

[DA 1]

Comhchruinneachadh  
Ghlinn-a-Bhaird:

<eng>THE GLENBARD COLLECTION  
OF  
GAELIC POETRY.

BY THE  
REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

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[DA 3]

PREFACE

JOHN MACLEAN, the Poet, was born in Tyree, Argyleshire, in 1787, and came to Nova Scotia in 1819. He lived in Glenbard in the county of Antigonish. He died in 1848. Whilst in Scotland he made a large collection of Gaelic poetry. He also came into possession of a valuable collection made in Mull by Dr. Hector Maclean, about the year 1768. He brought both collections with him to this country. Christy, the eldest of his family, was married to John Sinclair from the Parish of Reay in Caithness. I am their son. Owing to the influence of my mother, and indeed of all my surroundings, I have been led from my youth to take an interest in the poetry, legends, traditions, and history of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

I have now in my possession John Maclean's manuscript collection, Dr. Maclean's manuscript collection, and the Gaelic manuscript of the Rev.

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James Macgregor, D. D., author of Dain a Chomhnadh Crabhuidh. During the last twenty-one years, whenever I met a person who had old Gaelic poems by heart, poems not in any book, I have been in the habit of getting him to recite them, and writing them down. I have in this way collected quite a number of valuable poems.

I know that if I do not publish the poems in my possession no one else will. I know also that unless I publish them, they are likely to perish; and Gaelic literature is not of so extensive a character that this should be allowed to happen. Besides, I feel that it would be utterly unbecoming on my part not to publish at least the manuscripts brought to this country by my grandfather. Influenced by these reasons I have resolved to publish all the poems that I have.

Some of the poems in this work have been taken from old collections that are now out of print, such as Ranald Macdonald's collection, Gillies's collection, A. and D. Stewart's collection, and Turner's collection. It may be a comparatively easy matter to procure one or two of these collections in the old country; in this country it is impossible to obtain any of them. The few poetical works brought with them by the early immigrants were borrowed, handled, and used until they became reduced to tattered fragments.

Of what use, it may be asked, are the old poems in this work? In the first place, some of them are useful merely as poems, whilst others are not.

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I am very far from thinking that all the poetry in this work is of a high order; some of it is very poor. In the second place, all the old poems in this work are useful as Gaelic compositions. Those who composed them understood the language in which they thought and sung. If we want to learn Gaelic correctly we must study the works of the Gaelic bards, J. F. Campbell's *Sgeulachdan Gaidhealach*, and Norman McLeod's *Cuairtear nan Gleann*. In the third place, the old poems in this work are exceedingly useful from a historic point of view. They throw much light upon the thoughts, feelings, aims, habits and actions of the old Highlanders. We can learn the external history of the Highlands from Skene's works, but if we wish to learn the inner history of the Highlanders, the real history of the people, we must study the works left us by the Gaelic bards. We find the history of a people in their poetry far more than in their chronicles.

It may be said that this book would sell much better if I had omitted some of the old poems and inserted modern and popular songs. I have no doubt that it would. But my aim has not been either to make a collection that would sell readily or a collection of popular songs. This collection with all its defects will serve my chief purpose. It will help to give, to such as may take an interest in them, the old poems in the manuscripts in my possession. The manuscripts may perish, but probably some copies of this work will be preserved.

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I have published only two hundred copies of this work, and I have had it printed in as cheap a manner as possible. The greater part of it was published in newspapers, and struck off from the type of the newspapers for publication in book form. From page 1 to the end of page 128 appeared in the "Island Reporter," Baddeck, Cape Breton; from page 129 to the end of page 220, and also from page 261 to the end of page 322, in the same paper, after it had been transferred to Sydney, Cape Breton. The forty pages between page 220 and page 261 appeared in the "Pictou News."

The typographical errors are very numerous, but this is not to be wondered at. The printers did not understand a word of Gaelic. The proofs had to be sent me by mail. It was inconvenient to send proofs to me more than once. A few of the proofs I never saw. I have given a full list of corrections, so that any one who desires to read the poems can do so without any difficulty.

I have arranged the poems, as far as practicable, in chronological order in the Index. With regard to a few of them, I do not know when, where, or by whom they were composed.

A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

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

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AN CLAR-INNSE.

[TD 1]

JOHN MACDONALD, THE LOCHABER BARD.

Alastair Carrach Macdonald, third son of John, first Lord of the Isles, by Margaret, daughter of Robert II., King of Scotland, who was a grandson of Robert Bruce, was the founder of the family of Keppoch, Clann Domhnaill a Bhraighe. He was succeeded by his son, Aonghas na Feairte. Aonghas na Feairte had two sons, Donald and Alexander. Donald, who succeeded his father in the Braes of Lochaber, was killed in a battle with the Stewarts of Appin and the Maclarens, about the year 1497. To Donald succeeded his only son, John, who was known as Iain Alainn. Iain Alainn, in consequence of his having delivered up to the vengeance of the Clan Chattan one of his followers, Domhnall Ruadh Beag Mac-Gille-Mhanntaich, was deposed from the chieftainship by his clan. His cousin, Domhnall Glas, son of Alastair, son of Aonghas na Feairte, was chosen in his place. After his deposition, Iain Alainn moved to a place called An Urchair. His descendants were known as Sliochd Dhomhnaill, and also as Sliochd a Bhrathar bu Shine. They were sometimes termed, by way of reproach, Shiochd an t-Siapa. They were designated by this name in consequence of having delivered

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up Domhnall Ruadh Beag to the Clan Chattan. John Macdonald, or Iain Lom the famous bard, was the son of Donald, son of John, son of Donald, son of Iain Alainn, the deposed chief. He had thus the blood of the Lords of the Isles, the Stewarts, and the illustrious Bruce, in his veins.

The year of Iain Lom's birth is not known. We know, however, that he was present at the battle of Stron-a Chlachain in 1640. We know also that he was a man of a good deal of prominence in 1645, the year in which the battle of Inverlochy was fought. We would not probably be very far astray if we were to say that he was born about the year 1620. He died in 1709. He possessed mental powers of a high order, and was a man of real honesty and intense earnestness. He was a poet of great ability.

The following extracts will show what kind of man Iain Lom was, and also what competent judges think of his poetry:

"John Macdonald was one of the most remarkable bards of modern times. He was commonly called Iain Lom, and sometimes Iain Manntach or Iain Mabach from an impediment in his speech. He composed as many poems as would fill a large volume. Most of his compositions have great merit. He lived from

the the rein of Charles the First to the time of King William. Charles the Second settled a yearly pension upon him for officiating as his bard. As many of his poems mention the chief transactions of the times, as well as the names of the

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princes, chiefs and nobility whose achievements he sang, they carry their dates in their bosoms, and fix the era in which they were composed. He lived to an extreme old age, so that there are still a few people of very advanced years who remember to have seen him."—Remarks on Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, by the. Rev. Donald McNicol, published in the year 1799.

"Of the political school of Gaelic bards the most remarkable poet the Highlands have produced was John Macdonald, commonly called Iain Lom. He lived during the stormy period of the commonwealth, and entered warmly into the political questions of his day in the Highlands. He was a strenuous partizan of the House of Stewart, and did as much for their interest in the north by his muse as was accomplished by any other influence brought to bear upon the popular mind. He was a Roman Catholic, and his religion combined with his politics in giving a bias to his views, and force and point to his verses. Charles the Second appointed him a sort of Poet Laureat for Scotland, and conferred upon him a small pension, which it is said he enjoyed until the period of his death. Many of his Jacobite compositions have been handed down to us. In these two things are remarkable; his fierce appeals to the passions of the clans favorable to the royal cause, and his equally violent denunciations of those opposed to it."—Keltic Gleanings, by the Rev. Thomas McLauchlan, LL. D., Edinburgh.

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"Of the personal history of Iain Lom, very little is known for certain. He was of the family of Mac-Mhic-Raonail, or Macdonalds of Keppoch, and, living through the greater part of the reigns of Charles I. and II., died unmarried, a very old man, in the autumn of 1709. He was a man of considerable education, which we have heard accounted for by one likely to be well informed on such a matter, by the assertion that he had been for some years in training for the priesthood at the college of Valladolid in Spain, when some unpardonable indiscretion caused his expulsion from that seminary, and his return to Scotland as a gentleman at large—a sort of hybrid nondescript, half clerical and half lay. His poetical powers are of a very high order, and he was unquestionably a man of very superior talents. In the wild times in which he lived his talents and habits of life caused him to become a very prominent man indeed. To Montrose and Alastair Mac Cholla-Chiotaich, as well as afterwards to Graham, Lord Viscount Dundee, he was well known, and by them all much trusted and employed on the most delicate political embassies. No man of his day knew the Highlands and its temper so thoroughly. In those wonderful campaigns which, true in every particular, yet read like Mediaeval romances, in which Montrose made himself the talk and envy of every soldier in Europe, it is certain that he consulted Iain Lom at almost every step. A brief but characteristic note, which we have more than once

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seen and read, from the great Marquis to the Bard, was in possession of the late Rev. Dr. Macintyre, minister of Kilmonivaig, and is probably still preserved in the family as a very valuable and interesting relic, which in truth it is. It consists but of some half dozen lines, but when we find the Marquis declaring himself, under his own hand, from his "Camp near Kilsyth," Iain Lom's "very loving and true friend to command," we may be pretty sure that the Brae-Lochaber Bard was a man of no small account and consequence in his day. Of his poetry it is hardly possible to speak too highly. Rough and rugged, and rude almost always, it yet hits the mark arrived at so unmistakeably that you cannot but applaud."—*Twixt Ben Nevis and Glencaie*, by the Rev. Alexander Stewart, LL. D., author of "Nether Lochaber."

Iain Lom was buried at Dun-Aingal in the Braes of Lochaber. A very beautiful and substantial monument was erected over his grave a few years ago. It is ten feet in height and richly ornamented. The inscription, as of course it ought to be, is in Gaelic.

It is to be regretted that Iain Lom's poems have never been published in a collected form. That such should be the case is not at all to the credit of his countrymen.<gai>

[TD 6]

RANN.

LE IAIN LOM.

Chaidh Iain Lom uair, is e 'na bhalach og, comhla ri athair agus feadhain eile gu baile Inbhernis. Air dhaibh cruinneachadh anns an taigh osda 'san robh iad a dol a dh'fhuireach fad na h-oidhche, thachair do choigreach a bha 'nam measg ni eigin a radh mu Iain. Cha luaithe a bha na facail a bheul na thubhairt Iain mar fhreagairt da:

Breith luath, lochdach,  
Breith air loth pheallagaich,  
No air giullan breac-luirgneach.

Air d'a athair na buathran so a chluinntinn thubhairt e ris:

'S math thu fein, Iain, ni thu gleus fhathast.

CUMHA AONGHAIS MHIC RAONUILL OIG.

LE IAIN LOM.

Rìgh, gur mor no chuid mulaid,  
Ged is fheudar dhomh fhulang,  
Ge b'e dh'eisdeadh ri m' uireasbhuidh aireamh.  
Rìgh, gur mor, &c.

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Bho na chaill mi na gaothair  
Is an t eug 'g an sior thaoghal,  
'S beag mo thoirt gar an taoghail mi 'm Braighe.

'S eum bochd mi gun daoine  
Air mo lot air gach taobh dhìom  
Is tric rosad an aoig air mo chairdean.

Gur mi 'n giadh air a spionadh  
Gun iteach, gun linnich,  
'S mi mar Oisean fo bhinn an taigh Phadruig.

Gur mi 'chraobh air a rusgadh,  
Gun chnothan, gun ubhlan,  
'S an snodhach 's an rusg air a fagail.

Ruaig sin cheann Lochatatha  
'S i 'chuir mise ann am ghaibhtheach;  
Dh'fhag mi Aonghas na laidhe 'sanaraich

Mu 'n do dhirich sibh 'm bruthach  
'S ann 'n ar deaghaidh bha 'n ulaidh;  
Bha giomanach guna air dhroch caramh.

Ged a dh'fhag mi ann m' athair  
Cha 'n ann air 'tha mi labhairt  
Ach an lot 'rinn an claidheamh mu d'airnean.

Gur h-e dhruigh air mo leacainn  
'M buille mor a bha 'd leth-taobh,  
'S tu 'nad laidhe 'n taigh beag choire Charraig.

B'i mo ghradh do ghnuis aobhach  
Dheanadh dath le d'fhuil chraobhaich,  
'S nach robh seachnach air aodann do namhaid.

Gaothar—<eng>a greyhound, a lurcher or cross-bred dog, half greyhound and half fox hound.<gai> Rosad—<eng>misfortune, mischief.<gai> Toirt—<eng>care, regard.<gai> Linnich—<eng>layer.

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lining.<gai> Gaibhtheach—<eng>a person in want, a complainant.<gai> Leacainn—<eng>the side of the head.

In 1640 a fight took place between the Macdonalds of Keppoch, and the Campbells of Breadalbane. There were about 120 of the former, and probably about the same number of the latter. The Macdonalds won the fight, but lost their chief, Aonghas Obhar, who was killed. Iain Lom's father, Domhnall Mac Iain Mhic Dhomhnaill Mhic Iain Alainn, was also among the slain. An account of the fight will be found in the Keltic Magazine for January, 1880. It took place at Stron-a-Chlachain, at the head of Loch Tay.<gai>

ORAN DO DHOMHNALL GORM OG.

LE IAIN LOM.

A Dhomhnaill nan dun,  
'Mhic Ghilleasbuig nan tur,  
Chaidh d'eanach 's do chliu thar chaich.

Tha seirc ann ad ghruaidh,  
Caol mhala gun ghruaim,  
Beul meachair bho 'n suairce gradh.

Bidh sid ort a' triall,  
Chaidheamh sgaiteach gorm siar;  
Air d' uilinn bidh sgiath gun sgath.

'S a ghrabhailt mhath ur  
Air a taghadh o'n bhuth;  
B' i do roghainn an tus a bhlair.

A churaidh gun ghiamh,  
'N trath ghabhadh tu fiamh,  
'S e 'thogadh tu sgian mar arm.

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An gunna nach diult  
'N trath 'chaogas tu 'n t-suil,  
Gu 'm bitheadh a sugradh searbh.

Is bogh' an t-sar-chuil,  
De'n mheallanaich uir,  
Caoin, fallain de'n iubhraich dheirg.

Is taifeid nan dual  
Air a tarring bho d' chluais;  
'S maing neach air am buailteadh meall.

Is ite an eoin leith  
Air a sparradh le ceir;  
Bhiodh briogadh an deigh a h-earr'.

Air an leacainn mu'n iath  
Cinn ghlasa nan sgiath;  
Cha bu ghaiseadh bu mhiann le d' chrann.

Bho imeachd do'n Fheinn  
'S cinn fhine sibh fein  
Air fineachan fheil' gu dearbh.

Iarl Antruim nan sluagh  
'S Clann-Ghilleain nam buadh  
Bhiodh sid leat is Ruairidh garbh.

Mac Mhic Ailein nan ceud  
'S Mac Mhic Alastair fheil',  
Is Mac-Fhionghain gu treun nan ceann.

Creach 'g a stroiceadh,  
Ruith na torachd,  
'S fir fo leon nan arm.

Long 'g a seoladh,  
Crith air sgothaibh,  
Stiuir-bheairt sheolta, theann.

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Beucaich mara  
'Leum ri darach,  
Sugh 'g a sgaradh thall.

Cha bu nasag  
Ri sruth trath i,  
'S muir 'na gair fo 'ceann.

Thig loingeas le gaoith  
Gu baile nan laoch,  
Ged bhitheadh na caoiltean garbh.

Gu talla nam pios  
'S am farumach fion,  
Far am falaichear mile cran.

Bhiodh cruit is clarsach  
'S mnai uhd aillidh  
An tur nan taileasg gearr.

Foirm nam pioban  
'S orgain liobhte,  
'S cuirn 'gan lionadh ard.

Ceir 'na drilsean  
Ri fad oidhche,  
'G eisdeachd stri nam bard.

Ruaig air dhisnean,  
Foirm air thithibh,  
'S or a sios mar gheall.

Aig ogh 'Iarl Ile  
Agus Chinntire  
Rois is Innse-Gall.

Clann-Domhnaill nach crion  
Mu 'n or 's mu 'n ni,  
Sid a bhuidheann a 's priseil gearr.

[TD 11]

Bho Theamhair gu I,  
Gus a Chananaich shios,  
Luchd-ealaidh o n chrìch 'n 'ur dail.

Eana chor eineach—<eng>bounty, liberality, goodness, courtesy; also  
praise, renown.<gai> Meallanach—<eng>bossy or having knobs.<gai> Fheile-  
<eng>of hospitality.<gai> Iubhrach—<eng>a yew grove.<gai> Taifeid—<eng>a  
bow-string.<gai> Briogadh—<eng>stabbing or thrusting.<gai> Taileasg-  
<eng>backgammon or chess.<gai> Drilsean—<eng>sparkles.<gai> Disnean-  
<eng>dice.<gai> Nasag—<eng>an empty shell.<gai> Teamhair—<eng>Tara in  
Ireland. The word <gai>teamhair<eng> signifies an elevated spot  
commanding an extensive prospect. Joyce's Irish Names of Places, page  
293.



Hugh, the first Macdonald, of Sleat, was the third son of Alexander, third Lord of the Isles. Domhnall Gorm, son of Domhnall Gruamach, son of Domhuall Gallach, son of Hugh, was the fifth Macdonald of Sleat. He styled himself Lord of the Isles, and Earl of Ross. Donald, his son and successor, was married to Mary, daughter of Hector Mor Maclean, of Duart, and had by her three sons, Domhnall Gorm Mor, Archibald and Alexander. Domhuall Gorm Mor died without issue in 1616, and was succeeded by Domhnall Gorm Og, son of his brother, Archibald, by his wife, Margaret, daughter of Angus Macdonald, of Islay and the Glynns in Antrim. Domhnall Gorm Og was the eighth Macdonald, of Sleat. He was created a Baronet in 1625; he died in 1643.<gai>

[TD 12]

ORAN.

Do dh' Alastair Mac Colla, an deigh latha Allt Eireann.

LE IAIN LOM.

Gu ma slan 's gu ma h eibhinn  
Do 'n Alastair euchdach  
Choisinn latha Allt Eireann le 'mhor shluagh.  
Gu ma slan &c.

Le 'shaigdeireibh laghach  
'N am gabhail an rathaid,  
Leis 'm bu mhiannach 'bhi 'gabhail a chronain.

Cha bu phrabaire tlath thu,  
'Dhol an caigneachadh chlaidhean  
'Nuair a bha thu 's a gharadh a'd 'onar.

Bha luchd chlogad is phicean  
A 'cur ort mar an dicholl,  
Gus an d'fhuair thu reliobh o Mhontrosa.

'S iomad oganach suil-ghorm,  
Bha fo lot nan arm ruisgte,  
Aig geata Chinn-Iudaidh gun chomhradh.

Agus oganach loinneil  
Thuit an aobhar do lainne,  
Bha na shineadh am polla ud Lochaidh.

'S cha robh domhach no geinneach  
Ann an talamh Mhic-Coinnich,  
Nach do dh 'fhag an airm theine air a mhointich.

Cha robh Tomai no Simi  
Ann an talamh Mhic-Shimi

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Nach do thar anns gach ionad 'am frogaibh.

Chuir sibh pairt diu air theicheadh  
Gus 'n do rainig iad Muiri

'S chuir sibh lasraichean teine 's a Mhoraich.

Allt Eireann <eng>seems to mean Eire's Brook, and to have been named after Eire, one of the Queens of the Tuath De Danann. Eireann is the old form of the genitive of Eire. Some are of the opinion that Ireland received its name from Eire. Whitley Stokes is inclined to look upon Ireland as deriving its name from a word connected with the Sanskrit, avara, western. Max Muller's Science of Language, vol. I., page 246.<gai>

Prabaire—<eng>a worthless fellow.<gai> Caigneachadh <eng>or<gai> caigneach—<eng>coupling or linking.<gai> Domhach—<eng>a savage.<gai> Geinneach—<eng>a short, stout man.

The battle of Auldearn was fought, May 9th, 1645. The MacKenzies and Frasers were on the side of the Covenanters. Alastair MacColla came near losing his life in trying to regain a position behind a garden fence, which he had very unwisely left. Gen. Hurry who commanded the Covenanters had 3,500 foot and 400 horse; Montrose had 1,500 foot and 250 horse. The latter won a complete victory. Some days after the battle Montrose committed to the flames a good many houses in Elgin, Garmouth and other places.<gai>

[TD 14]

ORAN DO MHORAIR HUNNDAIDH.

'Nuair a ghlacadh e le Seumas Meinne, an Crunair, 's a bhliadhna 1647.

LE IAIN LOM.

Gur-a trom leam a ta mi  
Leis gach sgeul tha mi 'claistinn,  
'S mi 'tearnadh staigh braigh 'uisge Dhe;

Mi tearnadh air m 'aineoil  
Gu braigh' Abarfeallaidh,  
Gun aon luaidh air fear faraid mo sgeil.

Cha 'n e gaoir bhan a chlachain  
A tha mis 'an diu 'g acain,  
Gar an d'thigeadh gin as de 'n choig ceud.

Ach ma ghlacadh am Marcus  
Leis a Mheinneireach thachrais,  
B'e mo dhiubhal na bh'aca 's mo bheud.

'S mor an naidheachd e 'n Albainn  
Bog no gaoithe 'n Strath-bhalgaidh  
'Bhi 'g a chlaoidheadh le armailtean sreinn.

Ceann uighe nan Gaidheal,  
Far an suidheamaid saibhir,  
'S tu gu 'n taghadh gach aite dhuinn reidh.

'Sann a b' abhaist dhuit sheidu  
Ann an garadh nan ubhal,  
Fo fhaileadh nan luibhean 's nan peur.

[TD 15]

ORAN DO MHORAIR HUNNDAIDH.

LE IAIN LOM.

Luinneag:—

Lamh Dhe leinn, a dhaoine,  
C'uin 'a chaoch'leas a bheairt so  
'S gu bheil fios 'san Roinn-Eorpa  
Gun h-i choir 'tha sibh 'sracadh,  
'Fhir a chruthaich bho thus sinn  
Cuir a chuis gu treun taice  
Air na Banntairean breige  
'Rinn an eucoir a chleachdadh.

Mi 'g amharc Strathchuaiche  
'S mor mo ghruaim 's cha bheag m' eislein;  
'S mi 'g amharc nan gleanntan  
'S an robh 'n camp aig Iarl Einne,  
Ris an goirte 'n t-eun tuathach  
Nach d 'fhuaradh ri breun-chirc,  
Ged-a tha e 'san am so  
Gun cheann an Dun Eideann.

Lamh Righ leinn a dhaoine.

Gur mor mo chuis mulaid  
'S mi air m' uilinn a'm onrachd,  
'S mi 'g amharc an ruighe  
Far 'n do shuidhicheadh bordaibh.  
Tha i 'n diugh fo ghleus chapull,  
Feur fada agus folach;  
Aig aon stata na machrach,  
An sar Mharcus o Ghordan.

'Naile chunnaic mi uair thu  
Is gu'm b' uasal do loiseam,  
'Tigh'nn a mach le d' gheard rioghail  
Air na grinneinean gorma;  
Luchd nan casagan sioda

[TD 16]

'Ghlacadh pic gu gle mhodhar,  
Is a bheireadh adbhansa  
Ann' an am dol an ordagh.

Bha mi eolach a'd' thalla  
'S bha mi steach ann a'd' sheomar;  
Bhiodh ann iomairt air thaileasg  
'S da chlarsaich a' comh-stri;  
Gus am freagradh am balla  
Do mhac-talla nan organ;  
'S bhiodh fion Spainteach 'ga losgadh  
Am pairt de dh' obair nan or-cheard.

Cha d' fhoghain leo d' fhogradh

Feadh fhrogan 'ga d' fhalach;  
Ach do thur-bhailtean mora  
Bhi gun choir aig Mac-Caillein.  
'N uair a fhuair iad thu d' onrachd  
Rinn iad oirnne gnìomh alla  
Bha d'fhuil rioghail gun fhotus  
'G a dortadh mu 'n sgafal.

Ach a Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt  
S' fad' an dusgadh so 'th' agad;  
Gur fad' ann ad shuain thu,  
S tim dhuit gluasad bho d'chadal.  
Mur h-'eil d'aire gu dìreach  
Air do rioghachd a thagradh;  
Leig dhìot 's an droch uair i,  
Mur h-'eil cruadal a'd' aigneadh.

'Smath an cuideachadh sluaigh dhuit  
Thu 'bhi 'n uachdar na corach,  
Gu coir d'athar a dhiuladh  
Air na h-Iudasaich dheamhnaidh.  
Ach na faireadh iad baòth thu  
No blas faoin air do chomhradh;  
No mar chlàidheamh bog staoine  
'N truaille chaoìn air a h-oradh

[TD 17]

Tha uaislean do rioghachd  
Gan stiogadh an claisean;  
'S'gam falach 'an giubhsaich  
N deigh do chuinneadh a phasadh;  
Daoine beaga 'rinn cillein  
De shìol skineirean chraicìonn:  
Tha 'n am parlamaid rioghail  
'N deigh an rìgh a chur seachad.

Tha na h-amraichean muine  
'Gabhail iuil 'sa chuan fharsuing;  
'S an loingear daraich a crìonadh  
'Dh' oilteadh fion air an saitse;  
Is 'gan tilgeadh air oitir,  
As na portaibh a chleachd iad;  
Ma mhaireas an tuil so,  
'S mairg a dh'fhuirich r'a faicinn.

Na Banntairean—<eng>the Covenanters.<gai> Einne, <eng>Enzie—a district,  
in Banffshire belonging to the Gordons.<gai> An t-Eun Tuathach—<eng>the  
Cock of the North, a name given to the head of the Clan Gordon.<gai>  
Ruighe—<eng>the outstretched part or base of a mountain, a summer  
residence for herdsmen and cattle.<gai> Folach—<eng>rank grass growing  
upon dunhills.<gai> Loiseam—<eng>show, pomp.<gai> Staoìn—<eng>pewter or  
tin.<gai> Stiog—<eng>to crouch or skulk.<gai> Saitse—<eng>hatch.<gai>  
Amar—<eng>a trough;<gai> amraichean <eng>troughs<gai> Oitir—<eng>reef of  
sand.

The Gordons took their name from the lands of Gordon in Berwickshire.  
They received a grant of Strathbogie, Strathbhalgaidh, from Bruce. George

Gordon, the second Marquis of Huntly, was beheaded in Edinburgh in 1649.<gai>

[TD 18]

IORRAM.

Do Mhac-Gilleain Dhubhairt.

LE IAIN LOM.

Ged is fada mu thuath mi,  
Soraidh slan do na h-uaislean;  
Leam bu mhithich 'bhi 'gluasad gu'r tir.

Gu duthaich Shir Lachuinn  
Nam piob is nam bratach;  
'S mor bhur diobhail ri faction an righ.

Cna b'e leanntuinn na ludaig  
Ris na teudan bu dluithe  
A thug mise do'r duthaich bhig, chrin.

Ach bas Mhic-Gilleain,  
Tha 'n reidhlig Orain na laidhe;  
So dh' fhag mise gun aighear, gun phris.

Agus Eachunn 's an araich  
Fo thrupa nan naimhdean;  
Fath mo thursa gach la 'bhi g'ur caoidh.

'S math thigeadh clogaide cruadhach  
Air cul bachlach nan dual glan;  
Gnuis fhilathail is gruaidh mar am fion;

Agus spainteach gheur thairis  
Ann an ceann claiginn ealant',  
Is sgiath bhreachd nam ball daingeann 'gad dhion.

Nam biodh agam air blaran  
De chlann-Domhnaill 's de m chairdean  
'Mheud 'sa chunnaic mi 'n armailt an righ;

[TD 19]

'Mheud 'sa chunnaic mi fein diu  
'Teachd air luingeas a Eirinn,  
De shliochd gasda Chuinn cheud-chath nam pios;

Cha bu shiochaint 'ur cogadh  
'N am dol sios an tus troide,  
A dhream rioghail nan clogad 's nam pic.

Chluinnteadh farum 'ur claidhean  
Air claignibh 'ur namhad  
Agus blaignean nan ceann 'gan toirt sios.

'Siomad cubaire gealtach

'Tha buidhinn cuirt ann an Sasunn  
'Bha 'ga chubadh mar chat ann an craoibh;

Agus rogaire breugach  
'Bha mu mhilleadh rìgh Seurlas.  
A ta 'nis oirnn ag eirigh gu stri.

'S mur a caochail sibh faction  
Gu ma taobh-dhearg 'ur leaba  
'S'ur fuil a taosgadh an Claisean 's an dig.

Gu'n cluinnteadh feadarsaich luaidhe  
An lorg sraide na cluaise,  
'S mnai ri acain 's cha chruaidh leam an caoidh.

<eng>Sir Lachlan Maclean, of Duart, was a faithful follower of the great  
Montrose. He died in 1649. His son and successor, Sir Hector, was killed  
at the battle of Inverkeithing, July 20th, 1651. Seven hundred and sixty  
Macleans were slain along with him.<gai>

[TD 20]

ORAN DO MHAC-GILLEAIN DHUBHAIRT.

LE IAIN LOM.

Mur bhi 'n abhainn air fas oirnn,  
'S tuil air eirigh 's na h-aithean,  
Bhithinn latha roimh chach air a chomhdhail.  
Mur bhi, &c.

Is bochd an eiridinn paisde,  
N uair a bhuail an lot bais e,  
'Bhi gun cheirein, gun phlasda, gun fheoirnein.

'Sann de'n choinnimh a 's miosa,  
An garadh-droma air bristeadh  
Mar gu 'm pronnadh sibh sligean le ordaibh.

'S ann de dh'fhortan 'ur cuise,  
Ma 's e 'n torc 'th'oirbh 'a muiseag,  
Gu 'n teid stopadh na muire 'na phoraibh.

Tha sgrìob gheur nam peann gearra  
'Cumail dìon' air Mac-Caillein,  
'S e cho briathrach ri parraid 'na chomhradh.

Thug sibh bhuiadhne le spleadhan  
Eilean Ile ghlais, laghaich,  
Is Cinntire le 'mhaghannan gorma.

Ghlac an eire greim teanchrach  
Air deadh chinneadh mo sheanmhar;  
'S lag an iomairt ge h-ainmeil an seors' iad.

[TD 21]

Dh fhalbh 'ur cruadal 's ur gaisge,

Le Eachann Ruadh 's le Sir Lachainn,  
'Th' ann 's an uaigh far 'n do thaisgeadh 'san t-srol iad.

'S Lachainn Mor a fhuair urram,  
'Chaidh a bhualadh an Gruineart,  
Cha d' thutght' uachd'ranachd Mhuile ri 'bheo dheth.

Is math mo bharail is m 'earbsa,  
Mura roghainn gun dearmad,  
Nach bu chladhaire cearbach Fear-Bhrolais.

'N eaglais I Chalum Chille,  
Tha suinn chrodha gun tioma  
'Chaisgeadh doruinn, 's gu 'n tilleadh iad torachd.

'S mor gu 'm b' fheairde dream fiata,  
Nan each seang-fhada fiadhaich  
Eoghan Abrach Loch-Iall agus Lochaidh.

Eiridinn—*a nursing of, or attending on, the sick.* *Ceirein,*  
*a poultice.* *Feoirnein—**a pile of grass, a blade of*  
*grass.* *Muire—**the leprosy.* *Spleadhan—**falsehoods,*  
*fictions.* *Teanchaire—**a vice.*

It seems that Sir Ewen Cameron, of Lochiel, deserted his old friends, the Macleans, at a critical moment. And old manuscript quoted by Sheriff Nicholson in his Gaelic proverbs, at page 136, con-

[TD 22]

tains the following statements: "Sir Ewen Cameron was bound by alliance, money and solemn oath to the Macleans, but renounced all on Argyll's quitting to him a debt of 40,000 merks." It was in this transaction that the following proverb had its origin: *"Chaill Eoghan a Dhia, ach chaill an t-Iarla 'chuid airgid."*

BRIAN AGUS IAIN LOM.

BRIAN.

Thoir soraidh gu Iain Manntach bhuam,  
Rag mheirleach nan each breannalach,  
Gur tric a thug am meirleach ud  
Leis meann a mach o 'n chro.

B'e fasan fir a Bhraighe ud  
Da thaobh Loch-Iall is Arasaig,  
Bhiodh sgian 'san dara brathair dhiu  
Mu uiread ara 'dh'fheoil.

IAIN LOM.

A theanga liotach mhi'raltach,  
Nach tuig thu bhi 'gad dhiomoladh;  
'S mithich tarruing gu claidh-lionraith leat  
'S am faigheadh Brian a leoir.

Thoir soraidh gu bard Aisint bhuam,

Gu seann bhus liath nan ceapairean;  
Gur coltach do bhial rapasach  
Ri slait de 'n chealtair chloth'.

[TD 23]

Cha b' chubaire 'ghoid ghearran mi;  
Cha d'chuir mi uidh 's an ealaidh sin;  
Cha mho a chum e caithris orm  
'Toirt mhult a cairidh cro.

Do bheal tha molach feusagach,  
Lan smuig is uilc is reumannan;  
Gur tric do bhru 's a gheisgeil ort  
'N deigh fuigheal creis nam bord.

An uair 'bu dluithe 'n aileag ort  
Bu lionmhor cu is galla 'bhiodh  
A' toirt nan sul 's nam mala dhiot,  
Le bruchdadh boladh feoil.

A sheann-tuir leith nan ursannan  
A's tric a dheabh na capachan,  
'S tu 'd shineadh anns na guiteirean  
An deigh do ghucag ol.

Gur salchar lic is urlair thu,  
Lan sgeig is uilc is iombasaich,  
Mar bharaille 'n deigh a thionndadh  
A cur sgum gu barr-iall bhrog.

Ged 's cam a staigh fo d' ghluinean thu.  
Gur caime 'staigh fo d' shuilean thu;  
S tu traoitear nan seachd duchannan  
A reic an crun air ghrot.

Droch coinneamh ort, a shiochaire;  
Mar caol a reiceadh d'fhirinn leat,  
Airson na mine Litich sin,  
Nach deach 'san ire choir.

Mi-'raltach <eng>for<gai> mi-ioraltach-<eng>not skillful or prompt, not  
distinct in utterance.<gai>

[TD 24]

Breanndalach-<eng>brindled.<gai> Ara-<eng>a kidney.<gai> Smug-  
<eng>spittle.<gai> Reum-<eng>phlegm.<gai> Cubaire-<eng>a shabby, sneaking  
fellow.<gai> Cairidh-<eng>a fence of stakes or twigs set in a stream for  
taking fish, a weir; here a place for catching sheep.<gai> Geisgeil-  
<eng>creaking.<gai> Creis-<eng>grease.<gai> Seann-tuir-<eng>an old  
acquaintance, a frequenter of a place.<gai> Siochaire-<eng>a contemptible  
fellow.

Iain Lom and Brian, the Assynt bard, happened to meet at one of the  
Inverness annual markets. Brian, having learned that the person with whom  
he was in conversation was a Lochaber man, asked him if he knew Iain Lom.  
Upon ascertaining that he did, he requested him to bring his soraidh or



compliments to him. Iain Lom, stung by the words of the soraidh, replied to Brian on the spur of the moment.<gai>

[TD 25]

ORAN DO MHAC MHIC-RAONUILL NA CEAPAICH.

LE IAIN LOM.

Mi 'm shuidhe air bruaich torrain  
Mu 'n cuairt do Choire na Cleithe;

Ged nach 'eil mo chas crubach  
Tha lot na's mu orm fo m' leine,

Gar nach 'eil mo bhian sracte,  
Tha fo m'aisne mo chreuchdan.

'S cha 'n e curam na h-imrich  
No iomagain na spreidhe.

No bhi 'g am chur do Cheanntaile,  
'S gan fhios cia 'n t-aite dha 'n teid mi,

Ach 'bhi 'n nochd gun cheann-cinnidh,  
'S tric 's gur minic leam fhein sin.

Ceann-cinnidh nam Braigheach  
'Chuireadh sgath air luchd Beurla.

Cha b' e fuaim do ghreigh lodain  
'Gheibhteadh 'sodraich gu feilltean.

No geum do bha tomain  
'Dol an coinnimh a ceud laoigh.

No uisge nan sluasaid  
Bharr druablas na feithe.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh leam d' uaisle  
'Thigh 'nn an uachdar ort eudail.

[TD 26]

Sa liuthad sruth uaibhreach  
As 'n do bhuaineadh thu 'n ceud la.

Ceist nam fear thu bho 'n Fhearsaid  
Is bho Cheapaich nam peuran;

'S bho cheann Daile na mine,  
Gu Sron-na-h-Iolaire leithe.

'Se bu mhiann le d' luchd-taighe  
'Bhi 'gan tathaich le beusan.

Mu dha thaobh Garbh-a-chonnaidh  
Far 'm biodh na sonnanaich gle mhor.

Le 'm morgha geur sgaiteach,  
Frith bhacach, garbh leumnach.

Tha mo choill' air a maoladh  
Ni a shaoil leam nach eireadh.

Tha mo chnothan air faoisgneadh,  
S' cha bu chaoch iad ri 'm feuchainn;

'S nach 'eil agam dhiu tuaileas  
Dh 'fhan iad bhuam am barr gheugan.

ORAN.

Do Mhorair Ghlinne Garadh.

LE IAIN LOM.

'S e mo chion an t-og meanmnach  
'Bu shar cheannard nan ceudan;  
Fhuair thu urram fir Alba  
Le do dhearbh acfhuinn ghleusda.

[TD 27]

Mac Moire 'dhion d' anma  
Anns gach aona bhall 'san teid thu;  
'S na rachadh do mharbhadh  
Gun oircheas Mhic De leat.

A shar mharcaich an steud eich  
Ur ghleusd air dheagh inneal,  
Le acfhuinn mhath 'sreine,  
'S d'a reir sin do stiorap,  
'N uair a rachadh, tu 'leum air  
Cha bu reidh dol gad thilleadh;  
Spainteach ghasda chruidh gheur ort,  
'S bhiodh ra-treut mar a shirinn.

Beus de bheusaibh a Ghlinnich,  
Gu 'n robh sinne umad eolach,  
Nach gabhadh tu giorag;  
'N aile thilleadh tu 'n torachd.  
Bhiodh an t-iubhar 'ga lubadh  
Mar-ri fiubhaidh 'chinn storaich  
Air a leigeadh gu h-ealamh  
As na taifeidean corcaich.

Ach, Aonghais oig Ghlinnich.  
Cha 'n 'eil sinne umad suarach,  
'Nuair a thogadh tu 'n iomairt  
Bu ghlan do chinneadh ri 'ghluasad.  
Gu bheil cuid diu air linne  
'N laimh an innein so 'suas bhuainn;  
Ceud connspunn gun ghiorag  
Nach tilleadh le fuathas.

Cha 'n fhuil bhodach no prabair,  
Cha 'n fhuil graisge no tuatha,  
Ach fuil ghlan an Iarl Ilich  
A ta 'dreadh ri d' ghruaidhibh,  
'S car thu mhilidh nan cathan

[TD 28]

A thaobh d'athar coig uairean;  
Dh'fhag sid cruadal a'd' lamhan  
Gus an claidheamh a bhualadh.

Nam biodh maoim air do naimhdean  
Gu do champ' mar bu mhinic,  
Gu'm biodh cuid diu 'nan laidhe  
'S gun an lamhan ri 'n slinnein  
'S iad gun chlaiginn, gun chluasan,  
Ach an uairchinn ri sileadh.  
'Sgaithteadh 'n casan o 'n cruachanaibh  
Le cruadal a Ghlinnich.

'S mor am muiseag 'san trath so  
Air mo ghradh de na fearaibh,  
Mu 'n tagradh air Cnoideart  
A bhi 'm poca Mhic-Cailein.  
'S iomadh uisge nach lugha,  
'S nach leigeadh claodhaire thairis,  
As an d'thug thu do chasan  
Gu coiseachd a dh'aindeoin.

Rud a's mo orm mar churam  
Anns an uair so 'ga eisdeachd  
Meud ardain mo chinnidh;  
Dia 'gan tilleadh gu reite.  
Air bhur tighinn gu fallain,  
Thugaibh aire do m' sgeul-sa,  
S fhearr dhuibh dithisd 'san abhainn  
Na 'bhi grathunn bho cheile.

Aimh-reite Chlann-Domhnaill  
Leam 's neo-chomhnard a bheairt e:  
Gu 'n do chuir e orm gruaman  
Coig uairean 's mi 'm chadal.  
'S ann a dh'eirich iad comhla  
Leis a mhor fhear so bh' againn,

[TD 29]

E-fhein 's 'Onair Sir Seumas,  
A bha 'reir an aon aignidh.

Ged tha 'Onair Sir Seumas,  
Dhuit fhein mara ta e,  
B'ait leam Iarlachd Righ Fionna-Ghall  
A chluinntinn mar b' ail leam.  
Bheirinn bliadhna dhe m' shaoghol,  
'S gach ni 'dh'fhaotuinn a tharsainn,  
'Chionn do choir a bhi sgrìobhte

Bho laimh an rìgh gun dad failinn.

Mur bhi cliopaich mo theanga  
Dheanainn seanachas mu 'n cuairt duit;  
Tha do ranntaichean farsuinn,  
A lub thaitneach a chruadail;  
Cha 'n 'eil Rothach, no Barrach,  
Cha 'n 'eil Gallach, no Tuathach,  
Nach bu dleas da 'bhi leatsa,  
'N am caismeachd na h-uaire.

Gura farsuinn do ranntachd,  
Agus teann sa ri 'cheile iad;  
Gu bheil cuid diu gu cliuiteach  
Mu Ruta na h-Eirinn,  
Is cuid eile 'n Lochabar  
Ma 's a beachdaidh mo sgeul-sa;  
'S bu cheud feairrd thu iad agad  
An am tapadh nan geur-lann.

Mac-Pharlainn 'sa chinneadh  
Gur leat sin an am d'fheuma;  
Is Clann-Donnachaidh bho Atholl  
Ged is grathunn bho cheile iad;  
'S gura leat Mac-an-Aba,  
Le 'aitim mhoir mheadhraich,

[TD 30]

'S Mac Laomuinn 's Mac-Lachuinn  
Nan glas lannan geura.

'Nuair a dheanteadh camp cruinn leibh  
'S neart bhur n-uilnean ri 'cheile,  
Co a b' urrainn dol eadraibh  
'Nuair nach seasadh sibh fhein e?  
Ged tha ro-mheud bhur n-uabhair  
'N diu 'g ur buaireadh bho cheile  
'Se 'n t-aon stoc as na ghluais sibh,  
Fuil uasal Chuinn cheud-chathaich.

Co 'ni taice no tabhachd,  
No ni stath dhomh air domhan?  
Ma nitear leat m' fhagail,  
Tha mi baite 'm muir dhomhainn.  
Cha 'n 'eil neach 'dheanadh m' eucoir  
No 'shaltradh ceum ann am ghnòthach,  
Nach tu b' urrainn a reiteach'  
Fheadh 's a dh' eireadh tu romham.

'S mi nach iarradh mar bharant'  
'N lathair barra no bine  
Ach Tighearn og Ghlinne-Garadh.  
Mo dheagh charaid glan riomhach.  
Sgeul a 's mo 'tha mi 'gearan,  
'S tha orm mar anshocair chinntich,  
Gun do shliochd a bhi d' aite  
Dh' fhios an la theid ceann crìch' ort.

Oircheas—<eng>pity, clemency.<gai> Innean—<eng>hill or rock also an anvil.<gai> Prabar—<eng>the rabble.<gai> Uairchinn—<eng>side of the head.<gai> Muiseag—<eng>a threat, threatening.<gai> Rann—<eng>relationship, ancestry, pedigree, gene-

[TD 31]

alogy.<gai> Barant—<eng>a support, surety, safeguard, reliance.<gai> Dh' fhios—<eng>unto, to, literally to the knowledge of.

Angus Macdonald, of Glengarry, was a son of Alastair Dearg, son of Donald Macdonald, of Glengarry. His mother, Jean Cameron, was a daughter of Allan Cameron, of Lochiel, by his wife, a daughter of Stewart of Appin. He succeeded his grandfather as chief of the Macdonalds of Glengarry in 1645. He was a devoted follower of the Marquis of Montrose, "am mor fhear so bh'againn." He crossed over to Ireland to support the Earl of Antrim against his enemies in 1647. He was elevated to the peerage in 1660, by the title of Lord Macdonell and Arross. He tried to get himself acknowledged as chief of all the Macdonalds, and thus caused the disturbance referred to in the poem. He was married to a sister of Sir James Macdonald, of Sleat. He died in 1682.

The Lord of the Isles was frequently termed Rìgh Fionna-Ghall, or king of the fair strangers. The Fionna-Ghoill, or fair strangers, were the Norwegians, who had settled among the Keltic inhabitants of the Western Isles. They were called

[TD 32]

[Taobh-duilleig 23 san leabhar fhèin]

Fionna-Ghoill to distinguish them from the Danes, who were spoken of as Dubh-Ghoill, or black strangers. The Fionna-Ghoill married Keltic wives, learned the Gaelic language and wore the Highland dress. They became in a short time thoroughly identified with the native Keltic population.

The earldom, "iarlachd rìgh Fionna Ghall," that Iain Lom would give to Lord Macdonell, was that of Ross. It belonged at one time to the Lords of the Isles.<gai>

[TD 33]

ORAN DO MHORAIR GHLINNE-GARADH.

LE IAIN LOM.

Cha b'è bas mo cheann-cinnidh  
'Chuir mi-fein gu trom iomairt  
Ach gun d'oighre bhi 'd' ionad 'na uair dh eug thu.

Fear mor curanta laidir  
Bh'aig gach duine mar sgathan,  
Geda tha e gun chainnt an Duneideann.

Gu 'n do chaireadh 's an talamh,  
'M fear a chonnsaich Mac-Caillein;  
Co a b'urrainn an casadh na sroin' riut?

Thug thu Cnoideart dheth 's tuilleadh,  
'S lagh an rìgh air do mhuineal;  
Cha do chonnsaich e Muile 's an d'eug thu.

Rinn Mac-Coinnich Cheanntaile,  
Is Mac-Shimi na h-airde,  
Garbh choinneamh gu sathadh le cheil'ort.

'N uair a chunnaic an cairdean  
Nach deanadh iad stath dhiot,  
'Se gu mor leo a b'fhearr a bhi reidh riut.

MARBHRANN DO DH'AONGHUS OG, MORAIR GHLINNE-GARADH.

LE IAIN LOM.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh mi 'liathadh  
'Si so 'bhliadhna bhuaill brog orm.

[TD 34]

'N diu 's mi 'gabhail an rathaid  
'S trom a thathaich do bhron orm.

Gu'n do chaochail mi cruitheachd,  
Dh'fhag mo spionnadh 's mo threoir mi

Gur h-i dileab na dunaich'  
'Tha mi 'buntuinn a' m' phocaid.

A ghrabhat 'bha mu d' mhuineal,  
'S tric i cruinneachadh dheoir orm.

Dh'fhag mi taisgte 'n Duneideann  
Na sgar o cheile mo mhorchuis.

An ciste chumhainn nan slios-bhord  
Fo lic nan stol reota;

Fo chasan luchd-bhriogais;  
Gur h-e mise 'th' air mo leonadh.

'S ann a thog thu 'n tur dealbhach  
Goirid gearr o Loch-Lochaidh.

Chunnaic mis' Inbhir-Gharaidh  
Muirneach, aighearach, ceolmhor.

Bhiodh an cup ann ad chearr-laimh  
Is e dear-lan gu dortadh.

'N uair a chuir' an lan strachd air,  
Gu 'm b'e 'm fath 'chumail comhnard.

'S tha 'nis do thalla mor greadhnach  
Gun solus coinnle, gun cheol ann;

'S do sheomraichean geala  
Gun smuid, gun deathach, gun cheo dhiu.

[TD 35]

ORAN AN AGHAIDH AN AONaidH EADAR ALBAINN AGUS SASUNN.

LE IAIN LOM.

Ge b'e thogas an lasair  
An am fadadh na smuide,  
Theid an cuibhreach, mu'n chapull,  
Gun bhi fada fo 'gluinibh:  
Ach 'fhir a dh'eirich le gradachd  
A chur fasdadh nan lub oirr',  
Sparr thu 'n goisnean mu 'ladhar  
Mar eun clomhach an ruchain.

Bhrist thu luirg anns a chrann sin,  
'S chaidh an seann damh'am mearachd;  
Na daimh oga tha 'beucaich,  
'S iad gun fheum a chum tarruinn.  
'Fhir a b' abhaist an ceannsach'  
Is an tionndadh le an-iochd,  
'S e Diuc Atholl le durachd  
'Bhrist do luban a dh'aindeoin.

Ge b'e 'leanadh gu dìreach  
Diuca firinneach Atholl,  
'S roghainn cruthaicht' thar sluaigh e  
'Bhuidhneadh buaidh mar 'rinn athair.  
Bha thu 'n aghaidh luchd-cise  
'Ghabh na miltean mar roghainn;  
Ach fagaidd mis' iad gu h-iosal  
'Nan laidhe shios anns na spleadhan.

'S mor 'tha 'ghliocas na rioghachd  
Deagh sgrìobht' ann ad mheomhair,  
'Bha thu foghlum as d'oise  
'Chur na corach air adhart  
'N aghaidh Bhanntairean misgeach

[TD 36]

Bha ri bristeadh an lagha;  
Nam biodh iad uile gu m'ordagh-s'  
Gheibheadh iad cord agus teadhair.

Na biodh ort-sa bonn airtneil,  
Tha fir Athoill nan seasamh;  
Luchd nan gorm lannan geura  
'Dheanadh feum dhuit 'gad fhreasdal;  
Mar sid 's do dheagh bhraithrean  
Luchd nan sar-bhuillean sgaiteach;  
Fir a chaitheamh nan saighead,  
'Sa ro ghleidheadh na cartach.

Na biodh ortsa bonn mi-ghean,

Tha fir do thire gle ullamh;  
Corr mor is deich mile  
Ged a leughainn an tuilleadh,  
'Mheud 's a bhuinnig e 'phris dhuit  
Chaidh e sgrìobhte do Lnnnainn:  
Na chuireadh dragh orra an Alba  
Gu'n robh 'nan armaibh gle ullamh.

Latha randabhu 'n t-sleibhe  
Bha mi-fein ann is chunnaic;  
Bha na trupanen sreìn' ann  
Bha na ceudan a' cruinneach.'  
Ge b'e ghabhadh air 'anam  
Gu'n robh mnathan mar dhuin' ann,  
Gu'n rachadh saighead na airnibh  
Gus an traigh i an fhuil as.

'Mhorair Dupplin gun fhuireach,  
Dh'fhosgail uinneag do sgornain:  
Dh'eirich roscal a'd' chridhe  
'Nuair chual thu tighinn an t-or ud;  
Shluig thu 'n aileag de'n gheanach,  
Dh'at do sgamhan is bhoc e;  
Dh'fhosgail teannsgal do ghoile,  
'S lasaich greallag do thona.

[TD 37]

Cha b' ioghnadh sid dhuit a thachairt  
Ogha bhaigeire Liunnsaidh,  
'Sa liuthad dorus mor caisteil  
Ris 'n do stailc e 'chnaimh tiompain.  
Cha d'fhag e baile gun siubhal  
Bho Chill-rudha gu Frainse,  
Mar ghabhas sin 's an t-ord Gallach  
Gu ruige baile Iarl Antrum.

Ogha baigeir na luirich  
Ciod do chuis an taigh-parla,  
Mur deach thu dh'fhoghlum a gheanaich,  
Mar bha 'n seanair o 'n d'fhas thu.  
Cha d'fhag e ursann gun locradh  
Eadar Ros is Ceann-Taile;  
Bhiodh a dhiosg-san gle ullamh  
An am cromadh fo 'n fhar-dorus.

Tha Queensbury 'n trath so  
Mar fhear straic' a cur thairis,  
Eis' a' tarruinn gu dìreach  
Mar ghearran dian ann an greallaig;  
'S luchd nam putagan anairt  
Lan smear' agus geire;  
Nam bu mhise an ceannair',  
Bhiodh 'n ceann de 'n amull air dheireadh.

Tha Diuc Atholl's Diuc Gordan  
Gle chloiste 's iad duinte,  
Air an sgrìobhadh gu daingeann,  
Ach tha Hamilton dubailt'.



Iarla Bhrathainn bhiodh mar-  
ris,  
Cha bhiodh mealladh `sa chuis sin,  
'Toirt a chruin bhuainn le ceannach,  
An ceart fhradharc ar suilean.

Tha Meinneireach Uaimh ann  
Gle luaineach `na bhreathal,  
'Se mar dhuine gun suilean

[TD 38]

`Giarraidh iuil air feadh ceathaich;  
Ach thig e fathast le umhlachd  
'Chum an Diuc, ma `s i bheatha,  
'S bidh a shannt `s a mhi-dhurachd  
Anns an smur gun aon rath air.

Iarla Bhrathainn a Seaforth,  
Cha bhi sith-shaimh ri d' bheo dhuit,  
Gu`m bi ort-sa cruaidh fhaoghaid  
'N taobh a staigh de `n Roinn-Eorpa.  
Ach nam faighinn mo roghainn  
'S dearbh gu `n leaghainn an t-or dhuit  
A stigh air faochaig do chlaiginn  
Gus an cas e do bhotuinn.

Spleadhan, <eng>>falsehoods<gai>—Cairt—<eng>a charter.<gai> Roscal—  
<eng>joy.<gai> Greallag—<eng>a swing in the 8th verse, or according to  
the Highland Society's Dictionary, a gut, a swingle-tree in the 11th  
verse.<gai> Putagan anairt—<eng>pock pudding.<gai> Ceannaire—<eng>a  
driver, a leader of plough horses.

The Union with England, which took place May 1st 1707, was exceedingly  
unpopular in Scotland. It was carried however, in the Scottish parliament  
by a hundred and ten votes against sixty-nine. Many of those who voted  
for it were bribed by English gold, or by promises of rank and office.  
James Douglas, second duke of Queensbury, was the most active agent in  
bringing it about. Thomas Hay, biscourt Dupplin, was in favor of it.  
Menzie of Weem and Uilleam Dubh, fifth Earl of Seaforth were also in  
favor

[TD 39]

of it. James Douglas, fourth duke of Hamilton, opposed it, but not in  
such a straightforward manner as was expected of him. He could have  
prevented it if he had exerted himself properly. John Murray, first duke  
of Athol, opposed it with great zeal.<gai>

DOMHNALL GRUAMACH AGUS IAIN LOM.

DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

A bhean nam pog meala,  
'S nan gorm-shuilean meallach;  
'S ann a tha mo chion falaich  
Fo m' bhannan do m' ghradh,  
A bhean &c.

Cha 'n 'eil mi' 'gad leirsinn,  
Ach mar gu 'm biodh reul ann  
An taic ris a' ghrein so  
'Tha 'g eirigh gach la.

IAIN LOM.

Air leatsa gur reul i,  
'S gur coltach ri grein i,  
'S og a chaill thu do leirsinn  
Ma thug thu 'n eisg ud do ghradh.

Boladh uilleadh an sgadain,  
De dh' urlainn na h-apa;  
'S i 's cubaiche faicinn  
A tha 'n taice ri traigh.

DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

Fios bhuan gu Iain Mabach.

[TD 40]

Do 'm bu cheird a bhi 'gadachd,  
Nach co-ion da 'bhi 'caig rium  
Is ri cabaire baird.

Am busaire ronnach.  
Fear nam pliut-chasan croma;  
Tha na cuspan air lomadh  
Gu bonnaibh do shail'.

Am pliutaire busach,  
Fear nam brnsg-shuilean musach;  
Cha 'n fhasa do thuigsinn  
Na plubartaich cail.

Ged tha thu 'm fhuil dhirich,  
Naile, cumaidh mi sios thu;  
Cha bhi coille gun chrionaich  
Gu dilinn a 'fas.

Fuigheal fìor-dheireadh feachd thu,  
Cha 'n fhiach le cach ac 'thu;  
Chaill thu d' ingnean 's a' Cheapaich  
'S griobadh prais' agus chlar.

IAIN LOM.

Fios bhuamsa dhuit, 'ille,  
Chaill thu dualchas do chinnidh;  
Gu bhei thu air mhìre,  
Lan de dh' inisgean baird.

Mi cho saor de na ronnach  
Ri aon beo dhe do shloinneadh;  
Naile, rinn thu breug shoilleir  
Ann am follais do chach.

Ma 's ann ormsa mar dhimeas,  
Ghabh thu 'choill as a crionaich,  
Iarr an doire na 's isle  
Bho iochdar do chlair.

[TD 41]

Mur bhi dhomhsa mac d' athar,  
Is ann da 'tha mi 'g athadh,  
Naile, chuirinn ort athais  
A tha faiste 'nad chail.

Ba triuir mhac aig Iain Bhoth-Fhiunntain, Alastair, Domhnall Donn, agus Domhnall Gruamach. Bha Domhnall Donn 'na bhard fìor mhath. Tha e coltach ris nach robh Domhnall Gruamach a bheag air dheireadh air.

[TD 42]

IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN MHIC AILEIN.

<eng>John Macdonald, commonly known as Iain Dubh Mac Iain Mhic Ailein, belonged to the Clanranald branch of the MacDonalds. He was born about the year 1665. He received a good education. He belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. He received at Grulean in the island of Eigg. He fought at the battle of Sheriffmuir. He lived in comfortable circumstances. The time of his death, like that of Mac Mhaighstir Alastair, seems to be unknown. At any rate we have never seen it mentioned. There are three of his poems: "Oran nam Fineachan Gaidhealach," "Oran do Mhac-Mhic-Ailein," and "Marbhrann do Mhac-Mhic-Ailein," in Mackenzie's Sar-Obair nam Bard. The other poems ascribed to him in that work, "Marbhrann do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain" and "Crosanachd Fhir nan Drimnean" were composed by Iain Mac-Ailein, of Mull.<gai>

[TD 43]

AONGHAS OG MAC SHEUMAIS.

Oran do dh' Aonghas Bhaile Fhionnlaidh.

LE IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN MHIC AILEIN.

Aonghais oig mhc Sheumais,  
'Fhir ghleusd' an aigne mhoir,  
Ma dh'fhalbh thu siubhal reidh leat,  
Deagh sgeul ort leamsa 's deoin;  
Thu fhein 's do bhrathair gle mhath  
A ghlac an fheil' air dhorn;  
Cha dean mi tuilleadh pleide ruibh  
Bho 'n 's beag oirbh fein am bosd.

Leamsa gur seol eigin e  
Nach d'fheud mi 'bhi 'n 'ur coir,  
'S gu 'm faighinn sealladh eibhinn.  
Le toil De na'm bithinn beo,  
Air aghaidh Ailein Mhuideartaich,  
Bho 'n 's e san grund mo sgeoil,

Is fradharc sul' an tanaisteir  
A bhrathair, Raonull og.

'S gu 'm faicinn an ros fìor uasal  
A's priseile na 'n t-or,  
'S an t-eumhann gasda riomhach sin,  
'S a dhreach air fiamh an lo,  
Leug nam buadhan firinneach  
'S an fheinics fhior-ghlan chorr;  
'S air lionmhoireachd nan reultaichean  
Gun cheist 's tu fhein am pol.

Gur muirneach, cliuiteach, eireachdail  
Penelope mar ainm;

[TD 44]

Gur niarachd te da'n goirear e,  
Ma leanas i do lorg;  
Do ghìomharan 's co soilleir iad  
'S tha 'n geal a bhios air dearg;  
'S i 'n ti so tha mi 'g innseadh dhuibh  
An t-sìobhaltachd gun fheirg.

Penelope 'bhan Ghreugach sin,  
Gur buan a sgeul aig cach,  
A chionn gu 'n robh i firinneach  
Is fìor sheasmhach 'na gradh;  
Ach Penelope dhubh ghle-gheal so  
Le a ceutadh choisinn barr;  
Cha ruigeadh bean Uiliseis i  
Mar 'n deicheamh, cuid 's gach cas.

Iochd is gradh is fiughantas  
An triuir a bha 's a' ghleann,  
Is creidimh, ciall, is umhlachd,  
Na cruintean 'bh air an ceann,  
Tuigse, baidh, is faighidinn,  
'S gun sgaiteachd ann an cainnt;  
Bha 'n deichnear sin cho pusda riut,  
'S tha 'n uir ri friamh nan crann.

Beir soraidh bhuam, ged dh'fhuirich mi,  
Gu taigh nan uinneag ard;  
'N taigh buadhach, stuadhach tuireid ch  
Nach uireasbhach ri daimh;  
'N taigh ceolmhor, olmhor, aighearach  
'S am faighear cuirm le failt;-  
Gu'n gleidheadh an Rìgh a cheannard dhuinn  
'S a' bhain-tigh'rna 's math ghaths.

Ged dh'fhan mi air bhur culthaobh  
S ann leam tha chuis ro chaillt',

[TD 45]

Nach d'thug mi greis de'n duldachd  
Anns a chuirte 'am biodh an danns'.

Ach tha n seanfhacal 'ga urachadh,  
Ge luthor an cu cam,  
Ge titheach air an smodal e,  
Cha bheir e bhos is thall.

Pleid <eng>or<gai> bleid-<eng>a wheedling a cajolling.<gai> Eumhann-<eng>a pearl.<gai> Feinics-<eng>the phoenix-a mythical Egyptian bird.<gai> Pol-<eng>the north pole.<gai> Ceutadh-<eng>pleasantness, elegance. Penelope, wife of Ulysses, is regarded as a model of conjugal and domestic virtue. Her praise was sung by Homer.<gai> Smodal-<eng>crumbs, fragments of meat. sweepings.

Ailean Muideartach was married to Penelope Mackenzie, daughter of Colonel Mackenzie, of Tangiers. She was possessed of beauty, wit and sweetness of temper, and was highly esteemed.<gai>

[TD 46]

AM BRUADAR.

Oran air cor na rioghachd 'sa bhliadhna 1715.

LE IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN MHIC AILEIN.

Luinneag-

Hei ho, tha mulad air m' inntinn,  
Cho trom ri claich mhuilinn  
Air lonnaibh na sineadh,  
Bho nach h-'eil a h-uile rud  
'Chunnaic mi sgriobhte,  
Cha bheo air a chruinne  
Na 's urrainn an innseadh.

Hei ho!

Chunnaic mise 's mi 'm' chadal  
Gne de dh'aisling ro fhuath'sach,  
Ghabh mi leithid de dh' eagal  
'S gun do theap mi 'bhi 'm' uaigh leis.  
Thug mi sealladh 's na speuraibh  
Is ghlac maoin mi le uamhann.  
Gu'n robh Mars anns an leum sin  
'Na lan eiceadh geal cruadhach.

Ann an toiseach na comh-stri  
Chaidh Bellona air ghluasad;  
'S nochd sinne, 'thoirt caismeachd bhuainn,  
Ar bratach gu h-uallach.  
Bha sluagh cois' agus marcachd  
A dol seachad mu 'n cuairt duinn;  
Bha run feirg' air gach gaisgeach,  
'Se dian lasadh gu cruadal.

[TD 47]

Thug mi suil air an fhairge,  
'S cha bu dearmadach m' inntinn,

'Nuair a chunnaic mi 'gharbh luaidh'  
Is fiamh calma gach milidh,  
Thainig smaointinn a' m' eanchainn,  
Ma bha 'n tairgreadh 'na fhirinn  
Gu 'm biodh cogadh is marbhadh  
A bhiodh gailbheach 'san rioghachd.

'Nuair a chruinnich iad uile,  
Sluagh gach luinge 's luchd tire,  
Bu phailt biadh ac' is lannan,  
Cha robh gainne 'thaobh ni orr'.  
Bha iad namhaideach fuileach,  
Is dian guineach 'chum strithe;  
Bho la Fhinn cha do chruinnich  
Tric an uiread de mhiltibh.

Bu dluth chluinnteadh nan campa  
Guth na Gall tromb' 's fuaim pioba,  
Fairgneadh sunndach na druma  
'Cur gach curaidh gu dian theas.  
Fhuair gach fear 'bha 'n comannda  
Ordagh teann thun a ghniomha,  
'S theann an armailt ri marsadh  
'Thoirteach gach namhaid fo chis dhaibh.

Labhair guth rium na briathran s';  
"Ged's cuis-fhiamha na chi thu  
Cha dean aon diu bonn lochd' ort  
Mura coisinn thu 'm miorun;  
Is an neach tha thu 'g iarraidh  
Na bi fiafraich os 'n iosal  
Gus am faic thu 'mhuc iasaid  
'Ga sior stialladh aig miolchoin."

Chunnaic mise mu 'n d' dhuaisg mi

[TD 48]

Ni chuir curam air m' inntinn,  
Teine 'bruchdadh a canain,  
'S bristeadh bhallachan diona,  
Leagadh 's leadairt mu 'r bailtean  
'S iad 'gar glacadh os 'n iosal  
Paisdean 's mnathan a' caoineadh  
S luchd an gaoil ann am prìosan.

Lunn—<eng>the pole of a litter or bier, a skid or pry.<gai> Mars—<eng>the  
God of War.<gai> Bellona—<eng>the Goddess of War.<gai> Tairgreadh—<eng>a  
prophecy.<gai> Fairgneadh—<eng>beating, hacking.<gai> Fiafraich  
<eng>or<gai> fiafruigh—<eng>enquire, ask.<gai> A mhuc iasaid—King George  
I.

The Jacobites, who took part in the insurrection of 1715, expected help  
in men and money from France. The standard of prince James was raised at  
Castletown, in Braemar, September 6th, 1715. The battle of Sheriffmuir  
was fought on the 13th of the following November. The Highlanders, who  
were cooped up in Preston, surrendered on the same day. The poem was  
composed shortly after these events.<gai>

[TD 49]

ORAN DO MHAC-SHIMI.

LE IAIN DUBH MAC IAIN MHIC AILEIN.

An deicheamh la de thus a' Mhairt  
A ghluais ail stata 's measail aite;  
'S ait le chairdean beo.

An deicheamh la, &c.

Ged chuir naimhdean thu le ainneart  
'Null do 'n Fhraing bhuainn, neo-ar-thaing dhaibh,  
Fhuair thu 'm ball fo d'bhroig.

Fhuair thu cuirt an sin o Luthais  
Ghabh e curam dhiot o'n b'fhiu thu  
Chionn do ghiulain chorr.

'S iomadh fuaran glan gun truailleadh  
De 'n fhuil uaibhrich 'ruith mu'd ghuaillibh,  
'Fhir a's uaisle feoil.

Cainnt gun aicheadh, ceart ri 'radh e,  
'S tusa 's cairdiche 'm measg Ghaidheal  
'Bha riamh air d'aite beo.

Tha fuil Stiubhartaich a' chruin  
'N deigh a dubladh a'd' chorp cubhraidh,  
'S Iarla Weem 's Mhic Leoid

Tha fuil phriseil Iarla Seaforth  
Air a sioladh a'd' bhallaibh rioghail,  
Glac nach crion mu 'n or.

[TD 50]

Cairdeas fal' thu 'Mhac-Mhic-Ailein;  
Da uair daingeann ri Gleann-Garadh;  
Car thu Mhac-Gilleoin.

An t-armunn Sleiteach, Mac Shir Seumas  
Nan arm geura, dhuit 'sa'cheum ud,  
Dha 'm biodh na ceudan sloigh.

Ceannard aigeantach nan Abrach.  
Gura fagus dhuit am fear sin;  
Dh'eireadh leat na seoid.

Dreagan feartha 's nath'rail searbh thu;  
'S tu bu ghailbhiche fo d' armaibh,  
'S d' fhuil 'na tailbheum mor.

Leoghann ainmeil 's neimheil calg,  
A bheithir ana-meineach gu marbhadh  
'N uair 'chasadh fearg ad' shroin.

An laoch garg 's am buinne borb,  
Is deacair fhoireigheadh, triath na calmachd,  
Le 'm miannach mordhail chorr.

'S muirneach fairmeil an ceann airm thu,  
Cuis a dhearbhadh o d' aois leanabais  
'Bhi gun dearmad gleois.

Fhuair thu d'ghlacaibh ceile leapach,  
Deagh Nic Ailpein gleidhteach sgapach.  
Beul o'm biasd thig gleoir,

Bain-tighearn dhiadhaidh, shocrach, chiallach;  
Cridhe fialaidh le deagh riaghailt,  
Gnuis gun iomhaigh reot'.

[TD 51]

An neamhain shoilleir 's an leug nach doilleir,  
'N ti gun choire mar sgathan gloine,  
Lan eireachdais gu leoir.

Gu ma buan do 'n lanain uasail,  
'Dh'fhas gun uabhar, air aon chluasaig  
An seirc 's am buaidh gun leon.

'Dheagh Mhic Shimi nan arm innealt',  
Slan thu philleadh gu d'dheagh ionad,  
Sid mar shirinn do.

Tailbheum, <eng>properly <gai>tuil-bheum<eng>—a torrent.<gai> Neamhain  
<eng>or<gai> neamhnaid—<eng>a pearl.<gai> Ana-meineach—<eng>stubborn,  
furious.

Hugh Fraser, 7th Lord Lovat, married Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Athol, by whom he had Simon, 8th Lord Lovat. Simon married Catherine, eldest daughter of Cailean Cam, 11th MacKenzie of Kintail, and had by her Hugh, 9th Lord Lovat. Hugh married Isabella Wemyss, daughter of John, 1st Earl of Wemyss, and had six sons, Thomas of Beaufort being the fourth. Upon the death of Hugh, 11th Lord Lovat, in 1696, Thomas of Beaufort became the representative of the family. He was born in 1631, and died in 1698. He was married to Sybella, daughter of John Macleod, of Macleod, and had six

[TD 52]

sons. Alexander his eldest son having killed a man by accident at a wedding near Inverness, had to leave the country. He fled to Wales, where he died. Simon, his second son, was the famous Lord Lovat of history. Simon's mother, Sybilla Macleod, Sir John Maclean's mother and Ailean Muideartach's mother were sisters. Thomas of Beaufort was actually the 12th Lord Lovat. It seems, however, that his right to the title had never been properly acknowledged; hence Simon was invariably designated 12th Lord Lovat. Simon was born in 1667. He studied at the university of Aberdeen, where he highly distinguished himself. He was treated very unjustly by the Earl of Athol, who endeavored to deprive him of his estate. He married Margaret Grant, daughter of Ludovick Grant, of Grant, in 1717. This is the "Nic-Ailpein" of the poem. He was beheaded in



London, April 9th, 1747. He was a man of ability. He was pleasant in his manners when he liked, but selfish and full of duplicity. But whatever his character was, his execution, in the 80th year of his age, was a shameful and cruel act.<gai>

[TD 53]

IAIN MAC AILEIN.

<eng>John Maclean, commonly called Iain Mac Ailein, or Iain Mac Ailein Mhic Iain Mhic Eoghain, is entitled to a very high rank as a poet. He belonged to the Ardgour branch of the Macleans. Ewen, sixth Maclean, of Ardgour, was married to a daughter of Stewart, of Appin, and had two sons, Allan his heir and successor, and John. John was married and had a son named Allan. The poet was a son of this Allan. He was thus a great-grand-son of Maclean of Ardgour. He lived in Mull. His place of residence was not far from Aros. His poems were taken down by Dr. Hector Maclean, who lived about a mile from Tobermory. Dr. Johnson and Boswell called to see Dr. Maclean, when travelling through the Western Islands in 1773. The doctor was not at home, but the visitors were entertained by his daughter Mary, a highly accomplished young lady. She read and translated some of John Maclean's poems for them. Boswell makes the following reference to this fact:

"Miss Maclean produced some Gaelic

[TD 54]

poems by John Maclean, who was a famous bard in Mull, and had died only a few years ago. He could neither read nor write. She read and translated two of them, one a kind of elegy on Sir John Maclean's being obliged to fly his country in 1715; another a dialogue between two Roman Catholic young ladies, sisters, whether it was better to be a nun or to marry. I could not perceive much poetical imagery in the translation. Yet all of our company who understood Gaelic seemed charmed with the original. There may perhaps be some choice expression, and some excellence of arrangement, that cannot be shown in translations."

Dr. Johnson's reference to Miss MacLean's translating Iain Mac Ailein's poems for him is as follows:

"There has lately been in the islands one of these illiterate poets, who, hearing the bible read at church, is said to have turned the sacred history into verse. I heard part of a dialogue, composed by him translated by a young lady in Mull, and thought it had more meaning than I expected from a man totally uneducated; but he had some opportunities of knowledge; he lived among a learned people."

We scarcely think it probable that Iain

[TD 55]

Mac Ailein was not able to read. His father, we may take for granted, was in fairly comfortable circumstances, and could afford to give him some education. The poet shows a good acquaintance with the traditionary history of Ireland. It is evident that he was well versed in the bible.

He was thoroughly familiar with the political events of his own day. These facts, however, do not prove that he could read.

Iain Mac Ailein was evidently in his prime in 1689, the year in which the battle of Killiecrankie was fought. He composed a magnificent elegy on Sir John Maclean, who died in 1716. His Imric Fear Threisinnis must have been composed about the year 1738. There is no reference in any of his poems to the events of 1745. It is probable that he died about that time. He was an old man at the time of his death.<gai>

ORAN.

