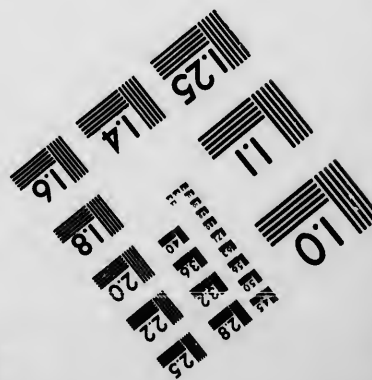
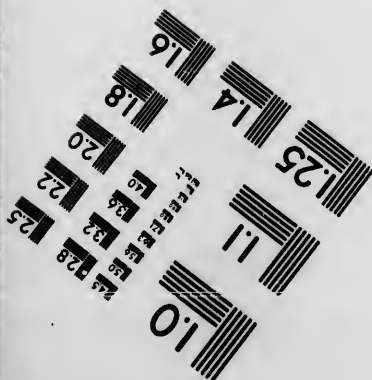
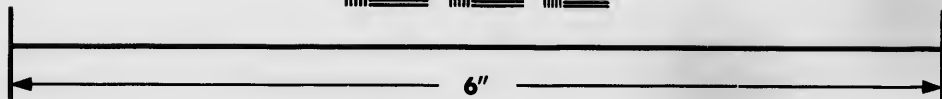
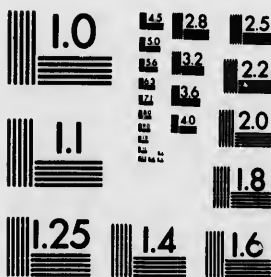


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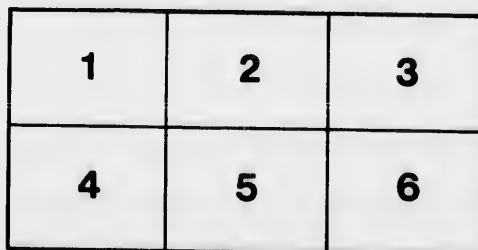
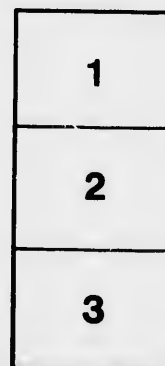
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BY THE
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Vol. I.
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1898.

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PREFACE.

The poems contained in this work have been taken almost wholly from the manuscript collections of Dr. Hector Maclean and John Maclean, the Poet.

Dr. Hector Maclean was the only son of Lachlan Maclean of Grulin, in the Isle of Mull. He was a well-educated and well-read man. He married Catherine, daughter of Donald Maclean of Coll, by whom he had a daughter named Mary. He lived during the latter part of his life on the farm of Erray, near Tobermory. He collected a number of valuable Gaelic poems about the year 1768. They are written in a strongly bound volume of foolscap size. They cover 128 pages. The writing is small, but neat and plain. The whole of the long elegy at page 116 of this work occupies only two pages and a half. Dr. Maclean died about the year 1785.

Mary Maclean, Dr. Hector's daughter, was an exceedingly clever girl. Dr. Johnson, who had spent a night at her father's house in 1773, pronounced her the most accomplished lady that he had

met in the Highlands. She fell in love with a man named Duncan Mackenzie, who was in every respect her inferior. Rather than displease her father she remained unmarried for a long time. Shortly after his death she became the wife of the man she loved. They lived in Tobermory. They may have been happy, but they were in poor circumstances. After the death of her husband, which took place in 1800, the accomplished Mary, Mairi nigh'n an Dotair, as she was called, was supported by Alexander Maclean of Coll. She gave her father's collection to John Maclean, the Poet. She told him that she had been anxious to publish it, but that poverty had kept her from carrying out her wish. She expressed the hope that it might appear in print some day. She died in 1826, and was buried at Kilmore. She may not have loved wisely; but she was a woman whose memory deserves to be held in respect.

John Maclean, the Poet, was born in Tiree, Argyle-shire, January 8th, 1787. He belonged to the Treshnish branch of the Macleans of Ardgour. He was known in Scotland as Bard Thighearna Chola, or the Laird of Coll's Poet, and in this

country as Am Bard Mac-Gilleain, or the Poet Maclean. He collected a large number of valuable Gaelic poems about the year 1816. His manuscript, which is of foolscap size, contains 641 pages. The first 94 pages contain poems by himself. The remaining pages, 547 in number, contain poems by others. He was a good Gaelic scholar and a good penman, and wrote a large and legible hand. Each page of his manuscript contains about 28 lines. There are thus about 15,316 lines of collected poetry in it. The poet came to Nova Scotia in 1819, and settled at Barney's River, in Pictou County. He removed to Glenbard, in the County of Antigonish, in January, 1831. He died on Wednesday, the 26th of January, 1848.

I may state that my mother was a daughter of John Maclean, the Poet, and that through her influence — and indeed the influence of all my surroundings — I have been led from my youth upwards to take an interest in Gaelic literature. So far as the history and poetry of the Macleans are concerned, I could scarcely help having at least an elementary acquaintance with them. I rejoice, then, to see poems with which I have been

familiar from my boyhood now collected and published.

I do not feel called upon to thank those who have contributed towards paying the cost of printing this work. From my point of view they have simply done what they ought to do. I am exceedingly thankful, however, that in this money-grabbing age there are men and women in existence who take a genuine interest in the history of their ancestors and the poems which celebrate their virtues and noble deeds. It is well known that there were magnificent fighters among the Macleans. I trust that this work will help to show that they could also boast of men of brains, and heart, and poetic genius.

A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.

Belfast, Prince Edward Island,

January 26th, 1898.

An Clar-innse.

CLANN-GHILLEAIN,	13
BARD MHIC-GILLEAIN,	18
TIGHEARNA CHOLA,	23
Na dèich àitheantan,	24
Calsmeachd Allein nan Sòp,	25
EACHNN BACACH,	28
A Lachainn òig, gun innsinn umad,	29
A Shir Lachainn na Féile,	32
'S ann Di-cladain, a shàir,	35
Thriall ar bunadh gu Pàras,	37
Gur a h-òil leam an sgeula,	41
Gur bochd naidheachd ar dùthcha,	48
Is beag sòbhar mo shùgraidh,	49
CATRIONA NÌC-GILLEAIN,	51
'S ann Di-sathairn a chuàlas,	51
Ged a dh'fhàg thu ri port mi,	54
'N sgeul a thàinig do 'r dùthach,	57
Tha mi 'falbh an cois tuinne,	60
Gur h-e mise 'tha pràmhall,	62
LACHAINN MAC-MHIC-IAIN,	65
Marbphaisr air an t-saoghal chruaidh,	65
'Ghilleasbulg, mo mhallachd ri m' bheo,	69
ANDRA MAC-AN-EASBUIG,	72
Gùn dug mi gaol nach fallinneach,	73
'S bochd an sgeula so 'thàinig,	75
Gur a cràiteach an othall,	77
Bhuams' tha 'n ràitinn,	79
IAIN MAC AILEIN,	82
Is ged nach d' fhaodadh mo thogall suas,	84
Thuir Matreacad nigh 'n Dòmhnall,	85
'Ghilleasbulg, mo bheannachd ri m' bheo,	89
Beir fios leat bhuan do Chearnaburg,	91
'N am 'dhol 'sios, 'n am 'dhol 'sios,	93
Mu'n sgeul so a chualas ac',	96
B'e m' alghear gum b' fhlòr,	98
Nan dlgeadh Sir Iain,	100
An sgeula so 'th' aca,	103

Thoir fios bhuam gu Anndra,	107
Tha mi 'm chadal,	110
'S an Dreallain thà air Iomad fàth,	114
Iomchair mo bheannachd,	116
Beir an t-soraìdh so bhuamsa,	125
Air sgéith na maidne 's luaithe,	128
'Shìl Olaghair gun ainns,	131
Eachdraìdh Thuatha De Danann,	133
Fogradh Thuatha De Danann,	139
Cath Alphuir,	141
Fàilt ort, a Shir Callein reachdmhor,	149
Crosanachd Fhìr nan Drimnean,	152
Clàirsinneachd Fhìr nan Drimnean,	156
Turragan Fhìr nan Drimnean,	157
Bha trì leumannan Mhic Léig,	159
'S beag m' fhaollt a tigh'nn daonnan,	159
Thoir an t-soraìdh so bhuamsa,	160
Gabhaidh mi egeula de m' shagalrt,	161
'S còir dhuinn fàilt 'chur air an leann,	162
Nach fìnnis sibh dhòmhs', a chairdean,	162
Fàilt air taigh mor nau seachd uinneag,	163
Fàilte do bhur a-Imrich Luain,	164
Tha gach cnocan orm na 'chuilth,	165
Gu dé bheir dhuit bhith falbh gágach,	165
O marbhphaisg ort, a shaoghall,	168
Air leam fein gur truagh do dhaoine,	170
'Thì chumhachdalach nan cumhachdan,	173
MAIREARAD NIGH'N LACHAINN,	177
Gur h-e mis' 'th 'air mo leonadh,	180
Gur h-e 'mheudalach mo chràdh,	183
Gun d' fhuair mi sgeul,	187
Dh' fhaibh mo chadal a smaointinn,	189
Ged i; stoc mi 'n déidh crìonadh,	191
'S goirt leam gaolr nam ban Muileach,	192
'Fhìr, 'tha 'n; cathair an Fhreasdail,	205
Chunnalc mise thu, 'Allein,	199
Mo cheist an Leathanach mòdhar,	210
Mo rùn Allein, dà n; lann tana,	215
DOMHNALL BAN MAC-GILLEAIN,	217

	107
ath,	110
	114
	116
	125
	128
	131
n,	133
	139
	141
hor,	149
	152
an,	156
	157
	159
an,	159
	160
	161
nn,	162
an,	162
neag,	163
	164
	165
h,	165
	168
	170
u,	173
	177
	180
	183
	187
	189
	191
	192
	205
	199
	210
	215
	217

'N tús an t-samhraidh so, 'bha,	217
MR. IAIN MAC-GILLEAIN,	221
Ged is grianach an latha,	222
Air teachd o 'n Spain,	223
Tha tamull on 'gair mi de'n dàn,	229
'N aising chunhaic mi 'm chadal,	231
'N am dusgadh dhomh as mo chadal,	233
CALUM A GHILINNE,	235
Mo chailin donh òg,	235
Sud mar c'èomalt mi 'n t-each odhar,	237
IAIN MAC THEARLAICH OIG,	239
Is ann leam nach h-thell tlachdmhor,	239
Cha'n e goirteas mò shroine,	241
EOGHAN MAC-GILLEAIN A BARRA,	244
Fhuair mi naidheachd thar fasàich,	244
A Thèarlach òg, cìad failte dhuit,	246
AN T-AIREACH MUILEACH,	248
An Caimbeulach Dubh,	248
Cha deic fhad 's a tha mi 'g eisdeachd,	249
'S maireg a mhol a Mhòrth' robach,	251
FEAR AN LAGAIN,	252
O, a nighean donn nan gobhar,	252
O 's mis' 'th' air mo lagadh,	253
Cha'n fheil feum anns a mhulad,	255
AILIS NIC-GILLEAIN,	256
MAIRI NIGH'N EOGHAIN,	257
IAIN MAC-EOGHAIN,	259
Nan ùigeadh tús', a Thèarlach,	259
BAIRD NEO-AINMICHTE,	261
'Dheagh Mhic-Coinnich a Brathainn,	261
'Rìgh, nach éireadh i tuath,	263
Ach ge grianach an latha,	266
Gur h-e mis' a tha gam lathadh,	268

Errors and Corrections.

- Page 15, 28, Morairn', Mhorairn'.
 " 19, 26, so'ghardb, so-ghràdh.
 " 26, 16, chliéth, chléith.
 " 41, 21, mar tha sin, mar tha sinn.
 " 52, 4, gach sgios, gach stì.
 " 64, 13, ghlèidh, glèidh.
 " 67, 10, céilth, cléith.
 " 75, 11, dùrachdach, gu dùrachdach.
 " 76, 23, Luthainn, Luthais.
 " 86, 29, freum, freumh.
 " 101, 17, 'Toirt, duinn, 'Toirt dinn.
 " 101, 30, the second of the following lines
 has been omitted:
 Nan tilleadh a chuibhle
 Bharr lomrall a seoil.
 Page 111, 34, daigne, daingne.
 " 127, 21, n'a ghualainn, m' a ghualainn.
 " 131, 19, air a chlu' ladh, air a chiùdadh.
 " 140, 19, Bafanaid, Ba-Fanaid.
 " 144, 20, an fhaire, an fhaire
 " 170, 8, a bhein, a bheir.
 " 175, 34, Gu 'sglugadh, Gu 'shlugadh.
 " 202, 32, Clan Gilleain, Clann Ghilleain.
 " 207, 6, àithe, àite.
 " 210, 32, lùige, lùnge.
 " 225, 8, caoinadh, ga 'chaoinadh.
 " 240, 4, àird', àird'.

Clann-Ghilleain.

LEIS AN FHEAR-DHEASACHAIDH.

Fonn:—Miosa delreannach an fhoghair.

Co bho 'n dàinig an dream chalm' ud,
 'Bu mhor ainm am measg nan Gaidheal?
 Clann-Ghilleain mhòrall, mhùirneach,
 D'am bu dù 'bhith bras 'san àraich.
 Thainig iad, a reir luchd-sgeula,
 Bho'n fhear gheusd ud, Dùghall Sgàinne;
 Seann laoch uasal d'am bu chleachdadh
 Fialachd, ceartas, agus bàigheachd.

Bha GILLEAIN treun de 'shiol-san,
 'S b' ard mar thrìath e 'n Earra-Ghaidheal;
 'S lomadh la a rinn e sgathadh
 Le thuaigh-chatha 'n teas nam blàraibh,
 Lean an sliochd a thainig bhualthe
 Rì ainm uasal, mor, gu laidir;
 'S Clann-Ghilleain linn air linn iad,
 Cinneadh rìoghail nan glonn arda.

Sheas GILLIOSA, mac Ghilleain,
 Gun cheum meathaidh riamh le 'dhùthach,
 'S am blar Lairge nan cruaidh bhuillean
 Dhearbh e 'churantachd mar bhìùthaidh.
 Rinn a mhac san, GILLECALUM,
 Gniomhan arronta le dùthrachd
 Am blar ainmeil Allt-a-bhonnaich,
 Le 'Joann shoilleir, ghuinich, dhruidhtich.

Dh' fhag IAIN DUBH, n ac gasd' an laoch sib,
 Da mhac aobhach, fhearail, euchdach;
 LACHAINN LUBANACH an eagnaigh,
 'S Eachann Reaganach nan gear lanl.
 Ghlac iad Domhnallach nan Fìleìn,
 'S thug iad air, an I nan cléire,
 Còir a thabhairt daibh air fearainn,
 'S gealladh daingeann air buan réite.

Thug e 'nighean mh'iseach uasal,
 Ogha Ruairidh shaibhir, mhòrail,
 Air a h-iarrrtas féin do Lachainn,
 'S bu bhean thaitneach air gach doigh i.
 Thug e dha an drèachd a b' airde
 Na 'chùirt aghmhoir an Aird-Thòirnis;
 'S b'e 'cheann-feachd e 'n am 'bhith gluasad
 Le 'thir fhuasgallteach do'n chòmhrag.

Eachann Reaganach Loch-Ruidhe,
 Bu cheann-uidhe math roimh shlògh e;
 'S dh'fhag e mic 'bha mar an athair,
 Guineach, sgathach, anns an tòrachd.
 Is ann bhuaithe 'bha Clann-Thèarlaich,
 Na fir dhàna, reachmhor, chròdha;
 'S Mac-Mhic-Eachainn, an triath gaisgeil
 'Chumadh smachd air luchd an fhòirneirt.

Bha mac Lachainn na 'thriath buadhail,
 EACHANN RUADH nan cruaidh chath gailbh-
 each;

Sgaoil a ch'lu air sgiathalbh laidir
 Do gach àit an rìoghachd Alba.
 Thogadh creachan leis an Èirinn,
 'S rinneadh euchdan leis air fairge;
 Thùit e, 's gum b' e 'n t-aobhar bròin e,
 Latha doruinneach Cath Gharbhaich.

Bha a mhac-san, LACHAINN BRONNACH,
 Na 'fhear somalta gun mhorchuis.
 Cha bu toll leis strì na buaireas,
 Bu duin' uasal e na 'fhòighean.
 Dh'fhag e mic 'bha fearail, calma,
 'S a bha sealbhach fhad 's bu bheo iad;
 LACHAINN OG, an triath 'bha ciallach,
 Domhnall, Niàll 's Iain Garbh nan comhrag.

Shanntaich Domhnall cnoic Aird-Ghobhar,
 Fhuair e fotha beagan chòmhlán,
 'S chuir e as do Chlann-a-Mhaighstir,

Ged nach d' riun iad riann air foirneart,
 Ghabh e seilbh air an cuid fearainn,
 'S cha do dhealaidh e ri òirleach
 Ged 's ann bhualthe 'bha mo mhàthair
 Cha mhol mi gu h-ard a dhòighean.

Bho Niall treun 'san Ros 'bha fuireach
 Shlolaich curaidhnean gun fhòtus,
 Sìochd a chlaidhibh lairdir iarainn,
 'Dhcanadh riasladh anns a chòmhidhall
 Fhuair Iain Garbh, an connspunn corrach,
 Còir air Cola, 's Cùmhnis comhl' ris.
 Dhearbh e 'ghalsge mar shàr mhìlth
 Ann an Grisibul na dùruinn.

Bha mac Lachainn, EACHANN ODHAR,
 Na 'laoch foghainteach, deas, eolach;
 Thuit e 'm bìar nan gathan guineach,
 Floden fulleach nan trom leontan.
 Co nach ctala sgeul mu 'mhac-san,
 LACHAINN CATANACH na seoltachd?
 Bha e caoimhnell ri 'luchd-dàimhe,
 Ach ri 'nalmhdean garg mar leoghann.

Dh' fhag e mic nach seachnadh còmhstri,
 EACHANN MOR an òir 's a bhluithais;
 'S Allein ainmeil nan sòp lasrach,
 Nan long astarach, 'e an spùinnidh.
 Bha da mhac sig Eachann lòghmhor,
 EACHANN OG a sgap a chùinneadh,
 Is Iain Dubh a bha 'sa Morairn',
 Galsgach colgarra nach lùbadh.

Bha mac Eachainn Oig fìor ainmeil,
 Cha robh 'n Albainn fear ri 'fhaotuin
 'Bha na 'cholmeas da 'n am tàrruinn
 Nan lann tana 'ou gheur faobhar.
 'S iomadh bìar anns an robh buaidh leis,
 'S iomadh ruaig a lean a dhàoine;

Mar bheithir ghluinich an adhair,
Bhiodh a chlaidheabh anns a chaonnaig.

Thuit SIR LACHAINN MOR an sàr ud,
Ann am blàr le saighid mhilltich;
Ach thug EACHANN OG gu gaisgell
Am mach ailmhell mar mhac ùileas.
Chuir e 'n ruaig air feachd Mhic-Dhomhnail,
Lean e 'n tòir le uile ùicheall,
'S loisg e as gun truas, gun trocair
Gach talgh comhnuidh a bha 'n Ile

Aig Sir Lachainn bha mac eile
Nach biodh deireannach 'san tòrachd,
Lachainn Og a bha 'n Torloisgte
Nam fear oscarach, neo-stròdhall
Ged a b' og e latha 'chruadail,
An la 'bhualleadh athair morail,
Chuireadh lomadh treun-fhèar dàna
'Thalla 'bhais le 'ghairdein cròdha.

Bha aig Eachann Og 'na gaisge
Ceathrar mhac 'bu taitneach dòighean;
EACHANN MOR a chleachd an uaisle,
'S nach robh brualleineach no pròisell;
Deagh SHIR LACHAINN, am fear euchdach
'Bu mhor feum an Inbhir-Lòchaidh;
Dòmhnail Bhròlais, crìdh' an t-suairceis,
'S Iain Suaineach an deas chòmhradh.

AN SIR EACHANN RUADH, mac Lachainn,
Bha sàr ghaisgeach smachdail, gleusda;
Ach bha 'nàdar mar an lasair,
'S chuir sin as da 'n Inbhirchéitein
Sheas e nuair bu chòir dha telcheadh
Le 'fhir dheas am mach bho 'n teugmhall;
'S dh' fhàg sin lag a chinneadh cluitteach
'Dhion an duthcha roimh luchd-reubainn.

B' e a bhrathair og, SIR AILEIN,
Am fear allail 'bu mnath gluasad,

A bha 'n nìs an Dubhairt ghreadhnach
 Na 'cheann-feadhn' air laoch a chruadail.
 Bha SIR IAIN, mac Shir Allein,
 Na 'thriath barralchte, fìor uasal,
 'S na 'laoch foghainteach fo 'armaibh
 Mar a dhearbhadh e an Raon-Rualridh.

Chall e 'fhearann le 'chuid goraidh',
 Is le seòltaidh a luchd-fuatha,
 'S dh' fheum e dol do 'n Fhraing air fogradh
 Ann an dochas ri la fuasglaidh.
 Sheas e latha Silabh-an-t-Siorra
 Le 'ard chinneadh mar bu dual da,
 A sgrìosa as nan gaisgeach coimheach
 A bha roimhe, 's gan dian ruagadh.

Leam is duilich mar a lean'e,
 An rìgh amaldeach ud, Seumas,
 Nach robh dìleas do na daoine
 'Bhiodh ri 'thaobh an am gach eigin;
 'S mar a lean e 'mhac a rithisd
 Le run cridhe gu luath, eibhinn,—
 Prionna nach do choisinn urram
 Mar dheagh dhuine no mar threun-fhear.

Cha lean mi na's fhaide 'n eachdraidh
 Aig na gaisgich sgairteil, mheanmnach.
 Bha lad clis le 'n clàidhean glonach;
 Ann an iomairt cha bhiodh cearb orr';
 Bha lad flughantach, fìor aobheil,
 Bha lad caoimhneil ri 'n luchd-leanmhuinn,
 Bha lad seasmhach, duineil, dìleas,
 'S bha lad rìoghall le làn dearbhadh.

October 10, 1887.

Glonn, a deed of valor. Biuthaidh, a hero.
 Lùbanach, twisty, crafty. Reaganach, st'z, in-
 flexible, stern. Eagnadh, prudence, wisdom.
 Lòghmhor, famous. Oscarach, bold, intrepid.
 Cròdha, vallant. Teugnhal, battle. The names
 in small capitals are those of the chiefs.

Bard Mhic-Gilleain.

The poem known as "An Duanag Ullamh" was published in Ranald Macdonald's Collection, in 1776, and is ascribed to Maclean's bard. If the elegy on Lachlan Cattanach's wife is really genuine, we may safely conclude that it was composed by the author of the poem in Ranald Macdonald's book, and that he was a Maclean. We are not, however, in a position to affirm with certainty that the elegy was actually composed in Lachlan Cattanach's time.

Cumha Bantighearna Dhubh-airt.

LE BARD MHC-GILLEAIN.

'S cianall, gruamach, colmheach, guarach,
 Dh' fhas na fuar chnòc arda;
 'N caol tha salach, molach, bailceach,
 On dh' eug an ainnr ghradhach.
 Friamh na gloine, geug na loinne,
 'Dh' fhas gu lurach, allidh,
 Thug fras dhun'ldh uainn gun fhuireach,
 Eadar bhun is bhàrr i.

'S cruadalach am beum a thainig,
 Nuair bu laidir dùil duinn;
 Bha sinn cridheil sunndach, smòrall,
 Gun bhraon snigh' a bruchdadh;

Gilleain.

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LEAIN.

each, guarach,
;
allceach,
ach.
inne,
in fhutreach,

nig,

mforail,

dh;

'Chlarsach a toirt ciull le aiteas,
'S fir aig cleasachd lùthmhor.
'N tulach ait le toirm a' gaire,
'S bàird a seinn an cliutha.

Nuair a chi sinn neoll an aonaich
'Teachd gu caochladh flamhachd,
Saollidh sinn gum bi ann fèith,
Ach thig gu geur an t-sian oirnn.
Nuair bha dochas teann 's gach cridh'
Gum biodh gach ni gu 'r miann duinn.
Bhruchd an tull le toirm gun àbhachd,
'S dh' fhalbh ar n-agh air sgiathaibh,

Cha'n iognh', a Lachainn, thu bhith deurach,
Chall thu reul nan oighean;
Chall thu ionnas mor do-cheannach,
Chall thu tuigs' a chomhraidh,
Chall thu sglath a chaidribh shàr mhath,
Chall thu airde 'n fhoghlum;
'S chail thu iul na fairge ghàbhaidh
Nuair a b' airde dò-shian.

Thainig i mar bhollisgeadh gréine
Air réidh an oidhche cheothair;
Sgap i uainn gach dubhlachd catha
'Bha cur small air oigrìdh,
Cheangail i ar creuchdan ruidhteach,
'S thug i guin gu sò-ghràdh;
Thug i dhinn ar n-airm 's ar n-eldeadh,
'S reitich i gach dò-bheart

Nam b' e innleachdan ar namhad
A bhrisdeadh barr ar cóisre,
'S lomadh claidheabh tana, glas
A leumadh grad gu feolach;
'S lomadh gaisgeach armach, treubhach
'Bheilreadh beum 'sa chomhstri,
Eadar rudha caol Chinntire,
'S rinn an eilein cheothalch.

'h'elreadh Leathanaich 's Clann-Domhnaill.
 Mar shruth mor nan ard bheann;
 D' elreadh Stiubhartaich 's Clann-Chatain,
 'Bu mhor neart 'sna blaraibh;
 Thigeadh Dùibhnic nimhell, chlaoidhteach,
 'Bheireadh tuinn's gu sàthadh.
 Cha bhiodh an aicheamhall gun iarraidh,
 'S ìreoin chlar' an airde.

Air an iubar mhaiseach, ùrall,
 Laigh an dubhlachd chrannaidh;
 Ghlac am bàs an ribhinn allidh
 'S thaisg e 'n ros teann i.
 Ceann gach seoll tha fo na fòidibh,
 Gnais gun cheo, gun sgraing oirr';
 Beus gun sgod air, cridh' gun gho,
 Lamh fhial thoirt òir gun taing bhuaip'.

Thog iad tuailleas le mor fhuarachd,
 'S iad gun truas nar c. 'l ruinn,
 Gun do chuir sinn air sgeir mara
 A bhean cheanalt', bhaindidh,
 Gu bhell i beo, 's le lùths is treoir
 A dusgadh oran lann duinn.
 Ach 's mis' a chuala fuaim nam bord
 Nuair chaidh fo'n fhòid a ceann-se.

'S beag an t-iongnadh an t-Iar! Aorach
 A bhith caoin is brònach,
 Is gach buille 'fhuair an crann
 'Bu trom le geugan boidheach,
 Chaill e 'n drasd am meangan ard
 Nach d' fhas fo bhlàth gu 'r deoin-ne,
 Thuit e sìos am plathadh sùla,
 'S shearg a shùgh fo fhoidibh.

Gabh an nis gu tamh, a chlarsach,
 Is grain fonn do cheof leam.
 'S nach dig bean a chomhraidh thlaith
 A chluinntinn failte beoll bhuan,

Dh' eisdeachd tormain bhinn nan teud,
 'S a thoirt cualach deine 'm dhorn domh.
 Cha dig is' ach falbhaidh mise,
 'S bidh sinn fhathasd comhla.

Sian, storm. Ionnas, ionmhas, treasure. Réidh, a plain. Námhaid, genitive námhad, an enemy. Colair, a festive party. Dh' eireadh stiubh-artaich; her mother was a Stewart. Thinnse, a rush, a blow. Nach d' thas fo bhliath; she had no children. Cuach deine, a cup of eagerness, a cup that would rouse to ardor, an inspiring cup.

This elegy was in possession of Dr. Irvine, of Little Dunkeld, in 1810. It was sent to the *Gael* by John F. Campbell, of Islay, in 1873. We give it substantially as it appeared in that excellent monthly. Dr. Irvine and Mr. Campbell were both of the opinion that it was really composed in Lachlan Cattanach's time; and it may have been. Of course no one supposes that it has come down to us as it was made. It may have been sung by several generations before it was committed to writing. The following is a translation of the 1st, 4th, 5th and 9th verses:

The cold, high hills look sad, gloomy, surly and bristling; whilst the strait is muddy, rough, and ridgy since the fair beloved one died. A shower of affliction has taken suddenly away from us the

root of purity and the graceful branch which grew up in loveliness and beauty. It is no wonder, Lachlan, that your tears should flow. You have lost the pole-star of the virgins. You have lost an un-purchaseable treasure. You have lost the shield of the best friendship. You have lost her whose education was of the highest order. And you have lost the guide of the terrible sea when the storm was at its greatest height. She came like a burst of sunshine on the plain in a foggy night. She dispersed the threatening battle-storm, which cast a gloom upon our young people. She bound up our ruddy wounds, and changed hatred to love. She took off us our weapons and war-dress, and settled every trouble. Those who felt not for us in our loss raised with bitter coldness a slanderous tale. They said that we placed the amiable and modest wife on a rock in the sea, and that she is alive, actively and energetically awakening against us the song of swords. But I myself heard the sound of her coffin when her head was placed under the sods.

According to a current tradition, Lachlan Cattanaich of Duart caused his wife,

Elizabeth Campbell, to be placed on a low rock in the sea, where she would be overwhelmed by the tide and drowned. She was rescued from her perilous position and sent home to Inverary. In 1810 Joanna Baillie published "The Family Legend," a tragedy founded upon this tradition. It is also the subject of Campbell's *Glenara*. According to the author of the Gaelic elegy the story of Lachlan Cattanach's cruel treatment of his wife is utterly false.

Tighearna Chola.

Hector Maclean, second son of John Abrach of Coll, was born about the year 1490. He was known as Eachann Mac Iain, or Hector the son of John. He was also known as An Cleireach Beag, or the Little Clerk. He was married twice. By his first wife, Meve, daughter of John Macdonald of Islay, Alasdair Mac Iain Chathanaich, he had one son, Hector Roy, his successor. By his second wife, Finvola, daughter of Godfrey Macallister of Loup, he had two sons; Allan, first Maclean of Achanasaul in Mull, and

John, first Maclean of Grishpool, in Coll. He succeeded his brother John as laird of Coll in 1558. He died some time after the year 1559. He was a good man and was well-educated. He was the author of a number of poems, some of them written in Gaelic and some in Latin.

NA DEICH AITHNTEAN.

Creid dìreach an Rìgh nan dùl,
'S cuir air chùl umblachd do dhealbh
Na tabhair ainm Rìgh nan rìgh
'N diomhanas, oir bìdh sin searbh.

Domhnach Rìgh nèimh nan nial
Dean le d' chridhe 'chumail saor
T' athair 's do mhathair gach uair
Fo onair bhuit biodh araon,

Na dean marbhadh 's cum bho thnò,
Adhaltrannas na cuir an gnìomh.
Gaduigheachd no gold na dean,
'S na tog fianuis ach gu fìor.

Na sanntaich thusa dhuit fein.
Taigh fìr elle na a bhean,
No ni de 'cairneis gu lèir;
A staigh bì-sa dìreach glan.

Sin deich aithntean Dé dhuit.
Tuig iad gu fìor agus creid;
Ma ni thu uille d' an réir
Cha 'n eagal dhuit fein no dha d' thaigh.
Ars' an Cléireach Beag, Triath Chola.

Caismeachd Ailein nan Sop.

'S mithich dhuinne mar bhun umhlachd
Dan burdain a chasgairt dhuit,
A fhleasgaich bhrìghmuhoir 'fhliuchas
pìosan

Le d' dhìbh spìosair, neartmhoraich.

'N nochd nar chellteadh sìon na Fraingo
Nad theach meanmnach, masgalach,
A shìl ualbhrich nach biodh uaigneach,
'S o 'm biodh sluagh gu cadaitach.

'S lomad geocach ann ad chòsan,
Agus deoiridh aigeantach
Nuair 'leigeadh iad am mach am bàrca
Thar an caball ro ghasda.

Ceanglar uimpe mar bhur n-àbhaist,
Cuan a b' aird' do chasgairt leo,
'S nìtear sin a reir a chelle
Gun fheum 'bhith air ath-dheanamh,
Beirt chaol rìghinn, lìomhor, chainbe,
Gun sòn snaim marcachd oirr',
'N ceangal ri failbheagaibh iarainn,
Èroineab nach iarr acarachd.

Sin air dheanamh lùthach, laidir,
Le spìonnadh ard 'sa cheart uair sin,
Gus an dugadh air a crannaibh claonadh
Taobh na gaolta' a cheart-eiginn.

Nuair 'shuidheadh iad air a crann-celle
Gach fear fein ri dreapaireachd,
A liuthad sodar muir onfhaidh,
'S e gu ceangheal, gorm, caisteineach.

A brisdeadh gach taobh de 'brànnradh,
'S e 'n col-ruth ri 'baidealalbh.
Fad bhur fad-fhradhairc 'sna neulaibh,
'Slad o 'beul ri 'fhaicinn leo.

Grishpool, in Coll.
Her John as laird
e died some time
He was a good man
d. He was the
poems, some of
and some in Latin.

HNTEAN.

nan dùl,
hd do dhealbh
nan rìgh
sin searbh.

nan nial
mall saor
r gach uair
raon,

m bho thnù,
n gnìomh.
a dean,
lor.

t fein.

;.
an.

uit.
d;

dha d' thaigh.
Triath Chola.

A dol timchioll sruth no sáilein,
 'S i gu leanabhall, tartarach,
 'S iomad luireach an ceangal ri 'h-earraich
 'S bogha dearg Sasunnach.

Crainn air an locradh o rinn gu dosáibh,
 Le 'n cinn dhoideach, fhad-ghaineach.
 Nuair a chunnacadar am fad bhuait
 Na críochan ris an robh fuath acasan,

Glacadar na fuirbi righas
 Nan doidibh min', ladarna;
 Rinn iad an t-íomran teann teth
 Tobhtach, laidir, eolach, acuinneach.

Thug iad cudrom air na llaghaibh,
 'S raimh gam planadh acasan;
 Chuir iad a beoll mhor ri 'chelle,
 'S a da chliéth an talce sin.

Dan burdain, a bantering song, a song composed in good humor, but containing some gentle touches of sarcasm. Pios, a silver cup. Masgalach, flattering. Beirt, shrouds, tackling of a ship. Droineab, tackling. Acarachd, moderation, gentleness. Lúthach, strong, well-jointed. Crann-celle, helm. Sedar, a trotting, a trotting horse, a wave trotting or rushing on. Onfhadh, a blast, a storm. Calteineach, rough, surly. Bránnradh, a prop, a support, a stand. Baideal, the upper part of a sail, an ensign, a tower. Slad, fagging, making havoc, plundering. Sáilein, a little inlet, gulf, or arm of the sea. Tartarach, noisy, clamorous, bold. Doid-each, strong. Fad-ghaineach, long-darted. Doid, the hand, grasp. Tobhtach, furnished with benches for rowers. Liagh, the blade of an oar. Cliath, or cliath-rannh, a set of oars.

Ailein nan Sop was a man of courage and ability. He got a small fleet under his command and made plundering ex-

no sáilein,
 arach,
 eangal ri 'h-earrateh
 mach.

o rinn gu dosáibh,
 fhad-ghaineach.
 m fad bhuait
 h fuath acasan,

ae
 rna;
 eann teth
 i, acuinneach.

h laghaibh,
 acasan;
 ri 'chelle,
 sin.

song, a song com-
 it containing some
 Pios, a silver cup.
 t, shrouds, tackling
 g. Acarachd, mod-
 mach, strong, well-
 Sodar, a trotting,
 ting or rushing on.
 Calteineach, rough,
 a support, a stand.
 a sail, an ensign. a
 g havoc, plunder-
 gulf, or arm of the
 ous, bold. Doid.
 ech, long-darted.
 obhtach, furnished
 lagh, the blade of
 h, a set of oars.

man of courage
 small fleet under
 plundering ex-

cursions to Ireland, the Lowlands, and parts of the Highlands. He received the name Ailein nan Sop from the fact that he frequently set wisps of burning straw to the buildings of the districts invaded by him, and reduced them to ashes. He killed the laird of Lethir and took possession of his lands. He killed Malcolm Macneill of Gigha in 1530, and seized his estate. The Earl of Argyll secured his non-interference by a gift of the lands of Cille-Charraig in Knapdale, and Macdonald of Islay by a gift of Tarbert Castle. He died in 1551, and was buried in Iona. He had two natural sons, Hector and John. They were both legitimated in August, 1547.

According to tradition Hector Maclean, the bard, afterwards laird of Coll, made some remarks about Ailein nan Sop's conduct that were not very complimentary. Allan, provoked by these remarks, went to Coll, seized the poet, and took him away as a prisoner to Tarbert Castle. The bard composed a poem about Allan, which pleased him so much that he set his prisoner at liberty with a friendly warning to be more guarded about his tongue for the future. Dr. Maclean states

that Caismeachd Ailein nan Sop was composed about the year 1537. It is in all probability the very poem which procured his liberty for the scholarly bard of Coll.

Eachann Bacach.

Hector Maclean was a native of Mull. He was known as Eachann Bacach an t-Aaosdana, or Lame Hector the Poet. There is a tradition to the effect that he belonged to the Macleans of Ross, that he fought at the battle of Inverkeithing, and that a wound received there was the cause of his lameness. Tradition also relates that he had seven brothers, that they were all killed at Inverkeithing defending their chief, and that one of them, Neil Buie, Niall Buidhe, was a very prominent warrior. Hector Bacach was an excellent poet.

Oran

DO SHIR LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN.

LUINNEAG.

A Lachainn oig, gum faic mi thu;
 B' e m' alteas a bhith lamh-riut;
 Gum faic mi fo cheann seachdain thu
 Mur glac am fiabhras ard mi.
 A ghnuls chiuin, mhàlda, sholta,
 Is am beul o 'n soerach gàire;
 Do dheud gun stòr, o 'm binn 'thig glòir,
 'S o 'm faight' le sòlas fàilte.

A Lachainn oig, gun innsinn umad
 Sgeul a 's binn ri 'aireamh,
 An nis on rinn e craobh-sgaolleadh
 'S na bheil an taobh so 'dh-fhairge.
 Tha thu cho lan de dh-fhìnealtachd,
 'S a dh'Innsear ann a' seachas.
 Gur macan garg d' a rìreadh thu
 An an dol stòs an garbh-chath.

Is e ceannard Chlann-Ghilleain
 A dh' fhas fathasach le cruadal;
 Chraobhs-gaol e feadh gach tighearnais
 Gun d' ghleiddh thu dlìgheil t' uaisle.
 Is iomadh neach bu shugradh leis
 Bhith crùbadh ann an truailleachd;
 Rinn thusa beart 'bu chluinntich'
 Air an dùchas mar bu dual dhuit.

Is e na chuir mi 'dh-eolas ort
 A dh' fhag an ceo mu m' shullibh.
 'S ann alg a mhead 's a fhuair mi dheth,
 A leig mi rualg an tus ort.
 Dh' aithnichinn air an fhaiche thu,
 A lùb nan cas-chiabh ur-ghlan,
 Gum b' ursann-cath' air gaisgich thu,
 Nan digeachd creach ad dhuthalach.

B'e sud an gasan leis 'm bu taitneach
 Picean datht' a libadh;
 An t-ìubhar nuadh nuair thairnt' ri cluais
 Am beithe bhualt bu shìubhlach.
 Céir is roiseld bhiodh fo t' ordaig,
 Is it' an eoin gu h-ur-ghlan. .
 Mu chul an fheidh mu 'n gearrteadh leum,
 Bhiodh 'fhuil na 'leine brute.

Is sud na h airm a ghlaicinn dult
 A dhol air sraid an fhudair,
 Caol chullbheir a ghleois shníomhanaich,
 'S a bheòil o 'n clunteach cuimse,
 Geur spàinteach laidir, fulangach
 An laimh a churaidh chluicich,
 'S an sgiath 'bu tric an taisbeanadh
 Air ghairdean deas nar lùth-chleas.

Mo ghaol an t-òigear caitneach
 A leugh a chairt 's 'rinn gual d' i;
 Le'n éireadh suas na brataichean.
 A steach o ghlaic nam fuar-bheann.
 'N am dusgadh as an cadal daibh
 Gun d' bhualt thu pàis mu'n chluais orr';
 Is thilg thu 'steach an teachdairreachd,
 Le ceart air bhac an gualainn,

Is iomadh bratach shuaicheant'
 'S an robh smuais, is cruas, is cairdeas
 A dh' éireadh ri am cruadail leat
 'Thoirt buaidh' am mach 'san àraich.
 Dh' éireadh a Aird-ghobhar leat
 Fir fhogbainteach neo-sgàthach;
 'S dh' earbainn fhin gun gelleadh dhuit
 Fir ghleusda o Bhraigh-charnaig.

Ghrad ghluaiseadh leat 'sna h-elleinibh
 Dream dhian nach ceil an gradh ort;
 Is thigeadh ort a Mo'-innis
 A bhratach leoghant', laidir.

Gum faicteadh sud gu follaiseach
 Fìr fhoinnidh ann an Aros;
 Na fìr ura ghasd' nach dìultadh
 Sgìurs 'thoirt air an namhaid.

Gun éireadh seold o 'n Mhoidhe leat,
 Nach culreadh bruthach spàirn orr,
 Le 'n ceanna-bhelrtean cruaidh', glana,
 'S le 'n lannan geala marbhtach.
 Bhìedh cullbhelrean caol acuinneach
 Aig galsgìch nan gnìomh gallbheach,
 A dheanadh luaidh a chaisleachadh
 Nuair dh' éireadh sràd bho theanchair.

A bhratach aig Clann-Domhnall
 Nam blodh ann ad choir gum b' theairde;
 Fìr dheas 'bha seasmhach, cruadalach,
 Nuair ghluaiseadh iad fo 'n armaibh;
 Is ann an glocas fìrìneach,
 Cho math 's a sgrìobh an seanchas.
 Is sud an dream bha innsgeineach,
 Rì 'n innseadh nach robh leanabail.

An tì b' fhearr feum air chuantaibh reidh,
 'S e Lachainn fein mo run-sa.
 'N treun laoch gasda 'dh' fhàs gu spracall,
 Is d'an robh 'n cleachdadh cuirteall.
 Tha mi airtnealach am aigeadh
 Bho nach faic mi 'n dìunlach;
 Dh' fhag sud acad fad fo m' aiseibh,
 Is leig mi 'mach an tùrs' i.

Stòr, a broken or decayed tooth. Beart or
 beirt, a deed, work, or exploit. Calteineach,
 shaggy, rough. Caislich, shake, stir up. Inns-
 gineach, lively, energetic.

Iorram

DO SHIR LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN.

A Shìr Lachainn na féile,
Nan each cruithreach 's nan geur lann,
Is tu m' aighear, is m' eudall, 's mo threoir.

Greas a nall ugainn dhachaidh.
Oighre dhlightich na h-aithibh,
Is nam ploban 's nam brataichean sròil.

An Duneideann nan caisteal,
Tha triath gleusd na mor altim;
'S ann de d' bheus a bhith sgapadh an òir,

'S gann gum b' urrainn do dhuthach
'Chur ad lamhaibh de chùinneadh,
'Mheud 's a chosgadh tu 'chrùintibh mu'n
bhord.

Gur a buidheach gu leir dhìot
Do chuid uaislean nan eideadh,
Leat gun guidh iad buaidh threun anns gach
tòir.

'Chuid de 'n chléir s' a chaidh seachad,
Mu do réidhleirn gum faight' iad;
'S fad 's is cian 'thug luchd-astair ort sgeoil.

Crann gun doicheall, gun éuradh,
'S tric a chogas na ceudan,
Dh' am bi dorsaireachd féile trath nòin.

Bhìodh fir Mhuile mu d' bhrataich,
Mu do ghuallibh gum faict' iad:
Bu ni duilich a glacadh 's do leon.

'S luath a chruinnicheadh aig t' fhacal
Na fìor churaidhnean gasda,
'Bhelreadh fuil nuair a chasteadh ri 'n sroin.

Bhiodh ac' boghachan dathte
 A chùil bhuldh thig a Sasunn,
 'Ghabhadh lùbadh 's nach spealtadh 'san
 dorn;

Fiubhaidh chinn-teach, chruaidh, fhallain,
 'S i gun fhiaradh, 's gach geal laimh,
 'Dheanadh reubadh nuair 'bheanadh i 'dh-
 fheoil;

De na gallain 'bu daoire
 Cruaidh, sgalanta, caoinneil
 Glac earr' oirr' 's ceann làdhrach o'n ord;

Is pic dhireach nam meallan,
 Mar a ghrian 's i gun smal oirr',
 'Chuireadh nalmhdean gu talamh fo leon.

'S math do bharantan daoine,
 'S iad gan aiseag thar chaoltean,
 Clann barail, deas, aobhaidh Mhic-Leoid.

Deagh Mhac-Coinnich bu leat e,
 Bha e dileas dha d' phearsa;
 Bha sud sgrìobht' ann an cairt Chlann-
 Ghilleoin.

Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart was the second son of Hector Og of Duart by his first wife, a daughter of Mackenzie of Kintail. He succeeded his brother Hector Mor, as Lord of Duart and chief of his clan, in 1626. He was created a baronet by Charles I., September 30, 1631. Leaving his brother, Donald of

Brolas, to raise his followers, he made haste with thirty of his kinsmen to join Montrose. He arrived just in time to take part in the battle of Inverlochy, February 2, 1645. He had 1,100 men, 750 being Macleans and 350 Macquarries, Macneils, and others, at the battle of Kilsyth, August 15th, 1645. His brother Donald, Domhnall mac Eachainn Oig, was Lieutenant-Colonel under him. General David Leslie and Argyll invaded Mull with a force of 5,000 men in 1647, and ravaged a great part of the island. In the same year Argyll bought up all the debts, both public and private, that he could find against Sir Lachlan, seized himself and imprisoned him in the castle of Carrick. He was in prison about a year. He lived only a few months after his liberation. He died at Duart Castle, April 18th, 1648. He was buried at Iona. By his wife, Mary, daughter of Sir Roderick Mor Macleod of Dunvegan, he left two sons, Hector Roy and Allan.

Oran

DO SHIR LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN.

'S ann Diciadain, a shàir,
'Ghabh mì cead dhìot air tràigh;
'Rìgh, gum falceam thu slàn neo-aìrsnealach.

A Shir Lachainn nam bàrc,
'Chuireadh luingeas air sàll',
Lels an togar an cabhlach acuinneach.

Gur tu oighr' Eachainn Oig,
Lels an eireadh na sloigh;
Nuair a leumadh do shron cha b' aircleach
thu.

Clann-Ghilleain cha tlàth
'Dhol an cogadh nan arm;
'S tric a bhuannaich sibh bliar, 's e b' fhasan
duibh.

'S fada 'chluinnteadh bhur foirm
Agus farum bhur gleois
'Togall chreach o na chrò 's a ghlasanach.

Nuair a spreigeadh sibh pìob,
'S fuaim bhur creich' ga 'cur sìos,
Gum biodh crith air an tìr 'san tachradh
sìbh.

Nuair a nochdadh sibh srol
Rìs na caol chrannaibh stoir,
'S maìrg a thachradh ga 'dheoin roimh 'r
lasraichean.

An dùirn laochraidh gun leon
Bhìodh caol chuibheirean gorm,
Agus sradag nan ord 'toirt lasain daibh.

Fhad 's a bhitheas tu beo
 Cum an stiùir ann ad dhorn,
 Is na mealladh fear-sgold no beirte thu.

Chluinnt' ad thalla fuaim theud
 An am laighe do 'n ghrein,
 'S mnathan grinne 'cur gréis air fasanan.

'S mi bhiodh cinnteach a t' fheum
 Ann am beanntalbh na seilg',
 'S do chois earbsach air éill roimh 'n chamh-
 analch.

Namhaid eilid nan gleann,
 Agus bradain nan allt;
 Sgiobair fairg' thu 's muir ard 's an lang-
 analch

Slàn gun till thu a rithlad,
 Air reothart an Iionaidh,
 Gu Eubhairt 'bu rioghall, algeannach.

Ochain, ochain, mo chràdh!
 'Chloinn-'Iileain nam bàrc,
 'S e mo chreach mar 'tha 'n tràghadh seachad
 oribh.

A Chno Shamhna :

MARBHRANN DO SHIR LACHAINN MAC-GIL-
LEAIN, TRIATH DHUBHAIRT, A CHAOCHAIL
'SA BHLIADHNA, 1648.

Thriall ar bunadh gu Pàras;
Co a b'urrainn a sheanachas
Ach Mac-Mhuirich mac Fhearghuis,
Craobh a thuitich re aimsir',
'Fhriamhach bun ann an Albainn;
Chuidich fear dhu Cath Ghairbheich;
Fhuair sinn ulaidh fear-ainm' a theachd beo.
Fhuair sinn ulaidh, etc.

Cha chraobh chura, cha phlannta,
Cha chno 'n utridh o'n d'fhas thu,
Cha bhlàth chuirteadh mu bhealltainn,
Ach fas tuillich is mheanglan,
Am meur mullaich so 'dh' fhag sinn :
Crìosd 'chur tuilleadh an aite na 'dh' fhalbh.

Is mor puthar an raidhe s',
'S tròm an dubhadh so 'dh' fhas oirn,
Gur a cumhann leinn t' fhardach,
Leaba lùthaidh nan claran;—
'S fad is cuimhne leinn caradh nam bord.

Cha do bhrisid thu 'chno shamhna,
Chaidh do chist' an taigh-geamhraidh,
Miseach fir Innse-Gall thu;
'S mor a 's misde do ranntaibh
Nach clisg thu roimh armait;
'Rìgh, bu mheasail thu 'n campa Mhontròis.

'Fhìr 'bu rioghalle cleachdadh,
'S tu 'bu bhloganta faicinn;
A dol 'slos ann am machair
Bhiodh leat mìle mu d' bhrataich,
'Chuid 'bu phrìsell' de 'n eachraidh;
Luchd do mhìorain nan caist' ort,

(F)

'S ann a dh' innsteadh leo t' fhasan
Nuair 'bu sgìth leo cur sgapaidh 'nam feoll.

