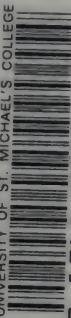


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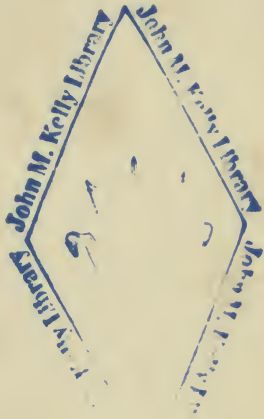
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**DICTIONARY OF OLD ENGLISH**







THE GAELIC SONGS OF  
DUNCAN MACINTYRE

Orain  
Ghaidhealach  
LE  
Donnchadh Macantsaoir

AIR AN EADAR-THEANGACHADH  
AGUS AIR AN CUR A MACH

LE  
DEÒRSA CALDAIR

DUN-EIDEANN: IAIN GRANND  
31 GEORGE IV. BRIDGE

1912



The  
Gaelic Songs  
OF  
Duncan MacIntyre

EDITED  
WITH TRANSLATION AND NOTES

BY  
GEORGE CALDER

EDINBURGH: JOHN GRANT  
31 GEORGE IV. BRIDGE

1912

Do  
ALMA  
BAINTIGHEARNA BHRAID-ALBANN  
NIGHEAN CINN-FEADHNA NAN GREUMACH

To  
ALMA  
MARCHIONESS OF BREADALBANE  
DAUGHTER OF THE CHIEFS OF THE GRAHAM

THE  
LIBRARY OF THE  
CONGRESS  
PHOTODUPLICATION SERVICE  
510 MAHARAJA WING  
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20540

## EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE editor has been for a long time familiar with the name of Duncan MacIntyre, a name which is indeed famed throughout the Highlands—and far beyond. But owing to the fact that Gaelic is read by few of those who speak it, and that the language of the poet is admittedly difficult, the knowledge of him is for the most part confined literally to his name, or to a few lines of his poems. Even in the district where he was born and bred, the same ignorance, with little abatement, though happily with some notable exceptions, prevails. The editor, having settled in the Duncan Ban country, conceived that it reflected little credit on his intelligence to share in the general ignorance of one so widely renowned. He therefore studied the bard's poems, visited the places with which his name is connected, and read the compositions with persons to whom the language and the locality are alike familiar. On the occasion of a visit to the late Rev. James M'Dougall of Duror, the editor chanced to mention that he had some thoughts of attempting a new edition of the poet's works with a metrical translation. The genial old Highland gentleman hailed the suggestion with such genuine warmth

## EDITOR'S PREFACE

and undisguised heartiness that the editor began the work that very day. It has been continued with little interruption till the result is at last, and not without many misgivings, laid before the public.

In editing the text he has been conservative. The peculiarities of the leading early editions may be clearly traced in this revised edition. In translation he has endeavoured to give, if not a literal, at all events a line by line rendering, and to preserve in the English versification some resemblance to the Gaelic original. Within these severe limits all poetical embellishments have been rigorously confined.

In writing the notes, while he has received information from most of his friends residing in the neighbourhood, and can gratefully recall many a pleasant meeting and many an interesting conversation, he has also the pleasure of acknowledging the kindness and courtesy of many correspondents, among whom are the Marchioness of Tullibardine, Mrs Campbell of Dunstaffnage, and Andrew Ross, Esq., Ross Herald, who were consulted on military affairs; the Hon. Niall D. Campbell, Sir Duncan Campbell of Barcaldine, Bart., C.V.O., Mr John MacGregor, W.S., Mr N. B. M'Kenzie, Mr Duncan MacIntyre, Edinburgh, and Rev. Hector Maclean of Kilfinichen, on genealogy; Dr M'Diarmid, late of Killin, on local traditions; Mr Duncan MacIntyre, London, on all the above subjects; Rev. Farquhar M'Rae of Glenorchy, and Rev. J. W. MacIntyre of Kilmonivaig, on some difficult readings in the text; Dr W. J. Watson, on place names; and Rev. William Simpson, D.D., on legal terminology.

Thanks are also due to Rev. A. E. Robertson for the photograph of Ben Dorain; to Dr Gillies of Easdale for

## EDITOR'S PREFACE

lending his water-colour of John Campbell of the Bank ; to Mr Thos. Ross, LL.D., for sketches of the poet's monument and tomb, and to Mr T. M. Logan for the sketch of the gun ; to the late Mr Duncan M'Isaac for reading with his well-known kindness and accuracy a proof of the text and translation ; and, above all, to Rev. C. M. Robertson for reading a proof of the whole book (with the exception of the Note on the Metrics), and for making many corrections and useful suggestions.

The editor now parts with this book, the labour and recreation of years, in the hope that, whatever its limitations, it may be found in some degree worthy of the poet's genius, and helpful to those who wish to study Highland Gaelic in its purest and noblest form.

G. C.

*August* 1912.

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 dealing with the general conditions and the  
 second with the progress of the work.  
 The first part is divided into three sections,  
 the first dealing with the general conditions,  
 the second with the progress of the work,  
 and the third with the results of the work.  
 The second part is divided into two sections,  
 the first dealing with the progress of the work  
 and the second with the results of the work.  
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 the general conditions of the country, and  
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## EXPLANATION OF NUMERALS

Numerals coming first in a series, or following a semicolon, refer to the page of the Gaelic text; numerals following a comma, refer to the line on the page.

## LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

- A B C D E Each letter denotes one of the first five Editions of the poet's works.
- Æn.* The Irish *Æneid*, Irish Texts Society, vol. vi.
- Arms.* Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary.
- A. U.* The Annals of Ulster.
- C. C. C.* *Caithreim Cellachain Caisil*, by A. Bugge.
- C. R.* The Celtic Review.
- H. B.* A Gaelic Dictionary, published at Herne Bay.
- H. S. D.* A Dictionary of the Gaelic Language, by the Highland Society of Scotland.
- Ir. Gl.* Irish Glosses, a Tract on Latin Declension, Wh. Stokes.
- Ir. T.* *Irische Texte*, by Windisch and Stokes.
- I. T. S.* Irish Texts Society.
- M<sup>4</sup>B. An Etymological Dictionary of the Gaelic Language, by Alexander MacBain.
- Ml.* The Milan Glosses on the Psalms.
- O<sup>4</sup>Cl. O'Clery's Irish Glossary, *Revue Celtique*, iv., v.
- O<sup>4</sup>D. O'Donovan's Supplement to O'Reilly.
- O<sup>4</sup>R. An Irish-English Dictionary, by Edward O'Reilly.
- O.S. Ordnance Survey.
- Sg. Glosses on Priscian (St Gall).
- Wb. Glosses on the Pauline Epistles (Würtzburg).
- Z<sup>2</sup>. *Grammatica Celtica*, editio altera, by Zeuss.



## BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

*The Scots Magazine and Edinburgh Literary Miscellany*, for October 1812, contains the following notice:—

“Oct. 6. At Edinburgh, in his 88th year, Duncan M’Intyre, alias *Donncha-ban nan-Oran*, the celebrated Highland bard. This veteran, and venerable poet, was born in Druimliaghart, Glenorchy, Argyllshire, 20th March 1724. He fought at the memorable battle of Falkirk, on the 17th of January 1745 (under the command of the gallant Colonel Campbell of Carwhin), where he had the misfortune to lose his sword (*Claidheamh ceannard chloin an Leasdair*), of which he has given such a minute description in his admirable song to that memorable day. Being a most excellent shooter, he was afterwards appointed forester to the Right Hon. the Earl of Breadalbane in *Coire Cheathaich and Bein Dourain*, and thereafter to his Grace the Duke of Argyll, *Buachill-Eite*. He afterwards served in one of the Earl of Breadalbane’s fencible regiments, raised in the year 1793, wherein he continued until he was discharged in 1799, and from that period till his death, he has lived a retired life, rendered not uncomfortable by the beneficence of that nobleman. The chief amusements of his youth were fowling and fishing. In his young days he was remarkably handsome, and, throughout his whole life, possessed a very easy and agreeable disposition. Although when

## BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

provoked, his enemies generally felt the effects of his pride and resentment, yet to his benefactors he was equally grateful. He was, like all the rest of the poets, very fond of company, and a cheerful glass, and was not only very agreeable over his bottle, but also very circumspect. Although M'Intyre discovered an early inclination to poetry, he never produced anything worthy of much notice till the memorable battle of Falkirk, a description of which composes the first song in the valuable collection published by him. The collection contains lyric, comic, epic, and religious compositions, of such merit, as renders it difficult to say in what department of poetry this writer most excelled. At a period less remote than that in which this celebrated author was born, public schools were but thinly established in the Highlands of Scotland, he therefore had not the benefit of any education, nor the advantage of reading the productions of other authors; yet, notwithstanding, the whole poems and songs contained in the admirable collection published by him, are solely of his own composition, unassisted by anything but the direction and power of his own genius. His poetical talents, therefore, justly entitle him to rank among the first bards of the world, for all good judges of Celtic poetry agree, that nothing like the purity of his Gaelic, and the style of his poetry, has appeared in the Highlands of Scotland, since the days of his countryman, the sublime Ossian. It is of *Donncha-ban* it might justly be said,

*Na'n leabhadh ea'soig gach oroid is Sgeul,  
Nail cuireadh beo no marbh glasghairm air a bheul."*<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> If every speech and tale he had studied in his youth,  
Neither dead nor living had put muzzle on his mouth.

## BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

Such is the earliest attempt to write the poet's Life. But it had been thought of before. The preface to the Third Edition, 1804, announced that "a gentleman of learning and abilities has already undertaken that task." And the next Edition, that of 1834, commenting on the above announcement, says: "Whether this was ever published we have not been able to learn, but think that if it had appeared we would have been able to find it. Subjoined are a few particulars collected from various sources, and upon which reliance may be placed." The sources are, however, confined to the above notice in the *Scots Magazine*, from which the statements in the Fourth Edition are taken *verbatim*, and on which the same but not greater reliance is to be placed, for the account has gained nothing by repetition.

Whatever may have been the reason, this notice of the poet's death was delayed for some months. It is clear from Brown's *Monumental Inscriptions* that he died on the 14th May, and from the MS. *Record of Interments in Greyfriars Churchyard* that he was buried on the "19th May, three paces east of Bertram's tomb." There his grave may be seen marked by a square monument, erected in 1855, with a suitable inscription on one face, and on another the first eight lines of *Marbh-rann an Ughdair dha féin*, p. 418, while the pyramid above is adorned with weapons and trophies of war and of the chase.

Drumliaghart, where the poet was born, is a spur of land stretching athwart the valley that lies toward the west end of Loch Tulla, and is visible from the West Highland Railway. Favourable to some extent for cultivation, it was in the early part of the 18th century occupied by a crofting community, one of whom was the

## BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

poet's father. Now the deer graze by the grass-grown hearths; and the scene all around is a magnificent solitude. To the north tower the peaks of the Monadh Dubh; to the south and east are "Glenorchy's proud mountains," prominent among which are Mam Charaidh and Ben Dorain, the subject of his songs. A region in summer beautiful as the land of dreams, in autumn raucous with the belling of stags; while in winter the mountains assume and pass through all shades of colour from deepest indigo to virgin white. Duncan MacIntyre had looked on these things with a poet's eye, and learned what there was to learn from them. For church and school were situated at Clachan-an-diseirt, now known as Dalmally, fifteen miles down the glen, and education in the accepted sense was quite beyond his reach. But he had drunk deep from the well of traditional song and story, and when the time came he could himself touch the harp with a master's hand.

When he left this quiet haven, a youth of twenty-one, it was to take service with the King. The troubles of the '45 were felt in the wilds of Glenorchy. The Royal Warrant to the Duke of Argyll as Lord-Lieutenant of the County ran: "You are hereby ordered and directed to call out such part of the Militia and Fencible men of the Shire of Argyll which you shall find most necessary or expedient for our Service and the Public Peace." Among such fencible men was Archibald Fletcher, tacksman of the Crannach, that part of the farm of Achallader which lies a little more than a mile upstream from the old castle of the same name. Himself unwilling, or as the poem broadly hints, afraid to go, Fletcher engaged MacIntyre as his substitute, promising him 300 merks

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and the use of a sword. How the Royal troops behaved at Falkirk all the world knows. The poet, at heart a Jacobite, not only ran away like the rest, but lost his employer's weapon. When the regiment was disbanded, on or about the 1st September 1746, he, nothing daunted, returned to his native place; but his reception was of the coldest. Fletcher refused to pay the fee, alleging as a reason the loss of his sword. Duncan had only a poet's remedy. *Facit indignatio versus* (Indignation makes verses). The poet, for the first time realising his gifts, made a song about Fletcher which in its way set the heather on fire. It certainly roused the ire of the tacksman to such a pitch, that the next time they foregathered he struck the poet over the back with his stick, remarking : *Dean oran air sin, a ghille* : "Make a song on that, my lad." On hearing of the matter, Breadalbane interposed, saw justice done, and caused payment to be made to the poet, who thus came by his own. He had his cash in hand, and his revenge beforehand. And we note with pleasure that notwithstanding all this, it was one bearing the name of Fletcher who did in after years act a very friendly part towards the poet, striving, though ineffectually, to secure for him the appointment of Bard to the Highland Society of Scotland.

Soon afterwards his noble patron appointed him forester in *Coire Cheathaich* and *Ben Dorain*. The locality was already rich in associations, but the light of his genius has made it classic ground. Here in his youthful prime, in a good position which was assured, combining light duties with ample leisure, he composed the two poems which have raised his name highest in the temple of fame. Tradition says he lived in a cottage near Bad-

## BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

odhar, the ruins of which are still visible, and every hill and dale in the neighbourhood is sung—every mountain between his home and Auch, which was then the seat of power, is named with pride and affection. The Corrie itself is dwelt on with a minuteness of detail which only genius could render interesting. It remains as he left it, save for the disappearance of the wood, and the *ghugan-plumbach*, p. 46, 61. The latter was, according to tradition, a spring rising out of the mountain to the height of a foot or two. So it was a delight to others besides the poet, till a *Sasunnach* wandering in these parts, and moved by what spirit it is not easy to say, rammed his stick into the orifice and stopped the jet for ever.

After a time and probably owing to promotion he removed to Dalness, which lies under the shadow of Buachail Eite. The ruins of his cottage, situated on a level space between two streams, and shaded by old ash trees, must always be a sacred spot to the admirers of genius. Tradition has it that he looked after Breadalbane's deer on Ben Starabh. The notice says he was forester to Argyll, presumably to Archibald, third Duke. The estate of Dalness, however, was in possession of the Macdonald family long before MacIntyre's day. In 1608 Angus Macdonald got a Tack thereof from Archibald Campbell of Inverawe, and it remained in the tenure of the family till, in 1694, the same superior granted a proper wadset to Alexander Macdonald of the lands of Dalness, who the same year became absolute owner of the estate, obtaining a feu-charter which for greater security he deposited with the Chief of Glengarry, where it remained till Glengarry's house was burned down by the Duke of Cumberland in 1746, and

## BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION

the charter was destroyed or lost. In 1764 the lands were feued of new by Mrs Janet Campbell of Inverawe to John Macdonald of Dalness. The presumption that it was this family and not Argyll, to whom the poet was forester, is strengthened by a reference in his *Song to a Ewe*. A lady named Susan had presented him with a ewe bred in Coire Uanan, p. 222, 9. Alexander Macdonald of Dalness married Jean, daughter to Dugald Maclachan of Corrounan. They had four sons, and after their father's death in 1726, three of them, including the successor to the property, lived for some time with their grandfather at Corrie. What is more likely than that some young relative of his employer should present the poet with a ewe in the same spirit in which he received it?

Probably it was to his first home that he brought his bride, Mairi Bhan Og. A relation of the poet, as tradition says, intermarriage in the crofting community being frequent and close, she was in a somewhat better social position than her lover. Her father, a petty bailiff as well as keeper of a small wayside inn, which was later replaced by Inveroran Hotel, was named Nicol MacIntyre, and she inherited not only his calving kine but his Christian name, being known as Mairi Nighean Neacail (Mary, daughter of Nicol), to distinguish her from the other Maries of the Clan. A handsome woman according to all accounts, she became a dutiful and affectionate wife. The husband being a poet and admittedly of an easy disposition, the wife required to be practical, as the following anecdote will show. One rainy day as he lay in bed composing his poems, the wet began to make itself disagreeably felt. Addressing her by the

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classic title she then enjoyed and has ever since retained, *A Mhàiri Bhàn Og, ars èsan, bi falbh a mach agus cuir tughha air an tigh, tha snigh a' tighinn a stigh*: "Fair Young Mary," quoth he, "go forth and thatch the house, the ooze comes in." Yet he would hear nothing in her dispraise. An admirer of the poems, fascinated by the description of her charms, but disappointed by her actual appearance, hinted to the poet that she was not so very beautiful after all: *Cha n-fhaca tusa i leis na sùilean agamsa*: "You have not seen her with my eyes." Reading the songs, we are charmed by her as she appeared in her youth to loving eyes in the Highlands. Later glimpses show her ever the same comely and efficient helpmeet to her husband. She bore him his children, and saw some of her daughters settled in life, one married to Dr MacNaughton, known as Dr MacVicar, Killin; another, Elizabeth, to Joseph Hutcheson, who had shipping interests in the Western Isles. Of both these unions representatives survive. After they left the Highlands, the legend runs that when he was cook to the regiment, she presided in the canteen; that latterly she kept a shop in the Lawnmarket; that she was a good distiller and that her husband, called upon to answer for this part of the housekeeping, satisfied the court by declaring that he had drunk more whisky than he had ever made. Duncan Stewart, the man who collected the money wherewith to erect the tombstone in the Greyfriars Churchyard, often—so he told my informant—saw her when she lived in the West Port, and wore a *sowback*. She accompanied her husband in his journeys to the Highlands; and two years after his death she followed him to the same grave in the Greyfriars Churchyard.



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The following document, given to the editor by James MacNaughton, Edinburgh, whose father, son to Dr MacNaughton of Killin, wrote it, summarises the family history:—

[Duncan] MacIntyre alias Donnacha

[Ban nan] Orain and his wife

[Mary] MacIntyre alias Mari bhan

Og [lie bu]ried in the Greyfriars

Churchyard Edinr.—They lie

side by side in front of Bertram's

stone a grave's length being between

them and it—Their 3 sons James,

Peter and Donald and 2 of their

Daughters Mary and Elizabeth also

3 of their grandchildren James, James

and Duncan M'Naughton are all buried

at the same spot as near each

other as circumstances at the time

of their decease would admit.

They also had

1 son named Donald and one daughter named

Christina buried at Clachan an Discirt

[ ] Peter buried at Killin

[ ] Colin? ——— at Coldstream

and

[Ar]chibald died in England

[place?] unknown.

1 Daughter named Ann bu[ried at]

Kenmore.

After MacIntyre left the Highlands he joined the Edinburgh City Guard. When this event took place is uncertain, but beyond question he had abandoned *Nic Còiseam*, his stalking gun, p. 16, 17, and shouldered *Sèdnaid*, the weapon of the Guard, p. 16, 12, before the first edition of his songs appeared in 1768. "A humble Highlander," says Chambers, "considered it as getting a

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*berth* when he was enlisted into the Edinburgh Guard. Of this feeling we have a remarkable illustration in an anecdote regarding the Highland bard, Duncan MacIntyre, usually called *Donacha Bhan* [sic]. This man, really an exquisite poet to those understanding his language, became the object of a kind interest to many educated persons in Perthshire, his native county [sic]. The Earl of Breadalbane sent to let him know that he wished to befriend him, and was anxious to procure him some situation that might put him comparatively at his ease. Poor Duncan returned his thanks, and asked his Lordship's interest to get him into the Edinburgh Town Guard—pay sixpence a day." Tradition adds that he had besides a cow's grass on the Castle Esplanade!

Of his life in Edinburgh little is known. It is not surprising that Burns, who came and went like a meteor in 1786, should never have heard of the Highland bard, then resident in the city; but it does seem strange to have to look in vain through subscription lists for the name of Scott, who was interested in everything Scottish, Lowland or Highland, and who loved the Highlanders so well that he even knew a good deal of Gaelic. A glance at the minutes of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland will suggest an explanation. The members set before them as a definite aim the encouragement of Gaelic poetry, for which doubtless they deserve great praise. Yet their outlays on this great object were small, their applause stinted and halting, their judgment such that it will not be upheld by posterity. If this be true of educated and influential Highlanders, what could be expected of Lowlanders, even though they were men of genius, like Burns and Scott?

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The Society's Records begin in the year 1784, and narrate how the pipe-playing competition, hitherto held in connection with the Tryst at Falkirk, was removed to Edinburgh. To a request by the London Society that their brethren in the northern Capital should take charge of and give judgment in the competitions, they acquiesced, and deputed John Clerk of Elden, one of their members, to proceed to Falkirk for this purpose. Attended by the secretary and by the Society's piper and officer, who carried with them the Prize Pipe and money sufficient for the prizes, he reached Falkirk on the 12th October, the day on which by the Almanack of the year the Tryst was to hold. But they found that they had arrived a couple of days too soon. Despairing of a successful gathering, they decided that they would not again meet at Falkirk, but appointed the gathering to take place in Edinburgh on 20th October that year, and in succeeding years after the races, between the hay season and the harvest. Sixteen pipers assembled and took part in the programme, which was previously arranged in two parts. "The first consisted of various kinds of ancient Highland music, particularly *Salutes*, *Laments*, *Marches*, and *Gatherings*, made choice of by the different candidates on the order of their names previously fixed by ballot, after which the Bard MacIntyre rehearsed an occasional Gaelic poem. The second part consisted of the *Glasmheur* prescribed to them by the judges, and was concluded with a piece [of pipe music] by the Professor, and a Gaelic song by the Bard Campbell in praise of the Pipe, Gaelic Language, and Highland dress in which the candidates and bards appeared."

The six pieces beginning on p. 312 are the successful

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prize poems composed by Duncan Ban for the Highland Society in London, in the years denoted by their respective titles. These fine poems amply merit the honour which the poet attained by them, though he did not meet with the same success in his own country.

At a meeting of the committee held on 28th December 1784, "Duncan MacIntyre sung his poetical Gaelic composition *On the Restitution of the Forfeited Estates*, and distributed printed copies among the members. The committee were much pleased with the bard's performance, and at his request recommended to the Secretary to transmit a copy of his song to the Secretary of the Highland Society of London, and to acquaint him that MacIntyre desired to be a candidate for the prizes offered by that Society for poetical compositions in Gaelic *On the Restitution of the Highland Dress and the Forfeited Estates.*"

Early in the following year Donald Shaw sung to the committee his Gaelic song *On the Restitution of the Forfeited Estates*, which was also transmitted to London. In September the "meeting delivered to the Bard Duncan MacIntyre the prize of 50 merks" for the above song. Alexander Cameron from Lochaber and the Bard Shaw received a part of the collection arising from tickets and admissions. Cameron had applied for funds to publish his MS. in 1786. Next year the committee recommended the purchase of the MS. He was afterwards appointed Bard to the Society, and his death is referred to at a meeting on 13th January 1789, when Dr Grant moved that Donald Shaw be employed as the Society's Bard in place of Cameron now deceased. Shaw remained the only candidate till 1st August, when "Duncan MacIntyre,

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being mentioned as a candidate with Shaw for the office of bard, and the convener [Mr Fletcher] having produced a small volume of poems composed by the said MacIntyre to which he appealed as evidence of MacIntyre's poetic merit, the sub-committee resolved to take a comparative trial of the merit of the competitors, and for the purpose recommended to each of them to prepare a poem *On the Warlike Exploits of the 42nd Regiment*, or *Moladh na sean Reisamid duith*, and to have their poems in readiness to rehearse *viva voce* before the sub-committee on Friday, the 24th July next, at two o'clock p.m., and the committee expect that the competitors will be ready to say on oath, if desired, that they have received no assistance from any person in the composition of the subjects of trial."

The eventful day arrived, and "Donald Shaw and Duncan MacIntyre, the only competitors for the office of bard, rehearsed in presence of this committee poetical compositions *On the Military Exploits of the 42nd Regiment*, being the subject prescribed to them at a former Meeting of this Committee, and Mr MacIntyre gave in a printed copy of his performance; resolved as the opinion of this Committee that the Society should indemnify the expense of printing both compositions, and declared that they will fix their opinion on Friday, the 31st inst., at 12 o'clock, so as to be reported to the General Meeting on the 1st of August next, and copies of both compositions to be sent to the Members of Committee before the day of Meeting, Mr Macfarlane to be employed to write Shaw's composition previous to printing, and to be allowed some consideration for his trouble."

On the 31st July the sub-committee again met, and

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“having read and considered the compositions of the respective candidates, and having heard the same again rehearsed by them *viva voce*, declare it as their opinion that these performances are both compositions of very considerable poetic merit, but that on the whole when the nature of the subject and the manner in which it has been treated by each of the candidates is taken under view, the Poem composed by Donald Shaw appears to them to possess the highest [sic] degree of comparative merit, and therefore they humbly report that in their opinion Donald Shaw ought to be elected Bard of this Society with the established emoluments of the Office. At the same time the Committee are called upon from a sense of justice, to declare that Duncan MacIntyre’s poetic genius as appears from his present and other compositions, deserves encouragement, and in particular that his *Eulogy on the Music of the Pipe*, containing a masterly description of that instrument, is a performance of singular merit, and therefore the Committee beg leave to suggest to this Society to consider his case to recommend him to the liberality and patronage of the Highland Society of London, as well as to bestow on him some mark of their own approbation.

“On hearing the above report the same was unanimously approved of, and a Precept ordered to be issued on the Treasurer in favour of Duncan MacIntyre for 100 merks.”

So ended Duncan Ban’s hopes of becoming Bard to the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland. In ten years, however, Nemesis overtook his judges. It will be better to hear the sentence from their own mouth.

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6th December 1799.—“Upon resuming the consideration of a matter frequently in view of the Directors, resolved to recommend to the ensuing General Meeting to discontinue the offices of Gaelic Professor and Bard, as totally unnecessary and a misapplication so far of the funds, neither of these men answering the purpose of their appointment, and that their names shall be left out of the establishment for the present year; at same time that it would be proper, considering the severity of the season, to allow them a year's salary each when their names were struck off the Roll.”

When the Breadalbane Fencibles were raised during the Revolution scare in 1793, he joined the ranks and remained in them till the Battalion was disbanded six years later. The current narrative says that when he was left as cook in charge of the mess he sometimes entirely forgot his duties, till, admonished by the arrival of his hungry companions, he successfully exerted his powers to make them forget that they had not dined. He himself tells us that in camp they did not spare the dram; and doubtless to that period his convivial songs are to be assigned. Till his enrolment in the Fencibles he had been serving in the City Guard, and to their ranks he returned (p. 406, note), retiring finally about the year 1806. There is no indication of where or how he spent his last few years, except that, we are assured, he lived in comfort from his savings and the small income derived from the Third Edition of his poems.

Once or twice he revisited the Highlands on business connected with his poems. He was accompanied by his wife, and when the report spread that they were to pass through a district, the interest was great. It is still

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remembered that at Benderloch the children were let out of school for an hour or two in order to see the famous pair. Several persons are still living who recall that their parents saw and conversed with him on these occasions; but we must depend on three brief records as to his personal appearance. "I knew a Highland lady," says Principal Shairp, "who remembered to have seen him in her childhood on one of these occasions, when he visited her father's house in Mull. He was wandering about with the wife of his youth, Fair Young Mary, still fair though no longer young. He then wore, if I remember aright, a tartan kilt, and on his head a cap made of fox's skin. He was fair of hair and face, with a pleasant countenance and a happy, attractive manner. An amiable, sweet-blooded man, who never, it is said, attacked anyone unprovoked; but when he was assailed he could repay smartly in that satire which came naturally to most Highland Bards."

The Rev. Mr M'Callum of Arisaig "saw him travelling slowly with his wife. He was dressed in the Highland garb, with a checked bonnet over which a large bushy tail of a wild animal hung, a badger's skin fastened by a belt in front, a hanger by his side, and a soldier's wallet was strapped to his shoulders. He had not been seen by any present before then, but he was immediately recognised. A forward young man asked him if it was he that made Ben Dorain? 'No,' replied the venerable old man, 'God made Ben Dorain, but I praised it.' (*An tusa a rinn Beinn-dòrain? 'S e Dia a rinn Beinn-dòrain, ach is mise a mhol i.*) He then inquired if I would buy a copy of his book? I told him to call upon me, paid



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him three shillings, and had some conversation with him. He spoke slowly. He seemed to have no high opinion of his own works, and said little of Gaelic poetry; but said that officers in the army used to tell him about the Greek poets, and Pindar was chiefly admired by him."

The most recent account by anyone who had actually seen the poet is that given by Rev. John MacIntyre. Himself minister at Kilmonivaig, he was the son of Rev. Duncan MacIntyre, minister at Kilmallie, and of Jean, daughter of James the poet's chief. On the occasion of the Festival, 2nd September 1859, when the monument to the poet's memory was raised on Creagan-chaorach, near the Beacon Hill to the E. of Loch Awe, he said:—

"Perhaps there are not many here who have seen the bard. It was my privilege when very young to have seen him at my father's house, accompanied by Mairi Bhan Og. I remember the warm and even respectful welcome with which the venerable bard and his Mary were received by my father, and how he placed them on either side of him at the dinner table. Duncan Ban was then an old man of eighty years, but stalwart still, hale and hearty. He was dressed in full Highland costume. Mairi Bhan Og wore a most becoming and beautiful scarlet mantle of fine cloth. She appeared so gentle and amiable; and retained much of that personal beauty which the bard so happily and sweetly described.

"As to the moral character of Duncan Ban MacIntyre, I never heard a whisper of disparagement; and, whilst taking a limited survey of the productions of the gifted poet in honour of whom so large an assemblage has met this day, and who so happily described the material

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workmanship of the great Architect of the world, it is truly pleasing to find him tune his lyre to loftier strains, and finally giving proof that a good work had been wrought upon and in himself. From *The Conclusion* and *The Author's own Epitaph* we learn that he possessed clear views of Divine truth, putting his whole trust for attaining a blessed immortality in the finished work of his crucified Saviour. Thus have we seen the glorious summer sun, which during a long day had warmed and illumined every object around us, in the evening throw out a brighter and sweeter effulgence than the fierce blaze of noon, and that when about to disappear and sleep in the lap of ocean, as we hope and trust this our gifted fellowman has gone to sleep in Jesus—even to his rest in Him who is the bestower of every good and perfect gift.”

Duncan MacIntyre was in many ways representative of the Highland Celt. A tall fair man, in him was united a healthy vigorous body with an alert and well-balanced mind, which was as full of shrewd common sense as his heart was full of feeling. A keen observer of nature, in his time a great traveller, expert with his weapons, fair spoken but quick at repartee, ostentatious as far as good taste allowed, leisurely and self-possessed, fond of country and of kin, full of humour and of good humour, transparently simple in his poems and in his character, profoundly sympathetic, and with a sure touch alike for description, praise, and satire, with a quick ear and excellent judgment, and a clear lyrical simple style which was always copious, sometimes thoughtful, he had in him the elements of greatness. It is now acknowledged by the many, what was at once evident to the few,

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that he was gifted with all the qualities to make him a successful wooer of the muse—the Celtic muse who is “quivering with life, golden with love, brimming with kindly humour, and explosive with bursts of Homeric laughter.”

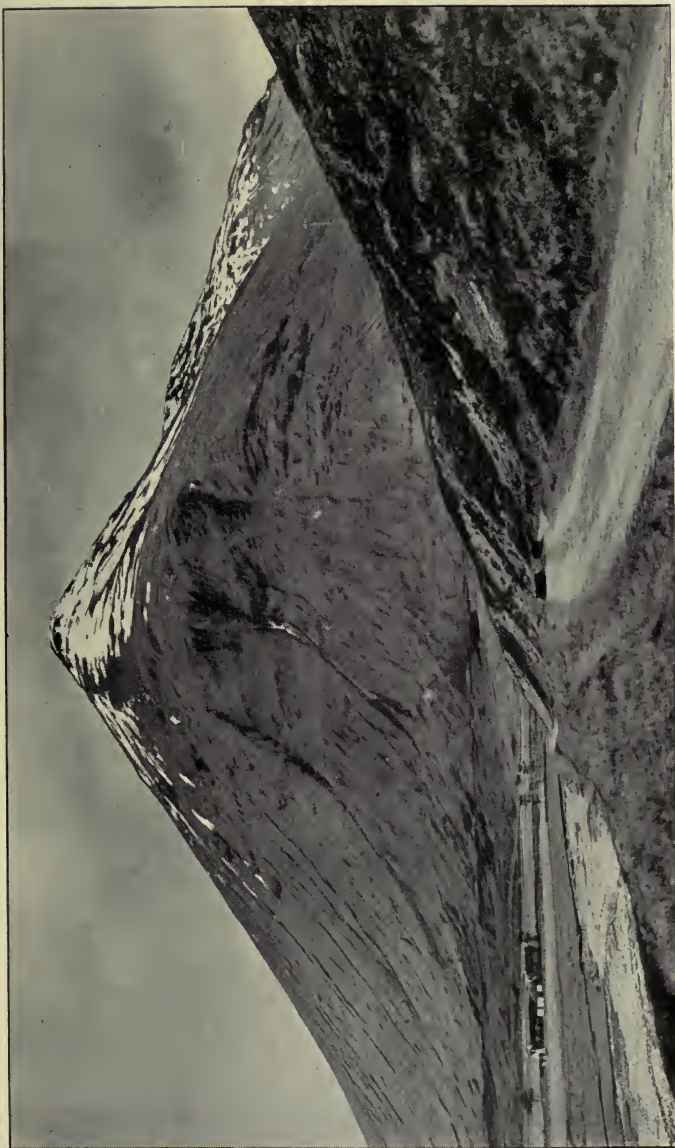
Nature having fashioned her poet, gave him his opportunity. He was born in time to lisp poetry in its sweetest numbers, to hear the nightly *sgèul* with its wit, pathos, and marvellous adventure, while as yet his mother tongue was spoken in purity, and had barely entered upon that life and death struggle with the English language which increasingly curtails the power of Gaelic and its audience. Even in the form which Gaelic poetry took, it was then at its best and most musical period. The trammels of the old syllabic metres were broken, the tame and featureless imitation of English measures had not begun, the mellifluous system of vowel cadences was in its pristine vigour. He had the education which, leaving him undistracted by alien influences, drew forth his best powers. His abilities, intrinsically of the highest order, were so aided by upbringing and environment that he has produced unrivalled poetry, and won himself a name, *Fair Duncan of the Songs*, which proclaims him the darling of a whole people. Seen in truer perspective at the end of a hundred years, his stature has not diminished.

He has been called the “Burns of the Highlands,” and with some truth. Duncan Ban is the best loved Highlander as Burns is the best loved Scot. Both were natural and spontaneous singers, both sang of human life as they saw it with their own eyes, and each is the poet of his own people. Each of them, too, was unrivalled in his

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conversational powers. Where they sat was the head of the table. In the ale-house with the horned moon hanging in the corner of the window Burns was supreme: in the canteen Duncan Ban had no competitor. Here, however, the likeness ends. On the intellectual side, in wealth of ideas of practical utility, the advantage lies with the Lowlander: in consummate mastery of his own tongue—and this is a great deal to say—the advantage belongs to the Highlander. He was besides clean-minded and whole-hearted, knowing nothing of wounded pride, disappointed ambition, of free love, or constitutional melancholy—for of Celtic gloom not a trace is discernible either in his songs or in his character. In minor details he resembles other English poets—Milton and Wordsworth in his powerful memory for his own lines, Scott in his descriptions of natural scenery, Cowper in his theology, and Burns and Scott in thinking little of his own works. Among the ancients he most resembles Horace. The Highlander lost his sword; the Roman threw away his shield. With the same cheery outlook on human life both of them write poems manifestly intended to please or to amuse. While dealing occasionally a shrewd blow, they neither of them cultivate the gentle art of making enemies; and their satires, though using at times a regrettable freedom, for the most part end in laughter.

Of the poet's own works his greatest effort, *The Praise of Ben Dorain*, is the most original, standing alone in design and execution; and the mountain, though greatly changed since the poet looked upon it, owing to the loss of the wood that clothed its sides, is worthy of his



*From a Photo. by*

BEN DORAIN AND AUCH LODGE, BELOW THE WEST HIGHLAND RAILWAY.

*Rev. A. E. Robertson.*

[To face p. xl.



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efforts. Its charms, as has been pointed out, are of a feminine cast, depending less on height and rugged grandeur than on the clear and graceful sweep of its outline, in which it is perhaps unrivalled among Scottish mountains. As long as the poet's words are known and understood, the mountain will be his monument. May time deal gently with the bond that unites the name of Duncan Ban to Ben Dorain.

### BEN DORAIN.

Majestic Mountain ! On whose graceful side  
Fair Duncan of the Songs, in days now old  
As three half centuries, a hunter strolled  
In freedom : from his passionate heart a tide  
Of song the rocky corries glorified,  
Pourtrayed the charm of stag, bird, wood, and wold ;  
And Fair Young Mary listened when he told  
The wondrous tale that won his winsome bride.

Long since thy poet sang his " Last Farewell,"  
A " thousand blessings " on the mossy dell,  
The modest heath-flower, and sweet woman's smile,  
The moorland breezes, and the crystal well ;  
Still rests the benediction on thy pile,  
And o'er the scene his spirit broods the while.

G. C.

ORAN DO CHLAIDHEAMH MHC AN LEISDEIR  
AGUS DO BHLAR NA H-EAGLAISE BRICE.\*

LATHA dhuinn air Machair Alba,  
Na bha dh'armailt aig a' Chuigse,  
Thachair iad oirnne na reubail,  
'S bu neo-éibhinn leinn a' chuideachd ;  
'N uair a chuir iad an ratreud oirn, 5  
'S iad 'nar déidh a los ar murtadh,  
'S mur deanamaid feum le'r casan,  
Cha tug sinne srad le'r musgan.

'S a' dol an coinneamh a' Phrionnsa  
Gu'm bu shunntach a bha sinne, 10  
Shaoil sinn gu'm faigheamaid cùis deth  
'S nach robh dhuinn ach dol g'a sireadh ;  
'N uair a bhuail iad air a chéile  
'S àrd a leumamaid a' tilleadh,  
'S ghabh sinn a mach air an abhainn 15  
'S dol g'ar n-amhaich anns an linne.

'N am do dhaoine dol 'nan éideadh  
Los na reubalaich a thilleadh,  
Cha do shaoil sinn, gus na ghéill sinn,  
Gur sinn féin a bhidhte 'g iomain ; 20

\* 'S e so ceud òran an Ughdair.



SONG TO THE SWORD OF FLETCHER AND  
THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.\*

ONCE when in the Scottish Lowlands,  
We, the whole Whig army, rested,  
On us chanced to come the rebels,  
Company that we detested ;  
When they forced us to retreat  
And followed with intent to murder,  
If we had not used our feet  
We never had with guns burnt powder.

'Twas to meet the Prince advancing  
We were in a cheerful spirit,  
For we thought we'd get the advantage  
And had but to go seek for it ;  
But when they struck one another  
High we should have leaped returning,  
And we sprang into the river  
To our necks the deep pool churning.

When our men went in their war-gear  
To turn back the rebel gentry,  
Little thought we, till we yielded,  
We'd be hounded round the country ;

\* This is the Author's first song.

BLAR NA H-EAGLAISE BRICE

Mar gu'n rachadh cù ri caoraibh,  
 'S iad 'nan ruith air aodann glinne,  
 'S ann mar sin a ghabh iad sgaoileadh  
 Air an taobh air an robh sinne.

Sin 'n uair thàinig càch 's a dhearbhadh iad 25  
 Gu'm bu shearbh dhuinn dol 'nan cuideachd,  
 'S e 'n trùp Gallta g'an robh chall sin,  
 Fhuair iad am marbhadh 's am murtadh ;  
 'S ann a theich sinn as na cianaibh  
 An déidh trian againn a thuiteam, 30  
 'S cha téid mi tuille gu dilinn  
 Chuideachadh le Rìgh na Cuigse.

Bha na h-eich gu crùidheach, srianach,  
 Girteach, iallach, fiamhach, trùpach ;  
 'S bha na fir gu h-armach, fòghluimt', 35  
 Air an sònrachadh gu murtadh.  
 'N uair a thachair riu Clann Dòmhnuille,  
 Chum iad còmhdhail air an uchdan,  
 'S lìonar spòldaich a bha leònta  
 Air an lòn an déidh tuiteam. 40

Dh'éirich fuathas anns an ruaig dhuinn,  
 'N uair a dh' aom an sluagh le leathad ;  
 Bha Prionns' Tearlach le chuid Frangach,  
 'S iad an geall air teachd 'nar rathad :  
 Cha d' fhuair sinn focal comand 45  
 A dh'iarraidh ar nàimhdean a sgathadh ;  
 Ach comas sgaoilidh feadh an t-saoghail,  
 'S cuid againn gun fhaotainn fhathast.

## THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK

As a dog might rush at sheep-stock  
While they're scurrying on the glenside,  
It was so they got a scattering,  
Those that were upon our men's side.

Then came all of them and proved  
We'd find it hard to face them further,  
'Twas a Lowland troop had that loss,  
They experienced death and murder ;  
When a third of us had fallen,  
We fled from them a great distance ;  
And I'll go no more for ever  
To the King of the Whigs' assistance.

Shod and bridled were the horses,  
Girthed, thonged, skittish, in troop order ;  
Armed and disciplined the forces,  
Specially set apart to murder.  
When Clan Donald on them bounded,  
On the knoll they held a mauling,  
Many's the carcass that lay wounded  
On the meadow after falling.

In the rout fear broke us fairly  
When the enemy moved downward,  
With his Frenchmen was Prince Charlie  
Settled our way to come onward ;  
No command did e'er we get  
Requiring us our foes to shatter,  
But, what some of us lack yet,  
The power throughout the world to scatter.

BLAR NA H-EAGLAISE BRICE

Sin 'n uair thàinig mise dhathaigh  
 Dh' ionnsuidh Ghilleasbuig o'n Chrannaich, 50  
 'S ann a bha e 'n sin cho fiata  
 Ri broc liath a bhiodh an garaidh ;  
 Bha e duilich anns an am sin  
 Nach robh ball aige r'a tharruing,  
 'S mór an diùbhail na bha dhìth air, 55  
 Claidheamh sinnsireachd a sheanar.

Móran iaruin air bheag faobhair,  
 Gu'm b'e sud aogas a' chlaidheimh ;  
 'S e gu lùbach, leumnach, bearnach,  
 'S bha car cam ann anns an amhaich ; 60  
 Dh' fhàg e mo chruachann-sa brùite  
 Bhi 'ga ghiùlan feadh an rathaid.  
 'S e cho trom ri cabar fearna,  
 'S mairg a dh'fhairdeadh an robh rath air.

'N uair a chruinnich iad 'nan ceudan 65  
 'N là sin air Sliabh na h-Eaglais,  
 Bha ratreud air luchd na Beurla,  
 'S ann doibh féin a b' éiginn teicheadh ;  
 Ged a chaill mi anns an am sin  
 Claidheamh ceannard Chloinn an Leisdeir ; 70  
 Claidheamh bearnach a' mhi-fhortain,  
 'S ann bu choslach e ri greidlein.

Am ball-teirmeisg a bha meirgeach,  
 Nach d'rinn seirbhis a bha dleasnach ;  
 'S beag an diùbhail leam r'a chunntadh 75  
 Ged a dh' ionndraich mi mu fheasgar,

## THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK

Then when I had homeward wended  
To Gillespie of the Old Wood,  
'There he raged as savage-minded  
As a grey brock in his hold would ;  
At that time he was right sorry  
Weapon to draw he none at hand had,  
At his loss great was the worry,  
The heirloom claymore of his granddad.

Mickle iron with edge full little,  
Such the sword's delineation,  
Bending, starting, and fell brittle,  
At its neck a bent curvation ;  
Bruised it left my hip e'er after  
With carrying it along the highway,  
'Twas heavy as an alder rafter,—  
Who would ask if luck came my way ?

When they gathered in their hundreds  
On the Falkirk Slope that day,  
'Twas the English folk retreated—  
They that had to run away ;  
Though I lost on that occasion  
The chief of Clan Fletcher's sword,  
The notched claymore of ill-luck,  
'Twas like a bannock-turning board.

The tool, rusty and mischancy,  
That performed no service rightful—  
Little loss to me, I fancy,  
Though I missed it about nightfall ;

SWORD

BLAR NA H-EAGLAISE BRICE

An claidheamh dubh nach d'fhuair a sgùradh  
 'S neul an t-sùith air a leth-taobh ;  
 'S beag a b'fhiù e, 's e air lùbadh,  
 'S gu'm b'e diùgha de bhuill-deis e. 80

An claidheamh braoisgeach bh'aig na daoine  
 Nach d'rinn caonnag 's nach tug buillean,  
 Cha robh aogas air an t-saoghal,  
 'S maireg a shaothraich leis an cuimeasg ;  
 An claidheamh dubh air an robh an t-aimhleas 85  
 Gun chrios, gun chrambait, gun duille,  
 Gun roinn, gun fhaobhar, gun cheann-bheart,  
 'S maireg a thàrladh leis an cunnart.

Thug mi leam an claidheamh beàrnach,  
 'S b'olc an àsuinn e 's a' chabhaig, 90  
 Bhi 'ga ghiùlan air mo shliasaid,  
 'S maireg mi riamh a thug o'n bhail' e :  
 Cha toir e stobadh na sàthadh,  
 'S cha robh e làidir gu gearradh ;  
 Gu'm b'e diùgha de bhuill airm e, 95  
 'S e air meirgeadh air an fharadh.

Chruinnich uaislean Earra-ghàidheal,  
 Armait làidir de Mhilisi,  
 'S chaidh iad mu choinneamh Phrionns' Tearlach,  
 'S dùil aca r'a champ a bhristeadh ; 100  
 'S ioma fear a bh' anns an àit ud  
 Nach robh sàbhailt mar bha mise,  
 Ged tha mo chloidheamh air fhàgail  
 Ann am Blàr na h-Eaglais Brice.

## THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK

The black sword that had no scouring,  
One side stained a sooty colour,  
Little worth with bends and clouring,  
Worst of pointed tools of valour.

*Sword*

The indented sword the men had  
Who nor strove, nor fell blows hurled,  
Pity him that toiled in fray with it,  
For its like was not in the world;  
Sheathless, crampetless, and beltless,  
Black sword wedded to disaster,  
Without point, or edge, and hiltless,  
Pity him in peril its master.

With me brought I the notched claymore,  
Wretched weapon, in the hurry,  
Slung upon my hip from hame o'er—  
Thence I brought it, but I'm sorry;  
Stab it would not deal, or thrust,  
To cut it was not to be trusted,  
Of brands of war the very worst,  
For it had on the rafters rusted.

The gentry of Argyllshire mustered  
Militia, a powerful make-up,  
And they went to meet Prince Charlie  
In the hope his camp to break up.  
And in yon place many a man was  
Who was not saved, as I find me,  
Though upon the Field of Falkirk  
Is my claymore left behind me.

ORAN DO THAILBEART

ORAN DO THAILBEART A FHUARADH O  
BHANRIGH MAIRI.

DEOCH slàinte Rìgh Deòrsa  
Gu'n òlainn air thùs,  
Le onoir 's le buaidh  
Nan daoin' uaisl' tha 'na chùirt,  
Le Seanalair Hallaidh 5  
Is Màidsear Cothun,  
Gun di-chuimhn' air Màiri,  
Bean mhàlda mo rùin.

Mo bheannachd gu bràth  
Aig a' Bhan-rìgh nach beò ; 10  
'S ann aic' a bha Màiri  
G'a h-àrach 's i òg ;  
Bean shìobhalta, shàmhach,  
'S i nàrach gu leòir ;  
'N uair théid mi'n tigh-thàirne, 15  
'S i phàigheadh na stòip.

'S tu chumadh an cothrom  
'S an onair ud rium,  
'S a chuireadh am sporan  
Na dolair 's na crùin : 20  
Ged a dh' òlainn leann làidir,  
Fìon Spàinteach is rùm,  
'S tu b' urrainn a phàigh  
'S tu 'n àit air mo chùl.



SONG TO A HALBERT

SONG TO A HALBERT WHICH WAS GOT  
FROM QUEEN MARY.

A HEALTH to King George  
I would drink at the start,  
With honour and luck  
To the nobles at court,  
With General Hawley  
And Major Colquhoun,  
Forgetting not Mary,  
Mild darling my own.

My blessing for aye  
On the Queen that's not living ;  
'Twas she had young Mary  
Her upbringing giving ;  
A quiet kind woman,  
And modest enough ;  
When I go to the tavern,  
She'd pay for the stuff.

You'd keep that position  
And honour for me,  
Which would put in my purse  
Crowns and dollars in fee :  
Though strong ale I drank,  
Wine of Spain and rum spirit,  
You in place at my back,  
It is you could pay for it.

ORAN DO THAILBEART

'N uair thiginn leat dathaigh 25  
 Bharr faich an rabhiù,  
 'S tu sìnt' ann am bhreacan  
 Bu taitneach leam thu ;  
 Gu'n deanainn do thasgaidh  
 Far am faicinn do ghnùis, 30  
 Mo Mhàiri dhonn mhaiseach  
 Air 'n do leag mi mo rùn.

'S ann do nighean na Ban-righ  
 Thug mi gràdh is mi òg,  
 O'n a fhuair mi air làimh i, 35  
 Cha robh fàillinn am lòn ;  
 Fhuair mi còir ort o'n Chaiptean  
 Nach tugainn seachad air òr,  
 'S ged a rachainn am blàr leat,  
 Cha n-fhàgainn thu beò. 40

'S ann a fhuair mis' an toiseach,  
 Leis an fhortan a bh' ann,  
 A' bhean as dìriche pearsa  
 Théid a mach 's a' chomannd ;  
 'S a dh'aindeoin na h-aoise 45  
 Cha dean i h-aogas a chall,  
 Cha chaolaich a casan,  
 'S cha mhó ghlhasas a ceann.

Tha Màiri cho bòidheach  
 Ri mnaoi òig tha 'san tìr, 50  
 'S i gun uireasbhuidh fòghluim,  
 Uasal, mòralach, grinn ;

SONG TO A HALBERT

Home with you when I reached  
From the Park of Review,  
In my belted plaid stretched  
Fond was I of you ;  
I would lay you up where I  
Your face at a glance see,  
My bonnie brown Mary,  
On whom I've set my fancy.

It is the Queen's daughter  
I loved with young passion  
By the hand since I've got her  
Ne'er failed my provision ;  
From the Captain I've right to you  
Which for gold I'd not give,  
In the field though I fight with you  
I'll not leave you and live.

I at first got as mate  
By good fortune in hand,  
Wife in person most straight  
Figures in the command ;  
And in spite of old age  
Her looks will not impair,  
Her limbs become slender,  
Or whiten her hair.

My Mary is fair  
As young maid in the land,  
She has no lack of lear,  
Noble, dignified, bland ;

ORAN DO THAILBEART

'S e m' aighear 's mo shòlas  
 Gu'm bheil i pòsda rium fhéin,  
 'S ged a theirig dhuinn stòras,  
 Gheibh sinn òr aig an Rìgh. 55

Bidh sinn uil' aig Rìgh Deòrsa,  
 'S cha ghòraiche dhuinn ;  
 O 's ann aige tha 'n stòras  
 Is còir air a' chrùn ; 60  
 Bheir e 'm pàigh 'nar dorn duinn,  
 'S cha n-iarr e oirnn dad g'a chionn ;  
 Gheibh sinn anart is aodach  
 Cho saor ris a' bhùrn.

Cha n'eil trioblaid r'a chunntadh 65  
 Air muinntir an Rìgh,  
 Ach mireag is sùgradh,  
 'S bhi gun chùram do ni ;  
 Ged a dh' òlainn na galain  
 A h-uile car a théid diom, 70  
 Cha trodadh mo bhean rium,  
 'S cha leig i an t-aran am dhith.

'S ann agams' tha an leannan  
 Nach 'eil feamach na bréin,  
 'S i 'n uaisl' tha 'na mala 75  
 Tha cur a ceanail an céill,  
 'S tha mi fad ann am barail  
 Nach 'eil a coimeas fo'n ghréin ;  
 'S nì mi pòrsan di daingean,  
 Ma bhios i maireann am dhéidh. 80

## SONG TO A HALBERT

'Tis my joy and my solace  
Wed to me she will cling,  
And though riches fail us,  
We'll get gold from the King.

We'll be all for King George,  
'Tis no folly to own;  
For 'tis he has the wealth  
And the right to the crown;  
In our hand he'll put pay,  
And ask nought in return;  
We'll get linen and clothes  
Free as water in burn.

There's no trouble worth reckoning  
On the folk of the King,  
But mirth and enjoyment  
And no care for one thing;  
Though I should drink gallons  
Every turn that I made,  
My wife would not scold me,  
Or let me want bread.

It is I have a sweetheart  
Not dirty or smelling;  
'Tis the arch of her eyebrow  
Her high birth is telling,  
I am firm of opinion  
Her like's not alive;  
I'll safe make her portion,  
If me she survive.

ORAN DO'N MHUSG

ORAN DO'N MHUSG.

'S IOMADH car a dh'fhaodas tighinn air na fearaibh,  
Is theag' gu'n gabh iad gaol air an té nach faigh iad ;  
Thug mi fichead bliadhna do'n cheud té ghabh mi,  
Is chuir i rithisd cùl rium, is bha mi falamh.

Is thàinig mi Dhun-éideann a dh'iarraidh leannain, 5  
Is thuirt an Caiptean Caimbeul, 's e 'n geard a' bhaile,  
Gu'm b'aithne dha banutrach an àite falaich,  
'S gu'n deanadh e àird air a cur am charaibh.

Rinn e mar a b'abhaist cho maith 's a ghealladh, 10  
Thug e dhomh air làimh i, 's am pàigh mar ri ;  
Is ge b'e bhios a' feòraich a h-ainm no sloinneadh,  
Their iad rithe Seònaid, 's b' e Deòrsa a seanair.

Tha i soitheamh, suairce, gun ghruaim, gun smalan  
Is i cho àrd an uaisle ri mnaoi 'san fhearann ;  
Is culaidh am chumail suas i, o'n tha i mar rium, 15  
Is mór an t-aobhar smuairein do'n fhear nach faigh i.

Leig mi dhiom Nic Còiseam ged tha i maireann,  
Is leig mi na daimh chròcach an taobh bha 'n aire,  
Is thaobh mi ris an òg-mhnaoi, 's ann leam nach aithreach,  
Cha n'èil mi gun stòras o'n phòs mi 'n ainmir. 20

## SONG TO THE MUSKET

### SONG TO THE MUSKET.

THERE'S many a change of fortune the men folk may beset,  
Perhaps they'll love the lady that they will never get ;  
A score of years I gave to the first that me had taken,  
She turned her back on me again, and I was forsaken.

I came to Dunedin to seek for a sweetheart, [guard]  
Then said Captain Campbell (he's in the Town street-  
That he knew a widow who in a secluded place was,  
And means he would take to put her in my embraces.

He performed as usual as well as he stated ;  
He put her in my hand, and the pay with her equated,  
And whoever will be asking her name, or surname rather,  
It's Janet that they call her, and George was her grand-  
father.

She's gentle, and pleasant, and without gloom or sadness,  
She is as high in rank as any lady in the land is ;  
The means of my upkeep, she's my mate and there's no  
better, [not get her.  
And great the cause for grief is to the man that will

I quitted Cosham's daughter although she still existed,  
And I let the antlered stags go any way they listed,  
And I drew to the young woman, and it's I that don't  
regret it,  
For I am not without wealth since the maiden I've mated.

Bheir mi fhéin mo bhriathar gu bheil i ro mhaith,  
 Is nach d'aithnich mi riamh oirre cron am falach,  
 Ach gu foinneamh, fìnealta, dìreach, fallain,  
 Is i gun ghaoid, gun ghiomh, gun char fiar, gun chamadh.

Bithidh i air mo ghiùlain, 's gur maith an airidh, 25  
 Nì mi fhéin a sgùradh gu maith 's a glanadh ;  
 Chuirinn ri an t-ùille g'a cumail ceanalt',  
 Is cuiridh mi ri m' shùil i 's cha diùlt i aingeal.

'N uair bhios cion an stòrais air daoinibh ganna,  
 Cha leigeadh nighean Deòrsa mo phòca falamh ; 30  
 Cumaidh i rium òl anns na tighibh-leanna,  
 'S pàighidh i gach stòpan a nì mi cheannach.

Nì i mar bu mhiann leam a h-uile car dhomh,  
 Cha n-innis i breug dhomh, no sgeul am mearachd  
 Cumaidh i mo theaghlach cho maith 's bu mhaith leam, 35  
 Ge nach dean mi saothair no obair shalach.

Sgìthich mi ri gnìomh, ge nach d'rinn mi earras,  
 Thug mi bóid nach fhiach leam bhi ann am sgalaig,  
 Sguiridh mi g'am phianadh, o'n thug mi 'n aire  
 Gur e 'n duine dìomhain as fhaide mhaireas. 40

'S i mo bheanag ghaolach nach dean mo mhealladh,  
 'S foghnaidh i dhomh daonnan a dheanamh arain ;  
 Cha bhi fàillinn aodaich orm no anairt,  
 'S chaidh cùram an t-saoghail a nis as m'aire.



## SONG TO THE MUSKET

I myself will give my word that she is quite excelling,  
And that I've never seen in her a secret fault or failing,  
But she is fine and handsome and straight, she wants no  
mending,  
She's flawless and faultless, with no perverse twist or  
bending.

She will be carried by me, and worthy her demeanour,  
I myself will scour her well, and well will I clean her ;  
I would put oil upon her to keep her beauty peerless,  
And to my eye I'll put her, and she will never fire miss.

When there is want of riches to men that are scanty,  
George's daughter ne'er would let my pocket be empty ;  
And in the alehouses with drink she'll supply me,  
And she'll pay every stoupie that I'll ever buy me.

She'll do as I desire her at every juncture for me,  
No lie will she tell me, and no misleading story ;  
She'll maintain my family as well as I'd wish to,  
Although I'll do no labour, or dirty work rush through.

I wearied with exertion, though riches I secured none,  
I vowed not to demean me to become a farmhand ;  
And I shall cease to plague myself, because I have  
observed  
That 'tis the idle man who the longest is preserved.

She's my dear little wifie that never will deceive me,  
And aye she will suffice to make bread to relieve me ;  
Of clothes on me or linen there will be no slackening,  
And now worldly care has gone out of my reckoning.

ORAN DO'N RIGH.

'S I DEOCH slàint' an Rìgh as àill leinn,  
 Sin an ioc-shlaint' àlainn, uasal,  
 Bhi 'ga h-òl de dh'fhion na Spàinte,  
 Na de phuinnse làidir, uaibhreach ;  
 'N uair a bhios i air a stràcadh 5  
 Cho làn 's a chumas na cuachan,  
 Ge b'e làmh an dean i tachairt  
 'S còir gu'm faiceadh e mu'n cuairt i.

'S mór an sonas th' anns an rìoghachd  
 O'n chaidh an Rìgh so chrùnadh, 10  
 Anns an àit a bh' aig a shinnsreachd,  
 An d'fhuair a sheann-seanair còir-dhùthchais ;  
 Albainn, is Sasunn, is Eirinn,  
 Nis ag géilleachdainn do'n aon fhear,  
 Mar nach fhacas iad riamh roimhe 15  
 O'n a chothaicheadh air thùs iad.

'S mór an t-àgh a tha air an òigear,  
 An treas Deòrsa shuidh 's a' chathair.  
 Cha n'eil rìgh anns an Roinn Eòrpa  
 Chumas còmhrag ris le claidheamh ; 20  
 'S òg a thòisich e ri cruadal,  
 'S tha bhuannachd gu tric 'na làmhan,  
 Fearann chàich 'ga shìor-thoirt uapa,  
 'S a h-uil' àite fhuair e ghlèidheadh.

## SONG TO THE KING

### SONG TO THE KING.

HERE'S the health of our loved Sovereign,  
That's the splendid, noble cordial,  
In the wine of Spain to drink it,  
Or in punch, a heady ordeal;  
When it's filled to overflowing,  
Primed as full as cups will carry,  
Round he ought to see it going  
In whose hands it chanced to tarry.

Great the weal that's in this kingdom  
Since this King got crowned possession,  
Here his line ruled, his great grandsire  
Had secured right of succession;  
Scotland, England, Ireland, e'en to  
One man yield, and now are mated,  
As they ne'er before were seen to,  
Since they first were subjugated.

Great success has the young prince had,  
George the Third who on the throne sat,  
There is not a king in Europe  
Can with sword meet him in onslaught;  
He began his young powers testing,  
In his hands remains the profit,  
Land of others from them wresting.  
He aye kept what he got of it.

ORAN DO'N RIGH

'S iomadh àit an robh chuid armailt, 25  
 Cliùiteach, ainmeil 'n uair a thàirnt' iad ;  
 A choisichean lùthor, calma,  
 Is trùp meanmnach nan each làidir ;  
 Bha Eireannaich, Goill, is Sasnaich,  
 'Nan gaisgich an tìr an nàmhaid, 30  
 'S mairg a thachradh air na fearaibh  
 'N uair a theannadh iad ri làmhach.

Annas a h-uile càs is cunnart,  
 'S mór an t-urram fhuair na Gàidheil,  
 'S bhathas greis 'gan cur an duileachd, 35  
 Mar nach buineadh iad do'n phàirtidh ;  
 Ach 'n uair fhuair iad meas is creideas,  
 'S a chreideadh nach deanadh iad fàillinn,  
 'S iad bu sheasmhaich' air an onair  
 A thug lann-sholuis a sgabart. 40

Bha iad bras a h-uile latha,  
 Ri am catha dol 'sna blàraibh ;  
 Chaidh gach duine dhiubh air chruadal,  
 'S ann orra bha buaidh gach làrach :  
 Bha *commisean* aig gach òigear, 45  
 'S e toirt òrdugh d'a *bhataillean*,  
 'S iad cho tairis do Rìgh Deòrsa,  
 'S a bhiodh na leòmhain dh'an cuid àlaich.

Bha chairt-iùil is cuibhl' an fhortain,  
 Bha seòid a' chogaidh gu léir leat ; 50  
 Annas a h-uile blàr a bh' aca,  
 Rinn *Mars* na bu chòir dha féin deth :

## SONG TO THE KING

Many's the place where was his army,  
Famed, renowned, the marshalled forces ;  
Vigorous and brave his footmen,  
Mettled troops of powerful horses ;  
They were Irish, Scots, and English,  
Heroes, hostile lands invading,  
Pity him who them encountered  
When they took to enfilading.

In all crises and all dangers,  
Great distinction the Gael there got ;  
Albeit for a while suspected,  
As they of the party were not ;  
When they gained esteem and credit,  
And no doubt of them was harboured,  
The most steadfast they in honour  
That drew blade of light from scabbard.

Every day they were impetuous,  
Going in war to fields of battle ;  
In each field was victory with them,  
For each man went on his mettle ;  
A commission had each youthful  
Hero, ordering his battalions,  
To King George they were as faithful,  
As the lions to their young ones.

The compass, wheel of fortune,  
With you all the gods of wars were ;  
Every battle-field they fought in,  
His own part of it did Mars bear ;

ORAN DO'N RÌGH

'N am do loingeis bhi 'gan gluasad,  
 Chuir *Æolus* fuaim le d' bhréidean ;  
 Thug *Neptune* cothrom a' chuain duit— 55  
 'S cò bha uait a dheanadh feum dhuit ?

Bha na gearasdain cho daingean  
 'S gu'm b' amaideach dol g'an séisdeadh,  
 Aghaidh làidir air gach balla  
 Chum nam *Barag* a bhi glèidhteach ; 60  
*Rampair* àrd nach rachta thairis,  
*Batraidh* 's *canain*, orra gleusta,  
 Bu mhairg a bhiodh roimh an anail  
 'N uair a theannadh iad ri géisgil.

Gach rìgh a thòisich at aghaidh, 65  
 Ghabh iad mar roghainn an diùgha,  
 'S ionann sin 's mar dh'éirich dhaibhsan,  
 'S mór a chaill iad air a' chùis ud ;  
 Thug thu tarruing bharr an Fhrangaich,  
 'S fhuair thu ceanglaichean is cùmhnant 70  
 Nach togadh e rithisd t'angar,  
 Mu'n éireadh aimhleas ni bu mhó dha.

Bha Ban-rìgh Hungaraidh gòrach,  
 'N uair a thòisich i ri strì riut ;  
 'S cha bu ghlice Rìgh na Spàinte, 75  
 Thòisich e gu dàna mìomhail :  
 Ged a bha an dithisd ud làidir,  
 'S rìgh no dhà a bh'anns na h-Innsean,  
 Fhuair thu dhiubh gach cùis a dh'iarr thu,  
 'S tha na fiachan air an dìoladh. 80

## SONG TO THE KING

When you set your ships in motion,  
In your sails was Æolus panting ;  
Neptune gave fair-play on the ocean—  
Who could serve you and was wanting ?

And the garrisons so strengthened  
That 't were foolish going to take them,  
On each wall strong faceworks, lengthened  
Round the barracks safe to make them ;  
Ramparts high could not be passed o'er,  
Batteries, cannon on them looming,  
Pity him before the breath of them  
When they were set a-booming.

Each king that began against you  
Made the choice and got the worst o' it  
Even so it fared with them, too,  
Therefore much they lost that durst do it ;  
You a pull got o'er the Frenchman,  
You got bonds and undertaking  
He'd again not rouse your anger,  
Lest worse harm for him was making.

The Hungarian Queen was foolish,  
She began to strive against you ;  
And the King of Spain, no wiser,  
Bold, unmannerly, commenced too :  
Although yon two proved high-handed  
As a king or two in the Ind did,  
You got all points you demanded,  
And the debts are all refunded.

ORAN DO'N RÌGH

Tha an Rìgh a nis mar as àill leis,  
 'S sàbhailt a dh' fhaodas e laighe,  
 Tharruing e gu tìr a chabhlach,  
 'S cha n'eil feum air camp a ghlèidheadh :  
 Gach duine bha dha 'nan nàimhdean, 85  
 Chinn iad da 'nan càirdean matha,  
 'S tha iad uile dha cho dileas,  
 'S dh' fhuirich an t-sìochadh sin fhathast.

An ceithir àirdean an t-saoghail  
 Tha fearann is daoin' aig Deòrsa : 90  
 'S tha chinn-eaglais anns gach àite  
 Chum an sàbhaladh o dhò-bheairt ;  
 Tha lagh is pàrlamaid aca,  
 Chumail ceartais riu is còrach ;  
 'S tha mheirl' an déidh a casgadh, 95  
 Sguir na creachan is an tòrachd.

Bidh a h-uile diùc is iarla  
 Mar as miann leo am fad as beò thu ;  
 'S gheibh gach morair, is gach tighearn',  
 A h-uile dligheadh as còir dhaibh ; 100  
 Tha daoine-uaisl', is tuath an fhearainn  
 Mar as maith leo thaobh an stòrais ;  
 Tha luchd-ciùird a' faotainn cosnaidh,  
 'S cha n'eil duine bochd gun phòrsan.

'Tha toradh am fàs na talmhainn, 105  
 Gu miosach, arbharach, pòrach ;  
 Chinn an spréidh gu bliochdach, bainnear  
 Sona, sliochdar, sailleach, feòlmhor :



## SONG TO THE KING

Now the king is as he would be,  
Safe as could be he's remaining,  
He his fleet to land has drawn up,  
Camp there's no need for maintaining ;  
All the men that were his foemen  
Have to him become his friends good,  
They are all so faithful to him  
That that peace has still all strain stood.

In the wide world's four quarters  
George has land as well as brave men :  
And in each place heads of churches  
From iniquity to save men ;  
They have law and parliament, too,  
Justice, right, for them maintaining ;  
Thieving has been put a stop to,  
Plunder, pillage—none remaining.

All the Dukes and Earls will flourish  
As they wish while you are living ;  
To each Viscount, Baron, all duty,  
As befits them, will be given ;  
And the gentlemen, and tacksmen,  
As they would, enjoy their fortune ;  
Artizans are getting wages,  
No poor man without a portion.

There is increase in the earth's growth,  
Fruits, corn, seed abundant, fresh, full ;  
Kine grown rich in milk and cream roth,  
Happy, fat, prolific, fleshful :

ORAN DO'N RIGH

Tha sitheann air sliabh gach garbhlaich,  
 Sealgairean a' faotainn spòrsa, 110  
 'S tha tighinn air iasg na fairge,  
 'S pailt an t-airgiod ri linn Dheòrsa.

'S mór a rinn e dh' fhearas-tighe,  
 Sgaoil e h-uile maitheas oirne,  
 Chuir e drochaid air gach alltan, 115  
 'S réitich e na ràidean-móra ;  
 Chuir e sgoil 's a h-uile gleann,  
 A los gu'm faigheadh ar clann fòghlum ;  
 'S gheibh sinn airm is eudach Gàidhleach,  
 O 's e 's fhearr leinn gu bhi spòrsail. 120

'S e as àirde de na flathaibh,  
 'S am mac-ratha o thùs òige,  
 Ceannard làidir 's a h-uil' ionad  
 Air gach fine, 's air gach seòrsa ;  
 'Tital Bhreatuinn is na Frainge, 125  
 Tha na banntan sin 'na phòca,  
*Staoile* Eireann, Stéigh a' Chreideimh,  
 G'a chumail creideasach an òrdugh.

Gu meal thu do chrùn 's do chathair,  
 T'uinein, do chlaidheamh, 's do mhòrchuis, 130  
 'S do theaghlach mór, rìoghail, cliùiteach,  
 'S an lùchairt a bheil thu chòmhnuidh ;  
 Ge b'e uair a thig an aois ort,  
 Na chaochlas tu bharr an t-seòil sin,  
 Gu'm bi do mhac-oighre sàbhailt, 135  
 Ann at àite mar as còir dha.

SONG TO THE KING

Venison is on each rough slope,  
Finding good sport is the killer,  
And the fish of the sea are taking,  
In this reign is scouth of siller.

Much of home reform he accomplished,  
Every good on us bestowing,  
Put a bridge on every streamlet,  
Turnpikes opened for smooth going ;  
Every glen he put a school in,  
That our bairns get education ;  
We'll get arms and Highland clothing,  
For we're fond of ostentation.

He's the highest of the princes,  
Son of grace from childhood inbred,  
A strong ruler in all places  
Over every tribe and kindred ;  
Title both of France and Britain—  
In his pocket are these pledges,  
Style of Ireland, Faith Defender,  
Keeping him faithful to the lieges.

May you enjoy your crown, and throne,  
Your orb, your sword, and your great calling,  
Your great family, royal, famous,  
And the palace where you're dwelling ;  
And whene'er old age comes on you,  
Or you change from that condition,  
May your heir-male be securely,  
As he should, in your position.

ORAN DO MHORAIR GHLEANN URCHAIDH.

SGEUL a b'ait leam r'a innseadh  
 Mu'n òg aigeannach, rìomhach,  
 Laoineach, bhasdalach, phrìseil,  
 Chaoimhneil, mhacanta, shìobhailt,  
 A rinn gach beart a bha rioghail, 5  
 Ann an ceartas 's am firinn,  
 O thoiseach na strì so thàinig :  
 O thoiseach na strì so, &c.

'S iomadh àit a bheil cliù ort  
 Nach robh 'm pàirtidh do dhùthcha, 10  
 Sheas thu dàna gun chùram,  
 Gun fhàillinn, gun lùbadh  
 Gu neo-sgàthach le dùrachd,  
 Anns an àite bu rùn leat,  
 Far na gheall thu o thùs a bhi càirdeach. 15

'S an am gluasaid, na carraid,  
 Bha thu cruadalach, fearail,  
 Mar bu dual duit o d' sheanair,  
 Choisinn buaidh ann an Gallaibh,  
 'N uair a bhuannaich e 'm fearann, 20  
 Bha na Tuathaich gun anam,  
 'N déis an ruagadh 's an gearradh 'san àraich.

Laoich ghleusda gun tioma,  
 Bu mhór feum anns an iomairt,  
 Nach géilleadh le gioraig, 25  
 Fhuair iad réite le milleadh,

SONG TO LORD GLENORCHY

SONG TO LORD GLENORCHY.

A TALE I'd gladly be telling  
Of a youth bright, excelling,  
Handsome, gay, dear, refined,  
Mild, and courteous, and kind,  
Has all loyal deeds done,  
In truth and justice each one,  
Ever since this fell strife first begun :

Ever since this fell strife, &c.

Many a place knows your fame,  
Where your clansmen ne'er came,  
You took bold dauntless stand,  
Without failing or bend,  
Undaunted, not blindly,  
In the place you loved kindly  
Where you pledged yourself first to be friendly.

In time of conflict, or move,  
Manly, brave, did you prove,  
From your grandsire your way,  
Who won in Caithness the day,  
When their land he possessed,  
Were the Northmen depressed,  
Cut down in the field, or thence chased.

Heroes trim sans dismay,  
Of great deeds in the fray,  
Who would not yield through skaith,  
But got concord by death,

MORAIR GHLEANN URCHAIDH

'S cha b' i 'n eucoir a shir iad ;  
 'S mór t' fheums' air bhi sgileil,  
 O 's tu féin a tha 'n ionad nan àrmmunn.

Sàr cheannard gach fin' thu, 30  
 Deagh mhaighstir nan gillean,  
 'S an comandair gun tioma  
 An tùs aimhreit no iomairt,  
 Nach dean parladh a shireadh  
 Le d' lanntaibh geur, biorach, 35  
 Bhiodh calldach is iomain air nàmhaid.

'S bidh do chinneadh mór fhéin leat  
 Anns gach cunnart an téid thu,  
 'S iad gu fuileachdach, feumail  
 Bhualadh bhuillean is spéicean ; 40  
 'S lionmhor curaidh 'na éideadh  
 Bhios ullamh gu éirigh,  
 An am dhuit a bhi 'g éigheach crois-tàraidh.

'S iomadh caraid mu'n cuairt duit  
 Eadar Bealach is Cruachan, 45  
 Leis 'm bu mhaith thu bhi 'n uachdar  
 Le neart tein' agus luaidhe,  
 'S nan lann tana, geur, cruaidhe,  
 Rachadh mar riut g'am bualadh,  
 'N uair a thogadh tu suaicheantas àrda. 50

'S 'n uair a sgaoilte do bhratach  
 Ri crann caol, dìreach, snaidhte,  
 Os cionn dhaoin' air an fhaiche,  
 Chluinnte gleadhraich nam marcach

## SONG TO LORD GLENORCHY

No injustice they willed ;  
You've great need to be skilled,  
Since the place of the leaders you filled.

Noble chief of each clan  
You, good master of men,  
And their head sans dismay,  
Come disorder or fray,  
Who would never ask terms,  
With your sharp-pointed' arms  
On the foe would fall loss and alarms.

Your kin will not fail you,  
Though perils assail you,  
Bloody, valiant are those  
To deal fell thrusts and blows ;  
Many brave in war-guise  
Will be ready to rise  
At the time when your fiery cross cries.

Round you many a friend o'er  
'Tween Cruachan and Kenmore  
Wishing you to be head  
By dint of fire and of lead,  
And of thin, sharp steel brands,  
Goes with you, these in hands,  
Where lofty your standard upstands.

When your banner is spread  
At slim straight staff well-sned,  
O'er men on the sward  
Horsemen's clang would be heard

MORAIR GHLEANN URCHAIDH

Bu ghreadhnaiche tartar ; 55  
 Na cinn-fheadhna 's na gaisgich  
 Le maoin bheirt' a mach leo buaidh-làrach.

Reachdar, ardanach, mòrchuis',  
 Duineal, ceannsalach, seòlta,  
 Marcach ard nan each mòra, 60  
 Bu mhór srann, 's bu mhaith fòghlum ;  
 Fasan Gallda gu leòir ort,  
 'S maith thig ad a' bhil òir dhuit,  
 Air chùl clannach bu bhòidhche 'measg Ghàidheal.

Aghaidh mhacanta, chaoimhneil, 65  
 Mhàlda, mheachair mar mhaighdein ;  
 Dàna, smachdail mar shaighdear,  
 Cridhe soilleir gun fhoill  
 Anns a' chom as glaine na 'n daoimein,  
 T' aigneadh uile le soisle, 70  
 Mar ghrian choimhneil a' boisgeadh air fàire.

Suairce, sìobhalta, fearail,  
 Sùil liontach, ghorm, mheallach,  
 Bu chaol, finealta mala,  
 Gruaidh ghris-dhearg, channach, 75  
 Beul bìth a bu taine,  
 Cneas mìn-gheal mar chanach,  
 Cha n'eil tì a thug barrachd air t' àilleachd.

Fhuair thu urram gach cùise  
 O'n a b' urrainn thu ghiùlan ; 80  
 'N am suidhe na cùirte  
 Far 'm bu lìonmhora diùcan,



## SONG TO LORD GLENORCHY

With the jolliest din ;  
The chiefs, the brave kin,  
With a rush would the stricken field win.

Robust, lofty, goodly,  
Manly, imperious shrewdly,  
Rider of the steeds proud,  
Well broke, snorting loud ;  
You've enough Lowland style,  
Gold-rimmed hat suits you well  
On the fairest curled locks 'mong the Gael.

Face gentle and kind  
As a maid's, mild, refined ;  
Bold soldierly mien,  
Heart flawless and clean  
In a frame diamond-bright,  
All thy nature in light  
As the kind sun on horizon height.

Courteous, polished, manly,  
A full blue winning eye,  
Eyebrow slender and sleek,  
Red and white pretty cheek,  
Very small quiet mouth,  
Fine skin, mossdown-like, smooth,  
None has bettered thy beauty in sooth.

You got fame in each thing  
Whence fame you could bring ;  
When at sitting of Court  
Many dukes did resort,

MORAIR GHLEANN URCHAIDH

Bu rìomhach do *dhiùti*  
 Bhi càradh a' chrùin  
 Air an rìgh 'gam bheil dùthchas an àite. 85

Sàr chùirtear na maise  
 'Gan robh cliù air gach fasan,  
 Fhuair iùl ann an Sasunn  
 Air na cùiseanaibh tagraidh,  
 'S e do thùr a bha beachdail, 90  
 Tha 'n dùthaich làn aitis  
 O'n a thàinig thu dhathaigh le fàilte.

Sàr phòitear an fhìon' thu,  
 'S tu dh' òladh 's a dhìoladh  
 Fhuair thu fòghlum gach rìoghachd, 95  
 Meòir as grinne nì sgrìobhadh ;  
 Bu tu sealgair na sìthne  
 Le d' chuilibheir caol, dìreach,  
 'N uair a thàrladh tu 'm frìth nam beann àrda.

An am dhuit a bhi tadhal 100  
 Anns a' bheinn am bi 'n fhaoghailt,  
 Leat bu mhiannach a' ghreadhan,  
 Fuaim mhiosar ri h-adhairc,  
 Gunna glaice do roghainn,  
 Gairm ghallanaich gadhair, 105  
 'N uair a rachadh e 'n déidh fir cràice.

'S 'n uair a loisgeadh tu 'm fùdar  
 Leis a' ghunna nach diùltadh,  
 Bhiodh na peileirean dubh-ghorm,  
 Le teine 'gan stiùradh 110

SONG TO LORD GLENORCHY

"Twas your post of renown  
To set the king's crown  
On whoe'er had the place handed down.

You, arch courtier dashing,  
Had fame in each fashion,  
England gave education  
On law disputation,  
Keen your wits' penetration;  
The land's in elation  
Since home you have come with ovation.

Of wine the arch quaffer,  
Which, drinking, you'd pay for,  
You have every realm's lear,  
Fingers writing neat, clear,  
Hunter of venison  
With your slender straight gun,  
When you chanced forest peaks to be on.

At the time of your foray  
On the peak where's the quarry,  
You loved the herd furry,  
Click on horn measures hurry,  
Gun in grasp, your choice glory,  
Deerhounds' loud bay of fury,  
When behind the horned stag he would scurry.

When you powder ignited,  
With the gun that aye lighted,  
Were the dark blue balls flighted,  
By fire that them righted

MORAIR GHLEANN URCHAIDH

Ri h-éilid na stùice,  
 'S bhiodh a ceithreannan brùite,  
 Is do ghillean 'ga giùlan a fàsach.

'S 'n uair a thearnta gu d' bhaile  
 Mu oidhche le farum, 115  
 Bu ghleadhrach an talla,  
 Tùr greadhnach sin Bhealaich ;  
 Mór chaoimhneas air t'aire,  
 Bhiodh loinn air luchd-ealaidh  
 Leis an seinnte gach caithream a b' àill leat. 120

Mu chromadh na gréine  
 'N uair a dhonnadh na speuran,  
 Gheibhte sollain is éibhneas  
 An tigh soilleir na féile,  
 Gach ceòl bu bhinne r'an éisdeachd, 125  
 Co-fhreagairt a chéile,  
 An fhiodhull, 's na teudan, 's a' chlàrsach.

Maduinn shoilleir ag éirigh,  
 Gheibhte chomaine cheudna,  
 Pìob am follais 'ga spéiceadh, 130  
 Feadain loma 'gan gleusadh,  
 Dosa donna ri beus daibh,  
 Ceòl loinneil bu réidhe,  
 Sìor-chaitheamh na féisd' ann at àros.

'S i an trompaid 's na h-orgain, 135  
 Bu ghlan pròmdol is monmhor,  
 'N uair a lomta gach corra-mheur  
 Nach bu trom air an t-sorchan,

SONG TO LORD GLENORCHY

At the hind on crag sighted,  
Whose quarters were blighted,  
And your lads from the wilds bore delighted.

When at night to your home  
Down with noise you would come,  
Stirring hall was and bower,  
'Taymouth, that festal tower,  
Great joy at your sight,  
'Mong musicians delight—  
Every measure was played you thought right.

At the sun's going down  
When the heavens turned brown,  
Joy and gladness conjoining  
In the festive house shining,  
To list all strains most sweet,  
Harmonising complete—  
The viol, the strings, the harp meet.

Bright morn breaking round,  
The same welcome was found,  
Pipe i' the open o'er arm,  
Chanters bare tuned to charm,  
Brown drones to them belling,  
Smoothest strains all-excelling  
Aye the feast celebrate in your dwelling.

The trumpet, the organs,  
Drone murmuring pure tones,  
When was stop by stop lowered  
That lay light on key-board,

MORAIR GHLEANN URCHAIDH

Bu phuncail an torman,  
 Gu fonnmhorach, foirmeil, 140  
 Ann an teaghlach a' Mhorair ri àbhachd.

Talla flathasach, rìoghail,  
 An robh maitheas, gun mhì-run,  
 Gheibht' ann tathaich gu lìonmhor  
 De mhaithibh na rìoghachd, 145  
 Seòl air caitheamh an fhìona,  
 Uisge-beatha ann am pìosan,  
 A' sìor-ghabhail sìos nan deoch-slàinte.

Mar bu mhiannach leat fhaicinn  
 Bhi gu fialaidh mar chleachd thu, 150  
 Miosail, miadhail, gun airceas,  
 Uaisl' is rìomhadh is fasan ;  
 Or lìonmhor g'a sgapadh,  
 Cluiche dian g'a chur seachad,  
 Air dhìsnean, air chairtibh, 's air thàileasg. 155

Beus nach b' ainneamh le d' theaghlach,  
 Bhi gu farumach, greadhuach,  
 Ceòl is aiteas gach oidhchê,  
 Seòmar laiste le coinnlibh ;  
 'S e Gleann Urchaidh do *staoile*, 160  
 'S thu air Bealach at oighre,  
 Gu meal thu do ghreim air an àite.

SONG TO LORD GLENORCHY

Distinct the notes rolled,  
Tuneful, lively, and bold,  
All to please in your Lordship's household.

Princely royal palace,  
Goodness there with no malice,  
Numbers found to o'erwhelm  
Of the peers of the realm,  
Means for quaffing the wine,  
Drams in silver cups fine,  
Ever washing down healths all combine.

As you loved to appear  
Free with wonted good cheer,  
Praised, esteemed, with profusion,  
Rank, elegance, fashion ;  
Gold scattered in mass,  
High play made it pass,  
On dominoes, cards, and on draughts.

A custom goes with your race  
To be genial with noise,  
Joy and music each night,  
Room with candles alight ;  
Glenorchy's your style,  
Heir of Taymouth the while,  
May you come to your claim on the soil.

COIRE A' CHEATHAICH

COIRE A' CHEATHAICH.

'S E Coir' a' Cheathaich nan aighean siùbhlach,  
 An coire rùnach as ùrar fonn,  
 Gu lurach, miad-fheurach, mìn-gheal, sùghar,  
 Gach lusan flùar bu chùbhraidh leam ;  
 Gu molach, dubh-ghorm, torrach, lùisreagach, 5  
 Corrach, plùranach, dlùth-ghlan grinn,  
 Caoin, ballach, ditheanach, cannach, mìsleanach,  
 Gleann a' mhilltich, 's an lìonmhor mang.

'Tha falluing dhùinte, gu daingean, dùbailt',  
 A mhaireas ùine, mu'n rùisg i lom, 10  
 De'n fheur as cùl-fhinne dh' fhàs na h-ùrach,  
 'S a bharr air lùbadh le drùchda trom,  
 Mu choire guanach nan torran uaine,  
 A' bheil luibh is luachair a suas g'a cheann ;  
 'S am fàsach guamach an càs a bhuana, 15  
 Na'm b' àite cruaidh e, 'm biodh tuath le'n suim.

'Tha trusgan faoilidh air cruit an aonaich  
 Chuir sult is aoibh air gach taobh ad chom,  
 Mìn-fheur chaorach is barra bhraonan,  
 'S gach lus a dh' fhaodadh bhi 'n aodann thom 20  
 M'an choir' as aoigheala tha r'a fhaotainn,  
 A chunna' daoine an taobh so 'n Fhraing ;  
 Mur dean e caochladh, b' e 'n t-aighear saoghalt'  
 Do ghillean aotrom bhi daonnan ann.



## THE CORRIE OF THE MIST

### THE CORRIE OF THE MIST.

THE Misty Corrie of the hinds vagrant,  
The darling corrie of the freshest land,  
(Each flowering herblet to me most fragrant)  
Full grassy, smooth-white, sappy, bland ;  
Shaggy, dark green, and fruitful, herbous,  
Steep, with flowers thick and pure like lawns,  
Mild, spotted, and flowery, pretty, with sweetgrass,  
Glen of the arrow grass, the numerous fawns.

A fastened mantle, secure and doubled,  
Which lasts a season, till it strip bare,  
Of grass the loveliest of the soil's increase,  
The top of it bending with dews not spare,  
Girds the glad corrie of the green hillocks,  
Up to its head herb and rush are there ;  
And the smiling pasture in trim for reaping,  
Were it a hard place for farmers' care.

The raiment blithe on the back o' the moorland  
Put routh and joy on each side o' thy breast,  
'Tender sheepgrass, the flower o' the earth-nut—  
All herbs a hill-face that might have graced  
Are round the kindest found of corries,  
Which men can, this side of France, compare ;  
Unless it change, it were long-lived gladness  
For merry lads to be always there.

COIRE A' CHEATHAICH

'S ann mu'n Ruadh Aisridh dh'fhàs na cuairteagan, 25  
 Clùmhor, cuachanach, cuannar, ard,  
 A h-uile cluaineag 's am barr air luasgadh,  
 'S a' ghaoth 'gan sguabadh a null 's a nall :  
 Bun na cìoba is barr a' mhilltich,  
 A' chuisseag dhìreach, 's an fhìteag cham ; 30  
 Muran brìoghor, 's an grunnasg lìonmhor,  
 Mu'n chuile dhìomhair, am bi na suinn.

Tha sliabh na Làirig an robh MacBhàididh,  
 'Na mhothar fàsaich, 's 'na stràca trom ;  
 Slios na Bàn-leacainn, cha n-i as tàire, 35  
 'S gur tric a dh' àraich i 'n làn-damh donn :  
 'S na h-aighean dàra nach téid do'n bhà-thaigh,  
 A bhios le 'n àlach gu h-àrd 'nan grunn,  
 'S na laoigh gu h-ùiseil a là 's a dh'oidhche,  
 'S na h-uiread cruinn diubh air Druim-clach-fionn. 40

Do leacan caoimhneil, gu dearcach, braoileagach,  
 Breac le feireagan as cruinn dearg ceann ;  
 An creamh 'na chathraichibh, am bac nan staidhrichean,  
 Stacan fraoidhneasach nach bu ghann :  
 Am bearnan-brìde, 's a' pheighinn rìoghail, 45  
 'S an canach mìn-gheal, 's am mìslean ann ;  
 'S a h-uile mìr dheth, o'n bhun as ìsle  
 Gu h-ionad cìrean na crìch' as àird'.

'S rìomhach còta na Creige Mòire,  
 'S cha n'eil am fòlach ad chòir 'san am, 50  
 Ach meanan-còinnich, o 's e bu nòsaire,  
 Air a chòmhdachadh bhos is thall :

## THE CORRIE OF THE MIST

Round Ruadh Aisridh have grown the grass tufts,  
Cosy and cup-shaped, neat, and high,  
Each small green pasture, its surface waving,  
And the wind sweeping it far and nigh :  
The root o' the moor-grass, the top o' the arrow-grass,  
The straight stem, the stalk bent crookedly ;  
The strengthening bent and the plenteous groundsel,  
Round the hid nook where the heroes be.

The slope of the pass, where dwelt Mac Baady,  
Is a ruin run wild, rank swathes bent down ;  
Ban-leacainn's flank, it is not the meanest,  
And oft has it reared the prime hart brown :  
The pairing hinds that no fold will enter,  
They dwell high up in groups with their young,  
And snug are the calves by day and by night there,  
And as many gathered on Drum-clach-fionn.

Thy kindly hill-side with whortle and cow berries,  
With cloudberry chequered, their red heads round ;  
The garlic in tufts at the top of the stairs,  
Fringing precipices which abound :  
The dandelion and the penny-royal,  
The soft white moss-down, the sweet grass round ;  
In every bit from its base profoundest  
To the site of the crests of its highest bound.

Oh ! lovely is the Great Crag's vesture,  
'Tis now no rank grass is thee before,  
But delicate mosses—and they of the sappiest—  
On this side, that side, coating it o'er :

COIRE A' CHEATHAICH

Na lagain chòmhnard am bun nan sròineag,  
 Am bi na sobhraichean, 's neònain fann,  
 Gu bileach, feòirneanach, milis, ròineagach, 55  
 Molach, ròmach, gach seòrs' a th' ann.

Tha mala ghruamach de'n bhiolair uaine  
 Mu'n h-uile fuaran a th' anns an fhonn ;  
 Is doire shealbhag aig bun nan garbh-chlach,  
 'S an grinneal gainmich' gu meanbh-gheal pronn ; 60  
 'Na ghlugan-plumbach air ghoil gun ain-teas,  
 Ach coilich bùirn tighinn a grund eas lom,  
 Gach sruthan uasal 'na chuailean cùl-ghorm,  
 A' ruith 'na spùta, 's 'na lùba steoll.

Tha bradan tarr-gheal 's a' choire gharbhlaich, 65  
 Tha tighinn o'n fhairge bu ghailbheach tonn,  
 Le luinneis mheanmnach ag ceapadh mheanbh-chuileag  
 Gu neo-chearbach le cham-ghob crom :  
 Air bhuinne borb, is e leum gu foirmeil,  
 'Na éideadh colgail bu ghorm-glas druim, 70  
 Le shoislean airgid, gu h-iteach, meanbh-bhreac,  
 Gu lannach, dearg-bhallach, earr-gheal slìom.

'S e Coir' a' Cheathaich an t-aithir prìseil,  
 'S an t-àite rioghail mu'm bidht' a' sealg,  
 Is bidh féidh air ghiùlan le làmhach fùdair 75  
 Ag cur luaidhe dhubh-ghorm gu dlùth 'nan calg :  
 An gunna gleusda, 's an cuilean eutrom,  
 Gu fuileach, feumanach, treubhach, garg,  
 A' ruith gu siùbhlach, ag gearradh shùrdag,  
 'S a' dol g'a dhùbhlan ri cùrsan dearg. 80

## THE CORRIE OF THE MIST

And the smooth dells at the base of the cliffs,  
Where the primroses are, and weak daisies,  
They are leafy, rushy, and sweet, and bushy,  
Shaggy, and tressy—each sort there lies.