A rinneadh 'n uair a bha Sir Iain MacGilleain, Triath Dhubhairt, ann an Carnabrough.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Beir fios leat bhuam do Carnabrough  
Gu deagh Shir Iain nan armunn gasd',  
Ged rinn mi caochladh maighistir  
Nach feairrd' mi mu mo mhiadh e.

[TD 56]

Ge tric a dol a dh' Aros mi  
A dh'ol gach boinne 'tharas mi,  
Cha 'n ionnan's mar a b'abhaist dhomh,  
Cha bhi mo ghair' air m' fhiacail.

Na mionnan 'thug sinn thall an sin,  
'N uair a bha camp Mhic Cailein ann,  
'Dheoin De cha mhisd' ar n-anam iad,  
Ach b' aindeonach an gnìomh e.

Na'n cluinninn fhin am Bacach  
'Thigh 'nn le chabhlach laidir acfhuinneach,  
Cha dearbhadh neach thar fasdaidh orm  
Gu 'm b'fhear protection riamh mi.

Na'm faicinn duine fiirinneach  
A chomhdaicheadh na dh' innseadh dhomh  
Gheibhteadh 's an Leth Iochdraich mi  
'S mi comhdach mo phios iarunn.

Ged nach robh mi riamh cho tapaidh  
'S gu 'n deanainn sealg no tacar leis,  
Is leoir leam fhad 's a chaidil e  
Fo 'n leabaidh far 'n do liath e.

Tacar—<eng>provision, plenty.

Shortly after the battle of Killiecrankie the Earl of Argyll obtained a commission of fire and sword against the Macleans, and invaded Mull with a force of 2,500 men. Sir John Maclean retired to the fortified island of Kernburgh, and advised his followers to take the oath of allegiance to the new government, and accept protections from Argyll. He remained in Kernburgh until 1692.<gai>

[TD 57]

SGEUL AN EIBHNEIS;

Oran a rinn am Bard 'n uair a chual e gu'n robh Sir Iain Mac-Gilleain beo.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Na'm faicinn gu 'm b'fhior,  
Na'm faicinn gu 'm b'fhior,  
Na'm faicinn gu 'm b'fhior,  
Sgeul dearbhte so,

Bu mhire mi-fhin  
Na caitean beag mios'  
Nan digeadh gu crich  
An tairgineachd,

An neach so 'chaidh eug  
Am barail gach leigh  
'Thigh'nn thugainn  
'Na threun-fhear Albanach;

Mar thaice ri 'r cul  
'Sa' chath mar cheann-iuil,  
Gu 'n togamaid suil  
Bho 'r plangaidean;

Gu 'n eireadh deagh fhonn  
'S gach cridhe 'tha trom,  
'S cha 'n fhaicteadh cinn chrom  
Neo-mheanmnach oirnn.

Gu 'n tilgeamaid clach  
Ri 'r nabaith cho ceart,  
Gus an ruigeamaid stap  
An t-seann duine;

Gu 'n cuireamaid bailc  
Air oiribh ar cas,

[TD 58]

Cha leanadh aon drap  
De 'r dranndan ruinn,

'S gu'n tilleamaid breug  
Air ar coimpire fein,  
'Nuair 'chuireadh e 'n eucoir  
Dhalmar' oirnn.

Le fabhar a chruin  
'S le rathad an Diuc'  
Na'm faighinn do chuis  
A dhainghneachadh,

'Sa chinneadh so fos

Chit' iongantas mor,  
Gu 'm bu mhacanaibh og  
Na seann daoine,

'S na sgriotachain mhios'  
'Dol 'n airdead 's am miad.  
'S bhiodh iad aithghearr aig linn  
An leanabalachd;

'S gach bean dha'm bu tric  
Clann nighean mar shlioc  
Gu 'm biodh aca mic  
Gu toirbheartach.

Mar nach d'fhas e 'nad dheigh  
An airdead no 'm meud,  
'S ro mhath chinneadh am feur  
'S na garbh-chrìochaibh.

'S bu lionmhor na feidh  
Nam frithearaibh fein  
'Dh' aindheoin tapachd is treinid  
Shealgairean.

Dheanadh machair is coill  
Gair' lachainn ri d' chloinn,

[TD 59]

'S tu 'thigh'nn dachaidh fo staoileadh  
Ainmealachd.

Tha mi guidhe gu dur  
Air an Ti 'th' air an stiuir  
'Ur cur sabhailt' o'n chunnart  
Chaillteach so.

Gu cala gun ghuais,  
Gun bhairlinn, gun stuadh,  
Gun trioblaid, gun luasgan  
Laimhrige,

Gu tearuinteachd nois  
Gun uireasbhuidh gleois,  
Far nach tuairg'neadh an rod  
No 'n t-anfhadh sibh.

'N sin bu mhire mi-fhin  
Na caitean beag mios',  
Na'm faicinn gu 'm b'fhior sgeul  
Dearbhte sin.

Tairgineachd—<eng>prediction.<gai> Guais—<eng>danger.<gai> Laimhrig—  
<eng>a landing place, a wharf.<gai>

NA'N DIGEADH SIR IAIN.

Oran a rinn am Bard 'nuair a chual e gu'n robh Sir Iain Mac Gilleain ann an Sasunn.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Luinneag-

Na'n d' thigeadh, na'n d' thigeadh,  
Na'n d' thigeadh do sgeul,

[TD 60]

'S gu 'm faodainn 'bhi cinnteach  
As na dh' innseadh dhomh 'n de,  
Gu'n tilginn as m' fhochair  
An cochull gun fheum,  
'S gu 'm faicteadh mi fhathast  
Air atharrach gleus'.

Na'n digeadh Sir Iain  
Mo chridhe 's mo chleibh,  
Gu 'm b'eibhinn ar n-aigneadh,  
Mar bhradan a' leum.  
Thogadh cridhe do mhuinntreach  
'Tha 'n cunnart dol eug,  
'S gu 'n digeadh do m' ionnsaidh-s'  
Mo shugradh beag fhein.

Do chinneadh 's do dhualchas  
'Bha cruadalach treun,  
'S bu mhath an Raon-Ruairidh  
Mu 'd ghuailnibh 's an fheum.  
Tha 'nis 'n am fath truaighe,  
Mar chuagair' tha 'm beus;  
Ged gheibh iad am bualadh  
Cha ghluais iad am beul.

Ged tha sinn fo dhochair,  
Mar mholtaibh mu chro,  
Aig naimhdean fo bhaogh'l  
'Toirt dhuinn aobhar air bron,  
'S luchd-spuillidh ri tair oirnn  
Mar thraill na spain bhrog,  
Cha'n aithnicht' an teas la sinn  
Aig airdead ar croic'.

An ealta ro ghleusd'  
An robh eifeachd gu leoir,  
'Bhuidh' neadh geall air gach tulaich,  
Far an criunniceadh eoin,  
Le'n itean corr sgeithe,  
Le'n treine 's le 'n treoir,

[TD 61]

Cha 'n fhearr iad air coinnimh  
Na croman-an-loin.

Na'n tilleadh a chuibhle  
Bharr iomrall a seoil,  
S gu 'n iompadh i deiseil  
N taobh deas mar bu choir,  
'S iomadh neach tha fo mhuisseag,  
'Sa cheann lubte 'na sgrob,  
'Chuireadh bailc air a chasaibh  
An taisbeanadh shron.

Na 'm biodh iad dhomh fagusg  
Na bheil fad o laimh,  
Sir Iain nan caisteal  
Is Bacach a bhlair,  
'N neach do 'n d' fhuiling mi m' fhaobhach,  
Mar chaora mhaoil bhain,  
Bheirinn tionndadh mar leoghann air,  
'S m' ordag 'na shail.

'S leoir truimead bhur cadail,  
Ma thachair sibh slan!  
Mur suidhich sibh cairtean  
A ghlacas cuid chaich,  
Bidh sinne fo gheur sgrios  
Le feileadh a' chlair;  
Mur faic sibh fo dhien sinn,  
Bidh dith oirnn ri 'r la.

Tha sinn tamull an iargain  
Le fiabhras ro ard;  
'S faide la leinn 'g ar pinadh  
Na bliadhna 's sinn slan.  
Am brудар an fhaochaidh,  
Tha daoine ag radh,  
Gur tearc leigh a ni aithn' air  
Seach teannair a' bhais.

[TD 62]

'S mor am farmad a th' agam-s'  
Ri d' aid is ri d' chleoc;  
'S iad 'th' air grianan na maise  
Ri glacadh an soigh.  
Na 'm b'e m' fhortan sa tuiteam  
'N riochd buclan do bhrog,  
'Se 'b' fhearr mar shogh inntinn  
Na criochan righ mhoir.

Tha mi 'guidhe le m' run  
Is le m' dhurachd do ghnath  
Air 'n Ti 'chruthaich air thus thu  
'S thug dhuinn thu mar bhlath,  
Cur muinghin mo dhochais  
'Na throcair ro ard,  
Nach d' fhuair sinn ach leasan  
Thun ar teagasg na's fhearr.

Cuagaire—<eng>an awkward, slovenly man.<gai> Baoghal—<eng>peril,  
danger.<gai> Corr—<eng>excellent.<gai> Faobhaich—<eng>despoil.<gai>

Faochadh—<eng>thepoint in sickness at which one is beginning to get well, relief.<gai> Teannair—<eng>any instrument to squeeze with.<gai>

NAIDHEACHD AN AITEIS.

Oran do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain air do 'n Bhard a chluinntinn gu 'n robh e a' tighinn dhachaidh.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

An sgeula so 'th' aca  
'Ga innse le aiteas,  
Na'm faighinn fear-ceartais

[TD 63]

A dhearbhadh am mach e,  
B' ionnan eirigh do m' aigneadh  
'S mar gu 'n leumadh am bradan  
Bho dheabhadh an aigeil le luth-chleas;

Sir Iain nan caisteal  
Thar fograidh 'thigh 'nn dachaidh  
Gu mor bhaile Shasuinn,  
'S a bhanruinn 'ga ghlacadh  
Le caoimhneas bu cheart d'i;  
'S cha bu traoiteir air aitim  
Do dh' oighre no 'fhaction a cruin-s' e.

'S ann 'chaill iad na bh' aca  
De dh' earasaid fharsuing  
Leis gach tionndadh 'bha tachairt;  
'N Inbher-Cheiteinn thuit Eachann  
Is mile mu 'bhrataich  
Gun tioma, gun taise;  
Foill Holburn 's nam marcach 'thug cuis diu.

'N ti so dh' fhalbh bhuainn air bhadhal  
'S nach d' fhag brathair no athair,  
'S daor a cheannaich e 'm fabhar  
'Thug righ Seumas d'a grathunn.  
Threig e 'chinneadh mor flathail  
Dha 'n robh oighreachd is taighean,  
Ragh e 'm fogar seach aighear a dhuthcha.

An Raon-Ruairidh le brughach  
Bha do reisimeid subhach  
'S tu-fhein maille riubha;  
'S iomadh gruaidh 'bu ghlan rughadh  
'Dol 'n ar n-armaibh 's 'n ar n-uidhim  
Ann an toiseach do shiubhail,  
'Thoirt fios fuathais gu buidhinn an diomba.

[TD 64]

Ged a b' og thu 'n Dun-Chailleann  
'S e do ghnìomh nach robh clannail

'S ann a dhearbh thu 'bhi fearail,  
Chuir thu geard a chuil chlannaich  
Ri aodann a bhaile;  
Ged thuit pairt diu gun anam  
Chuir iad aitreabh nan Gallaibh 'na smudan.

Cha chualas gu minic  
Ann an seanachas no 'm filidh  
Gu 'n robh duthaich no cinneadh  
Riamh 's a chas 's a bheil sinne,  
Gun fhear pairte no spionnaidh  
Ann an aite no 'n ionad;  
Sinn gun righ, gun cheann-cinnidh, gun duthaich.

'S fad o cheil' iad air bhadhal  
Gach fear treun a chur catha,  
A b 'fhearr feum leis a chladheamh-  
Dh' fhalbh am buachaille ra mhath,  
Dha 'n robh caoimhneas is ceannas,  
'S dh' fhag e 'threud fo throm eallaich,  
Gun fhear gleidhidh, no faire, no stiuiridh

Dh' fhalbh ar n-aighear air fad bhuainn,  
'S sinn mar luirich a' bhaigeir,  
Air a tilgeadh air cladach,  
'Na cuis bhuiirt agus mhagaidh,  
Is gun chluud d' i, 'ga pailtead,  
Gun choig fichead fear-tagraidh,  
'S iad 'ga reubadh, 's'ga sgapadh, 's ga spuinneadh.

Ged is trom leinn an strac sin,  
Thoil ar peacannan barr air,  
Gu 'n robh pobull 's an Eiphit,  
'Bha fo bhruid aig righ Faro,

[TD 65]

'S 'n uair a chaidh iad do' n fhasach  
Is a chaochail iad gnathan  
Fhuair iad comhfhurtachd adhmhor bho'n sgiursadh.

Na'm pilleamaid fhathast,  
Le cridheachan matha,  
Bharr iomrall an rathaid  
Bu shoirbh do Righ Fhlaitheis  
Gach smal a th' air laidh' oirnn  
Gu tur dhinn a chrathadh,  
'S gu 'm b' ionmhuinn le'r n-athair ar n-umhlachd.

Ged tha sinn fo aimheal  
An deigh Mhic-Gilleain,  
'S beag an t-aimn e r'a labhairt  
Seach fogradh nam flaithean  
Dha 'n robh crun agus cathair,  
Beairt a's uamharr' r'a amharc,  
'S gur a seirbhe e na 'n gabhann r'a iomradh.

Ma 's a firinn ri 'labhairt  
Gur h-e Seumas a's athair



Do na Phrionnsa a th' air faighinn,  
Ge b'e thionnsgainn ri daithean  
'Chur air og anns a chreathail,  
Tha mi 'n duil gu 'n dig latha  
A bheir luchd a ghnìomh' ghrathail gu cunntas.

'S mairg am Breatunn a tharlas  
Nuair thig diogh'ltas a phaigheadh  
Luchd na foille 'san ardain;  
Ghearr iad muineal rìgh Tearlach  
Air fìor bheagan de dh' abhar  
Chuir iad Seumas air anradh,

[TD 66]

'S ghabh iad Uilleam is Mairi d'an ionnsaidh.

Gu bheil Britheamh 'sna neamhan  
'Tha 'toirt teisteanais araid  
Gur h-e fein dha'n robh cas dhiu;-  
Chaochail siantan is laithean,  
Bhruchd gach torran gu saibhir,  
'S tha gach duine na's fhearr dheth  
Bho na thachair do 'n Bhanruinn so 'crunadh.

Earasaid-<eng>a square of tartan cloth worn over the shoulders.<gai>  
Badhal-<eng>wandering.<gai> Clannach-<eng>hanging in locks.<gai> Aimheal-  
<eng>vexation.<gai> Gabhann-<eng>gall.

It was commonly, but erroneously supposed that Prince James was not the son of James II. and his wife. The Prince was born in 1688, a few months before his father's abdication. Queen Anne was crowned in 1702. Sir John Maclean returned from France in 1703. Queen Anne conferred a pension of £500 sterling a year upon him. This pension he enjoyed during the remainder of his life.<gai>

AN SUGRADH.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Thoir fios bhuam gu Anndra,  
'S na dearmaid 'innseadh trath,  
Mo chompanach uasal

[TD 67]

Ro shuairc is bu chubhaidh dha,  
Ma's fath leis gu gruaman  
An suairceas a dhol mu lar,  
Gu bheil leannan 'bu ghaol leis  
Air caochladh 's air faotuinn bais.

Bha uair ann 's bu chliuiteach  
'S an duthaich so anns gach ait,  
Macnas gun droch dhurachd,  
An sugradh 's an fheala-dha,  
A mheadhail is a mhuirn

O'm bu shunndach an duine slan;  
'N diugh tha gach aon 'bheir uidh dhaibh  
Air a chunntas mar dhuine bath.

An Aros laghach shuas ud,  
Bha uair a chunnaic mi e,  
Bhiodh comh-theanal uaislean,  
'S cha b' shuarach mo chuid-s' de'n trath.  
Bhiodh Sir Ailean 'sa chluain sin  
'S a shluagh fhein am fagus da,  
'S bhiodh an oidhche 'b'fhuaire  
'S a chuantal sinn leinn ro ghearr.

'Nuair 'thigeadh an luchd-sugraidh,  
An cuil cha chuireadh iad iad  
'S ann 'bhitheadh iad gle mhuirneach  
Fagus d' an seomraichean ard.  
Bhiodh meas ac' air na h-orain,  
'S bu sholasach deth na baird;  
Is bhiodh luchd-falbh na h-Eireann  
Gle ghleidhte le feil' an lamh.

'Nuair 'dh'fhalbhadh an geamhradh  
'S 'thigeadh an samhradh oirnn blath,  
Rachamaid thar chuantan  
Dh'amharc air ar cairdean graidh.  
Ruigeadh iad Sir Seumas  
An Sleit o'n 's e 'b' fhaisge air laimh,

[TD 68]

'S bheireadh iad greis eibhinn  
Air sgeulachdan 's ol mu'n chlar.

B' e a shamhailt ceudna  
Aige fhein 'gheibhheadh mar ghnaths,  
Comhlain is long ghleusda  
Leis an reubt' sruthan is sail.  
Bhiodh a bhrathair fhein ann,  
Gilleasbuig 'bu gheir' na cach;  
'S ged thigeadh na ceudan,  
'S e-fhein fear-cuideachd a b' fhearr.

Cha 'n fhanadh an luchd-sugraidh  
An aon aite fad an tamh  
Gu 'm b' i 'n imrich uaibhreach e  
Glusad an uin' cho gearr.  
Ruigeadh iad Mac Ruiridh  
Nan cuach 's nan cupachan lan,  
'S b' i mhala gun ghruaman e,  
Uachdaran an deagh ghnaiths.

'Nuair 'chruinnicheadh siol Olaghair  
Bu stoirmealach meadhail an ghnaiths;  
Gheibheadh luchd an fhalbhain  
Gu soirbh bhuath gean math is daimh.  
Cha 'n fhaicteadh iad air chorra-ghleus  
Le doilgheas 's biodag 'nan laimh;  
'S ann 'bhiodh iad subhach so-ghradhach

Le moran comuinn is graidh.

Gur deacair air an t-saoghal  
Luchd-baoiridh a dhol mu lar;  
Gach neach le neart a ghaoirdein  
Tha saothrachadh arain do ghnath.  
Tha da thrìan de'n t-saoghaol  
A'saoil-sinn gur h-e rud a 's fearr;  
Ach Caiptein Chlann Raonaill  
Cha d' chaochail gu barail chearr.

[TD 69]

Tha iognadh air na ceudan  
Cia 'n reusan mu'n dug e 'ghradh  
Do na leannain bheusachs'  
'Tha deidheil trioblaideach dha,  
An naire agus an fheile  
Le cheile 's' am pailteas laimh';  
Ban-seirbhisich neo-ghleidhteach  
An teirm bhi 'togail a mhail.

Chi mi mar cheum trocair  
D' Mhac-Dhomhnaill an aignidh aird  
Na dilleachdain 's na deoiridh  
A chomhnadh 's a dhion le baigh,  
Bho 'n tha Sir Iain air fogradh,  
Sir Domhnall an Glaschu 'na thamh,  
'Sgun oighre Mhic-Leoid  
Ach ag ol a bhrochain a spain.

'S dream dhligheil dha fhein iad  
Nach feud e leigeadh mu lar,  
'S bha iad fo mheas gle mhor  
Aig geugaibh gineil a fhreumh'.  
Dh 'fhag cach e 'na onrachd  
'S na seoid so 'nan dileab dha,  
Mar bha Oisean 's na cleirich  
'N deigh Fheinn an tir Innis Fail.

<eng>The Gilleasbuig referred to was the Ciaran Mabach. Ailean Muideartach, Caiptein Chlann-Raonaill, was one of the most popular chiefs in the highlands. Sir John Maclean and himself were first cousins. Norman Macleod, chief of the Macleods, Siol Olaghair, died in 1706. His son and heir, who was also named Norman, was born a few months after his death. This is the oighre Mhic-Leoid referred to.<gai>

[TD 70]

SIOL OLAGHAIR.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

'Shil Olaghair gun ainnis,  
B' ann d' 'ur cliu 's d' 'ur deagh alla  
'Bhi caoimhneil d' ur caraid  
'S 'bhi earrant' ri 'r fuathaibh.  
Thug na h-uaislean so 'dhealaich rium

Aithn' agus earail dhomh  
Mi 'dh' iomchar am beannachd  
Gu'r bannal 's gu'r n-uaislibh.  
Gu'n robh e orr' aithnicht'  
Mheud 'sa fhuair iad de'r carthannachd,  
'Reir cleachdadh nan sean daoine  
Ceanalt' mu'n cualas.  
Ged tha na brait ura  
Ro sgiamhach le suilibh  
'Se 'm brat air a chluadh  
'Bheir dubhlan do'n fhuachd duinn.

Fhuair mise seol ainneamh  
Gu giulan am beannachd  
A dh'ionnsaidh an leannan,  
Ge tamull leo uath iad;  
Gu comunn gun aineolas,  
Caoimhneasach, carthannach,  
Gun fhochaid, gun fhanaid,  
Gun charraid, gun tuasaid.  
Tha sean-fhacal laghach  
'Thuir na daoine gu seadhach,  
Nach facas riamh meadhail  
Na deaghaidh gun ghruaman;  
Cainnt eile cho fìor ris,  
Is dh'fhaithrich mi fhìn e,  
Nach b'e 'n rathad gu cinneachdain  
An imric ro uaibhreach.

[TD 71]

'N uair 'thainig mi dhachaidh,  
'S rinn mi caileigin stada,  
B' fhath ionndrainn do m' phearsa  
Gach cleachdadh a fhuair mi,  
Na bha mi a' seachnadh  
De shaibhreas 'ur pailteis  
Bha mi 'g ordachadh agam  
Gach maduinn 'n am ghluasad;  
'S mi ri canran gun chaidrimh  
Ri ceile mo leapa,  
'Cur an ceill gur h-e staid-se  
Thug dhachaidh mi uatha,  
'S nam bithinn air fuireach  
Leis na fhuair mi de chuireadh  
Gu'm bithinn gun mhulad,  
Gun uireasbhaidh fhuathach.

Nam biodh feum anns na beannachdan  
'S gu 'm fuasg'leadh iad fearann  
'S ann chuirinn gu deamhainn  
Le dealas gu tuath iad.  
Bheirinn aithin' agus earail dhaibh  
Taghal an Talascair  
Aig 'n fhear 'chomhnadh mi 'm' ainnis  
Gu carthannach, uasal.  
'S an ceile tha maille ris  
'S beus d'i 'bhi mathasach,  
'S feile na mala,

Cha 'n aithne dh'i gruaman.  
Gur h-alainn 'na bail' i,  
Le surd is le dealas,  
'Thoirt feusda gun ainnis  
D'luchd ealain is cuairte.

[TD 72]

ORAN DO MHAC-LUCAIS.

Air dha maoidheadh air a Bhard gu'n cumadh e 'suas ceann an amuill ris.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

O marbhphaisg ort, a shaoghail,  
'S mairg aon dha bheil thu mar leannan  
Is ann dhe d' abhaist daonnan  
'Bhi blaomannach, caochlach, carach.  
Thug mise mo sheal fhein as  
Mar dheideig a bhiodh aig leanabh  
Is chunnaic mi le m' shuilibh  
Gu 'n deachaidh mi dluth 'am mearachd.

Na'n tuigeadh tu mo nadur,  
'Fhir ghraidh cha 'n 'eil thu 'nad airidh;  
Is coltach pairt de d' ghiulan  
Ri' stiubhart gun suilbheachd ra mhath;  
Gu 'n toir thu cuibhrionn dhubailt  
Do 'n umbaidh gun iul, gun aithne,  
'S air leam gur h-olc an seol sin  
'S an duine coir a chumail falamh.

Nach seall thu air Mac-Lucais,  
Cha sugair e mar mo bharail;  
Cha robh e riamh cho gorach  
'S ga'n deanadh e oran no ealaidh.  
Ged chumainn-sa le m' bhriathraibh  
'Suas sgialachd air Tuath De Danann,  
'Nuair theannamaid gu croilean  
'S e-san gu mor 'bu mho bonnach.

Gu 'n robh mi latha 'm Blath-bheinn  
Mar-ri Iain saibhir na h-Earadh,  
An comunn bhinn na clarsaich,  
Far am biodh luchd-dan 'ga leanachd.

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Gu'n deanainn fhin is Ruairidh dhaibh  
Duanagan beag' de rannaibh;  
Is gheibheamaid deoch bhrioghmhor  
B'fhearr leam na miadachd do bhonnaich.

Is bha mi la na Sroine  
Mar-ri luchd eolais is aineoil;  
'Sa chuideachd bha na sair sin,  
Na Gaidheil dha 'n geilleadh ceannas,  
Sir Iain is Sir Domhnall

'S an coirneal deagh Mhac-'Ie-Ailein,  
'S fear eile de m' luchd-iarraidh,  
Alastair ciar Ghlinne-Garadh.

'Nuair 'chruinnicheamaid gu campa  
Le 'r ceannardan meanmnach, meara,  
Air theicheadh rachadh bron bhuainn,  
'S bhiodh solas a' comhnuidh mar-ruinn  
Gu 'm faighinn fhin le m' rabhart  
Mo phairt de na bhiodh 's ant-searraig;  
'S cha chumadh tus' an uair sin  
A suas rium do cheann de'n amull.

Cha 'n innis mi mo chruadal  
Mu 'n gluais iad gun deach mi 'm mearachd;  
Och, gur h-e falbh nan uaislean  
A's buaine a tha mi 'gearan;  
Gu'n robh mi mar-ri daoine  
'Dheanadh faochadh dhomh anns a charraid,  
'Nuair bha thus', a Neill, a laochainn,  
A'd' bhuachaille chaorach aig baile.

Blaomannach—<eng>inconstant.<gai> Deideag—<eng>a toy.<gai> Sugair—<eng> a merry fellow.

The Ruairidh referred to is Roderick Morrison, an Clarsair Dall.<gai>

[TD 74]

EACHDRAIDH THUATHA DE DANANN.

<eng>According to the legendary history of Ireland, the first people that settled in that country came from Greece. They were under a leader named Partholan. They had three druids among them: Fios, Eolas and Fochmarc, or Intelligence, Knowledge and Enquiry. The Partholanian colony was almost wholly destroyed by a pestilence. The second people that settled in Ireland came from Skythia. The name of their leader was Nemidh or Nemidius. They were of the race of Magog, son of Japhet. They suffered terribly from the attacks of sea robbers, called Fomorian. The greater part of them left the country. Simeon Breac and his clan went to Thrace, Beothach and his clan went to Greece, and Britan Maol and his clan went to the Island of Mona, Anglesey. The third people that settled in Ireland were the Fir-Bolgs. They were descended from Simeon Breac and his followers. They ruled over the country thirty-six years. The fourth people that settled in Ireland were the Tuatha De Danann. They were descended from Beothach and his followers. They wandered from Greece to Germany, from

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Germany to Scandinavia, from Scandinavia to Scotland and from Scotland to Ireland. They were necromancers. They could raise storms, heal the sick, and restore the dead to life. They had four talismanic articles of wondrous powers with them, namely, the Lia-fail, or stone of Destiny, Lugaidh's sword and spear, and the caldron of their king, the Daghdha Mor. They conquered the Fir-Bolgs, Fomorian and other inhabitants of Ireland without much difficulty. They ruled over the country about one hundred and ninety-seven years. The fifth and last people that settled in

Ireland, previous to the beginning of the christian era, were the Milesians or Gael. They are descended from Gaidheal Glas, or Gathelus. Fenius Farsa, King of Skythia, was an eminent patron of learning. His second son, Niul, was the most accomplished scholar of his day. This Niul, who was married to Scota, a daughter of Pharoah, King of Egypt, was the father of Gaidheal Glas. The descendants of Gaidheal Glas went from Egypt to Crete, and thence to Skythia. They finally settled in Spain. Their most renowned hero was Milidh or Milesius, who ruled over the greater part of Spain. It was under the leadership of the sons of this Milidh that the Gael went to Ireland.

The following account of the landing of the Milesians in Ireland, of the manner in which they obtained possession of the country, and of the vengeance taken upon them by the Tuatha De Danann, is by Iain Mac Ailein, the poet:<gai>

[TD 76]

Thanaic Clanna Milidh as an Spain do dh' Eirinn rioghachd a bha fo gheasaibh. Air do sgioba naoidh longan diubh teachd gu tir chruinnich sluagh na duthcha, do 'm b' ainm Tuatha De Danann, gu comhdhail a thabhairt daibh. Thubhairt iad ri Clanna Milidh nach robh annta ach gealtairean agus baath-oglaichean a thaobh is gu'n danaic iad air tir gun fhios. Fhreagair Clanna Milidh gu'n digeadh iad air tir le fios daibh. Thubhairt Tuath De Danann iad a dhol 'nan loingeas, agus naoidh tonnan a chur eadar iad agus tir, agus na'n digeadh iad air tir an deigh sin gu 'm faigheadh iad leth Eirinn gun tuilleadh cogaidh. An deigh do Chlanna Milidh so a dheanamh thugadh Eirinn as am fradharc le druidheachd Thuatha De Danann air achd's nach robh iad a' faicinn ach aon ghroban creige ann an dealbh muice, ni a dh' aobharaich gu'n goirear de dh' Eirinn Muc-Innis. Bha am measg Clanna Milidh druidh, a bha na dheagh dhuine ealain. Thubhairt e-san riutha nach robh iad ach amaideach do bhrigh is nach robh iad a tabhairt fainear gur h-ann ri luchd-druidheachd a bha 'n gnothach; gu'm b'i a chreag a bha iad a' faicinn Eirinn agus ge b'e a bhiodh an sin gu'm biodh e an Eirinn. Leig Clanna Milidh an sin uchd nan naoidh longan ris a chreig, mu'n robh stuadhan anabarrach a' bristeadh. Bhathadh seiseir de 'n cinn iuil, air chor is nach deachaidh air tir ach a triuir dhiubh. B'e ainm nan triuir Eireamhon, Eibher Fionn, agus Calpa 'Chlaidheimh. Thagair Clanna Milidh a nis an cumhnant air Tuath De Danann.

[TD 77]

Dh'aontaich Tuath De Danann leth Eirinn a thabhairt daibh, ach ceannas na duthcha uile a bhi aca fein. Cha doireadh Clanna Milidh so dhaibh, agus mar sin thoisich an cogadh. Thubhairt an druidh a bha maille ri Clann Milidh gu'm bu ghorach dhaibh a dhol a chogadh ri luchd-druidheachd; gu'm b'i a chomhairle-san dhaibh iad a bhi oidhche 's an aon bhaile ri Tuath De Danann. agus iad a dh'fhaotuinn mar gheasaibh do fhuasgladh orra gu'n leigeadh iad breith na cuise a dh'ionnsuidh a cheud fhir a thachradh orra an deigh dhaibh falbh le cheile as a bhaile sin. Rinneadh so. Air do Chlanna Milidh agus do Thuath De Danann falbh as a bhaile, 's e a' cheud duine a thachair orra an druidh. Thubhairt Aonghus Mac an-Daogha, righ Thuatha De Danann, ris, "S mor a tha agadsa r' a dheanamh an diugh, a dheagh fhir ealain." "Ciod a tha agam r'a dheanamh an diugh?" arsa 'n druidh, "ach falbh le m' chruit 'dh' fheuch co a 's fearr a bheir duais dhomh airson mo chiuil." "Tha barrachd is sin agad r'a dheanamh" arsa Aonghas; "tha agad ri Eirinn a roinn'na da leth." Na'm biodh sibh air

gach taobh toileach, arsa 'n druidh, dheanainn-sa an ni a tha sibh ag iarraidh a dh'aon fhacal. Dh'innis iad dha gu'n robh iad toileach. An sin thubhairt an druidh is e so mo bhreitheanas-sa: "Bho 'n a bha 'n leth os cionn talaimh de dh' Eirinn agaibh-se, a Thuath De Danann o chionn greise, agus gur luchd-druidheachd sibh, bidhidh a nis an leth a tha fo'n talamh agaibh, agus an leth os cionn talaimh aig Clanna Milidh; agus

[TD 78]

dhuitsa, Aonghais Mhic-an-Daogha, bho'n is tu righ Thuatha De Danann, tha mi ag ordachadh a bhrugh a's fearr a tha 'n Eirinn, brugh barragheal na Boinne, agus a thaobh chaich biodh gach neach a' faighine bruighne dha fein." An sin chruinnich Tuath De Danann a dh'fheuchainn ciamar a dhioladh iad iad-fein air Clanna Milidh. Thubhairt Aonghas Mac-an-Daogha gu'n dioladh mar a b' abhaist daibh, le druidheachd agus le eadarmhanadh; gu 'n rachadh iad an riochd dheochannan laidir a bhiodh a cur dith ceille agus call codach air Clanna Milidh anns gach aite 's an tachradh iad riutha; gu 'n gabhadh e-san air fhein a bhi 'n riochd fiona 's an Spain bho 'n is ann as a sin a thanaic Clanna Milidh; agus gu'm biodh Cliodhna nighean Mhanannain, a bhanruinn, lamh ris ann an riochd branndaich 's an Fhraing. Chaidh comhairle an righ a ghabhail. Thainig triuir mhac Earmuinn Mhoir do dh' Alba. Chuir an ceud fhear e-fein ann riochd uisge beatha Ghlaschu; chuir an darna fear e-fein ann an riochd uisge-beatha Rois Chlann Ghill-Anndrais; agus chuir an treas fear e-fein ann an riochd uisge-beatha Fhioghabhaidh, ris an abrar a nis Tiritheadh.

Tha sliochd Earmhuinn Mhoir an Albainn gus an latha an diugh. Sloinnear na cinn-fheadhna a thanaic bhuaithe mar so:-

Ghin Earmunn Mor Ruaimle, Aodh, agus Fiachraidh. Ghin Ruaimle Glasrach, ghin Glasrach Siream Suain, ghin Siream-Suain Bristeadh Spuaice, ghin Bristeadh-Spuaice Streup-ri-Uaisle, ghin

[TD 79]

Streup-ri-Uaisle Milleadh-Bracha, ghin Milleadh-Bracha Casgairt, agus ghin Casgairt Lag-a-Cheobain. Ghin Aodh Aigneadh-Corrach, ghin Aigneadh-Corrach Sruladh-Sporan, ghin Sruladh-Sporan Milleadh-Tanach, agus ghin Milleadh-Tanach Cas air Bhraghad. Ghin Fiachraidh Blialum-Blialum, ghin Blialum-Blialum Seasamh-Miapaidh, ghin Seasamh-Miapaidh Lamh-air-Sgeanaibh, ghin Lamh-air-Sgeanaibh Daor-ri-Cheannach, agus ghin Daor-ri-Cheannach Garbh-na-Nollaig.

FOGRADH THUATHA DE DANANN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Fogradh Thuatha De Danann  
A crich an ceannais, a Fodhla;  
'S ann de chruadhas an sgeula  
A bhi a Eirinn 'g am fogradh.

Chaidh Aonghas og Mac-an-Daogha,  
'Na fhion braonach 'chum taladh,  
Gu oighreachd a bhuannachd  
An crich uasail na Spaine.



Do chaidh Manannain neartmhor  
Do chrich bheairtich na Frainge,  
'S rinn deoch bhrioghmhor do Chliodhna  
Do'n ainm staoilidh a' bhranndaidh,

Chaidh triuir mhac Earmuinn Mhoir  
A criochaibh Fhodhla do dh' Alba,  
Gu 'bhi dioghailt a 'm fogradh  
Air sliochd Scota nan garbh-chath.

[TD 80]

Toiseach suidhe do Ruaimle  
An cois Chluaidhe aig Glaschu,  
Air an dig sliochd ruatharach  
Leis am buairear na claignean.

Do chaidh Aodh am measg thuathach  
Do Ros shuas Chloinn Ghill'-Anndrais;  
Leis an t-sliochd a thig bhuaithe  
Fagar uaislean gle mheanmnach.

An deigh sin do chaidh Fiachraidh  
Do 'n airde 'n iar a chrich Fhioghabhaidh;  
'S tha shliochd aig tobar Bafanaid  
'Nan cuis chanrain is iorghuill.

Na tri fineachan loghmhor s'  
'S tearc 's an Eorpa 'tha 'n samhuilt;  
Ni iad bog an ti 's cruaidhe  
'S ni iad cruaidh am fear sleamhuinn.

Ni iad cas am fear ciallach  
'S ni iad fiat am fear narach;  
Ni iad neo-shanntach acrach  
'S ni iad lag am fear laidir.

Bheir iad cruadal do 'n ghealtair,  
'S bheir iad beairteas do 'n daibhear;  
Bheir iad fionn-fhuachd gu so-ghradh,  
'S bheir iad comhradh 'n fhear shamhach.

Bheir iad gruaim bharr a mhuigein,  
'S ni iad sunndach fear tosdach.  
'Sin na buadhanan falaich  
'Th' air Tuath De Danann mar choltas.

Geas-<eng>a charm, a spell.<gai> Fo gheasaibh-<eng>under spells.<gai>  
Fodhla-<eng>an ancient name of Ireland.<gai> Cluaidh-<eng>the river  
Clyde.<gai> Ruatharach-<eng>making a sudden or violent attack.<gai>  
Eadar-mhanadh-<eng>enchantment.<gai>

[TD 81]

CATH ALPHUIRT.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

<eng>Sir Colin Campbell, of Ardkinglass, Sheriff-depute of Argyle, sent James Campbell, of Stonefield, Sheriff-substitutc, to hold a court of justice at Aros in Mull. The court lasted about six weeks. All the neighboring gentlemen were present.

According to the poet, Sir Colin Campbell, as King and commander-in-chief of the fair Gael, sent James Campbell to Aros, the Alfort of the poem, to fight against the Tuatha De Danann. General eral James had for his principal officers Cormac Saorchridheach or Murdoch og Macclaine, of Lochbuy, An Donn Dochaisg or Donald Maclean, of Coll, Iollain Iomsgaoilteach or Maclean, of Brolas, Eochaidh Amhuiltach or Cameron, of Glendessary, Doidim Dana or Maclean, of Ardgour, Laogh righ Lorc or Macquarrie, of Ulva, an sonn bho Dhun-Annla or Lachlan Maclean, of Calgary, Domhnall Deonach, and Cailein Sochair. He destroyed all the Tuatha De Danann in Mull.

The following notes explain the origin of the battle of Alfort and the fight at Dun Dubh-linn:<gai>

[TD 82]

"'S e 's mathair-aobhair do chath Alphuirt gu 'n danaic Seumas Caimbeul, fear Achanaclaiche, na fhearionaid Siorrain, a chumail moid an Aros am Muile. Bha a h-uile duine eadar ceann Loch-Iall agus h-Barradhubh h-Aidhnis an Tiritheadh ri freagairt aig a mhod so. Chumadh e re shia seachduinnean, agus rinneadh ol cho mor aige's a bha ri cuimhne dhaoine ann sna h-aiteachaibh so."

"An deigh do dh' Fhear Acha na claiche Aros fhagail thachair oifigich a ghearasdain air aig Dubhairt agus chum iad e comhla riutha. Thug e-fein 's iad-fein tri lathan air an ol. 'S ann ri caisteal Dhubhairt a tha 'm bard ag radh Dun Dubhlinn."

Air mothachadh do righ Fionn-Ghaidheal do 'n chron 's de 'n chall a bha Tuath De Danann a deanamh air muinntir a rioghachd, chuir e a mach aon de 'ridiribh, do 'm b' ainm Seanailear Seumas, a dh' iarraidh air uaislean na h-airde 'n iar eirigh leis a chur as do Thuatha De Danann. Rinn iad aite coinnimh agus comhlachaidh an Alphort 'san Dreallainn. B'e Borb righ Bhioghabhaidh, aon de dh'uaislean na Dreallainn, bu riaghladair anns an aite sin. Ghabh e Tuath De Danann air iochd agus air ineach gu gleidheadh agus tearmad a dheanamh orra. Air do na h-uaislean cruinneachadh, thubhairt Seanailear Seumas riutha gu 'm feumadh iad a thabhairt fainear gur h-ann ri luchd-druidheachd a bha 'n gnothach, agus gun leigeadh leotha am mealladh. Dh'aithn e dhaibh gearasdan a thogail eadar iadsan agus iadfein. Thubhairt e cuideachd nach

[TD 83]

b' aithne dha co d'an digeadh e a dhol a chumail faire air a cheud oidhche. Fhreagar na h-uaislean a bha fotha e ag radh bho nach robh ard-righ na Dreallainn aig baile gur h-e Cormac Saor-chridheach na Maighe fear-ionaid a b'fhaisge dha, agus gu 'n deanadh e deagh fhear-faire. Thugadh an sin aithne dha faire a chumail air an oidhche sin. Thubhairt Seanailear Seumas, tha iad ag radh gu bheil iad san ris a bheil ar gnothach 'nan luchd-cuideachd math; ciod bu mhisde sinn caiptein agus bratach de shliochd Lag-a-Cheobain 'thaotuinn maille-ruinn? Cho-aontaich na h-uaislean uile leis. Chuireadh gu grad iarrtas gu riaghladair Alphuirt e a chur caiptein agus brataich de shliochd Lag-a-Cheobain g'an

ionnsaidh. Gheall iad dha gu'm paigheadh iad 's a mhaduinn eiric gach aoin nach rachadh dachaidh dhiubh. Thanaic na chuir iad a dh' iarraidh de Thuath De Danann, 's thug iad lan thoilcachadh inntinn do na h-uaislean le feabhas am fearas-chuideachd. 'N uair a chunnaic Seanailear Seumas so thubhairt e, cha mhath dhuinn Cormac Saorchridheach a bhi bhuainn. Chuir e fios air agus dh' fhaighneachd e dheth an robh aon aige na bhrataich ris an earbadh e an fhaire fhad 's a bhiodh e-fein a' gabhail greis de chuideachd Thuatha De Danann? Fhreagair e-san gu'n robh aon aige nach d' rinn mealladh riamh air, a Thoil Fein. Dh'fhag e an toil ri faire, agus chaidh e-fein a ghabhail aighear Thuatha De Danann. Cha robh aon de dh'uaislibh na h-airde 'n iar nach robh bratach de dhilsean fein aige 'ga dhion 's 'ga theasruiginn bho

[TD 84]

Thuath De Danann; gidheadh fhuair Tuath De Danann a staigh orra. 'N uair a dh'iarradh iad ciall 's e 'gheibheadh iad michiall, 'n uair a dh'iarradh iad cuimhne 's e 'gheibheadh iad dio-chuimhne, 'n uair a dh' iarradh iad briathran glice 's e 'gheibheadh iad briathran amaideach, agus 'n uair a dh'iarradh iad neart 's e 'gheibheadh iad laigse. Mar so dh'aithnich iad nach h-i am muinntir fein a bha aca. Fhuair Tuath De Danann an gearasdan fopa fhein an oidhche sin. Moch 'sa mhaduinn thanaic fear de a bhrataich, d'am b'ainm Cuimhne, gu Cormac Saorchridheach, agus thubhairt e ris gu'n do ghlacadh an gearasdan an raoir le droch fhurachras agus gu'n robh e gu beul an latha gu buileach fo chumhachd an naimhdean. Ach, ars' e-san, tha Tuath De Danann an drast air tuiteam gu neo-ni; tha iad 'gan nigheadh fein le 'n eadar-mhanadh ann am pigeachan creadha; agus ma bhitheas sinn tapaidh faodaidh sinn an tilgeadh a mach thar baidealan a bhaile. Rinneadh so mar leasachadh air na thachair. 'N uair a dh'innseadh gach ni do Sheanailear Seumas thug e maitheanas do Chormac Saorchridheach 'na fhailinn airson a thapachd mu dheireadh.

Mhol Seanailear Seumas an fhearaschuideachd a rinn Tuath De Danann dhaibh air an oidhche a chaidh seachad. Thubhairt e gu 'n robh dream eile dhiubh, sliochd Chois'-air-Bhraghad a b'fhearr gu mor gu fearas-chuideachd na Sliochd Lag-a-Cheobain. Cho-aontaich na h-uaislean gu'n cuirteadh fios air Caiptein agus brataich dhiubh. 'S ann air an Donn Doch-

[TD 85]

aisg, righ nan Colach, a thanaic an dorsaireachd air an oidhche so. Chuir e-san 'na aite fein ris an dorsaireachd a Mhiannan, agus chaid e-fein a ghabhail aighear Thuatha De Danann. Ged a bha sliochd Lag-a-Cheobain math, cha robh cleasachd cheart ann gus a nis. Chuir sliochd Chois'-air-Bhraghad cuid a ghal, cuid a ghairdeachdainn, cuid a leum, 's cuid a chadal le 'n druidheachd 's le 'n eadar-mhanadh. Co a thanaic a dh' ionnsaidh an doruis, mu mheadhon oidhche, ach Tuath De Danann. Leis an eolas a bha aca fein agus Miannan an Donn Dochaisg air a cheile tuitear ann an cudthrom gaoil air gach taobh. Fhuair tuilleadh de Thuath De Danann a staigh na fhuair a staigh a cheud oidhche. Dh'fhaithrich an Seanailear agus na h-uaislean am brataichean fhein 'g an tabhairt bhuapa, agus Tuath De Danann a' teachd nan aite. 'N uair a bha an Seanailear a'dol a thabhairt achmhasain do 'n Donn Dochaisg thubhairt an Donn Dochaisg ris gu 'n robh eolas aig Tuath De Danann air a mhiannaibh-san, agus gu'n robh gealladh aca orra nach biodh iad mu am fogradh bho aite 's am bith anns am bitheadh iad. 'Nuair a chual an Seanailear so thug e maitheanas da.

Air an treas oidhche thug Seanailear Seumas taing do na-h-uaislean airson mar bha iad a' cur as do Thuath De Danann; ach, ars' e-san, tha dream ro bhorb ann diubh fhathast Garbh-na-Nollaig. Chuireadh fios air caiptein agus air brataich dhiubh. Thanaic iad gun dail, agus rinn iad a chleasachd a b' aigeannaiche a chua-

[TD 86]

las riamh. Thubhairt an Seanailear gu 'm bu choir an geard a dhublachadh. Chaidh Doidim Dan, rìgh na Foraise Bige, agus Eochaidh Amhuilteach o'n Iospairn a chumail faire an oidhche sin. Chuir Doidim Dan Misneach 'na aite fein, agus Eochaidh Gliocas, agus bha an dorsaireachd a dol leotha gu math. 'N uair a chunnaic Cormac Saorchridheach agus an Donn Dochaisg mar a bha iad a' faighinn air aghaidh thubhairt iad gu 'm bu mhasladh dhaibh-san an dorsaireachd a dhol leotha so 's gun i'dhol leotha fein, agus thigear agus cuireir ceangal nan tri chaol air na dorsairibh 's leigeir a staigh sliochd Gharbh-na-Nollaig mar a thogradh iad tighinn. Ann an uine ghoirid chuireadh an seanailear agus na h-uaislean gu h-ìomlan air ruaig do 'n t-Suain. 'N uair a fhuair e air ais o'n t-Suain iad thanaic Borb rìgh Bhioghabhaidh a thagairt eiric Thuatha De Danann bho nach robh a h-aon a lathair diubh. Fhuair e sin. Chuir Seanailear Seumas air fhacal e nach robh a h-aon diubh am falach aige. Thubhairt e nach robh innse-sgeoil no tuairisgeul ri 'fhaotuinn orra anns a bhaile. Ghabh Seanailear Seumas a nis cead de dh' uaislibh na h-airde 'n iar, agus ghluais e gu dhol dachaidh. Air a thuras da thachair riaghladair Dhun Dubh-linn ris, agus dh'innis e dha gu'n robh bratach no dha de shliochd Thuatha De Danann a staigh aige-san, agus mur cuirteadh as daibh gu'm faodadh iad siolachadh 's an rioghachd. Chaidh e staigh gun chuideachadh ach a gheard, agus b'e sin latha cho teth

[TD 87]

's a fhuair e re a thurais, ach bhuaidhaich e.

'N uair a chaidh Seanailear Seumas dachaidh thug e lan chunntas mu 'thuras agus mu 'shoibheachadh do Shir Cailein, an t-ard Sheinailear. Gheibhear an cunntas sin anns na rannan a leanas:

SEUMAS.

Failt ort, a Shir Cailein reachd-mhor,  
Saoidh oa feile;  
Fear ionadais rìgh nan Gaidheal,  
Triath dha'n geilleam.

SIR CAILEIN.

An t-aon ceudna dhuit sa, Sheumais,  
An deigh do chomhraig;  
Feuch gu'n robh do thuras buadhach  
An tir na Dreallainn.

SEUMAS.

Buadhach mo thuras ri aithris,  
Ghlaodh mi siochaint  
Eadar ard Thuath De Danann

'S Clanna Milidh.

SIR CAILEIN.

Gach lamh 'bu chruaidhe 's an iorghuill,  
Dean dhomh aithris,  
Chum 's nach bi an duais a's miosa  
Aig an t-sluagh bu bhraise.

SEUMAS.

Mar fhuaim chruit fo aon ghuth teud  
Le ceol labhar,  
Sin mar bhiodh an stoirm le cheil'  
Gu borb 'cur catha.

[TD 88]

SIR CAILEIN.

Air gradh d'einich innis, a Sheumais,  
Air snas firinn',  
Cia gach neach 'bu chruaidhe lamh  
An ar nam miltean.

SEUMAS.

Cormac Saorchridheach na Maighe,  
Le sar dhichioll,  
Mharbhadh leis-san de shliochd Ruaimle  
Tuairmeas mile.

An Donn Dochaisg anns an iorghuill  
Bu gharbh doineann;  
Chuir e as do dh'fhine Fhiachraidh,  
'S fiach e 'mholadh.

Iollain Iomsgaoilteach sin eile;  
Mac righ Dreallainn,  
Mharbh e ceud gach la catha,  
'S e-fein an comhlan.

Eochaidh amhuilteach o'n Iospairn,  
'S Doidim dana,  
Chuir iad as do fhine lionmhor  
Chois' air-Bhraghad.

Laogh righ Lorc, righ nan abhcaid  
Fhuair e tair ann;  
Mharbhadh leis bratach no dha  
Air Milleadh Tanach.

An sonn solta bho Dhun Annla  
Le 'lainn ullaimh,  
'S tric a thug e 'Thuath De Danann  
Cath no cumasg.

Mac-Aisgibhir, Domhnall Deonach,  
Connspunn eile,

[TD 89]

Gheibhteadh 's gach cearn de'n chruaidh chomhrag  
Stoirm a lainne.

Cailein Socair a Port Onaghail,  
'B ann de'chleachdadh  
'Bhi 'na namhaid do shliochd Ruaimle  
Ri uair aiseig.

Cha robh dhomhsa an Cath Alphuir  
Cas no cunnart  
Seach an deannal a thug cach dhomh  
Air lar Dun Dubhlinn.

'S deagh sheirbheisich Tuath De Danann,  
Ealamh cuirteil,  
Ach mar mhaighstirean tha iad suarach,  
Buailteach, bruiteach.

Ma thogas iad, a Chailein reachdmhoir,  
Cean an deigh so,  
So mo lamh gu'm faigh sinn seol  
Gu'm fogradh 'dh'Eirinn.

Ineach-<eng>hospitality, generosity.<gai> Eadarmhanadh-<eng>enchantment,  
sorcery.<gai> Na tri caoil-<eng>the neck, the wrists and the ankles.<gai>  
Eineach-<eng>a good name, bounty, generosity.<gai> Comhlan-<eng>a  
hero.<gai> Abhcaid-<eng>a jest.<gai>

CROSANACHD FHIR NAN DRIMNEAN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Tha bith ur an tir na Dreallainn,  
'S coir dhuinn aisneis:

[TD 90]

Tha moran deth 'tigh 'nn am bitheant'  
Ri gnaths Shasuinn.  
Ni bheil duin' uasal no iosal,  
No fear fearainn,  
Leis nach b'aill, gu moran buinig,  
Ceird a bharrachd.  
Tha ceird ur aig Fear nan Drimnean  
'Th' air leinn cronail;  
B'aill leis fein a dhol an aite  
Mhaighstir-sgoile;  
An t-oide sin fein a rinn fhoghlum  
Le gloir Laidinn,  
Ghlacadh leis, gun chead a chairdean,  
'Cheird a bh'aige.

'Se 'n t-aobhar a thug do dhaoine aire a thoirt do shannt an sgoileir so,  
an uair a mhiannaich e a cheird a bha aig oide-foghlum, nach

laimhsicheadh e i mar laimhsicheadh an t-oide-foghlum i; oir, an uair a ghabhadh an t-oide-foghlum air a dhaltachan 's ann a ghabhadh e air na leanabanan, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na daoine arsaidh; agus an uair a ghabhadh an t-oide-foghlum air a dhaltachan 's ann a ghabhadh e air na ciontaich, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na neo-chiontaich. Is ann uaithe sin a dubhradh,—  
"Saoilidh am fear a bhios 'na thamh gur h-e e-fhein a's fharr lamh air an stiuir;" ach cha mho gur h-e.

[TD 91]

Cha'n ionnsaich e clann no leanabain,  
Mar bu choir dha,  
Gus am bi iad 'nan daoine' arsaidh  
Fo 'n lan fheosaig.  
Cha dugadh an Cill-ma-cheallaig  
Breith 'bu chlaoine  
Na 'n ni 'rinn an ceann a b' airde  
'M mas 'ga dhioladh.  
Gabhail le crios an aois arsaidh  
Air mas sean-duin',  
'S fada mu'n ionnsaich an gnìomh sin  
Ciall do theanga.  
Ge b'e labhras ris an fhear ud  
Coir no eucoir,  
Gabhair air a ghiort le stracaibh  
De chrios leiridh.

Agus b'fhior do'n duine sin. Cha d' fhuaradh riamh rud, a dh'ionnsachadh teanga droch mhuinte, 'bu mheasa na gabhail air na masaibh ann an aobhar na teanga agus an teanga bhi tuigsinn gur h-ann na h-aobhar-se e fhair am mas am mor ghleusadh sin. Mur deanadh sin a ciall na bu mheasa cha deanadh e idir na b'fharr e. Uaithe sin a dubhradh,—  
"Am fear nach ionnsaich lamh-ri glun cha 'n ionnsaich lamh-ri uilean."

Crosanachd—<eng>a poem in which two or more persons are represented as speaking.<gai> Bith—<eng>custom, habit.<gai> Aisneis, aithris—<eng>to relate, to make known.<gai> Arsaidh—<eng>old.<gai> Giort—<eng>buttocks.<gai> Leireadh—<eng>inflicting pain.

[TD 92]

This poem is published in "The Highland Bards" by the Stewarts, where it is correctly ascribed to Iain Mac Ailein. We have given only the first half of it. The rest of it will be found in Sar-Obair nam Bard.<gai>

Bha Tearlach Mac-Gilleain, Fear nan Drimnean greis air luing-chogaidh ann an laithibh oige. Bha e 'na dhuine crosda. Chuir e am maighstir-sgoile a bha aige na theaghlach uair a dh'iarraidh paidhir bhrog air a ghreusaiche. Thuirt an greusaiche ris nach deach a phaigheadh airson nam brogan mu dheireadh a rinn e dha. Dh'innis am maighstir-sgoile so dha. Thug e am maighstir-sgoile leis, agus dh'fhalbh e far an robh an greusaiche. Mhionnaich is bhoidich an greusaiche nach dubhairt e riamh an ni a bha am maighstir-sgoile a' cur air. Chreid fear nan Drimnean e. Rug e air a mhaighstir-sgoile, thog e am feileadh-beag aige, agus ghabh e air le crios a ghreusaiche. Bha an "ciontach sabhailte, ach an neo-chiontach bu chraiteach e." Bhuail fear nan Drimnean uair eile dorn air Mac-Leoid air sraid Dhuneideann.

Ged a bha Tearlach nan Drimnean cho crosda agus a bha e, bha e 'na dhuine measail. Thuit e ann am blar Chuil-Fhodair a' cogadh air taobh Thearlaich. Anns an leabhar thaitneach sin, Eachdraidh a' Phrionn-sa le Iain Mac-Coinnich, tha an t-iomradh a leanas againn air a bhas:—"Nuair a bha fear nan Drimnean air ti

[TD 93]

teicheadh le 'bheatha as an araich chunnaic e dithist dhe a chuid mac air an leon agus chaidh innseadh dha gu'n robh an treas fear 'na laighe marbh air a bhlar. "Cha bhi sin gu'n dioladh," ars' e-san, agus ged a bha an t-usal so cho aosda is nach robh roine fuilt air a cheann, ruith e air ais thun na h-araich, mharbh e aon trupair agus leon e fear eile, ach ann an tiotadh an deigh sin thuit e fein gun eirigh tuilleadh le lainn thri trupairean sathte 'na chorp." S i nighean do Thearlach nan Drimnean 'bu mhathair do dh'Ailein an Earrachd.

CLEIRSINNEACHD FHIR NAN DRIMNEAN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Beir fios bhuam 'dh' ionnsaidh Thearlaich  
Gu tom taimh na da pheighinn deuga,  
Gu bheil mis' air mo narachadh  
Mar bhios e 'ghnath ri leumraich.  
Gu'n iomaireadh fear aosmhoireachd  
Tigh'nn a nis gu caochladh ceille;  
'S gun bhi' leanntuinn air na gnathaichean  
'Rinn brathair do Mhac-Leig dheth.

'S iomadh ceird air 'n do thoisich e  
Bho 'n la a b' oigear gleusd e;  
Re treis' bu mhaighstir-sgoile e,  
'S cha robh onair dha 's a cheum sin.  
Bhiodh an ciontach sabhailte  
Cha bheanadh cas no beud dha;  
Ach an neochiontach bu chraiteach e  
Le stracaibh de chrios leiridh.

[TD 94]

Cuid eile de'chuid ghnìomharan  
Cha deid mi fhin a dh'eigheach,  
Mu'n gabh e fearg no miotlachd rium  
'S mi titheach air bhi reidh ris,  
Gur sgeul nach d' fhan os 'n iosal air,  
Gu 'n cuala mile ceud e,  
'S gu'n d' theap e dhol 's na gasaidibh,  
A gnìomh air sraid Dhuneideann.

Chluinn mi 'nis gu'n d' thionnsgainn e,  
Gun churam air mu dheibhinn,  
Air lamh a chur le danadas  
Am pairt de chuid na cleire.  
Gu 'n d' thog e a leoir dioghaltais  
An umhladh Mhic-a-Chleirich,



'S gun bhi de chomhdach cuise ann  
Ach gu'n d bhean a ghlun d'a h-eudach.

C'arson nach robh thu rumail  
Gu ceartas cuirte eubhach,  
Is foirbhich ghlice shuil-bheachdach ann  
Gus a chuis a reiteach'.  
Thuirt parson na Leith Iochdaraich  
'Mo mhile beannachd fein air  
A chionn gu'n robh e dioghaltach  
Mu'n ghnìomh a bha 's an eucoir.

Ma tha 'n sgeul so 'dh' innseadh air  
Na fhirinn is nach breug e,  
Ge b'e 'bhios ann am miorun ris,  
Cha bhi mi-fhin 'an deigh air;  
Bheirinn pairt de m' stiopuinn bhuam,  
Ge priseil mi mu dheibhinn,  
'Chionn coslas fear a ghnìomharan  
'Bhi agam fhin 'na chleireach."

Umhladh <eng>or<gai> ubhla-<eng>a fine, a penalty.<gai> Foirbheach  
<eng>or<gai> foirfeach-<eng>an elder.<gai>

[TD 95]

TURRAGAN FHIR NAN DRIMNEAN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Tha mi 'g innseadh do gach duine  
An turas a thug mi o'n bhaile,  
Dh' fhaotuinn aisig air Chaol Muile  
Thoirt freagairt a chuiridh do'n Bharan.  
Thuirt oglach a thachair shios rium  
Cha 'n 'eil thu crìonnta 's tu d' sheanduin';  
'S docha dhuit amas ri turraig  
No buidhinn thoirt as a charaibh.

Thuirt mi ris gu 'n robh e miomhail,  
'S nach robh bonn firinn' na bharrail;  
Gur mi fhin a b'eolaich'mu'nadur  
Eadar bhi arsaidh 's 'na leanabh;  
Gu'n dugainn-sa dheth le 'shliogadh  
Pairt de gach aon ni 'bu mhath leam;  
Gu'm faireadh e-san ri 'sgriobadh  
A cheart cho miomhail ri gearran.

So fein an t-aite 'n robh'shinnsreadh  
A' falbh fo gnìomharan allail;  
Bhiodh iad caoimhneasach ri'n cairdibh  
Ach dh'fhaireadh an naimhdean iad fearail.  
Nam biodh e-san air an reir-san  
Dheanadh e 'n ceumanan a leanachd;  
'S b' fhearr leis na tamailt fhulang  
Dol an cunnart 'na luath-dheannaibh.

Cha 'n 'eil iad buidheach de 'ghiulan,  
Aon duil tha de shliochd a sheanar,

Nach biodh e faighidneach reimeil,  
A reir 's mar a bha na sean daoine'.  
Ach thanaic iomadh rud 'na luib-san  
A bha 'g a dhusgadh gu carraid;  
Mur faireadh iad air bhi 'na dhuine,  
Mo mhionnaibh-sa chailleadh e 'fhearann.

[TD 96]

Tha, e 'nis a tabhairt bairlinn,  
Eadar Ghaidhealaibh is Ghallaibh,  
Iad a sgur de bhi 'ga sgrìobadh  
'S gur sìochaint an ni 'bu mhath leis.  
Mu'm faigheadh iad leud na h-ara  
De'n fhearann a dh'fhag a sheanair,  
Bu ni cho cinnteach 'sam bas dhaibh  
Gu'm biodh a charnan-sa mar-ris.

Turrag-<eng>an accident, a mishap.<gai> Arsaidh-<eng>old.<gai> Allail-<eng>illustrious.<gai> Reimeil-<eng>even-tempered, persevering, authoritative.<gai> Bairlinn-<eng>warning, summons of removal, an enormous wave. Of course the first of these meanings is that of the word in the poem.<gai> Ar <eng>or<gai> ara-<eng>a kidney.<gai> Carn-<eng>a pile of stones raised over a man's grave.<gai>

RANN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Bha trì leumannan Mhic-Leug  
Ann am shuilibh fhein fìor olc,  
Ach dh'iomair fear na da pheighinn deug  
Air an doigh cheudna a phrop  
Chuir e a chairdean an cruaidh chas  
Ga shabhaladh fhein o spot;  
Bhuail e boosa air Mac-Leoid,  
S ruisg e mas an duine bhochd.

[TD 97]

RANN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Bha trì leumannan Mhic-Leig  
Ann am shuilibh fhein fìor olc,  
Ach dh'iomair fear na da pheighinn deug  
Air an doigh cheudna a phrop  
Chuir e a chairdean an cruaidh chas  
Ga shabhaladh fhein o spot;  
Bhuail e bocsa air Mac-Leoid,  
S ruisg e mas an duine bhochd.

AN SALACHADH-FUINN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Chuireadh ni air chor eigin a chaidh a ghoid air fonn no talamh Mhic-Cuaire, an dochas gu'n rachadh a choire a chur aairsan.

'S beag m' fhaoilt an diu 'tighinn  
Do'n chuid so de 'n tir;  
Cha taoghail mi 'n Aros  
Far 'm bu mhuirneanach mi;  
Cha chluinn 'mi 's cha 'n fhaic mi  
Na thaitneadh ri m' chridh';  
Mur falbh thu gu tearaint'  
Bidh searsadh a'd' ni.

Ma 's e so an ceart milis  
'Thug an siorra do'n tir,  
Cha mhor gura fearr e  
Na'n gnaths 'bh' againn fhin.  
Ma thogas e paigheadh  
'S na dh'aireamh e 'sios,

[TD 98]

Gur h-iomadh fear toice  
Air bhochdainn a bhios.

Tha lagh Chill-ma-Cheallaig  
'Ga leanailt gu nuadh,  
'N uair chroch iad an gearran  
Gu h-amaideach truagh,  
'S Mac Cuaire 'bha 'n Ulbha.  
Gun chuilbheirt, gun ghuad,  
'Dol 'dh' fhulang a chreachadh  
Le neartmhorachd sluaigh;

Is siochaint 'ga nasgadh  
'N fhear bhracairneach ruadh  
'Bha shios an Aird-Tuna  
Lan chuireid is chuag.  
'Sa's tric a rinn innleachd  
'Cur liontan mu'n cuairt,  
'N uair 'mhathadh an ni dha,  
Bu bhinn sin bha cruaidh.

Faoilt-<eng>delight, cheerfulness.<gai> Toic-<eng>wealth, riches.<gai>  
Bracairneach-<eng>dusky.<gai> Cuireid-<eng>trick, wile.<gai>

DO DH'ANNDRÁ MAC AN EASBUIG.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Thoir an t-soraidh so bhuamsa  
Gu h-uaigneach do 'n lagan ud shios;  
Gu fear ionaid Mhic-Cuaire  
Ris na shuathadh am breamas tha 's tir;  
Gun am bardan beag, beadaidh,  
A bhi tilgeadh a cheapaig an nios;  
'S nach bu choir dha 'bhi 'tathaich  
Air an fheill air nach faigheadh e sion.

[TD 99]

Cha b'i comhairle 'cheartais  
A chinn agaibh 's an lagan so shios;  
'Nuair bha sionnach na foille ann  
Dh'fhag e coir an fhir eile 's an lion;  
Dh'fhag e d'aghaidh ri comhrag  
'S gun do chleidheamh air doigh gu do dhion;  
'S dh'fhag e sud air bun d' fheamain  
Mar nos mhadadh-alluidh mu'n im.

Mise tha fiosrach mar dh'fhas thu;  
Bha mi treis air do chairdibh an run;  
Cha b'i Sine do mhathair,  
'S cha mhac Easbuig no sar-dhuine thu;  
Cheil a bhan-altrum dhan orr'  
An leanabh 'bha ailleachd 'na ghnuis;  
'S thilg i thusa 'na aite  
'S cha chomhnard a dh'fhag i do shuil.

Soraidh-<eng>compliments, a blessing, also a farewell.<gai> Ceapag-<eng>a  
verse or verses composed impromptu.<gai>

GEARAN AIR FEAR-TEAGAISG.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Gabhaidh mi sgeula de 'm shagairt  
Ged nach geill e dh'aidmheil a' Phapa,  
'Bheil moran cron' ann do dh'anam  
An fhir fhalaimh dol air faighe;  
Is cionnas is coir do'n fhear bheairteach  
A chleachdadh ri staid an fhir dhaibhir,  
A bheil e laghail d'a bhi 'na mhuigean  
Is dorn duinte 'dheanamh ri 'bhrathair.

[TD 100]

'S ann a dh' fhairich mi 'm fear-teagaisg  
'Na fhcar-leatruim' orm 'sgach aite;  
'S cian bho 'n thoisich e ri m' thagar  
Mu'n chulaidh aisig a thug cach dhomh,  
'S eigin dhomh 'n dochair so innseadh  
Do sheanadh fìor-ghlic Earaghaidheal,  
Gu'n dug mo mhinisteir sgìreachd  
Dhiom mo chisean le laimh laidir.

Cha bhui e do mhinisteir pupait,  
Mara glutair air bheag naire e,  
'Bhi 'g iarraidh gu biadhannan sultmhor,  
Mar tha mucan is buntata,  
Feumaidh luchd-teagaisg 'bhi faicleach,  
'S iomadh neach dhaibh 'na fhior-namhaid;  
Cha'n 'eil annt' ach daoine feolmhor,  
Ged tha foghlum 's eolas ard ac'.

Faighe—<eng>an asking of aid in corn, wool, and sometimes cattle.<gai>  
Pupait—<eng>pulpit.<gai> Glutair—<eng>a glutton.<gai>

RANN.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Tha gach cnocan orm na chuith,  
'S tha gach uchdan orm na mham;  
Tha fuifean air mo cheann-tiar  
Le olcas diollaid an eich bhain.  
Fhuair mi ron an so mar bhiadh  
Is leighis e mo chliabh gu h-ard;  
'S gu de 'm fios nach deanadh am bian  
An ni ciadna ri mo mhas.

Fuifean, <eng>or<gai> fuithein—<eng>a galling, a blister.<gai>

[TD 101]

BEANNACHADH TAIGHE.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Failt air taigh mor nan seachd uinneag  
'Rinneadh le ogha Thearlaich Mhic-Ailein;  
Mor-thaigh a's fearr air a chumadh  
Eadar uinneag, stuadh, is bhalla;  
Far am faigh luchd falbhain cuireadh  
Fial gun chrine, gun ainnis.  
Gheibh iad ol le ceol 's le furan  
Mar bu dual dha o bheus ath'reil.

Chum a cheaird ris na chuir e  
'Dhol am buidhinn le gradh caraid;  
Cha chuir e dorn dhiot air uilinn  
Thu thoirt dhuinne rud beag drama;  
Ach ma thionndas tu rium uile  
Is do lamh rium cruaidh an ceangal  
Cha deid mi na's fhaid' air m' aghaidh;  
'S ro-mhath m' urrainn nighean Chailein.

Cha chuir mi a mathair an duileachd,  
B'fheairrd' i-fein a beus a leanailt;  
Cha dug i dram riamh do dhuine  
Gun a thuladh a bhi mar ris.  
Sid mara dh' iarras mi cuireadh  
'Nuair a bhios mo phoca falamh;  
Gach aon ni dh' fheumas mo mhuineal  
'Bhi 'ga bhuidhinn leis an teanga.

RANN.

Air do 'n Bhard cuach de cheud leann na bliadhna 'fhaotuinn.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Is coir dhuinn failte 'chur air an leann,

[TD 102]

Meanmna cridhe 'm fear a th'ann;  
Gu'n cuirinn gu h-innealt an suim  
Gur h-e 's ceann-cinnidh do 'n dram.  
An t-oganach so' thainig do 'n tir  
Tha corr is bliadhna bhuainn air chall;  
'S math leam d'fhaicinn, an crann-coill'  
'S do scop geal maiseach mu d' cheann.

RANN.

Air do 'n Bhard gloinne de dh' uisge beatha 'fhaotuinn agus siucar ann.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Nach innis sibh dhomhsa 'chairdean  
Ciamar a ni mi so ceart.  
Tha'n gloinne so luchdmhor lionte  
Ach 's ann 's a chuid a 's isle tha 'm blas.  
Ma dh'olas mi 'chuid a's airde  
'S aobhar naire sin air achd;  
'S mar faigh mi a chuid a's isle  
Cha'n fhaod mi mo mhiann a chasg.

IMRICH FEAR THERISINNIS.

LE IAIN MAC AILEIN.

Failte do bhur n-imrich Luain,  
Eadar fhearaibh, chuain, is chlann;  
Slainte dhaoine 's rath air buar  
Thugaibh sin mar bhuaidh an nall.  
Thig so gu'r buidhinn ri uair,  
Cha 'n imrich uaibhreach a th'ann;  
Ach fearann 'ur sinnsre 'thoirt bhuaibh;  
Le miorun, 's cha chruadal lann.

[TD 103]

'S oil leam sgapadh 'dhol 's a bhuainn  
Do nach bu dual 'bhi meata mall;  
Cuid de'n airde deas daibh bhuainn,  
'S cuid de 'n airde tuath an nall.  
Ma's cead leat, a Bhreithimh an t-sluaigh,  
A chuidhticheas gach guais 'na am  
Cum slat ar smachdachaidh 'd' laimh fein,  
'S na fag sinn am meinn muinntir feall.

Cuain—<eng>a litter.<gai> Buar—<eng>cattle.<gai> Oil—<eng>vexation,  
grief, pain.

The Macleans of Treisinnis.

Ewen, second Maclean of Ardgour, had three sons: Allan, his heir and successor, John, the first Maclean of Treisinnis, and Hector, the first Maclean of Blaich and Achnadale in Lochaber. John, of Treisinnis, was succeeded by his only son, Donald, who died without issue. Hector of Blaich had three sons: Donald, known as Domhnall Dubh a' Chaisteil, Ewen, and Hector. Ewen was the first Maclean of Cornaig in Tiree. Hector, Eachann Odhar, was the progenitor of those Macleans in Mull and Tiree who were known as Sliochd Eachainn Uidhir. Domhnall Dubh a' Chaisteil, who was Captain of the Castle of Kernburg, succeeded his cousin Donald in Treisinnis. He was a bold and rough sort of man. He was

[TD 104]

thoroughly faithful to his chief. He had six sons: Hector, Eoghan Uaibhreach, John, Lachainn Fionn, Lachlan, and Donald. Hector succeeded his father in Treisinnis. Eoghan Uaibhreach succeeded his grandfather in Blaich. John settled in Achnadale. He was chamberlain of the estate of Garbh-dhabhaich in Lochaber, which at that time belonged to Maclean of Duart. Lachainn Fionn was the first Maclean of Heighnis in Tiree. He was a bold and resolute man. He was very wealthy. He had nine sons. John Maclean, Am Bard Mac-Gilleain, was one of his descendants. Hector, fourth Maclean of Treisinnis, was succeeded by his son, Ewen; Ewen, by his son John; and John, by his son, Ewen. Ewen the seventh Maclean of Treisinnis, was a distinguished warrior under Montrose. He was killed in the battle of Inverkeithing, in 1651. He was succeeded by his son, Hector. Hector died in 1793, and was succeeded by his only son, Ewen. Ewen had four sons, Hector, John, John, and Allan. Hector was minister of the Island of Coll, and was one of those who received a visit from Dr. Johnson. The first John succeeded his father in Treisinnis. The second John was minister of Kilninian in Mull. He was an excellent poet. John, the tenth and last Maclean of Treisinnis, was dispossessed of his property by the Duke of Argyll, in 1738. Imrich Fear Threisinnis must have been composed at that time. John died in 1756.<gai>

[TD 105]

ORAN.

