



Campbell 2.a.4

J. P. Campbell

Middle Lodge

Hennington

London W.

Shelf 128.

LEABHAR NA FEINNE

VOL. I.

GÆLIC TEXTS

HEROIC GÆLIC BALLADS

COLLECTED IN SCOTLAND

CHIEFLY FROM 1512 TO 1871

COPIED FROM OLD MANUSCRIPTS PRESERVED AT EDINBURGH AND ELSEWHERE, AND FROM RARE BOOKS; AND ORALLY COLLECTED SINCE 1859; WITH LISTS OF COLLECTIONS, AND OF THEIR CONTENTS; AND WITH A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE DOCUMENTS QUOTED

ARRANGED BY

J. F. CAMPBELL

NIDDRY LODGE, KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.

October 1872.

LONDON

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY

SPOTTISWOODE & CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE, E.C.

1872

PRICE ONE POUND

AUTHORITIES QUOTED IN THIS VOLUME.

List of Texts copied or got together, June 1872.

Earliest Date	Mark	Collector's Name	Place and District	Printed or Manuscript	Lines	Mark
1512	A	Mac Gregor . . .	Dean of Lismore, Argyll	P.	2656	A
1603	A*	Mac Phail . . .	Dunstaffnage, Argyll	MS.	xxx	A*
1690	B	Mac Lean ? . . .	Ardochonaill, Argyll	MS.	1476	B
1739	C	Pope	Minister of Rea, Caithness	MS.	763	C
1755	D	Mac Nicol	Minister of Lismore, Argyll	MS.	2819	D
1755	E	Jerome Stone . . .	Teacher, Dunkeld, Eastern Highlands	P.	132	E
1750	F	Fletcher	Farmer in Auchalladar, Glenorchay. Dunstaffnage to Scone	MS.	2459	F
1762	G	Mac Diarmaid ? . .	Rannoch	MS.	454	G
1774	H	Kennedy	Schoolmaster, Kilbrandon, Argyll	MS.	4448	H
1774	I	Kennedy	do. do. do.	MS.	4460	I
1780	J	Hill	English writer. Dunkeld to Morven, &c.	P.	749	J
1784	K	Mac Arthur	Minister of Mull, Argyll	P.	51	K
1784	L	Young	Bishop of Clonfert. Scotch Highlands	P.	810	L
1786	M	Gillies	Printer. Perth do.	P.	2755	M
1789	N	Miss Brooke	IRELAND	P	1060	N
1801	O	Irvine	Minister of Little Dunkeld, Perth	MS.	3695	O
1802	P	Mac Donald of Staffa .	Scribe, Mac Pherson, Teacher, Mull, Argyll	MS.	1342	P
1803	P*	Rev. A. Campbell . .	Port Ree, Skye	MS.	4187	P*
1804	Q	A. & D. Stewart, A.M.	Scotch Highlands	P.	884	Q
1805	R	Highland Society . .	do.	P.	2273	R
1805	S	J. Mac Donald	Minister, Northern Highlands	MS.	988	S
1813	T	Turner	Soldier, Pauper. Scotch Highlands	P.	1496	T
1814	U	Grant	Advocate, do.	P.	261	U
1816	V	H. & J. Mac Callum .	Travellers, do.	P.	2738	V
1841	W	Mac Kenzie of Glasgow	do.	P. P.	1674	W
1857	X	Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan	Minister, do.	& MS.	1167	X
1860	Y	J. F. Campbell	Barrister, do.	P.	1022	Y
1862	Z	Do.	do.	MS.	3738	Z
1872	&	Do.	do.	MS.	3612	&
Total Lines .					54,169	

OTHER COLLECTIONS KNOWN TO EXIST, OR TO HAVE EXISTED,
IN SCOTLAND.

28. 900? Kilbride Manuscript, vellum; quoted.
 29. 1603 A*. 2nd ditto. Report on Ossian. 295 quoted.
 30. 1654. 3rd ditto. ditto ditto quoted.
 31. 1690 B. 4th ditto ditto 296 quoted.
 32. 1238. Glen Masan MS. quoted.
 33. 900? 'Emanuel,' p. 305 quoted.
 34. 900 to 1200? No. 4 parchment quoted.
 It is unknown whether all these were written in Scotland or elsewhere. Some were written in Scotland, and they are all in that language which was called 'The Irish Language,' in writing English and Scotch. The following note proves what Gaelic used to be called in Scotland:
- BRAAVEN, now CALDER, or CAWDOR.
- * 1569. Allan McIntosche, who had been "exhorter and reader in the Frische toung" from Candlemas, 1567, was pres. of the patronage by James VI. 19th June, 1569.
 'Fasti Ecclesie Scoticanæ,' Part V. p. 248.
- P. 90, Report in Ossian. 1805.
35. Mr. Mac Laggan, Minister of Blair in Atholl.
36. Sir George Mackenzie of Coul, Bart.
 37. Sir J. Sinclair, Bart.
 38. The Rev. Mr. Sage, of Kildonan, Sutherland.
 39. General Mackay.
 40. Mr. Peter Mac Farlane of Perth.
 41. The Rev. Mr. Malcolm Mac Donald in Tarbert of Cantyre.
 42. Captain Mac Donald of Brakish.
 43. The Rev. Mr. Stewart, Minister of Craighish.
 These, 35—43, were considered in reporting on the authenticity of Ossian. I was unable to find any of them in the drawers at the Advocates' Library in 1861. None of them are said to have contained the Gaelic of 1807.
 44. 1803. Mention is made of Campbell's collection in Skye. P* was found July, 1872.
 45. And of the Ulva Collection in a note, p. 105. H. I.
 46. page 122. Kennedy. 'The difference or outcast betwixt Fingal and Gaul is described in one of Major Mac Lanchlan's MSS. written for Archibald Campbell by Ewen Mac Lean.' (Text B.)?

LATER COLLECTIONS.

47. 1860 to 1871. Alexander Carmichael, Esq., has been collecting for eleven or twelve years. His collection has been placed at my disposal. It contains some few fragments of the Ossian of 1807.
 48. 1859 to 1871. John Dewar has been collecting popular history, and looking out for Heroic Ballads for the Duke of Argyll. I have the collection. 3,443 lines of poetry, 3 vols. of MS.
 49. 1870. Several men were set to write what I heard in Mull, but without result, August, 1872.
 50. 1871. Mr. Campbell, minister of Tiree, has been collecting Folk-lore.
 51. 1871. The policeman in Tiree has a collection, which he will write. I have heard him repeat nearly all that he knows.
 52. 1871. The Gaelic Society of Inverness have now begun to collect.
 53. 1871. The policeman in Harris made a large collection of popular lore during his service there. I have a general knowledge of the contents.
 55. 1871. Miss Mac Leod of Mac Leod and her sisters have been collecting, and they have informed me as to their results. I have copies of some ballads.
 56. 1871. During a tour in the Highlands I heard the following people recite Gaelic Ballads and Heroic Stories, which I noted or wrote out:—
 1. William Robertson, weaver, Tobermory, aged 87.
 2. Mac Arthur, tailor, Tiree.
 3. Duncan Cameron, policeman, Tiree, native of Ardnamurchan.
 4. A Tiree man, whose name I have not noted.
 5. A travelling tailor, North Uist.
 6. Alexander Mac Niell, crofter, Castle Bay, Barra.
 7. John, his brother, north end of Barra, both very old men.
 8. John Cameron, crofter, Bòrve, Barra.
 9. An old man living near the Sound of Barra, South Uist.
 10. Angus Mac Donald, crofter, Gearra Na Moine, South Uist.
 11. Patrick Smith, crofter, Gearra Na Moine, South Uist.
 12. Eachain Mac Leoid, Iochdar, South Uist.
 13. Mac Lellan, Iochdar, South Uist.
 14. Eachain Mac Iosaig or Mac Cisaig, South Uist.
 15. Peggy, parlour-maid, Loch Madday, North Uist.
 16. The Captain of the *Dream*, Skye.
 17. Donald Mac Donald, styled Na Feinne, Skye. This last can read, and seems to have all Mac Callum's book by heart.
 18. A man at Conan, Easter Ross, can repeat poems which he learnt out of Mac Callum's book.
 57. Captain Thomas of the *Surrey* made a collection in the Long Island, which he placed at my disposal.
 58. Mr. Alexander Mackay, a native of Sutherland, resident in Edinburgh, placed his collection at my disposal.
 59. Mr. Malcolm Mac Phail wrote out his collection made in Ness; Lewis. 179 lines.
 60. Mr. Donald Mac Pherson, a native of Lochaber, author of the 'Dunanaire,' gave me the result of his knowledge.
 61. My own collection of Gaelic Folk-lore, xvii vols.
 62 to 70. While these sheets were passing through the press, other manuscript collections were found in the Advocates' Library. They are mentioned below.

1872. June 5.—I concluded that I knew enough of the subject, and began to print the Text of this Volume. I shall be exceedingly obliged if anybody will give me more information, or send me copies of Poems orally collected.—J. F. Campbell, Niddry Lodge, Keusington, London, W.

CONTENTS

OF

THE COLLECTIONS NAMED.

The right hand column refers to pages in this Volume where the Ballads named are printed.

A.

Dean Mac Gregor's MS. Written 1512 to 1526.
Selections printed, Edinburgh: Edmonstone and
Douglas, 1862.

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
1	64	Cowchullin	56	1
2	34	Connleach	104	9
3	40	No Kinn	96	15
4	36	Freich	132	29
5	12	Os-in agus Padrick	136	40
6	122	Ditto		40
7	1	Tylych Finn	16	47
8	1	Is Fadda Noch	36	47
9	10	A Tarring Clooch	48	47
10	11	In Sio Chionnch Mao	36	47
11	50	Na Tullych	24	49
12	62	Twilych ni Fainnith	96	50
13	58	Shaille er Choyle	40	50
14	58	Binn Gow	16	51
15	54	Colin Chen	120	51
16	52	Ymich Ochtыр	52	104
17	60	Fleygh	84	83
18	14	Essroyg	162	129
19	6	Trayé Finrath	168	137
20	4	Sleyve ny Ban Finn	68	143
21	66	Cowell	72	146
22	28	Zoell	141	123
23	18	Finn Mac Cowle	120	124
24	50	Kinn Zulle	28	175
25	50	Neyn a Wrata Inn	84	138
26	64	Dyth Wyleyss Myschi	40	152
27	20	Dermit Mac O'zwne	104	157
28	42	Keilta	288	139
29	24	Cath Zawryeh	232	180
30	32	Ditto Farris filli	53	182
			2,652	

A.*

The Dunstaffnage MS., dated October, 1603, signed
Eoinn Mak Phaill. Written in the Irish character,
and much contracted:—

1. Fourteen pages were copied by Donald Mac Pherson from a transcript made by D. Mac Intosh about 1804, but no list of the contents was sent in time. The fragment copied is called The Rebellion of Miodach Mac Colgain Mac Righ Lochlainn, and is a version of the Rowan-tree Dwelling. A copy is in another MS.—86
2. Bruighinn Itheag na Halmhainn is about a quarrel between Fionn and Goll. A copy is in Text B.
3. Goll Mear, a poem, is missing.
4. A Poem in praise of a Lady is missing.

B.

The Ardchouaill MS., dated 1690. Transcribed 1804,
and extracts copied from the transcript 1872:—

1	Conull Gulban, &c., measured prose and verse		
2	Two poems on the Earl of Argyll, and four short poems and maxims		
3	Na Cinn		
4	Fleadh Mhór Chaim, Fenian tale Sealg Snaire, ditto		
5	An Dearg Mac Druibheil	267	121
6	Poem on the Earl of Argyll	62	211
7	No detailed list was sent to me, but the total number of lines in the MS. is		1,476

C.

Pope's Collection, made in Caithness about 1739:—

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
1		Iomachd Nionar	56	218
2		Iomachd Ochnar	35	219
3		Duan Diarmid (Glenshee)	85	219
4		Duan Diarmid	61	219
5		Duan Lermon	98	220
6		Duan na Cloinn	108	221
7		Duan na Sealg	92	221
8		Duan Conlaoch	82	222
9		Manus (fragment)	16	223
10		Muirhurtach	123	223
Total			756	

D.

Mac Nicol's Collection, made about 1755:—

Printed No.	Catch Words	Lines	Page
1	Garbh Mac Stairn	151	3
2	Fraoch	105	30
3	(4) Urnidh Ossain	146	41
4	(5) Caoilte and the Boar	65	52
5	(4) Caoilte and the Giant	95	54
6	(5) The Carlin	47	59
7	(6) The Gohlin	114	61
8	Rooh	48	63
9	Mhuil-irrach	84	68
10	Manus (1755)	188	72
11	(12) Flags and Cubha Fhinn	43	74
12	(11) An Tathach	67	83
13	Manus (extract)	68	83
14	(20) The Black Dog	38	91
15	(19) Cath na 'n Seiseir	62	93
16	(14) Cath Bein Edin	112	96
17	(13) Cobhairle Fhinn	80	97
18	(16) Dearg	229	108
19	(17) Conn Mac an Deirg	188	113
20	(19) Eass Ruaidh	139	150
21	(20) An Invinn	106	155
22	(28) Oisein's Courting	70	141
23	(22) Bran's Death	56	148
24	(21) Diarmaid	66	158
25	(23) Cairrol	66	166
26	(26) Cath Ghaibhra	166	183
27	(25) Murchadh Mac Brian	52	210
28	(22) An Iomhannaid	22	135
29	Malvina (see M.)	57	157
30	The Smithy	95	65
31	Translation of No. 1.	16	8

E.

Jerome Stone's Collections, made about 1755.

1	Fraoch	132	
---	------------------	-----	--

The rest of the collection not found 1872.

F.

Fletcher's Collection, learned by heart about 1750.

1	183	Garbh Mac Stairn	210	4
2	25	Deirdre	339	19
3	122	Cuthal	40	147
4	10	Fionn	61	35
5	9	Urnigh Ossain	132	43
6	103	The Carlin	72	59
7	80	Roc Mac Ciochair	7	63
8	148	Cearloch Luin	169	65
9	75	The Muiltearach	36	69
10	70	Rann an Fhir Sli-chair	35	93
11	18	Fios fallsa Righ Lochlainn	92	84

Fletcher's Collection—*continued*.

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
12	49	Teandachd Mòr na Feinne . . .	224	97
13	140	Caoilte and the Boar . . .	88	52
14	64	Caoilte and the Giant . . .	91	55
15	117	Rann a Choin Duibh . . .	60	91
16	127	Bran . . .	58	148
17	161	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	210	114
18	1	Duan na h-Inghinn . . .	120	136
19	111	Losgadh tìdh Farabirne . . .	84	176
20	132	Bàs Fhinn . . .	93	195
21	89	Duan Mu 'n Amadan . . .	238	203
			2,459	

G.

Mac Diarmaid's Collection, written about 1762. Part recovered in Rannoch in 1872:—

1	Fraoch . . .	132	
2	Cath Mhànuis, written 1762 . . .	168	
3	Bàs Oseair . . .	154	182
		454	

H.

Kennedy's First Collection, made about 1774:—

1	168	Oisein and Padraig . . .	284	44
2	179	Caoilth Oisain . . .	68	48
3	74	Caoilte and the Boar . . .	112	53
4	79	Caoilte and the Giant . . .	128	55
5	66	The Timbrel Player . . .	60	57
6	62	Silhalan . . .	36	58
7	33	Sgeath Mac Sgaribh . . .	60	58
8	84	The Carlin . . .	60	60
9	51	The Goblin . . .	120	62
10	55	Roc . . .	44	63
11	27	The Smithy . . .	92	67
12	11	Mannus . . .	284	74
13	57	Dun an Oir . . .	88	94
14	48	The Black Dog . . .	84	92
15	1	Teandachd Mòr na Feinne . . .	248	98
16	31	Carthou . . .	60	105
17	83	Dearg . . .	256	109
18	92	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	180	115
19	22	Maighre Borb . . .	124	131
20	43	Liur . . .	128	125
21	69	Sliabh nam Beann Fionn . . .	68	143
22	36	Gleann Diamhair . . .	68	144
23	58	Leana . . .	132	145
24	100	Diarmaid . . .	88	153
25	107	Diarmaid . . .	312	155
26	116	Diarmaid . . .	214	158
27	128	Cairriol and Goll . . .	288	168
28	140	Garabh and the Women . . .	152	177
29	145	Bàs Oseair . . .	580	185
Total . . .			4,448	
(Not in 1,760 lines)				

I.

Kennedy's Second Collection, made about 1774:—

1	74	Conlaoch (2) . . .	444	10
2	66	Conal Na Cinn . . .	188	16
3	158	Tuiridh Nam Fian . . .	68	48
4	10	Mannus . . .	296	76
5	56	Dun an Oir . . .	92	95
6	1	Teandachd Mòr na Feinne . . .	268	100
7	60	An Cu Dubh . . .	84	92
8	29	Sliabh Nam Beann Fionn . . .	68	144
9	63	Gleann Diamhair . . .	72	144
10	51	Leana . . .	132	146
11	26	Carthou . . .	72	105
12	31	Dearg . . .	256	111
13	29	Maire Borb . . .	128	132
14	40	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	176	117
15	46	Liur . . .	124	127
16	147	Cairriol . . .	128	167
17	121	Goll . . .	288	171
18	91	Diarmaid . . .	92	154
19	96	Diarmaid . . .	304	156
20	104	Diarmaid . . .	320	163
21	131	Garabh . . .	148	173
22	137	Bàs Oseair . . .	572	189
23	160	Bàs Oisain . . .	140	196
(Not in II. L.164 lines)			4,460	

J.

Hill's Collection, printed in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' got in 1780:—

1	Oseian's Prayer . . .	144
2	Muileartach . . .	87
3	Mannus . . .	188

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
4		Fionn's Tribute . . .		46
5		Bran's Death . . .		54
6		Diarmaid . . .		
7		Diarmaid . . .		66
8		Death of Oscar . . .		96
9		The Tailor to the Feinne . . .		68
			749	

I have not reprinted any part of Hill's Collection. See the account of it below.

K.

Mac Arthur, Minister of Mull, quoted 1784 in Vol. I, 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy':—

1	Magnus (or Fingal) . . .	
2	Diùta . . .	30
3	Death of Oscar (Temora) . . .	11
4	Erragon . . .	10
		51

The rest of this Collection not found 1872. I have not reprinted any of these fragments. See below, Text L.

L.

Bishop Young's Collection, made in 1784 in Scotland. Printed in the First Volume of the 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy':—

1	Uruigh Ossian . . .	105
2	The Maiden . . .	100
3	Dearg . . .	36
4	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	179
5	Teandachd Mòr na Feinne . . .	159
6	Suirradh Oisein . . .	82
7	Death of Oscar . . .	155
		810

I have not reprinted this Collection. See below for an account of it.

M.

Gillies' Collection, published at Perth in 1786, a rare book now:—

1	212	Cuchullin's Sword . . .	13	1
2	24	Conlaoch . . .	129	13
3	260	Deirdre . . .	240	22
4	107	Fraoch . . .	136	31
5	283	Ceardach Mhic Luin . . .	104	67
6	250	Muireartach . . .	120	69
7	18	Mannus . . .	172	77
8	305	Teanntach Mòr na Feinne . . .	236	101
9	35	Maiden . . .	84	133
10	162	King of Sorcha . . .	136	133
11	300	Dearg . . .	40	112
12	39	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	144	147
13	35	Goll's Praise . . .	18	125
14	302	Laomhinn . . .	108	106
15	11	Suireadh Oisein . . .	88	142
16	170	Bran . . .	46	149
17	34	Briathran Fhinn . . .	26	157
18	284	Diarmaid . . .	104	162
19	313	Death of Oscar . . .	120	193
20	167	Diùta . . .	104	162
21	210	Mhathline's Brughdar . . .	57	215
22	29	Aisling Mhala-mhinn . . .	57	
23	1	Mordubh . . .	330	
Total . . .			2,755	

No. 22 is another copy of 21. No. 23 I have not printed. See Text W. for an account of the poem.

N.

Miss Broock's Irish Collection, printed at Dublin, 1783, the first Irish book of its kind:—

1	265	Conlaoch . . .	112	14
2	269	Cuchullin's Lament . . .	72	
3	271	Magnus . . .	196	
4	278	The Chase . . .	334	
5	288	The Maiden . . .	160	
6	296	War Ode of Oscar . . .	42	
7	298	Gaul's Ode . . .	144	
			1,060	

I have only printed one extract from this book, which can easily be referred to. No versions of 4 or 6 are in the Scotch Collections quoted.

O.

Collection by Dr. Irvine of Little Dunkeld, about 1801:—

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
1		Goll agus Fionn	108	213
2		Brac	137	149
3		Bàs Chuthail	90	147
4		Dan an Ìbhir Sheicir	73	95
5		Caoilte and the Giant	85	56
6		Cath Chloinne Baoisge agus Morni	140	
7		Conn Mac an Deirg	159	118
8		Losgadh Farnail	108	178
9		Teannadh Mòr na Feinne	192	103
10		Bàs Chonnlaich	112	14
11		Laoidh an Amadain Mhòr	144	204
12		Bàs Dhiarmaid	132	163
13		Cath Ghabhra	160	194
14		Eas Laoire Manus	134	78
15		Clann Usnachan Deirdre	312	24
16		Am Muireartach	105	70
17		Urraigh Oisèin	120	46
18		Roc	132	64
19		Bàs Fhinn	52	196
20		Goll agus Carull	16	167
21		Bàs Ghùill le Mughtan	46	214
22		Faillte no Urraigh na Greine	38	216
23		Urraigh na Greine	11	216
24		Dearg Mac an Deirg	24	113
25		Comhairle Oisèin	6	157
26		Toir air na Tuathaich	44	212
27		Au Gobhainn	16	65
28		Dearg Mac Droighuinn	11	113
29		Conlach agus Cuthon	177	216
30		Fionn agus Gionn	229	6
31		Mar Fhuair Oisèin a Fhradharch	64	39
32		Eachdruidh nam Fian	60	40
33		Aithris air Oranaibh nam Fian	80	201
34		Taillear nam Fian	68	201
35		Labhair Diarmaid	28	202
36		Part of Oisèin's Lament	8	49
37		Laoidh an Amadain Mhoir	96	206
38		Carrachd Rìgh Lochlainn	92	85
39		Fionn agus Gara	82	7
40		Fionn's Pedigree	5	35
			3,695	

In this Collection the list gives the order in the MS.; the pages give the order of the story.

P.

Collection written in Mull by Mac Pherson, about 1802, for Mac Donald of Staffa:—

1		Fionn's Birth (prose)	378	37
2		Oisèin's Last Hunt do.	120	38
3	35	Oisèin's Ring do.	12	38
4		Padraig's Building do.	25	39
5	38	Fionn's Expedition to Odhacha's House	117	89
6	49	The Black Dog	115	90
7		The Burning of Farala	72	179
8		Praise of Aodh by Goll	20	172
9		Goll's Petition (Garry's)	24	180
10		Fionn's Trip to Lochlainn	64	85
11		The Maiden	82	128
12		The Black Wrapper	35	200
13		The Lay of the Great Fool	148	206
			Total in the MS.	1,342

The lines were counted in the manuscript at first, and give a different total. The whole manuscript is printed.

P.*

Collections by the Rev. Alexander Campbell, Minister of Port Ree, Skye, about 1803:—

1		Dan Inse Croite, in two parts, style low, versification harsh and clumsy. 24 pp. foolscap, written on one side. Part 1. Do. do. do. Part 2.	254	302
2		Dan na h-Iughaine, or Colmail, incomplete, same, size, fol. 8 pp.	242	
3		Mar a Mharbhadh Lamb-fhad 4 pp.	146	165
4		Dan na Muirbhirteach, 15 pp. Tareann, 2 pp.	426	
5		Do. Part 1.	461	
6		Do. Part 2.	309	
7		Dargo (pretty correct)	232	
6		Air Fear Mòr	157	
8		Bàs Oseair, 2 editions. 1st. Do. do. do. 2nd.	121	158

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
9		Laoidh Phadruig		163
10		Bàs Chonlaich		116
11		Erragon, or Dearmad Fleadh		136
12		Duan Gharbh Mhic Stairn		141
13		Laoidh Naois (Deirdre)		33
14		Ceardeach Mhic Loim		102
15		Dùn Laomann		81
16		Trod Chlann Morn agus Chlann Baois		37
17		Laoigh Fhraoich		176
18		Duan a Choin Dubh		56
19		Caoidh Oisèin air Osear		140
21		Craechnan Creag an Tullaich		92
22		Losgadh Bruth Farbairn		26
			4,187	

This Collection was discovered too late for printing the whole. It consists of versions of the usual Ballads.

Q.

Alexander and Donald Stewart, Vols. II., 1804:—

1	545	Fionn and Ailbhe	42	
2	547	Fionn and Dubhan	17	86
3	549	Murcha Mac Brian	88	209
4	554	Mac Stairn	64	8
5	558	The Black Dog	76	
6	562	Deirdre	364	26
7	581	Conlach and Cuthon	184	216
8	690	Sun Hyann	38	
9	592	Sun Hyann	11	
			884	

Q.*

List of Heroic Ballads in a Manuscript Collection in the Advocates' Library, found July 17, 1872, by Donald Mac Pherson:—

1	103	Cuchullainn agus Laoighre Buadhach	60	
2	105	Taireadh Eindra air Chuchullainn	52	
3	106	Fionn Stanzas on Cuchullainn by Connal Cearnach	16	
4	109	Connell and Lughaidh—Dioghaidh Bac Chuchullainn	44	
5	3	Laoidh na Ceisid	120	
6	116	Caoi Ghormaidh nu Fhloinn air Nial O'Neill Ghluinduibh	72	
7	119	Conn mac an Deirg	180	
8	126	Sgeol Beg agam air Fionn	132	
9	132	A Chleirigh Chafnas na Sùil	192	
10	140	Padraig agus Oisèin	72	
11	143	Aithis dhuinn Fhearguis (Cath-gabhra)	32	
12	144	Caoi Oisèin air Osear	144	
13	151	La da Phadraig na Mbur	120	
14	156	Bruidhean Cheise Coreunn (Goll)	64	
			Total	1,300

This MS. has no date. It evidently belongs to the beginning of this century, and all the above seem to be transcripts. 25 pages are lost at the beginning; the last remaining page is 196. No part is printed.

R.

Report of the Highland Society on the Authenticity of Ossian's Poems. Quotations made in 1805. For references to the pages, &c., see the account of Text R. below:—

	297	Deirdre		36		29
--	-----	-------------------	--	----	--	----

S.

The Rev. J. Mac Donald's Collection, made about 1805:—

1		Battle of Ben Edin	400	80
2		Maiden	84	
3		Fall of Roy	104	134
4		Cuchullin's Horses	12	
5		Battle of Lora. Teannadh Mòr na Feinne	84	103
6		Conn Mac an Deirg	116	
7		Manus	80	
8		Duan Diatrag	60	112
9		Iomachd Naodhnar	48	88
			988	

T.

Turner's Collection. The book, printed 1813, contains The Lay of the Great Fool. A MS. Collection in the Advocates' Library, marked XIV., and on p. 44 'Peter Turner, 1808,' was found in the Gaelic press by D. Mac Pherson. The following is his list of the contents:—

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
1(p)	342	The Lay of the Great Fool . . .	212	
1(MS)	103	Cuthullin and Laoighre . . .	60	
2	105	Cuthullin's Lament by Emir . . .	52	
3	108	Connal and Lughaid's Dialogue . . .	44	
4	111	The Lay of the Heads . . .	120	
5	116	Queen O'Flynn's Lament . . .	72	
6	119	Dargo, or Conn mac an Deirg . . .	180	
7	126	Moighrie Borb, or Maid of Craca . . .	132	
8	132	The Chase . . .	192	
9	140	Ossian and Patrick's Dialogue . . .	72	
10	143	Cath-Ghahhra (Fionn's Inquiry) . . .	32	
11	144	Oscar's Lament by Ossian . . .	144	
12	151	Teanntachd Mhor na Feinne . . .	120	
13	156	Ode to Gaul (Brughin Chase Corain) . . .	64	
		Total . . .	1,496	

No part of this manuscript is printed. No. 1. I have not reprinted from the book. I have copies of parts of the MS.

U.

Grant's Collection, printed in his book, 1814:—

1	418	Cuchullin's Car . . .	66	2
2	423	Garbh Mac Stairn . . .	90	
3	429	Part of Fingal, Book III. . .	16	
4	432	Sun Hlynn in Carriethura . . .	11	
5	433	Ditto, in Carthion . . .	38	
6	441	Diarmaid . . .	40	
		Total . . .	261	

I have not reprinted the whole of Grant's Collection, having other versions of the poems.

V.

Collection by Hugh and John Mac Callum, printed 1816:—

1	140	8 Cuchullin's Car . . .	65	2
2	144	9 Conlaoch . . .	144	15
3	132	6 The Heads . . .	60	18
4	221	Deirdre . . .	33	
5	95	1 Dearg . . .	294	
6	113	3 Eamhair Aluinn . . .	129	
7	106	2 Crom Gleann . . .	124	
8	119	4 The Banners . . .	95	
9	124	5 Teanntachd Mór na Feinne . . .	180	
10	137	7 The Black Dog . . .	76	
11	165	13 The Maiden . . .	130	
12	170	14 Dan Chiuthaich . . .	176	
13	197	19 The Greatest Hunt . . .	58	
14	160	Goll's Praise . . .	18	
15	151	10 Fionn's Counsel to Oscar . . .	26	
16	186	Diarmaid . . .	160	
17	154	12 Death of Oscar . . .	247	
18	216	24 The Smithy . . .	102	
19	153	10 Colg-shuil is Trathal . . .	16	
20	179	15 Sun Hlynn . . .	74	
21	181	15 Ditto . . .	23	
22	183	17 Mor-ghlan agus Min-fhonn . . .	57	
23	193	18 Garbh Mac Stairn . . .	92	
24	200	20 Connal Ghulbinn . . .	158	
25	207	21 Ursgel Oisein . . .	45	
26	209	22 Ioma Cheist Oisian . . .	136	
		Total . . .	2,738	

As this book can easily be got, I have not reprinted it. 12,820 subscribers indicate a large edition, and the book is common.

W.

Mackenzie's 'Beauties of Gaelic Poetry,' printed 1841:—

1	1	Mordubh, 3 Books . . .	758
2	9	Collath . . .	504
3	14	Old Bard's Wish . . .	144
4	17	The Owllet . . .	268
		Lines of Heroic Poetry . . .	1,674

I have printed nothing from this Collection.

X.

Collected by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan after 1857:—

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
1		Cuchullin's Car . . .	7	2
2		The Hag . . .	94	60
3		The Maiden . . .	88	
		Ditto, other versions . . .	52	
		Ditto . . .	27	
		Ditto . . .	44	
		Ditto . . .	21	
4		Duaran agus Goll . . .	10	212
5		Bardachd Dbeireamach Oisein . . .	36	106
6		Truiséal . . .	43	202
7		Iulairan . . .	61	208
		(Caitheas Collection, from Betty Sutherland.)		
9		Death of Conn . . .	171	119
		Another version from Tirce . . .	106	121
10		The Maiden . . .	92	
11		The March of Nine . . .	56	89
12		The Death of Oscar, Battle of Gabhra . . .	144	
13		Dan an Eich Bar Buidhe (Goll) (Mentioned, but not got.)	115	172
14		Duan na Cloinn . . .		
15		Duan na Mmatha . . .		
16		Duan an Amadain Mhoir . . .		
		Total copied by Mac Phail . . .	1,167	

Y.

Heroic Poems in Vol. 3, 'Poplar Tales of the West Highlands,' orally collected by J. F. Campbell before 1862:—

1	378	The Smithy (Barra, &c.) . . .	104	65
2	122	Mulleartach (South Uist, &c.) . . .	225	
3	182	John, Prince of Bergen (ditto) . . .	38	
4	52	Dearg (Islay, &c.) . . .	16	
5	293	Praise of Goll (Barra, &c.) . . .	13	
6	36	Fionn's Questions (ditto) . . .	15	
7	47	Diarmaid agus Grainne (Islay, &c.) . . .	8	
8	64	Diarmaid and the Boar (Barra, &c.) . . .	122	
9	36	Death of Oscar (ditto) . . .	225	
10	154	Lay of the Great Fool (S. Uist, &c.) . . .	256	
11		The Story of Manus, Prose . . .		
		Lines of Poetry printed . . .	1,022	

I have not reprinted from this book.

Z.

Collected, but not printed. Bound together in Vol. 12 of 'MSS. of Gaelic Stories, &c.' orally collected before 1862. Not arranged:—

		Rann fir Strath Mhaonais . . .	15
		Bran's Colour . . .	4
		Rìgh Breatainn (X. 7) . . .	39
		Leannan Sìth . . .	40
		The Heads . . .	62
		Cath Gabhra Fionn agus Fergus . . .	8
		Ditto . . .	2
		Ditto, Part of the Lament . . .	8
		Six Warriors' Lament (Islay) . . .	4
		The Laird of Tarlochan . . .	26
		Scraps of Fraoch . . .	20
		Ditto . . .	26
		Caolite and the Giant . . .	79
		Black Dog . . .	56
		Caolite and the Giant . . .	38
		Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	158
		Ditto . . .	66
		Manus . . .	6
		Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	189
		Maiden and King of Sorcha . . .	109
		Ditto and King of Spain . . .	104
		Banners . . .	90
		Manus . . .	161
		Ditto, Sequel in Prose 'Athach' in Verse . . .	26
		Carcal . . .	60
		Teanntachd Mór na Feinne . . .	106
		Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	191
		Fraoch . . .	80
		Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	82
		Maiden . . .	88
		Fraoch, Prose and Verse . . .	60
		Conn Mac an Deirg, Prose Parody . . .	60
		An Ca Glas . . .	12
		Conlaoch . . .	24
		Callteach Bheinne Bric . . .	8
		Duan Collaine . . .	35

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
37		Yshel ne St. Kellan (from A.) . . .	18	
38		Careal	44	
39		Suirtheadh Oisein	41	
40		Laoidh Chleirach	83	
41		The Smithy	81	
42		Ditto	52	
43		Muireartach	75	
44		Sir Neill Campbell	82	
45		Death of Oscar	19	
46		The Black Dog	84	
47		Oisein (Mac Phersonie)	24	
48		Sun Hyinn	22	
49		Lay of the Great Fool	142	
50		Diarmid's Death	72	
51		Mac Reathain (Death of Garry)	7	
52		Mar nharb Cathul a Mhac (Smith)	30	
53		Fionn and Dubhan	8	
54		Maiden, Rìgh Soracha	58	
55		Maiden	32	
56		Fionn and Dubhan	7	
57		Cuchullin's Car (X. L.)	7	2
58		Duaran and Goll (Mac Phersonie)	12	212
59		Same as 52	15	
60		Laoidh Chathulaich Mhic Chochullain	24	
61		Oisean in his Old Age	8	
62		Sun Hyinn	10	
63		Fionn's Banner	6	
64		Ossian's Maxims	21	
65		Sun Hyinn	26	
66		Suiridh Oisein	71	
67		Diarmid	4	
68		Oisein lamenting Oscar	12	
69		Fionn's Ghost (Mac Phersonie)	12	
70		Oisein in his Age	8	
71		Fionn's Banner	14	
72		Deansa Greinne	21	
73		The Banners	16	
74		Cuchullin's Funeral Car	7	
75		The Maiden	27	
76		Oisean	29	
77		Hideala	5	
78		Trothal	10	
79		Fionn and Dubhan	18	
80		Cuchullin's Battle Car	54	
81		Beannachd Baird	32	
82		An togalach bhón d' fhalbh a lhear	26	
83		Oisean in his Age	4	
84		Mac Mhathain	4	
85		Fionn	5	
86		Malmhina	4	
87		Hidealan	4	
88		Tigh Didein nan Gormlan	43	
89		Aiseiridh an Rudaire	42	
90		Duan Chollainn	56	
		Total lines of poetry	3,738	

As older collections are more complete, I have not printed my own collections Y. Z.

&c.

Poetry collected between 1862 and 1872 by J. F. Campbell and his assistants.
Dewar's Collection, made for the Duke of Argyll, which consists chiefly of popular history.

Vol. I.

1	The Family of Maim (A Lament)	168
2	Sir Neill Campbell Eilan Gheir (by Dr. Mac Ealainn)	108
3	The Words of the Lochiel Piobairchd. ('Come hither, ye tribes of the bounds, and get flesh')	4
4	A Robber's Song	16
5	Teannadh Mòr na Féinne. Prose, Abont	360
6	A lot of scattered verses in the Stories	
7	Song by the Lady of Danda-thragh	68

Vol. II.

8	Diarmid Donn, Prose, 7 pages	
9	The Black Dog, Prose	266
10	A Genealogy of the Argyll's (1021) as the Tribe of Diarmid, 18 pages	630
11	A lot of scattered Quatrains in Stories	
12	Mary Cameron's Song and Chorus	62
13	A Genealogy of the Mac Leans of Duart, making them of Irish descent, 12 pp.	408
14	A Song about a Quarrel between Two Sisters	64
15	A Miller's Song	168
16	The Son of Srointheagair	184

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
17		Mary Cameron's Song and Chorus	122	
18		Jain-Smitach's Song	8	
19		Mac Pharlán's Song about Graybeards (same as Z. 1., with a different Story)	40	
20		Sonntaire Cameron's Love Song (Ancient Heroic Ballads)	112	
21		Laoidh Laomáin (version of M. H. 108.)	108	
22		Cuchullin's Sword (M. I. 13.)	8	
23		A chore 's an robh dàil	3	
24		Dearg (M. 11. 40.)	40	
25		Caolite and the Giant (D. 5. 95., II. 4. 60.)	74	
26		Sgeulachd beag air Cennachar, Prose	32	
27		Version of D. 7., F. 6., II. 8. (The Hag 'Gat' from Sarahh. Fletcher in Mull, 'I know the Woman')	52	
28		Laoidh. (Thearalás Version of Gara, F. 19., II. 28., I. 21. Never printed. Prose and verse)	76	
30		Version of Z. 3. 89., X. 7. 61. (from 'Machair,' Arthurian Ballad in Gaelic)	64	
31		Briechlàn Iain nan Crann	63	
32		Murachadh Mac Brian's Liding Prose. (Also from Sarah Fletcher, in Mull)	84	

Vol. III.

Sundry Scraps of Verse

Dewar's Collection 3,433

Volume XVI. of manuscript of West Highland Tales, orally collected by myself in 1870, contains, of notes and abstracts, about 7,700 lines.

1	27	A Bard's Answer	
2	77	List which includes the Ossianic Fragments	
3	126	List of Sarah Fletcher's Budget, which includes 21 fragments	
4	131	Robertson's Budget to p. 179. (This man's recitations alone must have amounted to several thousands of lines.)	

Volume XVII. of the same collection, written in the autumn of 1871, contains, of similar notes and abstracts, together with copies of songs, &c., written by myself from oral recitation in the Hebrides, &c., about 8,700 lines.

Malcolm Mac Phail sent, May 1872:—

1	Collan gun Cheann	22	212
2	An Gobhainn	24	
3	Mùileartach	30	71
4	Cuech Fhinn	4	150
5	Ibran	10	150
6	Diarmid	59	164
7	Buaile an son Doruis	6	
8	A bit of Manus	20	82
		179	

Mr. James Goodman's Irish Collections, Skibbereen, co. Cork. Collector's list.

'The following is a list of the Ossianic Poems in my possession. A.C. 1858':—

1	Cath Chnuic an áir.	
2	Laoi na Seilge.	
3	Meisge agus Rádh na m-Ban.	
4	Sealg Síéibhe Fuaid.	
5	Laoi Mhaghnúis Mhóir.	
6	Sealg Ghleanna an Smóil.	
7	Laoi an Deirg.	
8	Aois Maithe na Féinne.	
9	Fearta nó Uamba Taoiseach na Féinne.	
10	Tiorna Ghoill mhic Mhórna.	
11	Leacht Ghoill.	
12	Moladh Ghoill mhic Mhórna.	
13	Laoi Mná an Bhrúit Bháin.	
14	Targaireacht Fhinn mhic Chumhaill ar Eirinn.	
15	Sealg ar Mhucaibh draoidheachta Aonghuss.	
16	Laoi Cholainn gan cheann.	
17	Siosma Chuirill agus Ghúill.	
18	Laoi an Mhainche Buirbh.	
19	Sealg Lecha Deirg.	
20	Laoi Aodha mhic Chéadaigh agus a mháná.	
21	Sealg Síéibhe na m-Ban fionn.	
22	Laoi ar Gharaidh gharbh mhac Mhórna do loisg tigh agus bantracht Fhinn.	
23	Tomarbháidh Chormaic agus Fhinn a d-Teamhair.	
24	Tarus Laighne mhic righ na bh-Fómhorach.	

Mr. James Goodman's Irish Collections—*continued.*

- 25 Laoi an Duirn.
 26 Cumha Oisín a n-diaidh na Féinne.
 27 Laoi Oisín ar Thír na n-Og.
 28 Laoi Luin mhíe Liomhltha.
 29 Laoi na Cú Dubha.
 30 Laoi Aírchín mhíe Cbrannchair na loag.
 31 Tuarascbhúil Chatha Gabhra.
 32 Marlbrann Osgair mhíe Oisín.
 33 Laoi Chab an Dosáin.
 34 Laoi Dhiarmada Brice.

Copied from a list in a letter from the Rev. James Goodman of Skibbereen, co. Cork, to Mr. John O'Daly, dated December 22, 1858. Got from O'Daly in December, 1871, transcribed June 29, '72. It appears from this list that Heroic Ballads current in the South of Ireland in manuscript are very similar to those which are now current in the Scotch Islands orally preserved, which have been current there ever since Dean Mac Gregor wrote Text A.

Extra List.

Besides the Collections named above, the following have been found, amongst loose papers and bundles of old letters, at the Advocates' Library, by Donald Mac Pherson:—

62. Col. Fraser of Belladrum, 1778:—

- 1 A Mhuirbheartach, 118.
 Gaelic Poem sent to Sir John Sinclair with a translation. Rude and marvellous. The Muirbheartach is a giantess.

63. Poems sent by Col. Mackay to the Highland Society, June 28, 1801:—

- 1 Diarmaid.
 2 Trostan.
 3 Ossian agus an Cleireach, in revenging the death of Trostan.
 4 Sealg Naonar.

This marked in the hand of the Rev. Donald Mac Intosh on the back of a letter addressed O.H.M.S. Col. Mackay, Adjutant-General, Edinburgh. The Poems are missing. July 18, 1872.

64. Mr. Murchison. Sent by Col. Robert Murray, October, 1805:—

- 1 Duan na h-Inghinne, 86.
 2 Laoidh Fhraoich (missing).

This probably was the father of the late Sir Roderick I. Murchison, who was a great Gaelic scholar, and kept meteorological registers in Gaelic written in Greek letters.

67. Duncan Sinclair, servant to Hugh Mac Farlane, Esq. of Cullecho Strathgartney:—

- 1 Conn Mac an Deirg, 176.

66. Sir John Sinclair, Bart. No date:—

- 1 Dan an Deirg, 132.
 2 Tiomnadh Ghuill, 142.
 3 Iomairt flath nam fiann, 122.
 4 Conn Mac an Deirg, 114.
 5 Sealg Ghlinn Diamhair, 44.
 All in one hand and orthography.

67. Sent by the Rev. Wm. Mac Kinnou:—

- 1 The Death of Oscar, 82.
 'Communicated,' says Mr. Mac Kinnou, 'by a recruit belonging to the 42nd, who had not a word of English. It seems only to be an imitation of Ossian; in some parts of it the language is good, and differs greatly from the present style of Lochaber, where this poem is very common. I have copied it from several hands, but I think this is the best, and am convinced that the poem is some centuries old.'

68. [ANON.]

Fragment, fep. size, 18 pages, and evidently 6 or 7 pages torn. They may be lying among the other papers.

No.	Page	Catch Words	Lines
1	1	A Tale on the Birth of Fionn (imitation of Rom. et Rem. in Ovid's Fasti). In my younger days I translated 100 lines of this part of the Fasti. D. M.	50
2	7	'A Phadraig a chana na sailm'	123
3	13	Suidheachadh Cu Fhinn, 1 stanza of the Black Dog. D. M.	4
4	13	Dath Cu Fhinn do. do. D. M.	4
5	14	Dan an amadain Mhoir, a fragment, 6 pages wanting	112

69. [ANON.]

Half-sheet, fep., no name nor date.

The Smithy (about) 88.
 Losgadh Druigh Farbairn, or the Burning of Farala, 72.

70. [ANON.]

1	1	Tiomna Ghuill	84
5	6	Smithy	68

The column on the right refers to pages in this Volume, where the Ballads named are printed. These 70 Collections do not exhaust the store of Gaelic Poetry which has been orally gathered in Scotland alone, but this list of their contents gives some idea of Scotch collections of Folk-lore, from which the contents of this Volume have been selected and arranged.

GÆLIC TEXTS.

A Short Account of Documents mentioned in the preceding Lists, and quoted in this Volume, showing their bearing on the Ossianic Controversy.

THE BALLADS which follow are printed from the authorities quoted above. I have referred to every manuscript or printed book which I have been able to discover, which purports to contain Heroic Gaelic Poetry current in Scotland at any date. For reasons which are given below, I except Mac Pherson's 'Ossian,' Smith's 'Sean Dana,' and some minor poems which have been printed as ancient compositions. These can be referred to without difficulty.

For easy reference each collection has been marked with a letter or number, and each ballad with a letter and number. Versions of the same ballad are placed together in order of date, which is alphabetical on the lists.

The ballads are placed according to their contents, so as to tell their story in order. The outline of each story is generally given in English at the beginning of each set of versions. The following is the best account that I am able to give of the authorities quoted.

Manuscripts Earlier than 1512.

These are all written in the Irish character, and might be classed with 'Irish Manuscripts.' To publish them is more than I am able to do. Where extracts have been made I have quoted a few passages, to show what the language is like and how these ancient writings correspond to later writings. The manuscripts themselves can be referred to; they are named above in the lists.

TEXT A.

The Dean of Lismore's Book. Extracts, 2,656 lines.

About 1512 to 1526 a manuscript was written at Lismore in Argyllshire, in two small, indistinct hand-writings, by Dean Mac Gregor and his brother, members of a Glenlyon family, who came from the eastern end of Loch Tay to the west coast.

The orthography is phonetic, uncertain, and almost unique. Scotch words creep in amongst the Gaelic; such as 'ane' (one). The history of this manuscript is in the Report of the Highland Society on the Authenticity of Ossian, 1805 (p. 300); in 'Ossian's Poems,' 1807 (vol. iii. p. 566); and in the introduction to the selections published by W. F. Skene and the Rev. Thomas Mac Lachlan, D.D. (Edinburgh: Edmonstone and Douglas, 1862). The manuscript was transcribed by Mac Lachlan of old Aberdeen, and is mentioned in his 'Abstracts,' made about 1818. These, and the original manuscript, were in the Advocates' Library in November, 1871. At page 104 of the manuscript is the date September 16, 1524, and the legend 'in noinoir Mhuire,' 'in honour of Mary' (p. 141 Mac Lachlan's Abstracts). The manuscript is on quarto paper, ill written, much damaged, and discoloured.

The work done by the Rev. Thomas Mac Lachlan was, 1st, to read and then to copy from the manuscript; 2nd, to guess what sounds the Scribe meant to express by his orthography, and to spell his words, or their modern equivalents, according to a modern system; 3rd, to translate the whole into English. The book contains the ancient Gaelic as written and the modern equivalent on opposite pages. The translation and introduction are elsewhere. The book is very well printed, and authors and publishers have earned the gratitude of Celtic scholars. Compositions in Scotch and Latin are keys to orthography, but they were not printed. I add a few below, copied from the transcript above mentioned.

The published selections contain thirty fragments of Heroic verse. I have the permission of all concerned to reprint these from the book. It was a common custom of Irish Scribes to head poems thus: 'Padruig, Oisín agus Fionn ect,' meaning 'sang.'

The authors of the printed book place first nine poems which are headed with the name of Oisein, variously spelt. The Dean possibly meant that these were in fact composed by the warrior Bard of the reign of Cormac Mac Art (213—253 A.D.). They are all spoken in his character, and generally form part of a Dialogue with Padruig. But Nos. 10 and 11 are headed with an unknown name, and one at least is part of the same dialogue.

No. 11. The story of the battle of Gabhra is told in the character of Oisein to Padruig, and is headed 'A hondir so seiss Allan Mc Royre' (p. 24). This may possibly mean only that Allan Mac Royre said, sang, or recited (ect) this below. If he composed these two bits, he was capable of composing the rest of the dialogue of which the Dean wrote fragments. Nobody knows anything of the man who bore this name.

No. 12 was said, or recited, or composed, by Farris the 'filli' (a poet and musician of higher grade than a Bard). It is a song in praise of Goll, spoken in the character of Fergus filli, and addressed by him to his father, Fionn. At the end Goll replies. It is therefore a different dialogue, but part of the same dramatic story. It tells of a quarrel between the tribes of Morna and Baoisene about hunting rights. One chief character flatters another, and offers terms, which he accepts, and a truce is made. 'Allan Mac Royre,' or some other 'Bard,' or 'Filli,' or 'Ollamb,' composed this; but 'Fearghus of the sweet lips' lived in the reign of Cormac in the third century, if he ever lived at all.

In No. 13 the same character, 'Farris the filli,' tells his father about the battle of Gabhra and the death of Oscar. But No. 11, another part of the same story, was told to Padruig by Oisein, and 'Allan Mac Royre' has the credit of that bit. 'A hondir so' appears only to mean 'said this.'

No. 14 has the name of 'Gicallum Mc Ynn Ollaig'—Servant of Callum, Son of the Doctor, or Professor. The name is a Christian name, and the story is part of the Pagan romance of Cuchullin, who belongs to the first century. No single Fenian name appears in this old version of the slaying of Conlaoch by his father Cuchullin. 'Anctor hnjus' and all the other headings seem to mean that the person named said or wrote as follows, either as scribe, author, actor, or reciter; ect, he sang.

No. 15 is attributed to a blind Bard, but in this view it seems uncertain whether he was reciter, or composer, or a character in the story of Fraoch. He begins, 'The sigh of a friend,' and speaks throughout as if he belonged to the story. It is divided into four 'sighs.' But the chief characters belong to 'The Tain,' and to Irish history of the first century, not to the sixteenth. I incline to believe that 'the Blind O'Cluain,' if that be his name, is the equivalent character to 'Blind Oisein' and 'Blind Homer.'

No. 16 is a dialogue between two characters in the Tain—Evir, daughter of Orgill, and 'Connil Cearnach Mac Edirschol.' He has returned with heads taken in revenging the death of Cuchullin. No one of the Heroes of the later reign of Cormac Mac Art is

named in this poem, which thus preserves the unities of Scotch-Irish history. It is part of a different story. The male character was not necessarily the author, though it is said 'A houldir so' (p. 40). He said his part, and the lady said hers, *in the poem*, as actors, but not as joint poets. In any case there is no suggestion that Oisein said these words. This poetry is Heroic, but not Ossianic.

No. 17 is said in the character of 'Keilt Mc Ronane,' 'Cormak Mc Artinir,' who was High King of Ireland 213—253 A.D., has his general Fionn in bondage. Caoilte, the swift Hero in the Fenian romance, rescues him by catching and bringing to Teamhra, from places in Ireland, pairs of birds and beasts. He tells the story, and in the 70th quatrain addresses a Christian, and proclaims his own Christian creed. This seems to be a fragment of the romance in which Caoilte and Oisein, the last of the Pagan warriors, are made to wander about, and converse with early Irish saints. The Dean wrote (p. 42) 'A howdir so,' and he probably meant 'said this.' Like many others, he too may have believed that the warriors composed that which they are made to say in character. I believe that unknown Bards composed all these metrical conversations hundreds of years after the reign of Cormac.

No. 18 has no name, but it is part of the colloquies of the last of the Pagan Heroes, with the first of the Christian Saints.

No. 19 has no author's name, but it is a conversation between Conan and Garraidh, two of the tribe of Goll, about going to seek that Hero's head from the Clanna Baoisge, who slew him according to the story now current. Because one of these proposes to slay Oisein, Oisein does not 'say this.'

No. 20 has no name. It is part of the Fenian story. The wives of the Heroes test their virtue by a magic garment, and all fail but one. They were like the ladies of Arthur's Court, according to their story.

No. 21 has no name. It is part of the Dialogue of Oisein and Padruig, and describes how eight of the chiefs of the Feinne went from Ireland, and conquered in Scotland, England, Italy, France, Spain, &c.

No. 22 has no name. One of nine tells how they went out to seek 'a whelp of Conn,' and fought adverse tribes. Ten banners and ten chiefs of the Feinne are named, so probably this is spoken in the character of Oisein, who was one of the band. It probably means the finding of 'Cormak Mac Art Mac Cuinn,' the true heir after the battle of Magh Machruim, and before the battle of Crionna, about A.D. 213.

No. 23 has no name. It is spoken in the character of one of Fionn's sons, and treats of sweet sounds and sights, of which the best to his taste was that 'cry of hounds'—the seven battalions of the Fians headed by his father, 'Fynn Mac Cowil,' hunting deer.

No. 24 has no name. Some one tells what five of the Heroes held to be the sweetest music, and what they said in reply to Finn, who asked them. Their answers are true to their characters in the story.

No. 25 is part of the Dialogue. A priest politely says at the end that he prefers 'Ossin m'finni' to all the seven chiefs that have gone. The narrator, apparently Oisein, tells how a tall, fair youth came to a feast, and asked Finn to embark with a number of his men and his two best hounds. The youth slew several men, and the sons of Morna, Goll and Conan, swore that they would slay the messenger.

No. 26 is part of the Dialogue between Padruig and Oisein, spoken upon the mound of the Feinne, where Padruig and his priests had taken up their abode, to the great disgust of the Pagan Bard. Probably 'Oisein ect,' whoever composed this.

No. 27 has no name. It is part of the story of the elopement of Diarmaid and Graidhne—a lamentation for his abandoned comrades by the repentant warrior, whom Graidhne had tempted to run away with her.

No. 28 has fourteen quatrains about Cuchullin and Eivir, his wife, and eighteen about the slaying of Cumhall, the father of Fionn. The first part is supposed to be made up of three fragments of the story of Cuchullin.

No. 29. The latter part is a conversation between Fionn son of Cumhall and Garridh Mac Morna, while seated at a deer-pass, in which Garridh tells how Cumhall, Fionn's father, was slain, and how he first thrust a spear into him.

No. 30 is a continuation of 7. Having permission to use the book, instead of the transcript and MS., I divided the 2,656 lines by ear and sense to suit their rhythm, and reprinted from Dr. Mac Lachlan's excellent work. In this collection, as first written, and as first printed, fragments are not placed with regard to continuity; that I have tried to do.

Several later ballads in the Dean's book allude to the Heroic series, and to the Heroes as ancestors of Scotch tribes. The whole collection, Heroic, historical, Irish, and local, is chiefly founded upon Scotch-Irish romantic history, as that was written in old Irish manuscripts, and in 1630 by Keating. There is not one line in the Dean's book that I can identify with any line in Mac Pherson's Gaelic, as printed in 1763 and 1807. One ballad certainly is the foundation for the 'Maid of Craea,' first printed in English in 1759, No. 6 of 'the Fragments.' It is an episode in the English 'Fingal,' but it is not in the Gaelic 'Fingal.'

Many other parts of Mac Pherson's English manifestly rest upon a knowledge of this kind of Heroic tradition.

At p. 57 of his introduction, Mr. Skene supposes that Mac Pherson's Gaelic text was prepared in Badenoch about 1760, after his return from his Highland tour, with the aid of Lachlan Mac Pherson of Strathmashie and Captain Morrison, and that the English was translated from that text. My opinion now is that Mac Pherson's Translation was first composed by a great genius, partly from a knowledge of Scotch nature and folk-lore, partly from ideas gathered from books; and that he and other translators afterwards worked at it, and made a Gaelic equivalent whose merit varies according to the translator's skill and knowledge of Gaelic. It is said that an early copy of the 7th book of Temora, with corrections in Strathmashie's hand, was found after his death. I suppose that he revised a Gaelic translation by Mac Pherson, or by some other. His own Gaelic songs are idiomatic, whereas the 7th book of Temora is Saxon Gaelic in general, and nonsense in many passages. The English equivalent is like the rest of Mac Pherson's work. In either case, because of matter, manner, orthography, and language, Mac Pherson's English and Gaelic Ossian must have been composed long after Dean Mac Gregor collected his book in Mac Pherson's country, near his district, and in Morven. A list of the Heroic Fragments is with the other lists marked A.

Like scattered bones, these fragments can be sorted when they have been shaken out of the Dean's wallet to be studied apart.

1st. At pp. 64, 34, 40, are fragments of the story of Cuchullin and Eamhir. In the first Cuchullin is called the father of Conlaoch; in the second he slays his son Conlaoch and releases 'Connil;' in the third his own death has been avenged by 'Connil,' who brings heads to console 'Eivir,' Cuchullin's love. These are fragments of an Irish story, which was old in 1100. In 1630 Keating made it history, and dated it.

2nd. At p. 36 is part of the story of the Irish queen who figures in the same story of the first century, and who appears with Fraoch in the Dean's book. These four bones are bits of two early pre-Ossianic skeletons. But they were out of their order.

3rd. At p. 12 is a bit of religious dialogue between Oisein and Padruig, and at p. 122 is more of that backbone. To it belong the remaining 24 bones.

These 26 are 'Ossianic fragments.' They all purport to be sung to Christians, by Pagans of whom 'Oisein' was one, and they describe events which

happened during the life of Oisein and his father, Fionn, who was General of the Feinne for Cormac Mac Art. Irish history dates the reign from 213 to 253 A.D. The last fragment is a description of the battle of Gabhra, which was fought in 281, according to Keating. The dates assigned to Patrick and to Cormac show that Ossein, if a real man, did not really converse with the saint; but a story was founded upon that romance, and it was current in 1512 in Scotland. That is proved.

The whole of the Ossianic skeleton is not in the Dean's wallet, but enough of it is there to identify it with Keating's story, and to distinguish it from Mac Pherson's 'new species,' which was developed from it. Newly arranged in this volume, the Christian and the Heathen argue about religion for 136 lines (p. 40). The old blind warrior Bard says that he has seen the household of Fionn (p. 47). The clouds of his darkened sight are long (p. 47). He is weary dragging stones for priests to build churches (p. 47). Here, where he is a drudge, he has seen the Feinne in their glory (p. 47); he names the best of them. Here are their graves (p. 49). Were they alive, shavelings would not hold this mound. The sweetest sound to the Heathen's taste was the melody of his father's cry of hounds (p. 50). The sweetest music, according to the taste of his departed friends, he describes for the man of the discordant bells and psalms (p. 51). To him he tells their story. He remembers how nine set out seeking a whelp of Conn (p. 51); how eight went abroad and conquered (p. 104). He tells how a youth came to a feast at home, to tempt the band to embark, and how the children of Morna slew him (p. 83). He tells how a maiden was protected from a pursuer (p. 162); how the people of the world in arms invaded Ireland, and were repulsed by the Feinne (p. 137).

He tells of hunting and of civil broils; of quarrels between the King and his chief surviving warriors.

He remembers the hunt of the fair dame's hill; how Fionn asked of Garry, one of the tribe of Morna, about the slaying of his father, Cumhal, by Garry's tribe (pp. 143-6).

There is a song in praise of Fionn (p. 123); one in praise of Goll Mac Morna (p. 123). There is a song about the head of Goll (p. 175), slain in this blood feud.

Then comes jealousy. The unfaithful wives appear (p. 138). Diarmaid laments to Graidhne, Fionn's wife, for his deserted comrades (p. 152). Diarmaid is slain through the contrivance of his jealous uncle, Fionn (p. 157). The Clanna Baoisge having beaten their comrades, the Clanna Morna, slay each other for jealousy and revenge, and the power of the Feinne is broken. The Irish King has Fionn in bondage at Tara (p. 139). Caoilte tells how he insulted King Cormac and his son Cairbre, and how he rescued Fionn, his kinsman and commander, from the Irish King. Oisein tells how Cairbre, the son of Cormac, and his own son, Oscar, fought and fell at Gabhra (p. 180). Fionn's son Fergus tells Fionn (p. 182) how the Feinne were slain in that famous fight, which ends the story told by surviving Pagan warriors to Padruig and to early Christians.

Between Glenlyon and Lismore, from one side of the Scotch Highlands to the other, this Ossianic story was told about 1500 as it was told in Ireland a hundred years later by Keating, and 400 years earlier, so far as appears from the contents of the Dean's wallet, compared with Irish writings. That same story has been told in Scotland ever since, and this volume is an attempt to sort the fragments of it which have been gathered in Scotland.

The method followed was this:—Each collection, as it was got, read, and considered, was sorted, like Text A, according to the story told. The fragments were put into their places—new versions with older versions of the same metrical fragments; new bits where they fitted in.

From A. to &c. now makes one 'text,' upon the plan indicated by this account of the contents of Text A.

The following extracts will explain the Dean of

Lismore's Gaelic orthography. Dr. Mac Lauchlan's modern versions will be found in the printed book, with his translation.

LATIN AND SCOTCH.—Extracts from a transcript of the 'Dean of Lismore's Book,' made early in this century by Mr. Ewen Mac Lauchlan of Old Aberdeen; copied by Malcolm Mac Phail, Advocates' Library, April 17, 1872. Intended to be used as a key to orthography.

Example.—The letter Z in Text A. 1512—26, had the value of the letter G, and may have been intended for a soft G.

At p. 112 is the name *Earla Przeill*.

At p. 113 it is printed *Iarla Earaghaidheal*.

At p. 148 it is translated *The Earl of Argyle*.

In 1499 the Earl, who fell at Flodden, signed a Charter which I have, and wrote A. *Erl of Argyle*.

In the same Latin Charter he is *Archibaldus Comes Ergadiæ*.

In a Charter of 1673 the Earl signed *Argyll*.

It is endorsed *The Earle of Argyll*.

In a Pedigree of 1770 the name is written *Argyll*.

In 1872 the name is pronounced with a hard G.

In the Annals of Loch Ce it was *oirer Gaeidhél*.

From which it follows that the letter printed Z was meant to express a sound like that of G in Argyll.

In any doubtful word in Text A. seek the letter in Scots or Latin.

(1) LATIN. Page 27. *Transcript.*

CUM fuerint anni completi mille ducenti
Et ter centeni fuerint in numero pleni
Bix sex et seni veniunt ab æquore remi
Tunc ruet Anglorum mala gens stirpis avorum
Primus Jacobus Jacobus Jacobus Jacobus quoque
quartus
Et filius Daciæ regno regnavit utroque.

(2) SCOTS. Page 38. *Transcript.*

. Thre peralis dayis in Spenal and ge . . .
for all things vz. The first Munnunday of Feurzeir
the last munnunday of may and ye last munnunday
of Septembar and the maleis of thame is a clerk
sayis yat quhat child yat is gott in or born as y^t
dayer ony one of thre dayis for vintay he sal owthir
be brint or drownit or de sum schameful deith or de
suddanly. And it be a madin child she sal be a com
on voman or ellis sum vyn evil doyar and is to have
ane ewil ending **D** And gyf ony man or voman
ettis ony g^t was fless in ony of yon thre dayis he sal
have ye falland Evil and na work sal cum to gud
end zat he begwn in ony of thir iij dayis. **D** The
leest dayis of Every moneth for to begin ony werk
is or to tak ony . . . in hand is ye first day ye ferd
day ye vi day ye vii ye xiiii day. Itim ther is tre
dayis and Sant E . . . sayis yat quhat man or
voman is born in ony of tham he sal nevir rot vz
The xij day of Januar ye xiiii day of marche And ye
xviii day of Februar.

(3) SCOTS. Page 77. *Transcript.*

RIGHT as ye biche in jolying in hir raige,
Sche cheisit not ye greu hand in y^t hour
Sche folast tyg quhill y^t her lwst be swagit
Richt soo ye meir forsakis ye cwtswr
And cheisit an erwkitt avir and one dowr
So wemen wairris y virgeinite
On catyve creaturis moist onworthee,
Suppoiss sche haive mony finby shittur
The fairrest lady y^t natur can devyne
Richt swddanly yir ye se hir inclye
To tak aue crepill or a creatur
Sic is yair hap and yair werd.
No man may yame wyte in erd re J.

(4) SCOTS. Pages 82, 83, 84. *Transcript.*

Of Malcolm Kennoir and Qwene Margret comm King
Edgair y^t biggit Coldinghame and, Kyng Alexander
yat beggit Scoyne an Sant David yat biggit ye Hali-

rad house of Edinburgh off Sanct Dau com Henry of Humenton and off Henry Humenton coym Kyng Malcom yat biggit Cupar and Kyng Wilzeam yat biggit Avbrothow and erl Davi of Kyng Wilzeam com Alexander of Alexander com Alexander zat deit in Kingdome.

Yan go we till erlle Davi off erlle Davi coym margret and Essabel and Anna Ada eff margret veddit v^t Alan off Galoway, dervargala beddit v^t Johne ye Bailze and off yat John com John ye Bailze Kyng callit himetabert and syne Advart ye Bailze off yssabel veddit v^t Robert ye Bruysse com Robert ye Bruysse and syne Robert ye Brusse Kyng off Scottish off Kyng Robert ye Bruysse com Kyng Davi and Margret yat vis veddit v^t gwrst Sr Valter Stewart off ye said gwd Sir and Margret com Kyng Robert ye qwhilk was callit || or he was Kyng ye Stewart of Scotland Off ye foir said Kyng Robert come Robert first John and Valter Stewart Robert Duk off Albany Alexander Erle of Buchqwan David Erle of Strathern and Valter Erl of Caines of Kyng Robert fyrst sohn cam David Duk of Rossay Robert Erl off Athel and James Kyng of Scottis ye qwhilk was tane on ye se w^t Inglis men wndir erewis passand to Franschewartis Yis alk King James was taking at ye se ye XXX day of Marche ye Zeher off God M^{mo} cccc^{mo} and sax zeir.

Finis.

(5) LATIN. Page 181.

Fili Fugo Ebrietatem et R. J.

Ebrietas est tota imbecit Primo abolet memoria dēssipat Sensum neegligit mentem confundit intellectum concitat libidinem Involvit linguam Implicat sermonem Corruptit Sanguinem obtundit visum Perturbat venas infirmat nervos Obturat aures turbat viscera Subvertit sensum hūmeat cerebrum debilitat membra frangit somnum Impedit ministeria obruit animam maculat cordus et omnem salutem exterminat R. J.

(6) LATIN. Page 219.

Mulier sic describitur a Pho. Mulier est hominis confusio, insatiabilis bestia, continua sollicitudo, sollicitudo, indeficiens pugna, quotidianum damnum, domus tempestas, impedimentum viri, continentis naufragium, vas adulterii, periculosum pædium, animalium pessimum, gravissimum pondus, aspis insanabilis; humanum mancipium in pugna: Unde est mulier quasi mulceus herus J.

SCOTS.

HE merit treuth, and sche wes variabill,
He wess faithfull and sche wes wntrew
He wes stedfast and sche wunstabill
He trust ay one Sche louit thing new
Sche weyrrid collowris of many divers hew
In sted of bleu quiche stedfast is and cleine
Sche lovit changeis of many divers greine.

SCOTCH ORTHOGRAPHY.

In 1778 Shaw, in his 'Analysis of the Gaelic Language,' London, says (p. 16), 'But at present I much doubt whether there be four men in Scotland that would spell one page in the same way.'

This volume shows how men did spell Gaelic. The following samples show how English was written by Highland correspondents and Glasgow merchants:—

* Campbelltown the 20th of Desember 1695.

'Deir billie,—I thought before this tyme to had a lync from yow to agwantt me if ye had fraught that shipe for New my land. I have bay me fortie barrells of beif and the other sive barrell . . . I wad baght from Alex^r Me Conachie and if the shipe be y^r gowine out piefallie tack Sanders Me Gonachie fortie barrells bif upon my a Compt and gie Mans . . . John Me Kecherane and markgine for the bif with John Me Kecherne and dra bill on me for the price of the bif and I shall ansure the bill and if the shipe net you my ont propoeth, I shall upon your order to

me send twentie barrells, and if ye tack Sanders Me Conachie bif upon my a Compt give his brother Archibald Me Conachie a hundreth merks in pairt payment of the bif and I shall pay you or your order the said soume and if ye be nane for the bif upon my a Compt pray you sell or help to sell Sandie Me Conachie bif for itt is good bif. I cannott get in y^r rents bott I gotten hansell. Resew from Donald Me Milane at half . . . (Torn off.)

Draft of a Letter.

Daniel Campbell of Shawfield to the Duke of Argyll before 1695.

'My Lord,—I propos to Feu the eightt mark lands posest by James Cuneson to witt: Smerbey and Cloch fan as alsoe the four mark land of Drummore posest by Capt Muir: who hess his lifetime of it and I would alsoe feu the two mark lande of Maye. I am willing to pay the yearly rent thus paid and to advance your Lordship 80 ster: Your Lordship may Consider that it will be nine years before I can posse the lands of Smerbey and god knows if I have possession of the other this 20 year,' &c. &c.

A manuscript written at Dunstaffnage in Argyll is dated 1603. It is in the Irish hand and orthography. A sample copied from a transcript is at page 86. From this it appears that instructed scribes wrote 'Irish' in Scotland, though Dean Mac Gregor wrote the vernacular according to a different system. It clearly appears that the language spoken in Argyllshire differed from the language written in Ireland and in Scotland, about as much as modern Scotch Gaelic and the Irish of the North now differ from the Kerry vernacular of 1872.

TEXT B.

At p. 296 of the 'Report on Ossian,' 1805, mention is made of a manuscript written at Aird Chonail, upon Lochewe side, in 1630 and 1691. A note (p. 79) in Gaelic means 'Eoghann Mac Ghilleoin' (Hugh Mac Lean). 'By my hand was finished this history' (or story) 'written on the 7th day of the month of March, one thousand six hundred, eleven, four score' (1691) 'of the era of our Lord Jesus Christ. Cailtain Cainpbel, to whom belongs this little book; i.e. Cailtain, Mac Dhonchai Mhic Dhughil, Mhic Chailtain oig.'

Ard Chonail, now a ruin, is said to have been the first castle owned by the Campbell tribe in Argyllshire. The Ardkinglas Campbells are called 'Siochd Callen oig,' from 'Young Colin' of Cowal, founder of the family, and son of Colin the Queer, 1389. This Colin probably was one of the Ardkinglas family, but I can only guess. About 1633 Sir Colin Campbell of Glenurchy took charge of the Earl of Argyll's grandson, and caused him to be instructed by 'ane sufficient man quha hes bothe Irish and English.' In December, 1637, he had begun to 'wearye of the Irish language.' By 1638 'Maister Ibone Makleine' the 'Pedagogue,' who wore 'ane Hewit plaid,' had 'misbelawed himself,' and his place was to be filled by 'ane discreet man that is one Scollar and that can speike both Inglis and Erise,' who was to be sought in Argyll.

In 1638 Lord Lorn succeeded his father, Grim Archibald; and in June, 1639, his wife, Margaret Douglas, sent for her son.¹

The Mac Lean who wrote Gaelic stories fifty years later, in 1691, at the 'stem house' of the Campbells, copied, or composed, a poem upon the imprisonment of the Earl of Argyll in Edinburgh Castle in 1690 (p. 211). It seems probable that Mac Lean was the Earl's old Gaelic tutor, or some one belonging to him. Whoever he was, he wrote 'Tales and Poems,' of which one is a version of A. 3. It is the end of the story of Cuchullin, which is known in Ireland as 'The Bloody Havoce of Connal Ceatharnach,' and is usually called 'The Heads.'

O'Donovan's Catalogue (190, No. 6, H. 2. 12. Trin.

¹ 'Sketches of Early Scotch History, 372,' by Cosmo Innes.

Coll., Dublin) mentions 'two leaves of vellum and eight of paper.' The vellum cover is of considerable antiquity. The paper contains two Irish metrical glossaries of considerable value and antiquity. These, we read in the first and last pages, were written in 1698, at Campbell-town, by Eoghan Mac Gilleoin, for the use of Mr. Lochlin Campbell. Apparently this was the same scribe, or tutor, still at work after seven years. O'Donovan remarks upon his name, 'O'Reilly,' writes Johnson, "is the English of Mac Gilleoin;" but this is certainly an error, as it appears from the annals of the 4 masters and various other Irish authorities that Mac Gilleoin is the Irish form of the name which is now Anglicised Mac Cleane.'

In Scotland the name is now written 'Mac Lean,' but it is so pronounced as to indicate the form of Mac-Ghille-sheathain—Son of the Servant of St. John (S. Ioannes-Seathan-Jain-Eoin-John).

Whoever this Mac Lean was, it is manifest that Campbells who fought Mac Donalds and their Irish allies for two hundred years called their own Gaelic 'the Irish language,' and spoke it, read it, and wrote it, and studied metrical stories and prose tales about Fionn and his Foinne, without suspecting the existence of the neighbouring kingdom of Morven, and the Caledonian Fingalians whom Mac Pherson discovered. 60 years after Mac Lean wrote his glossaries Dr. Smith discovered his Fingalian songs in Argyll, shortly after Fingal appeared, but none of these printed works are in Mac Lean's manuscripts written at Ard Chonail in Loch-awe in 1691. The manuscript is in the Advocates' Library.

It is in the 'Irish hand,' a transcript by Mac Lachlan of Old Aberdeen is in the library.

TEXT C.

Pope's Collection, 1739.

At page 52, 'Appendix to the Report on Ossian,' 1805, is a letter from Mr. Pope, Minister of Rea in Caithness, dated November 15, 1763, and addressed to the Minister of Thurso. He says that 'about 24 years ago'—that is, in 1739—he and another collected Gaelic poetry orally.

When Mac Pherson's translations appeared he identified some with poems in his collection.

This collection was found in July, 1872. Poems current in the North were versions of poems then current elsewhere in Scotland. Versions of some were orally collected in the same district after about a hundred years. (See Text X.) Pope's collection was written in the current hand of his time, and the system of orthography appears to have been his own. The entire collection is printed at the end (p. 218).

TEXT D.

Mac Nicol's Manuscript, 1755, &c. 2,819 lines.

Saddell and Skipness.—Donald Mc Nicol, 1763.—Donald Mc Nicol, M.A., nephew of Stewart of Invernahyle, who introduced Sir Walter Scott 'to the Highlands, their traditions and their manners,' had his degree from the Univ. of St. Andrew in 1756, licen. by the Presb. of Lorn 3rd Dec., 1760, pres. by John, Duke of Argyll, and ord. 5th Oct., 1763; trans. to Lismore in 1766.—'Fasti Ecclesie Scoticanæ,' part ii. p. 49.

Lismore.—Donald Mc Nicol, M.A., 1766.—Donald Mc Nicol, M.A., translated from Saddell and Skipness, pres. by John, Duke of Argyll, 3rd Sept., 1765, and adm. 15th July succeeding; died 28th March, 1802, in his 67th year and 39 min. He was noted for his learning, and for being an excellent poet. He marr., 28th Nov., 1771, Lilius Campbell, who died 29th June, 1831, and had a son, Donald of Sockach, and dangh., Alice, who marr. Mr. Ludovick Cameron, writer, Inverness. Publications.—'Remarks on Dr. Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides,' Lond. 1779, 8vo. (on the perusal of which the great moralist is said to have 'growled hideously').—'Fasti Ecclesie Scoticanæ,' part v. p. 75; Edin. 1870.

In the autumn of 1870 I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Ludovick Cameron in the Isle of Mull. He then told me that he owned a considerable collection of Gaelic poetry made by his grandfather, Mr. Donald Mac Nicol, Minister of Lismore in Argyll. The earliest date in the collection is 1755. The Rev. Donald Mac Nicol, M.A., in 1779, published a book called 'Remarks on Dr. Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides,' &c., in which he strongly defended the authenticity of Mac Pherson's Ossian, published in 1760, &c. Johnson's account of his tour in 1773 was published in 1775; Mac Nicol's reply, 1779. He died 1802.

February 6, 1871, Mr. Cameron was kind enough to bring me his collection, in a tin tea chest 10 x 7 x 7 inches. About 1824 some of the papers, as it is said, passed through the hands of the authors of 'The Lays of the Deer Forest,' &c. In 1836 Mr. Dugald Mac Nicol of the 1st Royals, a son of the collector, had the papers in the West Indies, and made some notes upon them. Dr. Smith may have seen them; he certainly saw Mac Nicol's sermons. An elder brother of Dugald, who went to Calcutta and Anstralia, may have had some of his father's papers. But the tin tea chest seemed to contain a fair sample of the collection mentioned in Mac Nicol's published works. I found the following papers in the box:—

1. A bit of Hebrew and Latin.
2. A leaf nearly illegible in English, date 1715, political.
3. A form of certificate for the King's service.
4. A bundle marked 'Gaelic Songs by Mac Intyre,' and others containing—

(a) A MS. book with an index, 54 numbers, all apparently modern Gaelic songs.

(b) A lot of loose papers, amongst which are 'Auld Robin Gray,' and English verses translated into Gaelic, with a lot of Duncan Mac Intyre's songs. He was born 1724, died 1812.

5. A scrap of loose scraps of paper covered with scraps of songs.

6. A book made by folding a sheet of paper, apparently a fair copy of some of the other fragments.

At page 351 Mac Nicol said in 1779, 'I can assure the reader that many poems of the Bards I have already mentioned, as well of several others, are in my own possession, and that many other gentlemen in different parts of the Highlands have likewise large collections, among which there are productions of very old date . . . and a considerable number of them have lately been published.'

The only books known to me that answer this description and date are Mac Donald's Songs, 8vo., Edinburgh, 1751, which contain no Ossianic ballads; and Mac Intyre's Songs, 12mo., Edinburgh, first published in 1768. Many of his songs are in this collection.

7. A manuscript marked in a modern hand 'Octo. 26 and 27, 1836.' Signed at the end, 'From the confines of Morven, May 17, 1776. Donald Mac Nicol.'

This volume contains 245 pages. Most of the contents, if not all, are in the book printed in 1779. This seems to have been a rough copy of published writings.

8. A lot of loose sheets, apparently notes for the book.
9. A lot of loose papers. Letters about Druids, &c. &c., and a fair and rough copy of a paper on the authenticity of Ossian, 1778, 'To the publisher of the "Weekly Messenger."' In this paper the author gives a list of Gaelic poems, which he supposed to be originals of Mac Pherson's poems, or some of them:
 1. Cuchullin's Sword. A version in Gillies, M.
 2. Gaul's Prosnachadh Catha.
 3. Cuchullin's Chariot.
 4. The Three Sons of Usnoch, complete (part of Fingal.)

5. Fingal and Swaran's Engagement, though Swaran is sometimes called 'Magnus.'

'These and many more can be procured,' he says; therefore I suppose that they were procured, and that they survive in MSS. of the period. At page 263 he

mentions two old manuscripts which then existed. One contained the adventures of 'Smerbie More, one of the predecessors of the family of Argyll,' who lived in the 5th century, according to the family genealogy. The other contains the history of Clann-uisneachin, or the sons of *Usnoch*, a fragment in *Fingal* (same as No. 4).

A manuscript, said to be of the 12th century, which answers to the description, was in the possession of the Highland Society in 1805, and is in the Advocates' Library. The first mentioned I know nothing about. Two copies of 'Manns' are in Mac Pherson's collection (p. 72), but they are not in Mac Pherson's Gaelic 'Fingal,' which had not appeared in 1778.

It is said that one of this family lost a portmanteau in the West Indies by the upsetting of a boat, and that he then lost some old Gaelic manuscripts.

10. Eleven separate paper books, home made, all signed by Donald Mac Nicol. These seem to be fair copies of songs, ballads, and Ossianic fragments.

11. A lot of loose papers and little books like the rest, but not signed. These seem to be rough copies of the same things.

February 13, 1871.—I finished sorting the collection, and made a list of all the Ossianic fragments that I could then find. These I placed together in one large envelope, and on Thursday, February 16, I returned the box and its contents to Mr. Cameron, who shortly afterwards went to China on business of the Oriental Bank. Early in 1872 the box was in the custody of Mr. Nicholson, advocate. Having the permission of Mr. Cameron, Mr. Malcolm Mac Phail was asked to copy the papers marked on my list. March 11.—He sent sixteen of the poems and said, 'Mr. Nicolson gave the other pieces of Mac Nicol's collection, marked on your list, to a friend of his, who has not returned them yet.' On the 8th of April I wrote again about these, and on the 3rd of May got copies of nine fragments. On the 11th of May I got the rest copied by Mr. Donald Mac Pherson, now assistant librarian in the Advocates' Library.

This text of many adventures contains thirty Heroic Poems, 2,819 lines, which are printed below, and the manuscript is in the custody of Mr. Nicholson in Edinburgh, May, 1872. In 1779 Mac Nicol knew that Mac Pherson had published Gaelic for the 7th book of *Temora* in 1763. There is only one fragment of any similar composition in his entire collection. What he meant is manifest on comparing Mac Pherson's English book of 1762 with Mac Nicol's Gaelic ballads. See list D. above.

TEXT E.

Jerome Stone (Schoolmaster), 1755. 132 lines.

At page 23 of the 'Report on Ossian,' 1805, it is said that Jerome Stone of Dunkeld, a young man of 20 or 21, in an obscure situation, to whom Gaelic was an acquired language, had been at the pains to collect 'several of the ancient poems of the Highlands.' According to the reporters, Dunkeld was not a favourable situation for acquiring pure Gaelic, or for gathering ancient poetry. Stone was a schoolmaster. In 1755 Stone wrote from Dunkeld to the editor of the 'Scots Magazine' a letter which is reprinted in the 'Report on Ossian' (p. 24.) In it he speaks of Gaelic as the *Irish* language, and points out that the story of 'Fraoch,' translated by him, and of 'Belle-rophon as told by Homer' conform. After his death his collection was bought by Mr. Chalmers of London, and it was communicated to the Committee of the Highland Society. Amongst their papers I found a manuscript copy of the 'Death of Fraoch,' in the Advocates' Library in 1871; but I could not find or identify the rest of the collection made by Stone and bought by Chalmers. A poem called 'Albyn and the Daughter of Mey,' which Stone composed upon the Gaelic ballad and printed as 'a translation' in 1756, is reprinted in the Appendix to the Report, together with the Gaelic and a close translation.

In the Gaelic version are 132 lines. In Text A., 1512, is a version of 132 lines, and in Text D. is another of 105. This poem is current still, orally preserved in the West.

TEXT F.

Fletcher's Collection, 1750 to 1800.

The history of this manuscript is given in the Report of the Highland Society on the Authenticity of Ossian, 1805, p. 271. An affidavit by Archibald Fletcher, and the declaration of Archibald Menzies, J.P., at Edinburgh, January 19, 1801, give the collection a date of about 1750 to 1760, some 40 or 50 years before the affidavit was sworn. Fletcher could not write much more than his name, and could not read his manuscript. He learned the poetry by heart in Argyllshire, from people of whom he named some; he dictated it to local scribes from time to time; and when he brought his manuscript for sale, he recited the poems which are named, to Menzies the J.P., who understood his Gaelic, and who verified the accuracy of his recitation by the manuscript. He and Fletcher then signed the manuscript and their declarations. This collection orally made and formally verified, was collected between Scone and Dunstaffnage, the chief seats of the Scoo-Irish Kings; at Bunaw, in Glenorchy, and Glenfalloch; about Loch Tayside, in Breadalbane, in Glendochart, Perthshire; in and about Mac Pherson's country, before and after his publications appeared, before and during the controversy which they raised.

Fletcher identified 'Clann Uisneachain' with Mac Pherson's English *Darthula* as it then existed in 1801. This manuscript and its story explain the usual Highland verdict on the Ossianic controversy.

Darthula in English is like the story of Clann Uisneachain in Gaelic, which then was and now is familiar in Scotland, and which was equally well known in Ireland. But nothing in the Gaelic of 1807 has the remotest resemblance to Fletcher's Gaelic orally collected before Mac Pherson's Gaelic appeared. There can be no doubt of the authenticity of Fletcher's collection, but it is marked on the cover—

'Fletcher.'

54

'Corrupt copies.'

Mac Pherson's Gaelic is quite different from Fletcher's.

The condemnation was pronounced by men who were engaged upon Mac Pherson's Gaelic, which they printed in 1807. In accordance with this belief in the 'authenticity' of that pure 'text,' some one has altered Fletcher's 'corrupt' text by striking out some of his words which make the actor's Irish. The whole collection tells the same story which the others all confirm. From Scone to Dunstaffnage, as from Sutherland to Ceantire, about 1750, the people believed that Fionn and his soldiers were Irish worthies and their own ancestors, and none of them, so far as appears from Fletcher's oral collection, had ever heard of Mac Pherson's *Fingal*, *King of Mowen*, who appeared while Fletcher was collecting, about 1762.

Fletcher's manuscript, ill written and ill spelt, 'corrupt,' imperfect, and despised, has never been printed till now. In November, 1871, it was safe in the Advocates' Library, and I had a copy made of the contents by February, 1872. It is a quarto, written in several different hands, on paper of different kinds, in different systems of orthography, stitched into a limp cover of coarse brown paper. It is a rude country production, and as genuine a bit of folk lore as any in the world. It is signed by Fletcher and Menzies. It has tables of contents which follow. One in English is by a partisan; the other, in Gaelic, is by a neutral, as it appears.

The English list is in the same hand as a note at the end of Kennedy's First Collection, which was in the keeping of Dr. Smith of Campbelltown for a long time. The Gaelic lists have interpolations in the same hand. This probably is the hand of Dr. Donald Smith, brother of the Minister who helped to make

the 'Report on Ossian,' and who died about 1805. Fletcher's manuscript is one of the most important documents in the Ossianic controversy, because it is authenticated oral folk-lore of 1750 to 1760. Even the phonetic spelling has value as giving the old value of words. 'Awd,' instead of Ard, 'high,' preserves a lost vowel sound. 'Bhèireamsa' is an obsolete grammatical form; so is 'ni an robh.' 'Machd' expresses the sound now given to 'mac,' a son, and so on. The Gaelic lists, as they stand in the manuscript, with alterations in different hands in italics, follow:—

Poems taken down from the recitation of (collected by) Archd. Fletcher;¹ corrupted copies of the following poems, viz:—

1. Duan na Inghinn.
2. Urnuigh Oisain.
3. Rìgh Lochlin.
4. Nnois agus Deirdir, or Clan Uisneachan.
5. Teantuchl mòr na Feinne.
6. Laoigh Chaoilte Mhic Romain.
7. Mar chaidh Ròc Thigh Finn.
8. Amadain Mhòr.
9. Sgeula air Caillich. (Qy. *Muircartach?*)
10. Losgadh Tìdh Farabairne. (Qy. *Losga Tauradh?*)
11. Rann a choin duibh.
12. Cuthal.
13. Bran.
14. Eachdruidh mar chaidh Fion a mharbhadh.
15. Ceardach Luin.
16. Garbh Mac Stairn, p. 183. (This poem seems better than the other.)

AN CLAR-INNSEADH.

No.		MS. Page.
1.	Rann na h-Inghinn	1
2.	Urnuigh Oisain	9
3.	N Taathach wghna na } Foill Rìgh Lochlunn }	18
4.	Eachdruidh Chonchair Rìgh Eirim	25
	<i>Deirdir agus triuir mac Rìgh Bharra- chaoil an da phairt.</i>	
5.	An cath is cruaidhe thug an fheinn <i>Teantuchl mòr nam Fian</i> agus dol an orda am Braitseachan	49
	<i>an da phairt.</i>	
6.	Laoigh Chaoilte	64
7.	Rann an fhir Shiechdir	70
8.	Cailleach Thulaich Fhoirne	75
9.	Mar chaidh Ròc a Thigh Fhinn	80
10.	Baiste Fhinn	84
11.	Rann an Amadaine mhòir	89
12.	Sgeula air Niedoiste	103

List copied from page 110.

1.	Losga Bruth Fairbairn	110
2.	Duan a Choin duibh	117
3.	Mar Chaitich Cumhal a mharbha	122
4.	Mar Chaitich Bran a mharbha	127
5.	Mar Chaitich Fionn a mharbha	132
6.	Mar mharbth Chaoilte a mhuc ghearr	140
7.	Ceardach mhic Loin	148
8.	Conn Mac an Deirg	161
9.	Garbh Mac Stairn	183

A list of the fragments as sorted marked F. is with the others.

There are two pre-Ossianic fragments, eighteen Ossianic, and one of a later period in the Fenian story: twenty-one in all. Versions of four of these are in A., and several are in D. (See lists.) The whole of this manuscript is printed below.

TEXT G.

Mac Diarmaid's Manuscript, 1762—1769.

At pages 688—179, 'Report on Ossian' 1805, the Rev. Mr. Mac Diarmaid is mentioned. He was Minister of Weem in Perthshire. He got some of his collection of Gaelic poetry about thirty years before 1801—say 1770. He had a collection which he gave away (p. 72). In 1871 a collection by 'Mac Diarmaid' was found in the Highlands, and probably it is part of this Mac Diarmaid's gatherings in 1760.

From Mr. Mac Diarmaid Doctor Irvine of Little Dunkeld got copies of forty-nine lines, which are the addresses to the Sun in Mac Pherson's Gaelic text,

¹ In the original MS. the words 'collected by' were struck out, and 'taken down from recitation of' substituted.

p. 215. So far as appears in the Report and elsewhere, he did not get anything else from Mr. Mac Diarmaid of Weem. Dr. Irvine's collection is marked O.

The following is the account which I have of this Text G:—

To John F. Campbell, Esq.

Sir,—As I was on my travels through Rainneach, I got acquainted with a miller, of the name of John Shaw, who takes much delight in having in his possession rare articles of antiquity. He has got in his possession many old Scotch coins; some of them are silver, and some of them are of copper. Some of the silver coins are as old as the era of King Robert Bruce, and others more modern. Amongst the copper coins are Marks, Placks, and Scotch Pennies, twelve of which are equivalent to a Penney sterling. He also possesses many old books, such as versions of the first Gaelic Bibles printed. He has a version of the New Testament translated from the ancient Greek by a Roman Catholic priest, and an explanation of the same, and another version translated at the same era by a Protestant minister, and an explanation of it. He has many old song books. Also he possesses a written manuscript bearing the date of 1762—but some of the parts was wrote in 1769—which was written by a man of the name of Eobhan Mc Dhiarmuid, but the manuscript does not explain what Eobhan Mc Diarmaid's profession was. The manuscript is of the size of large note paper, and is bound in pastboard in two volumes. John Shaw does at the present possess but the first vol., but thinks that some time in summer he may also get possession of the second vol. The first vol. contains an Oraid on the Gaelic by Mr. Patruic Stewart of 4 pages. 38 Gaelic songs, viz. Songs, Hymns, and Poems. Some of them are old, and some are modern. Many have been printed. 500 Gaelic proverbs. 46 Gaelic riddles.

'I have copied the following named poems' which I send to you per post:—

1. Bàs Fhraoich.
2. Cath Mhànuis, and
3. Bàs Osgair.

'I also copied out of the said MS. a song composed to Mc Pharlain of Arrochar by a Lochlomond's side Bard. It appears to be a very old song. Although it was composed by a Lochlomond's side Poet, some of the words are now so much out of use, that I do not suppose, that there is one person of the natives of Lochlomond side who can understand them. The song appears to have been an old one when it was wrote by Eobhan Mc Diarmaid in the year 1769, as he considered some of the words in it obsolete even at that time, and wrote an explanation of them at the foot of the page, which I copied, and sent with the song. I also kept a copy of the said song to myself. The words in the modern songs of Arrochar require no explanation.

'I am your obedient Servant,

'JOHN DEWAR.'

The Ossianic Ballads are of the usual kind. The local song will serve as a sample of the collection.

Oran Fonn air Mac Pharlain an Arair, a channadh le Bard Loimonach.—

1

Mhic Pharlain an Arair
Lamh adh-mòhr an Einich,¹
Fhir as fial re h-Ealaibh,
Bith tu riar gach Fìle.

2

Mhic fhir-gbhc fhear amhail,²
Leis an diolar Scoilaidh,³
Laoich chròdh nach crìon Aine,
Na Nis buaine t-Onoir.

3

Theid t-Eineach¹ s do naire,⁴
Thar Fìneach a's uine,
Gach Fìle 'g rach sud
Gu sìrhear 's noch diùltar.

¹ A good name. ² Equally wise. ³ Men of learning.

⁴ Modestly.

b

4

Òlar Fion a' do Bhaile,
Siomad Clìar s' luchd Ealaoidh
Air Chlar-Dìsle¹ s' Fo-rainn,²
T' air Mhìrann teachd a' d' Choinne.

5

Laoich theirin dheis luth-mhor,
G' am fùigheadh³ Beachd adh-mhor.
Is Sluagh teachd fa d' Luchairt,
Le Buaidh clereich o d' Naimhaid.

6

'N cur Ruaig dhuts gu dàna,
D' an Dualghas bhith clùitach
Sud gheibhteachd a' d' Chòirse,
Treun laochraidh ìhorb lùth-mhor

7

S iomad Gear lann thana,
Lamh a's laidir buille,
Cinn-bheirt clumhdaidh chorraich,
Dhol an Tùs do Choimeisg.

8

'N am Troid b' e t-Aither,
Cuirp a bhith fa Ùthar,
T iodhach bhith 'g a' caitheadh,
'S Fir ag lùbadh Iubhair.

9

S an Ghreis Ghabhaidh gheibhteachd
Do 'n Mheas chùraidh Ùbhall.
Laoich chròda sar-lamh dheas,
Ag iomart na 'n Luith-chleas,

10

Do d' Naimhdhìbse b' sithreach,
Dol an dàil do Choi-meisg.
'N cur a Bhlaire ann Taineag
Dhoibh bu nàr an Turas.

11

T-òighre Deadh mhac Dhonnachaidh,
Lamh ghleusta air Fiodhaidh,
Fear nach maidhin⁴ o 'n Ar-fhaich,
Sluagh nach d' fhuiling Iompach.

12

Le 'm bui' near Buaidh Chosgair,
Re Guala Rìgh sheàsamh.
'S maith an gnìomh s' an Cosna,
Gun Eagal roimh Ghabhadh

13

'N am Loidraidh na 'm Faobhar,
Na h-Araraich dhàna,
Nach iarr Barant Saoghail,
Lasair Cholg do b' ait leo.

14

Dol gu garbh an Toital,
Srann do Phìob air Faiche,
Fìr le 'n diolthar Crosan,
Or pealls e dearg-lasta,
Am Barr Crainn Eang shioda,

15

Is G'arbh-laochraidh spàrta,
Ann Scabal teann dìonach,
B' i Miann a Mhùc adh-mhor,
Oirceadh a bhì lion-mhor.

16

Ag iomart an Taith-phleasg
Am Proinn-lios an Thìona,
Cho 'n iunsear Beachd m' aine,
Air Ar-munn na Firinn,
Do Shìolach na 'm Flath e.
S do Fhreamh na 'n Rìghre

17

S e chualas mar Aithris
Ag Ealaidh gach Tìre.
Air teachd clum do Uhaile
Nach b' Ainnis an Diola.

Nois ort-sa Thriath 'n Arair,
Thog mi Caith-reim na Firinn
Is gu bu cian maireann
Do Bhain-cheile ghnìomhach

18

Cho Bhaoghal na Fir
'S am Faoghar á Muigh
Ta 'n Tàrar air fement T-ean,
Chur Faobliar am Fuil,
Cho teotha Buill, ùird
Air Imin na 'm Bolg
Na iomairt an Euilg
Air Mìre le Feirg.

Marbh ram do Aindrea Mac Pharlain, Fear na Tul-
laich iar dh' a mhaoin a stroigh le misg. A chàir-
dean fhaighinn ann ùras air. s an sin bhrist e, ach
lean e iar bhì nu mhisgear Iar a chantainn le Atlasdair
Mac Pharlain Ministear an Arair.

FOIBH an Leac-lìghidh so gun suim
Tha Glutaidh-pàrteach air a dhruim,
B' fhearr gu 'n robh e an sin o chian,
'S iomad fulachd chaidh na bhian.
Dh' òl e an Tullaich s' sroin Mhèilcan
An Tom-buidhe, Fionnairt s' an Ainibh,
Shluig e an Goirtean s' a coil,
Chreach e na h-Ionnragain le foill.
Dogan Gearrain, s' seisear mhairt,
Dh' òl e an Tairbeairt a chasa a thart,
Dh' òl e an Tigh-bheachdadan na crùn
Bu trie sgeith air gu a dha shùil.
Chuir e a Mhaoin an leann s' an dram,
Gus gu 'n deach an stùrd na cheann.

TEXTS H. I.

Kennedy's 1st, 1774 to 1780. II. 4,448 } 8,908 lines.
,, 2nd, 1774 to 1783. I. 4,460

In II. are 1,164 lines which have no equivalents
in I.

In the 2nd collection (I.) are 760 lines which are not
in the 1st; together 1,924 and 3,492 repeated = 5,416
lines, roughly calculated.

The following works are referred to in this notice:—

1. 1512 &c. Texts A. to I. Gaelic.
2. 1759 &c. Mac Pherson's publications. English and Gaelic.
3. 1760 Mr. Mac Lagan's collection. Gaelic.
4. 1780 Dr. John Smith's Gaelic Antiquities. English and Gaelic.
5. 1786 Walker's Irish Bards. English and Irish.
6. 1786 Kennedy's Book of Hymns. Gaelic.
7. 1789 Dr. John Smith's Sean Dana. Gaelic.
8. 1805 Dr. John Smith's Letters and Kennedy's Collection as referred to in the Report on Ossian, together with Remarks by Dr. Donald Smith.
9. 1834 Kennedy's Second Edition of his Hymns.
10. 1852 Drummond's Irish Minstrelsy.

On the title-page of I. is written—
'Kennedy's Ancient Poems belong to the High-
land Society of Scotland. 2nd collection divided in
two volumes bound in one.'

As appears from Reid's 'Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica,'
page 75, Duncan Kennedy, in 1786, printed a col-
lection of Gaelic Hymns in two vols., 12mo., pp. 84
and 64. He was schoolmaster at Kilmelford in
Argyll, and afterwards accountant in Glasgow; when
Reid wrote he was living at Loch Gilthead on Loch-
fyne. The hymns were composed by persons named.
30 to 41 were translated from the English by the
person who collected and transcribed the whole.
There is no mention of Kennedy's name on the title-
page of the only copy of this book that I have been
able to see. It has been considerably knocked about,
and has no cover. It belongs to Mr. Neil Campbell,
bookseller, Lurgan, Ireland, who was kind enough to
lend it to me at the request of Mr. Sinclair, Argyll
Street, Glasgow, and to the owner it has been re-
turned. The book is correctly described by Reid. My
chief object in seeking it was to compare Kennedy's
own avowed Gaelic translation from English with his
manuscript collections which purport to be orally

¹ Jackgammon. ² Chess. ³ Capable of.

⁴ Not to lag behind.

made. Having read both, I find that the metre of Hymn 30 differs from that of the Heroic Ballads, but approaches sufficiently near to show that the author was familiar with popular poetry which Fletcher (F.) and others also collected about this time. The metre of 31, 32, 33, 34 differs materially. 35, 'How doth the little busy bee,' imitates the rhythm of the original English.

DR. WATTS. SONG XX.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry opening flow'r!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

1786. KENNEDY. P. 140.

AN ADHAIDH DIOMHANAIS.

- 1 Cia glic ata am beacham meanbh!
Le geimneach is le stuain,
Ag trusadh meala fea' an la,
As gach blàth 's aille snuagh.
- 2 Cia h-eolach a theg as i stè
Gu seolt le ceir a suas?
Ag tionail Ionmhuis measg an fheoir,
Is loin air son an fhuachd!
- 3 Gu surdoil grundoil saothraicheams',
Daenan mar i fein;
Oir dhealbh an Diubhal eile o chian,
De 'n diomhanach gun fheum.
- 4 Ann leubbadh slaintè 's an dea' gnàs
Do ghnàth biom seasmhach, huan;
Chum is gu d' thugainn suas faidheoidh,
'S gach lo, dea' chuntas uan.

AGAINST IDLENESS.

Close translation.

- 1 How wise is the tiny bee!
With frugality and abstinence,
A-gathering honey through the day
From each flower of most beauteous hue.
- 2 How knowingly she builds a stance
Cunningly up with wax,
A-gathering riches, amongst the grass,
And meals for the time of cold.
- 3 Merrily, wisely let me work,
Even as she herself;
For the Devil devised ill of old
For the useless idler.
- 4 In wholesome reading and worthy ways
Let me ever steadfastly endure,
So that I might give up thence
Each day my good account.

The language is vernacular Scotch Gaelic, with such words as 'Credim' here and there, to show the influence of the language of the Gaelic Bible of that date, which tended towards 'Irish,' or was Irish in dialect. Hymn 40 has something of the rhythm of Dr. Smith's Gaelic and Mac Pherson's Ossian.

VERSE III.

No mar bhòtha-frois an la
Mar sgaile, no mar cheò
No mar bhoisgeadh grein air fair
A dealradh ro' dhu noeil.

IV.

Air aonach mar na tuiltidh uisg,
Gun tuisleadh dol na leum;
No mar cheathach air barr bhèann,
No cloch le geann na reias.

41 is like the rest. Having shown these hymns to Dr. Mac Lauchlan of Edinburgh, who happened to be with me when this book came, he said that there was nothing in Kennedy's hymns to distinguish them especially from others of their class. In this copy the names of authors to whom hymns are attributed on page 7 are written in manuscript at the pages, and some others are attributed to authors, of whom one was 'The Wife of Barra.'

The 27th is supposed to be old; the 29th is by 'Daibhidh Mac Ealair;' the 24th by Bishop Carswell of Cill Martin. He published the first printed Celtic book in 1567, of which only one perfect copy exists. There is nothing in Hymn 24 to distinguish it from the rest. In eleven quatrains it describes for a blue-eyed boy the funeral which will be his, and bids him fear. One line in the sixth verse has been taken from a popular tale regarding Cuchullin, or both drew the idea from a common source.

'Druim do thighe ri cuinnin do shroine.'

'The ridge of thine house, at the bridge of thy nose.'

27 is most like an old ballad in style, rhythm, and structure. It is a short dramatic legend, in which Herod, the Virgin 'Muir,' &c., speak. Out of nine verses six are put into the mouths of characters in this rhythmical Christian legend.

Hymn 29 was printed by Gillies, of Perth, in the same year 1716, pp. 14, 120 lines. Kennedy's version has 132 lines. On reading them together, these versions differ in the same manner and proportion as the Heroic Ballads do in the texts quoted above.

Kennedy and Gillies printed the same hymn in the same year; they both get it from oral recitation, as they say, and so it appears on comparing their works. They had no common manuscript from which they copied; they did not copy each other. One printed in Glasgow, the other in Perth, and both found the same hymns orally preserved, but *carelessly repeated*. Each version has something which the other lacks, so that both fused would make a longer and a better version of 'Davy Mac Kellar's Hymn.' In 33 quatrains it gives an outline of the Old and New Testament story, from the Creation to the Day of Judgment. The first nine, addressed to the Creator, describe creation; to 19 they tell the story; 20 is addressed to hearers, who are bid to believe; 33 is a prayer for grace. The whole is popular in that it tells this sacred story in dramatic form.

In March, 1834, Kennedy printed a second edition of these Hymns, with tracts on the Reformation and on the invasions of Argyllshire by Col. Mac Donnell and his son Alexander with the 'Atholonians.' The book was vouched by the signatures of Norman MacLeod, D.D., and John MacLaurin, at the request of Duncan Kennedy. He added short memoirs of the authors of the hymns, and at page 93 a memoir of Bishop Carswell. Alluding to the Bishop's notice of Heroic traditions current in 1567, at page 95, Kennedy says, 'This is certainly one great evidence (along with many others promulgated) from a pious prelate, that Mac Pherson did not (as has been alleged by many able critics) fabricate the whole of "Ossian's Poems" from tales and legends, but also from songs' . . . Of the ancestry of Fionn (styled by Mac Pherson *Fingal*), according to our traditional rhymes and tales, the best evidence we have to rely on runs poetically thus:—

"'Fionn Mac Cuthaill, Mac Luthaich, Mac Treannor
Is cian on thuinich a shiunear air righeachd na
h-Eireann."

'This is the way the ancestry of Fingal has been for ages repeated and preserved by our forefathers. . . .
'Luthach signifies a *Leinstrian* and *Mithach* a *Munstrian*, which terms or patronymics are frequently met with in the "Poems of Ossian" . . . He goes on to

say that Luthach, descended from the King of Leinster, commanded the Irish and Caledonian militia with *Moirna*, second in command.

Cuthall, his son, succeeded, and on his demise *Fiom*, his son, commanded the seven 'Cathana na Feinne.' 'It is believed by all oralists and reciters of these tales and poems that Fingal was born in *Scotland*, and possessed the north and west of the kingdom from *Dundee* forward to *Stirling*, *Duntreith*, *Dunbarton*, and to the *Mull of Kintyre*, which they defied the Roman legions to conquer.' After more in the same strain, he tells the Story of the Battle of Gabhra, and says, page 98:—

'Fergus goes on with this rapid and tragic rhyme a considerable length before his father, in which he enumerates all the characters of note, and leaders of tribes who fell in this lamentable battle. From hence they moved to the field of battle to get the dead buried, and carried *Oscar's* corpse to *Tara* (properly *Teamhra*, which Mr. Mac Pherson calls *Temora*) to be buried.'

These extracts and Kennedy's own collection of poems (except as to the Romans) coincide with current oral traditions (p. 103). He sold his collection for £0L. to the Highland Society. At p. 102 he gives a list of poems which Alexander Mac Larty, an aged man, who lived in Craignish about 1774, could then sing. He wrote them, but through various causes they were lost. There was no copy of this book in the British Museum in June, 1872. I had never seen a copy till Mr. Neil Campbell was good enough to send me one from Lurgan. A copy used to be in Islay with an inscription which tells a sad tale. It ran thus:— 'I bought this book for half a crown from the author in Glasgow, as an act of charity, being moved thereto by his shabby genteel appearance.' Shabby genteel charity was the national reward of good honest work. Mac Pherson also found that honesty was not a paying policy, and he lies in Westminster Abbey.

Kennedy, the author of these books, was for nine or ten years an industrious collector of Heroic Gaelic Ballads. His collections were bought by the Highland Society in 1806 for 20L. The manuscripts are in the Advocates' Library in 1872. I had them copied, and they are printed below.

The first collection is marked thus: 'This is the first collection.' The other collection is divided into 'two volumes bound in one.' At the end is this note: 'This is the only volume which Mr. Kennedy gave to Dr. Smith, and which contains only one verse of "Bas Dhiarmaid," and 31 of "Urnigh Oisein."'

The first collection now begins with page 3 of an introduction, which is misplaced in binding. The language is one of the best specimens extant of English as spoken by Scotch Highlanders. At page 8 the schoolmaster got hold of some book upon the Ossianic controversy, or got some one to write a grand essay upon the 'Poems of Ossian.' He returns to his own language farther on, and ends with another 'elegant extract.' This introduction tells the Fenian story as it was told in Text A. 250 years before. The fine writing does not apply to this Gaelic at all.

On the back of page 98 is this note: 'Edinburgh, 28th January, 1806. This is the manuscript mentioned as manuscript 3rd in the list of Gaelic poems and relative letter and certificates to Henry Mackenzie, Esq., dated 27th inst., and this day certified by me and given to the Highland Society of Scotland. (Signed) DENCAN KENNEDY.'

This MS. contains 181 pages.

The following are lists of contents copied from page 14 of the 1st collection, pp. 98—106 2nd. followed by a list of persons from whom Kennedy collected the poetry:—

Contents of Kennedy's First Collection, page 14.

Advocates' Library, Nov. 25, 1871.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

It is to be noted that these lists are not arranged with any reference to continuity in the story.

THE CONTENTS.

No.		Verses.	P. K's MS.
1.	The best day that the Heroes ever fought	62	1
2.	How Manus, King of Denmark, came to take away Fingal's wife and his dog by force	75	11
3.	How Maighri Borla, the son of the King of Sorneha, was killt of Goll	31	22
4.	How they got victorious arms from a Smith, who was enchanted by the King of Denmark	23	27
5.	How six persons who went from Fingal to lift taxes from all the kings, or else to keep war with him	15	31
6.	How Cron nan Chnamb killt Sgiathan, the son of the King of Scairbh	15	33
7.	How Goll fall a hundred of the Clana Boaisge in wrestling	17	36
8.	How Fingal and Goll cast out hunting the Lenna	33	38
9.	How Liur made peace between Fingal and Goll	32	43
10.	How Bran killt the Black Dog	21	48
11.	How an Inchanter with his wife and child came to keep war with the Heroes	30	51
12.	How Rochd was killt by the Heroes	11	55
13.	How Fingal, with six of his nobles, were enchanted to go to keep war with Clan Chuilgadan in the Golden Hills	22	59
14.	How Silhan came to kill Fingal	9	62
15.	How a Spirit came in the night-time to kill Fingal and the best of his Heroes	15	64
16.	How a Charmer came to the Heroes named Hard-Seul to sing a timbrel to them	15	
17.	The best day that the Heroes ever hunted	17	69
18.	How Ossian praiseth a woman he had seen in the night, though he was in a deep sleep (Torn out)	18	72
19.	How Caoilte killed a Fairy, who was in the shape of a wild Boar	26	73
20.	How Caoilte killed a Giant	32	78
21.	How Dearg was killt by Goll	64	83
22.	How Conn, the son of Dearg, came to revenge his father's death on the Heroes who was killt by Goll	45	92
23.	How Fingal got Grainne to wife, and the way she went away with Diarmaid (Prose and verse)	22	100
24.	How Oscar and Diarmaid kept war with Fingal in Newry	53	107
25.	How Diarmaid was killt	86	116
26.	How Goll died	72	128
27.	How Garay and the Heroes' women died	38	140
28.	How Oscar was killt	145	145
29.	A Dialogue passed between St. Peter and Ossian	71	168
30.	The Heroes' Lament	17	170

Verses, 1,112. Lines, 4,418.

THE CONTENTS.

(2nd Collection. Vol. I.)

	Gaelic.	Beurla.	Page.
1.	Ferguin, Dan . . .	Ferguin, a Poem . . .	1
2.	Manus, Dan . . .	The Invasion of Magnus . . .	10
3.	Maire-borb, Dan . . .	Maireborb, a Poem . . .	21
4.	Carthonn, Dan . . .	The Defeat of Carthonn . . .	26
5.	Sliabh nam Beann Fionn . . .	The Fair Hills . . .	29
6.	Bas Dhearg . . .	The Death of Darg . . .	31
7.	Bas Chnann . . .	The Death of Con . . .	40
8.	Liur Dan . . .	King Lear . . .	46
9.	An Leana . . .	Conflict of Lena . . .	51
10.	Dun an Oir . . .	The Golden Hill . . .	56
11.	An Cu Dubh . . .	The Black Dog . . .	60
12.	Gleann Dianhair . . .	The Solitary Vale . . .	63
13.	Conall . . .	Conal revenging the Death of Cuchulin . . .	66
14.	Bas Chiuinloich . . .	The Death of Conlach . . .	74

THE CONTENTS.

(2nd Collection. Vol. II.)

	Gaelic.	Beurla.	Page.
15.	Bas Dhiarmaid . . .	The Death of Dermid . . .	91
16.	Bas Chuirill . . .	The Death of Curil . . .	117
17.	Bas Ghuill . . .	The Death of Gull . . .	121
18.	Bas Gharabh . . .	The Death of Garf . . .	131
19.	Bas Oseair . . .	The Death of Oscar . . .	137
20.	Tuiridh nam Fiann . . .	The Fingalian's Lament . . .	157
21.	Bas Oisein . . .	The Death of Ossian . . .	161

Names of persons by whom the foregoing Poems of Ossian have been repeated by way of oral tradition to Duncan Kennedy, beginning his First Collection of these poems in 1774, and ending in 1783.

1. Donald Mac Taggart, at Culgalt, near Tarbart, Kintyre.
2. John Morrison, Kilduglan, near Lochgilphead, Glasaic.
3. Alex. Ferguson, Auchnashehich, near Kilmichael, commonly called Alistir Gasta.
4. Alex. Mac Larty, Coranbeg Craignish, known by the name of Alistir Mac Iain.
5. Nicol Mac Intyre, Polundreich, Lorn, near Kilniver.
6. John Mac Dougal, Duninaran Lochavich, and his brother Allan, known by the name of Alain Bun nan Oran, Parish of Dalavich.
7. John Mac Phail, Barglenmore, Parish of Kilniver.
8. Malcolm Mac Phail, Parish of Kilmelford.
9. Mac Phee, from Glenforsa in Mull, residing in the Island of Belnahway, near Easdale.
10. John Mac Lean, from the Island of Egg, a strolling beggar, nicknamed *Prionsa on Lin*.
11. Donald Mac Phee, in Glenforsa, in the Island of Mull.
12. Hugh Mac Callum, Smith, Island of Belnahway.
13. Niel (Ban) Mac Larty, a fiddler in Craignish, formerly from the Island of Luing.
14. Gilbert Mac Arthur, Kilmichael, Glasric.
15. John Mac Lean, Duscig Ardgoor, near to Fort William.
16. John Cameron, commonly called Iain Mac Alain, near ditto ditto.
17. Mary Cameron, or Mari Nighean, Eoghain, near High Bridge.

And many other persons that D. Kennedy met with in different journeys through Morven, Smuart, and Lochaber, whose names he does not recollect, they being chiefly old and obscure, and from their age he thinks few are at this time in life.

DUNCAN KENNEDY.

Edinburgh, 28th January, 1806.

This is the manuscript mentioned as Manuscript 2nd in the list of Gaelic Poems, and relative letter and certificates to Henry Mac Kenzie, Esq., dated 27th inst, and this day certified by me and given to the Highland Society of Scotland.

DUNCAN KENNEDY.

The 2nd collection, orally made or transcribed between 1774 and 1783, as certified 1785 and 1806, consists of two volumes bound in one cover. It belongs to the Highland Society of Scotland, and is preserved in the Advocates' Library, where I read it in Nov., 1871.

On page 90 is this note:—

'Kilbrandon, 30th of May, 1785.—That these poems, as they appear in eighty-nine preceding pages, were transcribed or collected by Mr. Duncan Kennedy is attested by, (signed) 'John Macfarlane, Assist. Minr.—Edinburgh, 23rd January, 1806. This is the manuscript mentioned on Manuscript 1st in the list of Gaelic Poems, and relative letter and certificates to Henry Mackenzie, Esq., dated 27th inst, and this day certified by me, and given to the Highland Society of Scotland. (Signed) 'DUNCAN KENNEDY.'

On page 166 is this note: 'That the above poems were transcribed or collected by Mr. Duncan Kennedy as they appear in the preceding pages is certified by John Macfarlane, Assist. Minr.—Kilbrandon, 30th of May, 1785.'

On the next page is the list of the people from whom the poems were orally collected.

In both collections the poems are headed by 'Arguments.'

These are equivalent to prose stories which are usually told with poems of this class.

'Fionn,' who appears as an Irish hero, and commander of the Fenian throughout both collections, is once called '*Fionnigeall*' in Gaelic. He is translated '*Fingal*' throughout in English. In two verses are references to '*Morven*,' or '*Morbheann*,' or '*a Mhorairn*.' Other verses are suspiciously Biblical. After 13 or 25 years Kennedy had followed Mac Pherson's lead so far. But the collection was not much altered in the second MS. He was firmly convinced, as many of his class still are, in 1871, that the Heroes and their Poet really lived and sang. He seems to have believed that Mac Pherson translated from better ballads which he had collected.

MAC PHERSON'S OSSIAN.

Dr. Smith's brother and the Committee of the Highland Society quoted Kennedy, to prove Mac Pherson's authenticity in 1805, before they printed Mac Pherson's text. The following note is stuck in

at page 1 of the 2nd collection:—'Mr. Macdonald compared together this copy of Kennedy of a poem called by Mac Pherson in his Ossian "The Battle of Lora," and by Maclaggan of Blair-Athole "Teanntach mòr na Feine," and the translation of Mac Pherson and original of Ma laggan, and found them to correspond in a number of passages, especially Kennedy and Maclaggan.' It appears from a letter written by Mac Pherson to Mr. Maclaggan, dated Edinburgh, January 16, 1761 (printed p. 154, "Report on Ossian," J. F. C.), that Maclaggan's copy had been communicated to Mac Pherson, though the latter chose to reject and alter many passages of it in his translation, or perhaps reject it altogether, and translate from a different copy. In the letter alluded to, and written before the appearance of Mac Pherson's translation of the works of Ossian, that gentleman expressed himself thus:—"I was favoured with your letter inclosing the Gaelic Poems, for which I hold myself extremely obliged to you. *Duan a Ghiarbh* is less poetical and more obscure than *Teanntach mòr na Feine*. The last is far from being a bad poem, were it complete, and is particularly valuable for the ancient manners it contains, &c." "Mr. Kennedy's copy appears to be the most complete of the three. The message sent by *Boemhinu* to *Erragon* is more fully detailed, and in better poetry than in Mr. Maclaggan's copy. But the substance of both is the same. The poem itself has not much merit, being surpassed by many in Kennedy and Maclaggan's collections. It merits attention, however, as throwing light upon Mac Pherson's mode of collecting and translating the works which came in his way that were attributed to Ossian.

'Vid. Maclaggan's collection towards the end. Letter No. 2.'

Maclaggan's Collection.—Mr. Maclaggan's collection was made before 1760 (p. 153; 'Report on Ossian,' Appendix X.), and included ballads, of which Dr. Smith translated samples. (12th April, 1708 p. 80, op. cit.) These are bits of '*Manus*,' which are shown to be 'translated' by Mac Pherson in '*Fingal*' (154, op. cit.) The Minister of Amulrie in 1761 had '*taken pains to restore the style*' of Ossian, but he did not alter the samples quoted from '*Manus*.' The equivalent passages in the Gaelic of 1807 seem to be translations from the English paraphrase.

The 'Report of the Highland Society,' 1805, gives extracts from Kennedy's collection, and a comparison of versions printed by Miss Brooke in 1789, four years after the last date upon Kennedy's 2nd collection, also letters from Dr. John Smith of Campbellton.

From these it appears (p. 75) that the Doctor, who was a native of Glenorquhay, and lived there till 1766, identified the Gaelic of '*Clann Usuohain*' with Mac Pherson's English '*Darthula*,' '*Bàs Oseair*' with part of '*Temora*,' &c. &c. He thought that the liberties taken by Mac Pherson in translating were no more than Dr. Smith himself thought allowable (p. 70) on January 31, 1798. Kennedy's poems are in this volume and may be compared with Mac Pherson's and Smith's.

Dr. Smith's Collection.—A note quoted from Kennedy's 1st collection refers to an action for a share of profits which Kennedy the schoolmaster long threatened to bring against Dr. John Smith, the Minister of Kilbrandon, for publishing in 1780 what he called 'translations of his collection of poems.' The Doctor (writing to Mr. Mackenzie June 21, 1802, p. 89, 'Report on Ossian') denies that he translated from Kennedy's collection. His learned work includes a history of the Druids of Caledonia, a dissertation on the authenticity of Mac Pherson's Ossian, and a collection of poems translated from the Gaelic of 'Ullin,' 'Orran,' 'Ossian,' &c., all dedicated by John Smith to the Gaelic Society of London. The learned author said of the collector, 'On observing the beauty of one or two passages in one of these poems (I forget which), the person who gave it to me as an ancient

¹ I have not found this collection. April, 1872.

poem said these were his own compositions. This assertion I placed to his vanity.' The author further says that he had no profits from his own work.

The English translation of 1789 is a manifest imitation of Mac Pherson's English of 1760.

The notes contain quotations from ballads, of which versions are in Kennedy's collection, pp. 189, 190, 193, 197, 247, 249, 261, 263, 265, 284, 294, 300, 307, 326.

Smith's 'Sean Dana.'—In 1789 Dr. John Smith printed 5,335 lines of Gaelic poetry. In his advertisement, dated 1788, he says plainly, 'These poems were for the most part taken down from oral recitation.' But he adds that he made them up from 'editions' and 'copies,' by which he seems to mean 'versions.'

Walker's 'Irish Bards.'—Dr. Smith quotes J. C. Walker ('Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards,' London, 1786, 4to. 636 i. Brit. Must.), who had quoted Dr. Smith's previous work of 1870 at pp. 22 and 39. Of it—not of the Gaelic book—the Irish author said:—

'I have taken those passages from Dr. Smith's poems, because his poems are known to be translations from the *Irish* in many instances.' P. 20.

'Dr. Smith has freely and elegantly translated a poem on the death of Dermid, entitled *Mar Mharbh Diarmaid an Torc Níche*.' P. 30.

On referring to Walker, the words are *Mar Mharbh Diarmaid an Torc Níche*, and special reference is made to Smith's own book as the authority for the statement.

At page 16 Mac Pherson's Ossian is also quoted to support Walker's arguments about Irish customs in early times.

At page 111 are 200 lines of the Irish '*Laoi Na Seilge*,' of which another version is in Miss Brooke's Text N., and yet another is freely translated into English verse in 'Ancient Irish Minstrelsy,' by W. H. Drummond (Dublin, 1852, 12mo., 11,595, f. Brit. Mus.)

Walker quoted Keating, Vallancy, and other Irish authorities, and seems to have been torn between a strong desire for the Irish authenticity of Mac Pherson and Smith, restrained by a wish to deny their Scotch authenticity. He quotes both books as authentic for his Irish purposes, and repudiates them both as Scotch forgeries.

As Smith quoted Walker's quotations from his own works, he accepts the conclusion; and we are bound to believe that he translated freely from ballads common to Ireland and Scotland collected orally in Scotland.

Kennedy, living in the same district and parish, collected orally 644 lines of the metrical Story of Diarmaid, Text H., which he gave to the Minister, and he wanted to sue him for using his manuscript without acknowledgment.

In 1789 Dr. Smith said plainly at page 99 that the poem of Diarmaid, as then commonly told, was 'absurd' and 'extravagant,' and that he had separated the dross of the 15th century from the more precious ore of former ages. Kennedy's Diarmaid is at p. 153, and may be compared with Smith's poem.

If Walker was deceived there is no wilful deception in Dr. Smith's work, unless it was self-deception to imagine that the result of these operations was authentic old poetry. On comparison of Texts A. to I. with Dr. Smith's version of Diarmaid, it turns out that Dr. Smith printed four or five out of 644 lines which were orally collected by Kennedy, in his Diarmaid of 331 lines, refined from the dross of the 16th century, as it existed in Text A., 1512, and in the rest of these texts. In the whole of Dr. Smith's 5,335 lines I can only identify a few lines with older texts. The poems seem to me new work of a single mind, built upon old ruins.

May 25, 1812, Mac Lachlan of old Aberdeen, who was a famous scholar, wrote:—'The Dargo and Conn of the late Dr. Smith appear to be compositions of his own, and have nothing common to the productions of genuine antiquity.' ('Manuscript Abstracts,' Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.)

I will not venture beyond that which Dr. Smith openly avowed. He says that this 'precious ore of former ages' contains 'many examples of whatever is beautiful or sublime in composition,' but it is certain that the refined amalgam sublimed and compounded is so exceedingly rare that no specimen of it is known to exist anywhere outside of Dr. Smith's book 'Sean Dana.'

I therefore leave Dr. Smith's 5,335 lines of refined Gaelic, and print from Kennedy's 5,416, with other texts which remain in the rough. The Doctor had 4,448 lines of Text H. six years before he published his translations, and fifteen before he printed 'Sean Dana.'

The stories in Kennedy's arguments and ballads, and quotations from the ballads themselves, are in Dr. Smith's notes, together with quotations from all manner of books.

Conclusion.—Dr. Smith aptly compared the Ossianic controversy to the knightly quarrel about the shield. I have tried to look at all sides of the shield; I have read

Mac Pherson's	10,232 lines
Smith's	5,335 ..
Clark's Morlubb	330 ..
	15,897 ..

besides 54,000 lines of Ballads.

I find four or five distinct sets of poetry existing about 1789. Mac Pherson, Clark, and Smith each found collections which bear the stamp of a single mind, which nobody else ever found anywhere out of their respective books; but the whole lot are founded upon the same traditional Scots-Irish history.

Kennedy and others, from A. to I. found versions of Heroic Ballads and Hymns orally preserved, which others found about the same time elsewhere.

Dr. Smith's brother Donald afterwards helped to edit Mac Pherson's manuscript in 1807, and many people in Scotland still believe implicitly, confidently affirm, and assert with strong language that Ossian composed these 'Ossian's Poems' in the time of the Romans.

In 1871 a Bard composed a Gaelic song in honour of a royal bride, and sent it with a metrical English translation of his own. The original and the translation had as much to do with each other as the opera and story of William Tell. I can therefore understand why Kennedy accused Dr. Smith of 'translating' his manuscript; why Smith, Mac Pherson, and Stone called their own wild paraphrases 'translations,' while all Scotland and Ireland declared in chorus that these wild paraphrases were translations from originals which everybody knew as Scotch or Irish; and why the United Kingdom now laugh at the authenticity of the 'Ossian's Poems' which are known to the world.

LANGUAGE.

In 1779 an Irishman named John * * * * printed a description of the County of Clare in language translated from his own Irish thoughts. It is the only composition known to me which resembles Kennedy's English. He says (p. 44), 'About a mile n.w. of TULLA lies the River of KILLTANNAN and MILLTOWN famous for its ever amazing and elegant Subterraneous Curiosities, called the TO-MINES. They form a Part of the River Midway between KILLTANNAN House and the Castle of MILLTOWN, extending for a space which (from its Invisible Winding Banks and Chrystal Meanders) may reasonably be computed a Quarter of an English Mile; they are Vaulted and Sheltered with a Solid Rock, transmitting a sufficiency of Light and Air by Intermediate Chinks, and Apertures gradually offering at certain Intervals.'

'At each Side of this Elysian-like River, are Roomy Passages or rather Apartments freely communicating One with the Other and scarcely obvious to any Inclemency whatsoever; they are likewise Decorated with a Sandy Beach, level along to walk on, whilst the curious Spectators are crown'd with Garlands of Ivy, hanging in Triplets from the Impending Rocky

Shades: Numbers of the Sporting Game, the Wily Fox, the Wary Hare, and the Multiplying Rabbit, &c., merrily parading in View of their own singular and Various abounding Haunts and Retreats. Ingenious Nature thus Entertains her welcome Visitors from the Entrance to the Extremity of the TOMINES. Lo! when parting liberally Rewarded, and amply Satisfied with such egregious and wonderful Exhibitions, a Bridge or Arch over the same River, curiously composed of Solid Stone, appears to them as a lively Representation of an Artificial one,' &c. &c.

In this florid imitation of a Gaelic tale the writer goes on for 58 duodecimo pages, which make a very curious little book, lent to me by Mr. Staudish O'Grady in July, 1872. This author, like Kennedy, thought in Gaelic.

TEXT J.

Hill's Poems, 1780.

In Reid's 'Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica,' pp. 109 & 166, mention is made of Thomas Ford Hill's Ancient Erse Poems, collected among the Scottish Highlands, in order to illustrate the Ossian of Mr. Mac Pherson, 1784, octavo, pp. 34. No copy is in the British Museum, or in the Advocates' Library, or in Trinity College, or the Bodleian.

The collector was an Englishman who travelled in the Highlands in 1780, and who printed what he gathered, first in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' and afterwards separately. The collection is mentioned at p. 50 of the 'Report on Ossian,' 1805, where it is said that Hill got most of his collection from Mac Nab, a blacksmith at Dalmaly in Argylshire.

The Report mentions:—

1. *Ossian agus an Clairich, or the Battle of Magnus.*
2. *Mac Mharbh Diarmad an Torc.*
3. *Mac Mharbhath Bran.*
4. *Urnigh Ossian.*

A gentleman in the neighbourhood translated these, and Mr. Hill published Gaelic and translation with his own remarks. There can be no question of tampering with the text in his case, for he did not understand Gaelic. The reporters condemn these versions as more corrupt than copies which they had themselves procured, and they point out errors in the translation, and mistakes made by the traveller. In the Appendix No. 8, p. 118, 'Ossian's Prayers,' 144 lines are quoted. In Text A. are 136 lines of a version of 1512—26. At page 139 are Dr. Donald Smith's observations, 23 pages of adverse criticism on Hill's book of 34 pages. In getting Dr. Smith's own authorities, natives of Dalmaly and Loch Awe side, Blair, and Morven, to repeat and to write Gaelic poems attributed to Oisain, and to translate them, this Englishman had invaded the native glen of the brothers John and Donald Smith, the kingdom of Fingal, the country of Ossian, and the stronghold of Mac Pherson. The bold stranger had to be strictly dealt with. His answer might be short and simple now. Of the four poems named by them, the Committee had better versions. In fact, as now appears, Nos. 2 and 4 were in the Text A. (1512). No. 1 was in Text D. (1755). No. 3 was in Text F. (1750). All four were orally collected long before Hill travelled in 1780. His book, with all its errors, was in fact a fair sample of traditional poetry as it has been written in Scotland. The orthography is partly phonetic like Dean Mac Gregor's, partly according to the system of the printed Bible. Any Gaelic reader can understand what is meant, and each poem has its pedigree.

In striving against such a formidable adversary the adverse critic made a great deal of the giant '*Uvarot*.' In 1871 the slaying of *Ubhal-lamhfhad*, a well-known character, who gave Goll a black eye and was smashed with a single blow, was told to me in Uist. All the quotations made by Dr. Smith from Hill are versions of passages in well-known Gaelic ballads.

The critic Dr. Donald Smith demonstrates that Mr. Hill in 1780 collected ballads which all former and later collectors found current; and that he did not

find any of the poems which were printed by Dr. John Smith in 1787, or any of those which were going to be printed in 1807 from Mac Pherson's manuscripts as 'The Poems of Ossian.'

The people who had never heard of Mac Pherson (p. 152) sang in 1780 as they sing now about 'Fion Mac Coul, Mac Trathal, Mac Arslat, Riogh Erin, or King of Ireland, thus attributing the origin of his race to the Irish.'

Dr. Smith says of his Ossian, 'So inveterate a hold has it taken of all the speakers of Gaelic in Scotland, that they regard the defaming of it to be as idle as the defending of it to be unnecessary.'

'Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis

Oisain eget.'

Text J., its story, and commentary prove that two Poets were in the field—'Oisain,' the hero of tradition, and 'Ossian' of printed books.

In June 1872, I had begun to think that Hill's heretical work had been destroyed. I have failed to discover a copy in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, or Oxford, or anywhere, and I have been driven to the 'Gentleman's Magazine' and to the 'Report on Ossian' for information concerning Hill's collection. Hill's papers can be referred to—Vol. 52 'Gentleman's Magazine,' 1782, p. 570; Vol. 53, Part I., 1783, pp. 53, 142, 399; Part II., 1785, p. 590. He says, alluding to the Ossianic controversy:—

'I do not mean, however, to tax any of Ossian's Highland partisans with direct falsehood; they have all heard that the stories of Mr. Mac Pherson relate to Fingal and his Heroes; they themselves have also often heard songs relating to the same people and ascribed to Ossian, and on this loose basis I fear their testimonies often rest' (p. 571, col. 1). Hill got many songs from Mac Nab, blacksmith, at Dalmally. Those written by a man referred to by Dr. Smith were afterwards translated by Mr. Darroch, tutor to Mac Lean of Scallastel in Mull (vol. liii. p. 53); other songs were otherwise authenticated. 24 verses of the 'Death of Oscar' were recited by a carpenter in Gaelic, at the house of Mac Lean of Drumnannan, in Morven. A daughter of Sir Alexander Mac Lean translated and Hill wrote. His object was to test Ossian. The ballad was identified with Temora. Two verses I do not know: the rest are fair translations of the current ballad. Mr. Hill finished his publication with a short dissertation, July 10, 1783, in which he comes to the same conclusion which I have reached in June, 1872. A list of the collection is with other lists.

TEXT K.

Mac Arthur's Collection. Mull, 1784.

I have only seen quotations made from this collection, which are printed in the first number of the 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.' See Text L.

TEXT L.

Dr. Young's Scotch Collection of Seven Ballads, 1784.

'Antient Gaelic Poems respecting the Race of Fions, collected in the Highlands of Scotland in the year 1784. By M. Young, D.D., M.R.I.A.'

This paper, read April 17, 1786, before the Royal Irish Academy, is printed in the first volume of their Transactions (British Museum, 741, c. 14). The author afterwards became Bishop of Clonfert. He refers frequently to 'Gillies,' a book which was published, according to the publisher's letter, June 15, 1786.

These dates need explanation. In 1784, during an excursion to Scotland, Dr. Young tested the authenticity of Mac Pherson's English Ossian, and collected current Gaelic poetry. He says that he transcribed 'letter for letter from the copies current in the Highlands, except so far as they have been corrected by the edition lately published at Perth.' According to the dates, the book was published in June, three months later.

He says that he was not well acquainted with the language as an excuse for the translation which he gives with the Gaelic text on opposite pages.

He proved that Mac Pherson was not the sole and original author of the compositions which he published as translations of the works of Ossian, because he, during his Scotch excursion, had met with the originals of some of them. Mac Pherson had taken great liberties with them, he said, but he had discovered great ingenuity in these variations. Dr. Young quoted Dr. Smith, who said, in 1780, 'that Mr. Mac Pherson compiled his publications from those parts of the Highland songs which he most approved, combining them into such forms as, according to his ideas, were most excellent, retaining the old names and leading events.' He says, 'He ought to have permitted the world to judge in these cases for themselves; and when he professed himself to be merely a translator, it would seem that he transgressed the limits of his province when he presumed either to add to or to mutilate the originals.'

Dr. Young also quoted Mr. Hill (Text J.). He quoted Gillies (M.), the Perth bookseller, who printed Gaelic sent to him from the Highlands, and the Irish collector corrected his own collection from the Scotch book. He quoted a third Scotch witness—namely, Mac Arthur (K.) the Mull minister—who wrote to a Glasgow professor 'that there were many of the spurious Irish songs wandering through the country, but, to satisfy his scruples, he sent him the four following fragments as extracts from the genuine poems of Ossian' (p. 46).

Mac Arthur's four fragments of the supposed originals of Mac Pherson's translations were identified by him with (1) Fingal, Book V., description of the Fight between Fingal and Swaran; (2) Book V., on the same subject (Clark's Ossian, 1870, vol. ii. p. 50); (3) the third fragment was identified by Mac Arthur with the 'Death of Oscar,' Book I.; Temora (Clark's Ossian, vol. ii. p. 200); the fourth fragment was identified by Mac Arthur with part of the 'Battle of Lora,' for which there is no other Gaelic text. None of Mac Arthur's fragments are in Mac Pherson's Gaelic printed 1807, and none of them are in the latest revised texts.

Mac Arthur's fragments were identified by Dr. Young in 1786 with part of Hill's collection, which Dr. Donald Smith condemned; and with the 'Lay of Magnus the Great.' 'A beautiful copy' of Magnus was then in the library of the University of Dublin. One was afterwards printed in 1789 by Miss Brooke, 197 lines. 'A mutilated copy' was then printed in the Perth edition; namely, in Gillies, 1786, 172 lines. In quantity the difference is 25 lines. The quality is much the same.

Referring to Gillies, from which Dr. Young corrected his own collection, as he says, Mac Arthur's Mull fragments coincide with the Perth edition; thus:—

The first fragment coincides with verses 34—5; verse 34, line 3; and verse 36, lines 2, 3, 4.

The second fragment with verses 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, of 'Comhrag Fheinn agus Mhannis.'

The third of Mac Arthur's fragments is identified with Oscar's death song. The lines are in verses 59, 61, and the first three lines of verse 58. (p. 191 below).

The fourth fragment was identified with a poem preserved in Ireland under the name of 'Oran eador Ailte agus do Maronnan.' There are ten lines. These belong to the ballad of Erragon which is variously named. A version of 59 verses, 236 lines, at page 101 below. I know of seven Scotch versions.

The whole of these ballads were current in 1871 in the Hebrides, and I have collected the whole orally.

In 1786 it rested upon Texts A. to M., and on the testimony of an Irish bishop, an English traveller, the Minister of Mull, a Glasgow professor, a Perth publisher, and Sir James Foulis of Colinton in Scotland, that the Gaelic originals of some passages in Mac Pherson's English Fingal and Temora were parts of certain ballads then current 'in the Highlands of Scotland,' 'in Scotland,' 'in Argyllshire,' in Mull, in Ireland.

But none of these Scotch originals are in the Gaelic printed in 1763, and in 1807 and 1870, as the Gaelic originals of these translations.

Those who call the Ballads 'spurious' and believe in Mac Pherson, can point out that no mention was made by Dr. Young of the seventh book of Temora, which was published in Gaelic 23 years before Dr. Young read his paper before the Irish Academy, which printed his collection of Scotch Gaelic ballads. He said that the Irish character was unknown in Scotland before 1690.

Mac Donald's Islay Charter, now published, writings by the Beaton, &c., prove that he was mistaken. When he said that the Erse was not written, he was not aware that Carswell's Prayer Book was printed in 1567, and that Martin, as late as 1716, and Stone in 1755, called Hebridean and Dunkeld Gaelic 'Irish.' 'Erse' is a local pronunciation of the word 'Irish,' and both words mean one language.

I have collated this collection of Gaelic Ballads current in Scotland in 1784, as printed by the Royal Irish Academy in 1786, with Gillies, printed at Perth June 15, 1786, according to the publisher's letter. They are versions of the same ballads. The book can easily be read, so I do not print Dr. Young's collection or my own notes upon it. A list is given above.

TEXT M.

Gillies, 1786.

'A Collection of Ancient and Modern Gaelic Poems and Songs, transmitted from Gentlemen in the Highlands of Scotland to the Editor. Perth: Printed for John Gillies, Bookseller, 1786.'

This book is rare. In 1872 the writer knows of thirteen copies only. In May, 1861, there was no copy at the British Museum. The book is described at page 72, Reid's 'Bibliotheca Scotto-Celtica,' Glasgow, 1832, as 'very rare.' There are two editions of the 'Advertisement by the Editor,' of even date, June 15, 1786. There seems to be no second edition of the text. Frequent mention was made of this book in Text L., apparently four months before the book was published. It is therefore possible that an earlier edition was printed. If so, I have never seen a copy.

The book contains 24 Heroic Ballads, many of which are in earlier texts. Most of them are orally preserved in fragments, or almost entire, and oral versions occasionally have verses which are not in old written versions.

In 1871 I made a tabular abstract from these ballads, in order to extract their story. 36 names were written in column, and 23 names of ballads headed the table. Where a man's name occurred in a ballad a cross was made opposite to it.

1. Fionn appears in	16 lays.
2. Oisein, his son	13
3. Osgur, his grandson	13
4. Faolan, his son	6
5. Roldine, his son	3
6. Cearall, his son	6
7. Furgall, his son	4
8. Diarmaid, his twin sister's son	6
9. Dhraghlas, or Cwille, his kinsman	4
These are all of one tribe, the Clanna Baoisgne.	
10. Goll, Fionn's rival	12
11. Conan, Goll's brother	6
12. Garaidh, his brother	1

These are all Fians of Eirin, and belong to one period. The remaining 24 chief names occur occasionally. The lays appear as spoken by 'Oisein,' a warrior Bard, who sings the exploits of his own kindred and comrades.

Cuthullin of the red tree appears once in the collection of battle songs. He reappears in the account of the death of his son *Conlaach*, with names which do not appear in the 16 Fenian lays.

Fraoch and the *Children of Usnoch* belong to the story, but to a different part of it, for they appear alone.

These Heroic poems, as got in Scotland, relate to the wars of a military order of 7 battalions, who fought Scandinavians and other foes, who aspired

to reign in Ireland, and who fought each other at odd times. The story coincides with the story of all previous texts quoted above, from A. to M.

The *Dream of Malvina* belongs to a different period, and style, and story altogether. Fionn and Oscar are named in it, but that is all. (See p. 214.)

Mordubh does not even name any one of the 36 Heroes who appear in the lays. It differs from them in every respect, and rests upon the sole authority of Mr. Clark, a land surveyor in Badenoch, for no symptom of *Mordubh* is in any text older than his book.

The English equivalent was printed in 1778—'The Works of the Caledonian Bards, translated from the Gaelic' (200 pages). The Gaelic equivalent for two books of *Mordubh* appeared in 1786 in Gillies. Gaelic, for a third 'book,' appeared in Mackenzie's 'Beauties of Gaelic Poetry,' in 1841, together with 'Gaelic for the Old Bard's Wish,' of 1778. The Gaelic for the rest of Clark's book had not appeared in 1872.

We now arrive at this curious result: Gaelic poetry in Texts A. to M., 1512 to 1786, is collected only to be condemned as spurious; it is not translated, but there it remains, written and printed, genuine popular poetry known to all Gaelic folk, but rejected by the instructed.

English translations appear after 1759, which are followed by equivalent Gaelic, at long intervals, or remain as English works. The Gaelic differs essentially from that which was orally collected, and which is now orally preserved. No one ever repeats it by heart, few ever read it, but it is declared to be the authentic work of very ancient Caledonian Bards. I suppose that it is 'Caledonian' work of Bards who flourished after 1759, and that James Mac Pherson was their leader in 1763 when he printed the 7th book of *Temora*.

TEXT N.

Miss Brooke's Irish Collection, 1789. 988 lines.

Two hundred and seventy-seven years after the Dean of Lismore wrote *Collection A.*; thirty-three years after Jerome Stone of Dunkeld printed a translation of *Fraoch*; thirty years after Mac Pherson's first English publication; nine years after Dr. Smith's 'Book of Translations'; five years after Bishop Young of Clonfert had collected Gaelic ballads in Scotland; three years after the publication by John Gillies, at Perth, of *Text M.*; and two years after the appearance of Dr. Smith's 'Sean Dana,' Miss Brooke, an Irish lady, published a collection of Heroic Poems in Dublin in 1789.

'Irish Poetry: consisting of Heroic Poems, Odes, Elegies, and Songs, translated into English verse, with Notes explanatory and historical, and the originals in the Irish character; to which is subjoined an Irish Tale. By Miss Brooke. Dublin, 1789.'

The book is a quarto of 369 pages, with a preface and table of contents. So far as I know, it is the first printed Irish publication of the kind.

The following list gives the names of the Heroic Poems, and the number of lines in each, with a reference to earlier Scotch texts in which versions of the same ballads exist:—

No.		Lines.	Scotch Lines.
1.	Conloch, p. 165	112	A.2. 104
	The Lamentation of Ceuellen over the Body of his Son Conloch, p. 169	72	
2.	Magnus the Great, p. 271	196	D.9. 188
3.	The Chase, p. 278	334	A.5. 136
4.	Moira Borb, p. 288	160	A.18. 166
5.	War Ode of Osgur, the Son of Oisín, in front of the Battle of Gabhra, p. 296	42	
6.	Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni, p. 298, in a metre which may be divided into 114 or 72 lines	144	A.23.(70.) 141
	Lines of Heroic Verse	1,060	735

Texts A. to M. prove that within a Scotch district, bounded by the Atlantic on the west, and extending

from Caithness by Dunkeld on the east, to the Mull of Cantire, certain metrical stories had been current between 1512 and 1786. Text N. proves that four of the same ballads and the same stories were then current in Ireland, together with a great deal of Irish poetry composed by known Bards, such as Carolan.

It is abundantly proved by existing manuscripts that these Heroic Ballads were current in Ireland.

O'Halloran tells the story of Cuchullin and Conlaach with the date A.M. 3950. The notes explain the story which all the Scotch texts combine to tell. Miss Brooke's work joins Scotch tradition, current wherever Gaelic was spoken, to Scotch-Irish tradition and to the romantic early history of the Celtic tribes.

Yielding to the fashion of her time, Miss Brooke 'translated' some of her collection, so as to make her work an original composition. She tells the story of the ballad, but if Miss Brooke's English were turned into vernacular Irish, the result would differ from the original about as much as the 'Death of Oscar' in *Temora* varies from the old Gaelic ballad in *Text A.* In other cases Miss Brooke keeps close to the Irish text. At the end she chooses a subject from Irish history, and boldly composes 'Maon, an Irish Tale,' in English verse. She speaks in the character of Craiftine, a contemporary of Cobhach, a deceased Bard, who appears to her to tell the tale, and she makes him talk about the Muses and imitate Mac Pherson's *Ossian*; thus:—

'While on each blasting beam their forms
(The sons of death) were reared,
And louder than the mingling storms
The shrieks of ghosts were heard.'

Miss Brooke's honest work is a fair sample of the Gaelic literature of her time. She gives an Irish text (N.) which corresponds to Gillies (M.) She gives a translation from it which corresponds to the translations of Jerome Stone of Dunkeld (E.) She adds a composition of her own which corresponds to Mac Pherson's *Ossian*, and to Dr. Smith's 'Gaelic Antiquities'; but she made no pretences; no Irish equivalent followed on the Tale of Maon. It is the fashion in Ireland now to condemn Miss Brooke's work. It seems worthy of praise, if only because of its honesty and industry, and because it contains *Text N.*, the first of its kind.

After these two publications, M. N., there was a pause in collecting traditional poetry in Scotland. That work began again with renewed vigour under the Committee of the Highland Society, who reported on the authenticity of 'Ossian's Poems' in 1805, and printed them in 1807. A circular containing a series of questions was issued by the Society, and it was answered by clergymen and laymen, of whom the chief contributors are named in the advertisement. Some of the papers were preserved. I found some in the Advocates' Library in 1871, and had some copied. Other collections got into other hands, and of these I have marked one O.

TEXT O.

Irvine's Collection, 1800 to 1808, or earlier. 3,695 lines, or more.

February 17, 1872, Dr. Mac Lachlan of Edinburgh wrote as follows:—'I understand that David Laing, Esq., of the Signet Library, has a large collection of Ossianic Ballads made by the late Mr. Irvine, of Little Dunkeld. I think this worth inquiring about, as the collection would be found to have come from a different part of the country from that you have ransacked.'

19th. Mr. Mac Phail was asked to examine and report on the manuscript. 23rd. He sent a list of the contents. 29th. He was asked to copy the MS. April 4th. He sent the last parcel. 6th. I read the collection and made these notes.

The collection appears to have been orally made about 1801, 2, 4, 8 in Rannoch, Kintail, Loch Tayside,

Glenlyon, Dunkeld, &c., from the recitations of farmers, farm servants, fox-hunters, &c., and from the dictation of one man, at least, who could not read. Copies of certain fragments were got from Mr. Mac Diarmaid of Weem, whose name is mentioned in the 'Report on Ossian,' 1805, and from Captain Morrison of Greenock, who helped Mac Pherson. Some are copied from 'Mac Ivor's MS.' In other cases the poems have no pedigree. One at least seems to come from Mac Pherson's text. The collection seems to be one result of the circular issued by the Committee of the Highland Society. See page 2 of their Report, 1805. The following note at the end of the manuscript shows that some one considered these poems to be evidence in support of the authenticity of Mac Pherson's Ossian. It certainly proves its own authenticity by comparison with the other texts from A. to N.:—There is a collection of Ossianic and other Gaelic poems, by Dr. Irvine of Little Dunkeld, a copy of which has been deposited with the Highland Society of London, which Dr. Smith never saw, and which clearly demonstrates, as many others have affirmed, that poems ascribed to Ossian, Ullin, and others equal in merit to those collected and translated by Mr. Mac Pherson and Dr. Smith, existed in the Highlands. These are written just as collected during a period of nearly forty years, and any competent judge may at once see how old and new poems were mixed together; that is, the attempt made by the successive Bards to supply what was lost, or to model the story so as to please the taste of their hearers. An account of this last collection would of itself furnish an irrefragable evidence that Mac Pherson never could have been the author of the poems which he ascribed to Ossian.—'Edinburgh Encyclopædia,' edited by Brewster, Vol. XVI., Article 'Ossian,' p. 182.

This writer seems to mean the collection copied for me by Mac Phail, and printed below. Mr. Laing, who is the owner of the MS., the Rev. Dr. Irvine's, says he has no objection to its being copied and published. He believes the MS. has been copied from Dr. Irvine's original MS. for Mr. Grant of Laggan, and he understood that it was amongst a lot of books sold by the son of Mrs. Grant some years ago. A list of the contents is given above. Of poetry orally collected in Mac Pherson's country from farmers' servants, fox-hunters, &c.; 3,450 lines are not in Mac Pherson's Ossian; 181 lines are in the Gaelic which was printed in 1807; 49 lines were got from Mac Diarmaid, who was Mac Pherson's schoolfellow, and Captain Morrison, who was his assistant.

A note at the end, apparently by the scribe who copied the manuscript, D. Mc D., says in Gaelic that it was collected by Dr. ('Ollamh') Irvine.

A list of contents is given above; the ballads are incorporated with the text.

Here, at the beginning of a new phrase, let me point to the bearing of these facts.

From Texts A. to N., 1512 to 1789, in fourteen collections, only one sample of Mac Pherson's Gaelic text is known now to exist in manuscript. It is D. 30., 57 lines. See p. 214.

In Text O. are 236 lines, which belong to Mac Pherson's Ossian of 1759, &c., got from his friends and helpers, or from people living in his immediate neighbourhood, by a gentleman who also collected 3,450 lines which are not in Mac Pherson's text. This in 1803. After 48 years, in 1807, appeared 10,232 lines of span new vernacular Scotch Gaelic, equivalent to the English translations, but of which, so far as I can discover, only these 293 lines had ever been found by anybody else anywhere, at any time, up to that date. A great deal of Mac Pherson's English has no Gaelic equivalent now. Thereupon all the old texts from A. to O., which stick together as Scotchmen are said to do, were pronounced to be 'spurious' and 'corrupt,' or 'Irish' versions of the genuine poems of that Scotch Ossian who lived in the time to the Romans, and spoke modern Scotch Gaelic of ancient Caledonians. The genuine papers were

shoved into drawers and forgotten. From that day to this men fight on for their 'Ossian's Poems' as if their own and the national honour were involved in their antiquity, while a different class of men, who have no education, go on spouting the old stuff wherever they dare to delight in such 'lies.'

In all literary history I do not know of a stronger exhibition of human cleverness and gullability, of educated men condemning manifest truth as a lie and sticking to fiction as fact. Over and over again have I wheedled and coaxed old Highlanders to sing old Fenian ballads to me privately, because they dreaded persecution from their neighbours if they told those old lies. Mac Pherson was greater than Ossian, if he earned all the praise lavished upon his author, under a mask, after his own poetry had been condemned. If he deceived all Europe and set critics by the ears for more than a century, he must have been a great man, but that is no good reason for believing his single testimony when opposed to all other evidence of all dates.

TEXT P.

'Ossian's Poems and Music, collected in 1801, 2, 3. By Mac Donald of Staffa. No. 2. No. 18.' A quarto paper MS., in the Advocates' Library.

This collection as it stands is a fair sample of broken tradition. By itself it is not good for much, but sorted with other fragments it can be used in mending other texts. The collection is headed by a preface of which the following is a translation:—

'Foresaid—The little that here follows of the crumbs of the history of the Feinne is now taken in writing from the oral utterance of Donald Mac Lean, who was born in the year fifteen' (1715).

'This man got the greater part of the old lore (Seanachas) from Calum Mac Phail, his grandfather, who made up three score great Nollugs (New Year's Days) and two, in a farm whose name is Rothill in the parish of Toraray.

'By John Mac Mhuirich (or Mac Pherson), schoolmaster, in the Isle of Mull, one of the servants of the honourable Society that is for spreading the knowledge of Christ through the Gaelic and Isles of Alba.' April, 1803.

Page 1. ROMHE-RAITE.

An beagan soi leanas do spruidhleach Eachdraidh na Feinne; Ata nois air a ghabhail ann an sgrìobhadh o bheuldas Dhomhnall Mhìc an Leathain, a ngadh Bliadna cuig deng. Thuair an duimsa chuid a's mo da t-scauachag o Chalum Mac Phail a th' shean-athair sa rinn trì-fhìdh Nolluig mhòr sa dhà ann am Baile gan ainm Rothill ann an Sgiòthreachd Thorasay.

Le Iain Mhac Mhuirich Maighistir—sgoil san Eilein Mhuileach; aon do th' seirbhìsch na euideach Urramich 'ta chum colas Chroisd a sgaoidh feadh Gadhealtachd agus Eileana na h' Albann.

April, 1803.

This scribe thought that he knew better than his uneducated authorities, and altered their stories.

For example, he writes 'Cubhal,' and makes the proper name mean Fionn's mother, apparently because 'handmaid' is the biblical rendering of the word which he spelt. 'Cunall' was the spelling in 1100. 'Cunhall' is the usual orthography, and all other authorities, from the 'Book of Leinster' down to living Mull men, say that Cumhall was the father of Fionn. In particular an old man of 86, who was servant to Mac Donald of Staffa in his youth, told me a great deal of the Fenian story in 1870 and 1871 in Mull, and gave me the usual pedigree.

The use of orthography in support of theory is common to this day.

In Argyll the name of the county is pronounced as if it were spelt *Arghaidheal* (Land of the Gáel).

In the annals of Loch Ce the name was written 'Oirer Gaeidhel.' *Oirer* means a district according to O'Donovan, who quotes a triad.

Deich mbliadna loarn léir bhliadh a bhfaiteas oirir Alban.

Ten years was Loarn (a notable thing) in the office of prince of the district (firiam) of Alba.

Kanter in Danish means coasts.

Some writers wish Argyll to be written *Oirthir Gàidheal*, and explain the name to mean Coast of the Gael; others would spell and pronounce *iar Gàid*, and translate it Western Gàid. The Western Gàid pronunciation '*Coannitire*' as if it meant *head land*. In spite of all this, in 1872 a Highlander spelt *Earr-Gàid* out of his own head, and translated his own orthography *Tail* of the Highlands, because the *head land*, *Coannitire*, and the coast '*Kanter*,' look like the *tail* of a fish on the map. Italy might as well be spelt *Fitalie*, because it is like a foot.

In 1872 I got a copy made of Staffa's manuscript, which is in the Advocates' Library. It contains thirteen fragments. I have placed them with other versions of the same stories and ballads.

P.*

PORT REE, SKYE.—Alexander Campbell, A.M., graduated at the University, and King's College, Aberdeen, in 1788; appointed schoolmaster and catechist at Port Ree by the Committee on the Royal Bounty, after a comparative trial from May 17, 1791. These offices he resigned in December, 1799, having been licensed. Presented to the parish 1799; killed by a fall February 16, 1811, aged 41.—'Fasti Eccles. Scot.,' Part V. This gentleman made a collection of Heroic Gaelic Poetry, which was found in a drawer in the Advocates' Library by Mr. Donald Mac Pherson, on July 17, 1872. A list is with the rest, marked as above. This collection was taken down about 1797, as appears from an affidavit by Duncan Matheson; 4,187 lines.

TEXT Q.

A. and D. Stewart. 884 lines.

'A Collection of the Works of the Highland Bards. Collected in the Highlands and Isles by Alexander and Donald Stewart, A.M., Edinburgh, 1804.' Svo. 2 vols. pp. 600. Referred to by 'Reid,' page 100; by Sir John Sinclair in the notices of Gaelic books appended to Ossian, 1807, Vol. III. It is there said to contain several pieces ascribed to Ossian; amongst others the originals of Mac Pherson's—

1. *Darthula*, for which there is no text of Mac Pherson's;

2. *Conlach and Cuthonn*, &c., 184 lines.

Of 10,232 lines of Mac Pherson's Gaelic texts printed in 1837, these 233 lines were known in 1804; but 651 lines which are not in the text of 1807 were then current, and they belong to the system of Texts A. to Q.

Amongst songs attributed to known Bards which are printed in this collection are numerous references to the Heroes of the Ballads.

The book contains:—

Of Mac Pherson's Text	233 lines
Of Heroic Ballads	651
Of Heroic Gaelic Verse	884

One poem is in the Irish Psalter of Tara, H., C. 15, p. 653, Trinity College, Dublin, but the Irish version is longer and better. It is printed below, p. 151.

TEXT R.

Report of the Highland Society on the Authenticity of Ossian's Poems, 1805. 2,273 lines.

This Report was drawn up by Henry Mackenzie, as Chairman of a Committee appointed by the Highland Society of Scotland to enquire as to the authenticity of the 'Poems of Ossian,' as translated by James Mac Pherson after 1759.

In 1807 the Gaelic text left by Mac Pherson was printed. In the body of the Report and in the Appendices are numerous quotations from texts above mentioned, which were got together by this Society. Ever since 1805 this book has been quoted by writers on matters Celtic.

In particular in 1829—William Hamilton Drummond, D.D., published a quarto essay of 161 pages on the authenticity of 'Ossian's Poems,' which was first read May 25, 1829, before the Royal Irish Academy (11,495 k., British Museum).

Taking most of his facts from this Report from the works of Dr. Smith, and from other publications, the author denies that which the reporters do not affirm. He asserts that which their facts do not indicate. He says in effect, 'All the authentic old Gaelic poetry which exists is Irish.'

In 1852 the same author published *Ancient Irish Minstrelsy* (Dublin, 12mo., 11,595 f., British Museum).

In this book of 292 pages are English arguments and English verses, made out of Irish history and Gaelic poetry. But some of the poems translated are avowedly taken from the 'Report on Ossian,' others are from Texts K. L. M. N. Some only are translated from Irish manuscripts; the rest are avowedly taken from Scotch collections.

The twenty-one poems merit high praise, as I think, but they must be judged by their merits. They are paraphrases, not translations. The metre is like that of Marston, and it nowhere imitates the Gaelic quatrain. If these English compositions were translated freely into 'Irish,' the result would differ from the original Gaelic so as to make as great a puzzle as the Gaelic of Smith or Clark, or Mac Pherson himself.

The originals preserved in Scotch and Irish writings, and orally preserved on both sides of the narrow sea, are neither *Scotch* nor *Irish*, but *Scoto-Irish*, Gaelic popular Heroic songs current for 350 years, from Caithness to Ceantire, and current in Ireland, as I believe, wherever Gaelic was spoken. They are founded upon 'Irish history,' but on history which Keating and other Irish historians place before *Scoto-Irish* were declared independent of the Irish Scoti, distant 16 miles. As regards the other poems about which all this stir is made, Dr. Drummond is one of a large body of Irish writers with whom I agree.

They have united to demonstrate that which is now manifest.

The Poets who composed in modern Scotch vernacular Gaelic were Scotch who used 'the Irish language;' to wit, Gaelic, or *goidhealg*. Mac Pherson's Ossian and Gaelic Heroic Ballads are part of one Gaelic system, and they are not accurately described as 'Irish Minstrelsy.'

The following is a list of the Gaelic poetry which is printed in the 'Report on Ossian':—

1. p. 32. A fragment, Mac Phersonic, 16 lines.

'Obtained from Mr. Gallie, who says, "With much labour I have recovered some scattered parts of the translation made at my fireside—I should rather say of the original translated there—and I communicate to you a few stanzas taken from the manuscript."'

2. p. 39. A quatrain ballad; 4 lines.

Also obtained from Mr. Gallie. This seems to be an altered verse of 'Manus.' The last two lines are commonly repeated still.

Page 90. The Committee give a list of persons from whom they obtained—

'Various copies or editions (as they may be called) of the 'Poems of Ossian,' or poems in imitation of Ossian, now in most common circulation in the Highlands.'

1. Mr. M'Laggan, Minister of Blair in Athole.
 2. Sir George Mackenzie of Coull, Bart.
 3. Sir John Sinclair, Bart.
 4. The Rev. Mr. Sage, of Kildonnán, in Sutherland.
 5. Mr. Mac Donald of Staffa (Text P.).
 6. General Mackay.
 7. *Archibald Flecher* in Achalladar Glenorchy (Text F.).
 8. Mr. Peter Mac Farlane of Perth.
 9. The Rev. Mr. Malcolm Mac Donald in Tarbert of Cantyre.
 10. Captain Mac Donald of Brakish.
 11. The Rev. Mr. Stewart, Minister of Craignish.
- The MSS. obtained 'were chiefly collected in the

Western Highland and Islands, and frequently appeared to be the same poems, but in some of the copies with considerable variations, and what appeared to be corruptions, with those current in Ireland, some of which Miss Brooke, the lady hereinbefore mentioned, published with a metrical translation.' (Text N.)

'A good many pieces seemingly of a purer sort, though always with a mixture of rude and sometimes unintelligible passages, were sent to the Society by' (the gentleman named above). Of these eleven I have copies of two (Texts F. and P.); of the other nine I have some fragments.

12. Major Mac Lachlan of Kilbride furnished a collection of old manuscripts. Some of the poetry which they contained seemed to be 'very much corrupted.' That means, as I suppose, that Dr. Donald Smith, who reported on them, did not find Mac Pherson's Ossian or his brother's Sean Dana there.

13. The Highland Society of London furnished another collection of manuscripts, amongst which was Text A.

At page	93	they quote from it	21 lines.
"	95	" " "	122 "
"	100	" " "	56 "

The Committee point out that the second of these tells a story which Mac Pherson tells in Fingal, but they did not state that Mac Pherson had left no Gaelic equivalent for this bit of his translation. The third story they identify with part of Temora in English, but they do not say how Temora differs from the old ballad.

14. *Duncan Kennedy's* collection is mentioned, p. 107 (Texts H. I.). A list of the contents is given, p. 108.

At page	100	they quote	28 lines
	212	" " "	8
	114	they give Dr. Smith's version of the 8 lines	18
	116	are quoted	12
	117	" " "	44
	120	" " "	4
	121	" " "	12
	122	" " "	15
	123	" " "	36
	126	" " "	8
	130	" " "	2
	131	" " "	2
	132	" " "	5
	133	" " "	4
	134	" " "	6
	135	" " "	2
	136	" " "	2
	140	" " "	20
	141	" " "	24
	143	" " "	21
	144	" " "	11
	146	" " "	2

The Committee quote in their Report 505 lines.

That which is most conspicuous is the difference between quotations from the doubtful original which was thought worthy of repeated publication, and from the originals whose authenticity was beyond dispute, which remained unpublished till Dr. Mac Lachlan and Mr. Skene printed A.

In the Appendix are printed—

p.	81.	8 lines of the Flags.
	82.	25 " Manus.
	84.	25 " Manus from Dr. Smith.
	99.	128 " Fraoch from Stone (Text E.).
	119.	124 " Oisein's Prayer from Hill (Text J.).
	161.	125 " a specimen of Mac Pherson's original, with his English, and Mr. Mac Farlane's Latin.
	179.	137 " Dr. Smith's Gaul, Sean Dana (see Texts H. I.).
	184.	24 " Leaba Ghuil from Mr. Mac Diarmaid (Text G.).
	185.	38 " the Address to the Sun from ditto, and from Captain Morrison, Mac Pherson's friend.
	187.	11 " Address to the Sun from ditto.
	187.	26 " Extract from Smith's Sean Dana.

p. 190. 807 lines put together by Dr. Donald Smith from poems in the possession of the Committee, and translated for comparison with parts of the Epic Fingal in English.

Appendix 29, p. 284, gives a fuller account of the old manuscripts. Among them were—

1. A manuscript attributed to the eighth century which contains an essay on 'The Tain,' a story of which Cuchullin is the hero. A similar story appears in the publication of the Dublin Ossianic Society, vol. v. 1860. In this manuscript is a story in which the words Fent and Ois are translated Fingal and Ossian. A quotation of eight lines and a facsimile are given. From this MS. the Committee might have seen that Cuchullin and Fionn belonged to different stories, and that these were Scoto-Irish, not exclusively Scotch.

2. The next oldest is named Emanuel, and is ascribed to the ninth or tenth century. A quotation of thirty-five lines is given, and a plate of facsimiles.

3. A parchment book is attributed to the tenth or eleventh century. It contains biblical legends, a Life of St. Columba, &c.

4. A MS. dated 1238 on the cover is supposed to have been then written at Glenmason in Cowal. It contains tales in prose and verse—one about Deardir, Dearduil, or Darthna, from which are quoted thirty-three lines. (See p. 29.)

The quotations and facsimiles given from these ancient documents are alone sufficient to overturn the Ossian of 1807. The names, the language, the orthography, the letters, the rhythm, and the story told differ altogether from the new Ossian.

5. If there were any question as to these being exclusively Irish, medical manuscripts written in Scotland by the Bethunes are in the same language.

6. The manuscript above described as A. 1512—26 is compared as to nine of its Ossianic ballads with collections orally made by Fletcher (F.), Kennedy, (H. I.), Mr. Malcolm Mac Donald, &c. Dr. Donald Smith called the whole 'corrupt.' The Committee knew that these ballads were old.

7. 1603. A manuscript was finished at Dunstaffnage, October 12, 1603. It contains a tale about the Fénne and the Norsemen, an address to 'Gaul' (? Goll), of which two lines are quoted. This is now in the Advocates' Library.

8. 1654—5. Edmund Mac Lachlan wrote a collection of sonnets, odes, and epistles. These are local.

9. 1690. The manuscript described above as Text B. was written at Ardochonail on Lochawe side. The 19th appendix purports to give samples of language from the eighth century to 1690, but does not profess to produce one quatrain of Mac Pherson's Gaelic, or of Dr. Smith's, or anything to support the story of Fingal or Temora.

Appendix 20 quotes seventy-seven lines from Kennedy—the 'Death of Oisic.'

Appendix 21 quotes Miss Brooke and Kennedy, each twenty-nine lines of Conlaoch. (Texts H. I. and N. 58.)

These parallel passages give a fair sample of work which has to be done fairly to collate texts.

At p. 330 are thirty-six lines of Manus.

Appendix 22 quotes eighty lines from Kennedy—the 'Death of Carill.'

The Report and Appendix give samples of Gaelic from the 7th century down to 1805, 2,273 lines in all.

Amongst these Mac Pherson's text stands alone.

At page 129 the Committee begin upon Mac Pherson's 'original,' as it is termed.

At page 155 they end a report with the word 'truth.'

They nowhere affirm that the 'original' was authentic. At 157 they say that the original itself will afford an opportunity of examining the language.

They give their evidence and information, and draw inferences. 146. They talk of poems confessed by all parties to be genuine, which Mac Pherson and other collectors thought unworthy of being published or translated, (149) and report on the whole question.

1st. That a great deal of Ossianic Gaelic poetry existed.

2nd. That it is very difficult to answer decisively how far that collection of poetry published by Mr. James Mac Pherson is genuine.

They say, 'The Committee has not been able to obtain any one poem the same in title and tenor with the poems published by him.' 152. They talk of Mac Pherson as diffident at first, publishing Gaelic with modernisms in it; careless and presumptuous; commanding applause, producing another work; not careful about his original materials. They speak of him as if he were an original author. In short, the Committee acted 'with jealousy and circumspection which it conceived to be due to itself, to the Society, and to truth.'

At p. 126 is one statement from which I differ. 'In Kennedy's collection are several passages nearly, and sometimes altogether, the same with Mac Pherson's translation.' I should rather say, 'Very few passages indeed in Mac Pherson's English—none in his Gaelic, that I know—can be identified with passages in Kennedy's collection.'

It is a curious study to pick out quotations from Kennedy and to replace them. By carefully selecting detached sentences, a good deal of Milton's 'Paradise Lost' might be extracted from the daily papers.

Appendix 15, p. 189. The comparison of passages, 807 lines of Gaelic, is a very ingenious work, which needs study and previous knowledge for entire appreciation. In 1805 Dr. Donald Smith demonstrated practically how it was possible for his brother, Dr. John Smith, in 1780, and for James Mac Pherson in 1760, to work up genuine old Gaelic materials in constructing new poetry. Dr. Donald, in 1805, had about him the great mass of Gaelic poetry which the Committee had gathered as orally collected, and preserved in ancient manuscripts. He called the whole corrupt. Apparently he thought Mac Pherson's work authentic. He therefore reduced the entire Scotch collection to something like the condition which printers call 'pie.' Having reduced Mac Pherson's English Fingal to a similar condition, he selected from that 'pie' fragments most like the genuine but 'corrupt' Gaelic poems before he broke them up. He took 'Cuchullin's Car,' 'The Maid of Craica,' 'Fionn's Words to Oscar,' and other such plums out of the Fingalian pie as models. He did that which his brother says that he also did in constructing 'Gaelic Antiquities' and 'Sean Dana.' He took passages, quatrains, lines, half-lines, and words out of the 'pie,' which everybody acknowledged to be old, and he set up the broken bits in the shape of the other fragmentary 'pie,' whose entire authenticity nobody affirmed. He worked like a compositor who sets up a new page with old type and woodcuts. He utterly demolished the Scoto-Irish story told in the poems which he broke up.

He took bits of 'Conlaoch,' 'The Lay of the Heads,' 'Cuchullin's Car,' 'The Flags,' 'Manus,' 'Erragon,' 'Mac Stairn,' 'Ossian's Courting,' 'The Prince of Sorcha,' 'The Lay of Conn,' 'The Hunting of Lena,' and other poems of which he had versions, which I have now printed entire, and many others which I have not got. He cut out names which do not occur in 'Fingal,' and he quoted lines or half-lines from Fletcher, or Kennedy, or Mac Laggan, or Sir John Sinclair, or Staffa. Having thus openly made something quite new, Dr. Donald Smith translated it freely, and printed Gaelic and English on opposite pages, with parallel quotations from the English 'Fingal,' and with notes and references to his authorities below.

Metrical dramatic stories from Scoto-Irish history told as Dialogues between Oisuin and St. Patrick in

1512 vanished. The story told in 'Fingal' disappeared also. The metre of the Gaelic songs and the irregular cadence of Mac Pherson's English prose were replaced by Dr. Donald Smith's translation of Dr. Donald's own Gaelic composition, which he made himself, as he explains by his references to the writings quoted, which I have now printed below.

As a printed story is lost in 'pie,' and does not reappear when type is newly composed, so it is in Dr. Donald's 'comparison of passages.' He illustrates the older works of Dr. John and of Mac Pherson. As he did, so they did forty years earlier. They worked up these same ballads into their own compositions; they believed their work to be genuine, and they said so.

It seems strange now that men should enlarge on texts in this fashion, but they did it openly, and the work of Dr. Donald Smith is in the Report on the authenticity of 'Ossian's Poems' to speak for itself. The two brothers, John and Donald, were no deceivers, but their ideas as to authenticity differed from modern ideas on that subject.

TEXT S.

'16.'

'Poems of Ossian. Collected by Jo. McDonald in the Western Parishes of Strathnaver, Ross, and Inverness-shire, in Sept. & Oct., 1805.'

(The above three lines are on the cover of the MS.—Mal. Mc P.)

The poems contained in this collection, and those by whom recited:—

1. Cath, or Battle of Ben Edin, in two parts. 400 lines.
Alexander Mc Rae, North Erradale, Parish of Gerloch, aged 80.
2. Dan na Nighean. 84 lines.
Captain John Mc Donald, Thurso.
Alex. Mc Rae, Gerloch, as above.
3. The Fall of Roga, or King of Sora's Son. 104 lines.
Captain John Mc Donald, Thurso.
4. Description of Cuchullin's Horses. 12 lines.
Captain John Mc Donald, Thurso.
5. Dibir Dlighe, or the Battle of Lora. 84 lines.
By Geo Mac Kay in Dalvighouse, Parish of Farr, aged 55.
John Mac Kay, Knoekbrec, Parish of Darness, aged 58.
Donald Mackenzie, Duartbeg, Parish of Eldrachilles, aged 61.
6. Conn Mac 'n Deirg, al Leirg. 116 lines.
Geo. Mackay in Dalvighouse, Farr, aged 55.
John Mackay, Durness, aged 50.
John Mackenzie, Duartbeg, Eldrachilles.
Alex. Mc Rae, Gerloch, as above.
7. 'N Teilgirnach mòr, or Eitridh Mhaonais. 80 lines.
Alex. Mackay, in Ribbigil, Parish of Tongue, aged 63.
8. Duan Dhiarag. 60 lines.
Alex. Mackay, Tongue, as above.
John Mackay, Durness, aged 50.
John Mackenzie, Duartbeg, Eldrachilles.
9. Iomachd Naodhnar (The Exploit of 9). 48 lines.
Alex. Mackay, Tongue, as above.

The following note appears to relate to this collector, whose manuscript was found in the drawers of the Advocates' Library:—(Fasti, v. 304.)

'Gaelic Chapel of Ease, 1807.—John Macdonald, M.A., son of a small farmer at Reay, where he was born 12th November, 1779; studied at the Univ. and King's Coll. of Aberdeen, 30th March, 1804, where he attained his degree 30th March, 1801, and afterwards theology; licenc. by the Pres. of Caithness 2nd July, 1805; became assistant to the Rev. John Anderson, min., Kingssie; ord. by his former Presb. 16th Sep., 1806, as missionary at Berriedale, with the full approbation of both districts, adm. 29th Jan., 1807; promoted to Urquhart or Fernitosh 1st Sep., 1813.—[Degrees of King's Coll. Aberdeen, Presb. Reg. New St., Acc. XV., Kay's Portraits.]—'Fasti Ecclesie Scotice,' part i. p. 78.

'Urquhart, 1813.—John Mac Donald promoted to the Gaelic Chapel, Edinburgh; pres. by Duncan George Forbes, Esq., of Culloden, in 1812, and adm. 1st Sep., 1813; had D.D. from the Univ. of New York in

1842. On adhering to the Protest, joining in the Free Secession, and signing the Deed of Demission, he was declared no longer a min. of this Church 24th May, 1843; and died 16th April, 1849, in his 70th year and 43 min. He marr., 1st, Georgina Ross of Gladfield, who died 18th Aug., 1814, and had two sons, John, the eldest of whom, became one of the general assembly, and a daugh.; 2nd, 11th May, 1818, Janet, eldest daugh. of Kenneth Mc Kenzie, Esq., of Millbank; she died 22nd June, 1868, and had three sons and two daughters.'

TEXT T.

Turner's Collection, 1813. 212 lines.

In 1813 Peter Turner published a collection of Gaelic poems, octavo, 402 pages, bound in blue paper, and roughly printed. The following is a translation of his Gaelic title-page:—

'A Collection of choice Gaelic Songs that never before were printed till now. Gathered from memory throughout the Gaeldom and Isles of the Alba. By Paruig (Peter) Son of the Turner (Turner), Edinburgh. Printed for the Author by T. Stiubhard. 1813.'

There are 119 Gaelic poems, of which only one is Heroic.

'*The Lay of the Great Fool*,' 212 lines.

The poem was separately printed in Glasgow, in 1800, by Thomas Duncan, 12mo., pp. 12, price 2d. With it are songs to gentlemen in the Isle of Skye, by Lachann Mac Ionbain, who had the name of Lachunn Mac Tharlaich oig; also Roghal agus Caristine. (Reid's 'Bibliotheca Scotto-Celtica,' p. 106.)

In 1861 the Dublin Ossianic Society printed a version in their 6th volume of 720 lines. In 1862 I printed a version, orally collected, of 256 lines.

In O'Donovan's Catalogue, 166, Trin. Coll., Dublin, H. 2—6, a manuscript is described which was written about 1716. It contains 38 pages of pure Irish, supposed to be a translation from Welsh. It is a prose tale of knight errantry. King Arthur's knights appear in it with necromancers (Gruagacha).

The title is 'Eachira an Amadain Mhoir' ('the Exploits of the Simpleton' or 'Fool.')

This probably is the story of which fragments are orally preserved in Scotland. (See Vol. III. 'Popular Tales of the West Highlands,' 146 and 178.) If so, it has relations in Breton tales and in Arthurian romance. (See Vol. IV. 'Popular Tales,' p. 278, for the Story of Peredur as told in the Red Book of the 15th century.) The earliest printed version of this Gaelic lay is the Glasgow duodecimo of 1800, of which, as it appears, Turner had no knowledge in 1813, when he printed his title-page.

In his old age the author used to wander about the Islands with meal bags, cracking jokes and living on the hospitality of the classes who are ever readiest to help each other out in the West. A manuscript collection of Heroic Ballads made by Turner was found in the Advocates' Library in July, 1872. A list of the contents is above. When Turner was seeking for subscribers, a Bard composed the following quatrain:—

A Phadruig Mhic an Tuarnair
Gur mòr a thug mi luaidh dhut
Na 'n taehradh tu 'n Gleann Ruadh rium
Gun costann uan san drama ruit.

TEXT U.

Grant on the Gael, &c., 1814. 261 lines.

This is a learned work upon matters Celtic founded upon all that the writer could gather from Classical and old English authors, with his own remarks upon Celtic languages and archæology. At page 379 is a paper on the authenticity of Ossian. It contains numerous quotations from the 'Report on Ossian,' R. It quotes a letter from Hume to Dr. Blair, 1761, and what followed. It also quotes the large edition of 'Ossian's Poems,' 1807, and other works to prove that

poems attributed to Oisein really were current in the Highlands of Scotland, and that old Celtic manuscripts were there preserved.

The author quotes Gaelic poetry. (See list above.)

TEXT V.

Mac Callum, 1816. 2,738 lines.

'An Original Collection of the Poems of Ossian, Orran Ullin, and other Bards who flourished in the same age. Collected and edited by Hugh and John Mac Callum.' Montrose, 8vo., 1816. This contains 23 Ossianic poems orally collected, with the names of the people from whom they were got; also a Life of St. Columba, and a preface which seems to have been written by an ardent believer in Mac Pherson's Ossian who had not read Mac Callum's book. A separate volume of even date contains a free translation. This book is read by Highlanders, and is sometimes described as 'Leabhar na Feinne.' Versions of nearly all these poems are in older writings and books.

Of the series which belongs to the Story of Cuchullin and the Children of Usnach the book contains	302 lines
Of the Ossianic series	1,815
	<hr/>
	2,117

Of poetry which belongs to Mac Pherson's series, or seemed to belong to something like it	621
In all	<hr/>
	2,738

After the publication of the gratis Ossian, the collectors found very little of it orally preserved. Gratis publication ought to have refreshed popular memory if the poetry was traditional, but it did not make people repeat the poetry attributed to Ossian by Mac Pherson. 12,820 subscribers are named in Mac Callum's list. It is remarkable that even this large edition did not affect tradition. The versions printed are not so close to current oral repetitions as those which are in Gillies and in unpublished MSS.

TEXT W.

Mackenzie, Clark, &c., 1841. 1,262 lines.

In 1841 Mackenzie published a work of which the following is the title:—

'Sar Cbair nam Bard Gaelach, or the Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, and Lives of the Highland Bards; with Historical and Critical Notes and Comprehensive Glossary of Provincial Words. By John Mackenzie, Esq., Honorary Member of the Ossianic Society of Glasgow, the Gaelic Society of London, &c. &c. With an Historical Introduction, containing an account of the Manners, Habits, &c. of the Ancient Caledonians, by James Logan, Esq., F.S.A.S., Corresponding Member S. Ant. Normandy; Author of the "Scottish Gael," &c. &c. Glasgow: Mac Gregor, Polson, & Co., 75 Argyll Street; 11 Lothian Street, Edinburgh; 10 Upper Abbey Street, Dublin; and 71 York Street, Belfast. 1841.' 376 pages of small print, large octavo.

The book contains samples of Heroic verse:—

1. *Mordubh*.

Of this considerable poem Mr. Clark of Badenoch published what he called a translation in three books in 1778. After eight years, Gaelic for two books, 330 lines, appeared in Gillies (M. 1786).

The Committee of the Highland Society in 1805 praise the publication of Mr. John Clark, whom they describe as a land surveyor of Badenoch, and say that Mrs. Grant of Laggan had lately published in verse a translation of the two books, which she had seen. She had no doubt that the third book was genuine, from her knowledge of Mr. Clark's character, and because his father and grandfather were great Gaelic scholars and collectors. Perhaps they were authors.

After fifty-five years, in 1841, appeared 758 lines of *Mordubh*. The first part is very little altered from the version in Gillies.

At p. 45 of the introduction to Mackenzie's book it is said, 'The authors of some of these ancient compositions are known, as of *Mordubh* and *Collath*.'

In the notes, pp. 1 and 9, it is stated that 'Douthal' and 'Fonar' composed these. 'Gillies' and 'Clark's Caledonian Bards,' two printed books, are the only authorities quoted. Gillies printed what he got from gentlemen in the Highlands without further remark.

Mr. Clark gives no authority for his Gaelic originals. His translations have peculiarities which distinguish the works of his neighbour and contemporary James Mac Pherson.

At p. 46 Clark says, 'The King came forward with the strength of Albin, like the rock of Tonmore.' A note explains 'Tonn-more, great waves,' but nothing explains this simile of an advancing rock.

The only other movable rocks known are Homer's. At 135 mention is made of the 'chief of Tonmore,' and a note again explains 'Tonn-mor, the Isle of great waves,' 'one of the Orades.' The story of 'Colmala and Orwi,' in which this chief appears, is like that of 'Fraoch,' which Stone told in English verse twenty-three years earlier. Clark's manner of telling it in English is like Mac Pherson's style, then only nineteen years old, and Clark's 'original' Gaelic, judged by names, was peculiar. His metrical English, 'Ancient Chief' is very like 'The fine old English Gentleman,' but he had the linguistic peculiarities of Mac Pherson's 'Highlander.'

Mr. Clark of Badenoch rhymes, 1878, 'Young and wrong; come, home; feast, guest; these, praise; noon, sun; dares, stars; return, mourn; glens, reins; home, tomb; breath, heath; tram, glen.'

That clearly is the Badenoch English which Mac Pherson also spoke, when he rhymed, in 1758, 'Ar-ray and sea; sea, away; way, sea; invade, dead; wound, ground; strokes, ox; ear, bare; stood, blood; took, smoke; repelled, field; oak, stock; day, sea.'

'Dark night approached; the flaming lord of day Had plunged his glowing circle in the sea.'

Both translators make the sun masculine; both enlarge upon a Druidical solar masquerade, of which traces appear in their respective books.

In the 'Cave of Creyla,' p. 116, Clark translates his unknown Gaelic original thus:—

'The father of light withdrew his circular presence beyond the southern hill.'

In Gaelic, and in Gaelic verse, quoted by Clark, the sun is feminine. Both these Badenoch translators invariably make the sun a father, instead of a mother, or a son instead of a daughter, and Clark makes him set in 'the south at noon. I have often seen the sun set near the north at midnight, but not in Badenoch.

'A mind eager to examine the appearance of nature in her simplest garb' (preface) might get this idea into it by looking at the sun out of the window of a fixed habitation, if it happened to be to the north of a hill in Badenoch, where he was wont to 'enjoy a rational pleasure from the compositions of the Celtic Bards.' Mr. Clark, or some of his neighbours or ancestors, may have composed original Gaelic under a hill, but no ancient Caledonians accustomed to look about them from hill-tops could ever imagine this unnatural noontide siesta of the female father of light with the circular presence.

At page 18 Mr. Clark says that he undertook his translation to rescue 'poems which have met with universal applause from the people for whose use they were composed,' but who were they? He calls these 'venerable compositions of the Caledonian Bards.' Mordubh he attributes to 'Douthal, Bard of Mordubh, King of the Caledonians,' whose compositions 'have been industriously handed down.' But no authority of any kind is quoted. The Caledonians described by 'Douthal,' if he composed the 'Cave of Creyla,' were very unlike other Celts of any known period. A sentimental, snivelling, inane old person named 'Liachan' (Grey Head), who was so named when he was a child, and his six sons, Ranal, Callan, Aspar, Althan, Duchan, and Ogier, made an oak fire in a secret cave, and there ate a venison feast. One of them shot the deer, out of season, promiscuously with an arrow, while another felled the withered oak with

his steel, and the rest made the fire. Liachan was weeping tears, as usual. 'And let them come,' said Liachan. 'The drop on one cheek bathes the memory of thy mother; the offspring of the other eye is for the fate of him who has no son to warm his cave in the days of his grey hairs' (p. 122).

Then he tells a story about his father, 'Tomdubh (? Black Tom). Benvel, and Balden, and Dungeal, Sulgorma, Minaig, Luachas, Malalin, Ervin, Creyla, and Gildea, are some of the Gaelic names. But the story of 'Black Tom' told by 'Grey Head' to his sons 'Black Head,' 'Youngster,' and the rest is utterly devoid of point or incident, and might have been told elsewhere with equal propriety. By my knowledge of unsophisticated human nature and smoky caves, the fire may account for these tears; but the 'Cave of Creyla' is all my 'eye.' The most remarkable thing about 'Douthal's Poems' is that no other writer or collector seems ever to have heard of Bard or works, or of his King of the Caledonians, 'Big Black.' He was quite as mane, vague, and sentimental as Grey Head and Black Tom and their progeny of sentimental, sententious, hunting troglodytes of the iron and oak tree and arrow period of Caledonian history.

I quote all the Gaelic in Clark's book, pp. 54, 110, 168, 197.

'Dheirich Albin air braidh-tonn,' 'brai, signifying invariably top, and toin waves.' This is part of the 'original' of Mordubh (p. 54).

'Le naithes dh' eirich da lann ghorm, &c.'

'Two blue steels rose in wrath.'

Sample of 'the chief of Feyglen,' Lann means blade (p. 110).

'Bachlach dualach casbhui' (p. 168). Translated, 'Her smooth neck is the white bed of her golden tresses. Her flowing ringlets fall in sweet disorder over her ivory shoulders.'

The note says that the words have no English equivalents (p. 168). Armstrong says that they mean 'curled; having luxuriant curled or bushy hair; yellow curled (or yellow legged?)' In any case they are but three descriptive epithets in a song of praise, and no doubt there was an original for this which Mr. Clark paraphrased in this strange fashion. The last quotation is not translated, but it is given as a sample of language which is inimitable (p. 197).

Mr. Clark translated one line, and erred in that particular point in which he agrees with the whole Mac Phersonic school.

He says 'when the sun leans on his elbow' (p. 197).

English for the Gaelic quoted ought to express something like the following, but the words really are not easy to turn into English equivalents, because of the multitudes of meanings which have been given to them, and which they may bear:—

'Getting up in the morn with our greyhounds, Cheerily, beautiful, gallant, active, Turning, destroying, catching, yelling, Cunning, branching, knobby, shy.'

'In the time when the sun goes on her elbow, Bloody, rending, with locks, with guns, Popping, armed, bristling, finished, Brindled, slaying, effectual, gay.'

I.

'Sa mhadninn aig èiridh lè r mialchoin
Gu muirneach, maiseach, gasda, gniomhach,
Lubach, leacach, glacach, sgiamhach,
Carach, cabrach, enagach, fiamhach.'

II.

'Nam da 'n ghrein dol air a huilinn (feminine)
Gu fuitteach, reubach; gleusda, gunnach,
Snapach, armach, tarbhach, ullamh,
Riachach, marbhach, tarbhach, giullach.'

We are told that the Bard lived in the last century (i.e. 1600), and was Bard and Piper. He manifestly imitated the notes of pipe music in stringing a lot of adverbial adjectives into this shape, and he certainly does express a whole day's deer driving 'as it was really practised of old' in eight lines.

No greater contrast in language can well be imagined than these snatches of genuine Gaelic verse, placed beside the rest of Clark's book and the equivalent Gaelic for his English.

But there, in 1841, is Mordubh in Gaelic, 758 lines, which some Caledonian or other composed at some time, and 330 of these lines are older than 1786.

Mac Kenzie's book contains another poem of like nature, called *Collath*, 504 lines. In that case the ancient Poet was 'Fonar,' who was of the family of 'Collath.' So far as I can learn from books and tradition, nobody ever heard of these persons before 1841. A Badenoch Highlander, Mr. Donald Mac Pherson of the Advocates' Library, informs me that the real composer of this modern antique was Mac Callum of Arisaig.

Metaphorically the Caledonian warrior Bard 'Fonar' is like 'Mac Pherson and water'; but 'Collath' is Gaelic, and somebody composed that Heroic fragment.

These 1,262 lines are amongst the 'Beauties of Gaelic Poetry' printed in 1841. '*The Aged Bard's Wish*' follows. It is not *strictly* Heroic, but it belongs to the series; the author's name is unknown to me. Mr. Clark, in 1778, said tradition does not pretend to give the name of the author.

It first appeared in Mac Donald's songs (p. 141, ed. 1778, Clark). Clark himself printed a translation which differed from Mac Donald's original, as he says. Mrs. Grant of Laggan next gave a metrical version in English, and, in 1841, Mackenzie printed a translation with 144 lines of smooth, good, vague Gaelic verse, composed by somebody somewhere at some date before 1786 and 1778. The poem is in Gillies, p. 158. The verses are differently arranged, but the poem is the same, except variations in orthography.

'*The Oulet*' follows as it was printed by Gillies, 1786. It differs from these three, and from their class, and as I now learn it was composed by a Badenoch deer-stalker about 1530.

The rest of the 'Beauties of Gaelic Poetry' are songs ascribed to local Bards, and short memoirs of the composers. Many of them have great merit. Most of them composed mentally, and recited from memory. Their songs are orally preserved still by people who cannot afford books.

The Heroic poetry in Mackenzie's book, Text W., and these three samples from Gillies lead me to believe that an instructed class of Gaelic students composed a great deal of Gaelic poetry in the 18th century, about the time when mystification was the fashion amongst writers, and texts were treated as things on which to enlarge.

Mac Pherson's Ossian, Smith's Sean Dana, Clark's Mordubh, and Mac Callum's Collath are four samples of that class which claims to be authentic, and calls the other class corrupt.

This work never could be popular amongst unsophisticated people. No uneducated Highlander ever has recited this kind of Gaelic to me, and I cannot find a trace of it in any old writing.

On the other hand, the least educated classes go on reciting the so-called corrupt poems which are in these texts from A. to W.

They sing songs attributed to known Bards; they sing and recite Heroic Ballads which they very commonly attribute to Oisein, in spite of Ossian and the books of which many have never heard. I have heard them do this in parts of the Highlands ever since I began in earnest to gather folk-lore. In 1871 I heard about a dozen men recite Ossianic ballads in Mull, Tiree, the Long Island, and Skye, and wrote from their dictation. In the last twelve years I have not found a single 'uneducated' man who can say by heart twenty lines of the poetry which I believe to be modern, and others believe to be old.

The Ossianic poems which the people recite, and have recited for centuries, are entirely excluded from Mackenzie's 'Beauties of Gaelic Poetry' (Text W.), which is a very remarkable fact in the history of national literature.

My odds against the oral collection of poems published as *traditional* by Mac Pherson 1763, and Smith 1787, Clark 1786, and Mackenzie 1841, are as the number of lines which I have heard repeated (0) are to the printed number which I have not heard, but which I have read. 16,849 to 0 against their traditional origin is long odds.

TEXT X.

1854, &c. 1,167 lines.

In 1872 the Rev. Dr. Thomas Mac Lauchlan, Minister of the Gaelic Free Church in Edinburgh, whose name is familiar to Gaelic scholars as one of the best of the present day, was kind enough to allow me to have copies made of Gaelic poems which he had collected in various districts. Mr. Malcolm Mac Phail, one of his Gaelic class, copied the manuscripts. They contained versions of thirteen fragments, of which my list gives the pedigrees. The pieces collected by Mr. Carmichael were gathered by him for me. I had other copies of them from him in 1862. The fragment collected by Mr. Mackay was sent to me from Inverness by that gentleman in 1872. No. 10 I had not found entire elsewhere. Some one published the fragment in the 'Inverness Courier' in 1872. The following account of the Caithness and Tiree collections of (5 poems) are copied from the original letters of the collector, Mr. Cumming:—The foregoing poems were taken at the month of Christina Sutherland, or Widow Simpson, on April 19 and 20, 1854, by George MacLeod, late teacher, Dunbeath, and James Cumming, Rangag, parish of Latheron.

'This Christina Sutherland is the daughter of Wm. S., one of the tenants of Forsanaird, parish of Rhea. She was born in the year 1775. She had two brothers, who excelled as reciters of old and modern productions of the Highland Muse. They both served in the 78th Highlanders, John and Alexander. The latter obtained a lieutenancy. He continued to the end of his life to draw amusement and delight from the rehearsal of pieces of poetry with which his memory was so richly stored.

'She heard these and many other old pieces of poetry recited in her father's house, both her parents being remarkable for the quantity which they could say of them, as well as for the precision with which they retained them. And here it may be observed that the writer who penned this at the month of Christina Sutherland could not fail to see that this was very probable, for she had many words and phrases the meaning of which became to her entirely obsolete. She remembers herself and one *Isbhl Bàn*, or Isabella Mc Kay, to have sat up for a whole winter night reciting poems of every description, each in turn and sometimes together repeating them. When under 12 years of age she would sooner commit to memory a long Duan than most if not any of her acquaintances who were come to maturity. She would go three miles and more to hear a poem not previously recited in her hearing. Such of the neighbouring hamlets as took pleasure in the exercise of the Muse would assemble at her father's house and keep up a chorus of music and recital from 4, 5, and sometimes 6 hours together. There were many of her contemporaries who, out of the immense store of their memory, could afford fresh pieces of poetry during a long sederunt every day for a month and more. She had the most of Robert Donn's poems, and can recite many of them still. She had all John Mc Raibert's hymns and elegies, some of Duncan McIntyre's, Donald Matheson's; in one word, she has less or more from nearly all the Highland Bards. She never heard these poems imputed to any but Oisein and other Bards of the Fingalian age. She firmly believes that the very words of these poems were those of the Fingalians. She never heard of the Macpherson controversy, nor that even the poems of Oisein were in print. Besides the above she heard and can recite some of the following:—*Duan*

na cloinn, as long as any of the above. *Duan na mnatha*, of considerable length; and *Duan an Amadan mhoir*.

As to his Three version of the 'Death of Conn,' the collector says—

'The above verses I penned from the mouth of a person in the Island of Tyree, locally known by the name of Alistair Mor, on the 12th day of October current.

'He learned them from a neighbour of his, who since went to America, while at service together. He had very little if any acquaintance with books. I think he said that neither of them were masters of reading the Gaelic Scriptures. I did not learn whether there were any more in the island that could recite any such verses or not. However, there may, for it was by mere accident that I came to learn this same person could do it. The man in whose house I lodged regretted that I was not 15 years earlier in the island, as his grandfather then lived, and had as many tales and Ossianic verses (that he could recite with all the precision of a person reading a chronicle) as would take a month to hear them. He was about 100 years old when he died; till his last illness he delighted much in reciting the songs and *sgéulachd* chronicles of Ossian and less ancient persons. He stated that this same old man prefaced a song or a *sgéulachd* with an introduction, pointing out the various persons who from age to age had handed it down for at least 3 or 4 centuries; that he delighted as much in reciting these things as that no business or condition of life would be laid aside whenever a willing ear was found to listen. By comparing the account here given of the 'Death of Conn,' to the verses taken from the old woman Betty Sutherland, Strathalladale, you will find that, so far as they go, they are almost word for word the one with the other. Two illiterate persons living in the opposite extremes of the Highlands singing the same song with little or no variation, proves that these poems were floating as traditions so far back as authenticated history of the Highlanders goes, for since that time there is no hint about the flourishing of any such persons as the 'Poems of Ossian,' make mention of. I may state that the words underlined are such as I did not well understand or had a doubt regarding their meaning. Their orthography must be bad, as I have no dictionary or authority to consult on such matters. It strikes me that even at this late hour several such pieces might be had from elderly persons in the Highlands if diligent search was made for them. There is a place in the rock of Ceann-mhor Tyree called 'Leabraidh Dhiarmaid' (Diarmaid's Bed). Little as my acquaintance with Gaelic is, I am persuaded that in the above poem there are some Irish forms of expressions or at least forms of syntax not met with now elsewhere in the Highlands of Scotland, as "Sin mar dli' imich" and "Sin mar labhair."

'But I must cut short, for I have drawn too much on your patience.

'Oct. 28th, 1857.

'JAMES CUMMING.

'The Rev. T. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh.'

Reference was made to this Caithness collection of 1854 at page 120, 'Celtic Gleanings,' by the Rev. Thomas Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh, 1857. The same author printed one of the poems at p. 183. Gaelic text, 'Book of the Dean of Lismore,' Edinburgh, 1862. It is there called "Duan Catha Ghabhura." In my copy it is written "Duan Cath Gour."

The fame of this Sutherland or Caithness collection spread through the Highlands. It has been quoted to me as proof of 'the authenticity of "Ossian's Poems."' I was told that many thousands of lines of 'Ossian's Poems' had lately been orally collected from the recitation of an old woman in Sutherland, from which it was argued that my growing doubts as to Mac Pherson's Ossian were erroneous.

So far as I can discover, there is not one line of Mac Pherson's text of 1763 and 1807 in 578 lines of Heroic poetry dictated by Christina Sutherland in

1854 to Mr. Cumming. On reading her recitations, she appears to have been an average sample of a numerous class who, in 1871, repeat Gaelic poetry of which the Heroic part was attributed to Oisicín in 1512—26, as Dr. Mac Lauchlan points out in his 'Book of the Dean of Lismore.'

To Mr. Cumming's remarks, which are strictly accurate as to all facts of which I have any knowledge myself, I may add, of my own knowledge, that all the Highland countries are pervaded by Ossianic poetry of the kind which he wrote, of which he sent 684 lines to Dr. Mac Lauchlan. The strange thing about that fact is, that each new educated collector makes a discovery when he finds out that which is perfectly familiar to a class different from his own. There must be hundreds of people now living in Scotland who can repeat fragments of this kind of Ossianic poetry; but, in 1857, this able Northern collector only found out 'by accident,' in Tiree, that somebody there could repeat 'Conn Mae an Deirg.'

In 1871 the Policeman in Tiree, who is a native of Ardnammurchan, sang and recited a considerable number of poems of this class to me, and gave me a list of 31 poems, which he could sing, or which he had heard sung, or which he knew about. The Rev. John Campbell, the Minister of Tiree, gave me a list of 8 Tiree men who were noted for reciting tales and poetry of various kinds. John Dewar made a collection of stories and ballads there for the Duke of Argyll; and I heard several men tell long stories and repeat fragments of Heroic verse in 1871. The strangest part of the whole is, that collectors produce these poems in perfect good faith, to prove the authenticity of other poems, and call those which they collect orally corrupt versions of those which exist only in one class of books. A very excellent old Highland friend of mine used to drive home, and clinch a statement with the pithy formula. 'I saw it in print, sir; I saw it in print!' There was something sacred about the art of writing in days when scribes began and ended with an invocation or a prayer for writer and reader. Men who cannot read, who have just mastered the art, or who have just left school or college, are apt to pin their faith on books because they are books, and upon teachers because they have been taught. When they grow up to be teachers, they teach their old lessons. So many Scotchmen honestly believe in the Ossian of magnificent books, in spite of the evidence of their own ears.

The argument is of this kind:—

A asserts that David composed the 'Psalms,' and that his own unique metrical bilingual printed version is 'authentic.'

B denies the authenticity of A's 'Psalms of David.'

C affirms the authenticity of the 'Psalms of David.'

D demands proof.

C produces ancient copies of the Hebrew 'Psalms of David' which are not A's, and triumphantly declares the authenticity of the 'Psalms' of A, which are not like David's at all.

TEXT Y.

Popular Tales of West Highlands, 1862. Vols. III. IV., 1052 lines.

I have said more than enough about myself and this book. Any reader may see in it uninformed opinions of 1862 affected by old beliefs.

I well remember before 1830 hearing one of my earliest friends say, 'My dear, the "Poems of Ossian" are authentic; there can be no doubt about it.'

She was then about 80, a grand old lady in a pearl-grey silk gown, with great thick folds of white about her throat, white hair, and a white cap, or sometimes a quaint silk bonnet above a rosy face. I see her now in a big armchair beside a warm fire, glittering with brass fender and brazen knobs. She sat amongst coral, pink Eastern shells, and Indian boxes, the gifts of sons who had earned a name out in the world.

She was a picturesque old Scotch lady, who spoke Gaelic with a Gaelic tongue and a clear voice, and who spoke the truth. I think she was born in 1745, but I am not sure. Her son, who died at the age of 84, told me in 1859, and again in 1860, and again in 1868, that in about 1800, when he could speak little but Gaelic himself, few peasants in Islay could speak anything else. When at school in Bowmore he used to sit for hours listening to an old tailor, named Mac Niven, or Mac Eachean, who recited 'Fingal,' and other poems which are in Mac Pherson's Ossian. He thought them tiresome.

He could not remember a line, but he remembered that similes abounded in the poems.

Feb. 27, 1860, an old schoolfellow of his, aged 79, dined with this gentleman in my house, and they agreed as to the fact that an old Islay tailor used to repeat the 'Poems of Ossian' about 1800.

I could not make out that either of them had read the Gaelic of 1807. One set out early in the century to fight his way through the world, and the other staid at home with plenty to do.

Mr. Woodrow, Minister of Islay, in 1781 printed a book about Ossian. In 1805 the Highland Society got Gaelic from an Islay minister, and neither got Mac Pherson's Ossian from Islay.

Early in this century my Grand aunt was taken to hear an old woman at Tarbert repeat 'Ossian's Poems,' and heard, as she was told by her conductor, the 'Address to the Sun.' About 1774 Kennedy (Texts H. I.) did not find the 'Address to the Sun' in this region, but he wrote of other poems orally collected in this same district—8,900 lines.

From before 1830 to 1859 I took it for granted that 'Ossian's Poems' were authentic. I knew the 'Address to the Sun' by heart myself. I remember learning it out of Dr. Mac Leod's book when I was learning to read Gaelic, and I can say it by heart now, but I never read Gaelic books or writings in earnest till 1859.

By 1862 I had begun to form an opinion of my own. By 1872 I had formed the opinion which is expressed above, founded upon hard reading and close investigation during more than 12 years.

I thought some parts of Fingal in Gaelic very fine when first I read Ossian of 1807. I think the same now, but the 7th book of Temora of 1763, and a slight examination of Carswell's book, 1567, made me examine older writings, and these finally turned 'authenticity' upside down.

I had got two different things:—

Mac Phersonic Gaelic.	Ossianic Gaelic.
16,849 lines.	More than 60,000 lines.
Beginning in 1763, and standing apart.	Hooked on to Irish Mythical History, and to pedigrees which begin with Adam.

I believed in the first kind without reading the books till I began to collect the second kind, which is not in the books. It is therefore easy for me to understand how other Gaelic men look on this subject from my old points of observation.

The following is a list of collectors who sent me 83 fragments of Gaelic poetry, repeated or written from memory by 26 persons, the whole taken from the lists published, p. 465, Vol. IV. 'Popular Tales,' Feb. 21, 1862:—

1. J. F. Campbell.
2. Hector Mac Lean, Schoolmaster, Islay.
3. Hector Urquhart, Gamekeeper, Ardkinglass.
4. Alexander Carmichael, Excise Officer, Islay, Lismore, Skye, the Long Island, &c.
5. Donald Torrie, Student, the Long Island.
6. John Dewar, Labourer, Rosneath, &c., &c.
7. John Mac Nair, Shoemaker, Dunoon.
8. Miss Mac Leod, of Mac Leod, Skye, &c.

The 26 contributors named represent a small number of the people who could repeat Ossianic ballads in 1862. The object of collecting was to get popular tales. The collection of poetry was an afterthought, and the scribes worked as long as they could

with the same reciter when they had found one who could repeat better than his neighbours. In some districts the whole population seemed to know scraps, verses, or lines of Heroic verse.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS.

1. Mrs. Mac Tavish, Islay.
2. Mary Mac Vicar, Pauper, Inverary.
3. Patrick Smith, Crofter, S. Uist.
4. Donald Macintyre, Crofter, Benbecula.
5. Charles Macintyre, Crofter, Benbecula.
6. Islay, Port Wemyss.
7. Donald Mac Killop, Berneray.
8. Islay.
9. Donald Mac Phie, Smith, Barra.
10. Ceite Loamhid, Lismore.
11. Padraig Buidhe, Fisher, &c., Islay.
12. Jannet Currie, S. Uist.
13. Several people, Long Island.
14. Alexander Mac Donald, Barra.
15. Alan Mac Phie, S. Uist.
16. Angus Mac Donald, Barra.
17. Angus Macinnion, Tailor, S. Uist.
18. Angus Mac Donald, Constable, S. Uist.
19. Catharine Mac Queen, N. Uist.
20. Coinneach Carmichael, Skye.
21. Kenneth Morrison, Skye.
22. Donald Cameron, Skye.
23. John Campbell, Strath Gairloch.
24. Hector Mac Donald, Skye.
25. Catherine Matheson, Skye.
26. Malcolm Mac Phail, Labourer, Islay.

TEXT Z. &c.

It is difficult to explain the condition of my own collection of Gaelic Poetry. The following experiment may serve for illustration:—

John Gilpin.—Cowper was born in 1731, and was buried in 1800. He composed 'the diverting history of "John Gilpin,"' and ever since 1800 English children have learned to say 'John Gilpin' by heart. But it is not the custom of grown-up people to repeat that diverting history, so they forget parts of it. An experiment made May, 1872, to try how forgetfulness overcomes memory gave this result:—

Five people at breakfast remembered the whole story, or all the main incidents of it, in their order, and verses 1, 2, 3, 4, 13, 14, 29, 37, 49, 53, 63. We could all tell the story in our own words, but we had forgotten Cowper's. Memory of verse was as 44 remembered, 208 forgotten = 252 lines. Other trials gave similar results. Everybody knew the main incidents of the story; some knew only $\frac{2}{3}$ nds; some more lines; but all who remembered any of Cowper's words repeated them in the order of Cowper's story.

Brought to book, many of Cowper's lines preserved their length, but Cowper's words had given place to other words of like length and signification. One knew all about 'John Gilpin.' When set to tell the story, Cowper's incidents followed each other in their right order, but they were not all there, and some were changed into something of the same kind. Cowper's Gilpin was going to celebrate his twenty-first wedding day; the Gilpin of forgetfulness was going to be married: so the dates were wrong. In this case not a single line of the poetry was remembered, but the story was, imperfectly. In no case tried could any grown-up person remember that which all learnt by heart as children. People forget, 1st, forms of words, which they alter unconsciously; 2nd, incidents, which they drop out or alter; 3rd, the story; 4th, the names in the story.

I have never found anybody who ever learned 'John Gilpin,' who had entirely forgotten Cowper's diverting history, nor have I ever found anybody able to tell the whole of it in Cowper's words.

As it is with modern English poetry and the memories of single men, so it has been with ancient Gaelic poetry and the memories of generations. At thirty years to a generation, twelve have passed away since Dean Mc Gregor wrote Text A. Before 1526 somebody had composed the 'Lay of the Maiden,' A. 22., and people have been repeating it ever since. Collectors wrote it down, and these figures show the

number of lines remembered and forgotten during 360 years by twelve generations :

1512. A.	162	1862. X.	44
1755. D.	139		21
F.	120		92
H.	124		52
I.	128	Y. Z.	27
L.	100		88
M.	136		58
M.	84		32
N.	160		27
U.	130	1871.&c. Many versions	
V.	130	heard, one written .	102

What I have said of ' John Gilpin ' and Z. is true of all texts from A. to &c.

The worst and most broken version orally collected can be identified with the oldest written version. But forms of words which made verses at first are incorporated with the reciter's own words, so that no one could ever suspect them to be fragments of poetry unless he had older or better versions. In the last state of destruction incidents from many different stories are joined together, but even then the general order of sequence is preserved. Having got old and new versions, changes and decay during 360 years correspond in nature and degree to changes which take place during every man's own life, in his power of remembering poetry such as ' John Gilpin.'

COLLATING.

From A. to &c., about 54,000 lines.

These being the number and nature of texts and lines gathered, the next step was to collate them or make them available.

In general, something written long ago by one scribe has been copied with greater or less accuracy by later scribes. The collation of manuscript is hard labour, but the differences amount to words, lines, or passages, ill copied, or to paper destroyed. In my case a great number of scribes had written a great many versions of ballads, orally collected in different parts of the kingdom, at different times during 360 years. But ancient bards wrote no author's copy.

1st.—All versions of each story had been tied together. 2nd.—The stories had all been read and ranged in order on a floor. They made a sequence when placed with a list of Irish worthies named in them, and when tested by their contents. 3rd.—They were packed in order upon a large table, an able assistant was got, and May 24, 1872, we began at the beginning to collate the texts. 4th.—Mr. Hector Mac Lean took one version, and read aloud. I took another, and marked. Of 'Garbh Mac Stairn' we had versions D. F. The first was written by Mac Nicol, Minister of Lismore, D.; the second by Fletcher's scribe, F. Both were parts of the same ballad, but they were differently spelt, and they varied in every

line. 5th.—We copied all the verses in Mac Nicol's version. We marked out all Fletcher's duplicates, and fitted in the rest, preserving the orthography of both. The ballad was mended and greatly improved as a metrical story; but the duplicates still varied, so as to be various readings; but if the whole of both versions had to be printed, it seemed best to print them both as they were written at first. 6th.—We thought of reducing the orthography to the modern standard, but after trying that we found that many words might be differently interpreted. We might have produced a mended, polished, modern Gaelic metrical story, but that would not be old work. It seemed best to print both versions just as they were copied from the original manuscripts, and to mend in translating.

So we gave up collating as hopeless. Not a line of Mac Pherson's Gaelic was in either version, but the story seemed to be the foundation of the first book of Fingal, and therefore a literary curiosity.

It seemed interesting to note how this story about Cuchullin, the door-keeper of the King's house at Tara, and Garbh, the shipman, had got mended and made up with names from a different series, and how varying genius had manufactured this rough ore. All the people in this ballad belong to the set who always have been associated with Cuchullin by Irish writers, and they have nothing to do with Fionn and his later series of Feinne, who are placed with them in Fingal by Mac Pherson.

On the second day we had got through the death of Cuchullin's son, Conlaoch. In Text I. is a long and very good metrical version of the story, which we both considered to be made or mended in the last century. But in A. and other texts we found five or six versions of a ballad which old men go on spouting still.

In all these the story was exactly the same, though the whole of it was not told by anybody. It seemed to us that we had no business to make modern Gaelic versions of such old materials. To place these several versions side by side in order of date, would give students of language genuine samples of Gaelic as written in Scotland during 360 years at least, and those who study the growth of tradition would have samples of decay and of reconstruction of different ages.

The simplest plan, and the best clearly, was to print the whole lot; the next best to print the oldest, and selections from later versions; so that was set about on the 29th of May, 1872, instead of going to the Derby.

By June 12, Ascot Cup day, we had got about half-way through the collection, reading, translating, and correcting for press. By July 23 the last scrap was sent to press, and the text was returned for press, August 3, from the Kenmare River in Ireland.

The result is due to the good writing of my scribes and to the extraordinary accuracy of the printer.

ARRANGEMENT OF THIS VOLUME.

The Ballads are sorted on the following plan, under nine heads, according to their chronological sequence:—

	PAGE		PAGE
I. The Story of CUCHULLIN	1	6 How he got his Sight	39
1 and Eambair, his Wife	1	7 The Loss of the Fenian History	40
2 His Sword	1	8 Oisein's Controversy with Padruig	40
3 His Chariots	2	9 His Lament for his Comrades	47
4 and Garbh Mac Stairn	3	10 Their Names	50
5 and Conlaoch	9	11 Their Favorite Music	50
6 Connal's Revenge	15	12 How Nine Went Forth to Seek a Whelp	51
I have many more fragments.		13 CAOLTE	52
II. The Story of DEIRDRE	19	14 How he Slew a Magic Boar	53
III. The Story of FRAOCH	29	15 and a Giant	54
IV. The Story of FIONN and the FEINNE	33	NORSE WAES	57
1 His Pedigree	34	16 The Adventure with the Timbral Player	57
2 Stories about his Birth, &c.	35	17 The Adventure with Silhalan	58
3 OISEIN and Padruig	38	18 OSCAR and Sgiathan Mac Sgairbh	58
4 Ossien's Last Hunt	38	19 The Adventure of the Hag	59
5 Oisein Building for Padruig	39		

	PAGE		PAGE
20	60	64	157
21	61	65	158
22	63	66	164
23	65	67	165
24	68	68	167
25	71	69	168
26	83	70	172
27	83	71	173
28	85	72	174
29	86	73	175
30	86	74	175
31	88	75	178
32	89	76	180
33	92	77	182
34	93	78	185
35	95	79	195
36	105	80	196
37	106	81	198
38	107		
39	112	V. PARODIES	200
40	112	82	200
41	113	83	201
42	113	84	201
43	121	85	202
44	123	86	202
45	124	VI. LATER HEROIC BALLADS	203
46	125	1	203
47	127	2	208
48	129	3	208
49	133	4	209
50	136	5	209
51	137	6	210
52	138	7	210
53	139	8	211
54	141	9	211
55	143	VII. MYTHICAL BALLADS	211
56	144	1	211
57	146	2	212
58	148	3	212
59	150	VIII. POEMS LIKE MAC PHERSON'S OSSIAN	213
60	150	1	213
61	151	2	213
62	152	3	214
63	155	4	214
		5	215
		6	216
		IX. POPE'S COLLECTION OF Ten Ballads	218
		Got in Caithness before Mac Pher-	
		son's translations began. Like other	
		Heroic Ballads; unlike Mac Pher-	
		son's Ossian. Placed for contrast.	

NOTE.—Versions of Ballads are placed together, but many other versions have to be collated with them. Many other fragments of the story exist in prose tales, which are not placed in this volume of Ballads. It is intended to translate the whole as curious Mythical Romantic Popular History, which has been neglected hitherto.

HEROIC BALLADS.

The Gaelic and the English quoted from Books and Manuscripts in the following pages are printed as written and spelt in the copy. The poetry is divided, and the lines are numbered, by the Editor, J. F. Campbell, Niddry Lodge, Kensington, June 4, 1872.

I. CUCHULLAIN.

THE NAME of this warrior is differently pronounced in different districts of the Highlands, and has been differently spelt by Irish and Scotch writers ever since the Book of Leinster was written, A.D. 1130. Dean Mac Gregor spelt it 'Cochullain' 360 years ago.

The hero and his exploits are familiar to all who speak Gaelic. He is described as a very strong, very active, energetic, fair-skinned, blue-eyed man, of great stature, but not a giant. 'As strong as Cuchullain' is a Gaelic proverb, as familiar as the English saying, 'As strong as a horse.' A plant with a tall stalk and a white flower, with a sweet scent, was named by Mac Donald (p. 41, edit. 1751) :—

'S cùtbhrai failidh do mhùineil
A chrios-chomhchaluinn na'n càrn!

Sweet is the scent of thy neck,
Thou Belt-of-Co-chullainn of the cairns.

The present sound of the name, as pronounced in Islay, may be expressed by Cochullainn.

This warrior appears in tradition as a horseman and charioteer. He is always associated with certain heroes, such as 'Conlaoch,' his son, and 'Connal.' These names, the hero's own name, and his adventures, join him to Irish history, and that gives him the date of Cæsar's invasion of Britain, or thereabouts. In the Book of Leinster, A.D. 1130, is the story of the Tain bo Cuailgne, in which Cuchullin figures as chief character. Fragments of the story are known to old men in the Highlands, and they correspond to the oldest written version, so far as they go. Of this story, versions are in old MSS. in the Advocates' Library. The oldest manuscript versions of this story are about to be published by Mr. Standish H. O. Grady.

I give elsewhere in English all that I have been able to pick up orally concerning Cuchullin, to show how tradition agrees with writings about 750 years old.

Of fragments of Gaelic composition I give the following :—

1. *Cuchullin and Eamhair his Wife*, page 1.
2. *Cuchullin's Sword*, p. 1.
3. *Cuchullin's Car*, p. 2.
4. *Garabh mac Stairn*, p. 3.
5. *Conlaoch*, p. 9.
6. *The Heads*, p. 15.

1.—1512. CUCHULLIN AND EAMHAIR.

This fragment is not known to me as orally preserved. From it, in 1512, the hero was considered to be an Irish worthy, and one of the Feinne. He is called of 'Dundalgin,' which is the old name of Dundalk. The story of this ballad seems to be the same as that which is called 'The Jealousy of Eamhair,' which has been published.

COWCHULLIN AGUS EIMHAR.

A. 1. Dean's Book, page 64. 56 lines. 1512.

- 1 LAR a royth in dundalgin
Cochullin ni grow neynti
O taid ni gur er a gon
Gin sloig wli na ochyr
- 2 Halli in noill erin nerre
Math si waggidir in nane wlli
Keltith fekkieh fowich
Feine eltych laye za leetiwe
- 3 Gwr bei in nansych wllith
Muan chogn elanni rowre
In cor sen bi degkir reyve
Cur ris in naltin dawail

- 4 In doychis lawee leich
Atte dr aythr chonleich
Ni hoyni giderring dalwe
Ser winn cholla in gallew
- 5 Gawis in erann tawill
Glan eowhullin gi . . .
In lawe bi wath troir
Er mor ni hoynene gr . . .
- 6 Ryntyrr in neltych wo
Ner zarmit umpith ach awyr,
Gawis awyr racht fane rynn
Dayveine ner chart a cheive
- 7 Gelytr wee no errik sin
Ni kead oyne eli zayvir
Lar dorchrith er teive a ehok
La creif ni norchr nerrik
- 8 In gen tryle hiegid gow caith
Za anee gin neigiss noynach
Ni roe fer gin oe orri
Wei slawre or datrych
- 9 Hug baneheill chongullin
Graw dinani di wllim
Din charrait eintych aynee
Hanik a ymill ollanith
- 10 Agris ayvr in nolt trwme
A cu rith er chongullin
Ni hoyne mir gylle deith
Gin skail na hyi umpith
- 11 Da oyr no tre tilfer leis
Ni hoyne aldyth sner ammiss
Gir leme couf mir a chur
Iii wrchir hor ni hannieh
- 12 In hurchir reyve royve
Sen zol di zaltane gawffee
Gin virn er wrane di wlyg
Ryef aeh keym sin allane
- 13 Re bleygin ni deach zea
Ach twrss nin nane seach
Ne hay ymichtych nin nane
Is inleut aeh in twrskail
- 14 Mass fer in dathris a woygr
Nach darn in cow on chroif
Slat war zall di zrawhe mnaa
Laywith aig voye a

2.—1786. CUCHULLIN'S SWORD.

This is the only version known to me; but similar measured prose passages about other warriors abound in oral recitations and in old writings. Quoted by Shaw, 1778, p. 149.

CLAIDHAMH GUTH-ULLIN.

M. 1. Gillies, p. 211. 13 lines. 1786.

CHUR e an claidheamh, fada, fiorchruaidh,
Fulanach, tean, tainie, geur,
'S a cheann air a chur an gu socair,
Mar chuis mholta gan dochair lein,
'S e gu direach, easadaeh, dubh-ghorm,
'S e eultuidh, eumtadh, conalae,
Gu leathan, hobhadh, hobharadh,
Gu socair, sasdadh, so-bhuailte,
Air laimb-chli a' ghaisgich ;

Gur aisiche do naimhdean a sheachnadh,
Na tachairt ris 's an am sin ;
Cha bu lughe no cnoe sleibh,
Gach ceum a dheanadh an gaisgeach.

3.—1816. CUCHULLIN'S CHARIOT.

Something like this fragment is in the First Book of Fingal (p. 11, edit. 1862). The Gaelic equivalent is at page 107, Ossian, 1818, *Gratis* edition. I give one sample of fragments orally collected, which differ from the book of 1807.

CUCHULIN NA CHARBAD.

V. 1. Mac Callum, p. 140. 64 lines. 1813.

- Cia fath do thuruis, no do sgeul ?
Fath mo thuruis, is mo sgeul,
Feara Eirinn sud mar chimear
- 4 Air teachd chugaibh as a' mbhagh
'N carbad air bheil an dual fighara fionnduinn
Air a dheanamh gu luthmhor, lamhach, tacladail
Far am bu lughor 's far am bu laidir
- 8 'S far am bu lan-ghlic am pobull ur
'S a' chathair fhrasanta randuidh,
Caol, crnaidh, clochara, colbhuidh ;
Ceithir eich chliabh-mhoir 's a' chaomh charbad sin.
- 12 Ciod a chimear 'sa' charbad sin ?
Chimear 'sa' charbad sin,
Na h-eich bhalg fhionn, chalg-fhionn, chluas-
bheag,
Slios-tana, bas-tana, eachmhor, stendmhor
- 16 Le sreunaibh chaol, lannire, limhor,
Mar leug, no mar chaoir-theine dearg ;
Mar ghluasad hoidh creuchda maoisleach ;
Mar fharum ghaoith chruaidh gheamhraidh
- 20 Teachd chugaibh anns a' charbad sin.
Ciod a chimear sa' charbad sin ?
Chimear sa' charbad sin
Na h-eich liath, lughor, sinadh-mhor, laidir,
- 24 Threismhor, stuagh-mhor, luath-mhor, tagh-mhor
A bheireadh sparradh air sgeiribh na fairge as
an caraigibh.
Na h-eich mheargantach, tharagaideach, threisead-
ach,
Gu stugh-mhor, lugh-mhor, dearsa fhionn,
28 Mar spur iollaire ri gnuis ana-bheathaich,
D'an goirear an liath-mhor mhaiseach
Mheachtruidh, mhor, mhuirneach.
Ciod a chimear sa' charbad sin ?
- 32 Chimear sa' charbad sin
Na h-eich chinn-fhionn, chrodh-fhionn, chaol-
chasach,
Ghrinn-ghruagach, stobhradach, cheannardach,
Srol-bhreideach, chliabh-fharsuinn,
- 36 Bheag-aosda, bheag-ghaoisdeach, bheag-chluas-
ach,
Mhor-chridheach, mhor-chruthach, mhor-chuim-
neanach'
Seanga, seudaidh, is iad searachail,
Breagha, beadara, boilgeanta, baoth-leumnach
- 40 D'an goireadh iad an Dabh-seimhlinn.
Ciod a bhiodh na shuidhe sa' charbad sin ?
Bhiodh na shuidhe sa' charbad sin
An laoch cumaiseach, cumachdach, deagh-
fhoclach,
44 Liobhara, loinneara, deagh mhaiseach.
Tha seachd seallaidh air a rosg ;
'S air leinn gur maith a' fraodhar dha.
Tha se meoir chnamhach reamhar
- 48 Air gach laimh tha teachd o' ghualainn.
Tha seachd fuilteana fionn air a cheann ;
Folt donn ri tointe a chinn
'S folt sleamhuinn dearg air-uachdar,
52 'S folt fionn-bhuidh air dhath an oir,
'S na faircill air a bharr 'ga chumail
D'an ainm Cuchulin mac Seimh-sualti.
Mhic Aoidh, mhic Aigh, mhic Aoidh eile,
- 56 Tha 'eudan mar dhritheana dearg,
Lughmhor air leirg, mar luath-cheathach sleibhe,
No mar luathas cille faonaich,
No mar mhaigheach air machair-mail.

- 60 Gu 'm bu cheum tric, ceum luath, ceum muirneach
Na h-eacha a' teachd chugainn,
Mar shneachd ri snoighead nan sliosaihbh
Ospartaich agus unaghartaich
- 64 Nan eachaibh g'a l-ionnsuidh.

GUCHULIN NA CHARBAD.

U. 1. Grant, p. 418. 66 lines. 1814.

- CEA fath do thurais na do sgeul
Fath mo thurais agus mo sgeul
Feribh Eirinn send mar chimur
- 4 Tithiun thugibh as a' mhaogh.
An carbad air am bel an dual fighara fionnduinn
Air a dhianabh gu luathmhar lamhach tacladail
Far mo lutha agus far mo laidir
- 8 Agus far mo langhlic an poblul ur
'S a' chathair fhrasanta randaid
Caol cruai clochara colobhii
Cether ifera chleamhor a chaomh charbad sin.
- 12 Cud a chimur 's a charbad sin
Chimur 's a charbad sin.
Na beich bhalgionn chalgionn chluasbheg
Shliostana bhastana eachmhor stendmhor
- 16 Le streinibh caol lannir lumbar
Mar leig na mar chaoir theine dheirg
Mar ghluaisda chreachdai laoi alluinn
Mar fharam gaol chruai gcambrai
- 20 Teachd thugibh ann 's a charbad sin.
Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin
Chimur 's a charbad sin.
Na h eich lia lu'ar stu'ar laidir
- 24 Thresmhor stuaghmhor luamhor tadhmhor
Bheirgh sparag fi fua na fairge asa caraicibh
Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin
Chimur 's a charbad sin
- 28 Na h eich bhareach tharceach thresadach
Gu stumhor lumbar duarsinn
Mar spuir iolair ri gnuis ainbheach
Dba'n gioradh an lamhor mhaiseach
- 32 Mheachtroi mhor mhuirneach.
Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin
Chimur 's a charbad sin.
Na h eich chiniunn chroidhionn chaolchasach
- 36 Ghrinn ghruagach stobhradach, cheannardach
S'rol-bhreidich, chliabh-fharsinu
Bheg aosda, bheg ghaosdeach, bheg chluasach
Mhorechri'ach mhor chru'ach, mhor chuimhlean
ach
- 40 Seangh, seadi, isiad, searachail
Briadh, beadara, haoisgeanta baoleumnach
Dhan gioradh iad an Duseimhlinn.
Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin
- 44 Bhitigh na shuighe 's a charbad sin.
Laoch cuimaiseach, cumhachach, degh-fhoclach
Libhara, loinneara demhaiseach
Tha seac meircid air a ruinn
- 48 S'ar linn gur math a fradharc dha
Bha sia meoir chnamhach reamhar
Air gach lamh dhe ghualinn do
Bha sia chruith fhiondair air a cheann
- 52 Falt donn re tonnibh a chiun
Falt sleamhuinn dearg air uachgar
S'falt fionnabhui air dhath an oir
Sua faircill air a bhar ga chunnabhail
- 56 Dhan ainm Cuchullinn mac Seimh Sualti
Mhic Ui, mhic Ai, mhic Ai eile
Tha adann mar fritheine deirg
Luthmhar air leirg mar lua' cheach sleibhe
- 60 Na mar chruas cranda calta airghe
Na mar mhiad air mhachair mbiail
Gum bu tro tric, tro luath, tro mhuirneach
Na beachbhi thithinn U'orrainn
- 64 Mar sneachda ri snaitghal na sliosabh
Ospartaich agus unaghartaich
- 66 Na h eachibh gu tiunsi.

X. 1. CARBAD ALAIRE CHUCHULLIN. 1862.
Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished
by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh, Jan. 31, 1872.
Sgualichte-Eachun Donnillach an Talamh-sgeir 's an
Eilean.

