THE

Gaelic Bards

FROM 1411 TO 1517.

BY THE

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Charlottetown:
HASZARD & MOORE.

WILLIAM DRYSDALE & CO., MONTREAL.
JAMES THIN, EDINBURGH.

1890.
PREFACE.

This work is especially intended for Gaelic-speaking Canadians. Some of them, it is true, take very little interest in the past; they forget or ignore their obligations to it. But others are of a nobler stamp. They work hard to make a comfortable living for themselves; still they find some leisure hours for reading the poetry, legends, traditions, and history of their ancestors. They are Canadians by birth and are thoroughly loyal to their own country; but they are Kelts by blood, and are not ashamed of the poetic, warm-hearted, and warlike people from whom they have sprung. The Old Highlanders had faults, but they were men.

I have in this work given specimens of the compositions of the best known poets and song-writers of the Gaeldom of Scotland from 1411 to 1517, or from the Battle of Harlaw to the Battle of Sheriffmuir. I have also given a brief account of every author respecting whom it was possible for me to obtain any information. I have added glossaries and explanatory notes, which I trust may be useful in making the poems intelligible. I have
not given as many poems as I would like to have given, and for the very good reason that I could not afford to pay for a larger work.

I have departed to some extent from the common orthography. I am very far, however, from thinking that the mode of spelling I have adopted is free from faults. Still I do not suppose that it can, as a mere experiment, do any harm.

I have prepared the first fifteen pages of the Introduction for the benefit of English readers who speak Gaelic and would like to be able to read it. I feel confident that any person of ordinary intelligence who can read English and speak Gaelic can, if he will only try, learn to read Gaelic in a very few hours.

Several of the poems in this work are from Dr. Maclean's MS. I feel convinced that it would be useful, especially for philological purposes, to publish that MS. verbatim et literatim. I shall be glad to hand it over to any person or persons who will agree to do so.

The printers of this work do not understand a word of Gaelic. I live twenty miles from Charlottetown, and it was inconvenient to send me proofs more than once. In consequence of these facts there are a few typographical errors. Fortunately, however, they are not of very much importance. They can cause no difficulty to any reader.

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Belfast, Prince Edward Island,
October 28th, 1890.
INTRODUCTION.

I.

GAELIC READING AND SPELLING.

LETTERS AND SOUNDS.

The letters of the alphabet represent the sounds used in speaking. They are thus merely signs. We spell a word containing two or more sounds by placing two or more letters after one another, each representing a sound contained in the word. We pronounce a word by joining together the sounds represented by the letters in it.

A perfect alphabet would contain a letter or sign for every simple sound used in the language. An alphabet of this kind, however, would be somewhat long and rather difficult to learn. Besides, for the ordinary purposes of life it is not really needed. When two sounds are fundamentally of the same nature, like that of a in far and a in fat, the same letter suits well enough to represent both sounds.

The Gaelic alphabet consists of thirteen consonants, b, c, d, f, g, h, l, m, n, p, r, s, t; and five vowels a, e, i, o, u. Practically however it contains seventeen consonants, b, c, ch, d, f, g, h, l, m, n, ng, p, r, s, t, bh or mh, dh or gh; and
six vowels, a, e, i, o, u, ao. Ch, ng, bh or mh, dh or gh, and ao represent simple sounds, and are to be regarded as single letters. Ch is the same letter as the Greek chi. Bh and mh stand for v. Generally mh is a nasalized v, or a v sounded partly through the nose. Dh and gh stand for y. There is no word in Gaelic that begins with the sound of h, v, or y.

Ph is always sounded like f; as in phaisg e, faig e, he folded. Th is sounded like h as in thig e, hilg e, he threw. Sh is also sounded like h; as in sheall e, heall e, he looked. Fh is silent, as in chan fhaca mi, chan aca mi, I did not see.

THE CONSONANTS.

The names of the consonants are ba, ca, cha, da, fa, ga, ha, la, ma, na, ang, pa, ra, sa, ta, va, ya. The correct pronunciation of these names will be found in the following words:—bath-is, forehead; cath, battle; chath-ich e, he fought; dath, dye; fath, a mole; gath, a sting; thath-ich e, he frequented; la-sir, a flame; math, good; nath-ir, a serpent; f-ang, a sheep-pen; pa-cair a peddler; rath, luck; Di-sath-uim, Saturday; tath-ich, frequent; a vath-is, his forehead; yath e, he dyed. The words or parts of words containing the names of the letters are printed in Italics.

In explaining the sounds of the consonants it will be convenient to treat each of the letters l, r, and n as two letters. The six letters arising from this division may be written lh, l, rh, r, nh, n. Lh, rh, and nh may be called liquid or soft letters, and l, r, and n hard letters. In using these terms, however, it must be distinctly understood that l, r, and n are hard letters only in comparison with lh,
rh, and nh; not in comparison with other letters of the alphabet.

The difference in sound between lh and l, rh and r, nh and n will be readily noticed by comparing the sounds of each of these pairs of letters in lhian, a net, and mo lian, my net; rhamh, an oar, and mo ramh, my oar; nhamh an enemy, and mo namh, my enemy. Of course lhian, rhamh, and nhamh are invariably spelt in lian, ramh, and namh.

The letters p, b, f, v and m are called labials, or lip-letters; and the letters h, c, ch, g, y, t, d, lh, rh, nh, l, r, n, ng, and s, linguals or tongue-letters. As m, n, and ng are sounded partly through the nose they are called nasals, or nose-letters. All these letters have two distinct sounds, a low or flat sound, and a high or sharp sound. In the case of the labials, however, the difference between these sounds is of so slight a character that it is scarcely worth taking into account. In the case of the linguals the difference amounts to a good deal. Compare for instance the sound of t in tal, an adze, with its sound in tinn, sick. The difference between its sounds in these two words is almost equal to the difference between th in thank and t in tin.

By the low or flat sound of a consonant is meant its sound in union with a low or flat vowel, such as a, o, u, or ao; and by its high or sharp sound, its sound in union with a high or sharp vowel, such as i.

It is not to be assumed that the Gaelic consonants agree in sound with the same consonants in English. The fact is that with the exception of h and m there is not a consonant in Gaelic that has the same sound, and only the same sound, as the same consonant or any other consonant in English.
We can readily learn the difference in sound between a Gaelic and an English consonant, by consulting, not our ears, but our tongue and lips. Our ears may deceive us, but our tongue and lips will not. A fiddler cannot produce two sounds precisely alike by touching the string in two different places. Neither can we produce two sounds similar in every respect by bringing the organs of speech into contact at different points. Let us compare for instance the sounds of English th in lath, Gaelic t in at, swelling, and English t in hat. These three sounds are quite different from one another. In saying lath the tongue strikes the edge of the upper teeth and is almost disposed to push itself out past the teeth; in saying at, it strikes against the root of the upper teeth; whilst in saying hat, it does not touch the teeth at all, but strikes above them.

How are we to know when l, r, and n have their soft or liquid sound, and when they have their hard sound?

As an almost invariable rule l, r, and n have their soft sound at the beginning of words. The only exceptions to this rule are le, with; ri or ris, to; riamh, ever; roimh, before; and ni, will do, as in ni mi sin, I will do that. Reir, according to, and ris, again, are only apparent exceptions, these words being merely shortened and improper forms of a reir and a ris. So far as leibh, with you, ruibh, to you, and romhabh, before you, are concerned, they are simply contracted forms of le sibh, ri sibh, and roimh sibh.

When l, r, and n have their liquid or soft sound in the middle or end of words they are generally written double; as in balla, a wall; garrach, a worthless little fellow; bonnach, a cake; call, loss; gearr, a hare; tonn, a wave.

We have now to consider another important
question. How can we know when the consonants b, c, ch, d, g, f, h, lh, l, m, nh, n, ng, p, rh, r, s, t, v, and y have their low or flat sound, and when they have their high or sharp sound?

When a syllable begins with a consonant, the consonant has always its low sound before a, o, u, or ao; and its high sound before e or i; as in sar, a hero; sor, spare; suil, an eye; saor, a carpenter; sen, old; sith, peace. When a syllable begins with a vowel the consonant coming after it has its low sound after a, o, u, ao, and e; and its high sound after i; as in as, out of; osnadh, a sigh; uspag, a push; aosmhor, aged; es, a water-fall; isban, a sausage.

When a syllable begins and ends with a consonant, as a general rule the sound of the last consonant is determined by the character of the vowel; as in bas, death; cos, a crevice; tus, beginning; taod, a hair rope; ses, stand; dis, soft. When the consonant has its low sound after i, the letter o is inserted between it and the i; as in fios, knowledge, which without the o would be pronounced fish. Again, when the consonant has its high sound the letter i is inserted between it and the vowel; as in braid, a horse-collar; boid, a vow; tuis, incense; and taois, dough. Of course the o is totally silent in fios, and the i in braid, boid, tuis, and taois.

There are a few exceptions to the general rules of pronunciation laid down which require to be pointed out. C at the end of a word of one syllable, or at the end of an accented syllable, is generally pronounced like chc, as in mac, machc, a son. Chd, originally cht, is also generally pronounced like chc, as in smachd, smachc, authority. Cn and gn are sometimes sounded like r. Thus we hear croc, a bill; craimh, a bone; gruis, the countenance; granda, ugly; and griomh, a deed;
in place of cnoc, cnaimh, gnuis, gnada, and gniomh. In English the c and g are wholly omitted as in knock, know, gnat, gnomon. In pronouncing rt, it is a common practice to insert s between the r and the t; as in mart, a cow, cert, right, which are pronounced as if written marst, cerst. Some insert the s between r and d, as in ard, high, ceard, a tinker, which they pronounce arsd and cearsd. In pronouncing l or r and a following b, g, m, or v, it is customary to insert the sound of a short u, like that of u in agus, between the l or r and the succeeding consonant; as in Alba, Aluba, Scotland; ferg, ferug, wrath; arm, arum, a weapon; garbh, garubh, stout. The same short sound is inserted between n and m or v; as in ainm, ainum, a name; ainbhach, ainuvach, a debt. The sound of nn is frequently omitted between a vowel and s; as in annsachd, a beloved person; oinnsach, a silly woman; unnsa, an ounce; Innsainech, an Indian. An before c is sounded like ung, as in an cu, ung cu, the dog. Fhuair, found, fhein, self, and f'hathest, yet, are pronounced as if written huair, hein, hathast. Thu, thou, is pronounced u, not hu. S after t is silent, as in 'san t-slige, 'san tlige, in the shell, S has its high sound in so, this; sud, that; but these words might be written seo, siud. S has its low sound in is, the verb is, and also and. Y or ya is frequently silent in the end of a syllable; as in fiodh-al, a fiddle; briagh-a, beautiful. V also at the end of a syllable is treated by many persons as a silent letter; as in ga, take, for gav or gabh; la, hand, for lav or lamh.

A few erroneous statements respecting Gaelic sounds have found their way into books. It may save the student of Gaelic some perplexities to be put on his guard against these statements. Gaelic t, then, is never sounded like English ch. English
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ch stands for tsh, as in tshurtsh or church. Gaelic d is never sounded like English j. English j stands for dzh, as in dzhig or jig. The man who says jirech sin for direch sin, just that, is simply mispronouncing the d. The expression tha eolas aige, he has knowledge, is not to be pronounced as if written tha yeolas aige. Eo never takes y before it except after do, to; as in do dh-Eoghan, or do y-Eoghan, to Ewen. Gh in laogh, a calf, is not a peculiar and jaw-breaking sound. It is simply the consonant y, as can be easily seen by saying, first, lao-ya and next lao-y, dropping the a. Dh' f'h is not an unpronounceable combination of letters. Let us examine it in the sentence dh' f'hag e mi, he left me. Dh stands for y and f'h is silent. Surely any one who can speak at all can say yag e mi. A duck could almost say dh' f'hag, or yag.

THE VOWELS.

The vowels a, o, u, ao, i, and e are named after their sounds in the following words:—a, out of; olc, evil; urra, a person; aodach, clothes; ise, she; ech, a horse. A, o, u, and ao may be termed broad, low, or flat vowels; i, a slender, high, or sharp vowel; and e an intermediate vowel.

A vowel may have two or more short sounds, and corresponding long sounds. When a vowel is sounded partly through the nose, which takes place only when sounded in union with m or n, it is said to be nasalized.

In giving the various vowel sounds in the Gaelic language I will give the short sound in the first word and the corresponding long sound in the next.
A IS SOUNDED

1. As in grad, quick; gradh, love.
2. As nasalized in mac, a son; mathair, mother.
3. As in lagh, law; ladhran, hoofs, as pronounced in Western Argyleshire.

The sound of a in lagh is the same as that of u in lug. Its long form in ladhran can be ascertained by lengthening that of u in lug.

O IS SOUNDED

1. As in brod, lid; cos, a crevice.
2. As nasalized in cnoc, a hill; comhradh, conversation.
3. As in gobhar, a goat; gobhlag, a fork.

U IS SOUNDED

1. As in cus, too much; crubach, lame.
2. As nasalized in muc, a pig; much, quench.
3. As in agus, and, or like a in hospital.

The long form of this sound is represented by a as sounded in Inverness-shire in ladhran, hoofs, and also by ao as sounded in Inverness-shire in laogh, a calf.

AO IS ALWAYS LONG. IT IS SOUNDED

1. As in laogh, a calf, in Western Argyleshire.
2. As in laogh in Inverness-shire.

I IS SOUNDED

1. As in ise, she; i, an island.
2. As nasalized in min, meal; minn, kids.
3. As in gabhibh, take, or like u in agus.
It is really sounded in three different ways in an unaccented syllable like ibh in gabh-ibh. Some say gav-iv, some say gav-uv or ga-uv, and others ga-u. Those who say gav-iv sound the i distinctly like i in ibh, drink; those who say gav-uv or gauv sound the i like u in agus; whilst those who say ga-u drop the bh or v both in gabh and ibh and sound the i like u in ugh, an egg.

E IS SOUNDED

1. As in fer, a man; ferr or fearr, better.
2. As nasalized in nech, a person; nebh, heaven.
3. As in egal, fear, or like a in maple; as in cem or ceim, step, or like a in fame. Many sound e in egal like e in fer.
4. As in fine, a clan, or like u in agus.

The short sound of e in fer is the same as that of e in ferry. The corresponding long sound, or that of e in ferr or fearr, does not exist in English. Some find it in there and where, but they do so by mispronouncing these words, a thing that is very commonly done.

DIPHTHONGS.

A diphthongal sound is formed by the blending together of two vowel sounds. Two vowels placed side by side do not necessarily form a diphthong. If they are both sounded they constitute a diphthong; if one of them is totally silent they are merely a digraph. The Gaelic diphthongs are ai, oi, ui, aoi, ei; au, ou, ua; ia or io, iu; eo, eu.
AI IS SOUNDED

1. As in saighit, an arrow; saill, fat.
2. As nasalized in naidhechd, news; scraing a scowl.
3. Like aoi, as in aibhnen, rivers, as pronounced in some places.

OI IS SOUNDED

1. As in roimh, before; Roimh, Rome.
2. Like aoi, as in oidhirp, an attempt; oidhche, night.

UI is sounded as in suip, wisps; luib, the genitive case of lub, a bend.

AOI is always long, and is sounded as in aoiabhnes, joy.

EI is sounded as in beinn, a mountain.

AU IS SOUNDED

1. As in aubhin, as pronounced in Western Argyleshire; as in daull, blind.
2. As nasalized in laumhan, hands, in Western Argyleshire; as nasalized in maull, slow.

OU is sounded as in foughar, autumn, in parts of Argyleshire; as in toull, a hole.

UA IS ALWAYS LONG, AND IS SOUNDED

1. As in ruadh, reddish.
2. As nasalized in nuadh, new.
3. As in fuar, as pronounced in Athole.
IA OR IO IS ALWAYS LONG, AND IS SOUNDED

1. As in diar, tear; fion, wine.
2. As in fiar, crooked; fior, true.

IU IS SOUNDED

1. As in tiugh, thick; cliu, praise.
2. As nasalized in os-ciunn, overhead, or above.

EO OR EA IS SOUNDED

1. As in Seoc, Jock; leon, a wound.
2. As in leabhar, a book; teoma, skilful, teagh-lach, a family.

EU is sounded as in geumhtach, short and thick; ceunn, head.

In some parts of Argyleshire the sounds represented by au, ou, and eu are not used. Dall, tonn, and ceann are pronounced as these words are spelt, the a, o, and e being lengthened to some extent. According to the present mode of spelling, io is frequently a digraph, ea and ei are generally digraphs, whilst eu is always a digraph. There are no triphthongs either in Gaelic or English.

THE ACCENTS.

In pronouncing a word of two or more syllables we lay a certain pressure or stress of voice upon one of the syllables. This stress is called the accent, and the syllable upon which it falls the accented syllable. In Gaelic the accent invariably falls upon the first syllable of a word, except when that syllable happens to be a prefix, as in las-ir,
a flame. It never falls upon a prefix that is known and felt to be such. In the word co-chruinn-ech-adh, a collection, no one would ever think of putting the accent upon co. Any one would put it upon chruinn, which is the main part or root of the word.

SYLLABICATION.

With regard to syllabication, or the division of words into syllables the following rules may be laid down:—

1. As a general rule the second syllable of a word begins with a vowel, and also the third syllable; as in benn-ach-adh, a blessing. The tendency is to end a syllable with a consonant.

2. Ch, th, bh and mh, dh and gh, ll, rr, and nn must always be joined to the vowel before them; as in clach-air, a mason; Leth-an-ach, a Maclean; clobh-a, a pair of tongs; samh-ach, quiet; claidh-ebh, a sword; bragh-ad, the neck; duill-ech, foliage; dann-arr-a, stubborn.

3. In the case of compound words the syllabic division must always take place between the two words that form the compound; as in gnath-fhacal, a common saying or proverb.

4. Prefixes and suffixes always form distinct syllables, as in do-leighes, incurable; coill-tech, one who lives in the woods.

THE USE OF THE APOSTROPHE.

When a word is contracted by omitting one or more letters generally used in pronouncing it, the omission should be indicated by an apostrophe, as in bhuail't' e for bhuailtedh' e, he would be
struck. Again, when a word generally used and necessary to make a sentence intelligible has been omitted the omission should be indicated by an apostrophe, as in an te 'bh' ann san taigh for an te a bha ann san taigh, the woman that was in the house.

As no one ever says an bhen, the woman, gu am faod mi, that I may, gu an deid mi, that I will go, na an rachadh e, if he would go, na am faicedh e, if he would see, we should not write a' bhen, gu'm faod mi, gu'n deid mi, na 'n rachadh e, na 'm faicedh e; but a bhen, gum faod mi, gum deid mi, nan rachadh e, nam faicedh e. It may be replied that some one said an bhen and gu an deid mi long ago. What of that? We do not write to instruct people in antiquarian matters or the original forms of words, but to convey our ideas to them. As a matter of fact no one ever said gu an deid, except perhaps in singing a line which lacked a syllable of the number required.

THE ORIGIN OF CERTAIN WORDS
AND LETTERS.

The word thanic is from do and anac or ananca, which is from the Indo-Keltic root nak, to reach. To write d' thanic instead of danic or d' anic would be equivalent to writing do do-bhuail instead of do bhuail. As the verb anac or anic is never used by itself, there is no necessity for writing d'anic. Ranic, reached, is from ro and anac, or anic, the form of the word always used by early writers in the third person singular. Thic, will come, is from do and ic; and theid, will go, from do and eit. Thuc, gave, is from do and uc; and thoir, give, is from do and bheir. A bheil thu, are you? is for am feil thu. Is, and, is a different word from agus,
and. It is therefore improper to write it a’s or ’us, as if it were a contracted form of agus. It is at the present day invariably pronounced us, and might be written us. Is is generally used to connect nouns, and agus to connect the clauses of a sentence. Ged a is from ge do, and is still used in that way, as in ge do bha mi, although I was. Mo, my, and do, thy, are generally changed after ann, in, to am and ad, as in ann am laimh, in my hand, ann ad laimh, in thy hand. In expressions of this kind the preposition is frequently omitted. We say simply ’am laimh, ’ad laimh. Aig, at or by, originally oc, has been cut up into more shapes than any other word in the language. We find it not only in its proper form aig, but also in such forms as aic, ag, ’g, a, ga. Its various forms will be found in the following expressions: aig Mari, in possession of Mary: aic-e, in her possession; ag ol, at drinking; ’g ithedh, at eating; a buladh, at striking; ga a-bhualadh, contracted to ga ’bhualadh, at his-striking, or striking him. A-bhualadh is dealt with as one word. In the expression, thig gam ionnsidh, come to me, ga is not for aig, but for do, to. The correct form is thig dom ionnsidh. In the expression gach sceula ga bheil agad, every story that you have, ga stands for de na. The original form of the article was sind. Sind was first changed into in or int, and next into an or ant. We still use the last form of it, as in the expression ant ech, the horse. As, however, in pronouncing this form of the article, we invariably separate the t from the article and prefix it to the noun, we should write not ant ech, but an t-ech. The original form of the preposition ann, or an, was in. It was changed from in to ann or an. The s that we find attached to it in such an expression as anns an taigh, in the house, does not properly belong to it. It is the s of the article in its original form, sind. For anns an taigh, then, we may write ann san.
taigh, or an san taigh, which is probably the most common form of the expression. In the expression thoir sin do dh-Iain, give that to John, dh is not a repetition of the preposition do, but simply a sound thrown in to render the pronunciation more agreeable. It is easier to say do dh-Iain than it is to say do Iain. We should write, not do dh’ Iain, but do dh-Iain.

THE RULE OF LETHANN RI LETHANN AND CAOL RI CAOL.

The earliest Irish writers followed a natural and correct method of spelling. In course of time, however, the rule of lethann ri lethann and caol ri caol was framed and adopted, and is still in full force. According to this rule, if the last vowel in a syllable be a broad or low vowel, the first vowel of the syllable following it must also be a broad or low vowel; and if the last vowel of a syllable be a slender or high vowel, the first vowel of the syllable following it must also be a slender or high vowel. In the word slanich, heal, from the stem slan and the suffix ich, a is a broad or low vowel. It may therefore be followed by a, o or u, but not by e or i. We may write slanaich or slanuich, but not slanich. Of course the a in aich leads to a false pronunciation. The u in uich is equally useless, and also leads to a false pronunciation. Why then insert either a or u before ich? Simply to preserve the rule of lethann ri lethann for the benefit of the eye. The word baighail, kind, is formed from the stem baigh and the suffix ail, a contraction for amail or amhail, like. As i, the last vowel in baigh, belongs to the class of slender or high vowels, we must take good care not to put a, o, or
u after it; it must be followed by e or i. Consequently we change ail to eil, and write baigheil. Of course nobody thinks of saying baigheil; everyone says baighail. But what of that? The rule of caol ri caol is preserved for the satisfaction of the eye. After the rule of lethann ri lethann and caol ri caol had become fashionable in Ireland, it was introduced into Scotland, and rigorously applied to the Scottish Gaelic.

To the rule of lethann ri lethann and caol ri caol there are several objections. In the first place, it is not needed, and cannot serve any useful purpose. It is impossible to point out anything gained by it. In the second place, it tends to produce a false pronunciation. If we pronounce the word Mairi as it is spelt we must evidently say Myry. In the third place, it tends to put the student of languages off the right track. We are told that ea in fear, a man, is a diphthong, and that it is made up of the sounds of e and u rapidly joined together. No man would maintain this absurd notion except a man who was influenced by the rule of lethann ri lethann and caol ri caol. We are told that fear was originally feras, and that the a was so powerful that it forced its way back between the e and the r. It is a well-known fact that when a vowel forces itself back in a word, it does not do so to be a silent letter and thus destroy itself. There is not a man living that ever heard the a in fear sounded even in the faintest manner. But fer was not originally feras, but feros. We are told that the rule of lethann ri lethann and caol ri caol, or of broad vowel to broad vowel and slender vowel to slender vowel, is the same as the law of vocalic harmony in the Finnish and other Ural-Altaic languages. The two rules are not the same. The Finn pronounces his words as he spells them; the Highlander does not. The Finn's law is founded
upon the nature of his language; the Highlander's law is founded simply upon the lively fancy of Irish scribes of a comparatively late period. The Finn's law is a reality; the Highlander's law is a fiction. Probably we shall be told by and by that the law of lethann ri lethann and caol ri caol clearly proves that the Highlanders and Irish are to a large extent descended from some small yellow savages who spoke a language allied to the Finnish, and imposed its laws upon the Gaelic. In the fourth place, the law in question is an utter absurdity. It exists in books; but the spoken language refuses to submit to it, just as a sane man would rebel against being put in a straight-jacket.

PHONETIC SPELLING.

That the current method of spelling Gaelic is exceedingly imperfect no one can deny. The same letters or combinations of letters are used to represent several distinct sounds; the same sounds are represented in different ways; simple sounds are represented by two letters; letters and combinations are sometimes used to represent sounds that do not properly belong to them; and letters are frequently written, but not pronounced. Some of these things are not merely theoretical imperfections, but positive evils. These evils should be removed. That they could be removed is just as certain as that they exist. They could be removed by spelling the language phonetically; that is, by spelling every word as it is pronounced, and by always using the same sign to denote the same sound. But is it desirable to spell words in this way? Yes, from every point of view in which the matter can be looked at.
Every one knows that it is a very laborious work to learn to read English. This arises from the fact that one has to learn not only the names of the letters, but the names of thousands of words as well. Who would ever think of calling cough, coff, and plough, plow, unless he had been taught to do so? The present mode of spelling is utterly vicious and absurd. It is simply a disgrace to the British and Americans, especially when we consider how these peoples ridicule the old-fashioned notions of the Chinese and boast of their own intelligence and progressive spirit. We all profess to take a deep interest in the welfare of the young people who are growing up and soon to take our place in the world. Is it becoming then on our part—is it kindness or justice—to be compelling children to waste years of valuable time learning to read their mother-tongue, when, if it was spelt properly, they could learn to read it in a few months?

It may be imagined by some that the introduction of phonetic spelling would tend to obscure the roots of words. This is merely a groundless supposition. Those who have carefully considered the matter, and whose opinions are worth listening to, think very differently. Max Muller says:—

"The pronunciation of languages changes according to fixed laws, the spelling has changed in the most arbitrary manner, so that if our spelling followed the pronunciation of words, it would in reality be a greater help to the critical student of language than the present uncertain and unscientific mode of writing."—Science of Language, Vol. II, page 111. Prof. Whitney, the highest authority in America, says:—"Our words as we write them are full of silent and ambiguous signs of every class, unremoved ruins of an overthrown phonetic structure. And our sense of the fitness of things has become so debauched by our training
in the midst of these vicious surroundings that it seems to us natural and proper that the same sounds should be written in many different ways. It is natural and praiseworthy that we should be strongly attached to a time-honored institution, but this feeling becomes a mere blind prejudice, and justly open to ridicule, when it puts on airs, proclaims itself the defender of a great principle, regards inherited modes of spelling as sacred, and frowns upon the phonetist as one who would fain mar the essential beauty and value of a language. — *Language and the Study of Language, pages 94 and 468.* Prof. Sayce says:— "The objection that a reformed spelling would destroy the continuity of a language or conceal the etymology of words is raised only by ignorance and superficiality." — *Introduction to the Science of Language, Vol. II. page 345.*

It may be urged against phonetic spelling that by having the same sound always indicated by the same sign we may have two words of different significations spelt in the same way. What of that? It will of course be replied that we will have no means of determining what is meant. It is not perhaps desirable that two nouns having different meanings, or two adjectives, or two verbs or two prepositions, or two adverbs, or two conjunctions should be spelt in the same way, but this is a thing of very rare occurrence. The old Kelts and Goths could not build railroads and steamboats, but they knew how to build up a language just as well as we do, and probably a great deal better. They took good care not to make two words belonging to the same part of speech precisely alike. Cas, the leg, and cas, steep, are spelt and pronounced in the same way. Ghearr mi mo chas means I cut my foot, and thae cas, it is steep. Is it conceivable that any man would understand by ghearr mi mo chas, I cut my steep?
It is especially desirable that the Gaelic language should be spelt phonetically. There are at the present day thousands of persons in the world who can speak Gaelic and read English, but who cannot read Gaelic. This is surely a state of things that should not be allowed to continue. If Gaelic were only spelt phonetically any one who understands it, and who can read English could learn to read it in a few hours. That the ability to read it would be an intellectual gain to one no man who is possessed of sound sense will be disposed to deny. We are told over and over that Gaelic is a dying language. Probably it is. At the same time it does not follow that it is as near its end as its foes imagine. There can be no doubt that among the things helping to kill it, at least in this country, is the inability of those who speak it to read it. By spelling it in a natural and proper manner this source of injury to it would be removed, and its life prolonged. The man who can read and enjoy its song and stories will never think of letting it die. Others may kick it and try to kill it, but he will stand by it. He loves it, not simply because his ancestors spoke it, not merely because it was the language of good, and great, and brave men, but for its naturalness, beauty, and strength, for its inherent excellence.

The following statements by Prof. Sayce, deserve earnest consideration:

"The inadequacy of English spelling is exceeded only by that of Gaelic, and in the comparative condition of the Irish and Scottish Gaels on the one side and the Welsh Kymry on the other, we may read a lesson of the practical effects of disregarding the warnings of science. Welsh is phonetically spelt, the result being that the Welsh, as a rule, are well educated and industrious, and that their language is maintained in
full vigor, so that a Welsh child has his wits sharpened and his mind opened by being able to speak two languages. In Ireland and Scotland on the contrary, the old language is fast perishing; and the people can neither read nor write unless it be in English.”—Introduction to the Science of Language, Vol. II, page 343.

Whilst the first and supreme rule in spelling words is that we spell them as they are pronounced there is another rule to which we should also attend. When we know the original form of a word we should in spelling it preserve that form as far as the present mode of pronouncing it will permit us to do. Claidhebh, a sword, naobh, holy, deagh, excellent, traigh, the foot, and laighe, lying down, were originally spelt claideb, noeb, deg, traig, laige. So far as the present pronunciation of these words is concerned claidhebh, naobh, deagh, traigh, and laighe suit just as well as claidhebh, naobh, deagh, traigh, and laighe. Inasmuch however as the latter mode preserves the original consonants, whilst the former does not, the latter mode is to be preferred. The older the form in which we have a word the more likely we are to find out its origin and true meaning. It is perfectly true that it is not the business of spelling to preserve or suggest etymologies. At the same time we should not utterly disregard the etymology of a word when there is no real necessity for doing so.
II.

THE STRUCTURE OF GAELIC POETRY.

There are certain rules of composition to which every poet or song-writer must attend. These rules are very simple, and can be thoroughly understood and practised by any one who will try. The following are the principal rules:

1. Every line of a poem must be of a certain length, that is, it must contain a certain number of syllables.

2. Certain lines, which may be called corresponding lines, must be of the same length.

3. The accent must fall at regular intervals; in other words, the accented syllables must occupy a certain position.

4. The end-words of certain lines must rhyme together; that is, they must contain the same vowel sound. It is not necessary in Gaelic that the consonants should have the same sound. Two words rhyme perfectly when their vowel sounds are the same, as beo and ceo. Two words rhyme imperfectly when the vowel sounds are not precisely the same, as torr and meoir. Imperfect rhymes are allowable. They should not however appear only as occasional exceptions.

5. In certain cases a word within a line must rhyme with the last word of the preceding line. This in-rhyme, or middle rhyme as it is generally called, is neither required nor used in English. In Gaelic poetry it is almost a matter of necessity.
We may have poetry without it, but we cannot have poetry that will please the ear without it. It may not give strength to a poem; it unquestionably gives beauty to it. The want of it is a serious defect in our present metrical version of the Psalms.

In songs, or poems intended to be sung, all the verses must be of the same length. Of course this rule does not apply to poems composed in the same style as Beinn-Dorainn, which contains several parts, each to be sung to an air suitable to itself.

In order to understand the full meaning of these rules it will be necessary to examine the structure of a few verses. Let us begin with the following verse:

Cha robh na Gaidhil failinnech;
B'e 'm beus 'bhi sesmhach, tabhachdach,
'Bhi bechdail, rechdmhor, ardanach,
'Bhi' dan a dol 'san tuasad.

CHORUS

Deoch-slainte luchd-nam-breccan;
'S e 'cur mu 'n cuairt a b' aite leinn;
'S gun olamid gu scairtail i
Air lascairen a chruadail.

The first line, Cha robh na Gaidhil fail-inn-ech, contains eight syllables. The second and third lines are of the same length. The fourth line, Air, las-cair-en a chruad-ail, contains seven syllables. In the first line the accent falls upon robh, Gaidhil, and fail, or upon the second, fourth and sixth syllables. In the second and third lines, and also in the fourth, it falls upon the same syllables. The end-rhyme comes in at fail, or the sixth syllable. It comes in in the same syllable in the second and third lines. Failinnech, tabhachdach,
and ardanach rhyme together. The in-rhyme, or middle rhyme, comes in in the second syllable of the fourth line. Dan a dol rhymes with ardanach. The chorus is constructed according to the same general plan as the first verse, and is of course to be sung with it. When we take the verse and the chorus together we find that the two closing words, tuasaid and chruadail, agree in rhyme. But the chorus is to be sung after every verse in the poem. It follows then that the closing word of every verse must be a word with which chruadail will rhyme. The first verse contains thirty-one syllables. Every verse in the poem contains the same number.

Let us look at another verse:

Thuit gu lar an crann mullich,
Craobh a b' aluinne duillech
Fer neo-scathach 'sa chunnart
'Shesadh dan anns gach cumasc;
Bha thu laidir mar churridh
'Chur na staillinn gu fulang;
Bu tu 'n t-armunn d' am buinedh 'bhi mor.

The sixth syllables of all the lines agree in sound. This was necessary. But the third syllables of all the lines also agree in sound. It was not necessary that all the the third syllables should rhyme together. Still, the fact that they do so adds to the melody of the verse. The verse closes with the accented syllable mor. Every verse in the poem ends with a syllable that rhymes with mor.

Let us now consider the structure of the following verse:

Thanic dith air an ardrich
'Nuair a dh' eirich muir-bathte fo chroic;
Thuit craobh-ubháll mo gharrìdh,
'S gun do fhoisedh am blath fedh an fheoir;
Chaidh mo choinnel a smaladh,
'Bu ghlaín solus a dearrsadh mu 'n bhòrd;
Bhrist an gloine 'bha 'm scathan,
'S dh 'fhalbh an daoimen a m' fhainne glan oir.

The first line contains seven syllables and the second nine. The two together contain sixteen syllables. The third and fourth lines, the fifth and sixth lines, and the seventh and eighth lines contain the same number. The verse is thus formed by putting two lines after two lines until the eight lines required in it are made up. The sixth syllable of every second line rhymes with the sixth syllable of every first line. Then the end-syllables of all the second lines, as chroic, fheoir, bhord, and oir, rhyme together. This adds to the melody of the verse, and makes it more easily remembered. All that was absolutely necessary however was that the end-syllable of the fourth line should rhyme with the end-syllable of the second line, and the end syllable of the eighth line with the end-syllable of the sixth line. The agreement in sound of ardrich, gharridh, smaladh, and scathan is purely accidental. Ardrach, or ard-ramhach, means an oared galley, and is not to be confounded with fardach, a dwelling.

The number of lines in a stanza, the length of each line, the position of the accent, and the words that must rhyme together depend upon the measure in which a poem is composed.

We may find the plainest laws of prosody violated in some old poems. We must remember, however, that some of the old poets could not write, and that even those among them who were good scholars did not write down their poems. Thus errors of composition might easily escape their notice. We must remember also that the men
who handed down poems by memory from one generation to another were likely to introduce defects of various kinds into them. They might change words unintentionally, they might forget words and substitute words of their own, or they might join parts of two stanzas together.

We are not to rush to the conclusion that those bards who could neither read nor write, such as Rob Donn and Duncan Ban, were uneducated men, and therefore totally unacquainted with the laws of prosody. It does not follow that a man who cannot read is an uneducated man, that is, a man destitute of mental training. The old bards were all educated men. They could speak their mother-tongue correctly, and were intimately acquainted with the history, traditions, and poetry of their country. So far as prosody is concerned they made a careful study of its laws.

Among the abominations to be avoided in poetic compositions are contractions. A termination that is invariably used in prose should not be lopped off in poetry. Neither should vowels be thrown away. Consonants are very good in their place, they are the bones of a language, but there is very little music in them,
AN CLAR-INNSE.

| 1.  | Lachinn Mor Mac-Mhuirich,                        | 1  |
| 2.  | Isebal nígh'n Mhic-Caillain,                     | 2  |
| 3.  | Mac-Caillain,                                     | 3  |
| 4.  | Tígherna Chola,                                   | 4  |
| 5.  | Domhnaill Mac Fhionnlaidh nan Dan,                | 8  |
| 6.  | Bean Ghriogair Mhic-Griogair,                     | 18 |
| 7.  | Mor Nic-Faidain,                                  | 21 |
| 8.  | Am Bard Mac Mhurchidh Mhic Iain Ruaidh,           | 24 |
| 9.  | Bean Mhurchidh Mhic Annla,                        | 27 |
| 10. | Murchadh Mor Mac Mhic Mhurchidh,                  | 28 |
| 11. | Diorbhuil Nic-a-Bhruthain,                        | 31 |
| 12. | Pol Crubach,                                      | 35 |
| 13. | Mari nígh'n Alastair Ruaidh,                      | 39 |
| 14. | Echann Bacach.                                   | 41 |
|     | A shir Lachinn na feile,                          | 44 |
|     | 'S ann Diciadin, a shair,                         | 45 |
|     | A chno Shamlina,                                  | 50 |
|     | Blar Ionarchaitain,                               | 55 |
|     | Gur bochd naidhechd do dhuthcha                 | 57 |
|     | Is beg aobhar mo shugridh                        | 58 |
| 15. | Griogair Og Mac-Griogair,                         | 58 |
| 16. | Nighnean Dhomhnill Ghlais,                        | 62 |
| 17. | An Ciaran Mabach,                                | 65 |
| 18. | Iain Lom,                                        |    |
|     | Blar Ionar-Lochidh,                               | 68 |
|     | Cuid de dh-aobhar mo gherain                     | 72 |
|     | Mort na Cepich,                                   | 74 |
|     | 'S mi 'm shuidh' air bruac'h torrain,             | 82 |
|     | Moch 'sa mhadinn 's mi 'g cirigh,                 | 84 |
|     | Cha b' e tuineal a chnatain,                      | 87 |
|     | An àinm an aigh ni mi tus,                        | 90 |
| 19. | Gillesbhe na Cepich,                             | 94 |
| 20. | Nighnean Mhic-Gillechaluim Raarsaidh,             | 95 |
| 21. | Donnachadh Mac-an-Dubhshuilich,                   | 97 |
22. Raonall na Sceithe,
23. Mac Iain Luim,
   Bho 'n lughigedh 'thug Dia dhomh,
   Sechdain dalach bho Fheill-Patric,
   Cha taobh mi na srathan,
   Beir an t-soridh so bhuam,
   Mile mallachd do 'n ol,
   Marbhaise air an t-saoghal chruidh,
   'Ghillesbic, ni 'm molim ri m' bheo,
27. Catriona Nic-Gilleain.
   'S ann Di-sathairn' a chualas,
   Ged a dh' fhag thu ri port mi,
   An sceul 'thanic do 'n duthich,
   Tha mi 'f'albh an cois tuinne,
28. Bard Mhic- Ic-Iain,
29. Mr Iain Peutan,
30. An Clarsair Dall,
31. Mr Aonghus Mac-Gillemhoire.
   Ged a tha mo choirc an cunnart,
   Di-domhnich 's tu 'siubhal lergan,
   Ochadan, mor tha thu 'n diugh,
32. Lachinn Mac Thearlich Oig,
33. Aonghus Odhar,
34. Sile na Cepich,
35. Iain Mac Ailain.
   Is ged noch d' fhaodadh mo thogail 'suas,
   'Ghillesbic, mo bhennachd ri m' bheo,
   Air sceith na madne 's luaithe,
   Mu 'n sceul so a chualas,
   Tha mi 'm chadal 's gur tim dhomh duscadh,
   'S an Dreallinn tha air iomad fath,
   Iomchair mo bhennachd,
   Beir an t-soridh so bhuamsa,
   Ellain an eich bhain,
   Air leam fein gur truagh do dhaoine,
   'Thi chumhachdich nan cumhachdan,
LE LACHINN MOR MAC-MHUIRICH.

A Chlanna Chuinn, cuimhnichibh
Cruas an am na h-iórghuill,—
Gu airnech, gu arronnach,
Gu arach, gu allanta,
Gu athlaun, gu arronta,
Gu allmhora, gu arachdach,
Gu anmhorach, gu aon-innt’nech,
Gu ar-meinech, gu anamanta,
Gu ascaoinech, gu airsidech,
Gu allta, gu anaíbarrach,
Gu ann-meinech, gu an-glonnach,
Gu ainnertach, gu aingstenach,
Gu ainteasach, gu anmhuirach,
Gu arm-leonach, gu acf huinnech,
Gu arm-chreuichdach, gu aigentach,
Gu ailghesach, gu agarach,
Gu aghmhor, gu abarach,
Gu airbhertach, gu ath-bhuillech,
Gu an-dlighech, gu ath-mhillech,
Gu ainmail, gu allail,
Gu ardanach, gu ath-shellach,
Gu aon-ghuthach, aon-chridhech,
Aon-ghneithech, all-bhuadadhach.

Gu urranta, gu ur-mhaisech
Gu ur-chlesach, gu uabhrrech,
Gu uil’f hergach, gu uaill-f heartach,
Gu urchoidech, gu uamhasach,
Gu urrasach, gu urramach,
Gu ur-loiscech, gu uachdarach,
Mac Mhuirich's brosnachadh-catha contains in all seventeen stanzas, or a stanza for every letter in the Gaelic alphabet except h. It was addressed to the Macdonalds when about to engage in the battle of Harlaw, July 24th, 1411. We have given only the first stanza and the last. The other stanzas contain nothing but adjectives preceded by gu, and thus turned into adverbs.

ISEBAL NIGH'N MHIC-CAILAIN.

Isabel Campbell, the poetess, was a daughter of Archibald, second Earl of Argyll, Gillesbic Ruadh. She was married to Gilbert Kennedy, second Earl of Cassilis. Her husband was assassinated at Prestwick, near Ayr, by Hugh Campbell, Sheriff of Ayrshire, in 1527. Gilbert, her eldest son, who was born in 1515, succeeded his father as Earl of Cassilis. Quentin, her fourth son, was the last abbot of Crossraguel.
IS MAIRG DO'N GALAR AN GRADH.

LE ISEBAL NIGH'N MHIC-CAILAIN.

Is mairg do 'n galar an gradh,
Ge b' e fath fo 'n abrim e ;
'S decir scarachdinn r' a phairt,
'S truagh an cas 'sa bheil mi-fein

Leis a ghradh 'thug mi gun f hios,
On 's e mo les gun a luaidh,
Mur a faigh mi furtachd trath,
Bidh mo bhlath gu tana, truagh,

Am fer sin d'an dug mi gradh,
Is nach faod mi 'radh os n-aird,
Chuir e mis' am boinn nach geill,
Mo chrech! domh fein is ceut mairg.

--- + ---

DUANAG GHAOIL.

Do nighin Mhic-Dhomhnull Dhun-naobhaig.

LE MAC-CAILAIN.

Mairenn uain gu Dun-nan-naobh gel,
Aol-chlach eibhinn nan sruth fionn ;
Cuirten righ is cuan nan glan thraigh,
'S e 'm brugh eibhinn, 's bantrachd ann, O.

'S tursach leinne 'bhi ga t' f hagail,
'Arois nan cuach amalach oir ;
Osnadh, gu d' ruighechd fo d' mhor mhais,'
Bheirar uainn le frasabh dheoir, O.

'N cuimhne lets, 'bheil-deirg mhalda,
Mo riochd fein, uait no 'ad ghar?
Mar shamhilt brain air ghlan leig,
A ghraidh, gun aon bhreig, riut ni'n scar, O.

Mi ga t'fheithemh air srath sen chuain,
Gun iul puirt, gun chal 'bhi fo 'm,
'M buinne fairge tonn thar thaobh oirnn,
Clar mo luinge bheirar uam, O.

'S eibhinn dhuit-s', a mhaididh bric, O,
Mo run riut 's na h-abair e,—
Far an caidil thu gun toir ort,
A thi, 'nuair nach caidlinn fein, O.

'S eibhinn dhuit 'n trath laighes cach, O,
A bhi 'n caidremh mna nan rosc mall;
Ged a chuirtedh mi ri croich, O,
'S truagh an nochd nach mis' a bh' ann, O.

Gu dun nam buadh is an t-sonis
Thoir uamsa soridh nc dho,
Gu ribhinn shuairc a chaoin chaidrimh,
'S a chuach-f huilt f hada gu broig, O.

Brugh, a grand house, a royal residence. Sambilt, likeness, image. Bran, a raven. Leug, a pearl. 'Ad ghar, near thee, beside thee. Buinne, a wave, a stream.

It is probable that the Mac-Cailain who composed Mairenn Uainn, was Archibald, fourth Earl of Argyll. He succeeded his father in 1530, and died in 1580.

TIGHERNA CHOLA.

Hector Maclean, fourth of Coll, was a good man, and an excellent scholar. He was known as An Cleirech Beg, or the Little Clerk. He composed a few pieces of poetry in Latin. He succeeded his brother as Laird of Coll, in 1558. He was then well advanced in years.
CAISMECHD AILAIN NAN SOP.
LE TIGHERNA CHOLA.

'S mithich dhuinne mar bhun umhlachd
Dan burdain a chascairt dhuit,
A fhlescich bhrioghmhoir 'fhliuchas piosan
Le d' dhibh spiosair, nertmhorich.

'N nochd nar cheiltedh fion na Frainge
'Nad thech menmnach, masgalach,
A shil uaibhrich nach biodh uaignech
'S o 'm biodh sluagh gu cadaltach.

'S iomad geocach ann ad choisin.
Agus deoiridh aigentach
'N uair 'leigedh iat am mach am barca
Thar an cabul ro ghasda.