Do dh-Ailean Mac-Gilleain, Mac Fear Bhrolais.

LE MAIREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN.

Chunnaic mise thu, Ailein,  
Is tu amaideach, gorach.  
Mu 'n do ghlac thu 'n gnìomh fearail,  
Is mu 'n d'rinneadh dhiot coirneal;  
Marcach ur nan steud brasa,  
Tha 'n diu 'n tasgaidh 'sna bordaibh;  
Och is mis' 'th'air mo sgaradh  
'Caoinneadh Ailein 's nach beo e!

Fear t' aogais cha 'n fhaic mi  
Ann am faicheachd no 'm foghlum;  
Bu mhath cumadh do shleisde,  
Is do bheil is do shroine.  
Gu 'm bu cheannard air feachd thu  
'Thoir dhaibh smachd agus ordaigh;  
'Fhir nach leughadh a' ghealtachd,

'S tu nach seachnadh an comhrag.

'Ogha brathair Shir Lachainn,  
'S e mo chreach nach do phos thu;  
Sin a dh' fhag sin cho galach,  
'Dheagh mhic Lachainn mhic Dhomhnaill;  
Mhic an fhir a fhuair urram,  
'S nach cuireadh duin' air an fhogradh-  
B' e sin Lachainn na ceille,  
Mar bha 'n treun-fhear bha comhl' ris.

Air an dol do Dhuneideann  
Thug iad reite leo dhachaidh;  
Ghlac Diuc Seumas air laimh iad,  
'S dh'iarr a bhan-diuc a steach iad.  
Cha robh Gall 's cha robh Gaidheal

[TD 106]

'N seombar claraidh no 'n caisteal,  
Nach do sheas air a' chabhsair  
Aig meud an geall air am faicinn.

'N uair a chunnacas na h-armuinn,  
Na fìor Ghaidheil gun fhòtus,  
Is nach d'iarr iad de dheise orra  
Ach breacan is cota,  
Is sgiath bhreac nam ball iomad  
Air an slinnein gu comhrag,  
'S ann a thubhairt gach duine,  
Sid a chulaidh tha boidheach!

C'ait an robh iad 'san t-saoghal,  
No an taobh so de fhlaithes,  
Mac-samhail nan daoine' ud?  
Cha 'n fhaodar am faighinn,  
Mach o ghathaibh na greine  
Ann an speuraibh an adhair;  
'S cha 'n iarramaid airson sgathain  
Ach bhi 'n aite 'gan amharc.

Thuirte gach morair a b'airde  
Gun robh 'n ait 's an taigh-lagha:  
Co a dhiobradh gu brath iad  
Is gun ghrain air an aghaidh?  
Gur h-e 'n teachdaire dan  
'Bha 'gabhail taimh 'sa cheann-adhairt  
A dh'fhag sinne mar tha sinn,  
'S nach robh dh'adh oirnn an gleidheadh.

Gur a cairdeach thu 'Lachainn  
'Thug an t-each a Strath-Lochaidh,  
A thug umhlachd bho 'n mharcach,  
A thug 'ad is a chleoc dheth;  
Ach cha b' fhiach leis an gleidheadh,  
Ged bhiodh deiltreadh de'n or orr',  
Ach am mathadh d'a ghillean  
'Dheanamh iomairt is oil leo.



[TD 107]

Sin 'n uair chruinnich na h-armuinn  
Is na Gaidheil gu huile,  
Luchd nan clogaidean stailinn  
'S nan lann spainteach geur, guineach.-  
An am tilleadh o'n bhlar dhuibh  
Bu leibh failt' agus furan,  
Is piob roimhibh a' marsadh,  
Is nach b'aill leibh an druma.

An am tilleadh o'n bhlar dhuibh  
Gu 'ur n-aiteachan comhnuidh,  
Chluinnteadh fuaim air an dannsa,  
'S fion is branndaidh 'gan ol leibh,  
'S uisge-beatha nam feadan  
Leis an leagteadh na geocaich;  
'S air an urlar 'nan seasamh  
Bhiodh luchd-freasdail gu leoir dhuibh.

'S car a dh-Iarla nam pios thu  
A bha 'n Ile ri stroiceadh,  
Lachainn Mor a bha priseil,  
Sin 'chuir mi 'gad shior fheoraich.  
C' ait a bheil iad an Albainn,  
No thall ann san Olaint,  
Leithid cinneadh mo mhathar  
'Mach o ardan Chlann-Domhnaill

Ach 's e aobhar mo ghearain  
An drast eallach Fear Bhrolais;  
Co a sheasas ri 'ghuallainn,  
'S e 'san uair so 'na onrachd,  
Bho na dh'fhalbh bhuainn a bhrathair,  
An tus ailleachd is oige,  
Gun am mac 'theid 'na aite;-  
Leam is craiteach an dobheairt.

'S fhir dha'n robh a ghnuis alainn  
Fo chul tlath nan ciabh or-bhuidh',  
Com 'bu ghile na'n canach,

[TD 108]

Is na meall-shuilean modhar,  
A dh'fhas deas, foinnidh, fearail,  
'S 'b' fhad' a leanadh an torachd,  
'S e do bhas eadar Ghallaibh  
A dh'fhag galach le bron sinn.

'S e do bhas eadar Ghallaibh  
'Chuir sinn tamull 'gad ionndrainn,  
'S nach robh 'n sin agad caraid  
A theannadh gu d' ionnsaidh,  
No gu d' charadh 's an anart  
'N uair a dhalladh do shuilean,  
Ach t' fhagail 'san t-seombar  
Is a chomhl' air a dunadh.

Ach na'm biodh tu 'n sin aca,  
Far an racht' air do thorradh,  
Ann an talla na h-Innse  
No an I far 'm bu choir dhuit,  
Ann an reilig nam Manach  
'Sa bheil na barantan mora  
'Dhol air tir air an Ealaidh,  
Cha bhiodh tu fad' ann ad onrachd.

Ach na'm biodh tu san tir so  
Far am biodht' air do thorradh,  
Ghluaiseadh Murchadh na Maighe,  
'S Mac-Gilleain nan ro-seol,  
Mac Mhic Eoghain 's mac Eachainn  
Bho shiol Arcaig 's bho Lochaidh.-  
Och, mo thruaighe do bhrathair!  
Is do mhathair 's i 'bhronag.

Ach a Thi 'thug an sgrios oirnn,  
'S ann 'tha sin air a sgrìobhadh;  
Na crainn mhor' air am bristeadh  
Mu 'n do dh'fhiosraicheadh dhinn iad.  
Na crainn mhora bhi brist'  
Thug dhinn ar n-iteach s ar linnidh;

[TD 109]

Thuit a phairc 'san robh 'n t-abhall,  
'S fhrois an snodhach 'bu phriseil.

Mi mar Oisean 'n 'ur deaghaidh,  
Bho 'n rinneadh taghadh nan caor' oirbh;  
Chaidh gach aon mar a b'fhearr dhibh  
'Thoir a fasach an t-saoghail s'.  
Ach a Thi a ghabh toirt diu,  
'S a dh'fhag goirt-cheannach daor sinn,  
Seall an nuas oirnn an trocair,  
'S maith ar bron dhuinn 's ar caoineadh.

Clann-Ghilleain nan cruaidh-chath,  
Dh'fhalbh iad bhuainn mar an raineach;  
Fhroiseadh ubhlan a' gharaidh  
Gus an d'fhagadh e falamh.  
'S ann 'tha 'n t-oighre air fogradh  
'S e gun seol aig air fanailt;  
Och, a Mhoire, mo leon  
Gu bheil a choir aig Mac-Caillein

'S tric a' faighneachd gach aon neach,  
Ciod e t' aois, a nigh'n Lachainn?  
Ciod am fath dhomh sin innseadh,  
'S nach creid sibhs' e 'n lorg m' fhaicinn?  
Cha 'n 'eil fiacail a' m' dheudaich  
Nach do leum as mo chlaigeann,  
A' sior iargain nan daoine  
Ris an glòidhteadh na gaisgich.

<eng>Donald, first Maclean of Brolas, was a brother of Sir Lachlan Maclean, of Duart. He had two sons, Lachlan, second Maclean of Brolas, and Hector Og, who was drowned whilst going to Barra in a small open boat. Lachlan married Isabell, daughter of Hector, second Maclean of

[TD 110]

Torloisk, and had two sons, Donald, third Maclean of Brolas, and Allan, an officer in the British army. This is the Allan whose death is lamented in the poem. He died at Stirling in 1722.

Lachlan, second Maclean of Brolas, and Lachlan, third Maclean of Torloisk, visited Edinburgh on business connected with Sir John McLean's estate in 1676. They were received very kindly by James, Duke of York, afterwards King James II. They were both men of high character and good ability. The former died in 1686 and the latter in 1687.<gai>

CUMHA DO LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN.

LE MAIREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN.

Gur h-e mise th'air mo leonadh  
Mu dheibhinn na h-oigridh!  
An am dol do 'n taigh-osda  
Gu 'm bu leam na fir oga:-  
Tha mo dhiubhail 'na fheoil fo na beistean.

Mo cheist ogh' bhrath'r mo sheanar  
'S e 'tha mis' an diu 'gearan;  
'S e mo dhith 'thug thu 'Chana;  
Bu tu sgiobair na mara  
Ged nach danaic thu fallain no gleidhteach.

Och, mo thruaighe do mhathair!  
'S daor a cheannaich i phairtidh,

[TD 111]

'N uair a bhristeadh so bhata  
'S a bha blaigh air gach traigh dh'i:-  
Bha mo dhiubhail mu 'n charn gun chead eirigh.

Och, mo thruaigh i 's thus Eachainn,  
Le do mhocheirigh mhaduinn,  
Ri siubhal gach cladaich,  
'S nach d'fhuaras leat Lachainn;  
Og ur a chuil chleachdaich mar theudan.

'S ann aig bun na dubh sgeire  
'Chaill thu 'n coisiche beinne.  
Air nach d'fhuaras riamh deireadh:-  
Bu ro chinnteach do pheileir;  
Gu 'm bu mharbhadair eilid is feidh thu.

Mur bhi dhomhs' 'bhi og, leanabail,  
Is nach h-eol dhomh do sheanachas  
Bheirinn umad lan iomradh;

Ach cha b'fhulair dhomh aimsir  
'Chur do ranntachd, oig mheanmaich, ri 'cheile.

Gur a cairdeach mo run-sa  
'Mhac-Gilleain nan luireach  
Leis an eireadh na fiurain,  
Is do dh' Iarla sin Antrum,  
Marcach allail nan curs-each a Eirinn.

Tha do sheanachas ri 'labhairt  
Ri Murchadh na Maighe.  
'S ri Mac-Fhionghain an t-Sratha,  
'S tu ro dhileas 'thaobh t' athar  
Do chlann Eoghain o'n leathad le 'cheile.

Tha do chairdeas ri 'rusgadh  
Ri tighearna Mhuideart.

[TD 112]

Ri Mac-Neill o na turaibh  
Aig am biodh na fir ura,  
'S gur dearbh charaid mo run do Shir Seumas.

Gura cairdeach thu 'Lachainn  
Bho Ros riabhach nam badan  
'Dh'fhag fir Ile nan cadal  
'S a thug dith orr' an Asgaig;  
Thug e dioladh 's na bh'aca anns an eucoir.

Gur a h-ogh' thu do dh' Ailean  
'Thug an long o Mhac-Cailein  
Ris an oidhche ghil ghealaich,  
Is a luchd innt' chrodh ballach,  
Ged nach b'ann gu cro earraich a gheumraich.

ORAN.

Do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleain, Triath Dhubhairt.

LE MAIREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN.

Dh'fhalbh mo chadal a' smaointinn  
'S mi ri tigh'nn air na daoine  
Nach h-'eil againn air faotuinn:  
Chuir sin mise air faontrath 's air fogradh.  
Chur sin mise, &c.

Sir Iain cha d' fhuirich;  
Cha do dh'fhaodadh a chumail  
Air bhord ann an Lunnainn,  
No a feitheamh air furan righ Deorsa.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh e 'thachairt,  
Thu 'bhi ardanach, beachdail,

[TD 113]

'N uair a lionteadh le reachd thu,  
Is a liuthad fuil bhras a bha 'd'phoraibh.

Bu tu ogha Shir Lachainn,  
Iar-ogh' Ruairidh nam bratach  
'Th'ann sa chiste chaoil ghlaiste,  
'S fionn-ogh' Chailein nan lasgairean crodha.

'S ann a tha do luchd-muinntir'  
Mar ghaoir sheillean 'gad ionndrainn,  
Tha iad iargaineach, tursach;  
C'uin a thig thu 'gan ionnsaidh le comhnadh?

Luchd nan leadanan cul-bhuidhe,  
Nan clogad 's nan luireach,  
'S nan sgiath bhreac air dheagh chuineadh,  
Aig am b' iomadach ionntas is storas.

'S iomadh bean agus nighean  
A thogadh e 'n cridhe  
Na'n deanadh tu tighinn  
Mar a b' ait leinn a rithist le solas.

Mur a deachaidh mi 'm mearachd,  
Bu tu dalta mo sheanar  
'S nighean Ruairidh 's na h-Earadh;  
Cha b'e anaghlas a bhainne a dhol thu.

Och, a Dhe, dean ruinn tionndadh;  
Thoir dhuinn fabhar gun diultadh,  
'S sinn ri feitheamh do chuirte,  
Ged nach h-'eil sinn cho muinte 's bu choir dhuinn.

[TD 114]

GED IS STOCHD MI 'N DEIGH CRIONADH.

Oran do Shir Iain Mac-Gilleann.

LE MAIREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN.

Ged is stochd mi 'n deigh crionadh,  
Cha 'n 'eil miorun air m' aire  
Do na fir a bha 'n ruaig orr',  
Dh'an robh 'n cruadal aig baile.  
An ceann-cinnidh 'bu phriseile  
De 'n fhior fhuil 'bu ghlaine  
As a' choill a b'fhearr cnuasach  
Rinneadh fhuadach thar mara.

Tha do chinneadh an cruaidh chas,  
Tha iad truagh dheth 'gad ghearan;  
Bha iad roimhe so sar mhath,  
'Nuair a dh'fhagadh thu 'd' leanabh.  
'Nuair a thug thu dhaibh solas,  
Ghabh thu fogradh a d' fhearann;  
Tha do dhuthchannan bochd dheth,  
Lan de ghort is de dh'ainnis.

Gur h-e m'aighear is m' eudail,  
Marcach ur nan steud meara.  
Gur mac-samhailt do 'n reul thu,  
Do na ghrein no do 'n ghealaich,  
Laigh dubh-smal air na criochan  
O'n la 'striochn thu o'n bhaile.  
Bu tu iuchair nan Gaidheal  
Ann an garadh 's an dainginn.

Gur h-e aona mhac Shir Ailein,  
An flath ceanalta daicheil;  
Cha bu chularaibh coimheach  
'Bhiodh mu d'chomhair an sgathan;

[TD 115]

Ach gruag chleiteagach chleachdach  
Mu ghruaidh mhaisich 's math dearrsadh;  
Fiamh an oir air a h-uachdar,  
'S i 'na cuachagaibh fainneach.

'Se do thalla 'bha rioghail,  
Gheibhteadh fion ann air bhordaibh,  
Agus feadagan fiadhaich,  
Is gach ianlaith 'ga choir sin,  
Bhiodh ann sar uisge-beatha  
'Ga chur seachad gu h-ordail;  
Is le eagal an iota  
Bhiodh leann brioghmhor is beoir ann.

Bhiodh fir ghasda ri freasdal,  
Moch is feasgar 's trath-noine;  
Bhiodh an comunn lan eibhneis,  
Rachadh eislean air fogradh.  
'H-uile dram mar a thigeadh  
Chuirteadh sid ann an ordagh,  
Ann am broinn nam fear fialaidh  
Nach do liath an deigh posadh.

ORAN.

Do dh-Ailean Mac-Gilleain, Fear Bhrolais.

LE MAIREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN.

Mo run an t-Ailean, marcach allail  
Nan steud meara, 's nan lann tana,  
'S fad air d'aineol 'tha thu 'fanachd  
Gun tigh'nn thairis 'dh ionnsaidh d' fhearainn dhuthchasaich.

Fear ard coltach, calma, toirteil,  
'N lathair cogaidh, an tus troide:

[TD 116]

'S mairg a bhrosnaicheadh gu olc thu

An am nochdadh, 's boineid sgrogt' air d' urla-sa.

Fear mor garbh de 'n fhine bhorb thu,  
Bu mhor ainm an Innse-Gall,  
'S a b'fhearr 's an am 'san robh iad ann;-  
'N uair thogt' am fearg, a righ, bu shearbh gach sugradh bhuap.'

Bha thu cairdeach do 'n t-sliochd laidir  
A fhuair ait' am measg nan Gaidheal,  
Bu mhath geard a dhol 's na blaraibh,  
Measail adhmhor fhad 'sa bha iad curamach.

Ann an Dubhairt bhiodh luchd-siubhail,  
'S chosdteadh riubha mar bu chubhaidh;  
An diugh 's dubhach mi 'gan cumha;-  
Laoich na cumhachd, fath mo phudhair spuinneadh iad.

Nach cluinn thu 'n spreidh le 'n osnaich gheir  
A' cur an ceill am mulaid fein;  
Is eoin nan speur tha 'g radh ri 'cheil'  
Nach bochd an sgeul mar dh'fhalbh na trein 'bu chliuitiche.

Bu fhras ghabhaidh ghreas gu traigh sinn;  
Dh'fhag i craiteach sinn gun slainte;  
Thuit na h-ard-chroinn mhaiseach alainn  
Bha 'n ar garadh 's fhrois gu lar na h-ubhlan diu.

Tha mise fann 's gu bheil mi dall;  
Cha leir dhomh falbh gun duine a'm' laimh  
Gu 'n d'fhas mi mall bho 'n chaidh ur call,

[TD 117]

A threin nan lann, 's gun ghloir a'm' cheann a dhuisgeas sibh.

Pudhar-<eng>hurt, harm, loss.

Allan, 4th Maclean of Brolas, was the only son of Donald, 3rd Maclean of Brolas, who died in 1725. Allan was a long time in the army. He became chief of the Clan Maclean in 1750. He died at Inch-Kenneth, in Mull, in 1783.<gai>

CUMHA.

Do dh-Eachann Og Mac-Gilleain a Tiritheadh a bhathadh air a' chuan Bharrach.

LE MAIRI NIC-PHAIL.

Gur h-e mise 'tha fann,  
Tha mo shuil gu bhi dall,  
'Caoidh an fhiurain gun mheang;  
Chaill mi ubhlan mo chrann,  
'S chuir sin buaireadh a' m' cheann ri m' bheo.

'S chuir sin buaireadh, &c.

Cha bu sgeula gun fhios

Mu 'n dug m' eudail orm sgrìos;  
Gu 'n do sgaoil e mo shìc,  
'S tha mo chridhe 'na lìc,  
'S e mo ghnaths bhi air mhisg gun ol.

Air an eadradh Di-mairt

[TD 118]

Fhuair mi greadan mo chraidh;  
Sin a leag mi gu lar  
Is a leadair mo chnamh;  
An t-sleagh dhireach tha satht' a' m' fheoil.

'S ann aig t' athair 'bha ghibht,  
Aig na Gaidheil bha fios;  
Cha bu thacharan mic  
Nach deachaidh fo lìc;  
Dh'fhag sin e-san na sgrìot'chan broin.

A mhic aoibheil an fhiu,  
B' alainn sealladh do shul';  
'N uair a chrathadh tu 'null  
Do ghruag dhualach, dhonn, chuil  
B' ard a thogadh tu 'ruin an t-sron.

A mhic mhaisich gun fheall,  
B' alainn cumadh do bhall,  
Calpa cuimir neo-cham  
'Dhol a shiubhal nam beann;  
Bu tric buidheann gun mheang a' d' choir.

Na 'm bitheadh tu thall  
Ann an coinnimh nan Gall,  
'Siomadh fear 'bhiodh mu d' cheann  
'S iad a tarruing ort teann;  
'Rìgh, bu taitneach leo canint do bheoil.

Gu'n robh gabhail mhic rìgh  
Air deagh dhalta mo chich,  
Tus an latha 'dol sìos,  
Air a chuairt dhe nach till,  
Ann an trusgan caol, min gu leoir.

Gu 'n robh cuilein mo ruin,  
Fear nan camagan dluth,  
'S e a' seoladh ri d' ghluin,

[TD 119]

Gu's 'n do dhalladh a shuil,  
'S an dug mire nan sugh bhuaith' 'n deo.

B'i Mairi Nic-Phail muime Eachainn Oig. Chaidh a mac a bhathadh comhla.  
ris. 'S ann uime a tha i a' labhairt 's a' cheathramh mu dheireadh.

ORAN.



Do dh'Eachann Mac-Gilleain, tighearna chola.

LE DOMHNALL MAC-GILLEMHOIRE.

Aithris bhuamsa gu soilleir  
Gu Tighearna chola  
Gu 'n do chaill mi le coraich mo sheol.

Aithris bhuamsa, &c.

'S a mhic Iain na feile  
Guidheam comhnadh Mhic Dhe leat;  
'S tu nach deanadh an eucoir le d' dheoin.

Thug an duin 'ud dhomh bairlinn  
Ann an lathair mo chairdean,  
Mura fuiling thu tamailt bi falbh.

Thug mi corr is coig bliadhna  
'Ga cur thui'g' air a fiaradh,  
'S cha do ghiulain i riamh dhomh an cors'.

Gloir do Chrìosd mar tha cuisean,  
Gean 'nam chridh' biodh a' dusgadh,  
Tha mo thighearna duthcha-sa beo.

'Nuair a chaidh thu do Shasunn

[TD 120]

Ann an cuideachd Shir Eachainn,  
Ghabh an rìgh moran tlachd dhe do ghloir.

An am tilleadh o'n chuir duit  
'S iomadh morair is diuca  
A bha 'labhairt mu d' bhiuthas mu 'm bord.

'Nuair a bhiodh tu 'measg cuideachd  
'S tu ri ol air bol puinnse  
Gu 'm biodh cach 's iad ri tuiteam mu 'n bhord.

Ann an am dol air d' each dhuit  
Bhiodh ort botuinn is casag,  
Ad de 'n t-siod' agus les rithe 'n or.

Gruag cho geal ris a chanach  
Air an urla 'bu ghlaine,  
Air do chulaobh an ceangal le spors.

Gu 'm bu shlan a bhean chiche  
'Rinn do chuislean a lionadh,  
Cha 'n fhacas riamh sgith thu 'n deigh oil.

'S tu mo choinneal an lainntear,  
'S tu mo threise ri ainneart,  
Ged a leiginn beum ann thar na coir'.

'S tu mo chadal 's mo dhusgadh,

Ann am laidh' tha mo shuil ort,  
'Fhir a's flathaile gnuis a tha beo.

<eng>Hector, 11th Maclean of Coll, succeeded his father in 1729. He died in 1754.

Donald Morrison lived in Tiree. He seems to have been a native of Coll.<gai>

[TD 121]

Bhiodh do pheileir a' gluasad  
Troimh dhamh uallach an astair.

Bu tu'n sgiobair neo-chearbach  
Air muir ghailbheich nan cas-shruth;  
Bha thu mion-shuileach cinnteach  
Foinnidh, innisgineach, tapaidh;  
Bha thu fearail ri d' innse,  
'S bha thu fìor ghasd ri d' fhaicinn;  
'S air naile bhuidhneadh tu cis  
Air iomairt dhisnean nam bhreac-bhall.

C'uime 'n ceilinn an fhirinn?  
Dh'fhaotuinn innse gun sgrubadh  
Nach robh idir 's na crìochan s  
Aon nach b'fhiach leis 'bhi'd chuideachd.  
'N uair a tharruingteadh do shith  
'S an am do mhi-run tigh'nn thugad,  
'S tu nach soradh am fion oirnn,  
No aon ni 'bhiodh am buideal.

Cuidseal—<eng>a cudgel.<gai> Tacsas—<eng>support, substance,  
solidity.<gai> Innsgineach—<eng>sprightly, lively.<gai>

MARBHRANN.

Do Dhomhnall Mac Raonail Mhoir, Fear Thir-na-Drise.

LEIS AN TAILLEAR MAC ALASTAIR.

'S e 'mheudaich m' airtneal gu geur  
Is campar caisteal mo chleibh,  
A chainnt' a bh' aca an de ag ol,

Mu 'n fhiuran sgiobalta gharg  
'Bu mhath misneach is dealbh;  
Bu neo-ghliogach fo d' arm thu 'sheoid,

[TD 122]

Mu 'n leoghann chrios-gheal gun sgath  
'Bha 'n Tir-na-Drise 'na thamh;  
Is mor am bristeadh do bhas thigh'nn oirnn.

Bu tu 'n curaidh gun sgath  
'Dhol an cunnart nam blar;

Bhiodh airm ghuineach a'd' laimh, fhir oig.

Bhiodh sgiath bhreac nam ball dluth  
Air gairdean gaisgeach mo ruin,  
'S paidhir dhag ort nach diult ri ord.

Bhiodh lann thana gheur ur  
'S i gun smal oirr' o'n bhuth,  
'Gearradh chlaigean is smuis is feol'.

Is cha b'e 'n t-iasad a bh' ann  
Ach fuil nan righrean o'n Spainn  
Dha 'm bu lionmhor sgiath 's ceann-bheirt-oir.

'S e 'mheudaich m' airtneal 's mo ghruaim  
Na cinn-fheachd' a dh-fhalbh bhuainn,  
Na fir ghasda 'bu chruaidh 'san toir.

B' ann diu Alastair treun  
Bho Cheapaich nam peur;  
Bha e barraicht' thar cheudan sloigh.

Siol nan colla 'bha treun,  
'Stiuireadh luingeas fo bhreid;  
'S ard a shloinninn thu 'n ceum na dho.

Lean thu 'n duthchas bu dual,  
Dhol gu dluth ann san ruaig,  
Bho 'n t-sliochd chliuitich le 'n gluaisteadh srol.

'S ann a'd' theaghlach nach crion  
Chluinnteadh gleadhraich nam pios;  
Bhiodh fir mhor' ann 'cur strith ag ol;

[TD 123]

Ag eisdeachd eachdraidh nam bard,  
Agus caismeachd luchd-dain,  
Gur h-e chleachd thu 'bhi 'd' laimh an t-or.

<eng>Donald Macdonald was the eldest son of Raonall Mor Thir-na-Drise, whe was the second son of Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich. He was a major in Prince Charles' army. He was taken prisoner by accident at the battle of Falkirk, Sliabh a Chlamhain, January 17th, 1746. He was beheaded at Carlisle on the 18th of the following October. His head was stuck on one of the gates of the city, where the barbarism of the age allowed it to remain several years. He was married twice. By his first wife, a Miss Mackenzie, he had one son and three daughters, Ranald, Isabella, Mary and Catherine. By his second wife, a daughter of Macdonald of Killichonate, he had two daughters, Sarah and Juliet. Ranald was about eight years of age at the time of his father's death. He began studying for the priesthood, but died before completing his course.

Alexander Macdonald, of Keppoch was the eldest son of Coll of Keppoch, who was the eldest son of Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich. He was a brave and chivalrous man. He fought and fell like a hero at the battle of Culloden, April 16th, 1746. Donald, his only brother, was killed in the same battle. The macdonalds, as a whole, won no credit for themselves at

Culloden. The conduct of the noble chief of Keppoch was a brilliant exception.<gai>

[TD 124]

CUMHA.

Do Domhnall Ban Loch-Iall a chaochail 'san Fhraing 'sa' bhliadhna, 1748.

LEIS AN TAILLEAR MAC ALASTAIR.

A' cheud latha 'n bhliadhn' uir  
Ni mi labhairt an tus  
Air Sir Domhnall nan curs-each gorm.

A cheud latha, &c.

Fhuaras sgeula do bhais:  
Sid an sgeul 'rinn mo chradh;  
'S lionmhor fear air an d' fhag e deoir.

An t-og misneachail treun  
Dh'an robh gliocas le ceill,  
Chualas cinnteach gu'n d'eug 's nach beo.

An t-og uasal b' fhearr beachd,  
Sar mharcach nan each,  
'S tu gu'n dioladh gu pailt an t-or.

Leat a dh'eireadh an sgrìob  
Da thaobh Lochaidh so shios,  
Fir a' chladaich gu d' dhion mu'n chro.

Thig mu'd bhrataich gu dian  
Fir Loch-Airceig 's Lochiall,  
'S thig bho 'n Mhorairne ciad no dho.

Thig fir Nibheis nan laogh,  
'S Dhoch-an fhasaidh nan craobh,  
Agus fir Ghlinne Laoigh 's an t-Sroin.

Thig bho 'n Bhraighe so shuas,  
Bho Spiathain 's bho Ruaidh,  
Na fir reachdmhor a bhuaileadh stroic.

[TD 125]

Fo 'n cheann-feadhna nach b' fhann  
Dh'eireadh gaisgich nan lann;  
Bhiodh iad leat anns gach am 'sa choir

'S leat na h-Abraich gu leir  
'N am leat tugail gu feum,  
Le 'n airm aisnich 's le 'n geur loinn ghorm.

Le an claidheanan cuil  
'Gan iomairt gu dluth,  
'Ghearradh claignean le luths nan dorn.

'S mairg nochdadh riut strith  
'N taobh s' a dh'armailt an righ,  
'N uair a thogteadh leat piob 's breid sroil.

Thu air toiseach do shluaigh,  
'S toirm feadain 'nan cluais,  
'S mairg namhaid a bhuaileadh oirbh,

Cha 'n 'eil an t-achd so ach cruaidh,  
'N deigh na breacain thoirt bhuainn,  
Chuir sinn briogaisean 'suas de'n chloth.

Gu 'n seol 'n Righ Mor thu 'n nall,  
Thu 'thigh'nn thugainn gun dail;  
'S mi gu'n oladh deoch slaint' 'phrionns' oig.

<eng>Sir Ewen Cameron, of Lochiel married Isabel, daughter of Sir Lachlan Maclean, of Duart, and sister of Hector Roy, who fell at Inverkeithing in 1651. John, his eldest son by this marriage, married Isabel, daughter of Alexander Campbell, of Lochnell, and had five sons; Donald, known as Domhnall Ban Loch-Iall, his heir and successor, John, of Fassiefern, Alexander, a priest, Archibald, a doctor, and Ewen, a planter in Jamaica. John

[TD 126]

died in Flanders about the beginning of the year 1748. Donald, of Lochiel was a man of noble and chivalrous character. He took a prominent part in the rebellion of 1745. He died at Borgue, in France, on the 26th of October, 1748.<gai>

ORAN.

LE DUGHALL RUADH CAMSHRON.

Tha mo leaba 's an fhraoch  
Fo shileadh nan craobh,  
'S ged a tha mi 'sa choill  
Cha do thoill mi na taoid.

Tha mo leab' air an lar,  
'S tha mo bhreacan gun sgail,  
'S cha d'fhuair mi lochd cadail  
Bho na spad mi Culcharn.

Tha mo dhuil ann an Dia  
Ged dhiobair Lach-Iall  
Fhaicinn fhathast na choirneal  
'N Inbhir-Lochaidh so shios.

Bha thu dileas dha 'n Phrionns'  
'S d'a shinnsreadh bho thus;  
'S ged nach dug thu dha t'fhacal  
Bha thu ceart air a chul.

Cha b' ionnan 's Mac-Leoid,  
'Tha 'n drast aig Righ Deors',

'Na fhogarach soilleir  
Fo choire 'n da chleoc.

A Mhic-Dhomhnaill gun sgoinn  
'S ann a chomhdaich thu 'n fhoill;  
Ged a gheall thu bhi dileas

[TD 127]

'S ann a dhiobair thu 'n greim

Tha ball-dubh ort 'san t-sroin  
A's misd' thu ri d' bheo;  
'S cha 'n fhearr thu na 'm baigeir  
'S a bhata 'na dhorn.

Cha b' ionnan 'san laoch  
Bho Cheapaich nan craobh,  
'Chaidh 'sios le 'chuid ghaisgeach,  
'S nach robh tais air an raon.

Na fir acfhuinneach chruaidh  
Bho Spiathain 's bho Ruaidh  
Chiadh a sios fo 'n cheann-feachda  
'B' fhearr a bh'ac' 'san taobh tuath.

'S cha b' e caigneachadh lann  
Chuireadh bristeadh nan ranc,  
Ach frasan nam peileir  
'Tigh'nn bho theine nan Gall.

Ach 'n uair thig am Prionns' Og,  
Is na Frangaich 'ga choir,  
Theid sgapadh gun taing  
Ann an campa Rìgh Deors'.

Theid Diuc Uilleam a cuirt,  
Theid a thilgeadh air dun,  
'S cha 'n eighear gu brath air  
Na 's airde na 'n cu.

'S ged tha mis' ann am froig  
Tha 'm botul a'm' dhorn,  
'S gu'n ol mi 's cha 'n aicheidh  
Deoch-Slainte Phrionns' oig.

<eng>Sir Robert Munro, of Fowlis, chief of the Clan Munro, was a distinguished soldier. He was born in 1684. He commanded the Black Watch at the battle of

[TD 128]

Fontenoy, May 11th, 1745, and won high honor for himself and his country. He fought on the side of King George in the rebellion of 1745. He was colonel of the 37th regiment. In the battle of Falkirk his men fled and left him alone. He was attacked by six of the prince's men. He killed two of them. One of the remaining four, Calum na Bìodaige, a Macgregor, fired at him and killed him. All the Highland chiefs deeply lamented his death.

The gallant Keppoch purchased a coffin in which to bury him. Six pipers followed his remains to the grave, playing Cumha Fear Folais. Prince Charles and all the chiefs in his army attended the funeral. Captain George Munro, of Culcairn, was Sir Robert's brother. He was born in 1685. He was a very excellent man. He was the first Munro of Culcairn.

Dugald Roy Cameron was a native of Lochaber. He had suffered some grievous wrongs at the hands of a cruel officer of the name of Grant. According to one account, Grant shot his son in cold blood. According to another account he set fire to his house, and turned his wife and children out in the snow. Grant generally rode a white horse. On Sunday, August 31st, 1746, Captain Munro borrowed his horse. Whilst passing along the shores of Loch Arkaig Dugald Roy, mistaking him for Grant, fired at him and killed him on the spot. Munro was an excellent man. He was in the 61st year of his age. Dugald Roy was never arrested. He became a soldier in the British army.<gai>

[TD 129]

ORAN

Do dh-Alastair Domhnallach, Mac Raonaill oig na Ceapaich, a bha 'na oifigeach ann san arm.

LE PADRUIG CAIMBEUL, PARA PIOBAIR.

Ged is fad' tha mi 'm chadal,  
'S mithich dhomh a bhi dusgadh.  
Gur h-e dh' fhag mi fo airsneal  
Ceannard feachda na duthcha  
Bhi gun oighreachd aig baile  
Bho na chaidh thu a d' dhuthchas,  
Ach na robairdean meallta  
'Gabhail foill air gach tubh dhiot.

Mile buaidh do an armunn  
A tha thall thar na linne,  
Ann an cogadh na Frainge.  
Gur h e tharmaich mo thrioblaid  
A bhi cluinntinn gach la  
Gu bheil dail ri thu thighinn,  
'S cian 's gur fada leinn bhuainn thu,  
'S do chuid sluaigh air am milleadh.

'S mor an naidheachd tha 'n drasda  
Ann 's gach ait a bheil fios air,  
Mac Mhic-Raonaill o 'n Bhraighe  
Bni o 'n aros bu dligheach.  
Tha sinn uil' air ar bualadh  
'S air ar gluasad na 's trice,  
Bho na chaireadh 'san uir  
Am fear nach lubadh a mhisneach.

Cha b' ann mar sgonsair no traoitair,  
No mar shloighteire cealgach  
Dh' eireadh suas air do chinneadh  
Dol an iomairt nan armaibh.  
Nuair a thogteadh leibh bratach

[TD 130]

Fo fhraoch gaganach meanbh-bhreac  
'S mairg a tharladh 'sa bhaiteal  
Ri 'r n-aodann brass 's sibh fo r n-aineas.

Siol nan Collanan rioghail  
Bheireadh sith as an aisith.  
C' air am facas no 'n cualas  
Riamh cinn fheadhna bu bhraise?  
Le an lannan cruaidh duth-ghorm  
'Sgathadh chruachdan gun athadh,  
'Bhiodh air deas laimh us buannachd  
Dol a bhualadh le claidheamh.

An dream a 'thanaig le fiiirinn  
A fuil rioghail na Spaine,  
Bha ur suaicheantas seillear  
Tigh 'nn le follais do dh-Alba.  
Long, leoghann, is bradann,  
'S lamh nach 'tais air thus blaraibh;  
'S bhiodh ur piob mhor 'ga spreigeadh  
Dol an coinnimh an namhaid

'S og a rinn iad ort tailceas,  
'S tu gun taice mar leanaban;  
Ghabh iad cothrom le foill ort,  
'S gun do ghuide a bhi lathair.  
Cha b' i 'n eucoir bu dligheach  
Do dh' fhear ionaid do larach,  
Ach gach uair a' toirt ceartais  
Do chlann gun athair, gun mhathair.

Olc no math leis na Toisich,  
Ged tha choir air a bristeadh,  
Thug sibh latha 'gam bualadh,  
'Chuir an ruaig air an cinneadh,  
'S mor an call air an righ.  
An am a rioghachd bhi 'n trioblaid,  
Nach eighteadh bho Ruaidh thu,  
'S moran sluaigh leat nach tilleadh.

[TD 131]

'S ioma buaidh ort le cruadal  
Dol a bhualadh le claidheamh,  
Gur h-i d' inntinn nach strìochdadh  
Dol a sios air thus catha,  
Toirt a mach an ratreuta  
'S tu nach euradh adbhansa;  
Cha bhiodh iomral a' d' eolas  
Dol an ordagh fo d' bhrataich.

Gheibhtheadh sid ann ad thalla  
Mar a b' fharasda ghraitinn,  
Piob mhor nan toirm fheadan,  
'S beus a' freagairt a manrain.  
Bhiodh fir ur' ann is fleasgaich,



'S b' ann de 'm beadradh 'bhi 'g abhachd,  
'Tigh 'nn gu d' bhalla le aighear  
'N am bhi 'gabhail mu thamh dhuit.

Teaghlach mheadhrach ro phriseil,  
Bu mhor cis d' ur luchd-lamhain  
A bha fiughantach, fearail,  
S' cha b' i 'n ainnis ur n-abhaist.  
Bhiodh daoine' uaisle 'g ur tathaich  
Tigh 'nn a steach as gach aite;  
'S bu cheann-uisge nan ceud sibh  
'Dol mu oidhche gu 'r n-aros.

AN T-SABAID SHALACH.

Air do Dhomhnall Mac-Aonghais, taillear a bha ann an Cola, an daorach a ghabhail aig tiodhlacadh, chaidh e-fein agus fear-cumidh dha a leum air a cheile. Bha an daorach air an fhear eile cuideachd. Bha Brog Chocte aig sluagh mar fhrith-ainm air an taillear. Rinneadh an t-oran le Alastair Domhallach. Air do 'n Chubair Cholach a chluinntinn chuir e

[TD 132]

na ceithir cheathrannan mu dheireadh ris.

Bu ghraineil an cleachdadh a bhi ag ol aig torraidhnean. Tha e 'na aobhar taingealachd gu bheiltear air sgur dheth.

FONN.—Mo run geal og.

Ach a Dhomhnaill Mhic Dhughaill  
Bu tu 'n diunlach 'bha treubhach;  
'S iomadh aite 'n robh ainm ort  
Eadar Albainn is Eirinn.  
Mura digeadh ort Ibhrig  
Bhiodh tu striochdte air dhroch ghreidheadh;  
'S ann a dh' fhag iad thu 'd' shineadh  
Air Cnoc-sgriob ann a' feithe:  
Mo Bhrogag Chrom.

'S math 'thig brog dhuit an cocadh  
Agus osan air fhiaradh,  
Ann am meadhon na cosgais,  
'S tu nach b' olc mar fhear-riaghailt,  
Sar dhrobhair nam mart thu  
'Theid do Shasunn gu h-easgaidh;  
Agus sgiobair na mara  
Ri la greannach, fliuch, fiadhaich.

'S iomadh gomag is bideag,  
Agus sgiobadh air shronaibh,  
Agus glamhadh le fiaclaibh,  
Is cur ingnean an ordagh,  
'B h' agad fein is aig Aonghas  
Ann an iorghuill na doruinn,  
'S sibh a leum air a cheile  
Mar choin dhreineach gun eolas.

A Chlann-Aonghais na Morairne  
Gu 'm bu gharbh sibh 's a chomhrag;  
Bha sibh foghainteach, calma,

[TD 133]

Laidir, ceann-bheairteach, dornach:  
Bha sibh math ann an Sasunn  
'Chur bhur neart le Rìgh Deorsa,  
Ged a theabas bhur tachdadh  
A tìgh 'nn dachaidh bharr torraidh.

Na' n robh thusa fuar, fionnar,  
Bha do spionndh mar b' abhaist;  
'S mairg a thachradh roimh t' aodann  
Ann an caonnaig nan armunn  
Ged fhuair Aonghas le buathadh  
'S an droch uair ris an lar thu,  
Mu 'n dig deireadh na cuise  
Bidh e dubailte paighte

Ged tha 'chuis ann an teagamh,  
Tha mor eagal air m' inntinn  
Gu 'n deid Aonghas a bhreabadh  
Mura a teasraig mi-fhin e.  
Ma bhios Iain an lathair,  
Gu 'm bi tlamadh ann 's cireadh;  
'S gu 'm bi cnapadh air shuilean  
Aig a Chunradh 's aig Ibhrig.

Ach thoir thusa fios bhuamsa  
Gu Ruairidh 's gu 'mhathair  
Gu bheil a bhrogag air sgaoileadh  
Agus feomach air caradh.  
Chinn i farsuing 's an uachdar  
Agus chuag i 's na sailtean,  
Thanaig toll air na fraochain,  
'S laigh an t-aobran air lar aisd'.

Cuid a chubair a toiseachadh.

'N raoir a chuala mi 'n taisgeal  
A chuir gaiseadh a 'm' leirsinn  
Gu 'n robh drobhair nam mart aca  
Fo 'n casaibh 'na eiginn.  
Gur e 'fhuair dhaibh an t-urram

[TD 134]

'S a bhuidhinn an streup dhaibh,  
Do chul 'bhi gun taice.  
'S mac-na-bracha 'bhi 'leum ort.

Bhu thu 'n fhine nach strìochdadh,  
Dhaindeoin mi-run luchd-Beurla.  
Bha iad ainmeil 'an Sasunn  
'Chur an neart le Rìgh Seumas;  
Luchd nan geur lannan glasa

'Chuireadh bras an ratreuta:  
An am bualadh nam buillean  
Gu 'm bu bhuidhinn 'bhi reidh riu.

Bu tu sgiobair a bhata  
'Chuireadh bairlinn fo sliasaid.  
'S gur tu 'n giomanach gunna  
'Dhol do 'n mhunadh a dh' fhiadhach  
'N uair a rachadh tu 'n fhireach  
Bhiodh do ghillean 's do thriall leat;  
Bhiodh do mhial-choin air lodhainn,  
'S cha bu ghnathach tigh 'nn fiar ort.

Bu tu iasgair na h-abhann,  
'S cha b' i chabhuil 'bu bheus dhuit  
Ach am morgha geur sgaiteach.  
'S crann snaidhte air a reir sin.  
'S i do lamh nach deid mearachd  
Mur dean goinnead an leis e;  
Bradán tarr-gheall 's glan lainnir  
Cha bhi 'chion air do cheile.

ORAN.

Do Niall Caimbeul Dhun-StathInnis, le Seumas Caimbeul an I-Chalum-Chille.

LUINNEAG.

Tha na gillean grinn fo'n armaibh;  
'S gur boidheach leam fhin

[TD 135]

Thig an t-ordach dearg dhaibh.

Biodhmaid sunndach, eutrom,  
Seinneamaid gu h-eibhinn  
Cliu an fhiurain ghleusda  
Dha 'm beus a bhi ri armachd.

'S e mo run sa marcaich,  
Nan each cruitheach tart'rach;  
Ni thu 'n t-or a sgapadh  
Ann sna bailtean margaidh.

'N uair rachadh tu 'mharcachd  
A'd' dhiollaid mar chleachd thu,  
B'e do mhiann 's do thaitneas  
Each aigeannach meanmnach.

'Righ, gu'm meal thu'n oighreachd  
A fhuair thu mar sraoileadh,  
Dun-Stathinnis chaoimhneil  
Ann am boinn neo-chearbaich.

Do shuil mar na dearcan,  
'S do dheud mara chailce;  
'S i do cheile leapa

'Fhuair am mairist' ainmeil.

Do cridhe mar dhaoimean,  
No mar reul 'san oidhche,  
No mar ghrein gu caoimhneil  
A boillsgeadh 'san anmoch.

'S e mo dhochas cridh'-sa  
Gu'n dean t' oighre cinntinn;  
B'aighearach leam fhin sid  
'S leis na ni ort leanmhuinn.

TORRADH IAIN LUIM.

'N uair a chuireadh Iain Lom fo 'n talamh shubhairt Alastair Domhnallach,

[TD 136]

Alastair Mac Aonghais, agus e 'n a sheasamh aig an uaigh:-

Chunnaeas ceann-crich' air m' fhear-cinnidh,  
'S e 'n deigh a phasgadh an Tom-Aingeal;  
Ughdair nan dan, a righ nam filidh,  
Gu 'n deanadh Dia sith ri t' anam,

An Righ Mor thoirt mathanas dhuit  
Airson fhad 's a dhioladh tu 'n t-olc;  
Thr gaol an leoghainn 's tuath an tuirc  
Ann san uaigh 'sa bheil do chorp.

B' fhuath leat Uilleam, b' fhuath leat Mairi,  
B' fhdath leat na thanaig de shiol Diarmaid,  
'B fhuath leat gach neach biodh rioghail,  
'S gu'n innseadh tu-fhein e gun iarraidh.

[TD 137]

GED THA 'N OIDHCHE 'N NOCHD FUAR.

Ged tha 'n oidhche 'n nochd fuar,  
'S beag air cadal mo luaidh;  
'S cha 'n e tainead no fuairiad m' eudaich;

Ged tha 'n oidhche, &c.

Ach an naidheachd so fhuair  
Mi 's a mhadainn Di-luain;  
Gur a fada 's gur buan dhomh 'h-eislean.

Chi thu, 'Righ, 's beag mo luaidh  
'Dhol do'n doire so shuas,  
Far an goireadh a' chuach 'sa cheitean.

'S iad mo chinneadh a bh' ann,  
'S iad mar choluinn gun cheann,  
No mar thobar an gleann air deubhadh.

Gur a mise tha tinn,  
'S bochd 's gur tursach 'tha mi,  
Is' nach faicear 'san tir fear t' eugais.

Gur a mis' tha fo sprochd,  
Cach mu t' fhearann a' trod,  
Is nach suidh thu air cnoc g' 'an reiteach'.

Gur a mise tha fo bhron  
Mu mo mhaighistir coir.  
'S e 'na laighe fo 'n fhoid gun eirigh;

Ann an ciste nam bord,  
N deigh a sparradh le ord.  
'Ghraidh, cha duisgear le ceol nan teud thu.

Chunnaic mise do thur,  
'S e gun mhire, gun mhuirn,

[TD 138]

Is do chinneadh 's gach cuis an deigh laimh.

Chunnaic mise do bhord  
'S e gun iomairt, gun ol,  
Agus innis a cheo is feur troimp'.

Tha do bhaile gun stath,  
'S e gun sabhall, gun ath,  
Ach na fhiadhairean bana, feurach.

Piob sgallach nan dos  
Bhiodh mu d' thalla gle moch,  
Le ceol caithreamach, bras, luath, eibhinn.

Thigeadh boineid o 'n bhuth,  
Air chul bachlach mo ruin,  
'S cota Lunnaineach dubh-ghorm eutrom.

Bu tu namhaid a bhruic,  
'Thig o bhruachaibh an t-sluic,  
Is a bhradain air uisg' a leumadh.

Bu leat sinteag nan carn  
Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg,  
'Bheireadh fuil air damh dearg na ceire;

Leis a chuilbheir chaol ghlas,  
Nach diultadh an t-srad,  
Leagteadh ultaiche bras an t-sleibhe.

Gu 'm b' fhear bogh' thu nach b' olc  
Dhol a thomhas nam prop,  
Bhiodh do shaighead 'sa' phloc 'g a reubadh.

Tri chrainn fhichead is corr  
Nach b' fhurasd idir a leon,

[TD 139]

'S ann a bhrìst thu le t' ordaig fein iad.

An taigh-lagha nan tur  
Gu 'm bu fhradharcach thu,  
Cha bu chladhaire' chunntadh feich ort.

Am measg Ghaidheal is Ghall,  
Far an eisdteadh do chainnt,  
Gheibhteadh Laideann is Fraingis 's Beurla.

'S ann an Sasunn fo 'n uir  
Dh'fhag mi tasgaidh mo ruin,  
Ann an caibeal nan turaibh gle gheal.

'M Baile Lunnainn nan cleoc,  
Dh'fhag mi urra mo loin;  
Leat bu duilich e, 'Dhomhnaill Shleitich!

Och! fhir chridhe mo ghaoil  
Do'm bu shuaicheantas fraoch,  
'S e mo chreach nach do dh-fhaod thu eirigh.

<eng>In the manuscript from which we have copied this work it is termed, "Oran do Mhac-Iain Aird-nam-Murchann, le gille a bha aige fhein." In D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire, which contains thirteen verses of it, it is termed, "Cumha Raonaill Oig, le Iain Lom."<gai>

BIODH AN UIDHEAM SO 'TRIALL.

Biodh an uidheam so 'triall  
Gu ceann-uidhe nan cliar  
Far 'm bu chuibhe 's'm bu mhiann le seoid;

Gu tur meadhrach nach crion

[TD 140]

Nan cinn-fheadhna 's glan fiamh;  
Cuirteadh ghrèadhach bho 'n rioghail stoirm;

Gu Aros mo ruin  
'S an cluinnt' clarsaichean ciuil  
'S iomairt thaileasg air chruinntibh oir.

Bhiodh mnai aillidh 'n fhuilt reidh  
'Gabhail dana le teud,  
Sior chur seachad na seisteachd leo.

Bheir mi 'n ruathar so 'null  
'Shealltainn oighre Dhun-tuilm,  
Gu 'm meal thu 'n staoileadh bho thus ri d' bheo.

Iuchair ghliocais nach bath,  
'Chuir a fhradharc thar chaich;  
'S tu gu 'n taghainn de 'n al s' tha beo.

Mach bho Mhorair nan steud,  
Le 'n cluinnt' oragan nan teud,  
'S tu a b' fhoirmeala beus trath-noin.

'S leat Sir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol,  
'S leat Clan-Domhnaill, na laoich;  
Sid a bhuidheann nach maom 'san toir.

'S leat Mac-Mhic-Ailein bho 'n chuan,  
Le luingeas daraich lom luath;  
Luch nan leadan le 'm buailteadh stroic.

'S leat Mac-Mhic-Alastair fheil'  
Bho Ghleann-Garadh nan geug;  
Buidheann bharrail nach geill fo sgod.

'S leat fir Eirinn a risd,  
'Chuir thu fhein air do thi;  
'S iad gun'n eireadh le strith mu d' shrol.

[TD 141]

Thig Clann-Chamshroin an nall  
Ort, o bhraighe nan gleann,  
'S iad cur fhiudhaidh 'n an deann am feoil.

Gur leat urram gach seilg,  
Le d' cheol druma 'g a sheinn,  
Roimh d' gheard Muileach nach meirbh san toir.

Macant, maigdeanail, ur,  
Faicheil, faidhreachail, ciuin;  
Marcaich greadhnach nan crudheach gorm.

Bhiodh eich sheanga 'nan leum,  
'S iad nan deannaibh cur reis,  
'S fir a sreamadh na sreine ri 'm beoil.

<eng>We have copied this poem, except the 12th verse—the verse about the Camerons—from Dr. Maclean's manuscript. The 12th verse is not in the Doctor's work. We have taken it from Turner's collection.

Turner's version of this poem will be found at page 111 of his collection. In the third line of the first verse Turner has, Far 'm bu shubhach's 'm bu mhiadhail seoid; in the second line of the sixth verse, he has, Chuireadh adharc thar chaich; and in the first line of the ninth verse he has, 'S thig Aonghas ardanach treun. Then Turner has three additional verses. We have given one of them already. The remaining two are these:<gai>

Chuir mi ceannard an t-sluaigh,  
Le dha leanabh san uaigh;  
Fath mo theannaidh 's mi fuasgladh dheoir.

[TD 142]

Fuireach Raonail a ris,  
Cuis a's misde mi m' dhith,

Chuir sid m' aigneadh a' sios trath-noin.

<eng>Dr. Maclean, contrary to his general practice, gives no heading. It is probable he had no information to give about the poem. Turner styles it Iorram le Eachann Bacach. We have no doubt that Iain Lom was the author of it.

In September, 1675, Angus Macdonell, of Glengarry, then Lord Macdonell, of Lochiel, and Archibald Macdonald, of Keppoch, went over to Mull, with an armed force, to assist the Macleans against the Earl of Argyll. It is altogether probable that Iain Lom accompanied them, and it is possible that it was during the journey to Aros in Mull that he sang "Biodh an uidheam so triall." If this was the occasion on which the poem was composed, we might expect that it would be partly about the Macleans of Duart, and partly about Glengarry, "morair nan steud," and other chiefs. Still, no matter what the occasion was, the poem, as we have here given it, must contain some verses that do not really belong to it.<gai>

ORAN DO MHORAIR GHLINNE-GARADH.

LE IAIN LOM.

Bidh an uidheam-sa triall  
Gu ceann-uidhe nan cliar,

[TD 143]

Far 'm bu chubhaidh 's 'm bu mhiann le 'r seod.

Gu tur meadhrach nach crion,  
Am bi cinn fheadhna 's glan liomh;  
A chuirt ghreadhnach 'an rioghail gloir.

Mi fada mu thuath  
Gu'n lion fadachd mi 's gruaim,  
Cha chadal dhomh uair air choir.

Theid mi shealltainn a nunn  
Air nigninn Sheumais nan tur,  
Gu 'm meal thu 'n staidhle sin puid' ri d' bheo.

Gu mnaoi aillidh 'n fhuilt reidh;  
Cir de 'n airgiod 'g a reir,  
Agus coinnlean de 'n cheir 'g a coir.

Gur tu 'n iuchair nach bath,  
'Chuir do fhradharc thar chach;  
'S tu 'thaghainn de 'n als' 'tha beo.

Mach o Mhorair nan steud,  
Nan organ 's nan teud,  
'S tu b' fhoirmeala beus tra-noin.

Theid eich sheanga 'n an leum,  
Dol 'n an deannaibh 's an reis,  
'Fhir a theannaicheadh sreine mu 'm beoil!

B' fhearail 't fhaicinn air sraid,



Le d' chiabh-fhalt cleachdach gu lar,  
'Urla mhaisich, 's neo-thaireil oirnn.

B' ait leam torman do phìob',  
Creach 'g a togail le strìth,  
Le mac aignidh bho 'n rioghail stoirm.

[TD 144]

Leat dh' eireadh na laoch,  
Clann Domhnaill an fhraoich,  
Sid na connsbuinn nach faoin 's an toir.

Bu leat Banaich o thuath,  
Clann-'Ill-Andrais nan tuagh,  
Agus Rothaich le 'm buailtibh bho.

Thig Mac-'Ic-Ailein o'n chuan.  
Le 'loingeas daraich dubh luath,  
Buidheann bharrail le 'm buailteadh stroic.

Buidheann alloil mo ruin,  
Cha laigh smal air an cliu,  
Leis an Alastair uiseil og.

<eng>The above poem is taken from "The Scottish Celtic Review," a valuable work, especially in Keltic philology, by the late Rev. Alexander Cameron, LL. D. It will be found at page 77. Dr. Cameron states that it was from a MS. collection of Gælic poems transcribed from an older MS. by Ewen Maclachlan, of Aberdeen.

It is evident that the 4th verse cannot be correct. Lord Macdonell was married to a sister of Sir James Macdonald, of Sleat, not his daughter. If the whole of this poem is addressed to Glengarry, who is Morair nan steud? Mackenzie, of Kintail, was Earl of Seaforth in Iain Lom's day, and there was no Lord Macdonald of Sleat until 1766.<gai>

[TD 145]

ORAN DO DH-AONGHAS MAC RAONAILL OIG.

LE IAIN LOM.

Biodh an uidheam so 'triall  
Gu ceann-uidhe nan cliar,  
Far 'm bu shubhach 's 'm bu mhiadhail seoid;

Biodh an uidhean so, &c.

Gu tuir meadhrach nach crìon  
Nan ceann-feadhna 's glan fiamh,  
Cuirtean ghreadhnach 'm bu rioghail stoirm:

Gu taigh ainmeil mor-fheil'  
'S an cluint' toragan nan teud,  
'Fhir a b' fhoirmeala beus trath-noin.

Ann an aros mo ruin

Chluinnteadh clarsaichean ciuil,  
'S iomairt thaileasg air chruinntibh oir.

Fuaim na fidhle mu seach,  
Toirm air piob 'bu mhath blas,  
Fion spainteach dearg datht' ann 's beoir;

'S uisge-beatha nam pios  
'Rachadh t' airgiod g' a dhiol;  
Chit' an gloin' e mar ghriog an oir.

Bhiodh mnai aillidh 'n fhuilt reidh  
'Gabhail dhana le teud,  
'Sior chur seachad na seisteachd leo;

Coinnlean aca de 'n cheir

[TD 146]

'S iad an lasadh gu geur;  
Urlar farsuing mu 'n eight' an t-ol.

Macant, maighdeanail thu,  
Faicheil, faidhreachail ciuin,  
Marcach greadhnach nan cruiddh-each gorm.

Bhiodh eich sheanga 'n an leum,  
'S iad 'n an deannaibh 'cur reis',  
'S fir a sreamadh nan sreine ri 'm beoil.

'N uair a rachadh tu 'mach  
'S ard a chluinnteadh do smachd,  
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-Leoid;

Mac-Mhic-Ailein bho 'n chuan  
Le loingeas daraich lom, luath;  
Luchd nan leadan le 'm buailteadh stroic.

Thig Aonghas ardanach treun,  
Bho Ghleann-Garadh nan geug,  
'S na fir ghasda nach geill fo sgod.

'S leat Sir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol  
Is Clann-Domhnaill, na laoich,  
Sid a' bhuidhean nach maom 's an toir.

Thig Clann-Iain an nall  
Bho dhubhar nam beann,  
'Chuireadh iubhar 'n a deann am feoil.

Thig fir Eirinn a risd,  
'Chuir thu fhein air do thi;  
'S iad a dh' eireadh le strith mu d' dhorn.

Thig Clann-Pharlain nan sgiath

[TD 147]

'Bh'aig fear t' aite-sa riamh,  
'S Mac-an-Aba le 'chiad fear mor

Bu leat fir an taoibh tuath,  
Fir a' Bhraighe so shuas,  
'S deagh Mhac-Griogair bho Ruadh-struth chno.

'N uair a bhiodh tu 'n Loch-Treig  
Bu dluth 'tholladh tu beinn;  
Bu tu marbhaiche 'n eisg le leis;

Agus coisiche 'chairn  
Leis an cinneadh an t sealg,  
'Bheireadh fuil air damh dearg nan croc.

'N uair a ranaig mi 'Chruach,  
Bha mi t' ionndraichinn bhuan;  
'S e do mhulad 'bha tuair gneadh orm.

Tha do chinneadh mor fhein  
Fo mhulad a' d' dheigh,  
'Mhic an fhir o Loch-Treig an fheoir.

'Sann an torachd nan each  
'Dh'fhag mi 'n t-og a b'fheurr dreach:  
Cha do dhiobair a' chlach an t-ord.

'Sann 'n a Shineadh 'san allt  
Bha clann-taighe mo ghraidh,  
Ged a thuit thu le dearmad leo.

Cha bu spuilllear air tuath  
Dha 'n do ruisgeadh an uaigh;  
Bho mo dhinbhail air ghuailnibh sluaigh.

Chaireadh ceannard t-sluaigh  
Le 'dha leanabh 'san uaigh;  
Fath mo ghearain 's mi fuasgladh dheoir.

[TD 148]

<eng>In the year 1640 the Macdonalds of Keppoch and the Macdonalds of Glencoe entered Breadalbane and carried off a large number of cattle. As they were passing Stron-a'-Chlachain on their way back, the Campbells attacked them, but suffered a severe defeat. James Menzies of Culdres, who happened to be with the Campbells at the time of the fight, got a stronger bend of them together, and pursued the victorious Macdonalds up Glenlochay. He overtook them, defeated them, and brought back the cattle that they were taking away. Menzies was a brave and experienced soldier who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus. He was known by the nick-name of "Crunair Ruadh nan Clearc." Mrcdonald of Keppoch and Macdonald of Glencoe were both killed. It seems from the line, 'Sann an torachd nan each, that it was in the second fight the former fell.—"The Killin collection of Gaelic songs, with music and translations," page 54.<gai>

MARBHRANN.

Do Shir Seumas Mac-Dhomhnaill, a Chaochail 'sa Bhliadh 1778.

LE IAIN LOM.

Gur a fad' 'tha mi 'm thamh,  
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar,  
A Rìgh, 's deacair dhomh tamh 's mi beo.

'S e do thuras do 'n Dun  
A dh'fhag snìgh air mo shuil,

[TD 149]

'S a bhi facinn do thuir gun cheo.

Tha do bhaile gun speis,  
Gun eich 'gam modhadh le sreìn;  
Dh'fhalbh gach fasan le Seumas og.

Bhiodh do ghillean mu seach,  
'Lionadh dibhe 'b'fhearr blas,  
Fion Spainteach dearg ac' is beoir.

'S uisge-beatha nam pios,  
'Rachadh t' airgiod g' a dhiol,  
Gheibht' an gloin' e mar ghriog 'an or.

Bhiodh mnathan og 'n fhiult reidh  
'Gabhail dhan daibh le 'm beul;-  
Aun ad thalla gu 'n eisdteadh ceol.

Coinnlean geala de 'n cheir  
Bhiodh an lasadh gu geur;-  
Urlar farsuing mu 'n eight' an t-ol.

Nuair a rachadh tu 'strìth  
Ann an armailt an rìgh,  
Bhiodh do dhiollaid air mil-each gorm.

'Nuair a rachadh tu 'mach  
B'ard a chluinnteadh do smachd.  
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-Leoid;

Thig Clann-Chamshroin an nall,  
O bhraighe nan gleann,  
Chuireadh iubhar le srann am feoil.

Thig a Atholl an nios  
Comhlan gasda gun sgios,  
Ceannard rompa 's e fineault', og.

'S leat Mac-Farlain nan cliar,

[TD 150]

'Bh' aig fir t' aite-sa riamh,  
'S Mac an-Aba le chiad no dho.

Buidheann eile mo ruin,

Air nach cualas mi-chliu,  
Thig le Alastair sunndach, og.

Gu 'm faiceadh mo Dhia  
Do mhae air an t-sliabh  
Ann an duthaich nan cliar 's mi beo.

'Fhir a dh' fhuiling am bas,  
'S a dhoirt t' fhuil air ar sgath,  
Na leig mulad gu brath 'n ar coir.

'Nis bho 'n sgithich mo cheann  
A' sior thuireadh mu 'r call,  
Bidh mi sgnr ann san am is coir.

<eng>This poem was originally published in Turner's collection. We have omitted the following verses:—<gai>

'S leat Mac-Dhomhnaill a ris,  
Nam bratach 's nam piob,  
Crunair gasda nan righ-bhrat sroil.

'S ann 'n a shineadh san allt  
Tha deagh cheann-taighe an aigh,  
Ged a thuit thu le dearmad leo.

Buidheann eile mo ghaoil  
Dha 'm bu shuaicheantas fraoch,  
Och mo chreach! nach d' fhaod iad bhi beo.

Mil-each, <eng>a war-horse; not to be confounded with<gai> mile each,  
<eng>a thousand horses.<gai>—Cliar, <eng>a brave man, a poet, an  
ecclesiastic, a society, a troop.<gai>

[TD 151]

CUMBA GHILLEASBING NA CEAPAICH.

LE IAIN LOM.

Moch Di-Sathairn', mo bheud!  
Ghluais claidheamh fo m' sgeith;  
'S tric leam caradh nan treith fo 'n fhoid.

Moch Di Sathairn' &c.

Tha leann-dubh air mo chradh,  
'Chuir mo shugradh gu lar,  
Ged is subhaltach cach ag ol.

Mo cheann-taighe 'n robh feum,  
Dha 'n robh labhairt le ceill,  
Tha 'n a shineadh fo dheile bhord;

An ciste ghiubhais chaoil, bhain,  
An deigh a h-uidheam aig cach,—  
An taigh-fiodha fo bhlath nan ord.

'Nuair a bha thu gu tinn,

Gu 'n robh t' aigheadh air leinn,  
Mar aigheadh 's mar inntinn Iob.

Bha do lamhan a' suas,-  
An deigh do labhairt 'thoirt bhuaith,-  
Ris an Athair 's ri Uan na gloir'.

Cha bu spuilllear air tuath  
Dha 'n do ruisgeadh an uaigh;  
Bha mo dhiubhail air ghuaillnibh sloigh.

Tha do chinneadh gu leir  
Lan tiom' as do dheigh,  
'Mhic an fhir o Loch-Treig an fheoir.

A Cholla, cuimhuich 's gach gnìomh

[TD 152]

Cliu do shinnsre bho chian;  
Seas do rìgh, agus Dia, 's a' choir.

<eng>Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch died in 1682, and was succeeded by  
his eldest son, Coll.<gai>

ORAN.

Atr feachd Rìgh Seumas a' gluasad gu Blar, Raon-Ruairidh.

'S mithich dhuinn marsadh as an tìr  
Bho 'n chuir sinn dìth air feoil mam mart;  
Tamull an ordagh dhuinne 's d' ar mor shluagh  
Dh' imich ar n-oigridh bhuainn am mach.  
A chuilein ghrinn oig, ma tha thu leointe.  
Gu 'n seall an Rìgh Mor riut anns gach beairt;  
Air madainn Di-mairt rinn sinn marsadh,  
'S facal gach seirdsin a' ruith oirnn mu seach.

Aig leith-tabh an t-saile tharruing na h-armainn  
'Suas 'n am bragadaibh dan' gu ro cheart;  
Mu bheul an anmoich shuidhich sinn campa,  
'S dh' imich ar ceannard bhuainn am mach.  
Facal ar Coirneil ri Sir Domhnall  
Mar ri ar n-ordagh 'bhi 'n ar glaic;-  
"Na leigibh bonn dail' a' seasamh a 'gheaird  
Is cnmaibh 'ur naimhdean bhuaibh am mach."

[TD 153]

Bu fhliuch a' mhadainn a thog sinn ar breacain,  
'S a chaidh sinn air astar gus an taigh d' an robh chairt  
'N uair 'rinn sinn eirigh gu 'n d' rinn sinn ar n-eideadh,  
Is chaidh sinn 'n ar leum fo na cnapanan-saic.  
'S bu lughaid ar n-airtneal 'n uair 'thanaig am feasgar,  
'N uair 'loisgeadh an lasag 'bu lionmhor sràd;  
Bho cheann Loch-Iall gu 'n d' rinn sinn triall,  
'S 'n uair chrom a' ghrian gu 'n d' rinn sinn stad.

Aig Loch-Lochaidh shuidhich sinn campa,  
La roimh Dhi-domhnaich 's da la 'n a dheigh;  
Chruinnich ar cairdean uil' air an laraich,  
'S thog iad an lamhan an lathair Mhic Dhe.  
Bu bheag ar speis do dh-airgiod no spreidh,  
'S gu 'n d' fhag sinn 'n ar deigh ar mnathan 's ar clann;  
'Cheart aindeoin gach lochd, ged chiurt' againn corp,  
Cha dean sinn bonn clos gus an cosgrar leinn Goill.

Labhair an Greumach a b' fhearr nadur,  
'Chlanna nan Gaidheal, na faiceam bhur gruaim;  
Togaibh 'ur n-inntinn, thanaig an tim dhuibh,  
'S mithich dhuinn marsadh do 'n tir so shuas.

[TD 154]

Dh' fhalbh slinn am mach inntinneach, statail,  
Gus an do ranaig sinn braighe Ghlinn-Ruaidh,  
'Mach ri Gleannturaid 's monadh 'sin Dhrumainn,  
Dh' imich gach duine 'bha guineach 'san ruaig.

'Mach monadh Dhruim Uachdair dh' imich na h-uaislean  
A bu mhor cruadal is 'bu bheag sgios;  
'N uair 'ranaig sinn Atholl cha d' fhuair sinn ach mnathan;  
Chaidh fir as an rathad mu 'n gabhteadh dhiu cis.  
'N deigh mheadhon latha 's sinn a 'falbh air ar n-athais  
Air leith-taobh na h-abhunn ghabh sinn a sios;  
Thanaig marcach a steach air beulaobh a phass  
'Dh-innis' gu 'n danaig am prasgan 's an Coirneal Mac-Aoidh.

B' aithghearr a' cheilidh rinn muinntir Righ Seumas,  
Leith-taobh an t-sleibhe ghabh iad a' suas;  
Bu lionmhor fallus a sios leis gach mala  
A' direadh a bhealaich an taobh mu thuath;  
Ceann na cuimhne dh' imich roimh 'mhuinntir,  
Pairt d' ar n-ionndrainn e bhi bhuainn;  
B' aigeannach sporsail aigeadh chlann-Domhnaill,  
Ged fhuair iad an leonadh bu deonach leo 'n uair.

[TD 155]

Ghluais gach fine gun tlaths, gun tiomadh,  
Gun sgath, gun ghiorag 'n an ionadaibh fein;  
Chaidh sinn gu statail am broilleach ar namhaid,  
'S cha tilgteadh crann sathte an la sin gun fheum.  
Aig deireadh an leth a gu 'n d' tharruing sinn claidheamh,  
Bha toiseach ar sgathaidh 'n am laighe do 'n ghrein;  
'Cheart aindeoin an sparraidh, ge bu laidir am barail,  
Gu 'n chaill iad am fearann 's an t-anam n' a dheigh.

A cheannaird an aigh gu 'n d' thuit thu sa' bhlar,  
'S bu sgathach do lamh gus an danaig an uair;  
'S e do bhas a Dhundithe 'dh' fhag ormsa trom lighe,  
Chuir toll ann am chridhe 's dh' fhag snigh' air mo ghruaidh.  
Bu bheag airson t' eirig na thuit de na beisdean  
An cogadh Righ Seumas, ged dh-eirich leinn buaidh;  
Ach sgapadh nan cuileag air muinntir Righ Uilleam,

Tha sinne fo mhulad ged chuir sinn iad bhuainn.

Coirneal Ramsaidh bu mhor anntlachd  
Ann san am ud 'tighinn a steach;  
Bha sinne cho aingidh, 's guineach gu 'r naimhdean,  
Greim air Gall cha leigeamaid as.  
A Choirneil Bhalfuir, a dhuinne gun diu,

[TD 156]

Fhuair thus' tha mi 'n duil na dh' iarradh tu 'n chath;  
Bhris iad do chrùn is t' ad air do shuilean,  
'S ghearr iad do bhutainn alr culaobh do chas.

<eng>This poem was composed either by Iain Lom or by his son. The author speaks as one who had taken part in the battle. Iain Lom of course was not in the battle, but his son was. We are upon the whole inclined to think that the latter was the author. Iain Lom's son was killed in a duel fought with Domhnall Donn Bhoth-Fhiunntain, about the year 1690. They were both poets. The duel took place near High Bridge, an Drochaid Ard.<gai>

IAIN LOM AGUS MUIREACHAN.