Cha bu bhuannachd do d' namhaid
'Thigh'nn a dh' fhuasgladh uait làmhain;
Bha thu buadhach 's gach aite;
Cha b' e fuath mhic a mhàile
Fear do shnvaldh 'thigh'nn do dh-fhardaich;
Cha dath uaine 'bu bhath dhuit
Nuair a bhualleadh an t-ardan do phor.

Cha b'e sin mo luan-caisge
Nuair a bhual do ghath bàis thu;
'S truagh a dh' fhag thu do chairdean;
Mar ghàir sheillean an gàradh,
'N deidh am mealannan fhagall,
No uain earraich gun mhathair,
'S fad a chluinnear an gàirich mu 'n chro.

Bhuineadh dhinne na ùr ros,
Fear ar taighe 's ar crun-fhear;
Ghabh e 'n rathad air thus uain;
'S lomad latha r'a chùntas,
A bh' aig maithibh do dhuthcha,
Meud an aighir 's am mùirne;
Bha mi tathach do chuirte
Seal mu 'm b'urainn mi 'n t-urrlar aic' fhalbh.

Gum b' aithriseach t' fheum-s' dha,
'N an na crannan a bheumadh,
'Chum an deannal a sheideadh;
Bhiodh lann thana, chruaidh, gheur ort,
'S tu fad la air an t-seirm sin,
'Scha bhiodh lag bhuille mheirbh o de dhorn.

Till ri t' fhochal, a Dhébhí,
Tha i nis 'na clàr reidh dhuit,
O nach maireann t' fhear-streupa;
Dh' imich Alasdair fhein bhualinn,
'Thuit le baran an Eirinn,

dh leo t' fhasan
 cur sgapaidh 'nam feoil.

do d' namhaid
 asgladh uait lāmhaln;
 gach aite;
 a mhàile
 tigh'nn do dh-fhardaich;
 bhath dhuit
 n t-ardan do phor.

aisge
 th bàis thu;
 bu do chairdean;
 a gàradh,
 n fhagail,
 bhathair,
 gairich mu 'n chro.

ar ros,
 n-fhear;
 hus uainn;
 ntas,
 huthcha,
 ùirne;
 rte
 'n t-urliar aic' fhalbh.

um-s' dha,
 amadh,
 deadh;
 eadh, gheur ort,
 sin,
 cheirbh o do dhonu.

,
 uit,
 streupa;
 bhualinn,

'S cha b'e mala na reit' e;
 Do dh-fhearabh Dhuneideann,
 No 'Mhac-Callein cha gheilleadh r' a bheo.

Nàile chunnaic mi aimsir,
 'S tu ri siubhal na sealg,
 Nach bu chuith ort an garbhlach;
 Pic de 'n iubhar cha d' fhas i;
 'Chuireadh pudhar ne spairn ort;
 Cha bhiodh fuidheal nach tairnteadh,
 Nam biodh lùthadh 'na crann-ghall
 'Chuireadh siubhal fo èarr-it' an eoin.

Glac chomhnard an càradh
 Am bian ròineach na h-earba,
 Cinn storach o 'n cheardaich;
 Cha bhiodh oirleach gun bhathadh,
 Eadar smeoirn agus gaine,
 Le neart corcaich a Flannas;
 Cha bhiodh feolach an tearmad
 Air an seoladh tu 'n crann sin ad dheoin.

B' eol dhomh innseadh na bh' aca;—
 B' ann de bheusaibh Shir Lachainn
 'Bhith 'g ol fìon an taigh farsuinn,
 Mnathan riomhach ri fasain
 A cur sìod' agus pasmuinn,
 Glòir bhinn agus macnas,
 Anns an am 'sam bu chleachd leibh 'bhith
 pòit.

Gum bu mhath do dhiol freasdail,
 An taigh mer am bial feasgair
 Uisge-beatha nam feadan
 Bhiodh am pìosan ga leigeil;
 Sin 's a chlarsach ga spreigeadh ri ceol.

'N am do 'n fhàire bhi 'glasadh
 Bhiodh a chlarsach ga creachadh;
 Cha bhiodh ceol iunt' an tasgaidh

Ach na meoir ga thoirt aiste,
 Gun leon lalmhe, gun laigse,
 Gus 'm bu mhiannach leibh cadal gu fàil.

Cnaip na h-àrach ri braise,
 Iomairt tallig mu seach orr',
 Fir feolrne ri tartrach,
 Toirm is màthadh air chairtean;
 Dolair Spainteach is tasdain;
 Bhiodh gan dioladh gun lasan 'nan iorg.

Thug càch teist air do bheusan
 Nach robh ceist ort mar threun fhear;
 Bha aoidh delseachd is deilbh ort,
 Bha fath seirc' aig do chéil' ort,
 Bha gradh is eagal Mhic Dé ort;
 Bhiodh an sgrìobtair ga leughadh
 Ann ad thalla mun eireadh do bhòrd.

Ged bu lloimhor ort frasachd,
 Chum thu dìreach do d' mhac e,
 Breid dìonach gun sracadh,
 Cha do dhiobair ceann-slaic' thu,
 On 's e Crìosd a b' fhear-beirt dhuit;
 Sin an Tì a leig leat an taod-sgoid.

'Mhic, ma ghlas tu 'n stiuir so,
 Cha bu fhilathas gun dùthchas
 Dhuit bhith grathunn air t-urnigh,
 Cuir ga caitheamh an triuir so;
 Cuir an t-Athair air thus ann,
 Bìodh am Mac mar fhear-iull oirr',
 'S an Spìorad Naomha ga stiùreadh gu nòs.

Mac-Mhuirich mac Fhearghuis, the registrar
 of the monastery of Iona. Fear-ainme; Hector
 Roy of Duart fought at Harlaw in 1411. Sir
 Lachlan's heir was also called Hector Roy.
 Débhi; General David Leslie. Alasdair, the

famous Alasdair Mac Cholla, fear tholladh nan talghean.

Bunadh, the stock of a tree; applied here to a chief as the stock which supported the branches of the clan. Uladh, a treasure. Pudhar, loss, damage, hurt. Fuath, a spectre, a scarecrow. Luan-calsge, Easter Monday. Cuith, a snow bank. Lùthadh, strength. Crann-ghail, a bow. Smeoirn, the end of the arrow next the bow-string. Gaine, an arrow, a dart. Fèchall, dirt. Cnaip na h-araich ri braise is in Ranald Macdonald's version, Bhiodh na ceararich ri braise. Fear-feoirne, a chessman. Flathas, dominion, the position of a chief. Nòs, custom, correct habit; nos luings, a ship-dock.

Blar Inbhircheitein.

LWINNEAG.

Fail li an u, hil an u, hil an o ro;
Fail il an u, hil an u, hil an o ro;
Fail il an u, hil an u, hil an o ro;
Fail il an o, ho 's och nan och mar tha sin.

Gur a h-oil leam an sgeula so
A dh-eisd mi Di-domhnaich;
Gun bhith tuilleadh ga fhaighneachd,
Gur h-e 'n fhoill so 'chaith Hobron,
Dh' fhag iad shìos Mac-Gilleain,
'Cur a chatha 'na onar,
'S thelch iad fhein troimh a chelle,
'S bha ratreut ann mar ordagh.

'S mòr bha 'dh-uirreasbhuidh lamh ort,
Ged thug ardan ort fuireach,
Agus tuilleadh 's an t-anabarr
'Theachd an nall air an luingeas.
'S mise 'chuireadh an geall sin

0
rt alste,
lalgse,
leibh cadal gu fòil.

praise,
ch orr',
l,
chairtean;
dsain;
n lasan 'nan lorg.

oheusan
r threun fhear;
deilbh ort,
hèil' ort,
c Dé ort;
leughadh
adh do bhòrd.

sachd,
mhac e,
dh,
ait' thu,
beirt dhult;
od-sgoid.

tuir so,
cha
t-urnigh,
tr so;
ann,
uill otrr',
tuireadh gu nòs.

uis, the registrar
ar-ainme; Hector
aw in 1411. Sir
ed Hector Roy.
Alasdair, the

Mur biodh ann ach na h-urad,
Nach bualleadh iad banga
Auns a champa le sulas

Chuir thu grabhailte cruadhach ort,
Air ghruag nan clabà amlach,
Claidheabh tan' air a h-obhadh,
Is e dìreach gu 'bharr-dheis,
Sglath dhaingeann ran cruaidh shnaim,
Agus dual nam breac meanmnach,
'S paldhir dhagachan sgriosail
Air chrios nam ball airgid.

Cha bu shlachdan aig òinid
Culaidh chomhraig a ghaisgich;
'Dol an coinnmh do namhad,
Cha chrith-mhanntain a ghlac thu.
Nuair a bhuail thu beum-sgeithe
Dh iarraidh celle co-chath' riut,
Is a thug thu 'nan comhall,
Theich Hòbron 's a mharc-shluagh.

'S ann a thug thu do dhualchas
O 'n fhear 'bhualleadh an Gruinneart;
Cha robh'n fomaire gun fhuathas,
Cha robh 'bhuanachd gun chunnart.
Gun robh torrann an lamhach
Agus tairneanach ghunna,
Ri deas lalmh mo ghraidh-sa
'Cur a chairdean gu fulang.

Cha b' i ruaig ud fir Mhulle
Gu traigh Ghruinneirt a chreach sinn;
Gur h-e mheudach mo mhulad,
Sar mhac urrant Shìr Lachainn
'Bhith fo bhinn aig luchd-Beurla,
'S nach do dh-fheud e dol as orr'.
B' e sùr connspunn na troide
'Chuir an cogadh an cleachdadh.

Nuair a thogteadh leat bratach
 Gheibht' fir ghasd air a mharg leat;
 'Mhoire, 's lomadh bean baile
 Dh 'fhag sud tamull 'na bantraich,
 Agus leanabh beag ciche
 'Na dhilleachdan anfhann.
 Ach ge d'fillech do mhuintir,
 Cha 'n ann unnp' 'tha ar dearmait.

Gur a h-íomadh laoch dorn-gheal
 'Chaidh an ordagh mu d' bhrataich,
 Agus ógaoach sglamhach
 'Bha ga riaslath fo eachalbh.
 Agus spailp de dh-fhear taighe
 Nach dug athadh dha phearsa,
 'Toirt a chlaidhibh a duille
 Cheart cho guineach ri ealtuinn.

Nuair a thogamaid feachdan,
 Gum bu ghasd ar ceann-armait;
 Ge b'e thigeadh air eachdraidh,
 Ghabh iad tlachd dhíot air 'Ghaltachd.
 Bha thu 'd charaid do 'n Mharcuis
 A bha 'n Sasunn gun cheann air;
 'S bu tu co-ainm Eachainn
 Leis 'n do ghlacadh an cabhlach.

Nuair a thug e 'nan cinnseal
 Leag e dinneir an Iarla;
 Ghlacadh luingeas an rígh leis,
 'S rinn e díobhail air bíanaibh.
 Air teachd dha an deidh sin
 Chuir e críoch air na dh' larr e;
 'S thug e turas a 'ríoghachd
 Gus 'n do stríochd Balle-Cliáth dha.

'S fad on dh' imich am fear ud,
 'S cha 'n ann ga ghearán a tha sin;
 Ach ma dh' fhagadh gun sealladh
 Sull mheallach an ármuinn.

Och,—gum maith an t-aon Dia dhuinn,—
 Gur h e 'Iargain a chraicinn sinn;
 Gun robh aoidh fir an domhain
 'Na co-shéis a fas riut.

Ge b' i 'thug an cion falaich,
 'Cur gu h-ealanta litreach,
 Ged b' i nighean Mhic-Callein,
 Bu díol mairiste dh' is' thu.
 Gur a maig i 'thug gaol dhuit
 Ma chaochlas i 'nis e,
 Is nach faic i air thalamh
 Do mhac samhailt am misnich.

Mu dheireadh an t-samhráidh
 Cha robh meanmn no deagh sgeul oirnn;
 'S beag an t-iongnadh do rantachd
 'Bhith fo champar as t' éugmhais,
 Agus muintir do dhuthcha
 'Bhith fo churam mu d' dheibhinn;
 Gun robh 'n t-aobhar sud aca
 Gu ruige leas agus creubhag.

Tha ionndraichinn bhualne
 'S cha bu shuarach an call e;
 Gum bu mhor an luach-taisgeall,
 Ma tha 'n taisgealadh dearbhthe,
 A bheireadh daoin' uaisle
 As an uachdaran ainmell,
 As ar tighearna smachdall,—
 'S cha bu lapach an ceanntard.

Cait an robh e air thalamh
 Boinne fala a b' aille,
 Na oighro sin Dhubhairt,
 D' am bu chubhaidh bhí státall?
 Gur a h iomad bean dheul-dearg
 A bha 'breid air dhroch càradh,
 Nuair a fhuair iad beachd sgeula
 Gun do chreuchdadh 'sa bhlar thu.

Tha do phàirc air a dùnadh,
 Ionad-luchairt nan Gàidheal.
 Gur a deacair sud inneadh,
 Aig ro dhilleachd do phairtidh;
 Tha a chraobh a b' fhearr ùbhlán
 Air a rusgadh an drast diu.
 Och, a Mhoire, mo dhlubhail,
 Chaidh am fiùr bharr a ghàraidh!

Ach ma 's duine 'chaidh dbinn e,
 Guidhibh Crìosd leis na th' agalbh;
 Thoiribh aire mar 's eoir dhuibh
 Do chainnt Iob mu na macalbh
 Agus lùbhraibh e 'n Aon-fhear,
 Ma 's e chulbhreach an caisteal;
 No ma ghearradh a laithean,
 'S ann fo 'ràidh-san a thachair.

This poem was composed immediately after the news of the sad result of the battle of Inverkeithing had reached Mull. It is evident from several expressions in it, especially from the last verse, that the author had a faint hope that Sir Hector, though severely wounded and a prisoner, was not dead.

The chief referred to in the tenth verse is Eachann Ruadh nan Cath, who was killed at the battle of Harlaw in 1411. The saying by Job about his sons, to which reference is made in the last verse, is this: "Naked came I out of my

(G)

mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

The sixth and tenth verses are now published for the first time. In a note in his collection John Maclean says:—
 "Tha an t-oran so ann an co-chruinneachadh Raonail Dhomhnallaich, agus 's e 'thug dhomhsa, 'chur san fhear so gun d' fhuair mi da rann deth nach h-'eil anns an leabhar sin."

The Marquis referred to in the ninth verse is James, third Marquis, and first Duke, of Hamilton. His mother, Anne Cunningham, was a daughter of James, seventh Earl of Glencairn. Sir Lachlan Mor's mother was a daughter of William, sixth Earl of Glencairn. Thus Sir Lachlan Mor and Anne Cunningham were first cousins. Hector Roy was the great-grandson of Sir Lachlan Mor. The Duke of Hamilton was beheaded in London on Friday, March 9th, 1649.

The battle of Inverkeithing was fought on Sunday, July 20th, 1651. Lambert, Cromwell's general, had 4,000 men, and his opponent, Holburn of Menstrie, about 3,500. Holburn's force consisted

of 1,000 horse under his own immediate command, 1,500 Highland infantry under Sir Hector Maclean of Duart, and about 1,000 Lowland infantry under Sir John Brown of Fordel. Of the Highland infantry 800 were followers of Sir Hector, and 700 followers of Sir George Buchanan, chief of his clan. The followers of Sir Hector were nearly all Macleans. They were all killed except forty. We have no admiration for Sir Hector. He simply acted the part of a mad man. It is true that he was brave, but it is just as true that he lacked common sense. By foolishly continuing the unequal fight, he nearly ruined his clan.

A few of the 800 men who followed Sir Hector must have been Macquarries. Donald Macquarrie, twelfth of Ulva, married Christy, daughter of Lachlan Og, first of Torloisk, and had Allan, his successor, Hector of Ormaig, Lachlan of Laggan, and John of Baile-ghartain. Allan was killed at Inverkeithing.

Holborn fled at the beginning of the battle. He was evidently a traitor.

aked shall I return
ve, and the Lord
ssed be the name

h verses are now
time. In a note
Maclean says:—
n co-chruinneach-
allaich, agus 's e
n fhear so gun d'
nach h-'eil anns

to in the ninth
Marquis, and first
is mother, Anne
ghter of James,
rn. Sir Lachlan
hter of William,
Thus Sir Lach-
nningham were
y was the great-
or. The Duke
l in London on

ing was fought
51. Lambert,
000 men, and
of Menstrie,
orce consisted

Gur Bochd Naidheachd Ar Duthcha ;

ORAN DO SHIR EACHANN MAC-GILLEAIN, A
MHRABHADH ANN AN INBHIR-
CHEITEIN.

Gur bochd naidheachd ar duthcha
'S cha 'n e taighean gan spuinneadh ;
Ach Mac-Gilleain, mo chùradh, gun eirigh.
Gur bochd, etc.

Gu bheil maithean do thìre
A' s a mhachair 'nan sìneadh
Fo chasan nam mìltean each eitidh.

B' fhu a ghibht a bha bhuaitha,
Cha b' e deireadh na cuaine,
Ach an t-ailleagan nasal, ard, euchdach.

Bu tu 'n t-òighe 's an t-armunn,
Is a marcalch' deas, daicell,
Is an t-ailleagan alainn, ur, eibhinn.

Bu tu sgathan na glaine,
'N airde 'n Iar riut gun teannadh
An am cruinneachadh gu carraid nan geur-
iann.

Bu tu seabhag na h-uaisle,
'S ceann-seanachais gach duanachd,
'Bheilreadh trusgan is' duais do luchd-
thendan.

Moch 'sa mhaduinn 'sna ghluais thu,
Rinn thu lomrall bu chruaidh leam,
Nach do chuimhnic thu uaislean na Feinne.

Thainig Cromwel ad choinnmh,
Dh' at do chridhe le corruich,
'S leum thu 'staigh le d' lainn sholuis do'n
teughhall.

Mac-Mhic-Eoghain na h-Airde,
 Agus Tighearn Chinn-Ghearroch,
 Rinn iad fuireach 'san nadar 'bu bheus
 daibh.

Bha Mac-Callein fo alteas
 Nach do thill thu gu d' dhachaidh;
 Gun robh uileann 'sa mhacan gheal, threubh-
 ach.

Gun robh taigh is leth Ile,
 Am bann daingeann dhuit sgriobhte,
 'S bha na fearainn sin strìochdte gu reidh
 dhuit.

Bho thir-unga sin Bhreatail
 Thun na Carragh 's cha bheag l,
 Bhe na fearainn sin eagnaigh fo d'
 staolleadh.

Eagnaigh is explained in a note as "cinnteach
 no dearbhte." Tir-unga, literally ounce-land,
 unga being from the Latin word uncta.

Is Beag Aobhar Mo Shugraidh.

Is beag aobhar mo shugraidh,
 'S cha 'n fheil sunnd orm ri macnas,

'N diu cha tadhall mi 'n Fhadhall,
 Ged 's i mheadhall a chleachd mi.

Tha mi sealltainn air Dubhairt,
 Leam is dubhach a faicinn.

Gur a minig a bha mi
'Na taighibh ard' anns a mhaduin,

'S mi ri sealltainn Earraghadheal
'S barr dearg air a h-aitreabh

Cait am faic mi ri m' shaoghal
Fear aogaisg Shìr Lachainn?

'Dol an coinnimh do namhad
Bu neo-ràtanach, bras thu.

'Togall suas am bragada
Bu neo-sgàthach air each thu.

Ge b' e chitheadh do dhaoine,
'Rìgh, bu ghreadhnach am faicinn.

Le 'm musgaldean dubh-ghorm,
'S iad gun suidh orr, gun deatach.

De na ghrabhailte sholleir.
Nach bu doilleir r'a fhaicinn.

Thug sibh fathas na h-eireann
Leibh air éiginn le tapachd.

Ged a dh-fhag mi mo bhraithrean
Anns an araich gan casgairt,

Cha 'n e sud 'tha mi 'g aireamh,
Ach sar mhac Shìr Lachainn,

A bhith 'n laimh aig luchd-Beurla,
Is nach d' fheud e dhol as orr';

Sàr chonspunn nan colgreach,
'Chuir an cogadh an cleachdadh.

Catriona Nic-Gilleain.

Catherine Maclean lived in Coll. She was known as Catriona nighean Eoghain mhic Lachainn. It is probable that she belonged to the Coll branch of the Macleans. Her poems show much tenderness of feeling.

Cumha

DO LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN, TRIATH CHOLA,
A CHAIDH A BHATHADH AN ABHAINN
LOCHAIDH 'SA BHLIADHNA 1687.

'S ann Di-sathuirn a chualas
Sgeul an fhuathais nach gann;
Gun robh mnathan gam buaireadh
'S fir gan gualadh gu teann;
Bu bheag an t-longhnadh dhalbh fein sud,
B' ur an eudail a bh 'ann;
Lamh a ghlacadh na mìltean
An am rùsgadh nan lann.

'S moch a chuala mi 'n t-eigheach,
'S cha b e teirlm mu 'n mhàl;
Ach in' alteas is m' eibhneas
A thigh'n 'na eidedh gu bagh.
Tha mi cinnteach a m' sgeula,
Gun robh do chelle ga cradh,
'Dol a dh-amharc na gibhte
'Bh' ann an ciste nan clar.

Ach a Lachainn mhic Eachainn,
Nam bratach 's nam piob,
Gur a trom leam do shac-sa,
Is nach h-acainn thu sgìos

Thainig luchair a ghalsgich
 Fo ghlasaibh do 'n tìr;
 Crann gun tiomadh, gun tals' thu,
 'S tu gun calsgéadh gach sgìos.

Gu bheil maithean do dhuthcha
 Fo throm churam an drasd,
 Mu 'n uachdaran chluiteach,
 Marcalch' ur nan steud ard;
 Chaidh thu tamull do dh-Eirinn,
 Do 'n Elphelt 's do 'n Spain;
 'S nuair a chaidh thu do Lunnainn,
 Fhuair thu 'n t-urram thar chalach.

Cait an robh ann an Albainn
 Beachd-meanmha mo ruin?
 Laoch gasda, deas, dealbhach,
 'S tric a dhearbh thu do chlu.
 Corp bu ghille na maghar
 Bha fo 'n aghaidh gun smur;
 'S e dh-fhag mise fo leatrom
 Am ball-seirce 'bha 'd ghnuis.

Cait an robh e r' a innseadh
 'N taobh so 'chrich Innse-Gall,
 Aon olghre 'bu phriselle?
 Gur dìth leinn do chall.
 Bu tu 'n ceannachadair fìor ghille
 De 'n fhìon-fhuil gun mheang,
 Leis an deant' an t-ol farsuinn
 Ann am baltean nan Gall.

Bu tu 'n ceannachadair sar mhath,
 'S tric a phaigh thu na buinn,
 'S bu tu sgiobair a bhàta
 'S tric a sharach na croinn.
 Bu leat ragha gach ardrach
 'Chur a h-earrlainn air tuinn,

Ged a rinneadh do b'athadh
Leis an ràdh air a bhùrn.

Tha an t-òighre s' 'th' air Dubhairt
Fo phudhar gu leoir;
Tha Clann-Domhnail fo athall
Agus maithean Mhic-Leold.
Bu leat cairdeas Mhic-Callein
Bho charralg nan seol.
Gur a h-ìomad full phrisell
A bha dìreadh mu d' shroin.

Gur h-e mis' tha gun aighear,
Tha do thalgean gun aird,
Bhon a fhroiseadh an t-abhall,
Is a chrathadh a bharr,
'Chraobh a b' uire de 'n fhion-fhuil,
'Bha 'cumail dìon' oirn is blàiths.
Gur a bron leis gach tighearn
Thu bàl tighinn gu bàgh.

'Dheagh Mhic-Iain o 'n Chorpaich,
Gur a fad 'tha thu bhuainn.
Do dhream sheasadh mo làrach
Ann an aite gle chruaidh.
'S ann dìu Iain is Domhnall,
'Tha 'n diugh bronach, bochd, truagn.
'Rìgh nan dùl is nan aingeal,
Cum am persannan 'suas.

Mac-Iain o 'n chorpaich, or Mac-Iain-
Abraich is a term frequently applied to
the laird of Coll. Lachlan was succeeded
by his only son, John. The next heir
was Donald, Lachlan's brother. Hence
the earnest wish expressed for the pre-
servation of John and Donald.

Ged a Dh'fhag thu ri Port mi.

Dh'fhag Domhnall Mac-Gilleain, Tighearna Chola, a bhana-bhard ri port an ann Tírthe. Nuair a rainig e-fein a null chuir e a bhàta agus a ghillean ga h-iarraidh-se Mun do thill am bàta bha 'n t-oran so aice air a dheanamh.

Ged a dh'fhag thu ri port mi,
 Cha 'n fheil mi dheth socrach no slàn;
 'S cha 'n e curam an aisig so
 A chum mi gun chadal, gun tamh;
 Ach nach grunnalach mo chasan,
 Is nach d' fhoghlum mi 'n toiseach an
 snamh,
 Gus an ruiginn an talla
 Far an tric am biodh caitheam nam bard.

A Thighearn Oig, tha mo run ort,
 Crìosd gad chòlmhead bho thuirling nan
 stuadh;
 Ged a dh'fhag thu ri port mi,
 Cha'n fheil mi dha d' chorp ann am fuath.
 Bha mo chridhe ga thàladh
 Nuair a chunnalc mi 'm bàta 'dol 'suas,
 Fo a h-uidhim gu socrach,
 Is mi guldhe dhuit fortain is buaidh.

Gu bheil lanain na felle
 Nan laighe le cheil' aams an tur;
 Gun d' fhuair sibh gu 'r n-larrtas,
 Cuid de dh-alghear 's de mhlannalbh ur sul.
 Gur h-e chobhartach aghmhor
 Air a bhliadhna so thainig nar lùib,
 Mac-Gilleain 's a chelle
 A bhith caitheamh na feusda le mùirn.

Ged a b' fhad' as an t-eilein
 Cha 'n fhaca mi gainn' air ur cul;
 Gum faight' ann a t' fhardalach
 Flon dathte na Spain' air na buird,

ri Port mi.

ain, Tighearna
an ann Tírthe.
shuir e a bháta
Mun do thill
a dheanamh.

ni,
ch no slán;
o
tamh;
san,
n toiseach an

am nam bard.

ort,
thuirling nan

in am fuath.

lol 'suas,

naidh.

;
tas;
aibh ur sul.

ùib,

mùirn.

;

d,

Aran cruinneachd geal, sòghar,
Ga charadh an ordagh gu dluth;—
Sar bhliadhannan gasda
Mar gun tarladh tu 'n taise ri bùth.

Is a Thighearn oig Chola;
'S tu m' eudall, is m' anam, 's mc run;
Culm' nach bi mi gad mholadh,
'S gum bu mhiann leat mu d' choinnimh
luchd-ciull?

Bu tu 'n curaidh sar ghasda,
Air mo laimh-sa gun sgapa'n tu crùn.
B' i do chelle 'n seud ainmell
Is a bhean dha 'm bu toirbheartach eilu.

'S beag an t-longhnadh mor cheutachd
Bhith air ogha Shìr Seumas o 'n tur;
I bhith furbhallteach, slalaidh,
'Sin a b' fhasan d' i riamh is bu dù.
Fhuair i urram nan Leodach,
Ann am misnich, am morchuis, 's an cliu,
Chaidh an naidheachd sin fad' ort
Aig gach aon a ghabh beachd air do ghnuis.

N'ghean Ruairidh nam bratach,
Gur a maiseach r'a faicinn 'measg mhna.
'Bhean dha'n robh i mar asaid,
Aice fhein a bha 'n t-achlasan aigh.
Gur h-i baintighearna Chola
Ris am faca mi 'n sonas a fas;
'S fhuair i malriste prisell
Leis am buannaichteadh sith agus baigh.

A Dhomhrall Mhic-Eachainn,
Gun guldhinn-sa leatsa deagh bhualdh,
A mhic dalta mo sheanar,
A fhuair urram, 's tu 'd leanabh, air
sluagh.

Latna buadhach sin Lechaidh,
'S e a b' urrainn an tòrachd a ruag;

Le a lualdhe 's le 'lannaibh
 Gum biodh aireamh air chennaibh gu
 uaigh.

Tha mi guidh' air an Ard-Rìgh
 Gun cumadh e 'n t-àlach so 'suas,
 Do mhac oighre 'bhith 't aite,
 Mar bu chubhaidh, 'na ailleagan sluaigh,
 'Bhith 'na shuidh ann a t' ionad
 Rì toirt suidheachaidh inich d' a thuath,
 Gu socrach 'na theaghlach,
 Is e 'freasdal nam feomach 's nan truagh.

Is tric aobhar mo mhùilaid,
 Is cha 'n fhell mi dbeth ullamh au drasd,
 Bhon a dhealaich ruinn Lachainn
 Bheireadh dhomhsa feum fearainn gun
 mhàl;

An sar churaidh 'bha 'n Lochaidh
 'Chaidh le alghear nam bord airan t-snamh;
 Is da Lachainn 'san Innis,
 Is air leam nach robh 'n femairt-san cearr.

Deanaibh fuireach beag fhathast
 Agus bitheadh ur faigidinn cluin,
 'S gun ag gheibh sibh deagh latha,
 Ge nach biodh dhìbh air fhaighinn ach
 triuir.

O gun deanadh sibh eirigh
 Mar chaoin aiteal na grein' air an driuchd
 'S nuair a bhruchdas bhur snòdhach,
 Gun grad chuir sibh sluaigh coimheach an
 cuil.

Donald of Coll was born shortly before
 the battle of Inverlochy in 1645. Da
 Lachainn; Lachlan of Brolas and Lach-
 lan of Torloisk.

Oran

DO DH-DHOMHNALL MAC-GILLEAIN,

Tighearna Chola, agus na Caimbeulaich a suidh-
eachadh fearainn Mhic-Gilleain
Dhubhairt.

'N sgeul a thaing do 'n duthaich
'S e a dhuraich dhomh mulad,
Gun robh uachdaran Ìura,
'Cumail cuir ann am Mulle,
'S iad ri ropainn 's ri eigheach
Co a's gleusda 'ni buidhinn,
'S na fir dhlìgheach air fogradh,
'S iad gun choir, gun chead fùtreach.

Cha 'n e duthchas bhur n-athar
'Tha sibh a labhairt 'san am air,
No oighreachd bhur seanar
'Tha sibh a ceangal mu Chaingis,
Ach staid dheagh Mhic-Gilleain
A tha grathunn air chall bhualinn;—
'S sinne chrean air bhi rioghall
'N nis bhen strìochd sinn gar n-antoll.

Cha 'n e cumha fear Ile
'Tha mi fhìn a stior acainn;
No chuir smal air mo shugradh
No chuir mo shuillean gu frasachd;
Ach an naidheachd so 'fhuair mi
'N am dhuit gluasad air mharcachd,
Nach do dh-iarr iad nan cuir thu,—
'S cha b' e 'n cùbaire 'bh' aca.

Cha bu sgrubaire clàir thu
'N tus paighidh no tomaidt,
Ach fear misneachail suairce,
A bha uasal ri shireadh.
Is fear ceannagalach, dàn, thu,
Is tu laidir an splionnadh;

'Dol an coinnimh do namhad
Cha bu tiath thu ri d' thilleadh.

Taing do Dhia mar a tha thu,
Nach do tharl thu 'nam freasdai,
Gu bheil Col' agus Cuimhnis
Fo do chiumse gu beagnaich,
Is Rum riab'ach na sìthne
Ri a dìreadh 'bu chreagach;
'S gur a tric air a h-ard chnoic,
'Dh' fhag thu 'n lan-damh fo leatrom.

Is gum b' airidh air tuilleadh
An duin' 'tha ri 'g raitinn,
D' a bheil morchuis is misceach,
Moran glocalais is ardain.
Gu bheil seirce ad ghnuis aobhaidh,
'S moran gaol air do chairdean;
'S b' fhearr dhaibh falbh na bhith fuireach,
Seal mu 'm buidhinn am bas thu.

A dheagh Thighearna Chola,
Fhuair thu onair 's bu dùal dhuit,
'S tu a shilochd nam fear gasda,
Nach bu tais an am cruadail.
Cha dug òr ort no eagal
Gun thu sheasamh ri d' dhualchas;
Gloir do Chrìosd mar a thachair,
Nach h-fheil smachd aig luchd-fnath' ort.

Gur tu 'n t-uachdaran cluicteach,
Cha b' fhear spùnnidh air tuath thu;
Tha thu faighidneach, iochdmhor,
'S tha thu measail aig uaislean.
'S tu ceann-uidhe nan deoaraidh
'Thoir an lòn air bheag duais dhaibh;
'S ann an comunn nan aingeal
Bidh aig t'anam-sa suaimhneas.

'S i mo cheist do ghnuis shìobhailt
A 's glan flabhachd is falcinn;

Gruaidh dhearg mar na caoran,
 Sull air aogaig na dearcaig;
 Deud air chuma na disne,
 'S beul o'n cinntiche facl;
 Nuair a bhiodh tu 's taigh bhinne,
 'S tu gun innseadh an ceartas.

Gur a mor a chuis uallaich
 'Th' air mo luaidh-sa mar churam;
 'S ann d'i clann Mhic-Gilleain,
 'Cha'll an aighear 's an sugradh;
 Clann an t-saoidh'stu, Fear Bhròlais
 'Tha fo 'n fhoid gun chead tionndadh;
 Is clann Mhurchaidh na Maighe,
 Cuis gun aighear sud dhuinne.

'S iomad aon 'tha fo aimheal
 'S Mac-Gillean as aite;
 'S ann diu oighre na Cùile,
 'S iad bhith 'n tús de shlochd bhraithrean.
 Chaidh an saoghal air chuibhlhbh,
 Bonn os-clonn a nis tha e;
 Ach, a Rìgh 'th' anns a chathair,
 Cuir caoin dhreach ann ad ghradh air.

'N dreach 'bu mhiann leam air fhalciun
 Seal mu'n glacadh am bàs mi,
 Mo mhuinntir a thilleadh
 As gach ionad 'sna thamh iad,
 Na h-oganaich ghasda
 Chul-chleachdach, dheas, dhàicheil,
 'S iad a thabhairt rualg mhanaigh
 Far an ainid le càch e.

Aimheal, grief. Manadh, chance, luck. Ainid,
 vexing, galling.

Oran

DO CHATRIONA NIC-GILLEAIN,

Nighean Fhìr Bhrolais, a bha pòsda aig
Lachainn Mac Thighearna Chola, air
dh' fha bhi 'na laighe 'san
Innis am Mùlle.

Tha mi 'falbh an cois tuinne,
'S tha mo shull air na grunnalbh
'Dh-fheuch an faicear leam culaidh fo sheol,
Tha mi falbh, etc.

'Bheir dhomh sgeul air mo leanabh,
Bean chiùin nan rosg malla,
Sull dhubh-ghorm a 's glan sealladh gun
sgleo.

Beul min-dearg an fhosaidh
Fo 'n inntinn 'tha socrach;
Cha bu duthchas dhuit brosgal no bosd.

Gruaidh mar ròs air a tharruinn
Tha fo chaoile na mala;
Deud dluth a 's math gearradh gun sгод.

Thu bhith 'd laighe 'san Innis,
Ged is duthchasach t' ionad,
'Chuir mo shuillean a shileadh nan deoir.

Nighean Dhomhnall mhic Lachainn,
A tha mise 'n din 'g acainn,
'S ogha Dhomhnall mhic Eachainn nan srol.

Nighean athair mo ruin-sa
Craobh dhion' d'a luchd-muinntir,
'S e nach leigeadh an cuis dheth gun toir.

Chuala mis' lad ag raitinn,
Nuair a bha thu 'sna blaraidh,
Gum b' fhear misneachall, dan thu, le foirm.

Ged bha combarr ad shiubhal,
 Rinn thu gnìomh bu mho pudhar,
 'S dh' fhag thu luchd nan ad dubha fo leon.

Dhulne dh-eirich an diombuaidh,
 Gun do dh-fhalbh ar ceann-cinnidh,
 Gun do thaoitear 'bhith 't ionad 'nad lèrg.

Tha do mhulnntir fo imcheist,
 'S do mhac thathast og leanaball,
 Bho dhubh sheachdain na Caingis so 'dh'-
 fhalbh.

The wife of Lachlan, son and heir of Maclean of Coll, was a daughter of Donald Maclean, third of Brolas. Donald received two severe wounds on the head in the battle of Sheriffmuir. It is to his wounds that the expression, "Ged bha 'n combarr' ad shiubhal," refers. His grandfather, Domhnall Mac Eachainn Oig, was a son of Hector Og of Duart, and a grandson of Sir Lachlan Mor. He died in 1725.

Cumha

DO SHEUMAS MAC-GILLEAIN, A FEAR.

Gur h-e mise 'tha pràmhail
 'S fhuair mi fàth air 'bhì dubhach.
 Tha mi 'feitheamh an àite
 Far 'm bu ghnàs dhuit 'bhith 'd shuidhe,
 'S gun do ghunn' ann air ealachainn,
 'Chuireadh earba bho shiubhal,—
 Mo chreach dhullich gun d'eug thu,
 Namhaid féidh anns a bhruthach.

Nuair a bha mi gad chàradh,
 Ged bu shàr-mhath mo mhìneach,
 Gun robh saighead am airnean,
 'S i gam shàthadh gu 'h-itich,
 Mu 'n fhear churanta, làidir,
 Nach robh fàilinn 'na ghliocas.
 Cha robh 'n saoghal mar chàs ort
 Nam biodh t' àilleas fo t' òchd dheth.

Cha do rinn mi riut fàilte
 Ged a thainig thu, Sheumais.
 Gur h-e mise 'tha cràiteach,
 Is cha slanach an léigh mi.
 Bho nach fhèil thusa maireann,
 'Fhir 'bu cheanalt' 's bu bheusanach';
 Gur h-e mise nach sòradh
 Nì bu deonach le d' bheul-sa.

Ormsa thainig am fuathas
 O 'n Di-luain so 'chaidh tharam;
 Bhon a chunnalc mo shùilean
 Thu gad ghiulan aig fearaibh,
 Gun robh mnai air bheag céille,
 'S fir gu deurach gad ghearan.
 Bho a dh' fhag iad 'sa chill thu,
 Oeh, mo dhìobhail, 's trom m' eallach.

Nuair a thug iad gu tilleadh.
 Gun robh 'n lomairet ud cruaidh leam,
 'S tus', a ruin, air do chàradh
 Ann an càraich na fuarachd.
 Com cho geal ris a chanach
 Fo chul clannach, cas, dualach;
 'S truagh nach robh mise mar-riut,
 'S mi gum anam, 's an fhuar leab'!

Nuair a rainig mi 'n clachan
 Chaidh am bratsid mo dheuraibh;
 Bho nach d' leigeadh a steach mi
 'Dh-ionns' na leap' an robh m' eudall.
 Ach nam bìtheadh tu maireann,
 Chaoidh cha dhealaidheadh tu-fhéin sinn.
 Ochain, ochain, mo sgaradh!
 'S i mo bharail a threig mi.

Air Dì-domhnach 'sa chlachan,
 Och! cha 'n fhailc mi mo ghràdh ann.
 Bidh gach aon té gu h-eibhinn.
 Is a céile fhein lamh-r' i;
 Ach bidh mise gad ghearan-s',
 'Fhir 'bu cheanalta nàdar.
 Mo theinn thruagh 'bhith gad chumhadh,
 'S tu 'n leab' chumhainn nan claran.

Tha mi 'm ònrachd 's an fheasgar,
 'Ghaoll, cha deasaich mi t' àite.
 'S gun mo dhùil ri thu 'thighinn;
 'S e, 'fhir-cridhe, so 'chraidh mi.
 Do chorp gle gheal th' air dubhadh,
 'S do chul buidh' th' air dhroch càradh.
 Ged a dh' fhàg mi thu 'm dheoghainn,
 B' e mo roghainn bhith làmh-riut.

Nam biodh fios air mo smaointinn
 Alg gach aon dha bheil céile,
 'S fad mun dèanadh iad gearan,
 Fhad 's a dh' fhanadh iad-fhein daibh.

Ged a gheibhinn de dh-òig'
 Air achd 's gum pòsadh dha-dheug mi,
 'S dearbh noch falcinn bho thoiseach.
 Aon bu docha na 'n ceud fhear.

Nan do ghabhadh leat fògar,
 'S barail bheo bhith aig càch ort,
 'S grad a rachainn an tòir ort;
 B' e sin sòlas mo shlainte,
 'N dùil gun deanadh tu tilleadh
 'Dh-ionns' an Ìonaid a dh' fhag thu —
 'S fheadar fhulang mar thachair;
 'S ann a ghlais iad fo 'n chlàr thu.

Och a Rìgh, ghleidh mo chiall dhomh,
 'S mi ga t' iargainn-s', a ghràidhein.
 'Fhir 'bu tuigsich' 's bu chiallaich'.
 'S mor 'bha 'chiatabh 'co-fhàs riut.—
 Tha mi 'nis mar mhaolclaran,
 Gad ghnàth-farraidh 's mi craiteach.
 Math mo laigstinn, a Dhia, dhomh;
 Gur h-e t' iasad a chraidh mi.

LACHAINN MAC - MHIC - IAIN.

Lachlan Maclean, known as Lachainn Mac-Mhic-Iain, was of the family of Coll. He was probably a grandson of John Garve, 8th of Coll, and apparently a son of John of Motaranald.

Cumha

DO LACHAINN MAC-GILLEAIN,
Triath Cholla, a bhathadh 'sa bhliadhna 1687.

Marbhphaisg air an t-saoghal chruaidh,
'S laidir buan an caraich' e;
Cha 'n fhell mionaid anns an uair
Nach bi 'ghluasad mearachdach;
'Aig fheabhas 's a bhios a sgeimh
Bheir luchd-bleid an aire dha;
'S gun d' aithnich mis' orm fein
Gum bu bhreug a gheallaidhnean.

'N ai sin shaoileas tu bhith 'd laimh,
'S e gun dàil, gun mhearachd ann,
Ma 's ni glaiete 'san taigh stòir,
Ge b'e or no eallach e,
No duine masgulaich og
'San cuir thu dochas barantais;
Sud e seachad mar am fear,
'S ochain! threig me bharail mi.

Tha fear 'sa chalbeal so shuas
'D' fhag mò shnuadh-sa malartach.
A rìgh, bu dreachmhor do ghruaidh

'N am bhith 'bualadh chrannanan.
 Bu ghlan do rughadh 's do ghris
 Ri ol fion' an tallachan;
 Gheibhinn do chaldreamh 's do run,
 'S gun d'fhalbh mo shunnd bho'n
 chailleadh thu.

Cha bhì mi tigheachd air do bheus,
 Bho nach gnìomhan balach iad;
 Cha robh thu taisgeil air send,
 'S thug luchd-teud an aire dhuit.
 Bha thu macanta ri mnaoi,
 'S ri aos-dana carthannach;
 'S ged bu chruadalach do lamh,
 'Rìgh, bu tiath ri leanabh thu.

Bu mhath lalmhsicheadh tu pìc,
 Ceannard pìob' is brataich thu;
 Bha thu 'd mharbhadair air feidh,
 'S b' fhear dha 'n gelleadh bradan thu:
 Bha thu 'd mharcaich' anns a chuirte
 Air each cruitheach, aigcannach,
 'S bha thu 'd sgiobair onfhalidh fhuair,
 Bu tric 'sa chuan Shas'nach thu.

Nì mi do shloinneadh gu fòil,
 Cha bhì strò no barrachd ann;
 Thainig thu bho Lachainn Mor,
 Mac-Gilleoil a b' allaille;
 'S do shloinneadh dìreach r'a lorg
 Gu Sìr Eoin Mac Allein so;
 'S an am comhairle no gleois
 Gun thu bhith beo gum fairich iad.

Thainig thu air sliochd Iain Mhoir,
 'S bho Mheubh oig 'bu bhanaille;
 An t-Ìarla sin a bh' air an Rut'
 Bha e dluth 'na charaid dhuit.
 Car thu Dhomhnall Gorm bho 'n tur,
 'Chogadh cruin gu sgaircapach,

'S do dh-Iain Muldeartach naa ceud,
 ▲ thug celle clannail dhuit.

'S car thu Dhùghall og nan steud,
 A dhiult beum luchd-ealanta,
 'Blinn do phairt ri Morair Mar
 'Thaobh na mna bha 'n ceangal ris.
 Seonaid mathair Lachainn Mhoir,
 'S nigh'n Mhic-Leoid na Hearnadh ud;
 Bhon thainig thus' as an cre
 Chur sin an céilth Mhic-Callein thu.

Mac-Leoid 's a chinneadh gu léir
 Tha gu geur gad ghearan-sa;
 Chall lad iteach as an sgéil
 Bho 'n la threig an anail thu.
 Bho 'n Chaisteal Tioram 'san Aird
 Thoisich am pairt barantail,
 'S bha 'n cairdeas sin druim air dhruim
 'Tigh 'n air linn gun charachadh.

Naa tuilleadh tus' ann am bliar,
 No'n comhrag garbh ri fear-eiginn,
 Le Mac-Obinnich is Mac-Neill
 Dheanteadh eirigh bhearraideach;
 Mac-Mhic-Alasdair bho 'n Troim
 Dheanadh brachd ealamh ort;
 'S bhiodh Mac-an-Toisich 's a rann
 'Bualadh lann gu faru-nach.

A Thi 'chruthalach e bho thus
 'S a thug dhuladh an sealladh s' dheth,
 Dean sinn umhal dha d' thoil fhein
 Anns gach gleus 'am bean Thu ruinn,
 Bhon thig am bàr air gach feoil,
 'S theid an fhoid 'chur thairis orr',
 'S an spiorad a dh-ionnsaidh Dhe,
 Bhon 's E-fein a chennalach e.

Eallach, cattle of any kind, a burden. Malar-
 tach, variable, changeable. Gris, reddish look.

Lachlan, ninth Maclean of Coll, was a brave soldier, and a kind man. He served several years under General Mackay in Holland. He was married to Marion, daughter of John Macdonald, Captain of the Clanranald. He was drowned in the water of Lochy in Lochaber, in August, 1687.

Hector, fifth Maclean of Coll, married Meve, daughter of Alexander Macdonald of Islay and the Glens, and sister of Somhairle Buidhe, father of the first Earl of Antrim. She was descended from Iain Mor Tanaistear, son of the first Lord of the Isles. Hector's son, Hector Roy, married Marion, daughter of Hector Og of Duart, and granddaughter of the Earl of Argyll. Hector Roy's son, Lachlan, married Florence, daughter of Norman Macleod of Harris, and granddaughter of the Earl of Argyll. Lachlan's son, John Garbh, married Florence, daughter of Sir Dugall Campbell of Achanambrec by his wife, Mary Erskine, granddaughter of the Earl of Mar. John Garbh's son, Hector Roy, married Marion, daughter of Hector of Torloisk, son of Lachainn Og, of Torloisk, son of the celebrated Lachainn Mor Dhubhairt,

son of Hector Og of Duart, by his wife, Seonaid nighean Mhic-Caillein. Hector Roy died before his father. Lachlan, the subject of the lament, was his son.

Diomoladh na Pioba.

'Ghilleasbuig, mo mhallachd ri m' oheo
 'Dh-fhear aithris do ghniomh',
 'Chlean de na chual thu de cheol
 Gun d'ug thu 'n t-urram do 'n phlob.
 Mur cuala luchd-teud sgainneal do bheoil,
 'S tu 'bu dona gu'n diol;
 Gum b' fhearr thu 'dh-ith arain is mharag is
 fheol',
 A bhalach nach b' fhilach.

'S lomadh iar!' ann an Albainn an nochd
 'Na leaba, tha fìos,
 An deidh a bhrù 'ltonadh le cabhruch a
 poit,
 'S e 'tionndadh gu tric,
 Nan dìgeadh i teann orra anmoch do moch,
 A ghlagaid gun mheas,
 A bheireadh mar dhuais do 'n fhear 'bhiodh
 'na cois
 Na coin a chur ris.

Ge b' e glagaire 'thoisich an toiseach ri ceol
 A thoir as a bian.
 'S dearbh gun robh brudair is breisleach
 ro mhor

'Na chialgeann re cian;
 Chà d'ig ceol ioraltach, drithleannach, luath
 A tollaibh a miar;
 'S ann a bhios i ri stadall 's ri glagall gun
 fhonn,
 Mar ghagall nan giadh.

A cliu air glagarsalch mhoir
 Is fad on a chual,
 Ga tarruinn am mach a t' achlais gun doigh,
 A mhaidearlach thruagh.
 Cuiridh i smaointinnean taiseachd is gealt-
 achd gu leoir
 An signeadh 'g a chruas;
 Gum b' fheàrr i mar chlach-bhaig 'chur
 nan eòch bharr an fheoir
 Na bhrosnachadh 'uaigh.

Gur h-e 's beus d'ia brengan le 'neart,
 'S breun i 'n a t' uchd;
 Ged bhiodh tu ga seideadh gus am b' eiginn
 dhuit stad
 Cha seim i dhuit puirt;
 Bu cho math 'bhith cur salain is t' anail a
 steach
 An golie na muic'.
 'S mi nach h-iarradh gu brath a dhol faisg
 Air earradh a cuirp.

'S fad on a fhuair sinn taisbeanadh sul'
 Gum bu ghealtach a gnàths;
 Ri am dol 'nam braise 's t' adh do shluagh,
 'S ann a dheanadh i 'm t'
 Aig Sliabh-an-t-Stiorra beag 'ona so shuas,
 An cuala sibh e?
 Thug i leum air muin glile bhig ruaidh,
 Gu teicheadh o 'n bhlar.

An t-urram de na chunnalc mo shull,
 Gu cur fras cail,
 Do Chonnduill 'bha 'm Mulle ann an cail,
 'S gu alre 'thol: t da.
 Aig Mac-Leold a bha'n duine, Mac-Crulmein
 a chiull,
 Bha ainm air 's gach ait;
 Ach Padruig is Iain mac Uilleim na muisg,
 Da sglimeach nan càrt!

When the firing began at the battle of
 Sheriffmuir the boy that carried Conduli's
 pipe got frightened and ran away. He
 took the pipe with him.