This fragment was got for me, in 1862, by Mr. Carmichael, from a Skye man. A copy was afterwards sent to Dr. Mac Lachlan by the collector. The same gentleman got from a blind man the following fragments before 1862:—Z. 57, 7 lines. Z. 74, 7 lines. Z. 80, 54 lines. These three are versions of the Gaelic of 1807. It is worth remark that a blind fiddler, in Islay, used to recite passages from Dryden's Virgil, which he learnt from a student to whom he was teaching the fiddle. At page 84 Gaelic of the Book of the Dean of Lismore is a measured prose description of Mac Gregor's horse—28 lines. The last 4 speak of coming from Ireland to praise and to seek it in Alba, and this composition of 1512 is very like the oral descriptions of Cuchullin's Car. Similar passages abound in old Irish writings and in current prose tales. Mac Pherson's English was condemned by critics, but it was founded upon some old Gaelic original. There is nothing to show where the Gaelic of 1807 came from.

BHA moran aig m-athair (Iain mac Iain ic Eoghain, air Carbaidan Chuchullinn) Carbaid Comhraig agus Carbaid Albaire Chuchullin. Cha chuala sibh riamh na bhaig do bhàrdachd Oisein. Is cuimhne leamsa nuair bha mi ag agus an t aite so lan dhaoine, lan tuath, gun bitheadh an tigh againn cho lan a dh' oigire 's a sheanairi (agus do sheanairibh ?) fad na h-oiche gheamhraidh agus a chunnaic sibh tigh bail reamh. Moire 's an a sin a bha an oigire ann an aite so, agus an palteas aig duine agus beothlach. Ach chuir na faoirich mhòr as do 'n aite 's cha 'n fhaighean an duigh ann ach iad fein ' Seanaichaidh.

- 1 NA h-eich libhach laigearach lothar,
'S na spuir oir fotha (fopa ?),
Sith-fhada shitsheang,
- 4 Beag-chil-each beag ghaoisneach, beag chluasain,
Mor chuitach mor cheach, mor chuaileanach
Uinnich 'us osunnaich nan each,
- 7 Bha tarraing Cuchullin air chill.

4.—GARBH MAC STAIRN.

THIS well-known personage is usually mentioned in Gaelic tradition as a real man: very strong and thick-set; a mighty wrestler, and a Scandinavian prince. I give the following fragments of poems, &c., in which he figures as a foe to Cuchullin and others:—

- | | | |
|---------|------------|---|
| 1 D 1. | 151 lines | } versions of the same ballad. |
| 2 F 1. | 210 lines | |
| 3 O 1. | 225 lines, | story, language, rhythm, and names different. |
| 4 O 2. | 82 lines, | a popular tale, joined to the name. |
| 5 Q 1. | 64 lines, | no story, vague Mac Phersonic poetry. |
| 6 D 31. | 40 lines, | translation, by Mac Nicol, of D 1, first 10 verses. |

772 lines

The first two, independently collected about 1750, associate Garbh with Cuchullin's warriors. The second, got near Dunkel, about 1800, associates him with 'Fingal, king of Selma,' and the warriors of Fionn. This I take to be modern Ossianic. The fourth is a popular tale, which has been hooked on to many names, including 'The Fiend.' It is here told of Garbh and Fionn, and Fionn's wife. The fifth is a vague Lament, in which Mac Stairn is named. The six illustrate the changes which naturally befall historical ballads orally preserved.

Part of the story of the ballads (1, 2, 1750) is in Mac Pherson's 'Fragments' (p. 59, No. XIII. 1760.) In 1762 the fragment had expanded into the First Book of Fingal. Many stories of different times got joined, and their heroes became comrades.

On looking through Fingal of 1807, not one line of the Gaelic ballads can be found. The language appears to be modern and stiff, and a translation from the English of 1762. This illustrates the growth of an epic from historical ballads and traditions.

D. 1. DUAN A GHAIRIBH. 157 lines. 1755.
Mac Nicol's Collection, Ossianic Ballad, No. 16. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 9, 1872.

- 1 ERICH a Chu 'n teridh
Chi mi 'n Longis ha do labhradh;
Lom lan na'n Cuan eannaich,
Do Longis mor na'n Albarich.
- 2 Bregich hu Dhorsair gu Muadh,
Bregich hu Diu 's gach ion uiar;
She lan Longas mor na Maoith
Se tease bhginna gar coir.
- 3 Ha ion Laoich an Doris Teiridh
An Port an Riodh gu ro mbhennich;
Gra gu gei 'ir leis gun cal,
- 4 'S gu ga geal air Feribh Erin.
Fugidh mis arsa Cuth raoidh;
Araoin agus O'Connachir;
- 5 Fear dian Taoibh gheil,
'S Fraoich fial Mac Fini
- 6 Aoig mase àrà a ghluin gheil,
'S Caoilte ro-gheal Mac Ronan.
- 7 Na tig air sin a Chu Riodh,
Na cantir chomhradh gun chli;
Cha chorrig ris gan Fhail,
Air ard Rìoghachd na Herin.
- 8 Chonnaire mis coig Caha deug,
Du Dhamharibh as m' m Breug;
Breth air a Gharibh a's Tir Hoir.
An Maoith Gallan nan Corag;
- 9 Sin nar huirt Connal Ceardich,
Sonn Chatha na Claoin Tearach;
Cha deid mi fein ris an ghuin,
'S cha bh' s colch mi mu Chlesibh.
- 10 'Sin nar huirt Meoidh hall a Stidh,
Inn Ochidh Flath na Fenidh,
Na leigibh oglich nan Cath
Stidh do high Teridh nan Rìogh lath.
- 11 Sin nar hurt Connal gu coir
Daoi Mhac aliu edir sgeoil,
Cha bh' ro ghraita Bhean,
Gun duilt sinnidh ri bhoìn Fhear.
- 12 Legidh a stidh an sin an fear mor,
Na phrop an fianis an Tloidh
'S Ionad tri chead a stidh,
Chaidh retich a gho san tre sin.
- 13 Hog Cuchullin 'n sin a Sciath,
Air a mhaoidhlin bharradh lia;
Heale Snaois air a gha Shlaoith,
'Sghlae Connal a claidh.
- 14 Hug iad a stidh an sin Dronnadh,
Chend do Bhiadh agus do Dhibh gun urich,
Ga Chaigh gus an fhear mhòr,
A hanig as an Esraidh.
- 15 Nuair bu haich an fear mor,
Agus a bug e treis air coil;
Huge sealtin air a nuil,
Air Caoigid Mac Riodh mu bimcheal.
- 16 Sin nar huirt Bhrichgain gu Muadh,
Mac Mhic Caribridh fan Chraoibh ruadh;
Fear is Faoilte dhuit gun eale ar
A fianis faribh Erin.
- 17 Macanich Erin uile dhuit san ams,
A Bhrichdan Bharbhuidh,
Fad sa bhis mis an Riodh gu tean
Ar ard rìodhac na Herin.
- 18 Bhrabinsa dhuit na Braidin
Ana faidhe tu na Tantin
Bu leat Lugha Mac Curiodh,
'S Tiabhidh mac Ghoridh,
- 19 Fear dian taoibh gheil,
'S Fraoch fial Mac Fui,
Aaoig Mac aradha Ghluin gheil,
'S Caoilte ro gheal Mac Ronan.
- 20 Lul' im 's dearmid am Bhsoidh,
Deo Mhac Rìgh-Lehin Lubidh;
Cormag an Lungais gu Muadh
Mac Mhic Caribridh faoin Chraoibh ruaidh,
- 21 Buinni Borruadh 's borb e stidh,
'S buin leat gu luadh faoi Fhearis.
- 22 Ghaidh an sin na Mic Riodh,
An ann Tìdh Teridh gu fior;
Agus schuridh iad a Muidh,
Don Treun-fear na fhianis.

- 23 Ga ba Laoich gach Fear dhu sin,
Na 'n Garibh Mac Stairn Star-iaclach;
Cha le ladh fear soir na Siar,
Air asridh ghrian Louair.
- 24 Sin nar buirt Bhrìghgain gu Mnaidh,
Mac Mhic Caribridh on Chraibh ruaidh;
Cia boridhe dhuit dul ad Luing,
'Shu gun gheil o Chuchulin.
- 25 Bheil aig Cuchulin Mac na Nighin
A sgeile Glac innish gu fìor a Bhrìghgain;
- 26 Cha neil aig Cuchulin Mac no Nighin,
A sgeile Glac, na Daltar Bauni Brahid;
Na machd Dilis deo nìhair,
- 27 Ach bansa leis Naoish an naidh,
Bhrais Alidh as Ardain.
- 28 Frogair a Choin chulin chaoin
Mhic Sedrigh so altich
'Le re bhairt Naois air a chean
Air a chuid do d'heribh Erin,
- 29 Nì 'n feara misi na Snios
Nan fear, Laoich a cho Aois;
Ach dhìnga Snios Ri Horr aigh
Ceud do gach curidh cola.
- 30 Bheirimsa Briar Rìodh
Ann Fheribh aile na Herin,
Nach deid mi fein ann am Luing
'S mi gun Gheil o Chuchulin.
- 31 Bheirimsa Briar Rìgh ele,
She labhair an tard Chu Armin;
Nach toir hu mo Gheil 's ar Muir,
'S mi fein an am Mheidh.
- 32 'S Bodich bhìdhan udlidh
'S holec hu fein, 's holec do Mhuintir
'S ro ole Bean do Haidhe;
'S cha 'n fear a Bean mhuintir
- 33 'S cha doir hu mo Gheils an sail
'S cha neil innad fein ach Allabarich.
- 34 Sin nuair dherich 'n da Hriach,
Le neart Chlaidh agus Sciadh
Togadair an Talibh Tath
Le 'n Tridhe ansa nuair sin.
- 35 Bimadich Buille o bheil Sciadh,
'S fuaim Clisniche ri Cliar
Fuaim Lacin aig Gaoidh nan Gleann,
Fu Seleo nan Curidh co tean.
- 36 Seachd oiche agus seach Lo,
Hug iad an sa 'u imid Seleo,
'N Cean an teachda Lo,
Cha bairde 'n Garibh air a Mhaoidh
- 37 Na Cuchulin a Ghaisge.
- 38 'N Cean an teachda Lo
Hug Cuchulin Beum dho,
Scoilte o Bhruan gu Bran
An Scia Eugich Orridh.
- 39 A Choin Chulin ainnich Triach,
Agamsa cha mhair mo Scia;
Ach aonua cheim Teiche noir na uiar,
Cha tug mi ribh 's mi 'm bleidh.
- 40 Heilg Cuchulin uaidhe Scia,
Air an aiche oir as Jar,
Gab ennich shud bolc an Fhaoil,
Le Mhaibh uaisle na Herin.
- 41 Ach hug Cuchulin Beum cille,
Le moid a Mheunidh sa' sconnidh;
Togadar an Lamb leis an lan,
Scarar Cean o 'n Cholein.
- 42 Macanichd Erin uile
Dhuitsa uamsa, arsa Connil,
Agus an ciad Choin gun Eall,
Aua a fianis Feribh Erin.
- 43 Nì Gnìmh ar Gili na 'n Cuan,
Credibh an Rìogh maras dual
Leta 'n ion Laoich mar a ta

- 44 Ha ion Laoich an so a bha air Saul
Ha nis gun ashig le imairt sluaigh
Bha trial gu Teridh nan torr tean
Ghabhail Geil air Feribh Erin.

Fearis Mac Rosidh Mhic Ra 'n Laoich a bairde gheiribh fail, cha Bards Fearis a stidh na 'n Gairibh Mac Stairn na huighe.

Bheirimse Briar Rìgh ann se labhair an tard Chu Armin aoina Cheim teiche ge bearde leat nach hai du chead a hoirt.

Do Bhesidh fhìr Mhoir a hanig as an Esra, na bitidh na bu Leidhe stigh, dheibhe tu fìagh as faoilte hin Tairishe leum air faoilte, gus an gìa mur Braide gus an curin an am Luing Raoinin Mhic Rìgh na herin.

'N sin thaing an Dorsair a steach do thaidh Teamhradh nam beumanan 'schrath e 'n t slabhraidh gu tean Ri'n eisteadh na ceudin.

F. 1. DUAN A GAIREBH MHC STAIRN.

210 lines. 1750.

ARR dha teachd a thoirt Geil air Rìgh, Eirinn, agus mur Gheil iad uild dha gus an do dhùilt Cuchullin ris a Gheil, an t aon do na Fiannaibh a bha annsa chuirte san am sin. (Da luchd ionidh an Rìgh.)

Fletcher's Collection, page 183. Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. January 27, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

- 1 EIRICH a Rìgh na Teimhre,
Chi mi luingeas mòr 'se labhran;
Lom lan nan cuan is e elanuach,
Do luingeas mòr nan Allamuireach.
- 2 Is breugach thu dhorsair gu mnaidh,
'S breugach thu 'n diu 's gach aon uair;
'S th' ann luingeas nan maogh,
'S an Fhìann a teachd d' ar cobhair.
- 3 Cho d' eisd e ri tuille sgeoil,
Ach leum as làthair an Rìgh mhoir;
'S e thachair air laoch mòr a teachd;
A neoir gu dorus na Teimhre.
- 4 Do bheannaich an dorsair dha ghu màlt,
Is dh' fhiosraich e cò as do;
Is dh' fhiosraigh am fear mor gu nimhe,
Thaing nu thoirt gèil air Connul.
- 5 'S nì 'n gabhain cumha na ceart,
Ach Eirinn uile teachd fùim smachd;
'S gach flath 's gach Rìgh dhu thoirt umbluidh
A dh' aindeoin Chonnul 's a luchd comhuidh.
- 6 Creud d'am bheil ugumsa dheth,
Ach dearnam do sgeula:
Agus innsidh mi thu gun fheall,
Ann an lathair fearaibh Eirinn.
- 7 Is dh' imich an dorsair a steach,
Do dh' ard Teimhre nam Beumanan;
Is chrath e an t slabhraidh gu teann,
Ris an eisteadh na ceudan.
- 8 Sin 'nuai' thuirte Connul gu còir,
Deadh mhae Rìgh an Eidir sgeòil;
Am bheil allamuireach a muigh.
- 9 Tha aon laoch an dorus na Teimhre,
An am porsa an Rìgh ro mbeannuach;
Is e ag radh gun geabbar leis gun fheall,
'S gun gabh gèil air fearaibh Eirinn.
- 10 Do bha Coraich thall a stigh,
Is ard Rìgh-laochar na Teimhre;
Fionn mac Rìgh ruaigh
An ceathramh cuiridh co muca.
- 11 Chuige mise 'n dubhirt Curiogh,
Araon agus O Conachir;
Aog mac Garadh a Ghluin-ghil,
Is Caoilte glegheal Mac Roinan.
- 12 Na tig air sin a Churiogh,
'S na canta comhra gun chli;
Cho torachar leis gun fhoill,
Gèil air rìoghachd Eirinn.

- 13 Mur e 'n Garbh Mac Stairn a t' ann,
On' Ghròig namharaidh ro ghaireg;
Bheir e leis ar gòill air muir,
Dh' aindcoibh fearaibh Fiannaibh.
- 14 Chunnac mi cuig catha deuga,
Do chathan Fhamhairan 's nì m breng;
Aig breath san tìr Shoir air a Gharbh,
A' maogh Gamain nan goircan.
- 15 Bheirise briathar Rìgh arm,
Fhearaidh àilidh na h-Eirinn;
Nach do leig an Garbh iad o'n mhaogh,
Gus 'n do ghabh è gòil gach aon fhuir.
- 16 Sin 'nuair dubhirt Connall cearnach,
Ursan chatha nan blagh teimhreach,
Cho d' theid mi fein ris dam bhain,
Cho mho is eolach mi ma bhensan.
- 17 Sin 'nuair dubhirt geal mac Machith,
'N laoch b' fhuirast aithsheun;
Cha deach mi riabh aon cheum sor na siar,
A dh' fholum gaisge a' hudligheachd.
- 18 Tabhair mo ghìt thali' sì stigh,
Inghin o chli' Flath na feile;
Na leigibh oglach nan Cath,
Do thigh teimhre nan Rìgh-flath.
- 19 Sin 'nuair dubhirt Connall gu còir,
Deadh mhac aluin an cidirsgeoil;
Cho bli è re aratin a bhean
Gun diult sinn uile re aon fhear.
- 20 Leigibh a steach am fear mòr,
Gu prap am lathair an t slòigh;
Ionad cheud areitichadh dho san t sreth;
Muna chuireadh e na shuighe.
- 21 Feargus mac Rossain ic Rà,
'N laoch a b' àirde dhe fhearaibh Fàil,
Cho b' àirde Fearguth a stigh,
No' a Garbh Mac Stairn 'na shuidhe.
- 22 Pronn cheud do bhaidh 's do dhibhe,
Chnaidh a dheanamh dosan gun fhuireach;
Sa thoirt re na chaitheamh don fhear mhòr,
Thainig as an Eassa Roimh.
- 23 'Nuair bu shaitheach don fhear mhòr,
'S a thuigeas greis air an òl;
Thug se snìl uaithe nùn,
Air chaogad mac Rìgh mu thimchioll.
- 24 Do bheathsa fhuir mhòir,
Thainig as an Eass a roimh;
'S na bitheadh mi bu leithe steach,
Gheabha thusa fiall is faoilte.
- 25 Cho tairis leam air faoilte,
Gus an iadham mur ar braide;
Gus an cuir fam an nam luing a steach,
Rìghm mhic Rìgh na h-Eirinn.
- 26 Sin 'nuair ghabha na mic Rìgh,
Ann an Tìgh Teamhre gu fìor;
'S a chuireadh iad a muigh,
Don treun laoch na lathair.
- 27 Ge bu laothadh gach fear dhuibh sin,
No an Garbh mac Stairn stanf hiaclach;
Cho tialuigheadh fear siar no soir,
Dhuibh an asinn a ghnìomh lomidh.
- 28 Sin 'nuair thuirt Brichni gu muaidh
Mac mhic Cairbre o'n Chraoibh Ruaidh,
Fear is faoilte dhuit gun fheall,
Ann an lathair fearaibh Eirinn.
- 29 'S mise Bhrathadh dhuit na Braidean,
As am fuighe tu na tàintean;
Bain leat Lughna mac o Rìgh,
Agus Fiamh mac Gorigh.
- 30 Aogh mac Garadh a Ghluin ghil,
Is Caoilte ro Gheil mac Ronain,
Fear Dian taobh ghil,
Agus Fraoch fiall mac Fiuic.
- 31 Luagha sgia argumeid am blagh,
Deadh mhac Rì leathan Lùcais,
Cormaig an Luingeas gu muaidh
Mac mhic Cairbre o'n Chraoibh Ruaidh.
- 32 Baine borburra nach borb a steach,
Buin leat gu inath o Fhearghuth.
- 33 Maed aineachd air Eirinn uile,
Dhuitsa uamsa Bhrichni Bharabhni,
Ad sa Bhios mise 'm Rìgh gu teann,
Air ard Rìoghachd na h-Eirinn.
- 34 'S an an sin' thog Cuchulin a sgia,
Thair a mhaolin Bharraliath;
Sheal Snaois air a dha shleagh,
'S ghlac Connall a Chloidheamh.
- 35 Sin nuair thubhirt Brichni gu muaidh,
Mac mhic Cairbre o'n Chraoibh Ruaidh;
Cia thorehrar leat dol' na d' luing,
'S tu gu ghèil o'n Choinchullin.
- 36 Am bheil aig Cuchullin mac,
Innis gu fìor a Bhrichni
Nim bheil aig Cuchullin Mac,
Na nian is Gile glac.
- 37 Na Dallon muaidh Bràghad,
Na mac dilis deagh mbàthar,
Ach b' ansa leis naois anaigh,
A Bhrathair Ailbhin agus ardan.
- 38 Freagir a Choinchullin choin,
A mhic seud rìogh subhald;
Teirbert snaois an dò cheann,
'S air do chuid do dh' fhearaibh Eirinn.
- 39 Nim fearr mir no Snaois,
Nim fearr laoch a Chomh aois;
Ach Diogaidh Snaois còir math,
Cend do gach cuiridh comhla.
- 40 Bheirimsa Briathar Rìogh ann,
Fhearibh Ailidh na h-Eirinn;
Nach d' teid mi fein ann nam Luig,
'Smi Gun Gheil on Choinchullin.
- 41 Bheirimsa Briathar Rìogh eile,
Se labhair e n t ard Chù armach;
Nach d teid mo Gheilsa air sàil,
Smi fein an nam Bieatha.
- 42 'S Bodach ù bhiodh an Údluigheachd,
'S ole u fein 's ole t fhear muintir;
'S ole Bean do thaigh
'S cho'n fhearr a luehd aon tigh,
- 43 'S cho d' tabhir u mo Ghèil air Sàil,
S gun annad fein ach allamarrach.
- 44 Sin nuair dh' eirich 'n da thriath,
Le neart an cloidhean is an sgia;
Gun d' fhogradh an tallam teann,
Le traighean ann sa 'nuair sin.
- 45 'S ioma Buille fuidh bhile sgia,
'S fuaim Clisnich re Chiar,
Mar fhuaim Coille le gaoidh nan Gleann,
Bha Scleo nan curidhuan co teann.
- 46 Seachd oidhchean agus seachd là,
Dhoibh aig Imarscleo sa aig Jomarh hai;
Sa'n ceann an noidheamh trà
Cho b' àird e n Garbh air amboigh na Cuchullin-
a Ghaisae.
- 47 Ach an ceann an t seachdamh lò,
Thug Cuchullin beum dhò,
Sgoilte leis o Bhruan gu Bran,
An sgiath eangach òrbhuigh.
- 48 Noish on a theirig mo sgia,
A Choinchullin a dhaingneas triath;
Aon cheim teichidh siar no Sor,
Cho dliubhran is mi 'm bheatha.
- 49 Bheirimsa Briathar Rìogh eile,
Se labhair e n t ard Chù Joraghill;
N t aona Chèim teichi Siar na Sor,
Cho n eil fuidh d' roghna a dheanadh.

- 50 Thig Cuchullin dheth a sgia,
Thair a mhaolui Bharral-iaith;
Geb einaeh gum b' ole an theall,
Ls maithreamh uaisle na b-Eirinn.
- 51 Thug Cuchullin beum eilli
Le moid a mheammidh is asgeine,
Thogadh leis a lamh sa laim,
Is sgar e 'n ecan ri cholluin.
- 52 Machd aineachd air Eirinn uilli.
Dhuitsr uamsa choimchlinu;
Sa chead chorn gun fheall,
Aun am lathair fearaibh Eirinn.
- 53 Rinn mise gníomh air gílu nan cuan,
Creideadh an Rí mur is dual,
Tha leaba aon laoih 'n so a bha air Cuan,
Tha niudh gun aisag aig fomarit stuaigh.
- 54 Thrial gu tigh teimhre nan Ríghfhath,
Ghabhail gcéil air fearaibh Eirinn.

O. 1. FIONN IS GARA MAC STAIRN.
225 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 129. Copied by Malcolm Mac-phail. Edinburgh, April 1, 1872.

- 1 SGUAB Garbh na sleibhtean,
'S ghull na glinn fo chois;
Lab na caoiltean an cinn ualach,
'S thiomuich suas na tuiltean uisg.
- 2 Shramadh a' Mhare shluagh a ghaoth,
Thuit am fraoch fo fhuaim an tart;
Loisgeadh am fear le'n dian astar,
'S ghull man ghlasan gach bachd.
- 3 Theich an eilid le fuathas boath,
Chual i glaoth a rain' a sguirt;
Sheall am fir eum gu nuathara claon,
Co iad na daoine tha ruag mo theach?
- 4 Bha garbh treun mar shruth a ghlinne,
'S am fireach a' cridheadh fo ghluasad;
Uamhasach mar thorrun a gheambraidh,
Ri oidhche anradh ann am fuathais.
- 5 Arda mar Ghinbas na beinne,
'San ceò a' tionadaladh mu'n cuairt d'i;
Marbhtach mar cheud tamag,
Aig carra daingean Loda bhualtich.
- 6 B' fharsaing rioghachd Gharabh Mhoir,
Bu lionmhór sloigh toirt dha cin;
Bha clann mhaoth a' basteadh ainm,
Is daoine a' crathadh an cinn gu cor.
- 7 Dh' fhag e a thalla stoirmeil,
Dh' amhare Thuail an fhuilb dhuiann;
Tual Mac rígh Lochlain aigh,
A choimhich ait an Albain bhig.
- 8 Air sgiathaibh gaoithe sgoilt e'n cuan,
Gu Dun Mhíe Tuail nan ioma' creach;
Theich na sloigh roimh a cheum,
Bh' an rathad reidh gu Dun nanclach.
- 9 Co chogadh ri Garabh Mac Stairn?
Co sheasadh blar na fala?
B' fharsaing criochan Thuail,
Thar garbh bheanntan ciar na Tuath.
- 10 A ghaingich mar aon bha dana,
'S lionmhór blar a chuir iad thairis;
Rainig Garabh crom ghleann nan earobh,
'Slloid e sia croinn Ghuibhais o thalamh.
- 11 Chuir *faileas* iar o theas na greine (*dubhar*),
Fhreagair na creagan do ghlaoth;
Gheill gach bealach do neart,
Rainig e ard thir Mhíe Tuail.
- 12 'S fhuair e gu faolaídh fosgailte.
- 13 Choinnich Mac Tuail e air an throach,
Chuir fuilt gu caoin *iar* a charaid;
Do bhicatha a dh' Albainn nam beann,
A mhíe Stairne o 'n duithaich tha 'n ear.)
- 14 'S lionar feachd gu cleachd s gu tiorachd,
Thig a steach fo sgath mo thighe;
Bíodh cuirm is aighir air bhordaibh,¹
Scinneadh mo bhaird cliu nan treunfhear.
- 15 Tha na bliadhna a threig a pilltinn,
Latha Sealg nan gleann ciara;
Thainig Fionn 'sa shloigh nan coir.
- 16 Co as tha na fir armach ghasda,
'Se labhair rígh Shelma chruinn;
Bheil am fiadhac a' dol leibh,
No 'n teid sibh leam gu Dun ban?
- 17 Bha cliu Ghairbh sna dánaibh
Bha eagal air Fionn roimh a theachd;
Cha b' ail ail leis a bhann gun am feachd,
Ri Mac Tuail bha Fionn an síth.
Ach bha mi run anns a ghaoidh.
- 18 Chuireadh Garbh gu Cuirm is cleas nan treun,
Gu Dun ban ma 'an eiradh grian,
Dun bha faoilidh riabh is farsaing,
Dun am b' ait leam bhí lem' mbeann
Dun o'm faiete míle maíse.
'S tric an d' fhuair an t-aineol biadh.
- 19 Thainig Garabh le cheathairne chor,
Ochd fíchead fear fo'n earra shroil;
Fíolgh Mac Tuail le chombairlich fein,
'S le choisridh dhonna dhana threun.
- 20 'S ann an sín bha chuirm gun aithris,
Fion na Greige as Beoir na Macharach;
Ceol nam filidh fonn nan clar,
Dun nam ban, is eachd nan Treun.
- 21 'S fad bha aobhneas an Talla 'n Dun,
'S eumhne leam, a ruin an latha;
Ach mo thruaighe dh' fhalbh am filidh san dan,
'S cha 'n eil a lathair ach smurach faiche.
- 22 Ann an sealla Dun Mhíe Tuail,
Bha Dun Fhinn gu uarach ard:
- 23 A ghaoth a seida seach a balla,
'Se gun chrith, chneth, gun spairn;
A thuran, daingean da fhilt dealbhach,
Mar chreig albhinn lamh ri shail.
- 24 Sheid an glagaire an corn buadhach,
A dh' adhare buabhall grinn nam beann;
Uamhachd a steach na coisruidh,
Do 'm bu choir bhí fiadhach mheall.
- 25 O chreag gu creag leum an glaoth,
Mar oiteag ghaoidh am bar nan crann;
Thainig fuidhí mhor a ghlinne,
Le 'n coin innealta gu sealg.
- 26 Thainig fir a bbraigh sgariteil,
Le 'n eachaibh tartarach is le 'n cuim;
Thainig gaisrich Locha fhuaimnich,
Thainig Duthích, Buich 's Baimch.
- 27 Thainig Diarmad donn 's Cullin,
Thainig Buidhne de gach fine;
Rígh b'e sín na daoine treubhach,
Bha cruit, bha clar, bha feudan redha.
- 28 A' cur easlan fad air astar,
Sheall Garabh gu dur nuathara;
Air na feachdaibh nuadha, calma;
Fhinn Mhíe Cuthail nan ceud cath,
- 29 Cha 'n ioghna thu feib bhí dana,
Agad tha na buidhne erodha,
Dealbhach, tosach, bonnach, craidhach,
Toslach, cudthromach, bensach,
- 30 Gach fear mer reth bhainne traighe
'S tearc a chithear an leithid.
O ob shruth gu ruth nan Gael,
Ghluais na fir nan ard shunt;
Gu sibhlach thar gnais na faiche.
- 31 Mhíe Stairne, thuir Fionn an caunt rídh,
'S mor do neart, tha t' ainm ga reir;
Tilg a chloch 's thug deuch a dh' Albainn,
Thog Garabh a chreag ghailcach luchduohor,
'S thug urchar ri aghaidh 'n Duin;
Chrith Selma le mor eagal,
Sgoilt poirceall an Dun gu b' ail.

¹ Bíodh ard air cuirm is aighir.

- 33 Dh' fflag eachuiman san fhaiche,
Bheuchd na creagan le toirm;
Theich Mac Talla le bruidhlean,
'S dh' fhalbh snuadh na coille gu bas.
- 34 Deach a ris a Ghairbh nam beum,
Do mhór spionna fein 's do chliu.
Thairt Fionn 's a smaoin a crathadh,
Mar cheo a sgaradh air carn.
- 35 Chrom Garbh a cheann gaisge,
'S thog a chreag gu h-ìorsach ur;
Dh' fhalbh i o laimh mar dhealan,
'S rinn i sgar an ceann na Duin.
- 36 A mhala mhine, tha lan de uisge,
Leum an aibhinn air ais;
Gu bras beumalach, buarasach, ard,
Creigean 's orannan a' geilleadh
Spreidh a' criththeadh gu bas,
Stad i air Dail an fhraoich
Ged is faon i 'n duigh bhaigh
- 37 Bha Mic Fhinn 'san gunis gu deurach,
Thug Mac Stairne eibhin buaidh;
Dh' eirich Goll Mor Mac Morna,
Fear nach sora riabh an beum.
- 38 Thog e 'n Tulach a talhaibh,
'S thug e urchoir laidir dhian;
Theich siol Lochlain le ioglna,
Thog a chlarsach caithream buaidh,
Thog siol Alba lachan gaire,
'S sheall Dun ban air chaochla snuadh.
- 39 Chaidh iad sin a dh' fheadhach bheann,
A ruaga 'n tuire le thuisg oillt;
Treis an toir air Ioin is eild,
Is air damh alluidh nan ceum calma.
- 40 Phill Garabh gu Dun Mhic Tuail,
Thriall Fionn gu Buth nan struth;
Thainig sgeul qha cruaidh ri cisd
Dh' iarr Garabh cios o'n Fheinn le tair.
No comhrag cuig ceud sar ghaigeach,
Ceud loghainn chon ceud seobhag snaire
Ceud each luath a bhignadh geall,
Ceud earra shroil leinteag ur.
- 41 Bhuail Fionn an ard bheum sgeithe,
Chruinnich a threun fhearann ri cheil;
Bhruchd iad mar thuil nan gleanntan,
Co sheasadh san am sin roimh an dluthas.
- 42 Rainig Garabh buth nan struth,
Le buidhinn cholgara dhana;
Bha Grainne san tall fo eagal,
Fionn a fiadhach an feudanaibh duinte.
- 43 Dh' iarr Garabh aoidheachd 's muirn,
Mar charaid a bhiththeadh dlu dhi fein;
Aoidheachd cha do dhuilt mi riabh,
Labhair Grainne le ciall cheart.
- 44 Ach do cheathairne eo mor,
Cha 'n 'eil cro an teid a steach;
Gheibh sibh aoidheachd air an raon,
Ma's miann leibh fhaotainn
Gheibh le tlachd.
- 45 Thug i dhoibh sithann bheann,
As lionn nach do thoga o bhraich;
Dh' eirich na h-almarach ghnathia,
Gu chomhla a tharruing mach.
- 46 Ach thogar an glaodh Feinne,
Is dhuisg gach tom is glaic;
Sheall Garabh thar a ghualainn,
Chunnaic gu luath Fionn le fheadh.
- 47 An e so diol na h-aoidheachd a Ghairbh,
Mo theach 's mo bhean a thoir nam;
Teann am rathad gu grad,
No stad cha 'n fhaigh thu ach bual.
- 48 Egal cha bhiodh orm mbie Cuthail,
'S e labhair Mac Stairn gu fear dana;
Ged eireadh leat mie *leomhuinn* (loghainn)
Do fhearaibh an domhainn a thainig.
- 49 Bratach Fhinn sgaol sa' ghleann,
An deo ghreine bu deirge cruth;
Thog a chlarsach a fuaim eatha,
'Sthog Caorull gu h-ard a ghuth.
- 50 Bha Fionn mar ghrian fo ghruaim,
'Nuair dhomhlaicheas uimpe eo duachni tiugh;
Air uairibh chitear a gunis aoibhinn,
Air uairibh i gailach duth,
- 51 Tharruing na sloigh o 'n t-sliabh,
Gu tosdach dian chum euchd;
B' uimhasach sealladh gach mili,
Bu cinnteach buille an cruchd.
- 52 Ni 'n d' atharaich Garabh Ceum,
'Sa threun fhearann daingean ri chul;
An sleaghan nan cuilg nimhe ri 'n guailinn,
Am boghan cruaidh deas mar an ruin.
- 53 Clanna Baoisge thilg an sleaghan,
'S tharruing an claidhean foinneanta gear;
Sgath iad siol Lochlain gu talamh
Mar loisgeas falais an tir fheur.
- 54 A' m' laimhsa bha neart an la ud,
A Mhahmhine cha b' eagal leam;
Theich Garabh bras mar cholman,
'San seobhag grad na dheigh,
Ghleith sinn ar tighean is ar mnathan,
Ar clann, ar fearann ar n' euchd.

NOTE.—This metre cannot be divided into quatrains.
It is irregular, like Mac Pherson's.

O. 2. FIONN IS GARA. 82 lines. 1801.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 163. Copied by Malcolm Mac-phail. Edinburgh, April 3, 1872.

Along with the fragment (Fionn is Gara) (see page 129) a ridiculous story is told which was formed to bring these ancient heroic poems into contempt. I shall here insert it copied from the same person who recited the other, viz., Alexander Cameron, Tailor, in Drumcherry, Fortingal, before mentioned. (Dr. Irvine's note.)

- 1 RAING Garabh Dun nam buadh,
Dun ri 'n luaidhear Buchanti;
Fhuaras Grainne fuinadh san talla,
Bha Fionn na chodal an crethaist dhlù
Le lubaibh gun glacadh Mac Stairn.
- 2 C' ait bheil Fionn, thuir Garabh?
Cha 'n fhad air falbh, a rìgh na faich,
Gabh aran 's leag do sgitheas.
- 3 Mar d' fhusneadh Grainne le mend luathas,
Dh' itheadh an Garabh gu dlu dian;
Mar mhada fadhaich Ghormla,
Chuir i ghraideall ann am bonnach
Dh' ith e 'n t-earna foinnann borba.
- 4 'S cruaidh t-aran a gheug na maise,
Mar chreag abharnaich dom' ghoile.
- 5 Chuir e mheur am beul an leimibh,
Bha sa chrethail gu tosdach dcialbhach;
Chail e a muir a thiola,
Le fiacail ghuneach a bhanbhi,
Ciod as aois do d' leanabh a Ghrainne,
'Se labhair gu h-arach Garabh.
- 6 Miosachan beag a th' am,
Ma dh' fhasas gach mios mar so;
'Se fhreagair Garbh gu tiugh dian,
Bithidh airde mar airde uam beann,
'Se neart mar neart na iomghaoith dhochorach
- 7 Dh' fhalbh Garbh a choimhead cumhachdan
naraig
Far an tric a gheill an Roimh,
'S ann fhair Shiochd nan Gael buaidh,
Trusgan a bhuaichail ghabh Fionn,
'S thachair air Garbh aig murlin nan alt.
Rinn Faolan le mend a sgoil,

Sheas an roth ehlach mhuilín aig an doras,
Na pilladh Fionn o 'n t-scéig,
'Se thuir an Garbh le mor fhiambh,
C' ait am bheil a spionna 'sa threis ?

- 8 Fenmaidh e comhrag a thoirt a Ghrabh,
No tuitcam gu balbh fo mhéin;
Cha 'n aon mise de na treun,
Deir Luna la treun ghuth.
- 9 Chunnaic mi Fionn le beag spairn,
Tilgeadh na Gra ehlóich sin thar an tigh;
G'a comhlachadh air an taobh eile,
M'an ruigeadh i 'm blar g'a luathas.
- 10 Sheall Garbh le sméithe gaire,
Air a ehlóich eruin mar an Rê;
Ballach mar an speur ud shuas,
Trom mar Dhungael le choille dhearach,
Cha 'n eil e beo do 'n geilinn luaidh.
- 11 Ghlac e ehlach is rain e 'n righ,
Triallam do shliabh nan agh;
Thachairt air Fionn is mor blagh is brigh,
Thuir Garbh ard a laimh,
Gu luath thairis air gleam 's air beam.
- 12 Ghluais Luna bu luaithe ceum,
Thachair air Garbh an ceann caillich;
An Uidham balaich 'se treun,
Bha 'n fheadail ri taobh na aibhne seimh
- 13 Bheil Fionn sa' choire, no sa eathair?
Cha 'n eil, thuir Luath bheil le cainnt ghrad,
Tha Fionn an Innis fail nan tonn,
Tha fhonn feadh fhiarach is ghlaic,
Tha Fionn an neart gun choimeas,
Chuir Fionn righ an Domhain fo smachd.
- 14 Faic an tarbh beueach gruamach,
An cum thu air ehluais e air raon?
Rug e air an tarbh ge b' alma
Rug Luath bheil air a ehluais eile.
- 15 Sgaoilteadh an t-annit cha b' fhaoin,
A Luath bheil! cha 'n 'eil thu eil;
Ma tha Fionn am brigh mar sud,
'S tearc righ a theid na choir,
- 16 Thogadh Fionn a ehreag ud shuas,
Thilgeadh gu luath ris an t-sliabh;
Reubadh e coilltean om' freumhaibh,
Thogadh e enaic o 'n t-athaibh;
- 17 Thionndaidheadh e aimbhnichean uisge,
Thionndaidheadh Grian dreusg ghradhach;
Dhutha e 'n Domhain le torrann,
Co dh' fheucha' ri botham a haradh?
Fagam a rìoghachd gu luath,
'S truaigh teachd fo fheirg sna blaraibh.

Air an cruinnicheadh lis an Olladh Urramach Alastair
Irbhinn Ministir an t-soisgeil ann an Dunchaillinn
bheag. J. McD.

Q. 5. DUIL MHIC STAIRN RI H-EIRIN. 64 lines.

Stewart's Book. 1813.

- 1 Is tiamhaidh nochd Gleann comhann,
Gun ghuth gaohair, a's gun eheol,
Gun thuaim air Chlàraibh nan tèud,
Gun uirsgeul Threun, a's gun òl.
- 2 Thosd guth nan Filidh na Mhùr,
Tha mairn a Bhuidhne air sgar,
Nìor fhan ach mise na 'n deigh,
'S mo chònaidh air treigsin tur.
- 3 Is mi an sean-fhear gun treoir,
Mar non Lon leont' anns a choill,
Mar shònn gun snodhach, gun fhàs,
Air chailleachd buidhir, a's daill.

4 Cha b'ionann ri linn Mhic Stairn,
Bha abhaist Oisein, 'sa neart,
Bu mhaith a dhimreadh e lann,
Cha b'fhànn a dhorn air a beairt.

- 5 Cha b'amhlaidh iar chath nan Sleagh
Fhònn 'sa mheanma ri fleagh Fhinn,
'Nuair thionail mu'n Rìgh a Laoich,
'S lasair chraobh ri solus grunn.
- 6 Chaidh sligean, a's euirn mu'n cuairt,
Cha'n fhaicteadh gruaim air gnuis,
Agus eo-sheirm cheann, a's ehlàr,
A' togail àbhachd, a's muirn.
- 7 Ri Ulann, a's Cairiol, a's Raoini,
Labhair Fionn Ghael gn fòil,
Togaibh Dàin luaidh ar Trein fhir,
A choisin o chein eiln, mar eòir.
- 8 'S ait le Rìgh Loehlain nam buadh
Na Dàin a luaidheas deagh-ghnìomh,
'S is taitneach le Fionn an gléus,
Thig air bèus Ghaisgeach na stri.
- 9 Leig mo Rìgh maraon, a's Mac Stairn
Ri h-èisteachd Chlàrsach nam sònn,
Bha eud Cruit, 's dà chaogad Bàrd,
Mu'n dà Ard Rìgh air an Tòm.
- 10 Chaitheadh mar sin an oiche,
Gu soille maidne sùr-ghùil,
'Nuair ehuinnteadh caismeachd an stuic,
A' greasadh Fhear Loehlain gu tràigh.
- 11 Nìor lìosda astar an long,
Ag asmadh thonn air an leirg,
A's strann-ghaoth Eire fuanmadh,
An Sleisdean thar euan-shruth-mear.
- 12 A mhnathan na tìre a's soir,
A's buidhe folt, 's is geal braghad,
A's tric air mair tabhairt shùl,
'S a tathaich brù na traigh.
- 13 Coisgear re seal ur 'n ionguin,
'S an Cabhlaeh ag iompaiddh nur dàil,
A's subhaeh leam sibh ga fhaigsin
Air fairge mar eun faire.
- 14 Ach 's truaigh leam cuid agaibh caoidh,
Nan Saoi math, 's fearn na brathair,
Na leannain caoin, gheal, eiuin,
Nach stiuir am feasd long thar bàrlinn.
- 15 'S eruaidh leam ur'n aire mu dheibhinn
Na chaidh an Eirin fudh ùir
Is tìrsach leam sgal an con
Air fiadh, na lon nach tabhairt suil.
- 16 Is goirt leam an donnal bròin,
A' togail sgeoil d'an eomhainn
Taibhse nan treun bhì sa cheo
'S an saighdean gun seol aonaich.

D. 31. DUAN A GHAIRIBH.¹ 36 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Ossianic Ballad, No. 27. Copied
by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 7, 1872.

SONG OF GARIVE.

- 1 ARISE! doorkeeper (chief or commander) of the
King's palace;
I see ships innumerable,
The wavy ocean quite full
Of the large ships of the Strangers.
- 2 Doorkeeper you be this Day, and every Hour (in
the Morning),
You Lie (or brings false tidings) to Day and
always;
It is the Fleet of Moy²
Coming to our Relief.
- 3 There stands a Hero in the Gate of Teira;
A Hero in the Gate of the King of lofty soul;
Who says, that openly (or without Deceit),
He'll lead Captive the Fones of Ireland.

¹ Garibh—Gross robust giantlike man.

² Moy (Maugh)—Appears to be 3^d name of a place.

- 5 Forwards spring Cuth, the son of Raogh,
And with him Oconnachor;
Also y^e keen white-sided Warrior Taobh-ghil,
And the high, (or liberal) minded Fraoch, the son
of Fiuidh,¹
- 6 Aogh the son of Garadh, with the white knee,
And the fair Coilte,² the son of Ronan.
- 7 Speak not so, Chu-riogh,
Nor utter thy feeble words;
For, without Guile, he cannot be equalled in War,
By the mighty Land of Erin.
- 8 Fifteen tribes of Gigantick Warriors
Have I seen in combat with Garive in y^e East (or
East country),
In Moy, the Habitation of Heroes.
- 9 Then spoke Connil, the chief of the sons of
the Forge, who had often conquer'd, The
Prowess of Garive is unknown to me,
Nor will I engage him in Battle.
- 10 From another quarter, Maya raised her voice,
The beautiful Daughter of one of the Chiefs;
Permitt not that Hero in Battle
To enter the royall Walls of Teira.

¹ *dh* sounds *g*.² Coilte, the son of Ronan, by tradition was one of the Fingalians, and remarkable for his swiftness.

5.—THE DEATH OF CONLAOCH. A.I.M.N.O.V.

This is an ancient Aryan story. It was told of Zorab and Rustem in Persia. It was in Marie's Lays (No. 9, ed. 1805, Ellis), written in the early part of the 14th century, in England (Milan, vol. iii. 184, vol. iv. Popular Tales, p. 260.) As part of the Story of Cuchullin, the story was known in Scotland about 1512 (A. 2), and other versions of it are in texts I. 1. M. 2. N. 1. O. V. 2. Y. Z. 34. 52. 59. 60. In all these the main story is that of a son, who is slain in combat by his own father, when he grows up, and comes from his mother to visit him. In the Gaelic ballads Cuchullin, and Conlaoch, his unknown son, are associated with the King of Ulster; the Heroes of the Red Branch, Connul, &c. The heir of Dundalk appears as the love son of a heroine who lived in Skye; and generally all the names agree with Irish history, though the story is British and Aryan.

Closely read, all the Gaelic versions, A. M. N. 1. 2. O. U. Y. Z. tell one story, and may be fused so as to make one translation. I. Kennedy's version is a different Gaelic poem on the same theme. A reference in verse 53 makes me suspect that it was slightly altered after 1762. In any case, it is Scotch Gaelic about a hundred years old.

The Aryan story of this genuine old Gaelic ballad is in Mac Pherson's English Carthon (Note, p. 127, and pp. 134, 142, edit. 1762). Cuchullin is commonly called 'Cu nan cleas,' Cu of feats, or of tricks of fence. In Carthon he is made Clessa mòr, which name is compounded from two words which mean 'great feats.' The geography is about Clyde and Morven, instead of Skye and the coast of Ireland. The son who is slain is named 'Carthon,' instead of 'Conlaoch.' Fingal and other names, which are not in the old story, appear. As a composition, the whole seems to be original. The Gaelic of 1807 ends abruptly where the ballad story begins. I believe the Gaelic to be a modern translation from the English, so far as it goes, for I cannot identify one line with any of my Gaelic texts. Nevertheless, the story told of Cuchullin and Conlaoch in 1512 was in the English 'Carthon' of 1762. In 1787 Dr. Smith, who lived in the same district as Kennedy (I.), published another Gaelic poem on the same theme, which I believe to be his own composition. 548 lines, p. 158.

The following samples are from unpublished manuscripts or rare Gaelic books:—

A. 2. CONNLEICH Mc NO CON. 103 lines.

GILCALLUM M'YNNOLLAIG IN TURSKAIL SO SEISS.

- 1 Di choala ma fad o hen
Skail di voneis re cowe
Is traa za haythris gow trome
Gata mir anneiss orrinn

- 2 Clanni rowre ni braa mawle
Fa chonchor is fa chonnill
Di bur low oyg err wyg
Er hurlar chogew ullyth
- 3 Ga hygh ne hanik ma genn
Fa ullyth leichre vanva
Cath ag waall innoyr ellyth
Dar zymone clannny rowre
- 4 Hanik hukkith borbe a reith
Ir gurro croith *connleich*
A zis ni mur glarrith grunn
Oo zowu skayth gow errinn
- 5 Di lawir conchowr re caach
Ca zoveniyn chon in naglath
Di wrea beacht nyn skailith za
Gr teachta la barreith woa
- 6 Glossis counil nar lag lawe
Di wrea skailleith dm vackein
Er darve torrin dm leich
Cayvelir counil laa counleich
- 7 Ner zoive in leich ra lawyth
Connil freich forranyth
Cayd dar sloyg di cawleith less
Aygnyth is bone ri haythris
- 8 Curreith teachtir canni ni conni
Woo hardre ayngneith ulleith
Gow down dalgin zranyth zlyin
Sen down gaylith ni geill
- 9 Woyn down sin di loyr linni
Di zangowne neyn orginn
Teggowss gneive nyn serrith sange
Gow reith feiltyth ny warrinn
- 10 Dissrych sloyg ullith oynnnyth
Teiggowss kow ni creive roye
Mak dettin o zoig mir howe
Nar ettee teacht dor gowir
- 11 Faddeith or *chonchowr* riss in gon
Wayghiss gin teacht dar gowir
Is counil surrych nyn stead marryth
In gwrych is keada dor sloygth
- 12 Deakir zoes wee ym bred
A ir churro er charrit
Ne in raith dole in ayngnyth a lanni
Si taa lar chawleith counil
- 13 Na smein gin dole na zye
A re ni gormlann granole
A lawe croy gin lagga re nacht
Smoyu er heddyth is a grewith
- 14 Cowchullin nyn sann lanni sleim
Noar a choala turyth counil
Di zlossa la trane a lawe
Di wraa skaille dyn wackawe
- 15 Innis downi er tocht id zailli
A raig in tow nar ob tegwall
A liss raa in nawryth zoe
Fiss tarm ka di zowchiss
- 16 Dym zaissew er teacht wom hey
Gin skaili a zinsi zoww
Da ninsin di neach elli
Id zraith zinsin dare
- 17 Corrik rymyth is egin dud
Na skail ainsyth mir charrit
Gawsith zi royg a keyv lag
Ne gail tygill vin chorrik
- 18 Ach na wea gne dighow nargenn
A honchow aw ne herrin
A lawe zasga in dowss trot
Mo clow wea in nasge aggit
- 19 Heymond and dyr chon a chaill
Ni ta corrik a vanvaill
Na makan di tor a zwn
In daltan croye layveith

- 20 Cowchullin is corrik croye
Di wee in lay sen fa zeyoye
A invak di marwe less
In ter lat chalm coive zlass
- 21 Innis downni er cove n' glass
O teith fest for nailleis
Tarm is di lonni gi lom
Na terg a zulchin orrin
- 22 Is me conleich m^e nocon
Ir zleith zown dalgin
Is me rown dakgis ym bron
Is tow ag skay di tollwm
- 23 Vii bleyn di waa ma horri
Fylwm zasga wom war
Ni classi ler horcher maa
Waa zessew a vylwm urma
- 24 Smenis cowchullin vor maik
A v^e ne in draich za chow
Gur smeine nar wraik feiltyth in ir
A rey k a chwneith si chateive
- 25 A arwm re corp no con
Di chow is beeg nor skarri
Re fagsin a cowlwoe a zlyn
Gasgeith zownyth dalgin
- 26 Mak sawalti mor a foyme
Ne low ym broin ita orrin.

Di.

I. 2. BAS CHIUINLAOICH. 444 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 74. Advocates' Library, April 8, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE DEATH OF CONLACH.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE following poem is a perfect Tragedy. Conlach, or rather Ciuinlaoch (signifies a mild hero), was a son of Cuchullin, born and brought up by his mother in the Isle of Skye, with whom he mostly resided during his minority. Cuchullin having held the chief command of Conal's army in Ireland during Conlach's minority, prevented his coming to visit his son to Dunscaich so often as he wished. Conlach was disciplined in hunting, eloquence, music, and the art of war, under the tuition of his mother and her friends in Dunscaich during his less age. Before he became a major he turned out to be the bravest hero and the most accomplished warrior in the Hebride Isles. His mother all this time being surprised that Cuchullin took so little notice of his son during his publicity, altho' a natural one, indeed her malignity to send him to Ireland in disguise to see his father, sworn not to tell his father or any person whatever who he was or to whom he belonged, but one who could defeat him in a single combat, she not doubting that he would overcome his father, overturn his authority in that nation and supplant himself in his place and become King of Dunscaich in Scotland and Dundalgin in Ireland. The brave and beautiful Conlach set sail with two hands from Dunscaich to Ireland and arrived near the palace of Conal the King, and pitched their tent upon the shore. Fingal and great many of the nobles of Ireland were feasting in Conal's halls at Conlach's arrival. Conal sent sixteen chosen men to Conlach to inquire after his news, and to invite him to his halls, who, upon refusal, encountered him one by one, but were all defeated and bound upon the shore. Dall, who watched the shore, went to Conal and told him how it had happened to his men at the shore; whereupon Conal set off and addressed himself to Conlach surprisingly pretty, requested his news and who he belonged to, which the noble youth durst not discover on account of his oath or promise to his mother. They at last engaged, and Conal is defeated. A scout arrived from Cuchullin, who was stationed at Dundalgin, with whom intelligence is conveyed back of Conal's defeat. Cuchullin set off in a tremendous career towards the shore where the mighty Conal lay vanquished, to whom he addressed himself with the highest encomiums, and likewise to the brave and beautiful stranger whom he strenuously pressed to disclose his embassy and tell who he was, and what place or people he belonged to, which the brave stranger durst not make known until defeated. The invincible and intrepid Cuchullin unwillingly engaged his only son, who

tremendously studied only to defend himself and spare his father. Cuchullin finding himself uncapable to overcome him by arms begun to throw the Gath-bolg or arrows, wherewith the valorous Conlach fell as being not accustomed to. This method of fighting is thought to have been executed by throwing their darts and lances at each other upon the watter, one standing upon each side at a certain distance. But it is more probable it has been shooting the arrows, as being always mentioned under the term of Conhrag. 'Gath-bolg' signifies fighting by arrows.

No story can be more tragical than this of Cuchullin conversing with his son and reflecting his odious and cruel mother, whose avarice and spirit of revenge rendered herself miserable and Cuchullin unhappy by the unfortunate death of their noble, valiant, and beautiful son Conlach.

BAS CHIUINLAOICH.

- 1 Gur e so an t-ursgeul fior,
'S ann leamsa gu sior is cumhain;
Ann latha bha sinn gu muirneach,
A steach air urlar Cuig Ulann.
- 2 Maille ri Conal au t-sloigh,
Bha 'n t Oscar og, is Rìogh Tuire;
Is Clann or-bhuigh Rìogh na magh,
Is Clann Rìogh Loitheann, is Ruridh.
- 3 Gun do dh' iucas ann ar dail,
Gach laoch a b' fhearr bha'n tir Chonail;
Na Luthaich is laoich na Mithibh,
Agus Fionn gaolach Mac Cunnail.
- 4 Dh' iucas iad oirnn o gach taobh,
Ar maithibh caoin-gheal gun tiorna;
Gu teach lna'-ghaireach an Rìogh,
Gun easbhuidh air ni ach snighe.
- 5 Labhair Conal 'Thonna-gorma,
Biodh gairdeach am ghradh a fhlaithibh;
Seinnibh caitheam buaidh gach filidh,
'S orain bhinne fea' mo Thalla.
- 6 An fhea' sa raibh fleagh am aros,
Deanamb abhachd agus iomairt;
Cuiribh an t slige mun cuairt duinn,
Biodh eibhneas air grauidh gach mithi'.
- 7 O bhardaibh! seinnibh na duana',
Cluinnibh an slaugh ar lua'-ghaire;
Coi'-fhreagrach creagan, is gleantaidh,
Do choi'-sheirm cheuan is chlarraibh.
- 8 Mar sin duinne subbach, solach,
Ag eisteachd ceol san teach eibhinn;
Fea' an lo sin, is na h' oiche,
Gus na shoillsich madainn ghle-gheal.
- 9 Chunnaig sinn air bharra chuantaidh,
Eibheis luath, mar ean air faire;
Sgoltadh gach tonn mar a dh' eiridh,
Toirt gu tir nam feara dana.
- 10 Triuir laoch calma, talmbaidh, tìrcoach,
'S am foil oir mun guallean arda;
Mac samhail cho 'n fhaca 'n iorgail,
Bha coi-chuimh 'an neart' s an aille.
- 11 Bha diais dinn 'n uigheam Oglaoch,
'S am fear corr fui' chlogaidh stailin;
Bha clòidheamh ra leis ro an-mhor
Is slèagh mar ebrann luira ra ghairdein.
- 12 Shuithich iad pùll do 'n toinute,
Air carraig luim fui' ar combhuidh;
An triuir sin an uigheam catha,
Bu mhaith gabhail ri b-uchd comhraig.
- 13 Dh' fhiosraich Conal do'n chle'-armach
Bu dea-labhrach ann 'sgach co'ail;
Co reachadh a gabhail sgeula,
Do 'n triuir cheutach thainig oirne.
- 14 Do fhreagair e laoich na Mithcadh,
'S na Luthaich bu bhìune comhradh;
Thèid sinne dh' fhaighail an sgeula,
Chonail fheilidh, ma sa deonach?
- 15 'S deonach leamsa Chlanna curaidh,
A fhuair urram ann sna Ìlbarabb;
Ìba gu h' iochdar, feilidh, soghrach,
Do gach onrachdan nuair b' àrach.

- 16 Ghluais sea-deug dhù chum na tràdhadh,
Gu muirneach, badhach, fail-labhar;
'S bheannaich iad do 'n Mhacai' uasol,
Bha ur-shnuadhar, mar an t-earach.
- 17 Labhair Beuldearg bu bhinn comhra',
Chuir Conal cro' sinn gu d' fheuchainn;
Fhìr is maille rosg, is ail thu,
No mhadainn air earr an t-sleibhe.
- 18 Co thu fein, no cia do dhuthaich,
No cia 'n Tur an d' fhuair thu t'arach;
Cìod a ghluais thu gu rioghachd Eireann,
Thair na cuanta', beucach, cair-gheal?
- 19 Shud dh' iarr Conal oirne fheoraich,
'S tu dhol comhla ruinn gu aros;
A chaitheadh na flea' le uaislean,
Is a dh' eisdeachd dhuana bha' bhinn.
- 20 Cho 'n fhead mise idir innseadh,
Co mi fein no cia mo mhuintir;
Aib do laoch d' an iul ann spair-meachd,
Mo dhi-armach, is mo chiumbreach.
- 21 Mar a feud tha ogain fhior-ghlain,
Dhùinne innseadh ach mar labhair
Air tus chaich do bheiream d' fheuchainn,
Air tu fein a chur fui' cheangal.
- 22 Dh' eirich an t-Ogen, is Beuldearg,
Air a cheile 'n spoirneachd ghàbhaidh;
'S na cara cian taobh na tuinne,
Leagadh Mac Luthaich fui' shailtean.
- 23 Chuir e a chaoil fui' 'n aon rìthe,
Chuir gun chreuchd fui' chuibhreach chaich e;
'S an croidhe gabhail le ain-teas.
Gun do cheangladh leis an Beuldearg.
- 24 Chomhraig iad o fhear gu fear,
An laoch nach nach roibh meat ann t-eug-bhail;
Is chuireadh fui' chuibhreach laidir
Leis an Arman an t-sea deug ud.
- 25 Daol a bha faire na tuinne,
Air an eireadh buinnean arda;
Ghluais e gu lna' dh' ionnsuidh Chonail,
'S dh' airis e mar so mar tharladh.
- 26 Tha Mithich nan stèuda, meara,
'S na Luthaich is nimhe 'n comhrag;
Sea-deug dhù fui' chuibhreach gabhaidh,
Aig a bhan laoch ud na onrachd.
- 27 'S mor is measa no bhi mharbh dhoibh,
Bhi di' - armaicht' aig aon duine;
Eirich a Chonail chaomh, bhaghaich,
'S fuasgail air do chairdean uile.
- 28 Do ghluais Conal, 's cha bu lag lamb,
Dhol a ghabhail sgeul do 'n Mhacai':
A thoirt fuasglaidh do 'n bha 'm bruid,
Gun euradh ro' thruid, no gealtachd.
- 29 Is bheannaich e gu binn, oscar,
Do dh' Ogan nam bosa calma;
Teas-ghradh dda do las na chroidhe,
Ge do bha na Mithich ceansaicht.
- 30 Fhìr mhòir thainig air lear oirn,
Lus teas am chroidhe le gradh dhuit;
Tha t'fholt mar or no gath greine,
Loinneadh air na sleibhte lann-ruinn.
- 31 Tha do chruth mar ghagan ghleantaibh,
Ann teas sambraidh fui' bharr aille;
'Scaol do mhala, 's cinid do rosgan,
Mar fhann osnach ghaoidh air faire.
- 32 Mar chrann fui' bhlaith tha do ghruidhean,
'S fhada buan do shlios a Churaidh;
Do shuil mar dhealt air magh sleibhe,
'S deirge do bheul no na sughan.
- 33 Do dhend mar nr-shneachd air gheugan
Mar aiteal do 'n gheirn air magh thu,
Ogain chaoin-ghil nan dual ar-bhuidh,
'S mor a dh' fhas re, 's math am baile.
- 34 So dhuit anois bri' mo sgeile,
'S maith do ghnìomh a threim, 's do ghabhail;
Cìod a ghluais u o d' theach comhnuidh,
Mas ann do 'm chonamh, 's mor m' aidhear.
- 35 Do thainig mise 'n icohd teachdair,
Dh' fhiosracha' dhìot co do dhaoine;
Co u fein, no cia do chairdean,
No cia 'n t-aite 'n d' fhuair u t'fhao'lum?
- 36 Sin a ni nach feudam innseadh,
Ach do neach bheir dhìom e reiginn;
No 'n innsin e neach sa chala,
Do dh' fhear a ghabhail, cho 'n eurainn.
- 37 So Rìogh Ulann, 's Thonna gorma,
Is aon laoch borbaidh na h-Eireann;
No ceill do sgeul ormsa mhilidh,
Ge mor do ghnìomh ann an t-eug-bhail.
- 38 Mo sgeula cho 'n fheadar innseadh,
A chonail na mìli' catha,
Co mi fein o 'n tha fui' gheusan,
Gus an toir treis dhìom e dh' aindeoin.
- 39 'S mis is urrainn sin, is fencham,
Do radh Conal treun, is ghlac e;
'S mi treas laoch gaisgidh an domhain,
'S cho d' fhuair coimbeach riamh mi glaiete.
- 40 Thug iad na suinn ceud car calma,
Taobh na fairg air chadach min-geal;
Chhuint' an sraoinich thair na cnocau,
Is fathrum an cos bu mhileant.
- 41 Leagadh Conal leis an treun laoch,
Chuir gun chreuchd fui' chuibhreach chaich e;
Rinneadh sud is cha bu chruaidh air,
Air sgath a chuain ruaidh 'na tràdhadh.
- 42 Do ghluais teachdaire o Chuchulain,
A dh' ionnsuidh Chonail ghil ghradhaich;
Rìogh Ulann, caomh nasal, greadhnach,
O shean Dun faoilidh nan gaidheal.
- 43 Sin an Dun a thurladh leinn,
Do cheart ain-deoin Mor 'n igh 'n Torr-gail,
Leis na faoilich, shaoithreach, sheanga,
Bu nìmhneach, meammach san torr-ghail.
- 44 Nnair chunnaig Conal an Luthar,
Labhair e gu ciun mar b' abhaist;
Tha mise fui' chuibhreach coimbeach,
Mar nach raibhas riamh ri'm laithe.
- 45 Toir fios gu Cuchulain namsa,
Gus an Dun ud urad aluin;
Gu Dundalgain grianach geal,
'Se sean Dun ciatfach nan gaidheal.
- 46 Mo dhilsein coibhreach am eigin,
Mo Dhalta treun is trom armaibh;
Innis dho gu bheil gu' m leirdear,
Fui' chuibhreach an trein laoch chalma.
- 47 Do ghluais Luthar nan ceum ea-trom,
Gu Cuchulain treun na cithe;
'S dh' airis e mar sin le fuathas,
Mar tharladh do 'n t' s'laugh sa chithe.
- 48 Ta Conal suaice nan stend mear,
Is sia fir dheug da shluagh cuibhricht';
A Chuchulain nan arm troma,
Eirich-cobhair air do mhuintir.
- 49 'S baoghalach dhamb dol an dail,
Na laimh leis na cheangladh Conal;
Maille ra Mhithich, 's na Luthaich,
'S an-fheilidh, cutaich an coimbeach.
- 50 No smuaintich gun dol na dhail,
A laoch nan gorm shìle suilbhir;
A lamh threun gun eagal ro' neach,
Cuimhnich t Aid, is e ann cuibhreach.
- 51 Ni 'n enis duinne bhi fui' mheìn,
Fo nach fuasgladh air ar caraid;
Fhìr mhòir gun laigse nach meat,
Nach cuimhnich ar t Aid' ann carraid.

- 52 An uair a chuala Cu nan cleas,
An luadh sin air cuibhrach Chonail;
Ghluais an laoch le neart is damach,
A thabhairt sgeula do 'n Choimhreach.
- 53 Rnigh e siar le tartar uamhann,
'S fuaimneach arm mar spiorad Loda';
Sgaoileadh gioraig is crith chatha,
Fca' an rathaid gu grad chomhrag.
- 54 No mar mbiltidh tonn a beucaich,
Ann stoirm eitidh ri slios carraig;
B' amhail fuaimneach, arm, 's a luirich,
'S air a ghnuis bba dullachd catha.
- 55 Bha cloidheamh liobhaidh a dealradh,
Toigt' an ard an laimh a churaidh;
'S na gaoithibh srannar a ghuasad,
A chiahb air sruadh sreothadh buinne.
- 56 No cnuic air gach taobh dhe' chrithnich,
Chlisg an t slighe fui' a chosan;
Las a shuilean dh' at a chroidhe,
B'an-fheilidh a chith 's cholas.
- 57 Faighte dhuitsa Chonail cheutaich,
'S iomad cend a dhiong thu 'n comhrag;
Ge do tha 'n 'n diu' fui' cheangal,
Aon laoch ràthaid gun bhì leointe.
- 58 Sgaoilte do ehlui ann 's gach am,
Air ceithir randaine an domhain;
'S measa no bhì marbh a laoch,
Thu bhì fui' chuibhrach faoin aig coimheach.
- 59 Tha do ghruaidh mar aiteal sleibbe,
Do dhreach gu leir mar an cothar;
Aid usail an aigneadh fheilidh,
'S mi nach euradh tigh 'n do d' chabhair.
- 60 A dhaltain is buirb an comhrag,
Deis is doghruinneach do natur;
Duisg do ghaisgedh, faic an laoch so,
Fiosraich dhe' cia 'n taobh a thainig.
- 61 Bheamaich Cuchulainn do 'n Macaidh,
Chliuthaich e ghaisgedh, is aille;
An glòir bhinn, mar chombra' filidh,
'S theansich a chroidhe le gradh dha.
- 62 Oganaich a thainig an ceun,
'S maith do ghníomh, a threun laoch chalma;
'N tra' ehuir u na seachd fir dheuga,
Fui' chuibhrach, gan chreuchd le arma.
- 63 Tha aon choi' aille na h-Eireann,
Air do cheann mar shleibhte baraich;
'S ciuin, feuta, fearail leam t urladh,
Tha 'n cliu' san a nasgaidh agad.
- 64 Tha do chruth san traidh a soilseadh,
Mar ghealach ri o'che shambe;
A teachd roi' na neula bailbhe,
'S amhail do shruadh sa choill bhathor.
- 65 'S e'm adhbharsa theachd an ceun,
Dh' fhiosrachadh dhìot fein, do chomhnuidh;
Co thu fein, agus cia t Athair,
No ceise ni 's faide oirne.
- 66 Geusan thainig leam o'm theach,
Mo sgeula chumail, os íosal;
Na 'n airisinn do neach eile,
'S ann do d' ghnuis arraid a dh' insinn.
- 67 Comhrag a bheireas tu uait,
Neo do sgeul mar charaid dhambsa;
Gu d' rodbain chighe boga,
Cho ni dhuit taghadh gu'm chomhrag.
- 68 Mo gheusan ri tigh 'n air lear,
Mo sgeula chleith, ach air buadhar;
No'n insinn e neach thair sàile,
'Sann do d' ghnuis arraid a luadhain.
- 69 Do sgeul na t arragaill, O fhir!
Do radh 'n treun, air chrith fui' luirich;
Le d' gheusan, is t aurrá bhreugach,
No h eur innseadh, mas beud duinn.
- 70 Fui' gheusan tha mis' o'm theach,
Gun do neach mo sgeula airis;
No 'n insinn e neach gun chomhrag,
Fear do chomhraidh leam a b aithridh.
- 71 Comhrag 's fheudar dhuit thoirt uait,
No gu luath do sgeul thoirt dhambsa;
Gu d' rodbain a gheugag bhog,
Cho chiall duit taghadh gu'm choi' stri.
- 72 Sin a ni nach feud mis' ailis,
An deidh gealladh thoirt do 'm Mhathair;
Co mi fein, no cia mo dhuthaich,
No cia 'n Tur an d' fhuair mi 'm arach.
- 73 Comhrag riumsa 's fheudar dhuitsa,
No fios t' ainm is t aite comhnuidh;
Gabhs' do rodbain a ghiallan boga,
'S cho chiall duit taghadh gu 'm chomhrags'.
- 74 Tri fichid agus cuig ceud,
Is míle treun, cho bhreug dhambsa;
Nach deachaidh slan d' an teach,
Da'n d' thug mi comhrag am ònar.
- 75 Is thug mi deothaidh bu dhaileadh,
Comhrag do 'n fhear lia' Mac Damhain;
An deidh fir lea' nan arma dcas,
Innis do sgeul agus ailis.
- 76 Mo sgeula cho 'n fhead mi innseadh,
Ach do neach bheir d'iomh e'n comhrag;
Na 'n insinn do neach tha 'n Eirinn;
Do dh' fhear h eugaige bu deonach.
- 77 O'n thug u freitich nach innseadh,
Co do thir, no cia do chomhnuidh;
Tog bo ghath! Is noclid do ghníomha,
Onach eil do d' dhi ach comhrag.
- 78 Chuaidh iad ann an dail a chèile,
Na trein bu docair ann comhrag;
Gach gaoth neartachadh an saothreach,
Ruillean baobha, beucaich, dòbhaidh.
- 79 Gu cuidreach, eudthromach, beimneach,
Bha na trein mar thuinn sa bbaireich;
Gan ruagadh le stoirm toirt nuallain,
Air carraig ebruidh meaghan bàire.
- 80 B'amhail sin a ghleachd na Suinn so,
Chluinnt fuaim an loinn 's gach aite;
Faighte feuchainn lu'cheas gaisgidh,
Le minig na chasradh nàmhán.
- 81 Chuaidh an sgiathan breac a bhlaí'de,
Chuaidh an cloidheamh gorm a bheanadh;
Chuai' an sleaghan fada, bhloaidh,
A chabadh 'san stri bu ghabhaich.
- 82 Chuai' a chomhrag nan gath-guainne,
Gu neo' meinach, 's gu cruai' ghníomhach;
'S fhuair a Macan grinn a lot,
Le Daltan a chatha mhilidh.
- 83 Thuit e mar ghuaisich san fhasach,
An t ùran aluinn le fathram;
Gun fhios, thug a charraig fuaim uait,
Chrithich, agus ghluais an talamh.
- 84 A mhac an thainig a steach,
'S ann leamsa rinneadh do chreucadh;
Is gearr gus an togar do leac,
No ceil' an feast co u fein duinn.
- 85 Innis dhambsa 'nois gulom,
O na tharladh dhuit am àraich;
Co u fein, no cia t ainm,
No cia an taobh as an d' thainig.
- 86 B' fhuarsda dhuit m' aithneacha fein,
A Cuchulainn an t slios aluinn;
Nuair thigian ort, gu fiar faun,
A t sleagh an comhair a h-àra.
- 87 Gur mi Connlaoch, Mac Cuchulainn,
Oighre dligheach Dan-Dealgaínn;
'S mi 'n run a dh' fhag tu am bruid,
Ann Dausaich g'am íomsach.
- 88 Ficeadh bliadhna dhamb, 's tir shoire,
A foghlum gaisgidh agus comhrag;
O! 'sann leatsa thuit do Mhac,
Do 'n chleas a bha dh' eusbhuidh fho' linn.

¹ This Spirit of Loda here appears for the first time in a manuscript.

- 89 Mìle mallachd aig do Mhathair,
Gu Dunscaich lann do chealg;
'Se mhead 'sa bha lochda' inte,
A dh' fhag t' fhuil na liantidh dearg.
- 90 Rì' gur diombach mise 'm Mhathair,
Oir si chuir ormsa na geusan;
'Sa chuir mi a dh' fheuchlainn m' fhuallaing,
Riutsa Chuchulain nan cleasan.
- 91 A Chuchulain choimh, chneas-ghil,
Leis an brisear gach birnn ghàbhaidh;
Nach feuch thus', is mi gun anam,
Cia dhiu lamh num bheil an fainne.
- 92 Glac an t sleagh fhulangach laidir,
As mo laimhse laoich gun tioma,
Glac sin is mo chloidheamh cruadhach,
Tana cruaidh is snuaghar liobhadh.
- 93 Glac thusa iad sin maraon,
Le d' chloidheamh caol righinn, aghor;
An sgiath choreair th' air mo dhrim.
Mo chlogaid cinn, 's mo chrann-àra.
- 94 'S trugh an aithne rìnn n ormsa,
Athair nasail naibhrich ghradhach;
Nuair thiginn òrt gu fiar fann,
An t sleagh an conhair a h eara.
- 95 O na chreachdadh mi 's ann traidh,
Athair ghraidh, tha bas am chinseal;
Ulmaich dhambhsa, leac is uaign,
Air an tulaich uaine fhior-ghlain.
- 96 Thuit Cuchulain air a bhlar,
Gun luth 'n cois no 'n laimh gun chreachdà;
Do mheathadh aigeadh le goith,
Is chaill e chuimhne 'sa cheatfuidh.
- 97 Bha Cuchulain, a chloidheamh chruaidh
'S ann la sin tiom, trugh, an-eibhinn;
'Sa Mhac fein air torchairt leis,
An t shaor shlat chalma, chaomh, chentach.
- 98 'S mise Cuchulain nan cleusan
A chuir na geusan mo laogh uamsa;
No ceilidh air na fir fheachda,
Gur h-ann dhambhsa 's deacair truaighe.
- 99 Gur mi Cuchulain na ceardach,
Dalta Chonail, àrd-Rìogh Ulann;
No ceilidh air luchd an Tuire,
Nach mise dh' urraich a mulad.
- 100 A mharbh mo Mhacna caomh aluin,
B' fhearr ann gàbhadh du na chunnaig;
Na' m bithidh mo mhac a lathair,
Cha bhithinn mar tha co dubhach.
- 101 Do tha cloidh' nean is sgiath Chiuinlaovich,
Thall air an rìgh, a sior dhealradh;
Mi g' an caoidh mar seach mar sin,
Bhì gun chaomh, gun Mhac gun bhrathair.
- 102 Gur maith do na Loitire huadhach,
Gur fearr do dh' uaisle na h Alla;
Gur maith do dh' aon neach air thalamh,
Nach h iad bu bharant gud mharbhadh.
- 103 Gur maith do 'n fhear liath Mac Damhain,
Nach e bu cheannas rì d' mharbhadh;
Nach e fhuair mar shéud ghointe,
An sgiath choreair, is an lann so.
- 104 'S trugh nach ann an crìochuibh, Edailt
Ann 's na Beuga' no san Isbein;
No ann an rìoghachd na Soracha,
Do thorachaireadh thus a dhìlseinn.
- 105 'S trugh nach ann a Muthann Laithre,
Nan Laithre nan lanna caola;
Na 's na Cruachanadh braga bladhar,
A thuiteadh mo Chiuinlaoch caomhsa.
- 106 Nan tuiteadh tu ann an Laogam,
Ann cathan ghaigeach, is mhilidh;
Cho ghabhain asad mar eiric,
Cuig ceud do chlanna Mhìc Rìoghradh.
- 107 Chuala mi, 's fada naith sin,
Sgeula bh chosmhil ri cumha;
Bhì ga h airis leom gu trom,
Gun chiall, gun chonn air an tulaich.
- 108 A Chonnlaoich ud chaoimh mo charaid,
Is maigr mi ghearrach do shaoghail;
Na' m bitheadh tu Chiuinlaovich agam,
Cho bhithinn a noc am aonar.
- 109 Na' m bithinn, s mo Chonnlaoch caomh,
Comhla' 'g iomairt chleusa, calma;
Bh' eiremaid geill o thunn gu tuinn,
Do dh' fhearadh Eireann is Albann.
- 110 Och is ochain! a Mhìc dhìleis,
Mo thuras o Chrìochia Ulann;
Dholl a chombrag nan gath-guainne,
Ochain! gur a cruaidh an fulang.
- 111 Och agus och! nan och eithre,
'S trugh mo thuras chum na beinne;
Faoighe mo Mhìc, san dara laimh,
Agus airm ann 's an laimh eile.

Kilbrandon, 1st of May, 1785.

That these Poems as they appear in eighty-nine pages preceding this, were transcribed or collected by Mr. Duncan Kennedy, is attested by John Macfarlane, Assistant Minister.

Edinburgh, 28th January, 1806.

This is the manuscript, mentioned as Manuscript 1st in the List of Gaelic Poems; relative letter and certificates to Henry Mac Kenzie, Esq., dated 27th inst., and this day certified by me, and given in to the Highland Society of Scotland. DUNCAN KENNEDY.

M. 2. MARBHADH CHONLAOICH LE CUTH-ULLIN, ATHAIR FEIN. 120 lines.

NUAIR chaidh Cuth-ullin do dh' Eirinn, dh' fhag e a bhean, d' an gair cuid Aoife, an Dun-scaithich san Eilein Sciathanach, torrach air Connlaoch. Nuair thainig a mac gu foirfeachd, chuir i dhìonnasaidh athar e: ach chuir i fòr gheasabb e, nach innseadh e re bhì'na co e. Anu lorg so a dhiultadh, bhual athair e leis a *Ghath-bhulga*, no *bhully*, a dh' ionnsuich Aoife dha fein, ach a dhearmaid i ionnsachadh do Chonnlaoch, agus leis am bu ghna leo comhrag ann uisge. Deirir gu 'n tilgeadh Connlaoch na gathan air athair ann coimne an earra, ach nach do thuig se e, agus mar sin gu 'n do mharbh e a mhac fein.

- 1 CHUALAS air fada o shean,
Soi-seual a bhuiheadh re m' chuimhne,
La bhì mi gu tuirseach trom
Air an taobhsa dh' Inne-se-roghuill.
- 2 Clanna Ruraibh na 'm breath mall,
O thigh¹ Chonchair 's o thigh Chonuill,
Le 'n ur chlainn oig air na maghaibh,
'S iad air urlar Chuige Ulunn.
- 3 Na 'm b' e 's gu 'u d' thigeadh 'nar ceann
Fìor laoch Ula, s' nìor bhreath theann,
Gar an' tigeadh oim a aon bhall eile
Thoirt diombuaidh do Chlanna ruraibh.²
- 4 Tigidh chugainn ann borb fhraoch
Ancuraidh crothanta Connlaoch,
Do fhios na 'm fear gradhach rinn,
O Dhun-scaithich gu h Eirinn.
- 5 Labhair Conchair re each,
Co gheabh sinn chum an og-laoich,
A thoir beachd no sgeula dh' e,
'S gu 'n teachd le h àra uaidhe?
- 6 Ghluais Conull nach lag lamh,
Do ghabhail seula d' an ogan,
Mar dhearbhadh air toradh an laovich
Cheangladh Conull le Connlaoch.
- 7 Greasar chugainn ar fir laoch'or
Gu Connlaoch fraoch'or furanach:
Ceud d' ar slugh a cheangladh leis;
'S iongna sin 's is buan r'a innseadh.

¹ Thaobh.

² Chlannaibh-Rurudh.

- 8 Chuaidh teachdaireachd gn ceann na 'n conn
O Ard Rìgh iongnaidh Uluinn,
Gu Dun-dealgunn griauach glan,
Seann Dun ciallach na 'n Gaidheal.
- 9 An Dun sin a leaghar libh,
O Mhàl aon nighean Nì Mhorguill,
Gu 'n deach gnìomh saor na 'n stèud mear
Gu Rìgh fàilteach na 'm fear.
- 10 Do fhios na h Ula uaine
Tigidh Cuth na Craobh-rauidhe,
Mac deud-gheal is gruaidh mar shugh
Nach d' eitich teachd 'nar comhair.
- 11 Labhair Conchair ris a Choin,
'S fhada bha thu gan teachd d' ar feachainn
Is Connul snireach na 'n stèud mear
Ann cuibhreach nainn is ceud d'ar sluaghaibh.
- 12 'S oil leinn am bith uainn am bruid,
Na fir a chabhradh air an cairdibh;
Aich nì 'n reidh dhòl a shineadh lann
Ris an tì leis 'n do cheangladh Connul.
- 13 Na smuainich gan dol na choinne,
Lamb na 'n gear arm graine'ìl,
Lamb nach làgadh roimh neach
Cuimhnich t Oide is e 'n cuibhreach.
- 14 Cuth-Ullin an lamh nach sliom,³
Re cuimhneach air cuibhreach Chonuill,
Ghluais e le treine a lann,
Ghabhail sceula d' an ogan.
- 15 Innis duinne, re teachd a d' dhail,
Labhair an Cuth 's nìor ghabh teagmhail,
O shlios Rìgh an abraidh duinn,
Fìos do shlainne, 's cia do dhuthaich.
- 16 Geasan orm air teachd o 'm theach,
Gu 'n sceula thabhairt do dh' aoidhe,
Na 'n tugadh do dh' aon neach eile,
Do d' dhreachsa bheireadh gu h araidh.
- 17 Combrag is eigin duit,
No sceula thabhairt mar charaid;
Gabh do roghainn a ehiabh bog,
Cha chiall toghaidh dhuit ga m' chombrag.
- 18 Chum a chomhraig mar bu treun
Chaidh an Cuth 's a mhac fein:
A mhac fein gu 'n d' fhuair a ghuin,
Le daltanaibh cruaidhe cath-bheura.
- 19 Innis duinn, ars Cuth na 'n cleas,
O tharladh tu chaoidh' foi m' ailleas
Fìos t' ainm no do shlainne gu lom,
'S na triall dol ga fholach uainn.
- 20 'S measa na sin mar thachair dhuit,
Aon Choin nìr agh-mhoir,
A ghaisgich aird air thus truid;
Truaidh mo lus a bhith agad an-asgaidh.
- 21 Mise Connloch Mac a Choin,
Oighre dlìgheach Duin-tigh-dealgunn,
An Run a dh' fhag thu 'm broinn gu 'n fhios,
Ann Dun-scàthaich ga m' fhoglam.
- 22 Seachd bliàna san tìr sin
Ag foghlam gaisge o m' mhathair,
An cleas leis 'n do thorchradh mi
Bu dheas damh fhoghlam naidhe.
- 23 Thoir thusa leat mo shleagh
Agnus buain an sciath so diom-sa,
'S thoir leat mo chloidheamh crnadhach,
Lann fhuair mi air a liohadh.
- 24 Thoir mo mhallachd gu mo mhathair,
O 's i chairich mi foi gheasaibh,
Is chairich mi an lathair m' fhuluing,
Cuth-ullin, b' ann le do chleasaibh.
- 25 Cuth-ullin chaoimh chrios-ghil,
Leis am brisear gach bearn ghaibh,⁴
Nach ambaire thu is mi gun aithne,
Cia meur mu 'm bhicil am faine.

³ Tiom.⁴ Chaith.

- 26 'S olc a thuigeadh tusa namsa,
Athair uailse ain-meinich,⁵
Gur mi thilgeadh gu fann fiar,
An t sleagh coinne a h earlain.
- 27 Nuair chunnairc an Cuth air dol eug
A mhac air call a choi-bheum,
Air smuainteach air fàilte an fhir,
Chail e a chuimhne 's a cheutfaidh.
- 28 Cuth-Ullin ge b' ard a chail,
Gu 'n d' islich sud triall da oinor,
A mhac fein a thorchradh leis
An t saor-shlat choranta choi-dheis.
- 29 Na 'm mairthinns' is Connloch slàn,
Ag iomairt air chleas an comhlàn,
Chuireadhmaid cath formadach treun
Air fearaibh Alba agus Eirinn.
- 30 Dh'iath namam ceud cumha,
Mi bhi dubhach nì h iongnadh,
O m' chombrag re m' aon mhac,
Mo chreuchda a nocht is ioma.

N. 1. TEACHT CONNLAOICH GO HEIRINN.

Miss Brooke's Irish version of this lay will be found at page 265 of the originals of the Heroic Poems. 1789. Dublin. For lack of Irish type and space, I omit this version. 184 lines.

O. 10. BAS CHONLAOCH. 112 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 49. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 22, 1872.

This oral version, collected in the Central Highlands, clearly is the same ballad as A. M. N. O.; but in a different state of preservation. It is printed to show how a ballad, orally preserved, alters to suit the language of the reciter, and the geography of his district.

- 1 CHUALA 's cha 'n fhada o sin,
Sgeul a dhuinne le comba;
Cha 'n athraisear leam ach trom,
An tì a Shaor sinn f'hin a thoirrara.
- 2 Clanna Ruro nam breth mail, (cal cam),
O thir Chonchair gu tìr Chonnnull;
Le 'n ur clann aig Rìgh na Magh,
Is iad air Urlar Chuigullin.
- 3 Nam b' e gu 'n tigeadh nar dail,
Fir Ullinn Laoich marbhaidh ard, cal-merbhi,
Teachd a dh' aindeoin air an taobh eile,
Mar dhìom buaidh ri Clanna Ruro.
- 4 Nan tigeadh oirnn am borb laoch,
An curuidh calma Conlaoch;
A dh' fhios gach modh a ghnathuich leinn,
O Dhun sgathaich gu Eirin.
- 5 Gu 'n labhair Conchar ri each,
Co chuireadh sibh an dail an Ogan;
A ghabhail beachd mo sgeul dheth,
G'an tighin le eura nath.
- 6 Ghluais Cornull, cha lag lamh,
A ghabhail sgeul dhe 'n mhacan;
Ge b' ann a thoireadh nan Laoch,
Cheangla Connul le Conlaoch.
- 7 Beir fìos gus gach Laoch mear lan,
An coinneamh gach fraoch fear furain;
Ceud g'ar sloigh cheangladh leis,
B' ioghnadh sid, bu mhor ri aithris.
- 8 Teachdaireachd air cheann nan con,
Gu ard Rìgh Aonach Ullin;
Gu Dun grianaeh dealgach glan
Leann tnr ceallach nan Gael.
- 9 An Dun sin a bhuidhcheadh leibh,
A dh' aindeoin air Nian Thoirgi;
Air gnìomh saor nan stèud each seang,
Bh' aig rìgh faoilteach nan fearran.

⁵ Annainich.

10 Gu 'n b' aill leinn a bhí fo bhraideibh,
Fo 'n tí a dh' fhuasgladh air a charaid;
Cha reith dol an tionsgladh lann,
Leis an fhear a cheangladh Connul.

11 Na smaonaich gu 'n dol 'na dhail,
A laoiach nan gorm sguilean tía;
A lámh threun gun eagal ro neach.

12 Caimhnich air h-oidle 'se cuibhreach,
Nis o 'n thainig mi 'nad Dhail;
Mar bha laoch na h'ol an tughbhall,
A shlios reidh an earra bhain.

13 Co thu fein no co do rioghachd?
Tha Geasan ornasa o m' theach,
Gu 'n sgeul a thoirte g dh' aon neach,
Nan tugainn do neach fo 'n ghrein,
B' ann do d' dhreachas araidh.

14 Comhrag 's eigin duit thoirte uath,
No sgeula innseadh mar charaid;
Gabh do roghainn a chiahb bhog,
Cha chiall duit tagha gum' chomhrag.

15 Ghluais na laoiach an dail a cheile,
Bu tearc torra na lan meise;
A mhac fein thorecha leis,
An Ealtuinn chruaidh chathara.

16 A mhic gabh thairis do sgeul,
O 'n tharladh ort fein mo dhíoma;
'S gearr gus an togar a leachd,
Na ceil a nis do thíoma.

17 Boin thusa leat mo sheagh,
Is thoircear an sgeul sin dumsa;
Tog leat mo chlaidheamh crotach,
Lámh threun a shil air a líomha.

18 A Chuchullin, a chriosain chruinn ghil,
Leis an birsteadh gach beum gabhaidh;
Nach amháire thu s mi g' an aithne,
Co am meur ma'm bheil am faine?

19 'S olc thuigeadh tusa namsa,
Athair Uasail anmeine;
Mi thilgeadh gu fiar fann,
An t-sleagh an comhar a h-earlinn.

20 'S mise Conlaoch Mac nan Con,
Oighre dligeach Dhundealgain;
An ruin dh' fhag thu na broimn,
'S mi 'n Duu sgathach gam fhoghuium.

21 Seachd bliadhna dhomh an Dantuilm,
Ag Foghlum gaisge o mhathair;
An cleas leis na thorecha mi,
'S mi fo gheasaibh a dh' fhoghuimin uaithe.

22 Boir mo mhallachd fein do m' mhathair,
O 'n 'si charaich mi fo gheasaibh;
O 'n 'si chuir mi 'n lathair m' fhuilang,
A Chuchullin, b' ann fo d' chleasaibh.

23 Anam 's cridhe na Con
G'a bhron cha mhór nach do sgar;
An t-oglach ciallach glan,
An gaisgeach ur a' Dundaigainn.

24 Conlaoch caomh mo charaidsa,
'S maing mi a ghiorrach a shaoghal;
Nann bitheadh Conlaoch agamsa,
Cha bhithinn an nochd a' m' aonar.

25 Nam bithinnse is Conlaoch caomh,
Ag iomaire chleas air aon taobh;
Chuireamaid gu tarabheartach treun,
Air fearaibh Alb is Eirinn.

26 'S mise leannan na craobh ruaidhe,
Leannan Ioghna 's Uilín;
Innis a luchd mantra,
Gur mise Cuchullin.

27 Chuchullin a chridhe chruaidh,
Gu bheul an nochd fo dhíombuaidh;
Bhí faicinn a Mhic ga chleth cal gadhí,
Gun chaill é cheut 's chuimsa.

28 Togamaid leinn airm an fhir,
Claidhé 's giathí Chonlaoiach ghil;
Bheir sinn treis ga chaoidh mar sin,
Mar bhean gun Mhac gun bhrathair.

* Wrote this poem from the recitation of John Macdonald of Dalchosnie, Bunnarnoch, who learned it sixty years ago and more from Donald Stuart, *alias* Donald ruidh, Mac Aonais ruidh, resident at Jempar, Dalchosnie. March 6, 1804.—A. IRVINE.

V. 2. DAN A'CHONLAOICH. 144 lines.

Mac Callum, page 144.

This book can easily be referred to. The first ballad continues to be the same, but some variation has taken place in every line. The following is the Argument which contains the story:—

ROIMH-RADH.

THA eachdraidh Chuchulín no charbad a' toirt dearbhadh dhuinn gu 'n robh e na fhear-cogaidh curanta, crodha, calma, treun. Bha mac aige ri leannan a bh' aig' ann an Alba do 'n b' ainm Aoife. Thug a mhathair Conlaoch mar ainm air. Gheall Cuchulín, do Aoife, air dha bhith na Ardcheann-feadhna air armaidte na h-Eirinn, gu 'm pilleadh e dh' Alba aig am araidh, agus gu 'm biodh Aoife mar mhnaoi aige. Ach cha do phill e. 'Nuair a thainig Conlaoch gu h-aois, chaidh fearas-ghaiche fhoghlam dha ann an Dun-sgathaich 'san Eilean-Scitheanach, an t-ait' a' b' ainmeil san am sin air son foghlum a thoirte seachad do threun-laoich anns gach cluich rioghail a dheanadh feumail iad ann an la' a' bhlaire. Fhuair Aoife air fhoghlam d' a mac gach lu-chleas a' b' fhiosrach i a bha aig Cuchulín, Athair, ach aon chleas, d' am b' ainm an gath-bolg. Bu tric le gaisgich san am sin an gath-bolg a chleachdadh 'nuair a bhíodh iad a gleachd le saighdibh ann an usge. 'Nuair a bha Conlaoch air tighiun gu lan spionnadh, chuir a mhathair fo bhloidean e, gu 'n rachadh e do Eirinn, nach innseadh e co e fein, agus gu 'n dthugadh e athair ceanguilte leis do Alba. Bha fios aig Aoife gu 'm marbhadh Cuchulín a mhac leis a' ghat-bhlog; agus rinn i so mar dhíoghadh—airson a mhealladh-dochais a rinn e oirre. Dh' fhalbh Conlaoch do Eirinn; chaidh e 'n toiseach far an robh Connul; cheangail e Connul, oide Chuchullín. Chuir Connul fios gu Cuchulín gu 'n robh e ceangailte. Thainig esan a sgoilteadh chuibricean 'Oide; agus an uair a dhíult Conlaoch innse co e, ghléachd athair ris, agus mharb e a mhac fein.

6.—THE HEADS. A. I. V. Z.

THIS ballad is supposed to tell part of the Story of the Tain, which is in the Book of Leinster, and is about to be published by Mr. Standish H. O'Grady. The oldest Scotch version known to me is given below. A. 3. A version is in B, but I have not yet got a copy of that manuscript. (May 31.)

I. Kennedy's unpublished MS. version begins with 13 verses, of which I have no other version. The rest of the 47 verses correspond to A. They are not copies from any common written original. They are both imperfect oral recitations of the same ballad. The two fused and translated make a longer and better version. The story is known in Irish manuscripts as 'The Bloody Haroc of Connal.' In revenge for the slaying of Chuchullin, his comrade, he takes many heads. These he brings to Eamhair, Chuchullin's love. She questions, and he answers.

V. 3. Mac Callum, p. 132, tells part of the story in his argument, and gives 60 lines of the same ballad, orally collected early in this century. These three versions show how this ballad has altered since 1512, and how it has been orally preserved. Z. Fragments are orally preserved. They are not all worth printing, but they will be considered in translating.

NO KINN.

A. 3. A HOUDIR SO CONNIL CARNYCH M'EDDIR-SCHOL. 96 lines.

1 *A chonnil* cha salve no kinn
Devin lum gyr zergkiss tiern
No kinn di chw er a zad
Slontair lat no fir foe fyve

2 *A neyn orgil* nyn nach
A evir oik ne bree hinn
Sanna in nerik chon ni gless
Hugis loym in ness no kinn

- 3 Ka in kenn mallych zow mor
Deryth nayn ross a zroy glan
Is sa is gir ziu le clea
A kenn deive ne raad dait
- 4 Kenn ree mee nyn nach leait
Arse m'earbre nyn goith camm
In nerik mo zaltan fen
Hugis lwm in gayn a kenn
- 5 Kai in kenn oid er nye haale
Go volt fand gi malle sleime
Rosk mir erre dait mir vhit
Alda ne cach erwth a kiun
- 6 Manne boe fir nyn nach
Makmeyf zi zrach gyth coyn
Dagis a chollin gyn kenna
Is di hwt wille lum a loye
- 7 Ka in ken so zawis tow id laive
A chonnil vor ne bae linn
O nach marrin kow nin gless
Keid verre how er less a kiun
- 8 Kan v'erris nyn nacht
Verreyth a ceith gyth gurt
Mac mo fayr in tur bang
Di skarris a khenn ra chwrrp
- 9 Ka in kenn od hear in nolt inn
Da greddyth no kinn go laiv
Hurris annith er a zow
Gyn roveddir sal da rar
- 10 Sess a sowl di hwt in kew
Di rad a chorp fa wrow dass
Cow mac conna re nyn raun
Hugis lam a kenn ter aiss
- 11 Ka in da ken so is fadde mach
A chonnil vor a vraa byig vinn
Er zraigh teune na kel orn
Anym no ver a zon ne herm
- 12 Kenn leyrire is clar ewlte
In da kenn di hut lem zonna
Di zon swt cowchullin charn
Swm zergis mern na wulle
- 13 Kai in da kenn so is fadde sorre
A chonnil vor gi galznee
Ennyn dae er volt ni verr
Derk in groye na ful leych
- 14 Cwllin bray is cwulit eroye
Deiss di verre boye lai ferk
A evyr seid ser a kiuna
Dagis a gwrrp fa linna derk
- 15 Ka ne vi kinn so solk maine
De chewe feyn er nye hoyth
Gwrm in nye dwe a volt
O hilla rosg connil croye
- 16 Sessir eascardin a chow
Chlann challidtein a mwe znaie
Is said sud in sessir leyve
A hut lwm sin nerm no laive
- 17 A chonnil vor aithr ree
Kayn in ken od da gallith eatht
Gin er fai treilse wa keyand
Gyn cedyth slem ghardyth vart
- 18 Kenna v'finn v'rosse roye
V'neence hor bas lam nert
A evir is se so a chend
Ardree layyn nyn laud brak
- 19 A chonnil vor mugh a skail
Creid a hut lad laive gin locht
Din tloc eignyth a veil sin
A deiltiss kinn na con
- 20 Denchnor is seacht fychid kead
Derym peyn is awyr sloe
Di hut lousa drwme er zrum
Di neve mo ewlk cunlaa rag
- 21 A chonnil kynis taidla mnac
Insefaill dessne ni con
Cowf v'hwalt haye
Na veil agga fein ar fer

- 22 A evir keid di zarna mai
Gyn mo kowe ym rer san socht
Gyn mo zaltan fa mhaa crow
A dol voym a mugh so n . . .
- 23 A chonnil tok me sa vert
Tok mo lacht oss lacht no cen
Os da chowe rachfen ayk
Cwr mo vail re bail no con
- 24 Is mai evyr is keyn dalve
Ne feine sarve daylta zoive
Di zerr no cha nul mo spess
Troce murrreich er eiss a chon.

A chonnil.

I. 2. CONAL REVENGING THE DEATH OF CUCHULIN. 188 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 66. Advocates' Library, April 6, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

It is made known by Mr. Mac Pherson, in publication of the Death of C.

(The rest of page 66 is torn out, M. M'P.)

—parts and passeth all between Conal and his wife. The first is addressed to Conal by his wife at his arrival, wherein she mildly reflects upon his long absence in Togorma, &c., and a short account of the Battle to Conal's wife, who soon thereafter died, and desired to be interred with her son Cuchulin.

CONAL.

I. EARRANN.

- 1 A CHONAIL chaoimh nan arma geura,
'Se me leir a mhaille bha;
Ort ann Eilein nan sruth dian,
'S Cuchulain mo chiall sa bhlàr.
- 2 Thainig Terlamh fùileach fiat,
Mar dhubb nial o 'n àird near;
Le saighde corranach dhu,
'Saighdeach chuil a rinn a nimh.
- 3 Saighdeach almhuidh, eitidh, chraidh,
Saighdeach a bhais a bha ann;
A leag gu h-ìosal san nìr,
Mo Chuchulain, run nan lann.
- 4 Feinnidh fearr-bhuilleach nan ruag,
Mar esag air euan nan tonn;
Bha do shìubhal, meamnach mear,
B' iomad lear na chlaoi' thu sonn.
- 5 Tha mo dheoir le dealt na h'oi'ch,
Sùithe bhroin a' caoidh an laoch;
'S mo thuireadh ri teachd an la,
O mhic mo ghraidh! A mhic mo ghaoidh
- 6 A ghaisgich threim nan iomad buaidh,
'S eian a ghluais do chliu' san strì;
Dunsaich na cheathach broin,
Bhi gun chruit, gun cheol, gun Rìogh.
- 7 'S trom n' aigneadh, 's is lag mo chiall,
'S truime maran ne muir sgith;
Cuin a Chonail thig an la,
Thig chugam me ghradh aris.
- 8 Ionmhuinn àbharach nan leug,
Thuit an treun, ach thuit gu mor;
An comhrag nan cathan ceud,
Lamlu bu treine do gach sloigh.
- 9 O near mar ghrian bha do ghàire,
Ann am aros measg na mìlith;
De ghuth mar eighdeach creag Ullann,
'S gaeh ennasg gun ceisgte strì leat.
- 10 A measg nan triath bha e cosgairt,
An laoch bu decaire ri teirbith;
Builleann endramach gam bearnadh,
Mar fhrois o 'n abbar san leirg e.
- 11 Chi mi t-arma troma leibhaidh,
Tana dìreach, math san fhulang;
Chi mi do sgiath bhreac mar chomhla,
'S do luireach loinreach nan ulag.

- 12 Chi im do chloigaidhe crnadhach,
A laoiach uaibhriach ann san iomairt ;
Mar charraig thu meag na màmhàn
Carraig làidir dh' fhàs gun tìoma.
- 13 A bhean thursach, sùitlìich, dheurach,
Eist do d' leire—chreach— 's do d' chumha ;
Bas an armaim tha ri dhìoladh,
'S tha na mìltidh dh' a gu fulang.
- II. EARRANN.
- 14 A Chonail sealbhaich dhuinn na cinn,
'S deimhinn leam gun dhearg thu t-arm ;
Na cinn a chì mi air a ghàd,
Slòintear leat air fad am fìoigh.
- 15 Ionmhuinn shoirbheartach nan each,
Ainur og na breithe binn ;
An eiric Cuchulain nan cleas,
Thug mi leam o dheas na cinn.
- 16 Co e 'n ceann sliom, maileach donn mor,
Is deirge no 'n ros a ghruaidh ghlan ;
Sin is fhaigse do d' thaobh cli,
Ceann an Rìogh is or-bhuidh dath ?
- 17 Ainur fhabharrach nan cleare,
Mac Maibhe le 'n creachta gach cuan ;
Mo chomraic se sud a cheann,
'S gur h ann leam a thuit a shluagh.
- 18 Co e 'n ceann ud a chì' eam thall,
'S fholt nach gann mar channach sliom ;
A rosg mar fheur 's a dheud mar bhlat,
'S gile no cach cro' a chinn.
- 19 Leis a sud do thuit ar Rùn,
Dh' fhagas a chorp na chluidh thais ;
Luthach Mac Chinn Rìogh nan lann
Thugas leam a cheann air ais.
- 20 Co e 'n ceann ud do chì' eam nam,
Do bha ghruaidh air dath an ros ;
Gur guirme no 'm feur a rosg,
'S buidh fholt air dhath an oir.
- 21 Ceann Mhic Lutbaich a Rois-ruaidh,
Mac na h-uaisle thuit le 'm neart ;
Mo chomraic 'se sud a cheann,
Ard Rìogh Loitheann nan lann breac.
- 22 A Chonail mhoir le 'n aidhear Rìogh,
Co 'n ceann eil air dhìol chaich ;
'S an t'òr air dhrisinnibh a chinn,
Gu finn-bhuidh sliom mar airgead ban.
- 23 Ceann Biogh Maitheann nan each luath,
Mac Fearra-bheum nan dual cam ;
An eiric mo Dhaltain fein,
Thugas leam an cein a cheann.
- 24 Co e 'n ceann a thogadh tu d' dhornn
A Chonail mhoir, 's mi 'n aithreach leinn ;
O nach maitheann Cu nan cleas,
Co bhiodh tu air leas a chinn ?
- 25 Ceann Mhic Fheardhais nan each,
Muireach dheanadh creach is lot ;
Mac mo pheathar o 'n Tur sheang,
Gun do sgaras a chean o chorp.
- 26 Cha mhor an onoir mhic Rìogh,
Imeachar gu min air fholt ;
'S mi nach marbhadh e gu brath,
Mar biodh e mu blas a Choin.
- 27 Co 'n da cheann sin air do laimh hbeis,
A Chonail mhoir nan cleasan aigh ;
An t-aon dath tha air fholt nam fear,
O 's maing bean g 'am bheil am bàidh.
- 28 Ceann Mhanuis is Shuimhe mhoir,
'Se mo dhoidh gur iad a h-ann ;
Aca fhuaras ceann a Choin,
Air magh Teambra nan sgor seimh.
- 29 Co 'n da cheann is faide nam,
A Chonail nan cruai' lann geur ;
'S guirme 'n suil no 'n deare air magh,
'S gile no blath fiodh am bein !
- 30 Carlla agus Cathull cruaidh,
Diais a bheireadh buaidh le feirg ;
Thugas leam an cinn mar lunn,
'S dh' fhagas an cuirp fua' Ghleann-deirg.
- 31 Co na sia cinn air dhroch gré,
Chì mi dhìot an taobh na thuath ;
'S gorm an aghaidh, chlaon an ruisg,
'S dubh am fuilt a Chonail chruaidh.
- 32 Seisear bhraithrean do chì' eam aun,
Tha iad marbh, 's an clab ri gaoith ;
Clann Chuilgeadan luchd nan cleas,
Dream nach raibh air leas mo ghaoil.
- 33 Co na cinn is caime dual ;
Fainneach, cuachach, mar shuagh greinn ;
A' dearladh ri madainn chiuin,
'S maing da 'n rùn na h-armainn threun.
- 34 Triuir Mac Torlamh bu bhorb, baoth,
'S iad na laoiach a chaoiclaigh gnais ;
Bu neo'-meineach iad sa chath,
Do Dhaltan nan glac geal ur.
- 35 Co 'n da cheann is faid' o' d' chli,
A Chonail mbin na ineach shuilean ;
'S fad an leac is deirge nan t-suth,
'S dubh am fuilt, mar shneachd an dend.
- 36 Da Mhac Rìogh Lochlan nan ruag,
D' an ainm Manus is Lua'-lamh ;
Tharladh doibh a bhì sa chàth,
An adbaidh mo Dhaltan graidh.
- 37 Co 'n ceann sin air dhath an Loin,
'S geal a bhos, is dubh a shuil ;
Tha chruth mar bhlatban an fhraoich,
No 'n gagan air mhaolan ùr.
- 38 Rìogh Muthann nan ceuda tigh,
B' ard a gbuht san iomar-bhàigh ;
A combrag dealain mo rùn,
Dh' fhagas a chorp na chloidh thlath.
- 39 A Chonail mhoir, 's maith do sgeul,
Cia-mead a thuit le d' bheum san trod ;
Do chlàna Maitheibh is Rìogh,
Ann 'san strì bu mhor a lot.
- 40 Ceann thair fichead agus ceud.
Gun aireamh air creudh no air goidh ;
Do cheanna Maitheibh is Rìogh,
Thuit sud leam an iochd a Choin.
- 41 Thuit an iomar-bhaigh nan laoch,
Caogad agus fichead ceud ;
Thuit do dh' fhiantidh Thonnagorm,
Tri ceud bort, 's bu mhor am beud.
- 42 A Chonail chul-fhionn nan Tur ard,
'S mor an t' àr, 's is modha 'n gnìomh ;
A laoiach Churanta nam buadh,
'S mor an sluagh a dh' fhag thu shìos.
- 43 Mar lithe nam beann gu traidh,
Dhoirt thu ann san araich fuil ;
Mar iolair a meag nan ean,
Dh' fhogair thu gach treimh a binn.
- 44 Ann cath ceatharnail a chraidh,
Bha do lamh ag deanamh èuchd ;
Mar aiteal teinne nam beann,
Bha do lann a cogairt threun.
- 45 A laoiach fhuileachdaich san toir,
'S mor a leon thu do na Mic ;
Ochoin ! mise teirbirt dheur,
'S Cuchulain nan creuchd fua' lic.
- 46 Cha dean mi mire san Tur,
Dh' fholbh mo mhuirne, 's mo cheol-gair ;
Mar ghrian an cogall nan neul,
Dhubh mo ghné, mo chruth, 's mo chail.
- 47 A Chonail chaoimh tog mo leac,
Mu 'n sgarar m' anam o 'm chorp ;
Oir sgearr gus an racham èug,
'S cnur mo bheul ri bèul a Choin.

V. 3. LAOIDH NAN CEANN. 60 lines.

Mac Callum, page 132.

This hook can easily be got. The versions already given suffice to show how the ballad existed in the Highlands.

The following are references to Manuscripts which contain parts of the Story of Cuchullin:—

1. A Manuscript, attributed to the end of the 8th century, described p. 285, Report on Ossian, 1805, Vellum. Marked V. o. A. No. 1. The place of this MS. is known, but it cannot be got at. There is no complete transcript. It contains a copy of 'The Tain,' and a critical exposition of it. A moral and religious poem, and 'some short historical anecdotes.' From the facsimile, p. 293, these relate to 'Fint uao baosene' and his son, whom English readers know as 'Fingal and Ossian.'

Trinity College, Dublin. (H. 1. 13. Hugh O'Daly, 1746, 195, a copy of 'The Tain,' p. 342. Birth of Cuchullin, 349. Exploits of Oiléal and Meave, King and Queen of Connaught.—) (H. 1. 14, same scribe, 1750, another copy of 'The Tain.' (Book of Leinster, 1130, pp. 41 to 80 contain 'the Tain bo Cuailgne.' Also 'the Manifestation of the Tain,' and a list of prefatory stories. Hennessy's list, Dec. 9, 1871.) (Leabhar na h-úidhre; published, written about 1100.) (H. 1. 13. The bloody Havoc of Connal Kearnach.) (H. 2. 6. Historical tale, Aoidheadh fir diadh, written about 1716. Part of 'the Tain.') (H. 2. 17. Breisleach Mhór mhúighe Muirtheimne, in which Cuchullin was killed.) Royal Irish Academy. (23. c. 26. 'Luith nan Ceann.' 'The Heads' in a paper MS. written about 1716, (under the name 'Conlaoch,' are 15 entries in the R.I.A. Catalogue.) (A curious story about the ghost of Cuchullin's Car is in the Book of the Dun Cow, p. 113. The warrior returns to earth in the days of St. Patrick. He describes his condition in the other world, and tells his earthly story in 96 verses for the conversion of King Loegaire, who flourished A.D. 432.) (H. 2. 16, Book of Leacan, col. 955, Aigheadh éin fir mic í aif. 'Conlaoch's story.') (H. 3. 17 col. 842, a short abstract of the Historical tale of Cuchullin and his son Conlaoch.) The Atalantis, vol. i. 1858, contains a paper by O'Curry. CUCHULLAINN was a Prince of Ulster, inheritor of Cualgne and Muirtheimne, between Drogheda and Dundalk, now Louth. He was a hero of the 'Royal Branch' (The Red Branch, or the russet tree). *Conclubair Mac Nessa*, king of *Múcha*, was the most distinguished king of Emania, and cotemporary with our Saviour. His chief 'knights' were, *Fergus Mac Rothg*; *Conall Carnuach*; *Fergus Mac Leite*; *Curoi Mac Duire*; and *Cuchullainn mac Solte*, the youngest and the best. *Eimer* was daughter of Forgall Monach, who lived near Dublin, at Lusk. She was Cuchullin's wife.

Vol. II, p. 98, the story of 'the sick bed of Cuchullin' is finished. This is a very wild and curious story, which I have not found in Scotland, unless A. 1. is part of it in verse. When Cuchullainn was angry, he drew one of his eyes back so far that a heron could not reach it. The other he thrust out so that it grew as large as a heifer's cauldron. This is now told of 'Goll,' &c. in Scotland, p. 326, vol. III. Y.

In this story are *Labhar Cam* and *Mananan Mac Lir*. (Pp. 6159. The Atalantis, London, 1858-60, Brit' Mu'). The Catalogue of Irish MSS. British Museum, and other authorities are referred to elsewhere in the Introduction. The Story of Cuchullin is built on Irish history; it pervades Irish literature from A.D. 1130, and pervades all Gaelic Scotland now.

Z. 5. CHEUD SGEULACHD (THE HEADS).

No. 48. Gaelic Index. Y. Vol. IV. 1862. A Gaelic argument, and 62 lines of the ballad sent from Islay by Mr. Alexander Carmichael, who has been collecting ever since.

BE CONNAL agus COCHULLAIN clann an dithis pheathraichin. Bha iad aig an ionnsuichadh 'san aon Oil-thigh. Nuair a bha iad a dealachadh ri cheile 's gach aon a dol gu obair fein, thug Connal miannan a cheud duine bheireadh naigheadh bás Chochullain dha gu'n bitheadh e marbh 'sa mhionaid. La a thuit Cochullain thubhairt e ri gille mor Laoghaire 'fallbaidh tha nis agus innsidh tha do Chonnal sgeula mo bhais; feuchaidh tha innseadh dha ann an dubh-fhocal, neo bidhioh thu fein ann an cuinnart.' Dh-fhalbh Laoghaire, raim e Connal, agus fhaitich e gu suilbhre e. Thubhairt an Connal 'Cia nur a tha mo charaid Cochullain.' 'Tha gu math, ars an Laoghaire, tha e nis air thigh ur a dheanamh.' 'Gu de, arsa an Connal, an taire a bha aig air an aitríbh aosmhor

ann s' con do thamh ionadach laoch cho mor rísean, na deth an tigh úr a rinn e.' 'Cha do rinn, arsa an Laoghaire, ach tigh íosal Cumhang. Nuair a shionas e a chasan ruigidh a cheann uachdar, 'sa chasan íochdar, 'sa shronn mullach an tigh.' 'Ne sin ri radh arsa Connal gu bheil mo dheadh charaid marbh.' 'Fhianais sin ort fein, ars' an Laoghaire, 'S tu fein a dh'ionnraidh air bas na misa.' 'O a Laoghaire bhocht, ars' a Connal so leis bo chruaidhe a bhas, no leat fein; lean thusa mise agus a chuille Ceann bu nho na cheile a bha an aghaidh Chochullain bheir mise a mach iad.' Ghabh e troimh an choille leis agus shníomh e seachd gaid agus thug e do Laoghaire iad. Dh-fhalbh iad le cheile agus thoisich an Connal agus a chulla teaghlach a dhinnsidh Laoghaire bha na namhaid do Chochullain, thoisich ann sin an Connal air toirt a mach nan ceann agus Laoghaire cur air a ghad. Cha robh duthaich, na baile, na teaghlach nach deachaidh ann an eagal nuair a chuala iad gun do thoisich an Connal. Bha iad a dol air aghart mar so gus an do bhonnadh na seachd goid le cinn. 'Laoghaire, arsa an Connal, tha mi air mo sharachudh agus tha mi ocrach. Bheil na goid air thuar a bhith lan. Bha iad a nis a dol air aghart dhionnsuidh 'Ura-mhor.' Chaidh an duine ann an sgoim agus na bha na na bhaile nuair a chunnac iad an Connal a tigeann. An sin labhair nigeann usal og ri h-athair, 'na bitihb fu eagal, cha neil unamsa ach boineuch agus cuiridh mi Connal gu sith.' Ghabh i mach na choinnimh agus dh'fhaitich i e gu suilbhre Thug an Connal Comain a breathran tron nigeann oig, Chuir i stigh e roipe don talla gu dhinnir. Nuair a bha an dinnir seachad thannaig na bha 'san teaghlach a mach maille ris, 's thug iad dha nach do chuir e dragh orra. Nuair a raim e na Cinn Thubhairt an Connal ri Laoghaire, 'tog leat do chuid cinn a nis' s' ma tha tuillidh a dh'ort gheabh thu iad.'

LAEBHAIR an nigeann ri Connal
A Chonnul dhealbhaich nan Ceann
'S cinnteachd mi gun dhearg thu tairm
4 Na cinn sin a thagad air ghad

Sloinnter leat air fad na sinn.
Nigean thairbheartach nan n' each
Ainnir og na briathraibh binn
8 'N éiric Chochullain nan cleis

Thugadh leinn fu dheas na cinn.
Cia e an ceann molach don
Mar dhearg nan rós 'su ghruaidh ghlan
12 Shín tha thall air a thaobh chli

'A Chonnul mhór is aillith dreach?'
'Maigheara fairbheartach nan each
Mac dha leir creach gach cuain
16 Sgar mi dheasan fein a cheann

'S gar leam a thuit a shluagh.
'Chonnul mhóir leat dheagadh righ
Co e an ceann aillith air diol chaich
20 Fhalt ór-bhuidhe mar dhealradh grein

Gn mollaich slim mar airgidh ban?'
'Mac an laogh an rois ruaidh
Mac a b'naise thuit leam neart
24 Mo dhoigh gur e sin fein a cheann

Ard righ Lochlan nan lann breac.
'Cia an du cheann sin air do laimh chli
'S aillidh libhse an nis an deabh
28 A chonnal mhóir leat dhaighah righ

'Soill leam fein gun dhearg 'hu t'airm?'
'Ceann Mhatbais agus Mbaidh Mhór
Se mo dhoigh gur iad a th'ann,
32 Ach a fhuaradh ceann a choin

Air ma theannruith nan srathaibh seimh.
Co an dà cheann so air do laimh dheis
Chonnul nan cleas 'an aigh
36 'Naon dath air falt nan fear

'Smnic gu bheil am baigh?
Calla agus Connal cruaidh;
Dithis a bheiridh buaidh 'sa 'leirg
40 Thugadh leams a Cinn fu dheas

'S gun do dh-fhag mi an Cuirp
Fo 'n aon air.
Co an Ceann ad a chithim thall
44 Fhalt thall gu mollaich slim

A rosg mar fheur, 's a dheud mar bhla
 'Saille nu cach òr a chinn ?
 Mac mo pheathar on tur sheinhl
 48 Sgar mi fein a cheann ri chorp
 Suarach an onair mbic rìgh
 Iomchair ga min air an fhalt.
 'Co na se cinn a chithir thall
 52 Shìn tha iad an taobh mo thuath
 'S guirme agus Caoine an ros
 'S duibhè folt a chinn chruaidh ?
 Seasar bhraithre a bha ann
 56 Iadsan 's an clab ri gaoith
 Bo chlànn chalaìdir nan cleas
 Dream nach robh air leas mo ghaoid.
 Ceann air fhichead agus fichead ceud
 60 Gun iomradh air fear croin nan lot
 Do chlànn mhaithibh, 's Mhacaibh rìgh
 Thuit an eiric ceann a choin.'

'Nis a Laoghaire tha do cheannsa a dhìth air a ghad agus se mo cheann fein, no do cheann fein a theid eir mar toisich tuille.' 'Cha rcig sin a leas, as a Laoghaire, bo bheag leamsa no thuit le do laimh ann an eiric Chochullain, agus leagaidh mi ruith le fear do no goid.' Laoghaire bhòdh bu bheag leasa na thuit le mo lamhsa ann an eiric do mhaighstir mhaith. Theisich e an 'n uair sin agus bha an eachdraidh a dhìomradh gun mo a thuit leis, no an nuair a lionnadh na seachd goid.

II. DEIRDRE.

THE STORY OF DEIRDRE. F. M. O. Q. R.

THE oldest copy of the Story of Deirdre known to me is in a vellum manuscript now at the Advocates' Library, described p. 296, Report on Ossian, 1805. The date 1238, the locality of Glenmason, and names of owners are sufficient to prove that the story, of which the scene is partly laid in Argyll, was known in Cowal a long time ago. This manuscript ought to be printed. I can neither read it nor afford time or money for its publication. The Story of Deirdre is related to Indian Epics, and is an Aryan romance which pervades the Old World. A beautiful girl, shut up to banck a prophecy, is beloved by an old king. She runs away with a family of brothers, and after adventures of many kinds, the story ends in a tragedy. (See 'Mahābhārata' for the Story of Draupadi and the 5 Pandavas, &c., &c.) In Ireland the Story of Deirdre and the 3 sons of Usnoch has been associated with the Story of Cuchullin the King of Emania, and the warriors named above, ever since 1130, at all events. The *Atlantids*, vol. iii., 1860, p. 398, has a paper by O'Curry introducing a story about 'the Birth of 'Deirdriu' and her adventures, taken from (H. 2—16, Yellow Book of Lecain. Trin. Coll. Ca. 749, date 1391.) Elsewhere, in the Introduction I have told all I know about this story and the publication of it. In Welsh, bits of the story, as told in Ireland and in Scotland, are told in the Story of Peredur, taken from a MS. of the 15th century (See 'Mabinogion.') The oldest printed Scotch version of the story known to me is quoted by the Highland Society (P. 291. Report on Ossian, 1805). It follows below, divided according to the metre, by Mr. Hector Mac Lean. Fletcher F. 2. got a version in Scotland from oral recitation about 1750. Gillies M. 3. printed part of the story in 1786. Irvine O. got part of the version, about 1801, from a foxhunter on Loch Tayside. Stewart Q. 1804, printed a version, p. 562. The Highland Society R. 1805, printed a quotation. Mac Callum, 1816, V. 4. got from Mac Lachlan of Old Aberdeen and reprinted the fragment which Mac Lachlan abstracted, and the Highland Society printed, from the MS. of 1238. X. 14. '*Duan na Cloinn*,' written in Caithness from the dictation of Betty Sutherland, I have been unable to get, but the name indicates this story. Z. In the autumn of 1870 men in the Isle of Mull could repeat Clann 'Usneachain.' In the autumn of 1871 an old Mac Neill in Barra could tell the story, and Mr Carmichael had written it down. The story, as I had learned it in Scotland, was shortly this:—

King Connachar, of Ireland, had a sister, whose three sons, Naois, Ardan, and Ainle, ran off with Deirdre, their uncle's sweetheart. They went to Scotland, where they wandered about, chiefly in Argyllshire, according to the names. At last the brothers left Deirdre, in charge of a black-haired lad, in an island, which is iden-

tified with a small islet north of Jura, in which are ecclesiastical remains. This character is made steward of the King of Scotland in written versions. The 'black lad' made love to Deirdre. The brothers, in three ships, returned just in time to save her, and told her their adventures. They had been imprisoned in 'Lochlan' or elsewhere, and rescued by a king's daughter. They all embarked, Deirdre sang a Lament for Scotland, and foreboded evil from dreams. They reached Ireland, and after a grand battle the uncle slew the nephews, who had run away with his sweetheart. She bewailed them, and died upon their bodies. Irish history adds—at Emania, the capital of Ulster, in the reign of Conaire, A.D. 145—152: from whom descend the Dalriads, or Scots-Irish Gaelic tribes of 'Oirear Alban,' as it called in Deirdre's Lament, version R. Fletcher tells a bit of the story about the beginning and end. Gillies tells the return from Scotland, and gives Deirdre's Lament for Scotland. Irvine's foxhunter tells the story told to Deirdre by her lovers on their return. The Highland Society quoted the Lament for Scotland in support of Mac Pherson's *Darthula*. Peasant reciters tell the story in accordance with Irish history. Mac Pherson's *Darthula*, edit. 1762, is vaguely related to the traditional tale, but the geography is entirely changed. Upon this geography learned men found theories as to 'Selma' and 'Beregonium' and Vitriified Forts of the Stone Period, which the ignorant who speak Gaelic ignore. There is no Gaelic for Mac Pherson's *Darthula*. As it is impossible to collate different bits of a story which is more than 800 years old, I print the text, and will endeavour to mend the story which it tells when I translate.

F. 2. EACHDRAIDH AIR CONNACHAR, RÌGH EIRINN, agus air truir MHAC RÌGH BHARRACHAOIL clann peathar RÌGH CONNACHAR RÌGH ainmichte.

Fletcher's Collection, page 29. Advocates' Library, January 17, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

This fragment, written by country scribes from the dictation of a man who could not himself write or read, is partly written in stanzas of four lines. This seems to me to indicate the decay of a ballad, and a change into measured prose, made of lines, and smaller fragments of forgotten quatrains.

NOCHDA air bhì do Rìgh Eirinn d' am bu cho-ainm Connachar a dol a phosa Ban-rìgh d' am b' ainm Deirdri, agus air bhì dhoibh ag ullachadh fa chomhair na bainne nharbh iad laogh òg. Air bhì do sheanchda òg air a chuir san àm, dhoirt iad fuil an laigh a nuigh air an t-sneachda, agus do luith fitheach air an fhuil. Air do Dheirdri bhì sealltuinn a mach air nuimeig Chunnair i 'm fitheach aig òl na fola, agus a deir si ris an Rìgh, nach bu mhaiseach an Duine aig am bitheadh a chneas co-gal ris an t-sneachda, a ghruaidh co-dearg ris an fhuil agus fholt co-dubh ris an fhitheach. Fhreagair an Rìgh ag rìgh gun robh clann peathar aigean, agus gun robh aon duibh air an robh gach buaidh a dh' ainmich i. Thubhairt Deirdri ris an Rìgh a rist nach cuireadh ise eos na leabaidh gus am faicheadh i an duine sin. Air an aobhar sin chuir an Rìgh fios air. Thainig e fein agus a dha bràthair. Agus do b' e an ainmeanan Snaois. Aille, agus Ardan.

Air do Dheirdri Snaois fhaicsinn ionadh i le gaol dha ionnas gun d' fhalbh i leis, agus dh' fhàg i 'n Rìgh. Air do Snaois agus do dha bràthair long a ghabhail sheoil iad gus an deachaidh iad air tìr aig Beinn-aird. Agus bha gnùllabeg na 'n cuideachd d' am b' ainm an Gille dubh, bha na chomhthail dhoibh agus a' feitheamh orra.

I. PHÀIRT.

- 1 TUR g'an deachaidh iad air tuinn,
 Clann Usneachan a Dù-lochlunn;
 Dh' fhàg iad Deirdri agus an Gille dubh,
 A'm Beinn-aird nan aonaran.
- 2 C' àite an cnalas dhan bu duileadh,
 Na 'n Giulla dubh ri dùr shniridh;
 Air Deirdri chruinneagach gheal,
 Bu Chuibbte orm 'us ort bhì cuideachd.
- 3 Cha bu chuibbte mi is tni,
 Ghiullan duibh nam mì-rùn;
 Ach gus an d' thig iad dhachaidh slàn,
 Clann Usneachan a' Dù-lochlunn

- 4 Ge b'èug a rachadh tu dheth,
'S ge d' fhaithcadh tu bas g'an cumba;
Bithidh tu 'as lan d'ann an aon leabaidh,
Gus an d' theid ùir air do leachdain.
- 5 Gheibheadh thusa Dheirdri ghuannach,
Bh' namasa air mhadain a màireach;
Gheibheadh tu bainne chruidh chraobhaich,
Agus maorach à Innis-aoanaich.
- 6 Gheibhte tu muinealan mhuc,
Mar siu agus sruthaga shean-tuire;
Gheibhte tu broideach 'us bò,
'S a laogh mhìn na fuiling aon so
- 7 Ge d' gheibhinn uait caolaich fhialha,
Agus bradaid bhroinne gheala;
B' amusa leam bior-chul-chas,
A làmh Snaois mhic Uisueachan.
- 8 B' e Snaois a phoga mo bheul;
Mo cheud fhear è 's mo cheud leannan;
B' e Aille a leigeadh mo dheoch,
'S b' e Ardán a chaireadh m' adhart.
- 9 Ach suil g' an d' thug Deirdri ghuannach,
Mach air bàr bhaile bhraonach;
'S àlun an truir bhraithre a chi mi,
Sòmhaidh iad na euntan tharais.
- 10 Tha Ard, 'ns Aille air an stùir,
'Seòladh gu h-àrd rambach cinin;
Mo ghradh a Gheal-lambach gheal,
Tha m' fhear féin ga stiuradh síd.
- 11 Ach smid na d' thigeadh air do bhenl,
Ghiullain duibh nam braon sgeul;
Mu 'm marbhar thu gan chiontadh dheth,
Is nìor mò a chreidre mise.
- 12 O! Chloinn Uisneachan nau each,
A thainig à tìr nam fear fuileach;
An d' fhuiling sibb tàir bhò neach,
No cìod è so bla d' ar cumail.
- 13 Bha d' ar cumailne mach uaitse,
An t-eabar-sea fuileach faobhar ruadh;
Rìgh mac Rosnach ceann fir Phàil,
Air ar glacadh 's air ar dioghuhail.
- 14 C' àite an robh 'ur n-airm ghaise,
'S air lamban tapaidh fuilleach;
N' ar a dh' fhuiling sibb, sibb-féin slàù,
Do mhac Rosaich bhì gar dìong' ail.
- 15 Cadal g' an d' rinn sinn 'n ar luing,
An truir Bhraithre druim rì druim;
M' an d' fhaireich sinn bend na feall,
Dh' iath na sea-longa-deug umainn.
- 16 Cha bu mhis' nach d' innis dhuibhise,
A Chloinn Uisneachan bho b' ionmhunn;
Nach bu làmh air bhlonaga ban,
'S nach bu shurd air cogadh cadal.
- 17 'S ge nach biodh cogadh fù' n ghréin,
Ach duine fadadh a thìr féin;
Cadal fadadh 's beag a thlachd,
Do dluine is è air deòrachd.
- 18 Deòrachd 's maing g'am biodh an dàn,
Gur gnàthach leatha cuid sheachrain;
'S beag a b-urram 'us mòr a smachd,
'S maing duine d' an dàn deòrachd.
- 19 Ach chuir iadsan ann sin sinn,
An namba shalaidh fù' thalmhainn;
F-ar an d' thigeadh fodhain an sàile,
Tri naoi uairean gach aon là.
- 20 Ach aon inghean mhadh bh' aig an Rìgh,
Ghabh i dhinne moran truais,
Seichdeachan a b-athar gu leir,
Bu lionmhor ann bian èilde is aidhe.
- 21 Chuir i eadar sinn 's am fear nìsg,
An ribhinn ùr bho si b' fhearr tuigse;
Ach do bhiodh b-athair sa Chraoibh ruaidh,
'S a chàirdcan gu leir nu thimcheòll.
- 22 Teachd mo chlagair a Thìormhail,
Cha nìl rùine nam ban math;
Innsidh iad sa chuil, na chluinn iad,
- 23 Cìod an rùine a bhiodh ann,
Nach innseadh tu do t aon inghinn;
'S an rùine a gheibhinse bh' nait,
Gu gleitheinn bhadhna gu dill.
- 24 Fui' bhile mo chiche deise,
'S an rùine gheibhimh bho chach
Athairghràidh gun innsean duitse Arsa n-inghean.
An Rìgh ga freagairt.
- 25 'Chuir Rìgh Eirinn fios air sàil
Dh' ionsuidh naislean Bharr-Phàil;
Gu 'm fuigheansa làn mo luinge,
Do dh' òr do dh' innsridh 's do dh' ionnas,
- 26 Chionn na Ciomaich 'chuir gun fheall,
Air chuan na h-Eirinn am màireach.'
- 27 Ach leig an Inghinn osna throm,
As a cridhe gu ro mhòr,
Threagair aiseichean an tìghe
Leis an osun 'leig an Inghinn.
- 28 'Cò so leig an osun throm,
Gur duilich leo na Ciomaich,
'S mise leig an osun throm,
Do Chìomaich gur coraidh leam,
- 29 Tha earran mhòr ann am thaobh chì,
'S gu marbhadh i caogad Rìgh;
'S tha luain mhòr air mo chridhe,
San taobh eile mo choinneamh na h-earrinn'
- 30 Ach thainig i thugainn d' ar fios,
An Thìormhail bu ghile cneas
An rabh thu ann san Dùn ud thall;
No cìod an aithris a th' ann oirne,
- 31 'Bha mise ann san Dùn ud thall,
'S is truagh an aithris a th' ann oirbhe;
Gu 'm fuigh m' athair làn a luinge,
Dh' òr Dh' innsridh, 's do dh' ionnas,
- 32 Chionn na Ciomaich chur gun fheall,
Air cuan na h-Eirinn a màireach.'
- 33 'Ach sinibh thugamsa bhur casan,
A 's gu 'n tomhais mi na glasan;
Nach fhadh mi bonn diubh air dearmad
Air fad air leud, na air doimhnead.'
- 34 'Thainig i 'n sin an Ceard cluaineach,
Mac-an-t-saoir as a chraoibh ruaidh;
- 35 Eirich thusa a cheird chluainich,
Mhaic-an-t-saoir as a chraoibh ruaidh,
'S aon inghean Rìgh air tighinn ga d' iarruidh.'
- 36 'S beag orm féin na bhithheadh ann,
Aon inghean Rìgh, a shiuladh
An oidheche gu fìor,
- 37 'S e bheireadh i dha thigh ga teach,
Treas tuairesgeul na geamhaiche;
'S ann a shiulas daime an lò,
Mar a bheireas còir air aoilleachd;
- 38 Mirre g' an d' rinn mi an luing,
Air ontha na mara thruim,
Iuchraichean m' Athar gu léir,
Bha iad agam fù' m' mhì-chéil,
- 39 Leum iad a mach thar a bòrd,
'S truagh nach deachas nan druima-lòrg,
- 40 An cuimhne leats' a Cheard chluainich,
'N latha bha thu san Dùn ud thall,
'Bualadh òir aig m' athair,
'S a chluan oir a sgrìobh iad ort,
- 41 'N t-òir a ghaoid thu
- 42 'S i 'n fhail oir 'thug mise dhuit,
A chum an ceann siu air do bhraidhe.'

- 43 Ach 'dh' eirich è suas an Ceard chluineach,
Mac-an t-saoir as a chraoibh ruaidh,
Is rinn è na trì iuchraiche buadhach,
Ri aiteal na h-aon-leth-naire,
- 44 Ach smid na d' thigeadh air do bhéul,
Nach gu 'n labhair 'n teintin dubh sin,
Na an grinneal au deach' an deanamh.
- 45 Ach thainig i 'ris d' ar fios,
Au Tiormhail nau ciabhadh clach-lach
- 46 'S nìbh thugamsa bhur casan ;
A's gu 'm fuasgail mi na glasis,
Mur dh' fhag mi bonn diubh air dearmad,
Air fad, air leud, no air doimhnead,
- 47 Ach thog Snaois a chos ri eallachain,
Ard is Aille co-fhearr-luath,
- 48 Thug i thugainn ar trì chloidhinn,
Agus lòn an cuigibh oidheche,
Seorsa cèire leth mar leth ;
'S gu bu leir leinn adhaidh' chéile,
- 49 Tha long aig m' athairse air sàl,
Ann am barr a bhaile bhraonaich ;
Seisear ' feathadh lath' 's do dh' oidheche,
Agus aon fhear donn a toiseach,
- 50
'S gu dìongadh è ceud an còmhrag.'
- 51 Ach ma theid sibhse na dhàil,
Gun eagal na gun fhealsga
Buailibh gu cothromach ceart,
Bhur trì chloidhean na aon alt.
- 52 Ge bu doirehe an oidheche dhoilleir,
Gu'm bu ghairege rimeas eolas ;
Bhuail sinn gu cothromach ceart,
Bhur trì chloidhean na aon alt.
- 53 Thig thusa steach ad' luing,
A Thiomhail a's ionnmhuinne leinne,
A's aon bhean cha d' theid os do cheann ;
Ach aon bhean san tìr an d' theid thu.
- 54 Cìod an aon bhean a bhiodh ann,
'S gur mi choisinn dhuibh na h-anamain,
B' nàibhreach dhamsa sin a dheanamh ;
'S a bùthad mac Rìgh 'tha gam iarraidh,
- 55 Na 'n trialain air cheumanan cas,
Air sga buidhne coimhiche.
- 56 Leubhaidh iad ort. A Gheal shoilleir,
Mu as fìor gu bheil thu torrach,
Mas mac na inghean a bhios ann
Ainmich air fear 'tha 'n Dù-lochlunn.
- 57 'S mise aon Inghean an Rìgh,
'S lughaidhe dhe sin a phris ;
Ach 's ole an saothraiche re seall,
Nach d' thugadh aon èun an caladh.
- 58 Ach fanaidh mi bliadhna air do ghaol,
Agus bliadhna eile chìou t-ìomraidh,
'N ceann na cuig na seatha bliadhna,
Thig gam iarraidh 'n sin air m' athair,
- 59 'S gleithidh mise do shith dhuit,
Bho Rìgh an Dòmhain 's bho Chonna-chothair,
- 2 Ach leag thusa t-aisling Dheirdri,
Air aonach nam burthaichean àrda ;
Air maraichean na fairge muigh,
'S air na chlochaibh garbha glasa.
- 3 'S gu'm faigh sinne sith 's gu'n tabhair,
Bho' Rìgh an dòmhainn 's bho Chonnachobhair.
- 4 Ach co-moch 's a thain an lò,
'S a sgaileadh bho'r cul an cèd ;
C' àite 'n do ghabh 'n ur loingean tìr
Ach fuì' dhorus an àrd Rìgh.
- 5 Thainig Connachar fein a mach,
'S maoi ceud-deug stuagh leis ;
Se dh' fheoraich è gu breagha bras,
Cò iad na sloigh 'so, th' air an loingean.
'S iad clann do pheathar féin a t' ann,
Is iad nan suidhe 'n caithir aingis ; (ill)
Cha chlann peathar dhamsa sibh,
'S cha ne gnìomh a rinn sibh orm.
- 6 Abh mo nàrachadh le feall,
Ann am fiadhnais fir na h-Eirinn.
- 7 Cìod ged thug sinn uait do bhean,
Deirdri chruinneagach chruin-lamh gheal ;
Rinn sinn ruit bàigh bheag eile,
'S b'e 'n tra's àm a cuimhneacha.
- 8 'N latha s gáin do long air sàile,
'S i làn do dh'òr is do dh' airgid,
Thug sinne dhuits' air long fhéin,
'S namh sinn féin cuan mu d' thiomchioll.
- 9 Ge d' dheanadh sibh rium caogad bàigh
Air mo bhuidheachas gu fìor ;
Air sibh cha 'n fhaitheadh sibh 'n teann
Ach gach aon dioth bu mho g'am feudain.
- 10 Rinn sinn ruit bàigh bheag eile,
'S b'e 'n tra's àm a cuimhneacha ;
'N latha mheath an t each breac,
Ort air faiche Dhun-dealgain nois
- 11 Thug sinne dhuit an t-each glas,
'Bheireadh gu bras thu 'n t-slighe ;
Ge d' dheanadh sibh rium caogad bàigh,
Air mo bhuidheachas gu fìor
- 12 Rinn sinn dhuit bàigh bheag eile,
'S b'e 'n tra's àm a cuimhneacha ;
'N latha cathadh Beinn eudain,
'S a thionndaidh thu rui do chùl,
Chuir iad thu 'n innis an-ùil.
- 13 Chuir sinne cath muimeach mòr,
Air do chùl'aobh an lò sin,
Agus Bha sinn ga' d' dheidh reir,
'S thug sinn thugadsa fuì' d' iochd,
Cinn seachd mic Rìgh Morfhairege,
- 14 'S ge d' dheanadh sibh rium caogad bàigh, &c.
- 15 Ach thog Snaois a chos r'a bòrd,
Ard, is Aille air a dhruim-lòrg ;

An truir bhàithrean, bu bhoidheche ceann-adhaidh
- 16 Cha bhàs leam a nis bhur bàs,
A Chlann Uisneachan gun aois ;
Bho 'n a thorachair e leibh gun fheall,
'N treas fear a's aird tha 'n Eirinn.
- 17 Ach thigsa a mach a' d' luing,
A Dheirdri chruinneagach eul-chruin ;
'S cha 'n fhaitheadh tu 'n cùill no 'n coil,
Facal èud no achmhasain.
- 18 Cha d' thig mise a mach am luing,
Ach am fuigh mi m'aon ragha acheuing,

'S cha tìr 's cha n carras, s cha treoghadh.
- 19 Cha 'n eich gheala 's mbiol-choin ;
Ach comas tiotan beag do 'n tràigh,
Thoirit mìosgan ann deagh graidh,
Do na corpaibh geala cneas-bhàn.

PART II.

Agus air innseadh na nitheadh sin dhoibh bha Deirdri ro-dhìomach dhuibh, chionn gun d' fhàg iad Tiormhail nan deigh, agus air son a feothas dhoibhsan nach iarraidh ise os a cionn gu bràth. An sin ghabh Deirdri agus iadsan an turas a ris ga iarraidh agus chunnaic ise aisling.

- 1 AISLING a chunnaic mi 'n raoir,
Air truir mhac Rìgh Bharrachaol ;
Bhì g'an cuibhreacha 's g'an cuir san uaigh,
Le Connachar as a chraoibh ruaidh.

- 20 Dh' fhuasgaileadh iad a folt donna-bhuí' tla,
M' an cairt do 'n rioghain coi-reidh,
A h-eudach gu barraibh a eos,
Mu' n d' thugadh i leatha am braid.
- 21 Cothrom cro na snathaide ;
- 22 Ach aon fhail óir 'bha mu' m mèur,
'S ann a chuir i sud na 'beul,
A's dh' imich i leis do 'n traigh,
Fur an robh Clann Uisneachan.
- 23 Cò choinnich i anns' an traigh,
Ach an saor a snaithe ràmh ;
- 24 'A shaoir a snaitheas an ràmh,
Ga 'm bhuil an sgian fhaobhair gheur,
'S è bheireamas dhuit ga cionn,
'N aon fhail óir is fearr tha 'n Eirinn.'
- 25 ' Tar g'an rabh Snaois a cur cloiche,
Air feasgar anmoch oidhe shathairne ;
Bhris e 'n fhail óir bha mu' nheur,
Le tiorruin na h-aon urachaire.
- 26 Thug è dhomhs' an fhail' bhriste,
'S thug i seallan 's bu lan ghibht i ;
Thug mise dhasan an fhail lan,
'S cha b' ann a mhoithe comainne,
- 27 'S na cuimhnice mo ghradh geal a bi aige,
Cha b' eagal dà 'n seachd portaibh deug-n h Eirinn.
- 28 Ach ghabh an saor meannadh goirt,
Air an fhail is thug è Dheidri chore ;
A's dh' imich i do 'n traigh
Fur an rabh Clann Uisneachan
- 29 Teann thusa nall a Shnaois nàraich,
A mbic nam fatha d'hearr àbhaist ;
Na 'n crithiche marbh roimh bheo eile,
Chrithiche tusa (nis) rothamsa.
- 30 Shìn i an sin a taobh r'a thaobh,
Agus chuir i' beul r'a 'bheul ;
As ghabh i 'n sgian gheur roimhe cridhe,
Is dh'fhuair i 'm bàs gun aithreachas.
- 31 Ach thùig i an sgian dubh 'sa chuan,
Mu' m fuighe an saor achmhasan,
- 32 Co moch 's a thainig an lò,
Thainig Connechar féin 's a lod ;
Mìle marphaisg do 'n mhi-chéil,
Thug ormsa Clann mo pheath' r' féin a mbarbha,
- 33 Tha mi 'n diu gun Deirdri dheth,
Na gun aon duine tairrisde.
Ach tiolaicidh mi 'n aon uaigh
Snaois 'us Deirdri 'n aon leabaidh.
'S an lus beag 'thig roimh an uaigh,
Ge b'e chuireas snaim air a bhàr,
Gu 'm bu leis aon ragha leannain.
- 34 N'am bithinnsa 'n Iuthar nam buadh
A nocht féin ga fuar an t-shian,
Gu 'n cuirinn snaim air a bhàr,
Ge do bhíodh an crann gu criona.

M. 3. CAOÍ' DHOIRDIR. 240 lines.

CAOÍ' Dhoirdir airson Naois agus Clan Uisnich, dhùinich Deurdir uaith Chonchair rìgh Uamh le Nais Mac Uisnich agus a dhithis bhrathairibh, (Goidhain, Ailbhe agus Ardan / gu h Albain, ionad ann rabhadar gu sona snaibhneach re uin' fhadà, gus na chuir Conchair teachdaireachd shithaimh chaidreil nan deì' gus na phrìll iad gu Rìgh-Eirinn, ach d' inuir an rìgh feal orra, agus mharbh, an triuir chùraibh 'n am dheidh teachd air tìr, an sin dhruid, Deirdir nis na cuirp agus chaoine gu cumhach iad agus chuir, lamh am ach anam fein.

- 2 Ta g'ar cumail fada uaine,
Creid is fa nach cumlain an ruaig
Lamhan' air bhog attaibh bàn
Nìr cheol cadail dhuinn an cogadh.
- 3 Còdal uile 's beag a lochd,
Do dhàòine bhíodh rì deoircachd ;
Ge d' nach bìodh coga fo na ghreìn
Ach dàòine bhì as an tìr fein.
- 4 Chuirnear ar luingeas amach,
A chaith' a chuain gu h eolach,
Bha sinn snbhaich rì seoladh
Is bha Deirdir dubhach do-bhronach.
- 5 Creud e fa do thuirse bhean
Agus sinne beo 'n ar beatha
Nì h aithne dhuinn neach d'ar bualadh
Nì h eagal luinn fuath no sìchaimh
- 6 Aislinn do chunnacas an raoir ;
Oirbhe thriuir braithe barra chaoin²
Ar cùibhreach is ar cuir san uaigh,
Leis a Chònchair chlaoin ruagh.
- 7 Air chlochaibh sin is air chrannàibh.
Agus air lachaibh na linne
Is ar chailèinibh na 'm fadh chor
Is air earbas fiar an t Seannach.
- 8 Creud bheir sinne 'n daill an laoich
Is farsaing na fairge amach
'S a liughad cala caol is euan
A b' fheudar tarruing³ gun uablas.
- 9 An am luidhe do na ghreìn
Nìr b' aobhar suain dhuain e
C'ait ionnar ar ghabh long tìr
Ach fo Bhaile mor Rìgh Chonchair.
- 10 Thainig Conchair amach le
Sheachd fìchid laoch cheann-uallach
Is dh' fhiosraich le briara brais
Cia na sloi' 'ta air an luingeas.
- 11 Clanu do pheathar àta ann ;
Sin triar a thainig air tuinn
Air oineach 's air chomaire an Rì'
Aig tagradh dilseachd ar cairdeas
- 12 Cha chluin peathar dhamsa sibh
Nìr bheairt saoi⁴ do rinn sibh orm
Thug sibh mo bhean nam a b' fhoill⁵
Sì Deirdiri dhonn shuileach ghleil' gheal.
- 13 An nair a sgaol do long mu làn
Is tu a mullach na mara dillin
Thug sinn dhuit ar long fein
Do bhì'mar ann nair sin a' do reir⁶
- 14 De d' mharbha sibh caogad rìgh
Air mo bhui'eachas gu fìor
Nì am faigheadh sibh an diu do m' shìth
Ach gach uil' 'easai' 'm faodain⁷
- 15 Do rinne mar dhuit bàì' bheag eile
O 's e nis an tam do chuimhnicheadh
Chuir sinn' thu 'n comanibh Ìonar.
'S dilleas ar còir air do chomraich.
- 16 An tann do chuir Murcha Mac Briàn
Na seachd caithibh am binn Eadair⁸
Thug sinn' thugan gu easbhuì'
Cinn Mhic rìgh na h Eardheise.
- 17 Ge d' mharbha sibh caogal Rì'
Air mo bhui'eachas gur fìor
Nì am bheil sibh an diu do m' shìth
Ach gach uil' eas-shith do 'm feadain.
- 18 Eirich a Naois is glae do chlai'
A dheugh mbic an Rì is glan coimhead
Creud fa 'm faigheadh a chlainn shuairc
Ach a mhàin aon chuairt do 'n anam.
- 19 Chuir Naois a shalta⁹ rì clàr
Is ghlae a chloì 'n a dhorn
'S bu gharg deanan nan laoch
Tuitim air gach taobl do bhord.

¹ (Soft brooks) threatening white hand.² More than nuld. ³ Without fear.⁴ Son. ⁵ Le foill.⁶ Friends.⁷ (Ea sìth) mischief. ⁸ Eadinn. ⁹ Resolved.

1 CLANN Uisnich nan each geala ;
Thainig a tìr nam fear fùileach,
Creud so do bhíodh air ar n eachaibh
No creid e a ta g'ar cumail.

- 20 Ghuais a Dheudruinn as do luing
A gheug ur nam¹⁰ abhra dhuinn
Is ni h eagal do ghnuis ghloin
Fuath no' eud no achmhasan.¹¹
- 21 Ni 'u rachar am seasd as mo luing
Gu 'm faighe mi mo raogha achninge
- 22 Cha tìr, cha talamh 's cha tuar
Cha triuir braithe fa ghlan suua' th
Cha 'n or, cha 'n airgid 's cha 'n eich
Ni mo is bean uaireach mise.
- 23 Ach mo chead a dhòl an trai'
Far am bheil clann uisnich nan tamh,
Gu 'n tibhrim mo thri poga mcala
Do na tri corpa caomh geala.
- 24 Sgabileadh a falt dualach tlà
Aig¹² a mhnaoi bu chuanu cail'
Mu 'm bearra si leith a b feill¹³
Atrad a bhruid bu choirle,
- 25 Do ghluais Deirdir an tràì
Is fhuair si Saor aig sna¹⁴ isheadh rainmh
A sgian aige cion¹⁵ na leith lamh
Is a thuagh iona¹⁶ na lamh eile
- 26 A shaoir is aile am facas riamh
Creud air an tiubhra tu au sgian
Gur e bheirinn duit g'a ceann,
Aon fhaine buaghach na h-Eirinn
- 27 C'ait an robh am faine geasach¹⁷
An la do bhaòghlisheadh clann uisnich
'L iongna le buaighibh an fhaine,
Mar fhuarah an cràdh no 'n gnuisn¹⁸
- 28 La gu 'n robh Naoinc cur cloiche
Ann 'n ursainn cath fiann na faiche ;
Do sgaoil an fhàil¹⁹ oir fa mheur
'S thug dhamhsa i mo ghragh da ta sgaì,
- 29 Och do chuimhnich mo ghradh gealsa
Am faine feartach a bhì na fhochair
N baoghal do ghoil nan slughaihbh
A ghuin le thuath no le sochai'
- 30 An sin do shauntaich an saor am faine
Air dheise 's air àilne
Gur e bheirinn duit ga cheann
Aon sgian aghmhòr na h-Eirinn.
- 31 Caoi', no Triabhann Deirdir
Cha ghairdeachas gun chlann uisnich
O ! s tuirseach gun bhì' nar cuallach
Tri mic rìgh le 'n diolfaì deoraibh.
- 32 Tri leoghain a chnuic na h-namha
Tri manuinn a bh' Ti Bratain²⁰
Tri seobhaig o shliabh a chuillinn ,
An triar d'an geile na gaisgich
'S do n tiubhra na h amh thuis uram.
- 33 Thri Steallain do 'n ubhal oir
Nach fuilingeadh deannal nan tìr,
Tri mic uisnich o Dhun miona',
O tri eoin a chochail chaomh.
- 34 Na tri eoin a b' aille snuagh,
A thainig air chuan nam bare
Tri mic uisnich o 'n charrachruinn²¹
Tri lachaibh air tuinn a snamb.
- 35 Soiri'²² soir gu h-Albain nam
Farma mhath fraocran cnain is gleann
Ann am biodh clann uisnich ri scalg
Bu aobhain suidhe air leirg a beann.
- 36 Nìor²³ h' iongna mi thabhairt grai
Do dh' Albain ur fa re roid
Bu ghlan mo choili na measg
Bu leam a h-cich is a h-or.²⁴
- 37 Bail' agus leath Albain fein
Do bhiodh agam ard an ceum,
Is le Fergus nan colg laidir
Gur maig a thainig gu h-Eirinn.
- 38 O ghlinn Maisinn sin gleann Maisin,
Gor a chreamh is geal a dhosan
Mimic do romneas codal iorrach
Air do mhulachsa ghlinn Maisinn.
- 39 Gleann Daruail sin, Gleann Daruail
An gleann is binne guth cuaich
Is binne guth gaodh-air fo 'n choille chruim,
Os ar ceann ann Gleann Daruail.
- 40 Aoibhinn Dòn Meaghr is Dun Fhionn
Aoibhinn an dùn bha os a cheann
Aoibhinn Innis Dreoghain leathain
Leis sin agus Dun subhaine.
- 41 Cearthar sin ann Innis Dreoghain
Far nach faodfadh na slogh ar noisheadh
Mise fein 's ni moid an agh,
Naois Aillbhe agus Ardau.
- 42 Bhiodh Aillbhe againn ri toirbheirt
Is Ardau ri scilg sèanta
Is Naois fein ceann ar muintir
Is mise ri fuaim nan teuda
- 43 La gu 'n robh fir Alba 'g ol
Is clann uisnich bu mor cean²⁵
Do inghean Draosach Dhan Ireoir
Thug Naois dhi pog gun fhios
- 44 Gu na gheall e dhi alldaimh aon
Agh allaigh is lao' na cois
Is thaghaill se aic air chuairt
Air pilleadh o shluagh Innaruis
- 45 Thug a bhean sin o Dhun Ireoin
Briaran is a boid mhear
Gur an racha Naois a dh' eug
Nach i rachi si fein le fear
- 46 O choin nar chuala mise sin
Lian mo cheann lan do 'n end
Tilgeadar mo churach air tuinn
Caimheas leam bhì beo no eug
- 47 Do thug naois a bhriara sior
Is a lugha more am fiannis arm
Nach cuireadh ormsa feirg no gruaim
Gus an rachamad air slugh nam marbh
- 48 Do leanadar mise amach
Aillbhe is Ardau a bha treach
Is philleadar mi ris a steach
An diais a chuireadh cath air cheudan.
- 49 O da chluinne sibhs anochd
Naois dhòl fo bhrot an cre
Throm ghuile sibh gn bras
Is ghuliuise a sheachd leath.
- 50 'S iad clann uisnich sud tha thall
Is iad nan luidhe bonn ri bonn
Is da 'n suimluigeadh marbh roimh mhairbh eile
Gu 'n suimlighe sibhs romhamsa.
- 51 Tri Dreagno dhunmonai
Triar currai' na craobh ruaighe
Tareis nan Triath nìor bheo mise
Triar a bhriseadh gach aon ruaigh.
- 52 Do threigias aobhneas ulamh
Fa 'n triar curaibh do b'annsa
Mo shaoghal am feasd mor fhade
Na 'n laighear aon fheas leamsa.
- 53 Lair fosgladh a phartainn
Na deautaran naibh le gu docair
Biaidh mi 'm fochari na huaigne
Far a deantar trua' agus ochain,
- 54 'S mor a gheibhinn do shochar
Ann am fochar nan curaibh
Le 'm²⁶ fuinn iad gun teach gun teine
Och mise am feasd nach biodh dubhach.

¹⁰ Brown complexion.¹¹ Reproach.¹² Strong constitution. ¹³ Unintelligible. ¹⁴ Shaving

oars.

¹⁵ Aon.¹⁶ Ann.¹⁷ King of Charnus. ¹⁸ Roun, stich.¹⁹ Failbheag.²⁰ Albainn.²¹ Guid rock.²² Bheir soiri.²³ Rion bhì agam bu bhreach oidin.²⁴ Seire.²⁵ Gheall e nar philleadh e chuairt.²⁶ Na 'm faighinn.

- 55 An trí sgiatha is an trí sléagha
Ann san leabai dhúinn gu mínic
Cuirí' an trí cloí' crúadha
Sint' 'osceann uaigh nan gillaibh
- 56 An trí conaibh is an trí sealbhaic
Bíatar am feasd gun luchd seilge
Tri triari choimhead catha
Triar dhalaibh ebonnail chearnaich.
- 57 Tri iallaima nan trí Iun sin
Do bhúin osna o mo chridhe
'S ann agamsa do bliodh an tasgai'
Ga 'm faicsin is aobhar caoi.
- 58 Och is truagh mo shealla orra
'S c dlh'fhag mi fo dhochair is fo thuirse
Trua' nach deach mise san talamb
Sol fa 'n do mharbha clann úisnich,
- 59 O 's truagh ar tuirse le Fergus
Gur cealgach chum na craobh ruaidhe
Le na briara blasda bíne
Fadh ma n' m'bhleadh sibh aon nair
- 60 Och 's mise Deirdr gun aobhneas
Anis aig críochnacha mo bheatha
Bronnfam do 'n triar mo thri pogaibh
Is dúitas ann am bron mo laeth.

O. 15. DEIRDRE NO CLANN USNACHAN.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 79. 312 lines. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 29, 1872.

The name of the heroine in this poem is Tirfaíl, not Deardúil. It seems a different poem altogether from Mac Pherson's *Darthula*; only the names of the three brothers are the same. Deirdre, indeed, is mentioned as her name. And one is at a loss whether the poet gives two names, or whether the poem is a part of two poems. The beginning does not correspond with what follows. (Note by IRVINE.)

- 1 FAOIN do shuan oigh na maise,
An leabaidh fhuar an cois na traigh;
Mo chridhe tha briste le taise,
Dom' Dhan ghaiste do bhraigh,
- 2 Tigh gun leus do chomhnuidh
Bronach do dhaimh 's do chairdean.
- 3 Turas gu 'n deachadh iad air luing,
Uainn clann Usnachan ionmhain;
Dh' fhag iad Deirdre san Duth,
Am beinn Ardre 'nan aonar.
- 4 La is bliadhna dhúinn mar sin,
Am beinn Ardre nar n-aonar;
'Se thuir an Duth dis ruim,
Ar bainis is mithie a dheanamh.
- 5 Ar bainis cha' n' eil am fath,
Ní mo nítear i gu brath;
Aig gun tig iad dhathaidh slan,
Cloinn Usnachan an eamh bliadhna.
- 6 Cinnteach bithidh tu gu dith,
Ged fhaigheadh tu 'm bas g'an cumhadh;
Bithidh tusa 'san Dubh san aon leab,
Aig an teid an ur thar a leachd. (leac)
- 7 Scalladh gu 'n tugas a mach,
Air bordaibh a Bharra bhraoin;
'S ionmhain an truir ehuantaidh chas, (chuautair)
A shnamhas an euan dhatbigh.
- 8 Ardán is Ailda air an Stuir,
A dhimras gu h-ardanach tuinn;
Mo ruin an glac lambach geal,
'S e m' fhear fein tha stuiradh sud.
- 9 Na tigeadh snid as do bheul,
O Ille Duith nam fann sgeul;
Marbhar tha gun echiónt dhe,
Ma ní mu 'n creuda iad mise.
- 10 A chloinn Usnachan nan each,
A thainig a tír nam fear fuileach;
Ad' fhdír sibh tair o neach,
No ciod a ghraidh a bha g'ar cumail?
- 11 'Se bha g'ar cumail bhí dot uat
'S ann dúinne gu 'm b' fhuileach an ruaig;
Niall Mac Frasgan ceann fhear fáil
Bhí g'ar fastail 's g'ar cumail,
- 12 Cait an robh iad bhur n-airm ghaisce,
An uair a dh' otha sibh bhur glaca?
Do Niall Mac Frasgan ceann fhear fáil,
Gu bhithleadh g'ar fastail no g'ar cumail.
- 13 Codal gu 'n d' rinneas 'nar luing
Air onfha na Mara thruim;
M'an d' fharaidh sinn bhí na ce (no dhur)
Dh' iadh na sé longa deug umainn.
- 14 Cha mhise nach d' innis sin duibh,
Chloinn Usnachan ionmhain;
Cadál fada 's beag a thlachd,
Do dhuine 'se air Dheorachd. (Thorachd)
- 15 'S ann a chuir e sinn an nambain,
Fada, fada fo thalmhain;
Far an tigeadh Tharrainn an saile,
Tri nao uairean san aon la.
- 16 'San sin nuair thainig e g'ar fios
An tír-fáil bu ghile ceuas;
Ghabh i gne mhór g'ar truaigh,
Bandrach ur na craobh ruaidh.
- 17 Cha robh bían eilde na aigh,
A fhuar a nighean an Dun a b-athar;
Nach do chuir an og bhean a b' fhearr tuigse,
Eadar síne sam fíor uigse.
- 18 Dh' imich i do Dhun a b-athar,
Tír-fáil an fhuil mhaoth sgeathach;
Fhuaradh a b-athair sin Dun,
'Sa chairdean uile m'a thiomchúill.
- 19 Thigsa a'm' chogair a Thírfaíl (Thírbbáil),
Ribhíun fharasda dhonn thla;
An sgeul a cheileas mí air chach,
A ghraidh g'un innsin dúitsa,
- 20 Marí gur olc run nam ban,
Innsidh iad sa' chuil na chluinneas,
'S dona 'n run a bhithleadh ann,
Nuair cheileadh tu i air h-aon nighean.
- 21 Ghleithinn seachd bliadhna i gun fhios,
Fom' chích thosgail an tasgaidh:
- 22 Chuir rígh Eirín fíosa traigh,
Gur math Uaisle Innefaíl;
Gu faighinnse luchd mo luinge,
Dh' or dh' airgid, a dh' aon drúinne,
- 23 Na cimich a chur, gun fheall,
Dha amarach air chuain na h-Eirín.
- 24 Leag a nighean osnadh throm,
As a eridhe fein gun chag la;
Chlís agniseach an tighe,
Le aon osna na h-Inglin.
- 25 G'e b'e leag an osnadh throm,
Rí gur ionmhain leis na cimich;
'S mise leag an osnadh throm,
Na cimich gur coma leam.
- 26 Tha *carraim* ann am thaobh cll
Gu marbhadh i caogaid rígh;
Tha *carraim* eile a' m' thaobh dheas,
Is i air luain tharis agam.
- 27 Sin gur thainig i g'ar fíosa
An Tírfaile bu ghile ceuas;
An robh thu anns an Dun ud thall,
No 'n cual thu aithris oirn an?
- 28 Bha mí anns an Dun ud thall,
'S bocht an aithris bh' oirbh ann;
Chuir rígh Eirín fíosa an traigh,
Gu math naisle Innefaíl.
- 29 Gu 'm faigheadh m' athairse luchd a luinge,
Dh' or dh' airgid a dh' aon drúinne;
Is sibhse chuir gun fheall,
Do mairach air chuain na h-Eirín.

- 30 Ach sinibh thugamsa ur casan,
'S gu' n tombais mi na glassan ;
Ni 'm fag mi bonn air dhi cuimhne,
Air fad mi leud, no air doimhne.
- 31 Rainig ise an ceird euanach,
Fhuaras ord Gobha na laimh ;
Is e ga shior bhualadh air innan.
- 32 'S neonach leam thu a nighean rìgh,
A bhi falbh oidheche ann am chadal.
'Se bheireadh dhomhsa bhi falbh oidheche,
Cor m' fhaoinneachd a bhi agad. (coir)
- 33 'S naorachd mise a bhi beo,
'S coir a fhaoinneachd a bhi agam ;
'S an ceann Dubh-sa thair no bhraigid,
Gur tu rinn dhomhsa a ghleitheadh.
- 34 Bha mi la pronna oir,
An ceardach t-athar an Cluanaidh ;
Choinnicheadh ormna an t-or a ghaideadh,
'S gu 'm bu sgeul sid air namhaid.
- 35 Mire gu 'n rinneas a' m' luing,
Air onfha no mara thruim ;
Thuit nichrichean m' athar thar bord,
'S truagh gunn mise nan struth lorg.
- 36 Rinn an Gobha na h-uichrichean buadha,
Dhi ri fatail na h-aon uaire,
- 37 Na tigeadh smid as do bheul,
Moch no amoch, no ma fheasgar.
Aig an iuneas an Grinneal e !
No 'n t-innean air an deach an dh' deanamh,
- 38 Sin gur thainig i gur fios,
An Tìrfail bu ghile ceas !
- 39 Sinibh thugansa bhur cassan
'S gum fosgail mi na glassan,
Mar dh' f'bag mi bonn air dhi cuimhne.
Air fad' air laid no air doimhne,
- 40 Thug Naois an leam gu h-ealachain,
Ardan a b' aillde co alsa,
Ailde an deaghain nì.
- 41 An triur bhrathran bu mhath dìongail :
Bheil sibh nise air 'ur cois ?
No bheil a bhos na nì 'ur dìongail,
- 42 No' m bitheadh againn ar trì claidhean.
Agus lòn chuig oidhechean,
Solus ceire leth mar leth.
'S gu 'm bu leir dhuinn aghaidh a cheile,
- 43 Chaidh i dh' iarraidh nan trì claidhean,
Cha b' e faoidh a b' fhusa dheanamh ;
Rainig i Gille an t-seomair,
An ribhinn ur m' an iadh an t-Omar.
- 44 'S neona leam a nighean rìgh,
Bhi falbh oidheche ann am chadal ;
'S e bheireadh dhomh bhi falbh oidheche,
Coir m' fhaoinneachd a bhi agad.
- 45 Na dcanamsa ceartas dìonnaì,
Nighean an rìgh o Dhun Meara ;
Tha mi 'g iarraidh nan trì claidhean,
Agus lòn chuig oidhechean.
- 46 Solus ceire leth mar leth,
'S gum bu leir dhuinn aghaidh a cheile,
- 47 Cìod a dheanadh tu 'de chloidhe,
A nighean rìgh ard fhathail,
'S nach b' urrainn thu chuir leis catha,
No thoirt leis lathia seirbhis ?
- 48 Bheirinn cloidhe dhiu' mar ghìl,
Do mbac a fhuar rìgh ri Ribhinn ;
Bheirinn cloidhe eile dhiubh,
Do cheud marcach nan each cuin
- 49 Bheirinn cloidhe eile dhiubh,
Do ard mharasail mo luinge ;
Leag i na naoi *piosan* oir,
Air a bhord air son nam trì chladhean.
- 50 Sin gur thainig i g'ar fios,
An Tìrfail bu ghile ceas ;
Tha long aig m' athairse air sal,
Roimhe thall air chluan Ciaran.
- 51 Cuigar agletha na luinge,
Aon fhear mor ann os gach duine ;
Ach buailibh cothromach ceart,
Bhur trì buillean san aon alt.
- 52 Ge bu dorch a dubh an oidheche,
Bu neo-bhorb a rinn sinn iomra ;
Bhuail sinn gu cothromach ceart,
Na trì buillean san can alt.
- 53 Thigsa nad luing Thìrfail,
A ribhinn fharasda dhonn tbla ;
Cha bhi ach aon bhean os do cheann,
Anns na crìochaibh Gaileach againne.
- 54 Cum an rachainn ann ad luing
'S luithead Mac rìgh tha m' iarraidh ;
No gu 'm falbhain fein am braid,
Air sgath buidhne coimheach eile.
- 55 Tilgidh iad ortsa gheal ghlonnach.
- 56 M'as fiòr gu bheil thu torrach ;
Luaidhear air fearaibh na h-Eirin e,
'S aon nighean mi do 'n rìgh,
'S mothaid dhe sud mo phrìs.
- 57 'S dona an t-aran re scal,
Nach tabhair aon ian an cala ;
Ach bheirinn bliadhna air a ghaol,
Agus bliadhna air a ghradh.
- 58 Bliadhna eile cheann bhi bhos,
An ceann chuig *mìle* bliadhna. (*bìle*)
Thig se an sin am iarraidh.
- 59 A ghraidh fein mar dean thu sin,
Taghsa bean san tìr an tachair.
- 60 (Thug Naois a mhionnan gu sior,
As luth e gu dian eutrom òirna ;
Nach cuireadh e ormna gruainn,
Aig an tigeadh swain na marbh (racha e 'n)
- 61 Thug a bhean sin o Dhuntreoir,
A mionnan mor 'sa boid mhearr,
Aig an rachadh Naois an eug,
Nach racha i fein à d' fhear.)

ERRAINN AIR CHALL.

- 62 Ach na cluinneadh ise nochd,
Naois a bhi fo bhrod nan creuchd ;
Gu gùileadh i fein gu goirt,
Is ghùilinnsa man seach da reir.
This from Capt. Morrison, 2nd Dec., 1802.
- 63 Thug iad a mach as mo dheigh,
Ailld is Ardan air an t-snamh ;
Is thug iad leo mi gu tìr,
An dìthis a chuir cath air cheud.
- 64 Nuair a shoillsich dhuinne an ló,
Dhùin mnainn an dall cheo ;
Sann ghabh ar currach tìr,
Fo mhòr bhaile an ard rìgh.
- 65 Thainig Conchar a mach,
'Sa chairdean uile ma thiomchìol ;
Labhair e gu broddan bras,
Co na laoch tha air an loingeas ?
- 66 Clann do pheathar fein th' ann,
Nau suidh an Eathar ur ramh ; (fhriamh)
- 67 Cha chlann peathar dhomhsa sibh,
Cha 'n e an gnìomh a rinn sibh orm.
Ach mo mhaslach a' gun fheall,
Thar fearaibh Uaisle na h-Eirin.

- 63 Ma thug sinne uat do bhean,
Deardre fhùichar lamb gheal;
Rinn sinn baigh bheag eile ruit,
Be so àm a cuimhneachadh.
- 69 Ann la chuir Murcha Mac Lìr,
Na seachd Cathan beinn Euduin;
Chuir sinn thu an Innis an Iul,
Bha sinn an là sin a dh' aon ran.
- 70 Ged dheanadh ruim mìle baigh,
Air mo bhuidheachas, gu fìor;
Bhur sith cha 'n fhaigh gun doghair,
O 'n rìgh sin Conach odhar.
- 71 Rinn sinn baigh bheag eile ruit,
B'e so àm a cuimhneachadh;
An la bhris do long air sal,
Lan do airgiod, lan do or,
- 72 Thug sinn dhuit ar long fein,
Is shnamb sinn an cuain na d' thiomchill;
Ged dheanadh sibh ruim mìle baigh,
Bhur sith cha 'n fhaigh sibh gu brath.
'Ach gach dìth is motha dh' fheudainn.
- 73 Eirich a Naois, glac do chloidhe,
Dheagh Mhic rìgh ard fhìlathail,
Chuir Naois 'n sin a chas thar bord,
Ardan is Ailde na struth lorg.
- 74 Cha bhas leam anis 'ur bas,
Chloinn Usnachan gun aois;
O na thuit e leibh gun theall,
Treas Marcaich Uasal na h-Eirìn.
- 75 Dheardhre thigsa as do hing.
Cum an rachainn as mo luing,
Gun mo cheud ratha ath-chauaich.
- 76 Cha chrobb, cha 'n airgiod, cha 'n oir,
Cha choilich ghreagha, cha 'n eich uabhrach;
Ach cead comas dol an traigh,
Far am bheil clann Usnachan.
- 77 Thoir m' fhios gu 'n tugadh gradh,
Da na corpan cneas gheal;
- 78 Sgaoil iad a folt buigh bàn,
Air an rìbinn fharasda dhuin thla,
Chum nach tugadh i am braid,
Letha imrach cro na snaide.
- 79 Ach aon fhail oir bha ma meur,
Gun a thiot e sid na bheud;
Dh' imich e 'n sin do 'n traigh,
Far an robh clann Usnachan.
- 80 'S e fhuair ise 'n sin sin traigh,
Saor a snaighe a ramb;
Shaoir sinn a snaigheas na rainn,
Gu'm bitheadh a chorc roinn gheur.
- 81 'Se bheirinn dhuita g'a ceann,
An aon fhail oir 's fearr bha 'n Eirìn;
Ghabh an saor meanna goirt,
Thug e do Dheardre a chorc.
- 82 Dh' imich i an sin do 'n traigh,
Far an robh clann Usnachan;
'S e fhuair i 'n sin gun agadh,
An trì chairp sìunte sìos co fada.
- 83 Chuir i sìos a beul ri beul,
A taobh ri taobh, sa gluin ti gluin;
Ghabh i 'n sgian gheur 'na cridhe,
Is fhuair i bas gun aithreachas.
- 84 (Druid a null a craois colaich,
Mhath is nìle 's tu fein a dh' araic;
Nan suilicha marbh roimh bhco,
Gun suilicha tusa ro' anse.)
- 85 Ranaig Conach Odhar an traigh,
Is cuig cead an coinneamh a mhnaoi;
'Se fhuair e 'n sin gun agadh,
Na ceithir chairp sìunte sìos cho fhala.

This from Capt. Morrison, 2nd Dec., 1802.

¹ Added.

- 86 Mìle mallachd, mìle meang (maìrg)
Air a cheill ata 'gam chumail;
Air a cheill thug ormsa deagh (dhe)
Chlann mo pheathar fein a mbarbhadh.
- 87 Tha iadsan gun anam dbe,
Tha mise gun Dheardre agam;
Dh' adhlac iad sìos an cluan Eggrir,
Naois is Deardre san aon leaba.
- 88 Chinnadh lus an a uagh,
Thigeadh thuige à deas 'sa tuath;
G'e b'e chuireadh air a bharr,
Bu leis a cheud ratha ath-chluinaich.
- 89 Nam bithinne an Turin nam buadh,
Nochd fein ga fuar an oidliche;
Chuirinn snaim air a bharr,
No bhitheadh an crann air criona.
Neolan.
- From Donald Melver, alias Robert son, foxhunter, as before mentioned, Loch Tayside.

Q. 6. AOIDHEADH CHLAINN UISNICH. 364 lines.

Stewart's Collection, p. 562.

- 1 A CHLANN Uisnich nan each geala,
A's sibh an tìr nam fear fuileach,
Cìod e do bhì air ur n-eachaibh,
Na 'n ceann fath ata 'g ur cumail?
- 2 Ata 'g ur cumail fada uainn?
A's gur leibh chuireadh an ruaig,
D' a'u lauhadh bagad ur nàmh
Ur 'n amladh anns a chumasg.
- 3 Ach chuireadh leibh ur long a mach,
A chaitheadh a chuain gu h-eolach,
Bha Naos subhach ga seoladh,
A's Aille, maise nau ògan.
- 4 Bha Ardan bu deise ga stiùreadh
Air freasdal a dhìthis brathar iulmhor,
Codal shùl is beag a thlachd
Do'n mhnaoi tha ac air deoraidheachd.
- 5 Tha an ghaoth gun eisiomail ri'n seinnh,
A' cleachd r'an trilsibh grinne, reidhe,
A's mar an oiche tha folach a boichead,
Tha Dearduil dubhach, dubhrònach.
- 6 Dearduil thug barrachd au ailleachd,
Air mnaibh eile na h-Eirìn.
Nì choimeasar rithise càch,
Ach mar bhaideal air sgà na reultaig.
- 7 ' Cìod e fath do thùrsa a bhean?
A's sinne heo re do bheatha,
A's nach aithne dhuinn neach d'ar buadhach,
An ceithir bruaicheibh au domhain.'
- 8 ' Aisling chunnacas an raoir
Oirbhe a thriuir brathar barra-chaoin:
Ur cuibhreach, a's ur cur san uagh,
Leis a Chonachar chlaon, ruadh.'
- 9 ' Air chlachaidh sin, a's air chrannaibh,
A's air lachaidh nan linntean,
A's air cuileanaibh nan fiadh-chon,
A's air iorball fiar an t-sionnach.
- 10 Cìod e bheir sinn an dàil an h-òich?
A's fairsineachd na fàirge a mach,
A's a liuthad cala, còl, a's cuain,
'S am feudamaid tarruing gun namhas.'
- 11 Ceadal na h-òig mhna nì'm b'fhaoin,
A's dìomhaoin spairneachd ri gaoith,
Loch Eite bu chian o'n iul,
A's Conuill na cranngbail ùire.
- 12 'Cha tig soirbheas a deas mo nuar!
Cha'n islich frith na gaoith tuath,
'Cha tig Naos air ais ri a rè,
Cha tog e ri brughach an fhòigh.

- 13 Ris tha Cuigladh a dlùthadh,
A's Conachar an gar na mhùr ud,
A's an tìr sin uile fudh smachd,
Anns na ghabh Dearduil dhe' tlachd.
- 14 Bu shoinneamhail le Dearduil an t òg,
Agus aghaidh mar shoillse an lò ;
Air li an fhithich bha ghruag,
Bu deirge na an subh a ghruaidh.
- 15 Bha chneas mar chobhar nan sruth,
A's mar uisge bailbh a gthuth ;
Bha chridhe fearail, fial,
A's aobhach ciuin mar a ghrian.
- 16 'Nuair a dh'eirgheadh a fhraoch, a's fhearg,
Bi choimeas an fhairge ghrag,
B'ionann agus neart a tonn,
Fnaim na lainn aig an t-sonn.
- 17 Mar reothart a buinne borb,
Bha e san araich fri streapa cholg,
Anns am facas le Dearduil' e'n tìs,
A's i coimhead o mhullach an Dùin.
- 18 ' Ionmhunn,' ars an oigh thlath,
' An t-aineol o bhàr nam bèud,
Is goirt le cridhe a mhàthar,
A dhàinead ri uchd na streapa.
- 19 Is nearachd nighean do ghràidh
An Albain àghnùhor nan gèng,
'Nuair chi si e bhord na mara
A's e greasadh gu cala an treun.'
- 20 Ach a Dhearduil bu ghrinne nòs,
Tha do chòradh air fàs fàun,
Tha toirm nan stuadh, a's na gaoithe,
Tabhairt caochlaidh air t'uirgiol aìn.
- 21 ' Ionmhunn tìr, an tìr ud shoir,
Albain cona lingantaibh
Gur truagh nach mise tha r'a h-òir,
Gur truagh nach mise, a's Naos.
- 22 Soruidh soir gu h-Albain nam,
Far a' maith fradharc cuain, a's ghleann,
Anns am biodh mic Uisnich re scalg,
B'eibhinn suidhe air leann a beann.
- 23 Cha b'iongna mise thabhairt graidh
Do Albain àir bu reidhe ròid,
Bu ghlan mo eheile na measg,
Bhiodh leam a h-eich, a's a h-òir.
- 24 O ghlinn Masain ! sin gleann m'aunsachd,
Ge gorm a chreannh 's geal a ghasan ;
B'ait a dheanain cadal corrach
Air do mhullach-sa ghlinn Masain.
- 25 Gleann Daruadhail, gleann gach buadha,
An gleann 's am binne guth cuaiche,
Is binn guth gadhair fa'n choille chruim
Air a' bheinn os gleann Daruadhail.
- 26 Eibhinn Dùn-meatha, a's Dùn-fionn,
Eibhinn an Dùn bhiodh os an cionn,
Eibhinn Innis-droighin leathann
A's lea sin Dùn-suibhne.
- 27 Ceathrar sinn an Innis-droighin,
Far nach fendadh sloigh ar noigheadh,
Mise fein, a's bu mhòd m' àgh
Naos, Aille, agus Ardan.
- 28 Bhiodh Ardan agam ri teirbheirt,
A's Aille re seilg shleibhteann,
Naos na cheann air muintir,
A's mise re tuirmcadh theud ann.'
- 29 'A nighean Cholla nan sgiath,'
Do radh Naos, bu tiambaidh fonn,
'Ge fada uainn Albain nam fiagh,
A's Eite na eiar aighean donn.
- 30 'Nuair shioldheas an fhairge bhras,
A's a theid stad air a ghaoith t'nath,
Cothaichidh sinn cala taimh,
No samhchair air aghaidh chuanin.
- 31 Rachams' a choimhead an Duin ud,
Biodh Aille re h-iul fa thuaisceart,
Agus Ardan a faireadh na tragh,
Mu'n tig ar namhaid mu'r tuaiream.
- 32 Fansa ghèug na maise
San lung chais, gus an till sinn,
Ni h-eagal gu tig bèud na d' dhàil,
A's claidhcan nach cearr ga l' dhìdean.
- 33 Bu doilgheasach còr na h-Aille,
A's i 'g eisteachd re gairich thonn,
B'ion thruaighe a siltshuil chiuin,
A's a diuir mu Naos nam buadh.
- 34 Tha cridhe luamain re h-osnaich,
A's nach cluin i foran a gaoil ;
Is beag a h-namhan roimh an donshion,
A's a smuain air comunn a graidh.
- 35 A Thriath Eite nam morfheart,
A's a bhrathairean nan dearc coamh,
Fòiribh air Dearduil a bhròin,
A's na leigibh an tòir na gàr.
- 36 Chi si ag iompaidh mu coinneamh
Naos fudh dhoileireachd gnais,
Taireis da aogasg Chuchullin,
A mhothachadh ag uilleann an Dùin.
- 37 B'adhbhail an Taibhse fudh sprochd
Bu lionmhor osnaich a chleibhe
Bha rosg fann mar lasair mhuchta,
A shleagh na ceo re cùl a sgeithe.
- 38 Mar ghaoith fhàis an uaimh nan còs,
Bha tuireadh, a's bròn na ghuth.
Bu chianoil aighe Naois 'a' claidhin
Sgeala a bhais o an chruth.
- 39 ' Cia fàth mu bheil t'aigne trom,
A Naois a's lonnmhor nòs'
Do radh Inghean Cholla gu tìom,
'A's gun agams' ach brìgh do ghloir.
- 40 Cha mhairtean ach Naos, a's Dearduil,
Tha luchd a daimh air dol fudh lic.
Tha mi gun athair, gun bhrathair,
A's fear mo sbàraich gun iochd.
- 41 Tha reulan Sheallmaithe air dubhadh,
A's a thulach air fàs donn,
Cha leim na brìc re a shruthaibh,
Cha tog cuach na uiseag ann fonn.
- 42 Cha'n iongna a's gur bàs do Thrunthal,
Mo bhrathair thug urram thar slògh,
A's gur chaireadh Colla caomhach,
(B'e m'athair gaolach), fudh an fhòid.
- 43 Bha Trnthal le h-olltuadh cogaidh
Chosnadh cothrom, agus còir ;
Tra bhiosa na sgaradh nan tràth,
Na m' suidhe ag aird chraoibh an lòn.
- 44 Thainig am ionsuidh m'athair
Fearsaid chatha bu lorg dha,
Air aghaidh fhilthail cha robh sunt,
A's osnadh air grunt a chleibhe.'
- 45 'A Dhearduil ghradhach,' ars an rìgh,
'Ni mairtean do m' shiol-sa ach thu ;
Thorachair Trnthal 's a chath,
A's tha Conachar nan gath dhomh dluth,
- 46 Aith-dhioladh mo mbic, neo tuiteam,
Is e bheir furtach do m' aois sa,
Da faghteadh tearmann do Dhearduil,
B' eibhinn an àrach dhomh-sa.'
- 47 'Ma thuit crann iul a chatha,
Og rathail na morchuis,
Glaeams' athair mo bhogha,
A's tollam Conachar na adhbhar.'
- 48 'Glaesa Dhearduil am bogha,
Is sodhail leam brìgh do cheille,
Ach feuch gu fuirich thu m'fhochair,
A's do shosta air chùl mo sgeithe.'
- 49 'Faire na h-oidheche gu tiambaidh,
Ni bu chian gu madainn sàrbhil,
Chaidh mis an uidheam catha,
A's lean mi m'athair gu deonach.

1 Of Naos.

- 50 Ri beum sgèithe an aosda,
Chruinnich a laoiach air an fhaiche,
'Cha bu sochaidh iad air àireamb,
A's an ciabhan os barr air glasadh.'
- 51 ' Mo cho-aisean bha tric sa bhàr,
Dubhairt Colla gu blath re dhaoine,
' Is cuimhne leibh cur a chatha
Ann do thuit Connfada ni b'fhaoin e.
- 52 Ata sinn anois air liatha,
A's ar n-ùgrìdh chiatnach san ùir,
Thuit Truthal ar ceann treun,
A's tha èigin am fogus ar mùr.
- 53 Ge do lag mata air na'r treoir,
Rachamaid le deoin san iomairt,
Diolamaid èng ar Macraich,
A's thugamaid eath gu nimhail.'
- 54 ' Tharraing e a lann a truail,
A's tharraing a shluagh gach lann leis,
Ghluaiseamar a thabhairt còdhail
Do Chonachar san lòn ma dìeas.
- 55 Bomhanach an iorghuill g'bharg,
Mar dhealanach dearg a teinc,
Thainig an t-shaighid na srann,
Thuit Colla nan lann air a sgèith.
- 56 B'ioma-ghonta mo chridh ma m'athair
Chrom mi gu talamh ga thearudh,
Ach chaochail ruidhe a ghrumadh,
Threig a shnuagh, a's a chàil.
- 57 Thainig Conachar 's a shleagh na ghlaic,
Ach air m'fhaicinn ri deoir,
Dh'iompaidd se uam a h-earrglas,
Agus bha a labhairt le doigh.
- 58 Ach cia uime an tguin gràdh,
Do fhear craidh mo bhrathair, a's m'athair,
Agus sgiath, a's claidheamh mo dhilsean,
Air chiosnadh le neart a chatha.'
- 59 ' Agams' amhàin bhiodh do ghradh,
A Dhearduil a's fear a measg bhan,
Ionann as reann air aghaidh neoil,
Do bhriathra corr, a's do ghean.
- 60 Ge fada uainn Eite nam fagh,
A's cobhair nam Fianna treun,
Feadh a's beo do Naos, 's do bhrathairean,
Cha tig air mo Dhearduil beud.
- 61 Ni rachamaid iomroll air chuan,
Mur bhiodh ghaoth thuath le fogha dhein,
'G ar iomain an luib ar namhaid,
Gun asrus, gun fhath air treine.'
- 62 Ach ge h-ard' a ghàrnas tonna,
Ri traigh Chuiguladh nan stéud,
Ge doimeanta, luaimneach neoil,
A toirneadh gu h-aigéal o spéur.
- 63 Ni bheil mic Uisnich ag iaraidh
N h-iorguill bhuirb a sheachnadh,
Cha b'eagal leo duine, na daoine,
Mur bhiodh Dearduil chaoi air seachran.
- 64 Uisnich nan carbad innealt,
Mo thuiteas do mhic san àrach,
Cha'n inuscar gun d'ob siad an iomairt,
Cha tig air do chineadh-sa tàir.
- 65 Airm ghaisge an trein shinsir,
Cha diobair iad ach le'n anam,
Agus geid iadh umpa miltean,
Cha toillear leo diumadh an athar.
- 66 B' àm eirigh an sin do'n ghrein,
Ni'n aobhar suainc dhuim e,
A's long Chlainn Uisnich air tìr,
Fudh bhàile mor Rìgh Conachair.
- 67 Thainig Conachair a mach le fheachd,
Fichead laoch, ceann nallach,
A's d'fhiosraich le briathraibh bras,
'Cia na sloigh tha air an luingse.'
- 68 Clann air seachran ata ann,
Triuir sinn a thainig air tuinn,
Air cincach, as air cuimric an rìgh,
Tha gradh dìlseachd ar cairdeis.
- 69 ' Cha chlann seachrain leam-sa sibh,
Ni'm b'fheart saoidh a rinn sibh orm,
Thug sibh a bhean nam am braid,
Dearduil dhonn shuileach, ghle gheal.'
- 70 ' Eiribh, ol Naos, glacaibh claidheamh,
A dheag mhac rìgh a's glain coimhead,
Cuim' am faigheadh a cholun shuairc,
Ach amhàin aon chuairt de'n anam.'
- 71 ' Chuir Naos a shailtean re bord,
A's ghlaic claidheamh na dhorn,
Bu ghearg deamnal nan deagh laoch,
Tuiteam air gach taobh de'n bhord.
- 72 Thorachair mic uisnich 's a g'breis,
Mar thri ghallain ag fàs co dheis,
Air an sgrìos le doimean d'itidh,
Ni'n d'fhag meangan, mear, na gèug dhiubh.'
- 73 ' Gluais a Dhearduil as do luing,
A gheug ur an abhradh dhuinm,
A's cha'n eagal do d' ghnùis ghlain,
Fuath, no èud, na achasan.'
- 74 ' Cha teid mi amach as mo luing,
Gus am faigh mi mo raogha air chuinge,
Cha tìr, cha talamh, a's cha tuar,
Cha triuir bhrathaire b'u ghlain' snuadh,
- 75 Cha'n òr, 's cha'n airgid, a's cha'n eich,
Ni mo a's bean uaithreach mise.
- 76 Ach mo chead a dhol do'n traigh,
Far am bheil Clann Uisnich na'n tambh,
A's gu'n tuga'n na trì pòga meala,
Do'n trì chorpaihb camha, geala.
- 77 Ghluais Dearduil an sin do'n traigh,
A's fhuair saor ag snoigheadh ramb,
A sgan aige na leath laimh,
'S a thuadh aige na laimh eile.
- 78 A shaoir as fearr da'm facas riamb,
Cread air an tuibhradh tu an sgan ?
Is e a bheirear dhuit d'a ceann,
Aon fhaine buadhach na h-Eirin.
- 79 Shantaich an saor am faine,
Air dheisead, a's air aillead,
Thinbhradh do Dhearduil an sgan,
Agus rainig i ionad a miann.
- 80 Cha ghairdeachas gun Chlann Uisnich,
O ! is tursach gun bhì nur cullach ;
Tri mic Rìgh le'n dioltadh deoraidh,
Tha gun chòradh re h-uchd naighe.
- 81 Tri magh-ghamha Inse Breatain,
Triuir sheablaic o shliabh a chuillin,
An triuir dha'n geilleadh na gaisgich,
A's dha'n tiubhradh na h-ambais urram.
- 82 Na tri coin a b'ailidh snuadh,
A thainig thar chuan nam bàrc,
Triuir mhac Uisnich an luinn ghriinn,
Mar thriuir Eala air tuinn a snamh.
- 83 Threigeas gu h-eibhneach Uladh,
Fa'n triuir churaidh a b'amsadh,
Mó shaoghal nan deigh cha'n fhada,
Na h-eagar fear aith bhuailt dhomh-sa.
- 84 Tri ialla nan trì chon sin
Do bhui osnadh o m' chridhe,
'S ann agam-sa bhiodh an tasgaidh,
Am faicin is aobhar cumhaidh.
- 85 A chlann Uisnich tha an sud thall,
'Nar luidhe bonn re bonn,
Da'n sumhlachtheadh mairbh roimh bheo eile,
Sumhlachtheadh sibh-se romham-sa.
- 86 A thriuir threun o Dhùn-monaidh,
A thriuir ghiollan nam feart buadha,
Taireis an triuir ni mairthean mise,
Triuir le'm briseadh mo luchd fuatha.
- 87 Air fosgladh am feartan,
Na deanaibh an uigh gu docair,
Bitheam am fochair na h-uighe,
Far nach deanar truaigh, na ochain.

- 88 An tri sciathan, a's an tri sleaghan,
Annas an leabaidd chumhain cuiribh,
Cáiribh an tri chhaidhean crúadhach,
Sinte os cionn uaigh nam mún-fhear.
- 89 An tri choin as an tri seabaich leadhar,
Am feasd gun lochd seilge,
Cuiribh an gar nan triath chatha,
Triar dhalta Chionuil eughaidh.
- 90 Oeh ! is truagh mo shealladh orra,
Fath mo dhocair, a's mo thursaidh,
Nach do chuireadh mí san talamh,
Sul mbarbhadh geala mhac Uisnich.
- 91 Is mise Dearduil gun eibhneas,
Nis ag críochnachadh mo bheatha,
Bronnam le'm chridhe mo thri pòga,
As duineam am bròn mo laithean.

Mr. Mac Lean has divided this according to the metre and meaning. I quote from the book. The manuscript ought to be published.

R. DEIRDRE'S LAMENT, edit. 1200.

Report on Ossian. 1805. P. 297. 36 lines.

Do dech Deardir ar a héise ar críochibh Alban . . . agus ro chan an Laoidh.

- 1 INMAIN tìr in tìr ud thoir,
Alba cona lingantaibh ;
Nocha tiefuinn eisoi ille,
Mana tisain le Naise.
- 2 Inmain Dun Fidhgha is Dun Finn,
Inmain in Dun os a cinn :
Inmain Inis Draigne,
Is inmain Dun Suib nei.
- 3 Caille, cnan gar tigeadh
Ainle mo nnar ;
Fagair linn ab bitan,
Is Naise an oirear Alban.
- 4 Glend Laidh do chollain,
Fan mboirmin caoimh
Iasg, is sieng, is saill bruich,
Fa hi mo chuid an Glend laigh.
- 5 Glend masain ! ard a crimh !
Geal a gasain !
Do nimais colladh corrach
Os Inbhar mungach Masain.
- 6 Glend Eitchi ann
Do togbas mo ched tigh ;
Alaind a fidh iar eirghe,
Buaile grene Ghind eitchi.
- 7 Mo chen Glend Urehaidh,
Ba hedh in Glend direach dromchain ;
Ualla feara aoisi
Ma Naise an Glend Urehaidh.
- 8 Glend da madh Mo chen,
Gach fear da na dal ;
Is binu gnth cuach ar cracibhruim,
Ar in mbinn os Glenddaruadh.
- 9 Inmain Draighen is treu traigh,
Inmain Auichd in ghainimh glain ;
Nocha tiefuin eise anoir,
Mana tisuin lein Inmain.

III. FRAOCH.

THE STORY OF FRAOCH. A. D. M. Z.

This story is part of the Dragon Myth, which is the widest spread of all myths known to me. Elsewhere I have written all that I know about it. The fight between a man, a dog, and a water dragon is in the Rig Veda ; and I got it in Barra and Uist in 1871, associated with the names of Fionn and Bran.

Part of 'the Tain bo Fhraoich,' The Cattle-raid of Fraoch,

is in the Book of Leinster, 1130. The following fragments got in Scotland are not in that book, and I can find very little about Fraoch in Irish Catalogues.

In Scotland the story is localised at the nearest place which answers to the description. It is remarkable that other traditions about great snakes or dragons, slain by a hero, helped by a dog, generally are localised where this song is remembered, and that old ruins, ecclesiastical, or civil, or pre-historic, generally are on or near the island where Fraoch uprooted the rowan-tree for Meibh. The names of these characters belong to the Story of Cuchullin and to that date. Since 1512 the story has been a Gaelic ballad in Scotland. I have the following fragments:—

A. 4. 132 lines. D. 2. 105. E. 132. G. I. 132. M. 4. 136. R. 132. Y. Z. 11. 26. Z. 12. 79. Z. 31. 60.

I print A. D. M. Z. 31. as samples of a ballad. The story is as old as Homer, if not as old as the Vedas. About 1512 Dean Mac Gregor, of Lismore, wrote the Gaelic ballad. About 1750 Mac Nicol, Minister of Lismore, wrote it in different orthography, not materially altered as to wording. Stone got it about the same time. In 1786 Gillies printed from some unknown copy. In 1860 Mr. Carmichael, Excise officer, a native of Lismore, wrote it again from oral recitation. After 350 years the dress of words was tattered and torn, but there is the story as fresh as ever. In 1755 Jerome Stone gave the Gaelic story a new English dress. In 1855 Mr. Hamerton got hold of it, and gave it a new English shape, with modern Highland dresses and decorations. G. got by Mac Diarmaid the same as M, less one verse, and altered as to some letters and words. Z. 11. and 12. contain lines which will be considered in translating.

A. 4. FREICH Mc FEICH. 132 lines.

AUCTOR HUIUS IN KEICH O CLOAN.

- 1 Hossna charrit a cloan freich
Hossne leich a gassil chroa
Hossna zaneni tursyth far
Agus da gwllin ban oge
- 2 Ag so har in carn fane wi
Freich m'feich in ult woye
Fer a ryn bwychis byef
Is voe lontir carn freich
- 3 Gwl ein wna in crochin sor
Troe in skail fa wil a wan
Is say ver a hossna gyth trom
Freich m'Feich nyn golc sen
- 4 Is see in nyn wan di neig in gwle
Ag dwle da eiss gow cloan freich
Fynowr in olt chass ail
Inne voyve ga bead leicht
- 5 Innen orle is our folt
Is freich in nocht teive er heive
Ga mor far za derge ee
Neir zrawig se far ach freich
- 6 Foyis mewe mwe foye
Cardiss freich fa far a gleye
Inchuss fa craichyth a corp
Trai gin locht a zanev we
- 7 Do churre ai gussyth vass
Teif re mrave ne tuk o nokk
Mor a foor a hoyt la meyf
Innosit gyn khelk in noss.
Hossni.
- 8 Kerin di weith er loch maje
De chemist in trath za bass
Gith rae gach mee
Torri abbe de we er
- 9 Sasse bee in kero sin
Fa millsyth na milli a ulae
De chonkfa a kerin derk
Far gin wey gi kend ix traa
- 10 Bleyn er heil gi ir di
Churri sin fa skail garve
Gi borin di lucht kneis
Frotha a wess is e derk
- 11 Di wi ainsyth no zoi
Ga bea ley chawyr in tloye
Pest neif zo we no vonni
Vakki zi cath zol da woyu

- 12 Bein aslaynti throm throm
Ynnin ayith ni gorn seyr
Di curri lai fiss er freich
Feisrych kid hane ree
- 13 A durde meyye nach be slan
Mir woe lane i boss meith
Di cheyrew in loch oyr
Gin dwneni za woyna ach freich
- 14 Knossyeh reyve ne zarni mee
Er v'feich gi knai zerg
Ge ger darnis ai er freich
Rachsit di vonni ker a vcyf
- 15 Glossis freich fa fer a naye
Voyne zi nave er in locht
For a fest is ce na soynna
Is a kenna soss ris in noss.
Hossni.
- 16 Freich mac feich an erma zear
Hanik one fest gin is dee
Hng a houlti ker nark
Ferrin roif meyf zaa tee
- 17 Ach gai math in duggis latti
I durt meyf is gal crow
Ne oyr mis a leith loayn
Ach slat a woyan as a bonni
- 18 Togris freich is ner zilli teymmi
Naf a riss er in ling vak
Is ner ead ach ga mor ayeze
Hech one vass in roive chwd
- 19 Gawiss i kerin er varri
Targi a cran as i raif
Toyrt doe choss zo in der
Mogrziss zo riss in pest
- 20 Beris er agis ai er snawf
Is gavis a lawf no chrissyth
Di zave sessin is er chail
Trow gin a skayn ag freich
- 21 Fynowr in olt chass ail
Di ran chwggi skan din oyr
Leddryth a phest a kness bayn
Is teskith a lawe er loce
- 22 Di hudditeyr bone re hone
Er trae ni glaeh cor fo hass
Freich m'feich is in fest
Troy a zai mir hug in dress
- 23 Ga coyrk ne coyrk car
Di ruk lass a kanna na lave
Mar chonik in neyn ee
Di choy na nail er in trae
- 24 Eris in neyn one tave
Gavis in laive bi laive bak
Ga ta so na cwt nyn nane
Is mor in teach i rin a voss
- 25 Voyn vass sen di foar in far
Loch mai go len din loch
A ta in tarin sen dee gi loan
Ga zerma in noss guss in noss.
Hossni.
- 26 Berrir in sen gu cloan freich
Corp in leich gow kassil chroyg
Er in glan tuggi a ann
Is mark varris da loo
- 27 Carn lawe in carn so raym heive
A lave ryth di beast sonni
Fer ner ympoo in dress fer
Bo zawsi nert in drot
- 28 Invin im bail ner ob zawe
Ym heddeis mnan i torvrit fook
Invin tearn nyn sloye
Invin groye ner zerk in ross
- 29 Doigh no feach bar a olt
Derk a zroye no ful leicht
Fa meyni na kower schrowe
Gilli na in snacht knas freicht
- 30 Cassi na in kaissnai olt
Gurn a rosg na yr lak
Derk na partain a wail
Gil a zaid na blai feich

- 31 Ard a ley na cranna swle
Beynni no teyd kwle a zow
Snaawe di bar no freich
Cho di henc a heif re strow
- 32 Fa lannyth na koillith a skaith
Invin trae ve re dram
Coiffad a land is a lawe
Lanni cholk na clar zi long
- 33 Troye nach ann in gorik
Re leich di hut freich a fronni oyr
Dnrss sin a hnttim la pest
Troe a zai nach marrin foss.
Hossni.

D. 2. LUIDH FRAOICH. 165 lines.

From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Mac Pherson,
May 3, 1872.

- 1 ASNE Carid fos Cuan Fraoich
Corp 'n Laoich 'n Casil Chro
'N Asne fom bo turisich fear
'S fo Guile i Cress bhen oig.
- 2 Chi mi baul 'n Cairn fo bheil
Fraoch mac Fiuch 'n Uilt bhaoe
Gnile rine bnichis Meabh
San air Laoimir Carn Raoich
- 3 Gaoil nom Ban fo Cruachon hoir
'S mor beid mu bheil Bhein
Co legis 'n Osne hrom
Niin Maoich nan Colg sein.
- 4 Co i Nune Bhein ri Gul
Hig mach fos Carne fraoich
Ane 'N uilt Casbhaine Ghail
Nin Maoich fos Mian Lui
- 5 Air mo Laibh nach Stiurin i
Air mo Crie Gheir ach fraoich
- 6 Ghluais Maeoe machehein
Cardis Crist 's fear fon Ghrein
Chent Creichdin 's Corp
'S mor 'm beid harle leit
- 7 Ha Caorin fois air Loch Maidh
Air 'n Traidh ba siar mu Gheis
Muse Raidh na mas Mis
Bhis Mis 'r abich fais
- 8 Ha Bhuaidh air Chaorin sin
Gur misle e na bhil bhla
Gum cume 'n Carin Dearig
Duine gun Ospic gu cean naoi tra
- 9 Bliane baoil gach f'hir
Gheine e sin na sgeul deribh
- 10 Laidh Eslaine hrom hrom
Air Niin maoich na Corne fiaul
Choire lee fis air fraoich
Ghisrich 'n Laoich gu de mian
- 11 Huirt i nach bio i Slann
Gun Lan do bhos don dos bhaoe¹
Do Chaorin 'n Lochan Uain
Gun duine ga bhuan ach fraoich
- 12 Cruasich cha de gharnum riibh
Orse Mac sin Fiuch
An Griabh erig
Gus do chase orm 'n Nuair
- 13 Ghol dhuain Caore fibh
- 14 Ghlais fraoich ane erig 'n aidh
Chaidh nabh air 'n Loch
Gur darich bheist na Suain
Craois anas ris 'n doss
- 15 Mac sin fiuch no Arm geir
Hane fon Bheist is di
Uldich aige 'n Caorin dearig
Far 'n ro irasibh an sin ti

¹ Or bhaoe.

- 16 San nuair thuir Maoibh 's aail cru
Go mo fost no hug u leit
Cha stinre e mi Laoich luain
Gan Tlat bhuaich fo buin
- 17 Fraoich 'n Gile nach ro Tim
Chaidh e 'naibh air 'n Lini Vug
Cha naoid Duine air Veidaibh
T'in as bhais 'm bi Chuid
- 18 Ruig e air Caorin air bhair
Ledir Crann as e reibh
E torst gha bhonn fo hir
Rist gun darich' bheist
- 19 Rug e air 'se air 'n Traibh
Rug i air Laidh 'na deid
Rug esin oris air Chial
Ocbain gun 'scian aig fraoich
- 20 Asre 'Nuill Cashhui ghail
Chaidh na eu si le Scian or
Casgur 'm beist Corp ban
Huge Cean mach na ghorn
- 21 Nuair Chunig 'Nün e
Huit na neul air an Traidh
Nuair gharich i ase suain
Gun duair i 'Laidh fo Lai bhug
- 22 Gad na thu ñu id Cotain Ein
'S mor Teichd rin thu bhos
Air Cuan gur marin Tanim
Gur marig ghurich na Lò
- 23 'S inebhin liume¹ no sluo
'S inebhin Gruoidh 's derige na ròs
'S inebhin beul nach Diult ri dàl
Ga bi no Mraidh terist phòg
- 24 Maise 's Caise bhi na ault
'S Gurume rosg na ere Loichd
'S derige na partan Bheil
Gur gile gheid na Bla fibhe
- 25 'S duidh na Fiich bar Uilt
'S derig Lechd na fuil Laoc
'S min na gach Coir srue
'S gile na snechde Corp Raoich
- 26 Coade 'Laidh 's Lann
'S Leith a *Chloghraach* na Clar Luing
'S Le na gach Coile Scia
Sime Friach bheir a Druim
- 27 'S aide Laoin na Crann suil
'S bine na Teid Ciuil e ghue
Snaiche bear na Fraoich
Chaide Choir haoibh ri srue
- 28 'S truo nach hain Corig Laoich
Huit fraoich le provid 'n tor
Ochan do butim le Beist
'S truo Dhe nach Mairre fost Crioch.

¹ Or iurine.

M. 4. DUAN FRAOICH. 136 lines.

THE scene of the following poem is said to have been on the south shore, and on the Island near the south side of Loch-Cuaich, or Lochfrochy, about two miles to the westward of Amalrie, and eleven west from Dunkeld. About a quarter of a mile to the SE. there is, on an eminence, a very ancient ruin, which has probably been the seat of May, and nearly the station of the Bard too, when he said, *Ann san Traidh tha siar fù dheas*, i.e. nigh the shore to the westward on the south. May was in love with Fraoch; but her daughter (who by some is called *Ceann-gal*, or White-head,) and Fraoch mutually loved each other, and because the mother found that he preferred her daughter to herself, she contrived and effected his ruin in the manner related in the poem.²

² In September, 1870, a man sung me this at Ardfenaig, in the Ross of Mull, and pointed to the localities in Loch Laich. The story is localised near the Head of Loch Awe and elsewhere. Fragments of the ballad are still known to many.—J. F. CAMPBELL.

DUAN FRAOICH.

- 1 OSNA Caraid an cluain Fhraoich.
Mar osna Laoich an caisteal Chro;
An osna sin o 'n tuirseach fear:
'S o 'n trom ghulanach; bean og.
- 2 Sud e siar an carn am bheil;
Fraoch Mac Feadhaich, an fhuilt-mhaodh.
'M fear a rinn buidheachas do Mhai
'S an air a shlointeadh Carn-Fraoich.
- 3 Gul nam ban o 'n chruachan tuir;
'S cruaidh am fath mu 'n guil a bhcan
'S e d'fhag n'osna gu trom trom
Fraoch Mac Feadhaich nan colg sean.
- 4 Gur i 'n ainm a ni 'n gul
Tein ga fhios do chluain Fhraoich
Donn or-bhuidh an fhuilt (chais) aill;
Aon ninghin Mai mu 'n biodh na laoch.
- 5 Aon ninghin Chòruill is greinne folt
Taobh re Taobh a nochd is Fraoch
Ge 'h iomadh fear a (ghradhaich) i
Nior ghradhaich i aon fhear ach Fraoch;
- 6 Nuair fhuair i a muigh e
Cairdeas an Laoich bu ghloinne gne
'S e abhar mu 'n do reub i chorp,
Chionn gun ole a dheanamh lei;
- 7 Chuir e i gu càth a bhais;
(Taobh re mnaì 's na dean a lochd)
'S tuirseach; do thuitim le Beist.
Dh' innsin duibh gun cheig a nos.
- 8 Caoran do bhi air Locha Mai;
Ann san traidh tha siar fù dheas
Gach a Raithe 's gach a mios
Bhi toradh buidh ann sa mheas.
- 9 Bha buaidh air a mheasa dhearg
Bu mhilse e na mil bhla
Gu 'n cumadh an caoran is e dearg
Neach beo gun bhidh car naoi Trath.
- 10 Bliadhna do shaothal gach fir;
Dh' innsin duibh anois a dhearbh
Gu cabhradh e air luchd chneadh,
Brigh a mheasa is e dearg.
- 11 'N aimecheist mhor a bha na dbiaidh,
Ge b'e leigh a chabhradh na sloigh.
A bheist nimh a bhi na bhun;
Gràbhadh do dhuine dol d'a bhuaibh.
- 12 Do bhail ca-slainte throm throm,
Air ninghean Oduich na 'n corn fial,
Chuireadh le fios air Fraoch
'S d'fhiosruich an laoch ciod e a mian?
- 13 Labhair i nach biodh i slan
Mar fagha i lan a bos maoth
Do chàorann an lochain fhuair,
'S gun aon neach ga bhuaibh ach Fraoch.
- 14 Cnuasachd riamh ni 'n drinneam fein
Thuir Mac Feadhaich nan gruidh tla;
Gar an drinneam arsa Fraoch
Theid mi bhuaibh a chaor 'n do Mhai
- 15 Ghluais Fraoch air cheimuibh aidh,
'S chuidh e shnamb air an Loch;
Fhuair e bheist na suram suain;
'S eraos suas ris an dós.
- 16 Fraoch mac Feadhaich nan arm gear.
Thanig e o 'n bheist gun fhios,
'S ultach leis d'an chaoran dhearg
D'an bhall an raibh Mai na tigh.
- 17 Ge maith nile na rinneadh leat;
Labhair Mai bu chaoine cruth
Ni 'm fodhain leansa laoch luinn
Gun an t slat bhuaibh as a bun.
- 18 Ghluais Fraoch, s nior Laoch tiom
A shnamb air an liune bhoig.
Bu deacair, ge bu mhòr a raibh,
Teachd o 'n bhas an raibh a chuid;

- 19 Ghlac e an caoran air a bhar,
'S tharuing e 'n crann as a fhreamh,
Toirt a chosan do air tìr ;
Rug i air, a ris a bheist.
- 20 Rug a bheist air, air an traigh,
Ghlac i a lamh ann a craos,
Ghlac eisín i air dha ghial,
Ochoin ? gun a scian aig Fraoch ?
- 21 Liodair a bheist a chneas bán,
Liodair i a lamh gu leon,
Thainig ninghin ùr nan geal-ghlac
'S ghrad thug i dha scian d' an or.
- 22 Cha comhrag sud ach comhrag gearr,
Bhain e an ceann na laimh leis.
Fraoch Mac Feadhachais i a bheist,
Mo chreach leir mar thug iad greis !
- 23 Gu do thuit iad bonn re bonn,
Air traidh nan clocha donn sa 'n iar.
Nuair chunaire an t saor ninghin aith,
Thuit i air an traidh na-nial,
- 24 Nuair a mhosgail i as a pramb,
Ghlac i a lamh na laimh-bhoig,
Ge d' tha thu nochd na d' chòdaibh enn,
'S mor an t euchd a rinn thu bhos.
- 25 Trnadh nach an còmhrag laoch,
A thuit Fraoch le 'n pronnadh òr,
'S torsach do thuitim le beist,
Aun mhic de ! nach mairtheann thu beo.
- 26 Ionmhuinn Tighearn ionmhuinn Tuath,
Ionmhuinn gruaidh a 's deirge ros,
Ionmhuinn beul leis an dioltath dan,
Air am biodh na mnai ag toirbheart phog.
- 27 Bu duibhe na 'm fiach a ghruag,
Bu deirge a ghruaidh na fuil-laogh ;
Bu mhine na cobhair an t sruth,
Bu ghile na 'n sneachd corp Fhraoich.
- 28 Bu mhaise na 'n càisein fholt,
Bu ghuirme a rosg na eir-leac
Bu deirge na cruban a bheul
'S bu ghile a dheud na chàile.
- 29 Bu treise na Còmhla a sciath
B'iomad Triath a bhiodh r'a chul,
Bu chomb-fhad a lamh 's a lann,
Bu leine a chalb na clar luing ;
- 30 B' airde shleagh na crann seoil
Bu bhinne na teud cheol a ghuth
Snamhuiche a b'fhear na Fraoch,
Cha do leig riamh a thaobh re sruth.
- 31 Bu mbaith spionnadh a dha laimh,
'S bu mbaith cail a dha chois ;
Chuaidh d' aigne thair gach Rìgh
Roimh chruaidh riamh cha diar fois !
- 32 Gu b'e sud an t uabhar mna
A 's mo chuncas air m' dha rosg,
Fraoch a chuir a bhuaín a chrauin
Ann deis a 'n Caòran a bhí bhos.
- 33 Togamid anois an Chuain-Fhraoich.
Carn an Laoich an Caisteal-Chro ;
O 'n bhas ud a fhuair am fear
'S maing as mairtheann na dhiaidh beo ?
- 34 Air a chluain thugetadh 'n t ainm ?
Loch Mai a raitheadh ris an Loch ;
Am biodh a bheist anns gach uair ;
'S a craos suas ris an dos.

Osna caraid an Chuain Fhraoich, &c.

Z. 31. BAS FHRAOICH. 1862.

LOCH FHRAOICH—MAR A THAINIG AN T-AINM AIR.

BHA bean araidh ann an Raineach, d' am b' ainm Maoidh, agus thuit i ann an trom ghalo air Fraoch—'Fraoch Mac Maothaich nan arm gear'—an duine gu léir, a bu mhaistice 's an Fheinn. Bha nighean aig Maoidh, d' am b' ainm Aoirilinn a bha mor-mhaiseach agus aillidh ; agus thug Fraoch a ghradh dh'ise agus phòs

e i. Bha mor-ardan air Maoidh. Chràidhlot e 'n a cridhe i gu 'n robh Fraoch gu siorruidh g'a dìth, agus gu 'n bitheadh e aig bean eile fo 'n ghréin ach aise féin ; agus nuar so ann an spidealachd a h-anama dhulanaich i cur as da. Dh' fhàs Maoidh gu tinn, agus thubhairt i nach robh ach aon ui air thalamh a leighiseadh i. Ars' ise :—

'Fo 'n ghréin cha-n'eil leigheas mo thruaighe,
Ach caorunn an eilean fhuair
'S gun duine g'a bhuaín ach Fraoch.'

B'E 'n t-Eilean fuar eilean bòidbeach anns an lochan fhuair ; agus anns an eilean so a measg chraobhan bòidheach eile bha craobh chaorunn ; ach cha robh aon 's am bith a b' urrainn dol a chòir an eilean, na idir a chòir na craoibhe, le béist mhòr a bha' chomhnuidh ann, agus d' am b' àite tàimh bun na craoibhe caorunne. Maiseach, sgiamlach agus mar a bha Fraoch, bha e mar aon lùgh-mhor, misneachail, gaigeanta. Shàmh e do 'n Eilean fhuair, agus aig bun na craoibhe caorunne fhuair e 'bheist 'n a cadal. 'Na sioran suain,' 'Sa beul a suas ris an dos.'

Shrachd Fraoch meanglan bharr na craoibhe caorunne, agus thug e dh' ionnsuidh Maoidh e. Cha robh sùil 's am bith aig Maoidh gu 'n d' thigeadh Fraoch air ais a dh' innsadh sgeoil ; oir ann am farmad agus mìorun dìomhaireachd a cridhe, bha dòchas aige gu 'n cuireadh a' bheist as da. Air do Fhraoch ann meanglan caorunne thobhairt dhith, 's ann a labhair i le guth aileasach, neothaingeil mar a leanas :—

'S ged thug thu leat an caorunn ruadh
O 'n Eilean fhuair bhàrr taobh an t-sruth ;
Nì 'm foghnadh leamsa' laoich luinn
Gun an t-slat a nuas a bun.'

Dh' fhalbh Fraoch a rithidh do 'n Eilean fhuair agus fhuair e 'bheist, mar a dh' fhàg e i, na cadal aig bun na craoibhe caorunne. 'Na sioran suain' tnuinise mu bhun na craoibhe caorunne. Rug e 'n sin air a' chramn agus ghrad-spion e a a bhun e, a' toirt tìr air leis le cruaidh spàirn. Dhùisg a' bheist. A' cruaidh shnàmh shin i air deigh Fhraoich. Rug i air an uair a bha e dlùth air tìr ; agus ghlacadh iad an sin le gleachd spàirn bàis, agus an do 'thuit iad le chèile, bonn ri bonn,' 'air dubh-chladach nau clach lom,' 'a bhos.' 'S ann an sin a rinneadh na rannan a leanas :—

- 'Fraoch Mac Maothaich nan arm gear,
Thàinig o 'n bhéist gun fhios dith ;
'S ultach aige de 'n chaorunn dheing
Far an robh Maoidh na gith.
- 'S ged 'thug thu leat an caorunn dearg
'S e 'labhair Maoidh' bu geal cruth ;
Nì fhoghnadh leamsa e 'laoich luinn
Gun an dos a nuas a bhun.
- Ghluais Fraoch air cheum mi-àidh
A 'bhuaín a' snàmh air an loch ;
A 's fhuair e 'bhéist 'n a sioran suain,
'S a craos a suas ris an dos.
- Rug e 'n sin air bhàrr na craoibhe,
Spion e an crann as a bhun ;
A' toirt a chasan as gu tìr,
'S a' bhéist mhòr 'ga dhian ruit.
- Rug e 'n sin air giall na béiste,
Ag èigheach air-son lann an laoich
Ach mharbhadh am fiùran 's an chomb-stri
O-chain, a rìgh ! 's gun sgiain aig Fraoch.
- Ghlacadh iad an sin gu sunam trom,
Gun aon 'thouf fo bhonn an cos ;
Gus an do thuit iad bonn ri bonn.
Air cladach nan clach lom a bhos.'

Chualaidh Aoirilinn. Thàinig i, agus an uair a thàinig thuit i ann an neul air an fheur. Air dlùth dusgadh e a peamh ghlac i lamh 'Fhraoich a gaoil' 'na lamhan geala-bhoga, agus le deur-dhealt air a gruaidh, agus a ciabhan air a' snàmh 's a' ghaioth, sheinn i mar a leanas :—

- O 's traugh nach ann an comhrag laoch
A thuit Fraoch mu 'n do phrann mi deoir ;
Ach tuiteam an so leis a' bhéist
Mo chreach léir nach mair thu beò.

- 8 'S ionmhuinn tighearna, 's ionmhuinn tuath,
'S ionmhuinn gach gruaidh air an deirge ròs;
Ach 's ionmhuinne na sin beul air an diultle air
daimh,
'S air am biodh na mnai a' tagairt phòg.
- 9 Gu 'm bu treis, 'thu na comhladh do sgiath
'S iomad triath a bha fo thruinne
'S iomad màighdean 's bean a bha 'n déigh,
Air an laoch a dh' eug air thainn.
- 10 Bu mhaisie' thu na sneachd nan an;
Bu ghile do chraiceann na blar fodh;
Snamhadair a b' fhearr na Fraoch,
Cha do shìn a thaobh ri sruth.
- 11 'S duibhe na 'm fìtheach bàrr t' fhuilt,
'S gile na 'n grudh caoin do ehnas;
'S deirge na 'n caorunn do dha ghruaidh.
'S truaigh nach robh sgiann aig Fraoch.
- 12 Togamaid a nis an euan Fraoich
Corp an laoich an caisil-chrò;
O 's truaigh nach ann an comhrag laoch,
A thuit Fraoch mu 'n do phronn mi deoir.

Thug bàs Fraoich ùrachadh do chridhe Mhaoidh, agus air ball dh' fhàg a dosgaim i. Cha b' ann mar a bha 'n Fheinn. Bha màr chaoidh 'na measg arson Fraoich. Mar so lean Loch Fraoich air an lochan fhuar gus an latha

diugh, chionn gar h-ann a chaidh Fraoch a mharbhadh leis a' bhelst.

Sgeulachd innisde le Ceite Laoruidh Port na h-Apunn.	{ Sgrìobhta le Alasdair A Mac Illehmicheil Liosmòr Do sheùbhis Shìobhalta na Ban-rìgh.
--	--

Fath-sgrìobhadh. Faodaidh sinn umscadh do 'n leughadair gu 'm bheil an loch so Loch Fraoich ann Gleann cuinich an Raineach ann an siorramachd Pheairt Tha e mu 'n cuairt do dha mhìle gu leth air fad agus mu leth mhìle air leud. Ann an ceann na h-àrde n-àrchie de 'n loch bhòidheach so tha 'n t-eilean bòidheach, coilleach 's an do spion Fraoch a' chraobh agus anns an robh a' bheithir a' tàmh.

Air bruaich dheas an loch tha bothan seilge bòidheach aig iarla Bhruid-Albann.

In 1870, a man in Mull recited the Poem of Fraoch to me on a heather knoll, near Ardfennag, almost within sight of Iona, Islay and Jura, and pointed to an island close to the village of Bunessan, to the sea wall, and to the shore, as the scene of the tragedy.

In Hammerton's, 'Isles of Loch Awe,' 1855, p. 13, will be found an English poem on this theme, localised in Loch Awe at 'Fraoch Elain,' *Fraoch* means 'heather,' also 'wrath,' and 'a ripple on water.' It probably is the same word as 'rough,' in English. 'Heather Isle' is therefore a common name.

IV. THE STORY OF FIONN AND THE FEINNE.

The rival Tribes of Baoisgne and Morna, and Cormac Mac Art, High King of Eireann:—their wars at home and abroad, their lives and their adventures. Told chiefly in the form of metrical Dialogues between Oisein, the last of the Pagan Heroes, and Padruig, the first of the Western Saints. From manuscripts and books which purport to contain matters orally collected in Scotland, or there written; and from the recitations of men now living, in the Highlands and Isles. Chronologically arranged under numbers and letters.

I. CUMHAL.

THE Story of Cumhal, the father of Fionn, comes next in chronological order. I have made it up in English, from a great number of versions of the story told to me in the Highlands. A version is published in text Y. This is not recited as a composition, but told as history. The skeleton of the Story is shortly this:—Cumhal and his warriors, 'the Feinne,' went from Ireland to Scotland to drive out the Norsemen. They drove them out, and set up for themselves. The Irish king and the Norse king conspired against the formidable rebel, enticed him to Ireland, married him to a princess, and slew him in the arms of his wife. In the ballad of 1512, which I have placed A. 21., Fionn, and Garadh, one of the tribe of Morna, sit on a hill at a deer-pass, and Garadh there tells Fionn how and why the tribe of Morna slew his father. This slaying by the Clanna Morna is known in Ireland as 'the Battle of Cnucha.' The place is identified, and the event dated about A.D. 125. A second version of the Scotch ballad, got by Fletcher about 1750, is placed with A. 21. because it seems best to fit in there. The Story of Fionn is put into the mouth of Oisein, his son. His story comes next in order.

II. FIONN MAC CUMHAIL.—FINT UAO BAOISGNE.

I HAVE placed together in Sec. 12, Introduction, a great many Pedigrees of Fionn, orally collected in Scotland, and extracted from Irish manuscripts. The following, O., was got near Dunkeld, about A.D. 1800. With it is a compilation made from Irish authorities, by the Rev. John Francis Shearman of Howth, the Beinn Eadair of ballads, and close to the scene of the Battle of Clontarf. A pedigree from such a locality has peculiar value, especially when compiled by a gentleman who is well known as an archaeologist.

III. OISEIN MAC FHINN. VARIOUSLY SPELT.

The oldest known mention of Fionn is quoted page 293, Report on Ossian, 1805, from a manuscript which Dr. Donald Smith then supposed to date from the latter end of

the 8th century. Irish manuscripts of the 12th century, later authorities, the ballads which follow, and traditions current where Gaelic is spoken, tell the same story in fragments. Fionn and the Feinne were the successors of Cumhal and Cuchullin, and the soldiers of Cormac Mac Art, High King of Ireland (213. 253.) The Gaelic speaking people amongst whom I was raised, and amongst whom I have been at work during the last twelve years at odd times, tell a story which can be traced from 900 to 1872. I have never discovered a trace of the story or history which is told in Mac Pherson's Ossian.

There is hardly a trace of his Gaelic even in collections made shortly before, and sixty-five years after the publication of Ossian in Gaelic. There is no mention of Fingal, King of Morven, in any known writing older than 1760. But the stories which I have ranged in order from I. to IV. about Cuchullin, Deirdre, Fraoch, Cumhal, Fionn, and Oisein, are so mingled and so woven with Mac Pherson's English works, that all Gaelic Scotland recognised familiar names and incidents. They unanimously condemned traditions as spurious and corrupt, and believed Mac Pherson's Ossian to be a translation from some excellent old Caledonian manuscript. I now believe that Mac Pherson's Ossian is a great original work of fiction, dating from 1760, when it appeared in print; and that the Gaelic of 1807 is one of many translations. The Gaelic ballads tell Romantic, Metrical, Popular, Scots-Irish history about the 'authenticity' of which there can be no controversy. The outline of the story which is put into the mouth of Oisein, the son of Fionn, is shortly this:—

AFTER the general Irish war of the Tain lo Cualgine, in which Cuchullin of Dmndalk was the chief hero, in the time of Conn of the Hundred Fights, from whom many Scotch tribes claim descent, the army quarrelled. The tribe of Morna slew Cumhal, the chief of the tribe of Baoisgne (variously spelt). Scandinavians were concerned in the slaying, and they took possession in Ireland. Cumhal's posthumous son, Fionn, was saved, grew up, and fled to the wilds. Art, son of Conn, High King of Ireland, was slain; and his posthumous illegitimate son Cormac grew up in obscurity. After many adventures, Fionn Mac Cumhail returned, gathered his scattered tribe, and made peace with the rival tribe of Morna. Cormac appeared, fought the usnrpers, recovered Conn's seat as High King at Teamhra. Fionn commanded the Feinne at Almhain, which now is the Hill of Allen, near Tara. They

expelled the usurping Danes, and guarded the Irish coast. Like all popular heroes, Fionn had mythical properties, of which the chief was 'Bran,' a hound, who, in some strange fashion, was his near relative. The Northern Sea rovers continued to persecute Fionn, and demand Bran, till they were conquered. All sorts of people from Spain, Sorcha, Italy, Greece, Britain, and elsewhere attacked the Feinne, and were defeated; all sorts of mythical magical people schemed their destruction, but in vain. They made raids in all directions, upon Italy and Greece, and Lochlan and Britain, and conquered everybody everywhere.

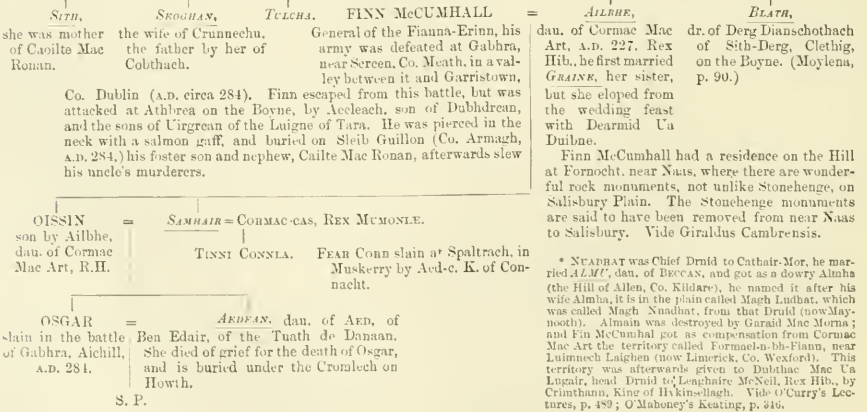
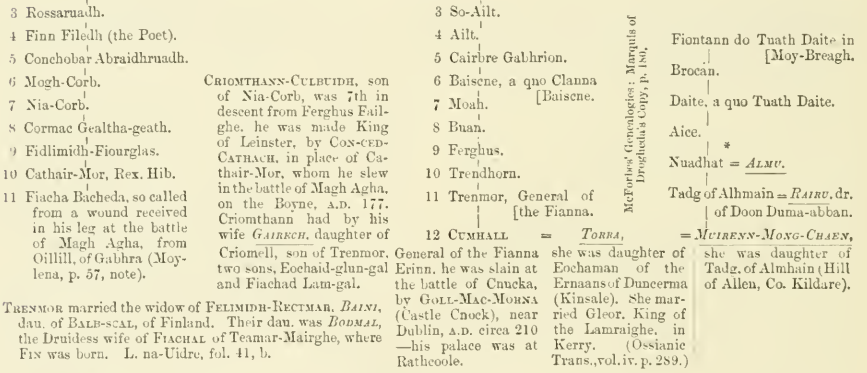
People from distant lands joined them, and served as Feinne. At last they quarrelled. Caoilte had to rescue Fionn from the King, and Cormac slips out of the story. Fionn is called 'King of Teamhra' sometimes, and the story probably was that he dethroned Cormac. Then the blood-feud between Fionn and Goll broke out. Goll slew Fionn's son, and the tribe of Baiscne slew him. Then jealousy broke out. Diarmaid, Fionn's twin sister's son, ran away with his uncle's bride, Gráithne, Cormac's daughter. The tribe pursued, and quarrelled and fought, to the joy of Conan. Diarmaid was slain at last by the wiles of Fionn. Next, Oscar, the son of Oisein, the son of Fionn, the son of Cumhal, quarrelled with Cairbre, the son of Cormac, the son of Art, the son of Conn of the Hundred Fights. They fell out at a feast at Teamhra, now Tara, and fought the battle of Gabhra, not far from Dublin. There Oscar and Cairbre slew each other, and

Fionn arrived from the sea in time to see his grandson die, and carry him to Almhúin, the Hill of Allen. Long afterwards, Oisein, who had been enchanted by his mother, who lived in the shape of a deer, came back from the Isle of Youth at an impossible age, and told the story to St. Patrick. The old Pagan is made to complain of jangling bells and howling clerics, to sit upon the Fenians' Mound—that is, upon the Hill of Allen—and point to the graves of his comrades, and tell their story to the priest, who wrote it down. In this form of dialogue between Reciter and Scribe, Pagan and Christian, blind old ballad-singing warrior and audience, this Story is told over winter fires, in fragments which are now crumbling fast. In this very form the story was told in fragments to Dean Mac Gregor, in 1512-26. I have done nothing to these. I have simply gathered them and sorted them. Samples of the Gaelic poems which tell the tale in metre follow, with references to the manuscripts from which they were copied. The prose tales which I have gathered I will place when I translate.

