ‘g eiridh,
 O’n tha sin feumach air cadal,
 Bho na rinn sinn na-r seipeir,
 Cha deas sin fuireach na ‘s fìde;
 Mas a math an cuid leumnaich,
 Biodh lad fìr ris gu latha,
 An rud sin th’agad a dhùine,
 ‘S an ris is mo na-r annas,
 Gu fìos a bhlas.

ESAN.—‘S fada ‘n latha gu h-oidhche,
 ‘S fad ‘n oidhche na’n latha,
 ‘S iomadh seachdain sa’ bhliadhna,
 Gu bhi ‘g iarraidh gu leithid,
 ‘S misle sìne ‘sinn goraich,
 A thòl a thoirseachadh bris ris,
 ‘S ma nì sinn’ nàr milleadh,
 Gur h-ann is meas ‘n dìcheat ann,
 ‘S uach ‘èil sinn seam.

ISR.—Ach c’uime ‘s misle sinn fhlaichinn,
 Dh’thiach an fàch dhùinn a leantainn,
 ‘S ma ehi thu feiu na chuis ghraiu e,
 Cha bhi mi dana ga thagar;
 Chuna’ mis’ aig na mhaithair,
 Gur nì gnathaichte leithid,
 ‘S gur beag math th’ann sa phosadh,
 ‘S a bhi as aonais an fhasain,
 ‘S e aig gach neach.

ESAN.—‘S truagh nach robh mi gun phosadh,
 Arsa broinean ‘s e ‘g eiridh,
 Bu mhodha m’ feum air a chadal,
 ‘S mi ‘n deigh coiseachd an aonich,
 Chaill mi eiricean nam meorran,
 Ann ‘s na brogan ‘s iad daor dhomh,
 ‘S eha dian mi ‘n obair air t-aileas,
 Ge b’i b’ fhearr air an t-saoghal
 ‘S nach ‘èil mi ‘n sgairt.

ISR.—Dh-bhidh iad do sheanachas,
 ‘S maig a dh’fhalbh leat tha aonais,
 ‘S truagh nach robh mi gun deare ort,
 Ach mi dh’fhaicinn an t-saoghail,
 Le do chroma-shlaht gun phiseach,
 Nach tig thuise fo’n aodach,
 ‘S maig a thachair ad chuideachd,
 Fhior thrudair nan doane,
 ‘S a ghlogaidh-bhoth!

ESAN.—A Bìl bu mhise chuis thruais leat,
 ‘S moch a fhuair mi mo mhàdadh,
 Cha bhidh do theibheim cho luath dhomh,
 Na bith tu staimne na nàrach,
 Dh’fhaodadh tusa bhi sus leis,
 Na’n deasaib uair ann san raith’ e,
 ‘S mise dh’fhuireach ‘as aonais,
 Thun na h-aois so a tha mi,
 Gun dol na char.

ISR.—Dh’ aithnich mise ort nach b’hiach thu,
 ‘S gu’m bu shìachaire breun thu,
 ‘S nach robh duine ‘s na crìochan,
 Cho measa rian air an fheum rint,
 Tha mi dì’easbhuidh do spurs,
 Dh-fhalbh mi phosadh an de leat,
 ‘S mar faigh mi misneachd to mairneach,
 A chaidh cha charaichear breid orn,
 ‘S cha ruig mi leas.

ESAN.—Bì tu sin ann a naire,
 Mar a carsaichear breid ort,
 Dheir gach nàibidh dhut tollheum;
 ‘Nair a chluinn lad mar dh’eirich;
 Ge do ruigeadh tu ‘n ‘n Pàrson,
 Gu na-r sgaraidh cho chleie;
 A chaidh cha ‘n fhaigh thu chead posadh
 ‘S e ‘n aghaidh ordugh na cleie,
 ‘S nach ‘èil e ceart.

ISR.—Innis thusa dhomh ‘n fhirinn,
 Na’m beil feum dhomh bhi fuireach,
 Na’m beil comas air t-imleachd,
 No ‘n a dhìolt thu mi builleach,
 Mas e sgoir tha fas ort,
 Gu do lamh ehnir sa ‘n obair
 Fagaidh mi thu cho eolach,
 Ris na seoid tha ris cumanta,
 Lho chian fad.

ESAN.—‘Nuair a thainig an oidhche,
 ‘S nach robh seòil ‘n aon a dorchas,
 ‘S a chaidh an dathuich,
 ‘S nach robh duil ri buidh falbha,
 Air an obair gun sìne e,
 ‘Nuair a dh’eirich a mheanmaim,
 ‘S theab nach sguraidh e thathaid,
 Le ma thaitim am taragan ud
 His cho math.

ISR.—‘S fearr sud na bhi falamh,
 Ma nì thu cleachdadh dheth ‘n comhuaidh,
 ‘S mas ann am feobias a theid thu,
 Cha dian mi t-eibheach na t-olach,
 Chua’ eil air obair ach sìneadh,
 ‘S a bhi ga sìr dheasach comhuaidh,
 Cha bhi faiteachas treubhach,
 ‘S bith dou-bhich air fear bronach
 Nach teid na char.

This comic-satirical production was soon made public, and the author was lauded by one party, and denounced by another. The ministers of Gairloch and Loch-

broom shook their heads—shuddered at the profanity of the catechist, and gave intimation from their respective pulpits that the catechistical labours of our author had ceased! He was previously dragged before the Presbytery, examined, and cross-examined, as to the extent and number of his bardic delinquencies. One or two of the elders and ministers had the hardihood to espouse his cause while thus arraigned at the Presbytery's bar, and insisted that the reverend judges should hear the song from his own lips. "I can repeat no song," said the bard, "unless I accompany the words with an air; and to sing here would be altogether unbecoming." This obstacle was removed by consent of the Moderator, and he sung the song with great glee, while his judges were more obliged to their handkerchiefs than to their gravity for the suppression of risibility. It does not appear that M'Kenzie was ever afterwards restored to his situation. He died at a good old age, and was buried in Creagan-an-Iubhair of Muckle Greenard, Lochbroom.

CALUM A GHLINNE.*

LUNNEAG

*Mo Chailin donn dg,
S mo nighean dubh thogarach,
Thogainn ort fonn,
Neo-throm gun togainn,
Mo nighean dubh gun iarraidh,
Mo bhriathar gun togainn,
S gu'n innsinn an t-aobhar,
Nach eileas 'ga d' thogradh,
Mo Chailin donn dg.*

Gu'm beil thu gu boidheach,
Baiundidh, banail,
Gun chron ort fo 'n ghréin,
Gun bheum, gun sgainnir;
Gur gil' thu fo d' leine
Na citeag na mara,
'S tha coir' agam fein
Gun chéile bhi mar-riut.
Mo Chailin donn dg, &c.

* 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 obtaining his discharge, was allowed some small pension. Having returned to his native country, he married a woman, who, for patience and resignation, was well worthy of being styled the sister of Job. Malcolm now got the occupancy of a small pendicle of land and grazing for two or three cows in Glensgaith, at the foot of Ben-fuathais, in the county of Ross. M'Lean during his military career seems to have learned how to drown dull care as well as "fight the French"—he was a bacchanalian of the first magnitude. He does not, however, appear to have carried home any other of the soldier's vices with him. Few men have had the good fortune to buy immortality at so cheap a rate of literary and poetical labour as "Calum a Ghlinne:" on this single ditty his reputation shall stand unimpaired as long as Gaelic poetry has any admirers in the Highlands of Scotland.

