

Campbell I. d 37

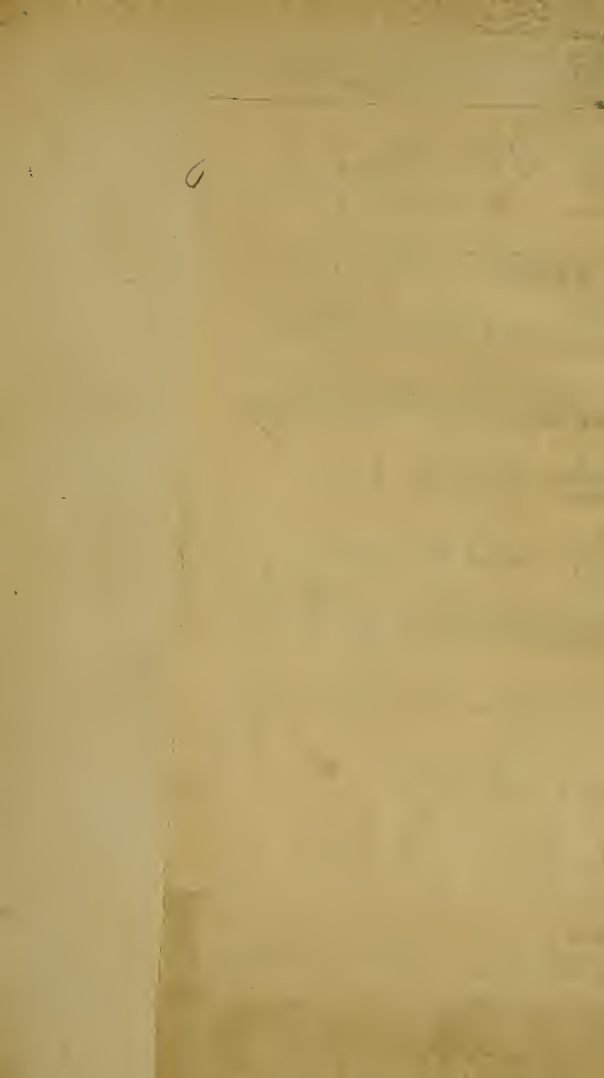
Sean Dana

a quotation here to
be made from this
I have and the copy
of the book so
this need not
be returned till
the quotation is
printed.

J. F. Campbell

Midway Lodge

Beersington



J. Campbell.

but not ^{an} thumb nail
a well worn copy of
Smith's Soane - Paper.
Picked up in the Highlands.

It proves that the book
is read by some class.
copies generally are
quite clean. This
class of poetry is not
commonly repeated
by the peasantry now
See Popular Tales Vol
III IV V

Abstract. Made in Edinburgh. Nov^r 1871.
J. H. Campbell.

Analysis of the contents of letter No 10
marked No 10 by Ensom.
Macdowell
old Aberdeen May 28th. 1872

Page 11. "The Dargo and Carr of the
late Dollar-Smith appear to be contemporaries
of his own and name nothing common
to the productions of genuine antiquity."

Chaidh nàg a' chlo' a' d' fhaic' mu'n
 'S cha bu d'ad' d'ann bhi gun aoidheachd.
 Glodhan bròin, uair feach uair,
 Thainig gu 'r cluais air sgia na gaoithe;
 Dh' iarr Ullinn is Suil-mhaith mu'n cuairt.
 Gannan, Gannan' aig uaigh an laoich.
 —Nuair a thuit a' Airmor fan truid,
 Thuit i' f' dhubhar geige;
 Ach shnàig i' an òiche gus uaigh,
 Rinn i' leaba gun ladh ri ciridh.

Thog linn leinn i' gu fàil,
 Le 'r nosna bhòin a' d' fhaic' d'a caoi;
 Le thugas i' gu teach Innse-fàil,
 Bu trannaidh dh' fhàg sud an òiche!

Ghiac Ullinn fa dheire chruit-chiuil,
 S gu d'ann far da fòil,
 Dh' iarr e, feadh torman gach teud,
 Chaidh a' f' mhuil le mheoir.

D 2

Sgeula

The Highlanders drank their beverage out of scallop-
 shells. Hence the "putting round the bowl" (*cur na slige*
cur na mu'n cuairt) came to be the phrase for drinking,
 drinking merry.

* *Sgeula Mhor-ghlain is Mhin'onu.*

Co fo tuirling o'n cheo,

'S a' dòrtadh a leoin air a ghaoith ?

O ! 's domhain a chreuchd tha na chliabh,

'S is doilleir am fiadh ud r'a thaobh !

Sud taibhfe Morghlain na mais',

Triath Shli'ghlais nan ioma' fruth ;

Thainig e gu Mor-bheinn le ghaol,

Nighean Shora bu chaoine cruth.

Thog efan ra'r n aonach gun bhàigh,

Is Mìn'onu dh' fhag e na tigh ;

Thuirling dall-cheò le òiche nan nial,

Dh' èigh na fruthaidh ;—fhian na taibhfe.

Thug an og-bhean fuil ris an tfliabh,

Is chunnacas lè fiadh ro'n cheo ;

Tharruing i 'n t freang le rogha beachd ;

—Fhuaras an gath an uchd an oig !

Chàirich

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

Chàirich finn san tulaich-an laoch,

* Le gath is cuibhne na chaol-tigh.

B' aill le Mìn'onn luidh f'a fhoid,

Ach phill i gu bronaeh dhachaidh.

Bu trom a tuirse 's bu chian ;

Ach fruth bhlianuidh ghlan uaip e :

'S tha

* *al.* Le gaothar ea-trom gu fiadhach ceo.—It was customary to place some implements of the chase and war in the tomb, together with the bodies of the deceased ; both to denote the occupation they had in this world, and with a view to avail themselves of their service in the next. Hence pieces of spears, arrow-heads, and the bones of animals are frequently found in barrows and other ancient repositories of the dead, (See Stukely's Stonehenge.)—The same practice and belief prevailed anciently among other nations. The tomb of Elpenor, who was a sailor, was furnished by Ulysses with an oar, (Odyss. xiii. 11.) and that of Misenus, who was a warrior, a sailor, and a trumpeter, was furnished by Æneas with implements suited to these various occupations ;

At pius Æneas ingenti mole sepulchrum

Imponit, suaque arma viro, remumque, tubamque,

Monte sub aërio.

Æneid vi. 132.

“ And they shall not lie with the mighty that are fallen of the uncircumcised, who are gone down to Hades with their weapons of war ; and they have laid their swords under their heads.”

Ezek. xxxii. 27

D A V A N D E I R G.

'S tha i nis fubhach le oighean Shora,
Mur cluinntear a bròn air uairibh.

Co fo tuirling o'n cheò,
'S a' dortadh a leoin air a ghaoith ?
O ! s' domhain a chreuchd tha na chliabh,
'S is doilleir am fiadh ud r'a thaobh !

Air leam gu do shoilfich an là,
* Arsa Cumhall na hàbhaisf fhéil,
Gabh, Ulainn, do dheagh long,
'S thoir an oigh gu fonn fein ;
'S gu dealradh i rìs mar a ghealach,
Tra sheallas i farasd' o neulaibh.

† “ Mile beannachd orts' a Chumhaill,
Fhir a chuidiche' gach feumach ;
Ach ciod a dheanams' am thìr fein,
Far an dean gach ni mo léireadh ?
Gach doire, gach coire, 's gach eas,
Bheir am chuimhne cneas mo ghraidh ;
B' fhearr a bhi le d' òighean fein,
O's mor am féile 's am bàigh.
An sin an oigridh nach b' fhiu leam,
Cha 'n fhaic mo shuile ni 's mò ;

* *al.* Air Innse-fail na chiar-dhubh eide.*

† Crimlne speaks.

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

'S thug finne leinn Crimèine,
 'S thug finn a bos mìn do Dhearg ;
 Ach ge b' fhuranach ar nòighean
 Bha i brònach leo air uairibh.

* * * * *

Chuala gach eafan a leon,
 * Bu ghearr a lò, 's bu dubh a fgeula.

'S la dhuinn a' fiadhach na Lèana,
 Chunnas loingear breid-gheal crannach ;
 Shaoileas gu b' e Lochlann a dh' eirich
 A thoirt Chrimèn' air eigin thairis.

Sin nuair thuirt Conan crìon,
 'S coma leam strì gun fhios c'arson ;
 Feuchaibh an toiseach le fuim,
 Ciod an rùn am bheil dhuinn a bhean.
 Deargamaid falluinn a fir
 Am fuil tuirc san fhireach ard ;
 Giulaineamaid e rìs an riochd mairbh,
 'S chi sibhse ma 's fìor a gràdh.

DE

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

DAN AN DEIRG.

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

Chomhdaich sinn Dearg leis an fhuil,
 Is thog sinn air ar muin an laoch;
 A rìgh bu tiamhaidh trom * ar ceol,
 Ga ghiulan an còail a ghaoil.
 Ruith Conan le bian an-tuirc,
 Bha e tìtheach chum uilc a ghnà,
 “ Le m' lainn thuit an torc a lot t fhear,
 Nuair bhrìst a fhleagh air chèum fàs.”

Chuala Crimìn an fgeul,
 Is chunnaic i 'n cruth èig a Dearg;

Dh'

† Among the ancient Highlanders, funeral processions were always accompanied with mournful songs or lamentations. In many parts of the Highlands this custom existed till of late, and it is not yet quite extinct in Ireland. The same custom appears to have prevailed among the Jews and other ancient nations in a very early period. Eccles. xii. 5.

Dh' fhàs i mar mheall eith san fhuachd,
 Air Morà nan cruaidh learg.
 Tamul dhi mar sin na tàmh,
 Ghlac i na làimh inneal-ciuil;
 Mheath i gach crìdh'; ach cha d' fhuiling
 Sinn do Dhearg e chòrruch' air uilinn.

Mar bhinn-ghuth ealaidh * 'n guin bàis,
 No mar cheolan chàich mu 'n cuairt di,

E

A' gairm

* *al. Filidh.* I have chose to keep *ealaidh* in the text, although some naturalists deny the singing of the swan, so often mentioned by the Greek and Latin, as well as by the Celtic poets. If the singing of the swan is to be reckoned among the *vulgar errors*, it has been a very universal one. Over the west of Scotland, it is still frequently affirmed as a fact, that the swans which frequent those parts in winter, are heard to sing some very melodious notes, when wounded, or about to take their flight. The note of the swan is called in Gaelic *Guileag*; and a ditty called "*Luinneag na h'ealai*", composed in imitation of it, begins thus,

Guileag ì, Guileag ò,

Sgeula mo dhunaigh;

Guileag ì;

Rinn mo lèiteadh,

Guileag o

Mo chasan dubh, &c.

DAN AN DEIRG.

'Gairm an taibhfe bho lochan nan nial,
 Ga giulan air fgiathaibh gaoithe :
 B' amhuil sin caoi Chrimìne
 'S a Dearg na fhìne' dlù dhi.

Caoi Chrimìne.

O Thaibhfe ! * bho airde nan nial,
 Cromaibh a dh' iarruidh ur Deirg ;
 Is thigibh, òighean an Trein, o 'r talla,
 Le ùr-alluinn leibh do m' ghradh.

Coma, Dheirg, an robh ar crìdh'
 Air an fònìomh co dlù nar com?
 Is com' a spionadh thusa uam,
 'S an d' fhàgadh mise gu truagh trom ?

Mar

* That the souls of the happy were admitted after death into the hall of Treunmor, and other ancestors of Fingal, in their *Flath-innis*, or “ island of the brave ” was a notion which remained long among the Highlanders. *Giraldus* tells us the same belief prevailed in his time among the Irish. “ Defunctorum animas in consortium abire existimant quorundam in illis locis illustrium, ut *Finn Mac Chuil*, *Ofkir Mac Ofshin*, et tales ; de quibus fabulas et cantilenas retinent.” *Gir. ap. Cambden*. It would appear that the Poems of *Osian* were well known in the days of *Giraldus*, who wrote in the 12th century.

Mar dhà lus * fìnn fan drùchd ri gàire,
 Taobh na creige 'm blàs na grèine ;
 Gun fhreumh air bith ach an aon,
 Aig an dà lus aobhach aoibhinn.
 Shèun òighean Chaothain na luìs ;
 Is boidheach, leo fein, am fàs !
 Sheun is na haighean ea-trom,
 Ge d' thug an torc do aon diu 'm bàs.
 Is trom trom, 's a cheann air aoma',
 'N aon lus faoin tha fathaid beo,
 Mar dhuilleach air fearga fa ghrein ;
 —O b' aoibhinn bhi nis gun deo !

Is dh' iadh orm òiche gun òhrioch,
 Thuit gu fìor mo ghrian fo fìnal ;
 Moch bu lannar air Mor-bheinn † a snuadh,

E 2

Ach

* *al. ròs.*

† *Mor-bheinn*, the name of Fingal's kingdom and residence, is a term of the same import with "Highlands." The name is now confined to a single parish, that of Morven in Argyllshire. It is not easy to fix with precision the boundaries of Fingal's kingdom, but it is most likely, that it comprehended almost all that territory, which afterwards made up what was called the *Scottish* kingdom, before the Pictish king-

Ach anmoch chaidh, * tual an car.
 'S ma threig thu mi, sholuis m' àigh !
 Tha mi gu là bhràth gun ghean ;
 Och ! mur eirich Dearg o phràmh,
 Is 'dui'-neul gu bràth a bhean.
 'S duaichni' do dhreach ; fuar do chrìdh,
 Gun spionn' ad laimh no clì ad chois !
 Och 's balbh do bheul a bha binn ;
 Och 's tinn leam a ghraidh do chor !
 Nis chaochail rugha do ghruaidh,
 Fhir nam mor-bhuadh anns gach eath ;
'S mall,

kingdoms were annexed to it. According to two ancient fragments of Scottish history published in the appendix to Innes's Critical Essay, "Fergus the son of Ere reigned over Albany, from *Drumalbin* to the sea of Ireland and Innsegall (or Hebrides.)" The sea of Ireland is a boundary well known ; and by *Drumalbin* is meant, according to the best antiquaries, those high mountains which run all the way from Lochlomond, near Dunbarton, to the frith of Taine, which separates the county of Sutherland from a part of Ross.

* *Car tual* (tua' iul) "unprosperous or fatal course," is an allusion to the Druidical customs of going three times round their circles and cairns. The *Deis iul*, or "turning to the South" in the same course with the sun, was reckoned lucky ; the reverse (or *car-tual*) unlucky.

'S mall, mar na cnuic air 'n do leum,
A chas a chuir eilde gu stad !

Is b' annsa Dearg feach neach fu 'n ghrèin o!
Seach m' athair deurach, 's momhathair chaomh;
Tha 'n fuil ri lear gu tric 's an èigheach,
Ach b' annsa leamfa dol eug le m' ghaol.

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

O

• This idea of two lovers being inseparable in life and death, is beautifully illustrated in the following epitaph, by Boetius Torquatus, physician to Theodoric the Goth, in the 8th century.

Elpis dicta fui, Siculæ regionis alumna,
Quam procul a patria, Conjugis egit amor ;
Quo sine, mæsta dies, nox flebilis, anxia hora :
Nec solum caro, sed spiritus unus erat.

Lux mea non clausa, tali remanente marito,
Majorique animæ parte superstes ero ;
Porticibus sacris jam nunc peregrine quiesco,
Æterni judicis testificata thronum.

Ne qua manus bustum violet, nisi forte jugalis
Hæc iterum cupiat jungere membra suis :
Ut thalami, cumque comes, nec morte revellat,
Et socios vitæ nectat uterque cinis.

DAN AN DHEIRG.

O thigeadh bàs no torc dom reuba',
Neo 's truagh mo chàra' fein a nochd.

Is rinneadh leaba dhuinn an raoir,
Air an raon ud chnoe nan sealg ;
'S ni 'n deantar leab' air leth a nochd dhuinn,
'S ni 'n sgarar mo chorp o Dhearg.

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

Oighean tha 'n tallaibh an Tréin,
Deilbhíbh ceo-éide' Chrìmine ;
Ach 's annsa leam sgiobul mo Dhearg ;
Ad sgiobuls', a Dhearg, biom !

Is mhothaich sinn ga treigfinn a guth,
Mhothaich sinn gun lugh' a meoir ;

Thog

* The two following stanzas are omitted in the translation given of this poem, (Gaelic antiq.) Some other small variations have arisen from a more accurate comparison of different editions ; some of which have been procured since the translation was published.

Thog sinn Dearg, ach bu ro-anmoch ;
Crimine bha marbh gun deo.

* * * * *

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

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

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

T I O M N A

† ULLIN.

TIOMNA GHUILL*.

NACH tiamhaidh tofd fo na hòiche,
 'S i taosgadh a dui'-neoil air gleantai'!
 Dh' aom fuain air iuran na feilge
 Air an raon, 's a chù r'a ghlùn.

Clanna

* *Tiomna Ghuill*, in the most common editions of it, is much adulterated by a mixture of the *Ursgeuls* or "tales of later times." The subject of this poem is the death of Gaul, the son of Morni, who is much celebrated in other poems of Ossian for his undaunted courage and warlike exploits.

In poems of later date, his warlike character is in like manner often alluded to. John Barbour, arch-deacon of Aberdeen, who wrote the life of King Robert Bruce in the year 1375, compares his hero at the battle of Dalri to Gaul the son of Morni, whose exploits, as well as the poems that celebrate them, seem to have been well known in the days of Barbour.

"When that the Lord of Lorn saw
 His men stand of him sik awe,
 That they durst not follow the chase,

TIOMNA GHUILL.

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

F

Caidlibh,

Right angry in his heart he was,
And fair wondered that he should see
Stoney them him alone but mae.
He said, Methinks Martheoke's son,
Right as *Gow-mac-morn* was won,
To have from *Fingal* his menzie;
Right so from us all his has he,
He set ensample thus him like,
The whilk he might more manner-like."

P. 35. edit. Glasg. 1737.

The stature and prowess of Gaul is likewise alluded to in one of the poems collected by Mr G. Bannantyne, A. 1568, and published in Allan Ramsay's *Ever-green*. From the the phraseology it would appear to have been written before Barbour's.

" My fader meikle *Gow-mac-morne*,
Out of his moder's wame was schorne,
For littlenes was so forlorne
Sican a kemp to beir."

Interlude of the Droichs.

† Venantumque canes in molli sæpe quiete
Jactant crura, tamen subito vocefque
Mittunt, et crebras reducunt naribus auras,
Ut vestigia si teneant inventa ferarum:

Expe...

TIOMNA GHUILL.

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

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

Cao'inn

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

Lucret. lib. iv.

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

A Chaothain nan solus aigh,
Tha do lochrains' an tràsa fo smal ;
Amhuil darag air criona gu luath
Tha do phaillinn, 's do shluagh air treiginn.
Soir na fiar air aghaidh taonaich
Cho 'n fhaighear do aon diu ach làrach ;
An * Seallama, 'n Taura no 'n Tigh-mor-ri'
Cha 'n 'eil flige, no oran, no clarsach !
Tha iad uile nan tulachain uaine,
'S an clacha nan cluainibh fein,
Cha 'n fhaic aineal o 'n lear no o 'n fhàsaich
A haon diu 's a bharr ro neul.

'S a Sheallama, theach mo ghaoil !
An e 'n torr fo taos-larach,
Far am bheil foghnah, fraoch, is fòlach,
Ri bròn fo fhile' na hòiche ?
Mu thimchioll mo ghlas-chiabhan
Ag iadha' tha chomhachag chorr,

F 2

'S an

* *Seallama*, "a beautiful view;" *Taura*, "a house on the sea-coast;" *Tigh-mor-ri*, "a royal palace;" the names of some of Fingal's places of residence.

TIOMNA GHUILL.

'S an earbag a' clisgeadh o leabuidh,
Gun eagal ro Oifiain a bhròin.

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

Sgia

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

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

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

Air

* Oscar the son of Ossian died young, as he was fighting against *Cairbre rua'* in Ireland. The story of his death (translated in the 1st book of *Temora*) is one of the most tender and affecting passages of Ossian. This line may probably allude to the following verses in that poem.

Dhomhlaich mu Chairbre a shloigh,
Buidheann fhuileach fhaobhrach chorr,
'S ann' am briathra' garga fuarra' falachai',
Labhair ri Oscar an Chairbre.
Iomlaid sleagh a b' aill leam uait,
Ofsair nan arm faobhrach cruaidh,
Air neo an t sleagh mu 'm bheil do làmh
Toillidh dhuit gu grad do bhàs.

Mac-samhuil Oscar na aonar
Mar an tfrann-ghaoth teachd thar aonach,
No mar fhrois o 'n iar na gathaibh,
Ro' na gaathaibh baoghlach plathach.
Tra chunnaic Oscar na sloigh,
Dh' fhàs e mar fhia' bàr air mòintich,
No mar chù air cill no lothainn,
Ri am teachd do 'n tfeilg fa chomhair.

Air còlan do ghaoil bidh fonn an tràs,
A Mhal-mhine * le d' chlàr bi dlù.

'S bha

* Malvina, to whom this and several of Ossian's poems are addressed, was the love of Oscar. This connection gave rise to that tender relation which subsisted between her and Ossian ever afterwards. Some beautiful remains of ancient poetry are ascribed to her, though it is probable they were composed by Ossian, in her name. Her lament for Oscar, (See Ossian's works, poem of Croma) is so tender and affecting, that every reader of taste and sensibility, will forgive me for inserting it here at full length.

'S e guth anaim mo rùin at' ann,
O! 's ainmic gu aisling Mhalmhìn' thu.
Fosglabhse talla nan speur,
Aithriche Ofsair nan cruai'-bheum;
Fosgluibhse dorfa nan nial,
Tha ceuma Mhalmhine gu dian,
Chualam guth am aisling fein,
Tha farum mo chleibh gu hard.
C' uime thàinig an ofag am dheigh
O dhubh-shiubhal na linne ud thall?

Bha do sgia fhuaimneach an gallan an aonaich,
Shiubhail aisling Mhalmhine gu dian:
Ach chunnaic is' a rùn ag aomadh,
'S a cheo-carradh a' taofga' m' a chliabh:

Bha

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

Uillt

Bha dearfa na grein' air thaobh ris

Co boifgeill ri òr nan dàimh.

—'S e guth anaim mo rùin a th' ann !

O ! 's ainmic gu m' aisling fein thu.

'S cònuì' dhuit anam Mhalmhine,

Mhic Oifian is treine làmh.

Thaom mo dheoir meafg shìle' na hoiche.

Ghuil mi 's càch eile nan tàmh,

Bu ghallan àluinn a tfhianuis mi Ofsair,

Le m' uile gheugaibh uaine mu m' thimchioll ;

Ach thainig do bhàs-fa mar ósaig

O 'n fhàsaich ; is dh' aom mi fios.

Thainig earrach le file' nan speur,

Cha d' eirich duill' uaine dhomh fein ;

Chunnaic òighean mi sàmhach san talla,

Is bhuail iad clàrsach nam fonn.

Bha deoir ag tearnadh air gruaidhean Mhalmhine ;

Chuannaic oigh' mi 's mo thuire gu trom.

C' uime 'm bheil thu co tuirfeach am fhianuis,

A chaomh-ainnir aig Luath-àth nan fruth ?

An robh e fgiamhach mar dhearfa na grèine ?

'M bu cho tlachdor e 'g eiridh na chruth ?

'S taitneach

TIOMNA GHUILL.

Uillt a' beucaich,—taibhs' a' fgreaddail,
 'S boifge tein' o'n adhar bholg-dhubh.
 —San uair fin chruinnich an Fheinne
 Gu haoibhinn an talla Fhinn;

4

Cha

'S taitneach t'fhoir an cluais Oisfain,
 A nighean Luath-àth nan fruth dian.
 Thainig guth nam bard nach beo,
 Am measg tairling air aoma' nan sliabh,
 Nuair thuit cadal air do shuilean soirbh,
 Aig cuan mor-shruth nan ioma' fuaim:
 Nuair phill thu slathail o'n tfeilg,
 'S grían là thu ag òrradh na beinn.
 —Chual thu guth nam bard nach beo:
 'S glan faiteal do chiuil fein.
 'S caoin faiteal nam fonn o Mhalmhine!
 Ach cloanaidh iad anam gu deoir.
 Tha fòlas an Tuireadh le sìth,
 Nuair dh' aomas cliabh tuirse gu bròn;
 Ach claidhidh fad-thuirse siol dòrainn,
 A fhath-nighean Thoscair nan cruai'-bheum.
 'S ainmic an la nan nial,
 Tuitidh iad mar chuifeig fo'n ghrein,
 Nuair sheallas i nuas na foillse,
 An deigh do 'n dubh-cheathach siubhal do 'n bheinn,
 S' a throm-cheann fo shìle' na hòiche.

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

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

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

G

Thog

* *Fionn* and *Fionn-ghaël* are synonymous terms: the epithet of Gaël is often added to distinguish his country. 'The Highlanders of ancient and modern times have always called themselves Gaël (or Cælts) and their country, Gaël dochd. "Finnanum filium Coeli, Fyn Mac Coul, vulgari vocabulo; Scotici sanguinis, &c." Boeth. sup. cit.—The translator of Ossian has been charged with having coined the name of Fingal out of *Fionn* or *Fin*, as they *supposed* he was only known by the latter appellation in Gaelic poetry. But in the place cited above (p. 41.), they may see he was called by the name of Fingal by John Barbour above 400 years ago.

TIOMNA GHUILL.

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

Ach

† Among the old Caledonians, it was no disparagement to commit depredations on other tribes, with whom they were at variance. Robbery was the mode of declaring war; and the most dexterous at making reprisals of this nature was considered as the bravest man. Nor was it only among our ancestors of Caledonia that this species of depredation was reputable. The *Brigantes* of South Britain; the *Brigantii*, bordering on the Alps, and the inhabitants of *Brigantium* in Spain, had all of them their name from *Brigand*, a Celtic word which signifies a Robber. (BULLET. Dict. Celt. II. 211.) The *Cimbri* of Germany had their name for the like reason, if we may credit Sextus Pompeius and Plutarch. The Picts too had their name (*Pictich*) from their success in the same honourable trade, and the character which Virgil gives to Ufens, and some of the other chieftains who came to the aid of Turnus is exactly similar to these;

Convectare juvat prædas, & vivere rapto.

Æn. vii. 749. & ix. 613.

Ach co fud air a charraig, mar cheo,
 'S i 'g amharc ro dheoir air Goll,
 A gruag dhorch a fa ghaoith air faondra,
 'S a lamh chaoin, mar chobhar, m'a cuailean?
 'S òg am macan na huchd,
 'S binn a crònan na chluais:
 Ach fhèid an ofnagh am fonn;
 Air Goll, Aoibhir-chaomh † tha do luadh!

Chìtear leatha 'n long an caol-chruth;
 Le dubh-neul iosal ga comhdach,
 Amhuil carraig air a héide' le ceo;
 “ A mhic Morna, flàn gum pill thu!”
 Le ceumaibh mall is 's le fealla cùil,
 Phill i gu Stru-mhon ard;
 Mar thannas air linne nan ceo,
 'S gun deo aig anail an fhàile.

* * * * *

Bu tric a fuil air a chuan ànrach,
 “ A mhic Morna, flàn gum pill thu!”

Ghlac an òiche dhòbhidh dhorch a
 Mae Morna 's e 'm meadhon ànraidh;

G 2

Tra

† *Aoibhir-chaomh*, the spouse of Gaul, and daughter of Casduconglas. See Temora, B. iii.

Tra sheun a ghealach i fein fo neulaidh,
 'S gun aiteal bho reul air fàile.
 Chuir fud mu feach oirn' an laoch,
 'S e fiubhal ea-trom air chuantai' dorch.

Sa mhadain air I na freoine,
 Bhuail e fa cheo beum-sgèithe;
 Le ibghna nach cual e colluin nam blàr;
 " An cadal an tràs duibh, fheara na Feinne!"

'S truagh gun mise ri d' thaobh;
 Cha b' i lorg an aofda mo fhleagh;
 Ach dearg-dhealan fo 'n tuiteadh ard-chroinn,
 Tra chlisgeas bho làthair na fleibhtean:
 Bheirinn làn-dùlan, a laoich, do d' nàmh,
 No thuitinn gu làr gun eiridh.
 'S cha bu chrann scargta 'n fin Oifian,
 Air chrith ro' oiteig an aonaich,
 A leagas a chraobh air a huillin,
 Thar fruthan dorch nan ioma-ghaoth.
 Bu deas mi mar ghiuthas Chaòthain,
 'S m' ùr-gheugan fa ghaoith-gam chuartach';
 O! 's truagh gun Oifian bhi dlù,
 A laoich Stru-mhoin, an strì na Freoine!

C' àit an robh sibh a thaibhse
 Nach d' thug sanas air foill I-freoine?
 'N ur cadal an ceo uaigneach?
 No cluiche' ri duilleig luaineich?
 Ni hamhluidh;—le caifeamachd dhileas,
 Phill is phill sibh le 'r n an-sgairt;
 Tra shaoileas gu bu taibhse gun bhaigh sibh
 Le 'm b' aill ar cumail o Mhor-bheinn,
 —Roi 'n ceo-èide las lann an Rìgh;
 “ Leanuibh am foghnan is fiol nam meat.”

De ainm Ghuill ga luadh,
 Chualas am farum a' treigfinn,
 Tiamhaidh. Dh' fhalbh iad nan ofaig,
 Mar ofunn eafaich 's a chorr a' caoiran*.

Iom.

* Hesiod notes the same circumstance as a prognostication of a storm.

Mark when thou hearest from the clouds on high,
 The crane emit her frequent plaintive cry,
 For then the storm, with copious rain, is nigh.

}

Oper. et dies l. ii. 62]

Iom-cheist Ghuill †.

'S am bheileam fein am aonar,
 Am measg nan ceuda colg;
 Gun lann liomhaidh leam
 Sa chath dhorcha!
 —Tha imeachd nan tonn geal
 Gu Morbheinn nam bad;
 An tog mi mo shiuil,
 'S gun chaomh am fagus?
 Ach cionnus a dh'eireas an dàn,
 Ma dh' fhàsas neul
 Air cliu mhic Morna?

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

† This soliloquy of Gaul is often repeated by itself. The measure of it is different from that of any other part of the poem; and resembles much the disordered state of the speaker's mind at the time.

Nach tige' rugh' air do ghnuis aosda,
 'N lathair nan laoch neulach?
 'S nach cluinnte' tofna fa ghaioith
 An gleann faoin na Strumoin,
 Tra theireadh na taibhse lag
 "Theich do mhac an I-freoine?"

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

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

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

—Ach

* *Og-Ghell*, the son of Gaul and Evirchoma.

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

—Ach tha m'anam fein na thannas èiti'
 'S e leum na aonar fa chuan atmhor,
 A' taoma' mìle tonn air eilean air chrith,
 'S a' marcachd a rìs an cobhan na gaoithe.

Bhuail mac Morn' an tath-bheum sgèithe, *
 (Cha b' ionan a hèigh is an tràsa,)
 Chlìsg an I, is dhuìsg a cathan ;
 † Dhùldaich Goll, 's lann athar a' dealra'.
 Gach taobh dheth tha daoine gan sgatha'
 Mar ùr-bharrach an doire na fàsaich ;
 An airm liomhai' fan raon air an sgapa,
 'S eoin na healtuinn ri gàire.

A Mhalach

* The following passage may serve to show that the conduct of Gaul, though rash, is characteristic of the manners of the times.

“ Of all the nations of the world, says Ælian, the Cæltæ are the foremost to encounter dangers. In this they are encouraged by those songs that are composed in honour of such as fall bravely in battle. They reckon it such a disgrace to fly, that often they will not step out of a house just falling, or on fire. Many of them will not remove even from the flowing of the sea, but rush armed against the fury of the waves, brandishing their swords and spears, as if they could terrify or wound the billows.” *Ανθροπων* &c. Ælian, l. xii. 23.

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

* A Mhala-mhìn, nach fac thu fein
Sgaoth eunlaith air fteuda' fàile,
A' cuartacha muicé moire,
'S na cuanta dòbhidh a' gànraich?

Nach fac thu bolg bàn an eifg
(Mar fhiuil air an fèide') n uachdar,
'S na heoin air na tonna' fad as,
Ri fgairteachd le geilt is fuathas?
—B' amhuil fin eagal na Freoine,
'S an geilt ro' chòrag Ghuill.

Ach dh' fhàs mac Morna' fann,
'S e ri crann a' leigeil a thaic ;
Ceud corran na thaobh an fàs,
Is fhuil air màgh a fgeithe glais.
—Ach 's dealan bàis a chlaidhe ;
'S tha crith air anam na Freoine.

H

Ach

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

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

Ach com', a fhiol gun iochd,
 Am bheil ur làmh ri lìc ghailbhich? *
 An ann a sgaoileadh ur cliu
 Gus na linnte dhùisgeas san oran?
 Ach an cliu do sheachdar a hiomain
 An caradh aon fhir 's e na ònrachd?
 —Bhuail i sliafaid an laoich,
 Dh' aom e air a fgeith umha,
 Alluidh : 's a naimh ga threigfinn,
 † Mar iolair reubta le dealan na hòiche.

'S truagh nach b' fhios do na laoich,
 Ioma-ghaoth nan cath! do chor;
 Cho 'n eisdemid ‡ ceol no clàr,
 'S mac Morna bhi 'n fàs teann.
 Cha chaidle' § mac-an-Luin na thruaill,
 'S cha bhiodh fleagh Fhinn gun luadh air àr :
 'S mi

* In ancient times pillars of stone were frequently erected by the conquerors in the field of battle, in order to commemorate their victory. Many of these obelisks are still to be seen in all the parts of the Highlands.

