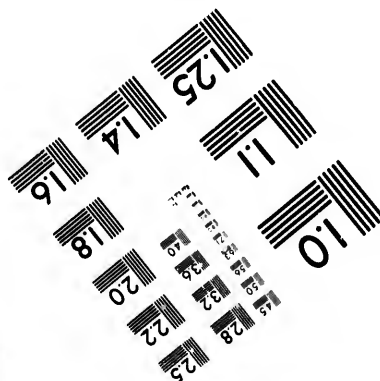
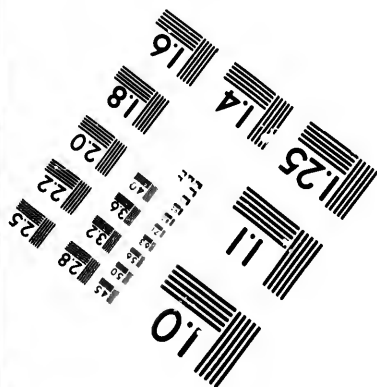
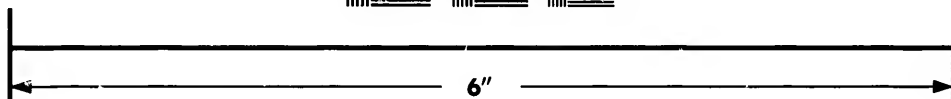
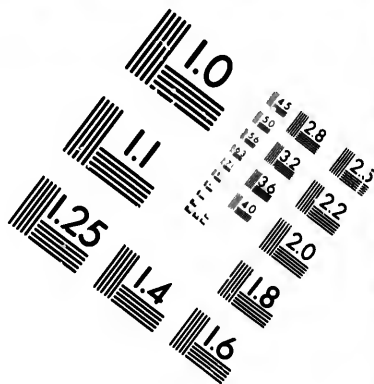




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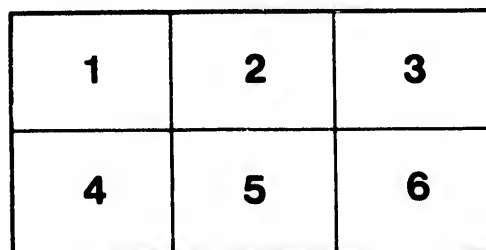
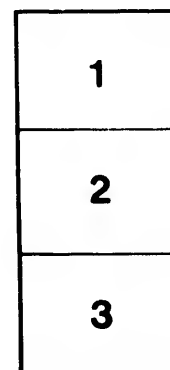
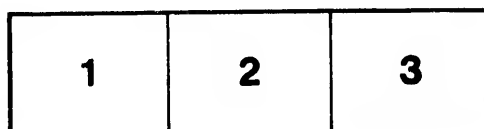
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ORAIN

LE

Iain Lom Mac-Dhomhnaill.

POEMS

BY

JOHN LOM MACDONALD.

Edited by

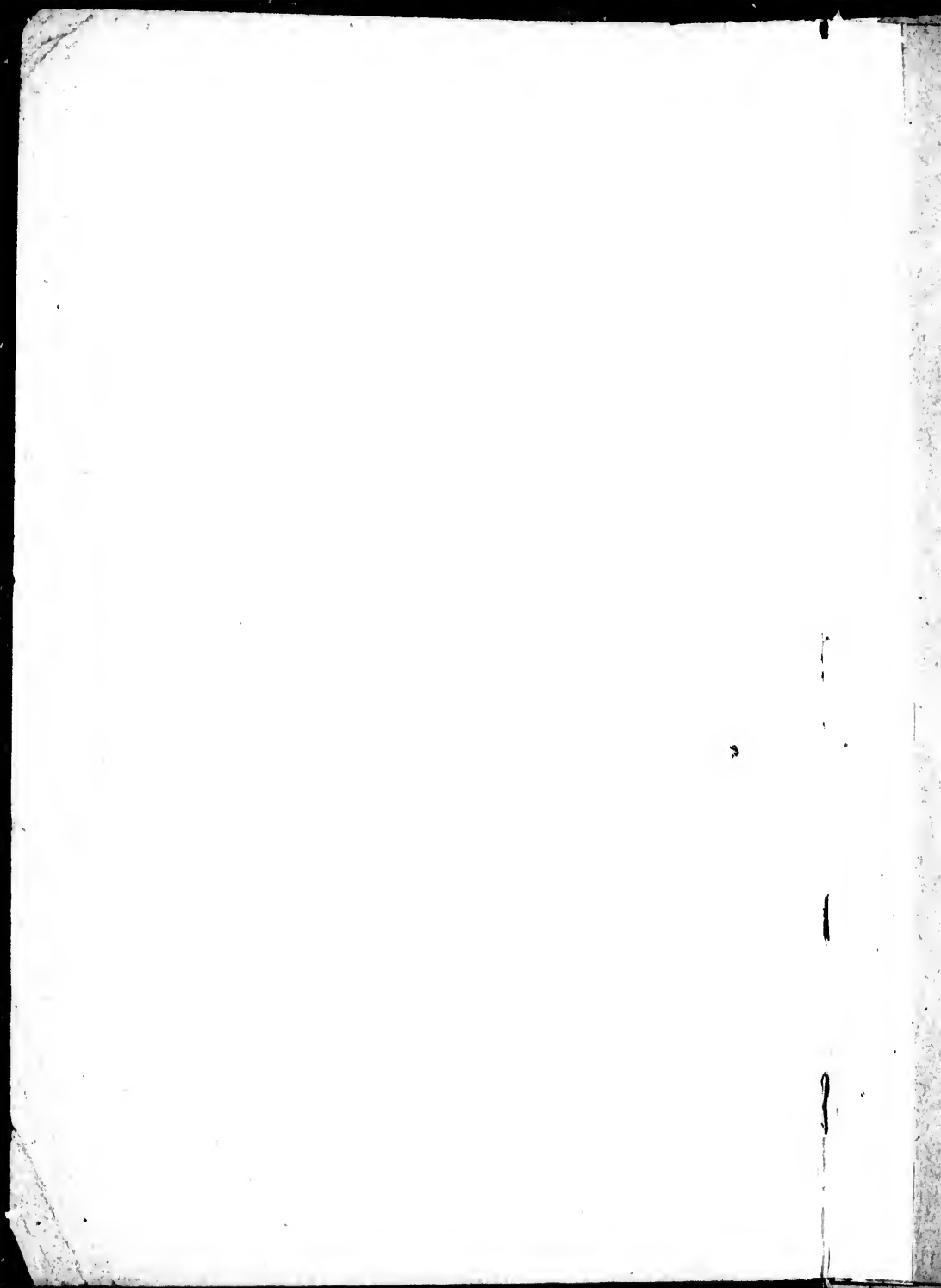
The Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair.

ANTIGONISH:

THE CASKET OFFICE.

HENRY WHYTE, 4 BRIDGE STREET, GLASGOW.

1895. -104



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Macdonald, John

ORAIN

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Iain (Lom) Mac-Dhomhnaill.

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Preface.

The poems in this work have, with only a few exceptions, been taken from Dr. Maclean's MS., R. Macdonald's collection, Gillies's collection, A. and D. Stewart's collection, Turner's collection, John Maclean's MS., and D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire. Dr. Maclean's MS. was written about the year 1770, and John Maclean's about the year 1815. R. Macdonald's collection was published in 1776, Gillies's collection in 1786, A. and D. Stewart's collection in 1804, Turner's collection in 1813, and D.C. Macpherson's Duanaire in 1868.

We are in possession of John Lom's poems not as they were made, but as they were taken down from oral recitation long after the death of their author. Owing to this fact some of them are full of glaring mistakes and others extremely imperfect in versification, whilst a few of them are either mere fragments or an incongruous mixture of two or three different poems. As a general rule the oldest written or printed form of a poem

is the most correct. This is unquestionably true of John Lom's poems. Whilst we should feel thankful to Turner for his collection, it must be admitted that his versions of old poems are frequently extremely inaccurate.

I have made several changes in some of the poems in this work. My aim in making these changes was to remove obscurities, to correct inaccuracies in historic matters, and to bring lines to be of the proper length. That these changes are improvements, I do not pretend to say. Such of them as are of any real importance are pointed out in the notes.

The poems that appear in this work were published in *THE CASKET*, Antigonish, and struck off from the type of that newspaper in book form. As the proofs could not be sent me I had no opportunity of correcting misprints or making alterations.

I have to thank the Rev. Alexander Macdonald, D.D., of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, for the interest taken by him in this work. Were it not for his kindness in getting it published in *THE CASKET* it would, in all probability, never appear.

I sincerely trust that some one who is

better acquainted with the history of the Highland Clans in the days of John Lom than I am, and who may have access to manuscripts that I have never seen, will favor those who take an interest in the poems of the famous Keppoch bard with a better edition of them than I have been able to give.

A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

Belfast, P. E. Island, Oct., 1, 1895.

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John Lom Macdonald.

John Macdonald, one of the most celebrated of the Gaelic bards, was born in the Braes of Lochaber. He was a great-great-grandson of John Alann, fourth Macdonald of Keppoch. He was known as Iain Lom, and also as Iain Manntach. He had a large amount of general information, and was intimately acquainted with all the political plans and movements of his day. He belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. He was an ardent Jacobite, and an active and influential member of his party. He was a man of superior talents, intense earnestness and unflinching determination. He spoke and acted according to his convictions. He was thus respected and feared by those who knew him. He was a faithful friend, but a bitter enemy. He possessed poetic gifts of a high order, and composed a large number of valuable songs and elegies. His powers of invective were extraordinary. He was a very old man at the time of his death. He was buried at Dun-Aingeal. Some of his admirers erected a handsome mon-

ument over his grave a few years ago.
In reading his poems we must remember
that he lived in rough times.

CUMHA AONGHUIS MHIC-RAONNILL OIG.

'Rìgh, gur mor mo chuid m'laid,
Ged is fheadar dhomh 'fhulang,
Ge b'e 'dh'eis-deadh ri m' ulreasbhidh 'a'reamh

Bho na chaill mi na gadhair,
Is an t-eug gan stòr thaghall,
'S beag mo thoirt gar an taghall mi 'm Braighe.

Is eun bochd mi gun daoine,
Air mo lùt air gach taobh dhìom;
Is tric rosad an aol air mo chairdean.

Gur mi 'n gladh air a spionadh,
Gun iteach, gun linnich,
'S mi mar Oisain fo bhinn an taigh Phadrig.

Gur mi 'chraobh air a rusgadh,
Gun chnothan, gun ubhlan,
S' an snòthach 's an rusg air a fagail.

Ruaig sin ceann Loch-a-Tatha,
'S i 'chuir mis' ann am ghailbheach;
Dh'fhag mi Aonghas na laighe 'san arach.

Mun do dhirich sibh 'm bruthach
'S ann 'nur deidh a bha 'n ulaidh;
Bha sar ghiomanach gunn' air dhroch caradh,

Ged a dh'fhag mi ann m' athair,
Chan ann air tha mi 'labhairt,
Ach mu'n lùt 'rinn an claidheabh mu t' air-
nean-s'.

Gur h-e dhruidh air mo leacainn
'M buille mor a bha 'd leth-taobh,
'S tu 'nad laigh' an taigh beag Choire-Char
maig.

B'i mo ghradh do ghnuts aobhach
 'Dheanadh dath le t' fhull chraobhich,
 'S nach robh seachnach air aodann do namhaid.

Gadhar, a hound, a lurcher. Rosad, misfortune, mischief. Linnich, layer, lining. Gaibheach, a person to want. Leacainn, the side of the head.

Angus Macdonald, of Keppoch, Aonghus Mac Raonuill Oig, and John Lom's father, Domhnall Mac Iain mhic Dhomhnuill mhic Iain Alann, were killed at the fight of Strona-chlachain, near Loch Lay, in 1640.

Oran Do Dhomhnall Gorm Og.

A Dhomhnaill nan dun,
 'Mhic Ghilleasbuig nan tur,
 Chaidh t'cineach 's do chliu thar chach.

Tha seirc ann ad ghruaidh;—
 Caol mhala gun ghruaim,
 Beul meachair bho 'n suairce gradh.

Bidh sud ort a triall,
 Claidheabh sgateach gorm siar;
 Air t' uillinn bidh sgiath, gun sgath.

'S a ghrabhailt mhath ur
 Air a taghadh o'n bhuth;
 B' i do roghainn an tus a bhlair.

A churaidh gun ghiamh,
 'N trath ghabhadh tu flamh,
 'S e 'thogadh tu sgian mar arm.

'N trath chargadh tu 'n t-suil
 Ri d' ghunna nach diu't,
 Gum bitheadh ann sugradh searbh.

'S an lalmh bu mhor luths
 Bhiodh bogh' an t-sar chuill,
 Caoin, fallain de 'n fhiuran dearg.

Bhiodh it an coin leith
 Air a sparradh le ceir
 Ris an t-saighid chaoll, reidh gu teann.

Nuair bhiodh taifeid nan dual
 Air a tarrainn gu d' chluais
 'S mairg neach air am buailteadh meall.

Cha bu ghaiseadh 'bu mhiann
 Le cinn ghlasa nan sgiath
 Air an leacainn mu 'n iath do chrann.

Clann-Domhnuill nach c' ion
 Mu 'n or is mu 'n ni,
 Sud a bhuid beann a 's rìoghaill gearl.

Bho Theamhair gu I,
 'S gus a chananaich shios,
 Bhiodh luc' d-ealaidh nan crìoch 'nur dall,

Thìg luingeas le gaoith
 Gu baile nan laoch,
 Ged bhitheadh na caoiltean garbh.

Gu talla nam pios
 'S am farumach fion,
 Far am falachear mìle crann.

Bhò imeachd do 'n Fheinn,
 'S cinn-fheadhna sibh fein
 Air fineachan treun gu dearbh.

Iarl Anntuilm nan sluagh
 'S Clann-Ghilleain nam buadh,
 Bhiodh sud leat is Ruari garbh.

Mac-Mhic-Ailain nan cend,
 'S Mac-Mhic-Alasdair fheil,
 Is Mac-Fhlionghain gu treun nan ceann.

Creach ga strolceadh,
 Feachd na torachd,
 'S air fo leon nan arm.

Long ga seoladh,
Crith air sgodalbh
Stiur-bheirt sheold, theann.

Beucaich mara
'Leum ri darach.
Sugh 'ga sgaradh thall.

Cha bu nasag
Ri sruth trath i,
'S muir 'na gair fo 'ceann.

Cruit is clarsach
'S mnai uchd allidh
'N tur nan tailleas gearr.

Foirm nam pioban,
'S oragain hobbte,
'S cuirn 'gan lionadh ard.

Ceir 'na draillsein
Ri fad oidhche,
'G eisdeachd stri nam bard.

Ruaig air dhisnean,
Foirm air thithibh,
'S ora sios mar gheall.

Aig ogh' Iarì Ile,
Is Chinntire,
Rois is Innse-Gall.

Eineach, liberality, renown. Brìsgadh, stabbing, thrusting. Draillsein, a sparkling light. Nasag, an empty shell. Teamhair, Tara in Ireland.

Donald Macdonald, sixth of Sleat, Domhnall mac Dhomhnaill Ghuirm, married Mary, daughter of Hector Mor Maclean, of Duart, by whom he had three children—Donald, Archibald, and Alexander. He died in 1585. Donald, sev-

enth of Sleat, Domhnall Gorm Mor died without issue in 1616. Archibald married Margaret, daughter of Angus Macdonald, of Isla, by whom he had Donald. Donald, Domhnall Gorm Og, succeeded his uncle in Sleat. He was created a baronet in 1625. He died in 1643.

Blar Inbhir-Lochidh.

LUIÑNEAG.

Hì rim ho ro, ho ro leatha,
 Hì rim ho ro, ho ro leatha,
 Hì rim ho ro, ho ro leatha,
 Chaidh an latha le clann-Domhnuill.

'N cuala sibh an tlonndadh duinnell
 'Thug an camp' a Cille-Chuimein?
 'S fad' a chaidh ainm air bhur n-urras;
 Thug sibh as bhur naimhdean tomain.

Dh' aithnich mi bhur surd air tapadh
 A dìreadh am mach glun Chuil-Eachidh
 'S ged tha mo dhuthich 'na lasair,
 'S eirig air a chuís mar thachair.

Ged a bhiodh oighreachd a Bhraighe
 Gu ceann sheachd bliadhna mar tha i,
 Gun chur' gun chlàthadh, gun aiteach,
 'S math an riadh 'sa bheil sinn paighte.

Dh'irich mi moch maduinn cheorich
 Gu braigh' caisteal Inbhir-Lochidh;
 Chunnic mi 'n t-arm a dol an ordagh,
 'S bha buaidh a bhlaìr le Clann-Domhnaill.

Alasdair nan geur-lann sgaiteach,
Thoisich thu 'n de ri cur as daibh;
Chuir thu ratreut seach an caisteal,
Agus surd gle mhath ga leantail.

Alasdair nan geur-lann guineach
Nam blodh agad t' armuinn uille,
B' f heudar do na dh' fhalbh diu fuireach,
S ratreut air prabar an duilleg.

Alasdair mhic Cholla ghasda
Lamh dheas a sgoltadh nan caisteal;
Chuir thu'n ruaig air Gallaibh glasa
'S ma dh' ol iad cal chuir thu asd' e.

Thug sibh toiteal teth mu Lochidh
A toirt bhuillean mu na sronaibh;
Bu lionmhor claidheabh clais-ghorm comh-
nard
Gam bualadh an lamhan Chlann-Domhnail.

Dh 'innsinn sgeul eile le firinn
Cho math 's a ni cleireach a sgrìobhadh;—
Chaidh na laoi-h ud gus an dìchioll,
'S chuir iad maoin air luchd an mì-ruin.

Is mairg a dhuisgeadh bhur n-anlochd
'N am rusgadh nan greidlein tana;
Bha ingnean nan Duibhneach ri talamh
An deidh an luighean a ghearradh.

'N la a shaoil iad a dhol leotha
Bha na laoi-ch gan ruith air reothadh;
S iomad slaodanach mor odhar
'Bh' air aodan Achadh-an-tochair.

'S iomad fearaid' agus plor-bhuic
Agus cuilbheir, caol, dìreach,
'Bha 'n Inbhir-Lochidh 'na shìneadh,
'S bha luaidh nam ban a Cinntire ann.

'S iomad corp nochdte gun aodach
'Bha 'call fal' air lotalbh caola,
Eadar 'n t-ait 'an d' rinn iad maomadh
Is ceann Leitir Blar-a-Chaorinn.

'S iomad spog ur air dhroch shailleadh
Thall 's a bhos mu Thom na h-Aire,
An deidh an reubadh le claidheabh
Neul mhairbh air an suil 's iad gun anam.

Chuala sibh mu'n Ghoirtein odhar,
Tha e 'm bliadhn' aginn 'na thodhar,
Gun inneir chaorach no ghobhar
Ach full nan Duibhneach air reothadh,

Sgrìos orm ma's truagh leam bhur gairich,
No anshocair bhur cùld phalsdean;
Donnalich bhan Errazhaidheal
'Caoidh nam fear a dh'fhan san araich.

Air do laimhsa Thighearna Labhair,
Ge mor do bhosd as do chlaideabh,
'S iomad fear mor 'chinneadh t'athar
'Bha 'n Inbhir-Lochidh 'na lalghe.

'S iomad fear cleoc' agus bioraid,
Cho math 's a bha beo dhe d' chinneadh,
Nach dug a bhotuinnean tioram,
Bha' foghlum snamh' air bun Nibheis.

Iain Mhuideartich nan seol soilleir,
A sheoladh an cuan ri la doilleir,
Ort cha d'fhuaradh bristeadh coinnimh;
'S ait leam Barra-Breac fo d'chomrich.

Thug thu gu d' dhubblan a leigeadh
Air Calmbalich chlar nam beul sligheach;
Gaor is eanchalnn 'dol 'nan stigeal,
Slachdrich lann 's an ceann 'gam bristeadh.

Urras, boldness. Greidleann or greadlann, a sword. Tugh, a joint; luighean, joints. Todhar, a field manured by having cattle on it. Comaraich or comraich, protection, favor. Beul sligheach, a wry mouth like that of a shell.

Montrose entered Argyle on the 13th of December, 1644. He sent his followers in various directions, plundering and

laying waste the lands of the Campbells. He collected them together on the 29th of January, 1645, and began marching towards Inverness. When he was at Cille-Chuimein, or Fort Augustus, a messenger came to him in great haste with the information that the Marquis of Argyll had entered Lochaber with an army of 3000 men, that he was burning and laying waste the country, and that his head-quarters were at Inverlochy. It is to Argyll's depredations that the line, "Ged tha mo dhuthich 'n a lasair" refers. Montrose marched back with all possible speed to attack Argyll. He arrived in Glen-Nevis on the evening of February 1st. The battle of Inverlochy began shortly after sunrise on Sunday, February 2nd, 1645. Argyll's army was made up of his own followers and 1,000 Lowlanders. It was commanded by Sir Donald Campbell of Auchinbreck, a very brave man. Argyll prudently withdrew from the scene of action the night before the battle. Montrose's army consisted of the Irishmen who had come over to Scotland with Alasdair mac Cholla, the Macdonalds, the Stewarts and Robertsons of Athole, the Farquharsons, Camerons, and others. Montrose won a

complete victory. He lost only eight men, Lord Ogilvie, Captain Brain and six privates. Argyll lost fourteen barons of his own clan and 1,500 common soldiers. Among the prisoners taken was Sir Donald Campbell of Barbreck, a greedy and cruel man, who had succeeded in making himself proprietor of Ardnamurchan. John Lom viewed the battle from an elevated spot that overlooked the castle of Inverlochy, which was occupied by fifty of Argyll's musketeers. The battle was begun by George Stewart, son of the laird of Urrard in Athole. He was known as Deorsa Mac Alasdair.

La Allt-Eirinn.

Gu ma slan 's gu ma h-eibhinn:
Do an Alasdair euchduch,
'Choisinn cliu an Allt-Eirinn a mhor-shluaigh.

Leis na saighdearan laghach,
An am falbh air and rathad,
Le 'm bu mhiann a bhl gabhall a chronain.

Cha bu phrabaire tlath thu
'Dhol an caigneachadh chlaidhean,
Nuair a bha thu 'sa gharadh le d' chomhlain.

Bha luchd chlogad is phicean,
A cur ort mar an di-chioll,
Gas an d' fhuair thu rilibh o Montrosa.

'S lomadh oganach sull-ghorm
 'Bh' aig a gheat mu 'n robh 'n diubhall,
 Fo'throm 'lòt nan arm rùisghe gun chomhradh.

Agus lasgaire foinnidh,
 Thuit an aobhar do lònne,
 Bha nan sìneadh m' phollachan mona.

Chuir sibh Hurry 's a dhaoine
 Air an rùalg a bha daor dhalbh,
 Nuair a bhruchd sibh maraon do na chomhall.

Cha robh domhach no geinneach,
 'Bha o dhuthach Mhic-Coinnich,
 Nach do dh'fhag an airm-thein' air a mholn-
 tich.

Cha robh Tomi no Simi,
 Ann am fearann Mhic-Shimi,
 Nach do thar anns gach ionad 'am frogalbh.

Prabaire, a worthless fellow. Calgneachadh,
 coupling, bringing two things together as two
 swords. Maraon, together, as one. Domhach,
 a savage. Geinneach, a short stout man.

The battle of Auldearn was fought May
 9th, 1645. General Hurry had 3,500 foot
 and 400 horse. Montrose had 1,500 foot
 and 250 horse. Alexander Macdonald,
 who had 400 men under him, left a strong
 position behind a garden wall to attack
 his foes. He was compelled to retreat,
 and was in great danger when going back
 through the garden gate. The Macken-
 zies and Frazers fought under Hurry.
 Among the slain was Sir Mungo Camp-
 bell, of Lawess, tighearna Labhair.

Iorram.

DO MHIAC-GILLEAIN HUBHAIRT.

Cuid de dh-aobhar mo ghearain,
 'N ti tha 'n laimh anns a Charralg
 Gus an trialladh luchd-eslain o'n fheill.

B' e sin grianan nan Gaidheal
 Agus uaislean fir Alba,—
 Mac-Gilleain nan arm gasd, ' cruaidh, geur.

Ann an toiseach do ranntachd
 Thig Mac-Leoid o Chaol-Acuinn
 Is siol Thormaid 's neo-sgathach 'nan gleus.