A gloomy eyebrow of the green cresses  
Is round each spring-well that's in the land ;  
A sorrel grove at the foot of the rough stones,  
The gravel pounded to fine white sand ;  
In plunge and gurgle without heat boiling,  
But jets a-toiling from bare falls' end,  
Each noble streamlet in blue-backed swirling  
In rapids curling and cataracts' bend.

White-bellied salmon is in the rough corrie,  
Which comes from the stormy billowy sea,  
With mettlesome playfulness capturing small flies  
In his bent hooked beak, not awkwardly :  
On the fierce current 'tis he leaps briskly,  
In his sword-like mail, with back blue-grey,  
With gleams of silver, finny, fine-speckled,  
Scaly, red-spotted, white-tailed, slippery.

The Misty Corrie, retreat beloved,  
The royal spot where they'd hunting be,  
And deer are whelmed with a shot of powder  
Sowing dark lead in their fur thickly :  
The well-trimmed gun, and the dog light-footed,  
Bloody, keen-scented, strong, and dread,  
Running swiftly and cutting gambols  
In challenge going against courser red.

COIRE A' CHEATHAICH

Gheibhte daonnan mu d' ghlacaibh faoine  
 Na h-aighean maola, na laoigh, 's na maing ;  
 Sud bu mhiann leinn am maduinn ghrianaich,  
 Bhi dol g' an iarraidh, 's a' fiadhach bheann :  
 Ged thigeadh siantan oirnn, uisg is dile, 85  
 Bha seòl g'ar dìdean mu'n chrìch 'san am,  
 An creagan ìosal am bun na frithe,  
 'S an leaba-dhìona, 's mi 'm shìneadh ann.

'S a' mhaduinn chiùin-ghil, an am dhomh dùsgadh  
 Aig bun na stùice b' e 'n sùgradh leam ; 90  
 A' chearc le sgiùcan ag gabhail tùchain,  
 'S an coileach cùirteil a' dùrdail crom ;  
 An dreathan sùrdail, 's a ribheid chiùil aige,  
 Ag cur nan smùid deth gu lùthor binn ;  
 An druid 's am brù-dhearg, le mórán ùinich, 95  
 Ri ceileir sunntach bu shìubhlach rann.

Bha eòin an t-sléibhe 'nan ealtainn glé ghlan  
 Ag gabhail bheusan air ghéig 's a' choill ;  
 An uiseag cheutach, 's a luinneag féin aice,  
 Feadan spéiseil gu réidh a' seinn : 100  
 A' chubhag, 's an smeòrach, am barr an ògain,  
 Ag gabhail òrain gu ceòlmhor binn :  
 'N uair ghoir an cuanal gu loinneil guanach,  
 'S e 's glain' a chualas am fuaim 's a' ghleann.

'N uair thig iad còmhla na bheil ad chòir-sa 105  
 De a h-uile seòrsa bu chòir bhi ann,  
 Damh na cròice air srath na mòintich,  
 'S e gabhail crònain le dreòcam ard ;

## THE CORRIE OF THE MIST

Ever were found round thy hollows lonely  
The calves, the fawns, and the hornless hind ;  
There fain would we be on sunny morning  
The peaks to stalk going them to find :  
Though blasts and rain and flood assailed us,  
On the bounds meantime was means for our lair,  
'Neath the low rock at the base of the forest  
In the Bed of Shelter—I stretch me there.

In the calm bright morn when I awakened,  
At the base of the crag, it was joy for me ;  
The grouse with her cackle, a hoarse song singing,  
The courtly cock crooning brokenly ;  
The sprightly wren, and the musical pipe of him,  
Sending the notes from him vigorous, sweet ;  
The starling and red-breast, with much bustle,  
And cheery warble of verse most fleet.

The mountain birds were in flocks so pretty,  
Melodies singing on sprays in the wood ;  
The peerless skylark with her own ditty  
Smoothly sings a love interlude :  
The cuckoo, the blackbird, on top of the branches,  
Pipe a melodious musical strain :  
When the songsters are calling joyously, lightly,  
Their song was the purest heard in the glen.

When all that are near thee come together  
Of every sort that ought to be nigh,  
The antlered stag in the strath of the moorland,  
Giving a croon with a loud deer-cry ;

COIRE A' CHEATHAICH

A' dol 'san fhèithe gu bras le h-éibhneas,  
 A' mire-leumnaich ri éildeig dhuinn ; 110  
 B' i sin an rìbhinn a dh'fhàs gu mìleanta,  
 Foinneamh, fìnealta, dìreach, seang.

Tha mhaoisleach chùl-bhuidh' air feadh na dùslainn  
 Aig bun nam fùran 'gan rùsgadh lom,  
 'S am boc gu h-ùdlaidh ri leaba chùrteil, 115  
 'S e 'ga bùrach le rùtan crom ;  
 'S am minnean riabhach bu luime cliathaich,  
 Le chuinnean fiata, is fiadhaich' ceann,  
 'Na chadal guamach an lagan uaigneach  
 Fo bharr na luachrach 'na chuarraig chruinn. 120

Is lìonmhor cnuasach a bha mu'n cuairt duit,  
 Ri am am buana, bu luaineach clann,  
 Ri tionnal guamach, gu fearail, suairce,  
 'S a' roinn gu h-uasal na fhuair iad ann ;  
 Céir-bheach 'na cnuacaibh, 's an nead 'na chuarraig, 125  
 'S a' mhil 'ga buanachd air cruaidh an tuim,  
 Aig seillein riabhacha, breaca, srianach,  
 Le'n crònan cianail as fiata srann.

Bha cus r'a fhaotainn de chnothan caoine,  
 'S cha b' iad na caochagan aotrom gann, 130  
 Ach bagailt mhaola, bu taine plaoisg,  
 A' toirt brìgh a laodhan nam maoth-shlat fann :  
 Srath nan caochan 'na dhosaibh caorainn,  
 'S 'na phreasaibh caola, làn chraobh is mheang ;  
 Na gallain ùra, 's na faillein dlùtha, 135  
 'S am barrach dùinte mu chùl nan crann.



## THE CORRIE OF THE MIST

Into the mire with joy going rashly,  
Merry he skips to a brown young hind ;  
That was the queen that has grown up stately,  
Handsome, and clean-flanked, straight, refined.

The yellow-backed doe is amid the thicket  
At the foot o' the saplings stripping them bare,  
The buck at a courtly bed works darkly,  
As he digs up the earth with bent hoof there ;  
The brindled kidling of barest ribsides,  
With timidest nostrils, and wildest head,  
Snugly it sleeps in a secret hollow  
'Neath the crop o' the rush in a small round bed.

Many's the hoarding that grew around thee,  
At harvest time would the children bound  
To a snug gathering, pleasantly, manly,  
And sharing nobly what there they found ;  
In lumps bees' wax, and their nest a wee ball,  
From hard knoll-side is the honey laid by  
From the bees streaked, and spotted, and brindled,  
With their mournful buzzing and humming high.

There to gather was plenty of ripe nuts,  
And no light scanty shells were they,  
But clusters bare with husk o' the thinnest  
Take pith from the sap o' the tender spray :  
Strath of the rills, with clumps o' the rowan,  
With bushes slim, full of boughs, twigs these ;  
'The saplings fresh, and the shoots thick growing,  
And the foliage closed round the top o' the trees

CUMHA CHOIRE A' CHEATHAICH

Gach àite timchioll 'nam fàsach iomlan,  
 Màm is Fionn-ghleann 's an Tuilm 'ga chòir.  
 Meall-tionail làimh ris, gu molach, tlàthail,  
 B'e chulaidh dh'arach an àlaich òig;  
 Na daimh 's na h-éildean am maduinn Chéitein  
 Gu moch ag éirigh air réidhlean feòir,  
 Greighean dhearg dhiubh air taobh gach leargain  
 Mu 'n choire gharbhlaich, d'an ainm an Ceò.

140

CUMHA CHOIRE A' CHEATHAICH.

AIR FONN, "*The Flowers of Edinburgh.*"

'S DUILICH leam an càradh  
 Th' air coire gorm an fhàsaich,  
 An robh mi greis am àrach  
 'S a' Bhràighe so thall;  
 'S iomadh fear a bharr orm,  
 A thaitneadh e r'a nàdur,  
 Na'm biodh e mar a bha e,  
 'N uair dh' fhàg mi e nall;  
 Gunnaireachd is làmhach  
 Spurt is aobhar gàire,  
 Chleachd bhi aig na h-àrmuinn  
 A b' àbhaist bhi 's a' ghleann;  
 Rinn na fir ud fhàgail—  
 'S Mac Eoghainn t'ann an dràsda,  
 Mar chlach an ionad càbaig  
 An àite na bh' ann.

5

10

15

## DIRGE FOR THE MISTY CORRIE

Each place around is a teeming wasteland,  
Mam, and the Tuilm, and Fionn-gleann near,  
Meall-tionail at hand, both tufty and sheltered,  
’Twas the means the offspring young to rear ;  
The stags and the hinds at morn in Maytide  
Are early on grassy plains uprist,  
Red herds of them on every brae-side,  
Round the rough Corrie named of the Mist.

## DIRGE FOR THE MISTY CORRIE.

AIR, “*The Flowers of Edinburgh.*”

AT the usage I am sorry  
Of the wilderness’ green corrie,  
A while of my rearing where I  
In the Brae lived o’er there ;  
There’s many a man forbye  
Whose soul ’t would gratify  
Were it as in days gone by,  
When I left it for here ;  
Musketry and shooting craft were,  
With sport and food for laughter,  
By heroes practised oft there  
Who woned in the glen ;  
Yon men have from it gone—  
Now MacEwen’s there alone,  
As, instead of cheese, a stone,  
In place of what was then.

CUMHA CHOIRE A' CHEATHAICH

Tha 'n coir' air dol am faillinn,  
Ged ithear thun a' bhlàir e,  
Gun duin' aig am bheil càs deth  
Mu'n àit anns an am ; 20

Na féidh a bh' ann air fhàgail,  
Cha d' fhuirich gin air àruinn,  
'S cha n'eil an àite-tàmha  
Mar bha e 's a' ghleann. 25

Tha 'm baran air a shàrach',  
Is dh'fhartlaich air an tàladh,  
Gun sgil aig' air an nàdur  
Ged thàinig e ann :

B'fhèarr dha bhì mar b' àbhaist,  
Os cionn an t-soithich chàtha, 30  
'S a làmhan a bhì làn di,  
'Ga fàsgadh gu teann.

'S e mùghadh air an t-saoghal,  
An coire laghach, gaolach,  
A dhol a nis air faondradh, 35

'S am maor a theachd ann :  
'S gur h-e bu chleachdainn riamh dha  
Bhì trusadh nan cearc biata,  
Gur tric a rinn iad sianail,

Le pianadh do làmh ; 40  
Is iad 'nam baidnibh riabhach,  
Mu t' amhaich 's ann ad sgiathan,  
Bhìodh itealaich is sgiabail

Mu t' fhiacalan 'san am :  
Bu ghiobach thu ri riaghailt 45  
Mu chidsin tigh an Iarla,  
Gar nach b'è do mhiann

Bhì cur bhian air an staing.

## DIRGE FOR THE MISTY CORRIE

The corrie's failing, wearing,  
Though cropt to ground unsparing,  
And no man is for it caring

In the place as it was then ;  
The deer that browsed it fled,  
In the forest none have staid,  
Nor their resting-place have made

As they used in the glen.  
Great's the bailiff's discomfiture,  
Baffled to entice a creature,  
With no skill as to their nature

Hither though he came :  
Better he, as usual, standing  
O'er the sowan-vat superintending,  
Full his hands of streams unending,  
As tight he squeezed them.

'There's a change upon creation,  
The corrie, dear sweet station,  
Is gone now to ruination,

The steward there commands :  
And it was his practice ever  
The fat hens to deliver,  
Often did they screeching quiver

With pain at your hands ;  
In brindled flocks, poor things,  
They are round your neck in rings,  
Feathers shed and fluttering wings—

Now among your teeth they are :  
Surveillance you were rich in  
About the Earl's kitchen,  
Though never were you itching  
To put skins upon the spar.

CUMHA CHOIRE A' CHEATHAICH

- Ged tha thu nis 's a' Bhràighe,  
 Cha chompanach le càch thu, 50  
 'S tha h-uile duine tàir ort  
 O'n thàinig thu ann ;  
 'S éiginn duit am fàgail  
 Na 's miosa na mar thàinig,  
 Cha taitinn thu ri 'n nàdur 55  
 Le cnàmhan 's le cainnt :  
 Ged fhaiceadh tu ghreigh uallach,  
 'N uair rachadh tu mu'n cuairt daibh,  
 Cha dean thu ach am fuadachadh  
 Suas feadh nam beann ; 60  
 Leis a' ghunna nach robh buadhor.  
 'S a' mheirg air a toll-cluaise,  
 Cha n-eirmis i na crùachan,  
 An cuaille dubh, cam.
- 'S e 'n coire chaidh an déis-laimh, 65  
 O'n tha e nis gun fhéidh ann,  
 Gun duin' aig am bheil spéis diubh,  
 Nì feum air an cùl ;  
 O'n tha iad gun fhear-glèidhte,  
 Cha n-fhuirich iad r'a chéile, 70  
 'S ann a ghabh iad an ratreuta  
 Seach réidhlean nan lùb.  
 Cha n'eil prìs an ruadh-bhuic,  
 An coille no air fuaran,  
 Nach b' éiginn da bhi gluasad 75  
 Le ruaig feadh na dùthch' ;  
 'S cha n'eil a nis mu'n cuairt da  
 Aon spurt a dheanadh suairceas,  
 Na thaitneadh ri duin'-uasal  
 Ged fhuasgladh e chù. 80

## DIRGE FOR THE MISTY CORRIE

In the Brae though now they've placed you,  
No companion for the rest you,  
Every mortal does detest you,

    Since there you have come bragging ;  
And worse you needs must leave them  
Than e'en you did receive them,  
Since to the soul you grieve them

    With girning and with nagging :  
The proud herd, if you scout them,  
When you would come about them,  
You'll nothing do but rout them

    The tops up among ;  
With a gun that was not trusty,  
It's touch-hole being rusty,  
The big stacks it missed aye,  
    The black crooked rung.

The corrie's fallen behindhand,  
With not a deer or hind, and  
Not a man for them inclined, and

    Who will after them avail ;  
For without a keeper, they  
Together will not stay,  
They have beat retreat away

    Past the windings of the vale.  
Not a roebuck e'en is spared,  
In woodland, or well sward,  
But must move with driving hard

    In flight through the country ;  
There is round now within sight  
Not one sport that gives delight,  
Or would gentleman requite,  
    'Though he his dog should free.

CUMHA CHOIRE A' CHEATHAICH

- Tha choille bh' anns an fhrìth ud,  
 Na cuislean fada, dìreach,  
 Air tuiteam is air crìonadh  
 Sios as an rùsg ;
- Na prisein a bha brìoghor 85  
 'Nan dosaibh tiugha, lìonmhor,  
 Air seacadh mar gu'n spìont' iad  
 A nìos as an ùir ;
- Na failleanan bu bhòidhche,  
 Na slatan is na h-ògain, 90  
 'S an t-àit am biodh an smeòrach  
 Gu mòthar a' seinn ciùil,  
 Tha iad uil' air caochladh,  
 Cha d' fhuirich fiodh na fraoch ann ;  
 'Tha 'm mullach bharr gach craoibhe, 95  
 'S am maor 'ga thoirt diubh.
- Tha uisge Srath na Dige,  
 'Na shruthladh dubh gun sìoladh  
 Le barraig uaine lì-ghlais  
 Gu mì-bhlasda grannd ; 100  
 Feur-lochain is tàchair  
 An cinn an duilleag-bhàite,  
 Cha n'eil gnè tuille fas  
 Anns an àit ud 'san am ;
- Glumagan a' chàthair, 105  
 'Na ghlugaibh domhain, sàmhach,  
 Cho tiugh ri sùghan càtha,  
 'Na làthaich 's 'na phlam ;  
 Sean bhurn salach ruadhain  
 Cha ghlainne ghrunnd na uachdar, 110  
 Gur coslach ri muir ruaidh e,  
 'Na ruaimle feadh stang.



## DIRGE FOR THE MISTY CORRIE

In yon forest all the timber,  
The lengthy stems and limber,  
Are fallen down, succumbed there,  
    Withered from their rind ;  
The shrubs with pith that sprouted,  
In thickets many-shooted,  
Are dried as if uprooted  
    Out of the ground ;  
The bonniest sapling bush,  
The bough and the young brush,  
And the place where was the thrush  
    Softly singing melody,  
Changed are they altogether,  
Bided has not wood or heather ;  
The top's off every tree there,  
    The steward takes it away.

The Srath na Dige water  
Is a black unfiltered gutter  
With a yellow-green scum, utter  
    Ill-tasting nasty slime ;  
In marsh and current stilly,  
Where grows the water-lily,  
Grows no sort more gracefully  
    In yon place meantime ;  
The pools o' the mossy hill  
Are bog-holes deep and still,  
And thick as sown-swill  
    Roll in puddle and pitch ;  
Old water, foul and rusty,  
Depths and surface alike musty,  
Is like a red sea fusty,  
    All stirred up in a ditch.

CUMHA CHOIRE A' CHEATHAICH

Tha 'n t-àit an robh na fuarain  
 Air fàs 'na chroitèan cruaidhe,  
 Gun sòbhrach, gun dail-chuaich, 115

    Gun lus uasal air carn ;  
 An sliabh an robh na h-cildean,  
 An àite laighe 's éirigh  
 Cho lom ri càbhsair féille,  
 'S am feur, chinn e gann : 120

Chuir Alasdair le ghéisgeil  
 A' ghreigh ud as a chéile,  
 'S ar leam gur mór an eucoir  
 An eudail a chall ;  
 Cha lugha 'n t-aobhar mìothlachd, 125  
 Am fear a chleachd bhi tiorail,  
 A' tearnadh is a' dìreadh  
 Ri frith nan damh seang.

Ach ma's duine de shliochd Phàruig  
 A théid a nis do'n àite, 130  
 'S gu'n cuir e as a làraich  
 An tàcharan a th' ann,  
 Bidh 'n coire mar a bha e,  
 Bidh laoigh is aighean dàr' ann,  
 Bidh daimh a' dol 'san dàmhair, 135

    Air fàsach nam beann ;  
 Bidh buic 'sna badan blàtha,  
 Na bric 'san abhainn làimh riu,  
 'S na féidh an Srath na Làirig'  
 Ag àrach nam mang ; 140  
 Thig gach uile ni g' a àbhaist,  
 Le aighear is le àbhachd,  
 'N uair gheibh am baran bàirlinn  
 Sud fhàgail gun taing.

## DIRGE FOR THE MISTY CORRIE

The place where wells to brim rose,  
To hillocks dry and grim grows,  
With not a violet, primrose,

Or cairn-grown noble plant ;

The slope where hinds were saucy,  
There they lie not, rise not, gaucie,  
'Tis as bare as market causeway,

And the grass grown scant :

Sandy, with his bellowing thunder,  
Has put yon herd asunder,  
And great methinks the blunder

The stock should depart ;

And a cause not less heart-rending,  
One has, wont to be descending  
Cheerily, or ascending

The forest of the hart.

But were it one of Patrick's race  
That now came to the place,  
And did from its ruins chase

The changeling there that keeks—

As it was will be the corrie,

'There will calves be, hinds that marry,  
And the stags to peat-holes hurry

On the wilds of the peaks ;

Bucks will lie in thickets warm,  
Burn-trout nigh without alarm,  
Deer in Srath na Lairig swarm,

A-rearing their fawn ;

To its usual each thing brought is  
With joy and gaudetotes,

When the bailiff will get notice

Willy nilly to leave yon.

ORAN SEACHARAN SEILGE

ORAN SEACHARAN SEILGE.

LUINNEAG.

*Chunna' mi 'n damh donn 's na h-éildean.*

*Dìreadh a' bhealaich le chéile :*

*Chunna' mi 'n damh donn 's na h-éildean.*

'S mi tearnadh a Coir' a' Cheathaich,

'S mór mo mhighean 's mi gun aighear,

Siubhal frìthe rè an latha,

'Thilg mi 'n spraidh nach d'rinn feum dhomh.

*Chunna' mi 'n damh donn, etc.*

5

Ged tha bacadh air na h-armaibh,

Ghlèidh mi 'n Spàinteach thun na sealga,

Ged a rinn i orm de chearbaich,

Nach do mharbh i mac na h-éilde.

10

'N uair a dh'éirich mi 's a' mhaduinn,

Chuir mi innte fùdar Ghlascho,

Peileir teann is tri puist Shas'nach,

Cuifean asgairt air a dhéidh sin.

15

Bha 'n spor ùr an déis a breacadh,

Chuir mi ùille ris an acfhuinn,

Eagal drùchd bha mùdan craicinn

Cumail fasgaidh air mo chéile.

20

ON MISSING AT HUNTING

SONG ON MISSING AT HUNTING.

LAY.

*I saw the dun stag and the hinds  
Ascending the pass together :  
I saw the dun stag and the hinds.*

I'm down from Misty Corrie trailing,  
Great's my chagrin and joyless me ;  
I fired the shot me not availing,  
Treading all day the forest free.

*I saw the dun stag and the hinds, etc.*

Though upon arms is laid a veto,  
I kept the Spaniard for the hill,  
Despite the trick she treated me to,  
The son o' the hind she failed to kill.

Up in the morning I at once got,  
In her I put Glasgow powder,  
A tight ball, three English swan-shot,  
Then with wad of tow I stowed her.

Fresh the flint was on renewing,  
And oil I put into the spring,  
A skin-case was, for fear of dewing,  
On my companion ward keeping.

ORAN SEACHRAN SEILGE

Laigh an éilid air an fhuaran,  
Chaidh mi farasda mu'n cuairt di,  
Leig mi 'n deannal ud m'a tuairmse,  
Leam as cruaidh gu'n d'rinn i éirigh.

Ràinig mise taobh na bruaiche, 25  
'S chosd mi rithe mo chuid luaidhe ;  
'S 'n uair a shaoil mi i bhi buailte,  
Sin an uair a b' aird' a leum i.

'S muldach bhi siubhal frìthe  
Ri là gaoith', is uisg', is dìle, 30  
'S òrdugh teann ag iarraidh sìthne,  
Cur nan giùmanach 'nan éiginn.

'S mithich tearnadh do na gleannaibh  
O'n tha gruamaich air na beannaibh,  
'S ceathach dùinte mu na meallaibh, 35  
Ag cur dalladh air ar léirsinn.

Bidh sinn beò an dòchas ro mhath,  
Gu'm bi chùis ni's fhearr an t-ath la ;  
Gu'm bi gaoth, is grian, is talamh,  
Mar as maith leinn air na sléibhtibh. 40

Bidh an luaidh ghlas 'na deannaibh,  
Siubhal réidh aig conaibh seanga ;  
'S an damh donn a' sileadh fola,  
'S àbhachd aig na fearaibh gleusda !

ON MISSING AT HUNTING

The hind, she lay down by the well,  
And I went round about her easy,  
Let off at her yon shot so fell—  
That she arose, it did not please me.

The side of the steep bank I won,  
At her my charge of lead I spent it ;  
And when I thought she was undone,  
That was the time she highest sprinted.

'Tis sad to be in forest gone  
In day of wind when rain-floods rattle—  
Strict orders to seek venison  
The hunters putting on their mettle.

To the glens 'tis high time to go down,  
Since on the peaks there's gloomy plight,  
And mists closed in the hills around,  
A blindness causing on our sight.

That next day better will befall us  
We shall live in best of hopes,  
That wind, sun, landscape will be all as  
We desire upon the slopes.

Grey lead will fly in lightning flood,  
To clean-flanked dogs a smooth course clear ;  
And the dun stag is dripping blood,  
And to the active men good cheer.

DO CHAIMBEUL A' BHANCA

ORAN DO IAIN CAIMBEUL A' BHANCA.

IAIN CHAIMBEUL a' Bhanca,  
Gu'm faiceam thu slàn,  
Fhir a chumail na dàimh,  
'Gam buineadh bhi mòr :  
Le d' chridhe fial, fearail, 5  
A thug barrachd air càch,  
An iomadaidh càs  
A thuilleadh nan slògh.  
Fhuair thu meas, nach 'eil bitheant'  
Am measg Bhreatunnach, 10  
Banc an òir bhi fo d' sgòid  
Ann an còir dhleasdanaich ;  
Na th' ann, cha n-e 'm beagan,  
Is e 'm freasdal ri d' stàit,  
Fo leagadh do làmh 15  
'S gu freagradh do bheòil.

'S tu marcach nan srann-each  
Bu stannardach ceum,  
Le 'm falaireachd féin  
Gu farasda fòil : 20  
Air diollaid nan cùrsan  
Bu dùbailte sréin,  
'S tu bhuidhneadh gach réis,  
A shiubhlabh an ròd.





*From a Photo. by M'Isaac & Riddel of a water-colour, the property of Dr Gillies, Easdale.*

JOHN CAMPBELL OF THE BANK.

[To face p. 66.]



TO CAMPBELL OF THE BANK

SONG TO JOHN CAMPBELL OF THE BANK.

JOHN CAMPBELL of the Bank,  
I greet you well, man  
To uphold kith and clan,  
Who behoved to be great :  
Who, with heart kind and manly,  
Surpassed all the rest,  
In many a plight pressed  
Beyond common folk's fate.  
You've an uncommon rôle  
In all Britons' sight,  
Bank of gold in control  
By legitimate right ;  
All that's there—'tis not small—  
Your state doth uphold,  
By your hands is controlled,  
Your mouth's bidding doth wait.

You ride snorting horses  
Of the mincingest pace,  
With their own, ambling grace,  
Easily and softly :  
In the saddle of coursers  
With double bridle rein,  
Every race you would gain  
That would traverse the way.

DO CHAIMBEUL A' BHANCA

- Na h-eich bhearrcasach, chalma, 25  
 Bhiodh garbh, cumachdail,  
 Is iad gu h-anmadail, meanmnach,  
 Le 'm falbh gruilleumach,  
 Crùidheach dlùth-thairgneach, 30  
 Mear, aineasach, fuasgailteach,  
 Ceannardach, cluas-bhiorach,  
 Uallach gu leòir.
- B'e do roghainn de dh'armachd,  
 An targaid chruinn ùr,  
 Gu meanbh-bhallach dlùth, 35  
 Buidhe, tairgneach, cruaidh, seòlt' ;  
 Is claidheamh chinn-airgid  
 Cruaidh, calma nach lùb,  
 Lann thana gheur-chùil  
 Gu daingean ad dhòrn ; 40  
 Mar ri dag ullamh, ghrad,  
 A bhiodh a snap freasdalach,  
 Nach biodh stad air a sraid  
 Ach bhi mach freagarrach ;  
 Fùdar cruaidh sgeilcearra 45  
 Am feadan glé dhireach,  
 Ad làmhan geal, mìne,  
 'S cuilbheir caol, gorm.
- Bu cheannard air feachd thu  
 'N am gaisge no feum, 50  
 Fear misneachail treun  
 A b' fhiosrach gach seòl ;  
 A fhuair foghlum is fasan,  
 Is aiteas g'a réir,  
 Tùr pailte le céill 55  
 Ag cur aignidh am mòid.

TO CAMPBELL OF THE BANK

The brave steeds and restive  
Would fierce be and shapely,  
They were spirited active,  
With their curvetting stately,  
Well shod and attractive,  
Loose, lusty, well fed,  
Prickeared, with high head,  
And proud enough they.

Of armour your choice was  
The targe round and new,  
Bosses fine not a few,  
Yellow, nailed, hard, well planned ;  
And a sword silver hilted,  
Hard brave stiffly made,  
A thin sharp back blade  
Firmly grasped in your hand ;  
With pistol quick banging,  
Trigger answering at once,  
Of the sparks there's no hanging,  
But report in response ;  
Powder crisp and unlagging  
In straightest tube stands,  
In your white and soft hands  
Blue slim gun at command.

You'd be chief o'er an army  
In time of daring or need,  
Bold brave man indeed,  
Who every wile knew ;  
Who had training and fashion  
And blitheness to suit,  
Sense and prudence to boot,  
Your spirit adding to.

DO CHAIMBEUL A' BHANCA

- An am suidhe na cùirte,  
 No dùbladh an t-seisein,  
 An uchd barra no binne,  
 'S i t'fhìrinn a sheasadh : 60
- Deagh theangair gu deasbut,  
 Bu fhreagarrach cainnt,  
 A bhuidhneadh gach geall  
 'S a chumadh a' chòir.
- 'S e do shùgradh bha earailteach,  
 Ceanalta, suairc,  
 An am tional nan uaislean  
 Mar riut a dh' òl ;
- Gu fàilteachail, furanach,  
 Ag cuireadh a suas 70  
 Gach duine de'n t-sluagh  
 G'am buineadh bhi 'd chòir :
- Na diùcan bu rìomhaiche  
 A chit' ann am Breatunn,  
 Is bu chompanach rìgh thu 75  
 Le firinn 's le teisteanas,  
 Fhir ghreadhnaich bu sheirceile  
 Sheasadh air blàr,  
 Fo 'n deise bhiodh làn  
 De lastainean òir. 80
- 'S maith thig dhuit 'san fhasan  
 An ad is a' ghruag,  
 Air an dreasadh a suas  
 Am fasan an t-slòigh ;
- Gu camagach daithte, 85  
 Làn chaisreag is chuach,  
 Gu bachullach mu'n cuairt  
 Le maise ro mhòr :

TO CAMPBELL OF THE BANK

At the sitting of the court,  
Or doubling the session,  
At bar or report,  
Your truth made impression :  
Speaker good at retort  
Of speech apt and free,  
Who would win every plea  
And uphold the right too.

'Twas your mirth that was guarded,  
'Twas pleasant and sweet,  
When the gentry would meet  
With you round the bowl ;  
With blithe hearty welcome  
You forward would place  
Every man of the race  
Who place near you should hold :  
Of the Dukes the most rare  
Who in Britain were seen,  
Nay, a King's peer you were  
For truth and esteem,  
Man most kind, debonair,  
'That on plain took his stand  
In full dress and grand  
With lace all of gold.

Well become you in fashion  
The hat and the wig,  
Finely dressed up and trig  
In fashion folk's state ;  
All ringleted, dyed,  
Full of loops, and of whorls,  
With, all around, curls,  
In beauty so great ;

DO CHAIMBEUL A' BHANCA

- Tha gach ciabh mar do mhiann,  
 Air an sniamh cumachdail, 90  
 Fiamh dhonn, torrach, trom,  
 Gun bhonn uireasbhuidh,  
 Amlagach, cleachdach,  
 Cruinne, cas-bhuidh, tlàth,  
 Cho gasda ri barr 95  
 Th' air mac 'san Roinn Eòrp'.
- 'S i t' aghaidh ghlan, shoilleir  
 Bha caoimhneil ro shuairc,  
 Caol mhala gun ghruaim,  
 Sùil mheallach bu bhòidhech'; 100  
 Gnùis àillidh mar chanach,  
 Bu cheanalta snuadh,  
 Mìn cannach do ghruaidh  
 Mar bharra nan ròs.
- Cha n'eil àilleachd air càch, 105  
 Nach tug pàirt urram dhuit;  
 Foinneamh, finealta, dìreach,  
 Deas, fìor chumachdail,  
 Calpa, cruinn, cothromach,  
 Corrach, gu d' shàil, 110  
 Gun chron ort a' fàs  
 O mhulach gu bròig.
- Do smaointeannan glice,  
 Le misnich 's le céill,  
 Do thuigse ghlan, gheur, 115  
 'S deagh thuiteamas beòil:  
 Gun tuirsneadh, gun bhristeadh,  
 Gun trioblaid fo'n ghréin  
 A b' fhiosrach mi féin,  
 Is misd thu bhi 'd chòir. 120



TO CAMPBELL OF THE BANK

As meant all the flocks  
    'Twined gracefully, resting,  
Brown rich heavy shocks  
    No thinness suggesting,  
Tressy filleted locks  
    Smooth circling and yellow,  
Nice as on head of fellow  
    In Europe they sate.

Your pure and bright features  
    Were kind, most benign,  
Eyebrow frownless and fine,  
    The bonniest winning eye ;  
Countenance fair as moss-down,  
    Complexion unique,  
Refined, pretty, your cheek  
    Does with rose petals vie.

There's no charm in the rest  
    But has part-honoured you ;  
Handsome, straight and well-dressed,  
    Very comely, smart too  
Rounded calf, fashioned best,  
    To your heel tapered going ;  
No flaw's on you showing  
    From crown unto shoe.

Your thoughts are sagacious,  
    With courage and sense,  
Pure, sharp intelligence,  
    And tactful discourse :  
With no sadness, downbreaking,  
    Or grief 'neath the sun,  
Which I've known you as one,  
    For possessing, the worse.

DO CHAIMBEUL A' BHANCA

- 'S ioma gibht a tha nis,  
 Lionmhor tric minig ort,  
 Iùl is fios, mùirn is mios,  
 Flùr am measg finich thu,  
 An uaisle le spiorad, 125  
 Air mhireadh ad chàil,  
 'S tu iriosal, bàidheil,  
 Cinneadail, còir.
- Gheibhte sud ann ad thalla,  
 Fìon geal is maith tuar, 130  
 Deoch thana gun druaid,  
 Is i fallain gu pòit ;  
 Bhiodh sunnt agus farum  
 Air aire an t-sluaigh,  
 Deagh ghean anns an uair, 135  
 A' teannadh r'a h-òl ;  
 Anns an tigh bu mhór seagh,  
 Leis nach dragh aithnichean,  
 Mùirn is caoin, a bhios air fheadh,  
 Cupa 's glain, canachan, 140  
 Coinnlean airgid,  
 Dreòis ghailtheach de'n chéir,  
 Feadh t'aitreibh gu léir,  
 Is iad pailte gu leòir.
- B' e do mhiann a luchd-ealaidh, 145  
 Pìob sgalanta chruaidh,  
 Le caithream cho luath,  
 'S a ghearradh na meòir ;  
 Puirt shiùbhlara mheara,  
 Is fìor allail cur suas, 150  
 Ann an talla nam buadh  
 Bu bharrail mu'n stòr :

TO CAMPBELL OF THE BANK

Many gifts now beseem  
You, with manifold power,  
Tact and skill, love, esteem ;  
You're among kin a flower,  
Nobleness, spirit-gleam  
In your temper combine,  
You are humble, benign,  
Worthy, clannish of course.

In your hall were found yonder  
White wine, viands sound,  
Flowing draught without ground,  
Withal wholesome to pree ;  
There were tumult and mirthfulness  
In the folk's mind,  
While in good humour kind  
To drink turning free ;  
In the house of great routh,  
Which guests deems no trouble,  
Genial love lasts throughout,  
Cups, glass, can—all o'er bubble,  
Silver candlesticks flout,  
Wax flares of bright hue,  
Your dwelling all through,  
In great plenty they be.

Your delight was in artistes,  
Shrill hard pipe music,  
With a welcome as quick  
As the fingers could streik ;  
Forth lively quick marches  
'Tis noble to call  
In the triumphal hall  
For riches unique :

DO CHAIMBEUL A' BHANCA

- Cruite ciùil, torman ùr,  
 Is e gu dlùth ruith-leumnach ;  
 Feadain lom, chruinne, dhonn, 155  
 Thogadh fonn mireanach ;  
 Clàrsach le grinneas,  
 Bu bhinn-fhoclach fuaim,  
 'S cha tilleadh tu 'n duais,  
 'N uair a shireadh tu ceòl. 160
- 'S iomadh àit am bheil do charaid,  
 Ad fharraid mu'n cuairt,  
 An deas is an tuath,  
 Cho dleasnach 's bu chòir ;  
 Diùc Earra-ghàidhleach ainmeil, 165  
 Ceann-armailt' nam buadh,  
 Leis na dhearbadh làmh chruaidh,  
 Is ris an d'earbadh gu leòir ;  
 An t-Iarla cliùiteach g'an dùthchas  
 Bhi 'n 'Tùr Bhealaich, 170  
 A chuir an ruaig le chuid sluaigh  
 Air na fuar Ghallaich ;  
 Morair Loudon nan seang-each,  
 Ard sheanalair cainp,  
 Fhuair urram comann 175  
 Far na bhuidhinn na seòid.
- Tha iomadh càs eile  
 Nach ceilinn 'san uair,  
 Tha tarruing ort buaidh,  
 A mhaireas ri d' bheò ; 180  
 Fuil rioghail air lasadh  
 A mach ann do ghruaidh  
 Cur t'aignidh a suas  
 Le aiteas ro mhòr ;

TO CAMPBELL OF THE BANK

Violins, a fresh sound,  
A close allegro croon ;  
Bare brown chanter round  
That would raise merry tune ;  
Harp for niceness renowned,  
Tone sweet voiced indeed,  
You'd withhold not the meed,  
When you music would seek.

Many's the place where your friend lives,  
And asks for you forth,  
In the south and the north,  
Duteous as befits kin ;  
Famous Duke of Argyll,  
Of victorious command,  
Who showed a hard hand  
And was much trusted in ;  
The famed Earl, with right  
In Taymouth to reign,  
With his host put to flight  
The cold Caithness men ;  
Loudon of the steeds light,  
Field-marshal indeed,  
Had the honour to lead  
Where the heroes did win.

There's many a cause else  
I'd not timely neglect,  
Which to you draws respect  
That will last till you're dead ;  
Royal blood flaming up  
In your cheek and each feature  
Exalting your nature  
In joy great and glad ;

ORAN GHLEANN URCHAIDH

Tha bunntam is léirsinn, 185  
 Gu léir ann ad phearsain,  
 Fhir shunntaich na féile,  
 Sgeul éibhinn a b' ait leam,  
 Na 'm faicinn am màireach  
 Le àbhachd 's le mùirn 190  
 Bhi 'd chàradh fo 'n chrùn  
 An àite Rìgh Deòrs'.

ORAN GHLEANN URCHAIDH.

Mu'n tig ceann bliadhna tuille,  
 Cha bhi sinn uil' an 'Torr-a-mhuilt ;  
 'Théid sinn thar na bealaichean,  
 Do'n fhearann an robh 'n tlus :  
 Far am bheil ar dìlsean, 5  
 Anns an tìr am bheil ar cuid ;  
 'S an t-àit an còir dhuinn crìochnachadh  
 'S an tìodhlaicear ar cuirp.

Is ann an Clachan-an-dìseirt  
 Bu ghrinn bhi ann an diugh, 10  
 Suidhe 'n eaglais mhìorbhailteich,  
 An dasg bu rìomhach cur ;  
 Ag éisdeachd ris na dh'innseadh dhuinn,  
 Am fear bu shìobhailt guth ;  
 Is e toirt sgeul a' Bhìobaill duinn, 15  
 'S a bhrìgh a' tighinn gu buil.

## SONG ON GLENORCHY

Steadfastness, insight thorough,  
Combined in your person,  
Genial host with no sorrow,  
Glad news would rejoice one,  
Should I see you to-morrow  
With love and ovation  
Placed by coronation  
In King George's stead.

## SONG ON GLENORCHY.

BEFORE a year's end more come,  
All on Sheep-hill we'll not be ;  
We'll go across the passes,  
To the genial warm country :  
Where abide our kindred,  
In the land where is our own,  
In the place we ought to die  
And where our corse will be laid down.

Oh ! it is in Glenorchy  
It were sweet to be to-day  
Sitting in a wondrous church  
In a pew curved elegantly,  
Listening to all was told us  
In his voice that pleasing was ;  
While he told the Bible story,  
And its burden coming to pass.

ORAN GHLEANN URCHAIDH

Gleannan blàth na tìoralachd,  
 An ro mhaith 'n cinn an stuth,  
 Far am bheil na h-innseagan,  
 Am bheil an sìol an cur : 20  
 Cinnidh arbhar craobhach ann  
 Cho caoin-gheal ris a' ghruth,  
 Gu reachdmhor, biadhchar, brìoghmhor,  
 Trom, torach, lìontach, tiugh.

Bu chridheil bhi 's a' gheamhradh ann, 25  
 Air bainnsean gheibhte spurt ;  
 Fonn-cheòl réidh na pìobaireachd,  
 Cha bhiodh sgìos mu a sgur :  
 Fuaim nan teud aig fìdhleirean  
 A sheinneadh sìos na cuir ; 30  
 'S an luinneag féin aig nìonagan  
 Bu bhinne mhillse guth.

Gheibhte bradan fìor-uisg ann,  
 A' dìreadh ris gach sruth ;  
 Eòin an t-sléibh' gu lìonmhor, 35  
 'S na mìltean coileach dubh ;  
 Earba bheag an sgrìobain,  
 Na minnein chrìon 's na buic,  
 'S a' ghleann am bheil na fritheachan,  
 'S na giùmanaich 'nam bun. 40

O'n a thàinig mi do'n fhearann so,  
 Cha n-fhaigh mi fiù an eòin,  
 'S cha n'èil fàth bhi bruidhinn  
 Mu'n fhear bhuidh' air am bi 'n cròc :



SONG ON GLENORCHY

The warm and sheltered little dell,  
Where crops right well will grow,  
And where the little patches are,  
In which the seed they sow :  
Branching corn will ripen there  
As pleasing-white as curd,  
And rank, abundant, juicy,  
Heavy, fruitful, thick, full-eared.

It were heartsome there in winter,  
Fun at weddings would be got ;  
The smooth stream of the piping,  
For its close we'd weary not :  
The sound o' the strings of fiddlers  
Who'd play off the movements choice :  
And their own carol by girls  
Of the truest, sweetest voice.

Found are salmon in fresh water,  
Ascending every stream ;  
The hill birds in great numbers,  
Blackcock in their thousands teem ;  
The small doe of the scraping,  
The wee fawns, the roebuck race,  
In the glen where are the forests,  
And the hunters at their base.

Since I have come to this land,  
I get not so much as a bird,  
And no use there is in speaking  
Of the yellow-antlered lord :

## ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH

Cha b'ionann 's bhi mar b'abhaist domh 45  
Aig bràighe Doire-chrò,  
Far am bi na làn-daimh,  
Nì 'n dàmhair anns a' cheò.

Mo shoraidh do Ghleann Urchaidh  
Nan tulchan glasa feòir, 50  
Far am bheil na sealgairean,  
'S a fhuair iad ainm bhi còrr ;  
A' dhìreadh ris na garbhlaichean,  
Am biodh greigh dhearg 'na leòir  
'S bhiodh gillean trom le eallachan 55  
A dh'fhàgadh tarbhach bòrd.

'S an uair a thigte dhathaigh leo,  
Gu'm b'fhasanta bhur seòl,  
A' suidhe 'san tigh-thàirne,  
'S bhi dannsa mar ri ceòl : 60  
Cridhealas r'a chéile,  
'S na béin a bhi 'gan òl ;  
'S cha n-fhaicte cùis 'na h-éiginn  
An am éigheach air an stòp.

## ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH.

'N UAIR thig an samhradh geugach oirnn,  
Théid sian nan speur o'n ghruamaiche,  
Thig tlus is blàthas is aoibhneas,  
Théid gach ni g'a réir am buadhalachd.

## SONG TO THE SUMMER

It was not as I was used to  
In the braes of Doire Chro,  
Where used to be the prime harts,  
In the mist that wooing go.

My farewell to Glenorchy  
Of the grassy hills and green,  
Where abide the hunters,  
Who've the name of being keen ;  
Who would ascend the rough ground,  
Where in plenty's the red herd,  
And lads weighed down with burdens  
Which would leave a loaded board.

And when home was come to with them,  
It was your accustomed way  
To be seated in the tavern,  
And in dance with music stay :  
There was heartiness together ;  
For the hides, o'er throats to coup ;  
And no affair seemed pressing  
When calling for the stoup.

## SONG TO THE SUMMER.

“WHEN the days of leafy summer come,  
And the sky is cleared of gloom,  
Kindly rays of warmth and gladness  
Health restore and banish sadness.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH

Thig feart le neart na gréine oirnn, 5  
 Nì 'n saoghal gu léir a chuartachadh ;  
 Thig teas o slios 'n uair dh'éireas i  
 Nì feum, 's cha tréigear uainne e.

Bidh pòr ann an tìr ghrainnsearan,  
 Chur sìl anns an tìm ghnàthaichte ; 10  
 A' toirt brìgh as an ùir nàdurra,  
 O'n bhlàr gu bharr a ghluaiseas e :  
 Gu reachdmhor, breac, neo-fhàillineach,  
 Trom-choinnleineach garbh-ghràineanach,  
 Gu diasach, riabhach, càileanach, 15  
 Gu biadhchar, làn, 'n uair bhuainear e.

'S glan fàile nan geug lìomharra,  
 Mu ghàradh nan seud lìomhora :  
 Am biodh àilleagain glé rìomhacha  
 Le blàthas a sìor-chur snuadh orra ; 20  
 Gu h-ùbhlach, peurach, fioguisseach,  
 Glan, brìoghmhor, dìomhair, guamaiseach ;  
 Gach sràid as àillidh grìneachan,  
 Mar phàileas rìgh r'an cuartachadh.

'S ro ghreannar gach gleann fìor-mhonaidh, 25  
 Cur ìomhaigh ghrinn an uachdar air ;  
 Gach lus le bharr cho mhìorbhailteach,  
 A' fàs fo mhìle suaicheantas ;  
 Gu duilleach, lurach, dìtheanach,  
 Glan, rìomhach, lìomhor, cuachanach, 30  
 Gu ropach, dosach, mìsleanach,  
 Gu millteachail, mìn, uainealach.

## SONG TO THE SUMMER

The sun comes forth in living strength  
O'er the whole world's breadth and length,  
Abounding life springs from his side  
In good and joy which shall abide."

There will be seed in grangers' clime  
To sow at the appointed time,  
Drawing the pith from Nature's breast  
Which moves from soil to the crop's crest :  
Unfailing, rank, of varied strain,  
Of heavy stalk, and rough with grain,  
All brindled, husky, and well-eared,  
Food-giving, full, when it is sheared.

Pure fragrance from smooth bough and stem  
The garden round of many a gem :  
Where will be jewels passing fair,  
Heat decks them aye with beauty rare ;  
With many an apple, pear, and fig,  
Pure, sappy, well-concealed, and trig ;  
Each walk the beauteous green lawns bound  
Like a king's court them fencing round.

Right shaggy is each Highland glade,  
Its surface dons a lovely shade ;  
Each herb with crown so wondrous showing  
Beneath a thousand streamers growing ;  
All leafy, lovely, blossom-draped,  
Pure, fine, abundant and cup-shaped,  
Tangled, bushy, with sweet-grass seen,  
And slender arrowgrass pale green.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH

- Bidh fonn air gach neach nàdurra,  
 Bhi sealltainn gach nì gnàthaichte,  
 Am blàr lom ag cur dreach fàsaich air, 35  
 Gach là cur stràc neo-thruaillidh air ;  
 Gu molach, torrach, caiteineach,  
 Gu craobhach, cràsgach, cnuasachdach,  
 Gu h-ùrair, dubh-ghorm, àileanta,  
 Le frasan blàtha, bruidleanach. 40
- Bidh gach frìth gu lìontach, feurach ;  
 'S théid na féidh 'nan éideadh suaicheanta  
 Gu h-uallach, binneach, ceumanach,  
 Grad-leumanach, bior-chluaiseanach ;  
 Gu cròcach, cabrach, céir-ghealach, 45  
 Gu mangach, eangach, éildeagach,  
 'Gan grianadh 's a' mhìos Chéiteanach,  
 Air slìos an t-sléibh' mu'n cuartaich iad.
- Bidh laogh ri taobh gach aighe dhiubh,  
 'Nan laighe mar as còir dhaibh ; 50  
 Bidh gach damh is mang comh-aighearach,  
 'N uair thig Féill Sheathain Ròid orra :  
 Bu tuille lòn is saoghail,  
 Do gach neach a ghabhadh gaol orra,  
 Bhi tric ag amharc caol orra 55  
 'S ag éisdeachd gaoid an crònanaich.
- Bidh maisleach a' chinn ghuaanaich,  
 Ag cur dreach is snuadh is tuar oirre,  
 'S i tilgeadh cuilg a' gheamhraidh  
 A chuir gurt is greann is fuachd oirre : 60

## SONG TO THE SUMMER

Each natural person's heart will sing  
A-viewing every common thing,  
The bare moor donning wilding treasure,  
And each day adding no mean measure ;  
Fruitful, hirsute, with shag and nap,  
The branches swell with fertile sap,  
And fresh, dark green, their fragrant bowers,  
From genial and refreshing showers.

Full grassy is each forest holm ;  
The deer in banner garb will come,  
Proud and peaked, and pacing hard,  
Suddenly-bounding, and quick-eared ;  
White-reared and horned in many tines,  
With nimble-footed fawns and hinds,  
Sunning themselves in the month of May,  
On the side of the slope round which they stray.

A calf beside each several hind,  
All, as behoves them, snug reclined ;  
Each stag and fawn together play  
When round comes John the Baptist's day :  
More of long life and food there were  
To every one would for them care,  
Oft looking at them narrowly,  
And listening to their crooning cry.

The giddy-headed doe will, too,  
Put on her beauty form and hue ;  
The winter's wear away she throws  
Which clothed her with cold gloom morose :

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH

- O'n thàinig blàthas an t-samhraidh oirnn,  
 Cuiridh ise mantal ruadh oirre,  
 'S tha inntinn ghrinn d'a réir aice,  
 Gu fallain, féitheach, fuasgailteach.
- Bidh am minnein ùrair meanbh-bhallach, 65  
 Gros tioram air a' ghnùis bu sgeinmeile ;  
 Gu mireanach, lùthor, anmadail,  
 Ri slinnean na h-earb' an guailleachan :  
 Bu chlis feadh pris mu annoch iad,  
 Gu tric fo iochd nam meanbh-chuileag, 70  
 Gu sgrideil, gibeach, gearr-mhasach,  
 An sliochd d'an ainm na ruadhagan.
- Bidh gach creutair fàillineach,  
 A bha greis an càs na fuaralachd,  
 A' togail an cinn gu h-àbhachdach, 75  
 O'n a thàinig blàthas le buaidh orra :  
 Na h-eòin 's a' phunc a b' àbhaist daibh,  
 Gu ceòlmhor, fonnmhor, fàilteachail,  
 Feadh phreas is thom ri gàirdeachas,  
 Gun chàs a dh'fhàgadh truailidh iad. 80
- 'S neo-thruailidh am pòr lìonmhor ud,  
 'S gur spéiseil grinn a ghluaiseas iad ;  
 Le'm beus a' seinn mar fhìdhleirean,  
 Gur h-aoibhinn binn ri m' chluasaibh iad :  
 'S glan luinneagach, fìor-inntinneach, 85  
 A' chànain-chinn thig uapa-san ;  
 'S iad gobach, sgiathach, cìreanach  
 Gu h-iteach, dìonach, cluaineiseach



## SONG TO THE SUMMER

Since summer warmth to us has spread,  
She will put on her mantle red,  
With her accords her lovely mind,  
'Tis healthy, nervous, unconfined.

The fresh, small-spotted, kidlet race,  
A dry snout on the comeliest face,  
Is vigorous, merry, sprightly shy,  
At the doe's side but shoulder high :  
Active at e'en 'mong bushes, ridges,  
Oft at the mercy of the midges,  
They lively, neat, and short-tailed go,  
The generation named the roe.

And every frail created thing,  
Which erst with cold was perishing,  
Will gaily raise their heads erect,  
Since heat has reached them with effect :  
Birds catch the note they used to sing,  
Musical, tuneful, welcoming,  
'Mid bush and knoll with glee right glad,  
And no distress to make them sad.

Not mean yon numerous family prove,  
And proudly finely do they move,  
Sing in their mode like viol-players,  
They're sweet melodious to mine ears :  
Pure, choral, truly full of soul,  
The speaking head-notes from them roll ;  
And beaked, and winged, and combed are they,  
Feathered, close-clad, retired away.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH

- Bidh an coileach le thorman tùchanach,  
 Air chnocana gorm a' dùrdanaich, 90  
 Puirt fhileanta, cheòlmhor, shiùbhlacha,  
 Le ribheid a' dlùth-chur seòil orra ;  
 Gob crom nam puncan lùthora,  
 'S a chneas le dreach air a dhùblachadh,  
 Gu slios-dubh, girt-gheal, ùr-bhallach, 95  
 'S dà chirc a' sùgradh bòidheach ris.
- Thig a' chubhag 's a' mhìos Chéitein oirnn,  
 'S bidh 'n uiseag 'na seuchdan còmhla rith',  
 'S an dreathan ag gleusadh sheannsairean  
 Air a' ghéig as aird' a mhothaicheas e. 100  
 Bidh choille gu léir 's na gleanntaichean  
 Air chrathadh le h-aoibhneas canntaireachd,  
 Aig fuaim a' chuanail cheannsalaich,  
 Feadh phreas, is chrann, is ògan.
- Na doireachan coill' bu dìomhaire, 105  
 'S na croinn mu'n iadh na smeòraichean  
 Théid gach craobh an ceutaichead,  
 Bidh caochladh fiamh is neòil orra ;  
 Gu meanganach, dìreach, snìomhanach,  
 'Théid cridhe nam freumh an sòghaireachd, 110  
 Le trusgan ùr g'a mheudachadh,  
 Barr-gùc air mheuraibh nòsara.
- Bidh am beith gu cuisleach, fiùranach,  
 Gu failleanach, slatach, ùr-fhasach ;  
 Thig snodhach fo 'n chairt is drùisealachd, 115  
 Bidh duilleach is rùsg mar chòmhdach air :

## SONG TO THE SUMMER

The cock with his hoarse clack will be  
On hillocks green, and murmuring free  
Tunes eloquent, quick, musical,  
His reed voice punctuating all ;  
A crookèd beak with notes of power ;  
His breast with beauty clothed twice o'er,  
Dark-sided, white-girthed, spotted new,  
And prettily two hens him woo.

In the month of May will the cuckoo come,  
And the lark in her doublet will with her roam,  
And the wren, tuning his chanter, cleaves  
To the highest branch which he perceives.  
And all the woods and glens will be  
Shaken with joyous melody,  
At the unrivalled songsters' sound  
On bush and branch and twig around.

The wood-groves' loneliest retreat,  
The trees round which the thrushes meet,  
Each bough goes to perfection new,  
With everchanging form and hue ;  
Branching, in straightness, crookedness,  
The roots' core grows in sappiness,  
With mantle fresh to make it big,  
And blossom on each juicy twig.

The veiny birch, a tendril mesh,  
With sprays and saplings growing fresh ;  
Sap, juice beneath the bark will spring,  
Rind, foliage as a covering :

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH

Le bruthainn théid brìgh na dùslainn  
 Ann am barrach dlùth nan òganan  
 Gu plùranach, caoin, maoth-bhlasta,  
 Mo roghainn de shnaoisean sròine e. 120

'S a' bhiolaire luideach, shliom-chluasach,  
 Ghlas, chruinn-cheannach, chaoin, ghorm-neulach  
 Is i fàs glan, uhd-ard, gilmeanach,  
 Fo bharr geal, iomlan, sònraichte ;  
 Air ghlaic bu taitneach cearmonta, 125  
 Le seamragan 's le neòineanan ;  
 'S gach lus a dh'fheudainn ainmeachadh,  
 Cur anbarra dhreach bòidhchead air.

Gur badanach, caoineil, mìleanta,  
 Cruinn, mopach, mìn-chruthach, mongaineach 130  
 Fraoch groganach, dubh-dhonn, grìs-dearg,  
 Barr cluigealach, sìnteach, gorm-bhileach ;  
 Gu dosach, gasach, uainealach,  
 Gu clùthor, cluaineach, tolmagach ;  
 'S a' mhil 'na fùdar gruaige dha, 135  
 'Ga chumail suas an spòrsalachd.

'S i gruag an deataich rìomhaich i,  
 'S mór a brìgh 's is lionmhor buaidh oirre,  
 Céir-bheach nan sgeap a' cinntinn oirr',  
 Seillean breac feadh tuim 'ga chnuasachd sud ; 140  
 Gu cianail, tiamhaidh, srann aige  
 Air bharra nam meas a' dranndanaich,  
 Bhiodh miann bhan-òg is bhaintighearnan  
 'Na fhàrdaich ghreannar, ghumaisich.

## SONG TO THE SUMMER

With sultriness the thickets' pith  
To the boughs' top foliage travelleth,  
And flowery, mild, sweet-flavoured blows ;  
It is my favourite snuff for the nose.

The ragged water-cress, sleek-eared,  
Close-headed, mild, dark-hued, unseared,  
Pure, dainty, high-breasted grows she  
'Neath pale top, nobly, perfectly ;  
In pleasant tidy dell she lies  
With shamrock posies and daisies ;  
And all plants I might make my theme—  
They beauty's aspect don supreme.

Heath-tufted, mild, and stately-craned,  
Round, tassellated, slim-shaped, maned,  
And wrinkled, dark brown, white and red,  
Bell-topped, blue-lipped and extended ;  
Bushy and scraggy, green and pale,  
Cosy and rank on hill and dale ;  
With honey as powder for its tress,  
Upholding it in stylishness.

Its is the beauteous perfumed hair,  
Great pith, abundant virtue there,  
Beeswax of the skeps upon it scattered,  
Brown bee 'mid knolls yon treasure gathered ;  
Eerie, dreary is his bumming,  
Upon the top of the fruits a-humming,  
Young maids and ladies would delight  
In his curious dwelling, snug and tight.

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH

Is e gu sriteach, riabhach, ciar-cheannach, 145  
 Breac, buidh', stiallach, srian-bhallach.  
 Gobach, dubhanach, riasgach, iargalta,  
 Ri gnìomh gu dian mar thuathanach :  
 Gu sùrdail, grunn-dail, deanadach,  
 Neo-dhìomhanach 'na uaireannan ; 150  
 'S e fàile lusan fiadhaiche  
 Bhios aige bhiadh 's a thuarasdal.

Gach tàin as àirde chruinnicheas  
 Do'n àirigh uile ghluaiseas iad ;  
 Thig bliochd is dàir gun uireasbhuidh, 155  
 Craobh àrd air cuman gruagaiche ;  
 Na h-aighean as òige làidire,  
 Nach d'fhiosraich tràth nam buaraichean,  
 Bidh luinneag aig rìbhinn chùl-duinn daibh,  
 'Gam brìodal ciùin le duanagan. 160

'S fìor-ionmhuinn mu thràth nòine  
 Na laoigh òga chòir na buaile sin,  
 Gu tarr-gheal, ball-bhreach, bòtainneach,  
 Sgiathach, druim-fhionn, sròin-fhionn, guailleach ;  
 Is iad gu lì-dhonn, ciar-dhubh, càraideach, 165  
 Buidh', grìs-fhionn, crà-dhearg, suaicheanta,  
 Seang, sliosrach, dìreach, sàr-chumpach,  
 Mìn, sliogta, barr an suainiche.

Bidh foirm is colg air creutairean,  
 Gu stoirmeil, gleust' 'g ath-nuadhachadh ; 170  
 Le forgan torchuirt feudalach,  
 An treud, 's an spréidh, 's am buachaille ;

## SONG TO THE SUMMER

He's greyish, brindled, dun of head,  
Striped, speckled, yellow streaked, spotted,  
Beaked, hooked, of rasping churlish mien,  
For action like a farmer keen :  
Thrifty, alert with busy powers,  
And unremiss in labour's hours ;  
It is the odour of wild flowers  
That him with food and wages dowers.

Whatever droves the highest meet,  
Up to the shieling all retreat ;  
Milk, cattle-pairing do not fail,  
High foam on maiden's milking-pail ;  
The youngest heifers and most prime,  
That ne'er have known the shackle time,  
A brown-haired maiden sings their praise,  
Lulling them quiet with her lays.

At noontide veritably dear  
Are the young calves that fold a-near,  
White-bellied, well-hoofed, speckled-bright,  
Well-shouldered, sides, backs, noses white ;  
Dun-coloured, dark grey, twinned are they,  
Yellow, blood-red, conspicuous, grey,  
Clean, glossy, straight, well-shaped beside,  
Smooth licked the surface of their hide.

On creatures there's good cheer and fling  
In brave trim them rejuvenating ;  
With stir of jostling of the stock,  
The herd, the herdsman, and the flock :

ORAN AN T-SAMHRAIDH

An gleann barrach, bileach, réidhleanach,  
 Creamh, raineach, réisg, is luachaireach,  
 'S e caoin, cannach, mìn-chruthach, ceutach, 175  
 Fireach, sléibhteach, feurach, fuaranach.

Bidh mionntainn, camomhil, 's sobhraichean,  
 Geur-bhileach, lònach, luasganach ;  
 Cathair-thalmhanta, 's carbhainn chròc-cheannach  
 Gharg, amlach, ròmach, chluas-bhiorach ; 180  
 Subhan-làire, 's fàile ghròiseidean ;  
 Làn lilidh 's ròsan cuachanach,  
 Is clann bheag a' trusadh leòlaichean,  
 Buain chòrr an còs nam bruachagan.

Bidh 'm blàr fo stràc le ùraireachd, 185  
 Oidhech' Iuchair bhrùinceach, cheòbanach,  
 Gach sràbh 's a barr air lùbadh orra  
 Le cudthrom an drùchd 's le lòdalachd ;  
 'Na phaidearan lìonmhor, cùirneineach,  
 Gu brìoghmhor, sùghmhor, sòlasach ; 190  
 Cuiridh ghrian gu dian 'na smùidean e,  
 Le fiamh a gnùis' 'san òg-mhaduinn.

'N uair a dhearsas a gnùis bhaoisgeil,  
 Gu fial, fathail, fiamh, geal, caoimhneil oirnn,  
 'Thig maìtheas is gnìomh le saoi bhireachd, 195  
 Chuir loinn air an Roinn Eòrpa so ;  
 Le éibhneas gréine soillseachadh,  
 Air an speur gu réidh a spaoileas i,  
 Cur an céill gach feum a rinn i dhuinn,  
 G'a fhoillseachadh 's g'a mhóideachadh. 200



## SONG TO THE SUMMER

The glen teeming with crops, leaves, meads  
And garlic, bracken, rushes, reeds—  
Mild, pretty, finely shaped, excels  
In hill ground, grasses, slopes and wells.

Mint, primroses, and camomile,  
Sharp-lipped, on meadows wave and smile;  
Yarrow, and caraway's antlered head  
Rough, hairy, sharp-eared, ringleted;  
Gooseberries scent, strawberries strewn;  
Roses cup-shaped, lilies full blown;  
And little children tulips fetch,  
Dig hole in banks for bitter vetch.

Brimful of freshness the moor will be,  
A dogday's night, drizzling, sultry,  
And each stem with its top bent o'er  
By the dew's weight and load it bore;  
Dew-spangled posies numerous,  
Sappy and gladdening, full of juice—  
The sun soon makes it smoke away  
With the sight of his face at break of day.

When'er will shine his dazzling face,  
With generous, princely, bright, kind grace,  
Good work with richness will unite,  
Which to this Europe have given delight;  
With joy of the sun that shines undim,  
In the heaven serene that drapeth him,  
What good he did us showing yet,  
Revealing and confirming it.

DO CHAIPTEAN CAIMBEUL

ORAN DO CHAIPTEAN DONNCHADH CAIMBEUL AN GEARD DHUN-EIDEINN.

- A' BHLIADHNA chruinnich an campa  
'S a thàinig an trioblaid,  
Bha Donnchadh òg Caimbeul  
Air cheann na Milisi ;  
Fear urramach, seòlta, 5  
Bu mhór fòghlum is misneach,  
G'an tarruing an òrdugh  
Ann an còireanaibh miosail.
- 'S mór do mheas aig na daoine  
Bh'air do thaobh anns an uair sin, 10  
A' dol air an adhairt  
Ann an aghaidh an fhuathais ;  
'N uair bu bhraise bha 'n teine,  
Is fras pheileir mu'n cuairt dhuit,  
'S ann air thoiseach na h-armailt 15  
A dhearbh thu do chruadal.
- Ann an latha Chùil-lodair  
A' dol an toiseach a' bhatailt,  
'S mór a b'fheairrd iad thu rompa,  
A thoirt daibh brosnachadh focail ; 20  
Fir Ghleann Urchaidh bha 'd dhéidh,  
'S bu tu roghainn de chaiptein,  
Ge bu sheanalair àrd thu,  
B' fhiach thu 'n t-àite bhi agad.

TO CAPTAIN CAMPBELL

SONG TO CAPTAIN DUNCAN CAMPBELL  
IN THE EDINBURGH GUARD.

THE year came the trouble  
And forces were banded,  
'Twas young Duncan Campbell  
The militia commanded ;  
A brave man and skilled,  
Of great training and spirit,  
Drawing troops up in order  
In corps of fine merit.

Great respect had the men  
On your side at that hour,  
As forward advancing  
They faced the dread power ;  
When the fire was the keenest,  
Ball-drift round you flaring,  
In the van of the host  
You gave proof of your daring.

On the day of Culloden  
You headed the fighting ;  
Much the better they were of  
Your words them inciting ;  
Men of Orchy behind  
You, of captains the best ;  
Were you a high general,  
You were worthily placed.

DO CHAIPTEAN CAIMBEUL

- 'S cha do smaointich thu gealtachd, 25  
 'S cha b' fhasan leat cùram,  
 'S ann a bha t'inntinn a' togail  
 An am losgadh an fhùdair:  
 'S nan geur lannan glasa  
 Bhi le braise 'gan rùsgadh, 30  
 Bu tu ceannard an fheachda  
 Nach gabhadh feachdadh no lùbadh.
- Bu cheann-feadhna deas calm thu  
 Nach robh cearbach ad ghaisge,  
 Tarring suas do chuid daoine, 35  
 'N uair a sgaoileadh a' bhratach ;  
 Dh'éirich leatsa buaidh-làrach  
 Anns gach càs a chaidh seachad,  
 'S na fhuair thu de phàirtidh  
 Rinn thu 'n àireamh thoirt dathaigh. 40
- Ceann na céill' is na cuideachd,  
 Bu mhòr tuigs' agus reusan,  
 Am fear misneachail cliùiteach,  
 Comhlann ùr de shliochd Dhiarmaid ;  
 Tha t' aigne mar leòmhann, 45  
 Chuir thu mòran an gnìomh dheth ;  
 Le d' chainnt bhunailteich, phuncail,  
 Sàr chompanach iarla.
- Dhearbh thu féin a bhi suaice  
 Ann an uaisl' is an glaine, 50  
 'S ioma car air gach taobh dhìot  
 Air am faodainn do shloinneadh,

TO CAPTAIN CAMPBELL

You had no thought of fear,  
And care ne'er was your fashion,  
Your courage was rising,  
When powder was flashing :  
And the sharp blades and bright  
To be suddenly baring,  
You were the war chief,  
Not to bow or bend caring.

A trim and brave chieftain  
Not awkward in valour  
You drew up your men,  
When unfurled was the colour ;  
With you victory lay  
In each crisis that came,  
What you got as your party  
Full tale you took hame.

King of sense and good fellows,  
Great your reason and clear wit,  
Man famed and courageous,  
Scion fresh of Clan Diarmid :  
Lionlike is your nature,  
Much you put it in peril ;  
With your sound, cultured speech  
You're fit peer for an Earl.

You proved yourself gentle,  
With noble and pure grace,  
From many strains round  
Your descent I might sure trace,

DO CHAIPTEAN CAIMBEUL

- Shliochd nan comhlann bu chaoimhneile  
 O thigh Achadh-loinne,  
 De'n fhuil as airde shliochd Dhiarmaid, 55  
 Tha 'n dream cheutach g'am bheil thu.
- 'S e meud na h-uaisle tha 'd chorp,  
 Tha sìor chur brosgladh at inntinn,  
 Bu mhór t'fheum anns a' chogadh,  
 'N uair a b' oifigeach Rìgh thu : 60  
 Rinn thu gnothach do chàirdean,  
 Gu nàdurra dileas,  
 'S cliù a chosnadh o d' nàimhdean,  
 'N uair a thàinig an t-sìochaint.
- A' bhliadhna thogadh na creachan, 65  
 'S a loisgeadh aitreabh nan Garbh-chrìoch  
 'S mór a rinn thu g'am bacadh,  
 O luchd nan casagan dearga ;  
 A liuthad beannachdan bhochdan,  
 A rinn thu chosnadh 'san am sin, 70  
 Tha gu sìorruidh am freasdal  
 Ri bhi leasachadh t' anma.
- Cha b'e t' fhasan bhi 'n tì  
 Air cuid nam fìor dhaoine bochda,  
 Ach an leigeadh roimh d' lìonaibh, 75  
 Anns gach tìr air 'n do chroisg thu ;  
 'N uair bhiodh càch anns na cùiltibh  
 Ri spùinneadh 's ri robadh,  
 'S ann a bhiodh tu le d' dhaoineibh  
 A mach air aodann nan cnocan. 80

TO CAPTAIN CAMPBELL

Seed of heroes most kind  
Of the house of Auchlyne,  
Clan Diarmid's best blood  
The good folk of your line.

Such high strain in your frame  
In your mind aye puts vir,  
Great your service in war  
As a king's officer :  
You stood firm by your friends  
Lovingly, faithfully,  
Fame was won from your foes  
When the peace came to stay.

The year spoils were lifted,  
And burnt Roughbound farms,  
You did much to secure them  
From red-coats' alarms.  
Poor folk's blessings so many  
You won that occasion,  
Their effect must be ever  
For your soul's salvation.

Not your way to show zeal  
While the real poor the cost bore,  
But your nets through to let them,  
Each land that you crossed o'er ;  
When the rest were in closets  
To rob and to plunder,  
You'd be with your men  
On the hill-face out yonder.

DO CHAIPTEAN CAIMBEUL

- Bha thu tèom' air gach fear-ghleus,  
 A shiubhal garbhlaich an t-sléibhe ;  
 Bu tu roghainn an t-sealgair,  
 A dhol a mharbhadh na h-éilde ;  
 Ann am fàsach na coille, 85  
 Na 'n doire na géige,  
 Bu tu nàmhaid a' choilich  
 As moich' a ghoireadh 's a' Chéitein.
- 'S maith thig féile cruinn uasal  
 Mu'n cuairt air do bhreacan, 90  
 Bonaid ghorm a' bhile shìod' ort,  
 'S peiteag rìomhach de'n *tartan* ;  
 Bròg theann air dheagh chumadh  
 Mu'n troigh as cuimeir air faiche,  
 'S air do chalpannan soilleir, 95  
 Osain ghoirid is gartain.
- 'S maith thig claidheamh geur cùil ort,  
 Lann ùr nan trì chlaisean,  
 Tana, faobharach, fuileach,  
 Aotrom, guineach, geur, sgaiteach ; 100  
 Dias chuimeir de'n stàilinn,  
 'S i spairrt' an ceann aisneach,  
 Ann an iomchar uallach,  
 'S an crios gualainn 'san fhasan.
- Paidhir dhag air do ghiùlan, 105  
 B'e do rùn a bhi 'd shiubhal,  
 Mar ri cuilbheir deas, aotrom,  
 Gunna caol a' bheoil chumhainn,



TO CAPTAIN CAMPBELL

Apt at all manly craft,  
To tread rough slope of hill ;  
The choicest of hunters  
The hind to go kill ;  
You, in pasture of woodland,  
Or grove of the spray,  
Were the foe of the cock  
That crew soonest in May.

Well the brave circling kilt  
Comes around on your plaid,  
Blue bonnet silk-rimmed,  
Tartan jacket well-made ;  
Fitting shoe finely shaped,  
Foot on green there's none smarter,  
And on your clean calves are  
The short hose and garter.

Well the sharp back-sword suits you,  
New blade of grooves three,  
Thin, keen-edged, and bloody,  
Light, sharp, lopping free ;  
A trim braird of steel,  
Fastened in a ribbed hilt,  
In a gay bearer hangs  
At approved shoulder-belt.

Pair of pistols upon you  
Abroad—your caprice,  
Trim and light culverin,  
Narrow-muzzled fowling-piece,

DO CHAIPTEAN CAIMBEUL

- Adharc chuimeir an fhùdair,  
 Flasp chùl-bhuidh 's beul luthaidh, 110  
 Sgiath bhreac nam ball dlùtha,  
 Lann sgrìubhta 'na h-ubhall.
- Cha mhios' thig dhuit biodag,  
 Cho maith 's a thigeadh o'n cheardaich,  
 S'niomhan lìonmhora, croma 115  
 Air a cois dhromanaich, chagnaich ;  
 'S i gu finealta, sgeanail,  
 Dìreach, tana, glé sgeanamhail,  
 Eadar bhonn agus mhuineal,  
 An taoim 's an duille 's a' chrambait. 120
- Bha thu uasal a' tighinn  
 Air gach slighe tha 'n taic riut,  
 'S cha do leig thu fhéin a rithisd  
 Bonn de'n t-slighe ud seachad ;  
 Fhir bu shìobhalta bruidhinn, 125  
 Bu tu breitheamh a' cheartais,  
 Sàr phòitear na dighe,  
 'Gan robh 'n cridhe fial, farsaing.
- 'S gach car a chaidh dhiotsa,  
 Ann an rìoghachd na h-Alba, 130  
 Cha chualas do mhì-chliu,  
 Air do sgrìob feadh nan Garbh-chrioch ;  
 Aig feobhas do ghiùlain,  
 Bha chùis ud duit ainmeil,  
 Le barantas dùbailt 135  
 Fhuair thu cliù na cliath-sheanchaidh.

TO CAPTAIN CAMPBELL

Neat horn for the powder  
Yellow flask, measured os,  
Spotted targe of thick studs,  
Spike screwed into its boss.

No worse suits you dirk,  
Good as comes from smith-craft,  
Twistings manifold, crooked,  
On the gnarred knotty haft ;  
It is well-finished, polished,  
Straight, thin, no stains damp it,  
Clean pommel and neck,  
Weapon, scabbard, and crampit.

You were come of good strain  
Every way you're connected,  
Inch of that way again  
You ne'er let be neglected ;  
Man most civil of speech,  
You were judge of the right,  
Princely quaffer of liquor,  
Large-hearted and bright

Though you travelled all ways,  
Scotland's kingdom around,  
Ne'er was heard your dispraise,  
As you crossed the Roughbound ;  
With your excellent bearing  
Yon cause spread your name,  
You got with double warrant  
Genealogical fame.

DO CHARAID TAILLEIR

ORAN DO CHARAID TAILLEIR AIR SON  
CUAIRT SHUIRGHE.

Tha sinn triùir ghillean 's a' bhaile so,  
Mis' agus Alasdair, 's Pàdrraig,  
'S muinntir na tìre ag ailis  
Gu'n deachaidh sinn baileach o stàth ;  
Na gruagaichean lagbach bha mar ruinn, 5  
An déidh am mealladh aig càch,  
Gach oidhche bhios iad ri faire,  
Cha bhi iad gun fhear air an sgàth !

'S e Dòmhnall an t-òganach giobach,  
'S ann aige bha mhisneach a b'fhearr, 10  
'S e chuireadh an car dheth gu sgiobalt'  
'S a rachadh a chlisgeadh 'nan dàil :  
'S ann a dh'ìomaireadh e teadhair is cipean  
Nach b'urrainn e bhristeadh gu bràth  
'S gu'n cumar e mar ris na bocaibh 15  
O'n a bhios e ri sodradh gun tàmh !

Tha fleasgach aig Pàra Mac Bheathain  
'S e 's braise as aitheant' domh 'm eòlas,  
Tha e cho déidheil air mnathan  
'S nach fheud e laighe 'na ònrachd ; 20  
Shiubhladh e 'n oidhche gu latha  
Do dh' àit anns am faigheadh e pògan,  
'S dheanadh e cluiche gu breugach  
Cuide ri nighneagan òga.

TO A TAILOR FRIEND

SONG TO A FRIEND, A TAILOR, FOR A  
COURTING TRIP.

THREE lads of us live in this township,  
There's Alastair, Patrick, and me,  
And the folk of the country are saying  
That quite gone to nothing are we ;  
The fair damosels that were with us  
Were by the rest jilted each one,  
And every night they will be watching,  
To squire them they'll not want a man.

'Tis Donald, the youth that was ragged,  
Was of the best courage possessed,  
'Tis he would bestir himself nimbly,  
And forthwith to meet them would haste :  
But he would require peg and tether  
That he never, never could break,  
And that he be kept with the he-goats,  
For incessantly he's on the rake.

And Para MacVane has a youngster,  
The briskest I know in my ken,  
He's so very fond of the ladies  
That he can't rest a moment his lane ;  
He will walk all the night until daybreak  
To a place where he kisses would find,  
And games he would play of flirtation  
Along with the young womenkind.

## DO CHARAID TAILLEIR

Gu brìodalach, beulanach, cùrteil, 25  
 Ri sùgradh gu sìobhalta, bàidheil,  
 Am mistear ag euladh 'sna cùiltean,  
 'S e rùdhrach gu h-ìosal fo mhàgan;  
 Le chriotachadh tèaruinte, rùnach,  
 'S e dlùthachadh rithe gu dàna; 30  
 'S ma chaidh e 'san am air a ghlùinibh  
 Cha b'ann ris na h-ùrnuighean a bha e.

Ruigidh e bothan 'na fhaire,  
 'S e an t-àit am bu mhaith leis bhi tàmh,  
 Laighidh e teann air a' bhanaraich, 35  
 'S i sud leannan a ghràidh;  
 Dheanadh i chriotachadh tairis,  
 Is chuireadh i thairis a làmh,  
 'S 'n uair a theannas e rithe le farum  
 Gu'n cumadh iad caithris air càch! 40

'S e ludragan paiteach na bleide,  
 An ceigean maol, odhar, gun àgh,  
 A thàinig a shuirghe cho beadaidh  
 Do dh'ait an robh fleasgaich a b'fhearr;  
 'S ann a thoill e chur air an t-seisean 45  
 Mu'n chleasachd o'n chaidh i os n-àird,  
 'S am brangas a theannadh mu pheirclibh,  
 'S gùn odhar na h-eaglais thoirt da.

TO A TAILOR FRIEND

In wooer's words, fair spoken, courtly,  
His quiet fond mirth he outpours,  
The cunning one, creeping in corners,  
And groping about on all fours ;  
By his tentative secret caressing  
He approaches her with his bold airs ;  
And if he went down on his knees then,  
'Twas certainly not at his prayers.

He reaches the bothy so wary,  
'Tis the place where he'd wish to take rest,  
Makes up to the maid of the dairy,  
For yon is the lass he lo'es best ;  
Her hand she would stretch out towards him,  
And over him fondling would make,  
And when he draws noisily near her,  
They'd keep all the others awake.

He's the sloven hunchback of cajoling,  
'The brown luckless dwarf with no hair,  
Who came to woo with so much courage  
Where much better bachelors were ;  
He ought to be put 'fore the Session  
For the ploy, since it has come to light,  
And the branks round his jaws to have pressing,  
While he's with the brown church gown bedight.

DO'N TAILLEAR AN EIRIG

ORAN DO'N TAILLEAR AN EIRIG ORAIN A  
RINN ESAN AN AOBHAR A CHARAID.

A DHÒMHNUILL Bhàin Mhic O Neachdain  
Tha 'n droch nàdur ad phearsa,  
Cha ghnàthaich thu 'n ceartas,  
Gus am bàsaich thu 'n pheacadh,  
'S maireg àit anns na thachair, 5  
Am ball-samhuill gun chneastachd,  
A rinn gràineil an sgaiteachd ud oirnn :  
A rinn gràineil an sgaiteachd, &c.

Fhir a thòisich ri ealaidh,  
Bha thu gòrach ad bharail, 10  
'Ga seòladh am charaibh,  
'S gun mi t' fheòraich, no t' fharraid,  
Chuir thu sglèò dhiot is fanaid,  
Co dhiubh 's deòin leat no 's aindeoin,  
Tha mi 'n dòchas gu'm faigh thu do leòir. 15

Dhomhsa b'aithne do bheusan ;  
'Tha thu aineolach, beumnach,  
Is do theangadh mar reusar,  
Le tainead 's le géiread, 20  
Thug thu deannal domh fhéin dith,  
O 's ann agad tha 'n eucoir,  
C'om nach pàighinn thu 'n éirig do sgeòil ?



TO THE TAILOR IN REPLY

SONG TO THE TAILOR IN REPLY TO A SONG  
WHICH HE MADE FOR A FRIEND OF HIS.

FAIR Donald MacNaughton,  
In your person dwells Satan,  
Righteousness you'll not cherish,  
Unto sin till you perish.  
Curse the place where all fell out,  
The example unhallowed,  
Which yon slashing at us made overt.

You, who a song did commence,  
In your judgment lacked sense,  
It my way directing,  
Me not asking, expecting,  
Boast and jibe did you utter—  
Willy nilly, no matter,  
I'm in hope that you'll get your desert.

Your ways I well knew, sir,  
You're an ignorant bruiser,  
And your tongue's like a razor  
With its keen and sharp phrase, sir  
Me you've given a whang o' it  
Since you've done the wrang o' it,  
Pay you out for your tale should I not?

DO'N TAILLEAR AN EIRIG

'S tu chraobh ghrodlaich air crìonadh,  
 Làn mosgain, is fhìonag,  
 A dh'fhàs croganach, ìosal, 25  
 Goirid, crotach, neo-dhìreach,  
 Stoc thu togairt do'n ghriosaich,  
 A thoill do losgadh mar ìobairt,  
 Leig thu 'n Soisgeul air di-chuimhn' gu mòr.

Bu bheag an diùbhail e thachairt 30  
 An là thùr thu na facail,  
 Dà phund agus cairteal  
 De dh'fhùdar cruaidh, sgairteil,  
 A bhi ad bhroinn air a chalcadh,  
 'S bhi 'gad sgàineadh le maitse, 35  
 Gus am fàsadh tu 't ablach gun deò.

'S blìonach rìghinn gun fheum thu,  
 Ge do bhitheadh tu 'm féithe,  
 Coin is fithich ad theumadh,  
 Cha bhiodh an dìol béidh ac'. 40  
 'S tric thu teann air na h-éibhlean,  
 Bhreac do shuimeir gu t' éislich,  
 Blàth an tein' air do shléisean gu mòr.

O nach tàilleas as fhiù thu,  
 Chuir càch as a' chùirt thu ; 45  
 Bidh tu ghnàth anns na cùiltean,  
 Ag càradh nan lùireach ;  
 Bu tu àsuinn nan clùdan,  
 'S tric a shuidh thu 'san smùraich  
 'N uair a bhithinns' air cùl fir nan cròc. 50

## TO THE TAILOR IN REPLY

Branch of tree rotten, blightful,  
Of dry rot and mites full,  
Which has grown low and scraggy,  
Short, crooked, and knaggy,  
You, stump emberwards turning,  
Sacrifice meet for burning,  
Much the Gospel have let be forgot.

Had it chanced, small the pity,  
That day you made the ditty,  
Two pounds and a quarter  
Of hard explosive matter  
In your inside were thrust  
And with match you were burst,  
Until dead carrion you became.

Useless lean flesh and tough,  
Though you lay in moss-trough,  
Dogs and crows at you riving,  
Were no full meal deriving,  
Oft you're close to the embers,  
Mottled, shanks to back members,  
Stamped red on your thighs is the flame.

You, no tailor of worth, man,  
Out of court all cast forth, man,  
You'll be aye in the corner,  
The patched clothes' adorer ;  
You're the clouting machine,  
Oft the dross you've sat in  
Whilst the antlered one I was pursuing.

DO'N TAILLEAR AN EIRIG

'S e do choltas r'a innseadh,  
 Fear sop-cheannach, grìmeach,  
 Gun bhonaid, gun phìorbhuic,  
 Gun bhad-mullaich, gun chìrean,  
 Lom uil' air a spìonadh, 55  
 Carr gu t'uilinn a sìos ort,  
 Stràc na dunach de'n sgrìobaich mu d' cheòs.

'S iomadh àit anns na thachair,  
 An tàillear MacNeachdain,  
 Eadar Albainn is Sasunn, 60  
 Bailtean margaidh is machair ;  
 'S tric a shealg thu air praisich,  
 O nach d' fhalbh thu le clapa,  
 Chaoidh cha mharbh e duin' aca de'n t-slògh.

'S duine dona gun mhios thu, 65  
 Dh'fhàs gun onair gun ghliocas,  
 Fear gun chomas gun bhriosgadh,  
 Chaill do spionnadh 's do mhisneach,  
 Leis na rinn thu de'n bhidseachd,  
 Bu tu 'n slaighteara misgeach, 70  
 'S cian o'n thoill thu do chuipeadh mu'n òl.

'S iomadh ceapaire ròmais,  
 Rinn thu ghlacadh ad chrògan,  
 Is bhi 'ga stailceadh le t' òrdaig,  
 Ann do chab-dheudach sgòrnach, 75  
 'S reamhar, farsaing do sgòrnan,  
 Brù mar chuilean an òtraich,  
 Fhuair thu urram nan geòcach ri d' bheò.

## TO THE TAILOR IN REPLY

Such, your likeness to tell, a  
Grim wisphedded fellow,  
Without periwig, bonnet,  
Crowntuft, or crest on it,  
But the whole was plucked bare,  
Scurfed to elbow you were,  
The scab round your thigh, a waste of ruin.

In many a place met one  
The tailor MacNaughton,  
Both in Scotland and England,  
In fair towns and lowland ;  
Oft for hussies you hunted,  
Since you went thence undaunted  
Disease kills not one of the people.

A bad man, ill-reputed,  
Wisdom, praise, you're without it,  
And without power or mirth,  
You've lost courage and pith,  
In all beastliness sunken,  
You, a sad rogue and drunken,  
Should have long since been whipped for your tippel.

Many a foul sandwich  
You clutched in your hand, which,  
You, with your thumb, stapped  
In your back teeth all gapped ;  
Fat, extended your throat gulps,  
Belly like midden dog whelp's,  
You the gluttons' gree win while you live.

DO'N TAILLEAR AN EIRIG

Bidh na mnathan ag ràite  
 'N uair a rachadh tu'n àirigh 80  
 Gu'n tolladh tu 'n t-àras  
 Anns am bitheadh an càise ;  
 'N uair a dh'itheadh tu pàirt deth,  
 'S a bhiodh tu air tràsgadh,  
 Anns a' mhuidhe gu'n sparr thu do chròg. 85

'S tu 'n tollaran cnàimhteach,  
 Ge bu ghionach do mhàileid,  
 Tha do mhionach air t' fhàgail,  
 Gun chrioman deth làthair ;  
 Cochull glogach mu t' àruinn, 90  
 Tha do sgamhan is t' àinean  
 Làn galair, is fàslaich, is chòs.

Beul do chléibh air a thachdadh,  
 Air séideadh 's air brachadh,  
 'S e gu h-éididh air malcadh, 95  
 'S mòr t' fheum air a chartadh  
 Gach aon eucail ad phearsa,  
 Caitheamh, éitich, is casdaich,  
 Gus an d' éirich do chraiceann o t' fheòil.

Tha do chreuchdan, 's do chuislean, 100  
 Làn eucail is trusdair,  
 'S thu feumach air furtachd,  
 Tha 'n déideadh ad phluicean,  
 'S thu 't éiginn le clupaid,  
 T' anail bhreun, gu trom, murtaidh, 105  
 'S mairg a dh'fheuchadh dhiot mochthrath do thòchd.

## TO THE TAILOR IN REPLY

The wives are revealing  
That when you'd reach a sheiling,  
'Through the dwelling you'd bore,  
'To where cheese was in store ;  
When a part you would eat,  
And were parched with the heat,  
To the churn would you thrust in your neive.

You're the glutton voracious,  
Though your bag was capacious,  
Your bowels have left you,  
Every fragment bereft you ;  
Round your kidney cyst cover,  
And your lungs and your liver  
Of disease, hollows, sponge are one mesh !

Your windpipe is stuffed up,  
Fermenting and puffed up,  
To a web its ills suck it,  
You've great need to muck it,  
In your frame all diseases—  
Cough, hectic, and phthisis,  
Till your skin's risen up from your flesh.

Your wounds and your pulse are  
Diseased, full of ulcer,  
You have great need of comfort,  
Toothache cries in your gum for't,  
You're distressed with swollen throat,  
You're breath's rank, heavy, hot—  
Pity him felt it off you at morn.

DO'N TAILLEAR AN EIRIG

Do dheud sgròb-bhearnach, cabach,  
 'Sam beil na sgòr-fhiaclan glasa,  
 Mosgain, còsacha, sgealpach,  
 Lùibte, grannda, cam, feachda, 110  
 A null 's a nall air an tarsuinn,  
 Cuid diubh caillt' air dol asad,  
 'S na bheil ann diubh air sgapadh do bheòil.

Bidh na ronnan gu silteach,  
 'Nan tonnaibh gorm, ruithteach, 115  
 Ag gabhail toinneamh o d' liopan,  
 'Thar cromadh do smige;  
 'S dorcha, doilleir, do chlisneach,  
 Cho dubh ris a' phice,  
 Uchd na curra, ceann circ' ort, 's gob geòidh. 120

Do mhaol chnuacach air faileadh,  
 Gun chluasan, gun fhaillean;  
 Tha thu uainealach, tana,  
 Cho cruaidh ris an darach;  
 'S tu gun suaineach, gun anart, 125  
 'S aobhar truais thu ri d' ghearan,  
 'S gur fuair' thu na gaillionn an reòt'.

Tha ceann binneach 'na stùic ort,  
 Geocach, leith-cheannach, giùgach,  
 Aodann brucanach, grùgach, 130  
 Sròn phlucach na mùire,  
 Tha croit air do chùlaibh,  
 'S mòran lurcaich ad ghlùinibh,  
 Dà chois chama, chaol, chrùbach, gun treòir.



TO THE TAILOR IN REPLY

Your teeth scratch-notched, dented,  
Buckteeth 'mong them glinted,  
Musty, creviced, and riven,  
Ugly, looped, crooked, uneven,  
Transverse-wise, hither thither,  
Some lost, gone altogether,  
And your mouth is with what there are torn.

The slavers are trickling  
In blue waves and rippling,  
From your lips taking a spin  
O'er the bend of your chin ;  
Dark and sombre your carcass,  
As pitch tar black mirk is,  
You've a hen's head, hern's chest, goose's bill.

Bunkered pate, sloughed and smelling,  
With no ears, or ear-swelling,  
You are greenish and limber,  
As hard as oak timber,  
You, without plaid or linen,  
A piteous thing with your plaining,  
Than a storm in the frost are more chill.

Head to pinnacle peaked, you  
Wry-necked hanghead, high-cheeked you,  
Face wrinkled and smutted,  
Nose with leprosy knotted,  
On your back is a hump,  
In your knees much lame cramp,  
Feet crooked, narrow, crippled, unstrung.

GILLEASBUIG ACHALADAIR

Cha n'eil uiread nan sàiltean 135  
 Aig a' phliutaire spàgach,  
 Nach 'eil cuspach is gàgach,  
 Tha thu'd chrioplach 's ad chràigeach,  
 'S lionmhor tubaist an tàillear,  
 Dh' fhàg an saoghal 'na thràill e, 140  
 'S mairg a shaoithrich air t' àrach 's tu òg.

Ma's ann de shliochd Adhamh thu,  
 Cha choslach ri càch thu,  
 Aig olcas 's a dh' fhàs thu,  
 O thoiseach do làithean ; 145  
 Cha tig cobhair gu bràth ort,  
 Gus am foghainn am bàs duit,  
 'S do chorp odhar a chàradh fo 'n fhòd.

CUMHA GHILLEASBUIG ACHALADAIR.

GUR muldach tha sinn  
 Mu Mhàidsear Achaladair,  
 E bhi dhùth air an àireamh,  
 'N uair thàinig càch thairis oirn ;  
 Chaidh gach duine g'an àite, 5  
 'S an leth-pàigh 'ga tharruing ac',  
 'S ann tha esan air fhàgail  
 Anns an àraich gun charachadh.