The Heroes of Ballads seem all to have been related. 'Iodhlan' was 'Cumhal's' brother. Goll, Conan, and Garaidh were chiefs of the Clanna Morna. Fionn, Oisein his son, Oscar his grandson, Diarmaid his nephew, Faolan, Feargus, Roidhne, and Cairéall, his younger sons, Caoilte, his relative, make eleven chief characters who, figure in the Ballads which follow. The Pedigrees speak for themselves.

FIONN'S PEDIGREE, COMPILED BY THE VICAR OF BIENN EADAIR.

- 1 NUADHA NECT, slain at Cliach in Hy Drone, Co. Carlow, a.m. 5090. by Conaire Mor, son of Ederscel, A. 4. M. Ogyia, Part III, Cap. 54. Hanc Genealogiam Finni Cuballi Filii ex variis documentis authenticis haustam contextit et exaravit Johannes Franciscus Sherman, Vicarius de Howth, juxta Dublinium.
- 2 FERGHUS FALLOIE.



O. 40. SLOINNE FHINN LE MHATHAIR.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 111. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

FHINN Mhic Cuthail, Mhic Trethair, Mhic Treumhoir, Mhic Chaol dìreach, Mhic Cam na creiche, aon Mhic rìgh an Domhain mhoir—Dean dhuit fein, thoir as do chasan.

F. 4. EACHDRAIDH MAR A CHAIDH FIONN MAC CUTHAIL A THEARNADH, ALTRUM, AGUS A BHAI-STEADH. 61 lines prose.

Fletcher's Collection, page 84. Advocates' Library, January 18, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

'N UAIR a chaidh Cuthail a mharbhadh bha bean do 'm 'b' ainna Mor ni 'n Taic mo lea-tromach air Fionn, agus bha Clanna Morne an ti air cur as do 'n leanabh 'n uair a bheirte e mar a chuir iad as da athair. Ach rinn a shean-mhathair inneal tearmaidh dha. 'N uair a rugadh an leanabh ghaoid i leatha e do choille fhàsaich, agus rimeadh àite dha ann a'm broim craobh nhor-fhearna, agus bha e air a bheathachadh le saill reamhar airson bainne chioch. Deirear gun rabh sreang air a ceangal nun t-sail agus lùb air a cheam eill mu ordag a chiose, chum is 'n uair a blitheadh an t-sail a' dol fada na h-amhaich gun sineadh è a chas chum nach taichte e. Mar so ghletheadh è bus an dh' fhàs e comasach air a shean-mhathair a leantuinn a muigh feadh na coille. Thug i dha cloidhe agus bha i 'g' iarruidh chum a burra e ga bualadh gus fa dheireadh gun d' ghearr e' pluchd don mhàs dhi leis a chlaidhe. An sin thuig i gum bu mhithic seòl a chuir air a bhaiste.

San aig Eas-ruaidh bha 'n t-àite cumanta aig an Fheinn an clann a bhaiste. Thug i leatha e air là àraid, agus bha ann moran eile an là sin a thuilleadh airsin. Do raing i leis an taobh do 'n uige air nach rabh each, agus thig i san linne e, agus chaidh e fodha. Ach an ceud leum a thug e 'n uaclair ghrad mhùle e fodha ann a' b' fhaigse dha do 'n chloim eile agus bhathadh e. Agus mar sin air a h-uile air an fuigheadh e greim, bha e gan grad bhathadh air an t-seòl cheudna. Ach gus an do ghlaodh fear bh' air an taobh eile do 'n Eas.

Cò e an fear maol feann-bhan nd a tha sior bhathadh na doinne oirnn gun tàmh. San an sin a ghlaodh a shean-mhàthair ris.

Gu meal thu t-aimn Fhionna Mhic Cuthail, mhic Luthair, mhic Tremhor, mhic Chalapadhreich, mhic Channa-Creiche, mhic-a Bhringal-Bhriannaich, mhic-a-Chairpe-Chalhannaich, mhic-aon Rìgh an Domhain mhoir. A mhearaich thoir as do chasan dha do naimhdean mu d' thimchioll.'

Thug Fionn a mach air an taobh d' on Eas air an rabh a shean-mhàthair, agus rug e air chois orre chum a toirt leis, ga tilgeadh thair a ghuain air eagal gu mbarbhte i. Ach leis a chabhaig feadh na coille bha is ga sgarta is i ghoidhich, a chrom ruidh choille mheirlich Chla d' thug Fionn faineir ciod a bha i rudi a teicheadh thoidh choille.

Cha rabh aige do 'n Chailich ach a chas a bhana himh thair a ghualam 'n uair a stad air gu fois.

H. THE INTRODUCTION TO KENNEDY'S FIRST COLLECTION. 1774.

Advocates' Library, November 24, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

This Introduction is a sample of a dialect of English that never has been printed. It is the English spoken by men whose native language is Gaelic, but Kennedy's Manuscript is the only written sample of the period that I have ever seen. The beginning is torn off. The word 'Fingal' does not once occur in Kennedy's Gaelic.

J. F. C.

this son of Comhal was afraid that his own wife would do some mischief to this son, and for that reason he ordered the midwife to take him away. She went with him unto the wood and she got a wright and made a hole in the Trunk of a large oak tree, in the same manner as a Canoe would be made, and door to it, so that nobody would find her, and she nourished him their by fat and marrow, when he was coming to age, she was learning him how to fight and wrestle, when she would get the better of him, she would heartily beat him, when he came to the age of eighteen years or there about, he was going out of the woods and one day boys met him Shinningy, the play pleased him, he went and got a Rung and began with them, he was seeing that the boys was afraid of him, he would take the ball from them all; since he gained on

them he began to beat them with the Shinney, and left them half dead, others he broke their hand or feet (according to his nurse's regulation, for he thought that they had the same,) when the men have seen their children abused by such a person, they call'd after him saying who is this fellow that is Fionn-é that have done this harm to our sons, his nurse heard them, and she said let bruke his name Fingal the son of Comhal, this is the way that he was baptized; for Fionn-Gheal is a Gaelic word, its signification is fair and white.

Pedegree.

to himself; he was running away from his pursuer, and his nurse was turning weary, he took her and put her over his shoulder and was running through thorns and briars, rocks and stony places, when he stop in the middle of the wood his nurse was dead on his back, and her head dashed against rocks with the jumping; in such a manner that one half of her was lost, and he cast the other half in a water loch in the same wood called Lochuirgin, He was then alone in the wood, and nobody with him, he did not know where his father was, but that he heard his nurse saying that his father's name was Comhal. He met a man at a place called Eas-ruaidh one day and a salmon in his hand, he said unto Fingal if thou wilt roast this fish without burning a spot of his skin, I will tell you where your father is, Fingal began the fish, but there was some spots burned on the fish, and he was refusing to tell him anything about his father, then Fingal took hold of him and laid him down, the man was then obliged to tell him where his father was. Fingal went to his father to the army, and this is Fingal's descent, and that he was nourished according as we are told by the oldest men who are in the country at the present time.

The King of Denmark heard in his own kingdom that, it was said by some prophecies, named Fingal that would conquer Ireland to himself, sometimes afterwards he heard that Fingal was in the army among the Heroes; and he ordered a great reward to be given to any one of his own men that would kill Fingal, and take his head to him. Sometimes after that Comhal's poet happened to meet the King of Denmark's poet, and they began to drink; before they departed Denmark's poet told to Comhal's poet that there was a remarkable person in their army named Fingal, and that their King had offered a great reward for his head. Immediately this was told to Comhal by his Bard, then Comhal sends his son Fingal to his mother and her friends named Chlanna morna, who inhabited all the western coast of Scotland then, a very famous set of people who was remarkable, in strength and bigness, and accordingly good warriors, to take care of him, and to learn him the art of war and hunting, which was their chief education at that time.

When Comhal died the heroes heard of Fingal's fame, likewise his wisdom and bravery, and that he would get a compleat victory over any enemy, they send for him to Scotland to be their King. Fingal succeeded his father, and continued in war against Denmark, till he had almost conquered Ireland; for they fought several battles, and Fingal would always gain the victory. Then the King thought that he would get a wife from the heroes. She would tell them how they might conquer Fingal. Then the King send to Fingal for to ask of him, if he pleased that they would make peace, and that he would take one of their virgins to be his wife. Then Fingal understood his design, he ordered the King for to come to visit him, and that he would get his choice of their women in marriage, and that he would appoint a day for to make a feast, which they settled, and before the appointed day came Fingal ordered his smith to make a set of good knives, then the smith asked of him how he would make them, and Fingal directed him as it is set down in the following verse:—

'If a blacksmith I wou'd be,
How fine wou'd I make knives for fee;
With thick iron backs edg'd thin with steel,
And yellow shafts smoothly you'd see.'

Those knives are called by us Durks, and Fingal was the first contriver of them.

The day of the feast came, and there was joy and mirth within their sounding Halls; there was conditions of peace thought to be betwixt them, but it happened before the feast was over that their foul deeds appeared. Fingal gave to every one of his companions a durk (called by them a hiding knife), and he ordered them, at the hindmost end of the feast, when he would give them notice to make with their new made arms venison for the Gr Denmark's valiant men, then the King of Denmark came with his men to Fingal's house with gr who was saluted very generously by them.

Then when dinner was prepared for them, and when it was ready, both were called. Fingal placed the King's men and his own, man by man according to his rank, and the music of bards was heard in their presence, when dinner was ended, Fingal stabbed his own durk in a piece of beef on the table. Immediately every one of his men staked the King's men, and there was none left but the King himself, who was made prisoner. The King of Denmark then promised to Fingal the one fourth part of Ireland to himself now and for ever, and a great reward for to defend the rest from any other brutal force, if he would not trouble him any more (unless it would be his own fault), and to let him at liberty, which Fingal promised to do (and performed all his days), for the reward; since Fingal was called the King of Inis's fail, a county in Ireland, called now Leinster.

When Fingal had settled in Ireland, and had peace, he was coming twice a year to Scotland to visit his mother's friends, Chlanna Morma (the Heroes of Scotland) and to hunting, then Goll their King and Fingal joined together and made one company, and their chief command was given to Fingal, then he had the chief command of all the wester coast of Scotland and Ireland. Then he fortified places fit for building, and settled the people which he had under his command, nor was he less assisted in that matter by good conduct than by good fortune, for he was invested among them with regal authority with kingdoms. [Fingal's wisdom and bravery triumphed over brutal force; or another nobler still, that the most compleat victory over an enemy is obtained by that moderation and generosity which convert him to a friend. Here, indeed, in the character and description of Fingal, Ossian triumphs almost unrivalled; for we may boldly defy all antiquity to show us any Hero equal to Fingal. Throughout the whole of Ossian's works, he is presented to us in all the variety of lights which give the full display of a character. In him occur almost all the qualities that can ennoble human nature, that can either make us admire the hero or love the man. He was not only unconquerable in war, but he made his people happy by his wisdom in the days of peace. He was truly the father of his people, and distinguished on every occasion by humanity and generosity. He was merciful to his foes, full of affection to his children, full of concern about his friends; he was surrounded with his family, and he instructs them all in the principles of virtue peculiar to that age. He was universal protector of the distressed, whether they would be guilty or guiltless; none of such ever went sad from Fingal; as it may be observed by the following advice to his grandson Oscar:—

'Oscar, bend the strong in arms,
But spare the feeble hand;
Be thou a stream of many tides
Against thy foes in war,
But like the gale that moves the grass
To those who ask thine aid.'

Fingal says likewise, 'My arm was the support of the injured; the weak rested behind the lightning of my steel.' These were the maxims of true heroism, to which he formed his grandson. Fingal's fame was represented as everywhere spread, the greatest Heroes acknowledged his superiority, his enemies trembled at his name, and the highest encomium that can be bestowed on one whom the poet would most exalt, is to say, 'That his soul was like the soul of Fingal.'

Fingal and his heroes combined in strength, wealth, and reputation till decrepit old age was coming upon them, then they were decreasing daily. Fingal in his latter days had his dwelling-place in the Isle of Sky (which was called at that time the Isle of Mist), and the house was built on a hill above the place where Mac Kiuivín's old castle lies, the north-west side of Caol reth, and they were still hunting through Sky since it was the best place for hunting at that time, for venison was very scarce then for a while in both Scotland and Ireland, and they began to till the top of the mountains where it was bare without wood to support them; then the Heroes became lean and poor, but the women were not so, they wondered how comely and fair the women looked besides themselves. The women were always making their drink of the decoction of Southern wood, raspberries, and the like, and supposed that drink was the reason of their complexion being so fair, and besides they were keeping the best pieces of the venison and dressing it for themselves unknown to the Heroes when they would be absent. One day they went to the continent opposite to them to hunt, and they left Garbh unknown to their women in the house for to see what entertainments they would have, besides themselves. Garbh was in his bed after the

rest went off for to watch the women, he fell into a deep sleep, and snored, the women heard him and immediately came to him, and tied his hair on both sides of his head, and wove it again into three plaits, and fastened it to wooden pins, and put it in the ground; they went out of the house, then every one of them cried, 'Huza, huza, huza,' with a loud voice, then Garbh wakened suddenly out of his sleep (for he thought that the enemy was at hand) and left all his hair of his head with the skin to the pins, and came out in that pitiful condition, and some of the women were laughing at him. When he had seen how he was with their contrivance, and how heartily they were laughing at his calamity, he went immediately to the wood, pulled trees out of their roots and made faggots of them, and brought them home with all speed. When he came he found the women in the house, he locked them in and put a faggot burning in every corner of the house till he set it on fire and all the women within it. Afterwards Garbh ran away into a cave to hide himself from the Heroes; Fingal had seen the house on fire, he called all his men together, and they ran in hopes that they would quench it, and jumped over the small Sound (that is betwixt Sky and the land) on their shields (except one of them who was called Mac Reth, he was drowned there, and they called that sound Caolreth since that day). When the house could not be quenched but destroyed with the fire, and all their women, children, and furniture ruined, they searched all places about for Garbh (when Fingal told them by southsaying who was the destroyer), and found him in a cave, they conjured him to come out, and examined him about the matter, he told them the truth how all things happened. Then Fingal condemned him to be put to death. Garbh asked a petition of Fingal before he would be banished, that was granted him (for Fingal never refused a petition to any person, and particularly the distressed). Garbh's petition was that he would be beheaded on Fingal's thigh by Fingal's own sword, by the hand of Oscar (the strongest man), then they were all afraid that Fingal would loose his leg, then they thought proper to let Garbh away than to kill him upon Fingal's thigh; then some of them ordered Fingal's thigh to be buried seven feet deep in the earth, and to lay his head above Fingal's thigh upon the earth (since it would not break Fingal's promise) then Oscar cut his head off, and with the force of the stroke Fingal's leg was cut above the knee. Then he went to Rome with his attendance for to cure his leg, and left Oscar in his stead. Before he came home the battle of Cathbhabara was fought between Oscar and Cairdadh, the King of Ireland. Oscar and almost all his men were slain; a few days after the battle was fought Fingal came home and found a few number of his famous champions alive lamenting Oscar; and we hear no more of their deeds afterwards.

After so particular examination of Fingal, I proceed to make some observations on Ossian.

Ossian lived after them all in Ireland, in the house of his daughter, who was married to Peter Mac Alpin, a man that came from Rome to instruct them in the principles of Religion there. It was that man that was writing all histories and poems of the Heroes which Ossian told him in his latter days, but never published till this age, when there is but few fragments of them to be got. The following is collected from the oldest men, who lives at present in this wester side of Scotland.

[Here follows a manifest quotation.]

Ossian had all the art and skill of pure poetry. He had the spirit, the fire, the inspiration of a poet.

He utters the voice of nature, he elevates by his sentiments. He interests by his description. He paints the heart as well as the fancy. He makes his readers glow and tremble and weep. These are the great characteristics of pure poetry. He breaths nothing of cheerfulness as he expresseth himself.

How sorrowful is this old age to me, thinking on the warrior's famous deeds. Like an oak tree in desert most cold after my sheltered neighbour's laid down low.

This is a melancholy verse of Ossian, in which he compares himself to an ancient oak mouldering alone in his place, that the terrible blasts of Eolus with her cold breezes hath laid down the rest and looped his branches away.

His continual grief was of thinking that he was left alone to suffer infirmities and sorrow after all the Heroes among whom he flourished. Other times he would cheer himself thinking on their past wars, loves, and friendships. He was not like modern bards, he did not sung for to please readers and critics, for to gain food or raiment, but for to spread their fame, reputation, and generosity thro' the world, and to reveal his love to them. I do not pre-

tend to say any more of him, for I think it too tedious, but let the reader observe the following versification:—

After this follows the First Collection, which I have arranged with other versions below.—J. F. C.

P. 1. THAOBH BREITH FHINN-IC CUBHAILL, &c.
378 lines prose.

Staffa's Collection, page 1. Advocates' Library, Feb. 15, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

This fragment, written about 1800, in Mull, contains bits of 'The Battle of Magh Muchdram'; of 'Fionn's Youth'; of the 'Birth of Cormac Mac Art'; and the 'Battle of Gabhra,' all mixed in a strange fashion. It shows the tangle into which tradition gets when it has nearly forgotten an old story.

SAN amsa bha rioghachd Eirinn roinntea na cuig earra-nabh; agus Rìogh air gach Eirinn dhiùbh. B'è athair Fhinn a b' urrainn a' n' iomlan. Bha buan-chogadh eadar athair Fhinn agus aon do na rìghrìbh sin.

Air chor 'us man do sguir a Rìgh aiunnachd sin, gun do sgios e an t-iomlan do luchd leanamhinn athair Fhinn. Ach bha sean fhàith—darichd na measg, ag imsa gun tachradh na nitheamhsa, ach gu fagadh e na dheid do 'n fhuil Rìoghail, na bhuidhneach a choir air a h-ais. An latha blair mu dheidh a thug iad, chuidh athair Fhinn a stigh do thigh Gobhinn. Cha rabh neach a stigh ach nìghin a ghobha. Luidh e leatha, 'us ghabh e thurus gu dol a chumail a bhàir. Tamull, beng na dheid sin thainig an gobha steach, agus air geur-bheachdachadh air gnais a nìghin, a deir se rithe, 's ioghna' leam a nìghin, an coltasata ortsan drast, seach 'nuair dh' fflag mis u. Cìod e so deir ise? Tha deir eisan gu rabh rosg Brisg maighdinn agad 'nuair a chuidh mi mach: Agus tha rosg mall mna agad a nois. Cha neil firinn ann sna briathrìbh sin deirs. Tha ars eisan feirg, agus bheir mi 'n ceann dhìot mar dean u aidmhail shaor agus fhirinneach dhanms' air a mhionaid. Le h-cagal dh' imnis I ga h-athair gun rabh an Rìgh a dh' fhear aice. Se mo ghuidheasa ri Dia ars 'n gobhluinn gun eisan a philleadh air ais mi 's mo. Agus is anhluidh thachair. Dh' ordich an Rìgh agus a chomairle gun biodh nìghin a ghobhinn air a cur ann am prìosan, agus air a coimhead ann gu am a h-aisaid. Agus air ball chuidh orda an Rìgh a chuir an gnìomh an graddadh.

Chaidh faire agus coimhead churamach a chur orra. Aig ceann naoi mìosan iomlan dh' fhàs Cumhall tinn re saothair chloinne, agus rug I nìghin. Air faoidhinn so do luchd a gheird agus na faire dh' fflag iad i agus ruith iad leis an ait-sgeuladh' ionnsuidh air fhuil, agus cha do phill iad ni bu mo. Ach mo dheidh na h-aoichasa feir rug i mac. Cha rabh neach sam bith a dheanamh frichealadh dlith san amsa' ach Luas Lurgann, Nìghin muim 'us Aoida 'n Rìgh dlheanach. Cho-luath sa rugadh an leanamh mic, thug Luas Lurgann an earball a còt' e agus theich i 'us cha rabh fios caite. Rainig i cu'pan Saor a bhrathair, an fear ceard a b' fhearr a bha 'n Eirinn an uair sin. Leig i a ruin ris ag imse dha gach ni mar a thachair. Buichas do Dia ars eisa mar ata chuis. Cìod e fios nach digeadh an Tarrgeannachd fathast air a chois. Ach caite nois an deid sinn an falach leis. Theid ars ise do Choill-Ulltich. Dh' fhalbh i feim agus a bhrathair fuidh dhuibhre na h-oidheche gun stad gun fhois, gun an do raing iad meadhan na coilltich. Nois deir ise claochdich leaba-dhuinn ann an craobh mhòir dhuilbh sin, far am be mise agus an leanamh ann an tearnuiteachd. Rinn a bhrathair mar a dh' iarr i, agus chuir e dorus ris an aite dhetna chraobh le chairt air chor 'us nach bu chom-asach do neach sam bith aithnadhach na fhaotinn a mach.

Thug Luas Lurgann suil mu 'n cuart agus thubhairt i ri bhrathair, faic ars ise an fhàillin ta gu h-ìosal an so. Air sealtuinn dhasan gu mìon. Ghlac a phuithair an tuadh agus chuir a dhetn an ceann. Nois ars ise cha 'n eil fear ruin ach mi feim. Bha i na dheidh so a siubhal sear agus iar a' cruinneachadh gach ni dh' fhadadh i dhì feim agus do 'n leanamh. Rachadh i scriob feadh nan bailtin mora bu dluthadh dhì, agus air uairibh do thigh a ghobhainn. Ach cha d' fhiosruich e riann dhìth cait an rabh odha, na cìod e bu chor dha, ged bha fios aig gur i thug leathe e oir dh' eug Cubhall a mhathair an nine ghearr an deidh an leanamh a bhreith.

Bha n' t'oganach a fas ann an aois agus ann an tur. Agus cho luath sa thainig caint dha thoisich i air fhaolinn, agus air Scoil a thoirt dha agus air uairibh a chuicha leis air clar—Tathisic, &c. Agus air fas ni bu neartnhoire dha rachadh e feim agus ise choimruith gu mullac Beinn-Eadinn. Ach man toisichidh iad comhruth bhuanidh iad le h-ordanse da gheig dhreathunn, agus chuireadh i casan

air thoisach le teann orda ag iarruidh air e' ga thoirt feim as orra. Bhiòdh i air a dheidh a ghnath a gabhail air mo chul nan cas a stroichidh chraichdinn agus na feola la cheile.

Ged bu chruaidh so b' fheudar fhullann ear seal. Ach gach aon la mar a bha teachd, bha esan a fas ni bu chruaidhe, 'us ni bu luaithe, 'us ni bu neartmhoire. Air chor 'us nach robh an comas da mhume, urid 'us aon bhuille thabhairt dha. Bha e nois na chomas agus bha e ga dheanamh, se sin re ràdh, gun rabh e nois ga paidh-eachd le riadh. Na dheid sin thoisich i air fhaolinn re fearasbhodha agus ri chnich—Iomain, &c. Air dhì fhaolhunn air gach calain a b' col di. Dh' imnis i dha co e, ciomnus a thainig e; agus cìod e bha aige re dheanamh, 'us re thabhairt gu crìoch, agus aire ro mliathathoirt dha feim air eagal gun digidh an ceam dheth.

Nois Eudain na fear ars ise theid' thusa 'n diugh leamsa dh' ionnsuidh na cuich-Iomain ta gu bhi air a chumail sa bhaile-mhor-rioghail. Dh' aonntuich e leatha sa chuis ged nach b' ann le dheoin. Dh' fhalbh iad le cheile, 'us ghabh iad an turus, agus air dhoibh teachd dluth do 'n bhaile chuidh ise do aite uaignich, ach ghabh esan gun athadh gun aodenas, roimh aon neach sual na an-asal. Ach gam brudhadh 'us gam pronnadh thall sa bhos. Air chor 'us gun bu leis buaidh gach buille agus Bàir an la sin. Bha iad mar so car dha na trì do laithibh 'us casaid ur agus thrìchd a ruidheachd chluasan an Rìgh air a ghille luidheagach bhàn nach rabh fhios co, cia sa do. B'ann mo an nan Nollug a thachair na nithibha, 'us b'e Dìthain-an t-sainmseal, an latha mor agus deirinnach don fheidh, agus don Iomain. Thuir an Rìgh theid mise am phearsuinn feim a choimheadh air, agus chì mi cìod us coltas da. Us anhluidh bha thainig an Rìgh agus an gille-ban, agus Luas-Lurgann a mhume a gear choimhead air a garraidh uaignich feim. Oir cha bheo dhealchidh i ris. Thoisich an gille-ban an lathasa mar b' abhaist.

Cìod e 'n gille Fionn ban ud ars an Rìgh tha mort sa marbhadh nan daoine. Na fànich e agam feim chuirinn endach, us earradh air, oir tha coltas gufhuinntich air. Thuir a mhume 'us i tabhairt an deasachidh sin orra feim, le basigh gam buaidh eir a cheila, ag ra. O! eudaid do na fearibh, b' fhad' dh'amsa gun bhaistidh. Ach tha 'n diugh air do bhaistidh da rìreadh, agus 'us tusa sin Fionn Mac Cubhail, mhic Luidh, mhic Treun-mhoir, mhic Chlana Baoisga h-Eirinn a Rìghdhe leasan nich agus ard rìgh Eirinn feim ge do thugadh do choir uait le ainneart agus le h-encoir, aich soirbheichidh leat agus gheibh u lamh an uachdar air do naimhdh, &c. Dh' eirich i agus ri siubhal a ghabh i feim agus Fionn. Agus ri siubhal nan deidh a ghabh muintir an Rìgh a foich 'us do dh' each, 'us chuir iad an ruinig agus an toir orra gu teann. Bha Luas-Lurgann a fns sgrìth agus fann 'righ, us cha b' urrain i cumail ri Fionn ann an ruith. Air faisinn so do dh' Fhionn thog e chaillich air a ghuainn. Agus suil cha d' thug e na dheidh, gus an d' raing e aite comhuidh feim. Air leagal an Eallich dha air lùr cha rabh aige da mhume lathair ach an da lurginn. Thug e urchair dhuibh air lùr agus ghuil e gu goirt. Dh' fhan e 'n oidheche sin mar bha e air a chlaoi' gun bhliadh gun chadul. Air an ath-la thug e greis air smaointichadh cìod e dheanadh e oir bha e ann an iomachomhairle.

Cha rabh a chridh aig aghidh a thoirt air aon aite leis am bu ghnath le mhume bhì tathich. Dh' fhalbh e air fainneoladh. Agus gun fhios gu math aige caite. Agus cam gach radhdh dha ach gabhail seachad air Eas gam b' ainm Eas-ruaidh, agus chumnaic e fear agiasgachair an Eas, agus thubhairt, Fionn ris tha mi deir eisan ann a failinn mhoir, tha mi guidh' ort thoir dhamh beathach beag do na h-iasgibh sin a dh' fheis mi. Cha tabhairt, deir an t-iasgair. Nam bioddh tu cho mhath ars a Fionn agus gun cuireadh tu nach an t-slat air mo t-shealbhuidh. Rinn an t-iasgair sin agus air ball dh' iasgach e lan-bhradan; Cha toir mi 'm beathachsa dhuit tha e ro mhòr, agus ro nùbath. Sanna a than so iasg Rìgh. Nam bioddh tu cho mhath 'us gun tuga tu dlomh feim an t-slat. Gheibh lhu sin ars an t-iasgair. Air do dh' Fhionn an t-slat iasgach fhaotinn, thig e mach an dubhan agus tharin e gu tior bradhan a bha na bu mhò, na bradhan an iasgair. Cha 'n fhaod mi 'm beathachs' thoir dhuit deir an t-iasgair, ach bheir mi beathach beag a' s ludha na so dhuit. Ach feuma tu rostadh air taobh eile an Eas, agus n comadh air an taobh so, agus ma bhios ball am na loist' air caillidh tu do cheann ris, agus ars an t-iasgair theid mise chadul, agus biodd e rosta nam duisg ni. Ga d' bu chruaidh so b' fheudar aonntachadh leis. Thoisich Fionn air teinnidh fhaddadh 'us air an iasg a rostadh dh' chuidh an t-iasgair a chadul. Bha Fionn ga th' shuarachd a brusnachadh an teine sa rostadh an eisg, ach uair do na h-uairibh, dh' eirich balg loist' air a bhradan, agus cho luath sa b' urrain da leig e mheur air 'us lois-

Pedigree.

Wisdom
tooth.

gidh gu craimh e chuir e mheur na bheul le gradadh agus dh' fhuair e fios an da shoghaill, mar a thair iad. Thuair e fios sa mhionaid sin gum b'e 'n t-iasgair a mharbh athair Fhinn 'us gum b'e Forca-Dubha-ainn ann iasgair 'us gun rabh cloidheamh athair lamh ris ann am falach. Dh' eirich e le cabhag agus thuair e cloidheamh athair us thug 'n ceann do dh' Forca-Dubha 'us ri siubhal na dheidh sin ghabh Fhinn sann uaidhe so a thuradh, sgreubhadh a bhradain ri Easruaidh, cha b' fhuair e 's cha b' tu beith.

The king's
law.

Air ball an deidh an ceann a thoirt dhe 'n iasgar, ghabh Fhinn a thuras agus stad na fois cha d' rinn e agus an d' rainig Tigh a ghabhinn a sheamair. Bha e greis ga dhionmaerachadh fein an tigh a sheamair. Ach la do na laithibh chaidh caroch a ghobhinn do gharadh an Righ. Dh' orduich an Righ a cheathramh gas a ghearadh dheth gach aon dhiubh. Mas fhor gu rabh ni arid aig an Rìogh gam b' ainm. Teamhair-nan-rìogh, agus bha do Bhuaidhibh orra ge b'e nair a bheirta breith chlaon na eucorach gun tuifidh i sios chum an lair, gus an dugadh aon do 'n fhuil Rìoghail breith cheart. Chruinich iad gach sean-fhear agus gach duine ghochd sin tior, ach cha d'fhuaradh nam measg nach a thug breith cheart na fhìor. Ach chuaidh Fhinn a mach gu aite folluiseach. Agus thubhairt e 'Barr na corach, barr na Cluaineadh, da bharr abhuich, thun am buana: Tha 'n da bharr sin coslach re cheila, 'us breith na agbich sin cha tabhar 'in.'

The
verdict.

Cho luath sa na briathribh a mach o bheul, dh' eirich Teamhair nan Rìogh. Bha iadsan uile bha lathir, lan chinntich gum b' aon do 'n fhuil Rìoghail an duine so a labhr na briathran leis an d' eirich an Teamhair. Ghrad chuireadh an toir air gu, teann, ach ruith Fhinn 'us cha b' ann gu mall. Thuair e as orra gun bheud 'us phill an toir gun aite fein. Ghabh Fhinn air agbaidh gun Chadul gun fhìois, agus cha deachaidh stad air a chois na lod as a bhroig gus an do ranuig e ceardach a shean-athair.

Dhathnich an seann duine mar a bha. 'Se ni a snaoinich e gun cuiridh e moran ghad sarr teallach, agus pìosan do sheam iarunn. Sin thoisich e air seiddh nam balg, 'us air obrichadh na sean iarunn, air chor 'us gun rabh do theas anbharrich 'us do shradhagibh anns a cheardich na chum an tòir gun a chroidh aca urid 'us seasamh mionaid 'n taobh stigh da dorsaibh. Bha Fhinn car uine ga fhòlach fein air chul nam balg agus aig an am cheudna, tollidh a bhalla gus an d' fhuair e as orra. Agus stad na fois cha do rinn e gus an do rainig e pathlis Rìogh chuig-bh-Colla'.

Bha Eirinn na Cuigibh san uair sin.

Bha Fhinn car uine ann am pathlis an Rìoghs' gum aon neach a dh' fhiosrachadh dheth co e, na cia as da. Bha e ga ghuibhlan fein gu ro fhaicidheil agus neo lochdach, mo dheiridh chuaidh a dheagh chlu, sa dheand as ma, gu chuasibh an Rìgh, agus se thachair na lorg sin gun d' rinnidh e na ard steuair, agus na fhear iouchar dibh 'n Rìgh. Se ni arid air 'n do shochdruch an Rìgh a mharbh athair Fhinn, agus a chomhairlich dhìomhair, gun rachadh an Rìgh na phearsunn, agus aireamh dhaoine leis, air feadh na h-Eirinn uile chum ainmeannan gach duine ghabh sios ann an sgrìobhadh le mionnaibh, dh' fheuch a fhuighidh e Fhinn a mharbhadh, o nach rabh a pois a lathir don fhuil Rìoghail ach e. An ceann da bhliadhinn ionlan thainig Cairbre-Ruadh be sin a Rìgh a chasgair agus a dhithlarich cairdin athair Fhinn. Am fogus do phaithis Rìogh chuigeamh Colladh, far an rabh Fhinn an uair sin na stulbhart. Cha do dh' fhiosruich Rìgh chuigeamh-Colla' fhathast cia as do dh' Fhinn, na cia b' ainm dha. Rinn Fhinn e fein aithnidh dha agus leig e ruina ris agus a dubhairt e. O! Rìgh 'us feudar dhamsa teidich as an aite so agus mo dhreuchd a lubbhair, oir ata 'n bas am fogas. 'S mise Fhinn Mac Cubhail, agus tha Cairbre-Ruadh agus a slughal leis ar mo thoir, oir cha d' fhag e ach mis 'n aonar don fhuil Rìoghail, gun a dhith-lathrichadh agus a sgròs. Tha e gu bh' 'n so a nochd, agus cha 'n urrainn thus, O! Rìgh mo thearnadh. 'Us duilich leam ars an Rìgh, gun rabh e na fhasan agum riamh, nach fiosrichidh do chòigrich cia as da, na co e, gus an la 'n biodh e gam fhagail. Ach fan thusa agamsa, oir tha mi 'g iarraidh mìle matheanmhis ort. An aite thus a bh' d' sheirbhìsch agamsa sam b' cheart dhìghach dhamsa bh' an fochran umhal dhuitse. Agus bheir mi m' uile oidheirp air a chuis a leasachadh, agus air seasamh do chòrach. Agus thal-hair a cheart aire nach h-innis u t ainm a dhaindeoin nas urra mise na a Rìgh uile dheanmhis, oir 'us aithne dhuil fein cìod e mar a labhras tu, agus bidhidh mis' an charid math air do chùl chum do choir fhaotinn dhuit. Mo dheiridh thainig an Rìgh 'us thoisich e air ainmin nan daoine ghabhail a sios. Bha Fhinn air ais agus air agbìch, 'us mo dheir-dh' fheoirich Cairbre co e ainm. Dh' fhrèag air Fhinn agus a dubhairt e. Tha mi nois da bhliadhinn 'n scribhis mo mhaighistir, agus cha do dh' fhiosruich e co

Cairbre.

mi na cìod e mainn fathast. Agus bha sin na mhulad, agus na oguldheachd leam, agus on a bha mi cho fhad na sheirbhìs, cha 'n innis mi m' ainm a nochd gun duais, agus cha chòlach do 'n leithidsa do dhuine gun iarr mi ach ni nach ionndruim thus. O! Rìgh gad dhith. An tabhair mi an toilleidh ud dha. arsa Rìgh chuige Colla, re Cairbre. Dh' aonntich Cairbre leis. 'Us feudar dhannh sin fhaotinn fud lamh scriobhte. Thuair e sin. Innis dhuinn t-ainm a nois deir na Rìghribh ris. Tha ni beag eile dhith orra chum gach ni chomhionadh, agus se sin gun cuir an Rìgh a thainig a lamh ris mar fhiannuis gach ni dh' iaras mi gu fuigh mi. Chuir Cairbre mar an ceudna a lamh ris. Thog Fhinn ann paiper na lamh agus thubhairt e.

Eisdibh agus tuigeamh 's mise Fhinn Mac Cubhail-ic-Lubhich-ic-Treunbhoir-ic-Chlanna-baiois a h-Eirinn. Agus ard rìgh Eirinn fein agus a fìor dhleasnach ge do thug thusa mo choir nam le h-eucoir agus le h-ainneart. Eirich as t-àite oir us leamsa e le coir cheart. Dh' fhan Cairbre na thosd! Eirich arsa Rìgh-Chuige-Colla mar a eirich thusa, eiridh mise. Cha 'n eirich arsa Fhinn 's math an airdh u fein air do chathir agus air do choir.

Chuiridh Fhinn na shuidhe air caitlir Chairbre, agus mar sin sios.

Chuir Rìgh-Chuige-Colla slughal mor le Fhinn agus e fein air an ceann, gus an d' fhag e gu bhòchdrach sabhalte Fhinn air Rìgh chathir athair fein gun sòhd fìor na gille.

Rann Iudhich-ic-con athair Fhinn.
Seachd bliadhna fìchid gu fìor,
Bha Ludhdh mac con na Rìgh;
Gun bhàs gun ghabhadh gun ghain,
Fìor, mana na gille bha 'n Eirinn.
Crioich.

Pedegree.
Story of
Cormac.

OISEIN AND PADRUG.

The following fragments, P.P.P.O.Y.Z., tell in various ways part of a story which is very commonly told all over the Highlands now. It accounts for the presence of Oisein in St. Patrick's house, and for the imperfect state of 'The History of the Feinne.' When 'Peter Mac Alpin, would not believe Oisein, the old Hero threw all the history which Saint Peter had written from his dictation into the fire. Saint Peter's wife, Oisein's daughter, snatched the papers out of the fire, and saved all that remains of the history.' This has been gravely told to me as true, over and over again, in Scotland.

According to another story, 'Dablach' was the name of Oisein's wife, who was big, burly, and fat. When he was old and blind, they fell out. The old warrior threw a deer's bone at her, and threw wide, upon which is founded the saying:—

'Urchair an Doill mu 'n Damhaich: 'The cast at the blind at the Damhach.' The word probably meant 'The Learned' at first. It also means 'The abounding in oxen or stags,' and in later times it has come to mean 'a Vat,' which is feminine. The old Islay smuggler who told this to Hector Mac Lean converted the learned Saint and the poet's wife into a 'brewing vat.' 'So Julius Caesar dead and turned to clay,' &c.

P. 3. MAR CHAILL OISIN A FAINNE. 12 lines. Staffa's Collection, page 35. Advocates' Library, February 17, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

BHA Oisìn na bhuaichail re cullach na meann aig Padruig agus aig a nighin. Bha e sin la ga aseich fein agus thug e mach an Sporan anns an rabh am fainne, agus chuir e air lar lamh ris e. Agus na dheidh sin chadil e. Thainig am Biatach air Itraig a nuas as na Speuribh, us e air Faiscin Taip mhòr dhearg shaòil leis gum b' feoil a bha ann agus sgob e leis e dh' ionnsuidh aneid far an rabh na h-eoin aig an uair sin. Agus thuair e rithist e' mair na a chuir an Gille Bala odhar leis a chreig e.

P. 2. MU SHEALG DHEIRNINICH OISIN. Same Scribe, &c.

BHA Oisìn na shean aois ann an Tigh a muigh na aonar ann am Baile gum ainm Gleann-caoin-fheoir an Sgithreachd-Thoras. Chuir Padruig agus nighean Oisìn, eul ris, le ro mhèud sa dhìchidil e. Chur Padruig cuireadh air Oisìn athair-eila air latha arid chum feud a dh' umhluchid do dhream arid dheth na cairdbh. Chuir aon do na daoinibh agas, reasgach a bha nan suidh aig an fheud, aig an rabh Calpa Feidh ga chreim, a cheist air

Oisín a faea e riamh calpa feidh bu mho nan calp nd. Rug Oisín air a chalpa agus mhéurich se e oir bha e na dhall an nair sin. Agus threagair e 'n t ogranach, agus thubhairt e ris gu fae e calpa Luin moran ni bu mho, agus gum b' aithne dha 'n aite 'n rabh e. Mar a bhí dith na Leirsin. O! se 'n t' amadan truaidh ars a nighin a fear ata tabhairt creidise dhuit led Bhosd agus led Bhriagáibh. Thug i an togail ghrad sin air Éachdráidh na Feimnidh bhla sgríobht' aig a companach Padruig, agus thug i 'n t-ionlain ann an meadhoin 'n teinidh, agus chuaidh iad re theinidh, man do rug iad ach air ro bheag a shabhaladh dhiubh. Bha Padruig ro dhúilich air an son. Mata ars Oisín dearbhdhí mise dhúilbh, gur i 'n fhírinn ata agamsa. Agus a Phádrúig mo cheudichis tu dod mhac fálbh leamsa lorga mi mach fathast Calpan Luin. Dh' aomtuich Padruig a leigidh leis. Dhabhb Oisín agus mae Phádrúig, ga 'm b' ainm an Gille-blair-odhar. Choisich iad gu iochdar Beinn an t-sealluidh, agus thog iad a mach ri achadh gan ainm Lurg Larim. Thubhairt Oisín re odha cid e laochain a thu nis a faichidh, oir tha mi chuinnntinn mómahor bruidhne. Tha ars odha doime tha air Seisrich lamh rinn. Thoir mise laochain an rathid a tha iad; rinn odha mar a dh' iarr e air. 'S math a gheibh sibh fearamh ars Oisín. Tha sin a deannadh mar dhaodas sinn ars a na fíoir. Thoir dhonn do lamh ars Oisín ris a chrann-aoinean cha tabhairt ars odha, ach tabhairt an colliart' as a chrann, agus tabhairt dha e. Rinn an duine mar sin, agus ghlac Oisín 'n colliarte agus lúb e air a cheil' e.

Na dheidh sin thog iad a mach re ma ambradhail, agus theirim iad air Leitir Luin, air a bheil an t-ainm sin gus an la 'n diu'. Deir Oisín re odha bi furachair a faic u seana chraobh mhór dharmich agus cos na tóibh. Thuir an Gille-blair-odhar i gun ro mhoran saothrich, le seoldh a Shean-athir. Chuir Oisín a lamh a stigh sa chos 'us thug e mach as calpa 'n Luin. Dh' imich iad rompa mach as a choillich. Seall a laochain ars Oisín a faic u cnoc mór anns a bhlar an iochdar na colle. Chi ars odha. Treoirich mis' 'n sin ars Oisín. Se ainm a chnoic sa Ceann-a chnoc ain. Cnoc-fraoc bu gnath leis an Feimn a bhí a tadhich gu tric ann sna linnibh roimhe sin. Ceart lamh ris a pholl na thiodhluich Fionn athir Oisín an coire ris an canar gu an la 'n diu' poll choir Fhinn. Thuigh iad air a chnoc agus ghabh iad mo thanh an sin re na h-och'.

Ghuidh Oisín gu duthrachdach gum biodh Biorach-Mac-Buidheag an t-aon chu bu dona bha riamh san Fheinn air a dheonachadh dha. Mhógail e mu dheidh na h-aoich' 'us e mothachadh trom air muin, a chos, agus dh' athnigh e gun d' fhuair e atcheuinhnich. Dh' fhan e nar a bha aige gu briseadh na faire. Dhuisg Oisín an Gille-blair-odhar, agus thug Oisín eibh na iolach mhór as chuir geilt-chrith air gach crentair ghluasadh a bha ann na coilltichim man cuairt dha. Cíod e chí u ars Oisín ris a Ghille-bhlair-odhar? Tha mi faicsinn aireamh lionmhór do chrentairibh beaga seanga ruadha. Leigidh sinn seachad iad sin deir Oisín. Cha 'n eil a sin a Laochain ach síochd na Luaithe-Luinnich. Thug Oisín an ath-tídh as. Cíod e nois a cha thu laochain. Chí mi ars odha na h-urid do bheathchuidh seanga donna. Tha sin síochd na Deirge-Dannuiche. Leig sin seachad fathast. Thug e an treas tídh as Dh' fheoirich e do a odha cid e bha e faicsinn. Tha mi faicsinn ars odha moran de fheidhribh trom-a-donna. Bis tuigh Biorachmachd buidhaig. Re sibhal a ghabh an cu agus nharbh e seandh lan daimh. Bi furachail a laochain a faic u 'n cu a tighin. O! chí mis e ars an Gille-blair-odhar agus a chraos fogaill. Cha neil mo chuilleins buidhich seilge fathast agus marbhich e sinne. Ach feuch a stiúr thusa mo lamhs a stigh na bheul nuair a thig e 'm fogasg. Rinn e mar a dh' iarr Oisín air, agus chuir e lamh na chraos 'us nharbh se e.

Tha' air a nois mi far a fae u na feidh a tuitim. Chruinnich e leis iad air mullach a ghualinn 'us air uallich a dhroma, gus an ruiga e 'n cnoc air an do chaidil iad an oiche roimh sin. Chuir iad snas an turlach. Chruinnich iad connadh. Chuir iad na feidh as beoin. Thug Oisín Coir Fhinn athir as a pholl 'us bhruich iad na feidh. Nois a laochain ars Oisín ri odha fan thusa iad na kaimhe usansa man ich mi thu 'n richd toiteim. Mo gheillh mise mo leoir an diugh cha bhí dith na fallinn ortsa rid bheo. Ma b' fíoir na fuidhídh e leoir an la sin gum fasadh e ogail, laicir, neartuohor treubhach. Bha 'n fhagails aiga on leannan Shíth. Bha crios ma mheadhoir air son a bhúrt theannachadh air a cheila. Bha naoi' timnachan dthetm chrios sa air a chuir seach a cheila, man do thoisich e air ítha nam fiadh. Dh' fheumadh e fhaotainn do shithinn na lionadh a bhúrt 'n sin biodh an crios ann an ruidhídh gus an timne b' fhaide mach. Ach nair chunice

an Gille-blair-odhar nach rabh coltas air Oisín gum fagadh e fuighlich, sgríob e leis píos mór do na bha air beuth-aobh a Shean-athir, agus chuir e sud air a thaobh fein. Dhíth Oisín na bha aig an nair sin ach cha rabh e air a shaschadh. Dh' íomdrain e na thug odha leis, agus fuchadh e. O! laochain us oic thuaras du na faga du an t-ionlain agam bhithinn cho mhath sa bha mi riamh.

Thíodhlaichd Oisín an coir ann poll choir-Fhinn. Ghluaic e fein agus odha chum pillidh do Ghleann-cacoin-fheoir, ach se chomhairl' chinn an ceann odha Oisín gu feuchadh e fuidhídh e Oisín a shean-athira chuir le craig. Chomhairliche a mhathir dha ro laimh sin a dheannadh. Theoirich se e gu bruaich Uiridh-Bhiatich ris an gaorich gu cummanna nois Uiridh 'n-fluithich, agus dh' fhag e sud e. Thuit e leis a chraig agus stad e meadhoin na h-uiridh. Bha e car uine man buirinn dha gluasadh, ach cho luath sa chuir e 'm preathal sin seachad thoisich e air meurchadh man cuairt da gus an d' fhuair e fainne dhealluich ris uine roimhe so. Nois sann o Leanna síth a thuair e 'n toisich e. Bha do bhuaidh air nach calidh e radhare agus nach fuidhídh e bas. Thanic e 'n sin dhathic, le fhaime agus le calpa 'n Luin, agus mar a thubhairt e rin man d' fhalbh e, us anáiluidh b' fíoir, be calpa 'n Luin moran bu mho.

P. 4. PADRUG A' TOGAIL TIGHE,

Same Scribe, &c.

Part of a Legend localised in Mull. The church is specified in Ireland. According to the rest of the story, it ought to be a church on the Hill of Allen, in Ireland, or on Tara.

BHA Padruig nair a togail tighé, agus aireamh do dhaoinibh aige, sea na seachd deug do dhaoine foghainntic, bha cleach mhór an sin nach rabh an t-ionlain do na bha laithir nan-urruinn a chur ceart san Tigh. Nan duga' sibh dhamhs ars Oisín ri Padruig, biadh na sea-fear-deug chuirinn a chlach ceart am anoir. Mata gheibh thusa sin arsa Padruig agus 'us math an airidh air thu. Thuir Oisín biadh chluig-fear-deug, chum a nighin biadh fíor. Dh'ich Oisín na thuair e, us dh' athnigh e gun do chumadh pairt dthet.

Dh' eirich e us chuirich e chlach, ach dh' fhag e aomadh orra mach as a bhalladh. Thuir iad ris nach rabh a chlach ceart fathast. Tha fios again, ach mar tha bidhídh i namsa no fuidhídh a biadh na sea-fear-deug, chuir mi chlach ceart, ach a nois tha i 'n sin agab, agus deainbh fein a carumh mar as aill leibh. Bha chluichra sí faichsin ann an Glenn canoir, gus o chionn da bhliadhna, bha clachfhearín a togail pairce agus bhris iad a chlach sa síos na bleidhíbh le h-ord.

O. 31. MAR FHUAIR OISEAN A SHEALLA.

56 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 139. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, April 1, 1872.

Part of the same story about the books made metrical.

- 1 RACHAMÁID deire ro Ghille,
Gu mulach an fhírídh thall;
'S aithne dh' an fhíogh an t-slighe,
Comhairic dhan alluidh nan craun.
- 2 Seal mo shaghead 'na charaibh,
'S 'gu faigheam mo fhradharc air ball;
Thainig na Feidh gu h-ualach,
Bhuail Oiscan dhan alluidh nan stang.
- 3 Cro 'n teine le leacailh,
Fagh an coire 's dreacaire colg;
Gear am Fíndh na mhíríbh beaga,
Bruich e gu deimhin na bhlog.
- 4 Na blais a shuth, na blais a shithinn;
'S thig mo neart 's mo shealla gun chealg;
Uiridh m' aois mar fheur na macharach,
Bidheam luath mar fhiadh euemach ard.
- 5 'S ioma beum a fhuair Oiscan,
Agus gath a dh' fhan na fheoil;
O Linn doghruinn airde tuath,
Tha mo shuil ar leonta creuchda.
- 6 Dh' fhalbh mo leirsean le sean aois,
Eolas no leigheas bh' aig mo shimsir;
Bíodh san tinn so dhomh gu caoin,
Sudh na h-eilid seoldh 'n rathad,
'S gheibh mo radhare mar mo dhaoin.

- 7 An leighis ulluichta gu grad,
Fhuair Oisean a fhradharc, u' il ;
Bha na beauntan ciar dhubb lahdann,
'S na coilltean gun chleachd gun tur.
- 8 Dh' fheuch e tuille dhe 'n leigheas,
'S dh' fhalbh gach brethal bha dlu ;
Ach fhathasd bha chrenchdan silcach,
Leis gach gath mille na thaobh.
- 9 Bhlair e 'n Conraich shudhar shladghach,
Thuit gath 's gath caol ri caol ;
Ach dh' fhuirich aon gu daingeann tearuinte,
Dh' aindeoin fiachann sudh an fheidh.
- 10 A Ruadh 's ole a rinn thu oiran,
Bhlais thu sudh an fheidh romham ;
Cha do bhlais mi sudh an fheidh,
Thuir an Ruadh gn ladarna dana.
- 11 Bhlais thu sudh an fheidh,
Thuir Oisean an caintn ghrada ;
Cha leigheas mo chrenchdan gu brath,
Thuit gach gath o 'm thaobh ach aon.
- 12 Oeh mo raon 's truagh mi noch,
Nan geilleadh tu dom' ghuth ;
Cha bhithinn gun luth gun treoir,
Thuiteadh gach gath aon mar aon,
'S bhitheadh mo thaobh gu fallain beo.
- 13 A Ruaidh is bochd a rinn thu orm,
Tha mi nochd gun cholg gun treoir ;
Tha thu nochd gun tur, gun treoir,
Cha mhair an aois beo gu brath.
- 14 'S maith dhuit gu 'n d' fhalbh gach gath,
Ach an aon nach sgar ach bas ;
Fossa ! fossa ! ort a Ruaidh,
'Se d' ghliocas gun truaigh, gun tur.
Bheir Beal dhomhsa slainnte luath,
'S fhathasd ruaigidh fiadh san Dun.

I do not think that Ossian ever composed this, though I received it under his name. I would not, however, speak with certainty. (Dr. IRVINE'S note, about 1800.)

O. 32. MAR CHAILLEADH EACHDRUIDH NAM FIANN, NO ANACREIDEAMH PHADRIC, ON DON CHEVDNA.

Dr. IRVINE'S MS., page 142. 63 lines. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

- 1 LA gu 'n robh Selma air sunt,
Is Oisean na mhur a steach ;
Thainig 'na choir Mac Alpin liadh,
'S dh' fhiaraich ciod bu mhiann na theach ?
- 2 Is dh' fhalbh an Fheinn guntuar gun chlin,
Mar sheachd o'n tur a mach ;
Cha d' fhalbh an Fheinn a shean fhir liadh,
'S beag orm do cheil gun thachd.
- 3 'S ioma katha thug sibb sealg,
Oisein, air bbarraibh ard nan fiadh ;
Seadh, Mhic Alpin na binn ghloir ;
San ait leam do cheol gun mhiadh.
- 4 'S breagh am fiadh thair a bhord,
Oisean 's boiche *sgiamh* !
'S moth a chos na damh alluidh,
C'ait an d' fhas a leithd riann ?
- 5 Leig dhìot do bhaghail Phadric mhaoil,
Chunncas lon nach b' aogas da ;
Ma 's ionann do sgeul air an Fheinn
Cha bhi mi fein nis fuid a' d' dhail.
- 6 Led ran teine, gach tamh loig faoin,²
'S brengach do mhaoin Oisein dhòill ;
Na loisg gach sgeul, 's filidh dhan,
Mo thruaighe, cha laithair do Ullin gaoil.
- 7 Cha lathair do Charull binn guth beoil,
Cha lathair do Oran, brigh gach fonn ;
- 8 Cha lathair do Fheargus cliu gach ceoil,
Cha lathair do Ainnir, mor, no Soun ;
O Cluthail, faic mo bheadh,
Tiormaich Mo dheur gun iochd.

¹ Bìan.

² Lamh.

- 9 A Threunnhor tog mo lure broin,
A Luthainn, thig a'm' choir a nochd ;
O nach robh mi 'n Innis chuin,
Mar ri Ebhir run mo chridhe.
- 10 Mar ri Oscar ceann gach ciar,
Mar ri Fionn briathar gach ni ;
Dh' fhalbh mo spionna 's mo threoir,
'S tha mi nochd, mar cheò gun tìr.
- 11 Thoir mi, Raailh, gu coill nas geug,
Far an tric a dh' eugh an lon ;
Gu crann daraig nasal ard,
O 'n tric a leag mi gradh nan con.
- 12 Sin feucham, a Phadric, gun col,
Nach faoin ghloir mo sgeul a nochd ;
Rainig iad a choill an truir,
Oisean an cu, 's for,
- 13 Padric thainig nan deigh,
Mar fhear gun eric, gun choir,
Fhuaras an lon dubh ciar dhubb,
Le saighead dian o hinnie eile.
- 14 Shoillich leus air anam Oisein,
Thainig osna grad O Chliabh ;
An creid thu Mhic Alpin gun chonn,
An d' innis Oisean boun gun chliht.
- 15 An ionann do sgeulsa ri so,
Faicam do sgeul san fhir ;
'S ole a rinn mi Oisein fheil,
Dean rium baigh do sgeul tha 'm dhith,
- 16 Mo sgeulsa cha 'n fhaigh thu gu brath,
A bha fhir gun tar, gun chlo ;
Gabh do leabhar leathann ban
Sid am fath a mhìll mo cheol.

O 'n aon cheudna.

These two I take to be modern metrical versions of the old story told above.—J. F. C.

THE HISTORY OF THE FEINNE.

The slaying of Cumhall, the birth of Fionn, and other current prose stories about Art and Cormac, and the battles of Magh Muchdruan, and Crinna, when studied by the light of Keating's History, drop into their places. They are told in the reciters' Gaelic words. I will tell them in my English words, in their order. The Story about Oisein and Padruig is at least as old as 1512. The ballads were strung on this string before Deau Mac Gregor's time; but nobody ever wrote them all in order.

I place first:—The religious argument which proves itself to be a Christian's work, by the absence of every sign of the Pagan's creed. It must be confessed that the Christian imagined a strong Pagan character in this very strange old ballad. I have the following versions:—

A. 5. 6. 139 lines, taken from different parts of the Book, 1512, joined, divided into quatrains, and numbered. F. 5. about 1750. 132 lines. D. 4. 146 lines. Dated 1762. H. i. 284. About 1774. L. i. 105. 1784. O. 17. 122. About 1800.

In 1857, John Hawkins Simpson published, p. 42, a translation from a MS. procured in Kerry, by a Mr. J. O. Sullivan. In 1859, the Ossianic Society of Dublin published Irish and English on opposite pages, with notes. These two are very long versions. They take in many ballads, and differ materially from each other. But, nevertheless, all these contain verses which were in A. 350 years ago.

I print A. D. F. H. O., which all vary. To save space and cost, I do not print L. J. R. Dr. Young's version, L., is in the first volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. Hill's version is compared with it by the Irish collector. R. Dr. Donald Smith quotes Hill's version. The object of all then concerned was to prove or disprove the authenticity of Mac Pherson's Ossian. 'Malvina' is the equivalent of 'an Damhach,' Ossian's wife, now 'the Vat'; of old 'the Learned'—to wit, 'the Saint,' to whom the blind bard is made to tell the story. The Polemics which follow, I have never heard orally repeated. Mac Lean has heard old Irlay men talking over Oisein's wickedness.

A WIL NEEWA AG FANE EYRIN !

A. 5 and 6. A RUEDIR SO OSSIN M'FINN. 139 lines.

- 1 INNIS downe a phadrik
Nonor a leyvin
A wil neewa gi hayre
Ag mathew fane cyrrin

- 2 Veyriss zut a zayvin
A ossinn ni glooyñ
Nac wil neewa ag aythyr
Ag oskyr na ag goolle
- 3 Ach is troyg ni skayl
Channis tuss cleyrry
Mis danew clrawe
Is gin neewa ag fane eyrrin
- 4 Nac math lat a teneir
Vee tow si caythre
Gin keilt gin noskyr
Weith far zutt is taythyr
- 5 Beg a wath lwmsi
Wee ym hew si caythree
Gin keilt gin noskyr
Weith far rwm is maythir
- 6 Is farr gnwss vec neyve
Re agsin raa am lay
Na wil doyr si grwnnith
Vea aggrit gi hymlane
- 7 Innis dwne a halgin
Skayli ni caythryth noya
Verinsi zut gi hayre
Seaylli eath gawrraa
- 8 Ma sea skayll ni cathrych
Zeawris tuss a hannor
Gin netow gin nagris
Gin nenkis gin nauehoyve
- 9 Ka id muntir neyve
Is oyssil fayne eyrrin
Vil kroyss na gree
Na deilli sead cleyrri
- 10 Ni heymis is ni fane
Ni cosswil eayd ree cheyll
Neir zlass glayrre
Wea geyrre sprej
- 11 Er zraw tenni phadrik
Na fagsi ni demyh
Gin nis di ree noya
Ber a steach ni fayni.
- 12 Ga beg a chwle chromanych
Ni in dad one zat zryme
Gin nis din re woralych
Ne rey fa wil a skaye
- 13 Ne hay sin di v'cowle
Re math we sin ne faynow,
Raekteis fir in doythbin
'N a thigh wle gin nearri
- 14 Is troygh lwm a henor
Is how in derri teissi
Cha chorynich a wra sin
Ver how er mi reissi
- 15 Barr in chath layddir
Verri fenni ny fayni
Na di hearynth crawe
Is tow feyn lay cheill
- 16 Bog sin a henor
A ne an coyra bolla
Is far dea re hyulay
Na fayne errin olla
- 17 Ga taring ni layis
Is me derri meissi
Phadrik na toythr aylis
Er mathew clyni beiskni
- 18 Ne hurrian zwt aythris
Ossin v^e in reayne
Ach nath innyn far mathis
Agris flathis mi heyarni
- 19 Di marra aggwm conane
Far mewlass ni fayni
Ne legfe layd wmill di
Chonis a cleyrri
- 20 Na habbir sen a ossin
Is aumein di wrayrri
Be fest gi fostynich
Is gawe hugit me ryilt
- 21 Da wacca ni catha
Is ni braddiche grast
Ne wee ane reid id ter
Ter ach moyir ni fayni
- 22 Ossin v^e ni flaa
Mest tannyn a beithyll
Na cwne ni cath
Cha nil ag asling sin seill
- 23 Da glun ni gyir
Is meith ni shealga
Bar lat wee na warri
Na wea si chaythir noya
- 24 Troyg sin a henor
Is meithur ni schelga
Faychin gi honnor
Za wil si chaythir noa
- 25 Na habbir sin a phadrik
Is fallow di wrayrri
In deggow sin daynyth
Barr finn is no fayni
- 26 Er a lawe v^e eweissni
Ne fallow mi wrarri
Is fur angil din di hanglew
Na finn is ni faynyth
- 27 Da beanyth mir a weissith
A gath zawryth ni beymis
Di zelin in demis
Ver tow er ayne errin
- 28 Dimnyth di wor zail
Er cath di heill
Ni warrin did choyth lawyth
Ach how neiss a tenour
- 29 Da marri mi zenissi
Ne estin di choyllane
Is zoywo di hemoo
In narrik di choyrra
- 30 Da mardeis sin ulli
Si goynith ra cheilli
Ne wea mi hollu lwe
Re vii caithe ni fayni
- 31 Vii feghit nrrit
Urrit vil tuss zi cleyrrew
Di huttideis sin ulli
Lay oskir na henyr
- 32 Ta tou in der di heill
A henor gin cheyll
Scur a neiss id wreysrow
Is be fest zim rayr
- 33 Da wacca in lwcht cogthoill
A v^efin in alvin
Ne raacha za gomor
Re nuntir ni caythre noya
- 34 Aggis ner low ir dynoyll
Nor heg most gow tawri
Sanossil ni braythryth
Fane woory zi ryuis
Mathwm zwt a cleyrre
Di sgeul na hymnis.
Innis down.

D. 4. URNIDH OSSAIN. 1762-3. 146 lines.
From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Donald Mac
Pherson, May 3, 1872.

- 1 AILLIS Sgeil, a Phadric,
An Onnair do Lebbidh,
A bheil neibh gu harrid,
Aig Fianibh na Herin.
- 2 Bheirunsa Briar dhutsa
Ossain nan Glonn,
Nach heil Neibh aig Tathir,
Aig Oscar na aig Goll.
- 3 'S ole an Sgeil a Phadric,
A haggad 'dhos', a chlerich,
Com am Bithimse ri Crabbidh
Mar heil Neibh aig Fianibh Erin.

- 4 Nach Doinnigh shin, Ossain,
Fluir nan Briaribh baoille,
'S gum bearr Dia re aoin Uair,
Na Fian Erin uille.
- 5 Bearr leum aoin Chath laidir
Chunigh Fion na Feine
Na Tighearu' a Chrabhaidh shin,
Agus Ussa 'Chlerich.
- 6 Ge begg a Chuil' chranonich
Agus Monaran na Greine-
Gnn Fhios don Rìogh Mhoralich
Cha deid fo Bhligh a Sceigh.
- 7 N' saoil u 'm biunnin E 's Mac Cuthaill
An Rìogh 'bhagguin air na Fianibh,
Dhede gach Neich bha air Hallibh
Dol na Tsheolle sin gun iarridh.
- 8 Ossain ! 's fadde do Tshuain,
Erich a suas 's eist na Sallm
Fon chail n nish do Lu 's do Rath
'S nach cuir Cath ri La garbh.
- 9 Ma chail mi mo Lu 's mo Rath,
'S nach mairin Cath a bhaig Fion,
Do 'd Chleirsnichd, 's beg mo Speis,
'S do Cheoil eisicidh nin fiach lom.
- 10 Cha chual u co-math mo Cheoil,
Fo hùs an Doibhin bhoir gus a nochd.
'S ha u aoiste ann'-ghlioc Lia,
Fhir a dbiligh Cliar air Chroc.
- 11 'S trìce a dhiol mi Cliar air Chroc,
Illigh-phadric as ole Ruin.
'Se gair dhuitsa 'chain mo Chruit
Fon nach duair U Guth air bus.
- 12 Chualas Ceol os cion do Cheoil,
Ga mor a Bholis du do Chliar ;
Ceoil air nach luigh Letrom Laoich,
Faohir builk ai gan Ord Fian.
- 13 Mara tsnuigh Fion air Cnoc,
Heinne mid port do 'n Ord Fian,
Chuirridh nan Caddil na Sloigh,
'S ochain bu bhinn' e na Chliar.¹
- 14 Smeorich bhegg dhuth fo Ghleann Smàil,
Faohir nan Baise rish an Tuinn,
Heinnigh midde lethidh pairt,
'S bha shin fein 's air Cruit ro bhinn.
- 15 Bha 13 Gaohir dheig Fionn
Leigidh midde ri Gleann Smàil,
'S bu bhinnigh Glasgeirm air Conn
Na do Chlaig' a Chlerich chaibh.
- 16 Cuide ruine Fion air Dia
A riar Chliar agus seòil,
Iug e La air pronnigh Oir
'S an ath Lo air Meothir Chonn.
- 17 Aig meid Fhinthir ri Meothir Chon,
'S e dioligh Seoil gach aoin La,
'S aig Ithlad Eisamail ri Dia,
Nois ha Fion nan Fian an Laibh.
- 18 'S gann a chreidas mido Seoil,
A Chlerich, le'd Leobarb bàn,
Gnn bitlidh Fion na cho fial
Aig Duinne na aig Dia an Laibh.
- 19 Ann an Iltrin ha e 'n Laibh
Fear le 'n Sath bli pronna Oir,
Air son a Dhaimais air Dia,
Chuir iad e 'n Tighe pian fo Leon.²
- 20 Na 'n bigh Clanne Morni 'Steach,
'S clainni Baoisge na Fir Threan,
Bheirre midd Fion a mach
Na bhig an 'Teach aguin fein.
- 21 Coize Choigimibh na Herin na sheach,
'S hair Leatsa gur mor an Feim,
Cha duga sin Fion a mach,
Gad bhig an Teich agibh pein.
- 22 Nach math an Tait Iurne fein,
A Chlerich gan leir an Seoil,
Nach co math i 's flaitheas De
Ma dheothar int' Feigh as Coin.
- 23 Bha mise La air Sliagh Boid,
Agus Caoilte bu chruaidh Lann,
Bha Oscar ann 's Goll nan Sleigh,
Donil nan Fleigh raoin fo 'n Ghleus,
Fion Mac Cuthlil Corbta Bhrigh,
Bha e na Rìogh os air Cion.
- 24 Tri Micibh ard Rìogh nan Scia,
Bu bhor am Mian air dol Tsealig,
A Phadric nan Bachil fial,
Cha leigge mid Dia os air cion.
- 25 Bu bheic liom Diarnad o Duine
Agus Fearreas bu bhinn Gloir,
Na 'm bo chead leat mi gau luaidh
Chlerich nuaidh a heid do 'n Roi.
- 26 Com nach cead Com u gan luaidh,
Ach hoir tairigh gu lua air Dia ;
Fon ha nois Deirigh air Taois,
'S cuir dod Mhaoigh t-sheanfhir Le.
- 27 A Phadric, ma hug u cead
Air beggan a labhairt Duin
Nach aidich u (mas cead le Dia)
Flath nan a glra air Hus.
- 28 Cha dug mishe Comas duit,
Tshean Fhir chuir agus u lia.
Bear Mac Muire re aoin Lo,
Na Duinne gan danig riabh.
- 29 Nar ro math aig neich fon' Ghreinn
Gu 'm bear e fein na mo Tsbriach
Mac nuirnich nach deitich Cliar
Cha leiggidh e Dia os a chionn.
- 30 Na coabhid ussa Duinne ri De,
Tshein-fhir Le, na breunich e,
'S fadde fo 'n hanig a Neirt
As marrigh e ceart gu brach.
- 31 Choadinse Fion nan Fleigh,
Ri aoin meich t-sheoil san Ghreinn
Cha 'diar riabh ni air neich
'S cha bho dheir e neich na¹ Ni
- 32 Bheiramid sheic Cathin Fichid an Fhian
Air Shean Druim Cliair a Muigh
Cha duga mid Urram do Dhia
Na dhooin² Triach³ a bha air bith.
- 33 Sheic Caithibh foebid dhnibhs nar Fein.
Cha do chreid shibh 'n De nan dul
Cha bharrin Duinne gar Slioc
'S cha bheo ach Richd Ossain Uir.
- 34 Cha ne shin bu eaoirich ruin
Ach Turis Fhin a dhòl don Roi
Cummail Cath-ghaure leoin fein
Bha e cluidh air Fein gu mor.
- 35 Cha ne shin ebluidh shibh uille ann
A Mhic Fionn fo 'n gear gu 'd Re,
Eist ri Raigh Rìogh nan Bochd,
'S iar uss' a nochd Neibh dhuit fein.
- 36 Comrich an da Aibsdail deig
Gabhgh mi dho fein an Diugh
Ma rein misse pecca trom
Chuir an Cuoc na 'n Tom a Muigh.
Crich.

*Note on the manuscript.*⁴

¹ Hoiran Eichdrigh Mhaistir Donil
Ha Choimhig an Cois na Tuinne—(viz. Lismore),
An Urmhig bha aig Ossain Lìnglas
Nach ro riabh ach na' dhroich dhuinne.'

² The above stanzas were compos'd by
Duncan Riach Mac Nicol, in Glen-
orchy, commonly called Modern
Ossain.'

Laa shiùthil slethigh dho. (Fragment.)
&c. &c. &c. (All delet'd.)

¹ Or ona.

² Or Chaoin.

³ Chliar.

⁴ In 'The Gailthead' (No. 4, p. 84, Glasgow, 1872) &c.

¹ Or Chliar.

² Bhron.

ersion is printed in different orthography, from Mac Nicol's manuscripts, which I sorted in 1871. Hill's 'version J., mentioned in a note as inaccurate, was printed from the manuscript of the Dalmally Blacksmith of 1784. I print from a copy of Mac Nicol's MS. D., and from Dr. Mac Lauchlan's reading of A., and from Fletcher's MS. F. I have no confidence in any orthography, and believe that no two men now alive would agree as to spelling a page dictated in any one of the vernacular dialects of Gaelic now spoken.

F. 5. URNUIGH OISAIN. 132 lines.

Fletcher's Collection, page 9. Advocates' Library. Feb. 2, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NA OISAIN AGUS PATRIC MACALPIN AIG TAGRAPH RA CHEILE.

OISAIN.

1 INNIS dhuinne, 'Phàdruic,
Air onoir do leubhaidh ;
'Bheil neamh gu b-àraidh,
Aig Maithibh Fhian na Feinne.

PATRIC.

2 Dh' innise sin dhuitsa,
Oisain nan glond ;
Cha' neil neamh aig t-athair,
Aig Osgar no aig Goull.

OISAIN.

3 'S olc an sgeula àraidh,
Tha agad dhuinn' a Chleirich ;
Com am bithinne ri crabhadh,
Mur 'eil neamh aig Maithibh Fhian na Feinne.

PATRIC.

4 Oisain gur fada do shuain,
Eirich suas is eisd na sailm ;
Chaill thu nis do luth 's do rath,
'S cha chuir thu cath ri la-garbh.

OISAIN.

5 Mu chaill mi mo luth 's mo rath,
'S nach cuir mi cath ri la-garbh ;
Do d' chleirsneach gur beag mo speis,
'S de cheol eisdeachd in 'm fiach leom.

PATRIC.

6 Nior chual tu co-maith mo cheoil,
Bho thùs an dombunn mhoir gus a' noehd ;
'S tha thu aosda ana-ghlic biath,
Thir a dh' ioladh clìar air cnoc.

OISAIN.

7 'S tric a dhiol mi clìar air cnoc,
'Tulla Phàdruic is olc run ;
'S eucor dhuit a chain mo chruth,
Bho nach d' thuir mi guth an tùs.

PATRIC.

8 Chualas ceol bu bhinne na d' cheol,
Ge mor a mholas tu do chliar ;
Ceol air nach luigh leatrom laoch
Faobhar cuilg ris an ord Fhian.

OISAIN.

9 N' ar a shuidhe Fionn air cnoc,
'S a sheinneadh è port don ord Fhian ;
Gu 'n cuireadh è chadull na sloig,
'S och-òin bu bhinne è na do chliars.

10 Smcraiche bheag Ghlinne-smail,
'S faothar na barr ris an tom ;
Is sheinneadh-midne leò puirt,
'S bha sinn fhìn 's air cruith ro-bhinn.

11 Bha da ghaothar-dheug aig Fionn,
'S leigeamaid iad re Gleann-smail ;
'S bu bhinne leam prònuich air con,
Na da chluigse Chleirich àigh.

12 Ach ciod a rinn Fionn air Dia,
Rinn è rian chliar agus sgolp ;
Thug è latha ri pronnadh oir,
'S an ath-la ri meathair chon.

PATRIC.

13 Se miad 'ur ruighe ri meathair chon,
'S bhi diola' sgolp gach aon la,
'S gun urram a thoirt do Dhia,
Anis tha Fionn nam Fhian an laimh.

OISAIN.

14 'S olc a chreideas mi do sgeul,
A Chleirich le d' leabhar bàn ;
Gu biodh Fionn Mac Cuthail no cho fial,
Aaig duine na aig Dia ann laimh.

PATRIC.

15 Tha è 'n ifrinn ann an laimh,
'M fear le ghma bhi pròma' oir ;
'S thabhb miad a dhi-meas air Dia,
Chuirte è 'n tigh pian fu' bhron.

OISAIN.

16 N' am biodh Clanna-Baoisge a steach,
'S Clanna Moirne nam fear trein ;
Bheireamaidne Fionn a mach,
Neo bhiodh an teach again fein.

PATRIC.

17 Maithean na Feinne na seach,
Leasta ge bu mhor an t-euchd ;
Cha tugadh sud Fionn a mach,
Ni mo bhiodh an teach agaibh fein.

OISAIN.

18 Is ciod è au t aite ifrinn fein,
A Chleirich a kùbas an sgoil ;
Nach bu co-maith è ri flaitheas De,
Na faighcamaid ann feidh is coin.

PATRIC.

19 Ge beag a chu' ill chroannach,
Is mònanan na grèine ;
Cha theid gun fhios don Rìgh mhoralach,
Fu' bhar bhlibh a sgeidhsan.

OISAIN.

20 Cha b' ionnan è 's Fionn mac Cuthail,
An Rìgh bh' againn air na Fiaunaibh ;
Dh' fhaodadh Tr an domhunn,
Dol na thallasan gun iarraidh.

PATRIC.

21 Na coi-meas thus duine ri Dia,
'Sa shean fhir leith na breithnich è ;
'S fhad bho thainig a reachd,
Is seasnhaidh a cheart gu la bhra.

OISAIN.

22 Choi-measainse Fionna mac Cuthail,
Ri aon neach a sheall sa ghrèin ;
Cha d' iarr e riamh ni air neach,
'S cha mhò dh' eur è neach mu ni.

23 Thug sinne latha air sliabh Bhòid,
Bha Caoite am 's bu chruaidh a lamh ;
Osgar agus Gòll nan sleagh,
Diarmad on Mhaoth 's Fraoch on Ghleann.

24 Fionn mac-Cuthail bu mhor prìs,
Bha è na Rìgh oirn san àm ;
'S a Chleirich nam bachull fiall,
Cha leigeamaid Dia bhos air cionn.

PATRIC.

25 'Se sin a chuir as dhiubh riamh,
Nach do chreid sibh 'n Dia nan dul ;
'S cha mhairthean duine d'ar siochd,
'S ni beo ach riochd Oisain iar.

OISAIN.

26 Cha b'è sin a chuir as dhuinn,
Ach turus Fhian 'dhol don Roimh ;
Bhi cuir cath araid leinu fein,
'Se chuir as d' ar Feinn gu mòr.

PATRIC.

27 'S olc leam sin 'naitse Oisain,
Fhir nan briathra' bòile ;
'S gum b' fhearr Dia ri aon uair,
Na Fhian na Feinne uile.

OISAIN.

28 B' fhearr leamsa aon chath laidir
A chuireadh Fhian na Feinne ;
Na Tighearna a chràbhaidh sin,
Is thusa a Chleirich

PATRIC.

20 Eisd ri radhadh Rìgh nam bochd,
Is iarr a nochd neanbh dhuìt fein;
'S bhon tha deire fighinn air t'aois,
Tog dod' mhaois a shean fhìr leith.

OISAIN.

30 Bn bheachd leam bli tighinn air Diarmad.
'S air Fearghus bu bhinne gloir;
Na bu chead leat mi gan luaidh,
Chleirich nuadh 'theid don Roimh.

PATRIC.

31 Com nach cead leam thu gan luaidh,
Ach thoir aire gu luath air Dia;
'S bho tha crìoch a teachd air t'aois,
Tog do d' bhaosig a shean fhìr leith.

32 ¹ Cha tugaime a fha do neach,
Leis bu dochadh mi fein na me chliar,
Mhac muirnich a chualas riamh;
Ach Flath nam Fiann a raite air thus.

33 Conraich an da-abstail-deug.
² Gabhamsa dbomb fein a nochd;
'S ma rinn mise peacadh trom,
Biodh è an slochd nan tam nan cloich.

H. I. THE DIALOGUE. 234 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 168. Advocates' Library, January 3, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THERE was none alive of the Heroes at last but Ossian only, and one of his daughters married to Peter Mac Alpin, or rather St. Peter, who came from Rome to learn the Christian Religion to the Inhabitants of Ireland (to which he addressed all these Poems). And St. Patrick was endeavouring to learn his father-in-law all the principles of Religion, which was very hard to do in his old age, when all his faculties and senses waxed weak by decay and sorrow. Sometimes he had some regard for it, and some other times he would not stay to hear it; it would be as bitter to his ears as the Worm-wood and Gall to his tongue, and he would rather to sing his own Poems than the Psalms of David, and he thinks them to be nothing in comparison to his own melodious songs. He asked one day of St. Peter were all the Heroes in Heaven, and he said that they were not, and they disputed a while about that; St. Peter was still admonishing him to believe in God and to give over his foolish talking, and not to have such an opinion of God, until he made him pray at last to the Apostles, which confirms that it was after Christ's death then, when he asked pardon of his sins from them.

DAN 29.

1 IXXIS dhambsa Phádraig,
O' onoir a dheadh leabhidh;
Am bheil neo' gu h'áraidh
Ag naisle fearadh Eirann?

2 'Bhcireamsa dearbha dhuitsa,
Oisain nan glonn;
Nach 'eil neo' aig d' Athair,
Aig Oscar no aig Goll.'

3 'S ole an sgeúl a Phádraig,
A th' agad dhambsa Chleirich;
C' ar son a bhitheamsa re crabhadh,
Mar bheil neo' aig Fiantidh Eirann.

4 'S górach leam sin Oisain,
Fhìr nam briathraibh bailaisg;
'S gu b' fhearr Dia re aon uair,
No Fiantidh Eirann uile.'

5 B' fhicarr leamsa aon chath láideir,
A chuireadh Fiantidh Eirann;
No Tighearna chrabhidh sin,
Agus tusa Chleirich.

6 'No coi'-meas thusa duine re Dia,
No breathnich fhìr liath re d' lá;
'S fhad o na thainig a rath,
Is maithridh e mia' gu bráth.'

7 Choi-measainnsa Fionn nam fleadh,
Re aon neach a'ta fuidh 'n ghréin;
Cho d' iarr e riamh ni air neach,
'S aon ni do neach cho mhó dh' éur.

8 'No coi-meas thusa chaoidh Fionn,
Re neach a bha ann o thús;
Sa bhitheas anois sa ris,
Gun cheann crìoch no deireadh úin.'

9 Cìod e a ghné dhuine sin,
A bhitheas anois 's gu bráth;
'S neach raibh toiseach aig a bhith,
Cho duim e ach Spiorad fias.

10 'Cho mhodha na sin is seadh,
A fhaair bri' no blagh no cáil;
O ni no neach tha air chuan,
No air talbhinn fhuair a bhá.'

11 Cìod e a ghné Spioraid e,
Nach d' thainig o neach a bha;
Air an talamh no air chuan,
Mor Spiorad fhuar bheantidh árd.

12 'Cho ne Spiorad bheantidh fhuar,
Th' ann ach bith tha shuas do ghná;
Ann 's na fàitheasaibh is mó,
Far an lionmbor glóir is grás.'

13 Cìod idir an Spiorad e,
A th' ann 's na neamhidh is áird;
Far an saibhir grás is glóir,
Feadh gach lu gun sgar gun bráth.

14 'Spiorad a chruthaich an cuan,
Is an talamh fuaridh bráit;
Gach ni agus neach a th' ann,
Gun chonamh ann an sea láith.'

15 'S ionngeantach an spiorad leom,
A chruthaich am fónn san cuan;
Gun chonamh no iarrtas neach,
An sea láith le neart a suas.'

16 'Creideam gur h ionngeantach leat,
O! neach d' fhuair thu beachd no iúl;
Air an tí tha 'm fàitheasa shuas,
Far nach crìochnaich luadh nìr cliú.'

17 Cìod e 'n t áite fàitheasa fein,
A Chleirich d' an leir gach ole;
Nach coi-maith an talamh fein, (or rè)
Na 'm fìn' t' ann cìbhneas is loin.

18 'Oisain 's amaideach do ghlóir,
Gun dadam eólais no sgeóil;
'N uair a choi'-measa tu fein,
Aros De re fiathach lon.'

19 Cìa ris deir thu áros De,
'N ann ris na spéura' ud shiar;
O 'n d' thig sneachd, is nìsg, is gaoth,
Teime bhaoghach is mór fiath.

20 'Oisain struagh dhuìt a bli beó,
Gun ghrásaibh, gun treóir no ciall;
Ach mar Eilid an dalla cheó,
Nach d' fhuair braon do dh' eólas Dia.'

21 Do fhuair mi eólas is iúl,
Cho maith sa bha Mur na Feinn;
Gu s'éinn Clarseich agus ciúil,
D' ánaibh úr, is sealg an fhéidh.

22 'No coi-meas thusa gu bráth,
Sealg is Clarsaichibh is duain;
Re eólas bhí air lág Dhe,
An tí leirsinnach tha buan.'

23 'Am bheil leirsinn is fios aig,
Air gach ni a'ta fuidh 'n ghréin;
Gach creatair tha ann sa chuan,
'S air an talbhinn suas le chéil.'

24 'S deimhin gu bheil fios sin aig,
Air gach creatair tha air lár;
Mar an cenda ann sa chuan,
S'e fein dhealbh iad suas le laimh.'

25 'Am bheil fios aige gach uair,
Air ar cómhradhne 's air rádh;
'N uair a bhios sinn ann ar snain,
Is tra bhios sinn tinn is slán.'

¹ 'This verse ought to be placed opposite and sooner, i.e. after the 25th verse.

² Iarramsa.

- 26 'Tha fios aige air gach nì,
A labhair gach siol is àll;
Is gach slàinte agus león,
A thig feadh gach ló o lúimh.'
- 27 'S ro' ole leom a nì e sin,
A chuireas nimh agus cráth;
Air na daoine a rinn e,
C' om an deanamh sin gu brath.'
- 28 'Nì e e gan toirt fuì' chis,
Chums 's gu strìocha gach neach dh'a;
Gun deauamh imchuidh fàidheoidh,
Gu dol comhladh ris gu bráth;
- 29 'Am fuidh sinne dol gun fhios,
'S tigh do 'n ionad siu leinu fein;
Chum 's gu biodhmaid ann gu bráth,
Ann na Aros le Mac De.'
- 30 'Uidhir na cuiláig a nì srann,
No monaran fann na gréin;
Cha d' theid gun fhios do 'n Rìgh mhór,
D'a aros gloirmhor r'a re.'
- 31 'S miodhurach leam fein a sheol,
Nach d' theid monaran na gréine;
Gun fhios d' a do fhlaithes suas,
Masa farsuing buan a reiteach.
- 32 'Nì 'm fuigh gu sìorruidh aon neach,
Dol a steach gu 'n cheud on lù so;
'S gun bhì saor o chron 's ghó,
Cho 'n fluigh còmhnuidh ann na Rìoghachd.'
- 33 Cho' b' ionnan is Fionn Mac Chutbail,
An Rìgh bh' again air na Fiantidh;
Dh' fhéudadh gach neach bheir an talamh,
Teachd na thallasan gun iarraidh.
- 34 'No coi-meas a choidhch a thalla,
Re teach fhlaithes is na Trionaid;
Cha raibh eólas aig air matheas,
Ach air cathaibh agus piantidh.'
- 35 'Bha sin eólas ais is aithne,
Cho mbaith sa tha fós re fhaotainn;
Cha deach' e riamh a chur catha,
Ach da aindeóin, 'n uair bu bhaochlach.'
- 36 'Cha d' fluair e eolas air Dia,
Cha b' e mhiann o thús a lá:
Uime sin cho 'n eil e shuas,
Ann ionad na luth-ghair.'
- 37 Cìod e 'n d' ionad am bheil Fionn,
Au tí b' ainmeala a bha;
An tigh Teamhradh bhinn nan ténd,
Far am b' eibhinn béul gach Bard.
- 38 'Tha Fionn ann an ifrionn shìos,
'S cho d' thig e' nìos gu la bhráth;
Le lughad sa rinn e bhun a Dia,
Bidh e 'n tigh nam pian fuì' chradh.'
- 39 'S ole a chreideas mi do sgéul,
A Chleirich le d' leabhar bán;
Gu bheil Fionn mo choi'-fhial,
Aig duine no aig Dia an lúimh.'
- 40 'Tha e an Ithuirne 'n lúimh,
Ge d' b'e ghna' bhì pronnadh óir;
'S aig mead aim-beartan air Dia,
Tha e 'n tigh nam pian fuì' bhrón.'
- 41 'Nam bu bheó Coirreal is Goll,
Diarmaid donn is Oscar aigh;
Cho leigeadh iad Fionn nam Fiann,
Aig duine no aig Dia an lúimh.'
- 42 'Ge d' bu bheó Coirreal is Goll,
Diarmaid donn is Oscar aigh;
Cho d' thugadh iad Triath nam Fiann.
Gu sìorruidh e pian s' e cradh.'
- 43 Nam biodh Clanna Baoisge steach,
'S Clanna Mornna nam fear tréun;
Bheir' maide Fionu amach,
Neo bhiodh an teach againn fein.
- 44 'Cuige cutha na h-Eirann air fad,
Air leatsa gu'm bu mhor am féum;
Cha d' thugadh iad Fionn amach,
Ge d' bhiodh an teach aca fein.'
- 45 Cìod e 'n d' áit Ithuirne fein,
A Chleirich gan léir an sgoil;
Nach coi-mhairt e 's flaitheas De,
Na 'm fuighinn ann feidh is eóin.
- 46 'Oisain leam 's flada do shuain,
Eirich suas is eist na sailm;
O 'n chaill thu do ruth 's do rath;
'S nach cuir thu cath re latha gearbh.'
- 47 Ma chaill mi mo ruth 's mo rath,
'S nach cuir mi cath re latha garbh;
Do d' Chleirsinnachd 's beug mo spéis,
'S do cheól eisdeachd cho 'n fhiach leam.
- 48 'Cho chuala tu cho mháth mo cheóil,
O thús an domhain mhor gus a noc;
'S thu gu h aosmhór, an-ghlic liath,
Fhìr is tric a dhìoil eliar air enoc.'
- 49 'N aile 's tric a dhìoil mi eliar air enoc,
Ille Phádraig is ole rún;
'S ea-coir dhuitsa cháin mo chruth,
O nach d' fluair mi guth o thús.
- 50 'Cha do cháin mise do chruth,
Ge d' thubhairt mi riut gu cìuin;
Gu raibh thu gu h an-ghlic liath,
'S nach d' chual thu riamh cho mhai' mo chiuil.'
- 51 Chualas na b' fhearr na do cheól,
Ge mór a mholas tu do chlér;
Ceól air nach d' luigh leith-trom laoiach,
Am faol cuilg bh' aig caoinn na Feinn'.
- 52 'No coi'-meas gu bráth faol garbh,
Re sailm Dhaibhidh chalma ghráidh;
'S nì mo-choi' measas re' d' ré,
Re Clag Teambal Dhe nan grás.'
- 53 'Bha sea Lothaim deug aig Fionn,
'S leigeanaid iad re gleann smáil;
'S lu bhinne leam frosnach ar con,
Na do chlog a Chleirich cháich.'
- 54 'S amaideach leam fein do ghlóir,
Feadh an ló gun sgur no tímh;
'N uair a choi-measa tu fein,
Coin na Féinn re 'm Chlag gu h' árd.'
- 55 Cha bu coi-meas Coin na Feinn,
Re d' chlog tiamhidh féin air máil;
'S ann a bhios bronach gach neach,
Re h ám tionail mu d' theach cráidh.
- 56 'Oisain 's gorrach leam do luadh,
A toirt fuath gach uair do ghrás;
B' fhearr leat frosnach Chon na Feinn,
No bhì g' eisteachd mo lua'-ghair.'
- 57 'B' ionmhuinne leamsa gach ré,
Frosnach chon na Feinn sa ghleann;
A lathach nan Dáimh 's nan Aogh,
No na bheil a bhlagh a' d' cheann.'
- 58 'S baothail thu Oisain mhic Fhinn,
Gur neo' Chìun do chómbradh cearr;
Dhòth thu do Chona' na Féinn,
Na 's mo no mhac De 's da rádh.'
- 59 Bha seachd Chathanaibh san Fheinn.
An mháth am féum 's gach ám air bith;
'S cha d' thug iad urram do Dhia,
No Cheann eliar a b' fhiata cith.
- 60 'Se sin a chlaoidh sibhsa riamh,
Nach do chreid sibh Dia nan dúl;
Cha mhairtream an diu duine d' ar slìochd,
'S cha bheo ach riochd Oisain úr.'
- 61 Cha b' e sin a rinn ar claoidh,
Ach turas Fhinn a dhòl do 'n Roimh;
Siune cumail Cath-cabhara leinn fein
Sa claoidh ar Féinne gu ro-mhor.
- 62 'Bu chubhaidh sin eiridh dhuibh,
Tuiteam is bhur claoidh le cáich;
Oir b'e bhur rún is bhur miann,
Bhì cosgairt nan eliar gach lá.'
- 63 'Cha b' e sin a bu bhéus duinn,
An dream chaomh a b' úire bha;
Cha d' rinn riamh marbha' no leóin,
Ach 'n tra' slóigh oirnn' cearr.'

- 64 'Ma 's fhearr leatsa gu la bhráth,
A bhí gáirdeach no fúí' bhrón;
Thoir urram is cliú do Dhia,
Is dean a riar gach trá-nóin.'
- 65 'An toir mise cliú le gean,
Do neach nach fhaca mí riamh;
B' anusa leam a bhí tra-nóin,
A min eisteachd glóir nam Fiann.'
- 66 'Oisain 's ceannuilte re' d' bheachd,
A Chleir-fheachd sin nach raibh tlá;
Leis nach b' ionmhuinn cliú an Triath.
A shein riamh ach iarguin bhlar.'
- 67 Gur beachd leam Diarmaid, is Coireall,
'S Fearadhas bu bhaghara glóir;
Na' m bu chead leat mí da' n luadh,
Chleirich thruaigh a theich o'n Róimh.

- 68 'C'om nach ceud leam thu d'an luadh,
Ach thoir aithr' gu luath air Dia,
Le d' nile dhúrachd 's do ghradh,
Ma 'n glac am bas thu gu fhiath.'
- 69 A Phádrúic ma thugas ceud,
Beagan beag a labhairt dhúinn;
Anlais ma-sa ceud le Dia,
Flath nam Fiann a radh air thús.
- 70 'Cha d'thug mise comas dhuit,
A shean-fhír churta gun chiall,
'S aun a thuir rint gun bhréag,
Iarruidh neamh is lagh' o' Dhia.'
- 71 Comraic an dá Ostail déug,
Gabhamsa dhámh fein a noc;
'S ma rinn mise freadach tróm,
Biodh e 'n luadh, san tóim san cnoc.

O. 17. URNUIGH OISEIN. 120 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 98. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.
Edinburgh, March 29, 1872.

- 1 INNIS dhuinn a Phadrig, (aithris)
Air onar do leughadh;
Bheil neamh gu h-araid,
Aig maithibh fir na Feinne.
- 2 Bheirinnse briathar dhuitsa,
Oisean nan glonn;
Nach eil neamh aig t-athair,
Aig Oscar no aig Goll.
- 3 'S olc an sgeul araid,
Th' agadsa dhomb a Chleirich;
Cum a bithinnse rí crabha,
Mar 'eil neamh aig maithibh fir na Feinne.
- 4 Oisean gur fada do shuain,
Éirich suas is cisd na sailm;
Chailt thu nis do lugh 's do ragh,
Cha chuir thu cath ri la garbh.
- 5 Ma chailt mise mo lugh 's mo ragh, (rath)
Mar cuir mí cath ri la garbh;
Do d' ghlaggar gur beag mospeis, (al. chleirsneachd)
Do cheol eisdeachd cha 'n fhiu leam.
- 6 Cha chual thu riamh cho maith ri m' cheol,
O thus an domhain mhór gu nochd;
Tha thu aosda anaglic liath, (al. aglaidh)
Fhír a dhioladh cliar air chnoc.
- 7 Ghille Phadric 's ole run, (ole leam)
'S eucóir dhuit a chain mo chruth, (deacair)
'S nach d' fhuair mí guth o thus. (an tus)
- 8 'N nair a shuidhe Fionn air a chnoc,
'S ghlabhadh e port *as an* airde Fionn; (air)
Chuireadh e chodal na sloigh,
'S a chain bu bhinne na cliar,
- 9 Bha da ghadhar dheug aig Fionn,
Nuair rachadh iad nan deannu rí gleann;
Bu bhinne leamsa fros nan gadhar,
Na do ghlagsa chleirich chaisg.

- 10 Is leigcamaid iad rí gleann smail,
Bu bhinne leam prósnaic ar con;
Na do thuigse Chleirich aigh.
- 11 Smeorach bheag ghlinn smail,
'S faighinn na bar ris an tom;
Shinneamaid na leth phuirt,
Bha sinn fein 's an cruit, ro bhinn.
- 12 Latha dhuinne air shiabh Boid,
Mac Connuil nan fleagh 's Ronull o'n ghleann;
Bha Caoilte bu chrnaidh lann,
Oscar is Goll na sleagh.
- 13 Dearmad na fleagh 's Fraoch o'n ghleann,
Fionn Mac Cuthail bu mhór brigh;
- 14 B' fhearr leamsa an chath laidir.
Chuireadh Fionn san Fheinne;
Na Tighearna a chrabha' 's thusa chleirich,
Cha tugainse faimsa do neach.
- 15 Fionn Mac Cuthail oirnn mar bhreithe,
'Se na righ os ar ceann;
'Sa Phadric nam bachul fial,
Cha leigcamaid Dia os ar ceann.
- 16 Na coimeas duine rí Dia,
Sheau fhear liath 's na bretech e;
'S fada o'n thainig a neart,
'S mairidh e ceart gu brath.
- 17 Choimeasainse Fionn nam fleagh,
Rí aon neach a sheall sa ghreim;
Cha do iarr e riamh ní air neach,
'S ní mo dh' eur e neach ma ní.
- 18 Ge beag a *cheuibhil* chrananach, (chulag)
Is monaran na greine;
Cha teid gun fhios do 'n righ mhoralach,
Fo bhar bhilan na sgeithe.
- 19 Cho b' ionann Dia is Fionn Mac Cuthail,
An righ bh' againn air na fiannaibh;
Dh' fheadhadh fir an domhain,
Dol na thalsa gun iarraidh.
- 20 'S olc leam sin natsa Oisein,
Fhír nam briathra b' fhoile; (b' aile)
Gu 'm b' fhearr Dia rí aon nair,
Na Fionn 's an Fheinne uile.
- 21 'S e sin a chuir as duibh riamh,
Nach do chreid sibh Dia nan dul;
Ní mairrean duine do 'r sliochd,
Cha bheo ach riochd Oisein uir.
- 22 Cha b' e sin chuir as duinn,
Ach turus Fhinn dol do 'n Roimh;
A bhí eur cath araid leimn fein,
Sid chuir as do'r Feinn gu mor.
- 23 Ach ciod rinn Fionn air Dia?
Rinn e rian chliar as solg;
Thug da latha a' pronnadh oir,
'S an treas la rí meaghair chon.
- 24 'Se meud 'ur radh rí meaghair chon, (n' iugh)
'S bhí *díoladh sgoibh* gach aon la (dissal sgal)
Gun urram a thabhart do Dhia,
Chuir Fionn na Fiann an sas.
- 25 'S olc a chreideas mí do sgeul,
A chleirich led' leathar bán;
Gu 'm bitheadh Fionn no co fial,
Aig duine no aig Dia an lamh.
- 26 Tha e 'n Ifrinn an lamh,
Am fear le 'n gnath bhí pronna' oir;
Thaobh meud a dhimeas air Dia,
Chuir' e 'n tigh nam pian fo bhron.
- 27 Nam bitheadh clann O' baoisge a steach,
Is Clanna Morna nam feachd treun;
Bheireamaid Fionn a mach,
No bhítheadh an teach againn fein.
- 28 Cuignear a *choquibh* na h-Eirin, (chuigibh)
Leatsa ge bu mhór an t-euchd,
Cha tugadh sibh Fionn a mach,
Ní mo bhítheadh an teach againn fein.

- 29 Ach ciod an t-aite Ifrinn fein,
A ehleirich a leughas an sgoil?
Nach bu cho maith ri flaitheas De,
Nam faigheamaid ann feidh is coin.
- 30 Eisd ri rath righ nam boehd,
As iar a nochd neamh dhuit fein;
Ona tha duna' tighinn air t-aois,
'Tog a Mhaoisg a shean fhir liath.
- 31 Comrich an da Abstail dheng
Gabhamsa dhomh fein a nochd;
'S ma rinn mise peacadh trom,
Biodh e 'n sloc no 'n tom, no 'n cloich.

Got from Donald Mac Iver, alias Robertson, and Charles Robertson foresaid. 1802 and 1808.

OISEIN'S LAMENT. A. 7. 8. 9.

The following fragments from the Dean's Book, can be recognized in some shape in other places, but I have not found them orally preserved in Scotland.

A. 7. TYLYCH FINN. 16 lines.

A HOUDIR OSSAN M'FINN.

- 1 Di chonna mee tylych finn,
Is ner vai tylych teme trea,
Aggum di chonna mee scheve,
Di vontir in ir in nea
- 2 Di chonna mee tylych art,
Far lar vac donna binni
Far is farre ne agga mi.
Di chonna mee tylych finn
- 3 Dane vaga mir a chonna mee,
Chonna, m'ynlain fa yna
Owcht is mark na vagga ea.
Di chonnek mai tylych finn
- 4 Goym ree ni iyg noch gi olk,
Za vil er mo chinni.
Sin serra marreine o faynna,
Dyth chonna ma tylych finn.
Di chonna mee tylych.

A. 8. IS FADDA NOCH NI NELLI FIYM. 36 lines.

A HOUDIR SO OSSIN.

- 1 Is fadda noch ni nelli fiym,
Is fadda liym in nycheith ryr
In lay dew gay fadda zoyth,
Di bi lor fadda in lay de
- 2 Fadda lwmmi gych lay za dik,
Ne mir sen di cleachta dom
Gin deowe gin danyth cath,
Gin wea feylim class dlweth
- 3 Gin nenith gin choill gin chrut,
Gin fronith crewi gin zneive gray
Gin deillych ollom zor,
Wea gin neilli, gin oill fley
- 4 Gin chin er swrri na er selgi,
In da cherd rey in royth me
Gin dwlli in glaow no in gath,
Oichane ach is derrick dow
- 5 Gin wraith er ellit no er feyg,
Ne lawle sin bi wane lom
Gin loeg er chonvert no er chon,
Is fadda noch na nelli fiym
- 6 Gin errith gaske gnaath,
Gin nimert mir abaili hni
Gin snaw zar leithre er loch,
Is fadda, etc.
- 7 Din teill mir a ta mee,
Is trowig er bea mir a ta siun
Menir a taruing clach,
Is fadda, etc.
- 8 Derri ni feyni far noiss,
Is mee Ossin mor n'finni,
Gesticht re gowow clukki,
Is fadda, etc.

- 9 Faye a phatrik zocin o zea,
Fiss in nini in bea sinni
Gith serrir marrien roith locht,
Is fadda, etc.
- Is fadda.

A. 9. A TARRING CLOOCH. 48 lines.

AUCTOR HUIJUS OSSEANE M'FINN.

- 1 ANVINE in nocht nart mo lawe
Ne ell mi coozein er laar
Is nee enyth zof waa bronych
Ym zebil trog sennorych
- 2 Troyg gi neith cheddeyth doif
Seach gi dwn er twne talwon
Re tarring clach a hallinn
Gow reling hulchin talzing
- 3 It ta wrskal aggwme zat
Er ir zi wuntir phatrik
Estith re astenyth innu
Schal beg er tocht zin talgin
- 4 Brwin di rinnyth in swnn
Er sleywe quoalgein moelyth lwmm
Di churri er feanow phail
Ywir in ta hunwail
- 5 Da draue din wrwin wroyth
Chur finn er clan morn
Agus in trane elli zeit
Orms is er clannow kiskneith
- 6 Hugas fregryth nar choyr
Er m'cowle v'tranewoyr
Hurd nach bein fada fa smacht
Is nach danyth doo geilleicht
- 7 Di weit Finn fada na host
In leich nac burras a cosga
F'er gin noyin gin eggill
Nor a quayl in doo regryth
- 8 Is sea coyrra di raa rwmi
Flath eanyth ny vane finn
Bea tou schell a tarring clooch
Ma in deyt how in weit wronyth
- 9 Di zeyrris is sin ra erg soss
O vak cowle a rinzerga
Sea lenn me din nane awnyth
Cathrow chath croychalm
- 10 Fastir miss ag in nane
Verrir royssa my wraa feyn
In lwcht a wa gin heit ann
Is da in deit id tame gi anvin
- 11 Faa meith in coythryth croo din nane
In gath crwnvonyth Anvin
Ymyth nac gin anyth ann
Da in tallyth tame gyth anvin anvin
- 12 Anvin in nocht cley mo curp
Credwdm di wraer padrik
Eddir lawe is chass is chenn,
It tame ullith gi anvin anvin
Anvin.

A. 10. IN SOO CHONNICH MAA IN NAYNE.
36 lines.

THIS fragment places the House of Padruig on the site of Fionn's house, that is to say, on the Hill of Allen, in Meath. It also names many of the warriors. H. 2. I. 3. are Kennedy's versions of the ballad, collected about 1774. Dr. Smith had H. 2. from Kennedy. At page 328 of his book in the English, as he made it in 1780. At page 306 in his book of 1787 is the Gaelic which he made out of Kennedy's copy and others which he had. St. Patrick has become Malvina, and all the names have Latin endings, but nevertheless the passage and the ballad had a common ancestor in A. 10. Kennedy's second version may be compared with his first, and with Dr. Smith, and with A. 10. by those who care to investigate this subject. To me it seems clear that Mac Pherson's Ossian had got such hold of his cotemporaries that they could not leave a ballad alone. Kennedy's sins were small, as appears from a close examination of H. 1.

A HOUDIR SO OSSIN.

- 1 IN soo chonnich maa in nayne,
Di chonnich ma caynan is goile
Finni is oskir mi vacki
Rynith is art is dermit doone
- 2 M'lowith kynkeith ni gaeg
Garrith derk is ey beg
Is ey m'carrith nor heyme
Ni tre finni is fed
- 3 Glass is gow is garri
Galwe nu gead is conane brass
Gole is ewin m'gwillie
Sokkith m'fynni is bran
- 4 Keilt m'ronane ni guth
Doywn coylin is leym er gleinni
Is caedith a fronith or
Is fer one wayne var by vinni
- 5 Baynith m'Brassil ni lanni
M'chromchin teani m'yn suail
Agus oskir m'carrith zerve
Ni tre balwa is ni tre skail
- 6 Tre boyane zhinni schroill
Tre rwell o voynith reith
Vii mic cheilt ni glass
Tre zlassni zlessra nyn ser
- 7 Tre beath chnoki durt
Be veddeis fa wurni znath
Deach m'eithit vorn vor
Oissi teacht er boie id tad
- 8 In soo a chonich ma in nane
Boyine eall di chenchyth koyll
In dimchill ossin is inn
Swle zhinni di fronfre or
- 9 Fer loo is kerrill croye
Di verdeis boye er gyth catht
Fay canym is felune feall
Di chonnich mi ead in soo
In soo chonni.

H. 2. CAOIDH OISLAIN. 68 lines.

Kennedy, 1st Collection, page 179. Advocates' Library.
January 3, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

How Ossian lamented the Heroes one day he was
walking on a hill where they had a fortress, and used to
be singing, feasting, and hunting.

DAN 30.

- 1 So far am faca mi 'n Fhiann,
Chionnamar ann Cian agus Conn;
Fionn fein is Oscar mo mhac,
Raonidh, Art is Diarmaid donn.
- 2 Mac-Inthaich is Caoin-cheann gun chealg,
Daoire dearg agus Aogh beag;
Aogh mac Gharaidh nach tinn,
Na tri Finn agus Fead.
- 3 Glais, agus Geambail, is Geir,
Re cuimhneach nan ceud shonn bras;
Goll mac Rìoghnaich dhuinn,
Eoghan mac Fhinn agus Bran.
- 4 Seachd mic Chaoilte nan Iua' chas,
Na tri Ghlais o shràid nan saor;
Na tri Fiaghain bu ghriun dóidh,
'S na tri Criegheala bu mhor aoidh.
- 5 Na tri Oseair Gharaidh ghairbh,
Na tri Bailbh, is na tri sgar;
Beinnidh mac Freasdaill nan lann,
Troidh chruinn teann, is Mac-o-smáil.
- 6 Caoilte mac Ronan nan cuach,
An Goll guairn, is Leum air linn;
Cend laoch le 'm pointe or,
'S fear o 'n Bho' ain le bheurla bhíun.
- 7 Moran is Fílidh nan duan,
Conal suaire na caint thá;
Cuth-fhraoch a b' fhearr re tim crua'i,
No caogad do shluagh Rì Pháil.

- 8 Muirne Torman agus Seamh,
Ardan Treun fhear 's Coirreal áigh;
Cleasa mór an gaisgeach calm,
Agus Fearr-ghuth nan lann bán.
- 9 Crua' fhear lua' bhenmach gun mhéin,
Colla féat agus Cúinl thlá;
Muireach Meamnach agus Brian,
Fir gun fhiá' roi' iarguin bhlar.
- 10 Faoghlan mo dhea' bhrathair fein,
'S Faradhas béin dearg bu bhinn glóir;
Treun-fhear Treabhal agns Art,
Na lán ghaisgich a b' fhearr doidh.
- 11 Fad-éighe nan ioleach ernaid,
'S Raonac ruadh an leadain óir;
Luimneach 's Leadan nan rosg máll,
Breacan ármach, is gnóis og.
- 12 Maoth chruth, Torman is Caomh, bhéul,
'S Ceolmhor bu bhinn béns tra' nóin;
Is Faoghlan mo bhrathair fein
Ochain nach roibh 'n d' féin do 'm chóir.
- 13 Cruth-geal lóinreach is Deó-gréin,
A shoilse' measg chéud air magh;
'S a Mílidh áluin nach d' eilaon,
Riamh na laoich re lim an gail.
- 14 Faoghlan, Suine, is Connlaoch,
Na treun laoich bu mhai' sa chath;
Muireach, 's Brastalan mac Fhraoich,
So an t aog a rinn an sgath.
- 15 Dubh chumir, s Aille mo ghráidh,
Is mic Smáile nan cleas lúidh;
Garbh is Conan mac Mornn,
'S mi tha air mo leon gan túrs.'
- 16 'S mac smhail ar luas san ló'd,
Mar shrann-ghaoth, no ceó nam beann;
Fionn is a dha Choin air éill,
Bha iad fein air thús sa ghleann.
- 17 O nach maithrean ach mise dhúin fein,
'S nach 'eil mi do reir na sgoil;
'Nois o chnaidhe air mo ghleas
'S truaigh mo thuras fein an so.

I. 3. TUIRIDH NAM FIANN. 68 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 158. Advocates' Library.
April 12, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

In this second copy Kennedy seems to have picked up
names and variations. I have marked the most important
with *. It is curious to see how verse and assonance
govern these changes.

- 1 *So far am facas an Fhiann,
*Chunnaeas ann Brian agus Conn;
Fionn fein is Oscar mo Mhac,
Raini', Art, is Diarmaid donn.
- 2 Mic Luthaich, is Caoin-cheann gun chealg,
Daire dearg, agus Aogh beag;
Aogh Mac Gharai' nach tinn,
*Na tri Minn agus Fead.
- 3 Glais agus Geambail, is Geir,
Ri cuimhneachadh nan ceud shonn bras;
Goll mac Rìobhanaich dhuinn,
*Eodhan mac Mhinn nan lu-chas.
- 4 Seachd mic Chailte nan Iua-chas,
*Na tri Glais o Aird an t-saor;
*Iodhlan is Luthar is Leng
*Is tri chend do shìochd inghean Taoibh.
- 5 *Na tri Toscair Gharai' ghairbh,
Na tri Bailbh is na tri Seair;
Beinnidh mac Freastail nan lann,
*Troil' chruinn, Cam is Mac O Smail.
- 6 Cailte Mac Ronan' nan cuach,
An Goll guairn is Leum air linn;
'S an cend laoch le 'm pointe or,
*S fear o 'n Bho' ain bu cheolmhor binn.

- 7 Moran is Filidh nan duan,
*Conall suaire agus Caint-thla;
Cuth-fhraoch bu treun ann san ruaig
Bu mhor buai' air Chuana Phail.
- 8 Muirne, Toiman agus Seimh,
Ardan, Treun-fhear, 's Cairil aigh;
*Cleasamor an curaidh calm,
*Agus Fearr-ghuth nan lann ard.
- 9 Craoi'-fhear lua' bheumach, gun mhein
*Colla feut, is Deudheal graidh;
*Muirreach, Meamnach agus Cian,
*Laoich gun fbia' ann iargain bhlar.
- 10 Faodhlan mo dhea' bhrothair fein,
Fearadhas beul dearg bu bhinn gloir;
*Treun-lamh, Treathall, is Triall-mall,
Laoich nach b' fhann 's ann iomairt seleo.
- 11 Fad eige nan iolach cruaidh,
*Raonai' rnaidh an leadain oir;
Lunmich, s Leadan nan rosg mall.
*Bricain armach, is Gnuis og.
- 12 *Maothchruth, Mungan is Caoimhbheul,
Ceolor bu bhinn beus tra-non;
*Is Miodhlan o Mhuthan gheug
*Ochoin! na fir threun san toir.
- 13 *Cruth-geal orbhuidh is Deo-grein,
A shoilseadh measg ceud air magh;
*S a Milidh aluin nior chlaon,
*Riamh na laoi'ch ri tim an bail.
- 14 Sorglan, Suimbne, is Conlaoch,
Na treun laoi'ch bu mbaith sa chath;
*Muirreach, Bastalan is Fraoch,
Och 's e 'n t aog a rinn an sgath.
- 15 Duchuimhir, is Aille mo ghraidh,
Is mic Smaile nan cleas-luidh;
*Garabh a sgrìos an teach aigh,
*Dunsaich nam baideal ar.
- 16 B' amhail ar n' imichd san lo,
Is iom-ghaoth, no ceò nam bean;
Fionn is a dha choin air eill,
Bha iad fein air thus sa ghleann.
- 17 *Onach maithean ach mis do 'n Fheinn
'S nach eil mo do reir mo thoil;
*O na chuaidh air mo ghleens,
'S truagh mo thuras fein an so.

MALA-MHINE. (*1 St Patrick.*) 62 lines.

Reprinted from page 306, 'Sean Dana,' Smith. 1787.

See above, p. 47. A. 10.

THREIG faraon mo sholuis fein,
Tha mo chridhe nan deigh mar earr-dhubh;
Mi falach mo ghnuisse le m' eide'
'S mi tuire' gu gear na dh' fhalbh uam.
Tuiridh; a reultan an aigh,
Is blàth leam ur bròn-chuimhne.¹

OISEAN.

Is amhuil, is caomh leam fein
Ursanna trenn a chatha.
Ge trom an suain 's gun lua' ri 'm faoinn,
Tha 'n dreach gun stad ann am smauinte.
—So far am faca' mi 'n Fhianin,
Chunnacas ann Cian agus Conu;
Fionn fein is Oscar mo mhac,
Raoini' Art, is Diarmad donn;
Seimh-mhacLuthaich, 's Caoin-cheann gun chealg.
Mac Ghara garg, tri Fionain 's Fead.
Bu loinreach an so ceann-bheairt Aoigh,
'S bhiodh fead sa ghaoith ag leadan Daoire,
Gruag Dheirg mac-sambuil bratach,
'S Treunar gasda mar gheig san doire.
Bha Torman mar shruth o 'n aonach,
Ardan mar chraoibh ro cheo,
Muirne ri thaobh is Sith-bheulain,
Ag amharc seimh thar sgiatha gorma.
Cleasamor maraon, an gaisreach calma,
'S Fearra-ghuth nan lann bán,

¹ A while, O lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

THOMSON.

Caoireal binn, faraon is Ulann,
'S na sloigh air millin ri 'n dàn.
—Chunnas ann Moran is Filidh nan duan,
Conal suaire na cannt thlà.
Lamh-dhearg le lainn deirg,
Is Curach bu mhor feirg am blàr.
—'S c' àit a bheil Liughar na fèile,
'S Fad-éighe nan iolach cruaidh;
Raon-ùr-rua' nan leadan òir,
Luimne mor-chathach 's Caoite luath.
—C' àit a bheil Leadan nan rosg mall,
Beanno armach 's Toscar òg,
Mao'-chruth, Calmar is Cao-mhala,
Luchd-sgarai' thore air Gorm-lal mor?
—C' àit a bheil Faolan mo bhraithair fein,
'S Fear-as beul-dearg bu bhinn gloir,
Crù'geal bu loinreach eide'
'S Deo-greine b'ait le laocha mòr;
—C' àit a bheil Ma'-ronnan nan enach
'S a mhaise bha 'n gruaidh Aillidh?
Fench dhomb ceuma Dluchtoimr,
Is Crigeal na haghaidh ghradaibh.
—Bha Sorglan, Suine 's Conn-laoch
Mar stend aonaich ann sa chath,
Goll mar shrann-ghaoth na fasaich,
Is Conal a' cur bàis o ghat.
—Threig sibh mi, fheara mo ghraidh,
Cha 'n 'eil caomh a chàireas m'uaigh;
Tha mise ri bròn nur deigh,
Is mi fea an t aonaran truaht!
'S tiamba idh mi 'm feasd nur deigh,
Air sleibhte fàisail am aonar.
Theich oighean mo ghraidh mar reulta,
'S tha mise nan deigh brònach,
Mar ghealach tra dh' eireas a ghrian,
'S na reultan a' dian-dhol o 'n àite.

FRAGMENTS OF LAMENT.

THE following fragments, O. A. 11, 12, 13, 14, can be recognised elsewhere in various shapes, but I have not found them orally preserved.

O. is a mere fragment of a Lament, got near Dunkeld, about 1800. A. 11, points to the very graves of the warriors named. A. 12, is addressed to 'Padrik,' and regrets that the clergy have got the mounds of the Fainith. A. 13, tells what music the Fainith loved, in contrast to the bells. A. 14, treats of sweet voices. These carry on the same idea. The Pagan and the Priest are characters acting a metrical play for the audience, and the scene is the House of Padraig, on the Hill of Allen, amongst the graves of the Fainith. The stage was the reciter's place, wherever that might be for the time.

O. 36. FRAGMENT OF LAMENT. 8 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 153. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

Dh' fhalbh iad bha laidir neartmhor,
Dh' fhalbh iad bha 'n treis na h'òige;
Dh' fhalbh iad bha 'n laithibh lionmhor,
'S Dh' fhag iad mise 'm chrionuich bhroite,
Mar chraobh sa choill gun gheug m'an cuart di
Gu dìonadh o thuarh reota.
A' seasamb air frach nah-aonar,
'S gaoth a bagradh h-aois a leonadh.

A. 11. NA TULLYCH. 21 lines.

GUN AINM UGHDAIR.

- 1 Id ta fane tullych so toye
M'veckowle is groy colk
M'dadzail neyn in derk
Nach tug ra erk braicr borb
- 2 Id ta fane tullych so dess
M'vec goyne kness mir wlay
Cha dor sai nach fa neith
In gress noch char veine yth law
- 3 Id ta fa tullych horyrth
Ossgyr bi vath gol is gnee
Clan morn gai math ni fir
Noch char char sai sen im bree

H

- 4 Id ta fa tullych so har
Gillyth bi van less nyth mnaue
M'ronane dor weyth clar
Fane tullych soo har id ta
- 5 Id ta fane tullych so foyme
Innor vyth von groik is grane
Conuan dyth zaf gyth murn
Fa tullych fume id ta.

Id ta.

A. 12. TWLLYCH NI FAYNITH. 96 lines.

- 1 Troeg lwm twllych ni faynith
Ag ni elerehev fa zeirse
Is danyth lmeht ni billak
In nynit clannyth beisknyth
- 2 Dayr missi raa croychin
Schell fada wroyehow gi swgych
Beg a hellis gi tarfin
In talgin er di wullych
- 3 Dayr meith skay is sley
Conn is gyir fad walle
Ga ta nocht knok ni fayni
Fa chleyrehew is fa wachlew
- 4 Da merra clanni morn
Ni wee fer nordsi seadtrach
Di zoyve schew fer grabbil
A lwcht ni baychill breik
- 5 Da merra m'lowyth
Si vi curri chalma
Swl fowkweis in twllych
Di wee fer cowlyth garryth
- 6 Da merra clanni carda
Fir nachir chelggi bayssew
Ne weith fer glwkgi fer bachlaa
Nynit ni bradtych
- 7 Da merra clanni mayvin
Fer nach banvin in droddew
Ni weith di wuntir a phatrik
Gi laydyr er ni chnoken
- 8 Da merra clan in dew zerr
Da merra keilti croych
Ne weith gayr ehloogi is chleyrri
Ga nestich in raa croychin
- 9 Da merra ryanne roydda
Is keileroy m'creyvin
Ne weith di loywr la cheyll
Ir a laywis a bebill
- 10 Is ni lwrge erwnni
Di ryn in swll doyne
Di weith di lorga na brossna
Da bea osgir er layr
- 11 Ir in trostane woye
Di ryn in swe swnda
Math dut nach marrin eonnan
Fa manach dorn duta
- 12 Du marrein swlzoru seir
Conan meil makave ni wane
A chleyrre ga mor di zorda
Di woinn zat dorn gi dane
- 13 Da marra m' o zoyni
Er ni lwrge crossi
Di weith di lorga sue mest
A bresta fa chaythru clooch
- 14 Ir chlwgga mir helim
Da weith dering na woye
Di weith di chlog na rabba
Woya fa edin a chaythre
- 15 Ner zarga shmor a cheyth
Er gayth cheith m'roynan
Na be di chlog gi hannis
Ir a wanis a koyllan
- 16 Ni eddwm bi gi sowthych
Ne agkwm m'kowl si woe
Ne ekky m' dearnit o doymw
Ne ekky m' keilt m'cronan

- 17 Ne hynyth mi way gi dowyth
Er in tullych so phatrik
Ne ekky m'lowth
Ne ekim in chwlych zrawecht
- 18 Ne ekkim far loo raym heive
Ne ekkim oskir na . . .
Ne ekkim in nymirt vor
Ne ekkim a choairt eheyf
- 19 Ne ekkim elanni smoyl
Ne ekkim gollu mar ni gneyf
Ne ekkim feillane fayll
Ne ekkim na zey in nayn
- 20 Ne ekkim ferris mi wrayir
Layr meth layr woalta
Ne ekkim dyrri doynicht
O woymist koyl gi noyrre
- 21 Ne ekkim fa kauny
Nach beehow aggin er ayrrre
Ne ekkim ane gar worrin
Di bi wor torrin a glar
- 22 Ne ekkim evinis na hoyl
Ne elwnim in koyl di wee
Soll di curri mi mi hoo
Di froufn feyn or gi loyit
- 23 Inssim zwt a phadrik
Da bi zayllwm hecht harsta
Nach fayddwm a heillow
A vaeaa may zeivimis agga
- 24 Missi is cleyrre ni bortwis
Nocha droynunm ra chaal
Ga ta mee nocht gi dowych
Is troygh lwm tullych ni fayne.

Troyg lwm.

A. 13. SKAILE ER CHOYLE. 40 lines.

- 1 SKAILE oiknith er choyle cassil,
Gow earn wallir berrith mee,
Na elwnnith dwani za glwnnith
Gi glwnnith m'gweill ee
- 2 Makeowle di choill cossir
Er sliss alwui in nor weine
Essin oss in genid ne choll
Finni in essew doyr reiwe
- 3 Ossin dein nichtieit is dermit
Dey v'lowith leich nar zann
Deiss nar loyr cooza coskir
Conan feyn is oskir ann
- 4 Sloyne a zey leyeh zawisch
Di raye fin fer gyth erth
Faikgen mir sin er oill inn
Ca coyll leuwe is binni er beith?
- 5 Di raye conan yr we in nymirt
Eine choyll is binni hor feyu
Math lave in ir re heygh
Enrwnith fer sen gr chwnith er cheyll
- 6 Foskgi zi chwlg in gaitn nawit
Nach in gath ni ehoklit sae
A loywe in genu is in gossith
Koill a bar le oskir aye
- 7 Koill is mo ruggis zi ryan
Di rae deomit ni derk maal
A rozraw gin ga boa zawssith
Coraa ban is ansith ann
- 8 Sowd mi choils a v'wrru
Er m'lowith ni narm glau
Leym in gleyw mi ehon gow cre
Fey ga churri in derri zawe
- 9 Sowd in koill is koyle dowfsyth
Di rae fin fla in tloe
In neym zeith bayne ley braddeiche
Raym fuleiech fa atteive oyr
- 10 In tra weime gin eggil nin neksith
Ossin a durt fa zoe
Mi zane is a zoissith in daskgi
Saif rame cloiss elastin a chole.

A. 14. BINN GOW. 16 lines.

- 1 Binn gow dnni in teyr in oyr
Binn a ghloyr chanyd nyth heoyd
Bynn noaillane a nee a quhor
Bin in tonn a bwn da treoyr
- 2 Bynn in fygzir a ne zeye bin gow
Coyth oass cassyth conn
Alynn in delryth a ne greane
Byn in near feddyl nyth lon
- 3 Bynn gow illyr esse roye
Vass kynn coayne v'woyrnye mor
Bynn gow coythaa oyss larrye doss
Alynn in tost a nee in coir
- 4 Bynn mac cowil mayr
Fani sacht eaa na eaynn gyth grynn
In oayr a lykeyst con ra feayn
A garrye no zeye bye wyann.
Bynn gow.

A. 15. NENOR COLIN CHON. 120 lines.

THIS is a very difficult bit of language, and the meaning is obscure. It is quite plain that nine battalions, or bands, led by Fionn, the general of the Feinne, went out with their banners, and sought all over Ireland for something. They fought, and won, a great battle, and after it, they found in a little fort 'maddith za dannist cholin.' The words seemed to the first translator, and they seem to me, to mean, 'a hound from which we might obtain a pup.' But the effort seems too great for the object. If 'chenni cholin,' line 2, and 'chinni cholin chon,' line 3, mean 'a whelp of the kindred of Conchullain,' or of 'Conn,' there is better reason for this expedition. 'A whelp of Conn,' may mean 'Cornac, the son of Art, the son of Conn of the Hundred Fights.' According to tradition, and Irish history, he was brought up in obscurity, and became the greatest of Irish High Kings, after a great fight. (A.D. 213. Battle of Crinna.) I place this ballad here, supposing that I may have guessed right. I wrote the Story of the Battle of Crinna from an old man in South Uist, in 1871, and found out what it meant when I got to Dublin. That story I will tell in its place, in English.

- 1 NENOR a quhyme fa chyll
Di woyn avr chenni cholin
Woyn avr chinni cholin chon
Ca mo dorin sin doyn
- 2 Zearemir my lenyth lerga
Is glen frethnich ni glawe nerg
Is fer nach forrimir ann
Maddyth za damis cholin
- 3 Dearemir glen dorch dow
Glen zarve zorrith is gl claehe
Is fer nach dorrimir ann
Maddyth za dannist cholin
- 4 Dearmir shecane zrwmmi clywe
Is finni wg leive na ze . . .
Is fer nach dorrimir ann
Maddyth za dannist cholin
- 5 Dearmir durlis war wail
Tawyr wry is down zavrane
Is fer nach dorrimir ann
Maddyth za dannist cholyn
- 6 Dearmir glen okothyth
Fa forrais awr ossill
Is fer nach frimir ann
Maddi za dannist cholin
- 7 Dearmir finni wy maye
Tawyr wry is kintaylle
Is fer nach dorrimir ann
Maddi za dannist cholin
- 8 Dearmir erri wlli
Eddir chonnith is donni
Is fer nach dorrimir ann
Maddi za dannist cholin
- 9 Gerrid downith mir sen
Sin feyn pupbill muntyr
Gin wakcamir tre cath nach
Di clanni reith ni roylayth

- 10 Cath catchennith de we ann
Is cath chonchennith na genn
Cath drumanich in dey in ney
Donn er chawyr in drom b . . .
- 11 In tley a soiltich gi hard
Er inni feyn in eingnyth zark
In nochtyr ske cheythyth chay
Er we in tley . . . gead
- 12 In tleyg soylyth gi chert
Er inni feyn fa gall a zlak
Er layr skaye cheilt gyn wroyn
Weith in tly z in g
- 13 In tley a soylyth gi heissil
Er inni feyn in nagnith eywre
In noyhtyr skae chawin charre
We tlay ac mak chrunchau
- 14 Leygis cheiltyth gallan gleith
Choylis e nalwin da roerwe
Iss mygh lenyth nyn lanni
In dawr is in down reillin
- 15 Reggir e goole m'morn
Faynith kenard cron woyn
A zleyis felane m'fynni
Agis ni balwe a horrin
- 16 Reggir a ze mhak mawoe breik
Is m'elie o noye brek
Seay breghe m'daythein dayn
Is keill croith in nerm rai zeyr
- 17 Reggir e keinkeith nith golg
Agis illin feyvr zerg
Is keill croith a croyth zrinni
Nach estith goyth iywrin
- 18 Bi winni schenwrannyth sley
Agis mowr ni meillith
Agis rann wrattich schroell
Ag erri a maddin zeith roeith
- 19 Di hoykgimir dalwe zreynith
Brattich inni vor ni faynith
Oyr chor sche tennal
Fa wor chanan cheintle rwe
- 20 Di hoykgimir fulling doyrith
Brattich zwille wor v'morn
Menkith we gach troyle chroissich
Derryth agis tossyth foilyth
- 21 Di hoykimir in menchenith oyrry
Brattich rynith gin nymig sloyeg
Sroill lay gonfee knaw is kenni,
La leygis fwl gow fybrin
- 22 Di hoykimir kynill chath
Brattich eillane darre
Mak finni far flath ni waynith
Gilli lay gurte tromley
- 23 Di hoykimir down neive
Brattich ossin na grry
Laywe zarg brattich v'ronane
Is oarnay in deive elle
- 24 Di hoykimir skoyb zawe
Brattich oskyr in warfee
Re doll in gath na glae
Menkith zarre skopbe zawe
- 25 Di hoykimir loith lynith
Brattich zarmit e zoenith awyissyth
Near heyth in neanith wea sche
Awzissyth oeyrith a mach
- 26 Di hoykimir barne a reybgin
Brattich oskyr nar schanyth
Danyth coyharme m'gar zlynni
La gurwe kinni is kenwr
- 27 Di hoykimir croive fowllyth
Brattich clonni var v'lowich
Noar a heych in nane a mach
Is sche wea er in dossyeh
- 28 Di rimimir croith chath
In dymehill inni oyrlach
Ma dudtych finni farri
Eddi ni wane worchalmith

- 29 Marwes ni catkenich linni
Agis di goyve ni chonchinnich
Hutti ni dramanich wile
In dymchall im alwin
- 30 Munnich beg fa dassi zownith
In nynwr wrow za zownith
Is math forrimir ann
Maddith za danmist cholin
- 31 Zearimir erre wile
Eddir chonni agis donni
Is noech cha dorremir er a feyg
Cheaddi ferr o zarve na ncnor.
Nenor a qulhmc.

CAOILTE.

CAOILTE was the Swift Man in the Story of the Feinne. He was of the tribe of Baoisgne. In the following ballads he appears with mythical characters. He is of Fionn's generation, and calls him Oide. In Irish legends he and Oisein converse with St. Patrick, and he is made to sing while Oisein tells stories. 'Caoilte and the Boar' has not been found current by any of my collectors, and has not been printed. I give three versions, D. F. H. They are not copied from any written original, and all are much broken. 'The Lay of Astry on Hunting' is of the same class. It survives in the outer Islands. I give four old versions, D. F. H. O. I have Z. 15, and the music of the Ballad, which is wild and melancholy. The last verse in H. names three chief exploits of Caoilte:—1. 'The Day he was in Dunanoir'; 2. 'The Slaying of the Boar'; 3. 'The Slaying of the Giant with Five Heads.' I have all three stories in ballads.

D. 5. MAR A BHAIIRIBH CAOILT A MHUC THEISG. 64 lines. 1755.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Ossianic Ballad, copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 1, 1872.

- 1 LA a bha shin air Gleann cruaidh,
Coir air Fraoithidin fad nair;
Gherich robbin air an Leirg,
Aoin Mhuc Gheisgirnich Bhoin dearg.
- 2 Leig shin air shia Loinn deig,
Rish a Mhuic agus ninn Breig;
Chuir a Mhuic Dith air air Connibh,
As dhag I air shealg gun dianibh.
- 3 Thug a Bhuc orra Glean Laoigh,
Bha Caoilte ra Tarichd Caoibh;
Chagnidh I a T-shleighin ruaigh,
Mar Bhun shiubhaige shean Luachrich.
- 4 Thug a Mhuc orra Bein oistil,
'S bha Caoilte ga hoirt a naisgidh;
Chumigh I 'a Garmin rish,
Mar na clachin Garraidh Glassa.
- 5 Cait a bheil mo Leannan slúthigh,
Na Nighin na maillich mine;
Nach digidh I nois gun chobhair,
'S gur O thigh Beitir I Chonnachair.
- 6 'S mianich leatsa Chaoilte chaoin,
Bhi 'g inna orna's 's du 'd hegin;
Ach cha bhianich le 'd chorp sheang geal,
Tiu gu 'm Fhios she gu slith Bhruth.
- 7 Nan dige da tri oiche Luain,
Am Fhios gu shith Bhruthidh bhuan;
Cha Bhigh air Mac Ríogh san Doblhin,
Crossa na Gessa nach fuaisglin.
- 8 Coir an Fainigh sheo mu d' Bheir,
Coir an Seian sheo air Bhar Tingin;
Beir air Chluais air a Mhuic Tsheisg,
Na gaibh roippe Fua ne Eggil.
- 9 Buail I sa Bhall Dorain duth,
Na beinnigh do Laibh ga Fuil;
Bu Bhas do Mhac Ríodh fo 'n Doblhin,
Fuil shean' Mhuicee 'si air Aoghlil.
- 10 An Marach nitar do Bhanish,
Caoilte Mhic Ronain ruinn Tshollist;
Mas beo mi fo Ra a Cheartais,
Gun dig mi t-iunnsuidh le Hairrichdibh.

- 11 Croithidh mi ceid maoilsh mhaoil,
An Gleann Sheirce Taoibh ri Taibh;
Croithidh mishe shin a marach,
Air ghilichis mhic Ronain.
- 12 Croithidh mi ceid Earbe Luain,
Nach deig Cuibhne aig Cnoigh ruaigh;
Croithidh mishe shin a mairach,
Air Dhilichis Mhic Ronain.
- 13 Croithidh mi ceid Daibh aulligh,
Nach dag Cuibhne an ard bheannibh;
Croithidh mishe shin mairach,
Air Dhilichis mhic Ronain.
- 14 Le cuir do Gheichibh don-deargidh,
Fo Fheirribh oige Fion-arde;
Le Gillibh gaiste Coithidiechh
Nach Curriste Dhi-armache.
- 15 A Chead behan a big a mach,
Air Dorrist Tathidh T-eirigh;
Glac us' I air mheid Rathidh,
'S or Erin fo Chean gu cean
- 16 Gheobhe du chion gun a gabhail,
Ha gliocas an Dobbain nilligh;
A Chaoit air dol an t-aoin' Bhrunnain,
Air gheigh sheola mnaigh slithigh,
Nach heil au aoin Ríoghichd ruinne.
- Croich.

Am Fear a bharragh a Mhuc t-sheisg dheobhigh Ighin Ríogh Erin ra posa; is heoil a Leannan shithe do Chaoit cia mar bharaigh e a Mhuc agus cia mar dhainnigh e nighin an Ríogh an deis a cosmidh. Shin nar ghaibh an Ríogh Iunigh ga ghliocas sa chuir e ubhail nach bu ghliocas saoghilte.

F. 13. EACHDRAIDH AIR MUR A MHARBH CAOILTE MAC RONAIN A MHUC GHEARR ANN AM FIONAIS, RIGH NA FEINNE.

Fletcher's Collection, page 140. Advocates' Library. January 23, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. 88 lines.

- 1 LATHA dhúine sealg nan Cluanan,
Do d' Fhionn is da mor shlagh,
'Se chunnaehdar mar a tighinn o 'n leirg
- 4 A mhuc ghiosganda dhonna dhearg.
Chuir i scan dearg air ar conabh,
Chuir i sinn fhein air luath mhíreadh;
Is dh' fhad sin air seilgne gun deanaimh.
- 8 An sin thuir Bricidni nam buadh,
Is tric ole gu luaidh a steach.
Mo Ghnailibh air Ban,
Cha bu shnairce mnc gar marbhadh
- 12 Thairg Fionn dhoibh cumha mhòr,
Thairg e ceud tunnadh do 'n òr;
Agus carradh fhein do 'n t-sròil,
Agus toiseach suidhe na seilge,
- 16 Air na h hard bhraon Bheannaibh,
'S a raotia mnathia foithe toirreachastrom
Is i fhein bho h-og altrum.
An sin labhair Caoilte.
- 20 Ni 'm fear sibh mur Chlanna Ríogh,
Na mi do radh Chaoilte na bcammuan,
Deangam a mhuc Ghearr as air ceanu
Fhearaidh uaisle na Feinne.
- 24 Ach dh' eirich i ri Beinn loich,
Is bha Caoilte na hearrluine,
Is chagnadh i na slaghan cruaidhe,
Mar bhun siobhagain seunna luachrach.
- 28 Is gun casadh i Garmain ris,
Mo na Clachabh Garbha sleabha,
Ach dhireach a mhuc ri Beinn asdail,
Is bha Caoilte ga thoir an nasguidh
- 32 Ochain! gun mo bhas an dee,
Mu 'n d' rinn mi d' Fhionn breug am fhaical.
Ach c'aite am bheil mo leannan sith,
Na' inghin na maladh mineadh,
- 36 Nach iochdadh an so gam Chobhair,
Is gur ogha peathar i Chonna-Chobhair,

Ach thainig an ùr inghin a mach o dhùnnaisl sa
deise shioda naine uimpe.
Thuirt ise.

- 40 Bu mhian leatsa Chaoilte chaoin,
Bhí gam iarruidh is thu' a d' eiginn,
Ach bhuaidh sin a mach
Gun ghuth tuille bhí mo 'm dheibhin,
44 Ach cha bu mhian le d' chorp seamh ghal,
Tíedh d' gam ionnsuidh gu síth-bhruthain,
Ach na d' thigeadh tu tric oidheach luair,
Gam fhiosracha gu síthí bhrutha bhuanin,
48 Cha neil ceart mhic Rígh bhó 'n domhain,
A Chaoilte nach fuasglaidhin ortsa,
Ach deansa suidh an so air áh,
Is gu 'n d' thoir m' dhuit acmhasan ;
52 Cuir am fainne so mu d' mheur,
Is glachd an sgian bheag air bartiongain
Na math do mhac mnaí na fir,
Beir air chluais air a mhuich sheisg,
56 Na gabh roimpe fuath na eagal,
Is cha dual do mhac Rígh nach torchair
Buail i sa bhual dorain dubh,
Is na beanadh dhuit braon ga fuil ;
60 Bu cheart mhic Rígh fo 'n domhain,
Fuil seanna mhuic is i air aoithall.
A cheud bhean a thig a mach a maireach
Glac i air miad a rathe
64 E laimh an Rígh an árd fhilatha,
Air na bheil a dh' ór sa teimhríe
Cha b' aill le Fionn thu ga gabhail
A maireach a nithear do bhainneis,
68 A dheadh mhic Ronain nan lann solluis,
Ma 's beò mise gu tìm teachd,
Thíg mi thugadsa le harrachdeadh
Crogaidh mí ciad maosleach mhaol,
72 Air Gleann-easgaduiri ri d' thaoibh ;
Ciad doran is ciad damh alluidh,
Nach d' fhág an cuimle an árd bheannaibh.
Ciad comhladh do 'n chreamh Ghlas,
76 Air a bhuan 'san fhaoilteach gheamhraidh
Chuirean sud a steach a maireach,
Air bhuitheachas mo leannain.
Air Graidh do dh' fheachibh donna dhearg,
80 Fodh chomhlain do dh' fhearraibh feannaírd ;
Le 'n díol do dh' fhearraibh coth-sheilg,
Is iad nile do dhíar mhaca.
Crogaidh iad mise an síth-bhruthion,
84 Is cha d' thig mi tuille ga d' amharc
Thuirt Fionn.
Tha gliocas na Feinne uile,
A Chaoilte air dol a d' t-aonbhrúinnean,
Na seoltachd na mna síth
88 Nach robh ann an aon riochd ruinne.

H. 3. HOW CAOILTE KILLED A FAIRY

WHO WAS IN THE SHAPE OF A WILD BOAR. 1774.
112 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 74. Advocates' Library,
December 12, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871, Dublin. Story known to
Hennessy: Poem not known.—J. F. C.

Illegible, or missing two lines

and they had seen no beasts for sport but wild Boar, which was of great bulk and height in proportion. They loosed sixteen Thraves of their Dogs in order to kill him, and pursued him till they overtook him, and then he slew them all upon the spot. Then Fingal offered his choice of their women with many precious gifts, to any man who would kill the Boar. Caoilte, the son of Ronan (who was called Terror of Battle), undertook to kill him. He chased him through woods, mountains, valleys, plains and smooth shores: he at last caught him, but could not kill him, for the Poem says he could jew his arms as green Rushes or Reed: Then he called a familiar spirit who was in love with him, and directed and assisted him

till he got the Diabolical beast kill. He went then home, and was generously rewarded and got everything they had promised him.

DAN 19.

- 1 LATHA dhúinne sealg na Cluanach,
Le Fionn Mac Chumhail gu h-uallach ;
'S cho d' fhuair sinn an sin do shealg,
Ach aon mhuc dhisgearnach dhearg.
2 Dh' fhuasgail sinn sea Lothain deag,
Rís an Tore, 's cho 'n aona bhréug ;
Chuir e earr dhearg air ar Chonadh,
'S bha ar séilg ainne gu 'n ghonadh.
3 Thairg Fionn an sin cumha, 's léig,
Nach do thairg e riamh na dheidh ;
Fíos a chogair is a sgúlaibh,
'S a rohdain do mhnaithibh na Fcínne.
4 Maraon is deich unc do 'n ór,
Agus earradh fein do shról ;
Dh' aon fhear a mharbhadh an tore,
A chloidh ar conamh calm san trod.
5 'S e fhreagair e Caoilte caol,
Mac Ronan, bu luath 's an fhraoch ;
'Gabhann a chúimha uail gu deónach,
Dhea' Mic Chumhail is cruai' cómhrag.
6 An sin shín Caoilte air a Mhuic,
O Bhéim, aua, gu Beinn luirc,
O Bheinn luirc gu Beinn eudainn,
'S o thráí, Lia-druim gu sliagh éilte.
7 A togail re bráí' Dhruim ruaidh,
'S ann a rug Caoilte air an Fluath ;
'S ghabh e d' a shleagan géur, le chudhrom,
Thall sa bhos mu shlios a muinail,
8 Cho sgriosadh e shios a muinail,
Ach mar dhaor, chruai' no Creng-nlan ;
Bu luaithe iad fea' gach aónaich,
Na gaoth earraich fea' ghleann caole.
9 A togail re gleann an Asdaíre,
Bha 'n tore a toirt Caoilte nasgaidh ;
. casadh e ris a gharmain,
. r na clocha glasa garbha.
10 A tearnadh a síos air Gleann lóchrídh,
Chuir e Caoilte gu h-an dochas ;
. dh e shleaghean ramhra, ruidhe,
. l sheamrag, cnile, no luachair.
11 agh mo thuras, 's mo chríoch,
. rinneas breug do 'm Rígh ;
. mnaithaibh feilidh Fhinn,
. heach ann an Cromaghlinn.
12 'O b' áit an bheil mo leannan síth,
A Dhiorbhaíl na malla níne ;
Nach d' iga' tu 'nois do 'm chomhair,
'S gu r ogha peallhar mí Chonchair.
13 Cho chian do Chaoilte bhí na aonar,
'X uair chunnacas air bharradh an aonaich ;
Bean luath, catrom, léimneach mhéar,
'S i teachd chuíge le deadhí ghean.
14 Bha ériosa na laimh ro scéimh,
'S fáil óir mu bharradh a méur ;
Sgian bheag a snáidhadh a le iogann,
'S i gu suaidh ghlan dénd gheal ío' lach.
15 'S miannach leatsa Chaoilte chéimnich,
Bhí d' an iomradhsa 's tu d' eigainn ;
Ge d' nach miannach le d' chorp scéimh ghlan,
Bhí sínte re 'm thaobhsa 'n scéimh-ghleann.
16 'Nan d' iga tu shéimh ghleann doilleir,
Dhea' Mhic Ronan nan rosg solais ;
Cho bhíodh air do chull a bhos,
Aaon ní nach d' ngainn dhuit fois.
17 'So an sgian bheag so tha 'm laimh,
Is glac a mhuc sheisge gu 'n sgá' ;
No faicear air airm mhic Rígh,
Fuil sean tore entaich 'se síth.'

¹ Cut and worn MS. here.

- 18 Bhuail an d' oghlaoch bu tréun laub,
An torc nimhe le mór ágh;
Gus an do thuit e air an lonan
'S b' ait an sgéul le Caoilte Mac Ronan.
- 19 'Dean suidh' 'nois am fogus dhamb,
'S gu d' ugain dhuit achmbansa;
C' om an d' ng thu air mo cheannsa,
Aon bhean tha san Fhéinn aig Fionn-ghcal
- 20 'Cho d' ug mise air do cheannsa,
Aon bhean tha 'san Fhéinn aig Fionn-ghcal;
Cho d' ug 's cho tabhair re 'm ré,
O 'n thainig thu 'n diu re 'm fhéum.'
- 21 'C'om an innis thu sin dhambhsa,
'S gu 'r h ann agam a tha colas;
Posar thn 'n ath la gu 'n fhuaradh,
Re inghean Aille o Cruachan.'
- 22 'Si inghean Aille O Cruachan,
Bhas is fhearr tha 's an Fhianh sbuas ud,
Seachd bliadhna bha Fionn na Féinne,
Suirtha' air inghean Aille 's fhearr béuse.'
- 23 'A chéud té thig a' mach an ath la,
Glac thusa Chaoilt i gu h calamh;
'S air na bheil do dh' ór na thalla,
Cho b' áill le Fionn thu da fhaghaill.
- 24 'Ach ma 's beó mise gu trá' teachd,
Rigidh mi thusa le gean;
'S bheir mi dhuit ceud maoislach mhaol,
An Gleann seirce taobh air thaobh.'
- 25 Crodheam dhuit céud alluidh,
Nach fhaca riamh teach no talla;
Cuiream sin gu teach a máirach,
Air sealbhachas mo ghradaich.
- 26 'Bheir mi dhuit an croisán síd' so,
Is cho chuir ort sgios do dhroma;
'S gu 'n toir mi dhuit an fhaill óir so,
'S gheibh thu buaidh gach stuagh is seóilte.'

Then they departed, and Caoilte returned to the Heroes with the Boar's head; when Fingal saw that he had it, he was vexed that he promised him his choice of their women, for he was sure that Caoilte would choose his own wife. Then he thought proper to cover all their heads, and to put them out one by one, and to let him take his choice thus, (since it would not break his promise). They put out Fingal's wife first, in hopes that Caoilte would stop until a good number of them would come out; but Caoilte took the first according to his familiar love's advice, then Fingal said:—

- 27 'Tha gliocas an domhain uile,
'Chaoilte air a' d' aon búruinnain;
No seoladh mnatha síthe,
Nach eil an aon tír ruinne.'

Then had Caoilte Fingal's wife, and he did not offer such things any more. Caoilte went next day to meet his first love, who gave him all things she promised him and said:—

- 28 'Bíodh déarach agad na lorg,
Gu 'r dearach an sgéula leom;
Gus an d' eid Beinn anlla air Beinn luirc,(Tuirc)
Cho 'n fhaic thu mise o 'n diu.'

D. 4. MAR BHAIRBH CAOILT AN FABHAIR.
95 lines 1755.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Ossianic Ballad, No. XIV.
Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 2,
1872.

- 1 LA dhuin an san Bhein Bhain,
Shin fein & Fianuibh Phail;
She dherich dhuin san Bhein bhain,
Bhí shior chuir ri sheilg air sheichran.
- 2 Aig meid na Doirin a dherich ruinn,
She thachir gar Fein challama choir;
Nach raibh ra fhetin dhin na dherigh,
Commín aon Deisse ra cheligh.

- 3 Chuir shin Caoil air Lusa a Chas,
Gheichin am faicee e dhuin Rathid;
Cha duair ach Rathid gairibh sallich,
'S oiche dhorche dhoruinnich.
- 4 Chunnaire e Toigh mor air Lar,
Air nrlar Glinn nan Ceid Oigh;
Bha Teinne sollist air air a lar,
Bha dha Dhorist foscaite.
- 5 Bha Nithin ur ann an Taibh,
A bailigh gam faiceis do Mhnaí;
Bha Innil Baoi air a Teich,
Bha aig Cloighin na cean Aoirt.
- 6 Bha Coig Mialchoin aic air Slaibhrih,
Bha Coig Sleigh iarrain suas ri Eallachin;
San a ghaibh mi crith as Grain,
Ro bhí dol a steach am ainir.
- 7 Na bigh ortsa Critn na Grain,
Bhas du Oigear Inse-fail;
Nam bigh me Ghra Gealsa a stigh,
Riogh gum fhaolithe ro aoithidh.
- 8 Hug I gho Trithir ga Biagh,
Hug as da Thrithir ga Hedich;
Gu de dhuig mi as mo phraibh,
Air 'n Meangean beg don La.
- 9 Ach an Nighin ailligh aig rait ruim,
Eirich a suas Mhich Righ Phail,
Bhainne gle gheal Dorain.
- 10 A Mhich na Mnaí e Dun díl,
Hanig iad ort 's du air Himmairt
Gu de an Immirt hanig orm,
A Gheig ur fos fainne Gorm.
- 11 Am Fabhair Mor an tin fon Traigh,
Bear dhuit Eig na dol na Dbail;
Hug mi Erigh orm a Suas,
San leom fein bu leoir a chruas.
- 12 'S gun chuir mi orm muin air bhuin;
Mo sheichd Luirichin Treorigh;
'S chuir mi orm air a bhuin shin,
Mearrigh naine air aoin Dath.
- 13 Bha mo Chlaibh ri 'm T-shlios sheibh,
'S mo Seia Bheirc a suas ri 'm Ghualin;
Hug mi Ruathir hun an Dorrist,
Gu ro lua 's gu binnscairich.
- 14 Co dhorchich orm an Ro Sollist,
Ach an Fabhair mor mun Ium ghorist
Cum nam do Gha dirich deas,
Cha nan air do Hise aba Mi.
- 15 Co air eille bo do Huil,
Fhabhair mhoir as du 'm i ruin;
Ha Leannan aggam san Duin,
Nighin na Maich maul' I shuil.
- 16 An m Leannan ha u grait,
Abhair Mhoir, as air do Laibhse;
Ha Fault Bai orr' as Cuil Cleichdich,
San orm fein nu chuidh an Coileppich.
- 17 Cha nuinigh leom na ha u bhairt,
Mas tu Mac shin an Leth-luchraich;
'S gur mishe a bhairbh Tathair,
La Catha Beinnigh Crungaich.
- 18 'Sa bharras haist a Mhac,
Mar Seuir e dhim ga cho-chleichd;
Hug mi lshé Buillin deig,
An corp an Fhabhair as cha Bhreig.
- 19 Fon gherich e Ghrian san Mhaddin
Sheal man deich' I shear san annamich;
Hug e sheolligh sheich a Seia,
Dheicin faicee a Ghrian.
- 20 Hug mi Buille beo am Broid,
Sea mi na Coig Cinn ga Bhraigid;
Leig mi Mullin rish an Tom,
'Shile mo chreichin gu trom trom.

- 21 Co nì an Guth euraite binn,
Air an Tulloch os mo Chion ;
She bainn dhosa a tin fon Heich
Aile Nin Rìogh Connich.
- 22 Aile dian nssa rium Baigh,
'S na hinnish e uille do Mhrai ;
Tog leat mo Scia gu dun Dil,
Cha do hog Bean riabh I rothid.
- 23 Hog Aile an shin a Scia,
Dhimmich I lethigh gu dian ;
Cha f'fhoissigh I 'n Druichd don Fheir,
S gho bho dhuigsigh I min-eau.
- 24 Be shin darra Cath a bu Chruaidh,
Hug Caoilte nan Beuminn Bnaghich ;
'S nar a bhairibh e a Mhuc Ghearr,
Ann an Fiannais Rìogh na Herin.
Crioich.

F. 14. LAOIDH CHAOILTE MHC RONAIN,
AN LATHA BHA É SA BHEINN BHAIN. 1750.

Fletcher's Collection, page 64. 91 lines. Advocates' Library. February 6, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

- 1 LATHA dhuinn ann sa Bheinn-Bhàin,
Sinn fein agus Fionn Rìgh Phàil ;
'Se thachair dhuinn sa Bheinn Bhain,
Bhio sior chuir seìg air seacharan.
- 2 Chuir sinn Caoilte air luathas a chas,
Dh' fhechain an gleitheadh e rathad ;
Cha d' fhuair e ach rathad garbh salach,
Is oidliche dhorcha dhoiruintadh,
- 3 Chuannaic e tigh mor air làr,
Air làr glinne-nan ceud oigh ;
Chuannaic e solus air a làr,
'S a dhorus fosgailte.
- 4 Chuannaic i inghean air a làr,
Ailidh ga 'm facas do mnaoi ;
Bha inneal baoigh air a tigh,
Bha cuig cloidhean na cheam adhart.
- 5 Bha cuig miol-choin aic air slabhraidh,
Bha cuig sleaghe iaruiun suas ra fraoigh ;
Is ghabh mi moran crith is grain,
Mu dhol a steach a maonaran.
- 6 Na biodh ortsa crith na grain,
M' as tu oig-fhear Innse-Phàil ;
N' am biodh mo ghradh gealsa stigh,
Naille b' fhaoidh è roimh aoighe.
- 7 Thug i dhomsa trian ga bighe,
Agus da trian ga h-aodach ;
Gur e dhuigs mi as mo phramb,
Air teachd meangan beag do 'n la.
- 8 Inghean ùr a radh rium,
Eirich suas a mhic Rìgh Phail ;
'Mhic nam mnaì a Dun-dill,
Thainig iad ort s tu air t-iomairt.
- 9 Ciod an iomairt thainig oirn,
Inghean ùr nam maogh rosg gorma ;
Fam-fhear mor a teachd bhon traidh,
B' fhearr dhuìt eng na dol na dhail.
- 10 Ach thug mi eirigh orm a suas,
Sann leam fheinn bu leoir a chruas ;
Chur mi orm sid mun air mhùin,
Mo sheachd luireachin treoiridh.
- 11 Is chuir mi orm air mhùin sin,
M' earradh uaine is i air aon dath ;
Mo chlàidhe fad air mo shlios seaml,
Mo sgia bhreac mhor suas ri ghuainin.
- 12 Thug mi ruathar chum an doruis,
Gu ra luath 's gu h-ioma-sgarra ;
Gur è dhorchuich orm an ro soluist,
Am fumb-fhear mòr m' an ioma-dhorus.
- 13 Cum uam do ghatd dìreach deas,
Cha 'n ann air do thi a tha mi ;
Co air eile tha do shuil,
Fhamb-fhear mhoir 's tu mi rùn.

- 14 Tha leannan agam san Dùn,
54 Inghean na malla mhealladh shull,
'Ni mo leannansa tha thu radh 'n,
Fhamb-fhear mhoir is air do laimh ;
Tha folt buighe 's a cul ceachdach,
- 58 Sann orm bu chluibhe 'n coi-leabaich.
Cha 'n ioghna leam na bheil tha radhain,
Mas tu mac an leigh Luachraich ;
'S gur ann leamsa thuit t'athair,
- 62 Latha catha Beinne-cruaiche.
Is ann leam a thuiteas an Mac,
64 Mur sgnir e dhiom da cho-ghleachd.
Ach thug mi mo sheachd-buille-deug,
Ann corp an famh' air is cha bhreug ;
Bho dh' eirich a ghrian gu moch,
- 68 Gus an deach i siar san anmoch,
Thug e suil seach a sgia,
Shealtain caite an robh a ghrian ;
Thug mi buille beo am braid,
72 'S gath mi na cuig cinn ga bhraidhe.
Leig mi m' uilinn ris an tom,
Shil mo chreuchdan gu trom trom
Co nì 'n guth furrain ud thall,
- 76 Air an tulaich bhos 'mo chionn ?
Gur h-e b' ainm dhomh teachd bho 'm theach,
- 78 Ailligh Inghean Rìgh Chònuinn.
Ailli deansa ormsa bàidh,
'S na innis mo sgeul uil do mhnaì,
Tog leat mo sgia gu Dundill,
82 'S cha do ghlac bean rianh i romhad.
Thog Ailligh leatha an sgia,
'S dh' imich i leatha gu dian, dian ;
Cha chuireadh i an druic do 'n fheur,
- 86 'S cha mo a dhuigse i min-eun.
Gu b' e sid treas turn bu chruaighe,
Rinn Caoilte nam beumnan buagha ;
'N la bha ea n Dun an oir
'S an la mharbh e a mhuc ghearr,
91 Ann am fiadhnais Rìgh na-h-Eirinn.

H. 4. HOW CAOILTE KILLED A GIANT. 128 lines.

Kennedy, 1st Collection, page 79. Advocates' Library. December 12, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871, Dublin. Not known to Kennedy, but very like the style of current popular tales in Ireland.

THE HEROES were hunting on a mountain called White Mountain; the day being fair and the air favourable; but before the night came great mist overshadowed all the Hills and valleys below, so that the darkness separated the one from the other. They use to bind Caoilte's knees, because he was so swift in running, that none of them could not be up with him, so that he would walk slowly, but they forgot to bind him that day, and when he went astray once, he made a great way through hills, rocks, mountains, and unknown valleys, and about the Twilight he saw a Hermitage far off in a Glen; he ran towards it, went in, and there was none in it, but a young dame, he was trembling with fear, for it was glittering with arms, but she invited and comforted him, and made him sit down, and was very kindly entertained and lay with her during the night, and told him that she was a King's Daughter, and that a Giant stol'd her away, and that she incanted him not to touch her as a wife for a year and a day, the said time was expired when Caoilte came; she awakened him very early, and said that the Genie was coming from of shore and that it was better for him to die than to go to fight with him. Caoilte rose and made himself ready and met him at the door, the Duel began and lasted till sun setting, then Caoilte killed him, the wife carried his arms, and went both together to one of Fingal's Forts, named White Hill.

DAN 20.

- 1 LATHA dhuinne bhi 'n Gleann cruadhach,
A cuir ar saighdan 's ar sleagh nainne ;
'Se tharladh dhuinn an 'san leirg,
Gu deachaidh air seachran seìg.

- 2 Aig mead a cheòs sa Bheinu bhán,
Ann bhù mhaith ar 'n iúl a glná;
Ge do dh' iairta sinn cho 'n fhuighite,
Comann diais an aon áite.
- 3 Ach dh' eirmais Caoilte le luas a chos,
Air doireachan ain-eolach 's chnoc;
Is fhuair e rathad fluich solaih,
'S oidheche dhoreha dhoireannach.
- 4 'Chunnaig e naithe tigh mór,
An lar glinn' air a cheud óir;
Bha inghean úr air a lár,
Is a dhoras fosgailt lán.'
- 5 'Bha inneal baoth air a teach,
Bha seachd cloidheamhan aica steach;
Bha d' a shleagh a suas re fraith,
'S da mhiol chú mhór aica stigh.'
- 6 'Bha earradh re crann an áird,
Cho mhór cho 'n fhacas re' m lá,
Ghabh mi roimpe crith is gráin.
A dhól a steach 's mi 'm aonaran.'
- 7 'No gabh thusa crith no gráin,
Ma 's tu óg-fhear Innse pháil;
'N uair thig mo ghradh geals da thigh,
Re oighe 's ro-fhailteach aigneadh.
- 8 'Thug i orm fein suidhe suas,
A dh' éisteachd a sgéal 's a dnuan;
Is thug i dhamb drian d' a beathaidh,
Agus da drian d' a leabaidh.'
- 9 'Ach se mhosgail mi as mo pháil.
Air theachd beagan beag do 'n lá;
Inghean ur ag radh rinu fáil,
Eirich suas a mhic Rìgh Pháil.'
- 10 'O! ogain chaoimh ghil aluin,
Mhic Ronan nan rosg málla;
'S na dea' mhna' a Dun ghil,
Thainig uair d' iomairt anois.'
- 11 'Cìod e 'n iomairt thainig orm,
Ainuir ur na 'm fuarra gorm;
Tha 'm Foghlmhair mór a teachd o thráidh.
'S b' fhearr dhuit éug na dol na dháil.'
- 12 'N sin thug mi eiridh orm a suas,
'S an leam fein bu leóir a chruas;
'S chuir mi orm muin air mhuin,
Mo sheachd luireich teanne truide.'
- 13 'Chuir mi orm air a muin dlu,
M earradh naine fein gu luth'r;
Cloidheamh sinte re 'n shlios sios,
Is sgia' air mo ghualain chli.'
- 14 'Thug mi ruathar thun an dorais.
A shealtain am faicinn am Foghlmhair;
Co dhorebach orm an ro-sholus,
Ach am Foghlmhair mór 'm iom-dhoras.'
- 15 'C' um nam do ghatd dìreach nimh,
Cho 'n ann air do shith 'ta mis,
Cia air tha do shith 's do shúil,
Fhoghlmhair mhoir is measa run.'
- 16 'Tha leannan agam 'san Túr,
Gar h ann orra tha mo shúil;
Dáil bliadhna thugsa dh' i dhuine,
'S anois do thaingas da h-ionnsaidh.'
- 17 'A ni mo leannans' tha tu 'g radh,
Fhoghlmhair mhoir san air a láimh;
A folt buidh 'sa eúl cleacach,
'S ann dhamhsa bu chubhaidh 'n coi-leabach.'
- 18 'S maith a labhair mu d' uaisle,
Mas tu mac an Leigh tuachrach;
Mharbh mi gu 'n athadh no fuaradh,
E la catha Beinna cruachan.'
- 19 'O na tharladh dl' a bhí 'm mhéin,
'S bhí cho duilbhar rium na ghné;
'S ann leann a thuites a mhac,
Mar sguir e dhim d' a choi'-ghleac.'
- 20 'S maith gu d' inn's thu sin dhamhsa,
Fhoghlmhair mhoir nan arma' graicil;
Na cuig cinn 'ta air do bhrádhaidh,
Biodh aon dhia agam na pháidhadh.'
- 21 Bhuail sinn an sin air a chéile,
Mar mhuinne shruth bhristeach leimnach;
'S bu chruaidh no fuaim mbic talla,
Gaoir ar faobhar caoine gealla.'
- 22 'Bha eisan mar neart na gaoithe,
A leagadh coilteach Mhorathairm aobhach.
'S bha mise mar luas nan sruthan,
Bhiodh re aodann gaoithe sruthaidh.'
- 23 'Air bhí dhuinn mar sin re cómhrag,
Omhoch madain gu trá neóine;
O 'n dh' eirich a ghrian gu moch,
Gus an deach i siar a chlos.'
- 24 'Thug mise seachd buillean déug,
An corp an Fhoghlmhair mhoir 's cho bhréug;
Thug e 'n sin ambarc seach a sgia',
A dh' fhaicinn cìod a dhur a ghrian.'
- 25 'N nair a fhuair mi fein am fáth,
'S mhothaich mi e fuidh chrá;
Thug mi béim beó dh' a gu gabaidh,
Is sgath na cuig cinn d' a bhrádhaidh.'
- 26 'N sin leig mi 'm nilean air an tom,
'S shil mo chreucaibh gu trom, trom;
'N deidh builean an Fhoghlmhair mhoir,
Nach deachaidh neach riamh o león.'
- 27 'O ogain chaoimh ghil aluin,
Is fhearr luas do shlagh Rìgh Pháile;
Ris an goirear giorag combraig,
Mo cheud beannachd fein gu d' chomhdach.'
- 28 'Co ni 'n guth curant na tháil,
Air an tulaich os mo cheann;
Gu 'r e 'n t ainm a ghoirear dhamhsa,
Aine inghean Rìgh Connachd ór-bhuidh.'
- 29 'Aine dean thus crasa báidh,
Is na h innis e do mhuaidh;
Tog leat mo sgia' ga Dun-geal,
'S nín do thog bean riamh i 'n glaic.'
- 30 Thainig Aine 'n sin gu dian,
'S thog i mo chloidheamh 's mo sgia';
Cho roisam i 'n drúchd do 'n fhéar,
'S cho mho dhuigsadh i mean éun.'
- 31 'Sin an treas turas a b' fhearr,
A rinn Caoilt' nam béamaibh lén;
'S 'n uair a chuidh e Dhún an óir,
Agus a mharbh e 'n torc mor.'
- 32 'S mladach mise re 'm ré,
A sior thuireamh sios am béns;
Mar chramm crion am fasach fear,
'N deidh cách 's mo dhuilach thoirt nam.

O. 5. CAOILTE 'S AM FOMHFHEAR. 84 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 18. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 16, 1872. In this version the stanzas are so broken that I have numbered the lines.

- 1 LA dhuinn sealg beinn Aonais,
Ler h-oigridh ghasda, fir chalma;
La eile sa' Bheinn Blain,
Sir chuir seilg air seacharan.
- 5 Suil gun tugas a bhan,
Chunneas gleannan nan ceud oigh, (al. aigh)
Ainuir sholuis air a lar,
'S a seachd dorsan fosgailte.
- 9 Bha seachd claidhean air a h-aghairt,
Bha seachd slenghan shuas air a'cheag;
Inneal baoth air a beart dens, (al. as)
Bha seachd miol-choin aig air slabhruidh.
Ghabh mi eiridh, ghabh mi grain,
- 14 O na tharladh dhonn bhí m' aonar ann.
Na biodh ortsa eiridh no grain,
Oighfhear ur à Innis fail,
Bu mhiann leam guth a' Ghacl ghlain,
- 18 An uair am minic chluinninn e.
Eirich thusa Mhic Rìgh Fail,
'S ann an diugh thain t-iomairt;
'Cìod an fath iomairt thainig orm,
22 Ighinn ur is gloine rugh.

- Fombhfear mor bhi teachd nad' dhail,
 24 B' annsa 'n teug na dol na choir,
 Rinn e dhomh mo leaba dìon,
 Gu beachdail air bathais an Urlair.
 Gur e dh' allte leinn m' an seach;
 28 Fion uisge beatha 's curmailt,
 (*Ap. Fion uisge, is lion is Curmailt.*)
 Chuir i ormsa an leanag shìthe,
 Leth ri 'm shlios, bu leor a mineid;
 Chuir i ormsa air mun sin
 32 Na seachd luirichean Freamhri.
 Chuir i sgiath air mo laimh ehlì,
 'S mo chhlaidheamh geur a' m' laimh dheas,
 Choluich mise ma 'n radh shluais
 36 Am Fombhfear mor ma 'n iom dhorus,
 Team as mo rathad a Chaoilte,
 Cha 'n ann air a thì a tha mi,
 Cìod an tì am bheil thusa,
 40 Fìomh'ear mor na mi run.
 Tha leannan agam anns an Dun,
 Leannan ur na malla seang;
 An leannan sin a tha thu 'g radhte,
 44 B'ait leam agam air sun mnaoi.
 'S mise 'n duine mharbh t-athair
 La catha Beinn A Chruachain;
 Cìod e ged mharbh thu m' athair
 48 La catha beinn a Chruachain.
 'Se bhithias agamsa air sòn paighe,
 Na cuig cinn th' air a bhraigaid;
 Ghabh iad an sin do cheile
 52 O mhoch maduinn gu luidhe greine,
 Thug am Fomb' ear sealladh fìar (al. siar)
 Cìod e 'm ball an robh a' ghrian;
 Thug mi sealladh beag na dheigh,
 56 Sealladh bochd do 'm chreuchdaibh fein.
 Thug mi sgiobag dh' a' m braid,
 58 Sgath mi na cuig cinn de bhraigaid.
 Leag mi m' allin ris an tom,
 As shìll mo chreuchdau gu trom trom;
 Co i a bhean tha os mo cheann,
 62 Dheanadh a' chainnt chaoimhneil ruim?
 Theireadh ruim mu 'n tra so 'n de.
 64 Ailde nighean Rìgh Conair.
 To mo chhlaidheamh tog mo sgiath,
 66 Nach do thog bean romhad riamh.
 Thog i mo chhlaidheamh 's mo sgiath,
 'S thog mi fein fo dhìon, (al. o gbniamh)
 Chaoilte Mhic Rìgh soluis.
 72 An ann maireach a bhithias do bhanais?
 Ma 's maireann mise an Dun tìl,
 Gun tìginn t-ionnsuidh le h-airce;
 Achanach dh' iarrainn air mo leannan,
 76 An nì sin nach 'eil an laimh,
 Ceud Douran nach do chhlathach bruael,
 Ceud eala nach do shnabh air cuan,
 Ceud searach nach do chraoin air lon,
 80 Ceud damh alluidh nach do thilg croc.
 Gheibhte sud ceud maosach mhaol,
 An gleann seirce taobh ri taobh,
 Ceud sobhrach 's creumh glas,
 84 Air a bhuaìn san fhaolteach gheabhraidh.

Written from the recitation of Archibald Stewart, manservant, Dalchosnie, Rannoch, February 19, 1801.

NORSE WARS.

A WHOLE series of Ballads relate to the Invasion of Ireland by 'Lochlan-naich,' Northmen, or Danes, or Scandinavians. The Sea Rovers wanted Fionn's famous bound, and his wife, his cup, his two spears, and his sword, Mac an Luinn, and sent all sorts of strange messengers in search of them. In H. 5, they send a messenger with some loud-sounding musical instrument—a Timbrel, according to Armstrong's Diet.—a Timbrel, Tabor, Drum, Cymbal, according to O'Reilly. The place

of the Norsemen, generally, is about Beinn Eudaimn, now the Hill of Howth; so these ballads belong historically to the Norse occupation of Dublin, in the reign of Cormac Mac Art, when the Feinne flourished, in the 3rd century. Historians may explain the myths chronologically, if they can. I leave the mythology to comparative mythologists, for I know nothing like it; and as for the geography, it must take its chance. I give the Ballads as I got them.

H. 6. describes a monstrous mythical personage. H. 7. describes an early adventure in the Story of Oscar, the son of Oisein and grandson of Fionn. I tell his story elsewhere, in English; how he got his name, and what it means.

II. 5. HOW A CHARMER CAME TO THE HEROES, NAMED HARD SEUL, TO SING A TIMBREL TO THEM. 60 lines.

Kennedy, 1st Collection, page 66. Advocates' Library. December 9, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871, Dublin. Not known to Hennessy in Irish manuscripts; not known to me orally preserved.—J. F. C.

A MUSICIAN came to the Heroes, whom they called Claignan Mac Choin a chinn chruaidh, (that is, Hard Head or Hard Seul,) to sing a timbrel to them; and he would play so hard and loud that none of them could stay to hear it. Càoilte was watching; he came where he was and asked of him, how many Heroes had Fingal; he told him that they were divided into seven Cathairns, (that is, into seven Regiments or Companies, but it is not known how many were in each, but supposed to be 500,) and that every one had a wife, a servant-man, and two dogs; he went then to the house and played on the Timbrel. Since they could not stay to hear it, Fingal excused himself, saying that their women were . . . sorrowful, and that they do not like any music at present; but he would not give over playing unless he would get his own dog, named Bran, his two spears, and his sword; but Fingal refused that, saying that his music was not pleasant, and that he would not get his request, since he do not deserve it; then he gave three sounds, and the Heroes were deaf a long while afterward. They sent all their dogs after him, but in vain till they loosed Bran, who overtook him at a cave in Beinn Eudain, and killed him. Though the Heroes did not ever get victory by human strength over any sort of evil spirits, sorcerers, and the like; yet Fingal was enchanted and happy among mortals, so that he would get the better of any sort of spirits, conspirators, incanters, and brutal force.

DAN 16.

- 'AILIS dhamb a Chaoilte chruadhach,
 Mhic Roman cia mor d'eibhneas;
 Cia lion tha Mbatheadh 'n ar Féinnas,
 Le 'n coin is le 'n coi'-éiridh.'
- 'Seachd Cathain tha n ar Féinn,
 'S cho 'n eil neach dhìu sud gu 'n sgia;
 Gu 'n bhean gu 'n ghille, gu 'n da chú,
 Sud e 'n Túr fù 'n dealbhach iad.'
- 'Tha tiombain nan iarrann fuar,
 Re combla chruaidh fù 'm sge bhuirb;
 'S fear no beau d'am bheil san Fhéinn,
 Eisteachd ris a ghléus nì 'm fuila.'
- Dh' imich é gu clios d'ar Túr,
 For 'm bu lionmhor cinil is báird;
 Is shéinn air an tiombain phreair,
 Ceól bu chruaidh' no iolach báis,
- Cho 'n eisteadh ris neach san Fhéinn,
 Dò bhri géir a fuaimnach árd;
 Ge'd bhíod cuan is mac talla bheann
 Aig eibhich b' fháin seach a gáir,
- Iabhair mac Chuthaill an gloir ghlic,
 Mar bu nós dh' a ann 's gach drip;
 'Tha bantrach' ar Féinne fù' bhronn,
 Eist dhinn a'd cheól fhir.'
- 'Cho 'n eisteam gu 'n do chú glann grunn,
 Mar athchuinge uait Fhinn fhéil;
 Do dh' a shleagh a dhoirteas fuil,
 'S Mac-an-loin is goirte léum;
- 'Ne 'm fuigh tu no shean chu séimh,
 No mo dha shleagh gu 'n chion fath;
 No Mac-an-lion nan luath bheuin,
 A thnú nì m fuigh tu gu bráth.'

- 9 'Mar sin 's bréag a bhí gu' d' mholadh,
Fluinn gu' 'n fhéileachd no urram;
O 'n thug thu uait san aon la,
Eúr is aithis do dh' aon duine.'
- 10 'Ni 'n duine thusa gu' fíor,
Ach tnú nathara, nár, mhílteach
Gu' 'n íúl no oilceanach rianh,
'N tra' dh' iarradh tu duais díoleadh.'
- 11 'N sin líon an t arrachd a' mach,
Bhuair e níl ar comhnuidh;
Rinn e trí sgreadau gabhaidh,
'S neach na dheidh cho b' fhiach am f . .
- 12 . eamar ris coin na Féinne,
Thair gach maoile cnuic is sléibbe,
'S cho raibh teambair air luas an fhir;
Gu' h uamh mhór am Béinn éudain.
- 13 Thug sinn fuasgladh do chu' Fhinn,
Is ruidh e gu' dian neo-nhall;
Mu' n raibh 'm fuath ach gan a steach
Rug e air le toleam garg.
- 14 Thug e an sin deanál cruaidh,
'S Cláigean mac Chóin a chinn chruaidh,
Is thorchair le Bran gu' 'n fheall,
Ceann Chlaigain air an uair,
- 15 Thainig e air ball do 'n Fléinn,
Is ceann Chlaigain ann na bhéal,
B'ait an scalla leis an t-slagh,
Ceann an fluath a bhí fuí' dhéud.

H. 6. HOW SILHALAN CAME TO KILL FINGAL. 36 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 62. Advocates' Library,
December 8, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871. Dublin. Not known to
Hennessy, in Irish MSS. Not known to me as orally
preserved.—J. F. C.

A FAIRY or Ghost came into the Heroes, about sun
setting, where they use to be walking, and resting them-
selves on a smooth yellow plain or field, named Silhalan,
means little person, who was seen by all men, like a bird's
shadow, on the mountains, in a calm fair evening (all
names were poetical in that age) to kill Fingal, but Fin-
gal killed him, he was but a wizard, suppose he was in the
form of a fairy, for Fingal was not only unconquerable by
human strength, but also by Conjurers and Sorcerers.

DAN 14.

- 1 LATHA dhuinn air magh ór-bhuidh,
'Nar suidh aig cathair nan Fiann;
Chunnacas ogleach neo-íonnalt,
Tídhain air magh glinne niar.
- 2 Gomhal fairsuidh, 's broidhe fiar,
'S amhluidh sin do bha an fuath;
Lorg iarrain air fad á dbroma,
Da lurgain loma 's iad luath,
- 3 Bha súil aig am bun na cluaise,
'S bha í gu' crithanach ciar,
'S bha súil 'eile air diath na réclla,
A mullach an éudain shiar,
- 4 An sin do dh' fhiosraich an t árd Rígh,
'Cia 'n t íúl a thainig an fuath?
'Cia b' ainm dh' a fein is d' a athair,
Is oghuidhachd air gu' luath.
- 5 'S mise Silhallan mac Sithaill,
Dhoirtainn fuil is réubhainn féil;
Bu mbiamach leam ruidh gu' reachdmhor,
Agus cuir as do Rígh Phóil.'
- 6 An sin do dheargaich an t árd Rígh,
Ris a ghlóir do chan am fuath;
'S tharraig e lam fhadá lomhídh,
Gu' fáda, deas, díreach uait.
- 7 Gach buille da 'n liubhradh an t árd Rígh,
Le chloidheamh cuilgearra, cruaidh;
Bheireadh am fuath 's moran tuilidh,
Da bhuille mu' n bhuille uath.

- 8 An sin do chuimhnich Mac Chuthaill,
Air a threune chleasaibh lúith;
Tharraig e Mac-an-loin gu' talmhídh,
'S le ágh mbarbh e 'm fuath nach b' fhiú.
- 9 Bu mhaith leinn gu' d' imich am fuath,
'S gu' deachidh na sluaigh a cáis;
Oir b' dara fuath bu míeasa,
Thainig riamh air Fianntídh Pháil.

H. 7. HOW CROM NAN CNAMH KIL'D SGIATHAN. THE SON OF THE KING OF SCAIRBH.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 33. Advocates' Library,
December 1, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—Dublin, December 4, 1871. The story in some
shape is in the Book of Lismore, Irish MS., 1450, but
this ballad was not identified by Hennessy. I have part
of it orally collected. Y. 3, Page 182.

THE ARGUMENT.

It was the custom of the Heroes to set out watch every
night in the year, and their was coming every night a
valiant Hero with an enchanted music; and the watch-
man would fall asleep whenever he would hear the music,
then the Charmer would steal any victuals they would
leave in the night-time, and everything he would see pro-
per, they were vexed that such an Owl was coming no
them, and that all their attempts was in vain. There
was a young fellow in their kitchen who was called by
name (at that time) Crom nan eanúh or Crom an eanrich
afterwards Oscar, and he said 'I will watch the night;
'Fingal said that they would not trust themselves to his
watching; he said 'that suppose they would be watching
twelve, that he would be with them;' then Fingal allowed
him to watch since they would not be but as usual. The
Inchanter came as formerly and he slept, but soon awaked
and pursued after him, till he overtook him, and killed
him. Observe the Poem.

DAN 6.

- 1 'Thugas lorgan laoiach sa bhlar,
Madaínn dhiamhair fuí' dhea' thrachid;
'S thugas briathair air mo shleagh,
Nach bí sin lorg Fhinn no Oisain.'
- 2 'No Caoilte leag nan cos lumhor,
No neach a bha air Loch lurgann;
No aon fhear do mhuintir Fhinn,
A tharladh orms ann an Croma gblinn.'
- 3 'Thogas 'm éudach 's leigais ris,
Air fea' mointich is garbh dhris,
Bha mí fein am ruidh 's lenna,
'S cho raibh 'm fear mo ach na chruai' chéum.
- 4 'Rugas air is rugas air,
An gleann beag eidear dha chreag;
D' ainm 's do shloinneadh innis dhamsa;
No cia 'm ball am bí thu chomhnuidh,
- 5 'S aimaidach thusa fhir bhig,
'S ógan thu 's cho 'n cil thu glie;
Cho b' uilair dhuitsa 'n Fhiaun uile,
Dh' fhaghail sgéol o 'n aon duine.'
- 6 'Cho 'n iarrainnsa do 'n Fhiaun uile,
Ach Fionn is Goll nan treun bhuillean;
A chuid nach sraeamaid le 'r lamhan,
Dhiot loisgeamaid e le 'r 'n anail,
- 7 'Thugas dhamb sin 's thugas dhambh.
An t sleagh mhór a bhí air a shon;
'S chosgair e i thair mo chlaigean,
Da throidh dhéug an aodann dalláig
- 8 'Thugas dh' a sin 's thugas dh' a.
An t sleagh bheag a bhí air mo sgrá;
Chosgair mí sud roimh a chroidhe,
'S chosgair mí moran d' a luath mhíre.
- 9 'Ogleaich mhóir nan íomaidh ércne.
Sgearr gas an togar do leac;
Innis an deireadh do latha,
'Cia thu feineach no cia t' athair?'
- 10 'S mise Sgiathan Mac Rígh Sgairbh,
Míe an fhir na' bhasaich ghairbh;
'S gu' b' e mo nós ann 's gach teach,
Bhí sior chosgairt cuid gach neach.'

- 11 'Gur mi allaì dhuit mar tharladh
A Sgiabhain mhóir nan sgiá' gráinil;
Rinn do Chosgairt an Croma ghlinn,
An Gille con ata aig Finn.'
- 12 'Cho bu Ghille chon thu riámh,
'S cho b' e sin thu near no niar
Ach ogleádh finealta do 'n Fhianann,
Is lámh cho tréun 's tha 'n Eirinn shiar,
- 13 'S maírg neach a ghoid ort do lón,
A madainn dhámhair re dalla chéo;
Thu fein 's do shleagh air a tóir,
'S maírg air 'u do thuit au trom lórg.'
- 14 Air ball dh' éug an treun laoch gruamach,
Bu cheatharnach scarbh 's gach cruaidh;
Ann an cothas monidh shambaich,
Le buill Oseair tréun gach gabhídh.
- 15 Creid thusa Ille Phádraig,
Gu raibheams uair bu mhor abhachd;
Ge do tha mi 'nois gu dubhach,
Gun charaid gun chath neo' shuthach.

THE MYTHICAL NORSE CARLIN.

Amongst the people sent by the Norsemen to attack and worry the Fenine are one-eyed Hags, who are associated with one-eyed Smiths. They seem to have something to do with the people who appear in the Story of Beowulf. Historically women commanded piratical fleets. The following ballads relate to these Northern Hags:—
D. 5. F. 6. H. 8. X. 2.

D. 5. CAILLICH GHRAUND. 47 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Ossianic Ballad, No. XIII. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 5, 1872.

This version contains fragments of separate ballads, joined at *

- 1 LA gan ro Fionn air Tullieh For,
Gaibhric air Erin ma Thimchil;
Hunig e air Bharríbh nan Tonn,
A Chaillich eídíd leobhor Chrom.
- 2 Bu bhor a Honnaigh 'sa Hais,
Bu luath a shiubhal ra Haois;
Bha Cuabhran aibhlean nu da Bhas,
Bha Fiaclan shiar sheich a Craos.
- 3 Bha Haodin dughlas air Dhreích Guail,
Bha Deud Cairbadhich crann ruaigh;
Bha carr ga Hiníbh ma chaolíbh a Dorn,
Bha car ga Caoilt na Choil-druim.
- 4 Bha Bar mar choil Chriniech air Chrith,
Bha aoin suil gbloigigich na cean;
'S bu luagh I na Ruinich Meoirigh,
Bha Claibh Meirgíeh air a Crios.
- 5 Rí am Feirge bu ghairbh Greis,
Bha da T-shleigh air an T aibh eille;
Don Fhua Chuil-lia Chaillich,
Rí faicin na Fian ma Dheas.
- 6 Huebda ghaibh a Bliast nan Innish,
Hanig a Chaillich oirne le Hair;
'S reinne lethé cion gun Chommain;
Bheirete lethé Caogíd Laoich.
- 7 'S bha Gairigh sheiríbh na garradh Craos,
*Spin I lethé a Chuach fo Fhinn;
'S Ghlinmíeh I Erin fo Thuinn gu Tuin,
Gun do mheith I uill' an Fhian,
- 8 'S cha do lean I ach aoin Trithir,
Fion Mac Cubhail fear shraona nan raibh;
'S coilte ro-gheal Mac Ronain,
Leim a Chaillich har Eass Ruaidh.
- 9 'S bu bhor a sath do 'n Uisg nar,
Leim I Eass Ruagh nan Raibh;
'S bha Cuach Fhinn na leth Laibh,
Dirigh a mac rish an Taibh cille.

- 10 Hug Fionn orra urreair T-shleigh,
Chroisg e shud ro a criogh,
'S chaisg e Pairt ga luath Bhirigh,
Rug Fion fein air a Chuach,
ba leish o Buaigh 'sa Bhaigh.
- 11 'S rug Caoilte nan Laibh lua,
Air a Claibh Cruaidh 'seir da T shleigh;
'S ghlae Fearr sraonigh nan Raibh,
Claitíbh Chaoilte Mhic Ronain,
- 12 Sin mar reinn shín sheoid na Caillich,
An La bha shín ga ruigh an Bein-edin.
Crioeh.

F. 6. SGEULA AIR CAILLICH ARAIDH A THAINIG DH' IARRAIDH FÁTH AIR CUAICH NAN BUAGH BHA AIG FIONN.

Fletcher's Collection, page 103. About 72 lines. Advocates' Library, January 19, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

This version is so broken, that it cannot all be divided into quatrains. Lines, which were poetry at some time, can be recognised in prose; some are printed separately, as verse 14, and elsewhere.—J. F. C.

BHA chuach so ghuà air a gleidhe an tigh tearuinn agus le faire Mic Rìgh agus cuideachd do mhòr ghaisgich churamach maille ris.

Thainig a chailleach ann riochd mna bochd, ag iarraidh aoidheachd.

- 1 BHUAIL a Chailleach aig an doras gu teann, teann,
Is thainig Mac an Rìgh an doras cò san am 'tu ann?
- 2 Is mise Chailleach thruagh, thruagh,
'S truaighe dh' imich am bi-buan;
'S mise chailleach bhochd Nic-aoiste,
Leig a stigh mi gam gharadh.
- 3 Freagra.
Ma dh' imich thu Eirinn go ceann,
Ann riochd mnatha no droch dhùine;
Gu leuadh do bhuinn ris an làr.
Mu 'n d' thigeadh tu stigh a Chailleach.
- 4 Nach mòr am maslach do mhac Rìgh,
Le mhòr-ghaisgich 's le mòr ghnìomh;
E fein bhí gu sàbhailta steach,
'S gu diultadh uile iad ri aon Chaillich.
- 5 Gheibbe tu biadh naonar a mach,
Is fuirich a' d' thos a Chailleach.
- 6 Cha 'n iarr mise do bhiaidh peacach,
Ni mo dh' iarram t-fhiarr fhacail;
B' fhearr leams' ceann do theine teith,
Is co beathadh ri d' gbaodhraibh.
- 7 Cuiridh mise Giulla leat do 'n Fheinn,
Ni teine dhuit a dh' aon bheum a Chailleach.

Rachadh an teine sin as,
Mu 'n ruiginne leachda Chonnail;
Arsa Chailleach.

8 Cuir thusa do theine beag air làr,
Is seid ris gu geur, geur,
Agus cuir do spair fothead,
'S dean do ghara ris a Chailleach.

Agus dhùin è n doras orr'
Ach chuir a chailleach 'guala ris, a chleith.

9 Gu 'm bi sid a chailleach ghle-gharbh,
Bhríst i na naoi comhla iarruinn;
Mar nach bitheadh aunt' ach aon sgiolan.
(Agha bha i steach orra)
'S griob i leatha cuach Fhinn,
'S dh' fhalbh i leatha sìos an rothad.

10 Thachair Oganach urra agus dh' fheoraich e dlí,
Co as a dh' imich thu Chailleach?

Is freagra fíar a thug i seachad,
Ghabhaidh mise srath na h-anbhunn.

- 11 Ma ghabhas tu strath na h-ambunn,
Gu mor a th' ann do Chlanna-reath;
Tha cuig-ceud-deug fear fu' n' lionmhor armarchd.
Is da choinn air laimh gach fir,
A feitheadh ort a Chailleach.
- 12 Ma ghabhas tu strath na h-Airde,
Gur lionmhor ann Clann-na-cearda;
Tha cuig-ceud-deug fu' n' lán armachd
'S da choinn air laimh gach fir,
A feitheomh ort a Chailleach.
- 13 Ma ghabhas tu air Bheannta dubha,
Gur lionmhor ann Clanna-rutha;
Tha cuig-ceud-deug, &c.
- 14 Fheagair a Chailleach.
'Cìod e sin theirre tusa Iulla
Nam fàgainnse na bbeil ann sin uile
Eadar chu luath is aon duine?
Theire gu bu tapaidh thu Chailleach.
- 15 Ach ghabha Chailleach rathad Ach-nabainse,
Agus thilg i gath neimhe air Fionn Mac Cuthail,
Agus chuir i sud siar as talamh
Seachd troidhean do dh' fhor thalamh.
Thilg Fionn a ghabh cuilg orra is bhrist e cridhe.
- 16 An sin leam a chailleach thair an Eas.
Is leum gu borhorra tras.
Is leum an trinar eholgorra dheas
An t-eas an deidh na Cailleach.
- 17 Ghlac Mac Cuthail a chuach,
O 's ann da fein bha buaigh 's blagh;
Ghlac Caoilte o' se b' fhearr luathas,
- 18 A chlaidhe cruaidh 's da shleagh.
Is rug Connan bho sè bha gu deireadh
Air top lia na Caillich, is thilg e san Eas i.

H. 8. HOW A SPIRIT CAME IN THE NIGHT
TIME TO KILL FINGAL AND THE REST OF
HIS HEROES.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 64. 60 lines. Advocates' Library, December 8, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871, Dublin. A story like this is in the Irish tale of Magh Lena, published, ten years ago, from a MS. of 1720. Poem not known to Hennessy. Some verses are the same as the Muilearteach orally preserved, but the story I do not know as orally preserved.—J. F. C.

A GHOST came on the Heroes in the night to kill Fingal, Goll, Oscar, Caoilte, and Aogh, &c.; since they would not fight with her, she cast the door of the house off its hinges, and took away with her Fingal's golden cup, they followed her till they overtook her. This spirit and Silhila were the worse that ever came to the heroes.

DAN 15.

- 1 Oidhche bha sinn a mùr Bhéara,
'S moran do Mhàitheadh ar Féinne;
Chunnaig sinn a teachd gu lúthmar,
Fuath a b' áirde no 'n fhiúidh.
- 2 Bn mhór ciannas air fáir,
'S bn mhó a siubhal no h' áird;
Bha cohall dubh sìos na bian,
Is ficeall seach a craos siar.
- 3 Bha cloidheamh meirgeach dubh air a leis,
Re h'ám féirge bu mhór a bheis;
'S bha sleagh nimbe na deas laimh.
Gheibha' buaidh air sluaigh gu 'n fheall.
- 4 'Fosglaibh dhamh fheara' Fionn;
'S mi gu fínech luidagach fínn;
Shiubhail mi Éirinn fa thri,
'S cho d'ug duine th'ann dhamh díon.'
- 5 'Se fheagair i Fearadhas béul dearg,
Bu bhíne glóir a bha 'n Éirinn;
'Mu rinn thusa sinn a chailleach,
'S ann do chomharaibh droch mhíath.'
- 6 'Ma 'n d'ig thu a steach d'ar muthainn,
Innsidh tu dhuinn brí do thurais,
'Sa ghealltain nachdean thu dó bhairt,
Air Fíann Inse-Pháil no Freoinc.'

- 7 'Innseamsa sin Fheadharais fhilidh,
An t'ádhbhar ma 'n d'áinig mise;
A dh'árraidh cómbrag air Goll,
Air Caoilte 's air Oscar crom.'
- 8 'Air Mac Chuthaill nan lámh luath,
Is air Aogh Mae Gharalbh chruaidh;
Air (neo) gheadh duais thoir dham gu 'n éura,
Cho mbaith sa tha múr na Féinne.'
- 9 'Cho d' theid sinn chaoidh a chombrag,
Re fuath oidhche raibh na énrachd;
Gu 's an d' theid Aulá air béinn Torc
D'an deóin eho d' theid iad gu 'd lot.'
- 10 'N tra' chuála chailleach glóir Fhearadhais,
Líon i suas le cuthach feargach;
Chuir i roimpe combla' Bhéara,
'Sa steach ehuai' i measg ar Féinne.
- 11 Thog i lé cuach Fhinn fhialidh,
Gu grad lamach s'e eho d' fhaibhraich;
Chuartaich i Éirinn le colg,
S'ann Fhianng gu léir air a lorg.
- 12 Faidheoidh chuir i sinn san fhíreach,
Cha raibh 'm fogus dh' i ach triar;
Fionn is fear sraoinidh nam rámb,
'S Caoilte beag Mac Ronan áidh.
- 13 Do leum i gu cas Eas-rnuidh,
Ge do bha e cuir ma bhrucha;
Leum Fionn air a eas léum,
'S chuir e ghéur shleagh ro' a cacbhall.
- 14 Rug Fionn an sin air a chabhull,
O 'n bu leis a blagh sa buaidh;
'S rug Caoilte nan lámh tréun,
Air a chloidheamh sa sleagh géur.
- 15 Rug fear sraoinidh nan lámh,
Air a b'usgar loimhreach bán;
Sin mar tharladh d' ar fr' théune,
'N oidhche bha sinn a múr Bheara.

X. 2. A CHAILLEACH.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh. Edinburgh, February 2, 1872.

Another copy of this was sent to me by William Mackay, Esq., Law Student, 67, Church Street, Inverness, who took this down from the lips of his father, who learnt it in his youth, about Glen Urquhart.

I have numbered the lines because the stanzas are broken.—J. F. C.

A CHAILLEACH.

THAING A Bhuileardach Ruadh, Mathair Rìgh Lochluinn do 'n Fheinn a thoir lethe le foil cuach na geaschd. Fhuair i Oisen maille re cuid de dhaona ann an Talla no Feinne.

A BHUILEARDACH RUADH, (a Chailleach).

- 1 'Fosgail, fosgail, laoiach long,
Nan airm fallung faothair ghorm,
'S fenech enid (or pairt) do d' fhaoilteachd,
Do ehailleach bhoc a thig a Caoilte,
 - 5 'S mise sin a chailleach thrugh;
'S fhada a dh' imich mi 's mi buan,
Cha n-eil an cuigibh na h-Alba,
No 'n cuig cuigibh na h-Éirinn,
Aon duine 'dhiultadh dhomh fosgladh.
 - 10 Nuair 'chrouinn mo chean fo 'dhorus.'
- OISEN.
- 'Ma dh' imich thusa n' uigh sin uile,
'S biadhtaichean iad ri droch urra:
Fuarichidh do smior a chailleach,
Mu 'm fosgailear dhuit mo dhorus.'

A CHAILLEACH.

- 15 'S dona 'n aithne sin, a mhic rìgh,
('Us mac rìgh 'ga ràdh ruit)
Nuair dhiultadh tu fosgladh do dhorus.'

OISEN.

- 'Cha dhiultinn dhuit a monadh fiadh,
G' d' bhiodh agal triath di reir,
- 20 Chuirinn biadh maoidhear gu d' theach,
'S biadh feachd leat o 'n Fheinn.'

A CHAILLEACH.

- 'Cha bhi agam do d' bhaidh feachd,
 Nì mo 's àill leam do thàir (shar) fhacal ;
 B' amhsa leam teas do d' aimhlibh,
 25 Agus leabaidh mair ri d' ghaghraibh.'

OISEIN.

- 'Gu dearbh cha 'n fhaidh thu teas do m' aimhlibh,
 Nì mò dhicibh thu leabaidh mair ri m' ghaghraibh,
 Chuiruinn gille leat o 'n Fheinn,
 Dh' fhadadh teine dh' aon bheum,
 30 'S gille eile ' dh' ulluicheadh deagh inneal.'

A CHAILLEACH.

- 'Cha 'neil mo choisachdas ach mall.
 'S theid an teine sin a crann.'

OISEIN.

- 'Bunuirg thusa leathtaobh Chuilinn,
 Cuir geigibh caol fo d' spuiribh,
 35 Seid gu caol gear le d' anail,
 'S dean do ghàradh ris a Chailleach.'
 A Chailleach sin bu ghairbh crainn,
 Chuir i gualluinn ris a chleidh,
 'S bhris i na seachd geomhlibh iarunn,
 40 Mur nach bìdh ann' ach seann iallan.

A CHAILLEACH.

- 'Tha mì nise stigh 'n ur teach,
 'S lùbha nar mairbh na nar beo,
 'S lionmhoir scolb bhios 'n 'ur teach,
 Na macan beo a marach.'
 45 Cheangail i iad taobh ri taobh,
 Na b' eadar an caol 's an ruidh,
 'S rug a Chailleach air a chuach,
 'S thug i gu luadh a magh.

Chunnachdas a Chailleach le Fionn air dha
 bhì tighinn dhachaidh o 'n t-sealg.

FIONN.

- 'A Chailleach ud a th' air an t-sliabh,
 50 Dha bheil an ceum casruith gharbh dhian,
 Na 'n tarladh tu air srath na h-àirde,
 Bu bbaodhail duit clann na ceairde ;
 Tri cheud deng le 'n dian armachd,
 'S lothain choin aig gach fear ;
 55 Fir thugad a tha Chailleach ?'

A CHAILLEACH.

- 'Cìod a theireadh tus a dhiullan,
 Na 'm fagninnsa iad sin uile,
 Eadar chu luadh agus dheag dhùine ?'
 Leam a Chailleach an t-eas,
 60 Leam gu garbh brais,
 Thilg i gath nimbe air Fionn
 A chaidh seachd troidhean 'san fheur naine
 Thairis air bàr a dha ghuaillibh,
 Thilg Fionn a shleagh taobh
 65 'S bhris e ' cridle na caol druim,
 'S rug Geolach o 'n is i bu luaithe,
 Air stiasaid chruaidh na Cailleach ;
 'S rug Caoilte beag nan cuach,
 Air a chaidheamh cruadhach,
 70 'S air a da shleagh.
 Bha iad seachd la 'us seachd oidheche.
 A roinn faobha na Cailleach ;
 'S cha d' rug Oisein a bha air dheireadh,
 Ach air seann chialbhag liadh na Cailleach.

OISEIN (?)

- 75 'A Chailleach o 'n is e 'm bas e,
 Innis dhomsa cìod e d' aois.'

A CHAILLEACH.

- 'Cha neil m' aois fein ri aireamh
 78 Tri cheud bliadhna 'sa dha.

Although the last four lines are recited with the piece as above, they seem to be out of place.—Of the second piece to which I referred in my letter, my father remembers but a few lines, and these, perhaps, not in their proper order—I give them as I got them from him, before I saw the version in Mac Callum's Collection.

WILLIAM MACKAY.

PADRUG MAC ALPINN.

- Oisein naisail Mhic Fhionn,
 'S tu do shuighe air Tulluich eibhinn,
 Laoidh mhòr mhileanta nach ceibh,
 Tha mì faicinn sproichd n ad euduinn.

OISEIN.

- Dh' innsinn fatha bhron ' th' orm fein,
 Phadruig Mhic Alpinn o n Fheinn,
 La dha 'n robh an Fheinn a muigh,
 'Nan suidh air torran coire (or Torr) Siar,
 Chunnachdas a tighinn o 'n mbagh,
 A bhean sin a b' aille feamh
 A nighean a b' aille snuadh,
 Bu ghile 's bu deirge gruigh,
 Bu ghile no gath na greine,
 A h earradh gheal fa gaodh a leine,
 Labhail an oighe fo gheala bheal'd
 'S lachan gaire na ceann.

This is part of the Lay of the Maiden. See below.—J.F.C.

D. 6. CRUACHAN CRAIG AN TULLICH.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Ossianic Ballad. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, February 29, 1872.

D. 6, and H. 9, are versions of the same ballad. I have no other versions of it, manuscript or oral, Irish or Scotch.

- 1 Ach a Chruachan Craig an Tullich,
 'S mì fo Mhullich Slethidh Fànis ;
 Nochd a tharla mì fo d Teggil,
 Gur trom a leagta do Laibh orm.
- 2 La shidh Dhuinne ri fiaghich,
 Bha shin fo d' Dhiabhair a Thullich ;
 She chunnaire shin Marceich cetic,
 As e teachd le sceilidh huggin.
- 3 Sana dhisrich Fion do 'n Mharceich,
 Gu de fa Taistair fo 'd Chricheibh ;
 Thairig mì fo Thaibh na Shiunidh,
 She labhair an Giullidh ceudna.
- 4 San a ghluais e 'n Cear air Corich,
 Mar gu nigh Folum aig Fillidh ;
 Labhair e am briaribh isligh,
 Mar gach Marceich shilbailt shiunnidh.
- 5 Bithibhse a nochd nar fairrich,
 A Tsheich Cathanin na Feine ;
 Gu de e aobhair air Fairrich,
 She nì labhair Fear gar Feine ?
- 6 Gu de a aobhair air Fairrich
 She nì labhair Fear gar Feine ?
 Agus nach heil Linn air bualidh,
 Nochd air ocd uachoribh na Herin.
- 7 Naile hig i oiribh a Chaillich,
 As a Harrachd othar edigh ;
 'S gun cumidh ruibhse Coibhrig,
 Gad bhig air Coingh le chele.
- 8 San an shin a labhair Connan,
 Cha 'b onarich dhuinne Ghruagich ;
 Mar a fona tuid do Chaillich,
 Dhith fein sga Harrachd gu chruathid.
- 9 Shin nar buirt Gruagich an ubhil,
 Air mo chuibhse a Chonnain ;
 Dhaideoin Sheac Cathan na Feine,
 Gu dearbh rebidh I do chollair.
- 10 Thug Connan shiocidh huan an ubhil,
 Gad nach bo chuibhidh dha bhualidh ;
 San chair e le ardan spreiggidh,
 A chluas fo 'n Lecean do 'n Ghruagich.
- 11 Shin nar ghaillib e nain an Gruagich,
 She gu faghich fuathich fearragich ;
 Mar steid shreingidh aig air aistir,
 Chluint a Hartir an gach Bearnigh.
- 12 An Teich shin a bha fon Ghruagich,
 Gur he bualiche na fhacinn ;
 San na Chean a bha 'n Trian orridh,
 M ro lunnis na Heoirp do Chlachibh.

- 13 Har leinne bu bhor a Ghilid,
Do T shíde do T shrol 's do Ghinnis;
Fo steid chois chrom a churridh,
Le n fáighe gach Duinne Duimpich
- 14 'S an a ghaibh e nain an Gruagich,
Gu fiathich fuathich, le ardan shiubhail;
Agus hauig na trí Fuathin,
Mar a chualigh Fion Mac Cubbail.
- 15 Shín nar a hanig a Challich,
As a Harrachd air a Culibh;
Mar ri Celidh Leth a Leppich,
'S ríogh cha b' aobhair aithis duin e.
- 16 Cethir fichid Lan-laoidh mor,
Do chlainnibh Morni buit nan Tns;
Cúirid eille Chlainnibh Baoisg,
Agus Caogid a chuir leis.
- 17 Bha 'n oíche shin dhuinne bronich.
An deis air Choibhrig ma dherigh;
A Tarruing air mairbh gu Huaighin,
'S geil bu chruaithidh leon 's nin ceillim.
- 18 Bu truinmigh le Fion na Fuathin,
A ghol uaidh gun am marraigh;
I ad gun bheim seinnigh nan Cnaithibh,
'S nach ro Feinn nar sleighibh garriidh
Na gad rechidh uidhir eille shorchaire
Do na Fianibh gorama Gaithil.
- 19 Hanig iad oirne trinir Chlerich,
Air Érioh Greine n Larna-bharich;
Agus Ballan shithidh sheirce,
Eunrigh ga hoirt a Labhair,
- 20 Dharridh Mac a Chleirich oig,
Air cheid chaint an Tos tus do Dfhiounn,
Ca leas a reinnigh an Teuchd,
Na co leis an deint' am marraigh.
- 21 Bu duillich leomsa shud inse,
Nam bu ní e ghabhidh ceiltin;
Gun tuittidh iad le trí Fuaghin;
Na bha do Tshluaidh air an Ellain.
- 22 Labhair Mac a Chlerich mhoir,
Gu farriste foil ri Fion;
Ha Fear a thogid r an Fhian,
A bherigh an da Trian beo.
- 23 Ba bhath leom shin ars a Fion,
Gad a choiste e gho ní mor;
Do dhaoín Fhear thogidh an Fhian
Gar 'n digidh ach Trian diu leom.
- 24 Dherich Mac a Chlerich mhoir,
Le sheirbhais choir os an cionn;
Le Draoighidh Bhallain nam Buaigh
(Gheirich a Tshluaigh suas le Fionn
- 25 Mar a thoirchir 's mar a thuit,
Shín iad dhuit do Bhuintir Fhinn;
Fon shin fein a reinn an Teachd,
Cha ghabhamid Feich ga chionn.
- 26 'Mhanarain ga math do Laibh,
Thug thu do m Fhein masla mor;
Fhinn na gaibhse dheth Tair,
Fhír nach tium ri dol san seleo.
- 27 Fhinn na gaibhse dheth Tair,
Fhír nach tium dol san seleo;
Sgur Draoighidh a churridh oirribh,
Leis 'n do Chialligh a Chlann choir.
- 28 Triar air nach deargidh arm,
'S nach loisg an Teinnigh ga Bhoid;
'S nach mo Bhaite leis an Tnim,
Cíod an tium a hba nan Teichd?

Crióch.

An Inchanter came to the Heroes where they were hunting one day, and told them that an old woman, with her husband and child, were coming that night to them, who would keep war with them all. The warlock went away, and came immediately with his wife and child, and killed 310 of the Heroes, and bound 140, but they came to-morrow, and lifted them all to life again into Fingal, without reward.

DAN 11.

- 1 LATHA dhuinne bbi re fiadhach,
Gu' m ann mu dhiambhair na tulach;
Do chunnaig sinn Gruageach ea-trom,
Le hidhachd le sgéile chugainn.
- 2 Do bha stéud ag a Ghrugaich,
'S ann leinne a b' nallach fhaicsinn;
Na cheann do bha an srian ór-bhuidh,
Le iomearachá dh' ór 's do chlachaidh,
- 3 'S ann leinne bu bhrea a dhiollaíd,
Do shíode, do shról, dh' fhiontrain;
Air an stéud chois ea-trom churant,
Dh' fhaigte leis gach duine diombach.
- 4 Ghluais e ann na uile chomhdach,
Gu Fianntidh phoil mar fhíor fhilidh;
Agus bheanuach e gu siobhalt
Marcaich seimh nan siog- shuil sionnach.
- 5 Thrus sinn uile 'n sin gu déonach,
Gu's an ogan a b' fhearr earradh;
A dh' fhaighail sgéul gu 'n énradh,
Uaith gu éibhneach nallach eallamb.
- 6 Dh' fhiosraich Mac Chutbaill d'ou Gbrugaich,
Ann am briathraibh uasal eibhainn;
'Ailis dhuinne 'nois air thoisach,
Cia as t astar gu ríogh' chd Eirann.'
- 7 'Thainig mis' o thaobh nan sionnach,
Do labhair an gille céalfach;
Gu' m bí sibhsa noc nar caithris,
A sheachd cathanaibh na Féinne.'
- 8 Cíod e noc adhbhar ar caithris,
Do labhair Fionn flath na Féinne;
'S nach aithne dhamb neach d' ar bualadh,
Eidair ceath' r bhruacha' na h Eirann.'
- 9 'Do thig chugaibhsa noc cailleach,
Is a h arrachd fein le céile;
Is cumidh iad ruibhsa cómrug,
A dh' aingain conamb ar Féinne.'
- 10 'S an dhuinne bu nár r'a aithris,
'Nuair a theannmaid r' a chéile;
Gu céabhadh sin oirna cailleach,
Is a h arrachd fein le céile.
- 11 'S ann an sin a labhair Conan,
Cho 'n eil onoir dhuinn a Ghrugaich;
Cia beag a chéabhadh oirnn cailleach,
A céile sa h arrachd d' an cruaidhead.
- 12 'Do fhreagair 'an Gruagach guineach,
Air a chubhaidh fein a Chonain;
Thig na fuathan oirbh le chéile,
Is reubar léo 'noc do ghon shuil.'
- 13 Do bha ubhall ag a Ghrugaich,
Is thigfaibh e uaith air astar;
Cheapadh e e san laimh cheudna,
'S ann leinne bu treabha gaisgaich.
- 14 Do rug Conan air an ubhall,
Cho bu chubhaidh dh' a r'a bhualadh;
'S chluas a bla leith r' a leith-cheann,
Chuir e le spreagadh do 'n Ghrugaich.
- 15 Do chaill a Ghrugaich an t ubhall,
Ona bu chubhaidh dh' a bhualadh;
'S do sgar e 'n da chluais o 'n chlaigean,¹
Gu lom sgaphara do 'n Ghrugaich.
- 16 An sin dh' imích naim a Ghrugaich,
Se gu fiathach, fuathach, feargach;
Air a stéud chois, ea-trom, glasta
Dheanamh astar thair gach garbhach.

¹ Bha Conan maol o 'n la so suas.

11. 9. HOW AN INCHANTER WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD CAME TO KEEP WAR WITH THE HEROES. Kennedy, 1st Collection, page 51. Advocates' Library, December 6, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. 120 lines.

Not known to Hennessy in Irish Manuscripts. Not known to me, orally preserved now.—J. F. C. Dublin, December 9, 1871.

- 17 Is gearr air imeachd do 'n Ghrugaich,
Se sin a chula Mac Chuthaill;
Mar fhuaim tuinne na tri Garin,
Sann dhuinne gu' m' b' ádhbhar cumha.
- 18 An sin thainig oirne chailleach,
Is a h' anaclad air a culabh;
Is a céile leith a leaba,
'S cho b' ádhbhar aitais iad dhuinne.
- 19 Tri fichead déag 's caogad curidh,
A bhuaileadh buillean le chéile;
Se sin a thuit leis na fuathan,
Do Mhaithaibh 's do dh' uaislaibh ar Féinne.
- 20 Seachd fichead do Chlanna Mornna,
Bha lín do chréucaibh 's do chneidhaibh;
Cho chulas riamh sgéul bu chruaidhe,
No na tri fuathan d' ar ceangal.
- 21 An oidhche sin dhuinn gu bronach,
Ar deidh ar cómbraig faí dheireadh;
A slaodaibh ar mairbh gu h' uaidhaibh,
Sgéula ro thrúagh is ní 'n ceileam.
- 22 Bu mhéasa le Fionn na fuathan,
Dhol slán uaithe as an áraich;
Na mbead is a thuit sa thoirchar,
Leó d' ar Fiantuidh gorma gaidh' lach.
- 23 Cha loiscadh teine da mhéad iad,
Is cho bháite iad le h' uisge;
Cho dearagamaid orra le 'r n armaibh,
Cáit anois am biodh an guinsan.
- 24 B' eisean Gruageach chreag na tulaich,
Is sinn air uilean sliabh Mhanuis;
Do tharladh dhuinne na fhreasdal,
'S bu truaigh a leag e a lámh oirinn.
- 25 Thainig chugain na tri Chléirich,
Gu ro eibhainn 'n dara mháirach;
'S am ballan sibbhidh seachlíd
Eatara teachd ann san láthair.
- 26 Dh' fhiosraich iad do Mhac Chuthaill,
Mar a bu chubhaidh san nair sin;
'Cia leis 'n do bhearna' na gaisgaich,
No créud mu 'n d' rinneadh am bualadh.'
- 27 'Gur decair dhuinne sin innseadh,
No tionsgalaibh air a rídh,
An triuir le 'n d' rinneadh air bualadh,
Ghabh iad mu dhiambhair na dólach.'
- 28 'Ma sa sinne tha 'nois uait,
Thainig sinn gu 'n luach da cheann;
Comann gu 'n fholachd gu 'n fhuarachd,
'S togidh sinn do shluabh dhuit Fhinn,
- 29 Dh' eirich macaídh do 'n chleir óg,
'S an speirnaise mhór na laimh;
Le feartan ballan na' m' buadh,
Dh' eirich a shuabh suas gu Fionn.
- 30 'Na gabhsa masladh a Rígh,
Fhíur leis 'm bu mhiann dol 's gach tóir;
Cha raibh ach draoidheachd uil' ann,
Leis 'n do chlaoidheadh do chlann chóir.'

D. 8. MAR CHAIDH ROCHD DO THIGH FHINN. 48 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Ossianic Ballad. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 2, 1872.

This ballad, of 1750, relates to a well-known and widely spread legend. Roc belongs to the monstrous Smiths. He is here servant to Cormac. That King sends Roc from Tara, to the Hill of Allen: from the Palace to the Barracks, to run a race with the army. The General wins the race and slays the monster. The King will have the General's head. By 1800, this had become very Mac Phersonic.

- 1 TEICHDIRE bha aig mo Ríogh,
Rí Tim dol an naibhreat dho;
Giulle a bha aig ra ghairm,
Rochd Mac Fhiaichair she b' ainm dho.
- 2 Sabhail shin mar mhúitigh she,
Bha aoin Chas Chli as a t-shoin;
Bha aoin Laibh as nchd nach Tim,
Bha aoin suil an Lar a Chinn mhoir.

- 3 Bha do ghraoighich aig an Fhua,
Gum bo luaidh naoin chas ghearr;
Gun fágigh e gach neich air bith
San as a Rith a choir e Geale.
- 4 Sin nar huirt Cormaig ri Rochd,
Mas aill leat bhí nochd gam reir;
Gluais gu Hallabin a suas,
Cuir geall air Luas rish an Fhein,
- 5 Ghluais Rochd an Guilligh nach Tim,
Air Choibhra 'n Fhíur bu bhíun Guth;
Rainig e Allabhi nan Lann,
Bheannuich e do D fhionn san Bhruth.
- 6 San nar huirt Diarmaid Donn,
Mac o Duibhne nach trom Triogh;
Fhíur ad a thanig on Chuir,
Gu de choir usa fo 'n Taoigh?
- 7 'S missigh Gille Choirmaig Dhuin,
'S air gach Druim bu bhath mo Rith;
Hainig mi chur Geall air Luas,
Rish na bheil shibh T-shluaigh astigh
- 8 Gheirich Gille nan Cass caoil,
Ga ruidh air fco Fraoich as Bheann;
Ga ghlaichde 's bu bhor a Phian,
Dherich an Fhian nulle as Fionn.
- 9 'S iad a tearnigh gu a Luan,
Shin nar chaidh an sluaigh nan trott;
Chuir iad Bein Edin air Chrith,
Aig meid an Rith a rein Rochd.
- 10 Leim e Ess Ruaigh ga bu bhor,
'S cha do bhean a Bhrog ga Bhdal;
Leim Mac Cubhail e gu grad,
'S bha stad air gach Fearr do chach.
- 11 An nair a chunnig mo Ríogh,
Bhí briste Gessin an T-sluaigh
Ghia e 'Laibh mu aoin Chois Ruic,
Air Aodin a Chruic thalabhi nair.
- 12 Gach Fearr a thige gar Fein,
A Dhrium gearr gu harruag as;
Sin mar chaidh Rochd do thigh Finn;
An connibh a Chinn sa Chas.

F. 7. RANN MAR A CHAIDH ROC A THIGH FHINN. ROC-MAC-CIOCHAIR, GIULLE BH' AIG RIGH CHORMAC. 7 lines.

Fletcher's Collection, page 80. Advocates' Library. January 17, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

BHA an Giulla so aig an Rígh, agus chaidh e chuir geall air luathas ris an Fhein uile, is cha rabh aig ach aon chos, is aon lámh, agus aon suil, mar a deir an Rann.

BHA aon chos fodha nach robh mall,
Bha aon lámh as ucdh nach cili,
'S aon suil air clar a chinn mhoir,
Bha do dhruighthead air an fhuath,
Gu' m bu luaithe 'n aon chos ghearr,
'S nach beireadh air neach air bith.

H. 10. HOW ROCHD WAS KILLED BY THE HEROES. 44 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 55. Advocates' Library. December 6, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—Dublin, December 9, 1871.—Not known to Hennessy, but a man of this kind is somewhere described. Before the Celts came Ireland was infested by people of this kind called Na Fomhairrain, as I learn from the Wars of the Gael, &c., printed.—J.F.C.

CORMAIC the King of Ireland had an Inchanter named Rochd; this was his shape, he had one left foot, only one hand, and a circular eye in the middle of his forehead, like the Cyclops Vulcan's servants. The King sent him to try race with the Heroes, for he thought that they would not gain victory in running, but Fingal overtook him, and killed him.

DAN 12.

- 1 TEACHDAIR do bha ag an Rìg,
Re h'ám dol an aimbhra' dhó;
Gille do bh' aige r' a ghairm,
Rochd Mac Fhiathchair s' e b' ainm dhó
- 2 Do labhair Cormaic re Rochd,
'Ma 's áill leat bhí noc do 'm réir;
Truss roimhad gu h'Albheinn suas,
'S cuir geall do luas ris an Fhéinn.'
- 3 Dh' imich Rochd an gille nach tìm,
Le chómbradh nach bu bhinn léinn;
Rainig e Teambradh nan lann,
'S bheannaich e le greann do 'n Fhéinn.
- 4 'S ann mar so do bha a shnúadh,
Bha aon chos chlí as a thóim;
Aon lamh air uchd nach bu tìm,
'S aon súil an clar a chinn mhóir.
- 5 'S e fhreagair e Diarmaid donn,
Mac O Duimhne bu chruinn troidh;
'Fhir ud a thainig d' ar Féinn,
Cia do thuras fein o 'd thigh.'
- 6 'S mise gille Chormaic chruinn,
'S air gach dream bu mhaith mo ruidh;
Thainig mi chuir geall mo luas,
Ris na bheil sibh shluhan a stigh.'
- 7 Dh'eirich gille nan eos caol,
Da ruidh air fea' fraoich is bheann;
Dh' eirich ge d' bu mhór a phian,
Dh' eirich an Fhianu uil' is Fionn.
- 8 Bha sinn mar sin o luan gu luan,
A suibhal bhruach, bheann is ehnoc;
'S chuir sinn Beinn éudain air chrith,
Le mead na ruidh a riun rochd.
- 9 Léum e Eas-ruaidh ge mór,
'S ni 'n do lean e bhórd a léum;
'S leum Fionn e gu grad,
'N uair a stad gach fear do 'n Fhéinn,
- 10 'N uair a chunnaig Fionn nam fleadh,
Gu d' bhris e geas an shluaidh;
Dh' iadh e dha lámh mu chois Ruichd,
Air eudann a chnuc ailbhidh fhuair.
- 11 Mar sin a chuaidh Rochd do thigh Fhinn,
An combair a chinn no chas;
'S gach fear mar thigeadh do 'n Fhéinn,
Bho dhrim géur d' a tharrungas.

O. 18. ROC. 132 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 103. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

Cormac, A.D. 213., sends *Roc* to *Albhain* (Allen), to run a race with *Fionn*. He catches him at *Eas Ruagh* (Ballyshannon). Then *Cormac*, King of *Ulster* (Ulster), is changed into *Mhullin* (of the Mill) and later into *Mhuile* (of Mull). At *** the whole thing changes in style and rhythm. It becomes stiff, and all the names from *Cuclulin* downwards to the end of the last battle are jumbled together in hopeless strife. 'Oscar' slays 'Connachar.' 'Cormac' praises 'Fionn.' Somebody in the East of Scotland manifestly composed upon this theme before 1800. April 1, 1872.—J. F. C.

- 1 LABHAIR Cormac ri Roc,
Ma 's áill leat bhí nochd am reir;
Druid romhad a dh' Albhuin suas,
'S cuir geall luathas ris an Fheinn.
- 2 Ni mise sin air a riar,
Chormaic nan cliar 's nan long;
Ach 's eagal nach tig air m' ais,
O laoich bhras na mor ghlonn.
- 3 Roc bha eagal riamb nad' eail,
Cu tharladh tu nam luinn;
Co chuma ruit an luathas,
Dol suas ri eudainn tuim,
- 4 Luath mar cheathach na beinne,
'S a ghaoith g'a ghreasadh le toirm;
Leum Roc na luing leathain,
A reuba euan athach gur traigh.

- 5 Latha bha sinn an crom ghleann nan cloch,
Thainig oirnuc an t-atach ioglna;
Dh' fhaileicheadh cuig meoire a thraidh,
Trian do rrlar an righ thighe.
- 6 Bha mar dhruichd air an fheur
Cha robh ach aon chas chearr o thoin;
Aon lamh as uchd gun bhí cli,
Is aon suil an clar a chinn mhoir.
- 7 Oglaoich thainig an Cuin,
Ciod a thug thu fein do r' tigh;
Is mise gille Chormaic chruinn,
Air gach luim bu math mo ruidh.
- 8 Thaineam a chur geall luathas,
Ris na bheil do shluagh 'nar tigh;
'S faoin do bheachd, a Roc nan lub,
Ann a' d' run tha beairt chli.
- 9 Cha 'n eil a shluagh aig Cormac nan sleagh,
Na dh' fheucha ruinn an ruidh na fri;
Gluaiseachd gille nan cosan caol,
Ga ruidh feadh fraoich 's bheann,
- 10 Glacadh bu mhor a shian,
Dh' eirich an Fhianu uile 's Fionn;
Leum e eas Ruadh, ge bu mhor,
'S cha do bhean a bhord ga throidh.
- 11 Leum Mac Cuthail e gu grad,
'Nuaire stad gach fear san Fheinn;
Dh' iadh e lamh ma aon chos Ruic,
Air eudainn cnuic talmhain fhuair.
- 12 Gach fear mar thigeadh do 'n Fheinn,
Bha lann ga tarruing as;
Sid mar chaidh Roc gu tigh Fhinn,
An coinneamb a chinn 'sa chas.
- 13 Teachtaireachd fhuair Cormac ro. ? New.
Gu na leona' Roc sa ghreis;
Mhionnaich e bu diobhail duinn,
Nach bitheadh Fiann g' an cheann thoirt leis.
- 14 Ghluais e Chosruidh o thulach ard,
Gu Seallama a chuir fo thuinn;
Bhuail e steach gu comrag dian,
Cu cian a charras ud duinn.
- 15 Sheall Fionn o chaislidh nam bnadh,
Suas gu mullach mhíll deirg;
Co iad na h-ataich a ghluais,
Fhearruis co 'n sluaigh air an leirg.
- 16 Ghluais Feargus armach og,
An rod a thainig an feachd;
Co iad na fir chalma dhian,
A thriall do chrom ghleann an t-sneachd ?
- 17 So Cormac righ Mhuilin an aigh,
Cha 'n eil baigh aige ri neach:
Ag iarraidh coir o Fhionn nam Fiann,
Dioladh Roc ruaidh nan each.
- * * *
- 18 A Chormac a chuircadh cath chend,
'S mor an bend do theachd air lear;
Cuimhich a chomain a bha,
'S gabh baigh dhuit fein bhui.
- 19 Cha chiall duit tagha gu'r feachd,
Tha ar neart mar chreag nach aom;
'S tric a chuir sinn do namh gu euan,
Tha Roc na shuain gu faoin.
- 20 Mar beo do Roc nan cleas luath,
Gille bu chruaidhe an cath threun;
Diolaidh mi a leon gu cas'
Ma bhitheas an fhaich am reir (do'm).
- 21 Phill Fearghus bu mhór bheum
'Sa nagh a critheadh fo cheumaibh;
Sid e Cormac righ na Muile,
Ag iarraidh fuil Ruic is beuman.
- 22 Crom ghleann 's fhadh bha slan,
Is tamh aig eild nan raon;
Gun ghuth cogaidh gun luaidh air,
Gun fhuaim bais a struth o Mhaoil.

- 23 Fheara na geillibh do 'n athach,
'Se labhair Fionn 's cath na ghruaidh ;
Pillibh an ruais suas Druimhalha,
Faiceadh Cormac call a bhuaidh.
- 24 Chaidh na fir an dail a cheile,
Goll a' caithe na faiche ;
Oscar mo shar Mhac dealanach,
Caoilte eridhe na gaisge.
- 25 Cuthullin an aigne mhoir,
Faolan og, agus Diarmaid maiseach ;
Toscar nan arm gearra
Bha mi fein a' measg nan toiseach.
- 26 Co sheinneadh cath nan laoch,
Co dh' fheuda' a luaidh an t-ar ;
Thuit le laimh Ghuil Iolun armach,
Mac rìgh Chormaic sìos air lar.
- 27 Thuit le Oscar Conchar nan lan,
'S gann dh' fheudta fhearg a chasga ;
Dh' eirich Cormac dhiona' a shloigh,
Dh' eirich Fionn suas mar fhrascharn,
- 28 Thachair na fir laimh air laimh,
Chaidh 'n gathan nam bloighlibh a' s t-athar
Tharruing iad an lannan crodha,
Chluinnte fead an arman dathete.
- 29 Dh' fhalbh clogaide Chormaic chruinn,
Lann bu duilich a chasgadh ;
Chromaic tha do bhas a' m' laimh,
Ach 's aithne do Fhionn Mac na maise.
- 30 Chormaic eirich 's leat t-armachd,
Pill gu talla garbh na macharach ;
'S dochdair Alba ri chlaoidh,
'S lionar suidh tha dhì teachrach.
- 31 Roc thuit le lubaibh fein,
An struth Dhuithe threun nan glas charu ;
Sìol gun bhaigh chatar an nachdar,
Buaidh gu brath cha tig le taise (gaise).
- 32 Tha Fionn, deir Cormac nan ceud,
Mar shruth do 'n fheur anam na tior ;
Mar reul san oidheche da na neoil,
'San ceo, a' camadh ma cheann gun chli.
- 33 Biodh ruim reidh, a fhlat nan ard bhcan,
Tha nam h ag iarraidh mo bhagrach ;
Eirin nìle ged bu leam,
Gheibheadh tu choimn Garna chasgadh.

THE SONG OF THE SMITHY.

CELTIC Heroes had mythical weapons like others of their class. They got them from a monstrous Smith, who belonged to the Norsemen. He was one of three brothers: 'Roc' was one, 'Lon Mac Liòbhan,' the hero of this ballad, was another, and 'the Smith of the Ocean' seems to have been the third. Their Father was 'a mighty man.' They had one leg and one eye. This one at least had seven arms, with which he plunged swords into his mother's breast. These mythical Celtic people clearly are the equivalents of Vulcan and the Cyclops, Argos, Brontes, Steropes, &c.; who were slain with arrows by Apollo, because they made thunderbolts, with which, Esculapius was slain by Jove. The versions of this ballad are so like each other, that, by the able help of Mr. Hector Mac Lean, we have hammered them into one. In April, 1872, I collated Y. I., 104 lines, orally collected in Barra, with Y. 2, 35 lines, written in Islay, see Vol. III. 'Popular Tales.' In June, the collector of these and other versions read aloud all other versions which we had got, in their order of date, while I noted each verse of Y. with corresponding letters and numbers. We read D. F. H. M. O. V. Y. Z. From these eight versions, written between 1750 and 1872, by as many collectors, in as many different parts of Scotland, Mr. Hector Mac Lean selected various lines and readings; and, having with great trouble collated the whole, he wrote the words in his modern Gaelic orthography. The result is, that 104 lines taken down from the repetition of one man in Barra, in 1860, have grown to 175 lines, chiefly by the addition of the verses marked F, from Fletcher's version. The story told in these verses is commonly told with many more incidents, but the verse is forgotten. We next read the whole over again for various readings, and added all that concerned

the story in foot-notes. By this process all dialects are lost, and the language is brought down to modern orthography. Nothing else is changed. The men named have swords assigned to them, but the same men and weapons do not always go together. They get eight swords and eight spears. Kennedy sings, H. 20:—

'B'aidhearach sinn an dara mhaireach
Ann an Ceardach Lon Mac Liòbhan
Gu bu Mhaith ar 'n ochd clòidheamhan
'S ar 'n ochd Sleaghan rìghe fior ghlanm.'

Four Heroes were first engaged in the adventure; a second band of four are mentioned, but seven other men are named in different versions. Eleven men and as many weapons are named. Three men and two swords are named, but not together.—

1. Fionn had 1. Mac an Liun.
2. Oisein . . . 2. Gear nan Callan; or Gear nan Calg.
3. Osgar . . . 3. A Chruaidh-Chosgarrach; an Euchdrigh; an Drioghleannach; an Druiddhannach;
4. Daorghlas . . . 4. An Leadarnach Mhòr; a Chreicdh'ich; a Chruaidh-Chosgarrach;
5. Diarmaid . . . 5. An Liòmharrach; an Loinnhcannach; a Chosgarsach Mhòr;
- 6, 7, 8. The three sons of the tribe of the Smithy, who are often named in other ballads, had three swords. H. 22:—

Bha trì clòidheamhan Chlann na ceardach
Bu ro mhaith am fèum ri gaisgeadh
'S b' ainm do chloidheamhan nan, Saoithean
Feadag is Faochadh, is Fasgadh.