72
Anndra Mac-an-Easbuig.

Bishop Hector Maclean was born in 1605. He graduated at the University of Glasgow in 1628. He was for a long time Minister of Morvern. He became minister of Eastwood in 1679. He was appointed Bishop of Argyll, June 29th, 1680. He died in 1687. He belonged to the Lochbuie branch of the Macleans. He was probably a son of Mr. Angus Maclean, first minister of Morvern. He was married to Jean, daughter of Mr. Thomas Boyd, minister of Eaglesham, eldest son of Andrew Boyd, Bishop of Argyll. He had four sons, Andrew, Angus, Alexander and John. He had two daughters. Janet, the elder, was married to Lachan Og, seventh son of Lachlan Maclean of Ardgour. The younger was married to William Campbell of Wester Kames. Angus, the second son of Bishop Hector, graduated at the University of Glasgow in 1661, and became minister of Kilfinchan in 1666. Alexander, the third son, is known in history as Sir Alexander Maclean of Otter. He fought at the battle of Killiecrankie. He entered the French service some time afterwards, and was a Lieu-

tenant-Colonel. He died at Aix-la-Chapelle. John, the fourth son of Bishop Hector, was a Lieutenant in the Earl of Portmore's regiment of Foot. He was killed at Kaizerswerth, probably in 1702. Bishop Hector's widow died in 1704.

Andrew, Bishop Hector's eldest son, Anndra Mac-an-Easbuig, was born about the year 1635. He was a captain in the army. He resided at Knock, in Morvern. Owing to the depredations of the Camerons he had to sell Knock and leave Morvern. He seems to have spent his latter days in Mull. He married Florence, daughter of Charles Maclean of Ardnacross, Tearlach Mac Ailein, and had one son by her, Sir Angus, a Major in the Spanish army. Sir Angus had a son named Andrew, who died without issue in 1780. Captain Andrew was an excellent poet. The year of his death is not known.

Oran

DO BHARBARA NIGHEAN AN EASBUIG
FULARTON.

Gun dug mi gaol nach fàllinneach
Do ribhinn nan cuach fainneagach;
Gur boldheach, dualach, arbhuidh iad
Mar aiteal dearreadh theud.

A ghruaidh a chruthaich nàdar dh'ì
 'S tuis ratha 's raga dealbha sin,
 'S gach buaidh oirr' mar a b' fhearr a bh'
 air

Diana a chaidh eug.

Gur maiseach, min-gheal, tàbhachdach,
 Gur cuimr, dìreach, daicheil i,
 Le aigheadh seimh, neo-ardanach,
 Gun fhàillinn 'tha fo 'n ghrein.

Is sùgach an am manrain i,
 'S i cuirteall mar a's abhaist dh'ì;
 Is math thig falte gaire dh'ì
 Bho chlaragaibh a béil.

Gur millis' a pog na mealannan,
 'S i 's cinntich' gloir gun amaideachd;
 Bheir brìgh a beoll' s a h-analach
 Neach anacrach bho 'n eug.

Air uchd nach crìon ri 'thaisbeanadh
 Tha an da chich a's tiachdmhoire;
 Bhuin i gach crìdh le 'taitneasaibh
 Fo ghlasaibh aice fein.

Is caoin fo 'gùn a seang chorpan,
 'S i 's maolle glun is calbannan;
 Troigh chumir bheag gun gharacalachd,
 Nach saltair garbh air feur.

Chaidh clu na té s' a Albainn uainn,
 Aig glainead bheus 's aig leanabanachd;
 Cha d'fhan e anns a Ghearmailte,
 Gun dol gu dearbh do 'n Ghreig.

O, b' fhearr gur mis' a bhuadhacheadh
 Min fhàil le 'n cuirteadh cruaidh shnaim
 ort;

Cha b' fhear gun àgh 'san uair sin mi,
 Nuair bhuannaichinn thu-fein.

Ach 's cruaidh an càs ma 's fuatharachd
 A gheibh mi 'n atte truacantachd;
 Gum b' fhearr dhomh mur a buannaich mi
 A bhith 'san uaigh a péin.

Co 'chuala riamh no 'chunnat e,
 No 'fhuair 'san nadar duine-sa,
 Gach uaisl' 'tha 'm Bàbi Fularton
 An cruinneachadh 'na cre?

Ge b' e do tholl-sa diultadh rium
 Cha'n onair dhomh bhi diubbaltach;
 Mo shoraidh-sa durachdach
 Do d' bhrollleach cubhraidh fein.

Marbhrann

DO DH-ALASDAIR MAC-AN-EASBUIG,

'S bochd an sgeula so 'thainig,
 'S olc a chreuchdadh ar n-armuinn,
 O sna dheurach an drasd a rug oirn.
 'S bochd, etc.

'S trom mo cheum, gun fàth gaire,
 'S trom neo-eibhinn a tha mi,
 'S gur h-e cumha do bhàis 'rinn mo leon.

'S bochd a chraidh thu mi 'm chridhe,
 Sprochd do bhàis th' air mo ruighinn,
 Spot nach slanaich aon lighich' tha beo.

Tha mo ghruaidhean àr slaradh
 Agus m' olsean air liathadh;
 'S d. acair dhomhsa 'nis strìan chur ri m'
 fheoil.

'S mi mar choltas maolclarain,
 No mar Oisein ga t' iarraidh;
 'S gum b' mise ga t' iargalinn ri m' bheo.

'S mor m' anradh is m' allaban
 On a threig thu mi Alasdair,
 'S i so 'bhairlinn a chreanaich mi 'm fheoll.

Is nam faighinn leam m' inntinn
 Dheannainn scilleir ort innseadh,
 Nach robh 'd chinneadh ri m' linn-sa na's
 mo.

Fear cruaidh, curant', gun ghiorag,
 'N am na tuasaid nach tilleadh,
 'S tu buidhinn urram gach spionnaidh le-
 seol.

Nuair a bhiodh tu 'sna blaraidh
 'Bhith air thus 's e bu ghnaths leat;
 'S i do shull nach biodh sgathach roimh
 ghleos

'N am dhuit dol do 'n taigh-thàirne,
 Bhiodh a chuideachd a b' fhearr leat,
 'S cha bu sgrubaire clair thu mu 'n bhord.

Cha b' fhear fuath' thu no fàbhair,
 'S tu gum fuasg'leadh gach ceangal,
 'S tu bhi shuas ann an cathair a mhòid.

Cha dean uisge na fairge,
 No maoidheadh ra h-armailte,
 Mo bhainnir-sa mharbhadh na's mo.

Ann an campa sin Luthainn,
 Cha b' sh meang ann ad ghiulan,
 'S cha robh fallinn an uirgholl do bheoll.

Dh' fhag mi thu anns a bhothaig,
 'S do chorp min-gheal air breothadh,
 Is gun sùgh ann ad chnamhan, ach còs.

Iorram

Le ANNDEA MAC-AN-EASBUIG, an uair a
shlubhall a bhean agus a fhuair e naldheachd
bàis a dhithied bhràithrean, Sir Alasdair a
chaochatal ann am Aix la Chapell, agus Caiptein
Iain a mharbhadh ann an Keyzerwerth.

Gur a cràiteach an othall
'Tha an dràs a tigh'nn fotham
Ann an damhair an fhoghair 's na buana.

Gur a tursach mi 'g éirigh
'S mi gun fhurán o m' chéile,
'S cha 'n e 'cumha gu léir tha gam
bhualreadh.

Gur h i 'n naldheachd so leugh mi
'Tha gam chaitheadh fo m' léine,
'S a chuir snaldheadh gu geur orm mu 'n
cuairt domb.

Dhòirt orm tonn mu mo mhullach
Dh' fhàs 'na throm-bhuille muinnell,
'S a dh' thàg lom mi gun lunnach, gun
suanach.

Cha b' i lochdair an t-saoir
A rinn mo let air gach taobh dhìom;
Ach a chros-tuagh bu daoire gun d' fhuaras

Bidh m' fhear-fuatba 'sior-thàir orm,
'S gur beart bhuan dha mo thàmailt
'S e a bagradh gu dàna mo bhualadh.

Nàlle chunnaic mi madginn
Nach bu chunnarach cladaich
Do dh' fhear eile 'bhi bagradh no chluaisee.

Fhad 's bu bheò iad le chéile
Na ghabh fogradh le Seumas,
Na ùr oga bu tréine ri m' ghualainn.

B' iad mo ghradh na sr chridhe
 'Bha dha 'n càirdean gun slighe,
 'S nach robh tàirell air dilghe dhaoin' uaisle.

Gum bu tais ris na dàimh sibh,
 Gum bu mhacant' ri manaol sibh,
 'S gum bu sgaitheach le 'r naimhdean 'ur
 cruadal.

Gum b' airdh luchd-theud sibh
 Ann an arglòd no 'n éideadh;
 Is aols-dàna cha 'n euradh sibh duais dhaibh..

'S mi craobh choimheach na coire,
 A bha roimhe so 'n colle,
 'S cha bu doimhtheamh an doire as na
 bhuaineadh.

Is truagh duine mar tha mi
 A sior fhulang gach sàraich;
 Mo chruas dullich, gun bhràthair, gun
 ghual-fhear.

Ach ma rinn sibh bhuan imeachd
 'S gun 'ur n-olghre 'nur n-ionad,
 'S e mo roinn-sa de 'n lomairt a's cruaidhe.

Suanach, a coarse covering. Slighe, craft.
 Cha'n euradh sibh, you would not refuse.

Oran

Le ANNDRÀ MAC-AN-EASBUIG, an uair a reic e
an Cneò Mòrairneach, a dh' fheum e fhagail; a
chionn 's gun robh na Camaranach a goid a
chuid cruith is each, agus nach d' fhag lad ni
aige.

Bhuam-s' tha 'n ràitinn
Ri tuar m' fhaillinn,
'S buan dhomh amhghar,
'S fuar tha m' aite còmhnuidh.

'N drasd, mar aising
A bha 'n cadal,
Tha na bh' againn;
Gun d' tharladh fad' air falbh e.

Maghan farsuinn
'Bu shar ghasd altreabh,
Gun dìon, gun fhasgadh,
Gun sparr, gun at, gun chòmha;

Gun cheol pleba,
Gun ol fiona;
Cor an gnìomha,
'S leoir dhomh 'mhlad de 'dhoruinn;

'Chùirt 'n do chleachd mi
'N tus bhi 'faicinn
Muirn is maenais,
Gun smuid deatach sheombar;

'N luchairt laghach
'M bu dluth tathaich,
Cùirt Mhic-Gilleain,
Cùis gun alghear dhomh-s' e;

'N t-aite 'm faighteadh
Balgh is pailteas,
'S gradh ga sgapadh,
Gu nàrach, taitneach, ordail;

Gach ni 'b' aill leat,
 Dinneir àraidh
 Gun slon dàlach,
 'S bu chinnt do 'n dalbhear comhdach.

Am preas cubhraidh
 'Bu deas cumhdach
 Gun chleas ùmbaidh,
 Maiseach, ubhlach, boidheach;

Craobh an abhall
 Ga slor-sgathadh
 'Sios gun athadh
 Le fìor chaitheadh foirneirt;

Fo mhèin mhèirleach
 Nach seimh céirdean,
 Gun dàimh cairdis;
 Saobhaidh Dhatain 's Chora;

'Bha riamh bristeach,
 Gun slon 'ghibhtean,
 Ach ciall ghlocais;
 B'e 'n ceann-shift do m' sheors' iad.

'S e bàlgh Allein
 Air gradh caraid
 'S a bhàs ealamh
 'Dh 'fhag fas ar fearann mor duinn.

Nach beart fhollais
 An staid shoilleir s'
 A ghrad thoinneamh
 'N ar ceart choinnimh òirne.

Bhuain sinn fein i
 Le uaisle eifeachd,
 'S le cruas meine;
 Bhuall i geur 's an t-sroin sinn.

Ged tha ar fearann
 An draod fo'r gearradh,
 Cha 'n e bhur ceannas
 Bhuin dhinn le lannaibh coir' e.

Bu bhuan strì dhulnn
 Rì sluagh rìoghachd;
 Cha tuath chrìon
 A fhuair dhinn strìochdadh comhla.

Mur biodh ach uiread
 'Toirt dhinn le buillibh
 Cis ar muineil
 Sgrìobht' am full ar fogradh.

A Rìgh fhathais,
 Dhe d' shaor mhathas,
 Sìth-thaimh tabhair;
 Brìgh ar n-achain deonaich.

On gheall Thu fein
 Gum biodh Tu 'd leigh
 A thoirt a pein
 A bhràther fheumaich bhronaich,

Thoir dhuinn fhathast,
 Mac-Gilleain
 'N aite 'n athar,
 Mar cheannard rath 'san Dreallainn.

Spàrr, a joist, a beam. At, acuin, a rafter.
 Daibhear, needy, destitute. Saobhaidh, a litter,
 a den. Dreallainn, a name applied to the island
 of Mull.

IAIN MAC AILEIN.

John McLean, commonly called Iain Mac Ailein, and sometimes Iain Mac Ailein Mhic Iain Mhic Eoghain, belonged to the Ardgour branch of the Macleans. Ewen, 6th Maclean of Ardgour, Eoghan na h- Iteige, married a daughter of Stewart of Appin, and had two sons by her, Allan, his successor, and John. He was living in 1587. John, his second son, had a son named Allan. This Allan was the poet's father. Iain Mac Ailein was thus a great-grandson of Eoghan na h- Iteige.

Iain Mac Ailein lived in Mull. His place of residence seems to have been near Aros. He was a young man in the time of Sir Allan Maclean of Duart. We may assume then that he was born at least as early as the year 1665. He was married, and lived to be an old man. Dr. Johnson, who visited the Western Islands in 1773, speaks of him as a famous Mull bard, who had died only a few years before that date. He also says that he could neither read nor write. We are inclined to think that the poet must have died before the stirring events

of 1745. At any rate there is no reference in any of his poems to those events. Besides, he would be at least ninety years of age in 1745. The latest event to which he refers in his poems occurred in 1738. All that we can confidently assert then regarding the time of his death is that it took place some time after 1738.

Iain Mac Ailein was evidently an intelligent, good-natured and well-informed man. He was intimately acquainted with the history of his own clan, and possessed a good knowledge of the history of the Highland clans in general. He was an ardent Jacobite, and was thoroughly familiar with the political events of his own day. He was well versed in the Bible. He seems to have been a man of genuine piety. He was a true poet, a man who described in poetic language men and things just as he saw them. He is fairly entitled to a high rank among the bards of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

Oran Gaoil.

Bha dithisid nighean a labhairt mu 'n Bhard.
Bha te d'hiu ga dhlomoladh 's ag radh nach robh
ard-fhoghlum aige. Bha 'n te eile ga mholadh,
's ag radh gun robh ni a b' fhearr aige, moran
de thuigse nadair.

LUINNEG.

Faill il o ro, failil il o,
Faill il o ro, failil il o,
Faill il o ro, hul il o ro,
Faill il o ro, failil il o.

Is ged nach d' fhaodadh mo thogall suas,
Ach teagasg nadair 'thoirt dhomh le buaidh;
An té 'tha 'graitinn gu bheil mi trailleil
Cha'n fheil mi 'g aicheadh nach faigh i m'
fhuath.

Is mor an caochladh a rinn a cridh'
Mur h-e 's gun d' thoill mise bhualp' an
gnlomh;
An calin daonta d' an robh mo shaor-ghradh
Gum faic an saoghal mur toil leam i.

Och, och, a dhaolne nach creid sibh bhuan,
'S mi 'toirt mar fhaosaid dhulbh auns gach
uair,
Nach mo mo ghaol air a chailin shaor so
Na gaol an fhaol-choin air fuil an uain.

Ged theireadh cach gum bu toil leam thu,
Is fada tha sud o bhith 'nam run:
Tha mi cho seachantach air thus' fhalcinn
Is a tha 'm bradan air linge bhuirn.

Nuair a bhios càch ann an cadal seimh
Gur tric le m' aigneadh 'bhith rium ag radh
Nach mo mo thlachd air a dhol na fagadh
Na th' aig an lack air a dhol air snamh.

A challin mhodhar a's moiteil dealbh,
 Ged tha do ghruaidh mar an corcur dearg.
 Tha mi cho suarach mu d'ghaol 's cho fuathach
 'S tha cat na luatha air luch a-shealg.

A challin bhaindidh a labhradh cluin,
 Ge fada cam-bhuidhe reidh do chul,
 Cha'n fheil mo gheall-sa air t' uaigneas calante
 Ach mar tha n dall air a leirsinn shul.

Ma their mi 'n fhirinn am brigh mo sgeoll,
 'Thaobh t' eol is t' ual-le 's do shualrceas beoll,
 Cha'n fheil mi 'n trom-chlon, a ghruagach
 dhonn ort,

Ach mar tha 'n drongair air bhith ag ol.

'S ann 'bha mo chairdean am barail diom
 Gum b' e do ghradh-sa mo namhaid chlaoidh:
 Do phog le fallte cha dean i stàth dhomh
 Ach mar ni 'n t-slainge do 'n duine thinn.

Comhradh,

Mar gum b' ann eadar dìthid nighean Dhomh-
 naill, mac Mhic-Dhomhnaill Dùibh,

MAIREARAD.

Thuir Mairéarad nigh'n Domhnaill,
 'S i tòiseachadh gu cluin,
 A phiuthar clod an t-ordlagh,
 An nis mu'n deonach thu?
 Ma 's ionnan duit is dhòmhsa,
 Bi 't oigh is gheibh thu eilu;
 'S na farr dhuit féin de shòlas
 Ach bhith pòsda ris an ùir.

MARSAILI.

'Sin nuair labhair Marsaili,
 'S bh' taitneach leam a ghoir;

A phiuthar, 's beag mo chiatadh
 De bhriathraibh sin do bheoil.
 Gum b' fhearr leam seal de mhacna
 Ri mac mhic Eachainn Oig,
 Na bhith cràbhadh mar-ri sagairt
 Agus paidearan 'nam dhorn.

MAIREARAD.

Ochoin! 's truagh an fhaòsaid sin,
 A phiuthar ghaolach og,
 Meud do thoirt do 'n t-saoghaltachd,
 'S nach bi sinn daonna beo.
 Bu ghnìomh bu mhò gu cobhair riut
 Do leabhar a bhith 'd dhorn,
 Na bhith falbh air ghleanntan fasaich
 Gun sailm ach gàirich bhò.

MARSAILI.

Mun gabh thu fearg le ardan rium,
 Bidh m' aicheadh dhuit gu mall;
 Ach 's truagh an beachd a dh' fhàs annad,
 'S gun t' àrach am measg Ghall.
 Gabh fein sgeul an easbuig
 'Th' air ar creideamh-ne mar cheamn,
 Dh' fheuch an sinne 'n t-ordagh so
 Na 'm pòsadh a b'fh' ann.

MAIREARAD.

Tha fomad ni ga chleachdadh
 Le lagh eaglais anns gach àit,
 Nach faigh thu anns a Bhlobull,
 Ged 's e freum gach firinn' e.
 'S fearr posadh, ge b' e thogras e,
 Na loagadh is cuis bhàis;
 Ach ge b'e 'thig gun aon diu,
 Bi cinnteach gur h-e 's fearr.

MARSAILI.

B' fhearr leam bhith gu càtanach

Le tàintibh is le stòr;
 A bhith gu taisgeach, tairbheartach,
 Le airgiod le is or;
 Bhith gu riomhach, fasanta
 Le pasmunn le le srol,
 Na bhith seargadh ri claich chrabhaidh
 Gun fu a ghàir', ach bron.

MAIREARAD.

'S àite-gléidhte diomain
 'San do chuir thu t' uille stor,
 'S gun ann ach seorsa phigeachan,
 'S gum brisdear iad gu fòll.
 'N t-àit 'ea bheil mo thasgaidh-sa
 Tha glasan air do-leoint';
 On tha mo stiubhart saibhir
 Bheir e làthail domh mo lòn.

MARSAILI.

B' fhearr leam bhith gu daonnachdach
 Ri feomachibh gach la
 A bhith gu feusdach, furanach,
 Mar bhuneadh roimh luch-dàlmh',
 On 's e sin dolgh bu trice
 Bh' aig gach mnaoi bu ghlice gnaths,
 Na bhith air an giuin ag eadarghuidh'
 Ri Peadar no ri Pàl.

MAIREARAD.

A bharail a th' aig càch ort,
 'S e aobhar nair' a 's mo,
 Gur h-e a chum o 'n chràbhadh thu
 Ro mheud do ghraidh air poig.
 Nam biodh tu ùirnceach, mosguineach,
 'Cumail troid ris an fheoll,
 Bu deimhinn duit gun coisneadh tu
 An rìoghachd 's momha gloir.

MARSAILI.

'N rud nach creid mo chairdean,
 Cha'n fheil fath dhomh bhith ga run.
 'S gur math le mnaoi ga beusaichead
 A celle feid ri 'glun.
 'N neach nach ith an solus rud,
 An conaltradh no 'n cuirt,
 Cha chreid na daoine glìce
 Nach ith e rud 'sa chull.

MAIREARAD.

'S olc an smuaintinn aignidh
 'Th' alg mbaoi algeallaidh do bhéil,
 'S a luthad neach 'tha 'n cairdeas
 Do nach ionnan nadar bheus.
 Bidh barall alg a phòitear,
 'Bhios ag òl gach uair ga 'n féud,
 Gum bi gach ti an gradh air
 An dibh mar tha e-fein.

MARSAILI.

Bha gach neach o'n dàinig sinn
 Gle stàthall 'nan am fein;
 Cha bu luchd thoirt dàlach iad,
 A bhàrd, no dhàimh, no dh-eisg,
 Bu mheasail ri am nàistinn iad,
 An nàire riàmh do ghléidh.
 Cha 'n iarraimn fein a dh-àllgheas
 Ach bhith san àit 'sam bi iad fein.

MAIREARAD.

'S deacair dhòmh-s' a raitinn riut
 Nach nàdarrà do bheus,
 'S far am bi na cairdean
 Gur a stàthall 'bhith d' an reir.
 Gluais thusa mar a th' agad
 Dh' fheuch an taitinn e riut fein,

'S cha toll mise mòran dtumba.
Airson dol ri ùin' ad dhéidh.

The foregoing poem was translated to
Dr. Johnson by Mary Maclean in her
father's house. It was published in
Ranald Macdonald's collection.

Moladh,

DO GHILLEASBUIG NA CEAPAICH 'S DO 'N
PHIOB.

'Ghilleasbuig mo bheannachd ri m' bheò,
Do dh-fhear aithris do ghnìomh',
'Bhrìgh os cionn na chual' thu de cheòl
Gun dug thu 'n t-nrram do 'a phìob.
Cha chuala luchd-teud sgainneal do' bheoil,
'S tu bu ro mhath gu 'n dìol,
Ach b' fhearr leat culaidh a bhrosnaicheadh
toir

Na sochair gach sìth'.

'S lomadh iarl' ann an Albainn an nochd,
'S dearbhte leam sud,
Ri am togall armailt air chois,
Na oircheas, tha fios,
A chionn a cluinntinn anmoch is moch,
Bean chaldreach am meas,
'Bhelreadh mar dhuais do dhararatch a dos
Airglod gun fhios.

Is dearbh gun robh stuidear gu trom,
Is susbainte ghlar,
'Sa chiad fhear 'rinn pìob nan dos lom

Gus fhortan do dhean,
 'S gach lanphort gan cumall fo fhonn,
 Gun smid as a bhial,
 Ach gan gearradh, gach stolladh is pong,
 Le buillibh a mhiar.

A cliu airson abuchadh gleois
 Is fada do chuaidh;
 Sar ionnsramaidd mhaidean nach mor,
 Is coitcheanta buaidh!
 Cuiridh i smaointinnean gaisge gu leoir
 An gealtair ga thruas;
 Thogadh a crunluath le bras bhullibh
 mheoir.
 Aigheadh gach sluaigh.

Gur h-e 's beus d' i éirigh le ceart,
 Is eibhinn a stuirt,
 An tus teugmhall éighidh i sgairt,
 Nach breugaich a puirt.
 Le séideig de dh-anail a steach
 An àrrach a cuirp,
 Cuirear ceol binn, iorallach, ait,
 An ribheid a stulc.

'S fada bhon fhuair sinn taisbeanadh shul
 Nach gealtach a gnaths;
 Gu bheil mi dearbh nach rachadh i 'n cuil
 Ga falach gu bràth.
 'N tus gach cath' bidh fear brath' air a cul,
 'Deanamh fabhair do chach;
 Laoch borb agus gaisge 'na run,
 Is bratach na laimh.

'N t-urram de na chunnais mo shuil
 Tha 'm Muille dhiu 'n drast;
 Ach airson Mhic-Cruimein on bhuidhinn e
 cliu,
 Leig do 'n duinne sin tàmh;

De 'n a'reamh Conndulll air thus,
 Iain Mac Uilleim a dha,
 Agus Padruig an treas duin' an triuir,
 Nach uireasach lamh.

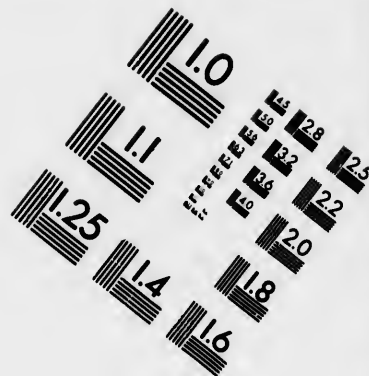
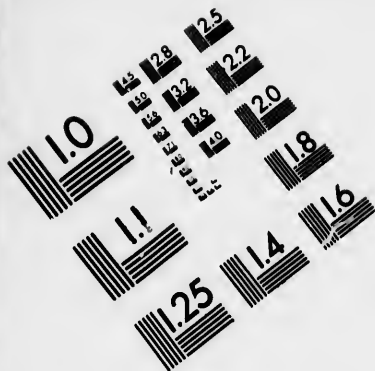
Niall Mor Mac-Mhuirich composed a poem against the bag-pipe. Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich composed a poem in praise of it. Iain Mac Ailein composed the foregoing poem in praise of Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich and the pipe. Lachainn Mac Mhic-Iain composed a poem in reply, which will be found on page 69. It is not to be supposed that he had any unpleasant recollection of Gilleasbuig na Ceapaich or any unkind feelings towards Iain Mac Ailein; he was merely exercising his power of satirizing. Iain Mac Ailein and himself seem to have been on very friendly terms.

Oran

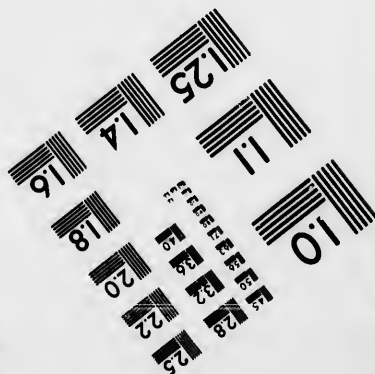
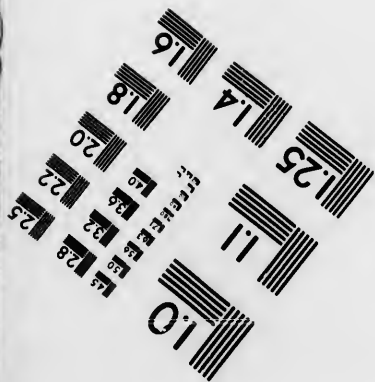
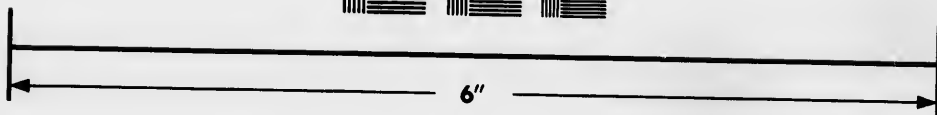
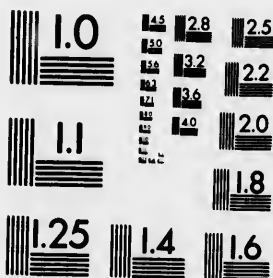
A rinneadh an uair a bha Sir Iain Mac-Gilleain, triath Dhubhairt, ann an Cearnaburg.

Beir fios leat bhuam do Chearnaburg
 Gu triat' nan gal' gach sàr-ghasda,
 Ged rinn mi caochladh maighstir,
 Nach feairrde mi mu m' mhiadh e.





**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

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18

10
57

Ge tric a dol a dh-Àros mi
 A dh'ol gach boire 'tharas mi,
 Cha 'n ionnan's mar a b'abhaist domh,
 Cha bhi mo ghair' air m' fhilacail.

Na mionnan 'thug sinn thalla-sin,
 Nuair a bha camp Mhic Callein ann,
 'Dheofn De cha mhìsd' ar n-anam iad,
 Ach b' aindeonach an ghntomh e.

Nan cluininn fhìn am Bacach
 'Thigh 'nn le chabhlaich laidir acuinneach,
 Cha dearbhadh neach thar fasdaidh orm
 Gum b'fhear protection riamh mi.

Nam falcinn duine firinneach
 A chomhdaicheadh na dh' innseadh dhomh
 Ghelbhteadh 's an Leth Iochdraich mi
 'S mi comhdach mo phìos laruin.

Ged nach robh mi riamh cho tapaidh
 'S gun dearalinn sealg no tacar leis,
 Is leotr leam fhad 's a chaidil e
 Fo 'n leabaidh far 'n do lath e.

Tacar, provision, plenty.

Shortly after the battle of Killiecrankie the Earl of Argyll obtained a commission of fire and sword against the Macleans, and invaded Mull with a force of 2,500 men. Sir John Maclean retired to the fortified island of Cainburgh, and advised his followers to take the oath of allegiance to the new government, and accept protection from Argyll. He remained in Cainburgh until 1692.

Coille-Chragaidh.

'N àm 'dhol 'sios, 'n àm dhol 'sios,
 'N àm 'dhol 'sios bu deònach,
 Luchd nam breacan, luchd nam breacan
 A leathad le mòintich;
 A falbh gu dian, a falbh gu dian,
 Gun stad ri pris an ordaigh;
 An deagh ghunna, 'n claidheabh ullamh,
 Gun dad tulleadh mòisean.

Mhalghstir Callein ta mì deimhinn
 Gun d' fhuair thu barrachd fòghlum:
 'S fìor gun bheum do neach fo 'n ghréin
 A dh' fhàg do bheul an t òran.
 Cha b' fheàrr do bheus na tràill no béisid
 Mur b' oill leat Seumas f'ògar
 'S a thricead 's 'dh' òrdalach o gun dearmad
 Airgid agus òr dhuit.

'S iomadh neach dha 'n robh e ceart
 Nach d' rinn a bheart bu chòir daibh:
 Rì àm fheuma Sasunn thréig e,
 Albainn 's Eirinn còmhla.
 Armailt rioghall, laidir, lionmhor,
 Dha 'n robh na cisean mòra,
 Cho luath 's a chunnale iad Rìgh Uilleam
 Cha d' rinn iad tulleadh còmhraig.

Cha b' e 'ghealtachd 'thug dhalbh snasadh,
 'S cha b' e neart Phrionns' Orains'
 Ach dearmad dìreach thigh'nn nan inntinn
 O'n do chinn iad deònach
 An rìgh dùthcha fhéin a dhiuchradh
 Airson Prionns' na h-Olaind.—
 Ach facal soltheamh 'huirt neach roimhe,
 Gum bi gach nodha ro-gheal.

Ma theid an Act s' an leud no 'm farsuinn,
 Cha 'n fheàrr gach neach na òglach:

Coir aig lag cha dlòg i dad
 Mur faigh e neart ga chomhnadh.
 Am mac 'bhith gabhail brath aih athair
 Leis a chlaidheabh chòmhraig,
 Chualas riamh gum b' ann de 'n ghnìomh sin
 Nach robh Dia ag òrd'chadh.

Ge b' e aca, nighean no mac,
 Leugh gum bu cheart an seòl daibh
 Crùn an athar fein 's a chathair
 A ghabhail le fòirneart,
 Is sgainneal bbreug a chur an géill
 A chaoidh nach feudt' a chòmhdach,
 Tha Ti ga 'n léir; ma 's i so 'n eucoir,
 'S soirbh dha féin a tòireachd.

Gù m' bharail féin, ge beag mo reusan
 Gheibh mi ceud ga chòmhdach
 Ge b' e ti dhe 'n dean Dia rìgh
 Gur coir 'bhith strìochdte dhòsan;
 'S ged theid e ceum de làn-toll féin
 'S gun e 'cur eiginn òirne,
 'N saoll sibh féin an lagh no reusan
 Dol a leum 'na sgròban!

Sgeula bhuamsa mu Raon-Ruatridh,
 An robh na sluaigh a comhrag;
 Chuid bu luaithe ghabh an rualg dhiubh,
 'S bu daoin' uaisle còir iad:
 Nan cumteadh suas riuth' tein' is luaidhe
 Ris an d' fhuair iad foghlum,
 'S tearc a chruinnich riamh an urrad
 'Gheibheadh urram beò dhiubh.

Ach luchd a chunnairt 'chleachd na buillean
 'S nach d' fhuair tuilleadh foghlum,
 Cha d' leugh air achd mar dhìon do 'm pearsa
 Gum b'e stad bu chòir daibh.
 Gach ti nach tuit bhith shìos 'nan uchd
 An còmhrag uille bu nòs daibh.—

Mun d' thùll na gillean 's Iomadh pinne
'Thug ogeanan biorach Thómais.

Air each gle-mhor, cruidheach, ceumach,
Fualmneach, steudmhor, mòdhar,
Cha bu lapach an aois macaibh
Ceannard feachd na Drealainn.
Le bhuidhinn threunfhear nach tais éirigh
Ga 'n robh crídh' treun mar leòghann :—
'S iad a dh' eibh a chlad ratreut
An déidh luchd Peurla 's chleòca.

Bha ri 'n sgéith-san buidheann éiginn,
'Dh 'fhalbh a Eirinn còmhla,
Ri mionaid elle phàigh an éirig
Féin le gleusdachd còmhraig :
Bu bhinn an sgeul 'bhith seal gan éisdeachd
'S iad ri éigheach crónain,
'S a lluthad fear air bheagan ceannaich
A fhuair malairt còta.

Cha bu ghealtachd 'bhith gan seachnadh,
Cha robh 'm faicinn boidheach;
An léintean paisgte fo 'n da achlais
'S an casan gun bhrogan;
Boineid dhathte 'dion an claiginn
'S an gruag 'na pasgan fòithe.
Bu chosmhulle 'n gleus ri trotan bhéistean
Na ri luchd-céille còire.

Mòisean, motion. Sasunn threig e; airson
Threig Sasunn e.

Freagairt Eoin Ghairnealair do dh-Eoin Balbhan.

Mu 'n sgeul so a chualas ac'
Ga luaidh air Eoin Mauntach,
Is mu 'n shreagairt a fhuair e
Ann am brúadar a bhalbhain,
Ged nach dígeadh le m' gheire-s'
'N tuigse threun sin a leanmhúinn,
'S feairrde sgeula ga threisead
Moran teistis is dearbhaidh.

Chí m' 'n saoghal air chuibhlíbh
'S gun e aig aon chor a fuireach;
Ach a díreadh 's a tearnadh
Mar roth amhullteach mullínn,
Am fear a thachair 'na airde
'S e 's mo ábhar gu mulad;
'S gum faod mise 'th' air tearnadh
'Bhíth 'na alte mun sgúir e.

Gu de 'n glocas no 'n tabhachd
'Th' ann do ghairnealair eolach
Craobh thorach a gháraldh,
'Dhol le ailgheas ga fogradh,
Gu craobh ur chur 'na h-alte,
'S gun e mu 'nadar leth-eolach,
'S a mheud 's a gheibh e ga h-árach
Seal mun tár e deagh phòr dh' 1?

Ach an crann 's' bho chionn tamúill
'Bha fo thoradh gun easbhuidh,
'S cian bhon chraobh-sgaoil a chomáin
Air guch comunn am Breatunn.
Ged a rachadh cáil dhuathair
Air a chnuasachd re treise,
'S maig a loisgeadh a thlomban
his a mhúinntir a chreic e.

Is beag m' longhnadh an dream sin
'Bha gun dalmh ris ga threigsin;

'S gum b' e 'n àbhar thun fhogradh
 'Thaobh nach b'ann de 'm por fein e;
 Ach Alba bheag dhona
 Bha gun onair fo 'n ghrein aic',
 Nuair a chaidh i ga fhagall,
 'S gum b'e àrach a geig e.

B'e bhur gliceas 'san àbhar s'
 Anns na càsanaibh ceudna,
 A bhith carthannach. cairdeil,
 Is mar bhràit'rean d'a cheile;
 An rìgh sin 'bh' air mhalreann
 'Chumail slàn mar a dh' fhaudteadh,
 'S gun do dh-ordaich ar Sìanaighear
 Dhunn a chàin 'thoirt do Cheusar.

Ach 's e 'n ni 'tha mi 'raghainn
 Gun dol air m' aghaidh na 's daine,
 Bhon tha 'n t-ath so cho domhain
 Is nach tomhais cas ghearr e.
 Ach an Rìgh dha bheil feartan,
 'S a ni gach beart mar a's aill leis,
 'Chur na còrach 'na suidhe
 Mar a's cubhaidh 's gach aite.

This poem is a reply to a poem by the
 Rev. John Beaton. The poet himself is
 Eoin Gairnealair, or John the Gardener,
 and Mr. Beaton, Eoin Balbhan, or John
 the Dumb. Mr. Beaton is called by this
 name owing to the fact that he had been
 silenced or deposed. A chraobh thorach
 is King James, and a chraobh ur, King
 William.

Sgeul an Eibhneis.

Oran a rinn am Bard puatr a chual e gun robh
Sir Iain Mac-Gilleain beo.

LUNNEAG.

B'e m' aighear gum b'fhlor,
B'e m' aighear gum b'fhlor,
B'e m' aighear gum b'fhlor,
Sgeul dearbhte sin.

Bu mhire mi-fhìn
Na caitean beag mìos'
Nan dìgeadh gu crìch
An tairgineachd,

An neach so 'chaidh eug
Am barall gach léigh
'Thigh'n'n ugainn
'Na threun-fhear Albanach;

Mar thalce ri 'r cùl,
'Sa chath mar cheann-tull;
'N sin thogamaid sùil
Bho 'r plangaidean;

Gun eireadh deagh fhonn
'S gach cridhe 'tha trom,
'S cha 'n fhaicteadh cinn chrom
Neo-mheanmnach oirnn.

Gun tilgeamaid clach
Ri 'r nàbaidh cho ceart,
Gus an ruigeamaid stap
An t-seann duine;

Gun cuireamaid ballc
Air oiribh ar cas;
Cha leanadh aon drap
De 'r drannan ruinn.

'S gun tilleamaid breug
 Air ar colmpire fein,
 Nuair 'chulreadh e 'n eucoir
 Dhalmarr' oirnn.

Le fabhar a chruin,
 'S le rathad an Diuc,
 Nam faighinn do chùis
 A dhainghneachadh,

'Sa chinneadh so fòs
 Chit' iongantas mor,
 Gum bu mhacanaibh og'
 Na seann daoine,

'S na sgrìotachain mhios'
 'Dol 'n airdead 's am miad.
 'S bhiodh iad aithghearr alg linn
 An leanabalachd;

'S gach bean dha'm bu tric
 Clann nighean mar shìloc,
 Gum biodh aca mic
 Gu toirbheartach.

Mar nach d'fhas e 'nad dheidh
 An airdead no 'm meud,
 'S ro mhath chinneadh am feur
 'S na garbh-chrìochaibh.

'S bu lloamhor na feidh
 Nam fritheanalbh fein
 'Dh-aindheoin tapachd is tréinid
 Shealgalrean.

Dheanadh machair is coil
 Gair lachainn ri d' choinn,
 'S tu 'thigh'nn dachaidh fo staolleadh
 Ainmealachd

Tha mi guidhe gu dar
 Air an Tl 'th' air an stiuir

'Ur cur sabhall' o'n chunnart
Challteach so,

Gu cala gun ghuals,
Gun bhairlinn, gun stuadh,
Gun trioblaid, gun luasgan
Laimhrige,

Gu tearuinteachd nòis
Gun uireasbhuidh gleois,
Far nach tualrg'neadh an ròd
No 'n t-anfhadh sibh.

'N sin bu mhire mi-fhìn
Na caitean beag mios',
Nam falcinn gum b'fhlòr sgeul
Dearbhte sin.

Tairgineachd, prediction. Guais, danger.
Laimhrig. a landing-place, a wharf. Stap, a
step. Drap, a drop. Ròd, sea-weed.

Nan Digeadh Sir Iain.

Oran a rinn am Bard nuair a chual e gun
robh Sir Iain MacGilleain an Sasunn,

LUINNEAG.

Nan digeadh, nan digeadh,
Nan digeadh do sgeul,
'S gum faodalinn 'bhith cinnteach
As na dh' innseadh dhomh 'n de,
Gun tliginn as m' fhochair
An cochull gun fheum,
'S gum faicteadh mi fhathast
Air atharrach gleus'.

Nan digeadh Sir Iain
Mo chridhe 's mo chleibh,
Gum b'eibhinn ar n-aigneadh,

Mar bhradan a leum.
Thogadh cridhe do mhuinntreach
'Tha 'n cunnart dol eug,
'S gun digeadh do m' ionnsuidh-s'
Mo shugradh beag fein.

Do chinneadh 's do dhualchas
'Bha cruadalach treun,
'S bu mhath an Raon-Ruairidh
Mu d'ghuailnibh 's an fheum,
Tha 'nis 'nam fath trualghe,
Mar chuagair' tha 'm beus;
Ged gheibh iad am bualadh
Cha ghluais iad am beul.

Ged tha sinn fo dhochair,
Mar mholtaibh mu chrò,
Aig naimhdean fo bhaoghal
'Toirt duinn faobhar ar beòin,
'S luchd-spullidh ri tair oirnn
Mar thrall na spàin bhrog,
Cha'n aithneicht' an teas la sinn
Aig airdear ar croic'.

An ealta ro ghleusd'
An robh eifeachd gu leoir,
'Bhuidh'neadh geall air gach tulaich.
Far an cruinnicheadh eoin,
Le'n itean còrr sgeithe,
Le'n treine 's le 'n treoir,
Cha 'n fhearr iad air colninnh
Na croman-an-lòin.

Nan tilleadh a chuibhle
S gun iompadh i deisell
'N taobh deas mar bu choir,
'S iomadh neach tha fo mhùiseag.
'S a cheann lùbte 'na sgròb,
'Chuireadh baille air a chasalbh
An taisbeanadh shron.

(N)

danger.
Stap, a

n.

al e gun

each
de,

Nam biodh iad dhomh fagusg
 Na bheil fad o lalmh,
 Sir Iain nan calsteal
 Is Bacach a bhlaic,
 'N neach do 'n d' fhuiling mi m' fhaobhach,
 Mar chaora mhaoil bhair,
 Bheirinn tionndadh mar leoghann air,
 'S m' ordag 'na shàll.

'S leoir trulmead bhur cadall,
 Ma thachair sibh slàn?
 Mar suidhich sibh cairtean
 A ghlacas cuid chàich,
 Bidh sinne fo gheur sgrìos
 Le felleadh a chlaic;
 Mur faic sibh fo dhìon sinn,
 Bidh dìth oirnn ri 'r la.

Tha sinn tamull an Iargainn
 Le slabhra ro ard;
 'S faide la leinn gar pianadh
 Na bliadhna 's sinn slàn.
 Am brùadar an fhaochaidh,
 Tha daoine ag radh,
 Gur tearc leigh a ni aithn' air
 Seach teannair a bhàis.

'S mor am farmad a th' agam-s'
 Ri t' aid is ri d' chleoc;
 'S iad 'th' air grìanan na maise
 Ri glacadh an sòigh.
 Nam b'e m' fhortan-sa tuitteam
 'N rìochd bucla do bhròg,
 'S e 'b' fhearr mar shògh inntinn
 Na crìochan rìgh mhoir.

Tha mi 'guidhe le m' run
 Is le m' dhurachd do ghnath
 Air 'n Tì 'chruthaich air thùs thu
 'S thug dhuinn thu mar bhlaith,

'Cur muinighiu mo dhochais
 'Na throcair ro ard,
 Nach d' fhuair sinn ach leasan
 Thun ar teagasg na's fhearr.

Cuagaire, an awkward, slovenly man. Baoghal, peril, danger. Corr, excellent. Faobhaich, despoil. Faochadh, the point in sickness at which one is beginning to get well, relief. Teannair, any instrument to squeeze with.

Naidheachd an Aitis.

Oran do Shìr Iain Mac-Gilleain air do 'n
 Bhard a chluinntinn gun robh e a tighinn
 dachaidh.

An sgeula so 'th' aca
 Ga innse le aiteas,
 Nam faighinn fear-ceartais
 A dhearbhadh am mach e,
 B' ionnan eirigh do m' aigneadh
 'S mar gun leumadh am bradan
 Bho dhèabhadh an aigell le lùth-chleas;

Sìr Iain nan caisteal
 Thar fograidh 'thigh'nn dachaidh
 Gu mor bhaile Shasuinn,
 'S a bhanruinn ga ghlacadh
 Le caolmhneas bu cheart d'i;
 'S cha bu traoltair air aiteam
 Do dh-oihre no 'fhacton a crùn-s' e.

'S ann 'chall tad na bh' aca
 De dh-earasaid fharsuing
 Leis gach tionndadh 'bha tachairt;
 'N Inbhirceltin thuit Eachann,

Agus m'le mu 'bhrataich,
 Gun tioma, gun taise;
 Foill Hòbrun 's nam marcach 'thug o'ùs d'fù.

'N tì so dh' fhalbh bhua'inn air bhadhal
 'S nach d' fhag brathair no athair,
 'S daor a cheannach e 'm fabhar
 Thug rìgh Seumas da grathunn.
 Throig e 'chinneadh mor slathail
 Dha 'n robh oighreachd is talghean,
 Ragh e 'm fògar seach aighear a dhuthcha.

An Raon-Ruairidh air brughach
 Bha do reismeld subhach
 'S tu-fein m'ille riutha;
 'S lomadh gruaidh 'bu ghlan rughadh
 'Dol 'nan n-armaibh 's 'nan n-uidhim
 Ann an toiscach do shubhall,
 'Thoirt sìos fuathais gu buidhinn an dlumba.

Ged a b' og thu 'n Dun-Challinn
 'S e do ghnìomh nach robh clannail;
 'S ann a dhearbhu thu 'bhi fearail,
 Chuir thu gearr a chuil chlannach
 Ri aodann a bhaile;
 Ged thuit pairt d'fù gun anam,
 Chuir iad aitreabh nan Gallaibh 'na smùdan.

Cha chualas gu minic
 Ann an seanachas no 'm fìlth
 Gun robh duthach no cinneadh
 Riamh 's a chàs 's a bheil sinne,
 Gun fhear parte no spionnadh
 Ann an aite no 'n ionad;
 Sinn gun rìgh, gun cheann-cinnidh, gun
 duthach.

'S fad o cheill' iad air bhadhal
 Gach fear treun a chur catha,
 A b' fhearr feum leis a chlaidheabh.—

Dh' fhalbh am buachaille ra mhath,
 Dha 'n robh cuolmhneas is ceannas,
 'S dh' fhag e 'threud fo throm eallach,
 Gun fhear gleidhidh, no faire, no stluiridh

Dh' fhalbh ar n-aighear air fad bhuainn,
 'S sinn mar luirich a bhaigeir,
 Air a tilgeadh air cladach,
 'Na cuis bhùirt agus mhagaidh,
 Is gun chliù d' l, ga palltead,
 Gun làn cheud de luchd-tagraidh,
 'S iad ga reubadh, 's ga sgapadh 's ga
 spùinneadh.

Ged is trom leinn an stràc sin,
 Thoil ar peacannan barr air.
 Gun robh pobull 's an Elphelt,
 'Bha fo bhruid aig rìgh Fàro,
 'S nuair a chaidh iad do' n fhasach
 Is a chaochall iad gnàthan
 Fhuair iad combhfurtachd aghmhòr bho'n
 sgrùsadh.

Nam pilleamaid fhathast,
 Le cridheachan matha,
 Bharr iomrall an rathaid
 Bu shoirbhe do Rìgh Fhlaithis
 Gach smal a th' air laigh' oirnn
 Gu tur dhinn a chrathadh,
 'S gum b' iomhulnn le'r n-athair ar n-umh-
 lachd.

Ged tha sinne fo ainneal
 An déidh Mhic-Gilleain,
 'S beag an t-ainm e ri 'labhairt
 Seach fògradh nam flaithean
 Dha 'n robh crun agus cathair,
 Beirt a's namharr' ri amharc,
 'S gur a seirbhe e na 'n gabhann ri 'iomradh.

Ma 's a firinn ri 'labhairt
 Gur h-e Seumas a's athair
 Do na Phrionns' a th' air faighian,
 Ge b'e thionnsgainn ri daithean
 'Chur air og anns a chreathail,
 Tha mi 'n duil gun dig latha
 A bheir luchd a ghniomh' ghrathail gu
 cunntas.

'S maig am Breatunn a thàrlas
 Nuair thig dìogh'ltas a phalgheadh
 Luchd na follie 's an ardain;
 Ghearr iad muineal rìgh Tearlach
 Air fìor bheagan de dh-àbhar
 Chuir iad Seumas air ànradh,
 'S ghabh iad Uilleam is Mairi d'an ionnsuidh.

Gu bheil Britheamh 'sna neamhan
 'Tha 'toirt teisteanais araid
 Gur h-e feiu dha'n ròbh càs dhiu;—
 Chaochall slantan is laithean,
 Bhrùchd gach torran gu saibhir,
 'S tha gach duine na's fhearr dheth
 Bho na thachair do'n Bhanruinn so'crunadh.

Earasaid, a square of tartan cloth worn over
 the shoulders. Badhal, wandering. Clannach,
 hanging in locks. Aimeal, vexation. Gabhann,
 gall.

It was commonly but erroneously sup-
 posed that Prince James was not the son
 of James II. and his wife. The Prince
 was born in 1688, a few months before
 his father's abdication. Queen Anne
 was crowned in 1702. Sir John Maclean

returned from France in 1703. Queen Anne conferred a pension of £500 sterling a year upon him. This pension he enjoyed during the remainder of his life.