Bu cheann-feadhna deas calm' thu,  
 'N am dhuit falbh as an fhearann so, 10  
 Air thoiseach na h-armailt',  
 Far na dhearbh thu do cheannardachd ;

## ARCHIBALD OF ACHALLADER

He has not even heel,  
The club splay footed chiel,  
But breeds kibes, hacks with raw root,  
You cripple and pawfoot,  
A huge mischance the tailor,  
Life has left him a thrall there,  
'Twas a fool toiled and reared you when young.

'To Adam's seed if you're brother,  
You're unlike any other,  
So bad have you grown  
Since your natal day's dawn,  
Help will never come to you  
Till death will undo you,  
And your brown body's 'neath the sod flung.

## LAMENT FOR ARCHIBALD OF ACHALLADER.

OUR sorrow is daunting  
About Major Achallader,  
From their number he's wanting,  
When home the rest gathered are ;  
Each man to his place gone,  
Their half-pay receiving it,  
While he's uninterred on  
The field and ne'er leaving it.

You, a brave chief and splendid,  
When you went from this land away,  
At the head of the men, did  
Your right to command display ;

GILLEASBUIG ACHALADAIR

Chaidh tu null air muir dhubh-ghuirm,  
 'S bhi 'ga stiùradh le maraichean,  
 Dol mu choinneamh nam Frangach, 15  
 Is iad 'nan camp air gach gearasdan.

Bha thu cruadalach, dàna,  
 Anns gach càs a bhiodh barraichte ;  
 A' dol air t' adhairt 'sna blàraibh,  
 Bu neo-sgàthach 'gan tarruing thu ; 20  
 Thug sin thu gu àite,  
 'S theireadh càch gur tu b' airidh air,  
 Bha do mhisneach is t' eòlas  
 Mar a dh' fhoghnadh do sheanalair.

Bha t' aigheadh mar leòmhan 25  
 An am mórchuis le fearachas ;  
 Brais' is àrdan le chéile  
 An am feuma no cabhaige ;  
 Làmh chruaidh air chùl sgéithe,  
 Cho treubhach 's a b' aithne dhomh ; 30  
 'S an am bhualadh nan spéicean,  
 Cha robh déisinn an ceangal riut.

B' e do mhiann na h-airm ghaisge,  
 Bhi gu h-acfhuineach, farumach ;  
 Cuilbheir caol, snaidhte, 35  
 Nach do dhiùlt a snap aingeal duit ;  
 Lann thana, gheur, stàilinn,  
 Chruaidh, làidir gu gearradh,  
 'N déidh spionnadh do làimhe,  
 Bhiodh do nàmhaid-sa gearanach. 40

ARCHIBALD OF ACHALLADER

The blue sea you crossed,  
With marines navigating you,  
Going to meet the French host,  
Camped in every fort waiting you.

You were bold and stout hearted  
In all crises that pressed them there ;  
To the lines going outward,  
You fearlessly dressed them there ;  
That brought you a place  
Which all said you deserved so well,  
Your skill and address  
For a general had served you well.

Lionlike was your nature  
In grandeur with manliness ;  
Dash and hauteur together,  
When need was, or storm and stress ;  
Hard hand behind shield,  
Fell as ever I knew with you ;  
Time for weapons to wield  
Well, no scruples had you with you.

Hero's arms your delight,  
Harnessed clanking attire on you ;  
Gun shapely and slight,  
Trigger ne'er missing fire on you ;  
A thin sharp steel brand,  
Tempered hard, strong to cleave with it,  
After your might of hand  
Would your enemies grieve with it.

GILLEASBUIG ACHALADAIR

Ann an latha blàr Champaigh,  
 'N uair bhuail an tacaid an Seanalair,  
 Chaidh a lot anns an àraich,  
 'S dh'fhàg càch ag call fola e,  
 Thug thu mach e air ghiùlan, 45  
 Sin an tùrn nach robh aithreach dhuit,  
 'N am suidhe na cùirte,  
 'S gach aon chùis b' e do charaid e.

'S e là Phealan-housein  
 A rinn an diùbhail gu h-ath-ghoirid, 50  
 'N uair a thuit an comann-dair  
 A b' aird' air na fearaibh ud,  
 Air a' phiocaid a bha thu,  
 Os cionn chàich fhuair thu barantas.  
 Ann an onair na rìoghachd, 55  
 'S an rìgh fhad 's bu mhaireann thu.

Ged a theireadh luchd-faoincachd,  
 An taobh so gu h-aineolach,  
 Gu'n do thèaruinn sliochd Dhiarmaid  
 Gun reubadh, gun ghearradh ann ; 60  
 Na'n sealladh iad dìreach,  
 'S gu'm b' i 'n fhìrinn a chanadh iad,  
 'S mór ar call le Rìgh Deòrsa,  
 O'n a thòisich a' charraid so.

Chaidh Gilleasbuig a bhualadh, 65  
 Thain' an luaidhe 'na deannaibh air,  
 Far nach fhaiceadh e nàimhdean,  
 'S craobhan àrda 'gam folach air ;

ARCHIBALD OF ACHALLADER

On the day of Blàr Champaìdh,  
When the ball had the General strook,  
Him afield fallen wounded  
And bleeding they all forsook.  
And bleeding they all forsook.  
Him by carrying you forth gat,  
Regret it did ever you?  
At the time when the court sat,  
Your friend he was ever true.

The day of Fellinghausen  
Wrought havoc in briefest space,  
When the officer fell  
Who o'er yon men held chiefest place ;  
You, who were on the picket,  
Received a commission  
In King and realm's honour,  
While of life you've possession.

Though at home tattlers may  
With their ignorant jangling swear  
Diarmid's seed got away  
With no wounding or mangling there ;  
Were it straight they were staring  
And the truth they had spoken out,  
George's great loss we're sharing  
Since this strife has broken out.

Archibald was struck low,  
In a shower came the lead on him,  
Where he could see no foe,  
Branches hid them o'erhead of him ;

Thuit misneach na pàirtidh  
 A bha 'n là sin an caraibh dhuit, 70  
 Bha 'n taic air am fàgail  
 'N uair a bha thu gun anail ac'.

'N uair a thàinig a' ghàsaid,  
 Thug fios do bhàis thairis duinn,  
 Bu mhuladach, cràiteach 75  
 Do bhràthair, 's do pheathraichean;  
 Do chleamhnan gu h-àraid,  
 'S do chàirdean a bharrachd orr';  
 'S bu mhór an cion-fàth air,  
 'S na bha air an aire-san. 80

Bha thu maith an am sìochaint,  
 Gu sìobhalta, farasda,  
 Cho uasal at inntinn  
 'S gu'm bu ghrinn gach ni chanadh tu;  
 Mar bu dual duit o d' shinnsreachd 85  
 'Thaobh gach linn a chaidh tharad diubh  
 Cruaidh a sheasamh na làrach,  
 'S bhi blàth an am carthannais.

Bu tu maighstir na tuatha,  
 'S an deagh uachdaran fearainn, 90  
 An am pàigheadh dhuit cìsean  
 Cha bhiodh dìth air do theanandan;  
 'S tu nach sealladh gu mìodhoir  
 Air an nì thoirt a dh'aindeoin uap',  
 'S e bu mhiannach le t' inntinn 95  
 Iad a chinntinn mar raineach dhuit.



ARCHIBALD OF ACHALLADER

Party's courage was reft them,  
Who were with you in strife this day,  
Their confidence left them  
When you with them lifeless lay.

When the news was received,  
Word of your death brought o'er to us,  
Brother, sisters were grieved  
And anguished full sore with us ;  
Sons-in-law specially,  
And your friends too as well as they ;  
And great cause had they—  
All their thoughts that befell that day.

In peace you were kind,  
With politeness and easiness,  
So noble in mind,  
All you said it was pleasing us ;  
From your sires 'twas your way,  
In each line that preceded you,  
Stern the battle to stay,  
Warm when friendship's hour needed you.

The tenantry's master,  
And excellent laird were you,  
When the dues to you passed o'er,  
Your tenants were spared by you ;  
You'd not closely enquire  
That their stock should be fleeced by you,  
It was your heart's desire  
They like bracken increased with you.

## CAILEAN GHLEANN IUBHAIR

Bu tu cridhe na féile,  
Ceann na céill' is a' cheanaltais,  
Bu mhaith labhairt is léirsinn,  
'N am dhuit féin bhi measg aithnichean ; 100  
Sàr phòitear an fhiona,  
Làmh dhioladh nan galan thu ;  
Marcach sunntach eich cheumnaich,  
Bhuidhneadh réis ann an cabhaig thu.

'S an deireadh an t-samhraidh 105  
Thug do nàimhdean an aire dhuit,  
'N uair a fhuair iad o'n champ thu  
Air comann a' mhór challa dhuinn ;  
'S aobhar mulaid is campair  
Do gach aon duine dhearadh ort, 110  
Bhi cluinntinn do bheusan,  
'S gun thu féin a bhi maireann ac'.

## CUMHA CHAILEIN GHLEANN IUBHAIR.

SMAOINTEAN truagh a th'air m'aigne,  
Dh' fhàg orm smuairean, is airsneul,  
An am gluasad am leabaidh,  
Cha chadal ach dùisg ;  
Tha mo ghruaidhean air seacadh, 5  
Gun dìon uair air mo rosgaibh,  
Mu'n sgeul a chualas o'n Apuinn,  
A ghluais a' chaismeachd ud duinn.

## LAMENT FOR COLIN OF GLENURE

Bounty's heart you to each,  
Crown of sense and of kindly grace,  
Good in insight and speech,  
When 'mong guests you had friendly place ;  
Fell quaffer of wine,  
Hand for gallons to pay with you ;  
Pacing steed's rider fine,  
Prize you soon bore away with you.

At the end of the summer  
Foes took you in hand, and they  
Got you out of the camp  
On that fatal command away ;  
Cause of dool and grief drear  
To all those who set store on you,  
Of your virtues to hear,  
Ah ! and ne'er with them more are you.

## LAMENT FOR COLIN OF GLENURE.

WRETCHED thoughts in my mind  
Me with grief and woe blind,  
On my pallet reclined  
I sleep not but wake ;  
My cheeks pale and dry,  
Never shut is mine eye,  
Appin sent forth the cry  
That made us all quake.

- Fear Ghleann-iubhair a dhìth oirnn  
 Le puthar luchd mì-ruin, 10  
 Mo sgeul dubhach r'a innseadh  
 Thu bhi 'd shìneadh 'san ùir ;  
 'S truagh gach duine de d' dhìlsean  
 O'n a chaidh do chorp prìseil  
 An ciste chumhainn, chaoil, dìonaich, 15  
 'S ann an lìon-anart ùr !
- B' e sin an corp àlainn,  
 'N uair bha thu roimhe so 'd shlàinte,  
 Gun chion cumachd no fàs ort,  
 Gu foinneamh, dàicheil, deas, ùr ; 20  
 Suairce, foisinneach, failteach,  
 Uasal, iriosal, bàidheil,  
 Caoimhneil, cinneadail, càirdeil,  
 Gun chron r'a ràit' air a' chùl ;  
 Làn de ghliocas, 's de léirsinn, 25  
 Gu dàna, misneachail, treubhach,  
 Gach àit an sirte gu feum thu,  
 'S ann leat a dh'èireadh gach cùis :  
 B' e do choimeas an dreagan,  
 No 'n t-seabhag 'sna speuraibh, 30  
 Cò bu choslach r'a chéile  
 Ach iad féin agus thu ?
- 'S cruaidh an teachdair a thàinig !  
 'S truagh mar thachair an dràsda,  
 Nach do sheachain thu 'n t-àite, 35  
 'N do ghlac am bàs thu air thùs ;  
 Suas o chachaile ghàraidh,  
 Fhuair thu 'n t-acaid a chràidh mi,  
 'S gun do thaic a bhi làimh riut,  
 'N uair ghabh iad fàth ort o d' chùl. 40

## LAMENT FOR COLIN OF GLENURE

Glenure's done to death  
By malicious folk's scaith,  
Sad my tale is that saith  
    You are stretched in the ground ;  
Your friends all make moan  
Since your loved form is gone  
To the close chest and lone,  
    And in new linen gowned.

Ah ! that body was fair  
When in prime health you were,  
Shape and size your full share,  
    Handsome, seemly, trim, fresh ;  
Pleasant, restful benignly,  
Noble, humble, and kindly,  
Kind, fond of kin, friendly,  
    With no fault for ill clash ;  
Full of wisdom, shrewdness,  
Bold, brave, manly, each place  
You were sought for in stress,  
    There things prospered with you ;  
Like the dragon that flies,  
Or the hawk in the skies,  
With these two who vies  
    In resemblance but you ?

Messenger come to stun !  
Now sad how 'twas done,  
You the place not to shun  
    Where death you first strook ;  
From the yard gate to thee  
Flew the ball that wrecked me !  
Nor help near you to be,  
    When a rear chance they took.

CAILEAN GHLEANN IUBHAIR

Air do thaobh 's thu gun chòmhradh,  
'San am 'n do chaochail an deò uait,  
T' fhuil chraobhach, dhearg, bhòidheach  
    Ag gabhail dòrtadh 'na brùchd,  
Le gnìomh an amadain ghòraich, 45  
A bha gun aithne, gun eòlas,  
A chreic anam air stòras,  
    Nach do chuir an tròcair a dhùil.

B' e 'n cridhe gun tioma, gun déisinn,  
Gun àgh, gun chinneas, gun cheutamh, 50  
A chuir làmh ad mhilleadh gun reusan,  
    Le cion céill' agus tùir ;  
'S e glac mar chomhairl' an eucoir,  
'S bochd an gnothach mar dh'éirich,  
Dh'fhàg e sinne fo euslaint, 55  
    Is e féin 'na fhear-cùirn ;  
'S ge nach sàmhach a leaba,  
Le eagal a ghlacadh,  
Cha n-e tha mi 'g acain,  
    Ach mar a thachair do'n chùis : 60  
An t-armunn deas, tlachdmhor,  
A tha 'n dràs' an Ard-chatain,  
An déidh a chàradh an tasgaidh,  
    An àite cadail nach dùisg.

'S e do chadal gu sìorruidh, 65  
A dh' fhàg m' aigne cho tiamhaidh,  
'S tric smaointeana dìomhain  
    A' tighinn gu dian orm as ùr ;  
'S trom a dh'fhàs orm an iargainn,  
Is goirte t' àr-sa na 'm fiabhras, 70  
Mo chomhdhalt' àlainn, deas, ceutach,  
    An déis a reubadh gu dlùth ;

LAMENT FOR COLIN OF GLENURE

You past speech on your side,  
While the life in you died,  
Your fair red foaming tide  
Gushing out with full scope,  
By his act, the vain fool,  
With no sense, or control,  
Who for pelf sold his soul,  
Nor in mercy put hope.

Heart with no awe, or dread,  
To luck, hope, feeling dead,  
Who thy causeless death sped,  
And sense or reason ne'er saw.

He took wrong for his guide,  
Ill the event doth betide,  
We in sickness abide,

And himself an outlaw ;  
And though restless he lie,  
Fearing capture anigh,  
Not for him do I sigh,

But how the upshot befell ;  
One trim blithe hero  
In Ardchattan lies now,  
He securely laid low,  
Where for aye he sleeps well.

'Tis your unending sleep  
Doth my soul sombre keep,  
Vain thoughts often sweep  
Anew swiftly o'er me ;

On me sore grew the pain,  
Worse than fever you slain,  
Brother mine, peerless, fain,  
Torn and wounded thickly ;

- Mìle mallachd do'n làimh sin,  
 A ghabh cothrom is fàth ort,  
 A thug an comas do'n làmhach, 75  
     'N uair chuir e 'n Spàinteach r'a shùil;  
 Sgeula soilleir a b' àill leam,  
 Gu'n cluinnt' am follais aig càch,  
 E bhi dol ri cromaig le fàradh,  
     Gus am miosa dha-san na dhuinn. 80
- Ge b'e neach a rinn plot ort  
 Le droch dhùrachd o thoiseach,  
 Bu dàna chùis dha tighinn ort-sa,  
     Na do lotadh as ùr;  
 Bha 'na rùn bhi gu h-olc dhuit, 85  
     'S gun a chridh' aig' aodann a nochdadh,  
     'S ann a thàin' e sàmhach mu'n chnocan,  
     'S a ghabh ort socair o d' chùl.  
     'S e mo dhiùbhail a thachair,  
 An am do'n fhùdar ud lasadh, 90  
 Nach robh ad chàirdean an taic riut,  
     Na bheireadh aicheimhail diubh;  
     'S a liuthad fiùran deas, tlachdmhor,  
 Nach gabhadh cùram roimh bhagradh,  
 A chuireadh smùid ris an Apuinn, 95  
     A chionn gu'm faiceadh iad thu.
- 'S trom a phàigh sinn an ìobairt,  
 A chuir ar nàmhaid a dhìth oirnn,  
 Ged tha 'n aicheimhail gun dìoladh,  
     Thig fhathast lìontan mu'n chùis, 100  
 Chuireas càch an staid ìosail  
 Air son an àilleagain phrìseil,  
 Bh' anns an àite mar fhìrean,  
     A chleachd firinn is cliù:



## LAMENT FOR COLIN OF GLENURE

On that hand thousand bans,  
That at you took fell chance,  
The shot's power to enhance,  
Eye to gun bending down ;  
I should hail tidings clear,  
Heard in each open ear,  
At hook trapwise he's near  
A worse fate than our own.

Whoe'er on you did his worst  
With ill-will from the first,  
A bolder thing his first burst  
Than you twice to attack ;  
Resolved you to efface,  
With no heart to show face,  
Round knoll quiet did he pace,  
Aimed secure at your back.  
'Twas my ruin was boded,  
When yon powder exploded,  
No friends near you were goaded  
Their vengeance to wreak ;  
So many trim youths with ways  
That no threats would amaze,  
Who'd put Appin ablaze  
That you they might seek.

Much that sacrifice cost us,  
Our fell foe has lost us,  
Though unpaid is stern justice,  
Snares will yet bind the thing,  
And put some in low case  
For the jewel of grace,  
A just man in the place,  
Truth and right practising :

- 'S bochd an nuaigheachd r'a àireamh, 105  
 Gur ann an nasgaidh a tha thu,  
 Nach tàinig fhathast mu'n chàs ud,  
 Na dheanadh àbhachd thoirt duinn ;  
 Ach air fhad 's gu'm bi dàil ann,  
 Cho ceart 's tha mi 'g ràite, 110  
 Bidh an fhalachd ud pàighte,  
 Mu'n téid an gamhlas air chùl.
- 'S iad na fineachan làidir  
 Bu mhaith a ghabhail do phàirte,  
 An Rìgh, is Diùc Earra-ghàidheal, 115  
 Nach fhaiceadh fàillinn ad chùis ;  
 Iarla dligheach Bhraid-albann,  
 Air thùs a' tighinn gun chearbaich,  
 'S gur iomadh fear armach,  
 A sheasadh calma r'a chùl ; 120  
 Mac Aoidh 's a luchd-leanmhainn,  
 Leis an éireadh suinn nach bu leanbaidh,  
 Na laoi ch bhuidhneach, mhór, mheanmnach,  
 Le'n lannan ceann-bheairteach, cùil ;  
 Mac Dhòmhnuil Duibh, 's Clann Chamshroin, 125  
 'S gu leòir de thighearnan ainmeil ;  
 'S fhad o'n chuala sinn seanachas  
 Gu'n do dhearbh iad an cliù.
- 'S ghabh thu àite le òrdugh,  
 Air pàirt de Shrath Lòcha 130  
 'S cha b' ann air ghaol stòrais,  
 Na los am pòrsan thoirt diubh ;  
 Ach a sheasamh an còrach,  
 Le meud do cheist air an t-seòrs' ud,  
 'S an oighre dleasnach air fògradh, 135  
 G'am bu chòir bhi 's a' chùirt :

## LAMENT FOR COLIN OF GLENURE

Ill the news—to tell true—  
Unregarded are you,  
Nor has come hitherto,  
What would gladden our lot ;  
But with whate'er delay  
Paid, as sure as I say,  
Will be your butchery  
Ere the sting be forgot.

Strong clans they meanwhile  
That would on your cause smile,  
The King, and Argyll,  
Would not see your case lack ;  
The Breadalbane by right,  
Coming first maugre spite,  
And many armed men of might  
Bravely stand at his back ;  
M'Kay in whose train  
Rise not babes but stout men,  
Conquering heroes, great, stern  
Hilt-guarded backswords they flame ;  
Lochiel's Camerons rough,  
And of famed lords enough ;  
Long we've heard they're the stuff  
That established their fame.

You went in by decree  
On part of Strathlochy,  
Not for cupidity,  
Nor them to defraud ;  
But their rights to assert,  
Such your love for yon sort  
Whose heir rightful at court  
Should have been, the outlawed :

CAILEAN GHLEANN IUBHAIR

'S ged a theireadh luchd-faoineachd,  
 Gu'n robh t' aire-sa daonnan,  
 Bhi sgainneart nan daoine' ud,  
     Na 'n leigeadh sgaoilteach air chùl ;                   140  
 Chìte fhathast a' chaochladh  
 Na'm faigheadh tu saoghal,  
 Gur e bhi tarruing luchd-gaoil ort,  
     As gach taobh, a bha 'd rùn.

Bu tu cridhe na féile,  
 Dh' fhàs gu tighearnail, ceutach.  
 An làthair bhreitheamh Dhun-éideinn,  
     'S tric a réitich thu cùis ;

'S oil leam càradh do cheud-mhna,  
 'S òg a' bhantrach ad dhéidh i,                   150  
 Lìon campar gu léir i,

O'n a dh'eug a céile deas, ùr ;  
 Fhuair mi 'n sealladh nach b'éibhinn,  
 An uaigh mu d' choinnimeh 'ga réiteach,  
 'S truagh gach comunn thug spéis dhuit,                   155

O'n chaidh thu féin anns an ùir,  
 'S gun dùil a nis ri thu dh'éirigh,  
 'S e dh'fhàg mise fo euslaint,  
 Bhi 'n diugh ag innseadh do bheusan,  
     'S nach tig thu dh'éisdeachd mo sgiùil.                   160

## LAMENT FOR COLIN OF GLENURE

And though tattlers maintain  
Aye your one aim to gain  
Was to slander yon men,  
Yet were gossip discounted,  
’Twere yet seen other ways,  
Had you got length of days,  
’Twas your dear friends to raise  
On all sides that you wanted.

You were bounty’s own heart,  
Grown to lordly great part.  
In Edina’s chief court  
Oft a cause you well pled ;  
At your wife’s state I’m grieved,  
A young widow bereaved,  
Filled with grief unrelieved  
Since her fresh spouse is dead ;  
I got to-day a sad view  
Of the grave made for you ;  
Grieved all sorts that you knew  
Since you’ve entered the vale,  
With no hope you’ll rise more  
I am plunged in grief sore  
While your ways I go o’er  
You’ll not come list my tale.

ORAN DO'N BRIOGAIS

ORAN DO'N BRIOGAIS.

AIR FONN, "*Seann Triubhais Uilleam.*"

LUINNEAG.

'S o tha na briogais liath-ghlas  
 Am bliadhna cur mulaid oirnn,  
 'S e 'n rud nach fhacas riamh oirnn,  
 'S nach miann leinn a chumail oirnn ;  
 'S na'm bitheamaid uile dìleas 5  
 Do'n Rìgh bha toirt cuiridh dhuinn,  
 Cha n-fhaicte sinn gu dìlinn  
 A' strìochdadh do'n chulaidh so.

'S ole an seòl duinn, am Prionns' òg  
 A bhi fo mhóran duilichinn, 10  
 Is Rìgh Deòrsa a bhi chòmhnuidh,  
 Far 'm bu chòir dha tuineachas ;  
 'Tha luchd-eòlais a' toirt sgeòil duinn  
 Nach robh còir air Lunnainn aige,  
 'S e Hanòbhar an robh sheòrsa, 15  
 'S coigreach oirnn an duine sin :  
 'S e 'n rìgh sin nach buineadh dhuinn,  
 Rinn dìmeas na dunach oirnn,  
 Mu'n ceannsaich e buileach sinn,  
 B' e 'n t-am dol a chumasg ris ; 20  
 Na rinn e oirnn de dh' an-tlachd,  
 De mhìothlachd, is de dh' aimhreit,  
 Ar n-eudach thoirt gun taing dhinn,  
 Le ainneart a chumail ruinn.

'S o tha na briogais, etc.

SONG TO THE BREECHES

SONG TO THE BREECHES.

TUNE, "*Seann Triubhais Uilleam.*"

LAY.

*Till the light grey breeks have been on us  
This year, and sorrow heap on us,  
'Tis a thing was never seen on us,  
And we've no wish to keep on us ;  
And if we all had faithful been  
To the King who was inviting us,  
We never never had been seen  
Allowing these bedighting us.*

DEEP our offence that the young Prince  
Is in great tribulation,  
King George elate dwelling in state  
In the Prince's rightful station ;  
Folks knowing well the story tell  
To London right he never wan,  
His sires came over from Hanover,  
A stranger o'er us is that man :  
A king is yon that we disown,  
He brought destroying blight with him,  
Before he do us quite subdue,  
"Twere time to go and fight with him ;  
He worked full measure of displeasure,  
Disrespect, malevolence,  
Our clothes to rieve without our leave,  
And follow us with violence.

*Till the light grey breeks, etc.*

ORAN DO'N BRIOGAIS

- 'S o'n a chuir sinn suas am briogais, 25  
 Gur neo-mhiosail leinn a' chulaidh ud  
 G'an teannadh mu na h-iosgannan,  
 Gur trioblaideach leinn umainn iad ;  
 'S bha sinn roimhe misneachail,  
 'S na breacain fo na criosan oirnn, 30  
 Ged tha sinn am bitheantas  
 A nise cur nan sumag oirnn ;  
 'S ar leam gur h-olc an duais  
 Do na daoine chaidh 's a' chruadal,  
 An aodaichean thoirt uapa 35  
 Ge do bhuannich Diuc Uilleam leo.  
 Cha n-fhaod sinn bhi sùlasach,  
 O'n chaochail ar culaidh sinn,  
 Cha n-aithnich sinn a chéile  
 Là féille no cruinneachaidh. 40
- 'S bha uair-eigin an t-saoghal  
 Nach saoilinn gu'n cuirinn orm,  
 Briogais air son aodaich,  
 'S neo-aoibheil air duine i ;  
 'S ged tha mi deanamh ùis dith, 45  
 Cha d'rinn mi bonn sùlais  
 Ris an deise nach robh daimheil  
 Do'n phàirtidh g'am buininn-sa ;  
 'S neo-sheannsar a' chulaidh i,  
 Gur grànda leinn umainn i, 50  
 Cho teann air a cumadh dhuinn,  
 'S nach b'fheairrde leinn tuilleadh i  
 Bidh putain anns na glùinean,  
 Is bucalan g'an dùnadh,  
 'S a' bhriogais air a dùbladh, 55  
 Mu chùlaibh a h-uile fir.



## SONG TO THE BREECHES

Now since we use put up the trews  
Yon dress we are despising,  
Drawing them close about the houghs  
We think demoralising ;  
Courageous were we heretofore,  
With plaids beneath our belts on us,  
But now do we don commonly  
The saddle-cloths for kilts on us ;  
In my regard an ill reward  
To men who hardship dared defy,  
Their clothes last hem to strip from them—  
The folk Duke William conquered by,  
And joyous we may never be,  
Our dress has changed us sairly,  
We'll never know each other now  
At gathering or on fair-day.

At one stage of my pilgrimage  
I did not think I'd put on me  
A pair of trews in lieu of clothes,  
On man it figures awkwardly :  
Though of the trews I'm making use,  
I felt no cause for jubilee,  
Because the dress suits not the race  
Or party of which I should be ;  
This garb for us is ominous,  
We think it ugly back and fore,  
It is so tight to us bedight,  
We'd never wish to have it more ;  
Buttons there be along the knee,  
To fasten them the buckles run,  
And oh ! the trews are doubled close  
About the back of every one.

ORAN DO'N BRIOGAIS

Gheibh sinn adan ciar-dhubh,  
 Chur dìon' air ar mullaichean,  
 Is casagan cho sliogta,  
 'S a mhìnichheadh muilean iad. 60  
 Ged chumadh sin am fuachd dhinn,  
 Cha n-fhàg e sinn cho uallach,  
 'S gu'n toillich e ar n-uaislean  
 Ar tuath no ar cumanta.  
 Cha taitinn e gu bràth ruinn 65  
 A choiseachd nan gleann-fàsaich,  
 'N uair a rachamaid do dh' àirigh,  
 No dh' àit am biodh cruinneagan :  
 'S e Deòrsa rinn an eucoir,  
 'S ro dhiombach tha mi féin deth, 70  
 O'n thug e dhinn an fhéile,  
 'S gach eudach a bhuineadh dhuinn.

'S bha h-uile h-aon de'n pharlamaid  
 Fallsail le'm fiosrachadh,  
 'N uair chuir iad air na Caimbeulaich 75  
 Teanndachd nam briogaisean ;  
 'S gur h-iad a rinn am feum dhaibh  
 A' bhliadhna thàin' an streupag,  
 A h-uile h-aon diubh dh' éirigh  
 Gu léir am Milisi dhaibh ; 80  
 'S bu cheannsalach, duineil iad,  
 'San am an robh an cumasg ann,  
 Ach 's gann daibh gu'n cluinnear iad  
 A champachadh tuille leis ;  
 O'n thug e dhinn an t-aodach, 85  
 'S a dh' fhàg e sinn cho faontrach,  
 'S ann rinn e oirnn na dh' fheudadh e,  
 Shaoileadh e chur mulaid oirnn.

SONG TO THE BREECHES

Hats we'll get of dusky jet  
Upon our crowns to shield them,  
And coats, forsooth, as sleek and smooth  
As if a mill had milled them.  
Though that should hold from us the cold  
'Twill not leave us so gay and vain  
That it will please our proud grandees,  
Our tenants, or our common men.  
To us it would never seem good  
To walk the grassy glens with,  
When we would to a sheiling go,  
Or where our smart girl friends live :  
It is the King did this wrong thing,  
And angered much and pained I was,  
He stript our legs of fillibegs,  
And all dress that pertained to us.

And all those sent to Parliament  
Were false to what they knew, sirs,  
When they put on the Campbell clan  
The tightness of the trowsers ;  
For they it was that served the cause  
'The year the strife of death came,  
And one and all did they enroll  
As their Militia with them ;  
They manly were all things to dare  
What time the broil was ramping,  
But few of them will story claim  
As with him more encamping ;  
Since he from us stript off our clothes,  
And so forlorn did leave us,  
Of all he durst he did the worst,  
Whate'er he thought would grieve us.

MARBH-RANN COILICH

'S ann a nis tha fios againn  
 An t-ìochd a rinn Diuc Uilleam ruinn, 90  
 'N uair a dh' fhàg e sinn mar phriosanaich,  
 Gun bhiodagan, gun ghunnachan,  
 Gun chladheamh, gun chrios tarsuinn oirnn,  
 Cha n-fhaigh sinn prìs nan dagachan ;  
 Tha comann aig Sasunn oirnn, 95  
 O smachdaich iad gu buileach sinn :  
 Tha angar is duilichinn  
 'San am so air iomadh fear,  
 Bha 'n campa Dhiuc Uilleam,  
 Is nach fheairrd iad gu'n bhuidhinn e ; 100  
 Na'n tigeadh oirne TEARLACH,  
 'S gu'n éireamaid 'na champa,  
 Gheibhte breacain charnaid,  
 'S bhiodh aird air na gunnachan.

MARBH-RANN COILICH.

AN cuala sibh an t-sealg,  
 A bha ainmeil air feadh nam bailtean ?  
 Rinneadh i 'san anmoch,  
 'S cha b' fhearr dhuinn i bhi 's a' mhaduinn ; 5  
 O'n a bha i cearbach  
 Le dearbhadh, 'n uair chaidh i seachad ;  
 Cumaidh sinn am foirm,  
 Gu'n robh 'n dorch ann, 's nach fheudte faicinn.  
 'S olc an obair oidhche  
 Le coinnlean, ged théid an lasadh, 10  
 Gunnaireachd dhaoin' òga ;  
 'S i ghòraich' a thug a mach iad.

## ELEGY FOR A COCK

Now it is so we surely know  
The clemency Duke William works,  
When us he left, like thralls bereft,  
Withouten either guns or dirks,  
On us no glaive, no cross-strap brave,  
E'en pistols we shall get no more ;  
O'er us England has got command,  
Since us they have quite triumphed o'er.  
There's anger's swell and grief as well  
At this time upon many a man  
Was fain to tramp Duke William's camp,  
And had preferred he never wan.  
Did Charlie reign o'er us again,  
And in his camp we took our place,  
The plaids of red would there be had,  
And all the guns in readiness.

## ELEGY FOR A COCK.

HEARD ye of the hunting,  
That was famed the townships thorough ?  
It was done late ; and no better  
Had we liked it on the morrow ;  
For 'twas a clumsy business,  
When 'twas past, with fatal mark ;  
We'll hold to the pretence  
That none could see, since it was dark.  
Bad is their work at night time  
Although there are candles lighted,  
The gunnery of young men !  
Folly brought them out excited.

MARBH-RANN COILICH

Chual' iad 's a h-uil' àite  
 Am breamas a rinn Pàruig,  
 'N uair a dh'innis e do chàch e, 15  
 Gu'n tàinig an croman-lachdunn ;  
 Bheireadh e na bóidean  
 Gur mór e, 's bhroilleach glas air,  
 Is gu'n do laigh e dìreach  
 Air cìrean mullaich na h-aitreibh ; 20  
 Mur cumadh a' chòmhl' e,  
 Gu'm biodh na h-eòin air an sgapadh ;  
 Nach mòr a bhiodh beò dhiubh  
 Gun leòn mu'n tigeadh a' mhaduinn.

Sin 'n uair ghlac an sealgair, 25  
 An gunna bh' air an ealchainn,  
 'S chuir e luaidhe gharbh innte,  
 Dairearach de'n acfhuinn Shasn'aich ;  
 Chum e sud r'a shealbhan,  
 'S gu'm b' fhearr gu'n rachadh i seachad, 30  
 'S ann a rinn e marbhadh,  
 A b' ainmig a leithid fhaicinn ;  
 'N uair a las am fùdar,  
 'S e 'n dùil gu'n deanadh e thapadh,  
 'S e coileach an dùnain, 35  
 A bha 'na chrùban 's a' chlapail.

B'e sin an coileach bòidheach,  
 Bha cuid air fiamh an òir dheth,  
 Cuid eile mar na ròsan,  
 'S bha mòran deth mar an sneachda. 40

ELEGY FOR A COCK

They've heard in every quarter  
Of the harm Pat was contriving,  
When he told to every creature  
Of the great dun kite's arriving ;  
That he would take his oath  
That it was huge and greyish breasted,  
And straight upon the top ridge  
Of the steading, there it rested ;  
If way the door were giving  
The hens would all be scattered ;  
And not many of them living,  
When came day, save torn and tattered.

Then when the gun from th' pin  
The hunter in his hands got,  
And put the rough lead in,  
A rattling charge of English swan-shot ;  
He aimed it at the quarry,  
Better far his aim had failed him,  
For he did execution  
And the like was seen but seldom ;  
When the powder flashed,  
He hoped to show that he was clever,  
But it was the cock o' the midden  
That was fallen, all a-quiver.

That was a bonny rooster,  
Part of him a golden glow,  
And part was like the roses,  
And much of him like the snow.

MARBH-RANN COILICH

Bu leathann a chrògan,  
 B' e 'n smògairneach e air faiche ;  
 Bu ro mhaith na bòtan,  
 An ròmaich' a bh' air a chasan ;  
 Bha spuir air a spògan, 45  
 Bha còrr a dh'ionnsuidh a' ghleachdaidh  
 'N uair a thigeadh Di-mairt  
 A bhiodh càch a' feuchain an gaisge.

B' e sin an coileach ceutach,  
 Bha coslach ris a' pheucaig, 50  
 'S an uair a chaidh a reubadh,  
 B' e 'n déisinn leam bhi 'ga fhaicinn ;  
 Cha leighiseadh léigh e,  
 'S a chreuchdan a' dol am braisead,  
 Tonnan dh'a fhuil chraobhaich, 55  
 A' taomachadh as a chraiceann ;  
 An t-sealg a rinn na daoine,  
 Gun saothreachadh fad air astar,  
 Gun uchdach a dhìreadh,  
 Ach eadar a' ghrìosach 's an stairsneach. 60

'S an dithisd thug am binne,  
 'S a dh' fhàg e 'n sin 'na shineadh,  
 B' e 'm breitheamh rinn a dhìteadh  
 'S b' e 'n giùmanach rinn a leagadh ;  
 'S cha n-fhàgadh iad shìos e, 65  
 Na'm faigeadh e fìrinn is ceartas :  
 Cha d'rinn e riamh eucoir,  
 'S deagh bheusan aige mar fhasan.



## ELEGY FOR A COCK

Wide-spread were his talons,  
He was thick-set on a green.

And very good the gaiters  
On his feet, the hairy sheen ;

And spurs were on his claws, too  
Which were pointed for the battle,

When round would come the Tuesday  
And each one would show his mettle.

That was the rooster first rate,  
The peacock such another,

But when he was torn and prostrate,  
Seeing him caused me a shudder ;

No doctor could him doctor,  
Since his wounds in floods were gushing,

Waves of the foaming life-blood  
Out of his skin were rushing ;

The hunting which the men did,  
Without toiling far in fresh wold,

Men who never hill ascended,  
Save between the hearth and threshold.

The two that passed their sentence,  
And left him so extended,

Were the judge that did condemn him  
And the sportsman that him ended ;

They would not have left him lowly,  
Had he got but right and justice ;

For he ne'er did wrong or folly,  
And good manners were his practice.

MARBH-RANN COILICH

Theannadh e ri éigheach  
 Gu h-éifeachdach 's sinn 'n ar cadal ; 70  
 Is dhùisgeadh e gu léir sinn,  
 'S gu'n éireamaid anns a' mhaduinn.

Chaidh litir do Shrath Eireann,  
 A dh' ionnsuidh nighean Sheumais,  
 A dh' innseadh ceart an sgeula, 75  
 Do'n té dhiubh air am bheil *Sesi* :

Gu bheil sinn fo champar,  
 O'n am an tàinig an sneachda,  
 Mu'n choileach a chaill sinn,  
 Is gann a dh' fhaodar a sheachnadh ; 80  
 O 's té nach 'eil teann i,  
 'S nach ganndar a rinn i chleachdadh,  
 Gu'n dean i ruinn fàbhar,  
 O 's àbhaist rud a bhi aice.

Beannachd aig an rìbhinn, 85  
 A bha gu suairce, sìobhailt,  
 Nach do leig air dì-chuimhn'  
 An sgrìobhadh sin a chur dhathaigh ;

'S chuir i gill' an tìr so,  
 Le sìoltaiche do na cearcan, 90  
 'S ghiùlain e gu rìomhach,  
 A' ghibht phriseil ud 'na achlais.

Tha dreach an fhir a dh' fhàg sinn  
 A' fàs air an fhear a th' againn ;  
 'S o'n tha e 'na àite, 95  
 Saoilidh càch gur h-e mhac e.

ELEGY FOR A COCK

He would begin a-crowing,  
While we slept, so enterprising ;  
And would wake us in the morning,  
One and all we would be rising.

To Strathearn did missive travel,  
'Twas addressed to James's lassie,  
The tale aright to unravel  
To the one of them called Jessie :  
That we are in vexation,  
Since the time the snow appeared,  
About the cock—we lost him—  
And that scarce might he be spared ;  
Since she's one that's not niggard,  
And that never practised greed,  
A favour she will do us,  
Something aye she has at need.

A blessing on the damsel  
Who was civil, well intended,  
Who did not let escape her  
That writing home to send it ;  
And she sent a lad to this land  
With a treader for the harem,  
And nicely did he carry it—  
Yon rich gift—'neath his arm.  
The look of him that left us  
Grows on our present one ;  
Since in his stead he's reigning  
All men think that he's his son.

ORAN, MAR GU'N DEANADH NIGHEAN

ORAN, MAR GU'N DEANADH NIGHEAN  
E DO NIGHINN EILE.

CHUIR nighean dubh Raineach

Orm farran is mìothlachd,

Nach cuir mi dhìom

Le cabhaig an dràs'd—

Ghoid i mo sporan,

5

'S na dolair gu lìonmhor,

Bh' agam fo 's n-ìosal

Feitheamh ri m' làimh.

Na'm biodh a' chail' ud

Gu daingean am prìosan,

10

Rachainn g'a dìteadh

Dh'ionnsuidh a' bhàis ;

A chionn gu'n do ghoid i

'N rud beag bha 's a' chlàdan,

Bh' agam 's a' chùil

15

Nach d'innis mi chàch.

'S muldach mise

Gun fhios cìod a nì mi,

O'n a tha mi

Gun searrach, gun làir,

20

Gun chaora, gun òisg,

Gun ghobhar, gun mhìseach,

Gun am mart mìn

A chrìomas am blàr.

SONG SUCH AS ONE MAID WOULD MAKE  
TO ANOTHER.

ME Rannoch's dark quean  
 Put in anger and spleen,  
 Which I can't in the mean-  
     'Time quickly command ;  
 My purse she has stown,  
 Many, many a crown,  
 I had hidden low down  
     Awaiting my hand.

O were but yon limmer  
 Securely in cummer,  
 To death to condemn her  
     I would go mysel' ;  
 Because that she stole  
 'Trifle in the rag roll,  
 I had hid in snug hole,  
     Nor did everyone tell.

O sorry am I,  
 Knowing not what to try,  
 I'm without—reason why—  
     Colt or mare of mine ain,  
 Without sheep, or gimmer,  
 Goat, kid of one summer,  
 Or cow, sleek and limber,  
     'That browses the plain.

ORAN, MAR GU'N DEANADH NIGHEAN

Cha robh mi gun airgead 25  
 Gus an d' fhalbh e gu m'omhoil,  
 Leis an té chrìon  
 Nach do sheall air mo chàs ;  
 Rinn i mo chreachadh,  
 'S bu pheacach an ni dhi 30  
 Mise chur sìos,  
 Gun i féin chur an àird.

Cia mar a cheannaicheas mi  
 Camraig na sìoda,  
 Na'n leig mi dhiom e 35  
 Tuille gu bràth :  
 Ged thig am marsant  
 Le phaca do'n tìr,  
 Cha n-fhaigh sinn aon sìon  
 Bhios aige air dàil. 40

Bha mo chuid stòrais  
 Am phòca cho uallach,  
 'S ged a bhiodh buaile  
 Mhart air mo sgàth ;  
 'S i rinn an eucoir 45  
 A' bhéisd a thug uam e,  
 'S tha mi fo ghruaim  
 O mhaduinn Di-màirt.

A rìgh ! nach robh meirlich  
 Na cearna so 'n rìoghachd, 50  
 Anns a' mhuir ìosail,  
 Fada bho thràigh ;

DARK MAID OF RANNOCH

I ne'er wanted cash  
Till it went in ill fash,  
With the poor little hash  
Who ignored my ill plight ;  
She has emptied my coffer,  
'Twas a sinful thing of her,  
Make poor me to suffer,  
Nor her to put right.

And how shall I buy  
Silk, or lace of Cambray ?  
Or let it away  
Evermore, evermore ?  
Though the chapman come back  
To the land with his pack,  
We'll get nothing we lack  
On tick from his store.

My stock of good metal  
In my pocket did rattle,  
As though fold of cattle  
To my account lay ;  
The trick that she played me,  
When she took it, the jade she,  
And downhearted made me  
Since morn on 'Tuesday.

Would that light-fingered gentry,  
These parts of the country,  
Into deep sea were sent re-  
Mote far from shore ;

MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

Is caile dhubh Raineach  
'San fheamain an ìochdar,  
Chuideachadh bìdh  
De phartan nan spàg.

55

MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN.

AIR FONN—*Piobaireachd.*

URLAR.

AN t-urram thar gach beinn

Aig Beinn-dòrain,

De na chunnaic mi fo 'n ghréin,

'S i bu bhòidhche leam ;

Monadh fada, réidh,

5

Cuile 'm faighte féidh,

Soilleireachd an t-sléibh'

Bha mi sònrachadh ;

Doireachan nan geug,

Coill' anns am bi feur,

10

'S foineasach an spréidh,

Bhios a chòmhnuidh ann :

Greighean bu gheal céir,

Faoghaid air an déidh,

'S laghach leam an sreud

15

A bha sròineiseach.

'S aigeannach fear eutrom,

Gun mhòrchuis,

Théid fasanda 'na éideadh,

Neo-spòrsail :

20



PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

And Rannoch's dark maid  
In the bottom weeds laid,  
The refection to aid  
Of the partan-clawed corps.

PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN.

TUNE.—*Pibroch.*

THEME.

PRAISE o'er mountains every one  
To Ben Dorain be,  
All I've seen beneath the sun  
Methought fairest she ;  
A long and level mere,  
In nooks are found the deer,  
The sloping outline clear  
I marked lovingly ;  
Branching are the groves,  
Woods that the grass loves,  
And watchful are the droves  
That there are haunting :  
Herds white in the rear,  
Their chase in full career,  
The ranks to me are dear  
With nostrils panting.  
'Tis a fellow light and dashing,  
Never specious,  
In his garb goes in the fashion,  
Unostentatious :

MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

'Tha mhantal uime féin,  
 Caithtiche nach tréig,  
 Bratach dhearg mar chéir  
 Bhios mar chòmhdach air ;  
 'S culaidh g'a chur eug, 25  
 Duin' a dheanadh teuchd,  
 Gunna bu mhaith gleus  
 An glaic òganaich ;  
 Spor anns am biodh bearn,  
 Tarrann air a ceann, 30  
 Snap a bhuaileadh teann  
 Ris na h-òrdaibh i ;  
 Ochd-shlisneach gun fheall,  
 Stoc de'n fhiodh gun mheang,  
 Lotadh an damh seang, 35  
 Is a leònadh e :  
 'S fear a bhiodh mar cheaird,  
 Riu sònraichte,  
 Dh' fhoghnadh dhaibh gun taing,  
 Le chuid seòlainean ; 40  
 Gheibhte sud ri am  
 Pàdruig anns a' ghleann,  
 Gillean is coin sheang,  
 'S e toirt òrduigh dhaibh ;  
 Peileirean 'nan deann, 45  
 Teine g'an cur ann,  
 Eilid nam beann ard  
 Théid a leònadh leo.

## PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

A wear that gives not out  
Is round him as his coat,  
Like wax-red banner float  
    Will his covering be ;  
A weapon death to speed,  
A man to do the deed,  
A rifle trim at need  
    In a young man's grasp ;  
A flint where notch is made,  
A strong nail at its head,  
A trigger striking dead  
    Against the hammer's rasp ;  
A faultless tube, eight rimmer,  
Stock of the flawless timber,  
Hurt is the stag so limber,  
    And wounded he :  
A man not without art,  
Who, for them set apart,  
Them maugre them could thwart  
    With his trickery ;  
Patrick would be then  
Found timely in the glen,  
Swank dogs and young men  
    His order quickeneth ;  
Fire is driving in  
Balls in showers keen  
Which the high tops' queen  
    Will be stricken with.

# MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

SIUBHAL.

'S i 'n éilid bheag, bhinneach,  
 Bu ghuiniche sraonadh, 50  
 Le cuinnean geur, biorach,  
 A' sireadh na gaoithe,  
 Gasganach, speireach,  
 Feadh chreachann na beinne,  
 Le eagal roimh theine, 55  
 Cha teirinn i 'n t-aonach ;  
 Ged théid i 'na cabhaig,  
 Cha ghearain i maothan ;  
 Bha sinnsireachd fallain,  
 'N uair a shìneadh i h-anail, 60  
 'S toil-inntinn leam tannasg,  
 G'a langan a chluinntinn ;  
 'S i 'g iarraidh a leannain  
 'N am dàraidh le caoimhneas ;  
 'S e damh a' chinn allaidh 65  
 Bu gheal-cheireach feaman,  
 Gu cabarach, ceannard,  
 A b' fharumach raoiceadh ;  
 'S e chòmhnuidh 'm Beinn-dòrain,  
 'S e eòlach m'a fraoinibh. 70  
 'S ann am Beinn-dòrain,  
 Bu mhòr dhomh r'a innseadh  
 A liuthad damh ceannard,  
 Tha fantainn 'san fhrìth ud ;  
 Eilid chaol, eangach, 75  
 'S a laoghan 'ga leantainn,  
 Le 'n gasganan geala,  
 Ri bealach a' dìreadh,

## PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

### VARIATION.

'Tis a peaked hind, the lightest,  
The pronest at huffing,  
With sharp snout and slightest,  
The wind she is snuffing,  
Slim-limbed, pert, aspiring,  
'Mid the bare scaur retiring,  
For fear of gun firing  
To the moor never going ;  
Though she speed with the haste of her,  
Plains not her breast of her ;  
Her sires never skaith knew,  
For me when she breath drew,  
A pleasure that wraith grew,  
To list to her lowing ;  
She her lover is waiting  
At the time of kind mating ;  
He's the wild-headed deer,  
Of the white hip and rear,  
And the high-tined head-gear,  
Who was noisy in roaring ;  
He dwells on Ben Dorain,  
Its shelters well-knowing.  
It is on Ben Dorain,  
Too much for my telling,  
The proud stags galore on  
Yon moor that are dwelling ;  
A nimble hind, slender,  
Her calves ever mind her,  
White-tufted behind, they're  
'The steep pass ascending

MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

Ri fraigh Choire-chruiteir, A' chuideachda phìceach :	80
'N uair a shìneas i h-iongan 'S a théid i 'na deannaibh, Cha saltradh air thalamh Ach barran nan ìnean.	
Cò b' urrainn g'a leantainn, De dh' fhearraibh na rìoghachd ?	85
'S arraideach, farumach, Carach air grìne, A' chòisridh nach fhanadh Gnè smal air an inntinn ;	90
Ach caochlaideach, curaideach, Caol-chasach, ullamh, An aois cha chuir truim' orra, Mulad no mì-ghean ;	
'S e shlànaich an culaidh, Feoil mhàis, agus mhuineil, Bhi tàmhachd am bunailt An cuilidh na frithe ;	95
Le àilleas a' fuireach Air fàsach 'nan grunnaibh ; 'S i 'n àsuinn a' mhuime 'Tha cumail na cìche,	100
Ris na laoigh bhreaca, bhallach, Nach meilich na siantan, Le 'n cridheachan meara, Le bainne na cìoba ;	105
Grisionnach, eangach, Le 'n giortagan geala, Le 'n corpanan glana, Le fallaineachd fìor-uisg ;	110

PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

To Harper's Dell wall, where  
The nibbling band all were :  
If she stretch the joints tight of her  
And go with the might of her,  
On the ground nought will light of her  
But hoofs' tiny ending.  
And follow who could  
Of the kingdom's best blood ?  
They're noisy, meandering,  
On level spots wandering,  
The troop on whose mind  
Not a shadow reclined ;  
Coquettish and heady,  
Slender-limbed, ready,  
Will weight of age steady  
Them, pining or sorrow ?  
Their state it recovers,  
Their haunches and withers  
To dwell in safe covers  
Hill fastnesses thorough ;  
On the wilds there they grouped them,  
Fastidiously kept them,  
The heath as the step-dame,  
Whose teat does their cheer share,  
The speckled calves filling,  
Which no blasts are chilling,  
Whose wild hearts are thrilling  
With milk of the deer's hair ;  
They're brindled and nimble  
With white girth and rumple  
And clean bodies simple  
With spring-well to cleanse them ;

MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

Le farum gun ghearan,  
Feadh ghleannan na milltich ;  
Ged a thigeadh an sneachda  
Cha n-iarradh iad aitreabh,  
'S e lag a' Choir'-altrum 115  
Bhios aca g'an didean :  
Feadh stacan, is bhacan,  
Is ghlacagan dìomhair,  
Le 'n leapaichean fasgach,  
An taic Ais-an-t-sìthean. 120

URLAR.

B' ionmhuinn leam ag éirigh  
'San òg-mhaduinn,  
Timchioll air na sléibhtean  
'M bu chòir dhaibh bhith,  
Cupal chunntas cheud, 125  
Luchd nan ceann gun chéill  
A' mosgladh gu neo-bheudar  
Mòr-shòlasach ;  
Is osgarra o'm beul  
Tormain socair, réidh, 130  
'S glan an corp 's an crè  
Seinn an dreòcaim ud :  
Broc-liath chorrach éild'  
An lod g'a loireadh théid,  
Cuid g'a farraid fhéin 135  
'N uair bu deònach lea.  
'S annsa leam 'n uair théid  
Iad air chrònanaich,  
Na na th'ann an Eirinn  
De cheòlmhoireachd ; 140



PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

With noise but no sorrow  
Sweet-grassy glens thorough ;  
And though snow were falling,  
For no bield they're calling,  
Coire Altrum they're all in,  
Its hollow defends them :  
'Mid knolls and 'mid boulders  
And nooks, with none seeing,  
And well-sheltered wold-lairs  
Behind Ashanteean,

THEME.

'Twas joy to me arising  
In the morning grey ;  
Round on the slopes' horizon,  
As behoved, they lay,  
A tale of twice five score  
Of the senseless-headed corps,  
Waking harmlessly once more,  
Much rejoicing ;  
Boldly from their mouth  
Murmurs easy smooth,  
Clean flesh and body both  
Yon deer-cry voicing :  
Hind restless badger-grey  
In mud pool will go play  
And some to her make way  
When she's mellowing.  
I love it more when these stand  
A-bellowing,  
Than all the strains in Ireland,  
Harp or orain ;

MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

- 'S binne na gach beus  
 Anail mhic an fhéidh  
 A' langanaich air eudan  
 Beinn-dòrain.
- An damh le bhùireadh féin 145  
 Tighinn a grunnnd a chléibh,  
 'S fada chluinnt' a bheuc  
 An am tòiseachaidh ;  
 An t-agh as binne geum,  
 'S an laogh beag 'na dhéidh, 150  
 Freagraidh iad a chéile  
 Gu deòthasach ;  
 Plosg-shùil mheallach, gheur,  
 Gun bhonn glòinin innt',  
 Rosg fo mhala léith 155  
 Cumail seòil oirre.  
 Coisiche maith, treun,  
 Bu bheòthaile a théid,  
 Air thoiseach an treud,  
 A bha dòchasach. 160  
 Cha robh coir' ad cheum,  
 'S cha robh moill' ad leum,  
 Cha robh deireadh réis  
 Air au t-seòrsa sin ;  
 'N uair a bheireadh tu steud, 165  
 'S nach sealladh tu 'd dhéidh  
 Cha b'aithne dhomh féin  
 Cò bhiodh còmhla riut !  
 Tha 'n éilid anns an fhrith  
 Mar bu chòir dhi bhi, 170  
 Far am faigh i millteach  
 Glan, feòirneanach ;

## PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

And sweeter than all art  
The breath of the son of the hart  
Belling on steepest part  
Of Ben Dorain.

The stag with his own roar  
Coming from his chest's core,  
Long were it heard and far  
At starting time ;

The hind that sweetest lows,  
Wee calf behind her goes,  
Each to other answer throws  
With longing chime ;

A full and keen quick e'e  
With no squint in it,  
A lash 'neath grey e'e brie  
To tak' tent on it.

A good walker stout  
The briskest goes out  
In the van of the nolt  
That was fond and free.

No fault in thy pace,  
In thy leap tardiness,  
None last in the race  
In that family ;

At speed when thou'd go  
Nor behind thee look throw,  
I myself did not know  
Who'd swift be as thee !

In the forest is the hind,  
As behoves her to be,  
Where sweet-grass she will find  
Pure and benty ;

MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

Bru-chorc is cìob,  
 Lusan am bi brìgh,  
 Chuireadh sult is ìgh 175  
 Air a lòineanaibh.  
 Fuaran anns am bi  
 Biolaire gun dìth,  
 'S mìlse leath' na'm fion  
 'S e gu'n òladh i; 180  
 Cuiseagan is riasg,  
 Chinneas air an t-sliabh,  
 B' annsa leath' mar bhiadh  
 Na na fòghlaichean.  
 'S ann de'n teachd-an-tìr 185  
 A bha sòghar leath',  
 Sobhrach is eala-bhì  
 'S barra neònagan;  
 Dobhrach-bhallach, mhìn,  
 Ghobhlach, bharrach, shliom, 190  
 Lòintean far an cinn  
 I 'na mòthraichean:  
 Sud am pòrsan bìdh  
 Mheudaicheadh an clì  
 Bheireadh iad a nìos 195  
 Ri am dòlaichein:  
 Chuireadh air an druim  
 Brata saille cruinn,  
 Air an carcais luim  
 Nach bu lòdail. 200  
 B' e sin an caidreabh grinn  
 Mu thràth nòine,  
 'N uair a thionaladh iad cruinn,  
 Anns a' ghlòmuinn:

PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

Heath rush and deer's hair,  
And herbs of pith are there,  
Would put fat and tallow fair  
    In her lean flank.  
A well (where used to be  
Cresses unstintedly)  
Sweeter than wine thought she  
    As of it she drank ;  
Stalk grasses and rough straws,  
Upon the slope it grows,  
She better liked to browse  
    Than the rank grass.  
Of all from earth that grows  
    Most worth her praises,  
St John's wort, primrose,  
    And tops of daisies,  
Orchis delicate,  
Forked, slim, and elate,  
In meadows where in state  
    Its head it raises :  
Yon's their sort of fare  
Would ne'er their strength impair  
But help them up to bear  
    In dearth, a guerdon,  
Would on their back repair  
The garb of fat they wear,  
Upon their carcass bare  
    It were no burden.  
That fellowship was sweet  
    About evening time,  
Together when they'd meet  
    In the gloaming prime :

MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

Air fhad 's gu'm biodh oidhch', 205  
 Dad cha tigeadh riu,  
 Fasgadh bhun an tuim  
 B' àite còmhnuidh dhaibh :  
 Leapaichean nam fiadh,  
 Far an robh iad riamh, 210  
 An aonach farsaing fial,  
 'S ann am mòr-mhonadh,  
 'S iad bu taitneach fiamh,  
 'N uair bu daithte am bian,  
 'S cha b' i 'n airc am miann, 215  
 Ach Beinn-dòrain.

SIUBHAL.

A' bheinn luiseanach, fhailleanach,  
 Mheallanach, lìontach,  
 Gun choimeas dh'a falluing  
 Air thalamh na Criosdachd ; 220  
 'S ro neònach tha mise,  
 Le bòidhchead a sliosa,  
 Nach 'eil còir aic' an ciste  
 Air tiotal na rioghachd.  
 'S i air dùbladh le gibhtibh, 225  
 'S air lùisreadh le miosaibh  
 Nach 'eil bitheant' a' bristeadh  
 Air phriseanaibh tìre !  
 Làn-trusgan gun deireas,  
 Le usgraichean coille, 230  
 Barr-gùc air gach doire,  
 Gun choir' ort r'a innseadh ;  
 Far an uchd-ardach coileach,  
 Le shriutaichibh loinneil,

PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

And long as night would bide,  
No ill would them betide,  
A shelter at knoll side

Was their dwelling still :

The beds of the deer,  
Ever were they here,  
On wide hospitable mere

And on great hill.

They were a pleasant sight,  
When their skin was coloured bright,  
And no wish had they, in plight,

But Ben Dorain.

VARIATION.

Hill of herb, sprout, and hantle

Of knolls, where no dearth is ;

No match to her mantle

On Christendom's earth is ;

I'm in great admiration,

From her side's fascination,

That she queens not the nation

By charter-chest entry.

With gifts double rated,

With fruits she is freighted

That seldom have weighted

The shrubs of a country !

Full vesture unstinted,

Where wood-jewels glinted,

Each grove blossom-tinted,

Thou'st no fault worth calling ;

Where the breasted cock hustling,

With his cheery notes bustling,

MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

- 'S eòin bhuchalach bheag' eile 235  
 Le 'n ceileiribh lìonmhor.
- 'S am buicean beag sgiolta,  
 Bu sgiobalt' air grìne,  
 Gun sgiorradh, gun tubaist,  
 Gun tuisleadh, gun dìobradh, 240  
 Crodhanadh, biorach,  
 Feadh coire 'ga shireadh,  
 Feadh fraoich agus firich,  
 Air mhìre 'ga dhìreadh,  
 Feadh rainich, is barraich 245  
 Gu'm b' arraideach inntinn,  
 Ann an ìosal gach feadain,  
 'S air airde gach creagain ;  
 Gu mireanach, beiceasach,  
 Easgannach, sìnteach. 250
- 'N uair a théid e 'na bhoile  
 Le clisge 's a' choille,  
 Is e ruith feadh gach doire,  
 Air dheireadh cha bhi e :  
 Leis an eangaig bu chaoile 255  
 'S e b' aotruime sìnteach,  
 Mu chnocanaibh donna  
 Le ruith dara-tomain,  
 'S e togairt an coinniumh  
 Bean-chomuinn os n-ìosal. 260
- Tha mhaoisleach bheag bhrangach  
 'S a' ghleannan a chòmhnuidh,  
 'S i fuireach 'san fhìreach  
 Le minneinan òga :  
 Cluas bhiorach gu claisteachd, 265  
 Sùil chorrach gu faicinn,



PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

And else many a nestling,  
Their varied strains trolling.  
And the wee buck with gambol,  
On green spot most nimble.  
Without slip, or stumble,  
Or falter, or falling.  
Hoof cloven, head arching,  
Through corrie he's searching,  
Through heath, on hill perching,  
In freak all ascending,  
Through bracken and birches,  
His wayward mind searches :  
In the deep of each gully,  
On steep of crag knolly,  
He leaps, becks, in folly,  
Agile, thin, a-stretch bending.  
When he goes in no mild mood  
With start through the wild wood  
Through every defile would  
He rush, nor be hindmost :  
With the hoof that was slightest,  
Of skips he was lightest,  
Among hillocks brown gone,  
Leaping each second one,  
In secret to meet his own  
Spouse that he minds most.  
The doe small and snarling  
In the dell dwells, the darling,  
She bides in the heather,  
Her young kidlings with her :  
To list, prick ear prying,  
Eye restless for spying,

MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

'S i earbsach 'na casaibh

Chur seachad na mòintich :

Ged thig Caoilte 's Cuchullainn,

'S gach duine de'n t-seòrs' ud, 270

Na tha dhaoine 's de dh'eachaibh,

Air fasta Rìgh Deòrsa ;

Na'n tearnadh a craiceann

O luaidhe 's o lasair,

Cha chuala 's cha n-fhac' i 275

Na ghlacadh r'a beò i ;

'S i grad-charach, fad-chasach,

Aigeannach, neònach,

Geal-cheireach, gasganach,

Gealtach roimh mhadadh, 280

Air chaisead na leacainn

Cha saltradh i còmhnard ;

'S i noigeanach, gnoigeanach

Gog-cheannach, sòrnach ;

Bior-shuileach, sgar-shuileach, 285

Friomasach, furachair,

A' fuireach 's a' mhunadh,

An do thuinich a seòrsa.

URLAR.

B' i sin a' mhaoisleach luaineach,

Feadh òganan ; 290

Biolaichean nam bruach

'S àite còmhnuidh dhi,

Duilleagan nan craobh,

Bileagan an fhraoich,

Criomagan a gaoil, 295

Cha b' e 'm fòtrus.

## PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

On her feet she's relying  
The moss past to drive:  
Come Caoilte, Cuchullin,  
All of that sort that may,  
The horse and men all in  
Great King George's pay;  
Were her skin preserved free,  
Safe from lead and fire, she  
Has not heard, ne'er will see,  
What would catch her alive;  
Quick of move, long of limb  
Full of spirit and whim,  
White of hip, long of tail,  
Afore dog prone to quail,  
On steep flank of the vale  
She'll ne'er tread on level;  
She's petted, uncivil,  
Tossing head, wrath-inclined;  
She's high-strung and wary,  
Eyes piercing, sharp-staring,  
Upon the moor faring  
Where harboured her kind.

### THEME.

'That's the restless doe and free  
Amid sprit and fir;  
The bank edges has she,  
A retreat for her  
The foliage of the wood,  
Sprays of the heather good,  
Choice morsels of her food,  
'Twas no poor grist.

MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

A h-aigheadh aotrom suairc,  
 Aobhach, ait, gun ghruaim,  
 Ceann bu bhraise, ghuaaiche,  
 Ghòraiche; 300

A' chrè bu cheanalt' stuaim,  
 Chalaich i gu buan  
 An gleann a' bharraich uaine  
 Bu nòsaire. 305

'S tric a ghabh i cluain  
 'S a' Chreig Mhòir,  
 O'n as measail leath' bhi Luan  
 Is a Dhòmhnach ann;

Pris an dean i suain  
 Bitheanta mu'n cuairt, 310

A bhristeas a' ghaoth tuath,  
 'S nach leig deò oirre,  
 Am fasgadh Doire-chrò,  
 An taice ris an t-Sròin,  
 Am measg nam faillean òg' 315  
 Is nan còsagan.

Masgadh 'n fhuarain mhòir,  
 'S e pailte gu leòir,  
 'S blasda leath' na bheòir  
 Gu bhi pòit orra. 320

Deoch de'n t-sruthan uasal  
 R'a òl aice,  
 Dh' fhàgas fallain, fuasgailteach,  
 Òigeil i:

Grad-charach ri uair, 325  
 'S eathlamh bheir i cuairt,  
 'N uair thachaireadh i 'n ruaig  
 'S a bhiodh tòir oirre.

## PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

Gentle her nature, glad,  
Light and joyous, never sad,  
Rashest, giddiest head she had  
And happiest :  
Her frame most modest garb wore,  
And long did she harbour  
In the glen of the green arbour  
The sappiest.  
And oft coverts she'd explore  
On Craig More,  
She likes well to be on Monday  
There, and Sunday ;  
Bushes where she's sleeping  
Thickly round about her sweeping,  
Which will break the north wind, keeping  
Every breath away.  
In shade of Doire Chro,  
And close by the Strone,  
Amid the brush new-grown,  
The shelters sunken.  
The brew of the great well,  
Full enough its swell,  
She sweeter thinks than ale  
To be drunken.  
Draught of the noble river  
For her quaffing,  
Makes her free and healthy ever,  
Young and daffing :  
Timely springing light,  
Instant takes she flight  
When she'd fall in plight  
And the quest on her.

MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

'S maoth-bhuidh' daitht' a snuadh,  
 Dearg a dreach 's a tuar, 330  
 'S gur a h-iomadh buaidh  
 Tha mar chòmhla oirre ;  
 Fulangach air fuachd,  
 Is i gun chum' air luathas ;  
 Urram claisteachd chluas 335  
 Na Roinn Eòrpa dhi.

SIUBHAL.

Bu ghrinn leam am pannal  
 A' tarruing an òrdugh,  
 A' dìreadh le farum  
 Ri carraig na Sròine ; 340  
 Eadar sliabh Craobh-na-h-ainnis,  
 Is beul Choire-dhaingean,  
 Bu bhiadhchar greigh cheannard  
 Nach ceannaich am pòrsan :  
 Da thaobh Choire-rainich 345  
 Mu sgéith sin a' Bhealaich,  
 Coire Réidh Beinn Achaladair,  
 Is thairis mu'n Chonn-lon :  
 Air Lurgainn-na-laoidhre  
 Bu ghreadhnach a' chòisridh, 350  
 Mu Làrach na Féinne  
 'S a' Chreig-sheilich 'na dhéidh sin,  
 Far an cruinnich na h-éildean  
 Bu neo-spéiseil mu'n fhòghlach :  
 'S gu'm b' e 'n aighear is an éibhneas 355  
 Bhi faicheachd air réidhleis,  
 Ag comh-mhacnas ri chéile,  
 'S a' leumnaich feadh mòintich ;

## PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

She's saffron to the view,  
And red her form and hue,  
And good points not a few,  
As 'twere abreast on her.  
Of cold she takes no heed,  
She's withouten shape for speed,  
For hearing goes the need  
Of Europe's best to her.

### VARIATION.

I the band am admiring  
Defiling in order,  
And with noise retiring  
Up the Strone's rocky border ;  
'Twi't Craobh-ainnis they tarry  
And the mouth of Strong Corrie,  
A fed and horned quarry  
That buy not their portion :  
Two sides of Corrie Rannoch,  
Round that wing of the Balloch,  
Ben Achallader's Dell smooth,  
And o'er round the Conn-lon,  
On the Wallow-shank faring  
Was the party a glad one ;  
Round the Lair of the Feen,  
Then the Willow Rock green,  
Where the hinds do convene,  
For the rank grass ne'er caring :  
'Twas their mirth and their joy in  
A smooth plain deploying,  
Each with each to be toying,  
And through mossland linking ;

## MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

- Ann am pollachaibh daimseir  
 Le sodradh gu meamnadh, 360  
 Gu togarrach, mearachdasach,  
 Aineasach, gòrach.
- 'S cha bhiodh iot' air an teangaidh  
 Taobh shìos a' Mhill-tionail,  
 Le fion-uillt na h-Annaid, 365  
 Blas meala r'a òl air ;  
 Sruth brioghor, geal, tana,  
 'S e sìothladh roimh 'n ghaineamh,  
 'S e 's mìlse na 'n caineal,  
 Cha b' aineolach oirnn e : 370  
 Sud an iocshlainte mhaireann,  
 A thig a iochdar an talaimh,  
 Gheibhte lìonmhorachd mhaith dhith  
 Gun a ceannach le stòras ;  
 Air farruinn na beinne 375  
 Is dàichile sealladh,  
 A dh'fhàs anns a' cheithreamh  
 A' bheil mi 'n Roinn Eòrpa :  
 Le glainead a h-uisge  
 Gu maoth-bhlasta, brisg-gheal, 380  
 Caoin, caomhail, glan, measail,  
 Neo-mhisgeach ri pòit' air :  
 Le fuaranaibh grinne  
 Am bun gruamach na biolair,  
 Còinneach uaine mu'n iomall, 385  
 As iomadach seòrsa :  
 Bu ghlan uachdar na linne  
 Gu neo-bhuairesach, milis,  
 Tighinn 'na chuairteig o'n ghrinneal  
 Air slinnean Beinn-dòrain. 390



PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

To quick bogs a-quaking  
Them briskly betaking,  
Eager, wantonly shaking,  
Hot, foolish, they sink in.  
No thirst on their palate  
On Meall-tionail's plain flat,  
With the wine burn of Annat,  
Honey-tasted, to drink in ;  
A streamlet clear thin and strong,  
Sand filtering in among,  
Sweeter than cinnamon,  
Rare we ne'er thought it :  
Yon's the cordial lasting  
From earth's core is hasting,  
Much good got from tasting,  
Though wealth never bought it.  
On the high peak's demesne  
Is the loveliest scene  
That in Europe has been,  
In the quarter that bred me :  
In its waters no troubling,  
Soft-tasting, clear-bubbling,  
Mild, pleasant, pure, double-clean  
To drink of not heady :  
With fine spring recesses,  
At dark root of cresses,  
Yellow moss all embraces  
With many a fine spore in :  
And pure the pool's level,  
Calm sweet waters travel  
In whorls from the gravel  
On the sides of Ben Dorain.

MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

- 'Tha leth-taobh na Leacainn  
 Le mais' air a còmhdach,  
 'S am Frith-choirean creagach  
 'Na sheasamh g'a chòir sin ;  
 Gu stobanach, stacanach, 395  
 Slocanach, laganach,  
 Cnocanach, cnapanach,  
 Caiteanach, ròmach ;  
 Pasganach, badanach,  
 Bachlagach, bòidheach : 400  
 A h-aisiridhean corrach,  
 'Nam fasraichibh molach,  
 'S i b'fhasa dhomh mholadh,  
 Bha sonas gu leòir oirr' :  
 Cluigeanach, gucagach, 405  
 Uchdanach, còmhnard,  
 Le dìthean glan ruiteach,  
 Breac, mìsleanach, sultmhor :  
 Tha 'n fhrìth air a busgadh  
 'San trusgan bu chòir dhi. 410
- URLAR.
- 'S am monadh farsaing faoin  
 Glacach, srònagach ;  
 Lag a' Choire-fhraoich  
 Cuid bu bhòidheche dheth :  
 Sin am fearann caoin 415  
 Air an d' fhàs an aoidh,  
 Far am bi na laoigh  
 'S na daimh chròcach ;  
 Is e deisearach ri gréin,  
 Seasgaireachd d'a réir, 420

## PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

The Rock's one side shaggy  
Has beauty spread o'er it,  
And the side Corrie craggy  
Is standing before it ;  
With peak, and with precipice,  
Deep dell, and hollow space,  
Hillock and knolly place  
Tufty and benty,  
With faggots and thicketsful  
Tangled and beautiful ;  
Her steep rugged pathways  
Of rough scraggy heath sprays,  
Well might I its routh praise  
It luck had in plenty ;  
With blossom and bell  
On the plain and the fell,  
With pure ruddy flower,  
Fair speckled sweet blower,  
Is the forest busked o'er  
In the garb suits it well.

### THEME.

'Tis the wide open moor  
With crag and pit on it :  
Heather Corrie's hollow, sure,  
The bonniest bit of it :  
That's the pasture kind,  
Where grew the deer-herd fine,  
And where the calves recline  
And antlered quarry ;  
And it's due south to the sun,  
Corresponding warmth thereon,

MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

'S neo-bheag air an éildeig

Bhi chòmhnuidh ann.

Leannan an fhir léith

As farumaiche ceum

Nach iarradh a' chléir

425

A thoirt pòsaidh dhaibh ;

'S glan fallain a cré,

Is banail i 'na beus ;

Cha robh h-anail breun,

Ge b' e phògadh i.

430

'S e 'n coire choisinn gaol

A h-uil' òganaich,

A chunna' riamh a thaobh,

'S a ghabh eòlas air :

'S lionmhor feadan caol

435

Air an éirich gaoth,

Far am bi na laoich

Cumail còmhdhalach.

Bruthaichean nan learg

Far am biodh ghreigh dhearg

440

Ceann-uidhe gach sealg

Fad am beò-shlaint' ;

Is e làn de'n h-uile maoin,

A thig a mach le braon,

Fàile nan sùbh-chraobh,

445

Is nan ròsan ann.

Gheibhte tacar éisg

Air a còrsa,

Is bhi 'gan ruith le leus

Ann na mòr-shruthan,

450

Morghath cumhann geur

Le chrann giubhais fhéin,

PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

And the hindling does not shun  
There to tarry.  
The grey lad's lover sleek,  
Of step the most unmeek,  
That would ne'er the clergy seek  
Them to marry ;  
Her body's healthy pure,  
In her manner she's demure ;  
Her's no fetid breath to wooer  
Who'd favour curry.  
Corrie won their love and pride,  
All youths that saw it—  
Who e'er beheld its side,  
And got to know it :  
There's many a narrow dell,  
Where wind will rise and swell,  
And where the heroes dwell,  
Keeping company.  
Sides of the passes high,  
Where the red herd would lie,  
Object of all hunting they  
All their life be ;  
It is full of every worth,  
That comes with moisture forth,  
Scent of rasp bough there's no dearth,  
Nor of rose tree.  
Fish in plenty found  
On its bound,  
To be running them with torch gleams  
In the great streams,  
A narrow sharp fish-spear,  
With the shaft of its own fir,

MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

Aig fir shubhach, threubhach,  
 'Nan dòrnaibh :  
 Bu shòlasach a leum 455  
 Bric air buinne réidh,  
 Ag ceapadh chuileag eutrom  
 'Nan dòrlaichean.  
 Cha n'èil muir no tìr  
 A' bheil tuille brìgh 460  
 'S tha feadh do chrìch  
 Air a h-òrduchadh.

AN CRUNLUATH.

Tha 'n éilid anns a' ghleannan so,  
 Cha n-amadan gun eòlas  
 A leanadh i mur b' aithne dha 465  
 Tighinn farasda na còmhdhail ;  
 Gu faiteach bhi 'na h-earalas,  
 Tighinn am faigse dhi mu'n caraich i,  
 Gu faicilleach, glé earraigeach,  
 Mu'm fairich i 'ga còir e ; 470  
 Feadh shloc, is ghlac, is chamhanan,  
 Is chlach a dheanadh falach air,  
 Bhi beachdail air an talamh,  
 'S air a' char a thig na neòil air ;  
 'S an t-astar bhi 'ga tharruing air 475  
 Cho macanta 's a b' aithne dha,  
 Gu'n glacadh e g'a h-aindeoin i  
 Le h-anabharra seòltachd ;  
 Le tùr, gun ghainne baralach,  
 An t-sùil a chur gu danara, 480  
 A' stiùradh na dubh-bannaiche,  
 'S a h-aire ri fear-cròice ;

## PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

Have vigorous men of cheer  
In their hand :  
'Twas joyous the trout's leap  
On the current smooth and deep,  
Dancing flies to catch and keep,  
Beakfuls grand.  
There's no sea or shore  
Where is better store  
Than teems thy borders o'er  
At command.

### THE FINALE.

The hind is in this little dell,  
And no fool, nothing knowing,  
Could follow her save he knew well  
To meet her easily going ;  
On the alert for her and charily  
Nearing her ere she fare away,  
Resourcefully, right warily  
Ere nigh her she descry him ;  
Through pit and cove and hollow break  
And stones that for him cover make,  
And of the ground great heed to take  
And how the clouds sail by him ;  
And the distance to draw forward still  
As gently as was known by him,  
To capture her against her will  
With best resources owned by him ;  
With sense, nor lack of craftiness,  
The eye to set with steadiness,  
Presenting the dark-barrelled Bess  
Her aim upon the horned one ;

MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

Bhiodh rùdan air an tarruing  
 Leis a lùbt' an t-iarunn-earra,  
 Bheireadh ionnsuidh nach biodh mearachdach 485  
 Do'n fhear a bhiodh 'ga seòladh ;  
 Spor ùr an déis a teannachadh,  
 Buill' ùird a' sgailceadh daingean ris,  
 Cha diùlt an t-srad, 'n uair bheanas i  
 Do'n deannaig a bha neònach : 490  
 'S e 'm fùdar tioram teann-abaich  
 Air chùl an asgairt ghreannaich,  
 Chuireadh smùid ri acfhuinn mheallanaich  
 A baraille Nic Còiseam.  
 'S i 'n teachdaire bha dealasach, 495  
 Nach mealladh e 'na dhòchas,  
 'N uair a lasadh e mar dhealanach,  
 Gu fear-eigin a leònadh.  
 Gu silteach leis na peileirean  
 Bhiodh luchd nan luirgnean speireanach, 500  
 'S nam bus bu tirme bheileanaich,  
 Gun mheiliche gun tòicean.  
 'S e camp na Creige-seiliche,  
 Bha ceannsalach 'nan ceireanaibh.  
 Le aingealtas cha teirinn iad, 505  
 Gu eirthir as an eòlas,  
 Mur ceannaichear iad deireasach,  
 Ri am an crìche deireannaich,  
 A' tabhannaich le deifir,  
 A bhi deilean air an tòrach. 510  
 Gun channtaireachd, gun cheileireachd,  
 Ach dranndail chon a' deileis rithe,  
 A cheann a chur gu peirealais  
 Aig éilid Beinne-dòrain !



## PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

Knuckle would be on finger dent  
By which the iron tail was bent  
Would send a message not misspent  
For him that held it turned on ;  
A new flint after tightening much,  
Firm clicking hammer-stroke on clutch,  
The spark unhangng that will touch  
The pinch that was so wondrous :  
The dry rammed ready powder puff  
Behind the colfin rough and tough  
Hurries ball ammunition stuff  
From Cosham's barrel thundrous.  
She was a zealous messenger,  
Who hope was ne'er dispelling,  
When she, like to the lightning flare,  
Would flash to someone's felling.  
Blood-dripping with the bullet's shot  
Are they of the hoofed shanks—the nolt  
Of the driest and the sauciest snout  
With neither chills nor swelling.  
From Willow Rock, its pasture green  
Unrivalled 'mong their haunts has been,  
They come not down for perverse spleen  
An unknown land exploring,  
Unless they're quelled without remeid,  
What time they're driven to their deid,  
The baying hunt with gathering speed  
Yelling at all before them.  
No tunefulness, no merry din,  
But dog's snarl at her hurrying,  
His head with peril burying in  
The hindling of Ben Dorain !

MOLADH BEINN-DÒRAIN

- B'ionmhainn le fir cheanalta, 515  
 Nach b'aineolach mu spòrsa,  
 Bhi timchioll air na bealachaibh  
 Le fearalachd na h-òige ;  
 Far am bi na féidh gu farumach,  
 'S na fir 'nan déidh gu caithriseach, 520  
 Le gunna bu mhaith barantas  
 Thoirt aingil 'n uair bu chòir dhi ;  
 'S le cuilean foirmeil, togarrach,  
 'G am biodh a stiùir air bhogadan,  
 'S e miolairtich gu sodanach, 525  
 'S nach ob e dol 'nan còmhdhail ;  
 'Na fhurbaidh làidir, cosgarrach,  
 Ro inntinneach, neo-fhoisneach,  
 Gu guineach, sgiamhach, gob-easgaidh,  
 'San obair bh'aig a sheòrsa ; 530  
 'S a fhrioghan cuilg a' togail air,  
 Gu maildheach, gruamach, doicheallach,  
 'S a gheanachan, cnuasaicht', fosgailte,  
 Comh-bhogartaich r'an sgòrnan.  
 Gu'm b' arraideach a' charachd ud, 535  
 'S bu chabhagach i 'n còmhnuidh,  
 'N uair a shineadh iad na h-ionganan  
 Le h-athghoirid na mòintich ;  
 Na beanntaichean 's na bealaichean,  
 Gu'm freagradh iad mac-talla dhuit, 540  
 Le fuaim na gairme gallanaich  
 Aig farum a' choin ròmaich :  
 'Gan tearnadh as na mullachaibh  
 Gu linnichean nach grunnaich iad,  
 'S ann a bhitheas iad feadh na tuinne ; 545  
 Anns an luinneinich 's iad leòinte.

PRAISE OF BEN DORAIN

'Twere dear to men of gentle sort,  
In sport who are no tyros,  
Round on the passes to resort,  
When youth with manly fire glows ;  
Where noisily the deer will feed,  
And after them the men, with heed,  
And gun in hand well-warranted  
To fire when time is toward ;  
And with a young hound eager brisk,  
Whose wagging tail would be a-whisk,  
And as he whines with joyful frisk,  
To meet them is no coward ;  
In his strong truculent fury,  
Most spirited and restless he,  
Keen yelling and with jaw ready,  
To the work of his kind a-hurrying ;  
His hairy bristles on him rise,  
The surly churl, with shaggy eyes  
And open mouth he gnashing flies,  
At throttle of them worrying.  
Yon move was devious without point  
And aye it was in haste,  
When they would stretch their every joint  
In short cut o'er the waste ;  
The mountains and the passes, too,  
In echo would they answer you,  
The sound of the bitch's bay at view  
To the rough dog's noise resounded ;  
Driving them from the summits down  
To pools which they will never sound,  
Where they will lie, the waves around,  
A floundering and wounded.

ORAN DO CHEILE

'S na cuileanan gu fulasgach  
 'Gan cumail air na muinealaibh,  
 'S nach urrainn iad dol tuilleadh as,  
 Ach fuireach, 's bhi gun deò annt'.  
 Is ged a thuirt mi beagan riu,  
 Mu'n innsinn uil' an dleasdanas orra,  
 Chuireadh iad am bhreislich mi  
 Le deismireachd chòmhraidh !

550

ORAN D'A CHEILE NUADH-POSTE.

A MHÀIRI bhàn òg, 's tu 'n òigh th'air m'aire,  
 Ri'm bheò bhi far am bithinn fhéin ;  
 O'n fhuair mi ort còir cho mòr 's bu mhath leam,  
 Le pòsadh ceangailt' o'n chléir ;  
 Le cùmhnanta teann 's le banntaibh daingean,  
 'S le snaim a dh'fhanas, nach tréig :  
 'S e t' fhaotainn air làimh le gràdh gach caraid  
 Rinn slàinte mhaireann am chré.

5

'N uair bha mi gu tinn 's mi 'n cinnseal leannain,  
 Gun chinnt co theannadh rium fhéin,  
 'S ann a chunna' mi 'n òigh air bòrd tigh-leanna,  
 'S bu mhòthar ceanalt' a beus ;  
 Tharruing mi suas ria 's fhuair mi gealladh  
 O'n ghruagaich bhanail bhi 'm réir ;  
 'S mise bha aobhach t' fhaotainn mar rium,  
 'S crodh-laoigh a' bharain ad dhéidh.

10

15

## SONG TO HIS WIFE

The young hounds with activity  
Holding them by the necks will be,  
And they must bide, nor more be free,  
Nor in them animation.  
Though something I have said of them,  
Ere all that's due I've made of them,  
They'd send me raving mad of whim  
With intricate narration.

## SONG TO HIS NEWLY WEDDED WIFE.

O FAIR young Marie, thou'st the maid I'm intending  
To be where I am while I live ;  
For I've got claim on thee as much as I'm minding,  
And wedlock by clergy can give ;  
With many a tight band and firm stipulations  
And a knot that abides nor will yield :  
Getting thee by the hand with the love of relations  
My frame with well-being has filled.

When I was in despair and for a mate zealous,  
But not knowing who would take me,  
I then saw the fair at the bench of an alehouse,  
Her way it was mild mannerly ;  
A promise I had when I paid my addresses,  
The damsel demure would be mine ;  
'Twas I that was glad making sure thy embraces,  
As well as the steward's calving kine.

ORAN DO CHEILE

Maduinn Di-luain, ge buan an t-slighe,  
 'N uair ghluais mi, ruithinn mar ghaoth,  
 A dh' fhaicinn mo luaidh 's rud uainn 'nar dithisd  
 Nach dual da rithisd gu'n sgaoil. 20  
 Thug mi i 'n uaigneas uair a bhruidhinn,  
 'S ann fhuair an nighean mo ghaol,  
 Is chluinneadh mo chluas an fhuaim a bhitheadh  
 Aig luathas mo chridhe ri m' thaobh.

Sin 'n uair chuir Cupid an t-ultach am bhroilleach, 25  
 D'a shaighdean corranach, caol,  
 A dhrùidh air mo chuislean, chuir luchd air mo cholainn,  
 Leis an do thuit mi ge b'oil leam 's gu'n d'aom.  
 Dh'innis mi sgeul do'n té rinn m' acain,  
 Nach léigh a chaisgeadh mo ghaoid ; 30  
 'S e leighis gach creuchd i fhéin le feartan  
 Theachd réidh am ghlaicibh mar shaoil.

Bheirinn mo phòg do'n òg-mhnaoi shomult'  
 A dh' fhàs gu boinneanta, caoin,  
 Gu mìleant', còmhnard, seòcail, foinneamh, 35  
 Do chòmhradh gheibh mi gu saor.  
 Tha mi air sheòl gu leòir ad chomain,  
 A' bhóid 's a chuir thu gu faoin :  
 Do m' smaointean gòrach, pròis nam boireannach,  
 'S còir dhomh fuireach le h-aon. 40

Chaidh mi do'n choill an robh croinn is gallain,  
 Bu bhoisgeil sealladh mu'n cuairt,  
 'S bha miann mo shùl do dh'fhiùran barraicht'  
 An dlùthas nam meanganan suas ;

SONG TO HIS WIFE

On Monday at dawn, though longsome the way was,  
I ran like the wind, when I started,  
To visit my own, and what all 'tween us twae was  
Won't likely again be imparted.

I took her away for an hour's conversation,  
And then fell in love with my bride,  
And my ear would betray to my own trepidation  
My heart's pit-a-pat at my side.

When Cupid addressed at my breast his full measure  
Of slender shafts pointed to slay,  
They my arteries pressed, on my body put pressure,  
I spite of me fell and gave way.  
A tale did I tell to the lass caused my passion,  
No leech with my sore could have coped ;  
Each wound she'd make well, if, in virtue's fair fashion,  
She came to my arms as I hoped.

My kiss I would press on my comely young woman  
Who gentle has grown up, and fair,  
With elegant grace, so tall and becoming,  
Thy converse with freedom I'll share.  
Indebted enough in a way I'm becoming  
For the vow thou didst artlessly pay :  
To my foolish thoughts, the conceit of the women—  
With one 'tis my duty to stay.

To the wood did I hie where trees were and planting,  
A dazzling sight all around,  
'Twas the wish of mine eye for a young sapling, flaunting  
In thick of the branches it crowned ;

Geug fo bhlàth o barr gu talamh, 45  
 A lùb mi farasda nuas ;  
 Bu duilich do chàch gu bràth a gearradh,  
 'S e 'n dàn domh 'm faillean a bhuaib.

Shuidhich mi lìon air fìor-uisg tana,  
 'S mi strìgh 'ga tharruing air bruaich, 50  
 'S thug mi le sgrìob air tìr a' ghealag,  
 'S a lì mar eal' air a' chuan.  
 'S toilicht' a dh'fhàg e 'n là sin m' aigne,  
 An roinn a bh' agam 'san uair ;  
 B'i coimeas mo cheud mhna reult na maidne, 55  
 Mo chéile cadail 's mi 'm shuain.

'S e b' fhasan leat riamh bhi ciallach, banail,  
 Ri gnìomh, 's ri ceanal mna-uaisl' ;  
 Gu pàirteach, bàidheil, blàth, gun choire,  
 Gun ghìomh, gun ghainne, gun chruas ; 60  
 Gu dèirceach, daonntach, faoilidh, farasd',  
 Ri daoine fanna, bochd, truagh ;  
 Is tha mi le d' sheòl an dòchas ro mhath,  
 Gur lòn do t' anam do dhuais.

Chuir mi air thùs ort iùl is aithne, 65  
 Le sùgradh ceanalta, suairc,  
 'N uair theannainn riut dlùth, bu chùbhraidh t' anail  
 Na ùbhlán meala 'gam buain :  
 Cha bhiodh sgeul-rùin, a b'iùl domh aithris,  
 A b' fhiù, nach mealladh i uam ; 70  
 Na'n cuireadh i cùl rium 's diùltadh baileach,  
 Bu chùis domh anart is uaigh.



## SONG TO HIS WIFE

A branch with blooms full from tip to earth at her,  
Which I bent easily down ;  
For any to cull it were aye a hard matter—  
My lot the young tree to discrown.

With a net that I placed on shallow fresh water,  
And struggled to draw to the lea,  
The grilse I embraced, with a sweep to land brought her,  
Her sheen like a swan on the sea.  
With pleasure upborne that day left my nature,  
The portion I then had to keep,  
The star of the morn is my spouse in each feature,  
My partner in dreams while I sleep.

Thy fashion was aye to be womanly, sensible,  
A lady in nature and deed,  
Warm, liberal, gay, with nought reprehensible,  
Blemish, or meanness, or greed ;  
Generous, easy, humane in donation  
To poor men, weak, and wretched ;  
And with this thy way I'm in best expectation  
That health to thy soul is thy need.

'Twas then I thee knew, and thou earliest saw me,  
In kind and affectionate wooing,  
When near thee I drew, thy breath it was balmy,  
Like honey sweet apples at pu'ing :  
And not a love lay in my deep recollection  
Was worth, but she from me would have ;  
Did she now turn away to my utter rejection,  
My case would be linen and grave.

ORAN DO CHEILE

Do bhriodal blàth 's do mhànan milis,  
 Do nàdur grinneas gach uair,  
 Gu beulchair, gàireach, àlainn, caoimhneil, 75  
 Gun chàs a thoilleadh dhuit fuath ;  
 Chuir i guin bhàis fad ràith' am mhuineal  
 Dh'fhàg làn mi mhulad 's a ghruaim,  
 'N uair thuig i mar bha, 's a thàr mi 'n ulaidh,  
 Ghrad spàrr i 'n cunnart ud uam. 80

'S ann thog e mi 'm prìs o'n tìm so 'n uiridh,  
 An nì 'san urrainn a fhuair,  
 Sguab do'n ìre fhìor-ghlain chruineachd,  
 An sìol as urramaich' buaidh.  
 Sin na chuir mi cho rìomhach umad, 85  
 Bha t' inntinn bunailteach, buan :  
 Lìonadh do sgiamhachd miann gach duine,  
 An dreach, fiamh, an cumachd, 's an snuadh.