† *al.* Mar iolair leont' air carraig nan cnoc,

'S a fgiath air a lot le dealan na hòiche.

‡ *al.* Oigh no bàrd.

§ The sword of Fingal had this name from Luno, a smith
 of

'S ni 'm b'ioghna bho m'righ, 's e mosgla',
 "Bhuail tannas no ofag an fgiath ud!"

Com' nach d'ath-bhuail thu do fhleagh,
 A Mhorna nan ciabh aosda?

H 2

Com'

of Lochlin, who had likewise fabricated arms for some more of the Fingalian heroes. Ossian in return transmitted his name to posterity in a poem composed on the subject, and known by the title of (*An Gabha*) "The smith." Some fragments of this piece which still remain are very characteristic of the manners of the times. In the following lines, the poet describes their joy on receiving these implements of war, and mentions the different names or epithets given to their respective swords; such as "the son of Luno;" "the flame of the Druids;" "the raven, or bird of prey;" &c.

'S b' aighireach finn 'an dara mhaireach

Ann an ceardaich Loin 'ic Liomhain!

Gum bu mhaith ar nùr-chloidhean,

'S ar deagh fhleaghan fada righne.

B' e mac an Loin lann mhic Cu'ill,

Nach d' fhàg fuigheall riabh dh' fheoil daoine;

Gu 'm bi 'n Drui'lannach lann Ofsair,

'S gu'm bi Chofgarach lann Chaoilte,

Gum bi 'n Liomhanach lann Dhiarmaid,

B' iomad fear fiadhaich a mharbh i.

'S agam fein bha Gearr-nan-calan,

Bu gharg farum 'n am nan garbh-chath.

TIOMNA GHUILL.

Com' nach d'aom thu gu m'aifling fein,

“ Oifian, eirich, 's Goll na aonar.”

Ach bha tìmeachd gu I na freoine,

Shil frasàn o d' dheoir air na fleibhte,

Bha crith air gach innis ro d' sgairt,

Làn bròin is do mhac gun eiridh.

Bhrìst fàir' air mona nan fruth,

Threig aifling na mnà caoin ;

Chaid i ri caithream na feilg,

B' ioghna nach cual i a gaol.

San lò, bho thulachaibh nan dos,

Dh' èisd i a caoi fein ;

Is an-moch sheall i air lear,

Brònach, 's gun long a' leum.

Ciod so chum thu, ghraidh,

Seach càch an I na freoine?

Mise dubhach air aoma chreag,

'S maq-thallaidh a' freagairt dom' chòra,

—Nach feuda tu pilleadh a nis

Ge d' thigeadh ort ànra cuain,

Is tuigh bhi ri leanabh do ghaoil

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

Chunnas ailing an raoir ;
 Bha gach neach air an raon ach Goll ;
 Tamul as, is a thaice r'a shleagh,
 Bha n' laoch na sheafamh air aona-chois.
 Bha chas eile na ceo glas
 A charuich gach oiteag a shèideadh.
 Chaidh mi fein an còail mo ghaoil,
 Ach sheid ofag o'n aonach uam e.
 —Ach uam ailinge geilt,
 Pillidh tu, Ri' Strumhoin ;
 'S do cheann mar òg-ghnuis na grèine,
 'S i 'g eiridh air Crom' lia * nan taibhse ;
 Far an crithich san òich' an taineal,
 'S na tannais a fgairteachd gach taobh dheth :
 —Ach theich iad ro aiteal na maidne,
 'S ghabh efan le bhàta gu gluafad.

Is

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

Is amhluidh chi mi thu, ghaoil;
 Nach e fùd aogus do bhàrca?
 A fhuil mar chobhar nan creag
 No mar shneachd' air bharraibh na fàsach.
 Am bàrca ta ann no ceo?
 Do m' fhuil-fa cha lèir le bròn;
 Is i bàrca mo ghaoil ata ann,
 A' leum thar fàile na deann.
 Oiche, na falaich a shiuil,
 Na sgaoil do sgiath air mo rùn;
 Greasam fan sgoth so na dhàil,
 Ro cheo na hiargaile tlà.

Dh' imich i,—'s bàrca cha d' fhuair,
 Bha 'n ceo luaineach le taibhfe,
 A chleachd feoladh air lear o shean,
 'S a lean an àbhaist a b' aoibhinn.
 —Tha sgoth na mnà ag imeachd
 Gu camus innis na Freoine;
 Tha chaol-ghéalach tro' neula balbha,
 Cùl chrann, air farr-bheinn a' feoladh;
 Is reulta ro shrachda nan nial
 Dubh-sgiathach air aghaidh na hòiche,
 A' leum-

A' leumnaich o nial gu nial,
'S mar thannas, gu dian 'a' treigfinn.

Dhearc a bhean na 'n dearfa caol
Air aogus àluinn a mic,
'S i ga fhàgail na coite chaoil ;
* “ Oig mo ghaoil bi 'n fo gun fhios.”

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

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

Gun

* *al.* Iarram tathair ri taobh na tuinn fo.

† ————Away they fly

Affectionate, and, undefining, bear

The most delicious morsel to their young.

THOMSON'S Spring, 973.

‡ “ Chluinn mi guth broin air uchd an àilidh.”

Gun fhios aig Oifian no Fionn air,
Mur dean foillse nan speur dhoibh innse!

Innsibh, a reulta ruiteach †
Do theach nan laoch mar thuit mi fein;
Is innsibh a thaibhse nan fion
Mo sgeul-sa do Ri' na Feinn."

Innsibh gu bheil m' anam fo leon
An I freoine, gun ibh gun ith,
Ach fàile gorm re là is là;
Na faigheadh mo ghradh air fios!
An cèin biodh imeachd ur sgiath,
Gun fharum gun fhiamh dol seach;
Na cluinneadh mo ghaol ur guth,
Mu 'n fiubhail lionn-dubh air a hinntin.
An cèin a rìs biodh ur rathad,
'S biodh aisling mo mhnatha-sa aoibhinn.
—Tha mhadain, a ghaoil, fad as,
Gabh fois le caidre' do naoidhein.
Am fuaim a chaochain, am faoin-ghleann eilde,
Biodh taisling aoibhinn, Aoibhir-chaomha."

I

" 'S an

† " Barbari hi quos dixi (scil. Celtæ) contendunt et esse deos, et nostri curam gerere, et præsignificare futura, magna ex parte, per insomnia et stellas." *Ælian. l. 2. c. 31.*

“ 'S an faoil thu gur fois domh fein,
Is Goll am péin air afeain tràgha?
Mo chridhe cha chofail ri carraig,
Cha robh m' athair o I na Freoine*.
—Ach c' àit am faigh mi furtachid do m' ghaol?
Is cumhainn leam sgeula Chas-du-conghlais.

I

Sgeula

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

I sin alluidh na Freoine,

Le d' thiubh-cheo buan 's le d' ua'-bhéistean;

A thir nam pian, gun mhiadh gun bhàigh,

Dol ad dhail be sud mo dheifinn.

These are some of the properties of the Celtic hell, as described in the *History of the Druids*. Since that was published, I have met with the following lines in an old M.S. and as they tend to illustrate the notions which our Celtic ancestors had of a place of torment, I insert them here.

'S mairg a roghnuicheas Ifrinn fhuar,

'S gur i uaimh nan ‡ driobhunn geur;

Is beag orm Ifrinn fhuar fhliuch,

Aite bith-bhuan is fearbh deoch.

‡ perhaps droighienn.

Sgeula Chas-du-conghlais.

Tra bha mi òg an glacaibh m' athar,
 Bha ar fiubhal aon latha 's na cuantaibh;
 Shéid an doinionn' finn gu carraig,
 * (Bha Crisoluis mar ruinn fan uair fin)
 Tri chrainn ghlasa gun duilleach,
 Bha 'n fin air bharr tuinne gan luasga';
 Mu 'n cois bha fàs nan dearg-dhearcag,
 Cha d' rinn m' athair am blasa' ge d' bhuain e. †
 " A Chrisoluis, tha t fheum-fa mor,
 A màireach foghnui' dhomhsa m' aonach."

Thainig madain 's am feasgar mu seach,
 Ach b' i charraig ar teach an cònuidh.

Curach

* *al.* Chaidh ar curach a bhrisfe na bhruanach.

† — Even so a gentle pair

By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cot, amid the distant woods,
 Sustain'd alone by providential HEAV'N;
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant-train,
 Check their own appetite, and give them all.

THOMSON'S Spring, 676.

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

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

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

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

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

I 2

Foghnai'

* *al.* An cein tha aimfir mo dhùsgaidh.

† The following reply to the tender offer of Evirchoma is generally repeated here; but as it does not correspond with the sentiments that follow, I have omitted it in the text.

“ Comhairle

Foghnai' sin da a nochd,
'S bidh sin focair air tràigh an màireach.

Imichs' a gheug àillidh,
Gu d' thràigh mu'n dùisg an tfoillse;
Imich ad sgoth le d' leanabh a tuchd,
Com' an tuit e mar mhaoth-bhlàthan,
Air a sgatha' le fleagh gun iochd,
An laimh laoich gun fliochd gun chairdeas?
Thuit e 's a cheann fo bhruidhean;
Le cheileir cruadail tha'n laoch ag imeachd,
—Imich 's fàg mise 'n I-freoine,
'S mi leonta mar chladach gun chaochan;
Mar luibh a' searga ro ghaoith gheamhraidh,
Nach tog a ceann le grèin a cheituin.

Thugadh na Trein'ir mi gu'n talamh;
Ach thainig smal air mo chliu-fa!

Fo'n

“ Comhairle mnà a noir no niar,

Cha ghabh is cha do ghabh mi riabh.”

Here likewise, or a little lower, another long passage occurs in many editions, but which is supposed to refer to some other Gaul whose spouse was called *Aine*. It begins thus:

A rìghbhin is binne ceol

Gluais gu malda 's na gabh bròn, &c.

Fo 'n chrann fo càireadh iad m' uaigh,
Chi 'n coigreach o stuaidh an tsàil' i;
Crathaidh e cheann is e 'g acain,

“ Faic far an d' eùg Mac-Morna !”

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

Ach ciod fo 'n guth am chluais?
Guth Og'uill, 's e truagh gun fhurtachd;
Tha m' anam fein a' mosgla'
'S a' plosgail gun chlos am innibh.
Is com an eirich anam Ghuill;
Com' an cluinntear acain ghoirt;
An guil mar fo athair a mhac,
'S an eol da acain màthar?
Air leam gu bheil tanam a' leum;
Giulaineam fein thu thun ar mic;

'S ea-

'S ea-trom an tuallach mo' ghradh,
Faigheam am laimh do lorg.*

Ghiulain i 'n laoch gus a fgoth,
'S fad na hòiche chothaich ri fteudaibh ;
Chunnaic gach reul a treise ga fàgail,
Fhuair a mhadainn gun chàil mar* neul i.

Air an òiche fin 's mis air an raon,
Thainig gu m' chadal an taos-Mhorna ;
Bha thaice ri luing air chrith,
Is aghaidh fàitheach ro bhrònach.
Gach clais na ghnuis bha làn,
Le fruthan ànrach na haoife ;
Tri uaire fheall e thar lear,
Tri uaire bha acain, caointeach.

“ An

* The ancient Galic poets are blamed for drawing so many of their comparisons from clouds and mists. But this will appear extremely natural, if we consider that they lived in a mountainous country, where clouds and mists were continually before their eyes; and likewise that they looked upon these clouds as the mansion and vehicle of their departed friends. This last circumstance could not fail to fix their attention upon them almost perpetually.—There goes the chariot of my father; there the car-of my friend.

“ An cadal do charaid mhic Morna,
San am bu choir dha dùsga’ ?”

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

Leanas thar muir a cheum,
Is fhuaras an fge’ na hinnse ’n fgoth.
An taice r’a taobh bha`ceann mo Ghuill,
Ri taobh uilne bha sgia nan cath;
Thar a bile bha creuchd mu leith,
’S i dearg-fhruthadh mu chnapa-starra. *

Thogas a chlogaid; chunnas a chiabhan,
Na ’n ànra fiar am fallas.—
Dh’ eirich mo bhùirich fein,
’S thog efan air eigin a shuil;
Thaini’ ’n teug, mar smal na greine;
Tuille cha leir dhuit tOscar!

Tha

* The *cnap-starra* of the ancient Caledonians was, according to Dion Cassius, “ a ball of brass fastened to the lower end of the spear in order to terrify the enemy with the noise of it when shaken.” *Dion Cassius apud Xiphil. lib. lxiii.*

Tha àilleachd Aoibheir-chaomha fo final,
 'S barr fleagh aig a mac gun smuairean,
 B' fhann a guth ; bu tearc a ràite,
 Thogas fein le m' laimh a fuas i :
 Ach leag i mo bhos air ceann a mic,
 'S a hacain gu tric ag eiridh.

A leinibh chaöimh, is diomhain t fhuran,
 Do mhathair tuille cha 'n eirich ?
 Biom fein duit am dhearbh-athair,
 Ach ni 'm mairrionn an Aoibhir-àluinn ! *
 —Ach ciod mu bheil m' anam co meat ?
 Theirge' mo dheoir nan tuirinn gach ànra.

Ràineas talla nan còs-fhruth ;
 Talla dubhach làn eislein,
 Gun fhonn baird, gun chruit chiuil,
 Ach fuaim duillich a dhùisg an treun-ghaoth.

Luidh an iolair air barr an teach,
 Shonraich i clù-nead dhi fein ;

* Eirallin, daughter of Branno, King of Lego in Ireland, was the spouse of Ossian. Her beauty is much celebrated in the beginning of the iv. B. of Fingal, and in other poems of Ossian.

“ Co dhìreas a mullach, no dh' fhògras,
 M' eoin riöch nan leabaidh fhèimh ? ”
 Crùbaidh fo 'n dorus am minnean,
 'S e ga faicinn air binnean na carraige.
 Tha 'Còs-ulla' na luidh air an stairfnich,
 'S e farum Ghuill at' ann. tha e 'm barail,
 'S le aiteas tha dheoir a' treigfinn.
 Ach tha thuireadh a' pille' ('s e luidhe')
 Cha 'n fhaic e ach mac na heilde. .

Ach co dh' innseas airfneal na Feinne,
 'S iad mall a' tearna' mar cheathach,
 Tra bhios fhaileas, ri am na frois,
 A' gluasad air faiche na luachrach.
 Iosal chi iad cliar nan cath,
 'S an deoir a' file' mar bhainne na hailbhinn.

Leig Fionn a thaice ri giuthas aofd'
 (A leag a ghaoth) aig ceann mhic Morna ;
 Na dhuala' lia bha dheoir am falach, *
 Is ula geal an franna na sìne.

K

Mar

*

————Mollissima corda

Humano generi dare se Natura fatetur,

Quæ lachrymas dedit, hæc nostri pars optima sensus.

Juv. Sat. 15.

Mar chaidh Fionn Mac Morna.

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

Fonn nan òighean is guth nam bard,
 Gu bràth' cha 'n eirich ad chòail ;
 Cha 'n fhaic na fleibhte do bhratach,
 Cha chluinnear tacain no tòran.
 Cha 'n 'eil imeachd do chon air an t'fliabh,
 Tha iad fiar aig t'fhardaich, brònach ;
 Tha damh na cròic air an fhaiche ;
 Cha 'n fhiu leo fhaicinn, 's nach beo thu.

Och !

Och ! a lù-choin, dh' imich an laoch,
 Cha chluinn fibh fan aonach a ghuth :
 An fo tha chadal, gun fealg air uigh,
 'S beum-sgeith, a Ghuill, cha dùisg thu.

Ciod e spionnadh an laoich ?
 Ge d' sgaoil e mar dhuilleach an cath ;
 An diugh ge treun air an raon,
 Bheir an daol am màireach buaidh air *.

Com', a dheora, ghuidh thu dhuit fein
 Treise Ghuill na éide stàilinn ?
 Tra dhealruich e mar eith an gath-greine,
 'S gearr ge haoibhinn a dhearfa !

Mar neul ruiteach ré an laoich,
 Chi 'n fealgair, 's an òich' a' taosga ;
 “ 'S àluinn a dhreach mar bhogh' na frois ! ”
 Sheall e, 's cha 'n fhaic e aogus.

Luath mar fherein an adhair,
 'S an ioma-ghaoth na platha fo sgiathaibh,
 Shiubhail an dreach àillidh,
 'S na àite tha 'n ceathach ciar-dhu.

K 2

Tuille

* — Mors sola fatetur

Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.

Juv.

Tuille ni mairrionn do Gholl ;
 Ach mairridh e 'm fonn nan teud ;
 Ni hamhuil is ceo air an fhrois
 Cliu treise nan treun-laoch.

Càiribh, a chlanna nan teud,
 Leaba Ghuill 's a dheo-greine là ris ;
 Far am faicear innis o chein
 Is geugan os aird ga fgàile'.
 Fo fgèi na daraig is guirme blà,
 Is luaithe fàs, 's is buaine dreach,
 A bhrùchdas a duilleach air anail na frois,
 'S an raon m'an cuairt di feargta.
 —A duilleach o iomall na tìre,
 Chètear le eoin an t'famhraidh ;
 Is luidhidh gach eun mar a thig
 * Air barraibh † na géige urair.
 Cluinnidh Goll an ceilear na cheo,
 'S oighean a' feinn air Aoibhir-chaomha :

'S gus

* Ημος κοκκυξ, &c.

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

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

† *al.* geige na Strumhoin.

'S gus an caochail gach ni dhiu fo,
 Cha fgarar ur cuimhne bho chèile.
 —Gus an crion gu luaithre a chlach,
 'S an fearg as le haois a gheug fo,
 Gus an fguir na fruthain a ruith,
 'S an dèagh mathair-uifge nan fleibhtean ;
 Gus an caillear an dilinn aois
 Gach filidh, 's dàn is aobhar sgéil.
 Cha'n fheoruich an taineal “ Co mac Morna?
 No Cia i cònuidh * Ghuill nan lù-chon ?”

* *al.* Rìgh na Strumhoin ?

D A N

DAN NA DU-THUINN*.

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

† “ Is garbh leam beucaich do thonn,
A mhuir cheann-ghlas ri bonn mo shleibh ;
Is ofnaiche atmhor eiti' a deas,
Cha 'n e mo leas gu do fhéid fibh.
Ach a bhaca' mo fheol fein
'S faoin féitrich na dōininne mear,
A fhrachdas an iarmailte lom,
'S a luaifgeas gach tonn air an lear.

Cha

* This poem, from one of the circumstances mentioned in it, is often called Dàn-Oi'mara. The first stanza was omitted in the Translation.

† Fingal speaks.

Cha mhair an doinionn ach feal,
 Mar dhealan nan speura duaichni;
 Caidlidh a ghaoth san fhàr,
 'S bidh sìth air a mhuir bhuairte.

* * * * *

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

Chruinnich a chathan mu 'n Rìgh,
 Bha fead san t sìn aig folt Dhumolaich,
 Tha Leth crom thar a sgéi bholgaich,
 Air an tric an robh colg 's na blàraibh.
 Tha fleagh Mhorla air chratha san adhar,
 Is aiteas an fuil Ghorm-àluinn.

Ruith finn ro 'n chuan stuadhach,
 'S muca-mara gu † luath gar feachna;
 Tha innsean a' clisg' as an rathad
 'S gam falach air cùl ar loingeis.
 Tha Du-tionn ag eiridh, mar sgeir
 Air a cleith air uairibh le fàile.

“ 'Si

† *Al.* mu'n cuairt a' breabail.

“ 'Si tìr Chonair at' ann,
An caomh le'm b' annfa mo chairdean !”

'S dorch', ars' am maraich' an òiche !
Chaill e 'n tiul, is threig an reul e,
Ro chirb nan neula fras-fhliuch
Tha e rìs ga faicinn* aoibhneach.
Sheall càch an aird; ach dhùin an dorus,
Is 'aon reul fholluis cha lèir dhoibh.

“ Tha fiubhal na hòiche dorch,
Iarramaid for'uis na tragma,
Gus an eirich a mhadain òr-bhuidh
'S an còdaichear fleibh le fàire.”

Tha ar fiubhal gu geogha nan tonn;
Feuch tannas dorch' air a chreig,
Ard mar chrann giuthais a chruth
'S e 'g aomadh thar fgei nan nial;
'S an rè dorch^a siar a' dufgadh.
An lorg cheo-ghlas ud 's i fhleagh:
Na barr tha lasadh nan reul,
Mar theine nan speur a lann,

* *Al* “ Feuch i!”

Mar dheatach air iom-ghaoith a ghruag,
 'S a shuilean dorch a mar uaimh fhàsail.
 Bu tric an taibhse gu Fionn ro chàth,
 Ach ni 'n robh atha ro' Chonar caomhail.

Dh'ìrich Fionn an stùc le* Caireall,
 'S mac an Luin na laimh gu foilleir;
 Chunnaic an taibhs' e, 's air oisag dh'imich,
 An sgairt thug Fionn as, luaig i 'n innis.
 Chlìsg na fleibhte creagach coillteach,
 'S dhuig na treun'ir lafair oillteil†.

Càireadh gach fear a fhleagh 's a luireach,
 Arfa Fionn gu tùrsach déisneach,
 'S eigin gleachd gun ghean mar b' abhaist,

L

Innise

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

† In the *Interlude of the Droichs* before cited, from Allan Ramsay's *Ever-green*, there seems to be an allusion either to this passage, or to the encounter betwixt Fingal and the spirit of Loda, in the poem of *Carric-thura*.

“ My fore Grand-fire heicht Fynn-MacKoull,

Quha dang the Deil, and gart him zoul,

The skies rain'd fludes quhen he wad skot

He trublit all the air.”

* Innse' daimh no ainm cha dean finn.
 Càireadh gach fear a fhleagh 's a luireach,
 Gun dùrachd cron da chairdean,
 'S gu biodh oirn fòlas an Du-thuinn
 Tra ruisgeas solus an là finn.

Chòlaich finn, am farum ar stàilinn,
 Am feachd, air làraich na hòiche;
 Bhuail an faighdean ar fgiath' mar mheallain,
 Ach cha d' iarr finn anam ar daimheach.
 Mar thuinn mu charraig, dh' iadh iad umainn,
 Cha b' uilear dhuinn coga' no failneach'.

Theirinn an Ri' na thartar eiti',
 Mar thannas air èidè' le fiontaibh.
 Thog a ghealach a ceann os aird,
 'S i dealradh air lann an Luin,
 A shoillfich an laimh an Rìgh,
 Mar eith Laòire 's a ghrian na hairde.

Chunnaic

* In those days of heroism, it was reckoned cowardice to tell one's name to an enemy, lest it should be considered as claiming kindred with him, and declining the combat. The same extravagant notions of honour seem to have prevailed among some other nations of antiquity. See *Anc. Univ. Hist. of Fab. and Her. times*, § 6.

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

Mall mar Lubar nan car,
Ag imeachd ro fhaiche na Dura,
Rainig finn easach na leacainn,
Na leabai dhoilleir chlùmhair.
Bha ar còra mu dhoininn a chatha,
'S mu ghnìomha nam flathan a dhìbir.
Sheinn Caoireall air aimsir o shean,
'S lean Oifiain air Conar is* Mìnla.

Thainig ofag an crònan an uillt,
Na luib bha acain bhròin,
'S i fann mar thaibhse san doire,
Tra ghoireas iad thairis air tuamaibh,
“† Iarr, Oifiain, bruachan an uillt,
Tha crann caomh san òich' air tiuteam,
Bneiream fein da ioc-lus an aonaich,
Mun tig farran air eudann Chonair.”
† Dh'imich mi fein 's a ghaoir am chluais,
Shil mo dheoir anuas le déisinn.

L 2

Caoirán

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

† Fingal speaks.

† Ossian speaks.

Càoiran Chonair.

Is dorch a' fàn doinninn mo chònuidh !
 Gun ghuth am chòir ach ian tiamhaidh ;
 Threig am bard :—tha 'n òiche mall,
 O ! 's òiche gach là dhomhfa.
 Cha 'n fhaic mi do ghnuis, a ghrian,
 Orruidh foir, no ruiteach fiar ;
 'S cha mhò a chì mi thu, ghealach,
 Ag amharc ro chrannaibh air caochain.
 'S truagh nach do thuit mi le Daorla,
 'S thu d' luidhe ri m' thaobh a Mhìnlà :
 Shiubhla' mo chliu air falbh
 Mar dhearfà neulach air learga ciara,
 Aoibhneas nam beag fo m' dhùn craobhach,
 'S e 'g aomadh o'n fùil is o'n cuimhne.
 Leigibh mis' as ur cuimhne cuideachd
 A chlanna mo shlòigh ghaolaich,
 Mur tuit sibh, mar dhuilleach fa chrith-reo,
 Fo laimh chithich Dhaerlai.
 'S truagh nach do thuit mise le Gara*,
 'S mi cur a chatha le Fionn,

An

* *Gara mac Stairn*, or Swaran, the son of Starno, was a king of Lochlin, with whom Fingal had frequent war. His prowess is so much celebrated in ancient poetry, that to this day

An sin ghuileadh mo Rìgh air m' uaigh,
 'S bhiodh luadh air mo chliu le Oifian.
 Theireadh filidh nam blianaì nar deigh,
 " Fo ìguir a chuilm bidh 'n fgeul air Conar."
 Ach a nis cha chluinnear mo dhàn,
 Cha 'n aithnich an t ànrach m' uaigh;
 Chi e leac ghlas, is cuiseag ga còdach',
 Feoruichidh co d'an uaigh i.
 Cha'n aithne dhuinne, their clann a ghliene,
 Cha d' innis an dàn a chliu dhuinn.

* " Ach innsidh an dàn do chliu,
 'S cha dearmadar thu 'n oran Chaothain.
 Treig tuaimb, biodh do chraosnach fan àr,
 Mar rainich an làir crionaidh Daorla.
 Ach sgaoilidh do chliu-fa mar ùr-dharaig
 Ag amharc thar ceathach nan gleanntai'.
 'S i crathadh a duillich le haighear
 Rì aghaidh na greine fàmhraidh."

'S caomh thu a thannaìs rìà h'òiche,
 Nì 'n oillt le Conar do chòra.

Bidh

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

* Oifian speaks.

Bidh ar luadh air ionad nam flath,
 Gun ghuth air mo rath no mo chliu-sa.
 'S amhuil mo chliu-sa 's ceo,
 Air Mora nan aiteal ialach.

* * * * *

Bidh mise leat gu gairrid
 An teach do fhaimhe ;
 'S thig finn le folas
 Gu bruadar nan anrach*.
 Siubhlaidh finn le 'n anam do 'n àraich,
 'S thig crith nar laith'r air na treun'ir.
 Bidh 'niall an sin mar fhalluinn,
 'S an uaimh mar thalla na Feinne ;
 Bidh an ofag mar chlarfaich nan cluaïs,
 Is fuaim na cuiseig mar cheileir aoibhinn.
 Gu sin, biodh do chòra tric leam fein,
 A thannais aoibhinn, air oiteig na hòiche.

'S

* To supply every defect in the verification by the pro-
 saic tales which accompany these poems, would give them a
 motley appearance. As these tales, however, are for the most
 part a kind of measured prose, they are allowed to stand when-
 ever they seem to form any sort of verse, in their natural order,
 as here.

'S thugas Conar ionnfuidh mo Rìgh,
 Cha robh 'n uigh air ni ach folas,
 Oir chuimhnich iad na làithe moch
 San do ghluais iad am fochair ghleanntai',
 Tra b' e 'm foghnan glas am fiadh,
 'S an eilid, ciob nan ciar-bheann faoine.
 Dh' fhàs a rìs am blianaì' le cheile,
 'S leum eildean 'romp' air Gorm-mheall.

Ach co, deir Fionn, a chuir Conar fo eill?
 'S e dh' fheumas bhi treun san iòrguill.

“ Chuala Daorla mo lamh bhi lag,
 'S ghrad-bhuail e chugam 's mi m' aonar;
 Bhuadhaich fheachd; tha e fein am thalla,
 Minla fo smalan, 's m' fheachd air sgaoile'.”

Chualas guth Chonair le Fionn,
 'S dh' fhàs air cith agus greann,
 Chrath e na laimh a chrann crithich,
 'S air mac an Luin fheall e rithis.

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

—Oislaibh 's ià Ghorm-àluinn, gu traigh,
 A Dhumolaich, gu àros Chonair;
 Dìonaibh Mìna, matá i san tèach,
 Le sgiathaibh dorcha mar * rè na h-òiche!

Thainig Caoireall le chruit thlà,
 'S a fonn mar thaibhs' a' fàg air Laoire,
 Ga 'n eide' mu nòin le neulaibh-foilleir,
 'Tra chluinnear air fruthaibh an cabiran.

Gluais gu fòil, a shruthain na hoiche,
 'S gu-cluinnte' leinn oran Chaoirill.

Duan na Lara.
 'S tha geug aig Làra nan fruth,
 Fo dubhar, eadar leaca tha 'm foghnan,
 A' fileadh a dheur san amhainn,
 'S dà thannas an cònuidh dlu dha. †

Uraib

* *re*, an old name for the moon; now it signifies any space of time indefinitely.

† In some editions of this poem, the following stanza is subjoined to this line.

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

Urail aofda, 's aon diu thusa,
 'S t'fhalt o d' mhuineal mar neula foillse.
 'S co fin mar cheo-sneachda la' ruit?
 A bhan-fealgair áillidh do nighean.

Bha clann Lara 'm bothan an fhàsaich,
 A' tàr na cuilm an deigh na feilge;
 Chunna' Colgar iad, 's e luath
 Mar bheum fìcibhe nuas o 'n aonach.
 " Ighean Urail, imich leam fein,
 Fo cheangal na heille bidh tathair,
 Mu 'm buail e beum-sgeithe san aonach,
 'S gu cluinne' na laoidh an cein e."

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

Dh' imich nighean Urail air eigin,
 'S a cèum gu trom 's gu tiamhaidh,
 Mar fhliuch-cheo an gleannan na fàmhchair,
 'S an dall-ghrian a' fnàmh ro neula.

Dhuifg earba san raon,
 Leum i caol aig caochan diamhair,
 Tha raineach uain' air uairibh ga falach;
 "Faiceam tiughar, a Cholgair."
 —Tharruing i 'n tfreang, is thuit an laoch,
 Phill i gu Lara, 's bhà 'n taofda fubhach.
 B' ionan fheafgar 's grian ag aomadh
 Air fleibhtean aobhach san earrach;
 No duilleach a' tuiteam sa gheamhra,
 Feadh ghleanntai' fhàsail tofdach.
 'S ni 'm bu tearc làithe Mor-àille,
 Mu 'n do chaidil i la' ri hathair.
 —'S tha geug aig Lara nan fruth,
 Tha dithis fo dubhar a chònuidh;
 Urail, is tusa aon diu,
 'S aon eil' an tiuran òg ud. *

'S chaidh Gorm-àluinn 's mi fein gu tràigh,
 Fo sgeir fhàsail fhuaras òg.

A

* The bards always adapted their songs to the circumstances of their hearers. The case of Conar was similar to that of Ural; and hence the propriety of Carril's song, which ends here.

A ghairdean air clarsaich bhrifte,
 'S lorg a fhleagh fo luirich eatroim.
 Sheall a ghealach mar bhloids sgeithe
 Ro 'n fheur os a cheann 's e lùbta ;
 Ga luafgadh o thaobh gu taobh,
 Mar ghiuthas an gaoith nan stùcan.
 —Co fo ni cònuidh fan òiche ;
 'S co ris do dhaimh, ars' an tAluinn ?

Fhreagair e, fo bhall-chrith mar dhuilleach,
 Tha mise do fhilibh na Du-thuinn ;
 Chuala Daorla m' oran 's choigil ;
 'S e 'n laoch thug na fleaghan o 'n Fheinne.

* “ O'n Fheinn thug e 'n fleaghan gun fhios,
 Is bhuail e air Conar na aonar ;
 'S treun a lannh 's gun neach na aghaidh,
 Ach 's lag oidhrip ri uair bhaoghlach.
 Is neul e 'g eiridh fan fhè
 O chàrr monaidh, 's gun deo fan àile ;
 Ach glacaidh an doinionn an neul fo,
 Sgapaidh an Fheinne àilleachd.

* * * * *

M 2

Mata

* Gormallon speaks.

* Mata do bhaigh ri Daorla;
 Innis gu daor-ruaig an Fheinn e;
 'S beanntai fraochach faoin a dhùcha,
 Le shuil gu brath nach feuch e."

Bhrift uaithe bùire guil,
 Mar eith na Léig a' bruanfgail,
 No mar ghaoth ro uaimh na h Ardbheinn.

† * * * * *

Na dìt an tòg a Ghorm-àluinn,
 'S tric a dh' fhàilnich anam nan treun,
 Ach pillidh e, mar ghrian gun smal,
 An deigh dhi bhi sealan fo neul.
 Tha gleanntai' ait 'na hial aoibhinn,
 'S aiteas air na fleibhtibh uaine,

Sguir

* As the following words are repeated in the form of prose, I set them down in that shape; but supposing they might appear in the form of verse by only dividing the lines, without changing the arrangement.