Cenglar uimpe mar bhur n-abhaist,
Cuan a b' aird' do chascairt leo,
'S nitar sin a reir a cheile
Gun fheum 'bhi air ath dheanamh,

Beirt choal righin, lionmhor, chainbe,
Gun aon snaim marcachd oirr',
'N cengal ri failbhegabh iarinn,
Droineb'nach iarr acarachd.

Sin air dheanamh luthach laidir,
Le spionnadh ard 'sa chert uair sin,
Gus an dugadh air a crannabh claonadh
Taobh na gaoith a chert-eigin.

'N uair 'shuidhedh iat air a crann-ceille
Gach fer fein ri drepairechd,
A liuthad sodar muir onshaidh,
'S e gu ceannghel, gorm, caitainach.
A bristedh gach taobh de ’brannradh,
'S e 'n coi-ruith ri ’baidalabh,
Fad bhur fad-fhradhairc ’sna neulabh,
'Slad o 'beul r' a f'hâicin leo.

A dol timchioll sruth' no sailain,
'S i gu lenabhail, tartarach,
'S ionad luirech an cengal ri ’h-earrich,
'S bogha derg Sasunach,

Crainn air an locradh o roinn gu dosabh
Le ’n cinn dhoidech fhad-ghaineach.—
’N uair a chunnaeadar am fad bhuaît
Na criochan ris an robh fuath acasan,

Glacadar na fuirbi righne
’Nan doidibh min’, ladarna;
Rinn iad an t-iomram teann teth
Tobhtach, laidir, eolach, acuinnech.

Thug iad cutrom air na liaghibh,
’S raimh gam pianadh acasan;
Chuir iad a beoil mhor ri cheile,
’S a da chleith an taice sin.

Burdan, a jest, a criticism, a jibe; a humming noise, a sing-song; also perhaps burdoon. The Irish burdoon was a species of harmonic accompaniment. It was the same kind of singing as the French faux bourdon, and the Italian falso bordone. When a song was sung with the burdoon, three or more voices took part in the singing, one representing the tenor, the others successively repeating the words of the song in a higher pitch, so as to form accords. E. O. Curry's Manners and Customs of the Ancieut Irish, vol. 1., page 607. Dan burdain may then mean a song sung in the burdoon manner. Probably however the meaning of the expression in this poem is a bantering song, a song composed in good humour, but containing some gentle

Lachainn Catanach Maclean of Duart married Marion, daughter of John, first Maclean of Treisinnis, by whom he had two sons, Hector Mor his successor and Allan, known as Ailain nan Sop. It is stated in some works that Allan was a natural son. The statement is not correct.

Ailain nan Sop was a man of courage and ability. He got a small fleet under his command and made plundering excursions to Ireland, the Lowlands, and parts of the Highlands. He got the name Ailain nan Sop from the fact that he frequently set wisps of burning straw to the buildings of the districts invaded by him, and reduced them to ashes. He killed the Laird of Lethir and took possession of his lands. He killed Malcolm Macneill of Gigha in 1530, and seized his estate. The Earl of Argyll secured his non-interference by a gift of the lands of Cille-Charmaig in Knapdale, and Macdonald of Islay by a gift of Tarbert Castle. He died in 1551, and was buried in Iona. He had two natural sons, Hector and John. They were both legitimated. August 30, 1547.

According to tradition, Hector Maclean, the Bard, afterwards Laird of Coll, made some remarks about Ailain nan Sop's conduct that were not very complimentary. Allan, provoked by these remarks, went to Coll, seized the poet, and took him away as a prisoner to Tarbert Castle. The bard composed a poem about Allan, which pleased him so much that he set his prisoner at liberty, with a friendly warning to be more guarded about his tongue for the future. Dr. Maclean states that Caismecadh Ailain nan Sop was composed about the year 1537. It is in all probability the very poem which procured his liberty for the scholarly bard of Coll,
DOMHNALL MAC FHIONNLAIDH NAN DAN.

Domhnall Mac Fhionnlaidh was a Macdonald. According to tradition his father, Finlay Macdonald lived in Glencoe, and was banner-man to Mac Mhic Iain, as Macdonald of Glencoe was invariably called. His mother was a native of Lochaber, and the daughter of a poet and deer-stalker who lived at Creg-guanach. Donald was brought up with his grandfather in Lochaber. After his father's death he returned to his native district, but owing to a disagreement with his chief, Macdonald of Glencoe, he remained there only a short time. He returned to Lochaber, the home of his youth. He succeeded his grandfather as bard and chief deer-stalker to Macdonald of Keppoch. He lived at Fersit, An Fhersaid Riabhach, at the lower end of Loch-treig, but passed the greater part of the summer at Creig-guanach, which is at the upper end of that loch. He was married but his wife lived only a few years. Mary his only daughter, kept house for him in his old age.

When Domhnall Mac Fhionnlaidh was an old man, and unable to hunt the deer, the young laird of Keppoch Raonall Gorach invited his principal followers to an entertainment at Taigh-nam-fledh. The aged bard was not invited, but started of his own accord, and went as far as Taigh-na-fuine on his way to Taigh-nam-fledh. Finding however that he was not wanted at the entertainment, he turned home. On his way back he heard an owl in the woods of Strone. His Oran na comhachaig, in which he addresses the owl as old and lonely like himself, was then begun.

Domhnall Mac Fhionnlaidh was a very old man at the time of his death. He is buried in Cille-Chaorail in Lochaber.

ORAN NA COMHACHAIG.
LE DOMHNALL MAC FHIONNLAIDH.
AM BARD.

A Chomhachag bhochd na Sroine,
An nochd is bronach do leba,
Ma bha thu ann ri linn Dhonng hail,
Chan ionghnadh ge trom let t'aignedh.
A CHOMHACHAG.
'S co-aoise mise do 'n daraig,
'Bha 'na faillein ann sa choinich,
'S iomad linn a chuir mi romham,
'S gur mi comhachag bhochd na Sroine.

AM BARD.

An nise on tha thu aosda,
Deansa t' fhaosit ris an t-sacairt,
Agus innis dha gun euradh,
Gach aon sgeula ga bheil agad.

A CHOMHACHAG.
Cha d’rinn mise braid no breugan,
Cladh na tearmun a bhristedh;
Air m’ fhein cha d’rinn mi imnadh,
Gur caillech bhochd ionnric mise.

AM BARD.

Chunnacas mac a Bhrithimh chalma,
Agus Ferghas mor an gaisgech,
Agus Torradan liath na Sroine;—
Sin na laoich ’bha domhail taicail.

AM BARD.

On a thoishich thu ri senachas,
’S eigin do lenmhuin na’s faide
Gun robh an triuir sin air sognadh,
Mun robh Donnghal ann san Fhersit.

A CHOMHACHAG.

Chunnic mi Alastair Carrach,
An duine ’b’allaile ’bha ’n Albin,
’S minic a bha mi ga eisteachd,
’S e aig reitech nan tom selga.
Chunnic mi Aonghus 'na dheghidh, 
Cha b' e sin raghain 'bu taire, 
'S ann san Fhersit a bha 'thuinedh, 
'S rinn e muilenn air Allt-larach.

AM BARD.

Bu lionmhor cogadh is crechadh, 
Bha 'n Lochabar ann san uair sin, 
Cait am biodh tusa ga t' f'halach, 
Eoin bhig na mala gruamich?

A CHOMHACHAG.

Is ann a bha 'chuid mhor de m'shinnsredh, 
Etar an Innse 's an Fhersit; 
Bha cuid eile dhiubh mu 'n Deubhadh, 
'S bhiodh iat ag eighech 'san f'hescar.

'N uair a chidhinn-sa 'dol sechad 
Na crechan agus am fuathas, 
Bheirinn car beg bharr an rathid, 
'S bhidhinn grathun an Creg-guanach.

AM BARD.

Creg mo chrídh-sa Creg-guanach, 
'Chreg an d' fhuair mi greis de m'arach, 
Creg nan aighen 's nan damh siubhlach, 
A chreg urail, f'hiarach, aghmhör.

A chreg mu'n iathadh an f'haghit, 
Bu mhiann lem a bhí gá tadhal 
'N uair bu bhinn guth gallan gadhair. 
A cur greidh' gu gabhal chumhinn.

'S binn na h-iolairean mu 'bruachabh, 
'S binn a cuachan, 's binn a h-ela, 
Is binne na sin am bhaoghan 
A ní'n laoghan men-bhreac ballach.
Is binn lem torman nan dos,
Ri uilin nan corra-bheann cas,
'S an eilid bhiorach a 's coal cos,
'Ni fois fo dhuillech ri tes.

Gun de cheil' aic' ach an damh,
'S e 's muime dhi feur is cremh,
Mathair an laoigh mhenbh-bhric mhir,
Ben an fhir mhall-roscich ghlain.

'S siubhlach a dh' fhalbhas e raon,
Cadal cha dean e san smur,
B' f'hearr leis na plaide fo 'thaobh,
Barr an fhraoich bhadanich uir.

Gur h-alin sceimh an daimh dhuinn,
'Thearnas o shiredh nam beann,
Mac-na-h-eilde 's ainm do 'n t-shonn
Nach do chrom le spid a cheann.

Eilid bhinnech, mhergant', bhallach,
Odhar, engach, uchd reidh, ard,
Damh togalach, croic-chennach, sgiamhach,
Cronanach, ceann-riabhach, derg.

Gur gasda a ruithedh tu suas,
Ri lecuinn chruaidh is i cas;
Moladh gach aon nech an cu,
Ach molim-s' an trup' tha' dol as.

Creg mo chridh-sa, 'chreg-mhor
'S ionmhuin an lon 'tha fo 'ceann;
'S anns' an lag 'tha air a cul,
Na machair is mur nan Gall.

M' annsachd beinn shes Cair nam fuaran,
'N riascach o'n dean an damh ranan;
Chuiredh gadhair a's glan nuallan,
Feidh 'nan ruaig gu Inbhir-mheoirain.
B' annsa lem na dùrdan bodich,
Os cionn lic ag eraradh sil,
Buirain an daimh 'm bi gne dhuinnid,
Air lecuinn beinne 's e ri sin.

'N uair 'bhuires damh Beinne-bige,
'S a bheics's damh Beinn-na-créige,
Frégridh na daimh ud d 'a cheile;
'S thig feidh a' Coire-na-snaige.

Bha mi on rugadh mi riamh,
Ann an caidribh's hiadh is earb',
'S chan fhaca mi dath air am bian,
Ach buidhe, riabhach, is derg.

Cha mhi-f'shin a scaoil an comun,
A bha etar mi 's Creg-guanach,
Ach an aois ga'r toirt o cheile;
Gur grathun an fheall a f'huaras.

'S i creg mo chridhe-sa Creg-guanach,
A chreg dhuillech, bhiolaireach, bhraonach,
Nan tulach ard, alin, farach,
Gur cian a ghabh i o 'n mhaorach.

Cha mhinic a bha mi 'g eistechd
Ri seitrich na muice-mara;
Ach 's tric a chuala mi moran,
De chronanich an daimh allidh.

Cha do chuir mi duil san iascach,
'Bhi ga iarridh leis a mhaghar;
'S mor gum b' annsa lem am fiadhach,
'S a bhi 'falbh nan sliabh a's t'shoghar.

'S eibhin an obair an t-selg,
'S ait a cuairt an aird' gu bechd;
Gur binne a h-aidher 's a fonn
Na long is i 'dol fo 'beirt.
Fhad 's a bhidhinn beo no mairenn
'S deo dhe 'n anail ann am chorp,
Dh' fhaninn am fochair an fheidh;
Sin an spreidh 'an robh mo thoirt.

Cait an cualas ceol 'bu bhinne,
Na mothar gadhair mhoir a techd;
Daimh shenga 'nan ruith le gleann,
Miolchoin a dol anonta 's ast.

'Nuair a bha mi air an da chois,
'S moch a shiubhlinn bhos is thall,
Ach an nis on fhuair mi tri,
Cha ghluis mi ach gu min, mall.

Tha blath mo bhogh' ann am uchd,
Le agh moal odhar is ait,
Ise genail 's mise gruamach,
'S cruaidh an diu nach buan an t-slat.

'S truagh an diu nach beo an fhedhain,
Gun ann ach an ceo de'n bhuidhin,
Leis 'm bu mhiannach gloir nan gadhar,
Gun mheoghail, gun ol, gun bhruidhin.

Bratach Alastair nan gleann,
An srol faramach ri crann,
Suaichentas soilleir Shiol-Chuinn,
Nach d' chuir suim an clannabh Ghall.

'S ann an Cinn-ghiubhsich 'na laighe
'Tha namhit na greighe deirge;
Lamh dhes a mharbadh a bhradain,
Bu mhath e 'n sabaid na feirge.

Dh' f hag mi 'san ruighe so shios,
Am fer a D' olc dhomhs' a bhas;
Is tric 'chuir e 'thagradh an cruas,
An cluais an daimh chabrich an sas.
Raonull Mac Dhomhnaill Ghlaís
Fer a fhuair foghluim gu des,
Deagh Mhac-Dhomhnaill a chuil chais
Ni'm beo nech a chomhraig leis.

Alastair cridhe nan gleann,
Gun e bhi ann mor a chrech,
'S tric a leg e air an toim,
An damh donn leis a chu ghlas.

Alastair mac Ailain mhoir,
'S tric a mharbh 'sa bheinn na feidh,
'S a lenadh fad air an toir,
Mo dhoigh gur Domhnallach treun.

Is Domhnallach thu gun mherachd,
Gur tu bunne gel na cruadhach,
Gur cairdech thu do Chlann-Chatain,
Is gur dalt thu do Chreg-guanach.

Ma dh' fhagadh Domhnall am muigh,
'Na aonar an taigh-nam-fledh,
'S gearr a bhios gucag air bhuil,
Luchd a chruidh bidh iat a staigh.

Bu mhath mo bhuachaille cruidh,
B'e sid uasal nan fer;
Bu decair dhomh tarmus air t' fhuil,
Cha bu dubh, ach aobharrach glan.

Bu mhath mo bharanta cogidh,
Ged a thogair mi tigh'n uaithe;
Gur h-e Eoin a Taigh-na-creige,
On a bhagair e mo bhualadh.

'S on a bhagair e mi gu teann,
Cho fad 's a mhaires crann no clach,
Cha tog mi uige mo thriall,
Ni mo dh' iarrinn dol 'na thech.
Soridh uam gu Coire-na-claich',
Au coire ’m bu toigh lem ’bhi ’tamh;
’S gu Uisge-labhir nan faobh,
Cuilidh nan agh maol ’s nam mang.

Soridh eile gu Bac-nan-craobh,
Gu da thaobh Belach-nan- scurr;
’S ’dh-fhios an Etar-bhelic hmoir,
Far nach cluinner gloir nan Gall.

Mi ’m shuidh’ air sith-bhruth nam beann,
A coimhied aig ceann Loch-treig
Creg-guanach ’m biodh an t-selg,
Grianan ard ’am biodh na feidh.

Chi mi an Dubh-lochan uam,
Chi mi Chruach is Beinne-brec,
Chi mi Srath Oisain nam Fiann,
Chi mi ’ghrian air Meall-nan-lec.

Chi mi Beinn-Nibhais gu h-ard,
Agus an carn derg r ’a bun,
Is coire beg eile r ’a taobh;
Chi mi monadh faoin is muir.

Gur riomhach an Coire-derg,
Far ’m bu mhiannach leinn bhi selg,
Coire nan tulachanan fraoich,
Innis nan laogh ’s nan damh garbh.

Chi mi braigh Bhidein nan dos,
’N taobh so ’bhos de scurra-lith;
Scurra-choinich nan damh seng,
’S ionmhuin lem an diu na chi.

Chi mi srath farsuinn a chrudh,
Far an labhar guth nan sonn,
Is coire cregach a Mhaim-bhain
’Am minic an dug mo lamh toll.
Chi mi Garbh-bheinn nan damh donn,
Agus Lap-bheinn nan tom sith,
Mar sin agus an Leitir-dhubh,
'S tric a rinn mi fuil 'na frith,

Soridh gu Beinn-eolair uam,
On's i 'fhuair urram nam beann;
'S gu slios Loch-eirechd an 'heidh,
Gum b' ionmhuin leim fein bhi ann.

Thoir soridh uam thun an Loch,
Far am faiciedh bhos is thall,
'S gu uisge Leamhna nan lach,
Muime nan laogh brec 's nam meann.

'S e loch mo chridhe-sa an loch,
An loch, air am biodh an lach,
Agus iomad ela bhan;
'S bhiodh iat a snamh air mu sech.

Olidh mi a Treig mo theann-shath,
'Na deidh cha bhi mi fo mhulad;
Uisce glan nam fuaran fallain,
O'n seng am fiadh a ni 'n langan.

'S buan an comun gun bhristedh,
'Bha etar mise 's an t-uisce,
Sugh nam mor bheann gun mhisce,
Mise ga ol gun trascadh.

'S ann a bha 'n comun bristech,
Etar mise 's a Chreg-sheilich;
Mise gu brath cha dirich,
'S ise gu dilinn cha teirin.

On labhair mi umibh gu leir,
Gabhidh mi-shein dibh mo ched;
Dermad cha dean mi 'san am,
Air fiadhach ghleann nam Beann beg.
Ced a’s truaighe ’ghabh mi riamh, 
De n śhiadhach bu mhor mo thoil, 
Cha ’n fhalbh mi le bogha fo m’ sgeith, 
’S gu la-bhrath cha leig mi coin.

Mise ’s tusa, ’ghadhair bhain, 
’S tursach ar turas do ’n eilain, 
Chaill sinn an tathunn ’s an dan, 
Ged bha sinn grathun ri cenal.

Thug a choille dhiots’ an erb’, 
’S thug an t-ard dhiomsa na feidh, 
Chan fheil naire dhuinn a laoich, 
On laigh an aos oirnn le cheil’.

’Aois chan fheil thu mechair, 
Ge nach feudar leinn do shechnadh, 
Cromidh tu an duine direch, 
A dh’ h’has gu milanta gasda.

Giorrichidh tu air’ a shaoghal, 
Is caolichidh tu a chasan, 
Fagidh tu ’cheann gun deutach, 
’S ni thu eutan a chasadh.

’Aois chas-aodnach, phellach, 
A shrem-shuileeh, odhar, eitidh, 
Cuim’ an leiginn let a lobhair, 
Mo bhogha ’thoir dtiom air eigin’.

On ’s mi-fhín a b’ fhearr an airidh, 
Air mo bhogha ro mhath iubhair 
Na thusa, ’aos bhothar, sgallach, 
’Bhios aig an tellach a’ d’ shuidhe.

Labhair an aos, a rithist, 
’S mo ’s righin ’tha thu ’lentuin 
Ris a bhogha sin a ghiulan 
’S gur mo ’bu chuibhe dhuit bata.
Gabhdh thusa uams’ am bata,
’Aois ghnada chaírtidh na pleide,
Cha leiginn mo bhogha letsá,
De d’ mhathas no air eigin.

’S iomad laoch a h’ fhéarr na thusa,
’Dh fhag mise gu tuislech an fhann,
’N deidh f’haobhachadh as a shesamh,
’Bha roimhe ’na fhlescach menmnach.


Alastair Carrach, the founder of the house of Keppoch. Aonghus na Feirte, the son and successor of Alastair Carrach. Raonall Mac Dhomhnaill Ghlais, Raonall Mor na Cepich, who was executed at Elgin in 1547. Alastair nan gleann, Alastair Bhoth-Floinn, who died at Kingussie. Eoin a Taigh-na-Creige, Macdonald of Glencoe.

CUMHA GHRIOGAIR MHIC-GRIOGAIR.
LE A MHNAOI.

Moch ’sa mhatuin air la Lunisd
Bha mi ’sugradh mar-ri m’ ghradh,
Ach mun danic medhon latha
Bha mo chridhe air a chradh.
Ochain, ochain, ochain uíridh,
'S goirt mo chridhe, dheth, a laoigh;
Ochain, ochain, ochain uíridh,
Cha chluinn 'e athair ar cruaidh chaoi'dh.

Mallachd aig maithibh 's aig cairdibh
'Chuir an cradh mi air an doigh s',
'Thanic gun fhios air mo ghradh-sa
'S a thug fo smachd e le foill.

Nan robh da-fher-dheug de 'chinnedhann,
'S mo Ghriogair air an ceann,
Cha bhiodh mo shuil a' siledh 'dheur,
No mo lenabh fein gun daimh.

Chuir iat a cheann air ploc darich,
Agus dhoirt iat 'fhuil mu 'n lar;
Nan robh agam-s'an sin cupan,
Dh' olinn de 'n fhuil sin mo shath.

'S truagh nach robh m' athair an galar,
Agus Cailain ann am plaigh,
Ged a bhiodh nighen an Ruadhainich
A sior shuathadh bhas is lamh.

Chuirinn Cailain liath fo ghlasabh,
Agus Donnachadh Dubh an laimh,
'S gach Caimbeulach a ta 'm Belach
Gu bhi ’giulan nanglas-lamh.

Ranic mise reidhlain Bhelich,
Ach cha d’ fhuair mi an sin tamh;
Cha d’ fhag mi roin de m’ fhalt gun tarruinn,
No gel chraicenn air mo laimh.

'S truagh nach robh mi ’n riochd na h-uisaig,
Spionnadh Ghriogair ann am laimh,
'S i 'chlach a b' aird’ ann sa chaistal
A chlach a b’ fhaisge do ’n bhlar.
'S truagh rach robh Fionnlairig 'na lasair, 
Agus Belach Mor 'na small, 
'S Griogair ban nam basan gela 
A bhi etar mo dha laimh.

Tha mi 'n diugh gun ubhlan agam,  
Agus ubhlan uil' aig cach; 
'S ann tha m' ubhal cubhrigh grinn-sa  
Agus cul a chinn ri lar.

Ged bhios mnathan chaich aig baile,  
'Nan laighe 's 'nan cadal seimh,  
'S ann bhios mis' aig bruach mo lepa, 
'S mi a bualadh mo dha laimh.

'S mor a b' annsa 'bhi aig Griogair  
Air fedh coille agus fraoich,  
Na aig Baran crion na Dalach  
An taigh claiche agus aoil.

'S mor a b' annsa 'bhi aig Griogair  
'Cur a chruidh a suas do 'n ghleann,  
Na aig Baran crion na Dalach,  
'S a bhi 'g ol air fion 's air leann.

'S mor a b' annsa 'bhi aig Griogair  
Fo bhrat ribach robach roin,'  
Na aig Baran crion na Dalach,  
'S mi a' giulan siod' is sróil.

Ged bhiodh cur ann agus cathadh,  
Agus latha nan sechd sion, 
Gheibhdedh Griogair dhomhsa cragan 
Ann san caidleamid fo dhion,

_Ba hu ba ho, asrain bhig thu!
Chan fheil thu fhathast ach tlath;_ 
'S egal leam nach dig an latha, 
'San diol thu i' athair, gu brath.
Asran, a forlorn object, a destitute wanderer. Cragan or cregan, a little rock.

The wife of Gregor Macgregor was a Campbell. Her father desired to have her married to the Baron of Dall, on the south side of Loch Tay; but she loved Macgregor, ran away with him, and was married to him. Her husband and her herself were under the necessity of wandering from place to place to escape the vengeance of her father and his friends. They were at last captured by their pursuers, and carried off to Taymouth Castle, Caisteal Bhelaich. Gregor was beheaded, and his wife compelled to witness his execution.

Sir Colin Campbell became laird of Glenurchy in 1550. He was a bitter and relentless foe to all the Macgregors. He caused Gregor Macgregor of Glenstrae to be put to death at Kenmore in 1570. He is evidently the Cailain liath of the poem. He was married to a daughter of Lord Ruthven, "nighen an Ruadhainich." He died in 1583. He had four sons, and four daughters. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Duncan, Donnachadh Dubh a' churric, or Black Duncan of the cowl. Duncan was married in 1574, and died in 1631.

It is probable that Gregor Macgregor of Glenstrae, executed in 1570, is the Gregor of the lament. But who was Gregor's wife? It is held by some that she was a daughter of Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, and a sister of Donnachadh Dubh a' churric. It is held by others that she was a daughter of Duncan Campbell of Glenlyon, Donnachadh Ruadh na Feilachd. The traditions of Glenlyon favor the latter view.

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CUMHA NEILL OIG.

LE MOIR NIC-FAIDAIN, A LENNAN.

Gur a mise 'th 'air mo churadh,
Thug mi gelladh do 'n chuirtair,
Is cha leig mi fo rum e na's mo.
Gur a mis' etc.

Tha mi 'm muigh ann san f hescar,
'S gun do chuspair ga chepadh,
'S mheudich sugradh nam flescach dhomh bron.
Tha mi 'feithemh na laiche, 'S fir an ordagh 'dol sechad
Ach fer t' aogisc chan fhaic mi gan coir.

Bu duin' uasal treun, tapidh,
Fiuran gasda ro bhechdal,
Am fer fial dha 'n do bhaist iat Niall og.

Ach nam b' aithne dhomh t' airemhm.
B' ur a' choill as an d' fhas thu,
'Shil nam faillain an ard' 'bu mhor stoirm.

Mac-Gilleain air thus let,
Agus oighre na Cuile,
'S let Mac-Fhionghain bho dhluth choille chno.

'S let Mac-Cuimilein uaibhrech,
Is Iarl' Antrim mu 'n cualas,
'S Lachainn 'thuit ann am bualadh nan sron.

Gur a math 'thigedh feiledh
Air an iòscald nach b' eitidh,
'Nuair a scioblaichedh m 'eudail gu fàlbh.

Cha bu mhes' 'thigedh boinaid
Air chul fainnech nan donnag,
Bu tu 'n gaisgech des foinnidh, gun gho.

Selgair feidh air an druchd thu,
Bhio dh e lot-te le t' fhuadar,
'Call na fala 's do chu air a lorg.

Bu tu 'n cearrach mor, prisail,
Air na cairtan 's na disnén,
'S tu gum buidh' nedh a chis ann san toirm.

Agus cearrach air feoirne,
Air an tailesg 'gan steornadh;
'S tu nach h-iarradh 's nach soradh an t-or.
Bu tu ceann do luchd-muinntir,
Nach robh geur ann an cainnt orr'
Ann an eirechdas cunntais no moid'

An la 'thanic thu 'dh-Albain,
Bu lamh shonrichte airm thu;
Tha sud fìrinech derbhte gun bhosd.

'Ruin, nam bidhedh tu mairenn,
Bu tu mo raghain de dh-'
Leiginn Eoghan is Ailain air falbh.

A mhic Neill 'bu mhor gaisge,
'Fhuair a stialadh mu 'n Chlachan,
'Se do bhas 'chuir am fadal mor s 'oirnn.

Chunna mi do cheann-cinnidh,
'S cach ga d' ghiulan gu innis;
'S gun robh surd ann air tioma gu leoir.

Bha gruaim mhor air do dh-alta,
'Nam an uaigh bhi ga trechailt;
Gun robh uair nach bu mhasladh sud dho.

Tha thu 'd chomhnaidh 'sa chaibal,
'S tu gun chomhradh, gun chaidremh,
Is gun chomhfhurtachd lepa ach bord.

Curadh, severe distress; not to be confounded with
Curadh, a hurt. Curadh, distressed. Cearrach, a game-
ster, a dexterous player of games.

Neil Maclean, known as Niall Mor Mac Mhic Iain,
was tutor to Lachlan sixth Maclean of Coll, during
the minority of the latter. He was a distinguished warrior, and
an upright man. About 1590, Sir Lachlan Mor of Duart
sent an armed force to Coll to compel the Macleans of that
island to follow him in all his wars. Niall Mor marched
out in great haste to meet the invaders. On his way to the
encounter he found that the flag had been forgotten. This
caused him a good deal of annoyance. An old warrior,
known as Domhnal Mugach, seeing the perplexity of his
leader stepped forward, took off his bonnet, and pointing to
his bald head, exclaimed, "This will do for a standard, and
I promise that it will not go back a foot to-day." The two
parties met at Sruthan nan Ceann in Totoranald. The
invaders were defeated with great slaughter. Sir Lachlan
Mor sent a more numerous force shortly afterwards. The
result was that he became master of Coll. Niall Mor had
to flee for his life. Sir Lachlan's men were constantly in
pursuit of him. At last twenty-four of them came upon him
by surprise at Clachan Duibh in the northern part of Mull
and slew him. The spot at which he was killed is known
as Torran Neill. Niall Og was a son of Niall Mor.

The twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth verses are not in
the MS. from which the poem has been copied. They
are taken from a version published in the Gael for 1872, at
page 179. If they really belong to the poem, Niall Og
must have fled from Scotland, probably to Ireland, after
his father had been murdered. An Ia 'thunie thu 'dh-
Albain will then refer to his return.

The late lamented J. F. Campbell, of Islay, got hold of
curious, but interesting account of Niall Mor. It shows
the manner in which legends are formed from actual facts.
It is published in the Gael for 1873, at page 138.

--- x ---

AM BARD MAC MHURCIDH MHIC IAIN RUAIMH.

The poet known as am Bard Mac Mhurchaidh Mhic
Iain Ruaidh was a Macrae. His name was either John or
Alexander, probably the latter. He resided at Mamag, in
Glencilchaig, Kintail.

Murchadh Macrae, Murchadh Mac Alastair, was the
seventh son of Alexander Macrae of Inverinatre, chief of
Macraes. In the beginning of the winter of 1620, he went
on a hunting excursion to the upper parts of Gleann-Lic.
As he did not return when expected his friends became
alarmed about him. After a search of fifteen days they
found his lifeless body at the foot of a large rock. He may
have been killed by falling over the rock; but the common
belief was that he had been thrown over it, by a wicked
wretch that he had found stealing his goats. The poet was
a herdsman with Murdock Macrae's brother.
CUMHA.

Do Mhurchadh Mac-Rath, a Chailledh an Gleann-Lic 'sa bhliadhna 1620.

LEIS A' BHARD MAC MHURCHIDH MHIC IAIN RUAIDH.

Och nan ochan 's mi scith,
'Falbh nan cnoc so ri sion;
Gur neo-shocrach an scriob 'tha 's duthich.

Cha b' e t' fhasach gun ni,
No t' f herann-aithch 'chion sil,
Ach sceul ro chraitech a mhill ar sugradh;

Thu bhì, 'Mhurchidh, air chall,
Gun aon chuimse cia 'm ball;
Sud an urchair 'bha cailltech dhuinne.

'S beirt nach guidhinn de m' dheoin,
Ach 's ni 'lughaig Dia oirnn,
Do chul buidhe bhi 'choir na h-urach.

'S cruaidh an cas 'sa bheil sinn,
Is goirt craitech gach cridh',
'S cha chuair cairden an ire dhuinn e.

Och, mo chlisgedh 's mo chas,
Gun thu 'n ciste chaoil char,
Le derbh fhios aig do chairden ciuirt' air.

Bu chall ceill' agus baigh'
'S gum bu mhisde mo chail,
Mur a tuigt' air mo dhan gum b' fhiu thu.

'Nuair a shuidhedh tu, 'sheoid,
Mar-ri buidhinn ag ol,
Mar bu chubhidh bhiodh ceol mu 'n turlach.

Slan le treubhantas seoid,
Slan le gleusdachd duin' oig,
'N uair nach d' fheud thu bhi beo gun churam.
Slan le gliocas 's le ceill,
'S a bhi mesail ort f hein,
'S nach h'-eil fios ciod e 'n t-eug a chiurr thu.

Slan le binnes nam bard,
Slan le grinnes nan lamh,
Co 'ni mire ri d' mhnaoi, no sugradh?

Slan le grinnes nam meur,
Slan le binnes luchd-theud,
'Nuair a sheinnedh tu 'm beul gun tuchan.

Slan le uaisle na 's leoir,
'S tu bhi suairce gun bhron,
Bho nach d' fhuaras tu, 'sheoid, gu h-urail.

Slan le fiadhach nam beann,
Slan le iasgach nan allt;
Co chuir iarunn an crann cho cliutech?

Do luchd-fair' tha gun f hiamh,
Bhon bha t'air' orra riamh;
'N nochd cha gherain am fiadh a churam.

'S ait le binnich nan allt,
'Chor 's gun cinnich an clann,
Gun do mhilledh na bh' ann de dh-fhudar.

Faodidh 'n erbag an nochd,
Etar mhaoislech is bhoc,
Cadal samhach air ncoc gun churam.

Faodidh ise bhi slan,
'Siubhal iosal is aird
Bhon a chailledh an t-armun cliutech.

In the line, Do luchd-faire tha gun f hiamh, the reference is to the red deer. Binnich nan allt, the roe deer. Turlach, a large fire.
CUMHA.

Do dh-Iain Ruadh Mac Dhughaill.

LE A MHATHAIR.

'S daor a chennich mi 'm fiadhach
A rinn Iain Di-ciadain;
Rinn an t-eilain dubh riabhach mo leon.
'S daor a chennich, etc.

Bu domhain an linne
'San robh fir ga do shiredh,
Ann san d' fhuaire iat mo chion 's gun e beo.

'N uair a thug iat a stech thu
Bha do ghruidhain air secadh;
Och 's e m' eudail a bh' aca gun deo!

A Dhomhnaill Mhic Iain,
An nochd 's cruaidh let mo naidhechd;
'S ann a tha iat gun aigher 'san Strom.

Gur h-e mis' 'th' air mo chrechadh,
'Dol a dh-ionnsidh do lepadh,
'S gun mo lamh air do chraicenn gel og.

Tha do phethrichen truagh dheth,
Air dhroch chengal tha'n gruagabh;
On 's e 'n losgadh a fhuaire iat 's an leon!

Is gur h-iomad duin' uasal
Leis 'm bu duilich mar chual iat,
Bho an Teist gun am buail iat an Strom.

Cas a shiubhal nam fuar bheann,
Ghabh thu raghain 'bha uasal,
'S tu gun trebhadh no buailten air doigh.

Gur a h-iomad bian beiste
'Chunnic mise mu d' reidhlein
'S e mo chrech nach do dh-fheud thu 'bhi beo
Gum bu lionmhor dhuit carid
Etar Leodhas 's na Herradh
Fir nach treigedh am barail le 'n deoin.

Murdoch Macaulay, a grandson of the celebrated Donald Cam, lived at Valtos in the parish of Uig in Lewis. He married Elizabeth Macpherson from the Isle of Skye, by whom he had John, Zachary, and other children. John who was known as Iain Ruadh MacDhughaill was only in his fifteenth year when his father died. He grew up to be an athletic and handsome man, and was celebrated as a hunter. He was drowned in Loch Langabhat whilst swimming to an island in the middle of that lake, an t-Eilain Dubh. A large stone marks the spot on which his body was laid after it was taken out of the water. His bereaved mother used to visit this spot on almost every Wednesday of the year. He was born about the year 1600.

FEAR AICHALIDH.

Murchadh Mor mac mhic Mhurchidh was the fifth Mackenzie of Aichilty in Ross-shire. He lived a long time in Lewis. He was factor in that island for the Earl of Seaforth. He was a clear-headed and well informed man. He composed several poems.

AN LAIR DHONN:

Oran molidh do shoithech a bha aige.

LE FER AICHALIDH.

Tha mise fo ghruaim
'S gun mi 'n caidremh a chuain,
Cha chaidil mi uair air choir
Tha mise fo ghruaim, etc.

Ge socrach mo ghleus
Air capul 'na leum,
Cha chaisger lem m' fheum le treoir.
Loth phellagach bhreun,
Fo phillein ’s fo shrein;
Aon ghille ’na deidh bu lod.

Cha dugadh i ’n cein
Ach duine ’s i-fein,
’S gun cuiredh i feum air lon.

Nan eighedh i scios,
’S e b’ fheudar ’dhol sios
’S a treigsin, ge b’ fhiamh an toir.

Cha b’ ionnan ’s mo lair,
Air linge nam barc,
Ag imechd a ghnath le treoir.

Bu mhaisech a loinn,
Ri grinques na gaoith,
Gun bhioran ri’taobh, ’s i ’falbh.

’S i ’b’ f heraile ceum
De ’m faca mi-fein,
’S cha bu gheran d’i feum air lon.

Iubhrach shocrach a chuain
Dha ’n cliu toisech dol ’suas,
’S giuthas dosrach nam buadh fo sheol,

Air bharrabh nan stuadh
’Cur darich ’na luaths,
’S buill tharruinn nan dual ’san dorn.

’Reubadh mara gu dluath,
Fo bheul sgar agus suigh,
’N deidh a barradh gu h-ur bho ’n ord.

Ruith chuip air a clar,
’S i druidte fo ’sail,
Bu chruit leinn a gair fo sheol.
Chluinntedh faram nan ramh,
Bho ’n charric a snamh,
'S bhiodh barant an laimh gach seoid.

Chan iarradh i moll,
No fodar no pronn,
Ach sadadh nan tonn ri ’sroin,

'B' e sud m’ aigher ’s mo mhiann
Ged a ghlasich mo chiabh,
'S cha bu shlat agus srian a’ m’ dhorn.

Ged thigedh an ruaig
Le caithemh a chuain,
Cha laighedh oirnn fuachd no leon.

'N uair a ghabhtedh gu tamh
Ann an cala puirt sheimh,
Cha b'fhallain bho m’ laimh-s’ an ron.

'S bhiodh eilid nam beann
Ga h-imain le gleann,
'S mo pheileir gu teann ’na lorg.

Ga fennadh air luib,
Fo mhellabh na stuic,
Gum b’fhallain mo shunnd ’s gach doigh.

Ar scennan bhiodh geur
Gu fennadh an fheidh,
'S cha b’annas an gleus sin oirnn.

'Fhir a dh’imiches ’n iar,
Bho nach cinntech mo thriall,
Bi ’g innsedh gur bliadhnh’ gach lo.

Beir an t-soridh so ’null,
Air fad chuan an shuinn.
Far am faightedh na suinn ag ol.
Gu eilain an fheidh,
Gu eirthir an eisc,
Far nach paighamid feich air lon.

Gu comunn mo ruin
Nach cromadh an t-suil
’N am tromachadh dhuinn am poit

Gun ardan, gun strith,
Gun airemh air ni,
Ach ’cur saridh am fion ’s ga ol.

Bhiodh ceol fidhle ri ’r cluais.
Bho ’n Eoin fhinalt’gun ghruaim,
Fer bu rioghaid cur dhuan air falbh.

The poet went to England with a drove of cattle. While waiting for an opportunity to sell the cattle, he hired a horse and gig and visited several places. It was whilst on this excursion that he composed the above song. He would rather be in Lewes than in England, and would prefer a sail in his own vessel to a ride in a gig.

DIORBHAIL NIC-A'-BHRIUTHAINN.

Dorothy Brown, Diorbhail Nic-A'-Bhriuthainn, lived in the Island of Luing in Argyleshire. It is evident that she possessed poetic talents of a high order. There is only one of her poems extant, “Alastair a laoigh mo Cheille.” It was composed about the year 1647.

ALASTAIR A LAOIGH MO CHEILLE;
Oran do dh-Alastair Mac Cholla.
LE DIORBHAIL NIC-A'-BHRIUTHAINN.

Alastair, a laoigh mo cheille,
Co ’chunnic no ’dh’ fhag thu ’n Eirinn?
Dh’ fhag thu na milten ’s na ceutan,
'S cha d' fhag thu t-aon leithid fein ann;—
Calpa cruinn an t-siubhail eutruim,
Cas 'chruinnechadh an t-sluaigh ri 'cheile;
Cha deanar cogadh as t' eugais,
'S cha deanar sith gun do reite;
'S gar am bi na Duibhnich reidh riut;
Gun robh 'n righ mar tha mi fein dhuit.

E ho, hi u ho, ro ho eile,
E ho, hi u ho, 's i ri ri u,
Ho hi u o, ro ho eile,
Mo dhiobhail dith nan ceann-feadhna.

Mo chruit, mo chlarsach, is m' fhiodhul,
Mo theud chiuil 's gach ait am bidhinn;
'N uair a bha mi og a' m' nighin,
'S e 'thogadh m' inntin thu 'thighin;
Gheibheth tu mo phog gun bhruidhin,
'S mar tha mi 'n diugh 's math do dhligh' oirr'.

'Mhoire 's e mo run am firionn;
Cha bhuchaille bho 'san innis,
Ceann-feadhna greadhnach gun ghiorag,
Marcich' nan steut a 's leoir mire,
'Bhuidh' nedh na cruinten d'a ghillen,
'S nach sechnadh an torachd iomairt:
'Ghaoillich nan deanadh tu tilledh,
Gheibheth tu na bhiodh tu 'siredh,
Ge do chaillinn ris mo chinnech,
Pog o ghruaigich dhuinn an fhirich.

'S truagh nach h-'eil mi mar a b' ait lem,
Ceann Mhic-Cailain ann am achlais,
Cailain liath an deidh a chascairt,
'S an crunair an deidh a ghlacail;
Bu shunndach a gheibhinn cadal,
Ged a b' i a 'chreg mo leba.

M' eudail thu 'dh-fherabh na dilin,
'S math 's aithne dhomh do shloinnedh innsedh,
'S cha b' ann an cagar os 'n iosal;
Tha do dhreich mor dh' iarradh righ e,
Falt am boinaid is e sintech,
Is sar mhusc ort no cuilibhair;
Dh’ eightedh geard an cuirt an righ let,
Ceist nam ban o’n Chaistal Ilech,
Dorn gel mu ‘n dean an t-or sniamhan.

Domhnallach gasda mo ghaoil thu,
'S cha b' e Mach Dhonnachidh Ghlinne-Faoch-ainn,
No duine 'bha beo de 'dhaoine;
'Mhic an fhir o thur na faoisechd,
Far an dig an long fo 'h-aodach,
'S far an oitedh fion gu greadhnach,

'Mhoire 's e mo run an t-oiger,
Fiughantach, aigentach, sporsail,
Cennard na cethairne moire;
'S mise nach diultadh do chomhradh
Mar-ri cuidechd no a’m’ onar,
Mhic an fhir o 'n innis cheolmhoir,
O’n tir ‘am faightedh na geoidh-ghlas,
'Sam faighedh fir fhalamh storas.

Bhuailtedh crech agus spech mhor let,
'S cha bhiodh ‘chrudhe tigh’n ga t’ fheorich,
Aig a liuthad iarl is mor-f’her
'Thigedh 'thoirt am mach do chorach,
Thig Mac-Shimi, thig Mac-Leoid ann,
Thig Mac-Dhomhnaill-Duibh o Lochidh,
Bidh Sir Seumas ann le mhor f’hir,
Bidh na b’ annsa Aonghus og ann,
'S t’ fhuil gheadhnach fein bhi’ ga dortadh,
'S des tarruin nan geur lann gorma.

Is nan saoiledh cinnedh t’ athar
Gu ‘n deanadh Granntich do ghleidhedh,
'S iomad fer Gunn’ agus claidhibh,
Cotain uaine 's brecain dhathail,
'Dh' eiredh let da thaobh na h-abhunn,
Cho lionmhór ri it an dredhain.

Ged tha mis' a'm' phaisde suarach,
Thall 's a bhos mu uisg' a chuain so,
Nam biodh mo chródhair na buailten,
Mo ghreigh a tadhail nam fuan,
'Ribainan a cengal mo ghruaige,
Gur lionmhór fer 'bhiodh't a luaidh rium.

'Mhoire 's iat mo run an comunn,
Luchd nan cul buidhe 's Donna,
'Dheanadh an t-iubhar a chromadh,
'Dh' oladh fion derg 'na thonnabh,
'Thigedh 'stech air mointich Thollidh,
'S a thogadh crech o mhuinnter Thomidh.

John Mor Tanaistear, fifth son of the first Lord of the Isles, received from his father 1,600 acres of land in Islay and 3,600 acres in Kintyre. He married Margery Bisset about the year 1399, and obtained the Glens of Antrim with her. He was succeeded by his son Donald Ballach. Donald Ballach married a daughter of Conn O'Neill. He defeated the royal army at Inverlochy in 1431. He died about the year 1480. John Mor, his son and successor, married Sabina, daughter of Felim O'Neill, and had by her John Cathanach, so called from having been fostered with the O'Cahans. John Cathanach married Cecilia Savage. He was executed in Edinburgh in 1498. Alexander, his son and successor, married a daughter of John Macdonald of Ardnamurchan, by whom he had six sons, James, Angus, Coll, Alastair Og, Donald Gorm, and Sorley Buy, Somhairle Buidhe. James married Agnes, daughter of Colin, then Earl of Argyle. He died in 1565, and was succeeded by his son Angus. Angus married Mary, daughter of Hector Og Maclean of Duart. He died about 1512, and was succeeded by his son James, who died in London without issue in 1626. James was the last of the Lords of Islay and Kintyre. Coll, the third son of Alastair Mac Iain Chathanach resided at Kinbaan in Ireland. He married Eveleen,
daughter of Macquillan of Dunluce, by whom he had two sons, Gillespie and Randal. He died in May 1558. Gillespie married the daughter of a man named O'Quinn, by whom he had one son, Colla Ciotach. He was killed, shortly after his marriage, by an infuriated bull. Sorley Buy, the youngest of Alastair Maclain Chathanach's sons, was born about 1505. He was a man of very great ability. He succeeded in retaining possession of the Autrain estates. He married Mary, daughter of Conn O'Neill, first Earl of Tyrone, and had by her five sons, Donald, Alexander, James, Randal, and Angus. Randal was created Earl of Antrim in 1620.

Colla Ciotach was born at Loughlinch, Loch Leithinnis, in 1570. He was removed at a very early age to the island of Colonsay, where he resided until 1639. He had three sons, Gillespie, Alexander, and Angus. He was hanged near Dunstaffnage in 1647. Two of his sons, Gillespie and Angus were put to death at the same time.

Alexander, second son of Colla Ciotach was born in Colonsay. He left Ireland for Scotland at the head of 1500 men, June 27th, 1644. He distinguished himself as a warrior in battle after battle under Montrose. He returned to Ireland in May 1647. He was killed at the battle of Cnocnanos, in the county of Cork, November 13th, 1647. He was married, and left two sons, Coll'-a- Mhuilinn, and Gillespie.

--- X ---

IORRAM NA TRUAIGHE;

Cumha do dh-Iain MacLeoid, a Chaochail 'sa bhliadhna 1649.

LE POL CRUBACH.