Bha Iain Lom uair air thuras ann san Toiseachd. Chaidh e a' staigh do thaigh ann san robh e dol a dh-fhuireach ri a dhinneir. Bha balach ann san taigh da 'm b' ainm Muireachan. Cha robh tlachd aig a ghille so ann an Iain Lom, agus cha robh e ag iarraidh gu 'm fanadh e ri 'dhinneir. Dh' iarr Iain Lom air dol am mach a shealltainn air na h-eich aige. 'N uair a thanaig e a staigh dh' fhaighneachd am bard dheth am fac e na h-eich. Fhreagair Muireachan e mar so:-

Chunnaic mi 'n t-each ban  
'S a cheann 'san fhodar,  
'S chunnaic mi 'n t-each donn  
Air 'n do tholl am bod-chrann.

[TD 157]

Thubbairt Iain Lom,-A Mhuireachain, a Mhuireachain 's ann a gheibhteadh do dhan gu h-ullamh 'n uair a bhiodh do mhathair a' fuineadh nam bonnach. Fhreagair Muireachan e,-

Iain Luim mhic Dhomhnaill mhic Iain,  
'S mor do dhiol bidhe is cadail;  
Dh' itheadh tu uibhir ri dithisd  
Leis an amhaich fhior fhada,

Bod-chrann-<eng>a crupper, the tail beam of a girt saddle.<gai>

RANN LE DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

Bha Domhnall Gruamach agus Iain Lom gu searbh an agaidh a' cheile.  
Labhair Domhnall Gruamach mar so mu Iain Lom:-

Thugadh greis air Greumaich leit



Gu 'n euchdan a chur suas;  
Is thugadn' greis air Duibhnich leat,  
'S air muinntir an taoibh tuath.  
Cha 'n fheil feum do Dhomhnallach  
Ri bheo bhi ort a' luaidh;-  
'S e donnal a' choin bhadhail ud  
'Dh' fhag bodhar mo dha chluis.

Cha chuala sinn fragairt Iain Luim uile; ach thoisich e mar so,—“A shean chraidhneach mhor nan smugaidean.” 'S e 's docha nach robh a' chuid eile ro mhath.

Cu badhail—<eng>a wandering dog.<gai> Craidhneach—<eng>a skeleton.<gai>

[TD 158]

MARBHRANN.

Do Shir Seumas Mor Mac-Dhomhnaill, Triath Shleite, a Chaochail 's a' Bhliadhna 1678,

LE GILLEASBUIG DUBH MAC MHIC-DHOMHNAILL.

An nollaig air 'm bu ghreadhnach sinn  
Ormsa rug an dith 's an call;  
Tha m' iulchairt 's na clair fo dhion,  
Ceann-sithe fir Innse-Gall.

Gun fath toireachd air an ti  
'Chaidh dhinn am feasda nan trath,  
'A n gorm thulaich eadar dha thir  
Tha pailte gun chrine 'n tamh.

'S mor mo smuainte. 'chach cha leir,  
Leam fhein 's mi 'gabhail mu thamh;  
Dhe 'n t-saoghol so 's beag mo speis,  
Thigeadh an t-eug 'n uair a 's aill.

Cha 'n iarrainn latha gu brath  
De leasachadh thrath theachd orm,  
Na 'm b' e 's gu 'n deonaicheadh Dia  
Mi dhol gu dian air do lorg.

Cha 'n iarrainn tuilleadh dhe 'n t-saogh 'l,  
Laighinn ri daolaibh na foid;  
Ann an leaba chumhaing, chaoil,  
Sinte ri taobh do chuid bord.

Chaidh mi iomrall air an aois,  
Am muinghin an namhaid tha mi;

[TD 159]

'S beag mo dhochas a bhi ard,  
'S tu 'n claraibh druidte ga mi' dhith.

Ormsa rug an an t-annrath cuain,  
Chaidh mo riaghailt bhuam air chall;

Mo sgeul duilich 's mo chas cruaidh,  
'S ni buan gun bhuinnig 'tha ann.

Dhiomsa thog an t-eug a' chis;  
'S leir dhuit, a Rìgh, mar a tha;  
Ormsa rug gair thonn nan sian,  
Gun sith ach doruinn gu bas.

Cha robh stiuir, no seol, no slat,  
No ball beairt' a bha ri crann  
Nach do thruis an aon uair bhuainn,  
Mo thruaighe-sa 'n fhras a bh' ann.

Taigh mor a thathaicheadh na sloigh,  
Gun ol, gun aighear, gun mhiagh,  
Gun chuir 'g a caitheamh air bord,—  
Mo dholas, 'Athair nan sian!

Gun chaismeachd, gun chomh-strith theud,  
Gun dan 'ga leughadh air clar;  
Gun fhillidh ri cur an ceill  
Euchd do chinnidh-sa gu brath.

Gun treun-fhir ri dol an ordagh,  
Gun taileasg, gun chorn, gun chuach;  
Mo bheud dhuilich 's mo chreach mhor,  
Fo 'n fhoid a thuirich an duais.

Gun eirigh moch thun nan stuchd,  
Gun chu 'g a ghlacadh a' m' laimh,  
Gun mheanmna ri claidinn ciuil,  
Gun mhuirn, gun mhacnus ri mnaoi.

[TD 160]

Gun oigridh ri siubhal shliabh,  
Gun mhiagh air iarraidh an roin,  
Gun mhialchoin a' teannadh iall,  
Is samhach an nochd fiadh an stoir.

S iomadh beinn is gleann is cnoc,  
Ceann obain, loch, agus traigh  
A shiubhail mise leat fo mhuirn,  
'S luchd-ciuil ri aighear gun phramh.

Iul-chairt—<eng>a mariner's chart.<gai> Ceann-sithe <eng>a pacifier, a  
peace-maker.<gai> Riaghailt, <eng>in 7th verse—a mariner's compass.<gai>  
'Athair nan sian—<eng>father of the elements, an expression of the same  
nature as<gai> Dhia nan dul. Oban—<eng>a small bay or creek.<gai>

<eng>The Archibald Macdonald who composed this elegy seems to have been  
the Ciaran Mabocho. It is true he is called Gilleasbuig Dubh, whilst in a  
poem by Iain Lom the Ciaran Mabach is called Gileasbuig Ruadh. But the  
one or the other of the two words, Dubh and Ruadh, may have been written  
by mistake.

The Ciaran Mabach was a brother of Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, not his  
son. That he was his brother is evident from a poem by himself and also  
from a poem by Iain Macailein.<gai>

[TD 161]

CUMHA.

Do Ghilleasbuig Caimheul, Iarla Earra-Ghaidheal, a chaidh a dhith-cheannadh an Duneideann 'sa bhliadhna 1685.

LE IS AN AOS-DANA, MAC-ITHICH.

Tha sgeul agam, 's cha chuis ghaire,  
Dhuibh r' a innseadh;  
Gu 'n d' chuireadh ceann-taichd nan Gaidheal  
Au staid iosal.

Co 'chumas coir ris an anfhann,  
'S e 'n a chruadhaig?  
No 'chumas casg air gach anagnath  
'Tha teachd nuadh oirnn?

Co 'chumas coir ris an eaglais?  
Dh' fhas i dorcha;  
No 'chumas a suas luchd-teagaisg  
Ris na borbaibh?

Co 'chumas an creideamh catharr'  
Suas gu treorach?  
'S nach d'fhuair Gilleasbuig cead eisdeachd  
An taic corach.

Co 'chumas taigheadas greadhnach  
Gu buan, faoilidh?  
'S nach tadhail an t-Iarla Duibhneach  
'S an Dun-Aorach.

Roghainn nan Albanach uile,  
De 'n ard fhine!  
'Dhaoine, na 'm biodh speis de dhuine,  
'S beud a mhilleadh.

[TD 162]

Iarla duaismhor Earraghaidheal,  
Garg an leoghann!  
Bu mhor an cridhe 'dh fhearaibh Alba  
'Fhuil a dhortadh.

'Dhaoine, ged a fhuair sibh aite  
Os cionn rioghachd,  
'S olc a chuir sibh gliocas Alba  
Gu surd millteach.

Ged a strac sibh coir gun cheartas  
'N taic bhur mioruin,  
Theagamh gu 'n dig la nach fhasa  
Dhuibh 'g a dhioladh.

Mo thruaighe 'n nochd do luchd-leanmhuinn,

'S faoin an seasamh!  
Tha gach duine 'gabhail geill dhiu,  
Dh' eug Gilleasbuig.

Dh' fhalbh an tuigse, dh' fhalbh an aithne,  
Dh' fhalbh an ceannsal,  
Dh' fhalbh an crann dligheach, treun, talmhaidh,  
Dh' fhalbh an ceann math.

Beannachd le t' anam am Paras,  
'S fiach do chuimhne:  
Gu 'n togadh Dia suas bhur n-alach,  
A dhream Dhuibhneach.

Dream bheadarach, bhuadhach, bhaghach,  
Mheadhrach, mhuirneach,  
A labhradh gu foistinneach, fìor ghlic,  
Brìgh gach cuise.

Sid a' chlann a 's uaisle fine,  
Na trein urrant';  
Reidh-bheartach an iul 's an aithne,  
'Chlann ud uile.

[TD 163]

Gu b' e dh' aithriseas an seanachas  
Le mion chuimhne,  
Co 's mo tuigs' air dhruim talmhuinn  
Na Clann-Duibhne?

Blath a dh' fhas os cionn gach fine,  
Gnìomh gun ghainne;  
Ceann ceille, cleir', agns sgoile  
An leibhidh uile.

'S iomadh leoghann, is triath duineil,  
Is ceann buidhne  
De 'n t-sliochd Iarlail a shliochd Dhiarmaid  
Mhic O' Duibhne.

Bho Dhiarmad a thanaig sibh uile,  
Sean am fine!  
Clann a b' fhearr a b' fhiach am moladh  
A chuala sinne.

'S iomadh cridhe bras 'tha bronach,  
Rosg tha deurach,  
Luchd-oifig 's am bas ri bualadh,  
Tha 'n creach deunte.

'S iomadh bruth soluis fo thursa,  
Air dreach meirgte;  
'S mnai ghreananta gun ghean, gun ghaire,  
'S cridh' fo thromachradh.

Bhasaich luchd-ciuil gu buileach,  
Co 'ni 'm farraid?  
Cha 'n fheil stath dhuinn bhi ri foras,

Chaidh 'n taom tharainn.

'S fuathasach a' ghaoth so 'thanaig,  
Ghluais i 'n fhiubhaidh,  
'S ruaig i na h-eoin le stoirm ghabhaidh  
Bho 'n choill dhumhail.

[TD 164]

Ach tillidh na h-eoin uiseil, aillidh,  
Da 'n coill chaomhail.—  
Gu 'n togadh Dia 'suas bhur n aireamh  
An staid naomha.

Is cruaidh an cas seoid 'bu phailte  
'Shearg' gun chionta:  
Cha d' fhuaradh abhar 'n 'ur n-aghaidh  
Ach meud bhur tuigse.

Thanaig braghadh oirbh gun fhios duibh;  
Leam is duilich;  
Ma dh' fhalbhas a' chlann so buileach,  
'S mairg a dh' fhuirich.

Cuiribh-s' bhur dochas 'san Ard-Rìgh,  
A chlann cheillidh;  
'S e sid am Breitheamh gun fhallsa,  
Nach dean eucoir.

An Ti 'chruthaich sibh an toiseach  
An staid cheutaich,  
Tha E fhathast dhuibh cho grasmhor  
'S a bha 'cheud uair.

'S iomad marcaich luthmhor, laidir,  
'Thuit gu h-iosal,  
'S a dh' eirich gu socair, sabhailt  
Suas 'n a dhiollaid.

Mar stiuir Maois a mhor-shluagh lionmhor  
'S iad 'n an eigin,  
A mhac-samhuil tarladh dhuibhse  
Ri uair feuma.

Ri uair feuma tha Dia neartmhor,  
Ceann gach cuise,  
A dheanamh d' ur naimhdean treuna  
Cairdean ciuine.

[TD 165]

Cruadhag—<eng>distress.<gai> Catharra—<eng>strenuous, earnestly  
contending.<gai> Ceannsal <eng>or<gai> ceannsgal—<eng>rule, government,  
authority.<gai> Baghach—<eng>kind, friendly.<gai> Foistinneach—  
<eng>calm.<gai> Reidh-bheartach—<eng>harmonious, agreeing.<gai> Leibhidh—  
<eng>a race, a generation.<gai> Rosg—<eng>the eye, an eye-lash.<gai>  
Greannta—<eng>neat.

## THE CAMPBELLS.

According to the valuable manuscript of 1467, the Campbells are descended from a Highlander named Duibhne, who lived about the year 1050. They are thus properly Clann-Duibhne, or the descendants of Duibhne. The Macarthurs belong to the same stock; indeed they claim that they are an older branch than the Campbells. Every Campbell is a Mac-Duibhne; so is every Macarthur. Duibhne resided at Lochow.—Collectanea De Rebus Albanicis, pages 54 and 360. Skene's Keltic Scotland, Vol. III, page 458.

The later traditions of the highlands confounded Duibhne of Lochow with Diarmad O' Duibhne. Hence we find the Campbells called Siol Diarmaid and Clann O' Duibhne. Diarmad was a nephew of the famous Fionn Mac Cumhail. He was the best-looking man of his day. He was, like Achilles, invulnerable in all parts except one spot on the sole of his foot. He killed a wild boar that no one else would venture to attack. Unfortunately, whilst measuring the length of the boar, some of the bristles entered the vulnerable spot, and he bled to death. The in-

[TD 166]

vulnerable Diarmad is of course to be classed with the heroes of the Arabian Nights. At the same time it is probable that there was a man named Diarmad O' Duibhne. He must have lived, however, as far back as the year 283. Prof. O'Curry's Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History, page 313. All the fabulous stories about Diarmad will be found in the late J. F. Campbell's Leabhar na Feinne.

According to some modern writers the Campbells are descended from a Norman warrior, who was known as the Knight of Campo Bello, or the beautiful plain, and who came over to Britain in the time of William the Conqueror. This knight wandered up to the Highlands, married Eva the only child of Paul O' Duibhne, and got the lands of Lochow, Loch-Odha, with her. This absurd theory has not a particle of foundation. Opposed to it are the facts that there was no Norman family of the name Campo-Bello, that there is no reference to a knight of that name in any historic document, that the earliest mode of spelling the name Campbell was Cambel or Cambell, and that the author of the manuscript of 1467 had never heard of Paul O' Duibhne or any other Scottish O' Duibhne.

We have no doubt that the origin of the Campbells is correctly given in the MS. of 1467. Duibhne, their ancestor according to that manuscript, had a son named Gille-Calum, or Malcolm, who was known as Gillecalum Mac Duibhne. Gille-

[TD 167]

calum had a son named Gilleasbuig. Gilleasbuig had a son named Duncan. Duncan had a son named Dougald. This Dougald who was known as Dougald Cambel was the progenitor of the Cambels or Campbells, or, as the name is now spelled, Campbells. Why he was called Dougald Cambel we do not know. It may be that he had a cam bheul or crooked mouth, or that he lived in a place called Cam-bel or something like that. Duncan Mac Duibhne it is said had a son named Ivor. He was younger than Dougald. The Macivors claim him as their ancestor. Gillespie Cambell, Dougald's son, is a witness to a charter in 1265. Cailean Mor, Gillespie's son, was knighted by Alexander III. Sir Neil, Sir Colin Mor's son, was a brave and patriotic man, and was fortunate enough to obtain the hand of Mary Bruce

in marriage. Sir Colin, Sir Neil's son, got a charter of the lands of Lochow and Ardskeodnich, from his uncle, King Robert Bruce in 1316. In this charter he is designated Colinus filius Nigelli Cambel, militis.<gai>

ORAN.

Do Lachainn Mac-Gilleann, 'le a phiuthar, agus i a cumha a h-ighinne an deigh a bais.

Gur a cianail bochd m' adhart,  
Chaill mo shuilean am fradharc,  
'S mi 'm onrachd a' feitheamh do ghruaige.  
Gur a cianail, bochd &c.

[TD 168]

Tha i dualach tiugh cleachdach,  
'Na sniomhainean casa,  
'S leir do m' Righ gu 'm bu tlachdmhor do shnuadh-sa;

Suil 'bu mhiogaiche sealladh  
Fo chaoile na mala,  
Mar gu 'm biodh an t-ol leana air na cuachan;

Beul tana dearg daite  
Mu'n deud 'bu leoir ceartais,  
Suil chorrach ghorm ghlas gun bhi luaineach.

'N uair a rachadh tu 'n chlachan  
Is a shileadh an sneachda,  
Bhiodh t' aghaidh bhruich mheachair gun fhuachd oirr'.

Cha 'n fheil leine mhic tighearn  
A chuireadh e uime  
Nach deanadh mo nighean-sa fhuaigheal.

Gur h-e mis' 'th'air mo churadh,  
Tha do phobul leam sumhal,  
Nach robh tional na duthcha 'dhaoin' uaisle ann.

'S mise chaill na deagh bhraithrean,  
Chuir mi uile gu traigh iad;  
'S i 'n aon nighean a chraidh mi 'san uair so.

Gur a lionmhor dhuit caraid  
Ann am blar sin na fala,  
'Bheireadh giulan gu h-allail gu uaigh dhuit.

[TD 169]

Ach a Lachainn a Muile,  
'S cian 's gur fada leam t' fhuireach;  
'S ann a ghlaodhadh iad curaidh roimh shluagh dhiot.

Dh 'fhag thu 'm marcaich san fheithe,  
'S e 'na chlachan fo cheudan,

'S gu'm bu bheag sid dhe t' euchd mar a chualas.

'N uair a chaidh thu 'san achdair,  
Cha do choisinn thu masladh,  
Bheireadh Ruairidh nam bratach do luach ort.

Chaidh thu 'n lathair Mhic-Cailein,  
Fhuair thu airm 's gu'm b'e t' airidh;  
Sin an t-Iarla rinn aithne air do chruadal.

Gur a cairdeach thu 'n ghaisgeach  
'Rinn an Eirinn an tapadh,  
'Thug a chreach ud gun fhaicil bho thuath as;

'Rinn a chreach air Mac-Guine,  
'Chuir a cheann ann an cunnart.  
Agus moran de' mhuinntir an cruadal.

ORAN GAOIL.

Is ann feasgar Di-haoine  
'Dh' fhalbh mo ghaol thar a mham.  
'N uair a ghabh mi mo chead dhiot,  
Bha m' aigneadh fo phramh,  
Ort a bhruadair mi 'm chadadal  
Air lota 's taigh bhan;  
'S nuair a dhuisc mi sa mhadainn  
Bha thu fad' bhuam, a ghraidh.

[TD 170]

Ach ged chaidh tu orm thairis  
Gur mor mo bharail 's mo dhuil  
Gu 'n till thu rium fhathast  
Le aighear 's le muirn,  
Gu 'n doir thu bho 'n chleir mi  
Le ceutadh 's le cliu;  
'S nach doir thu cion falaich  
'Nighean barain no diuc'.

Cha ruig thu leas a bhi 'm barail  
Gur h-e do bharantas cuil,  
Bheireadh dhomhs' a bhi 'm barail  
Gu 'm bu leannan dhomh thu,  
Ach thu bhi 'shiol nam fear mora,  
'S tu cho boidheach 's cho cuimt';-  
'S mi gu' n deanadh do phosadh  
Ged bhiodh do storas air crun.

Ach mur h-'eil do ghaol agam  
Tha mi fad' ann an call;  
'S mor is misde mo phearsa  
'N gaol beachdaidh so 'bh' ann.  
Ged bu leamsa de bheairteas  
Siorrachd Pheairt 's Innse-Gall,  
B' fharr leam cumhnanta t' fhacail  
Na gach pailteas fo m' laimh.



'S ma 's a beag leat mo thochradh  
Gu bheil m' fhortan aig Dia;  
Gur a lionmhor mo chinneadh  
Gus na shireadh tu 'dhiol  
Ma 's e lughad mo nichean  
A bhrìst orm do ghradh,  
'S mairg mis' 'thug cion falaich  
Dhuit-sa thairis air chach.

'S daor a cheannaich mi 'n grinneas  
Bha air inneal do lamh;  
'N uair a chunnaic mi 'n gille

[TD 171]

Chaidh mi 'n iomairt mo bhais.  
Le ro mheud 's thug mi thlachd dhuit,  
Leig mi seachad orm cach;  
'S tha mi 'g inns' ann am chomhradh  
Gur tus', 'Dhomhnaill, mo ghradh.

Chunna mise do chinneadh  
Anns gach iomairt a bh' ann,  
'S bu neo-choltach ri gillean  
Na fir ghlinneach gun mheang;  
Ged a bhiodh na dragoons,  
'S an ranc dubailte, thall,  
Rachadh sgapadh 'sa chleith  
An am dhuit eigheach adhhanns.

Tha 'm fear bho 'n d' fhuair sinn an t-oran so ag radh gur h-ann do  
Dhomhnall Donn Bhoth-Fhiunntain a chaidh a dheanamh, agus gur h-e nighean  
do Thighearna Ghlinne-Moireastan a rinn e. Tha e ag radh ruinn cuideachd  
gu 'n do thogach Domhnall Donn an teaghlach Dhiuc Gordan, gu 'n robh e 'n  
a chlarsair fìor mhath, agus gur h-i a chlarsach a tha air a ciallach le  
inneal a lamh.

ANN' EUDMHOR NIGH'N AILEIN.

LE MR IAIN MOR MAC-DHUGHAILL.

LUINNEAG.

Ann' eudmhor, nigh'n Ailein,  
'S neo-bheusach a' bhean i:  
Ann' eudmhor nigh'n Ailein,  
'S i-fhein 'thog an all' oirnn.

Cleas na muic' air dhroch bhiathadh,  
Rinn a bhiast air an leanabh,

[TD 172]

'N uair a mhuch i fo 'cot' e,  
'S e gun deo ann de 'n anail.

Ach na 'm faighinn san Roimh thu

Ann an seomar nan cailleach,  
Naile, chumainn ri d' bheo  
An cainbe bhroin thu ri aithreach'.

Cia mar gheibhinn bho nadur  
Gun bhi baigheil ri Anna,  
Nighean brathair mo mhathar?  
'S beusach narach a' bhean i.

Tha i banail, ciuin, ciallach,  
Tha i fialaidh, glic, ceanalt,  
'S ris gach bochd tha i pairteach;-  
'S bean gun naire 'thog all' oirr'.

Tha da Anna air an ainmeachadh san oran, Anna nighean Ailein agus Anna  
nighean brathair mathar Mhr. Iain.

ORAN.

Do Dhonnachadh agus do Ghilleasbuig Caimheul, Clann Baillidh Thiritheadh.

LE GILLEASBUIG MAC-PHAIL.

FOUN.—Mo ran geal og.

Gu bheil sinne fo churam  
'S neo-shunndach a ta sinn,  
Bho 'n la 'dhealaich ruinn Domhnall,  
'S Baillidh og 'thigh'nn 'na aite,  
Tha ar nadur ro mhuchte,  
'S bagradh ur 'h-uile la oirnn  
Bhi 'g ar cur, feadh an t-saoghail,

[TD 173]

'S gun fhios cia 'n taobh ann san tamh sinn.  
Mo run geal og.

Bha sinn roimhe so socrach,  
Lan cothroim 's toil-inntinn,  
Fo 'n deagh uachdaran aghmhor,  
A bha blath-chridheach, direach  
Aon a bheireadh dheth 'n t-urram,  
Anns na b' urrainn e 'dhioladh,  
Cha robh bichiont' r 'a fhaotuinn  
An measg dhaoine 'san rioghachd.

'S iomadh aon a bha dolum,  
'Sa thoisich am bochdainn,  
Gun bhi aige de storas  
Na cheannaichadh brogan no stocain,  
A dh' fhag sibhse gle shabhailt',  
Gun churam mal 'thoirt a stoc air;  
Bhiodh an t-airgiod nam poca,  
Is iad solasach, socrach.

Gu 'm bi sinne le durachd  
Air ar n-urnaigh mar 's gnas duinn,

Gu 'm fuireadh do theaghlach  
Ann an saod mar a tha e,  
Gu 'm biodh agh air do shliochd-sa,  
Le deagh mhisnich 's na blaraibh.  
Gu seasamh ri cruadal,  
'S a thoirt buaidh air an namhaid.

Gur h-e Donnachadh 's Gilleasbuig  
Na fleasgaich a 's aille,  
'S fearr a sheas air balt broige  
Le an cotaichibh sgarlaid.  
Sibh nach leughadh a ghealtachd,  
Bha sibh cleachdte ri blaraibh;  
'S an am leanailt na ruaige  
Gu 'm biodh leibh-se buaidh-larach.

[TD 174]

Ach a Dhonnachaidh oig Chaimbeil,  
Gu 'm bu cheannard roimh cheud thu;  
Is gu 'm b' airidh air mil' thu  
'Dhol do stri nan gnìomh euchdach.  
Claidheamh caol a chinn airgid  
Bhiodh gu garbh a toirt bheuman;  
'S' lionmhor corp 'bhiodh gun anam  
'Call na fala lan chreuchd bhuaite.

Mar ghaoith ghuinich a' seideadh  
Bharr nan sleibhtean gu laidir,  
Bhiodh tu dian ann sa' bhaiteal  
A cur as do gach namhaid;  
Mar threun sheabhag 'feadh ealtainn,  
'S tu 'gan sgapadh 's gach aite.  
No mar pheileirean teine  
'Gan sior leagadh 'san araich.

Na 'm biodh agad 'san teas sin  
Gilleasbuig do bhrathair,  
'S e a chuireadh gu dian leat,  
'S e ri gnìomharan dana,  
Ursann-chatha 'n am cruadail  
'S tric a bhuannaich le 'chabhlach;  
'S ann aig Admiral Nelson  
A bha 'm meas os-cionn chaich air.

Gu 'm biodh Frangaich is Spaintich  
Fo do shailtean 'nan sineadh,  
'S iad a glaodhach riut dail 'thoirt  
Daibh o 'n bhas, gu 'n do stirochd iad.  
Cha b' fhiach leat a radh  
Gu 'm b' e sin la an ceann-criche;  
'S ann a bheirteadh le adh iad  
'Staigh an lathair an rìgh lcat.

'S iomad naidheachd r 'a h-innseadh  
Mu do gnìomharan sgairteil,  
Bho 'n la chaidh thu thar saile

[TD 175]

De nar blair a bha sgaiteach.  
Bha thu sgairteil, treun, meanmnach,  
Laidir, calma, fìor bheachdail;  
'S tu nach tilleadh gun sìochaint  
Is nach strìochdadh 'le gealtachd.

Bu bheag an t-ionghnadh lean fhìn sìd,  
Buaidh na strìth bhì 's gach àit oirbh;  
B' fhiach an ìre as 'n do bhuaineadh  
Na h-armuinn uasal 'bu chairdeil;  
Bha Loch-nan-Eala air thus leibh,  
Agus Diuc Earraghaidheal;  
'S sibh do 'n chrùn 'cheart cho dìleas  
'S a bha 'n ìng ris a phaipeir.

CUMHA.

Do Mhairearad Nic-Cnuimhein, Bean a Chaolais Cholaich.

LE GILLEASBUIG MAC PHAIL.

Gur h-ann anmoch Diardaoin  
Thanaig sgeul thar a chaoil 'b' oil leam fhìn,  
Nach bu bheo Bean a Chaolais;  
Dh' fhag sìd iomadach teaghlach gle sgith.  
Chuir e mnathan gu caoineadh  
'S fìr gu mulad mu d' dheibhinn 's tu b' fhiach,  
'S iad ri caoidh na mna uaisle  
A bha fiughantach, suairce, ro-ghrinn.

Bha thu fiughantach, flathail,  
Ard an cliu is gach maise ort thar chaich;  
Baigheil, dleasanach, diadhaidh,  
'S b' e bhì tabhartach fialaidh do ghnaths,

[TD 176]

Gur tu dh' aithnich an saoghal  
Fhad 's' a bha thu air faotuinn le gradh;  
Cha do choisinn thu fuath ann,  
Bha gach tlachd air do ghluasad ri d' la.

Fhad 's a rinn mì de dh' astar  
Feadh na duthcha cha 'n fhaca mò shuil,  
Aon bhean idir 'thug barr ort  
Nò a lean a' d' dheagh ghnathachadh thu.  
Gu 'n robh buadhan thar chaich agad  
Is eireachdas naduir mhaith, chiuin;  
Is na' m faigheadh tu laithean  
Bu leat urram 's gach cas os an cionn.

Agad fhein bha phears' alainn,  
'S bu ghlan soilleir an sgathan do ghnuis;  
Gorm shuil mheallach, chiuin, bhaigheil,  
Fò d' chaol mhala ghil aillidh gun ghnuig;  
Beul binn, sugach a mhanrain,

'S deud mar dhisnean geal, cnamha, cruinn, dluth;  
Cha do choisneadh riamh grain leat,  
'S iomad aon 'bha gle chraiteach 'gad thurs'.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh do cheile  
A bhi dubhach fo eislean gach la;  
Chaill e 'chlaisteachd 's a leirsinn,  
'S gu 'n do thuit cuid de dheudach gu lar,  
Leis a chrith 'chaidh 'feadh fheola  
'N uair a righeadh air bord thu gun chail;  
'S cruaidh an cas an robh 'chridhe  
'N uair nach b' urrainn thu bruidhinn thoirt da.

Bha do pheathraichean truagh dheth,  
'S bha do bhraithrean a' suathadh nan dorn;  
Is a bhean a rinn t' arach

[TD 177]

Gur h-e 'h-obair gu brath 'bhi ri bron,  
'S e so gnothach a 's cruaidhe  
'Thanaig oirre ged fhuair i gu leoir;  
Dh' fhag e toll goirt na cridhe  
Nach gabh leigheas le lighich' 'tha beo.

Tha do leanaban og alainn,  
'Nan cuis-bhroin is am mathair fo 'n fhoid;  
Ged tha acasan saibhreas  
Gu 'm b' fhearr ise 'bhi' 'n lathair gu mor.  
Ged b' le Murchadh an saoghal  
Air a sgrìobhadh le 'mhaoin dha an coir,  
'S luath a liubhradh e bhuaith' e  
Ach an te 'chaidh air ghluasad 'bhi' beo.

Ged a theid e do 'n leaba  
'S gann gu 'm faigh e priob chadail no tamh;  
'S ann bhios smaointinnean bronach  
'Tigh 'nn fainear dha 's ga leon anns gach ait.  
'S bochd nach b' urrainn e 'n diobradh,  
Gur h-e gnothach gu cinnteach a b' fhearr;  
Am Fear a fhuair i 's leis coir oirre,  
'S gu bheil ise ann an solas nan gras.

UMHHA.

Do dh-Iain Domhnallach, a bha 'na Mharsanta an Tiritheadh.

LE GILLEASBUIG MAC PHAIL.

FONN.—Cumha Fear Ile.

Leam is duilich, a Dhomhnaill,  
Am bron so 'th air t' inntinn  
Ri ionndrainn an oganaich  
Bhoidhich, ghlain, shiobhalt,

[TD 178]

A bha ceanalta, caoimhneil  
Gun fhoill 'na laimh-sgriobhaidh;  
Bu deagh fhear-ceartais ri tuath e,  
'S e a' gluasad 'san fhirinn.

Cha chualas do chunntas  
Riamh a dublachadh ainbhfhcich,  
No 'dol' mearachd air duine,  
'N aon ni b' urrainn e sheanachas  
B' e do chleachdach an ceartas,  
Gun dol seach air le dearmad.  
Gur h-ann agad tha 'bhuannachd,  
Tha deagh dhuais air chionn t' anma.

Tha sinn uil' ann an dochas  
Laidir mor ann ar n-inntinn  
Gu bheil t' anam am paras  
Ann am fardach na Trionaid,  
Comhl' ri ainglean an eolais  
Is an t-solais nach crìochnaich;  
Ann an comunn an t-Slanaigheir,  
Sin an t-aite 'tha priseil.

Gur a dubhach do mhathair,  
Tha i craiteach mu d' dheibhinn  
'Caidh an laoigh 'rinn i 'arach,  
Culaidh stath' agus fheum' dhi.  
'Nuair a dhealaicheas an t-og ruinn,  
Bidh sinn bronach fo eislean;  
Gur h-e 's coireach a ghoraich';  
Nach robh coir aig Mac Dhe air?

Cha bu chunatasan cearbach  
A bhiodh cealgach no foilleil,  
'Chuireadh Iain gu daoine,  
An t-og aoidheil 'bu loinneil,  
Bha thu measail ro chliuiteach  
'Feadh na duthcha, 's gun choire,

[TD 179]

Cha robh duine air an t-saoghal  
'B' urrainn t' fhaotainn 'san doille.

Fhad 's a bha thu air faotainn  
Gur h-e daonnan 'bu ghnaths dhuit  
A bhi tarruing luchd-gaoil ort  
As gach taobh le d' dheagh nadur.  
Bha thu tuigseach, ciuin, tlachdmhor,  
Aoidheil, taitneach, ro bhaigheal,  
Bha thu carthnnach, fialaidh,  
Co nach iarradh do chairdeas?

Gur h-ann shios aig a Bhaca  
'Fhuair thu 'n acaid a leon thu,  
Cha robh cobhair a'd' thaic ann  
Is bha 'n sachd agad lodail.  
Sgaoil do chuislean is t' fheithean

As a cheile fo d' chota,  
'S fhuair am bas thu fo 'chumhachd,  
Fath ar cumha 's ar dorainn.

'S truagh nach mise bha d' thaice,  
'S mi gu 'n cleachdadh mo dhichioll  
'Dheanamh cuideachaidh leatsa  
Leis an t-sachd sin a mhill thu.  
'Sgain an cridh' 'an robh 'n daonnachd  
'S bha t' fhuil chraobhach 'gad dhiobradh;  
'S iomadh aon leis 'm bu chruaidh e,  
A ro luath 's a chaidh crìoch ort.

[TD 180]

ORAN.

Do dh-Eoghan Mac-Gilleain, Ceannard da fhear dheug, 's an treas reisimeid  
de Mhilisi Earraghaidheal.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

FONN.—Gur h-i bean mo ghaoil an spainnteach.

'S math a' s aithne dhomhsa 'n t-oigear  
'Tha sunndach, solasach, eibhinn,  
Eoghan Mac Eachainn an Cornaig,  
Fear an eolais is na ceille.  
Tha thu fearail mar bu du dhuit,  
'S mor do bhiuthas, 's math do bheusan;  
Ni mi facail dhuit de dh-oran,  
'S mar is coir dhomh cha 'n ann breugach.

Freagraidh sin air fear do naduir,  
Fear do thalantan 's do cheutaidh;  
'S mor an onair dhomh ri raitinn,  
Gur h-aithne dhomh pairt dhe d' bheusan.  
Tha thu cliuiteach far an tamh thu,  
Tha thu narach gus an eigin;  
Sgoilear measail, fiosrach, daicheil,  
'S misneachail 's gach ait an deid thu.

'S math leam gu bheil agad misneach  
Agus fiosrachadh d' a reir sin,  
Is comas thu fhein a ghlusad  
Am measg uaislean is luchd-beurla.  
Gu ma fada fallain slan thu  
Anus gach sas is cas 'san deid thu;  
Chuireadh tu loinn air na miltean,  
'S thogadh tu inntinn nan ceudan.

[TD 181]

Togaidh tu inntinn gach duine  
'N uair a chluinneas iad thu 'geigheach,  
'S tu cur do chuideachd an ordagh  
Mar is coir dhaibh glan fo 'n eideadh.  
Their gach ceannard ris a choirneal

"Sin far 'bheil an comhlan eibhinn,  
'Chuir Mac-Gilleain an ordagh;  
Co ris nach cordadh na treun-fhir?"

Na fir chalma sin dha 'm buin thu  
Gheibheadh urram ri am feuma;  
Ged dh' iarrteadh a dhol do 'n Spainn sibh  
Dh' fhalbhadh sibh gu laidir gle gleusda,  
Bhiodh sibh misneachail, deas, ullamh,  
Le 'r cuid ghunnachan, fo 'r 'n-eideadh;  
'S an am dol ri uchd 'ur namhaid  
'Sibh nach failnicheadh an speiread.

Fhad 's a bhiodh 'ur leth an lathair  
Sheasadh sibh gu dana treubhach,  
Sheasadh sibh as leth na rioghachd.  
Bhiodh sibh dileas anns gach ceum d' i.-  
'Solc a fhreagrachd e do gharlach  
Dad a raitinn ruibh le breugan;  
Gur a b' urram sibh do 'n aite  
Ann san d' araicheadh gu leir sibh.

ORAN.

Do Ghilleasbuig Mac-Neil, Fear na pacaide ann am Muile.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

FONN.-'S i deoch-slaime'n righ a' s fearr leinn.

A Ghilleasbuig, fhir na pacaid'  
'S iomadh tlachd a th' ort r 'a innseadh;

[TD 182]

Gur a tri'c a fhuair thu urram  
Eadar Muile agus an tìr so.  
Le d' shar-mhisnich 's le d' dheagh nadur  
Gheibh thu cliu 's gach ait am bi thu;  
Ged a rinn thu 'n rioghachd fhagail  
Thill thu sabhailt', 's math leam fhin sin.

Tha thu 'nis a'd' sgiobair bata  
Cliuiteach anns gach aite 's eolach,  
'S cinnteach gur leat gaol gach duine  
'Chunnaic thu no 'chuir 'ort eolas.  
Tha thu seirceil, caoimhneil, baigheil,  
Mar chleachd thu an laithibh t'oige;  
Deas lamh a stiuradh a' bhata  
Am bog-bhairlinn 's am barr croice.

'S ann agad tha 'm bata cliuiteach,  
An aon chuis chu d' fhuair i tamailt,  
'S gur tu fhein an t-oigear dileas  
'Chur gu finealt' rithe 'h-asaig;  
A siuil chaola 'sa buill fhallain  
'S tu 'g an teannachadh le d' lamhan;  
'N uair' ghlacadh tu 'n ailm a' d' achlais



'S i gu'm maslaicheadh gach bata.

Mhaslaicheadh i iad gu buileach;  
Bu chlis ullamh i 'n a gluasad;  
Airson gu 'm falbhadh i dìreach  
Cha 'n fheil ann ach gnìomh 'tha suarach.  
'N uair 'theannas tu air a ghaoith leath'  
'S coimh-dheas leath' a taobh na 'gualann;  
'S mi bhiodh cinnteach as a toiseach  
Ged bhiodh ochdnar an taobh shuas dhi.

Bho 'n a fhuair i 'n t-oigear cliuiteach  
Air a h-urlar, lamh a' chruadail,  
A chumas a ceann ri gabhadh  
'S iomadh aite 's a bheil buaidh oirr'.  
Cha 'n fheil rochd no sgeir no bogha

[TD 183]

A dh' fhas fodha no tha 'n uachdur  
Nach h-aithne dhuit-sa gu sar-mhath,  
'S cha leig thu le d' bhata bualadh.

'S ann 'chumas tu i aig astar  
An am dol seachad air fiacail.  
Cha 'n iarr thu abhsadh no seapadh  
Ged thigeadh seideadh gle dhion ort.  
'N uair 'bheanadh tu siul na h-ardraich;  
Dh' fhaodadh cach 'bhi tarruing dìreach,  
Bheir thu 'mach gach cala sabhailt'  
An aghaidh traghaidh no lionaidh.

Cha 'n e 's aobhar' thu bhi 'neartmhor  
An aghaidh feartan an lionaidh;  
No gun dean thu gnothach sgaomach  
An aghaidh gaoithe no side;  
Ach thu bhi fiosrach le d' fhaoghlum  
Mu gach taobh o 'n dig na siantan,  
'S nach tog thu snathainn de'h-aodach  
Gus am faod i 'taobh a shineadh.

'S mi bhiodh earbsach as do thurn  
An am a' cur a dh-ionnsaidh 'n t-soirbheis,  
'N uair 'ghlacadh tu 'n stiuir' a' d' lamhan  
'Se do nadur nach robh tolgach.  
Tha thu eolach anns gach aite  
Dh' fhaodadh i 'shnamh ri ro dorcha;  
'S ullamh ealamh gu toirt bhuaipe  
A h-acuinn 's luath 'ni thu charachadh.

'S math a dh-fhaodas mi do mholladh  
'Chionn gur h-i 'n onair a ni thu;  
Tha thu caoimhneil agus baigheil  
'S misneachail 's gach cas 's am bi thu.  
Fhuair thu ionnsachadh mac Gaidheil,  
'S deas air saile no air tìr thu.—  
Gu ma fada fallain slan thu  
A sheoladh do bhata rìomhaich.

[TD 184]

CUMHA.

Do Niall Mac-Gilleain, am Maor Ban ann an Tiritheadh, a chaidh a bhathadh 's e 'tighinn a Ile, 's a bhliadhna 1809.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

FONN,—Gaoir nam ban Muileach.

'S bochd tha sinne, Neill Bhain, dheth,  
Bho 'n la 'rinn thu ar fagail,  
Gun tighinn dachaidh mar b'aill leinn  
A dh-ionnsaidh do chairdean.  
'S ann a fhuaradh air traigh thu  
Gun chead gluasad gu' fagail;  
'S e mo dhiubhail mar bha sid;  
'H uile h-aon ann san ait tha fo bhron.

Com na loinne 's a cheirtaidh  
Leis an suidheadh na ceudan;  
An ann ceartas a reiteach  
Cha b' ann tuaileasach breugach  
'Chluinnteadh facal do bheil-sa  
Ach le fiosrachadh leughaidh;  
Co a nis as do dheigh  
A bheir dhuinn misneach no 'leughas a choir?

Anns gach cuideachd am biodh tu,  
Am measg uaislean no islean,  
Bha thu suairce ro shiobhalt,  
Is do chridhe gun mhiorun;  
'S goirt do 'n tuath thu bhi 'dhith oir'.  
'Fhir nach deanadh an diteadh  
Ach a sheasadh gu dileas,  
Air an cul ann san fhirinn 's a' choir.

[TD 185]

Bha thu siobhalt a' d' nadur;  
Co 'n neach riamh a bha riut  
Chunnaic ort ach fiamh gaire?  
'S ann a t' aghaidh a dh-fhas  
An t-suil shoilleir 'bu blaithe,  
Gur a truagh leam do mhathair  
Bo 'n la rinneadh do bhathadh,  
'S goirt an t-saighead 'tha sathte 'n a feoil.

Gu bheil t' athair fo bhruaillean  
Bho an latha 'san cuala e  
Sgeula dubhach an fhuathais  
Gu 'n robh corp a mhic uasail  
'Ga shior iomain gun truas ris  
Leis na tonnaibh ard uaibhreach:  
Tha e muladach truagh dheth,  
Am fear 'sheasadh ri 'ghualann cha bheo.

Gur a tursach do cheile,  
'S beag an t-ionghnadh dhi fhein sin;  
Ged a chruinnicheadh na ceudan  
Latha faidhreach na feille,  
Fear do ghluasaid 's do bheusan  
Is do choltais cha leir dhi;  
Bho 'n la 'fhuair i dhi fhein thu  
Gu 'm bu taitneach 's gach ceum dhi do sheol.

'S i do phiuthar 'tha cianail,  
Tamh uaire cha dean i  
Ach ri smaointinnean tiamhaidh  
Gu 'n robh do chorp ciatach  
A' faotuinn a riasladh  
'Feadh fairge agus bhiastan;  
Bha do chairdean ga t' iargain  
'S iad le dicholl ga t' iarraidh san rod.

'S iomadh aon 'tha fo mhulad

[TD 186]

Bho 'n la chaidh thu 's na grunnaibh;  
Tha iad deurach a' tuireadh  
Is nach faic iad thu tuilleadh  
'Tigh 'nn g' an ionnsaidh le furan  
Bha thu 'falbh leis gach buinne  
Am mein fairg' agus bhuillean,  
Gus 'n do thilgeadh thu 'n Gunna air sroin.

Thugaibh cliu uile 'n Ard-Righ  
Ged a rinneadh a bhathadh  
Gu 'n do chuireadh gu traigh e.  
A dh-ionnsaidh a chairdean,  
'S gu 'n do rinneadh a charadh  
Ann an ciste nan claraibh,  
An taigh athar 's a mhathar,  
Bho 'n do chuir a luchd-graidh e fo 'n fhoid.

'Fhir a b' aoibheile 'chiteadh  
Gu bheil mise lan chinnteach  
Nach robh neach ann san rioghachd  
A bha dhuit ann an miorun.—  
'S mor an t-seirc a bha 't' inntinn;  
Bha thu onarach direach;—  
Ach gach buaidh a bha sint' riut  
Is le maise ga d' lionadh  
'S gann gu 'm b' urrainn mi innseadh ri m' bheo.

AM BATA RIOMHACH.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Bha Ailean Mac-Aonghais ann an Tiritheadh uair ag iasgach air carraig,  
agus thuit e am mach air a mhuir. Bha moran de dhaoine, comhla ris, agus  
shin fear de na bha 's a' chuideachd an tabh d'

[TD 187]

a iosaidh, nn agus air dhasan breith air thairneadh gu tir e. A reir a' bhaird 's ann le bata a thearnadh an taillear.

FONN.—“A chomuinn rioghail, runaich.”

Am faic thu 'm bata riomhach,  
A shiubhlas cinnteach cuan?  
Le coignear ghillean dileas oirr  
A dh' iomaireas i gu finealta,  
'S a sheolas i le innleachdan,  
'S i 's cinntich' sgrìob an nuas.  
A sgrìobair Lachainn og tha fìor mhath,  
Lamh a dhiobradh stuadh!

Tha cliu 's gach ait 'san duthaich  
Air an ardraich uir o 'n tuaigh;  
A taobh tha sliosar liobharra  
Gun mheang, gun ghaid, ach fìrinneach,  
De dh-fhiubhaidh dhaingean dhileas,  
Is gur dìonach i mu 'n cuairt;  
Ged dh' eireadh tonn mar bheinn ga h-ard  
'Se 'gairich, thig i 'nuas.

'N uair 'theannas tu ri 'seoladh  
Le do sgrìoba coir gun ghruaim,  
Tagh oigear laidir taiceil  
'Bhios gun mheang, gun ghiamh, ach faicilleach,  
Ro chnramach gun ghealtachd ann,  
'S biodh e fo d' smachd mar 's dual,  
A chumas i mar 's coir di 'bhi  
'N uair 'bhios ann side chruaidh.

Co e 'm fear-sgoid 'theid lamh-riut,  
Ach an taillear ri an-uair!  
'S e-fhein am fiuran furachail,  
'S e teoma air a h-uile ruel;  
Cha tric a chi sinn duine

[TD 188]

'Tha cho ullamh, ealamh, luath  
Bheir e 'n sgrìob a staigh mar 's coir,  
'S gur h-eolach e mu 'n chuan.

Dhearbh e ghnìomh 's a thabhachd duinn  
Ri la an anraidh chruaidh,  
Am barr a chroinn bu dileas e,  
'S e gladhach, cumaibh dìreach i  
Le spionnadh dhorn 's le innleachdan,  
No thig ar crìoch gu luath,  
Gus am buail i ceann air tìr  
Cha 'n fhiach leam tìgh 'nn an nuas.

Bha 'ghaoth gu cruaidh a' seideadh,  
Is an speur gu leir fo ghruaim;  
Bha 'm bata 'n staid ro eigineach  
Na siuil chaidh uile 'reubadh dhi,

Ach cho robh guth air geilleadh  
Aig an taillear, treun nam buadh!  
An greim a fhuair e ghleidh e e,  
Ged bha e 'n eigin chruaidh.

Thionndaidh sruth le srailcinnich  
Ri 'gualainn ghasda luath:  
Ruitheadh agus leumadh e  
Is calg ro gharbh gu leir-sgrios air,  
'S 'n a theine sionnacham dh' eireadh e  
Gu ruig a shleisdean 'suas:  
An tonn 'bu lugha 'bheucadh  
Chluinnt' a Sleit' e ann an Cluaidh.

Ged fhuair i moran allabain  
Le creanachadh a' chuain,  
Ma dh' fhaodar, fhathast nitear i,  
Cho dionach, laidir, finealta  
Ri bata 'th' ann sna tirean so,  
Gur fiach i a cur 'suas.—  
Eadar Cana 's Maol Chinntire  
Shiubhladh i ri uair.

[TD 189]

Gur h-e i-fhein 'bhios achdarra  
'N uair 'theid a h-acfhuinn 'suas!  
Bidh obair ur gu h-iosal innt',  
'S a buill 's a slatan finealta;  
Theid ainm oirr' as an rioghachd so  
Do thirean fada bhuainn;  
Ged tha i 'n diugh air sgaineadh  
Le sruth 's le gairich cuain.

A Lachainn Oig, gu firinneach  
Gur math is fiach thu duais;  
Gu 'n d' rinn thu gnìomh bha tabhachdach  
An la a cheap thu 'n taillear dhuinn;  
Cha d' leig thu as do lamhan e,  
Ged shnamh e pios de 'n chuan;  
Gur finealt air an t-snathaid e,  
Tha 'obair alainn, buan.

FATH MO LEANN-DUIBH;

Oran a Rinneadh an Deigh Bais Eich a bha aig Eoghan Mac-Gillemhaoil, mar  
gu 'm b' e e-fein a rinn e.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

LUIINNEAG.

Agus ho fath mo leann-duibh,  
Fath mo leann-duibh thu 'bhi 'm dhith;  
Agus ho fath mo leann-duibh,  
Fath mo leann-duibh thu bhi 'm dhith;  
Fath mo chumha ann san earrach  
Nach faic mi mo ghearrain fhin,

'S gu m bristeadh tu 'n iall no 'ghreallag  
Mu 'n leigeadh tu 'n t-amull 'sios.

'S mis 'fhuair naidheachd a' chruadail

[TD 190]

Moch Di-luain, 's gu 'm b' fhuathach leam;  
Chunnaic mi 'n 't each ruadh 'n a eigin,  
'S coltas an eig air mu 'n cheann.  
Chuala mi 'n fheannag a' tighinn,  
'S thuit mu chridhe, dh' fhas mi fann;  
Tharruing mi 'n gunna 's an urchair  
Ach cha chuimsichean oirr ann.

Gabh mo chomhairle sa, 'charaid,  
Thuirt an fheannag rium gu mall;  
Ged a chaill thu 'n diu do ghearran  
Na bi amaideach 'sa' cheann;  
Sgair a' losgadh do chuid fudair  
'S nach cuir thu sradh dluth air ball;  
Bho 'n a thug mi fios a t' ionnsaidh  
Thoir dhomh n t-suil 's cha bhi mi 'n call.

Thanaig an fhaoileann gu ceanalt',  
'S i tigh' nn gu farasda 'nuas;-  
"Coma leat brosgul na feannaig,  
'S caraich' i na 'm madadh-ruadh;  
'N uair a bheir thu 'n t-seiche dhachaidh  
Roinn a' chlosach oirnn mu 'n cuairt;  
Ged a bhiodh tusa 'g a bacadh  
Bheir coin nam bailtean i bhuit."

Chuir mi fios gu modhail, eolach,  
'Dh-ionnsaidh coirneileir an airm,  
'Dh-fheuch an digeadh e gu m' chomhnadh,  
An laoch foghlumte gun chearb.  
Bha e misneachail le urram  
Mar a bhuineadh do dh-fear ainm',  
Le 'chlaidheamh ruisgte 'n a dhorn  
A toirt a chomhdaich de 'n each mharbh.

Sin an gearran a bha sgairteil,  
'S a bha taitneach air gach doigh;  
'S iomad sachd a thug e dhachaidh,

[TD 191]

'S dh' fhag sin aisnean lom gu leoir.  
A leithid cha 'n fheil ri 'fhao ainn  
'S na h-eich aotrom aig righ Deors';  
'N uair a thanaig fios 'g a iarraidh  
Bha chuid iall a' fuaigheal bhrog.

Bhiodh tu air thoiseach an comhnaidh  
'N am cur na mona gu tir,  
Mi-fhin ann ad cheann gu sporsail,  
'S tu a' falbh gu boidheach, grinn;

Air cliu sonraicht' bha thu airidh,  
'S iomad car a rinn thu dhuinn;  
'S tric a bha mi, 's tu air chois eachd,  
'Gol mo brochain air do dhruim.

Chaidh mi la an null do Hianais  
L e mo ghearran ciarach, coir.  
Am buailtean agam 'g a stailceadh,  
'S earball an casadh le spors;  
'H-uile h-aon a bha 'sna bailtean  
Bha 'n cuid adaichean 'n an dorn;  
Shaoil iad gu 'm b' e mis' am bailidh  
Gus am fac iad bearn mo bheoil.

'S mor ga 'm dhith thu 'n am do staca  
'Thigh' nn air cladach 's tu air chall;  
Na cleibh a bhiodh ort ag obair  
Cha 'n fheil 'h-aon 'g an togail ann.  
Culaidh thu 'dheanamh an treabhaidh,  
Ged chuirinn domhainn an crann;  
Cha d' fhairich mi riamh do shaothair,  
'Fhir mo ghaoil a' tigh 'nn gu ceann.

Bho 'n chaill mi mo chulaidh chosnaidh,  
'S nach h-'eil fortan dhomh an dan,  
Bidh mi tuilleadh air a bho chdainn,  
'S luchd na socair' orm ri tair.  
Na 'n robh mise pailt de storas

[TD 192]

Ann am phoca 'n am do bhais,  
Chruinnich mi muinntir nam bailtean  
Gu do chur fo 'n Bhaca Bhan.

'Bhi 'faicinn do chnamhan shios ud  
'S e 'tha miadachadh mo bhroin,  
'S iad 'g am falach aig na beisdean  
Gus iad fhein a chur 'n an leoir.  
Chunnaic mi do shlinnean alainn  
Fo 'n chu bhlar aig Eachann Og.—  
Ach togam da m' oran mulaid,  
'S nach faigh tuireadh dhomh mo lon.

MOLADH NEILL MHIS EOGHAIN.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Thoisich Niall Mac Eoghain, Niall Mac-Gillemhaoil, air iarraidh air a bhard oran a dheanamh dha. Thuirt am bard gu 'n deanadh e sin na 'n doireabh e latha dha air bualadh. Thoisich Niall air a bhualadh agus thoisich am bard air an oran. Bha Niall bochd an duil gur h-ann 'ga mholadh a bha 'm bard.

FONN:—"Iain chaimbeil a bhanca."

Niall Mac Eoghain, an curaidh.  
Fear urranta, treun,

'Fhuair urram 'san leig  
Le spionnadh a dhorn!  
Tha cis aig na bailtean  
Air a nasgadh dhuit fhein,  
Aig t' fheabhas gu feum  
'N uair 'thig oirnn an toir.  
Thanaig Tearlach le straic  
'S thug e lan chuireadh dhuit;  
Dh' eirich thus' fhir mo ghraidh,  
S' thug thu 'n t-sar bhuille dha.

[TD 193]

Is thuit e 'sa' bhaca  
Gun chlaisteachd, gun des;  
Cha robh duine 'g a choir  
A thilleadh do lamh.

Ged a bhiodh ann na dusain,  
Bhiodh tus' as an deigh,  
Mar sheabhag 'san speur,  
'S tu casruisgt' gun bhrog.  
'S mairg a tharladh a' d' thaice,  
Dheagh lasgaire threin,  
'N uair dh' fhasadh tu breun,  
'S a chromadh tu 'n t-sron  
'S neach gun ghibhtean tha fios  
'Ghabhadh meas burraidh dhiot.  
'S tu nach h-obadh as troid,  
Bhiodh tu mach ullamh innt.  
'S ann agad tha mhisneach,  
S tha meas ort oig cach;-  
Gu'm fuilingeadh tu 'm bas  
Mu 'n tilleadh tu 'choir.

Ge tric thu air acras,  
Cha mhasladh dhuit e;  
'S ann bhios tu ri feum,  
'S ri tapadh gu leoir;  
Gach stamn air a' chladach  
'Gan tarruing gu feum,  
'S ann air a chreig leith  
A thionail thu 'n tor  
Chuir thu 'n dudan 'n a smuid  
Ann an cul Ghreasamail;  
Bha gach long ann sa chuan  
Ruith le 'n cruaidh neart thuige.-  
Niall Griasaich' tha 'gradh  
Nam paigheadh tu mi  
Cha bhithinn a' d' dhriom  
Na b' fhaide ri m' bheo.

[TD 194]

Gu 'm b' ealamh do fhreagairt;-  
"Cha 'n eagal, a Neill,  
Gu 'n dean mi ni cearr,  
Cha bhuin sin do m' dhoigh;



Bi caoimhneil, lan furais,  
'S na cuir am Maor Ban  
Gu m' tharruing gu dan  
A dh-ionnsaidh a mhoid.  
Mur h-i 'n fhirinn thuirt mi  
Anns gach ni 's duilich leam;  
Gabh mo leithsgeul 'san am,  
'S ann a bh' ann uireasabh,  
'N uair 'thig oirnn an t-earrach,  
An fheamainn 's am blaths,  
Gheibh thu 'n t-airgiod a' d' laimh,  
Agus cairich mo bhrog.

'N uair 'chaidh thu le urram  
A dh-iarraidh nam brog,  
Na 'n robh 'm paigheadh a' d' dhorn  
Gu 'n dug e dha,  
'N uair 'loisgeas tu 'n fheamainn  
A th' agad 'san tor,  
Bidh agad de chorr  
Na phaigheas do dhail,  
Cha 'n fheil ti ann san tir  
'Bhios a' strith tuilleadh riut.  
Theid thu mach air a mhuir,  
'S gu 'm bi t' uchd ullamh oirr;'  
Na 'm biodh agamsa gunna  
Gu 'm biodh fuil air an traigh,  
'Fhir a ghabhadh an snamh  
'S a ghlacadh na h-eoin.

'Nam bristeadh nam clach  
Bha do thartar cho ard  
'S gu 'n d' theich am muir-lan.  
Cha danaig e 'choir.

[TD 195]

Gur mise ghabh beachd ort,  
'Fhir ghasda mo ghraidh,  
'S air t' fheabhas gu stath,  
'N uair 'ghlacadh tu 'n t-ord.  
Leat gur faoin obair ghoirt,  
Tha do chorp fulangach,  
'S iomad aon 'tha fo sprochd  
Gu 'm bi 'n nochd fuil agad,  
'N uair 'fhuair thu 'n tombaca  
'S a las thu phiob bhan,  
Bha 'm feasgar cho blath  
'S nach faict' ach do cheo.

'S tu fhein 'gheibh an t-urram  
Thar gach duin' 'theid do 'n traigh;  
Bidh do lapan-sa lan  
'S an duileasg a' d' phoc'  
Cha bhiodh piocach an tarsuing  
Na 'm faigheach tu fath,  
Nach togadh tu ghraidh,  
'S nach cuireadh tu 'n tor  
Do gach ni ni thu feum,

Tha thu geur furachail;  
Fhuair thu ainm ann san tìr,  
'S chuir an rìgh cuireadh ort.  
Tha mi fiosrach nach tric  
Leat 'bhi 'measg chumantan.  
Ach do chompanach dilear  
Tha 'g innseadh dhomh 'n drast  
Mur fuilingeadh tu smaig  
Nach fanadh tu beo.

An smaig sin cha 'n fhuiling  
Thu tuilleadh gu brath:  
'N uair 'theid thu do 'n bhal  
Bidh agad te og.  
Bidh cach ann sna cuiltean  
Gun sugradh, gun agh;

[TD 196]

'S bidh tus', fhir mo ghraidh,  
Ri beadradh gu leoir.  
A bhi d' shuidhe fo 'n chruisgein  
Cha chuis loinneil e.  
Mu thig aon air do chul  
Bheir thu fuchd sgaoinneil dha.  
Na 'm biodh agam-s' an t-searrag  
Gu daingeann a 'm' laimh,  
Bhiodh gloine dhuit lan,  
'S gu 'n deanadh tu 'ol.

Gur coma leinn tuilleadh  
Gach duine ach sinn fhìn,  
Ma bhios sinn gun dìth;  
Fhad 's a bhitheas sinn beo.  
Gheibh thu cliu anns gach aite  
Ged dh' fhagadh tu 'n tìr s';  
Cha 'n fhairich thu sgios,  
'S air do ghnìomh cha bhi sgod.  
Their iad cinnteach rium fhìn  
Gur a fìor bhurraidh thu;  
Tha iad briagach codhiu,  
'S tusa 'n t-aon duin' agam.  
'Fhir fhiughantaich, ghaisgeil,  
Gu 'm faiceam thu slàn,  
Gun chuspa, gun ghag,  
A' d' shuidh' air an rod.

'S tu fhein am fear tapaidh,  
Gur taitneach do ghnaths,  
'S gun ghaoid riut a' fas  
Ach tombac' agus ol.  
Tha Mac-Iamhair ag radh  
Gu 'n do shabhail thu 'long  
Air bharruibh nan tonn  
'N uair 'thanaig i 'd choir.  
'Ghillean fhein bha gun chli,  
Cha robh gnìomh duin' annta;

[TD 197]

Chaidh thu suas ann sa' chrann,  
Bha do cheann fulangach.-  
'N uair 'chuir i 'cuid acraichean  
'Mach air an traigh,  
Bha corc ann ad laimh,  
'S tu sracadh nan seol.

Bha gaol aig gach duin' ort,  
A chunnaic thu riamh,  
'Chionn dh' itheadh tu iasg,  
'S cha diultadh tu feoil  
Bu tric thu 'sa' chladach,  
Cha 'n fhanadh tu 's 't sliabh,  
'S b' e t' fhasan-sa riamh  
Nach iarradh tu brog.  
Mharbh an griasaiche sgarbh  
Air an leirg 's chunnaic thu,  
Chaidh tu sìos as a dheigh,  
'S cha do dh-eigh duine riut,  
Ged nach caillteadh ach itcag  
Bhiodh sid fo do sgeith;  
Gur taitneach do bheusan,  
'S gur ceutach do shron.

MARBHRANN.

Do Mhitchel Scobie.

LE BARBARA ROB.

'S tric thu 'bhais a cur an geill dhuinn  
Gur ni nach feudar do sheachnadh,  
Eadar islean is uaislean  
So an uair 'rinn thu 'chreach oirnn.  
Thug thu uachdaran timeil  
As an tìr bha 'n a thaic dhuinn  
An deigh leum as a chuirt dhuit  
Leis an Diuca 'bha 'n Sasunn.

[TD 198]

Mitchel Scobie 'rinn saothair  
Ann an rioghachdan eile,  
A dol fad' thar nan cuantan,  
Thug thu bhuainn e gu h-ealamh.  
Chaidh a ghuilan gu dhuthchas,  
Gus an uir an robh athair;  
'S tha e 'n cadal 'san tìr sin  
As nach cluinn sinne facal.

Ris an Tì 'thug air falbh e  
Biobh og earbsa a mhacan,  
'S e gun phiuthair, gun bhrathair,  
Is gun mhathair, gun athair  
'Thi 'rinn lomadh cho luath air  
Cum e suas mar a 's math dha;

'S tu an caraid a 's dilse  
Do gach aon a ni taic riut.

Ged 'tha cuid do nach leir e  
Tha do dheilig 'tigh 'nn faisg oirnn;  
Tha thu taghadh nan uaislean  
'S 'gan toirt bhuainn ann an cabhaig.  
Thug thu leat Daibhidh Cleireach  
'Bha do 'n fheumnach 'n a athair;  
'S ma 's deach sin as ar cuimhne  
'Thug thu 'n righ dhe na chathair.

Tha thu 'tarruing nan cairdean  
As gach ait gus an deach iad;  
Tha thu 'tarruing gu cinnteach  
'H-uile h-aon a bhios abaich.  
Cha dean spionnadh no slainte  
Do ghath basmhor 'chur seachad;  
'S i do ghairm nach gabh aicheadh,  
Ged bhiodh cairdean a' gearan.

'S ann tha 'n dalladh 's am bodhradh  
Air gach seors' air an talamh  
'N uair nach gabh iad gu curam

[TD 199]

Mar tha uine 'n a deannaibh,  
Is nach deid iad gu glusad  
Roimh 'n ghuth 's fuaimniche labhairt.  
Thig am Breitheamh gu cinnteach  
Ann san tim anns nach math leo.

'Thi a thanaig le gradh dhuinn  
'Cheannach slainte dha 'r n-anam  
Is a dh' fhosgail gach seula  
'N uair 'bha feich air an agairt,  
Fosgail tuigs' agus reusan  
Na tha 'chreutairean dalla  
'G eisdeachd fuaim a ghuth gheir sin  
'Ni na seudair a ghearradh:

'N guth 'tha crathadh nan sleibhtean  
Nach doir eisdeachd do 'n fhacal,  
'S a cur fhineachean fiadhaich  
'Thoir an iodhalan seachad.  
Ruisgear mullach nan craobh leis  
Dhe 'm meoir dhireach gu h-ealamh,  
'S bheir e 'n stuic gu bhi iosal  
'G an cur sios ris an talamh.

Tha na ceannardan fiughail  
Air an giulan gu 'n dachaidh,  
Cha 'n fhear gun bhardachd a luaidheadh  
'H-uile buaidh a bha aca.  
Ach aon ni tha air m' inntinn,  
'S bidh mi saor gu 'thoir seachad,  
Bidh cuimhne mhath air an fhirean  
Cho fad 's 'bhios linn air an talamh.

[TD 200]

AOIR.

A rinneadh air Padruig Sellar a chionn a bhi a' fogradh an t-sluaigh a mach as an fhearann ann an Cataobh.

LE DOMHNALL BAILLIDH.

LUINNEAG.

Ho'n ceard dubh!  
He'n ceard dubh!  
Ho'n ceard dubh  
'Dhaor am fearann!

Chunnaic mise bruadar  
'S cha b' fhuathach leam fhaicinn fhathast;  
'S nam faicinn e 'nam dhusgadh  
Bu shugradh e dhomh ri m' latha.

Teine mor an ordagh  
Is Roy 'na theis meadhoin  
Young bhi ann am priosan  
'S an t-iarunn mu chnaimhean Shellair.

Tha Sellar an Cuilmhaillidh  
Air fha ail mar mhadadh-alluidh;  
A glacadh is a saradh  
Gach aon ni a thig 'na charaibh.

Tha shron mar choltair iarunn,  
No fiacail na muice bioraich;  
Tha ceann liath mar ron air.  
Is bodhan mar asal fhirionn.

Tha 'rugaid mar chorr riabhaich  
Is iomhaigh air nach 'eil tairis,  
Is casan fada liadhach  
Mar shiaman de shlataibh mara.

[TD 201]

'S truagh nach robh thu'm priosan  
Re bhliadhnan air uisg' is aran,  
'S cearcall cruaidh de dh'iarunn  
Mu d' shliasaid gu laidir, daingeann.

Nam faighinn-s' air an raon thu  
Is daoine bhi' ga do cheangal,  
Bheirinn le mo dhornaibh  
Tri oirlich a mach dhe d' sgamhan.

Chaidh thu fein 's do phairtidh  
An airde gu braighe Rosail,  
'S chuir thu taigh do bhrathar  
'N a smalaibh a suas' na lasair.

'N uair a thig am bas ort  
Cha chairear thu ann san talamh,  
Ach bith do charcais thodharail  
Mar otrach air aodunn achaidh.

Bha Sellar agus Roy  
Air an treorachadh leis an deamhan,  
'N uair dh' ordaich iad an combaist  
'S an t-slabhraidh chur air an fhearann.

Bha'n Simpsonach na chu  
Mar bu dutchasach do na mharaich;  
Seacaid ghorm a buth air  
Is triusair de dh' aodach tana.

S i pacaid dhubh an uillidh  
A ghiulain iad 'chum an fhearainn s';  
Ach chithear fhathast baitht' iad  
Air traillich an cladach Bhanaibh.

<eng>The horrible work known as "the Sutherland clearances," began in 1807. In that year ninety families were removed from the parishes of Farr and Lang, to make room for tenants of large farms and sheep.

[TD 202]

In 1809 hundreds of families were expelled from their homes and native hills in the parishes of Dornach, Rogard, Loth, Clyne and Golspie. From this date until 1820 the work of driving away the native population was pressed forward with great vigor and cruelty. Indeed by the end of 1820 the county of Sutherland was almost wholly depopulated. From 1809 until 1816 the estates of the Dutchess of Sutherland were under the management of William Young, a corn dealer, as chief-factor, and Patrick Sellar, a lawyer, as under-factor. The latter lived at Culmaily in the parish of Golspie. Young and Sellar were both natives of Morayshire. The person referred to in the eighth verse as "do brathair" was a tinker named William Chisholm, whose house was set on fire in June, 1814.

The Dutchess of Sutherland may have been utterly indifferent to the welfare of the people on her estates, and Young and Seallr may have been selfish money-grabbers, but what are we to think of a government and of laws that would allow any dutchess and her servants to expatriate thousands of good and loyal subjects. The people of Sutherlandshire were not rebels. No regiment fought more bravely for the British crown than the noble 93rd. Yet at the very time when the soldiers of that regiment were battling against the great tyrant of Europe, little tyrants in their native land were allowed to pitch their mothers, wives and children out of doors, and set fire to their houses. It is to be sincerely hoped that in the course

[TD 203]

of a few years civilization shall have made such progress in Britain that no man will be allowed to retain control of thousands of acres of land. This grand old earth of ours was not made for a few landlords.<gai>

MARBHRANN THOMAS FHRISEIL.

LE MR. SEUMAS MAC GRIOGAIR.

Ni sinn marbhrann air Tomas,  
Bho 'n a tha sinn an dochas,  
Ged a chaill sinn a chomhradh,  
'N uair a thig an la mor ud, la bhrath.  
Gu 'n seas e gu doigheil  
Ann san fhireantachd ghloirmhoir,  
Aig deas laimh na morachd  
A' seinn a chuid oranan graidh.

O'n is minic a bha e  
'Cur ri gearanaibh craiteach.  
'Chionn nach d' fhuair e mar b' aill leis  
Am pcacadh a charadh fo chis;  
'S o nach d' fhairich e 'nadur  
'Dol an laigid gach la aig,  
'S e bhi neartmhor 's na grasaibh  
A bha sint' ann am fabhar an Righ.

Cha b' ionnan 's am prabar  
'Bha 'n an laigh' an staid naduir,  
Nach eisdeadh gu tabhachd  
Ri firinnibh grasmhor an Triath',  
Ach a dhiultadh le tair iad  
Air feabhas an talainn,  
Is an teachdaire' chaineadh  
Le teangannaibh granda nach b' fhiach.

Bidh na daoi ann am pailteas,

[TD 204]

'Cur an teanga 'n an leith phluic,  
O 'n a chaochail an gaisgeach  
'Bha le fianais an fhacail gach la  
'Cumail smachd air a pheacadh,  
'S e ag iarraidh bhi casgadh  
'Chaitheamh-beatha neo-thlachdmhoir  
'Bha na mhasladh do shoisgeul nan gras.

Bidh na cullaich o 'n fhasach  
Le 'm fiacalaibh gabhaidh  
'Toirt sithidh is sathaidh  
Ann sna caoraich a dh fhag thu air loinn;  
Bho 'n a fhuair iad an garadh  
Cho iosal 's a tha e,  
Cha 'n fhaic iad nas airde  
'M balla teine 'tha ghnath mu na chloinn.

'S ann sna tri bliadhna diag dhuinn,  
Aon mhile 's ochd ciadan,  
'Thanaig bristeadh cho cianail;  
Chuir na neamhan gu t' iarraidh 'chum gloir';  
As an t-saoghal aindiadhaidh,  
'Gabhail comhnaidh gu siorruidh  
Ann an lathair na Trianaid,

'S b' ann airson na rinn Criosd ann san fheoil.

'S iomad coinnimh is comhdhail  
Ann san d' fhuair sinn do chomhradh,  
Le do ghibhtean ro bhoidheach  
'Chur an fhacail an ordagh gu reidh;  
'Chum nam peacach a sheoladh  
Bharr slighe na doruinn  
Air ceumanaibh comhnard  
A' chreidimh 's an t-solais le cheil'.

Bha thu gleusda mar chainntear  
Ann sa' Bheurla a thionndadh,

[TD 205]

'Gur nan sgrìobhainnean Gallda  
Ann an Gaidhlig an nall dhuinn gun fheall;  
'S ann sna leughannaibh Sabaid  
A' toirt earailean laidir;-  
"Thugaibh aire mo chairdean  
Nach dig aon agaibh gearr air a' gheall."

Ach tha moran gun dusgadh  
A suain an neo-churaim,  
Ris 'n do chosd thu do dhurachd  
Ann am meadhon na h-urnaigh gach la,  
Gus am faigheadh iad suilean  
A dh-fhaicinn na duthcha  
Ann san deach ar ceann-iuil ne  
A steach ann san luchairt a 's aird'.

'S e ar gearan 's ar cruadal,  
Ged tha moran mu 'n cuairt duinn,  
Nach fheil tuilleadh a' gluasad  
A thoirt cobhair do 'n bhuachail ' san am.  
Ach dhe 'n bheagan a b' abhaist,  
Bhi dol leis ann an cairdeas,  
E 'n a shineadh an drasda  
Ann sa' chlachan 's am bas os a chionn.