The occasion of the song was as follows: M'Lean had an only child, a daughter of uncommon beauty and loveliness; but owing to the father's squandering what ought,

Gur muladach mi,
'S mi 'n deigh nach muth leam,
Na dheanadh dhut stà
Aig càch 'ga mhalairt;
B'i'dh t-athair an eomhnuidh
'G ol le caithream,
'S e eolas nan còrn
A dh-fhag mi cho falamh.
Mo Chailin donn dg, &c.

Nam bithinn a'g òl
Mu bhord na dibhe,
'S gum faicinn mo mhianu
'S mo chiall a' tighinn,
'S e 'u copan beag donn
Thogadh fonn air mo chridhe,
'S cha tugainn mo bhriathar
Nach iarrainn e rithist.
Mo Chailin donn dg, &c.

B'i'dh bodaich na dùch'
Ri bùrst 's ri fanaid,
A cantain rium fèin
Nach geill mi dh-ainnis;
Ged tha mi gun spréidh,
Tha teud ri tharruim,
'S cha sguir mi de 'n òl
Fhad 's is beo mi air thalamh.
Mo Chailin donn dg, &c.

'S ioma bodachan gnù
Nach dùirig m' aithris,
Le thional air spréidh
'S iad ga threigsinn a's t-earrach
Nach cosg auns a bhliadhna
Trian a ghallain,
'S cha toir e fo 'u ùir
Na 's mù na bheir Calum.
Mo Chailin donn dg, &c.

under any economical system of domestic government, to have formed her dowry, she was unwooded, 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 idealism of no common order; while its terseness and comprehensiveness of expression are such, that one or two standing proverbs or adages have been deduced from it. His "*Nighean dubh Thogarach*," and her husband were living in the parish of Contin, in the year 1760. 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 the year 1764.

Nam bithinn air fèill,
 'S na cendan mar rium,
 De chuideachda chòir
 A dh-òladh drama;
 Gun suidhinn mu 'n bhòrd
 'S gun tràighinn mo shearrag
 'S cha tuirt mo bhean rianh rium
 Ach—"Dia leat a Chalum!"
Mo Chailin donn oy, &c.

Gel tha mi gun stòr,
 Le bl' s le iomairt,
 Air bheagan de nì,
 Le pris na mine;
 Tha fortan aig Dia,
 'S e fialaidh uime,
 'S mo gheibh mi mo shlaointe,
 Gu 'n pàidh mi na shìr mi.
Mo Chailin donn oy, &c.

Ge mòr le càch
 Na tha mi milleadh,
 Cha tugainn mo bhòid
 Nach olaime tuilleadh,
 'S e gaol a bhì mor
 Tha m' fheoil a' sìreadh—
 Tha 'n sgeul ud ri aithris
 Air Callum a Ghliune.
Mo Chailin donn oy, &c.

* The virtue of mildness in his wife was often put to the test, and found to be equal to the glowing representation of the poet. Malcolm had occasion to go to Dingwall on a summer day for a 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 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

CLACHAN GHILINN'-DA-RUAIL.

LUINNEAG.

*Mo chailleag bhàn-ghéal, mheall-shuileach,
 A dh-fhàs gu fullain, fuasguilt,
 Gur trom mo cheum o 'n dheudaich sinn,
 Aig clachan Ghlinn'-da-ruail.*

Dì-dònaich riun mì chòlachadh,
 Bean òg 's mòdhar gluasad,
 Tha 'guth mar cheol na smedraiche,
 'S mar bhil' an ròis a grunaidhean.
Mo chailleag, &c.

'S caoin a seang shlios furanach,
 Neo-churaidh a ceum nallach;
 Tha 'gairdean bàn gle chumadail;
 'S deud lurach n' a beul guamach.
Mo chailleag, &c.

'S ro fhaicilleach 'n a còmhraidh i,
 Gun sgilm, gun sgleò, no tuailleas;
 Gur flathail coiseachd shràidean i,
 Air bheagan stàit no guaineis.
Mo chailleag, &c.

Ged bheireadh Sèoras 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' bhuachaill.
Mo chailleag, &c.

O 's truagh nach robh mi 's m' ailleagan
 Air airdidh cois nam fuar-bheann!
 Bu shocair, sèimh a chaidlinn, 's i
 Nan m' n'ehlais, air an luathair.
Mo chailleag, &c.

Cha suaimhneas bìdhch' air leabaidh dhomh,
 Ga t-fhaicinn ann am brudair;
 'S am Bioball fein cha haimhsich mi,
 Gun t-iomhaigh ghràidh ga 'm bhuaireadh.
Mo chailleag, &c.

our drouthy friend should meet. He entered his dwelling, and, as he approached on the floor, he staggered and would have fallen in the fire, placed grateless in the centre of the room, had not his wife flung her arms affectionately about him, exclaiming, "Dia leat a Chalum." "Ah!" replied Malcolm, "why speak thus softly to me,—I have drunk my money and brought home no meal." "A heatherbell for that," said his helpmate, "we will soon get more money and meal too." "But," continued the intoxicated poet, "I have also drunk the grey horse!" "What signifies that, my love," rejoined the excellent woman, "you, yourself are still alive and mine, and never shall we want—never shall I have reason to murmur while my Malcolm is sound and hearty." It was enough: the drover had to count down the money, and in a few hours Mrs M'Lean had the pleasure of hailing her husband's return with the horse and meal.

'N uair b' fhilcant' briar' a mhinisteir,
A fiosrachadh mu 'n truailleachd;
Bha mise coimhead dùrachdach,
Na seirce tha d' shùil neo-luaineach.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ged shuidheas Cléir na tìre leam,
'S mi sgriobhadh dhaibh le luath-laimh;
'S ann bhios mo smuaintean diomhaireach,
Air Sìne dhuinn a chuach-fhuilt.
Mo chaileag, &c.

Ach 's eagal leam le m' cheileireachd,
Gu 'n gabh an seinsean gruaim riom;
Ged fhogras iad do 'n Olaint mi,
Ri m' bheò cha toir mi fuath dhut!
Mo chaileag, &c.