Gun dig stalachadh Uislain
 Bho Dhun-Sgathich ann-stuil sin,
 Dha 'm bi 'n t-lubnar ga rusgadh ri feum.

Thig Clann-Domhnaill Ghlinn-Garadh
 Agus uaislean Loch-airceig,
 Dha 'm bi nuthidhean fada, caol, reidh;

Air am biodh na clinn ghlasa,
 'N deidh an eagadh gu dreachmhor,
 'Dhol an creubhaig le tartar nam meur.

Gum bi spallpeadh air pioban
 Is sluagh ri faicheachd gu lionmhor;—
 Luchd nam breacan a 's rionhaiche ceum.

'S lionmhor clogad ann 's luireach,
 'S sgiath chearr air laimh diunlaich,
 Is sar ghunna nach diultadh ri feum.

Gum bi 'm feachd so 'dol thairis
 Gu duthaich Mhic-Callain,
 'S gum bi smudan is deannal 'nan deidh-

'S lionmhor cleasiche 's clarsair
 'Triall gu cathair nan Gaidheal,
 Bhon 's ceann-uidhe dhaibh Aros nan ceud.

Gum bi 'n t-sreath so 'dol seachad
 Air na graineagan glasa;
 Fleadh an fhion' a's or-laioste na deldh.

Bidh luchd-glodall a falbh bhualinn,
 Bho nach cuibhe leinn ann iad;
 'S gum bi na blodagan dearga nan cre;

A bioradh sllochd Dhlarmaid,
 Pragan salach an lasgalch,
 Bho nach bi sinn am bliadhna da 'n reir.

Grianan, a sunny spot, a place to gather to.
 Luchd-ealain or luchd-ealaidh, persons of skill,
 poets, musicians. Ranntachd, connections by
 blood, marriage, or some other tie, supporters.
 Luchd-glodall, flatterers. Or-laioste or or-lasta,
 shining like gold.

Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart was
 seized at Inverary by the Marquis of Ar-
 gyll, in 1647, and imprisoned in the
 Castle of Carrick. He was kept in
 prison about a year. He died shortly
 after being set at liberty.

Cumha Alasdair Mhic Cholla.

Air mo dhrulm 's an tom fhalach,
 'S beag mo shunnd ris a bhannal.
 Alg an cunntar an t-aran mar ion.

'Fhir na gearr-ghruaige duibhe,
 Tha mi deurach gad chumha,
 O'n la 'reub thu cuan sruthach an roid.

Cha robh, 'ghraidh, 's cha bu chuibhe,
 Thu 'buain bhairneach air rudha,
 'Sann a bha thu 's do bhuidheann ag ol.

'N t-og algeantach, rìoghail,
'Chulreadh sgairt fo na mìltean,
'Nuair a thogteadh leat plob is breid sroil.

Gun eireadh sud leatsa,
Fìr ur' agus ñeasgailch,
O na badain bheag phreas 's am bì 'n ceo.

Leat bu mhiann a bhl agad
Claidheabh cuil a chinn aìsnich,
Le faobhar cruaidh, sgaiteach, gèur, gorm.

Cha bu tais 's cha bu tlath thu,
'Marcachd suas roimh 'n bhrigada,
Air each algeantach, ard nan ceith 'r brog.

Cha bu chladhaire truid thu,
'Dol an agaidh an trupa;
Ceum air adhart 'nan uchd b'e do nos.

Cha robh cron ort ri alreamh,
Ged a sgrìobht e air paìpeir,
Ach a mheud 's a bha 'n ardan 'ad shroin.

Fhuair mì sgeul a Dunchanain,
A bhrisd leus air mo shealladh,
Mo chreach leir! nach h-'eil Alasdair beo.

Agus fìrinn bho'n chlarsair
'Tìgh 'n air tìr am Port-Phadraig,
'S cha dean m' iuntinn bona failte ri 'cheol.

'Stric mì 'smaointinn roimh latha,
Nach dìoghail thu t' athair;
Sud a mheudaich droch dhath air mo ñeoil.

Am fear lìath 'bha sa charraig,
Is dul' iaruinn mu bhallaibh,
B' e 'n laoch dian e 's am baranta sloigh.

Ach tha mo mhuinghin an Criosda,
Gum bì la ann ga dhioladh
Mun dìg croich air a mhlorbhullean mor'.

'S eil leam sgapadh fir Ile,
 Agus uaislean Chinntire,
 Is cha b' fhasa leam diol Raonuill Oig.

Gun cunhnadh Dia na cinn fheadhna,
 Dh' fhalbh am freasdal na gaoithe
 Air fleasgairt bhig, chaoil, nan tri seol.

B'ann diu, 'n t-Aonghas og Glinneach,
 A ghabh fogradh thar linne;
 'S truagh gun roiseal do chinnidh 'bhi 'd
 choir;

Agus mis' air cul garaidh
 'Gamharc trupa shir Daibhidh;
 Cha b'iad comunn mo ghraidh-sa na sgleold.

'Righ, gur h-iomadh sonn alainn,
 A bha companta, breithreil,
 'Thuit mu sgonnsa Dunabheirt gun deo.

Fir a chaitheadh na cuantan
 Ri droch latha 'ga fhuairlead,
 Ged a dh-eireadh muir 'suas ri slait bheoil.

Sar luchd bhualadh nam buillean,
 Nuair bu chrualdh air each fuireach
 Nam biodh uachdarain bhunailteach oirbh.

Rod, sea-weed Fleasgairt, a boat. Roiseal,
 pomp, showy men. Sconnsa, a square or small
 fort Bunailteach, firm, steady.

The garrison of Dainaverty, consisting
 of about 260 men, surrendered to General
 David Leslie shortly after the middle of
 July, 1647. The helpless prisoners were
 put to death five days afterwards. A few
 weeks later Colla Ciotach, who had fallen
 into Leslie's hands, was hanged at Dun-

staffnage. Alexander Macdonald, Alasdair Mac Cholla, left Ireland for Scotland with 1,500 men, July 27th, 1744. He returned to Ireland in May, 1647. He was killed at the battle of Cnocnanos, in the County of Cork, November 13th, 1647.

Oran mu Ghlacadh Morair Hunndaidh.

'Mhoire, 's muladach 'tha mi
Mu gach sgeul 'tha mi' claisinn,
Is mi 'tearnadh le braigh' uisge Dhe.

'G amharc luchairt a bhall,
Agus tur Abargheallaidh,
Gun luchd-sàrd a bhi 'n talla nan teud;

'G amharc aros nan lùbhean,
Far am b' abhaist dhuit suidhe;
Bhiodh ann faileadh nan ubhall 's nam peur.

Aig ceann-uidhe nan Gaidheal,
Far an suidheadh iad statail,
Gheibhteadh ragna gach atte dhaibh reidh.

Gheibhteadh coinnean an lasadh
An ceann choinneirean praise;
Bhoidh do sheomrachean laiste le ceir.

Chluinnteadh gleodhartach feodair
'Cur an adhaircibh beoire,
Seal mun dligeadh trath-noine do 'n ghrein;

'S uisge-beatha na tairgne
'Dol an cupachaibh airgid
'S mair uachd-gheal, gruaidh-dhearga, 'cur
greis.

Chan e gaoir bhan a Chlachain
A tha mise 'n diugh 'g acainn,
Gar an òigeadh g'n asde 'n choig ceud.

'S bodhd an naidheachd an Albainn
Bog-na-gaoth' an Strath-bhalgaidh
'Bhi ga chlaoidheadh le armaillibh sreinn';

Agus leithid Morair Hunndaidh
A bhi 'n laimh an t il-butha,
Agus naimhdean 'na dhuthchannaibh f hein.

Morair Hunndaidh 's am Marcus
Bho thur nan clach naidhte,
Far 'm bu tionmhor laogh breac ri cois feidh.

Ach ma chaidh do ghlaicadh
Leis a Mheinneireach as-caoin,
B' e mo dhiubhall a bh' aca 's b' e 'm beud.

Flor thoiseach a gheamhraidh,
Ann am fochair na samhna,
Bha do bhòchdan air tionndadh bho 'n ceill

N Dail-nam-both an Strath thamhann.
Aig a bhrothair' gun naire,
Bha lamh-sgapidh a mhall air luchd-theud.

'S ann an clachan Chill-muice
'Dh' f hag sibh 'n ceannard gun tuisleadh,
Marcach greadhnach air trup-each mor
sreinn'.

Bog-na gaoithe, the Bog of Gicht. Toilbutha, a jail. Brothaire, a butcher. The eighth verse refers to the lamentation of the Breadalbane women after the fight at Stron-a-chlachain, in 1640.

George Gordon, second Marquis of Huntly, was captured by James Menzies of Culdares, in December, 1647. Menzies was known by the nickname of Crunair

Ruadh nan Cearc. He received a reward
of \$5,000 for capturing the Marquis.

Cumha Morair Hunndaigh.

LUINNEAG.

Lamh an Rìgh leinn, a dhaoine,
Cuin a chaoch 'leas a bheirt so?
'S gu fheil fìos san Roinn-Eorpa
Gur n-l choir tha sibh sracadh.
'Fhir a chruthaich o thus sinn,
Cuir a chuis gu treun, talceil,
Air na Banntairean breige
'Rinn an eucoir a chleachdadh.

'S mi ag amhais Strath chualche,
'S mor mo ghruai n, 's cha bheag m' eilein,
'S mi ag amharc nan gleanntan
San robh 'n camp' aig Iarl' Einne;
Rìs an'goirt' an t-Eun Tuath ch,—
Eun nach d' fhuaradh ri breun chire,
Ged a tha e 'san am so
'Se gun cheann an Dunelideann.

Gur a mor mo chuis mulaid
'S mi air m' ullinn 'am onrachd,
'S mi ag amharc an righe
For 'n do shuidhicheadh bordaibh.
Tha e 'n duigh fo ghleus chapull,
Fo fheur fad' agus folach;
Chaill e 'nachdaran smachdail,
An deagh Mharcus cha bheo e.

Naile, chunnaic mis' uair thu,
Is gum b' uasal do loiseam,
'Tigh 'nn am mach le d' gheard rioghail
Air na grinneinean gorma;
Luchd nan caeagan sloda

'Ghlacadh pic gu grinn' modhar,
Is a bheireadh adbhansa
Ann an am dol an ordagh.

Bha mi eolach ad thalla,
'S bha mi steach ann ad sheombar;
Bhiodh ann iomairt air tailleasg,
Is da chlarsaich a comhstrith;
Gus am freagradh am balla,
Do mhactalla nan oragan,
'S bhiodh flou Spainteach ga thogall
'M pairt de dh-obair nan or-cheard.

Cha do dh-fhogainn leo t' fhogradh
Air feadh fhrogan ga t' fhalach;
Ach do thur-bhailtein mòra
Bhi gun choir aig Mac.Callein.
'N uair a fhuair iad thu t' onrachd,
Rinn iad oirne gnomh alla;
Bha t' fhuil rioghail gun fhotus
Ga dluth dhorthadh mu 'n sgafal.

Ach a Thearlach oig Stiubhairt j
'S fad' an dusgadh so t'h' agad;
Gur a fad' ann ad shuain thu,
S tim dhuit gluasad bho' d chadal.
Mur h 'eil t'aire gu dìreach
Air do righeachd a thagradh;
Leig dhìot 's an droch uair l.
Mur h-eil oruadal ad aigheadh.

'S math an cuideachadh sluagh dhuit
Thu 'bhi 'n uachdar na corach,
Gu coir t' athar a dhiughladh
Air na h-Iudasaich dheamhnaidh.
Ach na faireadh iad baoth thu,
No blas faoin air do chomhradh;
No mar chlatdheah bog staoine
An truailh chaoìn air a h-oradh.

Tha ard uaislean do righeachd
'N diugh gan stìogadh an claisean,

Is gam falach an guibhsalach
 'N deidh do chuinneadh a phasadh.
 Daoine beag' a rinn cillein,
 'S iad lan glènaich gu 'n craiclonn,
 Tha nam parlamaid rioghall,
 'N deidh an rìgh a chur seachad.

Tha na h-amraichean-muine
 'Gabhall iuil 'sa chuan fharsuinn;
 'S an loingean daraich a crìonadh,
 'S am biodh fion gun dad airce,
 Is 'gan tilgeadh air cìtir,
 As na portaibh a chleachd iad.—
 Ma mhaireas an tuil so,
 'S maìrg a dh'fhuirich r'a faicinn.

Na Banntairean, the Covenanters. Einne, Enzie, a district in Bangshìre belonging to the Gordons. An t-Eun Tuathach, the Cock of the North, a name given to the head of the Clan Gordon. Rìghe, the outstretched part or base of a mountain. Fòlach, rank grass growing upon dughills. Loisèam, show, pomp. Staoìn, pewter or tin. Stìog, to crouch or skulk. Amar, a trough; amraichean, troughs. Oitir, a reef of sand, a shoal.

George Gordon, second Marquis of Huntly, was beheaded at the market-cross in Edinburgh, March 22d, 1749. The Marquis of Argyll was in possession of Huntly's estate from 1648 until 1660.

Cumha Mhontrois.

Mi gabhall srath Dhruinn-uachdair
 'S beag m' aighear anns an uair so;
 Tha 'n la air dol gu gruamnachd,
 'S chan e tha buain mo sprochd.

Ge dullich leam 's ge dlobhail
 M' fhear-cinnidh math 'bhi dhith orm,
 Chan fhasa leam an sgrìob s'
 'Thanig air an rìgheachd bhoche.

Tha Alb' a dol fo chis-chain
 Aig farbhalich gun fhirinn
 Bharr a chalba dhirich;
 'Sin cuid de m' dhiobhail ghoirt.

Tha Sasunnich 'gar foreigneadh,
 'Gar creachadh is 'g ar marbhadh;
 Gun gabh ar n- Athair fearq ruinn
 Gun dearmad dhuinn, 's gur bochd.

Mar a bha cloinn Israel
 Fo bhruid aig rìgh n' h-Elphait
 Tha sinn-n' air a chor cheudna;
 Chan eigh iad ruinn ach "sluc";

'S ar rìgh an deidh a chrunadh,
 Mun gann a leum e ur-fhas,
 Na thaisdealach bochd, ruisgte,
 Gun gheard, gun chuirt, gun choisd'.

Ga fharfhuadach as 'aite,
 Gun duine leis de chairdean;
 Mar luing air uachdar salle,
 Gun stiuir, gun ramh, gun phort.

Cha deid mi de Dhuneideann,
 Bhon dhoirteadh fuil a Ghreumich,
 An leoghann dileas, treubhach,
 Ga cheusadh air a chroich.

B' e sud am fìor dhuin' uasal'
 Nach robh de'n chinneadh shuarach,
 S' bu ro mhath rugha gruaidhe
 'N am tarruinn suas gu trod.

Deud chaille 'bu ro mhath dluthadh,
 Fo mhala chaoil gun mhugaich;
 Ge tric do dhreach gam dhusgadh
 Cha ruisg mi 'chach e 'n nochd.

'Mhic Neill o Asainn chlanail,
 Nan glacainn ann am lion thu,
 Bhiodh m' fhacal air do bhinn
 Is cha diobrainn thu o 'n chroich.

Thu fein is t' athair celle,
 Fear-talghe sin na Leime,
 Ged chrochteadh sibh le chelle,
 Cha b' eirig air mo lochd.

Craobh ruisgt' de 'n abhall bhreugach,
 Gun mheas, gun chliu, gun cheutadh,
 'Bha riamh ri mort a chelle,
 'N ur fuigheall bheum is chore.

Marbhaisg ort, a mhiodhoir,
 Gum b' oic a reic thu 'm firean—
 Airson na mine Litich
 Is da-thrian d' i goirt.

M' fhear-cinnidh math, Alasdair Mac Cholla.
 Taisdealach, a wanderer, Farfhuadach, banishing.
 Trod, a scolding, a fight, a battle. Miodher, a mean contemptible person.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was the only son of John, fourth earl of Montrose, and Margaret Ruthven, daughter of the Earl of Gowrie. He was born in the autumn of 1612. He was educated at St. Andrews. He succeeded his father as Earl of Montrose in 1626. He married in November, 1629, Magdalene Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Southesk, by whom he had three sons. He was hanged in Edinburgh, May 27th, 1650.

Neil MacLeod, tenth of Assynt, married Florence, daughter of Torquil Conanach Macleod, of Lewis, by whom he had three sons, Neil, John, and Alexander. Neil, 11th of Assynt, married a daughter of Col. John Munro, of Lemlair. He arrested Montrose and Major Sinclair, his companion, at Carbisdale, in Ross-shire, April 27th. 1650. He received a sum of money and 400 bolls of meal as a reward for his service. He lost his estate. He died without issue some time after 1691.

Iorram.

DO MHAC-GILLEAIN DHUBHAIRT.

Ged is fada na thuath mi,
Soraith slan do na h-uaislean;
Leam bu mhithich 'bhi 'gluasad gu'r tir

Gu duthaich Shir Lachuinn
Nam piob is nam bratach;
'S mor bhur diobhail ri feachdan an righ.

Cha b'e leanntuinn na ludaig
Ris na teudan bu dluithe,
'Bheireadh mise do'r duthaich bhig, chrin.

Gur h-e has Mhic-Gilleain,
Tha 'n reidhlig Orain na laighe,
A dh' fhag mise gun aighear, gun phris.

Agus Eachunn 's an araich
Fo thrupa nan naimhdean;
Fath mo thursa gach la 'bhi 'gur caoidh.

'S math thigeadh clogaide cruadhach
Air cul bachlach nan dual glan;
Gnuis fhathail is gruaidh mar am fion;

Agus spainteach gheur thairis
Ann an ceann claiginn ealant,
Is sgiath threachd nam ball daingeann
gad dhion.

Nam biodh again air blaran
De chlann-Domhnaill 's de m' chairdean
'Mheud sa chunnaic mi 'n armaillt an righ;

'Mheud 'sa chunnaic mi fein diu
'Teachd air luingeas a Eirinn,
De shliochd gasda Chuinn cheud-chath
nam pios;

Cha bu shiochaint bhur cogadh
'N am dol sìos an tus troide,
A dhream rioghail nan clogad 's nam pic.

Chluinnteadh farum 'ur claidhean
Air claignibh 'ur namhad
Agus blaghean nan ceann 'gan toirt sìos.

'Siomad cubaire gealtach
'Tha buidhinn cuirt ann an Sasunn
'Bha 'ga chubadh mar chat ann an craoibh;

Agus rogaire brengach
'Bha mu mhilleadh rìgh Seurlas,
A ta 'nis oirnn ag eirigh gu strìth.

'S mur a caochail sibh cleachdadh,
Gu ma taobh-dhearg bhur leapan,
'S fuil a taosgadh an claisean 's an dig.

Gum biodh feadarsaich luaidhe
An lorg sraide na cluaise,
'S mnai ri gal, 's cha bu chruaidh leum an
caoidh.

Tairis, trusty. Cubaire, a shabby sneaking
fellow.

Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart died April 18th, 1648. Sir Hector Roy, his son and successor, was killed at the battle of Inverikething, with 760 of his followers, July 20th, 1651.

Tilleadh an Dara Rìgh Tearlach.

'S mi am shineadh air m' uilinn
Ann an ard ghleannan mulaich,
Is mor abhar mo shulais ri gaire.

Ged is fada 'nam thosd mi,
Ma 's a cuis sin a 's ole leibh,
Thig gu h-ealamh an sop as mo bhraghad;

On bha sheanus' oirnn a chluinntinn,
Ged bu teann a bha chuing oirnn,
Gun do thionndaidh a chuibhl mar b' aill
leinn.

Biodh a chas so air chriseachd
Le mo bhata 's le m' phoca,
Is an iomh ann ga stobadh gu sar mhath,

Gur mi-iomchuidh an ni dhuinn,
A bhi stad ann am prìosan
An am tighinn do 'n rìgh a chum aite.

Thug ar n-Athair dhuinn furtachd
As na cliathan teann, druidte,
Nuair a dh'iarr sinn air uichair a gharaidh,

Is a Thearlaich oig Stiubhairt,
Bhon a charadh an crunn ort,
Gum biodh Dia na fhear-stiuridh air t'
fhardaich;

Bhon a chaidh thu 'sa chathair,
 Gun aon bhuille le claidheabh,
 N ainm gloirmhor an Athair 'san Ard Righ;

Bhon a thasaig thu 'd righeachd,
 Mar a b' oil le d' luchd mioruin,
 Ann an coinnimh ri mìle claid fallthe.

'S iomadh iochdran mor, misgeach,
 'S miosa run dhiut na mise,
 'Tha 'cur stalgh am pitisin an drasda.

Luchd nan torra-chaisteal liatha,
 Air an stormadh le iarunn,
 B' olc na lorgairean riamh ann ad gheard
 iad.

Cha b' fhas' an dusgadh a cadal
 Nam madadh-ruadh 'chur a bracklaich,
 Nuair fhuaradh thu lag 's iad ga t'aicheadh.

Na dearg mheirlich 'chaidh 'dh-aon taobh.
 'S a dhoirt fuil Morair Hunndaidh,
 S math a cho sinn le bunndaist am paig-
 headh.

Leam is eibhinn mar thachair,
 Mar a dh' eirich do 'n bhraich ud;
 Bha gach ceann d' i na bachlagan bana.

Cha robh uibhir 's na cairtean
 Nach robh tionndadh mi-cheart orr';
 Bha mo shuileam gam faicinn an trath ud.

S olc an leasan am bhiadhna,
 Mur a furtaich thu Dhia air,
 A ta feitheamh an Iarla neo bhaigheil.

An am rusgadh a choileir,
 Theid an ceann deth o 'n choluinn.
 Gloir mar 's cubhaidh is moladh do 'n Ard-
 Righ.

Mhaighdean dubh-riabhach, smachdail,
'Dh' fhagas giallan gun mhearsuinn.
Bheir i 'm fiabhras a Marcus Earrghaidheal.

Ged 's e 'thus chan e dheireadh
Do luchd-dusga'dh an teine;
'S mar mo run do gach fear dhe do chaird-
ean.

'S mor gum b' fhearr air gach doigh dhuit
Na na chruinnich thu 'storas,
A bhi tional an oiraich gu d' gharadh.

Seannsa, luck, chance. Lorgair, one that
tracks a spy. Bunndaist, wages, perquisites.
Mearsuinn, strength.

Charles II. returned to Britain in 1660.
He entered London on the 29th of May.
He was crowned in Westminster Abbey,
April 23rd, 1661. The Marquis of
Argyll was executed in Edinburgh, May
27th, 1661.

Mort Na Ceapich.

'S tearc an dlugh mo chuls ghair
'Tigh'nn na raidean so 'n iar,
'G amharc fonn Ionarlaire
'N deldh a stracadh le slol;
Ged tha 'Cheapach na fasach,
Gun aon aird oirr' a's fiach.
'S furasd' fhalcinn, a bhraithrean,
Gur trom 'bharc oirnn an t-sionn.

'S fad' bhios cuimhn' air an Aoine
'Dh' fhag a chaoidh sinn fo sprochd,

Ann an am na Feill-Michell,
 'S cha bu ni 'chall air flod;
 Ach bhi 'n dlugh 'n ar cuis-bhurta
 Mar mhlol-buirn air an loch;
 'N uair 'theid gach cinneadh a dh-aon taobh,
 Bidh sinne sgaoilt' mu 'n chnoc.

'S ann Di-sathuirne gearr bhuainn
 Bhuall an t-earchall orm goirt,
 'S mi os clonn nan corp geala
 'Bha 'call fala fo 'n bhrot:
 Bha mo lamhan-sa craobh dhearg
 'N deilbh bhi taosgadh bhur lot;
 'S e bhur cur ann sa chiste
 Turn a's misde mo thoirt.

B' iad mo ghaol na culrp chul-bhuidh'
 'Sam bu dluth cuir nan sgian
 'S iad 'nan sineadh air urlar
 'N seomar ur gan cur sios,
 Fo chasan Shiol Dughail,
 Luchd a spuilleadh nan cìlar;
 Dh' f hag a'edh am biodag
 Mar sgail ruidil bhur bian.

Fha 'n talgh cadall 'n dlugh duinte,
 'Se gun smuid deth, gun cheo;
 Far an d'aom iad d' ur n-lonnsaidh
 'Thaobh ur cuil is ur beoll,
 Ach nan robh agalbh uin'
 Bho 'r luchd mì-ruin a bhi beo,
 Cha bu bhaile gun surd e,
 Bhiodh ann muirn agus ceol.

