

## Our Gaelic Page.

### The Wit and Wisdom of the Gael.

Cuimhnich air na daoine o'n d'thainig thu.  
Remember the men you came from, (off).

Cha mhol duine 'sheud 's e aige.  
A man does not praise his jewel while he has it.

Cha lugha air Dia deireadh an latha na thoiseach.  
Not less in God's sight is the end of the day than the beginning.

Ni droch dhuine dan da fein.  
A bad man makes his own destiny.

Is mall a mharcaicheas am fear a bheachdaicheas.  
He rides slowly who observes,

Cuir manadh maith air do mhanadh, 'us bidh tu sona.  
Interpret good from thy omen, and thou shalt be lucky.

### Cronan nam Ban-Sith.

#### THE FAIRY'S LULLABY.

Tradition says that many years ago, on a calm autumn evening, a fairy of considerable beauty and graceful form, dressed in green, entered Dunvegan Castle, the seat of the chief of the MacLeods in Skye; and that she marched quietly and silently, through every chamber and department of it, until she came to the room in which the heir of the family, a boy of about a year old, was lying in his cradle sound asleep. His nurse was sitting in the room at the time busy sewing, of whom the fairy did not condescend to take the least notice. The fairy sat beside the cradle and took the child upon her knee, and with almost unearthly beautiful voice she began to sing the following *taladh*. After doing so, she laid the child back into his cradle, and took her departure the same manner as she came, but from whence or where, remains a mystery. The nurse was spell bound and awe struck with the whole affair; but the peculiarity of the words, and the wild but beautiful melody of the music, took such a hold upon her mind that she could repeat and sing it herself ever after. For

many years after this *taladh* was considered a precious relic in Dunvegan Castle. So much so that they would not allow a nurse in the family but one able to sing it, as it was firmly believed to have a charm or *seun* in it, and that boys to whom it was frequently sung were sure to thrive. Especially in the hour of battle and danger, not unfrequently occurring in those days, it was believed that the fairy would use her influence to shield and protect her favorite from the deadly spear and arrow of the enemy. One thing certain regarding this *taladh* is, that it must be very old. Some people gave the great poetess Mary MacLeod, or as she was commonly called, *Mairi Nighean Alastair Buaidh*, the credit of being the author of it; but I have heard from very old men, who were told by older men, that it was in existence and well known in Skye long before Mary MacLeod's time. Perhaps some of your numerous readers may be able to give us more of this peculiar relic of antiquity.—N. MACLEOD.

#### TALADH NA BEAN SHITH.

'S e mo leanabh mingileiseach, maingeileiseach,  
Bualadh nan each, glac nan luireach,  
Nan each cruideach 's nan each snagach,  
Mo leanabh beag.

'S truagh nach fhaicinn fhin do bhuaile,  
Gu h-ard, ard air ua chdar sleibhe;  
Cota caol caiteanach uaine,  
Mu d' dha ghuallainn ghil, 'us leine,  
Mo leanabh beag.

'S truagh nach fhaicinn fhin do sheisreach,  
Fir 'g a freasdal 'n am an fheasgair;  
Mna-comhnuill a' tighinn dhachaidh,  
'S na catanaich a cur shil.

O mhile bhog, o mhile bhog,  
Mo bhru a rug, mo chioch a shluig,  
'S mo ghluin a thog.

'S e mo leanabh m' ultach iudhair,  
Sultmhor reamhar, mo luachair, bhog,  
M' fheoil 'us uidhean a ni bhruidhinn,  
Bha thu fo' mo chrìos an uiridh, lus an toraidh,  
'S bidh tu 'm bliadhna gu geal guanach,  
Air mo ghuallainn feadh a bhaile,  
Mo leanabh beag.

O bhireinn o bho, na cluinn am do leon,  
O bhireinn o bho, gu 'm bioraich do shron,  
O bhireinn o bho, gu'n liath thu air choir,  
O bhireinn o bhinn thu,  
Cha 'n ann do chloinn Choinnaich thu;  
O bhireinn o bhinn thu,  
Cha 'n ann de chloinn Chuinn thu;  
O bhireinn o bhinn thu,  
Sìol is docha linn thu,—  
Sìol nan Leodach nan lann, 's nan luireach,—  
B'e Lochlainn duthchas do shìnsir.  
Mo leanabh beag.