Gur h-i iorram na truaighe
Tha ga h-eibhech aig sluagh san am s',
Is a liuthad glaodh tioma
Gun bhinnes r'a eistechd leinn.
Tha ar tigherna duthcha
Ann sa chiste chaoil dhuinte theann :
Gach cuis chruidh 'sam biodh cunnart
'S tu a b'uirrainn a reitech'dhuinn.
Chunnic mise Sir Seumas
Ga do threigsin 's cha b' ann de 'dheoin;
Bha a dher shuilen glana
'S iat ri siledh nam milten 'dheoir
Nam b' ann le nert lannan
Bhiodh do cholun a caochladh neoil,
Chitedh iomad laoch ferail
'Bualadh faraim 's a reubadh feoil.

Gum bu lionmhor srol ballach
Bhiodh ga nochdadh ri slinntibh chrann;
'S gum bu lionmhor treun ghaisgech,
Ri faicin nam maoth shrol fann,
'Bhiodh air ghluaasad gun fhuirech
Do na chumasg gu stroicedh cheann;
'S a chur lunnan air braighden,
'S iat a' faighnechd, 'n e 'm bas a th' ann?

'Siomad clogaide cruadhach,
'Bhiodh a falach nan gruag 's nan sron;
'Siomad cuilbhair a chitedh
A toirt teine lé cinnt ri ord
'S iomad fiubhaidh chaol erra
Bhiodh gam falach gu'n ceir am feoil;
'S gum bu lionmhor pic-mhellach
Bhiodh ga tarruinn bho chluais gu dorn.

Nam bu chiontainan dhaoine
A bu bhaogh'l do bhetha Mhic-Leoid,
Gur a lionmhor tuir shuairce
A ghluaisedh gu h-allanta borb,
Is a bheiredh ruaig mhdane
Gun an oidhch' a chadal air choir,
'S mnathan bruite ag eighche
Mu bhi 'rusgadh nan geur lann gorm.

Gur a mor an tein'-adhair
'Thug an spredhadh 'bha trom 'n ar mesg;
Thuit ar n-aignedh an islid,
Is ar cridhe 'nar eliabh gu 'n do chlisg:
Gur a h-ionad ben bhreid-ghel
Bha a h-enchainn a leum fo ’sic,
Mu dheagh Iain Mac Ruari
Bhi an eclair nan stuaich fo lic.

Gur a mor an sruth traghidh
So a bharc air ’ir Innse-Gall ;
Ri amharc a’ cheile
Gur a soilleir dhaibh fein an call.
Fer do choimais cha leir dhomh,
Bu tu ’n curidh an streup nan lann,
Le do ’n chlaidhibh cruaidh beumnach
Ann ad dhes laimh gu speicedh cheann.

A ghnuis shoilleir ne feile,
Nach breugichadh t’f hacl san uair
Bu tu ceann-uidhe nan deoraidh
Is nan airclach gun treoir ’s nan truagh.
Bu tu cearrach na tice
Aig ’m bu tric a bhiodh airemh sluagh
’S fer na fialaidhachd dhubailt
Nach do chlechd ’bhi ri cunntas cruaidh.

A dheagh Iain mhhic Ruari,
’Fhir nach gluaistedh le muiseg fiait,
’Fhir nach gabbadh bonn eagal,
Ach a shesadh ’s gach cuis gun f hiamh,
Cha ’n f hacas do ghillen
An tir eile ga spuinnessh riamh,
’S cha robh feum air luchd-faire
Ann ad bhaile ’san oidhch’ mar dhion.

Aig ro fheodhas an achda
So a chlechd thu ’nad thir mu ’n cuairt,
Cha do dh-iarr thu riamh clachair
Gu do chaistal a dhion roimh shluagh,
Cha bhiodh droll air do chomhla
Mu thrath noine gu teann le gruaim,
Ach thu ’n cathair na feile,
Is tu leughadh a cheirt dha d’ shluagh.
Gum b’e m’ aigher an t-Iain
So ’chaocháil air matuin Di-mairt;
Ceann a reitech’ gach facail
Gus ’n uair an dech stad air do chainnt.
Bha do chairden trom tursach,
’S fath an curaim an aite teann,
A sior choimhed a’ t’aotan
Is gun chomas do dhioghailt ann.

Tri bliadhna’ agus fiched
Bha thu ’n glocas ’na t’ aite fein,
Gun bhèud is gun mhulad,
Gus ’n do thomich am bas ’bu treun.
Mar gun digedh trom fhras oirn.
A ghradh chaisgedh bhuainn soills’ nan speur,
Thanic smal air do dhuthich,
Dh’ fhalbh ar surgradh gu brath ’nad dheidh.

According to some writers, Olave the Black, the Norwegian sub-king of Man had six sons, Harold, Reginald, Magnus, Leod, progenitor of the Macleods, Guin, progenitor of the Gunns and Leandruis, progenitor of the Gillanders. That he had Harold, Reginald, and Magnus is a historic fact; but that he also had Leod, Guin, and Leandruis is merely a supposition.

Leod possessed two-thirds of Glenelg, the district of Harris, and probably Lewis. He married the daughter of Mac-Raild, the most influential man in Skye, and obtained about two-thirds of that island with her. He had two sons, Tormod, progenitor of the Macleods of Glenelg, Harris and Dunvegan; and Torquil progenitor of the Macleods of Lewis, Watermish, Assynt, Coigach Gairloch and Raasay.

Roderick Macleod of Dunvegan, known as Ruari Mor, married Isabel, daughter of Donald Macdonald, eighth of Glengarry, and had five sons by her, John his successor, Sir Roderick of Talisker, Sir Norman of Bernera, William of Hamer, and Donald of Greshornish. He died in 1626. John Macleod of Dunvegan was a man of great size and strength, and was known as Iain Mor. He was an excellent chief. He exerted himself to the utmost to improve the morals of his people. He married Sibella, daughter of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, and had by her
the following issue: Roderick his successor; John Brec who succeeded Roderick; Mary, second wife of Sir James Macdonald of Sleat; Marion, wife of Donald Macdonald of Moidart; Julian, wife of Sir Allan Maclean of Duart; Sibella, wife of Thomas Fraser of Beaufort; and Margaret, wife of Sir James Campbell of Lawyers. He died in September, 1649. Ailain Muidartach, Sir John Maclean of Duart and Lord Lovat, were grandsons of John Mor.

MARI NIGHEN ALASTAIR RUAILD.

Mary Macleod, Mari nighen Alastair Ruaidh, was born in Roudal, in Harris, about the year 1590. She composed a great number of excellent poems, but only a few of them have been preserved. She was an ardent admirer of Sir Norman Macleod of Bernera, and was constantly singing his praises. Rory the witty, who succeeded his father, Iain Mor, as chief of the Clan-Leod in 1649, was displeased with her for bestowing so much praise upon his distinguished uncle, and banished her to the island of Mull. Rory died in 1664. He was succeeded by his brother, John, Iain Brec. John, who was an exceedingly popular chief, recalled the poetess from Mull. She is said to have died in 1693, at the advanced age of 103 years.

O, MO CHIRADH-GHAL BOCHD,

Cumha do Shir Tormaid Mac-Leoid.

LE MARI NIGHEN ALASTAIR RUAILD.

O, mo chiradh-ghal bochd,
Mar a tha mi an nochd,
'S mi gun tamh, gun fhois, gun sunnd.

Mi gun surd orm ri stath,
Is gun duil ri bhi slan,
Chaidh mo shugradh gu brath air chul.

Chaill mo shushbaint a cail,
Tha mi tursach gach la,
'S mi sior ursgeul air gnaths mo ruin,
Deagh Mhac Ruari nan long,  
Lamh a liobhrigedh bhonn,  
'S a bha mesail air fonn luchd-ciuil.

'S e bhi smaointechadh ort,  
A throm chraidh mi a' m' chorp  
Is a chnamh dhiom na raisc fo m' shuil,

Bhi ri smaointin bochd, truagh,  
Is ri iomradh baoth, buan,  
'S mi ga t' ionndrain-sa bhuam, 's tu b fhiaù.

'Gionndrain Leodach mo ghaoil  
Bhi' 'san t-srol-ánart chaol,  
'S e gun chomhdach ri 'thaobh ach buird.

O'n la ghlasadh do bheul,  
Gun dech airc air luchd-theud,  
'Fhir a sgapadh gu reidh na cruin.

Thug na filidh ort sgeul,  
Fhad 's a dh' imich an ceum,  
Nach fac iat na b' fheile gnuis.

Gun robh mais' ann ad fhiamh,  
Agus tlachd ort 'mesg chiat  
Rud nach cuala mi riamh air triuir.

Tha Mac-Leoid s' th' air ar ceann,  
'S e fo thursa nach gann ;  
'S beg an t-longhnadh, 'se.'chaill an stiuir.

Chaill e aodhair' a thread,  
'San robh fradharc nan ceut,  
Agus taghadh na deagh chaitiúil.

Deagh shelgair am frith  
'Bha gun cheilg do thaigh righ.  
Agus seirbhas eich diles cruin.
Sir Norman Macleod was the third son of Ruari Mor, thirteenth of Dunvegan. He was born about the year 1600. He commanded the Macleods at the battle of Worcester in 1651. He was knighted in 1660. He was the progenitor of the Macleods of Bernera.

ECHANN BACACH.

Hector Maclean, known as Echann Bacach an t-Aosdana, lived in Mull. It is said that he had a small annuity from Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart. He was a very able poet.

IORRAM.

'Do Shir Lachinn Mac-Gilleain.
LE ECHANN BACACH.

A shir Lachinn na feile,
Nan ech cruithech 's nan geur lann,
Is tu m' aigher is m' eudail, 's mo theoir.
Gres an nall uginn dhachidh,
Oighre dhligich na h-aítribh,
Is nan pioban 's nam bratichen sroil.

An Duneiden nan caistal,
Tha triath gleust na mor aitim;
'Sann de d' bheus a bhi sgapadh an oir,

'S gann gum b' urrain do dhuthich
'Chur a'd' lamhabh de chuinedh,
'Mheud 's a chosgadh tu 'chruintibh mu'n bhord.

Gur a buidhech gu leir dhiot
Do chuid uaislen 'nan eidedh,
Leat gun guidh iat buaidh threun anns gach toir.

'Chuid de 'n chleir s' a chaidh sechad,
Mu do reidhlein gum faight' iat
'S fad 's is cian 'thug luchd-astair ort sgeoil.

Crann gun doichel, gun euradh,
'S tric a chosgas na ceutan,
Dha'm bi dorsaireachd seile trath noin.

Bhiodh fir Mhuile mu d' bratich,
Mu do ghuaillich gu 'm faict' iat;
Bu ni duilich a glacadh 's do leon.

'S luath a chruinnichedh aig t' fhacal
Na fior churidhnen gasda,
'Bheiredh fuil 'nuair a chastedh ri 'n sroin.

Bhiodh ac' boghachan dathte
A chuil bhuidh' thig a Sasunn,
'Ghabhadh lubadh 's nach speltadh san dorn;

Fiubhidh chinntech, chruaidh, fhallain,
'S i gun fhiaradh, 's gach gel laimh,
'Dheanadh reubadh 'nuair 'bhenadh i 'dh-fheoil;
Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart was the second son of Hector Og of Duart by his first wife, a daughter of Mackenzie of Kintail. He succeeded his brother Hector Mor, as Lord of Duart and chief of his Clan in 1626. He was created a baronet by Charles I., September 30, 1631. Leaving his brother, Donald of Brolas, to raise his followers, he made haste with thirty of his kinsmen to join Montrose. He arrived just in time to take part in the battle of Inverlochy, February 2, 1645. He had 1,100 men, 750 being Macleans and 350 Macquarries, Macneills and others, at the battle of Kilsyth, August 15th, 1645. His brother Donald Domhnall Mac Echinn Oig, was Lieutenant-Colonel under him. General David Leslie and Argyll invaded Mull with a force of 5,000 men in 1647, and ravaged a great part of the island. In the same year Argyll bought up all the debts both public and private, that he could find against Sir Lachlan, seized himself and imprisoned him in the castle of Carrick. He was in prison about a year. He lived only a few months after his liberation. He died at Duart castle, April 18th, 1648. He was buried at Iona. By his wife, Mary, daughter of Sir Roderick Mor Macleod of Dunvegan, he left two sons, Hector Roy and Allan.
"S ann Diccadain, a shair,
'Ghabh mi ced dhiot air traigh;
'Righ, gum faicim thu slan neo-airsnelach.

A Shir Lachinn nam barc,
'Chuiredh luinges air sail',
Leis an togar an cabhlach acuinnech.

Gur tu oighr' Echinn Oig.
Leis an eiredh na sloigh;
'N uair a leumadh do shron cha b' airclech thu.

Clann-Ghilleain cha tlath
'Dhol an cogadh nan arm;
'S tric a bhuannich sibh blar, 's e b' fhasan duibh.

'S fada 'chluinnedh 'ur foirm
Agus faram bhur gleois
'Togail chrech o na chro 's a ghlasanach.

'N uair a spreigedh sibh piob
'S fuaim bhur creich' ga cur sios,
Gum biodh crith air an tir 'san tachradh sibh.

'N uair a nochdadh sibh srol
Ris na caol-chrannabh stoir,
'S maíg a thachradh g' a dheoin roimh 'r lasrichen.

An duirn laochridh gun leon
Bhiodh caol chuilbhaireen gorm,
Agus sradag nan ord 'toirt lasain daibh.

Fhad 's a bhidhes tu beo
Cum an stiuir ann ad dhorn,
Is na melladh fer-sgoid no beirte thu.
Chluinnt' ad thalla fuaim theud  
An am laighe do 'n ghrein, 
'S mnathan grinne 'cur greis air fasanan.

'S mi bhiodh cinntech a t' sfeum  
Ann am beanntabh na seilg 
'S do choin erbsach air eill roimh 'n chamhanich.

Namhit eilid nan gleann  
Agus bradain nan allt;  
Sgibair faing' thu 's muir ard 's an langanich.

Slan gun till thu a rithist,  
Air reothart an lionidh,  
Gu Dubhairt 'bu rioghal aigenach

Ochain, ochain, mo chradh,  
'Chloinn-'Illeain nam barc.  
'S e mo chrech mar 'tha 'n traghadh sechad oirbh.

---

A CHNO SHAMHNA;

Marbhhrann do Shír Lachinn Mac-Gilleain,  
Triath Dhubhairt, a chaochail 'sa bhliadhna, 1648.

LE ECHANN BACACH.

Thriall ar bunadh gu Paras;  
Co a b'urraing a shenachas 
Ach Mac-Mhuirich mac Fherghais  
Craobh a thuinich re aimsir,  
'Fhriamhich 'bun ann an Albinn;  
Chuidich fer dhiu Cath Ghairbhaich;  
Fhuair sinn ulaidh fer-ainm' a thechd beo.  
Fhuair sinn ulaidh, etc.
Cha chraobh chura, cha phlannta,
Cha chno 'n uiridh o'n d'fhas thu,
Cha blath chuirtedh mu bhealltain,
Ach fas duillich is mhenglan,
Am meur mullich so 'dh' fhag sinn:
Criosd 'chur tuilledh an aite na dh' fhalbh.

Is mor puthar an raidhe s',
'S trom an dubadh so 'dh' fhas oirnn,
Gur a cumhann leinn t' fh'ardach,
Leba luthidh nan claran;—
'S fad is cuimhne leinn caradh nam bord.

Cha do bhrist thu 'chno shamhna,
Chaidh do chist' an taigh-geamhridh,
Misnech fir Innse Gall thu;
'S mor a' s misde do ranntabh
Nach clisg thu roimh armailt;
'Righ, bu mhesail thu 'n campa Mhontrois.

'Fhir 'bu rioghaile clechdadh,
'S tu 'bu bhíoganta faicin;
A dol 'sios ann am machair
Bhiodh let mile mu d' bhratich,
'Chuid 'bu phrisail' de 'n echridh;
Luchd do mhiruin nan caist' ort,
'S ann a dh' innstedh leo t' fh'hasan
'Nuair 'bu sgith leo cur sgapidh 'nam feoil.

Cha bu bhuanachd dha d' namhid
'Thígh'n a dh' fhuasgladh uait lamhain;
Bha thu buadhach 's gach aite;
Cha b' e fuath mhic a' mhaile
Fer do shnuaidh 'thígh'n do dh-fhardich;
Cha dath uaine 'bu bhlath dhuit
Nuair a bhuaileadh an t-ardan do phor.

Cha b'e sin mo luan-caisge
'Nuair a bhual do ghath bais thu;
"S truagh a dh 'fhag thu do chairden;
Mar ghair sheillen an garadh,
'N deidh am mealan fhagail,
No uain earrich gun m hathair,
'S fad a chluinner an gairich mu 'n chro.

Bhuinedh dhinne 'n a ur ros,
Fer ar taighe 's ar crun-fher;
Ghabh e'n rathad air thus uainn;
'S iomad latha r'a chunntas,
A bh' aig maithibh do dhuthcha,
Meud an aighir 's am muirne;
Bha mi tathaich do chuirte
Sel mu 'm b' urrain mi 'n t-urlar aic' fhalbh.

Thug Iarl' Ogilbhi 's Eirli,
S' gaiscich eile nach geilledh,
Ann ad thaigh-sa ag eirigh,
Thug iad gelladh gu h-eudmhors
Bhi ro chert do righ Seurlas 's do'n choir.

Gum b' aithriseich t' fheum-s' dha,
'Nam na crannan a bheumadh,
'Chum an dennaich a sheidedh;
Bhiodh lann thana, chruidh, gheur ort,
'S tu fad la air an t-seirm sin,
'S cha bhiodh lag bhuille mheirbh o do dhorn.

Till ri t' f hochal, a Dhebhi,
Tha i 'nis 'na clar reidh dhuit,
O nach mairenn t' fher-streupa;
Dh' imich Alastair fhein bhuainn,
'Thuirt le bharan an Eirinn,
'Scha b' e mala na reit' e:
Do dh-fherabh Dhunedin,
No 'Mhac-Cailain cha gheilldh r'a bheo.

Naile chunnic mi ainsir,
'S tu ri siubhal na selga,
Nach bu chuith ort an garbhlasch;
Pic de 'n iubhar cha d' fhás i
'Chuíredh pudhr no spairn ort;
Cha bhiodh fuidhel nach tairntedh,
Nam biodh luthadh 'na crann-ghail
'Chuíredh siubhal fo earr-it' an eoin.

Glac chomhnard an caradh
Am bian roinech na h-erba,
Cinn storach o 'n cheardich;
Cha bhiodh oirlech gun bhathadh,
Etar smeoirn agus gaine,
Le nert corcich a Flanras;
Cha bhiodh seolach an tearmad
Air an seoladh tu 'n crann sin ad dheoin.

B'eol dhomh innsedh na bh' aca;—
B' ann de bheusabh Shir Lachinn
'Bhi 'g ol fion an taigh farsuinn,
Mnathan riomhach ri fasain
A cur siod' agus pasmuin,
Gloir bhinn agus macnus,
Ann san am 'sam bu chlechd leibh 'bhi poit.

Gum bu mhath do dhiol fresdail,
An taigh mor am bial fescair,
Uisge-betha nam ledan
Bhiodh am piosan ga leigeil,
Sin 's a chlarsach ga spreigedh ri ceol.

'N am do 'n fhaire bhi 'glasadh
Bhiodh a chlarsach ga crechadh;
Cha bhiodh ceol innt' an tasgíadh
Ach na meoir ga thoirt aiste,
Gun leon laimhe, gun laigse,
Gus 'm bu mhiannach leibh cadal gu foil.

Cnaip na h-araich ri braisé,
Iomairt tailisg mu sech orr'.

Digitized by Microsoft®.
Fir seoirne ri tartrich,
Toirm is mathadh air chairten;
Dolair Spaintech is tastain
Bhidh gan dioladh gun lasan 'nan long.

Thug each teist air do bheusan
Nach robh ceist ort mar threun fher;
Bha aoidh deisechd is deilbh ort,
Bha fath seirc' aig do cheil' ort,
Bha gradh is egal Mhic De ort;
Bhidh an scriobtaír ga leughadh
Ann ad thalla mun eiredh do bhord.

Gcd bu lionmhòr ort frasachd,
Chum thu direch do d' mhac e,
Breid dionach gun sracadh,
Cha do dhiobair ceann-slait' thu,
On 's e Criosd a b' fher-beirt dhuit,
Sin an Ti a leig let an taod-sgod.

'Mhic, ma ghlasas tu 'n stiur so,
Cha bu fhlasas gun duthchas
Dhuit bhi grathun air t-urnigh,
Cuir g' a caithemh an triur so,
Cuir an t-Athair air thus ann,
Biodh am Mac mar fher-iuil oirr',
'S an Spiorad Naobha ga stiurredh gu nos.

Mac-Mhuirich mac Fherghais, the registrar of the
monastery of Iona. Fer-ainne; Hector Roy of Duart
fought at Harlaw in 1411. Sir Lachlan's heir was also
called Hector Roy. Debbi; General David Leslie. Alas-
tair, the famous Alastair Mac Cholla fer tholladh nan
taighan.

Bunadh, the stock of a tree; applied here to a chief as
the stock which supported the branches of the clan. Uladh,
a treasure. Pudhar, loss, damage, hurt. Fuath, a spectre,
a scarecrow. Luan-caisge, Easter Monday. Cuith, a
snow bank. Crann-ghail, a bow. Smeoirn, the end of the
arrow next the bow-string. Gaine, an arrow, a dart. Fochall, dirt. Cnaip na h-araich ri braise is in Ranald Macdonald's version, Bhiodh na cearrich ri braise. Fer-feoire, a chessman. Flathas, dominion, the position of a chief. Nos, custom, correct habit.

BLAR INBHIRCHEITAIN.
LE ECHANN BACACH.
LUINNAG.
Fail il an u, hil an u, hil an o ro;
Fail il an u, hil an u, hil an o ro;
Fail il an u, hil an u, hil an o ro;
Fail il an o, ho 's och nan och mar tha sin.

Gur a h-oil leam an sceula so
A dh-eist mi Di-domhnich;
Gun bhi tuilledh ga fhaighnechd,
Gur h-e 'n f hoill so 'chaith Hobron,
Dh' f hag iat shios Mac-Gilleain
'Cur a chatha 'na onar,
'S theich iat f hein troimh a cheile,
'S bha ratreut ann mar ordagh.

'S mor bha 'dh-uiresbhidh lamh ort,
Ged thug ardan ort fuirech,
Agus tuilledh 's an t- anabarr
'Thechd an nall air an luinges.
'S mise 'chuiridh an geall sin
Mur biodh ann ach na h-urad,
Nach buailedh iad banga
Ann sa champa le sulas

Chuir thu grabhailte cruadhach ort,
Air ghruaig nan ciabh amlach,
Claidhibh tan' air a liobhadh,
Is e direch gu 'bharr-dheis,
Sciath dhaingenn nan cruaidh shnaim,
Agus dual nam brec menmnach,
'S paidhir dhagachan sgriosail
Air chrions nam ball airgit.

Cha bu shlachdan aig oinid
Culidh chomhraig a ghaiscich ;
'Dol an coinnimh do namhit
Cha chrith-mhanntain a ghlac thu.
'Nuair a bhuaill thu beum-seithe
'Dh iarridh ceile co-chath' riut,
Is a thug thu 'nan comhail
Theich Hobron 's a mharc-shluagh.

'Sann a thug thu do dhualchas
O'n fher 'bhuailedh an Gruinnart ;
Cha robb'n imairt gun fhuathas,
Cha robb 'bhuanachd gun chunnart.
Gun robb torrun an lamhich
Agus tairnenach ghunna,
Ri des laimh mo ghraidh-sa
'Cur a chairden gu fulang.

Cha b' i ruaig ud fir Mhuile
Gu traigh Ghruinnt a chrech sinn ;
Gur h-e mheedich mo mhulad
Sar mhad urrant Shir Lachinn
'Bhi fo bhinn aig luchd-Beurla,
'S nach do dh-fheud e dol as orn'.
B' e sin connspun na troide
'Chuir an cogadh an clechdadh.

'Nuair a thougdh let bratach
Gheibh't fir ghasd air a mharg let ;
'Mhoire, 's iomad ben baile
Dh 'fhag sud tamul 'na banntraich,
Agus lenabh beg ciche
'Na dhillechdan anf hann.
Ach ge duilich do mhuiinntir,
Chan ann ump' 'tha air dermail.
Gur a h-iomadh laoch dorn-ghel
'Chaidh an ordagh mu d' bhratich,
Agus oganach sgìamhach
Bha ga rìasladh fo echabh.
Agus spalp de dh-fher taighe
Nach dug athadh dha phersa,
'Toirt a chlaidhibh a duille
Chert cho guinech ri eltuinn.

'Nuair a thogamid fechdan,
Gum bu ghasd ar ceann-armailt;
Ge b'e thigedh air echdridh,
Ghabh iat tlachd dhiot air 'Ghalltachd.
Bha thu 'd' charid do 'n Mharcus
A bha 'n Sasunn gun cheann air;
'S bu tu co-ainm Echinn
Leis 'n do ghlacadh an cabhlach.

'Nuair a thug e 'nan cinnsal
Leg e dinnair an Iarla;
Ghlacadh luinges an righ leis,
'S rinn e diobhail air bhanabh.
Air techd dha an deidh sin
Chuir e crioch air na dh' iarr e;
'S thug e turas a riogachd
Gus 'n do striochd Baile-Cliath dha.

'S fad on dh' imich am fer ud,
'S cha 'n ann ga gheran a tha sinn;
Ach ma dh 'f hagadh gun selladh
Suil mhellach an armuin.
Och,—gum maith an t-aon Dia dhuinn,—
Gur h-e 'iargain a chraidh sinn;
Gun robb aoidh fir an domhain
'Na co-sheis a fas riut.

Ge b' i 'thug an cion falich,
'Cur gu h-elanta litrech,
Ged b' i nighen Mhic-Cailain,
Bu diol mairiste dh' is' thu

This stanza is now published for
the first time. You will find the
substance of it on page 40 of
the Irish Words. Some
Gur a maireg i 'thug gaol dhuit
Ma chaochlas i 'nís e,
Is nach faic i air thalamh
Do mhae samhilt am misnich.

Mu dheireadh an t-samhradh
Cha robh menmn no deagh sceul oirnn;
'S beg an t-iongnadh do ranntachd
Bhi fo champar as t' eugmhis,
Agus muinntir do dhuthcha
Bhi fo churam mu d' dheibhinn;
Gun robh'n t-aobhar sud aca
Gu ruige les agus creubhaig.

Tha ionndrichin bhuainne
'S cha bu shuarach an call e;
Gum bu mhor an luach-taisgeil,
Ma tha 'n taisgeladh derbhte,
A bheireadh daoin' uaisle
As an uachdar an ainmail,
As ar tigherna smachdail,—
'S cha bu lapach an ceann tardi.

Cait an robh e air thalamh
Boinne fala a b' aille
Na oighre sin Dhubhairt,
Da'm bu chubhidh bhi statail;
Gur a h- ionad ben bheul-derg
A bha 'bried air dhoirg caradh,
'Nuair a fhuaire iat bechd sceula
Gun do chreuchdadh 'sa bhlar thu.

Tha do phaire air a dunadh,
Ionad-luachairt nan Gaidhail.
Gur a decair sud innseadh,
Aig ro dhillschadh do phairtidh;
Tha a chraobh a b' fhcearr ubhlann
Air a russdadh an drast diu.
Och, a Mhoire, mo dhiubhail,  
Chaidh am flur bharr a gharidh!

Ach ma ’s duine ’chaidh dhinn e,  
Guidhíbh Críost leis na th’ agibh;  
Thoiríbh aire mar ’s coir dhuibh  
Do chainnt Iob mu na macabh;  
Agus liubhribh e ’n Aon-fher,  
Ma ’se chuibhrech an caistal;  
No ma gherradh a laithan,  
’S ann fo raidh-san a thachair.

This poem was composed immediately after the news of the sad result of the battle of Inverkeithing had reached Mull. It is evident from several expressions in it, especially from the last verse, that the author had a faint hope that Sir Hector, though severely wounded and a prisoner, was not dead.

The chief referred to in the tenth verse is Echann Ruadh nan Cath, who was killed at the battle of Harlaw in 1411. The saying by Job about his sons, to which reference is made in the last verse, is this: “Naked came I out of my mother’s womb, and naked shall I return thither, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.”

The sixth and tenth verses are now published for the first time. In a note in his collection John Maclean says:—“Tha ant-oran so ann an co-chruinneachadh Raonaill Dhom-nallich, agus ’s e ’thug dhomhsa, ’chur san fher so gun d’ fhuair mi da rann deth nach h-èil ann san leobhar sin.”

The Marquis referred to in the ninth verse is James, third Marquis and first Duke of Hamilton. His mother Anne Cunningham was a daughter of James, seventh Earl of Glencairn. Sir Lachlan Mor’s mother was a daughter of William, sixth Earl of Glencairn. Thus Sir Lachlan Mor and Anne Cunningham were first cousins. Hector Roy was the great-grandson of Sir Lachlan Mor. The Duke of Hamilton was beheaded in London on Friday, March 9th, 1649.

The battle of Inverkeithing was fought July 20th, 1651. Lambert, Cromwell’s general, had 4,000 men, and his opponent, Holburn of Menstrie, about 3,500. Holburn’s force consisted of 1000 horse under his own immediate command, 1500 Highland infantry under Sir Hector
Maclean of Duart, and about 1000 Lowland infantry under Sir John Brown of Fordel. Of the Highland infantry 800 were followers of Sir Hector, and 700 followers of Sir George Buchanan, chief of his clan. The followers of Sir Hector were nearly all Macleans. They were all killed except forty. We have no admiration for Sir Hector. He simply acted the part of a mad man. It is true that he was brave, but it is just as true that he lacked common sense. By foolishly continuing the unequal fight, he nearly ruined his clan.

A few of the 800 men who followed Sir Hector must have been Macquarries. Donald Macquarrie, twelfth of Ulva, married Christy, daughter of Lachlan Og, first of Torloisk, and had Allan, his successor, Hector of Ormaig, Lachlan of Laggan, and John of Baile-ghartain. Allan was killed at Inverkeithing.

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GUR BOCHD NAIDHACHD AR DUTHCHA;

Oran do Shir Echann Mac-Gilleain, a mharbhadh ann an Inbhir-Cheitain.

LE ECHAN BACACH.

Gur bochd naidhechd ar duthcha
'S chan e taighen gan spuinnedh;
Ach Mac-Gilleain, mo churadh, gun eirigh.
Gur bochd etc.

Gu bheil maithen do thire
Ann sa mhachair 'nan sinedh
Fo chasan nam milten ech eitidh.

B'fhiu a ghibht a bha bhuatha,
Cha b' e deiredh na cuaine,
Ach an t-aillegan uasal, ard, euchdach.

Bu tu 'n t-oighre 's an t-armun,
Is a marcich' des, daichal,
Is an t-aillegan alinn, ur, eibhin.

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Bu tu scathan na glaine,
'N airde 'n Iar riut gun tennadh
An am cruinnechadh gu carraid nan geur-lann.

Bu tu seobhag na h-uaisle,
'S ceann-senachis gach duanachd,
'Bheireadh trusgan is duais do luchd-theudan.

Moch sa mhaduin 'sna gluais thu,
Rinn thu iomral bu chruidh leam,
Nach do chuimhnich thu uaislen na Feinne.

Thanic Cromwel ad choinnimh,
Dh 'at do chridhe le corruich,
'S leum thu staigh le d' lainn sholuis do'n teug-bhail.

Mac-Mhic-Eoghin na h- Airde,
Agus Tigherna Ghearrloch,
Rinn iat fuirech 'san nadar 'bu bheus daibh.

Bha Mac-Cailain fo aites
Nach do thill thu gu d' dhachidh;
Gun robh uilenn 'sa mhacan ghel, threubhach.

Gun robh taigh is leith Ile,
Am bann dainginn dhuit scriobhite,
'S bha-na ferinn sin stroichdte gu reidh dhuit.

Bho thir-unga sin Bhretail
Thun na carrthagh 's cha bheg i,
Bha na ferinn sin egnidh fo d' staoiledh.

Egnidh is explained in a note as “cinntech no derbhte.”
Tir-unga, literally ounce-land, unga being from the Latin word unkia.
IS BEG AOBHAR MO SHUGRIDH.

LE ECHANN BACACH.

Is beg aobhar mo shugridh,
'S chan sheil sunnd orm ri macnus,

'N diu cha tadhail mi 'n Fhadhail,
Ged 's i mheoghal a chlechd mi.

Tha mi sealltain air Dubhairy,
Leam is dubhach a faicin.

Gur a minic a bha mi
'Na taighibh ard' ann sa mhaduin.

'S mi ri sealltain Erraghaidhal
'S barr derg air a h-aireilibh

Cait am faic mi ri m' shaoghal
Fer aogisg Shir Lachinn?

'Dol an coinnimh do namhit
Bu neo-ratanach, bras thu.

'Togail suas am brag quaide
Bu neo-scathach air ech thu.

Ge b' e chithedh do dhaoine,
'Righ, bu ghreodhnach am faicin.

Le 'm muscaidan dubh-ghorm,
'S iat gun suidh orr', gun detach.

De na ghrabhailte shoilleir.
Nach bu doilleir r'a fhaicin.

Thug sibh flathas na h-eirenn
Leibh air eigin le tapachd.
Ged a dh-f'hag mi mo bhraithren
Ann san araich gan cascairt,

Chan e sud 'tha mi 'g airenh,
Ach sar mhaic Shir Lachinn,

A bhi 'n laimh aig luchd-Beurla,
Is nach d' fheud e dhol as orr';

Sar chonspun nan coigrech,
'Chuir an cogadh an clechdadh.

—— × ———

ORAN.

Do Shir Lachinn Mor Mac-Fhionghin.

LE GRIOGAIR OG MAC-GRIOGAIR.

'S cian 's gur fad' 'tha mi 'm thamh,
Gun bhi 'triall air do dhail
A Lachinn bho'n airde tuath.
'S cian 's gur fad, etc.

Nam biodh snechda nan gleann
'Na ruith leis gach allt,
'S gun cailledh gach beann a ghruaim ;

Nan dubadh an sliabh,
Is gun cromadh a ghrian,
Leam bu mhiannach 'bhi triall air chuairt.

Cha b' i machair nan Gall
A ghlacinn fo m' cheann
Ach braighe nan gleann so shuas.

Thoir mo shoridh thar caol,
Bho nach cluinn iat mo ghaodh,
Gu buidhín gun f'hraoch, gun ghruaim ;
Gu ceann-feadhna mo ruin,
Chaidh an t-ainm ud air chliu
Chert cho fad ’s a ta Ruta bhuaínn;

Gu talla ’n fhir fheill
’Am biodh tathich nan ceut,
Cill-Moiré ri sceith a chuaín.

Dhomhsa b’ aithne dò bheus,
An am cromadh do ’n ghrein
Gum biodh faram nan teud ad chluais.

A ghnuis ’dhiult a bhi bochd,
’S nach d’ chuir cul ri fer nochd,
Len thu ’n duthchas ’s an stochd ’bu dual.

Cha b’ e ’n clechdadh ’bh’ aig cach,
A ghlac thusa mar ghnaths,
A bhi smachdail mu’n mhál air tuath.

Fhuair thu seud bho Shiol-Leoid
Nam bratichen sroil,
Nan cupa, nan corn, ’s nan cuach.

Ghlac thu ’n euchdag mar mhnaoi,
Cha robh ’n leirsin ud claon,
’S glan do cheile ri d’ thaobh ’s gur suaire.

Beul a’s binn ’thogadh fonn,
Slios mar ela nan tonn,
Caol mhala nach crom le gruaim.

Gur tu ’n t- Ailpainaech glan
De ’n fhuil rioghail bho shen,
Ite fir-eoin nach men ri ’luaidh.

Is nan eireadh ort strith
Gum biodh sud let gu dian,
Clann-Ghriogair nam piob ’s nan ruag;

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Agus Granntich bho Spe,
Na fir cheann-laidir, threun,
'Dheanadh gniomh ann san teughbail
chruidh.

Sud a bhuidhen nach fann,
'Thogadh giubhas ri crann
'Thairnedh iubhar nam meall bho 'n cluais.

Bhiodh an fhiubhidh chaol, reidh,
Am bian dubh-glas an fheidh,
Ga giulan air eiledh cuait.'

--- x ---

SIOL AILPAIN.

The Macgregors, the Grants, the Macaulays of Ardincare, the Mackinnons, the Macquarries, and the Macnabs, constitute the Siol Ailpain, or descendants of Alpin.

Alpin, king of Dalriada, had at least two sons, Kenneth, who became King of Scotland in 843, and Donald who succeeded Kenneth in 860. According to tradition he had a third son named Gregor. Gregor it is said had two sons, Donnghal and Gualre. It is also said that Donnghal had a son named Fingon. Gregor was the progenitor of the Macgregors; Gualre the progenitor of the Macquarries, and Fingon the progenitor of the Mackinnons, or Clan-Fingon.

The Alpinian origin of the Macgregors, Grants, Macaulays, Macquarries, Mackinnons, and Macnabs cannot be proved. There is no evidence to support it. It seems not to have been heard of until after 1467. It is impossible to depend upon the correctness of any clan genealogy farther back than A. D. 1000. But whilst it cannot be proved that the Macgregors, Macquarries, Mackinnons and Macnabs, are descended from King Alpin, it is almost certain that they had a common origin. Their own traditions and the MS. of 1467 favor this opinion. The Grants maintain that they are descended from Gregor Mor, second son of one of the chiefs of the Clan-Gregor. The Macaulays of Ardincare were undoubtedly a sept of the Clan-Gregor.

The Mackinnons, Clan-Fingon, or Clann-Fhionghin, make their first appearance in authentic history in 1354. They possessed Mishnish in Mull and Strathswordale and
Strathaird in Skye. Their earliest possession seems to have been Gribean in Mull. They exchanged this district with one of the Lords of the Isles for Mishnish. According to a MS. family history, their chiefs down to the time of Lachinn Dubh were the following:—Fingon, Donald, Cormac, Lachlan, Lachlan, Kenneth, Donald, Lachlan, Ewen, Alpin, Lachlan, Donald, Ewen, Lachinn Fogarrach, Lachinn na h-Iomlaid, Nial Buidhe, Lachinn Ban, Nial Ban and Ewen. Nial Ban was chief in 1517. Ewen, the last chief named, was succeeded by Lachinn Dubh. Lachinn Dubh was chief from 1570 to 1580. He had at least three sons, Lachinn Og his successor, Ewen, and Neil. Lachinn Og had three sons, Sir Lachlan, his successor; Tearlach Scithenach, ancestor of the Mackinnons of Corrie; and John Og, ancestor of the Mackinnons of Kyle. Sir Lachlan was chief from 1601 to 1634. He was succeeded by his son, John Balbhan, who in 1627 married Catherine, eldest daughter of Lachlan, sixth Maclean of Coll, and had by her at least one son, Lachlan Mor. Lachlan Mor fought at the battle of Worcester in 1651. He was married twice. By his first wife, Mary, daughter of Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart, he had one son, John Og. By his second wife, who was a niece of Macleod of Dunvegan, he had no male issue. He had a natural son, named Donald, who is mentioned in a document of 1688. John Og died before his father, leaving an only son, John Dubh. John Dubh succeeded his grandfather, Lachlan Mor. He was born in 1680. He fought at Sheriffmuir in 1715, and gave all the assistance in his power to Prince Charles in 1745. He had three sons, John, Charles, and Lachlan. John died without male issue in 1737. Lachlan died without issue. John Dubh died in 1755. He was succeeded by his second son, Charles. Charles sold the estate. He had one son, John, who died unmarried in 1808.

The Mackinnons are at present without any recognized chief. There are two or three claimants to the position; but as yet no one has established a clear claim to it.
CUMHA

Do dh-Alastair 's do Raonull, mic Dhomhnaill 
Ghlais na Cepich, a chaith a mhort 
'sa bhliadhna 1663.

LE AM PIUTHIR.

Dh' eirich mi moch madduin Dhomhnich, 
I ri u, ho ro !
'S chunnic mi t'ighin am chomhail, 
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

'S chunnic ni tighin am chomhail, 
I ri u, ho ro !
Prasgan fherabh le falbh modhar, 
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Prasgan fherabh, le falbh modhar, 
I ri u, ho ro !
Cha do f'hregair iat mo chomradh, 
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho, ro !

Cha do f'hregair iat mo chomradh, 
I ri u, ho ro !
Ranic mi Cepach na doruin, 
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Ranic mi cepach na doruin, 
I ri u, ho ro !
Gu tur ard 's cha b' ann gu m' sholas, 
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !

Gu tur ard 's cha b' ann gu m' sholas, 
I ri u, ho ro !
Chunnic mi an taigh gun chomhla, 
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro !
Chunnic mi an taigh gun chomhla,
    I ri u, ho ro!
Gun smuid, gun detich gun cheo dheth,
    Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro!

Gun smuid, gun detich gun cheo dheth,
    I ri u, ho ro!
'S shuidh mi air an tulich bhoidhich,
    Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro!

'S leig mi air an tuiredh bhronach,
    I ri u, ho ro!
Dh' fhosgail mi dorus an t-seombair,
    Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro!

Dh' fhosgail mi dorus an t-seombair,
    I ri u, ho ro!
Ruigedh i barr-iall mo bhrogan,
    Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro!

Ruigedh i barr-iall mo bhrogan,
    I ri u, ho ro!
Fuil an cridhechan a dortadh,
    Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro!

Fuil an cridhechan a dortadh
    I ri u, ho ro!
'S teann nach d'ol mi fhin mo leoir dhi,
    Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro.

'S teann nach d'ol mi-fhín mo leoir dhi,
    I ri u, ho ro!
Fuil Raouill am fer a b' oige,
    Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro!

Fuil Raouill am fer a b' oige,
    I ri u, ho ro!
'S fuil Alastair an ledain bhoidhich,
    Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro!
Fuil Alastair an ledain bhoidhich,
I ri u, ho ro!
Fer flatайл 's e lethain domhail,
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro!

Fer flatайл 'se lethain domhail,
I ri u, ho ro!
Beir fios bhuamsa gu Mac-Dhomhnaill
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro!

Beir fios bhuamsa gu Mac-Dhomhnaill,
I ri u, ho ro!
Gu Mac-Mhic Alastair Chnoidart,
Fath mo leann duibh, ho ro!

Gu Mac-Mhic-Alastair Chnoidart,
I ri u, ho ro!
'S gu Mac-Mhic-Ailain o 'n mhor chuan,
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro!

Gu Mac-Mhic-Ailain o 'n mhor chuan,
I ri u, ho ro!
Mar a dh' f hagadh na fir oga,
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro!

Mar a dh' f hagadh na fir oga,
I ri u, ho ro!
Tha m' erbsa an Righ na gloire,
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro!

Tha m' erbsa an Righ na gloire,
I ri u, ho ro!
Gun len sibh gu dian an torachd,
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro!

Gun len sibh gu dian an torachd,
I ri u, ho ro!
'S cairden dhuibh-f hein, 's braithren dhomhs' iat,
Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro!
'S cairden dhuibh f hein, 's braithren dhomhs' iat,
I ri u, ho ro!
Diol na muice duibhe doite,
  Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro!

Diol na muice duibhe doite,
  I ri u, ho ro!
'S na circe fo laimh a chocair',
  Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro!

'S na circe fo laimh a chocair',
  I ri u, ho ro!
Air gach aon a dh' iath mu'n f heolach,
  Fath mo leann-duibh, ho ro!

Bha da phiuthir aig na gillen a chaidh a mhort. Bha te dhiu posta aig Fer na Tulich. Bha 'n te eile a' cumail taighe dha braithren. So an te a rinn an cumha. Bha i an Taigh na Tulich an oidhche roimh 'n mhort. Nuair a bha i' tighin dachidh thachair na mortairen oirre. Cha robh Raonull ach sia-bliadhna-diag 'nuair a chaidh a mhort.

AN CIARAN MABACH.

Archibald Macdonald, an Ciaran Mabach, was a natural son of Sir James Macdonald, ninth baron of Sleat. He won high praise for the skillful manner in which he conducted the expedition against the Keppoch murderers in 1665. He received some land from his father in North Uist.

GED IS SOCRACH MO LEBA;
LEIS A CHIARAN MABACH.

Ged is socrach mo leba,
B' annsa cadal air fraoch,
Ann an lagan beg uaignech,
'S bad de'n luachir ri m' thaobh,
'S 'n uair a dh'èirinn 'sa mhaduin,
'Bhi 'siubhal ghlacagan caol,
Na bhi 'triall 'chum na h- Abaid,
'G eistechd glagrich nan saor.

'S oil leam caradh na frithe,
'S mi bhi 'n Litenan long
Etar ceann Sailes Shi-phort
'S rudha Chrionaig nan tonn ;
Agus Uilinnis riabhach
'An tric an d' iarr mì damh donn,
'Bhi fo mheinn aig na bodich
Dha 'n ceird chosnidh cas-chrom.

Chan f'heil agam cu gleusta,
Chan f'heil feum agam dha,
Is cha cuidh mì air bac
Am monadh astar bho chach;
'Chaidh cha leig mì mo ghadhar
Ann am faghit 'n Tuim-bhain,
Is cha scaoil mì mo luaidhe
An Gleann-ruathain gu brath.

B' iat mo ghradh-sa 'ghreach uallach
Thogadh suas ris an aird,
'Dh 'ithedh biolair an 'huairain,
'S air 'm bu shuarach an cal.
'S mise fein nach dug fhuaich dhuibh,
Ged a b' fhuar am mios Maigh ;
'Stric a dh 'fhuiling mì cruadal,
'S moran fuachd air bhur scath.

B'e mo ghradh-sa 'm fer buidhe
Nach suidhedh mu'n bhord,
Nach iarradh ri 'chennach
Pinnt lenna no beoir :
Uisge-betha math dubailt
Cha bu diu let ri 'ol;
B' f hearr let biolair an f huarain
'S uisce luainech an loin

B' i mo ghradh-sa 'bhen uasal
Dha nach d' f huaras ri amh lochd,
Is nach iaradh mar chluasaig
Ach fiar ghualann nan cnoc;
Is nach fuilgedh an t-sradag
Bhi ga lasadh ri corp;
Och, a Mhoire, mo chruidh chas,
'S fada bhuit mi an nochd.