'S fuar caldreamh talgh-tabhairn,
 'San robh gairich is cosd,
 Far nach cluinnear guth clarsich
 Ach goir chraiteach nam bochd;
 'N dlugh mar thailleasg fo dhaoin'
 Tha t' fhearann sgaoilte 's e nochd;
 Tilgear urchair na disne,
 'S chi gach tl am meur goint'.

Oirrne thanig an diombuaidh
 Is an iomagain gheur,
 Mar bha claidheabh ar fine
 Cho minig 'nar deidh;
 Paca Thurcach gun sreadh
 A bhi pinneadh bhur cleibh,
 Bhi 'nur breacain 'gur filleadh
 'Measg 'ur cinnidh mhoir thein.

'Leith'd de mhort cha robh 'n Albinn,
 Ged bu bharbarr' a gleus;
 S' cha bu laghall an t sealg e
 'Chosnadh sealbh rìoghachd Dhe.
 Ge b' e 'm fath mu 'n robh 'n sgìoradh,
 'Chaoidh ghan innis mi 'n sgeul;
 Cha dan' a leithid de mhilleadh
 Air ceann-cinnidh fo 'n ghrein.

Ghabh sibh roimhe so fath oirnn,
 Dh' fheuch bhur cairdeas ruinn geur;
 Chaidh sibh 'staigh ann san fhasach
 'N uair a thar sibh bhi reidh;
 Chuir sibh cungaidd a chaise
 'Staigh an aros nan teud,
 'S cuid de 'm buaillichean ba-chruidh
 Ann an garadh nam peur.

Cait an robh e fo 'n adhar
 'Sheall 'nur bathais gu geur,
 Nach dugadh dhuibh athadh,
 Iuchd 'nr labhairt 's 'ur beus,
 Mach bho chlann bhrath 'r 'ur n-athar,
 'Mheall ar t-albhistear treun?
 Ach ged rinn iad bhur lot-sa,
 'S trom an rosad dhaibh fein.

Tha leann-dubh 'na chas cruaidh orm,
 'Tigh 'nn an uaigneas mo chleibh;
 Leis mar dh' f has e 'na chuan orm,
 B' fhearr leam bhuam e mar cheud.
 Ciamar dh' fhaodas mi dìreadh,

Gun ite dhìles 'nam sgeith;
Is luchd deanamh na sìthne
Bhì feadh na tìre gun deidh.

'S og a bha sibh de bhliadhnalbh,
Ghlac an ciadadh sibh luath;
'S glan a nochd sibh bhuir ciall
Gu cur bhuir riaghailtean 'suas.
Ge b'e ghabhadh rium slabhras
Bhì 'gur n-largain 's sibh bhuam,
Bidh mi 'cumha mu 'r riasladh
Gus an liath air mo ghruaig.

Chuir Dia oirnn mac oighre
Gu bhì 'na choinnleir roimh chach,
'Chum gun sollsicheadh 'sholus
Mar phreas-toridh fo bhlath.
'S mi gum freagradh do chaismeachd
Air fraoch-bhratich gun chearb,
Dealbh do bradain, do dhobhrain,
Do luing', leoghin, 's laimh dheirg.

Dh' ordich Dia dhuinn craobh-shìochalnt
'Chumadh dìon oirnn le treoir,
Do 'm bu choir dhuinn bhì strìochdadh
Fhad 's an cian 'bhìomid beo.
Ma 's sinn fhìn a chuir dith oirr'
Chan fhearr a chrìoch 's thig oirnn;
Tuitidh tuagh as na fialtheas
Leis an sgathar na meoir.

An glan fhiuran so 'bh' aginn
'N taobh so fhlai'heas Mhic Dhe,
An t-aon fhiuran a b' aillidh'
'Bh' ann sa phalrc an robh speis,
Thanig sglursadh a bhais air
'Thug gu lare 'dh-aon bheum,
Mar gum-buaineadh sibh ailean
Leis an fhaladair gheur.

'S math is toifltinneach sinne
'Bhì gu minig am pein,

Ehon a ghlac siun fal spiorad
 Ann an ionad fiamh Dhe.
 Mar luirg bhríst' air an linge,
 Ged bu mhills am beul,
 Bha na daoine dha 'm buineadh
 A bhi umaibh mar sgeith.

Tha mulad air 'm inntinn
 A bhi 'g innseadh bhur beus':
 'S ann a ghabh iad am fath oirbh
 N uair chaidh 'ur fagail leibh fein.
 'S bocht an sgeul eadar bhraithrean
 'Dhol an lathair Mhic Dhe,
 Mar a chreachadh na fiurain
 Leis na h-Iudasich bhreun.

Cha b'e sud 'bha mi 'g ionndrainn,
 Ge do phlunndrig iad sibh,
 Ach na h-oganich chul-bhuidh'
 Air an lubadh 'san lion.
 'S e 'chuir stad air mo shugradh
 'S 'dh-fhag mo shuilean gun dìon,
 Sibh bhi sint' ann sa chruisle
 'S graisg na duthcha gun fhiamh.

Gun sealladh Dia oirnn le 'ghrasan
 Ge b'e la thig ar crìoch,
 Bhon is mallicht' an t-al sinn
 'S gur mairg a ch-araich ar trian;
 Is gne Thurcach gun bhaigh sinn
 Ach nach d' aichaidh sinn Crìosd;
 Fagaidh muir air an traigh sinn
 Mar chulidh-bhaite gun dìon.

'...heil an stocas an d' fhas sibh,
 'Cur bhur bals an neo-shuim,
 'S uir-luch riabhach na pairce
 'Gabhail saith fo fhal-fuin?
 Clamar 'dh 'fhuilingeas tu fein sud,
 Gun t' fhuil a dh' eirigh fo thuinn,
 'S gur tu 'thog iad 'nan oige,
 'Staigh mu bhord an Dun-tuilm?

'S lomadh oganach treubhach,
 'Shiubhleadh reidh is glaic chrom,
 Eadar ceann Drochaid Eire
 'S Rudha Shleite nan tonn,
 A ghrad dheanadh leat eirigh,
 'Dheagh Shìr Seumas nan long,
 'S leis 'm bu mhlann 'bhl' diol t'eirig,
 Nam biodh do chrenuhag lan tholl.

Ach a Mhorair Chloinn-Domhnaill
 'S fad' do chomhnidh 'measc Ghall;
 Dh' fhag thu sinn' ann am breislich
 Nach do fhreasdall thu 'n t-am;
 Cha mho ghleidh thu na gibhtean
 'Chaidh gun fhios duit air chall;
 Tha sinn corrach as t' aogais,
 Mar cholalnn sgaolte gun cheann.

A Mhic Moire 's a Chrìosda
 'Dh' fhuiling pian nan coig creuchd,
 Faic mar theill iad an dìteadh
 Gach aon ti 'bha mu 'n eug;
 Ma tha toradh 'san dìogh 'ltas
 'Chur do righeachd an leud,
 Gaoir na fala tha 'dhith orm
 Gu ruige sìth flaitheas De.

Strac, fill to the brim. Aird, condition, preparation. Sion, a storm. Flod, floating. Mìol-buirn, a whale. Earchall, loss, calamity. Brod, properly brat, a bed-cover. Toirt, attention to business, strength, importance. Aileadh, a mark. Taigh-tabhairn, a house of entertainment. Nochd, naked, bare, exposed. Diombuaidh, bad luck, misfortune. Barbarra, or borbarra, barbarous. Sgionadh, or sgeanadh, knifing. Cunn-gaidh, ingredients, materials, means. Athadh, respect, sparing through pity, fear. Rosad, misfortune, evil. Clatadh, or ceutadh, gracefulness, pleasantness, kindness. Faladair, speal, a scythe. Fal or feall, false, deceitful. Uirluch, a mole. Fal-fuinn, a hoe. Reidh, a level place. Glaic or glac, a hollow, a short narrow valley.

Alexander Macdonald of Keppoch, Alasdair nan Cleas, had three sons, Raonull Og, Domhnall Glas, and Alasdair Buidhe. He was succeeded by his son Raonull Og, who was succeeded by his son Angus. Angus, who was killed at Slson-a-Chlachain in 1640, was succeeded by Domhnall Glas, second son of Alasdair nan Cleas. Domhnall Glas married a daughter of Forester of Kilbaggie in Clackmannanshire, by whom he had two sons, Alexander and Ronald. Alexander, Alasdair Mor, succeeded his father. He was an excellent young man. Alasdair Buidhe, third son of Alasdair nan Cleas, had acted as Tutor of Keppoch for a number of years. He was an ambitious, selfish, and unscrupulous man, and resolved to get rid of his two nephews, Alexander and Ronald by assassination in order to secure the chieftainship of the Macdonalds of Keppoch for himself. He had five sons, Allan, Archibald, Alexander, Donald, and Ronald. Allan and Donald, assisted by Alasdair Ruadh MacDhughail of Ionarlair and his six sons, went stealthily to Keppoch house and murdered Alasdair Mor and his brother Ronald, who was only a young boy. The horrible deed was committed in September, 1663.

“Mort na Ceapich” is a very beautiful poem, and gives us a good view of John Lom in a state of repose. He stands before us as a tender-hearted and faithful friend, a preacher of truth and righteousness, and a man of firm faith in a just God. The appeals to Macdonald of Sleat and MacDonald of Glengarry show good sense and good taste. The poet was a skilful pleader.

Cumha.

DO MHAC-MHIC-RAONAILL NA CEAPICH AGUS
A BHRATHAIR, A CHAIDH A MHORT 'SA
BHLIADHNA, 1663.

'S mi am shuidh' air bruaich torrain
Mu 'n cuairt do Choire-na-cleithe;

Ged nach h- 'eil mo chas crubach,
Tha lot na's mu orm fo m' leine;

Ged nach h- eil mo bhlan sracte,
Tha fo m' a'ne mo chreuchdan;

'S chan e curam na h-innich,
No iomagain na spreidhe;

No bhi gam chur do Cheann-taille,
'S gun fhios cia 'n t-aite do 'n deid mi;

Ach bhi 'n nochd gun cheann-cinnidh;
'S tric 's gur minig leam fein sin;

Ceann-cinnidh nam Braigheach
'Chuireadh sgath air luchd-Beurla.

Tha mo choill air a maoladh,
Ni a shaoil leam nach eireadh.

Tha mo chnothan air faotsgneadh,
'S cha bu chaoch iad ri 'm feuchinn.

Chan fheil ann diu ach tuailleas,
Dh' fhan iad bhuam am barr gheugan.

Cha b'e fuaim do ghreigh lodain
'Gheibht' a sodrich gu feilltean;

No geum do bha tomain
'Dol an coinnimh a ceud laoigh;

No uisge nan sluasid
Bharr druablas na feithe.

'S e bu mhlann le d' luchd-taighe.
'Bh' gan tathich le beusan;

Mu dha thaobh Garbh-a-chonnidh,
Far 'm biodh na sonnanich gle mhor.

Le am morgha geur, sgaiteach,
Frith bhacach, gar bh leumnach.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh leam t' uaisle
'Thigh'nn an uachdar ort 'eudall;

Is a liuthad sruth ualbhreach
As 'n do bhuaineadh thu 'n ceud uair.

Ceist nam fear thu bho'n Fhearsit
Is bho Cheapich nam peuran;

Bho Loch-treig an fheoir dhosrich,
'S bho Shraith-Oisein nan reidhlean,

'S bho cheann Daire-na-mine
Gu Sron-na-h-iolair leithe.

Slìochd an Alasdair Charrich
'Rachadh allail 'na eideadh;

Sar mhac an Iarl Illich
Ceannard mhiltean is cheudan.

'S ro mhath shìolninn do shinnsearadh,
Full dhìreach Chuinn Cheud-chathich;

Bho mhac an rìgh Spaintich
A rinn tamh ann an Eirinn.

Shìol Mhìlidh nan cathan
A bha grathun 's an Eilphalt.

B'e mo chreach is mo ghonadh
Nacn d'fhualr thu cothram na Feinne.

Gun tigh'nn ort 's tu 'nad chadal
Ann an leaba gun eirigh,

'S ann air maduinn Di-domhnaich
'Rinn na meirlich do reubadh;

Da mhac brathair t' athar,
Gum bu scrathail leam fein sud.

Agus seachd de shìol Dughaill
Luchd spulleadh nan ceudan.

Ach thig Sir Seumas nam bratach,
'S bheir e 'm mach dhuinn bhur n-eirig;

Agus Aonghus bho Ghairidh,
Leoghan fathramach gleusta;

'S gun a choimas air thalamh
An am tarruinn nan geur-lann.

Thig na cinn dibh a chonaibh,
'S ann leam 'bu toilicht' an sgeula.

Oran do Shìol Dughaill.

'S trom 's gur h-eis leineach m' aigne,
'N duigh gur feudar dhomh aideach',
'S iad gam ruagadh mar chabrach nan torr.

Iad gam fhoarradh a Clachaig,
'S mi gun mhanas, gun aitreabh,
'S nach h-e 'm mal a tha fairtleachadh orm.

Iad gam fhogradh a m' dhuthaich,
 'S m' fhearann posd' aig Siol Dughaill,
 'S iad am barail gun uraich iad coir.

Iad gam fhogradh gun aobhar,
 'S nach mi shalaich an t-saobhaidh,
 Mar mhadadh-alluidh 's a chaonnag mu
 'shroin.

Mo ni 's m' earnais feadh monaidh,
 'S mi mar ghearr eadar chonaibh,
 Gun chead tearnadh' measg loinne no feoir.

Bho nach d' fhas mi 'm fhear-murta,
 Gu bhi sathadh mo chuirce,
 Mar na cealgairean curta 's taighmhor.

Bha fuil chradbhach o lotan,
 'Dh' fhaoidt' a thogail le copan,
 'Ruith na carchain mu bholtaibh nam brog.

Ach ged 'mhort an luchd-reubainn—
 Na fir og' a b'fhearr beusan,
 'S mis' 'tha 'n dlugh ann an eiginn bho 'n toir.

Mar lagh Sgìre Ma-Cheallaig,
 Anns na linntean nach maireann,
 Nuair a dhìt iad an gearran 'sa mhod.

Lagh cho cearr 's a bha 'm Breatunn,
 'Bhi le meirleach a seasamh,
 Is ga thearnadh bho leadairt nan cora.

Cleas gnìomh narach na musaig
 A bha posd aig a chruiteir
 Nuair a bhuail i sa phluic e le dorn.

A bhean challaidh gun obadh,
 'Chionn a dochair a thogail,
 B' aill leath' fhagail gu h-obann gun deo.

Bha a bheist air a buaireadh
 No ciont fhein 's i lan uabhair,
 'S chaidh an eucoir an uachdar gu mor.

A Ruaidh robach nam maodal,
 Ged a stobadh tu caolain,
 'S beag dhe d' chogadh a shaoil mi 'bhiodh
 oirnn.

'S aobhar mullaid is nair
 Gum faict' fhathasd a lathair
 Na fir bhorb 'bha mu strathadh nan og.

Ach faodar cadal gu seisteil,
 Aig flòr fhadal Shir Seumas,
 Leig gach ladarnas deistinneach leo.

'S truagh nach faicinn do loingeas;
 'S mi nach brisdeadh a choinnimeh,
 Nam biodh coiseachd air chomas dhomh beo.

Bhiodh do ghillean gun smalan,
 Sruth a mairleadh ri 'daraich,
 'S a croinn ghuibhais fo sparradh nan seol.

Nuair a lagadh a ghaoth oirnn,
 Bhiodh' a pasgadh a h-aodaich,
 'S buidheann ghasda mo ghaoil 'dol air
 doigh.

Raimh mu 'n dunadh na basaibh
 Bhiodh a lubadh air bhacaibh;
 Sud a chursachd o 'n atadh na leois.

Bhiodh fir chalin' air a totaibh,
 I 'na deann chum na cloiche,
 Is muir dhughorm a spoltadh mu 'bord.

Cabrach, a deer. Manas, a cultivated piece
 of ground, a farm. Loinn, a cornfield. Curta,
 wicked, impious. Seisteil, having a couch or
 bed.

The Siol Dughail were Macdonalds.
 They came from Moidart to Lochaber
 about the year 1547. Alasdair Ruadh
 was the principal man among them in

Alasdair Buidhe's time. He lived at Ionarlaire. He was put to death for the Keppoch murder by the Ciaran Mabach in 1665. His six sons were slain at the same time.

An Ciaran Mabach.

Ged 's eun fograidh mi 'san tìr so.
Air mo ruagadh as na crìochan,
Gloir do Dhia 's do dh-Iarla Shifort,
Cha bhi sinn tuilleadh fo 'n bhinn ac'.

'Shir Seumas nan tur 's nam baldeal,
Gheibh luchd muirne cuirm ad aitreabh;
Ged a rinn thu 'n dusal cadail,
'S eibhinn leam do dhusgadh maidne.

Slan fo d' thriall, a Chiarain Mhabich,
'Shinbhleadh sliabh gun bhiadh, gun chadal;
Fraoch fo d' bhroig gun bhòd, gun bha-
gradh;

Chuir thu ceo fo 'n roiseal bhradach.

Diciadain a chaidh thu 't uidhim,
Le d' bhratich aird 's le d' ghilleibh dubha.
Thug thu sgriob an nall a Uibhist,
'S bhuall thu 'd dheann aig ceann an uidhe.

Chuir thu stopadh air na caolais
Mun deant'sgial mu d' thriall a sgaoileadh.
Cha robh coit no ramh no taoman
Nach do ghlacadh le do dhaoiné.

Cha d' iarr thu bat no long dharich
Ri am geamhrìdh 'a tus na gaillinn;
Triubhas teann feadh bheann is bheulach;
Coiseachd bhonn ge trom do mheallag.

Rinn thu mhoch-èirigh Didomhnich,
 Cha b' ann gu 'n aitreabh a chomhdach;
 Ach thoir am aach nan cas cheann dolte,
 'S chur sradaig fo bhraclich na feola.

'S buidheach mis' airson do ghniomha;
 Cuid de 'n achain 'bha mi 'g farraidh,
 'N grad spadadh le glas lann liatha,
 'S bhl tarruinn ghad air fad am fiacal.

Bhon smachdalc thu 'n Ionarlair' iad,
 'S a chuir thu gach cùis gu h-alte,
 Mun d' sgaoll thu t' itean air fàlle,
 'S feirrd do mheas e 'measg nan Gaidheal.

'S ann leam nach bu chruaidh a ghaoir ud
 Bh' aig mnathaibh galach nam falt sgaollte,
 Nuair a bha na fir nach maolseadh
 'Sealg nam boc mu dhos nam maolseach.

'S maig a rinn fhlaolum 'san drochbheirt,
 'N deldh a phlaosgaidh 'thuair bhur plocan;
 Chaignean gan slodadh o chorpailh,
 Mar chinn laogh an deldh nan corcan.

Meallag, the belly. Ploc, a cheek, a large
 head. Faolum or foghlum, learning.

Rannan.

Eadar Brian, am Bard Asainteach, agus
 Iain Lom.

BRIAN.

Thoir soraidh gu Iain Manntach bhuam,
 Rag mheirleach nan each breanndalach;
 Gur tric a thug am mealltair ud
 Leis meann am mach o 'n chro.

B' e fasan fir a Bhraigh' agalbh,
 'S da thaobh Loch-Iall gu Arisalg,
 Phiodh sglan 'san dara brathair dhiu
 Mu urad ara 'dh-fheoll.

IAIN LOM.

A theanga llotach, mhìoraliteach,
 Nach tuig thu bhì gad dhlomoladh.
 'S mithich tarrulnn gu clach-lìonraith leat
 'S am falgheadh Brian a leoir.

Cha b' chubair a ghòid ghearran mi,
 Cha d' chuir mi uidh 'san ealain sin;
 S' e a mho a chum e calthris orm
 'Bhì dol an caraibh cro.'

Thoir soraidh gu bard Asaint bhuam,
 Gu seann bhus llath nan ceapairean;
 Gur coltach do bheal rapasach
 Rì slait de 'n chealtair chloth.

Beul salach, molach, feusagach,
 Lan snuig is ronn is reumannan;
 'S gur tric do bhru 'sa gheisgeil ort
 'N dèidh fuigheal creis nam bord.

A sheann-tuir leith nan ursannan,
 Gur tric a dheabh thu cupachan,
 'Sa chaidil thu 'sna guiteirean
 An dèidh do ghucag ol.

An uair bu dluithe 'n alleag ort,
 Bu lìonmhor cu is galla 'bhìodh
 A toirt nan sul 's nam mala dhìot,
 'S tu bruchdadh baladh feol'.

Gur salachar lile' is urlair thu,
 Lan sgetg is goimh is drùisealachd,
 Mar bharaili 'n dèidh a tìonndadh
 'Se 'cur sgum gu barr-fall bhrog.

Ged 's cam am muigh mu d' ghluinean thu,
 Gur caime 'staigh fo d' shuillean thu',
 'S tu traolteir nan seachd duthchannan
 A reic an crun air ghrot.

Ara, a kidney. Miorailteach, incomprehensible. Cealtair, thick gray cloth. Cubair, a sneak. Ealain, trade. Smug, snot. Ronn, slaver. Reum, phlegm: Seann-tur, an old acquaintance. Deabh, drain, dry up. Pruiséalachd, lecherousness.

Rannan.

Eadar Domhnall Gruamach agus Iain Lom.

DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

A bhean nam pog mealla,
'N nàn gorm-shullean meallach,
'S ann tha mo chion falaich
Fo m' bhannan do m' ghradh.

Chan fheil mi gad leirsinn,
Ach mar gum blodh reul ann
An taic ris a ghrein so
'Tha 'g eirigh gach la.

IAIN LOM.

Air leatsa gur reul i,
'S gur coltach ri grein so
'S og a chail thu do leir-inn,
Ma thug thu 'n eileg ud do ghradh.

Boladh uilleadh an sgadain
De dh-urlainn na h-apa;
'S i 's cubaiche faicinn
'Tha 'n talce ri traigh.

DOMHNALL GRUAMACH.

Fios bhuair gu Iain Mabach,
Dha 'm bu dual a bhi 'gadachd,
Nach co-ion da bhi 'caig rium
'S ri cabaire baird.

A bhusaire rodnaich,
Fhir nam pluit-chasan croma,
Tha na cuspan air lomadh
Gu bonnaibh do shall'.

A phlutaire bhusaich,
 Fhìr nam brusg-shluilean musach.
 Chan fhasa do thuigsinn
 Na plubartaich cail.

Ged tha thu 'm' fhuil-dhirich,
 Nalle, cumaidh mi sìos thu;
 Cha bhi colle gun chrìonaich
 Gu dlùnn a fas.

Fuigheal fìor-dheireadh feachd thu,
 Chan fhìlach le each ac' thu;
 Chaill thu t' inghnean sa Cheapich,
 'S griobadh prais' agus chlar.

IAIN LOM.

Fìos bhuamsa dhutt, 'ille,
 Chaill thu dualchas do chinnidh;
 Gu bheil thu air mhìre
 Le inisgean baird.

Mi cho saor de no ronnán
 Rì aon beo dhe do shloinneadh;
 Nalle, rinn thu bhreug shoilleir
 Am follais do chach.

Ma 's ann ormsa mar dhimeas,
 Ghabh thu choill as a crìonaich,
 Iarr an doire na 's isle
 Fo iochdar do chlaìr.

Mur bhi dhomhsa mac t' athar,
 Is ann da tha mi 'g athadh,
 Nalle, chuirinn ort athais,
 'Tha falsg, air do chail.

Milleadh, oil. Cubach, bent. Brusg-shuill,
 brach-shuill, or reask-shuill, a blear eye. Athais,
 a slur, a reproach.

Iorram.

DO SHIR SEUMAS MOR MAC-DHOMHNAILL.

Moch 's mi 'g eirigh 'sa mhaduinn,
'S trom eisleineach m' aigneadh,
'S nach eighear mi 'n caidreamh nam braith-
rean.

Leam is aithghear an cellidh
'Rinn mi mar ris an t-Seu nas
Ris 'n do dhealich mi 'n de roimh la caisge.

Dia 'na stiuir air an darach
'Dh' fhalbh air thus an t-stiul-mhara
Seal mun d'ug e 'cheud bhoinne de thraghadh.

A chrom chrannairneach riabhach,
Luchdmhor, laidir, saidh-dhlionach,
Leam a b' alt 'bhi 'g ol fion' air a claralbh.

