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# LEABHAR NA FEINNE

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VOL. I.

GÆLIC TEXTS

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## 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.

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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 ? . . . .	Ardehonaill, 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, volume: 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. to the patronage by James VI. 19th June, 1569.  
'Fasti Ecclesie Scoticane,' 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 Craignish.  
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. 1.  
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 MacLeod of MacLeod 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, Borve, 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, Lochdar, South Uist.  
13. Mac Lellan, Lochdar, South Uist.  
14. Eachain Mac Iosain or Mac Cisaig, South Uist.  
15. Peggy, parlour-maid, Loch Maddly, 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 MacCallum's book by heart.  
18. A man at Conan, Easter Ross, can repeat poems which he learnt out of MacCallum's book.  
57. Captain Thomas of the *Sorecy* 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 'Dunairie,' 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, Kensington, 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	Candlach . . . . .	104	9
3	40	No Kinn . . . . .	96	15
4	36	Freich . . . . .	132	29
5	12	Osin agus Padriack . . . . .	136	40
6	122	Ditto . . . . .		40
7	1	Tylych Finn . . . . .	16	47
8	1	Is Fadda Noch . . . . .	56	47
9	10	A Tarring Clooch . . . . .	48	47
10	11	In Seo Chionnich Maa . . . . .	36	47
11	50	Na Tallych . . . . .	24	49
12	62	Tallych ni Farnith . . . . .	96	50
13	58	Shaille er Choyle . . . . .	40	50
14	58	Binn Gow . . . . .	16	51
15	54	Colin Chon . . . . .	120	51
16	52	Ynich Ochtyr . . . . .	52	104
17	60	Fleygh . . . . .	84	83
18	14	Esroyg . . . . .	162	129
19	6	Traye Finrath . . . . .	168	137
20	4	Sleyve ny Ban Finn . . . . .	68	145
21	66	Coill . . . . .	72	146
22	28	Zoill . . . . .	141	123
23	18	Finn Mac Cowle . . . . .	120	124
24	50	Kinn Zulle . . . . .	28	175
25	50	Neyn a Wrata Inn . . . . .	84	138
26	61	Dyrlh Wylelyss Myschi . . . . .	49	152
27	20	Dormit Mac O'zwne . . . . .	104	157
28	42	Keitra . . . . .	288	139
29	24	Cath Zwrych . . . . .	232	180
30	32	Ditto Farris nill . . . . .	53	182
			2,952	

### 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. Bruighin Bhleg na Halhmuin is about a quarrel between Fiann 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 Ardchonail MS., dated 1690. Transcribed 1804, and extracts copied from the transcript 1872:—

1	Conull Gullan, &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 Cluim, Fenian tale		
5	Sealg Shaire, ditto . . . . .		
6	An Dearg Mac Druibheil . . . . .	267	121
7	Poem on the Earl of Argyll . . . . .	62	211
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 Ochdnar . . . . .	35	219
3		Duan Bhard (Glenshee) . . . . .	85	219
4		Duan Bhard . . . . .	44	219
5		Duan Leron . . . . .	98	220
6		Duan na Cluinn . . . . .	108	221
7		Duan na Sealg . . . . .	92	221
8		Duan Conlaach . . . . .	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 Mae Stairn . . . . .	151	7
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 Goblin . . . . .	114	61
8	Roach . . . . .	38	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	
14	(20) The Black Dog . . . . .	38	91
15	(19) Cath na'n Seiseir . . . . .	62	93
16	(14) Cath Bein Eidin . . . . .	112	96
17	(13) Colhairle Fhinn . . . . .	80	97
18	(16) Dearg . . . . .	229	108
19	(17) Conn Mac an Deirg . . . . .	188	113
20	(19) Eass Ruaidh . . . . .	129	120
21	(20) An Inivinn . . . . .	106	125
22	(28) Oisinn's Courtin . . . . .	70	141
23	(22) Bran's Death . . . . .	56	148
24	(21) Diarmid . . . . .	66	158
25	(23) Cairrol . . . . .	66	166
26	(26) Cath Ghailbhra . . . . .	166	183
27	(25) Murchadh Mac Brian . . . . .	52	210
28	(22) An Lomhunn . . . . .	92	145
29	Malvina (see M.) . . . . .	57	145
30	The Smithy . . . . .	95	65
31	Translation of No. 1. . . . .	16	8

### E.

Jerome Stone's Collections, made about 1755.

1	Fraoch . . . . .	132
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The rest of the collection not found 1872.

### F.

Fletcher's Collection, learned by heart about 1750.

1	183	Garbh Mae Stairn . . . . .	210	4
2	25	Deirdre . . . . .	339	19
3	122	Cuthal . . . . .	40	147
4	10	Fionn . . . . .	61	35
5	9	Uruidh Ossain . . . . .	132	43
6	103	The Carlin . . . . .	72	59
7	80	Boe Mac U'chohair . . . . .	7	63
8	148	Carbach Luin . . . . .	169	65
9	75	The Muilbartaich . . . . .	56	99
10	70	Rann an Chir Shìobhair . . . . .	35	93
11	18	Fros fallsa Righ Lochlainn . . . . .	92	84

Fletcher's Collection—*continued*.

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
12	49	Teandachd Mór na Feinne . . . . .	224	97
13	149	Caoilte and the Bear . . . . .	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	111
18	1	Duan na h-Inghinn . . . . .	120	136
19	111	Losgath tith Farabairne . . . . .	84	176
20	132	Bas Fhinn . . . . .	93	195
21	89	Duan Ma'n Amadán . . . . .	238	203
			2,459	

## G.

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

1	Fraoch . . . . .	132	
2	Cath Mhánuis, written 1762 . . . . .	168	
3	Bas Oseair . . . . .	154	182
			454

## H.

Kennedy's First Collection, made about 1774:—

1	168	Oisein and Padraig . . . . .	284	44
2	179	Caoilth Oisáin . . . . .	68	48
3	74	Caoilte and the Bear . . . . .	112	53
4	79	Caoilte and the Giant . . . . .	128	55
5	66	The Timbrel Player . . . . .	60	27
6	62	Silbhán . . . . .	60	58
7	33	Síodán Mac Sgairbh . . . . .	60	60
8	84	The Carlin . . . . .	60	62
9	51	The Goblin . . . . .	120	63
10	55	Roc . . . . .	44	67
11	27	The Smithy . . . . .	92	74
12	11	Mamus . . . . .	284	94
13	57	Dun an Oir . . . . .	88	92
14	48	The Black Dog . . . . .	248	98
15	1	Teandachd Mór na Feinne . . . . .	60	105
16	31	Carthón . . . . .	60	109
17	83	Dearg . . . . .	256	115
18	92	Conn Mac an Deirg . . . . .	180	124
19	22	Maighre Borb . . . . .	124	131
20	43	Líur . . . . .	128	144
21	69	Slabh nam Beann Fionn . . . . .	68	145
22	36	Gleann Diambhair . . . . .	68	153
23	58	Leana . . . . .	132	155
24	100	Diarmaid . . . . .	88	158
25	107	Diarmaid . . . . .	212	168
26	145	Diarmaid . . . . .	344	177
27	128	Cairriol and Goll . . . . .	288	185
28	140	Garabh and the Women . . . . .	152	
29	145	Bas Oseair . . . . .	580	
			Total . . . . .	4,448
			(Not in 1,760 lines)	

## I.

Kennedy's Second Collection, made about 1774:—

1	74	Conlaech (2) . . . . .	443	16
2	66	Conal Na Uinn . . . . .	188	40
3	158	Tuiríth Nam Fian . . . . .	68	48
4	19	Mamus . . . . .	296	76
5	36	Dun an Oir . . . . .	92	95
6	1	Teandachd Mór na Feinne . . . . .	268	100
7	60	Au Cu Dubh . . . . .	81	92
8	29	Slabh Nam Beann Fionn . . . . .	68	144
9	63	Gleann Diambhair . . . . .	72	144
10	54	Leana . . . . .	132	146
11	26	Carthón . . . . .	72	165
12	31	Dearg . . . . .	256	111
13	99	Maire Borb . . . . .	128	132
14	40	Conn Mac an Deirg . . . . .	176	147
15	46	Líur . . . . .	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 . . . . .	220	163
21	131	Garabh . . . . .	148	173
22	157	Bas Oseair . . . . .	572	189
23	169	Bas Oseair . . . . .	140	196
			Total . . . . .	4,460
			(Not in H. 1,164 lines)	

## J.

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

1	Oseán's Prayer . . . . .	411
2	Muirbatach . . . . .	87
3	Mamus . . . . .	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 Osear . . . . .		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. 1, 'Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy':—

1	Magnus (or Fingal) . . . . .		
2	Íditta . . . . .	30	
3	Death of Osear (Temora) . . . . .	11	
4	Erragen . . . . .	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	Cruigh Oseán . . . . .	105	
2	The Maiden . . . . .	109	
3	Dearg . . . . .	36	
4	Conn Mac an Deirg . . . . .	179	
5	Teandachd Mór na Feinne . . . . .	159	
6	Suirveadh Oisein . . . . .	82	
7	Death of Osear . . . . .	155	
			840

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	Conlaech . . . . .	129	13
3	269	Deirdre . . . . .	240	22
4	107	Fraoch . . . . .	136	31
5	283	Cearlach Mhic Lúin . . . . .	101	67
6	250	Muireartach . . . . .	129	69
7	18	Mamus . . . . .	172	77
8	305	Teanntach Mór na Feinne . . . . .	236	101
9	35	Máiden . . . . .	84	133
10	162	King of Sorcha . . . . .	136	133
11	300	Dearg . . . . .	40	112
12	39	Conn Mac an Deirg . . . . .	144	117
13	35	Goll's Praise . . . . .	18	125
14	392	Laomhinn . . . . .	108	106
15	11	Suirveadh Oisein . . . . .	88	142
16	170	Bran . . . . .	46	149
17	34	Briathran Fhinn . . . . .	26	157
18	284	Diarmaid . . . . .	194	162
19	313	Death of Osear . . . . .	256	191
20	107	Íditta . . . . .	129	193
21	210	Mhaidhne's Braghdar . . . . .	57	215
22	29	Aisling Mhala-mhain . . . . .	57	
23	1	Mordubh . . . . .	339	
			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 Brooke's Irish Collection, printed at Dublin, 1789, the first Irish book of its kind:—

1	265	Conlaech . . . . .	112	14
2	269	Cuchullin's Lament . . . . .	72	
3	271	Magnus . . . . .	196	
4	278	The Chase . . . . .	334	
5	288	The Maiden . . . . .	169	
6	296	War Ode of Osear . . . . .	12	
7	298	Gaul's Ode . . . . .	114	
			1,960	

I have only printed one extract from this book, which can easily be referred to. No versions of I or G 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 . . . . .	168	213
2		Bran . . . . .	137	149
3		Bàs Chuthail . . . . .	90	147
4		Dan an Èir Sheicir . . . . .	73	95
5		Caoilte and the Giant . . . . .	85	56
6		Cath Chloinne Baoisge agus Morni . . . . .	110	10
7		Conn Mac an Deirg . . . . .	159	118
8		Losgadh Farnail . . . . .	108	178
9		Teannachd Mor na Feinne . . . . .	192	103
10		Bàs Chionnaich . . . . .	112	14
11		Laoidh an Amalaìn 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 . . . . .	195	70
17		Uraigh Oisèin . . . . .	120	46
18		Roe . . . . .	152	61
19		Bàs Fhinn . . . . .	52	196
20		Goll agus Caroll . . . . .	16	167
21		Bàs Ghùil le Macthan . . . . .	46	214
22		Faile no Urnigh na Greine . . . . .	38	216
23		Urnigh na Greine . . . . .	11	216
24		Dearg Mac an Deirg . . . . .	24	113
25		Comhairle Oisèin . . . . .	6	157
26		Toir air na Taathaich . . . . .	44	212
27		An Gobhainn . . . . .	16	65
28		Dearg Mac Droighuinn . . . . .	11	113
29		Fionn agus Giam . . . . .	177	216
30		Mar Fhuair Oisèin a Fhradharch . . . . .	64	39
31		Eachdruidh nam Fian . . . . .	60	40
32		Aithris air Oranaidh nam Fian . . . . .	80	201
33		Taillear nam Fian . . . . .	68	201
34		Lalhair Diarmaid . . . . .	28	262
35		Part of Oisèin's Lament . . . . .	8	49
36		Laoidh an Amalaìn Mhòir . . . . .	96	206
37		Carachd Rìgh Lochlainn . . . . .	92	85
38		Fionn agus Gara . . . . .	82	7
39		Fionn's Peilgree . . . . .	5	35
40				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 Aoibh 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-Ingine, or Colmal, incomplete, same size, fol. 8 pp. . . . .	242	
3		Mar a Mharbhadh Lamh-fhad 4 pp. . . . .	146	165
4		Dan na Muirbhrìoch, 15 pp. . . . .	426	
5		Tareum, 2 pp. . . . .	461	
		Do. Part 1. . . . .	309	
		Do. Part 2. . . . .	232	
6		Dargo (pretty correct) . . . . .	157	
7		Air Fear Mòr . . . . .	121	
8		Bàs Oisèin, 2 editions. 1st. Do. do. 2nd. . . . .	158	

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
9		Laoidh Phadraig . . . . .	163	
10		Bàs Chionnaich . . . . .	116	
11		Erragon, or Dearmad Fleadh . . . . .	136	
12		Duan Gharbh Mhic Stama . . . . .	141	
13		Laoidh Naois (Deirdre) . . . . .	33	
14		Cearbhe Mhic Loin . . . . .	102	
15		Dun Laomann . . . . .	81	
16		Troil Chlann Morn agus Chlann Bais . . . . .	37	
17		Laoidh Fhraoich . . . . .	176	
18		Duan a Choinn Dubh . . . . .	56	
19		Caoith Oisèin air Oscar . . . . .	140	
21		Cranachan Creag an Tuallaich . . . . .	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	Marcha 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 Hymn . . . . .	38	
9	592	Sun Hymn . . . . .	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	Cuchullain agus Laoighre Buadhach . . . . .	60	
2	105	Tairreadh Eimire air Chuchullain . . . . .	52	
3	106	Four Stanzas on Cuchullain by Connall Cearnaich . . . . .	16	
4	109	Connall and Lughbuidh—Diogh-ladh Bac Chuchullain . . . . .	44	
5	3	Laoidh na Ceird . . . . .	120	
6	116	Caoi Ghormlaoidh ni Fhloinn air Nial O'Neill Ghiumdaibh . . . . .	72	
7	119	Conn mac an Deirg . . . . .	180	
8	126	Sgeol Beag agus air Fionn . . . . .	132	
9	132	A Chleirigh Chumfas na Sùil . . . . .	192	
10	140	Padraig agus Oisèin . . . . .	72	
11	143	Aithris-danna Fhearguis (Cath-ghabhra) . . . . .	32	
12	144	Caoi Oisèin air Oscar . . . . .	144	
13	151	La da Phadraig na Mhur . . . . .	120	
14	156	Bruidhean Cheise Coreum (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
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S.