Note.—The above popular song has been attributed to so many reputed poets, that we feel great pleasure in putting the reader right on the subject. The Perthshire people claimed it for the late Rev. Dr Irvine of Little Dunkeld; while the others were equally certain that it was the production of Mr Archibald Currie, teacher of the Grammar School, Rothesay. To arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to its paternity, we have instituted the necessary inquiries, and have now the satisfaction to announce that it is the composition of Mr Angus Fletcher, parochial schoolmaster of Dunoon. We subjoin Mr Fletcher's letter in reply to our communication:—

"I was born at Coirín-t-shee (Coirinti), a wild, sequestered, and highly romantic spot on the west bank of Loch-eck, in Cowal, early in June, 1776; and was chiefly educated at the parish school of Kilmodan, Glendaruel. From Glendaruel I went to Bute in 1791, where I was variously employed until May, 1801, 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-tan't lassie*,' Miss Jean Currie of Coirechnaive, now Mrs B——n. In this song, although I believe the best of the two, the heart was not at all concerned. It appeared first in the '*Edinburgh Weekly Journal*,' with my initials, and has been evidently copied from that paper into Turner's Collection of Gaelic Songs. The verse beginning '*Nuair 'shuidheas Cléir na tìre 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-da-ruail*" is settled. It is one of the best and most popular of our amorous pieces, and, although the talented author says that "the heart was not at all concerned" in it, we venture to remind him that Nature, that excellent schoolmistress, had taught him to study her ways. The air to which it is sung is also very popular, and is known in the Lowlands by the name of *Neil Gow's Strathspey*. But, without wishing to 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 Sìth*," 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 chaitbris mi,
Am bun a chruidh cha bhi mi;
Am bun a chruidh cha chaitbris mi,
'S mo leabaidh anns au t-sheichean."

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 'mong'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.

Landy Ruall! thy stream sae glaesie,
Shall be aye my favrite theme;
For, on thy banks, my Highland lassie,
First confessed a mutual flame.

O! the birken, &c.

What bliss to sit and nane to fash us,
In some sweet wee bow'ry den!
Or fondly stray among the rashes,
Wi' the Lassie o' the Glen!

O! the birken, &c.

And though I wander now unhappy,
Far frae scenes we haunted there,
I'll ne'er forget the bank sae grassie,
Nor the Lassie o' the Glen.

O! the birken, &c.

MALI BHEAG OG.

Nacu truaigh leat mi 's mi 'n prìosan,
Mo Mhali bheag òg,
Do chairdean a' cuir binn' orm,
Mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal thù.
A bhean na mala mìne,
'S na 'm pogan mar na fùgais,
'S tu nach fagadh shìos mi,
Le mì-rùn do bheoil.

Di-dòmhnach anns a' ghleann duinn,
Mo Mhali bheag òg
'Nuair thoisich mi ri cainnt riut;
Mo chuid de 'n t-saogal mhòr.
'Nuair dh'fhosgail mi mo shùilean,
'S a sheall mi air mo chul-thaobh;
Bha marcach an eich chrùthaich,
Tigh'n' dlù air mo lurg.

'S mise bh'air mo bhuairleadh,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg,
 'Nuair 'thain an 'sluagh mu'n cuairt duinn
 Mo ribhinn ghlan ùr :
 'S truagh nach ann san uair ud,
 A thuit mo lamh o m' ghualainn,
 Mu'n dh'amaid mi do bhuaidh,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg.

Gur b'èiche leam a dh'fhas thu.
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg,
 Na'n lili ann san fhàsach,
 Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ròin :
 Mar aiteal caoin na gréin'
 Ann am madainn chiùin ag eirigh,
 Be sud do dhreach a's t-eugais,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg.

'S mise a thug an gaoil
 Dha mo Mhàli bhig òg,
 Nach dealaich rium sa'n t-saoghal,
 Mo nighean bhoideach thu.
 Tha t-fhalt air dhreach nan teudan,
 Do ghruaidhean mar na coaran ;
 Do shuilean, fhathail, 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 aill nàis
 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 thoir misg iad do ghràdh dhomh,
 Mo chuid de 'n t-saoghal thu :
 Nan tugadh iad do lamh dhomh,
 Cha bhithinn-'s ann san am so,
 Fo' bhinn air son mo ghraidh dhut,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg.

Ge d' bheirte mi bho'n bhàs so,
 Mo Mhàli bheag òg,
 Cha 'n iarrainn tuille dàlach,
 Mo cheud ghradh 's mo ròin :
 B'annsa 'n saoghal-s' fhàgail,
 'S gu'm faicinn t-aodann ghradhach ;
 Gu'n chuimhn' bhì air an là sin,
 'S na dh'fhàg mi thu ciùirt'.

Note.—The above beautiful song was composed by a young Highland officer, who had served under King William on the continent soon after the Revolution. His history, which elucidates the song, was thus :—He was the son of a respectable tenant in the Highlands of Perthshire, and while a youth, cherished a desperate passion for a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring landed proprietor. Their love was reciprocal—but such was the disparity of their circumstances that the obstacles

to their union were regarded even by themselves, as insuperable. To mend matters, the gallant young Highlander enlisted, and being a brave soldier and a young man of excellent conduct and character, he was promoted to the rank of an officer. After several years' absence, and when, at the end of a campaign, the army had taken up their winter quarters, he came home to see her friends—to try whether his newly acquired status might not remove the objections of her friends to their union. She was still unmarried, and if possible more beautiful than when he left her—every feature had assumed the highly finished character of womanhood—her beauty was the universal theme of admiration. Othello-like, the gallant young officer told her of "hair-breadth 'scapes by land and flood" and so enraptured the young lady that she readily agreed to 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 headach 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 provocation, who was cognizant of the elopement, the father hurried to his daughter's bed-room, and, not finding her there, he forcibly elicited the facts from the girl. He immediately assembled his men, and pursued the fugitive lovers with speed and eagerness. After many miles pursuit, they overtook them in a solitary glen where they had sat down to rest. The lover, though he had nobody to support him, yet was determined not to yield up his mistress ; and being well armed, and an excellent gladiator, he resolved to meet 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' chlaideimh*), 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.

Ito, mo Mhàiri Laghach,
 S tu mi Mhàiri bhinn ;
 Ito, mo Mhàiri Laghach,
 'S tu mo Mhàiri ghrinn ;

*Ito, 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 coin bheaga 'scinn duinn—
A dh'òidhch a's a là;
Gobhair agus caoirich,
A's crodh-laoigh le'n àl,
'S Màiri bhàn gan saodach',
Mach ri aodainn chàrn.
Ito, mo Mhàiri, &c.

'Nuair a thig an Sàmhradh,
B'ansa bhi 's na glinn,
Ged robh an t-aran gann oirn,
Bì'dh 'n t-anhlau trì fillt'
Gheibh sinn gruth a's uachdar,
Buannachd a chruidh laigh,
As lonaid a chinn chuachaich,
Chuir mu'n cuairt a mhùg,
Ito, mo Mhàiri, &c.

"A Pheigi," arsa Seònaid,
"S neònach leam do chàil,—
Nach iarradh tu 'sheòmar,
Ach Gleann-smeòil gu bràth."—
"Bì'dh mis' dol do'n' bhaile,
A's m' fhalt mu m' chluas a 'fàs,
'S bì'dh na fir a fuigheachd,
Maighdean a chùil bhàin.
Ito, mo Mhàiri, &c.