Otherwise, 6. Fead; 7. Faoidh; 8. Fasdal:—6. Whistler; 7. Sleep, or Rest from pain; 8. Shelter. 9. Goll; and 10. Faolan, one of Fionn's sons, have no swords. 9. A Bhagarach, and 10. Mac-na-Ceardich, or A Chonnall-Niehd-na-Ceardach, have no masters. Sword is masculine, Blade is feminine, so the names vary in different versions. 11. Dearg Mac Droighan is mentioned once in O., a very imperfect late version; he has no sword; and he does not seem to have anything to do with this adventure. One sword has three masters. Eleven swords are named and eleven men. Caoireal, Fionn's youngest son, is not named. He comes late in the story, and makes up the 12.

Here follows the fused version of the Smithy Song: the only bit of cooking that is to be in this work.

DUAN NA CEARDAICHE.

D. F. H. M. Y. Z.

- 1 LATHA dhùinn air hachair leothaid,
Da cheathrar chròda dh' aon bhuidhinn;
Mi fhéin a 's Osgar a 's Daorghlas
A 's Fionn féin, gum b' e Mac Cumhail.

D. 2.

- 2 Da cheathrar fhialaidh 's iad beul-dhearg,
Da cheathrar bheul-dhearg 's iad altach;
'Nam súidhe dhùinn ar tulaich,
'S ann leinn 'bu chumba ar cùmhne.

D. F. H. O. M. Y. Z.

- 3 Chunnaic sinn a' teachd 'nar comhdhail,
Òlach mòr a 's e air aon chois;
An culaidh dhùibh ghris-fhinn chraicinn,
Le còtan lachdunn 's le ruaidh bhraat.

Y. *Le chochall (mhàinidat) dubh ciar-dhùibh craicinn*
Y. *Le cheanna-bheart lachdann 's i ruaidh-mheirg.*
Y. *Le i 'onnar lachdunn 's le ruaidh bheart.*
(bheire) D.

D. 4, H.

- 4 Bha currachd mu cheann maol éitidh, (chlogad)
B' i 'mhaol gheur a bha ro-ghruamach;
Aon sùil mhòlach an clàr adainn,
'S e 'sior dhèanadh air Mac Cumhail.

D. F. H. M. Y. Z.

- 5 'S ann an sin a thubhairt Mac Cumhail,
'N am duinne 'bhith 'dol seachad;
Co 'm ball am bheil do thineadh,
'Ille le d' chulaidh chraicinn?

H. 4.

- 6 Nior bheannaich an truth do sheachdnar
Fhinn Mhic Cumhail O Almhain;
Dhuitse 's na comainean ceudna
Fhuath ro-dhèisnich, éitidh, chealgach.

K

O. 4.

- 7 Lonn Mac Liomhuin gu b' e m' ainm,
Ann tìr Lochlain fhuair mi m' arach;
Bu nearachd m', athair do 'n rugadh mise
I 's mo d'bhithis bràithrean.

D. F. H. M. O. Y. Z.

- 7A Lon Mac Liòbhann, b' e m' ainm ceart e,
Na 'm biodh agaibhs 'orm beachd sgeula;
Bha mi treis ri uallach gobhann
Aig rìgh Lochlainn anns an Spaoili.

D. F. H. M. Y. Z.

- 8 Thàinig mi g' ur cur fo gheasaibh,
O 's luchd sibh 'tha 'm freasdal armaibh;
Sibh a bhith 'gam' ruith 'nurn ochdnuar
Siar gu dorsn mo cheardaich.

D. F. H. M. Y. Z.

- 9 Cia 'm ball am bheil do cheardach,
A thruth am b' fheairde siune' faicinn;
Faiceadh sibhse i ma dh' fhaodar,—
Ma dh' fhaodas mise cha-n fhaic sibh.

D. F. M. Y. Z.

- 10 Gun d' thug iad an sin 'nan siubhal
Air Chòige Mhumba 'nan luath dhearg;
'S air Ghleann an Buidhe mu bheithe
Gun deach iad 'nan ceithir buidhuibh.

D. F. H. M. O. Y. Z.

- 11 Bu bhuidheann diubh sin an gobha,
Bu bhuidheann eile dhiubh Daorghlas;
Bha Fionn 'nan deaghaimn 'san uair sin
A 's beagan de dh' naislean na Féinne.

D. M. O. Y. Z.

- 12 Thug e as mar ghaoith an earraich
'Mach ri' beannaibh dubha 'n t-sléibhe;
'S cha-n fhaiceadh thu ach air éigin
Cearb d' a éideadh thar a mhàsan.

D. F. H. M. O. Y. Z.

- 13 Cha ghearradh an gobha ach aon leum
Air gach gleannan faoin romh fhàsach;
Air shiabh Buidhe mar bheitheir,

D. F. M. Y. Z.

- 14 A' tearnadh air alltan a' chuimr,
A' direadh ri bealach nam faobhar;
Chunnaic iad uatha foir fàire
Ionad tàmh a ghobhann éitidh.

D. M. Y. Z.

- 15 Fosgladh beag gun d' thug an gobhainn;
Na druid romhain arsa Daorghlas;
Na fàg mi 'n dorsn do cheardaich
An àite teann as mi 'm aonar.

H.

- 15A Chuir iad an lorg siar fui 'n teallach,
Is teannachair do chorran caorrainn;
No ceathair uird a bha re freasdal,
B' fharr no sud a fhreagradh Dorghlas.

D. F. M. Y. Z.

- 16 Fhuaras an sin builg ri shéideadh;
Fhuaras air éigin a' cheardach;
Fhuaras ceathrar ghoibhnean rìgh Meirbhe,
De dhaoine doirbhe mi-dhealbhadh.

D. F. M. Y. Z.

- 17 Bha seachd lamhan air gach gobha;
Seachd teanachairean leothair aotrom;
'S na seachd nird a bha 'gan sprèigeadh;
'S cha bu mhaca 'fhreageadh Daorghlas.

D. F. H. M. Y. Z.

- 18 Daorghlas fear gharadh na ceardaich!
Bu ghòirt 's bu ghàbhaidh a thròdan!
'S bu deirge na gual an daraich,
A shnuadh le toradh na h-oilbre.

D. F. H. M. Y. Z.

- 19 Labhair fear de na goibhuidh
Gu grìomach agus gu gruamach;
Co e 'm fear caol gun tìona
'Shineas an teinne crudhadh?

D. F. H. M. Y. Z.

- 20 An sin fhreagair Fionn Mac Cumhail
Mar 'bu chubaidh dhà 'san uair sin;
'Cha bhi 'n t-ainm sin gun sgaoidleadh,
Bha Daorghlas air gus an uair so.'

D. F. M.

- 21 Fhuaras an sin airm 'n an sineadh,
Na claidhmhean liòmharra daite;
'S iad coimhlionta air an deanadh,
De dh' armaibh dirceaba, gasda.
- 22 Fhuair sinn an sin arn ochd claidhmhean
De dh' armaibh dirceaba, daite;
Tri chlaidhmhean eile 'nam fochair,
Fead agus Faoidh agus Fasdai.

H.

- 23 Tri chlaidhmhean chlann na ceardaich
Bu ro mhaith an feum ri gaisge;
'S gum bi 'n liòmharach lann Dhiarmaid,
'S iomadh latha riamh a dhearbh i.

Y. Z.

- 24 A chruaidh chosgarrach lann Osgair;
An leadarnach mhòr lann Chaoite;
Mac an Luin aig Fionn Mac Cumhail,
Nach fàg fuigheal de dh' fheoil dhaoine.

D. F. H. M. Y. Z.

- 25 Agam fhéin bha gearr nan collann
Bu mhòr farum an am truide

F. 22.

- 26 'N sin 'nuair 'labhair an gobhainn
'N déis am faghairt mar a dh' fhaod e;
Cha bhi iad nìle gu m' rùir-sa,
Gun am faghairt am feoil dhaoine

F. 23.

- 27 Chuir iad an sin croinn mu 'n timcheall,
Co air an d' thigeadh a' chaoil-sp'irn;
Co air an d' thàinig an iomairt,
Ach air Fionn, rìgh chlann Baoisgne.

F. 24.

- 28 Dh' imich Fionn dh' ionnsuidh an doruis,
A 's e làn carruich mu 'n aobhar;
'Se 'tharladh air a' dol seachad
Ceum beag rathaid 's e ri smaointeach.

F. 25.

- 29 Lean e gus an do ràinig e doruis,
Bhuail e mar fhear ag iarraidh faoilceadh;
Fhreagair seana-bhean e 'bha caslaich;
Gu glic, foisteach rinn i fhoighneachd.

F. 26.

- 30 Cìod na nithean 'tha thu sìradh;
Na co as do theachd an taobh so?

F. 27.

- 31 Fhreagair Fionn an sin gu falaiddh,
Fios t' ainne b' àill leam fhaostainn?
Cìod e do riaghailt air fuireach?
Na do thuineachas an taobh so.

F. 28.

- 32 'Gur mise màthair a' ghobhann
'Bu mhaith a thobhairt nam faobhar;
'S bha mi ri còmhuidh 'san asdail
Anns am bheil thu 'faicinn ma'oadaim.

F. 29.

- 33 Tha do mhac ag iarraidh t' faoidinn '
Siar gu dorsaibh a' cheardaich

F. 30.

- 34 'Tha seachd bliadhna o nach fhaca
Mì mo mhac na duine de m' chairdean;
Ach ma tha e 'gam' shìradh an ceart nair
Thèid mi g' a fhaicinn 'san am so.'

F. 31.

- 35 An sin 'nuair a ghluais Fionn 's a' eallieach,
'Siar gu dorsaibh na ceardaich;
'Chuir e 'bhenn a steach an toiseach,
O 'n a bha dosgiadh an dàin dith.

- F. 32.
 36 Sparr an gobha na h-airm dhaite
 Mach eart troimh chorp a mháthar ;
 'N sin thuir e ri Fionn—'A dhroch dhuine
 Thug orm dol am fuil nach b' áill leam !'
- F. 33.
 37 Thuir e ri Fionn—' Sin di chlaidheamh,
 'S déan a thasgaidh anns an sgábard ;
 Thuir Fionn, 'nuair a ghlac e 'n chlaidheamh,
 Gun robh car ann 's an robh fáillinn.
- F. 34.
 38 Dh' iarr an gobhainn e ri fhaicinn
 Cíod an car a bh' ann nach b' áill leis ;
 B' aithreach le Fionn a thuir seachad,
 'S dh' iarr e 'n lann air ais guu dáil air.
- F. 35.
 39 Sparr e 'n claidheamh anns a' ghobhainn,
 'S rinn e 'flughair mar a b' áill leis.
- F. 36. H. Y. Z.
 40 Guu do ghabh sinn an sin nu shiubhal
 'Ghabhail sgeula de righ Lochlainn ;
 Gun do labhair an righ usal
 Le neart suarraicheas mar bu chubhaidh.
- F. M. Y. Z.
 41 'Cha d' thugamaid air bhurn eagal
 Sgeula do sheisear dh' 'ur buidhinn ;
 Gun do thog sinne na sleaghan ;
 'S gum b' ann ri aghaidh nam bratach.
- F. M. Y. Z.
 42 Bha iadsan ann 'nan seachd cathan,
 'S cha do smaointich flath air teacheadh ;
 Ach air lár na Foide Fineadh
 Cha robh sinne ann ach seisear.
- F. M. Y. Z.
 43 Bu dithis diubh sin mis' agus Caoilte,
 Bu trínir diubh sin Faolair fial ;
 Bu cheathrar dhiubh Fionn air thoiseach ;
 'S bu chaignear dhiubh 'n t-Oscar calma.
- F. H. M. Y. Z.
 44 Bu sheisear dhiubh Goll Mac Morna,
 Nach d' fhulaing táir ri m' chumhne ;
 'Ach sguiridh mí nis d' an áireamh,
 O-n chaidh an Fhéinn gu sod oirn.

D. 22.

- 45 O nach mairionn deagh Mhac Cumhail,
 Cas shiubhail nam mór-cheum doireach ;
 'Bhith air lán an duinn de 'n aran
 A' tarruing nan gallanan uisge.

D. F. M. Y. Z.

- 46 Bu mhaith mí latha na teann-rúith
 Ann an ceardaich Loin Mhic Liomhann ;
 A nochd god as anmhann mo threoir
 Déis an sgeoil so 'bhith ga unseadh.

Various Readings.

D. 3. Lines 2, 3.

- 2 Le Mhantal duth ciar dhuth Craicéin
 3 Le Ionnar Lachdín 's le ruadh-bheire

D. 4.

- 1 Le Chloggaid mu Chean maol Éitidh.
 4 Togadar air Nairm ri fhaicinn

O. 1. Lines 1, 2, 3, 4.

Chunnas tighinn o 'n Mhuna
 Fear fada dubh 's e air aon chois
 Le mhantal ciar dubh críonn
 'S apran de 'n eudach chianta.

D. 4.

Le chlogaíd mu cheann maol eitidh
 A mhaol gheur a 's ise grumach
 Linn duinn a' bhith faicinn an ghlach
 Togadar ar 'n airm ri fhaicinn.

H. 3.

- 1 Bha currachd ma chom-mhaoil chéiste.
 3 'S 'nuair bha sinn nu chomhair a chéile
 4 Thogadar ar 'n airm le fuathas

D. 5. Lines 3, 4.

Co 'n Tir ann aon bi do Bhunnadh,
 Na Fhír ud a Chuthail Chraiceiu ?

H. 5. Lines 3, 4.

Co an tir am bheil do mhúthinn,
 Fhír ud tha fuí 'n chuthail grumach ?

D. 6. Lines 3, 4.

Gur mishe an Tolla Gotha
 A bhaig Ríogh Lochlan San Bheirbhe

H. 6. Lines 3, 4.

Gu bheil am umhall Gomha
 Aig Rígh Lochlan anns a' Mheirathair.

D. 18.

- 4 Fead a 's Faoidh agus Fasgadh

D. 19.

- 1 A bhararach 's Mac Ceardich
 2 Bha Chosgarach mhór aig Diarmaid.

D. 20.

- 1 Mac an Loin b i Lann Mhic Cuthail
 3 Aig Oscar bhithidh an Euchdrigh
 4 'S gum bi Chreicidh lann chruaidh Chaoilte

D. 21.

- 1 Agam fein bha Gearr nan Calluinn.

H. 20.

- 1 Be Mac an Loin lann Mhic Cuthail
 3 Gu b 'e 'n Drioghleannach lann Oseair
 'S bi Chruaidh chosgarach lann Chaoilte

H. 21.

- 1 Gu b' i 'n Lainheannach lann Dhiarmaid
 3 A-gam fein bha gean nan calluinn.

H. 22.

- 1 Bha tri chloidheamhan chlann na ceardach
 4 Feadag is Faochadh, is Fasgadh.

F. 20.

- 1 Fead agus Faoidh agus Fasdaid
 2 'Sa Chomhlann nichd na Ceardach
 3 'S an lann fhada ghlais bh' aig Diarmaid

F. 21.

- 1 A-gam san bha gheur nau calg
 3 Machd an Luin a bhaig machd Cuthaill.

H. HOW THEY GOT VICTORIOUS ARMS

FROM A SMITH WHO WAS INCHANTED BY THE KING OF DENMARK.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 27. 92 lines. Advocates' Library, Nov. 30, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. NOTE.—Dublin, December 9, 1871.—Not known to Hennessy as preserved in old Irish writings.

THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL was one day walking on the face of a hill, named Luachair-leodhaid (that is, on the side of a mountain all covered with rushes; all things was named poetically by them) and seven persons along with him, viz.: Ossian, Oscar, Diarmaid, Dorghlas, &c. They saw one person coming to them on ne leg and curiously clothed. They knew that it was for some mischief he was coming to them, for kings at that time had enchanted persons for their diversion and use, he enchanted them to follow him to the door of his smidy in hopes that he would overwhelm them to death; they followed him with all haste thro' mountains, vallies, and all rough and desert places, there was none of them near him, but Dorghlas who was called Caoilte since that day; he keeps him always in sight, and overtook him at his smidy; the rest came then one by one, they would not return home without reward for their trouble, they got their eight swords and eight spears that would get victory over any brutal force.

M. 5. CEARDACH MHIC LUIN. 104 lines.

This version is fused with the rest. It is quoted from Gillies for comparison.—J. F. C.

- 1 LA dhuinn air Luachar Leobhar
 Do chearach chrogha do 'n lhuighinn
 Mí fein, 's is Oscar 's is Daorghlas
 Bha Fionn fein ann, is b'e Mac-Cumhail.

¹ Ossian.

² Diarmaid.

- 2 Chunnas tighinn o' n mbhagh
An toglach mor is e air aon chois
Le chochal dubh, ciar-dubh craicion,
Le cheann-bheirt lachdainn is i ruadh-mheirg.
- 3 Bu ghranda coslas an òglaich,
Bu ghranda siu agus bu duaicnidh,
Le chlogaid ceann-mhor ceutach,
Mar mhaol eidi' dh'fhàs duacaicil.
- 4 Labhair ris Fionn Mac-Cumhail,
Mar dhuine bhiodh dol seachd;
C'ia i an tìr am bheil do thuinì
Ghnulla le do chulai' chraicion.
- 5 Lun Mac-Liobhain, 's e m' ainm ceart,
Na 'm biodh agaibhse beachd sgeul orm,
'S gu 'm bitinn re obair Gobhainn
Aig Rì Lochlainnann an Spaoil'.
- 6 Thainig mi gur cuir so gheasaibh
O 's luchd sibh tha freasdal armaibh,
Sibh gu mo leantain buighinn shocair,
Siar gu dorsaibh mo Cheardaich.
- 7 Cìod am ball am bheil do Cheardach ?
Na 'm fearda sinne, g'a faicsin ?
Faicadh sibhse sin, ma dh' fhaodas,
Ach ma dh' fhaodas mise, cha 'n fhaicsibh.
- 8 Sin n'ar chuididh iad nan sibhail,
Mar chuire mugha na luimedheirg
Air shìabh buidhe mar bheithir
Gu 'n robh sinn' nar ceathrar buighnibh.
- 9 Bu bhuighinn dhiubh sin an Gebhainn
'S bu bhuighinn eile dhiubh Daorghlas,
Bha Fionn 'nar deidh san uair sin
Is beagan do dh'uaisibh na Fèine.
- 10 Cha deanadh an Gobhainn ach aon-cheum,
Thair gach gleannan faoin 'n robh fàsach
Cha ruigeadh oirne ach air eigin,
Cearb d'ar n' aodach shuas ar masabih.
- 11 Tearna gu urlar a chòire
Dire re bealach na saothair;
Fosa beag ort, ars' an Gobhainn,
Druidse romham arsa Daorghlas.
- 12 'S na fàg mi 'n dorsaibh do Cheardaich
Ann aite tean is mi 'm aonar.
- 13 Fhuaras ann sin builg g'an seide
Fhuaras air eigin ceardach
Fhuaras ceathrar Goibhnbh re meirbhidh
Do dhaoine dairbhe mi dhealbhadh.
- 14 Gu 'n do labhair fear do na Goibhnbh
Gu grimeach agus ga gruamach
Co e am fear caol gun timeadh,
A shineadh mach tinne Cruadhach.
- 15 Dubhairt Fionn fear fuasgla na ceiste,
(Au lamb nach tagainn 'san fhiadhadh)
Cha bhì 'n t'ainm sin sgoilte,
Bha Daorghlas air gus an uair so.
- 16 Bha seachd lamhan air a Ghoibin
Agus seachd tennchair leobhar aotrom,
Na seachd ùird a bha g'a spreige,
'S cha hu meas a fheargra Caoilte.
- 17 Caoilte fear fhaire na Ceardaich,
Sgeul deirbhte gu 'n troid e
Gu 'm bu deirge na 'n gual daraich
A shnadh, a toradh na h-oibre.
- 18 Fhuaras ann sin na 'n sine,
Do arnaibh dìreach daite
'S an colliana air an deannaibh
Do dh'arnaibh sìnte na faiche.
- 19 Fead, agus Faoi' agus Fasdal,
Is a Chonnalann nic na Ceardaich,
'S an lann 'had' a bh'aig Diarmad
'S ioma' la riamh a dhearbh i.
- 20 Agam fein a bha Deire na 'n colag,
Bu mhor farum a truide
'S Mac-an-Lùin a bh'aig Mac-Cumhail,
Nach d' fhag fuighéal do fheoil dhaoine.

- 21 Gu 'n do ghabh sinne ma shiubhal,
Ghabhail sgeula do Rì Lochlan;
Sin n'ar labhair an Rì nasal,
Le neart suaire mar bu chuma.
- 22 Cha tugamaid air bhur egal
Sgeul do sheisir do'r buighinn
Gu na thog sinn na sleaghan
'S gu 'm b'ann re aghaidh na 'm bratach.
- 23 Bha iadsan ann na 'n seachd cathan,
Cha do smuainich flath re teiche
Ach air lar na foide fineadh,
Cha robh sinne ann ach seisir.
- 24 Bu dithis diubh sin mis; agus Caoilte
'S bu trìuir dhiubh Faolan feall,
Bu cheathrar dhiubh Fionn air thoiseach,
'S bu chuirear dhiubh an t-Oscar calma.
- 25 B' e sheisir Goll Mac-Mòrna,
Nach d' fhuiling tàir re m' chùine
Togaibh mi tuile dheth 'n àireamh,
O chuaidh 'n Fheinn gu sodra'.
- 26 Bu mbath mi la na teann-ruith
Ann am Ceardaich Lònaich Liubhain.
An nochd 's annhann mo chùil
An dèis a bhì 'g rìreamh na buighne.

A MHUILEIRTEACH. D. F. M. O. &

This personage is described in ballads as a woman, having one terrible eye swift as a mackerel, shaggy hair, black blue complexion, and teeth encumbered with splinters of bone. According to some versions, an eagle, or a griffin with claws like a tree was on her head. So at least I read the words. She was an ally of the Norsemen. She came from the sea, and fought all the Feinne, who made a battle ring of their seven battalions before they slew her. Perhaps she represents one of Odin's corse choosers. I have the following versions:—D. 9. 84 lines. F. 9. 36 lines. J. 2. 87 lines. M. 6. 120 lines. O. 16. 105 lines. S. 1. 97 lines. Y. 2. 225 lines. Z. 3. 30 lines = 687 lines. All these were orally collected between 1750 and 1872, between Dunkeld and the Islands. I print five versions. My own version, orally collected before 1862, by Mr. Hector Mac Lean, will be found in Vol. III. In translating, I will make the best I can of the whole. I tried to fuse these versions, but could not do it to my satisfaction.

D. 9. DUAN A MHUILEARTICH.

Mac Nicol's Collection. 84 lines. Ossianic Ballad, copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 1, 1872.

- 1 La do 'n Fhein air Tullich toir,
Re abrach Erin man Tiomchil;
Chunnaic iad air Bharribh Thonn,
An Tarrachd citidh aotail crou,
- 2 She b' ainm do 'n D'fhuath nach ro fann,
Am Mullcartich maol ruaigh mathionn
muantich
Bha Haodin dn-ghlas air Dhreich guail,
Bha Deud carbadich claoin-ruaigh.
- 3 Bha aoin shuil gholgrieh na ceann,
'S bu luagh i na rùinich Maorinn;
Bha greann ghlas duth air a ceann,
Mar dhroch Coill chrinich fo air Chritheann.
- 4 Rì abrach nan Fian bu bhòr Goil,
T shauntich a bhias teachd bhì nan Innis;
Mhairbh i le Habbichd Ciad Lhaoich,
Sa Gaira mor na gairbh Chraois.
- 5 Cait a bheil Fir as fearr na shud,
An Dìgh ad Fhein a Mhich Cubhail;
Chuirinse shud air do Laibh,
A Mhuileartich Mhathion mhaol chammapach.
- 6 Air sea Luchd chumail nan Conn,
Na bì oirne gad mhaothidh;
Gheibh u Cubhgh as garbh shith,
Huir Mac Cubhail an taid Rìogh.
- 7 Gad' gheibhinse Brìgh Erin uille,
A Hor 'sa Hairgid sa Hinnbhis;
Bearr leom u Chosgairt mo T-shleigh,
Oscair a Raoine, sa Chorrail.

- 8 An T-shleigh shin ris a bheil u fas,
San aice ha do dhian-bhas ;
Cailidh tu Dos a Chinn chrain,
Re deo Mhac Ossain a dhearraigh.
- 9 Busa dhuit ord crothidh nan clach,
A chaigna fod 'l Fhiaclan
Na cobhrig nan Fian fuillich.
- 10 'N shin nar dherich Fraoch na Beist,
Dherich Fionn Flath na Feinigh ;
Dherich Oscar Flath nan Fearr,
Dherich Oscar agus Iullin.
- 11 Dherich Ciar-dhuth Mac bramh,
Dherich Goll mor agus Connan ;
Dherich na Laoich nach bu tiom,
Laoich Mhic Cubhail nan arm grinn.
- 12 Agus rein iad Cro-coig-cath,
Mun Arrichd eitidh san Ghleann ;
A chearthir Laoich a b' fhearr san Fhein,
C'hoibhrigidh i iad gu leir,
Agus fhrithilidh I iad ma sheach,
Mar Ghath Rinne na Lasrich.
- 13 Haebir Mac Cubhail an aigh,
Agus a Bhiast Laibh air Laibh ;
Bha Druchd air Barring a Lainne,
Bha laibh a Cholla ri Guin buaidh.
- 14 Bha Braoin ga Fhuil air na Fraochibh,
Thuit am Muileartich leis an Righ ;
Ach ma thuit cha b' ann gun strith,
Deichin cha duair e mar shin.
- 15 O La Ceardich Loin Mhic Liobhain,
Ghluais an Gothidh leis a Bhrigh ;
Gu Teich Othar an ard Rìogh,
'S bu sgenligh le gotha nan cuan,
Gun do bharragh am Muileartich maithion maol
ruagh.
- 16 Mar dechidh e an Tailibh tolc,
Na mar do bhathigh am muir do bhain Long,
Cait 'an ro Dhaone air bith,
Na bharragh am Muileartich mathionn.
- 17 Cha ne bharbh i ach an Fhian,
Buighin leis nach gabhir Giabh ;
'S nach deid Fua na arrachd as,
Fon T sluaigh aluin Fhalt-bhu-iompaidh.
- 18 Bheir mise Briathar a rist,
Ma bharbhig am Muileartich min ;
Nach fhag mise aoin na Ghleann,
Tom, Innis na Eillain.
- 19 Bheir mi breapadich air muir,
Agus enagalich air Tir ;
Agus ni mi croran Coill (crocoian)
Ga tarraing bugamasa Taithichean (Treibh-
ichean).
- 20 S mor an Luchd do Loingear ban,
Erin nille do Thog bhail
'S nach dechidh do Loingear riabh air sail,
Na thoga Coigùdh do dh' Erin.
- 21 Mile agus Caogid Long,
Sin Caibhlich an Righ gu trom
A dol gu Crichibh Erin
Air hi na Feinigh nan taragh (fanagh).

F. 9. CHAILLEACH 'THAINIG GU TULAICH FHOIRR.

Fletcher's Collection, page 75. 36 lines. Advocates' Library. January 17, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—March 21, 1872. Wars of the Gaedhel with the Gaill. Todd, 1867. xcv Introduction ; page 41, Text. Examples of female adventurers taking command of a fleet are not uncommon in Scandinavian history. The ships of the russet damsel, 'Inghin Ruaidh,' and the ships of 'Odunnd' appear amongst the names of Sea Rovers in the Danish invasions of Munster, together with the name of Carl Otter, the black, who was slain in Scotland by Constantine III., A.D. 916.

In this version the poetry is partly written as if it were prose.

Là ga 'n rabh Fionn ua shuidhe air Tulaich Fhoirr 's an Fheinn nìle na thiomchioll, chunnacadar a' teachd ar barr nan tonn, Cailleach eidigh, leothar, chrom, aig teachd a dhubhairt comhraig orra.

- 1 An bhith do Fhionn air tulaich Fhoirr,
'G ambar Eirinn mu thimchioll,
Air faicinn dha teachd air bharr thonn,
Earrachd eidigh, fheall, chrom.
- 2 Bu mhòr a h-ionnuid 's a fàs,
Bu luath cuid siubhail ri h-aois.
Bha cuarain iarrunn mu dà mhàs,
Bha faiclan siar seach a craos ;
- 3 Bha claidhe meirgeach air a erios,
Ri àm feirge bu gharbh greis,
Bha da shleagh iarrunn air na taobh eile
Do 'n fhuar' chul-liath Chailleche.
- 4 Bha car ga ionain mu chaol a duirn,
Bha car ga caothair mu chaol-drùim ;
Bha h-aodan du-ghlas air dhreach guail,
Bha deud charabadach ebrann ruadh,
- 5 Bha aon suil gholach na ceann,
'S bu luath i na rionnach maire,
Bha greann-ghlas orra' mar bhi
Na mar choill chrionach air crith,
- 6 Air faicsinn dhi an Fhianm mu dheas,
Chuca ghabh a bhiasn nan ionis.
'N sin thubhairt a Chailleach ruitha,
- 7 Thainig mis' dhuabairt còmhraig ;
Air Fionn mac Cuthail 's air Goull, mac-Morne,
Is air mac Luthaich bu gharg gair
Air Caoirreal agus air Baoisge.
- 8 Thainig a Chailleach oirnn n' ar n' àireamh,
Is rinn i oirnn cion gun chomain,
Mharbha leatha ceud laoch,
'S bha gaire na garbh chraos.

M. 6. DUAN A MHUIREARTUICH, NO MHUIL-EARTUICH. 120 lines.

- 1 LATHA d' an Fheinn air tulaich shoir
Ag ambar Eirinn mu 'n timchioll
Chunnair iad ag teachd air fonn
An t-arract eitidh creatheil crom.
- 2 'S e b' ainm d' an fhuath nach robh tiom
Am Muireartach maol ruadh Muingean
Bha eadan du-ghlas air dhreach guail
Bha deud a charbud clao ruadh.
- 3 Bha aon suil ghlogach na cheann
'S bu luath e na rionnach maodhair
Bha greann ghlas-dubh air a cheann
Mar choille chrionuich fo chrith-reo.
- 4 Re faic'inn na Feinne bu mhòr goil
Shantnuich a bheist a bhith nan innis
- 5 An tosaich nìreadh agus àir
Rinnadh leis gean gun chomain,
Mharbh e le abhach ceud laoch
'S a ghaire na gharbh chraos.
- 6 O loch nan Cuach thainig mi
Gu teith diomasach deadh dhian,
Geill as gach aon fhear sa chath
Gur e dh' iar am fuath gu comrag.
- 7 Fear is fear ma chomhrag cheud
Chuireadh an righ dh' fhios na beist,
'S mar ruitheadh a mhuir-chlach mugh
Mharbhadh am Muireartach Muingean,
- 8 C'ait am bheil fir a 's fear na sud ;
'S e labhair am Muireartach Muingean,
San tir san tainig mi chugaibh,
Mhic Cunhail, gu grain nan oilcin.
- 9 Chuirinn-se sud air do laimh
A Mhuileartuich Mhuingean chlainn chaim,
Air scath luchd chumail nan cón
Na bith oirne ga d' mhaoithheadh.

- 10 Gheibh thu cumhadh 's gabb sith,
Thuir Mac Cumhaill an t-ard rìgh,
Deich ceud ubhall d' an or ghlan
'S tog dh'inn a chulanuichan coin.
- 11 Ge d' gheabhunn-se brìgh Eirinn uile
A h or a h airgid 's ah ionmhas
B' fhearr leam fo chosgairt mò shleagh
Oscar, is Raoinne, is Cairioll.
- 12 Labhair laoch nach d'fhuiling tair
Mac Mornai d'am b' ainm Conan,
Caillidh tu dos a chinne chrin
Re deagh Mhac Oissain d' fhoir rìgh.
- 13 B' asadh dhuit ord crothadh nan chloch
A chagnadh fo d' d'heudaich
Na combrag nam Fiann fuileach
Air nach do bhuaidhaich aon duine.
- 14 Dh'eir'ich Fionn flath na Feinne,
Nuair chunnaire e colg na beiste
Dh'eir'ich Oissain flath nam fear
Dh'eir'ich Oscar agus Inlunn.
- 15 Dh'eir'ich Ceothach nan arm nuadh
Dh'eir'ich sud is Raoinne ruadh
- 16 Dh'eir'ich Ciar-dhubh Mac Brabh
Dh'eir'ich Art Mac Morain nan Mionn.
Dh'eir'ich d'iais a b' aluin draech
Cuchuluinn is Faolan neo mheas.
- 17 Dh'eir'ich na laoiach nach bu tiom
Laoich Mhic Cumhaill nan arm grunn
Rinn iad cro chum a chatha mhoir
Mu 'n arracht air faiche nan seleo.
- 18 A cheathrar laoch a b' fhearr san fheinn
Chombruingeadh e iad gu leir
Is fhrithealadh o iad mu'd seach
Mar ghath raine na lasrach.
- 19 Thachair Mac Cumhaill an aigh
Is a bheiste laimh air laimh;
Bha taobh a cholla re guin bnaluidh,
Bha braon d' a fhuil air na fraochuibh.
- 20 Thuit am Muileartach leis an rìgh,
Ach ma thuit cha b' anu gun strì
Deuchainn cha d' fhuair e mar sin
O la ceardaich Léin Mhic Libhainn.
- 21 Dh'fhalbh an Gobhain leis a bhrìgh
Gu teach athar an aird rìgh;
Rinneadh beud, deir Gobhain nan cuan,
Mharbhadh am Muireartach ruadh.
- 22 A rìgh Beatha dhuit is nair
Ar saruchadh le luchd aon oilein.
- 23 Mur do loisg teine, mur do b'hadh tonn,
Mur do shluig nuair leathann lom,
Cha robh do dhaoineibh air domhain
Na Mharbhadh am Muileartach Muingeann.
- 24 Cha b'e mharbh e ach an Fhian
Buidheann leis nach gabhadh fiamh;
Cha d' theid fuath na airrachtas
O 'n t-sluagh aluin fhalt-bhuidhe chas.
- 25 Bheir mise briathar a ris
Ma mharbhadh am Muileartach min
Nach tog mi do Eirinn aigh
Tom, innis, no oilein;
- 26 Nach tog mi an corruibh mo long
Eirinn chorranta cho-throm
- 27 Caircam breabannach air nuir
Ga togbhaill as a tonn-bhalla,
Crocaim chroma re tìr
Ga tarruing as a taibhe.
- 28 Is mor an luach do loingis bhain
Eirinn uile a dh' aon laimh
'S nach deachaidh loingear air sal
A thogadh cuige do dh' Eirinn.
- 29 Chuir e fios gu flathaidh Fàil
Am Muireartach fhaotain da slan
No larra brìgh Eirinn uile
Eadar mhac rìgh is aon duine.

- 30 Gabh mo chomhairle, 's in choir
Labhair Mac Cumhaill mhie Trein-mhoir,
Is fearr or cruinate nan clach
Na comhrag nam Fiann fuileach.

O. 16. AM MUIREARTACH.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 93. 105 lines. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 29, 1872.

Fragments of the ballad which is current in 1871, with lines from other ballads introduced near the end, where the whole is much broken.

- 1 LA dhuinn air tulaich *Soire* (Soiruidh),
Ag amharc Eirin nile mar tionmhuill;
Chunncas tighinn air bharruibh thonn,
Are aillid agus lall chrom.
- 2 Is e b' ainm do 'n uamhanach ghlan,
Am Muireartach Maol ruagh Mhaighe (mhara)
Bha a h-eudainn du' ghlas air dreach guail,
'S a dend charbad garbh ruagh.
- 3 Aon suil ghlogach na ceann,
Na bu luaidhe na sionnach maighe (rannach)
(mara)
Agus greann liath-glas troimh a ceann;
Mar choille chrionaich fo chrith-reoth (do chrithionn).
- 4 Air faisinn nam Fiann fo geasamh (ma coinneamh),
Tigeadh a bheisd do 'n Innis;
'Se steud mile gan tionndadh,
- 5 Mharbh i le gean gun choman,
Deich ceud laoch,
Agus a gaire na garbh chraos,
- 6 Co iad na laoiach a b' fhearr na sud,
O 'n tì o 'n d' thainig mi;
A thug sibhse air saile,
Air sgath Chonalaich nan con (Choniallaich),
- 7 Oirne na bitheadh gach maoithe (Mhaoidhe),
- 8 Bannsa air barraibh mo shleagh,
Oscar is Raoinn is Caoirral;
- 9 Deir an laoch nach d' fhuilang tair,
Mac Morna do 'm b' ainm Conan.
Fagaidh tu dos a chinne chrine,
Re Mac Oisein iarraidh;
- 10 Triath as gach naonar 'sa' m'bhagh,
Gur e dh' iarr a bheisd gu combrag;
Combrag de luchd combrag ceud,
Chuir sinne a dh' ionnsuidh na beisd.
- 11 Bha bheisd gam frith lannadh seachd,
Mar *fhiodh chonna* air lassadh (*Iolan*).
- 12 Gun tharla Mac Cuthail an aigh,
Agus a' bheisd laimh air laimh;
Earlun cha 'n fhacas air sìr,
O Cheardach Loin Mhic Loinhuinn.
- 13 Cha bu dona loghuir an aigh,
Rinn cobhair air an laoch ann ruadh;
Oisean le 'n deargan na gil,
Oscar arm ruadh agus Iolunn.
- 14 Ach thuit a bheisd leis an rìgh,
Ma thuit cha b' ann gan chis (stri);
Gun deach an Gabhainn leis a bhrìgh,
Gu teach Gobha an ard rìgh
- 15 A dh' innseadh gu 'n do mharbhadh a Muireartach (mlin).
- 16 Mar do shluig talamh toll,
No Muir leathan lom;
Cha robh air an talamh sa a shluagh,
Na mharbha' a' Muireartach ruadh.
- 17 Cha ni rinn e ach am Fionn (an Fleinn),
An dream leis an cuirte gach geill;
'S ann duitsa ta a nair e rìgh,
Do chis chatha bli aig luchd *oilean* (*elan*).

- 18 Ma mharbhadh a Mhuireartach mhin,
Bheir mise briathlar dhi;
Nach fag mi ann an Eirin clach,
Aid, no amhainn no fireach,
- 19 Gun an togail air bharrabh mo long,
An corpa cothromach co trom,
- 20 Gun tugainn breabanaich air Muir,
Gun togail as an tighibh;
- 21 Corr is nao mile long,
Thug rìgh Lochlain leis;
Chum foid na h-Eirin a ghabhail,
- 22 Dh' ionnsuidh bas na h-Eirin uile
Edar rìgh agus ro dhuine.
- 23 Teachdaireachd gu Flath Fail,
Chuir Fionn flath an t-sluaigh;
Gabh cumha is dean coir,
- 24 Is gheibh thu deich cend bratach chaol datha,
Deich ceud caltainn chaol chatha,
Deich ceud lan chu thar chonnaibh.
Deich ceud con iall lan trom,
- 25 Deich ceud cu coilair *oille* (*vite*).
Bheireadh Fionn flath na Feinne,
Gabh cumha is dean coir;
Agus gheibh thu deich unga de 'n òr dhearg.

26 Ged fhaighcadh e gach seud bhuagha,
A bh' ann Eirin uile;
Cha phill se a long,
Gus am bi Eirin aig air aon *rugha* (*rutha*).

27 Fearus fìlth toscar rìgh,
Fear a labhradh gu ùlar min,
Labhair e gu fìor ghlic, sar ghlic,
Ris an rìgh bu neo-bhrathail;

28 Ge b' e beag leat tha 'n Fheinn ann,
Bheir thu do theanna leum air ais,
Do d' luing ghlais,
Air no fuilingeadh tu t-aimhneas.
An laimh do fhraoich is d' fheirge.

29 Ille 's breugach do bheul,
Trian na bheil an so do shluagh,
Cha robh agaibhse riamh an Eirin;
Dhuinne bu mhaing dol nan dail,
Agus dhoibhse bu mhaing teachd thugainn.

30 Ba iomadh muinial gu maoladh,
Agus corp g' an trom aomadh;
O thus greime gu conh fheasgar,
O laimh treuna an Oseair (*lamha*).

31 Bha lamh an Oseair an tugh an t-sluaigh,
Agus leigeadh leis cuig ceud fear sleagh gach
uar.

Ach gu 'n thuit air dhith 'n t-sluaigh,
Aon rìgh air meud ionmhais.

32 An sin do chuir sinn an ruaig
Mar chliath chatha ri 'n sailtibh bha sinn;
Nar cleath chatha g' an ioman,
Air pilltinn duinn air ais,
Air leinn gu 'm bu cruaidh an coltas;
Rinn corran nan sleagh,
Na toлта troi chom an Oseair.
Neo-iomlan.

From John Stewart, tenant, Bohaly, aged 86. Novem-
ber 1, 1808.

& MUILEARTACH. 30 lines.

Written by Mac Phail from the recitation of Norman
Murray Habost Ness Lewis. 1866. This fragment is
curiously altered.

- 1 La do 'n Fhianan air tullach Oirm,
'G amhare Eirinn mu 'n timbheidioll;
Chuala iad gaoraich air mhuir lom,
Chunnacas mar mhac air bharr thonn.
- 2 'S b' ainm dha an Fhuath nach gann,
Am Muileartach maol ruadh moireann;
Bha h-aodan air dhreach a ghuaill,
Deud Charbad cho ruadh.

- 3 An aon suil ghollach bha na ceann,
Bu luaithe i na riomach moine;
'S am falt iath bh' air a ceann,
Mar choille-chrion-chribhean.
- 4 Ach mar do shluig talamh toll i,
No mar do bhàth muir slannhainn lom i;
Cha d' thainig chum an t-saughail a riamh,
Lion a mharbadh a Muileartach.
- 5 Thuit aisa Gobha nan cuan,
Mur eil an Muileartach maol ruadh moireann;
Clach cha 'n fhag mi dh' Eirinn ud thall,
Ann alt no 'm fireach no 'n amhain.
- 6 Togaidh mi an coire mo luinge Eirinn,
Chomhanta-cho-throm;
'S chluinntear bragadaich muir,
Ga tarraing as a tathan.
- 7 'S mor an eualach de luingreas bàn,
A thogadh an cuigeadh de dh' Eirinn:
Cuig fichead 'ns mile long
- 8 A thog an rìgh 's gur achid-throm.
Gu cis Eirinn a chur fo smal,
'S rìgh na Feinne na *fenadh*.

MANUS, &c. D. G. H. I. M. O. &

THE demand for Fionn's Wife, and for his magic cup, and for his arms, and mythical hounds, led to the slaying of the mythical people above-mentioned.—The Musician, and the Witch, and Roe, and the seven-armed Smith his brother, and the Smith's mother; and the King's foster-mother, the 'Muireartach.' The Smith of Ocean, whoever he may have been, tells 'Manus,' and the King himself in person leads a great fleet to avenge his 'Muime' and conquer Ireland, and the Celtic Heroes. Ballads about 'Manus' were universally quoted as 'the originals' of 'Fingal' from 1762 till Mac Pherson's 'originals' appeared in 1807. Collectors in all parts of Scotland wrote versions of the Lay of Manus; and many of these still exist, as they were gathered by the Highland Society, about 1800. All versions known tell the same story, which is not Mac Pherson's.

'The Battle of Ventry,' A. 19, proves that ballads about battles fought on the coast of Ireland, between foreign invaders and Celtic Heroes, were current in Lismore in 1512. In 1739, Pope got C. 4. 'The Battle of Gabhra,' in Sutherland, which belongs to the series. About 1755, Mac Nicol, minister of Lismore, got D. 11, 12, 13, 14. About the same time, Fletcher, in Achalladar, got F. 12, and other bits of the story in Argyll. About 1762, Mac Diarmuid wrote G. 2. in the Central Highlands. About 1774, Kennedy got H. 12, 15, and I. 4, 6, &c., about the coasts of Argyllshire. In 1780, Hill got J. 3, at Dahnally, from a blacksmith, and printed what he got. Before 1784, Mac Arthur got K. 1, 2, 3, in Mull; and Dr. Young, an Irishman, got in Scotland, L. 5, &c., which he printed. In 1786, Gillies, of Perth, printed M. 7, 8. In 1789, Miss Brooke printed N. 3, which is an Irish version of the ballad of 'Manus.' About 1801, Dr. Irvine, of Little Dunkeld, wrote O. 9, 14. In 1805, the Highland Society quoted the ballad in their report. R. About the same time they got a transcript which is marked '16, Poems of Ossian, collected by Io Mac Donald in the western parishes of Strathnaver, Ross, and Inverness-shire, Sept. and Oct. 1805;' S. L., 400 lines; S. 7., &c. In 1813, Mac Callum printed V. 8, 9. In 1862, I printed part of the story. Y. 2., orally collected in Uist, and Y. 11, part of the sequel. I then had in MS. Z. 18, 22, 23, 26, 40, 63, 71. Seven fragments of the poetry. I have lots of scraps besides.

In 1871, the Policeman at Tìree sang me the Lay of 'Manus.' John Cameron, at Castlebay, in Barra, sang 41 verses, 164 lines, almost as in Gillies, omitting one verse. September 26, Angus Mac Donald, in South Uist, sang me his version, in which was this verse:

'Sin a labhair Fionn
Onair agus buaidh
Bheir mi a' fear theid sios
Le sgeual a nuas o 'n t-sluagh.'

The place for this verse is after the 11th in D., and the 8th in G., the 10th in H., I., and the 7th in M., O. The place of it is vacant in all the versions which I had gathered from 1750 downwards; and the gap was filled by a clever old fellow who cannot read a word.

In June, 1872, I got a copy of S. 1, and there found an equivalent verse.

This seems to me conclusive. This ballad has pervaded Ireland and Scotland for more than a hundred years, it has been orally preserved ever since it became a ballad. Mac Pherson got hold of it. It is worked into the English Fingal, but there is none of it in the Gaelic Fingal. Few ballads in any language have such a pedigree. But, on the other hand, I never heard a reciter repeat any part of Fingal as it was distributed *gratis*, in Gaelic, in 1818. Nor can I find a single verse of it in any ballad, from A. to Z. In 1805, Dr. Donald Smith picked more than 800 lines out of Manus and other ballads, which he arranged and printed above passages selected from Mac Pherson's English of 1762. In 1807, 'The Originals of Ossian's Poems' were published. In 1872, I print many of the very ballads out of which Dr. Donald Smith picked lines, in order that Gaelic scholars may judge for themselves.

In 1805, Mac Donald and his authority, Alexander Mac Rae, North Erradale, P. of Gerloch, aged 80; had recited and written in order:—1. The Mùircartach. 2. Manus. 3. The Banners. 4. Fionn's Banner. 5. Fionn's Tribute. 6. The Battle of Beinn Eidin. All these exist separately. I had arranged them in this order, long before Mac Donald's manuscript was discovered by Mac Phail, in a heap of papers, in a drawer at the Advocates' Library, in 1872.

The story is, therefore, metrical popular history, orally preserved, which believers in Mac Pherson's Ossian condemned as spurious, and cast aside. The chronology needs explanation. If any Scandinavian Monarch invaded Ireland in the 3rd century, the dates agree. If the Monarch meant be 'Magnus Barelegs,' who was slain in attacking Ulster, 1103, then popular bards or Irish historians err. Cormac's army of the 3rd century conquer Manus about 900 years after their date, and Oisèin, one of them, goes back 670 years, to tell the story to St. Patrick.

In order that scholars may read, I print:—D. 10, dated 1755, with notes from G., dated about 1762; which versions are alike. D. 12. The Banners. A similar passage from A., 1512, follows, in the place which seems to belong to the ballad in which it occurs. It also occurs in S. 1. I print H., the first of Kennedy's copies, with L., all that he added in his second copy. J., got from a Smith at Dalmainy, can be read in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1782-1783. K. is in the first number of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. M. 7. I reprint from Gillies, as the first printed Scotch version, 1786. N. is the first and only printed Irish version. The book is easily got at, and I want room. I print O, with references to M., to show that a book, printed at Perth, had not affected oral recitations at Dunkeld, after 14 years, and to show that Mac Pherson's Gaelic Fingal was then unknown in his own district, a few years before it was printed. I do not print Mac Callum's version, 1816. V. A short fragment marked &. 8., illustrates the present fragmentary preservation of ballads even in districts where their recital has been forbidden. In it the Dialogue between Padruig and Oisèin survives. I do not print my own collection. To print all existing versions of Manus is more than I can undertake single handed. As Mr. Kennedy says:

'Observe the Poems.'

G. 2. ORAN A CHLEIRICH,

OR THE DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE BETWEEN THE FIANDS AND THE DANES. 1872. 168 lines.

G. 2, copied from a manuscript wrote in the year 1762, by Eobhan Mac Diarmid, possessed in 1872 by John Shaw, meal-miller, at Kendochrainneach. Copied by John Dewar, June 11, 1872. Collated with Mac Nicol's version, and all notable variations entered in italics.

D. 10. OSSHAIN AGUS AN CLEIRICH. 1755. 188 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson. Advocates' Library, May 3, 1872. These two had some common written ancestor, as I believe, from their accordance.

G. 1.—OSSHAIN.

- 1 A Chlerich a chaufas na Sa'lm,
Air lìom fèin gur horb do Chial,
Nach eist hu Tamuil re sgeil
Air an Fhein nach fhachd bu riamh.

G. 2.—CLEIRICH.

- 2 Air mo Chumbasa Mhic Fhoìn
Ga bein leat bhì teachd air Thein,
Fuaim na 'n Sailm ar feadh mo Bheoil
Gur he siud bu cheoil damh Fein.

G. 3.—OSSHAIN.

- 3 Na bi tu Coimheadhadh do Shalm
Re Fianachd Erin nan Arm nochd,
A Chlerich, gur làn ole lium
Nach sgarain do Chean red Chorp.

G. 4.—CLEIRICH.

- 4 Sin faoid Chomrichsa, a Fhìr mhoir
Laoidh do bheòil gur binn leum fein,
(G.) *Toghar teatsa Fagamaid suas Altair Thein.*
Sallan ann. Bu bhinn liom bhì teachd air Thein.

G. 5.—OSSHAIN.

- 5 Na mbidhin thu, Chlerich chaoimh,
Air an traidh ha siar fa dheas,
Aig Eass libhrich nan' Shruith sheamh
Air an Fhein bu mhòr do Mheas.

G. 6.

- 6 Beannachd air Anam an Laoich
Bu ghairbhe Fraoch ans gach Greish,
(G.) *Ard rìgh* Fean mac Cumhail, Ceau nan Sloigh
Laghan O san air a laointe 'n Teass

G. 7.

- 7 La dhuinne fiaghach na 'n Dearg.
'S nach derich an Tealg nar Car,
(G.) *Tomairt nan* Gn facas deich Mile Bàre
rannh on c'ir. Air an Traidh a teachd air Lear.

8.

- 8 Sheasabh sinn uil air an Leirg,
Thionnail an Fhein as gach Taoibh;
Seachd catha-urcharie gu prop,
Gur e dbiadh mu mbachd Nin Taoig.

9.

- 9 Thanic an Cabhlach gu Tir
Greadhin nach bu bhìn hair leinn
Bu lionmhor ann Pabul Sroil
Ga thoigbhaile os an Ceau.

10.

- 10 Hogiad an Coisbri on Choill
'S chuir iad orra an Airm ghaidh
'S an air Gualin gach Fhìr mhoir
Is thog iad orra on Traibh.

G. 8.

- 11 Labhair Mac Cumhail ri Fhein:
An fhidhir shibh fein co na sloigh,
Nan nd fìrnuigh sibh co Bhdidhin bhorb
Bheir an Deannal cruaidh san Strachd.

G. 9.

- 12 Sin nuair thuir Connan a ris;
Co bail leat, a Rìgh, bhì ann?
Co shaoleadh tu Fhinn nan Cath
Bhiodh ann ach flath na rìgh?

G. 10.

- 13 Co gheomid an air Fhèin,
Rechidh a ghabhail sgeul don shuadh,
'S a bheiridh hugain e gun chle'ch,
'S gu beireadh e breith is buaidh?

G. 11.

- 14 Sin nuair huirt Conan a ris:
Co bail leat, a rìgh, dhul ann;
Ach Fearghus fìr ghlic do Mhachd,
O she chleachd bhì dul nan Ceann?

G. 12.

- 15 Beir a Mhallachd, a Chonain mhaoil,
Huirt an Fearghus bu chaoin Cruth,
Raeharsa ghabhail an Sgeil
Don Fhein 's cho bann air do Gluth.

G. 13.

- 16 Ghduais an Fearghus armail og
Air an rod an Coimneamh nan 'm fhear
'S dh fìsrìch e le Comhradh foil;
Co na Sloigh so big air Lear?

- g. 14.
- 17 Maun fuileach, feasich, fiail,
(G.) *A Mhean*
Crioch. Mac Ríogh Beathla nan Sgia dearg,
Ard Ríogh Lochlan, Ceann nan Clíar,
Giolla bu mhór Fiabh as Fearg.
- 18 Cíod a ghluas a Bhuin bhorb,
O Ríoghachd Lochlan na Colg seann
Mar han a mheadacha air Thian
A hanig air Triath thair Lear ?
- g. 15.—*Various.*
Cia ass a ghabhadar a bhuidhin bhorb
Gas rich Rígh Lochlín na 'n Colg-seann,
A dhíorídh connann na 'm Fían
Ma chian ris an Traídh fa near ?
- g. 16.
- 19 Air do laimhse, Fheargheas fhoile,
As an Fhein ga mòr do Shuim ;
Cha ghabh sinn Cumba gun Bhran
Agus a bhcan a hoirt o Fhean
- g. 17
- 20 Bheiridh an Fhein Comhrag cruaidh
Do d' shluadh ma 'm fuighe tu Bran
Is bheridh Fean Comhrag tréun
Dhuit fein, ma 'm fuighe thu Bhean.
- g. 18.
- 21 Hanig Fearghus mo Bhrair fein
'S bu chosmhúil ri Grein a Chruth
'S dhisidh e Sgeile go fóil
Ga b' osgaradh mor a Ghuth.
- g. 19.
- 22 Mac Ríogh Lochlan sud faoi 'n Triath,
Go de 'n fa dhomb bhi ga chleth ?
Cha ghabh e gun Chomhrac dlu
Na do Bhean 's do Chu faoi bhreth.
- g. 20.
- 23 Choidhe cha tugamse mo Bhean
Do dh' aon neach a ta fuídh 'n Ghréin
'S cha mho mbeir mi Bran gu brath
Gus an teid am Bas 'n a Bheil.
- g. 21.
- 24 Labhair Mac Cumbail ri Goll
'S mor an Glonn duin bi nar tosd
Nach tugamid Comhrac borh
Do Ríogh Lochlann nan Sciáidh breachd.
- 25 Seachd Altramaín Lochain lain¹
'S e labhair Goll gun fhas Cheilg
'S air libhse gur moran Sluaidh
Bheir mi 'm Brigh 's am buaidh gu léir.
- 26 'S e huirt an Tosgar bu mhór Prios.
Diongamsa Ríogh Inse Tore
'S Cinn a dha Clombríoch dheug
Leig faoi m' choimhir fein an coisg.
- g. 22.
- 27 Iarla Muthuin (Munster) 's mor a
ghlonn
'S e, huirt Dianamaid donu gun Ghuin.
Coisge mise sud dar Féin
No Tuitim fein air a shon.
- g. 23.
- 28 Gur e ghabh Mi fein fos Laimh
Gad tha mi gun chail a nochd
Ríogh Termin na 'n Comhrag teann
'S go sgarain a Cheann re Chorp.
- g. 24.
- 29 Berídh Bearmachd 's bumídh Buaidh
Thuir Mac Cumbail na 'n Gruaidh
dearg,
Manns mac Gharra na 'n Sloigh
Diongaidh mise ge mor Fhearg.
- g. 25.
- 30 Noiche sin duinne gu Lo
Bainmig lein a bhí gun Cheoil
Fleagh gn fairsing, nion is Cór
So bheidh aig an Fhein ga ól.
- g. 26.
- 31 Chuneas nun 'n do 's car an Lo
A gabhail Doighbansa Ghiurt
Meirg Ríogh Lochlín an Aigh
Ga hogail on Traídh nan nuchd.
- g. 27.
- 32 Chuir sinn Deo-ghreine ri Cran
Brattach Fhein bu gharg a Treish
Lomlan do Chlochaibh Oir
A guinne bu mhór a Meas.
- g. 28.
- 33 Iommad Cloimh Dorn chron oir
Iommad srol ga chur ri crann
An eath mhíe Cumbail Fean na 'n fleadh
Bu líonfar Sleadh o sair Ceann.
- g. 29.
- 34 Iommad Colan iomad Triach,
Iommad Skia as Lurich dharamh
Iomad Draoiseach as Mac Ríogh
'S cha raibh fear riamh dhiu gun Arm.
- g. 30.
- 35 Iommad Cloigíd maiseach Cruaidh
Iommad Tuadh is iommad Gath
'N iath Ríogh Lochlan na 'm píos
Bu líonfar mac Ríogh is Flath.
- g. 31.
- Rinneadar an úirígh theann*
Bu cosmhúch re grían na 'n ord
Cath fuileach an da Ríogh
Gu ma ghuineach brígh an Coly.
- g. 32.
- 36 Rinneadar an 'Nuirídh chruaidh
'S bhrisseadar air Buaidh na 'n Gall,
Chrom sinn ar Ceann an sa Clath ;
Is rein gach Flath mar a gheall.
- g. 33.
- 37 Thachair mac Cumbail na 'n Cuach
Agus Mánus na 'n Ruag aidh,
Re Cheil' ann an Tiugh (*Taitem*) an
Stluaign
Chlerich nach ba chruaidh an eàs.
- 38 Go 'm be sud an Thuirleim tean,
Mar Dheann a bheridh da Ord,
Cath fuileachdach an da Ríogh
Go 'm bu ghuineach brígh an colg.
- g. 34.
- 39 Air Brisseadh do sge an Dearg
Air erídh dhoibh Fearg as Fraoch
Theilg iad am Buil air an Lar
'S hug iad Spairn an da Laoich.
- g. 35.
- 40 Cath fuileach an da Ríogh
'S an leimne bu chian an Closs
Bha Clachan agus Talamh trom
A mosgladh faoi Bhonn an Coss.
- g. 36.
- 41 Leagar Ríogh Lochlan gan (an) adh
Arm fianúish Chaich air an Raoch
'S airsan ged nach bhonair Ríogh
Chuireadh Ceangal nan trí Chloich.
- g. 37.
- 42 Sin nuair huirt Connan maoil,
Mac Mornadh bha riabh ri Hole,
Cumar rium Manus nan Lan
'S go searrin an Ceann re Chorp.
- g. 38.
- 43 Bha neil agam Cairdeas (*na caomh*) g.
Riutsa Chonnain nuaoil gun Fhaalt
O 'n harla mi 'n Crasan Fhein
'S ansa leam na bi fu 'd smachd.
- g. 39.
- 44 O harla thu 'm Ghrasabh fein
Cha 'n iomhair mi Beud air Flath
Fuasgeath mí husa o 'm Fhein
A Lamh Fbreun gu cur mor Chath.

¹ Probably the Baltic, which never ebbs.—Mac Nicol.

g. 40.

- 45 'S gheibh thu do Raoghin a ris
Nuair a treid thu do 'd Thir fein
Cairdeas is Comuan do ghna
No do Lamb a chuir faoi 'm Fhein.

g. 41.

- 46 Cha chuir mi mo Lamb faoi 'd Fhein
'N cian a mhairtheas Cail an Chorp
Aon Bhuille Taoighe Fhein
'S aithreach Leinn no reinneas ort.

g. 42.

- 47 Mi fein agus Mathair is Goll
Triuir bo mho glonna san Fhein
Ged tha sinn gun Draosich no Colg
Ach easteachd ri Hord Cleir.

D. 12. CUBHA FHINN DO RIGH LOCHLIN.

Mac Nicol's Collection. 43 lines. Ossianic Ballad.
Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 1,
1872.

- 1 DEICH ciad cuilain deich ciad Cu,
Deich ciad slaibhrìdh air Milchu;
Deich ciad sealtain chaoil chatha (*sleigh*)
Deich ciad Brat min Datha
- 2 Deich ceud Gearaltich cruaidh dearg, (*Each*)
Deich ceud nobul don or Dhearg,
Deich ceud maighdin le da Ghun,
Deich ceid mantal don shìd ur,
- 3 Deich ceid sonn a dherigh leat
Deich ceid shrian air agus airgid.
- RIGH LOCHLIN.
- 4 Gad a gheibhidh Rìogh Lochlin shud,
'S na bha Mhaoin 's do T sheidin an Eirin;
Cha fhillidh e T-shluagh air ais,
Gus 'm bigh Erin uille air Earras.
- 5 Suil gun dug Rìgh Lochlin naidh.

THE FLAGS.

- 1 Chunnair e Brattach a tin a mach agus Gille
Gaiste air a Ceann air a lasa do Dh'òr Eirinnich
- 2 Dibhuille Duibhne dunlich,
'Ni sud Brattieb Mhic Trein-bhuaghich;

DIBHUILLE.

- 3 Cha ni sud ach an Liath-luid-neach,
Brattach Dhiarmaid O Duibhne,
'S nar bhìgh an Fhian uil' a mach,
'Shi an Liath-luid-nich bu toisich.
- 4 Suil gun dug Rìgh Loch, &c.

DIBHUILLE.

- 5 Cha ni sud ach an aoinchasach ruaidh
Brattach Chaoilte nan mor T-shluaidh
Brattach leis an sgeiltear Cinn
'S le an doirtir Fùil gu aoibrannibh.
- 6 Suil, &c.

DIBHUILLE.

- 7 Cha ni sud ach an Senab ghabhidh
Bratach Oseair Chro-laidir.
'Snar a ruigte Cath nan ciar,
Cha biach thiarich ach Senab-ghabhidh.
- 8 Suil, &c.

DIBHUILLE.

- 9 Cha ni sud ach a Bhriachil Bhreochil
Brattach a Ghul mhoir mhie Morni,
Nach dug Troigh riabh air a lais,
Gus an do chrithan an Tallich trom ghlass.
- 10 Suil, &c.

DIBHUILLE.

- 11 'S misa dhuitsa na bheil ann,
Ha Ghile ghreine an sud a tighin
As naoigh slaibhrinn aist' a shios,
Don or Bhuidh gun Dal sgrìabh. (*Dail*)
- 12 Agus nao nao lan-ghaisgeach
Fo chean a huille slaibhrigh
A togairt air feo do T-shluagh thibh

- 13 Mar Chliabh-tragha gu Traigh
Bìgh gair chatha gad iummain.

H. 12. HOW MANUS, THE KING OF DENMARK,
CAME TO TAKE AWAY FINGAL'S WIFE BY FORCE.
284 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 11. Advocates' Library,
November 28, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Dublin, December 9, 1871.—Known to everybody in
Ireland, but no copy older than the 18th century known
to Hennessy.—J. F. C.

THE ARGUMENT.

OSSIAN one day began to tell Peter how Manus, the
King of Denmark, came to Ireland to make war on
Fingal, unless he would get his dog and wife.

The Heroes have seen one day a navy coming from the
north towards their shore, and when the navy came to
harbour, they send Fergus to ask what news, and from
what country they came from. They told him that they
came from Denmark for Fingal's wife and dog, or if he
would not deliver that willingly, that they would take
them by force. When Fingal heard the news, he pre-
pared for them the next day, then they drew up their
army on both sides. Fingal and Manus said that they
would try combat themselves first, and they ordered their
men not to go near them, and whoever would be Con-
queror that he would get his desire, and the army on both
sides would be spectators. Fingal defeated Manus, and
bound him hand and foot. Then he repented that he
came at all, and promised with an oath that he would
never come to war against him any more. Fingal upon
these conditions loosed him, and went away for his own
country, but on his way going home, his men said that
suppose Fingal was stronger than he, that they were
stronger than Fingal's men, and if he would allow them
to return back and give a battle, that they would surely
gain the victory, to which he consented. Then Fingal
asked of Manus, when he came to him the second time,
thus,—

- 'Dost thou remember valiant Manus,
Last day thy promising oath to all us ?'
'Most mighty Fingal, that I do,
It's left upon the mountain dew.'

Then the battle began with swords unsheathed in hand
very smart, till not one was left of Manus's host alive,
except any person that asked pardon, or fled and hid
himself in a solitary place. But Peter Mac Alpin said to
Ossian that he had not much regard for his Histories and
Poems (at present), besides the Psalms of David. When
Ossian heard that, he said that if he would compare his
Psalms again to Fingal's melodious poems, that he would
separate his head from off his body.

Observe the Poem.

DAN 2.

- 1 A CHLEIRICH a chamas na sailm,
Air leam fein gu'r baoth do chiall;
Nach eiste tu tamull sgeùl,
Air an Fhéim nach eual thu rianbh.
- 2 'Air do chubhi 'sa Mhic Fhinn,
Ge binn leat teachd air an Fheinn;
Fuaim nan sailm air feadh mo bheòil,
Gu 'r e sin is ceòl leam fèin.'
- 3 'C' on' bi tu coi-meas do shalmaibh,
Re Fionn gaidheal nan arm noicht;
A Chleirich ge lán oil leam,
Gun sgaram do cheann o' d' chorp.
- 4 Fuidh d' chomrie tha' eams fhir mhóir,
Laoidh do bheòil is binn leam fein;
'S ma 'n alla chualas air Fionn,
Gur binn bhì teachd air an Fheinn.
- 5 Na 'm biodh tusa Chleirich chéich,
Againn air an traigh mu dheas;
Aig Eas loitheann nan sruth seimh,
Air ann Fheinn bu mhór do mheas.

M. 2.

- 6 Beannachd air anam an laoch,
Bu gharg fraoch ri dòl's gach greis;
Ard Rìgh Lochlan ceann an t sloigh,
'S an air a shlointear an t-Eas.

- 7 'Se sin fein an t-Eas so shiar,
Eas mu 'n deanamh an Fhianm Seilg;
Eas eibhain a b' aille srath,
Bu lionmhor ann loin is deirg.
- M. 3.
- 8 Latha dhuinne fadhach san leirg,
Cha d' thainig an t seilg n ar car;
Chunnacamar na h iomaidibh lóng,
Seoladh gús an traidh o near.
- M. 5.
- 9 Thainig an cablach gu tir,
Buidheann nach bu mhidhur lein;
'S bu lionmhor sar phubul shróil,
Ga thogail dhoibh os an ceann.
- 10 Dh' fhiosraich Mac Cuthail d' a Fhinn,
'An d' fhidir sibh an cablaich árd;
No cia 's Ceannard air no sloigh,
Do ni 'n total mor is traidh.'
- 11 'Se fhreagair e Conan maol,
Mac Mornna bu chaoil gníomh;
Co shaoilas tu Fhinn nan cath,
Do bli sud ach Flath no Rígh.
- 12 'Dh' fhiosraich a ris Flath nan cuach,
Do mhaithidh sluaigh Inne-fúil;
Co racladh a ghablaid diu sgéul,
O 'n Fhinn bu mhaith buaidh is ágh.'
- 13 'Se fhreagar e Conan maol,
A Rígh eo shaoilas tu dhol an;
Ach Fearadhas fir ghlic do mhac,
Oir 's 'e chleachd bhí dol nan ceann.'
- 14 'Mallachd dhuitsa Choinain mhaoil,
Do ra Fearadhas bu chaoil cruth;
Reacheamsa dh' fhaighail diu sgéul,
O 'n Fheinn 's cho nan air do ghuth.'
- 15 'Dean thusa sin Fhearadhais fhéil.
Reach a dh' fhaighail ségul o 'n t sluaigh;
'S cho fhad is bhithias tu beó,
Gu fuigheadh tu moran duais.'
- 16 'Dh' imich Fearadhais armach óg,
'S an rod an có-dhail na 'm fear;
'S dh' fhiosraich é na combra' fóill,
Co na sloigh thainig air lear?'
- 17 'Tha Manus orra na Thriath,
Mac Rígh Meaghiel nan sgia' dearg;
Ard Rígh Lochlan ceann nan ciar,
Gille is ro' mhor fia is fearg.
- 18 'Cíod e ghluais a bhuidheann bhorb,
O ard ríoghachd Lochlan nan colbh sean;
Ma sann a mheadachadh air Feinn,
'S e beatha bbur tréun thair lear.'
- 19 'Gur e ghluais a bhuidheann bhorb,
O ard ríoghachd Lochlan nan arm bras;
Gu d' ugamaid a bhean o Fhionn,
Da ain-deoin leinn agus Bran.'
- 20 'Air a laimhsa Mhanuis mbóir,
As do shloigh cia mor do mhuir;
Cia mhead sa thainig leat thair tuinn (*lear*),
Cho tabhair sibh Bran thair tuinn.'
- 21 'Do bheir an Fhianm cómhrag cruaidh,
Do 'd shluaigh mam fuigheadh tu Bran;
'S bheir Fionn cath tualchiseach dlú,
Dhuit fein ma 'm fuigh thu a bhean.'
- 22 'Air a laimhsa Fhearadhais fhéil,
As an Fheinn cia mor do ghreann;
Cho ghabh mi cumha gu 'n Bhran,
Gun a bhean no cómhrag teann.'
- 23 'N sin phill Fearadhas mo bhrathair fein,
'S bu chosmhuil re grein a chruth;
B' fhoisneach a dh' inuseadh é 'n sgéul,
Ge b' osgarra tréun a ghuth.
- 24 'Se ard Rígh Lochlan a tha 's tráidh,
Cíod é 'm fáth dhuinn bhí d' a chleith;
Gun chómhrag díbhragach dlú,
Air ghea' do bhean 's do chú fái breith.
- 25 Do dh' fhan Fionn fada na thosd,
'S bha moran sbrochd air an Fheinn;
Oir bu phléin ro' dhoilich léo,
Am brosuadh mor a rinn an tréun.
- 26 Cha tabhair mise mo bhean,
Do dh' aon fhear a tha fú 'n ghréin,
'S cho mho liubbream Bran le 'm dhéoin,
'N fhea' sa bhios an deó am chré.
- 27 'Is labhair e ris re Goll,
'S mor an trom dhuinn bhí nar tosd;
Gu 'n chómhragh díbhragach tréun,
A thabhairt dhoibh sud fein a noc.'
- 28 Bha freagradh aig Oscar dh' a,
'S cho bu nár dh' a teachd gu prop;
Leigeadh dhoibh codal gu lá,
Is bio' sa máireach air an corp.
- 29 'S do labhair Oscar a ris,
Dionamsa Rígh innsé torc;
'S ceann an da chomhairleach dhéug,
Cuiream iad gu léir o 'n corp.
- 30 'Seachd Iarlacha Lochla luan, (*i. Maighreachan*)
'Se thuir Momad mor gu 'n cheilg;
Iadsan fein ge mor an cruas,
Coisgidh mis' am buaidh san leirg.'
- 31 'Iarla Muthann is mor glonn, (*i. oighre chumainn*)
Do rá Diarmaid conn gu 'n oth 'n;
Coisgeamsa cia mór an t-eachd,
No tuiteam fein air a shon.'
- 32 'Truir mas Innsé torc 's mor cith,
Do rá Caoilte nimh nan leirg;
Iadsan cia mor feum is treóir,
Ni mi 'n lot 'san léon le feirg.'
- 33 'Seachd oighreacha' ghleann nam fuath,
Do rá Fearaghuin luath gu léon;
Cuasaichidh mi 'n corp le 'm airm,
Gus an traoigh an cuirp 's an treóir.'
- 34 'Seachd Mic Maitheannis borb feirg, (*i. 33. Na-
thais nan rosg borb*)
Do rá Garabh bu tréun lamh;
Cuireamsa gu bas iad fein,
No tuiteam fein air a bhlár.'
- 35 'Seachd oighribh na Beirathair bhán, (*i. 34. Mai-
ghiv*)
Do rá Faoghan bán gun ghó;
Coisgeamsa cia mor 's cia tréun,
No tuiteam fein air an lóu.'
- 36 'Seachd Mic Luthaich O Rois ruaidh (*i. 35. Oir
lir uaine*)
Do rá Caoireall bu eruaidh gharg;
Coisgeamsa cia mor an teachd,
No tuiteam fein leó air ball.'
- 37 Da Mhac Mhannis ceann an t-sluaigh, (*i. 36. Braithrean*)
Do rá Fearadhas buadhach gráidh;
'Coisgeamsa cia mór an gruain,
'S dheanadh gníomh cruaidh sa bhlár.'
- 38 'S ann an sin a dubhras fein,
Ge ta mi mar tha mi noc;
Rígh Garabh nan cómhrag teann, (*i. 37. Seairbhe*)
Gu sgareamsa cheann a chorp.'
- 39 'Mile beannachd dhuibh is buaidh,
Do rá Mac Cuthail nan ruag áigh,
Manus mu 'n tional na sluaigh,
Coisgidh mise bhuaidh sa bháir.'
- 40 Air bhí dhuinn mar sin gu lá,
Cho bu ghná' leinn bhí gu 'n cheól,
Fion is fochlas, féil is céir,
A bhíodh aig an Fléinn mar nós.
- 41 Air madain an dara mháireach;
Ghluais iad a dh' fhaigail ar puirt;
'S meirgeach Rígh Lochlan an áigh,
Da thog' ail o thraidh 'n ar uchd.

- 42 Leig iad an gadhair fú 'n choill,
'S cheangail iad orra 'n airm áigh;
Eallaich guaille gach fir mhóir,
Thogadar léó féin o'n traidh.
- 43 B' iomeadach ann cloigaid cruaidh,
B' iomeadach ann tua' chum sgath;
'N cuideach Rígh Lochlan gu fíor,
'S cho raibh aon neach ann gun ghat.
- 44 B' iomead clóidheamb 's b' iomead scia',
B' iomead Triath le luireach gharg;
B' iomead craosach air Míc Rígh,
'S cha raibh aon neach dhú gu 'n arm.
- 45 Thionail iad an ear san iar,
An sin an Fhian as gach taobh;
Seachd Cathain na h iorraigil gu prop, (l. 41. *enoc*)
Thionail sin mu mhac inghean aoigh. (*Taig*)
- 46 B' iomead clóidheamb an ceann bheart óir,
B' iomead sról da chuir re creann;
Aig fuileachdaich Fhinn nam fleagh,
'S iomead sleagh bha os ar ceann.
- 47 Thog sinn Gill ghreine re creann,
Bratach, Fhinn, bu gharg 's gach greis;
'S í lán do chlochaibh do 'n ór,
A Phádraig nach bu mhór da meas.
- 48 Chuir sinn a mach dh' fhuilang d' oghrainn. (l. 47. *durainn*)
Bratach Fheardhais óigh mo bhrathair
'S thog sinn a mach bratach Chaoilte,
'N Lia' luidgach b' aóibhneach dealradh.
- 49 Thogadh suas mo bhratach feín,
A shoillse mar a gheín an dtúbhre;
'S thog sinn a mach an Lia luidgach, (l. 48. *luimneach*)
Bratach Dhiarmaid óig o duimhne.
- 50 Thog sin a' mach bratach Fhaoghlain,
Ghuill is Oseair aobhaich amhlach;
Agus bratach gach ard cheannard
Bh' ann 's na Cathanaibh san uair sin.
- 51 'N sin thional Fionn Eirann gu tráidh, (l. 51. *Fionn*)
Thóirt coinneamh do chlanna gall,
Air toirt dhuinn ar einn gu cath,
Deanamh gach flath mar a gheall.
- 52 Do thachair Manus nam buadh,
'S dea' Mhac Cuthaill nan ruag áig;
Ra chéile 'n toiseach an t-sluaigh,
A Phádraig nach bu chruaidh an cáis.
- 53 Thilgeadar uathe 'n airm áidh,
Chuaidh iad gu spáircachd laoich;
Gu cómbrag díbragach teann,
'S fathram an lann air an raon.
I. 53. (*various*)
*Shuidh sinn an sin an da shluagh,
Air ar 'n uilinn shuas sa ghlean;
'Sann leinne bu mhór an gionmh,
Na 'm fuigheadh Manus dí air Fionn.*
- 54 Shuidh sinn an sin an da shluagh,
Air uileann mu thuath a chnuic;
'S air leam feín gu bu mhór ar modh,
Cho deach aon laoch dhinn dá 'n cluich.
- 55 Thug iad an sin deannal cruaidh,
Mar nach d' ugas riamh re 'm linn;
Coi meas dhoibh a near no niar,
Cho 'n fhacas riamh ag fianutídh Fhinn. (l. 54. *Fiannachd*)
- 56 Clochan agus talamh trom,
Charaicheall iad le spoirneach chos;
A charachd siar is a niar,
O! Phádraig nach bu chian gu 'n chlos.
- 57 Do leag Mac Cuthaill nam buadh,
Manus nan ruag air an raon;
'S air leim feín nach b' onoir Rígh,
Chuir Fionn ceangal nan trí chaol.

- 58 'Labhair an sin Conan maol,
Mac Morna bha riamh re h olc;
Gluais siar O Mhanus nan lann,
'S gu sgream a cheann o chorp.'
- 59 'Cho 'n eil cáirdeas dhámh no gaol,
Riutsa Choináin níhaoil gu 'n chéil;
Tharladh mi fú' ghráisaibh Fhinn,
'S eód fearr leam no bli fú' d' mhéin.'
- 60 'S mu tharladh tu fú' m ghráisaibh féin,
Cho d' rinn mi riamh béud air flath;
Gheibh thu do chomas dhuit féin,
A lamh thréin a chuir mór chath.'
- 61 'S do dha roghain dhuit a ris,
No dal da thugh do d' thír féin;
Combanas, comman is grádh,
No do lamh a thóirt do 'n Fheinn.'
- 62 'An fheadh sa bhios mise béo,
No bhios an deó ann am chorp;
Cho toir mi buille t' adhaidh Fhinn,
'S aithreach leam na rinneas ort.'
- 63 Dh' imich iad an sin a dhoibh,
Do rioghachd Lochlan nan colbh sean, (l. 62. *O riogh'chd Eireann*)
A eagnhuís bean 's a choin, (*Fhinn*)
Gu 'n bhúill' thóirt le 'n loinn do neach.
- 64 Bha iad fú' ainheal ro mhór,
Air an t sligh dol d' an teach;
Nach do' fhéuch iad a chuis air chóir,
'S gu biod fios ac co bu treis.
- 65 Se sin a dubhairt na sloigh,
A bhris le mór ghó an reachd;
Ge do bhuaidhaich ortsa Fionn,
Gheibh sinne buai' air arm gu beachd.
- 66 Chuir iad iompaíd air an Rígh,
Gu pilleadh a ris air ais;
An dochas gu fuigheadh iad bnaidh,
Air an t-sluagh bu chruaidhe 'n cath.
- 67 Phill iad an sin dh' ionnsuidh Fhinn,
'S thóirt e re Manus gu 'n ghrúamaich;
'C' áit am bheil do mhionnan mór,
'Fagas le gó fa' r an d' fhuaras.'
- 68 'N sin fhreagair e an laoch borb,
Air am bitheadh colg 's gach ghreis;
Dh' fllagas e air dhruac au théoir,
Air an raon mhór ud mu dheas.
- 69 Thug sin an sin deannal cruaidh,
Da chéile gu bnaiteach cas;
Gus 'n do bhuaidhaich sinn gu cuanna,
Air sluagh Mhanuis uaibhreach bhras.
- 70 Mach o fhear a gabh a shith,
No rinn a dhuid gu géur;
Da chuideachd Rígh Lochlan gu fíor,
Che deachaidh daíne d'a thír feín.
- 71 Bheireamsa briathair gu fíor,
Do 'n fhíor Chrioduidh fhuair a chéusa
Gu bu mhaith a chuir sa fhuaradh,
An latha sin sluagh na Feíne.

I. 4. THE INVATION OF MAGNUS. 296 lines.
A POEM.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 10. Advocates' Library,
April 4, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE—A few various readings are printed in the
margin of version H. in italics. Verses which are not in
H. are printed below.

THE ARGUMENT.

MAGNUS, King of Denmark, sailed for Ireland with a strong fleet in order to deforce Fingal of his wife and famous dog (called Bran). At their arrival Fergus one of their most ancient Bards was sent by his Father Fingal to ask their design in their hostile appearance, and if for peace, to invite them to his Hall. Upon enquiry Fergus was told of their view which he communicated to Fingal. Upon the day following Fingal drew up his army and marched towards the shore in order to engage the Danes. Both armies met and Fingal and Magnus agreed to decide

the cause in a single combat, wherein Magnus was defeated and bound hand and feet upon the spot. Magnus was set at liberty upon giving oath that he would give no further trouble to Fingal for a year and a day. Magnus sails off for Denmark, and is upon his way persuaded by his army to return back and engage the Fingalians, observing to him that tho' Fingal was stronger than him that they by superiority would overturn Fingal's troops. After they landed and pitched their tents Fingal sent out a scout who spoke to them after this manner:—

C'ait am bheil miannan mora Mhannis?
Fagas far an d' fhuaras.

Upon the scout's return Fingal marched against the Danes who he eagerly attacks. Magnus is kilt, and his whole army are either slain or taken Prisoners.

The Poem is addressed to the Son of Alpine.

I. 63.

Thog na trein an suil gu h'ard,
Air gach Barc thainig air lear;
Mar chuil loch Leuga bha 'n aireamh,
Triall o 'n trai' san airde near.

I. 64.

Bha na sluaigh fui' aimbeal buan,
Air cnan stuatbach nan tonn sgith;
Nach do chomhraig Cathain nam Fiann,
Bu mhor frioth, is fiach san stri.

I. 65.

'S e comhairle thug na sloigh,
Air Manus mor nan long aigh;
Tigh 'n thuige air an ais o 'n chuan,
Gu Maithibh sluaigh Innshe phail.

I. 66.

A dubhradar ris an Rìogh,
'S mor an dì dhuinn triall an diu;
Gun chomhrag catharra cruaidh,
A thoirt do 'n Fhianm mu 'n gluais thair muir.

I. 67.

Phill na laoich nan caogad borb,
'S bu mhor an toirn air an trai';
Mar fhuaim tuinne bha gach treud;
Is fathram nan céud nar daí.

H. 67. I. 68.

Chuir Fionn teachdìre gu luath,
Gu Manus mor nan ruag 's nan gnìomh;
C'ait am bheil do mhionnan mor,
Fhir nach cum a choir ach clí.

H. 68. I. 69.

Fhreagair an Triath, gu fiata borb,
Air am bithidh, colg 's gach greis;
Th' fhagas iad ann dealt an fhoir,
Air an lon ud siar mu dheas.

H. 69. I. 70.

Thug sinn an sin deanal cruaidh,
Mar nach fac, 's cha chuala mí;
Mar theirbirt teine na nial,
Bha gach Triath a' sgathadh sìos.

I. 71.

Mar choill chrionaich air an t sliaibh,
'S an osag dhiann ann nan car,
B' amhail is slachdraich nan sonn,
Bha tuiteam fui' r bonn sa chath.

I. 72.

Thuit Manus armann an t sluaigh,
Mar leug teine 'n cuan nan sruth;
B' an-cibhinn iolach nan laoch,
'Nuair chualas gach tach an guth.

H. 70. I. 73.

Mach o fhearr a oh' iarr a shùth,
'S ghabh a 'd'hideinn far sgeith;
Do chuideachd Rìogh Lochlan, gu fìor,
Cho deachaidh duine d' a thìr fein.

H. 71. I. 74.

Bheireamsa briathar d' om Rìogh,
Rianh ann strì nach d' fhuiling tair;
Gnn do thuit do na seachd Cathain.
Drian do mhaithibh Innshe-phail.

I. VERSE 74, OTHERWISE.

Bheireamsa briathar do' m Rì,
Mu 'n deachai' crioich air 'n gheiris;
Cenathar is ceart leth na 'm Fiann,
Th' fhag sinn air an t-sliabh mu dheas.

M. 7. COMHRAG FHEINN AGUS MHANUIS'
172 lines.

- 1 GE b' e bhiodh leinne an laoi,
Air an traidh tha sìar foi dheas,
Aig uisge Laoi're na 'n sruth seamh,
Air an Fheinn bu mhor a mheas.
- 2 Beannaichd air anam an Laoich,
Bu gharbh fraoch anns gach treis,
Ard Rìgh Lochlainn ceann na 'n treun,
'S ann air a sbloinnteadh an t-eas.
- 3 La dhuinn ag fìaghadh na 'n dearg
'S nach d' eirich an t-sealg 'nar car,
Gu faca sinn mìle bàre
Air an traidh ag teachd air lear.
- 4 Sheasamb sinn uil' air an leirg,
'S thionail an Fheinn as gach àird,
Dh' fhiosrachadh co iad na sloigh,
Rinn cruinneachadh mor air traidh.
- 5 Thainig an cabhlach gu tìr,
Greadbuinn² nach bu mhin 'ar leinn,
Bu lion mber ann pubull sroil,
Ga thoghbail leo os an ceinn.
- 6 Thog iad an gasradh o 'n choill;
Ghlacadh leinn' ar 'n àirn ghaidh,³
Da shlegh air gualainn gach fir mhoir
Agus thog sin oirn gu traidh.
- 7 Cea a gheabhamaid na'r Feinn
A rachadh ghabhail seil' d' an t-sluagh,
'S e radh Fionn flath gun chleith,
Gu 'm beireadh e breath is buaidh.
- 8 Sin nuair labhair Conan a ris
Co a Rìgh, b' ail leat a dhol ann,
Ach Fearghus fìor ghle do m'bac,
O 's e chleachd a dh'ol na 'n ceann?
- 9 Mallachd ort a Chonain m'baoil,
Labhair Fearghus bu caoine cruth,
Rachain-se ghabhail seil'
Do 'n Fheinn 's cha b' an air do ghuth.
- 10 Ghluais Fearghus armoil óg,
Air an rod an coinne na 'm fear,
'S dh' fhiarich e le comhradh foil,
Co iad na sloigh a thig air lear.
- 11 Manus fuileach fear'a fial,
Mac Rìgh Beatha na 'n sciath dearg,
Ard Rìgh Lochlainn ceann na cliar,
Giolla bu mhor fiamh⁴ is fearg.
- 12 Cìod a ghluais a bhuidhean bhorb,
O chrioichaibh Lochlainn na 'n colg sean,
An ann a chuideacha na 'm Fiann
A thainig an triath thair lear?
- 13 Air do laimhse Fhearghuis fheil,
As an Fheinn ge mor do mhuirn,
Cha ghabh sinn cumha gun Bhrán,
No a bhean a thoirt o Fhionn.
- 14 As do laimh ge mor do dhoigh,
'S as do shloigh ge mor do mhuirn,
Mhead agaibh 's thain' thair lear,
Cha tugadh sibh Bran air tuinn.
- 15 Bheireadh an Fheinn comhrag cruaidh,
Do d' shluagh mu 'm faigheadh tu Brán
'S bheireadh Fionn comhrag treun
Duit fein mu 'm faigheadh tu bhean.
- 16 Thainig Fearghus mo bhrathair fein,
'S bu chosmhulir grein a chruth,
'S dh' innis e seula d' an Fheinn,
'S gu 'm b' oscaradh treun a ghuth.

¹ Magnus.

² Greadhann?

³ Chaith'?

⁴ Fraoch?

- 17 Mac Rìgh Lochlainn sud o 'n traidh,
Cìod e 'n fath dhamb bhì ga chleath ?
Cha ghabh e gun chomhrag dlùth,
No do bhean 's do chuth a bhì foì bbreath.
- 18 De cha d' thugainn-se mo bhean
Do dh' aon fhear ata foì 'n ghrèin,
'S Cha mho bheirinn Bran gu bheath,
No gu 'n d' theid am Bas am' bheul.
- 19 Labhair Mac Cuthaill re Goll,
Am mor an gloun duinn bhì 'nar tosl,
Nach tugadhmaid cath lairdh borb
D' Ard Rìgh Lochlainn na 'n sciath breac ?
- 20 Seachd altrumain an lochain laim,
'S e labhair Goll gu 'n fhas-ehcìlg,
Ge lionmhor acaan an sluagh,
Deangaidh mis' am buaidh 'san leirg.
- 21 Thuir an t-Oscar bu mhor brìgh,
Leig mise gu Rìgh Innse-tore,
Clann a dha chomhairlich dheng
Leig fa m' chomhair fein an cosg.
- 22 Labhair e Comll a ris,
Deangam-sa Rìgh Innse-con,
Is ceinn a shea-comhalta deng,
No biadh mi fein ar an son.
- 23 Iarla Mumban⁵ ge mor a ghlonn,
Labhair Diarmad donn na 'n con,⁶
Caisgidh mi sud d' ar Feinn,
No tuitidh mi fein ar a shon.
- 25 'S e feimeas a ghabh mi fein,
Ge ta mi gu 'n treine an nocht,
Rìgh Teurmann na 'n combrag teann
Gu 'n scaruinn a cheann r'a chorp.
- 25 Beiribh beannachd' beiribh buaidh,
Arsa Mac Cuthaill, na 'n gruaidh dearg,
Manus Mac Garadh na 'n sluagh,
Coisgear leam ge mor fhearg.
- 26 An oiche sinn duinne gu lo,
B' ainmic leinn a bhì' gunn cheol,
Fleadh gu farsuing, fion is ceir
Gheibhte aig an Fheinn nias leor.
- 27 Chuncas m'n do scar an lo
Gabhail doigh ann sa ghuir,
Meirgh' Rìgh Lochlainn an aigh
'Ga togbhail o' n traigh 'nar uchd.
- 28 Chuir sinn Deo-gheine re ceann,
Bratach Fheinn bu ghàirge treis
Lomlan do chlochaibh 'n òr,
'S ann leinne⁷ gu 'm bu mhor a meas.
- 29 'S iomad oloidheamb dorn-chrann oir,
'S iomad srol ga chuir re ceann,
Ann Cath Mhic Cuthaill na 'm fleadh,
'S bu lionmhor slagh os ar ceann.
- 30 Iomad coitein iomad triath,
Iomad sciath is luireach gharbh,
Iomad tòiseach is Mac Rìgh,
Is ni 'n raibh fear dhiubh gu 'n airm.
- 31 Iomad clogaid maiseach cruaidh,
Iomad tuadh is iomadh gath
Ann cath Rìgh Lochlainn na 'm buadh,
Bu lionmhor ann Mac Rìgh is flath.
- 32 Rinneadar an urnaidh chruaidh,
Bhriscadar air sluagh na 'n Gall,
Chrom gach fear a cheann sa chath,
Is rinneadh leis gach flath mar gheall.
- 33 Thachair Mac Cuthail na 'n euach
Is Manus na 'n ruag aigh,
R'a cheile ann tuiteam an t-sluaigh,
'S ann leinne gu 'm bu chruaidh an dail !
- 34 Gu 'm b' e sud an tuirinn teann,
Mar ghreann a bheireadh da òrd,
Cath fuileach an da Rìgh,
Gu 'm bu ghnuicach brìgh an colg !

- 35 Air briseadh do sciath an Deirg,
Air eirigh dhoibh fearg is fraoch,
Thìlg iad am buill air lár
'S thug iad spairn an da koch.
- 36 'Nuair a thoiseach strìbh na 'n Triath,
'S ann leinne gu 'm bu chian an clos !
Bha clochan agus talamh trom
Mosgladh foì spoirn an cos.
- 37 Leagadh Rìgh Lochlainn air an traidh,
Am fianais chaieh air an fhraoch,
Air-sin, ge d' nach b' onoir Rìgh,
Chuireadh ceangal na 'n tri chaoil.
- 38 Sin nuair thuir Conan a ris,
Mac Morna bha riamh re h-ole,
Leigir mi gu Manus na 'n lann,
'S gu 'n scarainn a cheann r'a chorp.
- 39 Cha 'n 'eil agam cairdeas no caoin,
Riut' a Chonain mhaoil gu 'n iochd.
O tharladh mi 'n lannhaibh Fheinn
'S ionsa leam na bhì foì d' smachd.
- 40 O tharladh tu m' lannhaibh fein,
Cha 'n imir mi beud air flath,
Fuasglaidh mi thusa o 'm' fheinn
A Lamh thereun a chuir mhor-chath.
- 41 'S gheabh thu do roghainn a ris,
Do chuir dhathigh do d' thir fein,⁸
Cairdeas is communn a ghnathach,
No do lamb a chuir fa m' Fheinn.
- 42 Fa t-Fheinn cha chuir mi mo lamb
An cian a mhairreas cail an chorp,
Aon hhuille t-aghaidh Fheinn
'S aithreach leam na rinneas ort.
- 43 Cha 'n ann ormsa rinn thu e,
'S ann duit fein a rinn thu 'n cron ;
Do na thug thu shluagh o d' thir
'S beag a philleas ris an sinn.

O. 14. EAS LAOIRE, NO CATH MHANUIS.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 73. 136 lines. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 25, 1872.

NOTE.—The letter and figure M. I, &c., refer to Gillies, which had been printed about 14 years. It will be seen how this varies from the book and from earlier versions.

- 1 A PHADRIC a chanadh na saim,
Air leam fein gur baoh do chiall ;
Nach eisd thu tamull ri m' sgeul.
Air an Fheinn nach fhac thu riamh.
- 2 Air do chumhsa Mhic Fhinn,
G'e binn leat teachd air an Fhinn,
Guth nan saim air feadh mo bheoil,
Gur e sid bu cheol leam fein.
- 3 Nam bitheadh tu combada do shalù,
Ri rìgh tearmuin nan arm nocht ;
A chleirich gur lan ole leam,
Nach sgarainn do cheann o d' chorp.
- M. 1.
- 4 Nam bitheadh tusa a chleirich aigh,
Air an traigh ud siar fo 'n ear ;
Aig Eas Laoire nan sruth seamh,
Air an Fheinn bu mhor do mheas.
- M. 3.
- 5 Latha dhuinne sibhal bheanu,
Cha do thachair an t-sealg nar ear ;
Channic sinn a teachd gu traigh,
Iomadh bare bu *houair* fear (nall thar lear.)
- M. 6.
- 6 Thog sinn ar gas ruidh o 'n choill,
Bratach Fhinn bu gbarg a greis ;
Air a *dima* an clochaibh oir (duna)
Air leinne gu 'm bu mhor a treis.

Mudhan.

⁶ Gun on.⁷ Aigh an Fheinn bu.⁸ Nuair tharlas tu d' thir fein.

- M. 7.
7 Dh' fharaid Mac Cuthail ga shluagh,
San uair bu mhoir a ghean;
Co theid uainn a ghabhail sgeoil,
Co iad na seoid a thain' thar lear?
- M. 8.
8 Thuirt Conau mearachdach maol,
Co a righ a b' aill leat a dhol ann?
Ach Fearghus fìor ghlic do Mhac,
Ou 'se chleachd bhì dol nan ceanu.
- M. 9.
9 Mallachd dhuitse Chonain mhaoil,
Thuirt amf Fearghus bu caoin ctuth;
Rachainnse a ghabhail sgeul,
Do 'n Fheinn 's cha b' ann air a ghnth.
- M. 10.
10 Ghluaisidh Fearghus armach og,
San rod an comhdhail nam fear;
'S dh' fhiosraich na choradh foil,
Co iad na seoid a thain thar lear?
- M. 11.
11 Manus fuileach corrach fial
Mac righ Betha nan sgiath dearg;
Ard righ Lochlain ceann nan cliar,
Gille bu mhor feach a 's fearg.
- M. 12.
12 Cìod a ghluais a bhuidinn bhorb,
O rioghachd Lochlain na colg sean?
An ann r chuideachadh nam Fiann,
A thainig bhur triall thar muir.
- M. 13.
13 Air a laimhsa Fhearghuis threìn,
As an Fheinn ga mor a mhuir;
Cha ghabh sinn gun chomhrag fhear,
No bhean is bran a thoirt o Fhionn.
- M. 14.
14 Air a laimhsa Mhanuis threìn,
Asad fein g'a mor do spion;
Air mhend sa thug thu leat thar lear,
Cha tugadh sibh Bran thar tuinn.
- M. 15.
15 Bheireadh an Fheinn comhrag cruaidh,
Do d' shluagh nan liodhra iad Bran;
'S bheireadh Fionn comhrag treun,
Dhuit fein mu 'n faigheadh tu bhean.
- M. 16.
16 Gluasadh Fearghuis thugainn fein,
'S bu cosmhuil ri deo greine a chruth;
Dh' innsadh e an sgeul gu foil,
'S gu 'm b' osgara mor a ghuth.
- M. 17.
17 Sid e Manus air an traigh,
Cìod e' m fath dhuinn bhì ga chleth,
Cha ghabh e gan chomhrag dhu,
No do bhean 's do chu fo bhreth.
- M. 18.
18 Chaoìdh cha tugainnsa mo bhean,
Da dh' aon fhear a sheall sa ghreìn;
'S cha dealaich mi ri Bran gu brath,
Gus an teid am bas na bheul.
- M. 19. 21.
19 Labhair an t-Oscar ri Goll,
'S mor an glonn dhuinn bhì uar tosd;
Chann a she-combalta deug,
Leig mar coinneamh fhein an casg.
- M. 20.
20 Deangamsa Cithach nam buadh,
Thuirt Caoirreal bu chruaidh colg;
G' an lethtrom a chuir air each,
G' e b' e hoch g' an tig am cho-dhail.
- M. 23.
21 Iarla Mutha 's mor an sonn,
Thuirt an Dearnad donn g'an chealg,
Dheangainse e 'n lathair chaich,
No bithidh mo blas air an leirg.
- M. 32.
22 Chrom sinn ar ceann sa' chath,
Agus rinn gach flath uar gheall;
Bha airm righ Lochlain an aigh,
G'an togail air an traigh nar sgairt.
- M. 33.
23 Chonnuich Manus agus Fionn,
Mar dheann a thigeadh o dhà ord;
Cath fuilleachdach an dà righ,
Guna bu guineach brìgh an colg.
- M. 35.
24 Air an sgithach air an leirg,
'S air sgoltadh an sgiath 's an lann;
Thulg iad uatha an airm ghabhì,
'S chaidh iad gu spairn an da laoch.
- M. 36.
25 Clachan agus talamb trom,
Mhosgladh sud fo bhonn an cos;
A sraoincachd an ear san iar,
B' fhada 's cian a chluinntean clos.
- M. 37.
26 Leagadh Manus air an traigh,
Am fianuis chaich air an raou;
Airsan cha b' onoir righ,
Chuirteadh ceangal nan tri chaol.
- M. 38.
27 Thuirt Conan mearachdach maol mac Morna
Am fear bha riamh ri b-ole;
Cumar duinn Manus nan lann,
'S gu 'n sgarraim a cheann o a chorp.
- M. 39.
28 Cha robh comhdhallas na caomh,
Eadar mise 's tu Chonain mhaoil gun fhalt;
O 'n tharla mi to ghrasabh Fhinn,
B' annsa leam no bhì fo d' smachd.
- M. 40.
29 O 'n tharla tu fom' ghrasa' fein,
A lamh threun a chuir mor chath;
Nì mi do dhionadh om' Fheinn,
'S cha 'n iomar mi beud air flath.
- M. 41.
30 Gheibh thu da roghain a ris,
Cead dol dathigh do d' thir fein;
No gaol, is comunn, is pairt,
Ach do lamh a thoirt do 'n Fheinn.
- A NEW VERSE.
31 Rach dathigh do d' thir fein,
'S na tig air b-ais a dh' eighach cron;
Lean fiadh do bheanntan ard,
'S na taghail gu brath a' m' chor.
- A NEW VERSE.
32 Tha mo bhaighse ri neach gun treoir,
'S cuimhne leann an la a chaidh;
Foghlum ceart a' d' aros mor,
Sid a righ an ceo nach luidh.
- M. 42.
33 Bheirinnse mo bhreathar a righ,
Am fad sa mhaireas cail nam chorp;
Nach toir mi buille t-aghaidh Fhìnu,
'S aithreach leam na rinn sinn ort.
- M. 39.
34 Cha b' ann ormasa rinn thu e,
'S am ort fein a reinn thu 'n call;
A mheud sa thaincadh leat thar lear
Cha teid iad air ais ach mall.

S. 1. PART I.—A BHUIRBHURTACH, to line 97.
PART II.—CATH BHEINN EIDIN, from line 97 to
the end. 1805. 399 lines.

From Mac Donald's Collection from Alexander Mac Rae
in Gairloch, Ross-shire. Copied by Donald Mac Pher-
son, Advocates' Library, June 11, 1872.

- 1 LA dhuinn air Tulach söir
'G amlarc Erin mu ar tiomchal
Chunnaic sinn air bharra thonn
Aoghalt, aithreachd, chuthal, chrom
- 2 Bha h' aogais air dreach a ghuail
'Sa deud cairbartach enamh-ruadh
Bha crion-fholt glas air a ceann
Mar choille chriona, chrith-thean
- 3 Bha aon snil ronnach na ceann
'S bu luath i no ronnach muigh'r
Bha cloidheamh meirgeach fo críos
Air gach taobh don chrithal chois
- 4 'S gur b' ainm don Fhuagh nach tiom
A Bhuirbhurtach, mhaol ruagh mhordhin
Re amlarc nam Fiann fo dheas
Gun ruith a bheisd na h' inuis
- 5 Rinn i gean gun chomann dninn
Mharb i le h' abhachd ceud laoch
'S a gaire na garbh craos
- 6 Cait on robh sluagh bu chiallich
'S bu narich na sud agibh's
Measg Fianna Inse-Fail
No air Mhathibh na h' Erin ?
- 7 Labhair laoch nach d' fhulaing sàr
Mac Moirna' dha m' b' ainm Coinean
A bhuidhin sin bha fann
Annta dheargadh do bhreim lann
- 8 Agus air sgath cullanich ¹ nan con
Oirne na bithid ga' muighladh
Cha n da-fhear dheug a b' fhearr san Fheinn
Thabhart Comhrag do 'n Bheisd
- 9 'S urrad eile ged bhithidh iad ann
Bhiodh marbh san aona bhall
- 10 Ach gheibh thu cumha 's gabh còir
Caogad Iana dhe 'n dearg or
Agus ga' m' b' fhearr or enodidh nan cloch
No cogadh nam Fiann fhaobharach
- 11 Ged fhoidhin buaidh ² Erin nile
'H or 'sa h' airgidh 's a crionachd
B'fhearr leam fo choisgeard mo shleadh
Oscar is Reinne is Cairil.
- 12 O 'n se do phughair a thig dheth
Se dheibh thu gun chumha comhrag
'S caillidh tu dos do chime-chrion'
Re deagh mhae Ossian iarruidh
- 13 Dar dherich colg na Beisd'
Gan derich Fionn Flath na Feinne
Dherich Oiscean Flath nam fear
Dherich Oscar 's dherich Iollin
- 14 Gan derich Diarmad donn
Dherich leis an lion-bhuidhean
Dherich laoch nach tim 's aelch tais
Dherich an Glas le mhor neart
- 15 Sin dar dherich iad nile
Eadar mhae Ri 's gach aon duin'
'S mar Bheisd' dhioghair 's a ghlean
- 16 Rinn iad Cro chrotha cathumhor
Mar Mhuir ri clochan a mhol
Bha dol aig a Bhuirbhurtach orr'
- 17 Ach fhrithéal i iad mu seach
Mar ruith sradagan lasarach
Ach an tus iorghal an aigh
Thuit cabhair air na Laoich lann
- 18 Thuit a Bhuirbhurtach leis an Ri
Is ma thuit cha b' ann gun gan stri
Deachan cha d' fhair e mach sud
O la Ceardoch Lon Mhic Liobhin

¹ Cullanach, a dog boy, or dog-keeper, *gloss.*

² Some say buur, cattle.

- 19 Ghluais an Gobh' leis a bhrigh
Gu teach athair an ard Ri
Rinneadh beud ars' Gobhan nan cuan
Mharbhadh a Bhuirbhurtach ruagh
Ri.
- 20 Mar do slugadh i 'n talamh toll
No mar do thagh a mhuir leathan lom
Cha rath do dhaoir air an domhain
Na mharbhadh a Bhuirbhurtach mhoidhean
GOBH.
- 21 Cha ne mharbh i ach an Fhiann
Buidhean nach gabh roimh dhuine fiamh
Cha d' theid Fuath no arrachd as
On t sluaigh aluin fholt-bhuigh
Ri.
- 22 Bheir mise mo mhiannan Ri
Na mharbhadh a Bhuirbhurtach mbin
Nach fag mi do dh' Erin an aigh
Innis no Ealan no Tom
- 23 Nach tog mi 'n coir-thaobh mo laong
Dh' Erin churanda ao-throm
- 24 'S chuirin breabanich air muir
Ga togail as a tonna bhalladh
Le Crocan cromra ri tir
Ga tarring as a tamh-thonnadh
GOBH.
- 25 'S mor an luchd do luingeas ban
Erin uile dh' aon laimh
'S cha deach do luingeas air sàl
Na thogadh Cuigeadh do dh' Erin
- 26 Deich fichid agus mille Laong
Thog an Ri sud 's gum b' fheachd throm
Gu geill Erin thabhart amach
Agus air shith na Feinne nam faradh.

MANUS.

S. 1.

- 27 Bha ceathrar air farthar a chusain
Do ghlan daoin' naise Inse-Fail
Oscar agus Reine Ruagh
Ossian nam buadh agus Cairil ard
FING.
- 28 'N d' fhiosraich sibh an deas no 'n tuagh
Co ni n' teannal chruaidh san traigh ?
Chan eil am ach Flath no Ri
Thuirte Coinean maol gun fholt
- 29 Och nam foidhies' am Fheinn
Fear a ghabhadh sgeul an t' shuaigh
'S e labhair Fionn flath nam fear
Gum fordheadh e breith agus buaidh
CONAN.
- 30 Sin thubhart Coinean a risd'
Co a Rìgh b' aill leat dhol ann
Ach Feargus fìor-ghlic do mhae
O 'n se a chleachd a dhòl nan ceann
FERG.
- 31 Mallaehd dhuit a Choinean mhaoil
Labhair Feargus bu chaoin cruth
Reachinse a ghabalh sgeul
Dha 'n Fheinn 's cha b' ann air do ghuth
- 32 Ghluais Feargus armal og
Air a rod an coimheadh nam fear
Dhoineich e le comhra foill
Cia na sloighs' tha air lear

LOCH.

- 33 Ma Manus oirne mar Thriath
Ard Ri Lochlin nan sgia airm
Se Ri Lochlin ceann na Triath
Gille bu uhor fìach us fearg.

FERG.

- 34 Thubhart Feargus rubh gu min
'N ann do chuidreacha' nam Fiann
Thanig an Triath tha so air lear
'S Ri Lochlin orr mar cheann

LOCH.

- 35 Air do lamhsa Fhearguis fheile
'S as an Fheinn cia mor do mhuirn
Cha ghabh sinn cumha gun Bhran
'S a bhean thabhart o' Fhionn
- FEARG.
- 36 Tha Ri Lochlin air an traigh
Ciod e 'n sta a bhi ga chleth
Cha ghabh e cumh' o' Fhionn
Gun a bhean sa chu fo breith
- FINGAL.
- 37 Cha d' thugams' sin bhean
Do dh' aon fhear tha fo 'n ghreinn
'S cha mho dhealaidhinn ri Bran
'M feadh s' a bhiodh an deo 'mo chre
- 38 Ach air bhi fada dhuinn nar tosd
Gun smaoinich Oscar an aigh
Dhol a labhairt re a sheannair
'S a Chleirich bu mhor an cas
- 39 Bheir mise mo bhriathar doigh
Thubhairt Oscar 's cha be 'n sgleo
Cia be laong as fhaide seoil
Mug iad air an turas leo
- 40 Gan seol i le'm fuil fo druinn
Air neadh nach eil i nan coluin
- 41 S' b' fhearr na bhi gan iarnadh thuinn o' thuinn
'M foidhean cruinn air aona bhall
- 42 Siud dar thubhart mi fein
Ged eil mi mar tha mi an ochd
Ri Lochlin nan Comhrag theann
Gu sgarruin a cheann o' chorp
- 43 Sin dar thubhart Reine Ruadh
Cia mor a thae' a shluagh baoth
Naodh fheidid do Gheard an Ri
Dhaindeoin an stri, bbeir mi an sar
- 44 Gan dubhart Caoilte nam Fiann
'S cur a sgia air a lamb
Naodh fheidid Curamh gun diomb
Diolidh mis iad air an traigh
- 45 Ghlac an Duth mac Rivin colg
Le guth borb 's e labhart aird
Naonar a luchd comhrag chéud
Nam chomhair Fein air an traigh
- 46 Sin dar thubhart Coinean re Goll
'S mor an glonn dut bhi nad thosd
Nach d' thugamid cath laidir teann
Do Mhac Mheathan nan airm noichd't
- 47 Labhair Cuaire gill Fhinn
Tog dhíot do sheinn is bi slán
'S ged thanig iad uil' air thuinn
Cha mhor dhiubb theid air sal
- 48 Beirim beannachd 's beirim buaidh
Thubhart Mac Cumhail nan gruidh dearg
Maonas Mac Garrie nan sloigh
Leagidh mis cea mor fhearg
- 49 Air mhoch erigh n' la air 'n mharach
Ghluais Fergus File gu gle dhan
Air chomhair mar bu chóir
A dhiondsaidh Mathbhi Ri Lochlin
- 50 Chuir e air a Luirach mhor
'S a Chlogaid de 'n or mu cheann
Gun chuir e a chloidheamh ri chríos
'S a dha shleagh re òs 's a chrann
- 51 Bheannich e dar eba e mhan
Dh' fhear a sheasomh aite Ri
'S dhoimnich e le combradh foill
Ciod e a mor shluaghs' a tha air tir
- 52 'Saimideach thu reir mo bheachd
Co b' urra sa chleas dluth?
Ach Maonas Ri Lochlin nan Laong
Le fheachd trom gu cosnadh clia
- FERG.
- 53 'S aimideach a bhuail thu 'n speach
'S nach d' iomradh mi creach no toir
'S ge mor a thug sibh luibh an all
Gun feudadh sibh bhi gann a fallh

LOCH.

- 54 Co b' urra sa chleas dluth?
FEARG.
- 55 Ch b' urra sa chleas dluth
Ach Fionn ur a b' fhearr buaidh
Nach do theich roimh dhuine riabh
Ach gan teicheadh na ceuda uait
- LOCH.
- 56 Ni mise cogadh oirbh le 'm fheachd
'S bheir mi creach o' Fhianna Fail
Bithidh Sgeollach' agam 's Bran
'S bithidh Fionn sa bhean nam lamh
- FEARG.
- 57 Feudidh tu a chantan gu beachd
Gur creach neart sin oirn gu brath
Ach cait am biodh Oscar og
Agus Ri num Fear mhoir ann 'n lamh
- LOCH.
- 58 Dhechinn fein Oscar og
Ossian mor is Goll nan cnamh
Dechinn sliochd Ri nam Fiann
Is Fionna fial cia mor a lamh
- FEARG.
- 59 Feadidh ta bhi triall an tir
Thubhart Fergus as caoin cruth
'S tu laoch as mo fo 'n ghreinn
Ma dhearbhas tu fein do ghuth
- 60 Ciod e a choirre 's mo rinn Fionn
Man d' thanig sibhs a thogail gheall?
- LOCH.
- 61 Se choirre 's mo rinn Fionn
Muisne Ri Lochlin nan gleann
Gun mharbhadh i 'n Eriu shuas
Seal mas d' fhuairis le Clann—

FEARG.

- 62 Cha b' fhiach a choslas a bh' ann
Bha h' aogas air dreach a ghual
Bha crion-fholt glas air a ceann
'S co dheanadh clann ri Fuath?
- LOCH.
- 63 Cha b' Fhuath bhann ach Bean
Cha robh i fann na tir fein
'S nam foidhidh i comhrag naodhnar
Chuireadh i di air an Fheinn.
- FEARG.
- 64 Chan fhaca sinne bean ann
Ach Cailleach chann 's i gann do cheill
Bha aon suil ghlonnach na ceann
'S chuir i anntlachd air an Fhein

FIONN'S TRIBUTE.

- 65 Dheibidh sibh Cumh' s gabhuibh coir
Caognaid Tunna do dhearg or
'S gum b' fhearr 'or enodidh nan cloch
No na bheir na Feachd da chuinn
- 66 Dheibh thu seachd ceud nighin bhais-gheal-bhan
Is seachd ceud Curadh theidha nan dail
Seachd ceud bó gun bhloodhan riabh
Seachd ceud Each le 'n deagh thriall
- 67 Seachd ceud Daimh chabair nam beann
Ghlacadh gun ghuth cinn no coin
Seachd ceud aogh le n' seachd ceud Maogh
Chuiradh an lamb an' Leitir Shoir
- 68 Seachd ceud seobhaga rinn sealg
Seachd ceud Gadharg garg am beinn
Seachd ceud Ealla dho 'n t' snamh
Seachd ceud Lach le Ràe air Leinn
- 69 Seachd ceud Ruagh-Chearc dlie 'n fbraoch
Seachd ceud Coillach-chraobh air chrann
Seachd ceud Iolair o Thuath
Seachd ceud Earb' a luath ran gleann
- 70 Seachd ceud Cubhag seachd ceud euch
Seachd ceud smeocrach' ghluais o 'n bheinn
Seachd ceud Lon duth am beinn aird
Is seachd ceud ni nam b aill' luibh

' Fingal's two dogs.

LOCH.

- 71 Ged fhoidhin buaidh Erin uile
'H or sa d' airgid 's a crionnachd
Cha phillim mo Lòd air Sal
Ach am biodh Erin uile air earras

(Here follow the *Dunners*, as in other versions.)

LOCH.

- 72 Co i a Bhrachs' Fhili Dhuanaich
Ne sud Brach Mhic-treun Bhuadhich
Chi mi Gille gathasd air a ceann
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n or ebhin ?

FEARG.

- 73 Cha re sud ach an Lia Luathnach
Bratach Dhiarmid og o' duinne
'S dar thigeadh an Fheinn a mach
Gheòbhidh an Lia-Luathnach toiseach.

LOCH.

- 74 Co i a Bhratach ud Fhili Dhuainnich
Ne sud Bratach Mhic-treun bhuadhich
Chi mi Gille gath'sd air a ceann
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n òr ebhin.

FEARG.

- 75 Cha ne sud ach an Duth-Nea' (or Nìmh')
Bratach Fhoilte Mhic Rea
Dar chruinnicadh Cath na Clìar
Cha bhiodh iomradh ach air on Duth- Nea'

LOCH.

- 76 Co i a Bhratach ud Fhili Dhuainich
Ne sud Bratach Mhic Treun bhuadhich
Chi mi gille gath'sd air a ceann
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n òr ebhin

FEARG.

- 77 Cha ne sud ach an aona-Chasach ruagh
Bratach Reine na mor shluagh
Bratach leis am briseadh eirn
'S leis an dorteadh Fuil gu faobartan.

LOCH.

- 78 Co i a Bhratach ud, Fhili Dhuainnich
Ne sud Bratach Mhic-treun bhuadhich
Chi mi gille gath'sd air a ceann
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n or ebhin

FEARG.

- 79 Cha ne sud ach a Sgnab-ghabhi
Bratach Oscar chro-laidir
Leis an leigta cinn gun amhichin
'S nach tugadh troidh air a h' ais
Ach an crithidh an talamh trom-ghlas

- 80 Sgaol sinn an Deo-ghrèine re crann
Bratach Fhinn bu theann sa chath
Loma-lan do chlochan dhe 'n or
'S ann luinn gu 'm bu mhòr a meas—rath

LOCH.

- 81 Saolamid gun thuit a Bhceinn—

FIONN'S BANNER.

FEARG.

- 'S durra dhuit na bheil ann
Geal-geugach Mhic Cumhil re crann
Is naodh slabhrin aise sios

- 82 Dh 'n or bhuidhe gun dall-sgiamh
Is naodh naodhuar a lann ghaisgich
Fo cheann na h' uile slabhridh
Mar Chleath treambadh gn traigh
Bithidh a gair-chath ga d' ioman.

LOCH.

- 83 'S breugach do bheul Fhili bhinn
Cia mor agads' sluagh na Fèinne
Trian na h' agams do shluagh
Cha robh aguibh riabh an Èrin.

FEARG.

- 84 Ge beag leatsa an Fhìann thèires
A Rì Lochlin na mor chamhlach
Bheir thu do theann leum fo 'n fheasgar
Roimh lanna glasa ni t-aimbhas.

- 85 'Arsin an toisich a chemhrag chruaidh
Se lathair Mac Cumhil nam buadh
Cromadh gach fear a cheann sa chath
Is deantar leis gach Flath mar gheall.

- 86 Bu lionmhor guailin ga maoladh
Agus coluin a snuaghadh
Bu lionmhor ann tuitim fleasgich
O eirigh Greine gu feasgar.

- 87 'S cha deach faobhar airm gu muir
Ach aona mhìle do shluagh bàrr
Theich iad mar shruth air bhara-bheann
Is sinne sa chath gan ioman.

- 88 Deich ficidh 's mìle sonn
Thuit eadar Garrie agus Goll
O 'n dherich a ghrian gu moch
Gus an deach i fo sau amoch.

- 89 Seachd Fichidh 's seachd Cathan
Na bha do shluagh aig Rì Mheathan
Thuit sud le Oscar an aigh
'S le Cairil mor na corra-chnamh.

- 90 Bha Mac Cumhil 's a shluagh garg
Mar chaoir-theina na mor fhearg
Mar shardagan dìana cas
'M feadh's 'a mhair Lochlinach ris.

- 91 Thachoir Mac Cumhil nam buan
Is Maonas nan ruag aigh
Rì cheil an tuiteam an t' shuagh
'S ann luinn gum chruaidh an cas

- 92 Dar thoisich stri nan laoch
'S ann luinn gum chian an clos
Bha clochan agus talamh trom
Fuasgladh o' bhonn an eos

- 93 Air briseadh don cloidhean ha dearg
Dheirich orr fearg agus fraoch
Thilg iad am buill' air an laoch
'S thug iad sparn an do laoch.

- 94 Thuit Rì Lochlin an aigh
M' fianuis chai air an Fhraoch
'S airse ged nach b' onair Rì
Chuireadh ceangal nan tri-chaol.

- 95 Sin dar labhair Coinean maol
Mac Moirne bha riabh bha riabh ri h'òle
Leigibh mise gu Maonas nan lonn
'S gu sgarruin a cheann o' chorp.

- 96 Cairdeas cha neil agam no gaol
Dhuitsa Chioinean mhaol gun fholt
'S o 'n thurladh mi 'n lamhan Fhinn
'S annsa leam e na bhì t' iochd's.

- 97 Cha n' iomar mi beum air Flath
Fuasglaidh mi thusa o m' Fheinn
A Laoich threim chuir mor-chath.

- 98 Dheibh thu do roghan a risd'
Dhol as gud thir fein
Cairdeas is comunn is gaol
No thighin led lann gu m' Fheinn.

- 99 'M fadsa bhithis ceill am chorp
Cha bhuail mi buille t' aghaidh Fhinn
'S aithreach lean na rinnis ort.

- 100 Cha n' ann ormsa rinn thu n' lochd
'S ann rinn thu 'n cron duit fein
Dhe 'n thug thu do shluagh o' d thir
'S beag a philleas a risd dhuibh sin.

- 101 Ach cia be thigeadh anns an uair
Gu mullach Bhein-Eidin fhuar
Chau' fhac 's cha n' fhuac e gu brath
Urad do dh' fhaobh ann' aon la.

&c. MANUS. 30 lines.

Mrs. Taylor's, 7, Dalry Park Terrace, Edinburgh.
December 23, 1871.

I picked up—from the recitation of an old man—the enclosed in Lewis three years ago. You will see how closely it and Kennedy's version agree.

I remain, yours very sincerely,

MALCOLM MACPHERL.

J. F. Campbell, Esq.

- 1 Là dhuinn a' fhadhach air leirg,
Cha do thachair an t-sealg n'ar còir;
Gu faca sinn mìle bàra,ca,
Air sàl a' tighinn o near.
- 2 Thachair Mac Cumhail nan cnach,
'S Manus nan grauidhean àigh;
Air leth air iomall an t-sluaigh,
'S a Chlèirich nach bu chruaidh an càs.
- 3 Stad sinne taobh air thaobh,
'S leinne bu chian an clos;
'S nac faodah duine dhòl non dàil,
Gus am faiceadh each an lachd.
- 4 Gidheadh ged nach b' onair rìgh,
Chaidh ceangal nan trì caoil air.
- 5 Oin thuirt Conan 's e thall,
'Ged tha mi mar tha mi nochd;
Leig mise gu Manus nan long,
Ach an sgath mi cheann o chorp.'
- 6 'Cha 'n eil càrdeas 's cha 'n eil gaol,
Riutsa Chonain mhaol gun fhalt;
'S an tha mi fo ghràsan Fhinn,
'S e 's àill leam na bhì fo d' iochds.'
- 7 O' na thachair thu fo m' ghrasan féin,
Cha 'n iomair mi trèun air flath,
Leigidh mi thu dhachaidh a làmh thrèun,
'S iomadh a chur treun an cath.
- 8 'Gheibh thu do dha roghainn a rìs,
'N nair a ruigeas tu do thir féin,
Càrdeas is carantas is gaol,
Ach do làmh a bhì saor o 'n Fheinn.'

A. 17. FLEYGH. 84 lines.

In this a messenger comes over sea to ask Fionn and his warriors to embark, with their two famous hounds. They fall out with the Herald, and do not go. The last two verses are part of Oisín's Lament to Padruig.

- 1 FLEYGH wor riuni lay finni
Innoiss dowt a halgin
Fa hymmi dwn we ann
Deanow albin is errin
- 2 Fearis m'morn mor
Din reane fa gall glor
A waktow fleywi zar
O hanyth tow weanow errin
- 3 Di reggir sen finni wane
Fa math wle tor is tear
Dowrt gi wak fleywi zar
Na gi fley ane reywe in nerrin
- 4 Chongimir huggin won tonn
Leich mor ayrrichtich foltinn
Gin ane dwn ag ach ay feyn
Fa math in toglach essane
- 5 Mir hanyth shay in gen ni wane
A dowrt in toglach fa keyre keyll
Tarsyth lomstih noss inni
Is ber cayd leich id di hymchill
- 6 Deych mek eichit morne mor
Ber let in dowss di henoyll
Fer is ocht zet chloun feyne
Ber is oskir di zane wane
- 7 Ber deachnor di clannith smoil
Is feichit di clanni ronane
Ber di clanni mwin let
Deachnor elli gin dermit
- 8 Ber let dermit o dwnith
Bar ni swr is no schalge
A feyn is kerrill id lwng
Deychnor di zانيت is di zorrin
- 9 Ber nenor do zillew let
Fa farda how ym bee aggit
Agis twss fen a inni
A v'awasse erm zrinni

- 10 Ber C leich let er twnni
Di zna wntir inn v'kowlie
C skay gin m wi nor
Dinni m'kowlie v'tranewor
- 11 Berris let in nossa inni
In da chonni is ferri in nerrin
Ber bran is skoillin let
Lowt di zorrin i gimicht
- 12 Na beith fadcheis ort a inni
Di ray in toglach ard evin
Tuggir fa woye id heith
Di we er ar sloye is soiche
- 13 Glor anwit hare id chenn
Ogle out hanik chwggin
Min fayin tow in weanoss inn
Di wea di chen gin chollin
- 14 Di chora a ni churffe in swm
A chonane meill ni beymin
Is mest in sloye di wee ann
Id ta tow agrow anwin
- 15 Errisyth clanni biskni ann
Erss conane in nani
Gowis gi neach zeive erm leich
Tig ni feanith ass gi ane teiwe
- 16 Marwar in sen mak di zinn
Feani gall a zassgi zrinn
As mak a zillin m'morn
Fa math in gath chrunwoynnyth
- 17 Errisyth arriss ann
Is daniss a wurill
Fearyth yn beinni ewt
Ag gowle di chonan in nani
- 18 Di wersi a wraa feyn di zinn
Di ray gowle mor nim beymin
War conan na mess a chinni
Na bonfeit ass in tinechin
- 19 Ferris koill D' eichid in glen
Er nach leyr rawe cheith in ferrin
Ay gin fiss nyth feanith ag finn
Troyg in skail so halgin
- 20 Faddi lommi a halgin trane
Nach wagger ma dunni zi nane
Ead a shelgi o zlenni gow glenn
Is nith aewlt no dymchol
- 21 Binvin lom ossin m'finni
Na hanich kenn nach deach zee
Ter gi dwri gar rove ann
Di binvin leom finni wley.
Fley.

FIONN'S EXPEDITION TO LOCHLAN.
D. F. O. P. 261 lines.

This ballad belongs to the Story of 'Manus,' but I am not certain that it is correctly placed in this order. This Scandinavian Herald might be reasonably explained as an old one-legged, one-armed, one-eyed Viking, with a gauntlet on; but as the five toes of his single foot covered two-thirds of the floor of the King's palace, a good deal must be allowed for poetical license. It is best to leave him as a Celtic myth. The King's questions, and the answers of the Fèinne show that a great deal of the story is lost. I have nothing about the slaying of the King's sons, or the battles named. In the form of stories a great deal more of this Expedition to 'Beirbh' is told in the Islands. The stories I will place in translating. Mr. John Hawkins Simpson, in 1857, at page 209, printed a Mayo version of 'Fionn Mac Cumhal goes to Loughlin,' which is the same story.

D. 11. AN TATHACH IUNIGH. 67 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection, Ossianic Ballad, No. xii. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 5, 1872.

- 1 LA dhinn an Tigh Chromghlin nan Cloch,
Hanig gar 'n iusuidh an Tathich;
'S dholliche coig Meoir a Thraigh,
Trian do Dhurlar an Rìogh Thaigh.

- 2 Bha aoin Snìl an Lar a Chinn,
Bha aoin Chas chli as a thoin ;
Bha aoin Chrog uasich as uchd.
'S bu duthidh I na Gualich Gothin.
- 3 Hog Connan an Dorn le Duriehd,
Gu Hathich mor na haoin suiligh ;
Stad a Chonnain fanna' d cheil,
She a labhair Fion flath na Fein.
- 4 Bu bhor an Taobhair Reachd leom,
Gum buailte Teichdire Rìogh Lochlin ;
Sheo a chiad La a hain u gu 'm Theich.
A nois Athaich Aonigh.
- 5 Fhìr as gorm aoin suil gun Tlachd,
Innsh duinne Toir¹ as limm miehd ;
Hanig me fon Lochlin lethich,
Agus fon Chudiehd ghorm Tseighich.
- 6 Hoig mi shinigh nach ro male,
Hanig mi fo chrichibh Lochlin ;
Ighin Rìogh Lochlin bha bhuig,
Chuir i Fios air Fion gun tairbeart.
- 7 Missigh labhairt ri Rìogh Flath nan Fian.
E dbol ga sirigh gu Lochdruim-cliar :
Bha sheich ciad Fichid Cota shroil,
An Tighe Bhic Cubhail Mhic Treinbhoir.
- 8 Bha Clogid as Scia as Lurich,
Air gach Laoich iursich Ard-ghlunich ;
Bha Innil gasta air gach Fear,
Fraoch teth air gach Laoich lamhear.
- 9 Bha Ullich air gach Fearr don Droing,
Do Luchd nan Urechar innilte ;
- 10 An dug shìbh an iunsuidh Cithich
Oran Buaigh ? Ars Manus
- 11 'S mis 'a bharibh Cithich nan Buaigh,
Huirt Mac Cubhail nau Arm ruaigh ;
Air an Traigh ha shiar mu Thuath,
Fenigh far 'n do thuit mor T-sluuagh.
- MANUS.
- 12 An dug shìbh gam iunsuidh Gorm T-shuil nan
Cath ?
- 13 'S mis 'a bharibh Gorm T-shuil nan Cath
She labhair an Tosgair arramach :
Gabhgh mi fostaibh Marraigh an Fhìr.
Fon a thuit e leom an Iurrl.
- MANUS.
- 14 An dug shìbh gam iunsuidh Laibh nam Beud mo
mhac fein ?
- 15 'S miss' a bhairibh Laibh nam Beid
She labhair Diarmaid O Duibhne,
'S nar ro Math agguibh ga chion,
Gad ha mi am Baisgain Fheribh Lochlin.
- MANUS.
- 16 Ceanglìbh an Fenrbogd ud.
17 Cait a bheil na Miunnin mor a Bhanis ?
- MANUS.
- 18 Ghagas far an duaras iad.
- 19 Harruing shin an shin air sheic Fichid Scian,
'S gu la Bhrach gam' bard air Mìagh ;
She bharaibh shin trithir mun Fheir,
Shail man dranig shin an Dorrust.
- 20 Bhrish shin Buaghin an Tuir,
'S barbh shin an Dorsair,
- 21 Chaigh shin gu durragha steach,
Shog shin ubhlidh na Cairich ;
Hainig shin air an Fhnicigh amach.
Nar Droing aigintich aramich.
- 22 Ghaic shin Rìogh Lochlin nan Buaigh,
Hug shin lein e uair gu Herin ;
Sriabh uaigh shin anneh
Bha Cìosh agguin air Feiribh Lochlin.

Criche.

¹ History.F. 11. MAR A CHUIR RIGH LOCHLUNN FIOS
FEALLSA GU FIONN MAC CUTHAIL.

Fletcher's Collection, page 18. 92 lines broken. Advocates' Library, January 12, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

- 1 'S AN aig tigh Chrom-ghlinn nan clach,
Thainig an 'Tathach iogna ;
Dh' fhuilich cuig meoir a throighe,
Trian do dh' ùrlar ar Rìgh-thighe.
- 2 Bha aon chos fodha nach eì,
Aon suil air clar a chinu mhoir ;
Bha aon lamb iarunigh as uchd,
'S bu duighe i na gualach gothain.
- 3 Thog Conan an dorn gun duire
Gu A' athach mòr na h-aon sula bhualadh.
- 4 Stad a Chonnain 's fan a' d' chèil,
Se labhair è Fionn fein,
Bu mhòr an t-aobhar reachd leam,
Thu bhualadh teachdair Rìgh Lochlunn am the-
achsa.

CEIST.

- 5 Nach è 'n diu an ceud latha,
Thaing thu gu m' theach Athaich ioghnaidh ;
Fhìr is guirm' aon sùil gan tlachd,
Innis dhomhsa t-airre is t-iompaidh ?

FREAGRADH.

- 6 Thanaig mis' o 'n Lochlunn leathaich,
Is o 'n Chuideachd ghorm shleaghaich ;
Thug mi sinteag nach robh mall,
Thainig mi bho chricheibh Lochluinn.
- 7 'Chuir Inghean Rìgh Lochlunn Bhà-bhuig,
Chuir i fios gu Fionn gun toirbeart ;
Leamsa fios a dh' ionnsuidh 'n Triath,
Dol na h-iarraidh thair Loch-druim-cliar.'
- 8 Is è bhi seachdain bho màireach,
Aig cathair na Bèirbhe ann Lochluin.
- 9 Bha sid againn seachd ceud fìeach còta sròil,
Ann tigh Mhic Cuthail, mhic Treunbhoir ;
Bha da shleagh is laun 'us luireach,
Air gach laoch iorsuch àrd glhumhor.
- 10 Bha inneal gasda air gach fear,
Agus fraoch teith air gach laoch lamhear ;
Bha ùlach air gach fear do 'n droing,
Do luchd na 'n urechar innealta is dh' fhalbh sinn.
- 11 Rainig sinne Cathair na Bèirbhe ann Lochluin.
Thachair Rìgh Lochluin oirn a muigh 'us
chuir è fàilte chridheil oirn, agus thug e
cuireadh dhuinn a steach. Ghlabhadh bhannan
an sin ar cuid àrm, 'us chuir iad an tigh taisge
a muigh iad, ach thugadh dhuinn fein an i-
chair ga gleitheadh. Thug iad a steach sinn an
sinn do Rìghthigh mòr bha aca 'us dhuinte
dorsan an tuir sin do oirn. Do shuidh fear a
dhaoin Rìgh Lochluin air gach gualain do na h-
uile againne, agus bha fear cile a' frithealadh
do na h-uile tuir a shuidh fùl 'n làn armaibh,
agus gun againn ach a mhaìn sgianan foluich
oirn (mar bu ghna' leinn ann an àm cunnairt).
Bha 'n Rìgh na shuidhe air Cathair os-ar-cionn,
d' ar nural 'us d' ar nerrail. Ach 'unair bha
gach curm an deidh an cuir thairis 'S e dh' iarr
an Rìgh fios Ceist.
- 12 Cò mharbh' mo mhacsa Ciothach nam buadh ?
Am Freagradh.
- 13 Is mise mharbh do mhac Ciothach nam buadh,
'S è labhair è Goull arm ruadh,
Air an trà' ud siar mu thuath,
Am feinne mun do thuit mòr shluagh.
- 14 Deir an Rìgh a rist.
- 15 Cò mharbh mo mhac Gorm-shuil nan cath ;
' Is mise mharbh do mhacsa Gorm-shuil nan cath,
'S e labhair e an t-Oscar armach,
'S eia 'n-àicheadh mi bàs an thir,
Bho 'n a thuit e leam san iorghaill.'
- CEIST.
- 16 C' àite an dh' fhag sibh mo mhac fein,
Lamb nam bèud am Bìugul-bìagha ?

FREAGRADH.

- 17 'S mise mharbh lamh nam beud,
Do mbac fein am Bingal-briagh;
Se labhair è Diarmaid-o-duinne,
'S nior robh math agaihb da chionn,
Ge d' tha mi 'm builsgèin fir Lochlain.
- 18 Beirbh air an fhear bheag ud 's ceanglaibh è,
Arsa Rìgh Lochlain
- 19 C' àite bheil na briathra mòra a Mhànuis? Arsa
Fionn.
- 20 Tharruing sinn an sin ar seachd ceud fichead
sgian,
Agus aig meud ar gaisge bhù mhoid ar gnìomh;
Mhairbhte leinn truir mu 'n d' rainig sinn an
dorus,
- 21 Bhrìste leinn dorsan an tuir,
Agus mhairbhte leinn an dorsair,
Ach phill sin gu dùr a steach
Is thog sinn ulaidh na Cathrach.
- 22 'S bha sinn a mach air an fhaiche,
Mar droing aigeach uallach;
Agus riamh bhò sin a mach,
Tha cis againn a fearaibh Lochlain.

O. 38. CARRACHD RIGH LOCHLAIN AIR FIONN.

92 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 158. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

THE poem which follows, in the beginning, resembles the beginning of 'Roe,' see page 103, but the rest is different. It is called 'Carrachd Rìgh Lochlain air Fionn.' (Collector's note.)

- 1 TUR a chuir rìgh Lochlain fios gu Fionn,
San aig tigh eòrom ghleann nan clach;
Thainig oirne an tathach ioghna,
Dh' fholuich cuig meoir a throidhe
Trian do urlar ar rìgh thigh.
- 2 Bha aon chos fo 'n nach robh cli,
Aon suil air clar a chinn mhòir;
Bha aon lamh iarnuidh as uèhd,
Bu duibhe i na gualach Gothainn.
- 3 Thog Conan an dorn g' an tiorca,
Gu athach mor na h-aon suil a bhuala;
Stad a Chonain 's fan a' d' cheill,
'Se labhair e Fionn fein.
- 4 Bu mhòr an taobhar reachd leam,
Thu bhuala teachdìre rìgh a' m' theachsa;
- 5 Nach e 'n duigh an ceud latha,
Thain' thu gum theach athach ioghna;
Fhir is guirme suil gun tlachd,
Innis dhòmbsa taire 's t-iompaidh.
- 6 Thainig mise o Lochlain laghach (al. learach)
'Son chuideachd ghorm shleaghach;
Thug mi sìnteach nach robh mall,
Thainig mi o chrìochaibh Lochlain.
- 7 Chuir nigean rìgh Lochlain bhla bhui,
Chuir i fios gu Fionn gun toirbeart;
Chuir i fios dh' ionnsuidh 'n Triath,
Dol ga h-iarraidh thach Loch druim clìar.
- 8 'Se bhì seachdan o maireach,
Aig Cathair na Beirbh an Lochlain;
Bha sìd againn seachd ceud fichead earra shroil
An tìgh Mhìc Cuthail, Mhìc Treumhòir.
- 9 Bha da shleagh, is lann is luireach,
Air gach laoch iorsach ard ghluimhor;
Bha inneal gasda air gach fear,
Agus Fraoch leth air gach laoch lar.
- 10 Bha ulach air gach fear g' an droing,
Do luchd nan urcharan innealta.
- 11 Is Dh' fhalbh sinn,
Air sgiathaibh gaoithe a' sìnbhal cuan,
Dh' fhalbh sinn gu h-nalach ard;
Mar coinneamh chunnaic sinn mar stuagh
Cathair na Beirbh an cois na traigh.

- 12 Thachair rìgh Lochlain oirn a muigh,
'S chuir e falte ehiridhail oirn;
Thug e cuire dhuinn a steach,
'S ged a thug cha 'n ann eum aigh.
- 13 Ghabhadh uainn ar cuid arm,
'S thaisgeadh iad an carn a muigh;
Thuga dhuinn fhein an Iuchlar ghatha,
Cha smaiaidh gleithe bh' air ar n-uigh.
- 14 Chaidh sinn steach do thigh 'n rìgh mhòir,
Dhuinte oirn dorsan an tuir;
Shuidh fear a dhaoine rìgh' Lochlain air guallain
a h-uile fear againn: fear a frithealadh do na
h-uile truir. Jadsan fon armaibh, gu
againn ach ar sgean foluich.
An rìgh na shuidhe os ar ceann gar n-earail;
nuair bha gach cuirm an deigh dol thairis.
Se dh' iarr an rìgh fios co mharbh mo mhacsa,
Ceothlach nam buadh.
- 15 'S mise mharbh do mhac Ceothlach nam buadh,
'Se labhair Goll nan arm Ruagh Cha 'n aicheadh.
Air an traigh ud siar ma dheas,
Am Feinne ann do lot a chneas.
- 16 Co mharbh mo Mhac Gormshuil nan cath?
17 'S mise a mharbh do Mhac Gormshuil nan cath.
'Se labhair an t-Oscar armach.
Cha 'n aicheadh mi bas an fhir.
O na thuit e leam san Tiorghuil.
- 18 C'ait an d' fhad sibh mo mhac fein,
Lamh nam beud am beag a bhriathra¹
- 19 'S mise mharbh lamh nam beud,
Do mhac fein am Beuga Briagha.
'Se labhair Diarmad o Duighne,
'S nior robh math agaihb ga cheann, (chionn)
- 20 Ged thu mi builsgèin fir Lochlain,
21 Beirbh air an fhear bhraigaid,
22 Ceanglaibh e ars rìgh Lochlain,
23 C'ait a bheil na briathra mòra Mhànuis?
24 Dh' fhagas far an d' fhuaras.
- 25 Tharruing sinn seachd ceud fichead sgian,
Aig meud ar gaisge bu mhòr gnìomh,
Mhairbhte leinn truir m' an fhear.
Seall tu 'n d' rainig sinn an dorus.
- 26 Bhrìsear leinn dorsan an tuir;
Mhairbhte leinn an dorsar dur,
Ach phill sinn lann gu dur a steach,
'S thog sinn ulamh na Carrachd.
- 27 Bha sinn a mach air an fhaiche,
Eutrom aigeanaich uallach,
Agus riamh o sin a mach,
Bha cìos agalun air fearaibh Lochlain.

This evidently differs from the other, though the character of the messengers answers the Champion of Cormac—from the MS. of Mr. Mac Iver foresaid. (Collector's note.)

P. 10. TURUS FHINN DO LOCHLUNN.

Staffa's Collection, page 65. 64 lines. Advocates' Library, February 23, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

- 1 IXNIS thus dhuinn a Phadruig,
O 'n a 's tu a 's fearr meadhair,
Greis air Sealachd Fiannbhì Phinn,
La àrd a bha sinn an Cromaghlèann.
- 2 La dhuinn an Cromaghlèann nan clach,
Thainig oirn an t-athach angabhi;
Thuir e le glòir bhuiag nach tiom,
Nach càithe leinn cuid an Cromaghlèann.
- 3 'N sin labhair Fionn le guth mor,
Uist a Chonain 's coisg do dhòra,
'S mor an t-abhar reachda leinn
U bhualidh Teachdaire Rìgh Lochlunn

¹ Breuga Briagha.

- 4 Ach fhíoir as buirbe suil gun tlachd,
Sloinnsa dhúinn t-ar agus t-íomachd.
- 5 Thanig mis o Lochlunn Leathunn
O'n chuideachd chuirim fhleaghigh,
Thug mi treun cheim gun bhí mall
Ann an cein o chriochlubb Lochlunn,
- 6 Thug nighin Ríogh Lochlunn nam bla buig,
Dhuit fein Fhinn a gaol gun dearmad
'Us dh' iarr i ortsa Mhic Cúbaill,
A tabhairt o luchd a troma chleigh.
- 7 Cairibh air cotana sroil,
Air ar corpibh seanga sithar
Air Luirichin 'us math maise,
Scabhuill óir fúí fhíillidh gasta.
- 8 Sciath bhreac nan eangach dar díon
Trogamid a ghaoil gun Iomaguin,
Sciath bhil óir 'us Lann 'us Luireach
Air gach Gill-Oglaoch Ard ghluinich,
- 9 Inneal comhann air gach fear,
Fraoch Siubhail air gach Gille,
Ull' ach air gach aon do 'n dream,
Do luchd nan uarachairin Innealt,
- 10 Thog sinn ri drummachull a chuain,
A Bhuidhinn 's cha b' fhuirst air díongabbail
Cath-eagor do dh' Fhianinibh Fhinn,
Gun smaointin eagal na Ionaguin.
- 11 Latha dhúinn sa mheirbh ag ól,
Pobull Fhinn 'us Ríogh air tonail
Ag ól sa 'g iomairt air leinn,
Sinn fein 'us sluaghan Ríogh Lochlunn.
- 12 Sin labhair Ríogh Lochlunn fein,
An dug sibh leibh Lamh nam beud,
Na Cíthúch mo mhachd eila,
Na Gomunn na Míogthúsl briatha.
- 13 Us mise mharbh lamh nam beud,
Ars Osgar 's ni b' iomadh breug
Gun tainc do dhúine ga chionn,
Na na bheil do fhine 'n Lochlunn,
- 14 'S mis a mharbh Gomunn do mhac,
Arsa Raoini but gheal glachd,
Air Traigh a chliabhain fúí' thuath
Siar o rudha na morchuan,
- 15 'S mis a mharbh Cúith' ích do mhac cila
Arsa Diarmuid Donn o Duibhne;
'Us gabham re mar bhadh an fhóir,
O'n sann leam a thuit 'n Iorghuill,
- 16 Ghabh sinn air an fhaich' a mach,
Nar dream aiginnich ualich,
Scolt sinn roimh Dhorsibh an Túir;
Agus thuair sinn bnaidh air na Loch-lunnich.
- 17 Agus phill sinn air ar 'n ais a chum air 'n aite
fein a ris.

Q. 2. AIREAMH FIR DHUBHAIN.

Stewart's Book, Vol. II. p. 547.

As this book is by no means rare, I print this from a modern Irish MS., bought in Dublin. The figures are the same, but the words differ. As this is a numerical puzzle, the arrangement of the men who represent the numbers must always be the same. The Scotch and Irish words by which the numbers are remembered differ, but not materially. The problem is so to arrange two rival parties of 15, as to make every ninth man a foe and slay him. The game is very commonly played with black and white pebbles, ranged in a circle in alternate lots:

4. 5. 2. 1. 3. 1. 1. 2. 2. 3. 1. 2. 2. 1.

Beginning to count at 4, white for Fionn and his men, the 9th is the last of the first black lot of 5. The 18th is in a black lot of 2, and so all the 'black strangers' are cast out as nines, and slain by the craft of Fionn according to the tale. This arithmetical legend seems to fit where cunning was pitted against cunning.

GÓID FHINN AGUS DHUBHAIN.

- 4 Ceathrar fionn fadhra ar thús
Fa merbhar liom aniomthús
- 5 Cuigear dubha na n dail
de lucht derbh chogar dhubhain
- 2 dias o Fhinn borb g bheath
- 1 Fear o dhubbhain teibhartach cath
- 3 Triur o mhac cubhuill fheill
- 1 As fear o dhubbhain dbreich reidh
- 1 Snuighios Fionn san mbrogh bhan
- 2 Gha dhias dhúbhe ar a laimh deis
- 2 Is dias eile do mhuntar fhinn allmhuine
- 3 Truir o dhubbhan mo chion
- 1 Fer fiadhaigh na n agbaidh sinn
- 2 dha fhear on loch nar lag lamh
- 2 dias o Fhinn
- 1 as fear o dhu ban

30

Copied December 29, 1871, from a modern Irish MS. bought in Dublin from O'Daly. See Stewart, p. 547, Vol. II., where the figures are the same, but the words differ.

AN BRUIGHEAN CAORTHUIN. 1603.

THIS Fenian tale seems to be a copy made by a Scotch scribe, who used Irish characters and orthography. The story is common in Irish MSS. of late date. This is an old copy, and the language looks still older. I give it as a sample of language, in hopes that some one will print the entire manuscript. The following note is by the gentleman who copied the fragment:—

Copied June, 1872, by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, from a transcript made into current hand by the Rev. Donald Mac Intosh, 1804, from the Dunstaffnage MS., written by Ewen Mac Phail, dated, October 22, 1603.

Among the Gaelic MSS. in the Library there is also a transcript of 'Bruighean Caorthuin' made into current hand in 1812 by Ewen MacLachlan, Old Aberdeen, from another MS. now in the Library (see Appendix to Ossian, Vol. III. p. 566, ed. 1807). This MS. has no date, but the name 'Magnus Mac Muirich' appears on its first remaining leaf. It consists of five Tales in prose, interspersed with pieces of poetry that relate to the subject, a Vocabulary of obsolete words, and a short historical Poem on the Kings of Ireland.¹

On the page cited, MS. 2 is said to consist of 193 pages. The writing is ascribed to about 1600. The poetry is said to be very beautiful, and some of it is ascribed to Cuchulain. Probably this belonged to Clanranald's Bands, who were commonly educated in Ireland.—J. F. C.

The original is written, in Irish character, on paper, quarto, in a clear hand; but the ink is faded, and the MS. much damaged. This story seems to be a copy from some older writing. It is still current orally preserved. See 'Popular Tales,' vol. ii. Y. p. 168. See also 'Fionn le Feachd na Féinne air cúl Bheinn Eidin' a sealg, orally collected, 1871, by Donald Mac Pherson.—June 20, 1872.

THE STORY OF THE ROWAN TREE DWELLING.

A FRAGMENT.

RÍ UASAL oireadh ro gabhna fliathas & saor lamhas ar na clithre treabhaidhí Lochloinnach ar feachd naill i colgean cruaidh armach mac Do ain & do co onn (c)on & ard oireachdais laisan righ sios ar saith na beirbh loch lúin bannagh & rangadar an ceithre treabha Lochlanach na chomhdhail la air IS ann sin do labhair righ Lochlain do ghuth ard mor follus ghlan innsin naonnadh & a feadh adubhuirt Lochlun ar se anathidh díbh lochd no ainimh nar rigare nar tighearna ormsa a dubhuirt each uile daihtas aon fhear nar barcuadh a dubhuirt an righni nar sin daisa fein ar se is aith ndamh locht ro mhór oruim o s'fhean (shean) creud-he an locht sin

[The ten following lines in the MS. are illegible.

Top of page 2.]

agus forglun na Lochannach is do chaidh d. d. ar magh duireadnab fomharach & is an do thuirtabhain ceíodhon. Ceathlann chaldad craos fhiaclach & is ann ata a feart an dún Ceathlann don taoph at uaidh do mhagh Duir. Is ann sin do duirt Niamhadh cruth tsoluis inghean Neidh g'Conair slaghuibh & geona cloinn & is ann ata dfeart don taobh tsihar do sin & do tuit ann sin clanna Úneid & is ann ata abfeart ag clar Luighne & agearn Úneid amar! Eareann do cheannlath bal' Luigh uidh Lamh fhada IS ann sin a dubhuirt ri L. I. isead is ailliamsa ar se dul an Eairinn d'fhaighuil ciosa mo sinnsr o

¹ MacLachlan's Analysis, p. 20.

Eaireann & dfaghuibh braghad gill re comhall damh a dubhradar maithe Lochlann gar maith leo fein an turas sin re deannamh & gar miste leo a fad coimear & a dubhuirt ri Lochlann gaism¹ sluaigh do chuir ar an L. i uile & do chruinnidair chuige U. rugh chatha ro mhór ar fathca na Beirbe Lochlannaid & do dainguidar a longa & aluath bharea & do chuaidair ionnta go lid mheach lghaireach & thugadar leimh samtach isin a bfaíge go fíor neartmar & nír bfeuchadar dole no dan f^o lann da fúradar no gar gabhadar chuan ad taisc eart Ulladh & tangadar athair co timneas nach & do gabhar ag arguin na criche co coim diochra & is e pa ri air Eirinn an tan sin iodhno Corbinn mac Art mhic Cuinn ceud chathach & raimic fios na trom daimhe sin go Teamhrindhe mur roibhe Conn ceud chathach & do chuir Corbinn deachda go Healmuin Laighean mar roibhe Fionn mac Cuphuill da radha ris an trom daimh dho iongabail sin diochra deareanachaibh iarua cluin strin sin dFionn do chuir trionair ar & cathuip na Féinne tangadar go hobann athlanh da ionsuige isin mbaile & tigid ag coime na nallmarach ina dromgadh disgire dasachtach & mor sguiradar don ruadh'ar no go rangadar ag comhdhailna Lochlan : & ar taicis a ceile doiph tugarad ionsuighe neamhais² naimh deamhuil fair a cheile & do tuitadar socheidh iondeat ara airg leith don tuireann treun neartmar sin. IS ann sin do fhearguidheann an Fian do an datha go Poirt & ll ferdam laidir dala Ghnuil Morna ar bfaicis na Féinne ambaoghal ag na Hallmarachuibh do ionsuighe mara bfaicuid Meairghe righ Lochlann & do nochd a lann liomhtha leathan leadarach & ro gabhadar urluighe adh garbha amiamartaca di ar na Lochlandachuibh & diaigh sin tarla he fen & ri Lochlann da cheile Ead do rondadar conhrac disgir daechda do eudrain re cheile & do tuid ri Lochlann abhoir ceann an comhrucis sin do beamannuigh ghlae laidir Ghnuil mhic Morna & do bhriseadh air na Lochlanaich o do tind adriath & a tigherna & do chuaidh ar tri mhic ri Lochan do chathadh ag an catha o do dhuit anatar & do mharbh díos díobh & ainic Fionn an tres mac díobh, iodhno, Níoch mac colgan & do churadh ar na Lochlanaich ar tuidid an trian treun fhear sin uadha & ní deacha eal' chaoh beatha as díobh gan mharbha & do ghabh Fionn Míoch & do bean alan fuaslaghadhas & do goireadh ri Lochlan do mbídhach ar sin a dubhuirt Míoch re Fionn o do tugais manam damh a lathair cath & gar tuilleas bas dfaghul ní bfuiceann thu gu brath & do bheura cios na Lochlannach chugam an Eirinn & caidhfede maille friotsha he & anfad agad go brath imthusa níodhíndí do an se a bfochuir Finn & érong mor da mhúimntir maileadh fris seal fad do míodach accoimhídís & a dubhuirt Conan mac Morna re Fionn is mor an gusachd duit a fínd ri Lochlan do beadh ad goimídhídhí do gnath ar marbhadh a athar acath dhuit do radh Oisín mac Fhínn is fíor do Choman síd ar se & o nach ail ri Lochlann sgaradh friotsha tabhuir fearan do deannam tígadíús & na bíodh s'e ad coimhídídhí ní síad no do bise. In ann sin do goir Míoch mac Colgáin cuga & dubhuirt Fionn fríos toigís do deannamh & do dtíubhradh se fein a rogha do da tríucha ceauhdí d fhearainn an Eirinn do & rugh Míodh do roghainn & tríuch .e. aon tuaith toibh tuait dhí & asadar far gabh se an fearoinn sin, iodhno, Fairsinge an chuanín do bhí eaidar an da tír sin & nach bíodh coimheud do gna fair adhbhar eile far gabh se an fearainn sin anochus go bfeudfan se Lochlannaídh & Greagúidh do tabhairt laís ar an chuan sin an trath do geubha se baoghal faille re deannamh air na Fianaíbh & do haindead³ an fonn sin re Míodach mac Colgáin & do hiondoice trom conach aige ceithre bíladna do ar anordandadh⁴ sin aon do lo da dtáing Fionn & Fian Eirín do tseilg & díadhadh fa tríucha chaoín⁵ ri & fa chriocháibh bfear more ris a raitar Hí Connal Gabhra a Mugh & do suigh Fíond na dumha tseulga ar tulach n faírg síana fris aratar fearoinn ua ag Connul anuid & dromg díanaíbh Eapcáinn na raon frís an⁶

Níor cian díobh annsin go bfuocadar aon go laoch da níonsuighe & he mor míleanta ag teachd do lathair chuga & treamh comh daingean catha uime, iodhno, cotan suaithnídh sróil & ceannbheairt corr chloichíní buadhach uíma cheann & sgiath dhodh dath aluinn re na ghuadúin chí & da shleagh tsíthí dhoda na lannh dheas & tainic do lathair & do bheannúidh d Fhíonn & d Fhianuibh Eairinn & do fíarúidh Fíonn sgeala dhe do raidhsean fear dana me ar se tainic re dan cugadusa IS iongnadh an cul⁷ frí chatha & frí chomhrucíogídh at sin mar sin.

IS fear dana mise ar se tanag re dan chugadusa trí hion⁷ dana do díol so ar Fíonn & tarsa líonisa go bríughuinn

eaigin do bhríughuibh Eairinn & do geabhad do díol ann uime a dubhuirt an toghach gabhuim mar díol uaidh ar son no dhana a ciall do thuícaim damh & cúrim fo gneuibh tu fóna attaicis damh gabh dan ar Fíonn in loisge teine uair ge creach.

Ad conuire teach isin tír, as nach tabhair geill do ri maith sean leir gabhadh eon rígh teach tuigim sin ar Fíonn is e sin brogh na bóinne iodhno, teach Aonghus oig mhic an Dagha or ní feudar a losgadh na creacha is e sin tuigsin an roinn sin ar an fear danadh. Ad conuire fear sha leith tuaith nach beiras a lan do buaidh ní fear leis amh na brúith. No coulinn agarbh cuith. Tuicim sin ar Fíonn is e sin cloidheamh Aonghas oig ad conuarcas & ní fearr laís amh na brúithe ag eairadh camh & corp do laimh eadhaídh Aonghas ciodh mall a ceamtar gach tuait is luaithe.

Ad conuarc beannsa leith theas agas clann treu na cneas, iodhno. Noach luath & asiad achlann do conuarcas, Treana-Tuigín an bean sin, ad conuarcas, iodhno, an bóinn do leath teas cneas, iodhno, Brie mall chorera & a bhradain eaochair bregaurí ciodh mall nan sruth sin is luaithe he Eoch luath oir sibhúidh se an domhain re bliadhúin & no dhiongann each do luas an sibhhal sin isí sin tuigsin an raínn sin air an fear dana abhuir tuilleadh dól dhan damh air Fíond doonuirc ceathernadhí go mbuaidh fan neirgíds íomad sluaigh Eaochuir og is Eaochuir tsat ciod ba frith ad conuire Tuil⁸ ealle tuigsin sin ar Fíonn is cara daonghus og tusa & ní cara damhsa & is í slighe do gabh se leathrethra luthogor fein & ad conuarcas beith beaga os bar dos & deagh bile ag tíonal ag cnuasaigh & is íad sin an ceatharn ad conuarcas is fíor sin ar an fear dana isí sin tuig sin an dana ud do rinne asaduite cha thusa fein a dubhairt Conan mac Morna ane nach aitheochnur⁹ tusa he ní aítáinn ar Fíonn do aitheanta mise & Osgar & Oisín creud noch aithion uim sí no mhúimntir fein & ní aithim an fear ud ar Fíonn is dód mhúimntir fein sud ar Conan & ní caruid dhuit e & do budih cona de noach a nanhuid daithe no charuid oir ísse do dheanad ole dho & is e sud Míodhach Mac Colgan & is leatsa do chuid athuir & a díe dearbh brathair ag cath buidhe Beirbe & do beanus alan fuasgladh as fein & ata se ríceídar mbliadhnaibh deng ag oíglachas agad & ní tugse bíadh no deocha duit fris an re sin. A dubhairt Míoch Mac Colgan ní mise as cíontach fris sin a Conain ar se uair us roibhe me aon mí rísin nach beith fleath agam fan chomhair. & us thaoic se da eitheamh & us no tuga cúireadh do & atan fleath agam dho anochd tígenhadh da chaitheamh & ata bruidhean air tuim ata an fheadh & annsa mbriughuinn ata air tír do bheirhad da eitheamh iodhno euirime Fíonn fo geasaidhíbh uatha as luath le sí & a dubhuirt Fíonn re h-Oisín ansa ann so & dromg dFíann Eireann maille friot & na leig díonsuighe na bfuinn anolein íad & cúirfead fíoss sgeula cugadusa cíonasa a bfaís an druidhean :

IS íad so an cugar do a fan abfochair Oisín isin duha tsealg iodhno. Diarmuid O Duibhne & Caulti mac Ronan & Fiacha Mac Fínn & Fath Canantar mac mhic Con & Ainmí mac Suibne tsealga & síad so do cuaidh le Fíonn gus an mbriughuinn iodhno. Goll mac Morna & Conan Mac Morna & Mac Lughach luimneach laiceachadh & Sgiath bhreac bhreac mac Dathach & Glas mac don a ceartha bearta & da mhac Aodh bhig mhic Fhínn & Daolguis & Conan mac an Leith Lusach & Gallan mac an Lusach & da ri Fheinnidh Chonnachd iodhno. Coir cosluath ceud guinach & ceid chinnidh mac Conall Cruacha & da ri Fhianuidh Fhian Laighean, iodhno. Fíaitheas bfear Leith broighe & Doncha mac Breasul & do chuaidh díachuinn le Fíonn & do chuaidh Conan rompa steach ansin mbriughuinn & ní fhaír aon nduine innte & fuair se ag comh maith do Briughuibh ríamh & euidghe síoda so masacha & bruit aile íoldathach or snaitheacha ar leath uadha⁹ ar urlar na briughne & gach re clarínnte, iodhno. clar gle gheal & clar dubh & clar gorm & clar uaine & clar dearg & gach ar doman ar cheann do mol Conan go mor suighuacha na Briughne & do chuaidh asteach innte an tan sin & do shuidhadar ar na bratuibh síoda fuaradar argéinn insin mbriughuinn & níor balh leo aneudghe feín beith cearata & eudúilna Briughne & do bhí baladh sr mhaiseach ag teachd don tinnadh íonnus gur fasadh & gar meudghadh meannam aígionta an baladh sin Dubhuirt Fíonn ann sin IS íongna hion ar se fad go faghtar ní eigin do biadhadh na Briughne sí chugúin dubhuirt Goll mac Morna ata ní íongantúigh leam peín ina sin, iodhno. an tíne roibhe boladh suaghuidhí so maiseach ag teachd ann so dúimn gar breine hí anois na camra an domhain & is ís ís no deathach do deintíbh an donhuin uile a dubhuirt Glas mac Ain Chearta beurrta ata ní íongantúigh leam feín ina sin, iodhno. an Briugh-

¹ gairm, gloss. in MS.

² neo-thais, gloss.

³ Ainmíchead, gloss.

⁴ anoldhadh, gloss.

⁵ chrioch caoin, gloss.

⁶ eulaidh, gloss.

⁷ hionna, gloss.

⁸ aithnich, gloss.

⁹ uígona, gloss.

ean a roibhe gach re ndatha deurasamh-lachd gach uile datha gan aon clar anois imthe ach iarna dluth daingniughadh ar e cheile re slataibh cruaidhe caorthuin & re cula tuath & farchadh da mbualadh eire cheile a Dubhuirt Faolan mac Aodh bhig Finn ata ni is iongantheadhe leam spein ina sin. iodhon. an Bruighean ar a raibhadar seachd n doirsi ag teachd ann so dhuinn nach bhfuil anois orrtha ach en doras & a dubhuirt Conan mac Morna ata ni is iongantheadhe leam spein inasin. iodhon. enduighe sioda & na bruit aille en samhla do bhi fuinn¹⁰ ag suighe ann so duinn nach bhfuil en snaithe fuinn anois diobh & dair leam gar bi hi cre na talmuin reurgreathadh anois & gar fuaire i no sneachdadh fluar en oidhche IS ann sin a dubhuirt Fionn is geis damhsa abeadh an bruighin aon an dornis ar se & is eaguil leam garab bruighean a Fhailt a bhrughean sa a bful nuidh & gearradh druim ar taobh i di deanamh mar sin ar Conan & tug lamh laochadh tapadh ar armuibh & mor feud en cor do chor de IS ann sin a dubhuirt Goll mac morna a Fhinn cuir hortog fad geud fise & foilladhni duinn creud he an corsa oruinn is deacuir leamsa sin ar Fionn ciodh deacair is eigin damh a deanamh.

Cuiras Fionn ordog fan geud & do foillseadh. iodhon. fios & fior eolus do IS annsin a do leig Fionn osna mhór as & a gabhair an son mor saoghuil a bfuaras go nuigid so uair ata ri Lochlann re ceithre bliadhni deug ag dealbh na faille chugain & a nois do fuaire se arach ar deanamh agus tug se tre¹¹ fhear do Ghrugachuibh lais dangoirtar righ an domhuin mhoir & ata se righre deng na fairadh & seacht datha tional gach righ diobh & ata tri righre Inne-tille orrtha sin. iodhon. tri draoidhe duaibhseacha diabhlaiche & tren fhear talcara treun chalma iad sin. iodhon. Nemh & Agha & acuis anamana & is iad do chuir an uirse fuinn da bfulmuid ceanguilte & ataid am bruighin anoislin & is gearr gottigid geuirne cumhbais & ni feudmuid ne an brughieansa dfaghbail no go geomultar fuil na tri righes do cuir anuirsi fuinn duinn & ba trughais laisan bfein an sgeul sin & do rounfad caoineadh-adhbhal mhór ag cluinsin.

A dubhuirt Fionn na deanaidni sin ach gabha meud meannmhin chugaidh re huchd enga oir ni roibhe do saoghal aguin ach abfuaram & sinnadh an dord fianasa dhuinn mar oirfidhadh duinn rea mbas & do rinnadar amhla sin. IS ann sin a dubhuirt Oisín mac Fhinn do ghead Fionn fios do chuir chugam da taitmadh an teannadh andeachuidh fris & agus cia do rachadh d fhios sgeul cugamsa achadsa ar Fiacha mac Fhinn uair is mi duine oige anso rachadsa leat ar Innsi mac Suibhne tsealge agus do ghuisadar rompa chum na bruighne & do chualadar an Dord Fian ag seinnimh go ceolmar & a dubhuirt Innsi mac Senga Suibhne Is ole ata ar ac an droing do ni an ceol sa ar se uair is re linn do broin is gnath re Fian. uibh eirionn an ceolsa do dheanamh do chuala Fionn emhradh na deise deagh laoch sin & a dubhuirt Fionn ane guth Fiacha mhic Fhinn so ar se-is e go dearb ar Fiachadh ma se na leig ni is neasa na sin duine e uair atamuid ceangult don talamh & dair Inne Tile & do fiarfuidh Fionn deasaich ua do bhi ina foireadh ata da dalta. iodhon. Ainnsi mac S. S. teaidhreas & na leig an gar cath rachna nallbarach e a dubhuirt ainnsi mac S. S. a Fhinn ar se do bole an luach oileanna damhsa teideadh rouhdasa an tan is crnaidh duit & tu an gnasachd bais a dubhuirt Fionn o nach ail leatsa deiteadh ar se cuiridh fen & Fiacha ar an athsa ar sgath na bruighne & cosnaidh he no go beura drong eaigin dFiannuidh Eairionn oruibh do rinneadh ar amhladh sin IS annsin a dubhuirt Fiacha a mhic S. ar se comeadsi an tathsa, &c.

¹⁰ Foghain, gloss.¹¹ Treun, gloss.B. 4. BRUIGHIN CHEISE CORUIN.¹

Twelve stanzas (by Fergus) forming part of the above tale, copied July, 1872, by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, from Rev. Donald Mac Intosh's Transcript of Ewen Mac Lean's MS., page 157; and fol. 105, or page 20 of Book II. of MS., finished December 9, 1870.

This was written at Ardechoail, in Argyllshire, in the Irish character. See Account of Texts quoted.—J. F. C.

1 BUAHDACH SIN A GHUILL GO MBUAIDH

Is prap ro fhoros na sluaigh
Do bheithnis nile gu chinn
Muna thioctas chugin

2 Giodh mor annar ro fhoirus riamh

Ouinne a Ghnuil na nardghliaidh
Do bu mo in cas oirne an uar
Ar nibeith ceanguilte ancuaimh

¹ See Lists of Authorities, No. 46.

- 3 Camog agus Cnillin chiar
Is leo do cheangladh an Fhian
Ocus Iarnach fa garbh gleic
Do cheangal sin tre croibhneart
- 4 Nuar do bhail leo ar ceinn
Dho buan dinn gan eisliun
Do cluaidh na triar amach
Is dfag siad amhsion go bronach
- 5 Nior cian doibh sin ar an leirg
Na tri deamhnadh fa elaoen cerd
Go facadar ag teachd na gar
Goll mor is e na aonar
- 6 Tiagnad na tri muai mora
Aicemhdhail an an churaidh chrodha
Ocus comhracs ri tre rath
An dorus beoil na huamhadh
- 7 Nior ghnath leis cothrom a diarraidh
Goll mor anaigeadh fhiailaidh
Comhrucus ri go teann
Dar mharbh Camog is Cuillin
- 8 Daon bhuile don loin Inim
Aghearus iad araoen fa ndruiam
Gar thoreuir Camog an bas
Is Cuillin gar cruaidh an cas
- 9 Iadhas Iarnach leadh da druim
Gion calma an curaidh comhlan
Iompus Iollain ri go ceart
Ocus ceanglus i tre croibhneart
- 10 Nochdas Iollain an lann
Is di do bheanfadh an ceann
No gur gheall si an Fhian nile
Aisde o og go seann daine
- 11 Sgaolus Iollain di iar sin
Tigid araoen don bhrughin
Agus sgaolias dinn uile
Edur ri agus ro dhuine
- 12 Aon gair bheannoehd uaine uile
O oglach go sean daine
Do Gholl ar mbreith amach
Don bhuihe bhrioghmur bhuaadhach.
Buadhach.

C. BRUIDHEAN CHEISE COREUNN.

I copy the following from fragments tied with 'Pope's' papers, but not in his hand. July 3, 1872.—D. M.

Ar bhí don fhein ceangailt ambruidhean Cheise Coreunn tríd draochead le inghin Chontrán mhic aimidél agus air feachán do Fheargus air Goll a teachd dam fuasgladh a dubhairt e an Laoiadh.

- 1 BUADHACH SINNE GUS AN DINDH
Is bras ro eudheas an sluaigh
Bha sinn nile gu chinn
Mun an tigeadh tusa thugainn
- 2 Ga mor gach uair dh' fhoir thu riamh
Oirnn a Ghnuil nán ard ghliadh
Bu mho an cas oirnn an uair
Bha sinn ceangailt an aon nainn
- 3 Caomag agus Cuillionn chiar
'S ann leo do cheangladh an Fhian
Agus Iornach le garbh gheas
Do chuibrich sinne tre chrochart
- 4 An uair do baill leo air cinn
Do bhain dinn gu eislan
Do chaidh an triuar amach
Is dh' fhag iad an fhiann gu bronach, &c.

S. 9. IOMACHD NAODHNAR

(i. e. THE ENTERPRISE OF NINE).

52 lines.

Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, June 14, 1872.

This and the following version illustrate changes in oral recitations. The ballad is rare.

ARGUMENT.

FINGAL with only eight of his train, resting themselves on the heath after the fatigue of the chase, are attacked by the King of Lochlin and his Troops. The Lochlins are slain and the nine Fingalians survive the battle.

- 1 OCH a shithean sin 's a thulaich
Air an bheil mi 'n diugh lan boichdeas
Bha mi nair 's a b' ionga leam
Bhi nam aonar ort a'
- 2 Mis is m' aithair is mac Luthach
'N triuir sin dom ehubh 'n t' sealg
Nuair a nochda sinn nar n arma
Gur e thuiteadh lium Fiadh dearg
- 3 Osear is Goll is Caoilte
Faoghan is Carril is Diarmad
'S air m' ullain fein a Phadric
Gun cuireadh sinn far air fiadhach
- 4 Le air naodh coin 's le air naodh goodhir
'S le ar naodh sleaghana mora'
Is le ar naodh claidheambana glas
Bu ghasad an toisich combrag
- 5 Leig sinn anna sin ar naodh gadhair
Thug sinn faoch ar feadh nam beannta
'S gan mbarbhadh leinn aghlana donna
Agus Doimh throma nan gleanta'
- 6 Air bhi dhuinn bhi sgi airhan tulach
Thanig thugain olach gabhoidh
Dhormich ri Fionn gu b' umbaill
'N tus' Mac Cumhail aghmbi
- 7 'S e sin mise Fionn nam buadhan
Cia be thusa do shluagh an domhain
'S mas ann thugain tha ar 'n iorghuil
Tha sinn naodhnar ma ar comhair
- 8 'S tana leam sin re 'n ar n' aodan
'S a liuthad laoch treuna sleagh
Thanig a mach o' Ri Lochlinn
Thogail creachan is eis dhibh
- 9 Air laimh t' athar 's do dha sheannair
'S air laimh do leannan shuariech
Da mhead 's tha sibh dhaoinne ann
Rheir a naodhnar 's dhuibh bualadh
- 10 Dhimich an teachdair gu siubhlach
'S shuidhich iad iul mu ar comhair
Mharbh gach fear againn diubh deichear
Sud mar reicadh sinn nar gnothach
- 11 Ach thug sinn sin an ruathar dän
Bu lionmhor ann far a sluagh
Bu lionmhor ann gaineadh sleagh'
Bu lionmhor ann fleasgach a snuaghadh
- 12 Bu lionmhor ann cloigin gan sgoltadh
Bu lionmhor ann coluin ga maoladh
Bu lionmhor ann fear criosa geal
A freasadh fol air na fraochadh
- 13 Ach 'n tim dhuinn sgur do chur a chath
'S na mathibh uile dhiochairt
Shuidh sinn sin 's cha bu doehridh
Fear is ochdar air an t'-shithean.

X. 2. DUAN NAN NAONAR.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail (56 lines), from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh, orally collected in Caithness. Edinburgh, February 8, 1872.

This fragment belongs to the Norse Wars, and seems to fit in here.

- 1 SHITHEAN sin is thulach ard,
Air a bheil mi 'n diu lan boichteas,
Bha mi nair is b' ioghnadh leam,
Gu 'm bithinn m' aonar ortsa,
- 2 Mi-flein is m' ath 'r 's mac an Lobhar,
An triuir do 'm b' chubhaidh an t-sealg ;
'S nuair a rachadh sinn air ghlens,
Se dh' eireadh dhuinn feidhean dhearg.
- 3 Osear is Goll agus Caoilte,
Faolan is Coireal is Diarmaid ;
Och air m' olluinn fhein Phadruig,
Dheanamh sinn fäth air fiadhach.
- 4 Le naoi coin 'a le naoi gaodhair,
'S le naoi sleaghan geur gabhaidh ;
'S le naoi claidheamhan geur glas
Bu ghasd iad an tüs comhraig.

- 5 Leag sin na coin is na gaodhair,
Bha faoghaid feadh nam beanntibh ;
Se mharbhte leo aghan donn,
Is daimh thromh nan gleanntibh.
- 6 Air bhith dhuinn bhi sgithe do 'n t-shocair
Chunnaic sinn tighinn colach gabhaidh ;
Dh' fheoraich e dhuinn gu b-umbaill,
An tusa mac Chumhail aghmhor ?
- 7 'Se sin mise Fionn nam buadh,
Cia b' e thusa do shluagh an domhain ;
'S ma 'sann ruinn tha ar 'n iorghuil,
Tha sinn naonar ma ur comhair.
- 8 Is tana leam sin ri ur 'n eudan,
Is liuthad treun ceud laoch gabhaidh ;
Thanig o righ Lochlinn do chosnadh na li-
Eirinn.
- 9 Air laimh t-athair is do sheannair,
Is air dälaimh do leanan shuariech ;
'N aindeoin na chuireas sibh ri ur comhair
Bheir sinn dhuibh bualadh.
- 10 Dhalbh an teachdair gu siubhlach,
'S shuidhich e iul ma ur coinnneam
Mharbh gach fear againn diubh seisear,
Sud nar reicadh leinn ur gnothuich.
- 11 Thug sinn nis ruair dana,
'S bu lionmhoir gearradh sleagh ;
'S bu lionmhoir sleagh air shlios greis-laoch,
'S iomadh greis-laoch bha na luidhe.
- 12 Bu lionmhoir ann clagain ga spealtadh
Is fleasgach bha ri ioghnadh
Is fear shlios goal bha traoghadh,
Thala air na fraocha.
- 13 Bu mhath Gall an tüs a chath ud,
Bu mbath m' athair fein is Caoilte ann ;
Cha b' aithne dhomh co aca nach molainn,
'S ! bu ionmholta an naonar.
- 14 Air bhith dhuinn bhi sgithe do 'n fhuileach,
Is na mathibh chuir a dhiht orra ;
Shuidh sinn 's cha bu doeacluich,¹
Fear is ochdnar air an t-shithean.

Crìoch.

¹ *Doacal*, afflicted, from *di* privative and *focal* a word ; hence *doacal* etymologically means mute, silent, which is invariably the accompaniment of grief and sorrow.

P. 5. TURUS FHINN DO THIGH ODHACHA BEAGANICH. 1802.

Staffa's Collection, page 38. 177 lines. Advocates' Library, February 20, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THIS is a sample of the kind of repetition which is called 'Ursguil,' = a noble or heroic tale. It is not a fair sample of oral recitations ; but as it was written in Mull about 1800, and was still remembered there in 1871, I print this curious story just as it is in the Advocates' Library. 'O Finna' is now called 'Rìgh Fionnaghal,' that is to say, King of the Fair Strangers. The Norsemen, distinguished from Danes, are so named in old Irish writings. At the end comes a man from Orkney, in a red garment, with a black dog, to challenge Bran. The well-known and greatly admired ballad of 'The Black Dog' follows. The whole seems to be part of the Northern endeavours to secure or destroy that mythical hound. Like other prose stories about the Fëinne, this is more mythical than the verse.—J. F. C.

BHA FIONN agus aireamh mhòr do dh' uaslibh na Fëinne malle ris aig seilg, agus seachran seilg orra san uair sin chunnid iad fear mor an ard, agus e tighinn nan comhdhail, agus fìor dhroch coltas air. Bha dorn Gullbunn do dara suil a nuigh agus dorn Gullbunn do 'n t-suil eila stigh. An deidh failte chuir air Fionn us air an Fheinn, thubhairt e cha chreid mi fein nach bheil seachran seilg oirbh. Dh' fhreagair an Fheinn e, agus thuir iad ris nach rabh, gun rabh an suil ria ged nach dh' fhuair iad fathist i.

Cia as dhuit fein arsa Fionn, agus ciod e brìgh do thurris san aiteas.

Thanig mis ar eisan air theachdaireachd a dh' iarruidh Fhinn agus a mhòr uaislin, chum cuirm as euid oich gha-

This is told of Cu-chullin and others.

bhail ann an tigh Odhacha-beaganich a nochd. Cha 'n fhadh mis arsa Fionn a fireagar, oir tha mi fuidh gheall-
laidh gu bhli aig Bann-rioglin Eas-ruaidh air an oiecha nochd
fein.

Cha sin us coir dhuibh a dheanamh arsa Conan, ach
da earrum a dheanamh air na daoineibh a tha maille
riut agus Goll a chuir air ceann an dara buidhidh gu
Bann-rioglin Eas-ruaidh, agus u fein air ceann na buidh-
nidh eila gu Tigh Odhacha-beaganich Smath a labhair u
Chonain arsa Fionn ni mis a mar a dh' iarr thu ach
feuma tu fein a bhli leam.

Roinn iad a chuideachd, agus chuaidh Fionn air ceann
an dar buidhe, gu Tigh Odhacha-beaganich da 'n bu
chomhainn Rìogh-Fhinna. Agus air ruidheachd dhoibh
chuiridh Fionn sa chuid daoine ann an tigh mor fada
farsinn gu aon neach a chumail cuideachd na caiteamh
aimsiribh leo. Thuigh gach aon do chuideachd Fhinn
air aon taobh don Tigh, be Conan fear coimhead chon
Fhinn an uair Sin. Thuirt e ri Fionn an deigh greis don
oieche dol thairis orra gun cheol, gun òl, gun aidhir, cha
neil a choltas oirn arsa Conan gu fuigh sinn a bheag do
thoilinntin an so nochd. Tha mi toleach eiridh agus
crann a chuir air an dorus, 'us gun duine leigidh a stigh
tuilidh a nochd. Dean a Laochain arsa Fionn na thoilichis
tu fein. Dh' eirich Conan agus chuir e 'n cranu air
an dorus, agus sheas e fein an taice ris.

Cha b' fhada na dheidh so nair a chualas fosgladh san
dor.

Co sud arsa Conan! Tha 'n so mise machd mor O
Finnla, agus sea garbh ghaisgich dheug leis, a tiogn a
chumail cuideachd us caiteamh aimsirich le Fionn machd
Cubhail a nochd. An leig mi stigh iad Fhinn arsa Conan.
Dean a Laochain mo thoilichis tu fein arsa Fionn. Thainig
iad a stigh, agus shuidh iad air a taobh eila do 'n tigh,
mo chomhainn Fhinn sa chuid daoine, us cha dubhairt aon
neach ri neach eila fualte dubh na cia do sgeula Thainig
fosgladh ann san dorus. Co sud arsa Conan. Tha 'n so
mise Ninghin mhòr O Finnla, agus sia maididinn-a-diag
leam a tigh a chumail crachdaireachd us caiteamh aim-
sirich, be Fionn mac Cubhail a nochd. An leig mi stigh
iad Fhinn arsa Conan. Dean a Laochain mo thoilichis
tu fein, arsa Fionn. Leigh Conan a stigh iad sud Thub-
hairt Nighin mhòr O Finnla, us i togail a guth air aird,
euridh mi mo cheann rid cheann Fhinn ic Cubhail nach
bheil fear dheth do chuideachd nach leag mis ann an coth-
throm Gleachd. A Bhith arsa Conan ciod e man biodh
a chroidh na dh' anam agad do cheann a chuir rim nlaigh-
istiras. Theid mise Ghlachd riut. An caramh a cheila
ghabh iad. Air an dara car chuir i Conan air a dhruim
air an urlar, agus cheangail i cheithir chaoil gu daor agus
gu dainginn le cord agus le sea snaom-annaidh fhagail
air. Bha Conan greis fuidh chuibhrich sin oir bha naire
air Gaisgich Fhinn eiridh gu fhuasgladh, chionn gur a
bean a cheangail e. Rachadh fear an drast sa rithist a
mach a choimhead na h-oiecha, agus dh' fhuasgladh e
snaoin san dol seachd.

Agus mar so lean iad gus an d' fhuasgladh an t-ionlan.
Cho luath sa ghabh Conan a chasan an caramh na h-Inghin
a bha e an dara h-uair Leag e i air a cheud char, oir bha e
air fheargachadh gu h-anabharach. Nach bheil fios agatibhs
Fhinn ic Cubhail nach do leag mise bean na nighin riamh
a rachadh gam 'euchinn ann an gleachd: nach rabh mi dh'
fhear aice nan leagim i. Man leigim air a cois i. Tha
'n fios sin agam arsa Fionn. Bha Conan a dh' fhear aice
'n lathir na bha stigh. Nach bheil fios agads Fhinn nach
bheil te bha mi riamh a dh' fhear aice nach dug mi 'n
ce un dhith. Tha fios sin agam arsa Fionn agus bu leoir
a dhonadas.

Thug Conan an cean dhi, agus thog e leis i eidar cheann
'us chasan, agus thilg e nach i air taobh muigh an Tighe,
agus cha dubhairt aon neach ris gum b' ole. Charran e 'n
dorús agus sheas e aige: cha b' fhada na dheidh sin nair
a chualas fosgladh san dorus. Co sid arsa Conan! Tha
'n so arsa fear a bha muigh mise tiogn le Tore gu Fionn
mac Cubhail agus gu aas-lin euridh e mach daoine bheir
a stigh e, sann air son suiper Fhinn a tha e. Bha fear an
deigh fior a dol a mach ach cha rabh a h-aon idir a pillidh.
Sheall Conan a mach agus faicair aireamh do chuidhidh
Fhinn marbh air an Dùn. Chaidh Conan a mach agus
ghrad thairis aice e 'n taobh air an rabh ca'g-neimh an
Tuire ris an fhear a thug Ionns' an tigh e, agus bha e
marbh air ball.

Thug Conan a stigh an Tore agus Bhriuch 'us dha' se e,
agus roinn se na thri carannibh e. Thug e da carinn don
Fheinn, 'us ghleidh e carinn eadar e fein agus na coin
Labhair aon do chuideachd O Finnla agus thubhairt e
chuala mi riamh lomradh math air an Fheinn, mar dheagh
blatnich agus chreid mi e agus a noch, ach tha mi faicsin
a nois nach fior e. 'Ne sin a tha 'n g radh arsa Conan 'us
e toirt an urchar sin do gheula mhòr an Tuire a bha e
creuin, agus chuimsich e farsa labhair man cheann, agus

spriod e 'n Teanachainn as ris a bhalla: ag radh se mo
bharail gu bheil do leoir agads dheth. Cha do labhair
neach gum b' ole do chuideachd Fhinn no O Finnla.

Cas na dheidh so thainig buaidh san dorus, co tha sud
arsa Conan?

Tha 'n so fear aig a bheil eu dubh air eill, ag iarraidh
comhug chon air an Fheinn. An leig mi stigh e Fhinn
ic Cubhail. Dean a Laochain mo thoilichis tu fein arsa
Fionn. Cho luath sa thainig an eu dubh a stigh, am bad
chon na Feinne ghabh e, us mharbh e tri chaogid cu air
an Fheinn man d' fhuasgladh Iran. Ach cha do chumh-
nich Conan a. Cha rabh neimh sa bhroigs ge do theirta
Brog neimh ria, ach na b' flior gun rabh spuir neimh air
Bran agus gu biodh e feumail air nairibh a bhrogsa bhli
mo chois gan geard.

Bhog neimh a thoirt dheth chois Bhrain us bha 'n eu
dubh a faotinn a chuid a b' fhearr do bhran.

Labhair Fionn agus a dubhairt e shaoil mi riamh gum
bu ghille math chon u gu se nochd a Chonain. Sann a so
a chumhnich Conan nach dug e bhrog neimh dhe chois
Bhrain. Dh' eirich Conan ann an gradidh, a thoirt na
Bròige do Bhran, ach man d' fhuair e sin a dheanamh thug
na coin sea falannan diag air Conan. Cho luath sa thair
Bran a bhrog ri lar dh' fhuair e chuid a b' fhearr an eu
dubh, agus mharbh e thiothead e. Be so 'n riasan man
do channadh Laoidh a choin duigh, agus so i (see page 49).

N. B.—This venomous claw and golden shoe are
accounted for in a long story orally collected by
myself in 1871.—J. F. C.

P. 6. LAOIDH A CHOIN DUIGH. 115 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 49. Advocates' Library, Fe-
bruary 20, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

The sequel in prose continues the story of Fionn's
adventure with the Norsemen, who appear as magicians
able to cast enchantments on their enemies. Bran by
glamour is made to slay the Fenian women and children
in the seeming of deer.

- 1 LA gan dh' eirich flath na Fian,
Greis man dh' eirich Grián air fonn ;
Chuana sinn a tiogn on Traigh,
Fear earraidh dheirg sa choin duidh.
- 2 'S gile na gath greine ghnais,
Sa dha ghruidh air dhreach na suth,
'S gile na gach blath a chorp,
Ged thachar fholt a bhì dubh.
- 3 Cha do ghabh e egal ro bhair,
Sann a dh' iarr e comhug chon,
Leig sinn na coin chatha cheandubh,
Leis nach bu mhiann dol air ehuil
- 4 An eu dubh bu gharbh a threis,
Bhuidhidh leis tri chaogad eu,
Dh' eirich Fionn a meags an t-sluaigh,
'S dh' amhaire e gu traagh air bran,
- 5 Nair dheargich e 'n tor na cheann,
Dh' eirich gart us greann air Bran,
Nair echrath Bran an t-slabhruch oir
Meags an t-sloigh man doirt an fhuil
- 6 'Sann a sin bha Scann-fhuil ghlan,
Eidar Bran 'us 'n eu dubh,
Thug iad cuir cifeachdach gharbh,
'Us dhagadar marbh 'n eu dubh.
- 7 Oganich us aille delbh
On thoraichaidh leim do chu,
Fios do shloinnich b' aill leim nait
Na co 'n tior as na ghluais u.
- 8 'Ti-mhi-fhortain se 'n diugh mi ainm,
Thani mi fuidh stoirn air con,
Shaoil mi nach rabh ann san Fheinn
Aona chu buidhmadh creuchd air Fòr!
- 9 Mar a bhì Geola nan ear,
Agus Bran le miad a luìs,
An culein man duinte 'n fall,
Cha 'n fhagadh e siar nar Dùn.

¹ Ainm a choin du bhli.

- 10 'N sin thiodhlaich an Fheinn gu leir,
An tri chaogad cu fein,
'Us thiodhlaich an Laoch a chu fein,
Air chul aonich 's air aghidh Gruu
- 11 'S iomad grnagach dheud gheal og,
'Us binu Gloir 's 'us Guirme suil
Thiodhlichdadh an Dun nan Tore,
Bheiridh biadh a noch dom chu.
Crioich.

Na dheidh so chaidh Conan a mach agus rug e air a chu dhudh air earball air dha bhi air fheargachadh airson na marbhadh do choin Fhinn, agus air sou a mhi ghnathich agus an droch adheachd a thuar Fionn a mhaighistir, agus chuid daoine, phron, 'us bhru, 'us mharbh e na dhams air ga naimhdh air Taobh muigh an tighie. Ghlaoth aon do mhuintir O Fionna. 'O! ars eisan nach dig sibh a mach agus gun caisgidh sibh a fear maol malluicht aig a bheil 'n cu dubh ri Earball.' 'Cha 'n fhag e duine beo nan stad e.'

Leum gach aon do chuideachd Fhinn a mach as an tigh, a dh'fhaisic cu bhà ann, agus dh'fhagadh Fionn na aonar. Dh'eirich na bha stigh do mhuintir O Fionna, chum Fionn a mharbhadh agus chuir iad air Imain e gu Oisín an tighie. Chrom gach aon a chaidh a mach an ceann sa cath maille re Conan. Bha Fionn san ans' an eigin mhoir. Thug e eadh air an sgiath slmthaich. Chluinnt e ann an cuig cuigibh na h-Eirinn. Cha tughfa uair sam bith eidh orr' ach uair a bhuidh Fionn na Eigin, agus mar a digidh comhnaidh ga lonsuidh, man dugadh i 'n treas eidh, bhiodh e cailte, chuala odh Fhinn gan b' ainm Oscar an eidh, agus a dubhairte, tha mo shean-athair ann an eigin mhoir. Leum gach aon ann am Beart-thuimhich, agus cho luath sa ranig Oscar, chaidh e stigh air druim an tighie. Cha rabh e comas dha dol a stigh air an doras, a chionn gun rabh Geard laidir air. Chaidh e eadar a th' sean athar agus nuinntir O Fionna, agus shaor e sheannathar as an lamhaibh. Agus cha d'fhag iad fear Inne sgeoil, na chumadh Tuairc asgeoil, ach machd mor O Fionna, chaidh eisan a mach air mullach an tighie, agus thuar e as orra.

Air madainn an la b' fhoisge ghabh na bha lathir dhin 'n turas gu pillidh ions' an aite fein. Agus thachir machd O Fionna riu ann an coltas eila, oir bha draoidh-eachd aige. Thubhairt e ri Fionn, a bheil an cu sin math, tha arsa Fionn! A marbh e feidh! marbhich arsa Fionn. Cuiridh mise geall ars eisan nach marbh. Tha e ruit arsa Fionn. Mo thachris na feidh oirn. Cha b' fhada dhoibh mar sin, nair a chumnaic iad aircamh lion-mhor dhuibh Stuirg Fionn Bran, ach cha ghabhadh Bran stuirgidh uaidhe. Cha deanadh each a chnasan a mhaoladh agus fheannan a chrathadh. Nach dubhairt mise ruit arsa fear a thachir orra.

Faic a nois gu bheil do gheall ort. Stuirg Fionn an dara h-nair e. Ach cha deanadh Bran ach a chnasan a mhaoladh, 'us earball a chrathidh. An treas uair bhuaill Fionn e agus ri siubhal a ghabh Bran agus thug e fotha s tharl a, 'us triod us rompa, agus cha mhòr nach dug e dith air an Imlan duibh. Nair a chaidh an Fheinn gau aite fein, cha d' fhuair iad mnathan na clann rompa. Bha iad air a marbhadh le Bran ga aindeoin, oir chuir machd Rìgh Fionna fu gheasabh iad.

D. 20. LAOIDH A CHOIN DUITH. 38 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection, Ossianic Ballad. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 4. 1872.

- 1 SHE chunnig shin tin fo 'n Traigh,
Fearr Earra gheirg as Coin duigh;
'S gille nan Gegan a T-shnuagh,
Bha dha ghruaigh air Dhath nan suth.
- 2 'S gille na gach Bla a Chorp,
Gad harla ga Fhalt bhì duth;
Egil cha do dhaibh e robhin,
She dhiar e oirn Coibhrig Chonn.
- 3 Leigadar rissin Coinn Chaich,
Lois nach bu ghna dol air Cul;
She 'n Cu duth bu ghairbhe Greis,
Thorchir leis trì chaogid Cu.
- 4 Dherich Fionn ann measg an T-shluagh
'S ghaibhric e gu cruaidh air Bran:
Dhearragich a dha T-shuil na chean,
Dherich gairt as Grean air Bran.

5 Nar chrath Bran an T-slaibhrigh oir,
Measg an T-sloigh le 'n doirte Fuil;
San an shin bha Scaimnir Ghlan,
Eidh Bran as an Cu duth.

6 Thug iad Cuir efichdich gharag,
Fagadar marbhair an Cu duth;

7 Oganich as ail'gh dealbh,
Neis fon horchir lein do chu;
Fios do Loinnigh' bail lein uait,
Na co 'n Tir as 'ndo Ghluais u.

8 Ebbin Ossian be sud maim,
Hainig mo stoirn air Conn;
Haol mi nach ro sud air Fein,
Na bhuingh ereichid air For.

9 'S ma bhuitar Geola nan car,
Agus Bran aig meid a Luigh;
Cha ro Cullain mun druim' Ial,
A ghlaghig For shiar mun Dun.

10 Suimmid maodin deud-gheal og,
'S binne Gloir sas bui cul;
Ha na suithidh 'n Dun nan Tore,
Bherigh Biagh a nochd do 'm Chuit.

Crioich.

F. 15. RANN A CHOIN DUIBH. 60 lines.

Fletcher's Collection, page 117. Advocates' Library. Feb. 7, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Eachdraidh air fear a thainig a thagairt comhrug choin air Fionn agus air an Fheinn uile.

- 1 MOCU eiridh riu flath nam Fiann,
Seal mun d' eirich grian air magh;
Chumnaichdar a tighinn o 'n leirg,
Fear chochl deirg 'sa choin duibh.
- 2 B eibbin è ri amhrace suas,
Bha dha ghruaidh air dhreach nan subh;
Bu ghile ua chaille a dheud.
Fhalt o tharladh dha bhì dubb.
- 3 Thainig thugin gu mur Fhinn,
Fleasgach grinn sa bhar mur lon;
Bho fhuil an fhir ghabh e sga,
'S ann a dh' iarr e air each comhrug chon.
- 4 Fhmasgladar uile coin chaich,
Leis nach bu ghnath dol air cul;
An cu dubb bu gharbh a greis.
Mharbha leis naoi caogud gu.
- 5 'Sann an sin a labhair Fionn,
Si shon an Iorhuil is cha bheag;
A' tiodnadh bho charruibh an t-sloigh,
Is dh' ambric e gruamach air Bran.
- 6 Nnair chrath Bran an t-slabhruidh oir,
A measg an t-sloigh bu gharbh a gaol;
Dh' eirich gart is greann air Bran,
Gu bhì an sealbhan a choin duibh.
- 7 Buinnibh an iall do 'n chuillean gu fior,
Bu mhaith a ghniomh gun an diugh;
Is gu faichdeadh sibh sgaineart ghan,
Eidh Bran is an cu dubb.
- 8 Leig iad na coin sròin ri sròin,
Measg an t-sloigh gun do dhoirt iad fuil;
Le Comhrug diambar gu dlu,
Gus 'n do mharbha an cu dubb.
- 9 Ach fhir ud a thainig gur Feinn,
Bho 's ann leinn a mharbhadh do chu;
Innis do shloinne na t-aimn,
No co an tir as an d' thainig thu.
- 10 Eibhun Oissian b'e sud m' ainm,
Thainig mi fodh stoirn air còh:
Shaoileam nach robh sud nar Feinn.
Aon chu chuireadh creuchd air For.
- 11 Mur bhì Geola nan car,
Agus Bran le miad a luis;
An cuilean mu 'n d'ineudh thu an iall,
Cha 'n fhagadh mo Thriath san dun.

- 12 Dan a choin duibh an dun ud shior,
Flath nam Fiann bu gheall a mhur;
M' achiungs air Padruic nam fear,
Gu 'm faichdar a leachd san dun.
- 13 'S ioma maoidean deud gheal og,
Bu bluidhe cul is bu ghuirne suil;
Tha na 'n suidh an dun nan torc,
A bheireadh a nochd biadh do 'n chu.
- 14 Thiolaidh sinne am forlach fial,
An leabuidh chruaidh chon an cu;
Gur e thiolaidh sinn nar Feinn,
Aon fhichid deng caogad cu.
- 15 Deichid ceud fichead na narm glan,
An la shin a mharbh Bran an cu;
Bha aig mac Chuthail nan corn òir,
Aig iomairt is aig òl san dùn.

H. 14. HOW BRAN KILLED THE BLACK DOG.
84 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 48. Advocates' Library,
December 5, 1871.
Dublin, December 9, 1871.—Story known to Hennessy :
Poem not.

A MAN early in the morning came to the Heroes with a Black Dog, named For (means literally a Dog who would go far and near to get venison and prey for himself), in hopes that he would kill all their Dogs, and killed 150, till they loosed the vanquisher Bran. Observe the Poem.

DAN 10.

- 1 AIR bhli dhuinn la sa Bheinn t-seilg,
Bu phuthar leinn bhli gu 'n choin;
Ag eisteachd re gárraich ian,
Re buirich fhiadh agus lon.
- 2 Do rinn sinn ár ann gu 'n chealg,
Le 'r conaibh 's le 'r 'n armaibh neimh;
'S thainig sinn d' ar teach tra' neóin,
Gu subhach ceolmhor le gean.
- 3 'N oídlheche sin dhuinn an teach Fhinn,
Ochóin bu bhinn ann air eor;
Re dhuinne bhí sgathadh théud,
Re caitheamh ean, fhiadh is lon.
- 4 Moch eiridh rinn Fionn 'n ath lá,
Mu 'n d' ainig grian ar a bhruth;
Is chunnaig e teachd o 'n leirg,
Fear chochaill deirg is choin duidh.
- 5 'S ann mar so do bha a shnuadh,
Bha dha ghruidh air dhreach nan sugh;
'S bu ghile nan canach a chneas,
Ge d' tharladh d' a fholt bhí dubh.
- 6 Thainig thugainn gu mór chrú,
'N Gille grinn 's a bhár mar lon;
Air urrlam cho luidheamh sgá,
'G iarruidh air each comhrag chon.
- 7 Leig sinn thuige 'n tus a bhliúr,
Gach greadhain a b' fhearr bha 'n ar múr;
An cú dubh bu gharb a gheis,
Mharbhadh leis trí chaogad cú.
- 8 'S ann an sin a labhair Fionn,
'S e so an iorgaill nach lag;' (l. s' mor slú)
Thiondaidh e chul ris an t-sluabh,
'S dh' amhaire e le gruaim air Bran.
- 9 'N sin chrath Bran an t-slabhruidh óir,
A measg an t-sloigh bu mhór a ghal;
Do las a dha shúil na cheann,
Is dh' eirich grunn air gu cath.
- 10 ' B nínceadh an iall do 'm chú gu fíor,
Bu mhaith a ghníomh gús an diú;
'S gu faicmaidh sgannail ghlan,
Eidear Bran is an cú dubh.'
- 11 Leig iad na coin sróin re sróin,
Measg an t-sloigh do dhoirt iad fuil;
B' e sin an deobhidh iadair gharb,
Mu 'n d' fhagadh leis marbh an cú dubh.

- 12 ' Fhíur ud a thainig d' ar Feinn,
O 'n mharbhadh leinn féin do chú;
D' ainm 's do shloinneadh ailiis dhuinn,
Is an tír as na ghlais thú.'
- 13 ' Eibhainn Oisain gur e 'm ainmsa,
O ríogh' chd torc nu stoilbh ar con;
Shaoil mí nach raibh ann 's an Phléim,
Aon chu dheanamh créuc air For.
- 14 ' Mar bhítheadh' Geola nan car,
Agus Bran le mead a lúidh;
Cha raibh eú mu 'n duinte 'n iall,
Dh' fhagadh mo thriath beó 'n ar Túr.'
- 15 ' 'S maith a chuma bh' air mo chusa,
Bha alt luidh fad o' cheann;
Meadhan leathann, leodhar-chliabh,
Uileann fhiar agus speir cham.'
- 16 ' Sboga buidh 'ta air Bran,
Da thaobh dhubh, agus táir geal;
Drim uaine re sunn san t-seilg,
'S da chluais bhiorach, chorrach dhearg.'
- 17 ' 'S iomad gruageach fhionn gheal dom,
Is garne súil 's is ór bhuidhí folt;
Tha an dutaich mhic Rígh Torc,
Bheireadh biadh do 'm chusa noc.'
- 18 'N sin thiodhláic am fíor laoch fial,
An leabuidh chaol chria' a chú;
'S do thiodhláicaibh leis an Fhianm,
'S an Dún shiar trí chaogad cú.
- 19 Dh' imích Eibhainn Oisain naimn,
'S cho bu bhluadh leis a theachd;
O na chaill é a dhea' chú,
Bu mhór eolas ludi is neart.
- 20 'S deich céud fichead do 'n arm ghlan,
'N la sin a mharbh Bran an cú;
Bh' aig Mac Chuthaill nan corn óir,
Re h-iomairt 's re h-ól san Túr.
- 21 Creid thusa Phádraig gur fíor,
Gu raibh sinn uair bu mhaith clú;
A chleirich ge d' tha mise noc,
Ann am aon chéilainn bhochd a d' mhúr.

I. 7. AN CU DUBH. 84 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 60. Advocates' Library,
April 6, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

As this is a second version, written by the same man, I give variations only.

THE fame of Fingal's Hounds for the game was spread over a great part of the world, especially that of his own Grayhound, Bran. A man came from Inis-torc (supposed to be the Orkneys) with a large and monstrous Black Dog, not doubting but he could kill all the dogs that pertained to Fingal. At his arrival, For, being the name of the Black Dog answered to, engaged and kilt three fifties of Fingal's hounds. Fingal liberated Bran, which soon dispatched For. Fingal seemed to have had an extraordinary notion of chasing and training these animals being found very useful upon several occasions, especially for the game, and chasing and banishing wild beasts.

AN CU DUBH.

- 2 Do rinn sinn ár air an leirg,
Bu mhór ar seilg is ar coin;
B' armach, eibhinn sinn tra'-noin,
'N teach Ríogh Phaile Triath gun òn.
- 3 Triath na feile b' eibhinn tim,
Ag caitheamh ean agus lon
- 4 Bu bhorb a ghreann, 's bu bhuirche sgál.
- 12 Fhíur ud a thainig d' ar Feinn,
On' thorchair leinn féin do chú;
Do dh' fhearadh an domhain gu leir,
Cho 'n cil fíosam féin co thu.

¹ Mathair Bran, agus bha a colg no a fionnadh min.

- 13 Eibhinn-cosgar gur e m' ainm,
O Innse-torc ma 'stoilbh ar con ;
- 14 Mar bhithheadh Geola nan gath, (? *Sjeolan*)
Agus Bran le mead Ingh ;
- 16 Spogan buidh' ta air Bran,
Tarr-geal uaine dhath san leirg ;
Suil nar airneig spuirean comhlach,
'Sda chluais bhiorach, ehrodha dhearg.
- 17 'S iomad gruagach rinn-gheal, àrbhuaidh,
'S guirme suil, 's is aille folt ;
Th' ann an Innse-torc nan arwann,
Dheanamh bbaidh ri 'm Chusa noc.
- 19 Dh' imich Eibhinn-cosgar uaitin,
Cha bu bhmadhar leis a theachd ;
O na thorchair leinn a Chn,
Bu mhor alla lhdh is neart.

DUN AN OIR. D. F. H. I. O.

This Golden Mound or Fort or Castle is identified with a castle on the island of Cape Clear, at the southern extremity of Ireland. See note page 127, Book of the Dean of Lismore, and Miscell. of Celt. Soc. p. 143. In the poem noted it is mentioned as a remote place, from which guests came to Castle Sween, in Argyllshire, about 1472. The Tribe who owned the Golden Castle are named in 'The Lay of the Heads' as slayers of Cuchullin, who were themselves slain by Connal. This ballad, therefore, seems to describe an outbreak of an old feud between the Northern and Southern tribes of Ireland, during a pause in the Norse Wars. Of the six warriors engaged, one may either be 'Fergus Sweetlips,' Fionn's son, or their Norse ally, who appears in a later ballad as a foe. Many places in Gaelic countries are named 'Golden.' A Golden Rock is in Sutherland; and a Golden Mountain is in Jura; somewhere in the middle of Scotland is a place called 'Dun an Oir,' which has been identified with a Fenian story. In this ballad the place meant was in the West, and the narrator was speaking to Padruig, on the Hill of the Feinne, that is on or about the Hill of Allen. Probably some place on the West coast of Ireland was meant. This exploit is mentioned in one of the ballads about Caoilte. See above: page 55, line 89.

D. 19. CATH NA 'N SEISEIR. 62 lines.

From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by D. Mac Pherson.
May 3, 1872.

- 1 SEISHEAR ga 'm biodhmaid na 'n Rìogh,
Cho bh 'n T-seishear bu bheg Briogh,
Sgar Ban diu Fearragan Fial.
Coilt is Caoireal nan gorm Shrian.
- 2 Leig sinn air Caachan re Sruth,
Is reinn sinn an Tòl gun Ghuth,
Caach Fhein a bhuidhin an Geall,
Shiabhladh i na haoinaran.
- 3 Thaineic seachd Sheashear nar Ceann,
Don T-sluagh fhuilleach fhaobhar fhionn,
'S a 'm Fear bu taribh dhìbh sinn,
Go 'n 'diongadh e Ceud an Ceud an Comhrac.
- 4 Bhiodh ma Bhragad gach Fir mhoir,
Seabul daingean do 'n dearg shrol,
Osean na Craoiseiche nimhé,
Lanna saobhir 's iad doth-chaithe.
- 5 Da Luireach an Eidibh Theann
Ma Chuirp sheanga na 'n snor-chlann
Bhiodh air nachdar sin orr' uille,
Earreadh Uaine air aon Dath.
- 6 Thairg Fean doibh Cumha mhor
An Earreadh fein de 'n dearg shrol,
Ceud B. an no Baintreach sa bhron
'S fear os a Chean sa Chomh-ol.
- 7
Se huirt Clann a Chuilg na 'n Cless
Cho bhì sinne reidh go Hoiche.

- 8 Sin nuair dhiosluigh Fean a Gloir,
'S e 'g amhrac ar Sluadh a Chomh-oil,
Bheil sibh gabhail Teabheachd dheth,
Dul a bhualadh na 'n seachd Sheisear ?
- 9 Bha mi Latha 'n Raig na 'n Gleann,
Huirt an Tosgar bo mhor Greann,
'S reinn mi Gniobh bu dorra leam,
Na 'n Ceim a bhuintin do Sheishear.
- 10 'S huirt Fearragan mac an Rìogh,
Marbhaidh mi mo Sheashear dhiobh,
'S cho chuir e Truiù' air Neach eille,
Na thig slan o 'm Ionuidhailse.
- 11 Dìongidh misidh Sheisair eille
She huirt Caoril nan arm gaiste
Is eha chuir e trom air Chach
Aoin Laoch a lig am Chobhail.
- 12 Labhair caoilte nan Arm nibh'
Marbhaidh mi mo Sheashear dhìbh,
Go ma dearg o bhun go barr,
'M Ball an tairgin mo Gheur-lann.
- 13 Gur maig a dbagadh air Dail
Daisib leis an craimte Craimh ;
Marbhaidh mise 's Goll a Ghaisge,
Air da Sheishear 's an aoin Aitteil.
- 14 Chrom sinn ar Cinn anns a Chath,
Is reinn gach Flath mar a gheall ;
Mharbh mi fein mo Sheishear ar tus ;
Sud a Phadric mo cheud Chuis.
Mharabh Osgar Sheishear is Fear (? Fean)
Se mo dhoehun bhì ga iomradh.
- 15 An Fear mu dheire bha aig Fean
Mar bhuinte eadur dha leann,
Ghabh e, is bu mhor an Teachd,
Ar seachd Buillin na aoin Sgedh,
'S mar bhiodh Osgar nan ceud Radh
Cheangladh e sinne nar Sheisair.

F. 10. RANN AN FHIR SHICHD' IR.
DUN AN OIR. 35 lines.

Fletcher's Collection, page 10. Advocates' Library,
January 17, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

In this version the poetry is broken. The same lines
can be recognised in other versions, which follow.

- LATHA araid' bha Fionn sa bheinn sheisg,
agus seisear do 'n Fhein comhla ris ;
chunnaic Laoch a teachd na 'n comhail ris
an do ehan Fionn am fear Sichd' ir,
ag radh
- 1 Fhir Shichd' ir sin agus fhir Shichd' ir,
Cìod an t-àite as an d' thigeadh tu ?
- 2 Thainig mis' a Dùn-an-òir,
An Dùn a ta an fhair ;
An Dùn nach d' thugadh a gheil riamh,
Nach d' thugadh a bhroighdean a muigh,
'S d' am biodh a naimhdean diomach
- 3 Rainig Sinne Dùn-an-òir,
'S ehom sinn ar eim mu 'n cho-òl ;
'S thainig seachd seisear d' fhearaibh mòr
na ar ceann.
- 4 Do shluagh fuileach fìobhar arm,
'S an fear bu tàire dhiu sud
Ga 'n dìongadh è ceud an còmhrag.
- 5 Bha mu bhraide gach fir mhòir,
Sgabull daite do 'n dearg òr ;
Craosach mhaile na 'n lùimh neimhe,
'S lannan leobhra' bha dò-chaithe.
- 6 Tàs slòigh 'n àm dol san teagmhail,
Agus deire tighinn a mach ;
Bho se' thoga buaigh na buidhne,
Deir Fionn.
- 7
Ma dh' fhàg sibh air deireadh cìar,
Dìthist leis an croimear enai
Dìongaidh mis' 'us Goull a ghaisge,
Air da sheisear a dh' aon aithim.

8 Ach bha 'm fear mu dheire bh' aig Fionn,
Mar Sheobhag eadar dhà lion ;
Fhrithéal è 's bu mhór am feum ;
Air seachd buillean na aon sgeith
'S mar bhith Osear nan rath,
Cheangail è sinne mar seiscar.

H. 13. HOW FINGAL, WITH SIX OF HIS NOBLES,
WERE ENCHANTED TO GO TO KEEP WAR WITH CLANN
CHUILAGADAN IN THE GOLDEN HILL. 88 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 57. Advocates' Library,
December 7, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Dublin, December 9, 1871.—Except as part of the Cu-
chullin Story, this is not known to Hennessy in any
shape.

THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL was one day with six of his Nobles, was walk-
ing out, and they saw a Fairy, coming unto them, when
he came he looked narrowly on Caoilte, and Caoilte asked
of him from whence did he come, thus:—

You little wise man,
From whence did you come ?

I did come from the Golden Hill,
Which lieth still westwárd ;
Its prisoners were never got out,
Inconquered in all war.

For what reason did you come,
To us most mighty hands,
Who are unconquered yet by men,
And exceeds all in war ?

I came to inchant you six men,
With Master to our hands,
To dine with us to day in Hill,
And then to keep us War.

Then the conjurer ran away, when he enchanted them
to follow him to the Golden Hill, Caoilte keeps him
always in his sight ; and had a faggot of sticks, and he
would stab a stick in the . . . of every hill, and mount,
that the rest would know where to follow him, which he
use to do always when he would be in extremely hurry,
and he would cast three shadows then, his two foot, and
his head, when he came to the hill, he found a Table
covered and all kind of victuals and liquor on it, which
was to be found in that age. In a while after that the
rest all came one by one, each according to his swiftness,
and tho' they were both hungry and thirsty and also
tired, they were afraid to eat or drink any, for fear of
punishment; since there was none present to invite them,
but one of them said, because it was presented to them
that they would take some of it, they were not long eat-
ing when Four Men came among them, and the weakest of
which would kill one hundred in conflict : Fingal offered
them a great reward for to touch him not, but they said
since they were able to do it, that they would take no
reward, but their six heads and to make himself a pris-
oner, then they rather to give an attempt to them, tho'
they were sure to fall, than to surrender otherwise ; they
began and killed them all, and brought home with them
their arms, apparel, and every precious things which they
had in their Tower.

DAN 13.

1 LATHA bha Fionn is seiscar ag ól,
'S iad nan suidh mu 'n aon bhórd ;
Thaing seachd seiscar 'n ar ceann,
Do shluagh fuileachdach faodhbhar arm.

2 B' iad sin na gaisgich ro mhór,
A b' uallmbarra cruithcachd croic ;
'S am fear a bu tíre dhui,
Gu 'n diongadh e céud gu 'n diú.

3 Bha clog mu cheann gach fir mhóir,
An eomhdach clocharra cór ;
Is cotaibh ionneulta grunn,
Mu chnirp thréun na fear neo' thím.

4 Ghabh sinn eagal rompa uile,
Nach d' ghabh sinn riamh roi aon bhuidheann ;
Gu marbladh iad sinn gu 'n sóradh,
Oir cho deach neach riamh o'n comhrag.

5 Do thairg Fionn dhoibh cumha mhór,
Corr agus céud uine do dh' ór ;
Céud sath ris nach deachdih srian,
Is céud bean blhantrach choi' fhial.

6 Céud eoidheamb 's céud carradh óir,
Is suidh os a cheann ann 's gach ól ;
Coimhdachd Rígh 'na baile móir,
'S dol a dh' fhuilang lús a leóin.

7 Se thuir na curina tréune,
O na 's comasach dhuinne d'heanamh,
Cho ghabh sinn cumha no geall,
Ach blur sea cinn air aon bhall.

8 An sin dh' iosaicbh Fionn a ghloir,
Is sheall e air luchd a choi' óil ;
A dhaoine 'n gabha' sibb deisainn,
Dhol a bhualadh nan seachd seisair.

9 Se thuir an t-Osear bu mhór greann,
'An lá chuireadh ruag na gleann ;
Rinn mi túrn bu chruaidhe leam,
No ge d' bheiream an ceann do sheiscar.'

10 'Diongaidh mise seiscar dhú,
Do rá Fearraghuin bu mhór láth ;
Cho chuir e lé-trom air éach,
Aon laoch a theid o 'm lámh.'

11 'Diongaidh mise seiscar eile,
Do ra' Caireall nan arm teine ;
'S dearg mo fhraoch re sgalladh cheann,
'N nair a nochdams' mo chruai' lann.'

12 'Diongams' Caoilte nan lámh luath,
Fear is seiscar do 'n mhór shluagh ;
Gu 'r guineach iomairt mo lámh,
'N nair a nochdam lann gu b-ár.'

13 Diongams Oisain is grad lámh,
Mo sheiscar fein air aon bhlár,
Cho chuir e dragh air aon aitim,
Aon fhear theid o Ghearr-nam-callunn.

14 'Mu dh' fhagadh gu deireadh cláir,
Diais léis an creumar cnáimh ;
Diongaidh mis' is Goll a ghaeisgidh,
Ar da sheiscar a dh' aon aital.'

15 Lean sinn an an sin ar a chéile,
Seiscar do Mhaithidh na Féinne ;
Is Clann Chuilagadan nan cleas,
Gu 'm bu choidhliont ar coi' ghléac.

16 Do 'n shiubhail mi 'n bhuidh bhramach,
Cho 'n fhaecis riamh an coi' baodhlach ;
'G eisteachd re slaealach ar 'n arm,
Mar bluailt innain le trom fhaitrich.

17 Dhiongas mo sheiscar air thús,
A Phádraig 's bu mhór a chliú ;
Dhiong Oscar a seiscar le aon bhéum,
Mo sgeul goirt a bhi d' a iomradh,

18 Rinn na curina mar gheall,
Mar rinn mise 's mo ghradh calma ;
Ach am fear mu dheireadh a bh' aig Fionn,
Bha mar bhuiun' eidear dha lionn.

19 Ghlac e 's bu mhór an téuchd,
Ar seachd builleau na aon sge ;
'S mar bhithheadh masg Oseair le rath,
Mharbhadh e sinne le ghat.

20 Dh' imich sinn o Dhún an óir,
Gu subhach le geau gu 'n león ;
'N deidh cosgairt na tréun aitim,
Gheibha' buaidh 's gach blár is batait.

21 Thug sinn lein an airm 's an eideach,
'S gach gné shéudaibh bu mhó féume ;
Le moran do dh' ór an Tearmain,
Gu sólasach gu Tigh-teamhra.

22 Creid thusa chleirich na h-Eirann,
Gu raibh sinn nair bu mhór eibhneas ;
Ge d' nach maithean aon anois dhui,
Ach mis' am aonar gu suitheach.

I. 5. DUN AN OIR. 92 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 56. Advocates' Library, April 6, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

As this is a second version written by the same man I give variations only.

THE GOLDEN HILL.

FINGAL and six of his nobles and brave Heroes were taking their walk of an evening and saw a Fairy like person making towards them, who Fingal knew to be with Intelligence from far and address'd him as follows:—

FHIR shieir toir fios duinn,
Cia 'n t-uil as an d' thigeadh tu ?
Thainig mis O Dhun an oir,
An dun ud siar nan Triathl fiontrunn ;
An dun as nach d' thuigte bhráidean a mach,
'S da' am bithidh a naimhde diomach.
Ciod e ghluais o Dhun nan eliar,
An t-oglaeoh fiato, gearr ;
A dh' ionnsuidh Cathanaibh na Feinn,
Nach d' fhuiling beud am blar ?
Thainig mis 'am theachdair cuilg ;
O Chlaun Chuilgeadan nan eileas ;
A tha ri feist a theirt do 'n Fheinn,
Do mhead sa dh' eile leis.

Fingal instantaneously followed this scout to the Golden Hill, where they arrived much fatigued and found none of Clan-chuilgeadan at home. The Women treated them very hospitably and were eating and drinking by the time Clan-chuilgeadan came upon them (being 42 in number) who attempted immediately to make Fingal prisoner and kill his attendants. Fingal offers them great many rewards, to no purpose, and be friends. The brave Fingalians seeing they had either to do or die encountered and kilt Clan-chuilgeadan and came home victorious to Tara, loaded with arms and valuable accoutrements from the Golden Hill.

- 1 LATHA chuaidh Fionn do Dhun an Oir,
E fein sa sheisear mun aon bhord ;
Thainig seachd seisir nan ceann,
Do shluagh fuileachdach, fao bhar arm.
- 3 Is cota creithilte grinn,
Mu chuirp nan treun nach bu tim.
- 4 Mar fhuaim tunne chluint an comhradh,
'S cha deachaidh neach riamh o 'n comhrag.
- 6 Ceud cloidheamh, ceud earrd buaidh,
Ceud ceann-beairt is sliغهach chruaidh ;
Coimhdeachd Rìogh anns gach toir,
'S dol a d' fhuilang tus an leoin.
- 8 Dhol a bheuma nan seachd seisear.
- 16 'G eisteachd ri slachdraich nan dornn,
Gach beum mar innein nan ord.
- 19 Mar bithidh Masg Oseair nan geusan,
Mharbhadh e sinne 'nar seisear.
- 20 Dh' imiech sinn o Dhun an Oir,
Gu subhach eibhinn gun leon ;
An deidh Clann-chuilgeadan nam bèum
A chesgairt 's bu mhor au sgeul.
- 21 Bu deurach bantrachd nan soun,
A caoidh na dh' eug air an tom ;
Mar ghàrrraich can air tràidh,
Chluinte iolach bhàoin gach mnaith.
- 22 Thug sinn leinn an arma geura,
Liobhaidh, leudara, san t-eug-bhail ;
Gu muirneach, miolante, meannach,
Triall thair gach magh gu Tigh-teamlra.
- 23 Creid thusa Phadraic nan eliar,
Gu raibh sinn la bu mhor miadh ;
Ged nach maithrean ach mise noc,
Am anaran snithich fuidh sprochad.

O. 4. DAN AN FHIR SHICAIR. 73 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 15. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 16, 1872.

In this version are lines which do not seem to belong to the ballad.

- 1 CHUNNACAS tighin o 'n lear,
An t-ainic MOR athach iogna ;
Fhir Shicair nan ceuma borb,
Ciod an t-ait as an tigeach tu ?

- 2 Thainig mise á Dun an oir,
An Dun ata an aird an Iar ;
An Dun nach tug a gheill riamh,
'S gu 'm bithicadh a naimhdean diomach.
- 3 Rainig sinne Dun an oir,
'S chroma ar einn mau cho-ol ;
Thainig seachd seisir 'nar ceann,
Do shluagh fuilcach faor arm.
- 4 An fear bu taire dhui, sud,
Gu 'n deanga o ceud an comhrag ;
Bha ma bhraigh gach fir mhóir,
Sgapul daite dhe 'n oir dheurg
Cmosach mhaille nan laimh nimhe
'S lannan liobhra bha do-chaithe.
- 5 Thairg Fionn doibh cumha mor,
Thairgeadh leis ceud unga óir.
Ceud saoi ris nach deacha srian.
Ceud bean bhantach co-fial,
Tus sloigh 'n 'am dol san teugmhail,
Agus deire tighinn a mach,
O 'se thogadh buaidh na buaighne.
- 6 Ach fhreagair na cuiridhean calma.
O 's comasach dhuinte a dheanamh,
Cha ghabhar lein cumha no geall,
Ach 'ur cinu nile air aon bhall.
- 7 An sin dh' islich Fionn a ghloir,
Sheall e air leuchd a cho-óil ;
Dhaice an gabh sibh fuathas deth,
Dhol a bhualadh nan seachd seisir ?
- 8 Deir an t-Osear bu mhor greann,
An la thugadh ruaig nan gleann ;
Rinneadh gnìomh bu chruaidh leam,
No na cinn a bhuinte do sheisair.
- 9 Dcangar leamsa seisir eile,
'Se thuirt Caorull nan arm gasda ;
Bu dearg fraoeh a sgaradh cheann (sgathla)
Deangai mise seisir righ.
- 10 'Se thuirt Feargu an gloir mhìn,
Cha chuir iad leatrom air eiaeh ;
Gach aon kaeoh a thig 'a m' choail. (cho-dhail)
Deangaidh Caoilte nan cas luath,
Fear is seisir do 'n mhor shluagh.
- 11 Deangaidh fear saotrach nan ramh,
A sheisir fein air aon bhall ;
Deir Fionn Mac Cuthail
Ma dh' fhaig sibh air deire clair,
Dithis leis an eroimear enamh,
Diongaidh mise 's Goll na gaiseg,
An dá sheisair a dh' aon ainne.
- 12 Bha 'm fear na dheirebh aig Fionn,
Mar sheodhbag eadar dha lion ;
Fhrighail e 's bu mhor am feum,
Aiar seachd buillecan na h-aon sgeth ;
'S mar bhí Oseair nan nach.
Cheangail e sinne 'nar seisir.

The following fourteen lines do not seem to belong to the rest in any way, but they are written here, so I leave them.

- 13 Croilidh mí ceud maoslach mhaol,
Air gleann Easgudail dan loogh ;
Ceud Douran 's ceud damh alluidh,
Nach d' fhaig an cuilbhe an ard bhann.
- 14 Ceud comhladh do 'n chreamh ghlas.
Air a bhuaio san fhaoleach gheamluaidh,
Chuirim sid a steach am maireach,
Air bhuidheachas mo leaman.
Air greigh do eachaibh donn dearg,
Fo eholainn do fheara feannaid ;
'Se 'n diol do eachaibh co-sheilg,
'S iad nile do dhi armaeha,
Caoithidh iad mise an sith bhrugh,
Aeh cha tig mi tuille a' d' amharachd.

TEANNDACHD MOR NA FEINNE.

I AM puzzled where to place this ballad. According to peasant reciters, people from many foreign realms joined the Feinne when their fame had spread. They had

beuten Manus, the Northern invader, and the Southern tribes at Dan-an-Oir. According to this ballad, two recruits, of whom one was a son of 'Leir,' or Liuir, who seems to have reigned in the Isle of Man, took umbrage, and deserted to the King of Lochlann. According to current tradition, the warrior had a love-mark on his brow, 'Sugh Seire.' The Northern Queen, who was a daughter of the King of France, and newly married, eloped with the deserters, who returned to their comrades. The injured King pursued. Fionn sent a princess, probably one of Coruac's ten daughters, to offer gifts, and herself. The invaders would have nothing less than Fionn's head. The Lady blessed them, and rode away. The Banners were hoisted, in a passage which is very old, and common to several ballads, and battle was joined. Goll and his tribe, backed by the Clanna Baoisgne, after eight days, nearly exterminated the Northmen, but a third, or two thirds, of the Irish army died. It somewhere appears that Fearragin had served with the Feinne, and that he, not Manus, enticed them to Lochlann.

More of this family appear in prose tales, serving with the Feinne, and slaying giants in Ireland.

This ballad is very popular. Copies of it were in Irish MSS. before 1784, and these are in Duldin still. In December, 1871, Mr. Hennessy, who is well read in old Irish MSS., did not know this ballad, of which I had Kennedy's version.

Something like the story is told by Mac Pherson in the *Battle of Lora* (p. 111, edit. 1762), but that is not the ballad story. No Gaelic for Mac Pherson's poem exists. It is certain that this ballad pervaded all Scotland more than a hundred years ago, and that it was then commonly recited. A great many versions were orally collected:—1. Pope, 1739, had a version which he called *Dibird fli*. Apparently it was the same which begins *Dibir Dlighe* in Mac Donald's collection. 2. Mac Nicol of Lismore, had two fragments, about 1755, 192 lines. 3. About the same time, Fletcher of Achalader had 224 lines. 4. Kennedy had 248, and 268 lines collected in Argyllshire. 5. In 1780, Hill got 46 lines in Argyllshire. 6. In 1784, Mac Arthur had 10 lines, got in Mull. 7. About the same time Bishop Young had 159 lines. 8. In 1786, Gillies had 236. 9. About 1800, Dr. Irvine got 194 lines from a man who learned the ballad from his grandmother, in Mac Pherson's country. This version contains many lines which are not in Gillies', printed at Perth, 1786, and lines which are in no other version known to me. 10. At some late date Mac Donald got 84 lines from George Mackay, in Dalrig House, parish of Farr, aged 55; John Mackay, Knockbreac, parish of Durness, aged 50; and Donald Mackenzie, Duartbeg, parish of Eddrachillis, aged 61, in Sutherland. 11. In 1816, Mac Callum printed 180 lines and 95. 12. In 1862, I had 106 lines orally collected in Barra and Uist by Mac Lean. 13. In 1871-2, I found that the ballad was known to many, and got a great deal of the story from old men in the outer Islands, but few could then recite the ballad itself. I have collected all these, more than 2040 lines. Were I to fuse the versions, they would make about 260 lines. I print D. Mac Nicol's version, in his own orthography; extracts from F., which is very like D.; Kennedy's first version, H.; and extracts from his second, I.; extracts from O., and from S. The books quoted can be read. All that is in them, and all that I have collected is represented in the following samples of this curious old historical ballad. It belongs to the Norse Wars. The language is not like the old written language. I believe this to be a popular traditional ballad that was first written early in last century. When it was composed I am unable to guess, but part of it was old in 1512.

D. 14. CATH BEIN EDIN. 112 lines.

From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by D. Mac Pherson, May 3, 1872.—J.F.C.

TEANNTACH MOR NA FEINNE.

- 1 LA ga 'n raibh Padric na Mhùr
Gua Sailm bhi air Uigh ach òl
Chuaidhe Thigh Osseim mhic Fhinn
O san leis bu bliin a Ghloir.
- 2 Fàilte dhuit a shean Fhìr shuaire
'T ionsaidh air chuarit thanig sinn,
A Laoch mhìli baile Dreach,
'S dearbh nach deir thu neach snad ni.
- 3 Sgeul a bail linn fhaotain uait,
Ogha Chumhail, bu chruaigh Colg,
'N teantach 's mo an raibh an Fhuan,
O na glin thu riamh nau Lorg.

