

Ailein. Ailein, is fad an eadail,
Tha'n nì-eag a' gairm 's an la glasadh,
Grian a'g eiridh air an lèuchdailinn,
S fada bhuam fhìn luchd nam breacan.
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

Ailein duinn gabh sgeolm 's lù g' eiridh,
Tionail do chloim, cuimhneach t-fhonn orr.
B'fhl Alba mhòr fo bheinn Mheidean,
Mar a dhion a ruinntir feip ?
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

Bheir iad Morag* pùhn air eigin,
'S eagal leam gu'n dian i geilleadh,
S gu'm bi sliochd gum iat coir fein ae.
De Bhreatainn mhòr no de dh-Eirinn.
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

'Mhorag na'm faicim t-fhear-censaidh,†
Ge b' ann air eubhsair Dhun-Eideann,
Thaigeann na laim chaola, gheura,
S dh-fhagaim fhìn e marbh gum eiridh.
Hug o ho-ri, &c.

* Prince Charles. † The Duke of Cumberland.

ORAN

DO PHRIUNNSA TEARLACH.

Fhìn ud tha thail na a'ridh nan Comh-
aichean, [leat.
B'fhear leam fhìn gu'n cinneadh gnothach
Shiubhlainn Gleann-laoidh a's Gleann-com-
han leat,
Da thaobh Loch-iall a's Gleann-tadha leat,

*Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho,
'S na hillirin ho-ro ho bhq ht,
Na hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho,
Mo leann-dubh mor on chaidh tu dhìom.*

Shu bhlainn moch leat, shiubhlainn ana-
noch, [lach,
Air feadh choilltean, chreagan, a's gharbh-
O! gur h-e mo ruin an sealgair,
'S tu mo raghainn do shluagh Alba.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

A Thearlaich oig a chuilein chiataich,
Thug mi gaol dut 's cha ghaol bliadhna,
Gaol nach tugainn do dhìuc na dh'iarla,
B' fhearr leam fhìn nach faca mi riamh thu.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Fhleasgaich ud am beul a Ghlinne,
Le t-fhalt dualach sìos ma d' shlinnean,
B' annsa leam na chuach bu bhinne,
'Nuair dheanadh tu rium do chomhradh
milis.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Bha do phog mar fhion na frainge,
Bha do ghruai bh mar bhrailleig Shamhradh,
Sail chorrach ghorm fo'd mhalg gheannar,
Do chul dualach, ruadh, a mheall mi.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

A Thearlaich oig a mhie Rìgh Seumas,
Channa mi toir mhòr an deigh ort,
Iadsan gu subhach a's nise gu deirach,
Disge mo chinn tigh'n' tian o'm leirsinn.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Mharbh iad m'athair a's mo dha bhrathair,
Mhill iad mo chinnceadh a's chreach iad mo
chairdean,
Sgrìos iad mo dhùthaich ruisg iad mo mha-
thair,
'S bu laoghaid mo mhulad nan cinneadh le
Tearlach.
Hillirin ho-ro ho bha ho, &c.

Note.—The real author of this favourite ditty
is not known, and though published on the "Ling
of thousand fair maidens and fond admirers,"
this is the first time it has been committed to
press. Various MS. copies of it are in our pos-
session, the oldest of which is by a Lady and
bears the following title: "Miss Flora Mac-
donald's Lament for Prince Charles."

CUMHA DO DH' UILLEAM SISEAL.

FEAR INNS'-NAN-CEANN AN SRATH-GHILAS
A THUIT LATHA CHUILOIDH
LE MINAOI FEIN.

Oen! a Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt,
'S e do chuis rinn mo leireadh,
Thug thu bhuam gach nì bhagam,
Ann an cogadh na t-aobhar;
Cha chrodd, a's cha chaoirich,
Tha mi caoidh ach mo cheile,
Ge do dh'fhagte mi m'aonar,
Gun sian 's an t-saoghal ach leine.
Mo run geal og.

Co nis 'thogas an claidheamh,
No nì chathair a lionadh?
'S gann gur h-e tha air m' aire,
O nach maireann mo chiad ghradh;
Ach cia mar gheibhinn o m' nadur,
A bhi 'g aiceadh na 's miann leam,
A's mo thogradh cho laidir,
Thoir gu aite mo righ math?
Mo run geal og.

Bu tu'm fear mor bu mhath cumadh,
O d' mhullach gu d' bhrogan.
Bha do shlios mar an cala,
'S blas na meal' air do phogair;
T-fhalt dualach, donn, lurach,
Mu do mhuineal an ordugh,