

MÀIRI LAGHACH.

(SECOND SET.)

LUINNEAG.

*Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn,
Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhori ghrinn :
Ho, mo Mhairi laghach,
'S tu mo Mhairi bhinn
Mhairi bhoidheach lùrach,
Rugadh anns na glinn.*

B'og bha mis' a's Mairi
'M fàsaichean Ghlinn-Sneoil,
'Nuair chuir macan-Brenuis,
Saighlead gheur 'n am fheoil;
Tharraim sinn ri cleile,
Ann an eud cho beo,
'S uach robh air an t-saoghal;
A thug gaol cho mor.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

'S tric bha mis' a's Mairi,
Falbh nam fànach finl,
Gu'n smaintean air ìal-bheairt,
Gu'n chail gu droch ghlionmh;
Cupid ga n-ar taladh,
Ann an cairdeas dian;
S barr nan craobh mar sgail dhiùinn,
'Nuair a b' aird' a ghrian,
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Ged bu leamsa Alba'
A h-airgead a's a macin,
Cia mar bhithinn sona
Gu'n do chomunn gaol?
B' annsa bhi ga d' phogadh,
Le deagh choir dhomh fhein,
Na ged f'haighinn storas,
Na Roinn-Eorp' gu leir.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Tha do bhroilleach soluis
Lan de shonas graidh;
Uchd a's gile sheallas,
Na 'n eal' air an t-samh:
Tha do mhin-shlios, fallain,
Mar chanach a chair;
Muineal mar an fhaolinn
Fo 'n aodainn a's aillt'.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Tha t-fhalt bachlach, dualach,
Ma do chluais a' fas,
Thug nadur gach buaidh dha,
Thar gach grunig a bha:
Cha 'n 'eil dragh, no tairgne,
'Na chuir suas gach la;
Chas gach ciabh mun-cuairt dheth,
'S e 'na dhuail gu bharr.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Tha do chaille-dheud shnaighte
Mar shneachda nan ard;
T-anail mar an caineal;
Beul bho'm banail fàilt:
Grunidh air dhreach an t-siris;
Min raisg chinnealt, th;
Mala chaoi gu'n ghrusamean,
Gnuis gheal 's cunch-fhalt ban.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Thug ar n-uabhar barr
Air nilleas righrean mor;
B' iad ar leabailh stata
Duilleach 's barr an fheoir:
Fluraichean an fhasaich
'Toir dhuinn eal a's treoir,
A's sruthain ghlan nan ard
A chuireadh slaint 's gach por.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Cha robh inneal cinil,
A thurall riann fo 'n ghrein,
A dh'-aithriseadh air choir,
Gach ceol bhioll agnain fhein:
Uiseng air gach lann;
Smeoradh air gach geig,
Cuthag 's gug-gug aie',
'Madainn churaidh Cheit'.
Ho, mo Mhairi, &c.

Note.—The second set of "*Mairi Laghach*," is the composition of Mr. John McDonald, tacksmen, of Seorraig, Lochabroom, a gentleman of great poetical talents. It is infinitely superior to the original set; and, while Mr. McKenzie has the merit of having composed the air, Mr. McDonald is entitled to the praise of having sung that most beautiful of airs, in language, which, for purity, mellowness, and poetry, was never surpassed. Mr. McDonald now lives in the island of Lewis, where he is much respected; he is the author of many excellent poems and songs, and in him yet the Highland muse finds a votary of ardent devotedness,—of nerve, fact, talent, intelligence, and wit. We subjoin a beautiful translation of five stanzas of this popular song by another gifted Highlander, Mr. D. M'Pherson, bookseller, London.

CHORUS.

*Sweet the rising mountains, red with heather bells,
Sweet the bubbling fountains and the dewy dells;
Sweet the sunny blossoms of the flowering tree!
Sweeter is young Mary of Glenasmole to me.*

*Sweet, O sweet! with Mary o'er the wilds to stray,
When Glenasmole is dressed in all the pride of May—
And, when weary roving through the greenwood glade
Softly to recline beneath the birken shade.
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.*

*There to fix my gaze in visions of delight,
On her eyes of truth, of love, of life, of light—
On her bosom purer than the silver tide,
Falter than the camo on the mountain side.
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.*

*What were all the sounds contriv'd by tuncful men,
To the warbling wild notes of the sylvan glen?
Here the merry lark ascends on dewy wing,
There the mellow quail and the blackbird sing.
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.*

*What were all the splendours of the proud and great,
To the simple pleasures of our green retreat?
From the crystal spring fresh vigour we inhale;
Rosy health does court us on the mountain gale.
Sweet the rising mountains, &c.*