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

1		Battle of Ben Eidin . . . . .	400	80
2		Maiden . . . . .	84	
3		Fall of Roy's Oisèin . . . . .	104	134
4		Cuchullain's Horses . . . . .	42	
5		Battle of Lora. Teannachd Mor na Feinne . . . . .	84	103
6		Conn Mac an Deirg . . . . .	116	
7		Manus . . . . .	80	
8		Duan Diarag . . . . .	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 Craea . . .	132	
8	132	The Chase . . .	192	
9	140	Ossian and Patrick's Dialogue . . .	72	
10	143	Cath-Ghabhra (Fionn's Inquiry) . . .	32	
11	144	Oscar's Lament by Ossian . . .	144	
12	151	Teanntachd Mhor na Feinne . . .	120	
13	156	Ode to Gaul (Braghin Chase Coran) . . .	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 Hymn 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 Conlaach . . .	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 Conn Gleann . . .	124	
8	119	4 The Banners . . .	95	
9	124	5 Teanntachd Mhor na Feinne . . .	180	
10	137	7 The Black Dog . . .	76	
11	165	13 The Maiden . . .	130	
12	170	14 Dan Chiuhaich . . .	176	
13	197	19 The Greatest Hunt . . .	58	
14	150	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	19 Colg-shuil is Trathal . . .	16	
20	179	15 Sun Hymn . . .	71	
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 Ghabhra . . .	158	
25	207	21 Ursgel Oisain . . .	45	
26	209	22 Iona Cheist Oisain . . .	156	
		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 . . .	1,574

I have printed nothing from this Collection.

## X.

Collected by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lachlan 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		Duanan agus Goll . . .	10	212
5		Bardaibh Dheireannach Oisain . . .	36	106
6		Truiséal . . .	43	202
7		Iulairan . . .	61	208
		(Caitliness 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 Ghabhra . . .	144	
13		Dan an Eich Bar Buidhe (Goll) (Mentioned, but not got.)	115	172
14		Duan na Còimh . . .		
15		Duan na Mnatha . . .		
16		Duan an Amairin Mhoir . . .		
		Total copied by Mac Phail . . .	1,167	

## Y.

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

1	378	The Smithy (Barra, &c.) . . .	104	65
2	122	Muilcartach (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:—

1	Rann fir Strath Mhannis . . .	15
2	Bran's Colour . . .	4
3	Rìgh Breatainn (X. 7) . . .	39
4	Leannan Sìth . . .	40
5	The Heads . . .	62
6	Cath Ghabhra Fionn agus Fergus . . .	8
7	Ditto . . .	2
8	Ditto, Part of the Lament . . .	8
9	Six Warriors' Lament (Islay) . . .	4
10	The Laird of Tarlochann . . .	26
11	Scraps of Fraoch . . .	20
12	Ditto . . .	26
13	Caolite and the Giant . . .	79
14	Black Dog . . .	56
15	Caolite and the Giant . . .	38
16	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	158
17	Ditto . . .	66
18	Manus . . .	6
19	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	139
20	Maiden and King of Sarcha . . .	109
21	Ditto and King of Spain . . .	104
22	Banners . . .	90
23	Manus . . .	164
24	Ditto, Sequel in Prose 'Athach' in Verse . . .	26
25	Careal . . .	60
26	Teanntachd Mhor na Feinne . . .	106
27	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	194
28	Fraoch . . .	80
29	Conn Mac an Deirg . . .	82
30	Maiden . . .	88
31	Fraoch, Prose and Verse . . .	60
32	Conn Mac an Deirg, Prose Parody . . .	60
33	An Ca Glas . . .	12
34	Conlaach . . .	24
35	Callreuch Bheinne Bric . . .	8
36	Duan Collaine . . .	35

Order	Page Quoted	Catch Words	Lines	Page
37		Yshel ne St. Kellan (from A.)	18	
38		Carol	44	
39		Suirreach Oisain	41	
40		Laoidh Cheirich	83	
41		The Smithy	84	
42		Ditto	52	
43		Muireartach	75	
44		Sir Neil Campbell	82	
45		Death of Oscar	19	
46		The Black Dog	84	
47		Oisain (Mac Pherosnic)	24	
48		Sun Ilynn	22	
49		Lay of the Great Fool	142	
50		Diarmid's Death	72	
51		Mac Reathain (Death of Garry)	7	
52		Mar nuhab Cathul a Mhac (Smith).	30	
53		Fionn and Dubhan	8	
54		Maiden, Bigh Soracha	58	
55		Maiden	32	
56		Fionn and Dubhan	7	
57		Cuchullin's Car (X. L.)	7	2
58		Duara and Goll (Mac Pherosnic)	12	212
59		Same as 52	15	
60		Laoidh Chathulaich Mhic Chochullain	24	
61		Oisain in his Old Age	8	
62		Sun Ilynn	10	
63		Fionn's Banner	6	
64		Ossian's Maxims	21	
65		Sun Ilynn	26	
66		Suiridh Oisain	71	
67		Diarmid	4	
68		Oisain lamenting Oscar	12	
69		Fionn's Ghost (Mac Pherosnic)	12	
70		Oisain in his Age	8	
71		Fionn's Banner	14	
72		Deasa Greinne	21	
73		The Banners	16	
74		Cuchullin's Funeral Car	7	
75		The Maiden	27	
76		Oisain	29	
77		Hidela	5	
78		Trothal	10	
79		Fionn and Dubhan	18	
80		Cuchullin's Battle Car	54	
81		Beannach Baird	32	
82		An toglach bhon d' fhalbh a bhean	26	
83		Oisain in his Age	4	
84		Mac Mhathain	4	
85		Fionn	5	
86		Malmhina	4	
87		Hidela	4	
88		Tigh Dolein nan Gormlan	43	
89		Aiscribh an Rudaire	42	
90		Duan Chullain	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 Neil Campbell's Eilan Gheir (by Dr. Mac Ealain)	108
3	The Words of the Lochiel Piobaireachd. ('Come hither, ye tribes of the hounds, and get flesh')	4
4	A Robber's Song	16
5	Teannlach Mòr na Féinne. Prose, About	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 Argylls (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		Iain-Smitach's Song		8
19		Mac Pharlain's Song about Graybeards (same as Z. 1., with a different Story)		40
20		Somhairle Cameron's Love Song (Ancient Heroic Ballads)		112
21		Laoidh Laomhain (version of M. II. 108.)		108
22		Cuchullin's Sword (M. I. 13.)		13
23		A chore 's a robh dail		8
24		Dearg (M. II. 40.)		40
25		Caolte and the Giant (D. 5. 95., II. 4. 60.)		74
26		Sgeulach beag air Cenechar, Prose		32
27		Version of D. 7., F. 6., II. 8. (The 'Flag-Got' from Sarah, Fletcher in Mull, 'I know the Woman')		52
28		Laoidh. (Theatrical Version of Gara, F. 19., II. 28., 1. 21. Never printed. Prose and Verse)		76
30		Version of Z. 3. 39., X. 7. 61. (from 'Mac-hair' Arthurian Ballad in Gaelic)		64
31		Briechlàn Iain nan Caran		63
32		Mura-chòmh Mac Brian's Riding Dress. (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	Gollha gan Cheann	22	212
2	An Gobhainn	21	
3	Muil-artach	30	71
4	Cuchul Fhinn	8	150
5	Bran	10	150
6	Diarmid	5	164
7	Buaidh an son Dornis	6	
8	A lùt 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	Meisce agus Rádh na m-Ban.	
4	Sealg Sliabh Fuidh.	
5	Laoi Mhaghnuis Mhoir.	
6	Sealg Gheanna an Smoil.	
7	Laoi an Deirg.	
8	Aois Maithe na Féinne.	
9	Feara na Camha Taois-each na Féinne.	
10	Tionna Ghoill mhic Mhórna.	
11	Leacht Ghoill.	
12	Moladh Ghoill mhic Mhórna.	
13	Laoi Mhá an Bhrúit Bháin.	
14	Targaireacht Fhinn mhic Chumhail air Eirinn.	
15	Sealg ar Mhucaibh draoibheachta Aonghusa.	
16	Laoi Choláinn gan cheann.	
17	Siosna Chuirill agus Ghoill.	
18	Laoi an Mhaithe Bhúirb.	
19	Sealg Lochá Deirg.	
20	Laoi Aodha mhic Chéalaigh agus a mháin.	
21	Sealg Sliabh na m-Ban fionn.	
22	Laoi ar Gharaidh gharbh mhac a d-Toamhair, agus bantracht Fhinn.	
23	Tomarlúidh Chormaic agus Fhinn a Mhó-thamhair.	
24	Tarus Laighne mhic righ na bh-Fóinhorach.	

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

- 25 Laoi an Duin.  
 26 Cumha O'sin a n-diaidh na Féinne.  
 27 Laoi O'sin ar Thír na n-Oig.  
 28 Laoi Linn mhíe Liomhtha.  
 29 Laoi na Coi Dubhbe.  
 30 Laoi A'fhinn mhíe Chramhair na loag.  
 31 Tuarascúill Chathu Gabhra.  
 32 Marbhrann Osgair mhíe O'sin.  
 33 Laoi Chab an Dossín.  
 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 Muirbheartach, 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 Diarmuid.  
 2 Trostan.  
 3 Ossian agus an Cleirach, 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 Ionaidh Iath nam fian, 122.  
 4 Conn Mac an Deirg, 111.  
 5 Sealg Ghlinn Dhiarmaid, 44.  
 All in one hand and orthography.

## 67. Sent by the Rev. Wm. Mac Kinnon:—

- 1 The Death of Oscar, 82.  
 'Communicated,' says Mr. Mac Kinnon, '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. . . . .	119
2	7	A Phobuig a chana na saibn' . . . . .	123
3	13	Suidheachadh 'u Fhinn, 1 stanza of the Black Dog. D. M. . . . .	4
4	13	Dath Cu Fhinn . . . . . do. . . . . do. D. M.	4
5	11	Dan an amalaín Mhoir, a fragment, 6 pages wanting . . . . .	112

## 69. [ANON.]

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

The Smithy (about) 88.  
 Logadh Brugh Farasair, or the Burning of Farala, 72.

## 70. [ANON.]

1	1	Tiomna Ghuill . . . . .	81
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 above, 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.

# GAELIC 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. 309); in 'Ossian's Poems,' 1807 (vol. iii. p. 506); 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 1813. 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 nohoir 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 Oisín, 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 Oisín to Padruig, and is headed 'A bondir so seiss Allan Mc Roire' (p. 24). This may possibly mean only that Allane Mac Roire 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 Roire,' or some other 'Bard,' or 'Filli,' or 'Ollamh,' 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 Oisín, and 'Allan Mac Roire' has the credit of that bit. 'A bondir so' appears only to mean 'said this.'

No. 14 has the name of 'Gilleallum Mc Ym 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 Conloch by his father Cuchullin. 'Auctor hujus' 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 Oisín' 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 *Scoto-Irish history*. It is part of a different story. The male character was not necessarily the author, though it is said 'A houndir so' (p. 49). 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 Me Ronane,' 'Cormak Me 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 catelung 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 Garradh, 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 'Cormac Mac Art Mac Cuim,' 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 Garradh Mae Morna, while seated at a deer-pass, in which Garradh 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 Lauchlan'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 *Scoto-Irish romantic history*, as it 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 Lauchlan 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, 46, are fragments of the story of Cuchullin and Eamhair. 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 Oisein, 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, Cunnhal, 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 Padraig 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 Erzeill*.

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

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 Ergyle*.

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

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 Gaeidheal*.

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.*

Cux fuerint anni completi mille dcenti  
Et ter centeni fuerint in numero pleni  
Bix sex et seni veniant ab aequo remi  
Tunc ruet Anglorum mala gens stirpis avorum  
Primus Jacobus Jacobus Jacobus Jacobus quoque  
quartus  
Et filius Daciae regno regnavit ntroque.

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

. . . . . Thre peralis dayis in Special and ge . . .  
for all things vz. The first Munnunday of Feurzeir  
the last munnunday of may and ye last munnunday  
of Semptember and the maleis of thame is a clerk  
sayis yat quhat child yat is gott in or born as y<sup>t</sup>  
dayer ony one of thre dayis for vintay he sal owthir  
be brint or drownt or de sum schameful deth 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 evil ending **D** And gyf ony man or voman  
ettis ony g was fless in ony of yon thre dayis he sal  
have ye falland Evil and na work sal cum to gnd  
end zat he begwn in ony of thir iij dayis. **D** The  
leest dayis of Every moncht 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 Febrnar.

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

RIGHT as ye biche in jolying in hir raige,  
Sche cheisis not ye greu hand in y<sup>t</sup> hour  
Sche folast tyg quhill y<sup>t</sup> her lwst be swagit  
Richt soo ye meir forsakis ye cwtswr  
And cheisis an crwikit avir and one dowr  
So wemen wairris y virginite  
On catye creaturis moist unorthwee,  
Suppoiss sche haive mony finby shintir  
The fairest lady y<sup>t</sup> natur can devyne  
Richt swddanly will ye se hir inlye  
To tak ane crepill or a creatur  
Sic is yair lap and yair werd.  
No man may yame wyte in erd re J.

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

Of Malcolm Kenmoir and Qwene Margret comm King  
Edgair y<sup>t</sup> biggit Coldinghame and, Kyng Alexander  
yat beggit Seoyne an Sant David yat biggit ye Hali-

rud house of Edinburge off Sanct Dani com Henry of Huntenton and off Henry Huntenton coym Kyng Malcom yat biggit Cupar and Kyng Wilzeam yat biggit Aybrothow and cel Davi of Kyng Willzeam 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<sup>t</sup> Alan off Galoway, dervargala beddit v<sup>t</sup> Johne ye Bailze and off yat John com John ye Bailze Kyng callit himetabert and syne Advart ye Bailze off ysabel veddit w<sup>t</sup> Robert ye Bruysse com Robert ye Bruysse and syne Robert ye Brussse Kyngz off Scottissh off Kyng Robert ye Bruysse com Kyng Davi and Margret yat vis veddit v<sup>t</sup> gwert Sr Valter Stewart off ye said gwld 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 Erlle of Buchqwan David Erle of Strathern and Valter Erl of Catus of Kyngz Erbt fyrst sohn cam David Duk of Rossay Robert Erl off Athel and James Kyng of Scottis ye qwhilk was tane on ye se w<sup>t</sup> Inglis men wndir crewis passand to Franschewartis Yis alk King James was taking at ye se ye XXX day of Marche ye Zeher off God M<sup>mo</sup> cccc<sup>mo</sup> and sax zeir.