An Sugradh.

Thoir fìos bhucm gu Anndra,
'S na dearmaid 'Inneadh tràth,
Mo chompanach uasal
Ro shuairc, is bu chubhal dhà,
Ma's fath leis gu gruaman
An suairceas a dhol mu làr,
Gu bheil leannan 'bu ghaol leis
Air caochladh 's air faotunn bàis.

Bha uair ann 's bu ehluiteach
'S an duthach so anns gach àit,
Macnas gun droch dhùrachd,
An sugradh 's an fheal-dha,
A mheadhail is a mhuirn,
O 'm bu shunndach an duine slàn;
'N dlùgh tha gach aon 'bheir ùidh dhalbh
Air a chunntas mar dhuine-bàth.

An Aros laghach shuas ud,
Bha uair a chunnalc mi e,
Bhìodh comb-theanal uaislean,
'S cha b' shuarach mo chuid-s' de'n tràth.
Bhìodh Sir Allean 'sa chluain sin
'S a shluagh fein am fagu-da,
'S bhìodh an oidhch' a b' fhuaire
'S a chuantal sinn leun ro ghearr.

Nuair 'thigeadh an luchd-sugradh,
An cuil cha chuireadh slad iad;

'S ann 'bhiththeadh iad gle mhuirneach
 Fagus d' an seomraichean ard.
 Bhiodh meas ac' air na h-orain,
 S bu sholasach deth na baird;
 Is bhiodh luchd-falbh na h-Eireann
 Gle ghleidhte le féll' an lámh.

Nuair 'dh'fhalbhadh an geamhradh
 'S 'thigeadh an samhradh oirnn blath,
 Rachamaid thar chuantan
 Dh'amharc air ar cairdean graidh.
 Ruigeadh iad Sir Seumas
 An Sléit on 's e 'b' fhaig' air laimh,
 'S bheireadh iad greis eibhinn
 Air sgeulachdan 's ol mu'n chlar.

B' e a shamhalt ceudna
 Aige fein 'ghelbhteadh mar ghnaths,
 Cómhlain is long ghleusda
 Léis an reubt' sruthan is sail.
 Bhiodh s bhráthair fein ann,
 Gilleasbulg 'bu gheir' na cach;
 'S ged thigeadh na ceudan,
 'S e-fein fear-cuideachd a b' fhearr.

Cha 'n fhanadh an luchd-sugraidh
 An aon aite fad an tamh
 Gum b' i 'n Imrich uaibhreach e
 Gluasad an uin' cho gearr.
 Ruigeadh iad mac Ruiridh
 Nan cuach 's nan cupachan lan,
 'S b' i mhala gun ghruaman e,
 Uachdaran an deagh ghnaths.

Nuair 'chruinnicheadh siol Olaghair
 Bu stoirmealach meadhail an ghnaths;
 Ghelbheadh luchd an fhalbhaln
 Gu soirbh bhuaith gearr math is daimh.
 Cha 'n fnaicteadh iad air chorra-ghleus
 Le doligheas 's biodag nan laimh;

'S ann 'bhíodh iad subhach sò-ghradhach
Le moran comuinn is graidh

Gur deacair air an t-saoghal
Luchd-baoiridh a dhol mu lar;
Gach neach le neart a ghairdein
Tha saothreachadh arain do ghnath
Tha da thrian de'n t-saoghal
A saolisinn gur h-e rud a 's fearr;
Ach Calptin Chlann Raonail,
Cha d' chaochail e 'bharail ard.

Tha torghnadh air na ceudan
Cia 'm reusan mu'n dug e 'ghradh
Do na leannain bheusach-s'
'Tha déidhell trioblaideach dha,
An nair' agus an fhelle
Le chelle 's am paliteas laimh';
Ban-seirbhisich neo-ghleiddhteach
An teirm bhith 'togail a mhàil.

Chi mi mar cheum trocair
D' Mhac-Dhoinhnail an ainm aird
Na dilleachdain 's na deoiridh
A chomhnadh 's a dhion le baigh,
Bhon tha Sir Iain air fogradh,
Sir Domhnall an Glaschu 'na thàmh,
'S gun oighre Mhic-Leoid
Ach ag ol a bhrochain a sgàin.

'S dream dhligheil dha fhein iad
Nach feud e leigeadh mu lar,
'S bha iad fo mheas glé mhor
Aig geugaibh ginell a fhreumh'.
Dh'fhag cach e 'na onrachd
'S na seoid so 'nan dileab dha,
Mar bha Oisein 's ua cleirich
'N deidh Fheinn an tìr Innis Fàil.

(O)

The Gilleasbuig referred to was the Ciaran Mabach. Ailein Muideartach. Caipitín Chlann-Raonail, was one of the most popular chiefs in the Highlands. Sir John Maclean and himself were first cousins. Norman Macleod, chief of the Macleods, Siol Olaghair, died in 1706. His son and heir, who was also named Norman, was born a few months after his death. This is the oighre Mhic-Leoid referred to.

Sir Allan Maclean of Duart died in 1674. It is evident from the third verse that the poet must have been then at least twenty years of age.

Oran

A rinn am Bard air dha a chluinntinn gun robh Sir Iain Mac-Gilleain ri fuireach anns an Fhraing.

Fonn.—'Fhir a bhàta ne ho ro éile.

Tha mi am chadal 's gur tìm dhomh dusgadh
 Mu Shir Iain nan lann 's nan luireach;
 Gu bheil do chairdean fo mhoran curaim
 Nach falc iad sabhailt air lar do dhuthch' thu.

Faill ill o ro, tha sinn fo mhulad,
 Tha ar cridhe mar luaidh air truimh;
 Fath ar call' is ar campair uile
 An stad s' tha thall bhuainn air ceann nam
 Mulleach.

'S truagh an sgeul so tha daoine 'g ràitinn,
 'S a bhrùchd a nall oirnn le peann is palpeir,—
 Gun dainig finid air gnìomh ro araid,
 Air cinnèdh rìoghail, fìor-ghl'ic stàtail.

A Chlann-Chilleain gun robh sibh ainmell;
 Fine slachail nam piosan airgid:
 Gur h-ìomadh Dùbh-Ghall nach b' fhiu a shean-
 achas
 A chuidh gu uir leibh le luths 'ur geala-ghlac.

Craobh ur sinnsribh cha chrìon a thainig;
 Bha fios an sgeill sin aig geur luchd-seanachais;—
 Gum b' fhòlachd rìgh sibh bho chrìch na Spàine,
 De sliochd Ghatéilis nan éuchdan dana.

Ghìn deth-san uaislean 'bha buadhach, ainmell;
 B' ann dìu mic Mhìli nan gnìomh ro chalma;
 Chog iad ri Eirinn le treine 'n laimhe,
 Is thug iad pùice de thriuir mhac Earmuin.

Cha-n fhógnadh baothachd no draoidheachd
 sheana chleas
 Gu 'n cur air chul bhuath', cha b' fhiu leo 'n
 dealbh sin;
 Ach cogadh dian, cruaidh, gun sìth, gun tear-
 mad,
 Gu onair gnìomha, no dìth an anama.

Air sliochd Erimf.ain euchdaich, ainmell,
 Bha uaislean gleusda, fir threuna, chalma;
 B' ionnan duibh-se 's do 'n linn 'tha'n seanachas,
 'S lean ruibh de'n dualchas 'bhith cruaidh air
 armaibh.

Air teachd an déidh sin duibh 'n iar do dh-
 Albaian
 Bu mhor 'ur foirneart le 'r dòidibh garbha,
 Gus 'n duc Mac-Dhomhnaill duibh còir bu
 dalgne

Air rìoghachd na Dreallainn 's air mor nì 'dh.
anbharr.

Bu cheantard buadhach, uasal, ainmell,
Eachann ruatharach ruadh nan garbh chath :
Airson a ghluasaid bha fuath nan Gall ris,
'S gun dug e ar orra 'm blar Chath Ghairbhich.

A m mac a dh' fhag e bha 'ghnaths mar leogh-
ann,
Aig Iarla Màr bha freumh an sgeoll sin;
Thug e comhdhail da -san air iar Strath-
Lòchaidh,
'S rinn e sìth bhreugach gun eudach còmhdach.

Lean 'ruibh deagh bheusan, 's gur h-e 'chuir
sìos sibh
'Bhith leis a chrùn, is gach cuis gur dìobradh.
Thuit Eachann Ruadh ann an Inbhir-Chitein
Agus seachd ceud fear de threun fhull dirich.

Ged bha 'n sgeula sin trom le dorulnn,
Cha-n e an drasda a 's àbhar broin duinn;
Ach 'n tì a dh' fhag sinn 's a chaidh air fogradh,
'S a leth rìgh Seumas a threig an Dreallainn.

Rug froiseadh garbh olrnn le gallbbeinn shian-
tan;
Aig meud a chall duinn cha b' arbhar shìol e;
Bu chrulneachd poir e gun fhòtus sglamhachd,
Ar culm, ar sògh e, ar ceol 's ar sìon e.

Tha sinn mar threud 'bhìodh fo thearmunn
mì-ghleidht',
Gun neach fo 'n ghrèin duinn mar sgeith gar
dìdeann;
Mar ealta sleibh sinn gan teum le lìontaibh
'S nach fan aon te dhìu air ceud fear-splonaidh.

Is truagh gach la dheth ar càs r'a innse;
 Mar bhall de dh-arcain air traigh ga shior-rulth,
 Gun neach 'toirt balgh dha bho ard gu losal,
 Ach bulle bhàrach o laimh gach aon fhir.

A Rìgh nan dul 'tha gun tas, gun fhìnid,
 A ni 'reir t' alleis neach ard no losal;
 Ge clann gun umhlachd bho thus ar linn' sinn
 Na leag do lamh oirnn le stràc na's dìne.

Mar choill ged tha sinn 's a barr air crìonadh,
 Gun mheas, gun bhìath oirnn, ach tair is
 dìobradh,
 Thoir caochladh bheus duinn fo shéul do shìo-
 chaint,
 'S na sgath dhìot fein sinn mar gheugan crìona.

Le tuisge mhàthraill do'n gnath 'bhith fìor lag,
 Cha dù do Ghall airde bheann a dhìreachd:—
 Ach, och, ma rain' a sinn ceann ar crìche,
 Gur h-àbhar broin agus doruinn crìdh' e.

According to the poet, Lachlan Bron-
 nach commanded the Macleans at the
 battle of Inverlochy in 1431. According
 to the Ardgour MS. they were com-
 manded by John Dubh, his brother.

Oran

A rinneadh an uair a dh' fhalbh Sir Iain Mac
Gilleain a Muile mu dheireadh.

'S an Dreallainn thà air lomad fàth
N fir 's na mnai fo thursa,
Mu'n tì so chualdh do Shasunn bhualinn
D'a bheil an uaisle ghlulain.
Tha sinn ad dheidh mar lan air gheig,
Air eridh' am pein fo churam; I
'S cha-n fhalcear deud le gair air beul
'S an dig do sgeul as ur oirn-

Gur truagh 'nad dheidh 'tha gruaim nan speur,
Gun teas 's a ghrein bu dù dh'i;
Gun samhradh fein no curs' a bheus'
Ach mar almsir gheir na dulachd;
Gun mheas air crann, gun fheur ach gann,
Gun chubhag ann, gun smùdan;
Gun sealg nam beann ri 'faotulnn ann,
Gun damh 's a ghleann ri bulrein.

Gur moch Di-mairt a chaidh thu t' ardraich
'Falbh bharr lair do dhùthcha;
Bu truagh a bha gach tonn 's gach tràigh
Is coslas craidh is turs' orr'.
Chaidh 'ghaoth air ghleus an sin gu d' theum
Gu h-ealamh, eutrom, sunndach,
Gun fheum air neart nan loach bhith leat,
Ach aon fhear-beirt gu stiulreadh.

Ged chaidh air thuras fir Alb' uile
'S ged dh' ftag iad Lunnainn dùmhail,
'S e fàth ar mulaid ceann nam Muileach,
Dha'n robh a chulaidh dhiubhail.
Gum facas uair thu, ri Raon-Ruairidh,
Nach d' fhuair luchd t' fhuatha pùte dhìot;
Bu tìeux do gheard a dol 's a bhlar
Ged dh' fhalbh thu 'n drasd le aon fhear.

Cha b' dual do d' bhànuinn air aon àbhar
 'Bhith 'na namhàid dlomb' dhult,
 'S gun seanachas dhaoinè riamh r'a fhaotuinn
 Gur dream 'chlaon air crùn sibh:
 Gun aon aobhar dhult ri 'fhaotuinn
 Aig luchd-gaoll no dlomba,
 Ach falbh le h-athair do'r Fhraing air bhadhal,
 'S b' e sud an athais shùghall.

Bu mhor an luigheachd thug thu bhualt
 Airson na fhuair thu chuir air,
 Cinneadh greadhnach, feachdall, daonnach,
 Fearann saor is duthach:
 An t'anam féin 'bha stalgh ad chre,
 Chaidh sud 's na ceudan cunnart;
 D'a shliochd bhith 'm fuath cha 'n fhaighear
 bhualt,
 Cha robh e 'n dual no dù dhult.

Rinn coll' is maehair caolmh ri Eachann
 'Chionn gum bu ghasd am flur e,
 Mar umhlachd dhò fo bhonn a bhrog
 Bha feur na foid a lubadh;
 'S 'n ar fianais fein gu grad ag eirigh
 'Suas gu h-eutrom, driuchdmhor,
 'S b' i barall threun gach duine gheir
 Gur falbh 'na dheidh 'bu run leis.

An talla comhnuidh 'n robh do sheorsa
 Riamh gu ceolmhor, muirneach,
 Tha 'n eideadh broin gun aoihneas dhò
 Fo fhuaim nan stòp aig Dubh-Ghaill:
 Nuair fhuair e steach e leum e 'dh-aiteas
 Air leis gum b' chaisleal ur e;
 Bha chlachan snaidht air caochladh snais,
 Cho bàn ri calle ri aon trath.

An Ti rinn ceann duibh air bhur rann,
 'S sibh tric fo ainneart spulnuidh,
 Nuair chi e 'a t-am g' ur cur a nall

Gum bheud, gun chall, gun ct unnart!
 Bu sibh ar sogh, ar culm, ar ceol,
 Ar biaths, ar n-ei 's ar n-ur res;
 Bu sibh gu delmhinn ar mlann 's ar leannan
 'S ar dion 's gach aindheoin culse.

Nan abradh neach nach fheil so ceart,
 Cha'n iarralun dad bu mhù dha
 Na tigh'nn fo chall mar tha sinn ann,
 Gun rìgh, gun cheann, gun duthaich.
 Ach chl ml 'ghnath gur fìor ri ràdh,
 Ge bristeadh althn' bho thus e,
 Gur beag a's cradh le neach tha slan
 Mar chneidh d'a nàbaidh 'mhùire.

Marbhrann

Do Shìr Iain Mac-Gilleain, a chaochail 'sa bhliadhna 1716.

Iomchall mo bheannachd
 Gu baintighearna Hamara,
 Bean 's a bheil barrachd
 De charantachd nadair.
 Chunnac mise gu dlìgheach
 A sullean ri snìghe,
 S i 'g aireamb mar mhl-agh,
 Sìr Iain gar fagall.
 Bha doruinn a crìdhe
 Cho mora ga ruighinn,
 'S mar gum biodh e air tighinn
 Bho dhearbh n'ghinn a mhathar.
 Gu cuimhneachan sgeula
 'Bhith tamull 'na dhèidh air,
 'Sug Mairearad na fèile
 Spor gheur do 'n fhear-dhana.

Nach longhnadh ri chialst'inn
 Gu bheil mise o chionn fada
 Ri turraicairnle cadall
 Is m' acaid ro chraiteach.
 Tha cneidh air mo ghiulan,
 Tha mi leisg air a dusgadh,
 Air eagal le 'burach
 Gun ùraich i 'm bàs dhomh.
 Gidheadh cha sgeul ruin e,
 Ach sgeul a 's mor curam,
 Sir Iain gun dusgadh
 An dluth chiste chlaran.
 B'e sin ar fras dhumhall
 'Mhill arn-abhall 's ar n-ubhlán;
 Rinn e dosgailn 'bu mhu dhuinn,
 Chuir e 'm fàr bharr a ghàraidh.

B'e fein ar crann doarach
 A chomhdalch le 'choslas
 Gur coillichean solta
 'N d' fhas toiseach a fhreumhachd;
 Gun droigheann, gun chrionach,
 Gun chritheann, gun chrion-fhas,
 Ach geugan ro phrisell
 De dh-fhion-fhuil na Spaine.
 Bha fios aig luchd-leughaidh
 'S aig seanachaidhean geur'
 Air bhur teachd o Ghatélus,
 As an Elphelt a thainig;
 Sliochd mhilidhean treuna,
 'Fhuair ceannas na h-Eireann,
 Mar bha Eber na felle
 Agus Eremon dàna.

Bhon ghin sibh o Scòta,
 Bha buadhan bhur còrdais
 A dearbhadh 's a comhdach
 Am pòr as an d' fhas sibh.
 Far an gabhadh sibh comhnuidh,

Bu leibh ceannas na foid sin
 Le tomracain còrach,
 'S le moralachd stàta.
 Air bhur teachd air an t-seol sin
 A crìochalbh na Fòdhla
 Fhuair sibh ceannas na Dreallainn
 Is moran a bharr air;
 Clad nigheann Mhic-Dhomhnaill
 Aig Lachalun bha pòsda,
 'S b'e a sheanallair comhraig,
 'Chiad tòiseach is 'armunn.

Bhon shuidhlich sibh luchairt,
 Bha dh' alleachd 'nur n-ur-fhras
 'S gur h-lomdach duthaich
 'Bh' air a cuinneadh le pairt dheth.
 Bha dh' airde 'nur giubhsatich
 'S nach dugadh each phic dhibh,
 'S nach bu tric le luchd-diumba
 A lùbadh le tairc.
 'Se 'n rud a thug sgiurs oirbh
 Gum bu dlleas do n' chrùn sibh,
 'S gum b'e dlìghe bhur duthchais
 Bhith 'san fuidhe 'm biodh iadsan.
 Ged bha sin anns an tìm sin
 'Na mhìos 's na mhor mhìslean,
 Tha e 'nis gu truaigh, lìonnte,
 Daor, trì-filte paighte.

Tha sean-fhacal eil' ann
 'Tha cho fìor 's mar a their iad,
 Ge b'e neach air am beir i,
 Tha chreach dhelreannach cratèach.
 Ged tha sinne 'geur-acain
 Na dh' fhalbh o chionn fad oirnn,
 Bhiodh ar duil ri bhith beirteach
 Nam biodh againn na dh' fhag sinn.
 Ach tha ar nadar cho truaigh
 Is nach faic sinn ar buannachd,

'S nach leir math an fhuarain
 Gus an uair sin an tralgh e.
 Tha e 'nis na nì solleir
 D'ar nàbaidhnean comuin,nn,
 Gun d' bhristeadh mar phronnaig
 Garadh-droma nan Gaidheal.

'Fh'r ghasda gun chrìne,
 'Bha ailmell 's gach rìoghachd,
 'S cha bu tric do luchd-mìoruin
 Ann an Innseadh no 'n a'reamh;
 Bu chompanach rìgh thu,
 Fear meanmàch mor prìseil,
 'S cha bhìodh tu fo dhìobradh,
 Ach am prìsealachd stàta.
 An cogadh luchd-strìthe
 Cha robh masl' ort rì 'Innseadh,
 Ghleiddh thu onair do shìnnse,
 'S ann a mhiadach thu 'n aird f.
 Cha robh thu, cha b' fhlach leat,
 A falbh fo bhrat sìlte,
 Fadar am bhith 'nad mhìonar
 Is fìnd do laithean.

Bu mhor air gach achd thu,
 Bu mhor thu rì t' fhàicinn,
 Bu mhor thu 'nad phearsa,
 'Nad ghasdachd 's na t' ailleachd;
 Bha thu mor anns gach miadachd,
 Bha thu mor gu bhith rìoghall,
 Bha thu mor airson ionnracais
 Fìrinn is cairdis.
 Bha thu mor airson dfulnais,
 'S bha thu mor gu bhith sùgach,
 Bha thu mor an deagh ghìulan
 An cuirteanaibh arda;
 Bha thu mor ann am mìsnich,
 Bha thu mor ann an glìocas,
 'S bha thu mor gun cheist idir
 'N sar ghìhbtean do nàdar

Nam b' aithne dhomh innseadh,
 Bha e mor anns an rioghachd,
 Ann am fòlachd gun islid
 'S an Ìonmhorachd chairdean.
 Le seanachas na firinn
 Bho thoiseach a linne,
 B'e-fein 's Iarla Seafortch
 Sliochd dìreach 'n da bhrathar;
 Is triath Ghlinne-Garadh
 An dluth-cheangal fala,
 'S e cho dlàn air a cheangal
 'S nache sgaradh a b' aill leo;
 Air léantulan o 'n tìm sin,
 Gun mhiosguinn, gun mhiorun,
 Mar gun deanadh fear-Innleachd
 A sgrìobhadh air palpeir.

Nam biodh e r 'a fhuasgladh
 O'n bhas a thug buaidh air,
 Gur h-ìomadh fear cruadail
 A ghluaiseadh 'na àbhar;
 'N t-alum coitcheanta mor sin,
 Ris an abrar Clann-Domhnaill
 Bho thoiseach an còrdais,
 'S iad bu phor d'a cheud mhathair;
 Agus uaislean nan Leodach,
 'Thaobh fala agus feola,
 Mar lànain ur phòsda
 Leis 'm bu deonach bhith gradhach;
 Chunna mise, mo phuthar!
 An gruaidhean air dubhadh,
 Mar gun deanadh sar phiuthar
 Geur chumha m' a brathair.

Cùm am fagalann an di-chuimhn'
 Dream cìle de 'dhislibh?
 Bha na cinn 'bu mho pris dhìu
 Ro dhìleas am pairt dha;
 Fir ghasda gun chrìne

'Bha measail 'san rìoghachd,
 Mar bha 'n cinneadh mòr lionmhor sin
 'Shìolaich o Bhàncho.
 O thoiseach an dualchais
 Cha robh smal air an cruadal,
 Ach 'm beagan beag suarach
 So 'fhuaradh an drasd dhaibh.
 'S e 'n t-àbhar a's olc leam
 Nach'e 'n gnìomh-san 'bha lochdach,
 Ach an dearbhadh mì-fhortain
 'Bha o thoiseach 'san àbhar.

Bu cheart sheanachas 's cha tigradh,
 'Thaobh folachd is caidrimh,
 Gun innsinn gun mhearachd
 Dhuit Calptin Chlann-Ra'ill;
 Do chos-nàbaidh taitneach,
 'S do chompanach leapa,
 'N an marcachd is astair,
 'S nuair 'stadadh am mearsal;
 Bha thu 't fhianuis air sìleadh
 A chreuchdan cho mire
 Rì bras esraich pinne,
 'S a spiorad ga fhagail;
 Is uaislean a dhuthcha
 Rì caoidhearan tursach,
 'S an crìdh' air a chiurradh
 Mu mhulrèin nan Gaidheal.

'Thaobh dlìghe agus dualchais
 Bu dìleas mu d' ghuailibh
 Mac-Neill o na cuantaibh
 'S 'dhaoin' uaisle gun tairè.
 Nu air 'dh' eireadh bhur trioblaid
 'S ann gu t' ionnsuidh-sa thigeadh e
 Le larrtas cho bige
 Rì litir do laimhe.
 Chunnac mise gu solleir,
 Gun tarcais air comunn,

Iad le 'n cabhlachibh troma
Teachd 'nad choinnimh a dh-Aros.
'Nuair a tharladh tu riutha,
Mar thriath 's mar cheann-uibhe,
Dheanadh fontan iad subhach,
'S bhiodh iad buidheach ga t' fhagall.

Mar fhirideam d'a fhlaithreas,
B' ann de ranntanaibh matha
Mac-Fhionghain an t-Sratha,
Cha ghabhadh e fàth air.
Ann an aimsir na ruagall
Nuair a thigeadh luchd fuatha,
B' e chompanach sluaigh e
Nuair a ghluasteadh leis armuinn.
Bha iadsan 'san tim sin
Gun mhasla, gun mhi-chliu,
Ann am fochair a shiansre
Le gnìomharan dana.
Ach on chaochail iad cleachdadh
As an aite bu cheart daibh,
Chluinn sibh fein mar a thachair
Dhaibh am batalite Mhàra.

Ach 's e raghaln a ni mi,
Bheir mi 'ghloir so gu finid,
'S nach gliocas no crìonachd
Dhomh 'mhiad 's 'tha mi 'g raitinn;
Gur a fionn-fheachd 'san tim s' sibh
Ann an aireamh, nan innsinn
Nuair a bha sibh gun diobradh
'Nur miad is 'nur n-airde.
Eadar Sgalpa 's Caoil le,
Ged a b' fharsuinn na crìochan,
Bha roinn de gach tìr dhiu
Fo chis dhuibh a paigheadh.
'Nis on thuit na stalc fhion-fhuil,
Ris an anairteadh rìghrean,

Tha na geugan 'bu dlise dhalbh
Air crionadh nan àbhar.

Spor, excitement, stirring up. Solta, suit-mhor, fat, fertile, comely. Cordas, agreement. Fodhla, an ancient name of Ireland. Dreallainn, a name applied by the poets to the island of Mull. Toiseach, a leader. Giusach, a pine forest, a flag-pole. Paic, tribute, bribe. Mionar, the English word minor, a youth under twenty-one. Folachd, extraction, origin by blood. Miosguinn, malice, grudge. Easraich or esaraich, the boiling of a pool where a cascade falls; the rushing of liquid through a hole made in a cask or churn. Muirnean, a dearly beloved person. Frideam, support. Flaithreas, chiefship, rule, dominion. Milisean, anything sweet. Fionn-theachd, a small body of men.

Margaret, eldest daughter of John Macleod, second of Bernera and first of Contullich, was married to William Macleod, third of Hamar. She is the Baintigherna Hamara and Meararad nafeile of the poem. She had strongly urged the poet to compose the elegy: thug i "spor gheur do'n fhear-dhana." Gathelus, Gathelus the fabulous ancestor of the Gaidels. Milidh, Milesius, a descendant of Gathelus. Eber and Eremon, sons of Milesius, who conquered Ireland and divided the country between them. The Macleans, Macdonalds, and other Argyleshire clans were looked upon as descendants of these imaginary heroes. Lachlan

Lubanach Maclean of Duart, married Mary, daughter of John Macdonald, first Lord of the Isles, in the year 1366. The Lord of the Isles gave him the next place to himself in point of honor and appointed him his lieutenant-general in time of war. Mary Macdonald is the person referred to in the expression: 'Siad bu phor d'a chiad mhathair. Sir John's mother was a daughter of Macleod of Dunvegan. Bancho, the Banquo of Shakespeare's Macbeth. It was held at one time that the Stewarts are descended from him through his son Fleance. As a matter of fact they are descended from a Norman named Alan who came over to England with William the Conqueror in 1066, and settled in Shropshire, England. Walter, Alan's second son, settled in Renfrew, Scotland, and was appointed Steward of Scotland, an office which became hereditary in his family. The correct form of the name is Stewart, not Steuart or Stuart. It was firmly believed in Iain Mac Ailein's day that the Macleans and the Mackenzies are descended from two brothers, Gilleain and Cailein. It is now well known that they are not. Ailein Muideratach, "muirnein nan Gaidheal," was killed at Sheriff-

muir. Sir John Maclean and himself were first cousins and intimate companions. The Macneils of Barra, the Macquarries of Ulva, and the Mackinnons as a general rule, followed Maclean of Duart. At Sheriffmuir the Mackinnons were with the Macdonalds of Sleat. The poet complains of the change they had made. He tells them that they were "gun mhasladh gun mhichliu" whilst they followed the ancestors of Sir John.

Air Fogradh Nan Cocups.

Beir an t-*seoraidh* so bhuamsa
 Gu bard ruadh Thota-Raonail;
 Nuair bha 'n aimsir an tus aig
 'S ro mhath dhutsgeadh e aolreadh.
 'N rud nach taitneadh ri 'shuillean
 Dheanteadh bürdan beag faoin deth;
 'S nuair a chreic' e ri uaislibh
 Bhiodh a dhuais na 's leoir daoraid.

Ach mu'n rud s' chuir ort miotlachd,
 Mar tha 'n cirein s' th' air mnathaibh,
 B' fhearr e thall an Duneideann,
 'S ro bheag 'fheum 'Chlann-Ghilleain.
 'S ann air leamsa bu choir dhaibh
 Aodach broin b' i ga chaitheamh,
 'S gur a minig tha foirneart
 Aig an seòrsa ga fhaighinn.

'S ann tha fearg air na dàilibh
 Ris 'n fhasan ur ud gu dearbha;

(Q)

Tha na slontan air caochladh
 Rì linn daolne ga leanmhuln.
 Cha'n fheil meas air na crannalbh,
 'S cha'n fheil toradh 'san arbhar,
 Cha d' fhan iasg air a chladach,
 'S cha'n fheil tacar 'san fhairge.

Cha'n fionghadh leam srolltean
 Air mnathalbh coir' agus pearluinn,
 Agus musalìn riomhach,
 Ge daor r'a dhìol sin air fellitean;
 Ach na broilleinean anairt
 'Bhith air callinn na spreidhe,
 'Dol do bhualle no mhalnair,
 'S culaidh fhanaid gu léir e.

Nuair bha aimsir an aigh ann
 Cha'n e 'n riombadh bu bheus daibh,
 Ach mnaì uaisle nan Gaidheal,
 A plaide bhan is a breidibh,
 'Sgapadh arain is caise
 Air ceann ard uirigh-séise,
 'S cupa ròsach math laidir
 Ga thoirt d' an cairdibh mar fheusda.

'Rìgh, bu taitneach bhith làmh riu
 Mu thim taimh agus eirigh!
 Bhìodh ac' meadhall is mànran
 Agus cànràn air theudalbh.
 Ghabh iad toghaidh de 'n nàire,
 Chuir iad gnaths anns an fhéile;
 'S bhìodh am bonn aig luchd-stubhall,
 Eagal gutha no beuma.

'S e a chi mi an àite sin
 An drasd aca currachd,
 Agus semincleit gòrach
 'N dealbh cleoc' air a chumadh.
 Cha bhì chrìdh' aig an oglach
 Eideadh ciòth' chur mu 'mhulneal,

No a bhoineid a phalgh e
'Chur 'nan lathair mu 'mhullach.

Bidh iad-feln ann an seombar,
Gun fhacal comhraidh ach Beurla,
Gun aon dùile fo 'n chruinne
Aig an duin' ach a chéile;
Bidh an seipein beag leanna
'N cois an aingil air eibhlíbh;
'S iad gun chomunn, gun chòisir,
Ach ga ol air a chéile.

Beiridh ise air an sgathan,
'S theid i lamh-ris an uinneig,
'S a cocup air a chàradh
'Cheart cho ard 's a tha 'n Lunnainn.
Beiridh e-san air leabhar,
'S beag a thoghaladh d'a ghunna;
'S nuair a thig air a namhaid,
'S soirbh dha 'lamh 'chur 'na mhùineal.

Nuair a bhios a luchd-fuatha
A tigh'nn cruaidh air le eucotr,
'S e gun duine n'a ghualainn
Ach aon bhuchaille spreidhe,
Their e, 's dorrán ga chaitheamh,
" Bu ghile m'athair 's mo mhathair,
Chuir iad ùda 'san luchde-taighe
Seal mum falgheadh neach fàth orr'.

Ach a bhaIntighearnan ùra,
Bu mhath 'n clu dhuibh sar ghlocas;
'S gun 'chur air earball bhur còta
'N rud bu choir dhuibh 'bhith 'g itheadh;
Gun 'chur an satin, no 'n tàil,
No am faine, no 'n ribin
'N rud a chulrcadh thur fearann
Ann am barrachd de thrioblaid.

Na gabhaibh iomadaidh sannta
Air 'bhith Galta bhon dh' fheudas,

'S na blodh bhur dùil ris gach seorsa
 'Bhios air bhordaibh Dhuncideann.
 Ma bhios blas meal' air gach aon mhír,
 Is gach aon deoch d'a reir sin,
 'S gann nach falcear gun toghaidh
 Gum bi 'n t ogha air ann déiric.

It is almost certain that the poet meant by Bard Ruadh Thota-Raonail is Lachainn Mac-Mhic-Iain. This makes it probable that Lachainn Mac-Mhic-Iain was a son of John Roy of Totaranald, second son of John Garbh, eighth of Coll.

Oran

DO DH-FHEAR THALASGAIR.

Air sgéith na maidne 's luathie,
 Gu tuath thoir mo bheannachd bhuam
 A dh-ionnsuidh 'n fhir nach fuath leam
 Gu 'uaisle, Fear Thalasgair,
 'S e mhèudach dhomh mo ghradh ort
 Do ghnathis 'dhol ri t' ath' realachd;
 'S gum falc do mhulnntir fein,
 Ann am dheidh-s', thu bhith maireannach,
 Ghelbht' a t' fhardach mùrn is manran
 'S piob da laimh gu callanach;
 Flath is feusda 's ol d'a reir sin
 Aig luchd feum' is aithnichean.
 Bhiodh gleadhraich stòp ri lonadh chorn
 Is flon ga ol a searragalbh;
 Re seal duinn air a ghleus sin

Bhiodh dith ceill air fear-éiginn.
 Bhlomaid mar sud, bhlomaid mar sud,
 Bhlomaid mar sud is deimhin leam;
 Ag ol gu tric, ag ol gu tric
 Gun ol, gun mhig, gun mhearachinn
 Gun sgainneal bhreug ga chur an gell,
 Gun chomradh breun no balachall;
 'S bu tric a lhubhairt phog iad
 Le ro ghradh 's le carthannachd.

Fhuair thu raga céile
 Do d' reir fein 's gur math leam sin;
 Anns a bheil beachd is geire
 Le céill is le banalachd.
 Cha dean mi facal breige,
 B' e m' eudach is m' anart i;
 Is fhad 's a rinn mi cuairt leat
 A gruaman cha d' fhairich mi.
 Gu bheil thu gile air lomad beachd,
 Cha'n fhad mi mheas gur amaid thu;
 Tha thu baigheil, caoimhneil, cairdeil,
 Thlasmhor, daimheil, carthannach.
 Beud no lochd cha'n aiream ort,
 'S gur airidh bhoch is bheannachd thu;
 'S gur eridheil ri am feum' thu
 Gu feusd' thoirt do dh-aithneichean.
 Bhlomaid mar sud, etc.

Tha mulad mor no dha orm,
 Tha fath dhomh 'bhith gearanach;
 Tha mi gun long, gun bhàta,
 Gun ardraich bheir thairis mi.
 Nam biodh a chuis mar b' fhearr leam
 'S mo chur 'san àit 'bu mhath leam 'bhith,
 Gum faicinn hio thrath nòna
 An Dombhall sin 's leannan dhomh.
 Is ann san am 's an ruiginn thall
 Gun cuirinn geall 's cha challinn e,
 Nuair rachainn suas do 'n t-seombar uachd-
 rach

An deidh fuachd is allabain,
 Gun d' thoirteadh lamh air botull lan
 A dh' fhagadh blath gu h-ealamh mi;
 Cha'n fhaicteadh neach fo mhùlg
 An talgh muirneach Fear Thalagair.
 Bhlomaid mar sud, etc.

Dh' fhag mi anns an àite sin
 Plannta de leanabh beag;
 S gur tric a's smaointinn broin dhomh
 A ghloir an àm deaichadh.
 Mur h-fheil breug 'nam fhaistneachd
 Bidh pairtean a sheanar ann;
 'S ma 's a duine beo e
 Nì 'n seol sin fear ainneamh dheth.
 Tha uaisle 'bheus a cur an géill
 Gar cruineachd déise ro mhath e,
 Gun robh a sheors' fo mheas ro mhor
 'S gach aite coir 'am fanadh iad,
 Nuair 'bha iad thall an cùirt na Frainge
 Ann an am na carraide;
 'S dhearbh iad do rìgh Tearlach
 An gradh nuair a lean iad e.
 Bhlomaid mar sud, etc.

Airidh bhoch, a person worthy of a joyful
 welcome.

Sir Roderick Macleod, first of Talisker,
 fought in behalf of Charles II., at the
 battle of Worcester in 1651. He was
 succeeded by his son John, and John by
 his son Donald. Donald, third of Talis-
 ker, married Christina, second daughter
 of John Macleod, second of Bernera and
 first of Contullich. He is the Fear

Thal isgair of the poem. John, his eldest son and successor, was born in 1718, and is probably the leanabh beag referred to.

Sìol Olaghair.

'S hìl Olaghair gun ainns,
 B' ann d' ur cùl 's d' ur deagh alla
 'Bhith caolmhneil d' ur earald
 'S bhith arrant' ri 'r fuathalbh.
 Thug na h-uaislean so 'dhealalch rium
 Aithn' agus earall dhomh
 Mì 'dh-fomchar am beannachd
 Gu'r bannal 's gu'r n-uaislibh.
 Gun robh e orr' aithnichte
 Mheud 'sa fhuair iad de'r carthannachd,
 'Reir cleachdadh nan sean daoine
 Ceanalt' mu'n cualas.
 Ged tha na brat ùra
 Ro sglamhach le suilibh,
 'S e 'm brat air a chlà ladh
 'Bheir dubhlan do'n fhuachd duinn.

Fhuair mise seol ainneamh
 Gu glulan am beannachd
 A dh-ionnsuidh an leannan,
 Ge tamull leo uath iad;
 Gu comunn gun aineolas,
 Caolmhneasach, carthannach,
 Gun fhochaid, gun fhanaid,
 Gun charraid, gun tuasaid.
 Tha sean-fhacal laghach
 'Fhuirt na daoine gu seaghach,
 Nach facas riamh meadhall
 'Na deaghaidh gun ghruaman;
 Caint eile cho fìor ris,

lan
 ml;
 air.

omh

ehd

hor

rainge

of a joyful

Talisker,
 I., at the
 He was
 John by
 of Talis-
 daughter
 rnera and
 the Fear

Is dh'fhaithrich mi fhin e,
Nach b'e 'n rathad gu cinneachduinn
An imric ro ualbhreach.

Nuair 'thainig mi dhachaidh,
'S rinn mi calleiginn stada,
B' fhàth ionndrainn do m' phearsa
Gach cleachdadh a fhuair mi,
Na bha mi a seachnadh
De shalbhreas 'ur pailtis
Bha mi 'g ordachadh agam
Gach maduinn 'n am gluasad;
'S mi ri cànrán gun chaidreamh
Ri celle mo leapa,
'Cur an geill gur h-e staid-se
Thug dhachaidh mi uatha,
'S nam bithinn air fuireach
Leis na fhuair mi de chuireadh
Gum bithinn gun mhulad,
Gun uireasbhuidh fhuathalach.

Nam biodh feum anns na beannachdan
'S gum fuasg'leadh iad fearann
'S ann a chuirinn gu deamhainn
Le dealas gu tuath iad.
Bheirinn àithn' agus earail daibh
Tadhal an Talasgair
Aig 'n fhear 'chomhnadh mi 'm ainnis
Gu earthannach, uasal.
'S an celle tha maille ris
'S beus d'i 'bhith mathasach,
'S feile na mala,
Cha 'n aithne dh'i gruaman.
Gur h-alainn 'na ball' i,
Le surd is le dealas,
'Thoirte feusda gun ainnis
Do luchd ealain is cuairte.

Stol Olaghair, the descendants of Olaf or
Olave, the Macleods.

Eachdraidh Thuatha de Danann.

According to the legendary history of Ireland, the first people that settled in that country came from Greece. They were under a leader named Partholan. They had three druids among them: Fios, Eolas and Fochmarc, or Intelligence, Knowledge and Enquiry. The Partholanian colony was almost wholly destroyed by a pestilence. The second people that settled in Ireland came from Scythia. The name of their leader was Nemid or Nemidius. They were of the race of Magog, son of Japhet. They suffered terribly from the attacks of sea robbers, called Fomorians. The greater part of them left the country. Simeon Breac and his clan went to Thrace, Beothach and his clan went to Greece, and Britan Maol and his clan went to the Island of Mona or Anglesea. The third people that settled in Ireland were the Fir-Bolgs. They were descended from Simeon Breac and his followers. They ruled over the country thirty-six years. The fourth people that settled in Ireland were the Tuatha De Danann. They were descended from Beothach and his followers. They wandered from
(R)

Greece to Germany, from Germany to Scandinavia, from Scandinavia to Scotland, and from Scotland to Ireland. They were necromancers. They could raise storms, heal the sick and réstore the dead to life. They had four talismanic articles of wondrous powers with them, namely, the Lia-fail or stone of Destiny, Lugaidh's sword and spear, and the caldron of their king, the Dagda Mor. They conquered the Fir-Bolgs, Fomorians and other inhabitants of Ireland without much difficulty. They ruled over the country about one hundred and ninety-seven years. The fifth and last people that settled in Ireland, previous to the beginning of the Christian era, were the Milesians or Gaidels. They are descended from Gaidheal Glas, or Gathelus. Fenius Farsa, King of Scythia, was an eminent patron of learning. His second son, Niul, was the most accomplished scholar of his day. This Niul, who was married to Scota, a daughter of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, was the father of Gaidheal Glas. The descendants of Gaidheal Glas went from Egypt to Crete, and thence to Scythia. They finally settled in Spain. Their most renowned hero was Milidh or

Milesius, who ruled over the greater part of Spain. It was under the leadership of the sons of this Milidh that the Gaidels went to Ireland.

The following account of the landing of the Milesians in Ireland, of the manner in which they obtained possession of the country, and of the vengeance taken upon them by the Tuatha De Danann, is by Iain Mac Ailein, the poet :

Thainig Clanna Milidh as an Spain do dh-Eirinn, rioghachd a bha fo gheasaibh. Air do sgioba naoi longan diu teachd gu tir chruinnich sluagh na duthcha, do 'm b' ainm Tuatha De Danann, gu comhdhail a thabhairt daibh. Thubhairt iad ri Clanna Milidh nach robh annta ach gealtairean agus baoth-oglaichean a thaobh is gun dainig iad air tir gun fhios. Fhreagair Clanna Milidh, gun digeadh iad air tir le fios daibh. Thubhairt Tuath De Danann iad a dhol 'nan loingeas, agus naoi tonnan a chur eadar iad agus tir, agus nan digeadh iad air tir an deidh sin gum faigheadh iad leth Eirinn gun tuilleadh cogaidh. An deidh do Chlanna Milidh so a dheanamh thugadh Eirinn as am fradharc le druidheachd Thuatha De Danainn air achd's nach robh iad a faicinn ach aon ghroban creige ann an dealbh

muice, ni a dh' aobharaich gun goirear de dh-Eirinn Muc-Innis. Bha am measg Clanna Milidh druidh, a bha na dheagh dhuine ealain. Thubhairt e-san riutha nach robh iad ach amaideach do bhrigh is nach robh iad a tabhairt fainear gur h-ann ri luchd-druidheachd a bha 'n gnothach; gum b'i a chreag a bha iad a faicinn Eirinn, agus ge b'e a bhiodh an sin gum biodh e an Eirinn. Leig Clanna Milidh an sin uchd nan naoi longan ris a chreig, mu'n robh stuadhan anabarrach a bristeadh. Bhathadh seiseir de 'n ciunuil, air chor is nach deachaidh air tir ach a triuir dhiu. B'e ainm nan triuir Eremhon, Eibher Fionn, agus Colpa 'Chlaidhibh. Thagair Clanna Milidh a nis an cumhnaut air Tuath De Danann. Dh'aontaich Tuath De Danann leth Eirinn a thabhairt daibh, ach ceannas na duthcha uile a bhith aca fein. Cha doireadh Clanna Milidh so dhaibh, agus mar sin thoisich an cogadh. Thubhairt an druidh a bha maille ri Clann Milidh gum bu ghorach dhaibh a dhol a chogadh ri luchd-druidheachd; gum b'i a chomhairle-san dhaibh iad a bhith oidhche 's an aon bhaile ri Tuath De Danann, agus iad a dh'fhaotuinn mar gheasaibh do fhuasgladh orra, gun leigeadh iad breith

na cuise a dh-ionnsuidh a cheud fhir a
 thachradh orra an deidh dhaibh falbh
 le 'cheile as a bhaile sin. Rinneadh so.
 Air do Chlanna Milidh agns do Thuath
 De Danann falbh as a bhaile, 's e a cheud
 duine a thachair orra an druidh. Thubh-
 airt Aonghus Mac an Daogha, righ
 Thuatha De Danann, ris, "S mor a tha
 agadsa ri 'dheanamh an diugh, a dheagh
 fhir ealain." "Ciod a tha agam ri
 'dheanamh an diugh?" ars an druidh, "ach
 falbh le m' chruit 'dh' fheuch co a 's fearr
 a bheir duais dhomh airson mo chiuil."
 "Tha barrachd is sin agad ri 'dheanamh"
 ars' Aonghus; "tha agad ri Eirinn a
 roinn na da leth." Nam biodh sibh air
 gach taobh toileach, ars' an druidh,
 dheanainn-sa an ni a tha sibh ag iarraidh
 a dh-aon fhacal. Dh'innis iad dha gun
 robh iad toileach. An sin thubhairt an
 druidh is e so mo bhreitheanas-sa:
 "Bhon a bha 'n leth os cionn talaimh
 de dh-Eirinn agaibh-se, a Thuatha De
 Danann, o chionn greise, agus gur luchd-
 druidheachd sibh, bithidh an nis an leth
 a tha fo'n talamh agaibh, agus an leth os
 cionn talaimh aig Clanna Milidh; agus
 dhuitsa, Aonghuis Mhic-an-Daogha, bhon
 is tu righ Thuatha De Danann, tha mi ag
 ordachadh a bhrugh a's fearr a tha 'n

Eirinn, brugh barragheal na Boinne, agus a thaobh chaich biodh gach neach a faighinn bruighne dha fein. An sin chruinnich Tuath De Danann a dh-fheuchainn ciamar a dhioladh iad iad-fein air Clanna Milidh. Thubhairt Aonghus Mac-an-Daogha gun dioladh mar a b' abhaist daibh, le druidheachd agus le eadar-mhanadh; gun rachadh iad an riochd dheochannan laidir a bhiodh a cur dith ceille agus cail codach air Clanna Milidh anns gach aite 's an tachradh iad riutha; gun gabhadh e-san air fein a bhith 'n riochd fiona 's an Spain bhon is ann as a sin a thainig Clanna Milidh; agus gum biodh Cliodhna nighean Mhannain, a bhanruinn, lamh ris ann an riochd brandaidh 's an Fhraing. Chaidh comhairle an rìgh a ghabhail. Thainig triuir mhac Earmuinn Mhoir do dh-Alba. Chuir an ceud fear e-fein ann riochd uisge-beatha Ghlaschu; chuir an darua fear e-fein ann an riochd uisge-beatha Rois Chlann Ghill-Andrais; agus chuir an treas fear e-fein ann an riochd uisge-beatha Fhioghabhaidh, ris an abrar a nis Tirithe.

Tha sliochd Earmuinn Mhoir an Albainn gus an latha an diugh. Sloinnear

na cinn-fheadhna a thainig bhuaithe mar
so :—

Ghin Earmunn Mor Ruaimle, Aodb,
agus Fiachraidh. Ghin Ruaimle Glas-
rach, ghin Glasrach Siream-Suain, ghin
Siream-Suain Bristeadh - Spuaice, ghin
Bristeadh-Spuaice Streup-ri-Uaisle, ghin
Streup-ri-Uaisle Milleadh-Bracha, ghin
Milleadh-Bracha Casgairt, agus ghin Cas-
gairt Lag-a-Cheobain. Ghin Aodh Aig-
neadh Corrach, ghin Aigneadh-Corrach
Sruladh - Sporan, ghin Sruladh - Sporan
Milleadh-Tanach, agus ghin Milleadh-
Tanach Cas air Braghad. Gain Fiach-
raidh Blialum - Blialum, ghin Blialum-
Blialum Seasamh-Miapaiddh, ghin Seas-
amh-Miapaiddh Lamh-air-Sgeanaibh, ghin
Lamh-air-Sgeanaibh Daor-ri-Cheannach,
agus ghin Daor-ri-Cheannach Garbh-na-
Nollaig.

Fogradh Thuatha De Danann.

Fogradh Thuatha De Danann,
A crìch an ceannais, a Fòdhla;
'S ann de chruadhas an sgeula
A bhith a Eirinn gam fògradh.

Chaidh Aonghus og Mac-an-Daogha,
Na fhion braonach 'chum tàladh,
Gu oighreachd a bhuannachd
An crìch uasail na Spàine.

Do chaidh Manannain neartmhor
Do chrìch bheairtich na Frainge,
'S rinn deoch bhrìghmhor do Ch'iodhna
Do'n ainm staoidh a bhrannaidh,

Chaidh triuir mhac Earmuinn Mhoir
A crìochalbh Fhòdhla do dh-Alba,
Gu 'bhith dìoghalt a 'm fògradh
Air sìlochd Scòta nan garbh-chath.

Toiseach suidhe do Ruaimle
An cois Chluaidhe aig Glaschu,
Air an dìg sìlochd ruatharach
Leis am buairear na claignean.

Do chaidh Aodh am measg thuathach
Do Ros shuas Chloinn Ghill' Anndraic;
Leis an t-sìlochd a thig bhualthe
Fagar uaislean gle mheanmnach.

An deldh sin do chaidh Fiachraidh
Do 'n airde 'n iar a chrìch Fhìoghabhaidh;
'S tha 'shìlochd aig tobar Bafanaid
'Nan cuis chàrnain is iorghuill.

Na trì fineachan lòghmhor s'
'S teare 's an Eorpa 'tha 'n samhailt;
Ni iad bog an tì 's cruaidhe
'S ni iad cruaidh am fear sleamhuinn.

Ni iad eas am fear ciallach,
'S ni iad fiat am fear nàrach;
Ni iad neo-shanntach acrach,
'S ni iad lag am fear laidir.

