

being well armed, and an excellent gladiator, he resolved to resent any attack made upon him. When the pursuers came up, and while he was defending himself and her with his sword, which was a very heavy one, and loaded with what is called a steel-apple (*ubhal a' chladhach*) she ran for protection behind him. In preparing to give a deadly stroke, the point of the weapon accidentally struck his mistress, then behind him, so violent a blow that she instantly fell and expired at his feet! Upon seeing this, he humbly and ately surrendered himself, saying, "That he did not wish to live, his earthly treasure being gone." He was instantly carried to jail, where he composed this heart-melting song a few days before his execution.

Our neighbours, the Irish, claim this as one of their own, but upon what authority we have been left in the dark. Sir John Sinclair establishes its nativity in Scotland, but falls into a mistake in making in him the scene of the melancholy catastrophe of the lady's death. The song itself substantiates our version of it. The second stanza was never printed till given by us—the whole is now printed correctly for the first time. It is one of the most plaintive and mellow in the Gaelic language—full of pathos and melancholy feeling. The distracted lover addresses his deceased mistress, as if she were still living—a circumstance that puts the pathetic character of the song beyond comparison, and amply illustrates the distraction of his own mind—a state of mental confusion, and wild melancholy, verging on madness.

MAIRI LAGHACH.

(ORIGINAL SET.)

LE MURCHADH RUADH NAM BO.

LEINSEAG.

Ho, mo Mhairi Laghach,
'S tu mi Mhairi bhinn;
Ho, mo Mhairi Laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi ghrinn;
Ho, mo Mhairi Laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn;
Mhairi bhoidheach, turach,
Rugadh anns na glinn.

Nuair a thig a Bhealltainn,
 Bithidh ' choill fo bhla,
 'S coin bheaga 'seinn duinn—
 A dh'oidich a's a la;
 Gobhair agus caoirich.
 A's crodh-laoigh le'n al,
 'S Mairi bhan gan saodach,
 Mach ri aodainn charn.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

'Nuair a thig an Samhradh,
 B'nnsa bhi 's na glinn,
 Ged roib an t-aran gann oirn,
 Bi'dh 'n t-amhlán tri fill'
 Gheibh sinn gruth a's nachdar,
 Buannachd a chruidh laogh,
 As lohaid a chinn chuachaich,
 Chuir mu'n cuairt a mbing,
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

"A Phlegi," arsa Seonaid,
 " 'S neonach leam do chuil,—
 Nach barradh tu 'sheimur,
 Ach Gleann-smeoil gu brath."—
 "Bi'dh mis' dol do'n' bhunle,
 A's m' thalt mu m' chluas a 'fas,
 'S bi'dh na fir a fadgmachd,
 Maighdean a chuil bhain.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

'M fear a thig an rathad,
 'S math leis thu bhl ann,
 Do ghruaidh mar na corann,
 Bhios ri taobh nan allt;
 Tha thu banail beusach—
 Cha leir dhionn do mheang;
 B'nnsa bhi ga d'phogadh,
 Nu poit lion na Fraing.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Na'm biodh Seonaid baidir,
 Chuir a lamh 's an im,
 Peigi ris an al,
 A's Mairi mu 'n chrodh-laoigh,—
 Bhithinnse gu statoil,
 Dol gu airdh leibh,
 'S eia bhithinnse fo phracas,
 Te nach tamedh linn.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Nuair shuidheas daoin' naisle,
 Mu'n cuairt air a b'ord,
 'G eilteachadh ri cheile,
 'S deigh ac' air bhi ceol,
 Cha'n fhaic mis an eis ind,
 Air son seis da'm beoil,
 Luinnseag Mairi chuachach,
 Tha shuas an Gleann-smeoil.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Note.—The author of the foregoing popular song was Murdoch McKenzie, a Loch-broom Prover, known better in his native country, by the cognomen of "Marchadh Ruadh nam Bo," or red-haired Murdoch of the droves. Mr. McKenzie composed many excellent songs, and had them taken down in manuscript, preparatory to publication; but at the importunity of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Lachlan McKenzie, of Lochcarron, he consigned them to the flames. His own daughter, *Mairi Laghach*, was the subject of the above pastoral. Mr. McKenzie's maid servant, it appears, had absconded from his service at a time when her labours were most required in the sheeling or mountain milk-house, and the parent naturally appreciates the services of his own daughter, who at a very early age showed great expertness in that department. The air is original, and so truly beautiful that the song has attained a degree of popularity, which its poetry would never have entitled it to, if composed to an old, or inferior air. Mr. McKenzie died in 1831.