Ach is cianail a tha sinn  
O 'n a chaill sinn do phairtean,  
Ann an gnothach ar mathar  
'Cumail uige nam braithrean 'tha fann.  
'Tha toirt caiseamachd laidir  
'N aghaidh pheacanan araidh  
Gus an eireadh os aird oirnn  
Latha soilleir nan gras os ar cionn.

'S e dh' fhag sinne cho bronach  
A bhi umad cho eolach;  
Anns gach gnothach is cordadh

[TD 206]

Bha thu deas gu ar comhnadh 'chum sith'.  
'S ann an connsaichibh Sharaih,



Cha do cheil thu do thalann  
A thoirt coinnimh do dh'Fharo,  
'N uair a shaoil leis at faidh' n thoirt dhinn.

Bha thu 'n comhnaidh mu 'n airce  
O 'n a thanaig i 'n aire  
'G a cumail an airde  
Le caoimhneas is cairdeas ro dhluth.  
'N uair a fhuair thu do theumadh  
Le daoine gun reusan,  
Cha do 'bheas thu gu 'm b' eucoir  
Bhi fulang nam beum ud gu ciuin.

Bha thu gaisgeil ro ghleusta  
Ann am firinn is reusan,  
Gun bhi 'g aomadh no geilleadh  
Far am faiceadh tu 'n eucoir aig cach.  
'S leis na pairtean a fhuair thu,  
Ged bha cuid 'gan cur suarach,  
Thug thu dearbhannan buadhach  
Gu 'm bu mheasail leat buachaille 'n ait.

'S iomadh fitheach is rocas  
Bhiodh a' sas ann a sgornan  
Na 'm faigheadh iad doigh air  
Gun chlann daoin' a bhi 'n toir orra fein.  
Bhiodh do chridhe ro thiorail-s'  
A toirt osnaichean diadhaidh  
'N uair a chluinneadh tu sgiala  
Ann sam faiceadh tu miotlachd no beud.

Bha thu foghainteach dileas  
Ann an gnothach na tire  
'N uair a bha an lagh siobhalt'  
'G a agairt mar chis ort thar chach;

[TD 207]

'S bu bheag ort an seorsa  
A dh' aonadh gu deonach  
Gu leith-taobh na corach  
Le eagal, le sgleo, no le fath.

Snathain direach a' cheartais,  
'S e bu mhiadhnach leat fhaicinn,  
S cha b' iad luban is drachdan  
Ann an cuiltibh 'gan cleachdadh le foill.  
Ach an treibhdhiresas direach  
Ann an soitheach na h-inntinn  
Le buadhannaibh cinnteach  
'Cumail cuing air gach mi-bheus gun sgoinn.

Cha robh cnamhan an lunnair  
Air do leabaidh 'g an tionndadh  
Le airsneul neo-shunndach,  
Gus an t-seachduin a chunntadh le gruaim.  
Cha robh riamh fiach an t-saoghail  
Dol an uachdar do shaoithreach.-  
Seallaibh geur air a dhaoine,

'S leanaibh 'shaimpleir ro ghaolach gach uair.

RANNAN DO SHEUMAS MACLEOID.

LE MR. SEUMAS MAC-GRIOGAIR.

Tha m' fear do 'n dean mi 'n t-oran  
Air teachd de shìol nan Leodach,  
Is ged nach duine mor e  
Tha doighean air 'bhi tapaidhe aig'.

'N uair 'bha e 'n aimsir oige  
Bha spiorad ann san fheoil aig',  
Is ged nach cluinut' ri sgleo e,  
Bu duine mor a ghabbadh air

[TD 208]

Their cach gur duine coir e  
Is fhuair e ainm deagh olaich,  
Is ged nach 'eil e olmhor  
Tha cridhe mor 's a phears' aig'.

Cha n' fheil e ard an eolas,  
Cha d' fhuair e moran foghlum;  
Ach tha mi meallt' a' m' dhochas  
Mur por e bhois ag abachadh.

Tha thoil an cois na corach,  
Tha dichìoll leis an deoin aig';  
'S bidh suil ri tuilleadh treoir aig,  
'S nach leonar air an rathad e.

Tha 'ghearán air a pheacadh,  
A thaobh nach d' fhuair o 'bhacadh;  
'S e b' annsa leis am facal  
A bhi 'n a ghlaic mar chlaidheamh aig'.

Ach iomraidh e bhi gleusda,  
O'n tha na uaimhdean treubhach;  
'S air chinnte 'bheir iad beum dha  
Ma threigeas e bhi caithriseach.

O'n fhuair e 'bhean a b' fhearr dha  
A thanaig de shliochd Adhaimh,  
'S e 'dhleasnas 'bhi 'ga taladh,  
'S nach bi cion-fath air gearan aic.

Mur bhi nach deach an t ardan  
'Chur buileach 'chum an lair leis,  
Gu 'n taitneadh i do ghnath ris,  
'S cha b' aill leis a bhi talach oirr'.

Oir ged a laigh an aois oirr',  
'S math dha-s' nach d' rug an t-aog oirr',  
'S gur h-e a tagradh daonnan  
A bhi ri 'thaobh mar bhanaltruim.

Tha caoimhneas innt' ri nabuidh,

[TD 209]

'S ro mhath i 'n ceann na fardaich,  
Tha pailteas im' is cais' aic',  
'S air chinnt' gur sar bhean-taighe i.

Is ged nach dug i mac dha,  
'S e 'm Freasdal rinn a bacadh;  
'S e 's fearr gu 'n d' rinn i sheachnadh,  
Mu 'n tachradh dha bhi amaideach.

'S i m' earail daibh le cheile,  
O'n tha iad dol an deis-laimh,  
Bhi deas mu 'n glac an t-eug iad,  
Oir 's eigin daibh bhi dealachadh.

Gur h-i mo chomhairl' fein daibh,  
'Bhi measail air a' cheile;  
Cha 'n fhaigh a h aon diu ceile  
Cho feumail ris na chailleas e.

GED THA SINN AN SO AN DRAST.

Oran le Alastair og Friseal ann an Giusachan am Braighe Strath-ghlais.

Ged tha sinn an so an drasda  
Cha 'n fheil dail againn fad' ann;  
Seolaidh sinn an null thar saile  
'Shealltainn na tha chairdean thall;  
Far a bheil coille 'na fasach  
Nach faicear gu brath a cheann;  
'S 'n uair a ni sin fearann aiteach  
Cha bhi mal ga 'r cur ri crann.

Thig la fhathasd air na h-uaislean  
Nach fuilig do 'n tuath bhi ann,  
Ach caoraich 's ciobairean mu 'n cuairt dhaibh  
'S iad ga 'n cuartachadh gu fang.  
'N uair 'dh' eireas cogadh no uabairt  
'Chuireas feum air bualadh lann,

[TD 210]

Togar bratach dhe na h-uain leo;  
Tha na daoine bhuath' air chall.

Bha sinn a' guidhe le durachd  
'N uair thug sibh na siuil ri crann,  
Soirbheas min 'thigh 'nn bho na duilibh  
Le gaoith shiubhlaich gun bhi mall,  
'Chumadh rian air a' chairt-iuil dhuibh  
Leis an stiuireadh sibh crann-dall,  
Aiseag cabhagach an null duibh,  
'S an deagh chunntas 'chur an nall.

Gheibhear geoidh is eala 's feidh leibh  
'S lachan ris a ghrein air tuinn;  
Bradán a linneachan iasgaich  
Ga 'n tarruing le lion a grunn;  
H-uile por cho pailt 's a dh' iarrainn  
'Fas gu lionmhor air an fhonn:—  
Cha b' ionnan 's a bhi h-uile bhiadhna  
'G ardachadh nan críochan lom'.

Gheibhear cnothan leibh is ubhlan  
Air lubadh am barr gach crainn,  
'S cuid de mheasan milis, cubhraidh,  
'Chuireadh luths fo dhuine fann.  
Gheibhear deoch laidir de 'n rum ann.  
Taghadh cumhraidh gun bhi gann;  
Airgiod glas agaibh mar chuinneadh,  
Dollaran nan crun 'bhios ann.

'S fada bho 'n a bha mo mhiann ann  
Ged nach h-'eil mo thriall ach mall;  
Shaoil leam gu 'm fagainn na críochans'  
Fada mu 'n do liath mo cheann.  
'Nise bho 'n a chrom an gníomh mi  
Air dhroch fhiach 's mi 'n aite gann,  
'Paigheadh mail 's mi 'dol am fiachan,  
Och, mo dhiobhail fuireach ann.

[TD 211]

Tha sinne 'tha 'n so an drasda  
Ann an cas 'sa h-uile h-am;  
'Ceannach an t-síol-chuir bhuntata,  
'S gach ní 'thairear 'chur 'n a cheann.  
'M fear dha 'n dean am pailteas fas dhiu,  
Cha reic ri cach iad gu 'am,  
Ag iarraidh na pris a' s airde,  
'S ma tha thus' an cas bi ann.

Na 'n tarladh dhomh bhi 's taigh-osda  
Mu na bhord 's mi gabhail dram  
Bhur deoch-slaínte dheanainn ol ann  
Ged a bhíodh mo phoca gann.  
Ach tha mo dhúil an Rígh na glórach  
O 'n 's e 'dh-ordaich dhuibh dol ann,  
A bhi fagail tír 'ur n-eolais,  
'S aite-comhnaidh ghabhail thall.

<eng>Alexander Fraser intended to come to Nova Scotia but died shortly after composing this poem. John, his only son, came. John settled at James River in the county of Antigonish.<gai>

CUMHA DO CHOIRNEAL INNSE.

LE AONGHAS CAIMBEUL.

Chualas sgeul ann sa Bhraighe  
A tna cruaidh leinn ri 'aireamh,  
Gun thu, Leasbuig, bhi 'n lathair

'S goirt an call sin dha d' chairdean;  
Bho 'n la 'chriochnaich do laithean,  
'S lionmhor cridhe 'tha craiteach le bron.  
'S lionmhor cridhe, etc.

Cha b' e turas na buannachd  
'Thug air astar a suas thu

[TD 212]

Taobh Loch Lagain nam fuar bheann;  
'S goirt an acaid a bhuaill thu  
Dh' fhag i sinne bochd truagh dheth  
Bho 'na chuir i gu suain thu fo 'n fhoid.

'N Cille-Chaoraill 'sa Bhraighe  
Chaidh ar diubhail a charadh,  
'N leaba chumhaing gun bhlaths innt';  
'Chraobh a b' fhearr a bhas 'fas dhuinn,  
'N uair a fhuair sinn fo bhlath i,  
Chaidh a gearradh 's bu chall e 'bha mor.

Tha mo dhochas gu laidir  
Ann san stochd a chaidh fhagail,  
Gu bheil fiurain a' fas as  
'Sheasas fhathasd a' t' aite.  
Ma bhios aca buan laithean,  
'S a gheibh urram is fabhar le coir.

'N uair a dh' fhalbh thu do 'n Eiphit  
Bha do bhean air a leireadh,  
'S bha do chairdean gu leir ann  
'S iad fo churam mu d' dheibhinn,  
Ach an nis bho 'n a dh-eug thu  
Cha dean ise gair' eibhinn ri beo.

'S goirt bhi 'g eisdeachd ri gearain;  
'S beag an t-ionghnadh 's i falamh;  
Chaill i roghainn nam fearaibh  
De na b' eol dhi air thalamh;  
'S na 'm bu dual dhuit bhi maireann  
Bhiodh tu 'g eirigh am barail gach sloigh.

Bha do chairdean lan eibhnis  
'N uair a chual iad an sgeula,  
Thu bhi 'd Choirneal air Reis 'meid  
Ann an caisteal Dhun-eideann;  
Ach mo chreach, cha bu leir dhaibh  
Gu 'n robh teachdair' Mhic Dhe air do thoir.

[TD 213]

Fhuair thu cliu agus teist' neas  
Bho ard-cheannardan Bhreatainn  
Air an cul a bhi seasmhach  
Anns gach cuis a bhiodh dleasnach;  
B' e do dhurachd gun cheist sin  
Bho 'n la 'thoisich thu 'n leith-sgeul righ Deors'.

Bho 'n thog thu 'n claidheamh an airde  
Ann an aghaidh do naimhdean,  
Bu tu rogha 'chomanndair  
A chur as do na Frangaich;  
Bu lionmhor coinneamh gu 'n call-san  
'Thug thu 'Bhonipart mealltach 's d' a sheoid.

'S mor an onair dha 'n tir so  
Gu 'n do thogadh tu innte;  
Fhuair thu cliu thar nam milteas  
Ann an cogagh na rioghachd,  
'S fhuair thu duaisean 'bha priseil,  
Fhuair thu rionnagan fìor-ghlan 'an or.

'S fhuair thu ordagh an caitheamh,  
Am measg uaislean is mhaithibh,  
Bho 'n 's e cruadal do lamhan  
Agus cruaidhead do chlaidheimh  
Chuir gach aon diu 'ad rathad;  
'S cha bu shuarach an leithid le coir.

<eng>Angus Macdonell of Inch, Aonghas Ban Innse, was a natural son of Alexander Macdonell of Keppoch. His mother we believe was a Macgillivray. He married in 1752 Christy, daughter of Archibald Macdonald of Acha-nan-Comhaichean, by whom he had six sons, Alexander, Archibald, Donald, Ranald, John and Coll. Archibald served some time in the

[TD 214]

79th or Cameron Highlanders. He was transferred to the 92nd or Gordon Highlanders in 1794. He was appointed Major in 1805. He retired from the 92nd in 1813, and was appointed Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel of veterans. He married Margaret Maclachlan of Killochoan, and had four sons and one daughter. He died in 1814.<gai>

CUMHA.

Do dh-Alustair Domhnallach, a chaidh a bhathadh aig Merigomish mu 'n bhliadhna 1830, Bu bhrathair e do Dhomhnall Mor Mherimasi. Chaidh Iain Camshron, iar-ogha do 'n Talllear Mac Alastair, a bhathadh comhla ris.

LE AILEAN DOMHNALLACH.

Tha sgeul truagh a 's cruaidh ri 'aithris  
'Tigh 'nn air m' aire an drasta;  
Sgeul a chualas mu na chailleadh,  
Alastair a bhathadh.  
Cha b' e 'n solas dhuit e, 'Dhomhnaill,  
Gur h-e 'leon 's a chraidh thu,  
An corp ciatach 'bu ghlan fiamh  
A bhi gun dion 's an t-saile.

Fear a chuirp a bha ro chuimte  
'N uair chunnacas 'n a shlaint' e;  
Fear 'chuil duinn 's a' chalpa chruinn  
Fo 'n phearsa thruim gun fhailinn;  
Fear 'chuil duallaich 'bu ghlan snuadh,

Suil ghorm gun ghruaim 'bu bhlaith;

[TD 215]

'S an cridhe fiallaidh 'bha gun ghiamh  
'S nach gabhadh fiamh roimh namhaid.

Cridhe cruaidh an trod no 'n tuasaid,  
Bhuannaicheadh thar chaich leat;  
'N t armunn beachdail a bha smachdail,  
'Dh' fhas gu reachdmhor laidir.  
Miann gach sul' a bhi 'gad fhaicinn,  
'Fhir bu ghaisgeil nadur,  
Fo 'n fheileadh bhreacain air a phleatadh  
Anns an fhasan Ghaidh' lach.

Aghaidh mhacanta ghlan chaoimhneil,  
Ghabh gach maighdean gradh ort;  
Inntinn shoillseineach mar dhaoimean,  
Cha robh foill a' d' nadur;  
Ach deas cruadalach mar shaighdear,  
'Fhir a' ghaoirdean laidir;  
'S mor am bristeadh air Clann-Domhnaill,  
Fear do neoil 'gam fagail.

Bu tu 'n Domhnallach gun mhearachd,  
'H-uile car dhe 'n danaig.  
De 'n dream chluiteach mhuirneach mhaiseach,  
Nach robh tais no sgathach,  
D e shiol uasal nam fear uaibhreach.  
A bha shuas 's a Bhraighe;  
B' iad sid na suinn a b' annsa leinn,  
'Bha anns na glinn 'gan arach.

Tha do bhraithrean deurach duilich,  
'S muladach mar tha iad  
S an companach dha 'n dug thu gaol  
Tha 'n comhnaidh caoidh na dh' fhag e,  
Cha 'n 'eil neach a chunnaic riamh thu  
Nach 'eil cianail craiteach;  
'S goirt ri innseadh bhi 'g a sgrìobhadh  
Thun na tir 'san dh' fhas thu.

[TD 216]

Bu sgeul bronach thanaig oirnn  
'N uair 'chaidh na seoid a bhathadh;  
Bha 'n gill og 'bha caoimhneil coir ann,  
Fear gun gho 'na nadur;  
'N Camshronach bho Dhoch-an-fhasaidh  
Nam fear sgairteil laidir;  
Ach mo challtachd anns an am ud  
Gu 'n robh Sanndi Ban ann.

Rugadh Ailean Domhnallach ann an Allt-an-t-Srathain an Lochabar 's a bhliadhna 1794. Bu mbac e do dh-Alastair Mac Aonghais, mhic Alastair Bhain, mhic Alastair Mhoir, mhic Aonghais a' Bhochdain, mhic Aonghais Mhoir Bhoth-Fhiunntain, mhic Alastair, mhic Iain Duibh, mhic Raonaill

Mhoir na Ceapaich. Bha 'athair 'n a dhrobhair, agus a' fuireach am bitheantas an Achadh-nan-Coinnichean an Gleann-Spiathain, B' i a mhathair, Mairi Chaimbeul, nighean do Dhomhnall mac Iain Duibh a bha 'comhnuidh ann an Achadh-a'-Mhadaidh an Gleann Ruaidh. Bha e 'n a chiobair aig Iain Ban Innse. Bha e posda ri Catriona Nic Mhuirich nighean do Mhuireach Mac-Mhuirich. Thanaig e do 'n duthaich so 's a bhliadhna 1816. Bha e a' fuireach greis air a Mham, no 'n Ridge, an Cape Breatunn, Dh' fhag e 'n t-aite sin 's a bhliadhna 1847, agus thanaig e a dh' fhuireach do 'n Abhainn a Deas an Antigonish. Bha e 'n a fhior Ghaidheal, agus 'na dhuine fiosrach. Bha moran de sheann orain aig' air a theauga. Chaochail e 's a bhliadhna 1868. 'S e Ailean an Ridge a theirteadh ri am bitheantas.

[TD 217]

ORAN.

Do dh-Aonghas Camhshron, mar gu 'm b' ann le uighinn oig.

LUINNEAG.

Och, mar tha mi is mi 'n am onar,  
Gur h-e a chraidh mi nach robh sinn comhla,  
Mo cheist an t-Ileach, mo leannan dileas,  
Mo chreach 's mo dhiobhail bhi 'dhitha do chomhraidh.

Naile 's e nu ghaol an t-ualsal  
A dh' fhalbh an cuan, 's ann Di-luain a sheol e;  
Do ghradh tha 'm bhuaireadh 's a dh' fhag cho truagh mi,  
'S e fath mo ghruamain nac d' fhuair mi coir ort.

Mo cheirt an fiuran a dh' fhag an dutaich  
Le luing mhath uir fo 'cuid shiuil a' seoladh;  
Nach gabhadh curam a dhol g' a stiuireadh.  
'S a dheanadh iul 's tu mu chursaibh eolach.

Na 'n eireadh stoirm ort no seideadh gailbheach  
Bu treum neo-chearbach air fabh lum 'bord thu;  
Bu ro mhath t' inn eachd gu tarruing direach,  
Fear mara 's tir thu, 's bu dileas dhomh s' thu.

Lamh 'bu chinntich' a thoirneadh sgrìobhadh,

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Le ite pinn gu 'm bu ghrinn do mheoirean;  
Bu sgoilear Beurl' thu 'bu ro mhath' leughadh  
Le barrachd ceille, 's tu beusach, boidheach.

Gach dealbh 'bu bhriagha 's 'bu taitneach iomhaigh  
Bu mhath do mhiaraibh gu 'n cur an ordagh;  
Gu 'n tarruing eutach gu dreachmhor, eibhinn;  
Thug mise speis dhuit nach treig ri m' bheo mi.

Na 'm cluich a' chiuil gu' m bu mhodhail ionnsaicht' thu;  
Dannsair sunndach air urlar bhord thu;  
Do cheum troimh 'n ruidhle 's e thogadh m' inntinn;  
Gur h-iomad nionag air ti do phoige.



Fear inich calma 'bu ghrinne dealbh thu  
'S tu cuimir garbh ged nach duine mor thu;  
Na 'n togteadh 'suas thu gu trod no tuasaid,  
Bu smearail cruaidh thu gu bualadh dhornaibh.

Gur mis' tha 'm eigin mu 'n fhear a threig mi,  
'S a dh' fhalbh an de a loch reidh Bhras d'Or bhuainn,  
Ach Aonghais oig gus an dig thu 'n tubh so  
Cha tog mi suil ri fear eile 'phosadh.

<eng>Angus Cameron was a native of Islay. He was a shool-master.<gai>

[TD 219]

ORAN MOLAIDH.

Do Mhairi nighean Alastair Dhochan fhasaidh.

LE ALASTAIR DOMHNALLACH.

Air dhomh' bhi 'm aonor  
Troimh aonach nam beann,  
Gu 'n d' ghleus mi na tendan  
'S gun te dhiu air chall,  
Gu seinn mar bu mhiann leam  
'Chur rian air gach rann  
De nigh 'n duinn a chuil shniomhain  
So sbios ann sa' ghleann.

'S Ban-Chamshronach chinnteach  
An ribhinn ghlan og,  
Dhe 'n fhinne cho rioghail  
'S a chinn san Roinn-Eorp'  
Gu 'm b' ainmeil 'n an tim iad  
Ri 'n inns' anns gach seol;  
'S math 'sheas iad Sir Eoghan,  
Lamh theom' air cheann sloigh.

Gur gile mo chaileag  
Na canach dam bniach;  
Na cobhar na mara  
Air bharraibh nan stuadh;  
Na sneachda nan speuran  
A thearnas 'n a luths  
Bho charbad nan ardaibh  
Le aithne gaoith tuath.

Mar 'n oiteag chiuin thlathail  
Bho gharadh nam flur  
Tha 'h-anail bho poraibh  
'Toirt comhraidh gu sunnd;  
'S tha mealt-shuilean modhar  
'Ga seoladh le tur,  
Gu imeachd 's na raidean

[TD 220]

[Taobh-duilleig 230 san leabhar fhèin]

Thug airde dha cliu.

Mar 'n ros 'n uair a 's aill' e  
Fo bharcuibh nam braon,  
Tha ur-chruth na h-oighe  
'Thug corr air gach aon.  
'S binne i leam na 'n smeorach,  
'S a og-mhadainn chaoin,  
An tus a' mhios' Cheitein  
Air gheugaibh nan craobh.

Tha 'cuailein mu 'guaillibh  
'N a dhualagaibh dluth,  
Gu sniomhanach, boidheach.  
'Ga comhdach mar chrùn,  
'N a chamagaibh riomhach,  
Ro ghrinn fo 'cir-chuil,  
Gu cuachagach, faineach  
Mu bhraighe mo ruin

Is binne na teudan  
Guth reidh na h-oigh' mhald':  
B' e m' aiteas is m' eibhneas  
Bhi 'g eisdeachd ri m' ghradh,  
'Nuair 'ghleusadh i 'duanag  
Am buaile nam ba,  
Laoigh oga mu 'n cuairt d' i,  
'S a' chuace 's i fo chraic.

Ge b' e gheibh air laimh  
An deas ailleag ghlen ur,  
Thig caoimhneas gu 'fhardaich  
'Bheir dha-san gach muirn.  
'N uair 'ni e 'bhean uasal  
A bhuannachd le clin,  
Au 'm mol e na laithean  
'S na thar e oirr' iul.

<eng>Alexander Macdonald is a native of Moidart. He lives in Keppoch,  
Antigonish.<gai>

[TD 221]

[Taobh-duilleig 1 san leabhar fhèin]

Donnachadh Gobha

<eng>Duncan MacKay, commonly called Donnachadh Gobha, was a crofter in Ardbrylach near Kingussie. He was an honest and pious man. He was an elder in the Parish of Kingussie. He died about the year 1820. He was at the time of his death a very old man. He is buried in the churchyard of Kingussie. Three of his poems are given in Turner's collection. These are, a poem in praise of Ewen Macpherson of Cluny, an elegy on James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian, and Call Ghadhaig.

Captain John Macpherson, Oicheir Dubh Bhaile Chrodhain, perished in a dreadful storm of wind and snow in the forest of Gaick on the night of

December 31st, 1799. Four men who had accompanied him to the forest perished with him. These men were Donald Macgillivray, James Grant, Duncan MacFarlane, and Iain Og a Farrais, who was a MacPherson. Donald MacGillivray, called in the poem Domhnall Mac Fhionnlaidh and Domhnall na Tulaich, was a mother's brother of the late Rev. Angus McGillivray of Springville. He was a fox-hunter. James Grant was a young man in his employ. Duncan MacFarlane was a native of Rannoch. The house occupied by Capt. Macpherson and those with him on the night of the storm was in a valley at the foot of

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[Taobh-duilleig 2 san leabhar fhèin]

a lofty mountain. It was all swept away except a part of the back. The spot on which it stood was covered with six feet of snow. The lintel of the door, which was a stone of large size, was carried to a distance of one hundred and fifty feet. The bodies of Capt. Macpherson, Donald Macgillivray, James Grant and Iain-Og were found on the site of the house a few days after the storm. The body of Duncan Mcfarlane was not found until nearly three months afterward. It was about two hundred yards from the house. The dogs, were all killed, and their bones broken in pieces. Some of the guns were broken, and others bent and twisted. Capt. Macpherson had gone to the forest to hunt deer. He was in the sixty second year of his age.<gai>

Call Ghadhaig.

Le DONNACHADH GOBHA.

An Nollaig mu dheireadh de'n chiad  
Cha chuir sinn an cunntas nam mios;  
Gu ma h-anmoch thig i 'ris,  
Bu ghriomach a bhean taige i.

Cha d'fhag i subhaltach sinn,  
Cha d'fhuair i beannachd 'san tìr,  
Cha danaic sonas r'a linn,  
Ach mi-thoilinntinn 'san-shocair.

Sheid a' ghaoth am frith nam fiadh  
Nach cualas a leithid riamh,

[TD 223]

[Taobh-duilleig 3 san leabhar fhèin]

'S chuir i breitheanas an gnìomh  
A bha gun chiall, gun fhathamas.

Bu chruaidh an cath 'san seideadh garbh,  
As nach b'urrain aon fhear falbh,  
Dh'innseadh ciamar chaidh an t-sealg,  
Dhe'n laraich mhairbh' thoirt naidheachd dhuinn.

Rinn sinn an cruinneachadh fann,  
'S cha b'ann gu cluich air a' bhall,

Ach thoirt nan corp as an fhang,  
An gnìomh a bh'ann bu ghrathail e.

Bha 'n t-Oicheir Dubh air an ceann,  
Chuir e cul r'a thaigh 's r'a chlann;  
Na'n tuiteadh e'n cath na Fraing  
Cha bhiodh a chall cho farranach.

Bha cruaidh fhortan dha 'san dan,  
Thionail e fear dhe gach sraid,  
Gu bothan nach do choisrig iad  
Mu thoiseach snaim nan clachairean.

Dalladh a bhreitheanais chruaidh  
'Mhort e fhein'sna bh'ann de shluagh;  
Bha Prionns' an adhair mu'n cuairt,  
'S gu'n d'fhuair e buaidh an latha sin.

'S duilich leam ni eile 'th'ann  
Air am bi moran a' cainnt,  
Bha eirbhir nan corp air a cheann,  
Na dh'iompaich ann am plathadh iad.

Fhuair a cholunn ceusadh cruaidh,  
'S a ghleann dorcha 's nach robh truas,  
Mu'n do thog na spioraid suas  
Gu sonas buan nam flaitheas iad.

[TD 224]

[Taobh-duilleig 4 san leabhar fhèin]

'S geur na saighdean 'n cridh an t-sluaigh  
Bho 'n d'thog e 'chreach 'san an-uair:  
Ach biodh bhur doigh am fuil an Uain  
Gu'm faigh sibh 'n suaimhneas roimhibh iad.

'S coma ciamar thig am bas,  
Co dhiu 'sa mhuir no sa charn,  
Moladh sibhse Rìgh nan gras,  
Gu bheil Fear-tearaidh 'feitheamh ruinn

Na dugaibhs' breith lochdach, luath,  
Air ciamar thanaic an uair;  
Bho na Bhreitheamh Mhor tha shuas  
Gheibh daoine duais an abhagais.

Recruitigeadh dubh gun adh  
Cha robh riamh leis ach na spairn,  
'S chuir e saltraigeadh dhe ainm  
A bhios luchd-anacainnt 'gaithris air.

A chasg mi-ruin is droch sgeil  
Tha trian m' orain-sa gu leir;  
'S tha teaghlach Bhaile-Chrodhain fhein  
A cur mo speis an amharas.

Domhnall Mac Fhionnlaidh nam beann,  
Domhnall na Tulaich bha ann,

Le 'lothainn ghasda gun fheall,  
Is Seumas Grand a' feitheamh air.

Is mor an ionndrainn e 'n am  
A bhi 'cur faoghaid 'feadh bheann  
Eadar machair shios nan Gall  
'S a suas gu ceann Srath-Fharagaig.

Bu ghill' e 'bheireadh spors do righ,  
Le 'choin 's le ghunna neo-chli;

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[Taobh-duilleig 5 san leabhar fhèin]

Bha e connspuinneach 'san strith,  
'S bu mhin 'sa ghabhail rathaid e.

Donnachadh Mac Farlain gun fheall,  
B'e deagh fhear-an-taigh' a bh'ann;  
Lamh fhoghainteach an srath 's an gleann,  
Nach faiceadh call an atharraich.

Bu mhath leis pailteas mu 'laimh  
'S cha b' ann gu 'fhalach air cach,  
Air a sporan cha bhiodh snaim  
'Nuair thigeadh am a chaitheamh dha.

B'fhear spors e comuinn is graidh,  
Ged thug e seal bhuainn air chall,  
Mu'n d'fhas odhar anart chaich,  
Thug pailteas lamh gu cairidh e.

Bha Iain og a Farrais ann,  
'N geard a' bhaile 'rinn e bearn;  
Ged dh' fhagadh sin athair dall,  
Cha b' innisg ann sa bheatha s' e.

Bha e og gu tigh'nn a'm' chainnt,  
Cha robh m' eolas air ach gann,  
Tha mi cluinntinn aig luchd-daimh'  
Gu 'm b' ionndrainn ann santalamh s' e.

A cheathrar' fhuair pronnadh chnamh  
Tha 'n latha 'tighinn gun dail,  
Nuair dh'fhosglar leabhar nan gras,  
Sam faighear sabhailt' fhathast iad.

'Is lon d' ar n-anmaibh bhur sith,  
'S bhur n-ainmeanan fhaighinn sgriobht'  
'N oighreachd a's gile na ghrian  
A choisinn Righ nan aingeal dhuinn.

Gach neach tha 'g imeachd fo'n speur  
'Their gur h-e a neo-chiont fein

[TD 226]

[Taobh-duilleig 6 san leabhar fhèin]

Tha ga shaoradh bho dhroch theum  
Tha spiorad breig' a' labhairt ris.

Sguiridh mi thuireadh nach fhiach,  
Cha dean mi tuilleadh 'chur sìos,  
'S dona 'n ceol do'n Nollaig i,  
Aig a ro-mhiad 'sa sgaradh sinn.

Ach bruidhnidh gach linn thig an aird  
Am mìle bliadhna so slàn  
Air a bhreitheanas so 'bha,  
'Sa 'n sgrios a bh'ann sa chathadh ud.

Gadhaig dhubh nam feadhan fiar  
Cha robh ach na striopaich riamh,  
Na ban-bhuidsich a toirt na lìon  
Gach fir le 'm b' mhiannach laighe leath.

O, daisgibh mu 'm fas sibh liath,  
'S dluithibh bhur cas ris an t-sliabh,  
Feuch gu 'm bi bhur fàsgadh deant',  
Mu 'n deid a' ghrian a laighe oirbh.

Eirbhir, <eng>act of asking or blaming.<gai>—Abhagas, <eng>a false suspicion,<gai>—Atharrach, <eng>a foreigner.<gai>—Cairidh, <eng>a mound, a tomb.<gai>

Domhnall Gobha.

<eng>Donald Chisholm, commonly called Domhnall Gobha, was born in Knockfin in Strathglass. His father, John Chisholm, was a blacksmith. His father had six children Ann, Eliza, Donald, John, William and Finlay. Donald was a farmer and grazier. He married Margaret daughter of Donald Chisholm of Cnoc an Daimh. He had five

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[Taobh-duilleig 7 san leabhar fhèin]

sons, Alexander, John, William, Archy and Donald. William was a priest. Archy was a blacksmith. Donald Gobha left Strathglass, and came to Nova Scotia in 1801. He was an old man, probably nearly seventy years of age, at the time. He settled at Lower South River in the county of Antigonish. He died in 1810. We have obtained several of Domhnall Gobha's poems from John Chisholm, Schoolmaster, James River, Antigonish. Mr. Chisholm is a son of Colin, son of John, Domhnall Gobha's brother. He has a great number of Gaelic poems by heart. Though over eighty years of age his memory is about as strong as ever. He is still fresh-looking and active.<gai>

ORAN.

DO CHAIPTEIN DONNACHADH SIOSAL, MAC SIOSALACH STRATHGHLAIS.

LE DOMHNALL GOBHA.

Na seachd ceud 's an ceith 'r fichead ann,  
Mil' 's da bhliadhna a nis againn,  
Fhuair mi naidheachd bu mhisde mi  
Sgeula bais air an t-Siosalach;  
Gur h-e lagaich mo mhisneach  
Thu bha 'n Sasunn fo lic 's tu gun chomhradh.  
Gur h-e lagaich &c.

Sid an naidheachd a chradh-lot mi,  
Bu sgeul cruaidh dha do chairdean e,  
Chraobh dhe 'n abhall a b'airde dhiu

[TD 228]

[Taobh-duilleig 8 san leabhar fhèin]

'Luaithead 'sa ghiorraich do laithean oirnn  
'S cha bu mhearachd dhomh 'raitinn ruibh  
Gu'n robh aobhar dhuibh 'n trath sin bhi bronach.

Tha 'n taobh tuath so fo eislean deth  
Bho na chualas gu'n d'eug thu oirnn,  
Eadar macraichean reidh, farsuinn,  
Agus Gaidhealtachd reidhleineach,  
Astar marcaich no steud-eich;  
Gur h-iomadh fear a bha deidheil air t eolas.

'S iomadh aon a bha acaineach  
Bho na chualas gu'n d' thaisgeadh  
An' cuirtear finealta, fasanta,  
Fear bu mhiadhaile cleachdainnean,  
Cha bu chrine air 'n do bheachdaich thu;  
Bha gach ni a' fas pailt dhuit ge b'og thu.

Bu cheann-fin' air na Glaisich thu,  
B'ard chaiptein 'san ais-sith thu,  
Bha do thurn gu ro bheachdail  
An am dol sios ann sna baitealan;  
'S e mo dhiobhail mar thachair e,  
Gu 'n thu, Dhonnachaidh, thigh'nn dachaidh a'd' bheo-shlaint.

Bho na ghioraicheadh t'aimsir oirnn  
Gu bheil sinne ann an ana-cothram;  
Ach taing do Dhia gu bheil dearbhadh air  
Gu bheil oighre neo leanabaidh oirnn;  
'S innsidh mise mar sheanachas dhuibh  
Gu'n robh urram fir Alba bho thos dhuibh.

Labhraidh mise, 's co dh' aicheas e,  
Gu'n robh beannachd siol Adhaimh leibh;  
B'aithne dh'Aonghas nan abhaistean e,

[TD 229]

[Taobh-duilleig 9 san leabhar fhèin]

'S bha e eolach 's gach cearna

'S am biodh stòras 'ga phairteachadh  
Ri luchd-cuilm is ri araidhnean coire.

Dh'aoir Aonghas na ficheadan,  
'S dh'fhag e 'n fheil aig an t-siosalach;  
Sid mar dh'eireadh na gibhtean leibh,  
Lan ceill agus misniche;  
Cha robh 'n eucoir dhuibh fiosrach;  
Feuch co bhreugaicheas mise 'nam chomhradh?

'S iomad fine bha cairdeach dhuit;  
Bhiodh Mac-Coinnich Chinn-t-saile leat;  
Bhiodh fir Chnoideart is Arisaig  
Is Gleann-Garadh nach fail'neach leat;  
'S bhiodh Mac-Shimi na h-Airde leat  
Leis an rachadh fir dhan' ann an ordagh.

Bho na dh' fhailnich mo gheire orm,  
Is nach sgoileir gu leughadh mi,  
'S fear gun tuigse, gun reuson mi,  
Is cha deonaich sluagh eisdeachd rium;  
Ach mar dh'innis cach sgeul dhomh  
Fhuair sibh urram nach treig ri bhur beo sibh.

Oran.

Do Mhaidsear Seumas Siosal. Mac do Shiosalach Strathghlais.

LE DOMHNALL GOBHA.

Mile bliadhna gu bedchd,  
De na ciadan a seachd,  
'Sceithir fichead, sid marc na cunntais.  
Mile bliadhna &c.

[TD 230]

[Taobh-duilleig 10 san leabhar fhèin]

Tha naoidh eile ann a chorr.-  
Sin 'nuair fhuair sinn ar leon,  
Dh'eug am Maidsear; mo bhron, chaidh 'n uir air.

Bha mi roimhe dheth bochd,  
Ach tha mi nise ro ghoirt;  
'S ann a dh-fhosgaileadh lot as ur orm.

Gur tric saighdean a bhais  
Tigh'nn 'gam chlaoidheadh gach la;  
Dh'eug an t-seiseir, sid fath mo dhiubhail.

B'ann diu Ruairidh an tos  
Agus Donnachadh ur og,  
Agus Alastair morfhear cliuiteach.

Agus Seumas nam buadh,  
Bu shar cheannard an t-sluaigh,  
'S gu 'm bu chlogaide cruadhach dhuinne'.



Chaill na Glaisich an sgiath,  
Is an clogaide dion',  
'S claidheamh soluis bu ghnìomhach turn daibh.

Is bogha b' fhearr streing  
Eideadh cruadhach gun mheang,  
Ursann-chatha bu gharadh-cuil duinn.

Is an Gaidheal gun smal,  
Bu ro shìobhalta gear,  
'S tu bu gharg ann an cath nan trupan.

'S iomad batraidh is ruaig  
Ris 'n do sheasamh thu cruaidh;  
'Mhic an t-siosalaich fhuair thu 'n cliu ud.

Fichead bliadha 's a deich,

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[Taobh-duilleig 11 san leabhar fhèin]

Thug thu 'n tim ud gun cheist,  
'S cha bu chladhaire thu 'n teas an fhudair.

Am Fontenoi nan lann,  
Dh'fheuch thu cruadal do dhream,  
Thug thu brosnachadh teann dhaibh dubailt.

Ach fhir a dh'fhuirich 'n 'ur n-ait  
Dia 'gad sheoladh mar bha  
Na fir ghasd'tha mi'n drast ag ionndrainn.

A bha tighearnail, tlath,  
Measail, misneachail, ard,  
Dha 'n robh gibhtean nach d'fhas an diucan.

Ach bheir mi 'n t-oran gu ceann  
Bho 'n tha m'eolas ro ghann,  
'S cuiream crìoch air mo rann le tursa.

Oran.

Le Domhnall Gobha, air dha a bhi a' fagail a dhuthcha.

LUIINNEAG.

O, tha mi nise liath  
'N deigh na chunnaic mi riamh;  
'S ged is eiginn dhomh bhi triall,  
'Shiorrachd 's beag mo speis dha.

Bha mi og ann an Strathghlais,  
'S bha mi 'n duil nach rachainn as;  
Ach bho 'n chaidh na suinn fo lic  
Gabhaidh mi 'n ra-treuta.

[TD 232]

[Taobh-duilleig 12 san leabhar fhèin]

Ged a tha mo choiseachd trom  
Togaidh mi m'aigheadh le fonn;  
'Nuair a theid mi air an luing,  
Co chuireas rium geall-reise?

'N tacharan so th'air ar ceann  
Sgiot e 'dhaoine 's tha iad gann;  
'S fearr leis caoraich ann am fang  
Na fir an camp fo fheileadh.

Comunn cairdeil cha 'n 'eil ann,  
Cha 'n 'eil eisdeachd aig fear ann,  
Mur cuir thu caoirich ri gleann  
Bidh tu air cheann na deirce.

Bha mi uair, 'nuair bha mi og,  
'S dheanainn cosnadh air gach doigh;  
Ach a nis bho 'n d'fhalbh mo threoir  
Mo storas cha dean feum dhomh.

Gheibh sinn acraichean bho 'n righ,  
Tighearnan gu'n dean e dhinn;  
Cha b'ionnan 's a bhi mar bha 'n linn  
'Bha paigheadh cis' do Cheusar.

Na gabhaibh eagal a cuan,  
Faicibh mar sgoilt a Mhuir Ruadh;  
'S cumhachdan an Ti 'tha shuas  
Tha 'n diu cho buan 's an ceudla.

[TD 233]

[Taobh-duilleig 13 san leabhar fhèin]

<eng>The Chisholms of Strathglass.

Wiland Chisholm obtained a charter of the lands of Comar and other lands in Strathglass in 1513. John son of Alexander, son of Alexander, son of John, son of Alexander, son of John, son of Wiland was chief of the Chisholms at the beginning of the eighteenth century. He married a daughter of Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon, by whom he had two sons, Roderick his heir, and Alexander who settled in Muckrach. Roderick was a very popular chief. He fought at Sheriffmuir in 1715. He died in 1785. He had five sons, Alexander his successor, Major James who died in 1789, Dr. William, Provost of Inverness, who died in 1807, John a captain in the army, and Rory, who was a colonel in the army of Prince Charles and fell at Culloden in 1746. Alexander Roderick's eldest son and successor, had five sons, Captain Duncan who died in London in 1782, Alexander who succeeded his father, and was known as an Siosalach Ban, Roderick who died abroad, William who succeeded his brother Alexander, and James who died in the West Indies. Alexander, An Siosalach Ban, died without male issue, in 1793. He had one daughter, Mary, who was married to James Gooden, a merchant in London. William, who succeeded his brother,

married, in 1795, Eliza, daughter of Duncan Macdonell of Glengarry and Marjory

[TD 234]

[Taobh-duilleig 14 san leabhar fhèin]

Grant, "Marsaili Bhinneach". He had two sons, Alexander-William and Duncan Macdonnell. He is the chief of whom Domhnall Gobha speaks as "an tacharan so 'th' air ar ceann." He died in 1817. Alexander-William his successor was born in 1810, and died in 1838. Duncan Macdonell, who succeeded his brother, died in 1858. He was the last of Ruairidh MacIain's legitimate descendants in the male line.

Alexander, second son of John of Strathglass, and brother of Ruairidh MacIain, had two sons, Alexander who lived in Knockfin and John a captain in the army. Captain John had two sons, Peter and Alexander, both of whom died unmarried, Alexander of Knockfin had three sons, Roderick, Donald, and Alexander. Roderick had one son, James-Sutherland, who upon the death of Duncan Macdonell in 1858, became Chisholm of Strathglass. Donald had two sons, but both died unmarried. Alexander came to Nova Scotia. He was married to Jennet, daughter of Duncan Grant and Helen Chisholm in Glenmoriston, and sister of the Rev. Colin Grant of Arisaig, Nova Scotia. He had one son, Duncan Ban, and three daughters. Duncan Ban was a merchant in Antigonish. He married Margaret, daughter of Patrick Power, by whom he had two daughters, Helen and Jennet. He died in 1867, in the 50th year of his age. James Sutherland of Strathglass died in 1888, He left two daughters.<gai>

[TD 235]

[Taobh-duilleig 15 san leabhar fhèin]

Alastair Buidhe MacIamhair.

<eng>Alexander Campbell, better known as Alastair Buidhe MacIamhair, was a native of Gairloch. He was born about the year 1748. He was a clear headed and active man. He received no education in his youth, but after he grew up he learned to read the Gaelic testament. He could repeat a vast amount of Ossianic poetry that he had learnt from old men in his boyhood. He was the bosom friend of William Ross, the poet. He was ground officer for Sir Hector MacKenzie, of Gairloch. He was married and had four sons, Roderick, John, Evander, Donald. He died in 1844, being in the 96th year of his age. Alexander MacKenzie, the historian of the Clans, is his great-grand son.<gai>

Oran an Uisge-Bheatha.

LE ALASTAIR BUIDHE MACIAMHAIR.

O! b'aithne dhoMh suiridheach neo-iomrallach, greannmhor,  
Mireanach, mireagach, diulanta,  
A leumadh, a ruitheadh, a chluicheadh, 'sa dhannsadh,  
Cinneadail, innealta, curamach.  
'N am suidhe mu 'n bhord gu'n dig moran na chuideachda,  
A ghabhail nan oran gu solasach, suigeartach;

[TD 236]

[Taobh-duilleig 16 san leabhar fhein]

Bhiodh bodaich is cailleachan a dearbhadh 'sa deasbairreachd,  
Is gheibheadh tu ursgeulan ur aca.

Cha'n 'eil posadh no banais, cuis gheana no ghaire  
'Chithear cho ceart mar bi druthag ann;  
Aig toiseach na diota 'se dh'iarrar an trath sin.  
Is feairrde na stamagan srubag dheth.  
'S leis dunadh gach bargain, is dearbhadh gach fineachais,  
Ciad phog bean na bainns' 'si toirt taing do na mhinistir,  
Chuireadh e dhanns'iad 's beag an ionnstramaid 'shireadh iad,  
Cha 'n fhaca mi gille cho surdail ris.

'Nuair theid Macantoisich 'na chomhdach's na armachd,  
C'ait a bheil gaisgeach a mhoidheadh air?  
Chuireadh e samhach na baird 'sa chliath-sheanachaidh,  
Chuireadh e chadal 'sna cuiltean iad.  
Cha robh duine 'san rioghachd a shineadh air carraid ris,  
Nach buaileadh e'cheann a dh'aon mhlael ris na talaintean,  
'S dh'fhagt' e gun sgoinn deanamh greim ris na ballachan,  
Mar gu 'm biodh amadan 's luireach air.

'M fear a's luaith' ann an astar 's a 's brais 'ann an nadur,  
Bheireadh e 'chasan 's a luths bhuaithe;  
'M fear a's bronaich' a dhise, gun mhisneach, gun mhanran,  
Chuireadh e 'mhire air an urlar e.

[TD 237]

[Taobh-duilleig 17 san leabhar fhèin]

'M fear a's mo ann an stairn bheireadh srabh air gu'n tuiteadh e,  
Chuireadh e 'n t-amhlair gu oran 's gu cruiteireachd,  
Ni e'm bacach nach gluaiseadh cho luath ris na h-uisseagan,  
'S ni e na trusdaran fiughantach.

'M fear 'bhios 'na chruban air cul an taigh-osda  
Nach deid a staigh leis an sgugaireachd;  
Ged tha airgiod na thasgidh tha glas air 'na phocaid,  
Rud a thoirt aisde cha duraig e.  
'Nuair thig am fear coir 'bhios an toir air a chuideachda,  
Bheir e air sgeod e gu seomar nam buidealan,  
'S nuair dh'olas e dha thig a nadar gu rudeigin,  
'S their e thoir thugainn mar shuigheas sinn.

Tha moran an deigh air an Eirinn 's an Albainn,  
Ged a tha cuid aca diombach air,  
Tha daoine agus mnathan 'tha mathasach, geamnaidh  
'Ghabhas deth glaine gu'n urachdainn.  
Is feairrde fear turs' e 'chur muig agus airtneal dheth,  
'S ainneamh bean-shiubhla nach duraigeadh blasad air,  
'S mur faigh a bhean-ghluin 'e bidh tuchan is cnatan oirr'  
'S falbhaidh i dhachaidh is stuic oirre.

Ars' ceit Nic-a-Phearsain 's e fasan nan Gaidheal.

'Nuair a thig leasachdainn ur orra.  
Am botul 'san glaine 's an t-aran, 's an cais  
Bhi gan tarring mu seach as a chulaisde.

[TD 238]

[Taobh-duilleig 22 san leabhar fhèin]

Their a bhean choir ris a choisir a thuigeadh i,  
"Gabhaibh 'ur morning, cha mhor e 's 'ur trioblaid dhinn;  
Tha botul no dha an so lan is tha pigidh ann,  
Faighibh an t-slige 's na coamhnaibh e."

Taigh-Dige Nam Fear Eachannach.

LE ALASTAIR BUIDHE MAC IAMHAIR.

'S uaigneach an nochd 'tha geatachan  
Taigh-dige nam fear Eachannach;  
Tha caochladh mor ri 'fhaicinn ann;  
Tha teaghlach nam fear gaisgeanta  
Air a ghlasadh 's e gun cheol.

Tha 'n teaghlach, mheadhrach, mhanranach,  
'Bha sugach, muirneal, ailgheasach,  
Fo ghruaim, gun fhuaim, gun ghaireachdaich,  
Gun ol, gun cheol 'ga bhairigeadh  
Mar a b'abhaist do na seoid.

Chunnacas uair gum b' fhoirmeil sibh  
Le cuirt, 's bha cliu 'feadh Alb' oirbh;  
Fir aotrom 'shiubhal gharbhlaichean,  
'S iad sunndach, luthar, anmanta,  
Neo-cheurbach ann san toir.

'S bha ceannard fialaidh, fiughantach,  
'Bha miadhail, rianail, curamach,

[TD 239]

[Taobh-duilleig 23 san leabhar fhèin]

Ceann-uibhe chliar is dhiulanach.  
'San teaghlach mheadhrach, mhuirneil ud,  
'Tha'n nochd gun smuid, gun cheo.

Mo Bhruadar Cinnteach An Raoir.

LE ALASTAIR MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

Mo bhruadar cinnteach an raoir,  
I bhi sinte ri m' thaobh,  
Bean nam min bhasan caomh a b' anas leam.  
Bean nam min bhasan, &c.

Cha b' ann air truailleachd, a ruin,

'Bha m' aire 'gluasad 's cha b' fhiu,  
Bu sholas suaine dhomh cubhr' achd t' analach.

Bhon a fhuair mi thu og,  
'S a bhuaibh mi 'n uaigneas an ros,  
'S gnothach cruaidh gu 'n d'rinn Deors' ar dealachadh.

Bu lionmhor, torrach gach camp,  
Le sgrios 'lann sholuis do'n Fhraing;  
An gnìomh 's an drolachd a mheall bho 'r leannain sin.

[TD 240]

[Taobh-duilleig 24 san leabhar fhèin]

Tha sinn an Africa 'n drast,  
Fad' o'r cairdean 's luchd-daimh,  
Gun fhios cait am bi 'n tamh no 'n calachan.

A dol do'n Eiphait le'r sluagh  
Gum bu reidh leinn gach buaidh;  
Didean Dhe bha mu'n cuairt 's gach deannal dhuinn.

Tha roinn 'sa chabhlach 'bu mhiann  
Leam fhin gu h-araid an dion  
Os cionn chaich 'n uair a dh' iadhas aingeal ruin;

Na Gaidheil ghasd a's mor pris,  
Air nach laigh airsneul no sgios;  
Is ur na gaisgich nach ciosnaich anastachd.

Feachd le'n ceannsaichteadh buaidh,  
'S bu mhire 'dhannasadh 'san ruaig;  
Sud an dream dha 'n robh 'n cruadal amasach.

Tha tri comuinn gu spairn,  
Aig Abercrombi dhiu 'n drast;  
Bho Albinn thonnaich nan ard bheann gailleanach.

An ceud chomunn 'sa chluich  
Gum b'i 'n Reisimead Dhubh;  
Bha luaidhe Fhrangach 'san t-sruth a stealladh oirr'.

Sar ghaisgich gun chealg  
A's daor a choisinn an gorm,  
Le fuil fhrasach an garbh chom dhanarra.

[TD 241]

[Taobh-duilleig 25 san leabhar fhein]

'Tha Clann-Chamshroin nam pic,  
Nach bu leanabail 'san strith,  
Is comhlan ainmeil 'san tìr s' aig Ailean, diu.

Ard cheannard smachdail an airm,  
Leis 'm bu shunndach gaisgich air sheirm,  
Luchd nan glas lann gunn nheirg, gun smal orra.

An comhlan 'soige de'n triuir  
Tha guineach, comhragach, dur,  
Thog Morair Deors' e gu cliu 's cha b' aithreachh dha.

<eng>The British forces under Sir Ralph Abercromby landed in Egypt, on  
the 8th of March, 1801.<gai>

Lion An Gloine Gu 'Straic.

ORAN DO SHIM DOMHNALLACH TRIACH MHOR THIR.

LE ALASTAIR MACFHIONGHAIN.

Lion an gloine gu' straic  
De dh' fhion mear as an Spainn,  
Ged bhiodh galan 'na chlar  
Tionndaidh thairis a shail  
Air an fhear 'theid 'sgach spairn chliuitich  
Air an fhair &c.

An triath Morthrieach fearail,  
Am fior Dhomhnallach soilleir,

[TD 242]

[Taobh-duilleig 26 san leabhar fhèin]

Siol nan connspunn nach tilleadh  
An am dortadh ri teine,  
Craobh chomhraig nach tiomaich gun diobhail.

A cheart aindeoin luchd-miruin,  
Le'n gaol air sgainneal gun fhirinn,  
'Theann ri sgaradh ar disleachd,  
'S cairdeas fala ar sinnsireachd;  
Tha 'n t-og Alastair dileas  
Dhuit mar charraig, 's cha diobair e uair thu.

Tha e daimheil tri-filte  
Dha t'og bhaintighearna phriseil,  
Ur ros mhanta na firinn  
Fo dhruichd samhraidh a's millse;  
Slios mar eal' air bharr siopuinn an cuan i.

Feucag alainn de'n fhin' i,  
Seud an garadh a cinnidh,  
A beus mar sgathan le gilid,  
Mar ghrein a'dearrsadh air mhire  
A gheug fo bhath gun a milleadh le fuarachd.

Bho nach bard mi no filidh,  
Ach fear-dana gun sireadh,  
A mhile pairt duibh cha'n innis  
Mi dhe 'talantan grinne;  
'S tim dhomh tamh agus tilleadh ri m' uaibheachd;

An treun laoch fearail gun sgath,

Nach eisdeadh sgainneal no tair,  
A' leum mar dhealanach ard,  
Mar bheithir falaisg 'sa' bhlar;  
Rìgh nan aingeal 's nan gras ga d' stiuradh.

[TD 243]

[Taobh-duilleig 27 san leabhar fhèin]

Le lainn liomhte an tarruing  
Bu tu 'n saighdear air t'eangaibh;  
Chit' soills' is a' faileas,  
'Bualadh phoicceannan smearail;  
Bhiodh luchd t' fhoille 's allt fal' orra 'bruchdadh.

An trath 'nochdteadh do shioda  
Ri crann snaidhte, deas, dìreach,  
Chruinnicheadh gaisgich nach strìochdadh,  
Luch nan glas lannan liomhte,  
Air an fhaiche 's do phiob a cur sunnd orr'.

Na fir bhagarrach, gharg,  
Shunndach, aigeannach, bhorb,  
'S mairg a sgobadh an calg,  
'S am fraoch gaganach, gorm,  
Ri brataich bhallaich 'bu stoirmeil dusgadh.

Faillian, <eng>from<gai> fal-shian, <eng>a treacherous storm.

Simon Macdonald of Morar was a Major in the 92nd Regiment, or Gordon Highlanders. He retired from the army in 1799. He was killed by the accidental discharge of his own gun, in the year 1812. He was married to Amelia, daughter of Captain James Macdonell, third son of John twelfth Macdonell of Glengarry.<gai>

[TD 244]

[Taobh-duilleig 28 san leabhar fhèin]

CUMHA.

LE ALASTAIR MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

B hruchd sgeula bho thuath oirnn,  
A Morthir bhoidheach nam fuar bheann;  
'Sthug e dortadh air gruaidhean gu leoir.  
'S thug e dortadh &c.

Tha sinn an drast ann an Sasunn,  
Fad o'r cairdean 's 'o'r dachaidh;  
Sinn mar chabhlach a shrachd an cuid seol.

Gun chairt iuil airson riaghailt;  
Leum ar stiuir bharr a h-iarainn;  
Dh' fhalbh ar cul-reang 'bu shìochainteach gloir.

'N ciste luaidhe 'sa chruisle,  
'Sa slios nas fuair na'n druchd,



Tha 'n ceannard sluaigh leis 'm bu shunndach na sroil.

Maidsear smachdail, ro ainmeil;  
'S mairg a lasadh am feirg ris  
'Nuair 'thairnteadh glas lann 'chinn airgid 'na dhorn.

Bu chruaidh, luath-lamhach, guineach,  
Thu 'n am bualadh nam buillean,  
Ann an tuasaidean fuileach Rìgh Deors'.

'Sog a dhearbhu thu do ghaisge,  
'N aobhar Albainn is Shasunn;  
Fhuair mi seanachas air d'ascaoin 'san toir.

[TD 245]

[Taobh-duilleig 29 san leabhar fhèin]

Cha bu mheas' air a chuan thu,  
'S bu tric mise mu'n cuairt duit;  
Cha bu chliobairean suarach do sheoid.

Ba tu'n sgiobair neo-cheurbach,  
'Nuair a thigeadh sid ghailbheach,  
Mhuchadh trioblaid gach fairge fo bhord.

'Sa bhirlinn luath ri la gaillinn,  
Air chuan uaibhreach na faillinn,  
S tric a dh' fhuasgail thu 'darach le lod.

Le a h-aodach ur dionach,  
Is gaoth shuchte 'ga lionadh,  
Bhiodh ruith chuip air a bial 's i tigh'nn beo.

Ruith air linne gu h-eutrom,  
'San sruth 'mire ri 'sleisdean,  
Bhiodh do ghillean gu treun air a sgod.

Tigh'nn gu cala na stuaidhe  
'N aodann gailinn, 'ga cruaidhead,  
'S lom a ghearradh tu 'm fuaradh le 'sroin.

Mo cheist marcach nan steud-each,  
'S urla flathail na leirsinn,  
Ceannard catha le'n eireadh na sloigh.

'Nuair a ghluais sinn air astar,  
'Sa chualas fuaimnich nam bratach,  
Bha ionndrainn bhuainn a dh'fhag glasta ar neoil.

'Dh' aindeoin sgainneal luchd-tuaileis,  
A theann ri sgaradh ar dualchais,  
Thug thu m'anam 'san uair leat le coir

[TD 246]

[Taobh-duilleig 30 san leabhar fhèin]

'Nuair bhios cach ri cuis-ghaire,  
'Siadri mire 's ri manran,  
Bidh mo chridhe-sa craiteach fo leon.

Gar trom gairich do leanabh  
Air an traigh 'tha mi 'gearan,  
'S cha ni 'm mathair a's fallaine deoir.

Gheibh iadsan buaidh air a mhulad,  
Bidh ise buan air a tuireadh,  
Gus 'n doir 'n uaigh i gu urraim 's gu gloir.

Cumha Eile.

DO SHIM OG DOMHNALLACH, TRIATH MHORTHIR

LE ALASTAIR MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

Ma bha mi 'cadal am pramh,  
Cha b'ann le laigead mo ghraidh  
Do'n dream 'thug caidreamh dhomh, blaths, is eideadh.

Ma bha mi 'cadal &c.

Dh' fhan mi cho fada 'nam thamh,  
'San t-eug a sladadh mo shlaint,  
'Sgu'n d'chreachdaich m'aigneadh, 's 'tha cach 'ga leirsinn.

Cha b'ioghnadh m'aidmheil 'bhi blath,  
Chaidh mi ro lag air an sgath,

[TD 247]

[Taobh-duilleig 31 san leabhar fhèin]

An uair a b' aigeannach traigh nan treun fhear.

Am baile meadhrach na suilbh.  
Gu 'm bu ghreadhnach luchd-cuirm,  
Aig an teaghlach a b'ainmeil ceutadh.

Bu tric fion dathte nan corn,  
A piosan laiste le or,  
'Ga dhiol am pailteas aig bord na feile.

Chluinnteadh caithream gach cuil.  
Ann an talla mo ruin,  
Suaislean glana 'b'ard cliu'gan eisdeachd.

Bhiodh ceol nam feadan le buaidh,  
Mar sholas beadrach 'sgach cluais,  
'S mac-talla freagairt nan stuadh le eibhneas.

Bhiodh oighean 's mnai nan guth binn,  
Mar eoin an fhasaich 'sa choill,  
'S na meoir a b'ealamh 'toirt seinn a teudan.

Bha Clann Mhic-Dhughail 'san am,

Mar choille dhluth nan ard chrann,  
Sna gallain ura gun mheang, gun eislean.

Cha d'rinn mi cadal no tamh,  
'Nuair dh'iath feoil abaich mu'n chnaimh,  
Le'r triath bha m'aigheadh 's mo chail ag eirigh.

Bu deas na comhlain a' triall  
Gu strith a Morthir, fo rian,

[TD 248]

[Taobh-duilleig 32 san leabhar fhèin]

'Sbu gharbh 'sa chomhrag air sliabh na streip' iad.

Bu diombuan feachd-chinn ar sluaigh;  
Cha robh ar caipteanean buan,  
Bha fear mu seach dhiu do'n uaigh a'geilleadh.

Bha sinn an Sasunn, an duil  
Ri'r Maidsear sgairteil gu'r n-iul  
Ri uchd nam baiteal le tur's le leirsinn.

'Nuairfhuair sinn naidheachd ar craidh  
Ursann-chatha nam blar  
A bhi 'na laighe gun chail, na chreubhaig

'Nam falbh air thuras thar cuain,  
Bu lionmhor curaidh fo ghruaim,  
Thug gach duin' againn luaidh is speis da

Ged fhuair sinn buadh ri uchd'gleois,  
Bha m'inntinn luaineach fo bhron,  
Gach uair a dh' fhuasgail ar srol 'san Eiphit.

Cho tric 'sa rosgadh mo shuil,  
Bha mi gu beachdail an duil,  
Gu'm b'choir dhomh' fhaicinn air thus na streipe.

Chaidh sinn an coinnimh nan lann,  
'S ar capull-coille air chall,  
An darag loinneil 'san crann nach geilleadh.

Bu ghann a thill sinn o'r leon,  
Na dh' fhag an strith againn beo,

[TD 249]

[Taobh-duilleig 33 san leabhar fhèin]

Ta dh' fhalbh le Sim cha bu chomhlan gleidht' iad.

'N'uar fhuair sinn naidheachd as ur  
Gu'n deachaidh 'athair 'san uir,  
Bu chall air maithibh 's bu dhiubhail cheud e.

Bha aoibh is maise 'na shnuadh,

'Sa chridhe farsuing mar chuan;  
Bu tric e'sgapadh le truas air feumaich.

Mo dhochas dubailt' a'm' Thriath.  
Gu bheil an urnaigh 'ga dhion,  
Gu h-ard 'sa chuirt far am fialaidh eibhneas.

Bha'n Eaglais Chaitliceach aon,  
Le teagasg laiste nan naomh,  
'Ga rian bho 'bhaisteadh gu 'aois gun treigsinn.

Ge dubhach frasach ar deoir  
Mu'n aosda'n tasgaidh nam bord,  
'Se gearradh as nam fear og'a leir sinn.

Tha Clann MhicDhughail bh'o'n stuaidh  
'San coille dhluth air a buain;  
Bu ghoirt an diubhail 's bu chruaid'h an sgeul e.

Thuit an daragan ard',  
A bha mar bhalla do chach,  
'Gan dion bho ghailinn's gach aird a' seideadh.

[TD 250]

[Taobh-duilleig 34 san leabhar fhèin]

Thuit na h-ogain ghlan, ur,  
A bh' air an traigh mar chinn-iuil  
'Sna gallain alainn fo dhruichd a chaitein.

Mar reub-ghaoith earraich gun tlatha,  
Ri seideadh falaisg bharr aird',  
Bu sgeula sgaraidh dhuinn bas og 'Sheumais.

Am fiuran priseil gun ghruaim,  
'Bu chlinteach priseil a ghluais,  
Air tus nam miltean bu nuadh cheann-ceud e.

Bu daor an ceannach do'n Traigh.  
E'dhol 'na leanabh do'n Spainn,  
Gu'chlaidh le anastachd 's gabhadh streipe;

Gun fhois ri teas no ri fuachd,  
'Se 'gastar bras ri droch uair,  
Gun chuir, gun deoch, ann an ruaig nan treun-fhear.

Gun each, gun bhotuinnean thall,  
'San sneachd air mointich nam beann,  
Cha robh na brogan ach gann r'a cheile.

Cha tuig luchd-cadail no taimh  
Mar tha luchd-cogaidh nam blar  
'Gan claidh 's'gan lagadh thar sail 'nan e gin n.

[TD 251]

[Taobh-duilleig 35 san leabhar fhèin]

Bu ghoirt d'a chairdean a luaths  
'Sa chaidh an t-armunn thar cuain,  
'Se dhuais dha anshocair bhuan 'san d eug e.

Cha deach a leirs'inn an am  
Gu'n robh tromeucail 'tigh'nn ann;  
'Nuair' nochd i 'creuchdan cha stamhnadh leigh i.

'Nuair 'chrion i'n gathan gu'bharr,  
Ghrad spion i'n t-abhall fo bhlath,  
Mar shiol gu ath-chur a's alainn eirigh.

Ghrad-thriall an t-anam le gaird  
Gu siorrachd fhallain nan gras  
Ar sgeith nan aingeal lan graidh 'is eibhnis.

Ged bha na dh' fhuirich fo bhron.  
'Ga chaidh mar 'bhuineadh do'n fheoil,  
Bha craobh fo dhuilleach' bu bhoideach eirigh.

CUMHA EILE.

DO LHIM OG DOMHNALLACH TRIATH MHOIRTHIR.

Le Alostair Mac-Fhionghain.

Maoth dharag cheannsgalach, ard,  
Bu shoilleir, maiseachail, fas,  
Bu sholas cuim bhi fo sgail a geugan.

[TD 252]

[Taobh-duilleig 36 san leabhar fhèin]

Mo chruaidh chreach dhuilich 's mo chradh,  
Bhruchd luaidhe ghuinea ch mu 'barr,  
Le fuaim a ghunna bha 'n Traigh 'ga leirsgrios.

Thuit fionan alainn mo ghaoil,  
Le sniomh gu lar air a thaobh;  
Bha fiamh a ghair' air is aoibh fo 'chreuchdaibh.

Ged threig a spiorad an fheoil,  
Mar ghrein' air gilid an lo  
A leum air mhire, gu gloir nach treig e.

Troimh 'n Aon a dh' fhuiling am bas,  
'Bu phiantach muladach cradh,  
Gheibh sinu gu sonas am paras ceutach.

Biodhmaid measarra 'm bron,  
'S bheir Rìgh a gliocais an gloir,  
Le sith dhuinn misneach is treoir is leirsinn.

Ma tha sinn dubhach lan dhiar,  
Tha slainte 's cumhachd 'san Tri ath,  
'Sa ghradh a' sruthadh gu fial bho 'n cheusadh.

[TD 253]

[Taobh-duilleig 37 san leabhar fhèin]

ORAN.

Do Domhnall Camshron, d'am bu cho-ainm Domhnall Mor Og.

LE ALASTAIR MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

Fhuair mi Seanachas cinnteach  
A dhuig m' inntinn 'suas gu ceol;  
Las beusan an treun ghiomanaich  
Marealaidh dhein moghloir.  
Bu ro ainneamh ann sna criocean so,  
'Measg Abrach ged a dh-iarrainn iad,  
Mac tuathanaich cho fialaidh  
S cho math gnìomh ri Domhnall og.

Bha e mor, 's e cumadail  
Gun uireasabh, gun mheang;  
Deas-bhriathrach, fialaidh, furanach,  
Ro fhurachail 'na chainnt;  
Bha uaislean agus cumantan  
'N trom luaidh air sa toirt urraim dha;  
Cha chuald mi t'fhear-diomolaidh,  
Cha b' urrainn e 'bhi ann.

Bha ceannard treun nan Gordanach  
Bho chaisteal mor nan lann,  
An t-ard dhiuchd cliuiteach morchuiseach  
Le'n ruisgteadh sroil 'sa champ,  
, 'Nuair 'dhruid e dluth an eolas air,  
Sa fhuair e 'ghualann, sonraichte  
Mar athair-iuil 'ga chomhnadh,  
'Se ri chul 'sa choir 's gach am.

[TD 254]

[Taobh-duilleig 38 san leabhar fhèin]

Bha Domhuallaich a' Bhraigh' ud,  
Sliochd nan armunn nach robh cli,  
An dream cholgarr, bhorb, laidir,  
Bu gharg stoirm an spairn nam pic,  
Mean fhiosrach air a ghnathachadh,  
'S ro mheasail air a thalantan:-  
'Bu mhinic tric le pairt diu e  
Ri lamhach ann san fhrith.

Bha Frisealaich threun bhearraideach  
Bho Arraig nan sruth doirbh,  
Ro dhian an cairdeas fala ris,  
'S cha b' aithlis iad 'ga lorg:  
Bha 'n nadurrachd cho daingeann,  
'S ged bu bhrathair do gach fear dhiu e;  
Bho chuislean nan laoch ceannasach

A dh'ol e'm bainne borb.

Cha b' ioghnadh-leam gach caraid  
A bhi dealaidh air a lorg,  
'Se failteachail, blath, carthannach,  
Gun fhoill, gun char, gun chealg.  
Ri feumnaich 's math an airidh  
Bha e fialaidh, direach, farasda;  
'S ri 'cheile beusach, leannanach,  
Gun bheum, gun sgar, gun cholg.

Na 'n digteadh cearr no ascaoin air,  
Bu ghaisgeach e 's gach seol,  
Nach fuilingeadh tair no masladh  
Do dh-fhear-bhailtean a bha beo.  
Ged nach robh tuasaid cleachdte leis,  
'Nuair 'dhuiscgteadh gu garbh bheairtean e,  
Bu cheannsgalach, borb, reachdmhor e,  
'N treun neartmhor nach robh foil!

[TD 255]

[Taobh-duilleig 39 san leabhar fhein]

B'e sid Domhnal nan tri Domnhall.  
'Bu chian coir air Innse-Righ,  
De shliochd Domhnaill Duibh'bu'deonach,  
Tric, an toiseach gleos nam pic.  
'Nuair a'ghluais Loch-Iall le chonnspuinn,  
Do dh'Aird-nam-Murchann gu comhstrith,  
Sparr e saighead chaol 'sa choreaich  
Leis 'n d'thuit Mac Eoin gun chli.

Sid an urchair a bha feumail;  
Mur tilleadh i 'n treuin-thear borb  
Bhiodh Ciann-Chamshroin air an reubadh  
'S mar a bha sibh b'eiginn falbh,  
'Nuair a chruinich iad ri 'cheile,  
Ghabh Clann-Iain an rat euta,  
'S mur bhi Leathanaich na leirsinn  
Bu ghann feigheal beum nau arm.

<eng>Mac-Eoin, or perhaps Mac Mhic-Eoin was an uncle of John Og Macdonald of Ardnarmurchan. He was a man of great size and strength. He murdered John Og about the year 1596, and took possession of his estate. John Og was at the time of his death at the point of marrying a daughter of Lochiel. The Carmerons resolved to avenge his death, and marched towards Ardnarmurchan. A conflict took place between themselves and Mac-Eoin at Leachd nan saighead in Morvern. Mac-Eoin was killed by an arrow, and his followers routed. Shortly after the Macdonalds had been routed, a body of Macleans crossed over from Mull, to assist them. The Camerons were now compell- ot retreat.<gai>

[TD 256]

[Taobh-duilleig 40 san leabhar fhèin]

ORAN GAOIL.

Le Gilleasbing Mac-Phail.

'S bochd an creachal 'th 'air m' inntinn,  
Is cha 'n urrainn mi 'dhubradh  
Ma tha 'n sgeula cho fìor 's tha iad ag raitinn,  
'S bochd an creachal &c.

Gu'n do thionndaidh thu 'm fuath rium,  
'N deigh do ghaol 'bhi cho buan dhomh,  
'S gu 'n do thagh thu fear fuadainn a' m' aite.

Gur h-e 'mheudaich mo ghaol ort,  
Do ghruaidh dhearg bhi mar chaorann,  
Is do ghnius bhi ciuin, adbhach, glan, narach,

Thu bhi sìobhalta, caoimhneli,  
Banail, baintighearnal, aoibheil,  
Suairce, ceanalt', gun fhoill ann ad nadur

Do chul boidheach min, liomharr',  
Tha 'n a chamagan sniomhain;  
Tha gach mais' ort, a ribhinn na h ailleach,

Gur h-i 'n naidheachd a fhuair mi  
'Dhuisg an anshocair bhoian dhomh:  
Dh' fhag i aiceideach truagh mi gun slainte.

Ge b' e fear 'ni do bhuannachd,  
Gur leis deideag na h-uaisle;-  
Guidheam piseach is suaimhneas ri d' la dhuit

[TD 257]

[Taobh-duilleig 261 san leabhar fhèin]

CNOIC IS GLINN A BRAIGHE.