- 4 Dhinsinse sin dhuit gan Tamb,
Ghiolla Phadric na 'n Salm grunn,
Teantach smao naibh na Fir,
On a ghineadh Fianachd Fheuin.
- 5 Dearmad Fleangha ga 'n drin Feann
'S an Albhidh ri Linn nan Laoch,
Air Chuid don Fhein shuas Druim dearg,
Gu 'n derich a 'm Fearg san Fraoch.
- 6 Ma dhìbir sibh sinne ma 'n Ol,
Mhìrt Mac Renain le Gloir bhinn,
Bherinse is Ailte ur
Freiteach Bliana ri Mur Fheinn.
- 7 Thog iad gu sgiobalt an Triath
An Cloimh sa 'n Sgiadh nan Luing
An Deish Fhenidh, Armach, Fhial
Go Rìogh'chd Lochlan na 'n Sgia slim.
- 8 Muintiris Bliana do 'n Rìogh
Se thug an Deish a bhhear Dreach
Mac Rìogh Carchair' nan Sleigh Geur,
Agus Ailte nach 'd eur neach.
- 9 Thug Bean Rìogh² Lochlan nan Sgiadh doun
Gaul gu trom 'scha bann gu deas
Do dh' Ailte greadhnach an Fhulite deirg
Dh' folbh' I leish an Ceilg sám Braid.
- 10 Dh' folbh' I leish a Leabaidh 'n Rìogh,
Sud an Gniomh ma 'n doirte Fhail,
Sa nionsaidh Flaithias na 'm Fhian,
Ghabhadar an Trial thar muir.
- 11 Fhionnail Rìogh Lochlan a Shnadh
Cabhlach cruaidh sam bhì go deas,³
Se dhèireadh leis re aon Uair,
Na naodh Rìoghre sa 'n Sluadh leis.
- 12 Lochlanich a Bhuin bhorb,
'S ro mhaith 'n Colg re dul an Cein,
Thug iad um Freitiche Triath,
Nach pilleadh iad Srian na 'n deigh.
- 13 Thogadur an Abhaist⁴ ard,
Ro-Crich Eire garbh an Greish
'S chuirthear a 'm Puible a muigh⁵
Gaoird on Bhruth an raibh Feann.
- 14 Teachdaireachd thanig nar Ceann,⁶
Teachdeareachd⁷ chuir rìungo Truadhb,
Comhrac cruaidh o Fhiana Fail,
{ Fhetin air an Traigh mu thua } *Interlined.*
{ Gur e bail leo fhaotain uait. }

Note.—Here fit in verses 15 to 32,
Fletcher's version.

- 15 Fhregair Ailte 'n Comhrac treun,
Fear thabhairt Lan-ghèil sgacch Cath
{ Ceann ali mhic Leirg na lir, } *Inter-*
{ Ceann Mhic Neambi, 's Ceann Mhic Lir } *lined.*
Maoithear leis an dara Benn.
- 16 Seachd fèidh Ceannairt dar Foin,
Agus Ailte tein air This
Thuit sud le Laimh Fearagain mhor,
Ma 'n deachaidh na Sloigh an dlus.
- 17 Se raite Feann Flath nan Cuach
'Se gamhrac air Sluadh Inse fail,
Co d'bhongas Fearagain san Ghreish,
Mu 'n leigemid Leis air tair?
- 18 Se ni ghabhadh sud le Goll,
An Sonn nach burraсте ehnuidh,
Diongansa Fearagain san Ghreish,
Leigir edir air Cleis Luidh.
- 19 Cuchulan is Diarmuid Donn,
Fearra-ehu crom is mac au Deirg. (Leidh)
Dhuid o Bhuillibh an Laoch
Cuir dish air gach Taobh d' Sgetb.

¹ Riumachain.

² Bann rìogh.

³ Adras gu treish.

⁴ Colvurs.

⁵ gu tiugh.

⁶ gu Fionn.

⁷ Sgeil Fiom a.

- 20 Buin leat an seachd fichid Fear mor,
Nach uras a chloidh ar Chul,
Cuir air Laimh Shoisgeal mo Rìogh
Chlannaibh morna na 'n Gniobh borb.
- 21 Buin leat Cath feugra na Fein
Nach d fhidir Ceum thoirt air Cùl,
Cuir sud air do Ghnàin deish,
De Shìol Cumhail na 'n Cles luth.
- 22 Ochd Oìohin duinn is ochd Lo
A sìor chuir ar air as 'Tloigh ;
Ceann Rìogh Lochlan na 'n Sgia donn
'S e mhasidhe Goll air an 9th Lo.
- 23 Tuille is seachd fichid sonn,
Thuit sud le Gara 's le Goll,
On a gherich a Ghrian moch,
Gus an deacha I siarr Anmoch.
- 24 Seachd fichid do Chlanaib Rìogh,
Bu mhor Gaisge agus Gniomb,
Thuit sud le Osgar an aoidh,
Is le Caorreal Cnes-bhànn.
- 25 Air a Bhaiste thug thu orm,
Chlerich a chanfas na Sàilm
Thuit leumsa 's le Feann nam Fleagh
Còimhliona Ceann ris a Chearthair.
- 26 Ach nan fuighe E Cothron nan Airm,
Deadh mhac Innil nan Lann glass,
San Albaidh na 'n abairte Triath,
Cho ghlaodhta ach an Fhian as.
- 27 Tuille agus Leth air Fein,
Thuit sud air an T-sliabh fa dheas,
Ach na 'n lughamid a Ghrian,
Cha mho na Trian thanig as.
- 28 Ach nan lughamid an Rìogh
A Phadric, le 'm mian gach salm,
Ge 'd thanig Droing dar Maithibh as,
Cho drin sinn ar Leas san La.

D. 13. COBHAIROLE A CHINN AIG FION. 80 lines.
From Mac Nicol's Collection. Ossianic Ballad No. xxx.
Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 7,
1872.

- 1 COBHAIROLE a chin aig Fion,
'S aig Maithibh Eirin gu leir ;
Nìghin Rìogh nan gaibhte naip,
Gun faithidh e sa bhean fein.
- 2 Hug shinne gha nìghin Rìogh,
Bu ghuirme suil 's bu ghrinne meir ;
Chuir shin ga coibhidichd ceud Eich,
A' bear rish an dechidh strìan.
- 3 Chuir shin ga coibhidichd ceud Each,
A bear rish an dechigh strìan ;
As ceud marèich air am muin,
Le Cullidh T-shriol (oir le 'n laiste Gniobh.
- 4 San herrin I air an Raoin,
'S ghagadar na' doigh na Heich ;
San a hug I ceim ga choir,
'S da ubhill oir na Laibh dheis.
- 5 Da Chaillin ' air Gualin a Guin,
Dealbh a Chruin fo Gheil nam port ;
Do naichd 's e Pùil Fhinn,
Innis duin a Bhrìgh sa Bheichd.
- 6 Mo Naichds ' e Pùil Fhinn,
Gu 'n Insin a Bhrìgh gu ceart ;
Mu reinn do Bhean ort Beart chli,
Gun' dimmir I gniobh gu ceart.
- 7 Mu reinn do Bhean ort Beart chli,
'S gun' dimmir I Gniobh gu ceart ;
Cairdeas as Commun ri Fionn,
Gun faigh du 's ni na Geall.
- 8 Dheothidh du shud as ceud Leig,
As ciad sheud don Tairbhi T-shaoir ;
Dheothidh du ceud shoebhac suaire,
Air am bithidh Buaidh nan Ian.

¹ Chainnil.

- 9 Dheothidh du shud as ceud Corn,
Dhianigh do 'n Uisg ghoram an Fion ;
'S ga be dholigh aiste Deoich,
Cha reichidh a Hart am meud.
- 10 Gheobhidh du shud as ceud Mios,
Cuir sa Rìogh a Bheathidh 'naigh ;
'S ga be ghlethidh iad rim beo,
Chumigh iad Duin og do Ghna.
- 11 Dheobhidh du shud as ceud Graoidh,
As lan Glinne do Chroigh ban ;
Mar gaibh u shin beannich leat,
Hoir leat do Bhean 's dian ruin shi.
- 12 Co duginse Shith do Dhail,
Na Mhaithibh Erin gu leir ;
Ach Fionn fein a dhòil fo 'm Bhreth,
Agus Creich a hoirt gu Traidh.
- 13 Ach cha dug u leat do neirt,
Na bherigh a Chreigh gu Traigh ;
Fallagh mishe 's beannich leat,
Fon chaigh Teinnich bun do riann.
- 14 Cha nailbh thus' a chiabh nan cleichd,
Rìobhin fhairiste Bheoil bhinn ;
Gheobhidh du no sheide saoir,
'S guilain u fein ri 'm Haibh deis.
- 15 Cha 'n fhan mish' a Chean nan Cliar,
Fonach traoigh mi Tiabh na Fhearg ;
Fonach faithin saoir fon Bhreth,
Cean na Deishe bu ghann cial.
- 16 Cha 'n fhagin aguibh do Dharras,
Do Dhon na Dfherin na Hullich ;
Ach Erin na croichdan Glass,
A hoghbail leom ann am Loingis.
- 17 Gan thuntaich I riuthidh a Cuil,
'S mhareich I Cuirsa gu dian ;
'B iammid Sroil ga hoiggaill suas,
'Nordibh gu lra chaidh an Fhian.
- 18 Doilfin nic Ghailein fon Ghreig,
Muinne Fhearragin as ni 'm breig ;
Ri faicinn a Chinn ga Daulte,
Rìgh bu neo aithidh a himmichd.
- 19 Goul & Osear an aigh,
Connal as Caorri Cneas-bhan ;
Mo bhuilher mi 's Fionn nan Fleigh ;
Gam bunnigh I 'n ceann don Cheirir.
- 20 Mar Fearr chaidh as o Beul airm,
Na chaigh le Muin don Ghreig ;
Do Rìogh Lochlin na ga ni,
Cha dranig riabh an Tir fein.

F. 12. TEANNDACHD MOR NA FEINNE, AGUS
MAILLE RIS, ORDAMH, AGUS TEACHD A MACH NAM BR-
TAICHEAN. 224 lines. Extracts.

Fletcher's Collection, page 49. Advocates' Library,
Feb. 5, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

I. PAIRT.

- 13 'M ROGUS do 'n rughba 'n raibh Fionn.
- 23 Gheibhe tu sud is ceud crios,
'S cha d' theid slios m' an d' theid iad eug ;
Chaise iad leum-dromma 's sgios ;
Leug riomhach nam bucal bànn.
- 24 Gheibhe tu sud is ciad long,
Sgoilte tonn air bhuiinne borb ;
Air an luchdacha gu teann,
Deis gach aon-ni a b' fhearr doigh
- 25 Gheibhe agns ciad mac Rìgh.
Bhùineadh eis air chluiche bhuirb ;
Gheibhe is ciad seohhag shnaire,
Air am bitheadh buaigh nan eun,

This also occurs in Manus.

II. PAIRT.

Sgaoil Fearrghus a Bhratach re crann,
Mar chomthar gun do dhiult Rìgh
Lochlunn eumhadh.

- 1 Air faisinn 'sin ghluais an Fheinn ghaolach gu foil.
M' am biodh Eirinn uil' air earras.
- 2 Thainig sluagh thair iomch' rum thonn,
Thainig sud 's bu trom am feachd;
Suil gon d' thug Rìgh Lochlunn uait,
Chunnaic è Bratach a tighinn a mach,
Is Giulla gasda air a ceann,
Air lasadh do dh' òr Eireannach.

DEIR RÌGH LOCHLUNN.

- 3 'Co i a Bhratach sìd Iulla dhunaich,
An i sud Bratach Mhic Trein-bhuaghaich,
Chi mi Giulla gasda air a ceann
'S i fein aig togra thair sluagh.'

DEIR FEARRGHUS.

- 4 Cha nì sud ach an Liath-luidhmeach,
Bratach Dhiarmad-odh-duimhne;
'N tra thigeadh an Fheinn uile 'mach,
Ghabhadh an Liath-lui' neach toiseach,
'S gur h è bu shuaichneas don t-srol-bhuighe
Toiseach teachd is deire falbh.
- 5 'Cia i 'Bhratach so Iulla dhunaich,
An i sud Bratach Mhic Trein bhugaich
Chi mi Giulla,' &c.
- 6 Cha nì sud ach an eon chosach (ruadh)
Bratach Rhaoine na mor shluagh;
Bratach leis an sgoiltear cinn
'S le doirtear fuil gu h-abrainibh
- 7 'Co i Bhratach so Iulla ghunaich,
An i sud Bratach,' &c.
- 8 Cha nì sud ach a Bhriachail-bbròchuil,
Bratach Ghuill mhoir mhic Mòrne;
Nach d' thug troigh riabh air a h-ais,
Gu 's 'n do chrith an talamh trom-ghlas.

- 9 'Co i Bhratach so Iulla,' &c.

- 10 Cha nì sud ach an Dubh-nimhe,
Bratach Chaoilte Mhic Reathe;
Air a mbiad 's gu 'm bi sa chath,
Cha bhiodh ionra ach air an Du'-nimhe.
- 11 Co i Bhratach so Iulla ghunaich,
An i sud Bratach Mhic Trein-bhuaghaich.
Is Giulla gasda air a ceann,
'S i lasadh le h-òr aobhinn.
- 12 Cha nì sud ach an sguab-ghabhaidh,
Bratach Oseair chrodha laidir;
Nuair a ruigte cath na clìar,
Cha b' fhuil' 'fiaruidh ach an Sguab-ghabhaidh.
- 13 Ach thog sinn' Deò-ghreine ra crann,
Bratach Fhinn bu teann 'sa chath;
Lom' lan do chlochamh 'n òr,
'S cosnail bu mhor meas is rath
- 14 'S air faisinn dha bratach Fhinn,
'S Shaoileadh e gu 'n thuit a bheinn.'

FEARRGHUS.

- 15 'S dulich dhìnsa na ubheil ann.
Gath-greine Mhic Cutbail ra crann;
Is naoi slabhruidhean aiste sìos,
Do 'n òr bhuighe, gun dall sgiamb,
Agus naoi naoi làn-ghaisgench.
Fu' chleann na h-uile slabhraidh
Aig togruirt air feadh do shluagibh.
Mar chliath treughaidh gu traigh
Thoir an aire dhuit féin,
Biodh gair chatha ga d' iomainn.

RÌGH LOCHLUNN.

- 16 'S brengach do bheul flùil bhinn,
'Trian na ta agamsa do shluagh;
Cha rabh agàibhse sann Eirinn.'
- DEIR FEARRGHUS.
- 17 Ga beag leatsa an Fheinn thearc so,
Ebeir thu d' gheann mu 'n d' thig am feasgar,
Roinne 'n lana glasa no nì thu d' th ainnleas.
- BROSUCHA FHINN.
- 18 'Cromaibh bhur cinn sa chath,
'S deanadh gath Flath mar a gheall.'

- 19 Seachd fichid d' mhaithibh air Feinne,
'S Ailte fein air an tùs,
Thuit sud le laimh Earragain mhor,
M 'an deachnaidh na sloigh an t-lùs,
- 20 D' fhuirich Fionn fada na thosd,
Luigh sproc air 'n Fheinn gu leir;
'Co d'bhionghas dhonn Earragain so ghreis,
No 'n leigeamaid leis air tàir?'
- 21 Sin nuair a labhair Gonn,
An sonn bha docair a chlaoidh,
Leigear mi 's Earragain sa ghreis,
'S gu 'n feachamaid air cleas luigh,
- 22 Mac-luthinn agus Ciaran crom,
Diarmad donn is Mac-an-leigh,
Ga d' dhiona bho bhùilinn an laoidh,
Tog dithis air gach taobh mar sge,
- 23 Seachd fichead agus mìle sonn,
Thuit sud le Garra' is le Gonn;
Dha urrad le Oscar an aoidh,
'S le Caoirreal cora enaidh.
- 24 'S air an ainm a thug tha orm,
Iulla Phadruic nan saim binn;
Gun do thuit leom fein 's le Fionn,
Choi-lion cean ris a chearthar,
- 25 Mur rabh duine ann,
Chuaidh 'mach o bheul airm;
Na theich le maoin do 'n Gbreg,
Do Rìgh Lochlunn no da shluagz,
Cha deachaidh duine d' a thir fein.
- 26 Thuit sinne cor is leth air Fianu,
Air an traigh tha siar fo dheas;
Ach n' an lughainne a ghrìan
Cha mho na air trian a thair as.

H. 15. THE BEST BATTLE THAT THE HEROES
EVER FOUGHT. 248 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 1. Advocates' Library,
November 27, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two Kings came to Fingal, named Aile and Caoilte, to learn his art of war, hunting, &c. The custom of the Heroes was, that they would make a Feast every Thursday in the year. But the first Thursday after they came the Heroes forgot to hold the feast; Aile and Caoilte thought it was for them they delay'd to hold it. In a short time afterwards the Heroes went all to the mountains to hunt, they left Aile and Caoilte at home to take care of their Habitation (since they were strangers, to rest themselves), there came a heavy shower of hail stones, and the Heroes asked of Fingal what he would give to each of them if the shower was gold (to entice him). Fingal said that he would give a great sum to every one of them, because they would love him; but he did not mind to mention Aile and Caoilte. Fingal would place every man of honour at the foremost end of the table, and every man according to his rank would sit there till they would come to the least. They were one day in haste in going away on some Journey, and they did not mind to call them in time, and they sat that day on the Hindmost end of the Table. They thought then that the Heroes had not much regard for them at all. Immediately they swore that they would stay no longer with the Heroes, and that they would not dine with them for a year and a day. They went away then to Denmark, and bound themselves to serve the King for a year and a day, that they would learn his Art of War, Eloquence, &c. When the said time was expired, the Queen fell in love with Aile, they ran away and Caoilte along with them to the Heroes for refuge. The King of Denmark gathered nine Kings with their host along with his own, to revenge himself on Aile and the Heroes, for to gave him refuge. Then the Heroes fought the sorest battle that ever they fought in their life, as you may observe by the following Poem:—

DAN I.

- 1 LATHA bha Pádraig na mhúir,
Cha robh Sailm air iugh ach sgeúl; (ag ol)
'Chuaidh 'e thigh Oisain Mac Fhinn, (Mhic)
'Oir Sann leis bu bhinn a bheúil. (gíoir)
- * Labhair Oisain an so mar gu bu neach eile labhradh.
1 Gluais.

- 2 'Fáilte² dhuita! shean fhir shuairec,
T' ionnsuidh air chuart thainig nu;³
Laoch mhíli' is caoin dearg dreach,
Cha d' eur thu riamh neach mu ní.
- 3 'Sgéul⁴ a b' áill leam fhaghaíl⁵ uait,
Ogha Chutbaill bu chruaidh colg;
An teanntachd 's Moghadh 'n raibh.
'N Cath is teinne chuir an Fhian
O na ghen thu riamh nan lorg.'
- 4 Bhiceamsa lán deatbh dhuit,
Ille Phódraig nan saimh binn,
Mu 'n chath 's teinne chuir na fir,
A na gheinamh fianntídh Fhinn.
- 5 Dearnad fleagha do rinn Fionn
An Albheinn ri linn nan laoch,
Bha cuid do 'n Fhinn fu dhruim dearg,
'S dh' eirich orra fearg is fraoch.
- 6 Dhíoir iad sinne san ór, (ol)
Mac Román nan gloir céin binn
Dubhairt Caoilte is doith leinn,
'S ní mo fhuair sinn mar bu choir
Ionad suidhe mor mbur Fhinn.
- 7 'An eiric a mi-mheas dhuinn,
'S o neach do chum fleagh na Féist,
Bheir mis is tus Ailli' úr,
Freiteach bliadhín re mur na Feinn.'
- 8 'N sin thogadar orra gu triall,
An cloidheamh san sgia' nan luig;
'N diais laoch bu chaoín dearg dreach,
Gu Rígh Lochlan nan srian sliom,
- 9 'S bu Rígh air Lochlan san uair,
Fear a gheibhadh buaidh' sgrach blár;
Fearraghuin mac⁶ aon fhear nan long,
O' Rígh bu mhaith a lann sa lámh.
- 10 Muintearas bliadhna do 'n Rígh,
Thug an diais bu chaoín dearg dreach,
Caoilte Mac Rannaghuin⁷ nan sleagh géud
Agus Aillidh nach d' eur neach.
- 11 Ach Ban Rígh Lochlan nan sgia donn,
Ghabh i gaol trom nach roibh deas;
Air Aillidh greadhnach nan arm dearg,
Gus an d' rinn i cheadh ud leis.
- 12 Ghluais i a leabiadh an Rígh,
B' e sin an gníomh mun dhoirteadh fuil;
'S gu Albheinn aobheach na 'm fiann,
Thogadar an triall thair muir.
- 13 'Mo chomric ort Fhinn nan coín,
Labhair e ghlu cro-dhearg aill;
Nuair tharlas mi 'n eas na toraíochd
Tensairgibh mi sloigh Rígh Pháil.'
- 14 'Gabhann do chomric thair muir,
Roimh aon neach a sheall sa ghréin;
Tra tharlas tu an eas san toir
Gabhidh 'n slogh do dhion fúí 'n sgeith.'
- 15 Thionail Rígh Lochlan a shlugh,
'N cabhlach a bha gu cruaidh deas;
'S e na thionail e mu thuath
Naol Ríghridh san slugh leis,
- 16 Sheól iad an cabhlach gu h-árd,
Gu ríoghachd Eirann bu ghearg ágh;
'S gu h-Albheinn oigheach na 'm fiann,
Thogadar an triall o thráidh.
- 17 Shiuthich iad am Priplean gu luath,
Rígh Lochlan sa shluagh nach raibh tiom,
Air na tillichean a mugh,
Gairid o' n bhruth an raibh Fionn.
- 18 Teachdaireaclid thainig o 'n Rígh;
An sgeúl tim chuir ruinn gu tragh;
No 'n kaodhadh Inseabh phail
Cómhrag fear do mhuintir Fhinn,
Fhaghail air a ghlinn mu thuath.
- 19 Fhreagair Aillidh o 'n cómhrag cruaidh,
'N sgeúl tragh sin thainig an céill;
Ceann aillidh dea' mbac Rígh Luir,
Thuit leis air an dara beim.
- 20 Deich Ceannaird fhlichead d' ar Féinn,
Is Aillidh féin air an tús;
Thuit sud le laimh Fhearraghuin mhóir
Ma 'n deachaidh na sloigh an dlús.
- 21 Thuit nach fhagadh againn teach,
No amhuinn no béim no tulach,
Ach Eirinn na cragan glas,
Nach d' uigte steach aon na loingas.
- 22 Do thairg Fionn dhoibh cumha mhór
Do na sloigh thainig an céill, (ceinn)
'S do Rígh Lochlan nach coilb sean,
Faraon agus a bhean féin.
- 22 Thug sinne dhoibh ingin riogh
P. 89. 'S guirme suil sa 's grille deud
Chuir sinn ga coimheadhad ceud each
As fear ris n' deachadh srian.
- 23 Ach Lochlanaich a bhuidheann bhorb,
Aig mead an colg is an ágh
Cha ghabha iad cumha fúí 'n ghrian,
Gun an Fhian a chuir nan dáil.
- 23 'S ceud marcach air a muin
P. 89. Le 'n carradh sroil on laiste grian
Nuair theirrin 'n sin air 'n t-sraid
Sa a' fbag i no deigh na heich.
- 24⁸ Cha mho ghabhadh Fearraghuin mor,
Aig mead a dhóchas as féin
Duais no bhean air tir no tuinn,
Ach suinn Eirinn bbi fúí mhéin.
- 25 Ach comhairl eile chinn aig Fionn,
'S aig maithaibh Eirinn gu léir,
Inghean Rígh nan⁹ gabhte uath,
A thabhairt dhosan a géill.
- 26 Fhuaradh an sin inghean Rígh, (ur)
Bu ghuirme súil 's bu ghrinne méar,
Bha smuagh a ghuais mar a ghrian
'S b' fhearr gu mor a ciall 's a gné.
- 27 Chuir sinn d' a coimheadhad céud each,
Bho mhaith ris an deachidh sriann;
Is ceud marcaich air a muin,
An culaidh shróil bu lasrach fia.
- 28 'N uair a thurlig iad air an raon,
'S a fbag iad nan deidh na h-eich;
Thug i céum an sin d' a cóir
'S d' a ubhal ór na lámh dheis,
- 29 'Coid do nuaghachds' o phobull Fhinn,
Ainuir ghrinn sa chianh nan cleare,
'S an t' adhbhar mu 'n d' ainig thu féin,
Aithris gu 'n chaird e le gean.'
- 30 'Se mo nuaghachds' o phobull Fhinn
Gu 'n innseam dhuit e gu 'n cháird;
O 'n rinn do bhean ort beairt chlf
'S a dh' imair i e gu cearr.
- 31 Cairdeas is comman re Fionn,
'S gu fuigheadh tu mi na geall;
Anois 's a ris feadh mo láith
'S gach aon séud is ághoir thall.
- 32 Gheibhadh tu sin is céud léug,
Is céud séud an tala saor;
Gheibhadh tu sin is céud scobhag,
Air am bitheadh buaidh gach aon.
- 33 Gheibhadh tu sin is céud crios
'N slios mu 'm bí cha tuit am blár,
Coisgidh iad leum drom is sgríos,
Séud rionnach na 'm bucal léan. (amlay)
- 34 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud cornn,
A ní do 'n bhurnn ghoru am fion,
'S ge b'e dh' olas asta deoch,
Cho bhí dhochartas gu 'n dion.

² Uimplachd.³ Suinn.⁴ Fios.⁵ fhaotain.⁶ Bè athair a bu mho loingas a bha r'a fhaghail san aimsir sin.⁷ Mac Ríogh Connachain.⁸ This 24th Stanza claims as his own composition.⁹ Nan dual arbhúí óir.

- 35 Gheibheadh tu sin is cend mias,
An luchuirt Rìgh an beatha 'n àigh ;
'S a b'è ghleadhas iad re bheò,
Cumidh iad òg an duine ghná,
- 36 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud lórg,
A sgoilteas tónn air mhuinge borb ;
Air an luchdeachadh gu trom,
Leis gach aon mì 's buadhach colg,
From 37 to 53 are not in I.
- 37 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud each,
Cho mhaith ris an deachidh srian,
Is céud marcaich air a muin,
An culaidh shról is lasrach fa ¹⁰
- 38 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud Ghréadh ;
Is lán glinne do chrobb bán
Is mar a gabh thus iad sin,
Thoir leat do bhean 's dean ruinn saimh.
- 39 Cha tobhair mi sibh gu brath,
Do mbaitheadh Eirinn gu léir ;
Gus am fuigheam Fionn fui 'm bhreith,
Is a chreach a thoirt leam féin.
- 40 Cha d' ng thu féin leat do neart,
Choidh na chuireas Fionn fui 'd bhreith,
'No bhuidhneas a chreach dhuit féin,
Ach folbhidh mis 's beannachd leat.'
- 41 'Cho 'n fhollb thusa chiabh nan cleare,
A rìgh bhinn fharast a bheòil bhinn,
Gheibheadh tu gach seud gu saor,
'S ceannghlam thu re 'm thaoibh geal slim.'
- 42 'Cho 'n fhan mise Cheann nan cliar,
O nach traoidh mi d' fhia no d' fhearg.
'S o nach fhuighean féin o d' bhéul,
Sith dh' fhiann Eirann gu 'n chath searblu.'
- 43 Cha tabhair mi sith do dh' Fhionn,
Air son aon ní tha fui 'n gbrein,
O 'n thug e tearmau do 'n fhear,
A mheall nam mo dhea bhuan fein.
- 44 'N sin charich i riu a cúl
'S mharaicich i d' ar cúirt gu dian,
B' iomad sról gu clur a suas,
An ordamb luath chuaidh an Fhian.
- 45 Dh' imich Fionn an sin air thús
Dea mhac Cuthail a ghnuis ghil,
A Chumail Combrag ris an Rìgh,
'N gnìomh sin muu do thuit na fir.
- 46 'S deich fichead air a laimh dheis,
Do shliochd Cuthail nan cleas lúí ;
Agnas naoi fichead fear mòr,
Bu docair a chuir air ceul,
- 47 Dh' fhiosraich an sin flath nan cuach,
Do Mhathheadh sraigh Innsa fail ;
Co dhìongadh Farraguin sa ghreis,
Mu 'n deanadh ar mì leas le tair.'
- 48 Do bha fhreagradh sin aig Goll
Are sonn bu docair a chlaoidh
Leigear ni 's Farraghuin sa ghreis,
'S gu feuchain a chleasaibh lúí,
- 49 Cuimhnich cath feargarra na Féinn
'S Chlanna mornna nan cleas lúí,
Is mac Cuthail nan arm noicht,
Air a threunc chleasaibh lúidh.
- 50 Thor leat seachd fichead fear mòr
Do Chlanna mornna nan cleas lúí,
A dh' fheitheamh air eacoir an fhir,
Cuir Sin air thaoibh cùil.
- 51 Mac Lubhidh is Diarmaid donn,
Oscar crom, is mac an Léig,
A' d' dhion o bhuiilean an Laóich,
Biodh diais air gach taobh do' d' sgè.
- 52 'N sin chuaidh sinn an dàil a chéile,
Slóigh nan deich Rìgh is Suinn Eirann,
'S bu luaithe na greann gath carrich,
Sinn a dol an tús na t-éig' bhail.

¹⁰ Is fearr cruth.

- 53 Bu luaithe no millidh sruthan,
A ruigh an aon slugan o árdaiab ;
Bhiodh a béucaich gu tréun meamnach.
Le toirn Geambraidh o gach fásach.
- 54 Cho bheacadh tréun thonn na tuinne,
'N uair bhuaill iad re chéugaibh ard ;
Le neart na gaoith tuath sau fhaoilach
Cho stuaghda re gaoir an ard eath.

The three following poems belong to some other poem, i.e., *Dearg Mac Drubhail*.

p. 93. DR. YOUNG.

- 55 Oebd laithe duine gun tamh
Sior dheanabh ar air no sloigh
Cean in rìogh Lochlunn no 'n sgiath donn
Se buidhin Goll air a naotaoibh lath
- 55 Ceart choimeas cónhrag nam fear,
Cho 'n thac mi riamb re 'm la :
Ceann Rìgh Lochlan nan sgiá donn,
Bhuidhin Goll air an naoi' anbh trá'.
- 56 Tréunlamh ingheann Bhalcain o 'n Ghréig,
Muime Fhearraghuin gun aon bhréig
'N nair thugadh an Ceann da Dalta
Ri bu' neo' amluaidh a céill,
- 57 Bha Goll ann, 's Oscar an áigh,
Conall 's Coireall a chneas bháin :
Mar bithidh mi 's Fionn nam fleagh,
Gu 'n d' ugdadh i 'n ceann do 'n cheathrar.
- 58 Deich fichead is míle sonn,
Ceith ir fichead is coig míle sonn (5080)
Thuit sud le Garadh 's le Goll ;
Uighir le Oscar an áigh ;
A dha urradh le O-scar an aigh (10160)
'S uighir le Coireall is Sonn,
- 59 Air a bheastadh thugas orm,
Phádraig a ehanas na sailm ;
Gu 'n do thuit leau féin 's le Fionn,
Ceann is uighir ris a cheathrar.
- 60 O 'n dh' eirich a Gbrián moch thrá,
Gus an deachidh i siar an moch ;
Cómhrag aon fhear air an t-sliabh
'S beag nach do thuit iad gu h-ìomlan.
- 61 Mach o mhead sa chuaidh leinn fein,
No theich air a bhéig mu dheas ;
Do Rìgh Lochlan is da Shluabh,
Cho deachadh duine dhun nainn as.
- 62 Ach Iutheaus' air anam mo Rìgh,
Mu' deachidh crìoch air a ghreis ;
Ceathrar is ceart leith nam fiann,
Thuit sin air an t-sliabh mu dheas.

I. 6. FEARGIN.—A POEM.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 1. 204, 64 torn out, = 268 lines. Advocates' Library, April 3, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

In this manuscript about 64 lines are torn out. Marginal notes in various hands bear upon each writer's own share in the Ossianic Controversy. Extracts.

THE ARGUMENT.

ALLY the son of Lear, and Cailte the son of Rangin, (two petty Kings in the South of Scotland) were sent by their Fathers, Lear and Rangin, to Fingal to be disciplined in the arts of War, Hunting, and Poetry, during their minority. Fingal at their arrival happened to be engaged by Clan-Chuigildan, a rebellious Clan who took up arms against the Lawful King of Ireland, in which he became victorious, and came home loaded with plunder, which was distributed among the Fingalians according to their rank. Ally and Cailte expected a share of the Prize, as well as those who fought for it ; they likewise expected that Fingal ought to hold a feast on account of his victory and their arrival, and that they should occupy the foremost seats in the King's Hall. Fingal being not in his own Hall could not observe these rules to which he was accustomed. Ally and Cailte protested against staying any longer under the tuition of Fingal, and set sail for

¹ See the *Ballad of Dun an óir*.

Feargin, King of Denmark, to whom they promised obedience during their popularity, on condition he would treat them as becometh their rank, and discipline them in the sciences above mentioned; to which Feargin consented. Soon after their arrival the Queen of Denmark (Feargin's spouse) fell in love with Ally with whom she fled accompanied with Cailte to Fingal for protection. Feargin raised a powerful army, and all the Kings of Scandinavia with their troops, being nine in number, and sailed for Ireland, assuring themselves of a total defeat of Fingal and overrun his Dominions if he should attempt to protect Ally the delinquent. The outrageous Danes landed, and Fingal sent Ally accompanied with thirty of his bravest men to Feargin to ask his pardon, and offer him his wife back. Feargin kilt the thirty men and Ally leading the van. Fingal equipt his gaudiloquent daughter Semhrosig accompanied with one hundred chosen men on Horse-back, and proposed herself to Feargin in place of his own wife, with great many warlike rewards and provisions, and proclaim peace with her father, which he obstinately refused. At the return of Semhrosig Fingal marched against the Danes, who were totally overturned. Fingal lost in the action upwards of one-half of his army, on which account this battle is reckoned to have been the most severe day the Fingalians ever fought.

The Poem is addressed to the Son of Alpin.

- 5 Rì linn do Mhac Rannghuin oig,
'S do Aillidh an t-ogan treun ;
Teachd, gu mac Chumhail nan sluagh,
Gu Auna nan duan 's nan teud.
- 6 Bha Fionn an cath Dhun-an-oir,
'S Rìogh nan sloigh bu mbor ann gnìomh.
Measg clann-chuileacdan nan cleas,
- 7 Philleadar mo Thriath a b' fhearr clin,
Chum an tuir 's nach duita daimh ;
B' eibhinn aidhearach an Fhianu,
Mar thoim ealtain ian gu traidh.
- 8 Ann Auana do chlann nan laoch :
- 10 An comain an teirbirt dhuinne,
'S nach do chum iad fleagh nan ceud,
Bheir mis' is tus' Aillidh ur,
Freiteach bliadhn' ri mur na Feinn.
- 12 Fearghinn mac aon fhear nan long ;
- 15 'S gu h-Auna aobhach nam Fiann.
- 16 O 'n Mhereir-bhàn sheol na laoch,
Leis a ghaoith air chuantaidh mear ;
Clos cho d' rinn i 'm port air seimh-shruth,
Ach mar ean gu mein nam fear
- 18 Gabham do chomraic thair mair,
Dhea Mhìc Luir nan arman treun ;
- 20 Gu rìogh'ehd Eirinn bu gharg àr ;
Gu h-Auna aigheach nam Fiann,
- 22 Teachdaireachd thainig gu Fionn,
- 25 Ach Eirinn na crogan creachit',
Nach d' thuingte steach ann na loingeas.
- 27 Cho ghabhadh iad cumha fuì 'n ghreinn,
Ach an Fheinn a chur nan dail.
- 23 Cha ghabhadh Fearginn nan ruag,
Cis o 'n t-sluagh air son a mhnà ;
Ach Eirinn o thinnn gu tuinn,
'Sa sunn a chosgairt fuì' phna.

Here the Princess gets a name.

- 29 'S aig Maithibh Eirinn nam peall ;
Seimhrosig nan dual arbhuidh oir,
A thailbhairt dhosan na geall.
- 30 Fhnuaradh a mach Seimhrosig ur,
Bu ghuirme suil 's bu ghrinne mear ;
Bha snuagh a gnais mar a ghrian,
'S b' fhearr gu mor a ciall 'sa gne.
- 31 Chuir sin d'a coimhead ceud each,
A b' fhearr ris an deachaidh srian ;
'S ceud marcaich air pheill oir,
'N eulaidh loinreach bu mor fiadh (miadh)
- 33 Ciod do sgeul o phobull Fhinn,
Anuir bhinn an-reinn-fhuilth thlà ;
'S an t-a' bhar mnu d' thainig gu tuinn,
Airis dhuinn, ma 's leinn do ghradh.

- 34 'Se mo sgenls' o phobull Fhinn,
A laoch nach fionn ann tus a bhlaìr ;
O 'n rinn do bheann ort beairt chli ;
'Sa dh' imir i 'n gnìomh gu cearr.
- 35 Cairdeas is comann ri Fionn.
'S gu fuigheadh tu mi na geall ;
Le run dileas feara-phàile,
'S gach aon send is aghoir thall.
- 36 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud leug,
Is ceud send ann tuaidh nìdh saor ;
Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud seothag
Air an bithidh buaidh gach taobh.
- 40 Le ionnas na tonn a folbh.
- 57 'Ghluais sinn uile le Rìogh-phàile,
Triath nan armann, b' fhearr sau strì ;
Bu chosmhul ri toirm an-flasach,
Sinn a' doll an dail a gnìomh.
- 58 Mar ghaith earaich, no lon sleibhe,
Bha gach trend a' triall nar ceann ;
Mar shruth uisge chluinte 'm beumna,
A' tuiteam far sge' nam beann.
- 59 Mar leachda' tuinne san fhaeilich,
Sruth dian a' maoma nan dàil ;
B' amhail is slachdraich nan laoch so,
A' cosgairt na dh' aom o 'n traidh.
- 61 Treunlamh Mac Bhalcain o' n Ghreig (muline)
Aide Fhearginn 's cho 'n aona bhreug ;
Nuair chunnaig e 'n ceann d' a dhalta,
- 62 Thug e 'n ceann le shleagh do 'n cbeathrar.
- 63 Is le Cairill, an t-armann donn.
- 64 Air an iargain thrunn so th' orm,
A Phadraig nach dean stòilbh a h-eineach ;
- 65 Ona dh' eircadh a ghrian moch,
Dhuinne gun chlos fad tri la ;
Comhrag Rìogh Lochlan nan sluagh,
'Sa chatu chruaidh ann gairte bron.

¹ Pages 7 and 8 are wanting.

M. 8. TEANNTACH MOR NA FEINNE. 236 lines.

- 1 DEARMAD fleadh gu 'n d' rinn Fionn,
San Albhainn 're linn nan laoch,
Air cuid d'an Fheinn shuas Druim-dearg,
Gun d' erich am fearg 's am fraoch.
- 2 Ma dhibhir sibh sinn mu 'n ol,
Thuir Mao Rouain le gloir bhinn,
Bheirims agus Alde ar
Breiteach bla'na re mur Fheinn.
- 3 Thog iad gu sciobalt an triall,
An cloidheamh 's an sciath d'an luing,
An diais fheinnidh, armaidh, fhial,
Gu Rìgh Lochlainn na 'n srian sliom.
- 4 Bu Rìgh air Lochlainn san uair,
Fear a bhuidhneadh buaidh gach blar,
Earragan Mac Aininn nan long,
Gu 'm bu mhaith a lann 's a lamh.
- 5 Muintearas bliana d' an Rìgh,
Tug an diais a b' fhearr dreach,
Moc Rìgh Conchair na 'n sleagh gear,
Agus Ailde nach d' ear neach.
- 6 Thug Bann-ri'nn Lochlainn na 'n sciath donn,
Trom ghaol trom 's cha b' ann gu deas,
Ba ilde greadhnach an fhuilte deirg,
Is dh'fhalbh i an eòig lois.²
- 7 Ghluais i leis a leabai 'n Rìgh,
Sud an gnìomh mu 'n doirtear fuil.
'S a dh' ionnsuidh Flaitheas na 'm Fionn,
Thogadar an triall thair mair.
- 8 Chruinnich Rìgh Lochlainn a shluagh,
Cabhlaich crnaidh a dh'fhas gu deas,
'S e dh'eirich re aon uair
Na naoi Rìghrin 's an sluagh leis.

¹ Almhain.

² Leis.

- 9 Lochlainich a bhuidheann bhorb,
Is ro mhaith colg re dol am fein,
Thug iad am mionna ag triall
Nach pilleadh iad is Fiann uan daidh.
- 10 Thogadar an Albaist ard,
Seach críoch Eirinn nan colg teann,
'S ann Albain leathann na 'm Fiann,
Thugadar an Triath air traidh.
- 11 Shuidhich iad am puible gu tiugh,
Rígh Lochlainn 's a shluagh nach tim,
Air an tulach a bha muigh,
Guairid o 'n bhrughann raibh Fionn.
- 12 Teachdaireachd thainig gu Fionn,
Teachdaireachd chuir rinn gu truaidh,
Combrag dluth d' Fhiannaibh Fheinn,
Fhaotain air na gleinn mu thnath.
- 13 Thairg Fionn doibh cumha mor,
Do na sloigh a thain' ann cein,
Do Rígh Lochlainn nam arm sean,
Far aon is a bhean fein.
- 14 Comhairle chinn aig Fionn
'S aig mairbh na Feinne gu leir,
Nighean rígh na 'n gabhadh nap,
Thoir do Rígh Lochlainn nam arm gear.
- 15 Ach Lochlainnich a bhuidheann bhorb,
Aig feabhas an colg is am mein,
Ní 'm b' ail leo cumha chunnaic grian.
'S an Fhianm fhagail na 'n daidh.
- 16 Ach Mún foghain leasta sin,
Thoir leat do bhean is dean rinn sith.
- EARRAGAN.
- 17 Cha d' thugainn-se sith d' Ailde fein,
Mo mhathaibh na Feinne gu brath,
Ach Fionn fein a chuir fo 'm bhreth
Is a chreach a thoir gu traidh.
- 18 Cha 'tug thusa leat do neart,
Do bhrígh mo bheachd-sa, thair sal,
Na chuireadh dhuit Fionn fo d' bhreth,
No na bheir a chreach gu traidh,
- 19 Fhregair Ailde na 'n combrag cruaidh.
Seul a thainig truaidh dha fein,
Ceann mhic Neimhe 's mhic Lir
Madhar leis an dara beum.
- 20 Seachd fichead do mhaithibh ar Feinne,
Agus Ailde fein air thus,
Thuit sud le linn Earragain mhoir,
Mu 'n deachaidh na sloigh ann dlus.
- 21 'S e labhair Fionn fath na 'n buadh,
'S e 'g amhare air slugh Inse-fail,
Co dheangas Earragan sa ghreis
Mu 'n leigeanaid leis ar tair?
- 22 Do bhi freagradh sud aig Goll,
An sonn bu deacair a chlaoidh,
Deanamsa Earragan sa ghreis,
Leagar eadrinn le 'r cleas-luidh.
- 23 Cuimhnichibh cath feagarra Feinne,
A Chlanna Morna 's mor cli
A Chlanna Baoige na 'n arm deas,
Leigibh ris bhuir dea-ghniomh.
- 24 Beir leat Oissain is Diarmad donn,
Fearr-chuthi crom is Mac an Leigh,
Ga d' dhionadh o bhuillibh an laich,
Cuir diais air gach taobh mar sceith.
- 25 Buin leat cath feagarra na Feinne
Nach d'fhidir ceum a thoir air eul,
Cuir sud air do ghuallain deas,
Do shiol Chumhail nan cleas-luidh.
- 26 Oehl latha dhuinne gun tannh
Sior chuir air ais an t-sloigh,
Ceann Rígh Lochlainn na 'n sciath donn
Bhuighinn Goll an naodhann lo.
- 27 Naoi fichead is míle sonn
Thuit sud le Garaidh 's le Goll,
O na dh' eirich a Ghrian moch
Gus an deachaidh i siar amoch.

- 28 Seachd fichead do chlainnaibh Rígh,
Ga 'm bu dual gaisg' is mor ghniomh.
Thuit sud le Oscar an aigh
Is le Cairioll Corra-chnamb.
- 29 Mún' fear a chuidh as o fhoobar arm,
No 'n combrag le maon do threig,
Do rígh Lochlainn no do shluagh,
Cha deachaidh duine do thair fein.
- 30 Na 'm faigheadh e co'throm na 'n arm,
Earragan Mac Ainnir na 'n arm glas,
'S an Albuidh na 'n abairt, air Triath,
Cha ghlactadh ach an Fhianm as.
- 31 Corr agus leath ar Fiann,
Thuit sud air an t-sliabh mu dheas,
Ach na 'n luadhimid a Ghrian,
Cha mho na ar trian thainig as,
- 32 Ach na 'n luadhimid ar Rígh,
Cha mhaoi is Triath fo bhron,
'S ge d' thainig d' ar mairbh as,
Cha d'rinn sinn ar leas san lo.

NA BRATICHEAN.

MANUS, RÍGH LOCHLAINN.

- 33 Ge d' gheabhadh Rígh Lochlainn sud,
Na bha mhaoin 's do sheuda 'n Eirinn,
Cha philleadh e shluagh air ais,
Gus am biodh Eirinn, uil' air earras.
- OISSAIN.
- 34 Scaoil Fearghus a Bhratach o chrann,
Mar chomhar gu 'n dhiult Rígh Lochlainn cumha,
Ghluais an Fhianm ghalach gu foill
Gus am biodh Eirinn uil' air earras.
- 35 Thainig slugh fairim chairim nan tonn,
Thainig sud 's bu throm an fheachd;
- 36 Suil d' an tug Rígh Lochlainn uaidh,
Chunnaic e Bratach ag tidh'n amach,
Agus gille gasta air a ceann,
Air a lasadh do dh' ór Eireannach.

MANUS.

- 37 Cia i a Bhratachsa Fhili dhuanach;
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaich?
Chi mi gille gasta air a ceann,
Is I fein ag togradh thair³ slughadh.

FEARGHUS.

- 38 Cha 'n i sud ach an Liath-luineach,⁴
Bratach Dhiarmuid o Duibhne,
'X tra thigeadh an Fhianm uil' amach,
Ghabhadh an Liath-luineach toiseach.
- MANUS.
- 39 Cia i a Bhratach-sa fhili dhuanach,
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaich?
Chi mi gille gasta air a ceann,
Is i fein ag togradh thair slughadh.

FEARGHUS.

- 40 Cha 'n i sud ach an Aou-chosach⁵ ruadh,
Bratach Raine na 'm mor shluagh,
Bratach leis an sgoiltear ceinn
'S le 'n doirtear fuil gu aobranuibh.

MANUS.

- 41 Cia i Bhratach-sa Fhili dhuanach,
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaich?
Chi mi gille gasta air a ceann,
Is i fein ag togradh thair slugh.

FEARGHUS.

- 42 Cha 'n i sud ach a Bhríachail Bhrochaill,
Bratach Ghuill mhoir mhic Morna,
Nach d' thug traigh riamh air a h-ais;
Gus 'n do chrith an talamh trom glas,
- 43 Gur h e bu shuaimneas d' an t-srol bhuidhe,
Toiseach teachd is deireadh falbh.

³ Bhar. ⁴ Luidneach.
⁵ Fhionn-chosach.

MANUS.

- 44 Cia i a Bhratach-sa Fhili dhuanaich,
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaich ?
Chì mi gille garta air a ceann,
Is i fean ag togradh thair slughadh.

FEARGHUS.

- 45 Cha 'n i sud ach an Duibh-nimhe,
Bratach Chaoilte Mhic Reatha ;
Air mbeud d' am lùtheadh sa chath,
Cha bhiodh iomradh ach air an Duibh-nimhe.

MANUS.

- 46 Cia i a Bhratach-sa Fhili dhuanaich ?
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaich !
Agus gille gasta air a ceann,
's i lasaradh le h-òr aoibhin.

FEARGHUS.

- 47 Cha 'n i sud ach an sguab-ghabhaidh,
Bratach O-scair chrodhia laidir,
Nuair a rigtheadh cath na 'n cliar
Cha b' fhuia a fìrreach ach an sguab-ghabhaidh.

OISSAIN.

- 48 Thog sinn an Deo-ghreine⁶ re crann,
Bratach Fheinn bu teann sa chath,
Lom-lan do chlochaibh an or
'S cosmhuil gu 'm bu mhòr a (meas) rath.

MANUS.

- 49 Saoilidh mi gu 'n thuit a bheinn.

FEARGHUS.

- 50 Is doilich dhìne na bheil ann,
Gath-greine Mhic Cumhail re crann,
Is maoi slabhradh aiste sìos
Do 'n or bhuighe gun dall-sgiombh ;

- 51 Agus naoi naoi lan ghaisgeach,
Fò cheann na h-uile slabhradh,
Ag togairt air feadh do shluagh,
Mar chliath⁷ traodhadh gu traidh

- 52 Biaidh gair chatha ga d' iomain.

MANUS.

- 53 Brengach do bheil Fhili bheinn,
Trian na ta agam ann so do shluagh
Cha robh riamh agaibh-'s ann Eirinn.
Ge beag leats' an Fhianan thearc-sa,⁸

- 54 Bheir thu do theann leim mu 'n tig am feascar
Roimh lanna glas, no ni thu d' airmheas.

FIONN.

- 55 Cromaidh bhur ceinn sa chath,
'S deanadh gach fath mar gheall.

OISSAIN.

- 56 Bu liona ceann ga mhaoladh,
Ag us gualain ga shnaigheadh,

O eirigh Greine gu feascar.

- 57 Cha deach' o fhaobhar lann gu loingis,
Ach son mhìle do shluagh barr ;
Theich iad mar shruth o bharraidh bheann,
Is sinne san chath ga 'n iomain.

- 58 Bu lionmhor Fiannaich agus sonn,
Agus curaidh bu throm trost ;
Ach samhail d' Oscar mo mhuac-sa
Cha robh aca bbos no thall.

- 59 Seachd cathai do bharr an t-sluagh
Thuit sud le Oscar na 'm buadh,
'S an naonar mac a bh' aig Mauns Ruadh.

- 60 Seachd fìthead agus mìle sonn
Thuit sud eadar Conan is Goll ;
Ach Ma' Cumhail 's a shluagh garg,
Mar chaor theine na 'm mor f'hearg ;

- 61 Le shradagaibh dìana cas,
Bha buille gach laoch ann sa ghreis
Fhad 's a mhair Lochlaunaich ris.

⁶ A Ghile-ghreine.

⁷ Chliabh. ⁸ Earrasuidh-se.

O. 9. TEANNDACHD MHOR NA FEINNE.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 41. 194 lines. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 21, 1872.

This was orally collected near Dunkeld, about 1800. I have carefully collated it with all the older versions which I have. To save space, I print only lines which do not occur elsewhere—20; and 6 with various readings. 168 lines are in other versions, and vary chiefly in orthography and names; e. g. by a very natural change, we get 'Albain' for Mac Nicol's 'Albhidh,' Kennedy's 'Albheim,' Fletcher's 'Alabain,' Kennedy's 'Auna,' Gillies' 'Albhainn.' The place meant clearly is 'Almhuin,' according to Irish orthography, and according to these Scotch reciters. But scribes so write the sound, that modern writers contend for Mac Pherson's geography, and call 'the Hill of Allen,' 'Scotland,' 'Almhuin,' 'Alba.'

TEANNDACHD MHOR NA FEINNE. Extracts.

- 12 Gu Albain bheag ladhaich nam Fiann ;

- 43 De rìgh Lochlain, no de shluagh,
Cha deach duine do 'n tìr fein ;
Dh' fhad sinn coir as leth air Fìnn,
Air an traigh bha siar fo dhèas.

- 44 Ach nan tughainna a' Ghrian,
Cha mhòtha na ar trian thainig as ;

- 45 Ach nan lughamaid ar Rìgh,
Chaidh mnai is Triath fo bhron ;
Ged thainig de' r maithibh as,
Cha d' rinn sinu ar leas san la.

- 46 Tog arsa Fìonn, gu grad,
Tog gu h-arda chu an Laoich ;
Bu neartmhor nu Triath na bhad,
Ged tha e 'n diugh fo bhac an fhraoich.

- 47 'S iomadh suil au Lochlainn fhuair,
Sileadh nuas gu frasach geur ;
Cha 'n fhaic sibh a chaoidh na thaar,
An curridh nis a leag air feur.

- 48 Tha thalla gun chliu gun chlar,
'S dambaich lan broin m' an fhear ;
Ard rìgh Lochlain donn an sar,
Se mi agh thug o thu thar lear.

- 49 Cluinnibh fuaim a Chaoilte ciara,
Dh' fhalbh aighir nan cliar 's nan con ;
Am bheil a thannasg a' sìnbhal gu faladh,
Na thuit an Triath an beann nan lon.

Charles Robertson learn'd this poem from his said grandmother, and also heard it from others many years ago.

S. 5. DIBIR DLIGHE. 84 lines.

(i.e., THE NEGLECT OF RIGHT.)

Copied by Donald Mac Pherson. Advocates' Library, June 1872.

This version contains lines which are not in other manuscripts. There are many slight variations in words, &c., which I have not thought worth notice. The following is the Collector's

ARGUMENT.

FINGAL gives an entertainment to his Heroes, but neglects Alvin and the King of Rona's son. They, taking this as an affront, took their journey to Lochlin. After being some time there the King of Lochlin's wife fell in love with Alvin. Having made an elopement, they return to their native country. In consequence of this rape, the King of Lochlin collects his troops and navy, and invades Scotland, where it is said the Fingalians were at the time. A keen and bloody battle ensued, in which most of the Lochlin fell. Gail encounters the King in person, and, after a long and severe engagement, the latter falls.

- 1 La do Phadric san Tuir
Gun churam air ach 'g ol
An tigh Ossian mhoir mhic Fhinn
Gur ann lunn bu bhinn.

- 2 Fìos bu mhath lium fhoidhean nat
Ogh' Chumhail 's cruaidh colg
'N cath 's cruaidh chuir an Fheinn
Se bha mi fein air a lorg.

- 3 Agams' tha dheagh bhrath dhuit
Phadric sheinnis na sailm bhinn
'N cath is cruaidh chuir na fir
O 'n la Ghinneadh Feinn o' bhinn
- 4 'N Dibir-Dligh do rinn Fionn
San Albh¹ ri linn nan laoch
Air cuid don Fheinn air Druim-dearg²
Dherich orr am fearg 's am fraoch.
- 5 Dhibir iad sinne san ol
Mac Ri Rona bu do-luinn
Agus Elbhinn³ Mac Iavir Rnaigh⁴
Buidhean a dheargadh gu cruaidh rinn.
- 6 Dhimich an dithis ud don' Iar
'S thog iad an triall uainn air muir
Do thir Ri Lochlin nan laong
Gur ann luinn bu trom an cean
- 7 Thug bean Ri Lochlin nan laong
'N troma-ghradh nach robh ro-dheas
Do dh' Elbhinn greadeach nan airm
Riunnis les a cheilg gun fhios.
- 8 Ghluais i e leabidh an Ri
(Sud an gruomh mu 'n dhortar fuil)
Gu h' Albh¹ fhlatlach nam Fiann
Thog iad leo an triall gu muir.
- 9 Gan thog Ri Lochlin nan laong
Fheachd gu trom re chur an geill
Deich Cathan fichid o' Thuath
Don t' sluagh b' fhuair bha fo n' ghreinn.
- 10 Aon Cath deng bha sinn nan dail
Do Fhianaidh Fail bu mhath grunn
Taghadh gach fear a rug bean
San teagheach ghlan an robh Fionn
- 11 Par dh' fhas an Ri lom-lan rached
Thog e a Bhratach re crann
'Shuidhich e a luineas gu tingh
Muigh o 'n bhruth 'n robh Fionn.
- 12 Gach treas claidheamh 's gach treas cu
'S gach treas Luireach ur ui 'n Fheinn
Gach treas maighidin oggem fhear
Thabhart do Ri Lochlin sa bhean fein
- 13 Bhagair Elbhinn comhrag cruaidh'
Sgeul thruagh re chur an leud
Bhuiccas le Iorghil nan lann
A cheann air 'n dara beum
- 14 Deich Ceannaidan fichid do n' ar Feinn
Is ceann Elbhinn fein air thus
Gan thuit le lamh Iorghil mhoir
Mun deach na fir anns an luths'
- 15 Dhoinnich Mac Camhail nan Cuach
Re mathibh sluaigh Inmse Fail
Co choimichas Iorghil re dreis
Mun leigadh sibh leis ar sar
- 16 Gar e fhreagair esan Goll
Sonn bha deacair ri chlaoidh
Mis agus Iorghil re dreis
Leigar eadrin an cleas dluth.
- 17 Beannachd bli ais do bheud
'S minic a labhair thu sgeul mhath
Chuir leat cath a chluaidheamh ebruidh
'S ioma neach a chuaidh led chath.
- 18 Gabh Oscar is Diarmid donn
Carril crom is Mac an Leith
Dod dhedean o' bheuma 'n Laoich
Dithis air gach taobh dhed sge
- 19 Tri la is tri oidhech gun bhiaidh
Bha na firs' an sganinnir dhearg
Ach na bhuiccas le Mac Moirmi nan lann
A cheann air an t' seacida tra.

- 20 Moch neach a dhalbh le moim
No neach a chaidh as don Ghreig
Aon do chuideachd Ri Lochlin
Cha deach dh' atchaidh gu thir fein.
- 21 Fear agus ceart leth nam Fiann
Thuit air an t-slabh fo dheas
Ach ma dhinnis mi mo sgeul gu fìor
Cha deach a bheag 's ar trian as.

A. 16. YMICH OCHTYR. 52 lines.

CATH SEISIR. The Defeat of Carthonn. Tuirbhs re lein tarlach dara. Bardachd Dheireannach Oisein. Carthonn, &c.

ASSUMING that the conquest of Fearagin and nine Northern Kings ends the Norse Wars, and frees the Feinne, their next exploit seems to follow in this ballad. It is rare. Eight Warriors: Oscar, Caoilte, Mac Luath, Fionn, Diarmaid, Oisein, Raodhne, and Caoireal, went forth to war in Italy, France, Spain, and Britain, where they fought and conquered, as Oisein, one of the band, tells Padruig. In Kennedy's version, they are but six. In Kennedy's second version, name, argument, and story, are changed. To this belong fragments of Oisein's Lament. One came to me from Islay, in 1859; the other came from Dr. Mac Lauchlan, with its pedigree, March 31, 1872. This last fragment was printed in the *Inverness Courier*, with a translation and dissertation by 'Nether Lochaber.' The versions here printed explain points which seemed obscure. Whether this be of the time of Charles II., or a poem by Ossian, it certainly is very unlike Mac Pherson's Ossian, and very like other popular ballads. It has the characteristic Celtic imagery, which 'Ossian's Poems' have not. This poet, in Oisein's character, identifies himself with his natural, familiar woodland image of withering solitary age. He is not *like* the last nut in the husk. He is that solitary, withered, relic of past seasons, wavering in the autumn breeze, about to fall; the last of six. These were, Oscar, Caoilte, Oisein, Ruadhne, Goll, and Gorri. The King of Greece, in the 2nd verse, identifies the story, which was the same in all versions. In Kennedy's second version, lines marked * were altered. They suit a new 'Argument.' Where Kennedy's English 'Arguments' are his own his Gaelic Poems remain like others of their kind. When his English improves, his oral ballads yield to Arguments which are not his. The Feinne become Mac Phersonic, *pro tanto*. Something vaguely like part of this story, was in Mac Pherson's English, p. 127, 1762. In the latest editions, vol. I., p. 192, are 371 lines of Gaelic, of which I cannot find one in this ballad. No Gaelic for the end of Carthonn exists, unless it has been found or composed since 1871.

YMICH OCHTYR.

- 1 COYA lwm ymich ochtyr
Chor tocht er my vennyn
Cut da nymich cha chellwm
Gin gur wellwn gi calmi
- 2 Oskir is keilt crowth
Is m'lowith fa moltyr
Finn agis Dermit deadzale
Quogr leytych zar nochtyr
- 3 Misse agis rymith is kerrill
Keyve in norrin gin lochti
Chinninyr er chreith banwe
Gir wea anmyn nochtyr
- 4 Ymich orrin skail darwe
Inni gi calm fane sottill
Daggimur downe vec cowle
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 5 Zawrmir downe re albin
Bi chalmc dwnc a rochtin
Hut reith lay n'kowlle,
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 6 Er zortymir zwle tagsin
Ymich class inta is corkir
Finni a wade gi brow
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 7 Huggymir cath sin neddall
Di fre tegwalle na portev
Rugimur hoye is cowe
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr

¹ Fingal's Hall.² Red or bloody hill.—Mac Donald.³ Alvin, the same with Ailo, in the Battle of Lora.⁴ This is similar in Mac Pherson's Batt'le of Lora.—J. Mac Donald.

- 8 Hugimir caith ni frankgi
O sann di fre gi doggir
Zowimir geulle is cowe
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 9 Hugimir cath ne spane
A tantyn is a tochtyryn
Quhoye r my ray fane doyn
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 10 Hugimir caith brettin
Bi zeglich ay is be doggir
Hoggymir gayle doyn
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 11 Warrimir Crom ni carne
Er fargi is ay er otill
Foyrrymir gi ter owille
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 12 Na rey harnik ni clossich
A phatrik ossil hochmyn
Finni wayde er cowe
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 13 Noewe a maunsyth phadrick
Is hard crawe is sochy
O phakgyth missi id coithr
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr.
Cowin lwm.

H. 16. HOW SIX PERSONS WENT FROM FINGAL TO LIFT TAXES FROM ALL KINGS, OR ELSE TO KEEP WAR WITH HIM. 60 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 31. Advocates' Library, Dec. 1, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—Dec. 4, 1871, Dublin.—As Tradition this story is common in Ireland, but the ballad was not identified by Mr. Hennessy.—J. F. C.

THE ARGUMENT.

THERE went away six persons of the choice and ablest of the Heroes from Fingal to lift tribute on every King; or else to keep war with Fingal; they first went away to the King of England (for Scotland was paying a yearly tribute to him) for to get the down off him, and when they got that, they did not go no further. Observe the Poem.

DAN 5.

- 1 'S BRISTEACH mo chroidhe sa Phádraig,
'S mi tigh 'n air na bha sinn deanainh;
'Nois ged nach maithean Mac Chuthaill,
Leam is cumhain cuid d' a bheasaibh.
- 2 Gu 'n innseam dhubhsa Mhic Alpainn,
Aig bheil beannachadh uile Eirann;
An treabhantas do rinn seisear,
Nach gabhadh eagal no éuradh.
- 3 Ailís sin dhamh Oisian náraich,
A dhea' Mhic Fhinn bu leóir abhachd;
Cíod an treabhantas rinn seisear,
D' ar laoch éibhneach, threaisil áluin.
- 4 Ghluaiseamar o 'n chathair amlaich,
Seisear fear armach do bhuidheann;
A dh' iarruidh freagradh gach tíre,
'S a thogail eís do Mac Chuthaill.
- 5 Do ghluais sinn an tús ar teachd' reachd,
Dhionnsuidh Rígh Sasgan nan géur lann;
Ochóin! bu mheamnach ar 'n aigneadh, theaclad
ro deisainn.
- 6 Teachlaireachd chuir gu Rígh Sasgan,
Do bhri nearta bu chubhaidh;
Géill a thoirt dhúinn air ar 'n eagal,
Air ghea' freagradh do Mhac Chuthaill.
- 7 Do fhreagair dhainne 'n Rígh buadhach,
Do bhri nabhair agus treise;
Nach d' ugadh e géill no freagradh,
Is gu b' ion eagal do 'n t-sheis.
- 8 Do thogamar ris air sleaghan,
'S gu b' ann r' a ádhaidh ar bratach;
Re aithris air ár nan gaisgeach,
Bla a mnáí o 'n fhairsneach gu galach.

- 9 Thogamar leinne d' an uaisle,
Cuig cend gu 'n fhuasgladh do dh' Eirinn;
Sin dhuitsa sgeúl a mhic Alpainn,
Aig bheil Laideann agus Beurla.
- 10 Sin na rinn sin suas do bhraidhdean,
Le tilgail ar saighde calma;
Is na thog sinn d' an uaisle,
Mu 'n d' fhuasgail sinn bann do dh' Albainn.
- 11 Bu diais dhú mise 's Caoilte,
Bu triar dhú Faoghlan fearbhuidh;
B' e 'n ceathramh dhú 'n t-Aogh Mac Rosaich,
'S b' e 'n cuige dhú 'n t-Oscar calma
- 12 B' e 'n Seathamh dhú Milidh áluin,
Nach do chlaón riamh bair re' m chuimhne;
'S a noc gu' r muladach a' ta mí,
Re tím bhí 'g áircamh na búidhne.
- 13 Phill sinn air ar 'n ais do dh' Eirinn,
Sinn mar cheathairn éibhneach shutha;
Agheilleachdain air a bhagar,
Do bhri feartean Fhinn mhic Chuthaill.
- 14 Rainig sinne na seachd Cathain,
Dream nach deachidh riamh air theicheadh.
'S air clor réidh na fola Feinne,
Cho raibh dhúine 'n sin ach seisear.
- 15 B' iad sin fein a chuigeir chruathach,
A dh' fhad gu trom dubhach mise;
Dh' fhad iad urseann mo chleibh snitheach,
Agus crún mo chroidhe bristeach.

I. 11. THE DEFEAT OF CARTHONN. 72 lines.

A POEM.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 26. Advocates' Library, April 4, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE DEFEAT OF CARTHONN.

It is very probable that this Carthon or rather Carthonn, is the usurper Carausias, who had frequently fought and overcame the Caledonians and forced their neighbour Kings and Lords that possessed the south countries of Scotland to pay him a yearly tribute. These oppressed petty Kings sent for Fingal to whom they agreed to pay him an adequate tribute, upon condition he would rid them of the tyranny of Carausias and recall the Tribute, to which Fingal consented, and sent off three hundred men of the flower of his Bands commanded by six of his brave and most valorous champions to reclaim the tribute of Carthon, who at their arrival upon demanding the tribute (or appoint a day to engage Fingal and his army), were furiously attacked by Carthon's Legions, of whom the brave Caledonians took 500 prisoners to Scotland where they were kept under close confinement till Carthon laid down the tribute. This and several other successes helped greatly to establish Fingal's authority over all Scotland, and procured him the love and favour of his neighbouring Kings. The Poem is addressed to the Son of Alpine or St. Patrick.

All this is an afterthought. See above, A. 16. H. 16.—J. F. C.

- 1 'S BRISTEACH mo chroidheasa Phadraic,
'S mi tigh 'n air na bha sinn dearanh;
Noc ge d' nach maitheann Mac Cumhail;
Leam is cumhainn cuid da bheasaibh.
- 2 *Gun insinn duitse Mhic Alpinn,
*Bheireadh claisreachd do dhea' sgeula;
Ann treabhantas do rinn seisear,
Nach gabhadh eagal no éuradh.
- 3 Ailís sin damh Oisein naraich (dhainich)
A dhea' Mhic Fhinn bu leoir abhachd;
Cíod an treabhantas rinn seisear,
*Le 'n laoch bu treise sa ghabhadh,
- 4 Ghluaiseamar o 'n Chathair amlaich,
Seisear fear armach le 'r buidheann;
*A dh' iarruidh freagradh ar Ríghradh,
'S a thogail eís do Mhac Cumhail.
- 5 Ghluaiseamar an tús ar teachd'rachd,
Dh' ionnsuidh Rí' Sasgan nan géur lann;
*Ochóin! bu mheamnach san astar,
*Na laoch a chaisgeadh an t-eug-bhail.

- 6 *Teacdaireachd chuir gu Rìogh Carthonn,
 *Do bhri' eabhach, mar bu eubhaidh;
 Geill a thoirt duinn air ar 'n eagal,
 Air neo-freagradh do Mhac Cùmhaill.
- 7 Do fhreagair dhuinne Rìogh buaghar,
 Do bhri' uabhair agus treise;
 Nach d' thugadh e geill no freagradh.
 Is gu b' ion eagail do 'n t-seisear.
- 8 *Dhoirt iad chugainne na sluaigh,
 *Mar theachd a chuan air rua' rugha,
 *Gu beucach, buidhneach 'n ar co' ail,
 *S nach tuigt' an comhra' san uighe.
- 9 *Mar èitil nan ean ann soinnein,
 *S doinnean a dubhadh an àbharr;
 *Bha toirm nan Treonach, na millidh,
 *Le gathan liobhaidh, gu 'r bearmadh.
- 10 Do thogamar ris ar sleighan,
 'S gu b' ann ri agbaidh ar bratach,
 Ri aithris air àr nan gaisceach,
 Bha mnà' o 'n fhuairnich gu galach.
- 11 *Mar shileadh nam beann air aonach,
 *Bha 'n creuchdan nan laoch a' dortadh;
 *Mar ghaoth charranach Beinn-anna,
 *Bha gàir nam fann ann sa chòmbrag.
- 12 Thugamar leinne da 'n Uaislibh,
 Cuiq ceud gun fhuasgladh do dh' Eirinn;
 Sin duitse sgeul a Mhic Alpainn,
 *Ga 'm biodh Laidinn agus Greigis.
- 13 Sin mar rìnn sinu snas do bhraidean,
 Le tilgeil ar saighdean calna;
 Is na thog sinne da 'n Uaislibh,
 *Ma 'n d' fhuasgail a chis do dh' Albinn.
- 14 Bu diais diu mis' is Caoilte;
 *B' e 'n treasamh dhù Faoian fearr-bhuidh;
 B' e 'n ecathramh dhù 'n t-Aogh Mac Rosaich,
 'S b' e 'n cuigeamh dhù 'n t-Osear calma.
- 15 *B' e 'n seathamh dhù Aogh Mac Dàire,
 Nach do chlaon riamh bair ri 'm chuimhne;
 A noe gur muldach ata mi,
 Ri tim bli 'g aireamh na buidhne.
- 16 *Philleadar air ar 'n ais do dh' Albinn,
 Sinn mar cheathairn armaich, shnbaich;
 A gheilleachdain air a bhagradh,
 Do bhri' feartan Fhinn Mhic Cùmhaill.
- 17 Do rainig sinn na seachd Cathain,
 Dream nach do chuaidh riamh air theichcamh;
 'S air clor rè na folbha Fimhidh,
 *Rainig sinn iad sin nar seisear.
- 18 Gu b' iad sin a chuireag chruthach,
 A dh' fhag gu trom dubhach mise;
 Dh' fhag iad ursann mo chleibh suithich,
 Agus erun mo chroidhe bristeach.

Z. 9. TUIRBHS RE LEIN TARLACH DARA.

Sent by Ion Mac Fergus, Port Weymas, Islay. Ceud Mios Feadharadh 10 ladh. 1859.

SEISEAR bhraithrean sin air sliochd
 Seisear sinn nach d' fhidir lochd;
 Is-cha mhair ean t de 'n seisear gu beachd
 Air an Lìchd ach mise nochd.

This verse is printed in Kennedy's Hymns, page 102, as 'Cùmha nam brathrean,' which Kennedy got from a Craignish man, who could recite more of the Poems of Ossian than any other between the Mull of Kintyre and Highbridge in Lochaber.

X. 5. BARDACHD DHEIREANNACH OISEIN.

36 lines.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh. Edinburgh, January 29, 1872.

- 1 SEISEAR sinne saor o shliochd,
 Seisear nach do smonnach lochd;
 Chaidh fear dhèth 'n t-seisear fo lic,
 'S mor fath mo chlisgidh nochd.

- 2 Cuirgear sinne 'dol air ghleus,
 Sid e thugad rìgh na Gréig;
 On 's dearmad dhuinn a dhol air chuairt,
 Bhuineadh uainne fear an treud.
- 3 Ceathrar sinn a' sealg ré seal,
 De bhuidhinn armaibh nach gabh g'
 Air cho cruaidh 's gear cuirte leinn cath,
 Bhuineadh uainne fan na fir.
- 4 Triùir sinn 'an gnìomhan còr,
 'G aithris thairis air chleas arm;
 Shìubhail a' Ghrian o ear gu iar,
 'S bhuineadh uainn an Triath gun chealg.
- 5 Suidhidh sinn 'nar dithis a muigh,
 Sgaididh sinn fo nar gear;
 Thainig au t-Aog mar bu dlìghe,
 'S bhun e namsa 'n dara fear.
- 6 Mise 'n am ònar 'n an déigh,
 Cha bheatha dhomh ach am bàs;
 Cha d' thainig air thalamh 'nuas,
 Aon neach leis nach cruaidh an càs.
- 7 'S mi 'n aon chnò 'dh' fhàs 's a mhogan,
 Gun chnò eile 'n am fhasgadh;
 'S gearr mo bhogadh gu tuiteam,
 'S a ghaoth' dol fotham gu farsuing.
- 8 'S mi 'n aon chraobh a dh' fhàs 's a chnoc,
 Mar stoc a bhuileas an tonn;
 Cha bheatha dhomh ach am bàs,
 'S maing do 'n fàgair a làmh lom.
- 9 Caoilte, Goll, agus Gorri,
 Agus Oscar, nallach slios-gheal;
 Mise 'us Ruidhne o 'n a mheanbh bheinn,
 Gu-m b'e sid ainn an t-seiseir.

'The above verses have been taken down, by Farquhar Mac Donnell Plockton, from the recitation of an old man, Farquhar Mac Rae, Kintail, who on his deathbed repeated them a day or two before his death.'

'Plockton, Lochalsh, February 1, 1866.'

M. 14. LAOIDH LAOMUINN MHIC AN UAIMH-FHIR. 106 lines.

Gillies, page 302.

I have one other version of this ballad; Gillies gives no hint where he got it before 1786. It is part of the Dialogue between Oisein and Pádraig, with the same actors in it. Laomuin, the Giant's son, would seem to have something to do with the name of Beinn Laomuin (Ben Lomond.) Supposing him to be one of the people conquered in the last ballad, I place him here. The rhythm of this differs from the usual rhythm of these ballads.

- 1 Is cian o sin a Thulach ard,
 Gu facas air do bharr uair
 A bhuigheann nach diultadh roimh neach,
 Ge d' tha thu 'n diu gun teach gun tuar.
- 2 'S ann ortsa bliodh Laomann mor
 Mac Nuagh-fluir ' a chlaio gach treis,
 Fear a chuir Alb fo aon chain,
 Fe spionna dha laimh 's a chleis.
- 3 A cruineachd, a h-airgid 's a h-or,
 A h-iasga geal, a foil 's a fion,
 A leuga logmhor 's a maoin
 Ghabhadh leis an laoch gun fhiach.
- 4 A ris thainig cairioll 's an Fhianh
 Mac Rìgh Alba na 'n sciath 'n oir;
 Cha bu ladhaid thu sud mu d' rath
 A thulach dhaite dhca' ghlan snuagh.
- 5 Bha sinn ann cath nìar thiom,
 Nach do phill re aite cruaidh,
 Gun casbhuidh faobhair no rainn,
 Ge mor a bh'air ar ceinn do shluagh.
- 6 Thainig Diarmad 's Caoilte cruaidh,
 Fo 'n bhraiteach onchdaich arm-ruidh,
 Le 'n eathaibh millteach gun dail
 Bu dearg sochair an iomairaidh.

¹ Cha bhì mi 's an laoch a riar.

- 7 Thainig an ceathramh Cath d' ar Feinn,
Cnraidh bu mhaith feim air tos,
An laoch nach tugadh briathar tais,
Iolunn bras Mac Mornaí moir.
- 8 Naoi mic-fhichead Mornaí moir
Thainig chugainn le 'n sloigh mhear,
Naoi fichead sciath gharag ann goil,
A dheanadh ceud gach aon fhear.
- 9 Thainig chugainn Faolan fiad,
Deich ceud sciath is cloidheamh glas,
Gorsridh do mhaithibh na 'm Fiann,
Gu Dun-laomunn nan ciabh eas.
- 10 Glaisein connachd na 'n tonn
Chocas an cath trom ag teachd,
Fa choinne Feinn flathail Fiann
Gu Dun-laomunn na 'n ciabh eas.
- 11 Thainig chugainn Galdui' mor
Agus Fiannachd Abarneachduinn,
Fa choinne Feinn flathail Fiann,
Gu Dun-laomunn na 'n ciabh eas.
- 12 Thainig chugainn an deis noim
Cath Fheinn Mhic Cumbail Mhic Trennhoir ;
Gu 'm b' i sud an Toire ghradhach
Fionn fein 's a lan teaghlach.
- 13 Thainig an Fhianh ghaolach gu mor,
Leis na glas laoich bu chruaidh neart ;
Sluagh, fothrom is caithreim na 'm Fiann,
Thainig sin, 's bu trom am feachd.
- 14 Bha fear rompa bu caoine ghloir,
Gun easbhuidh sioda na saor-shroil,
Bhiodh air taobh deas an fhir mhoir
An cuiseir gasta an-mor.
- 15 Or gu pailt air na h-earluinn
Air slios an laoich mhoir mheannnich
- 16 Chuige thionaidh an Fhianh
As gach sliabh an ear 's an iar.
Bu lionar sin a bha sinn ann
Lireach agus lann is fear.
- 17 Corr agus naoi mile Bure
Dh' iath sinn iad nu Dhun na 'n dos ;
Raineadh sinn Tulach na 'm blath
Ghabh sinn tur is tamh is foath.
- 18 Chuaidh sinn fo 'n Ghil-ghreine
Seachd catha na gna Fheinne,
Fo 'n chrann chiuil bu mhlath bnaidh,
Foi 'n Reilin daite arm-ruaidh.
- 19 Chunnaic sinn mu 'n cuairt d' an Dun
Comhlaoich re daoradh dluth shleagh,
'S an laoch fuileach air an ceann,
'S cinnteach gu 'm bu sean a bhias.²
- 20 Dh' eirich Laomunn gu deas,
Air teachd oirne greis d' an lo,
'S iomadh lamh agus cos
A thasgadh leis agus ceann.
- 21 'S iomadh sleagh a chorradh leis,
'S lionar cneas sna chuir e lann,
Bu lionar draoiseach 'nar Feinn,
B' aillsidh creachdan fo laimh.
- 22 Dh' eirich Oscar an aignidh mhoir,
A chosgadh 'n fhir bha 'n gar dho ;
Dhosan comhrag chaogad laoch
Niar dh'eitic an saoi sa chileo.
- 23 An t-Oscar mor bras-bhuilteach
Fear a renbadh gach cath,
An tuil mhor gharbh ghashta,
Ur mbacan an ard-flath.
- 24 Mo mhac-sa bhudhaich an cnoc,
Le h-Osarr a thuit an t-aoidh,
'S ioma' reuba bha na chorp,
'S ioma' loit na dheas-thaobh.

² Sean, no teann a mheas.

- 25 Seachd ràthain do 'n Almhain uir
Ga leighcas ann cuir na 'n Gall,
'S cha dubhairt Oscar aich no iòd,
Ge h-ioma cnead a bha ann.
- 26 Is mise Oisain dea' mhac Fheinn,
Is ann rinn gu leigeadh e run ;
An la sin bu mhor mo rath,
Bu mhí an dara cath air thus.
- 27 Beir mo bheannachd uam an nochd,
Beir m' anam bocht gu diam ;
Sornidh uam ad' chuideachd Fheinn ;
Leinn a Thulach ard is cian.

THE STORY OF DEARG.

THE last story was a broken history of a blood feud between Celts and Scandinavians, lasting through several generations, and ending in the 'toughest battle' the Heroes ever fought. This seems to be another story of a blood feud. We are told that Cunnhall, Fionn's father, slew the father of Dearg mac an Deirg. A prose story tells that Oisein's mother was daughter of Dearg, and that she was enchanted, wooed, and won under the form of a deer. In a third story the Feinne go hunting with Dearg. To test his wife, they pretend that he has been slain by a boar. The wife prepares the funeral feast, sings a ballad, and dies. Dearg invades Ireland from Scotland ; some specify Mull as his kingdom. The Feinne, who had gone from Ireland to hunt with Dearg, fight him when he invades their country, and Goll slays him in a ballad. Of this ballad 10 versions are known to me :—1. About 1690 a version was written at Ardechoinail, 267 lines. 2. About 1750 Mac Nicol wrote a version at Lismore, 290 lines. 3, 4. Kennedy wrote two versions, 256 and 256. 5. About 1780 Bishop Young got 36 lines in Scotland somewhere. 6. About 1800 Dr. Irvine got 38 lines about Dunkeld. 7. Mac Donald got 60 lines in the North of Scotland. 8. Mac Callum printed 294 lines in 1813. 9. In 1862 a great many people knew the story, and some few could repeat parts of this ballad. 10. Mac Donald's version, S., I never heard, but I read his version in June 1872.

Fionn next went from Ireland to Scotland to hunt. He fell asleep. Diarag og Mac Righ Deighir, one of the Feinne was with him. A stranger wished to avenge his father on Fionn. Diarag defended Fionn, and was slain. Fionn awoke, lifted the dead warrior, lamented him, and had him buried at Albhi, where the Feinne were buried.

The next bit of the story is well known as a ballad. Conn, the son of Dearg, possibly brother to Diarag óg, came from Scotland to Ireland to avenge his father's death on the Feinne. Goll, who slew the father, also slew the son. The warrior is described as a giant. The Story then concerns four generations : Cunnhall, Fionn, Oisein, Oscar :—Irish at blood feud with—Dreabhal, Dearg, Dearg Mac an Deirg, and Conn Mac an Deirg. Scotch chiefs alternately friends and foes, but with the vendetta always behind. Dearg's wife says (O. 28., verse 2) that she was the daughter of Laomain, the son of Roc. In M. 14. Laomain, the Giant's son, is invaded and overcome. But Roc (p. 63) was the name of the one-eyed, one-legged runner slain by Fionn ;—brother of the Smiths, who were allies of Manus, the Scandinavian foe. So the whole system hangs together. A great many stories are all brought to the same point. Whatever the story may be, it ends about Teamhra, or Albhinn, the seats of the Irish High King and his army. According to tradition, 'The praise of Goll was sung after the slaying of Conn Mac an Deirg.'

Verses (33 to 37. D. Conn Mac an Deirg) indicate another blood feud between the Clanna Baoisgne and Clanna Morna, which began in the days of Cunnhall and ended in the overthrow of the Feinne.

Parts of this series of ballads have been indentified with passages in Mac Pherson's 'Calthon and Colmal,' p. 219, edit. 1762. I cannot see the resemblance. Dr. Smith seems to have composed a poem upon this theme, p. 277. edit. 1780, 'Dargo the Son of Druivel.' The Argument contains part of the Story of Dearg, but the poem itself and the Gaelic equivalent differ entirely from the Gaelic ballads which Dr. Smith's neighbours, Mac Nicol and Kennedy, gathered orally in the same parish and district. Of Conn Mac an Deirg, I have D., 188 lines ; F., 210 ; H., 130 ; I., 176 ; L., 170 ; M., 144 ; O., 159 ; S., 116 ; Z., orally collected by myself, 16, 158 ; 17, 66 ; 19, 139 ; 27, 191 ; 32, 60. In 1871 I heard the ballad sung by peasants in the Highlands. Of this story in verse I have of Dearg's Story, 1513 ; of his son's story,

2,047; in all, 3,560 lines, which I have collated. I print a selection below. Were they fused these would make about 600 lines, but to fuse them would be to lose the variations which seem to bear upon subjects of general interest, namely, Philology and Tradition.

D. 16. DUAN AN DEIRG. 290 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection, Ossianic Ballads. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, February 29, 1872.

A comparison of this version with Kennedy's proves that they had no written original from which to copy. Both wrote from oral recitation in different districts, and their versions vary accordingly.

- 1 GLEIS air cathreim an Fhìr mhoir,
Thainig thugain an ceud nar;
An treun Laoch bhà lan do dh' oil,
B' e 'n Dearg dana Mac Dreithin. (Treithin)
- 2 Thug e a Mhunnin do,
An ceud La aig dol air sail;
Nach faigbhadh e geil air bith;
Aigh aon Fhianaigh air Fheobhas.
- 3 Go Thasg nan Fiann as mor Goil,
Gluasaidh an Dearg Mac Dreithin,
An oir fo Thir nam Fear fionn,
Gu erichibh Iaradh Fear Eirin.
- 4 An Dithist Laoch nach d' flunillin Tuir,
Aig aibhrice a Chuain chobhair bhain;
Bha Raoidhne Rod-gheal Mac Finn,
San Caoil Crogha Mac Cribhinn Righin.
- 5 Tra-shoir an Ti thin thair chuan,
Thuitidir nan Guilibh Suainn,
Gus an do ghaibh Bare an Fhìr Bhoir,
Car air an Traigh dan gear Choibhidh.
- 6 Thug an Laoch fa theintidh Dreich,
Leim thair a crannibh craosach;
'S tharruing e a Bharc air snaigheadh,
Air an Traigh dhil ghaineich.
- 7 Bha Fault Fion-bhni mar or cheard,
Oisean a mhaileathin nach Duigh;
'Sa dha Gheare ghorma nar ghlaimeidh,
'S bu dhealbh-ghnuis do 'n mhillidh.
- 8 Bha dha shleigh ebrann-reibhir chath,
An Laibh Mhic an ard Flath;
'Sgiath oir air a ghualin chliith,
Aig Mac nasal an ard Rìogh.
- 9 Lann nibhe ri liodairt chorp,
Aig an Laoch gun eagal coibhraig;
Neul cuntuidh clocharra corr,
O 'n mhillidh shocharra shuil-ghorm.
- 10 Geil gaisgaidh an Doibhin Toir,
A choissin an Dearg Mac Dreithin;
Air mheid a Thappa air Dheilbhidh,
Air choibhrag ceart air cheudibh.
- 11 Dhuisgidh Raoidhne Rod nior Thiom,
'San Caoil Ceutanach crogha calma;
Glacadar an airm Laoch nan Laibh,
Agus Ruidheadar na choibhdhail.
- 12 Habhair sgeul dhuinn Fhìr mhoir,
Oirn' a ta gaibhrac a Chuainn;
Da Mhac Rìogh le sar phait shinn,
Dion lan aishin na h-Eirin,
- 13 An Toisg fo 'n taine mi nois,
Cho 'n ium aon neach da ain-fhios;
'S mi 'n Dearg Mac Rìogh nam Fear fionn,
'G iarraidh ard Rìoghaehd Eirin.
- 14 Labhair Raoidhne 'n aigne mhir,
Cìod e an Rìoghan Dearg Mac Dreithin;
Freigairt na geil air Tir Fail,
Com am faigheadh tus e Laoich Iumlan.
- 15 Ge maith shibhs' a Dheishe Laoich,
Do bhrìgh Faernaid & Fraoich;
Co bhacca dhim a gabhail,
A glaccadh na hìom ghabhail.
- 16 Nan sloinise dhuitsa na cathan,
A Dheirg Mhic an ard-Flath;
Slionbhar an Teibhra Laoch Lann,
A dh' curidh riutsa da'd choibhrag.
- 17 'S mo Bhriathar ge borb do Raitthin,
Deir an Caoil Ceutanach crogha calma;
Gun rachains do'd dheichuin anois,
A Laoich ud a thainig thairris.
- 18 Air a chaol chrogha bu mhath Dreich,
Leimidh an Dearg gu dasanach;
Le Fraoch mor & le feirg,
'S maing air an do bhnaill an trenn Laoch.
- 19 Dhianaigh an Dearg coibhrag crnaidh,
'S an Caoil crogha le mor naill;
Agus thug iad Torrinn deas teann,
Re sgolta sgiath & chath-bharra.
- 20 Gum iomrappa na Deishe,
Ann san Iurrughail nior thairris;
Gu do cheangladh leis an dearg,
An Caoil crogha san Chrodh-linn.
- 21 Dh' eirich Raodhne Rod-nior thiom,
An deis an Caoil crogha do chriplidh;
Mac Rìogh na Fein gu sar,
Choibhidh an Treun-fhear 'sga chonbhail.
- 22 B' iongantach an cheasibh Goil,
Eattara san air chruaidh Feime,
Gus 'n do cheangladh leis an Dearg,
Raodhne nan Rod 's nan Luath bheummanan.
- 23 'S ro mhaith 'n gnìobh san Cala dhait,
Shinne mar Dithis do cheangal.
Fuaigail an Crioilaidh Laoch Lann,
'S high shine nar dithist ma 'd thiomchil.
- 24 Fuaigaidh an Dearg 's nior threish Fiach
Cuibhreach na Dushe deo Laoch;
'S ghaibhe an Briathar leth far leth,
Nach toga shiad arm na Aoghaidh.
- 25 Ghuasadar an shìu gu Teibhra,
Gu Cormaig a bhoir Theoghlaich;
Mac Driethin nan gear Lann buaghach,
Gu Triath Teabhra nan deagh Luaidhrean.
- 26 Dh' eirigh na Fir shin a Thobhra,
Fir mhora dhìreacha dheallabhach;
'S gu 'm b' iumma Fear dhonn-bhroit-shroil,
An tiomchioll Chormaig an ceud nair.
- 27 Labhair Triath Teabhra gun oir,
Suighibhse Chliar chalma churanta;
'S cha 'n nabhar dhuibh Fearg an Fhìr,
'S na Togaibh airm na aoghaidh.
- 28 Air Eachdaridh na Faiche dho,
Dho Mhac Dreithin nan mor seleo;
Leigas na Roidiu Riaghailteach,
- 29 Bheannuich an Dearg le gloir bhinn,
Do Thriath Teabhra gu aobhuin;
Agus fhreagair am Flath agus Doruinn,
De Chath mhillidh na treun oige.
- 30 Suighidh an Dearg is nuon thiom,
Agus fiarruiche 'd a Rìogh Eirin;
Do bhriogh do Thuruish gu Teabhra,
Innise e Laoich mhoir mheannuich.
- 31 She beachd mo Thuruise dhuit,
Mhic Airt Churanta Chormaig;
Treis do dh' Eirin bu mhaith leom.
Na Fiass bheummanan mu d' Thiomchioll.
- 32 Geil Eirin do tabhairt air muir,
'S maing a dhìarraig i a threun Fhìr;
A Prish cha choissin i gu brach,
A deis a tabhan le aon oglach.
- 33 Mu 'n faighinse nalsa Chormaig,
Flathas uille gun Doruinn;
Coibhrag chuing ceud do chlanuibh crnaidh,
Uaisle Mhic Airt ghrinn churant.

- 34 Chuir Cormaig a cheud calma,
A ehluidheadh an Deirg ga Bhuintir;
Da cheud eille bu ghniobh dho,
Chlaoidh an Dearg san aon Lo.
- 35 Chuir e Teachdarichd gu luath, luath,
Gu Mac Cubhail a mhór shluaidh;
Thainic air an Lamabhairteach,
Mac Cubhail gu mor-dhiallich.
- 36 Le nao míle gaisgeach glan,
Nach pillidh aseail na scainir;
Aillibh oir na cheann gach Fir,
Do shluaidh Fheine a h-Albhuinn.
- 37 Sgiatha Fithidh le 'n Imibh oir,
Le 'n Earraidh sheibhidh saobh-shroil;
'S gheabh slugh Mhic Morna nan creach,
Cuirm is poit an Taigh Teabhradh.
- 38 B' e Iomrapa Mhic Ríogh na Míonn,
Air Tighein a steach ga'r Póbul;
Thug na nao míle cleass Luth,
'S ann ab' aobhar Iomruinn.
- 39 Gun bheannich Fionn gun Dail,
'S fhreagar an Dearg Dreach-bhor dha;
'S dhiar e Cubha gu luath,
Air Mac Cubhail na Coibhrag.
- 40 O 'n La 's math do Laibhsa Fhir,
'She thubhairt Flath Feinn Albhuinn;
Thoirbheirtine Braidin ² dhuit,
A Dheirg air Eggal coibhraig.
- 41 Mas sann thuggamsa thrialfas shith,
A Laoidh le 'r claighin solluist;
Uaisle ceud ullabh Fhinn,
A Mhic Cubhail airm ghrinn.
- 42 Chuir Fionn a cheud calma,
A chlaoidh an Deirg da mhuintir
Air Chonn 's air Dhorn Mac Suail,
'S air Lann Mac Lonain.
- 43 Thuit Connan Mac an Lein,
Agus an Doru da reir;
Thuit le Laibh gun Lochd,
Cend Fear Fuilleach faobhar-nochd.
- 44 Dh' eirigh Faolan le Feirg mhoir,
'S togair a Mheirg shaorridh shroil;
Agnis phrosnuichir a Chip Chatha,
Dol a chosnadh mbic an ard Fhlath.
- 45 Gith Teine gith Cailec cruaidh,
Do bhi dheth 'n Lannibh san uair;
Agus Gith eille do nimbe,
Do bhi do Lannibh na Mhílidh.
- 46 Gun do thaisgeadar an Lannaibh,
Air an Corpadh caobha cneas-ghealla;
'S gun do ghlaic iad cuim a cheile,
An deis an urnaidh do aidhbail.
- 47 Gun do cheanladh leis an Dearg,
Faolan Crogha nan Caoibbruin;
48 A Ghníl Mhic Morna nach míolta,
Gnìobh do mhír Crogha na Calmhuinn;
Caisg dhiom coibhrag an Fhir,
Bheirigh Gaisge a mhór shluaidh.
- 49 'S leat fein slind air tus do Dhala,
Trian Cubhadh & Feudalach;
Deich ceud Uighe do 'n oir fa thri
Gheibha tu naus' ars an Ard Ríogh.
- 50 Gad a Dbraotar le Feine,
Clanna Morna Mhunga bhluighe;
Bheirín fein mo Choibhne dhuit,
A Ríogh na Héirín da d' Fhurtachd.
- 51 Shin mar a ghluasadh Mac Morna,
Na chullaidh Chatha, chruaidh choibhraig;
A chasg Uabhar an Laoch Lain,
'S maig a phrosnuiche na choibh-dhail.
- 52 Shinn mar thogadar an Fhola,
An Dithist mhílidh ro ghlanna;
Le snaidheadh chloggad is sgiath,
Eadar Mac Dreithín is Iullnín.

² Hostages.

- 53 Shin nar thogadar an cleass,
Aig an Dreinnadar am mor cleass;
'S aig 'n do Thost Fir Birin uille
Ri Fiass-bheumanan na h-Irraghaille.
- 54 Sheichd oichin & sheichd Lo,
Far m bu tuirsch Mic is mnaí;
Gus am fac iad Goll Mor,
An nachdar air an Dearg aibhidh.
- 55 Fuair Goll mar a ghealladh leis,
Fo Mhac Cubhail gun aineas;
'S bu bhnuigheach am Flath gun duair,
Do choibhrag Iullain arm-ruaidh.
- 56 La is Bliaghan an Dubhar Ghuille,
An deigh bhi coibhrag an Laoch Lain;
Bha Mac Morna le Fios,
An Taigh Teabhra ga leigheas.
- 57 Mishe Fear is Fili Fhionn,
Air sgath Feine Mhic Cubhail;
Teachd an Trein Fhir air Tuinn,
Trian a ghaigsidh nior dh' Innish.

VARIOUS.

- 58 *Ca bheil h-uille neach dhu shin,
She labhair an Dearg Mac Dreithín
'S gun fiacha midde ra cheila,
Mar Fheichín is mar an fheichín.

H. 17. HOW DEARG WAS KILLED BY GOLL.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 83. 256 lines. Advocates' Library, December 14, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871. Dublin. Not known to Hennessy.—J.F.C.

THE ARGUMENT.

THERE was a king on a part of Scotland called Drea-bhall, or rather Draó-bhoil, means an Inchanter in Battle, who would get victory over any set of people by his evil wisdom, and he had a son named Dearg; for his cheeks was very red and most beautiful to behold. When he came to manhood, and had learnt how to make use of arms, he thought proper to go to Ireland, in expectation that he would gain all that Island to himself, against all the force of the Cormac. But if they would give him a reward for his fear, he would not want no more, but if not, he wants 100 of their best Champions at once to keep com-fight with him. He killed 1,200 of Cormac's best Champions in one day; then he sent for Fingal, who lives at Ahirin (at that time) in the said Kingdom, for to get his aid. Fingal came, and Dearg killed 200 of his best Heroes in one day; then he send Goll to him, and the Duel last six days and a half before he could kill him; and he was a day and a year lying with his wounds before he was cured.

DAN 21.

- GREIS air cathream an fhir mhoir
A thainig oirne cheud oir;
An treun laoch s' e lan do mhear ghoil,
Gu b' e 'n Dearg dana Mac Drea-bhail.
- Thug e freiteach an laoch lán.
Seal mu 'n d' ainig e thair sáil;
Nach pillleadh gu 'n ghéil gu mór-thír,
Do bhri' na Feinn' s Chormaic cómbraig.
- Gu nós na Feinn 's bu gharg a lon,
Dh' imich an Dearg Mac Dreachbail o noir;
O thír na 'm fíor feara tréuna,
Gu críochaibh fíorann Fíann Éirann.
- Air dol do 'n laoch lom a sheáladh,
Seal mu 'n d' nabhair e gu cómbrag;
Do chomharach an Dearg déud gheal,
Air Beinn údain nan slugh aoiabhain.
- Diaís do bha aig an tráidh,
Coimhead a chuain chobhair bháin;
B' iad sin Rígh nan ród mac Fhíun,
'S an Caol-cro mac Ribhinn bhinn.
- Cho do dh' fhair iadsan an euan,
Ach thuit iad nan síoram suan;
Gus an d' ainig Bát an fhir mhoir,
Air an tráidh mbín da 'n ceart chóir.

- 7 Chnaidh an tréun laoch bu mhór neart,
An gathaihb a chaol chrann neo-meat;
Leag e beairteachadh gu téoma,
'S tharruing i gu cithé caolais.
- 8 Dh' imich an Dearg bu mhaith dreach,
Chneasan an sin a steach
'S bha fholt donn bliuáidh mar ór ceard,
Os ceann a chuirp a b' áille dreach.
- 9 Bha da dhearc shuil ghorma ghloin,
Ann an gnúis a mhilidh bhaile;
'S bha dha ghruaidh cho dearg re corcair,
'S cho chaoín re iughar nan enocaihb.
- 10 Bha da shleagh reambar gu sgathbadh,
An laimh mhic Rígh nan ann latha;
'S cloidheamb sínte r'a sblios garbh-gheal,
Gheibha buaidh air sluaigh d' an calmas.
- 11 Bha clogaid do 'n teannu da 'n cheann,
Bu tréun aobhneach, neartmhor cáim;
Is scia' uain air gualain ehlí,
Deadh mhac nasal an árd Rígh.
- 12 Barr áill is gaiscíd an t-shaóghail,
Do choisain an Dearg mac Draobhoil;
A mead an gilead, an aóibheas,
An cómbrag deise 's an ceatfaidh.
- 13 Bha a milidh clocharra córr,
Fuaidh chochalach úr-ar ghorm;
'S bha lann nimbe gu claóidh 's gu leónadh,
Air leis gun eagal cómbraig.
- 14 Ghluais an diais bu mhór ágh,
Na choineadh nach d' fhmlaing táir,
Dhol a dh' thaghail scéula dhe',
Cia e, no cia as a theachd.
- 15 'Ailis scéula dhuinn fhir mhóir,
Oirne iha coimhead an t-slóigh;
'S diais laoch sar mhaith sinn.
Do dh' naise maitheabh fiann Fhinn.'
- 16 'Ma san chugams' thainig bhur treis,
Cho deachaidh aon laoch riamh o 'm ghreis,
'S mi an Dearg mac Rígh nam Fionn,
Thoir Eirinn gu leir o Fhionn.'
- 17 'A Dheirg nan iomadidh sgleó,
'S faoin do bharáil, cia ro mhóir;
Treise do lamb is do chuim,
Gu dean thu re 'r la an túrin.'
- 18 'Mar a fuigbeam fein gu deónach,
Géill air eagal mo gharbh chómhraig;
Gheibh Eirinn Dhanh fein re 'm linn,
A dbainn-deoin Chormaic is Fhinn.'
- 19 'Na 'm feacha' tusa re 'r maitheadh,
A Dheirg mhic Rígh nan ann lathaihb;
'S iomad laoch a gheibht' d' ar scora,
Nach stuatha' tu choidh r'a chómhraig.'
- 20 'C' áit am bheil aon laoch dhú sin,
Se labhair an Dearg le cith;
'S gu feachamaide r' a chéile,
Le fiathach mór 's le h-ann réite.'
- 21 'Air a ghlórsa ge binn aobhneach,
'S e labhair an Caol-ero céatfach,
Gu reachamsa fein gu d' chlaoidh,
O na thainig thu thair tuinn.'
- 22 Chnaidh iad an sin chuig a chéile,
Na fir mhóra bu leór géire;
Choi-sgreaddh gach beann d' an lannaibh,
'S chrithaichadh an blár fú 'n easaibh.
- 23 B' e sin an cómbrag teth teann,
A sgoltadh scia' is chruaidh lann;
Gus 'n do chlaoidheadh leis an Dearg,
An Caol-ero, is a thréun fhearg.
- 24 Chuir e a chaoil gu teann daingann,
Na cuigear fuaidh 'n aona cheangal;
'S cho raibh fannadh air gu cómbrag,
Na 's mo na tréun tuinn re mór ghaóith.
- 25 Dh' eiríh Rígh nan Ród gu szjoblath,
'N deidh an Caol-ero a chriophlath;
Mac Rígh na Féinne gu 'n táir,
'N coimheadh an tréun fir 's na dháil.
- 26 Bhuail iad an sin air a chéile,
Mar bhriseadh tréun tuinn ag eibhaich;
Agus chluinte toirm is gaóirach,
Ac mar shrann ghaóith teach thair aonach.
- 27 B' e sin an cómbrag ro gharq,
A sgoltadh scia' is chruaidh lann;
Gus 'n do chlaoidheadh leis an Dearg,
Rígh nan Ród, is a thréun fhearg.
- 28 Cheangail s' e e gu teann gabhúh,
'S cho raibh sin na throm d' a lamhan;
Oir cheangladh e céud lán armaicht,
Do thréun laoih fhuileachdach chalma.
- 29 'S maith do ghniomh agus do ghabhail,
Sin farao a bhí fuaidh d' cheangal;
Fuasgail air euibbreich a laoih léin,
Is tog sinne farao m'n d' láimh.'
- 30 'O' na tharladh dhuinn fuí' d' mheín,
Deansa iochd oirn le deadh ghné;
'S bheir sinn braithar dhuit gu deónach,
Nach tog airm a' d' aidhaidh 'n cómbrag.'
- 31 Dh' fhuasgail an Dearg bu mhór neart,
Cuibbreach na' deis' bha 'n deadh dreach;
'S cho d' iarr e briathar air neach,
Ach leig e mu sgaoil iad as.
- 32 Ghluais iadsan an dara mháireach,
Gu teach Chormaic na mór abhaechd;
'S mac Dreibhail nan geur lann buadhach,
Gu teach Auna na mor sluaighaibh.
- 33 Rainig iad poball Rígh Auna,
Na fir bha mór díveach calma;
'S b' iomaid neach le dhonn bhrat sróil,
Mu tbeach Chormaic teachd d' ar coir.
- 34 'N sin labhair Cormaic gu 'n oth 'n,
'Suidheadh a chliar chalm san tród;
Na stuathadh re feirg an fhir,
'S na togadh bhur 'n airm dh' a gin.'
- 35 Air suidh do 'n Dearg, 's nior thim,
Sin a dh' fhiosraich ard rígh Eirann;
'Bri' do thuras-sa thair múir,
Imis dhuinne laoih mhóir thrud.'
- 36 'S 'Bri' mo thuras o Albinn,
Ard-rígh Churanta Chormaic;
Géill Eirinn do bhuntain leom,
No fras bhéumanna' gu 'm chom.'
- 37 'Geill Eirinn thabhairt thair múir,
Gi de ge d' iannadh tréun truid;
'S cis nach togar i gu brath,
Air tathach le aon lámh.'
- 38 'Mar a fuigheams' uaisla Chormaic,
Maitheas agus duais gu deonach;
Cómbrag céud do chlanna curidh,
'S áill leam fhaghail gu aon tulaich.'
- 39 'N sin do chuir Cormac céud calma,
A chlaoidh an Deirg a dh' aon aurra;
Thuit an céud sin le roid bhorbsan,
Is céud eile mhuintir Chormaic.
- 40 'N uair chunnaig an Rígh an Dearg,
'Dol air a lutehneas le fearg;
Chuir e teachtaire gu luath,
Gu mac Chuthaill na mor shluaigh.
- 41 Thainig orra 'n dara mháireach,
Fionn Mac Chuthaill na mór dhálach,
Le seachd míle gaisgeach allail,
Nach sgintbadh air ais le sgannail.
- 42 Bha scia' uain' an iomlaig óir,
Air carradh side séud óir;
'S bha sailm mhór mu cheann gach feinnidh,
Air fir Fhinn a h-Albheinn eibhainn.

43 Air teachd gn sa mhagh dhuinne,
'N ar buidheann churanta shuthach ;
Thog an Dearg mac Rìgh nam Fionn,
Pùball mòr gu fulang teann,

44 An sin 'n tra thainig Fionn féin,
Is a phoball d' a dheadh réir ;
Bheannaich e gu binn do 'n Dearg,
Do 'n óg innealta dhou dhearg.

45 Do bheannachda Dheirg áluin,
'S deirge gruaidh na subhan fisaich ;
'S gile bian no canach sleibhe,
No úr shnachd air bharra ghéuge.'

46 ' Fhìr is ághoir neart is naisle,
Raibh mar charraig re h-uchd bualte ;
Innis dhamsa brì' do thurais,
O Albinn nan armaicht curidh.'

47 ' Inneams' sin dhuit Fhinn gu 'n táir,
Is do d' shluagh o Albheinn árd ;
A dh' iarruidh cumha neo cómhrag,
Ortsa mhic Chuthaill a 'm órachd.'

48 ' Air a laimhsa ge maith 'n gabbadh,
Se labhair Fionn nam béum gáidheal ;
Cha toir mise géill dhuit deónach,
A Dheirg air eagal do chómraig.'

49 ' Mar a fuigheams' naitis' Fhinn shuthaich,
Duais mhór air eagal mo luinne ;
Cómhrag ceud do dh' fhearra calma,
'S áil leam thaghail air a bhall so.'

50 ' An sin do chuir Fionn céud calma,
A chlaoidh an Deirg a dh' aon aurra ;
Thuit an ceud sin le roid gháibhidh,
Is céud eile shluagh Rìgh Pháile.'

51 ' N sin 'n uair chunnaig Fionn an Dearg
A dol a' ris air a luthcheas ;
Bhrosnaich e a chip chatha,
Is uaislean 'sa mhór mhaithaibh.

52 Dh' eirich Faoghan an fearg mhor,
Le chraosaich rinn iomad león ;
A dhòl a dhiongail an laoch láin,
'S bu mhaireg a bhrosnaich e na dháil.

53 B' e sin an cómhrag nach b' fháinn,
A sgoltadh sgia' is chruaidh lann ;
Gus 'n do chlaoidheadh leis an Dearg,
Faoghan fuileach ie thréun fhearg.

54 ' A Ghuill mhic Mornna na mor ghniomh,
A churaidh chrodha, 's tréun air dìon ;
Nach coisg thu cómhrag an fhir mhóir,
A lamh a gbaistgidh sa lamh mhór.'

55 ' Gheibh tu suidh' air thús 's gach áit,
Da drian bo is each, is áil ;
Deich céud unca do 'n ór fhior,
Is nas modha o 'n ard Rìgh.

56 ' Ge do thuit le d' chinneach fuileach,
Clanna Mornn' Mungaridh uile ;
Cho dnuil mi mo chonadh dhuit,
A Rìgh Pháil re d' fheum an diu.'

57 Dh' eirich Goll 's nin d' fhuilaing táir,
Na chulaidh éididh iomlan ;
'S na h-airm sheanta do bha 'm bruid,
Thog mac Mornna milidh 'n truid.

58 Bhuail iad an sin ait a chéile,
Gu ernaidh cuidreach, is cho bhreugach ;
Chuaidh 'n leirg air chrith fù' an casaibh,
'S chunaidh teine d' an arma glasa.

59 Bhuailleadh iad gu neartmhor dohbhidh,
Mar dha mhuinte bhiodh re cómhrag ;
Choi' eighadh creagaidh is beanntidh,
Re airm nan curine calma.

60 Se la agus aon tra' déng,
A thug na curine sa lbeum,
Mu 'n do chlaoidh Goll nam béumaibh,
'N Dearg mór a cheart reiginn.

61 'S ole a chuir a ruinn an Dearg,
Dhiol e oirna throm fhearg ;
Thuit leis da cheud do dh' fhir Fhinn,
'S uighr do fhir Chormaic ghriinn.

62 Thuit sin leis an da la,
D' ar fir bu mho neart is ágh ;
Gu 's an do rharbh Goll nam beumaibh
E 'n seachdamh la cheart reiginn.

63 La is bliadhna 'n leabaidh Goll,
An deidh leadairt an laoch luim ;
An tigh teambra' gu 'n fhios,
Bha mac Mornna dá leighas.

64 'S mise Oisain, filidh dubhach,
Bha do ghna' am Fhann Mhic Chuthaill ;
'S mu dh' éug am fear ud air thoisach,
Gu 'r cian re ailis ar dochann.

I. 12. BAS DHEIRG. 256 lines. Extracts.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 31. Advocates' Library, April 5, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

DEARG the son of Dreathal is handed down by tradition in this manner. That he was a petty Lord of an island called Innis-dreithim. That his Father Drathal or Draobail was kilt by Comhal (Fingal's Father) on account of his frequent invasions into Ireland, and his alliance to the Danes. When Darg came to Man's state he sailed with 100 chosen men to Ireland, and protested he would be revenged upon both Cormac (then King of that realm) and Fingal for the death of his Father Dreathal. Upon the first day after his arrival he engaged 200 of Cormac's army, who were all slain. Cormac sent an express for Fingal, who happened to be not far off. Fingal and his army arrived, and two hundred men are sent out to engage Darg's party. In this action both parties are kilt. Some remained now to disturb them, but Darg, who is engaged and kilt after a conflict of six days by Goll the son of Moirne, who lies six of his wounds for a year and a day.

1 GREIS air caithream an fhir mhoir,

A thainig oirn le ceud sloigh ;
An treun laoch bu mhaith sa bhail,
Gu b' e 'n Dearg dana Mac Dreabhail.

3 Gu tir nam fir fheara treuna,
An eriochaibh foireann Fiann Eireann.

4 Air doll do 'n laoch throm a sheoladh,

7 Leag a' suil ar lar a taomaidh,
'S tharuing i an sglithe calais.

8 Bha fholt fionn-bhuidh mar or ceard,

10 Bha da shleagh liobhar gu sgathadh,
Ann laimh Mhic Rìghh nan ann-latha ;
Cloidheamh sinte air shìos a Ghaidheil,
'Gheibheadh buai' air slugh Rìghh Phàile.

11 Bha clogaid do' n tointe mu cheann,
An laoch, cheutaich, neartmhoir, chalm ;

12 Ann comhrag deise sann t-eug-bhail.

13 Is loinn nimh a choisgeadh torachd,
Air a leis gnn eagal comhraig.

19 'S iomad laoch dhinn dhol an torachd,
Nach stuatha tu cho'ch a chomrag.

21 Gu feuchamsa fein an turm,
Ona thainig thu thairm.

22 Thug iad an sin chuige cheile,
Na suinn bu trom ann san t-eug-bhail ;
Choi' eighheadh gach beann d' am beum.
Chreithnich an leirg le fearg nan treun.

24 Ach mar threun tuinn ri h-euchd doilinn.

26 Sheas na suinn ri h-uchd a cheile,
Mar bhriste buinne bha 'm beumaibh ;
Is chluinte torrain nan laoch,
Mar chreag Ulan roi 'n iom-ghaoth.

27 An comhrag sin, bu gharg, teann,

28 Cheangail e 'n sonn air an traidh,
Cha raibh sin na throm da laimh ;
Oir cheangladh e ceud gun armadh,
Do threun laoch fhuiteachdach Chormaic.

30 Noch dhuinn eirich ann dea' ghèné,
'S bheir sinn freitich dhuit gu deonach,
Gur leat ar 'n airm, is ar conabh.

- 34 Na stnathadh ri fearg nam fear,
'S na togadh ur 'n airm gu mear.
- 35 Bri' do thurais-sa d' ar rioghachd,
Innis dhuinne, laoiach, mhor, mhillidh.
- 37 'S cis i choi' ch nach tog u 'n comhrag,
Air a tathach le d' cheud og-laoch.
- 38 Cis is luachmhoir na mo thorachd;
- 42 'S bha sa'l mhor mu cheann gach Feinnidh,
Air fir Fhinn nan arma geura.
- 45 No cathamh cuir air bharr gheuga.
[The introduction of Morven is worth notice.]
- 47 Orta Mhic Cnmhail na mor bhicann.
- 49 Mar a fuigheams' Fhinn na feile,
Duais Mhic Riogh, gun stri, gun eura;
- 55 A thi dh' eiris air thus na seilg;
Gheibh thu drìan do mhaoin gach leirg;
- 56 Ge do thuit le d' chinneach borh,
Clanna Mungairidh nan colbh;
- 58 Bhuail na suinn air druim a cheile,
Gu cruaidh cuidreach, is cho bhrengach;
Chreithnich an leirg 's chlisg no sruagh
Nach d' thigeadh Mac Moirne uath.
- 59 Bha 'n airm liobhara sa bhail,
Mar thein na nial sa mbagh;
Dh' éigh na creagan sgread na glinn,
Da' m beumannaibh druim air dhruim.
- 60 Mun do mbarbh Goll nan geur lann,
- 61 Thuit leis ceithir cheud d'ar slugh,
'S an leith sud air Fionn nam buadh.
- 62 Thuit sud leinn an Dearg mor, mear,
'S na laoiach a thug e air lear;
Trein nam buadh bu chruaidh san toir
'S trugh a thuit san ionairt-sgleo.
- 63 'N tigh Teamhra, gun fhios nan coi' each,
Do bha Mac Moirne ga choimhead.
- 64 Bu denrach, tursach ann Fhiann,
A' caoidh nan treun air an t-sliabh;
Ma thuit an Dearg bu trom docair,
Bu chian ri ailis ar dochann.

S. 8. DUAN DHIARAG, i.e., DIARAG'S POEM. 60 lines.

COLLECTOR'S ARGUMENT.

A KING of the name of McCanno, whose father, it seems, Fingal had slain, comes to revenge his death upon the Fingalians. He finds Fingal asleep on the heath, and Diarag, who was an intimate companion of Fingal's, sitting beside him. Diarag, rather than disturb Fingal, encounters the King in person, and falls in the action. Fingal awoke, found Diarag expiring at his side, and not finding the perpetrator, pours out his lamentations over his lifeless body.

- 1 SÈUL th' agam air Fionn fìor ghlic
'S air Diarag og nan geallamh
'S air macan nan colg dhiomhasach
Thanig anios a tìr Rì Channibh.
- 2 Air Mac Cumbail Mhic treunmhoir
Sud an sgeul tha mi ginne
Thanig e do shealg do Alba
'S ann a Erin urghlan Innsin.
- 3 Geisdaich ri fuaim na srutha
Sri gutha nan Foinn Cheine
San thuit suain nach robh gu h' eatrom
Air Fionn-ghlic ogh Treunmhoir
- 4 Gun luidh sin air Fionn na Feinne
'S e air Tulach fhiorghlas sheamhoir
Gun bhì maille ris don Fheannadh
Ach Diarag og mac Rì Deighir
- 5 Labhrin riut am briathra fionald
Agus dhiunnsin dhut mo sgeul
Ma se Fionn is e na chadal
Na togair 's dhòl do dh' fhenchan.
- 6 Ach air m' ullain fein a Dhiarag
Cha 'n iosaich mis an cenns' duit
Ach an diobhail mi fein m' athair
Air Fionn oir gur flath nam Fionn e.

- 7 'S baobh a ghloir a theiradh tusan
Mhic Ceannibh o' ghleann sleibhe
Bithidh do cheann do'd dhimms fhabh thu
Led ghloir chinn air ro-bheag ceill.
- 8 Sin ghluais fearg an da Ghrugair
Agus thugadh iad gu cheil
'S b' fhaid a chluinte no ghaothil Curra'
Faoh am buillean 's am beuman.
- 9 Tharruing iad sleaghan uimh
Tharruing iad claidheamhan geur
Bha cuirp is enaibhan gan gearradh
'S iad sior chur fo air a cheile.
- 10 Sin dar dhuigs Fionu na sleagha gabhì
'S e 'n lathair nam fear chalmund
Thog e air a dheas laimh Diarag
'S e shinte sin gun amain.
- 11 Ach air m' ullain fein a Dhiarag
Nam dhicean dhomh do theinadh
Truagh nach bu naodh naonar do 'm mhaithibh
Chaidh dhith do 'm ch Chaithibh, t'aitse
- 12 'S e mor an-Eric sin air Diarag
'S labhair ris an slugh kambich
'S a luitadh hoch treun re chathamh
Bh' agads' do shluagh na b' Albhì.
- 13 So an lamh nach dioladh mise
Re m' aois uo' re m' aineol
Ach an d' thanig an fheachd dhubbhach
Thugads' o' thir Channibh.
- 14 Sud am meur bu ghlinn air thendan.
Fo 'n bheul bu ro mbath guth
Sud an lamh a b' fhearr an ionas
Cha ionald riabh san t' sruth.
- 15 Togamid e chlaodh na b' Albhì
Far an t' iolaicir na Fein
Agus beannachd a bhì air t' anam
A dheagh Mhic Alpin Fheile.

M. 11. DEARG MAC DEIRG. 40 lines.

BHA fhios aig an Dearg gu 'n robh mòr ghradh aig a mhaoin dho; ghabh cuid fa laimh a dhearbhadh dho nach robe agradh treibh-dhìreach, agus chum na criche-sin; chuir iad teachdair d'a h-ionnsuidh, le cuid cadach lan fola, a dh' innsadh dh'i gu do mharbhadh an Dearg le Fiacullach. Air cluintin an seel dhubbhach, chum i an dan so, ghabh i air a clairsich e, bhris a cridhe agus chaochail i.

- 1 AN Dearg Mac Deirg gnr mis a bhean;
Air an fhear ni 'n d' fhidir lochd;
Ni 'm bheil saoi nach d'fhuair a leircadh²
'S truaidh ata mi fein an nochd.
- 2 Dearg Mac Cholla³ craobh d' an Tu'r⁴
Leis an seinnte gu cinin cruit;
'S ionmhunn aoidh air nach luidh fearg:
Chlaoidheadh an Dearg leis a mhuic.
- 3 B' ionmhunn t-aghaidh mhin-dearg mhor,
Ba deacair a cloth ann an eath
Sin is cridhe farsuing fial,
'S bu ghile na Ghrian a dhatb.
- 4 Mac Cuinn⁵ a Innis Da-bhi,
B' ionmhunn Rìgh air son ar sealbh;⁶
Giolla gun ghaol bo no eich
Re am creich, ach claidheamh Dearg.
- 5 Ni 'n eiteich e duine mu d' ni,
'S ni 'n d' iarr ni air neach fo 'n Ghrein:
Fear bu mho 's bu ghlaire dealbh:
Cha 'n fhacas ann ach Dearg fein.
- 6 Ni 'n d' iarr tha duine fa sheud,
Ni 'n d' rinn breug 's ni 'n d' fhidir lochd;
'S niar mho dhiult thu comhrag arm
O neach 'gan robh an 'm na chorp.
- 7 'S mi nighean Laomuinn Mhic Roidh,
Dha 'n tric 'na phronnadh or air cheird;⁷
Ge b' iomadh ga m' iarruidh saoi
B' fhear leam bhì 'nam ulmàoig aig Dearg.

¹ Sud am fear nach.² Leir.³ Mac cholla.⁴ An uil.⁵ Print, picture.⁶ Saogh'n.⁷ B' ionmann 's Rìgh ar sealbh.

- 8 Gur mi nighean Athain fheinn
Leis am fiosaichteadh gach dealbh ;
O sgaradh mo cheud fhear uam
Cuirear mi san uaigh le Dearg.
- 9 Sud a sheabhadh 's a dha choin,
Leis an do'lich⁸ cron na sealg ;
An tea leis am b' ionmhuinn an triur
Cuirear i nochd air le Dearg.
- 10 Bha mi ann tigh an rair,⁹
Dia an t-sliabh sin Chnoc na learg,
'S biaidh mi ann au uaigh an nochd
Mu 'n scarar mo chorp re Dearg.

⁸ Le ceard.

⁹ Gorta.

O. 24. DEARG MAC DEIRG. 28 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 116. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

Rannan briste, or Fragments of Poems, from Captain Morrison Greenock, upwards of 80 years. 1801.

- 1 DEARG Mac Deirg gur mise bbean,
Air an fhear cha didir lochd ;
Cha 'n eil saoi nach d' fhuair a leira,
Gur truagh tha mi fein de nochd.
- 2 'S mi nighean Laomain mhic Roc,
Do 'n tric a phronna òr nan ceard ;
Ge b' ioma ga 'm iarraidh saoi,
Gu 'm b' fhearr leam bhi nam mbuaoi aig Dearg.
- 3 Gur mi nighean aithin Fhinn,
Leis am fiosaichteadh gach dealbh ;
O 'n sgaradh mo cheud ghradh nam,
Cuirear mi san uaigh le Dearg.
- 4 Mac Ciunn á Innis Da-bhi,
'S ionmhuinn righ, a sona ur scallb ;
Gille gun ghaol bo no eich,
Ri am creich ach cloidhe dearg.
- 5 'S ionmhuinn t-aghaidh mhin dearg mhor,
Bu deachdair a cloth 'n cath ;
Sin is Cridhe farsuing fial,
Bu ghile na a ghrian a dhath.
- 6 Sud a sheobhadh sa dha choin,
Le 'n deanar mòran cron an sealg ;
Am fear lem b' ionmhuinn an triur,
Cuirear iad san uir le Dearg.
- 7 Bha mi ann an tigh an Raoir,
Air an t-sliabh sin chnoc na leirg ;
Bithidh mi ann an uaigh a nochd,
Mar sgarar mo chorp o Dhearg.

Multum caret.

O. 28. DEARG MAC DRUIDHAN. 11 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 121. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, April 1, 1872.

DEARG MAC DRUIDHAN. (al. DRUGHAN)

- 1 TREIS air chaithean an fhir mhoir,
Thainig an oir fo dhiombuidh (baigh)
An treun fhear as e lan do ghoil,
An Dearg dana Mac Druidhan.
- 2 An oir o thir na fear Fionn,
Gu sith their rann Fiannachd Eirin,

Chuid eile air chall ach an Rann ma Dheiri.

- 3 Seachd oidheche agus seachd la,
Bu tuirseach Mic agus mna ;
Sgathadh chlogaid is cheann,
Edar Goll agus Mac Druidhan.

Got from Mr. Macdonald, of Dalchosnie,
February 26, 1801.

D. 17. CONN MAC AN DEIRG. 188 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Advocates' Library. Copied by D. Mac Pherson, May 3, 1872.

- 1 SGEATA air Conn mac an Deirg
Air a Ionadh le trom Fheirg,
Dol a dhileadh Athar gun Fheall
Air (Chriocheibh ro-mhor) na Herin.
(Uisliht 's air Mhaithibh)
- 2 Airis duinne, Osshain narich,
Mhic Fhein usail so-ghraduigh,
Sgelachd air Chonn fearrda ferroril
An sonn calma ciun ceannail.
- 3 Cia bo mho Conn na 'n Dearg mor,
Osshain na 'n Briathra Binn-bheoil ;
No 'm bionnan dealbh dho is Dreach
'S do 'n Dearg mhor, mhearr, mheanmnach ?
- 4 Bu mho Conn gu mor mor
Tighin an caradh air sloigh
Tarruing a Luinge a Steach
An Cumhang Cuain is Caoil.
- 5 Shuidh e air an Tulich gar coir,
An Fiuidh curanta ro-mhor,
Sgabbhadh e ga Chlesibh gargadh
Siar an am Baileibh na 'n Niarmoil.
- 6 Chaidh e 'n frilinnibh nan Neul,
Os air Cionn an sa ath-mhoid, (or *mhiad*)
Is ni 'm baile neach faoi 'n Ghréin.
No Conn nau Arm facbhar gheur.
- 7 Gruaidh chorcur mar Eughar caoin
Rosg gorm faoi Mbala chorrich, chaoil ;
Falt orcheardail, grinnail, grinn,
Fear mor meannnach, ferroril eibhin.
- 8 Colg nimhe re Liodairt Chorp,
Aig Laoich teug-bhuailteach na mor ole,
Bhiodh a Chlainn re sgadh Sgeidhe
Aig an Laoich ri ath-reite.
- 9 Buaidh sgach Ball an raibh e riabh
Air ghaise air meud a ghniomh,
Ghabh e coibhlan Neart gun Sgios,
Re tabhart Geil a moir chois.
- 10 Go 'n tugainse Briathra ciuteach,
A Phadric, ge nar ri ins' e
Gur ghabh an Fhian Eagal nille,
Nach do ghabh iad riabh roimh aoin Duinne.
- 11 Ri faiesin doibh Conna Choinn
Mar Onna Marha le Toinn,
Agus Falachd an Fhir mhoir,
An coinnibh Athar a dhioladh.
- 12 Se huirt Connan maoil mac Morna,
Leiger huige an ceud uair mi,
'S go 'm buin an Ceann a mach
Do Chonn di-measach, uairheach.
- 13 Marmhasg oirt a Chonnain mhaoil,
Nach sguir thu 'd Lonnna a choidhech,
Cha bhuinte thu 'n Ceann do Chonn,
'S e huirt Osgar na mor-ghlonn.
- 14 Gluasidh Connan le (*mu*) mhi-cheil,
Dhaindeoin na Feine gu leir,
An Coinneabh Choinn bhudhaich bhrais,
Mar Char Tuaghal na Aimeh-leas.
- 15 Nuair chonnaire Conn bu chaoin Dealbh,
Connan a dol an seabh Arm,
Thug e sioca air an Daoi,
'S e teachadh gu luadh do Dh' Albhidh.
- 16 'S iommad Crap is Baile is Meall,
Bha gat a suas air droch Cheann,
Air Ceann Chonnain mhaoil gu reamhar,
'S na coig Caoil san aoin Cheangal.
- 17 Beannachd air an Laimh a reinn sin
'S e labhair Fear na 'n Cruth nuadh,
'S go ma Turis mheir eridh dhuit,
A Chonnain mhi-cheile gun Fhealt.
- 18 'N sin se Comhairle chinn doibh
Deagh Mhac Fhein bu bhinn Gloir
Chuir ghabhail sgeula 'n Fhear dhocair
Gluasidh Feargheas Binn Flocach.

- 19 Gluasidh Feargheas binn, badhach,
Ghice ciallach mor-dhalach
Air Comhairl' Athar mar bu chòir
Ghabhail Sgeul do Chonn ro mhor.
- 20 A Chuin mhor, bhuaidhaich, bhrais,
Fhir slugich, ait, eibhin,
Ghabhail sgeul Thanas o Fhean
Cea Fath do Thuris do D'h erin.
- 21 Insimse sinn duit gu beachd,
Fheargheas, agus buin e leat,
Eirig Mathar bail leum uaibhse,
O Mhaithibh Teaghlaich ar mor naisle.
- 22 Cean Fhein 's dha Mhic mhora,
Ghuill, Ghrìdhe agus Gharadh,
'S cinn Chlann Morna gu Huile
Fheantuin an Eirig aon Duine.
- 23 Na Erin o Hoinn go Toinn,
A gheileachd in do 'm aoin Chuing,
Na combrag coig Ceud dar Finneadh
Fhaotain air Mhadain a Marach.
- 24 Gluasidh Fhearghuis thughain fhein,
A Phadric, ni 'n Canam Breug,
Go 'n do thosd an Fhein uille,
Re chuintin Sgeul an aoin Duinne
- 25 Cia do sgeula o 'n Fhear mhor,
Se raite Fean Flath an stoigh,
Ailis dùine e go propadh
'S na ceil oirn' e a dh' aoin oleaid.
- 26 Se mo sgeula o 'n Fhear mhor,
Gur ail leis Ceud dar sloigh
Fhaotain air Mhadain a Marach,
Gu Combrag na Diòth-mhaileadh.
- 27 Se labhair cuig Ceud dar Finneadh,
Caisgidh sinne a Inath Mhìre ;
Cha robh sud doibh mar a radh
Bhì dul ann san Iomairt bhaite
- 28 Hug e a mach Cloimh an Deirg mhoir
Le conna Catha cheud Uair,
Thug e ruadhar Fhir an Gran
Mar Sheabhaic measg Ealta mhìn-eun.
- 29 Biomad Fear sa Ghair a bhoss,
Iomad Laimh ann is leath-choss,
Iomrad Cloigin ann is Ceann,
Cuirp gun choigleadh air a Bhall.
- 30 Cuig Ceud eile ge 'd bhi ann,
Go 'n tuiteadh iad air aoin Bhall,
Is Conn a caileadh a Sgiadh,
'G iarraidh Comhraic 's go m b' ain-riar.
- 31 Hagh sinn seachd fichid Fear mor,
Do Mhaithibh Teaghlaich ar mor sloigh
Hoir a chinn do mhac an Deirg,
'S dhaitnigh sinn Fear faoi Throm-fheirg.
- 32 Chaidh ar seachd Fichid no dhail,
'S ann ora thanic an Di-mhail,
Thug e ruadhar Fir forthuinn
Bu luadhe e na Roth Gall-mhuillin.
- 33 Thuit ar seachd fichid Fear mor,
Babhar Turse e 's Do-bhroin ;
Go 'n 'd leig an Fhein gair Chruaidh
Re dioghugla a mhoir-shluaidh.
- 34 Fh'ir a chleachd mo chamhair riamh,
Ghoill Mhìc Morna no mor-ghnìomh,
Bu mhian Suile gach 'b aile
'S a Phrionsa Tola na Dìo-mhaladh.
- 35 'S dana leam Conn bagra ort
'S air Clanna Morna gu buille,
Nach buinne thu 'n Cean deth gu fearroll
Mar rein thu ga Athair roimhe.
- 36 Dheanainse sin duitse Fhein,
Fhir na 'n breathra, blath, binn,
Chuir gach Fuadh 's folachd air cuil,
'S go biodhmaid uille dh' aoin Run.
- 37 Gedo mharbhadh thu m' Fhein uille,
Gu diòthugla an aoin Duinne ;
Blùthiu fein 's mo Threuna leat
A Rìogh na Feinc ga d' chabhair.

- 38 Gluasidh Goll na Chulaidh Chruaidh,
Ann an Fianis a mhor-shluagh,
Bu gheal, dearg gnus an Fluir,
Na Hore garg dul an Tus Iorudhail.
- 39 Huidheachd an sin na Cip Chatha
A dhoil a habhairt an ard Iatba,
'S na Airm sheanta a bha 'm Braid,
Thog Mac Morna mileant Iad.
- 40 Nuair chaidh iad an Dail a Cheile,
Cha nacfas riabh an Co-Baoibhail ;
Na Curidhinn bu gharbh Cith,
Chuir iad an Tulch air bhall-Crith.
- 41 Dith Fola do chnaimhibh an Cuirp,
Dith Teinne do 'n Armaibh nochd,
Dith Caice do sgrìabh 'n Aidh,
Dul siar ans ua Hìormaitibh.
- 42 Biomad Gaoir do Theinne ruadh,
Teachd o Fhaobhar an arm Cruadh
Os cionn na Ceanna bheartigh corrich
'S iad a cuimhnic na mor fhalachd.
- 43 An da Churidh bu gharibh Cith
Chuir iad an Tulch air bhall-Crith
Le 'm Deumnibh bu leor meud,
'S bha 'n Fhein uille gun easteachd.
- 44 Seachd Laethe agus aon tra Deug,
Bu tuirsich Michd agus Mnaidh,
Gus 'n do huit le Goll na 'm Beum,
Ann Sonn mor air cheart egin.
- 45 Gair eibhin gun d' reinn an Fhian,
Nach dreinnibh leo roimhe riabh,
Re faicsin doibh Ghoill Mhìc Morna
Nuacair air Chonn Treun-toirich.
- 46 Se tabhairt Chonnain a Sas,
'N diaghaidh Lomnan a nìbì-ghrais.
Naoidh Raidhìn do Gholl an aigh
Da leaghas mun raibh e slan.
- 47 An seachd Fichid sair cuig ceud,
A Phadric, ni 'n Canam Breug,
Gon d' thuit sud le Mac an Deirg,
Is bu chruin air Fein na dheaghaidh.
Crioch.

F. 17. EACHDRAIDH A BHA EADAR PADRUIC
AGUS OISSAIN MO CHONN MAC AN DEIRG.
210 lines.

Fletcher's Collection, page 161. Advocates' Library,
February 9, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—Collated with Mac Nicol's version: this has
many variations, which follow. This evidently is an ill-
written version of a very good oral recitation.

- 2 AIR maitheamh is uaisleabh na Feinne.
- 3 A mhìc Fhinn shuairche shoth ghraich ;
Sgialach air Chonn, fhear fearail ;
- 5 A' toirt a bhàcean a steach,
Air an traigh ghil ghainmheach.
- 6 A dol siar am baileabh nan Iarmailtean.
- 8 Bha folt buidhe mar òr ceairid,
Bhos ceann gealla ghuais a mhileadh.
- 9 An laoch mòr mear muirneach fearail-eibhin
Bha chalg neatha ri leaiduirt chorp ;
Aig loch teagaisg na mòr ole,
- 13 Ach coimhrle a chinn aig Fionn,
Is aig maitheadh na Feinne gu leir ;
Cò rachadh a ghabhail sgeulachd do 'n choltach,
Ach gluaiseadh Fearguth beul dearg binn fhoeh-
dlach.
- 14 Gluaiseadh Fearguth gu ba binn,
Gu glie, suaice sòth ghradhach ;
- 15 Do mhac an Deirg bu gharbh cleachd,
Bheannuich Fearguth gu fior ghlic ;
Is fhreagair Conn è mur ba choir,
Fearguth fìolanta binu a bheoil.

FHREAGAIE CONN.

17 Dh' innsin-sa naicid dhuit Fhearghuth bainse-
leat,

Eiric m' athar a b' aill leam uaibhse,

FEARGHUTH.

18 Ciod an eiric a bhi thu 'g iarraidh air d' athair,

CONN.

19 Ceann Fhinn sa dha mhic mhoir,
Ghuill, Ghruiar, Airteair, Chaoirail, agus Chormig,
Uaislean Chlanna Morna uile fhaoitin an eiric
aon duine.

Na eiric bho thuinn gu tuinn.

20 A gheilichdean do m' an a Chuinn,
Na coig cend bh' uaibhse air mboch mhaduin a
maireach,

Is gu 'n sgarin an Cinn re 'n Corp,
A dhaingeann Fhinn agus Chormig.

THURT FEARGHUTH.

23 Gur e b' aill leis fhaoitean uaibhse,

Air mhoch maduin a maireach,

Deich ceud gar Fiannaibh,

Is gun sgaradh e an Cinn re 'n corp

A dh' aindeoin Fhinn agus Chormig.

24 Is gun buineadh midne an ceann a muidh,
Do chonn dimeasach uaimhreach.

25 Ach air dhuine dol na dhail,

Ni an robh sùd duinn mar a ghrathain;

Thug e ruathar fir am foirrin.

Bu luaithe è na roth galla mhuilinn.

Dol troimh ialt do dh' ianuibh an t-sleibh.

26 Air an fhaiche is e 'g iarraidh comhruig

27 Is d' fhaireach sinne Fionn foidh throm fheirg.

[This is a kind of Chorus repeated.]

28 Chaidh air seachd fichead na dhail,

Is thug è ruathar fir a ghna,

'S iomad fear sa ghair a bhos,

'S iomad lamh a bh' ann is eos,

'S iomad claigean bh' ann is ceann,

Is cuirp gun choigleadh air aon a pheall,

Is urrad eile ged bhiodh iad ann.

Gu 'n tuitfeadh foth aon a cheann,

Is bha Conn a cailecadh a sgiath,

Air an fhaiche g iarraidh comhruig gu lan fhial.

30 Ionnach orst a Chonain mhaoil,
Deich ceud ad leitheabh air traith,
Cha dugadh ceann Chuinn an Iomain.
Ni 'm buinneadh thusach an ceann do Chonn,

31 Do labhair Osgar na mor ghlonn,

Ach ghuaisidh Conan nu mhi cheill;

A dhaingeann na Feinne gu leir,

An comhail Chuinn bhuidheagh bhrais,

32 Mu char tua'll ga ainmleas,

Nuair a chunnaic an Conn bu chaoin cruth,

A teicheadh dhachidh gu b Alabuinn,

'S iomad cuap is faob is meall,

Bha 'g eiridh snas air dhroch ceann,

Air mhaoil Chonain gu dearbh deamhin

Chuir e a choig caoil foidh naon cheanguill

33 'S iomad screud is iolach chruaidh,

Bh' aig Conan am fianns an t-sluaigh;

'S bu luaithe na fuaimne tuinne a teachd,

Is an Fhianm uileadh 'g eisdeachd

34 Gu ma slan do 'n laimb a shin duit,

'S e labhair Fionn nan crodh nuadh;

Gu ma turas gun ghnioimh eiridh leat,

A Chonain mhaoil mhi cheili.

35 A mhiann subhla bhois gach bhain.

Anrd fhlaith na teagmhalach.

37 Cuir fuachd is falachd air cul,

39 An sin nuair a shuidh iad na pruiip-chatha
A dhol a thoirt an aurd latha;
Na h-airm tseandachd a bhachda am braoid,
Gun do thog mac Moirnie melenta iad

40 An sin nuair chaidh Goll na chulaich chruaidh
Na phrop am fianns an t-sluaigh;
Bugheal dearg gnais an fluir,
Na thorc aurd an tus na hiarghuill,

41 An sin air dhoibh dol an dail a cheil,
A d' fhiachuin co a b' fhearr beumnan;
Chuireadh iad di cailecadh d' an sgiabhlibh
Is di teineadh gan armaibh.

42 Di foladh do chneasuibh an cuirp,
Le 'm buileabh baobhail,
Dol siar am bailecabb nan iarmailtean

43 Am folt a falbh le gheath nam beann,
Le sgleo nan cuirridhean co teann;
An da churriddh bu gharbh lith,
Chuir iad an tullach air bhalla chrith.

44 'S iomadh caoir do theineadh ruaibh,
Bha teachd è naimh nan arm faobhar cruaidh.
'S ceann nan ceannabheirtibh corrach,
Is iad a cuimhneacha na mòr fhalachd.

45 Latha agus aon tra deug,
A chum iad combrag is ni 'm breug;
Gun do bhuitin Goll nno beuman,
Ceann a Chuinn mhoir air lòm eigin.

46 Gair gun do leig an Fhianm,
Nach do leig a leithid roimhe riamh;
Air faichdin doibh Goll a crodhadh;
An nachdar air Chonn treun torachd.

47 Bhi fuasgladh Chonain è sas,
An deis lonan a mhi ghrais,
Naothraithean do Gholl an aidh,
Ga leithis mu 'n robh e slan,
Aig òl fionadh a dh' oiche sa la,
Sa stroiche òir le trom a dhaimh.

Crioch.

H. 18. HOW CONN, THE SON OF DEARG, CAME
TO REVENGE HIS FATHER'S DEATH ON THE HEROES.
180 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 92. Advocates' Library,
December 15, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—December 17, 1871. Dublin. Except a general
knowledge of the story, not known to Hennessy.

CONN came to revenge his Father's death on the Heroes,
to Ireland, and he was but a child when his Father was
slain, and killed 1540 of the ablest of the Heroes, in
three day's time, but he was killed by Goll, at the end
of seven days.

DAN 22.

1 SCEULACHD air Chonn mac an Deirg

Air a lionadh le trom fheirg;

A dhol bas athar gu treabhach,

Air fianntidh fearoil 'n h-Eirann.

2 ' Ailis sin dhamb Oisain nàraich,

A shean fhuir shuairce theò-ghrádhach;

Sgéulachd air Chonn fearraidh fearail,

An sonn calma, caomhe, ceanail.'

3 ' Am b' ionann d' a dhealbh is d' a dhreach,

'S do 'n Dearg mhor, thréun, mheamnach mhear;

Na 'n raibh e cho chalm gu león,

Ris an fhear a b' athair dhó.'

4 Bu mhoda Conn na e gu mor,

A teachd am fiadhmais ar sloigh;

A tarraing a luinge caoile,

An cithe cuain agus caolais.

5 Shuidh air an tulaich d' ar coir,

'N fhuaidh churanta ro mhór;

Bha ghruaidh chorcair mar iughar caoin,

Rosg máil agus mala ro chaol.

6 Aigneadh mhór do 'n fhine ghriinn,

Mor, meamnach, fearail, eibhinn;

Bha lanna nimh gu leadairt chorp,

Air slios an loich gun eagal trod.

- 7 C' áit am b' áille laoch fú 'n ghréin,
Na Conn nan arm faodhbhar, géur ;
A leithid cho 'n fhacas riamh,
'G íntbeachd rathaid na mór shliagh.
- 8 Ghabh siun eagal roimhe uile,
Nach do ghabh sinn riamh roimh aon dhuine ;
'S an a chite con-fhathadh Chúinn,
Mar on fhathadh mara re tréun túinn.
- 9 Se chombairle chinn aig Fionn,
'S aig uaisle Eirann nach b' fhann ;
Chuir a dh' fhaghail sgéul 'n fhear dhoerach,
Fearadhas béul dearg, binn fhoclach,
- 10 Ghluais Fearadhas gu binn bádhach
Gu muirneach, meadhach mor aghach ;
Air chombairl' athar mar bu choir,
A dh' fhaghail sgéul do Chonn ro mbór,
- 11 ' Fhir mhoir a thainig d' ar fios,
Do radh Fearadhas fíor ghlic ;
Sgéul a b' áill leam fhaghail uait,
Cíod e fath do theachds' ó chuan.'
- 12 ' Se fath mo theachds-a gu beachd,
Fhearadhais ma 's áill leat ;
Eiric 'm athar a b' áill leamsa,
Do dh' uaisle fian Eirann 's Albann.'
- 13 ' Ceann Ghuill is Ghreathair mac Mornna,
Fhinn agus a dha mhic mhórda ;
Is ceann Chormaic agus Oscair,
'S na bheil sibh beó dh' Fhliann nochdamb.'
- 14 ' Is Eirinn ó thuinn gu tuinn,
Fhaghail dharm fein fú' m aon chuim ;
Sin no cuig céud d' ar fine máireach,
Gu cómhraig dibhragach dana.'
- 15 ' Cho b' ionann sa radh air dóidh,
A Chuinn le d' iomadidh sgleo ;
Nan d' igudh cuig céud d' ar fine,
Choisgeadh iadsan do luath mbire.'
- 16 Phill Fearadhas mo dhea' bhrathair,
A dh' inns' an sgeoil mar a b' ábhaist ;
Do 'n Fhéinn gu soerach foillidh,
Ge b' osgarra tréun a chombradh.
- 17 ' Conn mac an Deirg sud tha 's tráidh,
Ó Albinn nam beanntidh árd ;
Gu marbhadh Gbreathair is Ghuill,
Is Chormaic is Oscair chruinn.'
- 18 ' Fhinn agus a dha mac mór,
Chormaic is ar 'n uile shlóigh,
Sin is Eirinn 'n eiric athar,
No cuig céud fú' íochd an ath-la.'
- 19 Bha 'n Fhéinn uile 'n sin du bhrónach,
Le eagal roimh 'n churidh cómhraig ;
Gu marbhadh e 'n Fhéinn le euthach,
Is sluagh Chormaic fein le luinne.
- 20 ' Dh' fhiosrach Fionn an sin gu 'n sólas,
Co reachadh an dáil an ógain ;
'S gu fuiltheadh e duais gu deónach,
Nan d' igeadh e níos ó chómhraig.'
- 21 ' Se fhreagair e Conan mac Mornn',
Leigear níl chuige chéud óir ;
'S gu d' ugainn dhe 'n ceann gu fearail,
Mar thainig d' a athair cheanag.'
- 22 ' Mallachd dhuitsa Choinain mhaoil,
Cha sguir thu d' Ioman a choidhich ;
D'ich céud a' d' leithid air traidh,
Cho chuireadh ceann Chuinn gu lár.'
- 23 A dh' aingain na Féinne gu léir,
Do ghluais Conan le mhí-chéill,
A dh' ionsuidh Chuinn bhuaidhaich, bhras,
Gu car aimhleis gu luath cas.
- 24 'N uair chunnaig Cónn bu chaoin dealbh,
Conan a dol ar seilbh arm ;
Thug e sítheadh gus an daoi',
'S e teicheadh uait ag caoi'.
- 25 B' iomaid crap, is faob, is meall,
Bha 'g eiridh air a d'broch ceann ;
'S chuir caoil Choinain gu dáingeann,
Na 'n cuigar fuidh 'n aon cheangal.
- 26 B' iomad sgairt aig 's íolach chruaidh,
Re am cruinneachadh a mhór shluaigh ;
Bu labhair no fuaim tuinne, teachd,
An Fhliann uile d' a cisteachd.
- 27 Cuig céud 's cho bu ghniomh dhó,
Chuaidh a chlaoidh Chúinn a cheud ló ;
Chuaidh Conn rompe gu 'n mhéin,
Mar sheobhag roimh caitainn éan,
- 28 Bha Cónn a caileadh a sgiá',
'S e 'g iarraidh cómhrag gu dian ;
Air Féinn Inse pháil is Freoine,
Le misg dhearg catha gu 'n soradh.
- 29 Cuig ceud 's cho bu ghniomh dhó,
Chuaidh a chlaoidh Chúinn an dara ló ;
Chuaidh Cónn rompe gu 'n mhéin,
Mar sheobhag roimh caitainn éan.
- 30 Bha Conn a caileadh a sgiá' moire,
'S e sior iarraidh tuilidh cómhraig ;
Air Mac Chuthaill bu mbaith eólas,
'S gu deanadh e lot is leónadh.
- 31 Cuig ceud 's cho bu ghniomh dhó,
Chuaidh a chlaoidh Chúinn an treas ló ;
Chuaidh Conn rompe gu 'n mhéin,
Mar sheobhag roimh caitainn éan.
- 32 Bha Conn a caileadh a sgiá' móire,
'S e sior iarraidh tuilidh cómhraig ;
Air Fian Eirann agus Albann,
'S gu deanadh gu léir a marbhadh.
- 33 B' iomad ar garraich a bhos,
B' iomad lámh ann is leith chos ;
B' iomad claigeann ann is ceann,
'S cuirp nan caiginn air aon bhall.
- 34 Thug sinn seachd fichead fear mór,
Do mhaithaibh teaghlach ar sloigh ;
A thoir a chinn do mhac an Deirg,
'N uair chunnaig sinn Fionn fú' throm fheirg,
- 35 Thuit ar seachd fichead fear mór,
Adhbhar turs' agus do-bróin ;
Chómbráigdh an fear bu táire,
Céud calma nach b' fháinn an gabhadh.
- 36 Thug Cónn ruathar fir chuthaich,
Bu luaitb' e no galla mhuilinn ;
'S e caileadh a sgiá' le sólas,
A sior iarraidh tuilidh cómhraig.
- 37 ' A Ghuill mhic Mornna na mor ghniomh,
O ! 's tu chleachd ar cabhair riamh ;
Cha 'n ann oirnn tha Cónn a bagradh,
Ach ortsa Ghuill is mó aigneadh.'
- 38 ' Dearbhamsa sin leats Fhinn,
Fhír nam briathraibh bláth binn ;
Cuireamaid fuath agus falachd air cúl,
'S biodhmaid níl' air an aon rúin.'
- 39 'N sin chuaidh Goll na chulaidh chruai,
Ann an fiadhnais a mhór shluaigh ;
Is bu chraobh dhearg gnúis an fhir,
A dol an tús na h-iorgail mhír.
- 40 Na curina bu gharg cith,
Chuireadh iad an tulach air chrith ;
Le 'm beumanna mead air mhead,
'S iad a cuimhneacha' neo' mhéin.
- 41 Le sgreadail an lanna garbha,
R' a chéile le géur neart calma ;
Chuireadh iasg nan cuntaidh stuadhach,
Ann an coilte caole fuáraidh.
- 42 Chuireadh feidh nam beanntidh árd,
Gus na gleanntidh fuaraidh fasaich ;
'S caitach binn fhoclach nan coilteach,
Ann 's na speura le crith oilte.
- 43 Cho 'n fhaca mí riamh re 'm Máithibh,
An leithid an cath no 'n gabhadh ;
Chuireadh dith teine da 'n lanna,
'S dith fola da 'n ceasa geala.

- 44 Seachd oidhchean, is seachd lá,
Gu bu tursach fir is mnáith;
Gus an do chlaoidh Goll nam beumaibh.
An Cóinn mór a cheart reigainn.
- 45 Seachd rúidhean do Gholl an aigh,
D' a leigheas gus an raibh e slán;
Ag eisteachd ceól a dh' oidhch 's do lá,
'S caithreamh óir fuidh throma dhaimh.

I. 14. BAS CHUINN.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 40. 176 lines. Advocates' Library, April 5, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

CON being a Minor when his Father Darg was kilt by Goll, whose death he sincerely regreted, and whose loss time could not efface until he would be revenged upon Fingal and Goll. When CON came to man's state he sailed from Inis-drain, or rather Inis-drethin, with a Band of 500 chosen men, in hopes of a compleat conquest, make himself King of Ireland, overturn Cormac the King and Fingal and his valiant Bands. At his arrival he engaged 500 chosen men, which were all kilt. Upon the day following other 500 men were turn'd out to engage CON and his valiant Band, who were all slain. Upon the third Day other 500 men were turned out by Fingal of the flower of his army to encounter CON, who all fell in the action, which occasioned great lamentations among the Fingalians seeing CON always victorious. CON's army being by this time reduced to 140 men, Fingal upon the fourth day musters his army, and picks up 140 of the best and most experienced warriors out of the Bands of Baisege and Moirne to encounter CON, who all fell in the attack. CON is left alone now without a single man to assist him, and desires to be engaged by Cormac, Fingal or Goll in a single combat. Goll undertook the fight, which continued for seven days with equal courage and ardour. At last the brave and valourous CON fell by the hands of the mighty and tremendous Goll the son of Moirne.

- 2 AILIS sin duinn Oiseinn naraich,
3 Na 'n raibh e co chalm san leirg,
Ri Mac Dreabhail bu trom fheirg.
- 9 Chur a ghabhail seùl do 'n fhear dhoerach,
12 Eiric m' Athar is aill leom,
Neo' fras bheumanna' gnm chom.
- 15 Cho b' ionann sa radh air choir,
18 'S na ghluaisid d' ar sluaigh san toir;
Is Eirinn an eiric an Deirg,
No cuig cend fui' bheum san leirg.
- 19 Bha Cormaic fui' thime throm,
Riogh na Feinne, 's an treun Goll;
Mu phrosnachadh an laoch lain,
Bu docair s' ann iomar-bhaidh.
- 20 Dh' fhiosraich mo Riogh, fath nan cuach,
Do mhaithibh Eirinn nam bhadh;
Co reachadh an dàil nam fear,
Dhiongail an comhraig air lear.
- 21 Mar thainig d' a Athair le Goll.
23 A dh' ionnsuidh Chuinn, bu trom greis,
An tnu 's cha b' ann air a leas.
- 28 A mesg chothann, gun sgath comhraig.
29 Chuai' Conn rompa gun fhia',
Mar sheobhag roi' ealtainn ian.
- 30 Air Mac Cumhail nan arm geur,
'S nan sonn bu docaire beum.
- 32 Air na Fiantaidh gorma ceu'ach,
Na sunn bu docair san t-eug-bhail.
- 36 Thug Conn ruathar fir cuthaich,
'S bu luaithe no ghrian a s'huibhal;
Ag iarraidh comhraig na Feinn,
'S gun duine beo, ach e fein.
- 39 'S bu chraobh, or-dhearg gnus nam fear,
A' dol an tus na h iorgaill mhear.
- 41 Chuireadh feidh nan sleibhidh ard,
Gns na gleanntaibh fuarraidh fas;
'S eanlach binn-fhoelch nam beann,
'S an a'bharr le sgeoidic lann.

- 42 Cho 'n faca mi riamh ri 'm linn,
An leithid ann combrag Fhinn;
Chuireadh dith teine d' an lanna,
'S dith fola d' an cneasibh geala.

M. 12. CONN MAC AN DEIRG. 144 lines.

- 1 AITHRIS dhuinne, Oisain dhanaich,
Mhic Fhinn shuairce sho-ghràdhaich,
Sgheulachd air Chonn feartha fearail,
An sonn calma, caoin, ceanaill.
- 2 Sgeulachd air Chonn mac an Deirg,
Air a lionadh le trom fheirg
Dol a dhìoladh Athar gun fheall
Air uaislibh 's air maithibh na Feinne.
- 3 Cia bu mòr Conn na 'n Dearg mòr,
Oisain nam briathra bin bheoil?
No 'm b' ionann dealbh dha is dreach
'S do 'n Dearg mhòr, mhear, mheannnach?
- OISIAN.
- 4 Bu mòr Conn gu mòr, mòr,
A' teachd an garadh ar slòigh,
A' tarruing a luinge a steach
'An cumhang cuain agus caolais.
- 5 Shuidh e air an tulaich 'gar còir
Am fuidh curanta ro-mhòr,
Mar thràgha mara re treun thuinn,
Aig ro-mheud falchd an t-suinn.
- 6 Chaidh e 'm frithleamaibh nan neul
Os ar cinn san ath-mheud;
Is ghabhadh e d' a chleasaibh gairge
Siar ann am baileibh na h-iarmailte.
- 7 A mhac-samhail cha 'n flacas riamh
Ag imeachd magha mo mòr shliabh;
'S cha b' àillidh neach fo 'n ghréin
Na Conn nan arm faobbar-ghleir.
- 8 Gruaidh choreuir mar iubhar-chaor;
Rosg chorach ghorm fuidh mhala chaoil;
Falt ùr, òr-bhuidh, amlach, grunn,
Air an òg mheannnach, fhearail, aoibhinn.
- 9 Colg nimhe gu liodairt chorp
Aig laoch àghmhor nan trom lot:
Bhiodh a chlaidheamh lùimh r'a sgéith,
Air an laoch re h-aimeh-réit'.
- 10 Buaidh sgach ball an robh e riamh
Air ghaise, air meud a ghionuich;
'S gu 'm b' iomadach laoch a bha gun sgiòs
A' tabhairt da géill agus mòr chis.
- CONAN.
- 11 'Se labhair Conan maol mac Morna,
' Leigear thuinge an cend uair mi,
'S gu 'm buin mi an ceann a mach
Do Chonn di-measach uaibhreac.'
- OSCAR.
- 12 'Marbhaig ort, a Chonain mhaoil,
Nach sguir thu d' lonan a chaoich?
Cha bhùineadh tu 'n ceann do Chonn,
Do ràdh Osear nam mòr ghlonn.
- 13 Gluaisidh Conan na mi-chéill
A dh' aindeoin na Féinne gu léir
An coimeamh Chuinn bhuaidhaich bbrais
Mu char tuathal aimeh-leas.
- 14 'Nuair a chunnaic an Conn bu chaoin dealbh.
Conan dol 'an seallbaidh arm,
Rug e le sìchd air an daoidh
'Se teicheadh gu Inath naith.
- 15 B' iomad sgrèid is iolach chruaidh
O bheul Chonain nam diom-bhuadh:
Chaidh air Conan maol gu deimhin
Na cùig caoil fuidh 'n aon cheangal.
- 16 'Beannaich aig an lámh rinn sin,
'Se labhair Fionn a' chruth ghil.
Is sheall iad an sin air a chéile
Mòran do mhaithibh na Féinne.

17 Gur i chomhairle chinn doibh
Sàr mhac Fhinn bu claoine glòir
Chur a ghabhail sgeul do 'n fhear dhocrach :
Ghuaisidh Fearguth binn-fhoclach.

FEARGUTH.

18 'A Chuin mhòir, bhoadbaich, bhrais,
Fhìr shùgaich, ait, aobhinn,
A ghabhail sgeula thàinig mi.
Cìod é fàth do thuruis do 'n tìr ?

CONN.

19 'Innseama mo sgeul dhuitse,
Fearguth, agus buin leat e.
Eiric m' athar b' àill leam naibhse,
O 'r màithibh is o 'r mòr naislibh.

20 'Ceann Ghuill 'sa dhà mhic mhòir,
Ceann Fhinn flath an t-slòigh ;
Cinn chlàna Mòrna uile
Fhaotainn 'an Èiric aon duine :

21 'An tìr uile o thuinn gu tuinn
A ghéilleachduinn do m' aon chuing ;
No còmbrag cùig ceud d' ar fineadh,
Fhaotainn air madainn am màireach.'

22 An sin labhair cùig ceud d'ar fineadh,
'Caisgidh sinne a luath mhìreadh.'
Cha robh sud doibh mar a ràdh
Re dol anns an iomarbhaidh.

23 Thug e mach claidheamh 'n Deirg mhòir
Le confhadh catha sa' cheud nair.
Thug e ruathar fìr fortuinn,
Mar sheobhag measg calta mhìn eun.

24 B' iomad cruth a chaochail greann,
Is cuirp ath-chumta le cradh-as lann :
Iomad làmh ann is leth chos,
Iomad cloigeann thall 'sa bhos.

25 Cùig ceud eile ged' bhiodh ann
Gu 'n tuiteadh sin air aon bhall ;
Is Conn a' calcedh a sgiath,
Ag iarraidh còmhraig, 's gu 'm b' an-iar.

26 Thogh sinn seachd fichead fear mòr
Do mhaithibh theaghlach ar mòr shlòigh
A thoirt a' chinn do mhac an Deirg ;
Is dh' aithnich sinn Feann fuidh throm fheirg.

27 Chaidh ar seachd fichead 'na dhàil ;
'S ann orra thàinig an diobhail ;
A' dol 'an cumasgadh na buidhinn
Ba luaithe e na roth Gall-mhuilinn.

28 Thuit ar seachd fichead fear mòr ;
B' aobhar tuirs' e is do-bròin ;
Gu 'n do leig an Fhianng gair chruaidh
Re dìothachadh a' mhòr shluaigh.

FIONN.

29 'A Ghuill mhic Mòrna nam mòr ghnìomh,
Fhìr a chleachd ar cobhair riamh,
A mhiann sùile gach baile,
A laoch làidir na teughnaile,

30 'Is d'ána leam Conn a bhagradh ort,
Is air clanna Mòrna nìle,
Nach buineadh tu 'n ceann dheth gu fearail
Mar a rinn thu dheth athair roimhe.'

GOLL.

31 'Dheanainne sin dhuitse, Fhinn,
Fhìr nam briathra blàtha binn.
Cuireamaid fuath is falachd air cùl,
Biomaid uile dh' aon rùn.

32 'Ged' mharbhata an Fhianng nìle
Gu dìothachadh an aon duine,
Blàthinn féin 's mo threuna leat,
A rìgh na Fòinne, 'gad chobhair.'

33 Ghuaisidh Goll 'na chluaidh chruzaidh
Ann am fiamais a' mhòr shluaigh.
Bu gheal is dearg grèis an fhir
Re dol 'an tùs na h-iorghuile.

34 Dh' èirich frith, is fearg, is fraoch
Air dà mhalaich an dà mhòr laoch.
An dà chruaidh bu mhòr eith,
Chuir iad an tulach air bhall-ehrith.

35 Aon là deug agus tràth
Gu 'm bu tuirseach mic is mnàì,
Gus 'na thuit le Goll nam beumannan
An sonn mòr air cheart éigin.

36 Gàir aoibhinn gu 'n d'rinn an Fhianng
Nach d' rinneadh leo roimhe riamh
Re faicinn Ghuill chròdh 'n nachdar
Air Chonn meanmnach, mór, uaibhreach.

O. 7. CONN MAC AN DEIRG. 159 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 29. Copied by Malcolm Mac-phail, Edinburgh, March 20, 1872.

This version collated with Gillies proves that the book had not affected oral tradition in the Eastern Highlands ; compared with the Western versions, it is easy to see how a popular ballad changes. All that is in Gillies is in the older versions ; but in the East there is a tendency towards the Caledonian Fingalian theory, which changes words. In the same district Mac Pherson took no notice of this traditional ballad. Not a line of it is in his Gaelic.

1 SGEULACHD air Conn Mac an Deirg,

Lionnta le mor throm fheirg
Teachd dhioladh bas athar gun fheall,
Air naislibh 's màithibh na Feinne.

2 An sgeul sin raiug Fionn,
An Faimal nan creugan Ard ;
Sheall nu 'n cuairt air arminn ghreadhnach,
Ghreas gach laoch gu bhail chath sgith.

3 Co dhiu' is mo Conn n' an Dearg Mor,
'S e labhair Oseair nam binn ghloir ?
No 'm b'ionann Dealbh agus Dreach,
Do Chonn Mor mear meannach ?

4 Chunnacas Conn thar stendaibh glasa,
A' tarraing a luinge a steach,
Ann Carrais Cuain nan caolas.

5 Shuidh air an Tulaich 'nair coir,
Am Fiui Curranda, dian, mor,
Gabbail do chleasa gu garg,
Ann am barca nan iar-mallean (thaca na h-ear-mailt)

6 Bha lann mibe a liodairt chorp,
Aig a Chonn thengbhalach na mor ole ;
Ealtuinn cheardail ghlan ghrinn,
Air an fhear mhor, mbear, mheannnach,
A 's e gu ferrail suilbeair eibhinn,
A mhac samhail cha 'n fheacas riamh,
A' siubhal sratha, no mor shiabh.

7 Gruaidh chorcara mar Iudhar caoin,
Rosg ghorm fo mhala chaoil ;
Suil a tilgeadh teine ruaidh,
A' loisgeadh gaisge na mor shluaigh.

8 Bha lann fo sga a sge,
Aig an laoch gu aireite ;
Dh' iomar o iomadh cleas luthaidh,
Do 'n Fheinn gu 'm b' aobhar tuirse.

9 'S e comhairle chinn aig Fionn fein,
'S aig màithibh na Feinne gu leir ;
Dengh Mhac Fhinn bu bhìtne glòir,
A chuir thuige an ceud thos,
Dh' fhiosrachadh sgeul dhe 'n fhear dhocrach
Chuir sinn Fearas beul dearg binn fhoclach.

10 Chuinn mhòir mhìr mheannmaich,
Gheig air ghil dhealbhaich ;
'Se m' fhiosrachadh dhiot gu beachd,
Cìod fath do thuruis a dh' Albuinn ?

11 Dh' imsinse sin duit gun chleth,
Fhearas mas aill beir leat ?
Eiric m' athar b' àill leam nath,
Na bheil sibh a Mhatha san Fheinne. (al. Èirin)

12 Ceann Fhinn oirt 's Ghuill,
Cinn chlàna Mòrna uile ;
Fhaotainn an eiric aon duine
No còmbrag cùig ceud uath.
Do 'r màithibh 's do 'r garbh shluaigh,
Gu 'm buininn ra cinn diubh a mach,
Dh' aindeoin Fhinn as Chormaic.

- 13 'N uair phill Fearas o 'n fhear mhòr,
'S e labhair Fionn flath an t-sloigh;
Innis an sgeul dhuinn gu nochte,
Na ceil oirm dh' aon lochd.
- 14 'Se sid Conn Mac an Deirg,
Ahr a lionadh le trom fhearg;
Teachd a dhioladh bas athar gun fheall
Air uaislibh is maithibh na Fèinne.
- 15 Eiric athar is aill leis,
O na bhèil sibh mhaithibh 'n Eirin,
Ceann Fhinn oirt a Ghuille,
Cinn chlanna Morna uile.
- 16 Fhaotainn an eiric aon duine,
No comhrag cuig ceud nath,
Do 'r maithibh, 's do 'r garbh shluagh,
Gu baineadh e na cinn diubh mach,
Dh' aindeoin Fhinn 's Chormaic.
- 17 An sin thuirte Conan maol Mac Morna,
Leigear thuige mi 'n ceud thos,
As gu 'm buininn an ceann a mach
Dhe 'n Chonn dhimeasach uabhrach.
- 18 Inich ort Chonain mhaol,
Cha sguir thu do loineas ri d shaoghal
Cha tugadh tu 'n ceann de Chonn,
'S e labhair Oskair na mor ghloinn.
- 19 Ghluais Conan na mi-cheil,
Dh' aindeoin na Fèinne gu leir;
An caramh Chuinn bhuaidhich brais,
An car bu tnaile dh' eirich leis.
- 20 B' iomad sgead is iolach chruaidh,
Bh'aig Conan nan diombaidh;
B' iomad faob is crap, is meall,
Ag atadh suas air a dhroch ceann.
- 21 Air ceann Chonain gu reamhar,
'S a chluig caoil an aon cheangal,
Bu chruaidhe eigh na toirm thinne,
Is an Fheinn uile ga eisdeachd.
- 22 An sin thuirte fichead fear Finne,
Leagaidh sinne a luath mhìre;
Rachadh Conn a romha sud,
Mar sheobhag troimh caitainn eun.
- 23 Thng e ruadhair fir ri foirre,
Nas luath ma roth muillein;
B' iomadh ionmhas 's am bar a bhos,
B' iomadh lamh ann 's leth chos.
- 24 Airt gun chogull air aon bhall; (al. cuirp)
Uiread eile ged bhiodh ann;
Thuiteadh le Conn air aon bhlar.
- 25 Bha conn a' caice a sgiath,
Ag eigheach comhraig le an-rian,
Chuir sinn cuig fichead fear uain
G' ar maithibh 's g' ar mor shluagh,
A thoirt a' chinn a Mhic an Deirg,
Dh' aithnich sinn Fionn fo throm fheirg.
- 26 Rachadh Conn troimh sud,
Mar sheobhag troimh caitainn eun
Rha Conn a' caice a sgiath
Ag eigheach comhraig gu dian.
- 27 Dheagh Mhic Morna nam mor ghniomh,
Fhìr a chleachd mo chomhair riamh;
Nach tragh leat conn a' bagairt ort,
Is air chlanna Morna nan gear lot?
- 28 Nach d' thugadh tu an ceann deth,
Mar a thng thu dhe athair roimhe?
Dheanainse sin duitse, Fhinn,
Fhìr nam briathar blatha bin.
- 29 Chaidh gach fuachd 's falachd air chul,
Biothad nìle a dh' aon run;
An sin chaidh Goll na chulaidh churaidh,
An tianuis a mhòr shluagh.
- 30 Bu gheall dearg gnais an fhir,
Na mheall garbh an tus Iorghuill,
Ghluais e gu ciocrasach dana,
Dh' ionnsuidh na teughalach.

- 31 Tha ceth teine de 'n airm chruaidh,
Tha ceth fala de chnaimh an cuirp.
- 32 Tiomadh caor theine ruaidh
Teachd o nimh nan arm chruaidh,
Os ceann nan ceann bheartain carrach,
Is iad a' cnuimheach na mor fhalachd.
- 33 An da chuiridh bu mhòr cith,
Chuir iad an tullaich air chrith
Am folt sguabadh gaoth nan gleann,
Gleac nan curridhean bha co teann.
- 34 Seachd laithean agus na tra,
Bu tursach fir is mnai,
Aig na bhuidhinn Goll na mor bheum,
Ann Conn mor a cheart eigin.
- 35 Aon ghair eibhinn rinn an Fhian,
Nach do rinn a leithid riamh,
Ri faicinn dhoibh Ghuille an uachdar,
Air Conn treun, bras, nabhrach.
- 36 Tri raian aig gun robh slàn,
Toirt Chonain chrin a sas,
Leigheas Ghuille mhic Morna.
- 37 Sgeulach air Chonn fèara ferrail,
An sonn mor calma ceanaill.

X. 9. DUAN CHOINN MAC AN LEIRG.

171 lines.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh, February 9, 1872.

THIS was orally collected in Caithness, 19th and 20th April, 1854, by George MacLeod and James Cunningham, from the oral recitations of Christina Sutherland or Widow Simpson. She was born 1775 in Rhea, on the West of Sutherland. I print it because Sutherland Gaelic is not often printed. Lines in this MS. are not numbered. It is printed as written, in paragraphs.

- 1 INNIS dhuinn Ossein naraich,
Mhic Fhinn uaisle shuaire sho gluradhich;
*Do sgeul air Conn, Fearg, is Fearail,
*Na soinn chalmant coghneal.
- 2 Co bu mho Conn na 'n Dearg mòr,
Ossein nam briathar ceolbhinn;
Am b' ionann dealbh dha is dreach,
Is do 'n Dearg mhaiseach mhoralach.
- 3 Bu mho Conn gu mòr mòr,
Teachd o mbara le shloigh;
*Tarring a luingeas a steach,
*Gu teamhair¹ cuain is caolas.
- 4 *Bha sgiath nimh air gu leagadh a chorp,
*Air crios teug-bhoil na mòr ole;
*Is claidheamh air sgath a sgeith;
*Air an laoch nd gun h-aimhreachth.
*Bha gruaig cuire² air mar iuthar caomh,
*Rosg gorm, an dà mbala cho chaol;
*Folt buidhe aghmhòr teardail,
*Usal fearal aoibhinn grunn.
- 6 Sheas air an tulaich ma ur comhair,
Mìlidh curannt' bha ro mhòr;
Leis an gabhta' cheas gu garbh,
Ann am³ baileul na h-iarmaid.
- 7 Bheireams' mo lhrithar cinnt,
Phadrug cha bu nar ri inns';
Gu na ghabh sinn d' eagal
Roimh nìle is nach do ghabh,
Sinn riamh roimh aon duine.
- 8 *'S e chomhairl a dh' inntrig aig Fionn;
'S aig fearibh uaisle Eirinn;
Aig clann na mara muirne,
Deagh mhic Fhinn o 'm binn gloir,
'Chuir ghabhail o 'n laoch dh' shocarach,
Bhaigheach bhinn fhocalach.

¹ Teamhair, a shaded walk on a hill, hence *Teamhair cuain*, a harbour or bay naturally protected from storm.

² *Gruaig cuire*, curling hair like the gentle yew.

³ In sword exercises the thrusts and cuts made thro' the air.

- 9 Ghluais Fergus air comhairl athair, mar bu choir,
Do ghabhail sgeul churaidh
O Chonn bu ro mhor.
- 10 Bheannaich Fergus le gloir bhinn,
Do Chonn tairise⁴ bha ro' Fhinn;
Fhreagair Conn e mar bu choir.
Fergus fhillidh fhir choir.
Mhic an fhir⁵ dhimeasidh mhear,
Dhuainn bhuaadhich dheud ghil,
Thainig a ghabhail sgeul o Fhionn.
'Cia fath do thochd do Eirinn?'
- 11 Fios mo thuruis ann gu beachd,
Fergus nam b' fhear a b' àill leat?
Eiric m' athair a b' àill leat,
Dhibhse mhaithibh fir Eirinn.
- 12 Gu ceann Ghoill is dà mhac Mhuirn,
Fhinn is Chribhinn 's Chori-Chorn;
Gu ceann Chlonnairt na Muirne uile,
Gu 'n ditheachadh mar aon duine,
Cormaic Mac Airt agus Fionn.
'S na th' beo do fhearibh Eirinn.
O thuinn gu tuinn fhaotainn
Dhomsa fo 'n aon chuinge,
Comhrag air coig ceud ur sloigh;
Air mhoch mhaduinn a maraich,
Gu sgarinn an cinn o 'n corp
An aindheon Fhinn is Chormaic.
Gluaisidh Fergus thugain fein,
Phadruig na abairim breug.
- 13 Chlost sinn sud an Fheinn nile,
'G eisdeachd ri sgeul Fergus,
Labhair Fionn flath nur sloigh
Fergus ciod do sgeul o 'n fhear mhòr?
Imis duinn gn beachd.
'S na ceil romhainn na h-ainiochd.
- 14 Se mo sgeulsa o 'n fhear mhor,
Nach fhearr leis gun choig ceud ur sloigh
Air mhoch mhaduinn a màirich,
Gu cath comhraig diobhalach,
Gu ceann Ghoill, is dà mhac Mhuirn,
Fhinn is Chribhinn 's Chori-Chorn,
Gu ceann Chlonnairt : na Muirne uile
Gu 'n ditheachadh mar aon duine,
Cormaic Mac Airt agus Fionn,
'S na tha beo do dh' fhearibh Eirinn,
O thuinn gu tuinn fhaotainn
Dhomsa fo 'n aon chuinge,
Labhair Conon mac Muirn mor,
Leigibh mise chuinge sa cheud doigh
Gu sgarainn an ceann ud de,
Air a cheann diomsa air a cheann desa,
Beir a mholach !—a Chonoin mhaoil!
So an onoir nach fhaidh tu chaoidh,
'Cia fath gu 'n coisgeadh tu Conn
Fhairbidh⁶ Oscar na mor lom.
- 15 Gluaisidh Conon le mhi-cheil,
'N aghaidh na Feinn gu leir,
'N aghaidh Choinn bhuaadhich bhrais,
Gu ear tuasaideach ainmleis,
Dar chunnac an laoch bu chaoin a dealbh,
Coinean dol an sealbh uan arm
Thug e sidheadh do 'n fhear,
Is ghabh e teicheadh a choin fhalbhidh,
Ach 's lionmhor scread is loch cruaidh.
Bha aig Conoin ri aon nair,
Bu luath e na tuirm tuile teachd,
'S an Fheinn uile ga choimhead,
Bu lionmhor cnapain agus meall.
Bha 'g eiridh suas air a dhroch ceann,
Air maole Choinn air reamlar.
Na coig caoil sa 'n aon cheangail,
- Bheannaich aig an laimh shin riut.
Labhair Fionn flath na Fiann,
Gu ma turus gun eiridh dhuit,
Choinnean dhona mhi cheillidh.
- 16 Ach chuir sinn ur coig ceud a mach,
Gu mear meanmarach moralach
Cha an laoch ud trompa gun ghrainn,
Mar sheobhag dol troimh altan mhin eun,
Is mas tionndadh tu barr a bhois
Bu lionmhor leth-laime agus cos,
Bu lionmhor colluinn bha gun cheann,
Nan coinnlean marbh air 'n aon lamb,
Coig ceud eile ciod bhiodh iad ann,
Bhiodh iad marbh air 'n aon bhonn,
Ghluais sinn seachd fichead fear mòr,
Ionnas gu 'n d' thainig an diobhal oirne
Chaidh e trompa mar mhaoil muileann,
Bu luath e na rotha gall mhùileann
Thuit na seachd fichead fear mor
Ionnas gu 'n d' thainig an diobhal oirne,
Far au d' rinn an Fheinn an gair cruaidh,
Bhi dhitheachadh ur mor shluagh,
Fhir nach d' aitheachadh cabhain riamh
Air thapiachd 's air mhor ghmòimh,
Mhiann suile gach borb :⁷
Is phrionusa gach teugbhoill,
Nach fhaic thu Conn 's e maoitheadh ortsa,
Ghoill churaidh gach namhaid,
Nach cuireadh tu an ceann ud de gu fearal
Mar chuir thu de athair roimhe,
Dheanainn sin dhuits' Fhinn.
'Bhriathraribh nan ceol bhinn,
- 17 Na 'n cuireamaid gach fearg is fuil air chul,
'S gu 'm bidheamaid uile de 'n aon runn,
Dar bha Goll na chnllaidh chruaidh'cùit.
Am fianuis fhathaibh is a mhor shluagh
Bha geal dearg an gruis air fhir,
'S bha shealladh garg an tùs gach iorghuill
Shin an da churadh bu mhor cith⁸
Chuirte leo tulach air ball-chrith,
Le an ceumibh b' fhearail bun,
An Fheinn uile ga 'n coimhead
Bha cith fala chruinn chorp,
De las-fhaobhar nan arm nochd
Ann bail cùil nan sgiathibh gu ard.
Is e dol sìos do 'n iarmailt.
Latha is aon trath deug.
Bha na laoch ud nan sgainnir dheirg
Ach na thuit le Goll nan beum
Conn mor air cheart 's air eigin,
Sin an gair aoibhinn thug an Fheinn
Mar nach d' thug fos droigh a riamh
Bhi faicinn Ghoill chruadhant.
An nachdair air Conn treun.
Is fuasgladh Chonain a càs.
'Eideadh cuir lannan na mi ghrais,
Seachd ràithean do Gholl an aigh
Gu 'leigheas ach am bi e slàn,
'G eisdeachd cùil a dh' oidhch sa lò
I! pronnadh òr fo thromh dhaimh.
Sin mo sgeulsa air Conn mhic an Deirg.
Thainig thugain fo throm fheirg
Do dhioladh bàs athair gun fùallsa,
Oirbhe mhaithibh fir Eirinn.

(Cia fad an duan ruigear a cheann gnath fhocal.)

Crioch.⁹

⁷ A bully, a bully, a noble, a prince. Borr also means a court, such as that of a King.

⁸ Cith, ardour; *Cith-fala*, a shower of blood. *Cith fala chruinn chorp* is a rare, yet most elegant and descriptive, term for any liquid falling in frequent and heavy drops. *Cruinn chorp*, round bodied, spherical. *Cith* contains the idea of the falling shower with all its ordinary accompaniments. The Poet, as if this were not enough, tells that the shower of blood was *cruinn chorp*.

⁹ The annotations are the Collector's.

⁴ Fingal's pledge of fidelity. *Tairis*, trustworthiness.

⁵ Proud and sportive.

⁶ Fairbidh, in derision, ironically, You who are so strong as Oscar.

X. 9. BAS CHUINN. Extracts.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lachlan, Edinburgh, February 7, 1872. 106 lines. Orally collected in Tiree, 1857, by Mr. Cumming, from a man locally known as Alisier Mor. He learned it from a man who went to America afterwards. Of this version I print Mr. Cumming's Gaelic Argument and lines which vary from other versions, or are not written elsewhere. Lines in this MS. are not numbered.

Mas flior beul-aris chomhuich Conn san Eilean Mhuil-each an deigh às athair, a mharbhadh an Eirinn. Air do Chonn thùghinn gu lan neart ruinnich e bas athair a dhioladh. Ruig e Eirinn clann na crìch so. 'S cha robh duine sheasamh roimh. Chuireadh teachdar do dh'Albain os isal an riochd deirreach a dh' fhaicinn an robh doigh ann air an feudta buaidh fhaotain air Conn. Thainig an teachdair Eirinneach gu ruig Mull gu tigh mathair Chuinn. Neach a dh' fharraid dhe na choigreach co e, is cia as da, is e cìod a naigheachd a bh' aig.

Fhlegair easan gun d' thainig e Eirinn, gum bu deir-each e, 's nach robh naigheachd aig ach gum d' thugadh buaidh air Conn-Mac an Deirg. Eu-comasach ars na-thair Chuinn, oir nan cumtadh fion dearg is mnathan o Chonn cha neil an Eirinn na dh' gheabhadh buaidh air. Mar so fhuair na h-Eirinnich mach an doigh an claidheachd iad Conn; oir thug an teachdair dhachaidh air; air ball chuireadh meadhonan claidh Chuinn ri aghaidh is an deigh sin chaill e bhuidhean do chionnsuichte.

- 1 Co dhù is mo Conn no 'u Dearg mor ?
No Oiscean nam briathraibh binn bheoil :
No 'n ionnan dealbh agus dreach,
- 4 Dha fein 's do 'n Deargan mheamunach.
Chuir e 'dha shleagh air a sgiath,
Tengbhoileachd na mor lochd ;
'S a chaitheamh air sghath laoiel,
- 8 Gun eagal aimbreat.
Eiric m' athair a b' aill leam,
O nìlean nìle na h-Eirinn ;
Ceann Chonain 's dha mhic Ghuill,
- 12 Ghuill is Chonain is Chormaic.
Is na bheil beo do mhaithibh Eirinn,
No Eirinn o thunn gu tuinn,
'Gheileachdan do m' aon chuim,
- 16 No eilig ceud fear mor chuir so
A chombrag ri m' fhear-dioladhna maireach.
Sin mar labhair Coirliomban,
Leagaibh mis' da ionnsuidh ;
- 20 'S gun d' thugainn an ceann de,
Thubhairt Fionn.
Heisd thusa Choirliomban,
Na bi tighinn air comhadh cho cli sin ;
Cha cheannsaichean e gun fhoill,
- 24 Le da thrian 's na bheil an Eirinn.
Bu lionmhoir sin a chluinntean ann,
Pluc is garbh mheall,
Glaodh is iolach ard,
- 28 Ann an beul Chonain
Cuim an deannins' sin ruit Fhinn,
Fhàir nam briathraibh binn a bheoil,
'S gur fhein a thuit clann a Morla a mhòr
theachd,
- 32 Thigcamaid is snitheamaid a dh' aon ruinn,
'S cuireamaid fuath is folachd air chul,
It chuireanna mo Threun a leat,
A rìgh na Feinn gar combnadh,
- 36 Nuair bha Goll dol an cula chombrag
A nuair sin am fiannas a mhòir shloigh,
Chuir e sgiath bhucadeach,
Bhacadeach air a laimh chli
- 40 Slacau cruadhach curannta,
Claidheamh na laimh dheis,
Fhàit mhòr mhaiseach fhearail ghrinn,
Iuthair gharbh eibhinn,
- 44 Gruadh corrach mar inthair chaon,
Fo rosg na mala cuma chaoil.
Air an seoladh ann an caol bheortan corrach,
Is e ri cuimhneachadh na mor olc,
- 48 Sin dar thoisich an da laoch bu gharbh sgiath,
Chuireadh an talamh air balla chrith,
Ri sgoiltadh na sgeanna sgiathach,
Is sgoiltadh na sgiathibh sgeallach,

- 52 Ri doirteadh na fola moir,
Fo lamhan ùnachdach a cheile,
Gus an d' thainig an oidhche,
'S 'n d' thainig sìthichean nach as na cruic,
- 56 Gabhail ioghnadh is mor aithir.

B. 6. AN DEARG MAC DRUIBHEIL. 1690.

Copied June, 1872, by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, from Rev. Donald Mac Intosh's Transcript of E. Mac Lean's Manuscript, p. 169, and fol. iii, or p. 31, Book II. of MS. 1690. The original, written at Ardechonail, in Argyll, is in the 'Irish' character.

This Poem ought to be placed first, as the oldest bit of the Story of Dearg. I only got the copy July 8, so it is placed here.

The note copied with this poem is curious, there is not a line of Mac Pherson's Gaelic Ossian in this composition which is quoted to prove 'authenticity.' It is an epitome of the usual Arguments: 'Because these Heroic Ballads were current, an epic poem, which differs from them, in every respect, is authentic; and they are spurious, corrupt editions of the Epic, of which there is no trace outside of the printed books.'

'... I AM happy to add, that Mr. Kennedy's ignorance will turn out rather favourable than otherwise for Ossian's authenticity in the part of the proofs which respects the transmission of his Poems to our times. This will appear from the curious circumstance I am now to mention.

'I have collated the Poem in Kennedy's called 'Bas Dhearg' (page 32 of his MS.) with a Poem 'Dearg Mac Druibheil,' transcribed by Mr. Mac Intosh from a MS. of Major Mac Lachlan, written, in 1690, by Ewen Mac Lean, who copied it from an older MS. The Poems are the same in substance, and correspond astonishingly as to measure and expressions, many lines are precisely the same in both. This coincidence is the more striking because the old copy is in the Irish dialect and Mr. Kennedy's in our vernacular Gaelic. The Poem, too, has every claim to antiquity which internal evidence can yield . . .'

Letter from Rev. James Mac Donald, Minister of Anstruther, dated January 3, 1863, to Mr. Lewis Gordon, Depute Sec., H. S., Edinburgh.—D. C. M., July 3, 1872.

DEARG MAC DRUIBHEIL.

- 1 TREIS air caithrean an fhir mhòir
Do thanic an oir fa deaghbhail
An tren fhear a bhì lan do ghoil
An Dearg dana mac Draoibhill
- 2 Briathra go thug an laoch lan
Seall far thrial se ar sall
Nach geibhadh gun gheille leis
O gach Feinidh da fheabhus
- 3 Gus na Fiannibh bfeairt goil
Triallas a Dearg mac Draoibhil
Onoir o thir na fear Fionn
Ga crìochadh oirar Fian Eirionn
- 4 'N uair thanic an laoch lan
Ar animearmist comblan
Gabhas an Dearg dead gheal cuan
Go Bein Eadin mor shluagh
- 5 Dias noch ar chumhail dail
Chaidh choimhead an chuan cobhar ban
Feidh na roid¹ geal mhac Fhinn
Agus an Caol crodha mac Cheamuinn
- 6 Sin dias rach ar coimhead cuain
Ach tuitim na seairum suain
No ghabh bare an fhir mhòir
Caladh is trachd namhloid
- 7 Leimidh an Dearg bu mhaith dreach
Ar tir do chrannuibh a chraoiseach
Tharuing e a bharc bu maith snas
Ar an trachd gheall ghainmhidh
- 8 Folt fionbuidh mar oir ceud
Os cion amhach in gruaidh 'n Dearg
Da dreach gormshuil gar gloinn
Bu ghlan gnais a mhilidh

¹ Swift, gloss, in MS.

- 9 Da leccion remor chatha²
An laimh mhic an athar fhilatha
Sgiath oir ar aghnallan chli
Ag mac uasal an ard ri
- 10 Lanu nimhe le leadart corp
Agan laoch gan eagla comhruc
Mhian chumhduigh chlochera chor
Fan mhilidh fochar suil ghorm
- 11 Geall gaisgadh an an domhan toir
Ar mhead ar neart ar dheilbh
Air chomhrac cheart ar cheduibh
- 12 Eirghus Reidh na roid mac Fhinn
Agus an Caol crodha mac creamhinn
Do ghlaceadar an airm nan dorn
Is reathadar na chomhdhail
- 13 Tabhar sgela duin a fhír mhoir
Os oruin ata coimhead an chuan
Da mhac ri gu sar bhuaidh sin
D Fiannaibh lan vaisle Eirionn
- 14 Crioch as an thanic me anois
- 15 Is me an Dearg mhic ri na bFionn
Ag teachd do dhiauidh ardrighachd Eirionn
Labhrus rer unaghaidh mhíre
Go dian leis an Dearg mac Draoibhil
- 16 Ní bfuaidh tusa a laoiach lan
Urram no geill feraibh Fíil
Cia maith siese a dhias laoch
Canus formud agus fiach
- 17 Cia bhacas diom a gabhail
Da nairisiod duit gach flait
A Dheirg mhoir mhic an ard fhilatha
Gur biomadh an Teamhrac laochlan
- 18 Neaoch a gheibhadh leat comhlan
Ca bfuil aon reach diobh a nois
(Os maithrionn an Dearg mac Draoibhil)
Gu bfechmiste ar a cheile
- 19 Ar bfiach agus ar naimhreite
- 20 Dar mo bhriathar gíodh pro libh
Do radh an Caol crodha mac Creinrinn
Racha me do chlaiothis a nois
A laoiach iad a thanic thairis
- 21 Air chaol crodha bu mhaith dreach
Leimn in Dearg dasachdach
Le feirg mhór is le fiacha
Mar gar bhuaíl in trein laoch
- 22 Do fhogar an Dearg comhrac chruaidh
Gus an Chaol chrodha go mor nuail
Thugadar an toran teath teanu
Le sgoilte sgiath agus caura³
- 23 Gur beath iomghreis na deisi sin
Ansan iomruaigh do bhi e eator
No gur cheangla sau rolan roth
An Caol crodha sau g Comblau
- 24 Eirghus Re na road Mac Fhinn
Tareis an Chaol Chrodh do chreachda
Mac Ri na Feinne gan tor
Ag coine an fhír mhoir sna chomhdhail
- 25 Gur biomdha geleas ansan gala
An san iorghraíl mar leig thairis
No gur cheangla cruaidh an ceim
Re na rod na luath bheim
- 26 Maith an gniomh dhuit san ghoil
Uaitis siune aron do chreapil
Fuasgail ar cuimbraich a laochlan
Beir leat sin ad timchioll
- 27 Dnasgail Dearg nan arm síuch
Cuimhrich na deise deadh laoch
Is do ghabha bhriathar air gach fear
Nach togfadh airm na aghaidh.
- 28 Ghuasadar an sin go Teamhradh
Dfhios Chornic sa mhór theaghluidh
Mac Draorbhil na gear lann buaidh
Gu triath Teamhrach na udeluaidh.
- 29 Do eirghadar amach fir Theamhradh
Fir mhór dheagh croidhach dhealbhadh
Gur biomadh fear duin bhruít sroil
Attíomchiol Chormaic na geedach
- 30 Labhrus triath Theamhra gun onn
Suidh a chliath chalma chuirinn
Ní hnarfadhíe diobh meirg aon fhír
Nach togfadh airm na aghaidh
- 31 Suidhis treinfhír Innis Fáil
Greis ar cheil an chomhdhail
Le teachd chuga dho go dana
Fear foistinach fíor mballa
- 32 Se teachd ansna maidhín dho
Do mac Draoibhthil na mor ghleo
Don og innlta chuimsach
Leagadar an rod re shoilsach
- 33 Beanuidhus an Dearg da ghloir bhinn
Do thriath Teamhrach go haobhin
Is do flreagair an flait gun do dobruin
Chathmhilidh na tren fhodbla
- 34 Le suidh don Dearg noch ar thinn
Labhrus ard ri Eirionn
Brigh do thurus gu Teamhradh
Airis a laoiach mhoir mheanmíad
- 35 Gur be beachd mo thuras duit
A Mhic Art Churanta mhic Chormaic
Treise na h-Eirionn gur bail leom
Dar neamh fis bheamena tíomchioll
- 36 Geilluid Eirionn ar muir
Gíodh gur mínic shaor siad treinfhír
Ní fritur sin fogur gu bruth
Eire tabhach le aon oglach
- 37 Cíodh uach ail leatsa chornic
Flaithus a thabhart dum gan dobruinn
Comhrac ced do chlann curadh
Uaitse a mhic Art a Nulladh
- 38 Do churios me curaidh calma
Achlaioith aonogmhír Fhinn almbura
Thog ameirg noch ar tím
Le fearg moir do chum an chomhlain
- 39 Gur be comhras a mhic ri na bhfionn
An ced sin do thuitim na chomhlan
An da ched eile fa glúniomh do
Do chlaoidh an Dearg an enlo
- 40 Nuar chonarc Teamhra Dill
An Dearg ar deamamb na hurlaidh
Bhrosnuidh teachd go luath
Tar mac Cumhail na mor shluagh
- 41 Agus tanic chugan iarurach
Mac Cumhail ga mor dhalach
Tri míle gaisgach geas glan
Nach fuar osadh no sgannil
- 42 Fleise oir fo chean gach fir
Do mhuintir Fhinn o h-Almhain
Sgiath fhíodadh go híomchar air
So Eairion sioda sígí sír shroil
- 43 Gath mínic lan is luirach
Fa gach laoch og ard sugach
Inniol lasta ar gach fear fruioch
Deoibhtur ar gach laoch lan gheal
- 44 Le teachd anns na madhímh dhoimh
In t-sluagh curanta chumhduigh
Togbhus an Dearg bu maith dreach
An pubil oirthuidh iollauach
- 45 Chuaidh fo Chormac an tím
Cnr fáilte ar feinnib o Ealmhuin
Fuar elnoite Mhio Muru na gercach
Pog is cureadh attighe Teamhradh
- 46 Ghluais mac Ri na bFionn
Asteach uain ansa pubil
Do thog trí chaog cleis luadh
Fa mor an tabhur iomghruis.
- 47 Ghluais Mac Cumhail fheil
As teach uair ara head leim
Agus beanuidhus se don Dearg
Don og aithelach fhionard

² Re mor chatha, gloss.³ Cabhara, gloss.

- 48 Beamughus Fionn noch fhruiuing tar
Freagras an Dearg dreach dhana
Do gar cumha go luath liom
Ar mac Cumhail no comhlan
- 49 Cia math do lamhsa fhir
Do raidh faith na Feinidh o Ealrhuin
Braighe na h-Eirion ni beiridhmise duit
A Dheirg le h-eagla do chomhruc
- 50 Mas thugamsa do thriall sibh
Aleachradh osleibhte Laighcan
Fear chomhrac eod ullamh sin
Uaitse a mhic Cumhail arm grunn
- 51 De chuiris no ched ansin
Do chlaoidh in Dearg do mhuintir
Do chuiris mo dhorn mo chonn mhic smoil
Do chuiris mo Chonn mac Chonan
- 52 Tuit mac Conan mhic aleigh
Thuit an dorn nach roibh go re
Is do mharbha le na laimh gun lochd
Gach ceda fear gu faobhar nochd
- 53 Nuar chonarc mac Cumhail fheil
An dearg ur deananh na burhuidhe
De bhrosnaich se a chip chatha
Do chosg mic anathur fhatha
- 54 Eiroghios Faolan le fearg mhor
Ghlac ameirg tsaoilhadh shroil
Glacadar cumpara cheile
Tareis anurnadh do Draoibheil
- 55 No gur chlaoidhadh leis an Dearg an
Faolan calma na ccaomh chealg
A mhic morna nach meata
Chaon chrodheata calma
- 56 Coisg dhin comhlan an fhir mhoir
A cheann ghaigeadh an mor shluagh
Deich ced naonnuighe fa thri
Uaimsi duit ar antard riogh
- 57 Agus is leat fein o shoin amach
Trian a cumha fa hedola
Cia gur fhogradh le teinnidh
Clanna Morna no morbhuaidh
- 58 Mo chmhnadh do bheirann duit
A Ri na Feinnadh go turtachd
Eirghus Goll nach ar fuiling tar
Na chuidh eididh iomashlan

- 59 Chosg chomhlan an laoi lan
Mar bhrosnuidh na chomdhail
Tugus an Dearg do chlaith Ghnuil
Na hairn nimhe do bli agoige
- 60 Thanic se go diomsach dana
Gi ciochrach anait teagmhala
Chuimheadur abfoltanus re cheile
An dias dileanta deagh laoch
- 61 Re snoidhe chloigean is cheann
Lionidhe mac Draoibheil is Iollan
Bheathadar mur sin fa ghreis
No go tugadar an mor theais
- 62 No gur thost fir Eirionn uile
Le clos beimanach na biorguile
Dith teine, dith cailec, dith cruaidh
Do bli da sgiathuibh san uair
- 63 Agus dith fola do nimhe
Bhi fo chriosanadh na mliab
Beathadar comhrac tri la
Far thursach mic agus mna.
- 64 No gur chlaoidhadh an Dearg an
Le mac Morna na bemanadh
Do fuar Goll mar gheulla leis
O mhac Cumhail gan ainbhios
- 65 Gar buidhach an flaithe go mbuadh
Do chomhrac Iollain arm ruadh
Luidhe bliadhna anuthar Ghnuil
Tareis comhrac an laoi lonn
- 66 Attigh Teamradh gon fhios
Agus Feinidh mhic Morna da leighios
- 67 Do rin an Dearg dithchíol borb
Oruin le na moir cholg
Thuit ced dar muintir na throd
Agus tre ched do mhuintir Chormag
- 68 Is mi Fergus filie Fhionn
O gruadh Feinie mhic Cumhail
O thrial on feroin ar tuin
Trian agaisgidh ni airiosiomh.

Fínid.

THE PRAISE OF GOLL, AND OF FIONN.

A. M. N. V. Y.

THESE TWO POEMS are in short metre, and would fit a quick cheery tune. The first is attributed to Fionn's son, Fergus of the Sweet Mouth, the other to Fionn's son, Oisein.

Tradition places 'The Praise of Goll,' after the victory over Conn Mac an Deirg. The Poem is still remembered in fragments in the Isles.

'The Praise of Fionn' is forgotten. Oisein sings the praises of his Father; but his song is half a Lament to Padraig. After a reconciliation between the rival Tribes, family rejoicings came naturally, so these two are placed together. With them is M. 13, from Gillies. N. 7. Miss Brooke's Irish version, is at page 298, edit. 1789. Mr. Mac Lean has transcribed this. No Irish type is available. V. 14. is another version printed by Mac Callum. Y. 5. is at page 293, vol. iii. 'Popular Tales,' and was orally collected in Barra, before 1862.

A. 22. ZOELL. 141 lines.
A HOUDIR SO SEIS FARRIS FILL.

- 1 ARD agne zwle,
Fer coggi finn
Leich loyvir loonn,
Owil ne timmi.
- 2 Seir anich soss,
Ser snaig heive
Murrich er sloyg,
Goole crowth keivo
- 3 Mak mornyth marri,
Fa croith in goll
A clew fa schen,
Far geinnoll sen
- 4 Reith finnith fayl,
Ne timmi glor
Ne seywe a chail,
Leich eyve mor

- 5 Noor heyd a gayth,
Rayme flath feich
Ga meine a chness,
Ne in tass in neith

- 6 A waid ne i myn,
Oosi geagi torri
Say is glenny gen,
Eyddi ni skoll

- 7 Ooss barri benn,
Errir sen rynn
Fa heggill lenn,
A hagri hecht rinn

- 8 Derrin rwt a inn,
Na drillis noonn
Di warr agli zwle,
Hagni gi tromm

- 9 Gin char ra wath,
Si cath ne in doe
Inseich chayth,
Kinseleich sloe

- 10 A anich ne nin,
Fullich in fer
Dossi ni skoll,
Ossil a zen

- 11 Wrrik a loeg,
Torvirych fayll
A throst cayth is boyn,
Foss flath a chayl

- 12 Dwn na olt,
A wrunni mir chelk
Wmlane mi chorp,
Lomlane da herk

- 13 Memnycht a weiss,
Dalweich a znwss
Ne elle re ooss gowle,
Ne chell ort a inn
- 14 Tress ni doon,
A zasga zrin
Flaaoil foss,
Daytholl a kness
- 15 Er zoole ne cless,
Ne slim er lass
Broontyeh a zale,
Convyeh a royr
- 16 Ferriddi mein,
Melleddi moyr
Da rayth gi brayth,
Aw agis eich
- 17 Nawch ri cayth,
Lawch a leich
Claa chonis woyn,
Sonnis ni wayne
- 18 Monmurrycht coyn,
Illericht dane
Loyvin er aw,
Croyth na grewith
- 19 Loyvir a layve,
Royg ni reith
Sonnis ni rowd,
Sollis a zaid
- 20 Curris say layve,
Gyeh trayn da wayd
Boyn rowni a nir,
Boy corrik er
- 21 Leydwich a zolli,
Egni in sterr
Leich cwnyeh loonn,
Neawnyeh la lynn
- 22 Targissi goole,
Argissicht lynni
Leich arm mar,
Fargyeh ra chin
- 23 Colg convyeh er,
Onchon er zoll
Fer zalle ni goan,
Royt zraw ni ban
- 24 Beith dawe gin non,
Di zuaa na zarr
La beowe rod,
A rot ne in thaa
- 25 Meith ni grayth,
A zrayth fa blaa
Seyor a chrow,
Awzor a rath
- 26 Ne in tranith shrow,
Na reym in gawth
Math morn is dane,
Fa orryth a zoyl
Innoyr a zloyr,
Beith woyn a chrayn
- 27 Trayth marri mer,
Fayle ferri a chorri
Gin tayr na zerr,
A zaille er forri
- 28 Mak teadis cheiwe,
Nach tregi dawe
Gin choggi reith,
Nar laggi a layve
- 29 Owir a cholk,
Is borbe a zloa
Nor erris arg,
Trane shelga zea
- 30 *A v^e coule zriinn,*
Coythwil ess gyle
See boynych di zoell,
Gin noa gin nawle
- 31 In ness rame lay,
A zuayn zoo
Werrin gin chelga,
Trayn selga zoo
- 32 Ni twlli a ann,
Far nass i gor
Graw tenni iinn,
Trane chon a zooll
- 33 Treg heich a zwle,
Be seichith ronn
Nad ray gin ving,
Trane feich finn
- 34 Zoywidsi sinni,
Arriiss a ayll
Is skeil mi zroynt,
Ne wor mi wane
- 35 Carri gin kelg,
Bail tanni derg
Aniech si low,
A clow oss arl.
Ard agni zwl.
- 13 Fa chossnw in greit
Fa ranve ni bann
Gin dug in flath
Trechaid cath fa chann
- 14 Er scratyeh o zea
M'Corle nor chail
Id deir fa zoo
Ne closs goo na vail
- 15 Ner earne er nach
Zor air voo ynd
Cha royve ach re grane
Re reyve vass a chynn
- 16 *Neir aik pest in locht*
Na arryeh in noef
Nerya nyn neve
Ner varce in ser soyre
- 17 Ne hynasse zneve
A beine gin de bra
Ner ynassee voym trane
A voye si waa
- 18 Ach is olk id tam
In dei ind ni vane
Di qhy less in flath
Gi math wa na zei
- 19 Gin angnow in vor
Gin annith glan geith
Gin nor in mne ree
Is gin wre ni leich
- 20 Is tursyeh id tam
In dei chinni ni gaid
Is me in crann er creith
Is me keive er naik
- 21 Is me chnoo cheith
Is me in teach gin schrane
Achadane ni nor
Is me in toath gin treath
- 22 *Is me ossin m'fynn*
Er trane ym zneith
Nad be voa finn
Di bi lw m gi neith
- 23 Vii sliss er y hyg
M'Kowl gyn blygh
Vii tythit skae eliss
Er gi sliss deu sen
- 24 Kegit ymme oole
In dymchale mi ree
Kegit leich gin ymzwn
Syth gith ymme zeive
- 25 X^t pley bane
Na hallith re hoil
X^t urskir gorm
X^t corn in noor
- 26 Ach bi wath in traive
A wag finni ni vane
Gyn dochil gin drow
Gyn glw is gyn gley
- 27 Gyn talkis ind er
In err za ayne
Ag dol er gi nae
Di weith each za rar
- 28 *Finn flath in tloye*
Soltran er a lou
Re nyn wlle aig
Roy zwani ni ner zwlt
- 29 Ner zwlt finn ree nath
Ga bi veg a lynn
Char churre ass i heach
Nach zor danyth ann
- 30 Math in donna finn
Math in donna ai
Noch char helic nath
Lai zor helie sai.
Sai.

A. 23. FINN FLA RE NO VANE.
120 lines.

ACTOR HUIJUS OSSANE M'FINN.

- 1 SAI la guss in dei
Oy nach vaga mai finn
Chanaka rem rai
Sai boo zar lym
- 2 *Mak neym oc heik*
Ree nyth wollyeh trom
Meddi is mo raith
Mo cheyl is mo chon
- 3 Fa filla fa flaa
Fa ree er girre
Finn fla re no vane
Fa treach er gyeh ter
- 4 Fa meille mor marre
Fa lowor er lerg
Fa shawok glau geith
Fa seith er gi carde
- 5 Fa hillanich carda
Fa markyth nor verve
Fa hollow er zneith
Fa steith er gi scherm
- 6 Fa fer chart a wrai
Fa tawicht toye
Fa hynseith naige
Fa bratha er boye
- 7 Fa hai in techter ard
Er chalm is er keol
Fa dwlta nyn dawf
O zaik graig ni glar
- 8 A kness mir a galk
A zroie mir in ross
Bi zlan gorm a rosk
A holt myr in tor
- 9 Fa dwle dawf is doonna
Fa baryth nyn aw
Fa hollow er znee
Fa meine ri mnawe
- 10 Fa hai meille mor
Mak mwrna gi mygh
Bar lynyth nyn land
An cranna os gyeh ig
- 11 Fa saywar in rygh
A vodla mor zlass nyth
Din zoit zar zewe
Terf nocha thra . . .
- 12 . . . brone bane
. . . er nyth tloye
Fa bi chroy cham

M. 13. AIR GOLL MAC MORNA.

36 lines.

- 1 ARD aignidh Ghuill
Fear cogaidh Fhinn,
Laoch leoghar-ionn,
Fulangach, nach tiom,
- 2 Laoch fionn, fial,
A 's milse glóir;
Ni 'n saobh a chiall,
Laoch aoibhidh mór.
- 3 A mhéine mèin,
'Sa sgéimh gun chroin,
'S e 's gloine gean,
Oide nan sgoil.
- 4 Ni bheil rìgh os Goll;
Ni 'n ceil ort, Fhinn:
Treise na 'n tonn,
Air ghaigse grinn,
- 5 Leòghan air àgh,
Cròdha 'na ghníomh,
Nearthmhor a lámh,
Rogha nan rìgh:
- 6 Cliath chòmraig bhuan
Do shonas nam Fiann,
Mordhalach sluaigh,
Iorghuileach dian:
- 7 Buan rùn an fhir,
Buaidh chòmraig air,
Leumnach a ghoil,
Euchdach a stair.
- 8 Fear deud-gheal caomh,
Nach tréig a dháimh;
'An cogadh rìgh
Ni 'n lag lámh;
- 9 Proinnteach a gháir,
Confhach a threoir;
Fiúranda mín,
Míleanta mór.

N. 7. ROSG GHOILL MAC MORNA.

Copied and divided by Hector Mac Lean, June 21, 1872. From Miss Brooke's Irish Collection.

- 1 ARD aigreach Goll,
Fear cogaidh Finn,
Laoch leabhair ionn,
Foghail nach tim,
- 2 Goll cruthach caomh,
Saor, eineach suadh,
Saorsnasidhach athaobh,
Maraighe na slugh.
- 3 Mac Morna near
Fa cródha aghal;
A chliu fa sean,
Fear seineamhuil sin.
- 4 Laoch feinnidhe fial,
Is gile glór;
Ni saobh a chiall,
Laoch áobhdha mór.
- 5 Ni tais do ní,
Mar théid aceath;
Réim flatha faoi;
Ce mín a chneas.
- 6 A mhéin ni mion,
Sa sgéimh gan ghron;
Is sé is gloine d'fhior
Oide na Sgol.
- 7 Nior lag a lámh,
Fear déidgheal caomh;
Nach théigean Dámh
A cogadh riamh.
- 8 Os barraibh beann,
Iarras ort roinn;
Sa heagal linn,
A thagra riot Fhinn.
- 9 Ge trom a chliu,
'S maith Goll um nídh;
Gídh mór ni tréith,
Sáith sluaigh do rìgh.
- 10 Caidreamh na ndámh,
Leadrach na slóigh;
Tonn fairge thrén,
Goll meanmnach mór.
- 11 Budh heagal dhuit a Fhinn
Laoch cinnte ceart;
Fraoch mhillea a neart
A deirim riot.
- 12 A Fhinn an fhuill tais
Air Goll na bris;
A mbeirge ni tais
Is maith thagmhus ris.
- 13 Flaith gan fheall;
Gráin chéad ar Gholl;
Air mhéad ar theann,
A ceath ni tim.
- 14 A deirim riot a Fhinn,
Comhail is geall;
Sith bhuan do Gholl
Gan fhuath, gan fheall.
- 15 Haigneadh go trom.
A deirim riot a Fhinn,
Na ndrithlis ndonn;
Bí ar eagla Ghuill.
- 16 Ge buan re maith,
A ceath ni dóigh;
Ionnsaightheach áigh,
Cionsealach slóigh.
- 17 Uasal a ghean,
A eineach ni raion;
Fuilteach an fear,
Duasa na sgol.
- 18 Oirdheireach re sluaigh,
Toirbheartach tréu;
Cosg catha is buan,
Fós flath e.
- 19 As fial lomlán da sheire,
Doinne ina fholt;
A bhruinne mar chaile,
Iomlan a chorp.
- 20 Eire fa chíos
Budh cóir dha chúis;
Is meannach bhios
Is dealbach a ghúis.
- 21 An gaisgidheach grinn
Ni bhfuil ni os Goll;
Ni cheilim ort Fhinn,
Is treise e na tonn.
- 22 Flaithreamhuil a fhós,
Daitheamhuil a chneas;
Ar Goll na clis
Ni siim a ttreas.
- 23 Míleata mór,
Bronntach a dháil;
Confhadhach a threoir,
A fhearg foch brut ágh.
- 24 Agus fíoch a bhuanachd ar
chách,
Lámhachadh laoch;
Rogha na rìgh
Leomhan ar ágh.
- 25 Cródha na ghníomh,
Leabhar a lámh:
Cleaithe chonus bhuan,
Sonas na bhfian.
- 26 Mórdhálach, caoin;
Iorghalach dian;
Eigneach astair,
Buan rún an fhir.
- 27 Buaidh comhlann air,
Leidmheach, agbail;
Sonas na rod.
Solais a dhead.
- 28 Cuiridh se lean
Air gach tréan da mhéad;
Do ghnáth na ghar
Organ na eon.
- 29 Ro ghrádh na mban,
Bion dáimh mar sin;
Flaith leasgach caoimh,
Flathchleach úr.
- 30 Fear clise saor,
Fear bris múr;
Na cearoiseach ecórr,
Leathan a lann.
- 31 Cathar Goll,
Rithaioseach teann;
Treig thfíoch a Ghuill,
Bí síodha rinn.
- 32 Re do réidh gan mbeir,
Trián fíodhaidh o Fhionu
Ni fuar mo mhéin,
Tréighimse mfíoch.
- 33 Dibh a Fhearguis fhéil,
Do sguir mo ghruairn;
A chara gan cheilg,
A bhéal tana dearg.
- 34 A eineach ar lúth,
Do chliu os áird

THE STORY OF LIUR.

I KNOW only two versions of this ballad, both written by Kennedy. He tells the story in his quaint English Arguments. Four different Yarns here join:—1st, the general history of the Fenine; 2nd, the Blood-feud of Fearagin or Erragon and the Norse Wars; 3rd, the Blood-feud of Goll and Fionn; 4th, the Story of Liur, whose son eloped with the wife of Erragon. Dr. Smith had Kennedy's first copy, and quotes a stanza (page 268, Gaelic, 1787, 'Sean Dana') of a similar ballad. He introduces Dan 'Liughair' in his poem of 'Conn.' The translation is at page 306, Engl. edit. 1780, 'Cuthon, the son of Dargo,' Mac Pherson's Caledonian Fingal is instead of 'Fionn';

'Selma' is instead of Teamhra or Ahnuin; and Conn Mac an Deirg is named anew like Liur. Possibly Shakspeare's 'King Lear' may be the same person. A mythical Manx king, Lir, often appears in Irish tales.

H. 20. HOW LIUR MADE PEACE BETWEEN FINGAL AND GOLL. 128 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 73. Advocates' Library, December 5, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Dublin, December 9, 1871. Not known to Hennessy at all.—J. F. C.

THE ARGUMENT.

A DISPUTE rose betwixt Fingal and Goll one day till they cast out. Goll went away to gather his army, and to get assistance from other Kings to give battle to Fingal. Fingal then went to an intimate friend named Liur, who was a King, to get his assistance; and when the time of battle came Liur made a peace between them. Liur before he died was beging from house to house, he happen to come where Fingal was hunting one day, then he recomences him all the kindnesses ever he had done to him, got him his Lands and all things which he had before.

DAN 9.

- 1 LATHA ehuaidh Fionn do thigh Liuir,
Le aon fhichead déug fear gu fíor;
'S bu cheannard trí naonar fear feachd,
An t-aon fhear bu táire dhinn.
- 2 Shuidh bean Liuir air gualain Fhinn,
Shuidh Fionn air le' gualain Liuir;
Shuidh Rígh Arta na re Aogh,
Aogh Mac Garabh a ghnúis ghúil.
- 3 Shuidh Conchair is Cormaic cruinn,
Na re Aogh a b' áille bian;
'So sin a' ris a mach,
Shuidh gach neach bh' ann air am biadh.
- 4 Bha crúitean da shéinn san teach,
'S dúin da ghabhail gu ceart chóir;
Bha bodha druináis air gach clár,
A deanadh gairdeachas is ceól.
- 5 Mar sin dhuinne caitheamh tím,
'S gu bu bhinn leam fein ar dóidh;
Gu 'n easbhuidh air mil no air fíon,
No air fidhlairachd is ceól.
- 6 Marsin bha gu la roi' n dáil,
Gu subhach, samhach gu 'n bhrón;
Gus an d' ainig mor shluabh Ghuill,
'N 'ar fradhare air tuinn d' ar cóir.
- 7 'S ann an sin air labhair Fionn,
'Chí mí ní is an ait leam;
Chí mí thall ud cabhlach Ghuill,
Scóladh a nall gu Drim feann.'
- 8 'Is chí mí bhratach gu h-árd,
An gathaibh chrann thair Drim blagh;
'S chaomraic ud as mo cheann,
Nach raibh mí ann coi' leon sleagh,
- 9 'Comhairle Cailleich chlain,
Comhairle chruaidh dhúinn gu beachd;
Gach neach tha sibh eolach gu gnuíomh,
Deogidh sibh trí air an fhear.'
- 10 'Sann an sin a labhair Liur,
Tha comain agam air Goll;
'S ma sa cumhain leis an fhear,
Bu ro aithríd mí air fonn.'
- 11 'N sin ghluais Liur an co'-ail Ghuill,
Triuir air eachamh is e féin;
Is bheannaich e gu bhínn dho',
Mar a nochdsá glóir mo scéil.
- 12 'Gu beannaich an t-agh thu Ghuill,
Fhír is fear a' ta fuídh 'n ghréin;
Fhír is fhearr comain is coir,
'S fhearr thu gu mór na mí féin.
- 13 'An cumhain leat la an eich bhríc?
Air fraochan os eíonn Tom chiar;
Thug mise dhuit an t-each glas,
Bheircadh tu gu bras do 'n t-sliabh.'
- 14 O 'n rinn thusa sin a Liuir,
Fír is fhéilidh tha fuídh 'n ghréin;
Ma tha t-athechuinge a bhos,
Eirich agus gheibh gu réidh.'
- 15 'Oighe do bha 'm thigh an róir,
Fionn Mac Chuthaill toobh mar thuinn,
Thu da leiguil slán thair sliabh,
O 'n tharladh mo bhia na bhróinn.'

Dh' ordaich a bhean chomhairlachidh bh' aig, Liur,
do dhaoine Finn fear a dhol nu chomhair triuir

do dhaoine Ghuill o na bha iad cho lionmhor;
Mharbhadh each Ghuill latha, agus mhairbhte e
fein nu an eudna, mar a d' thuga Liur an
t-each glas dha.

- 16 'Imichaibhsa air ar 'n ais,
A shluabh bras o Innse fréoine;
'S mar ghabhsa an t-anam 'n ar corp,
No briseadh focal mo bheúil.'
- 17 Ghluais sinn nile do thigh Liuir,
Is fhuair sinn ann mil is fíon;
Ge d' tha e 'n diu na fhasach fuar,
Bha e uair a b' áros Rígh.
- 18 Do chunnaig mise tigh Liuir,
'S bu lionmhor ann mil is fíon;
'S chunnaig mí na dheidh sin,
Liur 's a bhean fhial fuídh dhí.
- 19 'S chunnaig mí na dheidh sin,
Gu 'n spéis dhí aig fear no muaoi;
Aig imeachd o thigh gu tigh,
Dh' fheuch cia 'n tigh a b' fhearr dha mbaoin.
- 20 Latha do bha Fionn a sealg,
Le Fheinn chalmá aig Beinn luire;
Co chunnaig fad o lamh,
Ach an t-árd Rígh d' a b' ainm Liur,
- 21 Dh' imich gu grad na dháil,
Le gean agus gradh is subh;
'S cho d' leig e neach leos do chach,
Chum 's nach cuirte náir air Liur.
- 22 Se do bheatha fein a Liur,
Fhír a chomáin ghasta ghriann;
Fhuair mí moran do' d chuid,
'S cho d' iarr thu dadam da chionn.
- 23 Thug thu dhamh 's tu d' shuidh ag ól,
Aon fhichead déug bo le 'n laoidh;
Is baothan an cois gach bó,
Air Fraoch os ceann Drim caol.
- 24 Thug thu dhamh naoi fichead each,
Gu 'm iomeachair a cás claoidh;
'S aon fhichead déug fui 'm beairt,
Da 'm thabhairt gu tráidh steach thair tuinn.
- 25 'Thug thu sin dhamh gu 'n bhréug,
Gu 'n éura' gu féilidh cóir;
Gu 'n luach no dioleadh da cheann,
Fhír is céillidh caint is glóir.'
- 26 'Cho míse féin anois Liur,
Ors am fear a bu mhór íochd;
B' fhearr leam bás fhulang an theach,
No gu 'n gaibhte mí na riochd.'
- 27 'Gu deimhín 's tu fein 'nois Liur,
Ors 'm fear a b' áille bian;
'S air an ádhbhar sin gheibh thu,
Co' dhioleadh a d' úir gu fial.'
- 28 'Bheir mí dhuit bó air a bhó.
Bheir mí dhuit each air an each;
'S bheir mí dhuit lóing air an líuing,
Da d' thabhairt gu traidh tuinn a steach.'
- 29 'Fuasglaidh mí dhuit d' fhearann saor,
O gach aon lán laoch d' am bheil;
Ní mí thu a d' thoeach lín,
'S cuiridh mí thu slán gu d' theach.'
- 30 Chóir líon e dha sin mar rádh,
'N tra' chaith iad sea laith a cluich;
Chuir e da thigh e mar gheall,
Is céud calm d' a dhíon o uile.'
- 31 'Sin agaibh íomláid an da Rígh,
Mar dh' íochd iad caoimhneas da chóil;
Bu sheirecíl, caomhannach, cóir,
Gu 'n an-íochd no gó iad féin.
- 32 'Míle beannaich dhuit gach ré,
'Oisain théilidh is binn glóir;
Air son an sgeoil co nai' blagh,
'S a dh' aithris thu dham re 'n bleó.

I. 15. KING LEAR.—A POEM. 124 lines. Extracts.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 44. Advocates' Library, April 5, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL and Gaul had disputed upon a certain topic, as they had frequently had wrangled for several rights and privileges Gaul had formerly held when supreme King of Clan Moirne. Gaul went to levy an army among his Friends and Allies to Inis-froon to re-enforce himself and give battle to Fingal. Fingal went to Lear a petty King in Ireland, upon whose aid he depended if Gaul was to surprise him, by whom Fingal and his army are entertained very hospitably. Gaul arrived with a powerful army to engage Fingal, upon which the amicable and courteous Lear marched with three attendants to meet Gaul, who he reconciles with Fingal by his affability and easy address, and invites him to his hospitable Hall, where he makes up amity and good friendship between the two Clans. Lear in his old days was reduced into a state of indigency, whether by the tyranny of the usurping Kings of Ireland or by the brutal force of the Danes is hard to determine. However, it is clear that he was reduced to poverty, and beg'd his livelihood from one place to another, and happened to come to Fingal in disguise who knew him, replaced him in his regal authority and all the properties which he formerly possessed, and requited him all former favours done him, which had been many and great. We can find no instances in any History that can excel that of the hospitable, generous, and benevolent Fingal requiting the noble, amicable, and charitable Lear all former favours done him with the greatest gratitude and tenderest sensation of love and compassion. The Poem begins with Fingal's arrival at Lear's splendid Hall, wherein they are entertained with great decorum, plentifulness, and the Music of Bards and Harpers.

LIUR.

- 1 LE aon fhichead deug fear gu gníomh ;
- 3 Lamh ri Aogh a b' aobhach fiadh ;
- 4 Bha cruiteann g' an seinn san teach,
'S daín g' an gabhail, seach gu lo ;
'S blagh-bhinn druinneis air gach clár,
A deanadh gairdeachais is ceol.
- 6 Teach na feile, teach na baigh,
'M bu mhór ábháich nan ceud sloigh ;
Gus an d' thainig cabhlach Ghuill,
Am fradharc air tuinn d' ar coir.
- 8 Is chi mi bratach an àigh,
Ann gathaibh chrann seach Druim-bhagh.
- 9 Comhairle Chormaic nam buadh,
Comhairle chruaidh dhúinn gu beachd ;
- 15 Oigh do bha 'm thig an raoir, (*aoigh*)
- 17 Ghluais iad uile do thigh Liuir,
- 19 Chunnáig mi feile nam fear,
- 20 Ach an t-Aghor d' am b' ainm Liuir.
- 24 Gu 'm iomachar a cas Chuinn ;
'S aon fhichead deug Long fu' m beairt.
- 27 Ois an fear a b' aille 'n Fhian ;
Gheibh thu 'n comáin do dhea' ruin,
Coi-dhioladh a d' reir gu fial.
- 29 Choi-líon mo Ríogh mar a gheall,
Mo Ríogh gun fheall do Rí'-Liur ;
Am fiontráim dh' eídich maraon,
A bhean 'san laoch bu mhór cur.
- 30 Chuiread ceud calma gu dhíon,
Gus an tír ann d' fhuair e iul ;
B' eibhinn aídhearach an Fhianm,
A triall leis an Triath gu mhúr.
- 31 'S e sin íomláid an da Ríogh,
Mar dh' íochd iad einéach na féil ;
Bu cheannail caomhanach, coir,
Gun an-íochd na go am beus.

These mutual presents of Fingal and Lear may with propriety be compared to those of Solomon to Hiran, King of Tyre.—(Kennedy's note.)

THE LAY OF THE MAIDEN.

O'Donovan's Catalogue, 266.

H. 2. 17. Trinity College, Dublin.

'An ancient romantic Fenian tale, Bas an Mhaeacain Mór Míe Rígha Na Easpaint. He was killed, according to the story, by the Great Warrior Oscar, the grandson of Finn Mac Cumhail, in the reign of Cormac Mac; but the whole story is purely legendary, but still worth attention, as it preserves some ancient Irish notions.' (Two leaves of small folio, vellum, bound up with part of the Book of Leacan.) It somewhere appears that this champion had a cat's head, and that Oscar's first exploit was this victory.

At least three metrical stories about distressed damsels are preserved :—

1. A Princess of Lochlann is pursued by Dearg, a Greek Warrior. They come to the Feinne while they are out hunting, and the end of the story is that Goll binds the mighty Greek.
2. The Princess of the Land under the Waves is pursued by Maighre Borb. They come by sea to the Feinne at Easruagh. Goll slays the pursuer, and the Lady lives with Fionn for a year as his wife.
3. A Princess of Greece is pursued by Illin or Iolun, Prince of Spain, to the mound on which the Feinne dwelt. The pursuer binds Fionn's younger sons, and slays the Lady. Oscar, Fionn's grandson, slays the Spaniard; Oisein tells the story to Padruig, and points to the graves.
4. This story first appeared in print in Mac Pherson's 'Fragments,' 1760, pp. 26 to 30. It begins thus :—

'Son of the noble Fingal,
Oscian, Prince of men!
What tears run down the cheeks of age?
What shades thy mighty soul?

Memory, son of Alpin,
Memory wounds the aged.
Of former times are my thoughts;
My thoughts are of the mighty Fingal.'

Mac Pherson's 'Oscian' then tells the story. The daughter of Cremor, Prince of Inverne, is pursued by Ullin. They come over sea to Fingal. The Pursuer binds his three sons, and slays the Lady. Oscar slays him. Oscian tells the story to the Son of Alpin, and points to the graves.

5. The story next appeared (P. 45, Fingal, Book 3, edit. 1762), as an episode in an Epic, transformed, and polished. 'Oscar I was young like thee when lovely Fainasolis came, that sunbeam, that mild light of love,' &c. The Lady, 'The Maid of Craea,' is pursued by 'Borbar;' he slays the Lady; Ossian slays him, and he tells the story to his son Oscar. Craea is supposed, in a foot-note, to be one of the Shetland Islands.

In the latest edition of Ossian's poems (1870, vol. I., p. 496) Mac Pherson's last version is printed as his translation from his Gaelic original; but there is no Gaelic original for this episode.

I have got together more than 2,500 lines of versions of these ballads, of which the oldest was written about 1512, and the latest I wrote myself in Barra, in 1871, from the dictation of a man who cannot read. I suppose that Mac Pherson paraphrased a version, and that he worked it into his Fingal, together with similar paraphrases of genuine ballads, and his own imaginations. Readers may judge for themselves from the samples which follow. Of the first ballad, I have but one version; of the second, and third I have many; of the fourth and fifth, none. Here is a list :—

| | lines | | lines |
|--------------------------------|-------|--------------------------------|-------|
| A. 18. Easroig . . . | 162 | D. 18. An Invin . . . | 196 |
| D. 19. Eass Ruathán . . . | 139 | D. 29. An Fomhulan . . . | 22 |
| H. 19. Maighre Borb . . . | 124 | F. 18. Duan na h-Ingibin . . . | 128 |
| I. 13. Maive Borb . . . | 128 | L. 2. Duan na h-Ingibin . . . | 109 |
| M. 10. Cath, Rígh Sorcha . . . | 136 | M. 9. Duan na h-Ingibin . . . | 84 |
| N. 5. Moira Borb . . . | 163 | S. 2. Duan na h-Ingibin . . . | 81 |
| S. 3. 'The Fall of Roya' . . . | 101 | V. 11. Duan na h-Ingibin . . . | 130 |
| | 503 | | 654 |

Of No. 1, 82 lines; of 2, 953; of 3, 654; of fragments gathered by Dr. Mac Lauchlan, 288; of fragments gathered by myself, 418. Twenty-three versions, 2,395 lines. Versions, heard in 1870-1871, were not counted, but they were numerous.

P. 11. LAOIDH MAODH-CHABIR 'US CHAMAGICH. 82 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 69. Advocates' Library, Feb. 24, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

I HAVE no other version of this ballad. It is written for repeating every half stanza, which manner of singing Heroic Ballads I heard in 1871.

THE Princess of Lochlann comes to the Feinne for protection. Her dress is described. She is followed by a personage who is not easy to explain. He seems to be a Greek, and his name is Dearg, Mac Na Deirga Dàsniche. This name is applied to Deir in a legend, and Dearg's sister was transformed into a Hind, according to another. This warrior overthrew eleven hundred of Fionn's men, and was himself overthrown and bound by Goll, who held him to ransom.