Finis.

(5) LATIN. Page 181.

*Epili Eng. Ebrictatem et R. J.*

Ebritas est tota imbecillit Primo abolet memoria dessorpat Sensum negligit mentem confundit intellectum concitat libidinem Involvit linguam Implicat sermionem Corruptit Sanguinem obtundit visum Perturbat venas infirmat nervos Obturat aures turbat viscera Subvertit sensum humectat cerebrum debilitat membra frangit somnium 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 predium, animalium pessimum, gravissimum pondus, aspis insanabilis; humanum mancipium in pugna: Unde est mulier quasi muleus herus J.

SCOTS.

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

SCOTTISH 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 lyne from you to agwantt me if ye had frayhted that shipe for New ny land. I have bay me fortie barrells of beif and the other sive barrell . . . I wad baght from Alex<sup>s</sup> Me Conachie and if the shipe be y<sup>t</sup> gowine ontt picfullie tack Sanders Me Conachie fortie barrells bif upon my a Compt and gie Mans . . . John Me Kecherane and markgine for the bif with John Me Kecherane and dra bilf on me for the price of the bif and I shall ansure the bill and if the shipe net you my ontt propothe 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 point 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 cannot get in y<sup>r</sup> 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 ilan as alsoe the four mark land of Drummore posest by Captt Muir; who hess his lifetime of it and I would alsoe fien the two mark lande of Meye. 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 posses the lauds of Smerbey and god knows if I have possession of the other this 20 yeare.' &c. &c.

A manuscript written at Dunstaffnage in Argyll is dated 1693. 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 Lochove 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. Caillean Caimbhel, to whom belongs this little book; i.e. Caillean, Mac Dhonchaidh Mhic Dhughail, Mhic Chaillean 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 Glenurely 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 Trishe language.' By 1638 'Maister Hone Makleine' the 'Pedagogue,' who wore 'ane Hewit plaid,' had 'mishelawed himself,' and his place was to be filled by 'ane discret 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.

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 Bayve of Connal Ceatharnach,' and is usually called 'The Heads.'

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

\* '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-Iain-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 Feinne, 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 Me Nicol, 1763.—Donald Me 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 Me Nicol, M.A., 1766.—Donald Me 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 Soekach, 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 Australia, 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 lot 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 Usnoeh, complete (part of Fingal.)

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

'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-nisnechain, 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 'Manus' 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 'Frooch,' translated by him, and of 'Bellerophon 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 Frooch,' 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 Seon and Dunstaffnage, the chief seats of the Scoo-Irish Kings: at Bunaw, in Glenorchy, and Glenfalloch; about Loch Tayside, in Breadalbane, in Glenlochert, 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 Uisnechain' 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 Uisnechain 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 Seon 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 Morven*, 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 'nà 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;<sup>1</sup> corrupted copies of the following poems, viz:—

1. Duan na Inghinn.
2. Urnuigh Oisìn.
3. Rìgh Lochlìn.
4. Naòis agus Deirdir, or Clan Uisneachan.
5. Teant tìsh mòr na Foinne.
6. Laidh Chaoilte Mhìc Romàin.
7. Mar chàidh Ròc Thigh Fìnn.
8. Amaidh Mhòr.
9. Sgeula air Caidlich. (Qy. *Muircoirtach?*)
10. Sgeuladh Tìsh Fàrabithe. (Qy. *Lozga Tauradh?*)
11. Rann a chòin duibh.
12. Cuthal.
13. Bran.
14. Eitebhruidh mar chàidh Fion a mharbhadh.
15. Corrach Lùn.
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 Oisìn . . . . .	9
3.	N Teathach wghna na } Foil Rìgh Lochlunn . . . . .	18
4.	Eachdraidh Chonnchair Rìgh Eirinn . . . . . <i>Deirdir agus triuir mac Rìgh Bharra- chàidh an da phairt.</i>	25
5.	An eath is cruaidhe thug an fheinn <i>Traontaich mòr nam Fian</i> agus dol an orda am Braitheachan . . . . . an da phairt.	49
6.	Laidh Chaoilte . . . . .	64
7.	Rann an fhir Shìobhr . . . . .	70
8.	Caillean Thulach Fhoir . . . . .	75
9.	Mar chàidh Ròc a Thigh Fìnn . . . . .	80
10.	Baiste Fìnn . . . . .	84
11.	Rann an Amaidhe mhòr . . . . .	89
12.	Sgeula air Nìdoiste . . . . .	103

List copied from page 110.

1.	Lozga Brath Fàrlairn . . . . .	110
2.	Duan a Chòin duibh . . . . .	117
3.	Mar Chàith Cumhal a mharbha . . . . .	122
4.	Mar Chàith Bran a mharbha . . . . .	127
5.	Mar Chàith Fionn a mharbha . . . . .	132
6.	Mar mharbha Chaoilte a mhac ghearr . . . . .	140
7.	Corrach mhìc Lùn . . . . .	148
8.	Cont Mac an Dòig . . . . .	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,

<sup>1</sup> 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, Plaeks, and Scotch Pennies, twelve of which are equivalent to a Penny 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 Me Dhiarmaid, but the manuscript does not explain what Eobhan Me 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<sup>1</sup> which I send to you per post:—

1. Bàs Phraoich.
2. Cath Mhànus, and
3. Bàs Osgair.

I also copied out of the said MS. a song composed to Mc Pharlau of Arrochar by a Lochlond's side Bard. It appears to be a very old song. Although it was composed by a Lochlond'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 Lochlond side who can understand them. The song appears to have been an old one when it was wrote by Eobhan Me 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 Loimnach.—

1

Mhic Pharlain an Arair  
Lannh adh-mohr an Eimeich,<sup>1</sup>  
Fhir as fial re h-Ealaibh,  
Bith tu riar gach File.

2

Mhic fhir-gbhc fhear amhail,<sup>2</sup>  
Leis an diolar Seolaidh,<sup>3</sup>  
Laoich chròdh nach crìon Aine,  
Na Nis buaine t-Onoir.

3

Theid t-Eineach<sup>1</sup> s do naire,<sup>4</sup>  
Thar Eimeach a's uime,  
Gach File 'g rach sud  
Gu sìrhear 's noch diùltar.

<sup>1</sup> A good name. <sup>2</sup> Equally wise. <sup>3</sup> Men of learning.  
<sup>4</sup> Modestly.

b

4  
Òlar Fion a' do Bhaile,  
Siomad Chiar s' luchd Ealaídh  
Air Chlar-Dìsle<sup>1</sup> s' Fo-rainn,<sup>2</sup>  
T' air Mhìrann teachd a' d' Choinne.

5  
Laoich thréin dhéis lùth-mhor,  
G'am fhùigtheadh<sup>3</sup> Beachd adh-mhor.  
Is Sluagh teachd fa' d' Luchairt,  
Le Buaidh chreic o' d' Nauhadh.

6  
'N ear Ruaig dhuts gu dàna,  
D' an Duaghas blàth eilìtach  
Sud gheibhteadh a' d' Chòirse,  
Trenn laochraidh bhorb lùth-mhor

7  
S iomad Geur lann thana,  
Lann a's laidh buille,  
Cinn-bheirt clumhdaidh chorraich,  
Dhol an Tùs do Choimeisg.

8  
'N am Troid b' e t-Aither,  
Cuip a' blàth fa' Ùthar.  
T' iodhach bhith 'g a' caitheadh,  
'S Fìr ag lùbadh Inbhair.

9  
S an Ghreis Ghabhaidh gheibhteadh  
Do 'n Mheas chùraidh Ubbhail.  
Laoich eòrda sar-lann dhcas,  
Ag iomart na 'n Lùth-chleas,

10  
Do d' Naimhdibhs b' aithreach,  
Dol an dàil do Chòimeisg.  
'N ear a' Bhlair ann Taineag  
Dhoibh bu nàr an Turas.

11  
T-òighre Deadh mhac Dhonnachaidh,  
Lann ghlensta air Fiodhaidh,  
Fear nach maidhin<sup>4</sup> o' 'n Ar-fhaich,  
Sluagh nach d' fhuiling Iompach.

12  
Le 'm bui' near Buaidh Chosgair,  
Re Guala Rìgh sheasamh.  
S maith an gnìomh s' an Cosna,  
Gum Eagal roimh Ghabhadh.

13  
'N am Loidraidh na 'm Faobhar,  
Na b-Avaraich dhàna,  
Nach iarr Barant Saoghail,  
Lasair Cholg do b' ait leo.

14  
Dol gu garbh an Toital,  
Sram do Phìob air Faiche,  
Fìr le 'n diolthar Crosan,  
Or pealls e dearg-lasta,  
Am Barr Craim Eang shioda,

15  
Is G'arbh-laochraidh spàrta,  
Ann Seabal team dìonach.  
B' i Miann a' Mhìc adh-nhor,  
Oireachd a' bhì lion-mhor.

16  
Ag iomart an Taith-phleasg  
Am Pròin-lios an Thìona,  
Cho 'n innsear Beachd m' aine,  
Air Ar-mann na Feinm,  
Do Shìolach na 'm Flath e.  
S do Fhreamh na 'n Rìghre

17  
S e chualas mar Aithris  
Ag Ealaidh gach Tìre.  
Air teachd chum do Bhaile  
Nach b' Ainnis an Diola.

Nois ort-sa Thriath 'n Arair,  
Thog mi Caith-reàna na Firinn  
Is gu bu eian maireann  
Do Bhain-cheile gniomhaich

18  
Cho Bhaoghal na Fìr  
'S am Faoghar à Muigh  
Ta 'n Tàrar air fement T-ean,  
Chur Faoblar am Fuil,  
Cho teotha Buill, ùird  
Air Innin na 'm Bolg  
Na iomairt an Euilg  
Air Mìre le Feirg.

*Marbhar* do Aindrea Mac Pharlain, Fear na Tul-  
laoich iar dh'a 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 Atlasair  
Mac Pharlain Mhìstear an Arair.

Fo-bu an Leac-lighidh so gun suim  
Tha Gltaidh-pànteach air a' dhrum,  
B' fhearr gu 'n robh e an sin o' chian,  
'S iomad fulachd chaidh na bhian.  
Dh' òl e an Tullaich s' roin Mhìlecan  
An Tom-buidhe, Fionnairt s' an Ainibh,  
Shluig e an Goirtean s' a' coill,  
Chreach e na b-Ionragain le foill.  
Dogan Gearrain, s' seisear mhairt,  
Dh' òl e an Tairbeairt a' chasga a' thart,  
Dh' òl e an Tigh-bheachdadan na crùn  
Bu trìe 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 Ist, 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. 1769 Mr. Mac Lagan's collection. Gaelic.
4. 1789 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 Stan Dana. Gaelic.
8. 1895 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 Highland 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 collection of Gaelic Hymns in two vols., 12mo., pp. 84 and 61. He was schoolmaster at Kilmelford in Argyll, and afterwards accountant in Glasgow; when Reid wrote he was living at Loch Gilthead on Lochfyne. The hymns were composed by persons named. 50 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 returned. 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

<sup>1</sup> Backgammon. <sup>2</sup> Chess. <sup>3</sup> Capable of

<sup>4</sup> 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. 149.

## AN ADHAIDH DIOMHANAIS.

- 1 C'ia glie ata am beachann meanbh!  
Le geimneach is le stuaim,  
Ag trusadh meala fea' an la,  
As gach bláth 's aille snuagh.
- 2 C'ia h-colach a thog as i sté  
Gu seolt le ceir a suas?  
Ag tionál Ionmhuis measg an fheoir,  
Is loin air son an fhuachá.
- 3 Gu surdoil grundoil saothraicheams',  
Daonan mar i fein;  
Oir dheallh an Diubhal ole o chian,  
Do 'n diomhanach gun fheam.
- 4 Ann leubhadh slainté 's an dea' gnás  
Do ghnáth biom seasmaich, bun;  
Chum is gu d' thugainn suas faidheoidh,  
'S gach lo, dea' chuntas nam.

## 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-fhois an la  
Mar sguile, no mar cheò  
No mar bhòis-geadh grein air fair  
A dealradh ro' dhu ucòil.

## IV.

Air aonach mar na tuilth uisg,  
Gun tuisleadh dol na leum;  
No mar cheathach air barr bheann,  
No cloch le gleann na reis.

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 21th 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 Cuichullin, or both drew the idea from a common source.

'Druim do thighe ri einnein 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 got 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 variously 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; 29 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 Treannmor  
Is eian on thuinich a shluasair an 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 *Leinsterian* and *Mithach* a *Munsterian*, which terms or patronymics are frequently met with in the "Poems of Ossian" . . . He goes on to

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

*Cathall*, his son, succeeded, and on his demise *Floath*, 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 *Dunade* forward to *Stirling*, *Dunadail*, *Dunbarban*, and to the *Mill of Kildyge*, 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 *Ossair's* corpse to *Tara* (properly *Temhera*, 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 £01. 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 gentled appearance.' Shabby gentled 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 20*l*. 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 Dhiarnaid," and 51 of "Urigh Oisicn."'

The first collection now begins with page 8 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, 25th 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) DUN-AN KESSELY.'

This MS. contains 181 pages.

The following are lists of contents copied from page 11 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 11.*

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 Bork, the son of the King of S macha, 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 Cnadh Killt Sziathan, the son of the King of Scairbh	15	33
7.	How Goll kill a hundred of the Clann Boazge in wrestling	17	36
8.	How Fingal and Goll cast out hunting the Leana	33	38
9.	How Liur made peace between Fingal and Goll	32	43
10.	How Ben 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 Rochel was killt by the Heroes	11	55
13.	How Fingal, with six of his nobles, were enchanted to go to keep war with Chan Chuilgolan 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 Charmor came to the Heroes named Harl-scul 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 Gaoille killed a Fairy, who was in the shape of a wild Boar	26	73
20.	How Cavalte 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 Diarmuid (Prose and verse)	22	100
24.	How Ossair and Diarmuid kept war with Fingal in Newry	53	107
25.	How Diarmuid was killt	86	116
26.	How Goll died	72	128
27.	How Garay and the Heroes' women died	38	140
28.	How Ossair was killt	145	145
29.	A Dialogue passed between St. Peter and Ossian	71	168
30.	The Heroes' Lament	17	179

Verses, 1,112. Lines, 4,448.