Do chuach-fhalt bàn air fàs cho barrail,  
 'S a bharr làn chamag is dhual ; 90  
 T' aghaidh ghlan, mhàlda, nàrach, bhanail,  
 Do dhà chaol mhala gun ghruaim ;  
 Sùil ghorm, lìontach, mhìn-rosg, mheallach,  
 Gun dìth cur fal' ann do ghruaidh,  
 Deud geal ìobhraidh, dìonach, daingean, 95  
 Beul bìth nach canadh ach stuaim.

Shiùbhladh tu fàsach àirigh glinne  
 'S an àit an cinneadh an spréidh,  
 G'am bleoghainn mu chrò, 's bhi chòir na h-innis,  
 Laoigh òg a' mireadh 's a' leum ; 100

## SONG TO HIS WIFE

Thy caressing warm, thy crooning delicious,  
Thy nature's attraction each hour,  
Thy fair spoken charm, kind, smiling, propitious  
No trait thee with hatred would dower ;  
She made a death wound in my neck an ell measure  
Me left full of gloom and distressed,  
How it was when she found, and I drew near the treasure,  
That danger at once she redressed.

It raised me in wealth since this time a year past,  
I've gotten the best that could be,  
A sweep from the spilth of the purest wheat harvest,  
The seed of the best quality.  
And that did instil in me such admiration,  
Thy steadfast and constant affection :  
Thy beauty would fill all men's imagination  
In aspect, hue, shape, and complexion.

'Thy bonny coiled hair grown abundant uncommonly,  
The top full of ringlets and curls,  
Thy face gentle fair, so modest and womanly,  
Two slender eyebrows—no churls ;  
A blue and fine eye, full-opened, alluring,  
No need to put bloom on thy cheek,  
'Teeth white ivory, close-set and enduring,  
Quiet mouth nought immodest would speak.

In the lone sheiling glen, thou would tread grassy  
Highlands,  
The place where the cattle would grow,  
To milk them round pen, and near to the islands,  
Where sporting young calves leaping go ;

ORAN DO CHEILE

- Cha mhiosa do làmh 's tu làimh ri coinnil  
 N' an seòmar soilleir ri gréin,  
 A' fuaigheal 's a' fàitheam bhàn is phionar,  
 An am chur grinnis air greus.
- Do chneas mar an éiteag glé ghlan, fallain, 105  
 Corp seang mar chanach an t-sléibh';  
 Do bhràigh cho-mhìn, 's do chìochan corrach  
 'S iad lìontach, soluist le chéil':  
 Gàirdeana tlàth, geal làmh na h-ainnir,  
 Caol mheòir, glac thana, bas réidh; 110  
 Calpa deas ùr, troigh dhlùth 'm bròig chuimir,  
 Is lùthor, innealta ceum.
- 'S ann fhuair mi bhean chaoin aig taobh Mhàm-charaidh  
 'S a gaol a'm' mhealladh o'm chéill;  
 Bha cridhe dhomh saor, 'n uair dh'fhaod mi tharruing, 115  
 Cha b'fhaoin domh bharaill bhi 'd réir:  
 'S ioma fuil uasal, uaibhreach, fharumach,  
 Suas ri d' cheann-aghaidh fhéin,  
 'Gad chumail am prìs an Rìgh 's MacCailein  
 'S tu shìol nam fear a bha 'n Sléibht'. 120
- Na'm faighinn an dràs' do chàramh daingean  
 An àite falaich o'n eug;  
 Ged thigeadh e 'd dhàil, is m' fhàgail falamh  
 Cha b' àill leam bean eil' ad dhéidh:  
 Cha toir mi gu bràth dhuit dranndan teallaich, 125  
 Mu'n àrdaich aileag do chléibh,  
 Ach rogha gach mànrain, gràdh, is furan,  
 Cho blàth 's a b'urrainn mo bheul.

## SONG TO HIS WIFE

Not worse is thy hand, and thou close to a candle,  
Or in a room bright as the day,  
To sew and hem band, and the pinnies to handle,  
When working at embroidery.

Like the pebble stone white is thy skin pure and sound,  
A slim frame like the down 'mong the heather ;  
Thy neck soft and slight, thy pointed breasts round,  
The twain full and shining together :  
A tender soft arm, white hand of the virgin,  
A thin clasp, smooth palm, fingers long,  
Clean calf fresh in form, feet in well-fitting brogue shoon,  
A step that is dainty and strong.

I found a kind bride beside Mam Charaidh,  
Her love wiles me out of my min' ;  
Thy heart all untried, when I might come marry,  
No vain thought for me to be thine :  
And much noble bold and blue blood is welling  
To thy forehead, rushing in spate,  
Thee in worth to uphold with the King and MacCailin,  
Thou scion of dwellers in Sleat.

Now could I procure thee a safe situation  
From death in a sure hiding place,  
If he did thee secure, leaving me desolation,  
No wife after thee I'd embrace :  
At hearth I'll ne'er fling thee snarl distressing,  
Lest sobs in thy frame should arise,  
But choice of fondling, of love and caressing,  
As warm as my mouth could devise.

## ORAN DO LEANABH-ALTROM

Dheanainn duit ceann, is crann, is t-earrach,  
An am chur ghearran an éill ; 130  
Is dheanainn mar chàch air tràigh na mara,  
Chur àird air mealladh an éisg :  
Mharbhainn duit geòidh is ròin, is eala,  
'S na h-eòin air bharran nan geug ;  
'S cha bhi thu ri d' bheò gun seòl air aran, 135  
'S mi chòmhnuidh far am bi féidh.

## ORAN DO LEANABH-ALTROM.

ISEBAL òg an òr-fhuilt bhuidhe,  
Do ghruaidh mar ròs, 's do phòg mar ubhal,  
Do bheul dreachmhor, meachair, grinn,  
O'm faighte na h-òrain cheòlmhor, bhinn.  
'S tu 's glaine 's as cannaiche banaile snuadh, 5  
Gur deirge na'n t-subhag an rudha tha 'd ghruaidh,  
Do mhin rosg lìontach, sìobhalt, suaire,  
Gnùis mhàlda, nàrach, làn de stuaim.  
'S e coslas na h-ainnir an eal' air an t-snàmh,  
Do chneas mar an canach cho ceanalta thlàth, 10  
Do chiochan corrach air bhroilleach geal, bàn,  
Do bhràigh mar ghrian, 's do bhian mar chnàimh.  
Do chuach-fhalt bachallach, cas-bhuidhe, dlùth,  
Gu h-amlagach, daithte, làn chaisreag is lùb,  
'Na chiabhanaibh cleachdach am pleatadh gu dlùth, 15  
Air snìomh gu léir mar theudan ciùil.

## SONG TO A FOSTER-CHILD

Thy goodman I'd be, I'd plow, sow for thee, sure,  
At time to put colts into leash ;  
And I'd more do for thee, like all else on the sea-shore,  
Set means for deceiving the fish :  
I'd kill geese for thee, the swan and the seal,  
And the birds on the tops of the boughs ;  
While thou lives thou'lt ne'er be without means for a meal,  
And me living where red-deer will browse.

## SONG TO A FOSTER-CHILD.

YOUNG Isabel of the yellow gold hair  
Like an apple thy kiss, like a rose thy cheek fair ;  
Thy mouth it is shapely, tender, and neat,  
Whence do the songs come, musical, sweet.

Thou'rt the purest, the prettiest, in mien the most meek,  
Than the berry is redder the blush on thy cheek ;  
Thy fine eye, full, frank, pleasing to see ;  
Mild features and bashful, filled with modesty.

The maiden's compare is the white floating swan,  
Thy skin like moor-cotton, soft, tender as down,  
On fair and white bosom thy pointed breasts be,  
Thy neck like the sun, and thy skin ivory.

Thy coiled hair is ringleted, yellow curled, close,  
Twisted round, and fair coloured, full of whorls and bows,  
In filleted locks, with the plaiting so thick,  
And twined all together, like strains of music.

ORAN DO LEANABH-ALTROM

'S ioma fuil uasal gun truailleadh, gun tàir,  
 Tha togail 'na stuadhanaibh suas ann ad bharr,  
 Clann Dòmhnuille a' chruadail fhuair buaidh anns gach  
 blàr,  
 Gus an tàin' an là suarach thug uath' an deas làmh. 20

'S ban-Chaimbeulach dhìreach an rìbhinn dheas òg,  
 Cha strìochdadh do dhìlsean do luchd-mì-ruin tha beò ;  
 'S gach car tha dol dìotsa 'gad shìor-chur am mòid,  
 'S thu theaghlach an Iarla, Shliochd Dhiarmaid nan sròl.

Tha cinneadh do sheanmhar mòr ainmeil gu leòir, 25  
 Na Camshronaich mheanmnach bu gharg air an tòir ;  
 'S iomadh àit anns na dhearbh iad le fear-ghleus an dòrn,  
 Bhi marbhtach le'n armachd air dearganaich Dheòrs'.

'S i 'n ainnir bu taitnich' a bh' ac' anns an tìr,  
 A thachair bhi agam 'ga h-altrom le cìch ; 30  
 'N uair a sheasas i fathast air Faidhir an Rìgh,  
 Bidh iomadh fear-fearainn a' farraid—"Cò i?"

Gruagach gheal, shomulta, shoilleir gu leòir,  
 'S i finealta, foinneamh, gun chromadh, gun sgeòp ;  
 Calpa deas, coslach a choisicheadh ròd, 35  
 'S troigh chuimir, shocair, nach dochainn a' bhròg.

'S maith thig dhuit 'san fhasan gùn daithte de'n t-sròl,  
 Le *staidhs* 'ga theannadh cho daingean 's bu chòir  
 Fàinneachan daoimein air roinn gach meòir  
 Bidh *ruffles* is ribein air Iseabail òig. 40



## SONG TO A FOSTER-CHILD

And much noble blood, with no slur, but renown,  
Is mounting in waves up there to thy crown,  
O' the valiant Clan Donald, who all fields could command,  
Till the wretched day dawned that denied the right hand.

She's a straight Campbell maiden, the quean young and  
free,  
'Thy kin never yielded to unfriends that be,  
And each turn thou goest mends thy means and thy  
manners  
Since thou'rt of th' Earl's family, seed o' Diarmid o' the  
banners.

Thy grandmother's kin is great, famous enough—  
The bold Camerons, who in pursuit were rough,  
Many's the place where they proved, by good use of their  
hands,  
With their arms to be fatal to George's red bands.

She's the pleasantest maiden they had in the West,  
That chanced to be with me a-nursing at breast ;  
When yet she shall stand at the Fair of the King,  
Lairds there will be many "Who's she?" enquiring.

A fair and plump maiden and radiant enough,  
She is gentle, refined, with no stooping, no bluff ;  
A seemly shaped calf which would traverse a road  
And a neat easy foot, the shoe won't incommode.

Well becomes thee in fashion, fresh coloured silk gown,  
With stays, as is fitting, tight fastening around ;  
Diamond rings on each finger's division, and well  
Will sit ruffles and ribbons on young Isabel.

ORAN GAOIL.

A MHÀIRI bhàn gur barrail thu,  
 'S gur barraicht' air gach seòl thu,  
 O'n thug mi gaol cho daingean duit,  
 'S mi 't fharraid anns gach còmh-dhail :  
 'S earbsach mi ad cheanaltas, 5  
 'S na fhuair mi chean' ad chòmhradh,  
 Nach urrainn càch do mhealladh uam  
 'N déis do gheallaidh dhomh-sa.

'S chuala mi mar shean-fhacal  
 Mu'n darach, gur fiodh còrr e, 10  
 'S gur geinn dheth fhéin 'ga theannachadh  
 A spealtadh e 'na òirdnibh :  
 'S mi 'n dùil, a réir na h-ealaidh sin,  
 Gur maith leat mi bhi 'd sheòrsa,  
 Nach tréig thu mi, 's gu'm faigh mi thu 15  
 Le bannaibh daingean pòsaidh.

'S e chum an raoir mi 'm aithreachadh  
 An spéis a ghabh mi òg dhiot ;  
 Bha smaointean tric air m' aire-sa  
 Mu'n ainnir as fhearr fòghlum : 20  
 Cha n'eil cron r'a àireamh ort,  
 O d' bharr gu sàil do bhròige,  
 Ach ciallach, fialaidh, fàbharach,  
 Air fiamh do ghàire 'n còmhnuidh.

## LOVE SONG

### LOVE SONG.

O MARY, fair beyond compare,  
Thou virtues all completing,  
Since I've loved thee so steadfastly,  
And ask thee at each meeting :  
My trust I place in thy kind grace,  
And talk that me delighted,  
That none thee can from me trepan  
Since truth to me thou plighted.

And as a proverb I have heard  
Of oak, the finest timber,  
Its own wedge it doth tightly fit,  
And splinter it to lumber :  
I hope according to that lore  
Thou'lt as thy sort encourage,  
And not forsake me till I take thee  
In strong bands of marriage.

Last night me kept that scarce I slept  
My young love for thee yearning ;  
And thoughts recur to mind of her  
The maiden best in learning :  
There's nought of blame on thee to name  
From crown to heel whatever ;  
But frank, and kind, and well-inclined,  
Thou blythely smilest ever.

ORAN GAOIL

- 'S do chùl daithte làn-mhaiseach 25  
 Mu'n cuairt ad bhràigh 'n òrdugh,  
 Air snìomh, mar theudan clàrsaiche,  
 'Na fhàinneachaibh glan nòsar :  
 Gu lì-dhonn, pleatach, sàr-chleachdach,  
 Gu dosach, fàsmhor, dòmhail, 30  
 Gu lùbach, dualach, bachlach, guairsgeach,  
 Snasmhor, cuachach, òr-bhuidh'.
- Tha t' aghaidh nàrach bhanail,  
 Dà chaol mhala mar it' eòin ort ;  
 Rosga réidhe, fallaine, 35  
 'S dà shùil ghorm, mheallach, mhòthar :  
 Do ghruaidh mar chaorann meangain,  
 A thug barrachd air na ròsan ;  
 Do dheud geal, dreachmhor, meachair, grinn  
 'S do bheul o 'm binn thig òran. 40
- Tha do phòg mar ùbhlán gàraidh,  
 'S tha do bhràigh mar an neòinean ;  
 Do chìochan lìontach, mulanach,  
 'S an sìod' 'gan cumail còmhnard :  
 Corp seang, geal, gnèadhail, furanach, 45  
 Deagh chumachdail, neo-spòrsail ;  
 Do chalpa cruinne, lùthora,  
 'S an troigh nach lùb am feòirnean.
- 'S e 'm fàth mu'm biodh tu talach orm,  
 Gur ro bheag leat mo stòras ; 50  
 Bha dà-rud-dheug a' tarruing uam  
 Na thionail mi do phòrsan :

## LOVE SONG

Thy sunny curls in beauteous twirls  
    Around thy neck in order,  
In twist and warp like strings of harp  
    In ringlets bright disorder :  
All glossy brown, plaited, fine woven,  
    Rippling, fairgrown, unholden,  
In locks, and loops, and bends, and hoops,  
    Neat, cupshaped, yellow-golden.

Thy face is shy and womanly,  
    Brows featherlike and slender ;  
Eyelashes smooth and healthy both,  
    Blue eyes attractive, tender :  
Thy cheeks, like rowan on a bough,  
    Surpassed the roses blowing ;  
White teeth complete, shapely and neat ;  
    Mouth whence sweet song comes flowing.

Like apple flavour thy kiss' savour,  
    Thy neck is like the daisy ;  
Thy breasts full white, and conelike quite,  
    The silk upbears them easy :  
Frame fair and active, kind, attractive  
    Well-shaped, unpretending :  
Thy calves are round, and strong, and sound ;  
    A foot the grass not bending.

It is the cause thou'd me dispraise,  
    Too small thou deem'st my fortune ;  
But things a dozen did from me cosen  
    What I'd scraped as a portion :

ORAN GAOIL

- Bhiodh òl is féisd, is banais ann ;  
 Bha ceòl, is beus, is ceannaichean,  
 An fhéill, 's na gibhte leannanachd, 55  
 An amaideachd 's an òige.
- 'S a nis na 'm faighinn mar rium thu,  
 Cha leanainn air an t-seòl sin ;  
 Gu'n deanainn àiteach fearainn,  
 Is crodh-bainne chur mu chrò dhuit ; 60  
 Mharbhainn iasg na mara dhuit,  
 'S am fiadh 's a' bhealach cheòthar,  
 Le gunna caol nach mearachdaich,  
 'S a mhealladh fear na cròice.
- 'S mór an gaol a ghabh mi ort 65  
 Le ro bheagan at eòlas,  
 'S mi 'n dùil gur tu bu leannan domh,  
 'S nach mealladh tu mi 'm dhòchas ;  
 Ged bhiodh am bàs an caraibh dhomh,  
 Gun bharail ri tighinn beò uaith, 70  
 'S e dh'fhàgadh slàn mi 'n rìbhinn mhàlda,  
 Màiri bhàn o Lòch-lairig.

LOVE SONG

Drink there would be, bridal and spree ;  
    'Twas music, custom, present,  
The fair's unthrifths, sweethearting gifts,  
    In youth and folly pleasant.

Now could I get thee as my mate,  
    That course I would not hold to ;  
The land I'd take to cultivate,  
    And milch kine put in fold, too ;  
I'd kill for thee fish of the sea,  
    The deer in misty hollow,  
With slender piece that will not miss,  
    But foil the antlered fellow.

And great my love for thee did prove,  
    Though knowing thee but slightly ;  
I hoped thou'd be sweetheart to me,  
    Nor treat my longing lightly ;  
Though death should be in grips with me  
    With no hope that he'd spare me,  
I healed had been by the gentle quean,  
    Loch-lairig's fairhaired Mary.

ORAN SUGRAIDH

ORAN SUGRAIDH.

LUINNEAG.

'S i nighean mo ghaoil,

An nighean donn òg ;

Na'm biodh tu ri m' thaobh,

Cha bhithinn fo bhròn.

'S i nighean mo ghaoil,

An nighean donn òg.

5

'S i Màiri Nic Neachdainn

Is dàicheile pearsa,

Ghabh mis' uiread bheachd ort

Ri neach a tha beò.

'S i nighean mo ghaoil, &c.

10

'N uair sheallas mi t'aodann,

'S mi 'n coinneamh ri t' fhaotainn,

Gur maith leam na'm faodainn

Bhi daonnan ad chòir.

O'n a thug thu dhomh gealladh,

'S ann duit-sa nach aithreach,

'S cha n-fhaic iad thu 'n ath-bhliadhn'

Ad bhanaraich bhò.

15

Cha téid thu do'n bhuaile,

A bhleoghainn cruaidh ghuaill-fhionn

Cha chuir thu ort cuaran,

'S gur uallach do bhròg.

20



## COURTING SONG

### COURTING SONG.

#### REFRAIN.

*She's the maid of my love,  
The young maid so brown ;  
By my side did thou move  
I would not be cast down.  
She's the maid of my love  
The young maid so brown.*

MARY MACNAUGHTON'S rarest,  
In person the fairest ;  
Thou my thoughts as much sharest  
As living ladie.

*She's the maid of my love, &c.*

When thy face I'm admiring,  
To wed thee aspiring,  
If I might I'm desiring  
To be aye beside thee.

Since troth thou gave to me,  
It never shall rue thee,  
Next year they'll not view thee  
A cows' dairymaid.

'Thou'lt not go to the wattle,  
Milk white-shouldered cattle,  
Nor in hide slipper trachle,  
Thy gay shoe's well-made.

ORAN SUGRAIDH

Cha n-fhoghnadh le m' chruinneig,  
 A' bhuarach no chuinneag,  
 'S cha chluinnear gu'n cumadh tu 25  
 Cuman ad dhòrn.

Cha téid thu Bhad-odhar,  
 A leigeadh nan gobhar,  
 'S minn bheag as an deoghaidh 30  
 'G an deoghail mu'n chrò.

Cha leig mi thu 'n fhireach  
 Thoirt a' chruidh as an innis  
 Air eagal na gillean  
 Bhi sireadh do phòg.

Cha taobh thu duin'-uasal 35  
 'S cha n-àill leat am buachail,  
 'S cha n-fheairrde fear-fuadain  
 Bhi cruaidh air do thòir.

Cha taobh i fear idir,  
 Air eagal mo thrioblaid ; 40  
 'S cha toilich té mise  
 Ach ise le deòin.

'S i rìbhinn a' bhaile,  
 Tha sir-thighinn air m' aire,  
 Na'm b' i rachadh mar rium, 45  
 Cha d'fharraid mi stòr.

Bheir mis' thu Dhun-éideann  
 A dh' ionnsachadh beurla,  
 'S cha n-fhàg mi thu 't éiginn  
 Ri spréidh an fhir mhòir. 50

## COURTING SONG

With my neat one won't couple  
The milkpail or hobble,  
Unheard that thou'lt trouble  
In thy hand cogue to hold.

Thou wilt ne'er to Badour  
Goat-milking go o'er,  
While behind kidlets cower,  
Suckling them round the fold.

I'll not let thee to high land  
Fetch the kine from the island,  
Lest the lads thee beguile, and  
Seek kisses from thee.

Not with gentle thou'lt side,  
Nor canst shepherd abide,  
Nondescript woe betide  
In thy track hardily!

To no man she's easy,  
For fear that she tease me;  
And no fair will please me  
But she by her leave.

She's the belle of the town  
That my thoughts aye run on;  
And were she with me gone,  
For wealth I'd not grieve.

To Dunedin I'll take thee  
English-speaking to make thee,  
Nor in dire need forsake thee  
With the big farmer's drove.

ORAN SUGRAIDH

A nighean na gruaige,  
 Cha chreidinn ort tuaileas ;  
 O'n a tharruing mi suas riut,  
 Cha n-fhuath leam do sheòl.

'S e mheudaich mo ghaol ort 55  
 Gu'n d' fhàs thu cho aobhach,  
 'S gu'n leumadh tu daonnan  
 Cho aotrom 's na h-eòin.

'S i 'n togarrach laghach  
 A thogainn mar roghainn, 60  
 Na'm bithinn a' tadhal  
 'S an tigh am bi 'n t-òl.

Gu'm b' fheairrde daoin'-uaisle  
 'N am thionndadh nan cuach thu,  
 A thoirt luinneagan-luaidh dhaibh 65  
 Mu'n cuairt air an stòp.

'S leat urram an danusa,  
 'S an fhiodhull 'na teann-ruith ;  
 Bu chridheil 'san am thu,  
 'S an dram air a' bhòrd. 70

'S tu fhreagrach gu h-innealt'  
 Am feadan 's an ribheid,  
 A sheinneadh gu fileanta,  
 Ruith-leumnaich ceòil.

'S tu thogadh mo spiorad, 75  
 'N uair a théid thu air mhireadh,  
 Le d' cheileiribh binne,  
 'S le grinneas do bheòil.

## COURTING SONG

Lass of ringleted glory,  
I'd believe no ill story,  
Since I've learned to adore thee,  
Thy manners I love.

What made me more like thee  
Is thou grew so sprightly,  
And always frisked lightly  
As birds on a tree.

'Tis my fair one so charming  
I'd choose as my darling,  
When I would be calling  
At the house where drinks be.  
Thee gentles would praise  
When their cups they would raise,  
Singing them fulling lays  
Round with their stoup of wine.

Oft thou dance honours scored  
To the fiddle's brisk chord,  
With the dram on the board  
Thou'd with heartiness shine.

Finely thou answerèd  
To the chanter and reed,  
Which, with allegro speed,  
Played sweetly and smooth.

Thou my spirits would raise,  
When thou'lt take to bright ways,  
With thy sweet warbling lays,  
And the charm of thy mouth.

ORAN DO CHAORA

Leis na ghabh mi de cheisd ort,  
Am maduinn 's am feasgar, 80  
Gu'n deanainn riut cleasachd  
Is beadradh gu leòir :

Dheanainn riut furan  
Am bliadhn' is an uiridh ;  
Bu docha na 'n t-uireasbhuidh, 85  
Tuilleadh 's a chòir.

ORAN DO CHAORA A FHUARADH A'GHIBHT O  
MHNAOI UASAIL ARAIDH.

LUINNEAG.

*Hem o ho io, ho ro chaora cheann-fhionn,*

*Hem o, ho io*

'S a' chaora fhuair mi o Shiùsaidh,  
Gun an cùinn a dhol g'a ceannach :

*Hem o, ho io, &c.*

Gu'm bu slàn do'n t-sàr mhnaoi-uasail, 5  
O'n d'fhuaradh a' chaora cheann-fhionn.

Cuimhnichidh mi do dheoch-slàinte  
'S a h-uil' àit an òl mi drama.

Chaora thàinig a Coir'-uanain,  
Pàirt d'a suanaich mar an canach. 10

Bha cuid dhith air dath na carnaid,  
'S cuid eile mar bharr a' bhealaidh.

SONG TO A EWE

With the love that I lo'e thee  
At morn and at gloaming,  
Sport enough I would show thee  
And fondling galore.

Thee I'd welcome with pleasure,  
For last year and this year ;  
Better far than scant measure  
Enough is and more.

SONG 'TO A EWE WHICH WAS RECEIVED  
AS A GIFT FROM A CERTAIN LADY.

LAY.

*Hem o, ho io, ho ro, the white-headed ewe,  
Hem o, ho io.*

THE ewe from Susie which I got,  
A coin to buy her I spent not :  
*Hem o, ho io, &c.*

Health be the excellent lady's lot,  
From whom the white-faced ewe was got.

I shall remember to pledge thee  
Wherever drinking drams I'll be.

The ewe in Coire Uanan grown,  
Part of her fleece was like the down.

A part o' her was carnation bloom,  
Another like the crop o' the broom.

ORAN DO CHAORA

'S ann bu choslach ris an t-sìoda,  
Caora mhìn nan casa geala.

'S iomadh cuileag chun an iasgaich, 15  
Thàinig riamh as a cùl cannach.

Cungaidh mhaith nam breacan daora  
Anns a h-uile taobh d'a falluing.

Cuiridh iad i air na clàdaibh,  
'S àlainn i 'n uair théid a tarring. 20

'S i bu mholaiche na'n lìon  
'S fhearr tha cinntinn aig na Gallaibh.

Bhiodh aice dà uan 's a' bhliadhna,  
'S bha h-uile h-aon riamh dhiubh fallain.

'S 'n uair a thigeadh mìos roimh Bhealltuinn, 25  
B' fheairrde mi na bh' aice bhainne.

Chumadh i rium gruth is uachdar,  
Air fhuairid 's gu'm biodh an t-earrach.

Dh' fhoghnadh i dhomh fad an t-samhraidh  
Cumail annlain rium is arain. 30

Cha robh leithid chun an eadraidh  
Am fad as freagrath do Mhac Cailein.

Bhiodh i air thoiseach an t-sealbhain,  
A' tighinn 's a' falbh o'n bhaile.

'S mise fhuair an sgobadh creachaidh 35  
'N là a leag iad i 'san rainich.



SONG TO A EWE

Indeed but she was silklike quite,  
The fine ewe of the feet so white.

For the fishing many a fly, I trow,  
Has come from her pretty back ere now.

For the dear belted plaids good stuff  
On every side of her mantle rough.

On the wool combs they will place it,  
It is splendid when they dress it.

Than the flax 'tis shaggier showing,  
The best the Lowlanders have growing.

Twin lambs a-year she used to bear,  
And healthy all o' them ever were.

And when a month would come 'fore Beltane  
The better was I of her milk then.

In curds and cream she would keep me,  
However cold the spring might be.

The summer long she would supply me,  
Keeping bread and kitchen by me.

At milking time was not her marrow,  
Far as MacCailin's word would carry.

She would be in the van o' the drove  
That to and from the township move.

'Tis I that got the anguish racking,  
The day they laid her in the bracken.

ORAN DO CHAORA

'S tric tha mi 'g amharc an àit  
An robh i blàth, 's i call a fala.

'S anns an fhraoch aig taobh Uillt-ghartain,  
Rinn i 'n cadal as nach d' fhairich. 40

'S diombach mi do'n ghille-mhàrtuinn,  
Bha cho dàna 's dol 'na caraibh.

Feudaidh na h-eunlaith bhi ròiceil  
Ag itheadh a feòla 's a saille.

Cha n'eil eun a laigh air fulachd  
Nach robh umad ann an cabhaig. 45

Am fear-ruadh a chuir gu bàs i,  
Thug e pàirt dhith chum na garaidh.

'N uair a ràinig mis' an àraich,  
Cha robh làthair dhiot ach faileas. 50

Bha na cnàimhean air an lomadh ;  
Is bha 'n olann air a pealladh.

O'n a chaill mi nis mo chaora,  
'S coslach do m' aodach a bhi tana.

Cia leis a nìthear dhomh còta,  
O nach beò a' chaora cheann-fhionn ? 55

H-uile bean a th' anns an dùthaich,  
Tha mi'n dùil an dùrachd mhaith dhomh.

'S théid mi dh' iarraidh na faoighe-chlòimhe,  
Air mnathan còire an fhearainn. 60

## SONG TO A EWE

I often at the place am musing,  
Where warm she lay, her lifeblood losing.

'Twas in the heath beside Allt Gartain,  
She slept the sleep with no upstarting.

I am indignant that Reynard  
Was so bold as go grip her hard.

The birds of prey may be replete,  
Eating her fat up and her meat.

Not a bird that gorged on carrion,  
But was round about thee hurrying.

The red lad that caused her sorrow,  
He took part o' her to his burrow.

When I had reached the field of gore,  
Nought but thy shadow to the fore.

The bones they lay there stript and bare,  
The wool was only matted hair.

Since I now have lost my ewe,  
My clothes are like to be thin and few.

By whom for me will coat be made,  
Since the white-faced ewe is dead?

Every wife that lives i' the county,  
I am hoping for her bounty.

I'll go and the thigged wool demand  
From the good ladies of the land.

ORAN DO CHAORA

'Tadhlaidh mi air Inbhir-ghinneachd,  
'S innsidh mi na bhios air m' aire.

Gheibh mi tlàm de chlàimh nan caorach,  
O'n a tha mi dh' aodach falamh.

Gheibh mi rùsg an Tìgh-na-sròine, 65  
O'n mhnaoi chòir a bha 'san Arthar.

An Gleann-ceitilein an fheòir  
Gheibh mi na rùisg mhòra, gheala.

Gheibh mi làn na slighe-chreachainn  
O nighean Dòmhnuille ghlais an drama 70

Cuiridh mi sud thar mo rùchan,  
'S fheairrd' a ghiùlaineas mi 'n eallach.

Ruigidh mi bean Cheann-loch-éite,  
Tha mi 'm éiginn 's cha bu mhaith lea.

Gheibh mi uaipè tlàm de dh'fhaoighe, 75  
'Tlàn eile a thaobh bhi 'm charaid.

Their an té tha 'n Guala-chuilinn:  
'S mór as duilich leam do ghearan.

Bheir i nuas an t-uisge-beatha,  
Dh' fheuchainn an crath e dhìom an smalan. 80

Their gach té tha 'n Druim-a-chòthuis,  
Gheibh thu rud, 's gur maith an airidh.

'N uair a théid mi dh' Inbhir-charnain,  
Cha leig aon té th' ann mi falamh.

SONG TO A EWE

To reach Inver Ghinneachd is my intention,  
And all that's in my mind I'll mention.

Of the sheep's wool I'll get a flock,  
Since clothing I have none in stock.

In Tigh-na-Sroine I'll get a pelt,  
From the good wife that in Narrachan dwelt.

In Glen Ketland of the grass  
The great white fleeces I'll compass.

I'll get the full of the scallop-shell  
From grey Donald o' the Dram's girl.

Yon bumper o'er my throat I'll hurry,  
The better I'll the burden carry.

I'll reach the wife o' Loch Etive-head,  
She would be sorry I'm in need.

I'll get one tease of thigged wool from her,  
One more that I'm a friendly comer.

She of Guala Chuilinn will declare:  
"Your plaint I think is hard to bear?"

She will bring down the usquebae  
To see if my gloom 't would drive away.

Each wife in Druim-a-Chothuis will say:  
"Something you'll get, and well you may."

When I'll to Inver Charnain fare,  
Me empty away lets no wife there.

ORAN DO CHAORA

'N uair théid mi 'n bhail' tha làimh ris, 85  
Gheibh mi tlàman anns gach talla.

Cha n'eil té tha 'n Dail-an-easa  
Nach téid mi 'm freasdal a ceanaill.

Thig mi dhathaigh leis na gheibh mi,  
'S tomad deth cho mòr ri gearran. 90

Foghnaidh sud domh còrr as bliadhna  
Chumail snìomh ri nìghinn a' bharain.

'S 'n uair a théid e fo na spàlaibh,  
Nì i fàbhar rium a' bhan-fhigheach.

'S ioma té nì eudach guamach, 95  
Ach cha luaidh i e gun cheathrar.

'H-uile gruagach tha 'n Gleann-éite  
Dh' fheumainns' iad a thighinn do'n bhaile.

'S 'n uair a chuireas mi air seòl iad,  
'S ann a théid an clò a theannadh. 100

'N uair a theannas iad ri fùchdadh,  
Cha bhi tùchadh air an anail.

'N uair a shuidheas iad air cléith,  
Gu'n cluinnt' an éigheach thar na beannaibh.

'N uair a sheinneas iad na h-òrain, 105  
Cuiridh iad na h-eòin an crannaibh.

'N uair a theannas iad ri luinneag,  
'S binn' iad na guileag na h-eala.

SONG TO A EWE

At the township near it, when I call,  
I'll get a strand in every hall.

And wife in Dalness there is none,  
Whose kindness I'll not wait upon.

Homeward I'll come with what I'll get,  
Huge as a horse the bulk of it.

A year and more I have enough,  
To keep my wife in spinning stuff.

When it will 'neath the shuttles go,  
The weaver, she'll me favour show.

Many a wife makes clothes galore,  
But she'll not full them without four.

Ilk maid does in Glen Etive dwell,  
To come to the township I'll compel.

And when I'll put them in good tune,  
The broadcloth will be shrunken soon.

When to full they will begin,  
Their breath there is no wheezing in.

When they'll sit upon a hurdle,  
Their shouting o'er the peaks is heard well.

When the fulling songs they'll sing,  
They'll set the birds on trees listening.

When they begin to sing a lay,  
'Than the swan's note far sweeter they.

ORAN DO CHAORA

'S mòr as binne fuaim nan nìonag  
Na ceòl pìob' air thùs a' phannail. 110

Bithidh a turn an làimh gach té dhiubh,  
'S bithidh a beul a' seinn na h-ealaidh.

Té ri burn, is té ri mòine,  
Té ag cur seòl air an aingeal.

Té 'ga phostadh ann an tuba,  
Té 'ga luidreadh, té 'ga ghlanadh. 115

Dithis 'ga shlacadh gu làidir,  
Dithis 'ga fhàsgadh gu gramail.

Ach mu'n cuir iad as an làimh e,  
'S cinnteach mi gu'm fàs e daingean. 120

Théid a thiormachadh air bràighe  
Gàradh-càil air am bi barran.

Mur tig e 'm ionnsuidh an tàillear,  
'S nàr dha e 's gu'n tug sinn bean da.

'S ann an sin a théid mo chòmhdach,  
Leis a' chlòimh a rinn mi thional. 125

Gur mise tha gu dubhach  
Ri cumha do 'n chaora cheann-fhionn.

'S beag an t-ioghnadh dhomh bhi duilich,  
Mulad a bhi orm is farran. 130

'N uair a shuidheas mi air tulaich,  
'S turraman a bhi air m' aire.



## SONG TO A EWE

Far sweeter is the girls' refrain,  
Than, heading the host, the bagpipes strain.

In the hand of each her turn will be,  
While her mouth sings the melody.

One at water, one at peat,  
Another keeping the fire neat.

One in a tub upon it prancing,  
One wallowing it, and one it cleansing.

A couple beating it with might,  
Another couple wringing tight.

Ere out of hand they'll let it go,  
I'm certain that it firm will grow.

Upon a brae it will go dry  
On garden plot with bush tops high.

Unless the tailor to me came,  
Since a wife we gave him, 'twere a shame.

And then it is I shall be clad  
With all the wool I gathered had.

But I myself in gloom am deep  
Lamenting for the white-faced sheep.

That I am sad is little wonder,  
I'm both in sorrow and in anger.

My wish, when sitting on a hill,  
Is to and fro to rock my fill.

ORAN DO CHAORA

- Ag cuimhneachadh coslas na caorach  
Nach robh h-aogas anns an fhearann.
- Bha i riabhach, 's bha i lachdunn, 135  
Bha i cais-fhionn, 's bha i ceann-fhionn.
- Bha i croidh-fhionn, 's bha i bòtach ;  
Bha geal mòr air barr a breamain.
- 'N uair théid mi shealltainn nan caorach,  
Ionndraichidh mi chaora cheann-fhionn. 140
- 'S misde mi gu'n d'rinn i m' fhàgail,  
'S b'fheairrde mi 'm fad 's a dh'fhan i.
- Cha do leig i riamh an fhàillinn  
Ann am fhàrdaich fhad 's a mhair i.
- 'N uair a rachainn chum na h-àirigh, 145  
Chuireadh i na tràthan tharum.
- 'S ro mhaith thogadh i na pàisdean,  
Bhiodh iad sàthach 'n uair bu mhaith leam.
- 'S mise bha air bheagan saothrach  
'M fad 's a bha mo chaora maireann. 150
- O'n a thàinig ceann a saoghail,  
'S éiginn domh bhì daor 's a' cheannachd.
- Gu'm bu slàn do'n chàta chaorach,  
As an tàin' a' chaora cheann-fhionn.
- 'S an té o'n d'fhuair mi i 'n toiseach, 155  
'S ro mhaith choisinn i mo bheannachd.

## SONG TO A EWE

Recalling her appearance grand,  
The like of her was not in the land.

She was brindled, she was dun,  
A white footed, white headed one.

She was white hoofed, booted well,  
A great white spot on the top o' her tail.

When I shall go the sheep to view,  
I shall miss the white-faced ewe.

Her leaving, me the worse has made,  
I was the better while she stayed.

Never did she allow a dearth  
In my bield, while she was on earth.

To the sheilings when I'd hie me,  
She would put the mealtimes by me.

Right well did she the bairns bring up,  
Whene'er I wished they'd fully sup.

'Tis I that was at little striving,  
As long as my own ewe was living.

Since has come the end o' her day,  
I must buy and dearly pay.

Luck be to the sheep-pen true,  
From whence has come the white-faced ewe.

And she from whom I first got yon,  
Right well has she my blessing won.

## ORAN LUAIDH

Beannachd leis an rud a dh'fhalbhas ;  
Cha n-e 's fhearr dhuinn ach na dh'fhanas.

'S fhearr bhi cridheil leis na dh'fhuir'cheas,  
Na bhi tùirseach mu na chailleas.

160

## ORAN LUAIDH.

### LWINNEAG.

*Ho ro gu'n togainn air hugan fhathast,*  
*Ho ro io mu'n téid mi laighe ;*  
*Ho ro gu'n togainn air hugan fhathast.*

TOGAMAID fonn air luadh a' chlòlain ;  
Gabhaidh sinn ceòl is òrain mhatha.

5

*Ho ro gu'n togainn, &c.*

B' fheairrd' an clò bhi chòir nan gruagach  
A dheanadh an luadhadh le 'n làmhan.

'N uair a thionndas iad air cléith e,  
Chluinnte fuaim gach té dhiubh labhairt.

Orain ghrinne, bhinne, mhìlse,  
Aig na rìbhinnean 'gan gabhail.

10

Lwinneag ac' air luadh an aodaich,  
Sunntach, saothrachail, ri maitheas.

Thogamaid fonn gu ceòlmhor, aotrom  
Air a' chlò bu daoire dathan.

15

## FULLING SONG

A blessing go with what's away ;  
That's not our best, but things that stay.

Better with what remains be joyous,  
Than let that which is lost annoy us.

## FULLING SONG.

### LAY.

*Ho ro I would lift it breast-high yet,  
Ho ro io before I go to bed ;  
Ho ro I would lift it breast-high yet.*

FULLING the web let's raise a tune ;  
We'll melody and good songs croon :  
*Ho ro I would lift, &c.*

Improved the cloth with the maiden bands  
Who'd do the fulling with their hands.

When they will turn it on a hurdle,  
Heard is the sound of each one's word well.

Charming songs, melodious, ringing,  
Have the maidens that are singing.

For fulling cloth they have a lay  
Cheerful, laborious, work-a-day.

Let's raise a sweet strain free from dolours  
On cloth that richest was in colours.

## ORAN LU AidH

An clò brionnach, ballach, ciatach,  
Triuchanach, stiallagach, gathach ;

An clò taitneach, basach, boisgeil,  
Laiste, daoimeanach, 's e leathann.

Gu'm bu slàn a bhios na caoirich 20  
Air an d' fhàs an t-aodach fathail.

Beannachd aig an làimh a shnìomh e,  
'S i rinn gnìomh na deagh bhean-tighe

'S ann is coslach ris an t-sìd e,  
Dh' fhàg i mìn e, 's rinn i maith e. 25

Snàth cho righinn ris na teudan,  
'S e cho réidh 's a dh' fheudte shnaidheadh.

Cha robh pluc, no meall, no gaog ann,  
No giùg chaol, no sliasaid reamhar.

'N uair a théid an clò do'n mhargadh, 30  
'S e nì 'n t-airgead air an rathad.

Cha bhi slat a sìos o chrùn deth,  
Miann gach sùl' e anns an fhaidhir.

Cha bhi suirghich anns an dùthaich 35  
Nach bi 'n dùil ri pàirt deth fhaighinn.

'S ann a tha 'n toil-inntinn aodaich  
Aig na daoin' a bhios 'ga chaitheadh.

## FULLING SONG

'The brindled spotted cloth, well-made,  
All striped, and streaked, and rainbow-rayed.

The pleasing cloth, all streaked, and gleaming,  
Broad, too, diamonded, and flaming.

And healthy may the sheep-stock be  
On which has grown the cloth princely.

A blessing on the hand that spun,  
And the good housewife's part has done.

It's like the silk, and to her credit,  
Fine she left it, good she made it.

Threads as tough as strings of harp,  
As smooth as might be, woof and warp.

No lump, hump, inequality,  
No narrow crease there, or fat thigh.

When goes the cloth on the market day,  
'Twill make the money on the way.

There won't be a yard o' it under a crown,  
The wish of all eyes in the town.

In the country there will not be wooer  
But hopes part of it to secure.

They will have pleasure in their clothes,  
All men that will be wearing those.

ORAN LUaidH

Thogainn am fonn a dh'iarradh pòitear,  
Is luaidhinn an clò bu mhiann le mnathan.

'S olc an obair luadh no fùcadh, 40  
Ma bhios tùchadh oirnn le padhadh.

Chuireadh e sunnt air muinntir òga,  
Suidheadh mu bhòrd ag òl gu latha.

Puinse le glaineachaibh làna, 45  
Deochanan-slàinte 'gan gabhail.

Greis air fion, is greis air branndaidh,  
Greis air dram de'n uisge-bheatha.

Greis air fìdhleireachd 's air dannsa,  
Greis air canntaireachd 's air aighear.

'N uair théid stairn an aird an aodainn, 50  
'S ro mhaith 'n t-am do dhaoine laighe.



FULLING SONG

The drinker's tune I would be humming,  
And full the cloth beloved of women.

To full or press is work accurst,  
If we are like to choke with thirst.

It would give joy to youthful people,  
To sit at board till day and tippie.

Punch with glasses overflowing,  
Good healths, and they're empty showing.

A while at wine, a while at brandy,  
A while at whisky dram, kept handy.

A while at fiddling and at dancing,  
A while at singing and romancing.

When the throb travels to the head,  
High time for men to make for bed.

DO'N GHUNNA NIC COISEAM

ORAN DO GHUNNA D'AN AINM NIC  
COISEAM.

LWINNEAG.

*Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,  
Gur muladach leam uam thu ;  
Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu,  
'S mi dìreadh bheann is uchdanan,  
B' ait leam thu bhi cuide rium, 5  
'S do chudthrom air mo ghualainn.*

'N uair chaidh mi do Ghleann Lòcha,  
'S a cheannaich mi Nic Còiseam,  
Is mise nach robh gòrach,  
'N uair chuir mi 'n t-òr g'a fuasgladh. 10  
*Horo mo chuid chuideachd thu, &c.*

Thug mi Choir' a' Cheathaich thu,  
'N uair bha mi fhéin a' tathaich ann,  
'S tric a chuir mi laighe leat  
Na daimh 's na h-aighean ruadha.

Thug mi Bheinn-a-chaisteil thu, 15  
'S do'n fhàsach a tha 'n taice ri,  
Am Màm is Creag-an-aprain  
Air leacan Beinn-nam-fuaran.

Thug mi thu Bheinn-dòrain,  
An cinneadh na daimh chròcach, 20  
'N uair theannadh iad ri crònan,  
Bu bhòidheach leam an nuallan.

TO THE GUN NIC COSHAM

SONG TO A GUN NAMED COSHAM'S  
DAUGHTER.

LAY.

*Horo my companion thou,  
I'm sad to be away from thee,  
Horo my companion thou,  
While I climb peaks and boulders,  
I were glad thou should stay with me,  
Thy weight on my shoulders.*

WHEN I went to Glen Lochay,  
And bought myself Nic Cosham,  
I held no foolish notion  
When I gave the gold to free her.  
*Horo my companion thou, &c.*

Thee I brought to the Misty Corrie,  
When there, on hunting foray,  
I oft laid low and gory  
The red hinds and the deer.

Thee I took to the Hill of the Castle,  
And the plains that near it nestle,  
To the Apron Rock, and Mam's Hill  
On Ben-nam-Fuaran's side.

I took thee to Ben Dorain,  
The antlered stags grew thereon ;  
When they began a-roaring,  
Bonny methought they cried.

DO'N GHUNNA NIC COISEAM

Thug mi Choire-chruiteir thu,  
 O's àite grianach, thusail e,  
 Gu biadhchar, feurach, lusanach ; 25  
 Bhiodh spurt ann aig daoìn'-uaise.

Ghiùlain mi Ghleann-éite thu,  
 Thog mi ris na Créisean thu ;  
 'S e mheud 's a thug mi spéis duit  
 A dh'fhàg mo cheum cho luaineach. 30

'S math am Meall-a-bhùiridh thu,  
 Cha mhiosa 'm Beinn-a-chrùlaist thu,  
 'S tric a loisg mi fùdar leat  
 An coire chùl na Cruaiche.

Thug mi Làirig-ghartain thu, 35  
 O's àlainn an coir'-altrum i ;  
 'S na féidh a' deanamh leabaichean  
 Air creachainn ghlas a' Bhuachaill.

Thug mi thu do'n Fhàs-ghlaic  
 'S a' ghleann am bi na làn-daimh ; 40  
 'S tric a chaidh an àrach  
 Mu bhràighe Cloich-an-tuairneir.

Chaidh mi do dh' Fhéith-chaorainn  
 Le aithghearr Choire-chaolain,  
 Far an robh na daoine 45  
 A bha 'n gaol air a' ghreigh uallaich.

Thug mi Bheinn-a-chaorach thu  
 Shireadh bhoc is mhaoiseach,  
 Cha b'eagal gun am faotainn,  
 'S iad daonnan 'san Tòrr-uaine. 50

TO THE GUN NIC COSHAM

Thee I took to Corrie Chruitear  
O! a sunny cosy quarter,  
Grassy, herbous, fruitful: sport there  
For gentlemen would be.

In Glen Etive's elevation  
Up I bore thee to the Creshan ;  
For thee my estimation  
My pace made so shifty.

Thou art good on Meall-a-bhuiridh,  
Not worse on Beinn-a-chrulaist,  
I've thy powder burnt with fury  
Oft behind the Cruach Corrie.

I to Lairig-ghartain bore thee,  
O! a splendid rearing corrie ;  
Lairs to rest on make the quarry  
On the Shepherd's scaur so hoary.

Thee I took to Pasture-dell,  
The glen where prime harts dwell ;  
And oft were they reared well  
Round Cloch-an-Tuairnear's braes.

I went to Feith-chaorainn  
By short-cut of Coire-chaolain,  
Where dwelt the men whose care on  
The proud herd was always.

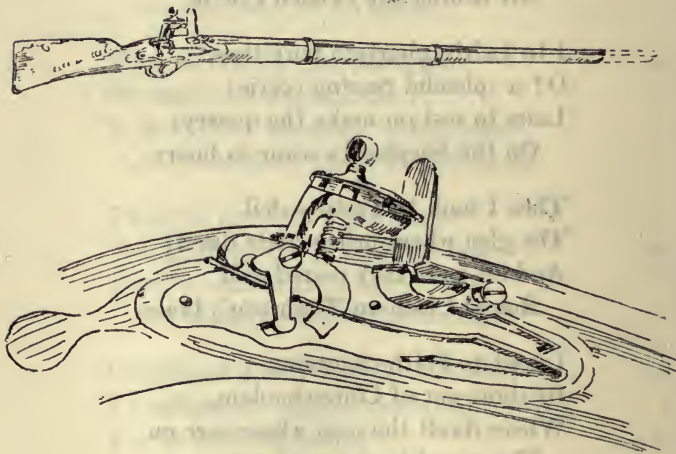
Thee I bore to Sheep Hill braes  
There to seek for does and raes,  
On the Green Knoll they're always,  
No fear but I should find them.

DO'N GHUNNA NIC COISEAM

'Nuair théid mi ris a' mhonadh,  
'S tu mo roghainn de na gunnachan ;  
O'n fhuair thu féin an t-urram sin,  
Cò nis a chumas uait e?

Ged tha mi gann a stòras  
Gu suidhe leis na pòitearan,  
Ged théid mi do 'n tigh-òsda,  
Cha n-òl mi ann an cuaich thu.

55

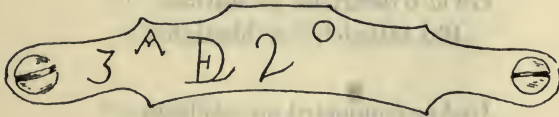
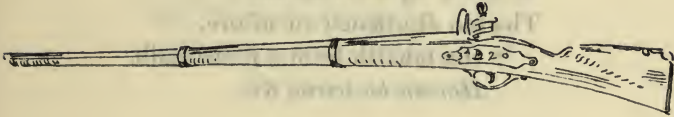


The Poet's Gun, according to tradition.

TO THE GUN NIC COSHAM

When I hie me to the hill,  
Thou of guns my choice art still ;  
Since thou got that praise, who will  
Keep it from thee? Never mind them.

Though I of gear am scanty  
To sit with the drinkers canty,  
To the tavern though I went, thee  
In a beaker I'll not swill.



*The Property of the Marquis of Breadalbane.*

ORAN DUTHCHA

ORAN DUTHCHA.

LUINNEAG.

*Horinno ho iririo,*  
*Horinno ho iririo,*  
*Horinno ho hiri uo,*  
*'S i mo dhùthaich a dh'fhàg mi!*

GED a tha sinn car tamuill 5  
A' tàmh aig na Gallaibh,  
Tha mo dhùthaich air m'aire,  
'S cha mhaith leam a h-àicheadh.  
*Horinn ho iririo, &c.*

Ged as éiginn duinn gabhail 10  
Leis gach ni thig 'san rathad,  
Gu'm b'fhearr na na srathan  
Bhi tathaich 's a' bhràighe.

Ged as còmhnard na sràidean, 15  
'S mòr a b' fhearr bhi air àirigh,  
Am frìth nam beann àrda  
'S nam fàsaichean blàtha.

Beurla chruaidh gach aon latha 20  
'N ar cluais o chionn ghrathuinn,  
'S e bu dual duinn o'r n-athair  
Bhi labhairt na Gàidhlig.



A BIRTH-PLACE SONG

A BIRTH-PLACE SONG.

LAY.

*Horinno ho iririo,*  
*Horinno ho iririo,*  
*Horinno ho hiri uo,*  
*'Tis my birth-place I've forsaken.*

THOUGH staying we be  
In the Lowlands a wee,  
Oh! I mind my country,  
To disclaim her refusing.

*Horinno ho iririo, &c.*

Though we must buckle tae  
Everything comes the way,  
'Tis the hunt on the brae  
To the straths I'd be choosing.

Though the level streets smooth be,  
Better far live in bothie  
Of the wilderness couthie  
In the peaks' lofty vale.

Every day English vile  
In our ears a long while!  
From our sires 'twas our style  
To speak the tongue of the Gael.

ORAN DUTHCHA

Ged as cliùiteach a' Mhachair  
 Le cùnnradh 's le fasan,  
 B' e ar dùrachd dol dathaigh  
 'S bhi 'n taice r'ar càirdean.

Bhi 'n Clachan-an-diseirt 25  
 A' faicinn ar dìlsean,  
 G'um b' ait leinn an tìr sin,  
 O'n as i rinn ar n-àrach.

Cha b' e fasan nan daoine' ud 30  
 Bhi 'n conas na 'n caonnaig,  
 Ach sonas an t-saoghail,  
 'S a bhi gaolach mar bhràithrean

'N am suidhe 's tigh-òsda 35  
 Gu luinneagach, ceòlmhor,  
 Bu bhinn ar cuid òran,  
 'S bhi 'g òl nan deoch-slàinte.

Luchd-dhìreadh nan stùcan 40  
 Le'n gunnachan dubh-ghorm,  
 A loisgeadh am fùdar  
 Ri ùdlaiche làn-daimh.

'S e bu mhiann leis na macaibh  
 Bhi triall leis na slatan  
 A chur srian ris a' bhradan,  
 Cha b' e fhasan am fàgail.

Gu fiadhach a' mhonaidh, 45  
 No dh' iasgach air buinne,  
 Anns gach gnìomh a nì duine,  
 'S mór urram nan Gàidheal.

## A BIRTH-PLACE SONG

Though the Lowlands have fame,  
Trade and fashions may claim,  
'Twere our wish to gang hame  
    To our friends and be near them.

In Glenorchy to be !  
Ah ! our kindred to see !  
We revere that country :  
    It gave us our rearing.

It was not yon men's fashion  
To be wrangling and clashing,  
But take life without fashing,  
    And like brothers be loving.

In the Inn when we'd meet,  
Lyric chorus complete,  
Our songs would be sweet,  
    While the healths we were proving.

Climbers of crag and boulder,  
With their blue guns a-shoulder,  
Who would kindle their powder  
    At a lonely stag hale.

'Twas the boys darling wish,  
With the rods to accomplish  
The bridling the fish ;  
    Nor the fashion to fail.

To hunt deer on the hill,  
Or on pool fish to kill,  
Do whatever man will,  
    Great renown has the Gael.

ORAN ALASDAIR

ORAN ALASDAIR.

LUINNEAG.

*Alasdair nan stòp*  
*Ann an Sràid a' Chùil,*  
*Sin an duine còir*  
*Air am bheil mo rùn.*

'S coma leat an *sìle*, 5  
B' annsa leat an stòp,  
Cha n-e sin bu docha  
Ach am *botul mòr*.  
*Alasdair nan stòp, &c.*

Théid thu do'n tigh-òsda,  
'S òlaidh tu gu fial; 10  
Cha robh gainne stòrais  
Air do phòca riamh.

Bha thu greis at aimsir  
Ann an arm an Rìgh.  
Cumaidh sin riut airgiod 15  
'S fhearr dhuit e na nì.

Gheibheadh tu le d' cheanal  
Leannan anns gach tìr,  
Ged a bhiodh tu falamh  
Cha bhiodh bean ad dhìth. 20

SONG TO SANDY

SONG TO SANDY.

LAY.

*Sandy of the Stoups,  
In the Back Wynd,  
He's the good fellow  
Is much to my mind.*

THE gill you like but little,  
The mutchkin you prefer,  
But with the bigger bottle  
In great content you are.  
*Alasdair of the Stoups, &c.*

You'll hie you to the tavern  
And heartily you'll quaff,  
No scarcity was ever in  
Your pouch that holds enough.

You spent part of your lifetime  
In service with the King,  
That keeps you in the pension  
Serves you more than anything.

You get you with your manners  
A lass in every land ;  
Though you had not a penny,  
A sweetheart you've at hand.

DO'N T-SEAN FHREICEADAN

Tha thu maith air fairge,  
'S tric thu marbhadh éisg,  
Cas a shiubhal garbhlaich,  
Théid thu shealg an fhéidh.

Ged thuirt Calum breac 25  
Nach robh thu tapaidh riamh,  
Cò a chreideadh sin  
Ach duine bha gun chiall?

'N uair a théid mi Ghlascho,  
'S taitneach leam bhi 'g òl 30  
Ann an tigh mo charaid,  
Alasdair nan stòp.

ORAN DO'N T-SEAN FHREICEADAN  
GHAIÐHEALACH.

DEOCH-SLAINTE an Fhreiceadain  
'S àill leinn gun cheist i,  
'S i an fhàilte nach beag oirnn  
Dhol deiseal ar cléibh ;  
Cha n-fhàg sinn am feasd i, 5  
O'n tha sinn cho dleasdhanach  
Do na h-àrmuinn bu sheirceile  
Sheasadh an sreud ;  
Na curaidhean calma  
G'am buineadh bhi 'n Albainn 10  
Feadh mhonainean garbhlaich  
A' sealg air na féidh :

## TO THE OLD BLACK WATCH

You're good at sea in weather,  
And oft the fish you kill ;  
A foot to tread the heather,  
Come hunt the deer on the hill.

Though pockmarked Calum said it  
That you were never clever,  
Who would to that give credit  
But a fellow senseless ever ?

To Glasgow when I'll wend me,  
A dram that meets my hopes  
Waits in the house of Sandy,  
Friend Sandy of the Stoups.

## SONG TO THE OLD HIGHLAND BLACK WATCH.

THE health of the Watch  
With a will we'll despatch,  
'Tis the health without match  
Right our chest round to go ;  
We'll ne'er leave it behind,  
We by duty inclined  
To the lads the most kind  
That could stand in a row ;  
The brave hero band  
That should be in Scotland  
'Mid the rough mountain land  
A-hunting the deer :

DO'N T-SEAN FHREICEADAN

Fhuair mis' orra seanchas,  
 Nach mios' an cois fairg' iad,  
 Bhitheadh an citcheanan tarbhach 15  
 Le marbhadh an éisg.

Buaidh gu bràth air na fleasgaich  
 Fhuar an àrach am Breatuinn,  
 Chaidh air sàil o chionn greis uainn  
 Dhol am freasdal ri feum : 20

An loingear làidir thug leis iad  
 Nach sàraicheadh beagan,  
 Muir ag gàraich 'gan greasad,  
 'S i freagradh dhaibh féin.  
 Chuir gach làmh mar bu deise 25

Buill de'n chòrcaich bu treise  
 Ri barr nan crann seasmhach  
 A leth-taobh gach bréid ;  
 'S i 'g imeachd air chuantan,  
 'N uair a dh'éirich gaoth tuath le, 30  
 B'ainmeil air luathas i,  
 'S i gluasad gu réidh.

'N uair a chuir iad na h-àrmuinn  
 Air tìr ann am Flànras,  
 'S iad fada bho'm pàirtidh 35  
 'S o'n àiteachan féin,

Bha onair nan Gàidheal  
 An earbsa r'an tàbhachd,  
 Bha sin mar a b'abhais  
 Gun fhàillinn fo 'n ghréin : 40

Tha urram an dràs'  
 Aig gach tìr anns an d'fhàs iad,  
 Le feobhas an àbhaist,  
 An nàduir 's am beus,



## TO THE OLD BLACK WATCH

I have got their record,  
They're no worse on sea-board,  
Well their kitchens are stored  
By their fish-killing gear.

Ever luck to each lad,  
They were true British bred,  
Who long since to sea sped  
To go serve against might :  
The strong ships that carried them  
'Twas no light thing flurried them,  
Nor hoarse sea that hurried them,  
She is suiting them quite.  
Each hand that was readiest  
The strong ropes made tidiest  
To the top of masts steadiest,  
One side of each sheet ;  
And she the waves plowing,  
With a fair north wind blowing,  
Was famed for her going,  
Smooth sailing and fleet.

When they sent the men o'er  
Into Flanders ashore,  
From their own party far  
And from their own haunt,  
Their honour the Gael  
To their keeping entail,  
And 'twas kept without fail  
'Neath the sun, as was wont :  
Now honour is due  
To each land where they grew,  
For their constancy true,  
Traits and ways that surpass—

DO'N T-SEAN FHREICEADAN

- Bhi dileas d'an càirdean, 45  
 Cur sìos air an nàimhdean :  
 'S iomadh rìoghachd an d'fhàg iad  
 Fuil bhlàth air an fheur.
- 'S e là Fontenoi  
 Thug onair gu leòir dhaibh, 50  
 'N uair a chruinnich iad còmhla,  
 'S thòisich an streup ;  
 Bu tartrach ar Còirneal,  
 Cur ghaisgeach an òrdugh,  
 Na lasgairean òga, 55  
 Chaidh deònach 'na dhéidh :  
 Na gleachdairean còmhraig  
 As fhearr th'aig Rìgh Deòrsa,  
 A fhuair fasan is fòghlum  
 Is eòlas d'a réir ; 60  
 'S e dùil am bheil mise,  
 'N am rùsgadh no trioblaid,  
 Gu'n tugadh a fichead dhiubh  
 Briseadh a ceud.
- Fir aigeannach, mheanmnach 65  
 Le glas-lannan ceann-bheairt,  
 'S i sgaiteach gu barr-dheis,  
 'S i anabarrach geur :  
 An taice ri targaid,  
 Crios breac nam ball airgid, 70  
 'S an dag nach robh cearbach  
 G'an tearmunn 'nan sgéith :  
 Le 'n gunnachan glana,  
 Nach diùltadh dhaibh aingeal ;  
 Spuir ùr' air an teannadh, 75  
 Gu daingean 'nan gleus :

TO THE OLD BLACK WATCH

To their friends to be true,  
And their foes to subdue :  
Kingdoms they bade adieu  
    With warm blood on the grass.

'Twas at Fontenoy they  
Brought enough fame away :  
For they fell to the fray  
    When they gathered together ;  
Noisy our Colonel was,  
Drawing up his heroes,  
The gallant young beaux  
    Followed him without swither :  
The wrestlers in fight,  
George's keenest in might,  
Who style, skill requisite,  
    And training attained.  
To this hope I'm given o'er,  
Should troubles show more,  
Victory from five score  
    Twenty of them had gained.

Men of stout heart and hand,  
With hilt-guarded bright brand,  
To the point keen-edged, and  
    Sharp exceedingly :  
As support to the targe,  
Belt with silver nails large,  
Pistol sure of discharge,  
    In their belt as their stay :  
And their clean guns and bright  
Ne'er refused them to light ;  
With fresh flints fastened tight  
    In the locks full secure :

DO'N T-SEAN FHREICEADAN

Gu cuinnsearach, biodagach,  
 Fùdarach, miosarach,  
 Adharcach, miosail,  
 Gu misneachail, treun. 80

Na spealpan gun athadh  
 A chleachd bhi ri sgathadh,  
 Nach seachnadh dol fathast  
 An rathad sin féin ;  
 An t-astar a ghabhail 85  
 'S an ceartas a thathaich,  
 Tri-chlaiseach 'nan làmhan  
 Leis an caitheadh iad beum ;

Dol maduinn gu mathas  
 Cha n-iarradh iad athais 90  
 Gu deireadh an latha  
 'S am laighe do'n ghréin.  
 'S deas-fhaclach an labhairt  
 Le caismeachd chatha,  
 'S e 'n caisteal an claidheamh, 95  
 G'an glèidheadh gun bheud.

Fir acfhuinneach, armach,  
 Le'm brataichean ball-bhreac,  
 Bu tlachdmhor an armailt iad,  
 'S b'ainmeil am feum ; 100  
 Sliochd altrom nan Garbh-chrioch,  
 Am feachd a tha earbsach,  
 Nach caisgear an aineas  
 Gu'n dearbh iad nach géill.

Leinn is fad o'n a dh' fhalbh sibh 105  
 Air astar do'n Ghearmailt,  
 Chur as do gach cealgair  
 Chuir fearg oirbh féin ;

TO THE OLD BLACK WATCH

They have whinger, and dagger,  
And powder, and measure,  
And horn, and each treasure,  
Courageous and sure.

The gay sparks undreading,  
Who used to be snedding,  
That way still to be treading  
Would never refuse ;  
The distance to travel  
In a true hunt to revel,  
Sword in hand with third bevel,  
They for final stroke use ;  
Going early to play,  
No leisure sought they  
Till the end of the day  
When the sun went to sleep.  
Their speech was no prattle,  
With war song of battle,  
Their sword is their castle  
Them scatheless to keep.

Armed, accoutred were they,  
With their checked flags' display,  
A pleasant array,  
Famed their deeds in the field ;  
In Roughbounds born and bred  
The force that's trusted,  
Whose rage is not stayed  
Till they prove they'll not yield.  
We think long since the way  
Ye took to Germany,  
All deceivers to slay  
That angered yourselves ;

DO'N T-SEAN FHREICEADAN

An glacadh 's am marbhadh,  
 'S an sgapadh mar mheanbh-chrodh, 110  
 'S na madaidh 'gan leanmhuinn  
 Air leargainn an t-sléibh'!

Sliochd fineachan uasal  
 A ghin o na tuathaich,  
 'San iomairt bu dual dhaibh 115  
 Dol suas air gach ceum ;  
 Gach cas mar bu luaithe,  
 'S gach làmh mar bu chruaidhe,  
 'S an àrdan an uachdar  
 A' bualadh nan spéic ; 120

Bu ghnàth le'n luchd-fuatha,  
 Bhi 'san àraich gun ghluasad,  
 'S a' phàirt dhiubh dh'fhalbh uatha,  
 Bhiodh an ruaig air an déidh.  
 Le làmhach nan gillean, 125  
 'S le lannan geur, biorach,  
 Bhiodh an nàimhdean air iomain  
 A' sileadh nan creuchd.

Bu chliùiteach na lasgairean  
 Ura, deas, gasda, 130  
 Miann-sùil iad r'am faicinn  
 Do gach neach leis an léir ;  
 Gach seòl mar a chleachd iad,  
 Le 'n còmhdacha dreachmhor,  
 Le 'n osanan breaca, 135  
 'S le 'm breacan-an-fhéil' :

Tha mo dhùil r'an tighinn dathaigh  
 Gun an ùin' a bhi fada,  
 Le cumhnanta ceartais,  
 Fir Shasuin gu léir ; 140

TO THE OLD BLACK WATCH

To catch them, and settle,  
Or disperse like small cattle,  
Which the dogs chase with ettle  
    On the slope's grassy shelves.

Scions of clans of worth  
Sprung from men of the North,  
When in strife they fare forth,  
    Every step forward goes.  
Each with foot that was fleetest,  
And hand that was featest,  
And passion completest  
    In dealing the blows ;  
Off their foemen, unloving,  
Lay afield, all unmoving ;  
And the part from them roving,  
    The chase on them bounds.  
With the lads' enflades,  
And their sharp-pointed blades,  
Foes were driven, like jades,  
    Dripping blood from their wounds.

The young sparks of fame  
Were fresh, handsome, and game,  
Eyes' delight to see them  
    Whosoever beholds  
All the style shown by those,  
With their picturesque clothes,  
And their tartan short hose,  
    And their kilted plaid folds :  
They will come home, my trust is,  
Before long time past is,  
With treaties of justice,  
    The full English array ;

## DO REISIMEID EARRA-GHAIDHEAL

Le stiùradh an aigeil,  
Muir dhubh-ghorm chur seachad,  
'S nach cum an cuan fairsing  
Orra bacadh, no éis.

'N uair a thàinig an trioblaid, 145  
'S i a dhà-'s-an-dà-fhichead,  
Bha dàna le misneach,  
'S le meas orra féin,  
Bras, àrdanach, fiosrach,  
Gun fhàillinn, gun bhriseadh, 150  
'S cuid àraidh dh' an gibhtean  
Bhi 'n gliocas 's an céill;  
Tha tàlanntan tric  
Aig a' phàirtidh ud bitheant',  
'S a h-uil' àit anns an tig iad, 155  
Na idir a théid.  
Cò an dràsda their mise,  
Thig an àird ribh a chlisge?  
Mur fàg sibh e nis  
Aig an t-sliochd thig 'nur déidh. 160

## ORAN DO REISIMEID EARRA-GHAIDHEAL.

A RIGH! gur mi tha aighearach  
Mu'n nuaidheachd so tha ùr ann;  
Tha m' inntinn air a h-àrdachadh  
O'n thàinig fir mo dhùthcha :



## TO THE ARGYLL REGIMENT

Steering on through the deep,  
O'er the blue waves they sweep ;  
Nor will wide ocean keep  
On them stoppage or stay.

When the trouble had beckoned,  
Was the brave Forty Second  
Bold with courage well reckoned,  
And self-confidence ;  
Proud, skilled, and wrath-wreaking,  
With no failing or breaking,  
Of their gifts some part making  
To have wisdom and sense.  
Feats of arms many a trace is  
Which yon party graces,  
Where they come in all places,  
Or will ever proceed.  
Who, now, shall I say 't,  
Will soon you emulate ?  
Save you now leave that trait  
To those that you succeed.

## SONG TO THE ARGYLL REGIMENT.

O KING ! but I am glad about  
This news that's recent dated ;  
For since my countrymen came out  
My spirits are elated :

DO REISIMEID EARRA-GHAIDHEAL

- Guidheamsa buaidh-làrach leibh 5  
 'S gach àit an loisg sibh fùdar ;  
 Toil-inntinn aig ur càirdean,  
 'S ur nàimhdean a bhi tùirseach.
- 'N uair thàinig Morair Frederic, 10  
 Thug Dun-éideann cliù dha ;  
 Gur conspull air cheann sluaigh e,  
 'N uair ghluaiseas iad r'a chùlaibh,  
 Sàr cheann-feadhna treubhach,  
 'S e léirsinneach g'an stiùradh,  
 Ag imeachd leis an reisimeid, 15  
 'S e féin a' deanamh iùil daibh.
- Tha oighichearan gasda  
 Cho math 's a tha fo'n chrùn ann,  
 'S math a thig an airm-ghaisge dhaibh,  
 'S iad fasanta g'an giùlan. 20  
 'S toil-inntinn e r'am faicinn  
 Na lasgairean glan, ùra,  
 'N uair thog iad piob is brataichean  
 Air machraichean nan Dubh-ghall.
- Is innsidh mi le barantas 25  
 O'n a b' aithne dhomh o thùs sibh,  
 Air chruas an àit an tachair sibh  
 Cha cheum air ais ur dùthchas :  
 Sliochd nan curaidh calma,  
 Bh' anns na h-armailtean bha cliùiteach, 30  
 Rì'n goireadh càch na h-Earra-ghàidhealaich,  
 'S am fearg cha bu chùis shùgraidh.

TO THE ARGYLL REGIMENT

Let me wish for you victory  
Wherever ye burn powder ;  
A pleasure to your friends be ye,  
While all your foes quite cowed are.

Dunedin, when Lord Frederick came,  
Him fair renown conceded ;  
A hero he at a host's head,  
They after him proceeded,  
A chieftain of sagacity  
And energy beside them,  
He marches with the Regiment,  
And sets himself to guide them.

The officers are nice, as good  
As 'neath the sun compare : them  
The warlike weapons well become,  
Since they have style to wear them.  
The clean-made fresh young Highlanders,  
'To view them's satisfaction,  
In the country of the Lowlanders,  
When they raised pipe and scutcheon.

And I shall say with warranty,  
Since from the first I knew you,  
Hard placed howe'er ye chance to be,  
Your own bent ne'er withdrew you :  
Race of the heroes brave, erewhiles  
In the armies that were famous,  
The others styled you the Argylls,  
Whose wrath no pleasant game was.

DO REISIMEID EARRA-GHAIDHEAL

- 'Tha buaidh air feachd Earra-ghàidheal,  
Cha ghabh iad sgàth no cùram ;  
'S iad neartmhor, beachdail, àrdanach, 35  
Gu reachdmhor, làidir, lùthor :  
'S daoin'-uaisle ceart tha fàs ann,  
Nach 'eil fàillinneach no lùbach,  
'S neo-sheachantach na h-àrmuinn sin,  
Ag iomain chàich gu'n dùbhlán. 40
- 'S math thig dol 'nan éideadh dhaibh,  
'S tha reusan air a chùis ud,  
Tha gunnachan deagh ghleusd' aca,  
'S cha n'eil té dhiubh dhiùltas ;  
An crios gualann féin orra, 45  
'S an claidheamh glé gheur cùil ann,  
Bu mhath an am an fheuma iad  
'N uair a leumadh sibh g'an rùsgadh.
- Tha iad leathann mu na broillichean,  
Fir chothromach 's iad dùmhail, 50  
Le 'n calpannan deas, dìreach,  
'S iad lìontach fo na glùinean :  
Osain ghoirid bhreaca  
Le dreach air an cur umpa ;  
'S math thig gartain charnaid daibh, 55  
As fhearr a th' anns na bùthaibh.
- Is lìonmhor baintighearn' innealta  
Nach sireadh iad de dhùrachd  
Ach cead bhi anns na bileidean,  
'S na gillean so bhi dlùth dhaibh ; 60

TO THE ARGYLL REGIMENT

Rests victory on Argyll's host,  
They'll own no trepidation ;  
They're strong, observant, and robust,  
A proud, stark, powerful nation :  
True gentlemen are rearing there,  
No twist or failing nigh them,  
The inevitable heroes dare  
Drive others to defy them.

And marching in their war attire  
Becomes them for this reason,  
Their guns are well prepared to fire,  
Not one of them works treason :  
Upon them their own shoulder-belt,  
Their sharp backwords beneath them,  
Which good in time of need you felt,  
When you sprang to unsheathe them.

Around the chests broad are the men,  
Aye, burly, well-shaped these are,  
With well-proportioned calves and straight,  
That full beneath the knees are :  
Short hose they have of tartan hue,  
And with good taste put round them ;  
Red garters well become them, too,  
The best the shops have found them.

And many are the fine grisettes  
Who wishes all forswear them  
But leave to live in the billets  
With those lads living near them ;

DO REISIMEID EARRA-GHAIDHEAL

A bheireadh pòg le sireadh dhaibh,  
Cho milis ris an t-siùcar,  
'S a bheireadh mìltean dolar dhaibh,  
'S na sporanan g'an giùlan.

Tha suaicheantas na h-Alb' agaibh, 65  
Is dh' fhalbh sibh leis gu sunntach,  
Am fòthannan cruaidh, calgarra,  
'S neo-chearbach cur a chrùin air :  
An luibh as gairge, reasgaiche  
A bha riamh am measg nam fùran, 70  
Is ceann na muice fiadhaiche  
A leag Diarmad 's a' choill ùdlaidh.

'S e thubhairt na bha 'g amharc oirbh,  
An latha bha 'n *Rebhiù* ann,  
Gu'm bu fhreagarrach ur làmhach, 75  
'N uair a thairngeadh sibh na rùdain ;  
B' fharumach ur gluasad,  
A' tarruing suas gu siùbhlach,  
'S am breacan cruinn an fhéile  
Air sléisdean geal nam fùran. 80

'S flathail na daoin'-uaisle th' ann,  
'S neul cruadail air gach aon fhear,  
Na saighdearan deas, cumachdail,  
'S gach duine dhiubh cho ionnsaicht' ;  
Na'm bitheadh càs no cunnart ann, 85  
Cò b' urrainn g'a thoirt dhiubh-san ?  
'S i 'n réisimeid as urramaich'  
A chunnaic mi le m' shùilean.

TO THE ARGYLL REGIMENT

Who'd a kiss for asking fling to them,  
As sweet as sugar, marry!  
And crowns in thousands bring to them,  
And sporans these to carry.

And ye the badge of Scotland carry,  
And with it blithe ye've gone on;  
The Scottish 'Thistle hard and burry,  
That neatly puts the crown on:  
An herb the roughest, angriest, too,  
That e'er stood 'mid the flowers,  
And the head o' the boar which Diarmid slew  
In the wild wood's gloomy bowers.

All said who were beholding you  
What day was the Review there,  
Your shooting was both sharp and true,  
When you the triggers drew there;  
And rhythmic was your moving made  
In forming swiftly likewise,  
And kilted round was belted plaid  
Upon the gallants' white thighs.

Princely the gentry that are there,  
On each a valour halo,  
The soldiers powerful, ready are,  
Each one so skilled a fellow;  
In danger or calamity,  
Who from it could withdraw them?  
If Regiment more honoured be,  
I with mine eyes ne'er saw them.

CUMHA BHRAID-ALBANN

CUMHA IARLA BHRAID-ALBANN.

'S TRUAGH r'a éisdeachd an sgeul  
Fhuair mi féin tuille 's luath ;  
Rinn an t-eug ceann na céille  
'S nam beus a thoirt uainn ;  
Cha n'eil léigh tha fo 'n ghréin 5  
Dheanadh feum dhuit 'san uair :  
'S bochd ad dhéidh sinn gu léir,  
'S cha n'eil feum bhi 'ga luaidh.

Tha do chàirdean làidir, lìonmhor  
Anns gach tìr a tha mu'n cuairt ; 10  
So na dh'fhàg an aigne ìosal  
Do chorp prìseil bhi 'san uaigh :  
Is iad mar loingeas gun bhi dìonach,  
Fad o thìr air druim a' chuain ;  
'S tusa b'urrainn an toirt sàbhailt, 15  
Ged a bhitheadh an gàbhadh cruaidh.

'S ann an diugh a chaidh do chàradh  
An ciste chlàr 'san leabaidh fhuair :  
Is muladach ad dhéidh an tràths'  
A' chuid as àirde de d' dhaoin' uaisl'. 20  
Tha gach duin' agad fo phràmh,  
'S goirt an càs am bheil an tuath ;  
'S iad do bhochdan a tha cràiteach :  
Thugadh an taic làidir uatha.



LAMENT FOR BREADALBANE

LAMENT FOR THE EARL OF BREADALBANE.

'Tis a sad tale to list to  
Too soon I've received ;  
King of sense and of manners  
Death from us has reived ;  
There's no leech 'neath the sun  
Could have done thee good then :  
Poor we all are behind you—  
A needless refrain.

Your friends are strong and numerous  
In every region round ;  
And 'tis this that sapped their courage  
That your dear frame's in the ground :  
Ah ! they are like a leaking ship  
On sea ridge far from shore ;  
And 'twas you that could have saved them,  
Though their peril had been sore.

'Tis to-day that you were buried  
In a chest of boards in the grave :  
And now behind you harried  
Are your splendid men and brave.  
All your people are in anguish  
And in ill plight tenant men ;  
And your poor folks are distracted :  
For their strong support is ta'en.

CUMHA BHRAID-ALBANN

- 'S iomadh dilleachdan òg, falamh, 25  
 Bha le h-ainnis air dhroch shnuadh,  
 Seann daoine 's bantraichean fanna  
 Bha faotainn beathachaidh uait ;
- 'S ann bu truagh a' ghaoir a bh' aca,  
 'S deòir gu frasach air an gruaidh, 30  
 Caoineadh cruaidh, is bualadh bhasan,  
 'S bhi toirt pàirt d' am falt a nuas.
- 'S muldach an nochd do dhùthaich,  
 'S dubhach, tùirseach tha do shluagh ;  
 Cha n-ioghnadh sin, 's mór an diùbhail 35  
 An tionndadh so thighinn oirnn cho luath :  
 Am fear a b' àbhaist bhi le dùrachd  
 Gabhail cùram dhiubh gach uair,  
 Dh'fhàg iad 'na laighe 'san ùir e  
 Far nach dùisg e gu là luain. 40
- 'S ann an tràthaibh na Féill Brìde  
 'Thàinig crìoch air saoidh nam buadh.  
 'S lom a thug an t-eug an sgrìob oirnn,  
 Och ! mo dhìth cha deic a luathas !  
 Bhuail an gath air flath na fìrinn 45  
 Bha 'gar dìonadh o gach cruas ;  
 'S goirid leinn do ré 'san àite,  
 Ged their càch gu'n robh thu buan.
- Cha do sheall thu riamh gu h-ìosal  
 Air ni chuireadh sìos an tuath : 50  
 Bu chùl-taic dhaibh anns gach àit thu,  
 'S tu bha ghnàth 'gan cumail suas.

LAMENT FOR BREADALBANE.

Many a young orphan destitute,  
With want a pallid hue,  
Old men and weakly widows  
Who got sustenance from you ;  
Ah ! wretched was their wail : the tears  
Upon their cheek showered down,  
With loud lament and smiting hands,  
And hair torn from their crown.

Your country's sorrowful to-night,  
Your folk sad. Nowise strange !  
For great the loss is that so soon  
Has come on us this change ;  
He who their part with all his heart  
Was ever wont to take—  
'They've left him lying in the mould,  
Till doomsday he'll not wake.

At time of Candlemas it came  
The virtuous sage's end.  
Bare is the sweep death brought on us  
Too soon, too ill to mend !  
The dart has struck the leal prince  
Us who fended from all wrong ;  
And short we thought your time in the place,  
Though men say you lived long.

Ne'er meanly did you approve what would  
Put down the tenantry :  
You were their patron everywhere,  
And them upheld alway.

CUMHA BHRAID-ALBANN

- Cha bu mhiann leat togail ùbhlaidh ;  
 Sin a' chùis d'an tug thu fuath ;  
 Bha thu faotainn gaol gach duine,  
 'S ghlèidh thu 'n t-urram sin a fhuair. 55
- Bha thu léirsinneach le suairceas ;  
 Dh'fhàs ad chom an uaisle mhòr  
 Ciall is misneach, mar ri cruadal,  
 Fhuair thu 'n dualchas sin o d' sheòrs'. 60
- Bha thu fiosrach, glic, neo-luaineach ;  
 Bha t' inntinn buan anns a' chòir :  
 O'n a thog iad air ghiùlan sluaigh thu,  
 'S aobhar sin a luathaich deòir.
- Cha n'eil aoibhneas ann am Bealach, 65  
 Cha n'eil farum ann, no ceòl ;  
 Daoine dubhach, 's mnathan galach,  
 Is iad gun ealaidh ach am bròn.  
 O'n a chaidh do ghiùlan dathaigh  
 O'n Mhachair air mhùthadh seòil, 70  
 'N àit an éididh sin a chleachd thu,  
 Cist, is léine, 's brat de'n t-sròl.
- Na'm bu daoine bheireadh dhinn thu,  
 Dh'éireadh mìltean air an tòir  
 O bheul Tatha gu Lathurn-ìochdrach, 75  
 Sin fo chis duit agus còrr :  
 Far an d'fhàs na gallain fhior-ghlan,  
 Is iad lìonmhor ann gu leòir,  
 A rachadh togarrach gu d' dhìoladh,  
 Nach obadh dol sìos le deòin. 80

## LAMENT FOR BREADALBANE

And you wished for no exaction :  
For that kind of thing you hated ;  
The love of every man you won,  
And kept, when you did get it.

And shrewd you were with mildness ;  
In your breast grew nobleness,  
Sense, courage, and stern valour,  
You had those traits from your race.  
You were knowing, wise, not fickle ;  
Ne'er from right did your mind veer :  
Since they lifted you by bearers,  
That has caused the hurrying tear.

No joy is there in Taymouth,  
There no noise, no music trill ;  
Gloomy men and weeping women,  
Save for sorrow, have no skill.  
For they bore you from the Lowlands  
Homewards in another shape,  
In place of your accustomed garb,  
Shroud, coffin, pall of crape.

Were it men that took you from us,  
In their track had thousands gone  
To Nether Lorn from Taymouth,  
That and more your sway doth own :  
Where have grown the gallant striplings,  
And they're many enough, who'd hie  
Going blythely to avenge you,  
Nor refuse with a will to die.

## DO'N EIDEADH GHAIÐHEALACH

'S ann tha chùis ni's fhearr mar tha i,  
Dòchas làidir thu bhi beò  
Am measg nan aingeal a tha 'm pàrras,  
Ann an gàirdeachas ro mhòr :  
Gur e 'n Tì a ghlac air làimh thu, 85  
Thug 'san àite sin dhuit còir  
Air oighreachd as fhearr na dh'fhàg thu,  
An àros àghmhor Rìgh na glòir.

Ged tha 'm fear a thig at àite  
'Thall an tràths' thar chuantan mòr, 90  
Guidheam dlùth gu'n tig e sàbhailt,  
Soirbheas àrd ri cùl gach seòil ;  
A dh' fhaotainn seilbh' air an t-saibhreas,  
'S air an oighreachd sin bu chòir ;  
A ghabhail cùram d'a chuid fearainn, 95  
'S d'a chuid daoine, sean is òg.

## ORAN DO'N EIDEADH GHAIÐHEALACH.

FHUAIR mi nuaidheachd as ùr,  
Tha taitneadh ri rùn mo chrìdh'  
Gu faigheamaid fasan na dùthch'  
A chleachd sinn an tùs ar tìm.  
O'n tha sinn le glaineachan làn 5  
A' bruidhinn air mànràn binn,  
So i deoch-slàinte Mhontrose,  
A sheasadh a' chòir so dhuinn.

## TO THE HIGHLAND GARB

As it is the case is better,  
The strong hope you live in state  
In Paradise 'mong the angels,  
And in joy exceeding great :  
That He took you by the hand,  
And brought you where you have a right  
To a better land than mourns you,  
In the blest King's palace bright.

Though he that will succeed you  
Is just now across the main,  
With bellying sail I fondly pray  
He'll safe come home again :  
To get possession of his wealth  
And rightful heritage ;  
And to take care of his property,  
And men in youth and age.

## SONG TO THE HIGHLAND GARB.

NEWS have I got which is fresh  
And fulfils the desire of my heart,  
We shall get us the national dress,  
Which we used at our era's first start.  
Since we're furnished with glass that o'erflows,  
Talking all in a hum of delight,  
'Then here's to the health of Montrose  
Who for us has asserted this right.

DO'N EIDEADH GHAIÐHEALACH

Chunnaic mi 'n diugh an Dun-éideann  
 Comunn na féile cruinn, 10  
 Litir an fhortain thug sgeul  
 Air toiseach an éibhneis dhuinn.  
 Pìob gu loinneil an gleus  
 Air soilleireachd réidh an tùim ;  
 Thug sinn am follais ar n-éideadh, 15  
 Is cò a their reubail ruinn ?

Deich bliadhna fichead is còrr,  
 Bha casag de'n chlò m'ar druim,  
 Fhuair sinn ad agus cleòc,  
 'S cha bhuineadh an seòrs' ud dhuinn ; 20  
 Bucaill a' dùnadh ar bròg,  
 'S e 'm barr-ial bu bhòidhche leinn ;  
 Rinn an droch fhasan a bh' oirnn  
 Na bodaich d' ar n-òigridh ghrinn.

Mhill e pàirt d'ar cumachd 25  
 O'n bhlàr gu mullach ar cinn ;  
 Bha sinn cho làn de mhulad,  
 'S gu'n d'fhàs gach duine gu tinn.  
 'S ann a bha 'n càs cho duilich  
 'S a thàinig uile ri'm linn, 30  
 'N uair a rinn pàirtidh Lunnainn  
 Gach àit is urram thoirt dhinn.

'S fhada bha 'n onair air chall  
 Is fasan nan Gall oirnn dlùth,  
 Còta ruigeadh an t-sàil, 35  
 Cha tigeadh e dàicheil dhuinn :



TO THE HIGHLAND GARB

I saw, met in Dunedin to-day,  
The social kind association,  
And the letter of luck which did say  
That begun had our great jubilation.  
The pipes played in tune charmingly  
On the smooth clear expanse of the knoll ;  
We have brought our own garb publicly—  
Us rebels who'll venture to call ?

For thirty years, aye, more than that  
On our back was a cloth cassock vile,  
A cloak we received and a hat,  
And that did not suit us, that style ;  
And buckles to fasten our shoes,  
The thong we the prettier deemed ;  
Our base garb did us so abuse  
That dotards our handsome youth seemed.

Great part of our shape it destroyed  
From the ground to the crown of our head ;  
We were so full of grief, and annoyed,  
That all men grew sickly, half-dead.  
But hardest by far was the case  
That came at all during my day,  
When a party in London did this—  
Every honour and place took away.

The honour was lost a long while  
And the Lowland dress pressed on us hard,  
A coat that would reach to the heel  
As becoming we'd never regard :

DO'N EIDEADH GHAIÐHEALACH

B' éiginn do'n bhrìgis bhi ann,  
 'N uair a chaidh ar comann cho ciùin  
 'S gu'n d'rinneadh gach fine! 'nan tràill  
 'S gach firionnach fhàgail rùisgt'. 40

Tha sinn a nis mar as maith leinn,  
 'S gur h-àrd ar caraid 's a' chùirt,  
 A chuir air na daoine' am fasan  
 Rinn pàrlamaid Shasuinn thoirt diubh :  
 Beannachd gu bràth do'n Mharcus 45  
 A thagair an dràs'd' ar cùis ;  
 Fhuair e gach dlighe air ais duinn  
 Le ceartas an Rìgh 's a' chrùin.

Fhuair e dhuinn comas nan arm  
 A dheanamh dhuinn sealg nan stùc, 50  
 'S a ghèidheadh ar daoine 's a' champ  
 'Le fàgail an nàimhdean brùit' :  
 Thogadh e misneach nan clann  
 Gu iomairt nan lann le sunnt,  
 Pìob, is bratach ri crann, 55  
 'S i caismeachd ard mo rùin.

Fhuair sinn cothrom an dràs'd'  
 A thoilicheas gràdh gach dùthch',  
 Comas ar culaidh chur oirnn  
 Gun fharraid do phòr nan lùb : 60  
 Tha sinn a nis mar as còir,  
 Is taitnidh an seòl r'ar sùil ;  
 Chuir sinn a' bhriogais air làr,  
 'S cha tig e gu bràth a cùil.

TO THE HIGHLAND GARB

And there, too, must needs be the smalls,  
When came our enslaving so mild,  
And all Highland Clans were made thralls,  
Each male naked left like a child.

We now are as we would desire,  
And high up at Court is our friend  
Who restored to the men the attire  
Which Parliament from them did rend.  
Blessings ever rest on the Marquis  
Who now did our cause make his own :  
Every rightful claim got back to us  
With justice from King and from crown.

He got us the power to go armed  
To make for us hunts on the steeps,  
Our campaigners keeping unharmed  
By leaving their foes all in heaps :  
The courage he'd raise of the clans  
To wield the blades with merry move,  
The bagpipe, with streamer at drones,  
And the loud marching tune that I love.

We have got at this present fair play  
Which to every land's love will appeal,  
The power to put on our array  
Never asking the wily brood's seal :  
We now are arrayed as is just,  
And pleasing the style to our eye ;  
We have put down the breeks in the dust—  
They'll ne'er come from the nook where they lie.

DO'N EIDEADH GHAIÐHEALACH

- Chuir sinne suas an deise 65  
 Bhios uallach, freagarrach dhuinn,  
 Breacan-an-fhéile phreasach,  
 Is peiteag de'n eudach ùr ;  
 Còt' de chadadh nam ball  
 Am bitheadh a' charnaid dlùth, 70  
 Osan nach ceangail ar ceum,  
 'S nach ruigeadh mar réis an glùn.
- Togaidh na Gàidheil an ceann,  
 Cha bhi iad am fang na's mó,  
 Dh' fhalbh na speirichean teann 75  
 'Thug orra bhi mall gun lùth :  
 Siùbhlaidh iad fireach nam beann  
 A dh' iarraidh dhamh seang le'n cù,  
 'S aotrom théid iad a dhanntsa,  
 Freagraidh iad srann gach ciùil. 80
- Tha sinn an comain an Uasail  
 A choisinn le chruadal cliù,  
 Chuir e, le teòmachd làidir,  
 Faoineachd chàich air chùl :  
 Oighre cinn-feadhna nan Greumach, 85  
 'S ioma fuil àrd 'na ghnùis :  
 'S ann tha Marcus an àigh  
 Am mac thig an àit an Diùc.

## TO THE HIGHLAND GARB

Upon us have we put the dress

That is gay, and to us suited both,  
The great belted plaid of the plaits,  
And a waistcoat made of the fresh cloth ;  
Coat of cloth of the tartan with checks  
In which the red thickly will be,  
Hose which never will trammel our pace,  
Within a span reach of the knee.

The Gaël will lift up their head,

They will no longer be in a pen,  
Gone the tight fetters of thread  
That made of them slow, pithless men :  
O'er the hill of the peaks they'll advance  
To seek the slim stags with their hound,  
And lightly they'll tread in the dance,  
They'll respond to each musical sound.