- 1 La gan rabh fann alabinn,
Air maol-fhionn chnoc-o grianan,
Air maol-fhionn chnoc-na dàilich,
Nach d' fhuair Fionn riamh a lagaidh,
- 2 Air maol fhionn chnoc ra dalich,
Na d' fhuair fionn riamh a lagadh
Dh' eirich fionn gu fianntachd
Gu h' ard os cionn na feinne,
- 3 Dh' eirich fionn, &c.
Sgaoladar na fhianuis,
Lùchd seilge gach a sleibha
- 4 Sgaolada, &c.
Man dug an luchd seilge sin,
An athannan o cheila
- 5 Man dug, &c.
Chunnachdadar sna maoghannan,
Bean sa h-uidhe ro threun 'ar
- 6 Chunnachdadar, &c.
A Bhaobh fharsinn mhoralach
Tiogn thuginn mar mhaoi mhalla.
- 7 A Bhaobh, &c.
Amhluidh 's do bha 'n og bhean sin,
Bha orrase bnaidh dealbha
- 8 Amhluidh, &c.
Brat do 'n t-sìoda bhuidhe bha,
Mo nighin an t-seanga bheoin,
- 9 Brat do 'n,
Folt dualach donna thlath
Le oehd oireanna fleadha,
- 10 Folt
Brat do neaghuinn orlucht,
An in-chuine òir na braghid.
- 11 Brat
Air cheangal le h-òr dearg,
Sud nìmpè sa Phadruig,
- 12 Air
Air an t-lic fhod bhuidhe,
Eada rinn ga feuchin
- 13 Air an
Do dh' fiosruich fionn fìnna
Do Nìonaig eas thanig
- 14 Do dh' fiosruich
O chathir na Seohaj
Thainn ars an nìonag
- 15 O chathir
'S nìoghn do dh' Ard Rìgh Lochlann mì
Maodhchabir a b' ainm dhuine
- 16 'S Nìogn 'n
Se 'n Rìgh a bha 'r an Inno
Gan d' rugadh mo mhathir
- 17 Se
Sann sa chabar Lochlannach
A rugadh mì san oiche
- 18 Sann
Dhaoidh mì san fhearann
Us se Gealluel P 'n air mo Bhrathir
- 19 Dhaoidh
Rugadh mì mar Bhanacheila
Don Dearg muinn mac an dreugmhuinn

- 20 Rugadh
An Dearg mor bha toibheumach
Cha d' fhuair e toil mo mhcaumhadh
- 21 An Dearg
Gun rabh an enri cath-mìlì
O 'n latha sin gam leannmhuinn
- 22 Gun rabh
Gun b' iomadh Tonn Thorh-lhuan
Fuidh sparradh an Deirg-Eibhinnich
- 23 Gun b' iomadh
Thiubhail mis an Domhan,
Agus m' aghich air gach aon neach
- 24 Thiubhail
Fear ghabhail mo chaimrichda,
Cha d' fhuaras riamh a mhìchd Cubhuill,
- 25 Fear
Ne cagal an Deirg mhoir-chuisich
A theachd o Rìoghachd na Greiga,
- 26 Ne
Nach gabhainnsa do chumric 's,
Arsa Fionn Flath na Feinne.
- 27 Nach
Gabhna Ghuill mo chumricsa
A ghaol a dh' fearubh Morna
- 28 Gabhsa
O nach bheil nan chumhachdabh
Bhì n' aghaigh an fhìoir mhor achdannich
- 29 O nach
Cuirims an Ad-mhullich
Arsa Goll an lamh bu treina
- 30 Cuirims
Nach bhuit air an Domhan
Laoch a gheibha tu air eigin
- 31 Nach
Cha b' fhada fuin chuinne sin
Do dh' fearamh Fiann Eirinn.
- 32 Cha
Nair chunnachdar a sonna mhìlì
A tìgn o 'n bheinn gu cheila
- 33 Nair
Mac na Deirga Dàsniche
Nach facas riamh mhac samhla
- 34 Mac
Na chaoiribh dearg mar bharr-lasir
Tiogn thuginn gu diau dana
- 35 Na
Bha lann liobh ro-gharbh-mhor,
Aig an an Laoch an ceanna dearna,
- 36 Bha
Far fearibh na feorni
Maodhchabir sna bearnibh
- 37 Far
Deich ciad toisich Tuarsdil
'S ciad eila leis na bhuidhndh
- 38 Deich
Mo leagadh an Deirg Mhorchuisich
Gun b' ann dar Feinn a chlaoidhadh
- 39 Mo
Nair mhothuich Goll gnìomhachdach
Fiannabh Fhinn gan leagadh
- 40 Nair
Dh' eirich e na fhìor-theasamh
Mo lomachd mhic an Dreugmhuinn
- 41 Dh' eirich
Dh' eirich an da chath-mhìlì
Gu bras an aigh'ch a cheila
- 42 Dh' eirich
Eidar an da ro-mhìlì
Gun b' ole an ioghmadh treina
- 43 Eidar
Sann le 'n casan mhorchuisach
A mhosgladh iad Trom talabhinn

- 44 Sann
Nochdadh an fhuil ghrinnis leo
Del n innibh a cheila
- 45 Nachdadh
Bhiota forra forragharg
Na Laoich sin man cloit' ad
- 46 Bhiota
B' e deiridh an imarsgeilsa
Dimeas mhich an Dreugmuinn
- 47 B' e
Gun dug Goll leis ceangailt
Ann a fiadhnais fheara Mornne,
- 48 Gun
Us Mile Marg o 'n Dearg
A thoirt a nall a Rìoghachd na Greiga
- 49 Us
Sud thoirt do Gholl gealamhor
Airson Dheirg thoirt uaidh' air eigin.

A. 18. ESSROYG. 80 lines.

A HOUDIR SOO OSSEIX.

- 1 ANNIT doif skayle beg er finn,
Ne skayle nach currein soym
Er v'cowle fay math golle,
Fa cowin sen rame ray
- 2 Di wamyn beggane sloyeg,
Ag *essroyg* nym neggin mawle
Di chemyn fa holta yr traec,
Currych mor is ben anu
- 3 Keigit leich zownych maue leich,
Fa math er guceit er gych gart
Fir rar ness is marg a cheith,
Di gowmist er gi ter nert
- 4 Derrymir wlli gi dane,
Ach finn no wane is gowle
Dethow churrych fa lard *keym*
Wa na reym scoltyth nyn donn
- 5 Ne yarynth tam in na techt
Gir zoywe calle si fort ynaa
Yth techt dey her in ness
Derre ass m'cayve mnaa
- 6 Gilli a darli no syth graaune,
Is ser mayne nossyth dalwee
In nynin hanyk in gane,
Di waymin feyn rompyth sorve
- 7 Heg thuggin gu pupaill finn,
Is banneis gi grin doyth
Reggir m'kowle na heiner,
In bannow beinn gin toyth
- 8 Darrit in reith fa math drach,
Gi hard di neyn dath zlan
Ca trawe as danith in wan,
Toywr skaylli gi gar rowne
- 9 *Neyn may re heir fa hwee,*
Innosit gyth crvn ny zayll
Ne elli trawe fa neyin grane
Nar earis feyn di leich feal
- 10 A reithyin hwle gi royd
A neyn oyk is math dalwe
In tosga fa daneis an gane
Tawiris doyth pen gi darve
- 11 Mi chomryth ort mass tow finn,
Di rae run in makayve mna
Daywis towr loyryth is di loye
Gave mi chomre gi loyth tra
- 12 Derrich in reith fa math fìss
Sloneit a niss ca ter a hei
Goym rayd chomre a wen
Er gi far za will in greit
- 13 Tay la feich a techt er murri
Leich is math gol er mi lorga
Mak re na Sorchir is geire erme
Is do fa ann in *Dyr borb*
- 14 Di churris gessi ne cheun
Gi berre fin may er saylle
Is nach bein aggi mir wnee
Gar wath a ynce is awge
- 15 Di raye osgr gi glor mir
Far sin di chosk gi reith
Gin gar for finn di yess,
Ne rach tow less mir wneith
- 16 Di chemyn techt her stead
Leich si wayd oss gi far
Sowle ni farga gi dane
Si nwle chadni zoyve a wen
- 17 Clokgit tenn teygne ma cheenni
Far nar heme is bi treu
Skar yawmuych you er a zess
A drum lin cless era claa
- 18 Clave tromte tortoyl nac gann
Gi tenn er teive in ir vor
A gymirt class assi chind
Is a techt in genn thoye
- 19 Za voneis zasg gi moya
A sessow in gawlow skay
Er nert er zask er zolle
Ne elle far mir achay
- 20 Naill flath is rosk reith
In kenn in ir fa keive crow
Math in noyth fa gall a zayd
Is loayth a stayd ne si srow
- 21 Tanik in stead sin in deir
Sin far nar weine riss in nayne
Kegit leich wemir ann
Zonyth ra hynsyth gar nar
- 22 Er eggill in ir is a heyth
Ne royye leich zin gan zrane
- 23 Da twne mir hanik in deir
Darrit in reith fa math elu
In nathin tow feyn a wen
In na sud in fer a der tow
- 24 Haneym a v'coulle a ynd
Is fowir linn a zi tane
Darg say miss war less
Ga math di thress a inn ayll
- 25 Derre oskir agus Gowle
Bi worbe coskir lonn ni gath
Nane sessow in gar in thoye
Eddir in far mor si flaath
- 26 Hanik in leich bi wath thlacth
Le feich is lay nar no genn
Aggris foddeis woyn in wen
Di we gar a zolin innu
- 27 Tuk m'Morn in turchir dane
Gi croy na zey din tleyg
Ner anni in turchir nar hay
Za sky gin darny da wli
- 28 Di crath oskir fa mor ferg
A chrissi yerg za layve claa
Aggris marveis stayd in ir mor
In teaach a rinyth lai
- 29 Nor hut in stayd er in lerg
Zimpoo la ferg is la feich
Agis fokgris borbe in teme
Corik er in kegite in leich
- 30 In tewe moe zinsyth fene is dinn
Kegit leich nar heim no zall
Gar waat in tessow sid drost
Di zyle in gask la nyth lawe
- 31 Varrit da willi gi marri
Gi dane di gi far zew sin
De nemist wlli fa hur
Mir hu ac coryk fir
- 32 Chaywill tre nenor gi moy
Sin nirrill chroy solli di seur
Ga croy chaywill ni de cheoy
Er gi eine dew sin a churr

- 33 Di zrw't gowle in nagni vir
Gu leddirt in ir in gor roit
Ga bea chewic eads in sin
Bi zarve in gell sin gloe
- 34 Horechir m'Morn la laive
M're nyth sorechir skaylle mor
Is margk trave in danik in ven
Fa hut in far in gar roit
- 35 Is er tuttyin in ir vor
In gar zi choyrn eroye in ceme
Di we neyn re heir fa hwne
Bleygin ac finn anysth nane
- 36 Flann m'Morn croy in cass
Hor bass fa mor in teacht
Ne reive leich a danik as zeive
Gin a chneis lane di chrecht
- 37 Mathirsyth feine by wath tlacht
Neach a wackyth reyve neir er
In nis ass derri dym zueith
Er inn is annit doth skayll.
Annit doth skayll.
- 38 Do zawe sea churre no o skay
Leith na thraa zor roye ann
Na gin dug ayr mor er ir wane
Is gin dranik se a feyn fyynn.
- 39 Mir wee kegit leich garwe
In daall in narm zo gi loor
Wemist gin choywir fa smach
Da goyrts woyn in cor
- 40 Di weit in glywe gin tocht
A cluyth chopr agus skay
Co math chorik pen a deiss
Ne aykyth reiss er mi ray
- 41 Eligir aggin ag in ess
Er bi wath tressi is gneive
Currir fa wrayth gi moyer
Fane oyr in honor mi reith
- 42 Deyth bleyin zoolle in narm nye
In leith worb nar loyeth in reith
M'Morn fa deyiss lamm
Gai leygiss ag finn mi fleygh.

D. 19. EASS RUAIDH.

Mac Nicol's Collection. 139 lines. Ossianic Ballad.
Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, February
27, 1872.

THIS is the same as A. 18. 'Mac Riogh na Sorch' is supposed to be the son of the King of Portugal. It is exceedingly curious to note the changes which have taken place in this ballad, written by the Dean of Lismore about 1512, and by the Minister of Lismore about 1755 to 70. Every line has changed, but so as to preserve something like the sound, and something nearly equivalent to the meaning of each line, and each quatrain. A few verses have been forgotten; one verse in the second version is not in the first. The Story and the Ballad continue the same in spite of the changes.

A better illustration of the power of tradition I never saw.—J.F.C.

- 1 LAITHIDH dhuinne beggan shuaidh,
Aig Eass Ruaidh nan Egin mall
Chuncas aig sheola air Lear,
Curach mor & Beann ann.
- 2 Sheisibh shinn uille gu dion,
Moch Fionn nan Fiannc & Goll;
Aig aibhric a Churich b' airde leim;
'S bean da reir a scoltadh Thonn.
- 3 Aithne cha dreim neach ach tost,
Gus 'n do ghaibh i Calla sa phort sheibh;
Shin nar dh' eirigh air an Eass,
Thaig as Macca Mnaoi.
- 4 B' ionnin dearsa dlith 's do 'n Ghreine,
'S bu thaoir a Mein ann 's gach Dealbh;
Inghin og thaing an Cein,
Beithemid fein roipe soirbh.

- 5 Bheannuich I do phobul Fhinn,
Gun bheannuich i gu binu doibh;
Fhreagair Mac Cubhail na Fein,
Gu h-ubhail grimn dith 's gu foil.
- 6 Dh' fhairid an Riodh bu mhath Fios,
Cia t-aird a nighin ghlan ur;
Nach innish u dhuinn a Bheann,
Cò 'n Treabh as an tainig tu.
- 7 'S Inghinn mi do Rìogh Fa-thuinn,
Dh' insin Shin dhuit ge Crainn mo Dhail;
Nach h-eil Tir mu 'n do Dh' iath Griann,
Nach d' iarras thusa a Fhlath Phail.
- 8 Do bhrìgh do Thurish air gach Rod,
Inghin og as ro mhath dealbh;
An t-abhar mu 'n tainig tu 'n lein,
Nach tabhair thu fein da 'nn a Dhearbh;
- 9 Ort mo Choinnir mas tu Fionn,
Thoir dhaibh Linn a Mhaeca Mhnaì;
Do bhrìgh Furlainn is do Bhuaidh,
Glac mo Choinnir gu luath tradh.
- 10 Glacam do choimnir a Bhean,
Dh' aoin Fhear da bheil an Crich;
Ach innish dhuine gu beachd,
Co an neach bhiodh air do Thi.
- 11 Ta ga 'm Bheor-uidh ruagidh air Muir,
Laoch bu bhor gun air mo Lorg;
Mac Riogh na Sorch 's gear airn,
Neach thin da 'm b' ainm Maidhre-borb.
- 12 Geassin a chuirin na cheann,
Fhadsa bhithidh Fionn air sail;
Nach rachadh du leis mar mhnaoi,
Ge math a ghaibh is a Laibh.
- 13 Labhair Osgar le Gloir bhirr,
An Laoch a chaisgidh sud gach Reir;
Gad nach foirir Fionn fa Gheass,
Cha rachadh tu leis mar mhnaoi.
- 14 Bliaghna dhuinne san Labh threine,
Chuncas an steud air an Leir;
Agus a mhaid as gach Fear
Shiubhal na Fairge gu dian
San Rod cheudna reinn a Bhean.
- 15 Bha cloggadd teann tuintaidh mu cheann,
Air an Fhear nach bu thiom 's bu threun;
Sgiath dhruimnich nach teid air a h-aish,
O Inlaig gu cneas a dheibh.
- 16 Bha elaihbhibh trom toirtol nach gann,
Do bhi an Laibh an Fhìr mhòir
Aig ionmairt a chlessibh gu dian
A teachd ann Druimlibh a chuain.
- 17 Bha neul Flath & Rosg Riogh,
An ceann an Fhìr bu chaoin cruth;
Gabh mlaith a shnuagh 's geile dheid,
Bu luathidh' steud na shruth.
- 18 Badde labhan na creann Iughir,
'S bu bhinnno na Eoin chiuil a ghuth;
Tighin o 'n Tuinn gus a chrich,
Aig 'n do fharraid an Riogh bu mhath cliu.
- 19 An saoiladh tu fhéin a Bhean,
'Ne thnd an Fear a deireadh tu;
Saoidh mi Mhìe Cubhail Fheinn,
Gur a Coibhlan nach tiom e,
Gun taig cisin mo bhreath leis
Ge mor do neart as an Fhein.
- 20 Thaig an Laoch bu bhor Tlachd,
Le Fraoich as le noart nar ceann;
Cha 'd fharraid e Curruidh na Triath,
Na Laoch gar Fianibh gu raibh ann.
- 21 Sheisibh Osgar sheisibh Goll,
Bu mhòr Cosg air Lonn an cath;
Nan Dist an Iumail an t-shloidh
Eddar an Fear mor sam Flath.
- 22 Do fhuadich e leis a Bhean,
Do bhi 'n cairibh Gualin Fhein;
Thug e Tair mhòir air an Fhein,
Gus an d' rainig e fein Fionn.

- 23 Thug Mac Morn an urchair threun,
Gu crothidh as a dheidh da shleagh;
'S cha do bheann an urchair da chre,
Ach reinneadar da sgeith da Leath.
- 24 Do thilg Osgar an aigh,
A chraosich dhearg as a Laibh chliath
As maratar leis steud an Fhíir,
'S mor am beud a chinneadh leinn.
- 25 Do thuit an steud air an Leirg,
Thiantaidh e le Feirg 's le Froich;
Dh' fhogair ge bu mhór an Taom,
Coibhrag air an ar caogid Laoch.
- 26 Tuilleadh dhiomsa fein 's do Fhionn,
Chaidh ceud nach bu tiom na dhail;
Ge bu mhath an aigne san Tosd,
Gl call eisín an cosgairt le Laibh.
- 27 Clann a Morna cruaidh an cas,
Fhair Bas ge gaing am Bend;
Cha raibh neach a thainigas,
Nach maibh chneaslach lair do chreuchd.
- 28 Bliadhna dhoibhsiu gu airm aigh,
Gach Laoch gaing a shath a sleagh;
Nan Luithidh fa theagag Fhíinu,
Dan leighis aig Fíonn nan Fleagh.
- 29 Dh' eirich Goll an aignidh mhír,
A Liodairt an Fhíir san chaol-rod;
Ge b' e chithidh iad an thín,
Bu bhor an gail' is an seol.
- 30 Bha claighín soc ri soc,
Re liodairt chorp & sciath;
Tinnil catha' bh' aig an Deiss,
Cha 'n fhuacas ris roibh riabh.
- 31 Ga do eblaoidh Mac Morna le Laibh,
Mac Ríogh na Sorcha as theibh snuaidh;
'S maing Treabh on daing a Bhean,
Leis 'n do Thuit am Fear on chuan.
- 32 Thiolca a choir an Eass,
An Gíllí bu mbaith cleas as clíth;
Chuirigh mu Bhrathidh gach Meoir,
Fain oir an onnoir mo Ríogh.
- 33 Bha Inghín Ríogh Bhara fo thuinn,
Fad Bliadhan aig Fíonn ann san Fheir;
An Deigh Tuitim an Fír mhóir,
O Choittha Chuain truidh an sgenl.
- 34 Mathair fein bu ro-mhath Dreach,
Cha do dhuilt e neach da Thruadh no Threir;
A nois o 's deire dha' m' chliath
Gu suim gur airtne dhaibh 'n sgeul.

H. 19. HOW MAIGHRE BORB, THE SON OF THE
KING OF SORACHA, WAS KILT BY GOLL.
124 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 22. Advocates' Library,
November 29, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Dublin, December 9, 1871.—Known to everybody in
Ireland, but no copy older than the Dean's known to
Hennessy: A. 18. above.

It is curious to watch the minute changes that have
taken place in one man's version of this old ballad: so I
print his two Arguments, and his various readings.

THE ARGUMENT.

MAIGHRE BORB was courting the daughter of the King of
Tír-fuidh-thuinn; and she was not willing to marry him;
they happened to be one day walking out together, and
he said to her, 'Who is in life under the sun that is able
to keep you from me now?' 'You are wrong,' says she,
'I shall go to Fingal to Ireland, and he will defend me
from you for a year and a day;' he ordered her to go to
Fingal immediately, and that he would take her from him,
the spite of all his might and force. She went away with
some attendance to Fingal to defend her from him, he
pursued her in hopes that he would take her from Fingal;
for he was of extraordinary height and bigness, and of
strength accordingly, besides being a great Inchanter or
Conjurer, but nevertheless he was kilt by Goll at last. Ob-
serve the Poem.

DAN 3.

- 1 THA sgéul beag agam air Fíonn,
A chuireas m' n suim gach uair;
Air dea' mhaic Cuthail na 'm fleadh,
Leis am buinte blagh is buaidh.
- 2 Ailís nam dham Oisain fhéilidh,
Nach d' éur aon neach riamh mu sgéul,
Cíod an gníomh rinn dea' mhaic Cuthail,
Bhíos tu cainmhneacha' gu h-eibhneach.
- 3 Latha bho Fíonn is beagan sluaigh,
Aig Eas-ruaidh nan leag sruth máll;
Chunnacas a seóladh o near,
Curachan óir is aon bhean ánu.¹
- 4 Sheaseamar nil air an tom,
'S Flath nam fiann agus Goll trom;
A feitheamh a churchain a b' fhearr gléus
Is e na reis a sgotcadh thonn.
- 5 Air a churach cla' d luigh smal,
Clos ch d' rinn an port no túmh;
Gus an d' rainig e an t-Eas.
Is dh' eirich aiste maise mná.²
- 6 B' ioncann dealradh dh' i 's do 'n ghréin,
Is b' fhearr gu mór a méin no dealbh;
A bhean a thainig an céil,
Bha sinn gu léir roip' gu 'n fheall.
- 7 Do ghluais i gu pubul Fhíinn,
Is bheannaich i gu grinn dó;
Fhreagair Mac Cuthail gu grinn,
A beannachadh binne le dóidh.
- 8 ' Mo chomraic ort mas tu Fíonn
Labhair rinn a macaidh mná;
Le feodhas t-ainme 's do bhuaidh,
Mo chomraic ort gu luath tráth.'
- 9 Dh' fhiosraich mo Rígh bu mhaith dealbh,
Cia as teachd na triall gheal úr;
Cia an t-ainm a ghoirte rí,
No cia b' athair dh' i air thús.
- 10 ' Inghean Rígh Tír-fuidh-thuinn,
Dh' insin dhuit gu cruinn mo sgéul;
Cho 'n eil rioghachd an d' eirich grian,
Nach d' iarras dhutsa Rígh Fhíinn.
- 11 ' Brí do thuras as gach ród,
Ainnir óg is gloine gné;
'S an t-adhbhar mu 'n d' ainig thu 'n Fheinn,
Aithris gu 'n dáil dhamb fein é.'
- 12 ' Torachd a tha orm air muir,
Laoch is trom guin air mo lorg
Mac Rígh Soracha' nan sgia' airm,
Triath d' an goirear Maighre borb.'
- 13 ' Geasan do chuir s' e am cheann,
Nach cumeadh Fíonn mi o sháil;
'S nach bithainn bliadhna aige mar mhnaoi,
Cia mór leis a ghníomh is ágh.'
- 14 ' Labhair an gaisgeach le glóir mhír,
'N laoch leis an coisgear gach Rígh;
Gus an liubhreachd Fíonn a gheasan,
Nach reachaimsa leis gu sior.'
- 15 ' Glacam do chomraic a bhean,
Roi' aon neach a tha an clé;
'S a dh' ain deóin a Mhaighre bhuirh,
Fad bliadhna gheibh thu nam díon.'
- 16 Chunnacamar a tigh 'n air stéud,
Laoch do bha mhead thair gach fear;
A caitheamh na fainge gu dian,
An t-íú ciadn' thainig a bhean.
- 17 B' fhad a leac bu gheal a dhéud,
'S bu mhíre stéud no gach sruth;
Adhaidh fhlathail is rosg rioghail,
'N ceann mhílidh bu chaoin cruth.
- 18 Bha cloidheamh trom toirtail nach gann,
Teainte re slíos an fhír mhóir;
Sgiath chreinneach dhubb air a leis,
'S e 'g iomairt air chleasaibh gach doidh.

¹ Cho b' ór e ged bha e cho loinrach re h-ór.

² No macaidh mná.

- 19 'Deir rínn mar a thainig thu' Clí,
Dh' fhiosraich mo Rígh bu mhai clú ;
An aithnigh thu féin a bhean,
'N e sud am fear a deir thu,'
- 20 Aithnicheams' e mhic Chluathail Fhinn,
'S gur puthar leam e do d' Fheinn,
Tairgídh e mise thóirt leis,
G' e mór ar treis asaibh féin.

Not in I.

- 21 'Mo cheud beannachd dhuit a' nois,
Is dean mise féin a dhion ;
O 'n ghaiseach is buirbe gruain,
O 'n a dh' fhuathaich mi roí gníomh.'
- 22 'N laoch sin a thainig o 'n chuan,
A eagmbuis shuaigh bu mhor prís ;
Do bhaidbinn é lois a bhean,
'S i gairid o laimh mo Rígh.
- 23 Dh' eirich Oscar, 's dh' eirich Goll,
Bheircadh losgadh lom 's gach cath ;
'S dh' eirich iad uile na sloigh,
Eidear am fear mór 's am Flath.
- 24 Goll mac Mornn nan urachair tréun,
Asa dheidh do thilg e sleagh ;
B' i 'n urachair bu truime 's bu tréine,
D' a sgé do rinn da blaigh.
- 25 Thilg an t-Oscar le lán fhéirg,
A chraosach dhearg le laimh chli ;
Do mharbhadh leis stéid an fhir,
'S mór an cion do rinneadh lé.
- 26 Charaich e ruinn air an leirg,
An laoch bu mhor fear is prís ;
'S chlaoidh é naoi naonar gu luath,
'S an iorgaill chruaidh shultidh shíth.
- 27 Mar bhíthead an caogad laoch gárg,
Bhí 'g iomairt ar 'n arm fái leith ;
Dh' fhadh gach é sinne fúí' sbrochd,
'S cho ghaibhte nainne cosg leis.
- 28 Goll Mac Mornna nan lámh tréun,
Bhuail s'e e gu geur le shleagh ;
Mu chothair a chroidhe le thróir,
'S thuit e air an lon gu 'n fheith.
- 29 Thug e dha buille na dha,
Gus ac d' fhad an deó a chré ;
Bu mhairg aeu bhean mu 'n de thuit,
A leithid do chleithcach treun.
- 30 Thiodhlaicadh leinn taobh an Eas.
Maicadh mor nan cleas 's nan gníomh ;
'S chuir sinn nu bhradhaid gach meóir ;
Fáinn óir an onoir mo Rígh.
- 31 Bha inghean Rígh Tir fúí' thuinn,
Bliadhna shlan aig Fionn 's an Fheinn ;
An deigh tuiteam an fhir mhóir,
Le neart an t-sluaigh 's anor sgéul.

I. 13. MAIREBORB, MAID OF CRACO, OR EAS-
RUAGH.—A POEM. 128 lines. Extracts.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 20. Advocates' Library,
April 4, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—Kennedy's Geography is not to be depended
upon, but it is the traditional geography attributed to
this ballad.

'Sorcha' is either 'Portugal' or 'Ardnamurchan.'
'The Land under the Waves' is either 'Holland' or the
small Island of 'Tiree.' 'Sorcha' means 'Light,' and
possibly this may be a Gaelic form of 'Saracen Land.'

THE ARGUMENT.

MAIRE-BORB, the son of the King of Soracha or Ardnamurchan, a District of Argyleshire, fell in love with Semhchruth, daughter of the King of that Island Tirrie, then Tir-fui-thinn. Semhchruth, being not fond of Maireborb, seeing her Father willing, they should make it up, sailed (accompanied with a few hands) thro' the night to Ireland, to be protected by the great generous and hospitable Fingal, who at her arrival was hunting along with a

small party at Eas-ruai. Semhchruth made up to Fingal, and made known her story.

Fingal undertook to secure her for a year and attack Maireborb if he should attempt to take her off by force. Presently Maireborb approached upon the shore, mounted his steed and took away Semhchruth who sat upon Fingal's right hand upon the Hill. Goll threw after him his spear and broke his shield. Oscar kilt his steed. Maireborb seeing himself so desperately handled, attacked and overturned four-score and one of Fingal's party. And if Fingal had not sent fifty men one after another off to Bera for their arms, he would have been overcome by Maireborb and his small Party, and have taken off the captive Lady. Maireborb is kilt by Goll, and interr'd with great solemnity in the Fingalians.

Semhchruth resided in Fingal's Hall for a twelvemonth mourning for the brave and valorous Maireborb.

The Poem is addressed to the Son of Alpine.

MAIREBORB.

- 1 CHA raibh ann ach fear is ceud ;
Leis am bu'nte blagh 'sgach euchd.
- 2 Ailís sin damh Oisein thim,
Laoich is binne bhriathraich beal ;
Cíod e 'n gníomh rinn dea Rí'-phaile,
Triath nam feagh, nam blar, 's nam beam.
- 4 Flath nam Fiann, is au triath Goll ;
- 6 Bha sinn gu leir roipe soirbh.
- 7 Is bheannaich i gu binn do ;
- 8 Labhair ruinn dea' mhais gach mná ;
- 9 Dh' fhiosraich mo Ríogh a b' fhearr dealbh,
Cia as teachd na Triath ghil úr ;
Bu deirge gruaidh, bu bhinne guth,
'S bu ghile cruth no ghrian air mur.
- 10 Inghean Ríogh Tire-fui-thuinn,
- 13 Nach cumadh Fionn mi na dhàil ;
'S nach bithinn blia 'n aig mar mo mhian,
- 14 Nach reachainnsa leis sa gníomh.
- 15 Roi' aon fhear a' ta ann eil ;
Re blia 'n bi 'n tuilg 's an síth.
- 16 Chnacamar a' tigh 'n mar ean,
- 18 Sgia' chreimneach, dhu air a leis,
- 21 Mar éitil nu ean ri gaoith,
Bha 'n laoch a tigh 'n air ar muin ;
Suntach, sligheach, san-ard ceum,
Mar steud eísg a' ruigh le sruth.
- 22 Labhair a bhean fhiomh gheal og,
Fhinn nan corrn gur an cruas ;
Tionaladh ann Fhian na cho-aíl,
So i 'n torachd-'s leoir a luas.
- 27 'Charnich e ruinn air an leirg,
An laoch bu mhor fearg agus pris ;
Chlaoi' e naoinaonar gu luath,
'S an iorgail chruaidh, shultaidh shíth.
- 29 Goll tha' Moirine nan arm geur,
Bhuail e 'n trean laoch ann sa bhail
Thuit an t-armaicht, ceanaíl calma,
An lamh gharbh a b' fhearr sa mbagh.
- 30 Triath na Sorach bu doirbh ri leon,
Chaill e 'n deo, 's bu mhor am beud ;²
- 32 Bha inghean Ríogh Tir-fui-thuinn,
Blia' na aig Fionn ann san Fheinn ;
An deidh tuiteam an fhir mhoir,
Le neart an t-sloigh, 's cruai' an sgeul.

¹ We are apt to believe this passage to be a mere fiction, and beyond credibility that Maireborb could vanquish upwards of fourscore of the flower of Fingal's army ; yet we find in Sacred History many actions more wonderful. Abishai, the son of Zerniah, had lifted up 'his spear against 300 of the Philistines, whom he all slew at one time.' (Collector's note.)

² In Kennedy's first version they hit him when he was down ; in this second version they say that it was a great pity he lost his life.—J. F. C.

M. 9. DAN NA H-INGHIN. 84 lines.

Gillies, page 35.

- 1 LA d' an robh sinn uille an Fhìann,
Air sliabh Sealmath nan sruth dian,
Choncas ag teachd sa' mhaigh,
Inghean 's i 'g imeachd 'n h-aonar;
- 2 Au inghean bu ghloine sinuagh,
Bu ghùle 's bu deirge gruaidh:
Bha dà rosg àillidh 'na ceann,
'S i 'gambare falachaidh m' a' timchioll.
- 3 Bha léine do 'n t-sròl a b' ùire
M' a cneas gràdhach, caoin, eùraidh,
Is gu 'm b' àillidh na 'n gath-gréine
A bràghad a suas o caomh léine.
- 4 Chuir i comruich air Fìonn,
'S air Goll muirneach Mae Morna,
'S air Oscar an àigh,
Làmh chosgair gach teugnhaill.

AN INGHEAN.

- 5 'Mo chomruich oirbh, Fhìanna matha,
Eadar chloinn rìgh is ard flùtha.'
Ceist gach aon fhìr do theaghlach Fhìnn,
Sau nair sin thugadh do 'n Inghin.

FIONN.

- 6 Dh' éirich Fìonn féin 'na comhair,
'A rìoghainn donn bhòis gheal nàrach,
Am bheil tòrachd air do lorg,
A gheug mlàlta nan saor cholg?'

AN INGHEAN.

- 7 'Tha sin tòrachd orm féin,
Fhìnn usail is rìghail Fèinn,
Iulann an airm dheig a 's àillidh,
Mac oighre rìgh na h-Iarsmaile.'

CAIREALL, ROIDHNE, FAOLAN, AGUS FEARGUTH.

- 8 Dh' éirich ceathrar mac Fhìnn gu baoth,
Caireall agus Roidhne ruadh,
Faolan agus Fearguth òg;
'S dh' àrdaich iad 'an glòir san nair.
- 9 'C' àit' am bheil e 'n oir no 'n iar,
No ann an ceithir rannaibh an domhain,
Nach fàgadh eanchainn a chionn,
Mum buineadh e leis thu, Inghean.'

AN INGHEAN.

- 10 'S mòr m' eagalsa, Fhìanna matha,
D' ar leadairt is d' ar mòr dhòrainn.
Tha 'm fear mòr, mìleanta, treun,
Fìuranta, mear, bras san teugnhaill.'

FIONN.

- 11 'Suidh thus' an so air ar sgàth,
Inghean o 'm mlàta comhràdh,
'S cha bhuiam am fear mòr thu leis,
Ge mòr do dhòchas as fheobhas.'
- 12 Choncas am fear mòr uainn
Ag teannadh gu ca' as a' chuan,
Ag tarraing a huinge gu tìr,
Toirt gu 'r 'n ionnsuidh le h-ain-mèin.
- 13 Mar ìllbhinn aillbhinn chraige,
Mar stadhan ainmheasach thugainn,
'Na chaoiribh teimtidh o chladach,
Gu 'm b' e sin coslas a' mhilidh.
- 14 Bha senchid do 'n t-sròl bhuidhe mu 'n fhear,
A cheannbheairt chlochara nèamhain;
A hùireach mhòr iursach mallach,
'Sa dhá shleagh 'nan cuilg re ghualainn;
- 15 A chlaidheamh mòr froiseach neimheach,
Cruaidh cosgara 's e co'-dhireach:
Sgiath innealt, òrbhail', le 'm briste blagh,
Air dorn toisgealt' a' mhilidh.
- 16 Thug e ruathar fr' gun chéill;
Cha do bheannaich e dh' Fhìonn no 'n Fhéinn.
Leum an t-saighid le sàr bheachd,
'S thorchair le a làimh, an Inghean,
- 17 'S cheangail e ceathrar mhac Fhìnn;
'S bha 'n t-Iulann gu h-armach eutrom.

- 18 Thionndaidh mo mhac-s', air an leirg,
An t-Oscar 'se làn do throm fheirg;
'S thug e 'n aire gu dìr, dàna,
Air an òglaoch mhòr, a tháinig.
- 19 B' e sin an còmhlag creuchdach,
Fuileachdach, feumannach,
Bos-lnath, beumannach,
Ard-feumannach, gábhaidh.
- 20 Mar abhuinn a' ruithe le gleann
Bha sgrìos am fola cho teann;
Mar chaoiribh dearga o theallach
Torran nan laoch namhadach.
- 21 Ach thug Osgar beum feartha mear
Gu h-Iulann ard an deud ghil,
'S thorchair leis a' bheum ghráineil
Mac oighre rìgh na h-Iarsmaile.

M. 10. CATH RIGH SORCHA. 136 lines.

Gillies, page 162.

- 1 TA sgeul beag agam air Fìonn,
Ge b'è chuireadh an suim ò
Air Mac Cuthail bu dearg dreach,
'S eibhinn leam re mo rè.
- 2 Lath dhuinn air bheagan sruaigh,
Aig eas ruadh na n' éighin mall,
Chunnacas fù sheòl o 'n Ear
Curachan oir is bean ann.
- 3 Caogaid Laoch sinne fa thre.
Bu mhaith air gnìomh cairt,
Fìr nar deigh gur maig do chi,
Ge be tìr am bì mid cuairt.
- 4 Dh' éirigh sinn nìle gu dian,
Ach Fìonn n' am Fìann-agus Goll,
Dh' fheitheam an Curachan a b' airde
'S do bhì treun aig sgòtha thonn.
- 5 Nìor ghabh si eùradh no cosg,
Nìor ghabh si caladh a 'm port gnàth,
Air teachd don churachan air an eas,
'Se dheirich as macaibh Mnà.
- 6 B' ionann dealra dhi 'S do n' Ghrèin,
'Saoibhir a mead, maith a deilbh,
An Inghin àr do tháinig an cèin,
Do bha sinn fein roimpe soirbh.
- 7 Do ghluais i gu pobull Fhìnn,
Is bheannaigh i gu grinn dhà
Fhreagair Mac Cuthail gu binn
Am beannaicha a roin li dhà
- 8 'Brìgh do thurais air gach rùd,
Inghean òg as àilte dealbh,
Airis an toisach do sgèul,
Cia thu fein no creud è d' ainm.'
- 9 'S Inghean mì do Rìgh na Suain (*Sweden*)
Innsim Dhuit gu cruinn mo sgèul,
Is nì bhuid sruth fù luidh grian,
Nach suibhain, air iarrtas Fhìannibh fiail.
- 10 Mo chomarich ort fein ma 's tu Fìonn
Se thuirf ruinn an macaibh mnà,
Do bhri do mborachd 's do bhuaidh,
Gabh mo Chomruich uam gu trà,
- 11 'Ghabhamsa do Chomruich a bhean,
Thair aon fhear ga bheil sa Chrìch,
Labhair mo Rìgh bu mhaith fios,
Cia noise atà air do thì.'
- 12 Fiachaibh ata orm thair mair,
Triath is mòr gaol air mo lorg
Mac Rìgh na Sorcha is gèur Airm,
Gur è 's ainm dha Daighre borb,
- 13 Do chuirfeas geasa ann a cheann,
Gu 'm beireadh Fìonn mì air sàil,
'S nach bithin aigesan mar mhnaoi,
Ge mòr leis a ghnìomh is àgh.
- 14 Se thuthairt Oscar le ghloir Mhìr,
An Laoch sin a chaisgeadh gach Rìgh,
No gu 'n cuireadh Tìonn do Gheis,
Nì 'n rachadh tù leis mar mhnaoi.

- 15 Chunnaca a teachd air steud,
Fear 's a mhead thar gach fear,
Marceach na fairge gu dian,
'San iùl cheudna, thainig a bhean.
- 16 Da Chraoisach Catha na dhòrn,
A teachd san ròd air a stéud,
Air ghile, air dheirge, 's air dhreach,
Nì 'm faea mar neach mar e,
- 17 Do bhì flath agus rosg Rìgh,
'S an aoghaidh b' aithe lì is cruth,
Bu bhinne a ghuth no gach teud,
'S bu mhìreadh a stéud no gach srnth.
- 18 Cloidheamh trom troslail nach gann,
An teannt air taobh an fhlir mhòir,
Sgiath leobhar nach mocht air ais,
Se g' 'jomairt a chleasa corr.
- 19 O thuinn trá thainig se gu tìr,
Labhair mo Rìgh bu mhaith clù,
An aithnugh thu fein a bhean,
'Ne sud am fear a deir thù?
- 20 Aithneachas a Mhic Cuthail ghrinn
'S mòr am pughar leilh gur he,
Tabgìdh se mise a bhain leis,
(Ge mòr bhuir treis) as an Fheinn.
- 21 Na dean 'sa bòsd a bhean,
As aon fhear da bhul da phòr,
Ge 'd shiubhladh se n' domhain gu leir
Gheibh't san Fheinn fear da chomh,
- 22 Dheirich Cairioll agus Goll,
Dias a fhuair an losgadh trom an cath,
'Nan seasamh an gar an t' sloigh,
Eadar am fear mor 's na Flaith.
- 23 Nì 'n d'fheuch é lann no sgiath,
Do Laoch na Triath da 'n rabh ann,
Gu 'n draoinn é tair air an Fheinn,
Gus an d' thainig é gu Fionn,
- 24 Air teachd do oig fhear bu mhaith, dreach
Thugainn le neart, feachd, is feirg,
Gu 'n d' fhuaidich e uainn a bhean
Bhì 'n deas-ghar do laimh Fhinn eilg,
- 25 Thng Mac morn an urechlar dhian,
Gu fada na dheigh do shleagh,
An urechlar nìor chuidhe da reir,
'S da stéud chearna sì da bhloidh.
- 26 'N trà thait an stéud air an leirg,
Thionuda e le feirg 's le fraoch,
Smaointich e ge cruaidh an càs,
Comhrag na 'n tri chaogad Laoch.
- 27 Mar-bhith na laoch a bhì garg,
Is fhagail doibh do t' airm an leoir,
Bhìdh siad fa chobhair a smachd,
Da 'n geibhte uaithe a cheart choir.
- 28 Leir e nào maonar gu luath.
San iarguill chruaidh nu 'n do sguir,
Ceangal guineach nan trì chaol,
Air gach Laoch dhuibh sin do chuir,
- 29 Clann Morna cruaidh an càs,
Fhuair iad bàs bu mhor an sgeul,
'S nì n' raibh aon neach a chuidhe as,
Gan a chneas fa ioma créuchd.
- 30 Dheirigh Goll an aigne mhir,
Leadairt an fhlir an cath gh' leo,
Ge be chifadh iad an sin,
Bu gharbh an gaol is an sgleò.
- 31 Re sgoiltadh sgiath, 's re leadairt chorp,
Gu feartha fear treun calma cruaidh,
Na leoghainn laidir, ghùineach, dhìsgir,
Araon comh chiochrach gu buaidh.
- 32 Do chlaoidh Iolunn na mòr fheachd
Mac Rìgh na Sorcha sgeul truagh,
Gur maing gus an 'tainig a bhean,
Far thuit am fear on chuan.
- 33 Do Dhalaicmar aig an eas,
An gaisgeach bu mlier treis is brìgh,
Is chuirfadh air fa bharr gach meòir,
Fail òir ann onoir mo Rìgh.

- 34 Do bhì inghean Rìgh fa thuinn, (under waves)
Bliadhna na mhuaioi aig Feann san fheinn
Tarcis tuitem an fhlir mhòir,
Le neart an t-sloigh, truagh an sgeul!

In the last verse the name is the same as it was in A. In verse 9 the name has the same sound, and has the meaning given in italic.—J. F. C.

S. 3. THE FALL OF ROYA, OR THE KING OF SORA'S SON.

Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, from Mac Donald's Collection. Made in the North of Scotland about 1800. This is the same ballad, in a different dialect of Gaelic, and interesting to students of Gaelic. Therefore I print it, though it is repetition.

THE ARGUMENT.

A WOMAN pursued by the King of Sora's son, by name Mayro Borb, escapes to the Fingalians and claims their protection. The Royal Hero appears and falls upon the Fingalians, kills a number of their troops; at last, in single combat with Gaul, he falls on the field of battle.

- 1 LA do Fhionn as bheagan sluaigh
Aig Eas-Ruagh Mbacear mna
Chunnas a seoladh o 'n Ear
Cuireach oir agus beann ann
- 2 Shecasamh sinn uile air an t'sliabh
Be Fionn nam Fiann agus Goll
'G amhare Curach bu eihun ceann
'Si gu trean a sgoiltadh thonn
- 3 Cha d' rinn i fuireach no tamh
'S cha mho ghabh fois am port gnà
Ach 'g imcachd gu bruch an Eis
'Se dherich as Macear mna
- 4 'Se labhair ruinn Macear mna
Gabh mo chomrich ma 's tu Fionn
Air ghaol t'earlaid is do bhuidh
Gabh mo chomrich gu luath trath
- 5 Dheanins' sin ruitis a bhean
Seach aon neach athaon ghreinn
Na 'n innsidh tu dhomh re seal
Co 'm Fear a th' air a sith
- 6 Geasimh tha orms' re muir
Laoch is trom toir air mo lorg
Mac Rì Sorach na sgiathan airm
'S gur e 's ainm dha Maighre Borb
- 7 Geasimh cha chuir am' cheann
Gu 'n d' thiginn gu Fionn air sal
'S gu 'm bhith aige mar mhuaioi
Aig feamhas aoidh agus aill
- 8 Sin dhuinn an tus ar bruidhna
Dhoineachd man Rì bu mhat fìos
'N athuicheadh tu nis a bhean
'N e sud am fear a th' air do shith
- 9 Ocha dan Mhic Cumhail Fhinn
'S pughar teinn leam gur e
'S taingidh e mis a thabhart leis
Cia mor do threis as an Fheinn
- 10 Cha d' ghlac claidheamh na dhorn
'S cha mho chuir sleagh o 's chionn
Aon fhear a bheiradh tu uainn
A dhaideoin sluaigh Inne Fail
- 11 Chunnas tigbin air 'n stéud
Am fear mor 's a mhead as gach fear
Marcaeh' na fairge gu dian
'N sinbhal ceudn' rinn a bhean
- 12 Bu dubh a cheann 's bu gheall e dheud
Bu luath air an stéud e na gach sruth
B' fhadh a kaban no cruinn iùil
Bu bhinne no coinu ciuil a ghuth
- 13 A chloigad gu teitidh mu cheann
Air 'n Laoch nach tim 's nach tha
Sgiath chruaidh nheamnach air a leas
A 'g ionard chleas air a chle
- 14 Claidheamh trom toirtel nach pill
Gu dluth ri tuobh an fhlir mhòir
Dha-shleagh ghaigéal 's cruaidh rinn
Nan seasamh air eul a sgeò

- 15 Dherich Oscar 's dherich Goll
Broisbuinn bha tron sa chath
Sheas iad air garadh an t-sloigh
Eadar 'm Fear mor sam Flath
- 16 Cha d' ath e do churrag no thriath
Na dh' onoir Mhic Ri gu robh ann
Ach sior chuir far air an Fheinn
Gus 'n dranig e fein air Fionn
- 17 Thanig an Laoch bu mhor tlachd
Thugain le neart 's le gníomh
'S gan d' fhuadich e naim a bhean
Bha air guailin deas an Ri
- 18 Thilg Oscar ann an sin na dheigh
'N urchair nach bu re an t-sleagh
'S mun do sgath i idir re chle
Rinn i dhe a sge da-bhluidh
- 19 Chrath an t-Oscar bu mhor feirg
A Chraosach dhearg as a lamh chlíth
Leis an urchair thuit steud an fhir
'S mor an cion a chinnech leo
- 20 'N cra thuit an steud air an leirg
Thiomnda' e le fearg 's le fraoch
Bhagair e cia bu mhor an beun
Comhrag treun air cheuda laoich
- 21 Chuir sinn tri chaogaid do Laoich gharq
A chosg meannmema 'n oig mhir
'S chuire ceangal nau tri chaoil
Orra is fuil air taobh gach fir
- 22 Chlann Mhic Moirni smor 'n gníomh
Gan chaocail iad be 'n truangh sgeul
Cha roibh a h-aon duibh thanig as
Nach robh o 'n criosa lan do eirreachd
- 23 Mar bithidh tri chaogaid do Laoich gharq
Bha dh' annas airm aùn ar comhair
Bhithimid fo plughair gun smachd
Nam feuchaid dhasan ceart choir
- 24 Dherich Goll nan aigriadh mhir
Fianal an Fhir bu mhor feum
Coltas ann comhrag an dithis
Chan fhaca mi rithid na dheigh
- 25 Thuit le Goll nan aignadh mhir
Mac Ri na Sorach ba sgeul thrugh
'S maireg ait as na ghluais a bhean
'N tra thuig i seal a dhinnisidh chuan
- 26 Nis tiolac mid fo bhonn an Eis
'M fear mor 's a mhead 'as gach fear
'S' t' curamid mu chainneal gach meoir
Faithin air mar onoir mhic Ri.
- ¹ al. 'S curamid mar on air ain an Ri
Faithin air mu chainneal gach meoir.
- D. 20. AN INVINN. 1766. 106 lines.
From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Donald Mac
Pherson, May 3, 1872.
- 1 OSSAIN uasail mhic Finn,
'S tu 't d' shuidh air an Tullich eibhin,
A Laoich mhoir mbilig nach mettídh
Gun faic misidh Bron air Hintin.
- 2 Cuid do dhaoibhar mo bhroin fein,
A Chlerich, mas áil leat eist,
Chunnaire mí uair Teoghlich Fhinn,
Bha e mear, mor, meorich eibhin.
- 3 Air an Tullich sheo bha 'n Fhian
(Bha shin uil ann a dhaoin riar)
'S co Chunnig shin tin san Mhaoigh
Ach Ighin huggin 's i na baoinir.
- 4 An 'Nghin úr a 'bailidh snuaidh
Bu gheal as bu dearg a Gruaidh,
Bu ghilidh na gach Gath Greime,
A Braidh huas fa caoil Lenigh.
- 5 Bha da Rosc gharichidh na Ceann,
Bha Earridh álin na Timchil,
Bha Dunidh do 'n or ma Braigid
Bha slabhrídh oir ma caoin riar,
Bha Lenidh don Tsoil ab úridh,
Le ra cneas graich sheibh, Cúlin.
- 6 Hug shin air trom-ghaoil di uille,
An Teoghlich shin Fhinn e Allabhin¹
Gun neich do 'n Fhein Gaoil do mhnaoi fein,
Ach do 'n Ninbhinn.
- 7 Chuir i a Comrich air Fionn,
An Righin 'si gn bog gheal binn ;
Chuir i a Comrich air Goll,
Be sud Laoich alin nan some
Air Oscar mac Ossain an au Righ
'S air a Chaoil Chroigh mac Greidh.
- 8 Ma Chomrich oirbh Fhianibh mais
Eddar Chlaunibh Righ as Fhlath
Co sheo torichd air do Lorg
A Nghin uir as aoibhir colg.
- 9 Ha shin a torichd orm fein
Fhir uasail as ribhich fein,
Illin mor milainte mear,
Oiridh air Riogh na Hespainte.
- 10 Gur eigeoir leom Fhianibh phail
E gar leidirt as gar dorin
Am Fear mor milainte treun
'S airm gn faobharich rein-gheir.
- 11 Cait an raibh e an Niar na 'n Noir,
Na o Cheir raintibh an Dobhain,
Nach faiceidh Eanachin a Chinn
Man legimid leis thu Inbhinn.
- 12 Inbhinn bhois-gheal, bhog-gheal, bhinn,
Ighin úr nan gorm-rosca mall,
Snidh ussa an seo air me sga,
Inghin ga graunte do Chobhra
Man doir am Fear mor 'n leis,
Ga mor leat do *Dhoigh* as *Fheothis*. (Bhost)
- 13 Chunnair shin am Fear mor uain
Caibh gn Callidh on Chuan,
A taruing a Luinge gn Tir
'Sa teachd huggin le Hanna-méin.
- 14 Gu 'm be sud am Fear mor *máilte* (miltich)
Na stuaidh annibh allabarigh,
Le Fraoich feirg gn Fianaibh Fhinn,
'S e teachd na Chaoir Heinte huggin.
- 15 Bha Chlaibh mor froissch neibhnic
Cruaidh osgaridh co-dhírích (interlined)
An Ceann-bheirt hoerich fhir chintich,
Bha Scia Oir le 'm hriste Bhaigh,
An Dorn Toisgealt a Mhílidh.
- 16 Bha Lurich ard iursich uarich (uallich)
Bha sa threín Scabhal breachd buaich,
Bha Ceanna bheirt chlochara sheibh
Oscion Aghaidh hochridh Inmaccain.
- 17 Bha Dunidh do 'n noir mu 'n Fhear,
'S ceansichidh shididh gau ceangal,
'S da Thleidh fa 'm bunn bu chruaidh reinn
Nau Cúilg shesibh suas ra ghuain.
- 18 Hug e ruathir Fir gun Cheil,
'S cha do bheannaich e Dhionn na 'n Fhein
Bharibh e Ciad do Dhiainibh Fhinn
Agus mberibhte leis an Innabhinn.
- 19 Cheangil e Faolan mac Fhinn
As trí naoinar da Luchd leannabhin
Do 'n Chinnidh bhoir mheamnich mhear
'S bha 'n Tillin gu harramich etrim.
- 20 Hiuntaidh mo mhac's air an Leirg
Oscar 's e lan do Thom Fheirg,
Sgun do dhuabir e Cobhrig
Es an Fhear bhor bhois-gheal bha rarich
- 21 Hiuntaidh Iullin ri 'n mhac fein
'S dheante leo cobhrig trein
O 's fear Ceannriach ceoich Ceann-dearg
Grad-leimnich, bras-bheimnich, ainnasich.
- 22 Mar Hrnibh aúnn le Gleann,
Bha Serios am Foidh co tean,
Mar Chaoir Heinte tin e Teallich
Toirin nan Laoich naudich.

¹ Or Allabhit.

- 23 Hug Oscar Beim fearraghan Fir,
Gu Illinn arramich deid-ghlann,
She mhaigh e leis Bheim ghraunte
Cean mhic Rìogh na Hespainte.
- 24 Air an Tallich sheo ha Leachd,
A Mhic Alpin, ha sheo fir;
Leachd na umaidh air an taobh cille
A Dheo mhic Alpin e Hallabhaidh.
- 25 Bha leinnidh gum bo mha eid,
'S nach roibh aon neich dhiu ach sheid
Ach Beannichd air an nannim gu leir
'S hughis beannichd cil air Ossain.

Crioich.

D. 22. AN IONMHUINN. 22 lines various.

From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, May 11, 1872.

13 various.

CHUNNAIC sinn am fear mòr uainn
Ag caitheadh gu cala o 'n chnan
Ag tarraing a luinge gu tìr
'S a teachd chugainn le h-an-mein.

14 various.

Gu 'm b' e sud am fear mòr millteach
Na stuaidh ainneamh, allanharaidh.
Le fraoch feirg' gu Fiannaibh Fheinn,
'S e teachd na chaoir theinlidh chugainn.

15 various.

Bha chhlaidheamh mor froiseach, neimhneach,
Cruaidh coscarra coi-dhireach
Bha sgiath ordhadh bhristeadh bladh
Ann dorn toisgealt a mhillidh.

16 various.

Bha luireach ard, Irseach, uallach,
Fo thréun sgabull breac, buaghach;
Bha ceann-bheirt chlochara sheimh
Os cionn aghaidh shoeraidh a mhacaimh.

17 various.

'S da shleagh o 'm bun bu chruaidh rainn
Na 'n cuilg seasamh suas ri ghualainn.

22 various.

Mar shruthadh-amhain le gleann
Bha sgrìos am fola coi-teann,
Mar chaoir theinnta teachd a teallach,
Toradh Toir'unn nan Laoch namhadach.

F. 18. DUAN NA H-INGHINN. 128 lines.

Fletcher's Collection, page 1. Advocates' Library, January 12, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

- 1 Ach Oisain usail mhic Fhinn,
'S tu a' d shuidh air 'n tulaich èibhinn;
Laoich mhòir mhileant' nach meat,
Gu faiceamsa bròn air t-intinn.
- 2 Dh' innsins' aobhar mo bhroin féin,
A Phàdraig na 'm b' àill leats' éisd;
Mì cuimhneachadh air Fèinn nam Fhinn,
Bhì air an tulaich so dh' aon rian.
- 3 Air an tulaich (so) bha sinn araoon,
Ile Phàdraig (naomh) na breith saoir;
Chunnaic mis' uair teaghlach Fhinn,
'S iad gu mear, mòr, meannach, aoibhinn.
- 4 Air an tulaich so bha 'n Fhianin,
Latha dhuinn' ann dhaon rian;
Chunnaic leinn bean ann sa Mhaoth,
'S i teachd thugainne na h-aonar.
- 5 'N ainmhir ùr a b' àille smadh,
Bu ghile 'us bu dèirge gruaidh;
Bu ghile na gach gath grèine,
'Bragud shuas fù' caomh léine.
- 6 Bha dà rosg àrusgach na ceann,
Bha carradh àluin mu timchioll;
Bha dùmla do 'n òr mu bràgud,
Bha slabhruidh òir mu caoin àraidh.
- 7 'S bha lèine d' an t-sròl a b' àireadh,
Leath ri cucas gràdlach. caomb, curaiddh;
- 8 Thug sinne air tromma ghaol
An teaghlach sin Fhinn a h-Albainn;
Gun aon fhear dhinn ga mhaoi fèin;
Ach air gaol uile do 'n Inbhinn.
- 9 Chuir iseadh còmruch air Fhinn,
'N ribhinn 's i gu bos-gheal binn;
Chuir ise còmruch air Goull,
'S b' e sid laoch àluin nan sonn.
- 10 Air Oscar mac Oisain fhèile,
Is air a Chaoil-chrogha Mac Grudheinn;
'Mo chòmhrnich oirbh Fhianna maithe,
Eadar chlanna Rìgh is Fhlaithean.'
- 11 Cò thà tòrachd air do lòrg,
Ainmhir ùr a 's àille dealbh;
'Tha sin a tòrachd orm fèin,
Fhìr nasail a 's rìobhach Fèinn.'
- 12 'An t-Iolun mòr mhileanta, mear,
Oighre Rìgh na h-Eispainge;'
- 14 'S eagal leamsa Fhianna Phàil,
Bhì d' ar leadairt 'us d' ar doruinn,
Leis an fhear mhòr mhileanta thrèun,
'Airm iuranta, roinne-gheur.'
- 15 Dh' eirich suas ceathrar mac Fhinn,
Caoirreal, agus Rainne ruadh;
Faolan, agus, Fearguth òg,
Is dh' àrdaich iad an glòir san uair.
- 16 C' àite an d' imich è nìar na noir,
Na blo cheithir àirdibh 'n domhunn;
Nach faiceamaid cannehuin a chiun,
Mu 'n leigeamaid leis thu Inbhinn.
- 17 A ghèug bhonne-gheal, bhosgeal ghriinn,
Inghinn ùr nan gorm-rosg eibhinn;
Luidd thusa ann so air ar sgàthne,
Inghean ge dana' do chòmhradh.
- 18 'S cha d' thoir am fear mòr thu leis,
Ge mòr leat do dhòigh is fheothas;
Chunnaic leinne fear mòr bhuainn,
A' caitheadh a chlaidh 's a chuain.
- 19 'S è tarraing a loingeas gu tìr,
'S è teachd thugainn le h-aon-meir.
- 20 B' e sid 'm fear mòr bosgeal mì-nàrach,
'N a stuaghaibh alluidh almaradh,
Na fhraoch fèirge gu Fiannaibh Fhinn,
'S è teachd 'na chaoir theintich, thugainn.
- 21 Bha chhlaidh mòr froiseach neimhneich,
Is è cruaidh cosgura, co-dìreach;
Bha sgiath òir m' am bristeadh bloat,
Ann dorn toisgeal a mhilli.
- 22 Bha luireach ard-iorsach naibhreach,
Bha treun sgàbull breachd buaghach;
Bha ceanna-bheairt chlochara shèimhidh,
Os-cionn adhaidh shòchri'-ghaisgich.
- 23 Bha seachda do 'n òr mu 'n fhear,
Bha ceansuichean sìoda ga 'n cengal;
Bha dha shleagh 'os bun, bu cruaidh, roinn,
'S iad na 'n cuilg sheasamh ra ghauiluibh.
- 24 Thug è ruathar fir gun chòil,
'S nìor bhèannaich è dh' Fhionn na 'n Fheinn,
Mhairbhte leis cend d' fhianna Fhinn,
Agus mhairbhte leis an Inbhinn.
- 25 Cheangail è Faolan mac Fhinn,
Is trì naoithnear do luchd leanmhunn;
Do 'n chinne mhòr mhileanta, thrèun,
'S bha an t-Iolun gu h-arpach eatrom.
- 26 Thionndaidh mo mhacsa air an leirg,
Oscar 's è làn do throm fheirg;
Sann a dhu'abair è geur chòmhrug,
As an fhear mhòr bhosgeal mhi-narach.
- 27 Thionndaidh 'n t-Iolann ri 'm mhac féin,
Is dheanta leo còmhrug treun;
Bho 's fear mòr creamhach creuchdach,
Bas-luath, bras-mheineach, ard-leunnach.

- 28 Mar shruthadh amhuinn le gleann,
Bha sgríos am fola co-teann;
Mar chaoir theinntich teachd á teallach
Bha torra na 'n laoch namhadach.
- 29 Thug Oscar b'èim fearraghan fear,
Gu h-Iolunn armach dènd-ghlan;
Sann a bhain e leis a bheum ghrannda,
Ceann mac Rìgh na h-Eispiante.
- 30 Air an tulaich so tha leac,
Dheadh Mhic-Alpin tha so fìor;
'S tha leac na mnai air an taobh eile,
A dheadh Mhic-Alpin a h-Albainn.
- 31 Air leinne gum bu mhaith iad,
'S cha robh 'naon neach dhiubh ach siad,
Bennachd air 'n annam aruub,
Is thugadh beannachd eile air Oisain.

X. 3. LAOIDH NA NHIGHINNE. 52 lines.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh. Edinburgh, January 30, 1872.

THIS was orally collected for me. by Mr. Carmichael, in Skye. A copy was sent to Dr. Mac Lauchlan afterwards.

Eachun Donnalach—Eachun mac Iain mhic Iain, mhic Eoghain an Talamh—sgeir anns an Eilean Sgiathanach.

- 1 LA dhomh romh 'u Fheinn a mnaigh,
'S mi nam shuidhe air tulaich Coire-siar,
Chuannacas a tighinn o' m mhaogh,
Nighean 's i g-imeachd na h-onar
- 2 Nighean a b' ailli snuadh,
Bu ghile 's bu deirge gruaidh,
B' ailli no gathan na greine,
Geala bhrollach fo caol leine,
- 3 Bha lacha 's gaire na ceann,
'Us slamhraidh oir mu geal bhraigh (*pro bhàrè*).
- 4 An gaol a thug iad uile dhi,
O theaghlach mar Fhinn na h-Eileibhinn,
Cha robh speis aig duine 's an Fheinn,
Ga mhnaoi fein ach an nighinn,
- 5 Mo chomraich air Fionn nam Fiann,
'S mo chomraich air Fiann nam flath,
Edar rìgh agus ard fhlat,
- 6 Mo chomraich air Diarmad donn,
'S air Faolan nam faotha (? rogha) sonn,
Air Goll 's air Oscar an aigh,
Luchd chasgairt na teugmhallach,
- 7 Tog do chomraich dhìomh a bhean, (Goll)
'S gur mi 's laige tha fo' n ghreinn,
'S laige mi nam Boc mac smail,
'S laige mi na Greanachar mac Greanacharbhig
- 8 'S gur mi 's laig thig no thainig,
'S ionagh mor leam thu bhì lag, (oighe)
'S mi ga d fhaicim an ana-bheachd,
- 9 'S gur tu 's enimichte da chois,
Dhe 'n shluagh aluinn chruinn choitchean,
- 10 Chunnacas am fear mor ud uann,
Taoghadh cala as a chuan,
Tarruing a luinge gu tìr,
Tighinn thugain gu h-ana min,
- 11 Le fhraoch uched 's le chruaidh chlogaid,
Be sud am fear mor mall,
Mar stuaidh dhirich as gach gleann,
Le cheanna-bheairt chlochorra chophar
- 12 'S cinn shochair a mhac,
Be sud am fear mor gun chiall,
Mharbh ciad do dh' Fhianntaichean na Feinn,
Agus an nighean
- 13 Thionndaidh mo mhac air an leirg,
Oscar 's e lan do throm fheirg,
Rinn e comhrag ris gu garg,
Gu faobharach fuilteach garbh,
- 14 Gu ceann-ru dorn-ru tulaichain,
Mar chaoira (chaoire) teinteach teallaich,
Bha fuam nan laoch na-udach (? namhaidich)

- 15 Thug Oscar am beum faradhantach bras,
A r gille donn an dend ghlain,
Sgaradh leis a bheum ghraneil,
Oighe araid an easpuig.

THE BATTLE OF FINTRATH.

FIONN traigh means 'white strand.' In Islay, to the north-west, near Bòrsa, is a white sandy beach, on which, as it is said, Fionn and his people fought a great battle with the Northmen. The place is called 'Fionn-traigh,' and is said to take its name from Fionn. The ballad taken from the Dean's Book is not now remembered, but part of the story of it is localised. Mr. John Hawkins Simpson, in 1857, published a translation of an Irish version: 'The Battle of Ventry Harbour. The battle at the harbour of Ventry (*fair strand*) is supposed to have been fought about A.D. 240. A translation of the Epic poem relating to the battle is here given. It is not known who was the author of this very ancient work.'

Then follows a good English version of an exceedingly wild, extravagant Irish prose story, which has the marks of old manuscript tales. All the Kings known to the composer of the story, including the Kings of India and France and the Emperor of the World, invade Ireland. Fionn beats them in Homeric single combats. The Ossianic Society of Dublin were about to publish 'Cath Fhinn Tragha,' an account of the battle fought at Ventry, in the county of Kerry, in the third century of the Christian era, between Daire Donn, Monarch of the World, and the Fenians. To be edited by the Rev. James Goodman, A.B.'

'This battle lasted for 366 days: the copy at the disposal of the Society is the earliest known to exist, having been copied from a vellum manuscript of the fifteenth century, now deposited in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, by the Rev. E. D. Cleaver.'

Unfortunately the Ossianic Society came to an end after printing six volumes, in 1861; so this 'Battle of Ventry' is buried in the Bodleian, which has no catalogue of Irish manuscripts.

This victory over the whole world seems to place Fionn at his highest point, so I place it, after victories over single foreign champions. Possibly, a real battle might have been fought somewhere, at sometime, during the reign of Cormac; but the battle described never was fought by men anywhere. The 'fabulous romantic' tale of Cath Finn Tragha was mentioned by Keating. See p. 344, O. Mahony's translation.

A. 19. TRAYE FINTRATH. 168 lines.

ACTOR HUIJUS OSSIN.

- 1 LAY za deach say zai keill,
Patr^s zrynn ni bachal . . .
Rug e in tossin less er wuru,
Gow was aa gi . . . sl . . .
- 2 Is di bail awzail uoid,
Ossan nan roak nach teym
Coo in tein neaach gin a loyith,
Smow chr groyrn er feanow fyinn
- 3 A cleryth ni bachill brek,
Bi wor ym beacht znt reid lin
A churri a wrayr a znaath,
Ne wai zaw er fanaw fyinn
- 4 Onyth haryl znt gin noime,
A Ossin gin doll nane dey
Bee say er chatbris gi braa,
How gathris di znaa nyn fane
- 5 Kegit blyin di bein bon,
A geyskyeh reid choel syth heill
Ne hynossit znt gow maik,
A luit eacht a rin feanow fyinn
- 6 Fa ranew in doyn traane,
Wa aggin fene er gyth . . .
Keiss ga hokwail gow fane tin,
Na noe in tegwail . . .
- 7 Ne reive ansyth si doythyn vor,
Nach da bi chor bea na . . .
Ne reive in nalwe nin lann brek,
A darveith . . .

- 8 Da nynnosit zeive in ness,
A Ossin nin gress noch mein.
Coo yn tein neach bi zar lave,
Wa sreyth . . .
- 9 Mor in feine, a ehurris orm,
A cleyrith oyd nyth f . . .
Ni hynossit gow lay looin,
Ne way loye . . .
- 10 Onyth harlyth how nane dey,
A Ossin da dane . . .
Coo nyth leich bar lat mait skay,
Ri dol din ane ansyth gath
- 11 Oskir is keilt is gowle,
Is m'lowith nyn lanni maath
Fa hymehill t'kowle ayl
Boyin di bi raa si chath
- 12 Farzone fullych m'ynreith
Is kerrill ri sneive zaath
Dermin daath alin gyn nawle,
Re hor skaath chin bi waath
- 13 Collyth m'cheilt er wley mynni,
Kyrkeith curri nyn genk maath
Agus rymith m'ynreith,
Myrychin nar wenyth in gaath
- 14 Felane foltinn bi wakith iud,
Agus garryth in deim narw
Derring m'doyrin gyn none
Aygh m'garryth bi waath law
- 15 Me fene is g. m'smail
Is dyryth darrith m'ronane
Tre mek nyth kerd gyn chalk,
Re oyr hentyth di harm yark
- 16 Mir a zana ma zat goo,
A cleyrth wor furt nyth mynni
Cha noch hanit dossyth din nane
Ach gith fer fane a braath a zille
- 17 Soo id chaithir is gawe di fenni
Is wayassi in narm gi ler
Gi ein neach ga bi zar laiwe,
Hanyth o chaaith guss in nane
- 18 Hanyth reith lochlin er ler.
Daor done skaa by wor gnaa
Di wraa keiss errin er koyne,
Fane deyryth r sloyg gyth ler
- 19 Hanyth ith chawr zar wane,
Twoa dey lug ass gi knok
Carbryth loaechr bi waath lawe,
Iij ehayth slane gow port
- 20 Vü caythin hanik in nane
Hnggar in near o lea cnynni
Ne . . . sa nyth deacha rir gerrow,
Oo roe zein slane o zaryth dwnni
- 21 Is sai waa na chawlyth long,
Daryth deown syth hylych fene
Xxx caath feit di loyith
Nath dea woyn dar der feine
- 22 Waa ga weow er in trae,
Cown krer bi lawe gin locht
Ruk sloyg nyn hynae zeive,
Is di hog ea kenni reith er knok
- 23 Cown m'reith wlith nin eacht.
Agus dollir nan greath trom
Di zagamir er in traa
Er ym bayth fo zar tonni
- 24 Iij mee doythith ga bi rane,
Yth toythit o lar yn long
Fer teuni is kerkil a flwk,
A zaik sinni a gorp gi lommi
- 25 Oor armyth neyn reith grekga,
Agus forni nyn beyme tromae
Di zagamir fa zaar byve,
Is ner aig synn in yve fa bron
- 26 Iij mee reith lochlin
Bi a chasgr sein de veive arm
Ne tre balwe one vorrin or,
Neyn deacha sayd woyn ach marg

- 27 Re in doythin ga bi wor,
Dare done skayth bi zal gnaa
Di zaig sinn sin a chorp er trae,
Er ni lot fo wail nyn nane
- 28 Di loyew in doythin trane
Neyn deacha woyn fene sin nar
Ach reith ni franki mir hea
An lyn say brea er in nail
- 29 Er eggill in oskir wll,
Cha di leggi ay voyeni er lar
Gow glen baltan mir ta best,
Is and di zawe ay foss is tawe
- 30 *Er traye fintrath* ni goyn
Fer in churri ni sloye in tar
Er reow in doythin trane,
Di zoil sein fene er sar
- 31 Di bimmi o reith r narm,
Leich a waa marve er in lar
Di bimmi clawe agus skayth
Na blaya har er in traye
- 32 Er traye fintraithin nyn port,
Di bimmi ann corp ferrane
Di bimmi leich fa zar byve,
Is di bimmi ann fyve ar
- 33 Phatrik V'Alpin ail,
Neyn danith zar wane wo rae
Ach da cath eggr gyn locht
Is ny roif in gorp slane
- 34 Cath di clanni bisskyni zeive,
Boein noch char vennyth in law
Cath di clanni mornyth nyn grath
Is in darne lay clannow smail
- 35 Er fr lawsyith ath halgin trane,
Say zaik sin dar wane sin nar
Coyk cathin eggr zar sloyg
A legga woyn er in tra
- 36 xxxth ea feizit gin rath,
Deechayd feithyt gith cath zeive
Zarremay loyg zar zoyrn,
Nach dranik er toyun a reiss
- 37 A halgin da wreggin clar.
O baillait deym pen gyth skail
Gow dukgai eaa zawryth nyth glann,
Noch cha danik ken r lay
- 38 Di rynni sin a gawl long.
Agus argit tromae in reith
In noor sin eydda sin neyebt,
In neirrin er gi lea dee
- 39 A Phatrik matha ny mynn
An id keilli a waym bass
Cur feyn talla her mo knees
Oss aggit hay fiss mo skail
- 40 Ossin o taa tow skeith,
Dane a noss di heith gon bass
Gau turnigin is ear tlws,
Is gew Dea moweh gi lay
- 41 Ar sleyve Seyane la luain
Agus iu sloye er a lar
Meichall is mar is mae Dey,
Dy hoyrt fene er an law
- 12 In da espil deyk si wlay
Gi cleyrch may is gi faye
Edrwae agis efrin or di
Wi gi croy er my lay.
Lay.

A. 25. NEYN A WRATA INN. 84 lines.

THE MAID OF THE WHITE MANTLE.

THIS ballad, or the story of it, is known in Irish writings. It is not remembered in Scotland now. It indicates cause for strife amongst the Feinne, and names many of their wives. Though it does not immediately belong to any Story in the series, it fits where the Feinne have reached their glory, and begin to decline.

A HOUDIR SO —.

- 1 LAA zane deach Finn di zoill
In nalwe is ner ymmit sloyg
Sessir bann is sessir far
Lyn zhil is anneir ucht zaall
- 2 Finn fayn is Dermoit gin on
Keilt is ossain is oskir
Conan meithl gom maal er myg
Agus mnan nin vi leith sen
- 3 Mygin is ban einn hi zane
Is annir ucht zall mi wan feyn
Gormlay aolli is dow rosg
Neaof is neyn enneiss
- 4 Nor a zoyf meska no mnan
Tugsiddir in gussi raa
Nach royf er in doythin teg
Sessir ban in goyth inrylk
- 5 A dowirt an nynilt gyn on
Is Tulyeh carnich in doythin
Ga maath sewse is ymmith ban
Nach drynn fes acli re in ar
- 6 Gerrid er ve zawe mir sen
Tanik in van dar rochtin
Ein wrata wmpa gin alda
Agus e n iyn naygh
- 7 Tanik *neyn a wrata inn*
An vaenissi v'kowlie
Banichis din re gin non
Agis swis na arrygh
- 8 Feafyith finn skail zyi
Din neyn lwehr lawzill
A wan a wrat gin alda
Keid a rad ow is tein naygh
- 9 As giss dym wrat gin alda
Ban ann ac na ennaygh
Nocht chay naygh dein fame wrat
Ach ben in ir gyn ralocht
- 10 Tawir ym brat dym wreith feyn
Do ter conane mor gyn chaele
Go westmist in brear mir
A twg na mnawe wo chanew
- 11 Gawis ben chonnane ym brat
Is curris wmpa la rachta
Gom bea sen an loyth locht
Dar lek rys wile a gall ocht
- 12 Mir a chonnik connan meil
Ym brat er cassyith fa teyf
Tawris in chreissyith gin neaf
Agis marveis in neyn
- 13 Gavis ben dermoit a zeil
Ym brat wo wrei chonnan meil
Noch char farr a wassi zyi
Cassi ym brat fa keiyf
- 14 Gawis ben oskÿr na zey
Ym brad coo adda coyve ray
Ga loyvyr skayth a wrat inn
Noch char ally a hymlyn
- 15 Gawis myghinis gi aal ym brat
Is di churri fa cunn
Di chass is di chwar mir sen ym brat
Gi loa fa clossew
- 16 Tawir ym brata er m'raa
Dym wneissi is ne cwss elae
Go vestmist in ness gon non
Tres elli da hymlit dewe
- 17 Di warynsi brair riss
Agis ne brair eggiss
Nach darnis di weiss ri far
Ach dol dutsi in neiss lenew
- 18 Nochtis ben vek ree a teef
Curris umpi ym brat fer chei . . .
A sayth eddir chass is lawe
Na gi ley er a lwdygnane

- 19 Ane phoik doaris in braed
O wak o zwyne darmit
Di reissi ym brad owm laar
Mor wea sce na hynnirrane
- 20 Tawrew mi wrat doyf a wnae
Is me nein in derg zrana
Noch cha dernis di locht
Ach fess ri finn fyvir noch
- 21 Ber mo wallych is ymait woygin
Se der m'kowlie gin boy
A dagis fa mhaalyeh er mnawe
Na tyr huggin ane lay.
Lay.

CAOILTE'S RABBLE.

This curious production is not remembered in any shape, so far as I know. It indicates a quarrel between King Cormac and his General. In a list of the Irish collection of the Rev. James Goodman of Skibbereen, I find mention of 'The Quarrel of Cormac and Finn at Teamhair.' In this old Scotch version Caoilte rescues his chief and kinsman from Cormac. In the next ballad Oisein slays Cormac. According to current Scotch tradition, and Keating's History of Ireland, Cormac choked on a salmon bone. The very bone is specified in Scotch tales.

A. 28. C'HORYMRYTH KEILTA. 288 lines.

A HOWDIR SO KEILT M'RONANE.

- 1 HEYM tosk zoskla fyin
Gow tawri ni draive nevin
Gow hormy moyr mhlorlat mhirr
Gow cornik m'art inir
- 2 Ner cleacht me meith my zloon
Orss afwlych fer eddrwme
Gi waldeis feynth fail
Oss word locht a foyall
- 3 Warwemir in leich lan
Mir a warmemir in craye
Di charmsidir leich fane lay
Mir a charssmir a ray
- 4 Huggsmir a cann gin cherri
Guss a gnok oss boyamir
Di roynis feyn boya tra
Di roynis fogryth owlay
- 5 Di warwiss mun er zliinn
Fer gi mwal in nerrin
Di roynissi boya tra
Di roynissi fogryth owlay
- 6 Di raddis mun er zliinn
Gwl gi inte in nerrin
Di roynissi boya tra
Di royniss fogryth owlay
- 7 Ni leith di legin fa boywa
Doybis sin nerrin awwor
Di roynissi boya tra
Di royniss fogryth owlay
- 8 Ni dorssa er a beith a zeith zark
A dosslin ead gi hymard
Di roynissi boya tra
Di royniss fogryth owlay
- 9 Ni gurt abbe um halvon
Di loskgin eid gu lassal
Di roynissi boya tra
Di royniss fogryth owlay
- 10 Noch char aggis reim linn
Aa na mnllin in nerrin
Insin di leyggiddir rwm
Eech albin is errin
- 11 Teym boach er loyss mi chass
Gr ranegiss ross illirzlass
In sin glossimsi shear
Gow taura ni widdir chane
- 12 Ner harrin eine each zeive
Zea roym in dawra za essin
Tugis in dawra fa laa
Ben in ir chommi za cheilli

- 13 Is ben in r chomisso nach gwss
In fer commisso ella
Tugis in dawri gi beach
Ben carbre zi chormik
- 14 Is ben chormik er sin
Di raddis ee zi charbre
Tugis lwm claywa in reith
Uch fa hay mor a wree
- 15 Mi clawe feyn fa gin gutti
Fagwm in droyl chulk chormik
In sin di quhoyis in nwmn
Is caddi in dorsser owym
- 16 Inn nygyth sin doef ge beacht
Is me bi kyllor ze chormik
Is bert ooklachis is tei
Hawle a vaonissi reith errin
- 17 Ga zaynith leve raa mi zloor
Da hwle cheilt yn kyllnor
Na habbirsi sen er funn
Er andre ny feyn voltynn
- 18 Ga tamsi in layve id tei
Na ber tar er my wntir
Ni hay sin agne cheilt
Far a will ay in vorwilty
- 19 Cha mir sen a conul chynni
Er a will dor er talvian
In sin tarnik toylli
Ag in re ro zast rawor
- 20 In choss gecym in genn ni genn
Teym less a is tee cotkin
In sin chayis fa zass
Di bi wlyg ay di maylass
- 21 Agris tuggis lwm ym zoyn
Kone esgin ard orwayll
Eynit lwm in nee riss a ben
Ers in re fati firzllin
- 22 Balli kness cheilti za zoyn
Di chone essgin orwoyl
Na habbirsi sen a re
Er wiss in ryth a zillin
- 23 Brarryth broggodych a derri
Corsi hoich er orvidi
Er a layve a keilt chaylle
Mir wee finn flaa cyni
- 24 Gid tani ne hurfin gyle
Derrow albin no errin
Er maneach do gi beacht
A deaffryth mis zi chormik
- 25 Gawa tow cow thlaa
Wayme zoskla mydda
Ne warrir fin lat id te
Er ane chowe er talwon
- 26 Ach ane chow a keilt chaye
Da bi toylling tow faywayll
Da waya a tow zoif re lay
Lawnon woada di gi feayne
- 27 Di zoyve tow hed er gi
Cart ewc ewnnvill
Di nasgis in brar mir
Er chormik m^e art iuir
- 28 Gin leggi gi ray in re
Da waya ay ni feyweill
Mar nasgis in brar beynn
Er re errin ni nwlit inn
- 29 In deymsov gar zeggir royve
Heymsyth ze in dymf
Glossim tarriss o hawre
Fa turriss fr gi mannee
- 30 Do hymsov ni heltin
Gar skeltyth a chwddyehi
Tuggis lwm ii zelt zark
Is ii znew ignyth ym ard
- 31 Aggis fey fy za won ii lach
Sin loch a seyllin
ii hymnith sleyvecwllin
ii zaw awlle a barrin
- 32 ii zessivey zowrane zurm
ii chellych fey a farzhran
ii hyane kylyt creive
Di latteve zrom zawreim
- 33 ii zoyvrane a hen a mach
O charri donnwane doyr
ii eillin o thrae leith lee
ii rulli a port larga
- 34 iii snekga on vrostna wane
ii anyok charga d . . .
ii eachte one eachte ard
ii smoyrych lettretth lom ard
- 35 ii zroyllane downe yve
ii cheinkych ni corywe
ii chur one chorrin cleyth
ii harreich mwe o foyall
- 36 ii illir chargi ni glach
ii hawik a keyndyth
ii fess o locht melwa
ii cherk ussga o locht erne
- 37 ii cherk reich one vowna math
ii zergin zow locha
ii chreithrane mw cowlin
ii wentane my foyllin
- 38 ii cheythane a glenn awlle
ii zalvon ni sen awle
ii pbecda oywrra a claa
ii onchon o chroda claaeh
- 39 ii zoynane o thrae za wan
ii erboyk loychir yr
ii cholllun one chess chur
ii lon a lettir fin chwle
- 40 ii eddoyk letter roye
ii thrudda tawrych teyve oyr
ii choneyn a schee doe doynn
ii wuk awlde cloyth chur
- 41 ii choyag o zrom dave
ii ane oywryth layu de
ii yghrgane lanenyth furriith
ii chreithir one chreive roye
- 42 ii sperr hawk in swu o cleyve gla
ii loch lay o lwnyecht
ii oyr ane one woyn
ii ussock on vownyech wor
- 43 ii oynlayk a hon chnoyth
ii brok a creich ollonych
ii rynith strayth sinnyth
ii zlassoyk o wroch urri
- 44 ii chrottych o chonych zawlwe
ii weil won wor lawni
ii earrinnyth phillborrych
ii awllinnych seith boygh
- 45 ii zassidi one wyg wylle
ii cheith cheinekyche chnaw chyle
ii wo yok oo wrowyech brn
ii neiskin o zowdyr
- 46 ii zerrin o leyve za ane
Da chyll wreane turle
ii annan ar o wy walg
ii chonlaue zatta o zranard
- 47 ii zrin zarrych o zruing
ii vronargane on vor cheyyll
ii wlyrryeh o zowne ni barga
ii elli zalle on zaltraach
- 48 ii royin o challow charga
ii wuk wor on worarga
ii eskar locht u'lanene
ii zarzart my ni nellane
- 49 ii ane vek o wess a chwle
ii eggin ess v'mowrn
ii clit zlinni zlinn smoyl
ii wo yif o haach mor mor
- 50 ii onchon loyath o loch conu
ii eychat a hoyw chroyehin
ii ohyrra schew zoyvlane zil
ii wuk vwleow vlyr

- 51 Rath is ker chorkrych chass
Tugis lwm o einnis
Tugis lum each agis lar
Di zrey vassych vanyname
- 52 Tarve is bo zarri o zrwrm kein
Tugis lwn o wurm vunchane
Do chonni di chonnew ni wane
Di hir cormik orrum gi dane Teym
- 53 Gi neith zar chursin ym chenn
Tugis lwm is teym
Er in dymyschyth ull doyf
Gow lar ane ew
- 54 Nor a baillwme a meyw
Zobbedrir voyme ach skeillych
Di choy in feaych woym o zess
Di bi wlya dom awles
- 55 Di rukgis er in glenn da wan
O orrir loch a lurgin
Di quhoy ni lach fa layve
Nach chussit faywail
- 56 Ter sehroyow berwe brass
Gow aych inn zowllass
Di zowis e er wrawit
Gin ger walaa heach hanye
- 57 Tugis lwm ee lach gin wacht
Dosli fin o chormik
Ne fooris zolk roya
Heg rwm nyg ve me boa
- 58 Cha deyd ass mi chree
Chinn gin nawleggir may in dalvon
Lass ane nane beg lassane nane
Dolle a chass ymon
- 59 Er ni tullych er gi ay
Cor fa lawe rg lassyn ane
I chonwaille fynn ag in layve
Er seiltin gin ead wawne
- 60 Is vin zeyntyth ay sin de hoyrt
Er a gowe dinn fosslow zoywath
In dymyschow sin mir sin
Ner toylling fir in doythin
- 61 Tugis ead gow taura lwm
Gow mowr a vor hyle
Doss gi zokkir a kin
Oppir ead in nyich sin
- 62 Caythir a wee si walli
Er ix dorss fossgillyth
Cormik hug zeyve in teacht
Mir zoy ym bea gi skei
- 63 Mir chouni may za gwrtyth
Sin wrow arsiung ill wrunyeh
Legga brudlychyth gawe
Vin a guddichthyth greithane
- 64 Huggi ay brow slatzall sollis doyf
Er chegit fre zorre
Gi in dorris deyve downtyth
Ner way in soyye cond in . .
- 65 Ead sin is tee gi bronych
Miss a mawe gi anyyth
Mi chree cove connis
Fa la er gi in dorris
- 66 Ga mor nolc forris royth
Wonyth skeythow choolyth
Ner leigis ane deyve a mach
Gi tra erre in in varrich
- 67 Anni ny hyrri skeiltyth
A chorymyrth keilta
Ach a wag sin teyve ra teyve
Ne dor chormik za soyye
- 68 Nor a leggi finn a mach
Di skeillidit gi skeiltyth
Cha deacha deis na trear
Wo hawra zeive er in . .
- 69 Mi reith feyn agus reach fenn
Merrolta cheme wass mi chinn
Ni tre nachin fa darryth zoyve
Ni troyth sin di hynsichow

- 70 We skay zoym er mi clow
Creddwm in crist is ow
Mimirche ass in cw inn
Gar vewwun lwm ne weym . .
- 71 Gar wadda mi leymsi har
In dawr lochra ni wayn,
Is fadda in laym rugis ter
xx kead try in dawr
- 72 In sen fa lowwr mi leym
Wagis si viddircheyn
Gin ach bar mi choss a gueill
Mawl gith tosk er deym.
Teym tosk.

OISEIN'S COURTING. D. 28. L. 6. M. 15.

This ballad is rare. I have three versions, which differ chiefly in spelling. Besides the names of Heroes who flourish elsewhere, three are named who seldom act. Twelve go to seek a Bride for Oisein; she was the foreign love of Cormac. There was a fight with Cormac and the Firbolg. Oisein beheaded Cormac. This is the end of a quarrel between the High King and his army, and makes another blood-feud, which ends only in the Catastrophe. Oisein is made to tell this to a woman. In text L. 6, Dr. Young identifies this with an episode in Fingal (book 4, Clerk's Ossian, vol. II. p. 3). There is not a line of this ballad in the latest Gaelic text of Ossian, though it was twice printed before 1786.

D. 28. NINGHIN IUNSA. 70 lines.

From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, May 11, 1872.

Compared with Gillies, page 11, May 24, 1872, with Hector Mac Lean.—J.F.C.

- 1 'S Cuth Duinne far nach Ionbhuin
Deirimsa riutsa Nighin Iunsa
Gu raibh mi m' dheo-laoch air bheirt eille
Gad ha mi m' sheann Laoch san Lathas'.
- 2 La gu deachas leinn
Eibhir-Aluin Chas-fhalt Fheinn
Shi Ninghin fa 'm Geallabach Glac
Leannan Chigriche Chormaic.
- 3 Gun do ghluais shin gu sruth Lochs leige
An da Fhear-dheug a b' fhearr fuidh 'n Ghreim
Ge be fhidreadh air Ruin
Robhain bu teichbheach droch Cuth.
8 in Gillies.
- 4 Dh' fhosgladh dhuinn an Grianan Corr
Air a Thughadh do 'n Chloth dhuinn
Lion Meannneadh shinn uille
'Gaibhrac Eibhir Chas-fhalt Bhui.
7 in Gillies.
- 5 Labhair Brian 's cha duirt e Breng
Gad bhioch ann da ninghin-deug
Aig feobhas do Chliuth san Fhein
Bhiogha Cheud Roghin diubh aig Ossain.
10 in Gillies.
- 6 Gun ghluais shinn gu Druim Dha-Th
S bla Cormaic robhin na Long-phort
'Se dar fethibh gu dana
Le sheac Catha deug do 'n deo-mhath-shluath.
11 in Gillies.
- 7 Shnadh Chormaic gu do Chass
Aig na ghauibh an sfaigh bla-lassair
12 in Gillies.
- 8 Ochdfhear do bhi aig Cormaic Cruinn
Ionnan an Gniobh dh' fhearibh-bolg
Mac Olla 's Daire nan Creuchd
Mac Tosgair² treun & Taog.
13 in Gillies.
- 9 Freasdal Baighach Mac an Riogh
Daire nan Gniobh bu bhor aigh
Daora 'b fhearr fullang san Chuing
'Smeirge Chormaic Chruinn na Laibh.
1 Bran.

² Toscar for the first time mentioned. D.M.—Scribe's note. Supposed to be a mistake for an t-Oscar.

NINGHIN IUUSA.

14 in Gillies.

- 10 Ochd-fhear do bhi aig Oissain ard
Inman san Cath ga dhion
Molla mac Sgeine gu fial
Sgeiniche fial Flath nam Fiann.

15 in Gillies.

- 11 Faolan & Caoril Cass
'N Duibh mac Riobhain nior thais Colg
Toscar an tus shiar na Chlann
Chuadh fo 'n Chrann an ceann nam Fear bolg.

16 in Gillies.

- 12 Thachair Tosgar thachair Daoil
Taibh ri Taibh an Lath'r ant shluaidh
Bha Coibhrrig an da Churidh Chaoibh
Mar gun doirtigh Gaoth a Cuan

17 in Gillies.

- 13 Bu Choibhrrag dha Leobhan shinn
'S cho n' iarruidh e sgrian da 'n goin
Ge bu mhath Saoirsneachd nam Fear
Bu bheo na Taosgibh am Fuil.

18 in Gillies.

- 14 Chuibhnich Tosgar air a Sgithin
Arm bu mhian leis an Fhear mhaith
Chuir e naoidh Goinibh an Taobh Dhaoil
Sheal bog mu n' do chlasan an Cath.

19 in Gillies.

- 15 Bha Cormaic aig Corbadh an t-sluaidh
Mar Fhuaim Uird le Deirniubh Laibh
Giarruidh gu Hoissain gach Uair
San Cath cruaidh do bheir e dha.

20 in Gillies.

- 16 Do sgoilt Oissain air an T-sliabh
Caogid Sgrath gu Cormaic Cruinn
'S gun bhris Cormaic mac Airt
Caogid Lann ghlais air an Druinn.

NINGHIN IUUSA.

21 in Gillies.

- 17 Thugas an Ceann do Chormaic Cruinn
Air an T-sliabh gu Nochd
'S gun do ghluais mi leis gu Flath Fail,
'S an Ceann sin am Laibh air Fhalth.

22 in Gillies.

- 18 Ge be ghinse dhoibhsa shin
An La sin a cuir a Chath
Fheiridh rium mar lha mi nochd
Gum faigheadh e ole fo'm Laibh.

The story of this is, that the Feinne went to Loch Leige to seek the sweetheart of Cormac, Eamhair. They killed Cormac, and Oisein carried home his head.

M. 15. SUIREADH OISEIN AIR EAMHAIR ALUINN. 88 lines.

- 1 'Is Cuth duine far nach Fionduin²
Deirinsse riutsa nighean Iunnas,
Gu 'n raibh mi 'm dhea' laoch air bheirt eile,
Ge ta mi 'm sheann loch san latha-s'.
- 2 Latha gu 'n deachaidh leimn,
Eamhair aluinn fholt-ghrinn,
Nighean bu gheal-lamhach glac,
Leannan coigrich Chormaic.
- 3 Ghlais sinn gu saoth Loch Leige (perhaps *taobh*)
An da fhear-dheng a b' fhear fo 'n gbrein,
Ge b' e dh' fhidireadh ar run,
Romhain bu theichmbeach droch cuth.
- 4 Bheannuich an sin Bran³ mac Leacan
D' an t-sluagh aluinn, ard, gheal-ghlacach,
Gu narach, treoirach, uco-mhcata,
Nach do phill scannal no ascal.
- 5 Dh' fhlaraid e dh' inn an gloir bhinn,
Ciod e an taisc⁴ mu 'n d' thainig sinn?
Caolite fhreagair air ar ceann,
A dhiarraidh do nighin ortsa.

¹ *Lit.* A man is a chief when he is not a Fingal.² Iundriun, ionmhuinn ? ³ Brian.⁴ Taiscealadh, taisge ?

- 6 Co dha ta sibh ga h-iarraidh?
Do dh' Oisein uasal mac Fheinn,
'S i mo nearc a gheabh thu,
A Laoic h-laidir long-phortaich.
- 7 Labhair Brán 's ni dubhairt breng,
Ge do bhiodh agam da nighin deng,
Aig feabhas do chliuth san Fheinn,
Bhiodh a cheud nighean aig Oisein.
- 8 Dh' fhosgladh dhuinn an Grianan⁵ corr,
Air a thuthadh do chloth dhuinn, (perhaps *clùth*)
Lion meannna sinn uile,
'G amhare Eamhair chas-fholt bhuidhe.
- 9 'Nuair a chunnaic Eamhair fhial
Oisein Mac Fheinn flath na 'm Fiann,
Thug an Ribhin a b' aille dreach
Gaoil a h-anna d' an dea' mhac.
- 10 Ga 'n ghluais sinn gu Druim da-thorc,
'S bha cormac romhain na long-phort,
'S e dar feitheamh gu dana,
Le seachd catha d' an dea' mhalaidh.⁶
- 11 Sluagh Chormaic gu 'n do chás
Aig na ghabh an slabh bla lasair.
- 12 Ochd-fhear do bhi aig Cormag cruinn,
Ionann an gníomh dh' Fhearaibh-Bolg,
Mac Colla is Daire nan creuchd,
Mac Toscair' treun agus Taog.
- 13 Freasdal baghach Mac an Righ,
Daire na 'n gníomh bu mhor agn,
Daol bu mhaith fulang sa chuing,
'S Meirge Chormaic Chruinn na laimh.
- 14 Ochd-fhear bhi aig Oisein ard,
Ionann sa chath gharg ga dhion,
Mulla Mac Scein agus Fial,
Sgeulaiche fíor flath na Feinn'.
- 15 Faolan agus Cairiol càs,
Dubh Mac Ribhin nior thais colg,
Toscar an tus siar a Chlann,
Chaidh fo 'n ehrann an' ceann na 'm Fearbolg.⁷
- 16 Thachair Toscar thachair Daol,
Taobh re taobh an lath'r an t-sluaigh,
Bha combrag an da churaidh chaoimh
Mar gu 'n doirteadh gaoth a cuan.
- 17 Bu chombrag dha leomhain⁸ sin
'S eha 'n iarradh e scian d' an guin,
Ge bu mhaith saoirsinneachd na 'm fear,
Bu cheo na taosgailh am fuil.
- 18 Chinnich Toscar air an scein,
Arm bu mhiann leis an fhear mhaith,
Chuir e naoi guine, an taobh Dhaoil,
Sealan beag nu 'n chlaon an cath.
- 19 Bha combrag ag borbadh an t-sluaigh,
Mar fhuaim uird le dearnaibh lamh,
Ag iarraidh gu Oisein gach uair
'S an cath cruaidh do bheir e dhoibh.
- 20 Do scoilt Oisein air an t-sliabh
Caogad sciath gu Cormag Cruinn,
'S gu 'n bhris Cormag mac Art
Caogad lann ghlas air an druim.
- 21 Thugas an ceann do Chormag Cruinn
Air an t-sliabhsa gus an nochd,
'S gun do ghluais gu Flaith Fail,
'S an ceann sin an laimh air fholt.
- 22 Ge b' e dh' innsadh dhamba sin
An la sin ag cuir a chath',
Deireadh rium mar tha mi nochd
Gu 'm faigheadh e ole o m' laimh.

⁵ A round turret or tent. ⁶ Mhal-shluagh ?⁷ Ceann na 'm Bolg. ⁸ Leoghain.

THE FAIR MAID'S HILL. A. H. I.

The oldest version known is here reprinted from the Dean's Book, arranged according to the metre. Hunting rights were always matters of dispute; and here, as it

seems, the army have taken the King's preserves, in addition to their own. This hunting song is remembered in the Long Island in 1871, but the most of it has been reduced to mere narrative.

It is worth remark, that the method of hunting described here, corresponds to the description of a similar hunt by Taylor, the Water Poet, in the reign of James 6th. V. 13, p. 197, Mac Callum, is a short version of this. A great many hunting stories are current in the Highlands still.

A. 20. SLEYVE NY BAN FINN. 68 lines.

AUCTOR FINJUS OSSIN.

- 1 LA zay deacha finn mo rayth,
Di helg er sleyve ny ban finn
Tri meillith wathyon ny wayn,
Ne zeaath skaow vass in ginn
- 2 Ossin is vinni lwnnmi d' zloyr,
Bannicht foiss er annyn finn
Agus innis gay wayd feyg,
Hwttí er sleyve ny ban finn.
- 3 Ga mor lewe crathamar slee,
Or ni deatha voylte in loy
Di huttí er sleyve ny bau finn,
Di zeyith lay fin nyth wlygh
- 4 Innis doyf royth gith skayle,
Bannith er a waill gin zoyth
A bayig eaddith no ermami,
A doll leive a helg gi lay
- 5 Di weith eaddith agus ermami,
A doll leine a helg mir senni
Ni weith feance zeive ym zoe,
Gin leynith royle is men
- 6 Gin chottone schee schave,
Gin lurych sparrí zeyr zlynn
Gin chenvalt clooth di chorriith,
S zay ley in norn gi fer
- 7 Gin skay neynith warryth boye,
Gin lanni chroye eskoltith kenn
A nearyrth in doythín fayn scheath,
Ne royth nath bi zer no finn
- 8 Is schea a barri enicht is awge,
Ne zeath lav vassa chinn
Doll in dastill a choyn zill,
Gi aggin er farri mir finn
- 9 Cath eggr a choymir shear,
A helg er sleyve ni ban finn
A phatrik ayd chinni ni glar,
Di balin graun vass ir giuni
- 10 Noyr a hwyth finni r gonni
Da binni seirri agus shear
Gow gyir o chnok gow cnok,
A meskeith hork is feaygh
- 11 Di weith finn agus brann,
Nane swe selli er in tleyve
Gyth fer rewe in nayd helg,
No ger cirryth kolg in feark
- 12 Di leggymir tre m cowe,
A barri lowe syth way gi garga
Warwe gith cowe zewo da eyg
Selli fa neyd yn eyll na hard
- 13 Di hwttí vi meill feyg bar
Er a zlann di weith fane tleyve
A haggus eyg agus arbe
Ne zarne selgi mir sen reywe
- 14 Gir bee deirriith ir selgi hear,
A clare oyd ni glar is ni glok
Deich kayd kow fa lawre loyr
Hutti fa leon x c tork
- 15 Di huttidir lyne ni twrk,
A roynith ni helg er in lerga
Mir a weyg r lanith is r lawe
Di verdís air er in telga
- 16 A phatrik ni baichill fear,
A wakka tow hear no horri
Selga in lay raid lin
A waynew fin bi woynth no sen

- 17 Ach sen selga a roinith finn
V'alpin ni minni blayth
Gar ni goyllaue ansi cheille,
Gi bi winni laym aue lay
Lay za deach.

H. 21. THE BEST DAY THAT THE HEROES EVER HUNTED. 68 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 69. Advocates' Library, December 11, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Not known to Hennessy, but nevertheless in the Transactions of the Ossianic Society. Dublin, December 17, 1871.—J. F. C.

THE ARGUMENT.

THEY loosed 3000 dog and each dog killed two deers which was 6000, and Bran had slain 6001, tho' he was but a puppy, which makes 12001; but the one-third part of their dogs (which was at that day 1000) fell by 100 wild Boars, but they killed them all by their arrows and spears; for they did never go to hunt, or any other way, without being in compleat armour, for it was dangerous at that time to travel a quarter of a mile otherwise.

DAN 17.

- 1 LATHA da deachaidh sinn siar,
A shealg air shiabh na 'm ban fionn;
'S mile do Mhaithaibh nam Fiann,
Cho deachaidh riamh os a cheann.
- 2 Oisain gu 'r binn leam do ghlóir,
Beannachd fos air anam Fhinn;
Ailís dhuinne cia lion fiadh,
Thuit libh air shiabh nam ban Fionn.
- 3 Ailís o thoiséach do sgéul,
Beannachd air do bhéul faidheoidh;
'M biodh bhur 'n eideamh is bhur 'n airm,
A dol libh 'n bheinn t-seilg gach ló.
- 4 Gu 'n ar 'n eideamh 's gu 'n ar 'n airm,
Cho reacheamaid a sheilg nan cnoc,
Bhíodh air gach féinnidh gach ló,
Léine shroil 's air eill dá choin.
- 5 'Bhíodh cót air do 'n t-side shéimh,
Lúireach, is Barghill r' a shlios;
Is ceannbheairt chochalla chórr,
'S a dha shleagh an dorán gach fir.
- 6 Bhíodh sgia úain air a gheibha' buaidh,
'S clóidheamh cruidhich gur sgoltadh cheann
Bodha (*meadhach*) agus iudhair,
'S caogad guinach ann am balg.
- 7 Siubhail an domhan mu seach,
'S cho 'n fhuigh thu ann neach mar Fhionn
A b' fhearr innhe 'sa b' fhearr agh,
Cho deachaidh lámh os a cheann.
- 8 Re cath teagair bha sinn siar,
A sealg air shiabh na 'm ban Fionn;
A Phádraig a cheann nan cliar,
B' áluin a ghrian os ar ceann.
- 9 'N uair a shuidhich Fionn a choin,
Air an t-srath a' bha fúí 'n t-sliabh;
Shuidh gach féinnidh air tom seilg,
Gus an d' éirich sgeilg nam fiadh.
- 10 Dh' fhuasgail sinn trí míle cú,
Bu mhaith lúth, sa bha ro gharg;
'S mharbh gach cú dhíu síu da fhíadh,
Seal mu 'n deachaidh iall air aird.
- 11 Iodhnadh 's mo 'a chunnacas riamh,
No chuala Fiann Inmse pháil;
Gu d' mharbh Bran is e na chuillein,
Fiadh agus idhir re each.
- 12 Leag¹ sinn naoi míle fia' barr,
Air an t-srath a' ta fuaidh 'n t-sliabh;
A Phádraig san agams tha beachd,
Sealg mar sud cho 'n fhaecas riamh.

¹ . . . 9000 Harts, besides Hinds and Roës.

- 13 Thuit leinn naoi míle fiadh bar,
A eagnhuis carb agus adh ;
Thuit sin air sliabh nam ban fionn,
Do dh' fhiadhach le Fionn nam feagha.
- 14 Ach an deireadh ar seilgne shiar,
A Phódraig nan cliar 's nan clog ;
Deich céud eu le 'n slabhruidh óir,
Thuit sin faidheoidh le céud toire.
- 15 'S ann leinn mharbhadh na tuirc
A rinn na h-uile air an leirg,
'S mar bhiteadh ar lamha 's ar lann
Cho deanamaid ár air an t-seilg.
- 16 Biomad laoch fuileachd fial,
Na sheasamh air sliabh Inse-crot,
Gu 'n ach iall a choin na laimh,
'S e pilleadh o ár nan toire.
- 17 Sealg mar sud cho d' rinn sinn riamh,
A dhea' Mhic Ailpín na míonn tlá ;
Guth do cheofain ann sa chill,
'S nóir bu bhinne leam an lá.

I. 8. SLIABH NAM BEANN FIONN. 68 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 29. Advocates' Library,
April 4, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE FAIR HILLS.—A POEM. Extracts.

OSIAN recollects by this poem the best day the Heroes had ever hunted the deer upon a place, called Sliabh nam beann Fionn, i. e., The fair and beautiful Hills. 3,000 Heroes handsomely accoutred entered these Mountains with 3,000 Dogs or Hounds, each Grey-hound had slain two Deer, and Bran, Fingal's Grey-hound, slew as many as all the rest. 1,000 of their hounds fell by wild Boars, and beasts, and 1,000 of their Men were so far overcome with fatigue, before they kilt the Boars and gathered the venison, of which ever after they did not get the better. The Poem is addressed to the Son of Alpin.

- 3 BEANNACHD air do bheul ní 'n ceol ;
4 Cho reachamaid a sheilg i an lon ;
5 Bhiodh cot air do 'n fhítidh sheimh,
6 'S cloidheamb cruaidh, bu mhaith sa cholg ;
7 A b' fhearr eineach, sa b' fhearr agh.
10 Bu gharg luth ri aonach ar ;
13 Thuit leinn naoi míle fiadh bar.

H. 22. HOW GOLL FALL A HUNDRED OF CLANNA
BAOISGE WRESTLING. 68 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 36. Advocates' Library,
Dec. 2, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Dublin, Dec. 9, 1871.—Not known to Hennessy. Not found in the Catalogues of Royal Irish Academy. This carries the blood-feud between Goll and the Clanna Baoisgne into the hunting field.

THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL was one day hunting and Goll was not present, they began to let their dogs after a wild swine, for diversion, and to know which of their dogs would be the vanquisher ; Conan, Goll's brother, ordered them to stop the dogs till his brother would come : Faolan, Fingal's son, rose and fell Conan ; who was viewing them but Goll, he ran, and before he stop, he laid down one hundred of them on the Hill, a bloody battle immediately began, but not deadly.

DAN 7.

- 1 LATHA dhuinne bhi 'n gleann diamhair,
Bha sinn re fiathach Muc alte ;
'S bha Fionn fein ann, Caoilte 's Oisain,
Luchd a bhrosnacha gach sealga.
- 2 Bha sinn uil' ann clann Mhic Chuthaill,
Bha farann ann Coireall ceárnach ;
'S an t-Osear óg laidair neartmhor,
Nach cuirheadh an cath air cháird.
- 3 Ochagain air taobh a ghlinne,
Shuidh sinn uile Clanna Baoisge ;
Do shuidh monad mor air bharradh.
'S cho bu toiseach rath d' ar daoin ain.

- 4 Chuir sinn air coin ris an fhreach,
Gu ctaoidh is milleadh na béiste ;
Dh' fheachainn eo d' ar conaibh gramach,
A gheibheadh lán bhnaí' air bréine.
- 5 'S ann an sin a labhair Conan,
B' e aon laoch comais gach áite ;
'No leigadh bhur gathair gu fireach,
Gu 'n chlann 'm athairsa bhi láithair.'
- 6 'S ann an sin dh' eirich Faothlan,
B' e aon laoch spáirneachd gach gnothaich ;
'S ann dhuinne bu lóir a dhonas,
Gun d' ug e leagadh do Chonan.
- 7 An sin do thainig Goll gramach,
Bu shar bheumeannach 's bu chruaí' builleán,
Seal mun d' fhaodar leinn a chumail,
Do leag e céud air an tulaich.
- 8 'S ann an sin a dh' eirich Oscar,
'N laoch leis an coisgte 'n cruaidh chómbrag ;
Mar bhiteadh dhamh 's deachainn mo gheallidh,
'S ann dhuitsa b' aithreach am borbhadh.
- 9 Urram cho 'n fhuing thusa uamsa,
'Se labhair Goll gramach re Oscar ;
Gu 'r h-ann leamsa thuit do Shuinnsir,
'S bu dearg linnidh le mor lothaibh.
- 10 'N ar measna dh' eirich a' bhuidhin,
Bhorb na curina r'a chéile ;
Bu lionmhor sgia' bhreac air leith lamh,
Agus lann bu leathan gle gheal.
- 11 Chuaidh gach fear air chul a chloidheamb,
'S chuaidh gach Flath air chul sgéitha ;
Chum 's gu d' fheachamaid le 'r gathaibh,
Cia bu treise dhinn no chéile.
- 12 Chuaidh Goll mor na chulaidh chatha,
'S cho bu toiseach rath d' ar daoin ain ;
Aig trimead 's aig tricead a builleán,
'N sin air chlaigainibh Chlanna baoisge.
- 13 S ann an sin a labhair Conall,
'Ma 's beó duine Chlanna baoisge ;
Díolamh an fheall is a mbeodhair,
'N duí' air chlaigainibh Chlanna morna.'
- 14 'N sin do fhreagair an Rígh Féinne,
G' e maith do chombairls 'a Chonaill ;
Fuaidh 'm íochdasa thainig Clanna morna,
'S b' iad aon laoich sor-ghlic an domhain.
- 15 An sin do dh' eirich Fionn fiailidh,
Is Diarmaid déud gheal o duimhne ;
'S chuir iad na saoi' ean o chéile
Ge d' bu mhor iargain na bruidhne.
- 16 A togail dhuinn ris a mhullach,
'S a díreach re uilean an t-sléibhe ;
Ge do tharladh gu 'n bhi marbh dhuinn,
B' íomadach ann osnaich chléibhe.
- 17 Bu lionmhor ann euirp gu sílleach,
Agus laoich fuí' ionad creacainibh,
'N deidh nu 'm builleán troma dóbhidh,
Thug Goll mac morna mhic neamhain.

I. 9. GLEANN DIAMHAIR. Extracts.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 63. 72 lines. Advoca-
tes' Library, April 6, 1872. Copied by Malcolm
Macphail.

THE SOLITARY VALE.

THE Fingalians were hunting and chasing Wild Beasts and wild Boars thro' the woods and Mountains. The tribe of Baisge wanted to set of their Dogs after the Boar in Gaul's absence. Conan who was always a Foamer of strife and wrangles with his impertinent loquacity stoppt their Dogs until his Brother Gaul and his Hounds would draw near and see the sport. Instantly Faolan (one of Fingal's sons) fell on Conan and beat him smartly. Gaul approached and saw his Brother so severely used in his absence, fell furiously upon Clan-baoisge and overturned one hundred of them upon the Hill before his career could be retarded. Thereupon a battle ensued between the two Clans in which the invincible and brave Caledonian Gaul was like to overcome the Tribe of Baisge. The amicable Fingal and courteous Dermid restored peace and amity between both Clans.

- 1 Bha Fionn fein ann, Caoilt, is Tosear,
Luchd a phrosnachadh gach sealga.
- 3 Shluigh sinn uil' ann 's Clanna-ruri ;
Do shluigh Momad mor air bharradh,
Cha bu toiseach ratha dhuinne.
- 4 Chuir sinn ar coin ris an uchdaich,
A chlaoi', muice nan calg geura ;
Bu treine gainne nan cuileann, *
Bha friodh mullaich mar choill chreithlich.
- 5 B' e aon hoch conais gach aite ;
No leigibh ur gadhair fui 'n fhreach.
- 11 Chum 's gu feuchamaid gun athamb,
- 12 'S cho bu toiseach rath d' ar taith-ne ;
- 13 Mar charrag air aodann tuinne,
Air an eireadh buinnean arda ;
Bha 'n laoch a teirbirt gach buille,
Beunia guineach docair gabhaidh.

H. 23. HOW FINGAL AND GOLL CAST OUT
HUNTING THE LEANA. 132 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 38. Advocates' Library,
December 4, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail

Dublin, December 9, 1871.—Not known to Hennessy.

I HAVE no trace of this particular composition, but I have many stories about great mythical deer hunts. In this case the scene is laid in Glen Eite, in Argyllshire, not far from the Royal Castles of Dunstaffnage, and ancient forts. In verse 20 Fionn is called 'High King of Connaught,' though he is in Morven, and in verse 26, the illustrations are drawn from Beinn Eidian, the Hill of Howth.

If these ballads be historical, this belongs to the Dalriads who came to Argyllshire about A.D. 311, and later. The story is part of the Blood-feud of Fionn and Goll, the cause of which is in the next ballad.

THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL was one day hunting at a place called Leana, nigh Gleanailte, in Argyllshire, and either of the parties was too lazie, and they were not doing so much as themselves, Goll and Fingal thought proper to divide the muirs, and that every one would stay on his own side ; their agreement was that whoever would shut the Deer (if he would go after he would get the arrow), on whatever ground he would fall that it would be theirs which had the ground by Lot ; Oscar struck a hart, and fell on Goll's march and took it away, but Goll, according to their agreement, would not allow him the hart since it was his own, they cast out that moment, and a bloody battle began betwixt both parties.

DAN 8.

- 1 LATHA dhuinne sealg na Leana,
A tathach an fheidh o 'n Chlach leadh'd,
Shuidh mi fein air Guala buidh ;
'S shuidh Mac Chuthaill air Coir-easain.
- 2 Shuidh Caoilte air Coire-dombnail,
Fear a chomhdaich ar Féinne ;
'S cho d' fhuag a choin no gathair a bhos
Aon fhiadh gu 'n tathach gu h-Eite.
- 3 Shuidh Diarmaid donn gheal o duimhne,
Gille mairneach na morchuis ;
Maille r'a fhuir thréune chatha,
Thall air uilean cnoc na h-Og' ghnuis.
- 4 Shuidh Mac Mornna san Lia' ghumb 's,
Tacan siar o Ghuala ehuirnn ;
'S g' b' e chidheadh sealg nam fear,
Bu lionmhór ann bás daimh dhúinn.
- 5 Mu 'n d' ainig deireadh an ló,
Dh' cirich gníomh bu doilich léinn,
Eidear Iodhleann nan arm glas,
Agnus Oscar Mac Righ 'n leirg.
- 6 Damh do mharbh Oscar an áigh,
Tacan beug o bheulamb Ghúil ;
'S thug Goll a bhriathar gu beachd,
Nach feuchadh é blas an daimh dhúinn.
- 7 Do thog Oscar e dl' a feain,
'S e 'g eisteach re briathar Ghúill ;
'S gu b' eisean an Gille fial,
Thog e air a sgiá 'sa lúin.

- 8 Thainig an t-Oscar donn gu Athair,
Thainig Maithadh Chlanna bhoisge ;
Thainig orna sgiá na cobhair,
'S thainig Colla, mac cruaidh Chaoilte.
- 9 Thainig Fionn fein an ceannard,
Bu chrann teann air Chlanna bhoisge,
'S labhair e le iolach nabhair,
Thugaibh uram 's biadh do 'm dhaoine.
- 10 Thainig Fionn bán Mac Chuathan,
Le aon fhichead déug furaig ghaisgeach ;
'S le nuidhir eile do dh' fhiantidh,
Do thainig Maighre Mac Baistail.
- 11 Thainig a Macaidh dubh siobhalt,
Gille gu 'n di meas lan dóghrainn ;
Le aon fhichead déug sgiá' nach fannaich,
'S cho bu charaid Chlanna mornna.
- 12 Thainig Mac Nic o-theanraig,
A bu roí' mhaith thun an troitain ;
Le aon fhichead déug sgiá' nach sgannail,
'S a bu roí' mhaith theandadh total.
- 13 Le deich cend curidh do dh' fhiantidh,
Do thainig Diarmaid o duimhne ;
Le 'n gathaibh fiata, feargach fuileach,
Gu fíor mhulleach sliaibh Mhic súmhne.
- 14 Thainig Caoilte fiamh gach catha,
Le cuig céad 's tri laoich gu súmhne ;
Le 'n lanna' fuir chruaidhe geala,
An gleus catha chum ar coibhreach.
- 15 Le deich cend 's fhichead laoch calma,
Do thainig Garbh lámh Mac Mornna ;
Gu Iodhleann nan armaibh fada,
D' a theanadh o 'r tional mór-ne.
- 16 Le tri fichead tréun laoch catha ;
Do thainig Garbh Mac Mornna ;
'S bu cheannard air tri fir fheachda,
Gach aon neach dhiu teachd gu comhrag.
- 17 Le céud ursann chath gu 'n athadh,
Do thainig Grad lámh gu deonach ;
'S na bha air eul gach curidh,
Truir laoch fuileachdach gu cómrag.
- 18 Thainig le cuig fichead calma,
Daorí' airmaitach Inse freóine ;
Gu Momad na 'm buillean grada,
'S cho bu rathail d' ar fir mhór-ne.
- 19 'Beannachd dhuit 's no fuiláing táir,
A Ghuill mhóir do radh Conau ;
Thoir cath do 'n Fheinn gu 'n laigsa,
'S do rath fein a Rígh cho donaid.'
- 20 'No deansa sin orsa Daóire,
'S feairde ciall a comhairleachadh ;
Beannachd dhuit is fuiláing táir ;
Do dh' Fhionn árd Rígh Connachda.'
- 21 'C' om an fuiláingeamsa táir,
Do dh' Fhionn, 's na gabhsa a pháirt,
'N uair bheiradh é mo dhlighe dhim,
'C' om an fuiláingam e gu brath.'
- 22 Thionail Fionn an sin a shloigh,
Gu Momad mór nan tréun bhúilean ;
Bu lionmhór ann bratach ár dhearg,
Agnus laoich fuidh Lúirich bhuidh.
- 23 Bha deich dorsan air sluaibh Ghúill,
'S iad eagnaichd drim air dhrim gu dochaun ;
Is bha cnogad Luireach sholuis,
A coinhead gac aon dorais.
- 24 'N sin chnuidh na fir r' a chéile,
Gu fuileachdach tréunmhór cruaidhe ;
'S b' iomad corp a bha d' an sineadh,
Le buillean a Mhúilidh ghruamaich.
- 25 Gu b' iomad leith lámh, is leith chos,
An deis an leadairt le géur lann ;
Le buillean a Chuinne chrodha,
Bha air an lón shios gu 'n eiridh.
- 26 'S an a chluinte fuaim a luinne,
Mar chreag nlean no Beinn endain ;
A sghathadh chnaman is féola,
B' e sin an sgeúl bróin nach b' éibhreach.

- 27 Chluinte fuaim air buillean nìle,
Mar thoirn tuinne re la gáibhidh;
No mar Easaichlaibh na 'n bennntaibh,
Thiteam aon gach gleann ehaol fasaich.
- 28 Cho raibh brochú no torchd, no taotban,
Bh' ann an sgiùp no 'n creag no 'n uamh;
Nach do theich ann an gleanntidh,
'S ann am beanntidh fada uainn.
- 29 'Oscáir an cumhainn mo chomainn,
'N uair a bha an Fhainn da leonadh;
Thug mí airm laoiach a' d' laimh,
'S mo chonamh nach b' flann an cómhrag.
- 30 'G' e do dheanamh tu dhanh fein,
Gach aon nhaith a bha fú 'n ghréin;
'C' om am fuilangeam tailceas Fhinn,
'N fhear sa bhios an deó an chré.'
- 31 'Cho 'n iongeantach leams ogh Fhinn,
Bhí neo chumaillach air fhoelach;
'S a bhí borb gu 'n iochd gu 'n dáimh,
R' a thréun naimhde re la dochtaint.'
- 32 Cho deachidh an Fheinn le gráin,
Lead aon iomaire o 'n bháir;
O' na dh' éirich a ghrian moeh,
Gus an deach i siar a thámh.
- 33 Theie Mac Morna bu mhór gnomh,
Is mu theich cho b' ann gu 'n dí;
Thorebair drian d' ar Fíinne leis,
'S dh' fhag mise fuidh léon gu síor.

I. 10. THE CONFLICT OF LEANA. 132 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 33. Advocates' Library,
April 6, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Urox this day Fingal and Gaul seem'd to have divided the Forests and Mountains into two equal parts, whereby the two Clans were bound by this agreement, that the one Clan shou'd not encroach upon the others Property during the time they were to hunt, and that the Deer shot belonged to whoever Party that occupied the ground whereon he was to fall. Soon after they entered the Mountains and Muirs of Glen-eta, Glenmurchy and Glenfinlas in Argyle-shire. Oscar had had chased a stag close upon Gaul's marches and wounded him. The stag fell upon Gaul's property. Oscar pursued him and took him away. Gaul (according to terms of Agreement) wou'd have the stag, but Oscar wou'd not part with him. Upon this dispute the two Clans were gathered together and an engagement ensued in which great many of Clan-baisg were killed, but the brave and valorous Gaul was at last defeated, and Ossian acknowledges to get wounded, of which he was lame ever after.

LEANA. Extracts.

- 2 Shuidh mi fein air Guala-chuillinn,
2 Thall air nilcan enoc nan Ogan.
7 Thog e leis am fiadh, sa loinn.
8 'S thainig Colla Mac cruaidh Chailte.
9 Thugar urram buaidh do 'm dhaoiin
10 Thainig Fionn bán Mac Cnathan,
Le aon fhlichead deug euraidh gaisgidh.
11 Thainig a Mhaeraidh o 'n Insein,
Gillecan gun mhio-mbeat an dorninn.
12 Thainig Mae Rìogh na Fite,
Nan lanna gear 's nan trodan.
13 Le deieh eud 's fìehead do dh' fhiantaidh.
14 Le enig eud sonn gu sliabh suimhne,
Na laoiel bu docair le gear loinn.
15 Gu Iolann nan arma geura,
'S bu mhòr am beud do Rìogh Phailte.
16 'S e na bha air eul gach euraidh,
Triuir laoch fhùileachdach gu coi-stri.
17 Do thainig Grad-lanl gu conamh,
'S bu eheamard air trì fir fhaeabda,
Gach laoch neartmhòr teachd gu comhrag.
18 Gu Momad nam buillean treuna,
'N laoch nach euraidh an ermai'-chomhrag.
20 'S fearde Triatha a chomhairleachadh.

- 22 B' iomadach ann brataeh ur-ghorm,
Agus laoch ann luraich luthaidh.
23 Bha deich dorsan air Cathain Ghuill.
24 Bhuail sinn a sin air a cheile,
Mar dha bhuinn air sgré nan cuantaidh;
B' iomad laoch a thuit gan eiridh,
Le buillean a Mhìlhidh ghruamaich.
26 A' sghathadh nan sonn sa chomhrag,
Sgeula broin ata an-eibhhiun.
27 Chluinte toirm ar beum sa chumasg,
Mar fhuaim tuinne ri la gabhaidh.
28 Cha raibh broc, no torc, no baothan,
Bh' ann an cos nan creag, no 'n uaimh.
29 Nuair a bha thu' m bruid ga d' leonadh,
Thug airm laoiach ann a d' laimh.
30 'N fhea' sa bhiodh an deo an chré.
31 A bhí borb gun iochd no baidh,
'S ann iomar-bhaidh na luchd cosgairt.
32 Cha do theich an Fheinn le grain,
Lead aon iomaire le sgáth.
33 'S dh' fhag mise fú' leon gun leigheas.

HOW CUMHAL WAS SLAIN. A. F. O.

In this ballad, which is old, Fionn and Garradh, of the tribe of Morna, sit at a Pass, and Garradh tells how he and his tribe slew Fionn's father. I will tell all that I have learned about this story when I translate. The ballad seems to fit here amongst Hunting Songs and tribal quarrels. The first is from the Dean's Book, 1512. The second is from the Collection of Fletcher, who could not himself write what he could recite. The third is from the Collection of Dr. Irvine, of Little Dunkeld, about A.D. 1800. The ballad is therefore ancient, and it was widely known in Scotland. In the Dean's Book this fragment is joined to a bit of Cuchullin's Story, to which it does not belong. It is at page 76, Gaelic. Page 1 above.

A. 21. KINNIS DI WARVE SEW COWLL?

72 lines.

- 1 feyne in tulg churr
Ay deis er gi
Hw a feyne agus garri
Teive er heive in nane tr za
- 2 Gin darrith Finn di zarri
Er su zoith na arrih
Or is twss do wee ann
Kinnis di warve sew cowll
- 3 Di weyr si zwt mi wrarri
Er bee zwt orm za earre
Gir heith mi laive laytch lomm
Chur in kead za in gowll
- 4 For in caddrew zoiss sin
A clanni morn mar zilli
Is wulling is reawor zoif
Zess dew mathr a varvi
- 5 Mass for in catdrew leat sin
Inn vee cowill a halwin
Leig in carri dr lwnskinni
Is tog in nallydis chatehün
- 6 A deg mis zew lawe
A clann morn is mor grane
Fa toylling missi wle
For gir gow deith eine dwn
- 7 Mass di zlassi tussi sin
Ynichtin er slyeth haithr
Bith lmenor sinni er limi
Mir weith ein ellytin chowale
- 8 Gowel chor sinn in woyew
Cowe huc orn mor wihw
Gowel di zoiehir a mach sinn
A greithew ni geith
- 9 Chor dram zeine in nalbin inn
Is dram elle in dow loehlinn
In tress dram si zreyg zilli
Bedit woe cheyl r . .

- 10 Wemir seableyn deyg
A lagwss errin is ner wrag
Ner weg in smach downith
Sinni gin er dew zagkin
- 11 In kead lay choyuir er teir
Zinse errin or weimin
Warveir dein is ner wraik a ray
Xvi e dein lay
- 12 Di warvys clanna morn
Dan leichew is . . .
Cha roif cine dwn zew sen
Nach eow caydi di v . . .
- 13 Gonith caslane da galnew
Clanni morn mor vanmnith
In ginni feyn bi leytich
Ann a weaniss far nerrin
- 14 Er a lawsi olach ni wane
Cha nakgis horri no bar
Eine neith hug pask er mi hwle
Ach fagsin a choskir
- 15 Hug say teim fame chree
Re fagsin ni slintee
Huggimir nein teyg
A crithew mowin mor zerg
- 16 A royth gasge in r
Bassid zown owin a warvi
Gyn deyre er in twlli hawle
Ymbi woa dwnni clann chwle
- 17 Ronimair reith nach royre maule
Gus in ty in roif cowl
Huggimir gwn zothiu gr fr
In gorp chwall zor sleywe
- 18 Gir gar ruggi missi ann
In nor a warve she cowl
Ne gneive roym scho ma haa
Dielmissi orr wa mer lay.
Lay za roymir.

F. 3. MAR A CHAIDH CUTHUL A MHRABHADH.

Fletcher's Collection, page 122. Advocates' Library, January 22, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

This version is very much broken. Many passages have returned to prose, and some were written as prose, which turn out to be quatrains, e.g. No. 9, which can nevertheless be identified with No. 18 of the oldest version.

THUIRT Fionn ri Gairidh Mornne.

Bho nach d' rugadh mise san àm,
Cionnus a mharbh sibh Cuthal ?

B' e Cuthal Athair Fhionn,
Deir Garra.

- 1 Is e Cuthal a rinn oirne an tàir,
'S e rinn a' mòr sgaradh,
'S fhada dh' fhògair Cuthal sinne
A mach air chrìochabh nan coimhach.

A. Verse 2.

- 2 Chaidh dream againn do dh' Albainn,
Is dream eile do 'n Du-lochlan,
'S an treas dream do 'n Ghreige a muigh,
Air chrìochaihb nan coimhach.

A. 11.

- 3 A cheud latha do bha sinne,
Air foid Eirinn nan gorm lann,
Mharbh e dhinn is bann r' a 'n aireamh,
Seachd ceud deug air aon leanuin.
- 4 Do mharbhadh do Chlanna Moirne,
D' ar Fiannaibh 's d' ar maithibh;
Is rinn e an sin càrn d' ar cnamhan,
Ann am fiadhluis na Feinne.
- 5 'S e rinn trom air eridheachan,
Air cuing a lhi na bhì na slàn-deiribh.

An sin an uair a thug iad an aireadh,
Cuthal a' tighinn dlachaidh an deidh;
Dh' fhaighinn fios sho a mharbhadh,
Do chlanna Moirne, bha fios aig
Garadh gu 'm bu toil le Cuthal na mnathan.

Chuir Garadh a phiuthar a mach, gu tachart ri
Cuthal mu 'n tigeadh e far an robh iad; Bha do
bhuaidh air Cuthal 'nuair a tharladh e ri mnaoi gu
'n tuiteadh e na chadul. Agus co-luath 's a thach-
air ise ris thuit e na chadul.

Thainig Mor-nin-Thaoichd a mach agus glaoth i le
h-ard iolaich, ma bheò duine do Chlanna Moirne,
a dhioladh na maithean.

A. 17.

- 6 Thug 'ear leinne ruith nach robh mall,
'S rainig sinn an tigh san robh Cuthal,
'S chuir sinn guin ghoirt gach fear.
Ga shleagì ann an corp Cuthail.
- 7 Bheuchdadh è mur gu 'm biodh mart ann,
'S raoichdeadh è mur gu 'm biodh torc ann
Is ge nach b' onair e mhac Rìgh,
Bhramma Cuthal mar ghearran.
- 8 Sin agadsa Fhinn mhic Cuthail,
Beagan do sgeula mu d' athair;
Gun fhnath gun fhòlachd o shin,
Gun eiseamail na gulach urram.
D' thubhairt Fionn an sin.
- A. 18.
- 9 Ge nach d' rugadh mise
Ri linn Chluthail na 'n gear lann.
An gnìomh a rinn, sibhse gu tàireal
Dìolaidh, mise ann an aon là è.
A deir Garadh.
- 10 'S maith a gheibh thusa sin fhir,
Bhiodh 'g iomachd an slighe t-athair;
Cuirse ad cairdeas air cul,
'S tog do 'n fhòlachd choit-chionta.

O. 3. BAS CHUTHAIL.¹ 90 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 11, 1801. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 25, 1872.

THE old ballad and the current story are in this composition, so that both can be certainly recognised. But upon their ruins some new hand has built up a Mac P'ersonic structure, which lacks the merit of the works of that able architect. Verse 2 has a good deal of one of the addresses to the Sun about it.

¹ Cuthal is sometimes spelt Cumhal, and Cubhal. I consider the first as the most correct. Collector's note.

- 1 IXNIS Ullin nam binu ghlor,
Beud chlanna Morna air M' athair;
- 2 Phill Cuthal le aoibhneas,
Mar ghrian ag eirigh gun smal,
Rinn a thalla buadhach gaire
A' cur failt air rìgh nan Cath.
- 3 Bha cheuman dearg le fuil riamh,
'S lionmhor osna craidh 'na dheigh;
'S lionmhor treun a thuit air lair;
Rinn e clann a Morna tana.
- 4 Gu 'n robh gean air is gair,
Bha braon o' tuiteam o' n speur,
Fraoch ag eiridh gu h-ard,
An ceo bha lasadh le ioghmadh,
As torran broin a buireadh bais.
- 5 Chunnaic Garra ceum an fhir,
Chunnaic 'sa chridhe g'a chradh;
Bha smuain a snamh am fuil,
Bha aghuin a' sireadh aich.
- 6 Le smeatha breige a dh' fholuich run,
Chuir e failt air Cu nan ceud,
Fait ort a Chuthail bhuaidhaich,
Fait is buaidh leat anns gach ball.
- 7 Chuir thu t-sealg gu h-ard uabbrach,
'S maith do philleadh natha gun chall
Gabh mo phuithar is aille dealbh,
Biodh air di-chuimhn sealg an Duin.

- 8 'S leat i ga mor beartas,
Dean do cheart ri, is do run ;
Mar reult an oidhche shaimhe,
Dealradh air linne bhuig,
Las a maise a cruth crodhearg.
- 9 Bu deas direach grunn a ceùm,
Mar gheng uaine fo lan meas,
Thug an rìgh a throm ghaoil trom,
Do ighinn Mhorna nan cruaidh cholg.
- 10 Chaill e luathas, thuit fo gheasaibh,
Cùirdh riamh nach d' fhuair a chlaoidh ;
Sgith is fann an gheann nan lon,
Cha b' ioghnadh ged a dhonadh e.
- 11 Cheangail iad an rìgh nu lar,
Rinn iad tair ga chuir fo smachd ;
Mharbhte leo an cùirdh calma,
Bu mhor 'armachd ag neart.
- 12 Mar cheo air mullach na beinne,
'S don shìon a' bagradh nu 'n cnairt d'i,
Sheall Fionn is osna broin.
O chom a' dusgadh.
Cha bhì Cuthal gun dioladh.
- 13 Chunnacas tighinn nar dail,
Garra Mor a mhi aigh ;
Las ar fearg mar chaor theallach,
Thog gach fear a sìleagh o thalamh.
- 14 Thuir Fionn o nech d' rugadh mì san àm,
Cia mar mharbh sibh Cuthal ?
- 15 'S e Cuthal a rinn oirn an tair.
'S e rinn oirn am mor sgaradh,
'S fada dh' fhogair sinne Cuthal
A mach air chrìochan nan ciombeach.
- 16 Bhenca e mar gu 'm bi mart ann,
Roiceadh e mar gu 'm bi Torc ann ;
'S ged nach b' onoir e mhach rìgh,
Bhruma Cuthal mar ghearran.
- 17 'S in agadsa Fhinn Mhic Cuthal,
Beagan do sgeulaibh t' athar ;
Gun fhuachd gun fhalachd o sin,
Gun eisemail gun urram.—

THUBHART FIONN.

- 18 Ged nach d' rugamsa ri linn nan gear lan,
An gnìomh a rinn sibh gu tarail,
Diolamsa an aon la e,
- 19 'S maith a gheibh thusa sin Fhìr,
Bhì 'g imeachd an slighe d' athar,
Cuirs a cairdeas air chul, (naimhdeas)
'S tog do 'n fhalachd mhiruin.
- 20 Cairdeas cha do thoill sibh nam,
Chlanna Morma na mor nail ;
'S mar bìthinn baigheil ribh,
'S fada o 'n a chlaoidh 'ur faram.

GARRA.

- 21 Mar chreag an aonaich ud shuas,
Cruaidh sheasmbach ata sinn ;
'S cuirear an cath gun fheall,
'S nìr lubar ceann do chlanna Baoisge.
- 22 Chaidh euilìn is aighir nu 'n cuairt,
Dh' fhogar bròn gu fhuachd nam beann ;
Dh' alluich gach gaisgeach e fein,
Gu eucbd caithream nan lann.
- 23 Dh' fhalbh an oidhche san ceo duinte,
'S ghoir a chuach air bharruibh chranu ;
Dhuigs a' mhaduinn o leaba san ear,
'S dh' or a' ghrian gach leachd is fonn.

THE DEATH OF BRAN. D. F. M. O. Z.

THIS probably was the great traditional dog fight, in which Graidhne saw the love-mark on Diarmaid's brow. The first two verses are curious, because they make the Wren, who is king of all birds everywhere, Fionn's doctor. I print D. M. is the same so far as it goes. F. is nearly the same. O. is a mosaic of fragments. Z. is a fragment with another fragment tacked on to it, in the mind of an old man who is now living in Ness, Lewis. This bit about Fionn's cup belongs to the Death of Diar-

maid, but I have no other version of it. The story is part of the blood-feud of Fionn and Goll. The Hound which caused all the Norse Wars dies at last by the hand of his master's favourite son ; and here begins the obituary of the Heroes, who conquer each other, because nobody can conquer them.

D. 22. CHAIDH BRAN A MHARAIGH. 56 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Ossianic Ballad, copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 5, 1872.

- 1 LAG as lag oirn ars a chorr,
'S faddidh crom mo Luirg' am dheigh ;
Nam bristin se I a nochd,
Cait am faighin Luss na Leigh ?
- 2 Leithisidh mish' l' ars an Dreolan,
Fon leithis mi moran robhid ;
A Chorrìbh ha fos mo chion,
'S mishe leithis Fion nam Fleigh,
- 3 An La bharibh shin an Torc làth
'S iummid Fian a bhàn 'sa T-shleigh ;
'S iummid Cuillain T-aoibh-ghéal sheang ;
Bha taibh ri taibh san Bheinn bhuig,
- 4 Nar a tshuich Fion an Tealg,
Shin nar ghaibh Bran Fearg ra Chuid ;
Throidd an da 'Choin an san T-slabh,
Bran gu dian agus Cu Ghuill.
- 5 Man daodas smachd chuir air Bran,
Dheallich e naogh uilt ra Dhruim ;
Dherich Goull Mor Mac Smaile,
Cuis nach bu choir nu Cheann Coin.
- 6 Bbagair e 'n Laibh an ro Bran,
Gun Dail hoirt da aeh a bbaraigh ;
Dherich Ossain beg machd Fhinn,
'S coig ceid deig an cothail Ghuill,
- 7 Labhair e an Cora ard,
Caisgin do T-shluaigh garg a Ghuill,
Bhuail mi Baille don Eil bhuigh,
'S do na Balagibh F-jundirruich.
- 8 Dhanlig mi an Tor na Cheann,
'S truaigh reinn mi 'n Beid ro i sheann ;
T-sheoil mo Chulain har a Ghuain,
'S gu 'm iumigh leis mi ga bhuaidh.
- 9 T-shruthidh e na Frassibh Falla,
Fo Raisginin mearrigh glannigh ;
An Laibh leis 'ndo bhual mi Bran,
'S truaigh nach han fon Ghuain a sear.
- 10 Mun dreinn mi an Beid a bhos,
Gur truaidh nach bann eig a chaitis ;
Cìod a Bhuaidh a bhig air Bran,
Arsa Connan uaibhrich near.
- 11 Fon ab aois Cullain do Bhran,
'S fon a chuir mi Conn-ial air ;
Cha nachd fas am Fianibh Fail,
Lorg Feigh an deis floghail
- 12 Bu bhath e haithin Dorain Duin.
Bu bhath e hoirt Eìsg e Hothin ;
Gum bear Bran a mharaigh Broc,
Na Coiu an Talaind' a thanig,
- 13 Cheid Leiggidh a huair Bran riabh,
Air Druim na Coille coir lia ;
Naovar do gach Fiagh air bìth,
Bharibh Bran air a cheud Rith.
- 14 Cassibh buigh bha aig Bran,
Da T-shlios dhuthidh as Tarrageal ;
Druim naine ma'n iaghaidh 'an T-calg,
Da Chluais chorriche chro-dhearg.

C'rioch.

1 Sui.

F. 15. MAR A CHAIDH BRAN A MHARBHADH.

Fletcher's Collection, page 127. 58 lines. Advocates' Library, January 22, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

PROVERBIAL spellings in this version are of value for the local dialect. It is very close to Mac Nicol's version.

- 1 'S FHADA lag arsa Chorr,
'S fada crom mo lurga 'n dheidh ;
'S cha na Briscansa mo chasan,
Cia mar gheibhin lus na leigh.
- 2 Leighsidh mis' thn arsa 'n Dreolan,
Bho leighis mi moran romhadh,
A chorr ud' tha os mo chionn,
S 'mise a leighis Fionn na fleadh.
- 3 An latha mharbh sinn an torc liath,
'S iomad Fiann bha ann sa shleagh ;
'S iomad cuilean caomh gheal caomh,
Bha taobh retaobh sa mhointich bhuig.
- 4 Nuair a shuidhich Fionn an t-sealg
'S am a Ghabh Bran fearg r' a chuid ;
Throid an da choin ann san t-sliabh,
Bran gu dian agus cu Ghuill,
- 5 Mh 'n fhadh sinn smachd a chuir air Bran,
Thug e na naoi uilt o dhrum,

- 6 An sin 'n uair chunnaig,
Goll mar thachair ghabh e fearg.
- 7 Dh' eirich Goll mor mac suaill,
Cuis nach bu choir mo Cheann coin ;
Bhagair e 'n lamh san robh Bran,
Gun dail thoirt da ach a mharbhadh.
- 8 Dh' eirich Oisain beag mac Fhionn,
Is seach ceud deug an cothail Ghuill ;
Is labhair e an comhradh aiord
Caisgeam d shnagh a Ghuill.
- 9 Bhuail mi buille air do 'n eile bhuidh,
Is do na bailgeabh iundarnich,
Is dh' adhlacadh an tor na cheann,
'S truagh rinneadh 'm bend co-teann.
- 10 B' ioghna leam chuillean fionn,
Mise ga bhualadh le h-cil ;
Is shileadh e na frasa fola,
Air a rosgabh ranna ghilana.
- 11 An lamh leis an do bhuaileadh Bran,
'S truagh nach ann o' n' ghuaillean sgar ;
Mu 'n d' rinneadh am bend a bhos,
'S truagh nach ann eng a chaidheas.

12 Ciod a bhuaidh a bhiodh air Bran,
Arsa Connan uaibhreach near ;

13 Bho b' aois cuilean do Bhran,
'S o dhuineadh con-ial-air ;
Cha 'n fhacas a niar na' n oir,
Lorg feidh an deigh fhagalach.

14 Bu mhaith e thathan dorain duim,
Is cha mheas thoirt eise g h-amhain ;
B' fhearr Bran a mharbha' na broclud,
Na coin na talbhin a thainig.

15 A cheud leigeadh a fhuair Bran riamh,
Air druim na coille corra-liath ;
Naoinear do gach fiadh air bith,
Thuit le Bran air a chid ruidh.

16 Cosa buidhe bhiodh aig Bran,
Da shlios dhubha is tar geal ;
Druim uaine an suidheadh sealg,
Da chluais chorrach chro-dhearg.

4 Bhagair e 'n lamh an railbh Bran
Gun dail a thoirt da ach a mharbha,
Dheirich Ossian beag mac Fhionn,
'S cuig ceud deug an codhail Ghuill.

5 Thainig bran mun cuairt,
Sann leam bu chruaidh gu n'tainig,
Bhuail mi buille do 'n cil bhuiaghe,
'S do na bailgibh fii an dairnich,

6 Dh' adhlac me 'n tor na cheann,
'S truagh a roinn me am bèud ra theinn !
Sheall mo chuilain thair a ghualainn
Bioghnadh leis mi ga bhualadh ;

7 An lamh sin leis an do bhuaileadh Bran,
'S truagh an ghualain nach do sgath,

8 Mu d rinn mi am bend a bhos,
Gur truagh nach ann eug a chuidheas

9 — Ciod a bhuaidh a bhith air Bran ?
(Arsa Connan uaibhreach near)

10 On a 'b aois Cuilean do Bhran,
'S on chuir mi riabh Coin-ial air ;
Cha 'n fhacas le Fiandabh fàil,
Lorg feigh an deigh 's fhagail.

11 'S bu mhaith e thoirt a Bhruc a tuill,
Bu mhaith thu chniman Dorain duin.

12 Achèud leigeadh fhuair Bran,
Air druim na caoilleadh coir-liath,
Naonar do gach Fiadh air bith,
Mharbh Bran air a cheud rith.

13 Cosa buighe bhiodh, aig Bran,
Da shlios duth, is tar geal ;
Druim uaine on suighe sealg,
Chnasa corracha cro dhearg.

14 An lamh sin leis an do bhuaileadh Bran
Struagh o 'n ghnalain nach do sgath.

O. 2. CUMADH BHRAN. 137 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 5. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.
Edinburgh, March 15, 1872.

THIS is a fusion of fragments of three different ballads:—
The Battle of Manus, the Song of the Black Dog, and the
Slaying of Bran. I print it to show what happens
to popular songs when they are going out of fashion,
and get into the hands of scribes out of the mouths
of forgetful reciters.

1 'S FADA lag mi arsa choir,
'S fada crom mo lorg a' n' dheigh ;
Ach nam brinsinnsa mo chosan,
Cia mar gheibhin lus au leigh.

2 Leighidh mise thu, arsa Dreolan.
S' mi leigheas moran romhadh ;
A choir ud tha os mo cheann,
'S mise leigheas Fionn nam Flath.

3 An latha a mharb sinn an Torc liath,
'S iomad Fionn a bh' ann le 'shleagh ;
'S iomad cuilean com gheall caomh,
Bha taobh ri taobh sa' mhointich bhuig,
'Nuair a shuidhich Fionn an t-sealg,
'S ann a ghabh Bran fearg ri chuid.

4 Bhuail mi buille air do 'n eille bhuiaghe,
'S do na balgaidh iondarnach ;
Dh' adhlacadh an Tor na' cheann,
'S truagh rinneam bend co teann.

5 B' ioghna leam chuillean a bhualadh le h-eille,
Is shileadh e na frasan fala ;
Air a roisgibh roinn ¹ ghilana.
An lamh leis na bhuaileadh Bran,
'S truagh nach ann o 'n ghuailin a sgar,²
M' an d' rinneadh am bend a bhos,
'S truagh nach ann do 'n eng a chaitheas.

6 'S iomad cleachda cruaidh dian,
San robh Bren triath nan cù ;
'S truagh a nis a dhol do 'n eug,
'S nach faic a' m' dheigh mo chù.

Bran's
death.

M. 16. MU MHARBHADH BHRAN. 46 lines.

- 1 AN LA mharbh sinn an Torc,
'S iomad Fiann a bha san t-sliabh,
'S iomad Cuilean taobh gheal seang,
Bha taobh re taobh sa bheinn bhuig.
- 2 'Nuair a shuidhich Fionn an t-sealg,
'Sin nuair a ghabh bran fearg ra chuid ;
Throid an da choin sa 'n t-sliabh
Bran gu dian agus Cu Ghuill.
- 3 Mnn d' fheadas smachd a chuir air Bran,
Dhealaich e naoi uilt ra dhrum,
Dh' eirich Goll mòr mac suaill,
Cuis nach ba choir mu cheann coin

¹ rann.

² sgath.

- Black dog. 7 Chunnacas la a teachd o 'n leirg,
Fear a chochnil deirg sa chulan duibh ;
Bha Ailde na dheigh agus Nnath. (al. mar nuath)
'S dha gbruaigh air dhath nan sugh.
- 8 Bu ghile nan coblar a chorp,
'S fholt sinnteach e dubh ;
'Leigeamsa sar chuillean no Rìgh,
Cha 'n fhiaich guiomh g' an cl'air air chul.
- 9 An cu dubh is gairbhe treis,
Mharbhadh leis trì mìle C'n.
Ach 'nuair thainig deireadh an lò
Labhair Fionn gach gloir cheart
Dh' eirich e measg an t-sluaigh,
'S dh' ambaire e gu truagh air Bran.
- 10 Throideas dà choin air an t-slabh,
Bran gu dian is C' Ghnull ;
M' an dh' fhead sinn smaehd chnir air Bran
Thug e na naoi uilt o dhruim.
Oganaich o 'n thain' thu steach,
Sid mar thorchadh do chù.
- 11 Dh' eirich Goll mor mac Sma' l.
Cuis nach bu choir ma choin a leas³ cheann ;
'S bhagair e 'n lamh an robh Bran
Gnn dail a thabhairt aca a mharbhadh.
- 12 Dh' eirich Oisean beg Mac Fhinn,
'S seachd ceud deug an combail Ghnull ;
Labhair e an combra iad,
Caisgeam do stuagh gharg a Ghnull.
- 13 Mhosgail clachan 's talamh trom,
Mhosgail sid fo bhonn an cos ;
Ma dheire geill do Oisean thug
Goll mor nan cleas leith.⁴
- 14 Thainig oganach a' m' dhail,
Ciabh bhlat a leagh mo chre ;
Thog e 'n t-sleagh gu uabhrach dian.
'S sheol gu fiadhaich chum mo bholg.
- 15 Ach sealan mu 'n rachadh tu cug,
Innis dhomh fein co thu ;
Eibhin, Oisean gur e m' ainm,
Thainig mi o storm le m' choin.
- 16 Sbaoleam nach faighinn san Fheinn,
Na chuireadh creuch air For ;
Ma ri⁵ dhomh sibhlach nan car,
Agus Bran le meud a luth ;
Cha 'n fhaca mi eu san Fheinn.
Nach fhagaim a' m' dheigh san Dun.
- 17 Dun a' choin duibh, Dun os niar,
Far an eireadh grian gu moch,
Sin thuirt Conan maol gun fholt,
Faighear dhomh m' annasachd nan lann,
'S gn 'n sgathain an ceann de chorp.
- Manu-. 18 Cha 'neil cairdeas agam ruit,
A Chomain mhaoil gun fholt ;
B' annsa leam bhì fogheasaibh. (a'ias foghrasaibh)
Fhina na bhì fo d' smaehd.
- 19 Ma tharladh dhuit, fom gheasaibh fhein,
Cha 'n imear mise beud air flath ;
Ach cuiram thu do d' thir fein,
Lamh threun a rinn mor chath.
- 20 Gheibh thu do roighinn a ris,
Cleamhas, no Comunn, no pairt,
No do lamh a chur fo 'n Fheinn.
Cha dean mise ort Fhinn,
Am fad a bhiteas an deo a 'm chorp,
Aon bhuille t-aghaidh, fhilath gu brath.
'S aithreach leam na rinn mi ort.
Cha 'n ann ormsa rinn thu e,
Ach ort fein tha bhlat a nochd.

³ Iias.⁴ Baigh bhagain riamh.
Labhair Caoilte bu mhine Cruth.
Tha ghlocas na Feinne uile.⁵ A Chaoilte air dol a dh' aon bhreum ean
No seola na mnai sitla.⁶ A chaidh an aon riochd ruinne.⁷ Marbh.

These follow four lines which I saw only in one edition, which are probably modern, and which are scarcely intelligible. I did not think myself, however, justifiable in rejecting them altogether. Collector's note.

- 21 Ach mar teid e do 'n Gbreig,
No rioghachd na greine air ais ;
Aon duine cha teid do thir fein,
A thainig a dheigh a mach.
- 22 C'iod a bhuaidh a bhiodh air Bran,
Arsa Conan uabhrach near ;
O b' aois euilein do Bhran,
'S o dhruadh con iall air
Cha 'n fhacas an Ear no 'n Iar,
Lorg Feidh a riamh a dh' fflag e.
- 23 Bu mhaith e thagun Douran duinn.
Cha mhiosa thoirt eise a h-amhainn ;
B' fhear Bran a mharbhadh nam broe,
No Coin na talubainn⁶ a thainig.
- 24 A cheud leagadh fhuair Bran riamh,
Air druim no Coille Coire liath ;
Naonar do gach fiadh air bith,
Thuitheadh le Bran air a' cheud ruidh.
- 25 Casa⁷ buidh bha air Bran,
Da shlios dhubha 's tarra gheal ;
Druim uaine air cuilean na seilge,⁸
Da chluas Chorrach, chro dhearga,⁹
'S truagh a nochd bhì gad dhith.

⁶ a' Albuin.⁷ Otherwise thus described:—

Bha cosa dubha air Bran,
Da thaobh bhuidhe is tarra gheal,
Druim uaine air cuilean na seilge.

⁸ Al. druim uaine air an suidheadh seal.⁹ B' hiorach.

Z. BRAN. 10 lines.

Written by Mae Phail, from Murray, 1866.

- 1 SPOGAN buidhe bha aig Bran,
Da shlios Dhubh 'us tarra geal ;
Druim uaine air dhreach na seilge,
'S da chluais chomhanta-cho-dhearg.
- 2 Cha do shil mi deur a riamh,
Ach mu Bhran 'us mu Oseair aill ;
Mu mhac ionmhuinn an taoibh ghil,
'S mu Chreachail a chnamb mo chridh.
- 3 Ach an lamh leis na bhual mise Bran,
'S truagh nach an bho 'n ghuaine sgar.

Z. CUACH FHINN. 8 lines.

Written by Mae Phail, from Murray, 1866.

THESE two verses belong to a mythical ballad; but the rest I have never found.—J.F.C.

- 1 AN corn thug i do Threun,
'S an sgrian gheur do Fhionn ;
Soilse 'us rath-dorcha-dubh,
Chite sud am fad a crinn.
- 2 Cha robh deoch a dheidheadh 'sa chorp,
Nach deanadh fion dearg na beor,
Na deoch bhriagha laidir ghlan,
Air am bitheadh iad sea aig òl.

FIONN'S CONVERSATION WITH AILBHE.

The story told, is, that Fionn made love to Cormac's daughter. He married one, who eloped with Diarmaid ; so I suppose that he consoled himself. These Questions are current in the Scotch Islands. I have Q. 3., in Stewart's Book. Y. 6., p. 36. In December, 1871, I found two copies in Dublin. H. 3. 9. A quarto paper MS., described by O'Donovan, p. 296, transcribed during the last half-century, by Maurice O'Gorman, from some ancient vellum MS., from Sir John Sebright's collection, purchased at Col. Vallancy's sale, June, 1792. It contains a Law Tract, copied from the Book of Ballymote; a Description of Tara, copied from H. 2. 16; a satirical Poem, ancient; the Questions, which I copied; and Cormac's advice to his Son, of which, a copy is in the Book of Ballymote.

The second version is in H. 1. 15, p. 653, (1738). 'The Psalter of Tara,' O'Donovan's Catalogue, p. 86. The com-

position is described as, 'a curious specimen of old Irish proverbial sayings.' The book is a large paper folio, of 961 pages, beautifully written. It purports to contain copies of older vellum MSS., such as the Book of Leinster, of the 12th century. 'Fionn's Conversation with Ailbhe,' is like the vernacular of Scotland, and the North of Ireland. It differs from the first version. Mr. Whitley Stokes was kind enough to transcribe it. He says, 'the MS. is horribly corrupt, and of some passages I can make nothing.' From this I gather that the language is vernacular, spelt by an unlearned scribe. I give both versions: my own first attempt at transcribing from an Irish manuscript, and a transcript by one of the best living Celtic scholars, who is familiar with the difficulties of the oldest Irish manuscripts.

For lack of Irish type, 7 stands for et=agus=and. 4 for ar. 7^a means et-ar. Sh7uibh means she7uibh. úr 7 er'ón means úr ocus er-ion. 2 means r.

This sample may help to explain how difficult it is to read the contracted Irish writings of country scribes.

Page 58, H. 3. 9. Trin. Coll.

SLISNECH seghuinn Fíonn h-bhaoiscne frí h-ailbhe gruibrínglen Corbmaic Seann.

- 1 Cíodh as lionne ina fír ar Fion? Drúchd ar an inghen.
 - 2 Cíodh as teò ina tine ar F—? Gnuis dhuic maith graneguid aoidhídh gan biadh aige doib ar an i.
 - 3 Cíodh as luaithe ina gaoidh ol F—? Memna mna ar an i.
 - 4 Cíodh as milli ina míl ol F—? Biathra tochmhuirce ar an i.
 - 5 Cíodh as duibhe ina fiach ol F—? Ég ar an i.
 - 6 Cíodh as r bhe ina neibhe ol F—? Athais naubhot ar an i.
 - 7 Cíodh as faobhe ina clion ol F—? Ciall mna 7^a dha f^a 4 an i.
 - 8 Cíodh as fer do shuibh ar F—? Sgían ar an i.
 - 9 C. as naoithe ina tóim ar F—? Dearnna f'a lecin ar an i.
 - 10 C. as ling f'a g^e luš ar F—? Tenchoir ghobhain ar a. i.
 - 11 C. as gile ina snea ar F—? Firine ar á. i.
 - 12 C. lion erín fil accoil ar F—? Adbo ar an i. i. úr 7 er'ón.
 - 13 C. as aille dath ar F—? Ruidhedh saor cloíne ar á. i. Anúar amolta no an aortha.
 - 14 C. as b'osga ina curulán ar F—? Aignyh mna 7^a 2 f^a ar an i. (etar da fhear).
 - 15 C. ar nach gabh glas ina slabhre ar F—? Rosg.
 - 16 C. as f^a do mhnaoi ar F—? Tlás fos feile ar á. i.
 - 17 C. as f^a do rosg ar F—? Fuar dorecha codladh ar á. i.
 - 18 C. lion each inghes tailte ar F—? A dho ar á. i. i. firec, 7 bainec.
 - 19 C. as f^a do bhíadh ar F—? Blíos ar á. i.
 - 20 C. as f^a do láoch ar F—? Griomh ard 7 uail isiol ar á. i.
 - 21 C. as mesa do bhíadh ar F—? Sblíonach ar á. i. 7 ól có2a ar c. long^d.
- Maith tra a. i. ar Fion mainbh coil reasa do co2m^e do luidhín let. imthiaghóir coil seach cailte ar á. i. do meilt' tlaš gan corcar. eabho2 lion gan mhíodh. imthiaghó2 tailte g^e chairpte. Rano2 forbo gan faobhra iengoid eich g^e s'ána. dluighth' f'ón eich tuathoibh. brist' cnu g^e dédu. Toghadh cích atlogha tochmhuire, sec Co2m^e. Dia bhfaghoinsi t b'ín naedhoir do dhentaoc b'ín iochtair diom Rt'

- 3 Cídh is gile na sneachta³? ar Fionn. Firinne bhar Ailbhe.
 - 4 Caidh is luabhu [sic] berbthar [sic] re gach lucht? ar Fionn. Tenchar gabham bar Ailbhe.
 - 5 Cred is ma[^o]ithi na clumh? ar Fion[n]. Derru re lecin ar Ailbhe.
 - 6 Ca lín craun adchi suil? ar Fionn. Adó ar in ingen. i. úr 7 er'ón.
 - vii. Ca mac beo genes o mnaí mairbh? ar Fionn. Fadad igni [sic] gain [sic] air in ingen.
 - 8 Caidh⁴ is ailli dath? ar Fionn. Ruidhídh saorchlainne ar in ingen.
 - 9 Cid his briseidh na curáin⁵? ar Fionn. Aig-nedh mna baihthe camhair ar in inghen.
 - 10 Cidh in [sic] nach gabh glas? ar Fionn. Rosg daon⁶ a im caraid ar in inghen.
 - 11 Cidh js maith do rosc? ar Fionn. Fuar olar [sic] dorela ar in inghen.
 - xii. Cidh is mesa do rosg? ar Fionn. Gres gris gorta ar in inghen.
 - 13 Cidh is ferr do righ? ar Fionn. Guionh and uail iscall ar in ingen.
 - 14 Cidh is fearr do mnaí? ar Fionn. Tlas fos feile ar in inghen.
 - 15 Cidh is ferr do biudh? ar Fionn. Bliect ar in inghen uair maith a the, maith a thingh, maith a thana, maith a ur, maith a erion.
 - 16 Cidh⁶ biadh is mesa⁷ ar domhan? ar Fionn. Splíonach dorchoirp [sic] te ar in inghen.
 - 17 Cidh is teo na teni? ar Fionn. Gnuis thir fel gos degaid damba gan a cuid aige ar an inghen.
 - 18 Cidh is luaithe na gaoth? ar Fionn. Men[ma] mna ar in inghen.
 - 19 Cidh is milli na míl? ar Fionn. Briathra carad in chuirv vel tochmaire ar an inghen.
 - 20 Cidh is duibhe na fiach? ar Fionn. E'ug ar in ingen.
 - xxi. Cidh is ud maille na fara⁸? ar Fionn. Com-bairle fir bhaithe ar in inghen.
 - xxii. Cidh is olraichi [sic] na saill tuirc mesa? ar Fionn. Miosgais dothehar ar shearc ar in inghen.
 - xxiii. Cidh is failti cimesgi [sic]? ar Fionn. Boidhi mna fo macamh ar in inghen.
 - xxiv. Cidh is truma slataibh? ar Fionn. Fuacht ar in inghen.
 - 25 Cidh as [s]erbbi [ná] neimh? ar Fionn. Aithais namhad ar an inghen.
 - 26 Cidh is geri na cloidemh? ar Fionn. Ciall mna bhís idir da fer ar in ingen.
 - 27 Ca lion chag teagaid go Temraidh⁹? ar Fionn. A dhó ar in ingen. i. baineach 7 fearach.
 - xxviii. Cidh as tana nan tuisgi? ar Fionn. De bar in ingen.
 - 29 Cidh as luaithe na gaoth? ar Fionn. Menma¹⁰ dníne bar in inghen.
 - xxx. Cid is lethiu corbhadh [sic]? ar Fionn. Lethiu lear ar in inghen.
 - xxxi. Cidh as gairbi carrag? ar Fionn. Traigh tairgeach ar Ailbhe.
- Maith trath a inghen ar Fionn. minbhadh millíudh rechte no cana do Cormac ar is faomfainn [sic] tocht i caoimhteach do chuirp.

NOTE.—The Roman numbers are not in H. 3. 9., or Stewart, or 'Popular Tales.' The first in Stewart, and H. 3. 9., and 'Popular Tales,' is not here. The whole lot makes 32.

³ MS. sneachtadh. ⁴ MS. ciadh.

⁵ A cucumber. ⁶ MS. cadh. ⁷ MS. mesadh.

⁸ Is this a mistake for iathlu, 'a Cat'?

⁹ What number of steeds go to Tara?

¹⁰ MS. memna.

Page 653. H. 1. 15.

CUMHBRIATHAR¹ FINN 7 AILBHE.

- 1 Cídh is letheo na rian [sea]? ar Fionn. Is letheo in ceo, ar Ailbhe inghen² Cormaic, nar gabaidh se ar muir 7 a tír.
- 2 Cídh is ferr do sheadaibh? ar fionn. Scian ar Ailbhe.

¹ MS. cuimbratar.

² MS. ingea.

THE STORY OF DIARMAID.

I print (A. 26. H. 24. I. 18.) (H. 25. I. 19. M. 17. O. 25.) (A. 27. D. 21. H. 26. I. 20. M. 18. O. 12. Z. 6. &.) These

three lots tell three parts of the story, cover dates 1512 to 1872, and great part of Scotland.

I do not print C. 3.; J. 6. 7.; V. 15.; Y. 6. 7. 8.; Z. 50. 67., and a great many scraps and large fragments collected by myself, which I mean to use when I translate.

THE Story of Diarmaid runs with the Story of Fionn and his family from the beginning. He is described as a man, gifted, like his comrades, with superhuman attributes. He was invulnerable, save in the sole of his foot. On his brow was a love-mark, 'sugh seirce;' the woman who saw it loved Diarmaid. The character, like all the rest, is consistent in every story, and every scrap of verse. The elopement of Diarmaid with Grádhine is an old Aryan story, founded, as I believe, upon human nature. It has been a theme for poets, and it has got entangled with many histories. Fragments of this particular elopement are known to unlearned speakers of Gaelic all over Scotland. In Ireland it is mentioned in a very old list as one of 150 chief stories which Bards used to recite before Kings and Princes; it is known to readers by old and modern Irish writings and books. It is perfectly familiar to the Gaelic speaking population; but the rest of the population know very little about it. The skeleton of the story is in the Story of King Arthur, and it is in the Tale of Troy. This is the skeleton:—After a great many adventures, Fionn, the old leader and chief of his tribe, courts or marries Grádhine, daughter of Cormac mac Art (H. I.). Kennedy tells the story in his quaint English Arguments. At a great feast, during a dog-fight, the Helen of the Drama sees the mark on Diarmaid's brow, loves the nephew, schemes to entice him, succeeds by wiles, and they elope. Fionn, the uncle, makes love to another sister, as above in the last ballad. Diarmaid laments for his comrades. (A. H. 1.) The unfaithful wife is unfaithful to her lover. The husband, uncle, and commander, Fionn, with the Feinne, pursue the fugitives. At Newry (H. I.) Fionn's tribe quarrel, and Goll's rival tribe rejoice. Thereupon, Fionn counsels his grandson Oscar (H. O.), whom he wishes to succeed him. After many adventures, through the cunning of Fionn, whose gift was a knowledge tooth, Diarmaid is enticed into a boar hunt. He slays the Boar, which no one else could overcome. The uncle bids him measure the Boar against the bristles; he wounds the sole of his foot with a poisoned spike, which was the Boar's mythical gift. The uncle will not cure him with his mythical cup. He recites his exploits, declares that he is Diarmaid of Newry, Connaught, and Baura, and he expires. The whole story is exceedingly mythical and exceedingly old.

From ballads we learn the place of other ballads. Diarmaid mentions:—1. Latha shuinilme; 2. Am brith chaorain; 3. Tigh Teamlra; 4. Latha bhothain. 1. I have not got; 2. is at page 86 above; 3. I believe to be 'The Lay of the Buffet,' which follows in the Story of Goll; 4. I cannot identify, but I have many stories about adventures in booths. In other versions of this ballad other exploits are named; Y. page 70, verse 22, mentions—5. The Combat of Conall, and a Battle with Cairbre, which I have not got. After he is dead, somebody sings a Lament for Diarmaid, Grádhine, and two Grayhounds.

The Dublin Ossianic Society published a prose Irish version of the Pursuit of Diarmaid and Gráinne in 1855. The earliest and the latest versions, oral and manuscript, agree as to the story; and cross-references to other parts of the Fenian story abound in these Scotch ballads. From Cape Clear to the Ord of Caithness the story is known, and localised. 'Grádhine's Bed' is in the island of Tiree, and such beds are shown all over Ireland. The well and knoll where the tragedy ended are near Oban, near Loch Carron, in Skye, and somewhere in Sutherland. Beinn Gulban, where the Boar was roused, is in Sligo and Skye, and somewhere in the middle of Scotland; where also is Gleann Sith, where the mythical Boar abode, with his mythical owner, Mala Lith. The Campbell tribe are said to descend from Diarmaid; their crest is said to commemorate the slaying of this mythical Boar: in short, the Story of Diarmaid is traced in topography, genealogy, and Gaelic mythology throughout the regions where Gaelic is spoken. 'Against the bristles' of the national myth. Mac Pherson printed in 1760 fragment vii., at page 31. Ossian tells the Son of Alpin that Dermid and Oscar were one. They killed Dargo (Goll killed Dargo). Dargo's daughter, who was Oscar's grandmother, was loved by both (one was her grandson), but she loved Oscar. Dermid politely requests Oscar to pierce his bosom. Oscar ignorantly calls his uncle 'Son of Mornny,' politely refuses, and begs him to wield his sword, and slay him. They fight by the streams of Branno, and Dermid dies. Oscar grieves, tells a big story to Dargo's daughter,

and makes her shoot him by stratagem accidentally. They converse awhile, she stabs herself, and begs to be buried with Dermid. (Oscar was killed at the battle of Gabhra.) The Deer feed on their graves. Miss Dargo was Oisein's mother, and a woman transformed into a deer. The story of the ballads is all there; but, like the sun's image on a rough sea, it is broken and scattered, changed and altered, so that the real shape of it utterly disappears in the reflections of a clever but distorted mind.

The following quotation bears upon the Death of Diarmaid, and the mythical Mistress of the mythical Wild Boar. I owe the reference to Mr. Hector Mac Lean, who first called my attention to Tacitus, cap. 45, 'Germania,' in December, 1862. Bohn's edit., Tacitus, 'Germany,' 1854.

'On the right shore of the Suevic Sea I dwell the Tribes of the Aestii,² whose dress and customs are the same with those of the Suevi, but their language more resembles the British.³ They worship the Mother of the Gods;⁴ and, as the symbol of their superstition, they carry about with them the figures of wild Boars.⁵ This serves them in place of armour and every other defence; it renders the votary of the Goddess safe, even in the midst of foes. Their weapons are chiefly clubs, iron being little used among them.

¹ The Baltic Sea.

² Now the Kingdom of Prussia, the Duchies of Samogitia and Courland, the Palatinates of Livonia and Aesthonia, in the name of which last the ancient appellation of these people is preserved.

³ Because the inhabitants of this extreme part of Germany retained the Scythico-Celtic language which long prevailed in Britain.

⁴ A Deity of Scythian origin, called Frea, or Fricka. See Mallet's 'Introduction to History of Denmark.'

⁵ Many vestiges of this superstition remain to this day in Sweden. The peasants, in the month of February, the season formerly sacred to Frea, make little images of Boars, in paste which they apply to various superstitious uses. (see Eccard.) A figure of a Mater Deum, with the Boar, is given by Mr. Pennant, in his 'Tour in Scotland,' 1769, page 268, engraven from a stone found at the great Station at Netherby, in Cumberland.

A. 26. 1512. DYTH WYLELYSS MYSCHI ZRAYNNYTH. 41 lines.

- 1 DYTH wylelyss myschi zraynnyth
Hwnggis nayrri w'owle
Wee myr it tayme sin nagn
Is bert nach fadyr a wlyng
- 2 Dyth zhagis elwyeth is couzar
Er chompan zaw neyss tayr
Dyth zhagis mnan gini gillaa
Is dyth wilelis myschi a zraynna
- 3 Dyth zhagis murud is meygzegr
Curne is greggyn is garae
Dyth zhagis elwirthi fylli
Is dyth willis myschi a zraynnaa
- 4 Keitaa mor is m'lowith
Deyss er nach drwngi taayraa
In feyth nayr roywaa rynnna
Dyth wilelis mischi a zraynna
- 5 Gold is oskryr is osseyne
Acema nach corrith partaa
Dyth bynnwyne leo sen synnyth
Dyth wylelyss myschi a zraynna
- 6 Fynn fane in agnaa rawoyr
Is woygh zaifnost failtaa
Dyth zhagis murudnyeh hee
Is dyth wilelys mischi a zraynna
- 7 Myr aweyss in noyf eychyhi
Zoysehi ne hewyr zayrraa
A coyad oywaa byggi
Dyth wilelis myschi a zraynnaa
- 8 It doll ter wennew borrifaa
Is er wollyth forynnyeh baan
Ne mor nach tursnyeh synnaa
Dyth wilelis myschi a zraynnaa
- 9 It doll ter ess roygth roinyth
Is leg nar obyr my wayle
Faa rohwyrr geltti glinni
Di villiss missi a zraynnyth

10 Waym gi faddi is gi haazar
A tastil eyrrin aní
Is trane di woyr sen sinni
Di williss mischi zrany.
Di williss missi.

H. 24. HOW FINGAL GOT GRAINE TO BE HIS WIFE, AND SHE WENT AWAY WITH DIARMAID. 88 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 100. Advocates' Library, December 16, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Dublin, December 17, 1871.—Story known to everybody in Ireland; this version not known to Hennessy.—J. F. C.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE King of Denmark sent a Messenger to Fingal to Ireland, to inchant him to go to visit him, and not to take with him any of his own men, since he would give him men to convey him, till he would send him home safe again. Fingal answered the King of Denmark's order, and went away with the Ambassador. When they came to the King's Court, the Inchanter said, 'Here is Fingal now, and do with him as you please.' The King had no business with Fingal, but to torment and punish him few days, and then to kill him; they began to lay hands on him, but he drew his sword, and killed eighty-one of them, before he stopt, but unluckily he broke his sword. Then they bind him hand and foot, and the King ordered him to be put in the day time under the dropping of the Roasts, and in the night time under the dropping of the Lintels. They did so, and confin'd him in that sad and woeful condition during a fortnight, then they loosed him, and asked of him whether he would chuse to be beheaded by the sword, than to suffer more punishment, or to go through a valley that was in the Kingdom where no man would not pass, by reason of evil spirits and wild beasts that was in the valley, for in Ossian's works besides Spirits or Ghosts of departed men, we find some instances of another kind of Machinery spirits of a superior nature to Ghosts and some other of Fairy beasts that were troublesome and ruinous to men in lonesome places, and Fingal choosed rather to go and pass through the Glean, than to fall by their arms or to suffer more punishment. Away he went, and got no arms but his own broken sword, he entered into the Glean and went through it by great dangers too tedious to be mentioned, and the hindmost end of it a wild dog exquisitely fierce met him and his mouth open he was in great confusion what would he do since he had no arms, but he remembered that his stepmother gave him a belt (named in Gaelic *Con-taod*) and that she ordered him to take a special cure of it, and that he would have some use for it sometimes, he took it out of his pocket, and shook it to the dog, when he saw it he became tame, and fawning to him where he was, he tied the Rope about him, and brought it along with him, he traveled on forward and at last a smith's house met him, he ordered him to mend his sword, and the smith mended it. There was a fair Virgin along with him exquisitely pretty named Graine, and the smith took her away against her will, and they hide themselves in that lonesome valley but she enchanted the smith not to lay with her for a year and a day. She fell in love with him and besieged him to kill the smith, and that she would go with himself, which Fingal did very willingly; then they went away and stole one of the King of Denmark's vessels and came safe home to Ireland.

When Fingal came home the Heroes made a great feast, and Fingal and Graine were married together. When they were at meat Graine saw the loving spot that was in Diarmaid's forehead, that instant she fell in love with him, and with the leave of the company she took Diarmaid to the door, then she said unto him with inchantment, 'Thou must be my husband, and go along with me'; he refused to be her husband, saying, 'I will not go with you in the day nor in the night, a foot nor on horse back, without or within a house, in light in darkness, in company or alone.'

When Diarmaid said thus, he returned into the company. Graine was contriving in her mind how she would break Diarmaid's inchantment. She left her bed about the break of day, and found an ass. She brought the ass to the door of the house and walked Diarmaid, and said, 'Thou must now go with, for it is not day nor night, light nor darkness, I am not on horseback nor on foot, I am not in Company nor alone, neither am I within or without a house, therefore your inchantment is loosed, and you must be my husband and go with me.' Then Diarmaid was obliged to go along with her, and lost his

Friends and his Effects, his joy was turned into grief; they would not walk publicly but privately thro' lonesome places, such as woods, deserts, valleys, for fear of the Heroes, and their abode were rocks, caves, or dens, and their food were fruit, venison and fish. They came over to Scotland, and on their traveling they found a cave at Lochow side in Argyleshire where a Giant was living named Ciach, meaning Fierceness, he and Diarmaid began to play on Dice, the Gigantic gained the play, and took from Diarmaid his wife (for she rather stay than be traveling any more with Diarmaid), and since he had nothing more to give.

They departed then, and the unlucky hero went away alone like a beggar from Country to Country, and sometimes thereafter he came to Ciach's cave for a night's quarter, the giant made him sit down, Diarmaid had a salmon, he began to roast and dress it for himself, and when it was ready he gave the first piece to Graine, then she knew him; for Diarmaid was inchantd not to eat or drink in any place where women would be till they would take the first of it: That he would not hear the howling of dogs chaising, that he would not answer and follow them: That he would not see any people playing, but he would direct the one that would be going wrong: And that he would never refuse the Heroes anything that they would desire him to do: He and the Gigantic cast out some way or other, and Diarmaid killed him. Graine stabled a knife in Diarmaid's thigh, (for she endeavoured to kill him when he killed the Giant). Diarmaid ran away and did not touch her: then she did not know what she would do. She thought proper to follow him to be his wife again the second time, and overtook him about the dawn of day at a mountain in Argyleshire near Cintire, named Sliabhgaol, the Heron cried and she asked of him, why did she cry so early; he answered her, and lamented his fate by her faults in these following verses.

DAN 33.

- 1 'S MOCH a ghoiras a Chórr,
Air an lón a' ta 'n Sliabh-gaol,
A mbic o duimhe d'an d'ug mi grábh,
Ciod e'm fáth mu 'n d'riann 'n glaodh.'
- 2 'A Ghráine inghean Ghormla' nan stéud,
A bhean nach d' rinn an céann cóir;
Innseamsa sin dhuit gu ceart,
Do lean a cas re leac réot.'
- 3 'A Ghráine is áille snnagh,
No bláth chrann naime fuil' bhlah;
Ach tha do ghrádh cho iona luath,
Re neoil fhuachd an tús an la.'
- 4 'S ole a dh' imir thu do bhéus,
'N uair dh' fhuasgail gu léir mo rádh;
Chuir thu mi gu h-áradh cruaidh;
'S trnagh a rinn thu orm a Ghraim.'
- 5 'Thug thu mi o lúchairt Rìgh,
Gu bi 'm dhibarach re 'm la;
No mar chunbhabag na h-oidhich,
Ag caoidh aoibhneas feadh gach áit.'
- 6 'S ann tha mi nar agh no fadh,
Feadh ghleanntidh diamhair gach la',
Cho mhiannach leam f'haicinn aon
D' an raibh gaol dhann teach nan slógh.
- 7 'Threig mi mo dhaoine gu léir,
Bu ghile cré no sneachd air fuir,
Bha 'n croidhe dhann ionmhuinn fial,
Ma a ghrìan 's speuran ard.'
- 8 'Ach lion iad anois le fuath,
Dhann a suas mar chuan nach traoidh,
O na mheall thu mi a Ghráin,
O! Cho b' ághor dhann do gbaol.'
- 9 'Chail mi 'm f'hearran leat re 'm ré,
'S mo ehabhlach bréid gheal gu air sail (brath)
Chail mo shénda agus 'm ór,
'S goirt a léon thu mi le d' ghrádh.'
- 10 'Chail mo dbúthaich is mo dhaimh,
'S 'm fhuir nach b' fhanu air chulamh ség';
Chail mi caoimhneas agus grádh,
Fheara Pháil 's nam Fiann gu léir.'
- 11 'Chail mi aoibhneas agus ceól,
Chail mi coir air 'm anair féin;
Threig Eirinn mi 's na bheil ann,
Air son d' aon ghrádh is do spéis.'

- 12 'Cho 'n fhaod mi pilleadh gu bràth,
Re Fiantaidh Pháil bu mhor daimh;
'S fuathaich le Fionn mo bhens,
No ua' bhéiste is géire greann.'
- 13 'A Ghráine is gile cruthi (snuagh)
Cho b' fhearr do ghlúasad dhuit féin;
Roghnaich thu dol leams' mar fhuath,
No bhí 'n suaimhneas Rìgh na Féinn.'
- 14 'A Dhíarmaid is gile gnúis,
No sneachd úr, no canch sléibh;
B' ionmhúinne leam fuaim do bheóil,
No na bha do shról san Fheinn.'
- 15 'E' ionmhúinne leam dreach do shúl,
'S do rosgaibh úr ghorm mar fhéur;
No na bha do neart 's do dh' úr,
An talla mór Rìgh na Féinn.'
- 16 'S am ball seirce bha d' ághaidh ghil,
B' ionmhúinne no míl' air sraibh;
'N uair a chunnaig mi e shuas,
B' ionmhúinne no shluagh 's Rìgh Pháil.'
- 17 'Thuit mo chroidhe féin a sios,
'N uair chunnaig m' d' iomhaidh' 's d' áill,
'S mar a fhuighnis thu re 'm thaobh,
Cho bhithainn is t-shaogh 'l aon la.' (mar tha)
- 18 'A lioich chaoimh is gile bos,
Ge d' 's mí rinn do lochd gu léir;
Gabhasa aris leam mar mhnaóí,
'S bheir mi móid a chaoidh nach treig.'
- 19 'C'om an gabhamsa mar mhnaóí,
Thusa' bhean cha maith do ghlóir, (maoth)
Aaon le a threig Rìgh na Féinn (dhibir)
Is mí féin na dheidh gun ghó.'
- 20 'Is ge do threig mise Fionn,
Mun tuitim le caoidh is brún;
'S ge do threig mí ris thu féin,
'N uair bha mí gu léir lan leóin.'
- 21 'Cho treig mí thu 'nois a chaoidh,
Ach grádh ionmhúinn dhuit sior fhas;
Mar mbeanganaibh ur a craoibh,
Le teas caomhail fad mo lá.'
- 22 'Coi-lìon thusa bhean do rádh,
'S ge do mhár thu mí gu brún;
Gabhaidh mí riut féin mar mhnaóí,
Ge d' roghnaich thu 'm Foghshair mór.'

They followed them one another as before, and continued in an island, where was a cave in a rock and an hid Bed: though any one would find the cave out, he would never find the Bed, and there was also fresh water in't: and that Rock is supposed to be a small island at the coast of North Knapdale named in Gallic Carri-andaimh, opposite to Dura in Argylishire, for both things is in it unto this day.

¹ Liobharachd.

I. 18. THE DEATH OF DIARMAID. 92 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 91. Advocates' Library, April 8, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Story of Dermid as handed down by tradition in the following manner, is both tedious and tragical; but we shall narrate it as brief and perspicuous as the connexion of the Poem will admit. Fingal had set out on an Expedition to Denmark, where at his arrival he and his attendants were very hospitably entertained by Gornala, or Gorm-launh, then King of that realm, who had a beautiful Daughter, named Grany, or Gradinghean, signifies the Loveliest of Maids, with whom Fingal fell in love and married to the great joy and satisfaction of both parties especially Gornala, the King, not doubting thro' this connexion and alliance with Fingal, but he might be re-established in such parts of the Hebrides and Western Islands of Scotland, as Fingal did not himself occupy. 'Tis on this Expedition that Fingal is said to have taken Geolay, the dame of Bran, his famous and well-known Dog, in the Glen of Ghosts, which defied the experience of the Danes to catch for many years before. It is by a Charm or Belt (called Con-taod), left Fingal by his Foster mother this monstrous Bitch was taken. Fingal set sail

for Scotland and arrived at Dunscaich in Sky, where he held a feast for some days, and sailed from thence to Ireland, and arrived at Turra, where a general and sumptuous feast was holden, which was attended by the seven valorous and most victorious Caledonian Bands. Dermid O Duimhne, being a brave and eminent warrior, Lord of Conacht, and Fingal's near friend or nephew, was seated opposite to Fingal and his wife at the table whose beautiful complexion graceful mein agreeable carriage, great actions and harmonious voice procured him the applause of all the Fingalians and admiration of Grany, who fell in love with him, and who watched an opportunity to run away with him. Upon discovery of her growing passion and incidious proposal, Dermid strenuously refused to consent to such perfidious scheme which might be of dismal consequences to both, and swore that he never would go with her by night nor by day; on foot nor on horseback: within nor without; with company nor alone. Grany being artful and perspicacious enough to accomplish her treacherous design, she got herself equipt by the dawn of day, and seated upon a Pole she got fixed across the door of Tura, and sent for Dermid, and told him his oaths were to no effect. That it was neither night nor day, that she was neither upon horseback nor a foot, neither within nor without, with company nor alone. Thus the brave and beautiful Dermid O Duimhne found himself wheeled by a treacherous woman, for whose insinuating humour and base love he forfeits his honour and possessions, protector and friends. They then fled to Scotland and lived among the woods and most solitary places and caves upon fish and venison. They of an evening happened to light upon a Cave where a Giant lodged called Cithich Mac Daol with whom they stayed that night; next morning Cithich quarrelled with Dermid for the wife, whom he wanted to stay with himself, finding herself inclinable. Dermid finding himself engaged by both Cithich and his own incidious Wife kilt the Gigantic, and left Grany to do for herself, and fled towards a Mountain in South Knapdale, near Centre, in Argylishire, called to this day Sliabh-gaol, where he is pursued and overtaken by Grany, his wife, who addressed herself to him in the following manner, and who is pardoned by the good-natured and tender hearted Diarmaid. Sliabh-gaol, signifies the Hill of Love, on account love and amity was restored between Diarmaid and his wife.

NOTE.—The lines which follow differ from the first version; the rest are identical or vary so little that they need not be printed twice.

DIARMAID. Extracts.

- 4 'S TRUAGH a dh' imir thu do bheus,
Dh' fhuasgail thu gach roí' la;
Stiur thu mí gu h-ànradh cruaidh,
- 5 Stiur thu mí o aros Rìogh,
Bu mhor pris, gan iomar-bhaigh;
Teach na feileachd teach nan slagh,
Am bu lna'-ghaireach na baird.
- 6 Thug u mí o Iuchuir Fhinn,
An bu bhinn na teuda ciuil;
An diu' mar Mhenbhaig nam beann,
'S bronach, fann tha mí gun mhur.
- 8 Bha 'n eroidhe dhann daimbeil dhu,
Mar a ghrian ann inl an la.
- 10 Chaill mí m' fhearann agus m' fheil,
'S mo chabhllach breideach nan tonn;
- 11 'S m' fhir a b' fhearr ann cath nan còud;
Chaill mí einneach agus ceol,
- 12 Chaill mo run a bhos, is thall;
Chaill mo cheannal agus' an Tur,
Bu mho cliu ann Innis Ghall.
- 13 Fu Fiantaidh Phail, nan gearr lann;
B' ole an ghlusad, 's cruaidh an sgeul;
Roghnaich thu almhaidh nam beann,
Seach a bhí aig Fionn 's an Fheinn.
- 14 A Dhíarmaid is glaime gnúis,
No na bha cheol 's an Fheinn.
- 15 'S do ruigs ur mar osnach rè;
No na bha do thuilmidh oir,
Ann talla mór Rìogh na Feinn.
- 17 Am ball seirce bha t-aghaidh ghlain,
B' annsa na sa mhagh, na bha;
Nuair a chunnaig mí do shnuadh,
B' ionmhúinne no nuall Rìogh Phail.

? Cormac.

? Sgeolan.

- 18 Las mo run, is leagh mo chroidh,
'N uair chnnaig liobhearachd t-aill ;
Mar a fuighinse do ghaol,
Cho bhithinn is t-shaogh' l mar tha.
- 19 A laoiach chaoimh is gile bos,
'S mor mo lochd, ach 's mor an sgenl ;
Gabhsa inghean Ghormla nan sonn,
Bheir mi moid nan tom nach treig.
- 20 Aon tè dhibir Rìogh na Feinn,
'S a thug speis do 'n Amhair mhoir.
- 21 Ge do dhibir mise Fionn,
O na b' annsa leam do ghloir ;
Cha do thaobh mi 'm Fambhair treun,
'S mor a b' eibhinne do cheol.
- 22 Cho treig mi thu choi'ch a ruin,
Ach gradh as ur a sior fhas,
Mar mheanganaibh maoth nan craobh,
Le teas ghradh nach traoidh gu brath.

H. 25. HOW THE HEROES FOUND OUT DIARMAID AND HIS WIFE IN THE NEWRY, AND HOW OSCAR KEPT HIM FROM BEING EXECUTED THAT DAY.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 107. 212 lines. Advocates' Library, Dec. 18, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

AFTER some continuance in Carric-an-daimh, Diarmaid went to a great wood in Ireland named Newry, to hide themselves there from the Heroes : they one day saw a Ran-tree full of Berries, they climb'd into the top of it, and were gathering some of the fruit. The Heroes were hunting in the woods that day, they were getting no sport : they were tir'd and said that they would sit down there it self, they all sit down among the trees ; Oscar and Fingal happened to sit aside the Ran-tree under Diarmaid, and began to play on Dice, for to see which of them would play on the Fiddle.* Oscar was not playing right, Fingal wish they began again, Diarmaid saw that Oscar was not playing right, (and to perform his promise, see) he cast a berry down on the table so straight, they looked up and saw Diarmaid and Graine in the tree ; immediately Fingal ordered Diarmaid to be executed, but Oscar would not allow him to execute Diarmaid that day, because it was directing himself Fingal noticed him ; Ossian and all his sons came to Oscar to wage a battle to Fingal and all his Heroes and preserved Diarmaid from being executed that day.

* Fiddle is a corruption for 'fitchioll,' a chess-board, or board for playing some game.

DAN 24.

- 1 'S CUMHAIN leam an iomairt ud,
A bha aig Flath na 'm Fiann ;
E fein is mo mhac,
'S ann Iughar so shiar.
- 2 Shuidheadar san Iughar,
Eidear Mhith is Mhaith ;
Is theannadar re h-iomairt,
An t-Oscar is am Flath.
- 3 Theannadar re h-iomairt,
Is cha b' i 'n iomairt bhaoth ;
S dh' iomaireadh an Fhidhal,
Eidear an diais laoch.
- 4 Dh' iomairt iad an Fhidhal,
Eatarra gu propail,
Gus an d' eirich an fhoical,
Eidear Fionn is Oscar.
- 5 Bheamar fein ann,
Is bha mo dhiais mac ;
Air leith ghualainn Fhinn,
'S gur h-ann leinn a b' ait.
- 6 Dh' iomairadh an ceud chluiche,
Air Oscar le Fionn ;
Mar tha mi d' a aithris dhuit,
Gu ro' mhaith 's cumhain leam.
- 7 Air iomairt na h-ath chluiche,
Dh' eirich an t-ole braghaid ;
Air leigail do Dharmaid,
An caoranu air a chlar.

- 8 'N uair a chunnaig Oseair
An caoran air chlar ;
Rug e air gu dea' thapidh,
Is chuir e fear na áit.
- 9 Air aithneach nan coarann,
D' annan sin do dh' Fhionn,
Labhair e gu faodhbharach,
'Tha neach os ar cionn.'
- 10 Chunnaig sin gu h-árd,
Os ar ceann san Iudhar ;
Diarmaid agus Grainne,
So an sgeul is cumhain.
- 11 So mar bhiodh na briathraibh,
Eidear ruinn gach la ;
Bhiodh na caogd mallachd,
D' a thabhairt air Grainn.
- 12 'N sin labhair Fionn fialdh,
'N laoch curanta cosgar ;
'B' e teagasg dìreach Dharmaid,
Is iomairt ealamh Oseair.'
- 13 Labhair an sin Oseair,
Gu socarach calma ;
'Nach fhaodadh an laoch Diarmaid,
A briathraibh a shal' cha.
- 14 'Na cnir mi air mhearaichain,
A laoch cia maith do lámh ;
Air ghea' bidh an Sheasgair,
Thall sa bhos mu 'n chlar.'
- 15 'S cho séinnar an Fhidhal so,
Am feast ann am fhia' nais ;
Gus am fuigh mise,
A ni a' ta mi 'g iarraidh.'
- 16 'Labhair an sin Oseair,
Mo dhea' mhac 's mo rún ;
Cia Rìgh do na feara so,
Ann sam bheil do shúil.'
- 17 'An eiric na h-as-mhlachd,
A fhuair mi as bhur leith,
Cho b' uilair leam Diarmaid,
Fhagail fuidh mo bhreith.'
- 18 'S ole a bhreith Rìgh Fheinne,
A bheir tu fein Fhinn ;
G' e fuathach leat Diarmaid,
Bu choir a leigail leinn.'
- 19 'Cho 'n ole a bhreith Rìgh Féinne,
Bheir mi fein air mealtoir ;
A dh' imich le Gráinne,
'S an diu gu dán rinn fairsachd.'
- 20 Labhair an sin Oseair,
'Cho d' rinn e riann d' fhaoil ;
'S nam biodh laoch d' ar 'n uireasbhuidh,
Bu choir a chuir ruinn.'
- 21 An sin do labhair Faoghlan,
Deadh mhac eile Fhinn,
'Gur ro bhorb leinn Oseair,
A labhras tu ruin.'
- 22 'Cìod dheanamh tu Faoghlain,
Re dol an líthair cathanaibh ;
Gu gearrainn do chnámhan,
Mar bhiththeadh ánsachd d' athar.'
- 23 'Bha fhreagradh sud aig Faoghlan,
'S cho bu fhreagradh meathaich,
Bheireamsa dhuit Oseair,
Mo dhulain a' d' aghaidh.'
- 24 'Nin urrainn thu Faoghlain,
No aon neach mun chlar ;
Aaon fhoical d' an abarainnsa,
Ghabhail claoidh os laimh.'
- 25 'Gur mór an guth sin Oseair,
Fhìr nan cosgar catha ;
Gun toir thu oirn eiridh,
'S an iorgail le 'r 'n athair.'
- 26 'Cia maith thus' is d' athair,
'S na cathaibh gun tiomne ;
Gu toir mi mac o duime,
O Chlanna baioige nìle.'

- 27 'Bu mhor dhuit sin Oseair,
Do radh Goll tósd nan beumaibh ;
Gan doir thu 'n laoch d' ar ain deoin,
O thionáil Fiann na h-Eirann.'
- 28 'S dúiladha leam do bhrosnacha,
A Ghuill chosgara threabhaich ;
'No 'n Fhéinn bhí dbamh mí fhreagarach,
'S gach laoch le bhagairt treabhidh.'¹
- 29 'Ma se sin a deir thu,
Fhir le 'n caomhe d' fhacal ;
Dean do dhíochéall dhuinn,
Air an turma sin a ghlac thu.'
- 30 'An turm so 'nois a ghlacamsa,
An líthair na Féinne,
Ní 'm faodar gu bheic agabhsa,
Na bheiras dhíom e reigainn.'
- 31 'S mór a chúis a deir thu,
Ge maith gu león is leadairt,
Dean do dhíochéall dhuinn,²
Air an turma sin a sheasamh.'
- 32 'An túrm so' nois a ghlacamsa,
Am fiadhnaís feara Pháil ;
Druid a'nuas a Dhiarmaid,
Is glacams' thu air láimh.'
- 33 'Thig mis orsa Diarmaid,
Chugadsa 's gu d' athair ;
Gur mor leam bhur barantas,
A dhol an líthair catha.'
- 34 Thainig Diarmaid chugainne,
'S cho b' ann air ar leas ;
B' iomadach laoch againne,
A dhíothnaichadh sa ghreis.
- 35 B' iomadach corp crécaídh,
Ce nrlamh na Féinne, (Fui)
Agus lanna leadarach,
Ag leadairt a chéile.
- 36 Cho 'n fhacas re' m chuimhne,
Urlamh bu mhó géire,
No clann Fhíun is Oisain,
Air corpaibh a chéile.
- 37 Seachd cénd 's fíchead Toisach
Do mhúintir Oseair úr,
Chuir Faoghlan gu dea' thapídh,
Le aon laimh air cúl.
- 38 An sin do labhair Oscar,
Fear chosnadh mor urantais,
Feach co le 'n deacair,
Bhí feachainn greis d' ar fulangas.
- 39 Bu chosmhúil re fuaim tuinne,
Guth na luinn' aig Oscar,
'S bu deacair r' a aireamh,
Na bha arnaibh a cosgairt.
- 40 Bu luaithe' e no eas oghann,
No seobhag tríd na h-ealtainn,
'S gu 'm bu leóir a dhicairchadh,
Na phronnadh e fui' chasaibh.
- 41 'Gun togar oirn mar inaisge,
'S am feaste mar sgéul ;
Gun na laeich so theasargain,
O leadairt a chéile.'
- 42 'An sin do labhair Conan,
'S 'e crímhneachadh na filachd ;
Leigar do Chlanna Baoisge,
Cuirp a chéile ghearradh.'
- 43 'S mise Conan iongantach,
Is tusa Goll nam beamaibh ;
Leig do Chlann Fhíun is Oisain,
Air corpaibh a chéile.'
- 44 'An cumhain leat an t-iomruagadh,
A rinn iad oirnn' a h-Eirinn ;
O Ríoghachd na Feadailte,
Gu ríoghachd na Gróige.'

- 45 'Seachd bliadhna do bhiamar,
'S na Beagaibh fui' mhealamh ;
'S nac leigadh an t-eagal dhuinn,
Loc cadail a dheanamh.'
- 46 'Nach cumhain leat roimhe sin,
Gu coileannaíd gu snaimhneach ;
Air urlar nan leabaiche,
An cleitaiche sról uaine.'
- 47 'Seachd bliadhna do bhiamar,
An ríoghachd Breatan blá- mhor ;
Aig Cuabhall d' ar 'n iomruagadh,
'S aig Iodhlan a bhrathair.'
- 48 'Cho 'n fhaod mí fein innséadh,
Gu deireadh an domhain ór- bhúidh,
Na thuit an sin le Cuthall,
Do Mhaitheadh Chlanna Mornna.'
- 49 Seachd láithe do bhíeamar,
Tíomcheall air an Iudhar ;
Seach ceud, is caogad Toisach,
Do thuit ann gu h-uilídh.
- 50 A nochda' ceart an sgéule,
Dhuit a chaoan nan clair ;
Do thuit caogad laoch,
Le' m fhaodhbhar do 'n Fhíann.
- 51 Is briathar nach bréugach,
Dhamhsa fein re rádh ;
Do thuit cénd calma,
A thuileadh air cách.
- Differently placed in I.
- 52 'X sin labhair Fíonn re h-Oseair,
'A laeich cuir cosg air h-armaibh ;
Mam bi Clanna Mornna,
Na 'r deidh beó an Albheinn.' (Albain in I.)
- 53 Sin e 'n d' úr-sgéul for,
Dhuitsa Chléirich chaich ;
Mar dh' éirich an d' iombhriseadh,
Eidear Fíanntídh Pháil.

Oscar kept Diarmaid from being killed that day, and told Ossian the very fact, how Graine loosed his enchantment, and all what happened to them since the time they left them, but Fingal would not believe him, and his wrath increased more and more against him, since he lost so many of his men by his fault that day, and for that reason the unlucky Heroe was obliged to fled from Fingal a second time to preserve his life.

Verses 43 to 51 tell part of the Story of Cumhal and Iodhlan, and of the feud between the clans of Morna and Baoisgne. Conan Mac Morna speaks.—J. F. C.

I. 19. DIARMAID. 304 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 96. Advocates' Library,
April 9, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

IN this forlorn and disconsolate state Dermid and Grany pursued their journey to a small in the Chanel between the Continent and the Island of Turra, supposed to be Carig-an-daímh, but it is more propable, it has been Carrig-fergus, where they lodged, hid for some time till they got an opportunity to move into the woods of Newry, that country was a property of Diarmaid, but is confiscated in favours of Fingal on account of his misdemeanour in complying to run off with Grany. Dermid was upon oath that he should ever pursue the horn and howling of Dogs in the chaise. That he should relieve the distressed and help to redress the injured. That he should oppose the strong and assist the feeble hand. That he should to contuse the Wimer and direct the Losser to reclaim his loss at Gamboling. That he should ever obey the highest power or the voice of Fingal, &c. All these vows helped in their turn to shorten his days and hasten his death. Fingal and his Bands happened to be on a hunting party, came into the woods of Newry and rested himself under the shadow of the very rantree, whereto Dermid and Grany had climbed when they observed Fingal coming. Fingal and Oscar begun to Gambol in which the later had lost three times after another. Dermid upon recollection of his oath directed Oscar by the berries upon every point he should move whereby Oscar won and Dermid was discovered, who was ordered by Fingal to be instantly executed. Oscar

¹ I. 28. A bagairt sgreadaid gearlann.

² I. 31. No díbreadh ao rúa
O na 's duth ach dhuit bhí seasadh.

insisted upon his reprieve. Disputes ran so high that the whole tribe of Clan Baisge were divided into two factions the one with Fingal and the other with Osear. A bloody engagement ensued in which Osear was like to overpower his Grand Father. Peace is patched up with loss upon both sides, and Dermid is acquitted for that Day. The following part of this Poem is composed by Ossian in a Lyrick verse, which renders it very agreeable and entertaining and can easily be played upon the Lyre or any Stringed Instrument. It is known in the original among the Caledonians by the name of 'Crosanachd an Iughair,' signifying, the Lyrick of Newry—but orthographically one is ready to take it to be, Our bad luck at Newry.

NOTE.—After this introduction, follows a copy of the ballad written in the First Collection, lent to Dr. Smith. A few variations are noticed. The chief is the alteration, of verse 52, from Albheim to Albainn.

M. 17. BRIATHRAN FHINN RE OSCAR. 26 lines.

- 1 A mhic mo Mhic, 'se thuirt an Rìgh,
Oscar, a rìgh nan òg fhilath,
Chonnaic mi dealra do loinne, 's b' e m'naill
- 4 Bhi 'g amhare do bhaidh sa' chath.
Lean gu dlùth re cliù do shìnnreachd,
'S na dìbr a bhi mar iadsan.
'N nair bu bleo Treumhor nan rath,
- 8 Is Trathull athair nan treun laoch,
Chuir iad gach cath le buaidh,
Is bhunnaich iad cliù gach teugmhaill;
Is mairidh an iomradh san dàin
- 12 Air chuimhn aig na baird 'an déigh so—
O! Oseair, claoidh thus' an treun-armach,
'S thoir tearmann do 'n lag-lànhabh fheumach;
Bi mar bhunne-shruth reothairt gearhraidh
- 16 Thoirt gleachd do naimhdean na Féinne,
Ach mar fhann-ghaoth shèimh thlà shamhraidh
Bi dhoibhsin a shìreas do chobhair—
Mar sin bha Treumhor nam buadh
- 20 'S bha Trathull nan ruag 'na dhéigh ann:
'S bha Fionn 'na thaice do 'n fhann,
'Ga dhion o ainneart luchd encoir.
'Na aobhar shìnnin mo làmh,
- 24 Le fáilte rachainn 'na choineamh,
Is gheibheadh e fasnadh is cáird
Fo sgàil dhrihtlinneach mo loinne.

O. 25. COMHAIRLE OISEIN DO OSCAIR. 6 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 117. Copied by Malcolm Mac-phail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

In this fragment the adviser of Oscar is changed from Fionn to Oisein.—J. F. C.

COMHAIRLE OISEIN AIR OSCAR AN TUSEUCHD.

OSCAR caomh an treun armach;
Bi cuin ris an anfhann fheumach;
Bi mar shruth reothairt gearhraidh,
A caithe naimhdean na Féinne,
Ach mar thoth chium sheamh bhlah shamhraidh
Dhoibhsin tha 'n gantar eigin.

A. 27. 1512. DERMIT M'ÓZWNE. 104 lines.

A HOUDIR SO ALLANE M'ROYFEE.

- 1 GLENSCHEE in glenn so rame heive,
A binn feig agus lon,
Menik redeis in nane,
Ar on trath so in dey agon
- 2 A glen so fa wenn Zwlbín zwrm,
Is haald tulchi fa zran
Ner wanew a roythi gi dark,
In dey helga o Inn ni vane
- 3 Esthig beg ma zalew leith
A chuddycht cheive so woym
Er wenn Zwlbín is er inn fail,
Is er M'ezoyinn skayl troyg
- 4 Gur lai finn fa troyg in shelga,
Er V'ezwn is derk lei
Zwll di wenn Zwlbín di helga,
In turkig nach fadin erm zei

- 5 Lai M'ezwinn narm ay,
Da bi gin dorchirre in tork
Gillir royth ba zoill finn,
Is sche asse rin do locht
- 6 Er fa harlow a zail,
M'ozunn graw nin sgoll
Ach so in skayll fa tursych mnaan,
Gavr less di layve an tork.
- 7 Zingywal di lach ni wane,
Da gurri eae assi gnok
In schenn tork schee bi garv,
Di vag ballerych na helve mok
- 8 Soeyth finn is derk dreach,
Fa wenn Zwlbín zlass in telga
Di fre dimit less in tork,
Mor in telga a rin a shelga
- 9 Di clastich cozar ni wane,
Nor si narm teach fa a cann
Ersi in a vest o swoyn,
Is glossis woynth er a glenn
- 10 Curris ri faggin nin leich,
In shen tork schee er freich borb
Bi geyr no ganyth sleygh,
Bi traniseiygh na gath bolga
- 11 M'ozwinn ni narm geyr,
Fragor less in na vest olk
Wa teive reyll trom navynyth gay,
Curris sleygh in dayl in turk
- 12 Brissir an cran less fa thre,
Si chran fa reir er in mwk
In sleygh o wasi waryerka vlaye,
Rait less nochchar hay na corp
- 13 Targir in tan lann o troyle,
Di chossin mor loye in narm
Marviss M'ozunn fest,
Di hanyth feyn de hess slane
- 14 Tuttis sprocht er Inn ne wane,
Is soyis sea si gnok
Makozunn nar dult dayve,
Olk less a hecht slane o tork
- 15 Er weith zoynth faddi no host,
A durt gar wolga ri ray
Tothiss a zermit o hocht,
Ga maid try sin tork so id taa
- 16 Char zult ay achonyth finn
Olk leinn gin a heacht da hygh
Toissi tork er a zrum,
M'ozunn nach trom troygh
- 17 Toiss na ye reiss,
A yernit gi meine a tork,
Fa lattis troygh ya chinn,
A zil nin narm rind gort
- 18 Ymbeis be hurrus goye,
Agus toissi zayve in tork
Gunne i freich neive garve,
Boonn in leich bi zarg in drod
- 19 Tuttis in sin er in rein,
M'Ózwne nar eye fealle
Na la di heive in turk,
Ach sen ayd zut gi dorve
- 20 A ta schai in swn fa creay,
M'Ózwne keawe in gleacht
Invakane fullich ni wane,
Sin tullu so chayme fa art
- 21 Saywic swlzorme essroye,
Far la berrit boye gi ayr
In dey a horchirt la tork,
Fa hulchin a chnokso a taa
- 22 Dermid M'Ózwne oyall,
Hutton tra ead nin noor
Bi gil a wrai no grane,
Bu derk a wail no blai k . .
- 23 Fa boe innis a alt,
Fadda rosk barglan fa lesga
Gurme argu glassi na helga,
Maissi is cassi gowl ni gleacht

- 24 Binnis is grinnis na zloyr,
Gil no zoid varzerk vhaa
Mayd agis evycht sin leich,
Seng is ser no kneess bayn
- 25 Coythye is maaltor ban,
M'O'Zwne bi vor boye
In turri char hog swle,
O chorreich wr er a zroy
- 26 Immir deit eyde is each,
Fer in neygin creach nar charre
Gilli a bar gasga is seith,
Ach troyg mir a teich so glenn.
Glenschee.

D. 21. MAR MHAIRIBH DIARMAID AN TORC
NETHIDH. 66 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection, Ossianic Ballad No. xi. Copied
by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 4, 1872.

- 1 EISTIEH beg mas aill leibh Laoidh,
Air Chuideidh *O Chuididh sheo chaidh*;¹
Air Rein Ghullibin sair Fion fial,
'S air Mac o Duibhne nan sceul truaidh.
- 2 Dhimir iad 's bu bhor an Fheal,
Air Mac o Duibhne bu dearg Beul;
Dol do Bhein Ghullibin a T-shealg,
Tuirc nach feidhidh arm a chlaoidh.
- 3 Dharich a Bheist as a snain,
Dhaibhire i uapidh an Glean;
Dhairich I Faragra nan Fian,
Teachd a noir san niar na ceann.
- 4 Mac O Duibhne nach' dob Daibh,
Chuir e 'n T-sheigh an dail an Tuirc;
Bhris e inte an cranu mu Thri,
Bu reachdar leis a bhà san Mhuic.
- 5 Harruing e t-shean Launn fo 'n Truail,
A bhuingh Buaidh ans gach Blar;
Bhairibh Mac O Duibhne a Bheist,
Hachir dha fein a bhì slan.
- 6 Haidh shin nille air aoin Chnoc,
Laidh mor shrocht air Ceon Flath fail;
Air bhì gha fadda na Thost,
Labhair e 's gum ole a Chail.
- 7 Tobhis a Dhiarmaid fo soc,
Cia miad Troigh san Torc a niar;
8 Shia Traighin deig do dhfir thobhis,
Ha an Friogh na Muice faghich;
Cha ne shin iddir a Tobhis,
Tobhis a rist I Dhiarmaid.
- 9 Tobhis a Dhiarmaid a rist,
Na aoghidh gu minn an Torc;
'S leitsa do Raothin ga Chiann,
Iulligh nan arm rein-gheur goirt.
- 10 Dherich e, 's be 'n Turris gaidh,
As thobhis e ghaibh an Tore;
Houll am Frith bha nibhail garg,
Bonn an Laoich bu gharg san Trodd.
- 11 Aoin Deoch ghosa e d chuaich Fhinn,
Fhir nan Briaridh blatha binn;
Fon chail mo Bhrigh 's mo Bhlaogh,
Ochoin gur a truaigh mar dobbhir.
- 12 Cha doir mishe dhuit mo Chnach,
'S cha bho choibhris mi air Hiota;
Fon 's beg a reinn thu dom Leas,
'S gur mor a reinn thu dom, aibhleas.
- 13 Cha dreinn mishe Croun ort riabh,
Houll na Bhos an oir na 'n iar;
Ach inmicidh le Grain am Braid,
Sa Huar gam thobhairt fo gheissibh.
- 14 Gleann shi an Gleann sheo rar Taoibh,
'S lionbhor Guth Feigh ann as Loìn;
Gleann an tuich an roibh an Fhian,
Anoir san niar an Deigh nan Conn.

¹ sheo chaidh uain.

- 15 An Gleann shin fos Beinn Ghullibin Ghuirm
'S aligh Tullachan ha fon Gbrein;
'S trioc a bha na shruthain derrg,
An Deigh nan Fian bhi shealg an Fheigh.
- 16 Shinn e na t-shin air an Raoin,
Mac O Dnibh air haibh Feall;
Na t-shiugh ri Taibh an Tuirc,
Shin sgeul fhaithin dnit gn dearribh.
- 17 Giulligh Edidh oir as Each,
San Eigin nan creich nach gann;
Laibh bu bhor Gaisge a Gniomh
Ochain mar ha 'n T-saogh san Ghleann.
Crìoch.

H. 26. HOW DIARMAID WAS KILLED
BY A WILD BOAR.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 116. 344 lines. Advo-
cates' Library, Dec. 20, 1871. Copied by Malcolm
Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

DIARMAID and GRAINE deserted from Fingal to a place called *Eas-ruaidhe*, in the county of AN . . . a steep river which empties itself into the . . . and made his abode in the woods there abo . . . The Heroes were passing by the sea shore at the end of the Cataract one day, and Fingal saw a speal that Diarmaid cut off a stick in the water, and immediately knew that Diarmaid was in the woods thereabout, for the speal curled round nine times, and it was s . . . quarters long; there was none in Ireland that could do the like) loosed his dogs and let them through the wood after a wild cat which meet them there (for he knew that Diarmaid would not break his vows, see. When Diarmaid heard the dogs howling he appeared unto them; then Fingal did not know how to kill him because he was an excellent warrior unconquered in combats; unless he would break his law, and this was it, he would let but one go to fight with any person once, (for he knew that they would conquer the whole world by that regulation;) and for another reason none of his best Heroes would answer him to kill Diarmaid since he was guiltless in taking away his. But Fingal was very cunning, he went to a . . . a mountain, called *Beinnghulban*, to kill . . . ipeorus Boar, who was always slaying their Dog and none of them did never venture to go nigh him for fear of being killed. Fingal ordered Diarmaid to kill the Boar; according to his vow, see. Diarmaid obeyed Fingal, went after the Boar and killed him.

Fingal was very sorry that he came safe from the Boar without any detriment: Diarmaid was enchanted, tho' he would get a wound in any part of his body, it would not be deadly, but there was a Mole spot on the sole of his right feet, and if anything would bleed it, he would empty all his blood to the ground till the last drop: Fingal knew that, and he ordered Diarmaid to measure bare feet the Boar, and that they know how many foot in length that was betwixt his snout and his tail, on his back; he measured the beast downward with great care and leisure and nothing happened to him: Then Fingal desired him to measure the horrid Boar upward against his Bristles, and that he would get any reward or request he would ask: The unfortunate Hero was in great confusion for he dare not break either of his oaths, nor measure the beast upward, but he knew if Fingal would fetch to him out of the Fount, in his own golden Cup, by his own hand and the will of his heart, that it would quench the issue of his wound. He measured the Boar upward on his back . . . Bristles wounded the spot, then his blood ran down on the Mill like a rivulet's . . . He asked then a drink of the Spring of Fingal, but he would not gave that until he lost the least drop of his blood and fall on the heath; Then the Bards and his . . . lamented over his grave exquisite bitterly, and repents more than ever he did, that he put the excellent warrior who was also his nephew to such a shameful painful and pitiful death.

DAN 25.

- 1 'S GLEANN sith an gleann so r' ar taobh,
Far am biodh faoidh fhiadh is lon;
'S gnàthaichte ruidheadh an Fhian,
'S an srath shiar an deidh nan conn.
- 2 Eisteadh beag, mar àill libh Laoidh,
Air a chuideachd chaoimh so ghluais;
Air Beinn-Ghulbann 's Flath na 'm Fhian,
'S mac o duimhne nan sgial truaigh.

- 3 'C' om nach eisteamaid re d' Laoidh,
Oisain ionmhuinn 's binne glóir;
No coin nan cladaich ag caoifhran
No coin chóill re teachd an ló.'
- 4 Latha do bha mo Rígh falaidh,
. . . fhiantídh nach b' fhiadhach sgà',
. . . sealg feadh ghleann tina diamhair
Theirín sinn síos gus an tráidh.
- 5 . . . sin chunnaig mo Ríghsa,
. . . ir thus fíor fhir thréune Pháil;
. . . shlisag na cuartaig fhinn gheal,
'Si naoi filte teachd gu sáil.
- 6 Rug e orra na bhois fhoir-ghlain,
'S dh' ambaire gu bíor-shuilach géur;
Thomhais e i le chois mhaisiach,
'S b' e fad cuig traidhe is réis.
- 7 An sin do labhair gu fiathaich,
'S'e Diarmaid rinn so gun bhreug;
'S cho 'n aon neach do dh' fhearra Chormaic,
No do cholgarach na Féinn.'
- 8 Dh' eitich mo Ríghsa gun bhreug,
'Nach gabhadh e béidí no deoch;
Gus am faichte gnúis an fhéinnidh,
Ma bha 'n Eirinn beó an sloe.'
- 9 Chuir sinn ar gadhair fui 'n t-sliagh,
'S fui 'n choilltich ro' dhiamhair chaoim;
A deidh fia' chat nan earnn,
'S gu cluineadh e 'n sgairnn san gaoir.
- 10 Chual an laoch nach b' fhaan am blár,
Gaoir an áird re síos an t-sleibh;
Agnis labhair e r' a mhnaoi,
'Cho' n éist mi gadhair na Féinne.'
- 11 'A Dhiarmaid eistsa na gadhair,
'S nach eil ann ach fadhaid bhreúge;
'S deacair taobhsain re Mac Chuthaill,
Leis is cumhair bhí gun chóile.'
- 12 'Ge de cho 'n éist mi na gadhair,
'S taodhlídh mí gach fadhaid sleibhe,
Bu nár nan leigain mo shealg dhír
Air son an-rún Rígh na Féinne.'
- 13 Do thainig Diarmaid gus a ghleann,
Gu Féinn ainmeil Inse pháile;
Is b' ait an sealadh le Fionn,
A thighean nan ceann 's nan lámhe.
- 14 Chuaidh sinn gu Beinn-ghulbann ghuirm,
'S áille tulach tha fuídh 'n ghréin;
Bu ghnáthaicht' le a shraithaibh dearg,
Sealg bhí orra dh' Fhionn na Féinn.
- 15 B' i Beinn-ghulbann leab an tuire,
A bha tric fuídh chosaibh fhiadh;
Ma chomhair deadh mhac o duimhne,
Do chaill Grainne córn sa ciall.
- 16 Shuidhich Fionn 's bu dearg a leac,
Mu Bheinn-ghulbann ghlais an t-sealg;
'Fair a Dhiarmaid air an torc,
'S mor an lochd a rinn an fheall.'
- 17 'G eisteachd re con-ghaoir nam Fiann,
Near sa niar a teachd n' ar ceann,
Dhnisg an an-beist as a snain,
'S dh' imich i uainn air a ghleann.
- 18 Chuir air re faicsinn nan laoch,
Sean torc nimhe nam fraoch borh;
Bu treine ghéinne nam fíodh,
'S bu ghéire gath nan gath bolg.
- 19 'Sean torc diamhair do tha 'n sud,
Lán do fhuil alluidh 's do ghuin;
A Dhiarmaid mhic o duimhne ud fhéil,
Leansa féin an an-beist uile.'
- 20 Lean an laoch bu tal'mhídh lámh,
An an beist a' b' áirde fíodh;
Charaich e chnuige 's na dháil,
Mar fhuaim tuinne n' áirde líth.
- 21 An t-sleagh o' n bhois bhar-ghil bháin,
Chuir eiscan na dháil ga lot;
Do bhris e 'n crann air na thri,
'S dh' fhag e 'n ceann aic shíos na chorp.
- 22 Tharruing e 'n t-sean lann a truail,
Leis an buidhne buaidh 's gach blár;
Thorchair le O duimhne bhéist,
'S thainig e fein uaithe slá.
- 23 Do luídh spreoch air Flath nam Fiann,
'N tra' shuidh e siar air a chnoc;
Leansa cho bu turas áigh,
Diarmaid a theachd slán o' n torc.
- 24 Air bhí dh' a tamull na thost,
Labhair e 's gu b' ole re rádh;
'A Dhiarmaid tomhais an torc,
Cia líon troidh o' thochd ga shail.'
- 25 Riamh cho d' eitich aon ní 'n Féinnu,
A chuir iad r' a ré na dháil;
Thomhais e 'n torc air a dhrum,
'S thainig e féin uaithe slá.
- 26 'Tomhais na adhaidh arís,
A Dhiarmaid 's ma ní do lot;
Do rodh atcheuing' dhuit d' a cheann,
Ille nan arm ranna ghéur goirt.'
- 27 Thomhais e 's bu mhór a sgá',
Mac O duimhne dhoibh an torc;
'S ghuih am fíodhan barr ghéur trom,
Bonu an laoch bu ghang san trod.
- 28 Do thuit e 'n sin air an t-sliagh,
Mac O duimhne ciabh nan clearc;
Aon laoch fuileach dach na 'm Fiann,
Air an tulaich siar o' n teach.
- 29 Bha fhuil a ruídh o' chorp caóin,
Mar shruth caól o' fhuaran árd;
Bu truaidh bhí faicsinn a léin,
Gun chionta no gó fuídh chrá'.
- 30 Ge d' bu deirge gbrnadh nan t-sabh,
Bhíodh air uilean cinnic san fhéur;
Dh' fhás iad gu dubh nealach nain,
Mar neal fuar air neart na gréin.
- 31 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,
Fhir nam briathraibh binn, subhach;
O 'n dhoirt mí moran do 'm fhuil,
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 32 'De cha tabhair mí dhuit deoch,
A choisgas do ghóí' no d' iota;
'S nach d' rinn thu dhamh riamh do 'm leas,
Nach d' rinn thu faidheoidh do 'm mhi-leas.'
- 33 'De cha d' rinn mí d' aímh-leas riamh,
Thall no bhos, an ear nan iar;
Ach Gráinne dholbh leam am bruid,
'N uair a bhris i orm mo bhriath'r.
- 34 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,
Fhir nam briathraibh binn, subhach;
O 'n dhoirt mí moran do 'm fhuil,
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 35 'De cha tabhair mí dhuit deoch,
A choisgas do ghóí' no d' iota;
'S nach d' rinn thu dhamh riamh de 'm leas,
Nach d' rinn thu faidheoidh do 'm mhi-leas.'
- 36 . . . m bu chumhain leat latha shuine (shui
mhne)
. . . o 'n eil féith a bhí da chumhneach;
. . . o mharbhas tri, is ochd ceud dhuit,
. . . meisg chothann, 's le 'n ghéur chuinsair.'
- 37 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,
Fhir nam briathraibh binn, subhach;
O 'n dhoirt mí moran do 'm fhuil,
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 38 'De cha tabhair mí dhuit deach,
A choisgas do ghóí' no d' iota;
'S nach d' rinn thu dhamh riamh do m' leas,
Nach d' rinn thu faidheoidh do 'm mhi-leas.'
- 39 'Am bruth chaorainn bha thu 'n léimh,
O! Fhinn bu mhaith dhuit mí feinach;
'N uair a bha 'n Deud-ghéal, gu d' ghlinn,
'S tu ann an eagainn san d' éug-bhail.'
- 40 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,
Fhir nam briathraibh binn, subhach;
O 'n dhoirt mí moran do 'm fhuil,
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'

- 41 'De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,
A choisgas do ghoi' no d' iota;
'S nach d' rinn thu dhámh riann do 'm leas,
Nach d' rinn thu faidheoidh do 'm mhi-leas.'
- 42 'La eile bu mhaith dhuit mise,
An Tigh teamhra' 's tu mor iongain;
Bu mhi 'n cosgarrach sa bhaíl,
'S mí gu d' chosnatah as gach iorgraíl.'
- 43 'Aon deoch, anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,
Fhír nam brathraibh bláth, subhach;
On dhoirt mí moran do 'm fhúil.
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 44 De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,
A choisgas do gboi' no d' iota;
'S nach d' rinn thu dhámh riann do 'm leas,
Nach d' rinn thu faidheoidh do 'm mhi-leas.'
- 45 'Tri mic Innse Tír-fuidh thuinn,
Mharbh mí iad uile d' an ain-deoin;
'S dh' íonail mí nam fuil thu steach,
Ge do chlaoidh thu mí le h-an-íochd.'
- 46 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,
Fhír nam briathraibh bínn 's na cabh;
O 'n chaill mí mo bhri' 's mo bblagh,
Deoch do 'n fhuaran, neo' na tabhair.'
- 47 'De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,
A choisgas do lot gu siorruidh;
'S nach d' rinn thu dhámh riann do 'm leas,
Nach d' rinn thu faidheoidh do 'm mhi-leas.'
- 48 'Nam bu chumhain leat la Chonaill ('Chothain')
Bla Cairbmidh roimhad sa mhuintir;
Thu fein is an Fhian ai d' dheidh,
O ! 's truaigh 'm ádhaidh gu Beinn-ghulbann.'
- 49 'Na 'm biodh fios aig mnáí na h-Oighe,
Mise sheoladh ann san luib so;
Bu tursach am fir nan ádhart,
O ! struagh 'm ádhaidh gu Beinn-ghulbann.'
- 50 'Gur mí Diarmaid an Iudhair,
Chonnachd, agus Buadh, 's Béure;
'S mí dalt Aondhais a Bhrodha,
Neach air an raibh rothe deilbhe.'
- 51 'S mí dalt Aondhais a Bhrodha,
Bheirainn todhaidh do gach ur 'chair;
Thug barr air gach fear le fádhaid,
O ! struagh 'm ádhaidh gu Beinn-ghulbann.'
- 52 'S mí seobhag shuil ghorm Eas-ruaidh,
Leom a bheirte buaidh 's gach blár;
O ! struagh mo thorachairt le maic,
Mu thalachainn a chnuic so' ta.'
- 53 Do thiodhlaic sinne faidheoidh,
Le cumha, le brón 's le snith;
Aon mhacaidh fuilteach nam Fiann,
Air an tulaich siar fuidh lic.
- 54 'Nuair a chunnaig Gráinne uile,
Gu do chuireadh e fuidh 'n lár;
Chaill í h-aithne is a gné,
'S thuit í an neal air a bhlár.
- 55 Nuair dh' aithrich í as a pná;
Sheinn í le crá' is le brón;
Clú Dhiarmaid bu ghile snuagh,
Sios gu duainidh air an lon.
- 56 'Tha leaba deis' ann sa charraig,
Bha Fionn da farraid ré bliadhna;
Tha sruth' os a ceann do sháile,
'S cha fhliuchadh mo ghradhsa Diarmaid.'
- 57 'S' í sinn an leab an raibh Leadan,
A thogadh t-éug-bhaíl air fiadhach;
Am fear nach do smaintich eagal,
Roimh cheilair nan cou san t-slagh ud.'
- 58 'Ochón b' í sin uair a chéusaidh,
Gur goirt 's gur géur dhamsa h-iar-guin,
Do ghorm-shuil a bli gan leirsinn,
Fhír a b' eibhinn beul is briathraibh.'
- 59 'Gur tu mac peathar an Ard-Rígh,
Bha gu badhach ághor falidh;
O ! struagh a chuir e gu bás thu,
Gun chion fáth a ghráidh a Dhiarmaid.'

- 60 'Bu tu aon laoih feara Pháile.
A dh' fhaotainn buaidh líir an comrag;
Thug bárr orr' uile ann 's gach cluiche,
'S thug an subhachas 's an sólas.'
- 61 'Bu ghile da chneas nan capach,
No úr sbeachd an gleanntidh caola;
Thug do chruth barr air an t-slagh uil';
Fhír bu deirge gruidh nan caorann.'
- 62 'Bu ghuirme do snil nan deargag.
A bhíodh air uilean chreach bhann árd,
'S bu chéinne príoba do rosgaibh,
No osnach lúbas féur gach fair.'
- 63 'Bu ghile do dhéud nan gagan,
A bhíodh air chrathadh feadh an lá;
'S bu bhíne fuaim do bheoil ionmhúinn.
No ceól éoin choiteach, 's gach clár.'
- 64 'Mar dhrisinná' gréine tha d' fhalt,
Gu bonn bhuidh casarlach gradhach;
Tha do chneas cho mbín san cobhar,
Fhír a b' fíodhaintach 's gach áite.'
- 65 'S dubbach mí gun íolach sólais,
Ach turs' is brón a sior eibhlich;
A chrut chiuil is binne mire,
Cha tog mo chroidhe gu h-éibhneas.'
- 66 'Thuit mo spiorad an cuan stadhach,
Gun chlos, gun suaimhneas ag gérraich;
A sior chumhineacha' do nosaibh,
Och ! Mo leonadh is mí gun abhachd.'
- 67 'Cho chluinn mí tuille do chómhra',
A b' éibhnaiche no ceól Fíodhail;
No 'n smeórach 's na gleanntidh fásaich,
'S dubb a dh' fhaig gu bráth mo chroidhíe.'
- 68 'Cho 'n fhaic mí ní 's mó do ghnúis-sa,
No deábradh do shuil ghorm shoitheamh;
Ochón 's mí fuidh thuitreach gabhaidh,
Cho 'n eirich gu bráth gu solais.'
- 69 'S doracha do chomhnuidh fúí 'n fhóid,
Is cumhan do leab réot gun fuinn;
'S cho dearla mhadaín gu lá bhráth,
A dhuisgas tu a' d' phná a shuinn.'
- 70 'Ach folaiche chaoidh ann san úir,
Mhiannaiche gach súil do chhiabhag;
Bennachd leat fein is le d' áille,
Anois agus gu brath a Dhiarmaid.'
- 71 'Dh' ullaich gach filidh a chlársach,
A shéinn moladh do 'n lán laoch chúinn;
Gu do-bhrúach 's gu ro thime,
Ceól 's bu shnithach fann gach stúil.'
- 72 'Gu ma beannaicht' thusa Dhiarmaid,
Fhír a b' fhearr briathraibh is ágh;
Do na tha am fiantachd Éirann,
'S an-aoibhinn an diu ar gáir.'
- 73 'Bha do neart mar thuitlach nise,
A dol a sios a chlaoidh do námh,
An cabhaig mar íolair nan spéur,
No stéud eisg a ruigh air sáil.'
- 74 'A Thriath Bhéura b' áille leadan,
No aon fhleasgach tha san Fhcin;
Gu ma samhach a raibh d' ór-chul,
Fuidh chudrom an loin gach ré.'
- 75 'Ní 's mo cha 'n fhaicir thu air chuan,
Air an eireadh stuathan árd,
No 'n doire re sealg an feidh,
No 'm blár chéud a sgatha' chnamb.'
- 76 'Cho mhó chluintar nual do bheoil,
A bu bhíne na glóir nan ean;
An Tigh-teamhra' gu lí bhráth,
Fhír bu ro mhaith gradh is gné.'
- 77 'Gur dubbach an diu gach rosg,
Bu gheal do bhos, 's bu ghil' do chneas;
Bu tréun tabhachdaigh thu laoih,
Bu phailt mais, is aoih' is cleare.'
- 78 'Míle mallachd air an lá
A thug Gráinne gradh do d' ghnúis
B' é sin a chuir Fionn gu bréin,
'S a chuir thu a' d' thréin gu h-úir.'

- 79 'G' e b' iomad daoine agus neart,
 Mu d' thiomheall a chleare nan áill ;
 'S tu lamh a b' fhearr iomaire is ágh,
 Ochain do na tha sa ghleann.'
- 80 'Ach mhéalladh do chuma gach bean,
 A mhic o duimhne bu mhear bnaidh,
 'S do shuiridhe cha d' thog do shuil,
 Gus an deach úir air do ghruaidh.'
- 81 'Cha do ghlac cloidheamh na dhornn,
 Nam brat sróil is fhearr san Fheinn ;
 Aon neach a bheireadh tu uainn,
 A dh' áingain sluaigh Rígh na Feinn.'
- 82 'S cha mho ghlac e sgrí' na lann,
 Neach d' an raibh ceann teachd a' d' ghao' ;
 Mhic o duimhn ud a' ta marbh,
 'N uair a bha thu 'n arna nan laoch.'
- 83 'Ach o na dholbh thu le Grainn,
 Feadh gach áit' mar fhuath no éilt ;
 Ghabh gach duine dhinn ort faath,
 'S gu h-araid Fionn 's truagh an sgeúl.'
- 84 'Cho 'n ionadh mi bhí gun chlí,
 Is dubhach, tiambhidh gun solas ;
 'S a liuthad curidh tréim calma,
 Thuit dhinn air gach áin an cómhrag.'
- 85 'Thuit iad uil' ach mis' am aonar,
 Mar charrn mosgáin, maol, gun duileach ;
 Gach darag maóthan is ógan,
 Ge d' bu lionmbur mor re 'n tuireadh.'
- 86 'Ge d' tha 'n diu gun tréin no comhdach,
 Bu mhor mo chonadh 's mo líth ;
 Gun easbhuidh daoine no nith.
 Dh' fflag sin saoghal mu seach dhúinn.'