## THE CONTENTS.

### (2nd Collection. Vol. I.)

	Gaelic.	English.	Page.
1.	Ferguinn, Dan . . .	Ferguin, a Poem . . .	1
2.	Manus, Dan . . .	The Invasion of Manus . . .	10
3.	Muire-borb, Dan . . .	Muirebork, a Poem . . .	21
4.	Carbun, Dan . . .	The Defeat of Carhoun . . .	26
5.	Sliabh nam Bean Fhinn . . .	The Fir Hills . . .	29
6.	Bas Dhoirg . . .	The Death of Durg . . .	31
7.	Bas Chuan . . .	The Death of Con . . .	40
8.	Lair Dan . . .	King Lear . . .	46
9.	An Leana . . .	Conflict of Leana . . .	51
10.	Ban an Oig . . .	The Golden Hill . . .	56
11.	An Cui Dubh . . .	The Black Dog . . .	60
12.	Gleann Dhuair . . .	The Saltery Vale . . .	63
13.	Conall . . .	Conall revenging the Death of Con-halin . . .	66
14.	Bas Chiuin-dhoich . . .	The Death of Conlach . . .	74

## THE CONTENTS.

### (2nd Collection. Vol. II.)

	Gaelic.	English.	Page.
15.	Bas Dhoir-maid . . .	The Death of Dornid . . .	91
16.	Bas Chruil . . .	The Death of Cruil . . .	117
17.	Bas Ghall . . .	The Death of Gall . . .	121
18.	Bas Ghiorbh . . .	The Death of Garf . . .	131
19.	Bas Osear . . .	The Death of Osear . . .	137
20.	Tairbh nam Fhinn . . .	The Finghian's Lament . . .	157
21.	Bas Oisicn . . .	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 Culgart, near Tarbart, Kintyre.
2. John Morrison, Kilduglan, near Lochgilphead, Glasie.
3. Alex. Ferguson, Auchnasheich, near Kilmilelach, commonly called Alistir Gasta.
4. Alex. Mac Larty, Cornubeg Craignish, known by the name of Alistir Mac Eain.
5. Nicol Mac Intyre, Polundich, Lorn, near Kilmiver.
6. John Mac Dougal, Dunmaran Lochvich, and his brother Allan, known by the name of Alvin Bin non Oran, Parish of Dalavich.
7. John Mac Phail, Barglenmore, Parish of Kilmivier.
8. Malcolm Mac Phail, Parish of Kilmelford.
9. Mac Phee, from Glenforsa in Mull, residing in the Island of Belnahy, 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 Belnahy.
13. Niel (Ban) Mac Larty, a fiddler in Craignish, formerly from the Island of Luing.
14. Gilbert Mac Arthur, Kilmichael, Glasie.
15. John Mac Loan, Dugie Ardgour, 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 Lechaber, 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 '*Fionnugall*' in Gaelic. He is translated '*Fingal*' throughout in English. In two verses are references to '*Morven*,' or '*Morbhann*,' or '*a Mhorain*.' 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 Maclaggan, 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. 151, "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 Ghaibh* is less poetical and more obscure than *Tennnach 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 *Iosmhint* 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 '*Chon Usnachain*' with Mac Pherson's English '*Darthula*,' '*Bàs Oscar*' 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. 79) 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 'Ulin,' '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

<sup>1</sup> 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, 309, 367, 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 Books.'*—Dr. Smith quotes J. C. Walker ('Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards,' London, 1786, 4to, 636 i. Brit. Mus.), 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 these 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 Tóir Níobh*. P. 39.

On referring to Walker, the words are *Mar Mharbh Diarmaid an Tóir Níobh*, 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 III are 200 lines of the Irish '*Líof Na Sálpa*,' 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, Vallaney, 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 II, 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 351 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 Laichlan 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 5,446, with other texts which remain in the rough. The Doctor had 4,448 lines of Text II, 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 Morluibh . . . . .	530 ..
	15,897 ..

besides 54,000 lines of Ballads.

I find four or five distinct sets of poetry existing about 1759. 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 KILLIANAN and MILLTOWN famous for its ever amazing and elegant Subterraneous Curiosities, called the TOMMS. They form a Part of the River Midway between KILLIANAN House and the Castle of MILLTOWN, extending for a space which (from its Invisible Whirling 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 Indelicacy 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 egregiously 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. Standish 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 Dalnaly in Argylshire.

The Report mentions:—

1. *Ossian agus an Cleirich, or the Battle of Magnus.*
2. *Mac Mharbh Dìonaid an Toir.*
3. *Mac Mharbhath Bran.*
4. *Uraigh 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 Dalnaly and Loch Awe side, Blair, and Morven, to repeat and to write Gaelic poems attributed to Oisèin, 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. (1759). 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 '*Uccarat*.' In 1871 the slaying of *Ubbal-banbhaidh*, a well-known character, who gave Gull 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 'Goul, Mac Trathal, Mac Arslit, Rìogh 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  
*Oisèin* eget.'

Text J., its story, and commentary prove that two Poets were in the field—'Oisèin,' 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, 309; 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 Dalnally. 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 Druman, 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 Scotel 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 1789, '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. 59); (3) the third fragment was identified by Mac Arthur with the 'Death of Oscar,' Book I.; Temora (Clark's Ossian, vol. ii, p. 209) with 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 29, 21, 23, 24, 25, of 'Comhrag Fhèin agus Mhàinn.'

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 Aithe agus do Mairiannan.' 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 1630.

Mac Donald's Islay Charter, now published, writings by the Beaton's, &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 1597, 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. 56 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. Oisem, his son . . . . .	13
3. Oscar, his grandson . . . . .	13
4. Fionhan, his son . . . . .	6
5. Iobhann, his son . . . . .	3
6. Caroll, his son . . . . .	6
7. Fergus, his son . . . . .	4
8. Dòmhaid, his twin sister's son . . . . .	6
9. Dòmhaid, or C. the, his kinsman . . . . .	4
These are all of one tribe, the Clanna Boadighe.	
10. Goll, Fionn's rival . . . . .	12
11. Conam, Goll's brother . . . . .	6
12. Garaidh, his brother . . . . .	1

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

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

*Fionach* and the *Children of Uisnech* 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 Malruin* 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 Cheullen 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 Galhra, 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 Moll of Ceantire, 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 Conlaoh 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.'

10th. 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 Diarmid 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, Ulin, 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 were 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, 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 Diarmid, 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. M. 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 1808. 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 236 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 gullibility, 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 Fenine 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 Torasay.

'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 Gaidem and Isles of Alba.' April, 1803.

### Page 1. ROIME-RAITE.

An began so' leanas do spruidhleach Eachdraidh na Feinne; Ata nois air a ghabhail ann an sgrìobhadh o bheuldas Dhomhnill Mhic an Leathain, a rugadh Bliadna cuig deng. Thuair an duinsa chuid a's mo da t-seanachas o Chalum Mac Phail a th' shean-athair sa rinn trì-féid Nolluig mhór sa dhà ann am Baile gan ainm Rothill ann an Sgìothreachd Thorasay.

Le Iain Mhic Mhuirich Maighistir—sgoil san Eilein Mhuilceach; aon do th' seirbhisich na cùideachd Urramich 'ta chum eolas Chroisda sgaolaidh feadh Gaidhealtachd agus Eileana na h' Albann.

April, 1803.

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

For example, he writes '*Cubhal*,' and makes the proper name mean Fionn's *mother*, apparently because 'bandmaid' is the biblical rendering of the word which he spelt. '*Cannall*' was the spelling in 1100. '*Cannhall*' is the usual orthography, and all other authorities, from the 'Book of Leinster' down to living Mull men, say that Cannhall 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 *Leiphaidheal* (Land of the Gáid).

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

Deich bliadlana boam léir bhlaith a bhlaithaas *oirir* Alban.

Ten years was Loarn (a notable thing) in the office of prince of the district (firian) 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 Gáid. The Western Gáid pronounce '*Cannitire*' as if it meant *head land*. In spite of all this, in 1872 a Highlander spelt *Earr-Gáid* out of his own head, and translated his own orthography *Tail* of the Highlands, because the *head land*, *Cantire*, 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 the originals of Mac Pherson's—

1. *Darbhuidh*, for which there is no text of Mac Pherson's;
2. *Conloch and Cuthann*, &c., 184 lines.

Of 10,232 lines of Mac Pherson's Gaelic texts printed in 1807, 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—30 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 Cantire, 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. Gallic, 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. Gallic. 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 Kildonnan, in Sutherland.
  5. Mr. Mac Donald of Staffa (Text P.).
  6. General Mackay.
  7. *Archibald Fletcher* 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. 198.

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.	121 " 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.	157 " Dr. Smith's Gaul, Sean Dana (see Texts H. I.).
	184.	24 " Leala Ghuil from Mr. Mac Diarmid (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. 199. 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. 1869. 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 Emmanuel, 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 Darthula, 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. 1693. A manuscript was finished at Dunstaffnage, October 12, 1693. It contains a tale about the Fénme 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 Ardechnon 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 Oisein.'

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. 339 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 of—can be identified with passages in Kennedy's collection.'

It is a serious study to pick out quotations from Kennedy and to replace them. By carefully selecting detached sentences, a good deal of Milton's 'Paradise Lost' may 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 Craea,' '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 Scotch-Irish story told in the poems which he broke up.

He took bits of 'Conlaobh,' 'The Lay of the Heads,' 'Cuchullin's Car,' 'The Flags,' 'Manus,' 'Erragon,' 'Mae Stairn,' 'Ossian's Courtin,' 'The Prince of Soreha,' '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 Scotch-Irish history told as Dialogues between Oisain 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 Stratlnaver, 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 Eidin, 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 Sor's Son. 104 lines.  
Captain John Mc Donald, Thurso.
4. Description of Cuchullin's Horses. 12 lines.  
Captain John Mc Donald, Thurso.
5. Dibir Dhuighe, or the Battle of Lora. 84 lines.  
By Geo Mac Kay in Dalvighouse, Parish of Farr, aged 55.  
John Mac Kay, Knockbreac, Parish of Durness, aged 58.  
Donald Mackenzie, Duartbeg, Parish of Eddrachilles, aged 61.
6. Conn Mac 'n Deirg, at Leirg. 116 lines.  
Geo. Mackay in Dalvighouse, Farr, aged 55.  
John Mackay, Durness, aged 50.  
John Mackenzie, Duartbeg, Eddrachilles.  
Alex. Mc Rae, Gerloch, as above.
7. 'N Teilginnich nòr, or Eiridh Mhonaiss. 80 lines.  
Alex. Mackay, in Ribbigill, Parish of Tongue, aged 63.
8. Duan Dhuirag. 60 lines.  
Alex. Mackay, Tongue, as above.  
John Mackay, Durness, aged 50.  
John Mackenzie, Duartbeg, Eddrachilles.
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; licens. 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. 20th 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. Stubbard, 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 2s. With it are songs to gentlemen in the Isle of Skye, by Lachann Mac Tomhain, 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 neeromancers (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 Phadrnig Mhic an Tuarnair  
Gur mòr a thug mi luaidh dhut  
Na 'n taebradh tu 'n Gleann Ruadh rium  
Gun costann nan 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 archaeology. 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 Usnech 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, Clerk, &c., 1841. 1,262 lines.*

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

'Sar Chair 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 'Tonmore, 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 'Tonmore, the Isle of great waves,' 'one of the Orades.' The story of 'Colmala and Orwi,' in which this chief appears, is like that of 'Fraoeh,' 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; train, glen.'

That clearly is the Badenoch English which Mac Pherson also spoke, when he rhymed, in 1758, 'Array and sea; away, 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 religion, 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, promiseously 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 eave in the days of his grey hairs' (p. 122).

Then he tells a story about his father, 'Tomdubh (? Black Tom). Beuve, and Balden, and Dungeal, Sulgorma, Miuag, 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 eaves, 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).

'*Buachlach 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 Phersonian 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 mhadainn aig ùirdh lè r mialchoin  
Gu muirneach, maiseach, gasda, guimhach,  
Lubach, leacach, glaeach, sgiamhach,  
Carach, cabrach, enagach, fiamhach.

#### II.

'Nam da 'n ghrèin dol air a huilinn (feminine)  
(Gu fulteach, reubach; gleusda, gunnach,  
Srapach, 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 *Callath*, 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 Caitness and Tiree collections of (5 poems) are copied from the original letters of the collector, Mr. Cumming:—The foregoing poems were taken at the mouth of Christina Sutherland, or Widow Simpson, on April 19 and 20, 1854, by George MacLeod, late teacher, Dunbeath, and James Cumming, Rangaz, parish of Latheron.

\* This Christina Sutherland is the daughter of Wm. S., one of the tenants of Forsaunard, 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 mouth 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 *Isbèl Blàin*, 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 chinn*, as long as any of the above. *Duan na mnatha*, of considerable length; and *Duan an Amadan mhoir*.

As to his Tlire 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 Alisteir 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 *sgreulachd* chronicles of Ossian and less ancient persons. He stated that this same old man prefaced a song or a *sgreulachd* 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 Ceannmhòr Tyree called 'Leabraidh Dhìarmaid' (Diarmid'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 dh' inìch' and "Sin mar labhair."

'But I must exit 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 Ghabhrua.' 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 Oisèin 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 Tìree, that somebody there could repeat 'Coun Mac an Doirg.'