Ben a b' aigentich' ceile
An am eirigh ri druchd;
Chan f'haighedh tu beud dha,
'S cha bu leir leis ach thu,
Sibh an glacabh a cheile
Am fior eudan nan stuc;
'S an am eirigh na greine
Bu ghlan leirsin do shul.

'N uair a thigedh am foghar,
Bu bhinn leam gleodhar do cheibh,
'Dol a ghabhail a chronain
Air a mhointich bhuig, reidh,
'Dol an coinnimh do lennaig,
'Bu ghel feman is ceir,
Gur tu 'n cilid 'bu bhoidhche,
Is bu loghmhoire ceum.

Sailes, salt water. Cas-chrom, a crooked spade used by the old Highlanders. Gadhar, a lurcher dog, a grey hound. Faghit, a chase, a hunt, a hunting party. Between the head of Loch Seaforth and Rudha Chhrionaig lies the Park or Forest of Lewis.

The poet having injured his foot severely went to Edinburgh to consult the doctors there. It was whilst under the hands of the doctors that he composed the poem.
IAIN LOM.

John Macdonald, commonly called Iain Lom or Iain Manntach, was a native of Lochaber. He was the son of Donald, son of John, son of Donald, son of Iain Alinn, fourth Macdonald of Keppoch. He was a Roman Catholic and a Jacobite. He shows an intimate acquaintance with the historical portions of the Bible, with Scottish history in general, and with all the political plans and events of his day. He was a man of strong convictions and intense earnestness. He was evidently an honest man. He wielded a vast amount of influence over the Jacobite chiefs of his time. It is supposed by some that he received a good education, but the probability is that he could neither read nor write. It is not certain that he was married; but he had a son who possessed a fair share of his own poetic powers. He was a poet of unquestionable ability. So far as the political school of Gaelic bards is concerned, he stands unequalled.

Iain Lom was born about the year 1620. He was present at the battle of Stron-a-Chlachain, where his father was killed, in 1640. He was a prominent man in 1645, the year in which the battle of Inverlochy was fought. He died in 1709. He is buried at Dun-Aingel in the Braes of Lochaber. A handsome monument was erected over his grave a few years ago.

BLAR INBHIR-LOCHIDII;
LE IAIN LOM.
LUINNEG.

Faobh ho ro ho, choisin co beg,
Faobh ho ro ho, choisin co beg,
Faobh ho ro ho, choisin co beg;
Seinnibh sin air co so b’ aill leibh.

’N cuala sibh an turas ainmail
’Thug Alastair mac Cholla ’dh-albinn?
Rinnedh leis pronnadh is marbhadh,
’S legadh leis coilech Strath-Bhalgidh.
An t-eun dona ’chaill a cheutidh
An Sasunn, an Albinn, ’san Eirinn;
Is ite e a curr na seeithe;
Cha mhisde leam ged a gheill e.

’N cuala sibh an tiunndadh duinail
’Thug an camp’ a Cille-chuimhne.
’S fada ’chaidh ainnm air bhur n-urraí;
’Thug sibh as bhur naimhden iomair.

Dh’ aithnich mi bhur surd air tapadh
A direadh am mach glun Chuil-echidh.
’S ged tha mo dhuthich ’na lasair,
’S eiric air a chuis mar thachair.

Ged a bhiodh oighrechd a Bhraidealch
Gu ceann shechd bliadhna mar tha i,
Gun chur, gun chliathadh, gun aiteach,
’S math an riadh gu bheil sinn paighdte.

Dhirich mi moch maduin cheorich
Gu braise’caisal Inbhir-Lochtaidh;
Chunnic mi ’n t-arm a dol an ordadh,
’S bha buaidh a bhlair le Clann-Domhnail.

’Alastair nan geur-lann scaiteach
Thoisich thu ’n de ri cur as daibh;
Chuir thu ratreut sech an caisal,
Agus surd gle mhath ga lentail.

Alastair nan geur-lann guinech
Nam biodh agad t’ armuin uile,
B’ s heudar do na dh’ s halbh diu fuirech,
S ratreut air prabar an duilisc.

Alastair mhic Cholla ghasda
Lamh dhes a scoltadh nan caisal;
Chuir thu ’n ruaig air Ghallabh glasa
’S ma dh’ ol iat cal chuir thu ast’ e.
Thug sibh toital teth mo Lochidh
A toirt bhuilen mu na srónabh;
Bu lionmhor claidhibh clais-ghorm comhnard
Gam bualadh an lamhan Chlann-Domhnail.

Dh ’innsinn sceul eile le fhirinn
Cho math ’s a ni cleirech a scriobhadh;—
Chaidh na laoich ud gus an dichioll,
’S chuir iat maoim air luchd am mi-ruin.

Is maír g a dhuisgedh bhur n-aniochd
’N am rusbadh nan greidlein tana;
Bha ingnen nan Duibhnech ri talamh
An deidh an luithen a gherradh.

.’N la a shaoil iat a dhol leotha
Bha na laoich gan ruith air reothadh;
S iomad slaodanach, mor odhar
’Bh’ air aodan Achadh-an-todhair.

S iomad fer aid’ agus pior-bhuiic
Agus cuilbhair chaoil dhírich,
’Bha ’n Inbher-Lochidh ’na shinedh,
’S bha luaidh nam ban a Cinnitire ann.

’S iomad corp nochdte gun aduchach
’Bha ’call fá’ air lotabh caola,
Etar ’n t-ait ’an d’ rinn iat maomadh
Is ceann Leitir Blar-a-Chaorin.

’S iomad spog ur air dhroch shalledh
Thall ’s a bhos mu Thom na n-Aire,
An deidh an reubadh le claidhibh,
Neul mhairbh air an suil ’s iat gun anam.

Chuala sibh mu’n Ghoirtain odhar,
Tha e ’m bliadh’n aginn ’na thodhar,
Gun inneir chaorach no ghobhar
Ach fuil nan Duibhnech air reothadh.
Scrios orm ma’s truagh leam bhur gairich
No anshocair bhur cuid phaisden;
Donnalich bhan Erraghaidhal
’Caoidh nam fer a dh ’f han ’san araich.

Air do laimhsa Thigherna Lathair,
Ge mor do bhosd as do chlaidhíbh,
’S iomad fer mor ’chinnedh t’ athar
’Bha ’n Inbir-Lochidh ’na laighe.

’S iomad fer cleoc’ agus bioraid,
Cho math ’s a bha beo dhe d’ chinnedh;
Nach dug a bhotuinnen tioram
A foghlum snamh’ air bun Nibhais.

Iain Mhuidartich nan seol soilleir
A sheoladh a chuin ri la doilleir,
Ort cha d’ f huaradh bristedh coinnimh;
’S ait leam Barra-Brec fo d’ chomrich.

Thug thu gu d’ dhubhlan a leigedh
Air Caiml)alich chiar nam beul slignech;
Gaor is enchinn ’dol ’nan stigel,
Slachdrich lann ’s an ceann ’gam bristedh.

Urras, boldness, audacity. Curr, a corner. Todhar, a field manured by folding cattle upon it. Comrich or comarich, protection, obligation, favour, mercy; fod’ chomrich, at thy mercy.

The Marquis of Montrose defeated the Covenanters at Tippermuir on Sunday, September 1st, 1644. He won a second victory over them at Aberdeen, September 12th, 1644. They were commanded at the latter battle by Lord Burleigh, Lord Lewis Gordon, third son of the Marquis of Huntly, being second in command. The line, “Cha mhísde leam ged a gheill e” evidently refers to the defeat of Lord Lewis at Aberdeen. From the 13th of December, 1644, until near the end of January following, Montrose, Alastair Mac Cholla and John Muidartach traversed the county of
Argyll in different directions, burning, wasting, and destroying everything that came within their reach. A little before the end of January, 1645, Montrose collected his men together and marched towards Inverness. When he was at Cille-Chuimain, or Fort Augustus, John Lom came to him in great haste with the information that the Marquis of Argyll had entered Lochaber with an army of 3000 men, that he was burning and laying waste the country, and that his head-quarters were at Inverlochy. It is to Argyll's depredations that the line, "Ged tha mo dhuthich 'n a lasair," refers. Montrose marched back with all possible speed to attack Argyll. He arrived in Glen-Nevis on the evening of February 1st. The battle of Inverlochy began shortly after sunrise on Sunday, February 2nd, 1645. Argyll's army was made up of his own followers and 1,000 Lowlanders. It was commanded by Sir Donald Campbell of Auchinbreck, a very brave man. Argyll prudently withdrew from the scene of action the night before the battle. Montrose won a complete victory. He lost only three men. Of the army brought to the field by Argyll fourteen barons of his own Clan, and 1,500 soldiers were killed. Among the prisoners taken by Montrose was Campbell of Barbreck. The expression, "Gu braigh' Caistal Inbhir-Lochidh," does not mean that Iain Lom ascended to the top of the castle, but that he climbed up to some high spot from which he could see the castle and the battle. The poet was no more of a fighter than Argyll himself. When Alastair Mac Cholla asked him to take part with him in the battle his reply substantially was, "Cathichedh sibhse 's innsidh mise."

IORRAM.

Do Mhac-Gilleain Dhubhairt.

LE IAIN LOM.

Cuid de dh-aobhar mo gherain
'N ti 'tha 'n laimh ann sa Charric
Gus an trialladh luchd-elain o 'n fheill.

B'e sin grianan nan Gaidhal
Agus uaisle fir Alba,
Mac-Gilleain nan arm gasd', cruaidh, geur.
Ann an toiseach do ranntachd
Thig Mac-Leoid o Chaol-Acuinn
Is siol Thormaid 's neo-scathach 'nan gleus.

Gun dig siolachadh Uisdain
Bho Dhun-Scathich an t-siuil sin,
Dha 'm bi 'n t-iubhar ga rusgadh ri feum.

Thig Clann-Domhnaill Ghlinn-Garadh
Agus uaislen Loch-aircaig,
Dha 'm bi futhidhnen fada, caol, reidh ;

Air am biodh na cinn ghlasa,
'N deidh an egadh gu drechnhor,
'Dhol an creubhaig le tart' rich nam meur.

Gum bi spailpedh air pioban
Is sluagh ri faichechd gu lionmhor,—
Luchd nam brece a 's riomhaiche ceum.

'S lionmhor clogad ann 's luirech,
'S sciath chearr air laimh diumblich,
Is sar ghunna nach diultadh ri feum.

Gum bi 'm fechd so 'dol thairis
Gu duthich Mhic-Cailain,
'S gum bi smudan is dennal 'nan deidh.

'S lionmhor clesiche 's clarsair
'Triall gu cathair nan Gaidhal,
Bhon 's ceann-uidhe dhaibh Aros nan ceut.

Gum bi 'n t-sreth so 'dol sechad
Air na grainegan glasa ;
Fledh an fhion' a's or-lasta 'na deidh.

Bidh luchd-giodail a falbh bhuainn,
Bho nach cuibhe leinn ann iat ;
'S gum bi na biodagan derga 'nan cre ;
A bioradh sliochd Dhiarmid,
Prasgan salach an iasgich,
Bho nach bi sinn am bliadhna do 'n reir.

Giodal, flattering; luchd-giodail, flatterers. Orlasta, shining like gold.

Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart was seized at Inverary by the Marquis of Argyll and imprisoned in the castle of Carrick, in 1647.

MORT NA CEPICHI.

LE IAIN LOM.

'S terc an diugh mo chuis ghaire,
'Tigh 'n na raiden so 'n iar;
'G amharc fonn Ionar-laire
'N deidh a stracadh le siol.
Ged tha Chepach 'na fasach
Gun aon aird' oirre 's fiach,
Gum faicedh Dia, 'bhraithren,
Gur trom a bharc oirnn an t-sion.

'S fad' bhios cuimhn' air an Aoine
'Dh' f hag a chaoidh sinn fo sprochd,
Ann an am na Feill-Micheil,
'S cha bu ni 'chall air flod;
Ach bhi 'n diugh 'n ar cuis-bhurta
Mar mhiol-buirn air gach Loch;
'N uair 'theid gach cinnedh a dh-aon taobh,
Bidh sinne scaoilt' mu 'n chnoc.

'S ann Di-sathuirne gearr bhuainn
Bhuail an t-erchall orm goirt,
'S mi os-cionn nan corp gela
'Bha 'call fala fo 'n bhrot:
Bha mo lamhan-sa craobh-dherg
'N deidh bhi taoscadh bhur lot;
'S e bhi 'gur cur ann sa chiste
Turn a's misde mo thoirt.

B' iat mo ghaol na cuirp chul-bhuidh'
'Sam bu dluth cuir nan scian;
'S iat 'nan sinedh air urlar
'N seomar ur gan cur sios,
Fo chasan Shiol Dughaill,
Luchd a spuilledh nan cliar;
Dh' f hag ailedh nam biodag
Mar scale ruidil bhur bian.

Bhur taigh cadil tha duinte,
'S e gun smuid deth, gun cheo,
Far an d' f huair sibh 'n garbh ruskadh
'Thaobh 'ur cuil is 'ur beoil.
Ach nam faighedh sibh uine
Bho luchd 'ur mi-ruin bhi beo,
Cha bu bhaile gun surd e,
Bhiodh aigher, muirn ann, is ceol

'S fuar caidremh taigh-tabhairn,
'San robh gairich is cosd,
Far nach cluinner guth clarsich
Ach gaoir chraithech nam bochd;
'N duigh mar thailesg fo dhaoin'
Tha t' f herann scaoilte 's e nochd;
Tilger urchair na disne
'S chi gach ti am meur goint'.

Oirnne thanic an dimbuaidh
Is an iomagain gheur,
Mar bha claidhibh ar fine
Cho minic 'nar deidh;
Paca Thurcach gun siredh
A bhi pinnedh bhur cleibh,
Bhi 'nur brecain 'gur filledh
'Mesc 'ur cinnidh mhoir f'hein.

'Leith'd de mhort cha robh 'n Albinn,
Ged bu bhorbar' a gleus;
'S cha bu lag hail an t-selg e
'Chosnadh selbh rioghachd Dhe.
Ge b' e 'm fath mu 'n robh 'n scionadh
'Chaoidh chan innis mi 'n sceul;
Cha dan' a leithid de mhilledh
Air ceann-cinnidh fo 'n ghrein.

Ghabh sibh roimhe so fath oirnn,
Dh' f'heuch bhur cairdes ruinn geur;
Chaidh sibh 'staigh ann san f'hasach
'N uair a thar sibh bhi reidh;
Chuir sibh cungidh a' chaise
'Staigh an aros nan teud,
'S cuid de 'm buailaichen ba-chruidh
Ann an garadh nam peur.

Cait an robh e fo 'n adhar
'Sheall 'nur bathais gu geur,
Nach dugadh dhuibh athadh,
A luchd 'ur labhirt 's 'ur beus',
Mach bho chlann bhrath 'r 'ur n-athar,
'Mheall an t-ainbhistair treun?
Ach ged rinn iat bhur lot-sa,
'S trom an rosad dhaibh fein.

Tha leann-dubh 'na chas cruaidh orm,
'Tigh 'n an uaignes mo chleibh;
Leis mar dh 'f has e 'na chuan orm
B' f'hearr leam bhuam e mar cheut.
Ciamar dh' f'haodas mi diredh
Gun ite dhiles 'nam sceith;
'S luchd a dheanamh na sithne
Bhi fedh na tire gun deidh.
'S og a bha sibh de bhliadhnabh,
Ghlac an ciatadh sibh luath;
'S glan a nochd sibh bhur ciall
Gu cur bhur riaghalten 'suas.
Ge b'e ghabadh rium fiabhras
Bhi 'gur n-iargain 's sibh bhuam,
Bidh mi 'caoidh mu 'ur riasladh
Gus an liath air mo ghruaig.

Chuir Dia oirnn mac oighre
Gu bhi 'na choinnleir roimh chach,
'Chum gun soillsichedh 'sholus
Mar phres-toridh fo bhlah.
'S mi gum fregradh do chaismechd
Air fraith-bhraitich gun cherb,
Delbh do bradain, do dhobhrain,
Do luing', leoghin 's laimh dheirg.

Dh' ordich Dia dhuinn craobh-shiochaint
'Chumadh dion oirnn le treoir,
Do 'm bu choir dhuinn bhi striochdaidh
Fhad 's an cian 'bhiomid beo.
Ma 'sinn f'hin a chuir dith oirr'
Chan f'hearr a chriochd a thig oirnn;
Tuitidh tuagh as na flaithes
Leis an sechtar na meoir.

An glan fhiuran so 'bh' aginn
'N taobh so f'haithes Mhic Dhe,
An t-aon fhiuran a b' aillidh'
'Bh' ann sa phaire an robh speis,
Thanic sciursadh a bha is air
'Thug gu lar e 'dh-aon bheum,
Mar gum buainedh sibh ailain
Leis an fhaladair gheur.

'S math is toilltinnech sinne
'Bhi gu minic am pein,
Bhon a ghlac sinn faf spiorad
Ann an ionad fiamh Dhe.
Mar luirg bhrist’air an linge,
Ged bu mhillis am beul,
Bha na daoine dha ’m buinedh
A bhi umabh mar sceith.

Tha mulad air m’ inntin
A bhi ’g innsedh bhur beus’:
’S ann a ghabh iat am sath oirbh
N uair chaidh ’ur fagail leibh fein.
’S bochd an sceul etar bhraithren
E ’dhol an lathair Mhic Dhe,
Mar a chrechadh na fiurain
Leis na h-Iudasich bhreun.

Cha b’e sud ’bha mi ’g ionndrain,
Ge do phluunndrig iat sibh,
Ach na h-oganich chul-bhuidh’
Air an lubadh ’san lion.
’S e ’chuir stad air mo shugradh
’S ’dh-fhag mo shuilen gun dion,
Sibh bhi sint’ ann sa chruisle
’S grazc na duthcha gun fhiamh,

Gun selladh Dia oirnn le ’ghrasan
Ge b’e la ’thig ar crioich,
Bhon is mallich’ an t-al sinn
’S gur maig a dh-arih ar trian;
Is gne Thurcach gun bhaigh sinn
Ach nach d’ aichidh sinn Criosd;
Fagidh muir air an traigh sinn
Mar chulidh-bhaite gun dion.

’Bheil an stoc as an d’ fhas sibh,
’Cur bhur bais an neo-shuim,
’S uir-luch riabhach na pairce
’Gabhail saith fo f hal-fuinn?
Ciamar 'dh 'f huilinges tu fein sud,
Gun t' 'f huil a dh' eirigh so thuinn,
'S gur tu 'thog iat 'nan oige,
'Staigh mu d' bheidh an Dun-tuilm?

Ach a Mhorair Chloinn-Domhnaill
'S fad' do chomhaidh 'nèis Ghall;
Dh' fhag thu sin' ann am breislich
Nach do fhresdail thu 'n t-am;
Cha mho ghleidh thu na gilbhten
'Chaidh gun fhios duit air chail
Tha sin corrach as t' aogis,
Mar cholinn scaoilte gun cheann.

'S iomad oganach treubhach
'Shinbhedh reidh is glaice chrom,
Etar ceann Drochaid Eireann
'S Rudha Shleite nan tonn,
Leis 'm bu mhiann 'bhi 'diol t' eiric
Nan robh do chreubhag lan tholl,
'Sa ghrad dheanadh a eirigh,
'Dheagh Shir Seumas nan long.

A Mhic Moire 's a Chriosda
'Dh' fhuiling pian nan coic creuchd,
Faic mar thoill iat an ditedh
Gach aon ti 'bha mu 'n eug;
Ma tha toradh 'san dioghl'tas
'Chur do rioghadh an leud,
Gaoir na fala tha 'dhith orm
Gu ruige sithe fhlasadh De.

Strac, to fill to the brim. Flod, floating; air flod, or air phlod, a float. Erchall, loss, generally loss of cattle. Miol, originally mil, a general name for every animal. Miol-chu, a greyhound. Miol-buirn or miol-mhara, a whale. Louse means destroyer. In Gaelic this "crawlin' ferlie" is simply called miol, a beast. Brot or brat, a bed-covering. Toirt, value, respect. Ailedh, mark, impression. Taigh.

THE MACDONALDS OF KEPPOCH.

Alastair Carrach, sixth son of John, first Lord of the Isles, was the founder of the family of Keppoch. He was succeeded by his son, Aonghus na Feirte. Aonghus na Feirte had two sons, Donald, his successor, and Alexander, father of Domhnall Glas. Donald, Domhnall Mac Aonghus, was killed in battle in 1497. He was succeeded by his son, Iain Alinn. Iain Alinn was deposed by his clan, and his first cousin, Domhnall Glas, chosen chief in his place. Iain Alinn was the progenitor of the Macdonalds of Murlagan. Iain Lom was descended from him. Domhnall Glas was succeeded by his son, Raonall Mor. Raonall Mor had two sons by his wife, Alastair Bhoth-Fhloinn, and Raonall Og. He had also a son, Iain Dubh, by a daughter of Lachlan Cameron, Lachin Mor Mac a Bhaird. Iain Dubh was the progenitor of the Macdonalds of Bohuntin. Raonall Mor was executed at Elgin in 1547. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Alastair Bhoth-Fhloinn, who died without issue, and was succeeded by his brother Raonall Og. Raonall Og, sometimes called Raonall Gorach, had three sons, Alastair nan Cles, his successor, Raonall Innse, and Domhnall na Feirte. Alastair nan Cles seized in a treacherous manner three of Iain Dubh's sons, and caused them to be put to death by drowning. He was a greedy man, and wanted to get possession of their lands. He had three sons, Raonall Og, Domhnall Glas, and Alastair Buidhe. He died some time after 1620. Raonall Og succeeded his father. He murdered his uncle, Raonall Innse at Glac-an-Domhnich in Achadh-an-Doire. It is said that he died in London. He was succeeded by his only son, Angus, Aonghus Mac Raonaill Oig. Angus was killed at the fight of Stron-a-Chlachain in 1640. He left a young family. His eldest son, Aonghus Og, was the progenitor of the Macdonalds of Achadhnancoichan. He was succeeded by his uncle, Domhnall Glas. Domhnall Glas married a daughter of Forrester of Kilbaggie in Clackmanan-Shire. He had two sons and two daughters. His sons were Alastair Mor, his successor, and Raonall Og. Alastair Mor was a good man, and was fully resolved to drive all thieves and plunderers out of Keppoch.
Alastair Buidhe, third son of Alastair nan Cles, was an ambitious and unscrupulous man. He acted for a number of years as tutor of Keppoch. He had five sons, Ailain Derg, Gillesbic na Cepich, Alexander, Domhnall Gorm Chlianaig, and Raonall na Dalach. The Siol Dughail were Macdonalds. They came from Moidart to Lochaber about the year 1547. It is said that they had to leave Moidart owing to a murder they had committed. Alastair Ruadh Mac-Dhughaill was the principal man among them in Alastair Buidhe’s time. He lived at lonarlaire, and had six sons. Alastair Buidhe, anxious to secure the chiefship of the Macdonalds of Keppoch for himself, resolved to get rid, by assassination, of his two nephews, Alastair Mor and Raonall Og. His horrible purpose was carried into effect, in September, 1663, by two of his own sons, Ailain Derg, and Domhnall Gorm Chlianaig, and by Alastair Ruadh Mac Dhughaill and his six sons. Of this band Ailain Derg was the worst and Domhnall Gorm Chlianaig probably the best. But they were all villainous murderers. Alastair Buidhe was now chief of the Macdonalds of Keppoch. Alastair Derg, his heir, was killed accidentally about two months after the murder. He left a natural son, who settled in Badenoch. Alastair Buidhe was drowned in the river Spean about the year 1665. He was succeeded by his son, Archibald. Archibald, Gillesbic na Cepich, had four sons and four daughters, Coll, his successor, Raonall Mor Thir-na-Drise, Aonghus Odhar, Alastair Odhar, Mor, Seonaid, Catriona and Sile na Cepich, the poetess. He died in 1682. Coll defeated the Mackintoshes at the battle of Mulroy in 1688. He married Barbara, daughter of Sir Donald Macdonald, tenth of Sleat, by whom he had Alexander, his successor, and Donald. He died about 1723. Alexander had a natural son named Angus, Aonghus Ban Innse. He married Jessie, daughter of Robert Stewart of Appin, and had two sons by her, Raonall Og, and Alexander, an Maidsar Mor. He was killed at Culloden in 1746. His brother, Donald, who fell in the same disastrous battle, left no issue. Raonall Og succeeded his father as chief of the Macdonalds of Keppoch. He was a lieutenant in the 78th regiment, or Fraser’s Highlanders. He fought under Wolfe at Quebec in 1759. His brother Alexander, an Maidsar Mor, came to Prince Edward Island, about the year 1803.
CUMHA
Do Mhac-Mhic-Raonaill na Cepich agus a bhrathair, a chaidh a mhort 'sa bhliadhna, 1663.

LE IAIN LOM.
'S mi am shuidh' air bruaich torrain
Mu 'n cuairt do Choire-na-cleithe;

Ged nach h- 'eil mo chas crubach,
Tha lot na's mu qrm fo m' leine;

Ged nach h- 'eile mo bhian s_inactiveataka,
Tha fo m' aisne mo chreuchdan;

'S chan e curam na h-imrich,
No iomagain na spreidhe;

No bhi gam chur do Cheann-taile,
'S gun f'hios cia 'n t-aite do 'n deid mi;

Ach bhi 'n nochd gun cheann-cinnidh;
'S tric 's gur minic leam fein sin;

Ceann-cinnidh nam Braighech
'Chuiridh scath air luchd-Beurla.

Tha mo choill air a maoladh,
Ni a shaoil leam nach eiredh.

Tha mo chnothan air faoiscnedh,
'S cha bu chaoch iat ri 'm feuchinn.

Chan f'heil ann diu ach tuailas,
Dh' fhian iat bhuam am barr gheugan.

Cha b'e fuaim do ghreigh lodain
'Gheibh't a sodrich gu feillten;

No geum do bha tomain
'Dol an coinnimh a ceut laoigh;
No uisce nan sluasid
Bharr druablas na feithe.
'S e bu mhiann le d' luchd-taighe,
'Bhi gan tathich le beusan;
Mu dha thaobh Garbh-a-chonnidh,
Far 'n biodh na sonnanich gle mhor.

Le am morgha gear, scaitech,
Frith bhacach, garbh leumnach.
'S beg an t-ionghadh leam t' uaisle
Thigh'n an uachdar ort 'eudail ;
Is a liuthad sruth uaibhrech
As 'n do bhuainedh thu'n ceut uair.

Ceist nam fer thu bho'n Fhersit
Is bho Chepich nam peuran;

Bho Loch-treig an f heoir dhosrich,
'S bho Shrath-Oisain nan reidhlen,
'S bho cheann Daile-na-mine
Gu Sron-na-h-iolaire leithe.

Sliochd an Alastair Charrich
'Rachadh allail 'na eidedh ;

Sar mhac an Iarl Ilich
Cennard mhilten is cheutan.

'S ro mhath shloinninn do shinnsredh,
Fuil dhirech Chuinn Cheut-chathich ;

Bho mhac an righ Spaintich
A rinn tamb ann an Eirinn.

Siol Mhilidh nan cathan
A bha grathun 'san Eiphait.
B'e mo chrech is' mo ghnodadh
Nach d'fhuaire thu cothram na Feinne-

Gun tigh'n orth 's tu 'nad chadal
Ann an leba gun eirigh,

'S ann air maduin Di-domhnaich
'Rinn na meirlich do reubadh;

Da mhac brathair t' athar,
Gum bu scrathail leam fein sud.

Agus sechd de shiol Dughaill
Luchd a spuilledh nan ceutan.

Ach thig Sir Seumas nam bratach,
'S bheir e 'm mach dhuinn bhur n-eirc;

Agus Aonghus bho Ghairidh,
Leoghan fathramach gleusta;

'S gun a choimas air thalamh
An am tarruinn nan geur-lann.

Thig na cinn dibh a chonabh,
'S ann leam 'bu toilicht' an sceula.

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IORRAM

Do Shìr Seumas mor Mac-Dhomhnaill.

Le Iain Lom.

Moch 's mi 'g eirigh 'sa mhaduin,
'S trom eisleinech m' aignedh,
'S nach eigher mi 'n caidremh nam braithren.

Leam is aithgherr a cheilidh
'Rinn mi mar-ris an t-Seumas
Ris 'n do dhelich mi 'n de roimh la caisce

Digitized by Microsoft®
Dia 'na stiur air an darach
'Dh' f halbh air thus an t-siul mhara
Sel mun dug e 'cheut bhoinne de thraghadh.

A chrom chranntairnech riabhach,
Luchdmhor, laidir, saidh-dhionach,
Leam a b' ait 'bhi 'g ol fion' air a clarabh.

Cha bu mharcich' ech sreine
A chumadh geall reis riut
'N uair a thogtedh do bhreid os-cionn saile.

'N uair a chiar tedh riut tonnag
Air chuan iar galt nan dronnag,
'S iomad gleann leis an cromadh i 'h-earrlinn.

'N uair a shuidhedh fer stiur ort
An am fagail do dhuth chea,
Bu mher-shruthach cuan dubh-ghlas fo d' shail-sa.

Cha b' iat na lus-chrubain mhenbha
'Bhiodh nu d' chupil ag eileadh,
'N uair a dh' eire dh mor shoibrhas le barcadh

Ach na fuir binnein treuna,
'S math a dh' iomradh 's a dh' eighedh,
'S bheiredh tulg an tus cleith air ramh braghad.

'N uair a dh' fhalichtedh fo nise' i,
'S nach faictedh lan sudh dh' i,
Bhiodh luchd-a-taighe 'sior-lubadh a h-alaich.

'S iat gun egal, gun eislein,
A sior fhregairt d' a cheile
'N uair a thigedh muir beuccach, cas, ard orrr?

'Dol timchioll Rudha na Caillich.
Bu mhath siubhal a darich
'Gerradh astair gu caithrem Chaoil-acuinn:
'Cascairt tuinn a chuain fhiadhich,
Mar bu chuibhe dhuinn iarridh,
'Mach gu Uibhist bhig, riabhch, nan cradh-gheadh.

Cha bu bhruchag air meirg’ i,
'Fhuair a trechaitl le ’h-eirbheirt,
'Nuair a thigedh oírr’ doirbh shion le gabhadh.

Gum b’ ard-shranntach air muir i,
A siubhal ghleann gun bhi currtha,
’S buill chainbe troimh ’dulagabhs arda.

Sar Mhac-Dhomhnaill an Duin oírr’,
'S do mhac oighre ’s mor curam,
'S i do cheil’ ’fhuair an cliu ’mesg nan Gaidhel.

Do mhac Uibhistech, Sleitech,
D’ am bu chubhidh bhi steudmhor
'Mach o’n rugha d’an eightedh Dun-Sgathich.

An t-og misnechail, treubhach,
'Sliochd nam Milidh a Eirinn,
A bha gleust’ air chul sceith’ ann sna blarabh.

Gur a mor mo chion fein ort,
Ged nach bi mi ga eighech,
’Mhic an f hir leis an eiredh na Braighich.

Ceist nam ban o Loch-treig thu,
'S o Shrath Oisain na Feinne ;—
Gheibhthedh bruic agus feidh air a h-arinn.

Dh’ eiredh buidhenn a Ruaidh let,
’Lubadh iubhar mu ’n guaillibh,
’Thig o bruthichen fuar’ Charn-na-lairge.

Dream éile dhe d’ chinnedh
Clann-Iain o ’n Innain
’S iat a rachadh ’san iomairt, neo-scathach.
'S iomad oganach treubhach,
Is gluc chrom air chul sceith' air,
'Thig gu d' bratich, a threun laoich nan Gaidhel.

Is a fhregradh dha t' eighech,
Nan cuireadh tu feum orr',
'Nuair a chluinnedh iat fein do chrois-tara.

Ged b'e Mart cur a choire' e,
'S mi nach tilledh o stoc bhuit,
'S ann a bhidhinn an toisech a bhata.

'N uair 'bhiodh cach deanamh gniomha
Bhiodh mo chuid-sa dheth diomhain,
'G ol mo ghuscaig 's mi 'm shinedh air faradh.

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TUAINAL A CHINATAIN;

Oran do Shir Eoghan Loch-iall.

i a iain lom.

Cha b' e tuainal a chinatain
A chuir mi 'm dhusgadh 'sa mhaduin,
Ach an tuchan 's 'tha 'marcachd air m' sheithibh.

Fer do cheille bhi 'n Sasunn,
Gun f' hios nach b'eigneach a bheirt e
Ma thig eug ort an taice righ Seurlas.
A chraobh stallinn chruaidh, chuilinn,
'Chaidh bhuainn air saile do Lunnainn;
'S toc mo ghair' gus an eulinnim deagh sceul ort.

Do thigh'n fallain, slan, bhuaithe,
Mar ruaig falisc bharr cruadhlich,
No bho gharadh a ghuail's nam balg-seididh.

Dh' fh'albh Mac-Cailain, fer- buairidh,
Le sac gearrain de thuailas,
'Chur a' gherain an eulasabh Righ Seurlas.

Ged a scriobtedh let Muile,
Bhidh tu 'g iarraidh gu tuilleadh,
Cha robh 'm bliadhna 's an uiridh cho reidh dhuit.

'S iomad taighedas orail,
Muirnech, aigherach, coilmhor,
A ghres t' athair gu forinn na deirce;

Dh' an robh bethachadh boidhach,
'Tha 'n diugh ga chaitismh mu d' bhord sa;
Cles na fatha 'cur fo a chert eigin.

Cles a bhaigair mhoir laidir
'Rinn a shaidsech a charadh,
Leis gach bairdeig a thathadh ri cheile.

Ach b'ait leam Duibhnich 'san drannadail,
'Bhi fo dhruiim an Tuir Fhrangich,
Agus cuibhrech ro theann air am feithibh.

A mhaighden dubh-riabhach smachdail,
Dh 'fhag i 'n t-Iarla gun mbersuin,
Thug i 'm fiabhras a Marcus Err'-ghaidhel.

Caiptin caol Loch-nan-ela,
Thug le foill as a bhail' e
Ged a chaochail e talla 'nam eirigh.
'S maírg a dhuisgedh a chadal
'N laoch nach muchadh le bagradh
'S e bord, ardanach a cuinnech, gleusta,

Ghabh thu 'bhraid air do mhuinial,
Nacht gabhadh eacch orra 'chunnart,
'Thoirt do chairden a tonnabh na feithe.

'Eoghin oig Thorr- a- chaistail,
Rinn thu choir mar mo becheid-sa,
Thog thu cro agus geta nach leum iat.

Thog thu bard ann an Dubhaírt,
Strep thu 'm barr croinne giubhis,
Let bu miann a bhi 'n cruithechd an dreugain.

Thog thu 'n t-srol-bhratach bhuidhe
Os-cionn stol nam pic iubhair;
Caol chorcach an siubhal gach te dhiubh.

Nam biodh a chuis mar a theirinn,
Bhiodh tu d' Dhiuc thar nan Eilain,
Let bu miann a bhi d' speiraigh 'sna speurabh.

Is ann latha Sron-nimhais,
Bu droch cocaire gill' thu;
Chuir thu spogan air bhiorabh, 's dhroch-ghreidh thu.

Thug thu fairigedh fairge
Do luchd nam falluinnen derga;
Bha ruith fala agus tarra-dherg mu'n sleisdibh.

Fhuair thu garbh-bhata cuilinn,
'Cheut la dherbh thu bhi 'd dhuine,
Mun d' fhais calg ort de dh-fhionnadh no 'dh-f heusaig.

Cha bu shugradh do shena-choin
An cnaimh smuais 'thoirt a d' dhrem-chraos,
Nuair a thennadh tu tenchair do dheudich.
Cha bu shugradh do sgoilair
Dol a dhranndan ri d’choilair,
Nuair a thionndadh tu chorr-fhiacail gheur ris.

Le luchd nam fedanan dubh-ghorm,
D’ am bu fhregarrach fudar,
’Nuair a spreigedh na h-uird ri spuir gheura;

’Bheiredh dusgadh le an-iochd
Air udliche ’n langain,
Garbh, stucach, mor, engach, an t-sleibhe.

Bhiodh an t-suil, air neo ’n t-enchinn,
Mu dheireadh drugadh bhur n-enrich:
Cha bhi mise ga shenchas na’s leir dhomh.

Falasg, a moor-burning. Foirinn, aid, help. Fath, a mole. A mhaighden, the maiden, an instrument for behead-
ing. Mersuin, strength. Braid, a collar. Bard, a dyke, or fence, a garrison. Saidsech, a beggar’s mantle.

RAON-RUARI.

LE IAIN LOM.

An aînm an aigh ni mi tus,
Air a mhenm so ’tha ’m run,
Chan i so ’n aîmsir mu’n duin an ceitein oirnn.

Nach fhaic sibh loinges an righ
Cur an spionnidh gu tir,
Chan e’n t-Uillam ’tha mi cho deidhail air.

Ach Righ Seumas ’s a shiol
A dh’ordich Dia gus ar dion;
Cha righ iasid d’am fiach dhuinn geillechdinn.
Ach mar dig thu air ball
'S do leinten criosa gan call,
Is ceut misde leam thall 'san Eiphait thu.

An comunn ciogailtech, tlath,
'Shuidh an ionad nan stait
Mar cho-mheta chuir Satan seula riu.

Paca sliogach nan celt
D'am bu dlighech a mheirg,
Dhubh am fithech le salchar eucoir sibh.

Cha b'e 'm brathadair coir
'Bha cur gabbail fo'n f'hold,
Ach fer an taigh' nach bu choir 'bu pheucan daibh.

Ann sa bheithe bheg og
'Bha fo bhaile Mhic-Dheors',
Gur a h-ionad fer stoir 'bha reubte ann.

'S iomad biorraid is gruag
'Bha gan speltadh mu'n eunac,
Bha fuil dhathte'na stuaidh air seur am muigh.

Fhuair sibh denna 'sa choill
Bho ehruaidh lannabh Shiol-Chuinn,
'Chuir 'nur denna' bh thar tuim trom-chreuchdach sibh.

An Raon-Ruari nam bad
'S lionmhor uigh is corp rag,
Mile sluaidh is caib' gan leidigedh.

A shar Chleibhirs nan ech,
Bu cheann-leadhn' thu air f'eud,
Mo chrech leir an tus glechd mar dh'eirich dhuit.

Bu lasair theine dhaibh t'f'herg,
Gus an d'eirich mi-shelbh;
Bhuail am peileir fo errbal l't' eicidh thu.
Bu mhor cosgradh do lamh
Fo aon chlogide ban,
'S do chorp nochdidh, gel, dan, gun eidedh air.

Cha robh escarid suas
Etar Arcamh is Tuaid,
Mur bhi 'n tacaíd a bhual san eudun thu.

'Nuair bhruchd t' uaislen am mach,
Cha scooth bhuaichaillen mhart,
Ach luchd-bualadh nan cnap gu speireadail;

Air a bhruthach a stad
Os-cionn dubhar nam bad,
Luchd cur 'nan siubhal gu grad nan eucorach.

Clann-Domhnaill an aigh,
Luchd a chonnas’ch gach blair;
Cha do ghabh iat riamh scath roimh reubaltich.

Is lionmhor spalpaire dian
'Bha fo d' bhratich 'dol sios,
Cha b’ ascard ach lion do reisamaid.

Is iomad fiuran des og
Gun lan duirn air de dh-fheoill,
'Gherradh claignen is smois, is feithannan.

Mo ghaol an Domhnall Gorm og
Bho’n tur Shleitech ’s bho’n Ord;
Fhuair thu deuchain ’s bu mhor an sceula sin.

Mo ghaol an Tainistair ur,
B’ og am planntas mo run,
'S cha b’e ’n campair air chul na sceithe e.

Mo ghradh an t-Alastair Dubh,
Bho Ard-Gharidh nan sruth,
'Chuir 'nan siubhal gu tiugh an reubaltich.
'S bha 'bhrathair eil' ann, Iain Og, 'S dh' aomich peilair troimh 'fheoil, 'S caol a therinn e beo bho 'n speileirechd.

Tha an cogadh so serbh,
Air a thogail gu garg;
Ge ceann nathrach bidh earrball peucaic air.

'Se Prionns' Uillam 's a shluagh
'Dh' fhag an duthich so truagh,
'Nuair a chuir iatthar cuan righ Seumas bhuainn.

Guidhem scrios orra 's plaigh,
'S gort is mioscuin is bas
Air an sliochd mar bh 'air al na h-Eiphaite;

Gach aon latha dol sios,
Caignedh claidhibh tromh 'm bian,
'S coin a caithemh an diol air sleibhtichibh.

Thig am Frangach a stech
Le treun champa 'chuid ech,
'S bidh do bhangaíd 's do bhrec-staoig greidhte dhuit.

Theid thu 'Ihanobher air ais,
Thig an cot dhiot an cais',
'S i sean choir a choin ghlais a b 'fheumaile.

Brathadair, a match, kindling. Peucan a beacon.
Leideigedh, leading, convojding. Coscradh, slaughtering.
GILLESBIC NA CEPICH.

Archibald Macdonald, Gillesbic na Cepich, was the second son of Alastair Buidhe of Keppoch. He was educated at Forres. He was a poet of fair ability. He succeeded his father about 1665. In September, 1675, he joined Glengarry and Lochiel in a voyage to Mull to assist the Macleans against the Earl of Argyll. He married Mary, daughter of Macmartin of Letterfinlay, by whom he had four sons and four daughters, Coll his successor, Raonall Mor Thir-na-Drise, Aonghus Odhar, Alastair Odhar, Mor, Jennet, Catherine and Cecilia. He died in 1682. Iain Lom composed an elegy about him, in which he speaks very highly of him.

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MOLADH NA PIOBA.
LE GILLESBIC NA CEPICH.

'S mairg do dhimol ceol is caismechd,
Brosnadh sloigh gu gaisgechd threun;
Mor phiob leis an duisger gach misnech,
A torman moid is misde beum.

Mo ghaol clarsach, ro ghaol piob;
Mithlachd leam an ti do chain;
Olc an duaig d'a ceol droch comain
'M bonnabh chluas aig ollamh ri dan.

Cha bhi mi diomoladh an dain;
Ach 's ann bu mhath an dan 'san 't-sith;
Air an namhit cha dechidh 'n dan
Riamh cho dana 's a chaidh i.

Nam faicedh tu fir air leirg
Fo mheirghe 'm bi derg is ban,
B 'f hearr leam speltadh dh' i re uair
Na na bheil gu tuaim de dhain.

Bu bhinn leam torman a dos,
'S i 'crunnechadh airm fo sciort.
'N dan nan digedh fo 'brat
Gu cert b' f hearr leth' e 'bhi 'n Irt.
A bhen bhinn-f haclach nach breun stuirid,  
Chiuin, chiuin-f haclach, 's nior bhreug sin;  
A labhras gu seimh air gach modh,  
'S a breid air slinnainibh fir.

Brosnadh, brosnachadh, encouragement, a spurring on.  
Lerg, a plain, a little eminence.  
Meirghe, a banner.

NIGHEN MHIC-GILLECHALTUIM  
RAARSAIDH.

Alexander, fourth Macleod of Raasay, had two sons,  
Alexander his successor, and John.  
Alexander, fifth of Raasay, succeeded his father in 1643.  
He had three sons and two daughters.  
He was succeeded by John Garbh his eldest son, in 1648.  
John Garbh was distinguished for his handsome person, and extraordinary strength, and was exceedingly popular.  
He married Janet, daughter of Sir Roderick Macleod of Dunvegan.  
He was drowned on the north coast of Skye during a severe storm.  
He was only twenty-one years of age at the time of his death.  
He left no issue.  
In 1688 his sisters, Janet and Julia, were served heirs to their father.  
In 1692 they made over the estate to their cousin Alexander, son of John, second son of Alexander, fourth of Raasay.  
Janet was married to Duncan Macrae of Inverinate, Donnachadh nam Pios.  
Julia died unmarried.  
Which of the two sisters composed John Garbh's elegy we do not know.  
We are inclined, however, to think that it was Julia.

CUMHA.

Do dh-Iain Garbh Mac Ghille-chaluim.
LE A PHLUITHIR.

'S mi 'nam shuidh' air an fhaoilinn,  
Gun fhaoilte, gun f huran,  
Cha tog mi fonn aotrom,  
O Dhi-h-aoine mo dhunach.
Hi-il o, ho bha ho,
Hi-il o, ho bha ho,
Hi il o, ho bha ho,
Hi-il o, ro ho bha eiie.

Cha tog mi fonn aotrom,
O Dhi-h-aoine mo dhunach;

On a chailledh am bata,
Air 'n do bhathadh an curidh.

Gille-Calum a b' oige,
'S Iain mor, mo sceul duilich!

'Si do ghuala 'bha laidir,
Ged a sharich a mhuir thu.

Chan f heil aon ann an Albinn
Nach doir ainm air do spionnadh.

'S ann an clachan na traghad
Tha mo ghradh-sa bhon uridh;

Gun siod air do chluasaic,
Fo lic uaine na tuinne.

'S tu gun bhoinn air do leine;
Chan f heil feum air a cumadh.

Chan iarr thu gu 'fuaghal
Ben-uasal no cruinnac.

Tha do chlaidhibh 'na dhunadh
Fo dhruchdadh nan uinnac.

Co is urrin g'a f huascladh,
'S nach gluais thu e tuilledh.
Do chuid chon air an iallabh,
'S cha triall iat do 'n m hunadh;

Do f hrith nam beann arda,
No gu ard bheinn a chuilinn.

'S mi 'nam shuidh' air an fh oilinn
Gun f haoilte, gun f huran.

Faoileann, an exposed place beside the shore covered with small white stones; a sea-gull.

There is a tradition among the people of Raasay that John Garbh was a natural son. According to the tales of superstition, the storm which occasioned his death was raised by a witch. His step-mother was anxious to get rid of John Garbh and make room for her own son; so she hired the witch to set the winds and waves in motion. The witch raised the storm by boiling water in a pot over the fire. She had a small dish of some kind in the pot. When she saw that this dish upset, she knew that Iain Garbh and his men were drowned. All at once she repented and exclaimed, Tha mo chrech deante.

DONNACHADH MAC-AN-DUBHSHUILICH.