I. 20. BAS DHARMAID O DUIMHNE. 320 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 104. Advocates' Library,
 April 9, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

AFTER the battle of Newry was over, Dermid related to Fingal how Grany had enchanted him to run away with her, and implored his pardon; but Fingal's incredulity and inclemency would not permit him to forgive so atrocious a crime as Dermid was constrained to be guilty of. Therefore Dermid and Grany were obliged to fly a second time from the awful presence of Fingal, and continue their Hermitage in the lonesome Woods and dark Caverns of the Rocks as formerly. Fingal upon the day following went to the woods, and loosed his Hounds after a wild Cat he spied hard by him, in order he should alarm Dermid to the sport. Dermid heard the howling of the Dogs and bawling of the Huntsmen; against the instigation of Grany would appear in the chase and throw himself into the hands of Fingal a second time, who wished his death, could it be carried on accidentally without being a wilful murder. Upon the ensuing day Fingal ordered his Bands to go a hunting to a mountain called Bengul-ban. A huge and viperous wild boar hunted this mountain, which defied all the artifice of Fingal's army and strength of their hounds to kill. The dogs alarmed and pursued the Boar, but durst not come near him. Fingal ordered Dermid to pursue and kill the Boar, and that he would be freely pardoned for his offence. Dermid pursued, attacked, and killt the dreadful Boar. Fingal recollected that there was a Mole or Mark on the sole of Dermid's right foot, which if touched by the venomous gristles of the Boar that he should bleed to death. Accordingly he commanded Dermid to measure the Boar, and find out his length from the snout to the tail. Dermid measured the Boar downward and came off safe. Fingal ordered him to measure the Boar upward, to which Dermid consented on condition Fingal would grant him a speedy remedy if he happened to be wounded, whereto Fingal agreed. The brave, valorous, and beautiful Dermid O Duin measured the Boar against the gristles, wherewith he got wounded, and Fingal after he is fallen refused him any remedy, not suspecting his death would be occasioned so suddenly by so slight a wound. We can find few or no instances of this nature in all the actions of Fingal, which has been occasioned by the inconstant and perfidious Grany in deducing Dermid to the detestable crime of adultery. Fingal is seldom possessed with the spirit of cruelty and revenge. We find him of a compassionate disposition, even to his professed enemies; hospitable to all strangers.

Full of tenderness and charity to the afflicted; Ready to relieve the miserable, and inclined to Forgive offenders. Slow to cast out with the strong, and powerful to overcome them in war, which is manifested by his advice to his grand son Oscar, one of which we take the liberty to mention here.

- 1 O OSCAIRE ! Claoidh an calma treun,
 Ach dìon fuid' d' sgeith an fann ;
 An aghaidh namham tabhair beum,
 Mar neart sruth leug nan bhann.
- 2 Bì mar an osag sheimh sa naghla,
 Do 'n dream is laige gnìomh ;
 Gu maoiniach, meicnach, meat a leon,
 Na 'n coimheach broin a strìochd.
- 3 Na tabhair beum, ach gus am fèum,
 Do chom is treine dhion ;
 No h-ob bhì mall gu comhragg lann,
 Mar eagal call do d' Rìogh.

The following Poem or Lament of Dermid opens upon hunting of the Boar, Dermid expostulating his innocency, enumerating his frequent and great services, and imploring a remedy of Fingal. After his death Grany laments over him in a moving and pathetic manner. Then the Bards sung to his praise and memory in a very tragical and beautiful strain. And Fingal mourned for him many days in the Hall of Turra and Tur-ana.

Note.—Here follow lines which differ from the other version (H.). All the rest are identical, and in the same order.—J.F.C. June 6, 1872. Collected with H. Mac Lean.

- 3 OISEINN fheilidh is binne ceòl,
 No eoin air linnidh nan leug,
 Mar choill cheud tha fuaim do bheoil.
- 4 Latha do bha mo Rìogh Fionn,
 Is fhiantaidh bu treun am blar ;
 A' sealg fea' ghleantaidh is leirg,
 Thoir a mbeirgeach gu traidh.
- 5 Do chunnaig mo Thriath geal ur,
 Bu mhor iul measg fhearra Phail ;
 Sliseag nua' gu cuan nan tonn,
 Air traidh nan clach donn, 's nam barc.
- 6 Ghlac Mac Cumhail an t-sleis og,
 A b' fhearr doidh na cornaibh cruinn ;
 'S ann leinne bu mhor an t-euchd,
 Bha seachd reisean ann a drum.
- 7 Do labhair Rìogh Phail nan cuach,
 'Se Diarmaid truagh rinn an t-euchd ;
 Cho 'n gon fhear do Chathain Chormaic,
 No ghlabh tamh fuil' chòibh na Feinne.
- 8 Dh' eitich mo Rìogh bu mhor miadh,
 Nach gabhadh e biadh no deoch ;
 Gus am fuighte Diarmaid donn,
 Ma bha' n Èirinn nan lon phort.
- 10 Chuail an laoch, nach b' fhann am blar,
 Bhàghair bhàn ri slios an t-sleibhe ;
 Agus labhair e ri Graine,
 Cho' n eist mi ri gàir na Feinne.
- 13 Thainig Diarmaid gu a ghleann,
 Gu Feinn m' ansachd Innse-Phaile ;
 Is b' ait an sealach dì Fionn,
 E tigh' n os ar cionn air fàire.
- 36 Mharbhas trì fheachd, is cend duit,
 Bu mhor m' fheum le lanna cùinsear.
- 48 Na 'm bn chumhainn leat latha Clothan,
 Bhà Cairbridh roimhead, 's a mhuintir ;
 Thu fein is an Fhianm a' d' adhaidh,
 O ! 's truagh m' adhaidh gu Beinn-ghulbann.
- 50 Gur mise Diarmaid an Iudhair,
 Chonnachd, agus Buidh, 's Beura ;
 'S mi dalta Naois nam fear bodha,
 Laoch air an raibh rodha deilbhe.
- 51 'S mi dalta Naois nam fear bodha,
- 54 'N uair chunnaig inghean Ghormala nan steud,
 An trenn na luighe 's an àir ;
 Chaill e h-aithe,—thuit san fheur,
 Mar leug gu n charuchadh sùl.

- 55 Tra dh' airich i as a pna,
Sheinn gu craiteach iolach bhroin ;
Clu Dhiarmaid bu ghile snuadh,
Shios gu duainidh air an lon.
- 59 Gur tu mac peathar Rìogh Phaile,
- 60 Bu tu aon laoch fhèara Phaile,
A bhuidhinn bua' làir ann comhrag ;
Thug barr orr nìle 's gach luth-cheas,
'S thug a d' ghiulan, sugach, solach,
- 61 Bu ghile do chneas no 'n canach,
No 'n cathadh 's na gleannaibh caola :
Dhealradh do chruth ann 'sna leirgean,
Fhìr bu deirge leac no 'n caorann.
- 62 Bu ghuirme do shuil no 'n dearc,
Air nìleann nan leacann ard ;
'S bu chiuine iomairt do rosg,
No 'n seimh osnach air fèur fair.
- 63 Mar dhrisinne greine t-fhàit,
Am-lubach, cas-lubach, 'ar-bhuidh ;
Tha do chneas co geal 'san cothar,
A laoch, nach d' fhodhain na blàir dhuit.
- 64 'S dubhach mi, gu iolach sholais,
Ach tursa bhroin a' sior eughach ;
A chrùit chluil is binne mire,
Cho duisg mo chroidhe gn h-eibhneas.
- 65 Thuit m' aigheadh 's ann aigeal stuathach.
Gun chlos no suaimhneas a' garraich ;
A sior chumhneacha' do nosaibh,
Och! Mo throdhaid bhroin gun abhachd.
- 67 Nì 's mo cho 'n fhaicear do ghnuis,
A dhealradh gu h-ur ann tur Chonail ;
Ochoin! Mi! fui' thuiltreach gabhaidh,
C'uin a thig a ghraidh ort solus.
- 68 'S dorcha do bhuthainn fui 'n fhodh,
'S cumhann reot do leaba leom ;
Cho dearl' a mhadainn, gu la bhraith,
A dhuisgeas mo ghradh an sonn.
- 71 Gu ma h-aghòr thusa Dhiarmaid,
Fhìr is fearr briathra 's àgh :
Do na tha am Fiamtachd Eirann,
'S an-eibhinn an diu' ar gair.
- 73 A thriach Bheura b' aille loimreadh,
No aon ogan tha san Fheinn ;
Gu ma samhach a roibh t-òr-chul,
Fui' chudram an loin gach re.
- 77 Mile mallachd air an la,
A thug Graine gradh do d' chruth,
Chuir sin Fionn nam Flath o cheill,
'S truaigh an sgeul mar dh' eng u 'n diu'.
- 78 Ge h-iomad laoch bu mhòr neart,
Mu thiomchall nan clearcain aill ;
'S lamh a b' fhearr iomairt, is agh,
Ochann-do na bha sa ghleann.
- 80 Arm ann usal nan luath bheum.
- 82 Ach o na dh' fholbh e le Grain,
Fèa' nan carun mar fhuath nan eug ;
Ghabh gach duine dhinn air grain,
Is Rìogh Phaile-'s truaigh an sgeul.
- 84 Bu lionmhor slough aig Mac Cumhaill.

M. 18. BAS DHIARMUID. 104 lines.

- 1 EISTIBH beag¹ ma 's aill libh laoidh
Air a chuideachd' chaoimh so chuaidh,
Air Grainne, air Fionn fial
'S air Mac o Duimhne nan scial truadh.
- 2 'N Gleann sìth sin 's an gleann r'a thaoth²
Far 'm bu bliunn gnth feidh³ is loin,
Far am minic an robh 'n Fhian
An Ear 's an iar an diaidh an con.
- 3 Air an t-suth sin Ghulbunn ghuirn
Is aillidh' tulachain tha fo 'n ghreicn,
'S tric a bha na sruthain dearg
An diaidh na 'm Fian bhith sealg an fheidh.

¹ Beagan. ² R'a'r thaoth. ³ Fead feidh.

- 4 Dh' imir iad 's bu mhòr a chealg
Air Mac o Duimhne bu dearg li,
Dol do Bheinn-Ghulbunn a shealg
Tuire nach feadaidh airm a chaoidh.
- 5 A Dhiarmaid na freagair an fhaghadh
'S na tadhaill am fiadhach breige,
Na rach teann air Fionn Mac Cumhaill,
O 's cumhadh leis a bhì gun cheile.
- 6 A ghradh nam ban a Ghrainne
Na toill-se nair do d' cheile,
Fhregairinn-se guth na seilge
Dh' ain-deoin feirge fir⁴ na Feinne.
- 7 Dhuisg iad a bheist as a shuain,
Bha freiceadan air shuas an gleann,
'G eisteachd re garaich nan Fian
Is iad gu dian fo cheann.⁵
- 8 An seann torc nimhe a bha garg
Thainig o Bhall ard nan Alla-mhuc,
B' fhaide ionna na gath sleagha
Bu treise fhriogh na gath builge.
- 9 Leir iad ris na deadh ghadhair,
Gadhair Fhinn is fir na seilge,
Chuir iad a mhuc a bhan le liodra⁶
'S bha na t-einn choim air a tiontadh.
- 10 A mlùc o duimhne fhìr threim,
Ma 's e 's gu 'n d' rinneadh enchda leat,
Bith-se cumhneach air do laimh,
So an ti fa 'n dearnar leat.
- 11 Mac o Duimhne nan arm aigh,
Air faicinn do a bheist uile,
O 'n t-slo thaobh-gheal shlamhuich thla
Chas e 'n t-sleagh an sail an tuirc.
- 12 Tharruing e 'n t-sleagh o 'n dorn gheal bian
Cham a sathadh ann a chorp,
Bhriseadh leis an cran na thri
Gun aou mhir dh' e bhith san torc.
- 13 Tharruing e 'n t-seann lann as an truail,
O 's i bhuidhneadh buaidh 's gach blar,
'S mharbhadh leis an uile bheist
Is thearunn e na dhaidh slau.
- 14 Luidh sproc air Fionn fial
Is leig e siar e ris a chuoce,
Mac o Duimhne nan arm aigh
A dhòl as gu slan o 'n torc.
- 15 Air dh' e bhith tamull na thosd
Labhair Fionn 's gu 'm b' oic r'a radh ;
A Dhiarmaid tomhis an torc
Cia mend traigh o shoc gu shail.
- 16 Cha do dhuilt e achuing' Fhinn,
'S aithreach leinn a theachd o 'n tigh,
Thomhis e 'n torc air a dhruim
Mac o Duimhne nior throm traigh
- 17 Se traighe denga do dh' fhior thomas
A tha 'n druim na muice fiadhach,
Cha 'n e sin idir a thomas
Tomhis e ris a Dhiarmaid.
- 18 A Dhiarmaid tomhis a ris
Na aghuidh gu min an torc ;
Roghainn a gheabhadh tu ga cheann
Togha nan lano rinn-gheur goirt.
- 19 Thomhis e, 's cha bu trus aigh,
Mac o Duimhne nach trom traigh ;
Tholl am friogh nimhe bha garg
Bonn an laoch bu gharb san trod.
- 20 Aon deoch dhams-'s a' d' chuaich Fhinn
Dheadh mlùc mo righ do m' chabhair ;
O chaill mi mo bhlagh 's mo bhriugh,
Ochoin! is truadh mi mur tabhair.
- 21 Cha toir mise dluit deoch
'S cha mho choisgeas mi air h-iota,
O 'S beag a rinn thu do m' leas
'S is mor a rinn thu do m' aimhleas.

⁴ Fhear. ⁵ Is iad ag cuir gu dian mu cheann.⁶ Mhan gu leath-trath.

- 22 Cha d' rinn mise cron ort riamh
Thall no bhos, an ear 'n 'n iar;
Ach im'eachd le Grainne am braid
'S a tuar gam' thabhairt fo gheasuibh.
- 23 Thuit se an sin fo chruceadh,
Mac o Duimhne ciabh nan cleachd,
Sar mhac fulangach nam Fiann,
Air an tuluich siar fa dheas.
- 24 Cumbachdach gu mealladh bhan
Mac o Duimhne bu mhór buaidh;
An t-suireadh cha do thog a suil
O chaidh an uir do ghruaidh.
- 25 Bha guirme bha glaise na shuil,
Bha mine bha maise na ghruaidh,
Bha spionnadh bha tabhachd san laoch
Bha sud saor fo chneas bàn.
- 26 Dh' adhluc iad air aon tuluich,
Air sith-dhùn na muice fiadhuich,
Grainne Nì Chormaig a churruich,
Da choin gheal' agus Diarmad.
- O. 12. BAS DHIARMAD O DUIGNE. 131 lines.
Dr. Irvine's MS., page 60. Copied by Malcolm Mac-
phail, Edinburgh, March 22, 1872.
- 1 An gleann Sì, san gleann ri thaobh,
An gleann an tric an robh fead laoich;
Eòiu is Lomhuinn;
Far an tric an robh an Fheion;
An ear 's an iar deigh nan con.
- 2 Air an t-shi Ghulbuin ghuirn,
Air an tulaich is aille fo 'n gheirn;
Air an tric an robh froidhean dearga,
An deigh sealg fir na Feinne,
- 3 Eisdibh tamull ma 's aill leibh,
Air a' chuideachd chaomh so chuidh;
Air beinn Ghulbunn, air Fionna fail,
Air Mac O Duighe nan sgeul truagh (sgial)
- 4 Shuidhich Fionn bu chruaidh cheilg,
Air Mac O Duighe bu deirge lith;
Dhòl a bheinn Ghulbhunn shealg an tuirc,
Nach d' fheadar leis na h-airm ga dbith.
- 5 Dhiamaid na ruig an fhagad,
'S na taoghail am fiadhach leirge;
Na rach teann air Fionn Mac Cuthail,
O 's dubhach thu bhì gu cheille.
- 6 A ghradh nam ban, a Ghraine,
Na toillsa tamailt do d' cbeud ghradh;
Rachainse dh' amharc na selge,
Cheart aindeoin feirg fir na Feinne.
- 7 Cha d' fhas mi riamh a'm' chrionaich chrithunn,
'S ionnan sa chreag mo runsa;
Co a shealladh air graine le toigh,
Nam fasadh Diarmad na mbeall unich.
- 8 B' e mo mhiann bhì 'n cois na selge,
An toir air Tore a' chraois umhainn;
'S tric a leag mi 'n lon a luadhas,
- 9 Shuas air eudainn beinn a Ghulbhunn,
Dh' fhalbh Mac O Duighe le ceum ard;
Bu dubhach bu chraiteach Graine.
- 10 Shìl a deoir Mar fhros na Maidne,
Mar cheò glas bha da shuil (al. a gnuis)
Cha' n fhaic mi tuille Diarmaid,
Tha m' anam gu dian na dbeigh,
- 11 Mhìc Cuthail bhì baigheil ri' m leannan,
Cha bheannachd dhuit m' aighir a chlaoidh;
Dhuig iad an uile bheist as a shuain.
Frecedan air chluas gach beann.
- 12 'G eisdeachd ri Coin ghairraich nam Fiann,
'S iad gu dian a ruith fo ceann;
Leig iad rithe na deagh ghathair,
Gathair ann fir na Feiuue.

- 13 Thug iad a' mhuc bhan ga leadradh,
'S na sair choin gheala ga teumadh (ga tionn-
adh)
B' fhaide e teanga na gath sleagha,
B' fhaide a friogh na gath builge.
- 14 An seann Tore niuibe bha garg,
A ghineadh o ardaì nan torc;
Bhriseadh leis an dorn gheal bhlar,
Thachda dha na bha na chorp,
Bhriseadh leis an crann na thri,
Gu 'n aon mhir dhe dhòl san torc.
- 15 Tharruig e 'n seann lann dubh o 'n truaill,
O 'n si b' ioghna buaidh sgach blar;
Mharbha leis an Uile bheisd,
As thearnadh na dheigh e fein slàn,
- 16 An siu luidd sproc air Fionn nam Fiann,
Luidd e siar ris a chnoc;
Air dha bhì tamull na thosd,
Labhair 's gum b' ole a radh.
- 17 Dhiarmad tomhais an torc,
Cia meud troidh o shoc gu earr?
Na duiteam t-achuinn Fhinn,
O 'n 's dan leam cinnteach tighiun o t-ìochd!
- 18 Dhiarmad tomhais e ris,
Na aghaidh gu miu an torc;
Uam gheibh tu g' a chionn
Tagha nan laun geur bhar goirt.
- 19 Thomhais Diarmad bu tuirseach da,
Mac O Duighe nan trom troidh;
Tholl am friogh nimhe bha garg,
Buinn an loich bu gharbh an trod. (al. bu gharb)
- 20 Aon deoch a' d' chuaich Fhinn,
Laoich Mhìc Cuthail o 'n chro choinich
O 'n theirgear mo bhrìgh, 's mo bhlat,
Laoich foir no na doir dhuit. (al. no na deoir
dhuit)
- 21 O 's aithne dhi leigheas gach feachd, (gach
creuchd)
Cha' n eil leigheas ann mo chuaich;
A Dhiarmad 's truagh leam do chor,
'S truagh leam Graine bhì gad' chaoidh
- 22 'S truagh an gnìomh a rinn an torc,
Gam chaoidhsa cha bhì Graine aìd;
Ged 'sann gu bas a theid mi nochd,
'S aithne dhi cleas nan lub,
A t-ùlsa cha teid g' a toil.
- 23 Tha gaol domh daingean mar chrios;
Tha misneach mar Ghailbhin ard,
G' a mor a h-osna cha leig fios,
Ged thuit mi le slìgh mo uamh.
- 24 Co so tighinn mar cheò,
'S a deoir a srutha gun chaird,
Cò ach Graine 's binne glòir,
Annir cha bheo do d' ghradh.
- 25 Mar Ghill eigin nach deach snac till,
Mar Mhacau is aille nan t-sugh;
Ochadan gad' chaoidh saghleann (mar t-aoidh)
Bha guirme, bha glaise na shuil,
Bha mine, bha maise na ghruaidh,
Bha spionnadh, bha tabhachd sano lach.
Bhì sid saor o shliosean ban,
- 26 'S truagh mise bhì gad' chaoidh,
Ne m' ainmsa, cha 'n uigh do ghrain,
Marbhaig air an torc,
Ach cha 'n e a rinn m' ole san àm.
- 27 Cha 'n e, ach Fionn nan cleasan baoh,
Mallachd aig un fhaobh gun tamh;
A Ghrain na bi-sa a' d' d'iomh,
Tha Fionn mar Dhiarmad gu d' dhion.
- 28 Dh' fhalbh e 's b' ole leam,
Cha 'n e me ruu a riun an gnìomh;
29 Thuit Graine gun cobhair a h-aigh,
Air gnuis Ailde Dhiarmad duinn,
Stad a chreuchd bha doirt a fhuil,
Truagh a bluil an lo sin duinn.

1 O 's cinnteach leam tigeinn lochd.

- 30 Dh' aidhlaicadh iad air aon tulach,
Air friodhnaich na Muice fiadhlaich;
Graine nighean Tormaid Mhic Curri,
Da choin gheala as Diarmad.
- 31 A Ghulbhrunn, cluinnear do chaoidh,
'S beag m' nigh dhòl gu t-ianach;
Codail a thuire 'n ad chonnuich,
Tha do chomhuuidh seachgair dìonach.
- 32 Luidh smal air an Fheinne,
M' athair fein bhia dheth dìomach,
Chlarsach na tog fonn a bhroin,
Tha deoir a chucana a' taomadh.
- From the recitation of Archd. Stewart, man-servant in Dalchosnie, 19th Feb., 1801.

Z. 6. DIARMAID. 56 lines.

Written by Macphail from the recitation of Norman Murray, Habost, Ness, Lewis, 1866.

I HAVE a great many more versions of this, orally collected by myself and by other collectors in late years. The song is well known in the Islands of South Uist and Barra, 1871. This is a sample of decay, and curious for that reason.

LAOIDH DHIARMAID.

EISIDIB beag ma 's aill leibh laoidh,
Air a bhuidheann chaoimh a dh' fhalbh uainn,
'S mac-o-Duimhne nan sgeul traugh.

- 1 Tha srath a 'm beinn Ghuilbean, ghuirm,
'S àrda tulach fo 'n a ghreinn;
Far an suidheadh sinn puall àgh,
'D of do 'n t-seilg le Fionn nam Fiann.
- 2 Triall do bheinn Ghuilbean a shealg,
Air mac nach feudar ainm dhi;
Dhuisg an uilbhiast as a suain,
'S dh' imich i bh' uainn air a ghleuan.
- 3 'N uair chuala i tartar nam Fiann,
Ghabh i an Ear san I iar fo ceann;
'N uair chuala i tartar nan laoch,
'S i 'n gleann Sith an robh Fraoch borb.
- 4 Bu deirge i na graine fiodha,
'S bu gheire friogha nan guth balg;
Bhriseadh leatha an t-sealg mar strì,
An crann bu riogha fo na mhuic.
- 5 Bho 'n bhùs 's deirge eillichr bhàth,
'S bu chradh leinn nach b' ann na corp;
C' uim' nach ciosnaicheadh tu an torc,
Le tarum nan laoch bu mhòr naimhdeas.
- 6 Air bhi dha fada na thosd,
Làbhair e ge' b' olc ri radh;
Tharruing e an t-seann lann bho 'n truaill,
Or bu leasan buaidh guch blàir.
- 7 Dhiarmaid tomhais an torc,
C' ia lion troidh o top a ta;
Thomhais e mhuc air a druim,
Mac-o-Duimhne nach truime troidh.
- 8 Dhiarmaid tomhais i rist,
'Na aghaidh 's mine an torc;
Thiomdaidh 's clia bu turns àigh,
Cha d' tomhais ach a dha san torc,
- 9 Chaidh a gath nimh bu mhòr craidh,
A 'm bonn an laoch nach tlà san trod;
Aon deoch an nigse dhomh Fhinn,
'S gheibh thu atcheuinge da chin.
- 10 Rogha nan arm rionn gear gort,
Chi thu air a chnoc ud thall;
Cha tabhair mise dhuitse deoch,
'S na 's mo cha choisg mi air t-iota.
- 11 Cha d' rinn thu riamh dhomh leas,
Nach d' rinn thu 'n aon uair dhomh dh' aimhleas;
B' fhada leis an Fheinn bu chuimhne,
Mar a bitheadh Fionn gha iarraidh.

- 12 Ge bu ghorm an dè an tullach,
Bu dearg e 'n diudh le fuil Dhiarmaid;
Thiòlaicadh sud anns an tullach,
Fo thunnachd na muic fiadhlaich.
- 13 Graine ni-Chormaic, ni-Chuilleann,
Le da dhealbh chuilean 'us Diarmaid;
Gu 'm b' fhada, 'us gu 'm bu bhuidhe fhalt,
Mall a rosg us fada a leac.
- 14 Bha maise 'us guirme na shuilean,
Maise 'us caise an cùl nan cleachd;
'S mionaig a ruitheadh an Fheinn,
Air an t-slabh an deigh nan con.

&. - EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

Addressed to Miss Mac Leod of Mac Leod, by a Lady, sent April 18, 1872, from Dunreagan.

THIS shows that Heroic Ballads are known to the very poorest classes in the Highlands, and that they are localised everywhere.

'Beinn Inanbheig, a peaked hill above the Bay of Portree, was once called *Beinn Gulban*, where Diarmad, the friend of Fionn, was wounded when measuring the wild boar.

'At Sgor is the grave of Diarmad; and at Benmore is *Tobar-an-Tuire*, from which, when dying, he besought Fionn to fetch him a drink.

'Margaret Macleod, a poor forlorn woman at Portree, knows these places, and can sing the songs about them.'

THE STORY OF GOLL MAC MORNA.

P*. 3. (D. 23. I. 16. O. 20. Z. 25.) (H. 27. 1. 17. P. 8. X. 13. &.) (A. 24.)

THE Story is told by Kennedy in his 'Arguments,' and the Ballads tell it for Gaelic readers. I will tell it in English when I translate. Goll was the nickname of Iodhlan; it means 'one eyed.' The name was earned in a story about a trip to Lochlann, which I picked up orally. The hero was Chief of the Clanna Morna, the biggest and strongest of the Feinne, with the title of 'Gaisgeach na Feinne.' In this capacity he, like Bhima, in the 'Mahābhārata,' was concerned about the Commissariat. He had a right to all the marrow, and all that could be got out of the bones. Fionn, Chief of the Clanna Baoisgne, quartered his grandson Oscar upon Goll. He was called names equivalent to Gnawbones and Lickpot, and so played the character whom Dascant named Boots.

Gnawbones slew a dragon in a prose story, which I have got and will translate. He earned his nickname of Oscar, and rose from cook's mate to be a chief. As Goll got old Fionn quartered his youngest son upon Goll; when he grew up he challenged Goll, and proved the strongest. They fought, and Fionn's son was slain. Thereupon the ancient blood-feud about the slaying of Fionn's Father by the Clanna Morna, whom he had driven and oppressed, broke out. Fionn's tribe, as I was told, in 1871, in South Uist, bound Goll, and set him with his face to a gale in a sand-drift, so he was blinded; then they drove him into a cave, and thence on to a rocky point, where he starved to death. His wife came to him, and he bade her marry a Spanish warrior, the only one who ever had vanquished him. In the Ballads which follow it is easy to trace this story, which may be true. It is curious to trace the changes. In 1512, they were going to seek a man's head; in 1871, the story current amongst the people savours of the ways of Lapps, who live on venison and set great store by marrow bones; but, in 1760 or thereabouts, the poetry savours of chivalry.

Instead of the quarrel about marrow bones and food, which must have been a real cause of strife amongst hunters in the middle of the third century, Cairbreall hangs his shield above the shield of Goll in the House of Almuin. (D. 5. below.) Possibly that pretension was a cause of strife when the Poem was composed or shortly before; but the popular tradition is most probable.

A curious underground dwelling in North Uist, discovered a few years ago, was strewed with marrow bones, beef bones, mutton bones, and deer's horns, and edible shells. In Ireland cattle raids were fertile causes of strife, and famines caused cattle raids. In the hands of Dr. Smith, the marrow bones and shields turned into sentiment as an English reader can see by turning to 'Gaelic Antiquities, Edinburgh, 1780, by John Smith, Minister of Kilbrandon, Argyllshire.'

P*. 3. LAMB-FHAD. 146 lines.

Rev. Alexander Campbell's MS. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, July 16, 1872.

WHILE printing these sheets a collection made, about 1803, by the Rev. Alexander Campbell, Minister of Portree, in Skye, was found in the Gaelic drawer at the Advocates' Library. I got a list of the contents, and marked it P*. Some person unknown condemned the collection thus: 'Style low; versification harsh and clumsy;' 'Dargo pretty correct,' and so on. Wishing to judge for myself, and let others judge, I got this extract.

A story about Longhand and Goll, in Lochlann, is current in 1871. I wrote it myself in Uist from the telling of Mac Isaig. A story and ballad of the same purport were mentioned by Hill as current about Loch Awe in 1780. It is quoted by Dr. Donald Smith, p. 120, 'Appendix, Report on Ossian, 1805.' That story and this ballad belong to Fionn's Expedition to Lochlann. See above, p. 83. They explain how 'Iollan' got the name of 'Goll' = One-eyed. A ballad called 'Laoidh an Duirn,' or the Lay of the Buffet, is often mentioned in Scotland as one to be greatly admired, and a standard for Lays; but I have never found anyone able to repeat it. A ballad known by that name is common in Modern Irish MSS. In one, which I have, the chief characters, are Iollain Mac Morna, or Goll, and Lughaidh Lagha. In another Lughaidh Lanha is the name. In Mr. Campbell's Skye ballad the Metre is peculiar. A pronoun connected with the Sun is written e = he, instead of i = she, which is a mistake, because the noun is correctly made feminine by its aspiration. The sentiment is foreign to ballads, and belongs to a later class of Gaelic songs. I conclude that this is a modern version of the old ballad which is known as the Lay of the Fist, or Buffet, or Cuff, of which I have no other Scotch version.

- 1 CHAIDH FIONN is Oscar is Mac Morn'
'S moran do mhaithreamb nam Pìann
'Lochlann le cuireadh o Tarcum
Gu cairdeas is gaol a choinhead
- 2 Gu sìth am bannamh gun cheilg
Cheangal gu dian 's gu daing an
- 3 Tiaruinte dh' imeach na h-armuin
Gun chunnart gun ghabhadh gu calla
Choinnich slioc Lochlann air traigh riu
'S an t-ard Rìgh dh' altuich am beatha
- 4 Seac 's agus oich' guu sri,
Rì ceol 's ri iomairt 's ri aighear
Bha Fionn is Tarcum nan long
'S a laoiich gu fonnar ga chaitibhb
- 5 Ach 's mealta gun fhuras a saoghal
Ge brosealach faoilteal a shealladh
Chi' thu e dìreach 's a tearnadh
'S tric e na scaileadh mar fhlaicas
- 6 Tha Ghriann sa mhadain ag soilleseadh
'S e g eiri gun nial air atbar
Le mor theas togauidh e 'n driuchd
Gu suilbhir seallaidh gach fearainn
- 7 Ach dutbaidh go h' alamh nan speuran
Tathaidh neoil thuidh air na beannamh
Chitir an dealan a dearsadh
'S cluintir an tairnean le forum
- 8 Sìlth an t-uisge gu nuath' alt
Diridh e nuas oirnn na mheallan
Croicidh an tuil o 'n a bheinn
'S an earbag teachaidh gu falach
- 9 Mar sin caochlaidh ur dochas
'S dolas leannuidh fo ghruaim
'N dindh tha thu aobhach gun douruinn
'S labhraidh le solas do bheil
- 10 Treigidh a mairseach do bharrail,
Thig norr'uinn faireas le faum;
Gun fhios thig saighid cho guinneach
'S tuislidh le turraig do cheum.
- 11 Rinn Tarcum feadhachas mhor
Bha Fionn 's mhaithreamb fo ghean
San dochas gu n' ehairid an Rìdh
Is sìoth nach bristeadh e tuillidh.
- 12 Ach mealta bha fhocall 's a ghnìomh
Ceilg rinn e sghnìomh gha m' milleadh
A ghnuin sa neimhdas dha 'n Fhèinu
Cheil e fo dhubhar nam faolladh
- 13 Bha Lambfhad gu borb aig a chuilm
Mac haomh na Muirirdeach ruaidh
'S b' ionnmuinn le Tarcum an laoch
Ge b' aognaidh agas 's a ghabbail
- 14 Rìabhran orbhui chlocharra cheannghéal,
Rìabhran ris nach do dhealaidh Mac Chu'aill;
(Groim thuair Lambfhad le feall orr,
'S b' aill leis dha fein gun gleidh)
- 15 Ach ghlac Mac Moru i na laimh
Is Lambfhad ged dh' iarr cha 'n fhaidh
Tus na h-iorghuil 's na douruinn
Gu truagh se Tarcum choireach
- 16 Dh' eirich greann is fearg a laoiich
Ach Goll cha chaochladh am bharrail
Cha d' thugadh e seachad gun sri
Scian bhuaidh an Rìgh si aig'.
- 17 'Com am bheil thu dusgadh iorghuil?
Com bheil thu 'g iarrai doisuin?
Do dh' Fhionnghéal buidh an scian
'S do Lambfhad a chaoidh cha tabhair
- 18 Suidh fhir mhoir 's na mill a chuilm
Na bacht toil-iuntinn na cuideachd
Na brist snaim daingann na sìoth
Rinn bhur Rìghre treun an cheangal.
- 19 Cha d' dh' eist an t-umpaidh an laoch
Cha d' gheill e le sìoth dha chomhlair
Dh' ardaich e ghuth fadaich cruaidh
'S chluinthe fada faum a mhùineal
- 20 'Is tric se Morna a rinn thu beud
Air maithreamh is treunfhir Lochlann
Cha till thu tuilleadh air sal
Gu brath cha taruing thu cloidheamb.'
- 21 Tharruing e 'n dorn le laimh chearr;
Mac Morna ghearr e gu fuilteach
Thuit e fein alamh na dheigh
Bho lar cha d' dh' eirich e tuilleadh
- 22 Sparr Goll a scian orbhui na thaobh
Chraobh fhuil a choim as a dèadh
Ghlaodh e gu cruaidh chaill e chli
Cha b' urrann Tarcum ga chobhair
- 23 Glac' mid ars' Tarcum bhur 'n airm
Suas eirimh uile shliochd Lochlann
Doirtibh fuil nam Fiantidh gu lar
Na teichidh aon-aonan dìubh dhachaigh
- 24 Tuiteadh iad le 'r faobhair chruaidh
'S biodh aobhneas air mna'an 'n fhearainn
Tuillidh cha chaill oighean an gaoil
'S mac cha bhi mathair a tuireadh
- 25 Bidh Mòrbheinn 's a feidh aig Laoich
Nach strìochd a dh' iorghuil na dh' eagal
Fionghéal 's a ghaiseach san ur'
Cha dhùisgir tuillidh dhuinn cogadh
- 26 Bha 'n Fhèinu gun chlogaid gun sceith
Gu cheilg cha d' smuainteach air cogadh
Gun duil ri tuasaid no sri
Gu sìothail na suidhe ma 'n t-shligeadh
- 27 Ach alamh glachad iad an airm
'S ged' thionail na ceudan curri
Dhion iad an cuideachd gu treun
'S an ceum a ghuasad gu loingear
- 28 Rheubadh lamh Oseair an aigh
Le gear lann guineach Rìgh Lochlann
Ach scaradh eisin gu teann
'S bu tiamhaidh buillean nan gaisgeach
- 29 Bha forum a sciath san shluasaid
Mar fhuaimneach thartarrach chreige
Nuair bhuaill dealan i'm fuathas
Ga bliodhidh na caoban le ghlaoidhir
- 30 Mar sin chluinthe faum an sciath
Gu mor uairbreach anus a' chath
'S dh' ardaich air gach taobh an iorghuil
Aig 'n d' raing an traigh na maithreamh
- 31 Bhiodh Tarcum na Oscar 'n nair sin
Na sìneadh gu luath gun anam
Mar brist a sleaghan na cheile
'S gu na dh' eighm mac Chumhail air Oscar

- 32 A mhic mo mhic Oseair aigh
Bachd do lamh is fág an t-ainceol
Tha ghaoth na deannamh gu Morbheinn
'S air siuil bhana ard ri 'n crannaibh
- 33 Chaill Tarcum nram de laoiach
Bhuinig thu cliu air 's an deannal
Nach d' choisinn sinn buaidh na h-áraich
Rinn feum mar b' abhaist dhe 'r lannamh
- 34 Sheas an iorghuill seuir an t-shri
Sheol laoiach nam Fiann bho'n chala
Is ehlúinte neimhdean na 'n deigh
Ri glaoidhaich eildol gun aighear
- 35 Deach agus fichead fear mor
Gu fuiltreach leonadh le'r lannibh
'S a dha dheug eile 'sa naoidh
Sin thuit air an raoin gun anam
- 36 Chaill sinne Faoilte gun ghrúaim
Is Luath-chas dhireadh nam bealach
Díthis bu sbuthach aig cuilm
'S nach tiantadh an eúl san deannal
- 37 Thog Fionn leis an Coirp ar sál
Air ard bheinn chaireach san talamh
Bha mnaoi fad bliadhna gan caomidh
Is Righinn tuireadh an caulla.

LAOIDH AN DOIRNN. 124 lines. Irish. Extracts.
The story current in Scotland makes this a quarrel in Lochlann. The Irish ballad makes it a civil broil in Ireland, at a feast at the King's House, at Teamhra, in the reign of Lughaidh Mac Con, who reigned, according to Keating, A.D. 182—212. Oisein, who was present, is made to tell the story to Padruig, whose mission began A.D. 432. I have made shift to copy ten verses from a second Irish copy of this Lay, in which there are 124 lines. I bought both MSS. from Mr. John O'Daly, Dublin, in December, 1871, and I know nothing of their pedigree. If I have erred in reading, I have not done it on purpose. Irish is not my business, but I have done my best to copy it letter by letter.—J.F.C.

OISEIN.

- 1 Do chnadh mar go tos Teamhraí,
As bu lionnhar linn teacht ar d-Teaghlaidh;
Ar chuir Mac Con na g-cath.
Rígh Eireann árd fhlaith.
- 2 Is e buidhin do tháinig nár g-cionn,
Do mhathaibh Eireann gan feall,
Da árd rígh catha ceata,
Mac Con a 's Fionn faith na Feinne.
- 3 Cormac Mac Iollalaidh ehlais,
Dear bhrathair Mbéic Con Mac a Mháthar;
Brasair béara fear do bhuidh,
Rígh Laigheann re h-ionad shuaigh.
- 4 Tháinig eugainn as Cruachna,
Liagan luaimhneach luachra;
An tréin fhear do bhí lan do ghoil,
Iollann Mac Mórna fortail,
- 5 Do shuidh Iollann Mac Mórna Mór,
Gach fear díobh an-ionad áir;
Fir Eireann ag-Cathaoir n-uáil,
Ag-tigh rígh Teamhraí na mór sluaigh.
- 6 Do shuigh Lughaidh Lámba na g-creach,
Ar ghualainn Ghoill go dána;
Ar aghaidh Fhinn Mbic Cuabaill,
As ar ghualainn Bhrasair Bhéara.
- 7 Ann sin adubhairt Lughaid Lámba focal,
A 's níor bh-feirde friotal,
Bheir muintirsí marseo a d-tír Chuinn,
Ní fhacadh tusa a thréan Ghoill.

GOLL.

- 8 Do chonaire mise Muintir mhór mhaith.
A d-tigh Chuinn ceud catha ag ól;
Buillidha dá samhail a ngléann Catha,
Da ghnuis nasal a 's árd fhlaitha.
- 9 Níor comóradh raimh Conn.
Re Mac Conn ar toinn;
Buillidha dá samhail a ngléann Catha,
As dá ghnuis nasal ardfhlaitha.

GOLL.

- 10 Do dhligh tusa gnth thabhairt ar Chonn,
Tur mhairbh se do shinsir
Gur ab e do mhairbh to-scaí
Mogha Nuadhat as Maicmadh Mac Luigheach.

D. 23. A CHIOS CHNAIMH. 66 lines.

Copied from Mac Nicol's Collection by Donald Mac Pherson. Advocates' Library, May 3, 1872.

THIS fragment is part of the quarrel between Caoirreal, Fionn's youngest son, and Goll, chief of the Clanna Morna.

- 1 SIX iad hugaibh hun an Oil,
Air mo shithse maodhain mhor,
Gun aon Sgiadh air daime dhíbh,
Gun a cómhdach nulle dh' or.
- 2 Dath na 'm Flath air dhath an Eag
Dath an S sneachda thig a nuas
Dath as aile no air Chach,
Rosg Rígh orr uille gu leir.
- 3 Ha aon Duin' air thus an Shuaidh
'S na biodh a Mheud mar ha Bhuidh.
Cha d' imigh e 'm Fear ga Choish
Aon Neach ga 'n cumhaidh ris comhrac.
- 4 Caoirreal ceatach mar bu Dual
A chi thu ar thus an T-sluaidh,
Da Trian Ruim ort Flein gun Fhleall
Rheitichir a Rum roimb Chaoirreal.
- 5 Go 'n chuir Caoirreal ma Mhi-cheil
Am Flaitheas a Shean-ath'r fein,
A sgiadh osciom sgeithe Ghoill
Am an Talachin Tighe na Halbhaidh.
- 6 Go de bheireadh sinn duit, Fhíir,
Do sgiadh chuir acionn mo sgeithe?
Gar m' fheabhas do Mhac Flath,
Agus mo chruas a chuir Chath,
Mo mhi mion re Bannal Bhan,
Agus mo bhí fial re Fíli.
- 7 Dh' fairid Caoirreal seach a Lamh,
Dheadh Mbic Cuimhal na 'n Arm sean
Cia ma 'm biodh a Chios Chnamh
Ga cuir uille a dhaon Lathair?
- 8 A Chios Chnamha, a Chios Chlamba,
Gur maing leinne air 'n do thar Thu
'N fheoil ma 'n do las meannma an Fhíir,
Cho raibh 'n sud ach Cíois trian fir.
- 9 Ge be bheireadh uain an Smíor,
Chion agus nach bann dom dheoin,
Bheirín breitich ris a Chnamh,
Go La bhrath nach blaisinn Feoil.
- 10 Cnamh an Daimh ailidh san T-sliabh
Gun a chuir an coire riamh,
Thugthar sud an Laimb na Deishe
Air an lar nar fianishne.
- 11 Leanabh leanabidh is Laoich lán,
Cho 'n ann' Comh' fhad theid an Comhrac,
Cho leanabidh is Mac Rígh thar soal,
On Tim the e fein air airtheast.
- 12 Dheridh Sheishear kaidir Laoich
Edir an Leanabh sau Toglaoidh
Gun Fhíin na sgein air an Crios
Air Eagal a Cheile mbarbhadh.
- 13 Se huirt Connan maol mac Morna
'M fear a bhadh riamh ris an ole
Thugthar dhambha ma Sgian fein,
S go 'm bithin thall eattora.
- 14 Se huirt Oissean beg mac Fhein.
Leith mar leith air an leath Roinn
Thugthar dhambha mo Sgian fein,
'S thugthar a sgan fein do Chionnan.
- 15 'S iomad Og an Earradh Gaisge
Agus Laoch ar faiesin Gabhaidh,
'S iomad Laoch luanaich air Lannaobh,
Gheibte thall na Cheannaibh Chnamha.

' Gem bheim.

- 16 Am facadh tu Iongnadh riamh
A Chlerich, channadh gach Cliar?
Bu mho na 'n Fhein uill a theachd slau,
Ga 'n edrigin on aon Chnainh.

² Cleas?

I. 16. BAS CHAIRILL. 128 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 117. Advocates' Library, April 10, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—This fragment is a second bit of the Quarrel between Caoirreal and Goll. It describes the death of the young Hero, and ends with Fionn's Lament for his son. It is not in Kennedy's First Collection. It seems to be more modern than the other, but it is fine Gaelic poetry.

THE ARGUMENT.

The manner by which the death of this famous Hero was brought about was very tragical, whose story is related traditionally as follows:—Gaul being the most experienced Warrior of all the Bands of Fingal; and the only one living of the royal race of Clan Moirne, of whom he held command under the famous Flag and special advice of Fingal, and who upon all occasions and at all solemnities was honoured and regarded above any Man of either Clan—Gaul having always occupied the next seat to Fingal, and enjoyed the best and most delicious Messes, especially a Roast or Colop (called Mirmora) over and above the wont ratio of all the Grand Bands created him in his declining years ill will and aversion, by the ambitious Sons of Fingal, in particular Caril.—This Mirmora, or rather Mircorra, was a favourite Mess of Fingal and Gaul, which was but a choice Colop chopped and mixed with marrow and herb seeds: It is described thus:—

Mirmora nan laothan saille,
Mar shruth meall air barach gheugan;
Is greadhainn nan lus ga charadh,
Do Mhomad armann nan geur-lann.

This Mirmora and every other reward conferred upon Gaul was claimed by Caril, finding himself the bravest and most accomplished Champion among the Sons of Fingal, seeing Gaul aged and unfit for distant services, disputed his birth by dint of arms. The invincible Gaul and inveterate Caril entered the lists and engaged each other in wrestling whereby they could not decide the cause that day, being both equally overcome.

The day following they met, well clad in armour, furnished with sword and Lance (against the persuasion of Fingal) whereby they shewed great courage and bravery, and Gaul gave the decisive stroke to Caril, who has been lamented by Fingal for many days. Gaul fled and hid himself in a Cave full of grief and sorrow, not choosing to rely upon the friendship of Fingal till his days of mourning elapsed. The Poem opens at their engagement and ends by Fingal and the Bard's lament over Caril's corpse.

BAS CHAIRILL.

- 1 ANN Tigh-teamhra nan cruite citil,
Air dhuinne bhi steach mu' n ol;
Dhaisg an iomar-bhaidh na laoch,
Cairill caomh, is Momad mor.
- 2 Dh' eirich gu spairneachd na Suinn,
Bu truinne no 'n tuinn cuilg an cos;
Sronich an cuim chluinte ean,
'S an Fhianu gu ciall fu' s'prochd.
- 3 Clachan agus talmhinn trom,
Threacailte le 'm buinn san stri;
A cliarachd re fad an la.
Gun fhios cia dhiu b' fhearr sa ghnioimh.
- 4 Air madainn an dara mhàireach,
Chuai' na suinn an dail a cheile;
Cairill cuilgeara uam buadh,
Agus Goll nan cruai' lann geura.
- 5 Dh' iathadh, dh' imiridh, agus thàirneadh,
Iad gu naisinnich sa chumasg;
Gu cuidreach, cudramach, gàbhaidh
Bu chian le each gair an buillean.
- 6 Bu mbinig teine d' an armaibh,
'S cothar garbh d' an cneasa' geala;
Chuai' an sleaghan rìghne bhernadh,
'S an sgiathan gu iar a gheardh.

- 7 Thuit Cairill caoin, calma, ceanail,
Gun anail fu' n Chluinne-chrotha;
'S beudach, baolach, borb am buille,
Leag an curaidh sa chruai' chomhrag.
- 8 Mo laogh, mo leanabh, mo ghradhsa,
'S trugh a chraidh do bhias an t-athair;
Do radh Fionn an aignidh chianail,
Bu truinne no ghrian fu' phlathadh.
- 9 O Chairill! A Mhic, a ruinein!
Dhruid do shuil, is ghlaiss do dheud-geal;
Ghluais do neart mar osag uamsa,
Chaochail do shnuadh mar bhla' gheugan.
- 10 Cho 'n fhaicear ni 's mo do thighin,
Air an t-slighe chum na cois-tri;
Cho mho chluinn mi fuaim do sgeithe,
Ghaoil nam beum a' teachd do' n chonamh.
- 11 'S trugh nach b' ann le ain-neart choimheach.
No Rìogh an domhain a bhuaill u;
'S bheirinne t-èiric a Chairill,
O Chrigaile nan arm buadhair,
- 12 Beannachd dhuit a Chairill Chentaich,
'S iomad ceud a dhìog thu 'n comhrag;
B' fhad a thriall u, b' fhaide cliu ort,
Ann 's gach uill ann d' fhuaras eolas.
- 13 Bu mhuirneach, misneachail, meamnach,
Thu 'n Tigh-teamhra measg nan ceudan;
A laoch fhuilichidh san torachd,
Sgeula broin an diu' mar dh' eug u.
- 14 'S trugh nach ann cathan mhilidh,
Leagt u mhin laoch nan dual arbhaidh;
Bhiodh sliochd Cumbail toirt diu torachd,
Fea' gach roid g' an leon san àraich.
- 15 'S tursach, deurach ceol na Feinne,
Caoi' an treun laoch, b' eibhinn gaire;
'S tiambaidh, dolach Fionn ga d' bhron,
Nach faicear beo u 'n teach nan armann.
- 16 'S dosgach eug a ghaigich euchdoil,
Thuit gun t-eug-bhail ann sa chumasg;
Mar neul oiche ghluais e uaimne,
'S e sin an sgeul trugh is cumhainn.
- 17 Oighean-Shora seinnear bron leo,
A leith an Ogain chaoimh, ailidh;
Mar cheo nam beann tha gach muthainn,
'S nithich, cumhach air lag mbaran.
- 18 Tha' n laoch araicell tairteil, talmhaidh,
Gun iomairt gun arm, gun nighean;
'S cumhann conart, t-ionad comhnuidh,
Chois an loin-gur mor am pathar
- 19 Air cuan nan leug, seiu a ghlas na e,
Air sumainne uathbhunn, cair-geal;
Ceolmhor, ceileireach san leirg,
Re tim seilg' a tathach lan-daimh.
- 20 A laoch, mbeidhich, mhuirnich, bhàdhaich,
Labraich laird luimich, bheumich;
Mar shruth neartuor u measg namhan
Soraidh leai a ghraidh nan geur-lann.

O. 20. GOLL IS CAORULL. 16 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 111. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

THIS fragment, got near Dunkeld, is part of the same ballad of which two fragments are given above.

C.

- 1 BHEIRINN boid ris a chraimh,
Gu brath nach bhlaissinn an fheoil;
Nan tugta dhìom an smear (smior)
Cheana 's nach b' ann a' m' dheoir.

G.

- 2 Chailleadh tu a smior,
Ga mor do chion air feoil;
B' fhearr do Ghaisgeach luidhe air airm,
N' gaoil a thoirt a bhàran fheoir.

C.

3 Air bhar an fheoir, ga mor do thair,
'S tric a sharuich thu 'n damh donn ;
Ruag thu 'n eild air a bhar,
'S a dh' eirich tra ri ard nan tom.

G.

4 Chaorall 's beag mo speis,
Do d' chull nach robh riamh ach gann ;
Cha 'n fhuil' cuis laun air son smior,
'S eu ni troda ma chumh.

Z. 25. COIREAL. 60 lines.

Orally collected by Hector Mac Lean, in Barra, September 30, 1860.

So far as it goes, this version is almost word for word the same as Kennedy's version, I. The man who sang this, lives still, in Barra. As Kennedy's manuscript never was published, this shows what national memory is capable of accomplishing. Donald Mac Phie could, and did, repeat and sing to slow tunes, nearly all the Heroic Ballads which Gillies printed in 1786. The book is very rare. He did not know any part of the Gratis edition of Ossian, distributed in 1818; but the Catechist quoted used to give readings from that book.

National memory will not be instructed, but is ignorant conservative.

Z. 38. is another version, of 44 lines, written by Alexander Carmichael, and recited by Kenneth Morrison, in Skye, about 1860. A second version was recited to the same collector, by Kenneth. I have them both in vol. 12 of my unpublished collection, see Index, vol. iv., 329, 330. How old this ballad may be, or who composed it, I cannot guess, but it is more than a hundred years old: it was known in Dunkeld, Barra, Skye, and Ceantire, long ago, and it is commonly sung still by the uneducated classes, in spite of the educated, who try to put down this kind of entertainment.

COIREAL. 'S ann a thaobh bàis Choiril a bha miorum aig Fionn do Gholl gus an do mharbh e Conn Mac an Deirg.

- 1 AN taigh Teambra nan cruite ciuil,
Air dhùinn a bhith steach mu 'n ol,
Dhùisg ann an iomar bhaidh na laoiach,—
Coireal caomh a 's Mòmad mor.
- 2 Dh' eirich gu spairneachd na suinn,
Bu trùime na 'n tuinn cuilg an cas,
Strònaich an arm chluinnte cian,
'S an Fhìon gu cianail fo sproichd.
- 3 Clachan agus talamhan trom,
Treachaille le 'n buinn 's an stri;
Clarachd aca fad an la,
Gun fhios co dhiu b' fhearr 's a' gnìonh.
- 4 Air madainn an la 'r na mhaireach,
Claidh na suinn an dàil a cheile,—
Coireal cuilgearra nan buadh,
Agus Goll nan cruaidh-kann geura.
- 5 Dh' iadhadh, dh' iomairleadh, agus thairneadh.
Iad gun nàisneachd anns a' chumais;
Gu cuidreach, cudthromach, gabhaidh,
Bu chian le cach gair an buillean.
- 6 Bu mhìnig teine d' an armaibh;
Cobhar garbh dh' an cneasaibh geala;
Claidh an sleaghan ruighe bhearnadh,
'S an sgiathan gu lár a ghearradh.
- 7 Thuit Coireal caomh, calma, ceanail,
Gun anail, fo 'n Gholl chròda;
'S beudach, baoghalach, borb an buille,
'Leag an cruaidh 's a' chruaidh chomhrag.
- 8 Mo ghaol! mo leanabh! mo ghradhsa!
'S truaigh a chruaidh do bhàis an t-thair!
Gu 'n robh Fionn an aigne chianail,
'Bu trùime na 'ghrian fo phlathadh.
- 9 O! Choiril! a mhie! a rùinail!
Dhruid do slùil a 's ghlaiss do dhendach;
Dh' fhalbh do dhreach mar oiteig, namsa;
Claochail do shuadh mar bhàth gheugan.
- 10 Cha 'n fhuicear na 's mò do thighinn.
Air an t-slighe eum na combh-strì;
Cha mhò a chluinnear fuaim do sgrìithe,
A ghaoil nam beum, a' tighinn gu m' chomhnuidh.

- 11 Is truaigh nach b' ann an eathan mhìidh
A leag' thu, 'mhìn-laoiach na dual orbuidh;
Bhiodh slìochd Chumhail 'toirt dhiu tòrachd,
Feadh gach ròid 'gan leon 's an àraich.
- 12 Is truaigh nach b' ann le ainneart choimheach,
Na rìgh an Domhain a bhualt' thu,
Is bhèirinn-sa t' cirig, a Choiril;
O Bèreatannaich nan arm bhuaidhar.
- 13 Beannachd dhuit a Choiril cheutaich,
'S iomadh ceud a dhìong thu 'n comhrag;
B' fhada 'thriall thu, 's b' fhaide cliù ort,
Anns gach tuil an d' fhuaradh eolas.
- 14 Bu mhùirneach, misneachail, meannmach
Thu 'n taigh Teambra 'measg nan ceudan;—
A laoiach fhuileachdaich 's an tòrachd,
Sgeul a bhàin, an diugh, gu 'n d' eug thu.
- 15 A laoiach mhithich, mhùinich, bhàghaich,
Labhraich, làidir, lainnich, bheumnaich;
Mar shruth neartar thu 'measg nàmhaid;
Sorruidh leat a ghràidh nan geur-laun.

From Donald Mac Phie, Breubhaig, Barra, who says he learnt it from Roderick Mac Donald, Catechist, North Uist, about 32 years ago. Mac Donald died shortly afterwards, at an advanced age. Breubhaig, Barra, September 30, 1860.

H. 27. HOW GOLL DIED. 288 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 128. Advocates' Library, December 22, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

This version was given to Dr. Smith. With it compare 'Gaul, a Poem,' p. 150, edition 1780, and 'Tiomna Ghùil' ('Gaul's last will'), 1787, 'Sean Dana,' page 40. The Doctor says in a note that the most common editions are much adulterated by a mixture of the Ursuuls or 'tales of later times.' He quotes mention of Goll Mac Morna in Barbour, &c. But nevertheless Mac Lauchlan of Old Aberdeen declared that Dr. Smith himself composed his 'edition' of Gaul. I have never been able to find any trace of it outside of these two books. Nevertheless, they contain the usual traces of the traditional poetry in a curiously altered yarn upon which the poetry is strung.

THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL had a son named Coirall who was an excellent warrior, and learnt in all the art of war. Goll was the foremost Hero in the Company, besides Fingal (for he was the first man that would go down in battle, and the last one that would come up). The reward he had for that, was a great Collop every day of the venison, called by them, Mirmorrath, and equal share with the rest again; likewise all the marrow of the bones (for there were none of them so big as Goll, and accordingly he would eat and do more than). Coirall was in enmity with Goll for having such a reward, and said: If he was worth, that he might have this Reward for himself before any other. He ordered Goll to come, and that they would try a single Combat and whoever would be the victor that he would have the Reward afterwards. Goll answered him, and began first to wrestle, the solid ground would shake under them, with their vast strength, but the one would not overcome the other. Again they began with their Arms, and tried several ways, they had for fighting; their swords would glance like a wandering star, and the sweat running down from their bodies like small rivulets' stream on the plain, and that of a bloody colour, with equal skill and strength, so that the one could not overcome the other. Lastly they tried the Cross-beam (that is a large piece of Timber they had betwixt them, a cross, and the one drawing it from the other). The one sat on the inside, the other on the outside of the threshold of their house before they gave over, they broke the door, and Coirall gained the victory.

Goll was sore vexed that Coirall had gained the victory, and took it as a great affront and shame; Then he asked of Fingal how he would kill Coirall, and Fingal did never refused a petition to any one; he told him if he would go to the middle of the shore and to give a trial there again, when the flowing would come and the waters would become deep, that he might overcome Coirall, because he was lower than him; but if he would kill him that he would lose the kindness of the Heroes now and forever. Goll rather die than to loose his Reward and to sustain affront also: they went away to the shore with their Arms, and began to strike each other, and so lasted until the tide came to Coirall higher than the navel and

could not stand no longer in the water, then Goll killed him. Goll fled then into a cave full of blood and wounds for he durst not go to the Heroes any more, since he killed Coirall. When Oscar heard where Goll was, he went to see him into the cave (for they were fellow-companions in every place and battle), and after a while's conversation, Oscar went away, and Goll cast his spear after him, and if he would not have his shield on him, he would fall on the spot. Oscar let him alone, but unluckily to him Oscar's shield got some damage, and when Fingal saw the shield, he ordered the Heroes to go and kill Goll. They all went away to kill Goll, but he ran into a Peninsula that runs into the sea, and Fingal set watch on the Isthmus, so that he could not come out till he would starve in the Island. He made there his last will to his wife, and told her the man she would marry after him, and starv'd at the end of twelve days and a half on the Peninsula.

DAN 26.

- 1 'A RIGHINN is binne ceól,
Gluais gu nárach 's na gabh brón;
Mar bu bheart shubhach le saoi,
'S mar bu chubhaidh do dhea' mhnaoi.'
- 2 'Na faicar do dhéur a bhos,
A righinn is míne bos;
No dean déur nu n' nach fhuigh,
Agus na dean an tír fhailh.'
- 3 'Cuimhnich d' airgead 's cuimhnich d' ór,
Cuimhnich do shíde 's do shról;
Cuimhnich sior leanmhúinn an fhir,
'S ole a thig díodhlain bean dea' fhir.'
- 4 'Cuimhnich air do mhiosair mheannach,
A bhíodh againn an Tigh-teamlhra;
'Nuair bhíodhmaid air magh na báraich,
Bhíodh gach aon neach dhinn re gard' chas.'
- 5 'Cuimhnich air do sheachd coin sheilge,
Thug mí dhuit an cath Chruai'-Jeirge;
'S gach aon chu dhú sin gun sóradh,
Gu marbhadh s' e fiadh na onrachd.'
- 6 'C' áit am fuigh mí calma cómhraig,
A dhea' Ghuill mheannaich mhic mornna;
'S maith is aithne dhamhsa 'n lán laoch,
'Aogh mac na Caillich o 'n Spálte.'
- 7 'Air a laimhsa Ghuill gheardhnaich,
Air fhineach is air a dhaoine;
Cha bhí mo chomann glan caoich,
Aig aon mhac Caillich a choidh.'
- 8 'Ní mac Caillich a tha 'n Aogh,
Ach mac na mná 's fhearr san t-saogh'l;
An t-saor shlat do 'n chinneadh Oscar,
'S an lámh fheum is fhearr gu Lochlan.'
- 9 'Beiridh tu dh' a naonar mac,
Agus inghean is geal glac;
Gur aithne dhamh béud a bhos,
Gun d' theid i éug d' a ceud toraich.'
- 10 'Aine nan suidheadh tu air lár,
Gun innsainn dhuit úr-rachd;
Air an dea' churidh dhána,
Mhead sa dh' aithrich mo threun lamhsa.'
- 11 'Latha do bha air Chruachan curidh,
Shinn air fhineach Fhinn mhic Chuthail;
Bha sinn fein agus Aogh glinnaich,
'S ann ag ól agus ag iomairt.'
- 12 'S ann uamsa thuit an guth dona,
Ris an do ghabh Fionn a chorraich;
'S labhair e gu fiatidh cró'-dhearg,
A sior iarruidh tuilidh cómhraig.'
- 13 'De man sguir mís agus tú,
'D' ar 'neud is d' ar 'n nanh-rún;
Cha bhí d' ar comann glan grinn,
Ach an dara fear an Éirinn.'
- 14 'Gun toir mí ort a mhic Mornna,
Sgur do d' thair-fhocail 's do d' chómhrag;
Gu b' fhearr dhuit úr-labhr' gun chuimhne,
No bhí sior mharbhadh mo mhuintir.'
- 15 'N sin labhair fear cinneadh gach fearg,
B' e sin Breacan mac Rígh Cro-dhearg;
Greastamar na laoch so luidhe,
Tha na laoch air mheisg a mire.'

- 16 'Chuaidh Fionn a chodal air thúis,
Chosgar 'n éud is ar namh-rún;
Is na bruidhn' agus na t-éug-bhail,
O! 's ann d' a bu chubhaidh geur-bhail.'
- 17 'N oidlhech sin dhuinne gu ló,
Sinn re h-iomairt is re h-ol;
'G eisteachd re gáiraich luchd cínil,
'S re duain fhílidh bu bhinn búr.'
- 18 'Bha sinn uil' air theachl an ló,
Re h-imtheachd do dh' Innse-freoin;
Bha fuaimneach air ann gu lionmhor,
Agus mná' a' dol nan díolaíd.'
- 19 'Rainn sinn Corcair-an-Jeirg,
'S do bha an amhúinn na feirg;
'N nair bhíodh i na muine bras,
Cha 'n fhéudadh aon neach dol thairt.'
- 20 'An sin dhuinn gu meadhan ló,
Gus an sgaoileadh am fionna-cheó;
Ag éisteachd re fuaim nan gleann,
Gus an traoidhadh i gu fánn.'
- 21 'Amharc da d' thugeamar nam,
Air an t-sligh a bha nu thuath;
Gu facamar Rígh na Féinne,
Cosgairt nam fiadh, is fhir thréune.'
- 22 'Do Rainn mí aigneadh mhor,
Ge d' nach raibh mí lionmhor sloigh;
Gun do dheasaich mí no lothainn;
Air an t-sligh a bha ma chomhair.'
- 23 'Do chunnaig sinn a teachd marcaich,
An-mhor treabhlach, se ro-glasse;
'S gu b' e marcaich ua meisg chothan,
Marcaich a b' áille san donlan.'
- 24 'Marcaich cuirnnainach, cas-dhonn,
Sa Chuirne ghlas air a ghalain;
Fuaidh ség phoiblidh gu neo' thime,
'S fúí' éideadh sróil agus sligeach.'
- 25 'Air each ceann-Fhionn ceannard, cleasach,
Fad mhúinealach, mlaó, chneasach;
B' e 'n stéud eatrom, úrar, mhearcach,
Fuaidh 'n tí eibhinn, uasal, mheannaich.'
- 26 'Ghluais iad uile 'n sin Fiann Éirann,
A dh' fhagail sgéul do 'n treun fhear;
Cíod a b' ainm dh' a, nu da bhuthainn,
No eiad e ádbhhar a thurais.'
- 27 'Dh' innis eisean gu neo' sgáthlach,
Aogh mac na Caillich o 'n Spálte;
A dh' iarruidh mo roghain d' ar mnáí,
Cia dhíu 's aingain libh 'no 's áill.'
- 28 'Do fhreagair e Fionn gun lán,
'S faoin do dhuil a churidh lán;
Gu 'n fuigh thu do mhian d' ar mnáith,
A dh' aingain dea Fhianntidh Pháil.'
- 29 'Mar a fuigheamsa gu deonach,
Mo roghain d' ar mnáthaibh ór-bhuaidh;
Cómhrag naoi naonar d' ar calmaibh,
'S áill leam fbaghail air a bhall so.'
- 30 'Chuir iad naoi naonar laoch calma,
A chloidh Aogh ghil a dh' aon aurra;
'S thuit iad uile leis an-ógan,
Air uilean an t-sleibh na onrachd.'
- 31 'An sin chuir Fionn caogad ceannard,
A chloidh Aogh ghil a dh' aon aurra;
'S thuit iad ach Fearr ghain is Faoghlan,
Agus Mor-lámh bu chruaidh baoghlaich.'
- 32 'Ghluais iad an sin le mór phánman;
Leis gu teach Fhinn na mór ábhachd;
An deidh an curine calma,
Gheibh buaidh is blagh 's gach an la.'
- 33 'An sin do chuir Fionn mac Cluthail,
Fios chugam fein gu luath lunach;
'S do fuighinn, síth, 's duais gun aireamh,
Nan d' thiginn a chloaidh an lan laoich.'
- 34 'Dh' imich mí fein le 'm fhir mheannach,
Gu luath luinnach gu Tigh-teamra;
Air iartas beól Fhinn mhic Chuthail,
Gu coimeadh a mhná' o 'n mhuirach.'

- 25 'Thug e leis gun gheillt roí 'n lámhan,
A roghain d'a mnaithaibh sar-gheal;
Co cho' a'laich e gun fhaun-chrioh,
Ach mí feín is 'm fheara calma.'
- 36 'Bu tréun marcaich an eich shonraicht,
Thug trí ruaig roimhainn mar sheóchdaín;
Is do dh' thag e marbh air an drim,
Naoi naonair gach aon uair dhinn.'
- 37 'Do mharbhadh leis naoi mic Fhílidh,
'S do mharbhadh leis naoi mic Mhíne;
Do mharbhadh leis naoi mic Pháil,
'S do mharbhadh leis naoi mic Aille.'
- 38 'Do mharbha' leis Aogh mac Doire,
Fear a dhíoleadh gach mór bhaile;
Fear nach do dh' éur riamh aon neach,
A bhíadh no dheoch le faradh leamh.'
- 39 'Ghluaiseamar feín ann na dháil,
Is ma ghluaís cha b' ann gun cháil;
Mar neart na tuinne gu mór thír,
B' amhluidh sin ar builleán cómhraig.'
- 40 'Eisean cha d' fhodhain d' a ghníomb,
Is cha d' fhodhain dhosan mí;
Thug e spuir sa Bhan-rígh leis,
'S mharaicé e san amhuinn deis.'
- 41 'Ghluaiseamar feín ann san áth,
'S de ma ghluaís cha b' ann mar thá;
'N uair bha an saoghal air sórd,
Gu bu nós dhamh hoch a leon.'
- 42 'Thairneamar cloidheamb a traíll,
'N deaídh breiseadh air sleagh lán-chruaí';
'S deacair ínn' no aithris alleadh,
Do bhuaileama rgu cruai' caidreach.'
- 43 'Mar fhadhadh feine a dornn,
'S mar cabhal air cloidheamb gorm;
Do dh' imích a sgiathsan nach cráinne,
'S gun do dh' imích mo sgiath's nile.'
- 44 'Eisean cha d' fhodhain d' a ghníomb,
Is cha d' fhadhain dhosan mí;
Thug leis a spuir sa chéile (chéile)
'S mharaicé e san amhuinn chéudna.'
- 45 'N sin thainig Fíonn feín a' mach,
An Rígh ea-trom suaíre glan; (suaíre)
Thug e sgairt as air an flaitheche,
Is trí pogan do 'n mharaicé.'
- 46 'Míle fáilte dhuits' Aogh áluin,
A mbic Rígh na h-Eas-spáilte;
Cia na sloigh a bh' air do cheann,
Ailís Aoígh nam beumaibh calm.'
- 47 'Sluagh áluin, árd-gheal, neartuoh,
Treo' rach, nárach, 's iad neo' meate;
Gun casbhuidh air each no air duine,
An treise nan dreach nan cruithcheachd.'
- 48 'Na h-ursama catha calma,
Gheibha buaidh gach sluaigh is armaílt;
'S ann dhamh feín a bha san dán,
Teachd o bhuilleán trom an lámh.'
- 49 'Rinn iad an sin reit is ól,
Fíonn is Aogh bu chalma dornn;
Gabh mo chomhairl' is mo ghrábh,
'S rígh le d' mhaitheas e gun cháird.'
- 50 'O! 's coma leam ciod a ní mí,
Mar an d' thig thu steach a mhílidh;
Tuilidh mí air sgrá' a chuain so,
Fuidh ullach broin agus namban.'
- 51 'Aine fagsa chreag chruaidh,
A ríghinn is gile snuagh;
Gus an cinn fraoch air nuir mear,
Cha d' theid mí ehnagad a steach.'
- 52 'Trí triathibh fíchead dhám gun bhíadh,
Mar nach raibh neach roimham riamh;
A bhí air sgráth na fairge fuair,
Ag ól an t-sáile shearbh ruidh.'
- 53 'Nach tárr thusa steach a loich,
'S dean an codal so re' m thobh;
Is bheiremsa dhuit mar iolaínt,
Do d' chabhair bainne mo chíoché.'
- 54 'S measa na sin mar a tha,
Inghean Chonaill chaoimh an áigh;
Comhairle mná near na niar,
Cha ghabh 's cha do ghabhsa riamh.'
- 55 'Oir do dh' fholbh mo cháil a choidch,
Mar mhaóth shneachd no duileach cóill;
Mar chríonas gach laibh sa Gheamhradh,
Dubh mo chroidhe le nímh is campar.'
- 56 'Is dh' fholbh 'm aimsir agus 'm úin,
Mar gach cách a chuidh san úir;
Cha mhó ghátras grián air fáire,
No madain a dhuisgas 'm árdan.'
- 57 'Beannachd leatsa Aine ghradhach,
'S leis gach ní, is neach, is ábhaich;
Ach ullaicéad 'm fheara cómhraig,
Uaigh dhamh air an eilín ór-bhuí 's.'
- 58 'Thuit an tréun laoch air a charrag,
Ge d' bu mhór a neart sna catháin;
Aon hoch fíleachdach do Fíinne,
'N uair a dh' éite cath is t-eug bhaíl.'
- 59 Thuit Aine 'n sin air a bláir,
Fuidh thúrsa, gun treis no eail;
Is labhair i le fánn chómhradh,
Air an amháil so do-bhrónaich.
- 60 'A loich mhílidh bu mhór maitheas,
'S trugh thu chaochla' air sgeir mhare;
A dhíobhail deoch ach an saile;
Fhir a gheibha buaidn 's gach gabhadh.'
- 61 'Ní 's mo cha chluinar thu sgathadh,
Na naimhe mar ghénga baraich;
Na do ghuth an teach nan céda,
Fhir bu mhór blagh, fonn, is tréune.'
- 62 'Bha neart do chuim mar thréun tuinne,
'S na blára mar fhíadh air chutach,
Na mar sheolbag a meag canlaich,
Na iolaí neartmhor gun mheinach.'
- 63 'Cha b' e airm Ríghbhidh chuir gu bás,
Thu laoch an truid, bu mhór áil;
Ach fuchd, is oeras, agus iota,
Air sgrá' a chuain fhuaraidh fhíor-ghlain.'
- 64 'A Thriath slíos Alba bu mhór agh,
Samach do leaba, gu lá bhrath;
Cho d' thig a mhadaín sin a choidch,
A dhuisgas tu o úir gu soils.'
- 65 'Threig thu Tígh-teabra' gu siorruidh,
Is Fíonn fíalúidh is mor ghníomhach;
Bu tu tréun a dhion 'a gach cómhrag,
Tha 'n díu eumhach is cha' neónach.'
- 66 'Cha chluinn gu bráth fuaim do sgrátha,
'S cha mhó tharlais orm le h-éibneas;
'S trugh a thachair dhamh am óruchd,
Fuidh mhór thime, sníbach, bronach.'
- 67 'Cha mhó chí do sblúil air chuantiúdh,
Na do bhratach dbathach naine;
Na oran do rámbach armaicht,
Bu bhínn íol-ghair air stuath ehalma.'
- 68 'Cha mhó chí mí sa bhéim t-séilg,
Thu Ghlúil mharaicé bu mhaí' éirmis;
Na cothann do ghadhnaí sheange,
Air auaach roí' d' flúir mhór, mhearnnach.'
- 69 'Thuit mo chroidh' gun dríssa deábiach,
Aun an dubhaichas gun abhaich;
Mar a ghrián dorcha le nealaibh,
Nach dean gúir air béinn nan seimh-ghleann.'
- 70 Tha mí lan sháibhach ag aubare,
Air do lanna gorma glana;
Fhuair buaidh air gach neach an cómhrag,
Fhir bu mhaí' cruth, mór trenn, solach.'
- 71 'A chip eatha bu mhearc cómhrag,
Gu ma beannaichte do chomhnuídh;
Séinnéam da chliú gu neo' cúlbin,
Le deó dhíreannach mo chreabhaig.'
- 72 'Cho 'n ionadh mí bhí gun sólas,
'S mí mar chraoibh an gleann na h-on rachd;
Mu seach dh' fhad iad mí gam léiradh,
Le nímh-clérd' gach la nan deidh uil.'

I. 17. BAS GHUILL. 288 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 121. Advocates' Library, April 10, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

This second version has been considerably altered. Verses are recast, and names are changed in accordance with the changes in the Argument which are remarkable. It seems that Kennedy was falling into the fashion of his time, and altering his texts. The lines which are left out are repetitions of the first version. Whoever composed this wrote very good Gaelic poetry a hundred years ago.

THE DEATH OF GAUL. Extracts.

THE ARGUMENT.

GAUL the son of Moirne remains in the cave whereto he fled after he kilt Caril in a melancholy and forlorn condition, without any other company than his wife, and was frequently visited by Oscar, his trusty companion, they being the only two that were sent upon the most dangerous enterprises by Fingal. Notwithstanding Oscar's great love and favour, Gaul was afraid he would sometime discover his place of abode to Fingal who seemed still inclinable to be revenged upon him for the death of Caril. Gaul of a day Oscar had gone to see him, when they departed threw his spear after him whereby Oscar was slightly wounded. Oscar did not chose to requite the injury, went home, and was soon obliged to divulge how it happened with him to get wounded to Fingal, who instantly ordered Gaul to be pursued and banished. Gaul fled into an Island or Pininsula. Fingal ordered not to pursue him any further, and planted a watch upon the Isthmus in case he should make his escape. Thus the great, valorous, and invincible Caledonian, Gaul, the Chief of the Clan of Moirne fished upon the desolate Island where he lived for eleven days upon dulse and vegetables. The Poem begins by Gaul comforting his wife Malag who sat upon the opposite shore giving her a charge to carry his effects with her from the Hall of Fingal, and to marry Aogh, a former lover of hers, of whom he gives an account how he had engaged him at a river called Corcar-an-deirg. After his death Malag laments over his grave in a most tragical strain.

- 2 No dean bron nu ni nach fuigh
A choi' ch no dean tìr shaigh.
- 3 Toir leat t-airgead, agus t-òr
Toir leat do sheudan, 's do shròl;
Cuimhnich sìor leamhain an fhìr,
'S ole na h-aonaran bean dea' fhìr.
- 5 Na coin luthar, luimneach, laidir
Mbarbhadh feidh ann an cuilg na damhair.
- 8 An t-shaor shlat do 'n fhìne cosgar,
- 10 A Mhalag nan suighe tu air lur,
Gun insinn duit nr-sgeul;
- 15 An caomh Breacan Mac Rìogh Cro-dhearg;
Greasamar na sloigh so luighe,
Tha laoch air mbeisg a' mire.
- 16 Laoch na ful gun iomar-bhàidh,
Bu mhor speis do dh' fhianta' Phail.
- 17 Ag eisteachd ri seinn lùchd ciuil,
- 18 Bha fuaimneachd laan oirn' ag eiridh,
- 19 Nuair bhiodh i na buinne bras,
- 20 Ag eisteachd ri fuaim nam beann,
'S Corcair a' traodhadh nan gleann.
- 21 A' cosgairt nam fadh bu mhor feileach.
- 23 Gu b' e macan na misg-chothann.
- 24 Fui' sge' chreimnich gu neo thime,
Le eideadh loinneach, is sligheach.
- 26 Ghluais iad uile Fiann na h-Eireann,
A dh' fhaghaill sgeula do 'n treun laoch;
Dh' fhiosraich Fionn gu meigheach, baghach,
A thuras thair druim gach bearna.
- 27 Dh' innis an laoch gu neo-sgàthach,
Aogh Mac Mhanalain o 'n Spailte;
Dh' iarruidh mna' a' d' bhiantrachd Fhinn,
Is aille cruth is suadh cinn.
- 28 Do fhreagair e Fionn gun on,
'S faoin do thriall o Inse-toir;
Gu fuigh u rodhain na mnai;
A dh' aithneoin dea' Fhiantaidh Phail.
- 30 Air uilean an t-sleibh air Ionan.
- 31 An sin chuir Fionn caogad toiseach,
A chlaoi Aogh ghil, cearta combla;
Thuit iad ach Fearginn is Faoghlan,
Agnus Morlamh nam benn baoghlach
- 32 Ghluais iad iule le mor phàmhan,
Leis gu teach Fhinn na mor àblachd;
An deidh nan cur' aine treanna,
Bu mhor buaidh ann cumasg cheudann.
- 33 An sin do chuir Fionn Mac Cumhail,
Fios chugam fein gu Sliabh buidh;
'S gu fuighinn Sith, is cis aghor,
- 35 Thug e leis sa ghreis an t-àrmann,
Seimhros nam bnadh, nam bos bana;
Co chomblaich e gun flann-chrith,
Ach mi fein nach troigeadh bantrachd.
- 38 Fear nach diobradh an crua' ghabhadh;
Laoch nach do dh' eur riann aon neach.
- 39 Is nu ghluais, cho b' ann mar thà;
Mar neart na tuinne gu mor-thìr,
B' amluaidh sin ar beum sa chomhrag.
- 40 Thug e stend sa Bhan-riogh leis.
- 44 Thug e leis a steud sa chèile,
- 47 Gun easbhuidh sa ghreis air duine,
An treise no 'n dreach, no 'n cuma.
- 48 Na suinn chatha, chalma, chalgach,
Bu mhor, trenbhach, euchdach, armach.
- 49 Rinn laoch sìth reit, is ol,
Fionn is Aogh le 'n glaoite ceol,
A Mhalag nam ban glac mo ghradh,
Srig an Triath nach iargain agb.
- 50 O! 's coma leom ciod a ni mi,
Mar a tarb u steach a mhilidh;
'S cian mo bhron air sga' a chuain,
Ag caoi gach lo na dh' imich uainn.
- 51 Cho 'n fhaic u mi choi'ch air lear.
- 55 Dh' fholbh mo chàil agus mo chli,
Mar chathadh cuir, no coill chrin;
Mar mheathas an luich sa mlagh,
Mheath mo chroidh nach dìongaite 'm fail.
- 56 Ghluais mo laith mo bhai' mo mhuirn,
Mar gach àil a chuai' san uir;
C' uin a ghlaireas grian air fàire.
- 57 Ainmìr og nan rosgaibh ciùin,
'Sgùir a' d' bhron,—na leon do rùn;
Beannachd leat a ghraidh nam ban,
'S cianail bas Och' 's cian a dh' fhan.
- 58 Thuit an treun laoch air an traidh,
Bu mhor neart ann eneas nam blar;
Aon laoch fuileachdach na Feinne,
Ann comhrag lann, ri am na t-eug-bhail.
- 59 Thuit geng nan ciabh air a bhlar,
Mar ghealach fù' neul an là;
Dhnisg a h-aigeadh, las a comhradh,
B' fhan a guth, gu tursach bronach.
- 60 A laoch mhilidh, bu mhor agh,
'S traugh do dhiobradh air tìr tràit;
- 61 Ni 's mo cho chluinnear u sgathadh
Na naimhde mar gheuga' barrach;
Do ghuth Chluinte oian thair ceudan,
C' uin a chluinn mi fuaim do sgeithe.
- 62 Bha neart mo ghraidh mar ghair tuinne,
Ann 's na Ibaruibh, b' aghoir buille;
Mar sheobhag u measg nan eun,
No iolair nam beann gun mbein.
- 63 Cho b' airm Rìoghraidh chuir gu bas,
An laoch nach dìthmeicht' am blar;
Ach faeachd, trosg, is gort, is iota,
Air sgath a chuain fhuara' fhior-ghlain.
- 64 A Thriath nan lear, 's nam beann àrd,
'S mor an sgeula t-eug 's an traidh;
C' uin a thig a mhadaoin chiuin,
A mhosglas an sonn a h-uir?

- 65 Dhibir u Teamhra¹ nan lann,
Fhinn na feile 's bènd a th' ann;
'S tric a sheas an treun do chomhrag,
Laoch nam beum nach euraidh coi'-stri.
- 66 Tarma liobharra, trom, geura,
C' o ni 'm teirbirt, co ne feum leo?
'S truaigh a thuradh dhamb bhi 'm onrachd,
Fui' throm thiomha, snithach, bronach.
- 67 C' nin a chi, mo run air chuantaiddh,
No do bhratach dhathach, uaine;
No orain do ramhachd armach,
Bu bhinn iol-ghaire air stuath chalma.
- 68 Cho mho chi mi sa bhceinn t-seilge,
Thu Ghuill mheargant a b' fhearr eirmis;
No cothairt do ghadhar seanga,
Air aonach nam beann a teamh-ruigh.
- 69 Chaochail dhamb gu bron a chlarsach,
Le Inchd nan deur dh' eug mo mharan;
Luigh m' aigneadh mar cheo air sleibhti'
Nach gluais gaoth nam beann a cheilidh.
- 70 B' amhail an laoch is crann giusaich,
Dhionadh a lann gach fann ghluineacht
Fhuair buaidh air gach borb an comhrag,
Fhir a b' fhearr cruth, 's dubh do chomhnuidh.
- 71 A Thriath nan lann, 's fann a dh' fhag mi.
Snithich mo rosg nach coisg àbbachd;
Seünim do chliu gun rua eibhinn,
'N cian is beo, cho' n eol damh threigsinn.
- 72 Cho' n iodhnadh mi bhi gun sòlas,
Mì mar chrann ann gleann na h-onrachd;
Mu seach dh' fhag na h-armainn threibheach
Mì fui' chradh, gach la gu deurach.

P. 8. MOLADH AOIDH LE GOLL. 20 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 62. Advocates' Library, Feb. 22, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THIS fragment is part of the Death of Goll, picked up in Mull, about 1800.

- 1 CHA Mhac Caillich idir e:
Ach machd na nua 'us fearr fan Ghreinn,
Oig-fhear gasta glanar c' rinn
Gaisgich e do dh' Fhianmhìh Eirinn.
- 2 Chunnachdar a tìga na cubhich
Marchdach air Each Barr-fhionn buidhe,
Each-bus-leabh a geug-mhor glan,
Ceann aigionnach eadrom earroil;
- 3 Crios leathann mo thaobh an laoich,
'Us cha bu chrìos Leathunn do 'n rod chaoil,
Ceann coir glagganach Leadhar,
Scian fhada ghiorm Dhùisnich,¹
- 4 Bha 'n Abhuinn na buinne bräs
'Us cha 'n fhaoite le neach dol thairt,
Ach Marchdach ro ghasan an Eich mhòir,
Leum cìsan thairt 'n ceud-fhear
- 5 Th' seasamh mis' m' bèul an àth,
'Us th' saòlis gum bu mhath mo làmh,
Chluinnte screadaid air sciath ma seach,
Ach scoilt e mo sciath re 'm scamhail.²

¹ Spotted.
² To his shoulder. } In a different hand.

X. 13. DAN AN EICH BHARR-BHUIDHE.
130 lines.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh. Edinburgh, February 10, 1872.

THIS is another fragment of Gaul's last Dialogue with his Wife. Taken from the recitation of Betty Sutherland, in 1857, in Caithness.

- 1 AITHNE chragach a chraig a chruidh,
'S a ribhinn aluinn aon uair,
Ach an d' tìg fracach tre mhic an fhìr,
Cha bhì diolain aig bean deagh fhear,

- 2 Aithne na cluinnear do ghul,
Ma ni 'nach gabh ri do chruadh chàs,
'S na biodh do bhron ma ni nach eil,
I! nach eil e 's 'n tìr thalmhaidh
- 3 Cuimhnich t' airgid cuimhnich t-òr,
Cuimhnich do bhuan ghreidh
'S iad gach nair ga d' ardach'.
Cuimhnich do sheachd coin seilg
Thainig o thaobh mnigh an leirg,
- 4 Cìod am buaine na fir,
Be so uair de 'n iomairt.
Bha mi aidhear 's an Albainn fheile
Air fineacha Mhìc Cumhail,
- 5 Mise agus Aodh Dioreach
Air fineachan' chruinn thalmhinn,
Air an t' shreoil is an t' shìde ghlan,
'G òl fion 's a 'g thoirbheirt
- 6 Is mise a labhair aig an fhion
Combradh nach b' fhiach ri radh,
'S ann nam dh' imich an guth carr
Ris na ghabh Fionn a chòrruich
- 7 Labhair sin gu foill
Ghoill mbeannmhinich ro mhor,
B' fhearr dh' thiginich air labhradh eile
Na bhì marbhadh ur muintir.
- 8 Chaint sin theireadh tu nochd
Mhìc Muirn na labhradh ard
Gu faigheadh tu fo do dhorn gu glinn
Gach dara fear a bha sa 'n Eirinn
- 9 Dh' eirich fear stiuraidh an tìgh
Macan mac fir chràbhaidh
Dar bhithas sluagh air mhìsg
An fhir b' fhearr an cìod,
Nan leabaichean
- 10 Luidh sinne sud nìle an Fhian
Eadar an ear 's an iar
Leinn cìod be ur n' aonadh b' fhearr,
Thug sinn ur trial gu dealachadh
- 11 Fìr dhoun nan each mear
Sheang shuairc o 'n ear
O bhinn na slait a Greagh
Gu binn dol da 'n diollaid.
- 12 An oidheche sin duinn gu ullumb,
Mareach an deigh a bhuinne
Ach an d' rainig sinn an leirg
Is an abhainn na fath feirg
Is i na binne cas
- 13 Cha rachadh duine againn thairis
Bha sinn sin gu briogial bearmhadal
An oidheche sin duinn gu diarmadach
'G eisdeaclidh ri gaoth nam beann
- 14 Ach an traoghadh an abhainn
- 15 Cha robh sinn a bheag ann
Do 'n t' shluagh b' fhiach an aireamb
Do 'n t' shluagh adhmholtach lagbach.
De eich taghadh d' dheagh mharaicah,
- 16 Sin dar sgaoil an ceo
Dar thainig meadhan an lò
Sgaoil pobull Fhinn gu farsuing
Is leag e thugainn aon mbarcach,
- 17 Mareach an eich bharr bhuidhe
Thainig thugainn da nr guidh.
'S e caughach taoruingeach leasach
Mhinealach mor fad shìosach.
- 18 Mareach an eich chungantach chorr
Naol nairean chaidh e tromhainn,
Air a bhàs gus 'n deach ur sluagh
Aithne air mun deach e uathne
- 19 Thuit le caol druim na suaire
Naonar ris gach aon nair
Mharbhadh leis Airtair mac Doir,
Fear gu biadhach a chruidh mheamh
- 20 Fear nach do dhìult biadh na deoch,
D' dhùine riamb 's e 'n ainnis
Thoz mi mo sgriob thunn an àth
B' fhearr leam gu 'm b' ann na thrà

- 21 Shaol leam dar bha saoghal air surd
Gu 'n gleachduinn aon laoch costadh
Chuir mi mo dbruin ris an àth
An d' shùl gu' n robh druim agam dha
- 22 Ge trume leamsa do shleagh
Cha chumadh i ris an laoch ud aon bhuile
Thug e spuir do na bharruinn naithne
Chaidh e 'n abhainn d' aon uair
- 23 Chrath oirne barr a shleagh
Sgaoil e sinn mar chreathlagan
Chaidh e fein is each uathin slàn
Air dhealachas a leannan
- 24 An ainm a chailinn chneasd
Edar anam anus ionmhuinn,
Gur e do bheath thighinn dachaidh slàn
Oighre aluinn na Esbuig
- 25 Cia mar bha sluagh bh' aig Goll.
Air taobh tuath na h-eiler?
Bha sluagh baighach gradhach ragach
Ciallach narach neo-mhisgeach,
- 26 Na fir og gharg ghaist,
Ard uaisle a Phannal
Cha b' e olcas an t-sluaigh.
'S cha mho gu 'm b' e an diomb buaidh,
- 27 Thug dom s' thiginn dachaidh slàn
Ach bhì bàr air an eathar
Aithne mas faldhalt an saoi
Gur math leat fear ri do thaobh,
- 28 Tagh do dhionmhaltachd fear
Nach nàr leat fhaicinn ad leabaidh
Cìod e marach bhiodh sin?
Aodh cas mac na caillich
- 29 Cha b' e a chailleach a mhathair
Ach aon ceann cheud thar cach
Is b' e fàth' shluinneadh air a mhnaoi
Luathads' a chlaoidhadh athair,
Crioch.

& TIOMNADH GHUILL. 118 lines.

Orally collected, in Islay, by Hector Mac Lean, as shown in this extract from his letter:—

'Ballygrant, Islay, Dec. 25, 1865.

'Sir,—I send you a fragmentary Fenian Poem, which I wrote down Saturday evening from the dictation of Angus McEachern, brother to Duncan the piper. The old men who recite old Gaelic ballads and stories are disappearing rapidly. Both James Wilson and Malcolm McPhail died in Glasgow, but were taken home, and both are buried at Keills, near Portaskaig. I have not seen this fragment in any book. The old man recited it for me a couple of years since. But a young man, who had read much Gaelic poetry, thought he had seen it in some book, and accordingly made inquiries among friends in Glasgow, but have not been successful in finding any book which contains it. The old man himself has a notion that it was published in Mr. Woodrow's book; but Mr. Woodrow's book contains no Gaelic, and he published no Gaelic book. His notion is that his father learned this and others from Mr. Woodrow, and that Mr. Woodrow got them in Ireland. This I suspect to be a mistake arising from a confused recollection of the conversations taking place between Woodrow and his father. He called the poem 'Tiomnadh Ghuille,' but it has nothing in common with 'Tiomnadh Ghuille' in the 'Sean Dana.' It contains some curious words, and is evidently the remains of a larger poem. Goll is upon a rock in the Sea, and his Wife is upon the opposite shore talking to him, and endeavouring to persuade him to come ashore, but he persists in remaining on the rock, fully resolved to meet his destiny.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
HECTOR McLEAN.'

'J. F. Campbell, Esq.,
Niddry Lodge, Kensington.'

The second verse is not easy to understand. Goll being blind, and his Wife near him, the dialogue comes in naturally, but the language is difficult, because we know nothing about the personage named Mugaan beag Mac Smàil in the third verse. The Reciter said that he was a supernatural being, trusted to meet and slay Goll on this rock; a tall, bloody, fierce-eyed youth, like *shér*

na cuiree. *Sòr* of the swine on his body, is something very like Odin in his boar's hide, but in the meantime we can make nothing out of this supernatural personage.

GOLL.

- 1 SEALL a mach a lurain,
Na 'bheil a' mhaiddinn braonach?
Na 'm faic thu laoch a' tighinn o 'n tràigh?
'S ann an diugh a 's teannu mo chuibhreach.

ISE.

- 2 Chì mi chugam òglach ard,
Fear fìneachdach faobhar-gharg,
'S e mar shòr na cuiree,
Sòr na muic' air a chòlainn.

GOLL.

- 3 'S e sin Mugaan beag Mac Smàil;
An diugh a gheall e teachd a' m' dhàil;
Air bhith dhasan anns na càsaibh,
'S ann dāsana a 's dān mo mharbhadh.

- 4 A rìghinn a 's binne ceol,
Ghuais gu nàrach 's na gabh bròn;
Na dean deur mu 'n nì nach fhaigh thu,
'S na b' taighich 's an tìr airgidh.

- 5 Cuimhnich t'airgidh agus t'òr;
Cuimhnich do shìoda 's do shròl;
Cuimhnich gear leannuina t'fhìr;
'S olc thig diòllannas bean deagh-fhìr.

- 6 Cuimhnich air do theachd o 'n t-sealg
Thainig chugad o chath Dhrum dearg;
A' h-uile h-aon le bhuaibh-chrann àgh,
'S gu marbhadh e fiadh 'na aonar.

- 7 Ainne nach fag thu' cbreag chruaidh.
A rìghinn èitidh an-fhuar,
Gus an tig am fraoch romh mhuir mear,
Cha tig an laoch gu d' chobhair.

ISE.

- 8 Na 'n tigeadh thu 's teach a laoiach,
'S cadal a dheanadh ri m' thaobh;
Bheirinn fhein mar iochslaint dhuit
Bainne mo dha chich gu d' chobhair.

GOLL.

- 9 'S miosa na sin mar a tha
A nighean Chonail,—'s nì 'm breug e;
Comhairle mnatha, nì h-oir na h-iar,
Cha do ghabh mi riamh;—'s nì 'n gabhain.

ISE.

- 10 C' àit am faigh mise fear eile
Ann a' t' àite-sa' Ghuille gheadhnaich?

GOLL.

Nàille dh' innseamsa sin duitse;—
Aogh gasda, mac na caillich.

ISE.

- 11 Air do laimh-sa a Mhìc Morna
Air t' fhine 's air t' onair;
Cha bhì mo chomunn glan grìnn
F' araou agus aona mhac caillich.

GOLL.

- 12 Chà bu mhac caillich dhuit Aogh—
Mac na mnatha 's fhearr fa 'n domhau!
Ainne do bhì air a mhathair,
Nighean Chuinn o 'n Chrònan.

- 13 Beiridh thu dha naonar mac
Agus nighean fa 'n geal gear;
Dh' innsinn dhuit a beud a bhios,—
Theid i fhein gu ceud asaid.

- 14 Latha dhuinn air Cruachan Còrr—
Mì fhein agus Aogh Doireach;
Air sìoda 's air sròl mu seach
Bìotar ag òl 's ag iomairt.

- 15 Thuit nam fhein gu dona mach,
Gu 'n d' ghabh Fionn grunn corruich;
Nach biodh d' ar comunn glan, grinn
Ach an darra fear 'blith' n' Eirinn.

- 16 Thug sinn ionnsuidh air 'n-eich mheara,—
'S ar 'n-eich thaghta g' ar giùlan;
Fuaim na feoirn' o cheann na slaithe
Agus bean a' dol gu diòllaid.

- 17 Biotar an oidheche sin mar sin,
Sinn ag imeachd air Sliabh Muin,
Gus an d' rainig sinn Core air leirg ;
'S gu 'n robh 'n abhainn 'na feirg.
- 18 Aig teinnaneachd a' bhuirne bhrais,
Nach fhaodadh duine dol thairis.
Bha sinn mer sin gu meadhon là
'G eisdeachd ri faoghaid nam beann.
- 19 Gus an do sgaoil an ceo eabhach,
Gus an do thraigh an abhainn.
Sùil gu 'n d' thug mi fada nam
Air an fhaiche 'bha mu thath :
- 20 Faicear Fionn fein am flath,
'S e 'na sheasamh 'na chèir chath ;
Faicear a' tighinn am faiteach,
'S eo phuball Fhinn a' marcachd.
- 21 'S e 'm mareaniche bhiththeadh an sin
Am marcach a b' àille fa 'n domhan—
Am marcach cuirneimeach glas donn,
'S a bhuirne ghlas air a ghuailinn.
- 22 Sgiath phòbail de 'n or air a shlios
'S fhèile sròl gu sligeannach.
A ta 'chluig agus dorn gath,
Sgian fhada, lom air dheagh dhath,
- 23 Air slios odhar an laoch dhuinn
A' dol an eath 's an euaich chomhrag ;
'S aig uallaichead az eich chòr
Thug e na trì ruaigean roimhinn.
- 24 Mharbhadh leis naonar d' ar muinntir :
Mharbhadh leis naonar mic eile :
Mharbhadh leis an gaisgeach mu 'n can¹
Aille Mae Giollagain.
- 25 Chaidh mi fhein air mo stend chath ;
'S ma chaidh cha b' ann mar shratha :
Na 'm biodh an seic air soirn
Bu dual domhsa 'ghasdadh.
- 26 Thairngeadh leinn claidheamh a truail :
Bhuail sinn gu cruaidh euidreach ;
Mar shradag tein' ann a' d' dhorn,
Na mar reul ainneil adhar bu d' gharbh,
- 27 'S dh' imich a sgiath-san uile,
'S dh' imich mo sgiath-sa gu bile ;
Eusan cha deachaidh a *dhrìoma*²
'S mise cha d' thug eirèadh dhàsan.
- 28 Thug e spuir 's a' bhàran leis ;—
Chaidh e 'san abhainn cheudna :
Thainig Fionn fein a mach ;
An rìgh fenta fearail.

FIONN.

- 29 Co na sloigh a bhiodh an sin,
Ailís duinn Aoigh nam beumman ?

AOGH.

- Shuagh geal, maoth-ghéal, and gheal, gleachdach,
Ard iahumenlach mhi-leasach.
- 30 Air bhith dhomhsa 'n dàn ;
Gu 'n d' thainig mi slàn o 'n iomasgail.

GLOSSARY.

Sor, I think should be *sorn*, a snout. *Sorn na muice*, the snout of the sow.

Tir airgaidh means land of robbery, but reciter says it means *tigh seanaise*, a public-house.

Ainnc. This word, I suspect, is a corruption ; reciter calls the mother of Aogh *Ainnc*, and Anglicises the name, *Ann*.

Do bhi, the Irish form for *bha*.
Cruachan Corr. There is a pretty little round hill in the moors west of Staonsha called by this name.

Eoirne, gen. of *forann*, grass.
Core air leirg, the town of *Cork*.

Teinnaneachd, tightness,
Cèir chath, probably a corruption of *eith cath*, battle-
rage.

Bhuirne, Reciter explains as *sgnath* or *làireach*. *Birnie*, probably.

Phò'saill. Reciter could give me no explanation of this word.

Sratha, a sluggish, inactive person.

¹ Means ris an can iad.

² A 'ghrime.

A dhrìoma. I should have written this a 'ghrime, out of his battle, *hors de combat*.

Eirèadh, yielding ; from *cirr*, a shield. H. M. L.

O. 6. CATH CHLOINNE BAOISGE AGUS MORNÍ.
117 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 23. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.
Edinburgh, March 18, 1872.

This is part of the Quarrel between Fionn's tribe and Goll's tribe, but it seems to me that some modern hand has been at work upon a ballad. I place it here supposing that the ballad was part of the Dialogue between Goll and his Wife.

- 1 LATHA dhomhsa 's do Fhionn fiail,
Air sliabh luachair 's bu ehubhi leim ; (chmhha
Uamsa dh' imich an Guth, dhuin)
Dhe na ghabh Fionn nam flath coiruich.
- 2 Air bli dha g' am iarraidh,
Air feadh bhal is Islar ;
Air feadh airde nam beann,
Is leug iosal nan Eirthire.
- 3 La dhunn air sliabh Mhuill, (Molina)
Chunnacas Fionn teachd le sheachd Cathan ;
Dhionnaas bu chuis sheachnadh sin,
As e g' am shireadh 's g' am shir-leanmhuin.
- 4 Shuidhieh Fionn na pubuil gheala,
Air na tulehana Ceardach ;
Shuidhieh mise na pubuil cile,
Air a' mhagh na fhianuis.
- 5 Mar gu 'm biodh Co-uraid sloigh,
'S cha robh duine agam b' fhaich ;
Ach oehd fìched deng deagh ghaigeach,
Thuit an tour air a bhinn,
Leum a Ghaur eadarinn.
- 6 Dh' fhas an amhainn bras,
Cha taradh trean laoch thairis ;
Ach eisdidh sinn ri gaoh nam beann,
Aig an tragh an amhainn.
- 7 Ghluais a mach o phubuil Fhinn,
An t-aon each buidhe baobhail bras ;
A's e tighinn fo leasanaibh soluis,
Bior-chlusaach donn, bar fhionn blar,
Uchd leuthann donn taobh gheal sholuis.
- 8 Marcach air muin an Eich mhoir,
As ailde gu 'm facas thar sloigh ;
Luarach le nao sretbain oir,
Ma chorpan sheinh shith shroil,
Sgiath bhulganda bhulganda chor.
Air a ghuailinn deas ro mhòr,
Sgian mhòr air a thaobh chli,
Air mac nasal an ard rìgh.
- 9 Thug e spor do 'n ghearran bhlar,
Nach do thaghail riamh an t-ath ;
Claidh e nao nairwan troimhinn,
Mareach an Eich shuntaich chuanta ;
Cheangladh leis an Donnann fhiodhi,
Naonar Mae Ghill Ibbi.—
- 10 As naonar Mac Tuirmi nan clar, (ne clar)
Is Garbhan Mac Maolar ;
Is Ealargan Mac Doive,
Fear nach do dhùilt biadh no deoch,
Do neach riamh san aduinn. (al. san fheudair)
Sguich mi fhìn roimh san ath,
Leam bu mhiltich 's bu tra.
- 11 Uair gu 'n robh sngobal air sogh,
Chleachd mi aon laoch a chosgadh. (fhasda)
Rag e air mo sgiath ro laochach,
'S ma mo cheann rinn di bloigidean,
Mar bhiththeadh mo chlogaiche ghlán,
Cluillinn an ceann leom leannuinn,
- 12 Thug am Marcach mach an t-atha ;
Thuras stend blugh stad blugh ;
T-abhra phog do 'n t-sar mharcach,
G' an dith do bhenta a Mhìc Rìgh Fail,
Lauch churranda shoghraidh.

- 13 Cìod an sluagh a fhuair thu thall,
Aig Goll Mac Morna na mor lann ?
Sluagh tuigseach ciallach,
Narach neo-mhisgeach,
Mar bithe d' ghlasan domh Fhinn.
Cha tiginn slan uath thairis,
¹ Ach a nis o 'n tha mi triall,
Air an anam a tha 'm chliabh,
Fad mo laimh no mo lainne,
Cha do chum ris a chuirridh,
Ach an t-àon eòruaidh bhluille.
- 14 An sin chaidh sinn an dail a' cheile,
Bu treun 's bu dochdair a' chomhrag ;
Thug an Fhiannt tìnga air ais ; (al. turrag)
Thog clann Morna sgal doibh,
Chriochnaich am fonn fo 'r easaibh,
Stad na sruthain le doghrúinn.
- 15 Chlanna Baoisge nam mor ghnìomh,
Dream bha misneachail riuth ;
Slìochd threunnboir nam blagh,
An geill sibh do 'n Gharbh dhragh.
Cmhichibh cruadhas na Feinne,
Buailibh dannara treuna ;
Pillibh le tabhachd gu cumasg'
Gleithibh an arach, tìonda 'm bhinne,
- 15 Sheall gaeh fear air a chlaidheamh lìomh
As air a shleagh shlan chosrig,
Chual gaeh fear huaidh a' bhaird,
Dh' iarr le naire a dheagh eilidh,
Chunnacas Fionn a tearnadh nnas,
B' anbharach a chith sa choslas,
Bu chùnn tosdach na Duilean,
A bheinn chrath le mor iognadh,
Phill sinn an ruaig gu grad.
- 16 Co dheanga Fionn sa ghreis ?
Thachair Fionn is Goll na mor chleas ;
Thug iad an cath gaillbeach doibh,
Dh' fhalbh nam blioghdean an sgiathan ball
bhreac
An clogaidhean sgealb air an raon
An sleaghan chaidh nam miribh san adhar.
Tharruing an claidhean foinnidh fine.
- 17 Sheas sinn uile an da shlogh,
'G amharch garbh chath na mor thriath,
Bheuc na h-nilt le eagal ;
Sgoilt na creagan le mor thoirn.
- 18 Lub a choille le fuathas,
B' oilteil torun uamham nan speur,
Taighse 'g itealaidh sna neulaibh ;
Sgreadaid gu fadhaich sa' bheinn
Thog iad an talamh le 'n Cruaidh spairn.
- 19 Lub Fiann guthail a ghruaidh,
Ran an Fhionn le meud an eagal ;
Ran, 's cha b' aobhar eagail doibh,
Co chuireadh air Fionn ?
Co sheasadh ris san spairn ?
- 20 Thuit mac Morna nan cruaidh bheum,
Shil ar deoir mu Gholl na ceud ;
Eirich a Ghuill a leon thu fein,
Cha 'n imear mo lannsa ort beud,
'S cuimhne leam an Damh a babhaist,
Fhionn riadh nach iarradh lochd,
Tha mi fo d' gheasibh, eian a nochd,
Glac mo chlaidheamh, glac mo lamh,
Thoir dhuinn sith is bitidh slan.
- 21 Clann Morna tha dìreach deanta,
Co tha cosmhuil ruitse Ghnill ;
An eath gaillbeach nan crom gheann,
Co sheasadh tu ach Fionn fial,
'S co sheasadh Fionn ach Goll ciar.

- 22 'S eibhinn a nochd sith nam braithrean,
Sgaoil dhuinn feaghl' aird iar ceol—
Buail clarsach nam fonn aosda.—
Oighean thigibh caoin nar coir,
Caoin thainig reultan na maise
Bha fo smal car tamull an dall cheò,
Las an gnais mar ghrian ag eiridh
Cuir aobhneas air feidh is coiltean.'

A. 24. KINN ZULLE. 28 lines.

If there were any doubt as to the antiquity of the Story of Goll, this fragment from the Dean's Book (English, p. 71 : Gaelic, p. 50) is conclusive. It places the death of Goll late. Three of the Clanna Morna—Gorraidh, Conon, and Daoire are going to avenge the death of Goll on Ossin, Oscar, and Caoilte. Caoirreal was slain before Goll, Goll was in the slaying of Diarmuid. These three are out of the story. The six here named are in later bits.

- 1 A zorri tryllmyt gow find
Ighlik ernacht sowch linn
Zorre kinu zulle er in ree
Gyn gurmist aye gai keive cleith
- 2 Is lesk hmsyth zwle anna
Onach clwmwn gr fan chenna
Is nach feadmist a zeilt
Kenna v'morn vor znewe
- 3 Kail lusse ne is allwm pen
Id durd conu mor gyn keale
Marmy for mach gyth dunna
In deilt zwle olt voe
- 4 Suyth in trur var mon din nane
Onach lamyt di zin fen
Abbir a zorre is lawr
Fayr sinni sin trom alle
- 5 Marvesyth ossin mor m'fyn
Marve mai in tosgir nach teymmi
Marve dyrr kille kaye
Fayr sinni wlle er in lawe
- 6 Math is aggw m veis anna
Cha dik linna movier finn
Tattmy ulle sin alle
Cha dikge govle dr gowrue
- 7 Da byth inni byth le a nort
Dyth charmist finni za leacht
Is ferr nyth brar gyn nelle
A derssi rwt a zorre.
- A zorre.

THE DEATH OF THE WOMEN ; OF GARAIHDH, AND HIS SON AODH ; AND THE BURNING OF TEAMHRA.

F. 19. H. 28. I. 21. O. 8. P. 7. 9.

From this ballad, which never has been printed so far as I can discover, it appears that Fionn and his Feinne had taken possession of the High King's House at Tara. Goll's brother left behind, at the suggestion of Conan, another brother, fell asleep. The women wove his long hair to stakes, and shouted a war cry. He started up and tore his hair. In revenge or in prosecution of the blood-fend, he set fire to the house, and burned women and children, rings and garments and plenshing. The Feinne put Garaidh to death, but through his last petition he cunningly made Fionn suffer. Thenceforth Fionn was lame, according to tradition. None of the Heroes whose death songs I have placed earlier appear in this ballad. Padruig is not mentioned in it, but the person who is telling the story points to the mound above him, so this is part of the Story told by Oisein to Padruig upon the Hill of the Feinne, which begins in the Dean of Lismore's Collection, runs through all the rest, and is still current.

I have Z. 31. 7 lines, of the story, localised at the Narrows between Skye and the main land, orally collected by Mr. Carmichael in 1862, bound in Vol. xii. MSS.

On the 5th of September, 1871, I arrived at Tobermory at 11, and walked up the hill to the house of William Robertson, who was weaving blankets. I invited him to the Mishnish Hotel, and set him to spout Gaelic while I wrote as best I could. He said that he was 87, that he

¹ Got from Roderick Mac Lenman Taksman, in Kintail, who took it down from the oral recitation of Murdoch Mac Lenman—Kintail—aged about 60, who learned it by heart from his father many years before, who had many more poems of the Heroic ages, but which had not been preserved. Miltown Ramoch, 25th August, 1892. Present, Mr. Alexander Stewart and many others.

could not read or write, and he could speak no English. I wrote from his dictation, 21 verses of the Lay of Diarmaid, which contained nothing worth adding to versions given above. I read what I had written, and he put his 'mark' on the paper. He next sang me 21 verses of the Lay of Garaidh. There are many variations in this version, but it is the same ballad and story which others got from people of this class. But the explanations given to me were wilder. Instead of being stretched on a noble bed, with a purple or red coverlet, the spy was stretched on the ground with his head under the lid of the cooking pot: 'S a cheann fo bhrot chosgair a chuain.' That was the name of the great Caldron. The liquids and some other letters were so quiescent that it was exceedingly difficult to catch the words. Moreover, the old man wandered about the whole Fenian Story directly he was put out of his pace. He localised this story at Jarvis's Field in Glen Forsa. He did not know what 'Tail' meant, but in the same line elsewhere the place was 'Innse Phail.' He explained a line to mean, 'They let away their falcons to the hills,' and said 'they used to go about with sticks between two men and falcons sitting upon them.' Here he got a dram, and said, 'That is the stuff, many a time I made it. I have made Treas tarruing so strong that three fulls of water would need to go to it. That's the stuff.' His story told after singing the ballad was this:—

Garaidh was left at home to find out what food the women took because they were so fat. It was Conan who said that they should do it, out on the hill. He said, 'We are lost and tired, hunting; and these women are as fat as seals.' So Garaidh was left. He hid under the kettle, and went to sleep. The food they had was birds' blood and deer's blood mixed with 'Carigean us staimh'—(I first wrote the word Calguirn)—The root of the Tangle, which still is eaten. Some say that they bled themselves to make this mixture, and that made them so fat.

Then they found Garaidh, and they wove his long hair, and pinned it to the ground with pegs. When they had done that, they gave a battle cry, 'Gaoir chath,' and he sprang up and left some of his skin. He went to the wood, and got faggots and drove them all in, and put bars on the door, and set fire to the house, and so he burned all that were in the House of Farnalach. That is not far from here for they smelt the fire.

'But,' said I, 'the house must have been near Skye, because of the strait where Mac Reathain was drowned.' 'That must be so,' said Robertson. 'The kettle is here, still, in Loch Sguapain. If you throw in a stone in winter, it gives a sound still.' (I may remark, that the kettle is in many other places, and that a man told me all about it in Cape Breton beyond the seas.) 'The last who took it up was Oisein. That was the time when he went for the big deer for Padruig. It was Oisein who made all these Luidhean (Lays).' By this time it was 4 p.m. After a rest, we began again, and got to the Lay of Oscar, after which we fell into the Lay of the Great Fool, from which we got to Conan and the Lay of the Buffet. Then he sang the Muilearteach, and at last we finished. So long as this old fellow was allowed to sing a ballad at his own pace he went right through so much as he knew, but questioned or stopped, he was as hard to follow as a grasshopper. It was this man's talk in 1870 that first made me feel that this Fenian Story might be arranged. On the 27th of September at Polchar, in South Uist, Angus Mac Donald, a crofter, gave me the end of the Story of Garaidh.

'His son Agh Mac Gharidh took Misg chatha, the drunkenness of battle, when his father was slain. He worried the Feinne. They put him into gea' chladaich, a rift in the shore to hold battle against the speckled people—the breaking waves, and he broke his heart fighting with them, and so he was put to death.' I read him Robertson's ballad. He had never heard it, but the story told with it was all right.

From notes of this kind I mean to tell my version of these old Heroic legends when I translate the Ballads.

¹ This word is in Icelandic.

F. 19. LOSGADH BRUTH FARBAIRN. 84 lines.

Teacher's Collection, page 111. Advocates' Library, February 23, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NOTE.—This, learned by a man who could not write, and dictated by him to a scribe, must be genuine as an oral recitation. In it Fionn is called King of Teandha, therefore, as appears in other places, he had taken up his abode in the palace of the Irish High King, Cormac Mac Art.

- 1 SERTOB a chaidh Fionn le Fhianuibh,
Thair srubheadh Glasa Innse fail;
Chuir iad as na leirgibh gasda,
Daibh na Beann baisge dha.
- 2 Dh'fhag iad nan diaghaidh an corn bnaidhach
Is deadh mhachd Morn nan grnaidh dearg;
Aghaidh chiuil a labradh ra bhinn,
Eoin chiinn an torraibh nan cran.
- 3 An sin nuair a leig Gara mor machd Morn
E nnu an san leipidh chuil;
Luidh suin gu trom air a rosgaibh,
'S cheann fuidh' n' bhrat chorcair chiinn.
- 4 Comhairle a chinn air bheag ceille,
Aig beantreabbach ur nan falt cam;
Dealgadh caol am brottadh gasda,
Folt an laoich an glach dibh chrann.
- 5 Aisling a chunnaic Mac Morna,
Air bhí dha 'na chadal trom;
Chunnaic e Garradh fuidh dhiambhir,
Cha raibh luaidh air Fhianuibh Fhinn.
- 6 Thug e fosgladh air a rosgabh,
Ais an aisliug fa na deur;
Dheallach an tonn o 'n eannuichin,
Fuil an laoich a dheargadh feur.
- 7 Mead súgraidh Ban na Feinne,
Chaidh e an chaoil is cha cheum deas;
Dhuin na dorsan mar a chualas.
Is thug criainn air ghualan leis.
- 8 Bha ceud cotan ceud fainne seunta,
Cend srian bulgach nan each ard;
Bha ceud bratach chaol uaine dhathan,
A ghabhadh gaoth ri gathaibh chrann.
- 9 Bha ceud cuilean le mnineal airgid,
Bha ceud nighan bu ghrinne meur;
Bha ceud machdan len brollach sioda, fíor ghlan
Is ceud bean na muim aig gach machdan.
- 10 A fhuair urram an teach na bean treun,
Air mo chuigh bha sud san talla;
Bha ceud cailleach chasliath ghreanach,
Agus ahrum a steach air glun gach cailleach.
- 11 Suil gan tug d' thair a ghualain,
Deadh mhac Chuthail na grnaidh dearg;
Chunnaic e ceo taluill daite
A thigh farabairn is lasair aurd.
- 12 Cuiribh oirbh a leoghain ghasa,
Gach aon laoch tha an so rim linn;
Sid agaibh an caismeachd anamoch,
Is teanachdabh gu grad bantrach Fhinn.
- 12 Míad air dochais as air laochaibh,
Thug an talla dhuin breith chaol;
Leuin gach fear air barr a shleaghe,
Is dh'fhag iad Mac Reithe sa chaol.
- 13 An sin anuair a thuir deadh Mbac Chuthail,
San gaisgeadh air dol air eil;
Cuirmid air drim ris an talla,
Is caoine mid Garadh air thus.
- 14 Bu luaithe air cas do 'n talla,
Nam biodh fios co leanta ann;
Chuir Fionn a mhéur fo dhend fios,
Fhreachair each am fios mur dh' fhuair,
farruibh gu maith fear am folach,
Sann tha Garadh ann san uaimbe.
- 15 Thig thusa a mach a nis a Gharadh,
A mhic Morna na cleas tragh;
Na 'm fáithim achuing gu harridh,
Is gun manam a thoirt uam.
- 16 'Gheibheadh tusa d' achuinge gu harrid,
A dh' aon seol ga 'm bheil an criodh;
Mo dheibhin t-anam na h-iar e,
Bho sann do na Fiannuibh u.'
- 17 Mac an Lion a bhí guin manna,
B' e sid u' achuing a mhic gu fíor;
Is mo bhraghad a chuir an giurradh,
Air caol sleisde gile Fhinn.

- 18 Ach chruinneach uaislean na Feinne,
Is bha sud na choimhrle chraidh;
Bu mhor a gheil dhuinn air Garradh
An Rìgh san talla bhi nainn.
- 19 A sin anuair a dh' fhuasgail iad na geasan
Le Clann Rìgh Inne Cunn;
Thìolaig iad cas Rìgh na Teimhre,
Fòdh fhòid ghlais don talmhinn thruin.
- 20 Chuir iad an ceann do Mhac Morna,
Is chaidh mac an Lion bhos a chionn;
Leig aiteal beag don chalg neathla,
Fuil daite gu traighibh Fhinn.
- 21 Is bu dlùithe na driuchd air dearna,
Bha fuil bhos cionn glan gearte Fhinn.

H. 28. HOW GARABH KILLED THE WOMEN.
152 lines.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 140. Advocates' Library,
December 26, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE story of this ballad is told by Kennedy in his
Introduction to his First Collection. See above p. 36.

FOR this part we need not say much about it, for it is
seen in the Definition largely how Garabh killed the
Women, and how Fingal got a severe cut at the time that
Oscar beheaded him.

DAN 27.

- 1 LATHA do chuaidh Fionn le Fhiantaidh,
Rò srath lia ghlas Inne-pháil;
Shuithich sinn ar lombainu ghaist,
Air feidh nam beann a bhfaisge laimh.
- 2 Re eadh leagair feadh nan gleanntaidh,
Gu binn labhrach, calma bha;
'S leag sinn air na leirge casa,
Feidh nan glacag is nan ard.
- 3 Bha againn Aogh nan corun buaghach,
Mac Rìgh Fighail nan cud cam;
Le croinn chiuil a labhradh ro'-bhinn,
Mar coin air bhara nan crann.
- 4 Gach séud a loisgeamh san talla,
Inneam dhuibh ma 's meoghair lean;
Nin raibh teach bu linghe céudan,
'S gach neach air dhea' eideadh ann.
- 5 Ceud seacamb 's ceud ceann-bheairt bholgach,
Is ceud sgia' le 'n comhdach crann;
Is cuig ceud luireach bu léinreach,
Le 'n úr-mhallaibh ór-bhuidh ann.
- 6 Ceud enpa 's ceud fíinne seanta,
Ceud clach bhoadhach 's ceud órn cam;
Is ceud Bratach naine dhalhach,
Ghabhadh gaoth an gathaibh chrann.
- 7 Ceud euilain le 'n coilair airgid,
Bha 'nn san Teaghlach bu dhoi' leinn;
Ceud laoch a choidil le seantachd,
Is ceud saor bhean an teach Fhinn.
- 8 Ceud macain le 'n earadh uaine,
'S ceud maighdean bu ghrinne méar;
Is ceud bean bu mhuim do 'n mhaicridh,
Chóisainn cliú an teach nan tréun.
- 9 Ceud earradh le 'm broilach airgeid,
Le 'n leintaibh sróil finn-gheal bán;
'S ceud sligheach philleadh gach urechair,
'S ceud srian bulgach nan each árd.
- 10 Ceud cloidheamh le 'n ceann-bheairt airgeid,
'S ceud sleagh lainnrach bu mhái' ágh;
'S ceud Craosach le clanna Rigbridh,
'S ceud Tuadh mílidh bu mhór ár.
- 11 Ar 'n ór 's ar uigheam gu h-úilidh,
Dh' fhag sinne steach am Bruth Fhinn;
B' e sin teach nan sénda lomhar,
Fa 'r 'm biodhmaid seinn cedl gu binn.
- 12 Dh' fhag sinn Garabh mor mac Morna,
'N taobh an talla 'n leabuidh úir;
Luigh suain gu trom air a rosgaibh,
'S a cheann fui' 'n bhraet choreair chluí'.

- 13 Tamall do bha e san t-shuain sin,
Air chúl bantrach nan dual cam;
Cheangail iad air dhealga gasta,
Falt an laoiach an glaca chrann.
- 14 S' e sinn a chunnaig Mac Morna,
Air bhí dho na chodal fáil;
Gun raibh e fein 'n áite dianhair,
'S gun iomradh air Fiantidh Pháil.
- 15 An sin do mhosgail Mac Morna,
'N caislaigeamh a chodal trom;
Dhealaich an' tonn ris an ionmhar,
'S fhuil nach b' ionmhuinn sios ga bhona.
- 16 Ruigh e 'n sin a mach géur léointe,
Le nìsg chómhraig 's ghul gu géur;
'S dh' aithnich e co rinn an crá' dha,
'S truagh a tharladh dhuinn gu léir.
- 17 An deidh sngradh bhann na Feinne,
Chuai' e 'n choillidh 's cho chéum deas;
Dhruid na dorsan gu teann cruai'
'S thug crionach air a ghuaile leis.
- 18 Do loisg e an sin an óigridh,
Dheanamh imtheachd mar bu dual;
'N tra lasamh gu druim an talla,
Dh' imich e gu grad gu h-uaimh.
- 19 Snil do thug e thair a ghualain,
Deadh Mhac Chuthail nan ruag áigh;
Chunnaig e ceo talmbidh daite,
Thigh Teamhra' is lasair árd.
- 20 C' ait am bheil sibh f hear Fiann Eirann,
Freagradh a chaisamachd bambh;
Nach fhaic sibh céo talmbidh daite,
Thigh Teamhra' is lasair dhearg?
- 21 Thionail iad an leombain chatha,
'S gach Fiann a bha 'n sin r' ar linn;
Do chum teasarginn Tigh Teamhra',
Is a theanachs bantrach Fhinn.
- 22 Do bri' 'n dochais bh' aig na laoiach,
A lúth an eos 's cho bhreith chlaon;
Leum gach air bar an sleaghe,
'S dh' fhag iad Mac Reatha sa chaol. (fear)
- 23 'N nair rainig sinn taobh an talla,
'N deidh do 'n d' eng-bhail dol air cúl;
Chuir sinn ar druim ris an talla,
'S chaóinte leinn Garabh air thúis.
- 24 'N sinn chruinich Fiann aill' Eirann,
'S shuidh iad air túlaich nan deur;
Gur mor an dí dhuinn air talla,
'S gun ni ann o 'n leanar é.
- 25 Chuir Fionu a mhear fui' dhéud fios,
Fhregair éach am fios a fhuair,
Leannamh gu lua' fear ar falachd,
'S gheibhar leibh Garabh san uaigh.
- 26 'Thig thusa mach orsa Mac Chuthail,
A mhic Morna nan gnìomh truagh;
Theid nam fuighinn 'n chuing áraid,
Gun chéad 'm anama iarruidh uait'.
- 27 Gbheith thu sin d' atcheuinge áraid,
Do dh' aon ni am bheil do shúil;
A h-egmhuis d' anama no h-iarr,
O 'n tharlamh air na Fiantidh thn.
- 28 Mac-an loin thoirt an laimh Oscair,
Se sin 'm ath-ehuinge gu grinn;
Is mo bhradh'd a chur an giorad,
Air druim sleiste gile Fhinn.
- 29 Thainig Garabh 'mach san uair sin,
A dh' fhulang air son a ghò;
Air tí fhirinn a chumail,
'S sinn a mio-run uile dho.
- 30 Dh' innis dhuinn gach ni mar tharla',
'S mara rian na mnáith a loón;
'S mar a sgríos e sios gu leir iad,
B' e sin dhuinne sgeul a bhróin.

¹ Ata tonn ris an ionmhar a ciallach gu do dhealaich
f holt agus a chraicean ra chluigan na d' dhealaichas an
tonn re t'ir, no mar a ruighas an t-uisge re bratha' mar
sin a ruigh fhuil o chorp.

- 31 Churraich sin Maithhead na Feinne,
Air tulaich nan deur 's bu truagh;
Bu mhor an geall leinn air Garabh,
Ar Triath s air talla thoirt uainn.
- 32 'S iad clann Phìil Inmse-teabhra,
Dh, fhuasgail na geasan gu grinn;
Fhuaradh sin gun iarraidh uathe,
Ni uach truaillleadh briathraibh Fhinn.
- 33 Chlathaich iad seachd troidhean do 'n talbhinn,
'S an tulaich ghluirn os ar cioun;
'S thiodhlaic cas gheal Rì' Teabhra,
Seachd troidhean fù 'n talbhinn truin.
- 34 Shin e uaithe 'm bhraigid sochridh,
'N eiric air a gnìomh a thoill;
'S ghearr an eoidheam sud gu h-an-mhor,
Is seachd troidhean do 'n talbhinn truin.
- 35 Leig aiteal a chuilg nimhe,
Fuil dhàite gu throidh gheal ùir;
'S bu luaithe na druc air dearn,
Chuislean gearrt oscionn a ghluin.
- 36 'N sin chruaiech Fhann àillidh Eirann,
Gu dubhach, dèurach, ro-thruagh;
Bu bheag an di leinne Garabh,
Aeh ar Triath 's ar tall' thoirt uainn.
- 37 Labhair Mac Chuthail gu fìor-ghlic,
Cuma' chùint sin na tosd,
Oir cho 'n fhiaich ar glòir a h-ath-ra',
'S leòir dhuibh na th' aighbh do dh' olc.
- 38 Chlathaichadh uaigh do 'n fhear chalma,
'Se Mac Moruna nan gnomh truagh;
Am fear a dh' fflag sproich air chàrde,
Cuireadh e san talbhinn fhuar.

I. 21. GARABH. 148 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 131. Advocates' Library, April 10, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

IN this second version the scribe has polished his language or he has got better versions from other reciters. I give various readings. The rest of the lines are duplicates.—J. F. C.

THE DEATH OF GARY AND DESTRUCTION OF DUNSCAICH.

THE Story of this Poem is both dismal and tragical. Fingal at this period of his life resided in Dunscaich, in the Isle of Sky, who and his Bands had landed one on the adjacent side upon the Continent for game, and left Gary, the son of Moirne, as a scout at home to watch the Fortress, Wives, and Children. Gary had disoblised the Women in Fingal's absence, for which they watched an opportunity of being revenged.

Gary had lien upon his Bed, fell asleep and snored. The women crowded about him, and wove his hair upon stakes which they fixed in the Earth, and with great acclamation huzza'd three times, and alarmed Gary who left both hair and skin upon the stakes. He finding himself thus cruelly scalped and mocked by the women, had set the Fort on fire and sacrificed all that had been within to the flames, and flew into a distant Cave where he hid himself. Fingal, observing the Fortress of Dunscaich on fire, alarmed his Bands in the chase, who soon assembled, and ran in full career towards the shore, and as many as wanted Boats to transport them is said to have leaped upon their spears over the sound, where one of them called Mac Rei was drowned, whereby the sound retains the name of Caol-Rei ever since.

At their arrival they saw the conflagration could not be extinguished, neither could they trace out who occasioned the misfortune. Fingal discerned the fact by his magic art which he performed (as traditionary related) by getting one of his Fingers into his mouth and chewing it to a joint, whereby he found out where the Traitor skulked. Gary was apprehended and sentenced to death after the manner he himself would chose, which was to be beheaded by Oscar upon the thigh of Fingal. Fingal's thigh was buried seven feet underground and Gary's head laid perpendicularly thereon and behead by Oscar: Fingal's thigh being despoerately cut by the tremendous stroke of Oscar. This deplorable and lamentable accident and the destruction of Dunscaich, intimidated greatly the Fingalians, who accompanied Fingal to Rhome or some distant King-

dom to get his thigh cured. At this Interim Cairbre the Usurper, supreheime King of Ireland, used every means to get Oscar (and as many as remained at home under his command) overthrown in the Battle of Cathcavara.

- 1 SHUINNICH sinn air leoghain chatha,
Air feidh nam beann an cathain aigh.
- 2 Feidh nan glac a b' fhuaisge laimh.
- 3 Mac Rìogh Mìodhlan nan dual cam;
Mar coin bhinn air barra ebrann.
- 6 Ceud eulcin coileirich, ball-bheare,
Ceud eruit labhrach nan t-udhean;
Ceud laoch a dhithinich an-fha' inn,
Is ceud bean do bhantrachd Fhinn.
- 7 Ceud oigh bu ghriinn snuadh, is neur;
Ann 's gach iul mar lasair neul.
- 8 Ceud sùgneach nan luthain eumite,
'S ceud srian bulgach nan ceud-aigh.
- 9 Ceud cloidheamh le amailt aigid,
Ceud sleagh ereueach nan beum aigh;
Ceud craosach bu bhao' lach imairt,
Is ceud tuath rinn iomad àr.
- 10 Ar 'n or, ar 'n airgead ar 'n eiddidh,
Dh' fflag sinn gu leir am bruth Fhinn,
- 14 Mhosgail gair na ban Mac Moirne,
Ann casligidh a chodhal trom;
Mar dhealaichidh tonn ri ionnhar,
Bha fhuil naeh b' ionmhinn gu bhonn.
- 15 Dh' eigh an gaisgeach las a chomhradh,
Chlisg a dhoehas, dhoirt a chreuchd;
Dh' aithnich e co dhealb a leon,
Bu truagh an gò, 's bu mhor an sgeul.
- 16 An deidh sugradh ban na Feinne,
Ghluais an treun do 'n choill na dheas;
Spin e gach crann mar a tharladh,
As am bun le ghaireim deas.
- 17 Chuir e teine ris an oigridh,
Dh' iomaradh eol an teach nan duan;
Dh' imich an Garabh gu h-uaimh.
- 19 C' ait am bheil sibh Fhearad Eirann,
Cruinichibh gu leir o 'n t-sealg;
Nach faic sibh ceo tallmhuidh daite,
Tigh-teabhra' na lasair dhearg?
- 20 Fiann nam flath air srath a ghlinn;
22 'N deidh do 'n bhannal dol air cul;
Chuir sinn ar druim ris a bhathan,
'S chaoite leinn gach ailleg ur.
- 23 Gun neach beo gu airis sgeil.
- 25 Theid na 'm fuighinn atchuing araid,
Gun chead mo bhais iarraidh uait.
- 26 Ged' chuir u àbhachd air cul;
28 Thainig Garabh mor Mac Taige,
29 Dh' airis dhuinn gach ni mar tharladh,
Mar a rinn na nna' a leon;
A loisg e mar lasair Beinn-Aula,
B' iomad iolach ann, is bron.
- 32 Threachail iad 's olc ann san talbhainn,
- 33 Shin e uaithe bhraghad dhocair.
An ciric air an ole a rinn;
- 35 Air an tulaich dheurach thruagh;
- 36 Cumadh ar 'n innseadh na tosd;
Oir cho 'n fhiaich ar glòir a taghairt.

O. 8. LOSGADH FARMAIL. 108 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 36. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 20, 1872.

THIS is a very interesting sample. The first part is a version of the same ballad which Fletcher, Kennedy, and other collectors found; the latter part is 'Ossianic,' and quite different in every respect. It was got in Mac Pherson's country 48 years after he had begun to publish Ossian, and one year after the publication of his Gaelic originals.

- 1 La chaidh Fionn a shealg le Fhiannaibh,
Gu strath Ghuirme an Inse-fail,
Chuir e air na leugnabh glasa,
Feidh nam beann a b' fhaighe dha.
- 2 Dh' fhag iad Gairi Mac Morna,
Na shincadh ann an leaba ùir;
Luidh suain gu trom air a rosgaibh,
'S a cheann fo 'n bhrat chosgarna chuin.
- 3 Dh' fhag iad aogas nan corn buadhach,
Aig oigridh shuairce nan eul seimh,
Teudan shinneidh, Gaoth ro ghlinne,
Mar eoin chùin air bharr nan crann,
- 4 Cinn comhairle air bheag ceille,
An lo sin aig Banrigh Fhinn;
Cheangail si le dealgaibh gasda,
Falt an laoiach an glacaibh chrann,
- 5 Thug e turrag 's turrag eile,
'S e ag taomachadh nan deur
Dhealach au t-sonn ri a chearral,
Folt an laoiach, bu dearg a chre.
- 6 'S ann air guallinn beinn a Feinne,
Ghluais an Gallan air cheum deas;
Dhun gach doras mar a thuair e
An creann beag aig a ghuailinn leis.
- 7 Sul gu 'n tug e thar a' chuan null,
Deagh Mhac Cumhail nan gruaidh dcarg,
Mhothaich e ceo talma daite,
De thigh Fharmail is lasar ard.
- 8 Druidibh leam a leomhna gasda,
Mheud 's a tha sibh ri m' linn;
Gabhaidh sid mar chuis anama,
'S fench an teirc sibh bantrach Fhinn.
- 9 Aig meud an dochaib bh' aig na Laochan.
As an sleaghan gan bhì clao;
Leum gach fear air bar chrano sleagha,
Chail iad mac Reagha sa' chroil,
- 10 Ma 'n d' thainig iad am baile
'S ann bh' an talla air dol gu cul,
Chur Fionn a dhruim ri a bhalla
Is chaointe leis Gairi an tus.
- 11 Mheud 's a chaidh losgadh san teach ud,
Cha bu dualach dhoibh bhì buan;
Bha ceud faighne, ceud cota searg ann,
Ceud srian bhualach nan each ard.
- 12 Bha ceud diollaid 'n deidh òra ann
'S ceud leabaibh choir nan crann;
'S ceud brat naineach athach,
A sheoladh gaoth air ghathaibh chrann.
- 13 Bha ceud rìmhinn bu ghrinne mear ann,
Deich ceud bean 's Banrigh Fhinn;
Bha se ceud Muime nan se ceud mac ann
Nach d' fhuair urram an teach no 'n ti.
Bha ceud laoch fo bhrat searg ann,
A chosgadh feirg ann arnadh stri.
- 14 Chuir Fionn a mheur fo dheudh fios,
Gabhse m' an fhios a fhuair,
Leinnibh iorg fir an fholach,
'S gheibh sibh Gairi anns an uamhaidh.
- 15 Teann a muigh a sin a Ghairi?
Dheagh Mhic Morna nan cleas truagh,
Mach a so cha teid mi 'n tra so,
Gun m' achuinnh araidh fhaotainn auth.
- 16 Achuinnich t-anama na h-iarri,
O 'n tharladh air na Fiannaibh tu;
Achuinnich tha mi sìreadh,
'S cha 'n e m' anam a leagadh leam.
Ach Mac an Luinn chuir an laimh Oseair,
'S bhì cosgairt diom a chinn.
- 17 Mo bhragad a chur an giorraid,
Air caol sleisde gile Fhinn;
Cladhaicibh seachd troidhean dhombse
San talaich ghorm sin os 'nr ceann?
- 18 'S adhlacibh mo chas le tethaidh,
Fo fhoid ghlais na talmhainn truin;
Nuair ghearr an claidheam a' chloch,
'S na seachd troidhean os a cinn.
Chuir faitel a' chuilg nimbe,
Fuil daithte gu troidhean Fhinn.

- 19 'S daor an ceannach ort a Ghairi,
Ar mnaì 's ar talla thoirt diu;
Dh' fhag thu Fionn gun bhean gun Tearmun,
'S cha do choisinn thu g' a chionn.
- 20 A Mhalmhin, 's truagh an sgeul,
Braig soluis fo bhraid a noch;
Bha li mar chanach air gruaigh.
'S a deud mar gheal stuagh an slochd.
Da shuil mar reultan solise,
Do fhear turuis an oidheche duaichni.
- 21 'Sa falt a' tearnadh mar chrann fo bhlat,
'S an taile gu seamh gu luasgadh;
Bu chuin, suairce seimhe re dh' fhas,
Guth a beoil mar theud a' bhaire;
Aoidh mar bhrat Loinn ga chomhdach,
'S a gnuis mar ghrian an lo do 'n ann.
- 22 Oeh nan oeh 's cruaidh am beam ud,
Ruleni dh' fhalbh le each;
Bha maise mar dhealradh na greine,
Bha ceum gu h-aighathach ard.
- 23 Bra gile co chuma ri comhra,
An tuise an eol an greis no 'n dan:
'A Mhalmhin is cuimhne leatsa,
Beus nam bannal,
Tionnach an deur,
Seian ri leanail.
Mo ghnuisse tha cruaidh mar chlach,
Mo shuil cha tiornaich gu fras.
Mo chridhe dh' fhas cruaidh mar chullin,
Cha bhris e ged aom an tuite.'

This last part is quite different.

(IRVINE'S NOTE.)—From Charles Robertson, Loch Tay-side, who learned it 18 years ago from Helen Mac Lenan, his grandmother. In presence of Mr. Macdonald, Minister of Fortingale, Manse of Fortingale, 24th November, 1808.

P. 7. LOGGADH TIOGH FARALA, 'US GUN A 'N FHEINN AIG A BHAILE. 72 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 57. Advocates' Library, Feb. 21, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

This is a very curious sample of the decay of tradition in the hands of scribes. Here are two distinct metrical stories:—The Death of Goll, and the Death of Garaidh, his brother, run into one short prose story, in which lines of the ballads occur in sentences. The language is good Gaelic, written by an educated man, in Mull, about 1800. But, in 1871, an uneducated man, aged 87, repeated the Burning of the House and the Death of the Women to me, and told the story as it was written by Kennedy and Fletcher, about 1774.

DHALBH an Fheinn latha don Bheinn th' sl' n' agus th' seilga mar bu ghnath leo. Agus dh' fhàg iad Goll a gleidhidh nan Bàn. Bha Goll fuidh thromadas, agus fuidh airseol, Leag e cheann air Glun a mhna, agus thuit e na chadil, leig a bhean a cheann air làr, agus si chomhairle chinn aica fein, agus aig càch gun ceangladh iad gach dual da fhalt re mpaniabh air an sparradh anns talamb. 'N sin thug na nreathain Gaoir chath asd' le 'm basibh gun buaidh air a cheila.

Mhosgul Goll ann an teas feirge. Ghlais e 'n doras air na mnathibh 'us chuir e 'n tigh re theina orra, ach gun d' fhuair aon na dha dhinbh mach us b' ann do 'n aireamh a thuair as bean Ghuill. Nuair a chunna Goll gun deach an tigh re theina us gun do loisgidh na mnathan, theich e agus dh' fholuich se e fein ann an uadhich.

Air sealltinn do chuid do 'n Fheinn faich-dar Tiogh Farala re theinich.

Thug gach aon re astar, agus ghabh iad ri sibhual. Rinn ad iad fein cinntich, gun dang namhd eigin air Goll. Rinn iad sealg mhòr aobh-ach Jongantach. O m' bu Dorn-dheary Labeh 'us O m' bu cheann dearg Ch, 'us o m' bu trom eallach Gille. A fear bu mhoille se bu diom-buiche. Thanig iad gu taobh chaoil-rathain, 'us leum gach fear air cheann a shlegha, 'us chailidh Mac Rathin sa chaoil. Stad na fois cha d' rinn iad gus an d' ranig iad. Dh' fhiosruich iad do na mnaibh ciod e chuir an Tiogh re theine. Dh' innis iad gur e Goll a rinn e. Bha 'n Fheinn fui' throm fheirg an aghaidh Ghuill, th' suich iad cuir agus thugadh binb bais a mach na aglich.

Ach bha iad fui' eagal gun dughadh e Serios air moran dhu. Se chomhairle chunnachdas doibh gun cumadh iad e ann am prianon gus am biodh e air anannachidh, a dhi bi agus dibha. Bha ord teann o 'n Fheinn gu cuirte gu bas neach sam bith a bheiridh dha biadh na deoch. Bha

e la 'n sin sa phriosan, agus bha bhean maile ris, agus thubhairt e. Tha mi ro lag an diugh. O! mo Dhunaich a thanig ormsa ghraidh do na fearbh, us gun a chroidh agam ni sam bith a dheanadh dod chomh-nadh, ach a ghraidh nan deobhla tu mo chiochan, cha deobhail ars eisan. Carson ars ise. Tha ars eisan gu rabh mi los sin a dheanadh mar a h-iarraidh tu e. Ach a nois cha 'n fhaod mi do bhri' gun do chuir mo mhuinte mi fu' mhiomnabh gun aon ni dh' iarradh Bean orm a dheanadh.

Mata ghraidh ars ise nar a bhios tusa marbh, tha mi einntich nach leig an Fheinn leamsa gun fhear cila phosadh, agus bu mhiann leam fios fhastinn uatsa co fear a Luidheasich tu dh'ann ann ad aite. Se 'm fear a dh' iaras mis ort a phosadh. Aodh cas machd na Caillich. O! ars ise na Leiga ni math gu sinmsa mo thaobh ri Aodh cas machd na Caillich ann an aite do ghlachda Geala.

P. 9. ATHCHUNG GHUILL. 24 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 64. Advocates' Library, February 22, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THIS is the sequel to the prose story, with one verse of the ballad in it.

AIR teachd do 'n la sin anns an rabh Goll re chuir gu bas, Thugadh a mach e chum a mhillich. Bha e mar Lagh aig an Fhianu, gu fuidhiddh gach neach a chuirte gu bas an raoghinn athchuinge. A reir an Lagh sa bha Goll re achuinge fein iarruidh agus fhaotinn a reir an Lagha sin.

Mac an Luin a thoirt do dh' Oscar
Achanich a dh' iaras mi,
'S mo Bhraghid a chur an giorrd,
Air bun sleisde gile Fhinn.

B' e ni arid a bha ann run Ghuill; sa bha gu tachirt ann an Lorg na h-achanichs, gu 'n caillidh Fhion an t-sliasaid, agus a chas do bhri nach d' fhad Oscar fuighill buille rianh.

Ach se chonahairle chunnachdas dhoibh gun cuireadh iad naoi Dachdairin do Leather-liath, agus naoi brehain do dh' Iarinn Tar fuidh anhuich Ghuill, agus air muin shiasaid Fhinn. Thugadh cleidheamh Fhinn, ga 'm b' ainm Mac an Luin an Laimh Oseair. Bhuail e Bhuile, agus leis a bhuile sin fein chuir e 'n ceann do Gholl, ghear e 'n Leathracl, san t-Iarunn us dh' fhuilich e air shiasuid Fhinn.

THE CATASTROPHE.

THE BATTLE OF GABRHA, AND DEATH OF OSCAR.

A. 29. 30. C. 4. D. 26. G. 3. H. 29. I. 22. J. 8. K. 3. L. 7. M. 19. 20. N. 6. O. 13. V. 17. X. 12. Y. 9. Z. 6. 7. 8. 45. &c.

I HAVE more than twenty large fragments of versions of this old Ballad, collected in Scotland, from Caithness to Dunkeld, Lismore, and Ceantire; between 1512 and 1871. Many people sing it still in the Islands, and the Story is widely known to the uneducated Gaelic population. Kennedy tells it in his quaint English. A few words and phrases show that even he was affected by the Ossianic epidemic of his time, but the main story, which everybody knows now, is told in all versions of the Gaelic Ballads. A great many Irish manuscripts, of last century, contain versions of this Poem. Part of it, certainly, is as old as 1512, and I believe that it was traditionally recited long before part of it was written in Lismore, by Dean Mac Gregor, in the reign of Harry the Eighth. The poem is not known in any older writing so far as I can discover. In 1853, the Dublin Ossianic Society began the Fenian Story with this Catastrophe. A first volume, of 161 pages, tells the story of the last Fenian battle.

About 1763, Mac Pherson put the story of Oscar's death into the first book of Temora, but he so changed the story, and the manner of telling it, as to make the Epic his own. English readers could not believe in a second Gaelic Epic, and would not believe in 'Ossian.' Irish scholars were driven to despair: they held the battle to be historical. The Book of Leinster, 1130, contains a short poem, ascribed to Ossin, which mentions the battle. Gabhra is close to Dublin; Teanuhra is Tara, the seat of Irish High Kings, Alnuhin is not Alba (Scotland), but the Hill of Allen. That pestilent Scotchman had shaken the whole system; to make Caledonian Epics with fragments of the ruin which he made. To smash Stonehenge and build a Parthenon; to hew modern antiques out of the Elgin Marbles; to paint pictures by Zeuxis upon Raffael's Cartoons; or to write Cuneiform

Inscriptions on the Book of Kells, could hardly afflict antiquaries more than the publications of Mac Pherson. A comparison of Kennedy's 'Arguments,' now printed, with Mac Pherson's Arguments of 1762-3, shows the havoc which was made of Scotch Traditions which still survive. At least fourteen Scotch Collectors, who are quoted in this volume, had versions of this Story, which correspond with each other, and to Irish versions; they are all condemned as 'spurious,' and they were left unnoticed in their drawer; while the 'Ossianic controversy' went wrangling on over one Gaelic manuscript, written by Mac Pherson, revised after his death, and printed as the original of 'Ossian's Poems.'

These are facts, and readers of this volume can form opinions for themselves.

I cannot find room for twenty versions of one ballad, which filled a whole Irish volume. I reprint the oldest version from 'the Book of the Dean of Lismore,' beside other versions selected from unpublished manuscripts, with references to the rest. All are versions of one Gaelic Poem, none are versions of 'Temora.'

Only five of the Heroes are in this ballad: Fionn, Fergus, Raoidhne, Oisein and Oscar. The Clanna Morna are out of the Story. Garradh and Goll were slain in their ballads, which I have placed above, in Kennedy's order.

I have nothing about Conan, but no doubt his end was described. Caoireal and Diarmaid were slain in their ballads. I have no account of the end of Caoilte and Faolan.

Seven are out of the Scotch version of the Battle of Gabhra.

Oscar the eighth and Raoidhne the ninth are slain in this ballad. There remain at the end, Fionn and two of his sons, Fergus the Bard, who tells him the Story, and Oisein, who tells the whole to Padruig on the Mound of Tears, long after the Fénime have passed away.

A. 29. CATH ZAWRYCH. 232 lines.

A HOUDIR SO SEISS ALLAN M'ROYRE.

THIS I believe to be the oldest written version of this ballad known. I do not believe that Allan Mac Royre made it. I believe that he said it. Lines and verses and long passages and the story can be identified in all later versions known to me.

- 1 MOR in nocht my chow feyn
A halgin a ta zim rair
Re smeinten a chaa chroy
Huggenir is carbrith cranroy
- 2 A maksen chormik ochaenni
I merr in neyn harlyth fa chung
Reith gin chass vin chaath
Di churri ris gin zrane royth loe
- 3 Kallswn gith ollith fame
Hwni inni is clanni keive chwnn
Guss wyve sen chaire roye
Nir smeine seine olk na anweine
- 4 Di chan carbrith ranyth loyeth
Agus di be in nellith chroye
Gir bar less twttwm er mygh
Agus in nane la cheille
- 5 Nassyth reithre wea vir
Agus in nane a weith er nerrin
Di chan barrin gi prap
Cwneich mwkre agis art
- 6 Fir sinsir hutwm in sin
Di wreith fellith ni faynith
Cwneich a gessith chroye
Is ewneich in non oywir
- 7 Is nach reym cogeith rame linni
Ach na hoggeith valkowle
Ba eorle clomni cwne
Agus earbre a lay trome
- 8 Ead feyne a hawrt dar ginni
Agus sinni di zochin
Gow marreith na zey wleyg
Is gin nane a weith in nalwin
- 9 Is weadcast baiss fa zocm
Tra nach bedeis in mir zloc
Hug sen gi feich ferghe
In cathsin caeth zaveria

- 10 Di hnt in nane bonni ri bonni
Is reithre olsa errin
Ne roygh a nynea nor
Gow fodleith earra in doythlin
- 11 In reith nach roygh far smaecht
Rar linni gwss a chaa sen a halgin.
O churra an sen r nar ner
Zoive rwneni keiss na kayn
- 12 Is ne roye ag dwn keith rwn
Ach far gwde di zea nerrin
Ymni er fey in doyn worre
Nach lar wey in dey in tloye
- 13 Ni fonyeith la er lai
A huttym la ny cheillith
Da deg feith awlwarreith in seu
Orrew in nerrin eazlyn
- 14 Ossin ered a zancith finni
Agus ersemi far nerrin
Er a lave a cleyrre chaye
Ne royith si vanve vane
- 15 Beggane di leichre erse
Agus ogre gin darve
Ga bea reith heysyth in sin
Zoive sai fodleith in nasgeith
- 16 Gin cath gin nurril gin nawg
Gin none gin achassen
Churr sin ir techta sor
Gow faa mayk v^c conni
- 17 Di hoith orrin nar genni
Di zowell reithreith errin
Mor in tysin dymith
Orweith a reith taureith fa mo torm
- 18 Twlleith owyr a tug
Gow dul di warwa er ollea
Ossin innis doive skail
Nor chorsew in nurril trane
- 19 Nor hutyth di waksi si chaa
Na drwg tow er er lawryth
Oskin mi vee osgir ayen
Hanyth miss er curreith in nar a
- 20 Id tanik keiltyth er sen
Oskir a hechtir clynni
Hanik in roze boa zar weane
Woskin in garrith dyth feyn
- 21 Drong roe lawrrit or sin
Is weith drong ellith gin armyn
A cleyrreith na baichil bane
Ga bea zeith chewith in toyr
- 22 Byth vor in troye rar lin
Olsa errin di hwttim
Ymneith caihtraa codoith keive
Ymni loereith heith her
- 23 Ymneith skait harsi si wygh
Agus a trea gin armin
Cha dewith sin din tloyg
Mirri baale er in roygh boye
- 24 Cha dwg sin lynni ass a chaa
Ach feve reith na ardlacht
Sanni a hor mo mi wag feyn
Na lea er a wlin chaa
- 25 Is skaa nawriss er in layr
Agus a lanni na zess lawe
Donnwl allith er gith
Lea dea er bley a looreicha
- 26 Leggwm erla mi ley re lar
Is di bi rymis oss a chinni tawe
Sminum a healgin er sin
Cred a zanvin na zeye
- 27 Di hillith osgir rwmsyth soss
Agus bi lor lam a chross
Di hein a hwggm a laave
Er wayn er ym choailli
- 28 Di zoyve may lawe mi vee feyn
Is dyth hoedis ranyth erca
Is aon tw sin a lea
Char churreis caiss sin teil
- 29 Hurrt rwmsyth mi wak
Farryth agus a nar armyth
A wee riss ni dawl sin
Di wesith slane a aythir
- 30 Ne zanwmsyth zewsyth gaeth
Ne roe aggwim fregreith zoe
Gin danik keilt worsin
Huggin a zeyzium oskir
- 31 A dowirt mak romane in nawe
Ach keyuis tazas a zrawg
A tame er oskir mir is dee
Dul a gowar seil awzeive
- 32 Crachte sley carbre roye
Fa ymlin oskir armroye
Lawe cheilt ga wllin
Doe reach in greachte nyth sley
- 33 Sarris keilta a knee er choyr
Id toyr a inni na zoece
It toyr a zrwne crechti kyn
Er a zerre din zorley
- 34 Skreddis makronane sin
Agus tuttis gow talwin
Id dowirt keiltyth ym meille trano
Er weith zoe er tryle in dyvenail
- 35 Feirane sen a oskir aile
A skarris ranyth wane
Is skar raa caath ra fyynn
Bae in keiss ag seil mor chwne
- 36 Gerrit a weith zoe mir sin
A vee alpin a chlerich
Gi waka a huggin wo nar
Ne roye boea zanew phail
- 37 Feichit keaid zonyth mir sin
Eddr ogre is arse
Ne roowe dwne slane dew sin
Aggin din neychit cadsin
- 38 Ach fer ix gonni gi reive
Fath low ag gin di chreactew
Togmir in tosgir arne
Er chranew sley in nar dew
- 39 Bermoyne gu tullich zlin
Dyth howirt dea a heylyth
Lead nyth bossyth zane chorp
Cha roye slane wo na alt
- 40 Na gi ryg a wonyth lar
Ach a ygh na hynirane
In nyth sin dwn sin nar
Geillingua churp gow laa
- 41 Gir hogsin clau v^c ne finni
Er chnokew ard evin
Neyr choneith neach a v^c fen
Nir chein a wrar fa zeyth
- 42 Re fegsin me veesi mir sin
Kaach wlyth a kenyth oskir
Gerrit a wee zown mir sin
Er curryth in a churp cheive zil
- 43 Gow vaka chuggin fa nona
Fin m'kowlie vic tranewor
Gow dugsidir annsyth nar
Drane boe di zanew phal
- 44 Er fyail clynni boissni neyr
Fa chassil chroo sin nurril
Di bi roye baeketh ni werri
Agus skranil ni meillyth
- 45 Gow vaggi sin verga finni
Re eranni sley voss er gin
Hugsaid huggin assin nar
Dl hug sin na goail
- 46 Di vannych sinn ullyth zinni
Agis char reggir a sinni
Dulli er in tullich na rane
Far in rowe oskir armzar
- 47 Nor a wowyth oskir finni
Er tocht daa voss a chinni
Togissa nye neachla
Is bannythchis da hanathir

- 48 Id dowirt in tosgir in sin
Re m'murraith sin nor sin
Mi chin fest riss in naik
Er haggin a inni armzar
- 49 Troyg a oskir arne
A zey v^e mo v^e syth fen
Miss er a zey is fanne
Is er dyc fano errin
- 50 Mallych art in r gym moye
Sai sa dwe tanyth reym loyith
Di leon a orrwim a her
Na gi reach ma in noeneith
- 51 Slane wome a zirrill is di zawe
Slane di gi keiss di holkwail
Slane di gi math woym in nossa
Ach ne waym zin chomso
- 52 Re clastin kelwein nyth finni
A arrwm a hosgir zi ling
Di hein a woa in dai lave
Is di zea a rosga rinwlaa
- 53 Di hynta finni runna a chwle
Di hilla deara gow dour
Ach fa osgir is fa wranna
Cha drin sai dar er talvin
- 54 Ach missi wane agis fin
Ne royye a zayn woss a chin
Hug ait tree zayrthy sin noyr
A class fa errin awoyr
- 55 Coyk fclit kead x
Is deich kead er in goayrren zin fen
Wa din nam marve er a wygh
Gyn nane dwn za essen
- 56 A zaa urdill sin is ne goe
Is reith errin skail fa moe
Wa marve er in toive ellith
Di loyg errin armylin
- 57 Neyn roye finni swllor na saive
O ben gow hyig a wass
Woyn zloosin ne far da less
Reithre wea zi werrin
- 58 Woyn chath sen cath zawryth
Noch cha drone ma tyn nawryth
Cha rowe in oor roca na loo
Nar leg maa ossni lan wor
Mor noch.

A. 30. CATH ZAWRYCH. 53 lines.

A HOUDIR SO FARRIS FILLI.

THIS answers to Kennedy's 2nd part, and is very like it. It is not composed by Farris Filli. A character in the story questions him, and he answers. It is his speech as much as the speeches spoken by Celts, in Tacitus.

- 1 INNIS donn a earris
Ille feynth errin
Kynis tarle zevin
In gath zawrych ni beymin
- 2 Ne math v^e kowle
Mo skacl o chath zawrich
Cha warr oskyr invin
Hug mor coskir calm
- 3 Cha warr seachta vec keilt
Na gasre fean alwe
Di hut oyk ni feani
Inn in cadyth arrych
- 4 Di marve m^o lowith
Si vi mek sin tathryth
Di hut oyk ni halvin
Di marwa feyn brettin
- 5 Di hut m^e re lochlin
Fa linnyth veith chonyth
Bi chre fael farri
Bi lawe chalna in gonyth
- 6 Innis doif a ille
M^e mo vec is marrwm
Kynis di we oskyr
Scolta ni gathwarri

- 7 Bi zekkir a innis
Di bi vor in nobbir
Ne royye marve sin gath sen
Hut la armow oskyr
- 8 Ne loyth ess oyvin
Na seaywok re eltow
Na re wvnni sroyth
Na oskyr sin gath sin
- 9 Weith say ma zerri
Mir willith ra trane zeith
Na mir chraun voass ewee
Si wew gia nanetee
- 10 Hug oskyr na chonew
Mir harwe twnni tra
Mir chonnik sen carbre
Di chraa in tlye hantych
- 11 Gir chur treith a chinbhir
Gir bea in couva cadna
Ner impoo sin oskyr
Gin dranyth re errin
- 12 Gin dug beyrn gin deichill
Gir zoichin ay garlyen
Bollis art mac carbre
Er in darra bull
- 13 Is mi ferris filli
Dar hwil gych innis
Troyg er ess-ni feynth
My skeall re innis.
Innis.

G. 3. BAS OSGAIR. 154 lines.

Copied, 1872, by John Dewen, from a manuscript by Mac Diarmaid, 1762-1769.

June 27, 1872. Compared with Gillies, p. 313. This has 38 verses; Gillies, 64. It is not a copy because of the orthography. The verses follow in their order, so that the story remains the same, but various readings occur, e.g. 19, 32, 35, which are worth notice. This contains the Introduction, which is commonly repeated with the ballad now, but which is very difficult to explain. See version in Vol. iii. 'Popular Tales of the West Highlands.' 1862. Y.

BAS OSGAIR,

Or the Death of Osgar, the son of Ossian, and grandson of Fian Macull.

Copied from a manuscript wrote by Eovan Mac Diarmaid in the year 1762, & in possession of Mr. John Shaw, miller, Kenlochraineach, in the year 1872.

- 1 Cho 'n abair mi mo thriath re m cheol,
G a b' oil le Oissin a nochd,
Osgar & Cairbre calma
Fraothadar uille neath Ghauradh.
- 2 Ni sleagh nimhe is i n laimh Chairbre,
Go n croithe i re nair feirge
Theireadh am Fiadhach re goimh
Gur ann leadha mhairbhthe Osgar.
- 3 'S misseadh heireadh e ris fein,
Am Fiadhach dubh ma mhlicheil.
A chnig fhear a tha sibh ma 'n chlar¹
Ach suil fir a bhi ga thachda.
- 4 Dh' fharaid sinne a Rath gun cheil
Com an tachda air suil fein,
Go de a ghoinm a h air air Rosg,
Nuair a chaonamaid a chaol Reachda.
- 5 Gaomaidh am fiadhach moch a maireach
Air a gbrauidhsa ann san aroich
Ach gus an taining an 'nuairigh
An fhaobh sin cho bole a-hinneal,²
- 6 A Bhaobh anidheas an tendach
Deansa dhuinne faisneachd choudna
A tuit aon dneine dihb linn
Na 'n deid sin uille neimhne
- 7 Marbhair leatsa cuid ceud,
Is godlnar leat an Rìogh fein.
Araon sa 'm fear lagh a dheth
Air snaoghal uille go 'n thainig,

¹ About the table.² Beauty.

- 8 Na cluineadh e thu Rosg mac Ruaidh
Na duine bhuipe ga shluagh
Na 'n cluineadh an Fhian thu nochd
Ma 'm bi sinu uile go meirsneach.
- These eight verses correspond nearly to Gillies' nine.
19 in Gillies. Various.
- 9 Tomalaid³ Cinn gun iomalaid Cacin,
Beug còrach sud iarruidh oirn
Se fath⁴ ma 'n iarruidh tu sinn
Sinne bhì gun Fhian gun Athair,
- 10 Ga do bhithe an Fhian is t-Athair
'A là ab fearr bha iad na 'm Beatha
Cha buileoir⁵ leamsa re 'm liun⁶
Gach siod a dhiarruinn ga m faghain
- 11 Na 'm biodh an Fhian agus m-Athair
'N là 'b fearr bha iad na 'n leath bheatha,
Steann air am faghaidh tu 'n sin,
Aon leud do throighe ann Eirinn.
- 24 in Gillies.
- 12 Briathar buan sin,⁷ briathar buan,
A Bheireadh an Cairbre ruadh,
Go 'n cuireadh e sleagh na 'n seachd siong
Edir aradh agus Tomlag.
- 13 Briathar eille na aghaidh sin
Bheireadh an t-Osgar gle chalma,
Go 'n cuireadh e sleagh na naodh siong,
Ma chumadh fhuilt agus Eidin.
- 14 'N oidheche sin dhuine go Lè
Mar re mnaoi Teineadh comh-ol,
Part of 22 Gillies.
Briathar garga leath mar leath
Edir Cairbre agus Osgar.
- 26 in Gillies.
- 15 Briathar buan sin, briathar buan
A Bheireadh an Cairbre ruadh,
Go 'n tugadh e sealg is Creach⁸
A h-Albunn an la air na marach. (mharach)
- 27 in Gillies.
- 16 Briathar eille na aghaidh sin
Bheireadh an t-Osgar gle calma
Go 'n tugadh e Sealg is Creach
Do Dh' Albunn an la air na mharach.
- 30 in Gillies.
- 17 Dh eirg sinn an la air na mharach
Agus air Slnagh bilidh, badhach,
Thogadh lian a h-Eirinn Creach.
Da Chreich-dheug as gach Coig-dhibh.⁹
- 18 Nuair a ranaig sinn ann,
Bealach¹⁰ cumhaing ann Caol ghleann,
Lann a bhiodh an Cairbre glan,
A Lona maireachd a teachd nar Comhail.
- 19 Cuig fichid Albannach ard,
Than tharr nuir chairginigh ghairbh,
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.
- 20 Cuig fichid fear Chloidheamh ghlaish,
Nach deach aon cheim riamh air aish
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.
- 21 Cuig fichid fear bogha
A thainig oirne nar comhair,
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.
- 22 Cuig fichid fear faochdaidh,¹¹
Thainig oirne a tir an t-sneachdaidh,
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.
- 23 Cuig fichid Cairbre ruadh,
Thainig no mhaithibh an t-sluaigh,
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.

- 24 Nuair a chunnaire an Cairbre ruadh,
Osgar a snaithe an t-sluaigh
Au t-sleagh nimhe bha ma laimh
Go 'n do leige sin na Chomhail.
- 25 Thuit Osgar air a ghluin deas
'Sa 'n t-sleagh nimhe roimh a chneas
Go 'n chuir e sleagh na naodh siong
Ma chumadh Uilt agus Eidin.
- 26 Eirigh Art is glac do Chloidheamh,
Is seasamh aite t-Athar,
'S ma thig thu beo 'n na cathaibh,
Go ma Rìogh rath thu air Eirinn.
- 27 Thug e urchair eile a nairde
Air leinn bu leoir a hairde
Leagadh leis le meud a chùmeas
Art mac Chairbre air an ath urchair.
- 28 Chuir iad Crùn an Rìogh ma cheap.
Los go buidhinte leo an Larach,
Thog e leachdagh chonard chruaidh
Bhar na Talmhuin taobh ruaidh,
Bhris e Crun an Rìogh man Cheap
Gnìomh ma dheireadh mo dheagach mbic.
- 29 Togaibh libh mi noise Fhiannaibh
Cho do thog sibh roimh riamh mi,
Togaibh mi go Tulloch ghlain,
Ach go 'm buin sibh dhiom an t-eudach.
- 30 Marbhaig ort a mbic na buaidh
Nì thu breugan dhuinn an darnn h-uair
Loingear mo shean-Athar a h-ann
'S iad a teachd le Cobhair thu gainn
- 31 Bheannuigh sinn uile do Dh Fhian
Ga ta cha do bheannuigh Dhunn,
Gus an daing e Tulloch na 'n deur,
Far an raibh Osgar arm gheur.
- 32 'S misseadh mbic a bhiodh tu dheth,
Latha Catha Dan-Dealagan,
Namha na curan roimh d'chneas,
'Si mo Làmhse rinn do leigheas.
- 33 Mo Leigheas cha neil e m-fath,¹²
Cha mho dheantar e go brath,
Chur Cairbre sleagh na 'n seachd siong
Edir m' àradh agus m' iomlag.
- 34 Chuir mise sleagh na 'naodh siong
Ma chumadh fhuilt agus Eudain
'S na 'n ruige mo Dhunn a chneas,
Cho deanadh aon Leigh a leigheas.
- 35 'S misseadh Mhic a bhiodh tu dheth
Latha Cath Bhein Eudain
Namhadh na feidh roimh do chneas
Si mo laimhse rinn do Leigheas.
- 36 Mo leigheas cha n eil e 'm fath,
Cha mo dheantar e go brath,
Goimh an Donaigh am thaobh dheas,
'S¹³ dorride do Leigh mo Leigheas.
- 37 Mo Laogh fein thu Laogh mo Laoigh,
Leanabh mo Leanabh Ghil chonah,
Mo chroidhe leimnigh¹⁴ mar Lon,¹⁵
Go la bhrath cha 'n eirigh Osgar.
- 38 Cha do chuir Fian dheth crith no grainn
O làtha sinn go latha bhrath,
Cha ghabhadh is cho h fearra leis,
Ach Trian do 'n bheatha ga'd abrain

¹² Being or Existence. ¹³ w^t more difficulty.
¹⁴ Leaping. ¹⁵ Elk.

D. 26. CATH GHABHRA NAN BEUMAMANIN.
166 lines.

From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson. Advocates' Library, May 11, 1872.

THIS is a genuine fragmentary version; all its verses are elsewhere, with slight variations. These sometimes explain obscurities, e.g. It seems in most versions that a great number of Cairbres were slain. A genitive, in verse 21, makes the line mean 'seven score of (the people of) Cairbre ruaidh.' This version is equivalent to Ken-

³ Exchange. ⁴ Reason. ⁵ Not too much.

⁶ Time. ⁷ An oath.

⁸ Booty. ⁹ Province.

¹⁰ A passage. ¹¹ Man of War.

nedy's First and Third Parts. The only additions that I can see are the two last words 'An Albin' = in Scotland.

The battle was in Ireland, and they carried Oscar on spears to Fionn's House, which therefore was not in Scotland, but at Almhain, which is near the field of battle.

- 1 SMULLADICH mi 'n deigh Chaoilte
'S nach marthion Luchd mo cho-aois
Lion mi lan Gallair as Goirt
An Tim scarichdin ri 'm Choilte
- 2 Be Caoilte mo Choilte ceart
San do dhimirin Buar as Brat
Be Caoilte mo Leth-chnir Chatha
Ri Hardan na ri haoin Athigh
- 3 Thainig 'n Cairbrigh tabhich lagg
Ghlachda leis Erin fo Smachd
Chuir Fios oirne gu Teibhrich
Gar 'n immirbhuidh mach e Hallabhi
Dhianibh griobh bu dullich lein
Dhol a bhuintin din air Tighearnais
- 4 Fhregair shinne an Curidh dana
A lion uille do na bha shin
Cha roibh shinne 'dfhein ann uille
Na choisne dhuin am bith buidh
- 5 Air an Rathid ghle-gheal chleicheadh
Oichd Fiochid deug deo Mharcich
Huar shin Onnoir luair shin Bìadh
Mar a luair shin roidh riabh
Bha sinn gu subhich a steach
Cubhil as Cairbra san Teiridh
- 6 An La ma dheridh don Oil
Huir an Cairbra na Ghuth mor
Imlait Cinn Sleigh a bail leam uaitse
Oscar dhuin e Hallabhi
- 7 Cìod an Imlait Cinn bhìgh ort
A Chairbra ruaigh nan Long-phort
'S gur leat mi fein as mo Tshleigh
An Tim Catha na Coibhrig
- 8 Cha buillair leom Cìos na Cain
Na aoin Sheid a bhìgh nar Tir
Cha buillair leom rim Linn a bhos
Gach sheoid a Ghiarin gun faithin
- 9 Cha neil Oir na Earras gu fìor
A dhiaridh oirne an Rìodh
Gun Tair gun Tailceas duin dheth
Nach bu leatsa a Thighearnas
- 10 Cha buillair liom Imlait Cinn
Cha 'n aidièhin Caoichlaigh Croinn
Imlait Cinn gun Imlait Croinn
Begarich shud iarraidh orram
Gur he Fa man Shiridh du shinn
Mishe bhì gun Fhian gun athair
- 11 Gad a bhìgh an Fhian as Tathair
Mar 's fear gan ro iad nam Bethidh
Cha buillair leom fo na Fianibh
Gach aoin nì dhiarrin gun faithin (sheoid)
- 12 Nan bithidh an Fhian as mathair
Mar a bha iad riabh nam Bethidh
Cha'naithidh uissa a Rìogh,
Liad do dha Thraidh an Erin.
- 13 Bheir mishe dhuit Briathar buan
She huir an Cairbra Crann-ruaigh
An Tshleigh shin mu bheil do Laibh
Gur hann inte ha do lua Bhas.
- 14 Bheir mishe dhuit Briathar cille
Ars an Toscar Donn e Hallabhi
Gun togbhar leom Shealg as Creach
'S gun reichin do Dhalabhi marich
- 15 Lion Fuarrichd na Laoich laun
Ri clasin na Himirbhuidh
Bha Briaribh gairbh leth mar leth
Edar an Cairbra san Toscar
- 16 Bha 'n oiche shin duinne gun Doir (Chobhrì)
Haul & a bhos mun Obhin (River)
Bha Doir lan leth mar leth,
'S bha Doirlan mar Edaruin.
- 17 Hog shin oirn an Larna bharich
A lion uille do na bha shin
A t-shealg sa dhiaghich har lein
Gun f'hiarich do Rìodh na Herin
- 18 Bharuibh shin Rìogh Lathidh nan Lann
Laoich fuillich le Faobhrì arm
Hog shin ri Sìagh gaoil Creich
Gu Cria laoisgìruich luthor.
- 19 Mungan mae Sheirc a bha 'n Uaidh
A choibhrigidh ceud Claithibh cruaidh
Huit shud le Laibh hall
'S he mosglidh gu Rìogh na Herin
- 20 Sheichd Fiochid do Chlannibh Rìodh
Bu bhor Gaisgidh & Gniobh,
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar hall
She mosglidh gu Rìogh na Herin.
- 21 Sheichd Fiochid Cairbra ruaidh
Bha colsach ri Cairba an Tshluadh
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar haul
'S he mosgla gu Rìogh na Herin
- 22 Sheichd Fichid do Dhearibh Feachd
Hanig e Tir uair an Tshneachd
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar hall
'S he mosgla gu Rìogh na Herin
- 23 Sheichd Fiochid Gaigheal¹ garg
Thainig fo 'n Tir uairidh ghairibh
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar haul
She mosgla gu Rìogh na Herin
- 24 Sheichd Fiochid do Dhearibh Bogha
Hanig air Cairbra ga chobhrì
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar haul
'S he mosgla gu Rìogh na Herin
- 25 Chogir ab fhaisce don Rìogh
Bhairibhe e iad sbu bhor an Gniobh
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar haul
She mosgla gu Rìogh na Herin
- 26 Nuair a chunnaire an Cairbra ruidh
Oscar a snathidh an Tshluaidh
A Chraosich nethidh blua na Laibh
Leige huiggidh I na Chothail
- 27 Huit Oscar air a Ghuln deas
San Tshleidh nethidh roibh a Chneas
Iug e Urchair eill a nun
As bheiritidh leis Rìogh na Herin
- 28 Erich Airt as glaic do Chlaibh
Shesibh ann an Aite Tathar
Ma dheibh thu do dhiol Saoghil
Saolidh mi gur mac Rath thu
- 29 An Toscar bu mhoithid Buaidh
San bhairibh e Cairbra an Tshluaidh
Huit le Oscar gniobh nach cuimisich
Art mac Chairbra air an ath Urchair
- 30 Shluaidh Chairbra bu ghairibh Cleichd
Hog iad Cath-Chara mun Cheip
- 31 Oscar mac Ossain an aigh
Hog e Leig Chloichidh fo 'n Bhlar
Bhrìst e 'n Cath-bhara mun Cheip
Gniobh nu dheridh mo dheo mhic
- 32 Mo Laoigh fein thu Laoigh mo Laoidh
Leinibh mo Leinibh gluil chaoibh
Mo Chriodh a Leinich mar Loin
'S gn la bhrach cha 'n erich Oscar
- 33 'Bhic 'm bu mhissa bha thu dheth
Na 'n La hng shin Cath Bein edin
Tshnathidh na Coirrin rod Chneas
Shi mo Laibhsa reinn do leithis.
- 34 Chancel mo Leithis am Fa
Schla bho nitar e gu brach
Chuir Cairbra Sleigh nan sheichd sheim
Eddar Mairnin & Mìmlag
- 35 Hug mishe 'n shin Urchair cille
Bhuthir gu 'n ban air a gainnid
Chuir mi sleigh nan nao Sheim
Mu Chumidh Fhuil & Aodin
'S nan rigidh mo Dhuirn a Chneas
Cha dianigh na Leigh a lethis.

¹ Or gargheal, or gas gheal.

- 36 Erich Ossain 's'glaic do Ghath
Fo 'nach marthion Oscar arramach
Cha surd Curridh bli caoidh ma Chloin
Ma ha iad 's na Cathin huggin
- 37 Cha dainich orm Duinne riabh
Gur Criod Feola a bha 'n Chliabh
Ach Criodh mar Chliabhne cuir
Air a Chuilbriche le Stailin.
- 38 Bha Donnailich nan Conn rim Thaoibh
Agus Ullartich nan Shean Laoich
Gal Bannaíl a caoidh ma sheuch
Gu 'm be shin a chraidh mo Chriodh.
- 39 Cha chaoindh Bean a mac fein
Cha chaoindh Fear a dheara-bhrathair
Air an Tullich huas ma dheas
Bha shin nille caoidh Oscar
- 40 Hog shin lein an Toscar aluin
Air Guallibh sair Sleighin airde
Hug shin as Imriche grunn
Gus an drainig shin 'Tidh Fhin an Albin.
Crioche.

H. 29. HOW OSCAR WAS KILLED. 580 lines.
Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 145. Advocates' Library,
December 30, 1871. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL went to Rome for to cure his leg after it was wounded by his grandson Oscar when he beheaded Garbh, and every one of the old Heroes went with him except Fergus the celebrated Bard (Ossian's brother), they gave the chief command to Oscar above what was left at home of their Army. Cairbar was the King of Ireland then, in the room of the lawful King Cormac. Kings in these days use to keep Counselor or a choice man in wisdom for to direct them how to do any action both in the time of peace and war. Cairbar's Adviser said to him that he was very foolish when he was a subject to Fingal and his men, when they might be subjects to him; (for Fingal had a man and a dog's due on every dwelling that was in Ireland and many other tributes besides that, which is too tedious to mention here) and that he was also honoured above Cairbar in every place, that he would get the praise of every action in Wars and not him, and that his reputation would never decay; Cairbar asked then, how they could make the Heroes subject to himself? the Counselor answered and said, Take you the opportunity immediately while you have it since all the Heroes are in Rome, except Oscar and few number of their young men, therefore if you will invite Oscar and his Men to a Feast, and get the shaft of his victorious spear, for the Blade of your own Spear, and then you need not keep them to defend this Kingdom from any brutal force whatsoever no more, and if Oscar will not deliver the spear willingly, take it from him by force and make them subjects as others while you live, and in case Oscar will overcome you, have all thy force ready here before he will come. This pleased the King exceedingly well, and he ordered all his army to be at his court in compleat armour while the festival days would be holden in the Isle of mist (where their House, women and Garabh were ruined,) to the feast. Oscar and his men came. They were feasting, singing and dancing during six days, and at the seventh day Cairbar asked Oscar's spear, Oscar refused that unless Cairbar would give him his own spear, which he would never do, they cast out that moment, and it is said that Cairbar burnt a great number of Oscar's men, where they slept that night (but it is not mentioned in the Poem, therefore it is hard to determine whether it is true or not). To-morrow Oscar fled with his men in fear that Cairbar's numerous Host would find means to overcome him, but when they saw that he fled they pursued him by 360 and 360, and overtook him. Oscar returned to them, and fell into a madness of strife and killed them by 360 and 360 as they were coming. It is not known what his men did at all, for they were all young, and since they were not well prepared for Battle, so few beyond the rest, they were greatly discouraged. They were all slain on both sides, except a few number that fled at the end of the day. Oscar and Cairbar themselves fell at last by each other, and then Arth, Cairbar's son, when the . . . was over, what was alive of Cairbar's men made Cairbar's image, and they put the Crown on his head, and set it on the field opposite to where Oscar was

almost dead, for to vex him; he lifted a great stone that was under him, he threw it on the image, and broke it into pieces. It is supposed that none of his men escaped, but his uncle, Fergus the Bard, he only was left at home of the old men to compose songs to what deeds they would perform worthy to be remembered till Fingal and the rest would return back from Rome, for they had no Historians at that time, but Bards; they were not taught neither to read nor write. Fergus fled to the Western coast of Ireland, and saw his Father and his attendance coming ashore. The Poem is divided into three parts: First, how the Battle was fought; Secondly, how he told the story by way of episode to his Father when he saw him; and Thirdly, how they discoursed with Oscar himself on the field. They carried him to the Fortress of Alvin, when they buried him; his Father and Grandfather lamented over his grave by way of Epitaph, exquisite bitter. Note that the first part is composed by the Poet when he fled on the way towards the shore; it is not addressed to any one.

DAN 28. Compare D.

- 1 'S MULADACH mi fad o 'm dhaoine,
'S nach maithean luchd an coi'-raonte;
Na caoimh bha fuileachdach bras,
Re h-ám d' éug-bhail is mor chath.
- 2 'S muladach mi' nois am aonar,
Gun Athair gun Mhac gun chaoimhach;
Gun Bhrathair no coi'-lueld catha,
A dh' ath-dhiolas bás nan cathan.
- 3 'S muladach mi 'n deidh Chaoille,
'S nach fhaic mi fear a choi'-aogais;
Bu luaithe na cathadh mara,
'N uair dh' éireadh cruas catha.
- 4 B' e Iolainn mo bhrathar cómhraig,
Ann 's gach ionad am biodh comhstrídh,
Is b' e Aogh no leith chur catha,
Re h-ardan no re h-an la.
- 5 B' e Daoire mo chamhalte ceart,
Leis a dh' imrinn buaigh is brat,
Ciod e 'm fáth dhamh bliu gan ainmach,
'S gun iad bhí 'n lathair Chath-cabbara.
- 6 'N uair chualas leo turas Fhinn,
Ann 's gach ionad a bha 'n Eirinn;
Lion iad do dh' éud is do dh' aun-run,
Do na h-ogain úra chalarra.
- 7 'Sin thuirte Comharlaich 'd Ard-rígh,
Comhairl' chum guin a bbaís dhuin;
O! 's amaidhe thusa Chairbnidh,
Paidheadh éis do 'n Fhéinn, cia calma.
- 8 'N all' air sgoileadh fea' gac áite,
'S ceann no crioche cha' d' thig gu brath or;
Thusa mar icidh chaoi' gun innsadh,
Re h-ám cath is cómhrag mhíldh.
- 9 Cia mar chiosnaichar na garbh laoich,
Do radh Cairbnidh fuairidh falachidh;
D' ream nach do chloíodheadh an eathaihb,
Re gábhadh no ri h-an latha.
- 10 An fhea' sa raibh Fionn air thuras,
Cian air chuan gun luaidh air faireach,
Cuir fios air Oscar do dh' Albinn
'S fuigh cranu nan naoi sean do 'n-lann-ghill.
- 11 Bidh sea-seana deug a 'd lannsa,
'S cho 'n fhuigh buai' ort sloigh no armaibh;
Ceannsaich ann sin Oscar 's ógain,
'S glaine cruth no gagan shornach.
- 12 Gh áirdaich so na mílídh ghruamach,
A chuir sinne síos gu truaighe;
'S Chairbnidh fuileach, lámhach bras
A ghlac Eirinn fui' aon smach.
- 13 Chói-aontaich an cinneach cruai;
'S uile dhaoine Chairbnidh ruai;
Le comhairl' fear-íuil na mio-loinn,
Chum 's nach fuighte éilí no éisc.
- 14 Chuir iad chugain cuireadh dána,
Dh' Albinn úr an raibh air 'n abhaist;
A dheanamh gníomh bu deacair leinn,
Bhuintinn ar Tighearnais dhinn.

D. 4.

- 15 Fhrecagair sinn an curidh dána,
A thug uile guin a bháis dhuinn;
Dhol a ghabhail féiste uaithe,
Da 'm bu chrioch cradh agus truaighe.
- 16 Cha raibh sinn ann do 'n Fhéinn uile,
Na chomhraigadh an laoch curidh;
Air an rathad gble' ghlan chleacaidh,
Bha ocdh míle 's caogad marcaich.
- 17 Rainig sinn an dara mháirach,
Teaghlach Auna nan sluaigh géirleach;
Is Oscar caomh, calma, suaire,
Air ar tús gu h-íom-ard uallach.
- D. 5.
- 18 Fhuair sinn urram agus miadh,
Ceart mar fhuair sinn roimhe riamh;
F ad sea oidhchean is sea ló,
Gun easbhuidh air fíon no air ceól.
- 19 'S ann seachdamh latha dhuinn san ól,
Labhair Chairbmidh le guth mór;
Iomlaid cinn sleagh b' aill leam uait,
Oscar nan arm faobhrach cruaidh.
- 20 Cíod e 'n iomlaid cinn sleagh th' ort,
A Chairbmidh dhuinn nan lóng-phort;
'S gur leat mí fein is mo shleagh,
Re h-ám d' éng-bhail 's do mhór bhail.
- 21 Cho bhfuilair leam iomlaid cinn,
'S cho 'n aidmhechain caochla' erainn;
Uait Oseair an leadáin amalaich,
Cho 'n fhuilair leam air a bhail so.
- 22 Iomlaid cinn gun chaochla' erainn,
B' ca-corach r'a iarruidh choidhich;
S' e fíth ma 'n iarradh tu 'n ath-chuing,
Mise bhí gun Fhianh gun Athair.
- 23 Ge do bhíodh tu, s' d' Fhianh is d' Athair,
Ceart mar bha ind riamh r' a 'n latha;
Cho b' fhuilair leamsa gu dheimhinn,
Aon séud a dh' iarrainn gu fuighinn.
- 24 Na 'm bitlinsa 's 'm Fhianh is 'm Athair,
Ceart mar bha sinn riamh r' ar latha;
Cho 'n fhmigheadh tu Chairbmidh dhuinn,
Do dh' Eirinn lead do dh'a' bhluinn,
- 25 Líon fuarachd an laoch lán,
Re claisúinn na-h-iomar-bhaidh;
Do dh' úr Oscar, ionmhuinn, armaicht,
Is d' a oig-flúir shnuaghar chalma.
- 26 Mar sinn dhuinne gu tra' neóin,
'G eisteachd ris na súinn bu mhó;
Is leith mar leith briathraibh garge,
Eidear Oscar agus Cairbmidh.
- 27 Bheireamsa briathar san nair,
Do ra' an Cairbmidh claon ruagh;
An t-sleagh nimh mu' n bheil do lámh,
'S ann uimpe bhíos do lua'-bbas.
- 28 Bheireamsa briathar eile,
Do radh Oscar nan arm teine;
Gun tog mi dhiot sealg gun áireamh,
Is theid mí dh' Albinn a máirach.
- 29 An oidhche sinn duinne gu ló,
Eidear mnaitheibh fionn 's a' g' ól:
'S briathraibh garge fuaridh falachidh,
Eidear Oscar agus Cairbmidh.
- 30 Air madain an dara mháirach,
Do ghluaiscamar gu mór ghéirdach;
A thoir seilg leinn le coi' gíbbneas,
'S cho d' fhiabhraich sinn Rí 'n h-Eirinn.
- 31 Thog sinn Gleann-eoathann nan úr rós,
Gu luath, laisgairmach luthmhor;
'S chunnaig sinn a teachd nan tean-ruigh
Buidheann fhuilach fhaobhrach chalma,
- 32 Macsamhailte do bha 'n daor-ruigh,
Mar an t-shran-ghaoth teachd thair aonach;
No mar fhrois o' n iar na gathaibh,
Roi' na gaothaibh baoghlach plathach.
- 33 'N tra' chunnaig Oscar na slóighaibh,
Dh' fhás e mar fhiadh-bar air móintich;
No mar chú air éill no lothainn,
Re h-am teachd do 'n t-sheilg ma chothair.
- 34 A deir Oscar r' a lúchd seilge,
O' chaoimh chalmhaibh is mar' éirmais,
Tha cluich eile teachd nar caraibh,
Ní 's fhearr no claidh fhiadh air bharrabh.
- 35 Tha ar naimhde tigh 'n nan grunnaihbh,
Chum an t-sleibh gu feithach fuileach;
A thoir sgríos oirn ann an aon la,
Mar stríoc sinn gu síor do Chairbmidh.
- 36 Pilleamaid riu gu déonach,
'S na geillamaid chaoi' da 'n combrag,
Man di-measach no man táirach;
Sinn gu síor an dream o' n d' thainig.
- 37 Sin a deir na Luthaich chalma,
O! na d' thugaibh buille dhaibh 'n diu;
'S fhearr dhuinn réite riu is cordamh,
No tuitam uil' air an lón ud.
- 38 Fhrecagair Oscar Caomha grádhaich,
'N 'e sin a deir sibh a lán-laoch;
B' fhearr leam tuitam air na Maghaibh,
No teicheimh no geill do bhaile.
- 39 Sin thuir Raoinidh aoibheil géirdach,
'S baoghalach dhuinn dol do 'n ghéabha';
Ach ged thuiteas sinn gu h-uillidh,
'S ro alloil gu bráth ar cumha.
- 40 Míle beannachd dhuitsa Raoinidh,
Flúir is fhearr re linn na caobhrach;
Do ra Oscar an Ceann catha,
'N curidh calma, armach, gathach.
- 41 A ris a deir na Luthaich ághor,
Re caomh Oscar cosgair, aluin;
Cha do thréig sinn riamh na cathaibh,
No air cáirdean gradhaich gathach.
- 42 Bha sinn riamh an tús gach géabhadh,
F' ar 'm bu mhinig builleán lán-laoch;
Cha d' rinn fós am bás a sheachna,
Le meath-chríth no leanbachd mhcata.
- 43 Ach 'n diu' chí sinn slóigh doth-áiridh,
'S dubhadh shliagh is bhleann d' ar námaibh;
'S baoghalach dhuinn doll nan caraimh,
'S gun air 'n áireamh dhoibh am fagus.
- 44 Bheir aon leagamh sinn sa ghéabha 's,
Chaoi' na dbeidh nach d' theid am blára;
'S fhearr dhuinn fheuchain le cuthach,
No bhí ris gu síor fuí' Chumha.
- 45 A cheann-catha 's farsuing ainnein,
Thoir thusa 'n ceann seant' do Chairbmidh;
Oir cho mhaslaich síth re hoich sinn,
Gus 'n d' thig Fíonn le chalmhaibh gaolach.
- 46 Ach ma 's raonach leats' imtheachd,
Chuca síar gu pian no pilleadh;
'S ullamh thogas sinn ar 'n arma,
'S tric a dheir' an dubhra garbh-chath.
- 47 An sin do ra' an t-Oscar calma,
'S 'e cath fuileach mor mhíann' manma;
Far an cluinte fuaim nan huinne,
Mar thoirainn no sreotha' muinne.
- 48 A deir e 'n sin r' a bhuidheann dheárlach,
Fhír rathail is cruaidhe 'n gabhadh;
'Sgaoileadh uaibhe meath-chríth chatha,
'S biodh r' ar féim au gléus nan Cathan.
- 49 Faiccam uile sibh an órdadh,
Aiteam chathach, rathach, lóinreach;
'S gluaiscamaid gn luthar, calma,
Mar bu nos leinn ann 's gach aon la.
- 50 An sin dh' imich sinn air an fhraoch,
Chum buaidhe no bás marion;
Ar gnúis lóinreach le ar 'n armaibh,
Chlaoideadh fradharc mar ghrian Shamhraidh.
- 51 B' fhuaimnaiche síos síos an t-sléibh sinn,
No coill Mhorairn' roi' ghaoi' threun-mhor;
Na toirm u' mhannach na mara,
'Nuaire bhucadh i ris gach carraig.

- 52 Bha ar luas mar fhéidh nan áonach,
Bhíodh roí 'n fhlagaid a síor bhaór-ruigh,
No ceathach nam beanntaidh árdá,
'N nair bheanadh dh' a neart an fháilidh.
- 53 Rainig sinn a bhuidheann lónoil,
'S bhuaíl chugain mar thuin an damhair ;
Bhíodh o bosraich gu treun calma,
Ris gach Carraig Chruaidh sa Ghcamhra.
- 54 Bhuaíl siun orra mar an céadna,
Gu luath lamhach, is cho bhréugach ;
Mar mhór easaieh nan gleamtidh,
'S reothadh síos re sílios nam beauididh.
- 55 Chói'-fhreagradh na creagan árdá,
Do sgreadail ar 'n armaibh dealrach ;
'S dheargadh a Magh fuí 'r cosaibh,
Le fuil námh is ghrádhach cosgairt.
- 56 Mar sin dhuinne gu trá-neóin,
Gun fheith gun fhurtachd, ach léon ;
A cosgairt gach buidne nan dithadh,
Mar a b' fhaigsa dhuinna a thigadh.
- 57 Faidheoidh thuit sinn air gach lámh,
Mach o fhear a theich o 'n ár ;
'S cha d' thainig o 'n ghreis d' ar Cathain,
Ach mis am anonar galach.
- 58 Na b' aithne dhamh féin do 'n t-sluagh,
Aiream dhui na thuit gu h-naigh ;
Sin re ra' d' ar namha gabhidh,
Gun aithris air sluagh Rí' Pháile.
- 59 Mogan Mac Seirce bha 'n uaimh,
Chomhraigadh céud cloidheamh cruaidh ;
Thuit sud le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu Rígh na h-Eirann.
- 60 Rígh Loitheann nan iomad linn,
Geur fuileachdach, faobhrach rann ;
Thuit sud le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu Rígh na h-Eirann.
- 61 Seachd agus ceud mungan maiseach,
Le 'n clogaid cinn uallach gaisgach ;
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu sluagh na h-Eirann.
- 62 Seachd céud do dh' fheara feachd,
Thainig oirn o thír an t-shneachd ;
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu sluagh na h-Eirann.
- 63 Seachd ceud Albannach calm',
Thainig thair muir gáidheal garbh ;
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu sluagh na h-Eirann.
- 64 Seachd céud do dh' fheara botha,
Thainig oirn, 's cha b' ann dar comhair ;
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu sluagh na h-Eirann.
- 65 Seachd céud do dh' fheara scairbh,
Thainig o 'n tír uasaidh ghairbh ;
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu sluagh na h-Eirann.
- 66 Seachd céud do chlána Rígh,
Bu mhó gaisgeadh, 's bu mhór gníomh ;
Thuit sin air lámh Oseair cheatfaich,
'S e mosgladh gu sluagh na h-Eirann.
- 67 Seachd céud Cairbnidh ruagh,
Bu chosmhúil re Cairbuidh 'n t-sluaigh ;
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu sluagh na h-Eirann.
- 68 Seachd is míle calma cruaidh,
Chosgara' naoi' míle sluaigh ;
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh Rí Eirann.
- 69 Seachd is fichéad míle rís,
Do lán ghaisgach bu mhó gníomh ;
Thuit sin do náimh Oseair aghóir,
'S e mosgladh gu sluagh an Ard-rígh.
- 70 Míle mor-laoch is a dha,
Le 'n sleagh chorrnach gu crádh ;
Thuit sin da lámh Oseair aghóir,
'S e mosgladh gu sluagh an Ard-rígh.
- 71 Seachd céud fear tuaisge gu h-ár,
A sgath síos sinn ann 's gach áit ;
Thuit sin do náimh Oseair ghráidhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu sluagh an ámhghair.
- 72 Seachd céud Toiseach loinreach, árd ;
Fhuair nrram air magh gach bláir ;
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair thréibhaich,
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh Rí' Eirann.
- 73 'N seachd céud eile b' fhaigse lámh,
Le 'n Creathaille cruadhach bán ;
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair fhéilidh,
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh Rí' Eirann.
- 74 Seachd céud eile is níor ghó,
Ge' d bha sligheach orr mar or ;
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair áluin,
'S e mosgladh gu Rí' nan ámhghar.
- 75 A chuigeir a b' fhaigse do' n Rígh,
Bu mhó meas is bu mhór prís ;
Thuit sin le lámh Oseair ghradhach,
'S e mosgladh ris na bha láthair.
- 76 'N uair a chunnaig Carbnidh ruagh,
'N d' Osear a snaitheadh a shluaigh ;
A Chraosnach nímhé bha na dhornn,
Thilg e i chuige le threóir.
- 77 Thuit Osear air a ghluin deas,
'S an t-sleagh nímhé roí' a cneas ;
Thug e ath' urchair dh' i 'n ceud-rod,
Is mharbhadh leis Rígh na h-Eirann.
- 78 Art mhic Chairbnidh glac do chloí' eamh,
Is seas fein an áite d' Athar ;
Mar toir thu 'n t-éug do na Caithean,
Gur léoir dhuit fein mead do rabaidh.
- 79 Thuit le Osear sluagh gun áireamh,
Do mhaitheadh 's do dhaoine ághor ;
Agus fáidheoidh gníomh gun chuimhne,
Art mac Chairbuidh 'n dara urchair.
- 80 Chuir iad an sin na bha láthair,
Camhar Chairbnidh suas san áraich ;
Chum a léon le snuaintidh tiamhidh,
Aon laoch Eirann is nam Fiauidh.
- 81 Dh' imich an deidh na garg ghreis,
Iarmaid an t-sluaigh fhuair gun treis ;
'S nan rigeadh mo lámh an cneas,
Cho slánaicht' gu bráth an cneidh,
- 82 Osear mac Osian an áigh,
Thog e leac chloiche o 'n lír ;
'S bhris e 'n cabhar is an ceap,
Gníomh mo dheireadh a dhea' mhic.

PAIRT II. This is a version of Ballad A. 30.

- 83 O! 's mise Fearadhas fílidh,
Is chuartaich mí gach inuas ;
A noc an deidh na Feinne,
Straigh mo sgeul r'a innis.
- 84 Innis sgéul Fhearradhais,
Fhílidh fiann fear Eirann ;
Cionnas mar a tharladh,
Cath camhara nam béumanna'.
- 85 Níor mbaith e mhic Chuthail,
Mo sgeulas o Cath-camhra ;
Cha bheo an d' Osear ionmhúinn,
Achuir mor chosg air chalmaibh.
- 86 'S cha bheo a bhrathair eile,
Aon laoch fíal nan gaisgeach ;
'S ann leis a Chorán calma,
A thorchair am fear sin.
- 87 'S mharbhadh fear a Mhantail,
'S leinne do bha chónamh ;
Tha chroidhe gu fuar fal' chaidh,
'S a lámh chalm an comhuidh.
- 88 'S mharbhadh na Mic Luthaic,
Na sea Mic san d' Athair ;
Mharbhadh og Rígh Auna,
'S mharbhadh ann Rígh Laitheann.

- 89 Mharbhadh Mugan seirce,
Bha air thús nan sloighaibh,
'S mharbhadh luchd nan Tuaghadh,
A rinn mór thruaigh 'sa chómhrag.
- 90 Mharbhadh na sea Cuinn,
Na suinn bu mhai' sa chomstrídh;
'S mharbhadh Raoinidh 's Art,
Na laoi ch bu dáite, loinreach.
- 91 Mharbhadh Glais is Gearmhail,
Is seachd mic Chaoilt' Mhuc Ronan,
Daoire dearg is Aogh geal,
Fead is Faoidh is Mor-lamh.
- 92 Mharbhadh an Dubh-chuimhir,
Cruinne 's Balbh is Gáire;
Fir nan crúce calma,
'S iad gu fal' chaidh fásail.
- 93 Mharbhadh Oscar Gharidh,
Béirnidh is Fad-lamhach;
Is Clann-pháil o Teamhradh,
Agus Fearraghuin gradhach.
- 94 Mharbhadh naoi mic Mhíne,
Déud-gheal agus Ardán,
Mor-ghlan maiseach fialaidh,
'S Connlaoh ciatach álúin.
- 95 Mharbhadh ann an Tréun fhear,
Deó-gréine agus Aillidh;
'S tha Lubhar agus saor-ghlan,
Shíos r' a 'n taobh gun mháran.
- 96 Mharbhadh naoi mic Cholla,
Goille 's na trí Sgáire;
Iozhlan is Fionn Breatan,
Mac Bhréastail 's naoi mic Smáile.
- 97 Cho 'n ionann sa deireamsa,
Ach mac mo mhic is manam;
Cionnas a bha Oscar
A sgoltadh a chatha?
- 98 Gur deacair sin r' a innse,
Le ro mhead na h-obair;
Na thuit sa chath gun áireamh,
Le armaibh 's lámhaibh Oseair.
- 99 Bu luaithe' e no Eas omhann,
No seobhag tríd na h-caltainn;
'S mar rua mbuinne sreothadh,
Bha Oscar a g' aiseag.
- 100 'S bhithleadh e 'n nair eile,
Mar bhile re tréun ghaoith;
A límh air gach fuídh,
'S a shúil air gach tréun laoch.
- 101 Chunnag e Rígh Eirann,
Shíos air lar a chatha;
'S thug e ruathar chuige,
Mar Mhuinne re carraig.
- 102 Mharbhadh leis an tréun laoch,
Is an coran uime
Mac peath'r a Mhathar,
An fear a chráidh sa ghúin e.
- 103 'S Art mac a Chairbnidh,
Air an dara buille;
Sgoilteadh e na creagan,
Le leadairt a luinne.
- 104 'Nam biodh beachd mo sgéulsá,
An críocheaibh na Gréige;
Bhíodh Mnathan ann gu túrsach,
Is fir air bheagan céille.
- 105 'N sin do rádbháit 'm Athair,
G' am b' alle Rígh na Féinne
'Struagh anois a tharladh dhann,
Bhí gu bráth an-cibhinn.
- 106 Tha mí' nois gu caointeach,
An deidh gach cath is comhraig;
An deireadh mo kúithe,
Gun fhlír gun mhná' gun sólas.
- 107 Imicheamaid roimhainn,
Anois a chosg mo chomhráidh;
Far am bhéil an t-Oseair,
A chuir inor chosg air slóighibh.

PART III.

- 108 Thainig sinn an sin is Fionn,
Air an tulaoh os an chionn;
'S chunnaigh sinn air magh na t-éug-bhail,
Ar laoi ch chaomhe, chalma, cheatfach.
- 109 Iad marbh gu h-uilidh san áraich,
'San clab ris gach gaioth gun mháran;
O! b' e sin an scalladh deurach,
A dh' fhag sinne chaoi' an-cibhinn.
- 110 Fhuaras Oscar mo mhac féin ann,
'S 'e na luigh air uilín thairneach;
'Sa shleagh sint air lar lon ruisgte,
Is thuil síos tríd magh a Luireach.
- 111 'S measo bhí tu dhe' a dheca' mhic,
Na latha catha Béinn-cadainn;
Ghabham na corraín roí' d' mheadhan,
'S fhuareamar arís do leaglas.
- 112 Mo leaghas cho 'n cil e 'm fáth,
'S cho deanar e gu lí bhrúth;
Chuir Cairbnidh sleagh nan seachd aghan,
Eidcar 'm ionlag agus 'm áirnean.
- 113 'N nair thainig Cairbnidh nan lann,
Le fheadh a chur cath nach gann;
C' om nach do mharbh thu gun sóradh,
E air thús' ma 'n d' rinn do leonadh.
- 114 'S mise 'm feasd nach guineadh Cairbnidh,
Air na bhéireadh long thair fáirge;
Gus an guineadh mí gu neimhail,
Sinn clann na deise dearbh pheathrach.
- 115 Do thug mise urchair bhathast,
Mhíodhair 's g' a 'm bu leoir a guinne;
'S chuir mí sleagh na naoi saoillean,
An cumachd an fhuil san aodain.
- 116 Thuit e 'n sin air magh na d' eug-bhail,
Le mor chrádh air muin nan ceude;
Bha ionchán a síos gu shúilean,
'S fhuil a taomadh magh a Luireach.
- 117 'S truagh a mhic nach d' rinn thu trá' sin,
Man d' thug é am buille báis dhuit;
Cha slánaichear thu gu síorruidh,
Fhír a b' aghoire measg mhílidh.
- 118 Cíod e 'm fáth chaoi sin a radhait,
'S nach bhéud duine le mead ághan;
Tighain o 'n bhás a fhuar órda',
Ge d' bhithleadh gach sloigh ga chaonadh.
- 119 'N sin thug leinn an t-Oscar álúin,
Air bharadh ar sleaghan árdá;
'S thug sinn d' a' íomchar grunn,
Gus an d' rainig sinn tigh Fhinn.
- 120 Chruinnaich iad an sin na sluaigh,
'S gu 'm b' iad sin na buirich thruagh;
Cha chaoineadh bean a fear fein,
'S cha ghuileadh a bhrathair e,
- 121 Cha chaoineadh piuthar a brathair,
'S cha chaoineadh a mac a Mathair;
Ach iad nile ann sa phlogaíl,
A géur chaoineadh mo chaomh Oseair.
- 122 Donnalaich nan con re 'm thaobh,
Agus buirich nan sean laoch;
'S gal gach bannail ann gu snitheach,
'S iad is modha chraidh mo chroidhe.
- 123 Mar sin dhuinn gun an ath-lo,
Fuídh uallach uamhain is bróin;
Ag amharc air a chaomh dhochaint,
Gus 'n do cháill e 'n deó ra phlogaíl.
- 124 Thug sinn leinn e 'n sin gun ghéir,
Air ghuaillean is sleaghean árd;
Gus an tulaoh uaine dhosrach,
'S thiodhlaicadh leinn an sinn Oseair.
- 125 'S ann an sin a labhair Fionn,
Air an tulaoh fhuair gu fáinn;
Air an amhail so du-bhrónach,
'S dh' éist sinn uile ra chaoi-chomhradh.

126 Mo laogh fein e, laogh mo laoigh,
 Leanadh mo leinadh ghil chaoimh ;
 Mo chroidh' léimnich mar Leon dochaunt,
 Chion gun bráth nach eirich Oscar.

*Here begins a passage which seems to be modern ;
 compare I. The metre is different.*

- 127 Ach anois sa ris gu bráth,
 Gun treise gun dreach mar thá ;
 Fui lic fhuairidh chruai' gun chomhdach,
 Gun luadh gu la bráth air combrag.
- 128 Bha do chroidh' mar ghathaibh gréine,
 'S do spiorad mar chanach sléibh ;
 B' e do nós bhí aoiab fáiltéach,
 Mar na rósaibh air gach fáirc.
- 129 B' fhearr no sinu do chruth is d' aogasg,
 Fhír a b' áille bh' ann is d' náobhal ;
 Mar a ghriau a teachd roí' néalaibh,
 Bha do shuagh a meag nan tréun-laoch.
- 130 Bha do ghruaidh cho dearg san eaóran,
 Na ruiteaga suas gu craobhach ;
 'S bha do rosgaibh du-ghorm calma,
 Mar an osnaich chiuin is t-shamhradh.
- 131 Bha do chneas gu finn-ghael deáirach,
 Mar ghealach no sneachd an fhásach ;
 Thug barr air gach neach a móideachd,
 'S thug an neart re tinn a chómhraig.
- 132 Bha re h-am cath agus d' éug-bhail,
 Mar easaiche bheann ag éabhaich ;
 Is ehlaoidheadh e síos gach aiteam,
 Mar a charraig tuinn na mara.
- 133 'S truagh a tharladh eirich mo láithe,
 Bhí gun Fheinn gun ghean gun abhachd ;
 Thuit mo chroidhe gu lár fúí' shuimeadh,
 'S cha tog ceól re 'm bheó as úr e.
- 134 Cha tog clarsach o an-eibhneas,
 No Fígeal is mire gleús é,
 Anois no gu bráth gu sólas,
 'S tiamhaidh a dh' fhás eirich mo loithe.

Here comes in the current ballad.

- 135 'S ann an sin a dubhras féinach,
 'S mí sior chuimhneacha mo dhea' Múic,
 Cho 'n ann dhámhsa 's fhearr a tharladh,
 A bhí chaoi' gun mhac gun ábhaich.
- 136 Chráidh a bhas gu bráth mo chroidhe,
 'S an-eibhinn mise ro' shnitheach ;
 'S ionmhúinn a neach fúí' 'n íe ata,
 'S tearc laoch air am bheil a radh.
- 137 O ! s truagh nach mise thuit ann,
 Ann Cath-cabhara gníomh nach gann,
 'S bhíodh Oscar a near sa niar,
 A diol mo bhás air gach Clíar.
- 138 'S ge d' bu tusa thuiteadh ann,
 An Cath-cabhara gníomh nach gann ;
 Cho chluineadh neach a chaoi' osann,
 No iargain a' d' dheis ag Oscar.
- 139 'S ole a chreideas mí do radhsa,
 Nach bitheadh an d' Oscar grádhach ;
 A díoleadh mo bhás gun chlos aig,
 Ann 's gach áite ghná' a cosgairt.
- 140 Tha mí lán sháthach ag amhare,
 Air a lionn a b' fhearr sa Cathain ;
 Fhuair buaidh air gach neach an cómhrag,
 Le lánh chatna an-mhor sheolta.
- 141 Osain glaesa an gath calma,
 O nach maithean an d' Oscar armach ;
 'S bíodh súrd Curidh ort gun tiom-chridh' ;
 'S na Cathain a teachd mu d' thiomcheal.
- 142 Cho d' fhidir duin ormsa riamb,
 Croidhe feola bhí an chliabh ;
 Ach croidhe do chuine lán-dáimh,
 'N déis a chuibhreach leil an stáilín.
- 143 Se Cath-cabhara mhí gu leir,
 Sinne 's air laoch chaomhe thréun ;
 Cairnith is Garabh mac Mórna,
 'S cho b' ann dhoibh fein b' fhearr an leonadh,

144 Na thuit ann an cath nan céud,
 Inneamsa na thuit oirn féin ;
 D' ar fir shuaghair, ehalma, og,
 Bu luathghaireach mu thra'-noim.

145 Fear air fhichead, s fichead céud,
 A chói áireamh Fionn san Fhúinn ;
 A dh uighir sin 's níor ghé,
 Dh' oigridh Eirann sgeúl is mó.

I. 22. BAS OSAIR. 572 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 137. Advocates' Library,
 April 11, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

At page 143 of the manuscript are stanzas claimed by Kennedy as his own composition. They are to be found elsewhere, and they differ from the rest in clink, rhythm, and metre. Compared with the first version, the passage is found to be recast and greatly improved. Verse 51 mentions 'Woody Morven,' which is struck out in the second version. This passage was greatly admired by Dr. Smith. See verses 29 to 58. Admirers of Ballads, we think that it contrasts unfavourably with the rest, e.g. with the second part; and that it is an imitation of the style of Mac Pherson's English. The verse lacks the usual harmony of vowels and liquid consonants; vowels are cut in half, and the imitation is inferior to the old poetry in many respects.—H. McL. and J. F. C.

THE DEATH OF OSCAR.

THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL having departed into Rome to cure his thigh, attended by a strong Detachment of the Fingalians, gave Oscar the command of his Bands at home during his absence, which by this time were reduced very low thro' various misfortunes and disasters. About this time Cairbre found means to make himself supreme King of Ireland in the minority of Cormac the lawful King. He therefore studied to strip Fingal in his absence of all the privileges, properties and Tributes he held and enjoyed for many years in Ireland. To accomplish this design, he sent for Oscar to Scotland to congratulate him in his great success, in order to pick a quarrel with him, and find him utterly overthrown before Fingal should return. Accordingly Oscar arrived and was joyfully received by Cairbre who held feasting and various Music in his Hall for seven days. Cairbre sought as a complement the victorious Spear of Oscar, who would agree upon no terms than an exchange of Spears. Upon the Day following Oscar departed with his small army, in case he should be overpowered seeing Cairbre's treachery, who was re-inforced from every place. Cairbre pursued and engaged Oscar. Both armies are mostly cut off, and Cairbre is kilt by Oscar, and Oscar is mortally wounded by Cairbre. Arth the son of Cairbre commands the Irish army who is likewise kilt by Oscar after being wounded. Cairbre's image is erected on the field when his son fell, which Oscar throws down by a stone, which remains in that deplorable condition till the Fingalians' arrival. We cannot learn by the poem that any of Oscar's army survived after this dismal battle, but Fergus, the celebrated Bard, who watched the shore, longing for his father's arrival upon the coast. By and by Fingal arrived who had Intelligence of the action as soon as he landed. The Poem is divided into three Parts. The first part relates the action, and enumerates the number slain upon Cairbre's side. The second part passes by way of an Episode between Fergus and Fingal when he landed. The third part (called Oscar's Lament) contains how Fingal and Ossian converse with Oscar on the field, when they had carried him upon their spears to Temora, where he expired, and where Ossian lamented over him in the most tragical and pathetic manner.

Cairbre
 was son to
 Cormac.

BAS OSAIR.

- 3 LEIMNEACH, leimneach, treun gun athadh,
 Nuair a dh' eireadh euchd a chatha.
- 5 Laoich nach iochda eis do Chairbni',
 Gus na dhithinuich láth-cathar iad.
- 6 Ann 's gach bail air fea' nah Eireann ;
 Do na ogaín shuadhbar, shamhradh.
- 7 Do radh Comhairlich an Ard-riogh,
 Comhairle gu 'n iul gun ábhaich ;
 'S mor an sgeul, gun euchd a Chairbni',
 Cis na h-Eireann aig Fiann Albann.

- 8 Sgaoilt an cliu, is cian ata i,
Mar a mhadainn mhochi a dealradh ;
Thus' a' d' iochdaidh choi' ch gun ciridh,
- 9 Cia mar chuisnichear na calma,
Dream nach do dhithinnich comhrag,
A noir no niar, nach d' fhiar conamh.
- 10 Cuir fios air Osear o Albainn,
'S iochdadh e dhuit lann, is barr-ghil.
- 11 Ghardaich sud a milidh gruamach,
A dhithinnich an t-og suadhar.
- 13 Dhol a ghabhail feist is dhnana,
Sgeul nach b' eibhinn do 'n Fhinn bhuadhar.
- 14 Bha ochd cend is eagad marcaich.
15 Is Osear caomh calma, buadhar.
16 Fad sia oichean, is sia lo,
- 23 Do dh' ur Osear suguach, armach,
Is da oig-fhir cheoluahor ehalma.
- 29 'S chunnaig sinn cian nan teann-ruigh,
Buidheann fhuileach nan arm cam-geur.
- 30 Bu mhac samhail triall nan laoch ud.
- 31 Xnair a chunacas leinn na snaigh,
Chaochail Osear gean is snuadh ;
- 32 A deir Osear ri luchd seilge,
A laoch nan arm glan gun mbeirgeadh ;
Tha iomairt nan calg mar caradh,
Is fearr no ruidh fhiadh air bharadh.
- 33 Tha ar naimhde teachd nan ceudan,
Na suinn ghnithich ghathach, gheura ;
Gu toirt ar Tighearnais dhinn,
Dlighe dea' Mhic Cumhail Fhinn.
- 34 Mun di-measaich ne mun tair oirm,
Bhi da 'r di an Rìogh o 'n d' thainig.
- 35 Do fhreagair na Luthaich àghor,
Rinn laith o chian eagnadh fhagail ;
Gun bhi dian gu triall ann comhrag,
Laoch no miannaich doll nan comhail.
- 36 Fhreagair Osear treun gach gabhadh,
Leam is eibhinn triall gu gairdeach ;
Ann comhail nan fearadh armach,
Geill mo Rìogh cho 'n iochd do Chairbni',
- 37 Fhreagair Raonaidh loineach, làthair
'S bao' lach, baoth a chaochail abhaist ;
Togaidh mi mo lann gu 'd chonamh,
'S cian ar cliu ge d' thuit sa chomrag.
- 39 Do radh ris na Luthaich àghor,
La an àir, air lar a chatha.
- 42 II.
- 40 Sheas o thus an tus na t-cug-bhail,
Am bu mhinig iomairt geur-lann ;
Eug nan creuchd an d' eur e sheachnadh,
No beann ceud no threig le meatachd.
- 43 II.
- 41 Thuirling an diu slugh gun àireamb,
Fea' nam beann, 's gun Fhionn a lathair ;
'S bao' lach Oseair doll nan dàil,
'Stu air oigridh Innse-phail.
- 44 II.
- 42 Tha beum nan ceud eughach athach,
Choi'ch na dheidh bidh 'n Fheinn air bhadhail ;
'S an-iochd feirg, 's tha buirbe dian,
Co ni stri ri tuu gun fhiadh.
- 43 'S mor ar tuiteam, 's mor an t-àr e,
'S crua' an sgeul gach re ra ehlaitin ;
Oigridh shaghabach armach Fhinn,
A sgathadh sìos drim air dhrim.
- 44 Oseair na 'm buadh uraich, chalma,
Toir iomlaid cinn-sleagh do Chairbni' ;
Cho mhasladh dhuit sìth ri laoch,
Gus an d' thig Fionn le chalma' gaoil.
- 46 II.
- 45 'S ulladh thogas sinn gach arm,
Is tric a dhears' ri la garbh.
- 46 Far an cluainte toirm ar lann,
Mar fhuaim tuinne, no sruth bheann.
- 47 Dhuirt aris an t-Osear aluinn,
Oigridh mheamnach, no biodh sgàthach ;
Sgaoileadh naithibh meith-chri' Chatha,
'S biodh gach treun aun gleus nan Carhan.
- 48 Gluaiseamaid gu Inthar ca-trom,
Mar bu nòs leinn ann 's gach t-cug-bhail.
- 49 Dh' imich na fir uir an t-sliabh,
Chum buaidh no bas, mar ealt ian ;
An gnais shoilleir le 'n armaibh caol,
'S cian a dhealradh air an raon.
- 50 Dh' imich Osear air ar tus,
Mar mhadainn, no solus ur ;
A echruth mar ghrian, a leac mar ros,
Eitidh, borb, mar choll an t-sloig ;
- 51 Bha fhuaim ar cos ri dos an t-sleibh,
Mar a choill roi 'n oisag dhein ;
No toirm na tuinn air an Tràidh,
'Nuair a bheucadh stoirm an ard.
- 52 Bha air luas mar fheidh nam beann,
Bhiodh roi 'n fhadhadh sìar sa ghleann ;
No ceithach nan sleibthi cian,
Ghluaisite le an-fheath na nial.
- 53 Bhuail chugainn a bhuidheann mhòr,
Laidir lionnbor, milti' sloigh ;
Mar thuinn fui' fhuathrum nan ramh,
Slng na ceudan beum gu h-àr.
- 54 Bhuail sinn orra mar an ceudna,
Gu luath-lambach is cho bhrengach ;
Mar thoirn nan easaiche dian,
Chluint ar slachdraich astar cian.
- 55 Choi'fhreagradh Mac talla bheann,
Do sgreadail ar 'n arm 'sa ghleann ;
Dheargadh a magh fui' ar cosaibh,
Le fuil namh 'san arach cosgairt.
- 56 Mar sin dhuinne gu tra-noin,
Gun fheidh sa ghreis ann teas leoin ;
A' cosgairt an t-sluaigh nan dithidh,
Mar a b' fhaigse dhuinn san t-slighe,
- 57 Faidheoidh dhithinich gach taobh,
- 58 Mar dh' imich a sìos an slugh,
D' ar naimhde treun euehdach aillidh,
- Here begin parts of current ballads.*
- 60 Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,
- 61 Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,
- 62 Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,
- 63 Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,
- 68 Seachd agus ceud calma cruaidh,
A dhithinich sin gu truagh ;
- 69 An seachd cend a b' euehdail gnìomh,
Le creathaille chruaidh san stri ;
- 75 II.
- 70 A chuigear a b' fhaigse do 'n Rìogh,
Bu mhòr meas is bu mhò pris ;
Thuit sud le laimh Oseair threihich,
'S e mosgladh gu Rìogh na h-Eireann.
- 71 Thilg e i chuige, 's na chomhail.
- 74 Thuit le Osear nam beum gaidheal,
Maithibh Eireann beud do aireamb ;
- 75 Chuir na sluaigh a ghluais gu trai'-uainn.
- PART II.
- 81 Cho bheo a bhrathair eile,
Aon laoch fial nan creach bheann ;
'S ann le Mungan calma,
A mharbhadh am fear sin.
- 87 Fir nan euchda' calma,
- 88 Is Beinnidh brionnach, bla'-bhinn ;
Fearginn, is Fad-lambach.
- 89 Bhu bhinne no choill bhla' or ;
Morglan maiseach, ceutach,
Deudgeal agus Ardan.
- 91 Ioghlau, is Fionn Breatail,
- 97 Mharbhadh leis an Cairbni',
Air an dara buille ;

- 100 An sin do labhair m' Athair,
Mò Riogh air bhadal ceille;
'S tursach, truagh a tharladh dhamh,
Ghluais na la' bha cibhinn.
- 101 Tha mò thim gu denrach,
An deidh nan Cathan comhraig;
Gu h-aosmhor, an-fhann, ciamail,
'S mò laoch nach iarar beo iad.
- 102 Ghuaisemaid o 'n trai' so,
No cluinneadh each sinu brouach;
A dh' fhaicsinn Oseair chreuchte,
A choisg na ceudan sloighe.

PAIRT III.

This is current still.

CUMHA OSAIR.

- 103 Air tulaich nan deur sa ghleann;
Na Cathain chaomh, ehalma, cheutfach,
- 104 Tostach, bolbh, gun cholbh, gun chàradh,
An clab ris gach gaoth, gun mhàran;
Ochoin, ri luaithe, 's cruidh an sgeul so.
Adh' dh' fhaig sinne choi' ch an-eibhinn.
- 107 Chuir Cairbni' sleagh nan seachd gainne,
108 Gus an guinte mi os iosal,
Gur sinn clann da pheathrach dileas.
- 109 Do thug mise urachlair bhrathast,
Chuir mi sleagh na naoi faobhar,
- 110 Thuit an Triath air magh na t-eug-bhail,
Claoidhte crait' air carn an t-sleibhe;
'S fhuil a' maomadh mar a luireach.
- 111 Cho slanaichear u gu dilinn,
A laoch mheannaich, mheighich, mbilidh.
- 113 'S cho ghuileadh a bhrathair deur.
- 116 Mar sin duinne gu tra-non,
Gun fheith, gun fhurtachd, ach bron,
Ag amhare air mò ghaol Oscar,
- 117 Thug sinn leinn mò ghaol, an t-armann,

*Here begins a passage which seems to be modern;
compare H. The metre is that of some of the
Gaelic Paraphrases.*

- 120 Mar neul a ghluaisais thair fàir,
No cothar cuain air an tràidh;
Chaochail do chruth Oscar ur,
A laoch! 'Nì smo cho' n fhaicear thu.
- 121 Och a laoiagh, cho' n fhaic do ghradh,
Tu teachd o 'n leirg le lua'-ghair;
'S fhar do leac mò chreach! gun chomdach,
Gun luaithe gu la bhrath air comhrag.
- 122 Do chroidh caoin mar ghath greine,
A laoch meaghaich, mhuirnich, ghle-ghil
B' e do nos bhì aobheil fuilteach,
Mar na rosaibh air gach fàire,
- 123 Bu mhor do chruth, is b' fhearr t-aosgag,
Fhìr a b' aille bh' ann is t-shaoghal;
Mar a ghrian a' teachd ro' neul,
B' amhail do thriall, is do neal,
- 124 Chite 'n laoch mar aiteal ceo,
Neartor, luthar eibhinn, òg;
Ann comhrag nan Cathan dlu,
Mar an fear fù' n osg chinin.
- 125 Bha do chneas mar chothar sruth,
Air an trai' mar chatha cuir;
A laoch bu doear san leirg,
Nuair a dhuisgt u, choisgte feirg.
- 126 Cia uime dh' eireas a ghrian,
Air mò chruth mar cheo na nial;
Nach an-eibhinn a bhì beo.
Tursach deurach ann talla bhron.
- 127 Co dh' eireas air teachd an lò,
Gu comhrag ceud, 's ann iomairt sglèò;
O nach maithrean Oscar ur,
A choisgeadh cuedh nan coimheach dhuinn.
- 128 Co dhiongas ann comhrag sraigh,
Armait almha', eitidh, chruaidh;
Onach maithrean Osear àigh,
Bu truite beum, 's bu treine lamh.

- 129 'S amhail m' fho nu' s an tonn gun chli
A caoi' nan sonn bu trom 's an stri;
Gun Fheinn gun aidhear, mò gun duan,
Is mor an sgeul, 's an t-Osear uainn.
- 130 Co nì ceol an teach nan ceud,
'San t-Osear og fù' 'n fhod gach rì;
Na milte sgia' gun triath sa mhur,
Is sleaghah gear nan treuna ciuin.
- 131 Chaochail ceol gu bron gach sonn,
Gach cruic is clarsach dh' fhas i trom;
Cho ghluais an t-aosmhor lia' gu stri',
No 'n t-Osear og nach beo gu gnìomh.
- 132 'S ann an sin a dubhras fein,
O mbic! a luaidh gur truagh an sgeul;
Do leon ag Caothann nan sruth mál,
Gun Fhionn, gun Fhaochlan a bhì ann.
- 133 Chrai' do bhàs gu brath mò chroidh,
'S an-eibhinn mò laith, gun chli;
'S iomhuinn an laoch fù' lic ata,
Is tearc laoch air am bheil t-iom ra'.
- 135 Ge do thuiteadh tusa thall
Ann Cath-cabhara gnìomh a chalb;
Cho chluinneadh neach eigh no osann,
No iargainn a d' dheidh ag Oscar.
- 136 'S ole a chreideas mi do sgeul,
Nach dioladh an t-Osear treun;
Mò bhàs air gach Triath gun chlos,
Laogh mò ghraidh cho 'n iaradh fois.
- 137 Bu mhaiseach mò laogh san leirg,
Bao'lach treun, 'nuair dh' eireadh fheirg;
Aluin mar Anna nan leug,
Chuireadh crith air bratach chend.
- 138 'S cian is cumhain leamh do ghnìomh
A laoch nan arm taua mìn
A Bharghil s' an Driolanach àigh
Co nì feum do sheud mo ghraidh

141 n.

- 139 Oiseinn glac an cloidheamh calma
141 'Se cath-cabhara chuir fù' dhi,
Na laoch chaomh nach oiba stri;
A ghluaiseadh 'sann iomairt sloigh.
Eididh, armach, calma corr.
- 142 Na thuit aig Caothann nan leug,
143 A dha widhir, 's mìle sloigh

M. 19. BAS OSAIR. 256 lines.

- 1 CHA 'N abair mi mò thriath re m' cheol,
Ge be' oil le h-Oisein e nochd
Oscar agus Cairbre calma',
Tradhar iad an Cath Ghabhra.
- 2 An t-sleagh nimhe 's i 'n laimh Chairbre,
Gu 'n croiththeadh i re uair feirge;
Deireadh am fiach ri t' ghoimh,
Gur ann lea' mhairbtheadh Oscar.
- 3 'S measa deireadh e ris fein,
Am fiach dubh mu mhi-cheill,
A chuireag ata sibh mu 'n chlar
Ach fuil fir a bhith ga thachdadh.
- 4 Dh' sharai finn, a Rath² gun cheil,
Cuim an tacadh ar suil fein;
Ciod i ghiomh a th'air ar rosgaibh,
Nuair a choinemaid a chaol reachda?
- 5 Gairidh am fiach moch am maireach
Air do ghrudhsa ann san àr-fhaith,
Cuireadar do shuil³ a glac,
As e sin a thug a thuiread.
- 6 Is dearg an fhaobh sin ta thu nigheadh,
'S dearg an t-aogas do bhì uirre,
Ach gus au d' thainig an diu',
An fhaobh sin cha b' ole a h-inneal.

¹ Thre.² Bhaobh.³ A shuil.