'M fear a thig an rathad.
'S math leis thu bhì ann,
Do ghruaidh mar na caorann,
Bhos ri taobh nan àilt:
Tha thu banail beusach—
Cha leir dhomh do mbeang;
B'ansa bhi ga d'phògadh,
Na pòit fion na Fraing.
Ito, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Na'n biodh Seònaid làidir,
Chuir a làmh 's an ìm,
Peigi ris an àl,
A's Màiri mu 'n chrodh-laoigh,—
Bhithinnse gu stàtoil,
Dol gu àiridh leibh,
'S cha bhitheamaid fo phràcas,
Te nach tàmbhadh linn.
Ito, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Nuair shuidheas daoine uaisle,
Mu'n cuairt air a bhòrd,
'G èltechadh ri chèile,
'S déigh ac' air bhì ceòl,

Cha'n fhaic mis an éis iad,
Air son séis da'm beoil,
Luinneag Màiri chuachach,
Tha shuas an Gleann-smeòil.
Ito, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Note.—The author of the foregoing popular song was Murdoch M'Kenzie, a Loch-broom Drover, known better in his native country, by the cognomen of "Murchadh Ruadh nam Bò," or red-haired Murdoch of the droves. Mr M'Kenzie composed many excellent songs, and had them taken down in manuscript, preparatory to publication: but at the importunity of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Lachlan M'Kenzie, of Lochcarron, he consigned them to the flames. His own daughter, *Màiri Laghach*, was the subject of the above pastoral. Mr M'Kenzie's maid servant, it appears, had absconded from his service at a time when her labours were most required in the 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.

*Ito, mo Mhàiri laghach,
'S tu mo Mhàiri bhinn,
Ito, mo Mhàiri laghach,
'S tu mo Mhàiri ghrinn:
Ito, 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;
Tharrainn sinn ri chèile,
Ann an eud cho beò,
'S nach robh air an t-saoghal;
A thug gaol cho mor.
Ito, mo Mhàiri, &c.
'S tric bha mis' a's Màiri,
Falbh nam fàsach fial,
Gu'n smaointean air fàl-bheairt,
Gu'n chail gu droch ghnuimh;
Cupid ga n-ar tàladh,
Ann an cairdeas dian;
S barr nan craobh mar sgàil dhuinn,
'Nuair a b' aird' a ghriann.
Ito, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Ged bu leamsa Alba'
A h-airgead a's a maoin,

Cia mar bhithinn sona
 Gu'n do chomunn gaol?
 B' aunsa bhi ga d' phògadh,
 Le deagh chòir dhomh fhein,
 Na ged fhaighinn stòras,
 Na Roinn-Eorp' gu léir.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Tha do bhroilleach soluis
 Làn de shonas gràidh;
 Uchd a's gile sheallas,
 Na 'n eal' air an t-snàmh;
 Tha do mhin-shlios, fallain,
 Mar chanach a chàir;
 Muineal mar an fhaolinn
 Fo 'n aodainn a's àille'.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Tha t-fhalt bachlach, dualach,
 Ma do chluais a' fàs,
 Thug nadur gach buaidh dha,
 Thar gach gruag a bha:
 Cha 'n 'eil dragh, no tualighe,
 'Na chuir suas gach là;
 Chas gach ciabh mun-cuairt dheth,
 'S e 'na dhuail gu bharr.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Tha do chaille-dheud shnaighte
 Mar shneachda nan ard;
 T-anail mar an caineal;
 Beul bho'm banail fàit:
 Gruaidh air dhreach an t-siris;
 Miu raisg chinnealt, thlà;
 Mala chaol gu'n ghruaimean,
 Gnùis gheal 's cuach-fhalt bàn.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Thug ar n-uabhar barr
 Air àilleas righrean mor;
 B' iad ar leabaidh stàta
 Duilleach 's barr an fheoir:
 Flùraichean an fhàsach
 'Toir dhuinn eal a's treòir,
 A's sruthain ghlan nan ard
 A chuireadh slaint 's gach pòr.
Ho, mo Mhàiri, &c.

Cha robh inneal ciùil,
 A thuradh rianh fo 'n ghréin,
 A dh'-aithrisadh 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, &c.

Note.—The second set of "Mairi Laghach," is the composition of Mr John M'Donald, tacksman, of Seorag, 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'Phersnn, bookseller, London.

CHORUS.

*Sweet the rising mountains, red with heather bell,
 Sweet the bubbling fountains and the dewy dell,
 Sweet the snowy blossom of the thorny tree!
 Sweeter is young Mary of Glensmole to me.*

*Sweet, O sweet! with Mary o'er the wilds to stray,
 When Glensmole is dress'd in all the pride of May,—
 And, when weary roving through the greenwood glade,
 Softly to recline beneath the birken shade.
 Sweet the rising mountains, &c*

*There to fix my gaze in raptures of delight,
 On her eyes of truth, of love, of life, of light—
 On her bosom purer than the silver tide,
 Fairer than the can on the mountain side.
 Sweet the rising mountains, &c.*

*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, &c.*

*What were all the splendour of the proud and great,
 To the simple pleasures of our green retreat?
 From the crystal spring fresh vigour we inhale;
 Rosy health does court us on the mountain gale.
 Sweet the rising mountains, &c.*

*Were I offered all the wealth that Albion yields,
 All her lofty mountains and her fruitful fields,
 With the countless riches of her subject seas,
 I would scorn the change for blisses such as these!
 Sweet the rising mountains, &c.*

CUIR A CHINN DILEIS.

(ORIGINAL SET.)

LUINNEAG

*Cuir a chinn d'leis,
 D'leis, d'leis,
 Cuir a chinn d'leis,
 Tharum do làmh;
 Do ghoorm-shuil thairis,
 A mhealladh na m'leann,
 'S duine gun chli,
 Nach tugadh dhut gràdh.*

Cha thinneas na feachda,
 'S a mhadainn so bhuail mi:
 Ach acad ro buan
 Nach leigheis gu bràch.
 Le sealladh air faiche,
 De shlaidh air taigh nasail,
 Moch-thra di-luain,
 'S mi 'g amharc an là.

Riun deiseid a pearsa,
Nach facas a thuarma ;
'G imeachd fo'n chuach-chùil,
Chamagach, thla.

Riun dealaradh a mais',
Agus lasadh a gruaidhean,
Mis' a ghrad bhualadh,
'Tharais gu làr.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Ach dh' eirich mi rithist,
Le cridhe làn uabhair ;
A's dh' imich mi ruathar,
Ruighinn na dàil.
G'a h-iathadh na m' ghlaicibh,
Ach snachdaich i bhuam sin
Ochan ! is truagh !

A mheath i mo chàil.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do dhearc-shuilean glaua,
Fo mhalla gun ghruaimean ;
'S daigheann a bhuail iad,
Mise le d' ghràdh.

Do ròs bhilean tana,
Seamb, farasda, suairce,
Cladhaichear m' uaigh

Mar glac thu mo lànfh.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Tar fuasgail air m' anam
On cheanghal is cruaidhe :
Cuimhnich air t-uaisle,
'S cobhair mo chàs.

Na biodham-s' am thràill dut
Gu bràch, on aon uair-s' ;
Ach tiomaich o chruas,
Do chridhe gu tlàs.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Cha'n fhaodar leam cadal,
Air leabaidh an uaigneas :
'S m' aigne ga bhuaire',
Dh' òidheche 's a là.

Ach ainneir is binne,
'S a's grinne, 's a's suairce ;
Gabh-sa dhiom truas,
'S bithidh mi slàn !

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

CUIR A CHINN DILEIS.