LE CALUM MAC-GILLIOS, AM MARGARI.

LUIINNEAG.

Na cnoic is glinn 'bu bhoidhche leinn  
'S iat cnoic is glinn a Bhraighe;  
'An tric 'bha sinn ri manran binn  
'Sa chomunn ghrinn a b' fhearr leinn

Chan fheil ait an diugh fo 'n ghrein  
'Sam b' fhearr leam fein 'bhi 'tamhachd  
Na braigh' na h-aibhne 'm measg nan sonn  
O'm faightedh fuinn na Gadhlic.

Do bhruachan gorm 'sam faighteadh spreidh,  
Do ghlacan reidh gun airemh,  
Mar uachdar thonn, 's an soirbheas trom,  
A ruith gu bonn nan ard bheann.

Gur pailt gach flur a fas gu dluth  
Air maduìn chubhraidh Mhaigh ann;



Gach doire beo le ceol nan ian  
'N uair 'dh' eireas grian le failt' ann.

Bidh sruthain fhuar de 'n uisge 's glaine  
'Bruchdadh 'mach mu rath'dean;  
Bidh crodh is caoraich pailt ri 'm faotuinn  
'Feadh nan aodunn arda.

Gur ceolmhor fuaim na h-aibhne lium  
Is sruthan ciuin fo 'h-aithean;  
Cho fad 's a shiubhlas i gu cuan,  
Cha doir mi fuath do 'n Bhraighe.

Gur lionmhor fear ag iasgach bradain  
Mu do chladaich bhana;  
Daoin' uaisle Shasuinn 'tigh'nn an nall  
A chosg an t-samhruidh lamh-riut.

[TD 258]

[Taobh-duilleig 262 san leabhar fhèin]

Cha bhi frolic ann no banais  
Nach bi caithream graidh ann;  
Le ceol na fìdhle 'dol 'san rìdhle  
'Cosg na tim mar b' aill leinn.

'S iomad fleasgach laidir grinn  
A chaidh 'sna glinn ud arach;  
'S maighdean gle ghlan, dhirech, og,  
Le 'h-aodunn boidhech, narach.

'S e 'n ainnir dhonn a's binne fonn  
A choinnich rium Di-mairt ann;  
'S chan iarrainn-s' airgiod no or  
Ach thu 'bhi 'n comhnuidh lamh-rium.

Do chomhradh ciuin tha 'tigh'nn air m' aire,  
A ribhinn bhanail, bhaigheil;  
Gun d' fhuair thu buaidh bho nadar fein  
A dh'fhag mor speis aig cach ort.

Soraidh leis a chomunn rioghail  
Bhon is tim dhomh 'm fagail;  
Gur tearc ri 'm faotuinn 'feadh an t-saoghail  
An diugh daoin' 'bheir barr orr.'

CAILIN NA DUTHCHA.

LE CALUM MAC-GILLIOS.

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro, gun deid mi-fhin 's tu-fhein,  
Theid sinn le cheil' gu feill nam maithean;  
Ho ro, gun deid mi-fhin 's tu-fhein!

[TD 259]

[Taobh-duilleig 263 san leabhar fhèin]

'Nigh'n donn nan sul blath,  
'S tu 'bhuannaich mo ghradh  
An gleannan nam ba  
'San tamh na h-aighean.

An gleannan mo ruin,  
Bidh samhradh atr thus,  
A fosgladh caoin ghnuis  
Nam fluran meala.

Bidh coireal nan ian  
Ann leadarra, dian,  
'N uair 'dh-eireas a ghrian  
Air sliabh nam beannaibh.

'S e 'dh'uiricheadh fonn  
'S a chridh' 'tha 'nam chom  
Do chomhradh neo-throm  
'Nigh'n donn nam meall-shuil.

Tha maise nach geill  
'At aghaidh ghlain fein,  
Mar aiteal de'n ghrein  
'San eirigh mhadne.

A ribhinn nam buadh  
A's boidhch' 'san taobh tuath;  
Cha choisinn thu fuath,  
'S tu luaidh nam fearaibh.

'Nuair 'thogas tu fonn  
Air oran neo-throm,  
Thig cruiteirean thom  
Air lom 'sna crannaibh

Guth binn, fallain, reidh,  
Mar organ air ghleus

[TD 260]

[Taobh-duilleig 264 san leabhar fhèin]

Aig ribhinn nam beus  
A's eibhinn caithream.

Ged bha Jennie Lind  
Bhan-cheileirich' binn,  
Gum b' fhearr leam le cinnt  
Guth-cinn na h-ainnir'-s'.

Thug nadar do m' luaidh  
Gach ailleachd is buaidh  
Le grinneas gun uaill,  
'S le suairceas ceanalt.

Tha caoimhneas is tur  
A dealradh a' d' ghnuis,  
'S gur glaine do shuil  
Nan driuchd 'sa mhaduin.

Gur h-aotrom do cheim  
A tionail na spreidh,  
'S crodh druim-fhionn a' d' dheidh  
Le geum 'tigh'nn dachaidh.

Cha doir thu do lamh  
Do bheairteas gu brath;  
Gum b' fhearr leat na 'n t-sraid  
'Bhi tamh 'sna gleannan.

Gum b' fhearr leat na uail  
Le storas a bhuaibh,  
'Bhi 'g imeachd mu 'n cuairt  
Feadh bhruach is bhealach;

'Bhi comhnuidh gun bhron,  
Gun deireas air lon,  
An gleannan a cheo  
Le oigear smearail.

[TD 261]

[Taobh-duilleig 265 san leabhar fhèin]

RANNAN TARGRAIDH.

<eng>With regard to the authorship of these verses Dr. Maclean makes the following statement: "This prophetic poem is said to have been composed by Donald O'Conchair and was got from Eoghan Mac Lachainn Mhic Mhartainn."<gai>

Clann-Ghilleain o 'n Dreallainn,  
Mar ealt ian air bharr cuilin,  
Mar chaoir dheirg a tigh'n o theallach;  
'S bronach an sgeul sid r'a inns'.

Clann Dughaill o 'n aird an iar,  
Sliochd Annla nan sgiath dearg,  
Greadan gun teasaingin daibh  
Air aon chlar luinge do bheirear.

Mac-Iain-Stiubhart, ceann nam fear,  
Shuidh e air Dun-innse for,  
Chaill e Dun-innse for,  
'S cha d' bhuinig e Dun innse geal.

Clann O' Duibhne, ceann gach fine,  
'Tuiteam mar aon uinneig ghloine.  
Air bhur teachd an iar o 'n bhile;  
'S truagh 'ur milleadh le miorun.

<eng>Dubhghal or Dugall, the progenitor of the Macdugalls, was a son or grandson of Somerled, Lord of Argyll, by a daughter of Olave the Red, the Norwegian king of man. Annla nan sgiath dearg.

It is probable that Donald O'Conchair was a native of Lorn. There was at least one man of the name there, and as there was one it is likely there were others.

[TD 262]

[Taobh-duilleig 266 san leabhar fhèin]

The Rev. Donald MacNicol, in his remarks on Dr. Johnson's tour, states that "one Dr. O'Connachar, of Lorn, wrote all his prescriptions in Gaelic." William Livingstone's edition, page 128.<gai>

MARBHRANN.

Do Dhomhnall Gorm Og, a chaochail 'sa bhliadhna 1643.

LE MURCHADH MOR MAC-COINNICH, FEAR AICHEALaidH.

Ho, o, hom, bo,  
Tha sgeul craidh leat, a ghaoth deas,  
Ho, o, hom, bo;  
'S seirbhe do ghair na 'n domblas,  
Gun fhuaim sithe leat a steach  
Air chuan Sgithe, mo leir chreach!

Ho, o, hom, bo,  
An sgeul a fhuair sinn thar sail,  
Ho, o, hom, bo,  
'Na aiseag 's truagh nach robh dail,  
Gu'n d' eug an triath ur-ghlan ard,  
Rìgh cheann-sithe gach luchd-spairn.

Ho, o, hom, bo.  
Ursann-chatha Innse-Gall,  
Ho, o, hom, bo,  
Iuchair flaithean nam fìor rann,  
Craobh ro thaitneach de Shìol Chuinn,  
Milidh gasda 'n comhlan shonn.

Ho, o, hom, bo,  
'S tursach leam do chur fo 'n uir,  
Ho, o, hom, bo,

[TD 263]

[Taobh-duilleig 267 san leabhar fhèin]

A bhi 'dunadh do ghorm shul:  
Co an nis o 'm faigh sinn muirn?  
Co 'ni aiteas ri mor chuirm?

Ho, o, hom, bo,  
'S tursach do phannal 's ni ait,  
Ho, o, hom, bo.  
Och, mo nuar! do leannan leap'  
Bu chrann ceill' thu agus neirt,

'N am an fheuma bu rìgh airc'.

Ho, o, hom, bo,  
Mar choill gun chnuasachd gun mheas,  
Ho, o, hom, bo,  
Tha t'fhonn sgìreachd an nis;  
'S e 'dh' fhag mo chridhe-sa tais  
Do lorg-shlighe ga h-aithris.

Ho, o hom, bo,  
Ni 'm feudar a mholadh leinn,  
Ho, o, hom, bo,  
A' gheug sholuis 'bu ghloir-bhinn,  
Leoghan, leanabh, agus rìgh  
Dha 'n robh aithne gach aon ni.

Ho, o, hom, bo,  
Thanic plaigh air luchd-a-chiuil,  
Ho, o, hom, bo,  
Tha gair-bhaite aig Siol Chuinn,  
Tha mnai craiteach 's tu 'sa chill,  
'S i mo ghradh do lamh 'bhiodh leinn.

Ho, o, hom, bo,  
Ni 'n coir dhuinn bhi bronach truagh,  
Ho, o, hom, bo,  
'Cumh' an ti a thugadh uainn;  
'S e uighe gach cre an uaigh,  
'S cha bhas dhuit ach beatha bhuan.

Ceann-sithe—<eng>a peace-maker.<gai> Comhlan

[TD 264]

[Taobh-duilleig 268 san leabhar fhèin]

—<eng>a combat, a duel.<gai> Pannal—<eng>a band of men.<gai> Lorg-slighe—  
<eng>genealogy.<gai> Gloir-bhinn—<eng>sweetly sounding.<gai> Gair-bhaite—  
<eng>the cry of drowning men.<gai>

ORAN.

Do Ruairidh Mac-Leoid 'sna Hearradh.

LE MAIRI NIGHEAN ALASTAIR RUAIDH.

Tha mo ghaol ann sna Hearradh,  
'S cuim' am bi ga fhalach,  
'Fhir d'a bheil a chaol mhal' is mi 'ghlac chomhnard.

Tha mo chion air an Ruairidh,  
Fear na misnich 's a chruadail  
'Choisin cliu 's a fhuair buaidh ann san Olaint

Bu tu mac an laoich ghasda  
Nach do dhearbh a bhi gealtach;  
'S tric a thogadh leibh creach bho Chlann-Domhnaill.

'Nuair a rachadh tu 'n fhireach,  
Bhiodh an earb air do thilleadh,  
'S gu'm biodh trom air do ghillean le d' mhor choin.

Le do ghunna caol glaice,  
Leis an fhudar a lasadh,  
Naile bheirteadh leat stad air fear croice

Thoir mo shoraidh le m' dhurachd  
Null gu faiche an smudain,  
Far am beathaichear muirneach cuain oga;

[TD 265]

[Taobh-duilleig 269 san leabhar fhèin]

Far an loisgear am fudar  
Is an luaidhe gun chunntas;  
Bhiodh na peileirean dubh-ghorm ri stroiceadh.

CUMHA.

Do Shir Domhnall Shleite.

LE IAIN LOM.

'S cian 's gur fada mi 'm thamh,  
'S trom leam m' aigheadh fo phramh;  
Bho nach cadal dhomh seimh 's tim eirigh  
'S cian 's gur fada &c.

Laigh an aois orm gu cruaidh,  
Dreach an aoig air mo ghruaidh,  
'S rinn e faodail bhochd thruagh dha fein diom.

Tha leaonn-dubh orm gach l ,  
'Se gam mhuchadh a ghnath,  
Air mo chuis-sa cha ra-sgeul breig e.

Tha gach urra 'dol dhìom  
Bho 'm faigh 'nn furan le miadh,  
A choig urrad 's a b' fhiach mi 'dh-eiric

Chaill mi armuinn mo stuic,  
Mo sgiath laidir 's mo phruip,  
Iad ri aiteach an t-sluic is feur orr'.

Fath mo bhioraidh 's mo cholg,  
'Thaobh gach iomairt so 'dh' fhalbh,  
Luaths bhur n-iomachd air lorg a cheile.

Mhuch mo mheadhail 's mo mheas  
Daoil 'bhi cladhach bhur slìos;  
Chaidh mo raghain fo lic de leugaibh.

[TD 266]

[Taobh-duilleig 270 san leabhar fhèin]

Bhuail an t-earrach orm spot,  
'S trom a dh' fhairich mi 'lot,  
Chuir e 'n lughad mo thoirt, 's beag m' fheum air.

Bas shir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol,  
Chuir mo chomhnuidh fo sgaoil,  
Dh' fhag mi 'm onar 'san aois gam leireadh.

'S ann riut a labhrainn mo mhiann  
Gu dana, ladarna, dian,  
Geda bhidhinn da thrìan 'san eucoir.

'Siomad smaointinn bochd, truagh,  
'Teachd air m' aire gach uair,  
Bho 'n la 'chaochail air snuadh fear t' eugaisg.

Leoghan fireachail, ard,  
Muinte, spioradal, garg,  
Umhail, iriosal, feardha, treubh-ach.

Leug nan arm is nan each,  
Reimeil, calma, gun airc,  
Dh'eug thu 'n Armadail glas nan deideag.

Bha do chinneadh fo phramh,  
Do thuath 's do phaighearán mail,  
Uaislean t' fhearainn 's gach lan fhear-feusaig.

Bha mnai beul-dearg a bhruit  
Ri call an ceille 's am fuilt,  
'S cach ag eiteadh do chuirp air deile.

Moch 'sa mhatuin Diardaoin  
Thog iad tasgaidh mo ghaoil,  
'N deidh a phasgadh gu caol 'sna leintean,

'N ciste ghiubhais nam bord,  
An truaille chumhaing na 's leoir,

[TD 267]

[Taobh-duilleig 271 san leabhar fhèin]

'N deidh a dubhadh fo 'n t-srol air speicean.

Gu eaglais Shleite na stuaidh,  
'Chosg thu fhein ri chur suas,  
Ged nach d' fhuirich thu buan ri 'sgleutadh.

Fhuair thu deannal no dho,  
'Dh' fhag do phannal fo bhron,  
'S gu'm bu ghearanan leon mun eigheadh.

Air Raon-Ruairidh nan strac,  
Far 'n do bhuannich sibh blar  
Chaill thu t' uaislean is t-armuinn ghleusda.

Air an talamh chrion, chruaidh,  
'S nach falaicheadh gearrag a cluas,  
Fhuair sibh deannal na luaithe leithe

Bu neo-chraobhaidh na seoid  
'Fhuair sa chaonnaig an leon,  
B' an diu Raonall is Eoin is Seumas.

Ann ad thalla mar thriath,  
Cha bu ghnath leat 'bhi crion,  
Gu'm bu nollaic le fion do reidhlean.

B' e 'm bol pathaidh do mhiann  
Bhi 'ga chaitheamh gu dian;  
'S 'n uair a thraight' e gun lionteadh reidh leat.

De dh-uisge-beatha 's de bheoir,  
'Siad a gabhail na 's leoir,  
Mara thoilicheadh beoil ga eigheach;

Mu bhord gun tioma, gun ghruaim,  
Le ol, 's le iomairt, 's le sluagh,  
Is ceol 'bu bhinne na cuach 'sa cheitein.

[TD 268]

[Taobh-duilleig 272 san leabhar fhèin]

Dh' fhalbh na spailpean an null,  
'Bha fial, farsuinn, 'nan grunn;  
Cha b' iad na fachaich gun rum, gun leud iad;

Domhnall Gorm 'bu ghlan gnuis,  
Fear bu mhine de 'n triuir,  
'S cha bu chorr-cheann e 'n cuirt righ Seurlas.

Cha dean mi run ach gu foil  
Do 'n al ur 's 'th' air teachd oirnn,  
Bho nach duisgear le ceol Sir Seumas.

Dh' fhalbh thu fhein 's do cheud mhac,  
Mala gheur sibh gu neart;  
'S fad' o cheile fo cheapaibh reise sibh.

'S blath an leap' air bhur cionn,  
Seach daormuin 'thaisgeadh an t-suim;  
Sibh 'bu sgapach air buinn le feile.

Thuir mi 'n urrad ud ruibh,  
Tha mi 'm urrainn g'a dhiol;  
Slan 'ur muineil cha till sibh breug orm.

Faodail-<eng>a waif, a thing found without an owner.<gai> Reimeil-  
<eng>authoritative.<gai> Brot <eng>or<gai> brat-<eng>a veil.<gai> Bruit-  
<eng>of the veil.<gai> Pannal-<eng>a band of men.<gai> Craobhaidh-  
<eng>nervous, tender, shivering.<gai> Fachach-<eng>a little insignificant  
man; also a puffin.<gai> Daormunn-<eng>a miser.<gai> Eiteadh-  
<eng>stretching.



Hugh, third son of Alexander, third Lord of the Isles, was the first Macdonald of Sleat. He was known as Uisdean Ban. He was fostered with Donald, first Maclean of Ardgour. He had four sons, John,

[TD 269]

[Taobh-duilleig 273 san leabhar fhèin]

by his wife, a daughter of Macdonald, of Ardnamurchan; Donald Gallach, by a daughter of Gunn, Crouner of Caithness; Donald Herrach, by a daughter of Macleod, of Harris; and Gillesbic Dubh. He died in 1498. John, second of Sleat, died without issue in 1502. Donald Gallach, third of Sleat, married a daughter of John Cathanach of Islay, by whom he had Donald Gruamach. Donald Gallach and Donald Herrach were murdered by their brother, Gillesbic Dubh, in 1506. Donald Gruamach, fourth of Sleat, married a daughter of Macdonald, of Moydart, by whom he had Donald Gorm and James, progenitor, of the Macdonalds of Kingsburg. He died in 1534. Donald Gorm, fifth, of Sleat, married a daughter of John, son of Torquil Macleod, of Lewis, and had one son, Donald, his successor. He was killed at Eileandonan Castle in 1539. Donald, sixth, of Sleat, Domhnan MacDomhnaill Ghuirm, married Mary, daughter of Hector Mor Maclean, of Duart, brother of Ailean nan Sop, and had three sons, Donald Gorm Mor, Archibald and Alexander. He died in 1585. Archibald, his second son, known as Gilleasbic Cleireach, married a daughter of Angus Macdonald, of Islay, and had by her Donald Gorm Og and Hugh, Uisdean MacGhillisbic Chleirich, Donald Gorm Mor Seventh, of Sleat, died without issue in 1616. Donald Gorm Og, eighth, of Sleat, was created a baronet in 1625. He married Janet, daughter of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie, of Kintail, and had by her James, Donald, of Castletown, An-

[TD 270]

[Taobh-duilleig 274 san leabhar fhèin]

gus, Alexander, Margaret, Catherine, Janet and Mary. He had also a natural son, An Ciaran Mabach. Sir Donald died in October, 1643. Sir James, ninth of Sleat, married, first Margaret, daughter of Sir Roderick Mackenzie, Tutor, of Kintail, and secondly, Mary, daughter John Macleod, of Dunvegan. By his first wife he had Donald, his heir, Roderick, Hugh of Glenmore, Somerled, of Sortle, Catherine and Florence. By his second wife he had John of Blackney. He died December 8th, 1678. Sir Donald, tenth, of Sleat, died February 5th, 1695. He is the subject of the elegy.<gai>

MOLADH A PHIOBAIRE.

Oran do Domhnall Caimbal, Domhnall Mac-a-Ghlasrich, am Piobaire Mor, le Domhnall Donn, Mac Fhir Bhoth-Fhiunntain. Bha Domhnall Caimbal 'na phiobaire aig Gilleasbic na Ceapaich. 'S e mac peathar do Dhomhnall Donn a bha ann. 'S i Bana-Chamranach a bu mhathair dha.

Slan iomradh do m' ghoistidh  
Beul nach loisgeach an cainnt.  
Slan iomradh, &c.

Mo run an Caimbalach suairc  
A theid air ruaig thar a mhaim.

Mo run an Caimbalach siobhalta  
Nach ciosnaicheadh carn.

Gura math 'thig dhuit triubhas  
Gun bhi cumhann no gann.

[TD 271]

[Taobh-duilleig 275 san leabhar fhèin]

'S cha mhios' 'thig dhuit osan,  
'S brog shocair 'bhuinn sheang.

Brog bhileach nan cluaisein  
Air a fuaigheal gu teann.

Naile, dh' aithnichinn thu romhan  
'Dol an domhaltas blair.

Bhiodh do phiob mhor ga spreigeadh  
'S cuid de 'h-eagal air cach.

'Nuair a chluinninn toirm t' fheadain  
Naile, ghreasainn ma lamh.

Thugadh bean leat bho 'n Bhreugich  
'S an cluinnt' beucadaich mhang.

'S ro mhath 'b' aithne dhomh 'n nighean  
A bha 'cridh' ort an geall;

Ann sa' ghleannan bheag laghach  
'S am biodh tu tadhal os n-aird.

CUMHA D'A PHIUTHAIR.

Le Alastair Bhoth-Fhiunntain.

Ged is moch 'rinn mi eirigh,  
Cha b 'ann eutrom 'bha m' aigneadh.  
Ged is moch, &c.

Tha leann-dubh air mo bhuaireadh,  
Chuir e 'n ruaig air a chadal.

Cha b' e 'n leith-sgeul beag suarach,  
'Thug dhomh gluasad gu facal;

Ach an tlachd do 'n mhnaoi uasail,  
'Bu bhuidhe cuailein 's bu dathte.

Deud mar chailc 's e gun sgoraich,

[TD 272]

[Taobh-duilleig 276 san leabhar fhèin]

Do bheul cha deonaicheadh blaisbh um

'S ann Di-luain 'fhuair mi sgeul  
Gu'n d' bhuin ant-eug bhuan do chaid reamh

'S ann Di ciadainn 'na dheidh sin  
Ghabh mi cead dhiot 'sa chlachan.

Chunna mise le m' shuilean  
Do chiste duinte fo 'n casan.

Cha do ghearainn thu ciurradh,  
No bhi gad mhuchadh fo leacan.

'N nochd is truagh leam do phaisdean,  
'S iad 'sa ghairich gun t' fhaicinn.

Ach gun cuidich Mac De iad,  
'N Ti 'ni feum dhaibh is taice.

Cha neo-thruagh leam do cheile,  
Ged 's tric a dh-eisd thu ris facal.

'S mairg a bhrìst air a gharadh,  
Nach gabhadh caradh le ceartas.

'S ged nach robh mi cur aoil ris,  
Cha mhise 'n saor 'bha ga ghlasadh.

'S mairg a bhrìst air a gharadh: 'Bha paisde adhaltrannais aige.

HO GU'N DEID MI.

Le Alastair Odhar.

Chuir Lotti Camran buideul uisge-bheatha an geall ri Alastair Odhar nach b' urrain Alastair rannan a dheanamh a chuireadh fearg air. Thoisich Alastair,

[TD 273]

[Taobh-duilleig 277 san leabhar fhèin]

agus b'e deireadh na cuise gun do ghabh Lotti 'n fhearg, 's gun d' fheum e 'm buideal a phaigheadh. Bu mhac Alastair Odhar do Ghilleasbic na Ceapaich.

LUIINNEAG.

Ho, gun deid mi, cuim' nach deid mi?  
Rachainn fein a chumail chleas ruibh;  
'S gheibhinn ceud de dh-fhearaibh gleusda  
Mar- ium fein gu 'r cur air theicheadh.

Theireadh sibh gun robh sibh uasal.  
Is gun robh sibh lan de chruadal,  
Ach ca'n robh sinne riamh 'g ur bualadh

Nach biodh ruaig oirbh mu fheasgar?

Latha Bhoth-Loinn' rinn bhur leonadh,  
Chuir Iain Dubh sibh an staid bhronaich;  
Dh' iomain e sibh 'null thar Lochaidh,  
'S na bha beo agaibh 'n ur breislich.

Tha Clach Ailein fhath'st a' lathair,  
Far 'n do thuit ceann-stuic bhur pairtidh,  
'S Leac na-fachanan far am b' abhaist,  
Far an d' fhuair bhur cairdean greadan.

Thachair ceithrean bho chd de m' sheorsa  
Air sia-diag de 'r fearaibh mora;  
Leag iad naoidhnear dhiu gun deo annt',  
'S bha Tom-a-Charrich fo l oin am feasda.

Gu bheil mise de Chlann-Domhnaill  
Is tha thusa 'nad Chamshronach,  
'S chan fhaca mi gin riamh dhe d' sheorsa  
Nach buailinn mo dhorn air san leith-cheann.

'N cuimhne leat, a Lotti ghnada  
'N uair a bha thu thall am Flanras.  
'S tu cho salach agus sgathach  
'S nach b' urrain thu 'n rang a sheasamh?

[TD 274]

[Taobh-duilleig 278 san leabhar fhèin]

A reir innse sgeoil thachair Aonghus Mac Alastair Ruaidh agus triuir eile a Gleanna-Comhann air sia-deug de na Camranich a tilleadh dhachaidh le creich. Cia mo chuid-sa de 'n chobhartach? ars' Aonghus. 'S leat, arsa ceannard nan Camranach na bheir thu 'mach, Cha d' iarr mi riamh an corr, ars' Aonghus, 's e a tarruinn a chlaidhibh. Mharbh na Comhannaich naoinear de na chreachadairean, is theich cach. 'Sann bho Dhomnallach a fhuair sinn an naidheachd so. Dh' fhaidte nam faigheamaid bho Chamranach i gu bheil taobh eile oirre.

GUR H-E 'MHEUDAICH MO CHRADH;

LE MAIREARAD NI'N LACHAINN

Gur he 'mheudaich mo chradh,  
Is a lughdaich mo chail,  
'Liuthad latha 's a bha  
Mise 's tus' air an traigh.-  
Gura diombach mi 'n bhas  
'Thug an fheoil dhiom o 'n chuaimh;  
Gur h-ann againn a bha na treun-laoich  
Gur h-ann againn a bha, &c.

Luchd a dh' iomairt an oir;  
'S iad a dhioladh an t-ol,  
'Leanadh fad' air an toir  
Ann an cumasg nan srol;  
'S co a chuireadh orr' gleo

Ann am muiseadh an t-sloigh;-  
Ach de 'm fath dhomh bhi bron mu deibhinn?

Mo cheist an Leathanach ur,

[TD 275]

[Taobh-duilleig 279 san leabhar fhèin]

Bu ghlan sealladh do shul,  
Fo amharc gun smur;  
C' ait am faicteadh an cuirt  
Fear t' fhasain gun tulg;  
Bha thu seasmhach 's gach cuis,  
'S ann ri t' fhacal a b 'fhiu dhuinn eisdeachd.

'S ann 'san eaglais so shuas,  
An ciste ghiubhais nach gluais,  
'Tha ur cheannard an t-sluaigh,  
Agus marcaich nan stuadh  
Ri la frionasach fuar;  
'S tu gu 'n iarradh i 'suas  
Ged a bhiodh i 'n sas cruaidh 'na h-eigin.

Och a Mhoire, mo chall!  
Thu 'bhi 'n ciste nan crann,  
Air a sparradh gu teann,  
'Fhir bu shiobhalta cainnt;  
Ach 'n uair 'dhuisgeadh iad t'fhearg  
Cha bu shugradh sid daibh;  
'S mor gar dith fear do rann bhon dh 'eug thu.

Marcaich deas nan each seang',  
'Bheireadh roid asd' is srann;  
Beairt nach b' iongantach leam  
Thu thu 'bhi uasal is t' ainm;  
Lamh thu 'dh' iomairt nan arm  
Gu treun cruadalach garg;  
'S ogha 'dh-Ailean nan lann 's nan steud thu.

'S car thu 'dh'-'Ailean nan ruag  
'Chreach a Chorca da uair;  
Thug e Ruta le buaidh,  
'S co a b' urrainn 'thoirt uaith',

[TD 276]

[Taobh-duilleig 280 san leabhar fhèin]

An am cruinneachadh sluaigh;  
Cha robh athadh 'na ghruaidh  
'N uair a chaidh e air chuairt do dh' Eirinn

Is gur car thu 'Mhac-Leoid,  
'Mhic mhic Ailein mhic Eoin;  
'Dh'-Eachann Ruadh nach h-'eil beo  
Dha 'm biodh taileasg air bord.  
'S fion is branndaich gan ol.

Aig na fir 'bu chruaidh gleo,  
Agus bualadh nam brog gan teumadh.

Ach nam bidhinn 'sa bhuth,  
Is na h-airm ann a b' fhiu,  
Naile thaghainn do m' run  
Sgiath bhreac nam ball dluth.  
Claidheabh sgaiteach geur cuil,  
Is da dhaga nach diult;  
'S cha bu chladhaire thu 'thoirt feum' asd'.

Iar-ogh' dileas mo ghradh  
Do dh-Iain Dubh' a bha 'n laimh  
Sliochd nan iarlachan ard,  
'S fad' on thriall sibh o 'n Spainn;  
'S ann bho Lachainn a bha  
An ionndraichin chraidh;-  
Fear do choltais gu brath cha leir dhomh.

Gura cairdeach mo luaidh  
Do Chlann-Domhnaill nam buadh.-  
'Mhic mhic Ailein nan ruag  
Thu bhi 'd laighe 'san uaigh  
Ann an eaglais nan stuadh,  
Och, a Mhoire, mo chruas;  
Ghabh na fir dhiot cead buan nadh b eibhin.

[TD 277]

[Taobh-duilleig 281 san leabhar fhein]

'Fhir 'bu tighearnail gnaths;  
Beairt 'bu dligheach sid da;  
Mo chreach do nighean gun aird,  
'S e' 'na leith-sgeul aig cach  
Nach do ghabh iad a pairt,  
A liuthad oinnseach a tha  
'Faotuin ionaid is aite feisdeil.

'Fhir a cheannaicheadh am fion,  
Is a b' urrain a dhiol,  
'S tu a b' airidh air pic,  
'S bogha glaic nan ceann liobht';  
Och, a Mhoire, mo dhith,  
Bha mi romhad air tir  
'Nuair a thug iad thu 'dh-I na cleire.

Dhomhsa dh' eirch an call  
'N uair a thug iad thu 'nall  
Gu reilic nam marbh  
Mu 'n robh chaiseamachd shearbh,  
Bualadh bhasan gu teann,  
'S gun do chluasag fo d' cheann;  
A ruin, cha fhreagair thu 'n t-am gu eirigh.

Tha do cheile fo leon,  
'S tric i 'snigheadh nan deoir,  
Is do dhilleachdain og'-  
Gun aird, no gun doigh

Mu na lochanan mor;  
Dh' fhag thu sinne fo bhron,  
'S chaill sinn tuilleadh 's a choir mu t' eiric.

'S ann tha sinne air ar claidh,  
Gar sarach' a caoidh  
Bhon a dh' fhalbh bhuainn gach saoidh  
'Dheanadh feum is stath dhuinn;  
An nis shracadh ar siuil,

[TD 278]

[Taobh-duilleig 282 san leabhar fhèin]

Dh fhalbh ar cairt, bhrisd ar stiuir;-  
Dia 'thoirt rathaid g'a ionnsaidh fhein dhuinn.

Gleo-<eng>a fight.<gai> Tulg-<eng>a lurch, tossing, rocking.<gai> Rann-<eng>portion, a pedigree.

"Ailean nan ruag a chreach a Chorca da uair" must be Ailean nan Sop, and "Iain Dubh a bha 'n laimh" must be his nephew, John Dubh, of Morvern, who was imprisoned and executed by Angus Macdonald, of Islay, about the year 1586.

John Dubh had four sons, Donald Glas, Allan, of Ardtornish; John Garbh and Charles. Allan, of Ardtornish, was a very prominent man and an active warrior from his youth. He is probably the Allan referred to in the words, "A mhic mhic Ailein nan ruag." He had three sons, Hector, first Maclean, of Kinlochaline: Charles, of Ardnacross, commonly called Tearlach mac Ailein, and Donald, who died unmarried. Hector 1st, of Kinlochaline, had two sons, John 2nd, of Kinlochaline, and Lachlan, who died without issue. Charles, of Ardnacross, had six sons, Allan, first Maclean of Drimnin; Lachlan, of Calgary, Allan, of Grulin; Donald, of Aros; Hector and Ewen.

We have no means of determining who the subject of the lament was. It seems,

[TD 279]

[Taobh-duilleig 283 san leabhar fhein]

however, to have been composed about a grandson of Allan, of Ardtornish.<gai>

MAIRI NIGH'N DEORSA;

Oran do 'n Fhiodhaill.

LE ALASTAIR OG, MAC FEAR AIRD-NA-BIDHE.

Gum b' ait leam 'bhi lamh-riut,  
A Mhairi nigh'n Deorsa.  
Deri ral dal deri,  
Re de ridil dan,  
De ridil dan dan.

Tha gliocas is naire  
Am Mairi nigh'n Deorsa  
Deri ral dal deri,  
Re de ridil dan,  
De ridil dan dan.  
Guth do chinn 's taitneach leinn,  
'Sait leam fhin beo thu;  
Gur suairc thu le solas,  
Tha thu caoin ceolmhor.  
B'ait le m' chluais caismeachd bhuaith,  
'S leat gach buaidh orain,  
Gum b' fhear leam na miltean  
Gum bidhinn 's tu cordte.

'S mor tha dhe m' dhurachd  
Dha d' chul buidh' glan boidheach,  
Gur tlachdmhor 's gur muint' thu  
'N am rusgadh a'd' sheomar.  
'S grinn do mheur, 's binn do theud,  
'S math 'thig beus mor leat;  
B' ait leat a'd' choir e  
'Gabhail ciuil 's cronain.

[TD 280]

[Taobh-duilleig 284 san leabhar fhèin]

'S glan do chom, 's taitneach t' fhonn  
Anns gach pong eolais.  
Gu bheil mi gle chinnteach  
Gum bu shinte leam pog bhuaith.

'N am eirigh sa mhaduinn  
Gum bu taitneach leam t' eisdeachd.  
Do bheus is do thriobhal  
Gu sgiobalta gleusta.  
Sud iad 'suas ri do chluais  
'S iad gu luath leumnach.  
An cuntar 's an tenor  
Bu shunndach le cheil' iad,  
'S iad gun mheang 's iad gun srann,  
'S iad gun cham ghleusadh,  
'S ann leamsa bu chinnteach,  
Gach binn cheol ga sheinn leat.

'S binne leam do chomhradh  
Na smeorach na geige  
'S tu 'dheanadh mo leitheas  
Ged laighinn fo chreuchdan  
'S math mo bheachd nach bu stad  
Leam gu ceart, ceillidh,  
'S mi 'bhi as t' eugmhais,  
Le do phuirt eibhinn.  
S mor an tlachd 'th'air mo run  
Nach labhair durd breige.  
Gun deanainn leat sugradh  
Cho muinte 's a dh' fheudainn.

Gur ceanalt 's gur grideil



A cheile th' aig Deorsa,  
Ni 'n deanadh i eud ris  
Mu streup nam ban oga;  
Chaoin gheal dhonn 's caomhail fonn,  
Urlar lom comhnard  
Cha tuiteadh trom bhron ort,

[TD 281]

[Taobh-duilleig 285 san leabhar fhèin]

Togar leat solas;  
Teud chaol lag gleust' gun stad,  
Meur gu ceart ceolmhor.  
Gur binne le m' chluais thu  
Na chuach is an smeorach.

Ge ceanalt a comhradh,  
'S neo-lodail a curam  
Ni 'n deanadh i iarraidh  
Each diollaid gu giulan.  
Cha laidh fuachd air a snuadh  
Ri la fuar funntail.  
Cha chaochail i grunnd ris  
Ged bhiodh i leth-ruisgte.  
Tlachd na gnìomh, mais' 'na fiamh,  
'S i gu fìor chuirteil,  
'S mairg chitheadh i 'ga seoladh  
An crogan an umaidh.

'Thuilleadh air gach suairceas  
Tha buaidh ort an comhnaidh  
Ni bheil thu costail  
'S gun dochainn thu 'm bord aig',  
Tha i saor gun bhi daor,  
Chan fheil gaol prois' oirre;  
'S beag a diol comhdaich  
'Ga cumail 'an ordagh,  
Chan fheil biadh cha 'n 'eil deoch  
Theid 'na corp comhla,  
Chan iarradh i lianradh  
Ach siod' agus roiseid.

Ma chaidh thu a suas  
A thoirt ruaig to Chinn-taile,  
Bidh mise a sior ghuidhe  
Thu 'thighin a'd' shlainte  
Ma 's dol suas dhuit air chuairt  
Do 'n taobh-tuath 'n drasta,

[TD 282]

[Taobh-duilleig 286 san leabhar fhèin]

'S mise 'bhios craiteach  
'S nach cluinn mi bhuit failte.  
Tha mi trom ann am chom  
'S nach h-'eil t' fhonn lamh-rium.

Gun d' fhag thu mi 'd' dheaghaidh  
Gun mheoghail, gun danachd.

<eng>We have not been able to procure any information about the author of this poem. All we know about him is that his name was Alexander Macdonell, that he belonged to the Glengarry branch of the clan, and that he was a contemporary with Alastair Mac Mhaighstir Alastair. He was alive in 1751. We find John Macdonell, of Ardnabie, mentioned in 1744. But in what relationship Alastair Og stood to this John we cannot tell. Neither can we tell the relationship between Alastair Og and Mrs. Fraser, of Culbokie, an excellent poetess and a daughter of one of the Macdonells of Ardnabie.<gai>

GUR A TROM LEAM MO SHAIL.

Oran le Domhnall Mac-Gillemhoire, an Tiritheadh, an deigh bas a chuid cloinne, agus e og obair air morlanachd comhla-ri clann eile.

Gur a trom leam mo shail,  
Is mo ghearran a 'm' laimh,

[TD 283]

[Taobh-duilleig 287 san leabhar fhèin]

'Tarruing chlach as an lar le m' dhorn  
Gur a trom, &c.

Mar-ri paisdean gun chiall,  
'S iad air failinn gun bhiadh,  
'S mi 'g an cumail air rian mar 's coir.

Tha gach aon ag radh rium  
Bu neo-nadarra 'chuis e  
Gu 'n deanadh tu sugradh leo.

'Nuair 'thig a Chaingis a staigh,  
Falbhaidh mise gun cheist,  
'S theid mi 'dh-ionnsaidh mo threis 's mo threoir

Tighearna Chola so thall.  
Mac Iain 's a chlann;  
C' uim am bi 'n ur taiug 's iad beo?

Gloir do 'n Ti mar a tha,  
Nach h-i 'n aonta bheag, ghearr,  
A tha agad a ghraidh an coir.

Tha thu 'shliochd nam fear treun  
Ann an carraid no 'n streup,  
Daoine rioghail gun speis de dh-or.

Clann-Ghilleain nan tuagh,  
'S tric a choisinn iad buaidh,  
Bu leo deas laimh an t-sluaigh le coir.

Ur ceann-cinnidh gun fhoill,  
Malairt cleoc' cha do rinn,

'S ann a strìochd e do dh-oighreachd gloir'.

'S ann a dh' fhalbh iad an nis  
Na fir mhora 'b' fhearr meas,

[TD 284]

[Taobh-duilleig 288 san leabhar fhèin]

Eachann Ruadh is a mhic, 's mac Eoin.

'Nuair a bha thu san Fhraing,  
Ged a b' fhad' i o laimh,  
Dhaithnichinn t' fhabhar air cainnt am beoil.

Bha mi leat 's an taobh tuath,  
Chithinn romham thu 'suas,  
Is sinn aigeannach, uallach, og.

<eng>Hector Roy, son and heir of John Maclean, 7th of Coll, died before his father, leaving two sons, Lachlan and Donald. Lachlan, 8th of Coll, was drowned in 1687. He was succeeded by his only son, John, who died young. John was succeeded by his uncle, Donald, who died in 1729. Donald was succeeded by his eldest son, Hector, the subject of the poem. Hector died Nov 6th, 1756. "MacEoin" is evidently Sir Hector Maclean, chief of the clan, who died in 1750. The poem then must have been composed between 1750 and 1756. Sir Hector was brought to Coll at the age of four and staid there until he was eighteen. Donald Morrison would thus, no doubt, be well acquainted with him.<gai>

[TD 285]

[Taobh-duilleig 289 san leabhar fhèin]

ORAN.

Do dh' Eachann MacGilleain, Fear Eilein nam Muc, 'n uair a chaidh e a chomhnaidh do 'n Eilein Sgitheanach.

LE IAIN MAC-AOIDH.

Tha mi lionte le bron,  
Cha 'n 'eil m' inntinn air doigh,  
Na'm bu bhinn leibh mo ghloir eisdeachd.

'S mi mar Oisean nam Fiann,  
Tha mo chuideachd air triall,  
'S math mo bharail nach sgial breig e.

Dh' fhalbh an guth as a chreig,  
Is cha labhair e smid,  
'S ann a dh' fhaireas mi riochd feirg air.

Tha mi 'g iargain an oig,  
Gnuis na fialachd roimh 'n t-slogh,  
Cha b'i 'n ainnis bu cheol feisd' dhaibh.

Bhiodht' a' caitheamh nan corn

Leis an aighear bu mho,  
'S bhiodh do ghillean ri spors eibhinn;

Moran misnich 'nan ceann,  
Beagan gliocais 'nan cainnt,  
Is iad friothailteach, fann, feileach.

'S mac thu dh'armunn nam buadh,  
Nach do sharaich an tuath,  
'Bhuidhinn parras 's an uair fheumail.

An am crambadh a chruin,  
A chuir Tearlach bho'n chuir,

[TD 286]

[Taobh-duilleig 290 san leabhar fhèin]

'S iad do chairdean a b'fhiu 'm foighneachd.

Cha bhi mise orra 'cainnt,  
Cha 'n 'eil buannachd dhomh ann,  
Cha bhi brigh ann an seann sgeula.

'Fhir a b'ealaimhe lamh  
Ri taobh aibhnean is charn,  
'S ann bho d'chu nach bu shlan beistean.

'S ann bho shurdaig do shnaip  
Bhiodh an t-udlaich' gun neart,  
'S fir 'ga ghiulan gu bras, eutrom.

'Tigh'nn bho chaitheamh a chuain,  
Gu'm bu shar mhath do shnuadh,  
Ort cha laigheadh an uair bheurtha.

Cha bu chladhaire cearr  
Thu 'n am suidhe air an earr,  
Gu'm biodh claidh air muir ard sleisde.

Dh'fhaodadh Trailibhail thall  
Firinn aireamh de m' chainnt,  
Nam biodh Gaidhlig 'na ceann breidgheal.

Tha mi 'chuideachd an drast  
Air fuaim tuinne ri traigh,  
Far 'm bu churaideach gair' theud dhomh;

Aig an ribhinn gun sgod  
Nighean tuitear Mhic-Leoid,  
Riamh nach d'fhuaras mu'n or gleidhteach;

Nighean crunair an aigh  
'Choisinn urram thar chaich;  
'S cian 's gur fad' thug na baird sgeul ort.

B'fhearr leat foghail do lamh

[TD 287]

[Taobh-duilleig 291 san leabhar fhèin]

'Bhi 'toirt toghaidh air cnaimh,  
Na bhi 'gleadhar air sgath spreidhe.

Gu bheil slios do dha thaoibh  
Mar an eala air na tuinn,  
No mar chanach an grunn d feithe.

Neul nan caor air do ghruaidh,  
'N uair a dh'fhaodar am buain;  
Ort cha laigheadh an snuadh breige.

Deud mar chailc ann ad cheann,  
Air a snaigheadh mar chnaimh;  
Beul dearg daitht' o nach gann Beurla.

Ciochan corrach geal min  
Air uchd soluis nach crion;-  
'S iomadh buaidh 'th'air a mhnaoi cheutaich.

Crambadh—<eng>a quarrel.<gai> Foghail—<eng>noise, bustle.

Hector, first Maclean of Muck, was the second son of Lachlan. sixth Maclean of Coll. He fought under Montrose, and behaved with distinguished gallantry at the battle of Kilsyth. By his wife Julian, a daughter of Allan Maclean of Ardtornish, he had two son, Hector and Ewen. Hector, second Maclean of Muck, married Catherine, daughter of Hector Roy of Coll, and had two sons, Hector, who died without issue, and Lachlan, his successor. Lachlan, third Maclean of Muck, married Mary, daughter of James Mac-

[TD 288]

[Taobh-duilleig 292 san leabhar fhèin]

donald of Balfinlay, by whom he had two sons, Hector and Donald. Hector, fourth Maclean of Muck, married Isabel, daughter of Donald Macleod of Talisker. This Hector is the subject of the poem. He had no issue. He was succeeded in Muck by his brother Donald.<gai>

CUMHA DO DH-IAIN OG SGALPA.

LE A PHIUTHAIR.

'S e 'n sgeul a fhuair mi 'n drasta  
Nach do leig dhomh air choir;  
Is iomluaineach na teasaichean  
A ghrab mi gun bhi falbh,  
Cha bu toiseach faochaidh dhomh  
Bhi smaointeachadh Iain og  
'Chur 'sa chiste chaoil am falach  
Air a sparradh leis an ord.

Na'm bu talamh machrach e,  
Is e bhi fada, reidh,

Air dhoigh 's gu'm faodt' a mharcachadh,  
Gun each a chur 'n a leum,  
Na h-eadar Rudha Mhalaig  
Agus carraig a chinn leith,  
Ghluaiseadh Mairi 'n taice riut,  
'S a suil ri frasadh dheur.

Na'm faighinn sud air m' ordagh  
A bhi gad choir-sa 'n de,  
A meudachadh do thorraidh,  
Gu'm bu deonach leam an ceum,  
Ghluaiseadh leinn Mac-Dhomhnaill ann,  
'S a bhraithrean oga fein,

[TD 289]

[Taobh-duilleig 293 san leabhar fhèin]

Thigeadh Maighstir Meodha  
'S cha bu shubhach leis an sgeul.

Is oil leam fhin an cruinneachadh  
'Tha air gach duine 's tir  
Is iad gu tiamhaidh, muladach.  
Mu 'n churaidh 'bu mhor phris  
Is lionmhor te 'tha tuireadh ort,  
Na'm b' urrainn mi 'n cur sios,  
Ri moladh an t-sar cheannaiche  
'N am teannadh ri ol fion'.

Alastair a Grisinnis,  
Gu'm biodh tu 's tir so 'n de,  
Is Tormoid ann an Uinis  
Na'n cluinneadh sibh an sgeul,  
Ruairidh Mor a Hamara  
Chan fhanadh e 'n 'ur deigh,  
Ogha 'n t-seanar mhathasaich  
'Thug aighear dhuibh am beinn.

Bu mhiann leat gunna gleusta,  
Is bu ro mhath 'fheum a'd' laimh,  
Is luaidhe ghorm is fudar  
Agus cuilain siubhlach, seang,  
A dhol do bheinn nan aighean,  
S gu'm bu tadhallach sibh ann,  
Sar ghiomanach gun amharus  
'Measg mhaithean Innse-Gall.

'N uair 'thearnadh sibh gu h-iosal  
Is sibh sgith a siubhal shliabh,  
Gu d' thaigheadas mor, priseil,  
Ann an caidrimh frith nam fiadh,  
Gheibhteadh cuirm gun iotadh  
Agus ol air fion gu fial;  
B' fhear-taighe suilbhir solasach thu,  
'Bheireadh ol do chiad.

[TD 290]

[Taobh-duilleig 294 san leabhar fhèin]

Is iomadh ainm a thigeadh ort.  
Sar sgiobair ri la fuar;  
Bu stiuramaich' thar bairlinn thu  
Ged bhiodh i ard 'sa chuan.  
Chan fhaicteadh fiamh a' d' aodann-sa,  
A dh aindeoin gaoith 's anuair;  
Gu'm b' urrainn ann san ardraich thu,  
Ged bhiodh i 'n gabhadh cruaidh.

O, marbphaisg air an eug  
A thug bhuainn an trunfhear ard  
A bha deas, faicheil, foinnidh  
Air gach coinnimh am measg chaich,  
'Bha aotrom, ealamh, siubhlach  
Gus 'n do chaill thu luths do bhall,  
Is smearail, fearail, feumalach,  
Air iomad gleus nach cearr.

Nuair rachadh tu do Bhernara,  
'Sa chluinnteadh gair nan teud,  
Piobaireachd is clarsaireachd,  
Is fiodhall ard ga seinn,  
Chuireadh tu nan tamh iad  
Le tlachd do mhanrain fein;  
'S gur h-iomad fear 'bhiodh 'gaireachdainn  
Le abhachdas do bheil.

Tha do sheoid gun aiteas  
Ann an Sgalpa 's iad 'nan tamh;  
Is cha b' e sud a chleachd iad  
Aig an oig fhear ghasd' a bha;  
Gu'm bu shundach meadhrach dheth  
Gach teaghlach 'bha fo d' sgail;  
'S an nis tha iad trom, airsnealach,  
Bho'n thaisgeadh thu fo 'n chlar.

<eng>We cannot tell who Iain Og Sgalpa was. It is evident, however, that he was

[TD 291]

[Taobh-duilleig 295 san leabhar fhèin]

a Macleod or a Macdonald. Mr. Meodha, we suspect, is a mistake; we can find no minister of that name mentioned in Scott's Fasti Ecclesiae Scoticanæ.<gai>

ORAN DO MHAC-NEILL BHARRA.

LE EOGHAN MAC-GILLEAIN AM BARRA.

Fhuair mi naidheachd thar fasaich  
Mu chuis granda gun tuigse;  
Tha mo smaointinnean gabhaidh,  
'S bualadh gairich a'm chuislean.

Leam is cruaidh a bhi diteadh  
An fhir phriseil gun tuisleadh;  
Slat de 'n abhal gun chrine  
'Dh' fhas cho direach ri cuidseal.

Sar cheann-uidhe nan deireach,  
Gnuis na feile 's an tlachda.  
Nam bu bhas dhuit 's a cheum sin  
Bhiodmaid fein dheth gun taice.  
'S iomad dilleachdan bronach  
'Bhiodh gun chomhnadh gun tacsas,  
'Ga shior ghreadadh 's ga leonadh,  
'S ar tighearn' og 'ga thoirt seachad.

C'ait 'n do sheas e air urlar  
No'n do lub e 'na phearsa  
Aon 'thug barr ort an cuirteas,  
'Fhir bu luth-chleasaich' fasan?  
Tha mi cinnteach gu leoir dheth,  
Cha 'n e 'm bosd 'tha mi cantuinn,  
Nach lubadh tu 'm feoirnein  
Fo do bhroig air an fhaiche.

[TD 292]

[Taobh-duilleig 296 san leabhar fhèin]

C'ait am faicteadh fo armaibh  
Aon bu dealbhaiche pearsa?  
Bhiodh ort claideamh chinn airgid  
'S daga mheanbh bhreac na leapa,  
Sgiath charraigneach bhreac philleach,  
'S biodag bhiorach gheur sgaiteach.  
Bu tu 'm fiuran deas moralach  
'S an connspunn treun smachdal.

Bu tu sealgair na sithne  
Anns na frithibh 'gan caisead,  
Le gunna 'bheoil chinntich  
'Bheireadh dith air an ealtainn.  
'N uair a chasgadh tu 'mhiog-shuil  
Is a chiteadh do lasair  
Bhiodh do pheileir a' gluasad  
Troimh dhamh uallach on astair.

Bu tu'n sgiobair neo-chearbach  
Air muir ghailbheich nan cas-shruth;  
Bha thu mion-shuileach cinnteach  
Foinnidh, innsgineach, tapaidh;  
Bha thu fearail ri d' innse,  
S bha thu fìor ghasd ri d' fhaicinn;  
'S air naile bhuidhneadh tu cis  
Air iomairt dhisnean nam bhreac-bhall.

C'uime 'n ceilinn an fhirinn?  
Dh'fhaotuinn innse gun sgrubadh  
Nach robh idir 's na crìochan s'  
Aon nach b' fhiach leis 'bhi'd chuideachd,  
'N uair a thairngteadh do shith



'S an am do mhi-run tigh'nn thugad.  
'S tu nach soradh am fion oirnn  
No aon ni 'bhiodh am buideal.

Cuidseal-<eng>a cudgel.<gai> Tasca-<eng>support, substance,  
solidity.<gai> Innsgineach-<eng>sprightly, lively.<gai>

[TD 293]

[Taobh-duilleig 297 san leabhar fhèin]

DOMHNALL BAN A' BHOCAIN.

Bha sinn eolach air an Tailleair Abrach bho laithibh ar n-oige. Bha e a' fuireach lamh-ruinn. Is e Iain Domhnallach a b' ainm dha. Rugadh is thogadh e an Lochabar. Bu mhac e do Ghilleasbic, mac Aonghais, mac Alastair Bhain, mac Alastair Mhoir, mac Aonghais a' Bhocain, mac Aonghais Mhoir Bhoth-Fhiunntain, mac Alastair, mac Iain Dribh, mac Raonaill Mhoir na Ceapaich. Bha e corr agus deich bliadhna fichead de dh-aois an uair a thanic e do 'n duthaich so. Bha cuimhne mhath aige, agus bha moran tlachd aige ann an eachdraidh nan Gaidheal. Bha e gle fhiosrach mu Dhomhnallaich na Ceapaich, agus gu sonnraichte mu Shliochd an Taighe, am meur de 'n robh e-fhein. Bha beagan de chriomagan oran aige air a theanga, ach 's gann gu 'n robh oran sam bith aige bho cheann gu ceann. Thachair dhuinn a bhi aig an taigh, aig ar seann dachaidh, air an darna lathadeug de cheud mhios an fhoghair 'sa bhliadhna 1885. Chuir sinn fios air an Tailleair, agus thanic e a shealltainn oirnn am beul na h-oidhche. Dh' iarr sinn air eachdraidh Dhomhnaill Bhain a Bhocain a thoirt duinn. Sgrìobh sinn a sios i facal air an fhacal mar a thug e seachad i. 'N uair a' bha 'n Tailleair a dol dachaidh thug sinn ceum comhla ris. Ranic sinn gle fhaisg air an taigh leis. Bha e soilleir gu 'n robh e a dol air ais gu mor. Bha na casan lag is an anail goirid seach mar a b' abhaist. Cha 'n fhaca sinn tuilleadh e, chaochail e

[TD 294]

[Taobh-duilleig 298 san leabhar fhèin]

an ceann beagan mhiosan. Bha e mu cheithir fichead bliadhna 's a tri de dh-aois.

So agaibh ma ta eachdraidh Dhomhnaill Bhain a Bhocain mar a thug an Tailleair dhuinne i:

Bha Domhnall Ban a Bhocain a fuireach ann am Muin-Easaidh. Bu Domhnallach e de Thaigh na Ceapaich. Bha e posda ri Bana-Ghriogaraich a mhuinntir Raineich.

Bha Domhnall Ban ann am Blar Chuilfhodair. An deigh a' bhlaire bha e 'g a fhalach fhein ann am bothan airidh. Bha da ghunna aige, fear diu lan 's fear nach robh. Thanic cuideachd Mhic-Dhomhnaill Shleite air, agus leum e am mach troimh uinneig chuill. Thug e leis gu tubaisteach an gunna falamh. Loisg iad 'n a dheigh, 's bhrìst am peileir a chas. Thanic na saighdearan far an robh e. Co thu, ars' iadsan. Is Domhnallach mise ars' e san. Thug iad leo e gu Ionar-Nis. Bha e greis ann am prìosan an sin. Bha cuirt ac' air, ach fhuair e as. 'N uair a bha e sa' prìosan chunnaic e brùadar. Chunnaic e e fhein, Alastair mac Cholla, agus Domhnall mac Raonaill Mhoir ag ol. B'e Domhnall mac Raonaill Mhoir am fear a bha iad ag radh a bha da

chridh' ann. Chaidh a ghlacadh san Eaglais Bhric 's a chur gu bas an Carlisle. An deigh do Dhomhnall Ban am brудар fhaicinn rinn e an duanag so:

Gur h-e mise 'tha sgith,  
'S mi air leaba leam fhin,  
'S iad ag raitinn nach bi mi beo.  
Gur h-e mise, &c.

[TD 295]

[Taobh-duilleig 299 san leabhar fhèin]

Chunnacas Alastair Ban  
Is da Dhomhnall mo ghraidh,  
'S sinn ag ol nan deoch-slaime' air bord.

'N uair a dhuisg mi a m' shuain,  
'S e dh' fhag m' aigneadh fo ghruaim,  
Nach robh agam san uair ach sgleo.

Ged a tha mi gun spreidh,  
Bha mi mor asam fein  
Fhad 's a mhaireadh sibh fhein domh beo.

Faodaidh balach gun taing  
'N diu bhi 'raidh air mo cheann;  
Dh' fhalbh mo thaice, mo chail, 's mo threoir.

Bha 'm Bocan a' cur dragh' air Domhnall Ban. Smaointich Domhnall na 'm fagadh e 'n taigh nach cuireadh e dragh tuilleadh air. Thug e leis a h-uile ni gu dhol air imrich ach a chliath chliata, a dh'fhag e aig taobh an taighe. Chunnac an fheadhainn a bha 'falbh leis an imrich a chliath chliata a' tighinn 'n an deigh. Thalbh, thalbh, arsa Domhnall Ban, ma tha a chliath chliata a' tighinn 'n ar deigh, tha e cho math dhuinn tilleadh. Thill e ais ais far an robh e roimhe, 's cha d' fhalbh e riamh tuilleadh.

Bha mo sheanair, Aonghas mac Alastair Bhain, duine firinneach, onarach, oidhche ann an taigh Dhomhnaill Bhain, agus chaidh e 'chadal ann, Rug rud air dha ordaig a choise, agus cha 'n fhaigheadh e as na's mo na ged a bhitheadh e ann an gramaiche a ghobhainn. Cha 'n fhaigheadh e gluasad. 'S e 'm bocan a

[TD 296]

[Taobh-duilleig 300 san leabhar fhèin]

bh' ann; ach cho do rinn e dad air ach sud.

Bha Raonall Abarardair oidhch' an taigh Dhomhnaill Bhain. Thubhairt NicGriogair, bean Dhomhnaill, ri Raonall,—“Ged a bheir mi dhuibh an t-im an nochd air a' bhord theid a shalachadh.” Thubhairt Raonall,—“Theid mise thun a' churrasain ime 's mo bhiodag 'am dhorn 's a bhoineid os cionn a churrasain 's cha shalaich e 'n nochd e. Chaidh Raonall a sios comhl' rithe 's thug iad leo an t im; ach bha e salach mar a b' abhaist.

“Na clachan agus na caoban  
Cha leigeadh leis an naomhan cadal”

Chaidil Mr. Iain Mor Mac-Dhughail, an sagart, oidhche no dha ann an taigh Dhomhnaill Bhain, ach cha digeadh am Bocan an oidhche bhiodh e san ann.

Bhiodh am Bocan a' tilgeadh rud as na balachan. Bhiodh iad a' cluinntinn nan sgionnan 'gan g arachadh aig ceann leaba Dhomhnaill Bhain.

An oidhche mu dheireadh a thanic, am Bocan bha e 'g innse gu 'n robh iad so 's iad so comhl' ris, spioradan eile. Thuirt a' bhean ri Domhnall Ban,—"Shaoilinn fhin na'm biodh iad sin comhl' ris gu 'm bruidhneadh iad ruinn." Fhreagair am Bocan, "Cha 'n fheil comas bruidhne aca na's mo na tha aig bonn do choise. Thuirt am Bocan, "Thig am mach a' so, a Dhomhnaill Bhain. Theid, arsa Domhnall Ban, agus taing do Ni Math gu 'n d' iarr thu mi. Bha Domhnall Ban a' dol am mach 'S a toirt leis na biodaige. 'Fag do

[TD 297]

[Taobh-duilleig 301 san leabhar fhèin]

bhiodag a staigh, a Dhomhnaill Bhain," ars' am Bocan. "Fag an sgian a staigh, cuideachd." Chaidh Domhnall am mach. Chaidh e-fhein 's am Bocan an sin troimh Acha-nan-Comhachan air feadh na h-oidhche. Chaidh iad an sin troimh uillt 's troimh choille bheatha, mu thri mile,—gus an do ranac iad an Fheairt. 'N uair a ranic iad sin dh' fheuch am Bocan dha toll ann san do chuir e am falach iarunn croinn 'n uair a bha e beo. 'Nuair a bha e a' toirt nan iarunn as an toll bha da shuil a' Bhocain a cur an corr de dh-eagal air na ni eile a chuala no chunnaic e. 'N uair a fhuair e na h-iaruinn thill iad dhachaidh gu Muin-Easaidh, e-fhein 's am Bocan. Dheilich iad an oidhche sin aig taigh Dhomhnaill Bhain.

Chaidh am Bocan an sin gu taigh tuathanaich. Bha e a' sineadh a lamhan thairis air an tuathanach 's a cur an aodaich air bean an tuathanaich. "De tha thu deanamh an sin?" ars' an tuathanach. "Tha mi cur aodaich air mo bhana-charaid." Dh 'fhalbh am Bocan an sin 's cha 'n fhacas riamh tuilleadh e.

Bha gille aig Domhnall Ban, Caimbeulach, a chaidh a mharbhadh an Cuilfhodair. Thug an gille so d dh-fhear-faighe, uair, tuilleadh is a chord ri Domhnall Ban. Throd Domhnall Ban ris. Thuirt an gille ris, "Bidh mi dioghailt beo na marbh airson so." Bha amharras aig daoine gu 'm b'e an gille so am Bocan, ach cha d' innis Domhnall Ban co a bh' ann.

Theab sluagh Domhnall Ban a chreach a' dol a shealltainn air. Bha da mhac

[TD 298]

[Taobh-duilleig 302 san leabhar fhèin]

aige, Aonghas Ruadh Chraineachain agus Domhnall Ban. B' e Domhnall Ban Marsanta, a bha san duthaich so, mac Alastair, mhic Dhomhnaill Bhain, mhic Dhomhnaill Bhain a' Bhocain.

LAOIDH.

LE DOMHNALL BAN A' BHOCAIN.

'Dhia, a chruthaich mi gun chaileachd,  
Daingnich mo chreideamh is dean laidir,  
Thoir air aingeal tigh 'nn a Paras  
Is comhnaidh 'ghabhail ann am fhardaich,  
Gu m' theasraiginn bho gach buaireadh  
'Tha droch shluagh a' cur 'am charaibh;  
'Iosa, a dh' fhuiling do cheusadh,  
Caisg am beusan 's bi fhein mar-rium.

'S beag ionghnadh dhomh bhi ri smaointeach;  
N am dhomh dol daonnan do m' leaba,  
Eiridh na clachan 's na caoban,  
Nach leigeadh le naomhan cadal.  
Bidh mi gun fhois is gun tamh innt',  
Gun chlos is gun phramh gu madainn;  
'Fhir a tha 'n cathair nan grasan,  
Faic mo charadh 's bi 'd gheard agam.

'S beag ionghnadh dhomh 'bhi fo imcheist,  
'Liuthad seanachas 'th' orm 's gach duthaich;  
Their roinn diu a bhios ri eucoir,  
'S ann 'n a dheaghaidh fhein 'tha 'chuis ud.  
Na doir a' bhreith ach mar 's leir dhuit,  
Ged a robh Mac Dhe ga d' dhusgadh;  
Cha 'n fheil fhios am mo a thoill mi

[TD 299]

[Taobh-duilleig 303 san leabhar fhèin]

Na 'm fear saibhir 'tha gun churam.

Ged tha trioblaid orm 'san am so,  
Naile, gheibh mi paigheadh dubailt;  
'N uair 'thig gairm orm bho m' Shlanaighear  
Gheibh mi iochd is grasan ura.  
Cha 'n eagal dhomhsa tuilleadh bruaillein  
'N uair 'theid mi 'suas mar-ri d' naoimh-sa;  
'Fhir a tha 'd shuidhe 'sa chathair,  
Cuidich mo labhairt 's gabh ri m' urnaigh.

A Dhia, dean sa mise cuimhneach  
A latha 's a dh oidhch' air bhi 'g urnaigh,  
Ag iarraidh mathanais gu saibhir  
Ann sna rinn mi, air mo ghluinean.  
Cairich le Spiorad na firinn  
Aithreachas gle chinnt am ghrund-sa,  
'S 'n uair 'chuireas Tu 'm bas ga m' iarraidh',  
Gu 'n gabhadh Criosda dhiom curam.

Tha cuid ag radh gur h-e mac do dh-Aonghas Odhar, Mac Ghilleasbic na Ceapaich, a bh' ann an Domhnall Ban a Bhocain, agus gu 'm bu nighean a mhathair do dh-Aonghas Og, Fear Choille-Chonaid, a bha de na Domhnallaich ris an abairteadh Sliochd an Iarla. Bha brathair aig Aonghas Og d' am b' aim Domhnall Dubh, agus bha mac aige d' am b' ainm Gilleasbic. Tha e air a radh gu'n dug na sithichean leotha Gileasbic, agus gu 'm faca Domhnall Ban e air oidhche shonnraichte a dannsa maille riutha cho cruaidh agus a b' urrainn e. Tha e air innse cuideachd mu Dhomhnall Ban gu

[TD 300]

[Taobh-duilleig 304 san leabhar fhèin]

'n robh e air cuairt sheilge am bliadhna an t-sneachda mhoir, agus mu bheul na h-oidhche gu 'm fac e duine air muin feidh agus e a dìreadh a suas ri creig mhoir. Chual e an duine ag radh, Dhachaidh, a Dhomhnaill Bhain. Ghabh e comhairle. Air an oidhche sin fhein thuit aon troigh deug de shneachda 'sa cheart aite ann san robh e a dol a ghabhail taimh.

ORAN.

Do dh-Ailean Mac-Gilleain, Tighearna nan Drimnean 'sa Mhorairne.

LE GILLEASBIC MAC-NEILL.

Moch 'sa mhadainn Di-luain  
Fhuair mi naidheachd 'bha cruaidh,  
Mu 'n do thog mi mo chluas gu eirigh;  
Moch 'sa mhadainn, &c.

Gu bheil Ailean 'na chorp,  
Ann sna Drimnean an nochd;  
Dh' fhag sud lomgaineach, goirt, a cheile.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh dh' i e,  
A bhi tursach 'g a cradh;  
Dh' fhag i 'n ulaidh am barr chnoc Micheil.

'S iomadh biadh agus deoch  
Tha roimh t' anam an nochd,  
Ard cheann-uidhe nam bochd 's nam feumach.

Bu tu ceann-uidhe nan ciad  
'Bhiodh a' tighin 's a triall;

[TD 301]

[Taobh-duilleig 305 san leabhar fhèin]

Iuchair ghliocais na Dreallainn dh' eug e.

Na 'm biodh fear ann an glais,  
'Dhiobhail cothroim is ceirt,  
Sheasadh Ailean le reachd 's le ceill e.

Na 'm biodh earrann de 'n choir,  
Air a thaobh-san de 'n bhord,  
Thairneadh Ailean fo chleoc gu leir i.

'N uair a shuidheadh tu 'n cuirt,  
An taigh-lagha no 'n tur,  
'S tu gu 'm b' urrainn gach cuis a reiteach'.

Gu 'm b' e t' fhasan-sa riamh,  
Ann ad thalla 'b 'fhearr rian,

'Bhi 'toirt seachad gu fialaidh fheusdan.

Cha bhiodh ainnis a' d' bheachd,  
'S tu cuireadh uaislean a steach;  
Bhiodh do ghillean 'nan dreap is dh' fheumadh.

Treis air iomairt 's air ol,  
Treis air mire 's air ceol,  
Gus an goireadh na h eoin 'sna geugan.

Tha do chinneadh fo phramh,  
'S beag an t-ionghnadh dhaibh e;  
Dh' fhalbh an urrain, an agh, 's an eifeachd.

Dh' fhalbh an spionnadh 's an neart,  
Dh' fhalbh an cothrom san ceart,  
Dh' fhalbh na thogadh fear airc' a eigin.

<eng>Allan Maclean, Ailean Mac Thearlaich mhic Ailein mhic Iain Duibh,  
first of

[TD 302]

[Taobh-duilleig 306 san leabhar fhèin]

Drimnin, married Mary, daughter of John Cameron of Callart, by whom he had John, Donald and Margaret. He was one of the handsomest men of his day. He died at the age of twenty-nine. John, second of Drimnin, married Mary, daughter of John Crubach Maclean of Ardgour, and had two sons by her, Allan and Charles. He died, like his father, at the age of twenty-nine. Allan, third of Drimnin, died unmarried, also at the age of twenty-nine. Charles, fourth of Drimnin, had a natural son named Lachlan. He married Isabella, daughter of John Cameron of Erracht, by whom he had Allan, John, Donald, Lachlan and Marjory. He obtained the estate of Kinlochaline in 1735. He commanded the Macleans at the battle of Culloden in 1746, where he was killed, together with his natural son, Lachlan, who was a captain under him. His daughter, Marjory, was married to Donald Cameron of Erracht. Lieutenant General Allan Cameron, Ailean an Earrachd, who was born shortly before the battle of Culloden, was her son. Charles of Drimnin was succeeded by his eldest son, Allan. Allan fifth of Drimnin, is the subject of the poem. He married first, Anne, daughter of Donald Maclean of Brolas, by whom he had Charles and Una. He married secondly, Mary, daughter of Lachlan Maclean of Lochbuie, and had by her, Donald, of Kinlochleven, another son, and nine daughters. The date of his death we do not know.<gai>

[TD 303]

[Taobh-duilleig 307 san leabhar fhèin]

CUMHA.

Do Dhomhnall Mac-Gilleain, Tighearn' og Chola, a chaidh a bhathadh ann an Caolas Ulbha 'sa Bhliadhna 1774.

LE SEUMAS BUCHANAN, MAIGHSTIR-SGOILE ANN AN COLA.

Is searbh cupan na beatha

Do Chlann-Ghilleain, 's cha 'n ionghnadh  
'S gach call agus trioblaid  
'Tha 'gan riobadh 's 'gan rusgadh.  
Fhuair iad 'nis buille mhuineil,  
Fath mo dhunaich 's mo dhiobhail;  
Chaill iad ceannard na tuatha,  
Dha 'n robh 'n uaisle 'n a ghiulan.  
Mo run geal og.

Mar sheann luing gun fhear-riaghlaidh,  
Air cuan fiadhaich san dubhlachd,  
Tha do chinneadh 's do chairdean,  
Is muir baite ga 'n ionnsaidh.  
Gur a goirt leam an gairich,  
O 'n is bas do 'n fhear-iuil ac',  
'Bualadh bhas an am eirigh;-  
'Righ na greine bi dluth dhaibh.

Bha a ghliocas ro shonnraicht',  
Agus 'eolas ro phriseil;  
Bha e gaolach ro smachdail,  
'S moran tlachd aig' do 'n fhirinn.  
Solus ur 'bha ro alainn;  
'S nan deach 'fhagail 's an d' lion e,  
Cha chaoidheamaid bas Eachainn,  
Ged bu chreach ann san tir e.

[TD 304]

[Taobh-duilleig 308 san leabhar fhèin]

Dh' fhalbh Domhnall og Chola,  
Is gu 'm b' oil le d' luchd-eolais;  
Bha do nadur ro uasal,  
Lan suairceis, gun mhor-chuis.  
Bha thu iriosal, baigheil,  
Is 'n ad namhaid do 'n do-bheairt;  
Caraid islean is uaislean;  
'Righ, gu 'm b' fhuath leat am foirneart.

'S og a chuir mi ort eolas,  
'S cha bu chomhstri no streup e;  
Cha robh 'm beus sin riut fuaighte,  
'S mor an uaisle 'bha 'g eirighd.  
Is a' direadh mu d' ghuaillibh,  
Oig uallaich na feile;  
'S o 'n a rinneadh do bhathadh  
Tha do chairdean fo eislean.

Is neo-shunndach do phiuthar;  
Is trom dubhach do bhrathair,  
Ged tha uachdranachd duthcha  
'Tarruing dluth air le d' bhas-sa.  
Gur a truime an aiceid  
Is an sac 'tha 'n uchd Mairi,  
Mu 'n ur ailleagan cheutach  
'Thug i 'speis is a gradh dha.

'S truagh t' athair 's do mhathair,

'S bidh iad craiteach 's an eug iad,  
O 'n a fhuair iad sgeul bronach  
Bas Dhomhnaill an ceud ghin.  
A Rìgh, furtaich is foirinn,  
'S cuir an dochas am meudachd  
Ann san Ti a b' fhearr coir air  
Mu 'n deach cota no lein' air.