" Ri' na Feinn' is beachd leam fein||is orañ aoibhinn Oifein||
 Ach 's cian o Dhu-thonn an Fheinne||'s is fad an eigho Loch-
 Atha." This last line is a well-known proverb.

† The following passage stands in the same predicament with the foregoing. " Oig na mì-mhifneich||com an leagha
 do chridhetiom||'s gur ann a dh' atadh fir na Du-thuinn||mar
 shuil Fhinn ans an ann-uair?"

Sguir gach geug a thulg' a mullaich,
'S an lear uile 'n sàimh shuaine.

'S thugas an t òg-bhard gu Caoireall,
'S am fàire foilleir air fleaghan Dhaorlai;
Balbh, tofdach, sheas a shluagh,
Tra chunn' iad Conar le sluagh Mòr-bheinn:
Amhuil an fealgair air Croma-shlia',
Tra dh' iadhas tomhail na taibhse;
Tha fuar-fhallas a' dalladh a leirfinn,
'S a lùgh ga threigfinn na uighe fhaondraich.

Chunna' Daorla le deòir
A shloigh gu fuil-gheal meat,
'S e crathadh fleagha na Mòr-bheinn
Na làimh fan òg-sholus.

“ Com an seas finn tofdach,
Mar Chraobha mofgain nan coillte,
Cha tearc finn, mar laoich na Feinne,
'S cha 'n 'eil finn as eug'ais iomraidh.
Tre 'n nàmh, tha 'n rathad gu 'r loingeas,
Ruithemid rompa le cruadal,
'S gu deanadh ar cairdean fòlas
Tra thig iad nar còail aig Car'uth.”

Bhuail

* * * * *

Bhuail Conar beum-fgèithe,
 'S ghrad-leum a laochraidh na dhàil;
 Mar chaochain Chaothain a bhrùchdas bras,
 Tra thaomas frasachd a cheituin.

Chòlaich finn a cheil' agus ghleachd;
 Thuit Daorla nam feachd le Conar;
 Chunna' Fionn e na luidhe gu hìosal,
 'S labhair e gu sìobhalt r'a fhearaibh.

“ Cha 'n ait le Fionn a nàmh bhi truagh,
 'Ge d' spion iad ó thruaill an claidhe'.
 Rachaibh gur duthaich gu'r dàil,
 Ach gu brath na pillibh ath-bhuailt.
 'S gairid gearr beatha mo nàmh-fa,
 Mar cheo thig an dàil na garbh-ghaoith;
 No mar cheathach air bheanntaibh arda,
 Nuair bheanas dha neart an àilidh.

Giulainibh Daorla gu thìr,
 'S gu togadh Mìn-lamh a leac;
 An ceòpan Char'uth chi i aogus,
 'S e fein na chaol-thigh ùrach.
 Com' a dhuifg thu o d' fhuain co moch,
 Le d' chleachda fiuch air aibheinn fhuair,

Com'

Com am meall an cobhar do shuil,
Cha 'n iad suil do leannain a' chi' thu?

—Tha a' caoidh ann an crònan Char'uth,
'S Daorla an gaoir Mhic-thalla.

Tha dà leanabhar a' glùn
A' feuchainn dèoir an suil am mathar;
Tha 'n lamh ga' ghlaic' 's iad a' feoruich
Fà a broin, is cònuidh 'n athar.

—Is amhluidh, theagamh, Oifiair an tràs,
Tha Aoibhir-àluinn, 's a suil ri d' theachd-fa,
A' stiuradh Ofsair gu cnoc-seallta,
Le shleagh chuilce 's le fgeith luachrach.

Cuimhnich orra so, a mhic,
'S coigil an gaisgeach òg, mar Dhaorla,
A dh'fhàg a leannan gu deurach,
Och! com' an d' eug thu Dhaorlai'*

† Aoibhir-aluinn mo sholais, is Ofsair!
Cha feinn mise 's ur carlas am chuimhne.

'S

* Similar to this are the expostulations still used in the Coronachs in Ireland, “Com a' ghaolaich an d' eug thu, 's gur tu fein nach ruigeadh a leas e?” Nor is that of Euryalus' mother unlike it:—Potuisti linqwere solam, Crudelis? Æn. ix. 482.

† Ossian speaks.

'S truagh nach eil mi nur nimeachd
A' leum air fgiobul na gaoithe,

C' uin a bhios ar cònuidh 's na neoil,
A' feola' ro-ghiuthas na Càothan,
C' uin a thogas sinn ar clearcan an' cèin,
Mar reulta geal foluis air aonach?
'S truagh gun mis' an cluain nan speur,
Mar shealgair nan lòinte greadhnach.

——Caidleam fein——

An gleidh thu mo chuimhn' a leac?
No thusa dhàin?
Ach treigidh sibh araon;
Caidlidh fan raon an leac*;
Cha bheachdaich suil a h-àite,
'S bidh leab' a bhaird air iontrair.

'S càit' am bheil solus an dàin?
An feol e do'n ànrach mo leac?
Dhùin ceo bliadhn' air a dhearfa,
'S tha chuimhn' air fàilneach mar Dhu-thonn.

* * * * *

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

4

Gach

* Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris.

JUV. SAT. 10.

Gach maraich' air feachran le trom-lighe,

'S gach ràmhaidhe fuitheach fo éislean.

—A fgioba nan deur, air lear,

Thoir an t-fion fanear is an òiche.

'S bu tuirfeach an òiche sin Conar,

Is ofnagh a' togail a lùirich,

Mar thonn fo fhéide na doininn,

'S a shuil mar sholus a chaochail.

Bha ghnuis mar ghrian fa gheamhra,

'S doinionn nam beann ga còdach'.

Cha d' thuirt aon Ciod fà do sprochen?

'S a thalla nochd gun dearfa Mìn-shuil.

Chunnaic Fionn a bhròn,

'S leag e 'n feocan air aghaidh fein;

“ A Chaoirill, anam nan dàn,

Tarruing le d' chlarfaich dlù.”

Thainig Caoireall lia, le luing,

A thorman ciuil na laimh chlì;

Ri thaobh tha òg-bhard na tràgha,

Le lùirich gu làr sìnte,

Lamh-gheal a' còdach a gnùise;

A gnuis nàrach, 's a lamh fìor-gheal.

—“ Inghean mo ghaoil !” ’s e ghlaodh Conar,
(’S a lamha m’a muineal gach taobh dhi;)

Phill anam an aosda mar ghrian samhrai’,
Tra bhios neula dall fad uaipè;
Thug e ’n òigh do ’n laoch Ghorm-àluinn,
’S le fuil ’s le dàin thug finn’ oirn Mòr-bheinn*.

DIARMAD.

* This is among the few ancient Gaelic poems which have a happy conclusion. The ancient bards, no doubt, employed their muse in celebrating joyful as well as mournful events. But as melancholy tender scenes are most apt to make a lasting impression on the memory, the latter are often remembered, when the former are lost and forgotten.

D I A R M A D *.

CIA tiamhaidh thu nochd a† Ghleann Caothan!
Gun ghuth gaothair thu 's gun cheòl;
Tha Suinn na feilg' an fuain gun eiridh;
'S na filidh aoibhinn gun aon diubh beo.

Threig torman nan allt;
'S mall fa chuifeig ceum na gaoithe;

N 2

Tha

* This poem is generally interlarded with so much of the *ar-sgeuls*, or "later tales," as to render the most common editions of it absurd and extravagant. But the dross of the 15th century is easily separated from the more precious ore of former ages.

† *Gleann-Caothan*, supposed to be Glenco in Argyleshire, was the residence of Ossian in his later days, from which he is called *guth binn na Caothan*. As the scene of this poem is supposed to have been near Kintyre, it is probable there may have been more than one place of the same name.

Tha 'n glas-fhoghnan fa bhruaich na chadal,
'S a bhad air aoma' fo fhile' na hòiche.

—Am fardaich fealgair an raoir

Tha 'n earba na faoin-fhois,

A minnean a' leumnaich dlù dhi.

(Air torr chùimhar an laoiach nach eirich,)

'S adharc a' sgrìosa' na còinich;

An leaba chòfach an caill e éislean.

Och ! a Chaothain a chàochail,

'S a Ghulbeinn nan raon sàmhach,

Do cheann air éide' le ceathach an nòin,

'S gun ghaoir feilge ga d' choir mar b' àbhaist.

Tha mise 's mo thaice ri m' luirg,

A dh' eifdeachd ri cuilg do chrag,

Ach tha thu tofdach an leabai' nan nial,

Mur duisg am fiadh thu, 's a ghrian a' treiginn.

Tha thu freagairt d'a langan gu faoin,

'S do cheann ag aoma' gu clò-fuaine.

Cha b' ionan fo 's latha nan ruag,

Caothan a' luafga bho chnoc gu cnoc,

Mac o Duibhn' air Gulbeinn, 's an torc

Le chraos fo choip, mar bhuinne Laoire.

—A mhic Ailpein, thoir aire do 'n fgeul,
Is deo-grein' air * linne nan cian e.

'S bu chiuin air Caothan a mhadain òg,
Bha òr-bheanntai' 'n cuan gun ghaoth,
Bha laogh nan sleibht' aig balbh-fhruthaibh,
'S a chuibhne-cuir a' cur air iognai.
—Shéid adharc Fhinn; ghrad-chlìsg an damh;
“Ciod fo chluinn mi?”—Teich do 'n fhafaich.

“ Ruaigemid an diugh an torc
Is tric a lot ar daoine' air Gulbunn.”

† * * * * *

'S chuir

* *al.* linntean an cian e.

† The versification here is imperfect. The following is part of a fragment called *Nos feilge*, sometimes repeated as a part of this poem.

Gun ar n èide 's gun ar n airm,
Cha rachamaid a sheilg nan cnoc;
Bhiodh lùireach oirn 's ceann-bheairt chorr,
'S da shleagh mhor an dorn gach fir.
Bhiodh fgiath uain' air a gheibhe' buaidh,
'S claidhe cruaidh gu fgotla cheann,
Bogha cruadhach agus iughair,
'S caogad guineach ann am bolg.

'S chuir finn ar coin ris an t-sliabh,
 Do ghaoir an cliabh fhreagair Golbunn.
 Thàin' an fhuaim gu cluais mhic Duibhne,
 'S mhosgail fhuil mar lua'-fhruth luimneach.
 —“ A chraosnach dhearg cà bheil thu ?

'S cà bheil m' iughar 's mo dhorlach ?”

Ach cha b' ait an fhuaim le Gràine,
 San uaimh fhàs nach b' fhios do Chonan ;
 Conan crìon le 'm b' annsa Gràine,
 Thug a gradh do dheà' mhac Duibhne.

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

“ 'S ionmhuin do dhreach leam fein,
 Mar bhlà nan geug fa cheud-fhas ùr,
 Ach 's eigin domh t-fhàgail le d' leanabh,
 'S an t-feilg a leanail air Gulbunn.”

“ 'S am fàg thu mi, ghraidh nam fear,
 Am fàg thu mi, fhòluis an duibhre?
 C' àit ach ad ghnùis am bheil m' aighear?
 Ciod ach do fgiath-chatha mo dhidein?
 B' anns' thù na grian fa bheithe chubhrai',
 Na dearfa ciuin air canach sleibhe.”

* * * * *

“ 'S mòch

“ 'S moch a ghoireas a chorr
 Air an lòn àta 'n * slia'-gaoil,
 San la a ghluais sinn air an raon,”
 Sheas i, ars' Aos nan crag,
 Cian fada fan aon aite,
 Sud am fà mu 'n goir a chorr,
 Ri lic reota lean a sàil.
 —A lundaire feuch a chorr,
 Mu 'n tig thu gu bròn amhluidh.
 —An so ni 'm fanam fein,
 Mun abair Fionn gu d' eug mo thrèis:
 A Rìgh nam beann, bidh m' anam fein
 Mar shruth nàch treig do lùba.
 Fan-sa, Ghraine, na d' theach,
 'S thig mise le creach nan rua'-bhoc.”

Mar shiubhal faighd' air a sgiathaibh glas,
 Dhìrich gu grad an laoch :
 Trom tuirfeach a dh' fhaicinn na feilg,
 Dhìrich Graine ri leirg an raoin.
 Bha a braghad gu seimh a' foillse',
 Mar ghealach ri òiche shàimhe,

'S i

* *Slia'-gaoil* is still the proper name of a mountain near
 Kintyre; said to have been the residence of those lovers.

'S i gluafachd ro na neula balbha,
Mar fgia air ealachainn taibhse.

Chòlaich i san doire 'm fear aosda,
'S e caointeach thar lic ghlais ;
“ An so thaifg mi leannan mò ghaoil ;
Fo 'n fhòid ghuirm fo tha caoin-chruth ;
* B' fhad ar cònuidh le cheile,
Rè da linn a threig mar dhuilleach.
Am maothan a bhruthadh ar cas
Chunnas le aois a' crionadh as,
Sruthain a' caochladh an claisean,
Is ionntag an tighibh nam mor-righ.
Ar gean bu mhor, ar laithe b' ait,
Cha robh geamhra fuar no òiche dorcha :
Bha Mìn-àille mar sholus gun chaochla,
Ach 's deo i air faondra san uair fo.

'S am faic thu 'n torr fin eile?
Leaba Thu'ail mo mhic ionmhuinn :
Chàireadh i le crith-laimh athar,
B' athach an torc a mhill e.
—Bha bhean a' greadh na cuilm,
Mise 's mo shùil ri m' mhac ;

Chualas

* This passage is inserted in Lord Kaimes's Hints on Education, as a beautiful picture of conjugal affection.

Chualas a ghlaodh, 's chaidh mall na chdail ;
A leanabh òg ri cirb mo fgiobuill.

—Bha athair marbh : a fhleagh na blòidibh,

Is easbhui' chlaidhean air san uair fin.

Ghlac a leanabh a lamh,

“ Com' an caidle' tu 'n tràs' amuigh !”

Och nan ochain ! is trom a shuain ;

'S beag luadh mo laojich ri heiridh.

—An diugh tha Fionn ag eigheach ruaig,

Ach nì 'n cluinnear le Tuathal a ghuth ;

An céin tha madainn na huaighe :

'S truagh gun aig m' iuran fleagh !”

“ 'S deacair a Chola, brì do fgeoil,

Shruthadh mo dheoir gu toileach ;

Ach greasam le fleagh thun mo ghaoil ;

Gleidhfa mo laogh gus am pill mi,”

'S thainig Diarmad gu Caothan* an àigh,

Mar fholus a' fàs an duibhre ;

Bha finne na lathair ait,

Mar mharaich' air lasadh na hòiche :

O

Tha

* *al.* mo ghraidh.

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

Thog finn ri sliabh nan tulach boidheach,
Far am faicte ro chep na cabair ;
San sgarnaich dhuifg finn an torc,
'S lean ar coin e gus an d' eug iad.

Co chasgras, arfa Fionn, an torc
A lot ar coin is ar daoine ?
Gheibheadh e sgia chopach is fleagh righ,
* Is luibhean a dh' iceas a chreuchdan.

'S leamfa, deir Diarmad, tiolac an righ,
Neo tuiteam an strì na béiste.

Mar theine nan speur na dheifir dhian,
Tra bhios faiche nam Fiantai' dorch,
'S laoich a' dearca' le oillt-chrith
Air cath thaibhfe Lochlainn is Mhorbheinn,
Shiubhail Diarmad an solus a stàilinn,
O bheinn Aile gu beinn Laoire ;
Tha Lea'-drom air chrith fa chosaibh,
Is Eilde ri osnaich f'a ghleadhraich.

—Tha

* *Al.* Is luibhean diomhair nan caochan sleibhteach.

—Tha ceum an tuirc a' fàs ni 's maille,
 'S coip a chobhair feadh nan ròidibh :
 A thartar mar thuinn a flachda' fgeire,
 No mar fgarnaich leis an doire.
 Feuch iad a' dìreadh Drim-ruaithe,
 Sleagh Dhiarmaid a' bualadh an tuirc ;
 Gluinn am buillean troma baobhai'
 Mar chrainn aosda ri maol na carriage.
 Feuch, le fuilibh na'n caoir-lasair,
 An torc a' casadh ri Diarmad ;
 Mar fhalosg a' pilleadh air aonach,
 Tra thionndas a ghaoth o 'n fhàfach ;
 Chagnadh e fhleaghan reädh ruädh,
 Mar chuile na Leige no mar luachair.

“ 'S truagli gun thu agam, a Ghràine,
 Le sleagh nan àrach o 'n bhalla !”
 —“ Sleagh nan àrach glac gu luath,
 'S iarr mise fàn uaimh fo 'm fagus !”

'S ge d' fhaigh e thu, bhean gun àgh,
 Tha do laithean gun duil ri sìneadh.
 Le faighid an feachran na frìthe,
 Lota' ciocha geala Ghràine ;

Tha fearrfaid ga falach, 's do Dhiarmad truagh,
 Co dh' innseas luach na lainn ud!
 —Tha 'n laoch a' tarruing a bhuille,
 Tha 'n tfeagh am muineal na béiste,
 Mar dhealan bàis o cheathach na Lanna
 Tha 'n lorg thar chrannaibh a leumnaich.
 —Tha chlaidhe, a charaid ri gàbhadh,
 Fathaid an laimh an laoiach,
 Tha roinn ga shàthadh an colainn an tuirc*
 'S e tuiteam air uchd san aonach.

B' ait gach aon ach Conan,
 'S e 'g radh, Tomhais an torg, a Dhiarmaid,
 Tomhais

* It is from this event that the clan of the Campbell's (who derive their pedigree from this Dermid) have assumed a boar's head for the crest of their arms. Hence too they are called in the compositions of the later bards, *Sliochd Dhiarmaid an tuirc*.

That clans and families should derive their pedigree from Ossian's heroes, and their signs armorial from incidents mentioned in his poems, is a considerable proof of the antiquity of these poems, and of the regard paid to them for many centuries back.

† Tomhais e le troighibh ruisgte ;
 'S ioghna leam fein a mheudachd.
 Thomhais Diarmad an torc
 Gu focair, 's cha d' fhuiling beud.
 " Tomhais e 'n aghaidh a chuilg,
 Is gheibhe' tu, laoch bhuirb, gach feud."
 Cha bu nòs do Dhiarmad eagal,
 Fhreagair e ris guth Chonain,
 Ach colg an tuirc, mar fhleaghan geura,
 Reub a fhàil le mìle lot.
 Tha fhuil a' ruith, gun luibh ga casgadh,
 'S an laoch gasda mar chrann ag aoma'. †

Gc

† *al.* O shoc fiar gu ruig a fhàil ;
 Is gheibhe' tu mar dhuais da chionn,
 Rogha nan arm rionn-gheur àigh.

† The current tradition with respect to Dermid's death is, That he was vulnerable only in the sole of the foot, and that Conan's art was to get him wounded there. There is reason to suspect that some of the poem, which might have otherwise accounted for his death, is lost, and that this tradition was set on foot, not very long ago, to supply the defect.

Since the above was written, a gentleman of my acquaintance (Dr L. Campbell) told me, that he had lately the curiosity to call into his room an old Highlander who could

repeat

* Ge d' bu beirge ghruaidh na 'n caoran
 Bhiodh air uilinn aonaich fhè'air,
 Dh'fhàs e nis dui'-neulach uaine,
 Mar neul fuar air neart na greine.

Gaol Grain' agus Dhiarmaid.

“ 'S tha ceo air mo shuilibh fein,
 'S mo chàil a' treigfinn gun stad ;
 An tui a bha 'm chridhe thràigh i,
 'S tha mis' air m' fhàgail mar fgar.

Bidh tusa brònach, a Ghràine ;
 Cùis mo chraidh gur eigin dealach' ;

repeat a number of Ossian's poems, and read to him the Translation of this poem, to show how it corresponded with his recital. He was perfectly satisfied with the correspondence till the Doctor came to the passage relative to Dermid's death, when the *Senachie* cried out, that there the Translator was wrong, and gave his own edition of the passage, which I have not yet had an opportunity of procuring.

* *al.* Ge d' bu deirge ghruaidh na'n tsubh

Bhiodh air uilinn cruic fan fheur.

—Tha ceo air mo shuilibh fein,
 Is eigin do Dhiarmad cadal †.
 Co bheir do Ghràine an sgeul?
 Ach feuch i dlù, is geug ga sgaile';
 Tha i cluinntin acain a gaoil,
 Tha hanam a' plaosgadh o shuain;
 Tha a caoi air anail na hofuinn,
 A fuil 's a deoir mu brollach anuas.

“ O cairibh mise le m' ghaol
 Na leabai chaoil aig eigheann nan crag;
 Theid tharuinn an fruth le caoiran bròin,
 Gun teachd a chòir donn-chleachda Dhiarmaid.
 Chi 'n fealgair (le mànràn a shiubhlas)
 Bogha Dhiarmaid air a rusga' san t fruth.
 “ So leaba Dhiarmaid ! ” — “ 'S a cheile la' ris ; ”
 Their a bhean, 's i cràiteach dubhach.
 Tuirfeach tofdach tha 'n imeachd
 Le fios gu sgarar o cheil' iad.
 — Ach stadaibh, a chàraid chaomh,
 Cha fealgair faoin fo tha nui deigh ;

Bu

† A long dialogue concerning *Guach Fhinn*, or the medicinal cup of Fingal, often repeated here, is rejected as the spurious interpolation of some later bard.

Bu mhor a chliu, 's bu treun a lamh,
 'S bha ailleachd gun choi-meas fo 'n ghrein.
 Bha bhrollach mar chanach an t-fleibhe,
 No mar fhneachd air orra-gheugaibh;
 Bu dhearg a ghruaidh, bu ghorm a shuil,
 Mar chuifeig lubta bha mhala chaoin.
 Mar cheol dhoire 's chaithream chlàr,
 Le oighean, a ghraidh, bha do ghuth.
 Ach threig do ghuth, 's tha mise fo smalan,
 Chan fhògrar m' fharran le aon diu.
 Cha 'n eisd mi ri ceileir na smeoruich,
 Sa mhadainn bhoidhich cheituin;
 Uam grian is madainn is samhra,
 'S mo ghaol na thigh geamhrai sìnte.
 —Cha dealruich a mhadainn gu là bhràth
 A dh'fhogras do phràmh a shuinn!"

Chàirich finn an dithis fan raon,
 Tha bhogha 's a fhleagh ri taobh Dhiarmaid;
 'S le Graine* thaisgeadh leinn an guineach
 A lot a muineal 's a bràghad.

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

Shil deoir mo Rìgh, 's e aomta,
 Trà thaom na filidh an ceol ;
 Bu bhrònach ar laoich, is ar madai,
 Nan luidhe' air fgiathaibh du-dhonn.

Marbh-rann Dhiarmaid o' Duibhne.

Fois do tanam, a Dhiarmaid,
 Is sìth ann ad chria-thigh caol ;
 Sguir fuaime nan arm, is ruaig an tuirc ;
 Is thuit thu 'm fois as nach eirich
 —Cha duisg farum seilge no sgèithe
 Bho shuain an èig thu, Dhiarmaid !

4 P Bha

ceased, either with a view of informing posterity of their occupation, or from a belief that they could avail themselves of such conveniences in a future state. Thus, in some editions of the poem of Darthula, the graves of the three sons of Ufnoth are described as follows :

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

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

San àraich b' ionan do cheum
 Is easach a' leum thar charraige,
 Tra sgaoileas e cheo glas
 Air gaothaibh, 's e bras ro Mhora.
 —Tha crainn is tuilm na ghlacaibh
 Gus am fairtlich a mhuir mhor air.
 Cha ghluais e 'n fin an duilleag,
 Mur cuidich leis neart nan ioma-ghaoth.
 —Air ioma-ghaoith gabh-fa do thuras,
 A mhic o Duibhne, gu cuideachd nan Treun'ar.
 'S a thriath threun a b' ailli' leadan
 Na aon fhleasgach tha san Fheinn',
 Gu ma sàmhach a robh tòr-chul,
 Fo chudrom na fòide ré!†

Feuch

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

† *Kurais, &c.*

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

Theocrit. Epit. in Eurymed.

Feuch bàrc air barraibh nan steud,
 A fuil a' leum o thonn gu tonn;
 “ Barc2 Dhiarmaid!”——’S i a bh’ann;
 Ach tha ’n laoch ’s an torc an lionn nan neul.

Chluinn mi caiseamachd feilg’,
 Tha fiol gun cheilg a’ leum a’ còsaibh,
 Tha ’n sealgair air an raon ga ’n ruaga’
 ’S aon diu buailte trasd air caochan.
 —Tha chasa mar chuifeig fa ghaoith,
 Tha e tuiteam ri taobh na bruaiche.
 Tha càch gu faoin ga phurra’;
 Cha ’n urr’ iad a thogail no fhàgail.
 “ Co fud ga ’n ruith ach Diarmad!”
 Cuis m’ iarguin nach beo e ’n tràsa.

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

Tha

Tha ògan a' feadail fa mhàgh,
 Airm ghàbhaidh fa ghrein a' lafadh ;
 Tha a' mhaife mar ghathaibh na greine,
 'S a spionnadh a reir a mhaife.

Tha na hòighean gu hard air an tulaich,
 'S an culaidh' mar bhogha nan speur,
 Am falt mar chleachda na greine
 'S i treigfinn air tuinn gun bhuaire',
 'S ciatach na 'n fuilibh an laoch,
 “ 'S cofail aogas, Och ! ri Diarmad ! ”
 — Tha Diarmad ag eirigh na 'n cuimhne,
 Mar sholus air duibhre Mhora,
 Tra bhrifteas e ro na neulaibh,
 'S a chi e na geuga brònach.
 Ghitear an deoir ro 'n ciabha dualach,
 Mar reultan an gruaig na gealaich ;
 Tha 'n file' bras, mar dheuraibh Oisein,
 Ri cuimhneach' air Oskar na Léige !

Tha 'n-oigridh a' crathadh an fleagh,
 “ Co fo teachd ro 'n mhagh ach Diarmad ? ”
 * A' fàgail an fleagh chuilce 's an sgèithe,
 Tha iad aoibhneach an coàil Dhiarmaid.

— “ Cha

* *al.* A' fagail a bhogh a dheilbh an laoch.

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

Ann talla Fhinn tha ceol is aighear,
 Tha ’n coigreach ghiòs an tighe ga chluinntin,
 Tha thaice ri luirg, ’s a chluas a’ caisdeachd,
 “ Sud Diarmad ! ” — ’s e dian na chòail.
 Air anam bhoisg platha, ’s e stad
 An leth an treas ceuma* :
 “ Cha bheo mac Duibhne ! ” — Mu fhuil tha
 fhalluing,
 ’S e mall-cheumach le acain bhrònaich.
 — Cha chluinn thu ach caithream nam bard,
 A choigrich, an àros Fhinn,
 Ag èide’ cliu mhic Duibhne
 Ga chur ionnfuidh blia’nai gach linn.
 An laoch fein ni ’s mò cha’n fhaic thu,
 Tha leaba fo chlachaibh, le Gràine,

Aig

* Here, and in some other parts of this poem, the versification is broken and incorrect; but it was judged better to give it even in this imperfect state than to supply the defect with the *sgeulachd* or tale.

Aig fruth Ghuibunn nan rua'-bhoc,
 Fo charraig uaine nan eigheann bòidheach.
 Thairis tha fruthan a' leumnaich,
 * 'S iughar † fad-gheugach dlù dha.
 Chi am maraich', ag aoma r'a chrann,
 An tionad uaigneach o'n dui'-lear,
 Is innfidh e 'n fgeul da cho-sheoid,
 Do nach leir le deoir a charraig.
 Bheir iad gu tìr aineil an fgeul,
 'S bidh moran * ag eisdeachd mu 'n tuineal.
 Tha oighean dubhach 's oig'ir deurach,
 Tha 'n dìthis ag eirigh nan smuainte,
 Tra dh' aomas bruadar mar cheo nan cadal,
 'S iad feadh an latha neo-aoibhinn ;
 O dhufga na maidne moich
 Gu aoma nan neul anmoch.

† 'S is tric sibh am smuainte fein,
 A chlan na maife, tra theid mi mach

F'heuch

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

Æneid. l. vi.

† *al.* Air feidh a' cur duibhre.

‡ Ossian speaks.

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

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

'S fagus an dòinionn a sgaoileas
A crionach aofd' air feadh a ghlinne,
Mu leabai' Dhiarmaid 's nan laoch lugh'or
Aig Caothan nan lùban uaine.

Cia tiamhaidh thu, Ghleann Caothan,
'S do laoch air fiubhal d' an cònuidh ;
O 'n tha ceo air mo fhuilibh fein,
O deanar mo leabà leo-fan !

D A N

DAN CLAINNE M'HUIRNE *.

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

“ Tha 'n taonach, a bhaird, ro-gheal,
Is faileas na rè air Caothan,
Taibhsean an t-sleibh a' labhairt,
'S guth thannas an luib na gaoithe.
Ach 's caochla cruth am bheil ar beachd,
Da dhuifneul am feachd na hòiche;

Ta

* Called in the translation FINAN and LORMA.

Ta 'n imeachd air Albha nam boc,
'S an ciabha clearc air ofunn an aonaich.
Le aon diu' doilleir tha dhà chù,
'S a bhogha iughrach dorch' air lagh,
Bho fhlios na hòigh tha fruthan daithte,
A falluing dearg 's a haghaidh brònach."

Cum air tais, a ghaoth,
Gus am faic finn aogas na deise,
Na sguab ad sgiobul araon iad,
'S na sgap air faondra' am maife.
—Thar ghleann na luachrach 's cruaidh nan èilde,
Ta 'n leumnaich feadh ànraidh a chèo;
A bhaire aofda nan linn a thrèig,
Co iad ri am dhoibh bhi beo?

'S phill na blianaidh a bha;
Tha m' anamfa làn d' an ceol,
Mar chaoiran thonn a bhios an cèin
Ri uair shaimhe, ta 'n ceum do m' chòir.
—A chlanna Mhuirne, 's caomh leam ur dàn,
Is cian fhuaim o chlaraibh Sheallama.

Oigridh, bidh sibhse mar mise,
Gu snitheach aon latha, 's gun leirfinn;

Eisdibh ri sgeula na clainne,
'S na ceilibh o 'n àl nur dèigh e.

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

A Mhuirne, clod fà do chaoini'
* 'S Fionan le laoi ch fa chath ;
Ceuma Lorma air raon nan earba,
'S clarsach Thormain ri luadh air flath ?

“ 'S mor fà mo thuirse fein,
Fhionain, cha steud thu fa chòrag ;
A Lorma, cha 'n eil thusa le oighèan ;
Tha mo chlann fan torr a chònuidh.

—Cha 'n ioghna mise bhi tuirseach,
Mar cheo † ro dhùllach na hiargail.

Glae, a Thormain, an sgia mar ghealach,
An claidhe dealain 's an t fleagh chraobhach,
Mar fin 's a cheann-bheairt, culaidh Ardain,
Airm àluinn athar Mhuirne.

Na
* *Al.* Is fuilean Fhionain mar chaoir an cath.

† *al.* Air tìlchanaihh grianach.

Na hairm a bhuin e bho aineal,

Na cheud latha cogai' le Treun'ar.

“ Bibh treun an tùs na teug-bhoil,

* 'S e cliu gach duin' a cheud iomra.”

Ruith iad gu coнас na Cluaithe

Mar dha iolair luath san speur,

A lean san Doire (na 'n ceud ruaig)

Rua-bhoc òg nan fionradh eu-trom.

Bha laoich gan laoire' o Threun'ar,

† 'S le laimh Ardain dh' eug Duthorran.

Ach, Ardain, dh' fhàilnich do ghineil,

An dà chraoibh chionail aig Albha,

Tha aonaran maol diu gun duilleach,

'S aon eile mar luibh air a searga'.

Tha mo mhac anns an torr na luidhe,

Is athair thar uaigh ag aoma',

'S gearr gu 'n leag an ofag asios e,

'S an crìochnaich a ghineil aobhach!

Càirich, a Thormain, na hairm,

A dh' innse' na mairbh bhi treun,

Q 2

A

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

† *al.* Fhuair Ardain airm-eidi' Duthorrain.

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

Ghiulain dà fhilidh na hairm
Gu 'n tasgaidh gu aimfir fad as,
Aon sgia mar ghealaich air ealachainn,
'S aon le roinn-sleagh falaichte foipe.

Duan na b Ealachainn.

Tuirling, Ardain, o'n alla-cheo,
Tuirling o d' neoil an coinne tarma;
Bi subhach am meadhon do dheur;
Do fhliochd fein cha b' fhuigheall farmaid,
Bha do fhleagh mar sholus na 'n laimh,
A sgànra doininn na hiorguill,
Fuil nan lag cha robh riabh na smal
Air faobhar gorm an stàilinn.

Do sgia mar charraig a sgriob an dealan,
Bu treun ealamh gach lamh a sgaoil i;
Bha Muirne mar dhoininn san darach,
'S mar lafair san doire bha Fionan.

Tuirling,

Tuirling, Ardain, * gu d' thalla,
 'S cum anam a mhioghair o d' armaibh,
 Cha b' ann diu' fin idir na treun'ir
 A dh' èideadh le airm an righ fo.