(MODERN SET.)

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an uilinn
A tuireadh sa caoine ;
Bhuail saighead a ghaol mi,
Direach gu'm shàil.

Dh' fhàs mi cho lag.

'S nach b' urra' mi dìreadh ;

Le goirteas mo chinn,
'S cha d' shìu i dhomh lamh.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

'S mi 'm shuidh' air an tulaich,
An iomal na cùirte ;
A' g ambarc mo rùin,
'S i 'n ionad ro ard.

Thug i le fionnaireachd,
Sealladh de sùil dombh,
'S thionndaidh i cul-thaobh,
Seachad air barr.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Sheall mi am dheighidh,
Gu fradharc dh'i fhaotainn ;
'S chuna' mi h-aodann,
Farasda, tlà.

Chuna' mi sealladh,
A mhealladh na mìltean,
'S amaideach mi,
'S nach faigh mi na pàirt,

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Tha mais' ann ad bhilean.
Cha 'n aithris luchd-ciùil e,
Togaidh tu sunnt,
An tallachan ard.

Leagair leat seachad,
Sàr ghaigich na dùtlach' ;
Le sealladh do shùil,
'S le giùlan do ghnàis.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do bhraghad ni 's gile,
Na canach na dìge ;
Chite dol sìos,
'M fionn bhaine blàth.

S ioma rud eile—
Cha 'u 'eil i ri faotainn,
Idir san t-saoghal,
Aogais mo ghraidh,
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do chul mar an canach,
T-fhalt clannach 's cùirn air,
A chumas an driùchd,
Gu dù air a bharr.

Na chuaillean air casadh,
Na chleachdan air lùbadh,
'S do-cheannaicht' an crùn,
Tha giùlan a bhlath,

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do ghruaigh mar an corcur,
Beul socair o'm linn sgeul :
Deud mar na dìsne,
'S finealt a dh' fhàs.
Do shìos mar an eala,
S do mheall-shuilean mìogach,

Thaladh thu m' inntinn,
'S cha pill i gu bràch.
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Note.—The above two beautiful songs are of great antiquity, and their authorship is not known. There is a translation of one of them, by a lady, in Johnson's "Scottish Musical Museum," Vol. II. The English version, however, although very literal and not destitute of merit, conveys no idea of the spirit, felicity, and poetical grandeur of the original.

AN NOCHD GUR FAOIN

MO CHADAL DOMH.

AN nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh,
Sior acaìn na'm beil bh'uam,
Do chomunn le deagh chaoimhnealachd,
Dh'fhag mi bho 'n ruoir fo ghraim.
Gur tric mi ann an aisling leat,
Gach uair da 'n dean mi suain;
Troin-osuaich 'nuair a dhùisgeas mi,
Air bhì dha t-iundrann bh'uam.

Air bhì dhomh 'g-iundrann suairceis bh'uam,
'S tu leagh mo shuundh 's mo bhìl;
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 muldach,
'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 mbealladh graidh.
'S a liugbad òigear furanach,
A thuilleadh orms' an sàs,
D' an tugadh t-aodann faothachadh,
'S an t-aog ga 'n eur gu bàs.

Cha chuireadh gaol gu geille mi,
Na 'm freagradh tu mo ghlòir,
Gur h-e do chòmradh maighdeannail,
Mo raghaime dheth gach ceòl.
'S gur h-ìomadh òidhech' no-aobhneach,
Chum do chaoimhneas mi fo leòn;
Is bi'dh mi nochd a' m' aonaran,
A smaointeach bean do neòil.

Tha bean do neòil am bràithreachas,
Ri eala bhàn nan spéur:
Gur binne leam bhì m'aran lent,
Na clàrsnichean nan ténd.
Is tha do thlachd a's t-aillidheachd,
Ag cur do ghraidh mi ceill;
Gur cosmhail thu ri hilleagan,
Da'n umblaich 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' fheadar aireamh leam;
Gur leir a bhìl 's a chaoin;
Gu'n d' fhag gach speis a th' agam dhut,
An nochd mo chadal faoin.
Gu 'n d' rinn mi Alb' a chuartachadh,
O Chluaidh gu uisge Spé;
Is bean do neòil cha chualas,
Bu neo-luainiche na beus.
Is corrach, gorm, do shuilean;
Gur geal, s gur dlù, do dheud,
Falt buidhe 's e na chuachan ort,
'S a shnuagh air dhreach nan ténd.

Thug mise gaol da rìridh dhut,
'Nuair bha thu d' nionaig òig;
Is air mo laimh nach dibriun e,
Air mhìle pùnd de 'n òr:
Ge d' fhaighinn fhìn na chrùintean e,
Ga chunnatadh dhomh air bòrd;
Cha treiginn gaol na ribhinne,
A tha 'n Ile ghlas an fheòir.

ORAN AILEIN.

LUINNEAG.

*Hug ò ho-rì ho hoireannan,
Hug ò ho-rì 's na h-ì ri hù ò,
Hithill à h-òg oireannan,
Hù o ho-rì h-òg oireannan!*

AILEIN, Ailein, is fad an cadal,
Tha'n uiscag a' gairm 's an là glasadh,
Grian a'g èiridh air an leachdainn,
S fada bhuam fhìn luchd nam breacan.
Hug o ho-rì, &c.

Ailein duinn gabh sgoimh 's hì g' eiridh,
Tìonail do chloinn, cuimhniche t-fheum orr.
Bi'dh Alba mhòr fo bheinn bhéidean,
Mar a dìon a muinntir fèin i.
Hug o ho-rì, &c.

Bheir iad Mòrag* mhu air éigin,
'S eagal leam gu'n dian i géilleadh,
S gu'm bi sliechd gun an coir fèin ae.
De Bhreatainn mhòr no de dh-Eirinn.
Hug o ho-rì, &c.

'Mhòrag na'm faicinn t-fhear-censaidh,†
Ge b' ann air càbhsair Dhùn-Eideann,
Thàirrgainn na laimh chaola, gheura.
'S dh-fhagainn fhìn e m'arbh gun ciridh
Hug o ho-rì, &c.

* Prince Charles. † The Duke of Cumberland

ORAN

DO PHRINNNA TEARLACH.

Fuir ud tha thàid na àiridh nan Comhaichean,
B'fhearr leam fhìn gu'n cinneadh gnothach leat,
Shìubhlainn Gleann-laoidh a's Gleann'-comhan
Dà thaobh Loch-iall a's Gleann'-tadha leat, [leat,

*Hillirin hò-rò ho bha hò,
'S na hillirin hò-rò ho bha hò,
Na hillirin hò-rò ho bha hò,
Mo leann-dubh mòr on chaid tu dhìom.*

Shìubhlainn moch leat, shìubhlainn ana-moch,
Air feadh choilltean, chreagan, a's gharbhlaich,
O! gur h-e mo rùn an sealgair,
'S tu mo raghainn do shluagh Alba.

Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

A Thearlaich òig a chuillean chlàtaich,
Thug mi gaol d' 's cha ghaol bliadhna,
Gaol nach tugainn do dhìuè na dh'iarla,
B'fhearr leam fhìn nach faca mi riamh thu.

Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Fhleasgaich ud am beul a Ghlinne,
Le t-fhalt dualach sìos ma d' shliunnean,
B'annsa leam na chuach bu bhinne,
'Nuair dheanadh tu rium do chòmhradh milis.

Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Bha do phùg mar fhion na frainge,
Bha do ghruaidh mar bhraileig Shàmhradh,
Suil chorrach ghorm fo'd'mhala ghreannar,
Do chul dualach, ruadh, a mbeall mi.

Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

A Thearlaich òig a mhic Rìgh Séumas,
Chunna mi toir mhòr an déigh ort,
Iadsan gu subhach a's mise gu deurach,
Cisge mo chiim tigh'n' tinn o'm léirsinn.

Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Mharbh iad m'athair a's mo dhà bhràthair,
Mhill iad mo chinneadh a's chreach iad mo chà-
[firdean,
Sgrìos iad mo dhùthaich rùisg iad mo mhathair,
'S bu laoghaid mo mhuilad nan cinneadh le
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c. [Tearlach.

Note.—The real author of this favourite ditty is not known, and though published on the "lips of thousand fair maidens and fond admirers," this is the first time it has been committed to press. Various MS. copies of it are in our possession, the oldest of which is by a Lady and bears the following title. "Miss Flora Macdonald's Lament for Prince Charles."

CUMHA DO DIT' UILLEAM SISEAL,

FEAR INNS'-NAN-CEANN AN SRATH-GHILAS
A THUIT LATHA CHUILODAIR.
LE MHNAOI FEIN.

Och! a Thearlaich òig Stiubhairt,
'S e do chùis rinn mo leireadh,
Thug thu buam gach ni bh'agam,
Ann an cogadh na t-aobhar:
Cha chrodh, a's cha chaoirich,
Tha mi caoidh ach mo chéile,
Ge do dh'fhàgte mi m'aonar,
Gun sian 's 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' àire,
O nach maireann mo chiad ghradh;
Ach cia mar gheibhinn o m' nàdur,
A bhi 'g àicheadh na 's miann leam,
A's mo thogradh cho làidir,
Thoir tu gu àite mo rìgh math?
Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tu'm fear mòr bu mnath 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 mhuineal an òrdugh,
'S e gu cam-lubach, culmeir,
'S gach aon toirt urran d'a bhoichead.
Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tu 'm fear slinneanach leathunn,
Bu chaoile meadhon 's bu dealbhaich;
Cha bu taillear gun eòlas,
'Dheanadh còta math gearra dhut;
Na dheanadh dhut triubhais
Gun bhi cumhann, no gann d'ut;
Mar gheala-bhradan do chéas,
Le d' ghearr òsai mu d' chapa.
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 chuillean,
Bheireadh fuil air mac eilde;
As do làimh bu mhor m' earbsa—
'S tric a mharbh thu le chéil iad.
Mo rùn geal òg.

Bu tu pòitear na dìbhe—
 'N àm suidhe 's tuigh òsda,
 Ge be dh'uladh 's tu phaidheadh ;
 Ged' thuitendh càch mu na bordaibh,
 Bhì air mhìsg cha 'n e b' fhiù leat,
 Cha do dh' ionnsaich thu òg e,
 'S cha d' iarr thu riamh cùis,
 Air te air chul do mhna pòsda.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Gur mis th'air mo sgàradh,
 'S ge do chanam, cha bhreug e—
 Chaidh mo shùgradh gu sìleadh,
 O'n nach pilllear bho'n eug thu,
 Fear do chéile a's do thuisge,
 Cha robh furast ri fheutainn,
 'S cha do sheas an Cuilodair,
 Fear do choltais bu treine.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

'S ioma baintighearna phrèiseil,
 Le'n sìoda 's le 'n sròlabbh,
 Dàn robh mis' am chuis-fhàrmaid,
 Chionn gu'n tairgeadh tu pòg dhomh ;
 Ge do bhithinn cho sealbhach,
 'S gu'm bu lean airgead fhanobhar,
 Bheirinn cnàc anus na h-àitean,
 Na'n cumadh càch sinn bho phòsadh !
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Och ! nan och ! gur mi bochdag,
 'S mi làn òsnaich an còmhnuidh ;
 Chaill mi dùil ri thu thighinn—
 Thuit mo chridhe gu doirteadh ;
 Cha tog fiodhall, no clàrsach,
 Piob, no thàileag, 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 barnil,
 Gu'm bu mhaireann mo chéile,
 S gu'n tigeadh tu dhathaghaig,
 Le aighear 's le h-éibhneas,
 Ach tha 'n t-àm air dol tharais,
 'S cha 'n fhaic mi fear t-eugais,
 Gus an teid mi fo'n talamh,
 Cha dealaich do spéis rium.
 Mo rùn geal òg.

'S iomadh bean a tha brònach,
 Eadar Tròiteirnis 's Sléibhte,
 Agus té tha na banntraich,
 Nach d'fhuaire samhla da'n chéile ;
 Bha mise lan sòlais,
 Fhad 's bu bheò sinn le-chéile,
 Ach a nis bho na dh'fhalbh thu,
 Cha chuis fhàrmaid mi féin daibh !
 Mo rùn geal òg.

Note.—Christiana Fergusson, the authoress of the above elegiac production was a native of the Parish of Contin, Ross-shire, where her father was a blacksmith—chiefly employed in making dirks and other implements of war. She was married to a brave man of the name of William Chisholm, a native of Strathglas, and a near kinsman of the Chief of that name. On the memorable day of Culloden, William was flag-bearer or banner-man of the clan ; and most assuredly the task of preserving the "*Bratach Choinneach*" from the disgrace of being struck down, could not have fallen into better hands. He fought long, and manfully ; and even after the retreat became general, he rallied and led his clansmen again and again to the charge, but in vain. A body of the Chisholms ultimately sought shelter in a barn, which was soon surrounded by hundreds of the red-coats who panted for blood. At this awful conjuncture William literally cut his way through the government forces. He then stood in the barn door, and with his trusty blade, high raised, and in proud defiance, guarded the place. In vain did their spears and bayonets aim their thrusts at his fearless breast—he hewed down all who came within reach of his sword, and kept a semicircle of eight feet clear for himself in the teeth of his desperate enemies. At length he was shot by some Englishmen, who climbed up to the top of the barn from behind, where he fell as a hero would wish to fall, with seven bullets lodged in his body.

His wife forthwith composed the foregoing beautiful and heart-touching lament, which is altogether worthy of an affectionate woman. She is so full of the idea of her noble-souled husband, that her own personal hardships and privations find no place in the catalogue of her miseries—they have but one great radical source, the death of her beloved. Neither does she pour invective on the depopulators of her country—no ! these were too insignificant to draw her mind for a moment from her peerless William Chisholm. With great good taste too, she devotes to the Prince one solitary expression of sympathetic condolence :—

Who now shall wield the burnish'd steel,
 Or fill the throne he ought to fill !

and then, with the wings and wail of a matchless 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.

GLOSSARY.