Gun luaidh air a' ghearan  
'N ad chuid fearainn 'san duthaich,

[TD 305]

[Taobh-duilleig 309 san leabhar fhèin]

Gu bheil mis' air mo ghonadh  
Le do chonaibh a' tursadh,  
'S iad rl donnalaich oillteil  
'Siubhal coilltich is stuc bheann,  
'Giarraidh 'mhaighstir, mhaith, choir, sin,  
'S tric a leon an damh luthar.

Cha bhiodh acras no iota,  
Air do dhiol, do luchd-sugraidh;  
Do pheighinnean beag' sporain  
Gheibheadh comunn nan luth-chleas.  
'S iomadh glaine dhe 'n toiseach  
A fhuair oigridh do dhuthcha  
As do laimh, mu 'n do dh-fhas thu  
Suas thar airdead mo ghluine.

Bu tu caraid na tuatha  
Nach bu chruaidh ann am mal orr';  
Ged bhiodh failinn na 'n cuineadh  
'S tu nach diultadh an dail dhaibh.  
Cha bhiodh iomair' dhe t' fhearann  
A chion ghearran gu 'aiteach  
Na 'm bu ghibht a bhiodh buan thu,  
Bhiodh do shluagh-sa gu statail.

Ma 's e luban luchd-fuatha,  
Le tuaineal na poite,  
No le buidseachas laidir,  
'Thug am bas ort, a Dhomhnaill.  
Sgrios na h-aoine 'n am eirigh  
Orra fhein 's air an doighean.  
Dh' fhag iad sinne fo eislean,  
Is neo-eibhinn ri 'r beo dheth.

Tha e 'n diugh an Cill-Ionnaig,  
Fath mo mhulaid 's mo dhoruinn,  
Fear a chridhe mhoir, fharsaing,  
Lan ceartais, gun gho ann.

[TD 306]

[Taobh-duilleig 310 san leabhar fhèin]



Ged tha sinne dheth craiteach  
Tha mi laidir an dochas  
Gu bheil anam-sa 'm Paras  
Mar-ri 'r Slanaighear gloirmhor.

<eng>Donald, eldest son and heir of Hugh Maclean, 13th of Coll, was a very promising young man. Dr. Johnson, who became acquainted with him during his visit to the Western Islands, speaks of him in terms of high praise. He was drowned in the Sound of Ulva, Sept. 25th, 1774, by the upsetting of the boat in which he was crossing the sound. There were thirteen men in the boat; of these nine were drowned. The four who escaped clung to the mast until the Ulva ferry-boat came to their aid. As there was no storm, it is possible that "tuaineal na poite" had something to do with the sad accident.<gai>

CUMHA.

Le Bean Chaluim Mhic-Faidein an Tirieadh d' a fear, a mac, agus fear a h-inghinne. Chaidh an triuir aca a bhathadh a tighin a Cola.

FONN—"Ged tha cheapach na fasach."

Gura mise 'tha pramhail  
Gun aon tamh air a chnoc;  
Gur h-ann dhomhsa nach nar sin,

[TD 307]

[Taobh-duilleig 311 san leabhar fhèin]

A bhi stracte le sprochd;  
'S mi ri feitheamh an aite  
Far 'n do bhathadh mo thoirt.  
A' chiad mhac 'rinn mi arach;  
'S ann am airnean tha 'n lot.

C' ait a bheil i fo 'n chruinne?  
No 'n do dh-imich i feur?  
Aon bhean dha 'm bu choir  
A bhi cho leointe rium fein.  
Cha do dh-iarr thu leam dhachaidh  
Ach mo phearsa gun deidh,  
'S bha sin leatsa cho taitneach  
'S ged lionainn achadh le spreidh.

Cha robh 'n sin dhiut ach comain  
O 'n a thogair thu fhein;  
'S o 'n a fhuair thu mi posda  
Le ordagh o 'n chleir.  
Gu 'n saoilinn mu m' chomhair  
Gu 'm b' tu 'n domhan gu leir;  
'S shaoileadh tusa 'n a chomain  
Gu 'm b' mhis' an obair 's an spreidh.

Mo cheist am beul fo 'n robh 'n fhaithim!  
Lamh a dheanadh rud grinn.  
'N ni nach fac thu mu d' chomhair  
Thog do mheomhair e 'n nios.

'S iomadh aon leis am b' olc  
Nach d' fhuair thu port ann san tir;  
Ach 'sann dhomhs' tha 'm mi-fhortan,  
'S lionmhor goirtein mu m' chridh'.

Ged a bhidhinn cho ogail  
Is gu 'm posainn a dha,  
Tha mo chridhe cho leointe  
Is nach deonaichinn e.  
Gus an deid mi san talamh,

[TD 308]

[Taobh-duilleig 312 san leabhar fhèin]

No sa ghainneamh fo 'n lar  
Bidh gaol Chaluum a' m' chridhe,  
'S bidh smaoinntinn Iain ga m' chnamh.

Tha mo chiochan mar chaillich,  
Tha iad tana gun chli;  
'S iomadh saill bha air m' aisnean,  
Ghabh i astar 's cha till.  
Leis mar tha mi 'g ur cumha  
Cha 'n fhaicear subhach mi 'chaoidh;  
Bidh mo shuilean a sruthadh  
'S gach ait an suidh mi no 'n sin.

Na 'm bu chomhairleach diuc' mi,  
'S nach diult-teadh dhomh m' eigh,  
Gu 'n cuirinn-sa froiseadh  
Anns gach poit 'tha fo 'n ghrein.  
Sin an obair nach soitheamh  
Thug mo ghnothach dhìom geur;  
Cha d' fhuair mise dhe 'fortan  
Ach mo lot anns gach sgeith.

Bu mhath 'n companach Tearlach,  
Theireadh cach nach bu diu;  
Gur h-e 'm beachd a ghabh iadsan  
'Chuir a' d' dhail mi cho dluth.  
Do luchd brataich a gheard thu  
Bha 'n an cairdean ri m' chul;  
Cha b' e feadag na foille  
'Bhiodh mu dheireadh 'n an cuirt.

C 'uim am bidhinn gu h-olc dhuit  
'N uair a nochdainn a chuis?  
'N am spairn bhi air chnocaibh,  
No dol am fochair luchd-diumb,  
'N uair a ghlaodhadh tu 'n t-ardan  
Cha bu tlath thu mu 'chul;  
Riamh cha 'n fhacas fear t' fhuatha  
Seal uair' os do chionn.

[TD 309]

[Taobh-duilleig 313 san leabhar fhèin]

FAILTE THEARLAICH NA SGURRA.

Oran do Thearlach Mor Mac-Gilleain, Fear na Sgurra.

LE EOGHAN MAC-GILLEAIN.

FONN—" 'N uair thig an samhradh geugach oirnn."

O, failt' a Thearlaich oig ort,  
'S do bheath' air foid na duthcha so,  
Gur tamul sgrìob do phoige orm,  
Tha dearg mo bheoil air rusgadh leath.'  
Na 'n cairinn dhìom an eislean so,  
'S gu 'n eirinn as a chruban so  
Gu 'm faicinn fhin am maireach thu,  
S gu 'n deanainn gaire sunndach riut.

Is fad o 'n la a dhealaich sinn  
'N am carraid ris na Tuathaichibh;  
Gu 'n d' ghabh mi dhìot cead carthannach,  
'S gu deimhin gu 'm bu luath leam e.  
Thug mi ceum a' d' dheaghainn,  
Agus t' aghaidh ris na fuar bheannaibh,  
'S gu 'n d' fhag sud m' inntinn canranach,  
Is treis de m' nadur bruailleineach.

Gur math am measg na cuideachd thu,  
'S neo-thuiteamach an comhradh thu;  
Cha d' chuir thu suil an sgrubaireachd,  
'S cha b' fhasan duit 'bhi moralach.  
Cha d' chuir thu suil am mìodhoireachd,  
S a bhribearachd cha d' fhoghlum thu.  
'N am sgur de dh-ol an fhiona  
Cha bhìodh cunntas crìon mu 'n bhord againn.

[TD 310]

[Taobh-duilleig 314 san leabhar fhèin]

C' ait am faigh mi leannan dhuit,  
No mairist 'theid a' d' chodhail-sa'  
Cha 'n fheil i ann san fhearann so  
Na 's airidh air an oighear ud.  
Na 'm bu mhise thaghadh i,  
'S mo raghain a bhi deonach ort,  
Gur te gun ghiamh, gun fhailinn innt',  
A bhìodh am maireach posda ruit.

Ach o 'n is ni nach faodar sin,  
Gur faoin dhuinn a bhi comhradh air.  
Bi fiosrach far an iarr thu te,  
Bi sgialach air a seoltaichean,  
'S nach liugha te gun ghiamh innte  
Na eala chìar air lointeanaibh.  
Bidh cuid diu 's faicin bhreagh 'orra,  
Ach 's fearr dhuit ciall na boidhchead aic'.

Gur math a thig an armachd ort,

'S neo-leanabail an tus comhraig thu;  
Bidh daga nam ball airgid ort,  
Gu boidheach, dealbhach, or-ghleusach.  
Bhiodh gunn' a' d' laimh gu curamaoh,  
Is t' fhudar ann am pocaidean;  
'S gu 'n deant' an t-ord a rusgadh leat  
Nach dlultadh an am codhalach.

Gur math a thig an claidheamh  
Air crios laghach nam ball boidheach ort;  
'S cha chloidheamh air leas garlaich e  
'N uair chairear ann an ordagh e;  
Ach slachdan leathan dias fhada  
Gun mheirg, gun ghiamh, gun fhotus ann;  
An laimh a churaidh chruadalaich  
Gu 'm buidh 'nnteadh buaidh air moran leis.

'S an nis o 'n rinn thu tilleadh

[TD 311]

[Taobh-duilleig 315 san leabhar fhèin]

As gach ionad ann sna tharlaidh thu,  
Gun bheud, gun phudhar pearsa ort,  
Ach mar a b' ait le d' chairdean thu,  
Ge b' e neach a tha 'm miorun dhuit,  
Gu bheil mi-fhin mar dh' fhag thu mi;  
'S airson thu thigh 'n do 'n tir thugainn,  
Gu 'n lion 's gu 'n ol mi 'n t-slainnte so.

CUMHA.

Do Chatriona Dhomhnallach, an I-Chaluim-Chille, a dh' fhalbh air leabaidh a siubhla. Rinneadh an cumha so le Aonghas Mac-Laomain an I-Chaluim-Chille. Tha e air a dheanamh mar gu 'm b' ann le mathair a' bhoirionnaich a chaochail.

Dhomsa 's dubhach an t-earrach,  
'Dh' fhag fo eallach gach la mi,  
'S mi ri smaointinnean gorach;  
Cha b' e 'm bron gun cheann fath e;  
Mi ri cumha na gruagaich  
Nach bu shuarach ri 'h-aireamh,  
Laogh mo bhroillich 's mo chiche,  
'N deagh Chatriona so 'dh' fhag mi,  
Mo run geal og.

'S ann mu 'n taca so 'n uiridh  
'Chaidh mo chruinneag-sa charadh  
Ann an ceanglaichean pusaich  
Ri fear ur an deagh naduir,  
Rinn thu leanabh a ghiulan  
Re cursa thri raithean;  
'S ann air leabaidh a siubhla  
'Chaill mi 'n ur ghibht a chraidh mi.

'S ann a ghairmeadh mo ghradh-sa,

[TD 312]

[Taobh-duilleig 316 san leabhar fhèin]

Ann an laithean a h-oige,  
Le teachdair' o 'n t-Slanaighear,  
'Mach a sgaile na feola.  
Bha a cuislean a' sgaineadh  
Le sarachadh dorainn,  
'S fuil a cridhe 'g a taosgadh  
'Mach 'n a braonaibh mu 'poraibh.

Co a chluinneas no 'dh-eisdeas  
Mar a dh-eirich e dhomhsa,  
A bhi faicinn mo mhal laig  
Ga a caradh, 'san doigh sin,  
Air eislinn nam ban bhord  
Agus brailin 'g a comhdach.  
Nach h-abair, mo chradh-shlad,  
'S i do mhathair sa 'bhronag.

Tha do cheile fo mhulad,  
'S trom 's gur duilich gach la e,  
O 'n a phaisg e an ulaidh  
'N ciste chumhaing nan claraibh.  
Chaill e preasant' duin' uasail  
Agus tuathanaich statail,  
Agus deagh bhean an taighe  
'Bu mhor mathas 'na lamhan.

'S bochd an t-aonaran t' athair,  
Gach aon latha ri' bron e;  
'S tric a' caoineadh gu 'n fhois e;  
Chaill e 'mhisneach 's a sholas,  
O 'n a dh fhag e fo lic  
An te 's tric 'r inn a chomhnadh;  
Ceann na ceille 's a ghliocais  
'Bu mhor meas aig no h eolaich.

Gur a bronach do bhraithrean  
'Ga d' chaidh, 'ailleag ghlan bhoidheach;  
Tha iad cianail 's fo phramhan

[TD 313]

[Taobh-duilleig 317 san leabhar fhèin]

O 'n la dh 'fhag iad an og bhean  
Ann an reilic nan armunn  
Ri tamh 'na taigh comhnaidh;  
Tha do pheathraichean truagh dheth,  
'S tric a' suathadh nan dorn iad.

Ann an ceill bha thu muinte.  
'S ann ad ghiulan gun mhor chuis;  
Cha b' e t' fhasan 'bhi 'leumraich,  
'Cur ri beusaibh na goraich.

Cha bhiodh tu, 's cha b' fhiu leat,  
Ri cul-chainnt air oigridh;  
Bha thu farasda, cliuiteach,  
A' d' reul-iuil aig na h-oighean.

B' e do bheusan o thoiseach  
A bhi fosgailteach, fialaidh;  
A bhi daonnan a' cosnadh  
Beannachd bhochd 's dhaoine fiachail;  
'Bhi ri cuireadh nan acrach  
Is nan tartmhor gu biatachd;  
'S a bhi 'g eisdeachd an fhacail  
Le fìor choltas na diadhachd.

Gu 'm b' e coltas mo luaidh-sa  
Aghaidh shuairce nam miog shul;  
Beul 'bu mheachaire gaire  
Le failte gu siobhailt;  
Pearsa chothromach, alainn,  
Gun bhi ard no bhi iosal;  
Cul donn leadanach, duallach,  
'S e 'na chuachagan sniomhain.

Sguiridh mise ga t' aireamh,  
Cha 'n fheil stath dhomh bhi t-innnseadh:  
'S gur h-e m' urnaigh gu h-araid  
Thu gun dail 'dhol as m' inntinn.  
Tha mo dhochas ro laidir

[TD 314]

[Taobh-duilleig 318 san leabhar fhèin]

Ann an Slanaighear nam miltean,  
Gu bheil t' anamsa sabhailt'  
Ann an gairdeachas siorruidh.

'SE MO LAOGHAN AN TAILLEAR.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Rinneadh an t-oran so do Ghilleasbuig Mac-Gillemhaoil. Tha am Bard 'g a mholadh aison a dheagh thaillearachd. Cha 'n fheil moran de mholadh 'san rann mu dheireadh.

LUINNEAG.

I h-urabh o, i h-orin o,  
I h-urabh o, i h-o ro h-o,  
I h-urabh o' i h-orin o,  
H-i ri ri ri o h-i ag o.

'Se mo loachan an taillear  
Nach gabh nair' as mo sheanachas;  
Thug thu cumachd san fhasan  
'Bha fìor thlachdmhor 'san t-searmon.  
Ann an toiseach do shaoghail

Cha robh t' fhaoghlum-sa cearbach.  
'S i do bhriogais tha ciatach,  
An snath riaghailt cha d' fhalbh aisd';  
Tha i 'freagairt gu gasda  
Mu do chasan gun chearbaich';  
Fhuair i 'n t-urram 's gach aite,  
'S cha b' e 'm madar a dhearg i.

Cha 'n fheil uasal no iosal  
'Chunnaig i fhad 's a dh-fhalbh thu,

[TD 315]

[Taobh-duilleig 319 san leabhar fhèin]

Nach dug urram do 'n aodach  
Gus 'n do chaochail an calg air.  
Bha thu latha 's a mhointich,  
Gle sporsail, fìor chalma;  
Ghabh thu suas orm seachad,  
Taobh glas is taobh dearg dhiot,  
Thug mi suil thar mo ghuaille  
Co 'n duin uasal a dh' fhalbh bhuam;  
'S truagh nach danaig thu 'm chuideachd,  
'Dh-fheuch an tuiginn do sheanachas!

Thanic Ferrier comhl' riut,  
Gu bhi comhradh 'sa seanachas,  
'N uair a chual' e mar bha,  
Gu 'n robh am pataran ainmeil;  
Nach robh 'leithid ri 'fhaotuinn,  
Ged nach saoilinn gu dearbh sin,  
Ann am Baile Dhuneideann ac'  
Air feill no air margadh.—  
Fhuair thu urram do chinnidh  
Ann an spionnadh 's an anfhadh:  
'N uair a rachadh tu 't aodach,  
Bha fear t' aogaisg fìor ainmig.

'S truagh nach faighinn air m' ordagh  
Thu bhi 'd choirneal san armailt,  
'S gu 'm faicinn thu 'd shuidhe  
Air each uidheamaicht', meanmnach;  
Le do shrein is le d' dhiollaid,  
Le d' spuie riombaich de'n airgiod,  
Is le d' bhriogais mhath sporsail  
'Chosgadh mo an aig margadh!—  
N uair a rachadh do ghaisgich,  
Leat air thapadh do 'n Ghearmailt,  
Feucham co air an t-saoghal  
Riut a ghlaodadh Mac-Fhearghuis.

'S ard gun teagamh do thiotal,

[TD 316]

[Taobh-duilleig 320 san leabhar fhèin]

'S mor am meas 'th' ort le dearbhadh.  
'N uair a rachadh tu 'Lunnainn  
'Dh fhaotuinn urraim le t' arg' maid;  
No 'chur bhlar ann san Eiphit,  
A lamh ghleusda gu marbhadh,  
'S iomad uachdaran speiseil  
'Bhiodh mu d' dheibhinn a' seanachas.  
Tha gach gruagach an deidh  
Air fear do cheille agus 't anfhaidh,  
'S iad ri leum as do dheoghainn  
Mar iasg ri maghar san fhairge

Cridhe farsuing na fialachd,  
Sar bhiadhtach an airgid,  
'S tu ro mhisneacheil, treubhach,  
'S ann riut fein is mor m' earbsa.  
'S mairg a tharladh a'd' thaice,  
Nuair a chasadh iad fearg ort.  
Bu leis cuid fhir an iochdair,  
As do ghnìomh bhithinn earbsach.  
Bho na dh' ionnsaich thu 'n eallain,  
Cha ghabh thu caile mar mhairiste;  
Gheibh thu baintighearna fearainn,  
'S gur math 'n airidh fear t' ainm oirr'.

Ach a dhuine 'thug do'n duthaich so  
A churainn gur dalm' thu;  
Na cuir umad am feasd i,  
Is nach seas i aig margadh,  
Ciamar 'dheanadh tu ceart i  
Leis an acfhuinn bha cearbach,-  
Seana mhiaran 's e briste,  
Blòidh siosair gun charbad,  
Blòidh 'snathaid de tharruing  
'Bh' aig do leanan mu 'n d'fhalbh i,  
'S bord-oibre de chiste  
A ghibht duine marbh ort.

[TD 317]

[Taobh-duilleig 321 san leabhar fhèin]

CLIU AILEIN.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Rinneadh an t-oran-magaidh so do dh-Ailean Domhallach. Na'm b' fhior am bard bha leannan-sith a' cur dragh air Ailean.

LUINNEAG.

I h-urabh o, i h-orin o,  
I h-urabh o, i ho ro h-o,  
I h-urabh o, i h-orin o,  
H-i ri ri ri o h-i og o.

Tha mo ghaol air an oigear sin  
A 's boidhche 'san fhearann;  
Ged a thuirte iad riut Iomhan,



Cha b' fhior dhaibh e, 'leinibh;  
Sann a th' annad am fleasgach  
A 's ro dheise air a bhallaibh.  
Mura bhi a bhean shith,  
Gu 'm biodh tu strith ri d' chuid leannan.  
Gu de 'chuir i ga d' ruagadh  
Mur a d' fhuair i ort gealladh;  
Mur a grad chuir i cul riut  
Theid gach cu ann sa bhaile innt'.

Cha 'n ionghnadh do mhathair  
A bhi craiteach ga d' ghearan.  
'S gu 'n d' theapas do bhathadh  
Leis a' chaparaid shalaich,  
'S nach cuala do chairdean  
Mar thainig i 'd' charaibh,  
Gu bheil fios aig na ceudan  
Gu 'm b' eucorach, Ailein,  
Dhi 'bhi tigh 'nn as do dheigh-sa,  
'S gun do bheul 'thoirt d' i geallaidh.

[TD 318]

[Taobh-duilleig 322 san leabhar fhèin]

Gheibh mi sgoileir le 'sgriobhadh  
'Chuireus i as an fhearann.

Cha dean neach, tha i 'g radh,  
Mo chur air saile bho m' leannan,  
Mur dean Domhnall Mac-Phail e,  
Le spinn-asuin a dh-aindeoin;  
'S ann a thuirt am Maor Ban rium,  
Fuirich lamh-ris car tamuill,  
Gus am builich thu 'n fheoil dheth,  
Am fìor fheocullan salach,—  
Labhair Eachann 's a Chaolas,  
'S duine faoin leam thu, Ailein;  
C' ait am faca tu bhiast,  
No 'n ni do chiad leannan falaich;  
Thuirt thu, 's coma leam fhin sin,  
Cha dean mi inns ach do charaid;  
Fhuair mi thall am Poll Christidh  
An droch shigean 'n a fallus.

Gur h-ann ormsa tha mhiothlachd,  
'S tha mi lionte le mulad;  
Is mor eagal mo chridh'  
Gu 'm fag thu 'n tir so gu buileach,  
'S truagh a chaileag 'thug gaol dhuit,  
Mur a faodar do chumail,  
Ged a gheibheadh i 'n dhuthaich so  
Is Muideart is Muile,  
Agus roinn mhath de dh-Eirinn  
Ann ad eirig-sa, 'churaidh,  
B 'fhearr gu mor dhi thu fhein aic',  
Oig ghleusd an deagh chuma.

Nach robh Bonipart straiceil

'Cur a chabhlaich fo uidhim;  
'Cur a luingeas air saile  
Gu tigh 'nn lamh-ruinn do Lunnainn,  
Ged nach biodh ach thu fhein ann,  
C' uim nach feumadh e fuireach?

[TD 319]

[Taobh-duilleig 323 san leabhar fhèin]

Le do chlaidheamh math Spainteach,  
Ged a tha e gun duille,  
'N uair a ghlacadh tu 'd laimh e  
Chuirte' gu bas leat na h-urad;  
'S mun caisgteadh do mhiothlachd  
Bhiod an t-sith ann gu buileach.

Ged a b' ainmeil Cochullainn  
Aig gach duin' ann an gabhadh,  
Gu bheil t' ainm-sa 'nis, Ailain,  
Air dol thairis na 's airde.  
Ann an cliu 's ann am misnich  
Fhuair thu tiotal nan Gaidheal.  
Chan fheil Turcach no Iompair'  
'Chuireas miothlachd gu brath ort;  
'S ann a chiosnaich thu 'n Fheadailt,  
'S gun do theich aisd' am Papa;  
Nach leat fhein a chuid fearainn,  
'S gabh 'na charaibh am maireach.

CUMHA A GHAMHNA.

LE DOMHNALL DOMHNALLACH.

Chuir Tearlach Mac Ailain, duine a bha 'fuireach lamh-ris a bhard, capull a bh' aige leis na creagan. Chruinnich na h-eoin a dh' itheadh feoil mu'n chairbh,, agus bha cuirm mhor ac' oirre. Beagan an deidh bas a chapuill, chaill am bard gamhainn. Thanic na h-eoin a bha mu 'n chapull gu gabhail dha; ach a reir a bhaird cha deach 'fhagail aca; thugadh dhachaidh e. Bha Catriona, bean a bhaird, a cur coire mhoir air Tearlach airson cruinneachadh nan ian.

[TD 320]

[Taobh-duilleig 324 san leabhar fhèin]

FONN.—"Alastair a Gleanna-Garadh."

BEAN A BHAIRD.

Ged b' ainneamh dhomh dol air astar,  
'S ann rium a thachair a chomhail;  
Chunnacas feannag ann sna Gnioban,  
'S ann leam fhin nach binn a comhradh.  
Suil dhe 'n dug mi thar mo ghuaille,  
Chunnacas beathach shuas a gnostaich;  
Bha 'n dubh arpag mhor ga 'spionadh;

Co bha 'n sin ach diosgan Dhomhnaill.

'S mairg a their nach bi san dan dhuinn  
Rud no dha 'bhios iad ag innseadh;  
'S fad o 'n chunnaic Domh'll mac Lachainn  
Taisdealach glas ann sna Gnioban.—  
Tearlach Mac Ailain a Murdad  
Rinn e air a ghluinean striochan,  
Ann sa mhaduinn mhoich Di-domhnaich  
Ris a chomhstrith nach robh fiachail.

Ann sa mhaduinn mhoich Di-domhnaich  
Mar nach do dh-ordaich am facal,  
Chaidh tu 'chogadh ris an laireig  
'S an aite 'b' airde 'bh' air na bailtean,  
Ga h-iomainn gu bun a gharraidh  
Gus an d'fhuair thu 'n aite cas i;  
Chuir thu do shlinnean ri 'gualainn  
Agus buarach air a casan.

TEARLACH MAC AILAIN.

Chaill mi mo leirsinn 's mo chlaisteachd,  
'S fhuair mi masladh bho mo chairdean,  
Bha mi 'n duil gun d' rinn mi tapadh  
Cha robh e an nasgaidh do m' lamhan.  
Chuir mo bhean phosd' orm miotlachd,  
'S i gam dhiteadh gu ro laidir;

[TD 321]

[Taobh-duilleig 325 san leabhar fhèin]

'S truagh nach robh mi ann san teasaich  
Mun deachaidh mi 'ghleachd ris an laireig.

BEAN A BHAIRD.

Bu mhor an cion ceille dhuitsa,  
'Nuair 'thug thu 'n tuisleadh do 'n laireig;  
Tha fios aig muinntir nam bailtean  
Nach h-ann ga marcachd a bha thu;  
'S ann a dh' eirich thu gu scairteil,  
'S a thug thu cas as a charaid;  
Tholl thu 'n t-seiche leis na clachan,  
'S cha dean i 'n caiseart a charadh,

'S daor a chrean mi air an fholach,  
'S air an fheoirnein 'bha 'sa Bhraighe;  
Ann sa mhaduinn mhoich Di-domhnaich,  
Bha mo ghamhainn og, luath, laidir,  
'S gamhainn eil' aig Mari Mhogaich  
A bhiodh comhl' ris anns gach aite!  
'N uair a chi mi e tigh'nn dachaidh,  
'S ann a thig reachd ann am bhraghad.

'S iomadh drobhair 'bha ga d' ruagadh  
'N uair bha thu shuas ann sa Bhraighe,  
Cha dig 'h-aon diu 'nis ga t' fhaicinn,

On phacadh thu 'n aite granda.  
Ach Tearlach Mac Ailain a Murdad  
Bheireadh e 'leith-shuil air pairt dhiot,  
'S e 'g iarraidh ceithrimh de'n bhodaig  
Airson coirce no buntata.

Tearlach Mac Ailain a Murdad,  
Gur h-e rinn an diubhail oirne,  
'Nuair a chruinnich e na biastan  
Air an t-sliabh 'tha 'n taobh so 'n mhointich;  
Fitheach is feannag is biatach,  
Bu chomunn gun riaghailt dhomhs' iad;

[TD 322]

[Taobh-duilleig 326 san leabhar fhèin]

Chunna mis' iad fad a mhiosa,  
Fear mu seach dhiu smideadh Dhomhnaill.

DOMHNALL.

An cluinn thu mise, 'Chatriona,  
Chan fhag mi crionta ri d' bheo thu;  
Ged a bha iad orm a smideadh,  
Saoil thu 'm b' aobhar miotlachd dhomhs' e?  
Leis an tairgneachd a bha 'n dan dha  
'N latha 'bhrìst e clar na crocaich  
Ged a bhiodh e ann sa chiste  
Dh' fhaodadh an dris tigh'nn 'na chomhail.

BEAN A BHAIRD.

Cha tairgneachd a bh' ann ach breamas  
A tha gam leanachd-sa 'n comhnaidh,  
'S fhad on dh' iarr mi air Catriona  
A shaodachadh 'sios Ceann-a-chroige;  
'S ann a dh' eirich i gu statail,  
'S thug i bal mhic Aonghuis oig oirr';  
Boig oirr' as deaghainn an tailleir,  
'S thig am maor 'thoirt bairlinn dhomhsa.

Thuir Mor, mo nighean, le miotlachd,  
'N uair 'chunnaic i 'dhrìom ga 'shroiceadh.  
Cha mharbhadh sibh fein gu brath e  
Mur digeadh am bas na chomhail.  
Sean fhacal tha fìor ri 'raitinn,  
Chuala mise 's mi 'm phaisd' og e,  
'M fear nach dean nollaig gu sunndach  
Ni e 'chaisc gu tursach, bronach.

Chan fheil a h-aon air an leig so  
Nach h-eil gam chreubhadh airson pairt dheth;  
Iain Og ag iarraidh 'n cnaimh-tuaighe  
'S Niall Ruadh ag iarraidh a phaighidh;

[TD 323]

[Taobh-duilleig 327 san leabhar-fhèin]

An gobhainn ag iarraidh a chinn deth,  
'S cha ghabh e mir ann sa chain deth;  
'S Domh'll mac Eachainn mhic Iain Oig  
Ag iarraidh spol airson na larach.

Ged a ghabh sibh mise 'm eiginn,  
Saoil nach faoduinn fein bhur paigheadh.  
Cha robh each a bh' air na bailtean  
Nach dugadh dhachaidh air carn e.  
Dh' fhognadh mac Aonghuis mhic Chailain,  
An leannan a bh' aig mo phaisde,  
Gu 'tharruinn dhachaidh 'na onrachd,  
Gus 'n do rinn a dhornan scaineadh.

'S ann dhomhsa 'dh' eirich an scaradh,  
Thanic an t-earrach so luath orm;  
Chaill mi mo dhobhliadhnach math ris,  
Fath mo ghearainn ann san uair so.  
'S deacair dhomh 'nis fuireach samhach,  
'S do cheann lamh-rium ann san luaithre,  
Is mi 'faicinn crodh nam bailtean  
Gu pailt am mach air a Ghuallainn.

Faodaidh tu 'nis scur de dh-fhearann,  
Cha dean thu feamainn no moine,  
Bha nach h-'eil mise mar b' abhaist,  
Gu cur na h-asaig air sheol dhuit,  
Saoil thu fhein nach truagh a tha mi,  
Chaill mi 'n t-each ban ann sa mhointich,  
'S deich tasdain 's an cor gun phaigheadh  
Aig a Bhaillidh ort, a Dhomhnaill.

Arpag, <eng>a harpy.<gai> Taisdealach, <eng>a ghost.<gai> Folach,  
<eng>rank grass.<gai> Feoirnein, <eng>a pile of grass.<gai> Bodag, <eng>a  
yearling calf, a heifer.<gai> Crocach, <eng>a thing somewhat like antlers  
put on calves to keep them from sucking.<gai>

[TD 324]

[Taobh-duilleig 328 san leabhar fhèin]

ORAN MU GHLACADH MORAIR HUNNTAIDH.

LE IAIN LOM.

'Mhoire, 's muladach 'tha mi  
Mu gach sceul 'tha mi claidinn,  
Is mi 'tearnadh le braigh' uisge Dhe.

'G amharc luchairt a bhaile,  
Agus tur Abargheallaidh,  
Gun luchd-surd a bhi 'n talla nan teud;

'G amharc aros nan luibhean,  
Far am b' abhaist dhuit suidhe;  
Bhiodh ann faileadh nan ubhall 's nam peur.

Aig ceann-uidhe nan Gaidheal,  
Far an suidheadh iad statail,  
Gheibhteadh raga gach aite dhaibh reidh.

Gheibhteadh coinnlean an lasadh  
An ceann choinnleirean praise;  
Bhiodh do sheomraichean laiste le ceir.

Chluinnteadh gleodhartaich feodair  
'Cur an adhaircibh beoire,  
Seal mun digeadh trath-noine do 'n ghrein;

'S uisge-beatha na tairgne  
'Dol an cupachaibh airgid  
'S mnai uchd-gheal, gruaidh-dhearga, 'cur greis.

Chan e gaoir bhan a Chlachain  
A tha mise 'n diugh 'g acain,  
Gar an digeadh gin as de 'n choig ceut.

[TD 325]

[Taobh-duilleig 329 san leabhr fhèin]

'S bochd an naidheachd an Albinn  
Bog-na-gaoith' an Strath-bhalgaidh  
'Bhi ga chlaoidheadh le armailtibh srein';

Agus leithid Morair Hunntaidh  
A bhi 'n laimh an toll-butha,  
Agus naimhdean 'na dhuthchannaibh fhein.

Morair Hunntaidh 's am Marcus  
Bho thur nan clach snaidhte,  
Far 'm bu lionmhor laogh breac ri cois feidh.

Ach ma chathaidh do ghlacadh  
Leis a Mheinneireach as-caoin,  
B' e mo dhiubhail a bh' aca 's b' e 'm beud.

Fior thoiseach a gheamhraidh,  
Ann am fochair na samhna,  
Bha do bhochdan air tionndadh bho 'n ceill.

'N Dail-nam-both an Strath-thamhainn,  
Aig a bhrothair' gun naire,  
Bha lamh-scapidh a mhail air luchd-theud.

'S ann an clachan Chill-muice  
'Dh' fhag sibh 'n ceannard gun tuisleadh,  
Marcach greadhnach air trup-each mor srein'.

Bog-na gaoithe, <eng>the Bog of Gicht.<gai> Tollbutha, <eng>a jail.<gai>  
Brothaire, <eng>a butcher. The eighth verse refers to the lamentation of  
the Breadalbane women after the fight at Stron-a-chlachain, In 1640.

George Gordon, second Marquis of Huntley, was captured by James Menzies  
of Culdres in 1647, and beheaded at Edinburgh in 1649. Menzies was known  
by the nick name of Crunair Ruadh nan Cearc.<gai>

[TD 326]

[Taobh-duilleig 330 san leabhar fhèin]

ORAN

Do Dhomhnall Donn, mac Fhir Bhoth-fhiunntainn.

LE GILLEASBIC NA CEAPAICH.

LUIINNEAG.

Ho hi ri gheallaidh,  
Fire, faire, co naile,  
Ho hi ri gheallaidh,  
Fire, faire co naile!  
Air falbhan heag oho  
Trom othora naile!  
'Bhi 'g ur ruith air feadh dalach  
Le geur lannaibh 's e b' fhearr leinn.

Ri Domhnall Donn.

'S mor a bhleid is an rabhart  
A rinn blairean ri 'ghoistidh;  
'Cur nan Duibhneach an airde,  
'S mor gum b' fhearr leinn fo 'r cois iad.  
Ach nan cumadh iad blar ruinn  
An eiric laraichean loisgte,  
Chuireadh faobhar ar greidlein  
Iad am freasdal an coise.

A Mhaoil-onfhaidh, 'Mhaoil-onfhaidh  
Tog dhe t' onfhail 's dhe d' sheitrich;  
Ruig an null Loch-a-mhailidh  
Agus teann-sa ri geumraich,  
'S ann ri cinneadh do mhathar  
Chaidh do mhasan 's do shleisdean,  
Is chan agair Clann-Domhnaill  
Mir ri 'm beo ach am beul dhiot.

Ris a Phiobaire.

Tha blath na brice 'san t-sroin ort,  
'S lionmhor frog a tha 't aghaidh;

[TD 327]

[Taobh-duilleig 331 san leabhar fhèin]

Cam bhial ronnach do sheors' ort,  
'S do theanga leomach lan gleadhair.  
Tha thu 'chinneadh nam mealltair,  
Nan cealgair 's nan spleadhair;  
Chaidh an ceann dhe 'r n-ard thraoiteir  
'Chum an fhoill greis air adhart.

'S mi nach ceil gum b' e m' iarrtas,  
'S fhuair sinn riasan gu leoir air,  
Ordagh daingeann na rioghachd  
A bhi scriobht' ann am phoca,  
Gach aon de Shliochd Dhiarmaid,  
Is na shiolaich bho Dhomhnall,  
'Dhol an giuraibh a cheile  
Leis na geur lannaibh gorma.

Chan iarainn de dh-aighear  
Gu latha mo chriche,  
Ach sibhs' agus sinne  
'Dhol an iomairt na strithe,  
Fear mu choinnimh an fhir  
'S gun aon fhear 'bhi 'g 'ur dith-sa,  
'S ge b' e 'ghabhadh an slinnein  
A bhi fo iomairt na rioghachd.

Ge b' e dheanadh an eucoir,  
No a gheilleadh do 'n ghealtachd,  
De shliochd Ghille-Bride  
Neart an righ a chur as da.  
Ged a tha mi leith bhreuite  
Mo chuid de 'n chomhrag cha sheachnainn,  
Ged is leointe mo mhuineal  
Ris 'n do chuir mi 'n diugh acfhuinn.

Teann-sa ri geumraich, 'se sin, rach a ghoid a chruidh. Tha e air a radh gum biodh cuid de mheirlich ri fuaim coltach ri geumraich gus an crodh a thaladh ga 'n ionnsaidh.

[TD 328]

[Taobh-duilleig 332 san leabhar fhèin]

Chi sinn bho n oran so an cor truagh an n san robh na fineachan Gaidhealach aig aon am. An aite a bhi gradhachadh a cheile 's ann a bhiodh naimhdras aca dha cheile; dh' iarradh aon fhine cur as do dh-fhine eile. Gheibhear an t-oran molaidh a dh' aobharaich an t-oran cainidh so air taobh na-duilleig 274.

A PHAIRTIDH LEATHANACH.

LE DONNACHADH MAC-FHIONGHAIN.

Gur boidheach dearrsadh  
Na pairtidh Leathanaich  
'Nuair theid iad comhla  
'S an Oban Latharnach.  
'N uair 'bheir an coirneal  
Iad ann an ordagh  
Chan fheil fo Dheorsa  
Na's boidhche dh' amhairceas.

Mo run na fiurain  
'Tha luthar, ealanta.  
Bu mheasail cliuiteach  
'S gach cuis na fearaibh ud.



Le'n crios, le 'm puicead,  
Le'm musg, le 'm fudar,  
'S gach ball cho scuirte  
'S nach faighteadh mearachd dhaibh.

B'iad sin na saighdearan,  
'S aoibheil 'n sealladh 'th'orr',  
'S iad tilgeadh soillse  
Mar bhoillsceadh dealanaich.  
An am dol cruinn duibh,  
'Sa phairce ghrinn ud  
Bhiodh piob a seinn duibh,  
Gar toirt o 'n bhaile 'mach.

[TD 329]

[Taobh-duilleig 333 san leabhar fhèin]

'N am dol gu gearrd gun  
Doir cach an aire dhuibh,  
Le r brogan arda,  
Gu h-aluinn lainnireach;  
Gur tric bha oganach,  
Dibh le ordagh  
An taic a choirneil,  
S bu mhath an airidh e.

<eng>Duncan Mackinnon was born in Tiree. He came to Cape Breton, and settled at Malagawatch. He was married twice, and had a large family. He was drowned about 1855 at Stoney Point, by going through the ice. He was at the time of his death about sixty-five years of age.<gai>

DUANAG.

LE DONNACHADH GRIOGARACH, AM BROCAIR.

LUIINNEAG.

Tha mi trom duilich trom,  
Airsnealach cianail;  
Tha mo chridh' air fas trom,  
'S fad o'n tim sin.

Oidhche dhomhsa 's mi caithris  
An fhir ruaidh an Sith-Chaillinn,  
Dheanainn oran do m' leannan  
'Chur an aithghearr na time.  
Tha mi trom etc.

Dh' innsinn aogasc mo leannain,  
Cul dualach, trom, camaidh;  
Bean a's fearr dha 'n dig anart,  
Ris an canar leo Sine.

[TD 330]

[Taobh-duilleig 334 san leabhar fhèin]

Chan fheil coir' air mo leannan  
De na 's urrainn cach aithris,  
Ach a buaile 'bhi tana,  
'S tha car agam fhin dheth.

Bu neo-shocrach mo leaba  
Eadar Drumainn is Caislidh,  
Gleann-Ruaidh an Lochabar,  
Braigh' Raineach 's Gleann-Liomhainn.

Bha mi tamull as m' oige  
Am Braigh' Raineach a comhnaidh,  
Ged chuir goinnead mo storais  
Mi air toir an fhir mhilltich.

'S e 'm fear ruadh 'tha mi 'cainnt air,  
'S tric a thadhail 'sna carnaibh,  
Is a mharbh, an t-uan ceann-gheal  
'S neo-ar-thaing thoirt do 'n chiobair.

ORAN.

LE PIUTHAIR DO DHONNACHADH BROCAIR.

Chaidh da bhrathair dh' i, Iain agus Domhnall, do Nova Scotia. Dh'  
fhuirich da bhrathair eile, Donnachadh agus Alastair, aig an taigh.

Is tric ri smaointinn ghoraich mi,  
'S mi 'm onar ann san uair so,  
A cuimhneach' nam fear oga sin  
Air bhord na luinge 'ghluais bhuainn.  
A thamh an Nova Scotia  
'S e fath mo bhroin ri 'luaidh e;  
'S e 'chaochail snuadh na h-oig' orm  
Na seoid a chaidh thar cuan bhuainn.

[TD 331]

[Taobh-duilleig 335 san leabhar fhèin]

'S a chuideachda mo chridhe,  
Dha 'm bu dligheach 'bhi 'sa chruadal,  
'S e fath mo bhroin is m' iomadain  
An dithist 'chaidh air chuan bhuainn.  
An uair a dh' fhalbh Iain bhuam  
Bha snighe 'ruith le 'm ghruaidhean;  
'S e Domhn'll a dh' fhalbh a rithist  
'Chuir mo chridhe-sa gu smuairean.

'S chan ionghnadh sin a thachairt dhomh  
'S an taice 'chaidh bho m' ghuallainn.  
An t.suil a bhios gun rosc oirre  
Gun druidh an teas 's am fuachd oirr';  
'S an lann 'bhios air droch garradh uimp'  
Cha dachaid i bhi buan dheth;  
Is ionnan sin 's mar tha mi

Is na braithrean 'dhol air chuan bhuam.

Tha cuid a bhios am barail deth  
Gu bheil mo ghearan uaibhreach,  
'S Donnachadh agus Alastair  
A fanachd ann san dualchas;  
Is fear mo thaigh' an lathair leam  
Gu fardach 'chumail suas rium;  
Ach dh' fhairtlich orm bhi toilichte  
'N uair 'theannas mi ri smuaineach'.

Nan tarladh dhomhs' bhi 'm fhiorannach,  
'Nam dhuine tapaidh treubhach,  
Gum feuchainn pairt de'n charantachd  
'Tha 'm falach ann am chreubhaig.  
Bu choimh-dheas muir no talamh leam,  
Ach luingeas a bhi reidh dhomh;  
'S mur digeadh bas le cabhaig orm  
Gum faicinn iad le cheile.

Ach bhon tha mi 'm bhoirionnach,  
'S nach h-urrainn mi so 'dheanamh

[TD 332]

[Taobh-duilleig 336 san leabhar fhèin]

Is eudar dhomh tre bhanalas  
'Bhi 'fanachd ann sna crìochan s'  
'S mo theaghlach a toirt air' orm  
Mar thigeadh dhaibh a dheanamh,  
'S an ni sin 'leigeil tharam  
Bho nach gabh e cur an gnìomh dhomh.

Nan tarladh dhuibh gun tilleadh sibh  
Do 'n innis as 'n do ghluais sibh,  
Gun uraicheadh mo spiorad-sa,  
Ge fad' tha e fo smuairian;  
'S gun deanainn cleas na h-iolaire,  
Gun teannainn ri ath-nuath' chadh;  
A faicinn nam fear innealta,  
Chaoin bhinn-fhaclach gun ghruaman.

Bu mheasail ann san aite sibh,  
Bu chaoimhneil, baigheil, stuama,  
Bu shunndach, fearail, scairteil sibh,  
Bu tapaidh ri am cruadail  
Air beul-thaobh rìgh is parlamaid  
Bu dan a rinn sibh gluasad;  
'S cha d' chuir e sgath no cunnart oirbh.  
A mhuir a chrosch seachd uairean.

AN T-IASGACH GEAMHRAIDH.

Oran le Dhomhnall Cubair, agus e aig an iasgach.

LUIINNEAG.

Ho mo nigh 'n dubh.  
He mo nigh'n dubh,  
Mo nighean 's tu mo ghuamag.

[TD 333]

[Taobh-duilleig 337 san leabhar fhèin]

Gur h-e mise tha fo mhighean,  
Tha mi 'n so leam fhin 'sna cuantan.

'S olc an obair iasgach geamhraidh,  
'S reothadh gu teann air an fhuaradh

Rud eile 'chuir ormsa miotlachd  
Geola chrìon 's nach ruith i luath dhuinn.

'S eiginn dhuinn tarraim an Lite,  
'S cutter an rìgh oirnn air fuaradh.

Ced is i 'n nochd oidhche challuinn  
Cha deid mi 'ghabhail mo dhuain duibh

'S truagh nach mise 'bha 'san aite  
'M bi buille bhairidh ga 'bualadh.

Mo chaman tha 'n coill' a bharrach,  
'S cha deid a ghearradh le tuaigh aisd'.

Mo bheannachd a chum mo mhathar,  
Bhon a bhios mi 'ghnath na smuaintean.

'S mo shoraidh a dh-ionnsaidh mo leannain,  
An oigh cheanalta gun ghruaman.

ORAN AIR A CHUTTER.

LE DOMHNALL CUBAIR.

LUIÑNEAG.

S e gaol t' fhearainn, gradh t' fhuinn,  
'Thug gum falbhainn idir leat;  
'S e luaidh do chruidh dhruim-fhinn dhuinn  
'Thug dhomh suidhe lamh-riut.

[TD 334]

[Taobh-duilleig 338 san leabhar fhèin]

Latha dhuinn bho bhun an stoir,  
A seoladh gu curaideach,  
Chunnacas an cutter fo sheol  
'S i tigh'nn oirnn gu gabhaidh.

Air an trompaid thug i fuaim,  
Chuir i 'suas a cularan;

Labhair sinne 'n sin gu luath  
Ghluais sinn a caol-Amhainn.

Gun do loisc i oirnn da uair  
Gu 'r gluasad gu fuireach rith';  
'S mur digeadh am pic an nuas  
Cha d' fhuair i tigh'nn lamh-ruinn.

Bha tombac' againn air bord,  
Seorsa bathair smugalaidh;  
'S gun do lub sin sud fo 'n t-seol,  
Fo chrann-spreot' a bhata.

Rinn sinn gach ni mar a dh' fhaod,  
Thaom sinn na buidealan;  
'S chuir sinn an siucar 'san ti  
Sinte fo 'n fharadh.

Carson nach do dh-fhan thu rium  
'Chiad uair 'chuir mi'n gunna riut?  
Thuirt an sciobair aice ruinn,  
'S e 'maoidheadh gu dan oirnn.

Shiubhail e shios agus shuas,  
'S cha d'fhuair e na duilleagan;  
Bha iad ann sa bhriogais ruaidh  
Suainte fo 'n chabul.

[TD 335]

[Taobh-duilleig 339 san leabhar fhèin]

AN IMRICH.

LE DOMHNALL CUBAIR.

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro, ho ro o, ho i o, ho ro i,  
Ho ro, ho ro o, ho i o, ho ro i,  
Hithill u, hillinn o, agus ho ho ro i,  
Cha mor nach coma leam cogadh no sith.

'S e 'n imirichd chiatach am bliadhna 'rinn mi,  
Gur sabhailte fiar dhomh 'san lianaich ud shios;  
'S nam faighinn luchd speallaidh a ghearradh gu grinn,  
Gum paigheadh e 'm mal ged nach h-aitichinn scriob.

'S ge boidheach a h-aogasc tha gaoid ann san fhonn,  
'S gum feum i da thuirpe mum faicear i 'm fonn;  
Tha riasc agus cuilc agus uisce fo bonn;  
'S am Mart chur an t-sil bidh an scriob againn trom.

'S ann thubhairt an gobhainn 'bha foghainteach riamh,  
"Dean suas do chuid dhreallag gach amull 's gach iall,  
Ni mi'n soc dhuit a charadh 's gun tath mi ris sciath  
A thionndadh na sgriob'; saoil an till e roimh riasc?"

Tha goibhnean na duthcha so fiughantach coir,

Gun d' fhuair mi sceul ur gun dug aon fhear dhiu 'n cleoc;  
'S ann duitse bu dual sin 'nam bualadh nan ord,  
Do ghreim a bhi cruadalach, smuais a bhi d' dhorn.

[TD 336]

[Taobh-duilleig 340 san leabhar fhèin]

Ge math sin am fiarach cha dean e dhomh stath,  
Cha chum e mo chuideachd ach 's cuideachadh e;  
B' fhearr tacan a ruamhar an cluanaig no dha,  
'S nam faoduinn a threabhadh 'se gnothach a b' fhearr.

'N t-each dubh a bh' aig Callum bu cheanalt' an eill,  
'S an capull aig Domhnall 's i coir as a dheidh;  
'N t-each buidhe 'bh' aig Ruari b' e guallann an fheum';  
Chan iarradh e 'bhualadh 's bu luaineach a cheum.

Bu mhath a bha mise mur bhi an t-each ruadh  
Aig Ruari Mac-Dhomhnaill, b' e 'choir a chur bhuam;  
Ged theid mi do Scairinnis 'thoirt cainb as an nuas,  
Cha chum mo chuid chabull ri sas an eich ruaidh.

ORAN DO CHIORSTAJDH NIC-GILLEAIN.

LE PATRIC MAC-CILLEDHUIBH.

LUIINNEAG.

Ho ro, hi ri, riu u o,  
Ho ro, hi ri, riu u o,  
Ho ro, hi ri, riu u o,  
Mo dhurachd do 'n ainnire.

Gur boidhche leam a dh' fhas thu  
Na 'n lili ann san fhasach,  
Do ghruaidh mar ros 'sa gharradh,  
'S do bhraighe mar eala ghil.

[TD 337]

[Taobh-duilleig 341 san leabhar fhèin]

Gur suidhichte, ge beo thu,  
Gur seadhail, blasd', do chomhradh,  
Gur h-uasal air gach doigh thu,  
Gur h-oirdheirc do cheanaltachd.

Gun dug mi urrad ghraidh dhuit,  
'S thug Ionatan do Dhaibhidh,  
'S a reir an iomraidh 'dh 'fhagadh,  
Gun d' ghradhaich e mar anam e.

<eng>Patrick Black lived in Marshey Hope, in Pictou County, N. S. He was a fair scholar, and a good singer. The greater part of the song has been lost.<gai>

CUMHA NAM MAC.

LE IAIN MAC-GILLEGHRATH, AM PIOBAIRE.

'Chaidh cha tog mi guth eibhinn,  
Chan fheil speis leam de cheol;  
'S ann a lasaich mo theudan  
Chaidh mo ghleusan thar seol'.  
Thromaich smal air mo reusan,  
Tha mo leirsinn fo cheo;  
'S cha dig aiteal na greine  
'Thogail m' eislean ri m' bheo.

Mi mar chomhachaic bhronaich,  
'S e bhi 'm onar mo mhiann;  
Mi mar eal' air a leonadh,  
'S i gun seol air a dion;  
Mi mar chalman 'san achadh,  
'N deidh a ghlacadh 'san lion;  
'S mi guth tursach na lacha,  
'S cach a creachadh a h-ian.

[TD 338]

[Taobh-duilleig 342 san leabhar fhèin]

Mi mar eilid an fhirich,  
Coin is fir air a toir,  
'N deidh a fuadach 'bho 'h-innis,  
'S gun a minneanan beo,  
'G iarraidh 'dh-ionnsaidh na linne  
A thoirt fionnfhuachd dha leon,  
'Bruchdadh fala bho 'creuchdan  
Is saighdean geura 'na feoil.

Dh' fhalbh mo shugradh 's mo mhanran,  
Dh' imich m' abhachd 's mo shunnd;  
Tha mo chridh' air a thaladh,  
Cha dig gaire bho 'ghruund.  
Thromich beum air mo shlaime,  
Threig gach caileachd 'bu leam;  
Cha dean lighich' bonn stath dhomh,  
Tha mo chradh os a chionn.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh dhuibh m'astar  
A bhi lag-chuiseach mall;  
Chuir mi ceithrean an tasgaidh  
Ann sa chlathan ud thall,  
'S dh' fhalbh mo Sheumas an Sasunn  
Ann am fagath nan Gall;  
'S b' iad dha 'n dillsean an diubhail,  
'S galach, druidhteach, an call.

'S cha b' e ainmeachas mhac  
A chuir an aiceid so 'm chom,  
Ach laoich chalma, neo-lapach,  
'Bha garbh-phearsanta, trom.  
Dha 'n robh tuigs' agus eolas,

'S a bha foghluint' an cainnt,  
'S beusach, stuama, neo-leomach;  
Fath mo bhroin gun iad ann!

Chaill mi duil ri 'n tigh'nn dachaidh,  
Dh' fhag sud m' aigheadh fo ghruaim;

[TD 339]

[Taobh-duilleig 343 san leabhar fhèin]

Gur tric snighe fo m' rascaibh,  
Dh' fhag sin seachdte mo shnuadh.  
Tha mo chiabhan air glasadh,  
'S thanic claisean a' m' ghruaidh,  
'Caoidh nam fiurannan gasta  
'Dhuisgeadh tlachd am measc sluaigh.

Ciod e 'n stath 'th' ann san t-saoghal,  
'S anns gach faoineis fo 'n ghrein?  
Annradh, croisean, is caontag  
Do chlann-daoine gu leir.  
'N diugh ged bhuilichteadh maoin ort  
Agus aomadh d'a reir,  
Ni e 'm maireach ort scaoileadh  
Mar shneachd aon-oidhch' air gheig.

'S iad so laithean na diachainn  
'Dh' ordaich Dia dhuinn mar bhinn,  
Ann am bron a toirt fianuis  
'De na Criosdaidhnean sinn,  
Ach 's e 's coir a bhi striochdte,  
'S ag earbs' an Iosa 's gach teinn  
'S gheibh sinn Parras mar dhioladh,  
Mar tha 'bhial a 'toirt cinnt.

'S e 'n Ti naobh a chuir orms' iad  
'Thug air falbh bhuam mo chlann.  
Gloir gu siorruidh ga ainm-san  
'Tha gam dhearbhadh san am.  
Tha mo dhochas is m' earbs'  
A brigh a thairgs' air a chrann  
Gum bi 'chomhail dhuinn sealbhail  
'Nuair 'thig m' aimsir gu ceann.

[TD 340]

[Taobh-duilleig 344 san leabhar fhèin]

MARBHRANN DO'N EASBIC FHRISEAL,

A chaochail an Antigonish 'sa bhliadhna 1851.

LE IAIN BOID.

'N deiceamh miosa de 'n bhliadhna,  
Ochd ceud, h-aon, is leth-cheud  
'N ceithreamh latha de 'n mhios sin,



An am ciarradh do 'n fheasgar,  
Fhuair mi sceul as a bhaile  
A chuir car mi 'n am bhreislich,  
Sceul ro dhubhach do dhaoine,  
Gun do chaochail an t-easbic.

LUINNEAG.

O gur fada 's gur fada,  
'S bliadhn' air fad leam gach lo  
Bho na charadh gu h-iosal  
Do chorp priseil fo 'n fhoid.  
Tha mo chridhe-sa bruite,  
'S bidh mi tursach ri m' bheo;  
Bhon dh' fhalbh ceannard an t-sluaigh so,  
'N t-Easbic uasal gun phrois.

Fhuair sinn sealladh 'bha goirt dhuinn,  
A thug osnaichean cleibh dhuinn,  
'Coimhead aodann an ostail  
'Bha 'na chorp air an deilidh.  
Shil ar suilean gu frasach,  
'S thanic smal air ar leirsinn;  
'S nial an aoig air ar gruaidhean;  
Chaidh ar buaireadh 's ar leireadh.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh do chairdean  
A bhi craiteach ga t' iargainn  
Mar uain earraich gun mhathair,  
'S iad a meilich ga h-iarraidh,

[TD 341]

[Taobh-duilleig 345 san leabhar fhèin]

Tha gach Gaidheal a bharr orr'  
Ann san aite, 'n diugh cianail,  
Ca'oidh 's a tuireadh an armuinn  
'Thug am bas bhuainn do 'n t-shiorr' achd.

Bha thu aluinn a' d' phearsa,  
'S bha thu neartmhor thar mhiltean;  
Bha thu fulangach, scairteil,  
Laidir, spracail, coimh-lionta.  
Cha robh uasal cho tlachdmhor  
Riut, no faisic air, a' d' scireachd;  
Fear do choltais chan fhaicteadh  
Ann an asdar 's an rioghachd.

Bha thu uasal an toiseach  
Bhon ard oifig a lion thu;  
Bha thu uasal an ath-uair  
Bho d' dheagh athair 's bho shinnsre;  
Bha thu uasal bho d' mhathair  
'Thog 's a dh' araich air chich thu;  
'S bha thu ard bho d' cheann-cinnidh,  
Sar Mhac-Shimi gun mhi-chliu.

Bu mhor t' urram an Albinn,

'S bha thu ainmeil an Eirinn;  
Bha thu cliumhor an Sasunn,  
Thugadh seachad ort sceul ann,  
Anns gach cearn de 'n taobh tuath so  
Thug na h-uachdarain speis dhuit;  
'S ge mor Iarla Dundonald  
Thug e onair e-fhein dhuit.

Bu tu 'm burchaille 'b' airde  
Bha 'sa chearn so a riagladh;  
Bha do chomhairlean sar-mhath  
Anns gach cas 'san robh diachainn.  
Chuir thu iomad olc graineil  
As an aite le d' riaghailt;

[TD 342]

[Taobh-duilleig 346 san leabhar fhèin]

'S iomad math 'th' air do thailleabh,  
'S gann gun aireamh mi trian diu.

Bha thu deidheil air ceartas,  
Bha thu smachdail air eucoir;  
Bha do chomhairlean fallain  
Bho 'n deas theanga 'bu gheire.  
'N uair a dh' fhoscladh tu 'm Biobul  
Bheirteadh mineachadh reidh leat;  
'S gheibhteadh seoladh le peacaich  
Gu bhi gleachd ri 'n droch bheusan.

Bha thu daonnan a lasadh  
Le fìor charthannachd bhrath' reil;  
Bu tu cobhair nam bochdan  
'N uair a chitheadh tu 'm failinn,  
Bhiodh do dhorsan dhaibh foscailt;  
'N uair a ghlaisteadh le cach iad,  
'S lamhan scaoilte na fialachd  
A coimh-lionadh nan aintean.

Bha thu ciuin mar an leanaban,  
'S bha thu garg 'n uair a dh' fheumteadh;  
'S tu bu mhath air an t-searmon,  
Cha bu chearbach o d' bheul e;  
Thigeadh fuasgladh gach facail  
Ann an ealamhachd reidh dhuit;  
Is le feobhas do bhriathan  
Leam bu mhiann 'bhi ga t' eisdeachd.

Bu tu reula na h-iuil dhuinn,  
Ar sciath-chuil 's ar gearrd daingeann;  
Bha gach seorsa fo d' churam,  
Is do shuil orra thairis;  
Leats' cha robh e gu muthadh  
Cia an duthaich no 'n aidmheil;  
Bha do chridh' air clann-daoine,  
'S e le gaol a cur thairis.

[TD 343]

[Taobh-duilleig 347 san leabhar fhèin]

Bha do bheatha 's do ghluasad  
Re do chuairt dhuinn mar scathan;  
Riamh chan fhacas, 's cha chualas,  
Is cha d' fhuaradh ort failinn.  
Cha robh subhailc 'bha luachmhor  
Nach robh fuaighte ri d' nadar;  
Bha thu glan mar an daoiman  
Is gun fhoill mar am paisde.

'S tu nach togadh an deachamh,  
Ged is ceart do na chleir e,  
Is cha chumadh tu tasdan  
Gun a sgapadh air feumaich,  
Chuir thu cul ris a bheairteas  
Bho na sheachainn Mac Dhe e,  
'S rinn thu raghainn de 'n bhochdainn,  
Mar 'rinn ostail na ceud linn.

'Nis bhon chrìochnaich thu t' uine.  
Is do churs' air an talamh,  
Is bho 'n charadh 'san uir thu  
'N ciste dhuinte 'san anart,  
'S mor mo dhochas 's mo dhurachd  
Gun do ghiulaineadh t' anam  
Leis na h-aingil air sciathaibh  
Gu tir ghrianaich nam beannachd.

CUMHA.

Do Dhomhnall Domhnallach, Domhnall Ban Mac Sheumais, a bha a fuireach air cladach Shiudig an Ceap-Breatunn, agus a chaochail 'sa bhliadhna 1828.

LE AILAIN AN RIDGE.

Ach a Dhomhnaill mhic Sheumais,  
Dh' fhag thu cridheachan deurach an drast;

[TD 344]

[Taobh-duilleig 348 san leabhar fhèin]

Fo mhulad 's fo eislean  
Bhon a chuala sinn sgeula do bhais;  
Bhon la dh' fhalaich an uir thu  
Is nach faic sinn do ghnuis am measg chaich,  
An ciste dhuint' air do thasgaidh,  
'S gun ar duil thu 'thigh'n dachaidh gu brath.

'S ann Diardaoin roimh an Nollaig  
'Chaill mi 'n t-aon fhear 'b' fhearr toileachadh lium;  
Seod suairc de Chlann-Domhnaill  
Cho neo-bhruailleineach coir 's a bha dhiu;  
Dha 'n robh tuigs' agus reusan  
Moran creidimh, lan ceill' agus tuir,

Agus aigneadh duin' uasail,  
Riamh chan fhacas 's cha chualas t' fhear diumb'.

Bha thu carantach, cairdeil,  
Bha thu iriosal baigheil, gu leoir;  
Bha thu cinneadail, rioghail,  
'S tu a sheasadh cho direach 's bu choir.  
Bu shar chombach dhaoin' uaisl' thu;  
Bha thu siobhalta suairce mu 'n bhord,  
Ach nan cast' thu gu tuasaid,  
'Righ, bu ghasd' thu gu bualadh nan dorn.

Cha robh barr aig mac duin' ort  
Ri uchd gabhaidh air muir no air tìr;  
Chum thu 'n onair' bu dual dhuit  
'Bhi gu curanta cruaidh ri am strith'.  
Bha fuil ard ort ag imeachd  
Bho d' dha shail gu ruig mullach do chinn;  
Is tu 'shliochd nam fear mora  
Dha 'm bu duthchas bhi comhnaidh 'sna glinn.

Gur a lionmhor do chairdean  
Anns gach duthaich 's gach aite mu'n cuairt;

[TD 345]

[Taobh-duilleig 349 san leabhar fhèin]

Bidh an cridheachan craiteach  
'Nuair 'thig naidheachd do bhais orr' cho luath.  
Tha do bhraithrean fo mhulad  
Is do bhantrach aig iomadan truagh;  
Bhon la chailleadh an diubhail  
Gu la bhrath 'bhiodh i 'g ionndraichinn uaip'.

Ach 's e aobhar am misnich  
Mar a dh' fhag thu do sliochd as do dheidh  
Ann an duthchas an athar,  
Ann an cliu 's ann am mathas d'a reir;  
Na fir mhisneachail, dhana,  
Dha bheil tuigs' agus naire le ceill,  
Agus cruadal is spionnadh  
'S nach cuir bruaillein air duine fo 'n ghrein.

Bha t' inntinn leam taitneach,  
Fhir-chinnidh fhior ghasda so 'dh 'eug;  
Ann am firinn 's an ceartas  
A chum t' onair is t'fhacal d'a reir.  
Chan fheil stath 'bhi ga bhruidhinn  
Bhon 's i 'n uaigh ar ceann-uidhe gu leir,  
Ach bhi 'guidhe gu laidir  
Le t' anam gu farras Mhic Dhe.

CUMHA DO 'N EASBIC FHRISEAL.

LE AILAIN AN RIDGE.

Chualas cinnteach an sgeula,

Ceannard priseil na cleire,  
'Chumadh dileas ri 'cheile iad,  
'S a stiuireadh dìreach le ceill iad,  
A bhi 'na shineadh air deilidh gun deo  
A bhi 'na shineadh, etc.

[TD 346]

[Taobh-duilleig 350 san leabhar fhèin]

Is cuis iargain gan dìth thu;  
Bu tu 'riaghladh 'san fhirinn,  
Bha do riaghailtean priseil;  
Bha do Dhia ann an sìth riut,  
'S tu nach fiaradh 's nach dìobradh a choir.

B' e sud urla na feile,  
A b' fhearr cliu agus ceutadh,  
Nach d' rinn diu de dh-fhearr feumnach,  
Ceann-iuil nan dìol-deirce,  
'Bha iochdmhor, ginlanta, beusach, gun gho.

Lamh a shineadh a phailteis,  
Cridhe 's inntinn a ghaisgich,  
Teanga shìobhalta, bhlasda,  
Beul na firinn air altair;  
'S tu bu mhine 's bu taitniche gloir.

Gnuis mhacanta, chaoimhneil,  
Aghaidh smachdail an t-saighdeir,  
Da 'n robh 'n t-aigheadh gun fhoill  
'Sa chom gun ghaiseadh, gun ghaoid ann,  
'Chum gach fasain is caoimhneis 'bu choir.

Craobh mhullaich gun seargadh,  
Sar churaidh gun chearb thu;  
Leoghan curanta, calma,  
'Bhuidhneadh urram 's gach fearaghnìomh;  
'S tu a b' urrainn 's a dhearb e 's gach doigh.

Bha do phearsa ro mhiaghail,  
Bha do cheartasan lionmhor,  
Bha do chleachdanan rianail,  
Deirceach, traisgeachail, diadhail,  
Cridhe farsuinn 's e fialaidh mu 'nor.

Bha gach muirn a co-fhas riut,  
Reachdmhor, luth-chleasach, laidir,

[TD 347]

[Taobh-duilleig 351 san leabhar fhèin]

Maiseach, fiughanta, baigheil,  
Bha thu 'd chliu do na Gaidheil  
'Bhi air do chunntadh roimh 'n al s' a tha beo.

'N nis bhon chaireadh 'san uir thu,

Tha sinn craiteach ga t' ionndrainn;  
Thug ar Slanaighear ga ionnsaidh  
Thu am farras do chrunaidh  
Gu bhi 'ghnath a seinn cliu ann sa ghloir.

ORAN.

A rinneadh le Iain Domhnallach, an Sealgair, mu shia bliadhna an deidh  
dha tighinn do'n duthaich so.

Mi 'n so am aonar is tric mi 'smaointinn  
Gur h-iomad caochladh tigh'nn air an t-sluagh;  
Cha choir do dhaoine 'bhi gorach daonnan,  
Ged bhios iad aotrom an dara h-uair,  
A ruith an t-saoghail 's gun ann ach faoineis,  
E mar a ghaoth 'bhios ag aomadh uait;  
Le 'ghealladh briagach gur beag a's fiach e  
'Nuair 'theidh do thiodhlaiceadh ann san uaigh.

Ma gheibh fear greim air 's gun dean e storas  
Gum fas e bosdail 's e mor air cach;  
Bidh ad is cleoc air, bidh spuir is botuinnean,  
Bidh each le prois aige 's carry-all,  
Ma bha thu 'd rogaire tha thu gorach  
Mar h-iarr thu trocair mun dig am bas;  
Theid t' anam bronach a chur 'san doruinn,  
'S chan fhearr an t-or dhuit na dorlach cath'.

'Nuair 'bha mi gorach an toiseach m' oige,  
Cha b' ann do storas a thug mi speis,

[TD 348]

[Taobh-duilleig 352 san leabhar fhèin]

Ach siubhal mointich air feadh nam mor bheann,  
'S bhiodh damh na croic' ann bu bhoidheach gleus.  
Mu fheill-an-roid gum bu bhinn a chronan  
'N uair 'bhiodh e deonach 'bhi 'choir na h-eild';  
B' fhearr nan cuinneadh 'bhi air a chulthaobh  
Le m' ghumna dubailt' 's le m' chu air eill.

Mo ghaol an cuirtear da m' bi am buirean  
'N uair chuirteadh cu ris 'bu luthmhor ceum,  
A ruith gu siubhlach 's e 'gearradh shurdag  
'S e 'toirt a bhuirn air gu dluth 'na leum.  
Cha b' iad na luigeanan trom neo-shunndach,  
Ach gillean subailt' 'bhiodh as a dheidh  
A bhuidheadh cuis air le gunna dubailt,  
Le luaidhe, 's fudar, 's spor ur 'na ghleus.

'Nuair bhiodh e marbh againn 's e gun deo ann,  
Chan fhaicteadh bronach sinn as a dheidh;  
Ach cridheil ceolmhor, 's an cu lan solais  
Le 'mhala romaich ga chur an geill.  
Bhiodh botuil mhor' ann de stuth na Toiseachd  
Is sinn gan ol air a chorr de 'n spreidh;  
'Nuair bha sinn ogail gum b'fhearr mar sholas

Na cuirt rìgh Deorsa 'bhi choir an fheidh.

Tha fir am Mabu 'bhios rium ag raitinn  
Nach h-'eil ach rabhartaich ann am chainnt;  
Chan fhac iad aicheadh bhon chaidh an arach  
No 'rug am mathraichean iad nan clann.  
'S ann fhuair iad taire mun d' fhas iad laidir  
A cur buntat' ann am bun nan crann,  
'Nuair 'bha mi gorach an toiseach m' oige  
'S mi 'gabhail solais a choir nam beann.

Rinn mi storas greis de m' uine  
N uair 'bha mi sunndach 'san duthaich thall;  
Ach 's duilich leamsa, ge gearr an uine,  
Gun d' fhas e sumhail le tigh'nn an nall.

[TD 349]

[Taobh-duilleig 353 san leabhar fhèin]

Cha dean mi sugradh an lathair cuirte,  
Bhon dh' fhalbh mo luths dh' fhas mo shuilean dall;  
'S bhon tholl am puidse 'bha dhomh ga ghiulan  
Cha d' fhuirich crun deth gun dol air chall.

DUANAG.

Le Ailain Mac-Gilleain do Dhomhnall Cubair, a mhac, 'nuair a bha Domhnall  
'na leanabh.

LUIÑNEAG.

O gur h-e 'n lath' e,  
Hug is hug is mi 'g eirigh.

Ged a tha thu gam phianadh  
Ni thu 'n t-iasgach dhomh fhathast.

Tha do shlat aig Loch Suineart,  
'S bidh i uine gun snaidheadh.

Tha do dhubhan an Glaschu,  
'S e tigh'nn dachaidh air athais.

ORAN DO MHINISTIR OG.

LE IAIN CUIMAIN.

Nach bochd an latha thanic  
Air Gaidheil nu duthcha s'!  
Cha chluinn sinn mar a b' abhaist  
A Ghailic 'sa chubaid.  
Cha tuig mi luchd a ghramair  
Le 'n canain mhi-shughair.  
Mo raghainn cainnt mo mhathar,  
Is tha mi ga 'h-ionndrainn.

[TD 350]

[Taobh-duilleig 354 san leabhar fhèin]

Na daoine aig an robh Ghailic  
Gach la tha cur cul ruinn;  
'S nan amadain ri tair  
Air a chanain shean chliuitich.  
'S e 'n saoghal a tha'n lathair  
Chuir pairt diu dhe 'n cursa;  
'S bhon sharaich iad mo nadar  
Chan aicheidh mi 'chuis sin.

Tha duine tapaidh lamh-ruinn,  
Gun ardan na ghiulan,  
Bho 'm faigh sinn brod na Galic,  
Oir 's Gaidheal gu chul e.  
'S fear misneachail, gun sgath e,  
Le gnathachadh cliuiteach;  
Is ainm a dol na's airde  
Gach la ann san duthaich.

Gu dearbh cha b' aithne dhomhsa  
Duine og ann san duthaich,  
A dh' innseadh dhuinne cho comhnard  
Ar goraich 's mi-churam.  
Ged tha e 'n aghaidh 'n oil  
Cha bu choir dhuinn 'bhi 'n diomb ris.  
'S e dhleasannas am poiteir  
'S a dhoighean a sgiursadh.

Mar chuala mi, tha pairt  
Ann sa Bhraighe so diombach,  
Airson e 'bhi 'gan smadadh  
Mu'n gnathannan bruideil.  
Na biastan ud gun tamh  
Bidh 'ga 'chaineadh gu siubhlach;-  
Chan iarrainn 'bhi nan aite;  
'S mi-shabhailt' an cursa.

Bu dichionnach gach la e  
Bho n thanic e 'n tubh so,

[TD 351]

[Taobh-duilleig 355 san leabhar fhèin]

Ag innse dhuinn mu shlainte  
'S mu 'n ghradh bha gun tus aig'.  
Na roinnean bha nan grain leis  
Is caineadh is culchainnt;  
'S ann 'deanamh sith' a bha e,  
'S gur h-airdid a chliu sin.