To the Noble beholden are we

Who earned by his hardihood fame,  
By strong-handed tactfulness he  
Put the folly of others to shame :  
The heir of the chiefs of the Graham  
With much noble blood in his face :  
He's the Marquis the best of the name,  
And the son that comes in the Duke's place.

ORAN NAM FINEACHAN A FHUAIR AM  
FEARANN AIR AIS O'N RIGH, 'S A'  
BHLIADHNA 1782.

THA sgeul ùr an tràth so 's dùthaich  
 'S chuir e sunnt ro mhòr oirnn,  
 Gu'n d'fhuair ar càirdean, mar a b' àbhaist,  
 Bhi 'nan àite còmhnuidh ;  
 Gach fearann arbhartaicht' a bh'ann 5  
 O linn a' Chaimp bha gòrach,  
 Rinn na h-aithrichean a chall,  
 Ach fhuair a' chlann an còir air.

'S mór an sonas anns an rìoghachd,  
 Rìoghalachd na h-òigridh, 10  
 A ghluais gu feum, ri guailibh chéile,  
 'S iad gu léir cho deònach :  
 Cinn-fheadhna threun, le'n daoine féin,  
 Gach réisimeid an òrdugh,  
 Le cliù gun cheilg, 's le dùrachd dearbht', 15  
 B' e 'n rùn bhi 'n seirbheis Dheòrsa.

Na laoi ch ghasda dh'éirich leat  
 De dh'fhìor fhuil cheart Chlann Dòmhnuille,  
 'S lìonmhor gaisgeach treubhach, tapaidh,  
 A thàin' a mach 'gan còmhnadh : 20  
 Bha buaidh is feart, 'nan ruag, 's 'nam feachd,  
 'Na dhualchas ac' o'n seòrsa ;  
 Dol suas gu bras, le luathas nan cas,  
 'S an cruaidh-lann ghlas 'nan dòrnaibh.

SONG TO THE CLANS

SONG TO THE HIGHLAND CLANS WHO GOT  
BACK THEIR LAND FROM THE KING IN THE  
YEAR 1782.

THE news to hand just now in the land  
Great joy to us has given,  
Our friends have got their former lot,  
Their dwelling-place to live in ;  
Every estate that was forfeit  
Since the foolish Campaign came on,  
The sires complete made the escheat,  
The sons recovered claim on.

And great the bliss in this realm is,  
Youth loyal hopes fulfilling,  
Who moved together, shoulder to shoulder,  
At need and all so willing :  
Chiefs of bold strain, with their own train,  
Each Regiment in order,  
With guileless fame, and proved good name,  
Desired with George accord there.

The grand heroes with you arose,  
The true Macdonalds' blue blood,  
And many heroic, strenuous, stoic,  
Came out and by them true stood ;  
Luck and success, in action, chase,  
They had by race awarded ;  
Advancing fleet, with speed of feet,  
They grasped the glittering hard blade.

ORAN NAM FINEACHAN

- 'S lionmhor lasgair thig o'n Apuinn, 25  
 Pìobach, bratach, sròlach,  
 Fir chalma ghasda, is arm 'nan glaic,  
 Cho acfhuinneach 's bu chòir dhaibh ;  
 Bhiodh luaidh a mach le fuaim nan snap,  
 A' bualadh chlach ri òrdaibh, 30  
 Aig sluagh le'm fasan cruadal ceart  
 'S a fhuair a' chleachdadh òg dhaibh.
- 'S sunntach, meanmnach, treubhach, ainmeil,  
 Camshronaich o Lòchaidh,  
 Fir thréin gun chealg, le'm beus bhi garg, 35  
 'S iad féin a dhearbh gu leòir dheth ;  
 Bhiodh gleus an arm 'nan éibhlean dearg,  
 'S lann gheur gun chearb 'ga chòir sin :  
 Bhiodh reubail marbh an déidh an sealg,  
 'N uair dh'éireadh fearg nan òigear. 40
- 'S lionmhor curaidh thig a Drumainn,  
 Feumail, ullamh, òrdail,  
 Eadar muileann Uisge Thurraid,  
 Agus mullach Mòr-bheinn ;  
 Leis nach duilich dol an cunnart, 45  
 Tìr is muir a sheòladh :  
 'S fhuair iad urram bualadh bhuillean  
 Anns a h-uile còmhdhail.
- Tha sàr cheann-feachd is làidir taic,  
 A thig o'n Chaisteal Leòdach, 50  
 Le pàirtidh cheart, 's iad àrd 'nam beachd,  
 A dh' fhàs gu reachdmhor, fòghluimt'.



## SONG TO THE CLANS

Comes many a strapping spark from Appin,  
Pipe, banner, flag approves them  
Brave men and grand, with arms in hand,  
Accoutred as behoves them ;  
Out lead would flash at trigger's crash,  
On steel the flints' impact is,  
Troops of their way have bravery  
'They got with youthful practice.

Of cheery spirit and vigorous merit  
Are Camerons of Lochay,  
Stout men sans guile (though harsh their style)  
'They proved themselves enough aye ;  
Their sword-play made the sparks fly red,  
Sharp flawless blade those raising :  
Rebels lie dead, erewhile hunted,  
When youthful rage was blazing.

Heroes from Drummond come, when summoned,  
Ready at need, in order,  
Between the mill of Turret Rill  
And the top of Benmore ;  
Who ne'er complain, going amain,  
O'er land and sea to venture ;  
They've got applause for dealing blows  
In every encounter.

A chief princely, a powerful stay,  
From Castle Leod will fare forth,  
With proper train of lofty strain,  
Grown well-trained, and of rare worth.

ORAN NAM FINEACHAN

Tha 'n *lebhi* pailt a dh'éireadh leat  
 Gu feum do neart a chòmhnadh ;  
 'S bhiodh pìob an gleus is ceann an fhéidh 55  
 Le crann is bréid an t-sròl ris.

Thig o'n Mhoraich còmhlain bhorb  
 A théid le foirm an òrdugh,  
 Gu dàna, colgail, làn air storbadh,  
 'S àrda stoirm an t-seòrs' ud ; 60  
 Dol luath 'nan éideadh, cruaidh r'am feuchainn,  
 Ciall d'a réir an còmhnuidh ;  
 Aig sluagh nach géill, tha buaidh 'nan déidh,  
 'S an uaisle féin 'ga chòmhdach'.

Thig laoich bharraicht a Cinn-alla, 65  
 'S ard an air' air mòrchuis,  
 Air mheud na carraid, beus nam fear ud,  
 Gleusdachd far an còir dhaibh :  
 An cliù bh' aig sinnsireachd nan gallan  
 Cha chaillear r'am beò e, 70  
 Daoine rìoghail, dìleas, daingean,  
 Fìor 'nan gealladh-còmhraidh.

Thig Clann Ghriogair le sàr mhisnich,  
 Anns a' mheas 'm bu chòir dhaibh,  
 Gu prìseil, àghor, lionmhor, làidir, 75  
 Rìoghail, stàtail, pròiseil ;  
 Chaidh riamh 's gach àite dian 'sna blàraibh  
 'S gnìomh an làimh a chòmhdach ;  
 'S iad ard 's a' chùirt le 'n ainm as ùr,  
 Ged thugadh dhiubh 'n Gleann Freòin e. 80

## SONG TO THE CLANS

Their levy of size would with you rise  
At need to assist your forces,  
With pipes in gear, and head of deer,  
And drone whence silk flag courses.

From Lovat chance fierce combatants  
Who in noisy order consort,  
Bold, full of fire, and prone to ire,  
And loud the storms of yon sort ;  
They swift, war-dressed go hard on quest  
With sense according ever ;  
Hosts unsubdued, by victory wooed,  
Whose glory doth them cover.

Men who excel come from Kinnell,  
High their regard for splendour ;  
Howe'er fierce the fray 'twas yon men's way  
Where duty lay to wend there :  
The fame the lads' ancestry had  
Will not be lost while *they* live,  
Adherents royal, steadfast, loyal,  
True to the promise *they* give.

The Clan Macgregor of dauntless vigour  
With their just reputation,  
A loved and glorious, strong and numerous,  
Royal, grand, proud nation  
Rushed hertofore to the fields of war,  
Their handiwork that showing,  
Now high at court with good report,  
Which they lost at Glenfruin.

ORAN NAM FINEACHAN

Thig o Chluainidh sàr dhaoin'-uaisle,  
 Thàirngeas suas gu seòlta,  
 'S fad o'n chualas gu'm b' e 'n dualchas,  
 Buidhinn buaidh a' chòmhraig ;  
 Teine 's luaidhe, 's làmhan luatha, 85  
 Far an gluais iad còmhla,  
 Ruith 'na ruaig air an luchd-fuathadh,  
 'S an cur uatha brònach.

Thig o Shrùthan na fir ùra,  
 Làidir, lùthor, eòlach ; 90  
 'S o'n Dubh-ghiùbhsaich théid gu siùbhlach  
 Ann an tùs na dòruinn :  
 Luaidh is fùdar chur 'na smùidean,  
 Is fuil 'na brùchda dòrtadh,  
 Claidhean cùil a bhi 'gan rùsgadh, 95  
 'S ruith gu dlùth 'san tòireachd.

Thig na Cananaich 'nan deannaibh,  
 'S iad a' tional còmhla,  
 Théid ceart 's a' chabhaig, 's neart da'n caraid,  
 An dream as fearail dòchas : 100  
 Ge b' e theannadh riu le falachd,  
 Bhiodh am barail gòrach.  
 'S mairg ri'n tachradh an am gaisgidh  
 Aghaidh neart nan còmhlan.

'S éideach araiceach treud na h-Alba 105  
 Dh'éireadh sealbh gu leòir dhaibh,  
 Gu'm feud iad falbh gu saor fo'n armaibh  
 Is eudach ball-bhreac, bòidheach :

## SONG TO THE CLANS

True gentlemen from Cluny wend,  
Who form with skilful tactics,  
Long since 'twas heard a trait they heired  
To win the gree in conflicts ;  
Fire, bullet-drift, and hands most swift,  
Where'er they drew together,  
In chase they close upon their foes,  
And rueful men send thither.

From Struan's glen come the fresh men,  
Strong, vigorous, and expert,  
From the Dark Wood with prowess good  
Rush at the struggle's first start :  
Lead and powder, in smoke put thro' other,  
And blood in belches bursts out,  
And their backswords they'll have them bared,  
While rushing in close pursuit.

Buchanan breed in haste will speed,  
A fully mustered clan, they  
Go undelayed their friend to aid,  
A hopeful folk and manly :  
Who'd them pursued in bloody feud  
Conceived infatuation.  
Pity him who'd chance in valour's trance  
To face the combination.

Armed, strong, the band of old Scotland  
And luck enough would chance them,  
Whose gait might be both armed and free  
In tartan dress so handsome :

ORAN NAM FINEACHAN

- O'n thraogh gach fearg, a thaobh gach cealg,  
 Sean argamaid a thòisich, 110  
 Tha gaol g'a dhearbhadh, 's feudar earbs',  
 A' deagh luchd-leanmhuinn Dheòrsa.
- 'S mór an onoir th' aig an Rìgh  
 Rinn dilsean d'a luchd-fògraidh,  
 Thug dhaibh a rìs, gach àite prìseil, 115  
 Anns gach tìr tha 'm eòlas,  
 A bh' aig an sinnsireachd fo chisean,  
 A chaidh g'an dìth le fòirneart ;  
 'S maith an dùrachd th' aig gach dùthaich  
 A' toirt cliù d'a Mhòrachd ! 120
- Na cinn chéille 's fearr fo 'n ghréin,  
 Le 'n inntinn féin a thòisich,  
 Ri gnìomh an fheum a luaidh gu léir,  
 'S a chur an céill gun sòradh,  
 Le flathan féile, a labhair reusan 125  
 A ghlèidheadh stéidh na còrach ;  
 Fhuair gach òighre an ni, 's an *staoile*,  
 An saobhreas, 's an cuid stòrais.
- Thàinig còir, is dh'fhalbh an eucoir,  
 Is leum ar crìdh' le sòlas, 130  
 Tha uaislean treun 'san uair so féin,  
 Gu h-uallach, eutrom, ceòlmhor :  
 'Tha 'n tuath ri séideadh suas tein'-éibhinn  
 Air na sléibhtean mòra :  
 So a' bhliadhna chrùn an réite, 135  
 Sin an sgeul tha còmhdaicht'.

## SONG TO THE CLANS

Since ebb'd all bile and every wile  
Which opens scores adjusted,  
Love this doth urge that good King George's  
Followers may be trusted.

Great honour's due to the King who  
His banished folk made friends true,  
Gave them again each dear domain  
Where'er my view extends to,  
Which their sires stout for rents leased out  
But lost all through distraining ;  
Sincere the wish each district has  
His Majesty to acclaim him.

Clear heads confessed 'neath the sun the best  
Of their own will begun it,  
The act of grace wholly to praise,  
To urge it, not to shun it,  
With princes suave who reason gave  
To uphold the grounds of justice ;  
Each heir got back their style and stock,  
Their proper wealth and riches.

Justice has come, injustice gone,  
Leaping with joy our heart is,  
Gentles of power at this same hour  
Are proud, gay, tuneful parties :  
The tenants light up bonfires bright  
Upon the hills extended :  
This year's come round that concord crowned,  
And that's a tale that's ended.

ORAN A' BHOTAIL.

'N UAIR a shuidheas sinn socair  
 'S a dh-òlas sinn botal,  
 Cha n-aithnich ar stoc uainn  
 Na chuireas sinn ann ;  
 Thig onoir is fortan 5  
 Le sonas a' chopain,  
 C'ar son nach bi deoch oirnn  
 Mu'n tog sinn ar ceann?  
 Bheir an stuth grinn oirnn  
 Seinn gu fileanta, 10  
 Chuir a thoil-inntinn  
 Binneas 'nar cainnt :  
 Chaisg i ar n-ìota  
 'N fhìor dheoch' mhillis,  
 Bu mhuladach sinne 15  
 Na'm biodh i air chall.

Deoch-slàinte nan gaisgeach  
 'Nan Gàidhealaibh gasda,  
 Da'm b' àbhaist mar fhasan  
 Bhi pòit air an dram, 20  
 Luchd-gaoil an stuth bhlasda  
 'S air dhaoireid an lacha,  
 Nach caomhnadh am beartas  
 A sgapadh 'san am.  
 Fear 'gam bheil nì 25  
 Gheibh e na shireas e,  
 Fear a tha crionda,  
 Fanadh e thall.



SONG TO THE BOTTLE

SONG TO THE BOTTLE.

WHEN canty we settle  
And finish a bottle,  
We'll ne'er miss the total  
    Whatever we pay ;  
Us honour and fortune  
In luck's glass importune,  
Then why not be sporting  
    Ere we go away ?  
The fine stuff will make us  
To singing betake us,  
Its pleasure did wake us  
    To song in our toast :  
Our thirst it has drowned,  
The truly sweet round,  
We were mourners profound  
    If it should be lost.

A health to the wale  
Of kind heroes, the Gael,  
Themselves wont to regale  
    Drinking drams to the end :  
Were the bill ne'er so tough,  
Lovers of the good stuff  
Would not spare wealth enough  
    Opportunely to spend.  
A man who has plenty  
Will get what he'll want aye,  
The saving and scanty  
    Let him bide outby.

- Fear a tha mìodhoir  
 Cha n-fhulaing sinn idir e, 30  
 'S am fear a' bheil grinneas  
 Théid iomain a nall.
- 'S ro rìoghail an obair  
 Sruth brioghor na togalach,  
 Ioc-shlaint a bhogaicheas 35  
 Cridhe tha gann ;  
 'S e chuireadh an sodan  
 Air fear a bhiodh togarrach,  
 'S chuireadh e 'm bodach  
 A fear a bhiodh teann. 40  
 Cha n'eil e 'san tìr,  
 Uasal no cumanta,  
 Nach 'eil air thì  
 Gach urram a th' ann,  
 Ged a bhiodh strì 45  
 Mu thogail na muirichinn,  
 " Cia mar as urrainn sinn  
 Fuireach o' n dram ? "
- Tha e fionnar do'n chreabhaig  
 A h-uile la gréine 50  
 Thig teas o na speuraibh  
 Thar sléibhtean nam beann ;  
 'S e math ri la reòta  
 Chur blàthas ann am pòraibh  
 An fhir théid d'a dheòin 55  
 An tigh-òsda 'na dheann.

## SONG TO THE BOTTLE

The man who is near  
We will not suffer here,  
But the kind man and dear,  
Quickly let him come nigh.

Work regal and right  
Does the still's stream of might,  
'Tis a balm softens quite  
Every mean heart and poor ;  
With joy it were filling  
The man that were willing,  
'Twould cast out the deil in

The man that is dour.  
He's not in the land,  
Be he plain man or grand,  
But is bent on it and

All the honours that cram,  
Though hard may the struggle be  
Rearing the family,  
How can we possibly  
Bide from the dram ?

It is cool to the frame  
When a sunny day came  
And with heat the skies flame  
O'er the mountains' steep waste ;  
For a frosty day good  
To warm cockles and blood  
Of the brisk man who would  
To an inn hie in haste.

Cuiridh e sunnt	
Air muinntir eireachdail,	
Timchioll a' bhùird	
'S cuid eile dhiubh danns' ;	60
Thogamaid fonn neo-throm	
Is ceileirean,	
'S freagarrach sheinneas sinn	
Deireadh gach rann.	
O'n shuidh sinn cho fada,	65
'S a dh'òl sinn na bh' againn,	
'S i chòir dol a chadal	
O'n thàinig an t-am ;	
Cha n-fhòghnadh ach pailteas	
Thoirt sòlas d'ar n-aighe,	70
Deoch mhòr anns a' mhaduinn	
Gu leigheas ar ceann.	
Am fear tha gun chli,	
Cuiridh e spiorad ann,	
Togaidh e cridhe	75
Gach fir a tha fann ;	
Théid am fear tinn	
Gu grinn air mhireadh ;	
'S e leigheas gach tinneis,	
Deoch mhilis an dram.	80

## SONG TO THE BOTTLE

And it will instil mirth  
In the best folk on earth,  
Some at board with no dearth,  
Others dancing rehearse ;  
Lively tunes let us raise  
And the sweet warbled lays,  
It in catches we praise  
At the end of each verse.

We've long the seat pressed,  
And drunk all we possessed,  
Go to sleep it were best  
Since come round has the time ;  
Save plenty serves no less  
Our nature to solace,  
To make our heads' woe less  
Comes the morn's draught sublime.  
Whoe'er has no pith,  
It will him supply with,  
It all hearts uplifteth  
That in sicknesses sink ;  
Sick men will proceed  
Finely to mirth indeed ;  
For all illness remede  
Is the sweet dram of drink.

ORAN A' BHRANNAIDH

ORAN A' BHRANNAIDH.

LUINNEAG.

*Di-haal-lum, di-haal-lum, di-i'il-i'il, hanndan,  
Di-dir-ir-i-hal-hi'il-lum, di-dir-ir-i-hal-haoi-rum ;  
Di-i'il-i'il hal-dir-ir-i, ha-ri-ha'al-haoi-rum,  
Di-i'il-haal-dil-il-i'il, dor-ri-ho'ol-hann-dan.*

Tha fortan ann, bidh deoch againn, 5

Na biodh an copan gann oirnn,

Tha pailteas anns na botalaibh,

Cha n'eil an stoc air chall oirnn ;

'S feairrde sinn an toiseach e

Gu brosnachadh ar cainnte, 10

Ged bhiodh a h-uile deoch againn,

'S e 's docha leinn am *Branndaidh*.

*Di-haal-lum, &c.*

'S e sin an sruthan mireanach,

An tobar milis seannsail ;

Tha binneas mar ri grinneas 15

A chur spioraid am fear fann ann.

'S feairrde sinn na shireas sinn,

Cha chulaidh a mhilleadh cheann e,

'S ro mhath an seise muineil

Do gach duine ghabhas rann e. 20

Na fir anns a' bheil cridhealas,

Nach 'eil an cridhe gann ac',

Companaich na dighe

A nì suidhe leis an dram iad ;

SONG TO THE BRANDY

SONG TO THE BRANDY

LAY.

*Di-haal-lum, di-haal-lum, di-i'il-i'il, hanndan,*  
*Di-dir-ir-i-hal-hi'il-lum, di-dir-ir-i-hal-haoi-rum ;*  
*Di-i'il-i'il hal-dir-ir-i, ha-ri-ha'al-haoi-rum,*  
*Di-i'il-haal-dil-il-i'il, dor-ri-ho'ol-hann-dan.*

THERE'S fortune in't, we'll have a drink,  
Don't let the glass be spared on us,  
'There's plenty in the bottles' clink,  
Their contents are not wared on us ;  
We're better of it at the first  
"To kittle up our notion,"  
Though we'd all drinks to quench our thirst,  
The Brandy's our best potion.

*Di-haal-lum, &c.*

That is the fancy-raising brew,  
The lucky well, the sweet one ;  
There's flavour there and savour to  
Put spirit in a weak man,  
'The better we of what we want,  
No stuff to set heads ringing,  
Right good as a throat lubricant,  
Whoe'er a stave is singing.

The men in whom is jollity,  
Who nothing lack in mettle,  
Companions in potation, they  
Down to their dram will settle :

ORAN A' BHRANNAIDH

- Iarraidh iad a rithisd e 25  
 Mu bhitheas beagan ann deth,  
 'N uair chluinneas iad an fhiodhull,  
 Bidh iad fiughaireach gu dannsa.
- 'N uair gheibh sinn de na baraillean  
 Na 's maith leinn fo'r comannda, 30  
 Na cupain a tha falamh  
 Bhi le searraig ag cur annta ;  
 Gach caraid bhios a' taitneadh ruinn  
 Gu'm b'ait leinn e bhi cainnt ruinn  
 'N uair thig a' ghlaine bhasdalach 35  
 Air bhlas an t-siucair-*channdaidh*.
- Cha chunnart duinn e theireachdainn,  
 Tha seileir anns an Fhraing dheth ;  
 Cha n'eil eagal gainne  
 Air an loingear thug a nall e : 40  
 'Their sinne o'n bu toigh leinn e,  
 Nach dean a choire call oirn ;  
 Air fhad 's gu'n dean sinn fuireach ris,  
 Bhi gabhail tuille sannt air.
- Na fir a tha 'nan sgrubairean, 45  
 Nach caith an cuid 'san am so,  
 Cha n-imir iad bhi cuide ruinn,  
 'Nan tubaisdean le ganntar :  
 Cha sir iad dol an cuideachd,  
 Is cha n-iarr a' chuideachd ann iad ; 50  
 Mur cuir am bùrn am padhadh dhiubh,  
 Cha n-fhaigheadh iad am *Branndaidh*.



## SONG TO THE BRANDY

And they will ask it yet again  
Ere it be low, they fancy,  
Whene'er they hear the fiddle's strain  
And they would fain be dancing.

When we shall from the barrels get  
All we wish in our power o' it,  
In glasses that are empty set  
From jars we empty more o' it ;  
And every friend who's pleasing us  
We'd wish him speech to bandy,  
When round comes the delicious glass  
With the taste of sugar-candy.

We're in no danger that it fail,  
There's cellars-full in France o' it ;  
There is no fear of want o' it near  
The shipping that it thence brought :  
And since we like it well, we'll say it,  
'Tis not its fault will worst us ;  
The longer that we for it wait,  
'The more intense our thirst is.

The men that are so niggardly  
Won't spend their share to match us,  
Along with us they must not be,  
The poverty-struck wretches :  
They don't seek into company,  
'The company don't want them ;  
Useless the burn their thirst allay,  
They'd never get the quantum.

RAINN DO'N PHADHADH

RAINN DO'N PHADHADH.

'S BOCHD an deireadh beatha bròn,  
'S olc an deireadh òil padhadh ;  
'S muldach suidhe mu'n bhòrd,  
Gun an stòp a lionadh fhathast ;  
'S aighearach daoin'-uailse còir 5  
Aig am bheil stòras 'nan làmhan,  
Nì òl 'n uair bhios iad pàiteach,  
'S a bheir pàigheadh do na mnathan.

'S aoibhinn 's a' mhaduinn a' chòmhdhail  
Thighinn oirne toiseach an latha, 10  
Bean-uasal a thighinn g'a seòmar  
A chur sòlas feadh an tighe ;  
Botal mòr aice 'na làimh,  
'S e dearlàn a dh'uisge-beatha ;  
'S òl gu cridheil air a chéile, 15  
'S their i féin gur e ar beatha.

'S e fasan ceart a's tigh-thàirne  
Misneach àrd 'san am gu caitheamh ;  
Bidh fear leis nach toil am Branndaidh  
Ri cùl-chainnt oirnn chionn a ghabhail ; 20  
'S e their companach a' bhotail,  
Lìonar suas an copan fhathast ;  
'S mór na mhaoidheas orm mo dheoch,  
Ach 's beag na dh' fhidireas mo phadhadh.

VERSES ON THIRST.

At the end of life poor is grief's throe,  
 And bad is thirst to end a swill in;  
 To sit around the board is woe,  
 When not a beaker more is filling;  
 Joyous are good men and true  
 That have in hands wealth stored away,  
 Who'll drink when dry with no to-do,  
 The lawing to the women pay.

Pleasant is the morning meeting  
 Us at break of day befalling,  
 Lady visits room with greeting  
 To send comfort through the dwelling;  
 Her big bottle in her hand,  
 Enough and more of usquebae in,  
 Pledging one another bland,  
 "Sirs, ye are welcome," she is saying.

In the tavern 'tis the right thing  
 Timely to show proper spirit;  
 He for brandy with no liking,  
 When we take it, flouts us for it;  
 The boon companion, he's exclaiming,  
 "Be the cup filled up unending;  
 Many me for drink are blaming,  
 Few my thirst are comprehending."

RAINN GEARRADH-ARM.

CHUNNAIC mi 'n diugh a' chlach bhoadhach,  
 'S an leug àlainn,  
 Ceanglaichean de'n òr mu'n cuairt dhi  
 'Na chruinn mhàille;  
 Bannan tha daingean air suaicheantas 5  
 Mo chàirdean,  
 A lean gramail r'an seann dualchas  
 Mar a b' àbhaist.

Inneal gu imeachd troimh chruadal  
 Le sluagh làidir, 10  
 Fir nach gabh giorag no fuathas  
 Le fuaim làmhaich;  
 Fine as minig a ghluais  
 Ann an ruaig nàmhaid,  
 Nach sireadh tilleadh gun bhuannachd 15  
 No buaidh-làrach.

Bha sibh uair gu grinn a' seòladh  
 Air tuinn sàile,  
 Chaidh tarrung a aon de bhòrda  
 Druim a' bhàta, 20  
 Leis a' chabhaig sparr e 'n òrdag  
 Sìos 'na h-àite,  
 'S bhuail e gu teann leis an òrd i,  
 'S ceann dith fhàgail.

VERSES ON ARMS.

I SAW to-day the stone of might,  
 The jewel splendid,  
 Settings of gold around its light  
 In cirque defended ;  
 The blazon strong upon the banner  
 Of my kindred,  
 Who firmly clung to their old manner,  
 As use inbred.

A device to traverse danger through  
 By host untiring,  
 Men who never dread or panic knew  
 At sound of firing ;  
 A clan who often moved amain  
 Where foes did yield,  
 And no return sought save with gain,  
 Or stricken field.

You were once serenely sailing  
 On salt billow,  
 From a stave there sprang a nail in  
 The boat's hollow,  
 With all haste he thrust his thumb  
 Down the cleft,  
 With the hammer struck it home,  
 Its end he left.

RAINN GEARRADH-ARM

- An onoir a fhuair an saor Sléibhteach, 25  
 Leis gach treuntas a dh'fhàs ann,  
 Ghléidheadh fathast d'a shliochd féin i  
 A dh' aindeoin eucorach gach nàmhaid ;  
 Na h-airm ghaisge, ghasda, ghleusda,  
 Dh' òrduich an rìgh gu feum dhàsan, 30  
 Cho math 's a th' aig duine 'n dream threun sin,  
 A shliochd Cholla cheud-chathaich, Spàinntich.
- Dòrn an claidheamh, is làmh duin'-uasail  
 Le crois-tàraidh,  
 Iolairean le 'n sgiathaibh luatha, 35  
 Gu cruas gàbhaidh,  
 Long ag imeachd air druim chuantan  
 Le siùil àrda,  
 Gearradh-arm Mhic-Shaoir o Chruachan,  
 Aonach uachdarach Earra-ghàidheal. 40
- Tha do dhaoine tric air fairge,  
 Sgiobairean calma, neo-sgàthach ;  
 Tha 'n aogas cumachdail, dealbhach,  
 'S iomadh armait am beil pàirt dhiubh :  
 Thug iad gaol a shiubhal garbhlaich, 45  
 Moch is anmoch a' sealg fàsaich ;  
 Cuid eile dhiubh 'nan daoin'-uaisle,  
 'S tha cuid dhiubh 'nan tuath ri àiteach.
- 'S rìoghail an eachdraidh na chualas  
 Riamh mu d' phàirtidh, 50  
 'S lionmhor an taic, na tha suas diubh,  
 Na'm biodh càs ort :

VERSES ON ARMS

What the Sleat wright won of meed,  
With all prestige thence arising,  
Has been still kept for his seed,  
All foes' injustice despising ;  
The coat of arms correct and handsome  
Which the King for his use settled,  
Good as man has of that stout stem,  
Coll, the Spaniard, hundred-battled.

A gentle hand, a hand on blade,  
With cross of fire,  
Eagles with swift wings displayed  
For danger dire,  
Ship on back of billows moving  
With sails furled,  
The arms of MacIntyre of Cruachan,  
Summit of the Argyll world.

Your men often are seafaring,  
Captains brave that fear no harm, they  
Have a graceful, handsome bearing,  
Part of them in many an army :  
Ah! they loved to tread hill country,  
Early and late to hunt wilds swarming ;  
Numbers more of them are gentry,  
Yeomen some of them at farming.

A kingly story all yet heard  
About thy party,  
A numerous stay, those that are spared,  
Did fortune thwart thee :

DO'N GHÀIDHLIG, 1781

Tha gach buaidh eile d'a réir sin  
An Gleann Nodha féin an tàmhachd,  
Piob is bratach is neart aig Seumas,  
An ceann-cinnidh nach tréig gu bràth sinn.

55



The Arms of MacIntyre.

MOLADH DO'N GHÀIDHLIG, 'S DO'N PHIOB  
MHOIR, 'S A' BHLIADHNA 1781.

THA 'n Comunn Rìoghail Gàidhliche  
An tràths' ag cumail suas  
Cuimhn' air seòl nan àrmuinn  
A b' àbhaist bhi 'ga luaidh ;  
A' chainnt a dh' ionnsaich iadsan dhuibh,  
'S i ghnàthaich sibh gu buan,  
Ghlèidh sibh stoc na cànan,  
'S cha n-fhàillnich i uainn.

5

Is sòlasach an cruinneachadh  
Cinn-cinnidh is daoin'-uails',  
Ard mhóralachd nam fineachan  
'S gach ionad tha mu'n cuairt ;

10



TO GAELIC, 1781

Every suchlike virtue claims  
Abode within Glenoe, the famous ;  
Bagpipe, flag, and strength has James,  
The chief who never will disclaim us.

PER ARDUA.  
TROIHM CHRUDAL.

Motto in Latin and Gaelic.

PRAISE 'TO GAELIC AND THE GREAT BAGPIPE  
IN THE YEAR 1781.

THE Royal Gaelic Society  
At this time doth uphold  
The memory of the heroes' ways  
Who practised it of old ;  
The speech the fathers taught you,  
And you used for many a day,  
You kept, the root of languages,  
Nor will it fade away.

Gladdening is the gathering  
Of chiefs and gentlemen,  
The most distinguished of the clans  
In every neighbouring glen ;

- Onair a thaobh nàduir  
 G'a gnàthachadh a nuadh,  
 Gu'n glèidh sibh pìob' mar b' àbhaist,  
 Is Gàidhlig ullamh, chruaidh. 15
- 'S i 'n labhairt bha 's a' Ghàradh,  
 Dh'fhàg Adhamh i aig an t-sluagh;  
 'S i chainnt a bh' aig na Fàidhean  
 Thug fios Phàrrais dhuinn a nuas; 20  
 'S i bhruidhinn a bh' anns an fhàsach,  
 'N am traghadh do'n Mhuir Ruaidh;  
 'S i nis am measg an àlaich  
 Tha làthair anns an uair.
- 'S i 's binne bhi 'ga h-éisdeachd 25  
 Thuirt beul na chuala cluas;  
 Their Albainn agus Eirinn  
 Sasunn féin gur mór a luach;  
 Aon duin' aig am bi feum oirre,  
 Cha tréig e i air dhuais; 30  
 'S i chùis as fhèrr gu'n d'éirich i  
 An déis dhi bhi 'na suain.
- Bu mhór am beud gu'm bàsaicheadh  
 A' chànain as fhèrr buaidh,  
 'S i 's treis' thoirt greis air àbhachd 35  
 'S a h-uil' àit 'n téid a luaigh;  
 'S i 's fhèrr gu aobhar-ghàire,  
 'S i 's binne, blàithe fuaim;  
 'S i ceòl nam pìob 's nan clàrsach,  
 Luchd-dhàn is dheanamh dhuan. 40

Your natural advantages  
 You claim with fresh regard,  
 You uphold the pipe as heretofore,  
 And Gaelic, crisp and hard.

'Tis the speech was in the Garden,  
 Adam left it to his own ;  
 'Tis the language of the Prophets  
 Who the news of Heaven brought down ;  
 'Twas the talk was in the wilderness  
 What time ebb'd the Red Sea ;  
 Now 'tis midst the generation  
 At this hour that living be.

'Tis the pleasantest to listen to  
 That mouth spoke or ear heard ;  
 Scotland, Ireland, aye and England  
 Do its sterling worth regard ;  
 And every one that uses it,  
 It maugre bribe will keep ;  
 And best of all, it roused itself  
 After it was asleep.

Great were the pity should it die,  
 The most expressive speech,  
 The strongest to give point to jest  
 Where'er its scope will reach ;  
 It is the best for causing mirth,  
 Of the sweetest, blithest tone ;  
 The music of the pipes and harps,  
 Poets' and song-makers' own.

- 'S i 's fhearr gu togail inntinn  
 Le binn-ghuth còmhradh tlàth,  
 'S i 's sgaitiche gu mì-mholadh,  
 'S as mìne nochdas gràdh ;  
 'N am cruinneachadh nam mìltean 45  
 Le pìob gu iomairt lann,  
 'S i dhùisgeadh colg air òigridh,  
 'N uair thogta sròl ri crann.
- 'S i pìob nam feadan siùbhlach  
 A bhuidhneadh cliù 's a' champ 50  
 Air thoiseach nan laoch ùra,  
 'S meòir lùthmhor dlùth 'nan deann ;  
 A' chaismeachd ghasda shunntach  
 Bu dùthchas di bhi ann ;  
 'S pailt a nis as ùr i, 55  
 Ged bha i aon uair gann.
- Le spionnadh chàirdean Gàidhealach  
 'Tha Lunnainn làn a nis  
 Ag àrdachadh na Gàidhlighe  
 A h-uile là mar thig ; 60  
 Aig feobhas 's tha na h-àrmuinn  
 'Ga gnàthachadh gu tric,  
 B' e gaol gach duine 'n Sasunn  
 I bhi aca-san 'nam measg.
- A' chàinnt chaoimhneil, thaitneach, 65  
 Dheas-labhrach, bhlasda, bhrisg,  
 'S lionmhor cliù tha 'n taice ri,  
 Fasan agus mios ;

It is the best to lift the mind  
 With sweet voice of warm speeches,  
 The cuttingest for things unkind,  
 The softest love that teaches ;  
 At the time of gathering thousands  
 With war-pipe to wield the blade,  
 'Tis it would waken ire in youths  
 When flag at staff's displayed.

Pipe of swift-noted chanters  
 In the Camp renown would gain  
 In the van of the fresh heroes,  
 Where strong fingers hurry amain ;  
 The lovely march and cheerful,  
 'Twas its true place to be there ;  
 Now it is plentiful anew,  
 Though one time it was rare.

With the mustering of Highland friends  
 Full London just now hums,  
 The Gaelic elevating high  
 As every new day comes ;  
 From the taste with which the warriors  
 Use it, as oft they do,  
 'Twere the wish of all in England  
 That they had it 'mong them too.

The kindly speech, and pleasant,  
 Apt and tasteful, brisk, unchecked,  
 Connected with it is great fame,  
 And fashion, and respect ;

Tha ceòl, is Gàidhlig Alba,  
 'S luchd-seanchais 'gam beil fios, 70  
 'Gam foghlum feadh nan Garbh-chrioch,  
 'S 'gan dearbh' 'san Eaglais Bhric.

MOLADH DO'N GHÀIDHLIG, 'S DO'N PHIOB  
 MHOIR, 'S A' BHLIADHNA 1782.

Tha 'n Comunn uasal, Rìoghail  
 A' sìor-chur seòl an dràs'd  
 Air nàdurachd an sinnsireachd  
 A thogail cinn 's gach àit :  
 A' Ghàidhlig air a mìneachadh, 5  
 O's cinnteach gur i 's fhèarr ;  
 An labhairt phrìseil, chùramach,  
 Rinn cùmhnanta ri Adhamh.

Tha gach duine 'g innseadh dhuinn  
 Cho cinnteach ris a' bhàs, 10  
 Gur i bu chainnt aig Noah  
 'N am seòladh anns an àirc ;  
 'S i uaith sin gu lìonmhor  
 Aig gach linn ata ri fàs ;  
 'S cha téid i chaoidh air dì-chùimhn' 15  
 Gus an tìm an tig am bràth.

Tha Ghàidhlig air a lìonadh  
 De mhìorbhuilean gu léir,  
 Iùlmhor, fonnmhor, fàilteachail,  
 Ag cur a gràidh an céill ; 20

There's music, and Scots Gaelic,  
And litterateurs who know,  
And learn them through the Roughbounds,  
Do the proof at Falkirk show.

PRAISE TO GAELIC AND THE GREAT  
BAGPIPE IN THE YEAR 1782.

THE noble Royal Society  
No means now ever spare  
Their forbears' gifts of nature  
To foster everywhere :  
As certain that it is the best  
The Gaelic is displayed,  
The well-loved speech and careful  
Which with Adam covenants made.

And every man is telling us  
That, sure as death, prevailed  
That form of speech with Noah  
When within the ark he sailed ;  
That thenceforth it abundant is  
In every age to come ;  
And it will never be forgot,  
Till strikes the crack of doom.

The Gaelic language is replete  
With marvels altogether,  
Learned, gleesome, welcoming,  
Its love declaring ever ;

Mire, 's cluich, is gàirdeachas,  
 Is mànran anns gach beul ;  
 Cha chuala sinn an eachdraidh  
 Na's ceairte na i féin.

Tha gach fasan Gàidhealach 25

An dràs'd' a' tighinn gu feum,  
 Na deiseachan a b' àbhaist dhaibh,  
 'S a b'fhearr leo aca féin :

Coinneamh anns gach àite 30

Aig na h-àrmuinn as fhearr beus ;  
 Gach duine labhairt Gàidhlig dhiubh ;  
 'S a' phìob a ghnàth an gleus.

'S i pìob-mhór na h-Eaglais Brice 35

A' phìob as mó meas an Albainn,  
 Fàinneachan chnàmh air a dosaibh,  
 'S i gu làidir, socair, calma ;

Séidear 'na màla an toiseach,  
 Na lìonas a corp le aineas ;  
 Sunntach an ionnsramaid phort i;  
 Is ard a chluinnte gloc a sealbhain. 40

Tha i eireachdail r'a faicinn,  
 Cha n'eil ball de'n acfhuinn cearbach,  
 Le ribheid nam binn-ghuth blasda,

'S an stoc dreachmhor air a charbhadh ;  
 Gaothair deas, dìreach, gasda, 45

Anns na fasanan as fhearr dhaibh ;  
 Seannsair choimhionadh gach facail  
 A nì chaismeachd a dhearbhadh.



Frolic, play, and joyfulness,  
 In each mouth music's tone ;  
 We have not heard in history  
 More merit than its own.

And every Highland fashion  
 Is now taken to with zest,  
 The dresses they were wont to have,  
 And they themselves loved best :  
 In every place a gathering  
 Of the best-bred heroes—they,  
 Each one of them—speak Gaelic,  
 And the bagpipes always play.

To the great pipe of Falkirk  
 Scotland highest honours gave,  
 With rings of bones upon its drones,  
 'Tis easy, strong, and brave ;  
 That's first blown in the bag, which heat  
 Doth in the whole promote ;  
 A joyous instrument for tunes,  
 Heard high the cluck o' its throat.

A handsome instrument to view,  
 No part of it uncouth,  
 With reed of tasteful tones and true  
 And shapely stock carved smooth ,  
 A fitting mouthpiece, straight, and nice,  
 In their best style and state ;  
 A chanter voicing every word  
 The march to illustrate.

- Tha i measail air gach banais  
 A bhitheas am fearann nan Garbh-chrioch ; 50  
 'S feairrd' an camp i 'n am dhaibh tarruing,  
 Gu seinn coimhthional na h-armailt :  
 'S maith i g'an dùsgadh 's a' mhaduinn,  
 'S g'an cur a chadal mu anmoch ;  
 Tha i còrr an am an eadraidh, 55  
 'S e 'm feasgar a' chuid as fhearr dhi.
- 'S lionmhor suirghich aig an ainnir,  
 Tha tighinn ceanalta 'na tairgse,  
 Ge b' e aca leis an téid i  
 Bidh eudach ris agus farmad ; 60  
 Am fear 'gam bheil an dàn a cosnadh,  
 'S ann air ata 'm fortan margaidh,  
 Iùbhrach nam pongannan glana,  
 'S aoibhinn g'a leannan bhi falbh le.
- Tha i measail ann an Lunnainn, 65  
 Fhuair i urram anns an tìr so,  
 'S fearr i na torman na clàrsaich,  
 'S thug i barr air cluich na fìdhle ;  
 'S mór an onoir th' aig a' phàirtidh  
 Nach leig iad gu bràth a dhith oirnn, 70  
 Ceòl gun a leithid r'a àireamh,  
 Is cànain urramach na firinn.
- Rogha gach cainnt Gàidhlig ro mhaith,  
 'Tagha gach ciùil sgal na pìoba,  
 'S ann a nis tha 'n t-am gu tarruing 75  
 Aig ard luchd-ealaidh na rìoghachd,

TO GAELIC, 1782

'Tis valued at all weddings  
That take place the Roughbounds way ;  
The camp prefers it marshalling,  
The gathering host to play ;  
'Tis good for wakening them at morn,  
And late asleep to leave ;  
It is excellent at noontide,  
But its choicest time is eve.

Suitors many has the virgin,  
Coming blandly her to woo,  
Whoe'er of them she go with  
Will have grudge and envy too ;  
Who fated is to win her,  
Has the market fortune won,  
The lady of the pure notes,  
A glad lover's with her gone!

It is esteemed in London,  
Has got honour in this land,  
Better than the hand-harp's murmur,  
It excels the fiddle's strand ;  
Great honour has the party  
Who'll ne'er let us lose, in sooth,  
Music with no worthy rival,  
And the honoured speech of truth.

Wale of all tongues, excellent Gaelic,  
Choice of all strains, bagpipe's wail ;  
'Tis now the time to draw nigh  
For the gifted of the pale,

Le ceòl siùbhlach, lùthmhor, ealamh,  
 Sunntach, caithriseach, luath, dìonach :  
 Tha 'n so breitheanas air thalamh,  
 'S gheibh gach fear a réir na nì e.

80

MOLADH DO'N GHAIHDLIG, 'S DO'N PHIOB  
 MHOIR, 'S A' BHLIADHNA 1783.

THA sgeul agam dhuibh r'a innseadh  
 Air ceòl 's air cànan,  
 A' toirt cliù air cluiche pìoba  
 'S air labhairt Gàidhlig ;  
 Tha 'n dràs'd' ag cinntinn lionmhor  
 'S a h-uil' àite,  
 'G àrdachadh onoir na rìoghachd  
 Anns an d'fhàs sinn.

5

'S i th' aig gach ministear sgìreachd,  
 'S gach tìr àraidh,  
 'Toirt gu ceart dhuinn eachdraidh Bhiobaill  
 An seòl cràbhaidh :  
 Tha i 'm beul gach filidh, mìneachadh  
 Ceòl-dàna ;  
 Is i as fhearr gu moladh prìseil  
 'S gu fìor chàineadh.

10

15

Tha i cruadalach, cruaidh, sgairteil  
 Do dhaoin'-uaisle reachdmhor, làidir,  
 An am treubhantais na gaisge,  
 'S i 's deas-fhaclaich 'san àit ud ;

20

TO GAELIC, 1783

With music swift, strong, ready,  
Blithe, victorious, quick, and steeve ;  
There is judgment upon earth here,  
As each does will he receive.

PRAISE TO GAELIC AND THE GREAT  
BAGPIPE IN THE YEAR 1783.

I HAVE to tell you a story  
Of speech and music,  
To pipe-playing that brings glory  
And speaking Gaelic ;  
Which now are growing apace  
In every place,  
The kingdom honouring, too,  
Where we grew.

Each Parish minister uses it,  
Be where he may,  
Giving us rightly sacred writ,  
The pious way ;  
'Tis i' the mouth of every bard,  
Poetry inditing ;  
'Tis best for sweet regard  
And best for flyting.

It is hardy, hard, and clever  
For robust strong gentlemen,  
Boasting feats of valour, ever  
Is it ready-worded then ;

Tha i ciùin an cùisean fialaidh,  
 A chur an gnìomh a briathran blàtha,  
 'S tha i còrr a sgoltadh reusain  
 Chum sluagh gun chéill a chur sàmhach.

Tha i iùlmhor, fiosrach, caoimhneil, 25  
 Freagarrach, faighneachdach, bàidheil,  
 'S measail a labhairt 's a h-éisdeachd,  
 A chur gach deud air fiamh a' ghàire ;  
 A' sùgradh 's a' bruidhinn le chéile,  
 A' togail éibhneis, mir', is mànran ; 30  
 Sìobhalta, farasda, beusach,  
 Am beul gach neach ata nàrach.

Tha Ghàidhlig, 's a' phìob ag éirigh  
 Gu mór spéis an tìr nan Gàidheal ;  
 Urram gach ciùil le deagh reusan 35  
 'S ann aig a' phìob féin ata e ;  
 'S tormanach, pongail a their i  
 Gach fonn ceileir thig o bràghad ;  
 'S i as binne 's as àird' a sheinneas,  
 Cha chluinnear ceòl eile làimh ri. 40

Is binn an nuallan ud r'a éisdeachd,  
 'N uair a chuirear séid 'na màla,  
 'S a cheartaicheas fear a' gléis i,  
 Ceart r'a chéile na duis àrda ;  
 'S cianail a sheinneas i cumha, 45  
 'S subhach a sheinneas i fàilte,  
 Urlar is siubhal gu siùbhlach,  
 Is crunn-lùath mu'm fuirich i sàmhach.

TO GAELIC, 1783

It is mild in gentle seasons,  
In warm words itself expressing,  
Excellent for chopping reasons  
Unto senseless folk's suppressing.

It is learned, knowing, kindly,  
Pat, inquisitive, and loving,  
To speak and list to seemly,  
Teeth, all sets, to laughter moving ;  
Dallying, speaking all together,  
Raising joy, and fun, and chorus ;  
Civil, easy and well-mannered  
In all mouths that are decorous.

Gaelic and the pipes are rising  
To great liking in Gael land ;  
O'er all music with good reason  
Doth the pipe the praise command ;  
It sonorous speaks, accenting  
Every warble from its throat ;  
It the sweetest plays and loudest,  
Drowning every other note.

Sweet yon loud strain is to list to  
When i' the bag the tempest groans,  
And the player tunes in order  
All together the tall drones ;  
She sadly plays laments,  
A welcome joyously she'll ply it,  
Theme, and variation quickly,  
The finale, then stays quiet.

'S e 'n dà chuid i, ceòl is caismeachd,  
 'S cridheil air astar 's an tàmh i ; 50  
 Is bha i riamh air beul gach caisteil  
 Ri dian mhacnus le ceum sràide ;  
 Is leig iad aon uair i a cleachdadh  
 Gun bhi ac' ach an còrr àite ;  
 Tha i nis gu grinn am fasan, 55  
 'S cinnteach dhi mairsinn gu bràth ann.

Ban-mhaighstear gach inneal ciùil  
 A' phìob ùr so thàin' an dràs' oirn,  
 A chuireas fir ghleusta gu'n dùbhlán  
 Nach leig dhiubh gun deuchainn ghàbhaidh ; 60  
 Fear a buidhne, bidh e cliùiteach,  
 'S onoir d'a dhùthaich 's d'a chàirdean,  
 A' phìob so bhi air a ghiùlan  
 G'ar dùsgadh maduinn am màireach.

MOLADH DO'N GHÀIDHLIG 'S DO'N PHIOB  
 MHOIR, 'S A' BHLIADHNA 1784.

INNSIDH mi sgeul àraid dhuibh  
 Air cànan is air ceòl :  
 Rogha na deas Ghàidhlig,  
 'S i as fhearr gu innseadh sgeòil ;  
 A' chainnt as lionmhor pàirtean, 5  
 'S as mìlse mànrán beòil,  
 Gu freagarrach, deas-labhrach,  
 'S i ard-chuiseach gu leòir.



TO GAELIC, 1784

There's the two things, march and pibroch,  
Blithe on journey or at rest ;  
She was ever at each castle gate  
To pace the street with zest ;  
Yet once her use they abandoned,  
But did here and there retain ;  
Now she's bonnily in fashion,  
Sure, she'll ever so remain.

Queen of instruments the bagpipe,  
This one reached us now, a stranger,  
And she challenges the experts,  
Nor will let them shirk the danger ;  
The winner will be famed, from him  
Friends, country honour borrow,  
For this bagpipe he will shoulder  
Us to rouse at morn to-morrow.

PRAISE TO GAELIC AND THE GREAT  
BAGPIPE IN THE YEAR 1784.

A CERTAIN tale I'll tell you  
Of music and of speech :  
The choice of ready Gaelic  
Is the best a tale to teach ;  
A speech it is of many parts,  
The sweetest vocal chime,  
It is pat and ready-worded,  
And sufficiently sublime.

'S i chainnt a bh' aig na rìghribh  
 D'an robh 'n rìoghachd so 'nan còir, 10  
 'S i bruidhinn dhiùc, is iarlachan,  
 'S i dh'iarradh iad mu'm bòrd ;  
 'S i bh' aig na daoine'-uaisle,  
 'S a gheibht' aig an tuath chòir ;  
 'S i bha, 's a tha, aig buachaillean, 15  
 Ag cuartachadh nam bò.

'N uair a sgaoil na cainntean  
 Aig Tùr an aimhreidh mhòir,  
 Fhuair a' Ghàidhlig maighstireachd  
 'S an am sin thar gach seòrs' ; 20  
 Gur i as fhearr gu teangaireachd  
 Tha 'n ceann aon neach tha beò,  
 Geur, soilleir, fonnmhor, òranach  
 An seòmraichean an òil.

'S lionmhor urram làidir 25  
 Fhuair a' Ghàidhlig air gach seòl,  
 'S i rinn a' cheud Sàcramaid  
 Do'n Phàp a bha 'san Ròimh ;  
 Is i th' aig cléir an àite so,  
 Gach là toirt comhairl' oirnn ; 30  
 Gaol flidh is luchd-dàna,  
 Chainnt nàdurra gun ghò.

'S i fhuair sinn o na pàrantan  
 A rinn ar n-àrach òg,  
 'S i bu mhaith leinn fhàgail 35  
 Aig an àl a tha teachd oirnn ;

It is the speech the Kings had  
 Who this realm did rightly claim,  
 The talk of Dukes and Earls,  
 Round the board they'd ask the same ;  
 The gentlemen, too, had it,  
 With douce tenantry 'twas found ;  
 The herds have had, and have it,  
 'Mong the kine while they go round.

What time the speeches scattered  
 At the great Babel Tower,  
 The Gaelic got the mastery  
 O'er every sort that hour ;  
 It is the best to interpret  
 In the head of living man,  
 Sharp, tuneful, clear, and gleesome  
 In the chambers of the can.

Many a sterling honour  
 Gaelic every way brought home,  
 It made the first Communion  
 Of the Pope that lived in Rome ;  
 The local clergy have it  
 They who daily to us preach ;  
 Beloved of poets, authors,  
 'Tis a simple, natural speech.

We got it from the parents  
 Who our young minds trained therewith,  
 To the race that's coming after us  
 'Tis it we would bequeath ;

Tha h-uile car a dh' innsinn oirr'  
 Ag cur a prìs am mòid,  
 Gur i chainnt as brìoghmhora—  
 'S i fhìob as fhearr gu ceòl. 40

A' fhìob ùr so thàinig do'n bhaile  
 A dh'fhaotainn urram,  
 'S i ceann inneal-ciùil an fhearainn  
 'S na dùthch' uile ;  
 Le meòir lùthmhor air a crannaibh, 45  
 'S le dlùth bhuillean,  
 'S àrd a chluinnt' i, 's binn a langan,  
 'S grinn a cumachd.

Tha dosan le iobhraidh ballach,  
 Cochull de'n t-sìoda m'a muineal, 50  
 'S osgarra, dìonach a callan  
 Air thoiseach mhiltean air thurus ;  
 Brosnachadh rìoghail na carraid,  
 An cabhaig, 'san strì, na 'n cumasg,  
 Cha bhi sprochd 'san tìr am fan i, 55  
 Is fortanach an tì d'am buin i.

Is deò-gréine leis an luchd-ealaidh  
 Tha 'n Albainn gu léir, 'san Lunnainn,  
 A' fhìob as maith gleus is gearradh,  
 Làidir, fallain, eutrom, ullamh ; 60  
 'S mór an t-éibhneas i 'ga leannan  
 Bhi aige 'na sgéith 'ga cumail,  
 Fonn-cheòl réidh a cré na h-ainnir,  
 Beusan glana na treun chulaidh.

Each trait that I could tell of it  
 But proves its loftier type,  
 'Tis a most pithy speech—  
 And best of music is the pipe.

Townward came this new pipe grand  
 For commendation,  
 The chief instrument of the land,  
 Of the whole nation ;  
 From its notes with fingers fleet  
 And thick blows' rigour,  
 High 'twas heard, its bellowing sweet,  
 And fair its figure.

Drones with ivory ringed,  
 A case of silk about its neck,  
 Its bold and true voice winged,  
 A-van of thousands on a trek ;  
 Royal stirring to the fray,  
 In haste, or when strife presses,  
 There's no gloom where it will stay—  
 A happy man who it possesses.

And a sunbeam with musicians  
 In London, Scotland through,  
 Is the pipe with fair conditions,  
 Strong, light, wholesome, ready too ;  
 She's a great joy to her lover  
 Her in his embrace to bear  
 Smooth airs from her virgin body,  
 Habits pure of the stout fair.

- 'S e cheud cheòl a bh' air an talamh, 65  
 A' phìob-mhòr as bòidheche guileag,  
 'S i bh' aig Fionn, aig Goll 's aig Garadh  
 Ann an talla nan laoch fuileach ;  
 'S mairg a chitheadh air seòl calla,  
 Caismeachd chaithriseach nan curaidh ; 70  
 Mhosgladh i le séid d'a h-anail,  
 Gu feum ealamh, an Fhéinn uile.
- Mo ghibht phriseil gun a ceannach,  
 Tha 'n coimhthional so air chumail,  
 Breitheachan dileas g'an tarruing, 75  
 A nì ceart an fhèrinn uile ;  
 Gheibh gach fear a réir na h-ealaidh  
 Anns am bi e féin 'na urrainn ;  
 'S tha e saor aig maith-an-airidh  
 A' phìob fhaotainn thar gach duine. 80

MOLADH DO'N GHÀIDHLIG, 'S DO'N PHIOB  
 MHOIR, 'S A' BHLIADHNA 1785.

- So cruinneachadh uaislean measail  
 A tha cumail suas am fasan  
 Na cainnt a tha buadhor, fiosrach  
 Le 'm fìor bhrisg a chualas eachdraidh ;  
 Tha i luath 's cha n'èil i liodach, 5  
 'S tha i cruaidh ma labhrar ceart i,  
 'S cha n'èil a luchd-fuatha bitheant',  
 'S i bha tric aig luchd nam breacan.

TO GAELIC, 1785

First music that on earth was,  
Great pipe of the bonniest strain,  
Fionn had it, Goll, and Garadh  
In the hall of bloody men ;  
He is dull who could see tamely  
War march of the heroes keen ;  
With a blast o' its breath 'twould wake  
To instant action all the Feen.

'Bout a precious gift and unbought  
Is convened this meeting high,  
And upright judges chosen,  
Who'll the whole truth certify ;  
Each man who'll get according  
To the tune he shows his best ;  
And 'tis open to desert  
To gain the pipe o'er all the rest.

PRAISE TO GAELIC AND THE GREAT  
BAGPIPE IN THE YEAR 1785.

THIS gathering of true gentlemen  
Uphold in their regard  
The gifted speech and pregnant  
With the verve that story heard ;  
'Tis quick, it is not stammering,  
Distinct, if rightly spoke,  
Its haters are infrequent,  
Oft 'twas used by plaided folk.

Cànain gun truailleadh gun mheasgadh,  
 'S Gàidheil d'an dual i bhi aca, 10  
 'S nàdurra d'a fuaim bhi measail,  
 'S misneachail an sluagh a chleachd i;  
 Cainnt mhàthaireil gun bhruaidlein idir,  
 Ach bhi làn de shuairceas tlachdmhor,  
 Ceòl-gàire d'a luaidh gu minig, 15  
 'S luchd-dàna 'ga luath chur-seachad.

Tha Lunnainn glé àrd am misneach  
 Le spionnadh nan Gàidheal gasda,  
 A fhuair urram 's gach àit an sirt' iad,  
 Na curaidhean calma, reachdmhor; 20  
 A tha gabhail cùram riochdail,  
 A chumail na rìoghachd neartmhor,  
 'S dh'òrduich gu sìorruidh nach brisear,  
 Gàidhlig, pìobaireachd, is bratach.

Tha uaislean Dhun-éideinn le gliocas, 25  
 Gu rìoghail, ro bheartach, tlachmhor;  
 Cha n-fheud eucoir bhi 'nam measg-san,  
 'S ann dhaibh féin is léir an ceartas;  
 Ris an fheumach tha iad iochdmhor,  
 Is air na béisdean tha iad smachdail, 30  
 An am treubhantais no trioblaid,  
 'S mairg a theannadh ri leum tharta.

Cò theannadh ri leum thairis  
 Air na laochaibh fearail, treubhach?  
 Na Gàidheil ardanach, uaibhreach, 35  
 'S iad làidir ri guaillibh a chéile;



Language without meanness, mixture  
 Gaels hereditarily have,  
 Its natural sound is proper,  
 And the folk that used it brave ;  
 Mother speech quite without dool,  
 'Twas hers glad accents oft to say,  
 Of polished pleasure full,  
 Her poets soon while time away.

London's very high in courage  
 With the might of the handsome Gael,  
 Honoured wheresoe'er invited  
 Are the heroes brave and hale ;  
 Who are taking active measures  
 Strong the kingdom to maintain  
 And ordained that aye unbroken  
 Gaelic, piping, flag remain.

Wise are Edina's gentry,  
 Royal, wealthy, full of cheer ;  
 Wrong amid them might not flourish,  
 And to them the right is clear ;  
 To the needy they're compassionate,  
 The rabble—down they keep them,  
 In time of war or trouble,  
 Woe to him would dare o'erleap them.

Who would venture to o'erleap them  
 The manly men, none bolder ?  
 The spirited high-minded Gael,  
 Strong shoulder unto shoulder ;

A chuireadh crith air càch le fuathas,  
 An am bhualadh nan lann geura,  
 'S mairg air an cromadh na Tuathaich,  
 Comunn cruadalach nach géilleadh. 40

Tha gach car tha tighinn mu'n cuairt dhaibh  
 An tràths' is buadmhoire na chéile,  
 Am fearann a chaidh a thoirt uatha,  
 Gu'n d'fhuair iad uile gu léir e ;  
 Bidh gach dligheach far 'm bu dual dhaibh, 45  
 'S uachdarain air an cuid féin iad ;  
 Bidh na h-òighreachan suas dheth,  
 'S cha bhi tuathanach 'na éiginn.

'N uair a sheallas sinn air ar falluing,  
 Bheir sinn beannachd air a' Ghreumach 50  
 Is air Mac Shimidh mór na Moraich,  
 Sin am morair bu mhath feum dhuinn ;  
 'S a' chùirt a b' airde bha 'n Lunnainn,  
 Fhuair iad ann urram is éisdeachd ;  
 'S tha 'n rìoghachd uile 'nan comain, 55  
 Fhuair iad dhuinn comas ar n-éideadh.

Tha coimhthionail rìoghail Ghàidheal,  
 An tràths am baile Dhun-éideinn,  
 Ag cumail am prìs na Gàidhlig,  
 A thaobh nàduir os cionn Beurla ; 60  
 'S ag glèidheadh pìob-mhòr' mar b' àbhaist'  
 Os cionn clàrsaich, na ceòl theudan,  
 'S an dà thoil-inntinn sin fhàgail  
 Aig an àlach thig 'nar déidh-ne.

Who'd make others shake with terror  
 When they're clashing the sharp brands—  
 Pity him the Northmen pounce on,  
 The unyielding hardy bands.

Each event that comes round on them  
 Is more lucky than another,  
 The land which was ta'en from them  
 They've recovered altogether ;  
 Each claimant where his right declares,  
 Lairds on their own estate,  
 A competency for the heirs,  
 The farmer in no strait.

When we look upon our garments,  
 We'll say blessing on the Graham  
 And the great Lord of Lovat,  
 Of good use to us these same ;  
 In the highest court in London  
 They got honoured audience there,  
 All the kingdom is obliged,  
 They got us power our dress to wear.

The Royal Highland gathering  
 Is now in Dunedin toon,  
 Appreciating Gaelic,  
 English naturally aboon ;  
 And as wont the great pipe keeping  
 Above harp or strings abrace,  
 And bequeathing these two pleasures  
 To our own succeeding race.

MOLADH DO'N GHAIHDLIG, 'S DO'N PHIOB  
MHOIR, 'S A' BHIADHNA 1789.

BROSNACHADH cluiche na pìoba

Dh' innsinn pàirt deth,

An toiseach a gleusadh, 'n uair a lìonar

Séid 'na màla ;

Fonnmhor, freagarrach g'a chéile

Na duis àrda,

Làn toil-inntinn do'n luchd-éisdeachd

Bhios 'ga clàistinn.

5

Piob uallach na maidean réidhe

'S nan ceanna cnàmha,

De 'n fhiodh chruaidh thig a Semeuca,

'S fhearr tha fàs ann ;

Air a thuairnearachd cruinn, dìreach,

Iobhuireach, fàinneach,

Gaoithearach, feadanach, finealt'

Le binne chàileachd.

10

15

'S freagarrach a' chuid a steach dhith,

'S tha 'n taobh mach dhith dreachor, dàicheil,

Tonnagach, ribineach, rìomhach,

Dosan de'n t-sìoda ri srannraich,

Mu mhuineal nam buaidhean prìseil,

Cumail dìon' air a mìn bhràghad,

Cuilc 'na slugan tha 'ga lìonadh,

Air a dhìonachadh le snàithean.

20

PRAISE TO GAELIC AND THE GREAT  
BAGPIPE IN THE YEAR 1789.

To help piping I'd make known  
Some detail,  
First its tuning, when is blown  
In bag a gale ;  
All accord in tuneful measure  
The tall drones,  
To the listeners perfect pleasure  
Give the tones.

Gay pipe of the sticks smooth  
And heads of bone,  
Hard wood of Jamaica growth,  
The best there grown ;  
Lathe-turned, and round, and straight,  
Ivory-ringed,  
Mouthpiece, chanter, all ornate,  
With sweet sound winged.

Suiting the part of it within  
Is its outside fair, becoming,  
Plaided, beribboned, fine,  
Drones of in<sup>e</sup> silk flag booming,  
Round the neck o' the dear that's trilling,  
Keeping guard o'er her throat slender,  
A reed her gullet filling,  
And threads all secure to render.

'S i phìob ùr a tha 'n Dun-éideann, 25  
 Eibhneas Ghàidheal,  
 Inneal-ciùil as fhearr fo'n ghréin  
 Le reusan àraid ;

Tha i snasmhor, maiseach, finealt',  
 Cuimir, dreachmhor, dìonach, làidir, 30  
 Gu binne, bòidheach, seòcail, ceutach,  
 Ceòlmhor, eutrom, éibhinn, àluinn.

Pìob a chuireadh sunnt gu mire,  
 Fonn is farum,  
 Air gach diùc is ard cheann-cinnidh, 35  
 'S oighre fearainn ;

Bidh gach duin'-uasal 'ga sireadh  
 Gu togail a shluaigh 's a' charraid,  
 An am tarruing a suas gach fine  
 Dhol a bhualadh nan cruaidh lannan. 40

Ceòl as rìoghaile 's as sine,  
 Chuala sinne bhi air thalamh,  
 Ceòl as brìghmhoire 's as binne,  
 'S as grinne thug meòir a crannaibh ;

Cha chualas neach riamh a dhi-mol 45  
 Dreach is deanadas na h-ainnir ;  
 'S fhuair i cliù le beul gach filidh  
 A bha 's dùthaich b' fhiach gu rannan.

Tha 'n rìoghachd làn éibhneis uile,  
 'S Dun-éideann gu tric 'nan aire, 50  
 Liuthad treun-fhear th' ann ag cumail  
 Reachd is reusan a chomh-thionail ;

The new pipe that Edina won,  
 Joy of Gaels,  
*The* instrument 'neath the sun  
 That best avails ;  
 It is beauteous, neat, and fine,  
 Handsome, graceful, strong, true-sounded,  
 Sweet, bonny, stately, prime,  
 Tuneful, joyous, light, and splendid.

It adds zest to frolic free,  
 Tune, rhythm grand,  
 To Dukes, chiefs of degree,  
 And heirs of land ;  
 Sought by every gentleman  
 In the war to rouse his bands with,  
 When drawing up each clan  
 To go to clash the hard steel brands with.

Music the kingliest, the oldest,  
 We have heard of being on earth,  
 Music the tunefulest, the boldest,  
 Nicest notes e'er fingered forth ;  
 Never dispraise touched her name,  
 Her maiden form, or maiden deed ;  
 Of all poets she got fame  
 Whoe'er deserved a poet's meed.

All the realm full joy is reaping,  
 Oft Edina's in their view,  
 So many stalwarts keeping  
 There both law and reason, too ;

## AOIR UISDEAN

Cainnt as géire chuala duine,  
'S urramach gach beul a chanas,  
A' chànain ata réidh, ullamh, 55  
Beusach, furanach, glé ealamh.

'S onair do'n Ghàidhealtachd turus  
Na thàinig an dràs'd' do'n bhaile,  
Chumail am prìs brìgh an t-seanchais,  
Tha farmadach leis na Gallaibh; 60  
Gàidhlig Albannach nan curaidh,  
'S a' phìob, ban-mhaighstir gach ealaidh,  
An ceòl 's a' chainnt a fhuair gach urram,  
As luaithe bh'ann 's as fhaide mhaireas.

## AOIR UISDEAN PHIOBAIR'.

TURUS a chaidh mi air astar  
A Chinn-tàile,  
Chunna' mi daoin'-uaisle tlachdmhor,  
Caoimhneil, pàirteach;  
Bha aon bhalach ann air banais 5  
A thug dhomh tàmailt,  
O'n a bha esan mar sir domh-sa,  
Bidh mise mar so dhàsan.

'S ann an sin a thòisich Uisdean,  
Mar a nì cù an droch nàduir, 10  
Tabhannaich ri sluagh na dùthcha,  
'S b' e rùn gu'n gearradh e 'n sàiltean;



## SATIRE ON HUGH

Speech the sharpest heard by man,  
Honoured all the mouths it knowing,  
The tongue that's smooth, and ready,  
Mannered, hearty, quick and flowing.

On a tour to Gaeldom's glory  
All have come just now to town,  
To enhance brave Highland story,  
Lowlanders with envy frown ;  
Scottish Gaelic, speech of heroes,  
Pipe, all music that surpassed,  
Music, tongue have got all honour,  
They were first, they'll longest last.

## SATIRE ON HUGH THE PIPER.

ON a tour, when I went faring  
To Kintail,  
I saw genial men, not sparing  
To regale ;  
There was one youth at a marriage  
Showed me animus,  
Since he did me so disparage,  
I treat the zany thus.

'Twas there that Hugh did ettle,  
As a surly dog does, yapping  
At the heels of country people  
He's a notion to be snapping ;

AOIR UISDEAN

'S math an companach do'n chù e,  
 'S dona 'n companach le càch e,  
 Cha chuideachd e bhàrd no phiobair 15  
 Aig a mhìomholachd 's a dh'fhàs e.

Aidich fhéin nach 'eil thu 'd phiobair,  
 'S leig dhiot bhí 'm barail gur bàrd thu ;  
 Daoine cridheil iad le chéile,  
 'S bithidh iad gu léir a' tàir ort ; 20  
 Fear ciùil gun bhinneas, gun ghrinneas,  
 Fuadaichidh sinn as ar pàirt e,  
 Mar a thilgeas iad craobh chrìonaich  
 O 'n fhìonan a mach as a' ghàradh.

Ma chì thusa bàrd na filidh 25  
 No fear dàna,  
 Ma bhios aon diubh 'g iarraidh gille  
 Ghiùlan màlaid,  
 Lean an duine sin le dùrachd  
 Los gu'n siùbhladh tu h-uil' àite ; 30  
 'S mór an glanadh air do dhùthaich,  
 I chur cùl riut 's thu g'a fàgail.

No ma chì thu fear a sheinneas  
 Pìob no clàrsach,  
 Feudaidh tus' an t-inneal ciùil 35  
 A ghiùlan dàsan,  
 Gus am bi craiceann do dhroma  
 Fàs 'na bhallaibh loma, bàna,  
 Mar a chì thu milleadh srathrach  
 Air gearran a bhios ri àiteach. 40

## SATIRE ON HUGH

He is good as dog's companion,  
Others with him will dispense,  
Bard or piper's peer, no never !  
Grown so great in insolence.

Own yourself you are no piper,  
You a bard ! the thought abandon ;  
Hearty men are they together,  
But it's you they cannot stand, man ;  
A musician tuneless, tasteless,  
From our set we are discarding,  
As they throw a branch that's withering  
From the vine out of the garden.

See you poet, bard, or man  
Literary ?  
One that seeks a lad that can  
A wallet carry ?  
With a will cleave to such gentry,  
And go anywhere whatever,  
A great riddance to your country,  
She disowns you, and you leave her.

Or if you see a player  
On instrument,  
Pipe or harp for him to bear  
Be content,  
Till the skin upon your back is  
Grown to spots as bare and bony  
As you see the harness bruises  
On a farmer's working pony.

AOIR UISDEAN

Cia mar a dheanadh e òran  
 Gun eòlas, gun tuigse nàduir?  
 O nach deanadh e air dòigh e  
 'S ann bu chòir dha fuireach sàmhach;  
 Bruidhinn ghlugach 's cuid dith mabach, 45  
 Mórán stadaich ann am pàirt dith;  
 Na nì e phlabartaich chòmhraidh,  
 Cha bheò na thuigeas a Ghàidhlig.

Sgimealair cheanna nam bòrd thu  
 Far am faigh thu 'n t-òl gun phàigheadh; 50  
 Cia mar chunntas sinn na geòcaich  
 Mur bi Uisdean òg 'san àireamh?  
 Cha robh do bhrù riamh aig sìochaidh,  
 Gus an lìonadh tu bhìadh chàich i;  
 'S mòr an tolc na chaisgeadh t' iotadh, 55  
 'N uair chit' thu 's do ghloc pàiteach.

'S tric do leab' an lag an òtraich,  
 Na'n cùl gàraidh,  
 Bidh do cheann air con-tom còmhnard,  
 'S ro mhath 'n t-àit e; 60  
 Bidh na coin ag imlich t'fheòsaig,  
 A' toirt diot a' bheòil 's a' chàirean,  
 Do chraos dreamach toirt phòg salach  
 Do d' dhearbh-bhràithrean.

Na'n cluinneadh sibh muc a' rùcail, 65  
 Geòidh is tunnagan a' ràcail,  
 'S ann mar sin a bha pìob Uisdean,  
 Brònach, muladach a' rànaich;

## SATIRE ON HUGH

How could he frame composition,  
With no common sense and sly wit?  
Since he cannot in right fashion,  
'Tis his duty to stay quiet;  
Stammering talk, and some part stutters,  
Great part halting, too, and doubt;  
And his Gaelic, while he mutters,  
Can no living soul make out.

Guest unbidden at each table,  
Where you gratis drink a bumper;  
Sum up gluttons who is able,  
With young Hugh not in the number?  
For at peace ne'er was your belly  
Till to others' food you helped it;  
A great burst your thirst to allay,  
When 'twas seen how quick you gulped it.

Oft your bed is in the jawhole,  
Or back o' the yard,  
Your head rests upon plain dogknoll,  
A place well deserved.  
The dogs your beard are licking,  
Cleaning mouth and gums they are, man,  
Your cross mug gives dirty kisses  
To your very brothers-german.

If ye should hear pigs grunting,  
Or the geese and ducklings rackling,  
It was e'en so were Hugh's bagpipes  
Gloomily and sadly cackling;

AOIR UISDEAN

- Muineal gun aolmann air tùchadh,  
 'N ribheid cha n-fhaod a bhi làidir, 70  
 'S e call daonnan air a chùlaibh  
 Na gaoith' bu chòir bhi dol 's a' mhàla.
- Bha lurga coin air son gaothair'  
 Ad chraos fairsing,  
 'S culaidh sin a thogail plàigh' 75  
 'S an cnàimh air malcadh;  
 Rinn e t' anail salach, breun,  
 Ma théid neach fo'n ghréin an taic riut,  
 'S fhearr bhi cadar thu 's a' ghaoth,  
 Na seasamh air taobh an fhasgaidh. 80
- Cia mar a nì Uisdean òg dhuibh  
 Ceòl gu dannsa,  
 'N uair a chitheadh tu sruth ronn  
 O'n h-uile toll a bh' air an t-seannsaid:  
 'S sgeul tha fìor a dh'innseas mise, 85  
 Gur h-e dh'fhàg e nis cho manntach,  
 Gu'n tug iad dheth leis an t-siosar  
 Barr na teanga.
- Séididh Uisdean pìob an rongain,  
 'S mór a h-antlachd, 90  
 Bithidh i cosmhail ri gaoir chonnspeach  
 A bhiodh an cnoc fraoich a' dranndail;  
 An Circe-poll làimh ri 'Tonga,  
 A' baigearachd air muinntir bainnse,  
 Fhuair mise pìobair' an rumpuill, 95  
 'S dh'fhàg mi ann e!

## SATIRE ON HUGH

Neck hoarse, wanting grease, the tone  
It could not well be strong, the wind,  
That should to the bag have gone,  
It was escaping aye behind.

For a mouthpiece you had dogshank  
In mug wide,  
A bone that might raise plague, stank,  
Putrified.  
It made your breath foul, fetid ;  
Came one 'neath the sun you bèside,  
Best to windward situated  
Than be standing on your lee-side.

How shall young Hugh play you a canter  
Of dance music,  
When you see, each hole in chanter,  
Slavers ooze thick ?  
'Tis a true tale that I say, sirs,  
It left him stuttering so unstrung  
That they took from him with scissors  
The point of his tongue.

Hugh will blow the pipe of ring-hasps,  
A great disgust its bumming,  
It is like the buzz of sting-wasps  
Upon a heath knoll humming.  
'Twas at Kirkiboll near Tongue, where,  
Sorning off a wedding party  
The rump piper there I found,  
And there I left him, far from hearty.

AOIR ANNA

AOIR ANNA.

ANNA, nìghinn Uilleam an Cròmba,  
Bean gun chonn 's i fhéin air aimhreith,  
'N uair chaidh mi 'n toiseach g'a sealltainn  
Cha n-e 'm fortan a chuir ann mi ;  
Bhruidhinn mise sàmhach, socair, 5  
Mar dhuin'-uasal anns an am sin ;  
Thòisich ise mar chù crodda,  
Bhiodh anns na dorsan a' dranndail.

'S ann aice tha beul na sgallais  
Gu fanaid a dheanamh air seann-duin' 10  
Nach urrainn a dheanamh feum dhi  
Mar a bha i féin an geall air ;  
Chunna' mise latha ghluaisinn  
Leis na gruagaichean mar chàirdeas ;  
Dh'aithnich i gu'n d'fhalbh an uair sin, 15  
'S chuir i uaithe mi le angar.

Innsidh mi dhuibh teistean Anna,  
O'n is aithne dhomh 'san am i,  
Bean a dh'òl a peighinn phisich,  
Cha bheò idir gun an dram i ; 20  
Cha neònach leam i bhi misgeach,  
'S i 'n còmhnuidh am measg a' bhranndaidh,  
'S tric a bha 'na broinn na's leòir dheth,  
'S bha tuille 's a chòir 'na ceann deth.



SATIRE ON ANNA

SATIRE ON ANNA.

ANNA, Will in Cromba's daughter,  
Senseless woman, and untidy,  
When at first I went to see her,  
'Twas not luck that there did guide me ;  
I spoke civilly at that time  
Like a gentleman not quarrelling,  
She began like a curst dog  
About the doors that might be snarling.

Hers the mouth of scolding jade,  
Her insults at an old man firing,  
One that cannot benefit her  
As she was herself desiring ;  
I have wandered—I have seen the day—  
With maids in dear relation ;  
She perceived that time was gone,  
And sent me off with indignation.

Anna's character I'll tell you,  
Since at that time I well knew it,  
One that drank her lucky penny,  
And, live dramless, she'll not do it ;  
I don't wonder that she's drunken,  
Since 'mong brandy she is dwelling,  
Oft inside her was enough of it,  
Too much her head was swelling.

AOIR ANNA

Cha n'eil a leannan r'a fhaicinn 25  
 Ach fear m'a seach de na ceàrdaibh,  
 'S e 'n onoir as mó th' aice  
 Gu'm fairtlich i air na bàrdaibh ;  
 Thug i dhiom am beul 's an t-sròn,  
 O'n a dh' fhàg i beò mi tha mi taingeil, 30  
 Chuir i mise sàmhach, balbh ;  
 'S dh' fhalbh mi mu'n tugadh i 'n ceann diom.

'S mór an treuntas le Anna,  
 Bhi cho gheur le sgainneal cainnte ;  
 'S mairg air na thachair bean bheumnach, 35  
 Aig am bheil am beul gun fhàitheam ;  
 'M fear a bheir ise dhathaigh,  
 'S ann air thig a' chreach 's an calldach,  
 'N uair shaoil e gu'm bu bhean cheart i,  
 'S ann thachair e ri ban-mhaighstir. 40

A' bhan-chleasaiche gun ghrinneas,  
 'S mairg fleasgach a théid 'na caraibh.  
 'S tric i tuiteam leis na gillean,  
 Ceap-tuislidh i do na fearaibh ;  
 A' bhean bhruidhneach, mhisgeach, ghionach, 45  
 Ghleadhrach, lonach, shanntach, shalach ;  
 Roinn gu reubadh air a teangaidh,  
 Cosmhail ri gath geur na Nathrach.

Còmhdach nach falaich a craiceann,  
 Leòmach gun seòl air cur leis ann, 50  
 Cha n'eil brògan slàn mu casan,  
 Cha n'eil còta 'n-àird mu leasaibh ;

SATIRE ON ANNA

Never seen is sweetheart for her  
Save a series of the ceard folk,  
And the most she has of honour  
Is that she defeats the bard folk ;  
She took from me mouth and nose,  
I'm thankful that in life she left me,  
She dismissed me dumb, morose ;  
I went, in case my head were reft me.

And great is Anna's might  
To be so sharp with speech condemning ;  
Pity him the tart wench fell on,  
She whose mouth requires a hemming ;  
The man who will bring *her* home  
Were by loss and ruin blighted,  
'Thinking her a proper woman,  
On a vixen has he lighted.

Female trickster without virtue,  
Pity stripling that comes near her.  
Oft the lads she falls ower sib with,  
Men a block of stumbling fear her ;  
The wench greedy, drunken, blaring,  
Noisy, forward, foul and mean thing ;  
On her tongue a point for tearing,  
Like the very Serpent's keen sting.

A dress her skin not hiding,  
Finery put without art on,  
On her feet no whole providing,  
Round her thighs she has no skirt on ;

RAINN D'A LEANNAN

Oirre tha aogas na glaistig,  
Neul an Aoig 'na h-aodann preasach,  
Closach i air seargadh, lachdunn, 55  
'S cosmhail i ri dealbh na Leisge.

Tìgh tha làn de mhnathan misgeach,  
'S olc an t-àit an d'rinn mi tachairt,  
Ged thàinig mi ann gun fhios domh,  
'S fhearr falbh tràth na fuireach aca : 60  
Ban-mhaighstear a' chomuinn bhristich,  
Anna tha ainmeil 'san eachdraidh ;  
Ma gheibh càch i mar fhuair mis' i,  
Cha tig iad gu bràth g'a faicinn.

RAINN A GHABHAS MAIGHDEAN D'A  
LEANNAN.

CHA n-eòlas gràidh dhuit  
Uisge shràbh na shop,  
Ach gràdh an fhir thig riut  
Le blàthas a tharruing ort ;

Eirich moch Di-dòmhnach 5  
Gu lic còmhnairt, phlataich,  
'S thoir leat beannachd pobuill  
Agus currachd sagairt ;  
Tog sud air a ghualainn  
Agus sluasaid mhaide, 10  
Faigh naoi gasan rainich  
Air an gearradh le tuaigh,

## VERSES TO HER LOVER

With the look of a she-devil,  
And Death's hue in her drawn visage,  
Withered swarthy corpse and evil,  
She is like Sloth's very image.

House that's full of drunken women—  
To such ill place I chanced travel ;  
I, though unawares there coming,  
Sooner left than with them revel :  
Mistress of the motley crowd  
Is Ann in history renowned, her  
Others ne'er will come to visit,  
If they find her as I found her.

## VERSES WHICH A MAIDEN SINGS TO HER LOVER.

Love's ways for thee no filter  
In strawdrawn, grassdrawn fashion,  
But the man's love that pleases thee  
To draw to thee with passion.

On Sunday go soon  
To a bare level boulder,  
Bring with thee folk's boon  
And a priest's hood ;  
Lift that on his shoulder  
And a shovel of wood,  
Get nine bracken stalks  
Cut with an axe,

## RAINN I CHALUM CILLE

Is tri chnàimhean seann-duine  
Air an tarruing a uaigh ;  
Loisg air teine crionaich e, 15  
Dean sud gu léir 'na luath,  
Suath sin r'a gheal-bhroilleach  
An aghaidh na gaoith' tuath ;  
'S théid mise 'n ràth 's am barantas  
Nach falbh 'm fear ud uait. 20

## RAINN I CHALUM CILLE.

BEANNACHADH I Chalum Cille,  
Innis tha beannaichte cheana,  
Eilean a tha 'n ìochdar Mhuile,  
'S e uile fuidh chis Mhic Cailein ;  
Ionad naomha a fhuair urram, 5  
Os cionn iomad tìr is fearann,  
Ghabhas dìleas ris gach duine,  
Thig o'n uile rìoghachd aineil.

'S iomad rìgh a th' anns an tulaich  
'S daoine'-uaisle rìomhach a bharrachd, 10  
'S an cuirp phrìseil bu mhath cumachd  
Air an leagail sìos fo 'n talamh ;  
O 's e deireadh crìch gach duine  
'Tuitem 'nan ùir 's 'nam mìn ghaineamh,  
Mo dhòchas an Crìosd a dh' fhulaing, 15  
Gu'n d'ullaich e sìth d'an anam.

## VERSES ON IONA

And three old man's bones  
Drawn from under gravestones,  
On dry faggot fire burn,  
All to ashes that turn,  
On his white breast that grind  
Against the north wind ;  
Surety, warrant I'll be  
Yon man goes not from thee.

## VERSES ON IONA.

A BLESSING upon Icolmkill,  
Already blessed is that isle,  
It lies towards the south of Mull,  
All under tribute to Argyll ;  
That holy place, which honour won  
O'er many a country, many a land,  
Impartially receives each one  
'That comes from every foreign strand.

Full many a king entombed lies here,  
And gallant gentlemen beside,  
Of goodly shape their bodies dear  
Down underneath the ground are laid ;  
Since it is all men's final scope  
To fall to fine sand and to yird,  
In Christ, who suffered, is my hope  
'That He their souls' peace hath prepared.

## AN COMH-DHUNADH

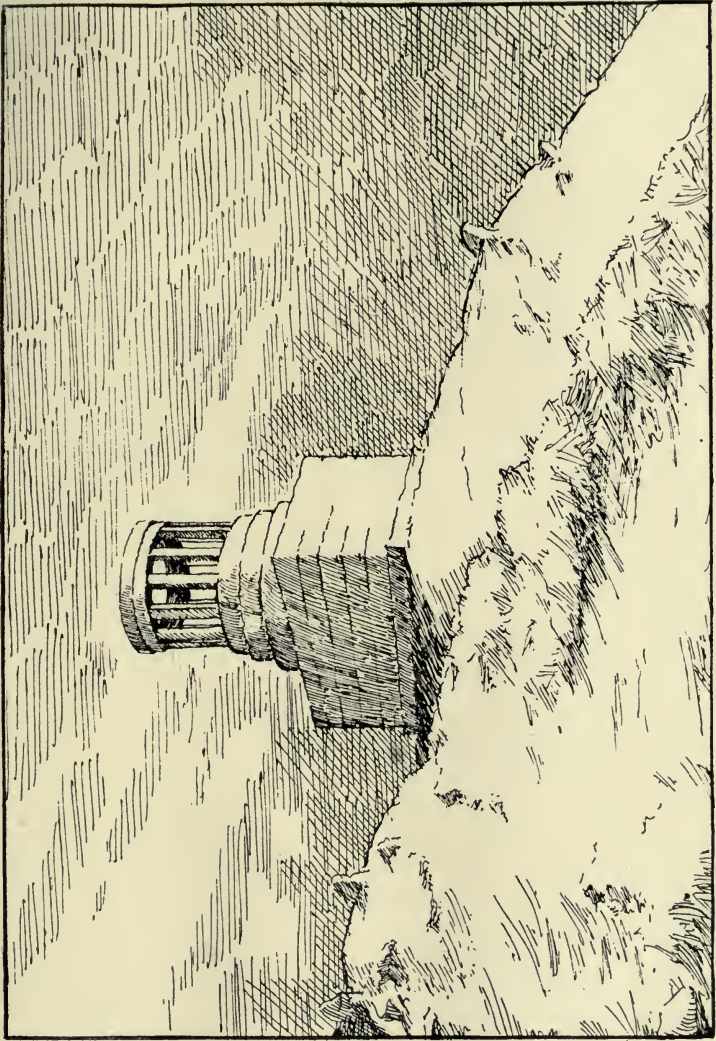
Mìle is dà cheud d'a thuille  
De bhliadhnachan air dol thairis,  
O'n a shuidhich a' cheud duine  
Deagh chlach-bhunait stéidh a' bhalla ; 20  
'S iomad dealbh a th' ann a' fuireach  
'S leacan nam marbh air dheagh ghearradh,  
Clach shnaidhte o'n bhlàr gu mhullach,  
'S rinn iad uil' e làidir, fallain.

Fhuair sinn searmoin shoilleir, ullamh, 25  
O'n fhear a bha 'n dé 's a' chrannaig ;  
'S chuala mi 'n luchd-éisdeachd uile  
Toirt urram do'n bheul a chan i.  
Nis o'n a dh'eug Calum Cille  
'S nach bu dù dha féin bhi maireann, 30  
Tha aoibhneas air dùthaich Mhuile  
Dùghall a bhi 'n àite Chalum.

## AN COMH-DHUNADH.

THA mise 'm shuidh air an uaigh,  
Tha 'n leaba sin fuar gu leòir,  
Gun fhios agam cia fhad an tìm  
Gus an teannar mi fhìn d'a còir :  
Còmhdach flanainn 's léine lìn, 5  
Is ciste dhubh, dhìonach, bhòrd,  
Air mheud 's gu'n cruinnich mi nì,  
Sud na théid leam sìos fo'n fhòd.





*From a Drawing by*

THE POET'S MONUMENT, NEAR LOCH AWE.

*Thomas Ross, LL.D.*

[To face p. 360.



## THE CONCLUSION

A thousand two hundred and more  
Of lazy years have passed and gone,  
Since the first man founded of yore  
The well-built wall of solid stone :  
There's many a form remaining there,  
Well-carved mementos of the dead,  
Hewn stone from base to summit fair,  
Flawless and strong the whole they made.

We got a sermon, ready, clear  
From the man in the pulpit yesterday ;  
And all the audience did I hear  
Honouring the mouth that did it say.  
Since St Columba now is dead  
(His own survival might not be),  
Joy o'er the land of Mull is spread  
That Dugald holds Columba's See.

## THE CONCLUSION.

MYSELF am sitting on the grave,  
And cold enough that lonely bier,  
How long the time I know not save  
That I myself to it draw near :  
A robe of flannel, shirt of lint,  
And a black, close, and boarded hod,  
Whatever pelf I hoard unspent,  
Yon's what goes with me 'neath the sod.

AN COMH-DHUNADH

'S beag ar cùram roimh 'n bhàs  
 'M fad a bhios sinn làidir, òg ; 10  
 Saoilidh sinn ma gheibh sinn dàil,  
 Gur e ar n-àite fuireach beò :  
 Feudaidh sinn fhaicinn air càch,  
 'S iad 'gar fàgail gach aon lò,  
 Gur nàdurra dhuinne gach tràth 15  
 Gu bheil am bàs a' teannadh oirnn.

Tha mo pheacadh-sa ro throm,  
 'S muldach sin leam an dràs'd ;  
 Tha mi smaointeachadh gu tric  
 Liuthad uair a bhrìst mi 'n àithn' 20  
 Le miann mo dhroch inntinn féin  
 Leis an robh mo chreubhag làn ;  
 Gun chuimhn' air ùghdarras Dhé  
 Le dùrachd am bheul n' am làimh.

Ged is mór mo pheacadh gnìomh, 25  
 'S mi 'n cionta ceud pheacadh Adh'mh,  
 Cheannaicheadh mi le fuil gu daor  
 A dhòirte sgaoilteach air a' bhlàr ;  
 Tha mo dhùil, 's cha dòchas faoin,  
 Ri iochd fhaotainn air a sgàth ; 30  
 Gu'n glacar m' anam gu sìth ;  
 Le fulangas Chrìosd a mhàin.

Tha mo dhòchas ann an Crìosd  
 Nach dìobair e mi gu bràth,  
 'N uair a leagar mo chorp a sìos 35  
 Ann an staid ìosail fo'n bhlàr ;

## THE CONCLUSION

Ah ! little is our care for death  
As long as we are young and strong ;  
We think, if we get longer breath,  
That it our place is to live long :  
Yet we may see from every man—  
They leave us every single day—  
To us each hour by nature's plan  
Death ever nearer comes our way.

Ah ! heavy is my sin and sore,  
And for it now I am distressed ;  
How many—oft I think it o'er—  
The times the law I have transgressed  
With my ill mind's cupidity  
Wherewith my full frame did expand ;  
And no remembrance of God's sway  
By earnestness in mouth and hand.

Although great is my actual sin,  
And share in Adam's primal guilt,  
That blood I have been dear bought in,  
Which on the plain was poured and spilt ;  
My trust is, no vain hope, to gain  
For His sake mercy to atone ;  
'That my soul will to peace be ta'en  
By Jesus' sufferings alone.