A

Akhachd, a harmless gibling or joking
Abrin, clampa, an oar guard, &c.
Achtidh, certain, self-satisfied
Abhris, the sea, ocean, the horizon
Abhiseach, immense, ethereal, &c.
Anhealach, vexing, uneasy, galling
Aimhath, sour, sulky, sullen, surly
Aistig-channain, a libidinous dream
An-claidh, *tearnach*, protection
Aul-taigh, university, college
Arsaidh, ancient, old, over-aged
Ausadh or *abhsadh*, a jerk, a sea phrase,
also the whole canvass of a boat
or ship

B

Bail-na-buirbhe, Bergen, the former
capital of Norway
Bailing, a spruce neat little woman
Boganta, no boganta, tight, compact
Bucho, the progenitor of the Stuarts
Bàraiseach, a foolish woman, idiotic
Bogantach, showy, cheering
Bitir, neat, clean, tidy, compact
Buadh-ianain, wood-sorrel
Biogach, small, diminutive, dwarfish
Boganta, lively, smart, apt to start
Biosgach, catching at morsels, greedy
Blialum, gibberish, jargon, senseless
talk
Bhrrachen, the banks of a burn or
river
Bràth, air bhràth, to be found, to the
fore, extant
Breidneach, a woman wearing the badge
of marriage
Brianaich, flattering, coaxing, &c.
Briot, chit-chat, tattle, small talk
Brosium, excitement, vigour
Brothach, a hairy rough man, a pim-
pled fellow
Breallaich, unintelligible disjointed talk,
unpleasant sounds, jargon
Bruisgadh, a tearing in tatters, or
breaking asunder, confusion
Buathanta, foolish, awkward, clumsy
in conversation or action
Fluidh, a hero, a champion, an enemy
Bemudust, fee, wages, bounty
Bararus, warbling or purring noise

C

Cairbin, gunna-glaic, a carbine
Cairiche, a wrestler, a tumbler
Cusceagach, wrinkled or creased
Calbhar, tonach, greedy, voracious,
gluttonous
Caluman-cadhall, a God-send, a pro-
pitious omen
Coakhearn, lamentation
Capall-coille, a capercaillie or moun-
tain cock; this species of fowls is
now nearly extinct in the Highlands
of Scotland
Carsach, abounding in ringlets,
round, globular, circular
Cidreach, ceathach, mist, fog, vapour
Cloch, surge, a burying-place, &c.
Ciamhuinn, clafieit, glubh, sleet
Clann-Faill, luxuriant waving hair
Cuiseach, a kind of sword, also a
rifle gun

Clairanach, a wandering bard or min-
strel, a swordsman, a wrestler
Chuata, attention, retirement, peace,
slumber
Casdeil, scoffing, jeering, derision
Colbraichean, colliers, money-drawers
Colind, a contest, a scold, a struggle
Conaraich, direction or tendency
forward
Comeich, petition, request, demand
Conach, saibhir, rich, riches
Cogaraich, conquerors, victors
Cota-ban, fourpence (Western Isles id.)
Crabhadh, hard, well tempered
Cranvaghail, implements, apparatus
Craobhadh, niggardly, mean
Crap-lù, a musical phrase among pipers
Creadheach, cràiteach, hurtful, pain-
ful, excruciating
Cruis-co-chulainn, no *lus-co-chulainn*,
no herb called "my lady's belt"
Craicne, stoich-charnach, a kind of
mortar, a circular stone hollowed
for preparing pot barley or pound-
ing bark
Croicinn clann, a circle of children, &c.
Crom-an-dunais, blood and wounds!
egad! sounds!
Cuinnal, cuantail, a company of song-
sters, a band of musicians
Cuan-saigh, the sea between the Isle
of Skye and Lewis
Cuise-chiul, a musical vein
Cuise-shiamhain, the winding veins
of trees
Curaisde or *cur-aisde*, a quagmire

D

Daimheach, a friend, companion, a
stranger
Daiseachan, low witted insipid poets
Daochail, graincil, disgusting, un-
pleasant, loathsome
Deat, zealous, keen, earnest
Dealachan, zeal, great glee, hilarity,
earnestness
Deatam, anxiety, eagerness, solicitude
Deideng, rib-grass, a little fair one, a
darling, a conceit
Doilleanacht, the humming of bees,
the barking of dogs
Dooh-thunla, decanted drink
Dulant, everlasting, profound, unin-
duating, rainy
Dùinn, endless, never, also an inunda-
tion or deluge
Dias, dèis, plural of one; two
Ditheachd, cramming, filling by force
Duadh, come to me, approach me;
sic, away! begone! I disperse
Dowid, extreme cold, hoar frost
element
Doindh, loathsome, hateful, con-
temptible
Dringe, Gea, of dring, an ignis fatuus,
an atmospheric phenomenon
Duaneil, ridiculous, ludicrous, laugh-
able
Du-chlach, a flint, also a cabalistic
stone
Dudaidd, resembling in sound that of a
horn, deep intonation
Draichd, affliction, sorrow
Dunmhrach, the primitive surname of
Campbell, *bho Dhiarmad O'Duine*

Deirceall, a half-worn dirk or knife
Duslung, dustuinn, dust, earth, soil

E

Ealabhadh, ealabhi, St John's wort
Eararadh, 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
Faibhe, the aerial expanse, a ring
Faical, a hearty cheerul salute,
friendly talk, &c., &c.
Faobachadh, act of despoiling, plun-
dering
Farragradh, provocation, enmity; re-
port, surmise
Farpais, emulation, strife, rivalry
Feadh-coille, the flowers of wood-sorrel
Feara-ghris, hawthorn or briar
Fasgaran, vespers, evening devotions
Fideag, a stalk of corn, a reed
Fidhair, uncultivated ground, a ley
land
Firionn, man (now obsolete), male,
masculine
Fuiridh, fùbhaidh a princee a valiant
chief, an arrow, a company
Fochluin, an apprentice, a pupil
Fuarce, a set of rowers, a crew, a bi-
gale, a troop
Fraiche, a scabbard, a sheath, protec-
tion wall, shelter
Fulanar, fulmar, a sea-bird peculiar
to St Kilda, a species of petrel

G

Gailic-bheinn, a huge billow, a snow
storm
Gall-flocdan, a flageolet, a clarinet
Ganic, gainne, an arrow, a dart, shaft
*Gorra-gart, no Gàrra-gart, trean-ri-
trean*, a cornerak, quail
Gaskreadh, gaisruidh, warlike troops
military
Gasyan, a green, a parterre
Grannbairra, confinement, prison
Gearson, entrance money, fee paid for
admission, (Grassum, &c.)
Gianhog, fear panic, sudden alarm
Gie-hain, a St Kildian sausage made
of fat from the gullets of fowls
Glaic-nid, sgàic-shede, a dram in bed
before rising in the morning
Gothach, the reed of a bag-pipe, drone
Greathachd, surliness, moroseness,
churlishness
Grana, grèis, embroidery, needlework,
tambouring
Gumnaic, a neat tidy woman, a tight
dressed girl
Guga, a St Kilda bird, a short-necked
hunchbacked man
Gugail, idle talk, clatter, filth, refuse

I

Ian-bichainn, a melodious sea-fowl
Ibsacan, taunts, nick-names, reflec-
tions on one's conduct

Inaidh, entrails, bowels
Inase-Galt, primitive name of the Hebrides, now confined to Isle of Skye
Iomchruinn, conduct, behaviour, deportment
Ireana, a patriarchal woman, a dam, the mother of a race
Iowach, or *owach*, a rifle gun
Ialmhadh, a fugitive, a coward, a low feeble fellow
Iurghuilach, a noisy contentious fellow, a rauter, a bawler
Iutharu, *ifrinn*, *irinn*, hell, the abode of demons

L

Langrach, full of chains or fetters
Là-lua n, doom's-day, the last day
Lear, the wide ocean, the main
Learg, a small plain or hill, a battle-field, a green goose
Liobada, 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 ouzel
Lorgair, one that traces or tracks, a dog that follows by scent
Lù, a roe (now obsolete)
Lù-h-àrmanu, a pigmy, a dwarf
Luna, penetrate, a heaving-billow, &c.