- 7 A Bhaobh a ngeas at t-eacadh,
Deansa dhuinne faisid' neachd cheudna,
An tait aon duine dhiubh leinn,
No 'n d' theid sinn uile do neo-ni ?
- 8 Marblas leasta cuig ceud,
Is gonar leat an Rìgh fein,
Araon 's am fear a laghadh⁴ dh'e,
Bhar saoghal uile gu 'n d' thainig.
- 9 Na cluinneadh e thu Rosg Mac Ruaidh,
No duinne bhuineadh d' a shluagh,
Na cluinneadh an Fheinn thu nochd,
Mu 'n bith sinn nile gun mheisnich.
- 10 An euala sibhse turas Fhinn,
Nuair ghluais e gu h-Eirinn ?
Thainig an Cairbre sealgach garg,
'S ghlac e Eirinn fo aon smachd.
- 11 Dh' fhalbh sinne le dian damhair
A lion d' an Fheinn as a bha sinn,
Leagadh leinn ar feachd 's ar slugh
An taobh mu thuabh do dh' Eirinn.
- 12 Chuireadh le Cairbre anuas
Fìos air Oscar cruaidh na Feinne,
Dol a dh' ionnsuidh fleadh na Feinne,
'S gu faigheadh e eis de reir sin.
- 13 Ghluais, o nach d' ob e namh,
An t-Oscar ainm gu leachd an Rìgh,
Triachad fear treun dh' imich leis,
A fhreasdal d' a thoil 's da fheim.
- 14 Fhuair sinn noir fhuair sinn biadh,
Mar a fhuair sinn roimhe riamh,
Bha sinn gu sughach as teach,
Maille re Cairbre san Teamhradh.
- 15 An la mn dheireadh d' an òl,
Thuir Cairbre le guth mor,
Iomlaid ceinn seagha b' ail leam uait,
Oscar dhuinn na h-Albhainn.
- 16 Creud an iomlaid ceinn a bhiodh ort,
A Chairbre ruaidh na 'n Long-phort ?
'S tric bu leat mi fein 's mo shleagh,
Ann latha catha agus comhraig.
- 17 Cha b' uileor leamsa cis no cain,
No aon seoid a bhiodh na 'r tir,
Cha b' uileor leam re m' linn a bhos,
Gach seoid a dh' iarrain gu 'm faighinn.
- 18 Cha 'n 'eil òr no earras gu fìor,
A dh' iarradh oirne an rìgh,
Gnn tair gun tailceas duinn d' e,
Nach bu leatsa Fhighearnas.
- 19 Ach malairt cinn gun mhalairt crainn
B' ea-corach sud iarraidh oirn,
'S e 'm fath mu 'n iarradh tu oirn e,
Mise a bliith gun Fhiann gun athair.
- 20 Ge do bhiodh an Fhiann is t-athair,
Co maith 's bha iad riamh na 'n beatha.
Cha b' uileor leamsa re m' linn,
Gach seud a dh' iarrain gu 'm faighinn.
- 21 Na 'm biodh an Fhiann agus m' athair,
Co maith 's a bha iad na 'n beatha,
Is teann ar am faigheadh tu sinn
Lend do thaighe an Eirinn.
- 22 Lion fuarachd na laoch làn,
Re clastin na h-iomar-bhaidh,
Bha briathra garbha leath mar leath
Eadar an Cairbre 's an t-Oscar.
- 23 Bheirín-se briathar buan,
'S e thnblhairt an Cairbre ruadh,
An t-sleagh sin ata na d' laimh
Gur h-ann innte tha do luath-bhas.
- 24 Briathar buan sin briathar buan,
A bheireadh an Cairbre ruadh
Gu 'n cuireadh e sleagh nan seach siong,
Eadar airne agus imleag.
- 25 Briathar eil' ann aghaidh sin,
Bheireadh an t-Oscar calma,
Gu 'n cuireadh e sleagh nan naoi siong,
Mu chuma' fhuilte agus cadain.
- 26 Briathar buan sin briathar buan,
A bheireadh an Cairbre ruadh,
Gu 'n d' thugadh e sealg agus creach
A h-Albainn an la 'r na n-àbhair.
- 27 Briathar eil' an aghaidh sin,
Bheireadh an t-Oscar calma
Gu 'n d' thugadh e sealg agus creach
Do dh' Albainn an la 'r m-àbhair.
- 28 Bha 'n oiche sin duinne gu 'n chabhair,
Thall agus a bhos mu 'n ambainn,
Bha doirliun leath mar leath
Bha doirliun mhòr eadar-inn.
- 29 Chualas Olla le guth tiom,
Air chlairsich bliinn ag tuireadh bais ;
Dh' eirich Oscar am feirg
Is ghlac e airm na dhornaibh aigh.
- 30 Dh' eirich sinn an la 'r na m-àbhair,
Ar slugh uil' ann fin na bha dh' inn,
Thogadh sealg agus creach leinn,
Gu 'n fhiaraidh do Rìgh Eirinn.
- 31 Mharbh sinn Rìgh Luthaidh na 'n lann,
Laoch fìleach le faobhar arm,
Thog sinn creach re sliabh Góill,
Gu luath leis gearnach h'-mhòr.
- 32 An nair a rainig sinn ann
Beallach cumhaing an caoil-ghleann,
'S ann a bhiodh an Cairbre ard,
Ag Ionmaireachd ag teachd na 'r co-dhail.
- 33 Cuig fichead Gaidheal garg,
Thainig o 'n tìr fhuair ghairbh⁵
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
'S mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 34 Seachd fichead do Chlannaibh Rìgh,
Bu mhòr gaisg agus gnìomh ;
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 35 Mangan Mac Seir e bha 'n naimh,
A chumhricheadh cend cloidheamh glas,
Thuit sud le lamh Oscar thall,
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 36 Cuig fichead fear cloidheamh glais,
Nach deach' aon chein rianh air ais ;
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 37 Cuig fichead fear bogla,
A thainig air Cairbre d' a chobhair ;
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 38 Seachd fichead do dh' fhearaibh feachd,
A thainig a tìr an t-sneachd ;
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 39 Cuig fichead Cairbre ruadh,
Bha cos'lach re Cairbre an t-sluaigh ;
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 40 A chnigear a b' fhaigse d' an Rìgh,
D' am bu dual gaisg' is gnìomh ;
Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 41 Nuair chunnaic an Cairbre ruadh,
Oscar ag snogheadh an t-sluaigh,
A chraoiseach nimhe bba na laimh
Gu 'n do leig e i na cho-dhail.
- 42 Thuit Oscar air a ghluan deas,
'S an t-sleagh nithe troimh a chnas,
Thug e urchaire eile nunn,
Is mharbhadh leis Rìgh nah Eirinn.
- 43 Eirich Art is glac do chloidh eamh,
Is seasamh ann aite t-athar,
Is ma gheabh thu do dhìol saoghail,
Saoilidh mi gur mac rìgh thu.

⁵ Cuig fichead Albannach ard,
Thainig thair nuir chairginn ghairbh.

⁴ Laoideadh.

- 44 Thug e urchair eile 'n airde,
Ar leinne gu 'm bu leoir a h-airde
Leagadh leis aig meud a chuimsiadh
Art mac Cairbre air an ath urchair.
- 45 Chuir iad cham an Rìgh mu cheap,
Sluagh Chairbre bu gharbh gleac,
Los gu 'm buidh' nte leo buaidh laraich,
Air faicinn doibh Oseair gu eirteach.
- 46 Thog e leacog chonart chruaidh,
Bharr na talmhainn taobh-ruaidh,
Bhris e 'n Cath-bharra mu 'n cheap,
Gnìomh mu dheireadh mo dheadh mhic.
- 47 Togaibh libh mì noise Fhian
Nìer thog sibh me roimhe riamh,
Thugaibh mì gu tulaich ghlain,
Ach gu 'm buim sibh diem an t-eadach.
- 48 Chualas aig traidh mu Thuath
Eimheach sluaigh is fadhlar arm',
Chlisg ar gaisgich gu luath,
Mu 'n raibh oscar fadhas marbh.
- 49 Marbh'-asg ort a mhic na buaidhe
Nì thu breng an darra h-uair dhuinn,
Loingis mo shean-athar⁶ ata ann.
'S iad ag teachd le cabhair chugainn.
- 50 Bheannich sinn uile do Fhionn,
Ge te cha do bheannich dhuinn,
Gus an d' thainig e tulaich nan deur
Far an robh oscar na 'n arm gear.
- 51 'S measa mhic a bhiodh⁷ tu dh'e
Latha catha sin Beinn-eadaid,
Shnamha na corran throimh d' chncas
'S i mo lamhsa rinn do leigheas.
- 52 Mo leigheas cha 'n 'eil am fath,⁸
'S cha mho nithear e gu brath,
Chuir Cairbre sluaigh na 'n seachd siog
Eadar m' airn agus m' imleog.
- 53 Chuir mise sleagh na 'n naoi siog,
Mu chuma fhuilt agus eadain,
'S na 'n rigeadh mo dhuirn a chneas,
Cha deanadh aon leigh a leigheas.
- 54 'S measa mhic a bhiodh tu dh'e
Latha catha sin duindealgainn
Shnamhadh na geoidh throimh d' chneas,
Is i mo lamhsa rinn do leigheas,
- 55 Mo leigheas cha 'n 'eil am fath,
'S cha mho dheantar e gu brath,
An gath dombainn am thaobh deas,
Cha dual do leigh a leigheas.
- 56 Sin an uair a chaoidh Fionn,
Air an tulaich os a cionn,
Shruthadh na deoir sìos o rosgruibh,
Thiontadh e reinn a chulthaobh.
- 57 'Mo laogh fein thu, laogh mo laoigh
Leanabh mo leinibh ghil chaoibh,
Mo chridhe leinnich mar lon,
Gu là bhràth cha 'n eirch Osear.
- 58 'S truadh nach mise thuitedh ann
An Cath Ghabhradh, gnìomh nach gann,
Is thusa an Ear 's an Iar,
A bhì roimh na Fiannaibh Oseair'.
- 59 Cha d' fhidir duine roimhe riamh,
Gur cridhe feola bha 'm chliabh,
Ach cridhe do chuimhne cuir
Air a chumhdachadh le staillinn.
- 60 Donnalaich na 'n con re m' thaobh,
Agus buraich na 'n sean laoch,
'S gul a Phannail caoidh mu 'n seach
Gur e surahdom cadh chridh'.
- 61 Thog sinn leinn an t-Osear aluinn,
Air ghuailibh, air sleaghaibh 'arda
Thug sinn as iomchara grunn
Gus an d' thainig sinn tigh Fheinn.

⁶ Shean-'ar. ⁷ Bhi.⁸ An dàn.

- 62 Cha chaoineadh Bean a mac fein,
Cha chaoineadh fear a bhrathair caoin
Cia lion 's a bha sinn mu 'n teach,
Bha sinn uil' caoineadh Oseair.
- 63 Bas Oseair a chradh mo chridh'.
Triath fear Eirinn 's mor d' ar di;
Cait am facas riamh re d' linn
Fear co uraidh riut air chul lainn?
- 64 Nìer chuir Fionn d' e crith is grain,
O 'n latha sin gu la bhrath;
Cha ghabhadh is cha b' fheirde leis
Trian d' an bheatha ge d' abrainn.

M. 20. MARBH-RANN OSCAIR. 120 lines.

This version is so broken that it cannot easily be divided into verses.

- 1 An cuala sibhse truas fhinn,
'N uair a ghluais è gu h-innse Eirionn,
Cairbhair sleaghaich lambach garga,
4 Ghlac è Eirionn fa aon smachd.
Sud sgen bu dnlich leinn,
E bhntainn uain ar Tighearnais.
'S dh' fhalbh finn le dean damhair,
8 A lion do 'n Fheinne uile 's a bha sinn,
Leagadh leinn ar feachd 's ar sluaigh,
An taobh mu thuath do dh' Eirionn.
Chuireadh le Cairbhair anuas,
12 Fios air Oscar óg na Féinne;
Dhol a dhionsuidh feisd an Rìgh.
'S gu faigheadh e cis da rèir.
Ghluais (o nach d' ób e uamh),
16 An t' Osear aluin gu teach an Rìgh,
Tri-chéud fear trein a dh' imich leis,
A fhreasdal da thoil 's da fheum,
'S dhás briathra garbh leith mar leith,
20 Eadir Cairbhair agus Oscar,

CAIRBHAIR.

- Malairt sleagh a baill lean uait
Oseair dhuinn a' h-Albainn:
An t-sleagh a bha an talla an Rìgh,
24 Gur ann dhomh fein bu dual i,

OSCAR.

- Cìod a mhalairt sleagh a th' ort,
A Chairbhair mhoir n' an long-phort?
'S tric bu leat mì fein 's mo sleagh
28 An la cuir catha na comhraig,
Ach malairt cinn, na iomloid croinn,
B' eucorach sud iarraidh oirn,
'S e am fath mu 'n iart oirn è,
32 Sinn a bhì gun Fheinne gun athair,

CAIRBHAIR.

- Ged a bhithheadh an Fheinne 's t-athair,
Co maith sa bha iad re 'n lathaibh,
Cha builear leamsa re m' linn
36 Na seoid a dhiarunn gu 'm fuighinn.
'Na'm bitheadh an Fheinne agus m' athair
'Co maith sa bha iad ra 'n laithaibh,
Cha 'n fhuigheadh tus a Charbhair Ruai
40 Leud do thraigheadh do dh' Eirinn.
2 Ghluais fuarachd na 'n Laoch gach lamh,
Ri chuinntin na h-iomairt aca bla,

CAIRBHAIR.

- 'N sin nair a labhair Chairbhair ruadh,
44 Briathra bheirimse gu m' uaimh,
An t-sleagh sin aun ad laimh,
Gur ann uimpe tha luaidh do bhàis.
Chualas Orran le guth tiom,
48 Air clarsaich bhinn a tuireadh bais,
Dheirich Oscar le mor th' eirg.
'S è mosgladh gu Rìgh na h-Eirionn,
An t-seisear a b' flaisge do 'n Rìgh,
52 Da 'm bu dual gaisg 's gnìomh,
Thnit sud le lamb Oseair thall.
'S è mosgladh gu Rìgh na h-Eirionn.

¹ Oscar speaks.² The Bard speaks.

- Nuair chunnaic an Cairbhair ruadh
 56 Oscar asnuigheadh a shluagh,
 An t-sleagh neathe bha na laimh
 Leig è sud na cho-dhail.
 Chuaidh Oscar air a ghluin deas,
 60 'S an t-sleagh neathe t-roi-mh a chneas,
 Thug e urchair cile nunn—
 'S mharbhadh leis Rìgh na h-Eirionn.

CAIRBHAIR.

- Art mhic Carbhair glac do chhlaimh,
 64 'S dean seasamh an aite t-Athair,
 'S mar dean an 't eug do thoirt
 Diol mo blas le meud do ratha,
 Thuit le Oscar gnìomh nach cuimseach
 68 Art mac Chairbhair air 'n ath urchair,
 Sgar è dheth an cloigaidhe, 's an ceann,
 Be gnìomh mu dheire do dheagh-mhic.
 Chualas aig an traigh nu thnath,
 72 Eigheach sluaigh is faoghair arm,
 Chlìsg air gaisgich gu luath,
 'S fhuaras Oscar—leith-mharbh.
 'Sin nuair thainig oirne Fionn,
 76 Air an tulaich os ar ceann,
 Shìleadh na deoir air a rosga,
 Thiondaidh é ruinn a chul-thaobh,
 'Mo laogh fein thu 's laogh mo laogh!
 80 'Leanamh mo leinimh ghil chaomh!
 'S é mo chridh th' air a lot gu trom,
 'Sgula bhràth cha 'n eirigh Oscar,
 —'S measa a mhic a bha thu dheth
 84 'Ann la cur catha beinn Eudain,
 'Shnamh na corrain roimh d' chneas,
 'Si mo lamhsa roinn do leigheas.'

OSCAR.

- 'Mo leigheas cha n' eil è n' dān,
 88 'S cha mho nìthear è gu brath,
 'An gath domhain am thaobh deas,
 'Cha dual do n' Leigh a leigheas.'
 Chuir Carbar sleagh na 'n seachd seang,
 92 Eidar m'airmean agus 'm iomlag
 Thug mise urchair eill a nann
 Mu chumachd fhuilt agus eadain,
 'S n' an ruigeadh mo dhuinn a chneas
 96 Cha deanadh Leigh a leigheas.

FINGAL.

- 'S truagh nach mise a thuitheadh ann,
 An cath 'g àrach gnìomh nach gann;
 'S thus a near 's a niar.
 100 Bhi roimhe na Fiannaidh Oscar!

OSCAR.

- Ge 'd bu tusa thitheadh ann,
 An cath 'g àrach gnìomh nach gann;
 Ochoin! a near no niar
 104 T' iarguin cha deanadh Oscar.
 Cha didir duine riamh,
 Gur criodhe feola bha am chliabh,
 Ach criodhe do chuilbhuc cuir,
 108 Air achomhdaicha le stàilinn
 Tathanantaich n'an cou re 'm thaobh,
 'S buireadh n'an sean Lacleh,
 'S gul a pannail ma seach
 112 Gur è sud a chraidh mi 'm chridh,
 Thog sinn oirn an 't-Oscar aluin,
 Air ghuaillibh n'an slègh a 'b airde,
 Thug as iomchar 's giulan grunn
 116 Gus an d' thainig sion Tigh Fhinn,
 Cha chaoineadh fear a mhac Fein
 'S cha mho a chaoineadh fear a bhrathair
 Cia lion 's a bha sinn mu 'n teach
 120 Bha sinn uile a' caoineadh Oscar.

O. 13. CATH GABHRA' NO MARBH OSCAIR.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 66. Copied by Malcolm Macphail,
 Edinburgh, March 23, 1872.

This makes the whole agree with the Irish story. Cairbre, Cormac's son, had taken all Ireland, and wished to drive the Feinne out of *Almhi* (Allen) their possession. The King of Ireland and his troops fell out, and the

mutineers were exterminated. This version, got by Dr. Irvine in Glenlyon, about 1800, close to Mac Pherson's country, and just before the Gaelic of 1807 was published, seems to me conclusive. This traditional version closely agrees with the version written by Dean Mac Gregor, who was a native of Glenlyon. After an interval of nearly three hundred years, oral tradition had lost something, but nothing was added or altered. In the hands of Kennedy the ballad was lengthened, and polished. In the hands of Mac Pherson it was rolled up in a mist of words, and hidden in the English poem of Temora, which some one translated into Gaelic, as I firmly believe.

- 1 'S MEANMACH tha mise ma Chaoilte,
 O nach mairrean fear mo cho-noise;
 B' e Chaoilte mo cho-noise ceart,
 Leis am buighnte buaidh is beachd. (san fheachd)
- 2 B' e Caoilte mo leth churruidh chatha,
 Rì furtachd is rì h-aonnar:
 An rìgh bu cheannard dhuinn uille,
 Ard threun fhlat nan Triath. (al. nam Fiann)
- 3 An sin do ghluais sibhall Fhinn,
 Gach slios bhaile bha 'n Eirin;
 Cairbre luath lamach neo lag,
 Chuir e Eirin uile fo aon smachd.
- 4 Chuir e fios oirrne g' ar teinn ruidh,
 G' ar n' ioman a mach à Almhi;
 Dheanann gnìomh bu tursach dhuinne,
 A bhuintinn dhinn ar Tighearnas.
- 5 Fhreagair sinn an curruidh dana,
 A lion ann nìle na bha sinn;
 Cha robh sinn ann dhe 'n Fhinn nìle,
 Na chosnadh a' phìob bluaidhe.
- 6 Air an rod gheal, gle gheal, cleacach,
 Bha sinn ochd ceud ann sar mhareach
 Chaidh sinn gu aoibhinn a steach,
 'S bha cumha Chairbre an t-oighre.
- 7 Iomlaid cinn sleagha b' aill leam natsa,
 A dheagh Oscar aluin;
 Iomlaid cinn g'an iomlaid crainn,
 B' eucoir sid iarraidh orm.
- 8 Gur e 'm fath m' an iarraidh tu e,
 Sinne bli gun Fhian, gun athair;
 Ged a bhithleadh am Fiann 's t-athair,
 Mar a b' fhearr a bha riamh nam beatha,
 Cha b' uilear leamsa ri m' linn,
 Gach seud a dh' iarraidh gu 'm faighinn.
- 9 Nam bitheadh an Fheinn agus m' athair,
 Mar a b' fhearr a bha nam beatha;
 Cha bhithleadh agadsa, o rìgh,
 Leud do throidhe ann Eirin.
- 10 Dh' fharachd fuarachd nan laoch lan,
 Bhi chuintinn na h-ionar *bluigh* (al. maigh)
 Briathra garbha leth mar leth,
 Eadar Cairbre fiat 's Oscar.
- 11 Gun tugainne briathra gu nradh,
 Arsa an Cairbre crann nradh;
 An t-sleagh sin m'a bheil do lamh,
 Gur ann leatha bhios do luathia bias.
- 12 Gu 'n tugainne breathra eile,
 Arsa an Oscar donn a h-Almhi;
 Gu 'n togar leam sealg is creach,
 Gu 'n rachainn do Dh' almhi a maireach.
- 13 Oidhe a' faireach leinn gu là,
 Mar ri *mnathaibh* Fhian Co-ol; (mathaibh)
 Shuidhich sinn Dour leth mar leth, (Doubhir)
 'S bha Dour eadarinn.
- 14 Thogadh leinn an la air mhairach,
 Do Almhi bhithleadh ar 'n ards.
 Thug sinn ri sliabh Baoisge nan creach,
 Gu luath laoisgairneach luth-mhor. (laoisginnach)
- 15 Mogan Mac Seirc a Nuadh, (al. Nuadh)
 Dh' ionga dhe deich ceud claidhe' ruath;
 Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
 'S e mosgladh ri ard rìgh Eirin.
- 16 Deich fichead de mhacaibh rìgh,
 'S air leinne gu 'm bu mbor am pris;
 Thuit sud le laimh Oscar thall,
 'S e mosgladh gu h-ard rìgh Eirin.

- 17 Deich fichead Cairbre ruadh,
Bha cosmhuil ri Cairbre an t-sluaigh;
Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,
'S e mosgladh ri gu ard righ Eirín.
- 18 Deich fichead Albannach ard,
A thainig a' tír Ghael gharg;
Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,
'S e mosgladh gu h-ard righ Eirín.
- 19 A chuigear a' b' fhaisce do 'n righ,
G' a choimhead o dhosgainn 's o ghniomh;
Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,
'S e mosgladh ri ard righ Eirín.
- 20 'N uair a chunnaic an Cairbre ruadh,
Oseair a' snaithe an t-sluaigh;
An t-sleagh nimhe bba na laimh,
Thug e archoir dhi cho dhail.
- 21 Thuit Oseair air a ghluin deas,
'S an t-sleagh nimhe troimh a chneas;
Thug e urchoir eile null,
Is mharbhta leis ard righ Eirín. (thorcha)
- 22 Art mhic Cairbre glac do chlaidhe,
Scasamh dana 'n aite t-athar;
'S mu gheibh thu do dhíol saoghail,
'S aoidh mi gur Mac radh thu.
- 23 Thug Oseair an t-sleagh air a h-ais.
'S mharbh e Art air an ath-urchar;
Sluagh Chairbre garbh an cleachd,
Chuir sinn an cath garg mu 'n cheap.
- 24 Oseair Mac Oisein an aigh,
Thog e leac cloiche na laimh;
'S bhris e crun an righ mu cheap,
Gníomh mu dheire mo dheagh mhic.
- 25 Mar Ealtuin air a sgapadh bras,
Mar duilleach sguabte le cruaidh fhras;
Mar cheò sgarite briste le promh ghaoth;
'Sin mar theich shiagh Chairbre as.
- 26 Bu trugh an gaoir gan tannadh síos,
Thiomnaich mo chridhe, 's mo chliabh;
Le mi-run Chairbre chlaon.
Bha ár a leanachd a dheang dhaoín.
- 27 Oseair glac baigh na treig,
Tha d' fhuil fein a strugla comhla;
'S gearr 'se m' eagal do latha,
Tha t-athair a cheana dhe bronach.
- 28 Mo latha-sa tha buain mar ghrian,
Ghleidh mi díon mo chliu san stri;
Thuit Cairbre nan cleas fo m' laimh,
Cha bhas ach beatha mo thí.
- 29 Thuit Oseair air a thaobh,
Phill a shluagh mar iomh-ghaoth;
Fo dhubhar crainn Cuillin tuidh;
B' iomadh suil bha dian a ruadh.
- 30 Bu mhiosa Mhic bha thn dheth,
Latha catha beinn Edinn;
Shnamh na Corran tro do chneas,
'S i mo lamb a rinn do leaghas.
- 31 Mo leigheas cha 'n eil e 'n dan,
Cha mhó níthear e gu brath;
Chuir Cairbre sleagh na nao seang (seamh)
Eadar m' airnean 's m' iomlag.
- 32 Chuir mise sleagh nan seachd seang,
Eadar cumha fheuilt is eudainn;
'S m' an ruigeadh mo dhúin a chneas,
Cha deanadh aon leigh 'a leigheas. (na laoiach)
- 33 Sin nuar thainig oirne Fionn,
Air an tulach as an cleann; (ar)
Shíl na doir air a rosgaibh;
Thionndaidh e ruinn a chul-taobh.
- 34 Laogh mo leuibh mo laogh fein thu,
Laogh mo chuiléin ghlain chaomh;
Mo chridhe leumartaich mar lor,
Gu la bhrath cha 'n eirich Oseair.
- 35 'S trugh nach mise a thuit ann,
An cath gabhí gníomh nach gann; (gabhra)
'S tusa bhí 'near san iar,
Roimh na Fiannaibh Oseair.

- 36 Nam bu tusa thuiteadh ann,
An cath gabhí gníomh nach gann;
Cha chluite 'n car no 'n iar.
Iarguin ma dh-imhín aig Oseair.
- 37 Thogainn thu gu tulaich ghlain,
Sguirinn am feasd gá chaoiidh;
Thogar leinn an t-Oseair calma,
Air bharráibh ar sleagha arda.
- 38 Gus an tulach bha shuas au tigh,
'S bhítheamaid uile cnoineadh Oseair;
Sgalartaich nan Coín ri m' thaobh;
Agus buruich nan seann laoch.
- 39 Donnal as shannail nan seach,
Gur e sud a chraidh mo chridhe;
Leac Oseair a chraidh mu 'm chridh,
Treun ri treun san nír rithe
- 40 'S iomadh neach gan teirca tabaist,
'S tearc laoch air a bheil t-iomradh.

From — Macintyre, Glenlyon, who can neither read or write.

THE DEATH OF FIONN. F. 20. O. 19.

The usual tradition is that Fionn went away, and that he is living somewhere still. Fletcher's Collection contains a story about the Death of Fionn, of which I have but one other version. Fionn went courting one of the Clann Chuilgeadan, who appear in the Lay of the Heads, and in the ballad of Dun-an-oir. He is challenged to leap, and when he wins he is challenged to leap backwards. He falls, and is beheaded. But the slayers lived near Cape Clear, according to Irish authorities. Tailteuch mac a Chuilgeadan was the man, Gleann Dochart the place, an Island in Loch an Iubhair, near Beinn Mhòr, in Scotland, was the spot, and Fionn was buried at Cill Fhinn, a place near the end of Loch Tay. The slayer was slowly put to death by twisting off his arms and legs. This looks like broken poetry; and it certainly was a current story, because two men got different versions of it. The only Heroes named are Fionn and Oisein: so this comes after the Battle of Gabhra.

See Fionn's Irish Pedigree above for the Irish account of the Death of Fionn. Page 34.

F. 20. EACHDRAIDH MAR A CHAIDH FIONN A Mharbhadh. 93 lines broken. Fletcher's Collection, page 132. Advocates' Library, January 22, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Air bhí do dhuine àraidh d' an goirte Tailteachd-mac-Chuilgeadan, mar ainm, a gabhail tamhachd ann an Eilean Lochan Iubhair laimh ri Beinn-mhòr ann an Gleann Dochart, aig an robh leannan sìth, mar Chonaltra san aite sin.

Air bhí do Fhionn-mac-Cuthail air faoiteann fiosrachadh mu timcheòil, Chaidh è a steach ga faicsinn, agus ghabh e tlachd fuireach comhla ri. Ach fa dheireadh air bhí do Thailteachd air faigheann a mach gu 'n robh Fionn a tachair tric an rathad a leannan. Air dha ransachadh catara mu dheibhinn. Thuiteadh leotha le cheile ann an eud co mòr, agus gu 'n rabhadar a' dol a blualadh a cheile.

Ach a deir ise gu deamair dhuibh riaghailt, na bitheabh an feirg ri cheile.

- 1 An fear a 's fear buaidh an leum, is e leannas mi fein le tlachd,
Dh' imich na Laoich an sin a mach a leum,
Leum Tailteachd o' n Eilean air tír tioram, is leum Fionn gu sgiobalt treun 'na dheigh.
- 2 A deir Tailteachd,
Leumainse an linne air m' ais
Is mur a leum thusa an cothair do chùil,
Biodh agamsa an cliù gu ceart.
Leum iad araon air an ais,
Ach 'se Tailteachd a leum an toiseach;
Agus bha è air tír tioram Eilan,
Ach air leum an sin do dh' Fhionn,
Chaidh e foidhe gu Cheann.
- 3 Agus ghlac Tailteachd an sin an
Corom bha thaobh cùil air agus bhui e an ceann
do dh' Fhionn mu 'm burrain e riamh tionndadh ris.

- Theich Taileachd le h-eagal fuathas na Feinne,
agus ceann Fhionn aige
Gu 'n d' rainig e ceann Loch-laoidain, agus air bhi
dha' sgith ga ghiulan, chuireadh leis air stob
è air tom dubh aig àth na h-aimhne d' an
goirear àth Chinn o sin a mach.
- 4 Agus air do 'n Fheinn corp Fhionn fhaotainn ri
taobh an Lochain,
Thogadar air Rìgh 's ar Triath,
Air Ghuailibh briagha nan laoch,
Is dh' amblaig sinn è air cùl tuim,
An uaigh do 'n goirear Cìlfhinn mar ainm.
Bha an Fheinn uile fòdh' throm fbeirg
Co dheanadh orra an tair,
Dh' omeachdair air toir a chinn,
Na suinn mu 'n do Gabh iad Caird.
- 5 Gus an d' fhuaras leò ceann an laoich,
Air cuoc fraoich an taobh Ath-chinn;
Is rinneas toireachd air an laimh,
Bha co dana is dol na dhàil.
- 6 Chuir iad miar foirdh dheud fios,
Dh' innsedh dhoibh an fios mur bha;
Taileachd a bhi fo fhlaimh,
Air son a ghnìomh an Beinn-all-air.
- 7 Dh' fhuaras Taileachd ann san uaigh,
Is chuireadar gu cruaidh ris ceist;
A Thaileachd an aireach leat Fionn,
Is threagair gu h-aingidh air ais,
Cha 'n aireach mur aireach le Goll nan cleas
An ruaig a chuir e air Clann Chuiligeadar.
- 8 An lamh dheas air son a' ghuimh,
Bhuin sinn do Thaileachd gu fìor;
Bhuin sinn dheth an lamh eile,
Air son gnìomh na mòr chionta,
Chuir iad ceist an dara h-uair,
A Thaileachd an aireach leat Fionn.
- 9 A d' thuir Taileachd,
Air mo Rìogh nach aireach;
Mur aireach le Goll nan cleas,
An ruaig a chuir è air Clann Chuiligeadar.
- 10 Shnìomh sinn an leth chos o 'n toin,
Le teannachuir rìghin chruaidh;
Agus phronn sinn a chos eile,
Le leachdibh cruaidhe na scèire,
A Thaileachd an aireach leat Fionn
Dubhairt Taileachd.
- 11 Air mo Rìogh nach aireach leam,
Mur aireach le Goll nan cleas;
An ruaig a chuir e air Clann Chuiligeadar.
- 12 An da shuil a bha na Cheann,
Loisg sinn le hionn gaileach garg;
A Thaileachd an aireach leat Fionn
Dubhairt Taileachd fa dheireadh thall;
Air mo rìogh nach aireach leam,
Mur h-aireach le Goll nan cleas
An ruaig a chuir e air Clann Chuiligeadar
Chuir sinn air slengha troimh chridhe
Thaileachd is mharbh sinn e.

O. 19. BAS FHIINN LE TAOILEACH. 43 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 108. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

- I ELAN an uidhir, Leannan sith,
Leum mar dhuais graidh
Leum Taoileach mach as an Elan,
- 4 Leum Fionn a mach
Leum Taoileach a steach an coinneamh a chuil
Leum Fionn, is thuit san uisge,
Chuir Taoileach an ceann doth.
- 8 Dh' fhalbh leis a' cheann, is chuir air stob aig
Ath Fhinn, aig ceann shuas na cruaidh an
Ranach. Dh' fhalbh iad an toir air Fionn.
- Cha robh fios co thug an ceann deth; Thachair iad air
a cheann. Ma's fìor a labhair an ceann 'Nuair thar-
ruing iad deud; Thuir aon dui, se sid guth Fhinn.
Guth chinn air a chann. Thug iad a nuas an ceann.
Chuir fear a mheur fo dheud fios, fhuair fios co rinn

an gnìomh. Thuir Oisean Mac an Rìgh. Diolaidh
sinn bas Fhinn.

- No 's masladh gu brath dhinnn.
- 12 Dh' fhalbhbas air toir air Taoileach; Fhuairesas e
an namh aig ceann shuas Beinn Arlar.
Thaileach an aithreach leat Fionn,
Air mo rìgh, cha 'n aithreach leam;
Mar aithreach le Goll nan cleas.
- 16 An cath ruaig bh' air Clann Chuiligeadan.
An lamh dheas a rinn an gnìomh.
Bheir sinn do Thaileach gu fìor,
Bheir sinn deth an lamh eile.
- 20 Ann an cionta na mòr choirre.
A Thaileach, an aithreach leat Fionn,
Air mo rìgh cha 'n aithreach leam.
Shnìomh sinn deth an leth chos
- 24 Le Teanchar gramail cruaidh;
Phronn sinn a choss eile,
Le leacaibh garbh na sgeire;
A Thaileach an aithreach leat Fionn,
- 28 Air mo rìgh cha 'n aithreach leam.
An da shuil bha na cheann,
Loisg sinn le hionn goileach dearg,
Bhuin sin an ceann de Thaileach,
- 32 An comain an droch gnìomh a rinn e
Nan abradh Taoileach gu 'm bu bheud
An ceann a thoir de chom nan ceud,
Cuach Fhinn bheiridh beo,
- 36 Chuireadh an ceann ris a chlo
Phill sinn gu bronach tuirseach
Ghiulinear leinn ceann Fhinn,
Gun t-aite an d' fhuairesas a choluinn;
- 40 Ghiulan sinn e gu aluinn,
Air chrannaibh slèagh Arda,
Dh' adhlacadh leinn e an cill,
Is deirear cill Fhinn ris gu 'n duigh.

THE DEATH OF OISEIN.

THIS Ballad does not describe the death of Oisein, but is part of his Lament for his comrades. Some marginal writer on the manuscript says that this is equal to anything in the books of Mac Pherson or Dr. Smith. To me it seems to be made up of fragments and mended. Some verses I recognise as in other ballads; others bear the stamp of popular poetry, others do not, according to my opinion. The metre varies. Current tradition sends Oisein off to the Isle of Youth with his mother in the form of a deer, or with a mythical hound. In any case this ends Kennedy's Second Collection, and leaves Oisein the last of the Heroes alive. An Irish manuscript, called the Book of Lismore, contains a long composition called the Dialogue of the Old Men. In it Caoilte and Oisein converse with Saints and Chiefs, and wander about telling stories in Ireland.

I. 23. BAS OISEIN. 140 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 160. Advocates' Library, April 12, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THE DEATH OF OSSIAN.

It is certain that Ossian survived all the Fingalians, and lived till that Era Christianity was introduced into Ireland by St. Patrick, who is no other than this Son of Alpin he addressed his Poems so frequently to. It is applied till this day to an aged man, who live after all after all his Friends, relations and children. 'That he is left alone as Ossian after the Fingalians.' 'Tha e mar Oiseinn an deidh na Feinne.' Ossian seems to have lived with an eminent man Conar in Glencahan, or the Glen of Wars, in his latter days. Conar's wife being a distant relation of Ossian wanted that he should immortalize and flourish the Fame of her own Family beyond that of Fingal's upon his death bed, but he refused, finding it unparalel and unreasonable. Ossian discovers by this Poem the strength of Fingal's army when in the height of his glory, and ranges over their actions in war and joy in peace. He regrets in the softest and most pathetic strain, that he is left alone like a bird wounded and benighted in the solitary woods, longing for the dawn to renew his joy and hull his grief. Or to a mouldering oak in the desert which is ready to fall by the least blast, without joy, music, growth or grandeur. Where is my friend to lament my fall, and rear my Tomb; and who shall dig my grave but cruel Aliens! Where art thou, O Fingal!

Oscarand Cailte, with all your hosts my Days are expired.
My time is past. My Friends are extinct. My peace and
ease is over. My joy is done. My pleasure is gone.
The grave is my home, so let me now die and live no
more!

- 1 'S TÍAMHAIDH bhí noc ann Gleann-caothan
Gan ghuth gadhair ann gun cheol;
Mo chroidhe cho dean o do 'm reir,
'S mí fein an sean fhear gun treoir.
- 2 'N uair reachamaid do Ghleann-caothann,
Bu bhinn bladhar againn ceol;
B' iomad dea' fhear dhiun air chint,
'S cho toileamaid diomb d' ar deoin.
- 3 'Nuair thogamaid rí Gleann-caothann,
Bu lionmhór fadhaid gach iúl;
A cosgairt an daimh, 'san fheidh,
'S iomad ceud nach éireadh dhiu.
- 4 B' iomad loch a dh' eighthe mach,
A dhireadh gu bras an shiabh;
Le shleagh 's i ruisgte na dhornn,
Le cloidbeamb mor agus Sgiath.
- 5 Fionn mo ghaoil caogad Triath,
Le cheile air grianan ard;
Is Gile-ghreine rí crann.
Os a chionn, a bhrateach aigh.
- 6 Bu chian ar sgaoileadh o cheil,
Féa' gach seilbh air barra bhac;
Laochraí' chalna, churant Fhinn,
'S am botha gach tiom nan glaic.
- 7 'Nuair a dh' éireadh seilg an fheidh,
Dh' fhuasgladhmaid na ceuda Cu;
'S ioma' damh, earb, agus Adh,
A thuiteadh sa bhaoil gach iúl.
- 8 Philleamaid le 'r seilg tra-non,
Gu Teamhra' cheolmhor nan teud;
Am bu lionmhór eruit is clar
'S ioma' bard a sheinneadh sgeul.
- 9 B' ioma' slige doll mun cuairt,
'S dana nua 'ga luadh le cheil;
A' caitheamh na feist 's ann Tur,
B' aluin, ur na Flathabh Feinn.
- 10 B' eibhinn nos na Feinn a ghluais,
Ceolmhor, cuannar, snuadhar treun,
Fion is fochlás agus feoil,
Speis gu leoir, 's cho b' eol duinn breug.
- 11 Na sunn chaomba, chalna, ghraidh,
Bu mhór baidh' 's bu chiau an cliú;
Feileachd, furan, 's a bhí dian,
A dhíou choitheach, eiau o' n iúl.
- 12 La a chath air magh na bàir,
Co, na b' fhearr, cho chualas riamh;
Chomhraigeamaid fear is ceud,
Gach aon fear do 'n Fheinn bu Triath.
- 13 Cha do ghluais sinn riamh d' ar deoin,
Ach gu foill do chombrag dian;
An t-onrachdan dhíon gu treun,
'S an coitheadh creuchta f' ar sgia.
- 14 B' e 'n t-aireamh a bhá rí' m linn,
Ann an Teamhra' bhinn nan teud;
Ceithir míle deug, is caogad,
N' ar cairdean gaol air bheag beud.
- 15 Gun luadh air oigloich Rí' Phail,
Aosmhóir sharaicht, no mnai' óg;
No gilleán freasdail nan lann,
Och! Gur fann tha mí fúí' bhron.
- 16 Sinbhail an domhan mu seach,
'S cho' n fhuigh u ann neach mar Fhionn;
A b' fhearr éineach agus agh,
Cho deachaidh lámh os a cheann.
- 17 Ghluais na laoch do 'n uaigh gun lo,
Sin a dh' fhag mar cheo mo shúil;
Mar aon can leointe sa choill,
Gun solas a' caoi' 'sa mhur.

- 18 Gun leirsiun, ur-fhas, no fonn,
Mar an sonn a sguir a dh' fhás;
No chnu tha sa ghreadhain chríon,
Gu tuiteam, 's cho 'n chridh dha.
- 19 'S neo eibhinn do 'n chroidhe bhroin,
Nach nochdar sólas o chaoimh;
Mar fhíadh a bháis tha mo chruth,
Dh' eíg mo ghuth le deatl na h-oi'ch.
- 20 Chaochail mo fhradharc, 's mo shuadh,
Ach cho choisg an uaigh mo ghradh;
O Chailt, is Osear nan buadh,
Is Fhinn uaibhrich dea' Rí' Phail.
- 21 Tha m' osnaich a teachd gach taobh,
Mar ghluaiséas a ghaoth gach nial;
Tha mo bhron a teachd amach,
Mar uisge bras, no sruth dian.
- 22 Ailís dhuinne Oiseinn Fheil,
Gus a bhlas o' n tha thu doll;
C' aít am fac u deas no tuath
Teach is mo' a shluaigh no so.
- 23 Chunnacas latha teach Fhinn
Air an iargain thruim so th' òrm;
Bu lionmhóire gile fir feachd,
No Conar a' d' theach gun stoilbh.
- 24 C' aít am bheil na fir mhóra,
Dhíodh aig Conar gach tra'-noine;
Nach d' thugadh iad an t-Oisein amach,
Air caol chas, 's a chab 'san otrach.
- 25 Cha bu chubhaidh dheanamh orm,
Na thuit u le colg a bhean;
'S looch mí a rinn iomad ár,
Ged' tha 'nois gun chail gun ghéan.
- 26 Is mí Oisein, dea' mhach Fhinn,
Bha mí uair, 's bu ghairdeach leam;
Gur mí shuithicidh an t-sealg,
'Nuair a dh' éireadh féarg air Fionn.
- 27 'Nuair a bhá mí ann san Fheinn,
'S mí gu treun a meas nam fear;
Thigeadh caogad Inghéan donn,
A dh' fhaleadh mo chinn a bhean.
- 28 Cho b' e faileadh nan ceann caomh,
Air do mhaol bu mhíann leam feinn;
Ach beist nimhe Loch-leathéan,
Reubadh do shean leathair léi.
- 29 A laoch nach mol u mo mhúr
Nan cendan eú, 's nan teud near;
'S ceolmhóire no Teamhra' bhinn,
Anus gach tim bhíodh combrag fhear.
- 30 Cha toir clin do theach fúí 'n ghreín,
Mar mhúr feilidhe Fhinn mo ghraidh;
A leithid cho 'n fhacas riamh,
A near no níar taobh a bhá.
- 31 Bha mí la bu mhór mo phris,
Ann Teamhra' nan ceuda cliar;
Tha i' n díu 'n h' ábhaidh fhuar,
Is míse mo thruaigh! gun mhíadh.
- 32 Mo dheá' Inghéan bhá mí uair,
Ghlacaim an eilid air chluas éinn;
Bheirín am bior fuinn amach,
Ann 's an oí' che dhóreach dháil.
- 33 Ochoin, is mí 'nois gun treoir,
Gun neach beo a ní mo chaidh;
Gun chaomh a thogas mo leac,
Is mí uaigh cho treachail, ach buirb.
- 34 Gun Chailte gun Osear, gun Fhionn,
Gun fhear m' osnaich gu tiom truagh;
Gun fhear m' osnaich ann gu fíor,
'S mí n' crann críon a chail na sluaigh.
- 35 Ghluais mo ré mar sgeúl, no sgáil,
Ghluais mo chairdeán, is mo shíth;
Ghluais mo sholas, is mo bhaidh,
Mar ata mí-Gu brath bíom.

That the above seven Poems were transcribed or collected by Mr. Duncan Kennedy, as they appear in the preceding pages, is certified by John Macfarlane, Assistant Minister. Kilbrandon, May 1, 1785.

THE STORY OF OISEIN :

AND FOURTEEN VERSIONS OF A BALLAD.

THE traditional Story of Oisein I got from the following people in 1870-1 :—Pages 56, 57, 104, 131, 136, 169, &c. MS.

1. A travelling tailor, on board the Dunvegan steamer, between Uist and Barra. Sept. 18, 1871. He lives at Ballymartin, in North Uist.
2. Patrick Smith, South Uist. Sept. 17.
3. John Cameron, Borve, Barra. Sept. 25.
4. Duncan Mac Lellan, Carnan, South Uist. Sept. 27.
5. A boy, unknown, who came in while I was writing. Oct. 6.
6. Hector Mac Isaig, South Uist. Sept. 30.
7. A Lady's Manuscript, North Uist. Oct. 6.
8. William Robertson, weaver, Tobermory, Sept. 16, 1871. page 131. It agrees generally with the story told by Kennedy and Fletcher; and told already in text V. vol. III. I will tell it in English, when I translate. As a sample of oral collections, I add these notes. They were written in English, while the reciters told what they knew in Gaelic, and very little altered, when written out.

William Robertson questioned—'Why was Oisean so called?'

'I will tell you that.' 'The sister of Conchullin Mac an Duailtaich laid spells (*geasas*) upon Fionn that he would marry any female creature that he might chance to meet. Fionn fell in with a deer. . . . Then the deer turned to him, and said, "Now I have two. Come here again, and you will have a son." Then Fionn put his finger under his wisdom tooth, and he knew that the deer was a woman enchanted. He came to the place at the time, and found a man child, and he had *colg an fheidh*, deer's hair, upon his temple; and that is why he was called Oisein. On the corner of the brow here,' (touching his own temple,) 'because the deer's hair was upon his temple, he was called "Corner." That was "Oisein," the son of Fionn. His mother was the daughter of the Duailtach, under spells.' From this, Oisein was Conchullin's nephew. (137.) 'When Oisein was old, amongst the Feinne, and his son was dead, Fionn took care of him. He was commander of the world. A pretty woman met Oisein, when he was out walking one day, and saluted him warmly, "Will you not go one day with your mother?" She said, "You have been long enough with the Feinne." He went away with her. She opened a door in a rock, and they went in. He staid with his mother for a week. But these days were so many hundreds of years. He wanted to go back to the Feinne. "Since you came here," said his mother, "nor Fionn, nor a man of the Feinne, lives." And here came a long story, of which part only is in the Ballads and Arguments printed above.

Mac Isaig, in South Uist, and from others next year, 1871.

Reciter.—'Oisein was the son of Fionn Mac Cumhail. He was born of a hind, (*sailcarachd fheidh*.) His mother was a woman, under spells, (*fo gheasibh*.) She lived long in the mountains as a deer.'

Instructed Boy.—'Oisein was suckled by a hind; and that is the true story. His mother was a woman.'

Scribe.—'You have not got the story at all.' (Boy departs, snubbed.)

Reciter.—'Most of the old men say that Oisein's mother was a woman, in the form of a deer. I do not know how it all came about, or how it was, but they say that Fionn also was under spells;' &c., &c.

Scribe.—'That must have been when he fled, after he got his wisdom tooth, and slew Arc Dubh, at Eas Ruagh, in Eirinn?'

Reciter.—'Yes. When Oisein was born in the mountains, it was so that if his mother licked him, as deer lick their calves, he was to be a deer, like his mother. If not, he was to be a man, like Fionn, his father. She had so much of the deer's nature in her, that she begun to lick the child, and she gave one sweep of her tongue to his temple. The deer's hair (*colg an fheidh*) grew on the corner of his brow at once. When his mother saw that, she had so much of the woman's nature left that she wished her son to be a man, she stopped licking him, and he grew up to be a man, and they called him "Oisein." (Angle, or corner.) He was the best Bard in the world.'

Scribe.—'Do you know the song that he made to the deer, his mother?'

Reciter.—'That is Oran Luaidhe, (a fulling song) which the women sing now, when they are fulling clothes. A great many people can sing that song. That's a woman's: my wife knows it better than I do, but she is

too old and weak to come here.' After some persuasion, sings as much as he knows; and says that Carmichael, his neighbour, has got it written. Here follows the Song, as I wrote it myself.

OISEIN'S SONG TO HIS MOTHER.

WRITTEN by J. F. Campbell, from the dictation of Hector Mac Isaig, September 3, 1871, at Carnan Inn, South Uist, and from other versions orally collected in September.

The first verse is written at length and fills the tune. The lines are written without the chorns afterwards. In singing songs of this kind one woman sings a line, and all the rest sing chorns, while the whole bevy of women and girls mark time merrily with hands or feet upon their work. I have tried to spell the chorns so as to give it meaning, but no meaning is attached to these words now. They are sounds made musical like instrumental music.

At page 76, vol. I., 'Barzaz Briez,' Paris, 1846, Vill-marqué has treated a similar chorns more boldly.

Tan! tan! dir! oh dir! tan! tan! dir ha tan!
Tann! tann! tir! ha tonn! tonn! tir ha tann!

*O feu! ô feu! ô acier! ô acier! ô feu! ô feu! ô acier et feu!

O chène! ô chène! ô terre! ô flots! ô flots! ô terre et chène!

I am not sure that we have done right, but we have similar materials in these two Celtic songs, with vocal accompaniment.

1*†Tha tìchran beag air m' anail,

Bheir mì ho loro hùar

Cha chluinn mo leann an mo guth;

Bheir mì ho ro Rìgh; o hùar;

Bheir mì ho ro Rìgh; o hùar;

Eigh! Haogh! ro Rìgh; Tha gh' òl

Bheir mì ho ro ho, tha; Rìgh! thò.

2 Chu chluinn mo leannan mo guth

Ma 's tu mo mhathair gur fiadh thu.

3*†Ma 's tu mo mhathair gur fiadh thu

*†Faicail ort o ghniomh nan con.

4 Faicail ort o ghniomh nan con

Ma theid thu gu beannibh arda.

5 †Ma theid thu gu beannibh arda

Faicail ort o Chlanna MORNA.

6 Faicail ort o Chlanna Morna

Clanna Morna 's an cuid con.

7 Clanna Morna 's an cuid con

'S da chu dheug air lon aca.

8 'S da chu dheug air lon aca

'S a chu fhein air laimh gach fir.

9 Ma theid thu gu gleantibh fòdh

Faicail ort o chlann a Bhò.

10 Faicail ort o Chlann a Bhò

Clanna Bhò 'us an cuid con.

11 Clanna Bhò 'us an cuid con

'S da chu dheug air lon aca.

12 'S da chu dheug air lon aca

'S a chu fhein air laimh gach fir.

13 Ma theid thu gu beannibh arda

Faicail ort o Chlann a GRAISGE.

Repeat 14. 15. 16. as 10. 11. 12.

17 Ma theid thu gu beannibh iséal

Faicail ort o Chlann na BAOSIGE.

Repeat 18. 19. 20.

21 Ma theid thu air bheanntaibh arda

†Faicail ort o Chlann na CEARDAICH.

Repeat 22. 23. 24. as above.

Here Mac Isaig stopped and said: 'I have no more, but that is a long song. When Oisein was out in the Hill the Hind was always coming near him, but he would not follow her. He was ashamed of his Mother, but he made that song.' (P. 170, &c.)

(P. 56). The Tailor said: 'There is a song about that story. I have very little of it, Carmichael has written it.' Then he sang it to a very wild tune. The lines which are the same I have marked above*. The rest are added below.

25 Ma theid thu gu gleamtaibh domhain

Bheir mi o huro ho.

†Faicail ort a chlann a GOMHAIN

Bheir mi o huro ho

Bheir mi o huro ho

Bheir mi hi ri Rìgh riabhag

Ho i ho ro, háw.

Repeat 26. 27. 28. as above.

October 6, 1871.—Copied at Dunvegan, a version lent by Miss Mac Leod of Mac Leod, written this year in North Uist, by Miss Tolmie, from the repetition of women who used to sing this song at their work, but who have been forbidden to sing any secular music, and have given up the practice as wicked. Lines which are the same are marked † above. The chorus varies a little and indicates a different tune. As the Lady is a musician, probably her version is right, and the tune varies.

1 BHEIR MI HÒ RI U O HÒ

Tha tucharan beag air m' anail

Bheir mi hò ri u o hò

'S tha sior ghabhail air mo ghuth.

Bheir mi hò ri u o hò

E ho i ri ri ìbh og o ho

Ri o hò ho rò.

The repetition varies thus:—

20 Ma theid thu air beanntaibh ìseal

Bheir mi hò ri u o hò

N' aire dhuit o Chlann na FRITHEADH

Bheir mi hò ri u o hò

Clann na Fritheadh 's an cuid con

'S da chu dheug air lon aca

'S a chu fhein air laimh gach fear.

Repeat 30. 31. 32. with Chorus as above.

The song ends with the Chorus:—

Bheir mi hò ri u o hò.

In one verse is the line:—

'Eirich m' an eirich a ghrian.'

This counsel, according to the story told, was given that the Deer might break the spell which bound her, since the period before Oisein's birth. The same origin for 'Oisein's' name was given. He had a mole on the side of his face or the corner of it.

June, 1872.—Having collected and arranged these fragments myself, and having found three similar verses in Fletcher's Manuscript at the Advocates' Library, (F. 6. 11. 12. 13., p. 60 above), I wrote to Mr. Carmichael: who was kind enough to send me the following extracts from the Collection which he has been making during seven years in the Long Island.

Taking all these versions together, it is easy to extract the meaning. But it is impossible to convey any idea of this kind of vocal industry without transporting the reader to the scene where women and girls sing songs without words, and dance wildly to their own wild music, as merry and busy as a hive of bees.

OISEIN'S WARNING TO HIS MOTHER.

TRANSLATED from Mr. Carmichael's Gaelic Argument, transcribed and collated with other versions, by J. F. Campbell, July 4, 1872.

1. From Donall Mac Phie, smith, Breubhaig, Barra, December 10, 1866.

A hind was mother to Oisein. His mother Graidhne, Fionn's wife and Oisein's mother) was under spells. Surely it was a fairy sweetheart that put her under spells. They (the fairy sweethearts) used always to be at that kind of work. It was on a pretty little green island, which is called Eillan Sandraigh (or otherwise on a sea rock—*sgier*) in Loch-nan-ceall, in Arasaig, that Oisein was born. His mother laid her tongue on him, to lick him, above the eyebrow, before he was taken from her. Hair grew upon the place where his mother put her tongue, and because of that they called him 'Oisein' by name. Oisein knew that the Feinne wanted to kill her, and he used to warn his mother against the hounds, and tell her the gifts of every hound, and the might of every Hero in the Feinne. It is said that this was the first Lay that Oisein ever made, when he was a suckling little lad (*na phroilleachan beag gille*). Graidhne was the first wife Fionn had, and mother of Oisein. Oisein was near about

as big as he would be before Graidhne got free from the spells. He was giving her warning to beware of the dogs. (Carmichael's Note). It is curious that O'Curry in his valuable Lectures on the MSS. Materials of Ancient Irish History, page 304, says:—'Oisin, a word which signifies literally the little fawn.' There is some similarity between this and the Story of Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, who are said to have been suckled by a she-wolf.—A. C.

A reference to the Story of Diarmaid and Graidhne will show how this varies from the story generally told about Fionn and Cormac's daughter. Nothing is said about any transformation of Graidhne anywhere else.—J. F. C.

A FRAGMENT OF THE SONG.

MAS TU MO MHATHAIR 'S GUR A FIADH THU,
Bheir mi hoiriou o òhoa!

Orst an sliabh muin tig an teasach (*hunt fever*)

Bheir mi hoiriou o òhoa

Shò hirir-bheag

O na haoi o ro hou

Faicil orst romh Chlanna Morna

Bheir mi hoiriou o òhoa

Ehò hiri riabhag

O na haoi o ro hca

Clanna Morna 's an cuid cón

Bheir mi hoiriou o o-hoa

Da chiad diag a dh-aireamh fhear

Bheir, &c.

'S a chu fhein an laith guch fir

'S a shleagh fein an laimh guch laoiach

Ma theid thu gu srath-na-h-amhunn

Faicail orst romh Chlanna Ghobha

Here repeat as above.

Ma theid thu do bheannaibh domhain
Cuimhnuich an t-saigh earblach dhonn

Here this fragment ends.

2. From Aonas Mac Leoid, crofter, Baile Mharstam, Uist, a chinne Tuath, March 26, 1868.

MU 'S TU MO MHATHAIR 'S GUR FIADH THU,

Bheir mi hoireann o a haw!

Faicill orst romh ghnìomh nan con

Bheir, &c.

Eho beir ir eubhag

Ho-haoi o a ro haw

Ma theid thu (a) bheanntaibh domhain

Bheir, &c.

Faicill orst romh Chlann a Ghobha

Bheir, &c.

Eho, &c.,

Ho, &c.,

Da chiad diag a dh aireamh fhearaihb,

'S a chu fein an laimh gach aon fhaibh, ;

'S iad air eil aig Leide mac Liannaui,

Here follows a verse as above with the name, Clann-na-Cearde, and two more lines which an old woman in the Island of Baile shear South Uist placed at the end of each verse.

'S fear beag 'ad air sgàth chreagain.

'S eugail leis nach tig ige (thuige?)

3. From Orig Nic Iain, Tao Loch-cuphorst, Uist a Tuath, September 27, 1868.

MUS TU MO MHATHAIR

Us gur fiadh thu

Bheir mi hoirean o haw.

Eirich mu 'n eirich grian orst.

Bheir, &c.,

Faicill orst romh ghnìamh nan conaibh

Ma theid thu romh sruth-an-loinain ;

Faicill orst romh Chlanna Morna

Clanna Morna 's an cuid con.

Da chiad diag a dh-aireamh fhearaihb,

Fear beag ri sgiath creagain

'S a dha-chu-dhiag air lothain aige.

Here follow verses with the names, Clanna Ghobha, Clanna Baoisge.

4. From an old woman, met in a shepherd's house, at Liadal, close to Prince Charles's Cave at Borrodale, South Uist, May 29, 1868.

Ma 's tu mo mhathair 'ns gur fiadh thu
 Bheir mi oirrim o haw
 Bi d' fhaicill romh ghniamh nan couu
 Bheir, &c., (*same as in 2nd version.*)
 Eho, &c.,
 O na, &c.,

'S iad eir bhannaibh arda romhad,
 'S iad ag inse dhomh nach tig thu.
 Faicill orst romh Chlann Ghil 'e ain
 Clann Ghil 'e ain san cuid chon.

Here follows a verse with the name Clann ic Phairee, and this note by Carmichael:— 'This old woman said that all the Finneachann (tribes) were mentioned in the song. This I think doubtful. The part of the song mentioning the Clans must have been a later composition, for the rest of the song seems to me old—older than the mediæval time of the Clans. The Parks are nearly extinct here now. I only know one man of that name in the whole of South Uist, where there were many of that name formerly. All names seem to have been represented here. The Long Island seems to have been the Cave of Adullam to which all criminal and political offenders betook themselves.'

5. From Kenneth Morison, pauper, aged 80. Nisipi na h-Earradh, July 12, 1870. 25 lines, of which the whole are in the next version.

6. OISEIN GA MHATHAIR. 63 lines.

Seimnte le Do 'ul Macaphi Gobha Breubhaig Barraidh,
 10th December, 1866.

1 MA 's tu mo mhathair 's gur a fiadh thu,
 Bheir mi hoiriam o ahaw,
 Ma 's tu mo mhathair 's gur a fiadh thu,
 Bheir mi hoiriam o ahaw,
 Ehb' hir-ir ibh-ag ò
 Na haoi o a ro haw
 Eirich mu 'n eirich grian orst
 Bheir mi hoiriam o ahaw, &c.
 Eirich mu 'n eirich grian orst
 Bheir, &c.

Siubhail sliabh mu 'n tig an teasach,

2 Ma 's tu mu mhathair 'ns gur fiadh thu
 Faicill orst romh ghniamh nan conaibh
 'Siad air bhannaibh arda romhad,
 'Seachainn Caoilte seachainn Luathas,
 'Seachainn Bruchag dhugh nam bruchag,
 'Seachainn an t-saigh earblach dhùgh (dùgh)
 Bran mac Buidheig namh na 'm fiadh,
 Agus Geolai bheag nan car.

3 Mu theid thu do bhannaibh iosal,
 Faicill orst romh Chlanna Baoisge,
 Clann na Baoisgne 's an cuid con,
 Da chiad diag a dh' aireamh fhear,
 'Sa shleagh fheinn an laimh gach laoch
 'Sa chu fhein an laimh gach fir
 'Siad air eil aig Leide mac Liannain,
 'S fear beag, beag ri sga creagain
 'S da-chu-dhiag eir lothain aige.

4 Mu theid thu eir { strath an lonain
 bhcaniabh mora
 Faicill orst romh Chlanna Morna
 Clann na Morna 's an cuid con
 Da chiad diag a dh' aireamh fhear
 'Sa shleagh fein an laimh gach laoch,
 'S iad eir eil aig Leide mac Liannain
 'Sa chu fein an laimh gach fir,
 'S fear beag, beag ri sga creagain
 'S da chu dhiag eir lothain aige

5 Mu theid thu { gu strath na h-athun
 romh ghleanna domhain
 eir chuanta (chluanta?) domhain
 Faicill orst romh Chlanna Ghobha,
 Clanna Ghobha 's an cuid con
 Da chiad diag a dh' aireamh fhear
 'S a shleagh fein an laimh gach laoch,
 'Sa chu fein an laimh gach fir
 'S iad eir eil aig Leide mac Liannain,
 'S fear beag, beag ri sga creagain
 'S da chu dhiag eir lothain aige.

6 Mu theid thu do bhannaibh arda

Bi d' fhaicill romh chlann { a chearta
 na ceirde
 na ceardach

Clann na ceairde 's an cuid con.
 Da chiad diag a dh' aireamh fhear
 'Sa shleagh fein an laimh gach laoch
 'Sa chu fhein an laimh gach fir
 'S iad eir eil aig Leide mac Liannain
 'S fear beag beag ri sga creagain
 'S da chu dhiag eir lothain aige.

7 Gu 'n gleidh an seallb' thu o 'n t-srannan
 Mu 'n cluin do leannan do ghuth,
 'Sa dha chu dhiag eir faire mire
 'Sa chu fein an laimh gach fir dhiu.
 Bha mi la 's bheinn sheilg
 'S chunnacas fiadh a chabair aird
 Gu 'n ghear e torra leum dha 'n loch
 Mu theid thu romh ghleannaibh domhain
 Cuimhnic an t-saigh earblach dhonn
 (Cuimhnic an t-saigh earblach dhonn?)

July 4, 1872.—From these six versions gathered by Carmichael, and from my own collection of eight versions, this appears to have been a popular woman's wanking song all over the Islands. It had never been written or printed so far as I know, and the tune has still to be recovered. Like its class, a very few lines would tell the story. It is a kind of muster-roll of the chief Feinian tribes. The object of this kind of singing is to promote Rhythmical movement, and lighten toil with vocal music. Still this song without words must rank as one of the Celtic Heroic Ballads, upon which later growths were grafted in the 4th version. It would be easy to add any names without interfering with the old Heroes first named, as it is said, by OISEIN THE LAST OF THE FEINNE.

PARODIES.

The following are founded upon Heroic Ballads and Traditions, but are not of their age. They prove the antiquity and popularity of the compositions which they caricature or imitate. As they are older than Mac Pher-son's Ossian, they indicate the nature of popular poetry current in Scotland, and ascribed to Oisein before Mac Pher-son was born.

P. 12. LAOIDH NA SUAIMHNICHE DUBHIE. 35 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 74. Advocates' Library, February 26, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

AN imaginary dialogue between the Bard and a Black Mantle. It is asked to tell a tale of Eirinn; and tells to whom it belonged, from the reign of Cormac till the Ollamh gave it to the man of strings, (the harper) and the harper, to a hoary Parson. It hopes still to tell a tale from a white book; and now the hopes of the Black Mantle are accomplished.

1 FAILTE dhuise th' suaimhniche dhubb,
 Cainte 'n d' fag u do chruth corr,
 Sgeul na h-Eirinn a thoirt dhùinn
 'S dheistamaid gu 'shùin re d' Ghloir,

2 Sgeul
 'S òg a thaini' du rem sgeul
 Nan tuipta leat fein mo dhan

3 'S òg
 Sann re linn Chormaic ic Art,
 A chuiridh re slait mo th' snàth

4 Sann
 Bha mi Tamull aig an Rìogh
 Gann Imrachadh air dbruin each

5 Bha mi
 Ge sean suamhach mi gun phris
 Chunnachdas òl air fion us creach

6 Ge sean
 Thani mi 'malairt an Deirg.
 Gù Rìogh Eirinn meig an aigh.

7 Thani mi
 Thani mi m' dhillib air Goll,
 O mhac Dregmhuinn na fonn sàor

¹ sùimh.

² imlaid.

- 8 Thani mi
Bha mi rist aig lolluinn greis
A coimhead air cleas nan Arm.
- 9 Bha mi,
Bha mi rist aig Oscar òg
'N deidh do mhac morla bhi marbh
- 10 Bha mi
Oscar ualich nan arm gèur
Cha ghlaidhidh e sèud ach seal
- 11 Oscar
Dhioluich e mise ro am
Mhac O Duibhne na laun sean,
- 12 Dholuch
Thug O Duibhne mi da mhac
An comaine seachd Lann,
- 13 Thug
Bha mi aig Diarmaid an t'-slòigh
Fad so mhair a Gheoir na cheann
- 14 Bha mi
Gus an d' thanig a sgeul truagh,
A mharbhadh leibh th' suas sa Ghleann
- 15 Gus an
Thug an t-Olla mi n' fear thèud
Thug a fear theud do 'n Bhàrd (Twice)
- 16 Thug
Tha mi nois ann a mor phian
Aig a phearsan liath an drast (Twice)
- 17 Tha
'S bi risd mas aill Dia
Gabbail sgial a Leabhar Ban.

O. 33. AITHRIS AIR ORAIN NAM FIANN.

Bonadar. 85 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 145. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

A TAILOR'S Parody on the *Feinne*, traced back to about 1760, but as old as 1603. The people parodied, are not Mac Pherson's people, but the people of the Ballads, and of the Stories: the *Feinne*, the Giants, the Hags, and even the Foxes of the fables. The composer seems to have been a Roman Catholic.

- 1 AN raoir chunnas aisling,
An leaba 's mi gun dusgadh;
Ach ma 's fìor na fàidhean,
Bha pairt dhi mor na breige.
- 2 Am fear sin chaidh shiolacadh,
O cheann trì cheud bliadhna;
A tighinn a dh' iarraidh deallachadh,
'S bhean air dol am fiadh air.
- 3 O chunnaic mi na slobanan,
'S na tobraichean air treasgan;
An fhaighe ghlas na h-iomaran,
Fo chriuthneachd, 's fo bhuntata.
- 4 Na bha 'n sin a dh' uamh bheathachaibh,
A nuallaich air an smagaibh;
Ag iarraidh aite gearrasdain,
Dh' fhearann thighearna Ghrannta.
- 5 Chunnadh neud na curra, is i,
Na cuirridh air Mulan arbhair;
Is i cor as trì mìosan ag innseadh,
Mar bha 'n aimsir,
- 6 An dreadhan donn na shanselar,
Fo laimh an rìgh an Alba;
Ag iarraidh aite sheanlair,
An iolar eir a *meanmh chro. (spreidh)*
- 7 O thachair Fionn Mac Cuthail orm,
Is buighinn de na Fiannaibh;
Is miol choin aca air iallaibh,
Is iad a' dol air iarghas.
- 8 Dh' aithnich mi na dh' fhead mi dhiubh,
Bha Caoillte ann bha Diarnad;
Bha Goll mor ard, bha Iohun ann,
Cha d' fhuirich mi ri 'n sgeulachd.

- 9 Dìreadh ris na uchdanan,
Bha cor is dusan mìle;
Chaidh gach fear na armachd diubh,
Mharbhtar mi mar pillteadh.
- 10 Ach suil a thug mi shealltain orra,
Bha Coll air each gun diallaid;
Chaidh mi steach do gblean bha 'n sin
Cha tarla dhomh bhi sianh ann.
- 11 Bha lan a mhada alluidh ann,
Le 'n strathruichibh sle 'n chhabhaibh;
O thug mi dhoibh mo thombaca math,
Is b' ait a rinn iad sgeulachd.
- 12 'G iarraidh pass o 'n chomhairle,
Cead gnothuich dol a Ghrianaig;
Chaidh mi steach an talla 'n sud,
Bha lan caitheam chailleach ann.
- 13 Thug gach aon te riamh dhiu,
Lamh a dh' iarraidh fàirce;
Ghuidh mi, ma bha ciall aca,
Gun seola 'n rìgh na b' fhear dhoibh.
- 14 Thuirt am Fomhear mor 'se casdaich,
Na leag a mach an Tar ghallach;
Rug e air a thuaidh mhoir,
Is ghluais e chum an urlar.
- 15 Rug mise air mo *rosail*, (rosary)
'S gu 'n deanain doigh g ionnsuidh;
An sin dh' aithnich mi gu' m b' fhogarach,
An t-oglach mor mac Rusgnadh.
- 16 Ged thachair e measg bhiasan,
Gun mhoran riasain anna;
Thachair mi air Gille Martain,
'S thug mi straid a chaint ris.
- 17 Dhi fhaicneachd mi san tra ud,
C' ait a dol fo armaibh;
Thuirt gu 'n robh a dh' iarraidh tagraidh,
Air fear an cois na fàirge.
- 18 'S gu 'm bitheadh esan paighte dheth,
Co ceart ris bas a shean mthachair;
- 19 O chunnadh mise sessaraich,
Nan seasamh ri ball canibe
Mhuca mhara cho ghaoisidh,
No cearca fraoich no calman.
- 20 Pass air an *Roimh* an sud (Rome)
An seomar an cois armait;
Slaod Sichailinu na Cimaids as a h-earball,
- 21 O chunnaic mi na Muilearnan,
Nan curraidh air an degbau;
Ag iarraidh sneachd 's reata,
Teann mhor tbeachd as na speuran.
- 22 Gur s nn th' air as sarachadh,
A cur nan ald ri cheile;
Gleth ar leachd as grotan dhuinn,
A steach a chor nan edhlan.

Written from Alexander Cameron, tailor, in Easter Drumcherry, who got it 50 years ago from Donald Cameron, tailor there, 1802.—(DR. IRVINE'S Note.)

O. 34. AN TAILFHEAR DO NA FIANNAIBH.

68 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 149. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

A TAILOR'S parody on the *Fians*, of the Ballads and their domestic and family broils. Composed, as appears from the costume, about 1715 to 1745, when the dress of the Highlanders was to be changed by Act of Parliament, and men wore velvet breeches and cassocks of silk. This is very good. The metre is not the metre of the Ballads, but it is near about it.

- 1 CHAIDH mi turas dheanamh eudaich,
Chlanna Baoisge macl a h-Albain;
Cha tug iad a nasgaidh mo shaothair,
Gu 'm b' iad fhein na daoine calma.
- 2 'S trie a rinn mi cosag mhaiseach,
Do Gholl mhor an aigne mhcanmnaich;
'S cha lugha leam na Guini (Guinea)
D' ur shineadh e a lamh dhomh.

- 3 Chaidh mi tur a dheanamh triuthas,
Do Cuchullin an Dun-dealgain;
An am dhomh suidh gu chumadh,
Tha'nig Fomhear mor a' m' ionnsuidh.
- 4 Tharruing Cuchullin an claidhe,
'S mairg a tharla air san uair sin;
Sgath e na cuig cinn de mhucail,
'S mise chunnaic bli g' am bualadh.
- 5 Gheibhte forras a' d' thigh Rìghail,
Pìobaraicheachd is cruit, is clarsach;
Gheibhte coin sheang ann air slabhruidh,
Iomad spainteach ghlas air alaichag.
- 6 Fion g' a aisig, ol g' a iomairt,
Fir ura ag iomairt air thalaisg;
Mnathan deud gheall fuadalh anairt,
Ceur a' lasadh ann an coinleir.
- 7 'S lionar clogaid is ceann bheart,
'S iomadach dearg is naine;
'S ioma dioghailt as srian bhucallach,
Pillan oir is cuipean airgid.
- 8 'S lionar sleagh le 'n roinn gheur fhaoir,
Bha 'n taic ri laoch a' d' thalla;
Gheibhte Tombac is sgenlachd,
Brandi Eireanach gun airceas.
- 9 Chnir Fionn teachdaireachd gam shireadh,
Dheanamh Briogas da de Bhalbhaid;
'Dean farsuing e am bac na h-ìosgaid,
Los gu 'm faigh mi ruidh gu calma.'
- 10 'S mise an duine as luaithe a theirte,
B' auu an seachd cathaibh na Feinne;
Air a chluais na freagair duin aic,
Gus am bi thu ullamh m' sheirbhis.
- 11 Thuirt Oscar 'se gabball mi-thlachd,
Cìod an sta dhut bhi ga shireadh;
Mar fhaigh mise moch a maireach,
Sgudaidh mi 'n cleann dh' mhùineal.
- 12 Oscar is mise do shean athair,
'S e thachairt agam na shuidh;
Gus am bi e ullamh 'm serbhis,
Cha dean e greim a dh' aon duine.
- 13 Ge bu tu m' athair 's mo shean athair
Cha bhi mi nis faide ruisgte;
Mo chaodan side ri fhuathail,
Bheirinn duais chionn a dheanamh.
- 14 Thuirt Conan 'se dusa a chogaidh,
Ge b' ail le Oscar is le Fionn e;
Gheibh sinn cuid ar croinn dh' n Tailfhear,
Gu cudad bainse mhic Morna.
- 15 Dh' eirich Caoilte, dh' eirich Diarmad,
'S neonach cìod a chiall th' agaibh;
Stri mu lan puid's a Thailfhear,
Is nach riaraich e air fad sibh.
- 16 Gabhaibh gu suidh is gu sìochan,
'S ni mi innleachd air an ceart uair;
Cuiribh gu foich na Feinne,
An Tailfhear m' an eirich leis breamas.
- 17 Math do chomhairl's Dhiarmad,
O 's craobh shìochan dhùinn air fad thu;
Cuiribh an Tailfhear as an teaghlach,
Cha mhair a chaonag nis faide.

O. 35. LABHAIR DIARMAID. 27 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 152. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

THIS poem was composed about the year 1715 by a Mac Nicol, tailor, in Arimane Glenloch, the same on whom McIntyre made the satirical song. Taken from Angus Stewart, tailor, Bunranoch's recitation, who had it from Donald Dewar, tailor, now dead, at Dalchosnie, Feb. 25, 1801.

It mentions King George and King James and the Duke of Sheriff-Muir (Nov. 13, 1715), at which John Duke of Argyll commanded on one side. The tailor says that the Duke of Gordon fled. — Diarmaid wants to know why they did not send for him and his people to drive away the Saxons to Newcastle.

- 1 LABHAIR Diarmad gu glie soisneach,
'C' ait am b' abhaist domh bhi chomhnuidh;
Thuirt mi fhein le briathraibh ailde,
Gu 'm b' abhaist dhomh bhi 'n gleann Locha.
- 2 Cia mar tha iad mo luchd cinnich,
Edar dhuine, Gbille 's ogan;
Cia ma tha 'm Baran 'sa bhrathair,
'S na bheil a lathair an t-sbeorta.
- 3 Nan robh duine aca sna catbair,
B' ac' air machair Alba;
Eadar righ Deorsa 's righ Senmas,
No ma thearuing iad gun mharbha.
- 4 Bha mise ann an cath an t-siorra,
'S innsidh mi dhuitse Dhiarmaid;
Rinn clann Dombnuil riamh an dlìghe,
Theich Diuc Gordon as na cianaibh,
Mar-aisg oirbh chuideachd an donais;
Cìod uime nach do chuir sibh fios oirne,
'S chairtemid nunn na Sasganaich,
Thar a Chastail Notha aon uair.
- 6 Ma thig au rìgh air a philleadh,
Steach a Shìorrachd na h-Alba;
Cuiribh litir bharr a' g' air sreadh,
'S gu Diuc o bearrag 's enrachd.
- 7 Bìodhse 'g imeachd a dh' Albain,
'S feuch am faic sibh mo dhaoine;
Beir sòrruidh uams mo cheud beannachd,
Aithris dhoibh gu 'n chaisg mi chaonag.

X. 6. LAOIDH AN TRUISEALAICH. 43 lines.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, Edinburgh, Jan. 29, 1872.

THIS is an imaginary conversation with a great standing Stone in the Ness of Lewis, in the Parish of Barra. It is curious because made up of names, and of single lines of Ballads which are recited entire in the neighbouring Islands and printed above. It is a very good sample of the decay of tradition, a good ending to the Story of Cuchullin, Deirdre, Fraoch, Fionn, and the Feinne. Murray, the reciter, asserts that it was the custom in his youth to recite this 'Lay of the Truiseal Stone,' near the butt of Lewis in Shawbost.

- 1 EISDIR beag ma 's aireamh laoidh,
Chailin O! an stiùir thu mi?
- 2 Sgòla leat a Thruiseal mhòir,
Cò na slòigh bh' ann ri d' aois;
Robh thu ann linn nam Fiann,
Am fac thu Fionn, Fial, no Fraoch?
- 3 Fraoch mac Chumhail nan cnach òir,
Lèonadh e gun chomhla an airm;
Le biast a ghlinne bho thuath,
Thuit mac Chumhail fo chruaidh cheilg.
- 4 Bu mhòr am beud an fhuil bhaor,
Tuiteam le gnòimh nam bean baoth;
5 A chend là a chaidh Fraoch a shnàmh,
La guth mhneimh thàrladh olc;
Thug e làn a bhruit gu tìr,
A chaorrainn abuich inin gun lochd.
- 6 Sud an lus am bheil mo mbian,
A laimh Mhic Chumhail nan ciamh càmh
Uballan na eoribhe a 's arda dos,
Chì mi air an loch ud thall.
- 7 Labhair Mac Chumhail nan cuach,
'S lasair a dhà ghraaidh mar fhuil
Chaidh e shnàmh an loch air uair,
'S an eadh-uair am fuachd ga ghluin.
- 8 Mothachaidh gach fear fo 'n ghrèin,
A bhean féin nu 'n deau i chron;
Ma 's bi iad uile gu leir,
Mar tha bhaobh an deigh nan corp.
- 9 Seachd rìghrean chuir i gu léas,
Thàrladh sud 'na dùil 'us gum b' olc;
Ceumail, 'us Earail, 'us Fraoch,
'S Cuchullin a sgoilteadh sgiath,
'S Fear Liath an taoibh ghil,
Oissian Mac Shigheigh nan cliar,
Nach diult biadh do neach air bith.

- 10 Bha mise an cath an dè,
'S gu'n robh mi fèin an cath cnuic,
An cath callan bho 'n taobh tuath;
'S cath carran bho 'n cruaidh trod.
- 11 Is Truisealach nì an dèigh nam Fiann,
'S fada mo phian an deigh chaich;
Air m' 'nain 'san àird an iar,
Gu bun mo dhà sgiath an sàs.

As recited by an old Lewis-man (Norman Murray, Habost, Ness,) in the Spring of 1807. Given to Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan by Malcolm Macphail.

LATER HEROIC BALLADS.

THE STORY of the Feinne as told by Oisein to Padruig ends here, so far as I have been able to gather. But the story has a sequel.

The 'Lay of the Great Fool,' according to Fletcher's version, concerns the last branches of the Feinne. According to Staffa's version, the Hero was a son of Dearg. The scene is laid at Dun-an-Oir, where Fionn was slain, where Connal avenged the death of Cuchullin, where Caoilte fought his best fight. Padruig and Oisein are out of the story, but the story still goes on. Different minds have been at work on this, but it bears the marks of genuine popular verse.

I print, F. O. O. P., all late versions of this ballad, which still is exceedingly popular. I have already printed a version (Y. vol. iii. p. 154.) It is there placed with the story of Fionn's birth and education, and with part of the Arthurian story of Peredur and Peronnik, the Breton Idiot, who is the equivalent character, as I supposed.

In December, 1871, after ten years, I found, p. 166, O'Donovan's Catalogue, Trin. Coll., Dublin, H. 2. 6., MS. written about 1716. Eachtra an Amadain mhoir. 38 pages of pure Irish prose, supposed to be a translation from Welsh; a story in which King Arthur's knights are introduced, and neeromancers, 'Gruagacha.'

I conclude that this popular Ballad represents the Fenian story passing into the Arthurian story, and elad in ideas of the date of Arthurian stories of the early age of printed books.

This Poem was first printed separately in Glasgow, in 1800, by Thomas Duncan. In 1861 the Dublin Ossianic Society printed a version of 720 lines. In 1862 I printed a version of 256 lines orally collected. In 1813 Turner printed 212 lines. All these are versions of the same poem; and all, as I believe, have been orally preserved ever since wandering bards first begun to recite the 'Lay of the Great Fool,' who was of the old Fenian breed, and a Hero true to his word.

F. 21. RANN NA DUAN MU 'N AMADAN MHOR, AGUS MU GHRUAGACH DHUN-AN-OIR.

238 lines.

FAIRT DO 'N DREAM MU DHEIREADH BHA BEÒ DO NA
FIANNIBH.

Fletcher's Collection, page 89. 238 lines. Advocates' Library. January 19, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

- 1 CHUALAS sgèul luainneach 's cha bhreug,
Air an Oinid d' an geill na slòigh;
Laoch meannach air nach dearg àrn,
'S b' e b' ainm dha 'n t-Amadan mòr.
- 2 Smachd an Dombain de ghlaic se,
Giulla nach d' fhaod gun bhì bòrb;
Cha b' ann gleachda sgia na lann,
Bha neart a bh' ann ach na dhoid.
- 3 'S amhluidh sin do bhithheadh e,
'S iomad triath' bha fù' smachd;
'S sgèula gearr na dheireadh thall,
Tuig mo rann 's gu bheil i ceart.
- 4 Lò g' an rabh an t-Amadam mòr,
Air chriocheaihb Lochlain le seòl gaoidh;
E-fein is aon mhac-o-mnai,
'S nì 'm facas riamh h-aite mhnaoi.
- 5 Ann gleann diomhair tharla dhoibh,
'N gleann bu bhoidheche bha fù' 'n ghrèin:
B' aile srath 's bu mhine fonn,
Fuaim a thonn ri slìos a shlèibh.

- 6 Sin 'n uair thiurt mac-o-mnai,
Fhir is fearr làmh ga bheil ann;
Chuartich mi 'n dombain mu thrid
'S nì facas tir mar tha 'n gleann.
- 7 'S chunnacadar a teachd an ròd,
An Gruagach bho bu bhreagha brot;
Saothach dh' òr loisgte na dhorn,
Coltach ri corn sam biodh deoch.
- 8 Sin 'nuair 'labbhair am fear mòr,
Nì 'n rabh mise fòs ri m' rù;
Aon uair bu mhò thart,
B' ait leam a theachd no cò è.
- 9 Comhairle a bheirinn ort arsa bhean
Na h-òl a dheoch 's na blais a bhiaidh;
Gus am fiosaicheadh tu 'n gleann,
'S nach rabh thu ann roimhe riamh.
- 10 Air dhoibh teachd air cheann gach sgeoil,
Shuidh an Gruagach bu bhreagha brot;
Deansa snidhe Oghlach mhòir,
Na biodh dubhach is òl do dheoch.
- 11 'S na comaine ceudna dho,
Thuirnt an t-amadan le glòir ghlic;
'S e toirt sioca sugha draoitha borb,
'S cha d' fhàg braon sa chorn nach dibh.
- 12 'S air imeachd do Ghrugaich a chuirn,
Ba neo-buaghar a chuirn r' a h-òl;
Na cosa bho na gluine sìos,
Bha sid a dhith air an fhear mhòr.
- 13 Sin 'nuair 'labbhair a Mac-o-mnai,
'S trugha a fhlat mar tha thu nochte;
'S tearc do charaid san dombain mhòr,
'S nì 'n oill leò thu bhì gun chos.
- 14 Sin 'nuair' thuirnt an t-oglach mòr,
Biodhsa robhinn òg a' d' thoisd;
Cha bhì cos air duine a' s' tir,
Na gheibh mi ris mo dha chois.
- 15 Chualas uatha sa ghleann,
Guth a ghaothair bu bhinn ceòl;
Tog leat mo lann is mo sgiath,
Chum an aonaich is fearr doigh.
- 16 Dh' imich iad an sin faraon,
Bhean 's an laoch bu gharng san trod,
'S bu luaithe è air a dha ghlan,
Na seiscar le lugh an cos.
- 17 Air dhoibh suidhe air an t-sliabh,
Chunnacas fiadh shuas Gleann-gorm;
Gaodhar geal euas, dearg na dheigh,
Tathunn gu gear air a lòrg.
- 18 Sin 'nuair thig an t-oglach mòr,
Urchair ghasda le seòl gear;
'S chuireadh le neart laimh an laoch,
An t-sleagh troidh' dha-thaobh an fheidh.
- 19 Ghlaca leis an gaodhar bàn,
'S chuireadh è na laimh air èil;
Biodh tu agam dearnamh ceoil,
Na gu 'n d' thig duine na toir ad dheidh.
- 20 'Se chunnacas a tighinn bho 'n ghleann,
An Gruagach gan rabh dearla òir;
'S ann hobhadh air a thaobh chì,
A dha shleagh 's a sgiath na dhorn.
- 21 Bheannaich an Gruagach deas donn,
Do 'n Amadan mhòr is ga mhnaoi;
'S ghabh e sgeula dheit gu beachd,
Cìod am ball an do chleachd an t-saoi.
- 22 Is mise Gruagach a ghaodhair bhàin,
Tha air do laimhse Mhaca-mòr;
Rìddire Curand gu b' è m' ainm,
'S anns' gach balc gu gleithinn buaidh.
- 23 Bheirinnse mo dhearbha dhuit,
Mhacain sin is aite dreach;
Nach bi Gruagach a ghaodhair bhàin,
Gu là bhràth r' a radhain ruit.
- 24 Nach leoir leatsa Mhaca-mòr,
Leth-bhreth na dho, air an roinn;
An t-sealg uil bhì air do laimh,
'S an gaodhar bàn a ligéal leam.

- 25 'S mise féin a rinn an t-sealg,
Se thuir an t-amadan gairg dian ;
Ge b' c againn is treise lámh,
Biodh aige an gaodhar bàn 's am fiadh.
- 26 Bho thàrladh mo ghaothar ort,
IS po chosa, a bhi d' dhìth ;
Biadh is aodach fad do rè.
Bheirinnse dhuit fein is do d' mhnaoi.
- 27 Sin 'nuair' labhair am Maca-mnai,
Bheir thusa 'n gaodhar geal do ;
Gheibh e sin is an gaodhar breac,
X' am b' eairde leats' nì bu mhò.
- 28 Thog an t-Amadan am fiadh,
A lann a sgrìath agus a bhean ;
Agus dh' imich iad nan triuir,
Ann san iul a rinn am fear.
- 29 'Se chunnacas uatha sa gheleann,
Cathair gan rabh deatra òir ;
'S nì 'm facas riamh scalla sùl.
Nach fàighte annsa chuir na s leoir.
- 30 Sin 'nuair labhair am fear mòr,
Cò i chathair òir bhui' ùr ;
'S boidheche dealbh s is aile dreach,
Na fàigh' sinne breith na h-iul.
- 31 Dùn-an-òir an dùn am bhui,
Dùn-a-ghuil gu b' e sid ainm ;
'S nì mairtheann a Fhiannaibh fail,
Ach mise 'mhàin agus aon bhean.
- 32 Chuannacas aon bhean anns' an Dùn,
'S nì 'm facas scalla sùl bu bbreagh ;
Bu ghìle na 'n cabhadh a cneas,
'S guirme rosg sa deud mar bhla,
- 33 Dh' fhiosraich an ainuir òg,
An tùs an sgeoil da fear féin ;
Cò i maca-deud-ghéal-òg,
Is am fear mòr do 'n d' thug i spèis.
- 34 'N-t-Amadan mor gu b' e ainm,
'S iomadh triath a bha fui' smachd ;
Fir an dombain bha ga veir,
'S mise fein gu do gheil do.
- 35 'S neònach leam na bheil thu radh 'n,
Mhiads air 'n do thar e doigh ;
Mu chuir e dombain fui' smachd,
Com na leig á chosan leò.
- 36 Rìghrean an dombain gun gheil do,
A roghainn sin an Ionhoir òir ;
'S mur bhi draigheachd a chuirn chrosd,
Cha leigeadh e chosan leò.
- 37 'S air dhoibh suidhe air an òl.
An da mhnaoi òg a b' fhearr chiù ;
Bha Gruagach dhùn-an-oir nan treis,
Is Amadan mòr nan cleas lùgh.
- 38 Ach 's mithich dhambha dol a shealg,
A Dhùn-deilig 's do Ghleann-smàil ;
Gleith mo rath dhanh air mo chùl,
Mo chuid òir is gleith mo mhna.
- 39 'S ge' do robh mi fad a mach,
Na cadail is na crom do cheann,
'S na leig aon duine a mach,
Na duine' steach ach na bheil ann.
- 40 Sin 'nuair thuir an t-òglach mòr,
Thigse ribhinn òg fui' m' cheann ;
Tha 'n eadal a teachd am thuar,
'S nì togair leam suain ann Gleann.
- 41 Ach air bhì dha na ehadal trom,
Thainig Gaisgeach donn a steach ;
'S do mhnaoi a' Ghrugaich thug e pòg,
'S cha b' oill leis an òigh a theachd.
- 42 Ach dh' eirich an ainuir mheirbh,
Is tharruing i gu garbh a cheann ;
Biodhsa t-fhairreach—oglaich mhoir,
Ma rinn thu 'n t-suain cha b' e 'n t-àin.
- 43 Mur bithinse am shuain gu leoir,
Cha d' tigeadh iad oirnn a steach ;
Gu d' thig Gruagach Dhùn-an-oir,
Mu 'n rachadh am beò a mach.
- 44 Choir an doruis do ghabh è,
Ghlacadh leis a sgrìath na dhorn ;
'S cha d' bhuaill gobha' ceard na saor,
Comhludh bu daingne na 'n laoch borb.
- 45 Dh' eirich an Gaisgeach deas donn,
'S a dha shleagh sa sgrìath na dhorn ;
Fàg an doruis oglaich mhoir,
Cha ball coir am bheil tu tàmh.
- 46 Rìgh! gu fuillig mis' am bàs,
Bho ghabh mi e tras am cheann ;
Mu 'n d' theid aon duine a mach,
Na duine steach ach na bheil ann.
- 47 Gheibhte tu m' airgead is m' òr,
Mo chulaidh mhath shròil is m' each ;
Bu choi-dheas leam muir na tìr,
N'an leigeadh tu 'ris mi mach.
- 48 Ge do 's math t-airgead is t-òr,
Do chuladh mhath shròil is t-each ;
Ach gu d' thig Gruagach Dhùn-an-òir,
Cha racha' do bheò a mach.
- 49 Mo chonraich ort oglaich mhòir,
Gabh naoi dachunn do dh' òr glàn ;
Fonn is carras 's fearann saor,
'S leig mi 'n raon a dùn-nam-ban.
- 50 Bheirinnse briathra na dho,
Nach rachadh do bheò a mach ;
Ach an d' thig Gruagach an teach-òir,
'S gu dioladh e pòg a mhna.
- 51 Gheibheadh tu do leth-chos fud,
Mar a b' fhearr gan rabh i riamh ;
Deir an Gaisgeach a bha glie,
Leigse nise dhomh bhì triall.
- 52 Sin 'nuair thuir am fear mòr,
Dean thusa ort fos gu mall ;
A chos eile gu ceum cruagh.
Gu d' thig bh' uaitsa na do cheann.
- 53 Mo chomruich ortsa a bhean
Didinn mo chorp 's glac mo lann ;
Do dhidinn cha neil on bhàs,
A mhacan is aile dreach.
- 54 Do dhidinn cha neil, &c.,
A mhacan, &c.
Ach a chas eile thoirt do,
'S bì 'g imeachd an ròd a mach.
- 55 Fhuair thu nis do chosan fud,
Mar is fearr gan rabh iad riamh,
Deir an Gaisgeach a bha glie,
'S mithich dhomh a nis bhì triall.
- 56 Na cosan so fhuair mi ceart,
Nì 'n leiginn iad leat na leo ;
'S nì 'n rachadh tu fos a mach,
Ach an d' thig gruagach an teach òir.
- 57 'S mise gruagach 'ghaothair bhàin,
'S mi chuir ann 's gach càs thù ;
'S mi thug do chosan bh' uait,
Dh' idreachduinn do luais 's do lugh.
- 58 Bho a tharla dhunn bhì 'n sìth,
Thugainn 'n ar dithis dol a mach ;
Stubhlaidh sinn an oir san iar,
Is ann 's gach tìr gu 'n gabh sinn neart.
- 59 Dh' imich iad ann sin a mach,
Mein air mheìn is gràdh air ghràdh ;
'S chualas sgeul luameach 's cha bhreng,
Air an Eoin d' an geil na sloigh.
- 60 Laoch meinmach air, &c.
Ga b' ainm an t-Amadan mor.

O. 11. LAOIDH AN AMADAIN MHOIR. 146 lines.
Dr. Irvine's MS., page 54. 144 lines. Copied by Malcolm
Macphail. Edinburgh, March 22, 1872.

COMPARED with Fletcher's version, this shows how a
Ballad orally preserved alters. Every verse, almost every
line, differs in some degree; but so as to preserve the
story, the sequence, and the general sound of the lan-
guage. In this manner a Ballad might last for centuries,
changing with the dialect and the locality in which it is
remembered.

- 1 Chualas sgeula luanach gun bhreig ;
Air Onaid gan gheill na sloigh ;
Fear meannmhach air nach dearg arm,
'S e b' ainm dha un t-amadan mor.
- 2 La do bhi an t-amadan mor,
An crìch Lochlin na seol gnoith ;
E chuideachd air aon mhacan mna,
Gum b' ailde briagh i mar mhnaoi.
- 3 An gleann diomhar gu'n tharla doibh,
Nach romh iad fos ann roi riamh ;
B' fhuiri shrath 's b' ailde fhonn,
F uaim a thoun ri slios a shleibh.
- 4 Chunneas tighinn o'n traigh,
Gruagach o'n dealradh brat ;
Sadbach oir lasta na dorn,
Coltach ri corm an bitheadh deoch.
- 5 Comhairle Bheirinn ort,
Na feuch a dheoch, na blais a bhiadh ;
Ach gu'm fiosraicheadh an gleann,
'S nach robh sinn ann roi riamh.
- 6 Bheannaich gruagach a bhrait oir,
Do'n Amadan mhor 's do mhnaoi ;
Na bisa dubhach fliur mhoir,
Ach bi-sa subbach 's ol deoch.
- 7 An comain nam briathra dha,
Ghlac e fein an corm na laimh ;
Thug e satha draosda borb.
Nir dh' fhad braon sa chorn nach dibh.
- 8 Dh' imich gruagach a chuirn,
'S b' fhuathach a cuilm ri ol (cal cuirm)
Na cosan o na gluinibh sios,
Bha dhi air an fhear mhor.
- 9 Sin do'r thuirte a Macan mnà,
'S truaigh an cas am bheil thu nochd ;
'S tearc do charaid san domhainn mhor,
'S ionmhuinn leo thu bhi gu chos.
- 10 Thuirte an t-amadan ra mhnaoi,
Tog a' d' chaidh 's bi nad thosd ;
Cha 'n eil aon chos ann san tìr,
No gleithidh mi ris mo chos.
- 11 Dh' imich iad an sin an dithis,
Bhean san laoch bu gharg trod ;
Bu luaithe esan air a dha ghluin,
Na seisar air futh a chos.
- 12 Chualas faghaid anns a ghleann,
Guth gadhair ann bu bhinne ceol ;
Imrich mo sgiath 's mo lann,
Gu aonach is fearra doigh.
- 13 Air dhoibh bhi tamull a' triall
Chunneas fiadh a beannaibh borb ;
Gadhar chas dearg na dheigh,
Taghunn gu geur air a lorg.
- 14 An sin gun tug an t-oglach mor,
An uirchir ghasda le seol gnoith ;
Chuir e fada lamh an laoch,
An t-sleagh ro' dha thaobh an fheidh.
- 15 Rug e air a ghabhar bhan,
Nn laimh is chuir e grad air eill ;
Bithidh tu agamsa ri ceol,
Aig an tig an toir a' d' dheigh.
- 16 Chunneas tighinn o'n traigh,
Gruagach aluinn o'n dealradh òr ;
Lann min geur air a thaobh chli,
Da shleagh is sgiath na dhorn.
- 17 Bheannaich Gruagach a' bhruite oir,
Don Amadan mhor, 's d' a mhnaoi ;
Cìod i do rioghachd gu beachd,
No 'n tìr anns na chleachd thu bhi ?
- 18 An Ridire Coreur gur e m' ainm,
Anns gach ball bheirinn bnaidh ;
'S mi gruagach a ghadhair bhain
Ma' r' a lamhsa Amadain mhoir.
- 19 A mhacan is ailde dealbh,
Bheirinn fhein mo dhearbh dhuit
Nach bi gruagach a ghaidhir bhain,
Gu la bhrath ri radha ruit.
- 20 Cum nach foghna leat fliur mhoir ;
Leatrom na dha blih sau roinn ?
An t-sealg uile bhi air a laimh (al. lann),
'S mo ghadhair ban a leigeadh leam.
- 21 'S mise fein a rinn an t-sealg,
Arsa an t-amadain garg dian,
'S ge bi againn 's fear lamh, (al. lann)
'S leis an gadhar ban 's am fiadh.
- 22 O'n tharla mo ghadhair ort,
'S do chosan a bhi ga d' dhith ;
Biadh is eudach fad do re, (al. gad reir)
Bheirinnse dhuit fein 's do d' mhnaoi.
- 23 Sin do labhair Macan mna,
Thoirsa an gadhar bun domh ?
Bheireadh as an gadhar breac,
O'n b' aill leatsa 's ni bu mho. (al. ge b' ait leis)
- 24 Dh' imich iad an sin nan truir,
Anns an iul na ghabh am fear ;
Thog e air a mhui am fiadh,
Chrannag, a sgiath, is a bhean.
- 25 Dh' imich iad an sin a shealg,
² Air Uamhuinn dearg s air ghleann smail ;³
Amhairc mo chathair 's mo chuil,
Mo chuid oir 's caithir mo mhna.
- 26 Mu caithir tharladh mi ri d' thaobh,
Caithir ann o'n dealra òr ;
Ni 'm faea mo shuilsa riamh,
Dath air nach robh air nis leor.
- 27 Ach gu'n tig mise fliur mhoir,
Na luidh, is na crom do cheann ;
Na leig duine 'nad choir a steach,
Na duine mach dene th' ann.
- 28 Chois an doruis do shuidhe,
Rug e air a sgeth na dhorn ;
Cha d' rinn Gobha riamh na saor, (ceard)
Comhla 's dainge nan laoch rìor. (borb)
- 29 Thuirte an gruagach cas don (deas)
Is na laimh rug air an sge ;
Druid as sin Oglach mhoir ;
Cha 'n aite coir sna shuidh thu fein.
- 30 Mar bithinnse am shuain na leoir ;
Cha tigeadh tu a' m' dheoin a steach,
O na tharladh mise ann an so,
Do bheo cha rachadh mach.
- 31 'Nuair bha 'n gruagach na luim,
Leum e suas an uchd a mhna ;
Gabhann do chombrich, a bhean,
Amhairc mo chor 's mo lann.
- 32 O nach umhail duit am bas,
Fhleasgaich tharladh a' d' chas teann ;
Chas eile gu ceum cruidh,
'S fear dhuit uat na do cheann.
- 33 Ach mo chosan a bhuin diom,
Cha leiginn ris leat na leo ;
Ni mo rachadh tu a mach,
Gu'n tig a gruagach na Teach, oir.
- 34 Buaidh is beannachd ortsa fliur mhoir,
'S mor mo dhoighsa as do run ;
'S mi gruagach a ghair bhain,
'S mi choinnich air lamh thu.
- 35 'S mise thug do chosan uat,
Dh' fheuchainn do luathas 's do luth ;
Chaidh iad an sin a mach,
A ghabhail beachd air gach uil.
- 36 Ghlacadh iad cheile air laimh,
Muin air mhui 's gradh air ghradh ;
An domhain uile gu beachd,
Am fear mor gu smachd fhuair.
- 37 An aill leibh sgeul luanach³ gun bhreig,
Air an Oin g an geill un sloigh.

² Air uain an deing an gleann smail.—Robertson, Charles.³ Ruanach.¹ ir sic in MS. 'ill.'—M. P.

O. 37. LAOIDH AN AMADAIN MHOIR. 96 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 154. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

THIS begins about verse 26 of the last version, and varies in the same manner and degree.
(See page 205.) SEOL eile 'n a chramaig, is a sgiath, is a bhean.

- 1 CHUNNAS natha sa ghleann,
Cathair dhe 'n robh dealbra' oir;
Cha 'n fhacas riama an sealla sul,
Nach faca anns a' chuir nis leor.
- 2 Dh' fhaoineachd a Maca Mor,
Co i a chathair oir righ ur:
'S aille dreach 's is gloine dealbh?
Am faigh sinn brath no iul.
- 3 Dun an oir sin dun a bhuil,
Dun a bhuil gur e sid ainm;
Ni mairean de fhiannaibh fhaill,
Ach mise a mhaoin 's m' aon bhean.
- 4 Chunncas ainneir anns an Dun,
Na snidh an cathair uirigh oir;
Bu ghile 'n an cathamh a cneas,
Bu ghorm a rosg 's a deud mar bhla.
- 5 Dh' fhaoineachd¹ an ainneir og,
Toiseach gach sgeoil ga fear fehn;
Co e am macan deud gheall og,
Nam fear mor gu bheil sibh geill.
- 6 An t-amadan corcara gur e ainm,
Anns gach ball gu 'n tug e buaidh;
Sluagh an Domhain tha fo smachd,
Is mise fein gan ghulla dha.
- 7 'S ioghna leam na bheil thu 'g radh,
'S liuthad Triath 's na sbar e dhoibh;
Mar geill an domhain da air fad,
Cum na leig e chosan leo.
- 8 Bheirinsa mo dhearbha duit,
Ainneir mbeirbh mhain a bhrat bhreagh;
Mar ri dnigheachdan a chnim chrosd,
Cha do leig se a chosan leo.
- 9 Leag iad air iomairt 's air ol (perhaps ceol)
An da mhnaoi og a b' fhearr clu,
Gruagach Dhun an oir na treis,
Is amadam mor nan cleas luth.
- 10 'S mithich dhombhsa dol a shealg,
Air nan an Deirg an gleann smail;
Glethsa mo rath air mo chul,
Gleth mo Dhun oir gleth mo mhnaoi.
- 11 Ged fhuirich mise fada mach;
Na caidil no crom do cheann,
Na leig duine air bith a steach.
No duine a mach de 'n bheil ann.
- 12 Sin dor thuir a Maca Mor,
Tair a Righinn oig fom' cheann;
Tha 'n cadal g' am thoirt air chuairt,
Gu 'n togair leam suain sa' ghleann.
- 13 Air do bhi na chadal trom,
Thain' an gaisgeach deas donn a steach;
Do 'n mhnaoi ghruagaich thug e pog,
'S cha b' ail leis an oigh a theachd.
- 14 Sin dor thuir an ainneir mbeirbh,
'S tharrring e gu garb a cheann;
Biodhsa a' d' fharach, oiglaich mhoir,
Ma rinn thu 'n t-suain cha b' e 'n t-am.
- 15 Mar bithinnsa am shuain gu leór,
Cha tigeadh se oirm a steach;
'S gu tig Gruagach Dun-an-oir,
Mun teid esa an rod a mach.
- 16 Chois an doruis do ghabh se,
An laoch air nach teid gun bhi garg;
Cha do bhuail Gobha, ccard, no saor,
Comhla 's daingne n' an laoch borb.

¹ Dh' fhiosrachadh.

- 17 Sin thuir an gaisgeach deas donn,
'S rug se air a sge na dhorn;
Fagsa 'n doruis, Oiglaich mhoir,
Cha bhall coir sa' bheil thu ghna.
 - 18 Ach gu' m faighinnsa am bas,
O 'n ghabh mi 'n tra so e' m cheann;
Ma thig aon duine a steach,
Na duine a mach ach na bheil ann.
 - 19 Gheibheadh tu m' airgid 's m' or,
Mo chulaidh mhaith shroil, 's m' each;
'S co annsa leis muir no tir,
'S leag seachad mi ris a mach,
 - 20 Ge maith d' airgid agus d' or,
Do chulaidh mhaith shroil, is t-each;
Gun tig Gruagach Dun-an-oir,
Mu 'n teid thusa 'n rod a mach.
 - 21 Gabh mo chomraich nam fhir mhoir,
Gabh nao dabbhichan de 'n or ghlan;
Mo chrobb 's m' eich 's m' fhearann saor,
'S leag dhombh an raon an Dun nam ban.
 - 22 Chuirinse do leth chas fodhad,
Mar a b' fhearr a bha i riamh;
Se thuir an gaisgeach a bha glie,
'S mithich dhombhs' anis a bhi triall.
 - 23 Deansa fossa ort gu mall,
Thuir an t-oglach nach robh cli;
Chos eile le ceum cruadhas,
Bhithas i nat air neo do cheann.
 - 24 Do dhidin cha 'n eil o 'n bhas,
A mbacan is aille dealbh;
Gun a chos eile thoirt dha,²
'S gabh sa 'n rod a mach,
- Cricod Laoidh an Amadain,
Air sheol eile.

P. 13. LAOIDH AN UMPI. 148 lines.

Staffa's Collection, page 76. Advocates' Library, Feb. 26, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

THIS version differs from the others. It is written as a song, in which each couplet is repeated, so as to double the length of the song and fill in the tune of each quatrain. This manner of singing Heroic Ballads survived in Uist in September 1871. Towards the end this is written without any divisions, so I have divided it into quatrains.—J.F.C.

DAN COMH-AINM LAOIDH AN AMADAIN MHOIR.

- 1 SEUL namich chualas gun bhreug
Air Eoin gan a gheill na sloigh
Fear mor meannach mac an Deirg
Ga 'm b' ainm an t-amadan mòr
Fear mor
- 2 Neart an Domhain do ghabh se
'N laoch nach faod gun bhi gu borb
Neart
- 3 Cha do ghlachdadh leis Sciath na Lann
Ach a neart a bhi ann a dhòid
Cha
- 4 Latha gan deach n t-amadan mor
Do th' sean Riogh' chd Lochlunn ceol-eaomh
Latha
- 5 E fein us aona mhachdaibh nna
'S bu leoir a b' aillichd mar mhnaoi
E fein
- 6 Chasidh leo Gleam Dìomhair roid
Nach rabh siad ann riombe riamh
Chasidh
- 7 Do dh' fiosruich a machdaibh mna
Fhir a farr lamh rabh tu ann
Do
- 8 Th' sinbhail mi 'n Domhan mar thri
'S cha 'n facas tior mar an Glean
Th' sinbhail
- 9 'B aill fiodh us feur 'us fonn
Us fuaim a thonn ri slios a th' scibh
B' aill

² 'S mi chuir anns gach cas thu.

- 10 Achanich a dhlarrams ort
Na h' ol a dheoch 'us na cath a bhìadh
Achanich
- 11 Gus a fiosruich u cia 'n Gleann
Nach rabh n ann roimhe riamh
Gus
- 12 Gu bheil mise fos rom re
On la glachd mi Seeith na lann
Gu
- 13 An uair b' mho bhìodh mo thart
Sin an uair bu th' scachda bearl'
An uair
- 14 Chunnachadar a teachd san ròd
Gruagach ùr o 'm breocha brot
Chunnachadar
- 15 Sa chorn Inalluichte na dhorn
Coltach re corn am biodh deoch
Sa chorn
- 16 Bi nad th' suidhe oiglaich mhor
Na bu dubbach us òl deoch
Bi nad
- 17 Ruge air a chorn gu brise borb
'S cha rabh braon sa chorn nach ibh
Ruga
- 18 Nair mhothuich Gruagach a chuirn
Nach buadha a chuirn ra h-òl
Nair
- 19 'N da chois o na Gluinnibh sìos
Bhìodh a dhìth air an fhear mhor
'N da
- 20 Sin nair labhair Gilbhan òg
'S mor a m' bronsh thair imeachd ort
Sin
- 21 'S tearc do charid san Domhan mhor
'S cha n' òil leo u bhì gun chios
'S tearc
- 22 Uist a nis a Ghilbhann òg
Tog thus ad bhron 'us bi d' thosd
Uist
- 23 Cha bhì aona chas ann san Tìor
Neo gheibh mi rist mo dha chòis
Cha
- 24 'N imraich thu mo Sciath 's mo Lann,
Gu an Inbh us fearr dreach us deal bh
'N iomrich
- 25 Dhìmhchidar a sin a raon
A Bhean sa a Laoch bu mhor trot
Dhìmhchidar
- 26 Bu luaithe eisan air a dha Ghluin
Na seisar air lns an còs
Bu
- 27 Chunnachdadar a teachd san Ròd
Gruagach nr fuidhu dearsadh òir
Chunn
- 28 A Lann than' air a thaobh clì
A dha th' sleadh sa sciath na dhoid
A Lann
- 29 Bheannuich Gruagach a bhruit oir
Don Amadan mhor 's da mhnaoi
Bheannuich
- 30 Us ghadhadh leo sgeula gu beachd
Cia 'n t-sliogh as na chleachd an t-saoi
Us
- 31 Rìodaire choreair se m' ainm
As gach ball do bheirinn luaidh
Rìodaire
- 32 'S mi gruagach a Ghadhair Bhàin
Air do Laimhsa mhachdaibh mhòir
'S mi
- 33 Bheira mise dhearbhadh dluit
A mhachdaibh 'us fear dreach 'us dealbh
Bheira
- 34 Nach bi gruagach a Ghadhair bhain
As a so ri ruitin rint
Nach
- 35 Nach foghnadh leatsa mhachdaibh mhòir
Leathrom na dho bhì san roinn
Nach
- 36 An t-sealg nìle bhì air do lannh
Sau Gadhair Bán a leigidh leinn
An
- 37 'S mise fein a rinn an t-sealg
Ars an t-amadan Garg dian
'S mise
- 38 'S ge b' e neach 'us treisa lamh
'S leis an Gadhair Ban sa fiadh
'S ge
- 39 On tharladh dom Ghadhair ort
'S na cosan a bhì gad dhi—o 'n &c
On
- 40 Biadh agus aodach mar th' feum
Bheirinn sid dhuit feiu 's dod mhnaoi
Biadh
- 41 Sin nair labhair Giolbhann òg
Thoir dhosan an Cadhir Ban
Sin
- 42 Gheibhadh e sud san cù breac
'S nam bu leatsa ni bu mho
Gheibhadh.
- 43 Dhìmhchidar a sin na triuir,
Ann san iùl a rinn a fear
Thog e air a mhuint a fiadh
An crannagibh sgiath sa Bhean
- 44 Chunnachdadar a teachd ren taobh
Cathir ùr fuidhin dearsadh òir
Cha rabh dreach ga faca suil
Nach rabh air a chuirt gu leoir.
- 45 Air chromadh dhuinn anns an Dùn
Cha 'n faca suil ni bu bhreoch
'S giola na 'n canach a corp
'S guirme rosg sa deud mar blia
- 46 Do dh' eirich a machaimh òg.
Machdaimh Gruagach an dùn deirg
Cia e machdaimn steud-gheal òg
Na 'm fear mor gan dug u Geill
- 47 Se sud an t-amadan mor
Agus Gilabhann mheirbh an rois
Rìghre 'n Domhuin tha na mhòinn
'S mise fein a gheilladh dho
- 48 'S iognadh leam na bheil thu 'g radh
Rìghre 'n Domhuin bhì fuidh smachd
'S gun leigidh e chasan leo
Sa luidhid sloigh a thug dha geill
- 49 Bheiradh mise deirbha dhuit
A mhachdaimh 'us fearr dreach 'us delbh
Mar bhì Draoidheachd chuirim chrosd
Nach leigidh e chosan leo
- 50 Bi mis' a nois falbh a th' seilg
Uadha deirg fuidh ghleann a Smeoir
Coimhead thusa Bhrathrin ghraidh
Caithir mo mna 's mo chuid oir
- 51 'S air fhad 'us gam bi mise muigh
Na deann luidh sna crom do cheann
Na leig thusa duine mach
Na duine steach gan dig ann
- 52 Tarinn a ghilabhann fuidh 'm cheann
San cadil gan th' suain gu mor
Tharinn i a cheann gu cruaidh
Rinn thusa 'n t-suain 's cha b' e 'n t' àm
- 53 Tharig an Gruagach deas Donn
'S do mhna ghruagaich thug se pòg
Lathir an Doruis sann thugh se
'N Laoch nach faod gun bhì borb
- 54 'S cha do chuir Gobhinn na ceard
Combla b' fear na 'n Laoch borb

- 55 Nair bha 'n Gaisgich an cas cruaidh
Leum e gu luath 'n uclad na mná
Tha mi cuir chuimric ort
Coimhliontachd no chos 's no lamh
- 56 Ach cha 'n eagal duit do 'n bhas
Cha nann an eas tharladh tu
Gus an dìg gruagach dhun an oir
'S gun dioladh e pòg a mhná
- 57 Thug mise le 'm Dhraoidbeachd fein
Do leith chas do 'm luing a steach
Gheibha du fuid mar bha u riamh
'S mo leigail sa ròd a mach
- 58 A chas eila gu ceim cruaidh
Bheira du uat na do cheann
Gus an dìg gruagach dhun an oir
'S gun dioladh e pòg a mhná.

Chrioch.

X. 7. IULAIREAN. 61 lines.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lachlan, Edinburgh, February 1, 1872.

Collected by Donald Mac Pherson, at Lochalsh, now Sub-librarian in the Advocates' Library. January 1872.

THIS is an Arthurian Ballad. There are many of the class in Irish MSS.; but this is the only Scotch one I know. I have a third version, written in Tírce, by John Dewar.

IULAIREAN.

- ICLAIREAN 'us horo bì!
Là 'chaidh Oscar nan sluagh,
Iulair ohon horo chò!
Gu tulach nam buadh a shealg;
Iulair 'us horo bì!
Gu 'm facas eige 'n à shuain,
Iulair ohon, &c.
- Ribhinn a b' fhèarr snuagh na 'ghrian,
Iulair 'us, &c.
- An fhìor bhealaidh ruadh bha 'n a bun,
Iulair ohon, &c.
- Chunnacas 'an iomall a' chuain,
Iulair 'us, &c.
- Iùbhrach nam buadh tigh 'n gu tìr,
Iulair ohon, &c.
- Bu lìonmhor innt' 'cuach agus cup,
Iulair 'us, &c.
- Aon bhean innt' 'an cathair òir,
Iulair ohon, &c.
- Ag iomairt 's ag òl nu seach,
Iulair 'us, &c.
- Dh' fhoighneachd e de 'n mhnaoi oig,
Iulair ohon, &c.
- ' An àill leat mise mear fhear? '
Iulair 'us, &c.
- Labhair ise 'm briathran bò
Iulair ohon, &c.
- ' Cha-n àill leam thn air son fir,'
Iulair 'us, &c.
- A fileasgaidh, ge boidheach do dhreach,
Iulair ohon, &c.
- 'S ge briagha leat fhéin do shlios,
Iulair 'us, &c.
- Tha mi 'nis a' dol a nach,
Iulair ohon, &c.
- Is sgréala na bheil agaibh orm,
Iulair 'us, &c.
- Tha sgréala beag agam no dhà
Iulair ohon, &c.
- Air Fionn mac rìgh nan arm,
Iulair 'us, &c.
- Ruitheam, caisgeam, traogham, d' fhearg,
Iulair ohon, &c.
- Cuiridh mi dealg 's an fhear mbòr,
Iulair 'us, &c.
- Cia mar a dheanadh tu sin,
Iulair ohon, &c.
- 'S nach tu laoch a 's fèarr 's an Fhéinn?
Iulair 'us, &c.
- Goididh mi 'n claidheamh o 'chrios,
Iulair ohon, &c.

- 'S gearraidh mi gun fhios deth 'n ceann!
Iulair 'us, &c.
- A laoch a thainig a 's teach,
Iulair ohon, &c.
- 'S ann leat a chinnich an t-euchd:—
Iulair 'us, &c.
- Mharbh thu ditbis de chlan rìgh Gréig—
Iulair ohon, &c.
- 'S tu fhéin a mharbh an treas fear,
Iulair 'us, &c.

Z. 3. RIGH BREATAINN. 46 lines.

Orally collected in Islay, by Mr. Hector Mac Lean, 1860.

- 1 CHUNNA rìgh Breatainn 'n shuain,
An aona bhean a b' fhearr snuadh fo 'n ghréin
Gum b' fhearr leis tuiteam 'n a gean
Na còmhradh 'pheathar mhath féin.
- 2 Labhair Sior Bhoilidh gu fal:—
'Théid mise g' a b-iarraidh dhuit;
Mi féin, mo ghille, 's mo chù
'Nar triuir a shreidh na mná!'
- 3 Seachd de sheachdinn ean 's trì mìosan
Bha sinn sgith ri duinnh cauin;
Ma 'n d' fhuaras fearann, na fonn,
Ionad an gabhadh long tàmh.
- 4 Latha throimh iomall a' chuain ghairbh,
Clachan meadha, min-geal, gorm;
Uinneagan gloine ri stuaigh;
Cupaichean a 's cùirn.
- 5 Latha dhomb 'seòladh g' am bun,
Thàinig an t-slabhbraidh chuir a nuas;
Cha do ghabh mi sgreamh na sgaoin;
Chaidh mi urra 'm dheann a suas.
- 6 Chunnacas a' bhean dheud-ghéal òg
'Na suidhe 'san òr a steach;
Sgàthan gloine air a da ghluin;
'S bheannaich d' a gnùis ghil.
- 7 Fhir a thàinig oirn o 'n chuan,
'S truagh fear beannachaidh an-so;
Aig fear na cathrach so féin
Nach do dh' fhidir treun na truaghas.
- 8 Air do shuidhe-sa, 'bhean mhàld:
'S coingeis leam a ghràdh na fluath,
Chuir iad Sior Bhoilidh fo chleith,
Thàinig a stigh am fear mòr.
- 9 ' Ulaidh, 's a Thasgaidh, 's a Rùin;
'S mòr an cùram th' agam dhìot;
An cuir thu do cheann air mo ghluin,
'S gun seinninn duit ciuil a 's cruil?'
- 10 Thuit e 'n sin 'na shioram suain
An dèis 'bhith 'cuartachadh chuain ghaùbh:
Thug iad a chlaidheamh o 'chrios,
'S thug iad deth gun fhios na cinn.
- 11 Cheanghail iad an sluagh gu léir,
'S bha 'bhean féin fo chumha thrùim;
Fhuair iad gach ni mar a b' àill,
'S thug iad an lamh do 'n taobh tuath.
- 12 Gus an tulaich ghuirm ghlaiss ùir
Far am bu fùghuhor cù na fiadh.

STORIES IN PROSE AND VERSE ABOUT
PERSONS WHO FIGURE LATER IN
HISTORY.

FROM Cuchullin to St. Patrick covers a period of about 450 years, according to Irish historians. About 464, Conall Gulban, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, was slain. His name is associated with that of Colum Cille (St. Columba), whose ancestor he was. A whole series of prose tales, now current in the Islands, relate to this worthy. A great many versions of these tales are preserved in Irish manuscripts, of which mention is made in Irish catalogues. I printed a version of Conall in Vol. iii. Y., 1862. O'Donovan supposes that these tales were composed about 1400, during the reign of Magic and Knight Errantry. Old copies of this tale are in the Advocates' Library.

O CEINS LEG.

THIS Story of Conall Gulban and a whole series of other stories of the same kind were framed in a story about the breaking of a man's leg. A man now living in Paisley repeated this compound story to Mr. Hector Mac Lean, who wrote it out in 1870. By fusing and mending versions of the tales which are told in this frame, it would be easy to make a larger volume than this one. Samples of the tales in question are in Text Y. Conall Gulban, The Knight of the Red Shield, Murdoch Mac Brian, The Lad of the flapping Gray Garment, The slim swarthy Champion, &c., &c. Modern Irish manuscripts are full of stories of this kind, and several from older writings have been published. Amongst these is the 'Battle of Clontarf.' The following ballad is a sample of Gaelic of 1654-5. It is a parody, and consists of catchwords and first lines of stories and recitations, of which many are known to Irish scholars, many are forgotten, and some are in this book. The 'Battle of Clontarf' is mentioned at the 12th line.

It follows that this composition dates between 1014, the date of the Battle, and 1854, the date of the writing.

CATH CHLUAIN TARBH. 69 lines.

TRANSCRIBED JUNE, 1872, by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, from No. xxxv. Kilbride. 'Report on Ossian,' 2956, No. iii. written in the Irish hand, by Eamonn Mac Lachlainn, 1654-55.

- 1 NAR mhaireann teamhair aithuath
Ni fan easa ruaidh na chochd
Fionn mac cubhail fath na bhfiann
Ab theid gu sliabh dha chon
- 5 Do chonarc mi ceisd dha cur
Cia as luaithe anugh no an chearc
Do rinne og earannan feall
Ar o cconnaing na ceall mbeag (comg̃)
Ni bhfaicionn tu an bráthair bochd
- 10 Mairg a nochd ata gan arm
Innis duinn a bheansa amugh
Nar chuireadh cath chluain tarbh
Do thoglach bruighin da dhearg
Cuma liom sealg shleibhe crot
- 15 Iomdha sionnach aslach gua
Fada fuar anoidheche anochd
Do rinne Fionn erighe mhoch
Ni bionann broc agus fiadh
Do bhean na fagthar ar fail
- 20 Tangadar gaill anath eliath
Do fuair mac samhain aghuin
Gana ecluin na bidh gan airm
Fad liom garaidh is Goll
Tainn longh asliabh cairn.
- 25 Do dhearg mac lughadh alamh
Is iomdha bad ar an Sivir
Tarla do chrann air an tsoip
Druid romham gu ros mac criuin
Do thuit meirge cath cuim
- 30 Leig don luing teacht atfir
Mairg na bfan abhfearann ceall
Ait an cuirfinn ceann no linn
Math an maraidhe mac leoid
Do thoghladh fa dho an traoi.
- 35 Ni fansa sgothal ach seall
Is aithne dhomh fear gun mbnaoi
Do chuala mi glaoth sa bput
Nach ionan mac agus miol
Do mharbhadh gaill accluin tarbh
- 40 Eire aird innis na riogh
Seacht mar onnid anochd
Tainn long a bport a bháid
Do bli claidheamh ag mac ceacht
Is iomdha sgeul air na mnaibh
- 45 Conall cearnach do mharbh Conn
Is aininn fonn mhuinge ré
Do chuaidh an claicéuch ar cuairt
Ambaile i Ruairc bhios o neill
A bheansa fa ndeanann ta ead
- 50 Is binn beul na ceol crot
Do thuit ean cheann innis fail
Na Deana do dhail ga bog
Ne hionand cearc agus coir
Ad bathadh long asliabh liag

- 55 Cia don fhein rer ceanglath roc
Dail catha idir cearc is miall
Mac Subhaltach na sleidh slim
Do chinn ar chach
Do mharbhbhair fiadh araon
- 60 Don thairb thiar don thsliabh bhan.
Is mor mo dhuas tar chach
Beag nach bhfeair am bas ren bheul
Iomdha aracht a ghleth ruic
Ag sin an cruir ar na gbleas
- 65 Donncha mha guidhir nar cereach
Fear nach cuirinn cearc air cill
Na leigse a choir le chach
Na leigamar ail leis fein.

Nar mhairiann.

THE PRAISE OF CONAL'S SWORD.

THE Stories which celebrate the exploits of Conall Gulban and later Heroes are characterised by certain passages, which are called 'Ruins.' They contain curious obsolete words, and they are repeated so fast that it is exceedingly difficult to take them down. Samples of this kind of recitation are given above at pp. 1, 2. Similar passages abound in Irish manuscripts.

The following passage was written by Mr. Carmichael in the Long Island, and I myself heard many such passages recited in various Islands, in 1871:—

&c. MOLADH CLADHEIMH CHONAILL.

Orally collected by Alexander Carmichael.

'S E mac mnatha sithe a bha ann an Conall Gulbann. Chuir righ Lochlainn fo dhraoidheacht e; agus bha e fad tri ríadhean 's a' phrinn (bruth i) agus dhuil aige nach robhe ann ach son oidheche. Fhuair Conall an claidheamh o a shean-athair, ain bodach sith, 'nuair a bha e ann am prinn Bheinn Ghulbann.

'Nuair a rachadh an saoidh 'n a chulaidh chatha chruaidh chomhraig, 's e bu chulaidh chatha chruaidh chomhraig dhá, a chriostreilann, stróilain, a léine shleamhuinn de 'n t-sioda bliuidhe, 's a lúireach agileineach iarruinn, a chlogada clocharra ceanna-bhuidhe gu díon a mhúineil agus a gheala-bhrághaid, Chuireadh e sgiath bhú caideach, bha caideach mhín-dearg air a thaoibh clí, air am bu Romhor dealbh léimhain, Bobairt, gri-bhinnich, nathrach bheunnaich losgnach shlignich.

Fin an uair a dheasacheadh an loach a Shlachdan gear, cruaidh, curreanta claidheimh an deigh a tharruing as a chisidh chaoil ghuirn ghiumhais. A cheann air a chur ann gu socair, mar chúisimharta, 's e gu' fhocal air a lunn-tean. 'S e gu' lómha, lómharrá, 's e gu' láidir, fulangach; gu' ruighinn, gear, ri ionarrachadh; gu' so-chur, sátha, so-bhuailte 'n a lúmhuinn Gear, eutrom, iongantach. B' e sin an claidheamh, Siosantach, Sunasantach. Ghearradh e naoi naoinear a null, agus naoi naoinear a nail, agus ghlacath e fhein ann an lámh cheudna a rithi 's e; naille ri a dha sgithinn ghúineana, ghúineana, mar arm gheur ghorrag, mar arm ghorin sgian. Sgian a ghearradh ubhal air uisge agus fuiltean foinnearra, fíorghaidh; a bheireadh uisge air stiornannan, agus teime dearg air an earlúin anta air an toiseach agus asta air an deireadh; far am bu tiugh e bu tanae, 's far am bu tana bu luathsgnoiteach, bu dhín-mharbhaich. Cha 'n fhághadh e fear innseadh sgeoil na maoidheadh an tuairisgeoil, mar an rachadh e 'n talamh toll na 'n sgeilpeannan chreag; ach aon fhear claghann ruadh air leith-shúil, 's air leith-ghlúin, 's air leith-chluais; 's ged a bhíodh deich teangann fíildh fiór-ghlic 'n a cheann, 's ann ag innseadh uile fhein agus uile cháich a bhítheadh e, agus treuntan a' ghaigisic.

Q. 3. CORADH

TIAMHAIDH EADAR INGEHAN OIGHRE BHAILACLATH, AGUS MURCHA MAC BRIAN, RIGH ERIN. 88 lines.

THE only version known to me of this beautiful popular ballad is here reprinted from Stewart's Book, p. 549. The Hero of Clontarf and the Heiress of Dublin are the characters.

- 1 INNIS dhomb-sa fhir fudh chreuchdaibh,
A mbic cheutaich an cairraidh uaine,
Cíod e 'n leath, na 'n cath o 'n tain' thu,
'S iad mo bhrathairean mo chuis truaighe.
- 2 INNIS thasa dhomb-sa air thoiseach
Aobbar t'osnaic a gheug mhálta,
Na 'n robh daimb agad, na caradh,
Ri feuraibh nan cridheacha calma.

E E

- 3 Tri trianar de chloinn mo mláthar,
B'iad mo bhrathairean iad san uair sin,
'S ar leam fein gu 'n robh iad caomhail,
'S a' naonar ann an earraidh uaine.
- 4 Na 'n tugadh tu dhomb-sa cobhair,
Deoch fhuair o thohar na h-íocshlaint',
Gu 'n innasid duit na comáin sgeula
Air naonar an earraidh shíoda.
- 5 Sin ghluais a bhean gu suilbhir,
Gus í chluimintín sgeul a brathairean,
A 's fhuaras lea 'n tobar tuinn-ghlan,
'S e lomlan an cois na tráighe,
- 6 Thog í lea lán a cniache
De uisge an fhuarain 'san ám sin,
'S gu 'n tug í dh'ionnsaidh an laoiach e,
S' bha 'n sgeul ud faoilidh o 'n bhautraiche.
- 7 A nis o chaisg thú t'íota tharta
Innis dhomb-sa pairt de d' sgeula,
Ach a laoiach na biodh ort ionghluin,
'S an leam fein gur mor do chreuchdan.
- 8 Latha dhomb-sa bhí sa bhálar,
Anns an robh na curaidh chalmá,
Le m' chláidheamh gear, a 's mi m'aonar,
Leam a thuit do naonar brathairean.
- 9 Thuit mo bhrathairean-sa 'n Cath chluaine,
'S air leam fein gur cruidh an aoidh,
Sgal a chuilcín chaoin a chualas
A 's mó a rainig riamh mo chuidhe.
- 10 Ach mus cruidh leat sgal a chuilcín,
Na bí caoidh cloinne do mbathar,
Air ghradh t'eoinich na ceil orm,
Co thú fein, na co e t'athair.
- 11 Inghean oighe Bhailiáclath,
Cha cheiliun a thriath nan lann,
'S do ghrnagach Eilein nan eun,
'S ann a rug mi fein mo chlann.
- 12 Mis' a 's gruagach a chuirn Cheusda,
An triuir macán, a 's an cu,
An t-seiscar a b'aillí fudh 'n ghreinn,
Gus n' do mbill sin fein ar chú.
- 13 A mhacain sin a ghearr na spaoidh,
O 'n a thog thú do shleagh ri sien,
A nis o thainig mi do d' fhios,
Innis a ris co thú fein.
- 14 Mise Murcha sin mac Brian,
'S íomha sciath a sgoilt mi 'n cath,
Gus an diugh gu 'n deingean cend,
Le m' chloidheamh gear, a 's le m' ghatú.
- 15 Triochad bliadhna thug mi beo,
Mar chuilean na chluaineán fein,
Cha robh báigh agam ri neach,
Ach ag síor thoirt chreach an geill.
- 16 Latha dhomb-sa bhí san Dùn,
'S ann domh fein bu chruaidh an sgéul,
D'fhag mi 'n gruagach, 's a thriuir mac,
Sinte fudh 'n bharr shíoda, sheamh.
- 17 'S air an tabh mu thuath de 'n Bhrugh sin
Chunnacas an tobar a b'áluinn',
Bha na bric a' snamh gu h-éatrom,
'S iad ag léimeadh suas re bhraghad.
- 18 Na tri bric áluinn, iongantach,
Re faicinn sgáile m'áodain-se,
Thuit iad fuar ann an tinneanas
'S ann domh-sa a b'abhar thursaidh sud.
- 19 'Nuair a chual' an cuilean sítheadh,
Gu 'n robh mis' a caoidh na cloinne,
Leig se na tri sgalan uaithe,
'S thuit se fuar mar neach cíle.
- 20 Chladhaich mi uaign dhóibh sin Innis,
O na d'fhalbh iad de 'n aon tinneas;
Ach a Mhurcha nan sciath laidir,
Sin agad mur d'fhag mi 'n Innis.
- 21 Ach a Mhurcha nan graidh corcair,
O 's ann leat a lotadh mo dhaoine,
Gur e chobh' readh air mo dhochunn,
Lán a chopains' dhe d'fhuil chraobaich.

22 Tog thúna leat lán do chnaicne
De 'n fhuil fhuair, a 's í gun tiomadh,
Eineach deighionach ch 'n éuram,
Their leat mo sgeul, agus inthich.

D. 25. MURCHADH MAC BRIAN. 52 lines.

Mac Nicol's Collection. Ossianic Ballad, No. xv. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 7, 1872.

As these old tales decay and the old language becomes difficult, it becomes a feat to be able to recite a particular passage. The man who can 'put Murdoch Mac Brian in his riding dress' is famed now.

The following is from Mac Nicol's Collection. I give it, with a parody which I got from a Gentleman, in Tíree, in 1871. He got it somewhere in the east of Scotland from a man who could say it by heart.

The Hero of the story was one of the Heroes of the Battle of Clontarf. The composition must therefore date between 1014 and 1750, when Mac Nicol flourished. An old weaver at Tombrory recited a version of this to me in 1870. John Dewar wrote a version in 1869; and generally this pervades Scotland.

An sin do ghabhadar Leinteog shithe sheimh shroil do 'n Shíoda bhuithe, on Deilig ghréiste 'n teamta ri ghealachneas. Do dh' íathas mu 'n Leinteog ud an Coitèan caomha, caumta, ceos-bhla, baobha, cros-mhor, cothar-áichte, suaimhoh sróidearg, síoda, air nachdar na h-or Leinte sin.

Do dh' íathas mun Choitèan sin an scabul fighi, fion-deirgin, orchum, cearnach, coileirich, farsuing, caomh-ghorn, cloch-corrághin, air a chomdach cloch-corrámhogaill, fuaim cneas da Chudram air tabh an treun scabull, íoghain mu 'n Chlet-taobh nch agas a-na-bhroth. Do dh' íathas mun Scabul sin an Luirrech shithe, threun-analach, thorrún, ghléusta, gharbh, ghabhalach, fhad, éatrom uilleanach, farsuing, leobhar, Lochlanach, gun fheantas, gun fhotos, gun fheas-fhotos, air nachdar an treun scabul sin. Do dh' íathas mu 'n Luirich sin da Chrios amalach, an or Litir daingin, duillich, deo-mhais-each, snamhain, clár-leathún, an Eugas samhailte, don amhailte, ballach, breac-chlar, buagh-sciamhach air a chomhdach go Ceard amalach do Chlocha buaghacha, breac-mhaiseach, as a Chath-chrios cho-ndach, gu díon Cneas a Cha-nhíli as na Cathamh creuchdmhor.

Ansa Chrios sin do chuirte a Chláidheamh, clais-leathan, co-shinteach, fírchruaidh, sgaiteach, gorm-sholúist, baobha, beumchannach, bleithich, usal, an t-Ealt Chláidheamh a lúin, orlirich, do 'n Ghoineach ghlán, ghorm-sholúist, nung, ahunn, aon Dorrúist. Or-thruaill ga uime dhídin, air tabh cfi an treun-churaidh, an aghai na h-Iorraghal' s gach Iorraghal da íomán.

Air sin do ghabhad dho sgia dhom, dhualach, aon dualach da Ghualán dha thaobh sleagh chudrom, Chro-farsuing, le seamanabh oir 's le Fíairtibh aird.

An sin do ghabhad a Chath-bharrá, chudramach, Cneas-bhuaghach, Chloch co dí ga 'n bu choaimn Clogaid ann san t-sheanna Ghailic.

An sin do dh' úimicheadh Each dha ga m' b'áinn Gorm-stend, ghaista, ghniomh-calamh, mion forasta, Folt-leamhar, uaibhneach, fhoilseach, íombathach, tóineach, Tos-luath torumher, mungaech, meannach, mor chroidheach, sul-ghorn, seang-ard, sceoail, fallain, feohuoh, feadreach, 'n Eugasg Orshrian sítir bhlar do mharaicidh tríd na 'n Ballachan co math sa mharaicidh e Maichair min sgiamhach.

EOGHAN O NEILL A CHIUR AIR EACH.

From the Revd. John Campbell, Minister, Tíree, September 15, 1871. A Caricature of Murcha Mac Brian, or of some other such person.

(From Harry . . . Beadle of the Strowan Church, Blair Atholl, Perthshire, 1859.)

CLUIN AN EOGHAIN B' NAISLE, B' AINMEANH, BÍ GA MHAOIDHEADH.

Gille uaibhreach íognach nan gart gabhail Ceannas fóilleart, beag an t-ílleart, Fhuair an t-big-fhear, gu oighnachd Néill big más éigin.

Ge íomadh laoch bha 'n latha sin an teach Eoghain, gabhail gu buan ris na bath-chiall, buar an t-anachiall, srath Lathruinn o shlios Teamhruidh, mar bha Fearghus 's sur l'híllimorie, Saor Dhunoighe Maos Dhun dealgaidh, 's gearr an úine gus am faic sibh riu nan cudadach latha Dhundealgaidh. Gheill ébig éigean nan dána Mhac-a-Duibhne; 's ann da b' unaihl neart nacáine, do na daoidhean 's na daoi-rúine.

Dh' éirich Clann o Biorrachdainn a Borrachdainn a Buidheannaich, Clann a Diomasach a Duamasach, deagh mhèarra, deagh mhòra, deagh Dhomanullach, Clanna Rìgh, ruadh, rud fir air urran, a sheasaich éididh dh' Eoghan o Néill san nair sin gun uireasbhuidh.

Chuir iad an laoch na chaol léine ghréis, innealta, air a dìon-chriosadh, 's a maise gu muinehall.

Chuirte 'n taice ris an léine an triùbhsan eutrom, each-darach;

Chuirte 'n taice ris an triùbhsan a bhàròd chaol dhèrach, 's a bhàròd dhionach dheagh-chumta, gun a rabhadh romhòr;

Chuirte 'n taice ri sin na sà-spuir àillte, innealta, ruighinn, chroda, cheardalach;

Chuirte 'n taice ri sin an còta stiomach, taitneach, an-ùracha, an-ùllneach, breac-cangach, sgiamhach, sguamhach, sgobhanta, cnaparra de 'n òr, ro-iasgaidh mun fhuasgladh.

Chuirte 'n taice ri sin an claidheamh tana, diasd-gheal, bòdarra, làidir, leadanach, air chumadh bhaglan àiridh, 's mar bhòrd de 'n uibhar iochdarach.

'S e bu sgeul ceaird agus bàird 's luchd fìlìdh, gun robh a dhìòl éididh às airn d' s inneil aig Eoghan, nam biodh a dhìòl eich aige;

'S ionadh mùillein indorlach agus ite laoch bha 'n latha sin ann an each Eoghain.

Bha trì gnèithean de ghnè na mna ann an each Eoghain, tòn mhòr, meadhon seang, 's mairsinn buar air a mharcaidh;

Bha trì gnèithean a ghnè an t-sionnach ann an each Eoghain, Earball meadhon mòr, car an aghaidh cuir, agus cluas ri cuisdeachd;

Bha trì gnèithean de ghnè na gearra ann an each Eoghain, sùil mhòr chogarra, sròn bhiorach, mhingeanda, muineal reamhar 's ceann cas;

Bha còig gnèithean deug de ghnè na saoidh ann an each Eoghain, bha e gu h-easgaidh, òg, innealta, ciar, gearanta, cluas, mas dhuilleig, uch-d nar gearran, fad-shreathach, stad-spreathach, mòr-shùileach balg srùin-each, na tharbh truisgte, 's na bheithir bheumnaich, tighinn, bho àite nan ionad gu ionad na h-éiridh

'S e bu sgeul ceaird d' s bàird d' s luchd fìlìdh, gun robh a dhìòl éididh, d' s airn, d' s inneil, d' s eich aig Eoghan, nam biodh an diollaid air each Eoghain.

Fhuaras dha an diollaid chòmhaid, bhuaicheadh, thorrach, shùineach, thacaicheadh, ghlasach, ghiortach, stiorapach, srian o dhruim leathar nan tarbh 's a thàrr leathar nan aighean, o làimh greusaich a 's gobhainn, air a sparradh an ceann na sruide, 's meòis bhoga nan saoidh ga sreang-thuigeadh;

'S chaidh e trì uairean tiomchìoll an òtraich, 's ghabh e eagul mòr, 's phill e.

NOTE.—The reciter, if still alive, will be about 60 years old. He said there were only two in the country who knew this piece, himself and another. Both learned it in their youth.

B. 7. Upon ARCHIBALD, EARL OF ARGYLL, who was beheaded at Edinburgh, June 30, 1685. 52 lines.

Copied from Mac Lean's Manuscript, 1693, by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, July, 1872.

THE series of Historic Ballads which began with Cuchullin is carried to later times in a regular sequence. The following is written in the 'Irish hand,' at Ardechoanal Castle, in Loch Awe; date, between 1685 and 1693. The inference to be drawn is, that all the rest were first composed about the dates of the events celebrated, and that Heroic Ballads are Metrical Popular History, orally preserved and orally collected.

Thus for these Ballads make a consecutive, though broken, series, into which Mac Pherson's Story does not enter, though his story contains traces of these Romantic Histories.

1 Is maith mo leaba is olc mo shuain
An sgeul so chualas osaird
Gillaspic buachail a chur
Ar na ghlasadh san tuir fo gheard.

2 Dia cobhur ar ar feidhm
Cur tuallas na bràg ar chaird
Cur car na consboid mun cùairt
Beir consboil na slùgha a baird.

3 Fuasgail e o dhòrsaibh bàis
Rétuidh an ród dho gur deas
Ge² hóba phrisoil na slugh
Ort ni bfbuil ni cruaidh no cheisd.

4 Do ghairlean laidir na thóir
Air gach pòir ga faighidh an fheill
Dhainbh Dhéoin a mhí ruí sa ceig
Gabh na leoghan garg mad smachd

5 Impire Babiloin mhóir
Chuir an iomhuigh oir san leirg
An cimbhuin lasrach na colg
Mug aise na hóighe o fheirg.—

6 D' nasgdil thu na geinbla crúaidh
Do Pheadar na buagh na fheidhm
Charn thu an fhairege sías le sruth
Tha ú an deudhgh mar bath- (bha ndé)

7 Fagfuidh a churadh fa dhíon
Are na ri aneart
Leoghan do lochd smérbe mor
Chunear mi na slóigh fad smachd.

8 Seobhac don ealtuin abfear
O drein Artuir a ba garg colg
On chrú chéir re búan na gereac
Feinich fearail na mbeun¹ borb.

9 O Duibhne o Dhún na geuach
Gan tioc fadh na sloigh fa tìochd
Bruth sollas ba niamhd bés
Mbiadh coimhlión na ced go d

10 Iomdha toiseach tréu admhagh
Fa lionnhar feadh agus lagh
Armuin fo dhìdion do sgeith
Deiridh le triath Dhundalbheann.

11 Do bhàndrach ad bhaile dérach
Gam biodh do theach na thigh stóir
Gaisgidh go huabhbreach na geléus
Mar ghnar do bhés tra nòin.

12 Ba chleathach calma do 'n chrúin
Lìbh o thús o lìn go lìn
Bhì ga fhrasdil anns gach buaidh
Is ro bhèg liom do dhuaas da cionn

13 Thairrach mé tuiribh do bhés
Chraoibh thuinnidh deiradh rath
Iosa le mbeirar gach buaidh
Tbhairich eistachd dom dhú² go maith.

¹ Na Feineborh geors. ² Dhuan. D. M. P.

MYTHICAL BALLADS.

BESIDES the Heroic Ballads, of which samples have been given above, certain Mythical Ballads are current. The following are samples. I have another attributed to a Fairy, who wanted to steal a child; but these are foreign to my present subject.

Z. 4. GILBHINN. 40 lines.

Orally collected, in Islay, by Mr. Hector Mac Lean, in 1860.

BHA duine 'chòmhnuidh lamh ri coillidh, agus bha nighean dhreachmhor aige. Chaidh i mach latha, 's choinnich fear l, agus 's e 'n t-ainm a thug e air féin Gilbhinn Thòis iad air leannanachd o latha gu latha. Dh' innis i d'a piuthair e—agus gheall a piuthair nach innseadh i do dhuine 'sam bith e;—gun d' thigeadh e mach air a ghùin ma 'n d' thigeadh e 'mach air a beul. Ach ma dheireadh dh' innis a piuthair d' a muinntir e, 's chaidh ise chuibreachadh a stigh an dèin. 'S e leannan sìth a bha ann. Cha robh i fada beò an sàgh so;—ach bhàtar 'ga chuinntinn daonnan a neas a bha i beò a' gabhail an òrain so.

GILBHINN.

1 GRAIDHIN Gilbhinn hùgnaidh ò. Fonn.
Hùgnaidh horò hùgnaidh ò.
Gràidhin Gilbhinn hùgnaidh ò
Thug thu 'n céile cadail diom.

2 Air an luan na air an luan,
Cha d' théid mise 'chrò nan uan;
'S cha mhò théid mi 'chur an fhrois,
O nach bi mi bhos r' a bhuan.

3 Air a' bhìolair 'ud 'san t-sruthan,
'S air a' chnathaig a ni 'n t-seinn;
Air a' choill ud thall ma dhuilleach,
Cha d' fhnair duine riamh no sgeul.

- 4 Chi mi mo thriuir bhàithrean seachad,
Air na h-eachaibh loma luath;
Sgeanan caol 'bhith throimh an crios,
'S am fuil fhein 'na sìtheann fhuar.
- 5 Chi mi m' athair air an tràigh; —
Gur h-e fear an triubhais bhàin;
A rìgh nach fhaicinn na h-eoin
Os cionn a' bheoil a' bigearsaich.
- 6 A phiùthrag de phiùthragan,
'S ann riut a leig mi mo rùn;
Gur luaithe thàinig an sgeul,
Air do bheul ua air do ghùn.
- 7 Ach a nighean 'ud 'san doruis,
Gu fàicinn triuir air do bhanais,
A ni sgoltadh a' bhradain fhìor-uisg,
Eadar do dha chich 's do bhroilleach.
- 8 Cha dèan mi mire ri Macan,
Na ri mac an Iarla ruaidh,
Gus an cuir am bradan tarr gheal
Tri chuir dheth an crò nan uan.
- 9 Cha dèan mi mire ri Macan,
Na ri mac an Iarla ruaidh;
Gus an dèan fiolair mhòr nan spògan,
Leaba chlàimh an druim a' chuain.
- 10 'S a' chraobh chaorainn 'ud 's an doruis,
'S ann urra théid mi do 'n chill;
Bheir sibh m' agbaidh air Dun Sealbhain,
'S ni sibh dhombha carbad grinn.

X. 4. DUARAN (SUARAN?) AGUS GOLL.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lachlan, Edinburgh. January 31, 1872.

I WROTE a long English version of this Story from the Gaelic dictation of Mac Isaig, in South Uist, in September 1871. There is an Enchanter in the story, whose name is 'Duaran, not Suaran. This was sent to me before 1862, by Mr. Carmichael, who afterwards sent a copy to Dr. Mac Lachlan. See Vol. xii., p. 58, MS. 334. I will give my own version with other translations.

BHA gaol aig Duaran (Suaran?) agus Goll air an aon nighinn, agus bha namhaideas aca ri cheile leis a sin. Bha fear a ruith, eadar riu ag innseadh an darra fear gu de bha am fear eile 'g radh mu dheighinn. Bha *fuas*, *fuas* aig Iain mac Iain ic Eoghain air an laoidh Choidheich so. Ach cha 'n eil cuimhne agamsa ach air beagan faecal. Cha chuala sibh riamh, riamh na bha aige do bhàrdachd agus do laoidhean Oisein, agus cha chuala duine beo riamh bàrdachd bu bhriagha na i. Chumadh e fad na seachduinn gheamhraidh sibh a seinn laoidhean Oisein, agus Ochain! 'se fein a sheinneadh iad. Agus aig deireadh na seachduinn cha chuala sibh leth 's na bha aige. 'Nis bhiodh an tigh aige dian lan a chuire h-oiche, a cuir a mach air an doruis, agus nach faigheadh sibh suidhe no seasadh ann. Cha 'n eil duine beo 'n dingh aig a bheil laoidhean (bàrdachd) Oisein mar bha aig Iain mac Iain ic Eoghain (an Talamh-sgeir).

Coinneach Moireastan, (Mac Illehoire?) 's an Trithean 's an Eilean Sgiathanach.
Sgrìobhta Deirmair (Dec.) 12mh, 1862.

- 1 THUG an dís an ainneir gaol,
Ach air Goll bha gorm shuil chaoim;
B' e fa a h-aislig, e 's an oiche.
'S fa a broin mu chaothan, no chaoirean, choill-
tead.
- 2 'A Dhurain (*Shuairin*?) cuim a sheas?
A Ghoill cuim a thuit?
A Dhurain (*Shuairin*?) cuim an cualas-riamh
Luaidh air a shliochd?
- 3 Fhuairheadh an aileag 's i bronach.
'S beo cha bhuinte bho gaol i,
Beul ri beul (*ri bheul*?) 'us uched (*'s a h-uchd*),
ri uchd,
Mar fhlitheadh slat ri (*mu*?) stoc nosda.

This fragment indicates a lost poem, with part of the Story of Goll in it.—J. F. C.

Æc. 1. COLLUN GUN CHEANN. 22 lines.

A fragment written by Mac Phail, from the recitation of Norman Murray, Habost, Ness, Lewis, 1866.

I HAVE no other fragment of this ballad. A headless body comes to the Feinne, and gets her wish. There is something like the story in Vol. iii. Y. 403. No. 86. A hideous creature turns into a beautiful woman, who, in some strange fashion is mixed up with a grayhound, and turns out to be the daughter of the King of the Land under the Waves. I suppose that all these strange mythical legends were told in alternate prose and verse, and that the verse is almost forgotten.

- 1 LA bha 'n Fheinn ag 'o!,
A' eitheamh 's ag iomairt lagha,
Chunnaic iad collum gum cheann,
Direadh o ghleann an dà ehlaidh.
- 2 'Mo chomraich oirbh Fhianaibh maith
Eadar mhac rìgh 'us mhac Fhlath:
'S mo chomraich ort ma 's tu Fionn,
Os an ceann uile gu leir.'
- 3 'Or 'us airgead 'us cuid,
Gheibheadh tu snud bh' uam gun aire,
Ach cha luidhean leat mar f'hear,
Air na chuir na neimh gu làr,
- 4 Ni mo a shìnean ri do thaobh,
Air a bhì gun mhuaioi gu brath;
- 5 Fhinn mhic Cumhail a ghin Leigh,
Cha robh mi' fenn do chuid òir;
Ach thu luidhe leam mar f'hear,
'S gun thu ga ehlèith air an Fheinn.
- 6 Labhair Treun mo ghiollan fòin
Ge do labhair bu bueum laoiach;
'Luidhidh mise leat mar f'hear,
'S cha chleith mi e air an Fheinn.

HEROIC GAELIC POEMS, LIKE MAC PHERSON'S OSSIAN.

AMONGST the numerous manuscripts ransacked for Heroic Ballads I have found only the following, which resemble Mac Pherson's 'Ossian,' or form part of it. D. 30. Malvina's Dream. O. 26. a fragment got from Captain Morrison, who was Mac Pherson's assistant. It is exceedingly like Mac Pherson's Ossian, but I do not know the passage if it is in that work. Two addresses to the Sun, in which the sun is masculine, whereas the word is feminine. Goll and Fionn. The Death of Goll by Mughtan. 'Connlaoch and Cuthon,' 184 lines of the book, which was printed soon after this MS. collection was made by Dr. Irvine. I print these in order that believers in the antiquity of Mac Pherson's Ossian may compare quantity, date, and quality. I have no other fragments of Mac Pherson's Ossian in manuscripts older than 1807.

O. 26. TOIR AIR NA TUATHAICH. 44 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 118. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

THIS metre differs from the Ballads, but this looks like original Gaelic composition. Maighich: Plain-men, or possibly people of Meath, and Fionn, are the only two names by which to identify this with any part of the Fenian Story. Apparently it was got from Captain Morrison, who was one of Mac Pherson's assistants. The writing dates about A.D. 1800.

- 1 TAOM a Char amhain, taom do shruth,
An aobhneas an dingh sibhail sios;
Dh' fhalbh coigreach b' airde guth,
Cha 'n fhaicear an steud each san t-sliabh.
- 2 Tha stoirn cogaidh fada thall,
Aig Clanna Gall o thuath;
Dh' fhalbh iad mar mar aileas chrann,
Ar lamha dearg an fuil Lochlain.
- 3 C' ait a nis a bheil thu Eite,
C' ait a bheil do bhurgan dana (granda)
An dean iad do chobhair an cruas (cruadhas)
An dean iad suas cron do chairdean.

- 4 Fheara faicibh 'n tuil ag, aomadh,
Thar sgeir fhaoin o mhacdhon sgairnich;
Sìd mar ruagais naimhdean scurse (or sairse)
O gheannaibh, so chraobh nam fasach.
- 5 Lean sinn an ruaig gu diana dana,
Chualadh Tuaid guth an air;
Glaodh mor thighearn, baighail, baighail,
Faic a bhaigh a righ ma 's fearr.
- 6 Cìod uime deir Fionn, A threig thu,
Leachd nun ceud fhearann a bha;
Cìod uime dh' airr thu coghna dhaonnan,
Chuir tha Fionn 's a dhaoinne o bhlar.
- 7 Thainig Maighich orm mar thorrunn,
Losg mo thighean 's mo mhna;
Ruisg C mo choilltean aobhinn aluinn,
'S dh' fhaig iad mi mar eun gun sta.
- 8 Chuir mi fìos a Lochlainn uabhraidh,
A philleadh uam neart an air;
Tha mi nis mar sgeir gu cuairteach,
Le mear thonnaibh buaireach ard.
- 9 Tha mi nis fo d' chumh a threunn-fhear
Faic mo bheud dean rium baigh;
Tog m' uallach tha trom ri ghuilan,
Tha mi cuirte anns gach aire.
- 10 Tha Fionn mar oiteag a gheamhraidh,
Do naimhdean eilan mo ghraidh;
Ach caoin mar aiteal an t-samhraidh,
Do shliochd aimbeairt thig a' m' laimh.
- 11 'S leat mo chloidhe, s leat mo laochruidh,
Cha 'n fhaoin an iomairt nan lann;
Pillidh Lochlan mar thonn na sgeire,
'S bithidh Breatann dhe fathast slàn.

O. 1. GOLL AGUS FIONN. 104 lines.

Dr. Irving's MS., page 1. Copied by Malcolm Macphail,
Edinburgh. March 14, 1872.

THIS writing dates from about A.D. 1800. I have tried
to divide the quatrains. This is part of the civil wars
of the Tribes of Morna and Baoisge, and seems to be a
popular ballad broken and mended. I have no other
version.

- 1 Ma shealgachan mor a' ghlinne,
Ma Leitrichein ghlinn Loire;
Ma ghleann dubh mu loch mu lach,
Ma theach rìgh Soch rìgh Suine.
- 2 Chaidh Fionn gu sliabh maigh Macharach,
A chruinnachadh steach na seilge;
An nualan mor Glu bhinn glao bhinn,
Gur e leig O-baoisg agus Obair ghlic.
- 3 Chruinneachadar an Fheinn uile,
Iar claidinn doibh na glaoth Feinne;
Lomlan a' d' fhuil agus a' d' fheithibh,
Dh' ionnsuidh na Tulich san robh O-baoisge,
- 4 'Se Fionn fein a rinn an t-sealg,
Do na Fiannaibh nasal banbhidh;
A 's nìr dh' fhaig e san Fheinn, g' e b' iognadh,
Aon¹ laoch deanach no fear dearmad²
- 5 Tus eiridh do na Fiannaibh,
Aois Feinne do Mhac Cumhail;
Is b' eigin do Gholl gusraidh,
Tus uigh na Feinne fhulang.
- 6 Air do laimhsa Ghuill Mhac Morna,
Fhìr nam briathra togha, treuna;
'S ann mur sud bhiteas am fiadhach,
Ged nach fan thu am fiannachd Eirin.
- 7 'Se labhair Goll nan ceuma calma,
Dhuita Fhinn a bhreitheamh bhaoilich;
Dh' fhaigas mi 'm aogh braonach meannach³
Gur e dh' agair Goll air Oisain.
- 8 A' gheng a chosnadh dhuinn gach feum,
Aisig sinn a near do Albuin;
O mo h-Irlin gu mo h-Irlin⁴
Gluasadar 'nur longaibh leothra.
- 9 Is ann 'ur barcaibh fada reamhra,
Ann an ait a' bhreitheamh bhaoilich;
Gabhail gloir na gaoithe gaibhla.
- 10 Thug sinn bliadhna an Dun Erla,
Ann an aite gle ghlic tosdach
Ar mnathan agus ar clann an Albuin,
Is bha ar n-annsachd an Dun Monidh.
- 11 Ghnasadar an ceart cheann na bliadhna,
Ann an trom ghoil dian na dile;
Fear nach do chleachd ionmhuin obaich,
Deich ceud sgiath bu dearg dealradh.
- 12 Chruinnich torr⁵ nan treun fhear,
Chanadar gloir gle bhinn ghaosruidh;
Chuir sinn Teachdaire chum nam Flath,
Gu 'm b' e sud na Catha calma.
- 13 Is neonach a chlanna Morna,
As ar tighin foigula do'r⁶ n-aois;
Teacha dh' fhuabairt Catha a dh' Albuin,
Gu aibhine chlanna Baoisge.
- 14 Agus nach b' ionan coimeas⁷ Gobha,
Dhuinne agus dhoibhse;
Agus nach b' ionan cruas do'r sgeinibh,
No do'r lannaibh no do'r doirdibh.
- 15 Agus nach b' ionnan coimeas⁷ catha dhuinne,
Agus do ehuiridhein O-baoisg⁸;
O mhac Morna gu Dun Miogha,
No o laimh na Sotha Saoiaich.
- 16 Aobh agus Osear agus Oisean,
Seachla ceud deug agus trì fichead,
Fionn agus fine mhic Cumhail,
- 17 Thainig Mac Iain rìgh Ianric,
Fear nach do chleachd ionmhuin obaich,
Deich ceud sgiath bu dearg dealradh.
Gu 'm bu bhanbh ri dol san trod iad,
- 18 Thainig Iolain nam beumana;
Fear nach d' thugadh geill a nasgaidh,
Cabbhach mor de mhaithibh Eighne,
Thainig fo'n eath-eididh thugainn;
- 19 Thainig clann Fhinn uile,
Dh' fhuilingeadh mor cheum dochrach,
Agus clann na Meara Mora,
A' bhuidhean shogha sheasamhach.
- 20 Chanadar an sin ri cheile,
An comhara bu leoir a ghnogha;
A chuireadh Mac Ialla a' creagaidh,
Is a' barcaibh reamhra reithe.
- 21 Thuit leamsa Duthan,
An cìos iomain a bhuille;
Aobh agus Goll Mac Laghair,
Dh' fhaig mi ann iad a thuri buillean.⁹
- 22 Mar thuill a' ruidh le gleann,
Trom bhuirich am meas gun crann;
No mar fhiadh ri firach beinne,
Is gadhair dian 'na dheigh mar theine.
- 23 Sid mar theich clanna Morna,
Dhearg am fear le fuil nan treun fhear;
'S iomadh creuchda a bha ri chasgadh,
- 24 Thog am bard an Iolach bhroin.
'S truaigh clanna Morna caithle.
Bhuail e clarsach, gu trom, trom,
Am fonn tha 'm chluasaibh taigste,
- 25 Phill sinne gu dun Fhinn,
Le caithream binn a ceumadh faiche;
Thainig ar mnathan 'nar combail,
A seinn oran, 'faulte gaisge.'
- 26 Tha seachd dorsan air teach Fhinn,
Air an eugmadh druim thar dhrum;
Caogad luirich shuairce sholuis,
Bhithheadh air gualinn gach aon doruis.

⁵ cor.⁶ dol.⁷ coimeas.⁸ O-bocair.

⁹ Chaidh dibhail anns an teughmhail,
Faraon agus began buidhme,
Seachd ceud deug trì chathan,
Thuit le Maithibh na h-Eirin.

¹ Aon laoch dìonach no fear dearmad.² I suspect Tearman is the true reading.³ Ball bhreac no banbhidh.⁴ O Dhun Ealingu Dun Irlin.

27 Mise agus Diarmad agus Garra,
Car sealan an beannaibh ard;
Gur e gheibhmaid o Mhac Cumhail,
Gur ro mhinic urram seilge.

O. 21. BAS GHUILL LE MUCHTAN. 46 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 112. Copied by Malcolm Mac-phail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

This was got from a Loch Tayside Fox-hunter, about 1802, according to the Collector's note. It seems like a verse of a Ballad on which some one has enlarged. The Story is nowhere, but the verse is a vague ejaculatory rhapsody, like 'Mordubh,' and a few other Gaelic compositions, which all came from the same neighbourhood. I have no other version of this.

- 1 'SE sin Mughtan beag Mac Smail,
An diu gheall e teachd a' m' dhail;
Mar charaid o bhlar na macharach,
A' d' dhail tha mi gun fhiamh.
- 2 Smithich an gnìomh a chuimhneachadh,
'S tu mharbh m' athair am beinn a Chatain;
'S dioladh tu a bhraise an uair so.

G.

- 3 Tha mi nis aosda liath,
Dh' fhalbh mo thrian fada nunn;
Bha mi uair nach geillinn diut,
Mhughtan ga garbh do bheum.
- 4 Thainim slan as na cathaibh,
Ged sann dh'itsea tha 'n dan mo mharbha;
Cha bhì seallbh do thruan fhear arn
Thionndaidh e aghaidh ris a bhalla,
'S dh' fhalbh anam ann an ceo.

- 5 An ceo ged dh' fhalbh cha lag,
An t-anam bh' aig a ghaigeach mhor;
Bha e ard mar sgeir an aonaich,
Bha e aild mar chraobh fo bhla.

- 6 Bha e ciuin mar oigh na maise,
Nuair bhiodh fleagh ma bhord is caird;
Bha e garg an trod nan ceud chath,
Mar madadh alluidh reuba bha.

- 7 Tionnail do Gholl cha 'n fhaigheadh,
Cha 'n fhacadh, is cha 'n fhaic gu brath;
Dh' fhalbh Fionn ceann na maise,
Eсан arao air Feinne bh' bar.

- 8 Ach dlu dha tha Goll mor cheum,
Och nan och cha bheo thu gradh;
Cuime a dh' fhagadh mi nam aonar,
Mar theann darag am faon ghleann.

- 9 Gun gheig gu fagsadh o 'n don-shion,
Ach e grad lubadh nuas a ceann;
O co chairens mi gu uaigneach,
San tigh chumban, dhuchnai, dhall,

- 10 Far nach cluinn mi guth na tenguimhail,
'S nach tig lens gum' chridhe faun;
Ruige mi Oscar mac mo chend ghraidh,
Ruigidh Ebluir, run Alba.

- 11 Bithidh sinne sùbach anns na neulaibh,
Co 'n sin a dh' iarras baigh;
Eutrom bithidh ar n-anam ait,
Fhinn thig athair mo ghraidh,

- 12 Bha mise roimh neartmhòr luthar,
Ged tha mi 'n diugh ciurte dall.

These fragments got from foresaid D. Mc Irvine. In mist, though fled, not weak, the soul of the mighty chief. He was tall as the cliff of the hill; fair as a tree in blossom; mild as the maid of beauty—when round the table went the feast of friendship; fierce in the strife of hundreds, as the wolf tearing the herd. A match for Gaul never can be found, never was seen, and never will be. (DR. IRVINE'S Note.)

MALVINA'S DREAM. D. 29. M. 22. 23.

(In Carthon.)

A copy of this fragment is in Mac Nicol's Collection, of 2,819 lines, of which samples are printed above. It is the only fragment of Ossian's Poems which I have found in any manuscript written before A.D. 1800. It looked so different from the rest of my collection, that I took some pains to trace this fragment.

In 1762, Mac Pherson printed the English of Croma, p. 249.

The Gaelic was quoted by Shaw, as an example of Gaelic, in 1778. Edinburgh, 4to., Shaw's 'Analysis.'

Amongst Mac Nicol's papers I found 56 lines of Gaelic, written in a hand of the period, and marked on the back, 'Astaruing?' (extract). It is headed, 'Fragment of a Poem attributed to Ossian,' and ends with a line of . . . It is corrected in a different hand, with blacker ink, and the second hand has inserted a line. The collector was in correspondence with Mac Pherson, but neither handwriting is Mac Pherson's. In 1786, Gillies published, at p. 29, and p. 210, two copies of this extract 'Aiding Mala-Mhin,' and 'Mhahline's Brughdar le Ossian.' In 1787, p. 46, Dr. Smith printed the fragment in 'Sean Dana'; 57 lines.

The extra line and the corrections are in Gillies; not in Smith. All vary in spelling, e.g., 'an t-Oscar;' (the Oscar) of the MS., is printed 'Thoscar,' in Gillies; 'Toscar,' in Smith.

Similar orthography occurs elsewhere, e.g., 'Aig Tathir,' (father), which shows that 'Oscar' was meant by the Scribe, not 'Toscar.' Avowed translations from English Songs, and 'Maccaronic Poetry,' (Gaelic and English mixed) are in Mac Nicol's MS., and in Gillies. Therefore people could, and did, then translate from English into Gaelic.

In Mac Pherson, the Sun is masculine. 'The flower on which the Sun has looked in his strength.' In the 'extract,' the Sun is also masculine. 'Nuair sheallas e sios na shoilse (p. 30, Gillies). This manifest error is corrected in later 'texts,' but it is the sort of error which a translator might easily make; especially if he were stronger in classics than in Gaelic. This same error runs through the whole of 'Ossian's Poems,' and so marks the composition of one man.

In 1807, Croma was published, p. 211, vol. i. of the large edition of Ossian, in Gaelic.

It was printed from Mac Pherson's manuscripts, revised by able vernacular scholars.

In 1807 Mac Pherson's Gaelic Text was translated into Latin. Mac Nicol's 'extract' is there. The worst of the Anglicisms in it, and in Gillies, are struck out or softened. Sentences are recast, words, even lines, are changed. The sense remains as it was in 1762, but the *Text is amended.*

In 1818 the Gratis Ossian, revised from the printed text, contains the extract, but further improved towards modern orthography, and current local idiom.

In 1870, Mr. Clerk's Gaelic text, revised from older printed texts, departs from the oldest known form, which is the 'extract.' The editor claims no authority, but his own, for his alterations. Mr. Clerk's translation of his text differs from Mac Pherson's English. The question is, which of all these is the 'original' of the 'extract,' which contrasts so very remarkably with the rest of Mac Nicol's Collection, and with all older written Gaelic; and which corresponds to Mac Pherson's sample of Gaelic, printed 1763.

I have no doubt that Mac Pherson's English was 'the original,' and that all the Gaelic 'texts,' are altered from a first translation. All the successive changes, from the oldest known, tend towards modern provincial dialects of Scotch Gaelic, and depart from the language of Mac Nicol's Collection, and the rest, which tends towards the language and spelling of Text A., except in this 'extract.' Mac Pherson's original English is idiomatic.

The Gaelic equivalents seem to be struggles to express the same ideas in equivalent words. For example, Mac Pherson wrote, in 1762:

'I feel the fluttering of my soul.'

In 1807 Mac Pherson's text is:—

'Tha forum mo chleibha gu h-ard.'

The closest rendering of that line is

'The noise of my side (or thorax) is above.'

Mr. Clerk says that the line is probably 'spurious,' and translates it freely

'The throbbing of my heart is loud,'

For lack of a Gaelic verb 'to flutter' in Mac Pherson's sense, and because of the fetters of verse, it was necessary to change the image in the Gaelic 'extract.'

Mac Pherson's original character felt a fluttering inside. The Gaelic heard a clattering on high.

I think that the idea was first clothed in English, in this case, and throughout the fragment.

In 1762 Mac Pherson said—

'When thou didst return from the chase in the day of the sun.'

In the 'extract' the line added by another hand is

'Nuair phill thu fathail o'n t seilg.'

The line is in Gillies.

Something was wanted to lengthen this Gaelic translation and make it scan, so the meaning was enlarged to

'When thou didst return (NOBLY) from the chase.'

In 1807 'nobly' was taken out, and 'of the Cairns' put in, and the construction was altered to

'Nuair thearnadh leat o sheilg nan carn.

'Quando descendebatur a te a venatu motium saecurum.'

Mr. Clerk translates the line—

'When from the mountain chase thou comest down.'

The passage stood in Mac Pherson's English text thus in 1762, at first, so far as we know,

'When thou didst return from the chase in the day of the sun.'

A close translation of the last text, 1870, is

'When thou hadst descended from the chase (OF THE CAIRNS) in the (CALM) day of the (HIGH) sun (IN THE SKIES).'

I suspect the first idea was

'When you came back from the Hill ON SUNDAY.'

Translators commonly enlarge on texts. In this case the text, which purports to be Ossian's of the 3rd century, has grown by additions and alterations from Mac Nicol's 'extract' onwards. I have never seen another bit of Mac Pherson's text in writing of this period, and the evidence seems to me conclusive. It seems to prove that this 'extract' from Mac Pherson's 'text' is a translation from Mac Pherson's original composition, that he is the author of 'Malvina's Dream,' and of 'Croma,' from which Mac Nicol somehow got an 'extract,' Dr. Smith another copy, and Shaw a third.

Saving these 56 lines of 'Croma,' no part of Mac Nicol's collection of 2,819 lines is in the Gaelic Ossian of 1807.

M. 21. MHAHLINÉ'S BRUGH DAR LE OSSAIN.

57 lines.

This will not make verses.

- 1 'S E guth anam mo Ruin a tha 'nn!
O! 's ainmach gu aislin Mhalmhin' thu,
Fosgluibh-se talla nan speur,
Aithir Oseair nan cruaidh-bheum;
- 5 Fosgluibh-se doirna nan nial,
Tha ceumma Mhalmhine go dian.
Chualam guth a' m' aislin fein,
Tha fathram mo chleibh go ard.
C' uime thanic an Ossag a' m' dheigh
- 10 O dhubb-shuibhal na linne od thall?
Bha do sgiath fhuaimeach ann gallan an
aonaich,
Shuibhall aislin Mhalmhine go dian,
Ach chunnic is' a run ag aomadh,
'S a cheo-earradh ag aomadh m' a chliabh;
- 15 Bha dearsa na greine air thaobh ris,
Co boisgeal ri or nan daimh.
'S e guth anaim mo ruin a tha 'nn,
O! 's ainmach gu m' aislin fein thu.
'S combhuidh dhuit anam Mhalmhine,
- 20 Mhic Ossain is treine lamb.
Dh' eirich m' osna marri dearsa o near,
Thaom mo dheoir measg shioladh na h oieach.
Bu ghallan Aluin a' t'-hianais mi Oseair,
Le m' uile gheuga uaine na m' thimchiol?

- 25 Ach thanic do bhas-sa mar Ossag
O 'n fhasach, i dhaom ni fios.
Thanic carrach le fioldh nan speur,
Cha d' cirich duill' uaine dhamh fein;
Chunic oigha me samhach 's an talla,
- 30 Agus bhuaill iad clarsach nan fonn.
Bha deoir ag taomadh le gruaidhean Mhalmhine;
Chunic oigh me 's mo thuiriladh gu trom.
C' uime am bheil tbn co tuirseach, a' m' fhianis,
Chaoimh Ainmir-og Lnath-ath nan sruth.
- 35 An robh e sgiambach mar dhearsa na greiué?
Am bu cho tlachdor a' shuibhal 's a chruth?
'S taitneach t-fhonn an cluais Ossain,
Nighcan Luath-ath nan sruth dian.
Thanic guth nam bard nach beo,
- 40 Am measg t-aislin air aomadh nan sliahh,
Nuair thuit codal air do shuilean soirbh,
Aig cuan mor-shruth nan ioma fuaim,
Nuair phil thu fathail o' n t-seilg,
'S grian la thu ag sgaoilte na bein.—
- 45 Chual thu guth nam bard nach beo:
'S glan faiteal do chiuil fein.
'S caoin faiteal nam fonn o Mhalmhine!
Ach claoimhid iad anam gu deoir;
Tha solas ann Tuireadh le sioth,
- 50 Nuair dh' aomas cliabh tuirse gu bron;
Ach claoidheadh fad-thuirse fiol dorthuin,
Fhlath-nighean Oseair nan cruaidh-bheum.
'S ainmach an la gan nial
Thuiteas iad, mar chuisag, fo 'n ghrian,
- 55 Nuair sheallas i sios 'n a soilse,
Andeigh do 'n dubh cheathach siubhal do 'n
bheinn,
'S a throm-cheann fo shioladh na h-oieach.

THE SUN HYMNS. O. U. 5. 6.

GRANT (U.) printed (4) the 'Address to the Sun,' in Carithara, 11 lines, and (5) 'The Address to the Sun,' in Carthon, 38 lines.

These were got January, 1798, from Donald Grant Ulish, in the Isle of Skye, who wrote (4) from the dictation of an old gentleman at Vaternial. Older copies exist, and versions vary. The report on Ossian is quoted. The originals were amongst Mac Pherson's papers, and his assistant, Captain Morrison, gave a copy of No. 4 to the Rev. Mr. Mac Kinnon, of Glendaruel, before 1780, 11 lines.

The Rev. Mr. Mac Diarmaid is also quoted. He said, April 9, 1801, that he got these two poems 't about 30 years ago' (1771) from an old man in Glenlyon, who learnt them in his youth. In 1760 Mac Pherson began to print translations from Ossian's Poems; in 1763 he printed his Gaelic. No. 4 was in Mac Pherson's Gaelic text, 1807. No. 5 is not in the Gaelic Carthon of 1807 and 1818, but Mr. Clerk has placed it in the edition of 1870.

After reading passages in Carthon the conclusion seems obvious,

'They saw battle in his face,' 1760.

'An comhrag a snamh air a gleinnis,' 1818.

The fight; a swimming on his face.

'Tell him that we are mighty in war,' 1760.

'Iuinis da sa eliomhrag ar brigh,' 1818.

Tell him in the fight our broth (pith).

'The tear is on their cheek,' 1760.

'Dear a' siubhal lic bhanaill gun ghliomh,' 1818.

Tears a travelling cheeks female without exploits.

I set a far better Gaelic scholar than I am, Mr. Mac Lean, to read Carthon for Anglicisms, and we came to the conclusion that we ought to mark the whole Gaelic text; because of language we were satisfied that the Gaelic is really an unfinished translation of the original English, which Mac Pherson composed upon some text.

In the first and second editions of the Gaelic Ossian the 'Sun Hymn' is omitted. It is added in Clerk's Ossian, page 220, from 'The Report of the Highland Society,' with the Pedigree quoted by Grant, which lands it in Glenlyon, near Mac Pherson, about the date of his first Gaelic publication.

The end of the English Carthon never has been found in Gaelic. On a margin of a copy of the first edition of Mac Pherson's translation of Ossian, which was found at his house, was this note,—

'Delivered all that could be found of Carthon to Mr. John Mackenzie.'

It has been said that this address is but an imitation of Milton's, in 'Paradise Lost,' and I suppose that it may be a free translation. At all events, 'Carthon' and the 'Sun Hymns' are very unlike any Gaelic Ballads which are orally preserved.

O. 22. FAILTE NO URNUIGH NA GREINE.
38 lines. (IN CARTHON.)

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 93. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

THIS writing dates about A.D. 1800. The poem was got from Mac Diarmaid of Weem, and from Mac Pherson's assistant, Captain Morrison. It is the equivalent of a passage in Ossian. Judging by the language, I think that this was translated from English. It certainly differs from the popular ballads, and the Sun is masculine, which is a mistake.

That the Sun personified in Gaelic verse ought to be a woman, and not a man, is proved by a song written by an Inverary Bard. in 1871, when the Princess Louise came home. He wrote—

'Bho 'n a dh' èirich a Ghrian
'S gu 'n do chuir i fo a sgiath na nèoil.'

Because the Sun has arisen; and because *she* has put the clouds below *her* wing (or shield).

- 1 O THUSA fein a shiubheas shuas.
Cruin mar lann sgiath chruaidh nan triath,
Cò as tha do dhearsa gun ghruaim,
Do sholus tha buan a Ghrian.
- 2 Thig thu mach nad aille fein,
Is follaicheadh reill an triall;
Theid geallach gun tuar o 'n speur,
Ga cletha fein fo stuagh san iar.
- 3 Tha thusa ann ad astar a mbain,
Cò tha dana chi nad choir;
Tuitidh darag o 'n chruaich ard,
Tuitidh carn fo aois is scoir.
- 4 Traoghaidh is lionaidh an euan,
Cailear shuas an rò san speur;
Thusa a' d' aon a chaidh fo bhuaidh,
An aoibhneas do sholuis fein.
- 5 'Nuair a dhuthas m' an Dombain stoirm,
Le torrùn borb is dealan Berr;
Seallaidh tu nad aille ro 'n Toirm,
Fianh gaire ort am bruailean nan speur.
- 6 Ach dhomhsa thà do sholus faoin,
'S nach faic a chaidh do ghnuis,
- 7 Sgaoladh cuil as orbhuidh ciabh,
Air aghaidh nan neul san ear;
No 'nuair chritheas tu san Iar,
Aig do dhorsa ciar air lear.
- 8 'S maith dh' fheadta gu bheil thu 's mise fein,
An an gu trenn, 's gun fheum an am,
Ar bliadhna tearna o 'n speur,
A' siubhal le cheile gu 'n ceann.
- 9 Bìodh aoibhneas ort feiu a ghrian,
'S tu neartmhor, a thriath, nad' oige;
'S dorcha mi-thaitneach an aois,
Mar sholus faoin an rò gun chial.
- 10 'S i a sealladh o neoil air an raoin,
Is liath cheo air taobh nan carn;
An oitetag o thuath air an Reth,
Fear siubhail fo bheadh 'se mall.

O. 23. URNUIGH NA GREINE AN CARRAICTHURA.
11 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 115. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

BECAUSE the Sun is called 'a mhic' (son) whereas the word is feminine, this cannot possibly be an old Gaelic composition: 40 years before 1801 accords with the pub-

lication of Mac Pherson's Fragments 1760, and with Jerome Stone's translations 1755, and to that date I would attribute this Sun Prayer. The verbatim agreement of all the numerous copies of this composition indicate a common manuscript original. Oral Ballads differ, as shown above.

- 1 An d' fhadh thu gorm astar nan speur,
A mbic gun bheadh, as orbhuidh ciabh;
Tha dorsa na h-oidhe dhuit fein, (reid)
Is pailliu do chlos san iar.
- 2 Thig na stuaidh mu 'n cuairt gu mall,
Choinhead fear is glaine gruaidh;
A togail fo eagal an ceann.
- 3 Ged fhaicinn co alluin na shuain,
Theich iadsan gun tuar o d' thaobh;
Gabhna cadal ann ad chos,
A ghrian is pill an tos le aoibhneas.

Got these two addresses from Mr. Mac Diarmaid, of Weem, July 29, 1801, who says he got them from Duncan Robertson, Craigelig, Glenlyon, upwards of 40 years ago, when a student at College. Compared with two I got from Captain Morrison with which they agree almost verbatim.—DR. IRVINE'S Note.

O. 29. CONNLAOCH AGUS CUTHONN. 181 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 121. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, April 1, 1872.

See Stewart's Collection, 1804, page 581.

IN this the language savours of the North Country and of the Isle of Skye. *Neul*, becomes *Neul* in Stewart's Book. The printed version has all the seeming of a version revised and corrected by some one whose own ideas of Gaelic differed from those of the scribe or composer.

1800. Irvine's MSS., O. 181 lines.

1804. Stewart's Collection, Vol. ii. 581. 184 lines.

1870. See Clerk's 'Ossian,' Vol. ii. 562. 184 lines.

This looks like an extract from the manuscript which was printed in 1807. All known copies correspond in all respects, and differ from the Ballads, which vary as shown above. This is printed as written to show the broken irregular metre of 'Ossian's Poems.'

CONNLAOCH AGUS CUTHONN.

- 1 An cual Oisean guth neo-fhaoin,
N' an gairm latha fo aoma 'th' ann?
'S tric mo smuain air aimsir nan raon,
Mar ghrian fheasgair tha claon an gleann,
Nuathhear mor Thorman na seilge,
Sleagh fhada na marbh ann am laimh.
- 2 Is ceart a chual Oisean an guth,
Co thusa shìol duilhir na oidheche;
Clann gun gnìomh an suain fogha,
Gaoth a meadhon an talla gun soillse.
- 3 Tha sgiath an rìgh a fuaim air am,
Ri osag carn is àirde gruaim;
Sgiath chopanach balla mo thalla,
Air an cuir mi car tauull mo laimh.
- 4 Ceart gu 'n cluinn mi mo chara fein,
Is fada guth an trenn o luaidh;
Cuinn astar air dubh neul gun fheum.
- 5 A shìol Morna na beum cruaidh,
Sar Oscar neo-bhaoth air cul sgè;
Is tric a bha 'n gaisgeach rid' thaobh,
A Chomlaoich an aom aoma na sleagh.
- 6 A bheil eadal air Tais Chonnlaoch mhin ghuth,
A meadhon talla fo mhòr ghaoth toirm;
An eadal tha e Oisean, nan corr ghnìomh,
Is an ro chuan na chomhuidh fo stoirn.
- 7 Cha' n' eil uaigh tha fo leirsinn an Innis,
Cia fada bhias sinne gun chluin;
- 8 A Ri Sheallama 's fuaimear gleann,
'S truaigh Oisean gun mo shìul ort fein (leirsinn)
'S thu suidh gun fheum air do nial,
An ceo thu air Lano a threun?

- 9 No tein adhair gun bheum air sliabh,
Co dheth tha cearb do thrusgan baoth ?
Shiubhail e air osaig de ghaoidh,
Mar fhaileas fo aom na nial.
- 10 Thigsa uaithe do bhalla fein,
A Chlarsach nan treun le fuaim ;
Biodh solas na cuimhne air beinn,
Ithonn an eirigh a chuain.
- 11 Faiceamsa mo chairde an gnìomh,
Chi Oisean gun trian na treuna ;
Air Innis tha dubh ghorm fo nial,
Cos thorma nan sian aig eirigh
Air carraig chanuich nan crom chrann.
- 12 Tha struth a torman aig a bheil,
Tha Toscar a' Croma' thar fluaim ;
Tha Fearghus fo mhulad ua threun,
Cumha thonn nam bens fada shuas.
- 13 An bheil gaoh air aona' nan tonn ?
N' au cluinn mi air chrom an guth ?
- 14 Tha 'n oidheche Thoscar fo ghallinn nan sian,
Thuit g' an trian o chruaich ;
Tha dubh shiubhal mara fo nial,
Tha biaicail nan erion thon m' an cuairt.
- 15 Thainig tein adhair le beum,
Le sealla na fernaich do threun ; (doi)
Chunnaic mi Fhearghus gun bhead,
An tais de na bha treun an oidheche,
Gun fhocal sheas e air bruaich,
'S a thrusgan a' cuir fuaim air gaoidh.
- 16 Chunnaic mi a dheuran le truaigh,
As e 'n duine gun tuar 'se baoth ;
As a smuainte ga claon an clabh,
'S e t-athair Feargus, a Thoscar a' ann,
Tha e faicinn a bhais ma shiol.
- 17 Mar sin bha choslas san am,
'Nuair thuit Mor Ronan fo nial ;
- 18 Eirin nan enoc uaine fo fheur,
Gur annsa domh fein an gleann ;
Tha samhchair mu ghorm thuit do bheann,
Tha griane air do raon gun bhi mall,
A sean fonn do chlarsaich air Sealana.
- 19 Glan guth do shealgair an Cromla,
Tha sinne an Ithonn nan garbh thoirn ;
Trom is duilich fo mhara bheuc thonn,
- 20 Na tonna le geal cheannaibh baoth,
Leuma thairis air aoma na traigh ;
Mise crith a meadhan na oidheche,
- 21 C' ait a shiubhail Toscar anam a bhlaire,
A dheagh Fhearghus nan leadan liath ;
Chunnaic mise thu gun eagal o bias,
Do shuillean solus nan sgiath
C' ait a shiubhail anam a bhlaire ?
Cha robh eagal g' ar saruch riamh.
- 22 Gluais Coimhead air glas lom nan sal,
Thuit a ghaoh le sarachadh sian ;
Tha crith air na tonnaibh fo fhiamh,
Ri crith le grian na stoirm.
- 23 Gluais a Choinhead a mboir chuan gu thrian,
Tha Mhadainn gu iar, as i liath ;
Seallaiddh solus nan speur o 'n oir,
Le morchuis mar fhear, ma shoilse.
- 24 Sgnaol mise mo sheolan le solas,
Fo thalla ard Chonlaoich nan triath ;
Mo thuras gu Innis gun chala,
Glan chumh thonn air toir nan ruagh ciar.
- 25 Chunnaic mi mar dhearsa na soillse,
Teine bolg 'se boillsge fo nial,
A leadan mar dhu' chul na oidheche,
Air geall URLA ag eiridh gu dian.
Is 'g aomadh a tarraing na tend,
A ruigh glan air a deigh dol sios.
- 26 Mar shneachd air Cromla gun bhead,
Thigsa gu m' anam a lamh gheal,
A bhan shealgair nan sar Innis faoin,
A tha uaire fo dheuraith gun aireamb.
- 27 Tha i smuaineach air Conlach neo-bhaoth,
C' ait a bheil do shithsa Oigh ?
A chumh thonn na mor throm ciabh,
Craig ag aoma air sal,
Liath cheanna fo aois air le coinich.
- 28 Na tonna a' gluasa' ma thraigh,
Air a thaoibh Innis bhla nan Ruagh ;
Oighan nan sealg gu 'n phill o bheinn,
Chunnaic e 'n sealla' air an cul ;
- 29 C' ait Ighinn Rurmar nam beum ?
Cha do fhreagair na oighcan fo ghruaim,
Tha mo shithse iar cruchaibh Mora,
A shiol innis na tir fada shuas.
- 30 Pillidh Toscair an oigh gu sithse fein,
Gu talla nan teud aig Contach ;
A 's caraid do Thoscair an treun,
Bha fleagh do mo reir na mhòr thir.
- 31 Uaigh Eirin air osaig thla,
Cuir seola' o thraigh gu Mora ;
Air Mora as samchair do 'n oigh bhain,
Lai Thoscair a samh gu doghruinn.
- 32 Is mise ann on cos fo dhian,
Is mi sealla' air grian an raoin ;
Tha aiteal nan cranna o nial,
Gu cuin a ghlan ainneir neo-fhaoin,
Cumh thonn nan saoi le guth broin.
- 33 As fada o mo chluais an oigh,
Ann talla Chonlaoich nan corn fial ;
B' e nial, tha Cumh thonn tuiteam orm fein,
Tha 'g inracha mo threuna shuas.
- 34 Tha mi faicinn trusgan gun fheum,
Mar liath cheo air astar ma chruaich ;
Cain a thuiteas mi a Rurmar threun.
Tha mulad mo chleibh gu bas.
- 35 Cum nach faicinnse Connloch na beum,
Ma' n tuit mi gun leus an tigh caol ?
Chi thusa ghlan oigh, Oiseau do run fein,
Tha astar an treun air a chaol.
- 36 Bas Toscair a dorcha ma shleagh, (Thoscair)
Tha lot is e dubh na thaoibh,
Tha e gun tuar aig tonnaibh na h-naigh,
Is e feuchaim a Chruth is e baoth.
- 37 C' ait a bheil thu fein le denraibh, (deoir)
Is ard thriath na Mora gu bas ;
Threig an aising ghlas mo chliabh,
Cha' n fhaic mi na treatha nis mo.
- 38 A bhaird nan am neo mhosguil riamh,
Cuiribh cuimhn air Connloch le deoir,
Thuit an gaisgeach so iomall a la,
Lion doirche 'thalla le bron.
- 39 Sheall a mhathair air a sgiath air balla,
Bha ise snamh fala gu coir ;
B' aithne dh' ise gu 'n do thuit thu threun,
Chualas a guth fo bhead an Mora.
- 40 Am bheil thu, oigh gun tuar, gun fheum,
Air taobh gaisgich nan beum a Chuth thonn ?
Tha 'n oidheche tighinn, pillidh ghrian,
Gun duine g' an toirt sios g' an uaigh.
- 41 Tha thusa cuir eunla fo fhiamh,
Tha do dheuran mar shian mad' ghruaidh ;
Tha thu fein mar nial is e glas,
Tha 'g eiridh gu fras o lon
- 42 Thainig siol Sheallama o 'n ear,
A fhuair iad Cu' thonn gun tuar ;
Is thog iad an uaigh gu leir,
Bha fois di ri Conlach nam buadh.
- 43 Na gluais dom aising a threun,
Fhuair Conlach nam beum a chliu ;
Cum fad do ghuth om' thalla,
Tuitidh cadal fo fhaileas na oidheche.
- 44 Truagh nach di-chuimhnichin mo charai,
Gus nach fhaicear air aird mo cheum ;
Gu' n bithinn le solas nan gara,
Gus an cuir mi chairis gun fheum,
M' aois is beud san tigh tha caol.

These Fragments of Mac "Phersonic" Ossian, when traced back, converge upon the author, his friends, his district, and the date of his early publications. I have placed them last, because I believe them to be later growths, sprung from the older series of traditional, Heroic, Gaelic Ballads, of which I have printed samples. I have arranged these according to their story. That corresponds to romantic Irish History, as written by Keating and others. It does not correspond to the story told by Mac Pherson. He was a great original genius, and master of fiction, as I now believe.

TEXT C.

Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, July, 1872.

Collected by the Rev. Alexander Pope, A.M., Minister of Reay, in Caithness, about 1739. He was son of Mr. Hector Paip, Minister of Loth. He took his degree at the University and King's College, Aberdeen, April 15, 1725. He died March 2, 1782. See *Fasti Eccles. Scot.*, part v., p. 367. A letter from Mr. Pope to the Minister of Thurso, November 15, 1763, is quoted, p. 32, Report on Ossian, 1805. He is mentioned in the Report, at page 25, as 'well known for his abilities as a scholar, and his great knowledge of the Gaelic language.' About 24 years before 1763—1739, Mr. Pope, and a gentleman living on Lord Reay's estate, entered into a project of collecting the old Gaelic poems which they admired. When he heard of Mac Pherson's translation, 1760, 2, 3, Mr. Pope was curious to see it; and in the summer of 1763 he compared the translations with his own collection. He identified passages: he says, 'Many of them (the Heroic Ballads) indeed are lost, partly owing to our clergy, who were declared enemies to these poems; so that the rising generation scarcely know anything material of them.' Many old people could and did sing to peculiar tunes, the ballads which Mr. Pope collected, and which he identified with Mac Pherson's translation. 'Duan Dearmot,' an elegy on the death of that warrior (No. 3, below), was in esteem amongst a tribe of Campbells, who lived in Caithness, and would derive their pedigree from that Hero, as other clans had chosen others of them to be their patriarchs. The Minister of Reay says:—

'There is an old fellow in this parish that very gravely takes off his bonnet as often as he sings "Duan Dearmot." I was extremely fond to try if the case was so, and getting him to my house I gave him a bottle of ale, and begged the favour of him to sing "Duan Dearmot;" after some nicety he told me that to oblige his parish minister he would do so, but to my surprise he took off his bonnet. I caused him stop, and would put on his bonnet; he made some excuses; however, as soon as he began, he took off his bonnet, I rose and put it on. At last he was like to swear most horribly, he would sing none, unless I allowed him to be uncovered; I gave him his freedom, and so he sung with great spirit. I then asked him his reason; he told me it was out of regard to the memory of that Hero. I asked him if he thought that the spirit of that Hero was present; he said not; but he thought it well became them who descended from him to honour his memory.'

Mr. Pope's manuscript was found in a drawer at the Advocates' Library, in 1872, amongst a mass of papers, all tightly folded in bundles, like old bills. From these I extracted many samples of authentic Gaelic poetry myself, e.g. 'Fraoch.' Mr. Mac Phail and Mr. Mac Pherson also found collections; and possibly many more still remain in these bundles, disregarded as worthless rubbish. Mr. Pope's hand is very small and difficult to read; his orthography is phonetic, and almost as hard to understand as Dean Mac Gregor's; but it is quite possible to make out the words, and the meaning. I print the whole collection, as it came to me, July 20, 1872. I place it next to fragments of Mac Pherson's Ossian, orally collected about 1800, traced back to Mac Pherson's assistants, to his own papers, or to people living in his neighbourhood.

Any one who will take the trouble to compare these fragments can form an opinion on 'The Ossianic Controversy.'

Any one who will travel into the remote districts of the Highlands, as I did in 1871, will find people singing Ballads which the clergy have condemned ever since 1567, when Carswell wrote. These the clergy also collected about 1800, and this book is made of these wicked Ballads which will not be silenced, and which will not be forced out of their

natural growth by the publication of printed books. Here follow Gaelic Ballads orally collected in Caithness, about 1739, before Mac Pherson appeared, in which the history is Scots-Irish, and there is no mention of the Kingdom of Morven.

| | CONTENTS. | Lines. |
|-----|-------------------------------------|--------|
| 1. | Iomachd Nionar | 56 |
| 2. | Iomachd Oehdnar | 35 |
| 3. | Duan Dhiarmaid (Glenshee) | 85 |
| 4. | Duan Diurug | 61 |
| 5. | Duan Lermon | 98 |
| 6. | Duan na Clainn | 108 |
| 7. | Duan na Sealn | 92 |
| 8. | Duan Conlaoch | 82 |
| 9. | Manus. Fragment | 16 |
| 10. | Muirbhurtach | 123 |

Total 756

July 13, 1872.—The whole written very small and almost illegible.—And two lines illegible.—D. M.

July 20, 1872.—Manus missing.—J. F. C.

C. 1. IOMACHD NIONAR. 56 lines.

Rev. Alexander Pope's MS. Copied by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, July, 1872. See above, p. 104.

1 SHIAN sin sa Hullaich
Er vel mi ndiu' lan goirt
Va mi uair sa bin liom
Mi vi maonir ort

2 Mis is ma'hair is mac Lu'ach
N triuir shin leis mo chn' an tealg
Oseair Goul is Caolte
Filan Connal is Diarmaid
3 Oeh er mullin a Phadrich
Chair shin fair er fu'ach
Le nar ni Conn le er ni genir
Le er ni slei' in moir

4 Le er ni claivin glass
Bu g'haist an tuis gach Coruig

5 Leig shin sinn er eud gai'ir
Er fei' il fea na beanta
Mharved a'uin dhom
Agus daimh thron no gleuntu'

6 Nde dhuin serios do n'alach shin
Hunicus mar bharish
Na hairm ghal is ghlass
Vi gun casu' eir no fairach

7 Hui shin shinn air an Tullich
Is haing huggin steach gari
Ghearich ruinn gu humhilt
Shiur' is mac Cui' ai ar

8 Mise Fionn na mbuo s'in
Ca be shuis do luath in domhan
Mis san huggin ha er nirighil
Ha shin nionar mar er combair

9 S teinn liom sud ri er nedin
Is i lu' eud fer calma caslua'
Hanig vo Ri Lochlin
Gu' cosun' na Herin

10 Er laimb tathar is do sheamar
Is air laimb do Leannau huariech
Cha diggu' huggin dar shiuru'
Nach duggu shin dhoibh bnaul'

11 Ghimich in Teachtir gu siu' lach
Charich iad iuil ma cr combair
Varbh gach fer agin diu' seasar
Sud mar ehrech shin er gnoich

12 Hug sin shin ruaar daan
Go mo lionar gann fear slei
Go mo lionar clagin ga skoltu
Gor lionar flegnach snoin'
Gur lioner fear chosu' geal
Frassu' fall er no triochu

13 Bo mha Gnoit n'uis gach ca'
Bo mha mathair an is Caolte
Co ziu' do shin nach molain
Oh ri bo honne mionar

14 Ndeca vi Ca' u' an la
Ia ma' us er in diochart
Hui shin scha bo dochi
Fer is ochtar in tshian.

C. 2. IOMACHD OCHDNAR. 35 lines.

Advocates' Library, July, 1872. See above, page 104.

- 1 O s' cui liom Iomachd oehdnar
Shi ghag sprog er mo mhermair
Ceud fa nois gni ceilam
Is nach cil mi ach anvinn
- 2 Oscar Goul is Caoite
Fikan agus Diarmad deud ghabh
Conignur ghluisi dar n' ochnar
Mis agus mathair s Fergus
Truir gheal sharbh sin tottal
Phadrich mo Chredis du mo sheaneus
Bo sudaguds ainm mo n' oehdnar
- 3 Ranig shin Cuir ri Sassan
Bha ioma glass an gu' forcum
Thuit an ri le ma Cuil
O Cuidh liom iomachd oehdnar
- 4 Bha shin an Carri na halb
Biomu ann Fer Calmind Cass lua'
Hug shin dius Cios is cubh
O cuibh liom iomachd oehdnar
- 5 Bho Erin nan skia Alpin
Gu erioch Lochlin no stru scimh
Bho sud agus Maonus o Daiv
Va sud fo chain og an ochdnar
- 6 Glac shin Crom na Cairge
Er in n' Fhairge min le Oscar
Go bu heare sluin er a Bhru' ich
O scuidh liom iomachd Oehdnar
- 7 Ghlac shin Bale na Beirm
Thog shin in term eg ri Lochlin
Rein shin sud no bo mhodh
O scuidh liom iomachd Oehdnar
- 8 Phadrich nan elag binn
San lett bo mhin no Cleru
Thug shin ghachi go ntuasclu
Ceud don Uaistu do dh Erin.

Finis.

IOMACH 8^dnar.

C. 3. DUAN DIARMID O DUIN. 85 lines.

Advocates' Library, July, 1872. See above, Diarmaid.

- 1 GLEN shi sho ri er taobh
Gur bin an gu' laoiach is loan
Gar minig vi an Fhein
Eir in thabh er dei na Conn
- 5 Glen fo na bhin Guilbin ghoirm
Is ard i Tullich fo no ghrein
Is er buinnachd er duni go teann
G' ull do healg gu Ri na Fhein
Coismachd ni baill len loach
- 10 Er i ehuidachd chaomhs cha Noin
Er i bhin Guilbin is er i bheist
Mar ghabh e vo 's laimh an torc
Gealad er de ghnalin Fhion
Errach liom gun drinnis gloc E
- 15 Er bi gha bli tamul na hos't
Labhar Fion is holec ri ghra
Dhiarmad tomhais in torc
Cia mead trei vo hoie gu hail
Cha do dhiult e achoneich Fhion
- 20 O lir gun danig fo hir
Tomhsid e ntorc er i dhrim
Mac o Duin bo truin treidh
Teanta i s tomhais i risd
Dhiarmid vol is min in torc
- 25 Lott in bir neimh gu garg
Bon in fhir bo hearbh san trod
Vol ha fer rohan do chin
Tadha gach slei rin gheur ghort
Heante cha ha tarrus ai

- 30 Agus toisid e on torc
Tuidid e shud er i haobh
Mac O Duin le trom foile
No shint ri taobh in tuire
Rin sud aer ghut mar dheall
- 35 Er bi dha traoin' fhuil dhealach
Mac O Duin Ciabh na cleachd
Aoin mhaics faitach no fein
Er in tullich siar fo lic
Sbui do chean agus taut
- 40 Guirm rask mar vin dearg ceilt
Va guirm is glassid do huil
Caiiss is mass in Cul no u Cleacht
Binnid is Ghuinid do ghloir
Chin sprog er mo dhoi oin dearg bhea
(deargblila)
- 45 Vo mead is tabhacht an laoiach
Corp shaoi seimhi fo chrios ban
Skeimbhach meittar bhaun
Mac O Duin bo va buaidh
Neis cha throg sin suil
- 50 Vo cha nuir ehur er i ghruai
Si meudach her e er each
Fer les in trogad chreach i beais
Nar trua leibs mar gun cual
Gun huit e le fua i ghlinn.
- 55 Seasid air urlar ghaibh
Mac O' Duin grai na scoll
Scenl vo ntuasach na mnaoi
Mar ghabh e vos laimh an torc

Se ntorc shi fo rüch borb
- 60 Go m beid no ngavu er cabh
S ho gharbh i huit no no ca bolg
Lottid e le chran faraoin
Staddid eir so voic
Sin tlei vo no Caosh bla
- 65 O lin gui ha no corp
Diarmad mac O Duin eile
Mo hurchir les in tuc bheist nice
Chur taobh trom lei in vi ga
Schur slei an in arm tuire
- 70 Tra dhuig in urlan na truail
Nti chossin buai as gach blar
Gnn varbh mac O Duin in bheist
S' hanig e fein dachi slau
Sin lei sprog er Fin no fein
- 75 Er nllin shiar er i chnoc
Mac O Duin cha do dhiult e
Se ain dachi slau vo intorc
Sgon huigh Fion bo dearge drach
Er bhin ghulbin ghlas san tealg
- 80 S mo huit Diarmad leis on torc
S' mor an tole rinn a chealg
Geisdeach ri conghair no Fion
Sin arri shiar tean er cean
Gun dhuig in ulbh bheist e suain
- 85 S gun dimich vain in glean

C. 4. DUAN DURUG. 61 lines.

Advocates' Library, July, 1872. It is impossible to give anything like an accurate copy of this piece.—D. M.

ARGUMENT.

DUAN DURUG, a most entertaining poem, giving account how K. Fin came to Scotland to hunt, and his mighty men with him. In course of their hunting Fin is seized with a profound sleep, and none attending but a young man named Dürug . . . guard that attended the King. In the mean time on M'Annu' comes with a body of men to attack King Fin, who had slain his father. After some arguing Dürug and Mac Annu attacked one another, and after fighting most desperately both were slain upon the spot. When Fin awakened and saw Dürug slain before him he lamented sorely, and at last ordered the body of Dürug to be buried in the burying-place of those mighty men. It is really a most moving description.—See above, p. 112.

1 NOAcht hagam er Fin fiorghlic
S' er Dirrag on no gealla

- S' er vaecan no calp diomsach
 Hanig hugin sior Brugh Anna
 5 Mhic Cuil vic trenvor so shone ha
 Gun danig e healg do Alb
 S ann a Erin arghlan ri insin
 Gesidinamh ri fuaim na struan
 Is ri gu no neon Bin
 10 Gun huit suain nach ro go hedrum
 O nac feci shin fionn e slein
 Se er tullach gorm ghlas dovin
 Gun Ni Cudrish don Feinn
 Nioeh Diurag don mac i Deir
 15 Labhrin in Coura fiald
 Is gun innsin dbut mo sceal
 Ma se fionn na do chol
 Na so gin ghul do dheuchin
 Sai nach insin dut in ceinsin
 20 Ach in dül mi bas mathar
 S bu chaint hered ossin
 Vi Annu e glen sleav
 Bhi du gun chean na fale
 Le do Chaint Buirb do ro bheag
 25 Tra ghluais fearg au da Dhreggan
 Is do thiodu ad vo eheil
 Gum baid na glaoh curri
 Faoich im buillin is am beuman
 Do ghluais Fionn no slee gavi
 30 Do ghul an lathar na fir ehalmand
 Rug e er deas laimb Dhiurug
 Sa na shint sin gun amnin
 Hairigid leo na slein reamh
 Hargid leo na cloibhin geuru'
 35 Bi Cuirp is cnamhan gun gerru
 Aeh gu riggu aid i cheil
 Adir Diurag og no gealla
 Is mac Annu' e glen Sleeve
 Och er mulins i Dhiurag
 40 Na mb eidin do hearnu
 Thuogm ni mara do mo vahu'
 Do mo ghi sdo no chahu Calamund
 S mor eliu sin le Diurag
 La vir ris su lavard
 45 S liu treun laoch re chau'
 Vagads la na halair
 Aeh so lamb nach dibir misin
 San le maoin no re macunne'
 Aeh gun danig na seachd strau
 50 Hugads vo bruih Annu'
 Se so mer bo vin er hedin
 To no vene bo ro va tigus
 Cumb bu ghil sbear ionas
 Gun dach ionalt ruimh in iug
 55 Aeh trogamid a nis gu alvi
 S far in Dioligaid in
 Mo vil beannach vi er tannim
 Voe soto' dea vic Alpin Chlerich.

C. 5. DUAN LERMON. 98 lines.

Advocate's Library, July, 1872. I cannot guarantee that this is a correct copy. It is so indistinct.—D. M.

THE subject of the Poem is to the following purpose. Ossian, sitting upon the eminence where the Palace Royal of King Finn stood, tho' then it was in ruins, begins with a most moving Lamentation for the loss of his people and nation, and seeing the ruins of the Palace, and from thence takes occasion to point out the time, cause, and original of the downfall and destruction, and he plainly shows that private quarrels generally, and animosities occasioned divisions among them. In particular that one of their mighty men named Lermon deserted them at a very critical juncture when they were invaded by a most numerous fleet from Norway, and after they had assembled warriors and marched to Lermon's Castle he could not be persuaded to oppose their common enemy. It is true they fought a battle and defeated their enemies tho' they wanted Lermon. Then from that period they might date their misfortunes for they were no more united, and their own divisions finally terminated in the extinction of their very race.

DUAN LERMON.

SOME say that King Finn attacked Lermon's Castle, and killed him and numbers of his followers, as a traitor to his country; and there is a very strong presumption that Lermon aspired at royalty or else meant to crush King Finn's family as much as he could. See above, p. 106.

- 1 Is kionol shin Hullaich ard
 Er i var gu vacuis uair iad
 Bhuion nach diultu vo neach
 Cid ha i noehd gun teach gun tuar innt
 5 Is ann int ghebt Lermon mhór
 Mac conil cha ghloir er aish
 Fhir chuir Alb fa Choinmh
 Le neart i laml is i threis
 Int gun tigeadh gach aon lo
 10 Imcart amnan sloi is ri
 Croinnacht is Alb fial
 Hargid se hor sa fion
 Cha do veggrich sud do mhuirín
 Hulloich uir bu bhrea toir
 15 Ach go dainig Carryl e fein
 Go mac ri Alb na shiain oir
 Hanig tri Chaan er fein
 Le gull 's na fein in toir
 Laoich nach diulta corrug do dheir
 20 Iullin mor mac Muirna moir
 Diarmaid agus Caoilte cruaidh
 Hannig Claun in Iver ruai
 Buion dhargu s lua rinn
 Ca mor er cairdas is er daimh
 25 Do huabh fearg is mor bhái
 Hanic triuir vac ehlann Dhuin
 Hanig er Buoin ser nionos
 S deich fiad skia dhearg na gall
 Diolta gach aon fhear ghiu eud
 30 Ca imu agus er eis
 Dombalach uir gach sheoil
 Hanig nis o ca' gach meí
 Sho do fil neul i cruai
 Er egil fuair no vri
 35 No no va er mo ehin do lua
 Deich eud slaugh le neomhir oir
 Bu decir na clo an ni ca
 Do mahm marach ner sloi
 Hanig sin rua gu brais
 40 Hanig sud is Filaon fial
 Se chaogad ski is cloir glass
 Bho Dhuine fir ghlie na feine
 Gu Dun Lermon nan chais cass
 Hanig Fiom a ries cheil bui mhóir
 45 Agus glasriu o Gach neach
 Rein biovu as gach trein
 Er lin gom bo trom er feachd
 Er bhi dhuinn tamul mu eidim
 Huncas thir na slei
 50 So agin in erei vors
 Sho buion an treal is fear
 Co luinas in mol in treol
 Ach ni mo vaicins do cumh gloir a hear
 Bha scabbul oir er i gualin
 55 Le cean veairt do ehlach i Buai
 Le gui lei ad ehil dirich
 Le cloi Cruai co hirt rish
 Bo sin laoch fergach fulach
 Osgir calmund cruai vullach
 60 Bo cho rdil leis gach Cai
 Mac an voir vic na hard la
 Er bi ga hin gidis doin ti
 Lein gu Osear namairm neih
 Ghluais an ar tarug mor meirát
 65 An sin gur an gu lan teilach
 Heis sin ma na ghil ghrein
 S deich Caan ca gne erin
 Van Bhratach uir dhail glan
 Ma rivin alun in dait i
 70 Deich eigrins deich mil bargu
 Hanig steach in trai no doss
 Sud eluei no gabh iad tar
 Faunin agus Blas is fois
 San gu Dun Lermon nan lann

- 75 Voi bo honor ann iomad fer
San hig linaí nin ian
As gach sliar near is miar
Imu skiá gun shorbtu leis
Agus Oros es na haird lan
- 80 Sioma le lamh is eos
Gun gheirrin leis agus cean
San leis choisgen in loi
Mo vaicins oscuir nan Caan
Vo chorug Leron no closs
- 85 Hug mor go aníov leis gu haov
Ghern duit Phadric uir
Shall beg edrinn in Dun
Le hurpín nio chiu mo chleas
Nan marrin fein no Clessin dlu
- 90 Gur mi Oisín bocht mac Fin
San orm legid gach run
Sead harlin mi nochd gin ra
Sim udar Ca er linn
Ghisin duit Phadric no Bochtu
- 95 Osdú chunís mo chos gu noi
Vo nads cho drin mo laimh lottu
S fad liom so nochd sgur Cion.

C. 6. DUAN NA CLAINN. 108 lines.

Advocates' Library, July 12, 1872.

I HAVE no other version of this Ballad. It ought to come next after those which describe the Battle of Gabhra, and the Death of Oscar. In this, Oisein tells Padruic that he and Caoilte were the only survivors. This Caithness Ballad joins the Scotch system of Heroic Ballads to the Irish system. In early Irish Manuscripts are copies of long dramatic recitations, in which the characters are Oisein, Caoilte, and Padruic; and their subject, the adventures of the Heroes who figure in these Scotch collections, namely, the Féinne and Cormac Mac Art, High King of Ireland.—J. F. C.

- 1 INIS ghuín Oseín eile
Vie fin va seach min sceul
Ca cah bo trúoi leat fein
Chuir le do laoiach airm gheur
- 5 S meirg us dheinich sin diom
Phadrick se do mo dhion
S-gur e ca bo trúai lium
La san chuir sin Dir Chloinn
Vo cha gaura na slei geur
- 10 Phadrick na abram breug
Nach do lean linn dor fein
Ach mis is Caolt di aon vein
Hug shin as sin er dios
Gu [tigh] te alvi na mor chios
- 15 Far an bi mnaoi na fein
Agus Claunna na Caomh chlev
Oir guvaighlin vi er Cloin chaomh
Phadrick chri chaomh
Harlin nach dainig riamh
- 20 Nar no oru no an ceal
Hanig techderacht don tir
Vo ri Lochlin gu hanmin
Er Kios nockaigh na lamh
No ar ni nille agail
- 25 Chur shin techdire vuain
Gu ri Lochlin vor luai
Cha dugamid da cios no caimh
No ni fo do' on duaval
Ach ca gur ha ardur gundaal
- 30 Les i Chlan sin va gioman
Sud dar hunig i ehlán va
Curi aid am bol ri lar
'S tillrig vo na Camainan
Sud lavir mac Oscar in aig
- 35 Na leig vo na cha slan
Mar bans lin kor aiv
No ma in dou donval
Sud laver mac Cairry e risd
Na i e so no cha nios
- 40 Fer cruit rachis leo sios
Mis mait er mor chios
Haguíd hugin aid ro mi

- Churt leo tullach er bal chri
Sud hug e mnaoi fein
- 45 Choit glie s bo gei cheil
Gun cha hord san uair
Ve ach erin vor luas
Na Covid suas chloin slan
Gun denmid nciu Col-on
- 50 Charich sin cotan streol
Ma ni mionit sionnh snish (?)
Na cuirtin bear maish
Na scibulin oir er gheist
Le ceanveart chloch int chuain
- 55 Togimid ris i Clann gun imru
Le lanna fo niumui buai
Le Crios era crann vae
Togimid sud ri tiv suas
- 60 Bratach Fin fla na mor lúch
Ach gun dranig sin i mbruc
Toggar han in duin
Der hunig sin aid uil er lar
Chloin gin ta bo lag bo neimnach
- 65 Tsarlin gur o' fearu Phail
Agin so chmoc er co'al
Mhin shin garh cha sin uaiv
In oeld ri Lochlyn no mor luai
Chuir sin in treis va trua
- 70 Dhimid aid uile san aon nair
Gun neach do hannu vo bheinn
Ach Dearg Dünach nairm gheur
Dar hanig mac ri Lochlyn vuai
Mar sin cur di er sluai
- 75 Chuir sin in treis va trúai
Dümid aid uile san ocu uair
Henta nderg mac nio va fein
Ri mac ri Lochlyn no narom geur
Cean da ord dhe
- 80 Do bhem Currid Cloimh
Chuir e slei no tre chrios
Na hinsa linn eolvi
Noich sin duin fo bhron
N alvi gom bi no sloi
- 85 Geisdach ri gair van go trua
Sri Connard mhoir luai
Doanalach no con sin rithai
Ri gair Bannal na gna fion
Hug deir er mo chlu nach tim
- 90 Ha sud no labri er
Leg sin Cuainard Fin voir
Ghe na slaurün dearg oir
S hi' gach cu er hom pfein
Vic Phadric vie Alpin eile
- 95 Leig sin sin na goir ma seach
Am feüld gun aon neach
Sealg an la sin ri mo linn
Vo rei ist elvin ri aon lo
Chlerich cha neic mar sin
- 100 Sealg an lo sin mar sin chleri
Churta er da chul ri cheil
Er de no hinnil le ao Ceil
Von lo shin cha nac mis
Do vac pfein in ard ri
- 105 Ca be neach chreddi nam
Mar hunnig mi nair an Tullach
Phadrick leis na sailm
Smor mo thruai ri innish

C. 7. DUAN NA SEALG. 92 lines.

THERE is another version, dated 1813, 'taken down from the oral recitation of Robert Gunn, from the Parish of Lathacon, Caithness-shire.' 69 lines.

- 1 LA do dhfin e shelg ni Chuaní
Cuir na feild fad vuain
Go vacuis tiin do n telg
Maidin uir an beart chrodherg
- 2 Crios du crios du' er i taobh
Crios is ailt cha er mnaoi
Va erra oir er chean chrios
Sin go mbo decir do heoid ga val

- 3 Le cullanin seddi uain
Er dorn ivhin deis na fer chruai
Tamul duin mar sin
Shin fuairach err na conn
- 4 Gur e ghuseir in golan geilrach
Tartir in ei bo vor meinmi
Vo ntom er ro Paul
Gus in ntom er ro Cannon
- 5 Dur leg Connan in grial mor
Do chur in ei var i heol
Cha ro e ach gerrid na ghail
Sud na lei cu Chonain
- 6 Gunni leig Dermad mac in ri
N da Chon dherg hu mha gniomh
Ma'ar na euainn va glinn
Dhag na ley cu Ilan
- 7 Go no leg nosn fla na flan
Gach cu faa ean sliabh
Cha rach cu ai na ri
Gun damb argindach aoni
- 8 Glacigh mo gha chu 's i fen
S gur i feilt aid heir is hiar
Se cu na riin glan
Ghramich ris in annir accein?
- 9 Heis in riin gu dur dur
S ghlacei milchu er i mer
S gun leigri gu eumsach ceart
Na tri choin da nin loan
- 10 Beannaet ossin er i mheul
Agus innis do skeul er chon
M Bio'u oribhs erru no airm
Dir he i sibh don telg nach lo
- 11 Cha vin agin in er mor
Gun lein sreoil gun da choin
Gun chean bheart choichlich oir
S gun da lei an dorn gach fir
- 12 Gun ehotun don Tid sheimh
Gun luirich malieh sheimh ghlain
Gun skia uain chosnu buai
S gun lann chruai gu skoltu chean
- 13 Beannaeh Ossin er u dheir
Beannaeh fos er t' anam fein
Innis duim Ca miad fia
Thuit er sliabh na Beann fin
- 14 La gin rachu Fion do shealg
Sgo mbo shealg sin fo bheannu borb
Gin vi endrich don eainn
Ach e fein san n'in òg
- 15 Sealg in lo sin ri mo linn
Vie Alpin in go glinn bla
No gu' na ceol as in ehil
S mo gur bin linn an la
- 16 Ossian is bin liom do ghloir
Beanach fos er anam Fhin
Is inis duin ea miad fia
Gun luit er shiav na beann fionn
- 17 Huit er tri mile fiadh ban
Gun ari er erb no er ai
Gun huit er in trai fo na ghlean
Do feivich le Fionn na flea
- 18 Beanaecht Ossin er a bheul
Is innis duinn do skeul er choir
Bin oirbh erru no airm
Nam dol don telg gach lo
- 19 Cid huit in doinn ma seach
Cha nait neach mar sid ach fionn
Fer beur innach is aine
Cha do chrai lamh vosa cion
- 20 Bionn an ard leoch fuilach fial
Er ullin sliabh insi Crot
Guinnaeh ialach an i lamh
Ghabhas leis vos laimb in tore
- 21 Sin do gherich C'uin an tuire
Leig sin na huile er i sheilg
Mar bion nar lannan snar lamh
Cha chuiri shin far er in telg

22 Leig shin sud deich ceud cu
Bo ro va lus is va gurg
Vorv gach Cu ghui da ia
Mis drug in ein er in lorg

23 Heis in riin gu dur dur
Ghlacei milchu er i mer
Fer i corug eba ro slan
Vo madin aone la.

C. 8. DUAN CONLAOCH. 82 lines.

Advocates' Library, July 13, 1872. See above, p. 9.

- 1 HANIG bugin dhe bar Bivil
Curra' croind Conlaoch
Le gissin moir e garbh glinn
Vo Dhun scaich do Gherin
- 5 Dhiairich Cuchullin ri cach
Co churramind do ghiss an olich
Do dhetin beachd no skeul dhe
Sgin teachdir do dhanin voi
Gluais Connal buaach brais
- 10 Do dhetin secul do na mhacan
Go bo mhoir agin sparn in laoich
Chealt Connal le Conlaoch
Fianis no Fein uile
Agus Ri no Currei comhraite
- 15 Ceud do nar sloi gu 'n cealte leis
Bu deacair a secul ri hinnis
Ach Cuchullin no slei slim
Nuair hunnig e coirich Chonnail
Gluais e le neart trenne lainn
- 20 Do dhetin secul dhe no mhacan
Comhrng riomse seudir duit
No do loinnu dho nar charrid
Go do roian do gach euid
Ach cha chuid toighi dhuith mo chomhrag
- 25 Gissin hug mi no mo Theadh
Nach fedin skeul hord do neach
Ach na dngu do neach fo no ghreim
Ban duitse ghnuis airal
Ach verrinse dhuitse mo mhoid smo Briathar
- 30 No do hoilte mi mar an criathar
Nach teanta mi go tealach Fhin
Gun ao ehan no do loinnu'
Fhir agus fhir Vig
Ga do labhair cha baghlin
- 35 Cha buiral duitse an Fhein uile
S nach deanans mo loinnu ri aon dnine
Ach na digu Fieniu' Phail
Sho chuid be les ghui ri ghra
Chuiru du tainme ri tar
- 40 Is bedur dhuith do loinnu
Ach huggaid shin gu cheil
Fo deachin is tha ban gu reitac
Macan sin gun duaire ghoinu
Agus doltan sin do na chruaidh chubha
- 45 Leg a uillin er in tom
Clubhu all gu ro throm
Olaich mhoir ort fein do chroinn
Bear do loinnu bho chionn
Deanis do loinnu nois gu lua
- 50 Sna bimid na seid n' ainmbeus
O sole dainich leat mise
Do mhac seimh sualdach
Nuair chrai 'n gu fuar fann
'N tsleidh i ba ort a harlig
- 55 Inise Counlaoch macee Chonn
Eir dliach dhuin Dialbhin
Is mi n' run dhag u mbroin
In Dun scaich go mfholum
Seachte Blian deng dho sin tir hoir
- 60 Foghlam goisgiu vo mo mathair
. . . sin na lurchir sin
Cho ro oirn do essi trimir
Oh o Dun a mhic Sheimbe
Do heisge dheunin go erioch mfhulig
- 65 Gul do ehorug nios le grain
Och o dan nach traidh an turras
Do mharbh mi us gun aon lochd

- S trua' nach e mo blas ghiar mi
 Mis do dbearg mi cr do chaomh chorp
 70 Ach a Chonlaoch cliri
 'S merg mi ghirich er do shivil
 No mbi du meriom cho bhains no maonir
 As ma do ghoul sma do gheisi
 Sma do mhac Cullain chelli
 75 Sma dhairah nile nach an leo huit maon vaces
 Bhoc mharvin anne terig
 Ceud no cenda da dhaoine
 Ach ha mi nios e de sar lnoch
 Gun mhac dilis no gun Bhrathar
 80 Agus gun Chonlaoch tha is dun
 Och o dair mo lusi tra'ai

Here follows:—

'Collected by the late Rev. Mr. Alexr. Pope,
 Minister of Reay, in the county of Caithness.'

(Signed) 'W. P.'

D. Mac Pherson, July 13, 1872.

C. 9. AN DEILGNIACH MHOIR. 16 lines.

Advocates' Library, July 15, 1872. I can find no trace
 of the beginning.—D. M.

ARGUMENT.

THIS poem is compleat beyond many of them that are
 of the same nature and antiquity with it, and contains
 an account of a Battle fought betwixt Fin mac Cool,
 King of the Heroes in Ireland, and Magnus, King of
 Norway. It appears that this battle was fought near
 Colrain or Londonderry in Ireland, and that it was fought
 with great valour. . . . N' Deilgnach mhoir, or the Great
 Hunting at the fall or cataract of Colrain in Ireland. See
 above, p. 71. Manus.

- 1 Bho harla du mo ghrasin fein
 Laimh threune chur mor Cha
 Skaoili mis u an i tein
 Is cha doir mi beum er fla
 2 Gheibh n' do rahan e risd
 Dhul dachi go do thair fein
 Cardui is Commun is part
 No do lann hor fo n Fein
 3 S' cha dugin feiu gu brach
 Ne is blios Ca'l mo Chorp
 Aon Bhuil a tai aidh i Fhionn
 Is errach liona no rinnis ort
 4 Mis agus m' ahair is Goul
 In trair bu mho gloinn sin Fheiu
 I cid ha mi gun chrislich gun chonn
 Eisdí mi nochd ri ordu Chleir
 ndelginach mhoir.

C. 10. AMHUIRBHIRTAD. 123 lines.

FRAGMENT.

Advocates' Library, July 18, 1872. See above, p. 66.

- 1 CHA 'n e mharbh I ach an Fhian
 An drong dheth nach buinear geil
 S mor nair do Flath Fail
 Bhi geiligh do luchd aon Eilean
 5 Gad bhig slugh a domhain nulle ann
 Eidir chumant is Uaislibh
 Fuath na duine cha rachaghar
 O Shluagh Fheain aluin at bhuih
 Trogar hugam ms thealagh coir
 10 Rith na Hespun is a Lod
 Righ Greig Righ Galun glan
 S gun trogar lein deich mile Baruich
 Oir trial mis an Iar
 Trialam agns trialam fos
 15 Agus bherins mo mhionan Rith
 Ma mharbhaigh mo Mhuirirteach mhin
 Nerin na fhag mi clach
 Ann Alt nan toran no Fireach
 Gun trogail ann corain mo long
 20 Eruint choimhuint cho throm
 Ruinn brebanaich air muir
 Gu tarrin as a tachair
 Smor splagh do Loingcas bhan
 Dheanaigh Eruin a thogail
- 25 'Snaoh do Loingcas eir bith
 No throagail do Dheruin Coig dhiuth
 Deich ficid is deich mile long
 Throg an Righ sba Rachd bha trom
 Eir shith Eruin chuir as
 30 Eir mhian na Heruin na faraigh
 Cha ro port na leth phort ann
 Ann an Coig Coigibh na Heruin
 Nach robh lan de na Lougeas mhath
 Ach Birlinín fo Thighearnan
 35 Chuir E teachdairachd gu Flath Fail
 Muirirteach him an drast slan
 Le beorbugh Erin nulle
 Eidir Mhac Righ is ro dhuine
 Bhugh mac Cuil sud
 40 Do Righ Lochlain gun diombail
 Deich ceid skia is Claimh cradaichd
 Deich ceid uthal den dearg or
 Deich ceid Sualtar chaoil Chath
 Deich ceid Bratach min daite
 45 Deich ceid Saoth nam beigin leis
 Deic ceid srian ler agus Diaghlaid
 Gad fhaighigh Ri Lochlain sud
 Na bha sheoid bhughach ann an Erin
 Mionaich nach tiligh e slugh
 50 Ach an buigh Eruin na Tor ruagh
 Fear labhair a chonrath chiun
 Tre mlie Tamhan mlie Treunmhor
 Bear na siarugh o thuir gu tair
 Air faitur nulle eir an aon bhonn
 55 Sin dar thuir Garaidh nan Gleann
 Ma ghabhas sibh comhairle Finn
 Bheir air sar eir Flath
 'S bith sibh gu brath fo Eanibh
 Fhogair Julin 's bu cheim Iaoich
 60 Gach neach lean e taobh eir thaobh
 Ga leadraigh chaid on atha
 'S min bail lois Neach da fhaslagh
 Stads Iulain mar a ta
 Se labhair Macuil an-aigh
 65 Ga ole inapith an Irr
 S ro mba lamh san Irghiol
 Huird Osgar 's e gabhail leo
 Ga be long dhu 's aird sheoil
 Snamhas i fuil eir a druim
 70 No cha neil urad nan culunn
 Ghuaisigh Filigh freigirach Finn
 Git thagraidh gu hioalach
 Sa labhair gu fir ghlic E
 Ris an Rith gu neo-ghraite
 75 Ga beg libhs an Fhian ann
 Na seachd cathan cochalmant
 Bheir sibh air teac leim tre lann ghlas
 Oir ni shibh uille air ainleas
 Brengach do bheachd fhilibh Fhiun
 80 Se labhair gu feargach an righ
 Cha ma na trian na bheil ann sud
 Ni bheil dh Fhian ann Eirinn
 Trogar hugaim fearg an righ
 Lan do mheig s bo dhanrium
 85 Nam bole dhuinn bli eir a cumi
 Cha bear dhaibh tin huggin
 Rinn iad croth mor air maigh
 Slugh Ri Lochlann mu nar timchioll
 Ach nar serios uille eir an aon bhall
 90 Briomaigh sa chroth Mili fear
 Dhianaigh colg gush choman
 Bu lionor claigan ri chuir ri lair
 Agus colann dha maolaigh
 Briomaigh ann gear loit sleigh
 95 Agus Toscair caol rimeach
 Bama lamh Thrum danair eisamh
 O Erith Grein gu con Fheasgar
 Bhar Osgar an tugh an sluaigh
 Ceid Fear Sleigh sa chiad nair
 100 'S ceid eile sa Phobuil a risd
 S o deanamh gus an ard Rith
 S ceid eile da mbath slugh na Fear
 Eir an taobh eile do Rith Lochluin
 Eidir na saothan ma seach

- 105 San gheibht an Tosgar gu criatach
Ach na mbarbhaigh le dìthr na slaigh
Ruith air mbiad on arach
Dar chunnaig iad gun huit a Rith
Aig miad amir san aire
- 110 Leig le strathaibh gu sàl
S bha chor chath eir an iomthan
Fichid mille Ri Lochlain do tshluagh
Eir ochd Cath Bein Edin re aon uair
San deach o aobhair arm as
- 115 Ach aon mbille gu an Loingear
'N de tan toir don aire
Chite gurna chalp a dha
Gu rachaigh roi thunlagh na sliagh
Na Corion tro Druim Ósgar.

- 120 Nam buigh du an la sin
Eir Ochd Cath Beinn Edin
Cha chual lethart do ghuin
O bhas na Fian a dhaon La.

Finid.

Here follows a short Sermon in Gaelic, ending with—
'Is fo dheirigh Codhuinign le fuinn chleachdaith.'

Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, July 18, 1872.

A very slight study of this Collection shows that it is like the rest, and unlike 'Ossian's Poems' by James Mac Pherson. Monday, July 23, 1872. Niddry Lodge, Kensington.—J. F. CAMPBELL.

CRIOCH.

NOTE.—August 3, 1872.—*Kilmakilloge Harbour, County Kerry, Ireland.*—*I think it due to Scribes and Printers to note here that these 224 pages of Gaelic were printed with extraordinary accuracy in less than two months, by men who do not understand the language. If any errors be left I have failed to discover them. Gaelic and English are printed as written and spelt in copies carefully made by the Scribes named from the manuscripts quoted. The orthography varies exceedingly, but generally it is the orthography of those who collected the poetry orally, in Scotland, between 1512 and 1872.*



LORD LORNE AND THE CANADIAN INDIANS.

A Central News telegram from Montreal says:—Lord Lorne has received the compliment of being elected Grand Chief of the Lorette Indians. He has been given by them on the occasion the title of Kondearonte, signifying The Rat. Though sounding somewhat curious to English ears, the name is intended as a mark of honour by the red men, who hold the Marquis in the highest esteem. The Princess Louise will take part in the ceremony of installation, to be held at Quebec.