Tha meas aig air a Ghailic;  
'S ann da-san bu duthchas.  
Chan fhaiceadh e 'dol bas i,  
'S chan fhagadh e'n cuil i.



Ma bhios mi na mo shlaint'  
Theid mi bhan,—tha e 'n run orm,  
A shealltainn air a Ghaidheal  
Nach aicheadh a dhuthaich.

Mur fuirich e san ait  
Bidh a chairdean ga 'ionndrainn.  
Cha chluinn sinn searmon Gailic  
'S bidh pairt againn tursach.  
Mo raghainn fein e 'thamh  
Ach ma dh' fhagas e 'n duthaich  
Gum biodh an Ti a 's airde  
Do ghnath na Fhear-iuil dha.

Gu ma fada fallain slan  
Agus ard ann an cliu e  
Le neart a reir a laithean  
Gu h-araid 's a chubaid,  
Ri faire os cionn nan Gaidheal  
'Chaidh fhagail fo churam.  
Gun teagamh 's mor a b' fheairt' iad  
Mar gheard air an cul e.

[TD 352]

[Taobh-duilleig 356 san leabhar fhèin]

ORAN D'A DHEALBH FHEIN.

LE ALASTAIR DOMHNALLACH.

AM BARD.

'Fhir shiubhail dean innseadh  
Do 'n uasal Mac-Iosaic  
Gur toilicht' tha m' inntinn  
A briodal ri m' chail,  
Bhon dh' fheuch e dhomh 'n innleachd  
'S a rinn e gu siobhalt'  
Mo choltas ro chinnteach  
A shineadh dhomh 'm laimh.  
'N uair ghlac mi 'n am dhorn e  
Gun d'fhas mi cho leomach  
'S gun d' shaoil mi gur coirneal  
Glan og a bha 'm dhail.  
Bidh na h-ionagan boidheach,  
'N uair thig iad 'na chomhail,  
Ga 'shliopadh 's ga 'phogadh  
'S a feoraich, co e.

Bu bhreamasach dhomhsa  
Nach faca mi og e,  
Mun d' cheang' leadh mi 'm posadh  
Gu deonach ri 'm ghradh;  
Gum faighinn mar leannan  
Ban-iarla le 'h-earras,  
Cho mor 's a bha 'n Sasunn  
An caisteal a tamh.  
Gun coisneadh mo dhreach i

'Thaobh ailleachd is maise,  
'S bu mhuirneach i 'n taic rium  
A glacadh mo laimh.  
Gur mise 'bhiodh toilicht'  
Ga 'faicinn mu m' choinnimh,  
'S mi 'g earbsa ri 'sporan  
'Thoirt sonais dhomh 's aigh.

[TD 353]

[Taobh-duilleig 357 san leabhar fhèin]

A BHEAN.

'S a dhuine bi ciallach  
Is faicleach mu d' bhriathran;  
Chan fhaca mi riamh  
Dad de bhriadhachd 'ad ghnuis  
Le d' bhoilich gun aithne  
'S ann tha thu 'd chuis-fhanaid;  
Ged fhuair thu 'n diugh faileas  
Cha b' airidh air thu.  
Gun d' chaill thu do mhath ris  
Do thur agus t' aithne,  
'S e 'n crochadh ri balla  
Fo amharc do shul.  
Chan fhaigh sinn bonn math' dhiot  
Bhon fhuair thu 'chuis-mhagaidh,  
'S b' e turas a bhreamais  
'Thug dhachaidh e dhuinn.

AM BARD.

B' e turas na truaighe  
A cheangail mi 'm buaraich;  
'Nuair rinn thu mo bhuannachd  
Cha b' fhuathach leat mi.  
Ged dh' fhas thu cho spaideil  
Bhon fhuair thu fo ghlais mi,  
B'e m' ainm aig gach caileig  
An lasgaire grinn.  
'S gun d' lean e rium fhathast  
'Bhi taitneach 's gach rathad.—  
Ged dheant' thusa 'tharruinn  
Le fearaibh do 'n chill,  
Gum faighinn-s', ged chanainn,  
Te 'chunntadh ri baran;  
Leig dhiot a bhi glagan,  
'S mi fada dheth sgith.

[TD 354]

[Taobh-duilleig 358 san leabhar fhèin]

A' BHEAN.

B' e latha na dunach  
'Thug bhuainn thu air thuras,

Le d' bhosd ga thoirt thugainn  
Mar ulaidh mor phris.  
Gum b' fhearr dhuit gun d' fhan thu  
Gu gnìomhach aig baile;  
'S ann tha thu le t' aighear  
Na d' mhasladh do 'n tìr.  
Le t' iomhaigh an glaine  
Is t' fhiasag gun bhearradh,  
Gur coltach do shealladh  
Ri baigeir air thriall.  
Gur diombach mi 'n bhalach  
'Rinn t' aogasg a tharruinn,  
'S nach facas air thalamh  
Mac-samhuilt dhuit riamh.

AM BARD.

'S ann agad 'tha 'n teanga  
Nach obadh an glagan,  
'S i guineach mar chlàidheabh  
A ghearradh gach ni.  
'N uair choltaich thu gaisgeach  
Ri spagairneach baigeir  
Gur tu chaidh am mearachd,  
Cha d' aithnich thu 'phris.  
'N uair ni mi mo dhreasadh,  
Is m' fheusag a bhearradh,  
Gu 'n seall mi cho spaideil  
Ri neach tha san tìr.  
'S e t' aigne bhi falamh,  
Gun tuigse, gun aithne,  
'Chuir buaireadh is dalladh  
An amharc do chinn.

[TD 355]

[Taobh-duilleig 359 san leabhar fhèin]

A BHEAN.

Chan ionghnadh dhomh dalladh  
Is buaireadh 'bhi agam  
'N uair chi mi air ais thu  
'S gach maitheas ga d' dhith  
Ged rachainn bhon bhaile  
Bidh tus' aig an fhaileas  
'N uair thilleas mi dhachaidh  
'S tu crathadh do chinn.  
Bidh iadsan dha 'n aithn' thu  
Gu tric ort a fanaid;  
'S gun canar 'sgach baile  
Gur fear thu gun ni.  
Ged rachadh do tharruinn  
Le dealbhadair Shasuinn  
Cha sealladh tu 'n glasraich  
Ach prabach gun phris.

AM BARD.

O, Mhari leig seachad  
Droch canran an teallaich,  
'S mi 'g eisdeachd ga m' aindeoin  
Ri d' ghlagail gun tur.  
An t-uasal a tharruinn dhomh  
M' iomhaigh an glaine  
Gun deanadh e 'cheannach  
Nan gabhainn na cruin  
Gach neach dha bheil aithne,  
'S geur-thuigseach 'n am barail,  
Gun d' choltaich iad m' fhaileas  
Ri cnapairneach diuc'.  
'N uair ghabh iad dheth sealladh.  
De 'chumadh 's de 'earradh,  
Gun dug e gu dalladh  
Beachd amharc an sul.

[TD 356]

[Taobh-duilleig 360 san leabhar fhèin]

A BHEAN.

'S bhon dh' fheumas na mnathan  
Bhi striochdte dha 'm fearaibh,  
Biodh sith le deagh chaidreamh  
'G a caitheamh gach trath;  
Ged leanamaid seachdainn  
Gun cluicheadh an ceart leam,  
'S gun bhuille 'n t-slait-smachdaich  
A thachairt 'am dhail.  
Mur deanadh tu tarruinn  
Gum faighinn rud fhathast  
A chuireadh gu h-ealamh  
Gach bagradh gu tamh.  
'S ged tha thu 't fhearr-facail  
'S tu 'n comhnuidh ga 'chleachdadh,  
Cha diobrainn mo bheachd  
Air na labhair mi 'n dan.

AM BARD.

'S a Mhari thoir barail  
De 'n reusan nach gabhar  
Gu freagairt aig altair  
'H-aon agaibh ri 'r beo.  
'S e deireadh gach facail  
'Chuir sud as bhur caraibh;  
'Bhi daonnan ga 'chleachdadh  
Gur mearachd ro mhor.  
Ged leanadh an sagairt  
Am Beurla 's an Laideann  
Cha chuireadh e grabadh  
Air glagail do bheoil;  
Ach sioram le sarum  
Mar shruthan le gleannan;  
Cha 'n ionghnadh do theanga  
'Bhi tana gu leoir

[TD 357]

[Taobh-duilleig 361 san leabhar fhèin]

A BHEAN.

'S a dhuine bi tosdach  
'S leig dhiot gach droch chosan,  
'S do bhriathran gun fhosadh  
'Toirt mosglaidh do m' chail.  
Bhon fhuair thu mi 'n toiseach  
Chan iarradh tu tochradh  
Gus 'n do thionndaidh na roithean,  
'S 'n do nochd iad muir-traigh.  
'S e faileas na bochduinn  
'Thug t' ardan gu rosad;  
Mur bi sinn ga d' mholadh  
Bidh cron bhuaith gun tamh.  
Ged thigeadh fìor choigrich  
Ghan fhag thu aig fois iad  
Bidh t' iomhaigh 'g a mholadh  
'S ga thomhadh 'n an dail

AM BARD.

Gu sith agus sìochainnt  
'Bhi 'n cleachdadh gu sìorruith,  
Cha lean sinn air briathran  
'Bheir riasan do chach  
Gu spors' a bhi aca  
Mu 'r comhradh 's mu'r cleachdadh:  
Mo bheannachd biodh leat  
Is leig seachad do dhan.  
Ma gheallas tu sud dhomh  
Gum faigh sinn gach piseach,  
'S bidh tus' agus mis'  
Ann am meas mar a bha;  
'S theid cnamhan an teallaich  
Leinn fhuadach air aineoil,  
'S cha chluinn neach air thalamh  
Na 'bh againn an drast.

[TD 358]

[Taobh-duilleig 362 san leabhar fhèin]

CUMHA.

D'a mhathair, nighean do Dhomhnall Cubair, le Domhnall Mac-Gillemhaoil am Priceville.

LUINNEAG.

Tha mi 'n nochd gun mhathair dluth dhomh;  
Tha i 'n cadal trom na h-urach;  
Tha mi 'n nochd gun mhathair dluth dhomh;  
Fath mo thurs' i bhi gam dhith.

'N uair a dhireas mi am bruthach  
Chan fheil te ann 'ni rium fiughair;  
Tha mo mhathair 'san taigh chumhann,  
'S bidh mi muladach ga caoidh.

O, gur h-ise 'chaidh a bhualadh  
Leis an doruinn a bha fuath'sach;  
Cha robh lighiche mu 'n cuairt dhuinn  
'Bheireadh fuasgladh dhi car tim'.

Tha mi bronach, tha mi deurach  
Tha mo chridhe air a leireadh,  
Bhon a charadh i 'san leine;  
Tha mi eisleineach gun chli.

Gur h-e 'm bas an teachdair gruamach;  
'S iomad dorus aig am buail e;  
'S iomad aon gam fagail truagh leis,  
'S e toirt bhuap' an luaidh do 'n chill.

Gu bheil m' athair dubhach, tursach,  
'S e gach la is oidhch' ag ionndrainn  
Na te chaoimhneil, aoibheil, chliuitich  
'Bheireadh umhlachd dha 's gach ni.

'S trom an sac a tha ga 'mhuchadh,  
'S geur an gath a tha ga 'chiuradh,

[TD 359]

[Taobh-duilleig 363 san leabhar fhèin]

'S tric a dheoir a ruith gu siubhlach;  
Ann san uir tha run a chridh'.

Buidheachas do 'n Ti a's airde  
Gun do dh-ullaich E 'na ghradh i  
Chum 's gum biodh i ann am farras  
'Seinn gu brath air clarsaich bhinn.

<eng>Colin Macmillan of Bail'-a-phuill, Tyree, was married to Catherine, daughter of Donald Maclean, Domhnall Cubair, of the same place. They came from Scotland in August, 1851, and settled in Priceveill, Ontario. Mrs. Macmillan died July 13th, 1883. She was in the 72nd year of her age.<gai>

CUMHA.

Do Ruari Mac-Leoid, a chaochail sa bhliadhna 1884. Bha e ochd bliadhna diag air fhichead de dh-aois

LE SINE NIC-LEOID, A PHIUTHAR.

FONN.—Chaidh mo mhulad am miad.

Fhuair mi naidheachd Di-luain,  
Sgeula dubhach 'bha cruaidh gu leoir,  
Mo brathair caomh Ruairi,  
'Bhi na laighe 's e fuar air bord,

'S beag a bh' agam-sa 'dhuil  
Nach faicinn am fiuran beo;  
'S luath leam 'thanic am bas;  
Thug e bhuamsa mo bhraithren og'.

Gur a muladach mi,  
Gu bheil ceithrear dhiu sint' fo 'n fhoid;

[TD 360]

[Taobh-duilleig 364 san leabhar fhèin]

Chan fheil agam ri m' thaobh  
Dhiu an diugh ach an aon fhear beo.  
Bha iad foghainteach treun,  
Bha iad eireachdail, ceillidh, coir;  
Ach le saighdean a bhais  
Chaidh iad seachad mar bhlath an fheoir.

Sud an teachdair' gun truas!  
Dh' fhadh iomadach gruaidh fo dheoir,  
'N uair a dh' innseadh mu 'n cuairt  
Nach bu bheo thus', a Ruari Oig.  
Bho 'n la 'thugadh thu bhuaip'  
Tha do bhantrach dheth truagh le bron;  
Bu tu 'n aghaidh gun ghruaim  
'Nam bhi suidhe mu 'n cuairt do 'n bhord.

Gur a mis' 'th' air mo chradh  
'S mi a fiachainn ri dan 'chur sios;  
Bu tu brathair na baigh',  
B'e bhi caoimhneil do ghnaths rium riamh.  
Cha do rinn mi car slan  
Bhon a chuir iad thu 'n caradh sios  
'N ciste chumhainn nam bord,  
'S chan fheil duil ris a bhron s' 'chur dhiom.

Leam a's duilich do chlann,  
Dhaibh a dh'eirich an call tha mor;  
Ged tha 'm mathair nan ceann  
Gur a lag iad ri geamhradh reot'.  
Tha 'n cul-taice 'sa chill,  
'M fear a chumadh gach ni air doigh,  
A bha baigheil 'na chainnt,  
Agus cridheil gun sgraing, gun phrois.

'S tric a smaointeachadh mi  
Air an turus a mhill do shnuadh;  
Fhuair thu aiceid do bhais  
Ann an tir nam beann arda, fuar.

[TD 361]

[Taobh-duilleig 365 san leabhar fhèin]

Ged a gheibheadh tu 'dh-or  
Luach na h-oighreachd a 's mo thar cuan  
B' fhearr leam sealladh dhiot beo;

Cha chuir saibhreas dubh-bhron air ruaig.

Bha thu furanach, fial,  
Cha do chleachd thu bhi crion mar sheol;  
Bha thu tuigseach lan ceill,  
Bha do ghluasad le speis do 'n choir.  
B' e do chomhradh mo mhiann,  
'S tric a chuireadh e dhìom mo bhron;  
Tha mi 'n nise leam fhin;  
Dh' fhalbh fear-comuinn mo chridh' 's mo threoir.

<eng>Jane Macleod was born in the Isle of Skye. She lives in Caledonia, Prince Edward Island. She came to this country with her parents, John Macleod and Margaret Matheson, about the year 1851. She has composed several short poems, and has a great number of excellent old songs by heart.<gai>

ORAN.

Do dhuin' uasal de Chlann-Ghilleain, le fear a fhuair a thogail 'na theaghlach.

Gur tric teachdair' orm fein  
Ga mo ghreasad gu eug;  
'S mor m' eagal nach feud mi cumail ris.  
Gur tric teachdair' etc.

'S e a liuthad beachd sgeul  
'Tha mi faighinn mu d' dheibh'nn  
'Chuir mo chridhe ga leir an truimead dheth.

[TD 362]

[Taobh-duilleig 366 san leabhar fhèin]

'S e mo chruadal 's mo chall  
Do chuairt am measg Ghall,  
'Fhir ruaidh a dh-fhan thall bho 'n uiridh bhuainn.

Fhuair thu toghaidh bho 'n righ,  
Chuir thu fothad gach ni,  
Ghlac thu 'm bogha 's na criochaibh Lunnaineach.

Air chabhsair 'measg Ghall  
'S tu gu 'm buidh'neadh an geall;  
Gur h-e mise 'bha thall 's a chunnaic sin.

'Nuair a fhuair thu o 'n t-slogh  
Lan t' aide dhe 'n or,  
Gur a h-iomad fear-cleoc' 'thug urram dhuit.

Bu tu 'm marcaiche teann  
Air an each bu mhor srann;  
'S tu gum 'b urrainn an ceann a chumail riu.

'Nuair a rachadh tu suas  
Air an each 'bu leoir luais  
Bhiodh am faine caol, cruaidh, 'ga luimead leat.



'N uair a rachadh tu 'shealg,  
B' e do leannan mar arm  
Pic de 'n t-Sasunnaich dheirg, chruaidh, fhulangaich;

It an fhir-eoin o'n charn,  
Is crann liobharr' o'n cheard,  
Bian 'bu dioniche 's calg na h-iomairt' ort.

Gum bu bheadarrach mi  
Ann ad sheileir air fion,  
Ann ad chaidreamh gun dith, gun uireasbhuidh.

'N uair a shumhlaicheadh cach  
'Sios air urlar do bhat,  
'S tu gu 'n stiuireadh gu laidir urrant' i.

[TD 363]

[Taobh-duilleig 367 san leabhar fhèin]

'Mach o fheartan an Treith  
'Chuir an anaill so 'm chre,  
Gur a tusa 'n lamh threun 'rinn duinen dhiom.

ORAN DO DH-EACHANN MAC-NEILL BHARRA.

Is ann an nochd a tha mi 'm thosd,  
Fear na mor thoirt dh'fhag sinn.  
Cha robh aig leigh ceirain gu feum,  
Dh' fhalbh am fear treun daichal  
O, sud an ceum bu ro mhath gleus,  
'Siubhal an deidh lan-daimh;  
O, sud an t-suil 'bu ro mhath tur  
Am frith nan stuc arda.

Chunnacas uair 's do chas bu luath  
A dh' fhalbh air cruas fasich.  
Snuadh ort mar aol, gruaidh mar an caor,  
'S gum b' uaibhreach craobh t' ardain.  
Bha t' fhalt cha bhreug mar aital theud,  
Gast agus reidh ar-bhuidh;  
Do shuil bu gheur, 's clach innt' mar leug,  
'S do chuma gu leir aluinn.

Bu ghast air blar fo aital arm  
Gaisgeach do dhealbh aluinn:  
Claidheabh neo-mhaol, gunna 'bheoil chaoil,  
'S daga nach b' fhaoin lamhach;  
Biodag gheur, chruaidh, liobharr', o 'n ghual,  
Sniomhan is duail mheanbh oirr';  
Do mhiann na seoid a chleachd bhi mor,  
Na gaisgich og' chalma.

Bu sgiobair cuain thu ri la fuar,  
Ged bhiodh ann cruaidh sheideadh;

[TD 364]

[Taobh-duilleig 368 san leabhar fhèin]

Bu cheillidh ciuin do bheum air Stiuir,  
A reiteach shugh leumnach,  
'S do bhat' a falbh gu sunndach, calm,  
Gun fhiamh roimh 'n fhairg' bheucich.  
'Gabhail gu tir rathad an ri,  
Bu shamhuilt 'n fhior threin thu.

Ged tha mi 'm dhall 's leir dhomh an call  
'Rug air do dhream mhuint'rech.  
Do thriall mo thuath 's e 'liath mo ghruag,  
Do chur ann am bruaich tunga,  
'N eaglais nan ceut far a bheil sreud;  
B' iat sin am freumh urail.  
Dh' iomain an sguab fine dheas uainn,  
Cinneadh nam buadh cliuiteach.

CUMHA

Do duine uasal de Chlann-Domhnaill.

Ge socrach a tha 'n leaba so,  
Gur h-olc a chulaidh chadail i,  
'S a mhuinntir a dh' fhalbh fada bhuainn,  
'S gach aon neach a bhi bagradh oirnn:-  
B' iad fhein na fir 'bu taitniche  
'S ann aca 'bha 'n deagh ghnaths  
B' iad fhein, etc.

Gu bheil mi sgith 's mi muladach,  
Gu bheil mi cianail, duilich, trom,  
On threig an cabhlach uile sinn  
Mar sud is ceann ar cumalach;  
A righ gur mor ar n-uireasbhuidh  
Mu 'n churaidh sin a b' fhearr.

Mo churaidh treubhach, eolach, thu  
De 'n fhior fhuil uasail, Dhomhnallaich;

[TD 365]

[Taobh-duilleig 369 san leabhar fhèin]

Gun rachadh fir an ordagh leat,  
Gun deanteadh iomad stroiceadh leat;  
Bu smachdail, reachdmhor, morchuiseach thu  
'Dol 'an ordagh blair.

Gur mac do 'n churaidh euchdach thu,  
Do dheagh Mhac Eoin Mhic Sheumais thu,  
Dha 'm biodh an sluagh cruaidh beumannach,  
Sgun d'rinn Mac-Leoid dha geilleachdainn;  
Mur faigheadh e deagh reite bhuaibh  
Chan fheudadh e bhi slan.

Gur cairdeach do Ghilleasbic thu,  
'S do'n chuirteir a b' fhearr deisearachd;  
Sar cheannard fhear is fhleasgach thu,  
As a bhlar cha teicheadh tu,  
'S gun aithnicheadh fear do leth-truim  
Far an leagadh tu do lamh.

Gur car do Mhac-'Ic-Ailein thu,  
Mar sin gur e do charaid e;  
Gur cairdeach do Bhrian Ballach thu,  
'S do Dhomhnall Gorm nach maireann thu;  
'S gur h-ionnan dhuit 's do dh-Alastair  
Bha 'n carraid Innsibh-Gall.

Gur cairdeach do rìgh Fionnghall thu,  
Mar sin is do dh-Iarl' Antrum thu,  
'S gum b' ait leis a bhi 'g iomradh ort;-  
Cha robh do lamh-sa iomrallach;  
A dh' aon neach 'dheanadh tionndadh riut  
Chan ionndrainneadh e 'm bas.

An la 'bha blar na criche ann  
Bha sinne dubhach cianail dheth,  
Bha 'm fiuran foinnidh fìor ghlic ann,  
Slat ur de 'n choill gun chrìonaich thu;  
Gur car do dh-Aonghas Ileadh thu  
Bha treis 'san righeachd thall.

[TD 366]

[Taobh-duilleig 370 san leabhar fhèin]

Mo dhunach mar a dh'eirich dhomh,  
Gur bronach an deidh t'eige mi;  
Cha b' i a chreach gun eirig i,  
Bu chliu gach cuis a dh' eireadh leat;  
'S gum b' ainmeil aig na h-Eirionnaich  
'Bha treubhantas do lamh.

Nan dugteadh marbh gu d' dhachaidh thu,  
Gun seinnteadh piob, 's bhiodh brataichean  
Os cionn do choluinn mhaiseachail,  
'Gad thoirt gu sgìreachd Chlachanaibh:  
Bhiodh mnathan uaisle 'n taice riut  
'Sior-acain mu do bhas.

<eng>James, first Macdonald of Kingsburgh, was the second son of Domhnall Gruamach, fourth Macdonald of Sleat. He was succeeded by his son John, and John by his son Donald. This Donald was known as Domhnall Mac Iain Mhic Sheumais. He was a distinguished warrior. He defeated the Macleods in several engagements. Alexander, his eldest son and successor, fought under Montrose. Alexander was killed in the battle of Killiecrankie in 1689. He seems to have been the subject of the poem.<gai>

ORAN.

Do dhuine uasal araid, an deidh a bhais, le oide.

Gur a beag a shaoil mi  
'N toiseach Mart chur an t-sil  
Gun sgaoileadh do ni bho m' chro.  
Gur a beag etc.

Gur a h-iomadh long bhan  
'Chuir mi dhuit air an t-snamh,  
Nach giulaineadh ramh no seol;

[TD 367]

[Taobh-duilleig 371 san leabhar fhèin]

Agus saighead chinn chaoil  
A leig mi le gaoith  
'Dheanamh aighir do m'ghaol de m' dheoin.

Tha thu 'n clachan an aoil  
Fo uisge 's fo ghaoith,  
Far nach dig do bhean ghaoil 'ad choir;

Ann an ciste 'chinn chaoil,  
Air a sparradh le saor,  
Far nach atharraich gaith do neoil;

Is a h-iuchair chan iarr mi  
'S a fosgladh cha dean,  
Is cha choisich thu 'n sliabh a'm' choir;

Ach a dheagh Mhic-a-Phi,  
Slan do thighinn do 'n tir  
'S cairdeach 'n fhear thu bha 'n I fo bhord.

'Mhic an athar 'bha treun  
'Nuair a dh'iarrrt' e gu feum,  
'S gum bu cheannard roimh cheud e 'falbh.

'S mise fein nach robh glic,  
Ged a b'urail mo ghibht,  
'S nach robh agam ort idir coir.

'S e Di-ciadain a bh'ann  
'Nuair a thanic an t-am,  
'Fhir bu mhilis leam cainnt do bheoil.

'Thi tha 'n cathair an t-sluaigh,  
S tu 'thug dhomh 's a thug bhuam;  
Beannachd 'm anma leis 'suas gu gloir.

[TD 368]

[Taobh-duilleig 372 san leabhar fhèin]

<eng>The Macduffies or Macphies were a small clan in Argyleshire. They owned the Island of Colonsay, which was their original home. Their chief, Malcolm Macphie, was killed by Cola Ciotach Macdonald in 1623. Some of them settled in Lochaber. These followed Cameron of Lochiel.<gai>

ORAN

DO MHAC-FHIONGHAIN AN T-SRATHA.

'Fhir ud shiubhlas an rod,  
Thoir bhuam soiridh no dho  
Gu long-phort nan seol  
Far a bheil na fir chrodha threuna.  
Fhir ud 'shiubhlas etc.

Chan ann thun an fhuinn,  
Ach gu fear a chuill duinn  
Dha'n dug mi-fhin m'uidh,  
A righ, nar fhaicear mi 'caoidh mu d' dheinibh;

Gu taigh ceile mo ruin,  
Fear a b'eibhinne turn,  
'S bu neo-eucorach cuis;  
'S tu nach h-eisdeadh ri cul-chainnt bhreige.

'Mheud 's 'g an labhradh am beoil,  
'S tu nach h-aontaicheadh leo,  
Ach a feitheamh gu foil  
Gus an cluinneadh tu doigh an sgeil sin.

Bheirt' a bhrigh leat a steach  
Gu ciuin faighidneach ceart,  
Le rioghalachd phailt,  
'S gum bu chinnteach a shnas o d' bheul-sa.

'N uair a shineadh tu 'n lamh  
Is a lubadh tu 'n ramh

[TD 369]

[Taobh-duilleig 373 san leabhar fhèin]

Gum bu ghile i na'n cnaimh;  
'S gum bu mhiannach le cach 'bhi t' eisdeachd.

Cha robh coire 'gad choir,  
Bho d'uilinn gu d' dhorn,  
Bho do mhullach gu d' bhroig,  
Ach a chruime 'bha'd shroin 's cha b' eitidh.

Cha bhi mise ri cainnt  
Ort na 's fhaide aig an am s';  
Chi mi 'bhuil air do chlann  
Gur h-e 'n fhirinn 'tha 'm rann 's nach breug e.

<eng>As "mu d' dheinibh" is what is in the manuscript we allow it to stand. It is used at least in parts of Argyleshire.<gai>

CUMHA.

Do Mhorair Tairbeirt a dh'eug, 's e 'na dhuine og.

Tha mi fada gun dusgadh  
'N seombar cadail 'n taigh duinte;  
Cha d'leig fadachd dhomh 'n tus dol a' m' eideadh.  
Thn mi fada etc.

Fhuair mi naidheachd o'n t-searman,  
Gun do dh-eug Morair Tairbeirt;  
'S gur h-ann leamsa bu shearbh i r'a h-eisdeachd.

Ma tha 'n sgeula lan dhearbhte,  
'S mor air maithibh fir Alb' e;  
Ach air m'fhirinn gum b'fhearr leam 'na bhreig e.

[TD 370]

[Taobh-duilleig 374 san leabhar fhèin]

Chaill mi'n stiuir a bh'air m'ardraich,  
Iuchair dhunaidh mo cheabainn,  
Mo chairt iuil, mo chroinn arda, 's mo speuclair.

Chaill mi 'n t-aobharrach maiseach,  
Muirneach, moralach, dreachmhor,  
Mun d'rug aois a bhi t' ochd bliadhna deug ort;

Agus marcach eich uaibhrich  
Air clar machair a chruadhlaich;  
Nam bu mhaireann bu bhuachaille air sreud thu.

Bu chraobh ard ann san lios thu,  
'Thilgeadh straic de shar mheas dith;  
'S mairg pairc air 'n do bhristeadh 'na geig i;

Slat de'n abhal a b'uire,  
'Dh' fhas fo chnothan 's fo ubhlan;  
Tha 'nis snodhach a cuil air a treigsinn.

Ann an cruinneachadh duthcha,  
'N lathair seisein no cuirte,  
Bhiodh do sheise 'n taigh buth' an Duneideann.

Chuir thu 'n t-Easbic an gainntir,  
Chum thu deasbud gun taing ris;  
Bu neo-fhiosrach an ceanntart roimh chleir e.

Tha do dhuthaich na bocan,  
'S i gun aighear, gun cheol innt',  
Is do dhuthaich Mhic-Leoid cho mho theid mi.

Ged a chuireadh iad ann mi,  
'Bhail'-a-mhuilinn sin Anndra,  
'S beag mo speis do dhol ann 's gun thu fhein ann.

Aobharrach, <eng>a youth.<gai> Bocan, <eng>a terrifying object, a  
hobgoblin, a spectre.<gai>

[TD 371]

[Taobh-duilleig 375 san leabhar fhèin]

ORAN.

Mu chor na Rìoghachd 'sa bhliadhna 1716, le te de Chlann Mhic-Gillesheathanaich.

'S tearc an diu mo chuis ghaire  
Bhon chaidh Albainn gu strith.  
Fo bhreitheanas namhaid  
A Rìgh, na fag sinn air dith;  
Tog fein do chrois taraidh  
'Thoir nan cairdean gu tìr;  
Ann am purgaidh tha sinn,  
Thoir gu grasmhor dhuinn sìth.

Chaidh an saoghal gu bagradh,  
'S eiginn aideachadh leam;  
Faic a choir air a diobradh,  
Chaill am fhirinn a bonn.  
Tha na h-urrachan priseil  
Gan cur sìos mar am moll,  
Aig fìor Chuigse na rìoghachd  
'Cur nan disnean a fonn.

'Athair, seall oirnn 'san tìm so  
Bhon tha 'n iobairt ud trom;  
A Chuigs' a botadh na binne,  
Gu de 'nì sinn air lom?  
Luchd a dh' fhadadh am Biobal  
'Thoir bho'n fhirinn a bonn;  
Fhuair fìr Shasuinn an stiopal.  
'N deidh an rìgh 'chur air luing.

Biobh ag urnaigh le dìchioll  
Dia 'chur dìon air an luing.  
Tha am post air a dhiobradh  
Is tha 'n stiobal ud lom,  
'S an t-oighre tuisleach a dìreadh,  
Bhon 's e ar mìorun a thoill.

[TD 372]

[Taobh-duilleig 376 san leabhar fhèin]

Do luchd mortadh na fìrinn'  
'S mòr na libhrigeadh leinn.

'Dhream nan cealgan 'bu lìonmhor,  
'Chuir an rìgh ud air ghluas'd,  
Dhuisg sibh corraich an Fhreasdail,  
'S plaigh o 'n easbic bhur buaidh.  
Rinn sibh Anna a charadh  
Gun a bas a thoirt 'suas,  
'S chuir sibh Seumas air saile,  
Sgeul a chraidh sinn ri uair.

Shaoileadh Seumas og Stiubhart,  
Fhad 's 'bhiodh triuir air a sgath,

Nach dugadh Gordanaich cul ris,  
A gheall a chuis air a chlar  
Ged tha 'n coileach 'na fhuidse,  
Cha b' e dhuthchas bhi bath;  
'S olc a dhearbh thu do dhurachd  
Gus an crun 'thoirt a cas.

Tha do chairdean mor uasal,  
'S iad fo ghruaim riut gach la,  
'S eiginn daibh a bhi 'm fuath riut,  
Ged is cruaidh e ri radh.  
Bhrisd thu 'n cridhe le smuairean  
'N aobhar buairidh no dha;  
'S tha cach ag eigheach mu 'n cuairt duit  
Gun deach do chruadal mu lar.

Air dhomh tionndadh 'am leaba,  
Chaidh an cadal air chall;  
M' aobhar clisgidh a dhuisg mi,  
Shil mo shuilean gu trom.  
'S ann tha Caisteal na Maighe  
'M bu tric tathaich nan sonn,  
'N diugh na fhasach gun uaislean,  
Is gun tuath bhi mu 'bhonn.

[TD 373]

[Taobh-duilleig 377 san leabhar fhèin]

Gu bheil caisteal na tairne  
Mar nach b' abhaist gun smuid,  
Is tha bhaintighearna ghasda  
An deidh pasgadh a ciuil.  
'S tric a deoir air a rasgaibh  
Mu Shir Lachainn nan tur,  
Bhon chaidh prison an Sasunn  
Air na gaisgich nach lub.

Tha do chomhlaichean glaiste,  
'S tha do gheatachan duint',  
Oig phriseil na pailte,  
'S chan ann le airc no le gnuig.  
'S e 'bhi 'n toir air a cheartas  
'Chuir air aiseag thu null;  
Ghabh thu toiseach a ghatair  
Ged a sharaicheadh thu.

Mo chreach, Uilleam a Bhorluim  
'Bhi aig Deorsa 'na thur,  
Am fear misneachail, morail,  
Lean a choir air a cul.  
Beinn Shioin nach diobair,  
Cridhe dileas gun lub,  
'S e fo chomhla gu diblidh  
'N diugh ga 'dhiteadh 's gach buth.

A Rìgh ghloirmhoir nam feartan,  
Tionndaidh 'n reachd so mu 'n cuairt;  
Thoir gach duthchasach dhachaidh



'Dh 'fhalbh air seacharan bhuainn,  
Mac-an-Toisich nam bratach  
Is Clann Chatain nam buadh,  
A ghabh fogradh o 'n aitribh,  
'S cha b' ann le masladh nan ruag

Chuir e m' inntinn gu leughadh  
Gu de mar dh' eirich so dhuinn.

[TD 374]

[Taobh-duilleig 378 san leabhar fhèin]

'M faic thu 'n t-eilean 'na eunar  
Gun aobhar eibhnis 'na thur?  
Far am b' aighearach teudan  
An am eirigh do 'n chuir;  
'S fion na Spaine ga 'eigheach  
Air slainte Sheumais a chruin.

'M faic thu 'n t-uachdaran breige  
Air aon ghleus ris a Phap'?  
'S iad a damnadh a cheile  
On la 'dh'eirich am brath;  
Gur a tursach an sgeul e  
Bhi ga 'eisdeachd bho chach;  
Mheall thu coileach na feile,  
'S dhit a chleir e gu bas.

Coileach dona gun fhirinn,  
Ghibht e 'chirean 's a ghras.  
Dh'eigh e 'n t-eitheach 'san rioghachd,  
Is cha dirich e sparr.  
Ma gheibh Mac-Cailein 'na linn thu,  
Bheir e cis dhiot nach fearr;  
'S daor a phaigheas tu 'n tim so  
Airson na firinn a bha.

Gur a sean leam a choir sin  
A th' aig Deors' air a chrùn;  
Ma 's i Chuigs' tha ga sheoladh  
Guidheam leon air a chuis'  
Ghlac thu 'n t-urram air Fostar  
'S bu daor an comhrag sin duinn;  
Ach sgrios a thigh'nn air a gharradh  
Mun cinn barr ann na's mu.

<eng>William Mackintosh of Borlum, known as the Brigadier, was born about the year 1663. He was a graduate of King's College, Aberdeen. He served for some time in the French army. He took an active part with John Erskine,

[TD 375]

[Taobh-duilleig 379 san leabhar fhèin]

Earl of Mar, in the rebellion of 1715. He was among the prisoners taken at Preston. He escaped from prison in May, 1716. He died in 1743.

Lachlan, chief of the Mackintoshes, was also taken prisoner at Preston.<gai>

ORAN.

Do dhuine uasal araid.

'S trom's chan aotrom an t-aiseag  
Bho nach d'fhuaras o 'n ghaisgeach;  
Bha thu shiol nan righ reachdmhor so 'dh'eug.

'S car thu 'dh-Eachann han luireach,  
Dh'an dug mi toiseach mo shugraidh,  
Ged a dh'fhag thu mi 'n Diura leam fein.

Bha do chairdeas o thoiseach  
Do dh-fhull dhirich righ Lochlainn  
Is do'n Iarla 'rinn lot an Strath-Spe.

Is gur car do Mhac-Leoid thu  
Is do thighearna Chnoideart,  
'S do Mhac Iain Stiubhart o Mhorthir nan geug.

Ann ann toiseach na h-armachd,  
'S mi gun taghadh mar arm dhuit,  
Oigeir sheadhaich 's neo-dhearmadach beus,

An claidheabh gorm, tana,  
Dha 'm bi faobhar geur fallain,  
Lamh thu leigeadh na fala gu feur.

Gum bu mhath leat glac liobhar  
Mar ri iteach an fhior-eoin  
Air a ceangal le sioda 's le ceir.

Nam bithinn-sa 'm urrainn  
Gur h-ann leatsa a chuirinn,  
'S mi gum buaileadh mo bhuille as do sgeith.

[TD 376]

[Taobh-duilleig 380 san leabhar fhèin]

Gu ma slan 's gu ma h-iomlan  
Do'n ti 'tha mi 'g iomradh,  
Ged a rinneadh leat iomrall orm fein.

ORAN.

Do dh-Ailain Mac-Gilleain, Tighearna nan Drimnean, le duine bochd de Chlann-Domhnaill a bha falbh feadh na duthcha.

Tha mi 'm Muile 'san am,  
Chi mi duthaich nam beann,  
'N goir a chubhag an am a cheitein  
Tha mi 'm Muile etc.

Tha mi toileach 'bhi cainnt  
Air an Ailain ud thall,  
Theid air thapadh an am anpheuma.

'N am dhuit suidhe 'sa chuir,  
Cha b' ann air an cul;  
Cha bu chladhaire 'ad chuisibh fein thu.

Fhad 's a bhitheas tu beo  
Chan e 'm farasd do leon;  
'S ann a dheanadh tu choir de'n eucoir.

Cha do sheall thu air lar  
'N uair a thug thu'n ceum ard,  
'S cha do ghabh thu cead chaich mu dheinibh.

Ghlac thu 'n eucag air laimh,  
Slat de 'n abhall fo bhlath,  
Thug thu dhachaidh gu t' aite fein i.

De'n fhuil uaibhrich tha 'n t-slat;  
'S lionmhor fuaran gle bhras  
'Tha mu 'guaillibh a gleachd ri 'cheile;

[TD 377]

[Taobh-duilleig 381 san leabhar fhèin]

Bho Loch-Buidhe nam fear,  
'S nan ard bhaidealan geal';-  
'S lionmhor maighdean gun smal 'cur greis ann;

'S bho Dhun-Olla 'm bi 'n ceo,  
Agus urram gach gleois;  
Cuim am fagainn de m' dheoin a'm' dheidh iad?

'S fada chathaidh ort cliu;  
Thug thu 'n t-urram sin dhiu  
Eadar Muile 's an tur an Sleite.

Dhomhsa dheirich an call  
Bho 'n chaidh 'm eigheach air charn;  
'S truagh mar faigh mi o Mhari reite.

Tha mi t' ionndraichinn bhuam,  
Tha mo phoca fo ghruaim  
Bho na sguir an te ruadh 'chur sheud ann.

AN CREACHADAIR.

Gur h-e 'n robair ro laidir  
'Rinn mo mhalaid a spuinneadh,  
'S a chuir toradh mo shaothrach  
Ga sgaoileadh feadh duthcha  
Chan fhaod mi 'bhi gearan  
Mu na ghabh e de m' chuinneadh;  
Ach chan aill leam 'bhi falamh  
Gu bhi ceannach sheud ur dha.

Gur a h-ìomadh seud buadhach  
'Thugadh bhuam-s' ann san tur ud,  
'Ghleidheadh m' aran dhomh lathail  
Gun lapaireachd turna.

[TD 378]

[Taobh-duilleig 382 san leabhar fhèin]

'N uair a chluinn iad mar tha mi,  
'S gur balg fas 'th' air mo ghiulan,  
Cha bhuidhinn mi fardach  
Ach le canran is durachd.

Ach mu 'n bhaintighearn' sin Mairi  
Mhor, narach, shar chliuteach,  
Dha bheil subhailcean sar mhath  
'Thaobh nadair is duthchais,  
Cha bu chomainn domh aireamh  
Sgeul nar air a cul-se;  
Ach bha h-impidh ro laidir  
Mu mo mhalaid-s' a spuinneadh.

'N uair 'thig Alastair Snodgras  
Gun doichioll, gun euradh,  
Agus cupaill de bhotuill  
Ann am fochair a sgeithe,  
'S a chluinnear an gogan  
Gun dean sogan oirnn eirigh;-  
'S bu bhinn sin 'sa mhaduinn  
Seach tabait luchd-streupa.

Tha bean uasal 'sa bhaile s'  
'S Tuath De Danann an deidh oirr',  
Catriona nigh'n Mhurchaidh  
Bean 'tha iomlan na ceutadh.  
Le maoiseagan eorna  
Bheir i 'n eolas gu feum dhuinn,  
'S iad nan cleasaichean neonach  
Aic' air bord a luchdh-feille.

Bha druidheachd aig Tuath De Danann. Rachadh aca air iad-fein a chur an riochd uisge-bheatha. 'S ann an sin a bhiodh iad 'nan cleasaichean neonach. Maoiseag, <eng>a small basket, a little bag.<gai>

[TD 379]

[Taobh-duilleig 383 san leabhar fhèin]

COMHRADH.

EADAR SGIUBAIR AGUS A SHOITHEACH.

AN SOITHEACH.

Nam faighinn-sa mar-riam  
Na daoine bu mhath leam,

Gun sininn ri Manain  
Le barantas cruaidh.  
Chuirinn Patric an urras,  
Ged chairt' air mo mhuin e,  
Nach h-eil gearr ann sa mhunadh  
A chumadh rium luaths.  
Ged leanadh iad dluth mi  
Air thailleabh mo chunraidh,  
Chuirinn failt air mo dhuthaich  
Ach siuil a bhi suas.  
Le cursaireachd bhoidhich  
Bheirinn ionnsaidh air Roaig,  
'S gheibhteadh rud air mo bhord  
A chuireadh boilich mu'n cuairt.

Gu bheil m'inntinn ag eirigh  
Ris na ruitheannan eutrom;  
'S gur h-e mise tha gleusda  
Gu reubadh a chuain,  
'S mi nach eisdeadh gu dilinn  
Ri soirbheas glan cinnteach,  
Le sgioba math dileas,  
'S gach ni airson gluas'd.  
Bhon dh' fhas mi mion eolach  
Eadar Eirinn is Morthir  
Gheibhinn teisteanas sonraicht'  
A Steornabha 'nuas.  
Gur mi ghealbhanach lurach  
'S boidhche dealbh agus cuma,  
'Choisneas ainm air gach turas;  
Gun robh buidhinn rium fuaight'.

[TD 380]

[Taobh-duilleig 384 san leabhar fhèin]

AN SGIUBAIR.

Fhuair mi 'm bliadhna crann ur dhuit  
Nach bi furasda 'lubadh;  
'S bidh mi-fhin air do stiuir  
Is mo chul ris gach stuaidh;  
Fhuair mi acfhuinn do 'reir sin  
Nach leig cluicheachd no leum leis;  
'S aobhar misnich do m' cheile  
'N uair a theid e rith' 'suas.  
'N uair 'bheirinn thu sabhailt'  
Gu cala math samhach,  
'S a shinteadh do chabal  
An caradh ri d' chluais;  
Gum biodh stoirm fo na gillean  
Leis nach doirbh a bhi tioram,  
'S gur h-ann leotha bu mhinic  
An tine 'thoirt air cuaich.

AN SOITHEACH.

Ach nam faighinn-sa ceartas  
'S a bhi ur bharr mo bhac-stuic,

Le darach math Sas'nach,  
'S a bhi snasmhor mu'n cuairt.  
'S a bhi dubailt' an calcadh.  
Air chul mo reang tarsuinn,  
Bheirinn cunntas a m' astar  
Nach do chleachd mi 'thoirt bhuam.  
'S nam faighinn saoir dhileas  
'Chuireadh fad' a'm' dhruim direach,  
Agus fear 'dheanadh sgrìobhadh  
Bheirinn sinteag do'n t-Suain,  
Le 'm sgioba math gasda  
'Dheanadh m' aodach a phasgadh,  
'S leiginn cunntas mo chairtealan  
Gu beachd Eachainn Ruaidh.

'Mhic Sheumais mhic Dhughaill  
A Eirinn 's a Diura,

[TD 381]

[Taobh-duilleig 385 san leabhar fhèin]

'S mor an leth-trom do m' chuirteir  
A bhi 'giulan le t' uaisl',  
Tagh thusa bean bhoidheach,  
'S biodh a cairdean lan deonach,  
'S mur bi i-fein gorach  
Ni i comhnadh leat suas.  
Ach ma rinn thu mis' fhagail  
Ann an urra ri Patric  
Mur faigh thu na's fearr dhomh  
Dean do bhrathair rium 'suas;  
Ma tha thus' ann ad oigear,  
Chan fheil mis' ann am bhreoitich;  
Dheanainn mire roimh sheolaid  
Ged a phos mi da uair.

'S a chur crìch air gach gnothach,  
Dheanainn sineadh ri nodhaichean,  
'S chuirinn ciosanaich choimheach  
Le leathad aig lugths.  
Cha bu bhaol daibh bhi romham,  
'S mo thaobhs' air muir domhain;  
Ann an caonnaig mo threabhaidh  
Dheanainn omhan air fuar.  
Gum fagainn gu freagarach  
Mor agus beag iad;  
Cha b' urrainn iad seasamh  
Ri leagail mo ghual'.  
Gur neonach mur creid sibh,  
'S mi eolach am Breatunn;  
Gheibhinn comhdach math, teistheil,  
Far 'n do leasaich mi 'suas.

Tha thu t' oganach brioghasach,  
Eolach 'feadh thirean;  
Gur tric thugadh sgrìob leat  
Leam fhin air a chuan.  
'Measg nionag bhiodh aoibh ort,

'S tric dh'fhalbh thu gun m' fhaighneachd;

[TD 382]

[Taobh-duilleig 386 san leabhar fhèin]

'N uair thigeadh an oidhch'  
Bhiodh tu 'd shlaightear air chuairt.  
Ged a bhithinn 's an osbadal  
'S daoire 'bha 'n Lochlann,  
Bhiodh tusa gun sprochd ort,  
Gun osna tigh'nn hhuaith  
Ma dh'fhuilingeas an ath te  
Cho tric rium le d' mhacnas,  
Gun cluinn thusa racaid  
'S am bata mu d' chluais.

Cursaireachd, <eng>coursing.<gai>—Nodhaichean, <eng>new ones.<gai>

RANNAN

LEIS A BHARD MAC-GILLEAIN.

'Nuair a phos Domhnall Camaran, Mac Iain a Chliridh Mhoir, agus Mari Nic-a-Phi bha beagan de shluagh cruinn ann an taigh athar gum failteachadh dhachaidh. 'Nuair a bha Iain a Chliridh Mhoir, Iain Mac Eoghain, a toirt drama do dh-Iain Mac-Gilleain, am Bard, thubhairt e ris, So Iain, cluinnim facal bhuaith agus feuch nach bi ciorram air. Ghlac am Bard an gloine agus dh' ol e deoch-slainge na caraid oig ann sna briathran a leanas:—

Deoch-slainge na caraid oig  
A thanic oirnn an drast air sgrìob;  
Domhnall Camaran 'tha mi 'graitinn  
Agus Mari Nic-a-Phi.  
Saoghal fada dhuibh 'sa phosadh,  
'S barrachd eolais air a mhnaoi.—  
Iain, ceartaich thusa an rann dhuinn,  
Ma dh'fhag mi dad ann 'tha cli.

[TD 383]

[Taobh-duilleig 387 san leabhar fhèin]

<eng>We got this stanza whilst waiting for the train at the station in New Glasgow, July 14, 1890, from Donald Ur Cameron, who was present when it was composed. John Cameron, Clerramore and the Bard were near neighbors and good friends.

At the present day there is a railway station at Clerramore, or Big Clearing, which is known as James River Station, an utterly unhistorical, unmusical, and inappropriate name. It is a pity to see old names changed.<gai>

Bha Domhnall Mac-Coinnich, an taillear, a gearradh cota do'n Bhard. Thachair gun robh eachdraidh Iosibh ann am poca a Bhaird. Thug an taillear an leabhar as agus chum e e gu 'leughadh. A chiad uair a chunnic

am Bard an taillear an deidh so dh' fhailtich e e ann sna briathrabh a leanas:—

'S e Domhnall Mac-Coinnich, an taillear,  
Duine 's taire 'tha mu 'n cuairt;  
'S beag a shaoileadh Seoras Baillidh  
Gun robh a mheirle riut fuaight';  
Thug thu 'chreidsinn air le d' chrabhadh  
Gun deanadh tu pap do shluagh;  
'S mise nach faod sin a ghraitinn,  
'S do lamh 'thoirt mo leabhair bhuam.

<eng>We got this stanza from Catherine Macinnis, Fraser's Mountain, October 11th, 1880. Donald Mackenzie was an old soldier. He was twenty-one years in the army, and was a very intelligent man.

[TD 384]

[Taobh-duilleig 388 san leabhar fhèin]

#### CORRECTIONS and ADDITIONS

2, 33, the rein, reign.  
3, 15, perion, period.  
5, 26, righly, richly.  
6, 15, buathran, <gai>briathran.<eng>  
6, 22, no, <gai>mo.<eng>  
6, 5, eum, <gai>eun.<eng>  
6, 19, 'n ar, <gai>'n ur.<eng>  
8, 10, Obhar, <gai>Odhar.<eng>  
8, 26, Chaidheamh, <gai>Chlaidheabh.<eng>  
9, 28, Loug, <gai>Long.<eng>  
10, 12, cran, <gai>crann.<eng>  
11, 4, Eana chor, <gai>Eanach or.<eng>  
11, 19, Domhuall, <gai>Domhnall.<eng>  
14, 8, aineoil, <gai>aineol.<eng>  
14, 24, sheidu, <gai>shuidhe.<eng>  
16, 5, a' d', <gai>ad.<eng>  
20, 24, bhuiadhne, <gai>bhuainne.<eng>  
21, 7, d' thuight, <gai>dugt'<eng>  
23, 5, bheal, <gai>bheul.<eng>  
26, 3, uam, <gai>nam.<eng>  
35, 10, ehur, <gai>chur.<eng>  
36, 17, Lnnnainn, <gai>Lunnainn.<eng>  
36, 28, Jsmes, James.  
40, 9, brnsg, <gai>brusg<eng>  
40, 23, bhei, <gai>bheil,<eng>  
41, 5, Ba, <gai>Bha.<eng>  
42, 8, received, resided.  
44, 25, tuireid ch, <gai>tuireideach.<eng>  
44, 31, ghaths, <gai>gnaths.<eng>  
46, 21, ei eadh, <gai>eideadh<eng>  
55, 28, Carnabrug, <gai>Chearnaburg.<eng>  
60, 30, airdead, <gai>airdid.<eng>  
61, 29, pinadh, <gai>pianadh.<eng>  
63, 1, dearbhadh, <gai>dhearbhadh<eng>  
69, 32, mamed, named.  
70, 32, fhaithrich, <gai>fhairich.<eng>  
71, 21, aithin, <gai>aithn'<eng>



75, 10, conquered, conquered.  
82, 19, de 'n chall, <gai>do 'n chall.<eng>  
83, 29, fhairc, <gai>fhaire.<eng>  
100, 2, fhcar, <gai>fhear.<eng>  
102, 18, mar, <gai>mur.<eng>  
109, 26, gloidhteadh, <gai>glaoidhteadh.<eng>  
119, 8, tlghearna, <gai>tighearna.<eng>  
123, 11, Carlisie, Carlisle.  
125,10, nochdadh, <gai>a nochdadh.<eng>  
127, 12, Chiadh, <gai>'Chaidh.<eng>  
129, 26, Bni, <gai>'Bhi.<eng>  
129, 30, fcar, <gai>fear.<eng>  
130, 3, brass, <gai>bras.<eng>  
130, 6, C' air, <gai>Cait.<eng>  
130, 9, chruachdan, <gai>chnuachdan.<eng>  
130, 10, us, <gai>na.<eng>  
130, 14, seillear, <gai>soilleir.<eng>  
130, 28, cumidh, <gai>cinnidh.<eng>  
135, 1, t-ordach, <gai>t-aodach.<eng>  
136, 3, Chunnaeas, <gai>Chunnacas,<eng>  
136, 10, Thr, <gai>Tha.<eng>  
136, 10, tuath, <gai>fuath.<eng>  
136, 14, fhdath, <gai>fhuath.<eng>  
139, 20, work, poem.  
140, 24, Luch, <gai>Luchd.<eng>  
145, 8, uidhean, <gai>uidheam.<eng>  
147, 5, struth, <gai>shruth.<eng>  
147, 12, c oc <gai>croc.<eng>  
147, 15, tuair gneadh, <gai>tuairgneadh.<eng>  
147, 23, clann, <gai>ceann.<eng>

[TD 385]

[Taobh-duilleig 389 san leabhar fhèin]

147, 27, dhinbhail <gai>dhiubhail.<eng>  
147, 27, sluaigh, <gai>sloigh.<eng>  
148, 8, Culdres, Culdares.  
148, 10, bend, band.  
148, 18, Clearc, <gai>Cearc.<eng>  
148, 18, Mrcdonald, Macdonald.  
148, 27, 1778, 1678.  
149, 28, fineault', <gai>finealt'<eng>  
150, 14, sgnr, <gai>sgur.<eng>  
151, 1, Cumba, <gai>Cumha.<eng>  
151, 1, Ghilleasbing, <gai>Ghilleasbic.<eng>  
151, 19, aigneahh, <gai>aigheadh,<eng>  
151, 29, cuimhuich, <gai>cumhnich.<eng>  
152, 10 mam, <gai>nam.<eng>  
152, 32, cnmaibh, <gai>cumaibh.<eng>  
154, 1, slnn, <gai>sinn.<eng>  
155, 8, letha <gai>latha.<eng>  
156, 4, alr, <gai>air.<eng>  
157, 14, agaidh, <gai>aghaidh.<eng>  
157, 19, thugadn, <gai>thugadh.<eng>  
157, 25, fragairt, <gai>freagairt,<eng>  
159, 2, ga mi', <gai>ga m'<eng>  
159, 26, thiurich, <gai>thuinich.<eng>  
160, 17, Mabocho, <gai>Mabach,<eng>

161, 4, bhliahdna, <gai>bhliadhna.<eng>  
167, 28, phiuthar, <gai>phiuthair.<eng>  
169, 28, chadadal, <gai>chadal.<eng>  
170, 23, cumhuanta, <gai>cumhnanta.<eng>  
174, 28, stirochd, <gai>striochochd.<eng>  
174, 32, lcat, <gai>leat.<eng>  
175, 1, nar, <gai>na.<eng>  
175, 6, lean, <gai>leam.<eng>  
177, 23, Umha, <gai>Cumha.<eng>  
178, 16, Trionaid, <gai>Trianaid.<eng>  
178, 29, chunatasan, <gai>chuntasan.<eng>  
180, 30, Anus, <gai>Anns.<eng>  
181, 23 b' urram, <gai>h-urram.<eng>  
181, 26, Mac-Neil, <gai>Mac-Neill.<eng>  
183, 8, 'bhearadh, <gai>'bheagadh.<eng>  
183, 33, nc, <gai>no.<eng>  
184, 16, cheirtaidh, <gai>cheutaidh,<eng>  
186, 6, bnuillean, <gai>buillean.<eng>  
187, 1, iosaidh nn, <gai>ionnsuidh.<eng>  
187, 11, nhath, <gai>mhath.<eng>  
187, 26, chnramach, <gai>churamach.<eng>  
187, 33, ruel, <gai>rud.<eng>  
188, 25, shleisdean, <gai>sleisdean.<eng>  
191, 2, fhao ainn, <gai>'fhaotuinn.<eng>  
191, 15, ciarach, <gai>ciatach.<eng>  
191, 20, bailidh, <gai>baillidh.<eng>  
192, 12, Mhis, <gai>Mhic.<eng>  
192, 17, doireabh, <gai>doireadh.<eng>  
192, 25, 'Fhnair, <gai>'Fhuair.<eng>  
193, 2, des, <gai>deo.<eng>  
193, 25, stamn, <gai>stamh.<eng>  
193, 28, tor, <gai>torr.<eng>  
194, 20, dug e, <gai>dug thu e.<eng>  
195, 17, tarsuing, <gai>tarruinn.<eng>  
195, 27, dilear, <gai>dileas,<eng>  
198, 5, ghuilan, <gai>ghiulan.<eng>  
198, 10, og, <gai>ag.<eng>  
200, 20, fha ail, <gai>'fhagail.<eng>  
202, 24, Seallr, Sellar.  
203, 19, pcacadh, <gai>peacadh.<eng>  
207, 28, tapaidhe, <gai>tapaidh.<eng>  
207, 31, cluinut' <gai>cluinnt'<eng>  
207, 32, ghabbadh, <gai>ghabhadh.<eng>  
208, 8, bhois, <gai>'bhios.<eng>  
210, 17, bhiadhna, <gai>bliadhna.<eng>  
212, 8, bhas, <gai>bha.<eng>  
214, 10 Alustair, <gai>Alastair.<eng>  
216, 11, mbac, <gai>mhac.<eng>  
216, 30, blliadhna, <gai>bhliadhna.<eng>  
216, 32, Rha, <gai>Bha.<eng>  
216, 34, theaunga, <gai>theanga.<eng>  
216, 36, ri am, <gai>ris am.<eng>  
217, 3, uighinn, <gai>nighinn.<eng>  
217, 9, 'dhitha <gai>'dhith.<eng>  
217, 10, 's e nu, <gai>'s e mo.<eng>  
217, 16, nac, <gai>nach.<eng>  
217, 28, cheirt, <gai>cheist.<eng>  
217, 27, treum, <gai>treun.<eng>  
217, 27, fabh lum, <gai>falbh nam.<eng>  
217, 29, inn cachd, <gai>innleachd.<eng>

217, 33, thoirneadh, <gai>thairneadh.<eng>  
217, 33, sgriob-hadh, <gai>sgriobhadh.<eng>  
218, 10, eeutach, <gai>ceutach.<eng>  
218, 14, Na'm, <gai>'N am.<eng>  
219, 12, sbios, <gai>shios.<eng>  
219, 20, cheann, <gai>cheann.<eng>  
219, 22, dam bniach, <gai>nam bruach.<eng>  
219, 24, nau, <gai>nan.<eng>

[TD 386]

[Taobh-duilleig 390 san leabhar fhèin]

219, 30, g aradh, <gai>gharradh.<eng>  
219, 33, mealt, <gai>meall.<eng>  
220, Page 230, Page 220.  
220, 16, faineach, <gai>fainneach.<eng>  
220, 25, chuace, <gai>chuach.<eng>  
220, 27, ghlen, <gai>ghlan.<eng>  
220, 31, clin, <gai>cliu.<eng>  
220, 32, Au'm, <gai>gum.<eng>  
221, 26, was, was a.  
222, 11, Mcfarlane, Macfarlane.  
222, 29, 'san-shocair, <gai>'s an-shocair.<eng>  
228, 7, macraichean, <gai>machraichean.<eng>  
228, 7, Gu'n, <gai>Gun.<eng>  
228, 7, ghioraicheadh, <gai>ghiorraicheadh.<eng>  
229, 28, bedchd, <gai>beachd.<eng>  
230, 16, dhuinne' <gai>dhuinn' e.<eng>  
230, 30, bliadha, <gai>bliadhna.<eng>  
232, 10, fear ann, <gai>fear fann.<eng>  
232, 24, ceudla, <gai>ceud la.<eng>  
236, 3, gbeibheadh, <gai>gheibheadh.<eng>  
236, 25, mhlael, <gai>mheall.<eng>  
236, 34, mhisneach, <gai>mhisnich.<eng>  
237, 8, hruban <gai>chruban.<eng>  
237, 29, ainneanch, <gai>ainneamh.<eng>  
237, 34, fasannan, <gai>fasan nan.<eng>  
238, 2, 'san cai, <gai>'s an caise.<eng>  
239, 25, 'bhu, <gai>'bu.<eng>  
239, 25, macaan, <gai>macanan.<eng>  
240, 5, fheaail, <gai>fhearail.<eng>  
241, 13, bhoidhach, <gai>bhoidheach.<eng>  
241, 14, bhudadheach, <gai>bhuadhach.<eng>  
241, 19, lan ch, <gai>lanach.<eng>  
242, 5, tlachmhor, <gai>tlachdmhor.<eng>  
242, 7, 'mu 'm 'poca, <gai>mu 'm poca.<eng>  
242, 13, truen, <gai>treun.<eng>  
242, 13, f heuma, <gai>fheuma.<eng>  
242, 21, N' uair, <gai>'Nuair.<eng>  
243, 6, pleasd, pleased.  
244, 26, ledaidhe, <gai>luaidhe.<eng>  
245, 7, gunn nheirg, <gai>gun mheirg.<eng>  
245, 18, Triach, <gai>Triath.<eng>  
245, 25, an fhair, <gai>an fhear.<eng>  
245, 26, Morthrieach, <gai>Morthireach.<eng>  
248, 8, 's 'o 'r, <gai>'s o 'r.<eng>  
247, 10, Luch, <gai>Luchd.<eng>  
248, 20, a asadh, <gai>a lasadh.<eng>

249, 4, Ba, <gai>Bu.<eng>  
250, 2, Siadri, <gai>'S iad ri.<eng>  
250, 4, Gar, <gai>Gur.<eng>  
250, 9, urraim, <gai>urram.<eng>  
250, 10, Cumha Eile, <gai>Cumha.<eng>  
252, 17, buadh, <gai>buaidh.<eng>  
253, 1, Ta, <gai>Na.<eng>  
254, 3, chaitein, <gai>cheitein.<eng>  
254, 10, chlinteach, <gai>chliuiteach.<eng>  
255, 7, 'chrenchdan, <gai>'chreuchdan.<eng>  
255, 7, ath-char, <gai>ath-chur,<eng>  
256, 15, sinu, <gai>sinn.<eng>  
256, 18, misneaeh, <gai>misneach.<eng>  
257, 8, Marealaidh, <gai>Mar ealaidh.<eng>  
257, 19, chuald, <gai>chuala.<eng>  
258, 1, Domhuallaich, <gai>Domhnallaich.<eng>  
258, 17, ioghbnadh, <gai>ionghnadh.<eng>  
258, 19, carthanuach, <gai>carthannach.<eng>  
259, 3, Domhaill, <gai>Dhomhnaill.<eng>  
559, 7, choreaich, <gai>chorcaich.<eng>  
259, 10, treuin-thear, <gai>treun-fhear.<eng>  
259, 13, chruinich, <gai>chruinnich.<eng>  
259, 14, Clann-lain, <gai>Clann-Iain.<eng>  
259, 16, nau, <gai>nan.<eng>  
259, 32, compell ot, compelled to.  
260, 2, Gilleasbing, <gai>Gilleasbic.<eng>  
260, 4, 'dhubradh, <gai>'dhiobradh.<eng>  
260, 14, ghnius, <gai>ghnuis.<eng>  
260, 14, adbhach, <gai>aobhach.<eng>  
260, 16, caoimhneli, <gai>caoimhneil,<eng>  
360, ailleach, <gai>ailleachd.<eng>  
260, 23, bhoian, <gai>bhuan.<eng>  
263, 6, atr, <gai>air.<eng>

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265, 9, cuilin, <gai>cuilinn.<eng>  
268, 10, is mi 'ghlac, <gai>is 'ghlac.<eng>  
269, 16, leaonn, <gai>leann.<eng>  
271, 18, B' an <gai>B' ann.<eng>  
273, 22, Domhnan, <gai>Domhnall.<eng>  
274, 4, nineth, ninth.  
274, 17, do Domhnall, <gai>do Dhomhnall.<eng>  
275, 5, romhan, <gai>romham.<eng>  
275, 25, buideul, <gai>buideal.<eng>  
277, 17, breislien, <gai>breislich.<eng>  
278, 10, chreachadairean, <gai>creachadairean.<eng>  
287, 15, taiug, <gai>taing.<eng>  
293, 6, phris, <gai>pris.<eng>  
295, 18, Bhiodmaid, <gai>Bhiodhmaid.<eng>  
296, 3, claideamh, <gai>claidheabh.<eng>  
296, 8, smachdal, <gai>smachdail.<eng>  
296, 13, chasgadh, <gai>chaogadh.<eng>  
300, 22, balachan, <gai>ballachan.<eng>  
300, 27, spioradau, <gai>spioradan.<eng>  
308, 12, eirighd, <gai>eirigh.<eng>  
309, 3, rl, <gai>ri.<eng>

131, 9, tanml, <gai>tamull.<eng>  
314, 11, fiosracn, <gai>fiosrach.<eng>  
314, 15, bhreagh, <gai>bhriagh.<eng>  
315, 16, Dhomsa, <gai>Dhomhsa.<eng>  
316, 27, gu 'n, <gai>gun.<eng>  
316, 32, no, <gai>na.<eng>  
319, 28, spuie. <gai>spuir.<eng>  
319, 30, mo an, <gai>moran.<eng>  
321, 4, Domhallach, <gai>Domhnallach.<eng>  
322, 2, 'chuireus, <gai>chuireas.<eng>  
322, 6, spinn-asuin, <gai>spuin-asuin.<eng>  
322, 14, No 'n ni, <gai>No 'n i.<eng>  
322, 25, dhuthaich, <gai>duthaich.<eng>  
342, 12, 'ghruund, <gai>ghrunnd.<eng>  
345, 29, burchaille, <gai>buachaille.<eng>  
350, 10, ginlanta, <gai>giulanta.<eng>  
351, 20, 'theidh, <gai>'theid.<eng>  
354, 19. dhuinne, <gai>dhuinn.<eng>  
367, 3, duinen, <gai>duine.<eng>  
372, 4, Cola, Colla.  
385, 18, lugths, <gai>luas.<eng>

Page 35, For <gai>Mar eun clomhach an ruchain<eng> read <gai>Mar eun-cladhaich an rucaín.<eng>

Page 96, Delete the stanza at the bottom.

Page 121, Delete the first twenty-one lines.

Page 123, Delete <gai>Sliabh a Chlamhain<eng> and substitute <gai>Blar h-Eaglaise Brice.<eng>

Page 128, Delete He was a very excellent man, as the same statement is made again.

Page 134, <gai>Cabhuil,<eng> a kind of creel for catching fish.

Page 142, For of Lochiel read Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel.

Page 153, Read lines 9, 10, 11 and 12 as follows:

<gai>Aig ceann Loch-Lochaidh shuidhich sinn campa  
La roimh Dhi-domhnaich; 's da la na dheidh  
Chruinnich ar cairdean uil' air an laraich,  
'S thog iad an lamhan an lathair Mhic Dhe.<eng>

Page 158. Gilleasbic Dubh Mac Mhic-Dhomhnaill was unquestionably the Ciaran Mabach. In Gillies's collection, at page 77, the Ciaran Mabach is called Gilleasbic Ruadh Mac Mhic-Dhomhnaill. Ciaran is from ciar, a dull black colour. It seems to us very unlikely that a red-haired man would be known as an Ciaran. We feel sure that Gilleasbic Ruadh is a mistake.

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Page 169, Oran Gaoil. The sixth stanza of this poem was omitted by mistake. It is as follows:—

<gai>Do mheall-shuil bu ghlan aogasg,  
'S do shlios mar fhaoilinn air snamh;  
Gruaidh dhearg ort mar chaorann,  
'Dh'fhag mi daor ann ad ghradh.  
Gur h-e 'mheud 's 'thug mi 'speis dhuit  
'Dh' fhag mi-fein ann an drip;  
'N diugh chan iarrainn de 'n t-saoghal

Ach leine chaol agus cist'.<eng>

The last stanza, Chunna mise do chinneadh, etc., should be deleted, as it does not belong to the poem.

Page 200. <gai>Rugaid,<eng> a long neck. <gai>Slat-mhara,<eng> tangle.

Page 219, Oran molaidh. The first four lines should read as follows:-

<gai>Air dhomh-s' a bhi 'm onar  
Troimh aonach nam beann,  
Gun gleus mi na teudan,  
'S gun te dhiu air chall.<eng>

Page 246. <gai>Uaibheachd.<eng> We have not met this word any where else. It seems to mean subject.

Page 247. Delete the note at the bottom of the page. The following may take its place:-

In 1784 John, 7th of Morar, gave over his estates to Simon, his son, reserving a life rent for himself. Simon, 8th of Morar, was a Major in the 92nd, or Gordon Highlanders. He married in 1784, Amelia, only child of Captain James Macdonell of Glenmeddle, third son of John Macdonell of Glengarry, and had by her three sons, James, Sim Og, and John. He died March 12th, 1800, and was succeeded by his eldest son. John, 7th of Morar, died in the autumn of 1809. James, 9th of Morar, entered the army in 1805. He returned home a Major in 1809. He died in Edinburgh after a lingering illness, in October, 1811. He was succeeded by his brother, Sim Og. Sim Og, 10th of Morar, studied law. He was killed by the accidental discharge of his own gun, July 22nd, 1812. He died unmarried.

Page 248. For Cumha read <gai>Cumha do Shim Domhnallach, Triath Mhorthir.<eng>

Page 250. For Cumha eile etc., read <gai>Cumha do Shim Og Domhnallach, Triath Mhorthir,<eng> Page 255, Delete Cumha eile, etc. This is not another poem, but the

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last part of the poem beginning on page 250. The poet refers first to Major Simon, then to his father, then to Major James, and lastly to young Simon.

Page 265. Rannan Targraidh. The following is the poem word for word as it is in the MS.:-

<gai>Claun Ghilleoin on Dreolinn  
Mar ealt ian air bhar culinn  
Mar chaor dheirig a tin o thellach  
'S bronach an sgeul sud ra inns.

Claun Dughil on aird a niar  
Slioc Aula ni sgiath dearg  
Greadan gun teasregin doimh  
Air aon chlar luing do bheirther.

Mac Iain Stewart ceun na fearr  
Thuigh e air dun Insa for  
Chaill e dun Insa for  
'S cha do bhuining e dun Insa gil.

Claun o Dhuimhn ceun gach fine  
Tuitim mar aon uniag ghlaoine  
Air bhur teachd a niar on bhile  
Struadh air milleadh le mirun.<eng>

Page 272. In the line <gai>Slan ur muineil cha till sibh breug orm,  
slan<eng> means in defiance of, in spite of, and is pronounced short like  
<gai>can,<eng> say or sing.

Page 322, <gai>Le spuin-asuin a dh-aindeoin.<eng> We do not know what  
<gai>spuin-asuin<eng> is. We give it as it is in the MS. Perhaps it  
should be <gai>spain-asuin<eng> or <gai>spuinn-asuin.<eng>

Page 344—IAIN BOID.

John Boyd, son of Hugh Boyd and Mary Macfarlane, was born in Arisaig, Scotland, in 1797. He came to this country with his parents, who settled at the South River of Antigonish, in 1801. He composed several poems, but unfortunately they have all been allowed to perish except the elegy on Bishop Fraser. He died at Antigonish, Oct. 5, 1871. He was married twice. By his first wife, Mary Macdonald, he had one son, John. By his second wife, Jennet Macdonald, he had two sons, Angus and Donald, and eight daughters. John, his eldest son, published a Gaelic and English spelling book, in 1848. He published a Gaelic Monthly for about two years. He started the "Casket," a weekly newspaper published in Antigonish, in

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1852. He published in pamphlet form several of the poems of the Bard Maclean, in 1856. He sold out his interest in the "Casket" to his brother, Angus, in 1861. He died in Boston, December 18th, 1880, in the 57th year of his age. Angus Boyd gave up his connection with the "Casket" in 1888, having been in that year appointed collector of Customs for the port of Antigonish. Whilst the Boyds had the "Casket" its columns were always ready to welcome a Gaelic contribution.

Bishop Fraser was born at Crasky, in Strathglass, in 1779. He was the eldest son of John Fraser and Jane Chisholm. He came to Nova Scotia, in 1822. He was appointed Bishop in 1827. He died in Antigonish, October, 4th, 1851.