Bheir iad cruadal do 'n ghealtair,
'S bheir iad beairteas do 'n daibhear;
Bheir iad fionnfhuachd gu sò-ghradh,
'S bheir iad comhradh 'n fhear shàmhach.

Bheir iad gruaim bharr a mhùigeln,
 'S ní iad sunndach fear tosdach.
 'Sin na buadhannan falatah
 'Th' air Tuath De Danann mar choltas.

Geas, a charm, a spell. Fo gheasaibh, under spells. Fódhla, an ancient name of Ireland. Cluaidh, the river Clyde. Ruatharach, making a sudden or violent attack. Eadar-mhanadh, enchantment.

Cath Alphuirt.

Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinglass, Sheriff-depute of Argyle, sent James Campbell of Stonefield, Sheriff substitute, to hold a court of justice at Aros in Mull. The court lasted about six weeks. All the neighboring gentlemen were present.

According to the poet, Sir Colin Campbell, as king and commander-in-chief of the fair Gaidels, sent James Campbell to Aros, the Alfort of the poem, to fight against the Tautha De Danann. General James had for his principal officers Cormac Saor-chridheach or Murdoch og Mac-laine of Lochbuy, An Donn Dochaisg or Donald Maclean of Coll, Iollain

Iomsgaoilteach or Maclean of Brolas, Eochaidh Amhuilteach or Cameron of Glendessary, Doidim Dana or Maclean of Ardgour, Laogh rìgh Lore or Macquarrie of Ulva, an sonn bho Dhun-Amhlaidh or Lachlan Maclean of Calgary, Domhnall Deonach, and Cailein Sochair. He destroyed all the Tuatha De Danann in Mull.

The following notes explain the origin of the battle of Alfort and the fight at Dun Dubh-linn :

“ 'S e 's mathair-aobhair do chath Alphuirt gun dainig Seumas Caimbeul, fear Achanaclaiche, na fhear-ionaid Siorraim, a chumail moid an Aros am Muile. Bha a h-uile duine eadar ceann Loch-Iall agus Barradhubh h-Aidhnis an Tirithe ri freagairt aig a mhod so. Chumadh e re shia seachduinnean, agus rinneadh ol cho mor aige's a bha ri cuimhne dhaoine anns na h-aiteachaibh so.”

“ An deidh do dh - Fhear Achanaclaiche Aros fhagail thachair oifigich a ghearasdain air aig Dubhairt agus chum iad e comhla riutha. Thug e-fein 's iad-fein tri lathan air an ol. 'S ann ri caisteal Dhubhairt a tha 'm bard ag radh Dun Dubhlln.”

Air mothachadh do rìgh Fionn-Ghaidh-

eal do 'n chron 's do 'n chall a bha 'Tuath De Danann a deanamh air muinntir a rioghachd, chuire am mach son de 'ridiribh do 'm b' ainm Seanailear Seumas, a dh'iarraidh air uaislean na h-airde 'n iar eirigh leis a chur as do Thuatha De Danann. Rinn iad aite coinnimh agus comhlachaidh an Alphort 'san Dreallainn. B'e Borb righ Bhioghabhaidh, son de dh-uaislean na Dreallainn, bu riaghladair anns an aite sin. Ghabh e Tuath De Danann air iochd agus air ineach gu gleidheadh agus tearmad a dheanamh orra. Air do na h-uaislean cruinneachadh, thubhairt Seanailear Seumas riutha gum feumadh iad a thabhairt fainear gur h-ann ri luchd-druidheachd a bha an gnothach, agus gun leigeadh leotha am mealladh. Dh'aithn e dhaibh gearasdan a thogail eadar iadsan agus iad-fein. Thubhairt e cuideachd nach b' aithne dha co d'an digeadh e a dhol a chumail faire air a cheud oidhche. Fhreagair na h-uaislean a bha fotha e ag radh bho nach robh ard-righ na Dreallainn aig baile gur h-e Cormac Saor-chridheach na Maighe fear-ionaid a b'fhaisge dha, agus gun deanadh e deagh fhear-faire. Thugadh an sin aithne dha faire a chumail air an oidhche sin. Thubhairt Seanailear Seumas, tha

iad ag radh gu bheil iad-san ris a bheil ar gnothach nan luchd-cuideachd math ; ciod bu mhisde sinn cuiptin agus bratach de shliochd Lag-a-Cheobain 'fhaotuinn maille-ruinn ? Chomh-aontaich na h-uaislean uile leis. Chuireadh gu grad iarrtas gu riaghladair Alphuir e a chur cuiptin agus brataich de shliochd Lag-a-Cheobain g'an ionnsuidh. Gheall iad dha gum paigheadh iad 's a mhaduinn cirig gach noip nach rachadh dachaidh dhiu. Thainig na chuir iad a dh-iarraidh de Thuath De Danann, 's thug iad lan thoileachadh inntinn do na h-uaislean le feabhas an fearas-chuideachd. Nuair a chunnaic Seanailear Seumas so thubhairt e, cha mhath dhuinn Cormac Saor-chridheach a bhith bhuainn. Chuir e fios air agus dh' fhaighneachd e dheth an robh aon aige na bhrataich ris an earbadh e an fhaire fhad 's a bhiodh e-fein a gabhail greis de chuideachd Thuatha De Danann. Fhreagair e-san gun robh aon aige nach a' rinn mealladh riamb air, a Thoil Fein. Dh'fhag e an toil ri faire, agus chaidh e-fein a ghabhail aighear Thuath De Danann. Cha robh aon de dh-uaislibh na h-airde 'n iar nach robh bratach de dhilsean fein aige ga dhion 's ga theasruiginn bho Thuath De Danann ; gi

dheadh fhuair Tuath De Danann a staigh orra. Nuair a dh'iarradh iad ciall 's e 'gheibheadh iad michiall, nuair a dh'iarradh iad cuimhne 's e 'gheibheadh iad di-chuimhne, nuair a dh' iarradh iad briathran glíce 's e 'gheibheadh iad briathran amaideach, agus nuair a dh'iarradh iad neart 's e 'gheibheadh iad laigse. Mar so dh'aithnich iad nach h-iam muinntir fein a bha aca. Fhuair Tuath De Danann an gearasdan fopa fein an oidhe sin. Moch 'sa mhaduinn thainig fear de a bhraiteach, d'am b'ainm Cuimhne, gu Cormac Saor-chridheach, agus thubhairt e ris gun do ghlacadh an gearasdan an raoid le droch fhurachras agus gun robh e gu beul an latha gu buileach fo chumhachd an naimhdean. Ach, ars' e-san, tha Tuath De Danann an drasd air tuiteam gu neo-ni ; tha iad gan nigheadh fein le 'n cadar-mhanadh ann am pigeachan creadhá ; agus ma bhitheas sinn tapaidh faodaidh sinn an tilgeadh am mach thar baidealan a bhaile. Rinneadh so mar leasachadh air na thachair. Nuair a dh'innseadh gach ni do Sheanailear Seumas thug e maitheanas do Chormac Saor-chridheach 'na fhailinn airson a thapachd mu dheireadh.

Mhol Seanailear Seumas an fhearaschuid-

eachd a rinn Tuath De Danann daibh air an oidhche a chaidh seachad. Thubhairt e gun robh dream eile dhiu, Sliochd Chois'-air Bhraghad a b'fhearr gu mor gu fearas-chuideachd na Sliochd Lag-a-Cheobain. Chomh-aontaich na h-uaislean gun cuirteadh fios air Caipitin agus brataich dhiu. 'S ann air an Donn Dochaisg, rìgh nan Colach, a thainig an dorsaireachd air an oidhche so. Chuir e-san na site fein ris an dorsaireachd a Mhiannan, agus chaidh e-fein a ghabhail aighear Thuatha De Danann. Ged a bha sliochd Lag-a-Cheobain math, cha robh cleasachd cheart ann gus an nis. Chuir sliochd Chois'-air Bhraghad cuid a ghal, cuid a ghaireachdainn, cuid a leum, 's cuid a chadal le 'n druidheachd 's le 'n eadar-mhanadh. Co a thainig a dh-ionnsuidh an doruis mu mheadhon oidhche ach Tuath De Danann! Leis an eolas a bha aca-fein agus Miannan an Donn Dochaisg air a cheile tuite arann an cudrom gaoil air gach taobh. Fhuair tuilleadh de Thuath De Danann a staigh na fhuair a staigh a cheud oidhche. Dh'fhaithrich an Seanailear agus na h-uaislean am brataichean fhein gan tabhairt bhuapa, agus Tuath De Danann a teachd 'nan aite. Nuair a bha an Seanailear a dol a thabh-

air achmhasain do 'n Donn Dochaisg thubhairt an Donn Dochaisg ris gun robh eolas aig Tuath De Danann air a mhiannaibh-san, agus gun robh gealladh aca orra nach biodh iad mu am fogradh bho aite 's am bith anns am bitheadh iad. Nuair a chual an Seanail-ear so thug e maitheanas da.

Air an treas oidhche thug Seanailear Seumas taing do na h-uaislean airson mar bha iad a cur as do Thuath De Danann; ach, ars' e-san, tha dream ro bhorb ann diu fhathast Garbh-na-Nollaig. Chuir-eadh fios air caiptin agus air brataich dhiu. Thainig iad gun dail, agus rinn iad a chleasachd a b' aigeannaiche a chual-as riamh. Thubhairt an Seanailear gum bu choir an geard a dhublachadh. Chaidh Doidim Dan, righ na Foraise Bige, agus Eochaidh Amhuilteach o'n Iospairn a chumail faire an oidhche sin. Chuir Doidim Dan Misneach 'na aite fein, agus Eochaidh Gliocas, agus bha an dorsaireachd a dol leotha gu math. Nuair a chunnaic Cormac Saor-chridheach agus an Donn Dochaisg mar a bha iad a faighinn air aghaidh thubhairt iad gum bu mhas-ladh dhaibh-san an dorsaireachd a dhol leotha so 's gun i'dhol leotha fein, agus thigear agus cuirear ceangal nan tri chaol

air na dorsairibh 's leigear a staigh sliochd Gharbh-na-Nollaig mar a thogradh iad tighinn. Ann an uine ghoirid chuireadh an seanailear agus na h-uaislean gu h-iomlan air ruaig do 'n t-Suain. Nuair a fhuaradh air ais o'n t-Suain iad thainig Borb righ Bhioghabhaidh a thagairt eirig Thuatha De Danann bho nach robh a h-aon a lathair diu. Fhuair e sin. Chuir Seanailear Seumas air fhacal e nach robh a h-aon diu am falach aige. Thubhairt e nach robh innse-sgeoil no tuairisgeul ri 'fhaotuinn orra anns a bhaile. Ghabh Seanailear Seumas an nis cead de dh-uaislibh na h-airde 'n iar agus ghluais e gu dhol dachaidh. Air a thuras da thachair riaghladair Dhun Dubh-linn ris agus dh'innis e dha gun robh bratach no dha de shliochd Thuatha De Danann a staigh aige-san, agus mur cuirteadh as daibh gum faodadh iad siolachadh 's an rioghachd. Chaidh e staigh gun chuideachadh ach a gheard, agus b'e sin latha cho teth 's a fhuair e re a thurais, ach bhuadh-aich e.

Nuair a chaidh Seanailear Seumas dachaidh thug e lan chunntas mu 'thuras agus mu 'shoirbheachadh do Shir Caillein, an t ard sheanailear. Gheibhear an cunntas sin anns na rannan a leanas :—

SEUMAS.

Fallt ort, a Shir Callein reachdmhor,
Saoidh na féile;
Fear ionadais rígh nan Gaidheal,
Triath dha'n gelleam.

SIR CAILEIN.

An t-aon ceudna dhuit-sa, Sheumais,
An deidh do chomhraig;
Feuch gun robh do thuras buadhach
An tír na Dreallainn.

SEUMAS.

Buadhach do thuras rí althris,
Ghlaoth na síochaint
Eadar a' Shluath De Danann
'S Clanna Míidh.

SIR CAILEIN.

Gach lámh 'bu chruaidhe 's an Iorghuill,
Dean dhomh althris,
Chum 's nach bí an duais a's míosa
Aig an t-sluagh bu bhraise.

SEUMAS.

Mar fhuaim chruit fo aon ghuth teud
Le ceol labhar,
Sin mar bhlo dh an stolm le 'cheil'
Gu borb 'eur catha.

SIR CAILEIN.

Air gradh t' einich ionis, a Sheumais.
Air snas firinn',
Cia gach neach 'bu chruaidhe lámh
An àr nam míltean.

SEUMAS.

Cormac Saor-chridheach na Matghe,
Le sar dhíchloll,

Mharbhadh leis-san de shliocht Ruaimle
Tuairmeas míle.

An Donn Dochaisg anns an Iorghuill
Bu gharbh doinnonn;
Chuir e as do dh-fhine Fhiachraidh,
'S fiach e 'mholadh.

Iollain Iomsgaoilteach sin eile;
Mac rígh Dreallainn,
Mharbh e ceud gach la catha,
S e-fein an comhlan.

Eochaidh Amhúilteach o'n Iospairn,
'S Doidim dana,
Chuir iad as do dh-fhine lionmhoir
Chois' air-Bhraghad.

Laogh rígh Lorc, rígh nan abhcáid
Fhuair e fáir ann;
Mharbhadh leis bratach no dha
Air Milleadh Tánach.

An sonn solta bho Dhùn Amhlaidh
Le 'lainn ullaimh,
'S tric a thug e 'Thuath De Danann
Cath no cumaeg.

Mac-Aisgibhir, Domhnall Deonach,
Conspunn eile,
Gheibhteadh 's gach cearn de'n chruaidh
chomhrag
Stoirm a lainne.

Callein Sochair a Port Onaghail,
'B ann de'chleachdadh
'Blith 'na namhaid do shliocht Ruaimle
Ri uair aisig.

Cha robh dhomhsa an Cath Alpuirt
Cas no cunnart

Seach an deannal a thug each dhomh
Air Iar Dun Dubhlinn.

'S deagh sheirbheisich Tuath De Danann,
Ealamh cùirtell,
Ach mar mhaighstirean tha iad suarach,
Buailteach, bruiteach.

Ma thogas iad, a Chaillein reachdmhoir,
Ceann an déidh so,
So mo lamh gum faigh sinn seol
Gum fogradh 'dh-Eirían.

Ineach, hospitality, generosity. Na trí caoil,
the neck, the wrist and the ankles. Eineach, a
good name, bounty, generosity. Comhlan, a
hero. Abhcald, a jest.

Crosanachd Fhir nan Drimnean.

Tha bith ur an tìr na Dreallatnn,
 'S coir dhuinn ainsels;
 Tha moraa deth 'tigh 'nn am bitheant'.
 Rì gnaths Shasulnn.
 Nì bheil duin' uasal nò losai,
 Nò fear fearalnn,
 Leis nach b'all, gu moran buinig,
 Ceird a bharrachd.
 Tha ceird ur aig Fear nan Drimnean
 'Th' air leinn cronall;
 B'all leis fein a dhol an àite
 Mhalghstir-sgoille;
 An t-oidè sin fein a rinn fhoghlum
 Le glòir Laidinn,
 Ghlacadh leis, gun chead a cl' srdean,
 'Cheird a bh'alge.

'Se 'n t-aobhar a thug do dhaoine aire a thoirt do shannt an sgoileir so, an uair a mhiannaich e a cheird a bha aig oide-foghlum, nach laimhsicheadh e i mar laimhsicheadh an t-oidè-foghlum i; oir, an uair a ghabhadh an t-oidè-foghlum air a dhaltachan 's ann a ghabhadh e air na leanabanan, ach 's ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na daoine arsaidh; agus an uair a ghabhadh an t-oidè-foghlum air a dhaltachan 's ann a ghabhadh e air na ciontaich, ach is ann a ghabhadh an sgoileir sanntach so air na neo-chiontaich. Is ann uaithe sin a dubhradh,—
 “Saoilidh am fear a bhios na thamh gur

h-e e-fein a's fhear lamh air an stiuir ;"
ach cha mho gur h-e.

Cha'n ionnsaich e clann no leanabain,
Mar bu choir dha,
Gus am bi iad nan daoine' arsaidh
Fo 'n lan fheosaig.
Cha dugadh an Cill-ma-Cheallaig
Breith 'bu chlaoine
Na 'n ni rinn an ceann a b' airde
'M màs ga dhioladh.
Gabhall le crìos an ao's arsaidh
Air mas sean-duin',
'S fada mu'n ionnsaich an gnìomh sin
Ciall do theanga.
Ge b'e labhras ris an fhear ud
Còir no eucoir,
Gabhar air a ghiort le stràcaibh
De chrìos léiridh.

Agus b'fhior do'n duine sin. Cha d'
fhuaradh riamh rud, a dh'ionnsachadh
teanga droch mhuinte, 'bu mheasa na
gabhail air na masaibh ann an aobhar na
teanga, agus an teanga bhith tuigsinn gur
h-ann 'na h-aobhar-se e fhuaire am mas ain
mor ghleusadh sin. Mur deanadh sin a
ciall na bu mheasa cha dheanadh e idir
na b'fhearr e. Uaithe sin a dubhradh,—
"Am fear nach ionnsaich lamh-ri glun
cha 'n ionnsaich lamh-ri uileann."

Crosanachd, a poem in which two or more
persons are represented as speaking. Bith,
custom habit. Aisneis, aithris, to relate, to
make known. Arsaidh, old. Giort, buttocks.
Léireadh, inflicting pain.

This poem is published in "The Highland Bards" by the Stewarts, where it is correctly ascribed to Iain Mac Ailein. It appears in *Sar-Obair nam Bard*, but is incorrectly ascribed to Iain Dubh Mac Iain mhic Ailein.

Bha Tearlach Mac-Gilleain, Fear nan Drimnean greis air luing-chogaidh ann a lathibh oige. Bha e 'na dhuine crosda. Chuir e am maighstir-sgoile a bha aige 'na theaghlach uair a dh'iarraidh paidhir bhrog air a ghreusaiche. Thuir an greusaiche ris nach deach a phaigheach airson nam brogan mu dheireadh a rinn e dha. Dh'innis am maighstir-sgoile so dha. Thug e am maighstir-sgoile leis, agus dh'fhalbh e far an robh an greusaiche. Mhionnaich is bhoidich an greusaiche nach dubhairt e riamh an ni a bha am maighstir-sgoile a cur air. Chreid fear nan Drimnean e. Rug e air a mhaighstir-sgoile, thog e am feileadh-beag aige, agus ghabh e air le crios a ghreusaiche. Bha an "ciontach sabhailte, ach an neo-chiontach bu chraiteach e." Bhuail fear nan Drimnean uair eile dorn air Mac-Leoid air sraid Dhuneideann.

Ged a bha Tearlach nan Drimnean cho crosda agus a bha e, bha e na dhuine measail. Thuit e ann am blar Chuil-Fhodair

a cogadh air taobh Thearlaich. Anns an leabhar thaitneach sin, Eachdraidh a Phrionnsa le Iain Mac-Coinnich, tha an t-ìomradh a leanas againn air a bhas:—
“Nuair a bha fear nan Drimnean air ti teicheadh le 'bheatha as an araich chunn- aic e dithisd de a chuid mac air an leon agus chaidh innseadh dha gun robh an treas fear 'na laighe marbh air a bhlar. “Cha bhi sin gun dioladh,” ars' e-san, agus ged a bha an t-uasal so cho aosda is nach robh roine fuilte air a cheann, ruith e air ais thun na h-araich, mharbh e aon trupair agus leon e fear eile, ach ann an tiotadh an deidh sin thuit e fein gun eirigh tuilleadh le lann thri trupairean sathte 'na chorp.” S i nighean do Thearlach nan Drimnean 'bu mhathair do dh-Ailein an Earrachd.

Cleirsinneachd Fhir nan Drim- nean.

Beir fios bhuam 'dh-ionnsuidh Thearlach
 Gu tom taimh na da pheighinn deuga,
 Gu bheil mis' air mo nàrachadh
 Mar bhios e 'gimath ri leumraich.
 Gun lomaireadh fear aosmholtreachd
 Tigh'nn an nis gu caochladh céille;
 'S gun bhith leanntuinn air na gnàthachean
 'Rinn brathair do Mhac-Léig dheth.

'S lomadh ceird a'r 'n do thoisich e
 Bho 'n la a b' oighear gleusd e;
 Re treis' bu mhaighstir-sgoile e,
 'S cha robh onair dha 's a cheum sin.
 Bhiodh an clontach sàbhailte
 Cha bheanadh càs no beud dha;
 Ach an neochlontach bu chraiteach e
 Le stràcaibh de chrìos léiridh.

Cuid eile de'chuid ghnìomharan
 Cha deid mi fhin a dh-eigheach,
 Mun gabh e fearg no mlothlachd rium
 'S mi titheach air bhith reidh ris,
 Gur sgeul naca d' fhan os 'n iosal air,
 Gun cuala mìle coud e
 'S gun d' theap e dhol 's na gàsaidibh,
 A gnìomh air sraid Dhuneideann.

Chlunn mi 'nis gun d' thionnsgainn e,
 Gun churam air mu dheibhinn,
 Air lamh a chur le danadas
 Am pairt de chuid na cleire
 Gun d' thog e a leoir dìoghaltais
 An umhladh Mhic-a-Chleirich,
 'S gun bhith de chomhdach cuise ann
 Ach gun d' bhean a glun d'a h-eudach.

C'arson nach robh thu rùmail
 Gu ceartas cùirte eigheach,
 Is foirbhich ghlice shuil-bheachdach ann
 Gus a chuis a reiteach'.
 Thuirt parson na Leith Iochdaralach
 'Me mhile beannachd fein air
 A chionn gun robh e dìoghaltach
 Mu'n ghnìomh a bha 's an eucoir.
 Ma tha 'n egeul so 'dh' innseadh air
 'Na fhirinn is nach breug e.
 Ge b'e 'bhios ann am miorun ris,
 Cha bhi mi-fhin 'an deidh air;
 Bheirian pàirt de m' stiopuinn bhuam,
 Ge prìsell mi mu dheibhinn,
 'Chionn coslas fear a ghnìomharan
 'Blùth agam fhin 'na chleireach.'

Umhladh or ùbhla, a fine, a penalty Foirbh-
 each or foirfeach, an elder.

Turragan Fhir Nan Drimnean.

Tha mi 'g innseadh do gach duine
 An turas a thug mi o'n bhalie,
 Dh' fhaotuinns a'isg air Chaol Mùile
 Thoirt freagairt a chuiridh do'n Bharan.
 Thuirt òglach a thachair shìos rium
 Cha 'n fhèil thu crìonnta 's tu'd sheanduin';
 'S dòcha dhuit amas ri turraig
 No buldhinn thoirt as a charalbh.

Thuirt mi ris gun robh e mìomhall,
 'S nach robh bonn firinn' 'na bharal';

(U)

Gur mi fhin a b'eolalch 'mu'nadar
 Eadar bhith arsaith 's 'na leanabh;
 Gun dugainn-sa dheth le 'shliogadh
 Pàirt de gach aon ni 'bu mhath leam;
 Gum faireadh e-san ri 'sgrìobadh
 A cheart cho mìomhail ri gearran.

So fein an t-alte 'n robh'shinnsreadh
 A falbh fo gnìomharan allail;
 Bhiodh iad caoimhnecasach ri'n càirdibh
 Ach dh'fhairleadh an naimhdean iad fearail.
 Nam biodh e-san air an reir-san
 Dheanadh e 'n ceumanan na leanachd;
 'S b' fhearr leis na tamailte fhulang
 Dol an connart 'na luath-dheannaibh.

Cha 'n fhell iad buidheach de 'ghiulan,
 Aon dùil tha de shliochd a sheanar,
 Nach biodh e faighidh each réimeil,
 A reir 's mar a bha na sean daoine'.
 Ach thainig lomadh rud na lùib-san
 A bha ga dhusgadh gu carraid;
 Mur faireadh iad air bhith 'na dhutne,
 Mo mhìonnaibh-sa chailleadh e 'fhearann

Tha e 'nis a tabhairt bairlinn,
 Eadar Ghaidhealaibh is Ghallaibh,
 Iad a sgur de bhith ga sgrìobadh
 'S gur stochaint an ni 'bu mhath leis.
 Mum faigheadh iad leud na h-àra
 De'n fhearann a dh'fhag a sheanair,
 Bu ni cho cinnteach 'sam bàs (haibh
 Gum biodh a chàrnna-sa mar-riis.

Turras, an accident, a mishap. Arsaith, old.
 Allail, illustrious. Réimeil, even-tempered.
 Bàirlinn, warning, summons of removal. Ar
 or àra, a kidney. Carn, pile of stones raised
 over a man's grave.

Rann.

Bha trì leumannan Mhic-Léig
 Ann am shuillbh fein fìor oile,
 Ach dh'iomair fear na dà pheighinn deug
 Air an dolgh cheudna a' bhreig
 Chuir e a chairdean an cruaidh chas
 Ga shabhaladh feir o' s'ios;
 Bhuail e bocsa air Mac Leoid,
 S ruisg e màs an duine bhòid.

An Salachadh-Fuinn.

Chuireadh ni air chor-eiginn a chaidh a ghoid
 air fonn no talamh Mhic-Cuair, an dochas gun
 rachadh a choire a chur air-san.

'S beag m' fhaollt a tigh'n daonnan
 Do'n chuid so de n' tìr;
 Cha tadhall mi 'n Aros
 Far 'm bu mhuirneanach mi;
 Cha chluinn 'mi 's cha 'n fhàic mi
 Na thaitneadh ri m' chridh';
 Mur falbh thu gu tèaraint'
 Bidh seàrsadh ad ni.

Ma 's e so an ceart mìlis
 'Thug an siorra do'n tìr,
 Cha mhor gur a fearr e
 Na'n gnaths 'bh' againn fhìn.
 Ma thogas e palgheadh
 'S na dh'aireamh e 'sios,
 Gur h-lomadh fear tolce
 Air bhochdainn a bhios.

Tha lagh Chill-ma-Cheallaig
 Ga leanallt gu nuadh.

Nuair chroch lad an gearran
 Gu h-amaidheach truagh,
 'S Mac-Cualre 'bha 'n Ulbha.
 Gun chullbheirt, gun ghuad,
 Dol 'dh-fhulang a chreachadh
 Le neartmhorachd sluaigh;

Is slochaint ga nasgadh
 'N fhear bhracairneach ruadh
 'Bha shìos an Aird-Tuna
 Lan chuireid is chuag.
 'S a's tric a rinn innleachd
 'Cur lontan mu'n cuairt,
 Nàair 'mhathadh an ni dha,
 Bu bhinn sin bha cruaidh.

Faollt, delight, cheerfulness. Toic, wealth,
 riches. Bracairneach, dusky. Cuireid, trick,
 wile.

Do dh-Anndra Mac an Easbuig.

Thoir an t-soraìdh so bhuamsa
 Gu h-uaigneach de 'n lagan ud shìos;
 Gu fear ionaid Mhic-Cualre
 Rìs na shuathadh am breama's tha 's tìr;
 Gun am bardan beag, beadaidh,
 A bhith tilgeadh a cheapaig a nìos;
 'S nach bu choir cha 'bhith 'tathach
 Air an fheill air nach falgheadh e ston.

Cha b'i comhairle 'cheartais
 A chian agaibh 's an lagan so shìos;
 Nuair bha slonnaeh na foll' ann
 Dh'fhag e eòir an fhir eile 's an lìon;
 Dh'fhog e t' aghaidh ri comhrag
 'S gun do chialdheabh air doigh gu do dhion;

'S dh'fhag e sud air bun t' fheamain
Mar nòs mhadadh-alluidh mu'n im.

Mise tha fiosrach mar dh'fhàs thu;
Bha mi treis air do chàirdibh an rùn;
Cha b'ì Sine do mhathair,
'S cha mhac Easbuig no sàr-dhuine thu;
Cheil a bhan-altrum dhàn orr'
An leanabh 'bha ailleachd na ghnuis;
'S thilg i thusa 'na aite
'S cha chomhnard a dh'fhag i do shùil.

Soraìdh, compliments, a blessing, also a fare-
well. Ceapag, a verse or verses composed im-
promptu. Sine, Bishop Hector's wife.

Gearan Air Fear-Teagaisg.

Gabhaidh mi sgeula de 'm shagairt
Ged nach geill e dh'aidmhell a phàpa,
'Bheil moran cron' ann do dh-anam
Aa fhir fhalaimh dol air faighe;
Is clonnas is còir do'n fhear bheairteach
A chleachdadh ri staid an fhir dhalbhir,
A bheil e laghail da bhith na mhùigean
Is dorn dùinte 'dheanamh ri 'bhrathair.

'S ann a dh' fhairich mi 'm fear-teagaisg
'Na fhear-leatruim' orm 's gach àite;
'S cian bhon thòisich e ri m' thagar
Mu'n chulaidh aiseig a thug càch dhomh,
'S eiginn dhomh 'n dochair so innseadh
Do sheanadh fìor ghlic Earaghadheal,
Gun dug mo mhintstir agìreachd
Dhìom mo chìsean le laimh laidir.

Cha bhuin e do mhinistir pupait,
 Mur a glutair air bheag nàir' e,
 'Bhith 'g iarraidh gu biadhannan sultmhor,
 Mar tha mucan is buntàta,
 Feumaidh luchd-tea, gaisg 'bhith faicleach,
 'S iomadh neach dhaibh 'na fhìor-namhaid;
 Cha'n fheil annt' ach daoine feolmhor,
 Ged tha 'm fòghlum na's leoir àirde.

Falge, an asking of aid in corn, wool, and
 sometimes cattle. Pupait, pulpit. Glutair, a
 glutton.

Rann

A rinneadh leis a bhàrd air da cuach de cheud
 leann na bliadhna 'fhaotuinn.

Is còir dhui'n falte 'chur air an leann,
 Meanmna cridhe 'm fear a th'ann;
 Gun cuirinn gu h-ìnealt an suim
 Gur h-e s' ceann-cinnidh do 'n dram
 An t-oganach so 'thainig do 'n tìr,
 'Tha còrr is bliadhna bhuainn air chall;
 'S math leam t' fhaicinn, an crann-coll',
 'S do scop geal maiseach mu d' cheann.

Rann

A rinneadh leis a bhàrd air da gloidne de
 dh-uisge beatha 'fhaotuinn agus siucar ann.

Nach innis sibh dhòmhsa, 'chairdean,
 Ciamar a ni mi so ceart
 Tha'n gloidne so luchdmhor honte
 Ach 's ann 's a chuid a 's iele tha 'm blas.

Ma dh'olas mi 'chuid a's airde
 'S aobhar nàire sin air a'chd;
 'S mar faigh mi a chuid a's isle
 Cha'n fhaod mi mo mhian a chasg.

Beannachadh Taighe.

Fàilt air taigh mor nan seachd uinneag
 'Rinneadh le ogha Thearlaich mhic Allein;
 Mòr-thaigh a's fearr air a chumadh
 Eadar uinneag, stuadh, is bhalla;
 Far am faigh luchd falbhain cuireadh
 Fial gun chrìne, gun ainnis.
 Gheibh tad ol le ceol 's le furan
 Mar bu dual dha o bheus ath'rell.

Chum a chèird ris na chuir e
 'Dhol am buidhinn le gràdh caraid;
 Cha chuir e dorn dhiot air uillinn
 Thu thoirt dhuinne rud beag drama;
 Ach ma thionndas tu rium uile
 Is do lamh rium cruidh an ceangal
 Cha dèid mi na's fhaid' air m' aghaidh;
 'S ro mhath m' urrainn nighean Chaillein.

Cha chuir mi a màthair an duilleachd,
 B'fheairrd' i-fein a beus a leanail
 Cha dug i dram riamh do dhulne
 Gun a thuladh a bhith mar-ris.
 Sud mar a 'th' iarras mi cuireadh
 Nuair a bhios mo phòca falamb;
 Gach aon ni'dh-fheumas mo mhuineal
 'Bhith ga bhuidhinn leis an teanga.

Tuladh, bread and cheese given with a dram.

John Maclean of Pennigoun, son of Allan of Grulin, son of Tearlach mac Ailein, married Isabel, daughter of Colin Campbell. John and his wife are evidently the persons referred to by the poet.

Imrich Fear Threisinnis.

Falste do bhur n-imrich Luain,
Eadar fhearaibh, chuain, is chiann;
Slainte dhaoine 's rath air buar
Thugaibh sin mar bhuaidh a nall.
Thig so gu 'r buidhinn ri uair,
Cha'n imrich ualbheach a th'ann;
Ach fearann 'ur slansre 'thoirt bhuaidh;
Le mioran, 's cha chruadal iann.

'S oil leam sgapadh 'dhol 's a bhuain
Do nach bu dual 'bhith meata mall;
Cuid de 'n airde deas daibh bhuainn,
'S cuid de 'n airde tuath a nall.
Ma's cead leat, a Bhrithinn an t-sluaigh,
A chùidhticheas gach guais na am
Cum slat ar smachdachaidh 'd iaimh fein,
'S na fag sinn am meun muinntir feall.

Cuain, a litter. Buar, cattle. Oil, vexation,
grief, pain.

John, 10th and last Maclean of Treisinnis, was dispossessed of his property by the Duke of Argyll in 1738. The

foregoing stanzas must have been composed about that time.

Rann.

Tha gach cnocan orm na chuith,
 'S tha gach uchdan orm na mhàn;
 Tha fuifean air me cheann-tiar
 Le oिकास diollaid air eich bhàin.
 Fhuair mi ròn an so mar bhìadh
 Is leighis e mo chllabh gu h-ard;
 'S gu de 'm às nach deanadh am bian
 An ni cladna ri mo mhà-

Fuifean, or fuitheìn, a galling, a blister.

Ealain an Eich Ealain.

AM BARD.

Gu de bheir dhuit 'bhith 'falbh gàgach,
 Eich bhàin, 'nuair bhios sinn air choiseachd?
 Carson nach cùm thu mi samhach
 'S gun dean beagan spairt 'no dhochann?
 'S mise gad bheathachadh-sàsta,
 'Cumail a lom-lan ad chorpan,
 Nam foghnadh feur fada fasaich,
 'S gun aon duine 'chach ga dhoicheall.

AN T-EACH BAN.

'S ann ort fheìn 'bu choir dhuit àrach,
 Aon sarachadh 'rinn mi ort-sa,
 Cha chum thu mar eachaibh chalach mi,

'S gur, sar-mhath 'tha mi ga chosnadh;
 Cha chum thu rud fo m' dha spàgaig
 Gu m' shabhaladh bho na clachalbh,
 'S gum fòghnadh dhalbh leud a bhràide,
 'Chitheadh tu aig paisd' a bhrochain.

AM BARD.

Ma 's e sin do ghearan air m' fhallinn,
 Chaitill thu do naire 'san droch-uair;
 Nach faic thu mo phòc' gun fhairdiun
 'Ghleidheadh dhomh m' fhardalach gun choilch-
 eid!

'S e 'b' ni tha mo shuath ag raitinn
 'Tha 'toirt làthail dhomh mo phortion,
 Nach bu dìochd leo mi-fhìn àrach,
 Gun dragh an 'eich bhain mar ghocan.

AN T-EACH BAN.

Cha bhli sin aca ri raitinn,
 Air engal naire 'chur ort-sa;
 Dealachidh mise riut am màireach,
 'S cha-n fhag sin do chàs sa socrach.
 Ma gheibh thu each gealtach sgàthach
 Nach tuig at fhallinn a tha ort-sa,
 'S ro bheag a bhuille de spàgaibh
 Le 'm faod e t' fhagail ad thoitein.

AM BARD.

'Fhìr chridhe, cha dealachinn gu biàth riut,
 Mur bhith each bhli 'cur orm coilchaid,
 'Grattinn gu bheli thusa dàna
 'S nach ball sar-mhath 'dhuine bochd thu,
 Gum brist thu cuith agus gàradh
 'G larraidh gach ni 's fearr dha d' chorpan,
 'S air an rathad am measg nabaidh
 Nach h-aill leat gun bhith air thoiseach.

AN T-EACH BAN.

'S ma'rg mis' 'tha fuireach 'san aite
 An deantar orm tair le fo-chaid,
 K' ole an urrainn fear mo chnamhan
 'Dhol roimh eachaibh chaich air thoiseach;
 Ach air eagal thus bhith tralleil,
 'S gun iadsan a gabhail toirt dhìot,
 Dheanainn dhuit mo dhìchloll daonna
 Dh' fheuch am faodainn bhith 'nam fo-chair.

Tha 'm minist' 'na dhuine sar mhath
 Gu la bhràth' cha'n larr gu droch-bheirt;
 'S tric a thug e earail laidir
 Air pein a bhais gun mo dhochann.
 Nuair chuir' do 'n mhulleann le gràn mi
 Mur falbhainn gu sar mhath 'm throtan,
 Gheibhteadh do shìat air mo mhasaibh
 Le deanadas Iain Bhàin na poite.

AM BARD.

'Mhìe chridhe, fuirich mar tha thu
 Dhe mhiad 's gan dean cach de d' dhoichloll;
 Cha dirich mis' uched no ardan
 Aig an fhailinn a tha 'm chaisein.
 Rinn sinn an so cheana 'dhanachd
 Na chuir ar nàire fo 'r casan;
 Chaidh dhuinn mar a chaidh do 'n sgeul sin,
 Mar a du'irt an t' mu 'n t-sopan.

Oran do Mhac-Lucais,

Air dha maoidheadh air a Bhard gun cumadh
e 'suas ceann an amuill ris.

O marbhphaisg ort, a shaoghall,
'S maireg aon dha bheil thu mar leannan
Is ann dhe t' abhaist daonnan
'Bhith blaomannach, caochlach, carach.
Thug mise mo sheal fein as
Mar dhéideig a bhíodh aig leanabh,
Is chunnaic mi le m' shúilibh
Gun déachaidh mi dluth am mearachd.

Nan tuigeadh tu mo nadar,
'Fhir ghrairdh cha 'n fheill thu na t' airidh;
Is coltach pairt de d' ghiulan
Ri stuibhart gun súilbheacht ra mhath;
Gun toir thu cuibhrionn dhubailt
Do 'n umbaidh gun iul, gun aithne,
'S air leam gur h-olc ain seol sin
'S an duine colr a chumail falamh.

Nach seall thu air Mac-Lucais,
Cha súgair e mar mo bharail;
Cha robh e riamh cho gorach
'S gun deanadh e oran no ealaidh.
Ged chumainn-sa le m' bhriathraibh
'Suas sgialachd air Tuath De Danann,
Nuair theannamaid gu cròillean
'S e san gu mór 'bu mho bonnach.

Gun robh mi latha 'm Blàth-bheinn
Mar-ri Iain salbhir na h-Earadh,
An comunn bhinn na clarsaich,
Far am biodh luchd-dàin ga leanachd.
Gun deanainn fhin is Ruairidh dhaibh
Duanagan bear' de rannaibh;
Is gheibheamaid deoch bhrioghmhor,
B'fhearr leam na miadachd do bhonnaich.

Is bha mi la na Sròine
 Mar-ri luchd eolais is aineoll;
 'Sa chuideachd bha na sàir sin,
 Na Gaidheil dha 'n gèilleadh ceannas,
 Sir Iain is Sir Domhnall
 'S an coirneal deagh Mhac-Mhic-Ailein,
 'S fear eile de m' luchd-Iarraidh,
 Alasdair clar Ghlinne-Garadh.

Nuair 'chruinnicheamaid gu campa
 Le 'r ceannardan meanmnach, mèara,
 Air theicheadh rachadh bron bhualinn,
 'S bhiodh sòlas a combhuidh mar-ruinn,
 Gun falghinn fhìn le m' ràbhart
 Mo phairt de na bhiodh 'san t-searraig;
 'S cha chumadh tus' an uair sin
 A suas rium do cheann de'n amull.

Cha 'n lunnis mi mo chruadal
 Mu 'n gluais iad gun deach mi 'm mearachd;
 Och, gur h-e falbh nan uaislean
 A's buaine a tha mi 'gearan;
 Gun robh mi mar-ri daoine
 'Dheanadh faochadh dhomh anns a charraid,
 Nuair bha thus', a Neill, a laochainn,
 Ad bhuachaille chaorach aig baile.

Blaomaunach, inconstant. Deidcag, a toy.
 Sugair, a merry fellow.

The Ruairidh referred to is Roderick
 Morison, an Clarsair Dall.

An Sean Duine.

Air leam fein gur truagh do dhaoinne
 'Bhith 'g iarraidh gu aoi' anannair,
 'S a liuthad car agus caochladh
 A thig ri aois 's ri anmhuinn.
 'N neach a bhiodh ri neart a threine
 Iomad te ga 'leanmhuinn,
 'S eig'neach a bheir a bhean-phosd' da
 Blas a poig 'na shean duin'.

Nach fàil thu 'chlan mhae is nighean,
 Ge dlìghell an dream tad,
 Dha 'n dugadh e 'chroth 's a chapuill
 'S na bhiodh aige 'dh-airgid!
 Nuair a chaolaicheas a chasan.
 Is casadalch ga leanmhuinn,
 Cuiridh tad le casadh fiacail
 Mìothlachd air an t-sean duin.

Nuair 'bhios a mhae an deidh posadh
 Ri callinn bhoidhich, bhaindidh,
 A bhios freasdalach 'na fheum dha
 'S anam fein an geall oirr',
 Their e rithe, 'ghaoll mo ghraidh thu,
 Tha acald a bhàle teann air,
 Is bidh sinne subhach, sambach,
 Nuair is bàs do 'n t-sean duin'.

'Nuair 'bhios e freis an deidh pòsadh
 Is nòs da gum bi clann aig';
 Bidh moran soin agus gaoll aige
 Do dh-aobhachd an caimnte
 'S their e b' fhearr leam a' cleachd tacan
 Ri acain mo leanabain
 Na na chluinninn eadar an Dhomhnach
 De ghloir bosd an t-sean duin'.

Nuair 'theid e 'bhàile 'chinn chinidh
 'S iomad fear 'bheir dreang air,

'S iad ag radh le gaire lachainn
 Gur h-e bata 's arm dha.
 Deir an tighearna, no thrualghe!
 Bha uair a bha e greannur,
 Ordalachidh mi 'chur do 'n chitsin,
 Nl mi lochd ri sean duin'.

Nuair 'chluinneas an sean duin' a ghloir sin,
 'S nòs da a bhith feargach;
 Gun deid moran 'sios de 'ghibhitean
 De 'mhisnich 's de 'mheanmna.—
 Nuair a bha mise mar-ri t' athair
 A cur catha le m' armaibh,
 Theireadh e nach ann 's a chitsin
 Gheibhinn meas am shean duin'.

Fasaidh an tighearna flata
 Ri briathraibh an t-sean duin';
 S deir e ris, "a dhuine thrualghe
 'S fo bheag mo luaidh de d' sheanachas;
 Alson mar a bha sibhse 'gluasad
 Le uabhar 's le anamainn,
 S lomadh air caipsin 's an uair so
 Gam ruagadh-s' mu 'n ainbhfhliach."

Freagraidh an sean duin 'le misnich,
 'S tric leo 'bhith neo-th ingeil,
 Gur h-e 'chuir an t-ainbhfhliach nr-s' ort
 Meud do dhùil de 'n Ghalitachd,
 A phoit bheag 'bhith 'n cols an teallach
 'S blas meala air a h-eanraich,
 A cosg an ni le 'n cumadh t' athair,
 Luchd-taighe le'n armaibh."

'S e 'ghloir sin a thuiteam bhualthe
 Car tuathal an t-sean duin',
 Cuirrear maor air feadh na duthcha
 Ga cur fo umhladh caillte.
 Gun neach a thoirt bidh, no leapa,
 No caidrimh, no calante,

No sion a dh' fhaodas a bhith aca
Do chialgeann an t-sean duin'.

Nuair a theid e do 'n taigh-osta
'Thoisicheadh ri dram ol,
'H-uille fleasgach, barrall, boidheach,
Le 'sporan oir is airgid,
De dhearbh chairdean dileas dealaidh,
'Bha anam an geall orr',
Cuiridh iad gu ceann na h-uirigh
Uileann anns an t-sean duin'.

Nuair a theid e 'thaigh-na-curtach
'N deidh a spuinneadh le anaceart,—
'S mar tha gach donas dha 'g eirigh,
Cha'n i 'Bheurla 's calnnt da,—
Thig sgoileir na teanga shlubhlach,
Mac ùmbaidh no lamhraig,
'S bheir e le feabhas a ghiulain
Ceart na cuis bho 'n t-sean duin'.

An sin nuair 'chi e le 'shuilibh
Gach cuis air na crampaig,
'S nach h-'eil neach fo ghath na greine
'Ni dha feum ri aimcheist,
Fasaidh e toilleach air gluasad
Le buaidh do 'n taigh gheamhraidh,
Far am falgh e Maighstir pailt
A bheir dha ceart gun airglod.

Uirich, a couch. Lamhrag, a slovenly woman.
Catpsin, caption, giacadh.

Laoidh.

'Fhl chumhachdalach nan cumhdachdan,
'S a Chruthadair 'tha shuas,
Tha do shuillean mion-eolach
Mu fhineachan nan sluagh,
An neach ri am bi t' easontas
Cha bhí e fada buan,
S gu bhéil t' armait agus t' fheachdan
Air an neartachadh le buaidh.

Is nêarachd neach air seacharan
A thachradh riut 'sa chluain,
'S a chíftheadh meud na maisealachd
'Tha air do cheart 's do bhuaidh.
'S e sin 'bu daibgeann taitneach dha,
Nuair 'bhíodh e 'n airc no 'n cruas,
Do ghairdean-sa 'bhíth faisge dha,
'S fear-taic Thu anns gach guais.

Tha clan nan clan on bheachdatcheadh,
Air stapuinnean do bhuaidh,
Nach h-'eíl ann Cruithear feartach
Ach 'n triuir phearsa 'tha r'a luaidh,
'Rinn beinn is colli' is machralchean,
'Rinn cuan is clach is cruas,
'S a dhíoghail mort nam macanabh
'S an Eipheit fad o 'n uair.

'Na aodhair treud' mar dh' innseadh dhuinn
Bha 'n tí fhuair ordagh bhuaít,
Gu bhíth 'na cheanntart smachdalach
Air uibhir pailt de shluagh
Thug Thu Aron mar dheagh shagairt da,
Gun lapachas, gun luas,
'S chuir Thu brigh 's an t-slatag sin
'Bhíodh na nathair lomadh uair.

Dh' fhóghnadh do ghníomh míorbhuilteach

A dh-innse m'ad do bhualdh,
 Nuair 'thug thu pobull Israel
 Bho chisibh troimh 'n Mhuir Ruaidh.
 A bhuidheann 'bu luchd-strithe dhaibh
 Le miorun is le fuath,
 Cha d' fhan a h-aon an lathair diu
 Gun bhàthadh anns a chuan.

Nuair 'bha Maols 's an fhasach
 Is e 'cumail t' abhair suas,
 'S iad cumhachdan do ghairdein-s'
 'Bha ga shabhaladh gach uair.
 Thug Thu bùrn thun feumalachd
 A eudann creige cruaidh,
 'S chuir Thu brìgh 'san nathair phraisich
 Gu slànachadh an t-sluaigh.

Chuir Thu reull gu 'n sàbhaladh
 'S an speur a b' àirde shuas,
 Gu'n stiulreadh auna na cearnaichibh
 'Bu stàthail de'n chluain.
 Mar iul aig cumhachd ard ghliocas,
 No stiuir air ardraich cuain,
 Bhiodh meall teine 'na àite sin
 'S an oldhech' dha 'n gnath 'bhith fuar.

'S iomad ait 'san d' fhaireich iad
 Do charthannachd gun fhuath,
 'S an d' rinn Thu freasdal ath'raill dhaibh
 Rì 'n ainnis is rì 'n cruas,
 Nuair a dhiult an talamh dhaibh
 Blath no teanal sguailb,
 'S Tus' a dhoirt am mana òrr'
 Bho nàmh nan aingeal shuas.

Airson an fhreasdail shabhair sin,
 Thug iad-san mar dhroch dhuais
 Aoradh an De 'shabhail iad
 Do dh-ìomhaigh ghràbhailt' thruaigh.
 Chuir thu lagh gu 'n sabhaladh'

O'n bheinn a b' airde shuas,
'S thaisbein Thu le t' Aithne dhalbh
Do tholl 's gach càs 'san gluais.

Iuchd t' easontais cha'n ardaich ort,
Cha-n fhaigh 'sna biarlaibh buaidh;
An triuir sin 'rinn le dānadas
A cheannairc ghrainneil 'suas,
Tha 'm breitheanas a tharlaidh dhalbh
'Na sgàthan solleir buan;
Do shluig an talamh fasail iad,
'S bi lorg an sàil 'an uaigh.

Chunnac an rìgh Paganach
Aisling araid uair,
Is b' aill leis daoine 'bhasachadh
Mur h-inns' i dha 's a buaidh,
Thaisbein Thus' a Dhanfel i,
Bhon 's e 'nad ghradh a ghluais,
Is mhol e le mor thalngealachd
Am maighleth bho 'n d' fhuair.

Bha rìgh Nebuchadnésar
'Na chridhe fein cl o cruaidh
Is nach b' fhìach leis ceilleachdainn
Do Thriath nan nēamhan shuas;
Chuir e 'n triuir dha 'n robh 'n sàr-
chrideamh

An àmhuan teire gual,
Is gleidh Thusa gu sabhalt iad,
Gun bholadh dàht' dhe 'n gruaig.

Chaidh Iona mar fhear-teachdalreachd,
'S mar fhàidh' deas-fhaclach bhualt;
Nuair 'dh' fhàs a chriedeamh fallinneach
Rug anradh air 'sa chuan,
Dh' uddhmic Thu mor-mhlol dha
Gu 'sglugadh beo gun ghuals,
Is lubhair i air t' ordagh-s' e
Atr a chòrsa bharr 'n do ghuals.

Ghabh e fearg gu morchuseach
 Le ardan gòrach truagh,
 'Chionn fad-bheirt a bhith 'd throcair-sa
 Ri lompaidh fhòil do shluaigh.
 Air tulaich far 'n do chòmhaich e,
 'Sna thuit air seora suain,
 Thog e bothag eugsamhail
 Gu 'dhìon o ghrein 's o fhuachd.