It is in Christ my hope is staid,  
That he will ne'er abandon me  
What time my body down is laid  
In lowly state beneath the lea ;

AN COMH-DHUNADH

Gu'n togar m'anam a sin suas,  
Gu rìoghachd nam buadh 's nan gràs,  
Gu'm bi mo leaba fo dhìon  
Cois cathrach an Tì is àird? 40

Cha bhitheadh m' eagal roimh an aog,  
Ged thigeadh e 'm thaobh gun dàil,  
Na'm bithinn de pheacadh saor,  
An déis a' ghaoil a thug mi dha ;  
Tha mo dhùil anns an Dia bheò, 45  
Gu'n dean e tròcair orm an dràs'd',  
Mo thoirt a steach a dh'ionad naomh,  
'N cuideachd Mhaois is Abraham.

Gabhaidh mi nis mo chhead de'n t-sluagh,  
Làn-toirt suas daibh ann am chainnt,  
Fàgaidh mi aca na chnuasaich,  
Na stuaghan a bh' ann am cheann ;  
Los gu'n abair iad r'a chéile :  
" Mar a leugh sinn féin gach rann,  
Cò air an téid sinn g'an sireadh ?  
Nis cha n'eil am filidh ann ! " 55

## THE CONCLUSION

That thence my soul will be up-sped  
To the realm of goodness and of grace,  
Beneath His shelter placed my bed,  
A-nigh the Highest's resting-place.

Afraid of death I should not be,  
Though undelayed my way it came,  
If I from sin were only free,  
Considering how I loved the same ;  
My trust is in the God of grace,  
That now He'll mercy show to me,  
Take me within His holy place,  
In Moses' and Abram's company.

O' the folk I now shall take my leave,  
To them bequeathing in my strain—  
I'll leave them what I did conceive,  
The fancies that were in my brain ;  
That they may to each other speak :  
“ As we ourselves each verse read o'er,  
To whom shall we go them to seek ?  
The poet now exists no more.”

ORAN NAM BALGAIREAN

ORAN NAM BALGAIREAN.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho hu o ho na balgairean,  
O's ainmig iad r'am faotainn ;  
Ho hu o ho na balgairean.*

Mo bheannachd aig na balgairean,  
A chionn bhi sealg nan caorach.

5

*Ho hu o, &c.*

An iad na caoirich cheann-riabhach,  
Rinn aimhreit feadh an t-saoghail ?

Am fearann a chuir fàs oirnn,  
Is am màl a chuir an daoiread ?

Cha n'eil àit aig tuathanach ;  
Tha bhuannachd-san air claonadh.

10

Is éiginn dha bhi fàgail  
An àit anns an robh dhaoine :

Na bailtean is na h-àirighean,  
Am faighte blàthas is faoileachd.

15

Gun tighean ach na làraichean,  
Gun àiteach air na raointean.

Tha h-uile seòl a b' àbhaist,  
Anns a' Ghàidhealtachd air caochladh :



SONG TO THE FOXES

SONG TO THE FOXES.

LAY.

*Ho hu o ho the foxes,  
O they are rarely to be gotten ;  
Ho hu o ho the foxes.*

ON the foxes be my blessing,  
For they the silly sheep are chasing.

*Ho hu o, &c.*

Is it the sheep with brindled head  
That through the world confusion spread ?

Our land put out of cultivation,  
And raised the rent to ruination ?

Place for tenant there is none,  
His gain and occupation gone :

Quitting and leaving he must be  
The place where lived his ancestry :

The townships and the sheilings round,  
Where warmth and welcome both were found.

No houses but the ruined remains,  
No cultivation on the plains.

Every way of use and wont is  
Altered in the Highland counties.

ORAN NAM BALGAIREAN

Air cinntinn cho mi-nàdurra 20  
 'Sna h-àitean a bha aoidheil.

Cha n'eil loth na làir  
 Bhiodh searrach làimh r'a taobh ann.

Cha n'eil aighean dàra  
 Bhios ag àrach an cuid laogh ann. 25

Cha n'eil feum air gruagaichean,  
 Tha h-uile buail' air sgaoileadh.

Cha n-fhaigh gille tuarasdal  
 Ach buachaille nan caorach !

Dh' fhalbh na gobhair phrìseil, 30  
 Bu rìgh a dh' òrduich saor iad.

Earba bheag na dùslainn,  
 Cha dùisgear i le blaoghan.

Cha n'eil fiadh air fuaran,  
 O'n chail na h-uaislean gaol daibh. 35

Tha gach frithear fuasgailte,  
 Gun duais a chionn a shaoithreach.

Is diombach air an duine mi  
 A nì na sionnaich aoireadh ;

A chuireas cù d'an ruagadh, 40  
 No thilgeas luaidhe chaol orr'.

Gu ma slàn na cuileanan  
 Tha fuireach ann an saobhaidh.

## SONG TO THE FOXES

So ill-natured have they grown  
In places hospitably known.

No filly there exists, or mare,  
Whose foal would to her side repair.

Heifers there are none that pair,  
And which their calves are rearing there.

There is for dairy-maids no need,  
Every fold is scatterèd.

Wages not a lad will reap,  
Except the shepherd of the sheep.

Gone are the goats so dear to me,  
A king ordained their pasture free.

The wee doe of the gloomy brake  
At a fawn's cry will not wake.

Not a deer is at a well,  
Since gentry have disowned their spell.

Every forester is freed,  
For his work he has no meed.

I think the man is much to blame,  
Who gives the foxes an ill name.

Who a dog sends to pursue them,  
Or the thin lead shoots to undo them.

Healthy be the whelps and thriving  
That within the dens are living.

ORAN DHUN-EIDEINN

Na'm faigheadh iad mo dhùrachd,  
Cha chùram dhaibh cion saoghail.

45

Bhiodh piseach air an òigridh,  
Is bhiodh beò gus am marbh' aois iad.

ORAN DHUN-EIDEINN.

'S E baile mór Dhun-éideinn  
A b' éibhinn leam bhi ann,  
Aite fialaidh farsaing  
A bha tlachdmhor anns gach ball ;  
Gearasdan is bataraidh  
Is rampairean gu teann,  
Tighean mór is caisteal  
Anns an tric an d' stad an camp.

5

'S tric a bha camp rìoghail ann,  
'S bu rìomhach an luchd-dreuchd ;  
Trùp nan srann-each lionmhor  
Gu dileas air a' gheard :  
Bhiodh gach fear cho eòlach  
'S a h-uile seòl a b' fhearr ;  
Na fleasgaich bu mhath fòghlum  
A dhol an òrdugh blàir.

10

15

'S iomadh fleasgach uasal ann  
A bha gu suairce, grinn ;  
Fùdar air an gruagan  
Suas gu barr an cinn ;

20

## SONG TO EDINBURGH

Should they get as I would wish them,  
Want of days would never fash them.

The young ones would have good luck willed them,  
And would live till old age killed them.

## SONG TO EDINBURGH.

'Tis the great town of Dunedin  
Wherein I'd gladly stay,  
A wide and hospitable place,  
'Twas pleasant every way ;  
With garrison and battery  
And ramparts tight and good,  
Great houses, and a castle,  
Where the camp has often stood.

A royal camp was often there,  
And fine the staff would be ;  
The troops of snorting cavalry  
On guard there faithfully :  
Each man would be so skilful  
In the best tactics all ;  
The young men well instructed  
In battle line to fall.

Here many a gallant bachelor  
Was polished and well bred ;  
Upon his hair was powder  
'To the summit of his head ;

ORAN DHUN-EIDEINN

Leadain dhonna dhualach  
 'Na chuachagan air snìomh ;  
 Barr dosach mar an sìoda  
 'N uair shliogadh e le cìr.

'S mór a tha de bhain-tighearnan 25  
 A null 's a nall an t-sràid,  
 Gùntaichean de'n t-sìoda orr'  
 G'an sliogadh ris a' bhlàr ;  
*Staidhse* air na h-ainnirean  
 G'an teannachadh gu h-àrd ; 30  
 Buill-mhais' air aodainn bhòidheach,  
 Mar thuilleadh spòrsa dhaibh.

A h-uile té mar thigeadh dhi  
 Gu measail am measg chàich,  
 Uallach, rìomhach, ribeanach, 35  
 Cruinn, mìn-geal, giobach, tlàth ;  
 Trusgan air na h-òigheanan,  
 G'an còmhdachadh gu làr ;  
 Bròg bhiorach, dhìonach, chothromach,  
 'S bu chorrach leam a sàil. 40

'N uair chaidh mi stigh do'n Abailte,  
 Gu'm b'ait an sealladh sùl  
 Bhi 'g amharc air na dealbhannan,  
 Rìgh Fearghas ann air thùs ;  
 A nis o'n rinn iad falbh uainn, 45  
 Tha Alba gun an crùn ;  
 'S e sin a dh'fhàg na Garbh-chriochan  
 'San aimsir so a cùirt.

## SONG TO EDINBURGH

Brown coloured locks, and plaited  
Into many a curl that twines ;  
The top is like a bunch of silk  
When with a comb it shines.

And many noble ladies are  
On the streets' busy round,  
And clad are they in gowns of silk  
'That trail along the ground ;  
And every pretty thing has stays  
To gird them 'neath the arms ;  
And beauty-spots on faces fair  
To add unto their charms.

Each one, as well becomes her,  
Is esteemed among the rest ;  
And proud, and rich, and ribbony,  
Neat, pale, mild, smartly dressed ;  
And robes upon the maidens,  
Them gowning earth a-nigh ;  
A pointed, fitting, well-made shoe,  
Methought its heel too high.

The Abbey when I entered,  
For mine eyes the sight was rare  
To look upon the pictures,  
King Fergus first was there ;  
Now since they are gone from us,  
Our Scotland has no crown ;  
And that has left the mountain lands  
Henceforth at Court unknown.

ORAN DHUN-EIDEINN

Bidh lòchrain ann de ghlaineachan  
 Is cainneal anns gach àit, 50  
 A' meudachadh an soillearachd,  
 Gu sealladh a thoirt daibh ;  
 Cha lugha 'n t-aobhar éibhneis,  
 Cluig-chiùil g'an éisdeachd ann,  
 'S gur binne na chuach Chéitein iad, 55  
 Le 'm forgan éibhinn ard.

Bidh farum air na *coitseachan*  
 'Nan trotan is 'nan deann,  
 Eich nan cruaidh-cheum socrach,  
 Cha bhiodh an coiseachd mall ; 60  
 Cùrsain mheanmnach, mhireanach  
 A b' airde, binneach ceann ;  
 Cha n-e am fraoch a b' innis daibh,  
 Na firichean nam beann.

Is ann an *Clobhs' na pàrlamaid* 65  
 A chì mi thall an t-each,  
 'Na sheasamh mar a b' àbhaist da  
 Air lom a' chabhsair chlach ;  
 Chuir iad srian is diallaid air,  
 'S e 'n Rìgh a tha 'na ghlaic, 70  
 D' an robh còir na rìoghachd so,  
 Ged dhìobair iad a mhac.

Tha tigh mór na *pàrlamaid*  
 Air àrdachadh le tlachd,  
 Aig daoine-uaisle ciallach, 75  
 Nach tug riamh ach a' bhreith cheart ;



## SONG TO EDINBURGH

Lanterns made of glass are there,  
And candle in each place,  
Making more brightness for them  
To give them seeing space ;  
Nor less the cause for pleasure  
There to list to chime of bell,  
More sweet are they than May cuckoo,  
With their joyous, lofty swell.

A rumbling make the coaches,  
With their trotting smart they go,  
The hard-hoofed smooth-paced horses,  
Their footing was not slow ;  
Coursers brisk and spirited,  
Heads with the loftiest manes ;  
Their pasture was not heather,  
Or the mountains' upland plains.

'Tis in the Close of Parliament,  
That horse I see o'er there,  
A-standing as he used to stand  
On the stone causeway bare ;  
They've saddled him and bridled him,  
Set on his back the one  
Whose was the right to all these realms,  
Though banished was his son.<sup>1</sup>

The great House of Parliament,  
With beauty it is built  
For gentlemen judicial  
Who decree but ne'er in guilt ;

<sup>1</sup> King James VII. was the brother of Charles II., whose statue is here described.

ORAN DHUN-EIDEINN

Tha breitheanas air thalamh ann  
 A mhaireas 's nach téid as,  
 Chum na thoill e chrochadh,  
 'S thig na neo-chiontaich a mach. 80

Is chunna' mi tigh-leigheis ann  
 Aig léigheannan ri feum,  
 A dheanadh slàn gach dochartas  
 A bhiodh an corp n' an crè ;  
 Aon duine bhiodh an easlainte, 85  
 No 'm freasdal ris an léigh,  
 B' e sin an t-àite dleasdhanach,  
 Gu theasairginn o 'n eug.

Tha Dun-éideann bòidheach  
 Air iomadh seòl na dhà, 90  
 Gun bhaile anns an rìoghachd so  
 Nach deanadh strìochdadh dha ;  
 A liuthad fear a dh' innsinn ann  
 A bheireadh cìs do chàch,  
 Daoin'-uaisle casg' an ìota 95  
 Ag òl air fion na Spàinnt'.

Ge mór a tha de dh' astar  
 Eadar Glascho agus Peairt,  
 Is cinnteach mi ged fhaicinn  
 Na tha dh' aitreabh ann air fad, 100  
 Nach 'eil ann as taitniche  
 N'an Abailt is am *Banc*,  
 Na tighean mòra rìomhach  
 Am bu chòir an rìgh bhi stad.

## SONG TO EDINBURGH

Judgment exists on earth there,  
Which bides, and e'er shall be,  
For those that merit, hanging,  
While the innocent go free.

And there I saw a Healing House  
Which doctors have at need,  
Who could cure every kind of ill  
Our frame or clay could breed ;  
Whoe'er might be in sickness,  
Or the doctor must attend,  
That were the proper place for them  
To save them from their end.

Edinburgh is beautiful  
In many and many a way ;  
There's no town in this kingdom  
But must humbly own its sway ;  
Full many a one I there could name  
Of free and generous strain,  
Of gentlemen who quench their thirst  
Quaffing the wine of Spain.

Although great is the distance  
'Twixt Glasgow and Perth of Tay,  
Yet, sure I am, though I should see  
The mansions all the way,  
That there are none more pleasing  
Than the Abbey and the Bank,  
These houses great and handsome,  
Fit abodes for kingly rank.

ORAN DO DH'IARLA BHRAID-ALBANN.

DEOCH-SLAINT' an Iarla  
 Cuir dian 'nar caraibh i,  
 'S ma gheibh sinn làn i  
 Gu'm fàg sinn falamh i ;  
 'N uair thig i oirnne 5  
 Gu'm bi sinn ceòlmhor,  
 'S gu'n gabh sinn òrain  
 'Ga h-òl gu farumach.

'S e 'n t-armunn suaice  
 A ghluais a Bealach leinn, 10  
 'S na sàr dhaoin'-uaisle  
 R'a ghualainn mar ris ann ;  
 O'n dh'éirich sluagh leat  
 Gu feum 's a' chruadal,  
 A réir do dhualchais 15  
 Bidh buaidh a dh'aindeoin leat.

Gur deas am fiùran  
 Air thùs nan gallan thu,  
 'S cha ghabh thu cùram  
 Roimh ghnùis nan aineolach ; 20  
 Le d' chòmhlain ùra  
 'S thu féin 'gan stiùradh,  
 Is fir do dhùthcha  
 Ri d' chùl mar bharantas.

TO EARL OF BREADALBANE

SONG TO THE EARL OF BREADALBANE.

THE earl's health, set it  
    Before us speedily ;  
Full if we get it,  
    We'll empty greedily ;  
If our way it travel,  
    We tuneful cosily  
In songs will revel,  
    It pledging noisily.

The soldier fine did  
    From Taymouth fare with us,  
The gentry splendid  
    At his side there with us ;  
Since hosts rose with you  
    At need for fight with them,  
To match your merits  
    You'll win in spite of them.

You, gallant stripling,  
    'Mong youths, a-van of them,  
Facing the boorish,  
    Care not for man of them ;  
O' your fresh contingent  
    As head comporting you,  
Men of your district  
    Behind supporting you.

DO DH'ARLA BHRAID-ALBANN

'S tu ceann na riaghailt 25  
A tha ciallach, carthannach,  
Na daoin' a thriall leat  
Gur brèagh am pannal iad ;  
'S tu thog na ceudan  
De shliochd nam Fianntan, 30  
'S an am a' ghnìomha  
Bu dian 's a' charraid iad.

Ma thig na Frangaich  
A nall do'n fhearann so,  
Bheir sinn tràth dhaibh 35  
Cion-fàth an aithreachais ;  
Théid cuid gu bàs dhiubh,  
'S cuid eile bhàthadh,  
Mu'm faigh iad bàta  
'S mu'm fàg iad thairis sinn ! 40

O'n fhuair sinn gunnachan.  
Gur ullamh, ealamh iad  
'S cha n'eil gin uile dhiubh  
Nach freagair aingeal duinn ;  
Cha n-fhaic na curaidhean 45  
Dol sìos 'na chunnart dhaibh ;  
'S gur rìoghail, urramach  
A dhìoladh falachd iad.

'N uair théid gach treun fhear  
'Na éideadh ceannartach, 50  
Le 'n armaibh gleusta  
Cho geur 's bu mhath leinn iad,

TO EARL OF BREADALBANE

Chief of the staff you  
Are shrewd, beneficent,  
'Those that went with you  
Are a brave regiment ;  
You in hundreds raised them,  
The scions Fingalian,  
Who in time of frays were  
In deeds undallying.

If the French cross o'er  
To this land bent on it,  
Betimes we'll give them  
Cause to repent of it ;  
To death some doomed are,  
Some to submersion,  
Ere they take shipping  
O'er sea in dispersion !

Since we have got guns  
Quick, ready amazing,  
Of them all not one  
But retorts blazing ;  
The heroes won't see  
Risk in onset, ah !  
They're royal, noble,  
To avenge vendetta.

When each strong man comes  
Arrayed in war attire,  
With arms in order  
Sharp as we'd e'er desire,

DO DH' IARLA BHRAID-ALBANN

Bithidh iomadh creuchdan  
 Le 'm buillibh beumnach,  
 Cha leigheas léigh iad 55  
 'S cha ghlèidh e 'n t-anam riu.

'S i sin a' gharbh bhratach  
 A dh' fhalbh o'n bhaile leinn,  
 'S iad fir Bhraid-albann  
 Gu dearbh a leanas i, 60  
 Fir ùra, chalma  
 A tha lùthmhor, meanmnach,  
 Ma dhùisgear fearg orra  
 'S mairg a bheanas dhaibh.

'Tha connspuill àraidh 65  
 A bràigh Ghlinn-fallach leinn,  
 A fhuair buaidh-làrach  
 'S gach àit 'n do tharruing iad,  
 Le luchd an làmhaich  
 Ri uchd an nàmhaid, 70  
 Bithidh cuirp 'san àraich  
 Air làr gun charachadh.

Cuid eil' an phàirtidh,  
 Gu dàn le fearalachd,  
 'Théid lionmhor, làidir 75  
 'San àit a gheallas iad ;  
 Fir shunntach, dhàicheil  
 A grund Earr'-ghàidheal,  
 Nach diùlt 'sna blàraibh  
 Le làmhach caithriseach. 80



TO EARL OF BREADALBANE

Wounds will be many  
With fell blows rife on them,  
No leech will heal them  
Or keep their life in them.

That, the rough pennon,  
From home did speed with us,  
Men of Breadalbane  
Follow it indeed ;  
Fresh and brave heroes  
With strength and fire in them,  
Pity who'll touch them,  
If roused their ire in them.

Some heroes there be  
From Falloch brae with us,  
Who won victory  
Each place they lay with us,  
By men's sharp-shooting  
At foes, unloving,  
A-field lie bodies  
On plain unmoving.

Some more o' the party,  
With force undaunted,  
Reach, strong in numbers,  
Place covenanted ;  
Men cheery, comely  
From lower Argyllshire,  
Fail not in battle,  
With wary wiles fire.

DO DH'JARLA BHRAID-ALBANN

Na h-Urchaich eireachdail  
Le 'n urchair sgalanta,  
Cur suas nam peilearan  
Nach cualas mearachdach,  
'S iad buadhar, iomairteach 85  
'S cha dualchas giorag dhaibh,  
'S an ruaig cha tilleadh iad  
'S gur cruaidh le 'n lannan iad.

Na h-uaislean Eileanach  
'S ann uainn nach fanadh iad, 90  
'S fir chuairteach' beinne iad,  
'S air chuan 'nam maraichean,  
Luchd bhualadh bhuillean iad  
'S a fhuair an t-urram sin,  
Is fuaim an gunnaireachd 95  
Cho luath ri dealanaich.

'S ann tha ar nàimhdean  
'San am so amaideach,  
'S a' mhisneach àrd tha  
'Nar ceann, 's a dh'fhanas ann ; 100  
'Tha 'n Rìgh ag earbsadh  
Gu'n dìol sinn argumaid,  
Le strì na h-armailt  
Mar dhearbh ar n-atraichean.

'N uair thog iad sròl, 105  
'S na fir mhòra tarruing ris,  
'S o'n fhuair iad eòlas  
Air fòghlum cabhagach ;

TO EARL OF BREADALBANE

Orchy men handsome  
With shots far sounding,  
Balls driving upward,  
Ne'er heard save wounding ;  
Victorious, gamesome,  
To fear insensible,  
In chase they turn not,  
With blades invincible.

The Island gentry  
From us won't bide away  
They climb hill country,  
Sailors on tide are they,  
Folk for blow-dealing  
Their fame they're height'ning,  
Sound of their shooting  
Is quick as lightning.

Foolish at this time  
Indeed our enemies,  
In our head courage  
Abides in many ways ;  
The king's confiding  
We'll deal out reason,  
By war deciding  
As our sires in season.

When they silk upraised,  
Big men did haste them ;  
When they got practice,  
Quick training braced them ;

DO DH'JARLA BHRAID-ALBANN

Cha n-fhaicear còmhla  
De ghaisgich òga, 110  
Am feachd Rìgh Deòrsa,  
Aon phòr thug barrachd orr'.

Tha 'n samhradh blàth ann  
O'n dh'fhàg an t-earrach sinn,  
Ma nì sinn camp 115  
'S e bhios ann dhuinn fallaineachd :  
Tha nì air gleanntaibh,  
Cha bhi sinn gann dhiubh,  
'S gur lionmhor Gall  
Tha cur aird air aran duinn. 120

'S e 'n togail inntinn  
Cho grinn 's a b' aithne dhomh  
Bhi'n cùirt an Rìgh  
Gun bhi strì ri sgalagachd ;  
Cha dean sinn feòraich 125  
Air tuille stòrais,  
'S cha teirig lòn dhuinn  
R'ar beò air gearasdan.

TO EARL OF BREADALBANE

Ne'er seen together  
In the force of King George  
A race of young heroes  
Beyond them did forge.

Here is warm summer,  
Bade adieu the spring to us,  
If we go camping,  
It health will bring to us :  
In glens the cattle  
We'll not be sparing,  
Lowlanders many  
Our bread preparing.

The mind's elation,  
The best was known to me,  
At Court a station,  
No toil at husbandry ;  
Ourselves for riches  
We'll ne'er be harassing,  
Since want won't touch us  
Stationed in garrison.

DO REISIMEID BHRAID-ALBANN

ORAN DO REISIMEID BHRAID-ALBANN.

LUINNEAG.

*Ho ri il, ho ro a, ho u il, ho ré,  
Is he hillin ho ro a, ho hi urabh, ho ré.*

'S ANN a b'aighearach sinne  
Mu'n ionad so an dé,  
Air tràigh Obair-dheadhain  
Ag amharc na réis.

5

*Ho ri il, ho ro a, &c.*

Bha na pìobairean ullamh,  
'S bha 'n druma 'na gleus,  
Na feideagan ceòlmhor  
Gu bòidheach ri beus.

10

Sinn ag òl de dheoch làidir  
Na b'fheairrde sinn féin,  
Los nach faigheamaid masladh  
Tighinn dathaigh 'nar céill.

Deoch-slàinte 'n ard Chòirneil  
'Tha oirnne gu léir,  
Gu'm pàigh sinn gu deònach,  
'S gu'n òl sinn gu réidh.

15

'S ann fhuair e na fùrain  
'Na dhùthchanaibh féin,  
Tha cruaidh an am rùsgaidh  
Air chùl nan arm geur :

20

TO BREADALBANE REGIMENT

SONG TO THE BREADALBANE REGIMENT.

LAY.

*Ho ri il, ho ro a, ho u il, ho ré,  
Is he hillin ho ro a, ho hi urabh, ho ré.*

YESTERDAY we were pleased  
Round here of all places,  
On Aberdeen Links  
Looking on at the Races.  
*Ho ri il, ho ro a, &c.*

Full fain were the pipers,  
The drum rolling free,  
The musical fifes were  
In tune bonnily.

We, quaffing strong liquor,  
The better became,  
Lest we meet with disgrace  
In our wits ganging hame.

A health to the Colonel  
Who's over us a',  
We'll pay with a will,  
And tak' canny awa'.

He got the young callants  
At his own district farms,  
That stern are when stripping  
Behind the sharp arms.

DO REISIMEID BHRAID-ALBANN

'S le'n gunnachan dubh-ghorm  
Is spuir ùra 'nan gleus,  
An am losgadh an fhùdair 25  
Cha diùltadh aon té.

Bha 'n suaicheantas àraid,  
Is na h-àrmuinn d'a réir.  
Bréid sròil ri crann-àrd,  
Is torc làidir nach géill. 30

'N uair sgaoileadh a' bhratach,  
Is sàr ghaisgich 'na déidh,  
Bu mhaith an tùs feachd iad  
Thabhairt mach an *ratreut*.

'S ann a théid na fir ùra 35  
Gu siùbhlach gu feum,  
Is iad uasal 'nan giùlan,  
'S bu lùthor an ceum.

Bu bhòidheach r'am faicinn 40  
Air faiche ghlan, réidh  
Na fir òga le'm breacain  
Air am preasadh an fhéil'.

'S mairg nàmhaid a thachradh  
Air na lasgairean treun ;  
Glèidhidh cruadal nan Gàidheal 45  
Buaidh-làraich dhaibh féin.



TO BREADALBANE REGIMENT

With their muskets dark-blue,  
And new flints entire,  
When burning the powder  
Not one misses fire.

Their blazon was splendid,  
The heroes the same,  
Silk pennon at flagstaff,  
Strong boar yet to tame.

When spread was the ensign,  
And behind heroes stout,  
They were good in the van  
The retreat to give out.

They will go, the fresh fellows,  
At need with swift grace,  
They're noble in bearing,  
And sturdy their pace.

Pretty 'twas to behold them  
On plain pure and smooth,  
With their belted plaids o'er  
The kilt plaits, the brave youth.

Pity foeman would meet  
The young troop that ne'er yields,  
The Gaels' valour keeps  
For themselves stricken fields.

ORAN NA GASAID

ORAN NA GASAID.

LUINNEAG.

'S trom ar cridhe ma's fìor a' ghàsaid,  
'S muladach 's muladach tha sinn ;  
'S trom ar cridhe ma's fìor a' ghàsaid !

'S muladach an sgeul a fhuair sinn  
Moch Di-luain ann an Ceann-phàdruig. 5  
'S trom ar cridhe, &c.

'S muladach bhi fàgail Dheòrsa,  
O'n a chuir e 'm mòid am pàigheadh.

'S muladach ma théid ar sgaoileadh  
'S gur e ar gaol bhi mar tha sinn.

Ma théid sinn gu obair tuatha, 10  
Cromaidh ar guilleann ri àiteach.

'S mór is fearr bhi 'nar daoine'-uaisle  
Tarruing suas anns a' bhatailion.

'S aighearach bhi 'n camp an Rìgh,  
A' seasamh na rìoghachd gu làidir : 15

Cumail eagail air na Frangaich,  
Fhad 's a bhios ceann air a' phràbar.

Ged is iomadh gnìomh a rinn sinn,  
'S e 'n t-saigdearachd a rinn stàth dhuinn.

SONG ON THE GAZETTE

SONG ON THE GAZETTE.

LAY.

*Heavy is our heart if the Gazette is true,  
'Tis sad, sad are we ;  
Heavy is our heart if the Gazette is true.*

THE news we got we felt it sairly  
In Peterhead on Monday early.

*Heavy is our heart if the Gazette is true, &c.*

'Tis sad from George to go away,  
Because he has put up the pay.

'Tis sad if we'll be scattered far,  
For we love being as we are.

If we shall go to work for tacksman,  
At farming we'll get stooping backs, man.

Being gentlemen is better far,  
Marshalling in the ranks of war.

'Tis joyous in King's camp to be,  
For the realm standing up strongly.

Keeping the French in fear and dread,  
Long as the rabble has a head.

Although we have tried many a trade,  
'Tis soldiering our stay has made.

ORAN A' CHAMPA

'S binn leam an druma ri m' chluasaibh, 20  
'N uair a bhualas an trabhàilidh.

'S aoibhinn an sealladh a' bhratach,  
'S na fir ùr 'ga faicinn sàbhailt.

'S bòidheach ar gunnachan glasa,  
'S ar còtaichean daithte màdair. 25

Cha n'eil sinne 'g iarraidh sìochaidh  
Gus an cìosnaich sinn ar nàmhaid.

ORAN A' CHAMPA 'S A' BHLIADHANA 1798.

THA sgeul ùr 'san am so  
Taobh thall Drochaid-duinn,  
Leinn a b' aighearach bhi ann  
'N uair a champaich iad cruinn ;  
Dol a dh'Eirinn a null 5

Cha diùlt sinn a chaoidh,  
Ma bhios *Hay* air ar ceann,  
Ciod an call thigeadh ruinn?  
Ciod an call thigeadh ruinn,  
Ciod an call thigeadh ruinn, 10  
Ma bhios *Hay* air ar ceann,  
Ciod an call thigeadh ruinn?

'S ann théid sinn gun euradh  
Do dh' Eirinn air thùs,  
'S e ar n-éibhneas gu léir 15  
Mar a dh'éirich do'n chùis :

## SONG TO THE CAMP

To my ears the drum's melodious highly,  
What time it tattoos the reveille.

The flag it is a joyous sight,  
Safeguarding it young men of might.

Bonny are our guns so grey,  
Our tunics, madder-dyed are they.

It is not we are seeking peace,  
Till we subdue our enemies.

## SONG TO THE CAMP IN THE YEAR 1798.

JUST now come fresh tidings  
From yont Brig o' Doon,  
'There we'd gladly be biding  
When they camp all aroun';  
Erinwards to proceed  
We'll never refuse,  
If Hay's at our head  
What's the harm can come to us?  
What's the harm can come to us,  
What's the harm can come to us,  
If Hay's at our head,  
What's the harm can come to us?

We shall go without swither  
To Ireland at once,  
To our joy altogether  
The matter did chance:

ORAN A' CHAMPA

Bidh ar n-oighichearan treubhach  
 'Nan éideadh gu dlùth,  
 'S na saighdearan gleusda  
 Gu feum air an cùl. 20

Na Braid-albannaich chalma,  
 'S na h-Earra-ghàidhlich ùr',  
 Tha sibh ainmeil an Alba,  
 Le 'r n-armailt air thùs ;  
 'Thug an Rìgh dhuibh an tairgse 25  
 Chur meanmna 'nur gnùis,  
 Tha e earbsach gu'm falbh sibh  
 'S gu'n dearbh sibh an cliù.

Ma tha duin' anns nach 'eil àrdan  
 'S a' champ so gu léir, 30  
 Nach imich leis na càirdean  
 An am dol am feum,  
 Ciod a dheanadh càch ris,  
 Ach fhàgail 'nan déidh,  
 Bhi 'na thàmh aig a' mhàthair, 35  
 An àite leis féin ?

'S ann againn tha na Gàidheil,  
 Théid dàn anns an ruaig,  
 Na fir làidire, dhàicheil  
 A b' àbhaist bhi cruaidh ; 40  
 Théid sinn do Phort-phàdruig,  
 Cha chàs leinn a luathas,  
 Moch an làr'n-mhàireach  
 Gun dàil air a' chuan.

## SONG TO THE CAMP

We'll have officers brave  
In their close-fitting weed,  
And in trim are the soldiers  
Behind them at need.

Brave men of Breadalbane,  
The Argylls spick-and-span,  
Ye are famous in Albyn  
With your host in the van ;  
The king gave you pledge  
That put fire in your eye,  
He's trusting you'll go  
And the praise justify.

Is there man with no courage  
In this entire faction,  
Goes not with his comrades  
When marching to action ?  
How'd the rest treat him other  
Than leave him, the elf,  
At ease with his mother  
In a place by himself ?

But with us are the Gael  
Who go bold in the rout,  
The comely men hale  
Who were wont to be stout ;  
To Port Patrick we'll journey,  
The sooner the better,  
To-morrow morn early  
With speed on the water.

ORAN DO'N INBHEAR

'N uair théid na loingeis bhréid-gheal 45  
An Eirinn air tìr,  
Ciod a nì na Reubail  
A dh'éirich 'san strì?  
Teicheadh as a chéile  
'S ratreut orra sìos, 50  
Bhi 'nan éiginn is feum ac'  
Air réite s' air sìth.

ORAN DO'N INBHEAR.

OIDHCHE dhomh 'san Inbhear  
Bha lighe mhór an Cona-ghlais,  
'S fhad a chual' iad iomradh  
Mu'n iorgail anns do thachair mi.  
'S fhad a chual' iad iomradh 5  
Mu'n iorgail anns do thachair mi.

Ghabh mi tàmh air thùs  
Ann an seòrs' de thigh ùdlaidh,  
Is rinn mi suidhe sùmhail  
Gus 'n do mhùth mi cairtealan. 10

'N uair thàinig aird na gealaiche,  
Sin an t-am an d'fhairich mi  
Gu'm b' éiginn domh bhi carachadh  
A dh' ionnsaidh bhaile b' fhaigse dhomh.



SONG TO THE INVER

When the fleet with its white sails  
To Ireland's shore goes,  
What will they do, the Rebels,  
In strife who arose?  
'They would flee from each other  
(The retreat down upon them)  
In need and in pother  
For peace and reunion.

SONG TO THE INVER.

THE night I in the Inver fared  
A great flood was in Conaghlas,  
'Tis long since they the account have heard  
To what plight I had gone, alas!  
'Tis long since they the account have heard  
To what plight I had gone, alas!

Taking first accommodation  
In a sort of gloomy residence,  
I sat in lowly station  
Until I changed my quarters thence.

When round had come the height of the moon,  
'That time I did it clearest see  
That I must needs be moving soon  
To the township that was nearest me.

ORAN DO'N INBHEAR

Bha druim an tighe rùisgte, 15  
 Bha snighe feadh an ùrlair,  
 Bha grìosach bheag is móran smùid,  
 'S an sùilean dùint' aig pacarais.

Bha nighean Iain-bhuidh' air thùs ann,  
 Cha b' ann a bhuidhinn cliù dhi; 20  
 Cha bhuineadh i do'n dùthaich,  
 Ged thug i diùgha fasain ann.

C'om nach d'fhan i bhuanne,  
 'S i dheanamh mar bu dual di,  
 Tàmh am bothan suarach, 25  
 'S na cuarain mu na casan aic'?

Ciod e rinn spòrsail, uallach i,  
 Caileag bhochd an tuarasdail?  
 Gun fhoghlum ach a' bhuachailleachd;  
 'S ann fhuair e buain na cartach i. 30

Is maith an t-aobhar ghàire  
 Luchd-fanaid 's fala-dhà i;  
 Cha n'eil i gabhail nàire  
 Ged chitheadh càch a' marcachd i.

'S am fear tha laighe r'a taobh, 35  
 Cha n'eil dàimh aig Clann-an-t-Saoir ris;  
 Na'm buineadh e d'an daoine,  
 B' ann daonnan a thoirt masladh dhaibh.

Cha deach e ri Clann Dùghail,  
 O'n tha e coimheach, brùideil, 40  
 Bithidh a dhorus dùinte,  
 'S dùblaidh e na glasan air.

## SONG TO THE INVER

The roof of the house was stript entire,  
And there was ooze the floor throughout,  
Much smoke there was and little fire,  
And with closed eyes a rabble rout.

Yellow John's lass—there first was she—  
Renown she never got it there ;  
Of the country she would never be,  
Though fashion's dregs she brought it there.

Why did she not from us remain,  
Be doing as was meet for her,  
Abiding in a hovel mean,  
With rillings round the feet of her ?

What made her a proud, giddy thing,  
The poor wench of the wages she ?  
With training none save shepherding ;  
'Twas cutting bark she got any.

For roars of laughter a fair game  
For scoffing folk and jesters she ;  
For she is never thinking shame,  
She rides astride though all should see.

And the man that's lying by her side,  
MacIntyres have no trace of him ;  
If to their men he were allied,  
'Iwere aye to cast disgrace on them.

He takes not after Dougall Clan,  
For he's a strange and brutal wretch,  
His door it will be shut, the man,  
And the locks on it he'll double latch.

ORAN DO'N INBHEAR

Tha Clann-na-Cearda sgìth dheth  
 Ged tha iad làidir, lìonmhor ;  
 Am fad as beò 'san fhìonan e, 45  
 Tha craobh chrìonaich aca-san.

O'n is cinneach càirdeil, carthannach,  
 A bhos is thall an Gallaibh iad,  
 'S e 'n call daibh nach do chailleadh  
 Am fear ud mu'n do bhaisteadh e. 50

Is coslach e measg chàich  
 Ri iteodha ann an gàradh,  
 A mhilleas rùm gu fàs  
 Air na luibhean blàth as taitniche.

Coimeasaidh luchd-eòlais 55  
 Ri foichearain an òtraich e ;  
 Ged chinn e'n toiseach bòidheach,  
 'S e 'm pòr e nach dean abachadh.

Nighean Iain bhuidhe 's Calum ud,  
 'S i 'n uaisle 'n rud nach aithne dhaibh, 60  
 Ise 'na fìor-chailleach  
 'S e 'n dubh-bhallach a tha 'n taice rith'.

O'n tha iad gruamach, iargalta,  
 Cha d'fhuair iad cliù nam biadhtaichean ;  
 Cha chualas duine riamh 65  
 Fhuair fialachd anns an fhasdail ud.

Cha n-fhuirich na daoine'-uaisl' aca,  
 'S cha n-fhuilig iad na tuathanaich ;  
 'S muldach na chual' sinn,  
 Nach 'eil buaidh 'n taice riu. 70

SONG TO THE INVER

Tired of him are the Clan na Ceard  
Though strong and numerous they be ;  
While he lives on in the vineyard,  
With them there is a withered tree.

Since they're a nation friendly, crouse  
(There's here and away in Caithness some),  
Their loss that him they did not lose—  
Yon man—before his baptism.

He's like among the others  
Unto hemlock in a garden placed,  
Which growing-space but smothers  
For the herbs that bloom the pleasantest.

Him knowing folks will liken  
To the rank growth of the manure hill ;  
'Tis a crop that will not ripen,  
Although it at first grows beautiful.

Yon Calum and Iain Buidhe's quean,  
True worth and they don't know 'other,  
Herself a veritable fiend,  
The black lad, he's in tow with her.

Since they're a gloomy, surly set,  
Hospitallers' fame they did not meet ;  
The man was never heard of yet  
Who got good cheer in yon retreat.

The gentry will not with them stay,  
And they the farmers quite contemn ;  
From all we've heard, 'tis sad to say,  
There's no good trait belongs to them.

ORAN DO'N INBHEAR

Tha triùir le beusan docharach,  
 Gun spéis, iad féin 's an crochadair ;  
 Cha n-éibhinn leis na bochdan iad,  
 'S cha docha leis na beartaich iad.

'Tha diomb nan càirdean daonnan ac' 75  
 Tha 'n nàimhdean far nach saoiladh iad ;  
 'Tha fuath aig sluagh an t-saoghail orra,  
 'S cha n'eil gaol aig neach orra.

'S truagh an t-ainm a dh' fhàgas iad,  
 Cha choslach iad ri'm pàrantan ; 80  
 Mo dhùil nach lean am pàistean  
 A' chuid as tàir an fhasan ud.

Chunna' sinn an toiseach iad,  
 Gun mheas, gun chliù, gun fhortan,  
 An àros tàireil, gortach, 85  
 'S i bhochdain a bha 'n tasgaidh ann.

Na bhuannaich iad air barganaibh,  
 A' toirt char a sluagh le cealgaireachd,  
 Mar a fhuaras, falbhaidh e ;  
 Cha n-fharmadach am beartas e. 90

Fhuair mi orra dearbhadh  
 Gu'n spothadh iad na deargannan,  
 A dh' fheuchainn 'm faigh iad airgead  
 'S a' mhargadh air na clachan ac' !

'S grunn-dail, cruaidh mu'n t-saoghal so iad, 95  
 Cunntaidh iad na faochagan ;  
 A chionn gur fas' an sgaoileadh  
 Na'm faotainn air na cladaichean.

## SONG TO THE INVER

Three persons live with ways that blight,  
Unloved, the hangman and they two ;  
With poor folk they are no delight,  
Nor favourites with the well-to-do.

Their friends dislike they always bear,  
Where they'd not look for are their foes ;  
The hate of the whole world they share,  
Love or respect them no one does.

Sad is the name that they will leave,  
They are not like to their forebears ;  
I hope their children will not cleave  
To yon disgraceful ways of theirs.

Them at the outset we beheld  
Without fame, fortune, or degree,  
In a wretched famine-stricken bield,  
Their only treasure poverty.

All that they won in bargains so  
Cheating from other folks by guile,  
As it was gotten it will go,  
'Tis riches that's not enviable.

Against them did I proof obtain  
That they would even geld the fleas,  
To try if they would siller gain  
In the fair for their testes !

About this world they're hard and near,  
They'll count the periwinkles o'er ;  
For scattering them is easier  
Than gathering them upon the shore.

CEAD DEIREANNACH

'S iad luchd a' chridhe chrìn  
Tha deanta ris a' mhiodhoireachd ; 100  
Na'n cuirte bharr na crìche iad,  
Bha 'n tìr so air a gart-ghlanadh.

Chì sinn fhathast a' chàrait  
'S na drumachan r'am màsaibh,  
'Gan cur a *Bharabadoes*, 105  
Gun ghin gu bràth thighinn dathaigh dhiubh.

CEAD DEIREANNACH NAM BEANN.

BHA mi 'n dé\* 'm Beinn-dòrain,  
'S 'na còir cha robh mi aineolach,  
Chunna' mi na gleanntan  
'S na beanntaichean a b' aithne dhomh :  
B' e sin an sealladh éibhinn 5  
Bhi 'g imeachd air na sléibhtean,  
'N uair bhiodh a' ghrian ag éirigh,  
'S a bhiodh na féidh a' langanaich.

'S aobhach a' ghreigh uallach,  
'N uair ghluaiseadh iad gu farumach ; 10  
'S na h-éildean air an fhuaran,  
Bu chuannar na laoigh bhallach ann  
Na maoisleichean 's na ruadh-bhuic,  
Na coilich dhubh is ruadha,  
'S e 'n ceòl bu bhinne chualas 15  
'N uair chluinnt' am fuaim 's a' chamhanaich.

\* 19th September 1802.



## A LAST FAREWELL

They are the folk of the withered hearts  
That for all stinginess are planned ;  
Had they been sent across the march,  
Well rid of them had been this land.

We yet shall see the same twae joes  
With the drums beating at their rear,  
Sending them both to Barbadoes,  
And neither e'er home coming here.

## THE LAST FAREWELL OF THE BENS.

YESTERDAY Ben Dorain  
I climbed, no stranger to the view,  
I gazed the valleys o'er, and  
The mountains that I ever knew :  
A scene of joy surprising  
To tread the slopes' horizon,  
What time the sun was rising,  
And loud the deer were bellowing too.

Joyous is the gay herd,  
When on they wander noisily ;  
The hinds are on the well sward,  
Neat spotted calves there cosy lie :  
The does, the roebuck lowing,  
The black cock, red cock crowing,  
Their sound heard at the dawing—  
Ne'er heard was sweeter melody.

CEAD DEIREANNACH

'S togarrach a dh' fhalbhainn  
 Gu sealgaireachd nam bealaichean,  
 Dol mach a dhìreadh garbhlaich,  
 'S gu'm b' anmoch tighinn gu baile mi : 20  
 An t-uisge glan 's am fàile  
 Th' air mullach nam beann àrda,  
 Chuidich e gu fàs mi  
 'S e rinn domh slàint' is fallaineachd.

Fhuair mi greis am àrach 25  
 Air àirighnean a b' aithne dhomh,  
 Ri cluiche, 's mire, 's mànrán,  
 'S bhi 'n caoimhneas blàth nan caileagan :  
 Bu chùis an aghaidh nàduir,  
 Gu'm maireadh sin an dràs' ann, 30  
 'S e b' éiginn bhi 'gam fàgail  
 'N uair thàinig tràth dhuinn dealachadh.

Nis o'n bhuaill an aois mi,  
 Fhuair mi gaoid a mhaireas domh,  
 Rinn milleadh air mo dheudach 35  
 'S mo léirsinn air a dalladh orm :  
 Cha n-urrainn mi bhi treubhach,  
 Ged a chuirinn feum air,  
 'S ged bhiodh an ruaig am dhéidh-sa,  
 Cha dean mi ceum ro chabhagach. 40

Ged tha mo cheann air liathadh,  
 'S mo chiabhagan air tanachadh,  
 'S tric a leig mi mial-chù  
 Ri fear fiadhaich, ceannartach :

## A LAST FAREWELL

I eagerly would forth fare  
To hunt upon the passes high,  
To climb at noon the wilds bare,  
Nor home till late returning I:  
The limpid waters flowing,  
The mountain breezes blowing,  
They helped me in my growing,  
Health gave me and solidity.

As I grew up I spent a while  
At shielings that were in my ken,  
In sport and play with maidens  
Who kindness warm showed me again:  
That were a case 'gainst nature,  
It must not stay—that feature,  
We left them—each fair creature,  
When came the hour, we severed then.

Now since age has smote me,  
I've got a hurt that bides with me:  
Ruined teeth it brought me,  
My vision clear it hides with me:  
I can't of strenuous mind be,  
However need inclined me;  
Though pursuit were behind me,  
I'd take no step too hurriedly.

Although my head is silvered,  
And thin and spare my haffits grow,  
Oft have I slipt a greyhound  
At wild stag with high antlered brow:

CEAD DEIREANNACH

Ged bu toigh leam riamh iad 45  
 'S ged fhaicinn air an t-sliabh iad,  
 Cha téid mi nis g'an iarraidh  
 O'n chaill mi trian na h-analach.

Ri am dol anns a' bhùireadh,  
 Bu dùrachdach a leanainn iad : 50  
 'S bhiodh uair aig sluagh na dùthcha  
 Toirt òrain ùra 's rannachd dhaibh :  
 Greis eile mar ri càirdean,  
 'N uair bha sinn anns na campan,  
 Bu chridheil anns an am sinn 55  
 'S cha bhiodh an dram oirnn annasach.

'N uair bha mi 'n toiseach m' òige,  
 'S i ghòraich a chum falamh mi ;  
 'S e fortan tha cur oirne  
 Gach aon ni còir a ghealladh dhuinn : 60  
 Ged tha mi gann a stòras  
 Tha m' inntinn làn de shòlas,  
 O'n tha mi ann an dòchas  
 Gu'n d'rinn nighean Deòrs' an t-aran domh.

Bha mi 'n dé 'san aonach 65  
 'S bha smaointean mór air m' aire-sa,  
 Nach robh 'n luchd-gaoil a b' àbhaist  
 Bhi siubhal fàsaich mar rium ann :  
 'S a' bheinn is beag a shaoil mi  
 Gu'n deanadh ise caochladh ; 70  
 O'n tha i nis fo chaoraibh  
 'S ann thug an saoghal car asam.

A LAST FAREWELL

Though I did ever lo'e them,  
And on the slope I view them,  
I go not to pursue them,  
I've lost the third o' my breathing now.

When they went a-pairing,  
The closer would I follow them :  
With country folks an hour came  
New songs and verse to troll to them:  
With friends a while, too, sharing,  
In camps when we were faring,  
The dram we were not sparing,  
O never were we dull with them.

When I was in my young prime,  
My folly kept me penniless ;  
Us fortune is assigning  
Each promised good, not any less :  
Though I'm in frugal station  
My mind is in elation,  
For I'm in expectation  
That George's girl secured my mess.

On the moor I was yesterday  
And greatly thoughts were moving me,  
The friends no more who with me  
Were o'er the pastures roaming free :  
The Ben, I ne'er was dreaming  
That it would change its seeming ;  
Since now with sheep it's teeming,  
Ah ! false the world has proved to me.

## RAINN CLAUDHEIMH

'N uair sheall mi air gach taobh dhiom  
Cha n-fhaodainn gun bhi smalanach,  
O'n theirig coil is fraoch ann, 75  
'S na daoine bh' ann, cha mhaireann iad :  
Cha n'eil fiadh r'a shealg ann,  
Cha n'eil eun no earb ann,  
'M beagan nach 'eil marbh dhiubh,  
'S e rinn iad falbh gu baileach as. 80

Mo shoraidh leis na frìthean,  
O's mìorbhailteach na beannan iad,  
Le biolair uaine is fìor-uisg,  
Deoch uasal, rìomhach, cheanalta :  
Na blàran a tha prìseil, 85  
'S na fàsaichean tha lìonmhor,  
O 's àit a leig mi dhiom iad,  
Gu bràth mo mhìle beannachd leo !

## RAINN CLAUDHEIMH.

Gu'm bu slàn do làimh an Iarla  
A chuir am charaibh  
An claidheamh fhuair mi Di-ceudaoin  
Ann am Bealach ; \*  
Stàilinn cruadhach, buadhor, ceutach, 5  
'S e geur, tana,  
Nach lùb, 's nach leumadh, 's nach bearnadh,  
'S nach gabh camadh.

\* In March 1793.

## VERSES ON A SWORD

When I looked round on all sides  
I could not but misgiving feel,  
Since wood and heath have failed there,  
The men that were, not living still :  
There is no deer to slay there,  
No bird exists, or rae there,  
They've all gone quite away there,  
The few survivors yet to kill.

My farewell to the forests,  
O passing wondrous mountains they,  
With cresses green, where well springs,  
Rare, rich, mild drinking-fountains play :  
The moorlands, dear and splendid,  
The pastures far extended—  
I've left the scene, 'tis ended :  
My thousand blessings with them stay !

## VERSES ON A SWORD.

MAY the Earl's hand be sained  
Who put my way  
The brand in Taymouth I obtained  
On Wednesday ;  
Fine hard steel for valorous part,  
Sharp and thin,  
'Twill not bend, or notch, or start,  
Or crook in.

RAINN CLAUDHEIMH

Claidheamh cùil a choisinn cliù,  
 Ged fhuair e fheuchainn, 10  
 'S tric a thug e buille drùiteach  
 Le làimh threubhaich ;  
 Sàr cheann-Ìleach, làidir, dionach,  
 'S lann d'a réir sin,  
 Ghearradh e ubhal air uisge 15  
 Le fìor gheuraid.

Claidheamh li-ghorm nan trì chlaisean,  
 Fhuair a chleachdadh ris na creuchdan,  
 B' fheairrde duin'-uasal 'na ghlaic e,  
 Na'm biodh e 'san fheachd ag éirigh : 20  
 'S deas a laigheadh e air gaisgeach,  
 'N uair a rachadh e ceart 'na éididh,  
 'S bhiodh 'ga ghiùlan an crios-gualainn  
 Air uachdar breacan-an-fhéilidh.

'N uair bha 'n saoghal an aimhreit, 25  
 'S anns a' champ as tric a bha e,  
 'S cha do chuir riamh fear a ghiùlain  
 Cùl r'a nàmhaid ;  
 Gach duine a tharruing a truaill e,  
 'S ann air a bha bhuaidh gach làrach ; 30  
 'S e 's fearr a thàinig riamh a ceardaich,  
 'S a rinneadh le Aindrea Faràra.

'S e rinn Aindrea 'n obair cheutach,  
 A thoilicheadh miann gach Gàidheil ;  
 'S eireachdail e air an t-sliasaid, 35  
 'S cha mheasa gu gnìomh 'san làimh e :



VERSES ON A SWORD

A backword that won renown,  
Though it had trial,  
Oft with strong hand blows rained down,  
Brooked no denial ;  
Islay hilt strong, firm for slaughter,  
Blade to match it,  
'Twould cut apple upon water,  
Sharp despatch it.

Sword blue-coloured with third groove,  
Which at wounds found use surprising,  
Gentleman would it approve  
In his grasp in war arising :  
Neat 'twould lie upon a hero,  
With his arms who went arrayed,  
Carrying it at his shoulder-belt,  
Above the belted plaid.

When the world was in confusion,  
In the camp it used to be,  
And never did its wearer  
Show his back to enemy ;  
Each man that has unsheathed it,  
Won all fields in stricken war, ah !  
'Tis the best e'er came from forge,  
And made by Andrea Ferrara.

Andrea made the work supremely,  
Which proves all Gaels' satisfaction ;  
Upon the thigh 'tis seemly  
And no worse in hand for action :

RAINN DO'N CHEUD CHEAIRD

Bha e tamull aig na Fianntaibh,  
Daoine fiadhaich anns na blàraibh ;  
'S rinneadh e 'n toiseach do Dhiarmad—  
'S ann aig sliochd Dhiarmaid a tha e. 40

RAINN DO'N CHEUD CHEAIRD.

'S i cheud cheaird an tàillearachd,  
O's i rinn Adhamh air thùs,  
A' cheaird as luaithe a ghnàthaicheadh,  
'S gu bràth nach leig iad diubh ;  
Am fad 's a bhios na màthraichean 5  
A' breith nam pàisdean rùisgt',  
Bidh feum air gnìomh na snàthaide  
G'an cumail blàth gu dlùth.

Chaidh Adhamh a chur 's a' Ghàradh,  
Cha b' e 'n t-àit 'n do chuir e dhùil, 10  
Bu choma leis bhi saothreachadh  
Feadh chraobh 's ag cur nam flùr ;  
Cha bheireadh e air sluasaid,  
'S cha ruamhradh e 'n ùir,  
Cha mhó a ghabh e caibe, 15  
Cha n-oibriceadh e tùrn.

'S i Eubha fhuaradh tàmailteach  
Le dànadas gun tùr,  
'N uair thug i 'n t-ubhal àlainn  
A barr a' ghallain ùir ; 20

## ON THE FIRST CRAFT

For some time Fingalians owned it,  
Wild men they through war-fields sweeping,  
It was made at first for Diarmid—  
It bides in Clan Diarmid's keeping.

## VERSES ON THE FIRST CRAFT.

THE primal craft was tailoring,  
It Adam first did try,  
Craft which was earliest practised  
And which they'll ne'er lay by ;  
As long as there are mothers,  
Bearing weans, a callow swarm,  
There will be need for needle-work  
To keep them close and warm.

Adam was put in the garden,  
Discontent his heart devours,  
He little cared for toiling  
Among trees, and planting flowers ;  
Of shovel he would not lay hold,  
He would not delve the ground,  
No more would he touch spade,  
Of work he would not do a round.

'Twas Eve was found the offender  
Through her senseless hardihood,  
She took the splendid apple  
From the top of the fresh wood ;

MARBH-RANN DHA FEIN

'S truagh gu'n tug i dhàsan e,  
Bu daor a phàigh e'n sùgh,  
Iad le chéile bhàsachadh,  
'S na thàinig de shliochd dhiubh !

Chunnaic an sin Adhamh 25

Gu'n robh nochd 'sa nàire rùisgt',  
De'n droigheann ghabh e snàthadan,  
'S rinn e snàth de'n rùsg ;  
Dh' fhuaigh e duilleagan nan geug  
Mu' bheulaibh 's air a chùl ; 30  
Dhiùlt e bhi 'na ghàradair—  
B' e 'n tàillearachd a rùn.

B' e cheud fhear-ceaird 'san t-saoghal e,  
Cha d' fheud e bhi gun chliù,  
'S nach robh e riamh 'na fhoghlumaich, 35  
Ach fhaotainn le beachd sùl ;  
Gun snàth, gun olainn chaorach,  
Rinn e deise dh' aodach ùr ;  
Bha e urramach 'na thàillear—  
Cha b' fhear-gàraidh e co-dhiubh. 40

MARBH-RANN AN UGHDAIR DHA FEIN.

FHIR tha 'd sheasamh air mo lic  
Bha mise mar tha thu 'n dràs' ;  
'S i mo leabadh 'n diugh an uaigh,  
Cha n'èil smior no smuais am chnàimh :

## EPITAPH ON HIMSELF

Alas ! that it she gave to him,  
Dear paid he for the same,  
'That both of them should die, and all  
'The race that from them came.

Then Adam saw that he was,  
In his unclothed shame, naked,  
Of thorn he took him needles  
And of bark he made a thread ;  
He sewed leaves from the branches  
Before him and behind,  
He scorned to be a gardener,  
'Tailoring was to his mind.

First craftsman in the world he was  
And unfamed could not be,  
'That he was ne'er apprentice  
But by using eyes learnt he ;  
Without or yarn or sheep's wool  
He made set of garments new ;  
Respectable as tailor—  
As a gardener he'd not do.

## THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

As thou art now so once was I,  
Man who art standing on this stone :  
The grave it is my bed to-day,  
No juice or marrow in my bone ;

MARBH-RANN DHA FEIN

Ged tha thusa làidir, òg, 5  
 Cha mhair thu beò, ged fhuair thu dàil ;  
 Gabh mo chomhairle 's bi glic,  
 Cuimhnich tric gu'n tig am bàs.

Cuimhnich t'anam is do Shlànuighear  
 Cuimhnich Pàrras thar gach àit ; 10  
 Gabh an cothrom gu bhi sàbhailt  
 Ann an gàirdeachas gu bràth :  
 Ged a thuit sinn anns a' Ghàradh  
 Leis an fhàillinn a rinn Adhamh,  
 Dh'éirich ar misneach as ùr 15  
 'N uair fhuair sinn Cùmhnant nan Gràs.

Cuimhnich daonnan a chur romhad  
 Gu'n coimhead thu a h-uile àithn',  
 O 's e cumhachdan an ard-Rìgh  
 Rinn am fàgail air dà chlàr ; 20  
 Chaidh sin a liubhairt do Mhaois ;  
 Rinn Maois an liubhairt do chàch ;  
 Na'm b'urràinn sinne g'am freagradh,  
 Cha b'aobhar eagail am bàs.

Caochladh beatha th' ann 's cha bhàs, 25  
 Le beannachadh gràs mhor, buan ;  
 Gach neach a nì a' chuid as fherr,  
 'S maith an t-àit am faigh e dhuais :  
 Cha bhi 'n t-anam ann an càs,  
 Ged tha 'n corp a' tàmh 'san uaigh 30  
 Gus an latha 'n tig am bràth  
 'S an éirich sliochd Adhaimh suas.

## EPITAPH ON HIMSELF

And thou, though thou art strong and young,  
Wilt not survive, though gain'st delay ;  
O take my counsel and be wise,  
Think oft that death will not away.

Think of thy soul, thy Saviour dear,  
Of Paradise each place before ;  
Seize the occasion to be saved  
In blessedness for evermore :  
Although we in the Garden fell,  
Where Adam fell in sin's embrace,  
Afresh our courage rose when we  
Received the Covenant of Grace.

Remember aye that thou resolve  
To each commandment thou wilt cleave,  
The powers of the King Supreme  
Did them upon two tables leave ;  
To Moses those delivered were,  
Moses to all delivered hath ;  
And could we but to them conform,  
There were no cause of fear in death.

A change to life it is, not death,  
With blessings lasting, full of grace ;  
Each one who acts the better part  
His meed reaps in the happy place :  
The soul will never be in woe,  
Tho' in the grave the body lies  
Until the day of judgment come,  
When all of Adam's seed shall rise.

MARBH-RANN DHA FEIN

Seinnear an trompaid gu h-àrd,  
 Cluinnear 's a h-uile àit a fuaim ;  
 Dùisgear na mairbh as a' bhlàr 35  
 'N do chàraich càch iad 'nan suain :  
 S mheud 's a chailleadh le an-uair,  
 No le annradh fuar a' chuain ;  
 Gu Sliabh Shioin théid an sluagh,  
 Dh' fhaotainn buaidh le fuil an Uain. 40

Gheibh iad buaidh, mar fhuair an sìol  
 A chinn lionmhor anns an fhonn ;  
 Cuid deth dh'fhàs gu fallain, dìreach,  
 'S cuid 'na charran ìosal, crom :  
 Glèidhear a' chuid a tha lìontach, 45  
 Am bheil brìgh is torradh trom ;  
 Caillear a' chuid a bhios aotrom,  
 'S leigear leis a' ghaoith am moll.

Cha n'eil bean na duine beò,  
 Na lànain phòsta nach dealaich ; 50  
 Bha iad lìonmhor sean is òg  
 Ar luchd-eòlais nach 'eil maireann :  
 Cha b' e sin an t-aobhar bròin  
 Bhi 'gan cur fo'n fhòd am falach :  
 Na'm biodh am bàs 'na bhàs glan, 55  
 Cha bu chàs talamh air thalamh.

Ghabh mi nis mo chead de'n t-saoghal  
 'S de na daoine dh'fhuirich ann ;  
 Fhuair mi greis gu sunntach, aotrom,  
 'S i 'n aois a rinn m' fhàgail fann : 60



## EPITAPH ON HIMSELF

Loudly will the trumpet sound,  
And everywhere its note be heard ;  
The dead awakened from the ground  
Where others them asleep interred :  
As many as were lost by storm,  
Or by cold tempest of the sea ;  
To Zion Hill the folk will go  
By th' Lamb's blood to gain victory.

They will gain victory, as gained  
I' the soil when sprang the abundant seed ;  
Some of it grew straight and sound  
And some to low and crooked weed :  
And kept will be the part that's full,  
Where pith and heavy fruit doth grow ;  
And lost will be the part that's light,  
The chaff with th' wind will be let go.

There is no living woman or man,  
Or wedded pair but they will sever ;  
Ah ! numerous were they old and young  
Our friends that are no more for ever :  
But that was not the cause of grief  
To lay them hidden 'neath the clay :  
If death were sinless, " earth to earth "  
Were then no dread calamity.

Now I have ta'en my leave o' the world  
And those that lingered on its stage ;  
I've spent a space of mirth and joy,  
And what has left me weak is age :

MARBH-RANN DHA FEIN

Tha mo thàlantair air caochladh,  
'S an t-aog air tighinn 'san am ;  
'S e m' athchuinge, air sgàth m' Fhear-saoraidh,  
Bhi gu maith 'san t-saoghal thall.



*From a Drawing by Thomas Ross, LL.D.*

THE POET'S GRAVE IN THE GREYFRIARS CHURCHYARD, EDINBURGH.



EPITAPH ON HIMSELF

My faculties have suffered change,  
And opportunely death is come ;  
'Tis my prayer, for my Saviour's sake,  
Happy to be in yonder home.

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APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

## AOIR IAIN FHAOCHAIG

### AOIR IAIN FHAOCHAIG.

- IAIN Fhaochaig ann an Sasunn,  
 'S mór a mhasladh is a mhì-chliu,  
 Chaill e na bh' aige de chàirdean,  
 'S tha nàimhdean air cinntinn lionar.  
 Ge b' fhada theich e air astar, 5  
 Chaidh a ghlacadh, 's tha e ciosnaicht';  
 Chàraich iad e fo na glasan,  
 'S tha 'n iuchair taisgt' aig maor a' phrìosain.
- Tha e nis an àite cumhann,  
 'S e 'na chrùban, dubhach, deurach, 10  
 A chas daingean ann an iarunn,  
 'Ga phianadh, is e 'na éiginn.  
 B' fhasa dha bhì anns an fhiabhras  
 Na 'n iargain a tha 'na chreubhaig;  
 'S e 'n sin o chionn còrr is bliadhna, 15  
 A h-uile latha 'g iarraidh réite.
- Ach, na'm faigheadh tusa réite  
 An éirig na rinn thu sheanchas,  
 B'aobhar-misnich do gach béist e  
 Gu'm faodadh iad féin do leanmhuinn; 20  
 Fear gun seadh, gun lagh, gun reusan,  
 'S anns an eucoir ata t' earbsa;  
 Theann thu mach o achd na cléire,  
 'S thug thu bóid nach éisd thu searmoin!
- Thug thu dìmeas air an Eaglais, 25  
 Air a' chreidimh, 's air na h-àithntean,  
 Chuir thu breugan air an Trianaid  
 'S air na h-iarrtasan a dh' fhàg iad:  
 Tha e nis 'na ghnòthach coltach  
 'Réir an t-soisgeil tha mi clàistinn, 30  
 Gu'n do chuir thu cùl ri sochair  
 Na saors' a choisinn ar Slànuighear.



## SATIRE ON JOHN WHELKS

### SATIRE ON JOHN WHELKS.

JOHN WHELKS (or Wilkes) in England,  
Great's his bad fame and ill omen.  
The friends he had, he lost them,  
And grown numerous are his foemen.  
Though he fled to a far distance,  
They did catch him and prevail o'er ;  
They have put him under locks,  
The key's entrusted to the jailer.

He is now in narrow environ,  
He a gloomy wretch and tearful,  
Well secured his foot in iron,  
Paining him with anguish fearful.  
He'd be easier in a fever  
Than i' the pain his frame's so hard on ;  
He is there more than a year gone,  
Every day he's asking pardon.

But if you obtained a pardon  
For the speeches that you made, man,  
'Twould encourage every beast  
That they might follow where you led, man ;  
You without sense, law, or reason,  
'Tis in sin is your sole care, man ;  
You've outgone the law of the clergy,  
Sworn you'll never hear a sermon.

You've done despite to the Church,  
To the commandments, and the faith true,  
At the Trinity cast lies  
And at the injunctions which they left you :  
It is now a likely matter  
From the gospel that I've pored on,  
You have forfeited the boon  
Of the salvation which our Lord won.

AOIR IAIN FHAOCHAIG

- Chuir thu cùl ri d' bhóidean-baistidh,  
 'S mór a mhasladh dhuit an àicheadh ;  
 Chaill thu chùirt am biodh an ceartas, 35  
 Roghnaich thu 'm peacadh 'na h-àite ;  
 Ghlèidh thu 'n riaghailt 's an seòl stiùiridh  
 A bh'aig Iùdas, do dhearbhb-bhràthair ;  
 'S mór an sgainneal air do dhùthaich,  
 Thusa, bhrùid, gu'n d' rinn thu fàs innt'. 40
- Ach, ged a sheallte h-uile doire,  
 " Cha robh coille riamh gun chrìonach " ;  
 'S tha fios aig an t-saoghal buileach  
 Nach bi choill uile cho dìreach :  
 'S tusa chraobh tha 'n déidh seacadh, 45  
 Gun chairt, gun mheangain, gun mheuran,  
 Gun snothach, gun shùgh, gun duilleach,  
 Gun rùsg, gun uiread nam freumhan.
- 'S tu an t-eun a chaidh 'san deachamh,  
 'S e nead creacht' an deachaidh t' fhàgail ; 50  
 'S tu 'm fitheach nach d' rinn an ceartas,  
 A chaidh air theachdaireachd o 'n àirc.  
 'S tu 'm madadh-allaidh gun fhiaclan,  
 'S maireg a dh'iarraidh bhi mar tha thu ;  
 'S tu 'n ceann-cinnidh aig na biastan, 55  
 'S tha gach duin' as fhiach a' tàir ort.
- Cha n-ioghnadh leam thu bhi 'd bhalach,  
 Is bhi salach ann do nàdar,  
 O'n a lean thu ris an dùthchas  
 A bh' aig na sgiùrsairean o'n tàin' thu ! 60  
 'S tu 'n t-isean a fhuair an t-ùmaidh  
 Ris an t-siùrsaich air na sràidean :—  
 'S i 'n droch-bheairt a thog ad chloinn thu,  
 'S ann ad shlaightire chaidh t' àrach !
- Thòisich thu 'n toiseach gu h-ìosal 65  
 Air a' chrìne 's air a' bhochdainn ;  
 'S e 'n donas thug dhuit a bhi spòrsail  
 'S ann bu chòir dhuit bhi 'gad chosnadh :  
 'S bochd nach d' fhan thu aig do dhùthchas,  
 Ad bhriùthair a' bruich nam poitean, 70  
 Ag cumail dighe ris gach grùdair'  
 'N uair a dhrùidheadh iad na botail.

## SATIRE ON JOHN WHELKS

You've forsworn your vows baptismal,  
Them, to your great shame, rejected ;  
You've lost the court of righteousness,  
Sin in its place elected ;  
You've retained his rules and conduct,  
Judas's, your brother's, suit you ;  
Great's the scandal to your country  
That you grew in her, you brute you !

But though every brake were looked through,  
Ne'er was wood but some did wither ;  
And, the whole world well knows it,  
All the wood's not straight together :  
You're the tree that has been shrivelled,  
Without bark, or boughs, or shootlets,  
Without sap, or juice, or leafage,  
Without rind, or even rootlets.

You're the bird went into the tithe,  
You got left on a nest was harried ;  
You're the raven did not right,  
When message from the Ark you carried.  
You are the toothless wolf,  
And woe to him would imitate you ;  
You're the head of the canaille,  
And every man of worth doth hate you.

You're a clown—I do not wonder—  
And you're unclean in your nature,  
Traits the scourges had you came from,  
You're inclined to—every feature !  
You're the progeny a dolt got  
From a quean on the streets mated :—  
'Twas depravity that bred you  
Who a scamp were educated !

You began at first not uppish  
In mean poverty congenial ;  
But the devil made you foppish  
For you ought to have been a menial :  
Pity you staid not at your calling  
As a brewster boiling pottles,  
Keeping tapsters all in liquor,  
When they would drain dry the bottles.

AOIR IAIN FHAOGHAIG

- Bha thu, greis de d' thim, ad bhaigear,  
 'S laigh thu 'n fhad sin air na càirdean,  
 A bhi òidhche 's gach tigh a's dùthiach, 75  
 A dhùirigeadh cuid an tràth' dhuit :  
 A mheud 's a bha de dh'ainfhiach ortsa  
 Chuir thu cuid nam bochd g'a phàigheadh :  
 Ciod e nis a chuir an stoc thu  
 Ach an robaireachd 's a' mhèirle? 80
- Shaoil thu gu'm faigheadh tu achain,  
 (Bu mhasladh gu'm biodh i 'd thairgse)  
 Cead suidhe am pàrlamaid Bhreatunn,  
 Gun chiall, gun cheartas ad eanchainn.  
 Duine dall a chaidh air seachran, 85  
 Nach 'eil beachdail air na's fhearr dha,  
 Le còmhradh tubaisdeach, tuisleach,  
 'S le sìor dhroch-thuiteamas cearbach.
- Duine gun fhearann, gun oighreachd,  
 Gun nì, gun staoile, gun airgead, 90  
 Gun bheus, gun chreideamh, gun chreideas,  
 Gun ghin a chreideas a sheanchas ;  
 Duine misgeach, bristeach, breugach,  
 Burraidh tha 'na bhéist 's 'na ainmhidh,  
 'S trioblaid-inntinn, le itheadh déisneach, 95  
 Gu tric a' teumadh a' chrìdh' chealgaich.
- Tha thu sònraicht' ann ad Chonan  
 A' togail conais am measg dhaoine,  
 Cha chualas roimhe do choimeas  
 A bhi 'dhonas air an t-saoghal, 100  
 Ach an Nathair an Gàradh Edein,  
 A mheall Eubh' aig bun na craoibhe  
 A chomhairlich gu buain a' mhios i,  
 A dh' fhàg ris an cinne-daoine.
- Thòisich thu 'n toiseach 'san eucoir 105  
 Ag innse bhreugan air Rìgh Deòrsa ;  
 Cha chreid duine uait an sgeul ud,  
 'S cha toir iad éisdeachd do d' chòmhradh :  
 'S beag a dhrùidheas do dhroch-dhùrachd  
 Air oighr' a' chrùn is na còrach, 110  
 'S a liuthad neach a tha gu toileach  
 A' toirt onorach d'a mhòrachd.

## SATIRE ON JOHN WHELKS

You, a while of your time a beggar,  
So long importuned relations,  
To be a night in each house i' the district,  
That would share a part o' their rations :  
You, whate'er debt was against you,  
Set to pay it the poors' portion :  
And what put you in abundance now  
But thieving and extortion ?

You thought you'd get a writ  
(A great disgrace 'twas in your offer)  
In British Commons, right to sit,  
You, a wrongheaded, senseless scoffer !  
A blind man, that wide has wandered,  
His best interests not observing,  
With his treacherous talk and mischievous  
Into constant pitfalls swerving.

A man landless, without heritage,  
Or money, stock, or glory,  
Without manners, faith, or credit,  
And with none to trust his story ;  
A man drunken, broken, lying,  
Who a blockhead and brute beast is :  
And mind-trouble with sad gnawing  
To this false heart oft a pest is.

You are distinguished as a Conan  
Raising among men strife evil,  
Ne'er heard of such as you before  
In the world as such a devil,  
Save the Snake in the Garden of Eden,  
Who beguiled Eve at the treefoot,  
And who counselled her to pluck  
What left mankind defenceless, *the* fruit.

You did first begin in sin,  
About King George your falsehoods hawking ;  
No man credits yon tale from you  
Nor will listen to your talking :  
Your ill-will weighs but little  
On the heir to the crown and the right,  
Since so many people willingly  
Show all honour to his might.

AOIR IAIN FHAOCHAIG

- Ge beag ortsa morair Loudain,  
 B' aithne dhòmhs' an sonn o'n d' fhàs e,  
 Duin'-uasal foisinneach, fonnor, 115  
 Cridhe connor, aigheadh àrda ;  
 Seanalair, air thùs na h-armailt,  
 A bha ainmeil anns na blàraibh ;  
 Cha mhisd e madadh air bhaothal  
 A bhi tabhannaich an tràs ris. 120
- 'S gòrach a labhair thu móran  
 Air cùl Iarla Bhóid, an t-àrmunn,  
 Conspull onorach, le firinn  
 A' seasamh na rìoghachd gu làidir ;  
 S e gu h-ard-urramach, priseil, 125  
 Ann an cùirt an Rìgh 's na Bàn-rìgh  
 A dh' aindeoin na Faochaig 's nam biastan  
 Leis am b' fhiach dol ann am pàirt ris.
- Bhruidhinn thu gu léir mu Albainn,  
 'S b' fhearr dhuit gu'm fanadh tu sàmhach ; 130  
 Na'n tigeadh tu 'n còir nan Garbh-chrioch,  
 Bu mhairg a bhiodh ann at àite :  
 Bhiodh tu 'm prìosan rè do lathan  
 Dh' aindeoin na ghabhadh do phàirt-sa ;  
 'S an éirig na rinn thu dhroch-bheairt, 135  
 Bheirte chroich mar ghalar-bàis dhuit.
- Cha n-ioghnadh dhuit bhi fo mhulad,  
 Fhuair thu diumb gach duin' an àil so ;  
 'S e sin féin a bha thu cosnadh,  
 'S creutair crosd thu o'n a dh' fhàs thu ; 140  
 'S lìonor mì-run ann do chuideachd—  
 Mallachd na Cuigse 's a' Phàp' ort !  
 Mallachd an t-saoghail gu léir ort !  
 'S mo mhallachd féin mar ri càch ort ! !

## SATIRE ON JOHN WHELKS

Lord Loudon, though you hate  
    (I knew the sire from whence his stature),  
A quiet pleasant gentleman,  
    A wise heart, lofty nature ;  
In the van of the host a General  
    Who in the fields had fame excelling ;  
He is none worse than a mad dog  
    Is at present at him yelling.

'Twas foolish your much speaking  
    Behind Bute the warrior darkly,  
A hero famed in verity,  
    For the realm upstanding starkly ;  
He is highly honoured, much loved  
    In the court of the King and Consort,  
In spite of the Whelks and beasts  
    Who condescend to herd with you sort.

In all you've said of Scotland,  
    Better you had quiet rested ;  
Should you come a-nigh the Roughbounds  
    Pity him that stood in *your* stead :  
You'd be all your days in prison,  
    Maugre who your part should take, man ;  
And for all the ill you've done  
    You'd have the gallows your last stake, man.

No wonder you're in woe,  
    By all the men of this age hated ;  
That very thing you earned,  
    You wretch, curst since you were created,  
Ill-will manifold goes with you—  
    Curse of Whigs and Pope molest you !  
The whole world's curse be on you !  
    And my curse with the rest, too !!

## MARBH-RANN DO CHU

### MARBH-RANN DO CHU A CHAIDH TROIMH 'N EIGH, 'S A' MHAIGHEACH TARSUINN 'NA BHEUL.

LATHA do Phàdruig a' sealg  
Am fireach nan learg air sliabh,  
Thug e Ghleann-artanaig sgrìob  
'S ann thachair e 'm frìth nam fiadh. 5  
Leig e 'na shiubhal an cù  
A bha luath, làidir, lùthor, dian,  
Cha robh a leithid riamh 'san tìr  
Ach Bran a bh' aig Rìgh nam Fiann.

Gadhar bu gharg càlg is fionnadh,  
Cruaidh, colgarra, sùil is mala, 10  
Bu mhath dreach, is dealbh, is cumachd,  
An curaidh bu gharg 's a' charraid ;  
Bheireadh e 'm fiadh dearg a mullach,  
'S am boc-earb' a dlùthas a' bharraich : 15  
B' e fhasan bhì triall do'n mhonadh,  
'S cha tàinig e riamh dhathaigh falamh.

Culaidh leagadh nan damh donn  
Air mullach nan tom 's nan cnoc,  
Nàmhaid nam biast dubh is ruadh, 20  
'S ann air a bha buaidh nam broc :  
Bha mhaigheach tarsuinn 'na bheul,  
Thuit iad le chéil' ann an sloc ;  
Bha iad bàite bonn ri bonn,  
Is muladach sin leam an nochd !



ELEGY ON A DOG

ELEGY ON A DOG THAT WENT THROUGH THE ICE  
WITH A HARE IN HIS MOUTH.

ONCE when Patrick was a-hunting  
The hill of the passes on a brae,  
He took a turn around Glen-artney  
And in deer forest chanced to stray.  
He let the dog slip out of hand  
Which strong and swift was, vigorous, keen,  
His like was never in the land  
Save Bran, the dog of the King of the Feen.

A deer-hound rough of bristle and pile,  
Hard and fierce in eyebrow and eye,  
Of goodly aspect form and style,  
The hero in fight that would not fly ;  
He'd bring from summit the red deer,  
The buck from thicket of the combe :  
His way it was to wend to the mere,  
And never empty came he home.

A means to lay the dun stags dead  
On top of hillocks and of knocks,  
Foe of the beasts both black and red,  
He gained the victory o'er the brocks :  
There was a hare held in his mouth  
Both fell in a pit, a woeful plight,  
And they were drowned, sole unto sole,  
And that is why I'm sad to-night.

## ORAN EILE DO'N BHLAR

### ORAN EILE DO BHLAR NA H-EAGLAISE BRICE.

GED a tha mi 'n so am chrùban  
 Ann an seann tigh ùdlaidh, uaigneach,  
 Bha mi roimhe mar ri cuideachd,  
 Ged a thuit dhaibh mo chur uapa :  
 'S tric mi 'g amharc ris an aonach 5  
 'M faic mi t'aogas Iain 'Ic-Ruairidh—  
 'S na'm faicinn thu ri tighinn  
 Dh'èireadh mo chridhe bho smuairean.

Dh'èireadh m' inntinnse bho smalan,  
 Mi bhi mar riut Iain 'Ic-Ruairidh ; 10  
 Dh'innsinn duit na bhiodh air m'aire,  
 'S bhithinn farraid na bhiodh uam dheth,  
 'N là sin a thug iad na buillean,  
 'S mis' chunnaic bhi 'gam bualadh ;  
 Chaidh 'n teicheadh air taobh Rìgh Deòrsa, 15  
 'S ann oirne thàinig am fuathas !

B' e sgeul an fhuathais r'a innse  
 Gu'n do theich an Rìgh 's a mhuinntir ;  
 Ghabh iad eagal roimh na buillean  
 'N uair a chunnaic iad am Prionnsa : 20  
 Cha d' fhan duine dhiubh r'a chéile,  
 Eadar Dun-éideann is Sruidhleadh ;  
 'S iomadh baile 'san robh pàirt dhiubh  
 Gabhail tàimh air teachd na h-òidhche !

Bha sinn gu misneachail, dàna, 25  
 A' dol a n-àird a dh'ionnsaidh 'n t-Slèibhe,  
 'S mu'n deachaidh sinn ceart an òrdugh  
 Thàinig iad oirne na reubail !  
 Cha b' fhada mheal sinn an àrach,  
 'N uair a sgànr sinn as a chéile ; 30  
 'S ann an sin a bha 'n droch càradh  
 Air na bha luchd aodaich dhéirg ann.

## ANOTHER SONG TO THE BATTLE

### ANOTHER SONG TO THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

THOUGH I'm here a creature creeping  
In a darksome lonely shanty,  
Company I once was keeping,  
Though it befell them not to want me :  
Oft the moorland o'er I'm glancing  
Shall I, Rury, see your figure—  
And if I should see you advancing,  
My sad heart would beat with vigour.

My mind would rise from deep dejection,  
Me being with you, Ian MacRury ;  
I'd tell you all my thoughts' complexion  
And what I'd like to know, assure me,  
On that day that they the blows spent  
It was I that saw them striking ;  
To King George's side the flight leant,  
On us fright fell and misliking.

'Twere a dread tale to disclose  
That King and people's courage failed them ;  
Terror seized them at the blows  
And at the Prince when they beheld him ;  
None of them remained together  
Betwixt Stirling and Dunedin ;  
There's many a town where some run thither  
At nightfall weary beds were laid in.

Bold were we and full of ardour,  
Going up towards the hill slope,  
But e'er we got right in order  
On us came the rebels fell swoop !  
Not long did we hold the field,  
When we asunder separated ;  
Then it was that evil usage  
All the red-coats there awaited,

ORAN EILE DO'N BHLAR

Rinn e cuideachadh d'ar nàimhdibh  
 Gu'n robh dìth comannaidh oirne ;  
 Cha d' fhuair sinn òrdugh gu làmhach, 35  
 'N am do chàch bhi tighinn 'nar còmhdhail,  
 'S ann a theich sinn ann ar deannaibh,  
 'S cha n-fhanamaid ri bhi còmhla,  
 Cha n-fhacas roimhe a leithid  
 O'n thugadh là Inbhear-Lòchaidh. 40

Bha mis' is Calum Mac Phàruig,  
 Siubhal càthair agus mointich,  
 'S mur a teicheamaid 'san am ud  
 'S cinnteach gu'm biodh calldachd oirne ;  
 Ghabh na bh'againn de luchd-beurla 45  
 An *ratreuta* roimh Chlann Dòmhnuille,  
 Sud a ghiorraicheadh an saoghal,  
 Dhol ri aodann nam fear mòra !

B' e sud a ghiorraicheadh an saoghal  
 Dhol a chaonnag ris a' phòr ud 50  
 Thain' a chomsachadh na rioghachd  
 As leth an Rìgh is na còrach ;  
 'S iomadh laoch gun athadh-laimhe  
 Eadar Ceann-tàile 's Srath Lòcha  
 A chuireadh an guailleann r'a chéile, 55  
 'S bu mhòr am feum anns a' chòmhraig.

Bu mhòr am feum anns a' chòmhraig  
 Na fir mhòra bha neo-sgàthach ;  
 Eadar Chamshronaich 's Chlann Dòmhnuille,  
 'S na bha chòmhlain ann am pàirt riu. 60  
 'S na'm faigheadh iad cothrom na Féinne  
 Eadar iad féin is an nàmhaid,  
 Dh' aindeoin na bh' anns an Roinn Eorpa  
 Chuireadh iad Rìgh Deòrs' as àite.

Chuireadh iad Rìgh Deòrs as àite, 65  
 Na bha Ghàidheil ann an Alba  
 Na'm biodh iad uile mar bha iad,  
 A' bhliadhna thàinig an armait ;  
 Na'm biodh iad uile ri chéile,  
 Gu'm b' iad féin na treun fhir chalma, 70  
 D'am bu dùthchas a bhi cròdha  
 Bha chòmhnuidh am measg nan Garbh-chrioch.

## ANOTHER SONG TO THE BATTLE

It gave help unto our foes  
That want of discipline unbraced us ;  
Order none we got to fire,  
What time the others came and faced us ;  
Away with all our might we tore,  
To come to grips we could not bide it,  
The like was never seen before  
Since Inverlochy was decided.

I and Calum Paterson were  
Moss haggs tramping through and through in,  
That time had we not fled yonder,  
Certain we had met our ruin ;  
All we had with us of English  
'Fore Clan Donald were retreating,  
Yon's what would their days diminish,  
To advance, the great men meeting.

That is what their life would shorten  
Yon race to stand against and fight them,  
Who contending for the Kingdom  
For the King and for the right, came ;  
Standing to arms there's many a soldier  
'Twixt Strathlochy and Kintail, who  
Would put shoulder unto shoulder,  
Much in conflict their avail too.

High their prowess in the conflict,  
Great men who of dauntless heart were,  
Camerons both and Macdonalds,  
And the brave that on their part were.  
Had they got the Feen's fair-play  
Between them and their opposition,  
In spite of all in Europe, they  
Had put King George from his position.

They would have displaced King George there,  
All the Gael that were in Scotland,  
If they all had been as they were  
That year when the army sought land ;  
If they had been all together,  
They had been the brave and tough hounds,  
To be valorous was their nature,  
And their dwelling mid the Roughbounds.

ORAN EILE DO'N BHLAR

- An là sin a thug iad Chùil-lodair,  
 Cha robh fortan ud ach searbh dhuinn,  
 Choisinn Diùc Uilleam 'san droch-uair ! 75  
 'S mòr an rosad e do dh' Alba ;  
 Chaill na cinn-feadhna am fearann,  
 'S an tuath-cheathairn an cuid armachd,  
 Cha bhi oirnn ach ad is casag  
 An àite nan deiseachan ball-bhreac. 80
- Cha bhi oirnn ach ad is casag,  
 An àite nam breacannan ùra ;  
 Stocainean is briogsa glasa,  
 'S iad air glasadh mu na glùinean ;  
 'N uair chaill sinn ar n-airm 's ar n-aodach, 85  
 Cia mar dh' fhaodas sinn bhi sunntach ?  
 Le'r casagan leobhar liath-ghlas,  
 Nach robh roimhe riamh 'nar dùthaich.
- Cha robh roimhe riamh 'nar dùthaich,  
 Ach aodaichean ùra riomhach ; 90  
 'S chaidh cha b' éiginn am mùthadh  
 Gus 'n do chaill sinn cliù na rioghachd,  
 Chaill sinn ris ar cuid de'n t-saoghal,  
 Chaill sinn ar daoine 's ar nì ris,  
 Chaill sinn ar n-aighear 's ar n-éibhneas, 95  
 'S goirt an sgeul duinn bhi 'ga innseadh.
- 'S goirt an sgeul a bhi 'ga innseadh,  
 Na chaidh dhìth oirnn de na daoine,  
 Na thuit dhiubh latha Chùil-lodair,  
 'S a fhuair an dochann anns a' chaonnaig ; 100  
 Thàinig an trùp orr' o'n cùlaibh,  
 Triùr mu'n aon duin' air an aodann ;  
 'S na'm faigheadh iad cothrom cùise,  
 Rinn iad diùbhail mu'n do sgaoil iad.
- Cha robh meas air Clannna Ghàidheil 105  
 O'n dh' fhalbh Tearlach uainn air fògradh  
 Dh' fhàg e sinn mar uain gun mhàthair,  
 Gun aobhar ghàire, gun sòlas :  
 Sinn ag géilleadh do Shasunn  
 'S ag éirigh am feachd Rìgh Deòrsa 110  
 Cuid d' ar n-iartas is d'ar n-athchuing  
 E dhol dathaigh do Hanòbher !

## ANOTHER SONG TO THE BATTLE

That day when they fought Culloden,  
To us luck was nought but bitter,  
In ill-hour prevailed Duke William !  
Scotland felt disaster utter ;  
The chiefs they have lost their land,  
The tenant troops with armour parting,  
We'll nothing wear but hat and cassock  
In the place of suits of tartan.

Nought we'll wear but hat and coat  
In place of the fresh tartans these are ;  
The long stockings and grey breeches,  
Which tight-buckled round the knees are ;  
When we lost our arms and clothing,  
How could we be joyous gentry  
With our long and light grey cassocks  
Ne'er before seen in our country ?

In our country ne'er before were  
But fresh new clothes famed in story ;  
Never was there need to change them  
Till we lost the kingdom's glory,  
With it lost our all in the world,  
Lost our men and means as well,  
Lost our cheeriness and gladness,  
Bitter's the tale for us to tell.

Oh ! bitter is the tale to tell,  
The numbers lost us of our men,  
Of all that at Culloden fell,  
And dreed their weird on battle plain ;  
Behind them did the horse advance,  
And three to one in front them shattered ;  
And had they got but a fair chance,  
They had wrought havoc ere they scattered.

For Highland clans respect has withered,  
Charlie to exile from us gone  
Has us forsook like lambs unmothered,  
With cause for mirth or comfort none :  
We yielding to the English nation  
And rising in King George's pay,  
Part of our prayer and supplication  
That home to Hanover he'd gae.

ORAN EILE DO'N BHLAR

- Bidh sinn fathast ann an dòchas  
 Gu'n tig Tearlach òg do'n rioghachd  
 'S na'n tigeadh e oirnn a chlisge, 115  
 Dh'èireadh ar misneach 's ar n-inntinn :  
 Dh'èireadh leat a h-uile duine ;  
 'S bhiodhmaid uile dhuit cho dìleas ;  
 An fhaobhar blàir no'n làthair cumaisg,  
 Cha bhiodh cunnart oirnn gu'n dìobradh. 120
- Chaoidh, cha dìobramaid gu bràth thu,  
 'S e 'n achanaich a b' fhearr leinn fhaotainn  
 Gu'n tigeadh iad oirnn na Frangaich,  
 'S Tearlach bhì air ceann nan daoine.  
 Dh'èireadh Camshronaich o Lòchaidh, 125  
 Dòmhnullaich is Clann-an-t-Saoir leat ;  
 'S cha robh an leithid anns na crìochan  
 O'n a chrìochnaich Clannna Baoisge.
- Gu'n éireadh leat Clann-an-Aba,  
 Làidir, neartmhor, feachdail, rioghail, 130  
 Gu targaideach, armailteach, tartrach,  
 Luchd nam bratach 's nan cuilbheir ;  
 Ri am rùsgadh nan lann glasa,  
 Nam faobhar sgaiteach, 's nam pìcean ;  
 Builleach, guineach, beumach, buidhneach 135  
 'S bu chliùiteach an am dol sìos iad.
- Griogairich gun fhàillinn cruadail,  
 Bha iad riamh, gu h-uasal, rioghail,  
 An am cogaidh, troid, no tuasaid,  
 C'ait an cualas bonn d'am mì-chliu ? 140  
 Dol an aghaidh teine 's luaidhe,  
 An am na ruaig cha b' iad a strìochdadh,  
 'S fhad 's a leanas sibh r'ar dualchas,  
 Cha tuit sibh le fuath luchd mì-ruin.
- Eiridh gach fine bho thuath leat, 145  
 Eadar uaislean agus islean ;  
 Le toil an cridhe 's an dùrachd  
 O'n a chuir thu t' ùidh 'san fhìrinn ;  
 Bidh sinn uile 'san aon rùn duit,  
 O'n is ionann cùis mu 'm bi sinn, 150  
 Ann at aobhar, Thearlaich Stiubhairt,  
 O'n 's e do chrùnadh bheir sìth dhuinn.



## ANOTHER SONG TO THE BATTLE

Still we'll bide in expectation  
That Charlie will the realm inherit,  
And forthwith should he come to us  
Mount would our courage and our spirit :  
Rise with you would every mortal ;  
We true to you were all concerting ;  
In edge of strife or battle's portal  
Were never risk of our deserting.

We desert you ? Never, never !  
The prayer that we'd get answered liefest  
Is that the French to us came over,  
Charlie at their head the chiefest.  
Rise would Camerons of Lochy,  
Macdonalds, MacIntyres banded ;  
Not their like within the borders,  
Since Clan Baoisge passed and ended.