—Anaim chrìn, air tais

Airm ghaifge cha bhuin dō d' lainh-sa;
 Imich gu d' fhruthan diomhair,
 Far nach eirich fuaim na hàraich.
 Caith t'ùine le feidh nan aonach,
 'S bi aofda le fòghnain uaighneach.
 Caidil fan uaigh gun mhiadh gun chliu,
 Do leaba gun ùigh, 's do fhliochd gun fheoruich.
 Aon is aon diu' tha crionadh,
 Mar rainich an sgè na carraige,
 Ta fàs, a' searga' 's a' diothadh,
 Gun duine phi no fhìneas lamh riu.
 —O'n fhasach thig ofunn a gheamhrai'
 'S am bàs le ghreann air a haghaidh,
 Le mhìle dorlach 's le choilion bogha:
 Chi e fan fhasach an duine lundach;

Tairngidh

* In the Highlands it was believed, till of very late, that every old family-seat had some guardian spirit or genius attending it. The ancient *lares*, and the modern *lobbins* and *brownies*, were names of much the same meaning with the *bocan* and *gruagach* of the Highlanders.

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

Ach treigidh fardach an laoiach,
 Mar chraoibh a leaga' le hofuinn,
 Leumai' gach bras-shruth thairte,
 'S i tairfing air uisge Albha.

Ta 'n droighean uaine 'n fin o bhlà,
 'S an dreas a' fàs gu hùrar,
 An raineach ri turram fa ghaoith,
 'S am fraoch fo 'n eilid a' lùbadh.

—Bhrùchd

—Bhrùchd an tuil o'n aonach,
 'S chladhaich i 'n fhaoin-làrach;
 An sgia dhorcha dh' eirich rìs,
 An sgia fin bu tric san àraich.

“ Ciod i 'n sgia fo doilleir
 Mar ghealach 's a h-oir ri foillse;
 Ta 'n sealgair ga fuasgla' le shleagh
 Is anam feadh ùine na di-chuimhn'.

Chi e pailiun mu'n cuairt
 Na thulaich uaine fein ;

“ So pailluinn nan feoid a bh' ann,
 Pailluin rìghre na'n ám fein !”

—* 'S e talla nan rìgh' ata ann,
 Na buin da 'n fleagh ma 's fann do thcoir,
 Sleagh Ardain; air-ite' na doinninn
 Bi fein san torruinn d'a còir.”

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

Bha

* — ενδὸς Ἱπποναξ χεῖται, &c.

Here sleeps Hippónax in his peaceful tomb,

If thou art wicked dare not to come nigh ;

But if thou art upright and good,

Approach thou may'st, and on it gently lie.

THEOCRIT. in Hippón.

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

Tuire' na Truaighe.

“ Bhrift a chamh-fhair air Croma,
 'S dh' eigh le sòlas mo mhiac,
 Tri choin sheanga leum m'a thuaiream,
 Làn fèdain ri fuaime a dhorlaich.
 Dh' imich iad na 'n curach ro 'n chaol,
 A' tigh a' nam faoin damh ciarà;
 Chunnas iad a' pille' mu anmoch,
 Ro thonna garbha na mara iargalt.
 An uachdar fa seach is an ìochdar,
 Tha 'n curach a' dìre' 's a' tearna',
 Gus nach 'eil e ni 's mò r'a fhaicinn
 A glaic na lear no na h-òiche.

Gheiltich

* *al.* chuifeag na h-uaigne.

† *al.* leabai'.

Gheiltich m' anam fein.

Ach ciod a dheanainn 's mi aoida?

Dh' èigh mi ris na bliana' a threig,

Ach dh' fhàg iad eifdeachd an fhaondraich.

Sgartaich mo nighean; bha m' anam air chrith

Mar dhuilleig fheargta ri doininn eiti.

“ Chailleadh mo bhrathair, mo bhrathair,

Chailleadh thu ghraidh anns an doininn!”

Bhuail i na deann guis an tràigh,

'S a rìgh gu b' anrach a himeachd;

O fgeir thirim bha sùil 's a glaoth;

“ A bhrathair mo ghaoil, naeh chuinn thu
m' eighe!”

—Ciod fud doilleir air bharr tuinn?

Am bad gun fuim e; no 'n tu mo bhrathair?

—Fhreagair efan le fann-ghuth caol:

Tha hanam ait faraon agus anrach.

Thainig dà chù ghlas gu tràigh

An treas aon dh' fhàg iad san doininn;

Chual an dithis caoi-ghuth Fhionain,

'S fhìn iad a rìs an uchd ri fruth;

Rol an treas tonn iad lefan gu tràigh,

Ghrad-fhailnich anam aon diu.

Thug Lorma a brathair gu fgeir,
 “ Fois bheag is mo chàil a’ treigfinn.”
 —Chàirich i heide m’a uchd,
 ’S rinn i adhart do ’n ultach bu tirime.

“ Bi tofdach a mhuir le tioma muc,
 ’S bi thufa fad as, a ghaoth ;
 Mall is ciuin biodh imeachd nan fruth,
 ’S na bùireadh am boc air an raon.
 Caidleadh mo bhrathair ’s e fgìth ;
 Gu ma sàmhach, Fhionain, do bhruadair !
 —Och ! ’s duaichni aogus mo bhrathar,
 Mar ghealach a’ snàmh ro neul ;
 Tha bhruadar air ànra-na tuinne,
 ’S tha aghaidh gu duifneulach truailli’,
 Mar ghnuis leinibh, ’s e ’n fuain gun fhois
 A’ bruadar air madai’ nan coilltean.
 —An nòs do mhathair le hìochd
 A leanabh san riochd fo dhufga,
 ’S a bhruadar fhògra mar osaig ?
 Ach fathaid ni mosglamfa Fionan.
 —Tha cuilean air gnùis mo ghaoil,
 B’ fhearr gu feudainn am fuadach’.

Falachai

Falachai mi ghnùis le 'm ghnùis fein
 Gu fèimh, 's cha treig a shuain e.
 —Och ! mo bhrathair ! fuar gun deo !
 An e nach beo thu, ghaoil ! a bhrathàir !

Rainig a gaoir mi o'n fgeir,
 Dh' fhàs a mhuir gun fhios do 'n oigh ;
 An cù a' caoidh is is' a' basraich,
 A' taomadh a hofnaigh air ceo.
 Tha m' anams' air leagha le bròn,
 “ Nach coghn' thu, Mhuirne, do leanabh ? ”
 “ A Mhuirne,” thuirt guth rium astigh,
 “ Tha làithe do ghaisge-s' air treigfinn.”

Air uchd na tuinne dh' éirich mo chlann
 A nall a ghios na tràgha ;
 Bhuaileadh iad ri carraig dhorcha,
 'S thorachadh r'ì slios na mna'-gil.
 Och ! dhearg a fuil an tonn !
 Ta hanam air fonn le Fionan !

Och ! 's truagh mi fein a chlann,
 Na 'r deigh gu fann aos'ar ;
 Mar dhàraig sheargta mi air aonach,
 Ris nach pill gu brath a caoin-chruth.

Tha 'n dùlach dorch' anns a ghleann,
 'S gach crann air an raon gun dùilleach *;
 Ach pillidh fa cheitinn am maife,
 Ge nach faicear mo fgeimh-se tuille;
 Dh' fhailnich fìol Albha nam feachd,
 Mar smùid a' teach fuarraidh dorchaidh;
 Cha'n ioghna mise bhi trom a nochd,
 'S tus' Fhionain fan t fìochd, 's a Lorma!" †

Bu dubhach amam an aoid'
 Is acain ga taoma 'n cònuidh ;
 Sinne tofdach nar n àite
 Mar thaibhifeir sàimh an an-moich,
 No mar eith eadar bhruacha sneachda
 'S a hula reota ri gealaich na hòiche.

* Ημεις δ' οἷα τέφλλα, &c.

Like leaves, the produce of the teeming spring

We early flourish, and anon decay ;

What though we bask in summer suns a while,

Fell winter's blasts will sweep us soon away.

ΜΙΜΝΕΡΜΟΥΣ de Vitæ brevitate

Οἷον τέφλλα, &c.

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

SIMONIDES, de Vitæ

' Here ends *Tuire' na truaighe*.

Ach co fo fàin aonach co fiata; id eò
 Mar cilid ag iarraidh a h-annfachd;
 Fhalt òr-bhuidh air anail na h-osaig,
 'S a cheuma docair eug-famhluidh?
 Is tric donnal a leòir,
 Is bronach acain a chleibh, lian
 Mar chaoiran gaoith annian uaimh;
 'S gach tonn air blasga' san fhàirge?
 —Co ach Uran òg an iughair,
 Rìs an tric an robh fughair Lorma

Bha cheum gu Dunalbha san òiche,
 B' ioghna leis fhaotain dorchà;
 Chleachd da reul ghorm bhi dearfa,
 Ach dhruid am bàs deart-fhùile Lorma

“ A Lorma, c'ait an tàmh dhuit?
 Ionad do phràimh cà' bheil e?
 'N do ghlac an òich' thu san fhafaich,
 Air aghaidh nan ard-bheann feilge?
 Og-bhean an iughair is caoin slios,
 'S truagh nach fìos domh do chònuidh,
 An i cois na creige do thuineach,
 Aig bile nan fruthan uaigneach?

Ma

Ma 's i, do bhrollach bidh fliuch,
 Bidh e fliuch, is tha 'n òiche fuarraidh,
 —Ach tha thu ghna le m' anam fein,

A ghaoil, gu ma fèimh do bhruadair?

A thaibhsean air ofnai' na h-òiche,
 Buinibh gu caoineil ri m'ghaoil,
 Tha fè air a gnuis 's i ri gàire,
 Na féidear om ghradh e le gaothaibh.

Caoin is sèimh fo dhoinionn nan speur,
 Tha m' annsachd fein, 's a huigh air Uran;
 Na duisgear i le rua-bhoc an raoin
 No le caochan * a ghlinne dhiamhair.

Fhirein fhiadhaich nam beann,
 Na biodh t'fharum † an gleann mo ghaoil.

—Caidil, a ghaoil, gun smuairéan,

Aig fruthan uaigneach nan iona bad,

Mar chagar beacha na bruaiche,

Measg ‡ ròsan uaigneach nan allt,

A' croma' fo dhruhd na maidne

Thig mise gu d' chadal, a Lorma.

—Sèimh gu robh, ghaoil, do thàmh,

'S ma thuiteas pràmh orm fein,

Eirich

* *al.* nam minnean ciara.

† *al.* ofcionn.

‡ *al.* chòsan.

Eirich an ailing mo chadail,
 'S biodh do ghnùis gu farafda màlda !"

Leag e thaobh ri Albha nan còs,
 Thuit cadal mar cheo air a rosg,
 An dearfa na gealaich 's nan fruth,
 Dh' eirich ath-bhuailt caoi'-chruth Lorma.
 Bu chofail an òigh ri neul geal
 Air aghaidh na gealaich fan earra-dhubh.

" A thannais mo ghaoil !"—
 Shiubhail e 'n raon gu tiamhaidh,
 Gus am fac e 'n dà thulachan uaine
 'S an cuàl e trom-chaoiran Mhuirne.
 —Thuit e; 's bu neo-amhluidh a bhròn,
 Sinn' uile mar cheo air an tfliaabh,
 Gus 'n do thribuail am bard a chruit,
 Tha gach uchd air an fhonn neo-aoibhinn.

Dan Turlaich.

'S bu chian aig Lùbar nan fruth
 Turlach nan turas àigh ;
 Bu * lom an tflighe gu thigh,
 Ceann-uighe nam mìle bàigh.

* *al.* leathan.

—Bha dhorus gun chòla, fial,
 Ni 'm facamar riabh e druidt;
 A noir no niar do neach fo 'n ghrein,
 Cha d' eura' leis riabh a chuid.

Ard mar a dharag fein
 Eadar dhà chrann aoibhinn dh' fhàs e,
 B' iurain uain' ann am bogh' na frois
 Clann Mhuirne na maife gabhaidh.

B' ioghna le càch an ailleachd,
 'S iad ag radh aig Lùbar nan fruth,
 “Tha 'm fear fo mar Ailltheas na bhòidhche,
 'S an òigh fo mar Mhìguil na cruth.”

Mar uisge balbh a ghlinne fein,
 Dh' imich cèin do bhliana' Thurlaich;
 * Bha ghnùis mar ghath-grein air an t-sliabh,
 Gun duiseal riabh san iarmailt ùrain.

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

Bha do chridhe mar ghathaibh greine,
 'S do spiorad mar chanach sleibhe;
 B' e do nòs bhi aoibheil fàiltach,
 Mar na ròsaibh air gach faire.

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

Chuir Mìguil a bogh' air lagh,
Tha dà chù nam faoghaid fheilg dhi ;
Air madain tha 'n ceum san drùchd,
'S iad ri aghaidh nan stùc ag eiridh.
Mar neoil ro anail nan speur,
Air fleibhte bha ceum na hòighe,
Le faighde co cinnteach 's am bàs,
Bha feidh nam fasach leonta.

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

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

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

Chrithich an deis' air an daraig,
Chrath i, dh' aom i, bhrift i, bhruan i.

Rainig glaodh gu cluais an athar,
'S e fadadh an teine do Mhìguil ;
Chlìsg e, leum e, 's chunn' e 'n deise,
Dol leis an amhainn air gheugaibh.

B' ard ach b' fhaoìn a' chaoi,
'S an òich' a' tuirling na ghleann,
Chuala na creagan a' mhoch-ghlaodh,
'S chlìsg eilde nam faoin-bheann.
Bhrift an fhàire ; thuit an òiche ;
'S Turlach a' caoidh a chlainne ;
Phill e le bròn gu thalla fàs,
Bu chian a chràdh 's na floigh nan cadal.

Chual e m' dheire caiseamachd catha,
'S leum e gu flathail o Lùbar ;
Gu I-àluinn sheol e le laòich,
'S iad ri taoghla beag an' I-thulma.

Chunnas dà iuran aoibhinn,
Air carraig * an deigh nan earba ;
Thainig tiomadh air Turlach, ri faicinn
Na deise bu mhaifich' 's a b' aillidh.

“ B’

* *at. fu' leum nan rua-bhoc.*

“ B' ionan so clann mo ghaoil,
Ailltheas aobhach is Mig'uil ùr!”

Chual iadfan guth an athar,
San I gu 'n do tharruing a gheug iad,
Bha 'n leumnaich gu hait na chdail,
'S phill aoibhneas gu cònuidh Lùbair.

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

S 2

Cheana

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

Kai toi meν, &c.

The happy heroes in those isles reside
Round which the Ocean spreads its peaceful tide;
No care is theirs; for Earth spontaneous yields,
And thrice a-year they reap their fertile fields.

HESED, Op. & dies.

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

—Insulas,

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

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

Caìsg, Urain, mata do bhròn,
'S na biodh do dheoir, a Mhuirne, co fnitheach,
'S gach aon air a fteud-shruth fein
An deigh a chairdean ag imeachd.

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

C A T H

CATH LUIN'E*.

THA torman a chaochain am chluais,
'S e brùchdadh o'n charraig anuas ;
Gus an darag f'an gluais e san lòn,
† A mhacain na hòige stiur mi.
—Tri chlacha le 'n còinich ghlais,
Tha 'n fin fo dhuilleach nam fras ;
Leaba daimheach mo ghaoil !
Nach duisgear le fruth no le gaoith,

'S nach

* The lake of Lochavich in Lorn, appears from tradition, and from an old poem called *Laoi' Fhraoich*, to have been anciently called *Loch-luine*, or *Loch-luana*. Near it probably was the scene of this poem, as many places in its neighbourhood are still called after the names of some of Ossian's heroes.

† The *Son of youth*, to whom this piece is addressed, is supposed to be the Son of Alpin, so often mentioned in some of the other poems of Ossian.

'S nach cluinn, gu h-ìosal na 'n ùir,
Farum ar ceum a' teachd dlù.

San aimfir àit bu lion'ar laochan
Air fleibhte nam Mor-bheann aobhach;
Gach aon mar chrann-giuthais àluinn,
Air na tulachaibh gorma fàfaich.
Ach thainig an doinionn eiti',
Sguab i choill 's an talla aoibhinn,
Amhuil fruth no deo-greip' a chaidh feach,
Cha'n 'eil fòlas no fpionna na'r teach;
Tha chomhachag ann a chònuidh,
'S ar laoich fan lòn na'n sìne'
Far an caidil, na'n cluainibh diomhair,
Feidh na fàfaich 's àl na frìdhe,

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

Fhìr a thainig an cèin,
Tha na laoich gu leir ìosal;

Mar ghiumhas air Daora nan fion,
A spionadh le frann-ghaoth ard :
Chì thu leaba nan treun
Air slios gach fleibh mu 'n cuairt,
Am feur a' folach an leac,
* 'S gun luadh ac' air feac no buaireas.

Ach ni 'n tofd do m' chlàrfaich fein,
Bidh iomra nan treun am dhàn ;
Cluinnidh an taineal an fhuaim,
'S aghaidh air uairibh gu làr.

—Tha mise dall,
Ach chluinn mi tacain ;
Imich le borbhan an dàin,
Gus an talamh o'n d' thain' thu 'n cein ;
An fin taom an dàn
Air clàrfaich nam fonn,
Is clanna nam bard
Air an clàraibh crom.

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

—Treigidh

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

—Treigidh còra nan leac,
 Gun chuimhn' ac' air clanna nam feachd;
 Ach 's buan iad am m' anam fein,
 'S bidh an cliu am farum m' theud.
 —Bu tric mar bhuinne-fhruth fàfaich
 Mife 's fibh-fein san àraich,
 Ar stailinn a' lasa' mar dhealan,
 A chofgra' na naimh air gach bealach.
 —Eisd baoth-chòrag nam fear
 Air an tulachan ghorm fo 'n ear.

San raon fo bha Goll agus Gàrna;
 Bu stailinn an da anam,
 Dol a chogha Mhorain am fad,
 Gu Innis-lui'ne nan gorm-bhad.

Chualad am paillion an Ri'
 Guth na hòighe nach bu chli;
 'S mar fhneachda fa shuil na greine
 Leagh an anama calma treuna.

Thug an deise do Ainnir gaol,
 Ach air Goll bha gorm-shuil chaoin;
 B' è cùis a haisling anns an òiche,
 'S cùis a caoi mù 'n chaochan choillteach.

Cha b' ionan 's Garna na gruamaich,
Mar lafair 's an toit ga cuartach'.

Le ceol is le cuilm fa feach,
Tri làithe dhoibh ait san teach;
Air a cheathramh chrithich an leirg
Fo chosaibh nam feara ri feilg.

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

T

Bha

* This and the two following paragraphs, which I formerly mentioned as taken from the tale accompanying this poem, are generally repeated, as all the tales are, as if they had been prose. Upon examination, however, the greater part of these tales seems to be a peculiar kind of measure; and therefore I have marked these parts down as such, instead of writing them as prose in the following manner:

Thog Ainnir cuideachd a builg 's a culaidh sheilg; 's ma bu luath iadsan cha bu mhaille iße. Le cam 's le direach 's le falach tal'ainn, bha i gu seafgar an sealbhan Gharna. Mar so, &c.

Bha i gu feafgar
An fealbhan Gharna.

Mar fo b' fhada 's bu chian doibh :
Chrom fiar a ghrian an-moch
Fo bheul gach tuilm is bruaiche
Bu leaba do'n ruadh-carbai.

An fin'gu faoithreach fgìth
Shuidh Garna fios
Air fgeilp creige na Càba.
Bha bhalg-faighead r'a thaobh
'S a chù r'a bhonn,
'S a bhogha crom sìnte.
Suil ga 'n d' thug e uaithe,
Chunnaic e gu focair feolta,
Ogan a' teachd na rathad.

Cia as a thainig thu (arfa Garna
Gu dorchas deacair)
'S cia fhad a ruigeas tu?

“ Tha mise bho Dhuaran
Aig tùr uafal na Cao'-mhara;
'S e air chuintinn gu d' thug Garna gaol tual
Da leannan aig Luana bharrach.

Chuir

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

Innis do'n mhac mhearcach òg
Nach strìochd ri bheo Garna,
Mar ghéig na Mala mo lamh,
'S tric mo stailinn an uchd threun-laoch.
Tha Goll na aonar air mo dheis
Bho thuit leis an Torc air Eilde.
—Innis do Dhuaran imeachd
Na fireadh e nighean Mhorain.

"Air Duaran ni bheil thu eolach,
Tha aird, ars' an tòg, mar dharaig,
Tha threife mar thorran nan speur,
A lann mar dhealan an géig aosda.
Imich mun tuit thu gu hìosal,
Mar choille chrionaich 's tairm gan sgaoile."

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

Le colg feachda san iarmailt;
 Am fuil thana air falluinn cheo,
 'S an lanna dòbhidh air fgiathaibh speur-ghlas.
 —Tha na caomhaich a nis ri sìth,
 Tha 'n tfion gan fgaradh o cheile;
 Cha 'n ionmhuinn leam fud, ach cha'n eagal,
 Fhir-arma, grad-fhaigh dhomh m' éide'.

Dh' imich an òigh gu tulaich Ghuill,
 Bha truim an laoich air a fhleagh;
 Damh cabrach r'a thaobh sìnte.
 'S faoghaid sgìth air uchd a mhaigh.

Tha fhuil air Lui'ne nan-tùr uaine,
 Ainnir na fmuaine, 's a cliu na oran.

“Tha m' annfachd fein mar bhò' nan speur,
 'S a heide' mar dhearfa maidne,
 A gnuis mhàlda mar ghrèin a' dearcadh
 O neulaibh breac-dhearg air beanntaibh uaine.
 'S truagh nach fàic mi mo ghàol,
 Maifeach air raon na feilge,
 Mar iuran giumhais an gleann Luana,
 'S a cheann air luafgadh-am frois na greine.

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

Tha

Tha m' anam fein tra chi mi do dhreach,
Ighean Mhorain nan each 's nan carbad."

'S an tufa Goll? ars' an tòg;
Ge bòidheach t Ainmir, a mhic Ardain,
Gun chath cruaidh cha leig Duaran leat i,
An fud air leacainn tha cheum a' tàr ort.

"Do Dhuaran ni 'n geilleam fein,
Ach ma theid e gu m' chuilm a nochd,
Bidh a thuras an sìth a màireach,
Mur nàmh e le 'n ionmhuinn trod."

Caith-fa do chuilm a taonar,
Tha friogh is fraoch air gnùis Dhuarain;
Feuch fud a cheuman an cèin,
Mar thannas air sgei na h òiche;
Tha na neoil chiar-dhubh foilleir
Le lainn fholtuis gan cuartach';
Gluinn beum a fgeithe!
Tha bàs nan ceud na fuaimneach.

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

Ga chriollacha fein le dealan :

B' ionan Goll am farum a stailinn.

Gus an tulach o'n cual e 'n fhuaim,

Bhuail e le mánran faoin ;

Bha Ainnir a ghaoil na aire

'S a ghníomha 's na laithibh a threig e.

* An fo chòlaich na feòid,

Gach aon a' còrag ri Duaran,

An òiche doilleir air sleibhte,

'S na speuran fo dhubhar gruamach.

—B' eiti' farum nan laoch,

B' eiti fraoch is fuaime an lann,

Mar shruthaibh dealain a' fníomh na cheile

'S na neulaibh duaichni' dall.

—Tha

* According to another edition, this passage runs thus :

Bhuail iad an fo air a cheile,

Gu cruaidh cuidreach is dò-bheumach,

Chaidh an leirg air chrith fo 'n casaidh

'S chaidh teine d'an armaibh glasa.

Bhuaileadh iad gu neart'or dòbhidh

Mar dha bhuinne ri cruai'-chòrag.

Cho-fhreagair na creagan 's na beannta'

Do airm nan Cuiridh'nibh calma.

—Tha cnuic is fluic gam freagairt,
Is Lui'ne fo gheilt le choilltibh;
Tha 'n raon air chrith 's na heilde luaineach;
Nan fuain tha crith is oillt orr'.
—Tha 'n fhuaim a' fas nan cluais,
Bogh' is gaothair gan cruai'-ruith;
Tha 'n ailing mu dheire gan treiginn,
'S iad a' leum gu doire nam fàfach.

Am meadhon a chath thoirteil thruim,
Bhrìst na blòidibh sgia mhic Ardain,
'S rinn lann Gharna fead san adhar,
Mar fhrann-ghaoth 'm barraibh nan coillte.

Sheas Goll, mar mhiol mhara
Air carraig thirim, gun tonn dlù;
'S leum Garna, mar fhairge atmhoir,
A ghlacail an laoich le spairneachd.

Gu clis fèigheach
Na cheile fhàs iad,
Mar dha thannas dhuaichni,
'S an doinionn le fuathas a' feide';
Cnuic air chrith ro'n torran,
'S crainn le 'n dealan a' géisge'.

B' ambuill

B' amhuil a ghleachd na laoiach,
 Cnuic le 'm fraoch a' leum o'n sàil,
 Fuil is fallas a' frutha' fiar
 A noir 's a niar air feadh an làir.

B' aona chòrag an òiche ;
 San òg-shoillse thuit mac Ardain ;
 Dh' aithnich Garna gnùis a charaid,
 A lot ris, 's a chlogaid ga fhàgail.
 —Tosdach tiàmhaidh sheas e,
 Mar chrann feargt' air sliabh Mhora,
 Gun umhail do 'n lot na chliabh fein,
 Thuit e na chreuchdaibh le chòlan.

“ Beannachd air laimh an laoiach !
 Caidlidh mise ri taobh Ghuill ;
 'S theid m' anam, air neulaibh foilleir,
 Gu pailliuin nan feoid le anam Ghuill.

Sgaoilidh ar n athraiche 'n comhla cheo,
 'S iad a' cromadh nar còail anuas,
 Le mìle tannas, nach feud fheoruich
 Cionnus a lag oirne san uair?

Ge do ghleachd finn mar dhà namhach
 Bu laidir an am na buaidh finn ;

Ach

Ach com a ghleachd finn ri cheile,
'S an d' eisd finn sgeul' air Duaran?

Chuala Goll a charaid
'S a shuil a' cadal fan eug.
"Com' a ghleachd mi ri Garna,
'N riochd Dhuarain nan gath geur?
—'S truagh bhí gun Ainnir mo rùin.
* Athraiche! bibh dlù dhomh fein."

Thainig Ainnir air chrith,
A cith fiadhaich 's a briathra gearr.
"A Gharna, com' a sheas;
A Ghuill, com' a thuit;
A Dhuarain, com' an cualas
Riamh luadh air do fhliochd?"

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

U

Beul

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

Beul ri beul 's uchd ri uchd,
Mar ia'fhlat mu fìoc aofda.

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

Dà latha 's a fhuil ris an raon,
'S da òiche * gun aoma' fuain
Bha athair Ainnir. † An treas là,
Le luirg na laimh, thug air a chluain.

Dhonnalaich roimhe cù glas,
Dh' eirich geal-thannas air aonach.
Chunnaic an t Aofd' an dreach
Le fhuil dheuraich.—Och a Mhorain!

* * * * *
* * * * *

An

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

† *al.* —“ Ci mo lorg,

Air for'uis Ainnir gluaifeam.”

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

Caithream a bhroin,

“ Co fo bho dhuifneul an aonaich
Na éideadh ioghna foillse?
Co fo san fhaiche gu huallach,
Làn cruadail an cinnfeal gàbhaidh?
Co ach Garna deacair dorcha,
Cathach, fleaghach, borb mar steud-shruth?

Ach co fo tharlas na chòail,
Le chiabhan òir 's le chèum dàicheil,
Aghaidh ait an uair na hiarguin,
Mar a ghrian is neul ga sgàile'?

Co fo 'g iomain na teug-bhoil,
Mar thorran nan speur san àraich;
A ghuth mar bheucaich nan tonn
'S a cheum mar fhonn air chrith fo fgarnaich?

Goll ciuin caoin,
Mac Ardain nan dea'-bheus;

Bu treun an laoch 's bu chaoin a dhreach;
Och ! 's deàcair a thug e gradh !

Bha còrag na deise caomha
Mar dha thannas air aomadh shion;
Am bàs mar dha dharaig uaine
Air am buain le tannais ri strì.

An taineal ag imeachd na hòiche,
Chunnaic na crainn fo mhaife chaoin;
“ Iurana grinne, 's bras ur fàs,
'S is gorm ur blà ri bile chaochain !”

—Air madainn phill e rìs,
Fhuair e iofal na dofàn uaine;
Gach freumh anns a ghaoith ga shéideadh,
Is barr gach géige san tfruth ga luasga’.

“ Is ionan fo (tha 'n deur na shùil)
A thuiteas gach duil san doininn gheamhrail ?”

'S iofal fo dhoininn na hòiche,
Sibhfe bu treine 's na gleanntai’;
Is chaochail tàille-fa, Chaomh-ainnir,
'S tu 'n talla tofdach na * di-chuimhn’ !

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

Biodh

* *al.* Sìochaith.

Biodh e brònach air leirg na Luana,

* Gach uair a philleas a bhliadhna.

O Gharna nan treun-chath !

A Ghuill bu fhathail aogus !

Ainnir chaoin a mhi-àigh !

Ma bhios ur nimeachd 's na neulaibh balbh,

No fuadach' air falbh nan fionta ;

Ma 's tofdach sibh le'r sinnseir shuas,

† No ma 's luaineach an ceo nan glinnte' ;

—Uaibh gach gaol is bròn is creuchd,

Is eisdibh ur cliu 's na dànaibh.

Treigidh clàr mun treig ur nainm,

'S e 'n guth fann nam bard a' caochla,"

B' amhuil fonn nam bard aig an uaigh,

'S b' amhuil uams' e na thrà gach bliadhna.

—Tha torman a chaochain am chluais,

'S e brùchadh o'n charraig anuas ;

A mhacain ftiur an taofda,

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

CATHULA ;

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

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

CATHULA; NO MAR MHARBH
CATHULA A MHAC*.

MAR bhoisge greine fa gheamhra,
'S e ruith na dheann air raon Leana ;
'S amhuil sin làithe nam Fiann,
Mar ghrian eadar-fhrasach a' treigfin.

Dh' aom neoil chiar-dhu nan speur,
'S bhuin iad an deo aoibhinn o'n tfealgair ;
Tha loma-gheuga na coill a' caoi,
'S maoth-lufrach an tfeibh a' fearga'.

Ach

* From the resemblance between the names of Cathula and Cuthulin; and both having a son called Conloch, many who repeat this poem substitute the more familiar name of Cuthullin in place of Cathula, and call the poem by the title of "Mar mharbh Cuthullainn a' mhac."

Ach pillidh fathasd a ghrian
 Ri doire fgiamhach nan geug ùr,
 'S ni gach crann fa cheituin gàire
 'G amharc an aird ri Gath an iuil.

Seallaidh e fin anuas le gean
 Air gach rua' lus ro an bhraon,
 Is togaidh gach aon a cheann
 Aig bothan geamhraidh nan còs caoch.
 —Thig iadfan amach le fòlas
 Cha'n ionan 's luchd-cònuidh na huaighe,
 Nach gluais le gathaibh na greine
 'S nach eirich a' cadał nan tuama*.

Ach ni 'n searg ur cuimhne mar lus,
 Fheara bu mhor tlus agus bàigh ;

Mar

* *Λιαιται μαλαχαι, &c.*

“ Alas ! the tender herbs and flow'ry tribes,
 Though crush'd by winter's unrelenting hand,
 Revive and rise when vernal zephyrs call.
 But we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
 Bloom, flourish, fade, and fall,—and then succeeds
 A long long silent, dark, oblivious sleep ;
 A sleep which no propitious pow'r dispels,
 Nor changing seasons, nor revolving years.”

MOSCHUS, Epitaph. in Bien.

Mar sholus gu aimfir an c  in
Triallaidh ur fgeula fan d  n.

Fhir d' an c  nuidh a chreag,
Eisd beagan ri fgeul Innse-torc,
'S aiteal air m' anam fein e
Mar ghath r   ro dhoininn Lumoin.

Dheasaich Cathuil a chuilm,
Is sgaoileadh le Fionn na fuil ;
Sh  id a ghaoth bho na fleibhte soir,
'S an darach ag ofnaich fo s  iltibh.
Bha nuallan thonn mu Innse-orc*,
'S Carric-thura gun sproch   fan uair'fin ;
An innis uaine ro neoil a' d  r  ,
'S a floigh gu lion'or le gean mu'r tuaiream.

Ach co fo ri gualainn an Righ?
Mar chrann air crionadh aon diu ;
Dithis eile mar dha dharaig uaine ;
'S fuaimneach air tr  igh an ceuma !

* Innse-orc or Innse-torc, Orkneys, or isles of whales.
The word *orc* is used in the same sense by Milton.

——“ An island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and *orcs*, and sea-mews clang.”

—Fàilt air Conall o Thonna-gorm ;
 Air macan òr-bhuidh * Ri-na'-magh,
 'S air mac Ruro bho àr an tuirc,
 'S ait leinn uile gur flàn duibh.

Faighear a chuilm is an t-slige,
 Fuaim nan clàr is caithream bhard ;
 Biodh mo chaomhaich ait am thalla,
 Tha Cathuil am meadhon a chairde.
 —'S ait leam fein an là,
 Neul na tàradh air Carrie-thura !"

Cia gearr taillling aoibhinn,
 Is eug-samhluidh, a Laoich, do làith' !
 Mar am fè thig eadar dhà osaig,
 An òiche na doininne gàbhaidh.
 Tha 'n fealgair air uilinn an raoin,
 Tha bhruadair fhaoin ag eiridh :
 Oighean lamh-gheal le ceol mu 'n cuairt,
 Is baird a' buala' chliu bho theudaibh.
 —Bhuail beum air an sgèith,
 'Ta anam a' leum sa chath ;
 Tha 'n àrach a' fàs mu choinnearnh,
 Chi e foilleir mile gath.