The Dubhshuilich, or men of the dark eyes, were Stewarts. They came to Lochaber from Appin about the year 1560. They were the hereditary standard-bearers of the Macdonalds of Keppoch. Duncan Stewart, the author of the following historical poem, was one of them. He was like his clansman, John Roy Stewart, a warrior as well as a poet. He fought at the battle of Mulroy.
LATHA NA MAOILE-RAUIDHE.

Le Donnachadh Mac-an-Dubhsnuilich, fer-bratich Cholla na Cepich.

Fonn,—“Gur h-e Latha Raon-Ruari.”
Ho fairegan o ho,
Ho ro no co letha,
Gur h-e Colla 'n ceann-feadhna
'Ghlechd mu 'n tom a bh' aig athair.
'S iomad spailp de dhuin'-uasal
'Bha mu 'n cuairt dhuit an la ud
'B' f hearr na clogaide cruadhach
'Bhi mu d' ghuaillibh 's mu t' amhich.

Chaidh na Tuathich gu proisail
Ann an ordagh a chatha;
Ach bha Colla ro sheolta,
Dh' fhan e stolta gu latha.
'S iomad cumha le storas
'Gheibhdedh Toisech na Maighe;
Ach le uabhar is gloir-mhiann,
Chaidh e 'chordadh le 'chlaidhibh.

Sud an cordadh gun ghliocas
'Rinn thu 'n nis ann ad an-toil;
Fhuair Colla fo chis thu
Chert cho min ris an lamhinn.
'S iomad cradh-leba 's litir
'Chaidh 'dh-Inbhirnis le do chaidribh.
'S bochd nach d' f huair thu diseursadh
'Bhliadhn' a phaighedh am mal dhuit.

'S iomad muscaid 's pic iubhair
A bha 'n cuidechd a mhirath;
'S iat a tilgedh cho fada
Ri cairtal a mhile.
Cha do shanntich sibh teichedh,
A luchd nam fedanan cinnteach,
Ach 'bhi sathadh 'nam broillech,
Sud an cothrom a mhill iat.

Bha thus', a Cholla, ro thapidh,
'Mhic Ghillesbic na morchuis ;
Leig thu uc' na coin sean'teach,
'S cha robh cadal air doigh dhaibh.
Ged a b' ingheach na ait cait,
Cha robh 'ehridh' aca scrobadh ;
'N uair a scail thu do lion riu
Thug thu 'mhiagail a 'n sronabh.

Cha b' e scobadh an t-sengain,
No mar gum benadh dhuit dergann,
A bha 'm buillen nan gaisgech
'Chlechd na glas lainn mar armachd.
'S ann a leigtedh an smer ris
Far am benadh cruaidh dherg dha,
Is bhiodh enchinn nam mullach
'Tigh'n mu mhuineil gan salachadh.

Dh' innsinn cuid de bhur beusan,
Bha sibh treun ann san torachd ;
Is bha 'bhuil air Clann-Chatain
Gum b'e fasan Chloinn-Donnnaill
A bhi cruaidh air chul claidhribh
'N uair a chaithedh sibh lod Orr,
'S etar 'hearabh is ghillen
'Bhi le seinnibh 'nan scornain.

'Nuair a ranic thu 'n larach
An robh abhaist do shenar
Bha Clann-Chatain 'sa ghairich
'G iarridh fabhair da 'n anam.
An sin gheibh'dh tu t' ailghas
'Chur am paipeir an cengal ;
"S ged tha Chepach 'na fasach
Tha i paighe le cennabh.

Ged a ghlaodh iat ruibh'n anaghlas
Mu annoch an f hescair,
Chuir sibh scapadh a mhenbh-chruidh
An luchd mamadh a pheice,
Gan ruith 'fedh nam bruachan
Is gan cuartachadh dhachidh,
Is gam paighedh 'nam fiachan,—
Ach dh-ionndrinn iat Lachinn.

Bha Mac-Coinnich ceann airm leo,
'S bu mhor earbsa a mhatras,
Le a shaighdairibh faoghluimte
Fo 'n aodichibh dathar.
'Nuair 'bha 'dhag air a seursadh
Sheall e geur ann san amharc;
Sin n' uair 'phaighedh an t-eudach
'Bha mu earrball na mnatha.

Gur h-e Aonghus bho 'n Tulich,
An sar churidh nach diobradh,
'Bha air aodan an duin ud,
Is bu chunnart e cinntech.
An am cruadail no gaisce,
Chan ann tais a bhiodh t' inntinn;
'Nuair a chaidh thu ga bhualadh
Gun d' f huair thu fo chis e.

Bha Mac-Coinnich 'na laighe,
'S rinn e 'chladhebh a shinedh;
Bha buaidh aig an Tulach
Mar a bhuinedh dha shinnsredh.
Cha robh 'n Lochidh no 'n Spiathain
Fer a dh' iarradh gu strith riut;
A laoich ghleusta gun ghiorag,
'S tu nach tilledh fo mhichliu.
'S tu nach tilledh fo thanailt,
Bha thu dana 'san iomairt;
'S tu a choisinn buaidh-larach,
'S nach d' rinn parladh a shiredh,
Ach ceum air adhart le cruadal,
Mar bu dual dhuit o d' chinnedh;
Chair thu maoim air na Tuathich,
'S ann let f'huair iat am milledh.

Thoir mo shoridh le duthrachd
'Dh-fhios na triuir 'tha 'sa Bhraighe;
Gu Colla, an lamh threubhach,
Efhein 's a dha bhrathair;
Na fir chalm' 'f huair an toisech
Ann an toital nan claidhen;
Gun robh agabh mar sceith dhuibh
Ainglen De anns gach aite.

Nam bu mhis' a b' fher seolidh
Air na seoid ud an drasta,
Bhoodh fer air gach uilinn
'Chor 's nach legt' an aon bhlar iat.
Cha robh egal no giorag
Air sar ghillen na tabhachd;
'S ann a bha iat 'sa chumasc
Mar sceith chunnairt roimh 'n cairden.

'S e, a Cholla mo dhuthreachd,
'S tha mo dhuil ri e 'thachairt,
Thu bhi 't uachdaran duthcha
Etar Dunan 's a Chepach,
Etar Ruthain is Spiathain
'S Cill-mo-niobhaig a chladich,
Ann am paighnechas scriobhite,
'S lamh an righ ris a chairt ud.

Cuim' nach cuirinn-sa cuairt
Air Gleann-ruaidh 'san robh 'm baital,
Lion, flax, a linen cloth, but in the poem a flag. Gloir-mhiann, ambition. Painechas, security, insurance.

Lachlan Mackintosh, chief of the Clan-Chattan, had a legal claim to the lands of the Macdonalds of Keppoch. Coll of Keppoch refused to acknowledge this claim, and would not pay the rents demanded of him. Mackintosh resolved to enforce his claim with the sword. In 1688, and about the month of August, he entered Lochaber with a strong force, consisting of his own immediate followers, and a company of government troops under the command of captain Kenneth Mackenzie of Suddie. He had at least a thousand men with him. On arriving at Keppoch House he found it deserted. In the course of a day or two he learned that Coll was posted on the heights of Mulroy, having with him his own followers, the Macmartins of Letterfinlay, and a body of the Macdonells of Glengarry, in all about four hundred men. At daybreak, on the morning after receiving this intelligence, he marched against his opponent. As his force was so numerous he felt confident of obtaining an easy victory, even though the Macdonals and the Macmartins had the advantage of being on higher ground. The result, however, was that he was defeated and taken prisoner. About forty of the Macdonals of Glencoe, commanded by Aonghus Mac Alastair Ruaidh, were on their way to assist their kinsmen. They were too late for the battle, but took an active part in the pursuit. As captain Mackenzie, a brave but rash man, was rushing with his pike against Angus Macdonald of Tulloch, the latter hurled his empty pistol against his head with such force that his skull was fractured. Mackenzie died whilst being carried by his soldiers to Inverness. The battle of Mulroy lasted a little over an hour. It was happily the last clan fight that took place in Scotland.
RAONAILL NA SCEithe.

Ranald Macdonald, Raonall na Sceithe, was a son of Allan Macdonald of Achatriochadan in Glencoe. He distinguished himself as a soldier under Montrose and Dundee. He was killed in the horrible massacre of Glencoe, February 13th, 1692. He was at the time of his death an old man. He left two sons, Donald and Alexander.—Campbells' Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans, page 226.

LATHA RAON-RUARI.

LE RAONAILL NA SCEithe.

'Se do la, a Raon-Ruari
A dh' fhag luainech mo dhuscadh,
Mu na thuit de Chlann- Domhnaill,
'S cha bu leon o'n taobh cuil daibh,
'Toirt am mach an ra-treuta
'Choisin ceutadh le diubhail;
'S ged bu thearnadh gu leir dhaibh
Bha bas Chleibhers r 'a chuimtamadh.

Leoghan fulangach, rioghail,
Nach d' rinn f'hirin a mhuthadh;
Cha robh failinn a'd' chruadal
'N aite cruaidh-chas no curim;
Cha dug or ort no egal
Gun sesamh le duthrachd,
'S ged a thuirt thu le onair
B' ann de dhonas na cuis' e.

Seobhag frinnech suairc thu,
'S bu shar bhuachaill' air treud thu,
Gu'n cumail o ghabhadh
'S a thoirt ait dhaibh is reidhleinn.
'S tu nach cuireadh ri ball' iat
'Thoirt an dainginn air eigin;
Dh' innis latha Dhun- Chaillinn
Nach robh 'n t-anam a' d' chreuibhaig.

Digitized by Microsoft®
'N am 'bhi tarruinn nan Gaidhel
Gu h-ard air a bhruthach,
'Dhol an coinnimh an namhit,
Bu neo-scathach a bhuidhen.
'Mheud 's a bha aig Mac-Aidh
B' iat luchd a chail is a bhrudhaist ;
'N uair a nochd sibh 'ur claidhen,
Sud am prabar 'nan siubhal.

Bha gach inntin lan shocrichte
Air cosnadh 's air cruadal,
A dol air bhur n-adhart
Ann an aghidh an fhuathais.
Cha do shanntich sibh tilledh,
Bho nach slinnain bu dual dhuibh :—
Bha an cluiche sin cailltech,
'S iat ag radh gum bu bhuaithd e

Gum bu lionmhor ad shracte
'Bha mu ghlacabh Raon-Ruari,
Agus Gaidhel gun bhrecan
'Ruith fir casaige ruaidhe.
'S iat nach dugadh droch bhuelle
'Dh' fhagadh nech 'na dhiol truaighe,
Ach 'toirt nan ceann dhiu gu sciobalt',
No gan scath gu 'n cnaimh-tuaighe.

Gur h-e 'mheudich mo champar
'Liuthad bantrach 'tha 'm dhuthich,
Agus oganach treubhach
Nach do dh-eighedh am pusadh,
'Thuit le luaidhe 'san am ud
'Bualadh lann, 's cha bu shugradh,
'Toirt am mach an adbhannsa,
'S cha do shanntich iat cubadh.

A Dhomhnaill nan Domhnall,
'S og a fhuaire thu do dheuchin,
'S iomad ben a bha bronach
Etar Trotairnis 's Sleite,
Mu chinnedh mor t' athar
'Bhi nan laighe gun eirigh,
Luchd a bhualadh nam buillean
'Bhi air fuirech 'san teugbhail.

'B ann diu Raonall is Seumas
Nach d' rinn eirigh o'n chumasc;
B'e mo chrech iat le cheile,
Fir na feile 's an fhurain.
Dhaibh 'bu dual a bhi treun
O'n athair f hein thar gach duine;
Sceul bu dona 'na dheidh sud,
Ri leighes leigh cha d' rinn fuirech.

A thighern' oig Ghlinne-Garadh
Laigh smal air do shugradh;
'S mor do chall ri righ Seumas
Ged a dh-eighedh e 'd dhiuc thu;
Bha Domhnall Gorm gaolach
Is f huil chraobhach a bruchdadh.
'S eigin fhulang na thanic
Dh' f halbh do bhrathair na ur-f has.

Bu duin' urranta, seolta,
Bu chraobh chomhraig roimh cheut e,
De dh-f her mor 'bu mhath cumadh
'Bh aig gach duine mar speuclair:
Gur h-e ro mheud do nadair,
Braise 's ardan le cheile,
Dh' fhag gun athadh dha d' phers' thu,
Oig-f'hir ghasda na feile.

Cha robh fuascladh 'san tim ud
Dhuit aig dillsibh no cairdibh;
Ged bha bron air gach duine
Ni gun chumadh, gun airemlh.
'S ann roimh d'fhraoch a bha ’n curam, Ged bha diubhail is call ann; Fhuair thu ’n t-erais cliutech, Ort do dhubhlah na rancan.

'S truagh nach robh let ’san uair sin Na bha bhuaith dhe do chairdibh, Air an tarruinn mu’n comhair, Fir Ghlinn-Comhunn ’s a Bhraighe. ’N tus an latha ghil sholuis Chit’ am follais gach failinn; ’S na bheil beo de shlioichd Cholla ’Dhioladh pronnadh ar cairden.

Caiptin mesail Chloinn-Raonuill, Ge nach h'-eil ach ’na lenabh, ’S glan a gheibht’ an aois oig’ e Aig fir dhuthchis a sheanar. Sud na Domhnallich threubhach Do nach d’ eirich riamh bremas; Bhon ghin Somhairl’ air tus iat Cha d’fhuaras daibh scainnel.

Thuit mac Dhomhnaill mhic Dhomhnaill, ’S bu mhor ’n ionndrain a thir e; Flescach uasal, caomh, cenail, Is b’fhior f’herail ’na thim e. ’S mi ’tha ’g iargain nan daoine ’Thuit ’san aobhar ’dol sios duinn ; Bha triuir iar-ogh’ Mhic-Raonuill Air an taobh ’s gum b’ e ’n dibhail.

Mo chrech mhor nan tri truaighen, Caradh uaislen Chinntire; ’Thighern oig sin na Lerginn, Is gur serbh a bhi ’g innsedh, Mu do Thaoitair math ciallach,— Is cuis iargain a chaoidh e,
Gun do thuit e 'san doruin,
'S bu duin 'og 'san dol sios e.

Gun do mhäc bhi 'na t' aite,
'S gun ad brathair ach lenabh,
'S gun aon duine 'bhi 'n lathair
De na thanic o 'd shenair.
Sud an taigh a bha uasal,
Do nach 'd fhuaradh riamh merachd,
'Sa bha frugantach, rioghail,
Air dol 'sios mar an raineach.

A Shir Eoghinn o 'n Chorpich
'S e do dhochun nach iarrinn;
'Si chneidh fein thar gach duine;
'Bhios sinn uile ag iargain,
'Mheud 's a bhuilich an righ ort
Cha bu ni e gun f hiachan,
Is ged fhaighedh tu barr air,
'S daor a phaigh thu e 'm bliadhna.

Chaill thu ragha do dhaoine
Ann an aobhar a bhrathar.
Bho t' oige gu d' shine
Chum thu 'n iomairt gun f hailinn.
'S iomad sonn de dhuin' uasal,
'San robh cruadal is tabhachd,
A chaidh sios let de d' chinnedh
Bho 'n la ghinedh gu ait thu.

O 'n la 'ghlac thu 'n ceut chlaindhibh,
Gun aon athadh do d' namhit,
Bu mhath do chuis thionnscail
'N aghidh Chromwel is Lambeirt.
Nan sesadh Alp' uile
Mar rinn thusa gun f hailinn,
'S derbh gun caileadh righ Uillam,
'S cha bhuidh'nedh Mac-Aidh air.
Ach fhir Airde-Seile,
'S mor do dheiras le 'm fecabh;
Chaill thu brathair math ciatach
Is diol Iarla de mhacabh.
Sibh fein 's fir a Bhraghe
Bha 'g ur sarach 'ri caistal,
Sibh a dhibhail comanndair,
'S gun ur naimhden r'am faicin.

Tha Taoitair na h-Apunn
Fo airsnal an comhnuidh;
Tha leann-dubh air a drughadh
Fo dhunadh a chota,
'S e ag iargain mu 'bhraithribh,
'S b' iat na h-aillegain bhoidhach,
Ged thug lughad an athidh
Orra 'n la ud 'bhi gorach.

Chaill thu Tanaistair ferainn,
'S gum b'e 'n t-Alastair suairc e;
'S mor a bhearn thu a d' dhuthich,
'S iat ga t' ionndraichinn bhuatha.
Cha b'aithne dhomh cus
A bheiredh cliu do dhuin' uasal,
Nach robb faighte riut daingen,
Aig a bhail' agus uaithe.

Bha thu urranta, dana,
Bha thu aillidh, des, treubhach;
Bha thu cinnedail, cairdail,
Bha thu garbh ri am feuma.
Nan d' fhuirich an luaidhe
Gun do bhualadh 'san leum ud,
'S mairef fer do mhi-ruine
Air am bruchdadh lann t' fheirge.

Cha b' ann leis na claidhen,
'Fhuair ar n-armuin an leonadh,
Aig Dunchaillinn a chascridh,
No le gaisc' an luchd-comhstrith:
'S maireg a chunnic na saoidhen,
Ann an iorghuil na doruinn,
Gan sior leignedh le luaidhe,
'S gun tilg buachaillen bho i.

'S truagh nach sinne 'bh' air talamh
Gun aon bhalla, gun bhruachan,
Sinn 'hin 's luchd ar mi-ruin',
Bhiomaid cinnt de ar cruadal.
Chit' an sin co 'bu chliutich,
Ann an imairt nan cruaidh lann,
Fior bhodich na machrach
Na fir ghaisgail nam suar bheann.

Cait a bheil de dh-fhui dhiles
Ann san rioghachd an cert uair,
An taobh so 'Chlann-Domhnaill,
Da 'm bu nos a bhi tapidh,
Ach Clann-Chamschroin o Lochidh,
Clann-Ghilleoin is Clann-Nechdain,
Fir Atholl 's Clann-Fhiunnlaiddh,
'S Mac-Iain-Stiubhart na h-Apunn.'

The battle of Killiecrankie was fought on Saturday, July 27th, 1689. On Wednesday, August 21st, the Highlanders attacked Dunkeld, but were repulsed with the loss of 300 men. Their opponents being well protected by stone walls lost only a few. The repulse at Dunkeld was a sore disappointment to them. As Cannon, their new commander, was responsible for the attack, and for the loss sustained in consequence of it, they lost all confidence in him.
MAC IAIN LUIM.

John Lom's son fought under Dundee at the battle of Killiecrankie in 1689. It is said that he was a captain. He was killed in a duel, by Domhnall Donn, Mac Fhir Bhoth-fhiunntain about the year 1690. The duel was fought at High Bridge, eight miles from Fort William.

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LATHA RAON–RUARI.

LE MAC IAIN LUIM.

An Raon-Ruari so 'bh' ann
B' lionmhor ceann is column gu lar;
Moran Ghaidhel is Ghall
Bh' air chail 's an uilenn ri blar.
'N uair thanic a Chlann
'Nan deann an deiredh an la,
Cha b' e tilledh gun chail
A shanntich gillen mo ghraidh.

Bha an t-Alastair Ciar
Gu dian le bhratichen f'hein;
Ann an am doil a sios
Cha b' mhiann leis fuirech nan deidh.
Cha bu chlaidhehb no sciath
Bu dion do 'n churidh 'bha treun;
Co a chumadh ris strith,
'S an Righ mar spionnadh d'a sceith?

Is bha Domhnall nan Dun
Gu dluith air uilinn a bhclair;
Bha chuid ghillen ri 'chul,
'S cha sechnadh iat cuis le dail.
Bha 'ir ghasda mo ruin
'G 'ur lenailt gu dluith mu'r sail,
Is mar bhuihdh da'n cliu,
Ri cascairt le luths nan lamh.
Bha na Lethanich ann,
An dream 'bha fuilechdach riamh;
Leam is duilich an call,
'S gum b'ainmeil 's gach am an gniomh.
Ach ged tha iat gun cheann
Bidh e ann 'n uair 's toilech le Dia,
Is thig Muile 'na dheann
An nall o luchd nam beul fiar'.

A Chlann-Raonuill o'n chuan
Ged f'huair sibh bristedh gu leoir,
Gun ath-éirich sibh 'suas
Le 'r sluagh gun laigse, gun leon.
Ged a tha sibh fo ghruain,
'S bhur naimhden ri uailg gach lo,
'N uair thig Ailain bho 'chuairt
Bidh 'f'herann gu buan fo 'scod.

Gu bheil fer an Gleann-ruaidh
Nach d' f'huair air 'f'herann de choir,
Ach ro chalmachd a shluaigh
'Theid suas le fed chinn a mheoir,
Thanic fechd o 'n taobh tuath
'Chur gerasdain f'huair mu 'r sroin,
Ach s'e f'huair iat mar dhuais
'N cur dhachidh gu luath fo leoin.

Thug thu latha 'sa Mhaoil,
A Cholla, 's tu aotrom, og,
Le do bhratichen fraoich
A thairnedh na laoich 'nan lorg.
Tha mi 'guidhe nach aom
An t-aog le 'ghath ann ad choir,
Gus am faigh thu de dh-aois
A Chepach 'bhi saor fo d' scod.
At the battle of Killiecrankie, Dundee's men were ranged in one line, and in the following order from right to left: the Macleans, Colonel Cannon's Irish regiment, the Macdonalds of Moydart, the Macdonells of Glengarry, the cavalry, the Camerons, a battalion under Sir Alexander Maclean, and the Macdonalds of Skye. The Grants of Glenmoriston were with the Macdonells of Glengarry. Dundee had about 2,500 men, and Mackay about 4,000. The battle began about seven o'clock in the evening, or half an hour before sunset. The Highlanders, whilst moving down the hill, received three successive volleys from Mackay's line. When they got to close quarters, and drew their broad swords, the battle lasted only a few minutes. They gained as complete a victory as could be won. Still it was a very dear victory to them; about eight hundred of them were slain. Besides, they lost their commander, the only man who could keep them together and lead them to another victory. Of Mackay's men two thousand were either killed or taken prisoners. Well might the poet say, Bu lionmhor ceann is column gu lar.

ALASTAIR BHOST-FHIUNNTAIN.

John Dubh, natural son of Raonall Mor na Cepich, was the first Macdonald of Bohuntin. His descendants are known as Shlochd-an-taighe, and also as Shlochd-na-banfhighiche. He married a daughter of Donald Glas Mackintosh, with issue five sons, Alexander, his successor, Donald, John, Ranald and Angus. He had also a natural son, Gillecalum Mor. Donald, John, and Ranald were put to death by the unprincipled Alastair nan Cles of Keppoch. Alexander, second of Bohuntin, married a daughter of Macdonald of Glencoe, by whom he had one son, Aonghus Mor. Aonghus Mor, third of Bohuntin, married a daughter of Cameron of Strone, and had three sons, John, his successor, Aonghus a Bhocain, and Alastair na Rianich. John, fourth of Bohuntin, married a daughter of Cameron of Glenmalie, by whom he had Alexander, his successor, Domhnall Donn, and Domhnall Gruamach, all men of good poetic talents. Alexander, fifth of Bohuntin, had five sons, Angus, Alexander, Ranald, Iain Og, his successor, and Domhnall Glas. Angus, Alexander, and Ranald died of pleurisy within a few days of one another, about the year 1720. Angus and Alexander were married. John Og, sixth of Bohuntin and Domhnall Glas, his brother, were transported to North Carolina for taking part in the unfor-
tunate rebellion of 1745. They were both married and left issue. Probably some of their descendants are still in the United States.

Alexander of Bohuntin was the author of several short poems. But they have nearly all perished.

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CUMHA NAM MAC.

LE ALASTAIR BHO-Th-FHIUNNTAIN.

Bhon lughaitedh ’thug Dia dhomh,
’S mo mhath a bhi ga iarridh,
Gum faic gach duine liath mi;
’S ann tha mi trom, trom.

Cha dirich mi ri fuar bheinn
An fhirich ’sam bi ’n ruadh bhoc;
Tha m’ anil goirid luath dhomh;
’S ann ’tha mi trom, trom.

Gum faca each an uair sin
A mharbhtedh brec air Ruaidh leam;
An diugh cha dort mi luaidh dhaibh;
’S ann tha mi trom, trom.

Na fiurain ’san robh ’n uaisle,
’S a b’ abhaist bhi mu m’ ghuaillean,
Bhon chairich mi ’san uaigh iat,
’S ann thu mi trom, trom.

Na gaisgich ’san robh chailechd
’S a chlechd mi fhaicinn lamh ruim,
Bu taice sibh d’ ur cairden;—
’S ann tha mi trom, trom.

Ach Aonghuis thug mi gaol dhuit
Thar uile chlann nan daoine,
’S bhon tha mi nis as t’ aonais,
’S ann tha mi trom, trom.

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Do ghnuis bha fiailidh, faoilidh;
' S tric t' iomhgh 'tigh'n 'nam smaointinn,
Is dh' f hag sud neul an aoig orm;
'S ann tha mi trom, trom.

'Alastair 's tu m' abhachd;
B 'e sud an gaisgech stathail
Bhon chuir mi ann sna clair thu,
'S ann tha mi trom, trom.

Rao'll am fer a 'b oige,
B 'e sud am flescach stolta;
Bho 'n chairich mi fo 'n fhoid thu,
'S ann tha mi trom, trom.

Scuiridh mi 's mi craitech,
Ach tha mi 'n dochas laidir,
Gum faic mi sibh am Paras,
Ged tha mi trom, trom.

Mo dhuil gu bheil sibh sabhailt
Troimh f hulangas bhur Slanighair;
Cha dean ni eile stath dhuinn
'N uair 'bhios sinn trom, trom.

Lughaigedh, luighigedh, or lughasachadh, allowance, permission, decree.

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CUMHA EILE D'A MHIC.
LE ALASTAIR BHO'T-FHIUNNTAINT.

Sechdain dalach bho Fheill Patric,
Sceula craitech, dh 'f halbh na braithren,
'Thug scuab-larach air na cairden
'Bhios gu brath 'n ar cuimhne.
Bhios gu brath, etc.
Dh' f halbh na h-armuin 'dheanadh stath dhuinn, 'Bu mhor tabhachd ri uchd gabhidh; Och, mo chradh-lot 's goirt a tha mi, Dh 'f'hag sid m' airnean bruite.

Cha secul solais dhuit e, 'Dhomhnaill, 'Th 'ann an Cnoidart, chaill thu comhlain 'Shesadh comh-'riut ann an ordagh Nam biodh foirmert cuis ort.

Fiuirain ghasta na gruaidh dhathte, Nan deut snasta 's nan cul clechdte, 'Bha gun gheltachd, 's budes faicinn Ann am fechd na duthcha.

'S goirt an sceula 'f'huair 'ur ceile 'N tus a cheitein 'n uair bu bheus dhuibh 'Bhi 'n 'ur n-eidedh, 's gu moch eirigh, 'S dol a dh' eistechd durdain.

'N am tigh'n dachaidh dhuibh le 'r tacar B' ann de 'r clechdadh muirn is macnus, 'S comhradh t'achdmhor gun spad-f'halch; Sud, mar chlechd sibh 'n uine.

Cha b' ann de 'r beusan cles nan eiscen 'Bhi 'toirt beum' do chach a cheile; Ach modh is reusan 's egal De oirbh Anns gach ceum de 'r giulan.

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DOMHNALL DONN MAC FHIR BHO TH FHIUNNTAIN.

Domhnall Donn was the second son of John Macdonald, fourth of Bohuntin. His mother was a daughter of Cameron of Glenmalie. He was, like several of his contemporaries, a crechadair or raider. He was in love with a daughter of the chief of the Grants. Grant, who at the time to which we refer, was living at his seat in Glenurquhart, was
unwilling to give him his daughter. The girl, however, made up her mind to run away with him. Donald hid himself in a cave near Reidhlac Ghoirridh on the north side of Lochness, where he intended to remain until the young lady should be able to join him. Unfortunately his hiding-place became known. The Grants succeeded in decoying him, by means of a pretended message from the object of his affections, to a house in the neighborhood of her father's residence. In this house he was prevailed upon by his treacherous host to drink to excess, and also to sleep in the barn. Whenever he fell asleep his sword and target were quietly removed. Shortly afterwards the Grants came forward to apprehend him. He had his gun with him, but it missed fire. He was seized and thrown into prison. He naturally expected that his clan would interfere in his behalf. He was not however on friendly terms with his chieftain, Coll of Keppoch, or with John Lom, whose only son he had killed in a duel. Consequently there was no effort put forth to rescue him. After lying in prison for some time, he was led forth and executed. He had a son by a girl in Sutherlandshire, "An nighen donn a bha'n Cataobh." He had a daughter by another girl. His daughter paid him a visit whilst in prison. It is to her that he addresses the poem, "Is truagh, a righ mo nighen donn." His sister, Kate, was present at his execution. Tradition tells us that as his head was being separated from his body by the axe, his tongue uttered the words, A Cheit, tog an ceann. Donhnall Donn was a handsome man, a brave warrior, and a good poet. It is said that he was also an excellent harper. He was put to death about the year 1691.

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CHA TAOBH MI NA S'RATHAN.

Le Domhnall Donn, mac Fhir Bhoth Fhiunntain.

Cha toabh mi na srathan,
Cha bhi mi gan tathich
Fhad's a chumas fir Atholl am mod.
Cha toabh mi, etc.

Mi aig sail deinn Muc-Duibhe,
'S neo-shocrach mo shuidhe,
'S mi coimhed strath dubh uisce 'n eoin.
Chi mi thall ud fo m' shuilen
Beinn Bhethain, beinn Bhurnain,
'S beinn Artair mu 'n duinedh an ceo.

Chi mi duthich nan Rothach,
'S fada bhuam i mu m' chomhair;
'S tric a thug mi na lothan air falbh.

Agus machair nan Dubh Ghall,
'Dh' fhag mi thall air mo chulaobh;
'S tric a mharcich mi curs-ech cruinn gorm.

'S ma'irg a mhuidhedh a mheirl' orrn,
Fhad 's a dh' fhuirinn bho m' chaidren,
Airson loth thoirt o ard bheinn a cheo.

'S ro mhath b' aithne dhomh Farar,
Far an rachinn ann thairis,
Uisce'n Loin agus Garaidh dhulbh mhor.

Strathghlais a chruidh chenn-f-hionn,
Far an robh mi car tamuil.
'S ro mhath b' eol dhomh Gleann-canach an fheoir.

'Dol air Moiresdan thairis
Fo Chenna-chnochd a bharrich,
'S tric a fhliuch mi ann gerra chasan 's brog.

Chi mi thall ud na h-aighen,
Iat a tighin 'nan gredhan,
'S damh mor a chinn lethin 'nan coir.

Greigh astarach uailhrech,
Nan gasganan guanach,
Buidhen aigennach uallach nan croc.

Tha Beinn Uathais bhuam tamul,
Bellach-mor etar bhennabh;
'S tric a thug mi as daimh is crodh og.
After the Earl of Argyll escaped to Holland, from the sentence pronounced against him in 1681, the Marquis of Athol was appointed Lord-Lieutenant over the county of Argyll, and held his court at Inverary. The Marquis and his followers seem to have kept within bounds until Argyll was caught and beheaded in 1685. Afterward they plundered the Campbells and their followers of every thing that they could lay hold of. The poem was evidently composed whilst the Marquis of Athol was Lord-Lieutenant of Argyleshire. Archibald Brown's Memorials of Argyleshire, page 448.
ORAN.

LE DOMHNALL DONN BHOTh-FHIUNNTAIN.

Beir an t-soridh so bhuam
Do Ghleann-Ruaidh le fer eigin;
Gu buidhin mo ghaoil,
’S iat nach saoilinn ’mhèlladh orm;

_Hugoran o u e ho,
_I ri ri hiag o,
_Hugan o lail o,
_No ho i ri ri ho ro.

Gu buidhinn mo ghaoil,
’S iat nach saoilinn ’mhèlladh orm;
’S truagh nach robh coic ceut
Air aon sreud ’sa bhaile so.

’S truagh nach robh coic ceut
Air aon sreud ’sa bhaile so.
Gum biodh saighderan an righ
’S da-thri an a gal dhiu ann.

Gum biodh saighderan an righ
’S da-thri an a gal dhiu ann.
Chailledh an salan a phris,
’S cha bhiodh miadh air anartan.

Chailledh an salan a phris,
’S cha bhiodh miadh air anartan,
Ach a Ruari Mhic-Leoid,
An Righ ’thoirt a bhennachd ort.

Ach a Ruari Mhic-Leoid
An Righ ’thoirt a bhennachd ort;
Leam is duilich an sceul
’Thug an de do ’n bhaile ’s thu.
Leam is duilich an sceul
'Thug an de do 'n bhaile s' thu;
Do bhrathair des ur
Air do chul gun charachadh.

Do bhrathair des ur
Air do chul gun charachadh,
An ciste chumhinn nam bord,
'S an t-ord ga tennachadh.

An ciste chumhinn nam bord,
'S an t-ord ga tennachadh;
'S daor a chennich thu 'chaisc,
Lot is chraidh an t-errach thu.

'S daor a chennich thu 'chaisc,
Lot is chraidh an t-errach thu.
Chaill thu selgair a gheoidh,
An roin 's na h-ela ris.

Chaill thu selgair a gheoidh,
An roin 's na h-ela ris,
'S a choillich duibh air a gheig,—
Gur tu-f hein a mhelladh e.

'S a choillich duibh air a gheig,
Gur tu-f hein a mhelladh e;
Agus lach a chinn ghuirm,
Cha bhiod t' urchair merachdach.

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MILE MALLAChD D0'N OL.

LE DOMHNALL DONN, MAC FHIR BHOTh-FHIUNNTAIN.

Mile mallachd do 'n ol,
'S maig a dheanadh dheth poit,
'S e mo mhelladh gu mor a fhuair mi.
Mile mallachd, etc.
Mile marbhphaise do 'n dram
'Chuir an daorach a' m' cheann,
'N uair a ghlac iat 'san airde tuath mi.

Mun d' fhuair mi 'bhi 'm mach,
'S a bhi 'm armabh gu cert,
Bha rag mheirlech nan cerc mu'n cuairt dhomh.

Bha tri-fichet 's a triuir
Ga mo ruith feadh nan lub,
Gus 'n do bhuin iat mo luth 's mo luaths bhuam.

Bha Seumas Dubh ann air thus,
'Righ, bu laidir a dhuirn;
'S chuir mi Uillam gu 'ghlun 'san fhuaran.

'Righ, gur mise 'bha nar,
'N uair a ghlac iat mi slan,
Is nach dug mi fer ban no ruadh dhiu.

Bidh mo mhallachd gu brath
Aig a ghunna mar arm,
An deidh a mhellidh 's na tair' a f huaire mi.

Ged a gheibhinn dhomh fein
Lan buaile de spreidh,
B' annsa claidhebh le sceith 'san uair ud.

Iain Duibh, tog am mach,
Thoir na dh' f haodas tu let,
Agus cuimhnich a bheirt 'bu dual dhuit.

Na seall air do ni
Faic t' f huil a dol diot,
Is na bi na do chileig shuarich.

Nam biodh tusa fo ghlais
Agus mise 'bhi as,
Naile chuminn mo chas gle luainech.
Bhiodh an t-osan gle ghearr,
Is am feile gle ard,
'S balgan pellach os cionn a chruachain.

Nam biodh fios mi bhi 'n sas
Gun duil ri fuascladh gu brath,
'S lionmhor 'ghabhadh mo phairt san uair so.

'S iomad maighden dhes, ur,
A chluinntedh farum a guin,
A chuiredh na cruin gam f huasgladh.

Gu bheil te dhiu 'n Strath-spe,
'S nam biodh fios aice fein,
Naile, chuiredh i ceut gu luath ann.

--- X ---

LACHINN MAC-MHIC-IAIN.

Lachlan Maclean, known as Lachinn mac-Mhic-Iain, was of the family of Coll. He was probably a grandson of John Garbh, seventh of Coll.

CUMHA.

_Do Lachinn Mac-Gilleain, Triath Cholla, a bhathadh 'sa bhliadhna, 1687._

LE LACHINN MAC-MHIC-IAIN.

Marbhphaisc air an t-saoghal chruaidh,
'S laidir buan an carich' e ;
Chan f heil mionaid ann san uair
Nach bi 'ghluasad merachdach ;
Aig f hebhas 's a bhios a sceimh
Bheir luchd-bleid an aire dha ;
'S gun d' aithnich mis' orm fein
Gum bu bheug a ghellichen.
'N ni sin shaoiles tu bhi 'd laimh,
'S e gun dail, gun mherachd ann,
Ma 's ni glaiste san taigh stoir,
Ge b'e or no ellach e,
No duine mascullach og
'San cuir thu dochas baran'tais,
Sud e sechad mar am feur,
'S ochain! threig mo bharail mi.

Tha fer 'sa chaibal so shuas
'D' hag mo shnuadh-sa malartach.
A righ, bu drechnhor do ghruaidh
'N am bhi 'bualadh chrannanan
Bu ghlan do rughadh 's do ghris
Ri ol fion' an tallachan;
Gheibhinn do chaidremh 's do run,
'S gun d'f halbh mo shunnd bho'n chailledh thu.

Cha bhi mi tighechd air do bheus,
Bho nach gniomhan ballich iat;
Cha robh thu taisceil air seud,
'S thug luchd-teud an aire dhuit.
Bha thu macanta ri mnaoi,
'S ri aos-dana carthannach;
'S ged bu chruadalach do lamh,
'Righ, bu tlath ri lenabh thu.

Bu mhath laimhsiched tu pic,
Cennard piob' is bratich thu;
Bha thu 'd mharbhadair air feidh,
'S b' fher dha 'n geilledh bradan thu:
Bha thu 'd mhar'ch' ann sa chuirt
Air ech cruithech, aigennach,
'S bha thu 'd sciobair onf'haidh fhuir,
Bu tric 'sa chuan Shas'nach thu.

Ni mi do shloinnedd gu foil,
Cha bhi stro no barrachd ann;
Thanic thu bho Lachinn Mor,  
Mac-Gilleoin a b' allaile;  
'S do shloinnedh direch r' a lorg  
Gu Sir Eoin Mac Ailein so;  
'S an am comhairle no gleois  
Gun thu bhi beo gum fairich iat.

Thanic thu air slioichd Iain Mhoir,  
'S bho Mheubh oig 'bu bhanaile;  
An t- Iarla sin a bh' air an Rut'  
Bha e dluth 'na charid dhuit.  
Car thu Dhomhnall Gorm bho 'n tur,  
'Choscadh cruin gu scairepach,  
'S do dh- Iain Muidertach nan ceut,  
A thug ceile clannail dhuit.

'S car thu Dhughall og nan steud,  
A dhìult beum luchd-elanta,  
'Rinn do phairt ri Morair Mar  
'Thaobh na mna bha 'n cengal ris,  
Seonaid mathair Lachinn Mhoir,  
'S nigh'n Mhic-Leoid na Herradh ud;  
Bhon thanic thus' as an cre  
Chuir sin an cleith Mhic-Cailain thu.

Mac-Leoid 'sa chinnedh gu leir  
Tha gu geur gad gheran-sa;  
Chaill iat itich as an sceith  
Bho 'n la threig an anail thu.  
Bho 'n Chaistal Tiòram 'san Aird  
Thoisich am pàirt bàrantail,  
'S bha 'n cairdes sin druim air dhruim  
'Tigh 'n air linn gun charachadh.

Nan tuitedh tus' ann am blar,  
No'n comhraig ghairbh ri fer-eigin  
Le Mac- coinnich is Mac-Neill  
Dheantedh eirigh bherraidech;
Mac-Mhic-Alastair bho 'n Troim
dheanadh torachd elamh ort;
's bhiodh Mac-an-Toisich 's a rann
'bualadh lann gu farumach.

A Thi 'chruthich e bho thus
'Sa thug dhuinn an selladh s' dheth,
Dean sinn umhal dha d' thoil s'hein
Anns gach gleus 'am been Thu ruinn,
Bhon thig am bas air gach feoil,
'S theid an 'fhoid 'chur thairis orr'
'S an spiorad a dh-ioniannaidh Dhe
Bhon 's E-fein a chennaich e.

Ellach, cattle of any kind, a burden. Malartach, variable, changeable. Gris, a reddish look.

Lachlan, eighth Maclean of Coll, was a brave soldier, and a kind man. He served several years under General Mackay in Holland. He was married to Marion, daughter of John Macdonald, captain of the Clanranald. He was drowned in the water of Lochy in Lochaber, in August, 1687.

Hector, fourth Maclean of Coll, married Meve, daughter of Alexander Macdonald of Islay and the Glens, and sister of Somhairle Buidhe, father of the first Earl of Antrim. She was descended from Iain Mor Tanaisteer, son of the first Lord of the Isles. Hector's son, Hector Roy, married Marion, daughter of Hector Og of Duart, and granddaughter of the Earl of Argyll. Hector Roy's son, Lachlan, married Florence, daughter of Norman Macleod of Harris, and grand-daughter of the Earl of Argyll. Lachlan's son, John Garbh, married Florence, daughter of Sir Dugall Campbell of Achanambrec by his wife, Mary Erskine, daughter of the Earl of Mar. John Garbh's son, Hector Roy, married Marion, daughter of Hector of Torloisk, son of Lachinn Og, of Torloisk, son of the celebrated Lachinn Mor Dhubhrailt, son of Hector Og of Duart, by his wife, Seonaid nighen Mhic-Cailain. Hector Roy died before his father. Lachlan, the subject of the lament, was his son.
DI-MOLADH NA PIOBA.
LE LACHINN MAC-MHIC-IAIN.

‘Ghillesbic, ni ’m molim ri m’ bheo
Fer aithris do ghniomh’,
‘Chionn de na chual thu de cheol
Gun dug thu ’n t- uram do ’n phiob.
Mur cuala luchd-teud scainnel do bheoil,
’S tu ’bu dona gu’n diol ;
Gum b’ fhearr thu ’dhith arain is mharag is f heol’,
A bhallich nach b’ f hiach.

’S iomad iarl’ ann an Albin an nocht
N’a leba, tha fios,
An deidh a bhru ’lionadh le cabhrich a poit,
’Se ’tionndadh gu tric,
Nan digedh i teann orra anmoch no moch,
A ghlagaid gun mhes,
A bheiredh mar dhuaid do ’n f her ’bhiodh ’na cois.
Na coin a chur ris.

Ge b’ e glagaire ’thoisich an toisech ri ceol
A thoirt as a bian.
’S derbh gun robh bruadar is breisleach ro mhor
’Na chlaigenn re cian ;
Cha dig ceol ioraltach driothlunach luath
A tollabh a miar ;
’S ann a bhios i ri stadal ’s ri glagail gun f honn,
Mar ghagail nan giadh.

A cliu air glagarsaich mhoir
Is fad on a chual,
Ga tarruinn am mach a t’achlais gun doigh,
A mhaiderlach thruagh.
Cuiridh i smaointinnen taisechd is geltachd gu leoir
An aignedh ga chruas ;
When the firing began at the battle of Sheriffmuir the boy that carried Conduli's pipe got frightened and ran away. He took the pipe with him.
Catherine Maclean lived in Coll. She was known as Catriona nighen Eoghinn mhic Lachinn. It is probable that she belonged to the Coll branch of the Macleans. Her poems show much tenderness of feeling.

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CUMHA.

Do Lachinn Mac-Gilleain, Triath Chola, a chaidh a bhathadh an abhinn Lochaidh sa bhliadhna 1687.

LE CATRIONA NIC-GILLEAIN.

'S ann Di-sathairne 'chualas
Sceul an fhuathais nach gann;
Gun robh mnathan gam buairedh
'S fir gan gualadh gu teann;
Bu bheg an t-ionghnadh dhaibh fein sud,
B' uran eudail a bh 'ann;
Lamh a ghlacadh na miltin
An am ruscadh nan lann.

'S moch a chuala mi 'n t-eighech,
'S cha b e teirim mu 'n mhal;
Ach m' aites is m' eibhnes
A thig'h'nn 'na eidedh gu bagh.
Tha mi cinntech a m' sceula,
Gun robh do cheile ga cradh,
'Dol a dh-amhare na gibhte
'Bh' ann an ciste nan clar.

Ach a Lachinn mhic Echinn,
Nam bratach 's nam piob,
Gur a trom leam do shachd-sa,
Is nach h-acain thu scios
Thanic iuchair a ghaiscich
Fo ghasab do 'n tir;
Crann gun tiomadh, gun tais ’thu,
’S tu gun caiseadh gach seos.

Gu bheil maithen ’do dhuthcha
Fo throm churam an drast,
Mu ’n uachdaran chliutech,
Marcich ur nan steud ard;
Chaidh thu tamull do dh-Eirinn,
Do ’n Eiphait ’s do ’n Spainn;
’S nuair a chaidh thu do Lunnain,
Fhuair thu ’n t-urram thar chach.

Cait an robh ann an Albin
Bechd-menmna mo ruin?
Laoch gasta, des, delbhach,
’S tric a dherbh thu do chliu.
Corp bu ghile na maghar
Bha fo ’n aghidh gun smur;
’S e dh-fhag mise fo letrom
Am ball-seirce ’bha ’d ghnuis.

Cait an robh e r’a innsedh
’N taobh so ’eührich Innse-Gall,
Aon oighre ’bu phriseile?
Gur dith leinn do chall.
Bu tu ’n cennachdair fiar ghlic
De ’n fhionn-fhuil gun mheng
Leis an deant’ an t-ol farsuinn
Ann am bailten nan Gall.

Bu tu ’n cennachdair sar mhath,
’S tric a phaigh thu na buinn,
’S bu tu sciobair a bhata
’S tric a sharich na croinn.
Bu let ragha gach ardrich
’Chur a h-earrlinn air tuinn,
Ged a rinnedh do bhathadh
Leis an radh air a bhurn.
Tha an t-oighre s' 'th' air Dubhairt
Fo phudhar gu leoir;
Tha Clann-Domhnaill fo athall
Agus maithen Mhic-Leoid.
Bu let cairdes Mhic-Cailain
Bho charric nan seol.
Gur a h-iomad fuil phrisail
A bha diredh mu d' shroin.

Gur h-e mis' tha gun aigher,
Tha do thaighen gun aird,
Bhon a fhroisedh an t-abhall,
Is a chrathadh a bharr,
'Chraobh a b' uire de 'n fhion-fhuil,
'Bha 'cumail dion' oirnn is blaiths.
Gur a bron leis gach tighern
Thu bhi tighinn gu bagh.