M

Mac fraoir, *sùlair*, the gannet, a voracious fowl or person
Mac-Làmhnaich, *cat-mara*, *grisaich*, the fish called a sea-devil
Maidnean, matins, morning prayers or devotions
Maighdeann, a maiden, an instrument for beholding with
Maid-ciaran, a child of grief, melancholy
Màrsad, *màrsath*, a march, or marching of troops
Mathaid, a blunt sword, knife, or other weapon
Meardach, meter, crambo (Irish id.)
Meadag, belly, protuberance
Mara-casach, active, nimble, vigorous
Meirghe, a banner, flag, pennon
Mì-vhèag, *meubhaz*, a corn-poppay
Mhàn, *sìs*, downward, from above
Mìghuan, sounds of musical instruments
Mùreardach, female fighter or champion, an undaunted female
Mùrchinn, children, inmates, occupants of one house
Mùrneann, (Irish id.) darling, or beloved
Munadh, a hill or hillock, (used poetically for *monadh*)

O

Olach, an eunuch, a fumbler, &c., &c.
Olachd, hospitality, kindness, bounty
Oraid, an oration, a speech, an essay
Ordubh, shining like gold, gilded, excellent, precious

P

Pàis, a slap, a blow with the open hand, a box on the ear

Peighinn, a measure of land (not now in use)
Pìghill, *brà-dh'arg*, robin red-breast
Pìathach, s:day-footed, bandy-legged
Prabhadh, botching, bungling, spoiling
Pràbhar, the rabble, the refuse of any grain or seed
Pras, *prascuch*, a pot or pot-metal, a still
Prìobortach, parsimony, meanness, shabbiness
Prìoblosgadh, a sudden burning or sense of heat, a twinkling blaze
Pàthar, a wound or hurt, a scar
Pùc, bribe, veil, *cha tug c' pùc dheth*, he made nothing of him

R

Rannannan, title deeds, deeds of conveyance, chattels
Rannair bhàh, a confused dance without system
Rath, a ludicrous appellation made to signify whisky
Riastradh, outbreking, immorality, eruption
Riataich, *d'olain*, illegitimate
Robain, towering waves, swelling roaring billows, heavy rains
Roscaid, the lowest and basest rabble, a high swelling wave
Rò-scaid, the highest of a ship's sails, top-gallants, full sails
Roz, prose writing, an eye, eyelids
Ruanaich, firm, fierce, steadfast, stony

S

Sàmh, surge, the agitation of waves on thesea-beach, the crest of whitened billows
Saoid, a seal, a mark, an impression
Sàradh, a broaching, a distraming, an arrestment
Sensdar, 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
Seòghin, rare, superior, out of the common order, eccentric
Seol-àit, an anchorage, a harbour
Sgalaiche, a man ready to raise the human cry against his neighbour
Sgibidh, tight, active, handsome, neat
Sglidhrach, a clumsy person, a slattern, a female tattler, a young sea gull
Siatraig, *toini*, rheumatism, rheumatic pains
Siogaideach, dwarfish, bony, ill-made
Sith, a span, a squirt, determined position in standing
Sunnachan, *bunann*, phosphoric fire
Slàid, a defence, a garrison, a protection
Sm'oil, Gen. of *Smaid*, *Gleann-smuid*, the glen of mist
Sneòirn, the end of an arrow next the under-string
Snaois, a spit of dried fish, &c., &c.
Sorn, a hearth, the flue of a kiln or oven, a concavity
Spangan, spangles, glittering toys, decorations, embellishments
Speech, a dart, virus, a blow or thrust, a wasp
Spreidh, or *spreigh*, velocity, gallant movement, gliding
Srianach, a badger, a brock

Slaibhannach, an athletic well-built person
Sluagach, *rounan*, saliva, spittles
Sual, tumours, *stual* (Ir. id.), wonder
Suiche, filied, saturated, tightened
Suinneir, a coarse cudgel, a lethal weapon, a beetle
Suinneall, a likeness, a comparison, a resemblance

T

Tarbharlach, *fuaimeach*, noisy, gar-rulous
Tefail, the string of a bow for throwing arrows
Tuiseal, a journey, a travel, a march, a voyage
Tuohhfuath, a division of a pipe tune
Targavach, a prognostication, a prophesying
Tuathach or *f. allsach*, a philosopher, or astronomer
Tuathair, season, in season, fit time
Tuinnnach, *cribheach*, medicinal, having the power to cure
Tuithich, cowardice, cowardliness
Theasid, *chauchaid*, *dh'eug*, he died, *theadid*
Tuitha, *bail*, *ròp*, rope, cable
Tùbhadh, a feat, a levying of forces, a rising in arms
Tuinnshil, sensible, prudent, frugal
Tuiseal, an attack in battle, a warlike movement, a flock of water fowls
Tuithreach, a thick gigantic man, a dense column of smoke
Tuithichinn, a deep snoring or sleep
Tusan, on onset, beginning, prelude
Tuagir, messenger, harbinger, ambassador
Treabhair, *tighcan*, houses, outhouses, steadings
Troghaid, a stitch in one's side, &c.
Traidinn, *no treatainn*, non-sensical stuff, doggerel
Troghad, *rosg-troghad*, soft rolling eyes, full orb'd
Troinidh, Troy, an ancient city which baffled the united efforts of all Greece for ten years
T'oisg, a cod, in Sutherlandshire a fool
Tuinnnacg, a round knob or small cup
Turarach, a rattling or rumbling noise
Turcadoidh, nodding, a sudden jerk from the sensation of sleep
Tuim, Gen. of *tuim*, a hillock, a mound, a knoll
Tuig, a grudge, an upbraiding, pinking
Tuillin, canvass, sea storm, a shipped wave
Tuinn, ducklings (obsolete), waves
Tuinnneach, a striking of heads against each other as rams, contact, collision

U

Uachdair, farm stnek; *fo machdair*, under stnek
Ucan, *ucas*, the gadus or eul fish, stenlock (Sc.)
Ughhach, anecdotal, jocular, cheerful in conversation
Ughann, the countenance, beauty, the fore part of a ship
Ughar, division of a pipe tune
Urracag, a throw, an ear pin, a clate
Urraigean, inundations, overflowings, sprats (Sc.)

A' CHRIOCII.