X

—Ach

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

—Ach bhuail an ofag, le sgairt, a bas,
Threig an aifling; dhùisg an Sealgair.

“Threig thu mi aifling mo ghaoil!

Mo bhruadar bu chaoin, ach mealltach!”

—Bu neula glas na hòighean,

Bu ghaoth fa cheo na bardan,

Bu torran fuaim a chatha,

’S bu dealan na lanna dealrach.

—Bu ghairid ach b’ait am bruadar,

Is b’ionan sin uaille Chathuil.

Sguir cuilm an righ,

’S air darach na hòiche lag;

Tha cluas nan laoch anns a cheol,

Suil-a-chatha ’n neoil na hòiche.

[CATH.] Tha mhuir na fuain chiuin,

’S na reultan iuil fàn iar ag aomadh,

A’ dearca’ fàn fhairge fhèimh

Air maife sgèimheach an caoin-chruth:

—Amhuil oighean aig fruthana diomhair,

Tra chi iad le gean an aogus.

San duilleach tha ’n eilid da ’n còir,

Chlìsg na hoighean le sruadh-dhearg chaoin;

—Is

—Is amhuil sin fhuadh nan reul,
Mar gu 'n tàradh iad sgeula baoth.

Ach chi mi ghealach leth-bhréideach,
Ag eiridh ro chrannaibh air fàire ;
Taibhse doilleir le 'n earradh ceo,
'S m' athair brònach na fhalluing àile."

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

“ San linn a dh'fhalbh mar shruth,
Chuir ar sinnsear an uchd le cheile ;
Sarna, Colgar, is Cao'-mhal
Bu trì soluis chaoim san teug-bhoil.
An àrach is tric a sguab iad,
Mar dhuifneul an cuairt na gaoithe,
Tra bhios tannas na fhraoch ga sgapa'
Gus an caidil e 'm fasga' choilltean.
—Tha 'n tannas a' marcachd nan speur
Is uigh ri feudan eile.

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

" Gu ma mairionn do chliu-sa Fhinn,
 Mar sholus air linntibh a thig ;
 Abradh am filidh na dhàn,
 'Tha 'n tarmunn do shìol na Feinne'.
 —Ach mo shìol-sa chà 'n fhaic mo chliu,
 Mar sholus iuil gan cuartach' ;
 A Chonnlaich mo ghaoil ! tha 'n òich' eiti
 A spion uam thu fein is do mhathair,

Ag

* *al.* fa ghleannan fhaondrach.

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

Aithris an Anraidh.

An I chrom nan ioma crann
Tha farum lann is fuaimneach fhleagh,
Claidhean lìomhaidh toirt soluis o'n ré,
'S luirgne catha 'g eiridh 'n airde.
Mhosgail an earb as a fuain,
Chlisg le fuathas an Tùr leathan.
Ach earba ciod fà do gheilt?
A Sgar'a, cha 'n eagal do d' phiaillun.
Tha S'orcha treun; ach fhéid an tua'-ghaoth,
'S tha Cathuil uallach a' teachd air sàlle.

Tha

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

* * * * *

—Thèich Sorcha le neoil na hòiche,
 Mar lorg a luing' air aghaidh chuantai'n;
 Afuas an sgia, 's anuas an clàr,
 A Sgara, biodh gàir air tòighean!

'S tha farum chlar is caithream bheul
 An talla Sgara na féile faoil;
 Tha 'n lann san truaille 's an sgia na cadal,
 * Air bhalla, mar ghealaich dhuaichni.

—Tha 'n eilid ait air a carraig fein,
 Is oighean aoibhin nan uineig stuadhaich,
 Tha ghrian aobhach, gun neul na dàil,
 Ach 's e Cathuil grian àigh nan oighean.

—“ Fonn air clar, is fonn air dàn,
 Slan gu robh thu, 'righ na carraige!” †

Ach

* *al.* 'S an tfeach ris a bhalla gun ghluafad.

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

Ach co fo 'n còail an laoiach,
 'S a ceum air braon-dhealt na maidne;
 Drùchd gean air a caoin-shuil;
 Mar dheur na hòich' air magh ri gàire?
 Tha gnuis mhaifeach fo sgàil a ciabh,
 'S a ghrian a dealra' rompa,
 Air rughadh a gruaidhe caoin;
 Mar ghath grein' air rosaibh ùr,
 A dealradh air drùchd fa mhadainn bhraonaich.
 Co fo ach Rosga-geala,
 Geug àillidh talla na crom-I:
 Tha Sgara ga tabhairt do 'n laoch
 A sgaoil doinionn na ffrì.

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

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

Chluais
 chorus-song, a species of composition very ancient, and still
 much used in the Highlands. The time of these pieces is
 adapted to the various exercises of rowing, reaping, fulling,
 &c. The ancient Greeks used the same kind of composi-
 tions for the like purposes. A specimen of that which the
 women used to say while grinding their corn, called *πικρυλιν*,
 is preserved by Plutarch (in Conviv. Sapient.), and begins,
Αλεκυλα, αλε, &c.

Ghluais thar Cathuil fan I,
Tri bliadhna, 's a rìgh b'ù luath iad.

'S mithich pillèadh gu Innse-torrain,
Gu tùr nan doireachan uaine,
Arfa Cathuil 's e 'g amharc na dheigh
† Air na bliadhnaidh a thréig mar bhruadar.

Sgaoil e na fiuil gheala,
Bhà bhean ait agus bronach,
—“ Slan le eilean mo ghaoil,
Ionad aobhach mò laithean òga;—
Chi mi mo dhaimhich, chi mi m' eildean,
Ag amharc am dheigh o' ñ charraig chraobhaich.
—Ach com' am biodh mo dheoir a file'
'S mi g imeachd le rìgh na Carraige?”

Tha Connlach òg ànrach
An glacaidh graidh a mhathar,
A dha mhala mar fialla soluis,
Fo chlogaide béin an rua-bhuic.
Sèimh an clò-luasga nan tonn,
Air beacha donn tha e bruadar,

I

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

A cluinntin an crònain san aonach,
 'S a fmaoin air an-èiré cuachach.
 — A Chonnlaich, 's faoin do fmaointe,
 'S i ghaoth 's na fuil tha thu cluinntin.

Mar ròs Lèana fo bhògh na fròis,
 * 'S na frasa meallain na chòail,
 Ars' an fealgair, 's e greasad gu faisga,
 “ 'S caoin do bhlàth, ach 's fagus dò-uair.”

Tha uohd na mna ag osnaich
 Mar chobhar thonn 's an cop ag elridh,
 A fuil a fileadh air gnùis a leinibh,
 'S a bile gu sèimh ga fhiabadh.
 — Tha e mosgla', 's a' faicinn na doininn,
 'S ga fholach an brollach a mhathar.
 Thairis tha i sgaoileadh a fgiobuil,
 Mar iolair Laoir' air a h-àlach,
 Tra chi iad le crith an iarmailt eiti'
 'S a fhéideas nan dàil an iorguill.
 — “ Na biodh eagal ort, a leinibh mo ghraidh,
 Is tathair le laimh gar stiuradh.”

Y

“S

* *al.* Bha Connlaoch na fhuadh aillidh.

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

* * * * *

Tha ofna fhèimh is eitrìch cuain
 Gan coimeasg air uairibh le chèile.

Thuit an òiche neulach,
 Le torran speur, air chuantáibh,
 Las gu duaichnì an dealan,
 'S na taibhfe san adhar ri nuallan.
 Le cirbibh an trusgain dàthta,
 Tha iad a leum ghios na doimhne,
 Muca mara ri fgreaddail,
 Is tonna gam freagairt o'n ailbheinn.
 —Chual' a ghealach na teach neulach
 Gach beuc oilteil thug an cuan as,
 Dh' fhìll i 'ceann an ceo na Lanna,
 'S na reultan am falach mu 'n cuairt di.
 Air chrìth, ro bhrìste nan neul,
 Chithear an eudann * air uairibh ;

Mac-

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

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

—A shealgair eilid an tfleibhe,

'S truagh gun bhí tearuint' dlù dhuit !

* * * * *

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

B' airde na fo nùr cluais,
Fuaim Shulin-gorma ri caoidh;
A highean 's a leanabh air cuan,
'S i bualadh a bas ris a ghaoith;
—Cha fuil na fùmainne geala;
Pill, pill † gu d' thalla bho 'n òiche.
—Dh' fhalbh i, phill i, chunn' i barca,
“ 'N flàn duit, och aon-ghin ghaolach !”

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

Y 2

Tha

* *al.* fa choilltich aosda.

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

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

Sud guth an tannais chaoìn,
 A chunnas air aodan na doimhne ;
 Thig, a thannais, * gu m' aifling fein,
 'San òiche sheimh, 's do chruth am chuimhne.

Chual' an aos-bhean a ghuth,
 'S phill i gu tuirfeach a ceuma ;
 Bu tric Rosgeala na glaoth,
 Cho-fhreagair an raon da heighe.

Tha Rosgeal air a chuan sgaoilte,
 'S dearfa daraich a' taomadh o fhad,
 Tha Cathuil a faicinn a ghaòil
 Mar oigh-thaibhse chaoìn na ghath.
 Mar reul an caol-chroma na gealaich'
 'S i ionus falaicht' san dorcha,
 Bhà a mac an uchd na hog-mhnaoi,
 B' e 'n sealla fà bròin an treun-laoich.

Chualas

* *Al.* air gàth an rè.

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

A dhearfa m' anama fein!
 An doinionn eiti' theid thairis,
 Is folus mo theach aoibhinn
 Chithear an sèimh-mhuir Innse-torrain.
 —Ach ciod òiche, no doinionn, no cein-thìr,
 'S fè air tanams'; a gheug àillidh?
 Leig ris domh mo ghaoil, a fholuis,
 Ge d' bhoisg thu air dhiochair a Sorcha.

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

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

Fan-sa 'n fo, tha 'n doinionn a trèigfinn,
 Tha reultan a crathadh a cheo dhiu;
 Glas-ghnuis na gealaich an craobha céin,
 Feuchaidh an rè dhuit mis' a pilltin.

A shoillse dhealrach nan speur,
 'S a thaibhsean aoibhinn iuil,
 Innfìbh do m' ghaol 's i na haonar,
 Gu faic fìbh m' aogus-sa dhù.”

“ Ach ciod ma nì mhuir eiridh,
 No 'n doinionn feide† le abhachd thaibhse †,
 Ma dh' fhafas a mhuir, ma threigeas na neoil,
 No ma dhuifgeas an lò mu' m pill thu?
 —Ach pillidh mo ghaol gu grad,
 Dionaibhse Cathuil, a thaibhse!”

—Dh'

* The island of Sora or *Sorcha*, against whose king Cathula fought in the aid of Sgaro.

† This opinion, that ghosts and spirits had the power of troubling the air and raising tempests, prevailed long among the Highlanders.

—Dh' imich e gu tràigh, 's gun eithear dlù;
Bu tric a shuil air a charraig dhorchà.

'S brònach bean nan rosg tlà,
Le suil air tràigh na hòiche,
Cathull cha leir dhi 's an fhairg' a-fàs,
Tha Connlaoch na laimh ga ghiulan.

“ Ciod so ta baca' mo ghaoil,
Tonna baoth, no tràigh gun bhàrca?
'S truagh gun thu, 'leinibh, air tìr,
'S gu biodh fois aig crìdh' do mhathar.

Cheangail i 'n leanabh air sgéith,
Air barr géig fheargta dlù dhi.

—“ An duisg mi thu, leinibh mo ghaoil?
Ach ruigeadh do ghaoir mo chridhe.
Gu ma flàn a ruigeas tu 'n tràigh,
'S gu ma cairdeil riut rìgh na Sorcha! *

—No

* The island of Sora or *Sorcha* is frequently mentioned in the poems of Ossian. It is uncertain where it lay; but it seems to have been noted for the cruelty of its inhabitants. This appears particularly from the present poem, and from the Episode of the Maid of Craca in the 3d book of Fin-gal; an edition of which, perhaps not the least correct, is sub-

—No ma tharlas ort tathair;—

Ach tathair, a ghaoil, cha bheò;

Riums'

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

Là do Fhionn le beagan fluaigh

Aig Eas-rua' nan éighe mall,

Chunnacas a' feoladh o'n lear

Curach ceo is aon bheann ann,

'S b' e fin curach bu mhaith gleus

A' ruith na steud air aghaidh cuain,

Clos cha d' rinne' leis no tamh

Gus an d' rainig e 'n t Eas-rua'.

'S dh' eirich as maife mhàl,

B' ionan dealra dhi 's do'n ghrein,

Bha h uchd mar gheal-eiridh nan tonn,

Le fliuch-ofnaiche trom a cleibh.

Is sheas finn uil' air an raon,

Na flaithean caoin is mi fein;

A bhean a thainig an céin

Bha finn gu leir roimpe fèimh.

'S a gheug na maife fo dhruichd bròin,

'S e labhair gu fòil mi fein,

Ma 's urra gorm-lanna do dhion,

Bidh ar cridhe nach cli d'an rèir.

Riums' air a neoil tha e feitheamh ;—

Grad-ghreafaidd mi fein na choail."

Z

Dh'

'S mo chomraich ort ma 's tu Fiosin,

('S e labhair ruinn am maife mnà)

'S i do ghruis do'n ànrach a ghrián,

'S i do sgia ceann uighe na bàigh.

—Do Rìgh Eilean nan Crag

Bu deo-greine gun smal a ghruaidh fo,

'S bu tric a fhreagair Crom-mhala nan coillte

Do ofnai caoi Fainne-foillse.

Tòrachd a ta orms' air muir,

Laoch is mor guin air mo lorg,

Mac Rì' Sorchà nan sgia dearg,

Triath d'an ainm am Maighre borb.

'S glacam do chomraich a bhean,

Ro aon fhear a th'air do thì ;

'S a dh' aindeoin a Mhaighre bhuirb,

Fo dhuibhre mo sgéi gheibh thu dìon.

Tha talla nan crag aig laimh,

Aite taimh clanna nan tonn,

Ach 's leor fasga doinninn nan fleagh ;

(Bha mo dheoir, le deoir, a' tuirling.)

'S chunnacas a' tighn' air steud

Laoch a bhagheud thar gach fear,

Dh' eirich air a charraig tonn
Gu hard trom, le cheann geal;

Sguab

A' caithe na fairge gu dian
An taobh ciadn' a ghabh a bhean
Bha chlaidhe trom toirteil nach gannan
Teannt' air a shlios gu ré,
Sgia dhrimneach dhubh air a leis,
'S e 'g iomairt chleas air a clé,
B' ard a chroinn, bu gheal a shiul,
Bu mhire 'n tiul na cobhar fruth;
"Thig a mharcaiche nan steud stuadhach
Gu cuilm Fhinn nam buadh an diugh."

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

* * * * *
Dh' eirich Ofear 's dh' eirich Goll
Bheireadh losga lom 's gach cath,
'S dh' eirich iad uile na slòigh
A dh' amhare comhrag nam slath.

Thug Goll mac Morna 'n urchair threun,
As a dheigh do thilg e shleagh;
B' i 'n urchair bu traime 's bu treine,
Da sgei do rinn i da bhlòidh.

Thilg

Sguab e na ghlaic a bhean aillidh.

“Gu ma slàn duit, a ghaoil, a Chonnloich!”

Phill Cathuìl na bharca

Gus an tionad an d' fhag e bhean,

A charraig dhorcha cha leir dha,

'S i 'm falach fo sgeir na lear.

—“Chaill mise mo bhean is mo mhac;

'S truagh nach do ghlaç an aon eug sinn!

Nar n uchd aoibhinn bhiodh Connloch slàn;

Is ionann bàs is beatha leom-fa.”

Bhrìst a chamh-fhair air Sorchà,

Tha innis dhorcha le huaimh dlù;

Z 2

Darag

Thilg an tOscar le làn-fheirg

A chraosnach dhearg le laimh chli,

Do mharbhadh leis steud an fhir

'S mor an cion do rinneadh l'i.

* * * * *

'S thug sinn buaidh fa chath air an laoch,

Air leam fein nach b' fhaoin an gnìomh,

'S dh'adhlaic sinn le Fainne-foills' aig an Eas,

Macan mor nan cleas cli.

Darag aosda ga falach,
Le hearradh fein do chòinich.

Cuig linnte 'nan laithibh fein,
Chunn' an cuan ag eiridh 's a' tràghadh,
O thiubhraich a gheug fo fasga,
Do righ gaisge na Sorchà.

Dh' fholaich e bhean san uaimh,
Tra ghluais e chumail blàir;
“ A màireach pillidh mo thrìall,
Maol Lann-fada fiar fo m' laimh.”

Dh' imich e; chaidh 'n lann na thaobh;
Cha d' fheud e, mar gheall e, pilltin.

Dà la is coilion òiche,
Cha 'n fhacas rua-cheann Ulan-orchuill;
'S tiamhaidh Oi-dàna 'na h-uaimh,
A' buala' bas mar chobhar barr-gheal.

Chualas a caoiran bròin
Leis a mharaich' a' feola' na hòiche;
Dh' iarr e' n robh tannas ri ceol,
Fhuair e òg-bhean an ionaid dhiomhair.

An fo dh' fheith Cathuil an òiche.
Le foillse laiste reultach

Dh²

Dh' aom i; 's Rof-geala na cuairt
 A' fèimh-ghluasad air aghaidh na doimhne.
 Tha 'falluing do cheo na Caothan
 Sa mhadain bhraonaich cheituin;
 A fearrfaid fliuch mar fhile nan ròs,
 Aig fruthaibh mòdhar nam * mall-éighe.
 Dh' airis i mar fhuair i bàs,
 Mar chàirich i Connloch air sgèi:
 " Ach duisg, a Chathuil nam buadh,
 Is teich gu luath gu tinnis fein."

Dh' imich e gu tofdach trom,
 'S is tuirseach fhonn uaithe fin.
 Tha dheoir sa mhadainn arson a mhnà,
 'S air crìch an là arson a mhic †.

'S mor a Chathuil do chuis bhròin,
 Arsa Fionn, mur beo do mhac:
 Mur d' imir an sgia-gu tràigh,
 'S mur d' fhuair e bàigh o Shorcha.
 " Togaidh e 'n sgia fo gu 'r dion;"
 Theireadh laoiach, is sìth nan aire;
 Theireadh;

* *al. malla-cheuma.*

† Here ends *Aithris an anraidh.*

Theireadh ; is their iad fathasd,
 “ Is amhuil a lamh is lamh Chathuil.”
 —Cìod mu bheil thu mata fo smalan,
 ‘S gun thu ‘n iorguill a chatha na taonar,

Mar fo chàitheadh an òiche
 ‘N Carric-thura, gu fòillfe faire,
 Le suile soir a’ plaosga’
 Mar shealgair air raona fàsa.
 Tha tonna dorcha gan éide’
 (‘S barra fhleibhte) ‘m falluing fhoillfe ;
 Reulta gam falach san adhar
 Ro cheuma flathail na greine ;
 ‘S i fealltuin le suil fhial
 Thar triall rìghrean an tfaoghail.
 Tha reultan a’ seachnadh a gnùise,
 Mar ni coigrich suil Mhal-mhine.

‘S ni ‘m b’ ait le fear ar faire
 Sgeul an lath’ ud air chnoc na feallta ;
 Loingeas Lochlan air traigh a’ taomadh,
 Mar bheachan, nan sgaoth gun àireamh.
 —Phill ar luchd-fanais gu luath,
 “ A Chathuil, tha fluagh air an tràigh ud !”

Ni

Ni heagal sin leam fein,
 Arfa Cathuil, 's mo threir'ir dlù;
 Ach ciod a cheil an sluagh co fada?
 'S a chum do gháth-fa, ghrian, air cùl?
 An robh thu 'g eifdeachd sgeula bròin;
 A' caoi' tòg-mhnaoi is do mhic?
 Bha, oir tha timeachd ataonar,
 Gun do choimeas ri d' thaobh do fhoillse.
 Spion an doinionn do bhean uait,
 'S do mhac, ann an cuan na hòiche;
 'S tha thu nis mar mise gun leannan,
 'S gun ghallan òg ri d' ghualainn.
 —Ach tha do fholus air uairibh gun bhròn,
 'S do naimhde mar cheo ag imeachd,
 Tha taibhse dòbhidh na hòiche,
 Gam falach * an tuill an fhirich.

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

Mar

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

Mar mbarbb Cathuil a mbach

Bhuail Cathuil beum-sgeithe;
 Chaidh Conall is Fionn nan eide';
 Mar bhogh frois anns na speuraibh arda;
 Bha bratach àluinn rìgh nam màgha.
 Sheas mac Ruò 's mi fein,
 Mar dha neul san latha shamhraidh,
 Maifeach amach, 's am bèlg agat'
 Le lafair is rùcail tairnich.

Mar stoirm ghailbhich mheallain,
 Na steud-rùith thairis air cùantaibh,
 A fguaba' nan tonna stuadhach,
 'S gam buala' ri *uchd nam fuar-bheann;
 No mar thannas na doininn a' feide'
 Nam beanntan eiti fàile
 Le 'n cobhar ceann-ghlas a' stairirich
 Meafg charraige cruaidh ri gànraich;
 —B' amhuil sin farum ar feachd
 Dol an cinnseal gleachd do 'n àraich.

* *al.* miala duaichni.

Dhomhlaich Lochlan mu Mhanus
 Mar ealtuinn bharnach air sgeir mhara
 Dhorcha fo 'n fgiathan, 's i 'g eiridh gruamach,
 Gun chrith ro fhuathas na fairge.

Sin nuair thuirt Fionn ris na laoich,
 (A rìgh b' aobhach finne ga eisdeachd),
 Tha ar nainme-na cheana fan dàn,
 A laocha mora nan làn chath,
 Biodh là na hInns' aig an oigridh;
 Theid finne gu 'n coghna ma 's eiginn.

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

" Chi mi trì urfanna catha
 'N tùs nan gathan fo nar còail,
 Aon a' dealra' na cheud fheachd,
 'S ni 'n lag e fa ghleachd dhòbhidh.
 Oifein, a mhic chaoimh,
 Na caisg a dh' aon-bheum a fhòlus.
 Tha 'n deùr an fuil a leannain,
 Tha athair an ceathach na haoise,

A a

Gun

Gun mhae aig', theagamh, ach efan;
Na cuir as da, Oífein,* le d' chraosnaich.

Cum-fa, Ogain; cáth
Ris an athach fháda mhor úd;"
—'S mise, arfa deadh mhac Ruro,
Ri Manus fleaghach ní còrag.

Sheas na † righrean, 's bu mhor am modh,
Chaidh ‡ finne gu cath, mar itenda cobhrach:
Ach sheas feachd Mhanuis
Mar charraig-bhàrach an Innse-toire,
Ge d' robh muic is tuinnega bualá;
Cha ghluais iad a chreag o h-àite.
'S nior sheas feara Lochlan gu faoin,
Nuair dh' eirich gaoir nam bard §.

Tha

* *al. a dh' aon-bheum.*

† Fingal, Connal, and Cathula,

‡ Ossian, Ogain, and the Son of Ruro.

§ i. e. the Brosnacha-catha. It was part of the office of the bards to animate the combatants during the action. The old Persian magi did the same. And Homer alludes to the like custom in the time of the Trojan war.

— Thro' the Grecian throng,
With horror sounds the loud *Orthian* song:

'Tha Ogan fo cheangal nan caol,
 'S mac Ruro 'g aoma' fo Mhanus.
 Bha 'n toig'ear sleaghach dlù dhomh fein,
 'S cha robh mo dheigh air a bhualadh.

“ Am bheil do neart ri tàir air m' oige
 (Bu reachdmhor deoir na shuilibh),
 Am bheil do neart ri tàir air m' oige,
 'S gun do shleagh mhor ga h-ìomairt?
 Cia fhad a bhios mise mar leanabh,
 'S do sgia leathann mar aibheinn?
 Air mo chliu mar fo cha d' thig luadh,
 'S mo chairdean a' buain na h'àrach.”

Dh' imich e, 's dh' imich a shloigh;
 Bha mis' air an tòir gu ciuin,
 Mar thri frutha geala bho 'n aonach,
 'S iad a' leumnaich gu caol-ghleann uaine,
 'Nan steuda bras, le 'n clachaibh 's le 'n crannaibh,
 B' amhuil sin imeachd ar sean-laoch.

Choinnich Manus is Fionn a cheile,
 'S bu déirneach gleadhar an stailinn;

A a 2 Ach

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

Ach co bu choimeas ri Fionn nam fleadh ?
 Shniomh e 'n t-fleagh a lamhan Mhanuis ;
 Is chuir e ceangal nan tri chaol
 Gu daor air an rìgh 's gu docair.
 —'S cha bu lag Conall buadhach
 An àit an Ogain uaibhrich iofail.

Choinnich Cathuil an gath òg,
 A chaidh uams' an toir air cliu ;
 Bhlàthaich a chridhe trà chunnaic e dhreach,
 An cuir thu as, ars' anam, an leus so ?

Com' an tuite' tu, oig aobhaich,
 Mar chraoibh chubhrai 's t-samhra ?
 Pill, mu 'm bi do leannan ri bròn,
 Pill, pill gu tòg-mhnaoi annsadh."

—" Cha phill gus am faigheam mo chliu."

—" Gheibh thu, air tùs, do chasgairt léamfa."

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

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

Gan

Gan ruaga' le stoirm, tòirt nuallainn
Air carraig chruaidh mheadhion bàrach.

Chaidh 'n fleaghan san speur nam blòidibh,
Ach tha 'n clòidhean mar dhealan nan lāmhan.

Thug lann Chatluil fìorra' fuathais,
Phill i ruadh o uchd an àrmuinn;
Sruth daithte dearg o iomlaic a sgeithe;

Cha'n eil treun gach nair gun fàruch'.

Thuit e mar chrann giùmhais àrd-ghòrm
Le gaoith fhàsaich, thun a ghearraidh;
Le geilt thug a charraig fuaimneach,
Chrithich agus ghluais an talamh.

—Tha chas ga tuma' sa chaòchan,
'S fhuil chraobhach na luib ri borbhan.

“ Thuit mis' an tùs na tèug-bhòil,
'S cha 'n eirich mo chliu san dàn;
Ach thuit mi le laimh nam buadh,
'S bidh mi lefan an duan an àir.

—“ 'S i lann rìgh Innse-torc
A lot san àraich an taineal.”

—Beannachd do tanam, a bhaird,
Cluinneam fein gu hard do ghuth,

'S

om

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

Ainnir Shorcha mò ghraidh!
 Ge d' thuit fan àraich fo tannfachd,
 Shileadh do dheoir gu bras,
 Nam faighe' tu, ghaoil, mò chlàidheamh;
 A fhuil chiolgach nan dearg-chath,
 Crochs' ad thalla mò chaomh-sgia;
 Sgia mò ghraidh, (ge d' rinn i mò leon,) —
 Orra sheol mi ro fheuda sàile."

Mar shajghèad bàis, no dealan òiche,
 Tra sgriofas e choilteach ùrag,
 Thain' a bhriathra gu anam an aofda;
 Thuit e air aodann aona-mhic.

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

Chluinnt'

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

“ 'N do thuit thu, mhic mo ghraidh!

'N do thuit thu le laimh tathar!

Mu 'n d' thugas an lann a' truaill,

Is truagh uach mise bha iosal!

—Canar riumfa tuille

Cathuil nan ioma' truaighe.

—Och is ochain, a mhic dhileis!

Gu dilinn cha duisg thu tuille!

Och agus och nan och eire!

'S truagh gur mairionn mis' ad dhiaigh!?

Air faicinn do Fhionn a bhròin,

Shil a dheoir rè seal an uaigneas,

Dh' fhosgail e 'n uaigh fa dheire do 'n laoch,

Is thaom na baird le caoidh an ceolan.

“ Com', a Mhanuis, am miann leat blàr?

(Arfa Fionn, 's a lamh ga sgaoile',)

Com' an gearraich thu laithean an laoidh,

Mar an ròs sin san raon air fearga'?

Com' an dorchaidh thu laithe na haois,

Ata chean' ag aoma' fo 'n uallach;

Com' am fag thu 'n òg-bhean deurach,
 'S an òigridh as eug'ais athar?
 Am bheil an ofnaigh ad chluais mar cheol?
 An ioc-shlaint' an deoir do tanam?
 An ait leat an guth-caoi tra dh'eugas
 Sealgair am feidh air drim an aonaich?
 —Nach lionmhor dosgaich san raon
 Ag aomadh an còail an tfealgair,
 Gun uile a thilge' na rathad,
 'S a cheuman a chratha' le claidhean?

Ann's na ceumaibh tearc gus an uaigh,
 Com' nach gluais thu gun faltairt am fuil?
 Nach leor aighean do choillte fein,
 Gun imeachd mar neul * ro 'n fhuar-ghaoith?
 —Feuch fuil an òig, is gul an aoid';
 Is mac an Luin, le 'n aobhach fuil.
 —Triall gu d' mhnaoi, 's gu taighean ciara,
 'S ni 's mò na hiarr gu cuan na hInnse."

“Madh' iarras, treigear m' uchd leis an fgeith†,
 Air an d' éitich m' athair a bhriathran.

B'

* *al.* air fuadach'.

† Manos swears here by his shield, and gives us to understand

B' fhearr leam nach d' thiginn san uair,
Is cruaidh leom an laoch bhi iosal.

Dh' imich e na chabhlach dorcha ;
Phill sinne bronach le Triath nan tùr ;
Bu tiamhaidh ofna, 's bu mhall a cheum,
'S a shuil na dheigh air uaigh a dhea'-mhic.

B b

4

C A T H

stand his father had the same practice. In the same manner we find Achilles swearing by his spear. And in an edition of the poem of Clann Uisneachain (*Darthula*) just now before me, Nathos gives an oath of the same kind.

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

CATH MHANUIS.

TUIRLING, a chlàrfach a bhròin,
Tuirling o chònuidh nan sgia,
'S gu cluinnte le taibhse do cheol,
'S an imeachd air ceo nan sliabh.
Is ait leo torman do chlàr,
Is iad aomt' air an àile nuas ;
A' caisga' fion-sfeuda nan speur,
'S iad aoibhinn a' caisdeachd na fuaim.

Tha 'n òiche na fè 's ni bheil ofunn
A' fògra clos na mìn-lear uaine,
No oiteag a caruch' an duillich
A shearg air mullach nan stua'-bheann.
Na chadal tha 'm foghnan san àile,
Tha ghealach na tàmh air an aonach,

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

'S ni 'n ceileam mo cheol fein,
A thaibhfe aoibhinn mo ghraidh !
'S ni mò bhios a chruit fo balbh
'Tra bhios sibhs' a falbh nam màgh.
Ni 'm binn a fuaim, mar cheol nan nial,
'S i aofda lia mar mi fein,
Ach leibhfe 's aoibhinn a guth,
O dhuifgeas i 'n sòlas a threig.
Oir 's ait leis na feoid na chleachd,
An teach clainne Chu'ill is Bhaoisge;
Mar cheolan faoin an t frannain
San fhaiche do 'n fhilidh aos' ar.

Ach c'ait am bheil ur barda fein,
Am bheil ur talla glas-neulach gun òrain?
Ulainn aofair nan teuda binn,
Ailpein ghrinn, 's a Chaoirill cheolair,
'N do chaill sibhs' orain na F'èinne,
'S ur speis do chleachda na Morbheinn?

Ni hamhluidh ; a chlanna nan dàn,
 'S tric fonn ur clàrsach fa cheo,
 'S e taofga' le ofunn an aonaich
 (Feadh ghleann-tai' faoin nam fàfach)
 Gu cluas na heilid 's i 'g eifdeachd
 Fo shruth-gheugan san òiche shaimhe.
 'S ni 'n tearc gu m chluasa fein
 Fuaim eutrom ur ciuil bhinn,
 Tra 's gann air guala na daraig
 A ghluaiseas an duilleach tha feargta.
 —Chi mi doilleir mìle tannas
 Ag ia'adh nam pannal m' an cuairt duibh,
 A chlaifdinn am molaidh fein;
 'S an taic eutrom ri fleagha gun bhuaireas.
 Tha'n sgia mar chruth dorcha na' gealaich
 Air crios leth-fhaluicht do nialuibh,
 'S an claidhe dealain na thruaill fein
 Ri flios doilleir gach treun-churaidh.

Ach e àit a bheil ur treise a nis,
 Tra dh' fhogras an ofag na cuairt sibh?
 Dh' imich na luib am filidh 's an ceol,
 'S na fir mhòra na 'n neulaibh duaichni.

Tha

Tha 'm fonn a' fgaoile' fea' ghleanntai tofdaigh,
'S iad fein an ofnaiche Laoire. *

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

† Sheol finn o Charraig nan tùr
'S an òiche dhuldai air tuinn ga luasga,
Na reulta dh' fholuich an aghaidh :
A fhiol na hòiche 's doilleir fuar' e !

Tog a Mhor-bheinn do cheann ro 'n cheo
A Sheallama feol finn le d' fholus,

* As when a shepherd of the *Hebrid* isles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied, to our senses plain,)
Sees on the naked hill or valley low,
The while in Ocean *Phæbus* dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro;
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

Castle of Indolence.

† This alludes to the conclusion of the preceding poem,
with which this is connected.

A Thòn-theine † crath t fhalt san doinn,
 'S Iul-dòiche † dean foilleir an cuan duinn.
 A ghealach nan trà fgaoil do fhiuil,
 'S faicear do ghnuis leathan 's na nialuibh.