Cha bu mharclach' elch sreine
A chumadh geall leis riut
'N uair a thogteadh do bhreid os-clonn sille.

'N uair a chairteadh riut tonnag
Air chuan iargalt nan dronnag,
'S iomad gleann leis an cromadh tu t' earr-
linn.

'N uair a shuidheadh fear stiuir ort
An am fagall do dhuthcha,
Bu mhear-shruthach cuan dubh-ghlas fo d'
shail-sa.

Cha b' iad na lus-chrubain mheanbha
'Bhiodh mu d' chupuill ag eilgheadh,
Nuair a dh' elreadh mor shoirbheas le bar-
cadh.

Ach na fuirbinnean treuna,
 'S math a dh' iomradh 's a dh' eigheadh,
 'S bheireadh tulg an tus cleith air ramh
 braghad.

'N uair a dh' fhalictheadh fo ulag' i,
 Is nach faictheadh lan suidh dh' i,
 Bhiodh luchd-a-taighe 'sior-lubadh a h-
 alaich.

'S iad gun eagal, gun eislein,
 A sior fhreagairt d' a chelle,
 'N uair a thigeadh muir beucach, cas, ard
 orr'.

'Dol timchill Rudha na Callich.
 Bu mhath siubhal a darich
 'Gearradh astair gu calthream Chaoll-
 Acuin;

'Casgairt tuinn a chuain fhiadhich,
 Mar bu chuibhe dhuinn iarridh,
 'Mach gu Uibhist bhig, riabhich, nan cradh-
 gheadh.

Cha bu bhruchag air meirg' i,
 'Fhuair a treachallt le 'h-eirbheirt,
 'Nuair a thigeadh oirr' doirbh shion le gab-
 hadh.

Gum b' ard-shranntach air muir i,
 A siubhal ghleann gun bhi currtha,
 'S buill chainbe troimh 'dulagaibh arda.

Sar Mhac-Dhomhnaill an Duin oirr',
 'S do mhac oighre 's mor curam;
 'S, i do cheill 'fhuair an cliu 'measg nan
 Gaidheal.

Do mhac Uibhisteach, Sleiteach,
 D' am bu chubhidh bhi steudmhor
 'Mach o'n rugha d'an eigtheadh Dun-
 Sgathich.

An t-og misneachail, treubhach,
'Sliochd nam Mìldh a Eirinn,
A bha gleust' air chul sgeith' ann sna bla-
raibh.

Gur a mor mo chion fein ort,
Ged nach bi mi ga eigheach,
'Mhìc an fhir leis an eireadh na Braighich.

Ceist nam ban o Loch-treig thu,
'S o Shrath Oisein na Feinne;
Gheibhteadh bruic agus feidh air a h-arinn.

Dh' eireadh buidheann a Ruaidh leat,
'Lubadh iubhar mu 'n guallibh,
'Thig o bruthichean fuar' Charn-na lairce.

Dream eile dhe d' chinneadh
Clann-Iain o 'n Innein
'S iad a rachadh 'san iomairt, neo-sgathach.

'S iomad oganach treubhach,
Is glac chrom air chul sgeith aig',
'Thig gu d' bhratich, a threun laolich nan
Gaidheal.

Is a fhreagradh dha t' eigheach,
Nan cuireadh tu feum orr',
'Nuair a chluinneadh iad fein do chrois-tara.

Ged b'e Mair cur a choir' e,
'S mi nach tilleadh o stoc bhuaibh,
'S ann a bhidhinn an toiseach a bhata.

'N uair 'bhiodh each deanamh gnìomha
Bhiodh mo chuid-sa dheth dlomhain,
'G ol mo ghuscaig 's mi 'm shineadh air
faradh.

Seol-mara, tide. Tonnag, a mantle. Earrlinn,
keel. Lus-chrubain, weak fellows like droop-
ing weeds. Cupnill, shrouds. Alach, a bank of
oars. Bruchag, a leaky boat. Eirbheirt, mo-
tion. Currtha, fatigued. Arinn, a deer forest.
Glac, the hollow of the hand. Gusgag a
bumper.

Marbhrann do Shir Seumas Mac-Dhomhnaill.

Gur a mis' tha fo phramh,
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar ;
A Rìgh, 's deacair dhomh tamh 's mi beo.

'S e do thuras o'n Dun
A dh' fhag snigh' air mo shuil,
'S a bhi faicinn do thuir gun cheo.

Tha do bhaile gun speis,
Gun eich gam modhadh le sreìn ;
Dh' fhalbh gach fasan le Seumas og.

Bhiodh do ghillean mu seach
'Taomadh dìbhe b' fhearr blas,
Fìon Spainteach dearg datht' is beoir;

'S uisge-beatha nam pìos
'Rachadh t' airgid ga dhiol ;
Chit' an gloin' e mar ghriogan oir.

Nuair a rachadh tu 'strìth
Ann an armailt an rìgh,
Bhiodh do dhiollaid air mìl-each gorm.

Nam biodh gairm ort am mach
A chur naimhdean fo smachd.
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-Leoid.

Bu leat fìr an taoibh tuath,
Fìr a Bhralghe so shuas,
Is Mac-Griogair bho Ruadh-Shruth chno.

Bhiodh clann-Iain an nall,
Bho throm dhubhar nam beann,
'Chuireadh saighead le srann am feoil.

Bhiodh a Atholl an nìos
Comhlan gasda gun sgios,
Fo 'n triath gaisgeanta, fìnealt', og.

Bu leat Clann-Farlain nan sgiath,
 'Bh' aig fear t' aite-sa riamh,
 'S Mac-an-Àba le 'chiad fear mor.

Gur ma sealbhach mar thriath
 Do dheagh mhac air an t-sliabh,
 Ann an duthaich nan cliar r'a bheo.

'Fhir a dh' fhuiling am bas.
 'S a dhoirt t' fhuil air ar sgath,
 Na leig mulad gu brath d'a choir.

Modhadh, training, taming. Mil-each, a war-horse. Gorm, denoting the color of horses, dark grey.

It was at one time supposed that the Clan Donnachie, or Robertsons, were descended from Duncan, a natural son of Angus Mor of Islay. The Robertsons have no connection with the MacDonalds. It is fairly certain that they are descended from the old earls of Athole. Duncan, their progenitor, was known as Donnachad Reamhan. He was the son of "Andrew of Athole." He was succeeded by his son Robert, who was succeeded by his son Duncan, who was succeeded by his son Robert. The Robertsons were originally Duncansons, and are still Duncansons, clann-Donnachidh, in Gaelic.

Sir James Macdonald of Sleat died on the 8th of December, 1678.

Oran Do Thriath Ghlinne- Garadh.

'S e mò chion an t-og meanmnach
'Bu shar cheannard nan ceudan ;
Fhuair thu urram fir Alba
Le do dhearbh acfhuinn ghleusda
Mac Moire 'dhion t' anma
Anns gach aona bhall 'san deid thu;
'S na rachadh do mharbhadh
Gun oircheas Mhic De leat.

A shar mharcasich an steud eich
Ur ghleusd air dheagh inneal.
Le acfhuinn mhath sreine,
'S d'a reir sin do stiorap.
'Nuair a rachadh tu 'leum air,
Cha bu reidh dol gad thilleadh;
Spainteach ghasda chruaidh gheur ort.
'S bhiodh ra-treut mar a shirinn.

Beus de bheusaibh a Ghlinnich,
Gun robh sinn' umad eolach,
Nach gabhadh tu giorag;
Naile thilleadh tu 'n torachd.
Bhiodh an t-iubhar ga lubadh
Mar-ri fiubhaidh chinn stòraich
Air a leigeadh gu h-ealamh
As na taifeidean corcaich.

Ach, Aonghuis oig Ghlinnich,
Chan 'eil sinn' umad suarach,
'Nuair a thogadh tu 'n iomairt
Bu ghlan do chinneadh ri 'ghluasad.
Gu bheil cuid diu air linne
'N laimh an innein so 'suas thuainn;
Ceud connsunn gun ghiorag
Nach tilleadh le fuathas.

Chan fhuil bhodach no prabair,
 Chan fhuil graisge no tuatha,
 Ach fuil ghlan an Iarl Ilich
 A ta 'dreadh ri d' ghruaidhibh. —
 'S car thu mhilidh nan cathan
 A thaobh t' athar colg uairean;
 Dh' fhag sud cruadal 'ad lamhan
 Gus an claidheadh a bhualadh.

Nam biodh maoim air do naimhdean
 Gu do champ' mar bu mhinic,
 Gum biodh cuid diu 'nan laighe
 'S gun an lamhan ri 'n slinnein
 'S iad gun chlaiginn, gun chluasan.
 Ach an uairchinn ri sileadh.
 Sgaithteadh 'n casan o 'n cruachanaibh
 Le cruadal a Ghlinnich.

'S mor am muiseag 'san trath so
 Air mo ghradh de na fearaibh,
 Mu 'n tagradh air Cnoideart
 A bhi 'm poca Mhic-Cailain. —
 'S iomadh uisge nach lugha,
 'S nach leigeadh claochaire thairis,
 As an dug thu do chasan
 Gu coiseachd a dh-aindeoin.

Rud a's mo orm mar chruaidh-chuis
 Ann san uair so 'ga eisdeachd,
 Meud ardain mo chinnidh;
 Dia gan tilleadh gu reite:
 Air bhur tigheinn gu fallain,
 Thugaibh aire do m' sgeul-sa,
 'S fhearr dhuibh dithisd 'san abhainn
 Na 'bhi grathunn bho cheile.

Aimh-reite Chlann-Domhnaill
 Leam 's neo-chomhnard a bheirt e;
 Gun do chuir e orm gruaman
 Coig uairean 's mi 'm chadal.
 'S ann a dh'eirich iad combha

Leis a mhor fhein so bh' againn,
E-fhein 's 'Onair Sir Seumas
A bha 'reir an aon aignidh.

Ged tha 'Onair Sir Seumas,
Dhuit fhein mar a ta e,
B'ait leam Iarlachd Rìgh Fionna-Ghall
A chluinntinn mar b' ail leam.
Bheirinn bliadhna dhe m' shaogal,
'S gach ni 'dh'fhaotuinn a tharsainn,
'Chionn do choir a bhi sgriobhte
Bho laimh an rìgh gun dad failinn.

Mur bhi cliopaich mo theanga
Dheanainn seanachas mu 'n cuairt duit;
Tha do ranntaichean farsuinn,
A lub thaitneach a chruadail;
Chan 'eil Rothach, no Barrach,
Chan 'eil Gallach, no Tuathach,
Nach bu dleas da 'bhi leatsa,
An am caismeachd na h-uaire,

Gur a farsuinn do ranntachd,
Agus teann-sa ri 'cheile iad;
Gu bhéil cuid diu gu cliuteach
Mu Ruta na h-Eireann,
Is cuid eile 'n Lochabar,
Ma 's a beachdaidh mo sgeul-sa;
'S bu cheud fearrd thu iad agad
An am tapadh nan geur-lann.

Mac Pharlainn 's a chinneadh
Gur leat sin an am t' fheuma;
Is Clann-Donnachaidh bho Atholl
Ged is grathunn bho cheil' iad;
S' gur a leat Mac-an-Aba,
Le 'aitim mhoir mheadhraich,
'S Mac-Laomuinn 's Mac-Lachuinn
Nan glas lannan geura.

'Nuair a dheanteadh camp cruinn leibh
 'S neart bhur n-uilnean ri 'cheile,
 Co a b' urrainn dol eadraibh
 'Nuair nach seasadh sibh fhein e?
 Ged tha ro-mheud bhur n-uabhair
 'N diugh 'g ur buaireadh bhò cheile
 'S e 'n t-aon stoc as 'n do ghluais sibh.
 Full uasal Chuinn Cheud-chathaich.

Co 'ni taice no tabhachd,
 No ni stath dhomh air domhan?
 Ma nitear leat m' fhagail
 Tha mi baite 'm muir dhomhainn.
 Chan 'eil neach 'dheanadh m' eucoir
 No shaltradh ceum ann am ghnòthach.
 Nach tu b' urrainn a reiteach
 Fheadh 's a dh' eireadh tu romham.

'S mi nach iarradh mar bharant'
 'N lathair barra no bine
 Ach Tighearn' og Ghlinne-Garadh,
 Mo dheagh-charaid glan riomhach.
 Sgeul a's mo 'tha mi 'gearan,
 'S tha orm mar anshocair chipntich,
 Gun do shlochd a bhi t' aite
 'Dh-fhios an la' theid ceann crìch' ort.

Oircheas, pity, clemency. Innean, a hill or rock; also an anvil. Prabar, the rabble. Uair chinn, the side of the head. Muiseag, a threat-threatening. Rann, relationship, ancestry, pedigree. Am mor fhear so 'bh' againn, Mont-rose. Iarlachd rìgh Fionna-Ghall, the earldom of Ross.

Angus MacDonald, of Glengarry, was forfeited by Cromwell in 1651. His estate was given to the Marquis of Argyll, who gave it to Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, who gave it to the original

owner. Glengarry claimed the chiefship of the whole of the Clandonald. This led to a dispute with Sir James MacDonald of Sleat.

'S Ann Aig Taobh Beinne Buidhe

'S ann aig taobh Beinne Buidhe
'Sleas a bhuidheann nach gann;
Fir a dheacadh an t-iubhar
S' chutreadh sulbhal fo chrann,
S' diombach mise de 'r saothair,
Nuair a dhaom sibh an nall,
Nach deach steach air Gleannaora
'Ghearradh braolsg nam beul cam.

Ach a Mhorair chlann Domhnaill,
'S fad' do chomhnuidh measg Ghall;
A laelch algeantailch, phrisell,
'Fhiuraln rloghail an algh.
Tha fìor mhaise an fhìona
Ad ghruaidh 'dìreadh an aird;
'S tha thu 'shliochd nan tìr Cholla
'G am biodh loingeas air sail.

'S truagh nach robh leat na ceadan
De luch-sgeith agus lann,
De na h-oganaich threubhach
'Bhiodh nan leum 'san adbhans.
Bu nì cinnteach r' a eigheach
Co da 'n eireadh an call;
'S ann aig geat Ionaraora
Bhiodh na laelch 'dol gu camp.

Rìgh! nach robh iad an gainntir
Lan an teampull de shluagh,
De na Duibhnicheibh Ionach;
Is cha b' oil leinn iad bhuatinn.

'S iomadh claidheabh geur gulneach,
 Laidir ' fulangach, cruaidh,
 'Th 'aig me chinneadh gam feitheamh,
 'S aig clann-Ghilleain nam buadh.

B' shearr gun digeadh iad fhathasd,
 Clann-Ghilleain nan tuagh.
 Cha bhiodh sgian an uchd fraighe,
 'S cha bhiodh claidheabh an truail.
 Bheirteadh mach na h-airm chatha,
 Ann an cabhaig le 'r sluagh;
 'S ged bu ghulneach na Dulbhnich,
 Bhiodh Slol Chaitinn daibh ro chruaidh.

Tha mo run air na gillean
 Lais an cinneadh an t-sealg.
 Dh' eireadh fearg orr' is frioghan
 Dhol an iomairt nan arm;
 Dhol an eall thar na linne
 Lais na fir a bha calm,
 'Thort an duais' do na uaimhdean
 'Chleachd an t-ainneart cho searbh.

A dheacadh an t-iubhar, that would bend the
 yew. Bows were made of yew, arrows generally
 of red-pine. Braoisg, a grin, a distortion of
 the mouth. Fraigh, a cupboard, a shelf,

Ho Ro 's Fada 's Gur Fada.

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro 's fada 's gur fada.
 Is clan fada gu leoir,
 Bhon a chaidh thu air thuras
 'Bhaile Lunnainn nan cleachd.
 Nan cluinneadh tu fathunn
 Bhuainn le rabhadh an eoin,
 Is gun taoighleadh tu 'n rathad
 'S mi nach gabhadh dheth bron.

A dheagh Mhorair Chlann-Domhnail,
 Chum thu chomhall gu duineil,
 Nuair a shaoil an t-Iarl Aorach
 Do chur gun aobhar a Mulle.
 Bha thu roimh' 'n Duneldeann
 'S chum thu leagart mu choinnimeh;
 'S gun aon eisein a' t' aigheadh
 Dh' eisd thu chasaid an Lunnainn.

Tha sar phrulp air do chulaobh,
 'S math a b' fhiu dhuit am faighneachd;
 Eoghan Abrach o'n Ghulbsalch,
 Cha doir cubaire greim dheth;
 Is Gilleasbig a Bhraighe
 Gu la bhrath nach bi 'm foill dhuit,
 Mac-Mhic-Iain 'sa chinneadh
 Gun imicheadh 'n oldch' leat.

'S lomad marcaiche statail,
 Gar an air mi ach cuid diu;
 Eadar geata chaol Acuinne.
 Gu slios Blar nam fear luidneach,
 Mar sin 's gu S' trath-Ardall
 Agus Braighe Bhochuidir,
 Bhiodh a leagadh gu statail
 'N eirig La Toma phubuill.

'S lomad oganach cuimhir,
 Laidir, ullamh gu tarruinn,
 Eadar Braigh' ulsge Thurraid
 Is Caol Mulle nan canach,
 Ghearradh beum le arm guineach
 'S iad ag lomadh do 'n fheamainn,
 Ann an srig nam muineal
 A chaill full an Airdreanaich.

'S fad on chuala mi seanachas,
 'S mi nam sheana ghullan gorach,
 Greis mun d' chuir mi crios felle
 Os-clonn leine no cota,
 Aig luchd eolais gu soilleir

Anns gach cofninnh is comhall,
 Gum bu chairdeach an slotnneadh
 Siol Mhoire 's clann-Domhnaill.

Leugart, a siege. Canach, a sturgeon.

In 1676 Lord Macdonell, Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel and Archibald Macdonald of Keppoch went to assist the Macleans against the Earl of Argyll. No fighting took place. John Lom expresses regret that the Macdonalds, Camcrons and Macleans did not enter Glenaray to cut the "wry mouths." The Earl of Argyll went to Edinburgh and thence to London to seek aid from the government against the Macleans and their allies. Lord Macdonell followed him. In February 1676 the matters in dispute between the Earl of Argyll and the Macleans were remitted to three lords of the privy council of Scotland for adjudication. The final result was that the Macleans of Duart were deprived of their lands; the Earl of Argyll got possession of them.

Oran.

DO MHORAIR GHLINNE-GARADH.

Cha b' e bas me cheann-cinnidh
 'Chuir misein gu trom lomairt,
 Ach gun t'oighre 'bhi 't ionad nuair dh' eug thu.

'M fear mor curanta, laidir,
'Bh' aig gach duine mar sgathan,
Bha na laighe gun chainnt an Duneideann.

Gun do charadh 'san talamh
M fear a chum ri Mac-Callein;
Bu tu 'n urrainn a chasadh na sreine.

Thug thu Cnoideart dheth 's tuilleadh,
'S lagh an rìgh air do mhuineal,
'S sheas thu roimh' ann am Mulle le d' threun
fhìr.

Rinn Mac-Coinnich Cheanntaile
Is Mac-Shimi na h-Airde
Garbh choinneamh gu sathadh le cheil' ort.

Ach nuair chunnaic na seoid ud
Gum biodh cunnart sa chomhall,
'S ann a b' fhearr leo gu mor a bhì reidh riut.

Marbhrann do Mhorair Ghlinne- Garadh.

'S beag an t-ionghnadh mi 'liathadh,
'S i so bhladh' a bhuall brog orm.

'N dlu 's mi 'gabhall an rathaid
'S trom a thathalch de bhron orm.

Gun do chaochall mi cruitheachd,
Dh' fhag mo spionnadh 's mo threoir mi.

Gur h-i dleab na dunaich'
'Tha mi 'buntuinn 'am phocaid.

A ghrabhat 'bha mu d' mhuineal,
'S tric i cruinneachadh dheoir orm.

Dh' fhag mi taisgt' an Duneideann
Na sgar o chelle mo mhorchuis.

Au ciste chumhainn nan slios-bhord
Fo lic nan stol reota;

Fo chasan luchd-bhrìogais;
Gur h-e mise 'th' air mo leonadh.

'S ann a thog thu 'n tur dealbhach
Goirid gearr o Loch-Lochaidh.

Chunnaic mis' Inbhir-Gharaich
Muirneach, aighearach, ceolmhor.

Bhiodh an cup ann ad chearr-laimh
Is e dearlan gu dortadh.

Nuair a chuir' an lan strachd air,
Gum b'e 'm fath 'chumail comhnard.

'S tha 'nis do thalla mor greadhnach
Gun solus coinnle, gun cheol ann;

Is do sheomraichean geala
Gun smuid, gun deathach, gun cheo dhiu.

Lord Macdonell died in 1682.

Cumha do Ghilleasbig Na Ceapich.

Moch Disathuirn', mo bheud!
Ghluais geur chlaidheabh fo m' sgeith;
'S tric leam caradh nan treith fo 'n fhoid.

Tha leanndubh air mo chradh,
'Chuir mo shugradh gu iar,
Ged is subhaltach each ag ol.

Me cheann-taighe 'n robh feum,
Dha 'n robh labhairt le celll,
Tha na shineadh fo dhelle bhord;

'N ciste ghuibhais chaoll, bhain,
'N deidh a h uidheam aig cach,
An taigh-fiodha fo bhlath nan ord.

Nuair a bhiodh tu 'n Loch-Treig,
Bu dluth tholladh tu beinn;
Bu tu marbhaich' an eìsg le leis;

Agus coisich' a chairn,
Lais an cinneadh an t-sealg,
'Bheireadh full air damh nan croc.

Nuair a bha thu gu tinn,
Gun robh t' aigheadh air leinn
Mar bha aigheadh is inntinn fob.

Bha do lamhan a suas,
'N deidh do labhairt 'thoirt bhuait,
Ris an Athair 's ri Uan na gloir.

Nuair a ranig mi 'chruach,
Bha mi 't ionndraichinn bhuam;
Bha do mhulad a tuairgneadh orm.

Cha bu spuillear air sluagh
Dha 'n do ruisgeadh an ualgh;
Bha mo dhiubhall air ghuailnibh sloigh.

Tha do chinneadh gu leir
Lan de thiomadh ad dheidh,
'Mhic an fhir o Loch-Treig an fheoir.

'S lomadh laoch bu ghlan fiamh
'Bh' air a Cheapich mar thrlath;
Gaisgich chalma 'bhiodh dian 'san toir.

Fuireach Raonull bho 'n tir
Cuis bu mhisid' sinn gar dlth,
Chuir sud m' aigheadh a sios trath-noin.

'S ann an torachd nan each
Dh' fhag mi 'n t-og a b' fheari dreach;
Cha do dhiobair a chlach an t-ord.

Chuir mi ceannard an t-sluaigh,
 Le dha leanabh,'san uaigh,
 Fath mo ghearain 's mi fuasgladh dheoir.

'S ann na shineadh san allt
 Bha ceann-taighe mo ghraidh,
 Ged a thuit tha le dearmad leo.

A Cholla cuimhnich 's gach gnìomh
 Clu do shìnnse bho chian;
 Seas do rìgh, agus Dia, 's a choir

The 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th verses may or may not belong to the poem. The 13th verse refers to Raonull Og, and the 14th verse to his son Angus. It is said that 15th and 16th verses also refer to Angus. They may; still 15th verse may refer to Donald Glas and his murdered sons, while the 16th may refer to Alasdair Buidhe, who was drowned in the Spean ! It is likely that some will be ready to say that John Lom would never refer to Donald Glas's sons as "da leanabh." The word leanabh is sometimes applied to a person under the age of twenty-one, or a minor. Raonull na Sgeithe speaks of Ailain Muideartach as a "leanabh" at the battle of Rinrory or Killiecrankie. Allan was at that time about nineteen years of age.

Oran Do Mhac-Gilleán Dhu- bhairt.

Mur bhi 'n abhainn air fas oirnn,
'S tuil air eirigh 's na h-athan,
Bhithinn latha roimh chach air a chomhdhail.
Mur bhi, &c.

'S bochd an eiridinn paisde,
Nuair a bhual an lot bals e,
Bhi gun chelrein, gun phlasda, gun theoirnein.

'Sann de'n choinnimh a 's miosa,
'N garadh-droma air bristeadh
Mar gum pronnadh sibh sligean le ordalbh.

'S ann de dh' fhortan bhur cuise,
Ma 's e 'n tore 'th' oirbh a muiseag,
Gun deld stopadh na mulre 'na phoralbh.