A mhic an duin' 'tha ardanach,
 Cia 'n t-àbhar mu bheil t' uail?
 'S gur h-ann de dh-uir gun chàileachd
 'Tha do sgàil air 'dheanamh suas.
 Clod a b' fhìach thu 'n Ard-Rìgh,
 Nuair a ghabh e 't àbhar truas,
 'S gun d'ug e 'mhac gu'r sabhaladh
 O bhruid an amghair chruaidh!

A Bhith nam bith 'th' air t' ardachadh
 Mar nach eol do chach thoirt suas,
 'Tha gun tus, gun chrìch, gun daibhreas,
 Is a mhaireas làthall, buan,
 'S co-sholus oidhche 's la dhuit,
 Is ni araid sin r'a luaidh;
 Tha fanlath 's iasg gan àrach leat,
 Ged nach dean iad Màrt no buain.

Mo chudrom uile ort fagaidh mi.
 'Thi st abhail mi gach uair,
 'S a rinn freasdal saibhir dnomh
 Nuair 'bha mi 'n càs no 'n cruas;
 O gleidh, a Chruitheir ghrasmhoir mi,
 Gu la mo bhàis 's gu m' ualgh;
 An onair an Tì 'shabhail mi
 Cum cunnart 'Shatain bhuam.

Is nèarachd neach, happy is the one.

Mairearad Nigh'n Lachainn.

Mairearad nigh'n Lachainn, or Margaret the daughter of Lachlan, was an excellent poetess. She resided in Mull, and was a very old woman at the time of her death. When she was born, in what part of Mull she lived, when she died, and where she is buried, we do not know. It is not even beyond dispute to what clan she belonged. It is generally supposed that she was a Maclean. Three arguments may be advanced in favor of this view. In the first place, Dr. Maclean describes her as Mairearad nighean Lachainn mhic Iain mhic Lachainn, or Margaret the daughter of Lachlan son of John son of Lachlan; and Lachlan was a common name among the Macleans, but a rare name among the Macdonalds. In the second place, Duncan Kennedy, who published a collection of hymns in 1786, describes her as "Mairearad nighean Ailein or Margaret Maclean." He was certainly mistaken in describing her as the daughter of Allan. He may, however, have been correct in calling her Margaret Maclean. In the third place, she lived among the Macleans, and composed all her known poems about Mac-

leans. Whilst these arguments, and especially the fact that Lachlan is a rare name among the Macdonalds, have some force they are not conclusive. It is maintained by some that whilst her mother was a Maclean her father's name was Lachlan Macdonald, and not Lachlan Maclean. Two arguments may be advanced in support of this view. In the first place, Margaret's compositions seem to show that she was a Macdonald. In "Gaoir nam Ban Muileach" she laments the death of Allan Macdonald of Moidart and especially the death of Sir John Maclean of Duart, and tells us that she was without a chief either on her father's side or her mother's. In "Chunnaic mise thu, Ailein," she asks the following question: Where, in Scotland or over in Holland, is there the like of my mother's clan apart from the pride of the Clan Donald? In "Mo cheist an Leathanach modhar," she makes the following statement:— I was not near my father's clan since the Macleans were expelled from their country and their seat. It is certain that she lived in Mull, and that she was as near the Macleans as she could be. If, then, she was a Maclean, how could she say she was

not near her father's clan since the expulsion of the Macleans. The second argument which tends to show that Margaret nin Lachlan was a Macdonaid is the fact that John Maclean, the poet, described her in his manuscript in 1816 as "Mairearad Dhomhnallach, 'do 'm bu cho-ainm Mairearad nigh'n Lachainn," or Margaret Macdonald who was also known as Margaret nin Lachlan. It is certain that John Maclean believed that she was a Macdonald. It is equally certain that there was a tradition to that effect among some Argyleshire men in 1816. At the same time it is also certain that the common belief is, and has been for a long time, that Mairearad was a Maclean. Of course those who adhere to this view may say that some of the poems ascribed to her may not have been actually composed by her. They may also say that her poems have not come down to us as they were made.

Cumha do Lachainn Mac-Gill-eain.

Gur h-e mis' th'air mo leonadh
 Mu dheilbhinn na h-oiridh!
 An àm dol do 'n talgh-òsda
 Gum bu leam na fir oga:—
 Tha mo dhiubhall 'na fheoll fo na beistean.

Mo cheist ogh' bhrath'r mo sheanar
 'S e 'tha mis' an diu'gearan;
 'S e mo dhith 'thug thu 'Chana;
 Bu tu sglobair na mara
 Ged nach dainig thu fallain no gléidhteach.

Och, mo thruaighe do mhathair!
 'S daor a cheannaich i phairtidh,
 Nuair a bhristeadh do bhàta
 'S a bha bloigh air gach tràlgh dh'i:—
 Bha mo dhiubhall mu 'n charn gun chead
 eirigh.

Och, mo thruaigh' i 's thus Eachainn,
 Le do mhocheirigh mhaduinn,
 Ri slub' 'gach cladaich,
 'S nach a' fhuaras leat Lachainn;
 Og ùr a chuil chleachdaich mar theudan.

'S ann aig bun na dubh sgeire
 Chaill thu 'n coisiche beinne,
 Air nach d'fhuaras riamh deireadh:—
 Bu ro chinnteach do pheileir;
 Gum bu mharbhadair eilid is féidh thu.

Mur bhith dhomhs' 'bhith og, leanabail,
 Is nach h-eol dhomh do sheanachas
 Bheirinn umad làn lomradh;
 Ach cha b'fhullear dhomh aimsir
 'Chur do ranntachd, oig mheanmnaich ri
 'cheis.

Gur a cairdeach mo run-sa
 'Mhac-Gilleain nan Iutreach
 Leis an eireadh na fìrinn,
 Fe do dh' Iarla sin Antruim,
 Marcach allail nan curs-each a Eirinn.

Tha do sheannachas ri 'labhairt
 Ri Murchadh na Malghe,
 'S ri Mac'Fhionghain an t-Sratha,
 'S tu ro dhileas 'thaobh t' athar
 Do Chlann Eoghain o'n leathad le 'cheile.

Tha do chairdeas ri 'rusgadh
 Ri tighearna Mhuideart,
 Ri Mac-Neill o na turalbh
 Aig an biodh na fìr ùra,
 'S gur dearbh charaid mo run do Shir
 Seumas.

Gur a cairdeach thu 'Lachainn,
 Bho Eos riabhach nam badan,
 'Dh'fhag fìr Ile nan cadai,
 'S a thug dith orr' an Asgaig;
 Thug e' dioladh 's na bh'ac' anns an eucoir.

Gur a h-iar-ogh' thu 'dh-Ailein
 'Thug an long o Mhac-Callein
 Ris an oidhche gbil ghealaidh,
 Is a luchd innt' 'chrodh ballach,
 Ged nach b'ann gu crò earrach a gheum-
 raidh.

It is slightly probable that the foregoing lines were composed about Lachlan, son of Hector, son of Charles of Ardnamross. Lachlan's grandmother was a daughter of Maclean of Ardgour.

Hector Mòr of Duart married Mary,
 (x)

daughter of Alasdair mac Iain Chathan-
aich, father of Sorley Buy, whose son
Randal was created Earl of Antrim in
1620. Hector Mor had Hector Og, John
Dubh of Morvern, Mary, and other chil-
dren. Hector Og was the father of Sir
Lachlan Mor, father of Hector Og, father
of Lachlan, whose daughter Mary was
married to Lachlan Mor MacKinnon.
John Dubh was the father of Hector of
Kinlochaline, Charles of Ardnacross,
and Janet, wife of Macneil of Barra.
Mary, Hector Mor's daughter, was mar-
ried to Donald Macdonald of Sleat, father
of Archibald, father of Sir Donald, father
of Sir James, who died in 1678. By
"Clann Eoghainn le 'cheile" are meant
the Macleans of Ardgour and Boreray.
"Lachainn bho Ros riabhach nam badan"
is Lachainn Odhar, a distinguished war-
rior who lived in Sir Lachlan Mor's time.

Gur h-e 'Mheudaich mo Chradh.

Gur h-e 'mheudaich mo chràdh,
 Is a lughdaich mo chall,
 'Liuthad latha 's a bha
 Mis 's tus' air an tràigh—
 Gur a diombach mi 'n bhàs
 'Thug an fheoil dhìom o 'n chnaimh;
 Gur h-ann againn a bha na treun-laolach
 Gur h-ann againn a bha, &c.

Luchd a dh' iomairt an òir;
 'S iad a dhioladh an t-ol,
 'Leanadh fad air an tòir
 Ann an cumasg nan srol;
 'S co a chuireadh orr' gleo
 Ann am mùiseadh an t-sioigh;—
 Ach de 'm fàth dhomh bhith bron mu 'r
 deibhinn?

Mo cheist an Leathanach ur,
 Bu ghlan sealladh do shul,
 Fo amharc gun smur;
 Càit am faicteadh an cùirt
 Fear t' fhasain gun tulg?
 Bha thu seasmhach 's gach cuis,
 'S ann ri t' fhacal a b 'fhlù dhulnn eisd-
 eachd.

'S anns an eaglais so shuas,
 'N ciste ghiubhais nach gluais,
 'Tha ùr cheannard an t-sluaigh,
 Agus marcaich nan stuadh
 Ri la frionasach, fuar;
 'S tu gu'n iarradh i 'suas
 Ged a bhiodh i 'n sàs cruaidh 'na h-eiginn.

Och a Mhoire, mo chall!
 Tnu 'bhith 'n ciste nan crann,

Air a sparradh gu teann,
 'Fhir bu shlobhalta cainnt;
 Ach nuair 'dhuisgeadh iad t'fhearg
 Cha bu shugradh sud dalbh;
 'S mor gar dith fear do rann bhon dh' éug
 thu.

Marcaich deas nan each seang',
 'Bhelreadh roid asd' is srann;
 Beart nach b' iongantach leam
 Thu thu 'bhith uasal, is t' ainm;
 Lámh thu 'dh' iomaírt nan arm
 Gu treun, cruadalach, garg;
 'S ogha 'dh-Aileen nan lann 's nan steud
 thu.

'S car thu 'dh'. Aileen nan ruag
 'Chreac a Chorca da uair;
 Thug e Rút' air le buaidh,
 'S e a b' urralan 'thoirt uath',
 An am cruinneachadh sluaigh;
 Cha robh athadh 'na ghruaidh
 Nuair a chaidh e air chuairt do dh-Eirinn

Is gur car thu 'Mhac-Leoid,
 'Mhíc mhíc Ailein mhíc Eoin;
 'Dh-Eachann Ruadh nach h-fheil beò
 'Dha 'm biodh tàilleag air bord.
 'S fion is braundaidh gan ol.
 Aig na fir 'bu chruaidh gleo,
 Agus bualadh nam bròg gan teumadh.

Ach nam bídhinn 'sa bhúth,
 Is ra h-arm ann a b' fhiu,
 Nàile thaghainn do m' run
 Sgiath bhreac nam ball dluth,
 Claidheabh sgat each geur cuil,
 Is da dhaga nach diult;
 'S cha bu chladhaire thu 'thoirt feum' a sd'.

Iar-ogh' d'iccas mo ghradh
 Do dh-Iain Dubh' a bha 'n laimh;
 S'lochd nan Iarlachan ard,
 'S fad on thriall sibh o 'n Spain;
 'S ann bho Lachainn a bha
 An Ionndraichinn chraidh;—
 Fear do e' oltais gu bráth cha léir dhomh.

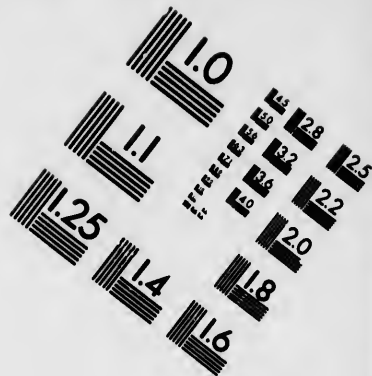
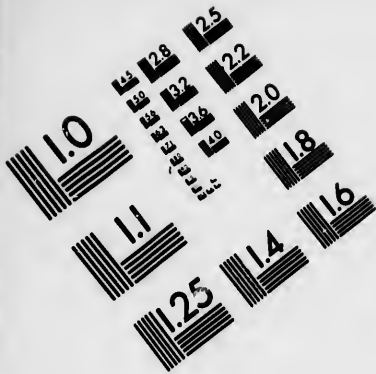
Gar a cairdeach mo luaidh
 Do Chiann-Domhnail nam buadh.—
 'Mhic mhic Allein nan ruag,
 Thu bhith 'd laighe 'san uaigh
 Ann an eaglais nan stuanh,
 Och, a Mhoire, mo chruas;
 Ghabh na fir dhíot cead buan nach b'
 eibhinn.

'Fhir 'bu tighearnail gnaths;
 Beart 'bu dligeach sud da;
 Mo chreach do nighean gun aird,
 'S e na leith-sgeul alg cach
 Nach do ghabh iad a pairt,
 A luthad oinnseach a tha
 'Faotuinn ionaid is áite féisdeil

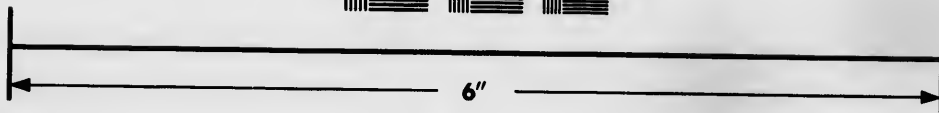
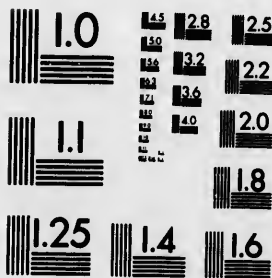
'Fhir a cheannaicheadh am fion,
 Is a b' urrainn a dhiol,
 'S tu a b' airidh air pic,
 'S bogha glaic nan ceann liobht';
 Och, a Mhoire, mo dhith,
 Bha mi romhad air tír
 'Nuair a thug iad thu 'dh-I na cleire.

Dhomhsa dh' eirch an call
 Nuair a thug iad thu 'nall
 Gu réilig nam marbh
 Mu 'n robh chaiseamaché shearbh,
 Bualadh bhasan gu teann,
 'S gun do chluasag fo d' cheann,
 A ruin, cha fhreagair thu 'n t-ám gu eirigh.





**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

Tha do cheile fo leon,
 'S tric i 'snigheadh nan deoir,
 Is do dhilleachdainn og'
 Gun aird, no gun doigh,
 Mu na lochanan mòr;
 Dh' fhadh thu sinne fo bhron,
 'S chaill sinn tuilleadh 's a choir mu t' éirig.

'S ann tha sinne air ar claidh,
 Gar sàrach' a caoidh
 Bhon a dh' fhalbh bhuainn gach saoidh
 'Dheanadh feum is stath dhulun;
 An nis sbracadh ar stiull,
 Dh' fhalbh ar cairt, bhrisd ar stiuir;—
 Dia 'thoirt rathaidd g'a ionnsuidh fein
 dhuinn.

Gleo, a fight. Tullg, a lurch, tossing, rocking.
 Rann, portion, a pedigree.

“Ailein nan ruag a chreach a Chorca
 da uair” must be Aileen nan Sop, and
 “Iain Dubh a bha 'n laimh” must be his
 nephew, John Dubh of Morvern, who
 was imprisoned and executed by Angus
 Macdonald, of Islay, about the year 1586.

John Dubh had four sons, Donald Glas,
 Allan of Ardtornish, John Garbh and
 Charles. Allan of Ardtornish was a
 very prominent man and an active war-
 rior from his youth. He is probably the
 Allan referred to in the words, “A mhic
 mhic Ailein nan ruag.” He had three
 sons, Hector, first Maclean of Kinlocha-

line, Charles of Ardnacross, commonly called Tearlach mac Ailein, and Donald, who died unmarried. Hector, first of Kinlochaline, had two sons, John, second of Kinlochaline, and Lachlan, who died without issue. Charles of Ardnacross, had six sons, Allan, first Maclean of Drimnin, Lachlan of Calgary, Allan of Grulin, Donald of Aros, Hector and Ewen.

We have no means of determining who the subject of the lament was. It seems, however, to have been composed about a grandson of Allan of Ardtornish, possibly about Hector, son of Charles of Ardnacross.

Oran

DO SHIR IAIN MAC-GILLEAIN.

Gun d'fhuair mi sgeul 's cha'n aicheam e;
 Gu bheil e dhomh toirt gairdeachais,
 Gur binne leam na clarsaichean
 'Bhith 'g innse mar a thàinig sibh,
 Gu bheil Sir Iain sabhailte,
 S gun dug a Bhànrùinn cuirte dha.

Nam b' fhiosrach Bànrùinn Anna
 Mar a dh' fhogradh ann ad leanabh thu,
 Is mar a thugadh t' fhearann bhuait,
 Gum biodh i aoidheil, geanail riut,
 Is nach robh cron ri aithris ort
 Ach leantail do righ duthchais.

Gur truagh gun mi cho beachdail
 Is gum faighinn éisdeachd facall dh' i;
 Nan labhairinn beurla Shasunnach,
 No Fraingis mhín gu fasanta,
 Gua innsin: gun dol seachad dh' i
 Mar rinneadh ort do dh'úchradh.

Na Leathanaich bu phrisell iad,
 Bu mhoralach nan inutinn iad;
 'N diugh crem-cheannach 's ann 'chítear iad,
 'S e teann lagh a thug stríochdadh asd';
 Is maing a bha cho dileas riutha
 Riamh do rígh no 'phrionnsa.

Gum b' fhearr bhith cealgach, innleachdach,
 Mar bha 'ur naimhdean miorunach;
 'S e 'dh' fhagadh laidir, lionmhor sibh.
 'S e 'dheanadh guothach cinnteach dhuibh,
 A bhith cho faicleach, crionnta
 Is gum b' fhiach leibh a bhith tionndadh.

Chuala mi, 's mi 'm pháisdeachan.
 Mun d' ghlacadh tuigse nadair leam,
 Na bha fo thuath, ge laidir iad,
 Gur sibh a ghnath 'bu bhàghan daibh;
 'S beag iongnadh leam mar tha iad
 Anns a Ghaidhealtachd gur n-ionndrainn.

An fhine mhor 'bha ardanach!
 Bha urram is buaidh-larach leibh.
 Bu deas a dh' iomairt chlàidhean sibh,
 Cha mheirgeadh iad nan sgàbartan;
 Is cha bu gheilt no sgàthachas
 A lughadh iad an cùnnart.

'N am togall dhuith le gairdeachas
 A cha'seamachd bu ghnathach leibh,
 Bhiodh sluagh gu leoir a màrsal leibh,
 Fìr sgairtell throm' neo-fhailinneach,
 'S bhiodh brataichean gan sàthadh
 Aig sliochd Mhànuis Oig gan rùsgadh.

Is lomadh Iulreach mhàlleach
 'Bhiodh air ealachainnean 'nur fardalchean;
 Cha togadh sibh na ràpairean,
 Gum b' fhearr a chrath' an spàinteach leibh,
 A dh' fheuchadh spionnada ghairdeana',
 'S am bogh a b' fhearr a lùbadh.

Cuid eile de bhur n-àbhaltean
 Mun do chulreadh sgannradh annalbh,
 Puirf is tuisle is stàndachan,
 Is bualadh bhrog air dhearnachan,
 'S gach neach dhibh mar a dh' fhasadh e
 Bhith foglum dha gach lùth-chleas.

A rìgh gur dubhach, cianail mi
 A caoldh nar laoch a b' fhiachaille;
 Gun d' eirich cleas Mhao'-Ciarain d' aibh,
 Cha'n fheil ri 'Inns' ach sgial orra;
 Mo thruaigheil gun do thrial lad bhualann,
 Fir threun nan sgiath 's nan Iulreach.

Mànuis Og, Magnus Moriso . The Morisons
 we e bann-ermen to the Macieans of Duart.

Oran

DO SHIR IAIN MA'GHI LEAIN, TR'ATH
 DHUBHAIRT.

Dh'fhalbh mo chadal a smaointinn
 'S mi ri tigh'ann air na daoine
 Nach h'fheil againn air faotulnn;
 Chuir sin mise air faontrath 's air fògradh.
 Chur sin mise, &c.

Sir Iain cha d' fhuirich;
 Cha do dh-fhaodadh a chumail

(Y)

Air bhord ann an Lunnainn,
No a feitheamh air furan rìgh Deorsa.

'S beag an t-ìoghnadh e 'thachairt,
Thu 'bhith ardanacd, beachdail,
Nuair a lìonteadh le reachd thu,
Is a liuthad full bhras a bha 'd phòraibh.

Bu tu ogha Shir Lachainn,
Iar-ogh' Ruairidh nam bratach
'Th' anns a chiste chaoll ghlaiste,
'S fionn-ogh' Chaillein nan lasgairean cròdha.

'S ann a tha do luchd-muinntir'
Mar ghaòir shellean ga t' ionndrainn;
Tha lad iargaineach, tìrsach;
Cuin a thig thu gan ionn-uidh le còmhnadh?

Luchd nan leadanan cul bhuidhe,
Nan clogad 's nan lùreach,
'S nan sgiath bhreac air dheagh chuincadh,
Aig am b' iomadach ionntas is et'ras.

'S iomadh bean agus nighean
A thogadh e 'n cridhe,
Nan deanadh tu tighinn
Mar a b' ait leinn a rithid le sòlas.

Mur a deachaidh mi 'm mearachd,
Bu tu dalta mo sheanar
'S nighean Ruairidh 's na h-Earadh;
Cha b'e anaghlàs a bhainne a dhol thu.

Och, a Dhe, déan ruinn tionndadh;
Thoir dhuinn fabhar gun diultadh,
'S sinn ri feitheamh do chuirte,
Ged nach h-fheit slàn cho mùinte 's bu choir
dhuinn.

Ged is Stochd mi 'n deigh
Crionadh;

ORAN DO SHIR IAIN MAC-GILLEAIN.

Ged is stochd mi 'n deldh crionadh,
Cha 'n fheil miorun air m' aire
Do na fir a bha 'n rualg òrr',
Dh'an robh 'n cruadal aig balle.
An ceann-clinnidh 'bu phriselle,
De 'n fhìor fhull 'bu ghlaire
As a choll a b'fhearr cnuasach,
Rinneadh fhuadach thar mara.

Tha do chinneadh an cruaidh chàs,
Tha iad truagh dheth gad ghearan;
Fha iad roimhe so sar mhath,
Nuair a dh'fhagadh thu 'd leannabh.
'Nuair a thug thu dhaibh sòlas,
Ghabh thu fogradh a t' fhearann;
Tha do dhuthchannan bochd dheth,
Lan de ghort is de dh'ainnis.

Gur h-e m' aighear is m' eudall,
Marcaich ur lan steud meara.
Gur mac-samhalt do 'n reul thu,
Do na ghreim no do 'n ghealaidh.
Laign dubh-smal air na crìochan
O 'n la 'st'ochd thu o'n bhàile.
Bu tu luchair nan Gaidheal
Ann an gàradh 's an daing-inn.

Gur h-e aona mbac Shir Allein,
Am fath ceanalta daicheil;
Cha bu chularaibh coimheach
'Bhlodh mu d' chomhair an sgàthan;
Ach gruag chléiteagach, chleachdach,
Mu ghruaidh mhaisich 's math dearrsadh;
Fiamh an óir air a h-uachdar,
'S i na cuachagaibh fàinneach.

'S e do thalla 'bha rìoghail,
 Gheibhteadh fìon ann air bhòrdalbh,
 Agus feadagan fìalhalch,
 Is gach ianlath ga choir sin.
 Bhiodh ann sar nìsge-beatha
 Ga chur seachad gu h-ordail;
 Is le eagal an iota,
 Bhiodh leann brìoghmhor is beoir ann.

Bhiodh sìr ghasda ri freasdal,
 Moch is feasgar 's tràth-nòine;
 Bhiodh an comunn lan eibhnis,
 Rachadh eislean air fògradh.
 'H-ulle dram mar a thigeadh
 Chuirteadh sud ann an ordagh,
 Ann am broinn nam fear slalalbh
 Nach do liath an déidh posadh.

Gaoir Nam Ban Muileach

Cumha do Shìr Iain Mac-Gilleain Triath Dhubh-
 airt, a chaochail sa bhliadhna 1716.

'S roirt leam gaoir nam ban Muileach;
 Iad ri caoineadh 's ri tuitreadh,
 'S gun Sìr Iain an Lunnainn;
 No 'san Fhraing air cheann turais;
 'S trom an sac 'thug ort fuireach
 Gun thu dh' fhalbh air an luingeas;
 'S e sin aobhar ar dunaich;
 B'og a choisinn thu 'n t-urram 'sna bliaribh.

Air an rìgh sin dha 'n d' rinneadh
 Togail suas ann am barrachd,
 'S daor a thug sinne ceannach,
 Bho 'n la 'thionnsgainn a cbarraid;
 Chuireadh aon mhac Shìr Aileen

's a chòrlìchean fearainn,
Le fìor fhòlrheart 's le aindeoin;
Ach 's e lom sgrìob an earraich so 'chrairdh
mì

Ged a b' fhad thu air siudan,
Cha robh lochd ort r'a chunntas;
Do luchd-toisich cha b' fhiu leat
Dhol a dheanamh dhatbh umhlachd;
Curairdh ard thu 'bu mhùlote;
'S e mo chreach gun do dhruidh ort
Meud an eallach a bhruich ort,
'S nach robh leigh ann a dhiuchradh ann bas
bhuaft.

Fàth mo ghearain 's mo thursa,
Mac-Gilleain nan Iuireach
'Bhith 'na Iulge 'sa chruisic
An suain caidail gun dusgadh;
Is ruaig bhàis air do mhuintir,
'Ig nach d' fhagadh de dh-ùine
Cead an armachd a ghiulan;
Thug an naimhdean d'an ionnsuidh nan
deann-ruith.

B' fhlach do chairdean an sloinneadh,
Morair Shléite 's Mac-Cóinnich,
Is Mac-I eoid as na Hearradh,
'S an fear treun sin nach maireann,
Ailein Muideartach allail.
Fàth mo chaidh gach fear fearainn,
Tha 'n deagh run dhut'n 's nach malladh,
'Bhith gun chomas tigh'n mar-ruinn an
dràsda.

Cha chainnt bhosdail 's cha'n earra-ghloir
'Tha a shannt orm am sheanachas,
'S mi gur faicinn-se callte
'N deldh gach mor ghlomh a rinn sibh,
Ann an Eirinn 's an Albainn,

'Shlochd Ghilleain nam feara-ghleus;
Chuidich Eachann Cath Gharbhfhaidh,
'S e air deas lalmh na h-armait' le 'ehàr fhir.

Cha'n e'n curaidh neo-thais ud,
No Sir Eachann le 'ghalsgich,
A tha mis' an diu 'g 'cahn,
Ach Sir Iain nam bratach,
Nam pios óir 's nan corn dathte,
'Dheanadh stòra: a sgapadh:
Is maire rioghachd dhe 'n deachaidh
An triath calm' ud is Caipitla Chlann-Ranall.

Och is mis' th' air mo chlisgeadh,
Saoir bhith 'sabbadh do chliste,
'S gun do chàtreadh fo llc thu
'N alte falaidh, gun fhios duinn.
'N airde 'n iar air a brisdeadh,
'S gun an t-oghre 'na ghlocas;
So a bhiladh' a thug sgrios oirnn;
'S goirt ar call ris a bhrìosgadh 'thug Màras.

Gur neo-eibhinn ar gabhail
Bho 'n la 'dh' eug Mac-Gilleain
'S a chaidh 'sios shlochd an talghe
A bha cliuiteach ri 'n latha.
'S mor mo chàll-sa bho shamhuinn,
Tha mi 'm thruaghan bochd mnatha,
Tha mi faondrach, gun fharraid,
Gun cheann claidh 'thaobh athar, no
màthar.

Mo chreach! ceannard nan gaisgeach
Ann a bhàr nach d' fhuair masladh
Bhith gar dìth ri am airce;
Ged a thogar na mairt bhuainn,
Cha bhith srann aig do bhrataich,
Is cha chluinnear do chaismeachd;
Mhothaidh suil nach robh ceart duibh,
'N latha chunnacas o Pheairt sibh a mar-
sadh.

Cha neart dhaoin' a thug bhualinn thu;
 Nam b'e' chiteadh air ghluasad
 Iomad galsgeach mór, unasal,
 'Thogall t' eirig 'san tuasaid;
 Luchd nan clogaidean cruadhach,
 'S nan lann soilleir gun ruadh mheirg;
 Fir mar gharbh fhrasan fuara,
 Lets an' deanteadh lom sguabadh 'san
 àraich.

'S ann 'nar caistealan grinne
 A bha tàmh na cinn-chinnidh
 A bha aoibh il ri 'n sreadh;
 Gar h-ann timchioll an tìne
 'Chluinnteadh bardachd nam fillidh
 'S guth nan clarsaichean bìnne,
 'S gheibht' ann ceàrraich ri iomairt;
 Mo run luchd nan cul fionna, cas, fainn-
 each!

'Threunalbh calm' nan long stubhlach,
 Nan ceann-bheart 's nan each cruadhach.
 Ged bu dìleas do'n chrun sibh
 Fhuaradh seol air bhur dìuchradh;
 'S ma'rg nach gabhadh dhìbh curam,
 Ann an eirig bhur sludain,
 Nuair nach d' aidich sibh tionndas;
 'S ann a rinneadh air aon luing bhur
 fagail!

Co an neach dha bheil sùilean
 Do nach soilleir am muthadh
 'Tha air teachd air ar duthach
 Bho 'n la chaill sinn an t-aon fhear
 Fo laimh Dhe 'ghabh dhinn curam;
 Fhrois gach abhall a h-ubhlain,
 Dh' fhalbh gach blath agus ùr-ròs,
 'S tha ar coill' air a rusgadh de 'h-alleachd.

Oirne thàinig an diobhall!
 Tha Sìr Iain a dhith oirnn,

'S Clann-Ghilleoin air an dlobradh,
Iad gun iteach, gun linnidh,
Ach mar gheoldh air an sponadh,
Iad am measg an luchd mioruln
Is a fulang gach mì-mhodh,
Ged nach ann ri feall-inleachd a bha iad.

Gur a cruaidh mar a thachair
Bhon cheud la 'chaidh thu 'mach uainn
Le loinn ghèir n' in trì chlaisean
Ad lalmh threubhaleh gu sgapadh.
Ged nach d'fhuair thu fo t' fhacal
An tìr fharsuinn 'bh' aig t' athair,
B' fhearr gum faigheadh do mhac i;
Dia g' ur colmhead o mhiosguinn bhur
namhad.

Gum b' e turas na truaighe,
'Bha gun bhuidhinn, gun bhuanachd,
'Thug thu 'n ulridh nuair 'ghluais thu
Le do dhaoine ri d' ghualainn;
Dh' fhag e sinne ann an cruaidh-chàs
Os-clonn tuigs' agus smuaintinn;
Tha sinn falamh, lag, suarach;
Dh' fhalbh ar souas mar bhruadar gun stàth
bhuainn.

'S e mo chreach gun do strìochd thu,
'Fhìnbhaidh, eireachdail, fuachall;
Tha do chlann air an dlobradh;
Co nì 'n deoch dhaibh a Ionadh,
A chur casg air an lotadh?
Co nan laig-e 'bheir dìon dhaibh?
Och, gur fad thu bhe d' dhisean;
'S ann a dh' fhag iad thu mhios gus am
màireach

'S e 'chuir m' astar am mall ad
Is mo shullean an doillead,
A bhith faicinn do chloinne
'S an luchd-foghlaim is oilein

Air am fògradh gun ghoireas,
 Ach mar cheatharnalach-collie
 Iad gun fhios ac' cia 'n doire 'san tamh iad.

Gur a goirt leam ri 'chluinntinn,
 'S gur a h-oil leam ri 'lomradh;
 Nach deach aobhar ar n-lonndraim,
 Ole air mhath le 'luchd-diumba,
 A thoirt dachaidh d'a dhuthalach;
 Gum bu shòlas le d' mhuinntir
 Do chorp geal a bhith dluth dhatbh
 Ann an I nam fear cliuiteach le d' chairdean.

Och is mis' th' air mo sgaradh,
 Bho nach dug iad thu thairis
 'Dhol air tìr air an Ealaidh,
 'Dhol fo dhion anns a charraig
 Ann an reidhlig nam Manach,
 Mar-ri t' athair 's ri d' sheanair,
 'S lomad treun laoch a bharrachd,
 Far am faodamaid teannadh mu d'charnaibh.

'S maig' a gheibheadh gach buille
 A fhuair sinne bho 'n uiridh;
 Thàinig tonn air muin tuinne
 A dh'fhag lom sinn 's an cunnart,
 Chaidh ar creuchdadh gu guineach,
 Dh' fhalbh ar n-elbheas gu buileach;
 Bhris ar claidheabh 'na dhuille
 Nuair a shaoil sinn an cumamaid slàn e.

Siudan, a-swinging. Slat shiudain, a pendu-
 lum. Muinte, instructed, well-bred. Erra-
 ghloir, bold or taunting language. Tine, or
 feine, fire.

Sir John Maclean of Duart was born
 in 1670. His father, Sir Allan, died in
 1674. Lachlan Maclean of Brodas and
 (2)

Lachlan Maclean of Torlisk were appointed his guardians or tutors. When about seven years of age he was sent to Brahan Castle, where he lived until he was old enough to be sent to college. Lachlan, eldest son of Allan Maclean of Grulin, was with him as a companion. He took the management of the affairs of his estates into his own hands in 1687. He fought at Killiecrankie in 1689. He had five hundred of his followers with him. Lachlan Maclean of Lochbuie was Lieutenant-Colonel under him. He retired to the garrison of Cairnburgh in 1690, where he remained until March 31st, 1692. He lived in France from 1692 until 1703. Queen Anne bestowed a pension of £500 a year on him. During her reign he lived chiefly in London. He lost his estates, the Earl of Argyll having obtained possession of them. He joined the Earl of Mar with eight hundred followers, in 1715. He took a distinguished part in the battle of Sheriffmuir, November 13th, 1715. He became ill at Perth. He was unable to follow the Chevalier to France, although he was offered accommodation on board his ship. He parted with his men at Keith, and went to Gordon Castle, where he

died March 12th, 1716. He was buried in the Church of Raffin in Banffshire, in the family vault of the Gordons of Buckie. He was well educated, and spoke Gaelic, English, and French fluently. He was a brave, honest, and generous man; but blindly attached to the unwise Stewarts.

ORAN

DO DH-AILEIN MAC-GILLEAIN, MAC FEAR
BHROLAIS.

Chunnat mise thu Ailein,
Is tu amaldeach, gorach,
Mun do ghlac thu 'n gnolomb fearall,
Is mun d'rinneadh dhìot coirneal;
Marcach ur nan steud brassa,
Tha 'n diu 'n tasgaidh 'sna bordaibh;
Och is mis' 'th'air mo sgaradh
'Caoineadh Ailein 's nach beo e!

Fear t' aogais cha 'n fhalc mi
Ann am falcheachd no 'm foghlum;
Bu mhath cumadh do shleisde,
Is do bheil is do shroine.
Gum bu cheannard air feachd thu
'Thoir daibh smachd agus ordaigh;
'Fhir nach leughadh a ghealtachd,
'S tu nach seachnadh an comhrag.

'Ogha brathair Shìr Lachlainn,
'S e mo chreach nach do phos thu;
Sin a dh' fhag sinn cho galach,
'Dheagh mhic Lachlainn mhic Dhomhnall;

'Mhic an fhìr a fhuair urram,
'S nach cuireadh duin' air an fhogradh.
B' e sin Lachainn na ceille,
Mar bha 'n treun-fhear bha comhl' ris.

Air an dol do Dhuneldeann
Thug iad reite leo dhachaidh;
Ghlac Diuc Seumas air laimh iad,
'S dh'farr a bhan-diuc a steach iad.
Cha robh Gall 's cha robh Gaidheal
'N seombar clàraidh no 'n caisteal,
Nach do sheas air a chabhsair,
Aig meud an geall air am faicinn.

Nuair a chunnacas na h-armuinn,
Na fìor Ghaidheil gun fhòtus,
Is nach d'farr iad de dheise orra
Ach breacan is còta,
Is sgiath bhreac nam ball lomad
Air an slinnein gu comhrag,
'S ann a thubhairt gach duine,
Sud a chulaidh tha boidheach!

Càit an robh iad 'san t-saoghal,
No an taobh so de fhlaithneas,
Mac-samhall nan daoin' ud?
Cha 'n fhaodar am faighiun,
Mach o ghathalbh na greine
Ann an speuraibh an adhair;
'S cha 'n iarramaid' airson' sgàthain
Ach bhith 'n aite gan amharc.

Thuirt gach morair a b'airde
Gun robh 'n àit 's an taigh-lagha;
Co a d'niobradh gu bràth iad
Is gun ghrain air an aghaidh?
Gur h-e 'n teachdaire dan,
'Bha 'gabhail taimh 'sa cheann-adhairt,
A dh'fhag sinne mar tha sinn,
'S nach robh dh'agh oirnn an gleidheadh.

Gur a cairdeach thu 'Lachainn
 'Thug an t-each a Strath-Lochaidh,
 A thug umhlachd bho 'n mharcach,
 A thug 'ad is a chleoc dheth;
 Ach cha b' fhiach leis an gleidheadh,
 Ged bhiodh deiltreadh de'n òr orr'.
 Ach an mathadh d'a ghillean
 'Dheanamh lomairt is oil leo.

Sin nuair chruinnich na h-armuinn
 Is na Galdhell gu h-uile,
 Luchd nan clogaidean stallinn
 'S nan lann Spainteach geur, guineach.---
 An am tilleadh o'n bhlar dhuibh
 Bu leibh fallt' agus furan,
 Is pìob roimhibh a màrsadh,
 Is nach b' aill leibh an drum.

An am tilleadh o 'n bhlar dhuibh
 Gu 'ur n-aiteachan comhnuidh,
 Chluinnteadh fuaim air an dannsa,
 'S fion is branndaidh gan oil leibh,
 'S uisge-beatha nam feadan,
 Leis an leatheadh na geocalch;
 'S air an urlar 'nan seasamh
 Bhiodh luchd-treasdail gu leotr dhuibh.

'S car a dh-Iarla nam pìos thu
 A bha 'n Ile ri stròiceadh,
 Lachainn Mòr a bha prìseil,
 Sin 'chuir mi gad shìor fheorach,
 Càit a bheil iad an Albainn,
 No thall anns an Òlainn,
 Leithid cinneadh mo mhàthar
 'Mach o ardan Chlann-Domhnail?

Ach 's e aobhar mo ghearain
 An drasd eallach Fear Bhròlais;
 Co a sheanas r'a ghuailainn,
 'S e 'san uair so 'na onrachd,

Bho na dh'fhalbh uainn a bhrathair,
 An tus Àilleachd is òige,
 Gun am mac 'theid na àite;—
 Leam is craiteach an dòbheart.

'S fhir dha'n robh a ghnais alainn
 Fo chul tlàth nan ciabh or-bhuidh',
 Com 'bu ghille na'n canach,
 Is na meall-shullean modhar,
 A dh'fhas deas, foinnidh, fearall,
 'S b' fhad a leanadh an tòrachd,
 'S e do bhàs eadar Ghallaibh
 A dh'fhag galach le bron sinn.

'S e do bhàs eadar Ghallaibh .
 'Chuir sinn tamull ga t' ionndrainn,
 'S nach robh 'n sin agad caraid
 A theannadh gu t' ionnsuidh,
 No gu d' chàradh 's an anart
 Nuair a dhalladh do shullean,
 Ach t' fhagall 'san t-seombar
 Is a chomhl' air a dùnadh.

Ach nam biodh tu 'n sin aca.
 Far an racht' air do thòrradh,
 Ann an talla na h-Innse
 No an I far 'm bu choir dhuit,
 Ann an reilig nam Manach,
 'Sa bheil na barantan mora,
 'Dhol air tìr air an Ealaidh,
 Cha bhiodh tu fad ann ad ònrachd.

Ach nam biodh tu san tìr so
 Far am biodht' air do thòrradh.
 Ghluaiseadh Murchadh na Maighe,
 'S Cian Gilleain nan rò-seol,
 Mac Mhic Eoghain, 's mac Eachainn
 Bho shìol Arcaig 's bho Lòchaidh.—
 Och, mo thruaighe do bhrathair!
 Is do mhathair 's ! 'bhrònag.

Ach a Thi 'thug an sgrìos oirnn,
 'S ann 'tha sin air a sgrìobhadh;
 Na cralnn mhor' a.r am brisdeadh
 Mun do dh-fhiosralcheadh dhinn iad.
 Na cralnn mhora bhith brisd'
 Thug dhinn ar n-iteach s ar linnidh;
 Thuit a phalr 'an robh 'n t-abhall
 'S fhrois an snodhach 'bu phriseil.

Mi mar Oisein 'nna deaghaidh,
 Bho 'n rinneadh taghadh nan caor' cirbh;
 Chaidh gach aon mar a b'fhearr dhibh
 'Thoir a fasach an t-saoghall s'.
 Ach a Thi a ghabh toirt diu,
 'S a dh'fhag goirt-cheannach daor sinn,
 Seall a nuas oirnn an trocair,
 'S mair ar bron dhuinn 's ar caoineadh,

Clann-Ghilleain nan cruaidh-chath,
 Dh'fhalbh iad bhualann mar an raibeach;
 Fhroiseadh ubhlan a ghàraidh
 Gus an d'fhagadh e falamh.
 'S ann 'tha 'n t-olghre air fògradh
 'S e gun seòl aig air fanalt;
 Och, a Mhoire, mo leon
 Gu bhèil a chòir aig Mac-Callein

'S tric a faighneachd gach aon neach,
 Clod e t' aols, a nigh'n Lachlainn?
 Clod am fàth dhomh sin innseadh,
 'S nach creid sibhs' e 'n lorg m' fhaicinn?
 Cha 'n fhèil fiacail am dheudaich
 Nach do leum as mo ch'algèann,
 A sìor targalnn nan daoine
 Ris an glaoidhteadh na galsgich.

Donald, first Maclean of Brodas, was a
 brother of Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart.

He had two sons, Lachlan, second Maclean of Brolas, and Hector Og, who was drowned whilst going to Barra in a small open boat. Lachlan married Isabel, daughter of Hector, second Maclean of Torloisk, and had two sons, Donald; third Maclean of Brolas, and Allan, an officer in the British army. This is the Allan whose death is lamented in the poem. He died at Stirling in 1722.

Lachlan, second Maclean of Brolas, and Lachlan, third Maclean of Torloisk, visited Edinburgh on business connected with Sir John Maclean's estate in 1769. They were received very kindly by James Duke of York, afterwards King James II. They were both men of high character and good ability. The former died in 1686 and the latter in 1687.

Oran

Do Shir Eachann Mac-Gilleain, a chaochail
anns an Roimh 'sa bhiladhna 1751.

'Fhir 'tha 'n cathair an Fhreasdall,
Cùm-sa ceart agns còir ruinn;
'S cuir deagh sgeul ugainn dhachaidh
Air Sir Eachann nan ro-seol.
Tha thu fad' uainn a 'fhearann,
Agus tamull air fogradh;
Gur h-e sgeula mo sgaraidh,
Cach 'bhith 'g aithris nach beo e.

A Shir Eachainn nan luireach,
Naa long siubhlach 's nam bratach,
Is nan cuir-fhearaloh riomhach,
'S gum bu lionmhor a' t' fheachd iad.
'S lomad galsgeach mor, priscoll,
'Rachadh 'sios fo de bhrataich,
'S tu air thoiseach fir Alba,
'S bu mhor t' armait ri 'falcinn.

Bha thu 'd dhelt' alg a bhànrùinn,
'S mor an t-alt 'thug i-fein dhuit;
Ad léine-chneis alg a bràthair,
Mar aine chnamha nach treigeadh
Chall thu t' oighreachd is t' fhearann,
'S thug thu thairis gu leir iad,
Airson seasamh gu rìoghall,
'S rinn do shinnsearachd fein sud.

Tha mo chion air an fhlor-fhuil,
Seabhag rìoghail na h-ealtainn,
Agus cuilein an leoghainn,
'S og a dh' fhoghlum a ghalsge;
Ursann-chath' thu roimh mhiltean
'N am dol 'sios ann am batteal;
'S urr' a shuldheachadh blair thu,
Ged 'bhiodh each ann an gealtachd.

'Chraobh a 's airde 'san doir' thu,
 No an colle nan Gaidheal,
 Sglath ro laidir gun ghlorag
 Thu aig slinnein Phrionns' Tearlach.
 Bu tu fuchair an fhuasglaidh,
 Nuair 'bu chruaidh, no bu chàs e;
 Meud do ghliocais 's do chéille
 Bheireadh reidh as gach àit thu.

Dh' fhairich latha Chull-fhodair
 Gum bu dosgach na Gaidhell,
 'S gun robh thus' ann an Sasunn,
 Air do ghlacadh le d' namhaid.
 Nan do thachair gun d' fhaod thu
 'Bhith le d' dhaoine 'sa bhlar ud,
 Cha bhiodh Deargavalch Shasulan
 'Dol slàn dhachaidh gu 'n aite

Tha do chalstealan geala
 Is do thallachan priseti,
 Far 'm biodh ol agus aighear
 Aig luchd-caithimh an fhi-na,
 Fo luchd adaichean dubha,
 Mo sgeul dubhach gur fìor e;—
 'Rìgh, nach robh iad 'sa Chaillich
 Fo ard chàithrim an lionaidh

Gu bheil sean duine corrach
 'N cois na h-oirthir mu thuath oirnn;
 'S gur ro chòlmheach a ghàbhadh
 Nuair 'bhios àrdan mu 'n cuairt air.
 'S truagh nach facas Diuc Uilleam
 'S na bha 'chruinneachadh sluaigh aig',
 Air an tilgeadh mu 'chasan
 Ann am braisead a bhualrets.

Gu bheil baintighearn' mhor, stràiceil
 'Gabhail talmh mu na crìochan s';
 Tha i dìonach 'na fearann,
 Is cha chairich an rìgh i.

'S truagh nach facas fir Shasuin
 Air an glacadh le innleachd,
 'S iad a faodainn an duaise
 Bho 'Ialmh chruaidh-se gu cinnteach.

Seal mun dàinig Rìgh Ralbeart
 Bha i seorach 'na h-àithe,
 Cha do thè gadh riamh eisean
 No dìol airson màil d' i.
 Nuair a dh' eireadh a corruih
 Gum bu choimheach a gàirich.
 Bu chuis eagall is uamh-chrith
 Tigh 'nn an uair sin na lathair.

Tha mo chridhe air a shracadh
 Mar shean phalpeir a fhliuchteadh;
 No mar fhliadh air an fhasach
 Ann san tràighteach, ach cuisle,
 Leis an naidheachd so 'fhuair mi,
 'S i cho luath ri each trupa,
 A Shìr Eachainn na bàighe,
 Fàth mo chruaidh, nach dìg thusa.

'S bocht gach duine dhe t' uaislean,
 'S mor an smuaircan 's an eislean,
 'S iad mar mhial-choin gun fhuasgladh,
 'Is snaim chruaidh air an eill ac';
 Iad a fulang gach mùistg
 Fo shliat-sgiursaidh nam beisdean,
 Is a feitheamh na h-uaire
 Anns am fuasgall thu fein iad.

Cha'n e cumha na caorach
 Tha mi caoinidh fo smalan!
 Gur h-e m' iargainn na daoine
 Rìs am faodainn mo ghearan.
 Orms' thàinig an t-àradh
 An tus samhradh na gallilan
 Na h-eich dhonn' agus dhubha
 'Bhith gur bruthadh 's gur prannadh.

'Mhic mhic Ailein mhic Thearlaich,
 B' e mo chradh do chall fala,
 'S i 'na ruith as gach taobh dhíot
 'Na dearg chaochanaibh meara.
 'S truagh nach dug iad do dh-I thu
 Mar-ri sinnsreachd do sheanar;
 Far 'bheil cuirp nan seachd righrean
 'Bha d'e 'n fhion-fhull 'bu ghliaine.

Ged a theireadh Clann-Lachainn
 Nach fanadh iad uaitse,
 Cha do dhearbh iad an aidmheil
 An am t' fhalcinn 'sa chruadal.
 'S ann a leagadh an caipitín
 A bha agad ri d' ghualainn;
 'S gun do dh-fhuirich thu aige
 Ced a threachall sin uaigh dhuit.

'S míthich dhomhs' a bhith samhach,
 'S sgur de dh-áireamh nan uisleán;
 Tha mo dhochas an Críosa
 Nach fíor mar a chualas,
 Ach gun dlí Mac-Gilleáin
 A nall fhathast thar chuantán;
 Is theid sinne na chomhall
 Glé dheonach 'san uair sin.

The Queen referred to in the third stanza is Queen Anne. The Cailleach of the seventh stanza is the headland of that name at the north-western extremity of Mull. The Sean duine of the eighth stanza is the Point of Ardnámurchan. The baintighearna of the ninth stanza is the

whirlpool of Coirriebhreacain between Guna and Scarba. Mac mhic Ailein mhic Thearlaich is Charles Maclean of Drimnin, who commanded the Macleans at the battle of Culloden.

Sir Hector Maclean was born at Calais in France, November 6th, 1703. He was brought to London by his parents a few weeks afterwards. He was placed under the care of Donald Maclean of Coll at a very early age. He lived at Coll until his eighteenth year, when he was sent to Edinburgh for his education. He went to France in 1721. He returned in 1725, but went back in 1728. He left France in June, 1745, to take part in the rising under Prince Charles. He was arrested in Edinburgh, through the treachery of the man with whom he lodged, on the 5th of June. He was sent to London, where he was retained a prisoner until May, 1747. He returned to France, immediately after being set at liberty. He went to Rome in 1750. In the month of July he had an attack of appoplexy, in that city. From this attack he partly recovered. He had a second attack in October. The second attack resulted in his death. The poem seems to have been composed after the news of the first at-

tack had reached the Highlands, or about August, 1750. Sir Hector was a good Latin scholar, and spoke Gaelic, English, French, and Italian fluently.