Feuch am beum soluis caol ud,
 Mar dhearfa bho eudann taibhfe,
 Tra sheideas anail nan fion
 A ghlas-ehiabha mìne ceo.
 —Is caomh-thannas eigin a tann,
 Leanamaid gu teann a lorg.

Ràin'eas an solus fann
 Taibhfe ni' n robh ann no tannas,
 Ach solus uaimh Innse-cola,
 Lag, 's e leth-thomhas na h-dòiche,
 'Nar còail thaom acain a bhròin,
 Mar cheolan cuilce 's na gaothaibh;
 Shil e bho fhàs-uchd nan creag,
 'S e ri fead an ula na huaimhe.

Laoidh

† Names of stars.

Laoibh 'n Amadain mhoir.*

“ 'N do thuit thu dhaimhich na haois,
 Is mis' am aonar am uaimh,
 'S trom eire mo bhlianai 's mo bhròin,
 'S nach beo ceann deire mo dhìlseachd.
 O' nach mis' a rinn imeachd,
 'S do dheoirs' a' fil' air mo chreubhaig!
 Ach gearr bhiodh do laithe le tuirse
 Mar lus Eite 's torair ga reuba.
 (Tra lag mo chos cha robh tuigh air lòn,)
 Bhiodh do leaba le bròn fan uaigh;
 Co nis a bheir fìothann gu 'm chònui'
 Nam b' àill leam bhi beo ad dheigh.
 —Ach cha d' fhàg thu mi, ghaothair bhàin;
 Tha mi clàifdinn farum do cheuma,
 Gun an tUmaidh dan geille' na slòigh
 Bidh tus' ann ad cheo fo éislean.

Is

* Much of what is generally repeated under the title of
Laoibh an Umaidh, or *Laoi' n Amadain mhoir*, is rejected as
 spurious; not at all answering the ancient account of it:

Gach dàn gu dàn an Deirg.

'S gach laoidh gu laoidh 'n Amadain mhoir.

Is gearr cuairt aighe na cròice,
 'M feadh sin biodh do chònuidh am uaimh,
 Far am bi t uaigh air a treachailt,
 Is truagh gun mo leaba-fa la' riut.

“ Com an iarra tu 'n leaba chaol,
 Fhir-àitich na faoin uaimhe,
 An gairid an òiche fo 'n fhòid,
 Gu racha tu d' dheoin da hionnfui' ?
 Dh' imich do dhìlseán nan linn,
 'S is geal éide' do chinn fein,
 Ach cha lag an Fheinne gu d' dhion,
 'S cha diobrar leinn 'an taofda.”

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

'S chunnacas an gaiothar bann
 Sud fà m' an guileadh an taoida,
 Croma-dheurach air luirg a fhleagh,
 Fholt is ula feadh na gaoithe.

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

Eisdibh sgeul Umáidh nam feachd,
 Nach do chleachd bhi na aonaran critheach ;
 'S ann dà gu freagradh am mor-shrath,
 Srath uaine nan fleibhte coillteach,
 Nan fruthan aoibhinn 's nan creagan eighinn.

B' ioma laoch an t-thùr an sìth,
 Sa chath bu lionar iad ri m' fhròl.
 B' iomad fruth-aonach aig m' fheidh,
 B' ait grian ag eiridh gach lò,
 M' fhardach fheachain an duibhir,
 'S da fholus gach òiche ga liona :
 B' aoibhinn òg innte Morad,
 'S bu fhoithe' fòlafach La-mìne.
 Ach thuit smal air *dearfa na deise,
 'S cheil iad san doininn an aodann.

Dh' fhurail Calmar a ghaol,
 B' annfa le m' nighein laòch Ghleann-diamhair.
 Thaine' Calmar a Borba le fheachd,
 Bha mise sean 's mo mhac gun eir'eirt ;
 Ghluais e gu Ri fial na Feinne,
 Ach chual'a nàmh a cheum tro 'n òiche ;
 Thuit mo mhac ;—tha ghaoir am chluais ;
 Gaoir na truaighe do 'n Umaidh aofda.

Thog mise fuil ris an tliabh,
 Ghlac mi 'n fgia, thog mi 'n lùireach,
 Och 's trom an iarguin an aois,
 Cha 'n fheudainn mo lann a rùsgadh.
 An so gu fàs-innis
 Chuireadh mise 's mo ghàothar bàn,
 A thug da là air lic ri leon ;
 A file' dheoir air uaigh mo dhea'-mhic.
 'S ni 'n robh bhruadair air feilg san òiche.
 (Tha Morad na chadal !) làn eiflean,
 O nach leum e leis tuille san aonach.
 —Ri m' fhàil-fa bha cheuma trom,
 Mar chom an aofda 's a mhac ga adhlac'.
 Tri bliana sheol tharum gu mall,
 'S le tuille' chaill mi mo chos ;

Ach

Ach eire na beatha ge b' earra trom,
Cha bu deacair leam is mi le m' ghaothar."

Do chomraich orms', Umaidh mhoir;
(Theann an tUmaidh chòir a ghaothair.)
"A rì' nach raibh tuaigh fan tfrathan mhor!"
B' ait a chòra, tra thuirt gu bitheadh.

Shéid an ofag fan raon
Lùb a chraobh fo ghaillinn an aonaich,
Bha a fuaim mar thorrunn an cein,
'S air a huchd bha éide taibhse.
Na laimh bha claidhe do 'n dealan
Dui'-rua, 's a ghealach m' a thuaiream;
Chualas a ghuth air eigin
"A ghaifgich na Feinne gluaifibh."

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

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

An Ri' bha fada bho laimh

* 'S thug Manus a mhionn do n oiteig.

Tha 'n fhàir' a' bristeadh o'n Ear,

'S mor-bheanntai 'na solus ag eiridh.

Tha 'n ceo ag dìreadh o Laoire,

'S a' fagail na 'n fuain faoidhean Mhanuis.

“ Caisgeam arfa Conan an ceannard

Mu 'm meall e finn tuille le chòra.”

“ A

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

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

Mar fgriob curaich air cuan nan colg,

Mionnan borba sliochd na foill;

Na mionnaich le d' dheoin anns a choir;

'S e Dia na glòir fear-agairt mhionn.

The Gaelic abounds in moral and sententious verses of this nature. Most of them are undoubtedly the *aborigines* of the soil; but some of them bear so striking a resemblance to some of the wise sayings of the Grecian sages, as would lead one to suspect they had been translated probably by the learned Doctors of Iona. The following Greek verses of an anonymous author, are perfectly analogous to the Gaelic ones just now set down:

Ἀνδρῶν δὲ φανλῶν ὀρχον εἰς ὕδωρ γράφει,

Οἷον ἐπιόρκων μὴ δοκεῖ λεληθῆναι.

Ὀρχον δὲ φυγεὶ καὶ δικάτως ὀμνυται.

“ A chrionaich nam Fiann am b’ aill leat mise
 Bhi gun mhia’ gun mheas mar Mhanus?
 Mar ghath na hòiche (gún bheum-sgeithe)
 Cha d’ theid neach uam fein do’n àraich.
 —Fhearais oig gabh thusa na ’n dàil,
 * Cha d’ thug Fionn riabh blàr gun chumha.”

Dh’ imich Fear’as mo bhrathair fein,
 † Mar orra-shleibhte bha chruth,
 Tra bhios dearfa na maidne san drùchd
 ’S a choill f’ a blà san lochan fhè’ar.
 Ach thuirling oiteag o ’n aonach,
 ’S mhill i caoin-ghnuis na tràgha;
 Threig na coillte,—threig na sleibhte
 Bha san lochan fhèimh rì gàire.
 —B’ amhuil sin caochla cruth
 Mo bhrathar tèachd dubhach nar còail,
 O fheachd Lochlainn bha fiar uainn.
 “ Tha Manus ag iarrui còraig.”

Gheibh e sin; arsa Conan uaibhreach,
 Bheireams’ a cheann bhar a ghuaille.

Com

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

† *ah*, Bu chofail ri deo-grein’ a chruth.

Com nach mothaiche' Conan
 Lughad a thoirt anns an Fhcinne?
 Dh' imich e; ach Manus corrach
 Chuir Fuathas gu Conan crion.

—B' ait le Fuathas bhi air dheire,
 'S cha bu fhaor o eagal na dheigh fin.

Air gleachd dhoibh aon òiche ri gealaich
 Neo-ealamh nan deigh bha Fuathas,
 Taobh eile caochain dh' eirich Athach,
 'S a fhleagh na laimh gu fada liomhai'.
 Theich am Fuath, is lean an t athach,
 Muin air mhuin thuit iad thall;
 Cha sòram fein neach am mhèin
 Ars' am Fuath 's gun aig' ach fhaileas.

—An samhail fo do gheilt
 Ionnfui' na greis thaini' Fuathas
 A fhleagh mheirgeach ri fuaim air a fgei,
 Mar ghànrach eun air fteuda fuara.
 Dh' oilltich Conan, ach chuimhnich e Ri,
 Chaidh e fios is lot e 'n fhearrsaid,
 Thuit an Lochlanach gu talamh,
 Shaoil e gu b' e chlaigeann a bhuaileadh.
 Thionndai Conan le tèabhachd,
 'S gu b' è sud tionnda a dhunach,

Bhuin

Bhuin Fuathas deth na cluasán,

Chualas le glinn a bhurral.

“ Fhinn, diol bàs do laoich,”

Arfa Conan maol is e tuiteam.

An fin chaidheas afios gu mòdhar,

'S Lochlan nar còail le 'n stàilinn,

B' iomad ann claidhe, 's b' iomad fgia,

B' iomad triath le lùirich àigh ;

B' iomadach ann clogaide cruaidh'

B' iomadach ann tuath chum àir.

Ach feuch òg maifeach o'n aonach

A fhleagh mar chraoibh 's a fgia mar ghealaich,

Chuireadh e cath cuilge na Feinne;

Ach bha Manus gu heiti uaibhreach,

Chuimhnich e iallan Innse-torrain,

'S ghlaodh e 'n Rìgh is * cothrom na Feinne.

Chaidh Fionn afios le tartar uamhann

'S fuaimneach arm mar spiorad Lodda,

A'

* *Cothrom na Feinne*, is a proverb denoting an “equal combat,” it being the practice of Fingal never to engage an enemy with superior numbers.

A' fgaoile' gioraig is eith-chatha,
 Feadh an rathaid 'gu grad chòrag;
 No mar mhillte tonn a' beucaich
 An stoirm eiti ri slios carraig;
 Mar fin bha fuaim arm 's a lùirich,
 'S air a ghnùis bha dùlachd catha.
 Bha chlaidhe liomhai a' dealra,
 Togt' an aird an laimh a churai;
 'S na gaoithe strannarr' a gluasad
 A chiabh, air shnuà freotha buinne.
 Na cnuic air gach taobh dheth chrithich,
 'S chlisg an tflighe fo a chafaibh;
 Las a shuilean ;—dh' at a chridhe;
 B' an-fheilidh a chith 's a chollas.

Chòlaich na cathan a cheile,
 'S bu deacair co bu treine innse.
 Chaidh an fgiathan breac 'nam blòidibh,
 Chaidh an claidhean gorm a bhearna;
 Chaidh an fleaghan-fada liomhaidh
 A chaba' fa ghnìomh bu ghàbhaidh.
 Fhreagair na creagan do 'n fhuaimneach
 Thug gathanna cruaidh gan stràchda'

Thall

Thall 's a bhos-air cuirp nan treun-laoch ;
 Cho-fhreagair na speuran ard doibh.

Tha ceangal nan trì chaol
 Air Manus gu daor 's gu deas ;
 “ Cumaibh rium Manus nan lann,
 'S gu fgarainn a cheann o chorp.”

Tharla mise fo lamhan Fhinn
 'S e b' annfa leam na bhi fo d' smachd.”

“ 'S ma tharla tu fo m' lamha fein,
 Cha 'n imir mi beud air flath,
 Gheibh thu do chomas duit fein ;
 Ach pill ; 's theid thu eug 's a chath.”

Tha Manus uaine, 's a shleagh air chrith,
 An luib an fhòghnain tha chith ga threigfinn ;
 Le sleagh an Rì chaidh chliabh a dhochann,
 Oir chual an fgia mionnan Mhanuis.
 Dh' eirich uaigh 's na baird nan tofd,
 Oir leig Manus fhocal a' cuimhne.
 C'àit am bheil na mionnan mor', a Mhanuis,
 “ Dh' fhàgas far an d' fhuaras.”
 A Mhanuis fhuilich, chorraich, fhial,
 'S truagh leig thu do bhriathran a chuimhne!

Thàineas gu Seallama nan tùr
 An tògan ùr bha e leinn ;
 Bu tric a fhùil ris an raon,
 “ Dh’ fhàgas mo ghaol air an leirg
 Theich finn ro’ Chalmar nam Borb-fhruth
 Oir dh’ fhailnich na bhuine’ do Mhorlach.”

Mar chraoibh ag aomadh air Lèana,
 Bha ’n tUmaidh, tra chual e ghuth,
 An aoibhneas aois. Dh’ iarr e ighean ;
 Ghrad ruith i, ’s tha ’n anam le cheile.
 Shil ar deoir (nach b’ ioghna!) ge b’ ait,
 Mar mhill na daraig, ’s a ghrian air Morlia.

* “ Sgaoilear a chuilm dhoibh an diugh,
 ’S a màireach sgaoilear an sgia ;
 ’Tra chi † mac an Luin faoi na airc,
 Is ro-ait leis fuil nan cliar.”

Dh’

* Fingal speaks.

† How the sword of Fingal came by the title of The Son of Luno, will appear from the following fragment of a poem called *an Gabha* (the Smith), in which Ossian celebrates the praises of this Scandinavian Vulcan.

O’

Dh' fhalbh an òiche le cuilm 's le ceol
 'S cha bu bhronach do ghuths' a chlarfach,
 Mar mise bha do chaoimh ga d' chuartach',
 Fionn fein is a shluagh gradhach.
 Le fealla-taoibh bu mhor an aire,
 'S iad ag aomadh ad charadh o'n àite.
 —San aimsir a bh' ann o chein,
 Cha bu cheo san speur ar cairdean;
 Cha b' fhaoin-ghuth san aonach thufa,
 'S cha bu mhaol-chrann gun duilleach mise.

D d 2

TRATHUIL

O' b' aighearach sinn an dara mhaireach
 Ann an ceardaich Luin 'ic Liomhain;
 Gu 'm bu mhaith ar n ùr-chlaidh'ne
 'S ar deagh shleaghan fada righne.
 B' e mac an Luin lann mhic Cumhail
 Nach d' fhag fuigheal riabh dh' fheoil daoine;
 Gun bi 'n Drui'-lannach lann Osfair,
 'S gu 'm bi Chofgarrach lann Chaoillte.
 Gum bi Liomhanach lann Dhiarmaid,
 B' iomad fear siadhaich a mharbh i:
 'S-agam fein blia Gearr-nan-calan
 Bu gharg farum 'n am nan garbh-chath

TRATHUIL.

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

A GHRIAN na hog-mhaidne! 'g eirigh
Air fleibhte soir le d' chiabhan òr-bhuidh,
'S ait ceuma do theachd air air an aonach,
'S gach caochan fa ghleann ri gàire.
Tha croinn uaine, ro dhrùchd nam fras,
Ag eiridh gu bras a d' chòail,
'S filidh bhinn nan coillte fàs
A' cur fàilt ort gu moch le 'n òran.

Ach c'ait am bheil ciar-imeachd na hòiche
(Ro d' ghnuis) air fgiathaibh an fhirein?
C'ait am bheil aig duibhre a cònuidh,
'S namh chòsfach nan reulta foillse?

Tra leanas tu 'n ceuma gu luath,
 Mar shealgair gan rùaga san speur;
 Thus' a' dìre' nan aonach ard,
 'S iadfan air faoin-bheannta fàs a' leam'?

'S aoibhin do fhiubhal a sholuis àigh,
 A sgaoileas le d' dhearfa gach doinionn;
 'S is maifeach do chleachdan òir
 A' fnàmh fiar 's do dhòigh ri pille;
 Le seachran an dall-cheò na h-òiche,
 Cha ghlacar thu choidh' ann ad chùrsa;
 'S doinionn nan cuanta gabhaidh
 Cha féid gu brath as d' iul thu.
 Le gairm na ciuin-mhaidne bidh teiridh,
 'S do ghnuis fhéilidh a' dufga' gearn,
 A' fògra' na h-òich' o gach àit
 Ach suil a bhaird nach faic do sholus.

Ach amhuil so, aos-lia lag,
 Bidh tusa fathaid a d' aonar;
 Do fhiubhal 's na speuraibh mall,
 'S tu dall mar mis' air an aonach.
 Doilleir mar ghealach nan trà,
 Bidh t'ànra 's tu fiubhal nan speur;
 Caifeamachd na maidne cha chluinn thu,
 Mar na fuinn gun luadh ri eirigh.

An fealgair feallaìdh o'n raon a' t'èir
 Ach cha'n fhaic e taogas a' ti'ean;
 Brùchdaidh a dheòir 's e pille' fo smalan;
 "A mhadai' mo ghraidh! threig' a ghrian finn!"
 —Bidh aoibhneas an fìn air foluis na h'òiche,
 Tra bhios mac na foillse mar Thrathuil.

Nach cumhainn leat * cobhan an laoch,
 A b' aobhach cèum air cùl Ghorm'ill?
 Dà fhleagh mhor a shinnsear na làimh,
 Is sgia fo bhràgad foillse.
 Bha ghruaidh ruiteach fo dhuib' bheairt,
 'S fhalt cleachdach a' frutha' m' an cuairt;
 Smuairean cha rabh air an ògan,
 'S e cròn nan dhàn nan treun-laoch.
 Dubh-bhronach 's deur-dhearg fhùileach,
 Dhuifg na chòail macan aofda,
 Srann aig fhalt an gaoith nan aonach,
 'S ofna mar aon ga fhàruch'.

“ Mo

* Cœrulus haud aliter dimicat incola Thules,
 Agmina falcifero circumvenit acta covino.

STATIUS,

“ Mo chomraich fein ort a Rì' nan lann,
 M' 's tu a tann a Thrathuil threin,
 'S tric a chuala taobh' na Dula,
 Fuaim ulla' mo fgeithé fein ;
 Ach a nis chà 'n iul do 'n choimheach
 Fuar-thigh tofdach Thual-arma.
 —Chunnaic Mor-ardan maife m' aon-ghin,
 Ach cha b' annfa lè a ghnàthan ;
 Mhùch 'e lafair ? thàin' e 'n cèin,
 Is ceathrar ag eirigh mu ràmhàn.
 Mi fein 's mo ghaol Slis-geal
 Bha nar seasamh air tràigh san am ;
 Tharruing e leis finn g'a churach ;
 Feuch fhuireach air traigh na Lèana.
 —Tiubhraich dhomh aon do d' dha shleagh,
 'S thoir fein ma feadh dhomh do chònadh.”

Dh' èisd Trathul ri fgeul a bhròin,
 Le corruich 's le fòlas mu seach,
 An t'sleagh thiubhraich e gun eagal,
 Bha thartar mar eas fo chòsaibh,
 —F' a chomhair dh' eirich feachd
 Fo 'n sgei chaidh am macan aosda ;

Theab

Theab Trathuil na chorruidh a bhuala' ;
 “ Na falaich do lann uasal na fhaoin-fhuil.”

Feuch caogad elaidhe 's coilion 's fleagh,
 A dealra' mar leis nan spèur ;
 Tha Colguil nam meadhon aobhin,
 Mar theine beumach an deataich dhuaichni :
 Mar dhealan nan nial san òiche dhoilleir,
 Tra chluinneas na fleibhte torran na sìne.

Chuir Trathuil 's e fein an rúaig
 Le cleasaibh cruaidh aig Doire nan eas ;
 Chunnaic an òighe Ri' nam buadh,
 'S ni 'n gluaifeadh i fein le Colguil.

Dh' imich an laoch mar thannas na ghruaim,
 Nuair nach gluais e le anail a chraobh,
 'S e feithe' na uaimh ri dian-fhéide'
 Doininn eiti nam mìlte gaoth.

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

* * * * *

Chaidh Trathuil a'fios na eide'
 Mar sgarnaich o mhullach fleibhe ;
 Mar bhuinne-fhruth fuaimneach oilteil,
 No mar theine 'm falt nan coilltean.
 Bha Colguil 's e fein mar dha fhruth aonaich,
 Chluinnte air gach taobh am beucaich ;
 B'airde fuaim am faobhàr geala
 Na toirm mhic-thallai' 's croinn gan gearra'.
 Bha Trathuil mar neart na gaoithe
 Leagas giuthas Mhorbheinn aobhach ;
 'S bha Colguil mar luas nan steud-fhruth
 Bhios le aodann fhliabh a' leumnaich.

Tha fradharc Cholguil a' snamh an ceo,
 'S a cheann-bheairt fo leon nan sleagh ;
 Tha Corran gun fgia, mar charraig
 A sgriobadh le dealan na hòiche.
 Tha lamh Dhuchonais air uchd
 A' cofga fruthain a chreuchdan,
 A thaice ri aos-chrann briste :
 Ceann is ceann-bheairt Chrisoluis nam blòide.
 —Tha Tual-armà san dus na chreuchdaibh
 Ga lèire' fo chasaibh nan an-laoch.

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

(Mar dhubhar na Lèige) gu Trathuil,
 'S ann da-san air leam gu t' aithreach:
 Thionndaidh Trathuil, 's Colguil theich,
 'S mo Rìgh gu tràigh ga ruaga ;
 Le aon do mhillte guineach mu Thrathuil
 Thuit Colguil 's a lamh na churach.
 —Leum Trathuil na bolg,
 'S e tionnda' gu flòigh nan colg ;
 Ach fheid ofag e 'mach,
 'S e ait am meadhon a thèabhachd.

Dh' fhàg e 'leannan na tigh,
 'S dithis leanabh r'a glùn,
 An cluas fo chiabhan òir,
 A' cromadh an còail a chiuil.
 —Tha 'n clàr nan lamha fein,
 'S iad fo ioghna gu d' threig an fhuaim ;
 Tha am meoir a' fguaba' na cruit,
 'S am mathair ri huchd nan cruach.

“ C' àit am bheil ceuma mo ghaoil,
 Air faondra' measg bheannta fàsa !
 Faiceam taogas a' teachd,
 'S do chiabha clearc mar ghath air faire.”

Dh' imich a bhean dhonn-shuileach,
 Mar cheo an drùchd a' dircadh aonaich ;
 Tra dh' eircas e 'n gleannan diamhair,
 Air sgia na maidne, fo lusaibh braonach.

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

B' ard air carraig a scread,
 'S na glinn a' freagairt da héighe ;
 Air ionndrain Thrathuil, le fuathas
 Dhòirt an oigridh nuas o 'n fleibhte.

Gu buidheann Cholguil bhuaill iad, dian :
 Ach chualas o 'n lear guth Thrathuil ;
 Chaifg an onfha ; dhuifg an aidhear
 Ri faicinn an Rìgh na bhàrca.

Chruinnich iad mù Cholguil, ach fhuaras
 Dorcha duaichni' gnùis a mhilidh ;
 Cuid da ùr-gheugan aobhach,
 'S cuid sgaoilte mar dhuilleach glinne.

'S air cladhach' dhuinn leapa nan laoch
 Chuireas Colguil na chaol-fhardaich ;

Lùb ogan le barr a shleagh;

Thrèig a lùireach a shneachd-bhràgad,

Dh' aithnich bean nan suile donn

* Gaol Gholguil 's i trom na neul;

Dh' aithnich i n ighean Shorna nan cuach,

'S thug i lua' le deoir air a fgeul,

Dàn eile Gholguil.

Ighean na maife 's cruaidh leam fein,

Air traigh na Feinn' thu bhi d' shìneadh;

Ach 's aoibhinn tanam a d' neoil

'S tu le Colguil fa chònuidh iosail.

Fosglaidh ar tannais an àros

Do 'n òg aillidh a' teachd nan còail;

Ni gaisgich aoibhneas an talla nam fleadh;

'S bidh oighean greadhnach le'n cruit ri ceolan.

Bidh gear orts' a d' neoil,

Ach t Athair an Sorna bidh dubhach:

Ag imeachd air bilē na tràgha

Thig gànraich nan tonn g'a chluasan;

“An

* *al. An Cailin mòdhar 's i trom na neul,*

“ An e so do ghuth, ighean mo ghaoil !”

—Tha ula aosda ri fiontaidh arda.

Pill gu talla nan corn glas ;

Pill o stoirm alluidh na tràgha,

'S gun neach a' freagairt do ghlaodh.

Ach Mac-thalla nam faoin-fhàsach.

Tha do n ighean ag imeachd air neoil,

Is talla nan corn cha taobh ;

Le Colguil tha a ceuma luath,

Thig i gu d' bhruadair * gu caoin.

—Ighean na maife 's cruaidh leam fein

Air tràigh na Feinn' thu bhi d' shìneadh,

Ach 's aoibhinn tanaim ad neoil

'S tu le Colguil fa chònuidh iosail !”

B' amhuil fin cliu na hòigh,

Ach co bheireadh oran do Cholguil ?

Mar chrith-reo na Lanna 's an òiche,

Thig am foill air bóthan an tfealgair,

Tra bhios a ghaoth na tàmh, 's gach fuil na fuain,

B' amhuil gluasad an fheachd mu'r tuaiream.

—'S tric an taibhse ri fnàg fa cheo

Bhios brònach air bharra na huaighe,

Ge

Ge nach faicear le fùil na greine,
An ceuma air aonach duaichni.

Ach 's leir dhuit, a sholuis an là,
Taibhfe Thrathuill na cheo glas,
Tra dh' eir'eas e d' dhearfa trá nòin,
'S a bhios ceo air binnein nan sleibhte.
'S taitneach le d' dhearfa leaba nan treun,
'S ceo-éide nan laoch gàbhaidh;
'S tric thu blà air leabuidh Threimhoir
'S ag eirigh air lic Thrathuill.

Is cumhainn leat, a sholuis mo ghaoil,
Na laoch bu mhaifeach air Morbheinn,
Oir is fine do sholus na aon diu,
'S an deigh dhoibh caochla' 's beo thu.

Mairidh tus', ars' am filidh o shean,
Tra dh' fhàsas sean gach tùr is talla;
Tra sheideas an ofag ro Sheallama,
'S a bhios Taura na fhardaich fhalaimh.

DEARG MAC DRUI'BHEIL*.

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

Ach

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

Ach dhomhfa cha torran ur guth
 'N ur cruth-cheò tuaiream ur paillion,
 'S gur cuimhne leam iomairt nan fleagh
 An aghaidh ur Deirg sic Druì'bheil.
 Sgeula nam bliadhnai a threig
 Air bharraibh an fgeithe doirche.

Sguir an tfeilg is choidil na feidh
 Fo dubhar gheug air chòinich;
 Thuit brat na hòich' air na fleibhte,
 'S féifd aig feoid an Seallama.

Bha dàn is dân ann mar bu nòs
 Bha fud ann is ceol nan clàr,
 Lè donnal chon am fè na greis
 O'n chreig fa 'n geal an tràigh.
 —Leig dithis gu tràigh nan dù-thonn,
 Suil-nan-ròide 's Cafa-caola.

A ghealach leth-dhoilleir nan trà
 Dùifg an aird o charraig Mhor-bheinn,
 Seall ro gheugan air éilde nan cadal,
 Is tuite' do ghathan air Caothan.
 Feuch do 'n choimheach 's do 'n chaomh an tìul,
 Is stuir o'n lear iad gu Seallama.

Tha dorus Fhinn do 'n ànrach fial

* Iul-dìche tair o'n speur do sholus.

Ach lochrain nan speur tha nan fuain

'S an cèo m' an cuairt gan éide'

Tha 'n raon dorcha, gun ghath air' lear

An iar no 'n near ag aomadh.

Tha taibhfean a' feola feach,

'S a' feachnadh an ionaid le 'm bàrcaibh.

Duifg, a ghealach o'n raon,

Is taom, Iul-dìche, do dhearfa.

Sheall a ghlas mhadain

Air bharraibh nan sleibhtean aobhach,

Tha borbhan an cluais an luchd-faire

Mar chuilean maidne nan sgaothaibh.

Dranndan bheachan an aonaich

(Arfa Gafa-caola) nam mìltean

A' taomadh o 'n chuachaig chòinich

San lòn an d' imich an luaineach.

Cha chuilean maidne 's cha bheachan aonaich

A ni ghaoir fo (deir Suil-nan-ròidean)

F f

Mar

* Taoma gach reul tro' cheo an solus.

Mar ghealach an neulaibh tofdach
Tha feachd a' coiseachd fa cheo ud.

Le gnuis nàraich phill na fir
Le fios gu Fionn nà * Feinne;
An fleaghan gu tric air an talamh
'S iad athach le ceuma neo-amhluidh.
A' bualadh an uchd, 's a fliogadh an ula,
Sheas iad fo shruthan a' leumnaich
O ftac gu ftac 's a cheo nam falt
'S an anam an cein a smuainteach'.

Bhrift acain Suil-nan-ròide,
Chual am firein i 'n còs a chraig,
Chrath e sgiathan; chlisg na laoich
'S le beum-sgeithe ghlaodh iad còrag.

Mar dha bheum-fleibh' o'n fhireach
Le cheil' a' fire' gu gleanntai,
A' fguaba chlod is chlach is chraobh,
'S gan taomadh thall 's a bhos air lòintibh;
(Tra bheireas an leanabh, gam faicinn,
Le gealtachd air daraig na bruaiche;)
B' amhuil siubhal nam fear gu còrag;
Mar shruthaibh an còail na fairge.
—Tha Casa-caol an iallaibh cruaidh,
Is còrag tual aig Suil-nan-ròidean

(Ach co b' urra còrag ri Dearg
 Dearg deacair fin mac Drui'bheil?)
 Chluinntear leis an tfealgair na chadal
 An cois na carraig' an fhuaimneach,
 Amhuil sgairneach o chreagaibh arda
 Tra ni tairneach neamh am buala.
 Tha 'n earba le fiubhal sàmhach
 A' goid feachad le hàlach ciar
 Làn ioghnaì mu 'n tfealgair leisg
 Nach teich gu doireacha diamhair.
 Crathaidh fi ceann is i falbh
 " A fhealgair is baobh do chiallfa."

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

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

F f 2

Bha

* Mun du bhuail mi gu grad beum-sgeithe.

Bha ceud ann do mhiù Innse-faile;
 Cha b' abhar gear doibh Dearg mac Drui'bheil;
 Chunn' iad a bhratach dhàithte uaine
 'S chual iad e 'g eigh each iorguill.

Chruinnich a chuideachd mu Fhionn,
 Bu choigrich clann Innse-fail;
 Sheas iad, gach fear 's a fhleagh na dhorn,
 'S a shuil fo chòrfaid air Fionn-ghaèl.
 Amhuil foluis fo neula dorch
 Tra bhios coill air chrith, 's an speur ri borbhan.

Chunnaic Fionn cath duldaì
 An fuil gach laoiach, ris fein a' còra,
 'S fhuair an Fheinne chean' an cliu
 Chluinntè 'n dùcha cèin an òrain.

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

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

A spionadh anuas bho carraig
 Le gao'-chuart is farran taibhse.
 Tha aon lamh ga rùsga gu faoin,
 Sleagh a shinnsear san aos-laimh eile,
 Oig' a' leumnaich mar shruth bras
 Air anam, 's e borbhan' dhàna.

Chual e guth Fhinn r'a mhac
 Ghrad-bhac an sgeul ud a sinuainte ;
 Dhuifg gean eadar a chiabha glas
 'S e tionnda gu cas a fhùl air zon-mhac.
 —Thionndaidh e fhuil gun fhradhar,
 'S ceo-aois' air taoghal a ghruaige.

So dhuit a mhic mo dheà' shleagh
 Is tric a leag na feoid mar gheugan ;
 Iomair i mar do shinnsear san àraich,
 Biodh iadfan gairdeach, 's mi fein gun leirfinn.

Feucham do lann a mhic nam feachd,
 Fo chaill Sorglan beachd a fhùl,
 Feucham do lann an geur cruaidh i,
 'S an *umha do sgia ri uair gàbhaidh.
 —Càirich an iall fo, a mhic
 Cha mhise dh' earbadh 's mi òg r'i,

Tra

* Carraig.

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

'S bha mis' a Chùraich am òige
Mar dhoininn a' dorta' do 'n àraich,
Seachd laoiach bha fud am imeachd
* 'S ioma damh an I-forla fàruicht.
Lionadh Ul-thorran le fraoch is feirg
Air an leirg 's e fad air dheire,
Loisg e ar bàrca fiar air tràigh,
'S chuir e fichead am fà gu'r mille'.

Mhathaich ighean da bhriathra bàis,
'S da ghnuis a' fàs mar cheo Lanna,
B' ionmhuin lei mo cheuma fein ;
Dh' fhàs mo dhreach mar gheig na hanam.
—“ Ma leagas an doinionn thu gheug uaine,
Cha bhuan mise, 's cha 'n fhàs mo dhuilleach.”

An-moch nar 'n uaimh fhàs
Fhuaras an reul àigh Iulorno,
A falt òr-bhui' mu gnùis nàraich
'S i g innse' 'n fhà do chaitheadh oirne.
“ Seachnaibh a nochd an uaimh
Ach na hinn'fìbh gu d'fhuair fìbh fios ;

Ta

* Tri laithean am fireach I-forla.

