

*Too oft shall the note of MacCrimmon's bewailing
Be heard when the Gael on their sails are sailing:—
"Dear Land! to the shores, whence unwilling we sever
Return—return—return, we shall never!"*

In the famous "Rout of Moy" MacCrimmon fell, and his premonition was fulfilled. In Skye his death was mourned by his sweetheart, who is made pathetically to lament his death, in the following lines which are those usually sung to the tune, "MacCrimmon's Lament":—

Dh' iadh ceo man stùc mu aodann Chulainn;
Gu' n d' sheinn a bhean shìth a torgann mulaid.
Tha suilean gorm, clòin, 's an Dùn ri sìleadh;
O'n thriall thu bh' uainn, 's nach tìll thu tuille.

Cha tìll, cha tìll, cha tìll MacCrìomthain,
An cogadh no sìth cha tìll e tuille;
Le aigìod no nì cha tìll MacCrìomthain;
Cha tìll gu brath gu la na cruinne.

Tha osag nan gleann gu fann ag imeachd
Gach sruthan 's gach allt, gu mall le bruthtach,
Tha falt nan speur feagh gheògan dubhach;
Ag caoidh gun d' fhalbh, 's nach tìll thu tuille.

Cha tìll, cha tìll, etc.

Tha'n fhalrge fadheòidh, lan bròin a's mulad;
Tha'm bata fo sheòl, ach dhiult l sìubhal,
Tha gaire nan tonn, le fuaim neo-shubhach,
Ag radh gun d' fhalbh, 's nach tìll thu tuille.

Cha tìll, cha tìll, etc.

Cha cluinnear do cheòl 's an Dùn mu fheasgair;
No Mactalla na mùr, le mùirn g'a fhreagairt:
Gach fleasgach a's oigh, gun cheòl gun bheadradh,
O'n thriall thu bh' uainn, 's nach tìll thu tuille.

Cha tìll, cha tìll, etc.

Translated by Lachlan MacBean:

O'er Coolin's fells the night is creeping,
The banshee's wail is round us sweeping,
Blue eyes in Dùn are sadly weeping,
Since thou art gone, and ne'er returnest.

The breeze of the bens is gently flowing,
The brooks in the glens are softly flowing,
Where boughs their darkest shades are throwing,
Birds mourn for thee who ne'er returnest.

It's dirges of woe the sea is sighing,
The boat under sail unmoved is lying,
The voice of the waves in sadness dying
Say thou art away and ne'er returnest.