

From the lone shelling of the misty island,  
Mountains divide us and the waste of seas;  
But still the blood is strong, our hearts are Highland  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,  
Where, 'twixt the dark hills, creeps the small clear stream,  
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,  
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanish'd,  
Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,  
No seer foretold the children should be banished,  
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

Come foreign rage! let discord burst in slaughter,  
Oh! then, for clansmen true, and keen claymore!  
The hearts that would have given their blood like water,  
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic's roar.

Fair these broad meads — those hoary woods are grand.  
But we are exiles from our father's land.

There is doubt as to the authorship of this translation, some attributing it to Professor James Wilson; others to Hugh, 12th Earl Eglinton, among whose papers it was found. In March, 1896, I advertised in the Glengarry newspapers for the original and received in reply five Gaelic songs purporting to be the original of the Canadian Boat Song, but I could not accept any of them as being genuinely such. It is curious that Moore's Canadian Boat Song should also have been a translation from an old French song, popular in Poitou, according to Ernest Gagnon, Quebec.

Railing at his hard lot, a pioneer poet breaks out:

"Gach ceum a shiubhlais sinn feadh na duth'chsa,  
Gur coille duth-ghorm l' air fad,  
Tha ruith gu slorraidh gun cheann no crìoch oir',  
Is beachainn fadhalch tha linn gu pallt';  
Cha'n fhaic sinn fraoch ann a fas air aonach,  
Na sruth a caochan ruith soilleir glan,  
Ach buig 'us geoban 's na rathadan mora  
Na'n sluichd mhi-chomhnard le stumpan groid."

Fifty years later, however, this same poet casting his eye back, finds his muse is more cheerful. The log-houses are disappearing, so are the dense forests, the fauna is less formidable, the roads are improved, the fields are beautiful, and if the heather and the golden broom are not seen on the sloping foot hills, the verdure is at least luxuriant and pleasant to the eye; and he feels no compunction in placing the new in favourable contrast with the old.