Oran.

Do dh-Alleen Mac-Gilleain, Fear Bhrolais.

LUNNEAG.

Hì ri rì ri èlle,
Horin o or ho f o ho èlle,
Hlurabh f hu o ho na o èlle.

Mo cheist an Leathanach modhar!
Guala dheas dha'n dig an cota,
'S fearr a chuireas Gall o 'm meotribh,
Stod' is pasmunn air do dhornalbh,
Mar a chàireadh taillear doigh orr;
Glan airgid ad bhroilleach orbhuidh,
'S gur a math 'thig scarf de 'n t-srol dhuit,
Mu do mhùineal geal an ordagh.

Bu tu dealbh a gbalgìeh mhorall
Air each cruidheach 's e fo 'chomhdach,
Spuir gheur, ghùineach, air do bhotuian,
Paidhir dhagachan ad phòca,
Do shluagh mu d' thimchioll an ordagh,
'S iad ag eisdeachd ri do chomhradh.—
B'iad fhèin na lasgarean cròdha
'Thogadh creach 's a thilleadh torachd.

Gur a h-e mo chion s' an curaidh
'The 'na ghluasad mar a bhùineadh.
'S car thu 'n laoch a choisinn urra n,
Eachann Ruadh nan cruaidh chath fùleach;
'S iad a chluicteadh fuaim a bhùille,
'S oirm a thuaigh' air clar a lùige,

'S e 'cur a chaitell gu 'fhulang
Gus 'n do strìochd iad dha gu h-ùile.

Gum b' e sud an comhlan calma
'Chaidh do dh-Eirinn 's a fhuair ainm ann;
Bha sibh misneachail fo 'r n-armaibh
Mar leoghannaibh guineach garga;
Bha sibh cruadalach ri 'r n-aimsir,
Ged is faoin e 'n dlùgh ri 'sheanachas;
Ghlac sibh ian air ealtainn ainmeil,
'S thàinig sibh le eilte do dh-Albainn.

'S car thu do na gaisgich ualbhreach
'Chuir an aghaidh ris a chruadal,
Lachainn Catanach na grualge,
Eachann Mór am firean uasal,
Lachann Mór a chleachd 'bhith buadhach,
Deagh Shìr Lachainn 'bu mhath gluasad,
Is Sir Eachann calma, cuanta,
A thuit ann am bliar an fhuathais.

Gur a mis' a tha fo mhulac'
Mu 'n turas 'thug Iarla Mhulle,
Ghabh Hobrun foill air do bhuidhinn,
'S le Mac-Callein cha bu dubhach.
Nan d' fhuaradh le m' ghradh cead siubhal,
Nan d' fhuaradh bhitheamaid subhach,
Bheireadh am prionnsa dhuit cumha,
'S phòsadh an rìgh riut a phiuthar.

Cha 'n-fionnadh ged bhiodh tu meanm-
nach',
Misneachail, morchuiseach, calma.
'S car thu 'n Iar' a b' fhearr 'bha'n Albainn,
A bha measail, cluichteach, ainmeil,
'S a rinn sin 's gach cùis a dhearbhadh.
Chuir a bhànrùin ann làn earbsa
Mar thriath dileas, fiachail, calma,
'S ghabh i trom cheist air fear ainme.

M' eudal Sir Iain nan caisteal!
 Nuair a dh' eireadh tu 'sa mhaduinn,
 Bhiodh do shluagh gu greadhnach agad,
 'S cha b' fhilach leo 'bhith 'togail bhaltag,
 No 'giulan chleccannan glasa,
 'B eibhinn a dh' fhalbhadh isd leatsa,
 Duthchannan roimhibh gan creachadh,
 'Tearnadh bho ghleanntalbh gu machair.

Dh' athnichinn do cheum a dol seachad,
 Bhiodh fear a giulan do bhrataich,
 'S gur a fad a chit' a h-aiteal.—
 Cearrach thu, pottear, is marcaich',
 Fear chull dualaich, chuachaich, chleach h
 diach,

Gruaidh mar chaorann, taobh mar chaille,
 Guth do chinn bu bhinn ri 'chlaistinn,
 'S cha b' e tuireadh mna nach faicteadh.

'Dhaoinne na cuiribh dhomh 'n duileachd,
 Bhith 'tigh'nn air an Iarla Mhulleach,
 Am fear caoimhnell, baigheil, duineil,
 'Dh' òladh deoch 's cha b' ann a cuman,
 Ach a searrag a bheoil chuimhir,
 'S do thosgaidean air an uillinn;
 'S lomadh stocach laidir. urrant',
 'Gheibheadh deoch an am an tunnaidh.

Ailein, eudail 's ann 'tha thusa
 Mar a bha Naiose mac Uisue,
 'Dh' fhalbh le Deirdri, nigh'n a chruiteir;
 Gach aon te tha 'tabhairt thugad.—
 Càit a bh-fheil i 'n làib a trusgain,
 De shioda, no shrol, no mhuslan,
 Aon bhean og, air mèud a cuirteis,
 Nach faodadh laighe mar-riut-sa?

B' fhearr leam gun cluinninn do phòsadh,
 Ri te uasail, mhaisich, bhoidhich,
 Nigh'n Mhic-Caillein, no Mhic-Dhomhnall,

Ogha no 'ar-ogha do 'n Mhorair,
 No bhean a's fearr de Shìol Tormaid,
 Te bhìodh freagarrach 's gach doigh dhuit,
 A bheireadh cisteachan de 'n òr dhuit,
 'S a rachadh eich gheala 'na còmhail.

Eudail de dh-fhearalbh an achaidh,
 Thuirt iad riut gun robh thu prabach,
 Gun do shìl na suilean asad —
 Cha b' e bhith 'g laigach a ghlas eisg,
 No bhith ri togail nam partan,
 Ach a bhith 'sna blair a chleachd thu;
 'S bìdh sin ad chuimhne cho fada
 'S a bha Fionn do dh-fhear a bhradain.

Gur b-e mis' a tha fo mhighean,
 Mu gach aon 'tha dhuit am mìorun.
 Fadar Gleann-Urchaidh 's Cìinntìre
 Agus Maol na b-Oigh' an Ile.
 Thuirt iad nach b' alridh air mnaoi thu;
 'S ann aca nach robh an fhìrinn.
 'S math 'thig dhuit an claidheabh lìomhte.
 'S bu mhor t' fheum an am na strì leis.

Nam bu mhis' a bhìodh cur binne
 Air gach aon 'tha ort ri dìmeas,
 'Nan eulaidh-fharmaid cha bhìodh iad,
 'S nach h-ann de chaolach an t-sìl thu,
 No de mhosgan, no de chrìonaich.
 Is slat ard thu 'n abhall phrìseil.
 B' ùr a choill 'san d' rinn thu einntinn,
 'S bu ghlan uchd do mhuime-chiche.

Gur h-e mis' a th' asad cìunteach,
 Nan tachradh tu 'n àite dìomhafr
 Air chomas do làmh a shìneadh,
 Gum bhìodh do luchd-dìumb' gun fhìaclan,
 Gun charbad uachdair no lochdair,
 Gun neart a ghluasad an cìobhlán,
 Cairdean a tagairt an dìlhb,
 'S an éirig fada gun dìoladh.

Gur h-e m's' a th' air mo leonadh,
 'S beag mo shuond ri gabhall orain,
 Mi mar chomhacháig gun solas,
 Mar ian am brughach 'na onrachd,
 Gun duin' a sheasamh mo chòrach,
 Bhon a dhealach rium na connspuinn,
 Sir Eachann tha thall air fogradh,
 Is Ailein nach h-fheil air morthir.

'S mis' a chòrr an deidh a dathadh,
 'S mi 'm onrachd air cheann an rathaid;
 Mi gun cheol, gun ol, gun aighear,
 Ach fo bh' on gun solas beatha,
 'S nach robh mi 'choir cluicheadh m' athar
 Bhon a dh' fhogradh Clann-Ghilleat
 As an duthich 's as an cathair;—
 Fàth mo leoin bhur foirneart bratha.

Dulleachd, doubt, suspicion. Còrr, a crane.

Allan Maclean succeeded his father as 4th of Brolas in 1725. He entered the army when young. He was a captain under the Earl of Drumlanrig in Holland. He came home after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, and married Una, daughter of Hector Maclean of Coll. He became chief of the Clan in 1751. He served as a captain in the Montgomerie Highlanders in America from 1757 to 1760. His wife died during his absence. He served as a major in a regiment raised by Lord Southampton,

from 1761 to the close of the Seven Years' War in 1763. He then retired from the army. He attained afterwards the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was visited by Dr. Johnson at Inch-Kenneth in Mull in 1773. He died December 10th, 1783. He was buried at Inch-Kenneth. The poem was evidently composed before 1748.

The person referred to in the third and fourth stanzas is Eachann Buadh nan Cath. The seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth stanzas refer to Sir John Maclean, the last of the Lords of Duart. Naoise mac Uisne was a fabulous hero of extraordinary beauty.

Oran

DO DH-AILEIN MAC-GILLEAIN, FEAR
BHRÒLAIS.

Mo run Aileen, nan lann tana
 Marcaich' allail nan steud meara;
 'S fad air t' aincol 'tha thu 'fanachd,
 Gun tigh'nn thairis 'dh-ionnsuidh t' fhearainn
 dhuthchasaich.

Fear ard coltach, calma, toirteil,
 'N lathair cogaidh, an tus troide:
 'S mairg a bhrosnaicheadh gu olc thu
 An am nochdadh, 's boineid sgrògt' air t'
 ùrla-sa.

Fear mor garbh de 'n fhine bhòrt thu
 Bu mhor ainm an Innse-Gall,
 'S a b'fhearr 's an àm 'san robh iad ann;—
 Nuair thogt' am fearg, a rìgh, bu shearbh gach
 sugradh bhuap'.

Bha thu cairdeach do 'n t-sìochd laidir
 A fhuair àit' am measg nan Gaidheal,
 'Bu mhath geard a dhol 's na bliaribh ;
 Measall aghmhor fhad 's a bha iad curamach.

Ann an Dubhairt bhiodh luchd-stubhail,
 'S chosgteadh riutha mar bu eubhaidh;
 An diugh 's dubhach mi gan cumha;—
 Laoich na cumhachd, fàth mo phudhair spùinn-
 each iad.

Nach cluinn thu 'n spreidh le 'n oenaich gheir
 A cur an geill am mularid fein;
 Is eoin nan speur tha 'g radh ri 'cheil'
 Nach bochd an sgeul mar dh'fhalbh na trein
 'bu chluittiche.

Bu fhras ghàbhaidh ghreas gu traigh sinn;
 Dn'fhag i craiteach sinn gun slainte;
 Thuit na h ard-chroinn mhaiseach alainn
 'Bha nar garadh 's fhrois gu lar na h-ubhlann
 diu.

Tha mise fann 's gu bheil mi dall;
 Cha leir dhomh falbh gun duine am laimh.
 A threuna 'b' annsa, dh' fhàs mi mall,
 Bhon chaidh ur call, 's gun ghloir am cheann a
 dhùisgeas sibh.

Allan, fourth Maclean of Brolas, was
 the only son of Donald, third of Brolas.
 He was a long time in the army.

Domhnall Ban Mac-Gilleain

Donald Ban Maclean lived in Mull
He was a good poet.

Oran

DO DHOMHNALL MAC-GILLEAIN, FEAR
BHRCLAIS

'N tús an t-samhradh so, 'bha
Dhuinn mar gheamhradh gun bhlàths,
Chaidh ar ceannard fo ehlaraibh dhìnte:
Ann an ciste nam bord,
Air a sparradh le ord,
'S sinn ga seuladh le bròn dùbailt'.

Sliabh-an-t-siorain gun stàth
Chomhdaich sinne 'mcasg chaich,
Le lan togar, gun sgàth gun churam,
Mar bu chubhaidh 's bu dual;
Bha thu 'n teiseach an t-sluaigh,
'N deidh an t-ordagh 'thoirt bhuaite do d'
mhuintir;

'S tu mar leoghaìn garg, mòr,
A threin churanta, oig,
Le d'lainn sholuis ad dhorn gu dioghailt.
'S math a thigeadh dhuit cleoc',
Agus at a bhil' òir;
Fear do chòltais cha bheo mu 'r timchioll.

Do cheann-cinnidh 's tu fein,
Bha 'san lomaire gu treun,
'Deanamh millidh air treud an Diuca.
Cha robh gaisgich oirnn gann
Anns an t-slachdarich a bh' ann,
'S cha bu bhoichd leinn mar cheannard dùinn
thu.

A ghnuis sheircell an aigh,
 Dha 'n robh freasdal do chach,
 Cha bu bheagan 'bu lan ad shuilean.
 Ge b' e 'thogadh ort strì,
 Cha b' i 'n obair gun bhrìgh,
 'Fhìr 'bu togarrach sìth 's nach diultadh.

'S ann an toiteal nan each
 'Bha de chosmhalas bras,
 'Fhìr d' am buineadh a mhaise ùrla.
 Ann an caithream nan arin,
 Bha thu farumach, calm',
 Cha bu shuarrachas t' fhearg ri 'dusgadh.

Nuair a thig e th tu 'm mach,
 Air do chois no air each,
 'Dhol an coinnimh ri luchd do dhiomba,
 Is a chaochladh tu snuadh,
 Gum b' fhàth curaim d' an cluais
 An lamh a b' lomadhach buaidh 's bu chluin-
 teach.

Och nan och a ta buan,
 Gu bheil sinne d'heath truagh
 O 'n la 'chunnalc sinn t' uaigh ga bùrach;
 'N darna h-oighre 'bha beo
 De shliochd ceart Eachainn Oig;
 Creach nan creach thainig oirnn ri aon uair.

'S e bàs Caipitin nam buadh
 A dh'fhag sinne bochd truagh;
 'S cairdeach Padruig 'san uair so dhùinne;
 Bàs an duine so 'dh' fhalbh,
 A dh'fhag cuimir ar steirm,
 'S fàth ar duilichinn soirbh ri 'dhùsgadh

Fath'ar caoinidh 's ar sprochd
 Nach caoin shuarach a lot,
 Ach cneidh shic a ta goirt ri 'giulan.
 Chaidh a cnuibhle mu 'n cuairt,

A dh' fhag dubhach ar gruaidh:
Cha'n fheil eibhneas 'san uair so dhùinne.

Thuit am slùran le beum,
Oirnn' is soilleir an leus,
Ceann ar einnidh cha'n fheud e dusgadh.
'Thi 'bha labharach, ard,
Bha thu min 's bha thu thu garbh;
'Rìgh, bu smachdail do ghnaths ri d' dhuth-
aich!

Oirne 'thainig an fhras,
A mhill snodhach ar slat
'Chunnacas roimhe so pailte, ùrail.
Ge bochd mise air aon,
Cha lot dris' a ta 'm thaobh,
Ach sàthadh biodaig le faobhar dubailt!

'S ann a ghearradh an cnaimh,
Thuit an smear as gu lar,
'S leigh 'sa chruinne cha slanuich dhuinn e;
Ach an leigh a ta shuas,
D' an leir laigsinn an t-sluaigh,
Is da'n deanar 'san uaigh leinn lùbadh.

Esan 'dh' amharc 'na iochd
Air a ghnothach 'ta brisd',
'S a bha roimhe fo mheas le curam,
Ann an stàtalachd beachd,
Gun aon fhallinn, gun aire;—
Cha d' fhuair namhaid le neart riamh pùic
dhinn.

Oirnn' a thainig i cas;
Fhroiseadh snodhoch ar slat
Nuair a shaoll sinn 'bhith pailt is ùrail.
'Chraobh de 'n abhall a b' aird'
Thuit a snodhach gu lar,
Gus 'n do theirinn a blàth 's a h-ubhlan.

'S ann 'san innis fo lie
A ta 'm fear a bha glic,

D' an robh misneach is meas o 'n Dia.
 Bha thu macanta, blath,
 Bha thu pallt ri luchd-daimh,
 'S bu mhor smachdalachd gnaths do ghluain.

Thuit am fìuran 'bha treun,
 Is d' a chinneadh mar agéith;—
 Tha 'm fear gaisgeanta, ceillidh, cliùtoach,
 Ann an ciste nam bord,
 Air a dubhadh fo 'n t-srol,
 'S tha sinne uille fo bhron ga t' ionndrainn.

Donald, first Maclean of Brolas, was a son of Hector Og of Duart, and was known as Domhnall Mac Eachainn Oig. He fought in several battles under Montrose. He was lieutenant-colonel of the Macleans at the battle of Inverkeithing. He had three sons, Lachlan, his successor, Hector Mor, and Hector Og. Lachlan, second of Brolas, died in 1687, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, leaving two sons, Donald and Allan. Donald, third of Brolas, was lieutenant-colonel under Sir John, chief of the Clan, at the battle of Sheriffmuir, in 1715. He received two severe wounds on the head. He died in 1725, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was buried at Inch-Kenneth. He was a prudent man, and was very popular.

Mr. Iain Mac-Gilleain.

The Rev. John Maclean was the eldest son of Ewen Maclean of Treshnish. He was licensed to preach the gospel February 25th, 1702, and inducted in to the pastoral charge of Kilninian at Kilmorl, in Mull on the 13th of the following September. He married Isabella, daughter of Charles Maclean in Tiree, Tearlach Mac Neill Bhain, by whom he had four children, Alexander, Ann, Mary and Catherine. He died March 12th, 1756, in the fifty-fourth year of his ministry. He was a man of great zeal in the interest of religion and the dignity of the ministerial character. He was a very good poet.

Alexander, only son of the Rev. John Maclean, succeeded his father as minister of the parish of Kilninian and Kilmorl. Ann was married to John Maclean, son of Allan of Grishipool, in Coll; Mary, to Alexander Maclean of Calgary, in Mull; and Catherine, to John Maclean, son of Archibald Og of Hysker, in North Uist. Chief Justice Maclean, of Upper Canada, was a grandson of Catherine.

(C-1)

Oran

Air dol sios Chloinn Ghilleain.

Ged is grìanach an latha
'S beag mo shunnd-sa ri aighear,
O'n la chuala mi naidheachd mo leoin.

'S beag air cadal mo luaidh-sa
'Bhrìgh na naidheachd s' a fhuair mi;
'S tric ga stiuchadh mo chiuasag le bron.

'S beag mo shunnd ris ar tailleag,
Cha'n fheil m' fhìodhull ach tàrcach,
'S cha d'ìd teud ann am chlàrsalach ri m'
bheo

'S teare mo ghruaidhean-sa tioram,
Ach, mar alltan ga mhirid,
Tha mo shuilean ri sìleadh nan deoir.

Och, m'è thruaigh-s' an fhìne
Tha gun chòir, gun cheann-cinnidh,
Gun àite, gun ionad, gun treoir.

Iad mar luing a bha gleusda
'N deidh a h-acuinn a reubadh
Is gach aona mhulr a leumraich r'a bord;

'Chail a cabull 's a h-acair,
'S 'tha gun stiuir, gun bhull-beirte,
Gun chait-lull, gun 'chul-tacs' anns a cheo.

Tha bhur n-abhall air crìonadh
Eadar ard agus iséal;
Gach aon latha dol sios mar an smeoir.

'Shìlochd Ghilleain na Tualghe,
Bu mhor ainm ann an cruadal,
Cha bhì cuimhn' air bhur dualchas na 's mo.

Cha bu laigse bu dual duibh
Ach a ghnath a bhith 'n uachdar;
'S ann a dh' imich gach buaidh a bha oirbh

Bu mhor riamh 'bha 'ur n-cagal
 Air gach dream air 'm bu bheag sibh,
 Gus an d' fhuair sibh bhui leagall fa-
 dheoldh.

'S mor bhur truaighe 's bhur leatrom,
 'S ole a bhuaidh, is cha bheag i,
 Nach h-fheil duin' a ghabh ceist oirich nach
 d' fhalbh.

An nis faodaidh Mac-Caillein,
 Nì 'bha cruaidh air ré tamuill,
 A dhubhan a sparradh 'nar sroin.

Ach blodh culmh'n' air Sir Eachann,
 'Thuit le cruadal 's le tapadh
 'N Ionarcheitein 'sna chasgradh na sloigh;

Agus fós air Sir Lachainn,
 A bha rìoghail, ro bheachdail,
 'Bu mhath gnìomh 's bu mhor feachd aig
 Montròs;

Is air Eachann nah dian chath,
 'Rinn a chorp mar sgeith dhidinn
 'Chòlmhead pearsa a righe b'ao leoin.

Auns an tung tha Rìgh Tearlach,
 Agus Seumas a bhrathair,
 'S cha'n e 'n sliochd no 'n luchd-pairt 'tha
 nan lorg.

'S ole a choir a th' aig Uilleam,
 Bho Olaint nan currachd,
 Air comhnadh bho dhulne d' ur seors'.

B' fhad o 'cheil' an dà làraich
 'S an ròbh ean is tadsan;
 'S mo bhur caoimh ris a phàp 'tha 'san
 Ròimh.

Cha b' ann idir d' a shìnnsrìbh
 'Bha sinn 'dearbhadh ar gnìomha

Ach do theaghlach nan rìghrean a dh'
fhalbh.

Gur h-e bhuineadh do dh-Alba
'Chathair rìoghall aic carbasa
Ri fear de shìlochd Fhearghul- nan còrn.

De shìlochd Shìmein an Eirinn,
Bho Ghaidheal Glas gleusda
'Chòisinn eilu ann an Eilpheit an òir.

B' fhada cuimhn' air bhur seanachas,
'Shìlochd nan curaidhnean calma,
Ged a rinneadh le ainneart bhur leon

A Shìr Iain, mo thruaighe,
'S tu 'tha ormsa mar chruaidh chàs;
'S goirt a bhuille so 'fhuair thu gu h-og.

Chaill thu seilbh air do dhuthalach,
'Chionn bhith seasamh le ùrachd;
'S be bhith rìoghall a chiurr thu gu borb.

Is beag solais do chairidibh,
Ge b' e rìoghachd 'san tainh thu,
Ann san Fhraing no 'san Spàin no 'n tìr
Phòil.

'S mairg a challeadh a dhaoine,
Le a rìgh no na aobhar,
Is gun fhìos gu de 'n taobh thig an stoirm.

Cha b'e e spionnadh na pairtidh,
Cha b'e 'n lann no lamh laidir,
Thug am ball dhaibh fo shàilbh am bróg.

Gur h-e 'n Rìgh 'tha 'sna neamhan,
A ni seal no ard ineach,
'Thug a chuibhle so 'n drasd mu 'n cuairt
oirnn.

Nuair a bha i a tionndadh,
'S i 'cur char gu ro lomluath,
Thig i sinne fo 'h-ìomlaibh 'san lòn.

Lais an roth sin a thllg sinn,
Co 'tha fìorsach no clinteach,
Nach faodamaid dìreadh gu fòll?

Dh' fhaodadh bàs nan trìuir Lachlainn,
'S an aon bhiladhna 'rinn tachairt,
'Chur an geill gun robh 'n car so 'nar còir.

Car de charalbh an t-saoghall
Gu de a bhrìgh 'bhith caoinleadh,
'S gearr an uair gus an caochail sinn fòd.

Ged tha 'n staid so ro dhullich
Gidheadh 's feudar a fulang;
'S trie an silean a cruinneachadh pòir.

'S lomadh craobh 'chaidh a gearradh
Cheart cho iseal 's an talamh
As an slòlacheadh falllean is meoir

'Fhir tha dhùinn ann a' t'athair,
Tha ar dùil ann ad mhathas,
'Nis on fhuaradh leinn crathadh na 's leoir;

'Fhir a chlaoidh sinn le annradh
A mhuir-làin is an traghadh,
Seid deagh shoirbheas do grais an ar seol

'Fhir a leag sinn gu h-iseal.
Tha sinn ull' ort a grìosadh,
Tog a suas sinn mar chitear gu d' ghloir.

Tha ar cridheachan cràiteach,
Tha sinn muladach saraicht',
Chuireadh bior ann am àirneibh 's mi og.

'S e dol sìos Chloinn-Ghillealain,
'Bu mhath gnìomh air a chlaidhibh,
A dh' fhàg mise gun aighear, gun treoir.

Eachann nan dian chath; Hector
Odhar, who was killed at Flodden in

1513, defending the person of his king from the arrows of the English. Fearghus nan Corn; Fergus Mor Mac Earc, a petty king in Argyleshire about the year 503. Simean; Simon Breac, an imaginary Irish king who is said to have reigned at Tara. He was descended from Milesius, who was descended from Gaidheal Glas, the fictitious progenitor of the Gaidels of Scotland and Ireland. Na tri Lachainnean; Lachlan, second of Brolas, who died in 1686; Lachlan, third of Torloisk, who died in 1687; and Lachlan, ninth of Coll, who also died in 1687. There were not twelve months between the death of the first and the last of these.

Dan Mola'ìdh

Do 'n Ghaidhlig 's do 'n Fhaclair Ghaidhlig
a chuireadh am mach le Eideard Lùid 'sa
bhliadhna 1704.

Air teachd o 'n Spàin do shliochd a' Ghaidhlig
ghlais,

Do shliochd nam Mìlìdh, 'n fhine nach bu tals,
Bu mhor an sgleo 's gach fòd air cruas an lann,
'S air fhlidheachd le foghlum nach bu ghann.

Nuair 'dh' fhas am pòr ud mor a bhos is thall
Bha meas is prìe fo 'n Ghaidhlig anns gach
ball.

An teanga lionmhor, bhrìoghmhor, bhlasda
bhinn,

'S a chàinain thartrach, llobhte, ghasda ghrinn!
An cuirt nan rìgh trì mìle bhladhn' is treall

Dò bha i 'n tus mun d' thog calnnt Dhubh-Ghall
ceann.

Gach sliadh 's bard, gach leigh, aosdana 's
draoidh,

Drùbhnich is seanachaidh, fòs gach ealain
shaor

Do thug Gatélus leis o 'n Elph't a nall,

'Sa Ghaidhlic sgrìobh iad sud le gnìomh am
peann.

Na d'fadhaircean mor' 'bu chlu 's bu glòir do 'n
chleir

'S ann leath' gu tarbhach 'labhair iad briathran
Dhe.

'S i labhair Pàdrutg 'n Innisfàll nan rìgh,

'S am fàidhe caomh sin Calum naomh an I.

B' i 'b' oide-muint' do luchd gach duthch' is
teang';

Chuir Gaill is Dubh-Ghall uic' an iul 's an
clann.

Na Frangalch llobht' a lean gach tìr am beus,

O I nan deoraidh ghabh am foghlum freumb.

'Nis dh' fhalbh i bhualinn gu tur, mo nuar 's mo
chreach!

'S tearc luchd a gaoil;—b' e sud an saogh'l fa
seach

Reic iad 's a chulrt i air calnnt uir o 'n dé,

'S do threig le tàir, 's bu nàr leo 'n càinain fein.

Thuit i 'san uir araon le h-ughdarsibh geur',

'S na fàith da 'n dù i ghabh d' a cùmhdach spels.

Air Eideard Lùid biodh àgh' is cuimhn' is
buaidh,

A rinn gu h-ur a dusgadh as a h-uaiigh.

Gach neach 'ta 'fhreumh o 'n Ghaidheal ghasda
gharg,

'S gach dream dha 'n dù a chànain ud mar
chainnt,

S gach aon do chiun air treubh 's air linn an
Sguit

An duais a's fiach thu 's coir gun loc iad dhuit,
On bhanruinn air an tràth-s' a bheil an an crun.
Gu ruig am bochd do 'n àit an nochd an dùn.

Bha 'n ainm 's an euchd o linn nan cendan àl
Tre mheath na Gaidhlig 'dol a cuimhne chàich.
'Nis 'n uile ghnìomh chluinn crìochan fada thall;
'S deir iad le cheill, "Bho Gaidhil aon uair ann."
'S pa 's fear, a shaofdh, bidh briathran lobht'
'nar beul.

Lan seagh is brìgh le 'n nochdar firinn Dhe.

Cla fìs an Tì 'chuir 'n Ahollab ùir,

'S am Besailil, a thogall arois ùir,

Nach e so fein do ghluais 's do ghleus, dhuinn

Lùid

Le tuigse threin le 'n dugt' an ceum so trid;

'Bhrìgh 'bhith na run 'ainm 'dheanamh cluith-
each, mor,

Air feadh nan crìoch 'san d 'fhuair na Gaidhil
coir.

Gu m' h-amhlaidh 'bhios; 's gach neach do chi
an lo,

Biodh t' ainm-sa sgrìobht' 'na chrìdh' an litreach
oir,

Agus 'na cuimhne, 's gheibh thu 'cha ìdh-uam
fein

Beanrachd is fallt' le m' chrìdh', le m' laimh, 's
le m' bheul.

Edward Lhuyd was a native of Wales.
He was a distinguished Keltic scholar.
His *Archæologia Britannica*, a work of
great value, appeared in 1704. It con-
tained a Gaelic-English vocabulary.

Oran Gaoil.

Tha tamull on sgulr mi de 'n dan,
 Ge h-e so àm 'sam b' fhearr 'fheum;
 'S diomhain a a leig mi mo chù
 Seal mun d' chuir mi ùlgh 'san t-seilg.

An tu m' galsair' bha mi baoth,
 Mar a ghaoth air feadh nan speur,
 'Cosg mo laithean air bheag stà,
 'S gur souleir a bhlàth orm fein.

'Nis on thuig mi m' eucoir mhor,
 Cllu is gloir do dh-aon Mhac De;
 Mo run fheadh 's a bhios mi beo
 Gun seachainn mi gloir gun fheum.

Ri diomhanas thug mi me bhòid,
 'Chaoidh de m' dheoin cha dean mi breug;
 Labhram gun bharrachd, gun bhosd,
 Air ribhinn oig an òr-fhuilt reidh.

'S iomadh laigs' a tha 'san fheoil,
 Fheadh 's a bhios sinn beo 'sa chre;
 'S ma 's ann de 'n ghnè sin an gradh
 Gur Monte, lan dheth 'thà mi-fein.

'S e mo bharail, fa bhreith chalch,
 Gur a laghail gradh gun bheud;
 Mur a soailinn sud 's gach uair
 Dheanainn stri gu 'bhuaib a 'fhreumh.

Seal mun d' fhas thu ach gu h-og,
 'S tu 't fhaillein beag, boidheach, reidh,
 B' e barail gach aoin dha 'm b' eol
 Nach bu chno thu bharr bun géig.

'S iomadh buaidh ri mealladh graidh
 Eadar do bhràghad 's do chul;
 Suil mhìogach, mhìochuiseach, bheo,
 Mheallach, choir, mar dhearc fo dhruichd

Gle gheal do bhràghad 's do bhas,
 Gle gheal do chas is do dheud,
 Gle gheal do chneas 'tha slom, ur,
 Mar am flur no 'n canach sléibh.

Beul mìn-dearg, meachair, mar ròs,
 O 'n dìg glòir gu socair, reidh,
 Is mò mo mhiann air do phoig,
 Na air na tha 'dh-or fo 'n ghrein.

A t' àilleachd ge dearbha mi,
 Is mo mo mhiann air do bheus;
 'S tu ceanalta, ceillidh. suairc',
 Socair, uasal, modhail, seimh.

Ged tha àilleachd ort mar bhuaidh,
 'S dreach snuaidh do nach colmeas cach,
 Na dean uail a sgèimh na h-oig'
 Mar bharr feoir a 's diombuain blath.

Bheir mios' de dh-euslaint' a nuas
 An snuadh a's dreachmholre fas;
 Dreach àlainn is dealbh gach dùil
 Iompar gu ulr leis a bhàs.

Cuimhnich do Chruithhear 'tha shuas,
 'S cuir ùigh gu h-iomlan na 'ghras;
 'S gum b' è do ghliocas 's do chiall
 A riar a dheanamh do ghnath.

'S lionmhor laoch tha ort an tòir.
 Sud na sgeoll nach b'inn leam fein;
 Cuid diu 'tha camadh nan beoll,
 'S cuid 'tha 'n sron fo 'n aon ghleus.

Cha'n fhas ubhlan air an dris,
 No deagh mheas air colle chrin,
 'S ni 'n creideam gur cridhe cruaidh
 'Tha fo 'n ghruaidh a 's maisich' sgèimh.

'T ainm ni a'threach leam a' bualadh,
 'S gur ionnan d' a' fhuaim 's d' a ghnè,
 Nìgh 'n Dhomhnaill o Chuil nan sonn;—
 Sud am fonn 'san robh ar freumh.

So dhuit-s', a chaille nam buadh,
 Tiodhlac de shuairceas mo bheoil,
 Is thoir na 'chomairn an duais
 A 's cubhaldh dha t' uaisle mhoir.

Phos nighean Dhomhnaill fear eile, a reir
 coltais Cairnbeulach no Camaranach. Mìochuis-
 each, bewitching.

Oran Gaoil.

Le Iain Mac-Gilleain, do dh' Anna Nic-Gilleain,
 a leannan agus i air pòsadh fir eile.

'N aising chunnaic mi 'm chadal
 B' fheàrr gum falcinn am dhùsgadh,
 Thn 'bhith eadar mo ghlaicibh
 Ga do thatadh gu dlùth rium.
 Nuair a dhùsg mi 'sà mhaduinn
 Is nach d' fhuaras tu agam
 Thàinig deòir air mo rasgaidh,
 Shil orr' frasach 's bu dlùth i.

Shil orr' frasach 's bu dlùth i,
 Mu 'n ghéig ùir a dh' fhas alainn;
 Gura guirme do shùilean
 Na an drùchd air bhàrr fàsaich.
 Gu bheil maise ann a' t' ùrla
 Dh' fhàg mo chridhe-sa brùite
 Gus an d' rinn i a mhùchadh,
 'S trom a dhruithd i air m' àirnean.

'S trom a dhrùdh i air m' àirnean,
 'S cha 'n fheil stà ann an léigh dhomh,
 Ged a chluinn mi guth mànrain
 Cha dig gaire le éibneas.
 On is duine gun stà mi
 'Chaidh a mhilleadh le d' ghràdh-sa,
 'S e thu féin a bhith làmh-rium
 Dheanadh slàn mi o m' chreuchdan.

Gur h-e 'dh' fhàgadh gun chreuchd mi
 Pòg no dhà o d' bheul cùbhradh;
 Gu bheil maise na feucaig'
 Ann ad eudan ga 'gtulan,
 'S mi nach farradh do spréidh leat;
 Bhithinn alghearach, éibhinn
 Ga do ghabhall ad léine
 Le toil cléir agus dùthcha.

Cuid de bhuidhean na h-ìng ghinn'
 A bhith binn-fhaclach beul-dhearg:
 Tha do ghruaidh mar bhermillon
 Is cha tillear bho 'n fhéill thu.
 Gun do shraich thu sinne
 Le do bhàcharan tioram;
 'S e do ghradh 'th' air mo mhilleadh
 'S mi ri sìreadh beachd-sgéill ort.

Ochain, Anna 'nighn 'n Dómhnall,
 'S i do dhòigh 'tha cur eud orm;
 Gur a binne do chòmhradh leam
 Na 'n smeòrach air gheugan.
 'S mor gum b' fhearr bhith riut pòsda
 Na bhith thall anns an Olaint,
 Ged bu leamsa de dh-òr
 Na bha an seombar Rìgh Seumas.

Nualr a' bha mi 'san Olaint,
 Is e mi thall ann am shaighdear,
 Gur a h-ìomadh te àlainn
 Le 'cuid fhàinneachan daolmein

'Thigeadh ealamh am chòmhdhall,
 Le lan-fhuran a pòige:—
 'S mor gum b' anns a nigh'n Domhnall
 Ged nach bu bheo mi ach oidhche.

Marbhrann

D' A MHNAOI, ISEABAL NIC-GILLEAIN.

'N am dusgadh dhomh as mo chadal
 Tha smaointeachadh m' aiguidh goirt,
 'S mi a' ionndrainn nach h-fhellagam
 Bean chaomh a chaidrimh nach b' olc.

Fhuair mis' an coingheall o Dhia thu
 Da fhichead bliadhna 's a h-ochd;
 'S chaith sinn an uine gun chànan,
 'S cha chuala cach sinn a trod

Ach chlonn nach h-ann agam-s' sa fhuaradh,
 'S nach robh m' aont' dh' i buan, un chrìch,
 Nuair 'thagair an Ti a thug bhuaith' i,
 Leig mise bhuam i gun strì.

'S uaigneach leam-sa 'bhith leam fein,
 Ach 's eiginn dhomh suireach am thod;
 Ordagh Rìgh nan sluagh gu léir
 Gu de 'm feum 'bhith ris a trod?

Tha do leaba leam cumhann, fuar,
 Ach bhlaithich Crìoad an ualgh le blàths;
 Is as a bhàs gun dux e 'n gath,
 Sgeula math 's chùis aig' ir e.

Gu de 'm feum dhomh 'bhith gad chaidh.
 'S nach faigh mi a chaidh thu air ais!

Theid mise ri ulne nad dheidh,
'S cinnteach mi gun deid an cala.

Tha do chadal samhach, buan,
Gu aiseirigh an t-sluaigh o 'n bhàs;
'S aghmhor a chobhair a rug ort
O anshocair ghoirt 's o chradh.

Tha mo dhòchas ann an Crìosd,
'N Ti 'dhìoi airson peacadh chalach,
'Thé 's tric a riaralach am bochd
Gu bheil t' anam an nochd 'na bhlàths.

Cuid eile 'chuis m' aoibhnis mhoir,
'S nach d' fhaod gum b'è bhith beo do chas,
Thu bhith foirfe an naomhachd gun spot,
Gun pheacadh, gun lochd, gu bràth.

Comhdhail sholasach le 'chelle,
Tna mi 'guidhe Dho de 'ghràs',
'Bhith agamsa 's agad 'fein
An talla 'n eibhris 's an àigh.

An creideamh na putnge so féin,
An dùil eisdeachd anns a chàs,
Tha mo rùn-sa fuireach ri m' ré,
Gun mhonmhor, gun eis, gun chradh.

Cha robh do theanga-sa ruath;
Co de 'n t-sluaigh d' an ùg i beu-o?
B' fhuasad dhomh eilu a thoirt ort
Nach coisneadh a h-uile té

Ach o nach h-fheil m' ùidh-s ann an sgìeo,
'S nach mo 'tha'agad-s' air feum,
Fanaidh mi tuitleadh am thàmh;
Ach mo bheannachd gun bràth a' dheidh.

Calum a Ghlinne.

Malcolm Maclean, Calum a Ghlinne, was a native of Kinlochewe, in Ross-shire. He enlisted in the army when quite a young man. He retired with a pension. It is likely that after his return he lived for some time in his native district. He spent the latter part of his days in Glensgaith, at the foot of Benwyvis, Beinn-fhuathais, where he had a small piece of land, and grazing for two or three cows. He was married, and had a daughter. He was a good-natured, cheerful man, but was too fond of a dram. He had an excellent wife, a woman who never said a cross word to him, whether he was drunk or sober. He died about the year 1764. His daughter was married. Her husband and herself were living in the parish of Contin in 1769.

Mo Chailin Donn Og.

LUNNEG.

Mo challin donn og, 's mo nighean dubh thogarrach,
 Thogainn ort fonn 's neo-throm gun togainn,
 Mo nigh 'n dubh gun iarraidh, mo bhriathar
 gun togainn,
 'S gun innsinn an t-aobhar nach h-'fheileas gad
 thogradh,
 Mo challin donn og.

Gu bheil thu gu boldheach, baludidh, banail,
Gun chron ort fo 'n ghreip, gun bheum, gun
sgainnir;

Gur gill' thu fo d' lein' na éiteag na mara,
'S tha choir agam fein gun cheillé 'bhith mar-
riut.

Gur muladach mi 's mi dhith na 's meit leam;
Na dheanadh dhomh stàth th' aig cach ga
mhalairt.

Bidh t' athair an comhnuidh 'gol le cathream;
'S e eolas nan corn a di' fhadh mi cho falamh.

Nam bithinn-sa 'gol mu bhord na dibhe,
'S gum falcinn mo mhian 's mo obiall a tighinn,
'S e 'n copan beag donn 'thogadh foun air mo
chridhe,

'S cha dugainn mo bhriathar nach iarrainn e
rithid.

Bidh bodach na duthch' ri bùrt 's ri sanaid,
A cantuinn rium fein nach gelli mi 'dh-ainnis.
Ged tha mi gun spreidh tha teud ri 'tharruinn,
'S cha aguir mi de 'n ol ri m' bheo air thalamh.

'S tomadh bodachan gnù nach duraig m' aithris,
Le 'thional air spreidh 's iad ga 'threiginn 's
t-earrach,

Nach cosg anns a bhliadhn' blaigh trian a
ghallain,

'S cha doir e fo 'n uir na 's mù na bheir Calum.

Nam bithinn air felll 's na ceudan mar-riam
De chuideachda choir a dh' òladh drama,
Gun suidhinn mu 'n bhord 's gun traighinn mo
shearrag;

'S cha duirt mo bhean riamh rium ach Dia leat
a, Chalum.

Ged tha mi gun stor le ol 's le tomairt,
Air bheagan de ni le pris na mine,
Tha m' fhortan aig Dia 's Eifalaidd nime,

'S ma gheibh mi mo shlaint gum pàigh mi na shreas.

Ge mor e le cach na tha mi 'mill'adh,
Cha dugainn mo bhoir nach òlainn tulleadh;
Gur h-e a bhith mor tha 'n fheoll a sreadh;
Tha 'n sgeul ud ri aithris air Calum a Ghlinne.

An T-Each Odhar.

LUINNEAG.

Sud mar 'dh' iomair mi 'n t-each odhar,
'Thug mi thun na felle fotham;
'Nuair a shaoll mi 'chur air theadhair,
'S ann a gheibhinn dram dheth.

Thug mi 'n sgrìob ud bho Cheann-Locha
Lels an each 'bu mhath gu obair;
'S gu de 'thachair rium gu h-obann
Ach stòp sgobalg 's dram ann.

Ghabh mi cairtealan an toiseach,
'S thuirtean bean-an-taighe gun doicheall,
B' fhèairrd thu rud an deidh na coiseachd,
'S thug i deoch is dram dhomh.

Dh' fhosgall mi doras an t-seombair;
Bha cairdean ann is luchd-eolais,
'S thuirtean rium le briathran mora.
Gun olainn gun taing dhomh.

Bhon a fhuair mi iad cho cridheil
Ghlaoth mi fhìn air stòp a rithisid;
Saoll sibh fein nach b' fhèairrd sinn dlithsid,
'S mi 'thighinn cho amoch!

Shuidh mi gu semalt am chathair,
'S ghlaoth mi 'suas ri bean-an-taighe,
Bhon theirig solus an latba
I dh' fhaiginn duinn choinnean.

Thug mis' an oidheche gu lutha
 Ri slor ol an uisge-bheatha
 'S airglod mo ghearrain ga 'chrathadh
 Ri aighear 's ri dannsa.

Nuair a shaoll mi gum b' e 'n lath' e,
 Dh' fhosgall mi doras a chadha,
 'S chunnalc mi 'n talamh, 's an t-adhar,
 'S ball' an talghe 'dannsa.

Chuir mac-na-bracha air mhilg mi,
 Chaidh e ann am cheann a chlisgeadh,
 'S thug e bhuan mo chainnt a thlotadh
 Le lotalch' mo theanga.

Nuair a dh' éirinn ann am sheasamb,
 'S ann a dh' fhalbhainn air mo leth-taobh;
 Gun do bhagair e mo leagadh,—
 Cuid de 'n chleas a rinn e.

Cha dug mise bharr na céille,
 Air son m' eich a b' airde 'leumadh,
 Ach da fhacal de dhroch Bheurla;
 'S cha mi-fein an call deth.

'S e bu chiall dalbh tuig, a nighean,
 'S lion a suas an stòp a rithisd.—
 Cha robh guth air mál an tighearn',
 No air dlùghe maighstir,

Bho Cheann-Locha is in the MS. do
 Cheann-Locha, and may be correct. It
 is said, however, that it was at Dingwall
 that Malcolm sold the horse. Sud mar
 'dh iomair mi 'n t-each odhar is what is
 in the MS., and is more expressive than
 the words generally sung, Sud mar
 'bhuilich mi 'n t-each odhar.

Iain Mac Thearlaich Oig.

John Maclean, Iain mac Thearlaich Oig, was the second son of Charles Maclean of Inverscadell. He was born about the year 1700. He removed from Ardgour, and went to reside in Mull at a place called Sorn. He married Mary, daughter of Allan Maclean of Ardgour, and granddaughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, by whom he had two children, John and Florence. He was the author of several songs.

Is an Leam nach h-fheil Tlachdmhor.

Is an leam nach h-fheil tlachdmhor
An t-achd a rinn Deorsa,
'Thug ar n-alm bhuainn 's ar n-aodach
A bha daonnan gar còmhach;
'N aite breacain an fhéile
As 'm bu ghleus 'ta fir oga,
Gun ach brìgis is casag.
-Agus bata 'nar do-naibh.

Cha b' e cadal 'san smùr
'S an d' chuir mi ùidh an tus m' olge,
Ach eirigh gu sunndach
Ain an drùchd 's breith air mor-ghath.
Bhiodh a choill air gach laimh dhomh,
'Cur deagh fhàilidh am phoraibh,
'S mi 'diréadh nan creachann;—
'S tric a leag mi 'n damh cròte' ann.

'S nuair a thigeadh an dàmhair
 Cha b' i 'chlarsach 'bu cheol domh,
 Ach buirich nan làn damh
 Ann an àirid' nam beann mora.
 Bhiodh ar mialchoin 's ar gadhair
 A cur faghaid an Conaghleann;
 Bu tric agh is damh cabraòh
 Mu na h-àlaidhean gorma.

Chluinnteadh cuach ann ad chollle,
 'S bu bhinn a gholreadh an smùdan;
 A toirt teisteinis laidir
 Mar bha nadar gan stiuradh.
 Gheibhteadh Ìath-chearc 'san doire,
 Is bu toll leam a clùchran,
 Is a colleach mu 'colinnimh
 Air toman a durdall.

Gheibhteadh broc ann is taghan,
 Capull-collle 's boc earba;
 'S bhiodh am bradan gle lionmhor
 Air na linnichean garbha,
 'S namh air buinne sruth fìor uisg'.
 'S e gu h-inntinneach, tarrugheal,
 Is gu crom-ghobach, ullamh,
 'Leum ri cuileig 'san anmoch.

Och, 's e 'dh' fhaig mi mar Oisein,
 Is mar choltas maol-clàrain,
 'Dh' fhaig me chridh' air a dhochnadh
 Is mo dhosan air liathadh,
 'Bhith gun ghiubhsalach ri 'choisesachd,
 Is am fochair an fhìladach,
 'S gun de dh-airm chum mo chosnadh
 Ach corcag bheag laruinn,

Ann an àite na dàga
 A chialdheabff 's na sgéithe,
 Is a chuillbheir chaoll ghlaice
 'Chuireadh stad air mac éilde;

Is nach cluinn mi guth aca
De dh-eachdraidh, no sgentlachd,
Ach cuibhlichean 's factori,
Beirtean is Beuria.

Cha'n fhéill fomradh air dualchas,
No air cruadal no tapadh;
Chuir a' chuibheall mu 'n cuairt d' i
Car tuathal is tarsuinn;
Sleachd nam bodachan glúgach,
'Bha 'sna dùnaibh gan cartadh,
'Seoladh ard os ar clonn-ne
Bhon a thionndaidh a chairt oirnn.

O marbhphaisg ort, a shaoghall,
Tha thu caochtaideach, cealgach;
Bha mi uair nach do shaoll leam
Teachd as aogais a gharbhlaich.
Mis' a chleachd 'bhith 'n Airdghobar,
'M bu tric gleadhar bhoc earba,
Tha an diugh an Sorn odhar
Air todhar a mheanbh-chruidh.

Oran

Do Dhonnachadh Mac-Aonghuis, d'am bu cho-
ainm Donnachadh na Beurla.

Cha 'n e goirteas mo shroine,
Ged tha doruinn na 'mullach,
A chuir m' aigneadh cho bronach,
Is mo chomhradh fo mhulad:
Ach sar oigear na Beurla,
Air gach féill a fhuair urram,
'N déidh a bhristeadh le beisdean
'S tric 'bha 'geumnaich am Múile.

Ruigidh bristeadh a chaipitín,
 Cluasan clai-steachd a Phrionnsa,
 'M fear a fhreasdail na 'aice e,
 'S cha bu tals e mar dhiúlach.
 Nuair a theich n' bha aige
 Is a sgap iad gach aon taobh,
 Sin nuair mhearsail an gaisgeach
 Le 'fhir ghasda g' a lounsuidh.

Tha thu 'shilochd nam fear gasda
 A bha 'n slachdraich Cath Gharbhfhaltch;
 A rinn tiomnadh gun taise,
 Agus gaisge le 'n armaibh,
 Nuair a thog iad corp Eachainn
 Bho chasan an naimhdean,
 Air an tuaghannaibh sgaiteach
 Gu 'thoirt dachaidh troimh 'n Ghalldachd.

Nuair a spreigteadh pìob mhor leat,
 'S tu 'cur 'n òrdaigh do bhrataich,
 Bhiodh tu togradh gu còmhrag,
 'Dhol an còmhall nam marcach.
 Nuair a ruisgeadh tu 'n spòlta,
 Nach robh lùdail r'a falcinn
 Cha bu shlachdan alg oinnsi 'n
 Claidheabh mòr aig a ghaisgeach.

'S math thig boineid le fàbhar
 Mu d' chu' fainneach donn socair,
 'Dol an coinnimh do namhaid,
 Air each ard na sar choiseachd,
 Cha b' e fuath Mhic-a-Mhàillidh
 Fear do ghnath is do chòltais;
 An am suidhe 's taigh-thairne
 'S tu gum pàigheadh na botuill.

Nam bhiodh Uilleam, an Bliuca,
 'S tus an' tus a chruaidh thoitell,
 'Deanamh casgairt le 'r luth-chleas
 'S tus' a bhuidhneadh an trod ud.

Nan d' fhuair thu g' a lonnsuidh
 Le d' chladheabh cull an ceann soclar,
 Gun robh Uilleam le d' shugradh
 'Call a lùth an Cull-fhodair.