'Dheagh Mhic-Iain o 'n Chorpich
Gur a fad 'tha thu bhuainn.
Do dhream shesadh mo larach
Ann an aite gle chruidh.
'S ann diu Iain is Domhnall,
'Tha 'n diugh bronach, bochd, truagh;
'Righ nan dul is nan aingel
Cum am persannan 'suas.

Mac-Iain o 'n chorpaich, or Mac-Iain-Abrich is a term frequently applied to the laird of Coll. Lachlan was succeeded by his only son, John. The next heir was Donald, Lachlan's brother. Hence the earnest wish expressed for the preservation of John and Donald.
GED A DH'FHAG THU RI PORT MI.

Dh'fshag Domhnall Mac-Gilleain, Tigherna Chola,
a bhana-bhard ri port an ann Tirithedh.
'Nuair a ranic efein an null chuair e a bhata agus a ghillen ga h-iarraidh-se
Mun do thill am bata bha 'n toran so aice air a dheanamh.

LE CATRIONA NIC-GILLEAIN.

Ged a dh' fhag thu ri port mi,
Chan fheil mi dheth socrach no slan;
'S chan e euram an aisig so
A chum mi gun chadal, gun tamh;
Ach nach grunnich mo chasan,
Is nach d'fhoghluim mi 'n toisech an namh,
Gus an ruiginn an talla
Far an tric am biodh caithrem nam bard.

A Thighern Oig, tha mo run ort,
Criosd gad choinhied bho thuirling nan stuadh;
Ged a dh' fhag thu ri port mi,
Chan fheil mi dha d' chorp ann am fuath.
Bha mo chridhe ga thaladh
'Nuair a chunnic mi 'm bata 'dol 'suas,
Fo a h-uidhim gu socrach,
Is mi guidhe dhuit fortain is buaidh.

Gu bheil lanain na feile
'Nan laighe le cheil' ann san tur;
Gun d' fhuair sibh gu 'r n-iarrtas,
Cuid de dh-aigher 's de mhiannabh 'ur sul.
Gur h-e chobhtrach aghmhor
Air a biliadhna so thanic 'nar luib,
Mac-Gilleain 's a cheile
A bhi caithemh na feusda le muirn.
Ged a b' fhad' as an t-eilain
Chan fhaca mi gainn' air 'ur cul;
Gum faight ann at fhardich
Fion dathte na Spáinn' air na buird,
Aran cruinnechd gel, soghar,
Ga charadh an ordagh gu dluth ;—
Sar bhiaadhannan gasta
Mar gun tarladh tu 'n taice ri buth.

Is a Thighern oig Chola,
'S tu m' eudail, is m' anam, 's mo run ;
Cuim' nach bi mi gad mholadh,
'S gum bu mhiann let mu d' choinnimh luchd-
cuil ?
Bu tu 'n curidh sar ghasta,
Air mo laimh-sa gun scapadh tu cruin.
B' i do cheile 'n seud ainneil
Is a bhen dha 'm bu toirbheirtech cliu..

'S beg an t-ionghnadh mor cheutachd
Bhi air ogha Shir Seumas o 'n tur ;
I bhi furbhailtech, fialaidh,
'Sin a b' fhasan d' i riambh is bu du.
Fhuir ì urram nan Leodach,
Ann am misnich, am morchuis, 's an cliu,
Chaidh an naidhechd sin fad' ort
Aig gach aon a ghabh beichd air do ghnuis.

Nighen Ruari nam bratach,
Gur a maisech r'a faicinn 'mesc mhna.
'Bhen dha'n robh i mar asait
Aice f hein a bha 'n tachlasan aigh.
Gur h-i baintigherna Chola
Ris am faca mi 'n sonas a fas ;
'S fhuair i mairiste prisail
Leis am buannichtedh sith agus baigh.

A Dhomhnaill Mhic Echinn
Gun guidhinn-sa lets deagh bhuaidh,
A mhic dalta mo shenar,
A fhuair urram, 's tu 'd' lenabh, air sluagh.
Latha buadhach sin Lochidh,
'S e a b' urrainn an torachd a ruag;
Le a luaidhe 's le lannabh
Gum biodh airemh air chennabh gu uaigh.

Tha mi guidh' air an Ard-Righ
Gun cumadh e 'n t-alach so 'suas,
Do mhac oighre 'bhi 't aite,
Mar bu chubhidh, 'na ailegan sluagh,
'Bhi 'na shuidh' ann at ionad
Ri toirt suidhechidh inich d' a thuath,
Gu socrach 'na theoghlach,
Is e 'fresdal nam feomach 's nan truagh.

Is tric aobhar mo mhulaid,
Is chan f'heil mi dheth ullamh an drast,
Bhon a dhelich ruinn Lachinn
'Bheiredh dhomhsa feum ferinn gun mhal,
An sar churidh 'bha 'n Lochidh
'Chaidh le aigher nam bord air an t-snamh,
Is da Lachinn 'san Innis,
Is air leam nach robh 'n imairt-san cearr.

Deanibh suirech beg f'hathast
Agus bithedh ur faigidinn ciuin,
'S gun ag gheibh sibh deagh latha,
Ge nach biodh dhibh air f'haighinn ach triuir.
O gun deanadh sibh eirigh
Mar chaoin aital na greìn' air an druichd;
'S nuair a bhruchdas bhur snodhach,
Gun grad chuir sibh sluagh coinhech an cuil.
ORAN.

Do dh-Echann Mac-Gilleain, Tigherna Chola, agus na Caimbalich a suidhechadh fearoinn Mhic-Ghilleain Dhubhairt.

LE CATRIONA NIC-GILLEALEIN.

An sceul 'thanic do 'n duthich
'S e a dhurich dhomh mulad,
Gun robh uachdarain ura
'Cumail cuirt ann am Muile,
'S iat ri ropinn 's ri eighech
Co a's gleusta 'ni buidhinn,
'S na fir dhlighech air foigradh,
'S iat gun choir, gun ched fuirech.

Chan e duthchas bhur n-athar
'Tha sibh a labhirt 'san am air,
No oighrechd bhur senar
'Tha sibh a cengal mu Chaingis,
Ach staid dheagh Mhic-Gilleain
A tha grathun air chall bhuainn ;—
'S sinne chren air bhi riogail
'N nis bhon striochd siun gar n-antoil.

Chan e cumha fer Ile
'Tha mi-f hin a sior acainn ;
No chuir smal air mo shugradh
No chuir mo shuilen gu frasachd ;
Ach an naidhechd so 'fhuair mi
'Nam dhuit gluasad air mharcachd,
Nach do dh-iarr iat 'nan cuirt thu,—
'S cha b' e 'n cubire 'bh' aca.

Cha bu scrubire clair thu
'N tus paighidh no imairt,
Ach fer misnechail suairce,
A bha uasal ri shiredh.
Is fer ceannscalach, dan, thu,
'Is tu laidir an spionnadh;
'Dol an coinnimh do namhit
Cha bu tlath thu ri d’ thilleadh.

Taing do Dhia mar a tha thu,
Nach do tharl thu 'nam fressdal,
Gu bheil Col’ agus Cuimhnis
Fo do chuimse gu begnich,
Is Rum riabhach na sithne
Ri a diredh 'bu chregach;
'S gur a tric air a h-ard chnoic,
'Dh’ fhag thu 'n lan-damh fo letrom.

Is gum b’ airidh air tuilledh
An duin ’tha mi 'g raitinn,
Da bheil morchuis is misnech,
Moran gliocis is ardain.
Gu bheil seirc a’d’ ghnuis aobhidh,
'S moran gaoil air do chairden;
'S b’ f hearr dhaibh falbh na bhi suirech,
Sel mu ’m buidhinn am bas thu.

A dheagh Thigherna Chola,
Fhuair thu onair ’s bu dual dhuit,
’S tu a shlochd nam fer gasta,
Nach bu tais an am cruadail.
Cha dug or ort no egal
Gun thu shesamh ri d’ dhualchas;
Gloir do Chriosd mar a thachair
Nach h-fheil smaechd aig luchd-fuath’ ort.

Gur tu ’n t-uachdaran cliutech,
Cha b’ f her spuinnidh air tuath thu;
Tha thu faighidnech, iochdmhor,
’S tha thu mesail aig uaislen.
’S tu ceann-uidhe nan deoridh
’Thoirt an loin air bheg duais dhaibh;
’S ann an comun nan aingel
Bidh aig t-anam-sa suaimhnes.
'S i mo cheist do ghnuiis shiobhalt
A 's glan famhachd is faicinn;
Gruaidh dherg mar na caoran,
Suil air aogasc na dercaig;
Deut air chuma na disnè,
'S beul o'n cinntiche facal;
'N uair a bhiodh tu 's taigh-bhinne,
'S tu gu'n innsedh an certas.

Gur a mor a chuis uallich
'Th' air mo luaidh-sa mar churam;
'S ann d'i clann Mhic-Gilleain,
'Chaill an aigher 'san sugradh;
Clann an t-saoidh sin, Fer Bhrolais
'Tha fo 'n fhoid gun ched tiunndadh;
Is clann Mhurchidh na Maighe,
Cuis gun aigher sud dhuinne.

'S iomad aon 'tha fo aimhel
'S Mac-Gillean as aite;
'S ann diu oighre na Cuile,
'S iat bhi 'n tus de shloichd bhraithren.—
Chaidh an saoghal air chuibhlíbh,
Bonn os-cionn a nis tha e;
Ach, a Righ 'th' ann sa chathair,
Cuir caoin dhreich ann ad ghradh air.

'N drech 'bu mhiann leam air fhaicinn
Sel mu’n glacadh am bas mi,
Mo mhuinntir a thilledh
As gach ionad 'sna thamh iat,
Na h-oganich ghasta
Chul-chlechodhach, dhes, dhaichail,
'S iat a thabhirt ruaig mhanidh
Far an ainid le cach e.

Manadh, chance, luck.  Ainid, vexing, galling.
ORAN.

Do Chatríona Nic-Gilleaín, níghen Fhír Bhrolais,
a bha posta aig Lachinn Mac Thighearna
Chola, air dh’ i a bhi ’na laithe ’san
Innis am Muile.

Le Catríona Nic-Gilleaín.

Tha mi ’falbh an cois tuinne,
’S tha mo shuil air na grunnabh
’Dh-fhheuch an faicir leam culidh fo sheol,

Tha mi falbh, etc.

’Bheir dhomh sceul air mo lenabh,
Ben chiuin nan rose malla,
Suil dhubh-ghorm ’s glan selladh gun scleo.

Beul min-derg an fhosidh
Fo ’n inntin ’tha socrach;
Cha bu duthchas dhuit brosgal no bosd.

Gruaidh mar ros air a tharruin
Tha fo chaoidh na mala;
Deut dluth a ’s math gerradh gun scod.

Thu bhi ’d laithe ’san Innis,
Ged is duthchasach t’ ionad,
’Chuir mo shuilen a shiledh nan deoir.

Níghen Dhomhnaill mhic Lachinn,
A tha mise ’n diu ’g acainn,
’S ogha Dhomhnaill mhic Echinn nan srol.

Níghen athair mo ruin-sa
Craobh dhion’ d’a luchd-muinntir,
’S e nach leigedh an euis dheth gun toir.

Chuala mis’ iat ag raitinn,
’Nuair a bha thu sna blarabh,
Gum b’ fher misneachail, dan, thu le foirm.
Ged bha comharra a'd' shiubhal
Rinn thu beud na bu liutha,
'S dh' f'fag thu luchd nan ad dubha fo leon.

Dhuinte dh-eirich an dimbuaidh,
Gun do dh-fhalbh ar ceann-cinnidh,
Gun do thaoitair 'bhi t' ionad 'nad lorg.

Tha do mhuintir fo imcheist,
'S do mhac f'hathast og lenabail,
Bho dhubh shechdain na Caingis so 'dh'-f'halbh.

The wife of Lachlan, son and heir of Maclean of Coll,
was a daughter of Donald Maclean, third of Brolas. Donald
received two severe wounds on the head in the battle of
Sheriffmuir. It is to his wounds that the expression, "ged
bha 'n comharr' a' d' shiubhal," refers. His grandfather,
Domhnall Mac Eachinn Oig, was a son of Hector Og of
Duart, and a grandson of Sir Lachlan Mor. He died in 1725.

BARD MHIC-IC-IAIN.

Bard Mhic-Ic-Iain, the family bard of Macdonald of
Glencoe, possessed poetic ability of a high order. His poem
on the massacre of Glencoe is very beautiful. He was a
Macdonald and a native of Glencoe. After the massacre he
went to live in the island of Muck. He is consequently
generally spoken of as Am Bard Mucanach.

MORT GHLINNE-COMHANN.

Lomh Dhe leinn, a shaoghail!
Tha thu carach mar chaochladh nan sion;
An ni nach guidhemid 'f'haotinn
Mar na sruthabh ag aomadh an nios;
'S i 'chnieidh fein thar gach aobhar
'Bhios gach duine a caoinedh 's e tinn;
Breith nie shamhan air saoidhen,
Tigh'n a ghleic ruinn a thaobh cul ar cinn.

A Righ fhertich na greine,
A tha 'n cathir na feile, dean sith
Ri clann an fhir a bha ceutach,
Nach bu choltach ri feiledh fir chrion.
'N uair a thogtedh let bratach,
Crann caol is fraoch dath't agus piob,
Bhiodh mnai gaoil, le fuaim bhas,
A caoidh laoich nan arm scaithech 'san strith.

Gun robh aignedh duin' uasil
Aig a' bhail' agus uaith' ann ad choir;
Cha bu gheire gun tuigse
'Bha 'sa bheul 'bu neo-thuisliche glioir.
Ceann na ceill' is na euidichd
Ged rinn eucoric euspair dhe 't fhceoil;
Cha b' e m breugaire mhurtadh
Le luchd sheidedh nam pluicen air stol.

Ach fer mor 'bu mhath cumadh;
Bu neo-scathach an curidh gun ghiamh;
Cha robh barr aig mac duin' ort
Ann an ailleachd 's an uirigledh cinn.
Ann sa bhialr bu mhath t' fhuirech
'Cosnadh laraich is urraim do'n righ.
Mo scriobh chraitheach am fulachd
'Bha 's taigh chlaridh 'm biodh furan nam pios.

Cha robh do chridhe mar dliereugan,
'Tarruinn slighe na h-eucoir' a'd' churs',
'S tu le d' chlaidhemi ag eirigh
As leith t' athar 's righ Seumas a chruin.
Taid an Albinn 's an Eirinn
Luchd a thagirt 'sa reitech do chuirs',

Digitized by Microsoft®
'S bidh la eile ann mu 'deibhinn,
'S na fir choirech 'gan eighech gu cuirt.

Thrus do chinnedh ri 'cheile
'Dheanamh coinnimh an de ann san Dun;
Ach cha d'aithris thu sceul daibh,
'Fhir a b' urrainn a reitech gach cuis;
Ite dhaingen an sceith thu,
Is am baranta treun air an cul,—
Fath mo mhulaid 's mo leiridh,
Tha bhi druidte fo dheilibh 'san uir.

Cha robh gnothach aig leigh rubh,
'Tigh'n a leighes nan creuchd 'san robh 'n cradh;
'Call na fala fo 'n leintibh
Bha na fir 'bu mhor feil' ri luchd-dhan.
Nam b' e cothrom na Feinne
A bhiodh etar sibh fein's Clanna-Gall,
Bhiodh eoin mhollach an t-sleibhe
'Gairsinn salach air chreuabhagan chaich.

Cha b'e cruadal an cridhe
'Thug dhaibh buannachd air buidhinn mo ruin,
'Tilgedh luaidhe 'na cithibh,
'S sibh, mo thruaighe, gun f'hios air a chuis.
Etar uaislen is mhi'then
Gun robh 'n uair ud a ruith oirnn o thus;
On si 'n uaitg ar ceann-uidhe,
Bidh na sluaisden a' fritheladh dhuinn!

Cha b' i sud an fhuil shalach
'Bha ga dortadh le falachd 'sa ghleann,
'S iomad umpidh mar ghearran
'Bha 'cur fudair 'na dheannabh mu 'r ceann.
A Righ dhulich nan aingel,
Gabhsa curam d' ar n-amam, 's sibh thall;
Chaidh ar cunntas an tained
Le garbh dhusgdadh na malirt a bh' ann.
On la thoisich an imairt
Chaill Clann-Domhnaill ceann-fine no dha;
'S cha bu chorr-chennan giorig,
'Cumail comhnard an slinnein roimh chach.
'N gleaca'ir og ar ceann-cinnidh
'Chuir a dhochas an smiorabh a chnamh;
Gheibhdeh cocaine biora
Rogha spoltich o spionadh a lamh.

Cha bu scathairen gealtach
'Bhiodh a moideadh an gaisce gach la,
'Tha san Eilain 'nan cadal
Is nach duisc gus an faicer am brath.
Luchd a dhirdh nan eit-bheann
Le 'n cuilbheiribh gleasta 'nan laimh;
'S lionmhor fer nach d' rinn eirigh
'Bha 'na ghiomanach treun aig an carr.

Luchd a thraghadh nam buidel,
'Bheiredh earrach air ruban de'n fhion;
'N uair a tharladh sibh cuidechd
Bu neo-bhruideil mu 'n chupan ud sibh.
'G iomairt thailis ch is chluichen
Air a clair bu neo-thuislech bhur gniomh;
'S cha bu cheaird an tes truid sibh,
An am paighedh na cuidechd 's gan diol.

Gu bheil mise fo mhulad
A bhi 'g amharc air gunna air steill.
Bu shar ghiomanich uallamh,
Leis an cinnedh an fhuil ann sa bheinn,
Ann am frith nan damh mullich,
Na fir fhiachail dha 'm buinnedh an fheil'.
Ged bu tric sibh gan rugadh,
Cha do dh-iarr sibh riamh cunntas a 'm beinn.

A ta mise lan airtneil
Ri am a bhi faicinn bhur beann,
Is e hagh mo churam
Ri bhi cuimhnech' bhur duthchannan thall.
Mur a bhi dhomh mar thachir
Is ann leamsa gum b'ait a dhol ann.
Och! 's ann thanic a chrech oirnn
Mar gun tuitedh a chlach leis a ghleann.

'S iomad aon 'tha 'toirt scainneil
Do'n tighern og 'th'air an fherann so thall,
Etar ceann Locha-Raineach,
Rugha Shleite 's bun Gharaidh nam beann.
Bha thu 'm feichibh gle dhaingenn
Far an eisdtedh ri d' thenga an cairnnt,
Mar earball peucaig ga tarruinn,
'S mar ghath reubach na nathrach gu call.

Leum an stiur bharr a claignn
Le muir-suigh, 's gun sinn athchainntech dho;
Dh'f halbh na croinn 's na buill-bheirte
'S leig sinn uallach na slait' air an scod.
'S bochd an dusgadh sa mhaduinn
So a fhuir sinn gu grad a thechd oirnn;
Ma gheibh sinn uine ri 'fhaicinn,
Bheir sinn fucadh mu sech a chloth.

Samh, a savage. Mic shamhan, sons of savages. Fulachd, a feud, a secret grudge. Spoltach, a joint of meat.

William, Prince of Orange, a man of ability and determination, landed in England, November 5th, 1688. The death of Dundee at Killiecrankie, July 27th, 1689, crushed the hopes of the followers of King James in Scotland. On the 30th of January, 1690, a number of Highland chiefs met John Campbell, Earl of Breadalbane, at Achallaster in Glenurchy. Breadalbane, who had received about £12,000 from the government, tried to buy their allegiance. Owing however, to his anxiety to keep the greater part of the money for himself, the negotiations came to nothing. Some very sharp words passed between himself and Macdonald of Glencoe. In August, 1691 the Government issued a
proclamation, offering a full pardon to all who had taken part in the rising under Dundee, on condition that they would take the oath of allegiance to William and Mary on or before the 31st of December. All the chiefs submitted within the prescribed term, except Macdonald of Glencoe. This chief foolishly delayed taking the oath, as long as possible. On the 31st of December he went to Fort William, expecting that Col. Hill would accept his oath. This Hill could not do, as he was not a magistrate. Macdonald then went to Inverary, where he took the prescribed oath January 6th, 1692, before Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinglas, Sheriff of Argyll, a sensible and humane man. Sir Colin sent a full statement of all the facts to the Privy Council. This statement, however, was never submitted to the Council; it was suppressed through the influence of John Dalrymple, Master of Stair, Secretary of State for Scotland. On the 16th of January, King William sent the following order to Sir Thomas Livingstone, Commander-in-chief for Scotland:

"As for Mac Ian of Glencoe and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper for the vindication of public justice to extirpate that sect of thieves." It is altogether probable that William knew what he was signing. At the same time it is certain that he looked upon Macdonald of Glencoe as the head of a band of robbers, and as a stubborn rebel who refused to take the oath of allegiance. Of course the fact that Macdonald did take the oath, although too late, had been carefully concealed from him. On the day on which he transmitted the king's order to Livingstone, the Master of Stair wrote to Col. Hill urging him to root out the people of Glencoe, and assuring him "that the earls of Argyll and Breadalbane had promised that they should have no retreat within their bounds." Livingstone transmitted his orders to Col. Hill; whilst Hill sent them to Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton. Hamilton instructed Major Duncanson to destroy the people of Glencoe. Major Duncan sent Captain Robert Campbell of Glenlyon with a detachment of 120 men of Argyll's regiment, to carry out the king's instructions. The soldiers under him were mostly Campbells, and had a personal spite against the Macdonals. Glenlyon and his men entered Glencoe on the 1st of February. They told the Macdonals that they had come as friends, and intended to remain only a few weeks. They were received with open arms, and treated with great kindness.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton fixed upon five o'clock on the morning of February 13th, 1692, as the hour at which to begin the work of slaughtering the people of Glencoe. Mayor Duncanson marched with 400 men, to block up the passes from the glen, but was prevented by a heavy snow storm from arriving as soon as he expected. On the evening
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of the 12th, Glenlyon, treacherous as Judas, supped with Macdonald's two sons, and played cards with them for some time. At the appointed hour he began his sanguinary and horrible work. Thirty-eight persons, including two women and a boy, were slain. When Duncanson arrived at eleven o'clock, he found only one Macdonald alive in the glen, an old man of about eighty years of age. Enraged that so many had made their escape, this brutal officer seized the old man and killed him. After setting fire to the houses and barns, the government cut-throats returned to Fort William, taking with them all the herds and flocks of the glen.

The inhabitants of Glencoe numbered about 350 souls. Of these thirty-nine, including the chief and his wife, were murdered. Of those who escaped, quite a number must have perished in the snow. There were in the glen about 900 cows, 200 horses, and sheep and goats in proportion. John Macdonald, the murdered chief, was a man of majestic appearance, and was distinguished for his energy, courage, and sagacity. He was present under Dundee at the battle of Killiecrankie. His two sons, John and Alexander, escaped the massacre.

There can be no doubt that the Earl of Breadalbane was one of the chief instigators of the massacre of Glencoe. It is also certain that the Earl of Argyle knew that it was going to take place. But of all those concerned in it the guiltiest was the Master of Stair. Only for him it would never have been committed.

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THA IONGHNADH AIR AN DREALLINN.

LE MAR IAIN PEUTAN.

Tha ionghnadh air an Dreallinn
Mu'n t-seol so 'th air tachirt dhaibh;
Chan ionnan mar a tha i
'S mar b' abhist d'a clechdinnibh;
Gun mheodhail, gun mhanran;
Gun ghaire, gun lachanich;
'S gun an aran lathail
Ach daibhir a tachirt riu.

I gun stoirm, gun stata,
Ach am failinn ga thaisbenadh;
Gun bhuaíltèn, gun tainten
Mar bh' aig an dream a b' aitem dhaibh;
Gun ghredhinn air ailain,
Gun saibhíres echoridh ac';
Ach tighin bho'n inbhe 's airde
Gu bhi nios an cas nam baigeiren.

Cosmhuil ri nech araíd
A gheibhcdh bas an drepalachd,
A bhiodh ainbhís hiach air fas air
Is each a tighin ga thagirt air;
Ropinn air gach fàirdin
De'n dh' fhag e gun mhechannas,
A h-uile fer 'cur saridh ann
A dh' fh euch co 'b' airde 'phasisd' e;

No mar luing air fal-chor
Fo anradh nan cladichen,
'S cosmhalas muir baite oirre
'H-uile la ga thaisbenadh;
Cun chulidh gu 'sabhhaladh,
Gun chabul, gun achoridhichen;
Ach mar gun tilgt' air traigh i
Na h-abhar gaire is fochaide.

Chaidh teirce air an ianlaith,
Ri 'n iarradh chan fhaiscer iat;
Bhon ghabh am fireun fogradh
Rinn sin na h-eoin a mhetachadh.
Nach faic thu na socairn,
Ge boidheach an elta sin,
Gun d' theich iat 'fedh nan sliabh buainn,
'S eoin ò hidhain na h-apannan.

Tha 'n drasta Clanna-Milidh
Fo mhimhes an caitechentas;
Gun chruadal an sinnsir
'S an tim so ga thaisbenadh;
Na leoghinn a bha uaireigin
Buadhach 's na machrichibh,
Tha 'nis air fás cho maol
'S gun doir na caorich an caitse dhiu.

Nan tilledh a chuibhle
Bharr iomroll a secharain,
'S gun gluaisadh i' reir nadair,
Mar tha daoine 'g radh 'thachair e,
'S iomad nech an drasta
'Tha 'fulang taire is tailceise;
A bhiodh ri am na comh-stri
Mar bhocain dha 'n escairden.

Tha Ti ann sna neabhan
Ga bheil baigh ris na lag-lamhich,
A stiuires iat 'na ghradh
Is nach fag fo luchd-secharain iat.
An ni nitar gu h-uaignech
Air gach duathair gun taisbein E.
Is gheibh gach nech a dhuais
'Reir a ghluaisd 's a chlechdinnen.

Is anabarrach ri 'raitin,
Ged bu Phaganich 'nan admheil iat,
Am fer 'tha 'g inns' mu shlaint' dhaibh,
'S gan toirt bho chas an secharain,
Gun chiont' aige, gun abhar,
Ach air radh nam factaran,
'N deidh seirbheis na Sabaid,
'Bhi gun fhios cid 'n t-aite 'n caidil e.

Tha 'mhisnech-sa ro laidir
Tha Maighistir nertmhór aig',
Nach faulghing 'na nadar
'Bhi deananmh tair' no tailceis air;
'N uair 'chi E an t-am araídh
Gus an t-abhar so chertachadh
It is evident that the above poem was composed some-
time during the reign of William III, or between 1688 and
1702. Dr. Maclean describes the subject of it as “the
revolution of 1688, and the silencing of the Episcopalian
ministers in Mull.” Of the author, the Rev. John Beaton,
we know nothing. The Rev. John Beaton was the last
family historian of the Macleans of Duart. The Rev. John
Beaton was settled in the parish of Kilninian in Mull in
1689, and deposed in 1700. It is possible that the author
of the poem, the family historian of the Macleans, and the
minister of Kilninian are one and the same person.
AN CLARSAIR DALL.

The name Morrison, Mac-Gillemhoire, means son of the servant of Mary. It was spelt Morison, which is the most correct form, until about the year 1800. The original home of the Morisons was the northern part of Lewis. Their chiefs were hereditary judges of that island, and resided at Habost. John, the last chief who was judge, the last Brithimh Leodhasach, had five sons, Malcolm, Allan, Donald, Kenneth and Angus. Allan had two sons, Murdoch and Angus. Murdoch was tacksm an of Gress in 1653. He had three sons, John, tacksman of Bragar, Allan, and Murdoch.

John of Bragar was in very comfortable circumstances. He possessed administrative ability of a high order. He was full of wit, and had some poetic talent. He called on a certain occasion on the Earl of Seaforth. He was assailed at the door by a savage dog. He struck the dog on the nose with his staff and sent him away howling. A servant came out and began abusing him for his treatment of the dog. He gave the impertinent servant a rap with his staff across the jaws. Seaforth, hearing the noise came to the door, and asked what was the cause of the wrangling and noise. Mr. Morison's reply was:

"Balach is balgaire tigherna,
Dithis nach coir leigeil leo;
Bual am balach air a charbad,
'S bual am balgaire 'san t-sroin."

John of Bragar had four sons : Roderick, An Clarsair Dall, Angus, a clergyman and poet, John, and Murdoch. John was a clergyman. He was licensed to preach in 1698, and settled in Glenelg in 1699. He died minister of Urray in 1747. Murdoch was a blacksmith, and was a man of uncommon strength.

Roderick Morison, an Clarsair Dall, was born about the year 1656. He was sent to Inverness to be educated. Whilst there he lost his eyesight from an attack of small-pox. As he was incapacitated for the church his father gave him the highest education as a musician that could be given. He spent some time in Ireland learning to play on the harp. Shortly after his return from that country, John Brec Macleod met him in Edinburgh, and engaged him as his harper. He gave him the farm of Totamor in Glenelg, free of rent, as a means of living. After the death of the good-hearted John Brec in 1693, Roderick, his son and successor, a man utterly unlike his father, ejected the harper from Totamor. Ruari Dall returned to the isle of Lewis, where he died at a good old age. He was an excellent harper, and a good poet.
Am Bard. Chaidh mo mhulad am miad,
’S dh’ fhagadh treothid am chliabh gu goirt
Le bhi ’d dheoghdh gu dian,
Mi air m’ aghart ’s mo thriall gu port.
’S e chuir mis air do thoir
A bhi ’mes gu robh coir a’am ort;
A mhic athar mo ghraidh,
Bu tu m’ aigher, is m’ agh, is m’ olc.

Chaidh a chuibhle mu ’n cuairt,
Gun do thionndaidh gu suachd am blaths;
Naile, chunnic mi uair
An Dun flatail nan cuach a thraigh,
’S bhiodh ann tathich nan duan,
’S iomad mathas gun chruas, gun chas;—
Dh’ fhalbh an latha sin bhuaïnn,
’S tha na taighen gu fuaraidh, fas.

Tha Mac-talla fo ghruaim,
Dh’ fhag e ’m bail’ ’am biodh suaim a cheoil;
Iomad tathich nan cliar
Tha gun aigher, gun mhiagh, gun doigh,
Tha gun mhire, gun mhuirc
Tha gun imrachadh dluth nan corn,
Gun chuirm paltis ri daingh,
Is gun mha cnus, gun mhanran beoil.

Dh’ fhalbh Mac-tall’ as an Dun
An am scarachduinn duinn ri ’r triath;
’S ann a thachair e rium
’S eir se chran feadh stuc is shliabh.
Labhair esan air thus;—

Mac-Talla. Math mo bharail gur tu, ma ’s fior,
’Chunnic mise fo mhuirn
Roimh an uiridh an Dun nan cliar.
Am Bard. A Mhic-talla nan tur,
'S e mo bharail gur tus' a bha
Ann an teoghlach an fhion'
'S tu 'g ath-aithris air gniomh mo lamm.
Mac-Talla. 'S math mo bharail gur mi,
Is cha 'b fharasd' dhomh bhi 'nam thamh
'G eistechd brosluim gach ceoil
Ann am fochair Mhic-Leoid an aigh.

'S mi Mac-talla 'bha uair
'G eistechd fathruim nan duan gu tiugh,
Far 'm bu nhuirnech am beus
An am dubhradh do'n ghrein 'san t-sruth.
Far am b' fhoirmail na seoid,
'S iat gu h-oranach ceolmhar, cluth;
Ged nach faictedh mo ghnuis,
Chluinntedh aca 'san Dun mo ghuth.

An am eirigh gu moch
Ann san teoghlach gun sproc, gun ghruaaim,
Chluinntedh piob nam min dhos,
Is a ceile 'na cois o'n t-suain.
'N uair a ghabhadh i 'lan,
'S i gun cuiredh os'n aird na f huair,
Le meoir f hilanta bhinn,
'S iat gu ruith-leumnach, dionach, luath.

Bhiodh a rianadair fein
Cur an ire gur h-e 'bhiodh ann;
'S e ag eirigh nam mesc
Is an eighe gu tric 'na cheann.
Ged a b' ard leinn a fuaim
Cha tuairgnedh e sinn gu teann;
Chuirtedh tagradh am chluais
Le h-aidmheil gu luath 's gu mall.

'N uair a chuirt' i 'na tamh,
A chum furtachd 'na fardich fein,
Dhomhsa b’ fharasda ’radh
Gum bu chuireidech gair nan teud,
Le dian imairt dha lamh
’Cur am binnis do chach an ceill,
’S gum bu shiubhlach am chluais
Modhar luthar le luasgan mheur.

Ann san fheascar an deidh
Am tesa na grein’ trath-noin
Bhiodh fir-chnepan ri clair
’S mnai a fregaírt a ghnath ’cur leo.
Da chomhairlech neo-chearr
Bhiodh a labhirt ’s gum b’ ard an glioir,
Is bu thithe ch an guin
Air na daoine gun f huil, gun f heoil.

Gheibhtedh flescich ’bu ghrinn
Ann san talla gun scraing, gun fhuath,
Is mnai f hionna ’n f huilt reidh
A cur binnis an ceill le fuaim,
Le dluth cheileiribh beoil
A bhiodh elanta, ordail, suairc;
’S bhiodh fer-bogha ’nan coir
’Chuiredh meoghail a mheoir am chluais.

Am Bard. A Mhic-talla so ’bha
Ann sa bhaile ’n do thar mi m’ iul,
’S ann an nis duinn a’s leir
Gu bheil mise ’s tu-fein air chul,
’Reir do chomis air sceul,
On’s fir-chomuinn mi-fein is tu,
’Bheil do mhuinteras buan
Aig an triath ud dha’n dual an Dun?

Mac-Talla. Bho linn nan linnten bha mi
’S mi mar aon duinne ’tamh ’sa chuirt;
’S theiredh iomad Mac-Leoid
Nach robh uiresbhidh eolis duinn;
Ach chan fhaca mi riamh,
Gun taoitair no triath an Dun,
'Se 'na f hasach gun fheum,
Gus na laithen so sein bho thus.

_Am Bard._ Bhon a thanic ort aois
Tha ri 'radh gur a baoth do gloir;
Chan e fasach a th'ann,
Ged a tha e san am gun lod;
Is air taoitair 's beg 'fheum,
Is og thighberna fhein 'na lorg,
'S e ri fhaotuinn gun fheall
'Cur ri baoithe an ceann luchd-chleoc.

An nis tillim gu d' chainnt
Bhon a b' fhiosrach mi anns gach sion.
Gur tric a chunnacas gill' og
'Bhiodh gan uiresbhidh stoir no ni,
'S bhiodh am bechd aige fhein,
Bhon a chennichedh e feudail saor,
'Dh-aindeoin caithemhachd dha
Nach bu chunnart da lamh nam moar.

'S iònnan sin 's mar a tha
Cuid de dh-uachdarain ard' an diugh;
Bhon nach leir dhaibh an call
Meud an deidh air cuirt Ghall cha scuir
Gus an deid iat do 'n Fhraing,
'S gur a solleir ri am a bhuil;
Bidh droch ghalar gan cnamh,
S theid an storas a 'n laimh 'na shruth.

Faic am fer ud gu ba
Air ech cruithech a's gairmhor srann,
Diollid lastail fo 'mhas,
'S mor gun b' fheairrd e srian oir 'na laimh.
Fichet gini chan fhiach
Gun deid sud a chur sios an geall;
Cha dig peighinn dha f'hein
' S bonn cha gheidher an deidh a chail.

Theid luach mairt no na's mo
An da stocain de 'n t-seors' a's fearr ;
Sud na gartain a suas
' S paidhuir thasan de luach 'nam barr ;
Ducait diuca no 'n corr
Theid a chur an da bhroig bhonn ard,
' S clachan criostail 's math snuadh
Ann am bucaill mu'n cuairt le straic.

Is coic coicen de 'n or
Gun deid sud airson cord do 'n aid ;
' S urad eil' oirre f'hein ;—
' S math gun tegamh a feum gu spaid.
' S a ghrabhat a's glan li
Theid punnd Sasunnach innt' gun stad ;
Ach 's beg sud as a mhal,
Theid a chunntadh air clar gu grad.

Thig e 'm mach as a bhuth
Leis an fhasan a's uir' 'san Fhraing,
' S an t-aodach gasta bha 'n de
Mu a phersa le speis nach gann,
Theid a thilgedh an cuil,
Fasan don' air 's cha 'n fhiu e plang ;
Air maibail no dha
Glacar peann 's cuiren lamh ri boinn.

Cha bhi pheids' ann am mes
Mur bi eidedh am fasan chaich ;
Ged bhiodh e gini an t- slat
Gheibher sud air son mart no dha.
Casag riomhach gun seod
Theid a chennach do dh-og an aigh ;
' S briogais bheilbheit bhug mhin
'Bhios a ruigheachd a sios gu 'shail.
'N uair a thig e air scriob
A dh' amharc a thire fein,
'N deidh na milten 'chur suas
Gum bi gaoir aig an t-sluagh mu 'n spreidh,
Ach ged thogar na mairt,
'S ged a niter an reic aig feill,
Bidh na fiachan ag at,
'S theid am feighnechd de 'm hac 'na dheidh

Theid Uillam Martuinn am mach
'S e gu sraideil air echat a triall,
Is cha lughid a bhechd
Na na h-armuinn a chlechd sud riamh.
Chan f heil cuimhn' air a' chrann,
Cas chaibe 'na laimh cha b' f hiach,
'S e chert cho spaideil ri diuc,
Ged bha 'athair ri burach riamh.

Thoir-sa techdairechd bhuam
Le detam gu Ruari og,
Agus innis dha fein
Cuid de 'chunnart ged 's e Mac-Leoid;
Biodh e 'g amharc 'na dheidh
Air an Iain 'b' f hearr beus 's gach doigh;
Ged bu shaibhir a chliu
Riamh chan f hagadh e 'n Dun gun cheol.

A Mhic-talla so bha
Ann sa bhaile 'n robh gradh nan cliar,
An triath tighernal teann,
Is an cridhe guu f heall na chliabh,
Ghabh e tlaichd de 'thir f hein,
'S cha do chlechd e Duneidenn riamh;
Dh' f hag e 'm bonnach gun bhearn,
'S b' f hearr gun aithrisdh each a chiall.
Treothit a stitch in one's side. Brosluim, excitement. Cluth or cloth, noble, brave, generous. Modhar, the sound of a bag pipe, or any other musical instrument.

Probably Uillam Martuinn represents the factor that grows rich whilst his master is squandering his money away from home. The poem was composed about 1694.

AONGHUS DUBH MAC-GILLE-MHOIRE.

The Rev. Angus Morison, son of John Morison of Bragar in Lewis, was born in 1660. He was a brother of Roderick Morison, an Clarsair Dall. We copy the following account of him from Scott's Fasti Ecclesiae Scoticane, Part V., page 293:—"Angus Morison, A. M., a native of Lewis, entered as a student at King's College, Aberdeen, in 1679, and graduated at the university of Edinburgh, March 28th, 1683; he was admitted minister of Contin in the Presbytery of Dingwall previous to 1689, and deposed June 12th, 1716, for taking part in the late rebellion. He is last mentioned, August 22nd, 1739, as officiating minister within a mile or so of his former charge. He was a person of great wit and benevolence, joined to piety and simplicity, who suffered severely for the maintenance of his Jacobite principles, being reduced to extreme poverty. He died at Castle Leod. A daughter, Mrs. Saint Clair, was generous enough to bequeath a legacy of £80, for the support of the poor, to the parish of Fodderty, where her father took shelter."

Mr. Morison, Maighstir Aonghus as the Highlanders would say, was commonly spoken of as Aonghus Dubh. He was a man of unquestionable ability. As a poet he was at least equal to his brother, An Clarsair Dall. He died in 1740.

It is somewhat strange to find a man deposed from the ministry for taking an active part in the rebellion of 1715,—a very ridiculous rebellion we admit. Mr. Morison had unquestionably as much right to be in favor of the Stewarts as others had to be in favor of the Georges. The truth is that neither the Stewarts, descended from Mary Queen of Scots, nor the Georges were worth fighting for. There was not a man among them all fit to rule over a nation. Indeed the world could get along very well without any hereditary rulers.
GED A THA MO CHOIRC AN CUNNART.

LEIS AN URRAMACH AONGHUS MAC GILLEMHOIRR.

Thachair air foghar araidh gun robh an coirce aig Mr Aonghus cho abich 's gun do ghabhe e gal nan digedh stoirm gum froisedh e. Uime sin chaidh e-fein air maduinn Di-sathairne a thional a luchd-eistechd gus a bhuan. Ghairm e aig taigh brebadair, duine cruaidh, feineil do 'm b’ ainm Daibhidh, 's dh’ fheorich e dheth an rachadh e ga chuidreachadh. Thubhirt am bodach, agus farum aig air a bheirt, nach rachadh. 'N uair a chuala Mr Aonghus so, shes e ri taobh, na beirte, phaisc e a dha laimh ri ’chelle, agus sheinn e na rannan a llenas:

Ged a tha mo choirce 'n cunnart
'Bhi air a fhroisedh gu builech,
Tha Daibhidh ag radh e dh’ fhulang,
Nash dig e dhe 'n bheirt an diugh dhomh.

Daibhidh greosgach, crom, ciar,
'S gile 'n rocas na bhian;
Bha mi eolach air riamh
Fer bu ghreoiliche fiamh.

A Dhaibhidh an deid thu ’bhuain,
'S sheibh thu paidhdeh Di-luain?
“Cha deid,” arsa Daibhidh.
'Nuair thogadh tu ridhe h-aotach,
'S a lionadh tu balg na gaoithe,
Cha bhiodh crann gun ropan caol ris,
'Toirt abhsaidh o thaobh gu taobh dh’ i,
Gur h-e 'm buamasdair blar,
'Bheireadh ruaig air an spal,
Fer bu luaininche lamh
Timchioll chuach am biodh snath.
A Dhaibhidh an deid thu bhuaín,
'S gheibh thu paighedh di-luain?
"Cha deid," arsa Daibhidh's e toirt enag air an spal.

Thuirt Mr Aonghus—

Cha do chúimhnic a bhóinaitid,
Air 'n do charaich thu 'm breid soilleir,
Air a' chul a tha neo-loinneil,
'Dh' fhas 'na ghadmuin gartach, goirid.
   O! brogan ard mo ghaol!
   Da chois stabhach 's iat caol,
   'B e sud meirlech nam faobh,
   Ceann nan anamh a dh' fhas faoin.

A Dhaibhidh 'n deid thu bhuaín,
'S gheibh thu paighedh di-luain?
Bha Daibhidh a caochladh datha an nis, ach ghlaodh e "Cha deid"—

Chan iarradh tu solus gu d' shuípeir,
Ach sathadh crom mar a mhuc innt!
Bu leathan do lorg ann sa bhutar:
Bhidh òrca nan cuic miar ga phutadh.
   O! thr' nach iarradh an scian,
   Gu dh' ol siobhalt 'san im,
   Gum b' e 'n ordag do mhiann,
   'Cur greim geocach gu d' bhial.

A Dhaibhidh 'n deid thu bhuaín,
'S gheibh thu paighedh di-luain?

M' feadh a bha 'n rann so ga sheinn, scuir Daibhidh dhe na bheirt, 's thoisich e air scriobadh a chinn, gídhedh dh' eigh e cho cruaidh 's a bh'urruin e— "Cha deid"—
An òrcausag a b' fhaide gun bherradh,
Chan f' hagadh an siabun glan i,
Chan f' òrcais duine beo air thalamh,
A dh' f' haodadh sesamh ri t' anail
Leis an tochd bha de 'n bheisd,
Fuil is feoil agus creis,
'Fhir bu chaillich' air spreidh,
'Tuitem sios air a chleith.
A Dhaibhidh an teid thu bhuain,
'S gheibh thu paighedh di-luain?

Cha robh e'n comas do Dhaibhidh cumail air fein
na b' fhaide 's leum a dhe 'n bheirt, 's ghlaodh e,
'Theid ! theid ! 's mi theid', a bhen cait a bheil
mo chorrann. 'S truagh nach mi chaidh ann air
a cheut f'hocal ; ach tha mi 'n dochas nach cluinn
duine 'm fesd smid dhe sud, a Mhaighstir Aonghuis."

Ranic Daibhidh an raon comhla ri c'ach, 's cha
robh aon an sin a's mo chuir e-fein uige na e ;
oir bha e'n nis ro dheidheil gun dugadh e barrachd
orr' uile, chum 's nam bu chomasach e, gum
fuadichedd e air falbh gach droch bharail a bha
Maighstir Aonghus ag eiridnehadh 'na aghidh
'thaobh a resgachd 'sa mhaduinn.' Nuair a chriochnaichedd e bhuaín, gle anmoch, chaidh na bh'aice gu taigh a mhinitir gu biadh, 's air dhaibh
biadh is deoch am pailtes a ghabhail ghlae Daibhidh
misnech, 's thuirt e, "'Nis a Mhaighstir
Aonghus on dh' oibrich mi cho math an diugh, cha
chreid mi nach fhiach mi oran molidh a dheanamh
dhomh." "'S fhiach, 's fhiach, arsa Mhaighstir
Aonghus, 's tu 's fhiach, agus so agad e."—

Di-domhnich 's tu 'siubhal leargan,
'Nuair a bha cach ann san t-serman,
Chaidh muc is torc riut a sheanachas ;
Creididh clann gur sceula dearbh't e.
A leoghain euchdich mo ghaoil,
'Chuir na beisden ud aog,
Leis a' bheigeileid chaoil,
Cluinner sceul ort 's gach taobh !
A Dhaibhidh o'n chaidh thu bhuain,
Gheibh thu dan agus duais.
A 'bhliadhna' chaidh an crodh an bheinn ort,
'S a chaill na gobhair na minn ort,
Lionadh tu 'phoit chum a chuibhirig,
De chal is de dh'uisce 'n uille
Chaite 'n fheisd air an lar,
Cha bhiodh speis ac de chiar,
H-uile fer aig nach biodh spain
Bheiredh e slig' as an traigh.
A Dhaibhidh on chaidh thu bhuaín,
Gheibh thu dan agus duais.

