

Do bàraghadh nì 's gile,
Na canach na dige;
Chite dol sìos,
'M fionn bhaine blath.
'S ioma rud eile—
Cha 'n 'eil i ri faotainn,
Idir san t-saoghal.

Aogais mo ghraidh,
Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do chul mar an canach,
T-rhailt clannach 's cuir air,
A chumas an drùchd,
Gu dlu air a bharr.
Na chuilean air casadh,
Na chleachdan air lùbadh,
'S do-cheannaicht' an crùn,
Tha gulan a bhath.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Do ghruaigh mar an coreur,
Beul socair o'm bina sgeul:
Dend mar na disne,
'S fìnealt a dh' fhas.
Do shìos mar an eala,
'S do mheall-shuilean miogach,
Thaladh thu m' inntinn,
'S cha pill i gu brach.

Cuir a chinn dileis, &c.

Note—The above two beautiful songs are of great antiquity, and their authorship is not known. There is a translation of one of them, by a lady, in Johnson's "Scottish Musical Museum," Vol. II. The English version, however, although very literal and not destitute of merit, conveys no idea of the spirit, felicity and poetical grandeur of the original.

AN NOCHD GUR FAOIN.

MO CHADAL DOMH.

As nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh,
Sior acain na'm beil bh'uam,
Do chomunn le deagh chaoimhnealachd,
Dh'fhag mi bho 'n raoin fo ghruain.
Gur tric mi ann an aising leat,
Gach nair da 'n dean mi snain;
Trom-osnach 'nuair a dhuisgeas mi,
Air bhì dha t-iundrann bh'uam.

Air bhì dhomh 'g-iundrann snaireis bh'uam,
'S tu leagh mo shnuadh 's mo bhla;
O rinn do ghaol-sa' fuarachadh,
Cha dualach dhomh bhì slan.
'S ann riut a leiginn m' uir-easbhuidh,
Air ghleus nach cluinneadh each,
Dh'fhag t-aogasg mi cho muldach,
'S gur cunnart dhomh am bas.

Is mor a ta do ghibhteart ort,
A ta gun fhios do chach

Corp seang gun fheall gun fhuilichd ann,
Gur eas thu mhealladh ghaidh.
'S a lughadh oigear fùranach,
A thuilleadh orms' an sas,
D' an tugadh taodann faothachadh,
'S an t-uog ga 'n cur gu bas.

Cha chuireadh gaol gu geille mi,
Na 'm freagradh tu mo ghloir.
Gur h-e do chomradh maighdeannail,
Mo raghainn dheth gach ceol.
'S gur h-ionnadh oilleh' no-aobhneach,
Chum do chaoimhneas mi fo leon;
Is b'fhi mi nochd a' m' aonarann,
A snaointeach bean do neoil.

Tha bean do neoil am brathreachas,
'S eala bhan nan speur:
Gur binne leam bhì maran leat.
Na clarsaichean nan teud.
Is tha do thlachd a's t-aillidheachd,
Ag cur do ghraidh an ceill;
Gur cosnuil thu ri ailleagan,
Da'n umhlaich each gu leir.

Is beairt a chlaoidh mo shochair thu,
'S a shoeraich ort mo ghaol:
'S gur e mheudaich tursa dhonh,
Gu'n tha bhì dhomh mar shaoil.
Sgeul fìor a dh' fhendar aircamh leam;
Gur leir a bhla 's a chaoim;
Gu'n d' fhag gach speis a th' agam dhut,
An nochd mo chadal faoin.

Gu 'n d' rinn mi Alb' a chuartaichadh,
O Chluaidh gu misge Spe;
Is bean do neoil cha chualas,
Bu neo-huainiche na bens.
Is corrach, gorm, do shuilean;
Gur geal, s gur dlu, do dhend,
Falt buidhe 's e na chuachan ort,
'S a slannagh air dhreach nan teud.

Thug mise gaol da riridh dhut,
'Nuair bha thu d' uionaig oig;
Is air mo laimh nach dibrim e,
Air mhile punnd de 'n or:
Ge d' fhaighinn fhìn na chruintean e,
Ga chumtadh dhomh air bord;
Cha treiginn gaol na ribhinne,
A tha 'n Ìle ghlas an fheoir.

ORAN AILEIN.

LUINNEAG.

*Thug o ho-ri ho hoireannan,
Thug o ho-ri 's na hi ri hu o,
Hithill u hog oireannan,
Hu o ho ri hog oireannan!*