Tha scriob gheur nam peann gearra
'Cumail dion' air Mac-Callein,
'S e cho briathrach ri parraid 'na chomhradh.

Thug sibh bhuaidhne le spleadhan
Eilean lle ghlais, laghaich,
Is Cinntire le 'mbaghannan gorma.

Ghlac an slonnach greim teanchrach
Air deagh chinneadh mo sheanmhar;
'S lag an iomairt ge h-ainmeil an seobs' iad.

Dh fhalbh bhur cruadal 's bhur gaisge,
Le Eachann Ruadh 's le Sir Lachinn,
'Th' anns an uaigh far 'n do thaisgeadh 'san
t-srol iad.

'S Lachinn Mor a thuair urram,
Chaidh a bhualadh an Gruineart,
Cha dugt' uachd'ranachd Mhuile ri 'bheo dheth.

Is math mo bharail is m' earbsa,
 Mur a roghainn gun dearmad,
 Nach bu chladhaire cearbach Fear Bhrolais.

'N eaglais I Chalum Chille,
 Tha suinn chrodha gun tioma
 'Chaisgeadh doruinn 'sa thilleadh an torachd.

'S n.eor gum b' fheirde dream fiata
 Nan each seang-fhada fiadhich
 Eoghan Abrach Loch-Iall agus Lochidh.

Eiridinn, a nursing of, or attending on, the
 sick. Cefrein, a poultice. Feirnein, a pile of
 grass. Muire, the leprosy. Spleadhan, false-
 hoods, fictions. Teanchair, a vice.

Tuaineal a Chnatain ;

ORAN DO SHIR EOGHAN LOCH-IALL.

Cha b' e tuaineal a chnatain
 'Chuir mi 'm dhusgadh 'sa mhaduinn,
 Ach an tuchan 's 'tha 'marcachd air m' fheilthibh.

Fear do chaille bhi 'n Sasunn,
 Gun fhios nach b'eigheach a bheirt e,
 Ma thig eug ort an talce rìgh Seurlas,

A chraobh stailinn chruaidh, chuillinn,
 'Chaidh air saile bhualinn do Lunnainn;
 'S tearc mo ghair' gus an cluinnear deagh sgeul
 ort.

Do thigh 'nn fallain, slàn, bhualthe,
 Mar ruaig falisg bharr cruadhlaich,
 No bho gharadh a ghual' 's nam balg-seididh.

Dh' fhalbh Mac-Callain, fear-bualridh,
 Le sac gearrain do thuaileas,
 Chur a' gheirain an clusaibh Rìgh Seurlas.

Ged a sriobteadh leat Mulle,
 Bhiodh tu 'g iarridh gu tuilleadh,
 'Chur robh 'm bliadhna 's an uiridh cho reidh
 dhuit.

'S iomad talgheadas orail,
 Muirneach, aighearach, ceolmhor,
 A greas t' athair gu foirinn na deirce;

Dh 'an robh beathachadh boldheach,
 'Tha 'n diugh ga chaitheamh mu d' bhord sa;
 Cleas na fatha 'eur fo a cheart elgin.

Cleas a bhaigeir mhoir lailir
 'Rinn a shaidseach a charadh,
 Le's gach baldreig a thahadh ri chelle.

Ach b'ait leam Duibhnich 'san dranndail,
 Iad fo dhruim an Tuir Fhrangich,
 Agus cuibhreach ro theann air am feithibh.

'S maig a dhuisgeadh a chadal
 'N laoch nach mucteadh le bagradh
 'S e borb, ardanach, acuinneach, gleusta.

Ghabh thu 'bhraid air do mhuineal,
 Nach gabhadh each orra 'chunnart,
 'Thoir do chairdean a tonnaibh na fèithe,

'Eoghin oig Thorra-chalstell,
 Rinn thu choir mar mo bheachd-sa;
 Thog thu cro agus geata nach leum iad.

Thog thu bard ann an Dubhairt,
 Streap thu 'm barr crolinne giubhis,
 Leat bu mhiann a bhi 'n cruitheachd an dreu-
 gain.

Thog thu 'n t-srol-bhratach bhuidhe
 Os-clonn stol nam pic iubhair;
 Caol chorcach an slubhal gach te dhiubh.

Nam bliodh a chuis mar a theirinn,
 Bhiodh tu d' dhiuc thar nan eilain;
 Leat bu mhiann a bhi d' speireig 'sna speuraibh.

Is ann latha Sron-Nibheis,
 Bu droch cocaire gill 'thu;
 Chuir thu spogan air bhioraibh, 's dhroch-
 ghreidh thu.

Thug thu faragradh fairge
 Do luchd nam falluinean dearga;
 Bha ruith fala 'bha searbh chailbh mu 'n sleis-
 dibh.

Fhuair thu garbh-bhata cullinn,
 'Cheud la dhearbh thu bhi 'd dhuine,
 Mun d' fhas calg ort de dh-fhionnadh no 'dh-
 fheusaig.

Cha bu shugradh do sheana-choin
 An cnaimh smuals 'thoirt a d' dhream-chraos,
 Nuair a theannadh tu teanchair do dheudich.

Cha bu shugradh do sgoileir
 Dol a dhrainndan ri d' choileir,
 Nuair a thionndadh tu chorr-fhiacail gheur ris.

Le luchd nam feadan dubh-ghorm,
 D' am bu fhreagarrach fudar,
 'Nuair a spreigeadh na h-uird ri spuirl gheura;

'Bheiread dusgadh le an-lochd
 Air garbh udlaich' an langain,
 Triath ard stucach, mor, eangach an t-sleibhe.

Bhiodh an t-suil, air neo 'n t-eanchinn,
 Mu dheireadh drughadh bhur n-eanrich:
 Cha bhi mis ga sheanachas na's leir dhomh.

Falasg, a moor-burning Foirinn, aid, help.
 Fath, a mole. Braid, a collar. Bard, a dyke or
 fence, a garrison. Saidseach, a beggar's mantle.
 Faragradh, a bathing, a floundering. Udlaiche,
 a stag. Stucach, surly. Eangach, nimble-
 footed.

Biodh an Uidheam so Triall.

Biodh an uidheam so 'triall
Gu ceann-uidhe nan eilar,
Far 'm bu chuibhe 's 'm bu mhiann le 'r seoid.

Gu tur meadhrach neo chrion
Nan cinn-fheadhna 's glan liomh,
A chuir ghreadhnach bho 'n rioghail gloir.

Bha mi fada mu thuath;
Gun d' lion fadachd mi 's gruaim;
Cha bu chadal domh uair air choir.

Bheir mi 'n ruathar so null
'Shealltainn oighre Dhuntullm;
Gum meal thu 'n staoileadh bho thus ri d' bheo.

uchair gliocais nach bath,
'Chuir do fhradhare thar chaich;
'S tu a thaghainn de 'n al s' tha beo.

B' fhearail t' fhaicinn air sraid
Le d' chiabh-fhalt bachlach gu lar;
Ur la maiseach 's neo-thaireil oirnn.

Macail, maighdeanail, ur,
Faicheil, faidhreachail, ciuin,
Marcaich' greadhnach nan cru-each gorm.

Bhiodh eich sheanga nan leum,
'Dol nan deannaibh 'san reis,
'S fir a sreamadh nan sreinn 'r' am beoil.

Mach o Mhorair nan steud,
Le 'n cluinnt' eorgan nan teud,
'S tu a b' fhoirmelle beus trath-noin.

Leat a dh' eireadh na laoch :-
Do shluagh fhein bhiodh ri d' thaobh;
Sud na treun-fhir nach maom san toir.

Mac-Mhic-Ailein o 'n chuan,
Le luingeas daraich lom, luath;
Luchd nan leadan le 'm bualltheadh stroic.

Mac-Mhic-Alasdair treun
Bho Gleann-Garadh nan geug;
Buidheann bharrail nach geill fo sgod.

Bu leat Banaich bho thuath,
Clann-Ghillandrais nan tuagh,
Agus Rothaich le 'm buailtibh bho.

Bu leat buidheann mo ruin,
Air nach laigheadh mi-chliu.
Thig le Alasdair uiseil, og.

Is fir Eirinn a risd.
'Chuir thu fein air do thi;
'S iad a dh' eireadh le strith mu d' dhorn.

Clair, a brave man. Faicheil, stately. Faidhreachail, showy. Stroic for strac, a blow. Sgod, command, rule. Uiseil, courteous, dignified. Oighre Dhuntuilm, Macdonald of Sleat. Morair nan steud, either the Marquis of Huntly or Glengarry. Clann-Ghillandrais, the Rosses. Alasdair Og, apparently Alexander Robertson of Strowan, who was born about 1636. The Clan Donnachie fought with great bravery under Montrose. They were commanded by Donald, Alexander's uncle. Morair nan steud, either Lord Macdonell or the Marquis of Huntly.

Oran do Mhac-Dhomhnaill Shleite.

A bhean leasich an stop dhuinn,
'S lion an cupa le solas.
Ma 's a branndi no beoir i,
Tha mi toileach a h-ol
An deoch 's air Caiptin Chlann-Domhnaill.
An triath aigeantach og' 'thig o 'n chaol.

M fear nach duraichd a h-ol.
 Gun tuitcadh 'n t-suil air a bhord as.—
 Tha mo dhurachd do 'n oigear
 Crann euthraidh Chlann-Domhnaill;
 Rìgh nan dul bhigad chomhnadh 'thir chaoimh

Greas mu 'n cuairt feadh an taigh' i,
 'Chum 's gun gluaisinn le aighear,
 Le sliochd ualbhreach an athar
 'Choisinn buaidh leis a chlaidheabh;—
 Fion ga ruagadh 's ga chaitheamh gu daor.

Sar fhear-marcachd nan steud thu,
 'Dh' fhas gu flatasach, feilidh,
 De shliochd gasda Chum chcutaich,
 A bha tathaich an Eirinn;
 Ged 'fhuair an claidheabh 's an t-eug oirbh
 sgrìob.

Bhiodh an t-iubhar ga lubadh
 Aig do fhleasgaichean ura,
 Dhol a shiubhal nan stuc-bheann,
 Anns an uighe, gun churam;
 Lets a bhuidhinn roimh 'n ruisgteadh na gill.

Tha mo dhuil anns an Trianaid,
 Nach dig laigsinn air t' fhion-fhuil;—
 Slat thu 'n chuileann bha ciatach,
 'Dh' fhas gu furanach, flalaidh,
 'Sheasadh duineil air bialaobh an rìgh.

'Nam dhuit gluasad o t' aithribh,
 Le d' cheol cluais' agus caismeachd,
 Roimh fhir uasal nan glas-lann,
 Dha 'n robh cruadal is gaisge,
 B' e do shuaineas barr gaganach fraoich.

'N am cur t' inbhraich a' doigh dhuit,
 Le croinn ghasda 's le corcaich,
 Bhiodh an comhlan 'bu bhoiche
 'G iomairt chleusan gu h-eolach,
 Seal mu 'n togt' oirre ro-scol bho thir.

Nuair a chairteadh fo luchd l;
 Bhiodh tarruinn suas air a cupuill,
 Bord a fuairidh 's ruith cuip air,
 'Tuinn ri fuaigheall a fliuch-bhuird,
 Sruth mu guailibh 's i suchte le gaoith.

Shliochd nan curaighnean talmhaidh,
 Leis 'n do chuireadh cath Garbhaich,
 Air an turas 'bha ainmeil.—
 Fhuair mi urrad de 'r seanachas
 'S gun robh taigh is leth Alba fo 'r eis.

'S iomad neach a fhuair coir uaibh
 Ann san am ud le goraich.
 B' ann diu Rothaich is Rosaich,
 Is Clann-Choinnich 's n Leodaich,
 Mac-Gilleain o 'n Dreolluinn 's Mac-Aoidh.

Shliochd nam milidh bha fearail,
 Luchd nam pios 's nan cup geala
 'Thogadh sìoda ri crannaibh,
 'S a bhiodh dileas 'sa charraid;
 Bhiodh pic riomhach nam meallan 'na teinn.

B' e bbur suaicheanta; taitneach,
 Leoghann colgarra, spracall,
 Long nan ard chrann is bradan
 Air chuan liobharr' an aigeil,
 'S an lamh dhearg roimh na gaisgich nach tiom.

An Duntuiln nam fear fallain,
 Gum bu ghreadhnach luchd-ealaidh,
 'Gabhail failte le caithrim,
 As na claisichean glana,
 Do mhuaioi oig nan teud bassala, binn.

Nuair bu sgith de luch-theud sibh,
 Gheibht' am Bioball ga leughadh,
 Le flor chreideamh gu ceillidh,
 Mar a dh'ordaich Mac De dhuibh;
 'S ghabhteadh teagasg na cleir' leibh le sith.

'Mhic Shìr Seumas nan bratach,
O bun Slèite nam bradan,
A ghìlac ceile na maise,
Cum an reit' air a casan,
Bì gu reusonta, macanta, min.

Gum a slàn 's gum a h-ìomhlan
Annas gach nì a' s fearr ìomradh
Do theaghlach rìgh Fìonnaghal.
Oighre dìlèheach Dhuntuilin thu,
'S olar deoch air do chuirn gun bhì sgith.

The foregoing song was composed about Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat. Sir Donald married, in 1662, Mary, daughter of Robert Douglas, third Earl of Morton. It will be noticed that the poet does not speak of Sir Donald as the chief or ceann-cinnidh of the Macdonalds; he styles him their captain.

Oran do Mharcus Atholl.

Slàn gun dìth dhuit, a Mharcuis,
Dìreach, maiseach, gun chromadh;
Da shuill ghorm fo d' chaol mhala,
Nach d' fhas balachail, bronnach.
Cheart cho cinnteach sam bas,
Ged tha thu, 'n drast as an t sealladh,
Gu bheil mulad fo 'd chliabh ort
Mu bhas triath Ghlinne-Garadh.

B' fheumail dhuinn' e 'n am muiseig,
Le beachd mo shul gur mi chunnaic.
Cha robh againn de sgathan
Ach greasaid trath do 'n talgh-ghrunnailch,

Aisling cuid mar an durachd,
Bha mi-run ac' do 'n duin' ud
Ged bu ladarna 'n culchainnt,
Stad a chuis air an iomall.

Cha b' e aingeachd na tuatha
'Ghluais am Marcus le 'dhaolne.
'S ann a thog e a bhratach
'G iarraidh smachd air luchd aobhair.
Fhuair thu luchair na corach
Gu t' ordagh le d' dhaolne;
Agus fosgladh gach caistell
Bha fo smachd an Iarl' Aoralch.

Gheill Dunsta'nnis grad dhuit,
Innis fharsuinn nam faochag,
Ged bu'daingean a chlachan
Fhuair thu steach air bheag saothreach.
Cha robh cuilibheil caoll gluce,
No gunna praise gun sgaoileadh,
Bho Innis Chonnain nan canach
Gu ruig ball' Ionaraora.

'S Ard-Liftenant o 'n rìgh thu
Thug thu sgrìob 'dh-Earraghaidheal;
Bu leat Tairbeart 's Cìntire,
'S gach aon ni bha 's gach ait dhiu;
Agus Ile, bheag, riabhach
Mu 'n ladh a mhuir shat'each.
'S goirt a chnead a tha 'm chliabh-sa,
Fhad 's bha 'n t lasad gun phalgheadh.

Tighearn' og Ghlinne-Garadh
Cha bhi falach a ruin ort;
Oighr' an duin' e 'tha maireann,
'S e ar caraid e dubailt.
Chan fheil neach air an talamh
Ni ar sguradh o chulaobh,
Bhiodh stiol Chu'nn leis gu daingeann,
Ged bhiodh falachd a chruin ris.

'S e do charid mor dealaidh
 Mac-Mhic Ailein a Muideart,
 'S Mac-Mhic Raonuill na Ceapich,
 Le 'thir dheasa nach diultadh.
 'S iad nach cuirleadh cainb shalach
 No talbhaid ealamh ri cul-chrann,
 'Bheireadh beum air a h-athlorg
 Fhad's a mbairleadh dhaibh fiubhaidh.

'S leat Clann-Iain o 'n Innein,
 Dream nach tilleadh le gealtachd;
 Bhiodh an claidhean air mhìre
 Anns an ioma-t ri casgairt.
 'S leat Mac-Laomuinn 's Mac-Lachinn,
 'S Mac-an-Ab' o Ghleanndochairt,
 Is Mac-Neachdainn 's Mac-Dhughail,
 'S Mac-Iain-Stiubhairt o 'n Apunn.

Is beag t' aobhar 'bhi fiamhach
 An taobh shìos do Bhvuatha,
 Ged theid Duibhnich gu 'n dìchioll,
 Is gu dideann a chlaidhibh.
 'S iomadh triath 'bhiodh san strìth leat,
 Cheart cho cinnteach ri saighead.
 'S leat Mac-Fhionghain an t-Sratha
 Agus da Mhac-Gilleain.

'S fhearr leam fhaicinn na chluinntinn,
 Gun d' stad a chuing air am muineal.
 'Nìs on thionndaidh a chuibhle,
 'S fad bhìos Duimhnich gun urram.
 Ged a shaoil le Mac-Caillein
 E bhì na bharan air Muile.
 B' fhearr dha 'chumail na bh' aige
 Na bhì 'g agradh air tuilleadh.

Nam biodh fear a bheotl mhoir ann,
 Bho nach doirteadh glòir bhreamais,
 Nàile chailleadh sibh geoidh ris,
 Nach deant' a rostadh ri teine.

Fhuair sibh sgapadh nan caorach
 Nam blodh a dhaoib' air an talamh;
 'S ged a ghlac sibh le foill e,
 'B e-fhein an salghdear 'bu ghlaine.

Gur mairg a dh' earbadh a cairdeas
 Neach a dh' fhas air an t-sloinneadh,
 Nam blodh cuimhn' air an lath' ud
 Fhuair iad t' athair fo 'n comas.
 Chuir iad smuld ri tuir arda
 Chaistell Bhlaire gu gle shoilleir.
 'S beag bha dhochas an la sin
 Gum blodh iad paighte na chomair.

'S mor tha eadar dha latha,
 Ged bha e grathunn gun tighinn.
 Chaidh thu 'n cuirt na bu leatha
 An deidh t' athar a mhilleadh.
 Gun aon bhuille le claidheach,
 Gun sathadh sgeine no blodalg;
 Mar gum bathadh tu coinnlean,
 Chaill e oighreachd 's a chinneadh.

'S beag a b' fhlach do 'n triath Mholreach
 'Dhol 'nur coinnleach ach ainneamh,
 No a ghabhail mar chompach
 'M fear le 'n geallt' bhi na charaid
 Air a chomasdair Stiubhart
 'S trom a bhruchd na fir charach,
 Chuir sibh 'n ceann deth gun sgrubadh,
 'S gum bu ghulneach bhuir n' anlochd.

Buall na treudan gu sealbhach,
 'S na deun searbh iad gun bhinneas,
 'S na doir t' aghaidh gu ceirbach
 Do 'n fhear nach earb thu ri d' shleinnein.
 Ma chuir an righ an t-slat sgiursaidh
 'N glaic do dhuirn gun a cireadh,
 Uair mu seach aig an fhuirneis,
 Mar bhuill' uird air an innein.

Gloir do 'n Rìgh th' air a chathair,
 'S aobhar aighir is solais
 Mar a thachair do 'n Iarla
 'Chleachd cho iargalt' a a chumhachd,
 Ma 's e droch-bheairtean Iudais
 'Dh' fhuaigh an shid air an Lunnainn,
 Chaill e 'n luireach 's na breidean,
 Is gach eideadh 'bha uime.

'N euala sibhse 'san duthach
 An rauntar-buth' 'bh' aig na luchaidh,
 'S iad a cruinneachadh ri 'cheile
 'Nan droch-reiseamaid churta.
 Nuair bha eagal a chait orr',
 Chaidh droch sgapadh an cuid diu;
 'S a bheisd mhor 's an robh phlaigh dhiu,
 Sgrois gun agh oirr, gun fhurtachd.

Nuair a labhair Dubh 'n Amraidh,
 'Bheist ghraund 's a chrain mhullaich,
 Cha robh 'n sabhal no 'n ath dhiu
 Biasd le h-al nach do chruinnich.
 Nuair bha 'm mod 'g 'ur cruaidh sharach'
 'S na cuid ri 'm fagadh mu 'r muineil,
 'S ann an sin a bha 'n gatar
 Co a charadh iad umaibh.

Nuair bha 'n ad oirbh an uiridh,
 Bha sibh uranta, straicell;
 'M blladhna chaill sibh an currachd,
 'S feumair fuireach gle shamhach.
 Chaill an t-Iarl air bhur turas
 Mhead 'sa bhuinig e mhal oirbh;
 Ach cha b' fhiach leis an duin' ud
 A bhi cruinneachadh chamhaig.

B' ole a b' fhiach do dh-Iarl Atholl
 'Dhol an' coinnimh rint Eirdsi,
 'N deidh latha Roinn-Liothuinn;
 Thug sibh iocshlaint mar earlas.

Mheall sibh 'null thar na h-abhunn
 Iarla Atholl 's a bhrathair;
 Chuir sibh 'n laimh an toll-buth iad,
 'S loisg sibh duthaich Iarl' Earlaidh.

Tha do thlodalan lionmhor,
 'Cumail dìon air do chairdean.
 Tha, thu 'd mharcas ann bliadhna,
 'S gur tu Iarl' Thulaich-Bheardainn.
 Gearr an rìgh tha fo t' ordagh,
 'S thu 'd mhorair Ghlinn-Amuinn.
 'S ged a dheanadh iad diuc dhìot
 Bu mhath 'b' fhu thu an t-aite.

Ranatar-buth, a wild confused dance. Curta,
 bad, infamous Amraidh, a cupboard.

In July, 1640, the Earl of Argyll plundered the Earl of Airly's lands and destroyed his castle, the bonnie house of Airly. Shortly afterwards he captured by stratagem John, first Earl of Athole of the Murray family, and sent him to prison in Edinburgh. The Earl of Athole died in June, 1642. He was succeeded by his son, John. John, second Earl of Athole, was appointed Captain of the King's Guards in 1670, created Marquis of Tullibardine in 1676, and appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Argyll in 1681.

Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyll, was condemned to death in 1681, on the groundless charge of high treason. He

escaped from prison and fled to Holland. He took part in Monmouth's rebellion in 1685. He was captured by a man named Riddell on the banks of the Clyde, and sent to Edinburgh, where he was beheaded June 30th, 1685. One cannot wonder that the Campbells detested Riddell just as much as John Lom detested Macleod of Assynt.

Oran.

Airfeachd Rìgh Seumas a gluasad gu blar,
Raon-Ruari.

'S mithle dhuinn mearsadh 'nìs as an tìr so,
Bhon chuir sinn dìth air feoll nam mart.
N deidh a bhi 'n ordagh tamull le 'r mor-shulagh
Dh' innich ar n-oigridh bhualann am mach.
'Chuillein ghrlinn oig, ma tha thusa leoint',
Gun seall an Rìgh Mor riut anns gach beirt.
Air maduinn Dìlmairt 's ann thoisich am mear-
sadh,

'S facal gach seiridsin 'ruith oirnn mu seach.

A'g leth-taobh an t-salle tharruinn na h-armuinn
'Suss 'nam bragadaibh dan' gu ro cheart;
Mu bheul an anmolech shuidhich sinn campa,
'S dh' imich ar ceannard bhualann am mach.
Facal ar Coirneil ri Sir Domhnall
Mar ri ar n-ordagh 'bhi 'n ar glaic;—
"Na leigibh bonn dail' an seasamh a gheird
Is cumailbh 'ur naimhdean bhualbh am mach."

Bu fhliuch a mhaduinn a thog sinn ar breacain,
'S a chaidh sinn air astar gus an taigh 'd an robh
chairt

Nuair 'rinn sinn eirigh gu 'n d' rinn sinn ar
n-eideadh,

Is chaidh sinn 'n ar leum fo na cnapanan saic.
'Sbu lughaid ar n-airtneal nuair 'thanig am
feasgar,

Nuair 'loisgeadh an lasag 'bu h-omhor srad;
Bho cheann Loch-Iall gu n d' rinn sinn triall,
'S nuair chrom a ghrian gun d' rinn sinn stad.