Chan fhac mi riamh do cho-ionnan,
Gu biadh a chur air bialthaobh duine,
Cha b'e cuag de bhonnach tioram,
Ach truinsar crom is sconn im' air,
An eigh an sin air a chais'
An te bu tighe 's a b' fhearr ;
Cha b'e scian dubh an droch fhaobhur,
'Bheiredh caob aiste gun bhlaths.
A Dhaibhidh on chaidh thu bhuaín,
Gheibh thu dan agus duais.

Cha robh ceaird 'san d' fhuaire thu t' fhoghlum,
'San tugadh duin' eile corr ort ;
Bu mhath thu gu sniomh na cloimhe,
Ga h-armadadh le im 's le eolain,
'S bu mhin bog oigheil do lamh,
'N am a sinedh do chach,
Am boinne falluis le do mhala,
'S an lec-thellich fo do shail ;
A Dhaibhidh on chaidh thu bhuaín,
Gheibh thu dan agus duais.

Cha b' urrainn do Dhaibhidh cumail air fein na b' fhaide, 's leig e 'n eigh —'Stad, stad, a Mhaisghstir Aonghuis, chan fheil mi 'n duil nach co math an di-moladh fein ris a sin; is thar e dhachidh,
MR AONGHUS AIR LEBIDH
A BHAIS.

N uair a bha Mr Aonghus Mac-Gillemhoire air lebidh a bhais, bha a bhen ’aige fhein agus fer de na h-eildeiren ri ’thaobh. Bha a bhen a sior thuramanich ’s ag osnich, ’s ag radh gun stad, “Ochadan mar tha mi ’n diugh.” Mu dheireadh thuirt Mr Aonghus agus e ann ’san lebidh:

Ochadan mar tha thu ’n diugh,
’S Aonghus Dubh a dol gu bas;
Cha dean e posadh no baistedh,
Is chan fhaigh thu dad bho chach.

Labhair an t-eildeir an sin agus thubhirt e, A Mhaighstir Aonghuis, a Mhaighstir Aonghuis, nach h’eil an tim dhuibhse scur de ’leithid sin, agus e ro choltach gu bheil sibh gu delachadh ris an t-saoghal an uine gle ghearr. Fhregair am fer a bha ’san leb air ball e:

Delichidh sinn ris an t-saoghal,
’S delichidh an saoghal ruinn;
’S ged bheir thu ’n t-aodach dhe na ghar-man,
Lenidh armadh ris an t-slinn.

LACHINN MAC THEARLICH OIG.

Lachinn Dubh was chief of the Clan Fingan, or Mackinnons, from 1570 to 1580. He had two sons, Lachinn Og and Ewen. Lachinn Og had four sons, Sir Lachlan, Tearlach Scithenach, John Og, and Neil. He died about 1600. Sir Lachlan had a son, John Balbhan, who had a son, Lachinn Mor. He died in 1634.
Tearlach Scithenach had a son named Lachlan. He was known as Lachinn Ruadh, and lived at Gambell. We meet with him as tutor or guardian of Lachinn Mor in 1634. He had two sons, Lachinn Og of Gambell, and Tearlach Og of Kenuachdrach. Lachinn Og married a daughter of Mackenzie of Applecross, by whom he had Lachlan, first Mackinnon of Coire-Chatachain.

Donald Glas Macleod, first of Drynoch, was a distinguished warrior in his day. He was killed in a skirmish at Carinish. John, his son and successor, married Catherine Campbell, by whom he had one son and five daughters. John died in 1688. One of his daughters was married to Alexander Macleod, 4th of Raasay; one to Ranald, 10th of Glengarry, by whom she had Alastair Dubh; one to William Macleod, 2nd of Hamer; one to Roderick Macdonald of Camuscross; and one to Charles Og Mackinnon of Kenuachdrach.

Lachlan Mackinnon, the poet, was a son of Charles Og Mackinnon of Kenuachdrach, Isle of Skye, and Mary, daughter of John Macleod of Drynoch. He was born in the year 1665. He began to compose verses when quite young. At the age of eight he possessed a vigor of mind, and a vivacity of imagination rarely to be met with in boys of double his age. He received the rudiments of his education, under a tutor in his father's family. At the age of sixteen he was sent to the Academy or high school of Nairn. He was a diligent student, and made rapid progress. He was by far the best Latin and Greek scholar at the Academy. Whilst in Nairn he composed several short poems in English, which possessed a good deal of merit.

When in his twenty-third year the poet married Flora, daughter of Campbell of Stroud in Harris. He rented from his chief the farm of Breakish, with the grazing island of Pabbay, at £24 sterling annually. His wife died in the prime of life, leaving several young children. He now felt so unhappy that he left Skye and went to live in Kintail. After an absence of four years he returned to Skye, and received his former farm at Breakish. About twelve years after the death of his wife he paid a visit to Inverness. Whilst there he was persuaded by some of his old acquaintances to marry a widow of the name of Mackintosh. This marriage was a source of grief and misery to him. His wife was proud, peevish and cross, and very unkind to his children.

Lachinn Mac Thearlich Oig was tall, handsome, and fascinating in his manner. He was an excellent performer on the violin, and also on the harp. He was one of the best deer-stalkers of his day. He was not a Jacobite. Contrary to the wishes of his chief he went to Inverness in 1717 to sign a congratulatory address to George I. on his
accession to the British throne. He died universally regretted in 1734, at the age of sixty-nine. His funeral was the largest ever seen in the Isle of Skye. Macdonell of Glengarry, Macdonald of Sleat, Macleod of Dunvegan, Mackinnon of Strath, Mackenzie of Applecross, together with their principal tacksmen were present. Seven pipers preceded the bier, playing the usual melancholy laments. The poet was buried in the old churchyard of Gillchrist.

CUMHA MHIC-LEOID THALASCAIR.

LE LACHINN MAC THEARLICH OIG.

Tha mulad mor, tha mi-ghen orm,
'S neo bhinn na tha mi 'claistinn,
Mu 'n sceul 'tha daoine 'g innse dhomh,
'S a thug orm claidh mu m' shlainte.
Tha mulad mor gun tegamh orm
Mu 'n tì a claidh 's a ledair mi ;
Gur lionmhor nech da 'n letrom e,
Dunbhegain bhi 'na fhasach.

Cha deid mi 'm bliadh'n air cheilidh ann,
'S neo-eibhinn leam a ta e,
Gun tuitair ann, gun tigherna
Ris 'n dean mo chridhe gaire.
Cha d' fhuaire mi ach na onrachd e,
Fuar, falamh, fas 'na sheomrichen,
An t-ait 'sna chlechd a mhorchuis 'bhi,
Far 'n tric an d' ol mi slainte.

Gur diombach ann san uair so mi
De 'n chuairt a thug am bas oirnn ;
Gun dug e 'm fiuran suairce bhuaínn
Cho uasal 's 'bha sa chearn so.
'Dheagh mhic sin Ruari Thalascair,
Mu d' bhas bha daoine galanach ;
Do cheile bha 'n deidh scaridh dheth,
'S bha 'n t-Alastair dheth craitech.
Nam b' esbhíd stoir no feudalach
A b' aobhar dha do thursa,
Gum bu lughad a bhiodh m' acain
Ri t' fhaicinn lan de churam.
B'e fath mo bhroin 's bu dlìghchech e,
'S e dh' aognich iomad cridhe fir,
Etar Aoinard agus Snithosard,
Do nighen 'bhi fo churam.

Bha iomad tir a thuilledh sud
'San robh iat dubhach, tursach;
Bha daoín' am bron gu caitlicech
Mu 'n mhaic sin 'dh' fhag an crunair;
Bha sean Mhac-Mhic Alastair ann,
Bha 'n caiptin 'bh' air siol Ailain ann,
Do chairdhen uile maille riú,
'S an Garach dubh o 'n Ghiubhsich.

Bha d' nabidh math Sir Domhnall ann,
'S an cinnedh mor, siol Uisdain;
Gun d' dherbhadh guin robh mulad ann
Nuair chuir iat ann san uir thu.
Clann Fhionghinn sceul bu duilich leo,
'S Clann-Choinnich 'nheud 's a chunnic mi;
Do bhas bu chall gu bhuinnig
Do gach duine riamh 'chuir iul ort.

Nam b' ann le foirnert naimhden e
Air mo laimh gun dugtedh dhiú e;
Mun leigt' am mach an nascidh iat
Bhiodh cuibhren mhath dhiú ciuirte.
Ged nach biodh ach na thubhirt mi,
Nan tarladh dha'ibh bhi uidhemail,
Ged dh-eireadh barr 's na h-uarrad riú
Bhiodh pudhar air luchd mi-ruin.

Ged nach saighder treubhach mi,
No nech da 'm beus bhi fergach,
Nan tarlainn ann san araich ud,
Ge gna leam ’bhi leith cherbach,
Ni tha, ’s nach h-eil mi cruadalach,
Nan tarlainn ann san f huathas ud,
Gun sesinn ri do ghualinn
Ann san tuasaid ge bu sherbh i.

Mo chrech, mo bron, ’s mo dhiubhail!
’S truagh an duthich as an d’ f halbh thu,
’S a lugh’d ’s a dh’ fhag thu ’d’ leithid innt’
Ri ’f haighinn ann an nadar.
Gun b’ ionndrinn do dhaoin’ uaisle thu,
Do d’ chairden is do thuath chethairn’,
Do bhanntraichen ’n am crudaill Orr’,
’S do thuragh nan gun aird Orr’.

Gun b’ ionndrinn do luchd-theudan thu
Do dh-fheumnich is do bhardabh,
Gun b’ ionndrinn do na h-uile dhaoin’ thu
Bhui nedh a bhi ’m pairt riut
Gun b’ ionndrinn mhor do Ruari thu,
Ged ’s aoighidh math aig uaislen e;
Call carid an am crudaill thu
Do dh-uislen Erraghaidhel.

Gun robh thu ciuin is macanta,
Gun scraing, gun chais, gun chrine,
Gun tnu, gun f heall, gun seacharan,
’S tu scapach, pailt, is crionnta.
Bha t’ aignedh iochdmhor, moralach,
Gun bhreig, gun cheilg, gun bhosd sam bith;
’S ann bu choltach thu ri Osam
Da ’m bu nos a bhi ’n Saint Pritan.

Bu tiotal cert duin’ uasail sin
Gun robh thu suaire ad ghualan,
Gu sunntach, suilbhir, failtechail,
’S do chridhe blath gun lub ann.
Sir Roderick Macleod, 1st of Talisker, married Mary, eldest daughter of Sir Lachlan Mackinnon of Strath, by whom he had John, his successor, Magnus, and Isabel. John, 2nd of Talisker, married Janet, only child of Alexander Macleod of Grishornish, by whom he had Donald, and two daughters. He is the subject of the lament. The first two verses refer to the loss sustained by the death of John Brec of Dunvegan in 1693, and the accession of his son Roderick, to the chiefship. The poem was composed sometime between 1693 and 1699, the year in which Roderick of Dunvegan died.

AONGHUS ODHAR.

Angus Macdonald, commonly called Aonghus Odhar, was a son of Gillesbic na Cepich. He was fully equal to his father as a poet. He seems indeed to have been superior to him.

THUGAS CEIST DO MHNAOI GHASTA;

LE AONGHUS ODHAR.

Thugas ceist do mhnaoi ghasta
A’s glan lechd is a cul mar an t-òir;
Cul cam-lubach, barr-bhachlach,
Gruaidh dherg dhathte, s’ deut snaighte mar nos:
Suil chorrach mar chriostal,
'S binnes theud ann am briotal a beoil;
Aghidh shoilleir an co-strith
Co a's allidh' an neoinein no 'n ros.

Tha do mhuinial mar chanach,
Ghit' ag iathadh ann glaíne de 'n fhion;
Tha t' uchd mar an ela,
Tuir mhin ghela 's am barannan 'sios;
Tha do shliós mar thuinn mara,
'Nuair a dh-eireadh mor ghaillen nan sion;
Ged is dan e ri 'labhirt,
B'e, air 'n aille, bhi mar-riut mo mhiann.

Chan f'heil ort cron cumidh
Ri t' amharc bho d' mhullach gu d' bhonn;
Dh 'fhas thu 'd scalaí roimh 'n chruiinne
A reir nadair 'chum urram thoirt oirn.
A gheug aithneil, chiuin, thaitnech,
Ghrinn, ghasta, 's binn bhlasta guth beoil,
Air scath 'ghaoil 'tha 'nam phersa
Na smaointich cur as dhomh na's mo.

Cait am facas dhuit coimes,
A gheug sholuis a's grinne na ghrian;
Cha robh Diana ri faicinn
Ann an coltas ri d' phersa mar thrian;
A thaobh geinmneachd chan f'heudtedh
A coimas ri geig nan glan chiabh;
Air 'm fhacal 's tu 's ceutich'
A chunnacas le m' leirsinn-sa riamh.

Tha do choltas ri venus,
Philomela cha choimes ri m' run;
Fabhradh ghast' mu do leirsinn,
'S a cho-aithris ri feirrein fo'n druchd.
'S nearachd fer a bheir geill dhuit,
Aig feobhas do bheusabh 's do chliú;
Thug thu dhachidh le d' theomachd
Gach aon chlechdadh a b' eol dhaibh 'sa chuirt.

Sliasid ghlan a's math cumadh,
Des chaol 's troigh chuimir am broig;
Thugas gaol dhuit bho 'n uirdh
'Dh' fhag mi 'm scalaie mar dhuine gun treoir,
Ni a bheil i 'shiol Adhamh
Te a chumas aon raidhe mi beo,
Gun an ti 's 'tha mi 'g airemh
Fhresdal orm 's a thoirt slaint dhomh le 'gloir.

Ach ma ni thu mo dhiobaírt,
A dhes ribhinn le 'n d' rinnedh mo chron,
An deidh dhomh dhuit striochdadh
Fo chis is mi sinte 'nam ghoin,
Bheirinn mionnan a Bhiobil,
Ge bu leam le coir scriobhte 'n tir shoir,
Chum 's gun glaisedh tu 'n sith rium
Gun deaninn a h-iobradh dha d' thoil.

Ma's a beg let mar phecadh
Meud dubh-bhroin mo phersa an tus,
'S farasd' mise a thaladh let
'S mo chreubhac a charadh 'san uir.
Ach 's olc an ciall do mhnaoi ghasta
D' am feudar dol dachidh an null,
Nach h-'eil fer a bheir gradh dhi
Nach ludhig i 'm bas da ga chionn.

Air bruaiach reidh mo lepa
Chunnacas spailp de mhnaoi ghasta 'na suidh',
Nach tuig doruinn mo phersa
Ged a dh-f haninn le pramh ann am laigh',
'S a cuid shaighden geur, seaitech,
Gu dian a dol trasta 'nam chridh';
Dhomhs' cha bheg e mar phecadh
Ma niter mo chascairt le mnaoi.
Dh’ f hag thu mise fo mhulad,
’S tric mo shuilen a’ cruinnechadh dheoir;
Lagich solus mo leirsin,
Chlaoideh mo phersa le eigentas mor.
B’ annsa spailp de mhnaoi mhin-deirg
A chumadh le ’briodal mi beo;
’Bheiredh cail agus luths dhomh,
Ged a bhithedh mo shuilen fo scleo.

Cait an d’ amhirc i ’n scathan,
Boinne fala ’thug barr ort fo ’n speur,
A thaobh gilid is aillechd
Chitedh t’f hailas mar dhealradh de’n ghrein.
’Cheist a thugas os ’n aird dhuit
Bidh i ’m aire gach la gus an eug;
Is ma leiges tu bas mi,
’S mairg fer eile ’bheir gradh dhuit a’ m’ dheidh.

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SILE NA CEPICH.

Juliet Macdonald, Sile na Cepich was a daughter of Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch, Gillesbic na Cepich. She was married to a Fraser. Her husband fought at the battles of Killiecrankie and Sheriffmuir. She composed several hymns in her old age. The date of her death is uncertain. We know that she was living in 1724, the year in which Alastair Dubh of Glengarry died. We know also that she survived Lachinn Mac Thearlaich Oig, the poet, who is said to have died in 1734. Her husband died several years before her.

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ORAN DO DH-FHECHD MHORAIR MAR
’SA BHLIADHNA 1715.

LE SILE NIGHEN MHIC-’IC-RAONILL.

Tha mulad, tha gruaim orm, tha bron,
On dh’ imich mo chairden air falbh;
On chaith iat air astar,
Gun chinnt' mu ’n techd dhachidh,
Tha m’ inntinn fo airtnal gu leoir.

Mo ghuidhe gun cluinner sceul binn
Mu’n bhuidhinn a dh’ imich o’n tir,
Gun crun sibh an Sasunn
’N righ dlighech le ’r gaisce,
’S gum piller leibh dhachidh gun dith.

Beir soridh gu Domhnall o’n Dun,
Gu Seumas ’s gu Uillam ’nan triuir ;
’Nuair a chruinniches uaislen
Do chinnidh mu ’n cuairt duit
Ghlacl an t-urram a fhuair thu le cliu.

Beir soridh gu Alastair liath,
A d’ chruadal gun erbinn deagh ghniomh ;
Nuair a theid thu gu buillen,
’S do naimhden a dh’ fhuirech,
Gu cinntech bidh fuil air am bian.

Beir soridh gu Ailain o’n chuan,
’Bha greis ann san Fhraing bhuainn air chuairt ;
’S e ro mheud do ghaisee
’Chum gun oighre do phersa,
Craobh chascairt air fechd nan arm cruaidh.

Beir soridh an deoghidh nan laoch
A dh’ imich bho Chepich mo ghaoil ;
Gu cennard a Bhraighe
’S ’chuid eile de m’ chairden,
Buaidh shithe ’s buaidh larich leibh ’chaoidh.

Tha urachadh buidhinn tigh’nn orn,
Mac-Coinnich, Mac-Shimi, ’s Mac-Leoid,
Mac-Fhionghinn Strath-Chuailte,
’S an Siosalach suairce,—
’S e mo bharail gum buailer leo stroic.
Gig-gig thuirt an coilech ’s e ’n sas,
Tha mo scoileiren ullamh gu blar,
Am fuidse nach coisinn
Cuiribh ’cheann ann sa phoca,
’S chan f hius dhuinn bhi ’g osnich mu ’bhas.

Crath do chìrein, do choileir, ’s do chluas,
Cuir scàirt ort ri sechd an taoibh tuath,
Cuir spuir ort ’s bi gleusta
Gu d’ naimhden a reubadh,
’S cuir mac-Cailain fo gheill mar bu dual.

’Thigherna Shruthain o Ghiubhsich nan beann,
Thug thu tamull a feithemh ’san Fhraing;
So an t-am dhuit bhi scàirtail,
Tog do phìob is do bratach,
’S cuir na Caibhalich dhachidh ’nan deann.

’Righ, ’s buidhech mi ’Mhorair sin Mhar,
Leis a dh-eireadh a bhuidhenn gun f heall;
’S iomad Foirbeisech gasta
’Tha ’g iathadh mu ’bhratich,
’S b’ fhiach do Sheumas an glaicadh air laimh.

Tha mo ghruaim ris a bhuidhinn ud thall,
A luaithed ’s a mhuth iat an t-sreing;
Tha mi cinntech a’ m’ aignedh
Gum bu mhiann leo ’bhi aginn
Mur bhi Chuigse bhi aca mar cheann.

A Dhonnachidh ma dh’ imich thu ’null,
Tha do chiabhan air glasadh fo chliu;
Gun chuinnim ’s gum faicim
Do thilledh-sa dhachidh,
The do chinnedh cha stad air do chul.

’Nuair ruiges sibh cuide-ri cach,
Ciamar Chumas a Chuigse ruibh blar?
Cia 'n t-ait 'bheil fir aca,
An Albinn no 'n Sasunn,
Nach gerradh sibh as mar an cal?

'Nuair a ruiges sibh Lunninn nan cleoc,
'S a bheir sibh an fhaistinnechd beo,
Biddh sibh 'tomhas an t-sioda,
Le 'r boghachan riomhach,
Air an drochaid is milten fo 'r scod.


IAIN MAC AILAIN.

John Maclean, commonly called Iain Mac Ailain, and sometimes Iain Mac Ailain Mhic Iain Mhic Eoghin, belonged to the Ardgour branch of the Macleans. Ewen, 6th Maclean of Ardgour, Eoghan na h-Itaige, married a daughter of Stewart of Appin, and had two sons by her, Allan, his successor, and John. He was living in 1587. John, his second son, had a son named Allan. This Allan was the poet's father. Iain Mac Ailain was thus a great-grandson of Eoghan na h-Itaige.

Iain Mac Ailain lived in Mull. His place of residence seems to have been near Aros. He was a full-grown man in 1689, the year in which the battle of Killiecrankie was fought. We may assume then that he was born at least as early as 1665. He was married, and lived to be an old man. Dr. Johnson, who visited the Western Islands in 1773, speaks of him as a famous Mull bard, who had died only a few years before that date. He also says that he could neither read or write. We are inclined to think that
the poet must have died before the stirring events of 1745. At any rate there is no reference in any of his poems to those events. Besides, he would be at least eighty years of age in 1745. The latest event to which he refers in his poems occurred in 1738. All that we can confidently assert then regarding the time of his death is that it took place some time after 1738.

Iain Mac Ailain was evidently an intelligent, good-natured, and well-informed man. He was intimately acquainted with the history of his own clan, and possessed a good knowledge of the history of the Highland clans in general. He was an ardent Jacobite, and was thoroughly familiar with the political events of his own day. He was well versed in the Bible. He seems to have been a man of genuine piety. He was a true poet, a man who described in poetic language men and things just as he saw them. He is fairly entitled to a high rank among the bards of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

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ORAN GAOLIL.

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

Bha dithisd nighen a labhirt mu 'n Bhard. Bha te dhiu ga dhí-moladh 's ag radh nach robh ard-fhoghlum aige. Bha 'n te eile ga mholadh, 's ag radh gun robh ni a b' fhearr aige, moran de thugse nadair.

LUINNEG.

*Faill il o ro, faill il o,*  
*Faill il o ro, faill il o,*  
*Faill il o ro, hul il o ro,*  
*Faill il o ro, fail il o.*

Is ged nach d' fhaodadh mo thogail suas,  
Ach tegasc nadair 'thoirt dhomh le buaidh;  
An te 'tha 'gratinn gu bheil mi traillail  
Chan f'heil mi 'g aichedh nach faigh i m' fhuath.

Is mor an caochladh a rinn a cridh'  
Mur h-e 's gun d' thoill mise bhuaip' an gniomh:
An cailin daonta d’ an robh mo shaor-ghradh
Gum faic an saoghal mar toil leam i.

Och, och, a dhaoine nach creid sibh bhuam,
’S mi ’toirt mar f haosit dhuibh anns gach uair,
Nach mo mo ghaol air a chailin shaor so
Na gaol an f haol-choin air fuil an uain.

Ged theiredh each gum bu toil leam thu,
Is fada tha sud o bhi ’nam run:
Tha mi cho sechantach air thus’ f haicinn
’S a tha ’m bradan air linge bhuirn.

’N uair a bhios each ann an cadal seimh
Gur tric le m’ aignedh ’bhi rium ag radh
Nach mo mo thlachd air a dhol na fasicadh
Na th’ aig an lach air a dhol air snamh.

A chailin mhodhar a’s moitail delbh,
Ged tha do ghruidh mar an cocur derg,
Tha mi cho suarach mu d’ ghaol ’s cho fuathach
’S tha cat na luatha air luch a shelg.

A chailin bhaintidh a labhradh ciuin
Ge fada cam-bhuidhe reidh do chul,
Chan f heil mo gheall-sa air t’ uaignes cainnte
Ach mar tha n dall air a leirsinn shul.

Ma their mi ’n f hirinn am brigh mo sceil, ’Thaobh t’ eol is t’ uaisle ’s do shuairces beoil,
Chan f heil mi ’n trom-chion, a ghrugach dhonn ort,
Ach mar tha ’n drongair air bhi ag ol.

’S ann ’bha mo chaireden am barail diom
Gum b’ e do ghradh-sa mo namhit chlaoidh:
Do phog le faite cha dean i stath dhomh
Ach mar ni ’n t-slainte do ’n duine thinn.
MOLADH.

Do Ghillesbic na Cepich's do 'n Phiob.

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

'Ghillesbic, mo bhennachd ri m' bheo,
Do dh-f'her aithris do ghniomh',
'Bhrigh os cionn na chual' thu de cheol
Gun dug thu 'n t-urram do 'n phiob.
Cha chuala luchd-teud scainnal do bheoil,
'S tu bu ro mhath gu 'n diol,
Ach b' f hearr let culidh a bhrosnichedh toir
Na sochair gach gach sith'.

'S iomad iarl ann an Albinn an nochd,
'S derbhte leam sud,
Ri am togail armait air chois,
'Na oirches, tha fios,
A chionn a cluinntinn anmoch is moch,
Bean chaidrech am mes,
'Bheiredh mar dhuais do dhararich a dos
Airgiod gun f'his.

Is derbh gun robh stuider gu trom,
Is susbainte ghiar,
'San f'hear a rinn piob nan dos lom
Gus f'hortan do dhean,
'S gach lanphort gan cumail fo f'honn,
Gun smid as a bhial,
Ach gan gerradh, gach siolladh is pong,
Le buillibh a mhiar.

A cliu airson abuchadh gleois
Is fada do chuaidh ;
Sar ionnsramaid mhaiden nach mor,
Is coitchionta buaith !
Cuiridh i smaointinnen gaisce gu leoir
An gealtair 'ga thruas ;
Thogadh a crenluath le bras bhuillibh mheoir.
Aignedh gach sluaigh.
Niall Mor Mac-Mhuirich composed a poem against the bag-pipe. Gillesbic na Cepich composed a poem in praise of it, which is given on page ninety-four. Iain Mac Ailain composed the above poem in praise of Gillesbic na Cepich and the pipe. Lachinn Mac Mhic-Iain composed a poem in reply, which will be found on page 126. It is not to be supposed that he had any unpleasant recollection of Gillesbic na Cepich or any unkind feelings towards Iain Mac Ailain; he was merely exercising his powers of satirizing. Iain Mac Ailain and himself seem to have been on very friendly terms.
ORAN.

_Do dh-Fher Thalascair._

_Le Iain Mac Ailain._

_Fonn._—"Cabar feidh."

Air sceith na madne 's luaithe
Gu tuath thoir mo bhennachd bhuam
A dh-ionnsidh 'n fhir nach fuath leam
Gu uaisle, Fer Thalascair.
'S e mheudich dhomh mo ghradh ort
Do ghnaths 'dhol ri t' athairelachd;
'S gum faic do mhuinntir fein,
Ann am dheidh-s', thu bhi maireshnach.
Gheibht' at fhardich muirm is manran
'S piob da laimh ga callanach;
Flath is feasda 's ol d'a reir sin
Aig luchd feum is aithnichen.
Bhiodh gleodhrich stop ri lionadh chorn
Is fion ga ol a sarraghbh;
Re sel dhuinn air a ghleus sin
Bhiodh dith ceill air ferigainn.
Bhiodhmid mar sud, bhiodhmid mar sud,
Bhiodhmid mar sud is deimhinn leam;
Ag ol gu tric, ag ol gu tric
Gun ol, gun mhisc, gun mherichinn
Gun scain nel bhreug ga chor an ceill,
Gun chomradh breun no ballachail;
'S bu tric a' liubhirt phog iat
Le ro ghradh 's le carthannachd.

_Fhuair thu ragha ceile
Do d' reir fein 's gur math leam sin
Ann sa bheil bechd is geire
Le ceill is le banalachd
Cha dean mi facal breige
B' e m' eudach is m' anart i
Is fhad 's a rinn mi cuairt let._
A gruaman cha d’thank air hairich mi.
Gu bh’ceil thu ghe air iomad bechd,
Chan f’haod mi mhes gur h-amid thu;
Tha thu baighail, caoinhmain, cairdail,
Thusmhor, daimhail, carthannach.
Beud no lochd chan airim ort,
‘S gur airdh bhochd is bhennachd thu;
‘S gur cridhail ri am feum’ thu
Gu feusd’ ‘thoirt do dh-aithnichen.
 Bhiodhmid mar sud, etc.

Tha mulad mor no dha orm
Tha fath dhomh ’bhi geranach;
Tha mi gun long, gun bhata,
Gun ardrich bheir thairis mi.
Nam biodh a chuis mar b’fhearr leam
‘S mo chur ’san ait ’bu mhath leam ’bhi,
Gum faicinn bho thrath noine
An Domhnall sin ’s lennan dhomh.
Is ann san am ’s an ruiginn thall
Gun cuirinn geall ’s cha chaillinn e,
‘Nuair rachinn suas do ’n t-seombar uachdrach
An deidh fuachd is allabain,
Gun doirtedh lamh air botull lan
A dh’f hagadh blath gu h-elmh mi;
Chan f’haicthadh nech fo mhuig
An taigh muirnech Fer Thalascair.
 Bhiodhmid mar sud, etc.

Dh’f hag mi ann san aite sin
Plannta de lenabh beg;
‘S gur tric a’s smaointinn broin dhomh
A ghloir an am delachadh.
Mur h-cil breug ’nam f’haistnechd
Bidh pairten a shenar ann;
‘S ma ’s a duine beo e
Ni ’n seol sin fer ainnimh dheth.
Tha uaisle ’bheus a cur an ceill

Digitized by Microsoft®
Gar cruinnechd deise ro mhath e
Gun robh a sheors' fo mhes ro mhor
'S gach aite coir 'am fanadh iat
'N uair 'bha iat thall an cuirt na Frainge
Ann an am na carraide;
'S dherbh iat do righ Tearlach
An gradh 'n uair a len iat e.
Bhiodhmid mar sud, etc.

Sir Roderick Macleod, first of Talisker, fought in behalf of Charles II., at the battle of Worcester in 1651. He was succeeded by his son John, and John by his son Donald. Donald, third of Talisker, married Christina, second daughter of John Macleod, second of Bernera and first of Contullich. He is the Fer Thalascair of the poem. John, his eldest son and successor, was born in 1718, and is probably the lenabh beg referred to.

FREGIRT EOIN GHAINNELAIR DO DH-EOIN BALBHRAN.

LE IAIGN MAC AILAIN.

Mu 'n sceul so a chualas
Ga luaidh air Eoin Manntach,
'S mu 'n fhregirt a fhuair e
Ann am bruadar a bhalbhain.
Ged nach digedh le m' gheire-sa
'N tuigse threun sin a lenmhuinn.
'S feairde sceula ga threised
Moran teistis is derbhidh.

Chi mi 'n saoghal air chuibhlibh
'S gun e aig aon chor a fuirech;
Ach a diredh 's a ternadh
Mar roth amhuiltech muilinn.
Am fer a thachir 'na airde
'S e 's mo abhar gu mulad;
'S gum faod mise 'th' air tearnadh
'Bhi 'na aite mun seuir e.

Gu de 'n gliocas no 'n tabhachd
'Th' ann do ghairnelair eolach
Craobh thorach a gharridh
'Dhol le ailghes ga 'fogradh,
Gu craobh ur 'chur 'na h-aite
'S gun e mu 'nadar leth-eolach,
'S a mheud 's a gheibh e ga h-arach
Sel mun tar e deagh phor dhi?

Ach an crann s' bho chionn tamuill
'Bha fo thoradh gun esbhuidh,
'S cian bhon chraobh-scaoil a chomain
Air gach comunn am Bretunn.
Ged a rachadh cail dhuathair
Air a chnuasachd re treise
'S mairg a loiscedh a thiomban
Ris a mhuinntir a chreic e.

Is beg m' ionghnadh an dream sin
'Bha gun daimh ris ga threigsinn;
'S gum b' e 'n abhar thun fhogradh
'Thoobh nach b'ann de 'm por fein e;
Ach Alba bheg dhona
'Bha gun onair fo 'n ghrein aic,'
'N uair a chaidh i ga 'f'hagail,
'S gum b'e arach a geig e.

B'e bhur gliocas 'san abhar s'
Ann 'sna casanabh ceutna,
A bhi carthannach, cairdail,
Is mar brath'iren d'a cheile;
An righ sin 'bh' air mhairenn
'Chumail slan mar a dh' fh'eudtedh,
'S gun do dh-ordich ar Slanaigher
Dhuinn a chain 'thoirt do Cheusar.

Ach 's e 'n ni 'tha mi 'raghinn
Gun dol air m' aghidh na 's daine,
Bhon tha 'n t-ath so cho domhin
Is nach tomhis cas ghearr e.
Ach an Righ dha bheil fertan,
'S a ni gach beirt mar a's aill leis,
'Chur na corach 'na suidhe
Mar a's cubhidh 's gach aite.

This poem is a reply to the one on page 144. The poet himself is Eoin Gairnelair, or John the Gardener, and Mr. Beaton, Eoin Balbhan, or John the Dumb. Mr. Beaton is called by this name owing to the fact that he had been silenced or deposed. A chraobh thorach is King James, and a chraobh ur, King William.

--- X ---

ORAN

A rinn am Bard air dha a chluinntinn gun robh Sir Iain Mac-Gilleain ri fuirech ann san Fhraing.

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

FONN.—'Fhir a bhata no ho ro eile.

Tha mi am chadal 's gur tim dhomh duscadh
Mu Shir Iain nan lann 's nan luirech;
Gu bheil do chairden fo mhoran curim
Nach faic iat sabhalt air lar do dhuthch' thu.

Faill ill o ro, tha sinn fo mhulad,
Tha ar cridle mar huaidh air truimed;
Fath ar call' is ar campir uile
An stad s'tha thall bhuainn air ceann nam Muilech.
'S truagh an sceul so tha daoine 'g raitinn, 'S a bhruchd an nall oirnn le peann is paipair,— Gun danic finid air gniomh ro araid, Air cinnedh rioghalt, fiol-ghlic statail.

A Chlann-Chilleain gun robh sibh ainmail; Fine fiachail nam piosan airgid: Gur h- iomadh Dubh-Ghall nach b' fhiu a shenachas A chaidh gu uir leibh le luths 'ur gela-ghlac.

Craobh ur sinnsribh cha chrion a thanic; Bha fiós an sceil sin aig geur luchd-senachais;— Gum b' fholaichd righ sibh bho ehrich na Spaine, De sliochd Ghateluis nan euchdan dana.

Ghin de 'san uaislen 'bha buadhach, ainmail; B' ann diu mic Mhili nan gniomh ro chalma; Chog iad ri Éirinn le treine 'n lainhe, 'S do thug iad puic de thriuir mhac Earmuin.

Chan fhogadh baothachd no draoidhechd shenchles Gun cur air chul bhuath', cha b' fhiu leo 'n delbh sin; Ach cogadh dian, cruaidh, gun sith, gun tearmad, Gu onair gniomha, no dith an anama.

Air sliochd Eremhain euchdich, ainmail, Bha uaislen gleusta, sir threuna, chalma; B' ionnain duibh-se 's do 'n linn 'tha 'n senachas 'S len ruibh de 'n dualchas 'bhi cruaidh air armibh.

Air techd an deidh sin dhuiabh'n iar do dh-Albinn Bu mhór 'ur soinert le 'r doidibh garbha, Gus 'n due Mac-Dhomhnill dhuiabh coir bu daingne Air rioghadh na Drealinn's air mor ni'dh-anbharr.
Bu chennard buadhach uasal ainmail,
Echann ruatharach ruadh nan garbh chath:
Airson a ghluaсид bha fuath nan Gall ris,
'S gun duc e ar orra 'm blar Chath Ghairebhich.

Am mac a dh'f hag e bha 'ghanthars mar leoghann,
Aig Iarla Mar bha freumh an secoil sin;
Thuc e comhdhail dha-san air lar Strath-Lochidh,
'S rinn e sith bhreugach gun eudach comhdich.

Len ruibh deagh bheusan, 's gur h-e 'chuir sios sibh
'Bhi leis a chrun, is gach cuis 'g ar diobradh.
Thuirt Echann Ruadh ann an Inbhir-Chiteinn
Agus sechd ceut fer de threun f'huil dhirich.

Ged bha 'n sceula sin trom le doruinn,
Chan e an drasta is abhar broin duinn;
Ach 'n ti a dh'f hag sinn 's a chaidh air fogradh,
'S a leth righ Seumas a threig an Dreallinn.

Rug froisedh garbh oirnn le gailbheinn shiontan;
Aig meud a chall duinn cha b' arbar shiol e;
Bu chruinnechd poir e gun f hotus sciamhachd,
Ar cuirm, ar sogh e, ar ceol 's ar fion e.

Tha sinn mar thread 'bhiodh fo thearmunn migleidht',
Gun neach fo 'n ghrein duinn mar sceith 'gar didenn;
Mar elta sleibh sinn gan teum le liontabh
'S nach fan aon te duiu air ceut fer-spionidh.

Is truagh gach la dheth ar cas r'a innse;
Mar bhall de dh-arcan air traigh ga shior-ruith,
Gun nech 'toirt baigh dha bho ard gu iosal,
Ach buille bharach o laimh gach aon f'hir.

A Righ nan dul 'tha gun tus, gun f'hinid,
A ni 'reir t' aillais nech ard no iosal;
Ge clann gun umhlachd bho thus ar linn' sinn
Na leg do lamh oirn le strac na' s dine.

Mar choill ged tha sinn 's a barr air crionadh,
Gun mhes, gun bhlath oirn, ach tair is diobradh,
Thoir caochladh bheus duinn fo sheul do shio-
chaint,
'S na scath dhiot fein sinn mar gheugan criona.

Le tuigse mhathrail da' n gnath 'bhi fior lag,
Cha du do Ghall airde bheann a dhireadh :—
Ach, och, ma ranic sinn ceann ar criche,
Gur h-abhar broin agus doruinn cridh' e.

—— X ——

ORAN.

A rinnedh 'n uair a dh' fhalbh Sir Iain Mac
Gilleain a Muile mu dheiredh.

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

'S an Drealinn tha air iomad fath
N fir 's na mnai fo thursa,
Mu'n ti so chuaidh do Shasunn bhuainn
D'a bheil an uaisle ghiulain.
Tha sinn ad dheidh mar ian air gheig,
Air cridh' am pein fo churam ;
'S chan fhaiser deut le gair air beul
'S an dig do sceul as ur oirnn.

Gur truagh 'nad dheidh 'tha gruaim nan speur,
Gun tes 's a ghrein bu du dhi ;
Gun samhradh fein no curs' a bheus'
Ach mar aimsir gheir na dulachd ;
Gun mhes air crann, gun f heur ach gann,
Gun chubhac, ann, gun smudan ;
Gun selg nam beann ri 'faoituint ann,
Gun damh 's a ghleann ri buirein.
Gur moch Di-mairt a chaidh thu t' ardrich
'Falbh bharr lair do dhuthcha;
Bu truagh a bha gach tonn 's gach traigh
Is coslas craidh is turs'orr'.
Chaidh 'ghaoth air gheus an sin gu d' theum
Gu h-elamh, eutrom, sunndach,
Gun f'heum air nert nan laoch bhi let,
Ach aon f'her-beirt gu stiuiredh.

Ged chaidh air thuras fir Alb' uile
'S ged dh' f'lag iad Lunninn dumhil,
'S e fath ar mulaid ceann nam Muilech
Dha'n robb a chulidh dhiobhail.
Gum facas uair thu, ri Raon-Ruairidh,
Nach d' fhuair luchd t' fhuatha puic dhiot;
Bu treun do gheard a dol 's a blhar
Ged dh' f'halbh thu 'n drast le aon f'her.

Cha b' dual do d' bhanruinn air aon abhar
'Bhi 'na namhit diomb' dhuit,
'S gun senachas dhaoine riamh r'a f'haotuinn
Gur dream 'chlaon air cruin sibh:
Gun aon aobhar dhuit r'a f'haotuinn
Aig luchd-gaoil no diomba,
Ach falbh le h-athir do'n Fhraing air bhadhal,
'S b' e sud an athis shughail.

Bu mhor an luighechd thug thu bhuait
Airson na f'huair thu churir oirr',
Cinnedh greodhnach, fechdail, daonnach,
Ferann saor is duthich:
An t-anam fein 'bha staigh ad chre
Chaidh sud 's na ceutan cunnart;
D'a shliochd 'bhi' 'm fuath cha 'n f'haigher bhuait,
Cha robb e 'n dual no du dhuit.

Rinn coill' is machir caoimh ri Echann
'Chionn gum bu ghast' am flur e,
Mar umhlachd dho fo bhonn a bhrog
Bha feur na foid a lubadh;
'S 'n ar fianais fein gu grad ag eirigh
'Suas gu h-eutrom, driuchdmhor,
'S b' i barail threun gach duine gheir
Gur falbh 'na dheidh 'bu run leis.

An tlla chomhniidh 'n robh do sheorsa
Riamh gu ceolmhor, sunntach,
Tha 'n cidedh broin gun aoibhnes dho
Fo f'huaim nan stop aig Dubh-Ghaill:
'Nuair f'huair e stech e leum e 'dh-aites
Alr leis gum b' chaistal ur e;
Bha chlachan snaight' air caochladh snais,
Cho ban ri caile ri aon trath.

An Ti 'rinne ceann dubh air bhur rann,
'S sibh tric fo ainnert spuinnidh,
'N uair chi e 'n t-am g' ur cur a nall
Gun bheud, gun chall, gun chunnart!
Bu sibh ar sogh, ar cuirm, ar ceol,
Ar blaths, ar n-ol 's ar n-ur ros;
Bu sibh gu deimhinn ar miann 's ar lennan
'S ar dion 's gach aindheoin cuise.

Nan abradh nech nach 'eil so cert
Chan iarrinn dad bu mhu dha
Na tigh'nn fo chall mar tha sinn ann
Gun righ, gun cheann, gun duthich.
Ach chi mi 'ghnath gur fior ri radh,
Ge bristedh aithn' bho thus e,
Gur beg a's cradh le nech tha slan
Mar chneidh d'a nabidh 'mhuire.
MARBHRANN.

*Do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain, a chaochail 'sa bhliadhna 1716.*

*LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.*

Iomchir mo bhennachd
Gu baintighern Hamara,
Ben 's a bheil barrachd
De charantachd nadair.
Chunnic mise gu dlighech
A suilen ri snighe,
S i 'g airemh mar mhi-adh,
Sir Iain 'gar fagail.
Bha doruinn a cridhe
Cho mora ga 'ruighinn,
'S mar gum biodh e air tighinn
Bho dherbh nighinn a mhathar.
Gu cuimhnechan sceula
'Bhi tamull 'na dheidh air
Thug Mairerad na feile
Spor gheur do 'n fher-dhana.

Nach ionghnadh ri chlaistinn
Gu hheil mise o cheann fada
Ri turracairnich cadil
Is m' aicaid ro chraithech.
Tha cneidh air mo ghiulan,
Tha mi leisg air a dusgadh,
Air egal le 'burach
Gun uirich i 'm bas dhomh.
Gidhedh cha sceul ruin e,
Ach sceul a 's mor curam,
Sir Iain gun duscadh
An dluth chiste chlaran.
B'e sin ar fras dhumhil
'Mhill ar n-abhall 's ar n-ubhlan;
Rinn e doscinn 'bu mhu dhuinn,
Chuir e 'm flur bharr a gharidh.
B' e-f hein ar crann dosrach
A chomhdich le 'choslas
Gur coilltichen solta
'N d' f has toisech a fhreumhachd;
Gun dredhunn, gun chrionach,
Gun chrithenn, gun chrion-f has,
Ach geugan ro phrísail
De fhion-f huil na Spaine.
Bha fios aig luchd-leughidh
'S aig senachaidhen geur'
Air bhur techd o Ghatelus
As an Eiphait a thanic;
Sliochdh mhilidhen treuna
'Fhuair cennas na h-Eirinn
Mar bha Eber na feile
Agus Eremon dana.

Bhon ghin sibh o Scota
Bha buadh bhur cordis
A derbhadh 's a comhdach
Am por as an d' f has sibh.
Far an gabhadh sibh comhnidh
Bu leibh cennas na foid sin
Le iomracin corach
'S le moralachd stata,
Air bhur techd air an t-seol sin
A crioichbh na Fola
Fhuair sibh cennas na Drealíonna
Is moran a bharr air;
Ciat nighen Mhic-Dhomhníl
Aig Lachinn bha posda,
'S b'e a shenailair comhraic,
Chiat thoisech is 'armunn.

Bhon shuidhich sibh luchirt,
Bha dh' aillechd 'n ur n-ur-f has
'S gur h-iomadach duthich
'Bh' air a cuinndh le pairt dheth.
Bha dh’ airde ’n ur giubhsich
’S nach dugadh cach puic dhibh,
’S nach bu tric le luchd-diumba
A lubadh le taire.
’S e ’n rud a thug sciurs oirbh
Gum bu diles do ’n chrun sibh,
’S gum b’e dlighe bhur duthchis
Bhi ’san iul dhe ’m biodh iatsan.
Ged bha sin ann san tim sin
’Na mhisos ’s na mhor mhislan
Tha e ’nis gu truagh lionte
Daor tri-filte paigthe.

Tha sen-f’hacal eile ann
’Tha cho fior’s mar a their iat,
Ge b’e nech air am beir i
Tha chrech dheirennach craitech.
Ged tha sinne ’geur-achdain
Na dh’ f’halbh o chionn fad oirnn,
Bhiodh ar duil ri bhi beirtech
Nam biodh aginn na dh’ f’hag sinn.
Ach tha ar nadar cho truagh
Is nach faic sinn ar buannachd,
’S nach leir math an f’huarain
Gus an uair sin an traigh e.
Tha e ’nis na ni soillair
D’ar nabuidhnen comuinn,
Gun d’ bhristedh mar phronnaig
Garadh-droma nan Gaidhel.

’Fhir ghasta gun chrine
’Bha ainmail ’s gach rioghachd,
’S cha bu tric do luchd-mioruin
Ann an innsedh no ’n airemh ;
Bu chompanach righ thu,
Fer menmnach mor prisail,
’S cha bhiodh tu fo dhiobradh,
Ach am prisalachd stata
An cogdh luchd-strithe
Cha robh masl' ort r'a innsedh,
Ghleidh thu onair do shinnsridh,
'S ann a mhidich thu 'n aird i;
Cha robh thu, cha b'fhiaich let,
A falbh fo bhrat fillte,
Etar am bhi 'nad mhinor
Is finid do laithen.