In 1871 the Policeman in Tìree, who is a native of Ardnamurchan, 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 Tìree, gave me a list of 8 Tìree 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. II., 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 Eacheeran, 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:—

Mae 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, Arlinkilgals.
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 Vicer, 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 Lomuidh, Lismore.
11. Padraig Buibhe, Fisher, &c., Islay.
12. Janet 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 MacKinnon, Tailor, S. Uist.
18. Angus Mac Donald, Constable, S. Uist.
19. Catharine Mac Queen, S. Uist.
20. Connach Garmichael, 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  $\frac{2}{3}$  ends; 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:

1612. 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. . . . .	81		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 Favourite 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 Timbrel 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 Oisein's Last Hunt . . . . .	38	19 The Adventure of the Hag . . . . .	59
5 Oisein Building for Padruig . . . . .	39		

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60	150	1	213
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62	152	3	214
63	155	4	214
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		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, Nidriy 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 Cuclullain' 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-ehomhchaluinn 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 'Conlaach,' 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 Cuchullain, 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. *Garbh mac Stairn*, p. 3.
5. *Conlaach*, p. 9.
6. *The Heals*, 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 LAY 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 fekkich fowich  
Feine eltych laye za lectiwe
- 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 chonleieh  
Ni hoynni giderring dalwe  
Ser winn eholla in gallow
- 5 Gawis in crann tawill  
Glan cochullin gi . . .  
In lawe bi wath troir  
Er mor ni hoynene gr . . .
- 6 Ryntyr in nelyeh wo  
Ner zarmit umpith ach awyr,  
Gawis awyr racht fane rynn  
Dayveine ner chart a chieve
- 7 Gelytr wee no errik sin  
Ni koad oyne eli zayvir  
Lar dorchrith er teive a chnok  
La creif ni norehr nerrik
- 8 In gen tryle biegid gow caith  
Za ance gin neigiss noynach  
Ni roc fer gin oe orri  
Wei slawre or datrych
- 9 Hug bancheill chongullin  
Graw diuani di wllim  
Din charrait eintych aynee  
Hanik a ymuill olanith
- 10 Agris ayvr in nolt trwme  
A cu rith er chongullin  
Ni hoyne mir gylle deith  
Gin skail na lvi umpith
- 11 Da oyr no tre tiller leis  
Ni hoyne aldyth sner ammis  
Gir leme conf mir a char  
Iii wrechir hor ni hannich
- 12 In hurchir reyve royve  
Sen zol di zaltane gawffee  
Gin vrn er wrane di wlyg  
Ryef ach keym sin allane
- 13 Re bleygin ni deach zea  
Ach trwss nin nane seach  
Ne hay ymichtych nin nane  
Is inleut ach in twrskail
- 14 Mass fer in dathris a woigr  
Nach darn in cow ou chref  
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. I. Gillies, p. 211. 13 lines. 1786.

CHUR e an claidheamh, fada, fiorchruaidh,  
Fulanach, tean, tainie, gear,  
'S a cheann air a chur ann gu socair,  
Mar chuis mholta gan dochair lein,  
'S e gu direach, diasadach, dubh-ghorm,  
'S e cultuidh, cumtadh, comalach,  
Gu leathan, Bobhadh, Bobharaidh,  
Gu socair, sasadh, so-bhuailte,  
Air laimh-chli a' ghaisgich ;

Gur aisaiche do naimhdean a sheachnadh.  
Na tachairt ris 's an am sin :  
Cha bu lughe no cnoe sleibh,  
Gach ceum a dbeanadh 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' mhagh  
'N carbad air bheil an dual fighara fionduinn  
Air a dbeanadh gu luthmhor, lamhach, tachdail  
Far am bu lughor 's far am bu laidir
- 8 'S far am bu lan-ghlic am pobul ur  
'S a' chathair fhrasanta rannuidh,  
Caol, cruanidh, clochara. cobhuidh ;  
Ceithir eich chliabh-mhor '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, steudmhor
- 16 Le sreunaibh chaol, laimnire, limhor,  
Mar leug, no mar chaoir-theine dearg ;  
Mar ghluasad loidh creuchda maosleic ;  
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, stuadmhor, laidir,
- 24 Threisimhor, stuagmhor, luathmhor, taghmhor  
A bheireadh sparradh air sgeiribh na fairge as  
an caraigibh.  
Na h-eich mheargantach, tharagaideach, threisead-  
ach,  
Gu stugmhor, lughmhor, dearsa fhionn,  
28 Mar spur iollaire ri gnuis ana-bheathaich,  
D'an goirear an liathmhor mhaiseach  
Mheachtruidh, mhor, mhuirneach.  
Ciod a chimear sa' charbad sin ?
- 32 Chimear sa' charbad sin  
Na h-eich chinn-fhionn, chrodh-fhionn, chaol-  
chiasach,  
Ghrinn-ghruagach, stobhradach, cheannardach,  
Srol-bhreideach, chliabh-flarsuinn,
- 36 Bheag-aosda, bheag-ghaoidsneach, bheag-chluas-  
ach,  
Mhor-ehridheach, mhor-chruthach, mhor-chuim-  
neanach'  
Seanga, seudaith, is iad searachail,  
Breagha, beadara, boilgeanta, baoth-leumnach
- 40 D'an goireadh iad an Dabh-seimhlin.  
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' fraodhare dha.  
Tha se meoir chnamhach reamhar
- 48 Air gach laimh tha teachd o' ghuailinn.  
Tha seachd fuilteana fionn air a cheann ;  
Folt donn ri tointe a chinn  
'S folt sleamhuinn dearg air-uachdar,  
'S folt fionn-bhuidh air dhath an oir,  
'S na faireill air a bharr 'ga chumail  
D'an ainm Cuchulin mac Seimh-snailli.
- 52 Mhic Aoidh, mhic Aigh, mhic Aoidh cile,  
56 Tha 'eudan mar dhrithleana dearg,  
Lughmhor air leirg, mar luath-cheathach sleibhe,  
No mar luathas cille faomaich,  
No mar mhaigheach air machair-mail.

- 60 Gu'm bu cheum tric, ceum luath, ceum muirneach  
Na h-eacha a' teachd chumgairn,  
Mar shneachd ri snogheud nan sliosaihb  
Ospartaich agus una-thartaich
- 64 Nan eachaibh g'a t-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 chinur
- 4 Tithinn thugibh as a' mhaozh.  
An carbad air am bel an dual fighara fionduinn  
Air a dhianabh gu luathmhar lamhach taemhal  
Far mo lutha agus far mo laidir
- 8 Agus far mo langhlic am pobul ur  
'S a' chathair fhrasanta rannuidh  
Caol cruai clochara colobhu  
Cether ifera chleamhor a chaomh charbad sin.
- 12 Cud a chimur 's a charbad sin  
Chimur 's a charbad sin.  
Na leich bhalgionn chalgionn chluasbheg  
Shlios-tana bhastana cachmhor steudmhor
- 16 Le streinibh eol laimhir lumhar  
Mar leig na mar chaoir theine dheirg  
Mar ghluaisda chreachdai laoi alluinn  
Mar fharara gaol chruai gearbrai
- 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 stuagmhor lumhor tadhmhor  
Bheirigh sparag fi fua na fairge asa caraicibh  
Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin  
Chimur 's a charbad sin.
- 28 Na h eich bhareach thareach thresadach  
Gu stumhor lumhor dnarsinn  
Mar spuir iolair ri gnuis ainbheach  
Dha'n gioradh an liamhor mhaiseach
- 32 Mheactroi mhor mhuirneach.  
Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin  
Chimur 's a charbad sin.  
Na h eich chiuinn chroiddhionn chaolesach
- 36 Ghrinn-ghruagach stobhradach, cheannardach  
Srol-bhreidich, chliabh-flarsuinn  
Bheg aosda, bheg ghaoidsneach, bheg chluasach  
Mhorehri'ach mhor chru'ach, mhor chuimhlean  
ach
- 40 Seangh, seadi, isiad, searachail  
Briadhla, beadara, baioisgeanda baoleumnach  
Dhan gioradh iad an Duseimhlin.  
Cud a chimur annsa charbad sin
- 44 Bhithigh na shuighe 's a charbad sin.  
Laoch cumaiseach, cumhachach, degh-fhoclach  
Libbara, loinneara demhaiseach  
Tha seac meireid air a ruinn
- 48 S'ar linn gur math a fradhare dha  
Bha sia meoir chnamhach reamhar  
Air gach lamh dhe ghualinn do  
Bha sia fhuilt fiondai air a cheann
- 52 Falt donn re tonnibh a chinn  
Falt sleamhuinn dearg air uachgar  
S'falt fionnabhui air dhath an oir  
Sna faireill air a bharr ga chunnabhail
- 56 Dhan ainm Cuchullin mac Seuh Sualti  
Mhic U, mhic Ai, mhic Ai cile  
Tha adann mar brithine deirg  
Luthmhar air leirg mar lu' cheach sleibhe
- 60 Na mar chruas cranda celta airghe  
Na mar mhiad air mhachair mhiad  
Gann bu tro tric, tro luath, tro mhuirneach  
Na heachibh tithinn U'orrunn
- 64 Mar sneachda ri snaitbagh na sliosabh  
Ospartaich agus una-thartaich
- 66 Na h eacuibh gu tiunsai.

X. 1. CARBAD ALAIRE CHUCULLIN. 1862.  
Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lachlan, Edinburgh, Jan. 31, 1872.  
Sgeulaichte-Eachun Donullach 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 ie Eoghain, air Carbadan Cuchulluin) Carbad Conhraig agus Carbad Alba Cuchullin. Cha chuala sibh riamh na bhaig do bhardaich Oisein. Is eumhine leamsa nuair bha mi og 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 gheanhradh agns a chunnaic sibh tigh bail reamh. Moire 's an sin a bha an oigire ann an aite so, agus am palteas ag duine agus beothach. Ach chuir na faoirich mhór as do 'n aite 's cha 'n fhaigh-eann an dingh ann ach iad fein' Seanachaidh.

- 1 NA h-eich liobhach laigreach lothar,  
'S na spuir oir fotha (fopa ?),  
Sith-flhada shitsheang,
- 4 Beag-chlìach beag ghaoisneach, beag chluasain,  
Mor euhthach mor cheach, mor chuailcanach  
Fuinich '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 I.  | 151 lines | } versions of the same ballad.                      |
| 2 F I.  | 210 lines |   |
| 3 O I.  | 225 lines | } story, language, rhythm, and names different.     |
| 4 O 2.  | 82 lines, | a popular tale, joined to the name.                 |
| 5 Q I.  | 64 lines, | no story, vague Mac Phersonic poetry.               |
| 6 D 31. | 40 lines, | translation, by Mac Nicol, of D I, first 10 verses. |

772 lines

The first two, independently collected about 1750, associate Garbh with Cuchullin's warriors. The second, got near Dunkeld, 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. I. 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 ba do labhradh;  
Lom lan na'n Cnan clannich,  
Do Longis mor na'n Albharich.
- 2 Bregich hu Dhorsair gu Muadh,  
Bregich hu Diu 's gach ion uiar;  
She lan Longas mor na Maoidh  
Se tease huginna gar coir.
- 3 Ha ion Laoich an Doris Teiridh  
An Port an Riodh gu ro mhennich;  
Gra gu gei 'ir leis gun cal,
- 4 'S gu ga geal air Feribh Erin.  
Hugidh mis arsa Cuth raoidh;  
Arainn agus O'Connachir;
- 5 Fear dian Taoibh gheil,  
'S Fraoich fial Mac Fini
- 6 Aoig mase àrà a ghluin gheil,  
'S Caoilte ro-ghéal Mac Ronan.
- 7 Na tig air sin a Chu Riodh,  
Na cantir chomhradh gun ehlì;  
Cha eborigh ris gan Fhail,  
Air ard Rìoghachd na Herin.
- 8 Chonnaich sin coig Caha deng,  
Nu Dhamharibh as m'm Breng;  
Du thair a Gharibh a's Tir Hoir.  
Au Maoidh Gallan nan Corag;
- 9 Sin nar luirt Conuil Cearclidh,  
Sonn Chatha na Clainn Tearach;  
Cha deid mi fein ris an ghuin,  
'S cha bhù 's colach mi nu Chlesibh.
- 10 'Sin nar huirt Meoidh hall a Stidh,  
Inn Ocbidh Flath na Fenidh,  
Na leigibh oglich nan Cath  
Stidh do hugh Teridh nan Rìogh lath.
- 11 Sin nar hurt Conuil gu coir  
Daol Mhac ahu edir sgeoil,  
Cha bhì ro ghraita Bhean,  
Gun duilt sinnidh ri haoin 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 mhaoidhin bharradh ià;  
Heale Snaois air a gha Shlaoith,  
'Sghlac Conuil a Claidh.
- 14 Hug iad a stidh an sin Dronnadh,  
Chend do Bhiadh agus do Dhìbh 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 coir;  
Huge sealtin air a nuil,  
Air Caoigid Mac Riodh mu himcheal.
- 16 Sin nar huirt Briehgain gu Muadh,  
Mac Mhic Caribridh fan Chraoibh ruadh;  
Fear is Faoilte dhuit gun eale ar  
A fianis faribh Erin.
- 17 Macanichd Erin uile dhuit san ams,  
A Bhrìclan B'harbhuidh,  
Fad sa bhis misa an Riodh gu tean  
Ar ard rìodhae na Herin.
- 18 Bhrabinsa dhuit na Braidin  
Ana fadhe tu na Tantin  
Bu leat Lugha Mae Curiodh,  
'S Tiabhidh mac Ghoridh,
- 19 Fear dian taoibh gheil,  
'S Fraoich fial Mac Fini,  
Aaoig Mac aradha Ghluin gheil,  
'S Caoilte ro gheal Mac Ronan.
- 20 Lul' im 's dearmid am Bhsoidh,  
Deo Mhac Rìgh-Lehin labidh;  
Cormag an Lungais gu Muadh  
Mac Mhìe Caribridh faoin Chraoibh ruaidh,
- 21 Buirni Borruadh 's borh e stidh,  
'S buin leat gu luadh faoi Fhearis.
- 22 Ghaidh an sin na Mic Rìodh,  
An ann Tìbh Teridh gu fìor;  
Agus schuridh iad a Muadh,  
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 Lonair.
- 24 Sin nar huir Brichegain gu Mnaidh,  
Mac Mhic Caribridh on Chraibh ruaidh;  
Cia horidhe dhuit dal ad Luing,  
'Shu gun gheil o Chuchulin.
- 25 Bheil aig Cuchulin Mac na Nighin  
A sgeile Glac innis gu fìor a Bhrichgain:
- 26 Cha neil aig Cuchulin Mac no Nighin,  
A sgeile Glac, na Daltar Banni Brahdh;  
Na machd Dilis deo mhair,
- 27 Ach bansa leis Naois 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 Ni 'n feara misi na Snios  
Nan fear, Laoich a cho Aois;  
Ach dhinga Snios Ri Hor 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 bhidhan udhich  
'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 Allabharich.
- 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 Clair  
Fuaim Laoin aig Gaoidh nan Gleann,  
Fh Seleo nan Curidh co tean.
- 36 Seachd oiche agus seach Lo,  
Hug iad an sa 'n 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 o Bhruan gu Bran  
An Scia Eugich Orridh.
- 39 A Choin Chulin ainnich Triach,  
Agamsa cha mhair mo Scia;  
Ach aonna cheim Teiche noir na niar,  
Cha tug mi ribh 's mi 'm bheidh.
- 40 Heig Cuchulin uaidhe Scia,  
Air an aiche oir as Jar,  
Gab ennich shud bole an Fhaoil,  
Le Mhaibh uaisle na Herin.
- 41 Ach hug Cuchulin Beum eile,  
Le moid a Mhemidh sa' scennidh;  
Togadar an Lamb leis an lan,  
Searar Cean o 'n Choleiu.
- 42 Macanichd Erin uile  
Dhuitsa uamsa, arsa Connil,  
Agus an ciad Choin gun Eall,  
An a fianis Feribh Erin.
- 43 Ni Gnialh ar Gili na 'n Cuan,  
Credidh an Rìgh maras dual  
Laba 'n ion Laoich mar a ta

- 44 Ha ion Laoich an so a lha air Saul  
Ha nis gun asbig le innairt shlaigh  
Bha triall gu Teridh nan torr tean  
Ghabhail Gail air Feribh Erin.