Aig ceann Loch-Lochaidh shuidhich sinn campa,
La roimh Dhìdomhnaich 's da la 'na dheidh;
Chruinnich ar cairdean uil' air an laraich,
'S thog iad an lamhan an lathair Mhic De.
Bu bheag anspeis do dh-airgid no spreidh,
'S gun d' fhag sinn 'n ar deidh ar mnathan 's ar
clann;

'Cheat aindeoin gach lochd, ged ebiuir' againn
corp,

Cha dean sinn bonn clos gus an cosgrar leinn
Goill.

Labhair an Greunach, fear an deugh nadair,
'Chlanna nan Gaidheal, na faiceam bhur
gruaim;

Togaibh 'ar n-inntinn, thanig an tim dhuibh,
'S mithich dhuinn mearsadh 'n tir so shuas.
Dh' fhalbh sinn am mach gu h-inntinneach.
statail,

Gus an do ranaig sinn braighe Ghlinn-Ruaidh,
'Mach ri Gleannturaid 's monadh 'sin Dhrumainn,

Dh' imich gach duine 'bha guineach 'san ruaig.

'Mach monadh Dhrum Uachdair dh' imich na
h-uaislean

A bu mhor cruadal is 'bu bheag sgios;

Nualr 'ranig sinn Atholl cha d' fhuair sinn ach
mnathan;

Chaidh fir as an rathad mu 'n gabhteadh dhiu
eis.

'N deidh mheadhon latha 's sinn a falbh air ar
n-athais

Air leth-taobh na h abhunn ghabh sinn a sios;
Thanig marcach steach air beulaobh na glae
'Dh' inns' gun danig am prasgan 's an Coirneal
Mac-Aoidh.

B' aithghearr an cellidh rinn muintir Rìgh
Seumas,

Leth-taobh an t-sleighe ghabh iad a suas;

Bu shiubhlach fallùs a sios gach mala

A dìreadh a bhealach an taobh mu thuath.

Ceannard na buidhne dh' imich roim 'mhuinntir,

Pairte de ar n-ionndrainn e a bhi uainn.

B' aigeannach sporsail aigeadh Chlann-Domh-
nail,

Ged fhuair iad an leonadh bu deonach leo 'n
uair.

Ghluais gach fine gun tlaths, gun tiomadh,

Gun sgath, gun ghiorag 'rian ionadaibh fein;

Chaidh sinn gu statail 'm broilleach ar namhaid,

'S cha tilgteadh crann saithe an la sin gun
fheum.

Aig deireadh an latha gun d' tharruinn sinn
claidheabh;

Bha toiseach ar sgathaidh 'n am laighe do 'n
ghrein.

'Cheart cindeoin an sparraidh, ge bu laidir am
barail,

Gun chail iad am fearann 's an t-anam 'da
dheidh.

A cheannaird an aigh gun d' thuit thu sa bhlar,
'S bu sgathach do lamh gus an danig an uair.

'S e do bhas a Dhundithe 'dh' fhag ormsa trom
 lighe,
 'Chuir toll an am chridhe 's dh' fhag snigh' air
 mo ghruaidh.
 Bu bheag airson t' eirig na thuit de na beisdean
 An cogadh Rìgh Seumas, ged dh-eirich leinn
 buaidh.
 Ach sgapadh nan cuileag air muinntir Rìgh
 Uilleam;
 Tha slane fòmhulad ged chuir sinn iad bhualann.
 Coirneal Ram-aidh bu mhor bha aontlachd
 Ann an am bhi 'tighinn a steach
 Bha slane cho aingidh, 's guineach gu 'r naimh-
 dean,
 Greim air Gall cha leigeamid as.
 A Choirneil Bhalfuir, a dhuinne gun diu,
 Fhuair thus' tha mi 'n duil na dh' iarradh tu 'n
 chath;
 Bhrist iad do chrun is t' ad air do shuillean,
 'S ghearr iad do bhualann air culaobh do chas.

Lieutenant Donald Campbell, author of "The Language, Poetry and Music of the Highland Clans," had a fuller and better version of the foregoing song than the one given above. It is to be feared, however, that it has been lost. The song is generally ascribed to John Lom. I have heard it asserted, however, that it was his son that composed it.

Raon-Ruari.

An alom an aigh nì m' ius,
 Air a mheanmn' so 'tha 'm run,
 Chan i so'n aimsir mu'n duin an ceitein oirnn.

Nach fhaic sibh loingean an rìgh
 Cur an spionnadh gu tìr,
 Chan e'n t-Uilleam tha mi cho deidheil air.

Ach Rìgh Seumas 's a shìol:
 A dh'ordich Dia gus ar dìon;
 Cha rìgh iaisd d'am fìach dhuinn geilleachdainn.

Ach mar dìg thu air ball
 'S do leintean crìosa gan call,
 Is ceud mìsde leam thall 'san Eipheit thu.

An comunn cìogallteach, tlath,
 'Shuidh an ionad nan stait
 Mar cho-mheata chuir Satan seula riu.

Paca sligheach nan cealg
 D'am bu dligheach a mheirg,
 Dhùbh am fìtheach le saighar eucoir sibh.

Cha b'e 'm brathadair coir
 'Bha cur gabhail fo'n fhoid,
 Ach fear an taigh' nach bu choir 'bu pheucan
 daibh.

Ann sa bheith bheag og
 'Bha fo bhall Mhic-Dheors',
 Gur a h-iomad fear sroil 'bha reubte ann.

'S iomad biorraid is gruag
 'Bha gan spealtadh mu'n cnuac,
 Bha fuil dhathte'na stuaidh air fear am muigh.

Fhuair sibh deannal sa choill
 Bho chruaidh lannaibh Shìol Chuinn,
 'Chuir 'nur denaibh thar tuim trom-chreuch-
 dach sibh.

An Raon-Ruari nam bad
 'S lionmhor uaigh is corp rag,
 Mìle sluasid is caib' gan leidigeadh.

A shar Chleibhirs nan each,
 Bu cheann-feadhain' thu air feachd,
 Mo chreach leir an tus gleachd mar dh'eirich
 dhuit.

Bu lasair theine dhaibh t' fhearg,
 Gus an d'eirich 'mi-shealbh;
 Bhuail am pelleir fo earball t' eiddidh thu.

Bu mhor cosgradh do lamh
 Fo aon chlogaide ban,
 'S do chorp nochduldh, geal, dan, gun eideadh
 air.

Cha robh eascaid suas
 Eadar Arcamh is Tuaid,
 Mur bhi 'n tacaid a bhuail san eudann thu.

'Nuair bhruchd t' uaislean am mach,
 Cha sgaoth bhuachailleann mhart,
 Ach luchd-bua'adh nan cnap gu speireadal';

Air a bhruthach a stad
 Os-clonn dubhar nam bad,
 Luchd cur 'nan slubhal gu grad nan eucorach.

Clann-Domhnall an aigh,
 Luchd a chonnsach' gach blair;
 Cha do ghabh iad riannh sgath roim reubaltich.

Is lionmhor spalpaire dian
 'Bha fo d' bhratich 'dol sìos,
 Cha b' ascard ach lìon do reiseamaid.

Is lomadh fìuran deas og
 Gun lan duirn air de dh-fheoil,
 'Ghearradh claignean is smois, is feitheannan.

Mo ghaol an Domhnall Gorm og
 Bho'n tur Shleiteach's 's bho'n Ord;
 Fhuair thu deuchainn 's bu mhor an sgeula sin.

Mo ghaol an Domhnall Gorm og
 Bho'n tur Shleiteach's 's bho'n Ord;
 Fhuair thu deuchainn 's bu mhor an sgeula sin.

Mo ghaol an Tainistear ur,
 B' og am planntas mo run,
 'S cha b'e 'n campair air chul na sgelthe e.

Mo ghradh an t-Alasdair Dubh,
 Bho Ard-Gharridh nan sruth,
 'Chuir 'nan stubhal gu tiugh na reubaltich.

'S bha 'bhrathair eil' ann, Iain Og,
 'S dh' aom'ich pelleir troimh 'theoil,
 'S caol a thearinn e beo bho' n spelleireachd.

Tha an cogadh so searbh,
 Air a thogall gu garg;
 Ge ceann nathrach bidh earrball peucaig air.

'S e Prionns' Uilleam 's a shluagh
 'Dh' fhag an duthich so truagh,
 Nuair a chuir iad thar cuan righ Seumas bhualinn.

Guidheam sgrios orra 's plaigh;
 'S gort is miosguinn is bas
 Air an sliochd mar bh 'air al na h-Elpheite;

Gach aon latha dol sìos,
 Calgneadh claidhibh troimh 'm bian,
 'S coin a ' aitheamh an diol air sleibhtichibh.

Thig am Frangach a steach
 Le treun champa 'chuid each,
 'S bidh do bhangaid 's do bhreac-staèlg gleidhte dhuit.

Theld thu 'Hanobher air ais,
 Thig an cot dhiot an cals',
 'S i sean choir a choin ghlaiss a b 'fheumaille.



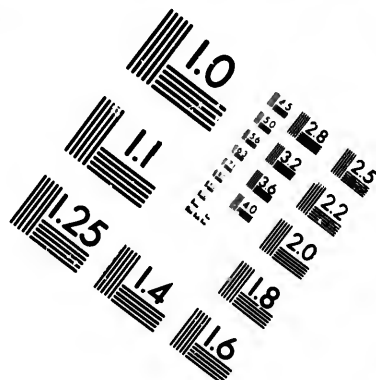
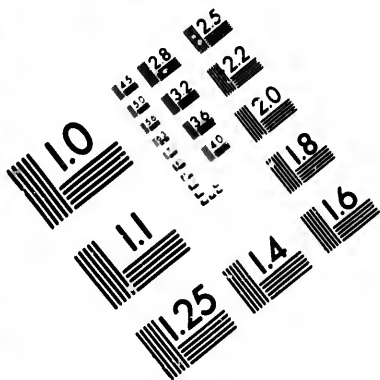
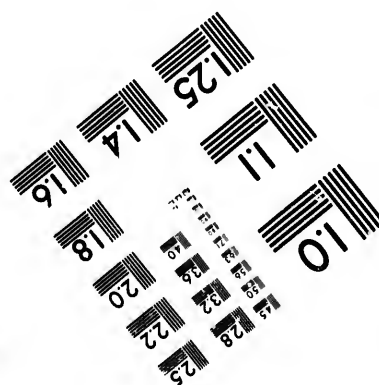
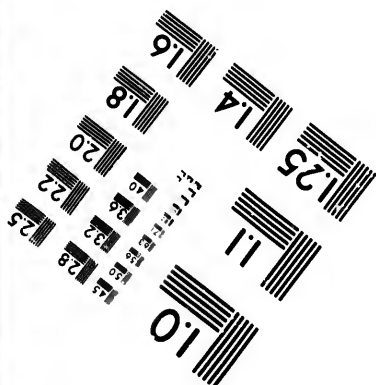
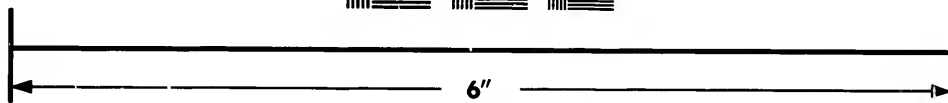
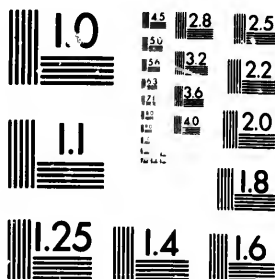


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Brathadair, match, kindling. Peucan, a beacon. Leldeigedh, leading, convoying. Cosgradh, slaughtering. Speireadall, energetic. Campair, a camp master. Spelleireachd, sliding, skating. Sligheach, sly. Clogallteach, unsteady, ticklish. Nochduidh or nochd, naked.

According to the song, the ball pierced Dundee below the breastplate. The expression "corp nochduidh" shows that the body was at least to some extent deprived of its clothing. Some writers have asserted that it was stripped by thieves. It is surely more reasonable to suppose that the stripping, so far as there was stripping, was the work of men who were examining the wound.

At the battle of Killiecrankie, Dundee's men were ranged in one line, and in the following order from right to left: the Macleans, Colonel Cannon's Irish regiment, the Macdonalds of Moydart, the Macdonells of Glengarry, the cavalry, the Camerons, a battalion under Sir Alexander Maclean, and the Macdonalds of Skye. The Grants of Glenmoriston were with the Macdonells of Glengarry. Dundee had about 2,500 men, and McKay about 4,000. The battle began about seven o'clock in the evening, or half an

hour before sunset. The Highlanders, whilst moving down the hill, received three successive volleys from McKay's line. When they got to close quarters, and drew swords, the battle lasted only a few minutes. They gained as complete a victory as could be won. Still it was a very dear victory to them; about eight hundred of them were slain. Besides they lost their commander, the only man who could keep them together and lead them to another victory. Of McKay's men two thousand were either killed or taken prisoners.

Oran.

Air Rìgh Uilleam agus Banrìnn Mairi.

LUINNEAG.

Irlin, a-rin, o-ro, bha hi,
 Irlin, a-rin, o-ro, bha ho,
 Biodh gach duin' agaibh bronach
 Airson foirneart ar rìgh.

An dlu chuala mi naidheachd,
 'S air àit cha b' àimhealach leinn i,
 Nam biodh cuis mar a b' àit leinn,
 'S gum biodh an t-ath-sgeul cho binne rith'.
 Gu bheil Rìgh Seumas le farum
 A cur thairis nam mìltean,
 On 's leat uachdar na mara,
 Greas is tarruinn gu strìth iad.

A Mhic ghloirmhoir na h-olighe,
 Coimhead foirneart ar righeachd.
 Co a b' urrainn ar smalachd,
 Ach do lamh-sa 'bhi sint' leinn!
 Falc an nise Prionns' Orains
 'Cur na coir' os a cinn oirnn.
 Dean oirnn cobhair, a Shlanaighir,
 Seall le baigh air gach tinn dhi'n.

A Righ chumbachdaich, fheartaich,
 Dha' n leir reachdan gach tire,
 Cum air aghaidh an ceartas,
 'S an lagh seachranach pill e.
 Falc luchd nam breid dathte,
 'S gur a pailt iad san righeachd;
 Ma tha 'n eucoir nan aigneadh,
 Beum do shlaht' air gach ti dhiubh.

Nuair thanig Uilleam a Shasunn,
 'S e rinn aiseag a bhreamais;
 Thug e 'n righeachd air eiginn
 O'n athair-cell' a thug bean dha,
 Cha b' i reula nan duilean
 'Bha deanamh iull dhuit san aineol;
 Mar a bh' aig na trì righrean
 Nuair bha Iosa 'na leanabh.

Thug thu 'm follais an t-Slanaigheir
 Sgeula grain do luchd-teagaisg,
 Bhrist thu fhein agus Marì
 'N ceathramh aithne gu beadaidh.
 Ghlac thu coir brath 'r do mhathar
 Ann ad laimh gu aniochdmhor;
 Mar bhreun ghearran 'sa chathair,
 'S nach b' fhear-taighe de 'shllochd thu.

'S fìor mhallachd' an lanan
 'Thum an Spain anns an roinn ud,
 'Dh' fhaothtuinn seilbh a cheart aindeoin

Le muthadh malairt an t-slaightir.
 Ged a stadadh an claidheabh
 Gun bhuill' a chòith' mh ach na rinn e,
 Bidh fuil ag eigheach am flathea;
 Ad dheidh a latha 's a dh-oidhche.

Nuair chaidh Whitehall a losgadh
 Bu mhall bhur choiseachd gun bhrogan.
 'S mi nach rachadh le pairtì
 Air mhlòr' a bhathadh na toite.
 Ma 's e daoine 'rinn suas e,
 B' fhaoin an cruadal 'san seoltachd.
 Chan fheil mi gearan, mo thruaigh',
 Ach' lughad 's fhuair ann an rostadh.

Cha dìg ach rucas is cealgan
 O chruit an cearbach an rabail.
 Cuiridh 'n t-albhistear saoil ris,—
 Bidh Dia is daoine ga aicheadh.
 Cleas eud bean a chruiteir,
 'Rinn an trusdaireachd ghralneil,
 Thog iad airsán mar ursgeul
 Gun do mhurt e 'dhearbh bhrathair.

Gum bu ghranda na sgeoil ein
 'Thog na deamhnan ga dhìbeirt,
 Is a sgaol iad gun dearbhadh
 Mar bhuille searbh da 'n luchd-mìoruin;
 Gun cuir' isean a chlamhain
 An nead clannach an fhìreoin,
 Mac mucail a bhalach
 'Shalachadh fala nan rìghrean.

'S mairg rìgh a rinn cleamhnas
 Rì Duitseach sanntach gun trocair.
 Cha b' e n' onair bu ghnaths dha,
 Ged 's tu brath' r mathar an rogair'.
 Ged a thug thu dha Marì
 Air dheas laimh 'chum a posadh,

Ghabh e t' oighreachd a' t' antoil
Thar do cheann gu ro dheonach.

Ach nan digeadh ar rìgh oirnn
'S a mhac dileas air a' d'mheil,
Ged a theirteadh le moran
Nach h-i 'choir a bhiodh againn
Cha bu mho orr' ceann Uilleim,
Air srajd Lunnainn an Sasunn
A ghrad fhuadach o mhuineal
Na cluas cuilein an radain.

Is sgeul buan do 'n mhnaoi mhearcaich
Nach tog mac leatha 'h-oighreachd.
'S ion d' i curam a ghabhail
Mun duinear cathair na soills' oirr'
Thoil i mallachd a h-athar
On ghabh an t-albhistear greim dh' i;
'S olc an duthchas a lean i,
Chunnt i 'seanair na thraoitair.

'S math, an toiseach ar seannsa,
Gun d rinn am Frangach de thapadh.
'S gun do ghlacadh leis Monnsa
L e fhir throm-bhuilleach, sgaiteach.
Bu mhath gum biodh an adbhansa
'Tigh'inn nan deann a chum Shasuinn,
Is gum faicteadh an cunntar
Ch' grad ri tionndadh nan cairtean.

Ach ma stad air an Diuca,
'S nach h-e 'run tigh' nn na's falde,
Leig e cadal a' a chirein,
Stad a sgrìob mar a chleachd e.
Mu leig gach saighdear a ghleus deth
Nuair tha leugart mu 'n chaisdeal,
B' fhearr gum faicinn an coltach,
No gun goireadh a chaismeachd.

Ma tha e 'n dan dhuit teachd dhachaidh
 'S nar dhuit t' fhalcinn gun speura'l,
 Ged a fhuair thu pairt leonaidh
 Ri am fogradh Rìgh Seumas,
 Ma tha thu cruaidh air an raipèir,
 Seall ri slachdan a ghleusaidh,
 Le 'n do spìosadh mo sgroban,
 Ma 's fìor Tomas an Reumair.

Aimheabach, vexing, vexations. Mearcach,
 rash, headstrong. Spìos, spice.

King Louis of France captured Mons in Belgium in the Spring of 1691. Whitehall was partly destroyed by fire April 10, 1691. King James, assisted by the French, expected to invade England. His project came to a sudden termination through the defeat of the French fleet off Cape La Hogue, May 17, 1692. The Duke referred to is the Duke of Berwick. He was a natural son of King James by Arabella Churchill. He was born in 1670. He served under his father in Ireland. He was killed at the siege of Philipsburg on the Rhine in 1734.

Oran an Aghaidh an Aonaidh Eadar Albainn Agus Sasunn.

— — —

Ge b'e thogas an lasair
Anam fadadh na smuide,
Theid an cuibhreach, mu'n chapull,
Gun bhi fada fo 'gluinibh:
Ach 'fhir a dh'cìrich le gradachd
A chur fasdadh nan lub oirr',
Sparr thu 'n goisnean mu 'ladhar
Mar eun 'cladhach an ruchain.

Bhrìst thu luirg anns a chraon sin,
'S chaidh an seann damh'am mearachd;
Na daimh oga tha 'beucaich,
'S iad gun fheum a chum tarrainn.
'Fhir a b' abhaist an ceannsaich'
Is an tionndadh le an-lochd,
'S e Diuc Atholl le durachd
'Bhrìst do luban a dh' aindeoin.

Ge b'e 'leanadh gu dìreach
Diuca firnneach Atholl,
'S roghainn cruthaicht' thar sluaigh e
Bhuidhneadh buaidh mar 'rinn athair,
Bha thu 'n aghaidh luchd-cìse
'Ghabh na mìltean mar roghainn;
Ach fagaidh mis' iad gu h-ìseal
Nan laidhe shìos anns na spleadhan.

'S mor 'tha 'ghliocas na rìoghachd
Deagh sgrìobht' ann ad mheomhair.
'Bha thu foghlum as t' oige
'Chur na corach air adhart
'N aghaidh Bhanntairean mìsgeach
Bha ri bristeadh an lagha;
Nam blodh iad uile gu m'ordagh-s'
Gheibheadh iad cord agus teadhair.

Na biodh ort-sa bonn airtneil,
 Tha fir Athoill nan seasamh;
 Luchd nan gorm lannan geura
 'Dheanadh feum dhuit 'gad fhreasdal;
 Mar sud 's do dheagh bhrathrean
 Luchd nan sar-bhuillean sgaiteach;
 Fir a chaitheamh nan saigneadh,
 'S a ro ghleidheadh na cartach.

Na biodh ortsa bonn mi-ghean,
 Tha fir do thire gle ullamh;
 Corr mor is deich mìle
 Ged a leughainn an tuilleadh,
 'Mheud 's a bhuidhinn e 'phris dhuit,
 Chaidh e sgrìobhte do Lunnainn.
 Na chuireadh dragh orra an Albainn
 Gun robh 'nan armaibh gle ullamh.

Latha randabh' 'n t-sleibhe
 Bha mi-fein ann is chunnic;
 Bha na trupan an srein' ann
 Bha na ceudan a' cruinneach.'
 Ge b'e ghabhadh air 'anam
 Gun robh mnathan mar dhuin' ann,
 Gun rachadh saighead na airmibh
 Gus an traigh i an fhull as.

'Mhorair Dupplin, gun fhulreach,
 Dh'fhosgail uinneag do sgornain:
 Dh'eirich roscal 'ad chridhe
 Nuair chual thu tighinn an t-or ud;
 Shluig thu 'n alleag de'n gheanach,
 Dh'at do sgamha' is bhoc e;
 Dh'fhosgail teannsgal do ghòile,
 'S lasach greallag do thona.

Cha b' ionghnadh sud dhuit a thachairt,
 Ogha bhaigeir ud Lìunusaidh,
 'S a liuthad dorus mor caisteil
 Ris 'n do stailc e 'chnaimh tiompain.

Cha d'fhag e baile gun stubhal
 Bho Chill-rudha gu Frainse,
 Mar ghabhas sin 's an t-ord Gallach
 Gu ruige baile Iarl' Antrum.

Ogha baigeir na lùioich
 Clod do chuis an taigh-parla
 Mur deach thu dh'fhoghlum a gheanaich,
 Mar bha 'n seanair o 'n d'fhas thu.
 Cha d'fhag e ursann gun locradh
 Eadar Ros is Ceann Talle;
 Bhiodh a theanga gle ullamh
 Nuair a ruigeadh e fardach.

Tha QUEENSBURY 'n trath so
 Mar fhear straic' a cur thairis,
 Eis' a' tarruinn gu dìreach
 Mar ghearran dian ann an greallaig;
 'S luehd nam putagan anairt
 Ian smear' agus geire;
 Nam bu mhise an ceannair',
 Bhiodh 'n ceann de 'n amull air dheireadh.

Tha Diuc Atholl's Diuc Gordan
 Gle chordte 's iad duinte,
 Air an sgrìobhadh gu daingeann,
 Ach tha Hamilton dubailt'.
 Iarla Bhrathainn bhiodh mar-ris,
 Cha bhiodh mealladh 'sa chuis sin,
 'Toit a chruin bhuain le ceannach,
 An ceart fhradharc ar suilean.

Tha Meinneireach Uaimh ann,
 Gle luaineach 'na bhreathal,
 'S e mar dhuine gun suilean
 'Giarraidh iull air feadh ceathaich;
 Ach thig e fathast le umhlachd
 'Chum an Diuc, ma 's i bheatha,
 'S bidh a shannt 's a mhi-dhuraehd
 Anns an smur gun aon rath air.