Ta anam an Ri' mar dhubhar na huaighe,
'S mo lua' fein air aineal o's n iosal."

Dh' imich i mar ghealaich fo neul,
Tra dh' fheuch i fhlighe do 'n ànrach,
'S e 'g imeachd air ailbheinn oillteil
Mun do bhoisg an folus gu haghòr.

Chosgair finn am fichead fear mor
Dh' iarras an oigh ;—ach fhuaras marbh i.
Lot lann a hathar a huchd,
Is thuit i dlù da fhardaich.

Caoin mar eal' air Lanna nan fruth
Tra bhios faighead na huchd fàithte,
Bha 'n oigh ;—'s a brathair ga dùsga,
Làn ioghnai finne bhi cràiteach.

Claidhe' foluis thugas dha,
Chàireas an oigh an leabai' chughainn,
Far an dealraich a ghealach an duibhre
'S an cluinnear caoi nan oighean-taibhse.

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

Tri làithe fhil ar deoir

* Air a cheathramh sheol sinn dachaidh,

—B' amhuil sin m' oige fein :

A Churaich bi'treun mar tAthair †.

* * * * *

Is eil eòr a' fàgail a' fàgail a' fàgail Ait

* Mu 'n sheolas am bàr Ulthorrain.

† The following verses are sometimes repeated here. As they have some poetical merit, I set them down, although they may more probably belong to some other poem.

Chuir sinn amach a dh' fhulang dorainn,

Bratach Fhearis òig mo bhrathar,

'S thog sinn amach bratach Chaoilte

'N Lia'-luideagach aobhach ànrach.

Thogadh asua mo bhratach fein,

'S a solus mar ghrein an duibhre ;

'S thog sinn amach an Lia-luimneach,

Bratach Dhiarmaid oig o Duibhne :

Ard mar neulaibh ball-bhreac

Am barraibh nan giufach uaise,

Ioma-dhathach mar bhogha nan speur

'S frasa ceitinn air cluainibh.

Gach frann a chluinnté san adhar

O chratha nan fròl gabhaidh,

Mhofgladh an fhuil 's an tanam

Le sparradh a chum na hàrach.

Leumadh

Ait mar iolair nan ard-bheann
 'S i tearna' le fgiathaibh fuaimneach
 Gus a chòs am faic i air faondra
 Minnein ca-trom na faoin-chluaine,
 Dh' imich Curach : bha fhloigh na dheigh
 Mar easaich' ag éigheach ro fgarnaich,
 No mar tharnaich fo choill air chrathadh,
 'S gun aon tein-adhair san fhàsaich.
 —Mar uisge Bhalbha nan ciuin-cheum
 Gu domhain treun bhuail chuige Dearg ;
 Cith-chatha na shuilibh lafrach,
 'S a fhloigh gu tartrach m' a thuaiream.

'N sin chaidh finn an dàil a cheile,
 Sloigh nan Druidh' is fuinn na Feinne,

G g

35

Leumadh an fhuil co bras,
 An cuilibh nan gaisgeach mòra,
 Ri beum fleibh o'n aonach,
 'S gach aon ag eigheach còraig.
 An sin bhiodh torrunn a chatha
 Mar dhuilibh an adhair san dò-uair,
 Tra bhios gaoth is gaoir is dealan
 Ri farum an coill nam Mor-bheann.

'S bu luaithe na greann-ghaothi earraich
 Sinn a' dol an tùs na teug-bhoil :
 Na bu luaithe na milte do fhruthaibh
 A' ruith an aon flugan o ardaibh
 Bhiodh a' beucaich gu' treun meamnach
 Le toirm gheamhraidh o gach fafach.
 Cha bheuca treun-thonn na tuinne,
 Nuair bhuailt e ri creagan arda,
 Le neart na gaoith tuath fan fhaoilteach,
 Cha stuadhadh ri gaoir an ard-chath.
 —Ceart choimeas còrag nam fear
 Cha 'n fhaca mi riabh ri m' latha.

Thall 's a bhos gach taobh do Mhor-fhruth
 Sheas na feoid am fè na dàmhair ;
 Air bharraibh an fleagh mu dheire leum iad
 An còail a cheile * fa bhoile ghàbhaidh.

Tharta mar dhealan 's na neulaibh
 Bhual gu cheile 'n fìdigh le 'n stàilinn.
 Tha caoire dearg thar fgiathan a' breabail,
 Fuil air fgeiran, 's laoch gam bàthadh.

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

An

* *al.* fan amhàinn fheirgich.

An fealbhan a cheil' air uchd an tfrutha
Tha 'n fiubhal ; 's e Dearg a ghearr iad.

Leum Curach a tri air ais,
Is leum a chlaidhe geal as a thruaill,
“ Sgaoil Oifiain do sgia : caomhainn do lann,
Is fann cliu gun chothrom Feinne.”

“ Ri Laoch leointe ni 'n gleachdam fein,
Cha 'n eireadh mo chliu na bhàs,
Imich gus na blàra chaidh feach
'S gu gleachdainn ri Oifian na hàbhachd.”

Dh' imich e 's a fhuil na lafair,
Thachair air fleagh gun aon ga giulan,
(Efan a dh' iomair tric i fan àraich
Cha chluinn an tràs gaoir a chatha.)
—“ A Chaoin-chanaich ceangail ri 'm uchd i,
'S nach faicte Curach a dhiobhail làimhe.”

Thuit mo fhleagh fein air Dearg,
'S e dire' ri calg na bruaiche,
Ghlac e 'n taos-dharach na thuaineal
F'eadh bhruafgail lann is chrann is chnàmhan.

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

G g 2

Thuit

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

Thuit a dhaoine bhos is thall
Mar dhuille chrann an doinim dulaich.

Tharta tha na fruthain ri breabail

'S am falt mu chreaga ga fgaoile,

Clogaid is ceann-bheairt an so 's an fud

Air udal an cobhar na haimhne.

Tog arfa Dearg do chlaidhe liomhai,

A mhic Ri, 's gun mise claidhte.

Togams' e, arfa Curach cathach,

'S e sgatha chrann asios is dhaoine,

'S a leagail a chlaidhe, mar dhealan

Feadh daraich, air Dearg nan Druidhean.

Thuit an laoch san amhainn fhuaimnich.

Làn fuathais theich a dhaoine.

Ach bha Conn an iomall na Féinne

Gan lèire mar * dhus an cuairt-ghaoith.

Ghrad-thionndai mi fein na chòail

Gus am facas Fear'as òg mo bhrathair ;

A chridhe laiste le boire-chatha,

'S a shuil mar phlatha na hòiche.

B' amhuil e 's iolair òg

Tra chi si meann o Mhor'uth fleibhteach,

Air

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

Air tuilteach gaoithè sgaoil i sgiathan,
Ach leum an ciar-mheann fo gheugaibh.

Sheas Conn na aite fein
Mar thannas air Lèana san òiche,
Tra èideas e bhuill le déalan an adhair
A ghios a chatha na bhoisge.
—B' amhuil Conn 's a shloigh ga threigfinn,
Lean e fein iad mall is gruamach.
Dà uair phill e san ag
Mar shruth Balbh' a' stad an imcheist.
Ach fuil gan d' thug e ri Athair a fuas,
Chunn' e ghruag dhearg san tuil,
An claidhe fathasd na leth laimh,
A gheug an fàs san laimh eile.
Gu grad thug e Athair gu fhliabh,
Bu tiamhaidh fuaim a chaoi 's a lùirich.

Phill sinne gu Fionn gu caoin,
Chòlaich caochan finn san lòn,
Ionnsui thug Curach gu leum,
Ach thuit air a sgei mhoir.
—Tha 'n fruth a' dìre' r'a bhrollach leonta
'S a' crònan feadh bholg a sgeithe.

“ 'S mo chomraich ort, Oifiain 'ic Fhinn,
 Thoir an claidhe fo ionnfui mo mhaic,
 'S e ruaga' nam fònan * fgiathach -
 Aig Slia' shruth aobhach nan dofa tric.

Dlù dha taomàs an teas
 Eadar gorm-phreasa na bruaiche ;
 Thig an toirm gu cluasa mo leinibh,
 “ Tha m' athair (a deir e) mu m' thuaiream.
 —Le ceuma neo-amhluidh am chòail,
 Chi e brònach an fteud a mheall e.
 Pill a leinibh gu t fhònan faoin,
 'S air neulaibh caoin bidh mise aoibhinn.
 —Innis da, Oifiain, mo threubhas fein
 'S gun eireadh anam le bhlianaibh.
 —Tha oigh nan làmh mìn gu deurach
 Ag ull'ach éidi' fa chomhair Churaich,
 A bos f'a ceann ri turram bròin ;
 Oigh mo ghaoil, tha mis' am fhèine.
 —Leig dhiot do shaothair og-bhean
 Foghnai dhomhfa ceo nan aonach.

Dh' fhoisgladh do'n laoch an ùir-chònui,
 'S thogadh le cròn nan bhard a leac.

Rainig

* taibhseach.

Rainig an éigh gu Athair aoida

'S e 'g aomadh an còail a mhic.

Shaoil e gu bu leis buai-làrach

'S tha lamh amach na choinneamh,

Ach chual e rìs guth caoi nan leac;

“ Am bheil tAthair gun mhac, a Churaich!”

Mall, dall, ag imeachd an raoin,

Thuislich air laoch fo laimh an éig

“ Och cia beag a nis tha do threoir

Aig Triath mor nan fruthan fleibhteach!”

Sheall an leont' thar bile fgei,

'S i spàirte ri creuchd na uchd

“ An robh thufa riabh an Iforno?

Ma bha theag gur eol duit an lann fo;

Fhuair mise 's mi òg an gath foluis

Nach tog tuille Ulan-forna.”

Bhrùchd cuimhne na bha

Mar thuil air amhghar Shorglain.

Chualas e, acain air acain,

A' caoi brathar ghafda Iulorno.

Dh' iomchair finn an dithis fear

Gus an uaigh 'n do leag finn Curach,

B' ait le Saorglan an taite cònuidh,
 'S cha b' ann le Ulan-forna bu mheasa.

“ Cuirear mo chraosnach uinfinn
 Gu m' aos-mhathair, am ionad fein,
 Mac no og-bhean ni 'n d' fhagas
 Rì faicinn air tràigh Iforno.

Mar ghallan air fleibhte faoine
 Tra thaomas ofnaiche Lanna,
 Tha mise gun bhrì gun fhàs
 Cuiribh mò fhleagh le baigh gu m' thalla.

Cuirear dhachaidh do fhleagh, a Laoich,
 Arfa Fionn gu bronach caoin.
 Do d' mhathair tha nis gun mhac
 Do fhleagh cha toir moran tlachd.
 Tha 'n lafair, na talla, geal ;
 Is amhlui (deir am bard) gun smal
 Tha cliu dò mhic: ni ife gean,
 'S crith sholais thig gu hanam fean.
 “ Mar ghrein do m' anam fein
 'S mar òrra-fhleibhte do m' aois,
 Bidh cliu mo mhic ghradhaich,
 Faic, their an oigridh, a mhathair.”
 —Tha i stad a fhiabadh' a sùl,
 Tha fuaim fgei fann air a cùl,

Tha dreach fol' air a' bui'-bholg
 Thug sud do 'n aosda geilt is còlg.
 Tha donnal glas-mhadai fàn fhaiche
 'N e Ulan forho ta e faicinn?
 Tha 'n taos-bhard air a shleagh ag eifdeachd
 'S a shuil an gorm-thir ard nam speura.
 Tha neoil air gaoith thar lear
 Dh' aithnich e tannais nam fear.
 "Fosglar an talla 's na neoil doibh
 Is cromadh an finnfir nan còail."

Ard ro chàch tha imeachd Ulainy,
 Caol dhears' dìche * ro a mhullach,
 A sgia bhriste na stioma dorchu
 Mar cheum na gaillinn air chreagaibh corracha
 Chaochail an neul is phill am bard,
 Glas-ghnùiseach mar na speuran ard ;
 Thribuail e chlarsach le fonn,
 A fuaim bu tairseach 's bu tròm.
 "Fhilidh na Forna taig do chlár,
 An aros Fhinn fhuair sinne dàn."

H h

Fhuair

Fhuair thu fin o gach bard
 A mharcaiche nan fion ard
 'S o Fhionn fein, is Saorglan bronach,
 Aig an aite 'n robh Curach na chònui.
 'S is tric thu 'm aire fein
 'S tu teachd fa ghaillinn o chein,
 A dh' amharc air faiche do chliu
 'S a chlann a' feoruich co thu.

“ Tha tannas air Mor-shruth ag aoma,
 Roimhe ta 'n solus a' taoma'
 Fann : is aileachd a ghath
 Na fgèi is na bhrollach o'n chath.”

Aithneamfa bho sgeul nan òg
 Triath Iforlo 's Dearg d'a choir
 A ghruag air a deilbh do dhealan dearg,
 'S an * darag aos'ar dlù dha feargta.

Cuairt

* The oak was the favourite tree of the Druids. “ The Druids, (says Pliny, l. 16. c. 44.) have so high an esteem for the oak, that they do not perform the least religious ceremony without being adorned with garlands of its leaves.” The temples of the Druids were frequently placed in the midst of the thickest groves of oak, such as that described by Lucan; Pharsal. iii. 393.

Lucus erat, &c.

Not

Cuairt nam flath gur ait leam fein
 Gu aonach nan tannas gun bheum,
 Far chuire' gach falachd air cùl,
 'S a bheil na feoid air fad a dh'aon rùn.
 Tha còail nan Cathan an fith,
 'S iad air fgiatha na doininn gun ftri,
 Gun bheum-fgeithe gun fharum lainne
 'N cònuidh thofdach na caomh-chloinne.
 Tha fliochd Lochlinn is Fhinn gu hard,
 Ag eisdeachd caithream nan aona bhard,
 An ùigh cha'n éil tuille ri ftri,
 'S gun uireas' air fiothainn no frì,
 Tha 'n fuil air na blia'naibh a threig,
 (Le fnotha gun ghean mar mi fein)
 'S air raon nan rua-bhoc le ioghna,
 O'n glas-eideadh air mharcachd fhèine.

H h z

—Mar

Not far, away for ages past had stood,
 An old unviolated sacred wood ;
 Whose gloomy boughs, thick interwoven, made
 A chilly, cheerless, everlasting shade.

Rowe's Translat.

The priests of many other ancient nations, and even the
 Hebrew patriarchs seem to have held this tree in the like ve-
 neration. See Gen. xxxi. 4, 8. Josh. xxiv. 26, &c.

—Mar sgeula nam bli'a'nai chaidh feachd
 Air iteig aonaich le 'n ciar-dhreach,
 Tha * aisling na beatha dhuibhsa a Fhlaithean,
 Mar tha dhomhsa Dearg nan cathan.

—Sud sgeula nam bli'a'nai a threig
 Air bharraibh an sgeithe dorcha;

C O N N.

* ΑΛΛ' ΟΛΙΓΟΝ ΧΡΟΝΟΝ, &c.

Few are our days, our youth is like a dream

Which fleets a moment o'er the thoughtless mind,
 And is succeeded by unlovely age

Which leaves the mighty frail, forlorn, and blind,

Unlovely age! more to be fear'd than death,

Thou mak'st our beauty and our strength decay;

Our sons despise us, and the young forget

That we, like them, have once been young and gay.

Mimnermus, de Senect.

C O N N*.

SGEULACHD air Conn mac an Deirg
 Air a liona le trom-fheirg;
 Dol a dhiola' bàis Athar gun fheall,
 Air Uaislibh 's air Maithibh na Feinne.

Tha gaath thiamhaidh nan speur
 Ad gheugan aofar, a ghiuthais mò ghraidh,
 Do cheann lùbta 's tula aofda
 Ga sgaoile mar chuailein a Bhàird.
 Dh' imich air fruthaibh na fasaich
 An spionnadh a b' àbhaist leinn,
 Tra chlisg am magh fo cheuma Chuinn;
 Nach cuimhne leat fein na làith' ud?

No

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

No 'n do chaill thu mar mise do bheachd
 'S tu gleachd ri iarguin na haoife,
 Gun air' air na làithean a threig,
 Is aoibhinn ge doilleir an cuimhne.
 —Sgeul air na blià'naidh nach pill
 On feachran air luim na fàsaich.

'S bha sgia fein fo uilinn gach laoich
 'S cath baobhail Dheirg air fgur,
 Mis air uaigh Churaich am shìne,
 'S ceo-cadail a' liona m' anama;
 Far an d'èirich fo 'n gheig uaine
 Tri leacan o bhruaich nan còsan.

Thuirling air m' anam ceo-chruth,
 Mar ghrian mu lùba na Caothan,
 Tra bhios beanntai doilleir fa cheo,
 'S daimh chròice fo sgàil an aonaich.

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

A' pille' gach uair gu chruth fein
Ge d' sheid an ofag na cuairt e.

“ Com an caoidle' tu Oifein,
(Se tharum air ofaig a' taoma'),
Com an cadal do 'n Fheinne
'S * gàbha-bheil nan caradh ag àoma' ?”

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

'S

* This term has been explained formerly in the *History of the Druids*. It is compounded of gàbha, *danger*, and Beal, *the object of Druidical worship*. It alludes to the trial by the *Ordeal* of fire, as practised by the Druids. He who escaped unhurt from this trial was said to come out of gàbha-bheil; and hence the word came to denote any great jeopardy or danger. Death itself seems to have appeared less dreadful than gàbha-bheil, when the issue of it proved unfavourable.

“ Crèach is croich, is gàbha-bheil,
Is measa na iad fud araon,” &c.

'S thainig fear-faire na Feinne
Le sgeul o fhlugh nan Druidhean.

Gus an * innis an coidil a fhinnfeamh
Fo dharaig nan geuga lùbta;
Bhios ag aomadh air uilinn nan leat,
Dhiunaich iad Dearg nam feachd baobhaidh:
Far an tribuail baird 's an eigh taibhse
Nan dui-neula 's an dearg-fhuil capinteach.

Le Suil-dìche phill mi fein
Gu fèimh thar uisge Mhòr-fhruth;
Chualas † mic Lódha ri tribuail fgreadh
Ri tannais an geilt mu 'n cloich thiamhaidh.

“ A

I

* Supposed to be *Iona*, which was anciently called *Innis-Druinach*, and which was possessed by the Druids, till St. Columba, towards the end of the 6th century, fixed upon it for the seat of his monastery. The inhabitants still point out the burial place of the Druids, and call it “*Claodh nan Druinach*.”

† i. e. The Scandinavian priests. Their incantation is in a different measure. The wildness of its numbers admirably corresponds to the subject of it.

" A cheo na Lanna !

Uamharr alla,

Air dhath fala,

Taosg o'n chala gun deifinn.

Taom, a Lodda !

Fraoch do chorruich,

'S lion le ogluichd

Aisling 's brollach na Feinne.

'Nam fradharc eirich

Ad chruth eiti ;

Torran fhleibhte

'S lafair speur ga d' chòdach.

A cheo na Lanna,

Aom nan cara' ;

'S buair an codal

A chruth-Lodda nan leir-chreach !

O fgap do dhealan,

Luaisg an talamh,

Buail an anam,

Is na maireadh colann beo dhiu."

'S nim bu tofd do na haofaibh lia

Ri fonn tiamhaidh chàich.

* Ghoir iad, 's nìor ghoir gu diomhain;
An luib an fiontai chual an cairdean.

Air

* The following lines are a different recital.

Chualas le Loda 'n fhuaim,
Dh' aom a chruth dorchas nuas,
B' éide dha dealan speur,
Duili' 's doinionn measg a cheil'.
B' ionan anail is tein-adhair,
'S e ga féide plath' air phlathas;
Chuireadh a sgread, a sgairt, is éighe
Cith is crathadh air na sleibhte:
'S mur dealra' lann an Luin an laimh Fhinn
Mheathadh e cridhe gach fuinn.
Ach theich e roimhe le fuathas,
Tra thug an Ri' siorra ma thuaiream.
Theich e le toirm na torruinn
'S e marcachd a mhìle doinionn.

Of this passage the following lines may be almost taken as a translation, though not intended as such.

* * * * *

“ See Loda's gloomy form advance,
On high he lifts his shadowy lance,
Within his hand the tempests lour,
The blast of death his nostrils pour :

Like

Air an éide le teine na hòich'
 Air uairibh shoillsich iad mu Chonn.
 'S tric a theich coimhich o'n iarguill dheirg,
 Mar earba bho fhalasg an aonaich,
 A grad-leumnaich gu coire nan coillte
 Gun fhuireach ri fealltuin uaipe.
 —B' amhuil geilt laoch ro ghàbha Dheirg,
 Sheas Fionn air an leirg gun mheatachd.

I i 2

S

Like flames his baleful eyes
 Appal the valiant—from the fight
 They turn before the blasting light ;
 His hollow voice like thunder shakes the skies,
 Slowly he moves along, exulting in his might,
 Vain are thy terrors, dreadful shade !
 Lo ! Morven's king defies aloud
 Thy utmost force.—His glaring blade
 Winds through the murky cloud.
 The form falls shapeless into air :
 His direful shrieks the billows hear,
 And stop their rapid course with fear.
 The hundred rocks of Inistore reply,
 As roll'd into himself he mounts the darken'd sky."

* * * * *

ODE TO OSSIAN.

'S chunnas Conn na aonar
 Trom-fmaointeach air fleagh dhealruich,
 A ghairdean air chrith 's a fhleagh air chratha,
 Le clachaibh fa ghealaich a' boisge,
 Chunnas anam ga leire'
 Le smuainte cath is eiridh bròin,
 Tannas Athar o'n ghealaich ag aomadh
 Air dus nan neul is aogas tiamhaidh ;
 Amhuil * aonaran lia nan creag
 Le aire leagt' air faoghail dhorcha.
 Bha ula dearg an fruth na gaoithe,
 'S ofnaigh mar ghaoir na Leigé,
 Tra shnàgas tannais na dhall-cheo,
 Gun bhard le cheol gu'n deanadh aoibhin.

Bhuail Fionn am bolg
 Cho-fhreagair gach tolm is creag ;
 Chlìsg eilde bho 'n callaid chòsaich
 Sgartaich èoin nan coillte fàsa.
 Chual' an talla-mhada 'n fhuaim
 'S e tearna nuas gu mort na hàraich,

Phill

* The aged Druids lived frequently in retired caves and rocks after their power had been broken.

Phill e gu uaimh le nuallan feargach
'S le fuile dearga, bàs nan rua-bhoc.

Sheall Suil-dìche 'n d' fhalbh gach reul,
('S ar ceum an còail an Rìgh)
Sgrios a chas air laoch le Dearg
Am fasga carraige na fhìne' :
Bloidh fgeith 'fi b' adhart da cheann
'S fhalt na ghreann am fuil ga sgaoile.

“ Coma dhuifg thu 'n Laoch as fhois
Le d' chois fhaondraich 's mo lamh gun lùgh,
Com' a dh' fhuadaich thu m' aisling air ghaoith,
'S mo ghaol Roscana bhì dlù ?
—B' aoibhinn leam imeachd le haiteal,
Ach bhac thu mi, aineil an fhaondrai.”

Co, arfa Suil na h-dìche,
An Roscana bha co loinn'ar,
An robh a huchd mar chanach sleibhe
'S an robh a fuil mar sholus reultan ?
A guth mar chlarfaich Ulainn,
A ceum mar lùba cuifeig,

A dreach mar ghealach 's na neulaibh
 A' feola' san òiche 's ro-fhèimhe?
 An d' fhuair thu i, mar eal' air chuantai,
 Maifeach faondrach air bheag luaghair?
 Fhuair ; 's bu leams' an leannan àluinn ;
 C' àit, a Laoich, an d' rinn thu fàgail?

“ Fhuaras i 'n uchd na tuinne,
 'S i feoladh air bras-bhuinne
 Gu hinnis ; a chumail còail
 Ri fear do fheàraibh nam Morbheann.
 Thairgeas di gradh is gaol
 An I-uaine trà dh' òb an laoch ;
 Tri miosa dh' eur i m' aoibhneas,
 Dh' fheuch an tige' Suil na hòiche.
 Mun do dhorchaich an treas gealach
 Shearg an òigh mar gheig air thalamh ;
 Shearg i mar *og-ghiuthas uaine
 Le gaoith bheann an deigh a luafga.
 A geugan fo 'n doinninn lom,
 'S gun luadh aig eun innt' air fonn.
 Thogas a huaigh air tràigh
 Dà lic san làr gu 'n lèth

Iughar

* ghiuthas og I-uaine.

Iughar le duibhre dlù,
 Is caochan * ciuin ri slios na géige.
 —So leaba na hòighe gaoil :
 Chi am maraich a caoin-chruth,
 † Air a héide le ceo ro-gheal,
 † Sa churach an cala na hòiche.
 —B' amhuil a dreach am aisling fein,
 Le deo aoibhin b' annfadh imeachd ;
 Pill a Roscana gu m' aisling fein,
 A dheo-grein' am brollach na duibhre. §

'N

* *al.* bròin o charraig éithne.

† *al.* “Tha teide do cheo ro-gheal,”

‡ *al.* 'Se faor o dhoininn na hòiche.

§ In the following tender ode by Mr Thomson, this thought is beautifully enlarged.

Tell me, thou soul of her I love,

Ah! tell me whether art thou fled,

To what delightful world above

Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou, free at pleasure roam,

And sometime share thy lover's woe,

When, void of thee, his cheerless home

Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh!

'N do thog thu leac mo ghaoil,
 A thriath Innis-uaine nan craobh?
 Mur leighis luibhean do chreuchd,
 Bidh do leaba 's do chliu leam fein.
 —A bhuinneag Mhoi-ura 'n d' eug thu!
 'N do shearg a Roscana do gheugan;
 Tra ghluais mi fein gu blàraibh Fhinn,
 Fios chuireas nach do phill;
 Bha mo cheud shuil gach moch air lear
 'S gach an-moch thug mi 'n cuan fainear,
 San òiche bi m' adhart a chreag,
 Ach ni 'm facas mo ghaol a' teachd. *
 —A thriath I-uaine—ach cha bheo thu,
 'S glas do ghnuis ann orradh òiche;

Tha

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
 While under every well-known tree
 I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
 And every tear is full of thee?

Should then the heavy eye of grief,
 Beside some sympathetic stream,
 In slumber find a short relief,

Oh! visit thou my soothing dream!

* *Al. am dhufga.*

Tha do shuil mar thein' a chaochail,
Ach eiridh t uaigh, a chaoimh mo ghaoil-fa.

Mar thuitem daraig am, feafgar fèail
Tra fhreagras gach coill' is creag do'n éigheach,
Chualas a rìs sgia Rì na Feinne
'S i co-ghairm a chuideachd le cheile.
Leumas air ar sleaghan gu luath
Seach an tàit an robh Curach na uaigh.
—Ach co fin air fhòid uaine,
Madain no beum-sgei cha ghluais e?

Sud Cofa-geal; bha Thriath air thall
'S bha bhior-chluas ard ri gaoth gac ball,
A' tionnda bho ofaig gu hofaig
Chluinntte leis * sgia na huifeig.
Dh' iarr e Curach fa bhlàr,
† San dearg-chobhrach fhuair a lamh,
Gu brònach thog e na bheul i,
'S rainig e uaigh Churaich gu deurach;

K k

4

Shia

* *al.* faoin-fhuaim na duilleig.

† *al.* air bile Mhor'-uth.

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

—Tamul

* *al*, chuilean tarr-gheal: 'The dog is white.'

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

Casa buidhe bhiodh aig Bran,

Da thaobh dhubha ri tarr geal;

Drim uaine fu 'n fuidh an sealg,

Cluasa corracha cròc-dhearg.

The following lines in the same poem which mention his regret for having once struck him, are highly expressive of his regard for him.

Dh' amhairc ormfa Bran buadhach,

* B' iogna leis mi ga bhuala',

'N lamh sin le 'n do bhuailleadh Bran

'S truagh o'n ghualainn nach do sgath.

In the passage in the text, the poet probably alludes to the following very tender passage in the 1st Book of Temora, where Ossian laments the death of his son Oscar.

Chruinnich iad uime na sluaigh,

'S gach aon neach ri buirich thruagh;

Cha chaoineadh Athair a mhac fein,

'S cha ghuileadh a bhrathair e:

Cha chaoineadh piuthar a brathair,

'S cha chaoineadh mathair a mac;

Ach

—Tamul do m' fhleagh fo m' cheann,
 Dh' at mo chrìdhe, le ofnai theann;
 Phill mi ri màdadh a bhròin
 Ach cha leanar leis mi d'a dheòin.
 Le tri fgalan dh'imich anam;
 Gun deò, mar chrè, tha Cofa-geala.
 —Com a bheil m'anam co-mhéat?
 Ach tha fuaim an Rì le fhloigh gam dhùsga.

Mar ioma-ghath greine fan fhrois
 A' boifge' ro dhoininn gun fhois,
 Mu thimchioll Fhinn air gach làimh
 Las lainn Innse-fàil is Mhòr-bheinn.
 K k 2 Tha

Ach iad uile anns a phlosgail
 A' geur-chaoine' mo chaomh Ofcàir.

* * * * *

Donnalaich nan con ri m' thaobh,
 Agus bùirich nan sean laoch,
 Gul a phanpail fo-co snitheach,
 Sud is mò a chraidh mo chridhe.
 Cha d' fhidir duine roimhe riabh
 Gur cridhe feola bh' ann am chliabh;
 Ach cridhe do chuibhne cuir
 Air a chòdacha le stailinn.

Tha Curach iofal ;
 Tha mìle fuil air Fionn,
 Tofdach, an duil ri ceann-fea'nais.
 Air ais sheas Fear'as nan cath
 Eag-samhluidh: a shuìl air dhath
 Rèul ro' bhraon, * 's gun ghaoth a' gluasad ;
 Anam ag at, uchd a' bualadh,
 Fhuil air ghoil ; a shleagh ga paradh,
 'S e g amharc thar chàch air Ri na Feinne.

† C'ait am bheil an og-iolair fhuaimneach
 Bu tartrach fgia am feachd a chruadail?
 Cha b' fhònan le 'n do sgaoil thu 'm blàr
 'S cha bu lorg leinibh do shleagh a d' làimh.
 Chi mi orra colg a chatha ;
 'S leats' a mhic an diugh an latha.
 Lùb an tuaibhreach, 's na buail am fann,
 'S am fuil a mhiodhair na truail do lann.
 Mur tuit na trein cha 'n eirich do chliu,
 'S taibhse nan speur gu d' cheum cha tig dlù.
 Caomhainn an lag, ach an aghaidh an làidir
 Biodh mar dhoire ri theine do ghairdean.

Mar

* *al.* fan oiche chluanais

† Fingal speaks.

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

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

Chualas an fhuaim leis an aos-shealgair,
 'S e 'g eiridh * o chluainein na hearba;
 " Sud (is e caisdeachd) torman an torrain,
 Ach cha'n fhaic mi na lorg an dealan.
 —Theaga gu bheil doinnionn air chuantai'
 Chi mi o'n charraig a stuaidhean."

O'n ghlas-sgeir bha 'n fhairge ciuin
 'S o fhleibhte foir a ghrian a' dùsga,
 'S ag amharc ro 'n bhraon air aos-ula
 'N t sealgair, 's e g eisdeachd ri † fuaim na tuinne.
 Air faicinn da feachd Chuinn,
 " Ruitheam fios a choghnadh Fhinn."

A

* *al.* sna còfanaibh falchaidh.

† taic a lainne.

* A Laoich nan cath dòbhidh,
 Fuirich air earraig do chònuidh;
 Tha floigh na Feinne lionmhor
 'S iolach † bhàis an am dol fios ac'
 Tha Fear'as rompa treun na fhraoch,
 Mar thannas fo'n lùbar an raon,
 Tra ghlacas e doireachan uaine,
 † 'S a thilgeas e bonn a fuas iad;
 Na cheann tha torrain; na fhùil tein-adhair
 'S fhalt os cionn chrith-dhaoin' air chratha.
 —B' amhuil Fear'as an cinnseal Chuinn,
 'S an leirg air chrith o thuinn gu tuinn.

Le sgreadail an lánna garbha,
 'S le caoiribh teine bho'n cruaidh arma,
 Chuir iad ialg nan cuanta stuadhach
 Ann an caoilte caola fuara.
 Chuir iad feidh nam beanntai arda
 Gus na gleanntai fuara fàsail,
 'S eunlaith bhinn-fhoclach nan coillteach
 Anns na speuraibh le crith-oillte.
 Ghabh òighean làn-h-gheal geilt ro'n sgartachd,
 'S iad ag itealaich dol tharta;

Chòdaich

* The poet speaks. † ghàir.

† *al.* mar luibh le ògan guanach.

Chòdaich iad an cinn nan fuain-chrith
 'S fir na Feinn' a' ruith nan smuainte.
 —Oighean lamh-gheal nam mòr-shruth,
 'S ioma treun a nis nach beò dhiu,
 'S ioma caochan dearg san aonach,
 'S ioma craobh le geugan sgaoilte;
 Laoich mar chroinn a léag an dealan
 'S an cinn uaine tinn san doiminn.