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

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

Do Bhesidh fhrì Mhoir a hanig as an Etra, na bitidh  
na bu Leidhe stigh, dheibhe tu nagh as faoilte hin Tai-  
rishe leum air faoilte, gus an gìa mur Braide gus an curin  
an am Luing Raoinn Mhic Rìgh na herin.

'N sin thainig an Dorsair a steach do thaidh Teamhradh  
nam beumnan 'schrath e 'n t slabhruidh gu tean Rì'n  
eisteadh na ceudin.

#### F. 1. DUAN A GAIRBH MHC STAIRN.

210 lines. 1750.

AN dha teachd a thoirt Geil air Rìgh, Eirinn, agus  
mur Gheil iad uild dha gus an do dhuit Cuchullin ris a  
Gheil, an t aon do na Fiannaibh a lha 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 Eirtech a Rìgh na Teimhre,  
Chi mi luingeas mòr 'se labhran;  
Lom lan nan euan is e clamaach,  
Do luingeas mor nan Allannireach.
- 2 Is brengach thu dhorsair gu mnaidh,  
'S brengach thu 'n diu 's gach aon uair;  
'S th' ann luingeas nam maogh,  
'S an Fhian 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 neir gu dorus na Teimhre.
- 4 Do bheannaich an dorsair dha ghu màlt,  
Is dh' fhiosraich e cò as do;  
Is dh' fhreagar air fear mor gu nimhe,  
Thainig na thoirt gèil air Connul.
- 5 'S ni 'n gabhain eumha na ceart,  
Ach Eirinn uile teachd fui'm smachd;  
'S gach flath 's gach Rìgh dhu thoirt umbluidh  
A dh' aindeoin Chonnul 's a luchd comhnaidh.
- 6 Creud d'am bheil agamsa dheth,  
Ach dearnam do sgeula;  
Agus innsidh mi thu gun fheall,  
Ann an làthair fearaibh Eirinn.
- 7 Is dh' imich an dorsair a steach,  
Do dh' ard Teimhre nam Beumnan;  
Is chrath e an t slabhruidh gu teann,  
Ris an eisteadh na ceudan.
- 8 Sin 'nuai' thuirte Connul gu còir,  
Deadh mhae Rìgh an Eidir sgeòil;  
Am bheil allannuireach a muigh.
- 9 Tha aon laoch an dorus na Teimhre,  
An am porsa an Rìgh ro mleanuach;  
Is e ag radh gun gabhair leis gun fheall,  
'S gun gabh gèil air fearaibh Eirinn.
- 10 Do bha Corrach thall a stigh,  
Is ard Rìgh-bachar na Teimhre;  
Fionn mac Rìgh roaigh  
An ceathramh cuiridh co muca.
- 11 Chuige mise 'n dubhirt Curiogh,  
Arann agus O Couachir;  
Aog mac Garadh a Ghlinn-ghil,  
Is Caoilte glegheal Mac Roinan.
- 12 Na tig air sin a Churiogh,  
'S na canta comhra gun chli;  
Cho torachair leis gun fhòil,  
Gèil air rìghaichd Eirinn.

- 13 Mur e 'n Garbh Mac Stairn a t' ann,  
On' Ghrèig namharaidh ro ghaire;  
Bheir e leis ar grèill air muir,  
Dh' aindeoin fearaibh Fiannaibh.
- 14 Chummaic mi cuig eatha deuga,  
Do chathan Phamhairde 's ni'm breug;  
Aig breath san tìr Shour air a Gharbh,  
A' maogh Ganain nan goirean.
- 15 Bheirise briathar Rìgh arm,  
Fhearaidh àilidh na h-Eirinn;  
Nach do leig an Garbh iad o'n mhaogh,  
Gus 'n do ghabh è grèil gach aon fhìr.
- 16 Sin 'nuair dubhirt Connall earnaeh,  
Ùrsan chatha nan blagh toimhreach.  
Cho d' theid mi fein ris dam bhain,  
Cho mho is eolach mi na bheusan.
- 17 Sin 'nuair dubhirt geat mac Machith,  
'N laoch b' fhuarast aithsean;  
Cha deach mi riabh aon cheum sor na siar,  
A dh' fholum gaisge a' huddligheachd.
- 18 Tabhair mo ghìt thal' sì stigh,  
Inghin o chli' Flath na feile;  
Na leigibh oghach nan Cath,  
Do thigh teimhre nan Rìgh-fhlath.
- 19 Sin 'nuair dubhirt Connall gu còir,  
Deadh mhac aluin an eidsirgeoil;  
Cho bhì 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 sloigh;  
Ionad cheud arcitichadh dhò san t sreth;  
Mnna chuireadh e na shuighe.
- 21 Feargus mac Rossain ie Rà,  
'N laoch a b' àirde dhe fearaibh Fàil,  
Cho b' àirde Fearguth a stigh,  
No' a Garbh Mac Stairn 'na shuidhe.
- 22 Pronn cheud do bhiaidh 's do dhibhe,  
Chuidh a dheanamh dosan gun fluireach;  
Sa thoit re na ehaiteamh don fhear mhòr,  
Thainig as an Eassa Roimh.
- 23 'Nuair bu shaitheach don fhear mhòr,  
'S a thuigeas greis air an òl;  
Thug se sail uaithe nua,  
Air chaogad mac Rìgh mu thimchioll.
- 24 Do bheathsa fhìr mhòir,  
Thainig as an Eass a roimh;  
'S na bitheadh mi bu leithe steach,  
Gheabha thusa fiail is faoilte.
- 25 Cho tairis leam air faoilte,  
Gus an iadham mur ar braide;  
Gus an cuir fàn an nam luig a steach,  
Rìghu mhic Rìgh na h-Eirinn.
- 26 Sin 'nuair ghabha na mie Rìgh,  
Ann an Tigh Teamhre gu fìor;  
'S a chuireadh iad a muigh,  
Don treun laoch na lathair.
- 27 Ge bu laothadh gach fear dhiubh sin,  
No an Garbh mac Stairn stann hiaclach;  
Cho tialuigheadh fear siar no soir,  
Dhiabh an asinn a ghuimh lomidh.
- 28 Sin 'nuair thuirte Briehni gu muadh  
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 taintean;  
Bain leat Lugha mae o Rìgh,  
Agus Fiamh mae Gorigh.
- 30 Agus mae Garadh a Ghluin ghil,  
Is Caoilte ro Gheal mae Ronain,  
Fear Dian taobh ghil,  
Agus Faoch fiail mae Fiuic.
- 31 Luagha sgia argumeid am blagh,  
Deadh mhac Rì leathan Lùenìs,  
Cormaig an Luingeas gu muadh  
Mac mhic Cairbre o'n Chraoibh Ruaidh.
- 32 Boinne borburra nach borb a steach,  
Bain leat gu huth o Fhearghuth.
- 33 Maed aineachd air Eirinn uile,  
Dhuitsa uamsa Bhriehni Bharrabhui,  
Ad sa Bhios mise 'm Rìgh gu teann,  
Air ard Rìoghachd na h-Eirinn.
- 34 'S an an sin' thog Cuchullin a sgia,  
Thair a mhaoin Bharraliath;  
Sheal Snaois air a dha shleagh,  
'S ghlac Connall a Chloidhean.
- 35 Sin nuair thubhirt Briehni gu muadh,  
Mac mhic Cairbre o'n Chraoibh Ruaidh;  
Cia thorelar leat dol' na d' luig,  
'S tu gun ghèil o'n Choinechullin.
- 36 Am bheil aig Cuchullin mae,  
Innis gu fìor a Bhriehni  
Nim bheil aig Cuchullin Mae,  
Na nian is Gile glac.
- 37 Na Dallon muadh Bràghad,  
Na mac dilis deagh mhàthar,  
Ach b' annsa leis naois anagh,  
A Bhrathair Ailbhìn agus ardan.
- 38 Freagir a Choinechullin ehoim,  
A mhic seud rìogh subhadd;  
Teirbert snaois an dò cheann,  
'S air do chuid do dh' fhearaibh Eirinn.
- 39 Nim fearr mair no Snaois,  
Nim fearr laoch a Chomh aois;  
Ach Dìongidh Snaois còir nath,  
Ceud do gach cuiridh comhla.
- 40 Bheirimsa Briathar Rìogh ann,  
Fhearaidh Ailidh na h-Eirinn;  
Nach d' teid mi fein ann nam Luig,  
'Smi Gun Gheil on Choinechullin.
- 41 Bheirimsa Briathar Rìogh eile,  
Se labhair e n t ard Chù armach;  
Nach d' teid mo Gheilsa air sàil,  
Smi fein an nam Bheatha.
- 42 'S Bodach ù bhòidh an Údhnigheachd,  
'S ole u fein 's ole t fhear muintir;  
'S ole Bean do thaigh  
'S eho'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 thrìath,  
Le neart an cloidhean an sgia;  
Gun d' fhogradh an tallamh teann,  
Le traighean ann sa 'nuair sin.
- 45 'S ioma Buille fuadh bhile sgia,  
S fuaim Chisnich re Chiar,  
Mar fhuaim Coille le gaoidh nan Gleann,  
Bha Seleo nan curidhnan co teann.
- 46 Seachd oidhean agus saigh Jom,  
Dhoibh aig Imarsleo sa eigh Jomarb hai;  
Sa'n ceann an noidheamh trà  
Cho b' àird e n Garbh air amhoigh na Cuchullin-  
a Ghaisne.
- 47 Aeh an ceann an t seachdamh lò,  
Thug Cuchullin beum dhò,  
Sgoilte leis o Bhruan gu Bran,  
An sgiath cangach òrbhuigh.
- 48 Noish on a theirig mo sgia,  
A Choinechullin a dhaigheas 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 teichì Siar na Sor,  
Cho n eil fuadh d' roghun a dheanadh.

- 50 Thilg Cuchullin dheth a sgia,  
Thair a mhaolín Bharra-liath;  
Géb éinach gum b' ole an theall.  
Is maithcámh uaisle na h-Eirinn.
- 51 Thug Cuchullin beum eilli  
Le móid a mheamuidh is asgeine,  
Thogadh leis a lamh sa lamh,  
Is sgar e 'n ecan ri cholláin.
- 52 Maedh aineachd air Eirinn uilli.  
Dhuitsr uaisle choimchúlin;  
Sa chead chorn gun fheall,  
Ann am lathair fearaibh Eirinn.
- 53 Rinn mise gníomb air gíln nan cuan,  
Creideadh an Rí mur is dual.  
Tha leaba aon laoih 'n so a bha air Cuan,  
Tha nínhdh gun aisag aig lomaírt stuagh.
- 54 Thriall gu tigh teimhre nan Ríghfhath,  
Ghabháil gcóil air fearaibh Eirinn.

O. I. 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 sleibhteán,  
'S ghull na glinn fo chois;  
Lab na caoiltean an cinn ualach,  
'S thiomuich suas na tuiltean uisg.
- 2 Shrannadh a' Mhare slugh a' ghaoth,  
Thuit am fraoch fo fhuaim an tart;  
Loisgeadh am fear le'n dian astar.  
'S ghull man ghlasan gach bacdh.
- 3 Theich an eilid le fuathas boath,  
Chual i ghlaoibh a rain' a' sgarit;  
Sheall an fir eum gu nuathara claon,  
Co iad na daoín tha ruag mo theach?
- 4 Bha garbh treun mar shruth a' ghlinne,  
'S am fireach a' cridheadh fo ghlasad;  
Uamhasach mar thorrán a' gheambráidh,  
Ri oidheche amradh ann am fuathais.
- 5 Arda mar Ghiubhas na beinne,  
'San ceò a' tionadaladh mu'n cuairt d'i;  
Marbhatach mar cheud tamag,  
Aig curra daingean Loda bhuailtich.
- 6 B' fharsaing rioghachd Gharabh Mhoir,  
Bu lionmhór sloigh tóirt dha cin;  
Bha clann mháoth a' basteadh aium,  
Is daoine a' crathadh an cinn gu cor.
- 7 Dh'fhag e a thalla stoirméil,  
Dh'ambare Thuail an fhuilth dhuinn;  
Tuail Mac rígh Lochlain aigh,  
A choimhich aít an Albain bhíg.
- 8 Air sgiathaibh gaoithe sgoilt e'n cuan,  
Gu Dun Mhíe Tuail nan ioma' creach;  
Theich na sloigh roimh a' cheana,  
Bh' an rathad reidh gu Dun nanclach.
- 9 Co chogadh ri Garabh Mac Stairn?  
Co sheasadh blar na fala?  
B' fharsaing érichean Thuail,  
Thar garbh bheanntan eiar na Tuath.
- 10 A ghaísgíoch mar aon bha dana,  
'S lionmhór blar a' chuir iad thairis;  
Ráinig Garabh crom ghléann nan craobh,  
'S hloid e sia éroimh Ghiubhais o thalamh.
- 11 Chuir *faileas* iar o theas na greine (*dubhar*),  
Fhreagair na creagan do ghlaoth;  
Gheill gach bealach do neart,  
Ráinig e ard thír Mhíe Tuail.
- 12 'S flúair e gu faoiadh fosgailte.
- 13 Choimnich Mac Tuail e air an thrach,  
Chuir fáil gu caoin *bar* a' charaid;  
Do bhíeatha a dh'Albainn nam beann,  
A mhíe Stáirne o 'n duthaich tha 'n ear.