Iarla Bhrathainn a SEAFORTH,
 Cha bhi sìth-shalmh ri d' bheo dhult,
 Gum bi ort sa cruaidh fhaghaid
 N taobh a staigh de 'n Roinn-Eorpa.
 Ach nam faighinn mo roghainn,
 'S dearbh gun leaghaln an t-or dhult,
 A stigh air faochalg do chialginn,
 Gus an casadh e 'd bhotuln

Spleadhan, falsehoods. Cairt, a charter.
 Roscal, joy. Greallag; a swing, a swing-tree;
 a gut. Putagan analrt, pock-puddings. Cean-
 naire, a driver, a leader of plough horses. Cas,
 climb.

The Union with England, which took place May 1st, 1707, was exceedingly unpopular in Scotland. It was carried however, in the Scottish parliament by a hundred and ten votes against sixty-nine. Many of those who voted for it were bribed by English gold, or by promises of rank and office. James Douglas, second duke of Queensbury, was the most active agent in bringing it about. Thomas Hay, vicount Dupplin, was in favor of it. Menzies of Weem and Uilleam Dubh, fifth Earl of Seaforth were also in favor of it. James Douglas, fourth duke of Hamilton, opposed it, but not in such a straightforward manner as was expected of him. He could have pre-

vented it, if he had exerted himself properly. John Murray, first Duke of Athole, opposed it with great zeal.

The union which made England and Scotland one kingdom was no doubt a very good thing. It is not a very pleasant thing, however, to find Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Chalmers, Lord Clyde, Dr. Livingstone, Macaulay, Gladstone, and Lord Rosebery spoken of as Englishmen. Have the countrymen of Wallace and Bruce become extinct?

Ghabh Air Fogradh Do'n Spain.

Ghabh air fogradh do 'n Spain
Fear m' eolais 's mo dhaimh;
Cha cheileadh tu pairt dhet' aigneadh orm

'Mhic-'Ic-Raonuill nam pios,
Nam bratach 's nam pìob,
Chan fhaicteadh 'san strìth thu cailleadhail

S e mo ghaol an ceann sluaigh,
Nach bu tais am beairt chruaidh;
Chiteadh rudhadh 'a ghruaidh 's cha b'
fhaiteachas.

'S fad a dh' aithnichinn do cheum
'S tu air thoiseach nan ceud,
'S air uaile gum b' eutrom, astarach.

Nam bhi suibhal nan stuc,
Bhiodh leat gillean 's coin luth,
Agus gunna nach diultadh lasadh dhuit.

Th'ig an claidheabh gorm caol
 Dhuit an duille ri d' thaobh,
 'S gum bu chuimhneach m' fhear gaol air
 tapachd leis.

Mar ri bogh' an t-sar chuil,
 Air a thaghadh o 'n bhuth,
 Is gun tolladh tu suil na cartach leis.

'Fhir a thanig an de
 Nall a Raineach nan geug,
 'S ann agad tha 'n sgeul 'chuir airsean
 orm.

O! cha bhrathainn, 's mi 'm cheill,
 Thu do Dhuibhneach fo 'n ghrein,
 Ged a dh-innsadh tu sgeul do leapach
 dhomh.

'S ann orms' a rug a mhi-bhuaidh
 O mhoch maduinn Di-luain,
 Nuair a ghabh mi 'n cead truagh 'sa chaip-
 lich dhiot.

Gar h-e mis' 'tha fo ghruaim,
 'S mi nam onrachdan truagh,
 'S nach falc mi tighinn o 'n Chruaich na b'
 aite leam.

The foregoing song was composed either about Alasdair nan Cleas, of Kerpoch, or Raonull Og his eldest son. John Lom may or may not have been the author of it. If he was, the song must be about Raonull Og.

In May, 1615, Alasdair nan Cleas, Raonull Og, and the eldest son of Mac-

donald, of Moidart, assisted Sir James Macdonald, of Islay, in making his escape from prison in Edinburgh. Sir James tried to wrest his lands from the grasp of the Campbells, but did not succeed. He was compelled to flee to Spain in 1616. Alasdair nan Cleas and his second son, Donald Glas, joined him about 1618. Sir James was pardoned in 1620 and allowed to return to London. He received a pension from King James of one thousand marks sterling. He died in London in 1626. Alasdair nan Cleas was also pardoned in 1620 and allowed to return to Lochaber. He received a pension of two hundred marks sterling. The year of his death is unknown. The history of Raonull Og is very obscure. He was outlawed in 1615. According to the Kinrara MS. he was in possession of Keppoch in 1639. *A. M. Shaw's Mackintoshes and Clan Chattan*, p 327. The probability is that he spent the most of his time in Lochaber. He did not go to Spain with his father. It seems certain, however, that he was in Spain for some time. It is said that he died in London.

Mi 'm Shuidhe air an Aisre.

Mi 'm shuidhe air an' aisre,
 Gun agam ach mi 'm 'onar.
 Mi 'm shuidhe, etc.

Gun robh mi 'n de mu 'n taice so,
 Mar chleachd bhl o m' oige,

Mar ri Mari Chriarich,
 Lamh fhial a dhiol an oir i',—

Mar ri gruaidh an fhaiteachais,
 'S bu taitneach leam a comhradh.

A bhean-an- taighe freasdail dhuinn,
 Is lion an seipein beorach.

An deoch so air do shlainte,
 'S gum b' fheairrd thu ri do bheo i.

Is ged mhisde mise i,
 Chan fhag mi driosg gun ol d' i.

Air ceisd nam ban o 'n Chananich,
 An gaisgeach fearail, morail,

Gun d' rinneadh iuchair Sheumais leat
 A dh' eignich o luchd' chleoc' e

Ach tamull beag an deidh sin,
 Gum b' fheudar dol air fogradh.

Gun dug thu as an rioghachd ort
 Gu crìochan 's nach robh t' eolas.

Bhiodh grabhailte mhath, chinnte ach ort
 A dhion do chinn an comhrag.

Glac chrom air dheagh lughadh ort,
 Sgian dubh le taghadh smeoirne;

Is gunna caol nach duilteadh sràd
 Air udlaiche na croice.

Tha comharr' a bhi dileas ort, —
Gun dug an rìgh dhuit storas;

Gun dug e o Chaol-Muille dhuit
Gu cnoc na coille moire;

'S gun dug e cruit fo theudan dhuit,
Is cead a seinn na sheombar,

Gum bu chonnsunn smachdail thu
Air Lachainn Mac-an-Toisich.

'S a Raonuill oig na Ceapich,
Gur a h-ait leinn maireann beo thu,

A cheannsachadh nan Duibhneach,
Is gur cuimhne leinn an do bheairt.

It is possible, perhaps probable, that the foregoing song was composed by John Lom.

The Chanonrie of Fortrose is known in Gaelic as a Chananich. It is said that Raonull Og got a key made which would open the door of the prison in which Sir James Macdonald was confined, and that it was by means of this key that Sir James effected his escape. It is just possible that Alasdair nan Cleas had really more to do with getting the key made than Raonull Og. In 1618 Sir Lachlan Mackintosh invaded Keppoch with a large force for the purpose of apprehending Alasdair nan Cleas and his sons, but was under the necessity of going back without them.

Ged Tha 'n Oidhche 'n Nochd Fuar.

Ged than 'n oidhche 'n nochd fuar,
'S beag air cadal mo luaidh;
'S chan e tainead no fuairlead m' eudaich;
Ged tha 'n oidhche, etc.

Ach an naidheachd so fhuair
Mi 's a mhaduinn Di-luain;
Gur a fada 's gur buan dhomb 'h-eisleann.

Chi thu, 'Rìgh, 's beag mo luaidh
'Dhol do'n doire so shuas,
Far an goireadh a chuach 'sa cheitean.

'S iad mo chinneadh a bh' ann,
'S iad mar choluinn gun cheann,
No mar thobar an gleann air deubhadh.

Gur a mise tha tinn,
'S bochd 's gur tursach 'tha mi,
Is nach faicear 'san tìr fear t' eugais.

Gur a mls' tha fo sprochd,
Cach mu t' fhearaun a trod,
Is nach suidh thu air enoc gan reiteach'.

Gur a mise tha fo bhron
Mu mo mhaighilstir coir,
'S e 'na laighe fo 'n fhoid gun elrigh;

Ann an ciste nam bord,
N deidh a sparradh le ord
'Ghraidh, cha daisgear le ceol nan teud thu.

Chunnaic mis do thur,
'S e gun mhire, gun mhuirn,
Is do chinneadh 's gach cuis an deidh laimh.

Chunnaic mise do bhord
'S e gun lomairt, gun ol,
Agus innis a cheo is fear troimp'.

Tha do bhaile gun stath,
'S e gun sabhall, gun ath,
Ach na fhiadhairean bana, feurach.

Pìob sgallach nan dos
Bhiodh mu d' thalla gle mhoich,
Le ceol caithreamach, bras, luath, eibhinn.

Thigeadh boineid o 'n bhuth,
Air chul bachlach mo ruin,
'S cota Lunnaineach dubh-ghorm eutrom.

Bu tu namhaid a bhruid,
'Thig o bhruachaibh an t-sluic,
Is a bhradain air uisg' a leumadh.

Bu leat sinteag nan carn
Leis an cinneadh an t-sealg,
'Bheireadh fuil air damh dearg na ceire;

Leis a chuillbheir chaol ghlas,
Nach diultadh an t-srad,
Leagteadh ultaiche bras an t-sleibhe.

Gum b' thear bogh' thu nach b' oic
Dhol a thomhas nam prop,
Bhiodh do shaighead sa phloc ga reubadh.

Tri chrainn fhichead is corr
Nach b' fhurasd idir a leon,
'S ann a bhris thu le t' ordaig fein iad.

An taigh-lagha nan tur
Gum bu fhradharcach thu,
Cha bu chladhaire' chunntadh feich ort.

Am measg Ghaidheal is Ghall,
Far an eisdteadh do chainnt,
Gheibhteadh Laideann is Fraingis 's Beurla.

'S ann an Sasunn fo 'n uir,
Dh' fhag mi tasgaidh mo ruin,
Ann an calbeal nan turaibh gle gheal.

'M Balle Lunnainn nan cleoc,
Dh'fhag mi urra mo loin;
Leat bu dullich e, 'Dhomhnaill Shleitch!

Och! fhir chridhe mo ghaoll
Do'm bu shualcheantas fraoch,
S' e mo chreach nach do dh-fhaod thu eirigh.

In the manuscript from which I have copied this poem it is termed, "Oran do Mhac-Iain Aird-nam-Morchann, le gille a bha aige fhein." In D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire, which contains thirteen verses of it, it is termed, "Cumha Raonail Oig, le Iain Lom." I do not suppose that John Lom had anything to do with it.

Oran Do Dh-aonghus Mac Rao- nuill Oig.

Biodh an uidheam so 'triall
Gu ceann-uidhe nan cliar,
Far 'n' bu shubhach 's 'm bu mhladhail seold;

Gu tur meadhrach nach crion
Nan ceann-feadhna 's glan flamh,
Cuiirt ghreadhnach 'm bu rioghall stoirm;

Gu taigh ainmeil mor-fhell'
'S an cluinnt' toragan nan teud,
'Fhir a b' fhoirmeala beus trath-noin.

Ann an aros mo ruin
Chluinnteadh clarsaichean ciull,
'S iomairt thalleasg air chruinntibh oir.

Fuaim na fìdhle mu seach,
Toirm air pìob 'bu mhath blas,
Fion Spainteach dearg datht' ann 's beoir;

'S uisge beatha nam pìos
'Rachadh t' airgid ga dhìol;
Chit' an glòin' e mar ghriog an oir.

Bhiodh mnai allidh 'n fhulit reidh
'Gabhail dhana le teud,
'Sior chur seachad na seisteachd leo;

Càinnlean aca de 'n cheir
'S iad an lasadh gu geur'
Urlar farsuing mu 'n eight 'an t-ol.

Macant maighneanail thu
Falcheil, f idhreachail, cluin
Marcach greadhnach nan cruiddh-each gorm.

Bhiodh eich sheanga 'nan leum,
'S iad 'nan deannaibh 'cur reis',
'S fir a sreamadh nan sreìn ri 'm beoil

'N uair a rachadh tu 'mach
'S ar'd a chluinnteadh do smachd,
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's MacLeoid;

Mac-Mhic-Ailein bho 'n chuan
Le loingeas daraich lom, luath;
Luchd nan leadan le 'm buailteadh stroic.

Thig Aonghas ardanach treun,
Bho Ghleann-Garadh nan geug,
'S na fir ghasda nach geill fo sgod.

'S leat Sir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol
Is Clann-Domhnaill, na laolch
Sud a bhuidheann nach maom 's an toir.

Thig fir Eirinn a risd,
'Chuir thu fhein air do thi;
'S iad a dh' eireadh le strìth mu d' dhorn.

Thig Clann-Pharlain nan sglath
 'Bh'aig fear t' aite-sa riamh,
 'S Mac-an-Aba le 'chiad fear mor.

Bu leat fir an taoibh tuath,
 Fir a Bhraighe so shuas,
 'S deagh Mhac-Griogair-bho Ruadh struth chro.

'N uair a bhladh tu n' Loch Treig
 Bu dluth 'tholladh tu beinn;
 Bu tu marbhaiche 'n eisg le leois;

Agus coisiche 'chairn
 Leis an cinneadh an t scalg,
 'Bheireadh fuil air damh dearg nan croc.

'N uair a ranig mi 'Chruach,
 Bha mi t' ionndraichinn bhuam;
 'S e do mhulad 'bha tuairgneadh orm.

Tha do chinneadh mor fhein
 Fò mhulad 'ad dheigh,
 'Mhic an fhir o Loch-Treig a fneoir.

'S ann an torachd nan each
 'Dh'fhag mi 'n t-og a b'fhearr dreach:
 Cha dè dhiobair a chlach an t ord.

'S ann 'n a shineadh 'san allt
 Bha ceann-taighe mo ghraidh,
 Ged a thuit thu le dermad leo.

Cha bu spuillear air tuath
 Dha 'n do ruisgeadh an uaigh;
 Bha mo dhiubhail air ghuailnibh sloigh.

Chaireadh ceannard an t-sluaigh
 Le 'dha leanabh 'san uaigh;
 Fath mo ghearain 's mi fuasgladh dheoir.

According to the person who sent me this poem, it was composed about Aonghus Mac Raonuill Oig, and is the original version of Bìodh an uidheam so 'triall. I cannot accept this view of the poem. I look upon it as being made up of stanzas from three or four different poems. The greater portion of it seems to me to be far more applicable to Macdonald of Sleat or Glengarry than to Aonghus MacRaonuill Oig. Some of the verses appear in the Elegy on Sir James of Sleat. I feel confident that these verses really belong to that poem. I am not aware of valid ground upon which it could be said of Aonghus MacRaonuill Oig, Bhìodh Iain Muideartach leat's MacLeod. But this could be said concerning Sir James of Sleat with a fair degree of propriety. He married, as his second wife, Mary, daughter of John Macleoid, 14th of Harris; whilst Florence, one of his daughters by his first wife, was married to John Macleod, 16 of Harris. Iain Breac Roderick, 17th of Harris, was Sir James's grandson.

Raon Ruari.

An ainm an aigh ni mi tus
Air a mheanmna so 'm run
Chan i 'so 'n aimsir mu 'n duin an ceitein oirn

Na faicteadh loingeas an righ
'Cur an splonnaidh gu tir,
Chan e Uilleam tha mi cho deidhell air.

Ach righ Seumas 's a shiol
A dh-ordich Dia gus ur dion;
Cha righ lasid d'am flach dhuinn geilleachdinn.

Ach mar dig thu air ball,
S do leintean criosa ga'n call,
Is cend misde leinn thali san Epheit thu.

An comunn clotach gun bhalgh
A shuidh an ionad nan Stath
Mar cho-meata chuir Satan seula riu.

Paca sligheach na ceilg.
D'am bu dligheach a mheirg,
Dhubh am fitheach le salchar eucair iad.

Cha b'e 'm brathadair coir
Bha cur gabhail fo 'm foid,
Ach fear an taigh' nach bu choir bu sheuconds
dhuibh.

Ann sa bheithe bheag og
Tha fo bhaile mhic-Dheors',
Gum bullonar fear cleochd' bha reubte ann.

An Raon-Ruari nam bad
Bu lionmhor ualg is corp rag
Bha aig luchd shluasid is chaib gan leidigeadh.

Air a bhruthach a stad
Fo dhubhar nam bad,
Chaidh nan siubhal gu grad na reubaltich.

A shar Chleibhir nan each
 Bu cheann-feadhun thu air feachd
 Mo chreach leir an tus gleachd mar dh-eirich
 dhuit.

Bu lasair theine dhaibh t' fhearg
 Gus an d' eirich mi-shealbh;
 Bhuall am pelleir fo earball t' eaidh thu.

Cha robh t-eascarid suas
 Eadar Arcamh is Tuaid,
 Mur bhl an tacaid a bhuall san eudann thu.

Bu mhor cosgradh do lamh
 Fo do chlogaide ban;
 Do chorp nochdte geal graidh ga eaidgeadh.

Nuair dhaom t-uaislean am mach,
 Cha sgoath bhuachailleann mhait,
 Ach luchd bhualadh nan cnap gu speireadail.

Clann Domhnaill an aigh
 Luchd a chonnsaich gach blar,
 Cha do ghabh sibh riamh sgath roimh reubaltich.

Is iomad fiuran deas og
 Gun lan duirn air de dh-fheol,
 Nach gabh curam 's a chomhrag eiridh leibh.

'S llongmhor lasgaire dian
 Bha fo 'n cuid bhratach dol sìos
 'S cha b-iad na fathichibh crìon 'ur reis-maldean.

Agus lamh bu mhor lughas
 A chur na Spaintich gu cul
 'Ghearradh chlaighnan chuaimh-smuis is fheithe-
 anan.

Fhuair iad deannal sa choill
 Bho chruaigh lannalbh siol-chuinn,
 A bhruchd nan deannalbh thar tuinn trom
 chreuchdeach iad.

Bu Ìonar plorbhulc is gruag
A chaidh a spea'tadh mu 'n cnuaic
S bha fuil dhaite na stualdh air feuran ann.

Mo run an Domhnaill Gorm og
Bho n tur Shleithich s bho n Ord,
Fhuair thu deuchainn s bu mhor an sgeula sin

Gradh an t-Alasdair Dubh
Bho Aird-Gharidh nan struth
Bha air a tharruing an tuigh nan eucorach.

Bha ann an tanaistear ur
S b'og am planntas mo run
S cha'b'e'n campair air chul na sgeithe e.

Bha bhrathair eil ann Iain Og
S dh-aomich pelleir trolmh fheoil
S caol a thearinn e beo bho n spelleireachd.

'S e 'Prionns Uilleam 's a shluagh
'Dh'fhag an duthich so truagh
Nuair a chuir e thar cuan rìgh Seumas bhuainn.

Ach guidheam sgrios agus plaigh,
Gort is mìosguinn is bas,
Air an sìochd mar bh'air al na h-Elphelte.

Gach aon latha dol sìos
Caigneadh chlàidhibh trolmh'm bian
'S coin a cailteamh an dìol air sleibhtichinn.

Thig am Frangach a steach
Le treun champa chuid each
S bidh a bhanga'd s a bhreac-staolg greidhte.
dhuit.

Theid thu Hanobher air ais
Thig an còt dhiot an cals;
'S i sean choir a choin ghla's a b fheumaille.

Ged tha an cogadh so searbh,
Air a thogail gu garg,
Le ceann nathrach bìoth eàrball peucaig air.

The foregoing version of "An ainm an aigh ni mi tus" was sent to me a few days ago. As the person sending it desires to have it printed I comply with his request.

Cumha.

DO SHIR DOMHNALL SHLEITE-

'S cian 's gu fada mi 'm thamh,
'S trom leam m' aigneadh fo phramh;
Bho nach cadal dhomh seimh 's tim eirigh.
'S cian 's gur fada &c.

Laigh an aois orm gu cruaidh,
Dreach an aoig air mo ghruaidh,
'S rinn e faodall bhoichd through dha fein
diom.

a leann dubh orm gach la-
'Se gam mhuchadh a ghnath,
Air mo chuis-sa cha ra-sgeul breig e.

Tha gach urra 'dol dhlom
Bho 'm faigh 'nn furan le miadh,
A choig urrad 's a b'fhiach mi 'dh-eirig.

Chaill mi armulnn mo sluic,
Mo sglath laidir 's mo phruip,
Iad ri aiteach an t sluic is feur orr'.

Fath mo bhioraidh 's mo cholg,
'Thaobh gach iomairt so 'dh' fhaibh,
Luaths bhur n-iomachd air lorg a cheile.

Mhuch me mheadail 's mo mheas
Daol 'bhi cladhach bhur slios;
Chaidh mo raghain fo lic de leugaibh.

Bhuall an t-earrach orm spot,
 'S trom a dh' fhairich mi 'lot,
 Chuir e 'n lughad mo thoirt, 's beag m' fheum
 air.

Bas Shlr Domhnall bho 'n Chaol
 Chuir mo chomhnuidh fo sgaoll,
 Dh' fhag mi 'm onar 'san aois gam leireadh.

'S ann riut a labhrainn mo mhlann
 Gu dana, ladarna, dian,
 Ged a bhidhinn da thrian 'san eucoir.

'Stomad smaointinn bochd, truagh,
 'Teachd air m' aire gach uair,
 Bho 'n la 'chaochail air snuadh fear t' eugaig.

Leoghann-freachail, ard,
 Muinte, sploradal, garg,
 Umhall, iriosal, feardha, treubh-ach.

Leug nan arm is nan each,
 Reimell, calma, gun aire,
 Dh'eug thu 'n Armadail glas nan de'deag.

Bha do chinneadh fo phramh,
 Do thuath 's do phaighearan mall,
 Uaislean t' fhearainn 's gach lan fhearfeusaig.

Bha mnai beul-dearg a bhruit
 Ri call an cille 's am fuil,
 'S each ag eiteadh do chuirp air delle.

Moch 'sa mhaduinn Diardaoin
 Thog iad tasgaidh mo ghaoll,
 'N deidh a phasgadh gu caoi 'sna leintean.

'N ciste ghtubhais nam bord,
 An truaili chumhaing na 's leoir,
 'N deidh a dubhadh fo 'n t-srol air speicean.

Gu eaglais Shleite na stuaidh,
 'Chosg thu fhein ri chur suas,
 Ged nach d' fhuirich thu buan ri 'sgleutadh.

Fhuair thu deannal no dho,
'Dh 'fhag do phannal fo bhron,
'S gum bu ghearan an leon mun eigheadh.

Air Raon-Rualridh nan strac,
Far 'n do bhuannich sibh blar,
Chail thut' uaislean is t-armuinn ghleusda.

Air an talamh chrìon, chruaidh,
'S nach falaicheadh gearrag a cluas.
Fhuair sibh deannal na lualthe leithe.

Bu neo-chraobhaidh na seold
'Fhuair sa chaonnaig an leon,
B' an diu Raonall is Eoin is Seumas.

Ann ad thalla mar thriath,
Cha bu ghnath leat 'bhl crìon,
Gum bu nollaig le sìon do reidhlean.

B' e 'm bol pathaidh do mhiann
Bhl 'ga chaitheamh gu dian;
'S 'n uair a thraight' e gun lìonteadh reidh
leat,

De dh-uisge-beatha 's de bheoir,
'Slad a gabhail na 's leoir,
Mar a thoilicheadh beoil ga eigheach.

Mu bhord gun tioma, gun ghruaim,
Le ol, 's le iomairt, 's le sluagh,
Is ceol 'bu bhinne na cuach 'sa cheitein.

Dh' fhalbh na spallpean an null,
'Bha fial, farsuinne, 'nan grunn;
Cha b' iad na fachalch gun rum, gun leud iad.

Domhnall Gorm 'bu ghlan gnais,
Fear bu mhine de 'n triuir,
'S cha bu chorr-cheann e 'n cuirt rìgh Seurlas.

Cha dean mi run ach gu foll
Do 'n al ur 's 'th' air teachd oirnn,
Bho nach dulsgear le ceol Sir Seumas.

Dh' fhalbh thu fhein 's do cheud mhac,
 Mala gheur sibh gu neart;
 'S fad' o cheille fo cheapaibh reisg sibh.

'S blath an leap' air bhur clonn,
 Seach daormuinn 'thaisgeadh an t-suil;
 Sibh 'bu sgapach air buinn le felle.

Thuir mi 'n urrad ud ruibh,
 Tha mi 'm urrainn g'a dhlol;
 Slan 'ur muineil cha till sibh breug orm.