Mar dha iolair a' ruith o charraige,
 Gu coinne' 's gu cogadh air neula dorcha;
 Bho thaobh gu taobh le gaoith gan luaíga,
 S an ealtuinn uil' air chrith le 'm fuaimneach.
 Chòlaich Fear'as is Conn a cheile,
 'S b' fhada 's cian gun bhuaidh am beuma;
 T' Lodach fa dheir' a fhleagh,
 A mhic Ri, do 'n tfeabhaig dean fleadh."
 Bi thus ann a d' chuilm do 'n stàilinn
 Arfa Fear'as na mor-àbhachd.
 Thuit a cheann-bheairt gu talamh 's an ceann,
 'S a cholann crochta san tfeagh gu teann.

Chunnaic Fionn a mhac an teinn,
 'S tharruing e chlaidhe air a bheinn;

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

Air marcachd na sìn' tha tannas o fhean,
 Ag amharc le ioghnadh air còrag nam fear;
 “ Is amhuil fo 's mo cho-laoich fein”
 A deir e 's e tuirling na neul.
 Sheas e eadar a mhac is Fionn,
 'S ni 'm faicte Fear'as ro an lionn.

Le geur-iomguin 's uamhann ftoirmeil
 Dh' aom Fionn, mar nimh-thorc Ghorm'ill
 Tra chi e ('s e forra' na leacainn)
 Ceum an tfealgair an caradh a bhrocluinn;
 Tha creagan a' freagra da eigheach,
 'S a' crathadh an cinn le'n coillte geugach.
 B' amhuil Mor'uth air chrith ro Fhionn,
 'S a bhard mar dhearg bheum-fleibh na dheann.
 —Ghrad-las a rìs mor-fheachd na Feinne,
 Mar fhalasg air Laoire 's gach gaoth ga fheide,
 O bheinn gu beinn, le toirm an-fheili;
 'S le smuidrich ghlas an aird 's na speuraibh,
 Tha taibhs' a' cluiche na dhò-lasair,
 'S an earba na fìll air aftar,

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

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

Bhrosgluich e ri faicinn an Ri,
 Ach chunnaic Fionn a spionna d'a dhì,
 'S leig e dha imeachd gun fòradh,
 An deigh a chathan thar Mor'uth.
 A' dire' na bruaiche thall,
 Air an treas ionnfui thuit e nall,
 Thug an amhainn lùbach éigh aisd,
 Mar gu tuite' fgarnach * gheugach
 Tra fhiubhlas an torran 's na neulaibh,
 'S a bhios na glinn air chrith le 'n treudaibh.
 —Leum gach fleagh an dàil an Laoich,
 B' amhuil aogas as òiche gun lochran.

* *al.* shleibhteach.

A mhìlidh bu treine 'n diugh
 Thuit thu (do rà Fionn) fan àraich !
 Cia lua-shiubhlach làidhean an laoich !
 Sguabaidh e 'n raon fa mhadain,
 Ach mu 'n tuirling òiche nan neul
 Cha 'n 'eil ach fuar-chrè dheth r'a fhaotainn.
 Tha mhathair 's a leannan gaoil
 Mu thurlach aobhach na féisde ;
 Tha 'n cluas amach, tha fuaim ag eirigh,
 An solus na ré tha bhuidheann dlù dhoibh ;
 Tha 'n ruith le aoibhneas na chòail,
 An * caisil-chrò tha 'n laoch ga ghiulan.

Tra c.

—Dorcha

Cev

chrò is an obsolete expression, which seems to be the name for a coffin or bier made of wicker, and used in ancient times by the Highlanders. The word occurs in this sense in a poem of great antiquity (though later than Ossian's) called *Laoi' Fhraoich*, beginning with these lines;

Och mo dhunaigh Cuan ud Fhraoich !

Corp ap Laoich an *caisil-chro* :

Truaighe bho 'n tuirseach gach fear,

'S o'n guileadh gach mor-bhean òg.

It is remarkable that the vehicle in which the ancient Romans carried their dead was exactly of the same texture.

“ Feretrum

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

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

'S e Liughar at'ann le chu glas,
 Arfa Fionn, 's e grad-dhol na dhàil,
 Ach cha do leig leis neach do chàch,
 A chum 's nach cuirte nàir' air Liur.

A Thriath Mhoi-àluin 's ait leam fein

* A charaid threin, gu bheil thu beo.

Thug thu dhomh nuair bha mi òg,

Cuig fichead bò le 'n cuid laogh,

Is baoghan an cois gach bò,

Air an raon ofcinn Drim-caol.

Thug thu dhomh fichead each

Do m' iomchar as gach càs-claoid ;

Thug, is cuig bàrcail fò m beairt

Do m' thoirt gu traigh as gach tuinn.

Thug thu fin dhomhsa gun bhreug,

Gun eura, gu fèilidh coir,

Is gheibh thu nis diola ga chionn

Fhir is ceilli cainnt is gloir.

Cha

* O chionn cein.

Cha mhife fein a nis Liughar
 Ars an fean'ar bu mhor iochd,
 B' fhearr leam bàs fhaotainn gun teach,
 Na gu gabhta mi na riochd.

Gu deimhin is tu Liughar fein,
 'S thig feachduin gu feisd Fhinn ;
 Theid feachd laoidh an fin leat dhachaidh,
 * Gun fharran an imeachd do cheum.

'S bha Fionn is Liughar laimh air laimh
 Is càch a leantuinn nan deigh,
 Nuair thachair oirn clach air an raon
 'S a thuirt Liughar aofda na cheill :

“ Com' am biodh luchd na co-fheisde
 Ri ftri le cheile ni 's mò,
 No iorguill aig fiol nan treun,
 Ait, aon-fgeulach, marbh is beo.
 A chlach so, gin na carraige,
 Togaibh an aird air leacainn Mhor'uth,
 Ni chlann do 'n aofda a thig,
 Seadh na lice so fheoruich.

‘ Stiuraibh

* A dhion tffhuilt o dhoinion nan fleibhte

—Borcha, gearr, gun dears' air raon,
 'Tha beath' an Laoich, mar latha dùlaich.
 Fhearais, thoir Conn da chaoimh air aineal,
 Is farraid a nochd iad gu fleadh na Feinne.

Chuala Conn an Ri',
 Is fhìn e làmh, 's e crith-bhriathrach,
 Gabhfa Fhear'ais mo fgia,
 'S aig Fionn nam fiann biodh an t flat * :
 'Tha m' anams' air † rioluinn a' triall,
 Gu ionada fial nam flath ;
 Càiribh mo cholann lem' fhinnfear
 An' caol-thigh taimh na h Innse-uaine.

L 1 2

Dan

“ Feretrum constar cratis fuit, e ligno et vemine contextum.”
 Car. Ruæus in Æn. vi. 218.

* The Druids wore a white rod, called *Slatan Druidheasda* or “ magic wand,” with which they pretended to perform a great many wonders.

† That souls on their departure from the body take their flight to the other world in such vehicles, is an opinion which still prevails in some measure among the vulgar Highlanders, who generally believe that certain meteors, to which they give the name of *Dr'eug*, portend the death of eminent persons.

Dan Liughair *.

Chunnas ag imeachd an raoin
 Roi chraobha ceuman an tfealgair ;
 Liomh e tri uairean a fhleagh,
 Is bha ofna gach uair dhiu cràiteach.
 Le laimh air chrith 's le ciabha geal,
 Shiab e ghucag a dhall e.
 Ach phill, ri mòr-ghabha na Feinne,
 A laithe treun, is aois air di-chuimhn,
 Bhuail e nar dàil :—ach sguir an iorguill,
 'S le borbhan do'n fhasach phill e.
 Aig diobradh fhalluinge, bha sgia
 Faraon is ula lia ga chòdach,
 Mar fin is bian tuirc air a thaobh cuil;
 Chuir e air ar fùile deifinn.

“ Thugar

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

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

' Stiuraibh mise, their efan,
 Air laimh, gu leacainn na Mor'uth.'
 Le ceuma ro-ghairrid ra thaobh,
 Tha chlann leis an aosd' a' triall,
 A thaice r'a * fhleagh, 's a chuilean dall,
 Am feasgar mall 's na h-eoin a' feinn.
 Tha ceum nan aighean fan raon,
 Ach an Laoch no chuilean cha chluinn,
 An iar-ghrian is gann is leir dha,
 Aoibhneach na lia-chuailean,
 Amhuil fo, air gach taobh da mhuineal,
 A' trufa mu bharr a luirge.

Rainig is laimhfich e 'n leac,
 ' Si fo, a chlann, leac na Mor'uth
 (A deir e 's e sgith r'a taic)
 So an leac a thog ar fionnshear;
 Cuimhnichibh a chlann an sìth,
 Gach uair a chì sibh † leac na Mor'uth !'

Innis

* luirg.

† The custom of setting up such pillars as monuments of the ratification of solemn agreements, was very common in ancient times. See note in the translation, p. 308.

Innis a leac do na blià'nai mall
 Tha thall air chùl'aobh na greine
 * 'S nach cluinn guth na maidne gu cian,
 Leis fo gu d' iarradh sìth na Feinne.
 A leac na sìth aig fruthaibh mòra,
 Cuire' taibhs' is còineach dion ort,
 Na deana' nàmh, no doinionn, no fruth,
 Am feadh amhaireas Mor-shruth, do dhìobhail †."

Chaitheadh an òiche ri cuilm is ceol
 Is dh' imich air madain floigh † nan Druidh;
 Sheinn gach filidh caithream broin
 'S cha robh cloir nam Mòrbheann fàmhach.

Bu

* 'S do 'n tsiol nach eirich gu cian.

† At the end of *Dan Liughair* is generally repeated the following stanza, supposed to have been the approbation given it by some *Culdee* or "Son of the rock," to whom it was first addressed.

Mile beannachd dhuit gach rè,
 Oifein fheilidh is binne gloir;
 Arson aon sgeoil co maith blagh
 'S a dh' airis thu riabh ri d' bheo.
 † *al. Chninn.*

Bu treun a Chuinn do làmh,
 'S bu laidir a Laoich tanam,
 Bu tric timeachd fa chuàn-cheo,
 Gu dòbhidh ofcionn na hàraich.
 Ach a nis cha 'n 'eil agamfa leirfinn
 Ge do chluinn mi tèigheach fa ghiuthas ;
 Ge do chluinn mi fan fheasgar fhàimh thu
 Mar an tràs aig toirm an tfruthain.
 —'S binn a shruthain do bhorbhan
 'S binn do thorman feadh do lùban.

Ach teichidh am bard o'n òiche
 Bho chaoiran coilich an aònaich,
 A' luidhe' na chuartaig chòinich
 'S e glaothach o'n raon r'a cheile.
 —A cheile mo ghaoil-fa, Aoibhir-àluinn;
 Is amhuil a b' àbhaist leamfa ;
 Ach a nis cha toir feairt air mo ghlaodh
 Ach mac-thalla nam faoin-bhruachan.
 —Tha Fionn na neoil, 's cha bheo Oskar,
 Aoibhir-àluin na tofd is Mala-mhèine,
 C' uin a bhios Oisian le shinnfear
 'S a dhiobras * a bheatha bhall-bhreac?

M m

Dhùthich

* *al*: a laithe fad-òicheach.

Dhìthich mo chairde, mar lic-lighe,
Tha 'n cònuidh r'a fire' 's an cuimhne.

* Ach cha 'n 'eil anra aig Oifian na aonar ;
A Liughair aofda bu leatfa cuid deth,
Chunnas a d' thalladh an fheisd,
Do choinlean céir agus tfhion,
Ge d' tha e 'n diugh na aibhist fhuair
Tha e uair a b' aros Righ !
Chunnas mar fin teach Leir,
Ach mar ioma-char deas na bliadhna,
Chunnas Liughar gun tigh gun teach
E fein is a chaomh-bhean fhial.

A' fiubhal gleannan na Moi'àluinn †,
Fhuaras na fhasach tigh Liughair,

Minnean

* This and the following paragraph are generally repeated with the former part of *Dan Liughair*, when it is taken as a separate poem.

† In a note to the Translation of this passage, it was observed how easily the Gaelic language could accommodate itself to the nature of whatever subject it had occasion to treat of, so as to make the sound generally convey an idea
of

Minnean na hearb' air a dhrim uaine,
 'S a fuaine sìnte fan fhardaich aoibhinn.

M m 2

Na

of the sense. Some instances were likewise given of lines harsh or soft, rough or smooth, according to the nature of the subject described. It was particularly observed, that in this passage, which relates to a tender and mournful subject, the most prevailing sounds (*ai, ei, uai, &c.*) are such as may immediately inform either the eye or ear, of even a stranger to the language, what the poet treats of.

The Gaelic being an original language, is in a great measure an imitation of nature. All its sounds, therefore, must be more an “echo to the sense” than those of any borrowed or artificial tongue. It is, however, more peculiarly adapted to descriptions of the soft, tender, plaintive, and elegiac kind; a circumstance to which may be owing, in some measure, the preservation of those ancient poems which fall under this character. But when we say that this language is particularly adapted to the soft and tender, perhaps more so than any language in the world, strangers to its structure and genius may suspect us of prejudice or partiality. They see its awkward appearance in a garb which is not its own, and suppose, very naturally, that the letters which they look at have the same sound and power as in other languages with which they are acquainted. Hence they immediately form conclusions unfavourable to the harmony of the language, as will easily appear from a single observation

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

An

observation or two, which will serve at the same time to confirm what has been a little ago asserted.

The Gaelic alphabet consists of *eighteen* (originally *sixteen*) letters. Of these *five* are vowels; besides the letter *h*, which has somewhat of the power of a vowel, as well as of aspiration. Such a proportion of vowels must be attended with a harmony and softness not to be found in other languages, in which the proportion of the vowels to the consonants is much less. It must likewise be observed, that of the *twelve* consonants of this language *eight* or *nine*, in most of the inflections, are altogether mute; the effect of the aspirate, so often annexed, being either to deprive them of their power, or to render that power more vocal, soft, and mellow. — This peculiar circumstance contributes so much to the *euphonia* or harmony of the language that if it were written as it is sounded, when properly and gracefully pronounced, the number of its vowels would be found probably equal to that of the consonants which retain their power. And to guard against any inconvenience that might arise from so great a proportion of vowels, this language has made admirable provision, by a general law which seldom or never allows two vowels to be pronounced (unless in a diphthong) without interposing a consonant. There is either an elision of one of the vowels, or of two or three auxiliary or
 servile

An gaothan ga chuartach, 's na ciar aighean
Beul a thighe san tfruth, fo smuairéin.

A

servile letters provided for the purpose, one or other naturally steps in and fills the *hiatus*. But of the admirable and peculiar structure of this language we can give but a very inadequate idea in the bounds of a note. Few languages bear more evident marks of having been cultivated by Grammarians and Philosophers, although we know not at what period. In this view alone an acquaintance with it would amply reward the labour of the student. Connected as it is too with the learned and ancient languages, as well as the source of a considerable part of the modern tongues of Europe, the Philologist would find the knowledge of it a very important acquisition. This would lead him to the origin and meaning of hundreds of words in living languages, of which no tolerable etymon or account can otherwise be given. It would likewise lead to the pronunciation and meaning of innumerable vocables in the ancient languages; Hebrew, as well as Greek and Latin.—The following passage, which contains a just, as well as an elegant and concise account of this language, will form a proper conclusion to the preceeding remarks.

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

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

Is amhuil caochla na beatha 's na bliadhna ;
 Bha mise gun iarguin an samhra m' oige,
 Mar ghiuthas na Mor'uth uaine,
 Gun smuairein ro' dhoininn a gheamhrai.
 Shaoil mi gu maire' mo dhuilleach
 'S nach cuireadh an aois air mo gheugan.
 Ach a nis tha mi lom mar thu fein
 Is m' aos-chiabhan air fgei' na gaoithe ;
 Dh' fhalbh làithean ar gean le cheile,
 Air fgei' na doinninn do 'n aonach.

LOSGA

intervallo sequatur. Sacer orator, Hibernicæ linguæ fulmine sceleratos a flagitio sapissime deterret, ejusdem quoque linguæ lenicinio, a flagitio ad virtutem attrahit. Linguam Hibernicam multa concinnitate prædictam esse quis neget ? cum eam Stanihurstus ipse fateatur, acutam, sententiis abundantem, ad acria apophthemata et jucundas allusiones accommodatam esse."

Cambren. everi. p. 16.

LOS GA TAURA *.

CO fo taomadh a bhròin,
Mar dheò air anail na hòiche?
A ghuth ànràch an cluasaibh Oisein,
A' tòra' cliu, le osnaiche caoirain.

Taom, a thaibhse, do ghuth,
Niomfa gu fùbhach eifdeachd;
Mo chluas na ciabha lia,
Ag iarraidh tainme 's do fgeula,

Tha

* *al. Teamhra.* Sometimes called *Laoi Ghara's nam bdn.* The latter part of the poem is generally repeated as a separate piece; under the title of *Oisean a' caoi nam Fiann.* "The lamentation of Ossian for his friends."

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

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

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

* Aërial music in the warbling winds,
 At distance rising oft by small degrees;
 Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
 It hung, and breathed foul-dissolving airs.

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

N n

* Mar fhonn a ghaoil tra dh'aomas Osear, "like the music of his love to the ghost of Osear." In the Celtic mythology it was believed, that songs in praise of the departed contributed to their ready admittance to *Flath-innis* or "isle of the happy;" and proved afterwards a grateful incense to their ghosts, when they hovered around. As the following verses give a true idea of those songs, to which our text refers, it will not be foreign to our subject to insert them, though already well known, by the title of

Oscar's Ghost.

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

Rise Ossian! last of Fingal's line,
And mix your sighs and tears with mine;
O! tune the harp to doleful lays,
And soothe my soul in Oscar's praise.

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

Ceasr,

'S i gaol mo chaomh-Oscair a t' ann,
 Fuir uifeag nan gleann falamh,
 Le amhuil i 's gealach air fleibhte,
 Mall-cheumach, 's a gnùis fo smalan.
 'Ta i caoidh * gach peathar a threig,
 Cha 'n fhaicear an ceuma ni's mò,
 Mar reulta san speur air caochla',
 No mar ghealaich 's a h † aogas dorcha.

Ighean Thofcair, ‡ 's falamh an tàite,
 Duifg-fa le d' dhànaibh m' anam.

Duifg

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

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

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

* *al.* na cuideachd a dh'eug.

† *al.* eudach.

‡ *al.* far dhomh mo chlarfach.

Duifg e bho chlàd-chadal na haoise,
 An-aobhach, gun folus do chiuil-fa.
 Mar chlàr taibhs' air ceathach an noin,
 An gleannan mòdhar nan caochan lùbach,
 Tha guth na faoin-uifeig am chluais,
 Taom fhuaim air * chlar is duifg mi.

—Dall air m' anam fein

Tha na bliadhnaidh a threig a' pilltin.

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

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

Mar bho' na frois air fleibht.
 Bha oighean aoibhinn nar còail,
 A' feinn caithream nan ceud clàr,
 Le mànnan binn an òrain.

N n 2

Faillte

* a/. an òich'.

† a/. gall.

‡ a/. fleibhte.

Faillte na Feinne.*

Co fo lionhaidh na éide’

Le † mharc uaibhreach ard-cheumach,
Glas-mhuinneach, le fmùidre ceathaich
O shroin (mar dheathach Thaura)?

—Co fo air an each steudach

Leas-shuileach, chobhar-bheulach,
Amhach mar bhogha-catha
Labta grinn san ard-adhar?

—Co

* i. e. “Hail to the Heroes.” It was customary that the women came out to salute the men with songs, as here, on their return from war.—We find the like custom among the Jews in the days of David and Saul. And the women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing—“Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands.”

1 Sam. xviii. 6, 7.

On this subject, see Mr Walker’s memoirs of Irish Bards, page 22.

† Marc, “a horse,” is now obsolete, except in its compounds and derivatives, in which it still keeps its place.—As cattle formed the *medium* of commerce in the early state of society, before the invention of coin, the image and name of certain animals, of a cow, a sheep, or a horse, were given to the first coins to denote the value at which they were to pass. Hence the name of the old coin *mark*, from the above word signifying a horse.

—Co ach Fionn nam fianтай' feachd
 Mharcaicheas am bras-each frianach?
 Tha do chliu, a Rìgh na Feinne,
 Mu'n cuairt duit, mar ghathaibh greine,
 Na sholus tha miltean aoibhneach,
 'S an gnùis mar an lear is fè air;
 An gearn mar Chaothan fa cheituin,
 Tra bhios iasg ri cuilean ag eiridh.
 Ach na laoich, co ciuin an sìth,
 Tha mar dhoininn ri am na strì.

—Theich sibh, a choigrich o' chein,
 'S a rìghrean an domhain gu leir;
 Theich sibh gun eide' gun each,
 Dh' fhàg sibh nur deigh iad san fheachd!

—“ C'ait' a bheil ur n airm 's ur n éide'?”

—“ Feoruichibh do shìol nan fleibhte.”

Theich ur daoine fein gu nàrach,
 Cha bhi 'n ainm am feasd 's na dànaibh.

Oigh cha tig le clar nan còail

Nan teach uaigneach tha iad brònach.

—Brònach bithibhs' oighean aineil,
 'S balla-chrith biodh air rìghre 'n domhain;
 Le clàr is ceol bidh sinne aoibhinn,
 A' cur fàilt air slòigh na Feinne.

B' amhuil a sheinn ar n òighean
 'S an gnùis mar òrra-shleibhte,
 Tha bhios duilleach na daraig uaine
 Gun ghluafad thar uisge Lùbair.

'S ni 'm b' fhois do chlàraibh nam bard
 An Taura ard san uair fin,
 Le 'n crith-ghuth ait san talla aoibhinn,
 Chluinnt' ann an cein am fuaimneach.
 —Tha 'n darag dhearg na lafair,
 A folus gu fairfing a' fgaoile'
 Gu ciar-imeachd an Aineil
 Air sliabh na falluinge doirche.
 —'S ait le fhuil-fan an talla,
 " So far an caith finn an òiche ;
 Teach Fhinn ! tha chònuidh fgaoilte,
 'S e ainm aobhach * Tigh na feile †."

Dh'

* *al.* Teach an Aineil.

† The doors that know no shrill alarming bell,
 No cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
 Self-opened into halls.

Castle of Indolence.

Dh' amhairc an Rìgh gus an raon,
Am faiceadh e aogas coigrich,
'San dorus chòlaich e Bard aos-lia
'S e 'g aomadh air fuigheall luirge.

Le aoibhneas thug Fionn e fteach,
Air a leachd bhà imeachd a dheoir,
Fhalt tana toinnt' air gach taobh,
'S uladh aofd air uchd ga chòlach'.
—Air a chulaobh, a' giulan a chlàrsaich,
Bha ògan ànrach athach :
Shuidh iad gu'r cuilm le cheile,
'S gach aon ag eiridh gu muirneach.

Dh' iarras orra bhi fubhach,
Is am mulad mar cheo nach gluaife'
Glas-neulach air bonn nan fleibhte,
Ge * d' eirich a ghrian mu'n cuairt da.
—Fa dheire ghlac an taofd' a chruit,
A fonn gu tiamhaidh nar cluasa thuit.

Dan

* *al. loinear.*

Dan an aos-fbilidh.

'S bha Sithaimhe na Thriath an cein ;
 A thalla dh' eirich air gorm nan lùb,
 An afgailt bheann is choilltean aosda,
 San amhainn aobhaich tha dreach an tùir.
 — Deich is da fhichead ám fa ghleann,
 Osciann Sithaimhe shearg an darag,
 “ Faicibh ar laithean a' failneach,
 Do radh e gach uair ris gach caraid.
 — Mar dhuilleag dharaich, mar fheur abnaich,
 Tha gach aon mu'n feach a' fearga' ;
 'S ionan aimfir na beatha 's na bliadhnai,
 Mar dhian-ruith cloiche ro' gharbhlach.

Tha cuid a' fearga' mar ròs,
 Cuid mar dhuilleach òg san tsamhra,
 Cuid mar mo ghaol san fhoghar fhailneach,
 'S cuid mar Sithaimhe fa gheamhra*.

3

O

* — Behold, fond man !

See here thy pictur'd life ; pass some few years,
 Thy flow'ring spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober autumn fading into age,

And,

O 'n tha ar n ùine mata co gearr ;
 Faigheamaid na thràth ar cliu ;
 Biodh ar ceuma mar sholus air aonach
 Mu 'n caochail ar laithean ànrach †."

Cha d' iarr Sithaimhe riabh
 Ach fìothann a fhliabha fein,
 Is deoch cha d' iarr e òl
 A' fruthaibh mòr' an céin.
 Tra dh' iarradh an lag a choghna,
 Bha a lann an cònuidh deas,
 Air chùl a fgeithe dìleis
 An tanfhann fo dhidein fheas.

Dh' eirich falachd eadar chairdean,
 Dh' iarr Du-arma bàs a bhrathar ;
 Ge d' thug Sithaimhe do 'n lag e chònadh,
 Cha do thòr e buaidh na làrach.

Thuit Talma is Sithaimhe !

O o

Gu

And, pale, concluding winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene.

Thomson's Winter, 1028.

† Sithama, who moralizes here on the brevity of human life, seems to have been one of the Druids, whose instructions were frequently delivered in this sententious manner.

LOSGA TAURA.

Ch' Eòrna Jub' thar Du-arma,
Tha ian' Sàthainhe òg,
Ch' a' eòl da iomairt arma.

— Chi e coigreach na dhàil
('S an òich air barr nan geuga)
Lua'-cheumach, amhuil athair,
Ghluais e na charadh gu haoibhinn;
Mar chrann fo dhruhd a cheitinn,
B' ait leis ceumà gach aineil.

* * * * *

— Chunnaic e Du-arma fo ghruaim,
“ Tha chuirm san uair fo sgaoilte,
(Thuirt e, 's e sìneadh a làimhe,)
Com nach biodh tu bàigheil aobhach ? ”

Freagra cha d' thug Du-arma,
Ach a fhleagh gu garg a thogail;
An tògan theich le oidhrip fhaoim,
Tha fhuil a' sgaoileadh air stairfnich Athar,

Chunnaic a phiuthar fearg a nàimh
'S a ciabha donn air clàr a huinneig,
“ Aos-bhaird an urr' thu mo dhion ?
Ach chrion do làmh, och cha'n urrainn. ”

Tha

Tha uinneag eil' air tràigh na tinnidh
O'n tric a chunnaic i gnuis,
O fin thug i leum fan tfruth;
Bu dubhach am bard aofda.

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

† “ 'S e m bard, ars' an togan a t'ann’ ”
Bha ghuth fann 's an teug a' strì ris
Thainig cù a' caoi' mu'n cuairt,
'S an t'fleagh fhuair na thaobh cli.

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

O o 2

Chaidh

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

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

‡ *al.* le folus na rè.

§ *al.* 'S le lafair eiti' an tùir.

LOCA TAURA.

Clann' Uigean a chàra' na leabai fein,
 'S anns 'n oigh na eide' leis a bhard;
 A Bhean na Feinne, thoir dhoibh do choghna,
 An t-òg an fò a d' lath'r."

Sgair am Bard le bùire bròin,
 'S dh' fhalbh le'r n oighean Ciabha-donn,
 Anhuil fliuch-reul a fhoilfich tamul;))
 'S 'n fhalluing mu ceann reubta.
 —Thainig tiomadh air fuilean Fhinn
 'S ni 'm bu chuimhne le laoch am fleagh;
 Friccam, arfa Freasdal, mo-lann;
 Colan Fionn a dheoir le chiabha.

" Deichnear gu talla Dhu'arma
 Theid air falbh o bheinn ar feilge,
 'S ge be 's annsa leis an òighe
 Fanadh e na còir na dheigh fin."

Leum sinn mar thannais na hòiche,
 Tra thig foillse na faire', mòdhair*;
 Is dh' fhàgas Gara fan talla,
 Gu faire nan caomh-òighean.

Ciod

* *al.* do 'n aonach;

Ciod fàth do throm-ofnaich,
 Ighean Thofcair, 's iad fathad a' coibhinn
 Tiormaich do dheoir gus an c'òrr gu
 An cuibhrionn eile d'an fgeul.
 Tha dàn a bhroin mar chaochan
 Am bheil anam nan làoch a' leaghadh
 Tha 'n imeachd na fhiubhal dorcha,
 'S a thorman gu tiamhaidh aoibhinn.

Nach cuimhne leat fein an àilleag,
 A Mhala-mhine, tra thainig an t foillse?
 Bha timeachd fan là fin gu Ard-bheinn
 Air falaire la' ri mo dhear'-righ.

* Innfear pairt do dhreach na reul:
 Bu gheal a deud gu hùr dlù.

'S

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

Chuala Fionn 's nior chian uaidh,
 Gul air bruaich locha shèimh;
 Se sud a bh'ann maife mnà
 A b' fhearr càil d'am faca se.

Bha

TOGA TURA.

Bha

Ma : gr aith mar an ròs,
 A b' oil air dhath nan caor ;
 Ma a cneas mar am blàth,
 Tha leaca bhàn mar an taol.

Air dhath an òir bha a falt
 Mar reult adhair a rosg mìn ;
 A Phadruic nam faice' tu a dreach,
 Bhaire' tu fein feirc do'n mhnaoi !

Dh'ruideas Fionn a dh' iarruidh sgéil,
 Air mhnaoi shèimh nan cuach òir ;
 Is thubhairt, A rioghainn nan gruaidh geal,
 Am faca tu mo choin fan tòir ?

Air do sheilg ni bheil mo spéis,
 Ni faca mi fein do choin ;
 A Ri na Feinne gan tàr,
 Is meafa leam fà mo ghòil.

An e do chéile fhuair bàs,
 A bhean bhàla, no do mhac ?
 No cia 'n neach fa 'm bheil do chaoi ?
 Ainnir mhìn is aillidh dreach.

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

LOS GA TAUR

Bha a bràighe cearclach binn
Mar fhneachda tlà san fhìrinn,
Bha dà chich air a huchd ciatach,
B' e 'n dreach fud miann gach fìr.

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

Bha a gnùis mar bharra-gheuga
Anns a cheud-fhàs ur.
A falt buidhe mar 'orra-shleibhte,
'S mar dhearfa greine bha fuil †.

Raineas

No am feudar t'fhurtachd le Fionn?

Is dubhach leam thu bhi mar chiom.

See more of this poem in Mr Walker's Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards.

* *al.* a lamh.

† The following lines of some later poet are generally repeated here.

'S

A Q U A T A U R A.

A' bhràthar fàidh 's a' bhràthar
 A' bhràthar fàidh 's a' bhràthar ro'r cliu,
 A' bhràthar fàidh 's a' bhràthar air lic,
 A' bhràthar fàidh 's a' bhràthar e;
 A' bhràthar fàidh 's a' bhràthar bhos ag aomadh,
 A' bhràthar fàidh 's a' bhràthar gu làr.
 A' bhràthar fàidh 's a' bhràthar air aslaich na gaoithe,
 A' bhràthar fàidh 's a' bhràthar arg-chaoinnteach a fhuil.
 A' bhràthar fàidh 's a' bhràthar leabaidh Thalma ar ceum,
 A' bhràthar fàidh 's a' bhràthar leam, a mhic, do thaibhse!"
 A' bhràthar fàidh 's a' bhràthar leinn ofnaigh an aofda,
 A' bhràthar fàidh 's a' bhràthar bhuia finn gu caoin 's gu còir ris.

I

Ràineas

'S truagh nach mise am fear,
 Ainnir nan rosg mall,
 D' an tiubhra' tufa gradh,
 Is bheirinn a dhà da chionn.
 Bheirinn gaol thar ghaol,
 Bheirinn gradh thar ghràdh;
 Bheirinn rùn thar rùn,
 Is mèin thar mèin a ghna;
 'S nam biodh do chridhe neo-fhuar
 Gun ghluafau a choidh',
 Bheirinnfa dhuit gradh
 Nach crionadh a là no dh' òich,

Ràineas cònuidh ùr-
'S fhuaras gu tiamhaidh d'òran
An fionnach o'n làraich chhàidh
'S an teun òiche bho 'n eighinn d'òran

Dh' iarras gu faoin an uinne
O'n do shiubhail an òigh le fuath
Ach chunnas an fruth a' cleasachd
Mu na clachan an leabai na hàimhne.
Chunnas fuil Chrìgil san dorus,
San tìloc a rinn casa nan aoidhean,
Bu tuirfeach an òighe chiabh-dhonn,
Ach dh' iarras air Freasdal a faoradh.

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

P p

Bha

* *al.* am barda.

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

And

And up among the loose disjunct rocks,

And fractur'd mountains wild, the howling brook

And cave preſeſſeful, ſend a hollow roar,

Reſounding long in liſt'ning Fan-

And ſound the ſound of the ſound,

Clatter'd, and murmur'd, and cas nan iula;

And ſound the ſound of the ſound, bho thalla fein,

And ſound the ſound of the ſound, —“Taura millte!”

Living each aon ro 'n torran,

Is nunn ſinn mar dhealan gu Caolra;

Living each aon ro 'n torran, air barr a fhleagh'

Is nunn ſinn mar dhealan gu Caolra, fa chaolas.

Is nunn ſinn mar dhealan gu Caolra, fa chaolas,

Tearn-ſinn mo ghaol is an talla.

—Thug e d' a phlaofg' air a fhuil;

Is dhuin mu cheann an amhann.

B' annoch ar teachd ghios an talla,

Bha ceann na lafrach iofal,

An teach air tuiteam gu làr,

'S a' fmaladh an teine fo ſi meadh

And up among the loose diſjunct rocks

And fractur'd mountains wild, the howling brook

And cave preſeſſeful, ſend a hollow roar,

Reſounding long in liſt'ning Fan-