- 14 'S líonar feachd gu cleachd s gu tíorachd,  
Thig a steach fo sgath mo thighe;  
Bíodh cuirm is aighir air bhordaibh,<sup>1</sup>  
Seinneadh mo bhaird cliu nan treunfhear.
- 15 Tha na bliadhna a' threig a' pilltinn,  
Latha Sealg nan gleann ciara;  
Tháinig Fíonn '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 ganaibh  
Bha eagal air Fíonn roimh a' theachd;  
Cha b' aíl aíl leis a bhann gun am feachd,  
Rí Mac Tuail bha Fíonn an síth.  
Ach bha mí ran anns a' ghaóith.
- 18 Chuireadh Garbh gu Cairn is cleas nan treun,  
Gu Dun ban ma 'an eiradh grián,  
Dun bha faoiadh rianh is farsaing,  
Dun am b' aít leam bhí lem' mheann  
Dun o'm faicte míle maise.  
'S tric an d' fhuair an t-aineol biadh.
- 19 Tháinig Garabh le cheathairne chor,  
Ochd fíeachd fear fo'n earra shroil;  
Fíolgh Mac Tuail le chomhairlich féin,  
'S le choisríd dhonna dhana threun.
- 20 'S ann an sín bha chuirn gun aithris,  
Fíon na Greige as Beoir na Macharach;  
Cool nam filidh fonn nan clar,  
Dun nam ban, is eachd nan Treun.
- 21 'S fad bha aobhneas an Talla 'n Dun,  
'S eimhne 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 scalla Dun Mhíe Tuail,  
Bha Dun Fhinn gu narach ard:
- 23 A' ghaoth a seida seach a' bhalla,  
'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' ahdare buabull gríun nam beann;  
A' tionadaladh a steach na coisruidh,  
Do 'n bu choir bhí fiadhach mheall.
- 25 O chreag gu creag leum an ghlaoth,  
Mar oiteag ghaóith am bar nan crann;  
Tháinig fáilbhí mhór a' ghlinne,  
Le 'n coin innealta gu sealg.
- 26 Tháinig fir a' bhraigh sgaríteil,  
Le 'n caclaibh tartarach is le 'n cuim;  
Tháinig gaisgíoch Lecha fhuaimnich,  
Tháinig Duthích, Baich 's Baimch.
- 27 Tháinig Diarmad donn 's Cullín,  
Tháinig Buidhne de gach fine;  
Rígh b'e sín na daoine treubhach,  
Bha cruit, bha clar, bha feudan redha.
- 28 A' cur enslan fad air astar,  
Sheall Garabh gu dur nuathara;  
Air na feachdaibh nuadha, calma;  
Fhínn Mhíe Cuthail nan ceud eath,
- 29 Cha 'n íoghna thu féin bhí dana,  
Agad tha na buidhne crodha,  
Dealbhach, tosach, bonnach, craidhach,  
Toslach, cudthromach, beusach,
- 30 Gach fear mer reth bhainne traighe  
'S care a' chithear an leithid.  
O ob shruth gu rúth nan Gael,  
Ghluais na fir nan ard shunt;  
Gu sibhlach thar gnús na faiche.
- 31 Mhíe Stáirne, thuir Fíonn an caint reidh,  
'S mor do neart, tha t' ainm ga reir;  
Tilg a' chloch 's thug deuch a dh' Albainn,  
Thog Garabh a chreag ghaileach lechdmhor,  
'S thug archar ri aghaidh 'n Doín;  
Chrith Selma le mor eagal,  
Sgoilt peircéal an Dun gu b' aill.

<sup>1</sup> Bíodh ard air cuirm is aighir.

- 33 Dh' fflag eachuiman san fhaiehe,  
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.  
Thuir Fionn 's a smaoin a crathadh,  
Mar cheo a sgaradh air earn.
- 35 Chrom Garbh a cheann gaige,  
'S thog a chreag gu h-ìorsaeb ur ;  
Dh' fhalbh i o laimh mar dhealan,  
'S rinn i sgar an ceann an Duin.
- 36 A mhala mhine, tha lan de uisge,  
Leum an aibhinn air ais ;  
Gu bras beannanaich, buarasach, ard,  
Creigean 's orannan a' gceilleadh  
Spreidh a' eritheadh gu bas,  
Stad i air Dail an fhraoich  
Ged is faon i 'n duigh bhaigh
- 37 Bha Mic Fhinn 'san gnais 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 tallhaibh,  
'S thug e mehoir laidir dhian ;  
Theich siol Lochlain le iogna,  
Thog a ehlarsach caithream buaidh,  
Thog siol Alba lachan gaire,  
'S sheall Dun ban air chaochla snuadh.
- 39 Chaidh iad sin a dh' fheadhaeb bheann,  
A ruaga 'n tuire le thuisg oilt ;  
Treis an toir air loin is eild,  
Is air damh allaidh nan ceum calma.
- 40 Phill Garabh gu Dun Mhic Tuail,  
Thriall Fionn gu Buth nan struth ;  
Thainig sgeul qha cruaidh ri eisd  
Dh' iarr Garabh cios o'n Fheinn le tair.  
No comhrag cuig ceud sar ghaigeach,  
Ceud loghainn ehon ceud seoblag snaire  
Ceud each luath a bhuidhghrad geall,  
Ceud earra shroil leintear.
- 41 Bhuail Fionn an ard bheum sgeithe,  
Chruinnich a threun fhearau ri cheil ;  
Bhruchd iad mar thiul nan gleanntan,  
Co sheasallh sau 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 bhithheadh dlu dhi fein ;  
Aoidheachd eha do dhuilt ni riabh,  
Labhair Grainne le ciall cheart.
- 44 Ach do cheathairne eo mor,  
Cha 'n 'eil ero 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 bhrach ;  
Dh' eirich na h-almarach ghnotha,  
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 Eagal eha bhiodh orm mbie Cutbail,  
'S e labhair Mac Stairn gu fiar dana ;  
Ged eireadh leat mie *leumhain* (loghainn)  
De fheadhaibh an domhain a thainig.
- 49 Bratach Fhinn sgaoil sa' ghleann,  
An deo ghreine bu deirge cruth ;  
Thog a chlarsach a fainna eath,  
'Sthog Caorull gu h-ard a gluth.
- 50 Bha Fionn mar ghrian fo ghruainn,  
'Nuair dhomhlaicheas uimpe ceo duaelni tigh ;  
Air uairibh chitear a gnais aobhinn,  
Air uairibh i gailach duth,
- 51 Tharruing na sloigh o 'n t-sliabh,  
Gu tosdach dian ehum euchd ;  
B' namhasach sealladh gach mili,  
Bu eimnteach buille au creuchd.
- 52 Ni 'n d' atbaraich Garabh Ceum,  
'Sa threun fhearann daingean ri chul ;  
An sleaghan nan cuilg nimhe ri 'n guailinn,  
Am boghan cruaidh deas mar au ruin.
- 53 Clanna Baoisge thilg an sleaghan,  
'S tharruing an eaidhean foimcanta geur ;  
Sgath iad siol Lochlain gu talamh  
Mar loisgeas falais an tir fheur.
- 54 A' m' laimhsa bha neart an la ud,  
A Mhalmhine eha b' eagal leam ;  
Theich Garabh bras mar cholman,  
'San seobhlag grad na dheigh,  
Ghleith sinn ar tighcan 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 Macphail. 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 RAINIG Garabh Dun nam buadh,  
Dun ri 'n luaidhear Buchanti ;  
Fhuaras Grainne fuinadh san talla,  
Bha Fionn na chodal an crethaist dhlh  
Le lubaibh gun gheadh Mac Stairn.
- 2 C' ait bheil Fionn, thuir Garabh ?  
Cha 'n fhad air falbh, a righ na faich,  
Gabh aran 's leag do sgitheas.
- 3 Mar d' fhsneadh Grainne le mend a luathas,  
Dh' itheadh an Garabh gu dlu dian ;  
Mar mhada fiallaich Ghormla,  
Chuir i gbraideall ann am bonnach  
Dh' ith e 'n t-earna foimnamh borta.
- 4 'S cruaidh t-aran a gheug na maise,  
Mar chreag abharnaich dom' ghoile.
- 5 Chuir e mheur am beul an leinibh,  
Bha sa chrethail gu tosdach dealbhach ;  
Chail e a muir a thiola,  
Le fiacaill ghuineach a bhanbhi,  
Ciod as aois do d' leanaibh a Ghrainne,  
'Se labhair gu h-arrach Garabh.
- 6 Miosachan beag a th' am,  
Ma dh' fhasas gach mios mar so ;  
'Se fhreagar Garbh gu tigh dian,  
Bithidh airde mar airde nam beann,  
'Se neart mar neart na iomghaoith dhochorach
- 7 Dh' fhalbh Garbh a choimhead cumbaichdan  
naraig  
Far an tric a gheill an Roimh,  
'S ann fhuair Shiochd nan Gacl buaidh,  
Trusgan a buachaill glabh Fionn,  
'S thachair air Garbh aig murlin nan alt,  
Riun Faolan le mend a sgoil,

- Sheas an roth chloch mhúilín aig an dorus,  
Na pilladh Fionn o 'n t-seilg,  
'Se thuir an Garbh le mor fhiamb,  
C' ait am bheil a spionna 'sa threis ?
- 8 Fenmaidh e eombag a thoirt a Ghrabh,  
No tuitcam gu halbh fo mbein ;  
Cha 'n aon mise de na treun,  
Deir Luna la treun ghuth.
- 9 Chunnac mi Fionn le beag spairn,  
Tilgeadh na Gra chloich sin thar an tigh ;  
G'a comhlachadh air an taobh eile.  
M'an muigéalh i 'm blar g'a luathas.
- 10 Sheall Garbh le smeite gaire,  
Air a chloich cruin mar an Ró ;  
Ballach mar an speur ud shuas,  
Trom mar Dhunnael le choille dhenrach,  
Cha 'n eil e beo do 'n geillín luaidh.
- 11 Ghlac e chlach is rain e 'n righ,  
Triallam do shliabh nan agh ;  
Thachairt air Fionn is mor blagh is brigh,  
Thuirt Garbh ard a laimh,  
Gu luath thairis air gleam 's air beam.
- 12 Ghlais Luna bu luaithe cum,  
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 chathair ?  
Cha 'n eil, thuirt Luath bheul 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 Dombain fo smachd.
- 14 Faic an tarbh beuceach grumach,  
An cum thu air chluais e air raon ?  
Rug e air an tarbh ge b' alma  
Rug Luath bheul air a chluais eile.
- 15 Sgaoilteadh an t-annit cha b' fhaoin,  
A Luath bheul ! cha 'n 'eil thu cli ;  
Ma tha Fionn am brigh nar sud,  
'S teara righ a theid na choir.
- 16 Thogadh Fionn a chreag ud shuas,  
Thilgeadh gu luath ris an t-sliabh ;  
Ruibhadh e coiltean o' frenmlaibh,  
Thogadh e enaic o' n t-athaibh ;
- 17 Thionndaidheadh e aimhnichean uisge,  
Thionndaidheadh Grian drengs ghradach ;  
Dhutha e 'n Dombain le torruin,  
Co dh' fheuch' ri botham a baradh ?  
Fagam a rìoghachd gu luath.  
'S truaigh teachd fo fheirg sna blaraidh.

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

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

Stewart's Book. 1813.

- 1 Is tiamhaidh uochd Gleann comhann,  
Gun ghuth gaobhair, a's gun cheol,  
Gun thuaim air 'Chlárailh nan téud,  
Gun nirsgeul Threun, a's gun ól.
- 2 Fhoad guth nan Filidh na Mhùr,  
Tha muirn a Bhuillne air sgur,  
Nìor fhan nch mise na'n deigh,  
'S mo chomadh air treigsin tur.
- 3 Is nì an sean-fhear gun treoir,  
Mar non Lon leant' anns a choill,  
Mar shònn gun snodhach, gun fhàs,  
Air chailceadh buidhir, a's daill.

4 Cha b'ionann ri linn Mhic Stairn,  
Bha ablaist Oisein, 'sa neart,  
Bu mhaith a dhimreadh e lann,  
Cha b'flann a dhora air a beairt.

5 Cha b'amlaidh iar chath nan Sleagh  
Fhonn 'sa mleanma ri fleach Fhinn,  
'Nuair thionail mu'n Rìgh a Laoich,  
'S la-sair chraobh ri solus grunn.

6 Chaidh sligean, a's cuirn mu'n cuairt,  
Cha'n fhaicteadh gruaim air gruis,  
Agus co-sheirm cheann, a's chlàr,  
A' togail àbhachd, a's muirn.

7 Ri U'ann, a's Cairiol, a's Raoini,  
Labhair Fionn Ghael gu fòil,  
Togaibh Dàin luaidh ar Trein fhair,  
A choisin o chein eim, mar chòir.

8 'S ait le Rìgh Lochlain nam buadh  
Na Dàin a luaidheas deagh-ghniomh,  
'S is taitneach le Fionn an gleus,  
Thig air béus Ghaisgeach na stri.

9 Leig mo Rìgh maraon, a's Mac Stairn  
Ri h-èisteachd Chlárach nam fonn,  
Bha eud Cruit, 's dà chaogad Bàrd,  
Mu'n dà Ard Rìgh air an Tòim.

10 Chaitheadh mar sin an oiche,  
Gu soille maidne sùr-ghil,  
'Nuair chluinnteadh caismeachd an stuic,  
A' greasadh Fhear Lochlain gu tràigh.

11 Nìor fhòda astar an long,  
Ag aspadh thonn air an leirg,  
A's strann-ghaoth Eire fuasadh,  
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 mur tabhairt shùl,  
'S a tathaich brù na traigh.

13 Coisgear re seal ur 'n iomguin,  
'S an Cabhlach ag iompaidh nur dàil,  
A's subhach leam sibh ga fhuairgin  
Air fairege mar eun fàire.

14 Ach 's truaigh leam cuid agaibh caoidh,  
Nan Saoi math, 's fearr na brathair,  
Na leannain caoin, gheal, ciuin,  
Nach stiur air 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 tabhair 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.<sup>1</sup> 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 Moy<sup>2</sup>  
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.

<sup>1</sup> Garibh.—Gross robust giantlike man.

<sup>2</sup> Moy (Mough)—Appears to be y' name of a place.



- 5 Forwards spring Cuth, the son of Raogh,  
And with him Oconnachor;  
Also y<sup>e</sup> keen white-sided Warrior Taobh-ghil,  
And the high, (or liberal) minded Fraoch, the son  
of Fiuidh,<sup>1</sup>
- 6 Aogh the son of Garadh, with the white knee,  
And the fair Coilte,<sup>2</sup> 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<sup>e</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> *dh* sounds *g*.<sup>2</sup> 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, Conul, &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. CONNLEIGH Mc NO CON. 103 lines.

GILCALLUM M'YNNOLLAIG IN TERSKAIL SO SEISS.