Strong and vigorous, royal, numerous,  
Clan MacNab would rise with you too,  
Targed, and trained to arms, and numerous,  
Folk of the banners and the guns blue ;  
At the time o' the bright blades baring  
The sharp edges, the pikes rounded,  
With conquering blows and strokes wound-tearing  
Famous 'twas when they fell wounded.

MacGregors with unfailing might,  
They noble were and royal ever,  
In time of quarrel, war, or fight,  
Cause for their dispraise heard was never.  
Going in face of fire and lead,  
Not they would yield at rout's fell clangour,  
And while ye your nature follow  
You will withstand folk's spiteful anger.

With you will rise each northern nation,  
Alike the high-born and the lowly,  
With heart's wish and determination  
For you on truth your hope placed solely ;  
We'll all be for you with one aim,  
We are for the same consummation,  
In your just cause, O Charlie Stewart,  
Peace brought us by your coronation.

## APPENDIX II

### NOTES ON THE TEXT

FIVE editions of Duncan MacIntyre's poems have been issued. The first, hereinafter called A, entitled, as were BC, *Orain Ghàidhealach le Donnchadh Macantsaair*, was printed for the author by A. MacDonald, Edinburgh, 1768, and contains twenty-six pieces.

The second, B, was printed for the author, Edinburgh, 1790, dedicated to John Campbell, Earl of Breadalbane and Holland, and is prefaced by one page of biography. This edition contains forty-seven pieces, including all in A except the *Song to the Breeches*, which had involved the author in trouble, and the *Song to a Tailor Friend*, concluding with a list of 1483 names of persons ordering 1594 copies.

The third, C, was printed for the author by Thomas Oliver, Edinburgh, 1804, with two pages of biography, a dedication to the same patron, and fifty-eight pieces, the *Song to the Breeches* being again included. The list of subscribers' names numbers 683, accounting for 733 copies, after which follow the verses to the poet by John MacIntyre in Oban.

The fourth, D, entitled *Gaelic Poems and Songs by Duncan Ban Macintyre*, was printed in Edinburgh in 1834 by Bell & Bain, and published by Oliver & Boyd. Here the dedication and the subscription list were omitted, but the *Song to John Wilkes*, and the eulogy by John MacIntyre above mentioned were inserted. Immediately following was the word *crioch* (meaning *finis*), but on the next page the *Elegy on the Dog that went through the Ice with a Hare in his Mouth* was added, apparently as an afterthought.

The fifth, E, entitled *Orain agus Dàna Gàidhealach le Donnchadh Bàn, Mac-an-t-Saoir, Songs and Poems in Gaelic by*

## NOTES ON THE TEXT

*Duncan Ban Macintyre*, of which there have been eight reissues, was published in Edinburgh in 1848 by MacLachlan & Stewart, and latterly by Mr John Grant. Containing six pages of biography, and sixty-three pieces, it ends with John MacIntyre's appreciation of the poet. Subjoined are Robert Buchanan's translations, *The Glen of the Mist* and *The Last Adieu to the Hills*. After the first piece, *Another Song to the Battle of Falkirk* was inserted, and, as occasion seemed to require, some useful footnotes were added. The three pieces in Appendix I are thus not strongly supported in these editions.

Of the five editions, A, edited by Dr Stewart of Luss in his youth, is the most careful and scholarly. B comes next in order of merit. Both use only the acute accent on long syllables. Several changes are made in B, which are not always improvements on the readings in A. English words are replaced in B by words of native origin which are frequently less suitable. C introduces the grave accent, and marks a far greater number of long syllables than A and B. D, on and after p. 54, begins to use horizontal marks on long syllables, chiefly  $\bar{a}$  and sometimes  $\bar{o}$ , but not with complete uniformity. It is the only edition to use those marks.

It has been judged better to confine attention for the most part to these editions, as they must in the nature of the case have formed the standard in their successive periods. But the editor has also examined the McLachlan MS. (McL.), in Glasgow University. Unfortunately a large number of pieces in this MS., if the pagination in red ink be relied on, are missing. Among those in the existing collection are copies—almost all slovenly and incorrect—of *John Campbell of the Bank*, No. 41; *Coire Cheathaich*, No. 32; *Beinn Dourainn*, No. 184; *John Wilkes*, No. 67; *Lament for the Earl of Breadalbane*, No. 121; together with *Da Chluas a' Bhuic Le Donnchadh Ban Mc an t Saoir*, No. 162. This title, so far as appears, is the only external claim the

## APPENDIX II

piece has in its favour ; and that claim is not supported by its intrinsic merits. It lacks the point, clearness, and poetic quality of the poet's admitted work, and therefore it has not been included in this edition.

The MacNicol collection the editor has not had access to, but he is enabled to add the notes subscribed McN. from some extracts kindly sent him by Rev. Prof. George Henderson, Ph.D., its present custodian, who has also supplied the reference to transcripts of three of MacIntyre's poems in the British Museum—*The Song to the Summer*, Egerton, 154, fol. 33b; *Love Song*; and *Song to Lord Glenorchy*, fol. 35b. The first of these was copied by Edward O'Reilly, the Lexicographer, from A, with unimportant variations; McN., which also follows A, gives several verses not found in any printed edition, but adds little to the interest of the poem. The earliest editions show the breaking up of the declensions. The acc. of fem. *a* stems is like the nom., and the final vowel of the gen. often disappears even in monosyllables, *beul do chléibh* 118, 93; *air chùl sgéith* 124, 29. But the dat. pl. in *-ibh* is uniformly preserved, save when the rhyme rules otherwise. In B the dat. sing. in *o* stems is met with, *coinniumh* 176, 259; 140, 154. *Aogasg* (ecosc) occurs in B 356, 53; the final vowel of *buidhe* is seldom written, 94, 146; *fuidh*=*fo*; *roimh*=*troimh*; *cho*=*cha*; *ata*=*ta*; *chuidh*=*chaidh* occur passim. Inflection tends to fail after verbal nouns, especially if the governed word is followed by a rel. or other clause, 422, 40; but on the other hand the governing word is itself inflected in B, *cionta ciad pheacaidh Adh'mh* 362, 26. Examples occur of the Middle Irish present pass., *Cha chluinnthear* 326, 40; of the b. future, *brisfior* 336, 23; and many instances of the following: past pass. 3rd sing. rel. 2, 20; 46, 47; 22, 26; 24, 61; 32, 51; 38, 114, 120, 137; 132, 27; past pass. 3rd sing. subj. 58, 87; 82, 63; 136, 78.

A, and to a less extent B, generally have *is* for the

## NOTES ON THE TEXT

conjunction and *a*'s for the relative of the copula; but the use is in each case affected by the vicinity of a small vowel, e.g., *is fhaide* 18, 40; *cha n-i is tàire* 44, 35; *bun is ìsle* 44, 47. The regular use is most frequent after the conjunction *o'n*, *mar*, etc., as in Old Irish. After A B later editions prefer *is*.

*Gu*, *de*, and *do* are confused to such an extent in all the editions that any attempt at correction must be attended with considerable uncertainty. Nevertheless something has been done in this direction.

The confusion between *do* and *de* has for the most part been rectified. The subjoined list, though incomplete, may be found useful:—

a=do 208, 22; 226, 54; 406, 105; 416, 9.

a (omitted)=do 16, 5; 218, 27; 242, 19; 254, 29.

a=de 8, 80, 95; 20, 3; 68, 33; 74, 145; 98, 22; 100, 39, 44; 104, 92, 101; 106, 124; 114, 33; 132, 25; 138, 126, 130; 146, 73; 166, 86; 228, 75; 284, 69; 310, 32; 410, 61; 430, 34.

a=dh' 228, 63.

ad=do d' 134, 51; 200, 64; 212, 26.

ad=de d' 136, 91; 210, 6; 214, 66; 252, 13, 20.

an=do'n 44, 37; 114, 27; 238, 30; 260, 106.

'n=do'n 230, 85.

an=de'n 74, 142; 144, 41.

'n=de'n 158, 50; 310, 31.

'sa=is de 202, 78.

ad, 't=ag do 114, 39; 210, 4.

a' m'=ag mo 204, 114.

a (omitted)=de 102, 55; 178, 271; 224, 26; 428, 18; 434, 135.

The derivation of *coltach* may be inferred from B 155, 50, where the reading is *colsach*, which by metathesis results from *coslach*:

*aineas* B 260, 103, from *aignes* [cf. *I. T. S.* VI. sub voce] meaning prayer, passion:

*thur*, etc., VII. 123, from Mid. Ir. *atar*, *dar*, *indar*; O. Ir. *ata*, *da*, *inda*. *I. T. S.* VI. 208:

*Sasunn*, *Sasgunn*, B 20, 13, which comes by metathesis from *Sagsunn*, LXI. 1, 83, McL., Saxon:

## APPENDIX II

*morair*, 338, 52. *Morbhir* (McN.) points to *mormhaer*, *mormaer*.

In the following collation of the five editions, all the leading changes are noted, except palpable blunders and mere variety of spelling. There are sixty-three poems in all, and these are indicated by Roman numerals. The Arabic figures refer to the lines in the various poems.

### I., p. 2.

Title as in A : Oran do bhlar na h Eaglais brice, B C D ; Blar na h-eaglaise brice, E.

- 1 mach-thir, A ; mach thir, B ; machair, C D E.
- 4 linn, A ; leoinn, B ; leinn, C D E.
- 6 diaigh, A B ; deigh, C D E. 12 g'a shireadh, A B ; g'a sireadh, C D E. 20 bhi'dhte, A B ; bhi'te, C D ; bhite, E.
- 21 caoiribh, A B C D (*cf.* 'coa cáirib, S. Rann, 3754) ; caoirich, E.
- 28 Bha Collin gun cheann air cuid dhibh, B ; Bha Colluin gun cheann air cuid diubh, C D E. For 29, 30 are 37, 38 in B C D E, which read for 31, 32—  
     Dh fhàg iad creuchdan air an reubadh,  
     'S cha leighiseadh léigh an cuislean.  
     and for 37-40—  
     'N uair a dh' aom sinn bharr an t-sléibh,  
     Is mòran feum aguin air furtachd,  
     Na bha beo bha cuid dhiubh leoint',  
     'S bha sinn brònach mun a thuit ann.
- 42 dh' aom, A ; ghluais, B C D E.
- 49 dhathigh, A B ; dhachaidh, C D ; dhachaigh, E.
- 61 chruachansa, A B ; chruachainse, C D E.
- 72 choslach, A B C D ; choltach, E.
- 73 ball teirmeasg, A B C D ; ball-teirmeisg, E.
- 74 dleusnach, A B ; dleasdnach, C D ; dleasnach E.
- 76 iontraich, A B ; iontraich, C D ; ionndrainn, E.
- 78 an t suigh, A B ; an t-sùigh, C D ; an t-sùthaidh, E.
- 90 fhaisin, A ; asuig, B C D ; asuinn, E.
- 103, 4      A' mheud sa dhfag sinn an san áraich,  
             La blár na h Eaglais brice, B C D E.

### II., p. 10.

- 5 Hawley, A B C D ; Hallaidh, E.
- 6 Cothun, A C D E ; Cochun, B.

## NOTES ON THE TEXT

- 16 na stoip, A ; mo stóp, B ; mo stòp, C D E.  
 23 phaigh, A B ; phàigh, C ; phàigheadh, D E, *cf.* 61 : iii., 10.  
 25 dathigh, A B ; dachaidh, C D ; dhachaigh, E.  
 26 Bhar faithch', A ; Thar faithch', B C D ; Thar faich', E.  
 79 dith, A B C D ; d'ì, E.

### III., p. 16.

- 2 theaga' 'n, A ; theag' gu'n, B C D E. 4 rithist, A B E ; rithisd,  
 C D. 8 charaibh, A B C D ; charamh, E.  
 9 co' mhaith, A B C D ; cho mhath, E.  
 13 soithidh, A ; soitheamh, B, etc.  
 17 Nic-còshum, A B ; Nic-còshum, C D ; Nic-Còiseam, E.  
 19 thao', A B ; thaodh', C D ; thaobh', E.  
 29 bhios, A B ; bhi's, C D E.  
 30 nian Deorsa, A B ; nighean Dheorsa, C D ; nighean Dheòrsa, E.  
 32 páidh, A B ; pàidh, C D ; pàidhidh, E.  
 34 sgeul am mearachd, A B C ; sgeula mearachd, D E.  
 35 có-maith, A B ; co maith, C D ; cho math, E.  
 36, 7 Ge, A B C D ; Ged' ged, E.  
 38 nach fhiach, A B ; nach b' fhiach, C D E.  
 40 Gur th' é, A B ; Gur e, C D E ; is fhaide, A B ; is faide, C D E.  
 42 'S foghnuidh, A ; Foghnuidh, B ; Fòghnuidh, C D ; Fòghnaidh,  
 E.

### IV., p. 20.

- 1 as ail, A ; as áil, B ; is àil, C D ; is àill, E.  
 4 Na do phuinse, A ; No do phuinse, B ; No do phuinnse, C D E.  
 6 Co lán, A B ; Co làn, C D ; Cho làn, E.  
 13 Sasgun, A ; Sasgunn, B C D ; Sasunn, E.  
 24 'S na h uil', A B C D E. 33 Ann sa h uile, A B ; Anns na  
 h-uile, C D E.  
 35 'S bha-sa, A ; 'S bha'as, B ; 'S bha'ar, C D E.  
 46 bhrattailean, A ; bhraitaillean, B ; bhratàillean, C ; bhataillean,  
 D ; *bhataillean*, E.  
 47 cho tairis, A ; cho dileas, B ; cho dileas, C D E.  
 48 leoghain, A B C D ; leòghain, E.  
 53 loinneis, A ; loingis, B C D E.  
 61 rachdadh, A ; reachta, B C ; rachta, D ; rachte, E.  
 71 rithisd, A B ; rithist, C D E.  
 77 dìthisd, A B ; dìthish, C D E.

## APPENDIX II

- 81 mar as aill, A B ; mar is àill, C D E.  
 82 Sábhailt, A B ; 'Sábhailt, C D E.  
 88 fhathasd, A B C D E.  
 95 ann diaigh, A ; ann deigh, B ; an déigh, C D E.  
 98 am fad as beò, A B ; is beò, C D E.  
 100 as còir, A B ; is còir, C D E.  
 103 luchd ciuirid, A ; luchd ceaird, B C D ; luchd-ceaird, E.  
 110 faodain spórta, A ; faotain spórsa, B ; faotain spúirte, C ; faotain spuirte, D ; faotainn spórsa, E.  
 127 'sdeigh a chreidimh, A ; steibh a' chreidimh, B ; stéibh na Creidimh, C ; stéidh na Creidimh, D E.  
 130 D' uinein, A B C D ; T' uinem, E.

### V., p. 30.

- 6 ceartas as firinn, A ; ceartas 's'am firinn, B C D ; ceartas 'sam firinn, E.  
 13 line omitted, C D E.  
 19 ann an Gallu', A ; Gallaibh, B C D ; Gallabh, E.  
 38 an d' theid, A B ; an d' théid, C D ; 'san téid, E.  
 64 clannar, A ; clannach, B C D E.  
 Order of lines in D E, 65, 6, 9, 70, 67, 8, 71.  
 70 soisle, A B ; sòisle, C D E.  
 76 Beul bí bu taine, A ; Beul bí a bu taine, B ; bì, C D ; Beul bìdhe bu taine, E (following the error in H.S.D., 112, col. 1).  
 84 caramh, A ; caradh, B D ; càradh, C E.  
 85 g'am bhuil, A ; d' am bhuil, B ; d' am bheil, C D E.  
 88 Sasgon, A B ; Sasgan, C D ; Sasunn, E.  
 101 aodhailt, A ; fhaodhailt, B C D ; fhaoghaid, E.  
 102 a ghreadhan, A ; a ghreadhain, B C D ; a ghreadhainn, E.  
 105 gaothair, A B C D E.  
 185 na foragain, A ; na h' oragain, B ; na h-oragain, C ; na h-orgain, D ; na h-òrgain, E.  
 138 air an t sorachan, A B ; air an t-sorachan, C D E.  
 139 toraman, A B C D E.  
 140 foirmeil, A B ; soirmeil, C D E.  
 145 Do mhaitheamh, A B C D ; Do mhaithean, E.

### VI., p. 42.

- 2 a's úrar, A B ; is ùrar, C D E.  
 4 bu chúbraidh, A B ; bu chùbhraidh, C D E. 6 plúireanach, A B ; plùireanach, C D ; plùranach, E.



## NOTES ON THE TEXT

- 9 falluing, A B C D; falluinn, E.  
 15 bhuanadh, A B C D; bhuaana, E.  
 23 aithir, A B C D E. saoghalta, A; saoghalt, B; saoghalt', C D E.  
 37 a'n bhá-thigh, A B; a'n bhà-thigh, C D; 'na bhà-thigh, E.  
 42 feireagan, A B C D; faoireagan, E; 's cruinn, A B; is cruinn, C D E.  
 53 sróineag, A B; sròineag, C D; srònag, E.  
 54 neónain, A B; neòinain, C D; neòinein, E.  
 61 gun aon teas, A B C D; gun aon-teas, E.  
 67 Le loinneis, A; Le luinneis, B C D E. 73 aithir, A B C D; aighear, E.  
 86 didneadh, A; didnein, B; didneadh, C D; dideann, E.  
 95 únaich, A B; ùnaich, C D; uinich, E: H.S.D.  
 99 uiseag, A B C D E.  
 101 A chuag 's smeórach am bár an ógain, A B.  
     A chuag 's smeòrach, am bàr nan ògain, C.  
     A chuag, 'sa smeòrach, am bàr nan ògain, D.  
     A chuag, 'sa smeòrach, am bàrr nan ògan, E.  
 106 Do na h uile seórta, A B; Do'n h-uile seórta, C D; Do'n h-uile seòrsa, E.  
 109 san fheathai', A B C D; san fheithe, E.  
 113 dusluig, A B; dùsluing, C (quoted but without accent, H.S.D.)  
     D; dùslainn, E.  
 133 'na dhosaibh, A B C D; 'na dosa, E.  
 134 'Sna phreasaibh, A B C D; 'S nam preasa, E.  
 135 Na gallain, A B C D. Nan gallan, E.  
     na faillain, A; na faillein, B C D; nam faillean, E.  
 144 'g an, A B C D; da'n, E.

### VII., p. 52.

- 1 caramh, A; caradh, B; càradh, C D E.  
 3 am araich, A; am arach, B; am àrach, C D; gam àrach, E.  
 4 'S an bhraidhe, A B; 'S a bhràidhe, C D; 'S a bhràighe, E.  
 10 Spurt, A B; Spuirt, C D E; 78 spúrt, A B; spuirt, C D E.  
 37 chleachdain riamh dha, A B; dhuit, C D; chleachdadh riamh dhuit, E.  
 46 chidsin tìghe 'n iarladh, A; iarla, B C D; tìgh an iarla, E.  
 74 na, A B C D; no, E.  
 86 Na dosaibh, A B C D; Nan dosaibh, E.  
 114 na chroite, A B C D; na chroitean, E.  
 123 'S thur leam, A B; 'S ar leam, C D; 'S air leam, E.

## APPENDIX II

- 137 sna baddan blátha, A B; s'na baddain blátha, C D; s'na badain bhlátha, E.  
 139 na láir'ge, A B; na làir'ge, C; na lair'ge, D; na lairig', E.

### VIII., p. 62.

- 5 mhi-chion, A; mighean, B C D E. 7 'n spraidh, A B C; 'na spraidh, D; 'na spraidhe, E.  
 13 'Nuair a shears mi i, A; 'Nuair a dh'érich mi, B; dh'érich, C; dh' éirich, D E.  
 16 Cuiphain, A; Cuiphein, B; Cuifein, C D; Cuifean, E.  
 24 Leam as cruaidh, A B; is, C D E.  
 38 an t ath la', A B; an t-ath la', C D; an ath la', E.  
 40 mar as maith, A B; is, C D E.  
 43 sileadh fola, A B C D; fala, E.

### IX., p. 66.

- Title: Oran do Ioin Caimbeul a' bhanc, A B C; Oran do Iain, etc., D; Iain Caimbeul a' bhanca, E.  
 18 Bu stann-ardach, A; stanaradh McL.; Is farramach, B; Is farramaich, C D; Is farumaich, E.  
 42 a snap, A B C D; a shnap, E; sic sraid, 43.  
 70 A cuireadh a suas, A B C D; A chuireadh tu suas, E.  
 76 teistneas, A B C D; teistneas, E.  
 83 air an dreasadh a suas, A B; dreasigid McL.; air an deasachadh suas, C D E.  
 89 mar a mhiann, A; mar do mhiann, B C D E.  
 90 sniamh, A B E; sniomh, C D.  
 98 le suairc, A B C D; ro shuairc, E.  
 113 smaointine, A B; smaointeana, C D; smaointeannan, E.  
 141 Coimhleirein, A B C D; coillearan, E.  
 142 Dreois ghailtheach a'n cheir, A B; chéir, C; Dreai s ghailtheach a'n chéir, D; Dreos dhealrach an céir, E; Coilaran praise ar lasa le céir, McL.  
 145 a luchd ealaidh, A B C D; a luchd-ealaidh, E.  
 149 shiubhlara, A; shiulacha, B; shiúlacha, C D; shiùbhlaicha, E.  
 172 Air na fuar Ghallúich, A B; Ghalluich, C; Ghallaich, D E.  
 182 ann a'd, A B; ann ad', C D E.  
 183 h aigne, A B; d' aigne, C D; t' aignidh, E.  
 186 a'd phearsain, A B; ad' phearsa, C D E.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

X., p. 78.

Title: Oran Ghlean-urchaidh, A; Oran Ghlin-urchaidh, B; Oran Ghlinn-urchaidh, C D E.

- 5 dislean, A B; dilsean, C D E.
- 9 Clachan-an-diseirt, A B E; Clachan-an-diseirt, C D.
- 26 spúrt, A B; spuirt, C D; spurt, E.
- 28 mu a sgar, A B C D; mu sgar, E.
- 42 fiu, A; pris, B; prìs, C D E.
- 48 A ni, A B; Ni, C D E.
- 54 na leoir, A B; na leòir, C D; na's leòir, E.
- 57 thigteadh, A B C; thigeadh, D E.
- 63 cha 'n fhaicteadh, A; cha 'n fhaicte, B E; cha'n fhaic'te, C D.

XI., p. 82.

- 3 bláthas, A; blás, B; blàs, C D E. The catalectic syllable, or caesura, Théid, falls in this line, A B C, but begins line 4 in D E; cf. 41, 51, 53, 58, 60, 117, 161, 193.
- 10 gnáthaicht', A B; gnàthaichte, C D E; cf. 34.
- 14 Trom-chuinlìonach, A B C; Trom-chinlìonach, D; Trom-chuilleanach, E.
- 20 bláthas, A; blás, B; blàth's, C; blath's, D; blàths, E.
- 32 uainealach, A B C D; uain'-neulach, E (false analogy to gormneulach, 122).
- 37 catuineach, A; cátuineach, B; blàth-mhaiseach, C D E.
- 38 Gu cra'och, crásgach, cruasachdach, A; Gu craobhach, etc., B; 'Sna craobhan làn do chruasachdan, C D E.
- 60 gurt, A B C D; gart, E.
- 66 Gros, A B C D; Gnos, E.
- 69 pris, A B; phreas, C D E.
- 70 ioc, A B C D; iochd, E.
- 72 'gan ainm, A B C D; d'an ainm, E.
- 77 sa' phunnc, A; sa' phonnc, B C D; sa' phong, E.
- 86 uapa-san, A E; uatha-san, B C D.
- 90 chnocana, A B C; chnocanaibh, D; chnocaibh, E.
- 92 Le ribheid a' dlu'-chur seoil orra, A B.  
Le ribheid dlùth chur seòil orra, C; seòl, D.  
Le ribheid diùth chur seòl orra, E.
- 93 ponuca, A B C D; poncan, E.

APPENDIX II

- 98 uiseag, A B; riabhag, C D E; 'na seuchdan—read seòcan, crest feathers? Not the crested lark which is uncommon.—*Tour in Sutherland*, p. 51 note.  
comhladh, A B; còmladh, C D E.
- 100 a's aird', A B; is aird, C D E; *cf.* 153, 157.
- 101 choill a gu leir, A; choill gu leir, B; chòill' gu léir, C D E.
- 113 am beatha, A B C D; am beith, E.
- 119 pluireineach, A B; plùireineach, C D; plùranach, E.
- 125 cearmonta, A B C D; cearmontan, E.
- 133 gasach, A B C; garach, D E (*leg.* garrach?).
- 159 righbin, A B; ribhinn, C D E.
- 167 slios'ora, A B; slios'ra, C D; sliosrach, E.
- 168 Mfn, slfogta, A B; Cas, bachlach, C D E.
- 172 sreud, A; treud, B C D E.
- 177 mionntain, A B; mionntain, C D E.  
camomhil, A B; cam'mhil, C D; cam-bhil, E.
- 179 thalamhonta, A B C D; cathair-thalmhanta, E.
- 181 Suthan láire, A B; Subhan làire, C D; Sughan-làire, E.
- 186 bruinneach, A; bhruinneach, B; bhrùin'ceach, C D; bhrùin-  
ceach, E.
- 200 g'a mhoideachadh, A B; g'a mhòideachadh, C D E.

XII., p. 98.

Title: Oran do Chaipteann Donnacha Caimbeul, ann Geard Dhuineidin, A; Oran do Chaipteann Geard Dhuineidin, B; Oran do Chaiptein Geard Dhun-eidin, C D; Oran do Chaiptin Geard Dhuneideann, E.

- 5 curaisdeach, A; urramach, B C D E.
- 44, 55 Dhiarmad, A; Dhiarmaid, B C D E.
- 48 iarlodh, A; iarl' u, B; iarl' thu, C D E.
- 54 Auchloine, A; Achaloinne, B C D E.
- 59 brosgla, A; mosgla, B C D; mosgladh, E.
- 60 'S bu mhor fheum, A; Bu mhor t fheum, B; Bu mhòr t' fheum, C D; Bu mhor t' fheum, E.
- 64 an t siochaint, A B; an t-slochadh, C D; an t-siochaidh, E.
- 68 casaga, A B C D; casagan, E.
- 69 A liuthad beannachdan bocainn, A; bhochdan, B C D E.
- 75 roi' d' lionuibh, A B; lìontuibh, C; lìontaibh, D E.
- 78 spúindeadh, A B; spùinteadh, C D; spùinneadh, E.
- 88 Is moch a, A B C D; Is moich a, E.

## NOTES ON THE TEXT

- 89 'eile, A ; 'éileadh, B C D ; féileadh, E.  
 91 a bhile shíd, A B ; a bhil shíd, C D ; a' bhil shìod', E.  
 102 spairt, A B ; spàirt, C D E.  
 112 sgriuiteadh, A ; scriuta, B ; scriùta, C D ; sgrìubhte, E.  
 136 na clia-sheanchuidh, A B C D ; na cliar-sheanachaidh, E.

### XIII., p. 108.

Omitted in B C D. Title : Oran do charaid Taileir air son cuairt sùiridh, A ; Oran do charaide Tailear air son cuairt shuiridh, E.

- 3 ag ailis, A ; ag aithris, E.  
 7 ri h aire, A ; ri faire, E.  
 18 is aitheant damh 'm eolas, A ; is aithne dhom 'm eòlas, E.  
 23 gu brigheagach, A ; gu bhriagraich, E.  
 24 nigheagan, A E.  
 33 na fhaire, A ; na faire, E.  
 41 ludragan phaidseach, A ; paidseach, E.  
 42 gun ádh, A ; gun stàth, E. 46 os 'n aird, A ; os n-aird, E.

### XIV., p. 112.

Title : Oran do'n Taileir, an eirig oran a rinn eisean ann an adhbhar a charaid. A ; Aoir an Tailear, etc., B ; Oran an Taileir. B C D.

- 1 Neacain, A B C D E.  
 2 á d' phearsuin, A B ; a d' phearsa, C D E.  
 23 'S craobh thu 'n ghrotlaich, A ; 'S tu chraobh ghrodlaich, B C D E.  
 24 fhíneag, A B ; fhionag, C D E.  
 39 a' d' theumadh, A B C D ; ga d' theumadh, E.  
 44 is fhiu, A B C D E.  
 47 cáramh, A ; cáradh, B ; càradh, C E ; caradh, D.  
 49 smúraich, A ; smúrach, B ; smùraich, C D E.  
 53 Nan sneo, 's nam mial íneach, A. Omitted by B C D E.  
 55 omitted by A.  
 65, 6 Bì'dh 'n crom-ódhar gun fhios duit,  
     'Mach air tollaibh do bhriogais, A.  
 67 'Se, A ; Fear, B C D E.  
 68 Chaill e, A ; Chaill do, B C D E.  
 79 ag ràit, A B ; ag ràdh'te, C ; radh'te, D ; ag ràite, E.

## APPENDIX II

- 81 áros, A B ; àras, C E ; āras, D.  
 85 gu'n spàrr thu, A B ; gu'n spàrr thu, C D E.  
 95 gu h eaidh, A ; gu h 'eaidh, B ; gu h-eaidh, C D ; gu h-éididh, E.  
 97 a' d' phearsuin, A B C D ; phearsa, E.  
 108 sgóir-fhiaclan, A B ; sgòir-fhiaclan, C D ; sgòr-fhiaclan, E.  
 120 Uchd na curra, cean circ' ort, gob geóidh, A B.  
       Uchd na curra, ceann circ ort, gob geòidh, C D.  
       Uchd na curr' ort, ceann circ' 's gob geòidh, E.  
 144 Aig olca 's a, A B ; Aig olcas a, C D ; Aig olcas 'sa, E.  
 148 cháramh, A B ; chàradh, C D E.

### XV., p. 122.

- Title : Cumha' Ghileaspaig Achaladoir, A B C ; Ghileaspuig, D ;  
       Cumha Ghilleasbuig Achaladair, E.  
 6 leith-páigh, A B ; leth-pàigh, C D ; leth-pàigheadh, E.  
 19 air h adhairt, A B ; air h-adhairt, C D ; air t' adhart, E.  
 25 leomhan, A B ; leòmhan, C D ; leòghan, E.  
 29 sceith, A B ; sgéith, C D ; sgéithe, E.  
 36 aingeal, A B C D ; aingeil, E.  
 41 champin, A B ; Champi, C D ; Champaidh, E.  
 42 an tacaíd, A B C ; an t saighead, D ; an t-saighead, E.  
 44 foladh, A B C D ; fala, E.  
 49 Phealan-housain, A B ; Phealan-housein, C D E.  
 53 Air a phicaíd, A B C D ; Air a' phiocaíd, E.  
 54 chách, A B ; chàich, C D E.  
 57 Ge do, A B C D E.  
 59 thearuing, A B ; thèaruinn, C ; thèarainn, D E.  
 63 re, A ; le, B C D E.  
 70 ann caradh, A B ; an caradh, C D ; an caramh, E.  
 81 siochaint, A B ; siochaidh, C D E.  
 91 Ann àm pàighe dhuit cisean, A B ; An àm pàighe a mhàil duit,  
       C ; An àm pàighe a mhàil duit, D ; An àm pàigheadh a'  
       mhàil duit, E.  
 92 Cha bhiodh díth air do theanandan, A B.  
       Cha bu ghnàth leat bhi tallach air, C ; gnàth, D.  
       Cha bu ghnà leat bhi talach air, E.  
 110 dhearadh, A B C ; dhearradh, D ; dhearcadh, E.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

XVI., p. 130.

- Title : Cumha' Chailein Ghleanuir, A ; Cumha' Chailein Glinn-iuthair, B ; Ghlinn-iuthair, C D ; Cumha Chailein Ghlinn-iubhair, E.
- 9 Ghleanuir, A ; Glinn-iuthair, B ; Ghlinn-iuthair, C D ; Ghlinn-iubhair, E.
- 15 dionaich, A B ; dhìonaich, C D E.
- 16 lín-anart, A B ; lìon-anart, C D E.
- 24 r'a gh' rait, A B ; r'a gh' ràit', C D ; r'a ràit', E.
- 30 Na, A B C ; No, D E ; speuran, A B C ; speuraibh, D E.
- 31 choslach, A B C D ; choltach, E.
- 32 tu, A B ; thu, C D E.
- 37 chachuila, A ; chachuile, B C D ; chachaile, E.
- 38 'n tacaid, A B C D ; 'n acaid, E.
- 50 cheatamh, A B C D ; cheutaidh, E.
- 55 fuidh euslain, A B ; euslainnt, C D ; fo euslaint, E, *cf.* 158.
- 63 chàramh, A B ; chàramh, C D ; chàradh, E.
- 70 tàrsa, A B ; tàrsa, C D E.
- 71 ciatfach, A B ; ciat'ach, C D ; ciatach, E.
- 121 Mac Caoi, A B C ; Mac-Aoidh, D E.
- 132 'Na los, A B C D E.
- 152 O'n a dheug, A B ; O'n a dh' eug, C ; O'n dh' èug, D ; O'n dh' eug, E.
- 154 choinnimh, A B C D E.
- 160 sgiúil, A B ; sgeòil, C ; chliù, D E.

XVII., p. 142.

- B omits. Title : Oran do'n Bhrigis, A ; Oran a Bhriogais, C ; Oran na Briogsa, D ; Oran nam Briogsan, E ; *Air fonn*, Sean triuthas Uilleam, A C ; Sean' Triuthais Uilleachan, D ; Seann Triubhais Uilleachan, E.
- 1 brigeis, A ; briogais, C D ; briogsa, E.
- 6 cuiridh, A ; cuireadh, C D E.
- 14 Lunduin, A ; Lunndain, C ; Lunnain, D ; Lunnainn, E.
- 24 fain neart, A ; fain-neart, C ; ain-neart, D E.
- 25 'S o'n a, A ; A's o'n, C E ; A's ò'n, D ; am brigis, A ; am briogais, C ; a bhriogais, D ; na briogsan, E.
- 33 'S thur leam, A ; 'Sar leam, C D ; 'S air leam, E.
- 37 sulasach, A ; sòlasach, C ; suigeartach, D E.
- 44 neo-aoidheil, A C D E.
- 45 deth, A C D ; d'i, E.

## APPENDIX II

- 46 sulais, A ; sùlas, C D ; sùlais, E.  
 55 am brigis, A ; am briogais, C ; a bhriogais, D E.  
 dhùbladh, A C ; dùbladh, D E.  
 57 addun, A ; adan, C D E.  
 58 Chuir dian, A ; Chur dian, C D E.  
 71 éilidh, A ; 'éilidh, C ; 'éididh, D ; t-éideadh, E.  
 76 nam brigisean, A ; na'm briogaisean, C D ; nam briogaisean, E.

### XVIII., p. 148.

- 14 Páraic, A B ; Pàruic, C D ; Pàruig, E.  
 16 croman-lachdan, A B C D ; -lachdunn, E.  
 18 'sa bhroileach, A B C D ; 'sam broilleach, E.  
 20 círeín, A B ; cìreín, C D E.  
 82 ganndar, A B C D ; ganntair, E.  
 85 rìghbhìn, A ; rìghbhinn, B ; rìbhinn, C D E.  
 89 'S chuir, A ; Chuir, B C D E.

### XIX., p. 156.

Title: Oran, mar gun deanadh Nian é do Niain eile, A B ; Nighean, do Nighin, C D.

- 1 nian, A B ; nighean, C D E.  
 7 fur 's niosal, A ; fu' 's niosal, B ; fuidh 's n-ìosal, C D ; fo 's n-ìosal, E  
 18 cìod é ni mi, A B ; cìod a ni mi, C D E.  
 23 gun a mart, A B C D E ; chraoimeas, A B C D ; chriomas, E.  
 26 fhalbh e mi-mh'ail, A ; go mi-mh'ail, B ; go mì-mhail, C D ; gu mì-mhail, E.  
 34 camruig, A B C D ; camraig, E.  
 52 'o thràigh, A B ; 'o thràigh, C D ; bho thràigh, E.

### XX., p. 160.

Title: Oran Bein-Dourain, A B ; Oran Beinn-dourain, C D ; Moladh Beinn-dòrain, E. *Air fonn*, Piobaireachd, B C D E. Urlar, siubhal not in A but in B C D E. A B head sections by I., II., etc.

- 3 Do na, A ; Na, B C D E.  
 19 na eitidh, A B ; na éididh, C ; na èididh, D ; na éideadh, E.  
 26 teúchd, A B ; teuchd, C D ; euchd, E.



## NOTES ON THE TEXT

- 29 biodh, A B C D ; bidh, E.
- 40 seolanna, A ; seolanain, B ; seòlanain, C D ; seòlainean, E.
- 54 chreachan na beine, A ; chreachan na beinn, B ; chrachuin na beinne, C D ; chreachainn na beinne, E.
- 56 a h aonach, A ; 'n t aonach, B ; 'n t-aonach, C D E.
- 76 laoighean, A B C D ; laoghan, E.
- 101 àsain, A B ; àsain, C D ; àsainn, E.
- 104 meathluich na siannta, A B C D ; meilich na siantan, E.
- 116 dionadh, A ; diodunn, B ; diodean, C ; didean, D E.
- 119 fasnathach, A ; fasnach, B C D E.
- 121-168 B C D omit.  
I., 1-48, A B. II., 49-120, A B. III., 121-168, A.
- 169 A reads, IV. : Cha b'aithne dhamh co leanadh i  
Do dh' fhearuibh na Roinn-eorpa,  
Mur faiceadh é deadh ghean orra,  
'S tigh'n farasda 'na co'-dhail,  
and then 467-514. Next follows V., 169-216 ; VI., 217-288 ;  
VII., 289-336 ; VIII., 515, 'S O ! b'ionmhuinn, 554 ; IX.,  
411-462 ; X., 337-410, the end of A.  
In B, after 120, comes III., 169-216 ; IV., 217-288 ; V., 289-  
336 ; VI., 337-410 ; VII., 411-462 ; VIII., 463-554. From 169  
onward the order in C D E is followed in the text, with  
alternate urlar and siubhal to an crunluaith.
- 124 bi', A ; bhith, E.
- 126 Luchd, A ; A' luchd, E.
- 129 oscarra, A ; fosgarra, E.
- 130 socair, A ; shocrach, E. 135 g'a h araid, A ; g'a farraid, E.
- 154 glóinin innt', A ; gleòn innte, E. 158 bheothaile, A ; bheothail',  
E.
- 165 'Nuair bheireadh, A ; 'Nuair a bheireadh, E.
- 168 cómhluath, A ; comhladh, E.
- 172 Glan-feòrnaineach, A B ; Glan-feòrnaineach, C D ; Glan,  
feòirneanach, E.
- 173 Bruchorachd, A B C D ; Bruchairreachd, E.
- 188 neónagan, A B ; neònagan, C D ; neòineagan, E.
- 196 dó-lith'chean, A B ; dò-lith'chean, C D ; dò-lichcinn, E.
- 205 an oidhch', A B C D ; oidhch', E.
- 217 luiseanach, A B C D ; lusanach, E ; fhailleanach, A B C ;  
fhaileanach, D E.
- 220 Crìosd'achd, A B C D ; Crìosdachd, E.
- 237 sgiulta, A B ; sgiolta, C D E.

## APPENDIX II

- 238 sguibealt', A B C D ; sgiobailt', E.  
 245 air dheireadh, A B C D ; air deireadh, E.  
 250 Easgonach, A B C D ; Easganach, E.  
 252 clisge, A B C D ; clisgeadh, E.  
 259 ann coinniumh, A B (*cf.* coinniu, Contrib.); an coinneamh, C D E.  
 260 os 'n iosal, A B ; o's 'n iosal, C D ; o's 'n-iosal, E.  
 269 Caoilte, A B ; Caoillte, C D E.  
 271 Na tha dhaoine 's dh' eachaibh, A ; Na tha dhaoine 's do dh' eachaibh, B C D E.  
 283 groigeasach, A B C D E. 287 mhonadh, A B C D ; mhunadh, E.  
 296 fótrus, A B ; fòtrus, C D ; fòtus, E.  
 298 aodhach, A ; aobhach, B C D E.  
 330 is a tuar, A ; sa tuar, B C D ; s'a tuar, E.  
 362 Ain-fheasach, A B C D ; Ainfheasach, E.  
 368 roimh 'n ghaineamh, A B C D ; tro' 'n ghaineimh, E.  
 375 fáruin, A B ; fàruinn, C D ; àrainn, E. 386 Is, A B ; A's, C D E.  
 401 h aiseiridhean, A ; h aiseirine', B ; h-aiseirine, C D ; h-aisirean, E.  
 406 orra, A B C D ; oirr', E.  
 423-6 omitted in B C D.  
 424 Is, A ; 'S, E.  
 441 ceann-uithe, A B C D ; ceann-uidhe, E.  
 445 Fáile, A B ; Fàile, C D ; Fàileadh, E ; súgh craobh, A B ; sùgh craobh, C ; sùth-chraobh, D ; subh-chraobh, E.  
 451 Mordha, A B C D ; Mòr-ghath, E.  
 455 a' leum, A B ; a' leum', C D E.  
 463-6 the reading of B C D E. For the reading of A see above, 169.  
 465 mar B C D E.  
 495-514 omitted in B C D.  
 500 sbeireacha, A ; speireanach, E.  
 506 eirear', A ; eirthir, E.  
 508 deireannaiche, A ; deireannaich, E.  
 509 Tabhunnaich, A ; A' tabhannaich, E.  
 510 teilin, A ; deilean, E.  
 512 teilleis ria, A ; deileis rise, E.  
 515 'S O ! b' ionmhuinn, A ; B'ionmhuinn, B C D E.  
 516 spòrsda, A B ; spòrsta, C D ; spòrsa, E.  
 521 barrandas, A B C D E. 523 foirmeal, A B C D E.  
 533 fosgailt', A B C D E.

## NOTES ON THE TEXT

- 534 A' comh-bhogartaich, A ; 'Comh-bhogartaich, B C D ; 'Co-  
bhogartaich, E.  
540 mac-thalla, A B C ; mac-talla, D E.  
552 dleasdanas, A ; dleasd'nas, B C D ; dleasnas, E.  
553 bhreisdlich, A ; bhreislich, B C D E.

### XXI., p. 196.

- Title: Oran do Chéile, A ; Oran do Cheile Nuadh-phoisde, B C ;  
Oran d'a cheile nuadh-phòsda, D ; Oran d'a chéile Nuadh-  
poste, E.  
10 co, A B ; cò, C D E.  
13 ria, A B ; rith, C D ; r'i, E.  
19 dithist, A B C D ; dithis, E. 20 rithist, A B C D E.  
22 inghean, A ; nion, B ; nighean, C D E.  
26 G'a, A B C D ; D'a, E.  
27 a chuir, A B C D ; chuir, E.  
32 A theachd, A ; Theachd, B C D E.  
55 reult, A B C D ; reull, E.  
69 air grunn d mo stamaic, A B ; a b' iùl domh aillis, C ; a b' iùl  
domh aithris, D E.  
73-80 omitted in A.  
81 thog i, A ; thog e, B C D E.  
84 a's, AB ; is, C D E.  
92 mhalaidh, A B C D ; mhala, E.  
106 seamh, A B ; seang, C D E.  
107 co-mhín, A B ; co-mhìn, C D ; cho-mhìn, E.  
108 soluist le chéil', A B ; soluist le chéill, C D ; soluis le chéill, E.  
109 Gaoirdeine, A B C ; Gaoirdein, D ; Gaoirdean, E.  
114 a'm', A B C D E.  
120 Sléit', A B C D ; Sléibht', E.  
121 'S nam, A ; 'Nam, B C D E ; cháramh, A B ; chàramh, C D ;  
chàradh, E.  
129 as crann, as arrachd, A ; as crann, as dearrach, B ; a's crann,  
a's t-earrach, C D E.

### XXII., p. 206.

- 1, 13 bhuidh, A B C D ; bhuidhe, E.  
5 's is, A B C D E ; bhanaile, A B C D ; banaile, E  
9 'S e coslas, A ; 'S é cosail, B C D ; 'S e coltas, E.

## APPENDIX II

- 15 gleachdach, A ; cleachdach, B C D E.
- 22 a luchd, A B C D E.
- 29 ann a stír, A B ; ann a s'tír, C D ; anns an tír, E.
- 35 coslach, A ; cosail, B C D E.

### XXIII., p. 210.

- 1 'S A Mhárai, A ; 'A Mhárai, B ; 'A Mharai, C ; A Mharai, D ;  
A Màiri, E.
- 6 cheana d', A B ; chean' ad', C D E.
- 12 òirdnibh, A B ; òirdnuibh, C ; òrdaibh, D E.
- 16 pòsaidh, A B C ; pòsda, D ; pòste, E.
- 20 a's fherr, A B ; is fherr, C D E.
- 34 mhaluidh mar ight, A B C ; ibht, D ; mhala mar it, E.
- 44 sít, A B ; síd, C ; síod', D ; síod', E.
- 45 seamh, A B ; seang, C D E.
- 62 cómhluath, A ; cheòthar, B C E ; cheò'ar, D.

### XXIV., p. 216.

- 1 'n inghean, A ; nion, B ; nighean, C D E.
- 10 tha, A ; a tha, B C D E.
- 29 as an diaigh, A ; as an deothaidh, B C D E.
- 45 Nam b' i rachadh marrum, A ; Nam bithidh i marrum, B ; Nam  
bitheadh i mar'rium, C D ; mar rium, E.
- 51 A 'n inghean, A ; A 'nion, B ; A'nighean, C D ; A nighean, E.
- 74 Ruidh-leumnaich ceoil, A B C ; Ruidh-leumnach ceòl, D ;  
Ruith-leumnach ceòl, E.
- 82 beadurra, A B ; bead'ra, C D ; beadradh, E.
- 85 dócha, A B ; docha, C D E.
- 86 Tuill' as a' chóir, A B ; Tuill' a's a' chóir, C D ; Tuilleadh a's  
a chóir, E.

### XXV., p. 222.

- 13 choslach, A ; chosail, B ; chosmhail, C D ; choltach, E.
- 22 Is fherr, A ; 'S fherr, B C D E.
- 38 fola, A B C ; fala, D E.
- 43 eunlaith, A ; eunlain, B C D ; eunlainn, E.
- 48 chum, A ; hun, B ; thun, C D E.
- 50 ach faileas, A B ; ach an faileas, C D ; ach am faileas, E.

## NOTES ON THE TEXT

- 52 olan, A ; olann, B ; olainn, C D E.  
 54 coslach a m', A ; cosail a m', B ; cosmhail m', C D ; coltach m', E.  
 55 nítear, A B ; nítheas, C D E.  
 57 a th' ann a s, A B ; a th' anns an, C D E.  
 59 na faoidh-chlòimhe, A B ; faoidh-chlòimhe, C ; faodh-chlòimhe, D E.  
 61 Inner-ghíneachd, A ; Inner-ghínneachd, B ; Inner-ghinneachd, C D ; Inner-Ghinneachd, E. 66 Arrar, A B C D E.  
 70 nion-Dónuil, A B ; nighean Domhuil, C ; nighean, Domhuil, D ; nighean, Dòmhuill, E.  
 71 rúchan, A B ; rùchdan, C D E.  
 81 Druim-a-chothuis, A ; Druim-a-chóthuis, B ; Druim-a-chòthuis, C D ; Druim-a'-chothuis, E.  
 83 Inner-chárnain, A ; Iner-chárnain, B ; Inner-charnain, C D ; Inner-charnain, E.  
 87 Daile-'n-easa, A B C ; Dail'-an-easa, D E.  
 88 'm freasdal a ceanaíl, A ; a-ceanaíl, B ; a' ceanaíl, C ; m' freasdal a' ceanaíl, D ; m' freasdal a ceanaíl, E.  
 91 cór as, A B ; còr a's, C D E.  
 114 ainneal, A B C D ; ainneil, E.  
 123 táileir, A B ; tàileir, C D ; tàilleas, E.  
 159 dh' fhuirgheas, A B ; dh' fhuir'eas, C D ; dh' fhuireas, E.

### XXVI., p. 236.

- Title : Oran luaidh, A B C D ; Oran luaidh no fuaidh, E.  
 4 chlóthlain, A B ; chlòthlain, C ; chlòdhlain, D ; chlòlain, E.  
 8 thionndaidheas, A ; thionndas, B C D E.  
 12 air luadha' 'n, A ; air luadh' an, B ; air luadh an, C D E.  
 16 ciatfhach, A B C ; ciatach, D E.  
 23 bhean-tighe, A B C D ; bhean-taighe, E.  
 24 coslach, A ; cosail, B ; cosmhail, C ; coltach, D E.  
 33 súil, A B ; sùil, C D ; sùl, E.  
 42 sunnd air muintir óga, A ; óga, B ; sunnt air muintir òga, C D E.

End of A.

### XXVII., p. 242.

- Title : Oran do Ghunna ga'n ainm Nioc-Coiseam, B C ; Oran do'n Ghunna ga'n ainm Nic-Coiseam, D ; d'an, E ; *Air fonn*, "Sinidh mi mo lurga," etc., E.  
 5 cuidir rium, B C D ; cuidear rium, E.

## APPENDIX II

- 6 chuidrim, B ; chuidthrom, C ; chudthrom, D E.
- 12 coire cheathaich, B ; Choire-cheathaich, C D E.
- 17 Am am is Creug an Aparrain, B.  
Am màin is Creug-an-aparrain, C D.  
Am màin is Creag-an-aparain, E.
- 18 leaca, B C D ; leacan, E.
- 19 Bheinn-dourain, B C D ; Bheinn-dòrain, E.
- 26 spurt, B E ; spuir, C D.

### XXVIII., p. 248.

- 8 cho mhail leam, B ; cha mhail leam, C ; cha mhath leam, D E.
- 9 ga'il, B ; ga'ail, C D ; gabhail, E.
- 12 tathaich, B C ; tadhaich, D ; taghaich, E.
- 25 Clachan an Dìseirt, B ; Clachan-an-Dìseirt, C D E.
- 45 a mhonaidh, B C ; a mhunaidh, D E.

### XXIX., p. 252.

Title: Oran Alistair, B ; Oran Alastair, C D ; Oran Alasdair, E.

- 16 'S fhearra, B C D E.
- 29 Ghlascha, B ; Ghlascho, C D E.

### XXX., p. 254.

- 6 dleasdanach, B C D ; dleasnach, E.
- 8 sheasamh, B C D ; sheasadh, E.
- 15 Bhithidh, B ; Bhitheadh, C ; Bhi'dh, D E.
- 20 re feam, B ; re feum, C ; ri feum, D ; ri reum, E.
- 23 re leath-taobh, B ; leth-taobh, C D ; A leth-taobh, E.
- 34 Flagh'ras, B C ; Flaghras, D ; Flàghras, E.
- 46 naimhde, B C D ; nàmhaid, E.
- 62 na, B ; no, C D ; mo, E.
- 66 glas-lann an ceann-bheart, B C D ; glas-lannan ceanna-bheairt, E.
- 67 ga bar-dheas, B ; ga bàr-dheas, C ; gu bar-dheis, D ; gu barra-dheis, E.
- 72 gan, B C D E.
- 74 ainneal, B ; aingeal, C D E.
- 77 Gu cuingseorach, B D ; Cu cuingseorach, C ; cuinnsearach, E.

## NOTES ON THE TEXT

- 103 aineas, B; ain'eas, C D; ainteas, E.  
 106 an, B C D; do'n, E.  
 124 bhi, B; bhiodh, C D E.  
 126 lanntan, B C; lannan, D E.  
 136 breacana 'n fheil, B D; breacana 'n fhéil, C; breacana 'n fhéil',  
 E.  
 140 Shassan, B; Shasgunn, C D; Shasuinn, E.  
 143 fairsing, B; farsuing, C D; farsuinn, E.  
 eis is glossed Maille in B.  
 153 tàlanndan, B C; talanndan, D; talanntan, E.

### XXXI., p. 264.

- Title: Oran do Reisimeid Earra-ghael, B; Oran do Reisimeid Earra-ghaidheal, C D; Oran do Reiseumaid Earra-ghaidheal, E.  
 17 oighichearan, B E; oighchearan, C D.  
 19 an airm-ghaisge, B C; omit an, D E.  
 31 h-Earra-ghaelich, B; h-Earra-ghaidh'lich, C D; h-Earragha-  
 laich, E.  
 41 dhoibh, B C D; dhuibh, E.  
 45 crios-gualann, B; crios-gualainn, C D; crios-guaille, E.  
 47 fheime, B; fheuma, C D E.  
 50 dùmhail, B; dòmhail, C D E.  
 56 Is fearr, B C D E; anns na bùithin, B; anns na bùthaibh, C  
 D E.  
 58 Nach sireadh i le dùrachd, B.  
 Nach sireadh iad e dùrachd, C D.  
 Nach sireadh iad de dhùrachd, E.  
 67 fògh'nnan, B; fògh'nan, C D; fòghanan, E.  
 74 Rebheu, B; Rabhiu, C D; Rabhiù, E.

### XXXII., p. 272.

- 20 is airde, B C D E. 24 uatha, B C D; uap', E.  
 28 uait, B; uair, C D; uat, E.  
 44 cha teichd, B; cha deic, C D; teic, E.  
 63 O 'na thug, B; O'n a thug, C; O'n a thog, D E.  
 71 éidigh, B; éididh, C D E.  
 83 'm phàrras, B; m phàrras, C; 'm Phàrras, D; 'm pàrras, E.  
 87 a's fearr, B; is fearr, C D E.  
 92 This line is bracketed in B C D.

APPENDIX II

XXXIII., p. 278.

- 1 nuaidheachd, B C D; naidheachd, E.  
 2 taitneadh, B C D; taitinn, E.  
 8 a sheasamh, B C D; a sheasadh, E.  
 15 am follas, B; am folluis, C; am follais, D E.  
 17 fichid, B; fichead, C D E. 19 cloc, B; clòc, C; clèoc, D E.  
 31 Lunduinn, B C; Lunnainn, D E.  
 40 fireannach, B; firionnach, C D E.  
 44 parlaimid Shasann, B; Pàrlamaid Shasgunn, C; Shasghunn, D;  
 pàrlamaid Shasuinn, E.  
 61 mar as coir, B; mar is còir, C D E.  
 63 am brìgis, B C; a bhrìgis, D; a' brìghis, E.  
 65 Chuir sinn a suas, B C D; Chuir sinne suas, E.  
 69 Còt a chadadh, B; Còt' a chadadh, C D E.  
 74 an fang, B E; an fann, C D; n'as, B; ni's, C D E.

XXXIV., p. 286.

- Title: Oran, na'm Fineachan a fhuair Fearann o'n Ri, B; Oran na'm  
 Fineachan a fhuair Fearann o'n Rìgh, 1782, C D; E as F.  
 5 ár-bhàiticht', B; àr-bhàiticht', C D; àr-bhacaicht', E.  
 6 a Chàimp, B; a Chhàimp, C D; a Chhàmp', E.  
 11 ghluas, B C; gluas, D; gluais, E.  
 16 seirbheas, B C D; seirbheis, E.  
 32 a chleachduinn, B C D; a chleachdadh, E.  
 33 ainmeil, B C; ainmeidh, D E.  
 34 *Camaranich*, B C; *Cam-Shronaich*, D; *Cam-Shronaich*, E.  
 37 eibhle, B; éibhle, C D; éibhlean, E.  
 41 *Druman*, B C; *Drumon*, D; *Dhrumain*, E.  
 43 Muileann, B; muileann, C D; muilleann, E.  
 44 Moirbheinn, B; Mòr-bheinn, C D E.  
 50 Chaisteil *Leodach*, B; Chaisteal *Leodach*, C; Chaisteal *Leòdach*,  
 D; Chaisteal-*Leòdach*, E. 53 leabhai, B; lebhì, C; *lebhì*,  
 D E.  
 62 Gluasaid ceill is mórchuis, B; Ciall ga réir an còmhnuidh, C D;  
 Ciall da réir an còmhnaidh, E.  
 90 luthmhór, B; luthmhor, C; lùgh'or, D; lùghor, E.  
 94 na bruchda, B; na brùchda, C D; na bruchd a', E.  
 97 Cannanaich, B C D; Cananaich, E.  
 105 eideach, B; éideach, C; éideadh, D E.



## NOTES ON THE TEXT

- 114 ga, B; ga', C D; d'a, E.  
 125 feile, B; féille, C D E.  
 130 Is leum, B; A's leum, C D; A's leam, E.  
 133 tein' ei'neis, B; tein' éi'neis, C; tein' eibhneis, D; tein'  
 -éibhinn, E.

### XXXV., p. 296.

- 1 socair, B C; socrach, D E.  
 18 nan Gaelibh, B; nan Gaidhealaibh, C D E.  
 19 Gam, B; Ga'm, C D; Da'm, E.  
 22 ar dhaoirid, B; ar dhaoraid, C D; ar dhaoireid, E.  
 29 mi-'or, B; mì-'or, C; mì'or, D E; H.S.D. gives *miodhoir*  
 and quotes page, 149, of C.  
 30 cha fhulaing sinn'e, B; cha'n fhulaing sinn'e, C; cha'n fhulaing  
 sinn' idir e, D; cha-n fhulaing sinn idir e, E.  
 35 Ioclaint, B; Ioclainnt, C; Ioc-slainnt, D; Ioc-slaint, E.  
 47 Cia mar a's, B; Cia mar is, C D E.  
 51 speura, B C; speuraibh, D E.  
 53 reoghta, B; reòdhta, C; reòta, D E.  
 54 pora, B; pòra, C; pòraibh, D E.  
 70 ga'r, B; ga', C D; d'ar, E.

### XXXVI., p. 302.

Title: Oran a Bhrannid, B C; Oran a Bhrannid, D; Oran a'  
 Bhrannaidh, E.

- 16 chuir spioraid, B; chuir spiorad, C D; chur spiorad, E.  
 20 gha'as, B C; ghabhas, D E.  
 25 ri'isd, B; rithisd, C D E.  
 30 Na smail leinn, B; Na's maith leinn, C; Na's math leinn, D E.  
 33 a bhios, B C; bhios, D E; a taitne, B; a taitneadh, C D; a  
 taitinn, E.  
 35 a thig, B; thig, C D E.  
 36 an tsiucair channid, B; an t-siucair-channid, C; an t-siucair-  
*channid*, D; an t-siucair-*channaidh*, E.  
 40 loinneas, B; loingeas, C D E.  
 41 bu toil linn, B; bu toigh leinn, C D E.  
 51 burnn, B C D; bùrn, E.

APPENDIX II

XXXVII., p. 306.

B heads each piece, Rann I., II., etc., to XIII., the end of B.  
 Title: Rann do'n Pha'adh, B; Rann do'n Phaghadh, C D; Rainn do'n Phadhadh, E.

- 12 Achuire, B; A chuir, C D E.  
 14 dearrlán, B; dear-làn, C D E.  
 16 fhein, B; fhéin, C; fhein, D; féin, E; gur é, B; gu'r e, C D;  
 gur h-e, E.  
 22 Lion a suas a'n copan fa'asd, B.  
 Lìonar suas an copan fhathasd, C D E.

XXXVIII., p. 308.

Title: Rann Arm, B; Rann Gearradh-Arm, C D; Rainn Gearradh-Arm, E.

- 4 mhaille, B; mhàilleadh, C; mhàilleadh, D; mhàilleach, E.  
 9, 37 imtheachd, B; imeachd, C D E; roimh, B C D; tro', E.  
 13 Fineadh a's, B; Fineadh is, C D; Fine is, E.  
 19 tarrunn, B; tarrung, C D E.  
 24 dhi, B; dh'i, C D; d'i, E.  
 25 Sleì'teach, B; Sléi'teach, C D; Sléibhteach, E.  
 27 Ghleadha, B; Ghleidheadh, C D E.  
 36 cruas, B C D; cruathas, E.  
 37 chuantain, B; chuanntain, C; chuanntaibh, D; chuaintibh, E.  
 39 Mhic-Saoir, B C D; Mhic-Shaoir, E.  
 40 uachdarach, B C D; uachdrach, E.  
 49 'S rioghail an eachdraidh, B; 'S rioghail eachdraidh, C D E.

XXXIX., p. 312.

Rann d'on Ghae'lic 's do'n Phìob mhoir bliadhna, 1781, B.  
 Rann do'n Ghaelic 's do'n Phìob mhóir, bliadhna, 1781, C; 'sa, D.  
 Moladh do'n Ghaelig, 's do'n Phìob mhòir, sa' bhliadhna, 1781, E.  
 So 1782, 3, 4, 5, 9.

- 7, 15 Ghlé, B; Ghléidh, C; Ghleidh, D E.  
 23 'S i nios, B; A's nis, C D; A's nis', E.  
 26 na, B C D E.  
 28, 63 Sasunn, B E; Sasgunn, C; Sasghunn, D.  
 30 air dhuais, B C D; air duais, E.  
 31 is fearr, B C D E.

## NOTES ON THE TEXT

- 32 An deis dhi bhi, B; An déigh's bhith, C; An dei's a bhith, D;  
An déis a bhi, E.
- 33 am, B C D; an, E.
- 34, 7, 41 a's fearr, B; is fearr, C D E.
- 38 bhlaithé, B; bhlàithe, C; bhlàithe, D; blàithe, E.
- 41 togbhail, B C; togail, D E.
- 44 'S á's mine, B; A's 's mìne, C D E.
- 48 thogta, B C D; thogte, E.
- 68 meas, B; mios, C D E.
- 71 Ga foghlam, B; Ga fòghlum, C D E.

### XL., p. 318.

- 2 síor chur, B; sir chur, C D E.
- 4 thogbhall, B C; thogail, D E.
- 5 A' gháilic, B; A' Ghaelic, C D; A' Ghàellig, E.
- 13 uaith sin, B C D; uaithe sin, E.
- 14 línidh ata fa's, B; linneadh ata fàs, C; linneadh ata fās, D;  
linn a ta ri fàs, E.
- 20 A' cuir a grádh an geill, B; A' cuir a grádh an géill, C; A' cuir  
a grádh an geill, D; A' cur a gráidh an céill, E.
- 23 's an eachdairi', B; an eachdraidh, C D E.
- 30, 56 is fearr, B C D E.
- 34 as mo, B; is mo, C D E.
- 36 socair, B C D; socrach, E.
- 33 aintheas, B; ain'eas, C D; ainteas, E.
- 46 as fearr, B; is fearr, C D; is fearra, E.
- 47 sionsoir, B; sionnsair, C D; seannsair, E.
- 65 Lunduinn, B; Lunnduin, C; Lunnain, D; Lunnainn, E.
- 71 ra aireamh, B; ra àireamh, C; ri aireamh, D; ri àireamh, E.
- 79 air talamh, B C D; air thalamh, E.

### XLI., p. 324.

- 6 'S na h uil', B; 'S na h-uil', C D E.
- 13, 7, 21, 5 'Ta i, B; 'Tha i, C D E.
- 15 is fearr, B C D E.
- 19 treuntais, B; treun'tais, C D; treubhantais, E.
- 20 deas-fhacalich, B C D; deas-fhaclaich, E.
- 28 an gaireadh, B; an gàireadh, C; an gaire, D; a' ghàire, E.

## APPENDIX II

- 38 o bragad, B D ; o bràgad, C ; o bràghad, E.  
 39 is binne, B C D E.  
 40 Cha chluinnthear, B ; Cha chluinntear, C D ; Cha chluinnear, E.  
 43 fear a gleus, B C D ; fearr a gléis, E.  
 48 crùn-ludh, B ; crùn-ludh, C D ; crùnludh, E.  
 51 air bheul, B C D ; air beul, E.  
 53 a' cleachduinn, B C D ; a' cleachdadh, E.  
 64 a maireach, B ; a' màireach, C D E.

### XLII., p. 328.

- 4, 5, 21, 40, 59 is fearr, B C D E.  
 9 righridh, B ; Rìghrean, C D ; rìghrean, E.  
 10 Gan, B ; G'an, C D ; D'an, E ; nan coir, B ; 'na còir, C D E.  
 12 ma'n, B ; mu'm, C D E.  
 27 sacramaint, B ; Sàcramaint, C ; Sàcramaid, D ; Sàcramaid, E.  
 28 phap', B ; Phap', C ; Phap', D ; phap, E.  
 33 paranta, B ; pàranta, C D ; pàrantan, E.  
 36 ál tha, B ; àl tha, C D ; àl a tha, E.  
 49 iobhruidh, B ; iobhraidh, C D ; iobhraidh, E.  
 51 osgara', B ; osgara, C D E.  
 53 Brosnachadh, B C ; Brosnachadh, D ; Brosnachadh, E.  
 56 g'am, B C D E.  
 58 Lunduin, B ; Lunnduin, C ; Lunnain, D ; Lunnainn, E.  
 66 is boi'each, B ; is bòidhche, C D E.  
 67 Garadh, B ; Garradh, C D ; Garadh, E.  
 71 ga h ainail, B ; ga h-aineil, C ; ga h-ainail, D ; d'a h-aineal, E.  
 73 Mo, B C D E.

### XLIII., p. 334.

- 2 Tha a' cumail, B C D ; A tha cumail, E.  
 10 gan, B ; g'an, C D ; d'an, E.  
 11 ga, B C D ; da, E. 15 sic d'a, E.  
 15 gu bicheant, B ; gu bichiont, C D ; gu minig, E.  
 23 briosfior, B ; brisear, C D E.  
 52 A, moirear, B ; Am Mòr-fhear, C D ; Sin am mòrair, E ; a bu, B ; bu, C D E.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

XLIV., p. 340.

- 27 a's fhearr, B; is fhearr, C D E.  
38 na sluaigh, B; a shluaigh, C D E.  
41 a's (rioghaile, sine, brioghmoire, binne, grinne), B; is, C D E.  
45 a dhimail, B; a dhimeil, C; a dhi-mol, D; a dhi-moil, E.  
48 b, B; 'b', C; a b', D E.  
53 a's geire, B; is géire, C D E.  
64 'S luaithe, B C; Is luaithe, D E.  
a's fhaide, B E; is fhaide, C D.

XLV., p. 344.

Title: Rann Uistean, B C; Rann Uisdean Phiobair', D; Aoir Uisdean Phiobair', E.

- 1 Turras, B C; Turas, D E.  
2 Chinntaile, B; Chinntàile, C D; Chinn-tàile, E.  
20 a tair, B; a tàir, C D E.  
25 Filli, B; filli, C; filidh, D E.  
32 ga, B; g'a, C D E.  
40 gearran, B C D; gearan, E.  
44 Bu chora, B; Bu chòir, C; 'S ann bu choir, D E.  
45 ghluiggach, mabbach, B; ghlugach, mabach, C D E.  
47 chomhradh, B; chòmhradh, C; chòmhraidh, D E.  
50 pháidh, B; phàidh, C; phàigheadh, D E.  
53 siothcha', B; sìochadh, C D; sìochaidh, E.  
55 an tolc, B; an t-olc, C; an t-òl, D E.  
59 conntom, B C D; con-tom, E.  
64 A'd, B C D; Do 'd, E.  
69 gun 'Aolmann, B; gun' aolmann, C D; gun aolmann, E.  
72 Na gaoth, B; Na gaoith, C D E.  
73 gaair, B; gaoth'ar, C; gaothair', D E.  
84 an tsiunnsair, B; an t-seannsair, C D E.  
95 rumbuill, B; rùmhuill, C; rùmpuill, D E.

XLVI., p. 352.

Title: Rann Anna, B C D; Aoir Anna, E.

- 1 Nion, B; nigh'n, C D E; Cromba, B; Cròmba, C D E.  
2 ai'rea', B; àimhrea', C D; àimhreith, E.  
5 samhach socair, B; sìobhailt, suairce, C D; sìobhalt, suairce, E.

## APPENDIX II

- 6 Mar dhuine bochd a giarruidh fardaich, B.  
Mar dhuin'-uasal anns an àm sin, C D E.
- 13 laeth', B ; latha, C D E.
- 16 angar, B D E ; anngar, C.
- 17 teinas, B ; teisneas, C D ; teisteas, E.
- 23 a leoir, B ; na leòir, C D ; na's leòir, E.
- 29 om beul, B.
- 25-32 C D E read :
- Cha n'eil a leannan r'a fhaotainn,  
Cia mar a dh fheudar e bhi ann dì?  
Breunag ris an can iad gaorsach,  
A bha daonnan anns na campaibh ;  
A's bha rithist feadh 'n t-saoghail  
A' giùlan adhaircean aig na ceardan ;  
Cha d'fhuair i 'n onoir a shaoil i,  
'N t-urram fhaotainn air na bàrdan.
- 26 dh' fhaodas, E. 28 càmpaibh, E. 32 bàrdaibh, E.
- 33 treuntas, B ; treunntas, C D E.
- 34 sgainneil, B C D ; sgainneal, E.
- 36 gun aime, B ; gun fhàime, C ; gun fhàitheam, D E.
- 40 Bhana-mháighisdir, B ; Bhana-mhàighistir, C ; Bhana-mhaigh-  
istir, D ; bana-mhistear, E.
- 48 cosail, B C D ; coltach, E ; Nathrach, B ; nathrach, C D E.
- 52 nairt, B ; 'naird, C D ; 'n-aird, E.
- 53 aogasg, B ; aogas, C D E.
- 54 Aoig, B ; aoig, C D E. 55 lachdan, B C D ; lachdunn, E.
- 56 Scossail, B ; 'S cosail, C D ; 'S coltach, E ; Leisge, B C D ;  
leisge, E.
- 59 Ga'd thaine me, B ; Ged' thàine' mi, C D ; Ged' thàinig mi, E.
- 64 Cha dtig, B ; Cha d'thig, C D ; Cha tig, E.

### XLVII., p. 356.

Title : Rann a ghabhas Maighdean ga leannan, B C ; d'a, D ; Rainn  
a ghabhas Maighdean d'a leannan, E.

- 12 tuaith, B C ; tuaigh, D E.
- 14 é uaidh, B ; e uaidh, C ; á uaidh, D ; á uaigh, E.

### XLVIII., p. 358.

Title : Rann I-challum-chille, B C D ; Rainn I-challum-cille, E.

- 4 fui', B ; fuidh, C ; fò, D E.
- 16 ullmhaich, B ; ullaich, C D E.

## NOTES ON THE TEXT

- 18 Do bhliannachan, B; do bhliadhnachan, C.  
De bhliadhnachan, D E.
- 22 leachdanna mharbh, B; leachdan nam marbh, C D; leacan,  
nam marbh, E.
- 23 shnaite, B; shnaighte, C D E; mhullach, B C D; mhulladh, E.
- 27 luchd eisteachd, B; 'n luchd-éisdeachd, C E; 'n luchd éisdeachd,  
D.
- 32 Chalum, B E; Challum, C D.

### XLIX., p. 360.

Title: Rann Co'dhunaidh, B; Rann Co'-dhunaidh, C D; An Co-  
dhunadh, E.

- 3 cait', B; c'ait, C; cia fhad, D E.
- 5 flainin, B; flannin, C D; flainin, E.
- 7 sga'n, B; 'sga 'n, C D; 's d'n, E.
- 8 'Oid, B; fhòid, C; fhòd, D E.
- 9 ro'n, B E; ro' 'n, C D,
- 11 mu, B C D E.
- 23 Dhe, B; Dhé, C D; De, E.
- 24 nam laimh, B; n'am laimh, C D; 's 'am làimh, E.
- 26 pheacaidh, B C D; pheacadh, E.
- 28 dhoirte, B; dhòirte, C D; dhòirteadh, E.
- 32 fulannas, B; fulangas, C D E.
- 34 dibir, B; dìobair, C D E.
- 35 a sios, B; sios, C D E.
- 37 a suas, B C D; a sin suas, E.
- 41 ro an aog, B; ro' an aog, C D; ro 'n aog, E.
- 49 chead an tsluagh, B; chead an t' sluagh, C D; chead do'n  
t-sluagh, E.
- 50 Lan, B; Le'n, C D E.
- 54 sinn fhein, B; sinn fhéin, C D; iad féin, E.
- 56 cho'n eil, B; cha'n 'eil, C D; cha n-eil, E.

End of B.

### L., p. 366.

- 5 a chur, C D E.
- 8 bhuanhdachd-san, C; bhuaidhdachd-san, D; bhuanhdachd-san,  
E.
- 12 blàth's, C D; blàthas, E.

## APPENDIX II

- 18 h-àiteana, C D ; h-àitean a.  
 29 dùslain, C D E.  
 33 frithear, C ; fridh'ear, D ; fridhear, E.  
 37 ga'n, C D ; da'n, E.  
 44 marbh', C D ; marbh, E.

### LI., p. 370.

- 3 farsuing, C D ; farsuinn, E.  
 5 Gearasdain, C D ; Gearasdan, E.  
 11 Troup, C ; Trùp', D E.  
 24 lìogadh, C D E.  
 29 Stòise, C ; *Stòise*, D E.  
 36 mìn-geal, C E ; min-geal, D.  
 41 Abbailte, C ; Abailte, D ; abailte, E.  
 42 *Fearras*, C ; *Fearr'as*, D ; Fearaghus, E.  
 56 le'n, C D E.  
 65 *clous a Pharlamaid*, C ; *clous na Parlamaid*, D ; *Clous na pàrlamaid*, E.  
 68 chausair, C D ; chàhsair, D  
 71 Ga'n, C D ; D' an, E.  
 73 a Phàrlamaid, C ; na *Parlamaid*, D ; na *pàrlamaid*, E.  
 82 léighean, C D ; léigheannan, E.  
 88 theasairgean, C D E.  
 95 casg, C D E.  
 101 is taitneachadh, C ; is taitniche, D E.  
 102 Abbailt, C ; Abailt, D ; abait, E.

### LII., p. 378.

*Air fonn*, “ Gum b'èil mo ghràdh air an tàilear acuineach,” E.

- 22 ga'n, C D ; d' an, E.  
 30 a shliochd, C D ; Do shliochd, E.  
 33 Francaich, C ; Frangaich, D ; Fràngaich, E.  
 36 cion fàth, C ; cion-fàth, D ; cean-fàth, E.  
 50 éididh, C D ; éideadh, E.  
 53 iomad, C D ; iomadh, E.  
 66 e bràigh, C ; á bràigh, D ; A bràigh, E.  
 78 e grunnnd, C ; à grunnnd, D ; A grunnnd, E.  
 83 peilearain, C D E.



## NOTES ON THE TEXT

### LIII., p. 388.

Title : Réisimaid, C ; Reisimaid, D ; Reiseamaid, E.

5 Obair-Readhan, C ; Obair-Readhain, D E.

12 fhéin, C D ; féin, E.

15 'naird, C D ; 'n-ard, E.

29 ri crann-arda, C D ; ri crann-ard, E.

### LIV., p. 392.

7 O'n chuir, C ; O'na chuir, D E.

12 'S mòr is fearr, C D ; 'S mòr 's fearr, E.

13 Bhratàllion, C ; Bhatàllion, D ; bhatàillion, E.

14 'S aithreach, C ; 'S aighearach, D E.

17 Fhad a, C ; Fhad 's a, D E.

21 trabhàilidh, C D ; trath-bhàilidh, E.

### LV., p. 394.

Title : Oran a chàimp-1798, C ; chaimp, D ; Oran a' champa. Sa' bhliadhna—1798, E.

6 a choidhe, C ; a choidh, D ; a chaoidh, E.

8 thige ruinn, C D ; thigeadh ruinn, E.

13 gu'n fhèaradh, C E ; gu'n fhéaradh, D.

17 oidh'cheairin, C ; oichearan, D E.

39 fir làidire, C ; fir làidir, D E.

### LVI., p. 398.

Title : Oran do'n Eannmhar, C D ; Oran do'n Inbhir, E.

2 Connaghlais, C D ; Cona-ghlais, E.

4 irrioghail anns d'thachair, C D ; irioghail anns do thachair, E.

9 sòmhail, C ; sùmhail, D E.

14 'n ionnsuidh, C ; a dh' ionnsaidh, D E.

19 Iain-buidhe, C ; Iain-bhuidh', D E.

23 Com, C D E.

29 Gu'n aodhlam, C ; Gun fhoghlam, D ; Gun fhòghlum, E.

31 an aobhar, C D ; an t-aobhar, E.

34 a marcach, C D ; a' marcachd, E.

## APPENDIX II

- 43 *Clanna-Cearda*, C D ; Clann-na-Cèairde, E.  
 48 Gallaibh, C ; Gallthaobh, D ; Gall-thaobh, E.  
 51, 80 coslach, C D ; coltach, E. 52 iteodhach, C ; iteodha, D E.  
 54 is taitnicheadh, C ; is taitniche, D E ; 58 'se 'n pòr, C ; 'se'm pòr,  
     D E.  
 61 na fìor-chailleadh, C ; na fìor-chaille, D E.  
 82 is tàir, C D E.  
 95 mu'n t-saoghal so, C D ; mu'n t-saoghals', E.  
 102 air a gartalan, C ; air a gart-ghlana, D ; air a gärt-ghlanadh, E.

### LVII., p. 406.

Title : Oran Cead-deireannach nam Beann, C ; na'm, D.

Cead Deireannach nam Beann, E.

- 1 Beinn-dourain, C D ; Beinn-dòrain, E.  
 6 sléibhtean, C ; sléibhtibh, D E.  
 13 maoislicheadh, C D ; maoislichean, E.  
 26 àireanan, C ; àireanaibh, D E.  
 71 fuidh chaoiribh, C ; o chaoiribh, D ; fo chaoirich, E.

### LVIII., p. 412.

Title : Rann Claidheamh, C D ; Rann Claidheimh, E.

- 2 charamh, C D E.  
 3 Di-ciaduinn, C ; Di-ciadainn, D ; di-ciadain, E.  
 19 B' fheaird, C ; B' fheairde, D E.  
 22 a rachadh, C ; rachadh, D E.  
 26 a 'stric, C D ; a's tric, E.  
 29 e truail, C ; à truail, D ; á truail, E.  
 31 e cearduich, C D ; a ceardaich, E.  
 32 *Andra Faràra*, C ; *Andra Farara*, D ; Aindrea Farara, E.  
 33 *Andra*, C D ; Aindrea, E ; chiatfhach, C D ; chiatlach, E.  
 37 Fiannaibh, C ; Fianntaibh, D E.

### LIX., p. 416.

Title : Rann do'n cheud cheaird, C D E.

- 7 snàithde, C ; snaithide, D ; snàthaide, E.  
 12 a' cur, C D ; 'sa' cur, E.  
 14 ruamhradh, C D ; ruamharadh, E.

NOTES ON THE TEXT

- 15 coibe, C D ; caibe, E.  
 17 Eubh' a. C D E.  
 20 E bàrr, C ; A' barr, D E.  
 35 'na aodhlamaid, C ; 'na fhaodhlamaich, D ; 'na fhaoghlumaich, E.

LX., p. 418.

This piece follows XLIX. in C without separate title. An asterisk indicates a footnote, "The Author's Epitaph, by himself."  
 Title: Marbh-rann an udair, dha fein, D ; Marbh-rann an ughdair dha fein, E, is evidently a translation of the note (which is repeated in D not in E), and thus forms a title in D E.

- 10 Phàrras, C ; Phárras, D ; Pàrras, E.  
 14 fhàilling, C D ; fhàillinn, E.  
 21 a liuthart, C ; liuthairt, D ; liubhairt, E.  
 32 Adhamb, C ; Adhaimh, D E.  
 33 Tròmpaid, C D ; tròmpaid, E.  
 34 'sa h-uile, C ; 'sna h-uile, D E.  
 43 fallain, C D ; fallan, E.  
 50 phòisde, C ; phòsda, D ; phòste, E.  
 63 achuine, C D ; achanaich, E.

LXI., p. 428.

Title: Oran Iain Faochaig, D ; Aoir Iain Fhaochaig, E ; Oran Bhuilc, M'N. *Air fonn*, "Alasdair a Gleanna-Garadh," E.

- 1 Ata Eoin Bhuilc an drast' an Sasgun M'N. ; Sagsan, M'L.  
 12 'G ä phranadh, D (phronnadh ?) ; phianadh, E.  
 26 na Fäinteán, D ; na h-àinteán, E ; fànta, M'N.  
 28 iad, D E ; e, M'L. 34 ä mhasladh, D ; a mhasladh, E.  
 41 sheallte, D E ; shubhailte, M'L.  
 49 an t-eun, D E ; an eun, M'L.  
 50 t'fhàgail, D E ; t' àrach, M'L.  
 52 Airc, D ; àirc, E ; airce, M'L.  
 56 duin' a's fiach, D E ; duine 's fiach, M'L.  
 58 'Us 'bhi, D E ; 'Sa bhi, M'L.  
 59 O'n a sean, D ; O'n a shìn, E ; O'n a lean, M'L.  
 63 'S i, D E ; 'S e, M'L.  
 65 Thoisich, D E ; Thionnsgain, M'L. ; Thiunnsain, M'N.



### APPENDIX III

#### HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

p. xviii.

THE poet's sayings which have come down to us are indications not so much of his conversational gifts as of his formidable powers of poetical repartee. The following anecdotes, the point of which is doubtless in some instances blunted by passing through various phases of tradition, are nevertheless amply sufficient to prove that the poet was a very witty man. The setting cannot now be determined, and the editor has accordingly selected the versions which seem to be on the whole the most coherent and intelligible.

It is well known that there was a rivalry between the poet and MacMhaighstir Alastair. The latter, while acting as schoolmaster, saw Duncan Ban passing his school, and, yielding to the impulse of the moment, despatched a boy, whom he prompted to shout the following verses at the rival bard :—

*Donnchadh Bàn Mac-an-t-Saoir,  
Fear gun fhoyhlum gun tlachd,  
Cha bu mhó orm briathran a bhèidil  
Na na leanadh ri m' bhrògan dé'n c.*

“Duncan Ban MacIntyre,  
Without lear, taste, or fire,  
O'er his words I make no more ado  
Than the ordure that sticks to my shoe.”

### APPENDIX III

The boy, having said his say, disappeared; and Duncan, who had heard but had not seen him, remarked:

*Na'm faicinn e  
Thug mi 'n craicinn deth.*

“Had I surveyed him,  
I'd have flayed him,”

and then went on his way.

While the poet sang his songs at Fort William on the occasion of a visit there, he was holding the book upside down. Some one remarked on this, and Duncan, who, be it remembered, could neither write nor read, retorted: *Cha dean e mùthadh do sgoilear math ciod e an ceann bhios ris (no gu h-ard)*: “It makes no difference to a good scholar what end is towards him (or uppermost).”

Referring to the fact that the poet spoke only Gaelic, a disingenuous sympathiser, no other than *The Tailor* as some say, remarked to him: *Nach mór am beud nach robh an dà theanga agad?* “Is it not a great pity that you have not the two tongues?” *Na'n robh, ars esan, an dà chdnain anns a' bhun a th' ann, dheanadh e an gnothuch*: “If, quoth he, the two speeches were upon the stump I have, it would do.”

Accosted on one occasion by a farmer at Tyndrum, and asked why he had not sung of the places in Succoth, near Dalmally, seeing he had celebrated many of the places round about, the poet replied:—

*Cia mar a nì mise am moladh  
'S is maith mo chothrom air an càineadh,  
Coire-na-gaoithe is Coire-an-t-sneachda  
Coire-an-lochain is Coire-an-sgrìodain.*

“How shall I to praise them go?  
For dispraise good my chances are;  
There's Windy Corrie, and Corrie of Snow,  
The Corrie of Lochan, the Corrie of Scaur.”

Entering the public-house or inn at Cuilfail on one occasion, he met there three excise officers, or gaugers; and

## HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

he was so struck with the circumstance that he is said to have composed a poem of some length, of which the following is the opening stanza:—

*Tha mi bèò mu leth-cheud bliadhna  
'S mi fàs liath an déidh bhi bàn  
'S cha n-fhaca mi riamh 'san t-saoghal  
Tri maoir an Tigh Chuil Fàil.*

“Alive nigh fifty years I’ve been,  
And I grow grey who once was fair,  
And in the world I’ve never seen  
In Cuilfail Inn, three gaugers there.”

Perhaps the best known of all his extempore efforts is the *Altachadh*, or Grace, which he said, according to some accounts, at an officers’ mess in Edinburgh. His poetic gifts were well known; and some Lowland guests having expressed a curiosity to see the poet and to hear his Gaelic, he was requested by the officers, who all knew Gaelic, to officiate as chaplain, and delivered himself thus:—

*Is truagh nach robh mi 'm Buachaill Eitidh  
Gu h-aird na sléisde anns an t-sneachd ann,  
'S a h-uile Gall a tha 'n Dun-éideann  
As mo dhéidh is iad cas-ruisgte.*

“Oh! would I were on Buachill Etive,  
Thigh-deep in the snow fast rooted,  
Edina’s Lowlanders, strange or native,  
All behind me, all barefooted.”

This stanza may well have been made by the poet, but on some other occasion, as it is not in the form of a grace, and the alleged incident is not in keeping with his character.

p. 10, 6.

James Colquhoun of Luss, whose commission as Captain, No. 5 Company, Black Watch, was dated 26th October 1739, “frequently designated Captain and Major in the family writings,” was infested in the lands and barony of Luss on

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29th August 1739. He married in 1740, Helen, eldest daughter of William, Lord Strathnaver. He served in Flanders, and after seeing some service, was promoted to the rank of Major of Lord Sempill's Highland Regiment, the Black Watch, 42nd Regiment, and came home invalided previous to 1745. Five months before his death in 1786 he was created a baronet by George III. Helensburgh on the Clyde was called after his wife.

p. 16, 17.

Cosham's daughter was the nickname for the gun which the poet used in stalking, as he used the nicknames George's daughter and Seonaid for the weapons he carried in the City Guard. In the *New Statistical Account*, vol. x., p. 1089, the gun is mentioned as being then (1843) in possession of one Sinclair, tenant of Inverchaggernie. On his bankruptcy two years later the musket was sold. On 28th December 1910 the editor casually mentioned the gun to John Walker, Killin, who said that his father, an auctioneer, had bought in an old gun in Glendochart with which my informant when a boy used to shoot crows, and which he ultimately gave to one collecting old relics for Breadalbane's house, Auchmore, at the west end of Loch Tay. We forthwith examined the gun, a strong military-looking piece with an ingenious contrivance for half-cock, strong screw for the flint, the spring outside (which is probably referred to, p. 62, 18), the stock apparently of walnut, 4 ft. 6 ins. long, and supporting the barrel to within 3 ins. of the muzzle, from which J. W. in his early days had cut off some inches. The sighting was not provided for. This ancient gun, however, in the poet's hands had laid low many an antlered head.

"It had been used for other purposes than wounding the antlered monarchs of Coire-cheathaich and Beinn-dourain. A party of soldiers had in 1745 been sent from Finlarig Castle to burn the House of Coire Chaorach, near Benmore.



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They were watched by M'Nab of Innisewen from the opposite side of the glen. After setting fire to the mansion they were again on their march to Finlarig, when, happening to look back, they observed that the fire had gone out. One of them was sent back to rekindle it. He was observed by M'Nab, who, from his place of concealment, fired, and killed the red-coat. The rest of the party, seeing the fate of their companion, rushed down to the river, but ere they had reached it, other three were made to kiss the earth. M'Nab then retreated to the rocks above, still watching his pursuers, and from the heights he killed three more of his enemies, when the rest became terrified and gave up the destructive pursuit. In the stock of the rifle there is a recess for the supply of bullets." This last statement by the writer in the *New Statistical Account* is erroneous. The recess held not balls but thin patches of oiled rag, in one of which the ball was placed and then rammed home. He describes the gun by quoting p. 132, 33-36, and gives the length as 4 ft. If it be the same gun (which may be doubted), he either had not seen it, or had not examined it attentively, and had mistaken the plate in the stock for a recess.

Some light is thrown on the name of the gun by the fact that there were M'Intyres in Craignish, dependants of old "to the house and surname of Clandule Cregnis alias Campbellis," and they gave a bond of manrent to Campbell of Barrichbyan in 1612. This sept was called Clanntyre Vc Coshem, their chief being called in the bond of 1612 Malcolm M'Donchie Vc Intyre Vc Coshem. The clan name is still known, and the tradition that the poet bought the gun from a kinsman living in Glenlochay may thus be true.

p. 26, 105.

That a just king caused salubrity and fecundity, an unjust the reverse, was a belief prevalent in pagan Ireland.

A. U. 1534, note.

O'Bruadair's *Poems*, p. 33, XV.

John, styled Lord Glenorchy, was born 20th September 1738, in London, and married, 26th September 1761, Willielma, second and posthumous daughter and co-heiress of William Maxwell of Preston. He was the youngest, and only son of the third Earl of Breadalbane to reach manhood; and therefore the first Earl who invaded Caithness (p. 30, 29) was his great-grandfather, and not his grandfather as the text alleges, unless indeed the poet uses the term in the sense of ancestor. Lord Glenorchy succeeded in 1762 to Great Sugal, in Staffordshire; but at the suggestion of Lady Glenorchy he sold it in 1769, and bought Barnton, near Edinburgh, taking possession in 1770. The poet, while not departing from the truth, appears to have made the most of his subject. Chambers, *Traditions of Old Edinburgh*, ii., 38, roundly says that "Lady Glenorchy was exceedingly unfortunate in her marriage, that her husband was in every respect the opposite of his wife—at once a rake and a macaroni, and that he is mentioned in a scandalous ballad, written on the occasion of a ridotto in Holyrood House but not till then printed, one verse of which runs :

"And there was Glenorchy, that delicate youth,  
Who ventures abroad when the wind's in the south."

She had domestic trials, and was often unaccompanied by her husband. It is to the credit of both that notwithstanding that Lord Glenorchy's temper was peculiar and unpleasant, such was her influence over him that there was no object of importance which she wished to gain that she did not accomplish, and that too with his entire approbation. He died at Barnton, 11th November 1771, and lies buried in Finlarig. He left her all the property over which he had disposing power. He seems really to have had a high esteem and affection for her; and it is satisfactory to learn that his last days and hours showed that the religious sentiments with which Lady Glenorchy had endeavoured to impress him were

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not altogether lost. *Life of Lady Glénorchy*, pp. 208, 253, 260.

p. 44, 33.

MacBhàididh was, according to a tradition still current in Glenlyon, a Culdee monk, or hermit, who was taken by the people of Glenlyon down to Fortingall and drowned in a pool near Fortingall Mill. The pool is now called Linne a' Phiocair. But local archæologists affirm it had a much older name, Linne Fhiachraidh. Under the year 608 Tighernach has the following entry:—*Bass Fiachrach craich maic Baedan la Cruithnechu*: “Death of Fiachra, the pious, son of Baedan, by Picts.”

p. 46, 74.

The corrie was called royal probably only because it was pre-eminent in the poet's eyes. But it lies in the Royal Forest of Mam Lorn, and the memory of royal visits still lingered there. King James IV. visited Auch on the last day of August 1506, remained for a week, and passed to the N. of the corrie on his way down Glenlyon to Weem, whence he proceeded north to Kingussie.

p. 52, 138.

*Fionn-ghleann* is a very lonely spot where a shepherd's wife resided for many years before moving to a more populous place. In this new situation, having many, too many visitors, especially on the Lord's Day, she wished herself back again in “*Fionn-ghleann mo chridhe far nach bi Di-domhnaich*”: “*Fionn-ghleann* of my heart, where there is no Sunday.”

p. 52, 11.