Faodail, a waif, a thing found without
 an owner. Reimeil, authoritative. Brot
 or brat, a veil. Bruit, of the veil. Pan-
 nal, a band of men. Craobhaidh—ner-
 vous, tender, shivering. Fachach---a
 little insignificant man ; also a puffin.
 Daormunn---a miser. Eiteadh---stretch-
 ing. Slan, in spite of. Sir Donald Mac-
 donald, 10th of Sleat, died February 5,
 1695.

Marbhrann.

DO DH-ALASDAIR DUBH GHLINNE-GARADH.

LUINNEAG.

Ho ro 's fada, 's gur fada,
 Is cian fada mo bhron,
 O 'n la charadh gu h-iseal
 Do phearsa phriseil fo 'n fhoid.
 Tha mo chridhe-sa ciuirt'
 Cha dean mi sugradh ri m' bheo,
 On dh' fhalbh ceannard nan uaislean,
 Oighre dualach an t-Sroim.

'S mi ag eiridh 'sa mhaduinn
 Gur beag m' aiteas ri sugradh,
 On dh' fhalbh nachdaran fearail
 Ghlinne-Garadh air ghiulan,
 'S ann am flaitheas na failte
 Tha ceannard aillidh na duthcha ;
 Sar choirnileir foinnidh
 Nach robh foilleil do 'n chrun thu.

'S maig a tharladh roimh d' dhaoine
 Nuair thogteadh fraoch ri do bhrataich;
 Dh' eireadh stuadh an clar t-eudainn
 Le neart feirg agus gaisge;
 Sud an com 'bha neo-sgathach,
 'S an t-suil bu bhlaithe gun ghaiseadh;
 Gum biodh maoim air do naimhdean
 Ri linn dhuit spainteach a ghlacadh,

Fhuair thu n' cliu sin o thoiseach,
 Is cha b' olc e r 'a innseadh;
 Craobh chosgairt 'sa bhlar thu
 Nach gabhadh sgath roimh luchd-peicean;
 No roimh shàighdearan dearga,
 Ged a b' armailt an rìgh iad,
 Le 'n cuid cheannartan fuilteach,
 Is le 'n gunnathan cinnteach.

Gur a farsuinn do ranntan
 Ri 'n seanachas 's ri 'n sloinneadh;
 Gur tu oighr' an Iarl' Ilich
 Nach d' choisinn eis le gnìomh foilleil,
 Marcaich' ard nan each cruideach,
 Nan srian ur' 's nan lann soilleir;
 Lamh threun ann an cruadal,
 Ceannard sluaigh a toirt teine.

Fhuair thu onair fir Alba,
 Bha meas is ainm air fear t' aignidh,
 Fear do ghliocas 's do gheire,
 Do chliu, do cheuntaidh, 's do ghaisge,
 Thug Dia gibitean le buaidh dhuit,

Cridhe fuasgailteach, farsuinn,
'Fhir bu chiuine na mbaighdean,
Is bu ghairge nan lasair.

'S goirt an t-carchall a thachair
On chaidh an iomairt so tuathal ;
O la blar Sliabh-an-t-Siorra
Chaill ar cinncach an uaislean;
Thionndaidh chuibhl' air clann-Domhnaill,
An treas connspunn bhi uatha,
Clann is colair Chlann-Raghnaill,
An fhuil ard 's i gun truailleadh.

'N nis on dh' fhalbh na fir dhaicheil,
'Chleachd mar abhaist 'bhi suairec,
Deagh Shir Domhnall a Sleite,
Bu mhor reusan is cruadal,
Ailain Muideartach fearail,
'S an triath Garannach buadhach,
Cha dig gu brath air Clann-Domhnaill
Triuir chonnspunn cho cruaidh riu.

A Thi dh'fhuing nar n-aite,
Eisd ad ghras rí ar n-urnigh,
Cum an t-aog o dha bhrathair
'N fhir a charadh fo'n uir leinn,
A dheanamh treise do'n alach so
A dh' fhagadh gun suilean,
Slíochd an t-scabhaig 's an armuinn
Nach dugadh each an sgiath chuil deth.

Nuair threig each an cuid fearainn,
Is nach d' fhan iad san rioghachd,
Sheas thusa gu fearail,
Gun sgath, sgainneal, no mi-chliu,
Chuir thu fuaradh na froise
Seach ar dorsan gar dionadh ;
Gun robh t-aigneadh cho laidir
Ri leoghann ard de 'n fhuil rioghail

Cha robh iarl' ann an Albainn
Gheibheadh carbsa no run bhuaite,

'S gum biodh toiseach gach naidheachd
Gu lamhan a chuirteir.

Seabhag firinneach, suairce,
'Chleachd bhi cruadalach, turail,
Ceannard mhaithean is uaislean
Bha air ghuaillnibh ga ghiulan.

Sgeul a b' ait leam r'a eisdeachd,
'S a bhi ga leirsinn le 'r siulean,
Do mhac oighre bhith 't fhearann
Mar bu mhath le luchd durachd.
Ach aon neach leis am b' oil e,
Luaidhe ghlas le neart fudair
'Bhith troimh cluidh' air a fiaradh
Chor 's nach iarradh e tionndadh.

Alexander Macdonell of Glengarry, Alasdair
Dubh, died in 1724.

I cannot believe that John Lom was
the author of the foregoing elegy. It is
fairly certain that he was in his grave
long before it was composed.

John Lom was present at the battle of
Stun-a-Chlachlain in 1640. It is admitted
by everybody that he was at least sixteen
years of age at the time. Consequently
he must have been born as early as 1624.
But Alasdair Dubh of Glengarry died in
1724. John Lom, if living at that time,
must have been one hundred years of age.
But it seems unreasonable, without clear
proof, to ask us even to believe that the
elegy on Glengarry was composed by a
centenarian. John Lom composed an
elegy on Aonghas MacRannull Oig in

1640. It does not look like the composition of a boy of sixteen. I take for granted that John Lom was a good deal older than sixteen in 1640.

The Rev. Donald Macnicol published remarks on Dr. Johnson's tour to the Hebrides, in 1779. In that work he states that John Lom lived to an extreme old age, and that there were still living people of very advanced years who remembered to have seen him. People of very advanced years, said to be people who were at least eighty-five years, or people who were born in 1694, and who were fifteen years of age in 1709. If John Lom had lived until 1724, there must have been a good many persons living in 1779 who had seen him, and these, persons who were not of very advanced years.

The sketch of John Lom which is published in *Sar-Obair nam Bard* was written by Dr. Macintyre of Kilmonivaig. Dr. Macintyre tells us that John Lom died at a very advanced age about the year 1710. Than Dr. Macintyre there could be no better authority. He took an interest in Gaelic poetry, and had the best possible opportunities for becoming acquainted with John Lom's history.

In view of the foregoing facts, I take for granted that John Lom died in 1709 or 1710, probably in 1709. But when was he born? According to Mr. Macnicol, Dr. Macintyre, and some Keppoch traditions that I have heard, he lived to an extreme old age. I think we must come to the conclusion that he was at least ninety or ninety-five years of age when he died. Thus, then, he must have been born as early as 1620, perhaps as early as 1615.

Beannachd leat, Iain Luim. Chuir mise t' orain am mach cho math 's cho ceart 's a b' urrainn mi. Tha mi 'n dochas gun dig cuid-eiginn am dheidh a ni nas fhearr.

Notes.

1. From Turner's collection.
2. From R. Macdonald's collection. The last line of the eighth verse is given in the book as follows:—'S bhiodh briogadh an deidh a h-earr'.
3. Sixteen verses from Dr. Maclean's MS. The chorus, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th verses from Turner's collection. The following verses have been omitted:—

'N cuala sibh an turas ainmeil
'Thug Alasdair mac Cholla 'dh-Albainn'.
Rinneadh leis pronnadh is marbhadh,
'S leagadh leis Coileach Srath-Bhailgaidh.

An t-eun dona ' fhuair a cheusadh
An Sasuon, an Albainn, 'S an Eirinn,
Gur h-it e a cul do sgeithe,
'S gur misde leam gun do gheill e.

These verses refer to the Earl of Huntly. If leagadh leis were dh' islich e there might be some truth in the 4th line. As it stands, it cannot be reconciled with historic facts.

4. From Turner's collection. The third line as given by Turner is as follows:—Choisinn latha Allt-Eirinn le mhor-shluagh. It was Montrose's genius that won the battle of Auldearn. Alister hac Coll had not a mor-shluagh or large host under him. A taug bualdh an Allt-Eirinn le chonnsputinn would be true. The third line of the third verse is, Nuair a bha thu 'sa gharadh a' t' onar. Alister mac Coll was not alone in the garden, sheep-pen, or whatever the enclosure may have been. The third line of the sixth verse is, Bha na shineadh am polla ud

Lochaidh. John Lom would never say that there were many of Montrose's men lying in the pool of Lochy. But what could Inverlochy have to do with Auldearn? The 7th verse is by myself. The last verse has been omitted. It is as follows:—

Chuir sibh pairt diu air theicheadh
Gus 'n do ranig sibh Muiri,
'S chuir sibh lasraichean teine 'sa Mhoraich.

So far as I can learn Montrose did not set fire to Moraich Mhic-Shimi, at the time of the battle of Auldearn. There may, however, have been a Moraich, or Mor-fhalche, between Nairn and Garmouth. But whether there was or not, John Lom had too good an ear for music to suppose that Muiri rhymed with theicheadh.

5. From Dr. Maclean's MS. and John Maclean's MS.

6. From R. Macdonald's collection.

7. From the Highland Monthly, Vol. I, page 278. The 8th verse is from Turner's collection.

8. From Turner's collection.

9. From A. and D. Stewart's collection.

10. From Dr. Maclean's MS.

11. From Turner's collection. The 18th verse is from Gillies's collection, page 75.

I have omitted four verses. If a man does not believe that a person whom he disliked went to Heaven when he died, he had better say nothing about his occupation in the world of spirits.

12. From the transactions of the Gaelic society of Inverness, vol. XII., and Turner's collection.

13. The first nineteen verses are from Turner's collection. The 20th verse and the last fourteen verses were sent me by Alexander Macdonald, Ridge.

14. From Turner's collection. The 8th and 15th verses are by myself. A reir na naidh-eachd a thugadh dhomhsa, fhuair an Cruiteir a bhean aige ann an suidheachadh maille ri duine eirle anns nach bu choir d'i a bhith. An aite naire a ghabhail 's ann a thol'sich i air a chain-eadh 's air tilgeadh chlach air.

15 From Gilles's collection. The third line of the third verse is given in that work as follows:—Fraoch fod 'shin, gun bhosd, gun bhag radh. The last two lines of the fourth verse are given thus,—

Sgriab Ghilleasbig Ruaidh a Uibhist,
Bhuail e meall an ceann an uighe.

I have reason to believe that the Ciaran Mabach was known as Gilleasbig Dubh, not as Gilleasbig Ruadh. I am not prepared, however, to insert Ghilleasbig Dhuibh in place of Ghilleasbig Ruaidh.

I received the following verse from Alexander Macdonald, Ridge:—

Chuir thu stopadh air na caolais
Mun leigt' ort iad le maol sneimhell;
Rinn thu gach coit is ramh a shaoradh,
Mharbh thu boc 's gun d' lot thu 'mhaolseach

Maol-sneimhell, careless, is an adjective; the noun is maol-sneimhealas. It is said that a shot fired in through the window wounded Alasdair Ruadh's wife in the leg. This explains the reference to the maolseach.

The first line of the 8th verse is, A Mhoire, 's buidheach mise, Dhia, dhìot. Without changing these words the thu in the next verse would refer grammatically to the Deity. I might, however, have avoided this difficulty by giving the 8th verse as the last. I got the ninth verse from

Alexander Macdonald, but changed dh' eittich to smachdaich. I got the following lines also from Mr. Macdonald:—

Claighean gun saonadh bho chorpaibh,
Mar chinn laogh an deidh am plotadh.

These lines, as given by Gillies, are as follows:—

Claighean gan faoisgneadh a copar,
Marr chinn laogh an deidh am plotadh.

These lines are very poetic, but are they founded upon a fact? Are we to suppose that the heads were actually put in a copper vessel of some kind, or in a pot, and washed there? The word plotadh favors this view.

16. From Turner's collection. I got the fifth verse from an old neighbor, John Macdonald, an Tallaich Abrach.

17. From the Gael, vol. V., page 76.

18. From Dr. Maclean's MS.

19. From Turner's collection. The first verse is given by Turner as follows:—

Gur a fada mi 'm thamh,
Thuit mo chridhe gu lar;
A Rìgh, 's deacair dhomh tamh 's mi beo.

It is not desirable to have tamh rhyme with thamh.

The seventh verse is given thus,—

Nuair a rachadh tu 'm mach
B'ard a chluinnteadh do smachd,
Bhiodh Iain Muideartach leat 's Mac-Leòid.

As I understand these words, they mean either that Macleod was a follower of Sir James or that he was in the habit of marching with him to battle.

20. From R. Macdonald's collection.

21. This poem and the 22nd are taken from Turner's collection. They are given in that work as one poem, under the heading of Oran air Blar Tomaphubull.

22. The chorus and the first two verses refer to Lord Macdonell. The last three verses seem to belong to the poem on the Marquis of Athole, Slan gun dlth dhuit a Mharcuis. I have omitted the following verses:—

'M bruadar chunnale mi 'm chadal
B' fhearr gum faicinn e 'm dhusgadh;
'S mi nach fuireadh na b' fhaide
Ann am plaide fo thursa.
Le aon sealladh dhe t' aodann
Nuair a phlaosgadh mo shuillean,
B' ionnan eirigh do m' aigheadh
S' leum a bhradain le luth-chleas.

Gur a mise 'bha tursach,
'N am dhomh duscadh a m' bhruadar,
A bhith faicinn do chursaibh
'Dol an null air Druim-uachdar;
Bhith gad chur an toll-butha,
'S gun mo dhuil thu thigh 'nn uaithe.
Laigh smal air mo shugradh
Gus an ruisgear an uaigh dhomh.

These verses seem to refer to the Marquis of Huntly or to the Earl of Athole. They might suit at the beginning of Cumha Morair Hunndaidh.

23. From Turner's collection.

24. From Turner's collection.

25. From D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire. As published in that work, it contains nine verses, namely, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, and 17th. The 12th 's by myself.

26. From John Maclean's MS.

27. From Gilles's collection.

28. There are four versions of this poem, Dr. Maclean's, Turner's, Ewen Maclachlan's and Alexander Macdonald's. Dr. Maclean's and Turner's differ but very little. Ewen Maclachlan copied his version from an old MS. He states that the poem was composed about Lord Macdonell. The poem, as I have given it, is partly from Dr. Maclean's version and partly from Ewen Maclachlan's. Both these versions contain the 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th verses. But they do not give the 4th and 10th verses in the same way. The 4th is given by Ewen Maclachlan as follows:—

Thèid mi shealltulan an null
Air nigh'n Sheumais nan tur,
Gum meal thu 'n staoidhle sin puid ri 'd bheo.

If the poem is about Lord Macdonell nigh'n Sheumais should be nigh'n Domhnaill; if about Macdonald, of Sleat, it should be Sir Seumas or Sir Domhnaill. The 10th verse, as given by Dr. Maclean, runs thus,—

'Sleat Sir Domhnaill o'n Choal,
'Sleat Clann Domhnaill na laoiach,
Sud a bhuidheann nach maom 'san toir.

Ewen Maclachlan has it as follows:—

Leat a dh' eireadh na laoiach,
Clann-Domhnaill an fhraoich,
Sud na connspulnn nach faoin 'san toir.

Of course the only difference of any consequence is in the first line.

The fifth verse is in my opinion the best in the poem. But to whom does it refer? I feel confident that it must refer to Sir James of Sleat, to Lord Macdonell, or to Sir Donald of Sleat. As John Lom was a man of good common sense, I am inclined to think that Sir James and Lord

Macdonell were dead, and that Sir Donald was the man of whom he said, 'S tu a thaghaime de'n al s' tha beo.

29. From R. Macdonald's collection. The last two lines of the first verse are given in that work as follows:—

'N deoch-s' air Calptin Chloinn-Domhnall,
'S air Sir Alasdair og 'thig o'n Chaol.

Sir James Macdonald, ninth of Sleat, was succeeded by his son, Donald. He had no son named Alexander. Sir James 13th of Sleat died in 1723. He was succeeded by his son Alexander, who was born in 1710 and married in 1733. My reasons for believing that the poem was composed about Sir Donald, 10th of Sleat, are these:— In the first place, as we are not in possession of John Lom's poems as they were composed Sir Alasdair may be a mistake. In the second place, according to Ranald Macdonald the poem was composed in the time of Sir James, ninth of Sleat. In the third place, the subject of the poem was a married man, but Sir Alexander, 14th of Sleat, was not married until the year 1733.

I have rejected the following lines from the twelfth verse:—

A chraobh fhìogius gun ghaiseadh
'Chuireadh fion d'i am pailteas.

If the fig-tree belongs to the arms of the Macdonalds of Sleat, and it yields wine in abundance, these lines should have been retained.

30. From Turner's collection. The last two lines of the first verse are given in that work as follows:—

Gu bheil mulad fo d' chom ort
Mu bhas Ghoud Iarla Moire.

So far as known to me there was no such man as Ghoud Iarla Moire. As the poem was com-

posed about 1682, and as Lord Macdonell died in that year, it is possible that he was the person referred to by John Lom. The first half of the 8th verse is by myself.

The Earl of Argyll met John, first Earl of Athole of the Murray family, at the ford over the river Lyon, near Kenmore in Breadalbane. The former had 5,000 men with him, the latter 1200. Argyll invited Athole to a private conference. Whilst Athole and his friends were on the way they were seized by men who had been planted in ambush by Argyll, and sent off as prisoners to Edinburgh.

31. From Turner's collection.

32. From Gillies's collection. The last five verses were sent me by Alexander Macdonald, Ridge.

33. From Turner's collection.

34. From Gillies's collection.

35. From D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire.

36. From D. C. Macpherson's Duanaire.

37. From John Maclean's MS.

38. Sent me by Alexander Macdonald, Ridge. Instead of 'S leat Sir Domhnall bho 'n Chaol, Ewen MacIachlan has Leat a dh' eireadh na laoiach. According to D. C. Macpherson the 21st and 24th verses are about Gilleasbig na Ceapich.

39. Sent me by Alexander Macdonald, Ridge. This version of the poem is better than the one given at page 79. Of course ionad nan stait is preferable to ionad nan stath. Stait means a leading man in the state.

40. From R. Macdonald's collection. By an oversight this poem was not sent to the printer in time. It was only when I was writing out the index that I missed it. It should have been inserted before Oran an Agaidh an Aonaidh.

41. From Turner's collection.

The few shorts stanzas composed by myself

were inserted merely as connecting links. I have pointed them all out.

I have to thank Alexander Macdonald, Ridge, Antigonish, for the poems and verses that he has sent me. Mr. Macdonald is intimately acquainted with the history, traditions, and poetry of the Macdonalds of Keppoch. He has more poems by heart than any other person known to me.

Corrections.

The figures denote the number of the poem as given in the index.

1. For Loch Lay, read Loch Tay.
2. For chargadh, read chaogadh; for bhuid beann, bhuidheann; for thlg, thig; for sheoltd, sheolta; and for brisgadh, briogadh.
3. For dhubblan read dhubhlan, and for Tugh, Lugh.
4. For euchduch read euchdach, for ruisghe, ruisgte, and for Lamess, Lamers.
5. For Hubhairt read Dhubhairt; for Uislain, Uisdein; for ann siuil, an t-siuil; and for nuthidhean, fiubhlaidhean.
6. For 'S cha dean in the 11th verse, 'S cha d' rinn; for croich, crioich; for cunhnadh, comhnadh; for Dunabheirt, Òhunabheirt; for sconnsa, etc., sgounsa, a scone or small fort; and for Dainaverty, Dunaverty.
7. For Bhoid, etc., read Bhiodh do sheomraichean; for asde 'n, as de 'n; for bodchd, bochd; for tll-butha, toll-butha; for fionmhor, llongmhor; and for thamhann, thamhain.
8. For 'S gu fheil read 'S gu bheil; for

amhais, amhare; for Tuath eh, Tuathach; for duigh, diugh; for nachdaran, uachdaran, for oragan, organ; for t' h', th'; for chladheah, chladheabh; for guibhsaich, giubhsaich; and for Bangshire, Bannfshire.

9. For Dhruinn read Dhruim; for Gun mheas, Gun mheas.

10. For ri read ri, and for Inverikething, Inverkeithing.

11. For mulaich read mullaich; for sheanus, sheanns; for chuibhil, chuibhle; for chriseachd, choiseachd; for stobadh, stopadh; for uinchair, iuchair; for crunn, crun; for an Athair, an Athar; for thasaig; thainig; for failthe, failte; for dhiut, dhuit; for Nuair fhuaradh, Nuair a fhuaradh; for cho sinn, choisinn; for shuileam, shuilean.

12. For an t-sionn read an t-sion; for Fha, Tha; f-achreupag, chreubhag; and for Ronald, Ranald.

13. For Daire-na-mine read Daile-na-mine; for leoghan, leoghann; and for choimas, choimeas.

14. For duigh read diugh; for chradhbhach chraobhach; for carebain, caochain; for chalaiddh, chollaiddh; for strathadh, shathadh; for ghuibhais, ghiubhais; and for chalin', chalm.

15. For shinbhleadh read shiubhleadh; for bheulach, bheorlach; for n ach, mach; for maoinleadh, maomadh; and for fhlaolum, fhaolum.

16. For snuig read smuig, and for baladh, boladh.

17. For rodnaich read ronnaich; brusg-shiulean, brusg-shuilean, for milleadh, uilleadh; and for reask-shuil, reasp-shuil.

18. Perhaps do cheill, your sense, in the 16th verse should be do cheil', your wife. The words in the MS. are do cheille.

19. For Gur ma in the 12th verse read Gum a, and for Dounachad Reamhan, Donnachadh Reamhar.

20. For claidheadh read claidheabh, and for tilleadh, tilleadh.

21. For suibhal read siubhal, and for ceadan, ceudan.

22. For cleachd read cleoc; for Ghuibhsich, Ghiubhsaich; for sirig, eirig; and for ghullan, ghiullan.

23. For ghuibhais read ghiubhais; for damh nan croc, damh dearg nan croc, for sluagh in the 10th verse, tuath.

24. The first line of the 7th verse is in the MS. Ghlac an cara greim teanachrach. I do not know what cara is or stands for.

25. For saile read sail; for 'Chur robh, Cha robh; for thahadh, thathadh; for 'N ioch, 'N laoch; for chaibh, dhaibh; and for bheireadh, bheireadh.

26. For uchair read iuchair; for ur, la urla; and for buailtheadh, buailteadh. Delete the last sentence of the note.

27. For inbhraich read iubhraich; for chleusan, chleasan; for 'S n Leodaich, 'S na Leodaich; for claisaichean, clarsaichean; for bassala, banala; and for chuirn, chuirn.

28. For taigh-ghrunnaich read taigh-ghrunnaidh; for chlachan, a chlach i; for gluice, glaiice; for Duimhnich, Duibhnich; for teine, teallach; for a'r n, air an; for dhochas d' fhuilghair; for Stiubhart, Stiubhart; for ghulneach, ghuineach; for treudan, teudan; for cireadh, sireadh; for solais, sulais; for a chumhachd, a chumhachd; for shid, clud; for bneisd, beist; for sgrois, sgrios; for 'Bheisd ghrannnd, A bheist ghrannnd; for chamhaig, chnamhag; for rint, riut; and for Marquils of Tullibardine, Marquils of Athole.

31. For dh' innich, dh' imich; for t-sleighe, t-sleibhe; for 'rian, 'nan; for da dheidh, na dheidh; for Ram aidh, Ramsaidh; and for dhuinne, dhuine.

32. For laisd, lasaid; for nochduldh, nochduidh; for dan, ban; and for roim, roimh; for Ge ceann, Le ceann; for gleidhte, greidhte.

33. For iull read iull; for Spain, spain; for Dh' fhashtuinn, Dh' fhaotunn; for choiseachd, coiseachd; and for Aimheabach, aimhealach.

34. For Anam read An am; for ruchain, rucain; for Liunusaidh, Liunnsaidh; and for luioch, luirich.

35. For uaile read naile, and for suibhal, siubhal.

36. For ged mhisde read ged bu mhisde, and for duilteadh, diultadh.

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