Sud na h-airm dhuit a thaghalnn.
 'Dhol air t' aghaidh gu meanmnach,
 Gunna, sglath, agus clogad
 'S claidheabh socrach an ceanna-bheirt.
 Ged chuir t' ceud de luchd-brochain
 'S nan droch chasagar dearga,
 Ann a' t' aghaidh a chogadh
 Cha b' eadh gog dhiu nach marbht' leat.

Hector Roy Maclean of Duart, Eachann
 Ruadh nan Cath, was killed at the Battle
 of Harlaw in 1411. His body was carried
 home to Mull by the Macinnesses and
 Morisons.

Eoghan Mac-Gilleain.

Ewen Maclean lived in Barra. He was evidently a man of good poetic gifts.

ORAN DO MHAC-NEILL BHARRA.

Thuat mi naidheachd thar fasaich
 Mu chuis grànda gun tuigse;
 Tha mo smaointinnean gabhaidh,
 'S bualadh galrich am chuislean.
 Leam is cruaidh a bhith dìteadh
 An fhìr phrìseil gun tuisleadh;
 Slat de 'n abhall gun chrìne
 'Dh' fhas cho dìreach ri cuidseal.

Sar cheann-uidhe nan déirceach.
 Gòis na feile 's an tìachda.
 Nam bu bhàs dhuit 'sa cheum sin
 Bhìomaid fein dheth gun talca.
 'S iomad dilleachdan bronach
 'Bhìodh gun chomhnadh gun taca,
 Ga 'shìor ghreadadh 's ga 'leonadh,
 'S ar tìghearn' og ga 'thoirt seachad.

Càit 'n do sheas e air urlar
 No 'n do lub e na' phearsa
 Aon 'thug barr ort an cùirteas,
 'Fhìr bu lùth-chleasaich' fasan?
 Tha mi cinnteach gu leoir dheth,
 Cha 'n e 'm bosd 'tha mi cantuinn,
 Nach lùbadh tu 'm feolrèin
 Fo do bhroig air an fhaiche.

Càit am faicteadh fo armaibh
 Aon bu dealbhalche pearsa?
 Bhìodh ort claidheabh chinn airgid

'S daga mheanbh-bhreach na leapa,
Sgiath charr: igneach bhreach, philleach,
'S biodag bhiorach gheur sgaiteach.
Bu tu 'm fìuran deas moralach,
'S an connspunn treun smachdail.

Bu tu sealgair na sìthne
Anns na frithibh 'gan caisead,
Le gunna 'bheoil chinntich,
'Bheireadh dìth air an ealtainn.
Nuair a chaogadh tu 'mhìog-shull
Is a chiteadh do lasair,
Bhìodh do phelleir a gluasad
Troimh dhamb uallach an astair.

Bu tu'n sgiobair neo-chearbach
Air muir ghallbheich nan cas-shruth:
Bha thu mìon-shuileach, cinnteach,
Foinnidh, innsgineach, tapaidh;
Bha thu fearall ri t' innse,
S bha thu fìor ghasd' ri t' fhaicinn;
'S air nàille bhuidhneadh tu eis
Air iomairt dhisnean nam breac-bhall.

Cuim' an ceillinn an fhirinn?
Dh'fhaoduinn innse gun sgrubadh
Nach robh idir 'sna crìochan s'
Aon nach b'fhiach leis bhith 'd chuideachd,
Nuair a thairngteadh do shìth,
'S an am do mhì-run tigh'nn ugad,
'S tu nach sòradh am fìon oirnn
No aon ni bhìodh am buideal.

Cuideal, a cudgel. Tacsas, support, substance
solidity. Innsgineach, sprightly, lively.

(F-1)

Failte Thearlaich na Sgurra ;

Oran do Thearlach Mor Mac-Gilleain, Fear na Sgurra.

Fonn: "Nuair thig an samhradh geugach oirnn."

A Thearlaich òig, clad failte dhuit,
'S do bheath' air tràigh na duthcha so;
Gur tamull agrion do phòige orm,
Tha dearg mo bheoil air rusgadh leath'.
Nar cuirinn diom an éislein so,
'S gun éirinn as a chruban so
Gum falcinn fhin am maireach thu,
'S gu deanainn gaire sunndach riut.

Is fad o 'n la a dhealaich sinn
'N am carraid ris na Tuatha chibh;
Gun d' ghabh mi dhìot cead carthannach,
'S gu deimhin gum bu luath leam e.
Thug mi ceum ad dheaghainn,
Agus t' aghaidh ris na fuar bheannaibh,
'S gun d' fhag sud m' inntinn canranach,
Is treis de m' nadar bruailleineach.

Gur math am measg na cuideachd thu,
'S neo-thuiteamach an comhradh thu ;
Cha d' chuir thu suil an sgrubaireachd,
'S cha b' fhasan duit 'bhith mòralach.
Cha d' chuir thu suil am miodhoireachd,
S a bhrìbearachd cha d' fhoghlaim thu,
'N am sgur de dh-òl an fhiona
Cha bhiodh cunntas crìon mu 'n bhord
againn.

C' àit am faigh mi leannan dhuit,
No mairist 'theid ad chòmhair-sa.
Cha 'n fheil i anns an fhearann so
Na 's airidh air an oighear ud,
Nam bu mhise thaghadh i,
'S mo raghainn a bhith deonach ort,
Gur te gun ghiamh, gun fhailinn innt',
A bhiodh am maireach pòsda riut.

Ach on is ni nach faodar sin,
 Gur faoin duinn a bhith comhradh air.
 Bi fìorach far an iarr thu te,
 Bi sgialach air a seoltaichean,
 'S nach liutha te gun ghiamh innte
 Na' eala chlar air lointeanaibh,
 Bidh cuid diu 's faicinn breagh' orra,
 Ach 's fearr dhuit ciall na boidheod aic'.

Gur math a thig an armachd ort,
 'S neo-leanabail an tus còmhraig thu;
 Bidh daga nam ball airgid ort,
 Gu boidheach, dealbhach, or-ghleusach.
 Bhiodh gunn' ad lalmh gu curamach,
 Is t' fhudar ann am pòcaldean;
 'S gun deant' ar t-ord a rùsgadh leat,
 Nach diultadh an am còmhalach.

Gur math a thig an claidheabh
 Air crios laghach nam ball boidheach ort;
 'S cha chlaidheabh air leas gàrlaich e
 Nuair chàirear ann an ordagh e;
 Ach slachdan leathan dias fhada
 Gun mheirig, gun ghiamh, gun fhòtus ann;
 An lalmh a churaidh chruadaisich
 Gum buidh'n nteadh buaidh air moran leis.

'S an nìs on rinn thu tilleadh
 As gach ionad anns na thàrlaidh thu,
 Gun bheud, gun phudhar pearsa ort,
 Ach mar a b' ait le d' chaidhean thu,
 Ge b' é neach a tha 'm mìorun dhuit,
 Gu bheil mi-fhìu mar dh' fhag thu mi,
 'S air son thu thigh'nn do 'n tìr ugainn,
 Gun lìon 's gun ol mi 'n t-slàinte so.

This song must have been composed
 about 1750.

An T-Aireach Muileach.

The Aireach Muileach was a Maclean. He was, as his name imports, a herdsman, and lived in Mull. It is said that he was in the employ of Maclaine of Lochbui. He had a clear head and a sharp tongue, and was a bitter satirist. A man named Colin Campbell, An Caimbeulach Dubh, stole some cows from Lochbui. The Aireach took vengeance upon the thief by composing a song about him. When Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair heard the song he composed a reply in praise of Campbell and abused the Aireach in it. This led to a war of words between them. Whilst the Aireach was by no means the equal of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair in poetic ability, he was more than a match for him as a cutting, stinging satirist. It is said that the Aireach's baptismal name was John, and that he was known as Iain Mac Dhomhnaill. His productions have perished, except a few stanzas.

An Caimbeulach Dubh.

An Caimbeulach Dubh a Cinntaile,
Iar-ogh' 'mhortair 's ogh' a mheirlich
Am Braid-Albainn fhuair e rach,—
Siol na ceilge 's meirleach a chruidh.

'S odhar ciar an Caimbeulach Dubh,
 'S oillteil, fhadhaich 'amharc 's a chruth,
 'S lachdunn, liath-ghlas, dubh; cha'n fhiach e;
 'S fear gun mhiadh an Caimbeulach Dubh.

Cuiream tuath e, cuiream deas e,
 Cuiream siar e, cuiream sear e,
 Cuiream flos gu baird gach fearainn,
 Gus an caill e 'n craiccan na 'shruth.
 'S odhar ciar an Caimbeulach Dubh,
 'S oillteil, fhadhaich 'amharc 's a chruth,
 'S lachdunn, liath-ghlas, dubh; cha'n fhiach e;
 'S fear gun mhiadh an Caimbeulach Dubh.

Aoir

AIR ALASDAIR MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASDAIR.

Cha deic fhad 's a tha mi 'g éisdeachd
 Ris an 'isg a tha gam chaincadh.
 Cuim' nach innsinn pàirt de 'n fhirinn,
 Ged nach d' rugadh am fhir bhard mi?
 Tha suilean agam gu faicinn,
 'S cluasan gu claisdeachd miu d' ghnàthan;
 'S fhuair mi mar theisteanas riamh ort
 Gum b' fhearr thu nach b' fhiach ad nadar.

'S tu màgan cealgach na dige,
 'S tu an losgan litheach; tàrr-ghlas,
 'S tu an t-seilcheig shleamhuinn, stigeach,
 'S tu snag mhillteach, dhòn' a chàntain,
 'S tu famh gionach an dian bhùraich,
 'S tu bratag lùbach an fhàsaich;
 'S tu 'm partan o'n duilich a spionadh
 Aon ni a' t' ingnean a thàrras.

Thar gach éisg 's tu 'n dallag mhùgach,
 'S tu bhlast-shiubhlach, 's tu mac-lànhaich;

'S tu am broc, air Ioin a bhreuntais,
 'Bhiodh a shron na 'chéir tri ràidhean ;
 'S gur tu mhall do 'n ainm a gheur-lann ;
 'S ole an treud a tha dhuit cairdeach.
 'S mur bhith gràin do chàirdean fhéin ort,
 Cha deanainn-sa, 'bhéist, do chaineadh,

Cha'n ionghnadh ged bhoidh ort gorta.
 'S nach ann gad chosnadh a tha thu.
 'S tric thu gun bhíadh, gun aodach,
 A donnalach air aodann chairdean.
 'S iomadh la on bha iad sgìth dhìot ;
 Gur a tric thu sgrìobadh pairt d'iu ;
 'S iad a guidhe bàis gun lochd dhuit,
 Mun déid do chrochadh mu'n mhèiric.

Rinn thu 'd chridh' air t' athair d'imeas,
 'S dh' amhaire thu sìos air do mhathair ;
 Bhrisd thu 'n seanachas a tha sgrìobhte,
 'N dèidh a dhionachadh 'sna h-àithntean.
 Thug thu mìonnan air a Bhiobull,
 Nach b' fhearr do shìnsir na Sàtan ;
 'S bhrath thu iad air bheagan cùinnidh,
 Mar rinn Iudas air ar Sìanuirgear.

'Bhladhna sin thainig am Prionnsa,
 Bu shiubhlach thu anns gach àite ;
 Ad chlach-bhalg air feadh na dùthcha ;
 'G iarraidh orr' ta'ndadh le Tearlach.
 Ach cho luath 's a thug e chùl rint ;
 Thionndaidh an cu ri sheann nàdar.
 Cha b' e 'n creideamh ach am brosgul
 'Chuir a ghiulan crois a phàp thu.

So far as known to us there is no
 ground for the insinuation that Mac

Mhaighstir Alasdair turned against
 Prince Charles. He was a born Jacobite
 and could never become anything else.

Diomoladh na Morthir.

'S maig a mhol a Mhòrthir robach
 Airson stobaich challtuinn
 Heitirinn àirinn, uirinn, ohoro,
 Heitirinn, àirinn hò rò.

Fearann mosach 's ole r'a choiseachd,
 Cha chinn molt nomeann air.

Mnathan binneach air bheag grinneas,
 'S iad ri inisg chainnteach.

We have not seen any more of this
 song. It is a reply to Mac Mhaighstir
 Alasdair beautiful descriptive poem,
 Failte na Morthir.

Fear an Lagain.

Archibald Maclean resided in Laggan in the Isle of Mull. He was the fourth son of Donald Maclean of Torloisk and his wife, Mary, daughter of Campbell of Sunderland. He was a kind-hearted and pleasant man. He died in 1800, and was buried in Kilninian churchyard. There were eight pipers at his funeral.

Nighean Donn nan Gobhar.

LIUNNEAG.

O, a nighean donn nan gobhar,
E, a nighean donn nan gobhar;
Dh'òlainn bhualt bainne fo chobhar,
'S gheibheadh tu gleadh a' n' truibh.

Lion am botul, lion a dha dhiu,
Lion a tri dhiu mar a b' àbhaist;
Gun dean ginichean am pàigheadh;
Seasaidh a bhó bhàn a pris.

Gur a h-l mo rùn is m' aunsachd,
An nigh'n donn 'tha ris na gambna;
Nuair a theid thu do 'n bhàl dannsaidh
Cha bhí do shamhladh 'san tìr.

Nuair a theid thu ad làn chomhdach,
'S bhios do ribinnean an ordagh,
Cha'n fhell fleasgach 'san Roinn Eorpa
Nach bi 'g òl ort ann am fion.

Nuair a theid thu mu na bruachan,
'S bhios do ribinnean mu'n cuairt dhuit,

'M fear a bhios da mhìle shuas bhuailt,
Cuiridh tu bruallean na 'chridh'.

ISE A FREAGAIRT.

Cha phòs mise 'chaoidh fear suarach,
Is cha ni leam bhith ga' lualdh riomh;
'S ann bhios agam sàr dhuta' nasal
Nach cuir gruaman orm a 'chaoidh.

AM BARD.

'S a nigh'n donn 'tha 'd shuidhe làmh-riomh
Gur a mór a thug mi 'ghràdh dhuit;
Is ma gheibh mi toll do chàirdcan,
'S mi nach dean ort tàir a 'chaoidh.

'S beag mo dhéidh air té le storas,
No air té 'bhiodh uaibhreach, pròiseil;
Té mo ruin, a challeag bhoideach
A tha 'n coinhnuidh laghach, grinne.

Blomaid cridheil, blomaid ceòlmhor,
Deanamaid gach ni mar 's còir dhuinn;
Gheibh sinn pailteas fhad 's is beo sinn,
'S gu de 'n còrr a bhiodh gar dìth?

Oran

Le Fear an Lagain, an déidh Lagh na Glaise.

LUINNEAG.

O 's mis' 'th' air mo lagadh,
'S mi 'n so am measg Ghallaibh,
'S nach faigh mi lochd cadail le dòruinn.

Nuair chaidh thu gam dhiteadh,
Thug thu leat Cairstine,
'S chaidh coitise gle riomhach na 'comhdail

'S e turus na breislich
'Thug mi dh' fhaicinn Miss Katie,

'S gun d' fhuair mi mu dheireadh gu leoir
dh' i.

'S e turus gun bhuannachd
'Thug mi dh' fhaicinn na gruagaich ;
Gun d' thuit mi le bruaich 'san robh
stòiridh.

Ged tha mise for eislein,
Tha 'n gobhainn gle eibhinn
Bhon thachair e-fhéin is Fear Chòrnaig.

Ged thigeadh Mac-Cuair
'S na bh' aige de dh-uaislean,
Cha'n fhuiliginn 'san uair s' ann am chóir e

'M fear ruadh ud de m' chinneadh,
Gur suarach mi uimè,
Ged thigeadh e Mhingeiridh 'chomhnuidh.

Nan dìgeadh Sir Ailein
Le chòmhlanaibh glana,
Gum fanadh e tamull am chóir-sa.

Thoir mo shoraidh 'n tir Ìseal
Gu uaislean 's gu Ìslean,
'S thoir ùiread ri trì dhiu gu Domhnall.

Cha'n éirich mi 'm sheasamh,
Cha'n éirich am feasda,
Bhon fhuair mi mo ghreadadh 's mo
- leonadh.

Nam bithinn-s' am Muile,
An dùthaich na tuinne,
Gun dìgeadh gach duin' ann am chomh-
dhail.

An gobhainn, the man who made the locks
which occasioned the Lawsuit of the Locks.
Mac Cuair, Macquarrie of Ulva. Am fear
ruadh, Hector Maclean of Ensay. Sir Ailein,
Sir Ailan Maclean of Bròlas. Pomhnall,
Donald, son and heir of Hugh Maclean of Coll.
He was drowned in 1774.

A
pò
bu
ad

Duanag.

Le Fear an Lagain, an nair a bha e air leab-
aidh a bhàis.

LUINNEAG.

Cha 'n fheil feum anns a mhulad,
Cha 'n fheil treun ris nach cuir e,
Cha 'n fheil feum anns a mhulad.

Allis dhonn gur mor mo ghradh ort;
Gruaidh na nàire 's beul an fhuarain.

Tha mi 'n dòchas dhìot nach taobh thu
Giullan faoin nach dean do chumail.

'Iain, bi gu math do dh-Allis,
Thoir do ghràdh dh' i mar a bhuitneas.

Tha mi 'n so an seòmbar clàraidh,
'S ge fad an dàil thig an cuireadh."

Tha mo dhotair ann am Bròlas,
'S cha dìg e gam chòir-sa tuilleadh.

Nam biodh fios aige mar tha mi,
Mharcaicheadh e 'm màn gu h-ullamh.

'S mithich dhomhsa sgur de m' oran,
Bhon tha 'n crònan s' ann am mhuiteal.

'S mor mo pheacaidhean r' an leughadh,
'S lionmhor iad seach feur is duilleach.

'S lionmholre na ghaineamh ghlas iad;
Och, mo chreach, cha 'n fhaodar fuireach.

Tha mo dhòchas uil' an trocair
An Ti ghloirmhoir sin a dh' fhulling.

Allis, a nighean. Iain, a mbac. Cha robh e
posda; ach bha e math d'a chuid cloinne. Cha
bu trudar gun diu e a bhòidicheadh nach bu leis
ad, agus nach deanadh ai air an son.

Ailis Nic-Gilleain.

Alice Maclean was a daughter of Donald Maclean of Torloisk and a sister of Archibald of Laggan. She was married to Lachlan Macquarrie of Ulva, by whom she had several children. She died at a comparatively early age. She was a woman of ability, and evidently a real poetess.

We give a tradition with regard to Alice Maclean and her husband, which may be correct. We trust, however, for the sake of her husband that it is not correct. It is this. Alice was engaged to be married to Campbell of Ballinaby in Islay. Lachlan Macquarrie forged a letter in Campbell's name and sent it to her. In the letter the writer stated that he was on the way to Edinburgh to get married. A few days afterwards Macquarrie went to see Alice, proposed to her, and was accepted. She was married only a short time when she found out that she had been cruelly deceived. It is scarcely necessary to say that she was never happy with her husband. The deception practised upon her was the cause of the following song:

M
was
lairc

A Bhean Mhuladach.

LUNNEAG.

Seinn o horo seinn,
Seinn o horo 'leannain,
Seinn o horo seinn.

Gur a muladach 'tha mi,
'S mi air àirdh 'chruidh bhainne.

Gur a a muladach sgìth mi,
'S mi leam fhìn an tìr m' aineol.

Ged nach bì mi ga 'Inn ceadh,
'S ann an Il' tha mo leannan.

Ged nach bì mi ga 'fàilinn,
Thug mi gradh dha 's mi 'm leanabh.

'Thighearn' òig Bhàil-an-àba,
'S tu mo ghradh de na fearsaibh.

Ach ma chaidh thu 'Dhuneideann,
Guidheam fein thu thigh'nn fallain.

Lamh a stiuradh a bhàta,
'S muir a gàirich ri 'darach.

'S tu gun stiuradh i dìreach
Troimh Chaol Ile na 'deannaibh.

'S tu gun stiuradh i tìoram,
'S muir a mire ri 'darach.

Ged 's e 'm Mulleach a 's nì dhomb,
'S e an t-Ileach mo leannan.

Mairi Nign'u Eoghain.

Mary Maclean, Mairi Nighean Eoghain,
was a daughter of Hugh Maclean, 14th
laird of Coll. She was married, July

31st, 1761, to the Rev. Malcolm Macaskill, minister of Eigg, Muck, Rum, and Canna, and had seven children. Of her songs we have only a few bits.

Duanag d'a Brathair.

Is a thlghearn' oig chola,
Guidheam sonas is àgh ort.

Hao ill o roho ho,
'Ghaoll gum falceam slàn thu;
Hao ill o roho ho.

Riut a thogadh mo chridhe,
'S tu a tighinn fo d' mhàlleid.

Saoghal fad dhutt 'n deagh bheatha,
'N deidh do mhnatha 's do mhàthar.

Bi math ad cheann tuatha;
'S dòcha buaidh thigh'nn air àl sud.

Donald, her brother, went to see Mrs. Macaskill. She met him as he came up from the boat to the manse, and welcomed him in the poetic lines just given. Donald was drowned in the Sound of Ulva in 1774.

Rannan.

Chuir mi suas mo ghùn balnse,
'Dhol a shealltuinn mo sheann feannain,
Hug o rin o 's mi air m' aineol.

'S truagh nach robh te eile 'm sheombar,
Is mi-fhìn 's Mac-Leoid am Manain.

Iain Mac Eoghain.

John Maclean, known as Iain mac Eoghain, lived in Langamull in the Isle of Mull. He was a firm Jacobite, and an excellent swordsman. He was at one time insulted by the Campbells, for whom he had certainly no great love. He challenged any man of the name to meet him in a duel with swords, but his challenge was not accepted. He was born probably about the year 1745. He married Mary Maclean, by whom he had four sons and five daughters. He was the author of several songs, but they have all perished except a few stanzas.

Nan Digeadh Tus', a Thearlach.

Nan digeadh tus' a Thearlach,
 Le d' mhath 's le d' mhisnich laoir,
 Gu 'r togall as na càsan s',
 Gum b' àrd 'bhiodh ar ceann.
 'S iomadh fear 'thug gradh dhuit,
 Nach leasach thu gu bràth e,
 Ged a bhiodh tu 'm màireach
 'S na b' àill leat fo d' laim'.
 'S e 'n leasachadh a b' fhearr leian,
 Air son na chaidh gu bàs leat,
 Gum falceamaid na Gàidheall
 Le 'n clàidhean an camp';
 Ar Tearlach 'bhith ga 'chrùnadh,
 Is Breatann 'bhith fo 'umhlachd,
 Is Seoras 'dol gu 'dhùthaich,
 Le rùsgadh nan lann.

Gur mor a chulaidh mhùisig,
 Sibh fein 's ar trudar Diuca,

'Bhith 'nis ag Iarraidh ùmhlaichd
 An cùirt Inne-Gall.
 Cha b'è meud bhur dìlùnaid
 A dh' fhàg bhur fearann dùmhail,
 Ach innleachdan is lùban,
 'S gach cùis a dhol cam.
 Tha agam air a chùl sin
 Na'r droch bheartan ri chùntas,
 Bin d' chroch sibh Seumas Stiubhart,
 'S na chùis dhuibh a bh'ann.
 Ach dh' fhaoidt' a bhith ri ùine
 Gun d' fhaighear sin leibh dubailt';
 'S ged chithinn e le m' shullean,
 'S ann leam nach bu chall.

B' fhearr leam fhin na 'n dùthach,
 Is tuilleadh mor na b' fhu i,
 Gun digeadh fearlach Stiubhart
 Fo shiull gu Whitehall.
 Nan digeadh tu gu 'r n-Ionnsuidh
 Le fheadh mìle dìlùnach,
 Gun càramaid gu surdall
 An crùn air do cheann.
 Sin nuair bhlomaid sunndach,
 Cha chaidleamaid 'san lùirich,
 Cha bhiodh ar ceann 'san smùraich,
 'S bhiodh sùghadh nar calnt;
 Claidheabh air chul dùirn agalnn,
 'Bag'radh dol ga 'rùsgadh,
 'S gur teann nach rachadh sgiursadh
 Air criu nam beul cam.

The duke referred to is the Duke of Argyll. Colin Campbell of Glenure was shot dead by Allan Breac Stewart on the 14th of May, 1752. James Stewart, a man who had nothing to do with the murder, was arrested, condemned and hanged for it.

Orain le Baird Neo Ainmichte.

ORAN DO SHIR IAIN MAC-GILLEAIN,
Triath Dhubhairt

'Dheagh Mhic-Colanich a Brathainn,
'S cian 's gur fad' 'tha thu 'd laighe,
'S nach do dh-eirich thu fhathast,
'Chur le deagh Mhae Gilleain,
'S cha mho 'chaidh tu roimh latha 'thoirt air
orr'.

'S a Mhic-Neill o'n tìr thuathalach,
Is beirt neònach a bhual thu.
Càit an robh thu nach cual thu
Mac-Gilleain ga 'thiadach
Far nach faight' ach slòid fuar airson bàidse;

So an tìr a tha bochd dheth
Le luchd reubainn is cosgraidh;
Mnathan sgìth, 's iad ri osnalach,
Fìr nan sìneadh fo lotalbh
Agus sìthich a rocall nam bràghad.

Mnathan fionna gan rùsgadh,
'S fìr gan losgadh le fudar,
Is gam marbhadh le fùbhaidh,
An cuid dorsan gan dùnadh,
'S an cuirp gheala na'n smùralch 'n taigh
dàite.

Bha an clann, ged bu bheag iad,
Fo gheur shàthadh nam biodag,
Iad a rànaich 's a clisgeadh,
Am full bhàth gu dlu shilteach,
'S iad gun sùil ri beul iochda bho 'n
naimhdean.

'Chlann ud Allein ri Una,
'S fàd bhùr cadal gun dùsgadh:

Lets an rìdhe chluiteach. —
 'S car e 'dh-iarla na cùile,
 Do Mhac Aonghais an Dùin 's do dha
 bhrathair.

Ach nan t'leadh e fallain,
 'S fhad a staigh 'rachadh 'alladh
 Ann an dùthaich Mhic-Callein;
 Bhiodh bà bogha gan gearradh,
 'S iad a fagall na fol' air na blàraibh.

Tha Innse-Gall 'nis air strìochdadh,
 Air a ceangal am prìosan.
 Cuim an ceilinn an nì sin?
 Cuim nach gabhteadh caog rìgh leinn,
 'S gràine mullaich nan eibhich atr ar fagall?

Bu tu 'n treun-fhear air thoiseach,
 'Dhol a ghabhail a bhrosnaidh.
 'N am do namhaid bhith nochdadh
 Bhiodh do rò-seoil am portalbh,
 'S bhiodh do bhrataichean rompa an sàthadh.

Gur a Honmhor fo mhulad
 Fiuran or is seann churaidh,
 'S nach h-fheil ceanntart fir Mhuile
 Mar a b' abhaist, 's bu chubhaidh:
 Gur a h-e mo chreach uil' a chruaidh
 chàradh.

Brosnadh, the same as brosnachadh. Rò-
 seol, top-gallants.

In 1691 — the year before the mas-
 sacre of Glencoe took place — the Earl of
 Argyll succeeded in obtaining from King
 William a commission to bring the Mac-
 leans to obedience. He invaded Mull at

the head of 2,500 men, and proceeded to carry out the King's orders with fire and sword. Sir John and some of his followers had retired to Cairnburgh. Thus the invaders met with no opposition. According to the poem they set fire to houses, shot down men, stripped women naked, and slew little children with their daggers. Of course it is possible that the author had the second-sight and that he was really describing the butcheries of the Turks in Armenia at the present day.

Iorram

DO DH-IAIN GARBH, Triath Chola.

'Rìgh nach èireadh i tuath,
'S i bhith sìobhalta, buan,
Is gun togadh na h-uaislean breid rith'.

A Rìgh fheartaich nan dùl,
Cum an soirbheas sin ciùin,
Nuair a ghabhas mo rùn na dheidh e.

Ceist mo chridhe-sa 'n t-ainm
Leis 'n do bhaisteadh Iain Garbh;
'S òg a rinn mi leat leanabas deideig.

Mac na lànaime ceart,
'Dheonach Dia 'san aon ghlaic;
Fhuair sibh dioladh gu pailt d'a reir sin.

Gur h-e ogha sin Eoin
 Rì nighinn Mhic-Leold,
 'S mac na deagh muna o'n Mòrthir m'
 eudall.

Gun robh freagradh ad cheann,
 Agus deasbad na 'Iorg
 'N Galdhllg, Laidinn, is Fraingis 's Beurla.

Gun robh eusbain ad chorp,
 Agus uaisle gun spot,
 'Fhir a b' urrainn 's gach enoc an reiteach,

Cruobh de'n abhall a b' fhearr,
 Bu mhath lathadh ri sèis,
 As a chaille a b' airde geugan.

'S ann dult a b' fhasan o thùs
 A bhith dileas do 'n chrùn,
 Gun bhith' foilleil an cùis to 'n ghrein da.

Tha mi tamull gun suain,
 Agus m' aigneadh fo ghruaim,
 'S mor 'tha 'dh-ionndraichinn uam a's leir
 dhomh.

'N caisteal tubaisteach 'bh' ann,
 Mu'a robh chaiseamachd shearbh,
 A Rìgh, bu shoillear ar call mu 'delbhinn.

Celst mo chridhe-sa 'n geard
 'Bha mu d' thimchioll 'san àit;
 B' ann de dh'abha' do ghàraidh fein e,

Mo chreach an tana ceart,
 Lèis an rachadh tu d' dheoin,
 'Bhith ga t' fhàicinn gun deo bhith 'd
 chreabhaig.

Ceann mo thaighe gu ceart,
 Fear a's urranta smachd;

'N Rìgh, ga 'choimhead 's gach feachd 'an
dèid e.

'S ma'rg do 'n uachdaran og
'Bhith ga t' fhalcinn fo leon;
Ged a thuit thu bu chonnspull cheud thu.

'Bhith ga t' fhalcinn gun deo
Ann an cliste nam bòrd,
'Fhir a leanadh an tòir 's nach gelleadh.

Tha do chinneadh fo sproc
O 'n la 'rinneadh do lot;
'S ann bha'n diubhaltas, oirt fo d' leine.

Gu bhell susbain ad chorp,
Agnis uaisle gun spot,
'Fhir a b' urrainn 's gach cnoc an reiteach.

Lachlan, 9th of Coll, married Marion, daughter of John Dubh of Moydart and his wife Marion Macleod, who was a daughter of Sir Rory Mor of Dunvegan. John, his only son, was accidentally killed in Edinburgh, whilst pursuing his studies. He was standing near the castle looking at a riotous mob, when a splinter from a grenade struck him. He was succeeded by Donald, his uncle and tutor. He was only about eighteen years of age at the time of his death.

Oran

DO DH-EACHANN MAC-GILLEAIN, triath Dhubh-
airt, a mharbhadh an Inbhircheitein.

Ach ge grlanach an latha,
Gur a cianall an rathad
So, 'tha mise ga 'ghabhail,
'Dh-fhios an tùir an robh m' aighear,
Is mac mor Mhic-Gilleain,
'S e gun sùgradh na 'laighe,
'S nach fheil e ri fhaighinn na 'shlàinte.

Cha bu chruaidh leam mo chairdean
An la ud ga m' fhàgail;
Cha n, iad 'tha mi 'g aireamh,
Ach mo bharanta laidir
Agus t' fhea ann gun àiteach,
'Fhir 'thug fortan le cairdeas gun sgrainn
dhomh.

Dhomh bu deacair toirt thairis
I ùb ùr nan sul meallach
Is nan calbannar geala,
Is na deudaich chubhr' anail,
Tha thu 'shinneribh nam fear nach robh
sgàthach.

Mac thu b' uaisl' o Shir Lachainn
O nighinn Ruairidh nam bratach.
Chuir thu buaireadh air m' aigheadh,
Agus deoir air mo rasgalbh;
Chuir mi m' uaislean an capaichean
tamba.

Ceann mo lóin ri uair m' ainnis!
Bha diol gruaig air mo leanabh,
Cùl grunn cuachach nan camag,
'S e mar fheoirnein na 'charaibh;
'S tu 'bu mhor-chuiseach sealladh.—
Gum bu rìgh thu 'meag barrach fir Alba.

'S lomadh tlachd bh' ort ri 'àireamh :
 Aghaidh shlobhalta, bhan gheal,
 'S gnéis fhilathail, ghlan, mhàlda;
 Gun robh gruaidhean an armuinn,
 Cheart cho dearg ris an agàrlaid,
 D'an robh gliocas is cairdeas gunnamoich'

'Mhic an Àrmuinn a Mùlle,
 On a rinneadh leat fuireach
 Anns a bhlar 'san robh 'n cumasg,
 Do thaobh mìn-ghéal làn bhuillean,
 'S do luchd-leanmhuinn a fulang,
 'S lag is sgìth mi ri tuitreach mo chairdean.

Thuit mo cho-dhalta tapaidh
 Thall fo bhalle na faiche,
 Làn de chruadal 's de ghaisge;
 'S ged bu chraiteach mar thachair,
 Cha 'n e sin tha mi 'g acain
 Ach an sgiurs a fhuair Eachann roimh
 'nalmhdean.

Càit an d' rugadh no d' araicheadh,
 No 'n do ghineadh mac armuinn,
 Pearsa duin' a thug bàrr ort
 Nuair a ghlacadh tu 'n spainteach
 Lìobhte churanta. laidir,
 Is a chuireadh tu fàilt' air do champa?

Ged a thigeadh fir Shùineirt,
 Is Clann-Iain o 'n Rùta,
 Is Clann-Chamarain nach diultadh
 Le 'm boghachibh cùl-bhuidh',
 Is le 'n saighdibh 'bu shiubhlach,
 Bhiodh gach boireid a lùbadh do m'
 luaidh-sa.

Ged bu dumbhall am feachd ud,
 Is lad cruinn a'r aon fhaiche,
 Is mo gràdh a theachd seachad

Bu leis urram gach maise.—
 Is maírg mathair do 'm mac thu,
 Is maírg muíme 'rinn t' altrum,
 No a chunnaic cur seachad na n-utr' ort.

Gur h-e mis' 'th' air mo sgaradh
 Mu na chúirt 'th' aig na Gallaibh,
 'S ogha Ruairidh na, learabh,
 Dalta díleas mo sheanar.—
 Bha thu 'n cairdeas Mhic-Cailin,
 Is an rígh a bh' air Manain
 'Bha gu cláiladeach, carraideach, ainmell.

An rígh a bh' air Manain; Olave the Red.
 Clann-Iain; sílochd Iain Mhoir, an tanaistear.

It is probable that the lament for Sir Hector was composed by a woman. It expresses the genuine feelings of the heart. It was published by Ranald Macdonald in his collection in 1776, and appeared in the first Inverness collection in 1806.

An Cronan Muil-each.

LUINNEAG.

E ho i o hu o éileadh,
 E ho i o hù orlp o;
 E ho i o hu o éileadh,
 Hí rí hù na hùrabh o ho,

Gur h-e mise 'tha gam lathadh;
 Tha mo shuill na 'bù' n 's na 'ceathach,
 'S mí gun cheol, gun ol, gun aighear,
 M' n dol síos 'th' air síol an taighe.

Mu' n dol síos 'th' air síol an taighe;
 Lachainn a dh' fhalbh bhuaínn mu Fheill-
 Eathain,

Mo sheachd rùin chaidh dhìu mu shamhainn,
'S ceann mo mhùirn an cunnart fhathast.

Ceann mo mhùirn an cunnart fhathast;
Mac na deagh mhna 'chinneadh m' athar;
M'athair nam mac min-gheal, fathail,
Nach d' fhuair beum air ghleus g' am
faighear.

Nach d' fhuair beum air ghleus g' am
faighear,

Am faig', an doire, no 'n abhainn.
Tha 'n dòbhran fo lorg bhur n-abhar,
'S bheir sibh leum a cèll' an aighe.

Gur h-e mis' a fhuair an clisgeadh
Iad a dh' fhalbh an tús am pìsich;
Comunn nan gruag 's nan com slios-gheal,
O 'n taigh mhór 'sam biodh am briotal.

O 'n taigh mhór 'sam biodh am briotal,
Toirm air thàlleasg, clàir gam plocadh,
'S iad ag òl gu pòtèll, misgell,
I.e beul an t-sùgraidh 's a ghillocals.

Gur h-e mise 'th' air mo chuaradh
Mu shlochd nam fear o 'n Leth Uachdrailch;
Stol Allein duinn, chàraich, chuachailch,
Rho rugha clar na h-àirde fuaraidh;

Bho rugha clar na h-àirde fuaraidh,
'S bho Chaol Mulle 'n luings luainich
'Sheoladh gu Dubhairt na stualdhe,
Tur ard 'sam biodh bàird air bhuanachd.

Ghelbhteadh an Dubhairt na stualdhe
Leathailch, Camarailch, Tuathailch,
Stlubhartailch o 'n ghleannan uachdrach,
'S Mac-Dhughail a thùr nan clach uaine.

Ach co 'n neach air nach dig m'athadh,
 Mar na neóil 'sna speuraibh dubh-ghorm!
 Cinneadh laidir nan lann rúisgte,
 'S truagh mar tha iad roimh na Dúibhneach.

Nuair 'thanig sibh slar an toiseach,
 Bha sibh buadhail auns gach cogadh,
 Lannan cruaidh' dhuibh 's bhualiteadh goirt
 iad;
 Chuirteadh féum air leigh dh' an lotalbh

An am dol 'sios do 'n dream Dhuibhneach.
 I'ol suas le buaidh 'bu dual dhuibhse;
 'S fada chluinnteadh gabh bhur muintir
 'Togall fhaobh air taobh gach tulachain.

Bu taitneach leam fhin co dhú sin,
 Aon mhac Shír Ailein nan lúireach,
 Cullein leoghainn nan long slubhlach
 'Bhith 'cur lasrach ri atreabh Dhuibhneach.

Ach 'Fhír ris an deanam m' uirnigh,
 'S mí mar Oisein 'n déidh an rusgaidh,
 Tionndaidh an roth mar bu dhú dha,
 'S cuir an tír so 'n ordagh dhuinne.

Gu bheil m'inntinn-sa fo smalan,
 Is mo shullean gum bí galach
 Gus am fáic mí risd an latha
 'Am bí dol suas air síol an taighe.

Speculations in Orthography.

We should spell words, so far as practicable, just as they are pronounced. According to this rule we should write, not *tig, tug, toir, téid, táinig*, but *d' thig, d' thug, d' thoir, d' théid, d' thàinig*, or simply *dig dug, doir, déid, dàinig*. We should preserve the oldest form of words, so far as that can be done without violation to the present mode of pronouncing them. This rule gives us *claidheabh, caidreabh, seagh, traigh* or *troigh, laigh, pàigh, fheil, iarann*. *Domhnall* and an *déidh* in place of *claidheamh, caidreamh, seadh, traidh* or *troidh, láidh, pàidh, 'ell, iarunn, Domhnall, and an déigh*. When two words are welded together so as to be pronounced as one word they should, as a general rule, be written as such. We see no reason for writing *'g am* or *ga m'* instead of *'gam* or *gam'*. Why should we write *'t was, can 't, do n't, and not 'twas, can't, don't?*

The apostrophe indicates the omission of a letter which is generally sounded, as in *maid'* for *maide*. It is also used to denote the omission in a sentence of a word which is commonly used, as in *am fear 'bha* in place of *am fear a bha*. The way in which a word is omitted is a matter of no consequence, except to the philologist. If it is not generally used in speaking between *fear* and *bha*, the apostrophe is not needed. But if it is generally used, the apostrophe should be inserted.

In *a', the, o'n, since, mu'n, ere, gu'n, that, c'áite, where, and c'arson, why*, the omitted letters are never sounded. It is unnecessary, then, to write these words with an apostrophe. It would be absurd to say that we should place an apostrophe after *a, the, to* show that it is a shortened form of *an*. *A* in English is a shortened form

of an, but we never think of writing it a'. It may be said that we should write the article a in Gaelic a' to distinguish it from the relative pronoun a, his or her. This would be sound reasoning if we used any sign in speaking, such as a Chinese tone or a Hottentot click, to distinguish the one of these words from the other; but we use no such sign. Why, then, should we use a sign in writing? It will of course be said that the apostrophe should be retained in gu'n, that, to distinguish it from gun, without. If both these words belonged to the same part of speech there would be force in this argument; but as they do not it is an utterly groundless argument. As we hear 'nuair, when, and c'uime, why, more frequently than an uair and cia uime, we think the apostrophe might be omitted without any loss either to the eyes or the understanding of the reader.

Whether we derive ga from g-a in 'g-a-m', or conveniently regard it as ag inverted, there can be no linguistic necessity for placing an apostrophe before it. 'Ga is a preposition and nothing more. The mere fact that there is an apostrophe before it does not convert it into ga a. If we consider it desirable to indicate the omission of a, his or her, in ga bhualadh or ga bualadh, we must write ga 'bhualadh, ga 'bualadh. Na should be written in the same way as ga. As there are several na's, however, and only one ga, the apostrophe would be missed much more before na than it would be before ga. A'm' and a'd', which stand for an mo and an do, should be written am and ad. Ann am and ann ad stand for ann a'm' and ann a'd'. When a, iu, is used by itself, it should be written a' to distinguish it from a, out of; as in a't' uchd, in your breast, a't' uchd, out of your breast.

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blan
64, 1
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77, 5
lean
unk
109,
mi 'r
32, 1
nach
ach;
129, 7
9, thi
133, 1
146,
fhuith
cum

Cha'n and anns are not monosyllables except to the eye. In cha'n the n stands for no, and is invariably pronounced along with the word which follows it, as in cha n'di. Anns an taigh is pronounced in ordinary conversation an san taigh. Should we not, then, write an san taigh, especially when we know that the preposition anns exists only in books, and that san is an old form of the article and still exists in the spoken language?

Corrections and Notes.

Page 25, line 7, Fraingo, Frainge; 28, 9, Aaosdana, Aaosdàna; 37, 2, Gil-leain, 'Gill-eain; 37, 7, put an interrogation point after Fhearghuls; 37, 22, lùthaidh, luthaidh; 39, 12, lùthadh, luthadh; 41, 12, ceararich, cèarraich; 33, an nall, a nall; 48, 21, geur lann, geur lann, 51, 23, 'na eidedh, na 'éideadh; 55, 30, Mhic Eachainn, mhic Eachainn; 60, 12, a's glan, 's glan; 31, bliaraidh, bliàraibh; 63, 14, dhealaidheadh, dealaidheadh; 64, 10, ionaid, ionaid; 67, 35, Malartach, Malartach; 70, 18, 'n a t', a' t'; 74, 11, abhaist, abhast; 77, 5, chaochalal, chaochail; 82, 2, McLean Maclean, 84, 20, callin, callin; 86, 19, an, am; 91, 15, unking, unkind; 92, 27, Cairnburgh, Cairnburgh; 109, 11, lorghnadh, longnadh, 110, 21, mi am, mi 'm; 116, 1, Gum, gun; 117, 31, Eber, Eibhear; 32, Eremon, Eiremhan or Eircanhan; 120, 12, nach, nach e; 124, 29, Muideratach, Mùideartach; 127, 25, luchde, luchd; 129, 23, a t', a' t'; 129, 7, chomradh, chòmbradh; 131, 3, b , beag, 9, thug, thug; 132, 1, dh' fhaithrich, dh' fhaithrich; 133, 1, de, de; 136, 21, ann riochd, an riochd; 143, 23, tuite arann, tuitear ann; 146, 29, dh' fhaithrich, dh' fhaithrich; 158, 12, ceumannan na ceumannan a; 161, 20, 'na fhear, na 'fhear; 163,

23, leanail, leanallt; 166, 3, clachaibh, clochaibh; 168, 18, ain, an; 27, bonnach, bannach; 35, bhonnaich, bhannaich; 173, 1, Laoid, Laoidh; 175, 31, chrièdeamh, chreideamh; 183, 24, dhuln, dhuinn; 184, 13, Aileen, Ailein; 185, 30, eirch, éirich; 186, 19, Aileen, Ailein; 189, 30, we e, were; 190, 17, chuineadh, chùinneadh; 192, 32, Ailcen, Ailein; 196, 8, Bhon, Bho 'n; 199, 6 waa, was, 206, 25, bheil, bheil; 207, 3, faodalnn, faotuinn; 210, 6, Aileen, Ailein, 212, 13, chleachd-tach, chleachdaich, 27, Uisne, Uisnich. But Uisne and Uisneachan are also used; 213, 1, ar-ogha, iar-ogha; 214, 12, bh on, bhron; 215, 20, Aileen, Ailein; 217, 8 bhì tha, bhilaths; 221, 6, at Kilmori, and Kilmore; 223, 19, nah, nan; 224, 17, be b' e; 224, 32, seal, iseat; 225, 19, anradh, ànradh; 226, 12, o, of; 227, 33, flaith, flaith; 228, 13, Bho, Bha; 231, 1, a' thrach, aithreach, 232, 17, h-ing ghinn; h-ighinn, 233, 15, sa, a; 16, un, gun, 234, 23, uath, luath; 236, 5, choir, choir'; 238, 17, éille, féille; 240, 4, àird', àird; 34, chialdheabh, chialdhìbh; 35, chaoll, chaoll; 241, 2, sgeulachd, sgeulachd; 243, 2, soclar, socair; 245, 25, chu deachd, chuideachd; 246, 7, sgrion, sgrìob; 12, gu, gun; 247, 10, còmhraig, còmhraig; 22, mheirig, mèirig; 249, 16, isg, éisg; 22, fhearr, fhear; 250, 3, mhall, mhial; 7, bhoidh, bhìodh; 251, 10, nomeann, no meann; 253, 16, còmhnuidh, còmhnuidh; 28, Cairstine, Cairstine; 254, 7, fer, fo; 255, 9, fhuarain, fhuarain; 258, 6, thighearn', thighearn'; 261, 24, smùraich, smurach; 262, 1, chiuiteach, cluuiteach; 263, 16, éireadh, éireadh; 266, 15, fhea ann, fhearann; 19, ùb, Lùb; 28, capaichean, leapachean; 267, 6, gùna 'nainoich', gun annoiche; 268, 7, na, leanabh, na 'leanabh.

P. 44, 28.—Ceanntard should be ceanntart. Dr. Maclean writes the word centort. The fact that ceann was originally cend may account for

the middle t. The last t has sprung up in the same way as the t in Dubhairt, which is from Dubh áird.

P. 56.—Taken in connection with what follows the line, A fhuair urram 's tu 'd leanabh air sluagh, implies that Donald of Coll was a child when his father fought at Inverlochy in 1645. But the Ardgour MS., which is probably correct, states that Donald died in April, 1729, in the 72nd year of his age. A fhuair urram 's tu 'd leanabh air sluagh must, then, be taken as a general assertion which has no reference to the battle of Inverlochy.

Page 68. The explanatory note on this page was written eight years ago. In publishing it in this work, I overlooked the words "and a kind man." I should have deleted them. It would be perfectly correct to say that the Macleans of Coll were, as a general rule, kind men and good birds; but I am, at the present time, somewhat afraid that Lachlan was an exception. It is said that he used a good deal of force in raising the company which he took with him to Holland.

Page 110.—Tha mi 'm chadal 's gur tim dhomb dusgadh. Delete the words, Foin:—Fhir a bhata no ho ro eile. They are not in Dr. Maclean's MS.

Page 121.—Ach an dearbhadh mi-fhortain. These are the words in Dr. Maclean's MS. Perhaps, however, he should have written, Ach an dearbha mhi-fhortain.

Page 128.—Air sgéith na maidne 's luaithe. It is probable that the air of this song was composed by one of the Mac-crimmons.

Page 132.—

'S mi ri cànan gun chaidreabh
Ri céile mo leapa,
'Cur an géill gur h-e staid-se
'Thug dhachaoidh mi uatha.

It is evident from the second line that Iain Mac Ailein was married, and probable from the third line that he had children.

Page 226.—Lachlan, ninth of Coll.—The word ninth is correct. In the published histories of the Macleans the name of one of the chieftains of the Coll family has been omitted. Consequently Lachlan is erroneously described as the eighth laird of Coll.

There is no great pleasure in correcting proofs as they come fresh from the hands of a man who does not understand what he is printing. There is a good deal of quiet enjoyment, however, to be derived from correcting a book, as a man has an opportunity of showing how much he knows about little things.

As this work was printed in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, it took the proofs three days to come to me and three days to go back. The printers are not book-publishers and had not as large a quantity of spare type as would be needed to print the book in three or four months if they would send me proofs twice. There are thus more typographical errors than one would wish to see. At the same time I would rather have all these errors than have the work dragging its way through the press during five or six months. As a general rule the errors are not of very much importance. They mar the beauty of the pages, it is true; but they do not render them unintelligible. It is some consolation, however, to know that all the good things in the world are not beautiful to the eye.

“ Bìdh sinn beo an dòchas ra-math,
Gum bì 'chùis na's fhearr an ath la.”

The songs and bits of songs by Fear an Lagain, Alice Maclean, and Iain Mac Eoghain, and also Diomeladh na Mòrthir have been sent to me

by Counndullie Morison, Esq., Aintuim, Mull. Perhaps there may be some one who can send me a few additional verses. It is a pity that a part of "Nan dlgeadh tus', a Thèarlaich" should be lost.

The Maclean Bards from 1775 to 1898.

I have paid all the expenses connected with the publication of this volume. The free contributions sent me have helped to pay these expenses, but they are far from meeting them in full. The retail price of the book is fixed at two shillings and six pence,—so low a price that any one who takes the slightest interest in Gaelic poetry can afford to buy it. If 250 copies of it will be sold, I shall have no pecuniary loss by it. If the Macleans have any regard at all for the productions of their unsaxonised forefathers, or any real interest in themselves as a clan, that number should be sold in a very few weeks. The poems are readable and intelligible. They are also of historical value, if not to the world, at least to the Macleans.

The second volume is ready for publication. It contains all the valuable secular poems and songs that have been composed by Macleans during the last hundred years. If 250 copies of this volume shall be sold, and if the small sum of seventy-five dollars will be sent to me to assist in paying the cost of publishing the second volume, that volume will be issued in a very short time.

(J-1)