Bu mhor air gach achd thu,
Bu mhor thu ri t'fhiaicinn,
Bu mhor thu 'nad phersa,
'Nad ghaistachd 's na t'aillechd;
Bha thu mor anns gach mhidachd,
Bha thu mor gu bhi rioghail,
Bha thu mor airson ionracis
Firinn is cairdis.
Bha thu mor airson diulnais,
'S bha thu mor gu bhi sugach,
Bha thu mor an deagh ghiulann
An cuirtenabh arda;
Bha thu mor ann an misnich,
Bha thu mor ann an gliocas,
'S bha thu mor gu cheist idir
'N sar ghibhten do nadair

Nam b' aithne dhomh innse,
Bha e mor ann san rioghachd,
Ann am folachd gun isled
'S an lionmhorachd chaidren.
Le senachas na firinn
Bho thoisech a linne
B'e-fhein 's Iarla Seaforth
Sliochd direch 'n da bhrathar;
Is triath Ghlinne-Garadh
An dluth-chengal fala,
'S e cho dian air a chengal
'S nach scaradh a b' aill leo;
Air lentuinn o ’n tim sin,
Gun mhioscuinn, gun mhiorun,
Mar gun deanadh fer-innlechd
A scriobhadh air paipair.

Nam biodh e r ’a fhuaascladh
O’n bhas a thug buaidh air,
Gur h-iomad fer cruadail
A ghluaisedh ’na abhar ;
’N t-ainm coitchenta mor
Ris an abrar Clann-Domhnill,
Bho thoisich an cordis
’S iat bu phor d’a cheut mhathair ;
Agus uaislean nan Leodach,
’Thaobh fala agus feola,
Mar lanain ur phosda
Leis ’m bu deonach bhi gradhach ;
Chunna mise, mo phuthar,
An gruaidhen air dubhadh,
Mar gun deanadh sar phiuither
Geur chumha m’ a brathair.

Cuim am faginn an di-chuimhnh’
Dream eile de dhislibh ?
Bha na cinn ’bu mho phris dhiu
Ro dhiles am pairt dha ;
Fir ghasta gun chrine
’Bha mesail ’san rioghadh,
Mar bha ’n cinedh mor lionmhorsin
’Shiolich o Bhancho.
O thoisich an dualchis
Cha robb smal air an cruadal
Ach ’m began beg suarach
So ’fhuaradh an drast dhaibh ;
’S e ’n t-abhar a’s olc leam
Nach e ’n gniomh-san ’bha lochdach,
Ach an derbhadh mi-f’hortain
’Bha o thoisech ’san abhar,
Bu chert shenachas 's cha tagradh
'Thaobh falachd is caidrimh,
Gun innsinn gun mherachd
Dhuit Caiptin Chlann-Ka'ill;
Do chois-nabidh taitnech,
'S do chompanach lepa,
'N am marcachd is astir,
'S 'nuair 'stadadh am mearsal;
Bha thu 't f hianis air siledh
A chreuchdan cho mire
Ri bras esrich pinne,
'S a spiorad ga 'f hagail;
Is uaislen a dhuthcha
Ri caoidheran tursach,
'S an cridh' air a chiurradh
Mu mhuirnain nan Gaidhel.

'Thaobh dlighe agus dualchis
Bu diles mu d' ghuaillibh
Mac-Neill o na cuantabh
'S dhaoin' uaisle gun taire.
'Nuair 'dh' eiredh bhur trioblaid
'S ann gu t' ionnsidh-sa thigedh e
Le iarrtas cho bige
Ri litir do laimhe.
Chunnic mise gu soillair,
Gun tarcuis air comunn,
Iat le 'n cabhlichibh troma
Techd 'nad choinnimh a dh-Aros.
'Nuair a tharladh tu riubha,
Mar thriath 's mar cheann-uibhe,
Dheanadh fiontan iat subhach,
'S bhiodh iat buidhech ga t' fhagail.

Mar fhridem d'a fhlaithes
B' ann de 'ranntanabh matha
Mac-Fhionghainn an t-Sratha,
Cha ghabhadh e fath air.
Ann an aimsir na ruagil
'Nuair a thigedh luchd fuatha,
B' e chompanach sluagh e
'Nuair a ghaistedh leis armlinn.
Bha iatsan 'san tim sin
Gun mhasla, gun mhi-chliu,
Ann am fochair a shinnsridh
Le gniomharan dana.
Ach on chaochail iat clechdadh
As an aite bu chert daibh
Chluinn sibh fein mar a thachir
Dhaibh am batailte Mhara.

Ach 's e raghinn a ni mi,
Bheir mi 'ghloir so gu finid,
'S nach glocas no crionachd
Dhomh 'mhaid 's 'tha mi 'g raitinn ;
Gur a fionn-f hechd 'san tim s' sibh
Ann an airemh, nan innsinn
'Nuair a bha sibh gun diobradh
'N ur miad is 'n ur n'airde.
Etar Sculpa 's Caol Ile,
Ged a b' f harsinn na criochan,
Bha roinn de gach tir dhiu
Fo chis dhuibh a paighadh.
'Nis on thuict na stuiic f hion-f huil,
Ris an abairtedh righren,
Tha na geugan 'bu dillse dhaibh
Air crionadh nan abhar.

Spor, excitement, stirring up. Solta, sultmhor, fat, fertile, comely. Cordas, agreement. Fodhla, an ancient name of Ireland. Drealuinn, a name applied by the poets to the island of Mull. Toisech, a leader. Giusach, a pine forest, a flag-pole. Puic, advantage, bribe. Minor, the English word minor, a youth under twenty-one. Folachd, extraction, origin by blood. Mioscuinn, malice, grudge. Esrich or esarich, the boiling of a pool where a cascade falls; the
rushing of liquid through a hole made in a cask or churn. Muirnain, a dearly beloved person. Fridem, support. Flaithes, chiefship, rule, dominion. Milsan, anything sweet.

Margaret, eldest daughter of John Macleod, second of Bernera and first of Contullich, was married to William Macleod, third of Hamer. She is the Baintigherna Hamara and Merarad na seile of the poem. She had strongly urged the poet to compose the elegy: thug i “spor gheur do’n fher-dhana.” Gatelus, Gathelus the fabulous ancestor of the Gaidel. Milidh, Milesius, a descendant of Gathelus. Eber and Eremon, sons of Milesius, who conquered Ireland and divided the country between them. The Macleans, Macdonalds, and other western clans were looked upon as descendants of these imaginary heroes. Lachlan first Maclean of Duart, married Margaret, daughter of John Macdonald, first Lord of the Isles, in the year 1366. The Lord of the Isles gave him the next place to himself in point of honor and appointed him his lieutenant-general in time of war. Margaret Macdonald is the person referred to in the expression: 'S iat bu phor d’a chiat mhathair. Sir John’s mother was daughter of Macleod of Dunvegan. Bancho, the Banquo of Shakespeare’s Macbeth. It was held at one time that the Stewarts were descended from him through his son Fleance. As a matter of fact they are descended from a Norman named Alan who came over to England with William the Conquerer in 1066, and settled in Shropshire, England. Walter, Alan’s second son, settled in Renfrew, Scotland, and was appointed Stewart of Scotland, an office which became hereditary in his family. The correct form of the name is Stewart, not Steuart or Stuart. It was firmly believed in Iain Mac Ailain’s day that the Macleans and the Mackenzies are descended from two brothers, Giileain and Cailain. It is now well known that they are not. Ailain Muidertach, “murnain nan Gaidhel,” was killed at Sheriffmuir. Sir John Maclean and himself were first cousins and intimate companions. The Macneils of Barra and the Mackinnons generally followed Maclean of Duart. At Sheriffmuir the Mackinnons were with the Macdonals of Sleat. The poet complains of the change they had made. He tells them that they were “gun mhasladh gun mhichlin” whilst they followed the ancestors of Sir John.
AIR FOGRÁDH NÁN COCÚPS.

LE IAIN MACAILAIN.

Beir an t-soridh so bhuamsa
Gu bard ruadh Thota-Raonill;
'Nuair bha 'n aimsir an tus aig
'S ro mhath dhuisgedh e aoireadh.
'N rud cach taitnedh ri 'shuilen
Dheantedh burdan beg faoin deth;
'S 'nuair a chreichdt' e ri uaislibh
Bhiodh a dhuais na 's leoir daorid.

Ach mu'n rud s' 'chuir ort miothlachd,
Mar tha 'n cirain s' 'th' air mnathabh,
'B' fhear e thall an Duneiddenn,
'S ro bheg 'f heum 'Chlann-Ghilleain.
'S ann air leamsa 'bu choir dhaibh
Aodach broin bhi ga chaitemh,
'S gur a minic tha foirnert
Aig an seorsa ga f haighinn.

'S ann tha ferg air na duilibh
Ris 'n f hasan ur ud gu derbha;
Tha na siontan air caochladh
Ri linn daoine ga lenmhuinn.
Chan f heil mes air na crannabh,
'S chan f heil toradh 'san arbhar,
Cha d' f han iasc air a chladach,
'S chan f heil tacar 'san f hairge.

Chan ionghnadh leam sroilten
Air mnathabh coir' agus pearlinn,
Agus musalin riomhach,
Ge daor r'a dhiol sin air feilten;
Ach na broileinen anirt
'Bhi air cailinn na spreidhe,
'Dol do bhuaile no mhainnir,
'S culidh f hanaid gu leir e.
'Nuair bha aimsir an aigh anu
Chan e 'n riomhadh bu bheus daibh,
Ach mnai uaisle nan Gaidhel
A plaide bhan is a breidibh,
'Scapadh arain is caise
Air ceann ard uirigh-seise,
'S cupa rosach math laidir
Ga thoirt d' an cairdibh mar fheusda.

'Righ, bu taitnech bhi lamh riu
Mu thim taimh agus eirigh!
Bhiodh ac' meodhil is manran
Agus canran air theudabh.
Ghabh iad toghidh dhe 'n naire,
Chuir iat gnaths ann san fheile;
'S bhiodh am bonn aig luchd-siubhil,
Egal gutha no beuma.

'S e a chi mi an aite sin
An drast aca currachd,
Agus semin cleit gorach
'N delbh cleoc' air a chumadh.
Cha bhi chridh' aig an oglach
Eidedh cloth' 'chur mu 'mhuinal,
No a bhoinaid aphaigh e
'Chur 'nan lathir mu 'mhullach.

Bidh iat-fhein ann an seombar,
Gun fghacal comhraidh ach Beurla,
Gun aon duile fo 'n chruinne
Aig an duin' ach a cheile;
Bidh an seipein beg lenna
'N cosis an aingil air eibhlibh;
'S iat gun chomunn, gun choisir,
Ach ga ol air a cheile.

Beiridh ise air an scathan,
'S theid i lamh-ris an uinneig,
'S a cocup air a charadh
'Chert cho ard 's a tha 'n Lunninn.
Beiridh e-san air leobhar,
'S beg a thoghidh d'a ghunna ;
'S 'n uair a thic air a namhit
'S soirbh dha 'lamh 'chur 'na mhuinal.

'N uair a bhios a luchd-suatha
A tigh'nn cruaidh air le eucoir,
'S e gun duine r'a ghuallinn
Ach aon bhuachaille spreidhe,
Their e, 's dorrann ga 'chaithemh,
"Bu gléic m'athair 's mo mhathair,
Chuir iat uigh 'san luchd-taighe
Sel mhn faighedh nech fath Orr'.

Ach a bhaintighernan ura,
Bu mhath 'n cliu dhuibh sar ghliocas ;
'S gun 'chur air earball bhur cota
'N rud bu choir dhuibh 'bhi 'g ithedh ;
Gun 'chur an satin, no 'n tabi,
No 'm faine, no 'n ribin
'N rud a chuiredh bhur ferann
Ann am barrachd de thríoblaid.

Na gabhabh iomadidh sannta
Air 'bhi Gallta bhon dh' fhéudas,
'S na biodh bhur duil ris gach seorsa
'Bhios air bhordabh Dhuneidenn.
Ma bhios blas mel, air gach aon mhir,
'S gach aon deoch d'a reir sin,
'S gann nach faicer gun toghidh
Gum bi 'n t-oígha air on deiric.

It is almost certain that the poet meant by Bard Ruadh Thota-Raonill is Lachinn Mac-Mhic-Iain. This makes it probable that Lachinn Mac-Mhic-Iain was a son of John Roy of Totaranald, second son of John Garbh, seventh of Coll.
EALLAIN AN EICH BHAIN.

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

AM BARD.

Gu de bheir dhuit 'bhi 'fallbh gagach,
Eich bhain, 'nuair bhios sinn air choisechd?
'C' arson nach cum thu mi samhach
'S gun dean began spairn mo dhochann?
'S mise gad bhethachadh sasta,
'Cumail a lom-lan ad chorpan,
Nam fognadh feur fada fasich,
'S gun aon duine 'chach ga 'dhoichell.

AN T–ECH.

'S ann ort f hein 'bu choir dhuit arach,
Aon sarachadh 'rinn mi ort-sa.
Cha chum thu mar echabh chaich mi,
'S gur sar-mhath 'tha mi ga 'chosnadh;
Cha chum thu rud fo m' dha spagaig
Gu m' shabhaladh bho na clachabh,
'S gum fognadh dhaibh leud a bhraisde,
'Chithedh tu aig pais'd a bhrochain.

AM BARD.

Ma 's e sin do ghearan air m' fhailinn
Chail thu do naire 'san droch-uair;
Nach faic thu mo phoc' gun f hairdinn
Ghleidedh dhomh m' fhardich gun choicheid!
'Se 'n ni 'tha mo thuath ag raitinn
'Tha 'toirt lathail dhomh mo phortion,
Nach bu diochd leo mi-f hin arach,
Gun dragh an eich bhain mar ghocan.

AN T–EACH.

Cha bhi sin aca ri raitinn,
Air egal naire 'chuir ort-sa;
Dell’ aidh mise riut am mairech,
'S chan f' hag sin do chas-sa socraigh.
Ma gheibh thu ech geltach scathach
Nach tuig an f hailinn a th a ort-sa,
'S ro bheg a bhaille de spagabh
Le 'm faod e t' f hagail ad thoitain.

AM BARD.

'Fhir chridhe, cha dell’ inn gu brath riut,
Mur bhi cach bhi 'cur orm coicheid,
'Graitinn gu bheil thusa dana
'S nach ball sar-mhath dhuine bhochd thu,
Ghum bris thu cuith agus garradh
'G iarridh gach ni 's fearr dha d' chorpan,
'S air an ratadh am mesc nabadh
Nach h-aill let gun bhi air thoisech.

AN T-ECH.

'S mairg mis' 'tha fuirech 'san aite
An deantar orm tair le fochaid,
B' olc an urrinn fer mo chnamhan
'Dhol roimh echabh chaich air thoisech;
Ach air egal thus’ bhi traillail,
'S gun iatsan a ghabhair toirt dhiot,
Dheaninn dhuit mo dhichioll daonnan
Dh’ f’ heuch am faodinn bhi ’nam fochair.

Tha ’m ministir ’na dhuine sar mhath
Gu la brath’ chan iarr gu droch-bheirt;
'S tric a thug e erail laidir
Air pein a bhais gun mo dhochann.
'Nuair chuirid do ’n mhuilenn le gran mi
Mur falbhinn gu sar mhath ’m throtan,
Gheibh tedh dò shlat air mo mhasab
Le deanadas Iain Bhain na poit.

AM BARD.

'Mhic chridhe, fuiris ch mar th a thu
Dhe mhid sgan dean cach de d’ dhoichioll;
Cha dirich mis' uchd no ardan
Aig an' hailinn a tha 'm chaisain.
Rinn sinn an so chena 'dhanachd
Na chauir ar naire fo 'r casan;
Chaidh dhuinn mar a chaidh do 'n sceul sin,
Mar a du'irt an te mu 'n t-sopan.

AN SEAN DUINE.

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

Air leam fein gur truagh do dhaoine
'Bhi 'g iarridh gu aos an-mhoir,
'S a liughad car agus caochladh
A thig ri aois 's ri anmhuint.
'N nech a bhiodh ri nert a threine
Iomad te ga 'lenmhuint
'S eig'nach a bheir a bhen-phosd' d'a
Blas a poig 'na shean duin'.

Nach faic thu 'chlann mhac is nighen,
Ge dlighail an dream iat,
Dha 'n dugadh e 'chroodh 's a chapill
'S na bhiodh age 'dh-airgiod,
'N uair a chaoliches a chasan,
Is casadich ga 'lenmhuint,
Cuirdh iat le casadh fiacill
Miothlacht air an t-sean duin?

'N uair 'bhios a mhac an deidh posadh
Ri cailinn bhoidhich, bhuainidh,
A bhios fresdalach 'na fheum dha
'S anam fein an geall oirr',
Their e rithe, 'ghaoil mo ghraidh thu,
Tha aiceid a bhais teann air,
Is bidh sinne subhach, samhach,
'N uair is bas do 'n t-sean duin'.
'N uair 'bhios e treis an deidh posadh
Is nos da gum bi clann aig';
Bidh moran soin agus gaoil aige
Do dh-aobhachd an caimnte,
'S their e b' fhearr leam eistechd tacan
Ri acain mo lenabain
Na na chluinninn etar dha Dhomhnach
De ghloir b OSD on t-sean duin'.

'Nuair 'theid e 'bhaile 'chinn-chinnidh
'S iomad fer 'bheir dreang air,
'S iat ag radh le gaire lachainn
Gur h-e bata 's arm dha.
Deir an tigherna, mo thruaighe !
Bha uair a bha e greannar,
Ordichidh mi 'chur do 'n chitsin,
Ni mi iochd ri sean duin'.

'Nuair 'chluinnea an sean duin' 'ghloir sin.
'S nos da a bhi fergach ;
Gun deid moran 'sios de 'ghibhten
De 'mhisnich 's de 'mhenmna.—
'Nuair a bha mise mar-ri t' athir
A cur catha le m' armabh,
Theiredh e nach ann 's a chitsin
Gheibhinn mes am shean duin'.

Fasidh an tigerna fiata
Ri briathrabh an t-sean duin';
'S deir e ris, "a dhuine thruaigh
'S ro bheg mo luaidh de d' shenachas ;
Airson mar a bha sibhse 'gluasad
Le uabhar 's le anameinn,
'S iomad fer caption 's an uair so
Gam ruagadh-s' mu 'n ainabhf hiach."

Fregridh an sean duin 'le misnich,
'S tric leo 'bhi neo-thaingeil,
Gur h-e 'chuir an t-ainbhf hiach ur-s' ort
Meud do dhuil de 'n Ghalltachd,
A pho't bhieg 'bhi 'n cois an tellich
'S blas mela air a h-enrich,
A cose an ni le 'n cumadh t' athir.
Luchd-taighe le'n armabh.'

'S e 'ghloir sin a thuitem bhuaithethe
Car tuathal an t-sean duin',
Cuirar maor air fèdh na duthcha
Ga cur fo umhlaith caillte,
Gun nech a thoirt bidh, no lepa,
No caidrimh, no cainne,
No sion a dh' fhaodas a bhi aca
Do chlaigenn an t-sean duin.'

'N uair a theid e do 'n taigh-osda
'Thoisechadh ri dram ol,
'H-uile flescach, barrail, boidhach
Le 'sporan oir is airgid,
De dherbh chaireden diles, delidh,
'Bha anam an geallorr',
Cuiridh iat gu ceann na h-uirdh
Uilenn ann san t-sean duin'.

'N uair a theid e 'thaigh-na-curtach
'N deidh a spuinnedh le anacert,—
'S mar tha gach donas dha 'g eirigh,
Chan i 'Bheurla 's cainnt da,—
Thig scolair a's domhin munadh
Mac umbidh no lamhraig,
'S bheir e le feobhas a ghiulain
Cert na cuis' bho 'n t-sean duin.'

An sin 'n uair 'chi e le 'shuilibh
Gach cuis air na crampaig,
'S nach h-'eil nech fo ghath na greine
'Ni dha feum ri aimcheist,
Fasidh e toilech air gluasad
Le buaidh do 'n taigh ghemhridh,
Far am faigh e Maighstir pailt
A bheir dha cert gun airgid.

Lamhrag, a slovenly woman.

---

LAOIDH.

LE IAIN MAC AILAIN.

'Thi chumhachdich nan cumhdachdan,
'S a Chruathadair 'tha shuas,
Tha do shuilen mion-eolach
Mu f'hinechan nan sluagh,
An nech ris am bi t' esontas
Cha bhi e fada buan,
S gu bheil t' armailt agus t' f'hechdan
Air an nertachadh le 'buaidh.

Is nearachd nech air secharan
A thachraich riut 'sa chluain,
'S a chithedh meud na maiselachd
'Tha air do chert 's do buaidh.
'S e sin 'bu daingenn taitnech dha,
'Nuair 'bhiodh e 'n airc no 'n cruas,
Do ghairdain-sa 'bhi faisce dha,
'S fer-taic Thu anns gach guais.

Tha cian nan cian on bhechdichedh,
Aír stapuinnen do bhuidh,
Nach h'-eil ann cruithair fertach
Ach 'n triuir phersa 'tha r'a luaidh,
'Rinn beinn is coill' is machrichen,
'Rinn cuan is clach is cruas,
'S a dhioghail mort nam macanabh
'S an Eiphait fad o 'n uair.
'Na aodhir treud' mar dh' innseadh dhuinn
Bha 'n ti 'fhuair ordagh bhuit,
Gu bhi 'na cheanntart smachdalach
Air uibhir pailt de shluagh.
Thug Thu Aron mar dheaghdh shagirt da
Gun lapachas, gun luas,
'S chuir Thu brigh 's an t-slataic sin
'Bhiodh 'na nathir iomad uair.

Dh' fhoghnadh do ghniomh miorbhuiltech
A dh-innse miad do bhuidh,
'N uair' thug thu pobull Israel
Bho chisibh troimh 'n Mhuir Ruaidh.
A bhuidhenn 'bu luchd-strithe dhaibh
Le miorun is le fuath,
Cha d' fhan a h-aon an lathir diu
Gun bhathadh ann sa chuan.

'Nuair 'bha Maois 's an f'hasach
Is e 'cumail t' abhair suas,
'S iat cumhachdan do ghairdain-s'.
'Bha ga 'shabhaladh gach uair.
Thuc Thu burn thun feumalachd
A eudann creige cruaidh,
'S chuir Thu brigh 'san nathir phraisich
Gu slanachadh an t-sluaiigh.

Chuir Thu reull gu 'n sabhaladh
'S an speur a b' airde shuas,
Gu'n stuiradh ann sna cearnichibh
'Bu stathaile de'n chluain.
Mar iul aig cumhachd ard ghliocais,
No stuiir air ardrich cuain,
Bhiodh meall teine 'na aite sin
'S an oidhch' dha 'n gnath 'bhi fuar.

'S iomad ait 'san d' fhairich iat
Do charthannachd gun 'fhuath,
'S an d' rinn Thu fresdal ath'rail dhaibh
Ri 'n ainnis is ri 'n cruas.
'N uair a dhiult an talamh dhaibh
Blath no tenal scuabib,
'S Tus' a dhoirt am mana orr'
Bho nebh nan aingel shuas.

Airson an f hresdil shaibhir sin
Thug iatsan mar dhroch dhuais
Aoradh an De 'shabhail iat
Do dh-iomhaigh ghrabhailt' thraighh.
Chuir thu lagh gu 'n sabhaladh
O'n bheinn a b' airde shuas,
'S thaisbain Thu le t' aithne dhaibh
Do thoil 's gach cas 'san gluais.

Luchd t' esontais chan ardich ort,
Chan fhaigh 'sna blarabh buaideh;
An triuir sin 'rinn le danadas
A chennairec ghrainail 'suas
Tha 'm breithanas 'a tharlaideh dhaibh
'Na scathan soilleir buan;
Do shluig an talamh fasail iat,
'S bi lorg an sail' an uaigh.

Chunnic an righ Paganach
Aisling araid uair,
Is b' aill leis daoine 'bhasachadh
Mur h-innst' i dha 's a buaideh.
Thaisbain Thus' a Dhanil i,
Bhon 's e 'nad ghradh a ghluais,
Is mhol e le mor thaingalachd
Am maighistir bho 'n d' fhuair.

Bha righ Nebuchadnessar
'N a chridhe f hein cho cruaidh
Is nach b' fhiach leis gillechdinn
Do Thriath nan nebhan shuas;
Chuir e 'n triuir dha 'n robh 'n sar-chreidemh
An amhinn teine guail,
Is gleidh Thusa gu sabhailt-iat,
Gun bholadh dath' dhe 'n gruaig.

Chaidh Iona mar f hear-techdirechd,
'S mar f haidh des-f haclach bhuit;
'Nuair 'dh' f has a chreidemh failinnech
Rug anradh air 'sa chuan.
Dh' uidhimich Thu mor-mhioil dha
Gu 'shlugadh beo gun ghuais,
Is liubhir i air t' ordagh-s' e
Air a chorsa bharr 'n do ghluais.

Ghabh e ferg gu morchuisech
Le ardan gorach truagh,
'Chionn fad-bheirt a bhi 'd throcir-sa
Ri iompidh f hoil do shluigh.
Air tulich far 'n do chomhnich e,
'Sna thuit air seorsa suain,
Thog e bothag eugsamhil
Gu 'dhion o ghrein 's o f huachd.

A mhic an duin' 'tha ardanach,
Cia 'n t-abhar mu bheil t' uaill?
'S gur h-ann de dh-uir gun chailechd
'Tha do scail air 'dheanamh suas.
Ciod a b' fhiach thu 'n Ard-Righ,
'Nuair a ghabh e 't abhar truas,
'S gun dug e 'mhae gu'r sabhaladh
O bhruid an amhghir chruaidh!

A Bhith nam bith 'th' air t' ardachadh
Mar nach eol do chach thoirt suas,
'Tha gun tus, guu chrich, gun daibhres,
Is a mhaires lathail, buan,
'S co-sholus oidhche 's la dhuit,
Is ni araid sin r'a luaidh;
Tha ianlith 's iasc gan arach let,
Ged nach dean iat Mart no buain.

Mo chutrom uile ort fagidh mi,
'Thi shabhail mi gach uair,
'S a rinn fresdal saibhir dhomh
'Nuair 'bha mi 'n cas no 'n cruas;
O gleidh, a Chruithair ghrasmhoir mi,
Gu la mo bhaís 's gum uaigh;
An onair an Ti 'shabhail mi
Cum cunnart shatain bhuam.

Is nearachd nech, happy is the one.

APPENDIX.

THE BOOK OF DEER.

The book of Deer belonged to the Culdee Monastery of Deer, in Arberdeenshire. It is chiefly in Latin, but contains several entries in Gaelic. The Gaelic portion of it was written about the year 1100. It was published in 1869. We give the following sentence from it:—Colunmicle acus-dtostan mac cosgreg adalta tangator ahí marroalseg dia doib gonic abbordoboir acusbede cruthnec robomormaer buchan araginn acusesse rothidnaig doib ingathraig sain iusaere gobraith omormaer acusothosec. It may be thus rendered into modern Gaelic:—Calumcille agus Drostan mac Chosgraich, a dalta, thainig a I, mar a dh’ fhoillich Dia dhaibh, gu ruig Abar-dobhair, agus (is e) Bede, Cruithneach, a bu Mhor-mhaor Bhuchain air an cionn, agus is e a thiodhlaic dhaibh a chathair sin an saorsa gu brath o Mhor-mhaor agus o Thoiseach. The meaning may be given in English as follows:—Columcille and Drostan, son of Cosgrach, his pupil came from I, as God had revealed to them, unto Aberdour, and Bede, a Pict, was Great Steward of Buchan when they came, and it was he that gifted to them that town in freedom forever from Great Steward and Leader.
The extract from the Book of Deer shows to some extent the changes that have taken place both in the pronunciation and spelling of Gaelic words since the year 1100. We give a few words, not contained in that extract. We give first the old form of the word, next its modern form, and then its meaning.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Aen</th>
<th>Aon</th>
<th>One</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bec</td>
<td>Beag</td>
<td>Little</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bennacht</td>
<td>beannachd</td>
<td>A blessing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carric</td>
<td>Carraig</td>
<td>A rock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cet</td>
<td>Cend</td>
<td>A hundred</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cland</td>
<td>Clann</td>
<td>Offspring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cuit</td>
<td>Cuid</td>
<td>Share</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Der</td>
<td>Deur</td>
<td>A tear</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dub</td>
<td>Dubh</td>
<td>Black</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ec</td>
<td>Eug</td>
<td>Death</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Étach</td>
<td>Eudach or aodach,</td>
<td>Clothes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fer</td>
<td>Fear</td>
<td>A man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grisad</td>
<td>Griosadh</td>
<td>Beseeching</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iat</td>
<td>Iad</td>
<td>They</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ingen</td>
<td>Nighean</td>
<td>Daughter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loisc</td>
<td>Loig</td>
<td>Burn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mulenn</td>
<td>Muileann</td>
<td>A mill</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nert</td>
<td>Neart</td>
<td>Strength</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oc</td>
<td>Og</td>
<td>Young</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peccad</td>
<td>Peacadh</td>
<td>Sin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Recht</td>
<td>Reachd</td>
<td>Law</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosc</td>
<td>Rosg</td>
<td>The eye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scian</td>
<td>Sgian</td>
<td>A knife</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tet</td>
<td>Teud</td>
<td>A cord</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uisce</td>
<td>Uisge</td>
<td>Water</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A long vowel such as e in cet, der, ec and tet had a mark placed over it to indicate that it was long.

THE BOOK OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE.

James Macgregor, son of Dughall Maol, son of Iain Riabhach, appears in authentic documents as a notary public in 1511, and as Dean of Lismore in Argyleshire in 1511. He collected a large number of Gaelic poems, chiefly about the year 1512. He employed a peculiar kind of phonetic orthography. He died in 1551. His collection was published in 1862, by that well-known Gaelic scholar and devoted Highlander, the Rev. Dr. Thomas McLauchlan.
The following lines are from it:—

Claive trome tortoyl nach gann
Gi tenn er teive in ir vor
A giymirt class ossi chind
Is a techt in genn tloy.

In modern orthography these lines would read thus:

Claidheamh trom toirtseil nach gann,
Gu teann air taobh an fhir mhoir,
Ag iomairt chleas os a chionn
Is e teadh an ceann an t-sloigh.

DR. MACLEAN'S MANUSCRIPT.

Dr. Hector Maclean was the only son of Lachlan Maclean of Grulin by his wife, Jennet, daughter of John Macleod, second of Bernera and first of Contullich. He was a well-educated man. He spent several years in Flanders and Holland. He married Catherine, daughter of Donald Maclean of Coll by his wife, Marion, daughter of Sir Norman Macleod, first of Bernera. He resided in Glasgow several years after his marriage. He lived during the latter part of his life on the farm of Erray, about a mile from Tobermory. He collected a large number of valuable Gaelic poems. He had one child, a daughter named Mary. He died about the year 1785. After his death his widow resided with her nephew, Alexander Maclean of Coll.

Dr. Maclean wrote down the poems he collected in a strongly bound book, which is about twelve inches in length, seven and a half inches in breadth, and an inch and a quarter in thickness. The date, 1768, is stamped on the cover. The writing is very plain. There is not the slightest difficulty in reading it.

Dr. Johnson and Boswell spent a night at Dr. Maclean's house in 1773. The Doctor himself was not at home, so that the travellers had to be entertained by his wife and daughter. Dr. Johnson says that he found very kind entertainment and very pleasing conversation, and could have been well contented to stay longer. Miss Maclean read and translated for him two poems from her father's collection. She also gave him several tunes on a spinnet, and sang along with it. The next day in speaking of her, he said to Boswell, "Miss Maclean is the most accomplished lady that I have found in the Highlands. She knows French, music, and drawing, sews neatly, makes shell-
work, and can milk cows; in short she can do everything. She talks sensibly, and is the first person I have found that can translate Gaelic poetry literally."

Miss Maclean, Mari nigh'n an Dotair, was born and bred in Glasgow. She had not learnt Gaelic in her childhood; it was after she had come to Mull that she acquired it. With all her accomplishments her life was an unfortunate one. She fell in love with a man named Duncan Mackenzie, who was in every respect her inferior. Rather than displease her father she remained single a long time. But shortly after his death, June 6th, 1786, she became the wife of the man she loved. They lived in Tobermory, and were in poor circumstances. Mackenzie died in 1800. After his death Mary was supported by Alexander Maclean of Coll. She died in 1826. She was buried at Kilmore, about seven miles from Tobermory, but no stone marks her grave. She had no children.

Mary Maclean took good care of her father’s collection of Gaelic poetry. It is evident that several poems at the end of it were written down by herself. She gave the collection to John Maclean, the poet, about the year 1818. She told him that she had been anxious to publish it, but had been too poor to pay the cost. She expressed a hope that it would be published some day. She must have been at that time over seventy years of age. John Maclean brought the collection with him to Nova Scotia in 1819.

The following are the contents, word for word and letter for letter of the first page of Dr. Maclean’s MS.:

Orain le Iain Mc Iloin aun Muil, Mac Alain Mc Itain Mc Ailen.

ORAN DON SEAUNDUINE.

1. 
Hoir leam fein gur truodh do dhaoi
Bhi giaridh go aois anbharich,
'S leubhad car agus caochladh
Thig re aois 's re anmhenn.
Neach a bheadh re neart a threin
Iomaodh te ga lenamhainn
Seignach i beir bhean phosd
Blas a poig don teaunduin.
2.

Nach faic thu chlaun mhac is inghin
Ga dlighail an draum iad,
Ga dugaodh e chrodh si chaplain
'Sna bhiodh aig dhairgaid,
Nuir a chaolichis chasan
Is casadich ga leanmhuint
Cuireadh iad le casaoth iocall
Mhlach air in teaunduin.

3.

Nuir bhios mhac indeigh posigh
Ri calin bogheaoch baint,
Bhios freisdalaoch na fem dha
Is anum fein an geul ora,
Her e ri ghaol mo ghraidh
Tha aichaid a bhas teun air,
'S beadh sin fein gu sudhach samhoch
Nuir 's bas don teaunduin.

4.

Nuir bhios e treus an deigh posigh
Snos da gu mbi clauin aig;
Bugh moran son is gaoil aig
Aobhichd an caint,
'S deir e beareum eistachd taccan
Re aden mo lenubain
Na na chluinín eder dha dhomhnach
Du ghloir bhosd teaunduin.

5.

Nuair heid e bhaile chinn chinich
Simaodh fear bher dreang air
Siad aig rah le gaire lachan
Gur bata is arm dha.
Dear in Tighurna mo thruidhe,
Bha uair bha e greunair,
Orduegh mi chur don chisten
Ni mi iochc re seunduin.

6.

Nuir cleuin seunduin ghloir sin
Snos da bhi feargaoch;
Gun deuid moran sios da ghiften,
Da mhisnich s da mhenmna.
Nuair bha mis mari tather
Cnr cah le marmaobh
Deiraogh e nach aun si cheisten
Gheubhin meas am seaunduin.

7.
Fasigh an tighearn fiate
Rì briathraobh an teaunduin,
Deir e ris duine thraidh
Sro bheg mo luodh dòd heanachas,
Air son mar bha shibhis gluosod
Le uabher sle anamein,
Sheamaodh fer captian si nur sho
Cam riogaodhs mo nainmhaoch.

8.
Freagridh e sheunduin le misnich,
Strc leo bhi neo haingel,
Gur e chuir an tainmhaoch uirs ort
Meud do dhuil don Ghaultachd
I phoit bheg bhi 'n cois tealllich
Is blas meal air a henaich,
A cosg ni le cumaodh tathuir
Luchd tagha le narmabh.

THE MODE OF SPELLING FOLLOWED IN THIS WORK.

We have been guided in spelling by the following rules:—
1. Spell every word as it is pronounced. There are several violations of this rule; as Caimbeulach on page 19, uarchair on page 25, and chennaich on page 125, in place of Caimbalach, uairch, and chennich.

2. When you can use either bh or mh, as in naobh or naomh, gh or dh, as in paighedh or paidhedh, follow the oldest form or the spelling required by the root. Of course this rule cannot be carried out as it should be until a Gaelic dictionary on the same plan as Skeat's Etymological Dictionary of the English Language be published.

3. Spell the same word in the same way. There are a few violations of this rule. We find Nimhais in one place and Nibhais in two or three places. We should have written Nimhais or Nimheis everywhere. Again we find giuthas in one place and giubhas and giubhsach in other places. We should have written giuthas or giuas everywhere, and
gusach in place of giubhsach. The oldest form of the word that we can find is giuis. Sid occurs in two or three places for sud or siod, and cha'n in one or two places for chan; but these are mere slips.

4. Let eu always represent the long sound of e in feuim.
5. Let ea always represent the long sound of e in fearr, ceann. We notice a few violations of this rule; as in feadh on page 149, and ann san fheascar on page 151, which should be fedh and ann san fhescar.

6. Let the short sounds of e be represented simply by e, as in fer, fed, for fear, fead.
7. In adding terminations beginning with ea or a write e after i, and a after e, a, o, u: as in tir-en, cas-an; firinn-ech, ardan-ach; mill-edh, bual-adh; naidh-echd, marc-achd. In an unaccented syllable e and a have the same sound.

We are not in favor of this rule. It is just the rule of lethann ri lethann and caol ri caol. We think it would be better to use a in every position. Perhaps un might be used to form the plural, and an simply to form diminutives. This would give us tir-un, cas-un; bior-an, fer-an.

8. In forming the dative plural write ibh after i, and abh after e, a, o, u: as in cir-ibh; fer-abh, lach-abh, bord-abh, lunn-abh. Why not write cir-abh, and thus have uniformity? Because we believe that whilst the great majority of those who sound the bh say cir-ubh, a few of them give the i its proper sound, and say cir-ibh.

9. Change sg everywhere into sc. In behalf of this change it may be urged, first, that Latin, Greek, English, and other Indo-Keltic languages use sc or sk, and that we should follow the same mode of spelling unless compelled by necessity to depart from it; secondly, that Gaelic scholars in the palmiest days of our language invariably used sc; and, thirdly, that those who are taught in school in English would find it easier to learn to read Gaelic if we used sc. Against the change it may be urged that to those who know the sound of Gaelic g, sc represents the pronunciation with perfect accuracy. We admit that from a phonetic point of view there is no objection to sg. We do not say that the change of sg to sc is desirable. It may or may not.

10. In words in which d or g has taken the place of an original t or c, restore the original letter. We have applied this rule regularly only in a few words, such as iad, eadar, ciad, coig, Gilleasbuig, which we have written iat, etar, ciat, coic, Gillesbic.

11. As n after u or i, in an unaccented syllable, has invariably its liquid sound, it is not necessary to write nn. Under the influence of this labor-saving rule we have written aodun, comun, 'tighin, alin, in place of aodunn, comunn, 'tighinn, alinn. We disapprove of this rule. We abandoned it before we came to the end of the work.
12. Throw away all useless apostrophes. We may state that this work was written out in the current orthography, and that in changing it we omitted in a few instances to score out a silent vowel or useless apostrophe, or to convert sg to sc. We may also have made a few other trifling omissions.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES.

There are several typographical errors: but they are, with scarcely an exception, of very little consequence. We have noticed the following:—


bratich for bhratich. P. 91, errbal it' eididh for errball t'
eididh. P. 93, ithar for iat thar. P. 94, 'San 't-sith for
san t-sith. P. 101, 7, Chair for Chuir. P. 102, Druml-
uaichdair for Drum-uachdir, and painechas for painhechas.
P. 10 3, reidein for reidhein. Page 107, Eoghinn for
Eoghan. P. 110, about for about. P. 111, 13, ghruan for
ghruain. P. 112, 24, Shiochd-an-taighe for Siochd-
antaghe. P. 113, 25, ruim for rium. P. 114, fialidh for
fialidh. P. 115, 'S budes for 's bu des. P. 116, Muic-Duibhe
for Muic-Duibhe. P. 118, 12, biodh for bhiodh. Page 120,
18, choillich for choollich. P. 122, Triath Cholla for Triath
Chola. P. 123, ballich for balich, and laimsiched for
'laimsichedh. P. 126, 'n t-urram for 'n t-urram, 'theol for
feol', and A bhallich for A ballich. P. 128, B'
urran for B' ur an. P. 129, fhionn-fhuil for fhion-fhuil, and
Leis and radh for Leis an rath. P. 134, fear-oimn for ferinn.
for Lamh. P. 140, n-anam for n-anam. P. 142, Achallader
for Achallader. Page, 143, 3ist for 3ist. P. 144, Mar Iain
for Mr. Iain. P. 145, socainn for socain. P. 146, 28, cid for
cia. P. 152, 5, gioir for ghloir. P. 153, cuiren for cuier
P. 154, gui for gun. P. 156, Mac Gillemhoirr for Mac-
Gillemhoire, ghabhe e gal for ghabh e egal, ri 'chelle for ri
'chelle, nash for nach, 'S sheibh thu paidhedh for 'S gheibh
thu paighedh, 'Nuair 'thogadh tu ridhe h-aotach for 'Nuair
'thogadh tu rith' a h-aodach, luain inche for luainiche. P.
157, cuig for coic, b' urruin e for b' urrin e, and di-luain in
three or four places for Di-luain. P. 165, iondriun for
ionndriun. P. 166, venus for Venus, and feirrein for feir-
nein. P. 169, 12, Glac, for Glac. P. 170, 32, Chumas for
'chumas. P. 171, 37, or for nor. P. 173, 2, mar for mur.
P. 175, 12, fallach for 'fallach. P. 176, chomradh for chom-
radh, and ballchail fot balchalch. P. 178, i, Gar for Gur.
P. 179, 26, 'Bha gun for Bha gun. P. 181, Erimhain for
Erimhain. P. 182, arbar shiol for arbar sil. P. 184, 12,
dhiobhail for dhiubhail, and air cuirn for air crun. P. 186
baintighern Hamara for baintigherna Hamara, and Gu
Shell for Gu shell. P. 187, 13, siochd for siochd, Eber
for Eibher, Eremen for Erimhan, and Chiat tóisech for
'Chiat toisech. P. 189, co'gdh for cogadh. P. 181, 2, fal-
achd for folachd. P. 192, ghlaistedh for ghluasteadh, and
fionnfeadh for Fianntachd. P. 193, daughter for a
daughter, Stewart of Scotland for Steward of Scotland,
Gilleain for Gilleain, and murnain for murnain. P. 194, 7,
cach for nach; 16, chaitemh fot chaithemh. P. 196, mel,
air for mel 'air. P. 197, Ealain for Ealain. P. 198, dhuine
bochd for 'duine bochd, and na poit for na poite. P. 200
bo'd on for bosd an, and chluinnea for 'cluinne. P. 205,
guu for gun. P. 206, 19, dtostan for drostan, and Crui-
thon in Cruithnech.
On p. xii, 18, this sound should be the third sound of u.
P. 3.—Is MAIRG DO ‘N GALAR AN GRadh. This poem
is from the Dean of Lismore’s Book. We may or may not
have given the substance of it. It is very difficult to read
the Dean’s book.

P. 13. In the line, Tha blath mo bhogh’ ann am uchd,
Ranald Macdonald has blag, half; Gillies has blagh, fame;
whilst Turner has blath, effect.

P. 35—IORRAM NA TRUAI.GHE. This poem is taken
from Ranald Macdonald’s collection. It is very irregular
in versification as given in that work. We have made several
changes in the words used; but none, so far as we know,
in the ideas expressed.

On p. 41, He commanded, etc. should be He was
Lieutenant-Colonel of the MacLeod regiment.

P. 47.—The stanza beginning Thug Iar’ Ogilbhi’s
Eirli, should be deleted. We find that we have not given
it correctly. It is very obscure in the MS.

P. 56. Probably tigherna Ghearrrloch should be tighern’
Chinn-Ghearrrloch. There can be no doubt that the person
meant is Maclean of Kingerloch.

P. 58.—Archibald MacDonald etc. should be Archibald
Macdonald, An Ciaran Mabach, was a natural son of Donald
Gorm Og, eighth baron of Sleat.

On p. 91, line 7, sliogach should be slighech. Slighech
means sly, cunning, full of stratagems.

P. 116.—CHA TAOBH MI NA SKRATHAN. This poem
was written down by a man who has it by heart and sent to
us in 1888. We have given it word for word as we got it,
except Beinn Muic’-Duibhe, which was Beinn Mac-Duibhe.
A version of it appeared in the “Oban Times” of September
27th, 1890. The person who sent it to that paper says that
the poem was composed by MacArthair Beinn-thuire, in
1685. He has Beinn-an-luighe where we have Beinn Muic’
Duibhe, Beinn-mheadhoin where we have Beinn Bheathain,
and Beinn-bhurlaich where we have Beinn Mhurnain.
Beinn-thuiric is in Glenfyne, Argyleshire.

P. 156.—GED A THA MO CHOIRC’ AN CUNNART. The
first eleven lines should have been printed at follows:—

Ged a tha mo choirc’ an cunnart
’Bhi air a fhroisidh gu builech,
Tha Daibhidh ag radh e ’dh-th’hulang,
Nach dig e dhe ’n bheirt an diugh dhomh.

Daibhidh greosgach, crom, ciar,
’S gile ’n rocas no ’bhian;
Bha mi eolach air riabh,
Fer ’bu ghreoiliche riabh.

A Daibhidh an deid thu ’bhuan,
’S gheibh thu paighedh Di-luain?
Cha deid, arsa Daibhidh.
The first four lines have been lost. Those given by us have been merely inserted to make up the stanza.

A few stanzas of this work will be found in Gillies's collection, at page 138. The first stanza in that work is as follows:—

Thoirt fios gu brebadair no beirte,
‘Thuirt rium gun do bhris mi ‘aitrebh,
Gum faigh e paignedh air an fhaiche
Le tri chualart de mhaide secidh.
Comb-thoirin laidir do ’n chu
‘Thug a bhairlinn ud dhuinn ;
Sud am paignedh ’s math lium,
Thu ’bhi ’fagail na duthch’.

P. 176.—Delete FONN.—"Cabar feidh."

P. 194.—AIR FOGRADH NAN COCUPS. Cocups is evidently for cock-ups. Semincleit is in the MS. ceminclet. Tabi is from the English word tabby, a kind of rich, waved silk.