

courage and good cheer; the merriment of the home life, for alongside the hardships were situations which gave play to the lively wit and fancy of the buoyant Kelt, and these as well as the loves of the swains and maidens furnished rich material to the bard. Every settlement had its poets, and the connection between the life and the lyrics of the people was well maintained. Thus, the labours of the day were lightened by song, in the melodious speech of the fathers; the idea of exile was softened and the land of adoption became more and more a real home like the native land. But that native land was not forgotten, and "MacCrimmon's Lament," or the "Emigrant's Farewell" had still the power of awakening memories of the past:

"Is tric mi cuimhneach air tìr mo dhùthchais,
Air tìr nam beanntan 's nan gleanntan ùrar;
Air tìr nan sgàrnaichean àrda, ruigte,
Nan creagan corrach, 's nan lochan dùghorm."

TRANSLATED:—

"Dear land of my fathers, my home in the Highlands,
'Tis oft that I think on thy bonnie green glens,
Thy far-gleaming lochs, and the sheer sided corries,
Thy dark-frowning cliffs, and thy glory of Bens!"

Or,—

"Is toigh leam a Ghaidhlig, a bardachd 's a ceòl,
Is tric 'thog i nìos sinn 'n uair bhiodhmaid fo leòn;
'S i dh' ionnsaich sinn tra ann an Ialthean ar n-òig,
'S nach fag sinn gu bràth gus an Iaidh sinn fo'n fhoid."

TRANSLATED:—

"And the songs of the Gael on their pinions of fire,
How oft have they lifted my heart from the mire;
On the lap of my mother I hlep'd them to God;
Let them float round my grave, when I sleep 'neath the sod."

By the Restigouche or the St. Lawrence the peasant-poet sat and mused upon the days of yore, and to the gathering neighbours poured an oblation to the manes of his forefathers, such as the beautiful "Canadian Boat Song," said to have been translated from the Gaelic by Earl Eglinton:—

TRANSLATED:—

"Listen to me as when ye heard our father,
Sing long ago the songs of other shores;
Listen to me and then in chorus gather,
All your deep voices as ye pull your oars—

Chorus.

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