Sir John Campbell of Glenorchy (1635-1716), popularly known as John Glas, or Grey, was a prime architect in

building up the fortunes of his family, and became principal creditor of George Sinclair, sixth Earl of Caithness, from whom he obtained a conveyance of his title and estates in 1672; and a crown charter and infestment were secured the following year. He did not enforce his rights during the life of his debtor, but lived in family with him, and became bound to allow him and his Countess 12,000 marks as aliment. The Earl of Caithness died in 1676 without issue, and Sir John was created "upon gross and false misrepresentations" Earl of Caithness, Viscount of Breadalbane, Lord St Clair of Berriedale and Glenorchy, and directed to assume the name and arms of Sinclair. Sinclair of Keiss disputed the legality of the sale of the Earldom to John Glas, who thereupon sent the Fiery Cross round Loch Tay, and assembled the clan to make good his claims. The test of qualification for the expedition was leaping over the double plaid, 4 ft. 9 in. high, each man being fully accoutred and in marching order; and with the 700 or 800 men thus selected, he invaded Caithness, and dispossessed the laird of Keiss of his lands. To this our poet refers, p. 30, 19; 76, 169. King Charles II. annulled the patent, however, and confirmed George Sinclair of Keiss, heir-male of the last Earl, in the dignity. In 1681 John Glas obtained a new patent whereby he was created Earl of Breadalbane and Holland, Viscount of Tay and Paintland, Lord Glenorchy, Benderaloch, Ormelie, and Weick, with a special power to name as his successor one of his younger sons by his first wife. John Glas had married, firstly, Lady Mary Rich, daughter of the Earl of Holland, and by her had two sons, Duncan, styled Lord Ormelie, and John, who became second Earl of Breadalbane. On her death he married, secondly, the widow of his debtor, the Countess of Caithness, and by her had a third son, Colin of Ardmaddie, who, according to tradition, was father of John Campbell of the Bank. Duncan, the Earl's eldest son, was disinherited by his father, whether owing to

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the facility of his nature, personal dislike, or political motives, is by no means clear. Duncan is generally stated to have died unmarried, or childless, about 1727. Elsewhere he is stated to have married Margaret, daughter of Campbell of Lawers, whose husband was undoubtedly Duncan Campbell, but whether Lord Ormelie or not, still requires proof. There is a strong tradition in the Highlands that he had two sons, Patrick and John, who were present with him at Sheriffmuir in the cause of the Prince, to whose assistance the Earl had sent 500 men; and that, on the death of the Earl, Duncan and his two sons retired to his own estate of Catinnis, Innischatain, and Auchinnischalain, or Auch, in the fee of which he had been infeft in 1670; that Duncan and his sons are the "heroes" referred to by the poet as his contemporaries of happy memory, p. 52, 11, and one of whom is mentioned p. 60, 129; 162, 42; and that the tacharan is none other than Lord Glenorchy, who was undoubtedly unpopular, and had from whatever reason to flee the country and live in London, and against whose vote at the election of the Scots Peers there was a protest by Lord Saltoun in 1721. Patrick, the darling of the popular imagination, had, it is said, a seat near Coire-chruiteir, where he sat directing the chase; and the opposite hill was set apart for hard-pressed deer, the gaining of which by a mettlesome stag was the immediate signal for the discontinuance of the chase. His seat was held in great veneration long after, and used to be visited by ardent sportsmen that they might have the honour to sit on Big Patrick's seat. *Suidheachan Pheadair Mhóir* of the O.S. maps, and *Clach Phara Mhóir* of current tradition, coincide, and point to a big stone about fourscore paces S. of Auch River, and at no great distance E. of the Railway Viaduct, as being the scene where Patrick enthroned himself to view the deer.

Patrick married Jean M'Nab, aunt of Francis M'Nab of M'Nab. In 1750 he, then the only son of Duncan in Auch-

inniscalain, received from the third Earl a charter of Westersticks, etc., which was registered in 1752. They had a son Duncan, styled of Carquhin, who was baptized in 1715, and joined the Prince with all his personal friends. So numerous were they that he was at the outset considered the third man in the Highland army and the first in the affections of the Prince. He was called "Big Duncan of the Sword" on account of his skill with that weapon, and "French Duncan" from his linguistic abilities. Intending to join the Prince at Culloden, he assembled 800 men, but was surprised at night in his own house, taken prisoner by Argyll, and lodged in Stirling jail. Escaping thence after an imprisonment of six months' duration, he found Breadalbane under military law, and garrisons placed in Finlarig and Kilchurn. He wandered about an outlaw for seven years in Balquhidder, Glenbeich, Glenogle, and in Coire-dubh-Mhàlagain in Glenorchy. He took part in a mission to the Prince in London, where a considerable number of English and Scottish adherents of rank met him, but the house was surrounded by Argyll, who informed them that their names were known, and addressing the Prince told him to quit the country. Duncan returned to the Highlands, where he found the spirit of revolt ripe and ready for a rising; but he was himself recognised by the red-coats and with difficulty escaped their hands. He is celebrated by A. Macdonald, *An Airc*, p. 137, and by other bards.

He married Janet M'Andrew, Fernan, in 1746. The third Earl admired his cousin, "Big Duncan," who though an outlaw, was frequently a guest at Taymouth Castle. He was six feet four inches in height, and Janet M'Andrew was nearly six feet; but so well proportioned was he that he did not appear to be the taller. The Earl on one occasion desired them to stand up side by side as a specimen of the clan, that the guests might see the difference in their stature. But Duncan, feeling annoyed, said: "I am not a specimen of your

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clan! though you are the Earl, I am your chief," and taking his lady's arm he immediately quitted the banquet-hall.

When the Stewart cause became hopeless, it is said that the Duke of Argyll and the third Earl, who, owing to the death of his son Lord Glenorchy in 1771, was then childless, and who made out a new entail in 1775, containing a curious clause to the effect that "if he has *inadvertently* omitted to call as his heirs any person or persons who stand (nearer) in the line of succession by the patent," then let them prove it in due course of law, used their utmost endeavours to prevail upon Duncan to submit to the Government, offering to procure him a full pardon; but he sternly refused, joined the Prince abroad, and never returned, though his people expected him to the last. These details are said to explain the concluding verse of the poet's Elegy on the third Earl, p. 278, 89-94. He, the last of the Glenorchy line, died in Holyrood House in his 86th year, on 26th June 1782; and he was succeeded, not by "one of Patrick's race," but by John, fourth Earl, 1762-1834, the first of the Mochaster branch to succeed to the title and estates. He raised two regiments of Fencibles in 1793, the first of which the poet joined the same year. A third battalion was raised in 1795, of which the Earl was Lieutenant-Colonel. The poet celebrates him, pp. 378-387; 388, 15-22; 412-416; and the regiment, pp. 388-391. The motto of the family, "Follow me," alluded to on p. 382, 60, was assumed by Sir Colin Campbell, a Knight Templar of Rhodes, who was, in Gen. Stewart's time, still known as *Cailin Dubh na Roidh*, Black Colin of Rhodes; and the family crest, *a boar's head erased, proper*, was worn by the regiment, and is referred to on p. 390, 30.

p. 62, 15.

English swan-shot came, it is said, from Bristol. A similar phrase, "loaded with swan post," occurs in St John's *Wild Sport in the Highlands of Scotland*, p. 282, ch. xxxii.

John Campbell of the Bank was, according to tradition, the son of Colin of Ardmaddie, who was the third son of the first Earl of Breadalbane, and who died at London, 31st March 1708. He was brought up by the family at Finlarig, received a liberal education, and became in time a very important person. It may be doubted if any man of his day was better known in Perthshire. He was in every respect a most admirable man. But his memory has suffered somewhat on account of his son, also John, who, from having been born in the Royal Bank House, is sometimes known also as John of the Bank. He made rather a disastrous failure, and his memory is not blessed in Breadalbane.

In vol. i. of the Miscellany of the Scottish History Society, extracts from the business diary of John Campbell are printed. He was first a writer in Edinburgh, and was appointed in 1732 Assistant Secretary of the Royal Bank of Scotland there. Two years later he became second cashier, and in July 1745 was advanced to the position of principal cashier of the Bank, which he held till his death in 1777.

In *Leaves from the Diary of an Edinburgh Banker in 1745*, from 14th September to 23rd November, covering the period of the Prince's occupation of the capital, a vivid picture is given of that stormy time, as well as of the cashier's intimate relations with the leading men and events of the day. He was deep in the confidence of Breadalbane. "Sunday 6th October 1745. No sermon in the Churches. Sent the E of Breadalbane the key of his little Cabinet which lay by me seald since he fell ill, I say sent it seald to his Lo by my Sert. Allick. Monday 7th October. I wrote to Auchdr. (Achallader) telling I could not get his Cloaths out of the Taylor's hands. Saturday 26th October 1745. Had a Letter from Auchdr. who is a dying, dated 22nd."



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In a life so full of business, he appears to have written poetry. A long list of important items on *Monday, 28th October 1745*, concludes with the word "Poem," and the entry the following day, ends with "Poem continued." *Monday, 11th November 1745*, "Din'd at home s(olus). Begun to compose some Lines. Paid a visit at Mr Kinloch's. Finished my composure." The "Cashier," a most enthusiastic Highlander, helped pecuniarily MacPherson of Ossian fame to make his journeys in the Highlands in search of Ossianic poetry: and he was himself the means of bringing to light Highland antiquities. The lands of Eyeich or Ewich, in Strathfillan, were part of the possessions of the Dewars as custodians of the Coygerach, otherwise the Quigreach, and this relic seems to have been brought into notice by John of the Bank, for on 1st November 1734 the original letter of King James III., confirming the custody of the Quigerach and the lands to the Dewars, was presented by him for registration in the books of Council and Session. He brought to light another interesting relic, which is now kept in the Register House—a MS. elegy on Black Duncan, written on a roughly tanned calf-skin which has some of the hair attaching to it. A letter of the Earl of Breadalbane to him on the birth of his eldest son says: "I hear you are to begin at once to teach him the Erse language!"

He was a man of wide sympathies and great benevolence. He used to visit the Easdale district once or twice a year as Lord Breadalbane's man of business. He was a Baptist, according to local tradition (though here the names of father and son may be confused), and there were several of that denomination in the district. It was the custom on the occasion of the visit for the Baptists to meet John Campbell at a place called Achnacrost. He was very good to them, helping them in many ways, and on these occasions handed a purse of silver round for each man to help himself. One of the congregation took more than good taste demanded, that is,

helped himself liberally; but Ian Campbell, instead of rebuking him, merely said, *Is mór t' uireasbhuidh, a charaid*: "Great is thy need, my friend."

It is said that he befriended Duncan Ban the poet, who out of gratitude composed the eulogy, and then asked a poet's reward for his verses. "No," said Mr Campbell, who was then living at Auchmore, "What reward do you deserve for telling the truth? You must confess that you could say no less of me; besides I doubt if you are the author: so to convince me, let me hear how you can dispraise me, and then I shall know whether you have been able to compose what you have just repeated."

Duncan Ban thus challenged began an easy flow of depreciation, which may be regarded as a belated instance of the extempore lampoon (*glam dichenn*, *Ir. T.*, iii. 96) on the prince who refused the poet his reward, and only one verse of which has reached the editor:

*An oidhche bha mi an Tigh na Sràid\*  
 Fhuair mi idmailt a bha mór,  
 Fhuair mi stràc de'n bhata chaol  
 Bho Iain claon an Achadh Mhóir,*

*'S ann bu choslach e hu, ho!  
 'S e crochadair e, hu, ho!*

"The night I was in Tigh na Sràid  
 I got an insult that was sore,  
 I got a stroke of the supple stick  
 From squinting Ian of Auchmore.

It was like him, hoo, ho!  
 He's a hangman, hoo, ho!"

Another version is a parody of the first line of the eulogy: *Iain Chaimbeul a' bhaig*, "John Campbell of the paunch."

Tradition says that John of the Bank hastily gave the poet half-a-crown to desist.

\* Killin Hotel.

p. 70, 68.

Doubling of the Session. The Heritors annually revised the Kirk Session accounts relating to the poor in order to know for how much to assess their lands for the support of the poor. The old Parochial Board was a combination of Elders, Minister, *and* Heritors. A pauper was popularly said to be "on the Session," when he was really on the Heritors' assessment. It is suggested that Campbell represented the Heritors on such occasions. More probably, however, it refers to his position as an agent in the Law Courts. The King was the Supreme Judge, and called in a body known as "King in Council." Afterwards came the body of Judges "Sitting in Session," and the combining of the two into the "Council and Session," may well be described by the poet as above. The body popularly known as "The Court of Session" is in legal form addressed as the "Lords of Council and Session," and issues all decrees in that extended form. The poet says in effect that Campbell was a successful lawyer in the High Courts.

p. 78, 2.

Torr-a-mhuilt. "At the eastern end of Princes Street were sprinkled a few cottages forming a sort of village upon the spot now occupied by the Register House, called Multer's, Mutree's, or Mutersie Hill. Not far from Multer's Hill, upon the spot now occupied by the centre of the Register House, stood a small cottage where 'Curds and Cream' and 'Fruits in their Seasons' were sold. This little comfortable place of entertainment was popularly called 'Peace-and-Plenty,' and was much resorted to by a certain class of citizens on Sunday evenings, as Newhaven, Portobello, and Duddingston are at this day." *Traditions of Old Edinburgh*, i., p. 56.

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p. 78, 13.

The reference is to Dr Joseph MacIntyre, a native of Breadalbane, born 1736, minister of Glenorchy, 1765-1823. His eldest daughter married Rev. Dr Stewart of Luss, the poet's first editor. *Kirk Session Records of Glenorchy.*

“Dr Joseph MacIntyre, to whom the Bard alludes, was for the long period of fifty-nine years the respected Minister of this Parish, and who was, no doubt, dear to the Poet by many ties, and not the least of which was his being in all probability the official who united the Bard in the honourable bands of matrimony to the far-famed Maire bhan og.” *Speech of Rev. Donald M'Coll, Minister of the Parish, at the Festival, 1859.*

He was in many ways a remarkable man, and is still remembered in tradition, especially in connection with the young and the countenance he lent them in their sports. If tradition speaks truly, the opening psalm of the church service would serve the purpose of its original inception to apprise them that the service was about to begin, and to draw them away from field sports into the sacred building. One of his epithets is quoted at this day. Preaching once on the immensity of the ocean, he caused no small sensation among the Loch Awe people by asserting that their Loch was in comparison but *Lùb an dùnain*, the midden pool.

A marble tablet is erected to his memory within the Parish Church, and close to the pulpit which he filled so worthily and so long.

p. 82, 1-8.

The translation of this stanza occurs in M. C. Clark's *Birthday Book*, p. 117.

p. 98, 1.

Duncan Campbell was a captain in the Argyllshire Militia during the troubles of 1745. After the battle of

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Culloden, he was sent with a company of soldiers to punish the "rebels" in the Catholic districts of Moidart and Arisaig. In this unpleasant situation, he behaved with moderation and forbearance to the poor Highlanders, and, besides gaining applause from all the people in that country, he has been rewarded with the unfading praises of the two great contemporary poets, Macdonald and MacIntyre. The former says that Campbell refused to execute the severe orders of the "Butcher."

"Cha chuireadh e'n gnìomh an t-ordugh  
Bha fo'n fheoladair 'na phaten."

Mr Campbell was appointed captain of the City Guard of Edinburgh in 1751; he died in 1774. James Mor, son of Rob Roy MacGregor, writing from Dunkirk on 12th June 1753, requesting money to enable him to apprehend Allan Breck Stewart for the murder of Colin Campbell of Glenure, says, "if anything is sent me let it be sent as if it were from my brother-in-law, Nicol, by the hands of Captain Duncan Campbell of the City Guard, Edinburgh, who knows my direction." And in a letter dated 1st May 1754, the same writer states: "The way and manner I procured the license to return to Great Britain was this, Capt. Duncan Campbell, who is nephew to Glengyle, and my near relation, wrote me in June last about Allan Breck Stewart, and inquired if there were any possibility of getting him delivered in any part of England, that if I could be of use in the matter that I might expect my own pardon." On 4th September 1759, the Earl of Breadalbane wrote to John Campbell, cashier of the Royal Bank, that Captain Duncan "begs me to name his son who is in the Dutch service for a Lieutenant (? in Keith and Campbell's Highlanders). I have heard him much commended but have the same objection about his not being able to procure twenty-five men." John Campbell of Achallader, writing to the cashier on 23rd April 1774,

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says, "The late Captain Duncan of the Town Guard was of the Achlines" (Campbells of Auchlyne), "but of which of them I know not. The Capt. left two sons, viz. :—Lieut. Alex. Campbell, Peter Campbell. N.B. Captain Duncan's widow, who now resides in Edinburgh, can probably give the best account of him and his offspring." Captain Duncan Campbell, late one of the captains of the City Guard of Edinburgh, left household furniture and personal effects valued at £45, 19s. 9½d. His widow was appointed executrix on 2nd March 1774. Defunct was also Keeper of the Wardrobe in the Abbey of Holyrood House. The poet, Robert Fergusson, refers to him thus:—

Nunc est bibendum et bendere bickerum magnum,  
Cavete Town Guardum, Dugal Geddam, atque Campbellum.

Dougal was a short, stout man. Campbell his comrade was a tall, slender, solemn man and wore a brigadier wig, *i.e.*, a wig with three tails, the middle one tied with a black ribbon. *Traditions of Old Edinburgh*, i., 49.

p. 112.

According to tradition this poem, *To the Tailor*, is the only one which the poet regretted having composed. One of the editor's informants, having assured him of this, recited several stanzas of it with great gusto; and as he was an excellent man and much respected, it was felt that all hope of bowdlerising the poet was gone. Perhaps, if the poet's conscience troubled him, it might be in connection with the following facts:—

In a note entitled "Glenaros, 22nd March 1871, Information regarding Rev. D. M'Nicol, furnished by Dr Duncan M'Coll, Salen, the late Ludovic Cameron, Esq.," the minister's lineal representative, writes that "M'Nicol greatly assisted Duncan Ban in getting his poetry into shape. Duncan took his wife to Lismore and lived there

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for months, working with M'Nicol at the poems, and making journeys to obtain subscriptions. They quarrelled at last regarding a poem, *The Tailor*, which Duncan insisted on inserting contrary to the minister's wishes, and this severance delayed the production of the work for more than a year." M'N.

The name of Rev. Donald M'Nicol, who was minister at Lismore from 1766 to 1802, appears in both of the subscription lists, notwithstanding the alleged quarrel. He was a man of some learning, with the reputation of having been a poet. His *Remarks on Dr Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides*, London, 1799, came under the eye of the great moralist, who at the perusal is said to have "growled hideously."

p. 122.

Captain Archibald Campbell, brother of Campbell of Achallader, was recommended by Breadalbane for Keith's and Campbell's Highlanders, or the old 87th and 88th Regiments. He distinguished himself in rescuing, with a party of Highlanders, General Griffin, afterwards Lord Howard of Walden, at Closter Camp—*blàr Champaidh*—from a strong detachment of the enemy. For this gallant action he was promoted to the rank of major, but he did not long enjoy his advancement, being killed a week after in the Battle of Fellinghausen, 15th July 1761, when Broglie defeated Prince Ferdinand, *cf.* Keltie, ii., 475 *et seq.*

Achallader himself was in his day more famous than his military brother. Lord Littleton, asked what he had seen in Scotland, gave his opinion at some length and concluded: "But of all I saw or heard, few things excited my surprise more than the learning and talents of Mr Campbell of Achallader, factor to Lord Breadalbane. Born and resident in the Highlands, I have seldom seen a more accomplished gentleman with more general and classical learning." *Sketches of the Highlanders*, p. 189, note.

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Lady Glenorchy of pious memory was greatly vexed with herself at losing her temper in argument with him upon faith and kindred topics. In her Diary, 11th May 1768, she says: "This morning I awoke with a great desire to praise God for his mercies; but my lips were sealed, I could not utter what I felt. At breakfast I renewed the argument upon faith with Auchalladear, and was led away by the impetuosity of my temper to say what I did not at first intend, and some things that savoured too much of Antinomianism. In the course of the argument I felt much carnal pride and self-applause in my heart, and I did not apply as I ought to have done to the Holy Spirit for his assistance. This I take to be the reason why I was left to fall into error." *Life of Lady Glenorchy*, p. 113.

p. 128, 89-96.

This and other passages of the poem describe a state of matters in which Achallader himself was the central figure: "During fifty-five years in which the late Mr Campbell of Achallader had the charge of Lord Breadalbane's estate, no instance occurred of tenants going to law. Their disputes were referred to the amicable decision of the noble proprietor and his deputy; and as the confidence of the people in the honour and probity of both was unlimited, no man ever dreamed of an appeal from their decision." *Sketches*, p. 57, note.

"Such was the mutual confidence and such the honourable manner in which business was conducted, that no receipt for rent was ever asked. An account was opened for every tenant, and when the rent was paid, Achallader put the initials of his name below the sum credited. This was sufficient receipt for upwards of eleven hundred sums paid by that number of tenants under his charge." p. 275, note.

This was not the course followed in every case. A correspondent writes that he has receipts covering the whole period.



Colin Campbell of Glenure, in Appin, was the elder brother of Duncan, laird of Barcaldine, who was Sheriff-Substitute for Perthshire at Killin, and who, after the Disarming Act, greatly protected the Highlanders when they were brought before him. Colin was the eldest son of Patrick Campbell of Barcaldine and Glenure by his second wife, Lucy, daughter of Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel. He had been an officer in Loudon's Highlanders, and was appointed factor for Government on the forfeited estates of Locheil and Ardsheil; and on 14th May 1752 he was shot dead by an unseen assassin as he passed through the wood of Lettermore, after crossing the ferry of Ballachulish. A gentleman named James Stewart, a natural brother of Ardsheil, the forfeited person, was tried as being accessory to the murder, and condemned and executed upon very doubtful evidence; the heaviest part of which only amounted to this, that the accused person assisted a nephew of his own, Allan Breck Stewart, with money to escape after the deed was done. Allan always denied that he fired the fatal shot. It is said that the actual assassin, whose name is a secret known to a very few, was prevented from coming forward at the trial lest his confession should involve others in his doom. Mr Campbell left a widow, Janet, daughter to the Hon. Hugh Mackay of Bighouse, in Sutherlandshire, son of George, third Lord Reay; and three daughters, one of whom was afterwards married to George Mackay of Bighouse, and survived till 1834. They had twenty-one children. Her portrait was painted by Raeburn. The second died young. The third, who was born posthumously, was married to James Baillie, M.P. A portrait of her husband, herself and her family, called the "Baillie Family," by Gainsborough, is in the National Gallery, London. The elegy was composed by the poet in his tenderest vein immediately after the murder.

### APPENDIX III

As he calls the victim his foster-brother, it is regarded as probable that Campbell had been nursed by Duncan Ban's mother.

p. 142.

ANNO DECIMO NONO GEORGH II. CAP. XXXIX.

The Act for securing the peace of the Highlands . . . quotes the Act of 1st November 1716, which provides . . . that it shall not be lawful for any person . . . north of the water of Leven or of the river Forth . . . to have in his custody, use, or bear broadsword or target, poignard, whinger or durk, side pistol, gun, or other warlike weapon. It re-enacts the terms in 1746 with a penalty for not delivering arms. Every such person or persons so convicted shall forfeit the sum of fifteen pounds sterling, and shall be committed to prison until payment of the said sum, and if any person shall refuse payment within one calendar month, he, if fit to serve his Majesty as a soldier, shall be delivered over to his Majesty's officers to serve in any of his Majesty's forces in America.

XVII. And be it further enacted . . . that from and after 1st August 1747 no man or boy within that part of Great Britain called Scotland . . . shall on any pretence whatever wear or put on the clothes commonly called Highland clothes, that is to say plaid, philebeg, or little kilt, trowse, shoulder belts, or any part whatsoever of what peculiarly belongs to the Highland garb; and that no tartan or party-coloured plaid or stuff shall be used for great coats or for upper coats, and if any such person shall presume after the said first day of August to wear or put on the afore-said garments or any part of them, every such person . . . shall suffer imprisonment without bail during the space of six months and no longer; and being convicted of a second offence . . . shall be liable to be transported to any of his Majesty's plantations beyond the seas there to remain for the space of seven years.

The oath administered in 1747 and 1749 at Fort William

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and other places where people assembled to take it, was in the following terms, the recusants being treated as rebels :—

I, A. B., do swear, and as I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment, I have not, nor shall have, in my possession any gun, sword, pistol, or arm whatever, and never use tartan, plaid, or any part of the Highland garb ; and if I do, may I be cursed in my undertaking, family, and property—may I never see my wife and children, father, mother, relations—may I be killed in battle as a coward, and be without Christian burial in a strange land, far from the graves of my forebears and kindred ; may this come across me if I break my oath.

As an illustration of the spirit in which the law was enforced, the poet, it is said, was himself imprisoned for publishing this poem ; but he was, through the good offices of Breadalbane, soon liberated.

In 1782, through the influence of the Marquis of Graham and Lord Lovat, as the poet states (284, 85 ; 338, 51), it was enacted : That so much of the Acts above mentioned or any other Act or Acts of Parliament, as restrains the use of the Highland Dress, be, and the same are hereby repealed.

A curious Proclamation, unsigned and undated, but referring to the above events, runs :—

### *Esdì Fheribh.*

*Ha sho cuir am follis do Chlan na'n Gael gu leir, gun chuir Rì agus Parlament Bhrethuin crìoch, gu brach, air 'n Act 'n aogi 'n Aotich Ghaelich, thainic sìos do na Finacha, o thoisach an t'shaoil, gu Bliàn 1746. Cha n'fhaod so gun moran solas a thort do na h' uile Cri Gaelich ; o nach eil shìbh, nas fàidde ceangailte le eìdibh mhìdhuinail nan Gal. Ha sho cuir 'm follis do na h' uil Duine, og agus shen, ìosal agus uasal gum faoid iad 'n debh so cuir orra agus Cai, 'n TRUAS 'm FEILEBEG, 'n COTA agus, an t'OSSAN GAR mail ri BREACHAN 'M FELIGH gu'n fhègal Lao na Rìochd na gaulas naidin.*

### APPENDIX III

“OYES, MEN !

“This proclaims to all the Children of the Highlanders that the King and Parliament of Britain have put an end for ever to the Act against the Highland Garb, which has come down to the Clans from the beginning of the world to the year 1746. This cannot but give great joy to every Highland heart, since ye are no longer bound with the unmanly garments of the Lowlanders. This proclaims to every person, young and old, high and low, that they may hereafter put on and wear the Trews, the Little Kilt, the Coat, and the Short Hose, along with the Belted Plaid without fear of the Law of the Realm or malice of enemies.”

p. 206.

Iseabal Og was granddaughter to Robert, son of Campbell of Barcaldine, tenant in Clashghour. Iseabal's mother having died in giving her birth, she was nursed by Duncan Ban's wife. On growing up, she ran away with one M'Innes, son to the innkeeper at Kingshouse, Blackmount, with whom she was united in wedlock, and afterwards went to New York. So says local tradition.

p. 208, 20.

The great Clan Colla fought on the right wing of the Highland army, having received that position, it is said, from King Robert Bruce at Bannockburn. Not having got that place, they kept themselves aloof at Culloden.

p. 208, 31.

The “Fair of the King,” Féill Deòrsa, was held at Killin on 5th May, and is the commemoration of St George, Ap. 24 O.S. (*Féilire Ængusa*). Locally it is generally supposed to commemorate one of the Hanoverian Georges, and the poet

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may have fallen into this error; or he may refer to a *faidhir Tigh an Rìgh*, held till lately at King's House, Balquhiddy, in August.

p. 266, 9.

Lord Frederick Campbell, third son of John Campbell, fourth Duke of Argyll, was Lord-Register for Scotland, representative in Parliament for the Shire of Argyll, and one of his Majesty's Privy Council. He married the Lady Dowager Ferrars.

The Argyll or Western Regiment of Fencibles was raised partly by him in Argyllshire, and partly by the Earl of Eglinton about Glasgow and the South-west of Scotland. The regiment was embodied at Glasgow in April 1778, and reduced at the same place in 1783.

p. 308.

The chiefs of the MacIntyres possessed the estate of Glenoe from about 1300 till 1810, and were connected with many of the leading Highland families. Owing to the loss of their family papers, the oldest authentic record is found on a tombstone in Ardchattan Priory, dated 1695, which Duncan MacIntyre, then chief, made for himself, "his spous Mary Campbell, and their successors." Accounts of the origin of the clan name (which is probably ecclesiastical, Mac an tsair, abbot of Eanach Dubh, died in 762, according to the Four Masters) are so old as to be mythical. One account is found in *Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis*, p. 238. Another is similar to that given in the poem, save that the name was *Saor na-h-òrdaig*, the *Thumb Carpenter*. A third is contained in *Folk Tales and Fairy Lore*, p. 198, in some versions of which the fairy element is absent, and the Chief travels from his native Sleat, following the cow, till she settled in a spot in Glenoe, known to this day as *Làrach na bà baine*, the Site of the White Cow.

The lands were held of Breadalbane by the annual payment of a snowball in summer from Ben Cruachan, and a white fatted calf reared on the land, which was delivered over a stone at the upper end of Glenoe, still called *Clach an laoigh bhiata*, the stone of the fatted calf. The chief foolishly consented to commute that tenure for a money payment, which was gradually so increased that he found it impossible to live on the land. An opportunity, it is said, once presented itself to free, and even augment the estate. One of the chiefs, a man of tact and wisdom, being consulted by Breadalbane on a delicate matter connected with the boundary line of the latter's third of the lands of the old Stewarts of Lorn, managed the business so successfully that Breadalbane offered him any part of the adjacent land that he might choose. Glenoe replied that he did not wish for any reward, but was content with his own little green glen. When Breadalbane was on his death-bed, he recalled the incident, remarking in Gaelic: *Bu ghòrach am fear a gheall, ach bu sheachd gòraiche am fear a dhiùlt*: "The man who made the offer was a fool, but the man that refused it was a seven times greater fool."

James MacIntyre, 1727-1799, the chief here referred to, was son of Donald, son of Duncan, who made the tombstone. He was a scholar and a poet, studied law but gave it up on the death of his father to take charge of Glenoe. He wished to "rise" in 1745, but was restrained by the Breadalbane influence. He married Ann, daughter of Duncan Campbell of Barcaldine and niece of Colin Campbell of Glenure, who was shot in 1752.

When Duncan Ban visited Glenoe, he was shown the old seal bearing the arms of his clan. It is still in the family, being in the possession of Duncan MacIntyre, Edinburgh, whose grandmother was Jean, fifth daughter of James, the poet's chief, and through whose kindness the editor has been favoured with an impression of the seal.

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p. 356, 1-4.

Versions of this quatrain, which is probably an old Love-charm, will be found in *Carmina Gadelica*, ii., 38, 40, 41.

p. 360, 32.

Rev. Dugald Campbell, here referred to, was minister of the united parish of Kilfinichen and Kilvickeon, of which Iona then formed a part. It was his duty to preach there every six weeks, and probably the congregation met in the Cathedral, the roof of which was in part still intact. On one of these occasions the poet heard him preach. Mr Campbell had been missionary at Moidart before his induction to the Mull parish in 1779. On his tombstone in Kilvickeon Churchyard is this inscription :

“Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Dugald Campbell, A.M., minister of this parish, who died 21st April 1824, in the 78th year of his age and the 52nd of his ministry, and Elizabeth Campbell, his wife, daughter of Donald Campbell, Esq., of Dunstaffnage, who died 21st July 1836, in the 71st year of her age. This humble tribute to their memory is placed here by their family, in token of affection and grateful remembrance of their many amiable qualities and of their sterling Christian character. Also of their eldest son Donald, born 17th November 1786. He succeeded his father as minister of this parish, and died 15th August 1855. Humble, pious, and charitable in word and deed, his memory is cherished by an attached people.”

A second son, Dugald Neil, was admitted minister of Iona, 1829; and in 1835 was inducted to Kilmore and Kilbride, where he died. His two other sons became doctors of medicine, and died, one in India, the other in Australia. He had four daughters. A headstone in Kilvickeon bears the legend :

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“Sacred to the memory of Hester, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dugald Campbell, minister of this parish, died 20th June 1847. Aged 48. This in grateful remembrance of her pious and amiable qualities is placed here by her surviving sisters Annie and Elizabeth.”

A tradition still current in Mull says that Hester was one of those presented to George IV. when he visited Edinburgh in 1822.

p. 368, 28.

The king who ordained free pasture for goats in Strathfillan was Robert Bruce. Having escaped from the field of Dal Righ, he fled some distance and rested the first night in a goat-herd's hut (the traditional name of which is Airigh Mhor), and fed on such fare as the place afforded. He was so pleased with the goats' milk, the cleanliness of the hut, and its immunity from goats' hair, that when he came to his kingdom he promulgated the order in the text.

p. 394.

The reference is to the Breadalbane Fencibles.

The 1st Battalion was embodied on 1st March 1793, and the attestation of recruits extended over March and April. In the ranks were five of the name of Duncan MacIntyre, who were attested on 9th and 27th March, and on 19th, 24th, and 25th April. One was promoted Corporal on 23rd March 1796. One Corporal and one Private, Duncan MacIntyre, were serving when the regiment was disbanded at Fort George on 18th April 1799. The Battalion while embodied was quartered in Aberdeen, March 1794; Glasgow, August 1794; Falkirk, March 1795; Ayr, March 1796; Banff, September 1796; Aberdeen, April 1798; Fort George, April 1799.

The 2nd Battalion was embodied 1st March 1793. Two Duncan MacIntyres in the ranks were attested, on 10th and



## HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

18th March 1793. One of them was promoted Corporal 24th February 1795, when a number of Sergeants and Corporals from this Battalion volunteered for service in the 3rd Battalion. He was further promoted Sergeant on 8th July 1798 in Captain and Adjutant Roy's Company, and transferred to Captain Archibald Campbell's Company on 25th July 1798, when they were stationed at Ayr.

The regiment was quartered in Dumfries, December 1793; Dundee, July 1794; Banff, November 1794; Aberdeen, June 1795 to July 1796; Dundee, August 1796; Edinburgh, March 1797 to March 1798; Kirkcaldy, March 1798; Glasgow, June 1798; whence it marched to Ayr, arriving there 550 strong on 30th June 1798.

By the embarkation return 260 men volunteered for service in Ireland, and embarked at Port Patrick for Donaghadee on 12th September 1798.

By order of Major-General Drummond each non-commissioned officer and private who volunteered received one guinea and a half.

The Earl of Breadalbane was in active command in October 1798, when he certified to the correctness of the regimental accounts.

The men who did not volunteer for service in Ireland were stationed at Beith and Irvine, and it was here the regiment was disbanded on 18th April 1799.

This explains the reference to those who did not volunteer, p. 396, 29-36, and makes clear that Drochaid-duinn was Brig o' Doon, p. 394, 2.

In every recent account of his life it is stated that the poet rose to the rank of Sergeant in the Fencibles, and therefore did not belong to the 1st Battalion. The statement seems unfounded for the following reasons:—

1. The discharge here printed has never left the family, and is still in possession of the descendants of his son-in-law, Dr MacNaughton of Killin.

### APPENDIX III

2. The rumour that he was Sergeant is not recorded till 1848.
3. There is no indication that he ever was in Ireland.
4. The first lines of the *Song to the Camp*, p. 394, 2, do not suggest that he was himself at or near Brig o' Doon.
5. The report of the *Gazette*, p. 392, 5, reached him at Peterhead. The 1st Battalion was then stationed at Aberdeen.
6. He was notoriously unpunctual, and not such stuff as Sergeants are made of.

Probably the wish to enhance the character and reputation of one so unrivalled in his true sphere originated the story, as it gave rise to another similar legend that he was an elder in the Gaelic Church in Edinburgh. The only authority for this statement is a pencil jotting on a board of the Kirk Session Minute Book. After the names of some of the ministers between 1800 and 1837 are given, follow the words :

“1799 James MacLauchlan (father of Dr MacLauchlan, Duncan Ban a member of his and Elder).”

One of his kith and name assured the editor that further research in this direction might be discontinued, as it was destined to be fruitless, Duncan's gifts not being of the kind that lead to Church eldership. A hasty examination of the S.P.C.K. records disclosed lists of the Kirk Session during the poet's time, but his name was not included.

p. 394, 7.

General Alexander Leith Hay, a very distinguished officer in his day, was in 1797, and for some years subsequently, one of the four Major-Generals on the Staff in Scotland. In that capacity he reviewed the Perth Volunteers in July 1797. Born in 1758, he succeeded, as Alexander



Ally

Major Peter A. F. A.

I Duncan McIntyre do acknowledge that I have received all my Cloathing, Pay, Arrears of Pay, and all Demands whatsoever, from the time of my Inliffing to this present Day of my Discharge, and also 1/4 Days Pay to carry me home, as witness my Hand, this 18<sup>th</sup> Day of April 1799

I Duncan McIntyre

James Robertson  
Witness



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Leith, to Leith Hall, on his elder brother's death in 1768. He served in the 61st Regiment of Foot as Ensign, 1772, and Lieutenant, 1776; in the 81st Aberdeenshire Highlanders as Captain, 1777, and Major, 1782; in the 104th Foot as Lieutenant-Colonel, 1783, when the regiment was disbanded and he was put on half pay. On the death of his relative, Andrew Hay of Rannes, he inherited that estate, and from 1790 onwards he appears as Alexander Leith Hay. He was commissioned Brevet-Colonel, and Colonel of the 109th, "The Aberdeenshire" or "Hay's Regiment," in 1794. It was disbanded in 1795, and he retired on full pay in 1796. He became Major-General the same year, Lieutenant-General in 1803, and General in 1813. He died at Fetternear House, 10th May 1838.

p. 406, 105.

The Black Watch with ten regiments embarked for Barbadoes in 1761, there to join an armament against Martinique and Havana. This movement of Highland troops would no doubt fix the poet's attention on the place as a centre of slavery. Over 8000 Irish were sent there as slaves in Cromwell's time.

p. 406, 1.

There is a tradition regarding the composition of *The Last Farewell*, that he made it seated on a stone opposite Annat, less than a mile upstream from the Railway Viaduct in Auch Glen; and further, that the bard could not finish the song owing to the extreme agitation he experienced on beholding again the scenes of his youth and early manhood, and that he was assisted to complete it by his brother Malcolm. The latter is also mentioned as one of those who, at least in his earlier days, sympathised with the view that Duncan was a *burraidh* (blockhead) and a ne'er-do-weel. This will serve to explain the point of the following anecdote.

dotes. On the occasion of a dog-trial (*feuchainn chon*), Duncan loudly sounded the praises of his own dog in many a well-turned extempore rhyme which he made before the contest came off. Unfortunately in the actual trial the dog behaved in such a way as to disgrace both himself and his master, and to evoke from Malcolm the following :—

## ORAN A' CHOIN.

*Do chu busach mosach  
 Cha d'ionnsuich thu ceart e.  
 Cha robh de thuigse aig' na chaisg e,  
 'S mòr gu'm b' fhearr ann an cùl e  
 Na cur sionnach ri fasgadh.*

## “SONG TO THE DOG.

Your vile dog with huge mug  
 Not right did you train him,  
 That lacked sense to restrain him,  
 Better far at heel bound  
 Than run foxes to ground.”

Asked why he himself, seeing he rhymed so well, did not take on with the bard-craft, Malcolm replied :

*Cha bhi e air a ràdh gu'n do rug mo mhàthair dà bhàrd :* “It will never be said that my mother bore two bards.”

## APPENDIX IV

### NOTE ON THE METRICS

The metres of Gaelic poetry fall into two great classes—

- A. The Syllabic or Consonantal metres, requiring (1) a fixed number of syllables in each line; (2) consonance, or rhyme, in the final word of each line or couplet.
- B. The Stressed or Vocalic metres, requiring in each line a fixed number of stressed or accented syllables in which the same vowels recur.

The metrical system of the first division, which comprises the great mass of Gaelic poetry for nearly a thousand years from the eighth century onwards, was derived from the Latin hymn-poetry of the fifth and sixth centuries. This system, a highly intricate and difficult one, gradually broke down. The growth of the imitation metres, *Oglachas* and *Bruilingecht*, and the development of internal rhymes paved the way for the modern system which, influenced latterly by English measures, depended less upon the number of syllables than upon the rhythm and upon a corresponding sequence of vowels in stressed syllables.

In MacIntyre's poems both systems are represented, but the older largely predominates.

#### A

Only the framework of the metres remains, and it is therefore superfluous to quote at large the rules of Gaelic versification, except a few that apply.

## APPENDIX IV

*Uaim*, alliteration, was of two kinds—(a) *fìor-uaim* when the last word of the line and the word immediately preceding began with a vowel, *dlainn, uasal*, p. 20, 2, or with the same consonant, *feurach, fuaranach*, p. 96, 176; and (b), *uaim gnùise*, or *sùla*, when the alliteration was between other than the last two words, *barrach, bileach*, p. 96, 173. Our poet often uses this “artful aid,” but entirely at his pleasure, and with little deference to old metrical laws.

*Comhardadh*, consonance, or rhyme, was of two kinds:—

(a) *slán*, where the vowels were the same in quantity and quality, and the consonants were of the same class, *pheacadh, thachair*, p. 112, 4, 5. In some cases this consonance amounted to actual rhyme, *ceòl, sgeòil, beòil, leòir*, p. 328, 2, 4, 6, 8.

(b) *bristè*, when vowels or consonants were not of the same quality or class, *rium, crùin*, p. 10, 18, 20; *ògain, guanach*; *binn, gleann*, p. 48, 102, 4, 3, 5; *sàr-chleachdach, guairsgeach*, p. 212, 29, 31.

Internal assonance or rhyme, luxuriant in modern poetry, was of two kinds:—

(a) *uailhne*, internal vowel rhyme, which was imperative when the lines of the couplet did not assonate. The final stressed syllable of the first line, the caesura, assonated with an internal word in the second line of the couplet, *cùirnein-each, sùghmhor*, p. 96, 189, 190.

(b) *amus*, assonance or rhyme between words with the same number of syllables, *lionmhor, brìoghmhor*, p. 96, 189, 190.

In scansion the word in caesura frequently begins the second line of the couplet, *Cha*, p. 78, 2; *Anns*, p. 78, 6; cf. p. 455, XI., 3, a long syllable, especially a final, may be counted as two, p. 80, 35; and unaccented initial particles may be omitted, p. 80, 41; or the first syllable of the foot may be wanting, p. 78, 5.

Gaelic poetry is in character trochaic. In a large pro-



## NOTE ON THE METRICS

portion of MacIntyre's pieces the metre resembles the Classical Trochaic Octonarius (Tetrameter Acatalectic), called in Gaelic metrics:

*Rannaigecht bec mor*, or *Carn-dechnaid*, the formula for which is  $8^2 + 8^2$ . There are eight syllables in each line ending with a dissyllabic word.

I., p. 2; IV., p. 20; XXXVII., p. 306; XXXVIII., p. 310, 25-32, 41-8; XL., p. 320, 33-80; XLI., p. 324, 17-64; XLII., p. 332, 49-80; XLIII., p. 334; XLIV., p. 340, 17-24, 29-32, 41-64; XLV., p. 344, 9-24, 41-56; 65-72, 77-80; XLVI., p. 352; XLVIII., p. 358; LVIII., p. 414, 17-40; LXI., p. 428; LXII., p. 436, 9-16; VIII., p. 62. In the last poem, the formula for which is  $3 \times 8^2 + 8^2$ , the triplets rhyme, and the fourth lines have all the same rhyme, *éi*, throughout.

*Rannaigecht dialtach* (or *mor*),  $7^1 + 7^1$ , has seven syllables in each line ending with a monosyllabic word. The end of couplets rhymes, and the word in caesura rhymes with a word in the second line of the couplet. XXXIII., p. 278; XLIX., p. 360; LX., p. 418; LXII., p. 436, 1-8, 17-24.

*Snedbairdne*,  $8^2 + 4^2$ , alternates with *Rannaigecht bec mor* (or *Carn-dechnaid*),  $8^2 + 8^2$ , XXXVIII., p. 308; XLI., p. 324; XLIV., p. 340; XLV., p. 344; LVIII., p. 412.

*Setnad mor* or *fota* (*Seudna*, O'Molloy, XIX.),  $8^2 + 7^1$ , XXXII., p. 272, 9.

*Seudna mheadhonach*,  $8^3 + 7^2$ , XXIII., p. 210; XXXI., p. 264; XXXVI., p. 302; XX., p. 190, 463-554,  $3 \times 8^3 + 7^2$ .

In *Seudna* measures it is imperative that the word in caesura rhyme with a word in the second line of the couplet; and it often rhymes with the first accented word in that line.

$3 \times 7^2 + 8^3$ , XXXVII., p. 242. The triplets rhyme, and the fourth lines rhyme throughout.

$2(7^2 + 8^3) + (3 \times 7^2 + 8^3)$ , LXI., p. 406.

*Druimne suithe na bairdne*,  $8^3 + 8^3$ , XI., p. 82; LVI., p. 398.

## APPENDIX IV

$8^3 + 6^1$ , X., p. 78; XXXIX., p. 312; XL., p. 318; XLII., p. 328; LIX., p. 416.

*Dechnad mor* (or *fota*),  $8^2 + 6^2$ , XXXIV., p. 286: or the scansion may be  $3 \times 4^2 + 2^2$ .

$6^2 + 8^2$ , XVIII., p. 148.

*Slat brecht mor*,  $6^3 + 6^3$ , LII., p. 378. The metre is more regular after line 81.

*Rindard*,  $6^2 + 6^2$ , XX., *Siubhal*, p. 160, 49-120, 217-288, 337-410. The closing cadences of all the *Siubhal* strophes end in *ì* up to line 260, after which the stressed end syllable is *ò*, as in *Urlar*. XLVI., p. 356.

*Cro cumaisc etir rindaird*  $\bar{\text{7}}$  *lethrandaigeht*,  $6^2 + 5^1$ , XXIX., p. 252.

$7^3 + 6^1$ , LI., p. 370.

*Ochtfhoclach mor chorrnach*,  $3 \times 6^2 + 5^1$ , XIX., p. 156; XXXV., p. 296.

*Ochtfhoclach bec*,  $3 \times 5^2 + 4^1$ , VI., p. 42.

*Lethrannaigecht mor* and *blogbairdne*,  $2(5^1 + 5^3) + (3 \times 5^1 + 5^3)$ , XX., *Urlar*, p. 160, 1-48, 121-216, 289-336, 411-462.

The odd lines of the first quatrains may open with anacrusis, and the last word of the line may be divided by the caesura.

### B

The rest of MacIntyre's pieces fall under the second great division, stressed or accented metres. The stress rules a varying number of syllables which have the same or a very similar vowel sound, as in Tennyson's line:

“Búry the Gréat Duke with an émpire's lamentátion.”

The accent for purposes of scansion marks stressed (but not necessarily long) vowels.

Two kinds of stressed metres are in use (a) *Cumha*, lament; (b) *Oran*, lay.

## NOTE ON THE METRICS

(a) An excellent example of *Cumha*, limited to one stanza, occurs in XXXII., p. 272, 1-8 :

*'S trúagh r'a éisteachd an sgeúl thug mi féin tuille 's luath,  
Rínn an t-éug ceann na céille 's nam béus a thoirt úainn.*

Five vowel stresses occur in each line; the first vowel varies; the next three vowel stresses are the same in quantity and quality, and recur in each line; the last stressed vowel in the line corresponds throughout.

VI., p. 52, is a triple-phrased *Cumha* :

3 (*'S dúilich leam an cáradh*) 's a' bhráighe so tháll.

The last accented vowel corresponds or assonates throughout the stanza; the first accented vowel is indefinite and need not correspond with any other accented vowel in its own line or in any other line; the second and third accented vowels correspond with one another in their own line, but need not correspond with the second and third accented vowel of any other line. In this poem the second and third accented vowels do correspond through several stanzas.

XV., p. 122 :

*Gur míladach thá sinn mu mháidsear Achóladair.*

The last stressed vowel assonates throughout the poem, hence called an A poem; the first vowel is indefinite; the second and third assonate with each other, and they may, and here do, assonate with other stressed vowels in like positions.

XVI., p. 130, a triple-phrased five-stressed *Cumha* :

3 (*Smdointean trúagh a th' air m' áighe*) cha chádal ach dúisg.

The last stressed vowel recurs throughout the poem, which is thus an U poem.

(b) The versification of *Oran* is similar to above but may be more intricate. II., p. 10 :

*Deoch sláinte Rígh Deórsa gun ólainn air thús.*

The final vowel corresponds through the stanza; the

## APPENDIX IV

first stressed vowel is indefinite; the second and third correspond with one another but not necessarily with the second and third vowel stress in any other line.

III., p. 16, the end stressed vowels correspond throughout this A poem. The second stress is the strongest.

V., p. 30, a sextuple-phrased six-stressed A poem :

6 (*sgéul a b'áit leam r'a innseadh*) o thóiseach na strí so tháinig.

The third and fifth stressed vowels correspond in each stanza and the stressed end vowel corresponds throughout.

IX., p. 66, by naming the base lines after letters, it will be clearly seen in what order the lines are repeated, thus :

a b b c, a b b c, d e, d e, a b b c.

The first stress in b and c often amounts to an *amus*. In d e there is a triple phrase in the best stanzas, e.g., line 41 : *Mar ri dág, ullamh ghrád, a bhíodh a snáp*. c ends in o throughout this O poem.

XII., p. 98 :

a' bhliadhna chrúinnich an cámpa 's a tháinig an tríoblaid.

The end stressed vowels correspond in individual stanzas, and the second and third in their own stanzas. The first stress is indefinite.

XIII., p. 108, is irregular either by syllabic or stressed scansion. The final stressed vowels of the uneven lines correspond, as do those of the even lines. Each caesura corresponds with an internal word in the second line of the couplet.

XIV., p. 112, is an O poem formed by a septuple two-stressed phrase, increased at the end of each strophe by an iambic stress which corresponds throughout the poem.

XVII., p. 142, begins with a triple two-stressed phrase, followed by a dactyl which corresponds throughout this U poem. The lines occur in this order :

a b, a b, a b, a b b b b c c c d.

The last caesura rhymes internally with d. The scansion of lines 1-8 is bbbb cccd.

## NOTE ON THE METRICS

XXI., p. 196 :

*A Mháiri bhan óg 's tu 'n óigh th' air m' áire.*

has four stresses; the first indefinite; the last corresponds in the first line of the couplets throughout the stanza; the second and third rhyme together and also with the first stress of the second line of the couplet. The even lines of the couplets correspond, and also the uneven. The caesura generally makes an *amus* with the second stressed word in the following line.

XXII., p. 206, has four stresses, the first of which is indefinite; the second and third correspond; the fourth corresponds with the closing rhyme of couplet, or couplets.

XXIV., p. 216, a triple-phrased four-stressed O poem :

*3 ('S i Máiri Nic Néachdainn) ri néach a tha beó.*

The first stress is indefinite; the second and third assonate; and the fourth assonates throughout the poem.

XXVIII., p. 248, is similarly an A poem, and XXX., p. 254, LIII., p. 388, are Ei poems. LV., p. 394, is an U poem for three stanzas.

XXV., p. 222 :

*'S a' cháora fhuair mi o Shiúsaidh gun an cúinn a dhol g'a ceánnach*

is a four-stressed A poem, like XXVI., p. 236; L., p. 366, is an Ao poem; LIV., p. 392, an A poem.

The history of the United States is a story of growth and change. From the first European settlements to the present day, the nation has expanded its territory and diversified its economy. The early years were marked by the struggle for independence from British rule, followed by a period of territorial acquisition and westward expansion. The mid-19th century saw the rise of sectionalism and the Civil War, which ultimately led to the abolition of slavery and the preservation of the Union. The late 19th and early 20th centuries were characterized by industrialization, urbanization, and the emergence of a powerful federal government. The 20th century has been a period of global leadership, technological advancement, and social progress, culminating in the nation's role in the world during the latter half of the century.

The early years of the United States were marked by the struggle for independence from British rule. The American Revolution (1775-1783) was a pivotal moment in the nation's history, leading to the signing of the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of the Constitution. The new nation faced numerous challenges, including the need to establish a stable government and expand its territory. The Louisiana Purchase (1803) and the acquisition of Florida (1819) significantly increased the size of the United States, opening up vast new lands for settlement and agriculture.

The mid-19th century was a period of intense sectionalism and conflict. The discovery of gold in California (1848) and the opening of the transcontinental railroads (1860s) fueled westward expansion and the growth of the western states. However, the issue of slavery became increasingly divisive, leading to the outbreak of the Civil War (1861-1865). The war resulted in the preservation of the Union and the abolition of slavery, but it also left the nation in a state of economic and social devastation.

The late 19th and early 20th centuries were characterized by rapid industrialization and urbanization. The invention of the steam engine, the telegraph, and the railroad revolutionized transportation and communication. The rise of big business and the formation of trusts led to the emergence of a powerful industrial class. At the same time, the growth of cities and the influx of immigrants from Europe and Asia created a diverse and dynamic population. The federal government became more active in regulating the economy and protecting the rights of citizens.

The 20th century has been a period of global leadership and technological advancement. The United States emerged as a superpower after World War II, playing a central role in the Cold War and the promotion of democracy around the world. The space race, the moon landing (1969), and the development of nuclear energy and computers marked significant milestones in human progress. The latter half of the century has seen a focus on social justice, environmental protection, and the challenges of globalization.

## GLOSSARY

- ARTHIR**, *m.*, shelving slope, recess (with prothetic *f*, *f-aithir*, from *ath*+*tír*, backland, old beach), 46, 73
- Aoidh**, herd (*ai*, *no*, *aoi*, *v. sealbh*, a herd, O'Cl.)
- Aolmann**, *m.* (*alimentum*, *alimōnium*, for change to long vowel, *cf.* Thurneysen, *Handbuch*, § 907), ointment, a lump of tallow in pipe-bag to moisten it and make it air-tight, 350, 69
- Athadh-laimhe**, flinching of hand, 440, 53
- BIADHTACH**, *m.*, hospitaller, one who held land on condition of supplying food (*biad*) to those billeted on him by the chief (*A. U.*, ii., 128; *I. T. S.*, xi., 134), 402, 64
- Braonan**, (1) earth-nut, *bunium flexuosum*; (2) pig-nut, *carum bulbocastanum* (Balfour, p. 825), 42, 19
- Broc-liath chorrach éild'**, *lit.* a restless grey-badger of a hind (*cf.* *Muire mathar*, a Mary of a mother, O'Molloy, Gr. xvii.; *sui Goeidhil*, a master or sage of a Goedhel, an eminent Goedel, *A. U.*, ii., 112; *breisim madhma*, a crushing of a defeat, a crushing defeat, *A. U.*, ii., 542), 168, 133
- CEAPAIRE ròmais**, piece of richly buttered bread (from *Norse* *rjómi*, according to Henderson; *adj.* *ròmasach*, Macdonald, p. 28, 16), 116, 72
- Ceud-mhna**, wife (*cf.* *nir sherc ced-ingine da cele*, it was not a maiden's love for her mate, *C. C. C.*, § 77), 140, 149
- Clob**, deer's hair, *schoenus cœspitosus*, Balfour, p. 944 (Céib, coarse grass, O'D.; from *Gk.* through *Lat.* *cannabis*; *Eng.* hemp, borrowed very early, *v. Skeat*), 44, 29; 172, 173
- Cùl-fhinn**, fair-haired, lovely (*Cùil-fhionn*, fair lady, O'Sullivan, 1328; *re cùilfhinn dom dhúithigh*, with a maid of my country, O'Bruadair, p. 86, xxi.), 42, 11
- Cùrsan**, courser (*do chursaibh*, *Sàr Obair*, 42b25; from *Eng.* course), 46, 80; 66, 21; 374, 61
- DREAGAN**, dragon (almost invariably used in a good sense, O'Bruadair, 52, 94, 176), 132, 29
- Duine dall**, blind man. (These

## GLOSSARY

- words in Irish poetry usually refer to the centurion, called in tradition Longinus, who thrust a lance into our Saviour's side), 432, 85
- EIRTHIA**, oirthir, coast (cf. *f-orar*, finis, *Ml.* 56646; *orar*, *Æn.* 1466), 192, 506
- FEADAN**, runnel on hillside (cf. *Gort-an-feadain*, Garden of the Brook, *A. U.*, iii., 166; *Feadan-na-bo-duinne*, on Ben Dorain, near the Strone, below Coire-fhraoich; *fedan*, *f. jugum*, *Wb.* 16a16), 188, 435
- FÉILL** Sheathain Ròid, the Feast of John, near Roodmass: The Decollation of the Baptist took place on 29th August; Roodmass synchronises with the Exaltation of the Cross, 14th September, which is the date of the commencement of the rutting season in the Highlands (cf. *Sàr Obair*, p. 98a8; *N. G. P.*, p. 297), 86, 52
- Foichear**, cornstalks springing from seeds dropped by cattle, 402, 56
- Foirmeil**, brisk, lively (the alternative form, *soirmeil* (Lochalsh, C D E), points to the derivation, *Sk.* svár-ati, it sounds; *Gk.* σῦρ-ιγξ, pipe, flute; *Lat.* su-sur-ru-s; a humming; *Eng.* swar-m), 40, 140; 194, 523
- Fòtrus**, refuse (by metathesis from fortas, with prothetic f. f-ortas; *Eng.* orts; *Sc.* w-orts), 178, 296
- GALLANAICH**, from *galla*, bitch (?) (cf. *gus an cuala iad a' ghairm ghallain*, *Folk Tales*, p. 246), 36, 105; 194, 541
- Glasghairm**, voice-lock, muzzle, p. xxii
- Glasmhèur**, finger-lock, test piece of pipe music, p. xxxi
- Glòinin**, squint; glòin, squint-eyed, *H. B.* (cf. *Sc. gley*?) and *s-gleò*, *M<sup>B.</sup>*), 170, 154
- Grine**, green, lawn; in Barra, high machar land, 166, 88; 176, 238; *pl.* grìneachan, 84, 23
- Groigeasach**, sulky, frowning, *gnoigeasach*, *H. S. D.*; *grog*, pet, huff, *Arms.*, 178, 283
- IONGA**, nail; *pl.* iongan, 166, 81; ionganan, 194, 537
- LÀ 'R'N-MHÀIREACH**, là iarna bàrach, the day after to-morrow, 396, 43
- Leòlaichean**, globe flower (?) Cameron's *Gaelic Names of Plants*, p. 22 (cf. *H. B.*), 96, 183
- Loireadh**, wallowing (better known in the derivative, lothrugud—*Æn.* 1002—whence *G.* loirc: lothor, alveus, *Z<sup>2</sup>.* 782), 168, 134
- MÀDAR**, madder (*W. H. Tales*, iv., 335), 394, 25
- Miontainn**, mint; mionntuinn, *Arms.* mionntuin, *H. S. D.*; 96, 177
- Mothar**, stone fort in ruins, any stone house in ruins, any stone enclosure, park, tuft, cluster of trees, *Wi.*; cf. *Joyce*, i., 298



## GLOSSARY

- MURAN**, bent; in Uist, *buran*, sea-bent; used in Skye for making horse collars, etc.; *murán* = carrot (Cameron, p. 57) is unknown in the Duncan Ban country), 44, 31
- NEO-SHEACHANTACH**, avoidless, inevitable (*cf.* Neo-sheachanta, indispensable, necessarius, inevitabilis; neo-sheachnach, avoidless—*H. S. D. Suppl.*), 268, 39
- NEUL CRUADAIL**, cloud of valour (*cf.* *én-gaile*, bird of valour that fluttered over the warrior's head: and *lonn láith*, *T. Troi*<sup>1</sup>), 270, 82
- OS N-AIRD**, 110, 46; **OS N-ÌOSAL**, 176, 260.  
*On as ìosal, o as n-ìosal.* Compared with *iscian ós accobor lemm farrichtu*, it is long since I have had a desire to come to you (*Wb. 7a3*), the transported *n* seems irregular. Probably it arose from analogy to sentences like *foillsigthir as nisel in-doinacht*, it is shown that the manhood is lowly (*Ml. 25c5*)
- PETREALAIS**, *pairilis*, *Eng.* paralysis, 192, 513
- PLOSG-SHÙIL**, lively, quick rolling eye (*O'R.*), 170, 153
- Post**, leaden slug, 62, 15
- RI MAITHEAS** (*cf.* the phrase, *ciod a tha thu ri maitheas?* what (good) are you doing?), 236, 13
- SEABHAG**, hawk (often used in a good sense: *Brathair seabhaig abhainn Eirne*—*O'Bruadair*, p. 56; *Intleacht tseabhaic i n-aigne an leogain*—*O'Rahilly*, 120, 19), 132, 30
- Sliosmhor**, glossy (*Arms.*), 94, 167
- Straca**, a stratum, a layer, a row, a series (*O'D.*, who reads in error *stracha*), 44, 34
- Suim**, number of cattle allowed to be kept (*Sc. soum*, Jamieson's *Scot. Dict.*), 42, 16
- Suimear, m.**, shin, shank, *H. B.*, 114, 42
- TÀCHAIR** (= ùidh), a slow current, as of water leaving a loch ("Tàchar dubh mointich," *M'Lean*), 58, 101
- Taoim**, 106, 120
- Tarruing**, expedition, as in *A. U.*, 1498
- Tolc**, breach, burst, *Ir. T. v.*, 348, 55
- Torchuirt**, over-turning, *Shaw, O'R.*, 94, 71
- Trabhàilidh**, reveille (*E* shows the influence of *tràth*; *cf.* *bhratàllion*, *C.*, 392, 13, where the accent is on the second syllable and the first is therefore strengthened), 394, 21
- UINEIN**, orb (*uinneamain*, *uinnean*, union, from *Lat.* *únio*, "a single large pearl," *Ir. Gl.*, 862), 28, 130

## NAMES OF PERSONS

- ABRAHAM**, 364, 48  
**Adhamh**, Adam, 122, 142; 314, 18; 318, 8; 362, 26; 416, 2, 11; 418, 25; 420, 14, 32  
**Æolus** (God of the Winds), 24, 54  
**Aindrea Faràra**, 414, 32, 33  
**Alasdair**, Alexander, a name which was introduced into Scotland from Hungary by Queen Margaret, wife of Malcolm Ceanmore, became popular through the successful reigns of the kings so named, 108, 2; 252, title, 1; 254, 32  
**Anna**, 352, title, 1, 17; 354, 33; 356, 62  
**BRAN** (raven), Fionn's dog, *B. Lismore*, p. 6, note, 436, 8  
**CALUM** (Columba), Malcolm, 402, 59  
**Calum breac**, pock-marked Malcolm, 254, 25  
**Calum Cille** (dove of cell), St Columba, 358, title, 1; 359, 29, 32  
**Calum Mac Phàruig**, 440, 41  
**Campbell** (*cam* + *beul*, wry mouth, a nickname by which the *Clann o'Duibhne* have been known in Scotland since the twelfth century), *adj.*, 146, 75; 208, 21  
**Campbell**, Major Archibald, of Achallader, 122, title, 1; 126, 65  
**Campbell**, Colin, of Glenure, 130, title  
**Campbell**, Rev. Dugald, 360, 32; note, p. 507  
**Campbell**, Duncan, Lord Ormelie, 488, 489  
**Campbell**, Captain Duncan, 12, 37; 16, 6; 93, title, 3  
**Campbell**, Lord Frederick, 266, 9  
**Campbell**, John, 1st Earl of Breadalbane, 487  
**Campbell**, John, 2nd Earl of Breadalbane, 488, 489  
**Campbell**, John, 3rd Earl of Breadalbane, 54, 46; 76, 169; 138, 117; 272, title  
**Campbell**, John, 4th Earl of Breadalbane, 378, title, 1; 388, 15; 412, 1; 491  
**Campbell**, John, Lord Glenorchy, 30, title  
**Campbell**, John, of the Bank, 66, 1  
**Caoilte**, Son of Ronain, a chief figure in the Fingalian tales, 178, 269  
**Ceann-feadhna nan Greumach**, the Duke of Montrose, 284, 85  
**Clann-an-Aba** (children of the abbot), the MacNabs, 444, 129

## NAMES OF PERSONS

- Clann an Leisdeir, the Fletchers, 6, 70
- Clann-an-t-Saoir (children of the carpenter), the MacIntyres, 400, 36; 444, 126
- Clann Camshroin (wry nose), the Camerons, 138, 125, *adj.*, 208, 26; 288, 34; 440, 59; 444, 125
- Clann Dòmhnùill, the Macdonalds, 4, 37; 208, 19; 286, 18; 440, 46, 59; *adj.*, 444, 126
- Clann Dùghail, the MacDougalls, 400, 39
- Clann Ghriogair, the MacGregors, 290, 73, *adj.*, 444, 137
- Clanna-Baoisge, the Fingalians; Fionn is called *hu Baiscne, Waifs and Strays*, ii., 403, 444, 128
- Clanna-Cearda, the Sinclairs, 402, 43
- Coll, Condla, Connla, or Colla, son of Cond Cetchathach, Conn the hundred fighter, 310, 32
- Conan, the Thersites of the Fingalians, 432, 97
- Cothun, Major Colquhoun, 10, 6; see note, p. 483
- Criosd, 358, 15; 362, 32, 33
- Cuchullainn, the hero of the Ulster cycle of tales, 178, 269
- Cuigse, *f.*, The Whigs, 2, 2; 4, 32; 434, 142
- Cupid, 198, 25
- DEÒRSA, Rìgh, King George III., 10, 1; 14, 57, 65; 16, 12; 18, 30; 20, 1, 18; 22, 47; 26, 81, 90; 28, 112; 78, 192; 126, 63; 142, 11; 146, 69; 178, 272; 208, 28; 258, 58; 286, 16; 294, 112; 386, 111, 123; 392, 7, 14; 396, 25; 410, 64; 432, 106; 434, 126; 438, 15; 440, 65, 66; 442, 110
- Diarmad, Diarmaid Mac ua Duibhne, the legendary ancestor of the Argyll family, had a beauty spot on his face fatal to female susceptibilities. Gráinne, wife of Fionn and daughter of King Cormac mac Airt, having seen it, eloped with him, 100, 44; 102, 55; 126, 59; 208, 24; 270, 72; 416, 40
- Diùc Earra-ghàidhleach, the Duke of Argyll, 76, 165; 138, 115
- Diùc Uilleam, William of Orange, 144, 36; 148, 90, 99
- Dòmhnùll, 108, 9
- Dòmhnùll Bàn Mac O'Neachdain, 112, 1; 116, 59
- Dòmhnùll glas, 228, 70
- Donas, the Devil, 430, 67
- EARRA-ghàidheal (Aìrer-gaidhel, district of the Gael, Skene, *Celt. Scot.*, iii., 48; *Vita S. Col.* 247), Argyll, 8, 97; 138, 115; 264, title; 268, 33; 310, 40; 382, 78; *adj.*, 76, 165; 266, 31; 396, 22
- Eileanach, Islander, 384, 89
- Eoghann, 52, 14
- Eubha, Eve, 416, 17
- FEARGHAS, King Fergus I. (on these legendary kings, see John Hill Burton's *Hist. Scot.*, i., 287), 372, 44
- Fiann, Feen, or Fingalians, *gen. sing.*, 440, 61; *cothrom na Féinne*, equal combat, "it being the practice of Fingal never to engage an enemy with superior numbers." Smith's *Sean Dàna*, p. 207; *acc. sing. an Fhéinn*,

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- 334, 72; *gen. pl. nam Fianntan*, 380, 30; *nam Fiann*, 436, 8; *dat. pl. na Fianntaibh*, 416, 37  
**Fionn**, Fionn Mac Cumhaill, the principal figure of the Fingalian legendary cycle, 334, 67  
**Fletcher**, Archibald, 6, 50
- GÀIDHEAL**, Gael, 22, 34; 34, 64; 250, 48; 256, 37; 284, 73; 296, 17; 326, 34; 336, 10, 18, 35; 338, 57; 342, 26; 390, 45; 396, 37; 414, 34; 440, 66; 442, 105; *adj.*, 28, 119; 316, 57; 320, 25  
**Gàidhealtachd**, 344, 57; 366; 16  
**Gall**, Goill, Lowland Scot, 22, 29; 280, 34; 386, 119; *adj.*, 34, 62  
**Garadh**, son of Morna, 334, 67  
**Goll**, mac Morna, chief of the Connacht Fingalians in the legendary cycle, 334, 67  
**Griffin**, General, 126, 42  
**Griogairich**, the MacGregors, 444, 137
- HALLAIDH**, General Hawley, *see* Chamber's *Hist. Rebel.*, Ch. XVII., XVIII., 10, 5  
**Hay**, 394, 7, 11
- IAIN** buidh', Tawny John, 400, 19; 402, 59  
**Iain Faochaig**, John Wilkes, 428, title, 1; 434, 127  
**Iain Ic-Ruairidh**, John, son of Roderick, 438, 6, 10  
**Iarla Bhóid**, the Earl of Bute, 434, 122  
**Iseabal**, 206, 1  
**Iùdas**, 430, 38
- LOUDON**, 76, 173; 434, 113
- MAC AOIDH**, M'Kay, 138, 121  
**MacBhàididh**, 44, 33  
**MacCailin**, the Duke of Argyll, 204, 119; 224, 32; 358, 4  
**Mac Dhomhnuill Duibh**, Cameron of Lochiel (*cf.* M'Iain, 182; Keltie, ii., 218 b; Browne, iv., 483), 138, 125  
**MacIntyre**, Dr Joseph, 78, 14  
**Mac Ruairidh**, son of Roderick, 438, 6, 10  
**Mac-Shaoir**, MacIntyre, 310, 39  
**Mac Shimidh** (son of Simon), Lord Lovat, 338, 51  
**Màiri**, Ban-rìgh, 10, 10  
**Màiri bhàn òg**, 196, 1  
**Màiri bhàn o Lòch-lairig**, 210, 1; 214, 72  
**Màiri Nic Neachdainn**, 216, 1  
**Maois** (*Heb.* Mosheh), 364, 48; 420, 21, 22  
**Marcus nan Greumach**, Marquis of Graham, 282, 45; 284, 87; 338, 50; 503  
**Mars**, 22, 52  
**Montrose** (*monad* + *roiss*, ? the hill of the headland, promontory, or wood), 278, 7; 284, 88
- NEPTUNE**, 24, 55  
**Nic Còiseam**, 16, 17; note, p. 484; 192, 494; 242, title, 8  
**Noah**, 318, 11
- PÀDRUIG**, Pàruig (Patricius), 108, 2; 150, 14; 436, 1  
**Pàp**, the Pope, 330, 28; 434, 142  
**Pàra Mac Bheathain**, 108, 17  
**Pàruig**, Pàdrùig, Para Mór, son of Duncan Campbell, Lord Ormelie (according to tradition), 60, 129; 162, 42  
**Prionnsa Tearlach**, 2, 9, 4, 43;

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- 8, 99; 142, 6, 9; 148, 101; 442,  
106; 444, 114, 124, 151
- SEATHAN, John**, 86, 50
- Seònaid, Janet**, a nickname for  
the gun which the poet carried  
in the Edinburgh Town Guard,  
16, 12
- Sesi, Jessy**, 154, 76
- Seumas, James**, 154, 74
- Seumas (Mac-an-t-Saoir)**, 312, 55;  
note, p. 505
- Siùsaidh, Susan**, 222, 1
- Slanuirgear, Saviour**, 420, 9; 428,  
32
- TEARLACH, Charles, v. Prionnsa**,  
442, 106; 444, 114, 124, 151
- Tuathaich, Northmen, of Caith-  
ness**, 30, 21
- UISDEAN, Hugh**, 344, title, 9;  
348, 50, 67; 350, 81, 89

## NAMES OF PLACES

- ABAILTE**, Abbey (of Holyrood), 372, 41; 376, 102
- Achadh-loinne** (field of enclosure, *loinn*, *gen.* of *lann*, or *loinn*, the locative of *lann*, is taken as a new *nom.*), Auchlyne, on the north side of R. Dochart, near Killin, 102, 54
- Achadh-innis-chuilinn** (field of the haugh of the holly, of which a single fine specimen, long past its best, still grows in a corner of the garden), Auch, 489
- Achaladair** (*achadh* + *Chaladair*, the field of the River Calder), Achallader, an old castle at the N. end of Loch Tulla, 122, 2
- Ais-an-t-Sithean** (*ath* + *innis-an-t-Sithein*, the backgone or poor haugh of the fairy knoll), Ashantean, at the head of Auch Glen, 168, 120
- Alba** (white land), Scotland, *nom.* 372, 46; *gen.* 2, 1; 106, 130; 270, 65; 292, 105; 318, 69; *dat.* 440, 66; 442, 46. *Albainn*, *nom.* 314, 27; *dat.* 116, 60; 254, 10; 320, 34; 332, 58; 434, 129; *adj.* 344, 61
- Allt-gartain** (brook of the corn-field), flows from Buachail Etive and falls into the R. Etive at Dalness House. Between it and the Etive are the ruins of the poet's cottage, 226, 39
- Annait** (Church, mother-church), Annat, on the N. side of Auch Glen, less than a mile from R. Viaduct; the scene of a battle, with ruins and an old graveyard. The chapel was situated between *Allt-na-h-Annait* and R. Auch. The graveyard slightly to the N., 184, 365
- Apuinn** (the abbeylands), Appin, the abbeylands of Lismore, extending ten miles along the shore of Loch Linnhe and fifty miles inland, including Glencoe as far as King's House, 130, 7; 136, 95; 288, 25
- Ard-chatain** (the height of C), Ardchattan Priory, on the N. shore of Loch Etive, nearly opposite *Ach-na-cloich*, 134, 62
- Arthar** (arathar, a ploughland, carrucate, or hide of land, from aratrum, a plough), Narrachan, the site of a school, on Loch Etive side, about equidistant from Ardmaddie, and Acharn, 228, 66
- BAD-ODHAR** (dun clump, or thicket), Badour, a shepherd's cottage in Glen Lochay.

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- Duncan Ban's cottage stood distant a few score paces, 218, 27
- Banc, The Royal Bank, Edinburgh, 66, title, 1; 376, 102
- Bàn-leacainn (white hillside), W. of Coire a' Cheathaich, S.-W. of Làirig-mac-Bhàididh, 44, 35
- Barbadoes, 406, 105
- Bealach (pass), Taymouth Castle, 32, 45; 38, 117; 40, 161; 276, 65; 378, 10; 412, 4. *Tìr Bhealaich*, 76, 170
- Beinn-a-chaisteil (hill of the castle), S. of Ben Dorain, the "castle" is the furthest W. of the line of "brochs" that runs up the Tay valley, thence up Glenlyon, and is resumed in Lorne, 242, 15
- Beinn Achaladair (hill of Achalader), N.-E. of Loch Tulla, 182, 347
- Beinn-a-chaorach (hill of the sheep), S.-W. of Glen Ketland, 244, 47
- Beinn-a-chrùlaist (crùlaist, rocky hill, *H. S. D.*), S.-W. of King's House, on Etive side, 244, 32
- Beinn-dòrain, Ben Dorain, 160, 2; 164, 69, 71; 170, 144; 174, 216; 184, 390; 192, 514; 242, 19; 406, 1
- Beinn-nam-fuaran (hill of the wells), S. of Auch Glen, 242, 18
- Blàr Champaidh, Closter Camp, Keltie, ii., 476; 126, 41
- Braid-albann (the neck, upland, or highest part, of Alba), Breadalbane, formerly Druim-albann, Dorsum Britanniae, *A. U.*, 716, the mountainous watershed, or county march, between Perth and Argyll, 272, title; 378, title; 382, 59; 388, title; *adj.* 396, 21
- Bràighe, Brae, 52, 4; 56, 49
- Breatann, Britain, *gen.* 28, 125; 432, 83; *dat.* 70, 74; 256, 18; *adj.* 66, 10
- Buachail (shepherd), at the head of Glen Etive, W. of King's House, 244, 38
- CAISTEAL Leòdach, Castle Leod, near Strathpeffer, 288, 50
- Camp na Creige Seiliche (plain of the willow rock), about three-fourths up the southern face of Meall-tionail, facing Auch Glen, 182, 352; 192, 503
- Cananaich, the Buchanans, *Both-chanoin*, who are called *Mac-a-Chananaich*, the children of the Canons. Similarly Fortrose, the ecclesiastical capital of Ross, is called *A' Chananaich*, cf. *A. U.*, 1230, 1232; Skene, ii., 374; 292, 97
- Ceann-loch-éite, Loch Etive-head, 228, 73
- Ceann-phàdruig, Peterhead, 392, 5
- Cinn-alla (cliff head), Kinnell, near Killin, formerly the mansion of the Lairds of MacNab, 290, 65
- Cinn-tàile (the head of the salt water)—(1) a parish in Ross, 440, 54; (2) near Tongue, 344, 2
- Circe-poll (Norse *ból*, abode; church-stead, or Kirkton), Kirkibol, near Tongue, 350, 93
- Clach Phara Mhóir, 489

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- Clachan - an - dìseirt (the stone church of the desert, or hermitage), the Kirk of Glenorchy, formerly Dysart, 78, 9; 250, 25
- Cloich-an-tuairneir (the turner's stone), Glen Etive, one and a half miles past Allt-a-chaorainn on the road to King's House, 244, 42
- Cluainidh (a meadow), Cluny, in Badenoch, 292, 81
- Coire-altrum (rearing or nursing corrie), if here a place name, the northern exposure between the Shepherds of Etive, 244, 36
- Coire-altrum, on Ben Dorain, 168, 115
- Coire-an-lochain (corrie of the small loch), on S. side of Ben Lui, 482
- On another place, near Glenoe, the poet is said to have made these lines :—
- Chì mi Coire-lochain thall,  
Mar sin agus Meall an Arclaich,  
'S an Coire-glas air a chùl,  
Beinn-a-Bhùtridh, 's an Caisteal.*
- Coire a' Cheathaich (the corrie of the mist), in Glen Lochay, 42, 1; 46, 73; 52, title; 62, 4; 242, 12
- Coire-an-sgrìodain (corrie of the scree), between Ben Lui and Beinn-a-chléibh, 482
- Coire-an-t-sneachda (corrie of the snow), on E. side of Ben Lui, 482
- Coire - chaolain (corrie of the narrow, or gut), opens into Allt-a-chaorainn, N.-W. from Stob Ghobhar, between Sròn - a - ghearrain and Aonach Mór, 244, 44
- Coire-chruiteir (harper's corrie), on Ben Dorain, E. of the Strone, facing Beinn-a-chaisteil, 166, 79; 244, 23
- Coire-daingein (corrie of fastness), on the N.-W. side of Ben Dòthaidh, opposite Ben Achallader, 182, 342
- Coire Dubh Mhàlagain, in Glenstrae, E. of Loch Awe, 490
- The following is the chorus of a song expressive of the outlaw's feelings :—
- Ho ro air Coire Dubh Mhàlagain,  
Cha bhithinn fo ghruaim ged dh'fhàg-  
ainn thu;  
N'am faighainn-sa long air barra nan  
tonn,  
Gu'n cuirinn mo gheall gu'm fàgainn  
thu.*
- Coire-fhraoich (heath corrie), on the face of Ben Dorain, between Strone and Coire-chruiteir, above Feadan - na-bo - duinne, 186, 413
- Coire-garbhlaich (corrie of roughness), if here a proper name, as local people allege, is in Fionn-ghleann, 46, 65
- Coire-na-gaoithe (corrie of the wind), on E. side of Ben Lui, near the top, 482
- Coire-rainich (fern corrie), on the side of Ben Dòthaidh opposite Ben Achallader, higher up than Coire-daingein, 182, 345
- Coire Réidh, facing Ais-an-t-Sithein, on Beinn an Dòthaidh, S.-W. of Coire-daingein, 182, 347
- Coire-uanain (lamb corrie), a farm between Corran of Ardgour and Fort William, 222, 9
- Conghlais, cona-ghlais, Glen Kinglas, off Glen Etive, 398, 2



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- Conn-lon, 'probably the name of a low bit of land on the county march in the glen above Ais-an-t-Sithean, S. of Coire Rèidh, 182, 348
- Crannach (a place full of trees, *A. U.*, anno 696), formerly a farm, now an old fir wood, N. of Achallader, 6, 50
- Craobh na h-ainnis (the tree of the runout meadow, *ath + innis* (?)), probably a tree, now a withered stump, half-way up Auch Glen near the stone—now fallen and broken in two—seated on which the poet is said to have composed *The Last Farewell*, 182, 341
- Creag-an-aprain (the rock of the apron), N. of Beinn-nam-fuaran and E. of Ais-an-t-Sithean, viewed from which a rock in the face of the hill has the appearance of an apron, 242, 17
- Creagan-chaorach, higher on the ridge, and a few furlongs S.-E. of what is called the Beacon Hill, S. of Dalmally, xxxvii
- Creag Mhór (great rock), E. of Coire a' Cheathaich. Another Creag Mhór lies E. of Achallader, 44, 49; 180, 306
- Créisean, hill S. of Buachail Eite, 244, 28
- Criosdachd, Christendom, 174, 220
- Cromba, Cromarty, or, more likely, Cromdale, 352, 1
- Cruach (heap, stack, conical hill), N. of Rannoch Moor, W. of and close to Rannoch Station, 244, 34
- Cruachan (heaps, stacks; *Crua-*  
*chan Beann*, Stack of Peaks), 32, 45; 310, 39
- Cúil-lodair (the nook of the moss or puddle), Culloden, 98, 17; 440, 73; 442, 99
- DAIL-AN-EASA (dale of the waterfall), Dalness, S. of Buachail Eite, 230, 87
- Doire-chrò (cattle grove), on the W. side of Ben Dorain, opposite Auch, 82, 46; 180, 313
- Drochaid-duinn (brown bridge), Bridge of Doon, Ayr, 394, 2
- Druim-a-chòthuis (the ridge of the growing together, *com-fàs = cobàs*, compages, *ML.*, 44<sup>d2</sup>), Glen Etive House, 428, 81
- Druim-clach-fionn (white stone ridge), in Coire a' Cheathaich, Glen Lochay, 44, 40
- Drumainn (locative of *druim*), Drummond (Castle), in Strathearn, 288, 41
- Dubh-ghiùbhsaich (dark fir), the Black Wood of Rannoch, 292, 91
- Dun-éideann, Edinburgh, 16, 5; 98, title; 140, 147; 218, 47; 266, 10; 280, 9; 336, 25; 338, 58; 342, 25, 50; 370, 1; 376, 89; 438, 22
- EAGLAIS Bhreac (spotted, or fallow kirk), Falkirk, 2, title; 6, 66; 8, 104; 318, 72; 320, 33; 438, title
- Eden, 432, 101
- Eirinn (*dat.* of Erin), Ireland. As *nom.* 314, 27; *dat.* 168, 139; 394, 5, 14; 398, 46; *adj.* 22, 29

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- FÀS-GHLAIC (empty, or open hollow), S. of Dalness, on Ben Ceitlein, 244, 39
- Féith-chaorainn (bog channel of rowan), W. of Allt-chaorainn, S.-E. of Beinn Ceitlein, near the sheepfold. Féithe Chaorunn Mór, O.S., 244, 43
- Fionn-ghleann (white glen), between Ben Heasgairnich and Coire-an-t-sneachda, S. of Lochlyon from an Rudha, 52, 138
- Flànras, Flanders, 256, 34
- Fontenoi, Fontenoy, 258, 49
- Fraing, France, 28, 125; 42, 22; 304, 38; *adj.* Frangaich, 24, 69; 124, 15; 380, 33; 392, 16; 444, 123
- Frith-choirean (small side corrie), first corrie N.-W. of Strone, on Ben Dorain, 186, 393
- Fuar Ghallaich (cold Caithnessmen, cf. *Fuarlochlan*, cold Lochlan, and *crìch na fuar-dachta*, the country of coldness, *C. C. C.*, p. 127, § 10), 76, 172
- GALLAIBH (Caithness), 30, 19; 402, 48; *dat. pl.* of *Gall* (Lowlanders), 224, 22; 248, 6; 344, 60
- Gàradh, Garden (of Eden), 314, 17; 416, 9; 420, 13; 432, 101
- Garbh-chriochan (rough bounds), between Loch Suineart and Loch Hourn, the Highlands, *acc. pl.* 372, 47; *gen. pl.* 102, 66; 106, 132; 260, 101; 318, 71; 322, 50; 434, 131; 440, 72
- Gearmailt, Germany, 260, 106
- Glascho, Glasgow, 62, 14; 254, 29; 376, 98
- Gleann-artanaig, Glenartney, 436, 3
- Gleann-ceitlein (now ceitlein, anciently ceiteirlinn, *C. R.* vi., 238). Glen Ketland, in Glen Etive, 228, 67
- Gleann-éite (the glen or loch of the two extended wings or pinions; éite=ette=[p]etna=pennā: ette glosses *bipinnis*, *Sg.* 67<sup>a</sup>4, the Low Latin form of *bipennis*), Glen Etive, 230, 97; 244, 27
- Gleann-falach, Glen Falloch, 382, 66
- Gleann-Fredòin, between Gareloch and Loch Lomond, where the MacGregors vanquished the Colquhouns in 1603, under Alister Roy of Glenstrae, who was executed in Edinburgh, 20 Jan. 1604. Cf. M'Ian's *Costumes of the Clans*, 150, 190; 290, 80
- Gleann-iubhair (glen of yew), Glenure, E. of Glen Creran, 130, title; 132, 9; 132, 10
- Gleann Lòcha (Glen of the Lòch Dìx, Nigra Dea, Black Goddess, or Dark Dee, *Vita S. Col.* i. XXVIII., Notes ii. XXXVIII.). Either of two streams might be the one to which the poet refers, 242, 7, but more probably (2)—(1) Gleann Lòcha Urchaidh, between Tyndrum and Dalmally; (2) Gleann Lòcha Albannaich, W. of Loch Tay. *Stagnum Loch Dìx*, mentioned in *Vitæ S. Col. Capitulationes*, is in our

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- poet Lòchaidh, situated in Lochaber, 288, 34; 444, 125; and the neighbourhood is Srath Lòcha, 138, 130; 440, 54 -
- Gleann Nodha (Ptol. *novios*, glen of the *fresh* water), Glenoe, in Glen Etive side, 312, 54
- Gleann Urchaidh, Glenorchy, 30, title; 40, 160; 78, title; 82, 49; 98, 21; *adj.* 384, 81
- Guala-chuilinn (holly shoulder), near the post office at the head of Loch Etive, 228, 77
- HANÒBHAR, Hanover, 142, 15; 442, 112
- Hungaraidh, Hungary, 24, 73
- I CHALUM Cille (the Island of Columba of the Cell; the word for dove is in *Lat.* Columba, in *Heb.* Iona, or Jonah. The latter has no connection with Iona, which is a *vox nihili*, arising from a scribe's error in mistaking *u* in (*insula*) *Ioua*, the island of I, for *n*), Iona, 358, 1
- Ileach (of Islay), 414, 13
- Inbhear, in Glen Etive, near Ardmaddie, 398, 1
- Inbhir-charnan (estuary of burn so named), on N. side of Glen Etive, opposite Glen-ceitlein, midway between Kinlochetive and Dalness, 228, 83
- Inbhir-ghinneachd, S. of R. Etive, almost facing Dalness, 228, 61
- Innsean, Indies, 24, 78
- LÀIRIG-GHARTAIN (pass of the small field), southern exposure of the pass between the Buachail Eite, 244, 35
- Làirig-mac-Bhàididh, S.-W. of Coire a' Cheathaich, Allt Lairig-mac-Bhàididh is a tributary of Abhainn Ghlas, which falls into the west end of Lochlyon, 44, 33
- Làrach na Féinne (the site of the Fingalians), in Gleann na Caillich, which marches with Beinn-Achaladair, A' Mhaoil, and Beinn-a-chreachainn, 182, 351
- Lathurna-lochdrach (traditionally from Loarn, son of Erc, King of the Scots in Dalriada: the Irish Larne, identical in Gaelic, is similarly derived from Lathair, son of Hugony the Great, Joyce, i., 126), Nether Lorn, 276, 75
- Leacann (hill side), side of Ben Dorain, between Bridge of Orchy and Strone, 186, 391
- Lòchaidh. *See* Gleann Lòcha
- Lòch-lairig (dark pass), in the Braes of Balquhidder, 214, 72
- Lunnainn, London, 142, 14; 280, 31; 316, 58; 322, 65; 332, 58; 336, 17; 338, 53
- Lurgann-na-loidhre (bog of the hoof), midway between Ais-an-t-Sithean and Conn-lon, 182, 349
- MACHAIR, *f.* (plain-land), the Lowlands, 2, 1; 250, 21
- Màm (*jugum*, high saddle between mountains), between Beinn-nam-fuaran and Beinn-a-chasteil, 242, 17; N. of Bad-a-Mhàim, between Creag Mhòr and Sròn Tairbh, 52, 138

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- Màm-Charaidh (saddleback of the rock, or pillar-stone, *carragh*), S. of Loch Tulla, N.-E. of Meall-a-Mhàim, the old hill road between Bridge of Orchy and Inveroran Hotel, 204, 113
- Meall-a-bhùiridh (hill of roaring, or rutting), S. of King's House and Craig Dhubh, E. of Créisean, or W. of Allt-Charnan, Glen Etive, 244, 31
- Meall-tionail (hill of gathering)—  
(1) N. side of Auch Glen, 184, 364; (2) between Fionn-ghleann and Abhainn Ghlas, at the head of Lochlyon, 52, 139
- Mòr-bheinn, S.-W. of Comrie, 288, 44
- Moraich, *f.* Lovat, sea field, *muir-bheach*, Din. *muir* + *mag*, cf. *Luachair in muir-muige*, rushes of the sea-space, Laws, I., 170, 25), 290, 57; 338, 51
- Muile, Mull, 358, 3; 360, 31
- Muir Ruadh, Red Sea, 314, 22; cf. 58, 111
- OB AIR-DHEADHAIN (Aber-Don), Aberdeen, 388, 5
- PÀRRAS, Paradise, 314, 20; 420, 10
- Peart, Perth, 376, 98
- Phealan-housen, Fellinghausen, 126, 49
- Port-phàdruig, Port Patrick, 396, 41
- RAINEACH (bracken), Rannoch, 156, 1; 160, 53
- Ròimh, Rome, 330, 28
- Roinn Eòrpa, *f.* Europe, 20, 19; 72, 96; 96, 196; 182, 336; 184, 378; 440, 63
- Ruadh Aisridh, a small stream in the W. side of Coire a' Cheathaich, 44, 25
- SASUNN (Saxon, p. 449), 36, 88; 116, 60; 148, 95; 262, 140; 428, 1; 442, 109; *gen.* 282, 44; *adj.* 22, 29; 62, 15; 150, 28
- Semeuca, Jamaica, 340, 11
- Sléibhte, Sleat, in Skye, 204, 120; *adj.* 310, 25
- Sliabh Shioin, Mount Zion, where Celtic tradition places the scene of the Last Judgment. Cf. *Poems of o'Bruadair*, p. 17, note. Ag sgaoileadh dhóibh ó an tsiabh Rachaidh tu le Dia na ngrás; Hyde's *Lit. Hist. of Ireland*, p. 467, note 2; 422, 39
- Spàinnte, Spain, 24, 75; 62, 10; 376, 96; *adj.* 10, 22; 136, 76; 310, 32
- Sràid a' Chùil, the Back Wynd, Glasgow, 252, 2
- Srath na Dige (strath of the dyke), the remains of which are still visible in the middle of Pàirc-an-ruadha, said to run from R. Lochay to Fionn-ghleann, and to be the boundary of the forest of Mam Lorn, near Coire a' Cheathaich, 58, 97
- Srath Eireann, Strathearn, 154, 73
- Srath Lòcha *v.* Gleann Lòcha
- Srath na Làirige (strath of the fork, or high pass), W. of Còire a' Cheathaich, 60, 139
- Sròn (nose, headland, or promontory), S.-W. part of Ben Dorain, 180, 314; 182, 340

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- Sruidhleadh, Stirling, 438, 22
- Srùthan, Struan, near Blair Atholl, formerly the seat of the Robertsons, 292, 89
- Suidheachan Pheadair Mhóir, Big Patrick's Seat, E. of Auch River, in Auch Glen, above Viaduct, and south of junction of Allt Coire Chruiteir with R. Auch, 489
- TATHA, Tay, 276, 75
- Tigh-na-sròine (house of the promontory), in Gleann-ceitilein, off Glen Etive, the site of the present house in Glen Ketland, 228, 65
- Tigh an Droma, Tyndrum (the house of the ridge or dorsum), the name applied to the old Inn, which was nearer the county march or watershed than is the site of the existing Hotel, 482
- Tonga (Norse *tunga*, tongue), Tongue, 350, 93
- Torr-a-mhuil (knoll of the wedder), the rising ground on which is built the Register House, Edinburgh, 78, 2, note, 495
- Torr-uaine (green knowe), a few score paces W. of Glen Ketland, 244, 50
- Tuilm, in Glenlyon, on Tom-a-chaorainn side, a mile or two S. of the head of Lochlyon, 52, 138
- Tùr, Tower (of Babel), 330, 18
- UISGE Thurraid (water of Turret), near Crieff, 288, 43

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