- 1 Di choala ma fad o h'en  
Skail di v-neis re cove  
Is traa za haythris gow trome  
Gata mir anneiss orriann

- 2 Clanni rowre ni braa mawle  
Fa chonchor is fa chonnul  
Di bar low oyg err wyg  
Er hurlar chogew ullytht
- 3 Ga hygh ne hanik ma genn  
Fa ullyth leichre vanva  
Cath ag waall innoyr ellyth  
Dar zymone clannnyth rowre
- 4 Hanik hukkith borbe a reith  
Ir gurre croith *concleich*  
A zis ni mur glurrith grinn  
Oo zowu skayth gow errinn
- 5 Di lawir conchowr re caach  
Ca zoveniyn ehon in naglath  
Di wrea beacht nyn skailith zaa  
Gr teachta la harreith woa
- 6 Glossis counil nar lag lawe  
Di wrea skailleith dm vackein  
Er darve torrin dm leich  
Cayvelir counil laa concleich
- 7 Ner zoive in leich ra lawyth  
Connil freich forrayth  
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 sango  
Gow reith feilyth ny warriann
- 10 Dissrych sloyg ullith oynnnyth  
Teiggowss kow ni creive roye  
Mak dettin o zoigy 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 zoiss wee ym bred  
A ir churre 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  
Smoy er heddyth is a gweirth
- 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 ra in nawryth zoe  
Fiss tarm ka di zowchiss
- 16 Dym zaissew er teacht wom hey  
Gin skaili a zinsu zoww  
Da ninsin di neach elli  
Id zraith zinsin dare
- 17 Corrik rymstith is egin dud  
Na skail ainsyth mir charrit  
Gawsith zi royg a keyv lag  
Ne gail tygill vin chorrik
- 18 Aeh na wea gne dighow nargenn  
A houchow aw ne herrin  
A lawe zasga in dowss trot  
Mo clow wea in nasge aggit
- 19 Heymond and dyr ehon a chaill  
Ni ta corrik a vanvail  
Na makan di tor a zwin  
In daltan croye layveith

- 20 Cowhullin is corrik croye  
Di wee in lay sen fa zemye  
A invak di marwe less  
In ter lat chalm coive zlass
- 21 Innis downni er cowe ni glass  
O teith fest for naidleis  
Tarm is di lonni gi lom  
Na terg a zulchin orrin
- 22 Is me conleieh m<sup>e</sup> 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 cowhullin vor maik  
A v<sup>e</sup> ne in draich za chow  
Gur smeine nar wraik feiltyth in ir  
A reyk 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 mior a foyme  
Ne low ym broin it ta 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 Ciunlach (signifies a mild hero), was a son of Cuchulain, born and brought up by his mother in the Isle of Skye, with whom he mostly resided during his minority. Cuchulain 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 Cuchulain 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 but 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 Cuchulain, who was stationed at Dundalgin, with whom intelligence is conveyed back of Conal's defeat. Cuchulain 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 Cuchulain unwillingly engaged his only son, who

tremendously studied only to defend himself and spare his father. Cuchulain finding himself incapable 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 water, 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 Conlach. 'Gath-bolg' signifies fighting by arrows.

No story can be more tragical than this of Cuchulain conversing with his son and reflecting his odious and cruel mother, whose avarice and spirit of revenge rendered herself miserable and Cuchulain 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 Clanna.
- 2 Maille ri Conal an t-sloigh,  
Bha 'n t Osear 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 tìr Chonail;  
Na Luthaich is laoich na Mithibh,  
Agus Fionn gaolach Mac Cnuhail.
- 4 Dh' iucas iad oirnn o gach taobh,  
Ar maithibh caoin-gheal gun tiorna;  
Gu teach lua'-ghaireach an Rìogh,  
Gun easbuidh air ni ach snighe.
- 5 Labhair Conal Thonna-gorma,  
Biodh gairdeach ann ghradh a fhlaitibh;  
Seinnibh caitheanta buaidh gach fìlìd,  
'S orain bhinne fea' mo Thalla.
- 6 An fhea' sa raibh fleagh am aros,  
Deanamh abhacaid agus iomairt;  
Cuiribh an t slige mun cuairt dunn,  
Biodh eibhneas air ghruidh gac mithi'.
- 7 O bharbaidh! seinnibh na daana',  
Cnuimibh an slaugh ar lua'-ghaire;  
Co'-fhreagrach ceurgan, is glencaitdh,  
Do choi'-sheirm chruan is chlarabha.
- 8 Mar sin duinne subhach, solach,  
Ag eisteachd ceol san teach cibhinn;  
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;  
Sgoitadh gach tonn mar a dh' eiridh,  
Toirt gu tìr nam feara dana.
- 10 Triuir laoch calma, talmbaidh, treorach,  
'S am foll oir mun guallean arda;  
Mac samhail cho 'n thaca 'n iorgail,  
Bha coi-chuimh 'an neart' s an aille.
- 11 Bha diais diu 'n nigheam Oglach,  
'S am fear corr fai' chlogaidh stallin;  
Bha clòidheamh ra leis ro an-mhor  
Is sleagh nar chruann luing ra ghairdein.
- 12 Shuithicid iad pùbhl do 'n tointe,  
Air earraig lùim fù' ar comhnuidh;  
An triuir sin an nigheam catha,  
Bu mhaith gabhail ri h-uchd comhraig.
- 13 Dh' fhiosraich Conal do'n chle'-armach  
Bu dea-labhrach ann 'sgach co'ail;  
Gu reachadh a ghabhail sgenla,  
Do 'n triuir chentach thainig oirne.
- 14 Do fhreagair e laoich na Mithendh,  
'S na Luthaich bu bhinne comhradh;  
Theid sinne dh' fhlaghail an sgeula,  
Chonail theilidh, ma sa deonach ?
- 15 'S deonach leamsa Chlanna curaidh,  
A fhuair urram ann sa bhàrabh;  
Bha gu h' iochdar, feilidh, soghrach,  
Do gach onrachdan nuair b' àrach.

- 16 Ghluais sea-deug dhù chum na tràdhadh,  
Gu nuirneach, badhach, fail-labhar;  
'S bheannaich iad do 'n Mhacai' nasol,  
Bha ur-shnuadh, mar an t-earach.
- 17 Labhair Beuldearg bu bhim comhra',  
Chuir Conal cro' sinn gu d' fheuchainn;  
Fhìr is maille rosg, is aill thu,  
No mhadainn air carr an t-sleibhe.
- 18 Co thu fein, no cia do dhuthaich,  
No cia 'n Tur an d' fhuair thu t'arach;  
Ciod a ghluais thu gu rioghachd Eireann,  
Thair na cuanta', beucach, cair-gheal?
- 19 Shud dh' iarr Conal oirne fheoraich,  
'S tu dhol combla ruinn gu aros;  
A chaitheadh na flea' le uaislean,  
Is a dh' eisdeachd dh'ama bha' bhinn.
- 20 Cho 'n fhead mise idir inneadh,  
Co mi fein no cia mo mhuintir;  
Aih do laoch d' an iul ann spair-meachd,  
Mo dhi-armach, is mo chiumbreach.
- 21 Mar a feud tha again fhior-gblain,  
Dh'innse inneadh 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 rithe,  
Chuir gun chreuchd fui' chuibhreach chaich e;  
'S an croidhe gabhail le ain-teas.  
Gun do cheangladh leis am 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 eircadh buinnean arda;  
Ghluais e gu lua' dh' ionnsuidh Chonail,  
'S dh' airis e mar so mar tharladh.
- 26 Tha Mithich nan steuda, meara,  
'S na Luthaich is nimhe 'n combrag;  
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' 'n bruid,  
Gun eiradh roi' thruid, no gealtachd.
- 29 Is bheannaich e gu binn, oscarra,  
Do dh' Ogan nam bosa calma;  
Teas-ghradh dda do las na chroidhe,  
Ge do bha na Mithich ceansaicht.
- 30 Fhìr mhoir thainig air lear oirnn,  
Las teas am chroidhe le gradh dhuit;  
Tha t'fholt mar or no gath greine,  
Loinneadh air na sleibhte lamh-ruinn.
- 31 Tha do chruth mar ghagan ghleantaibh,  
Ann teas samhraidh fui' bharr aille;  
'Scaol do mhala, 's ciuin do rosgan,  
Mar fhann oisnach ghaith air faire.
- 32 Mar chreann fui' bhlaith tha do ghruidbean,  
'S fhada buan do shlios a Churaidh;  
Do shuil mar dhealt air magh sleibhe,  
'S deirge do bheul no na sughan.
- 33 Do dhenal mar ur-shneachd air gheugan  
Mar aiteal do 'n gheirin 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 sgeilse,  
'S math do ghniomh a threim, 's do ghabhail;  
Ciod a ghluais tu o d' theach comhnuidh,  
Mas ann do 'm chonamh, 's mor mi' aidhear.
- 35 Do thainig mise 'n iochd teachdair,  
Dh' fhiosracha' dhìot co do dhaoine;  
Co u fein, no cia do chairdean,  
No cia 'n t-aite 'n d' fhuair tu fhao'lum?
- 36 Sin a ni nach feudam inneadh,  
Ach do neach bheir dhìom e reiginn;  
No 'n innsiu 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 ghniomh ann an t-eug-bhail.
- 38 Mo sgeula cho 'n fheadur inneadh,  
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 feucham,  
Do madh Conal treun, is ghlac e;  
'S mi treas laoch gaisgidh an domhain,  
'S cho d' fhuair coimbeach riamh mi ghaichte.
- 40 Thug iad na suinn ceud ear calma,  
Taobh na fairg air chadach min-geal;  
Chluinnt' an sraoinich thair na cnocau,  
Is fathrum an cos bu mhileant.
- 41 Leagadh Conal leis an treum laoch,  
Chuir gun chreuchd fui' chuibhreach chaich e;  
Rinneadh sud is cha bu chruaidh air,  
Air sgath a chuain ruaidh 'n na tràdhadh.
- 42 Do ghluais teachdaire o Chuchulain,  
A dh' ionnsuidh Chonail ghil ghradhach;  
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 nìubneach, meannach san torr-ghail.
- 44 Nuair chunnaig Conal an Luthar,  
Labhair e gu ciuin mar b' abhaist;  
Tha mise fui' chuibhreach coimbeach,  
Mar nach raibheas riamh ri'm laithe.
- 45 Toir fios gu Cuchuliu namsa,  
Gus an Dun ud urad aluin;  
Gu Dundealgain griannach geal,  
'Se sean Dun ciatfach nan gaidheal.
- 46 Mo dhilsein coibhreach am eigin,  
Mo Dhalta treun is trom armaibh;  
Innis dho gu bheil gu 'n leirudh,  
Fui' chuibhreach an trein laoich chalma.
- 47 Do ghluais Luthar nan ceum ea-trom,  
Gu Cuchuliu treun na cithe;  
'S dh' airis e mar sin le fuathas,  
Mar tharladh do 'n t' sglagh sa chithe.
- 48 Ta Conal suaice nan stend mear,  
Is sia fir dheug da shluagh cuibhricht';  
A Chuchuliu 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, euthaich an coimbeach.
- 50 No smuaintich gun dol na dhail,  
A laoich nan gorm shìle suilbhir;  
A lamh threun gun eagal roi' neach,  
Cuimhnich t Aid, is e ann cuibhreach.
- 51 Ni 'n cuis duinne bhi fui' mheinn,  
Fo nach fuasgladh air ar caraid;  
Fhìr mhoir gun laigse nach meat,  
Nach cuimhnich ar t Aid' ann carraid.

- 52 An uair a chuala Cu nan cleas,  
An luadh sin air cuibhreach Chonail;  
Ghluais an laoch le neart is damach,  
A thabhairt sreula do 'n Choinnheach.
- 53 Ruigh e siar le tartar uamhain,  
'S fuaimneach arm mar spiorad Loda!<sup>1</sup>  
Sgaoileadh gioraig is grith chatha,  
Fca' an rathaig gu cradh chomhrag.
- 54 No mar mhiltidh tonn a beucaich,  
Ann stoirm eitidh ri slios cearraig;  
B' amhail fuaimneach, arm, 's a huirich,  
'S air a ghnuis bha dullachd eatha.
- 55 Bha cloidheamh liobhaidh a deadradh,  
Toigt' an ard an laimh a churaidh;  
'S na gaoithibh srannar a ghusad,  
A chiahb air snuadh sreothadh bainne.
- 56 No ennie air gach taobh dhe' chrithnich,  
Chlisg an t-slighe fua' a chosan;  
Las a shuilean dh' at a chroidhe,  
B'an-fheilidh a chith 's choslas.
- 57 Faighte dhuitsa Chonail cheutaich,  
'S iomad ceud a dhiong thu 'n comhrag;  
Ge do tha 'n diu' fua' cheangal,  
Aon laoch ráthaid gun bhí leointe.
- 58 Sgaoilte do chliu ann 's gach am,  
Air ceithir randaine an domhain;  
'S measa no bhí marbh a laoiach,  
Tha bhí fua' chuibhreach faoin aig coimheach.
- 59 Tha do ghruaidh mar aiteal sleibhe,  
Do dhreach gn leir mar an eothar;  
Aid nasail an aigneadh fheilidh,  
'S mí nach eiradh tigh 'n do d' chabhair.
- 60 A dhaltain is buirb an comhrag,  
Deis is doghrainneach do natur;  
Duisg do ghaísgeadh, faic an laoch so,  
Fiosraich dhe' eia 'n taobh a thainig.
- 61 Bheamaich Cuchulainn do 'n Macaidh,  
Chliuthaich e ghaísgeadh, is aille;  
An gloir bhinn, mar chomhra' fílidh,  
'S theasaich a chroidhe le gradh dha.
- 62 Oganaich a thainig an ceun,  
'S maith do ghníomh, a threim laoiach chalma;  
'N tra' chuir u na seachd fir dheuga,  
Fua' chuibhreach, gun chreuchd le arma.
- 63 Tha aon choi' aille na b-Eireann,  
Air do cheann mar shleibhte baraich;  
'S cinin, feuta, fearail leam t urladh,  
Tha 'n cliu' san a nasgaídh agad.
- 64 Tha do chruth san traidh a soillseadh,  
Mar ghealach ri o'che shamhne;  
A teachd roí' na neula bailbhe,  
'S amhail do shnuadh sa choill bhathor.
- 65 'S e'm adhbharsa theacht an ceun,  
Dh' fhiosrachadh dhíot fein, do chomhnuidh;  
Co thu fein, agus eia t Athair,  
No ceisce ní 's faide oirne.
- 66 Geusan thainig leam o'm theach,  
Mo sgeula chumail, os íosal;  
Na 'n airisim do neach eile,  
'S ann do d' ghnuis arraid a dh' insinn.
- 67 Comhrag a bheireas tu uait,  
Neo do sgeul mar churaidh dhamhsa;  
Gu d' rodhain chighe boga,  
Cho ní 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 sáile,  
'Sann do d' ghnuis arraid a hadhain.
- 69 Do sgeul na t arragaill, O fhir!  
Do radh 'n treun, air chrith fua' huirich;  
Le d' gheusan, is t aurrá bhreugach,  
No h eir iniseadh, mas beud duinn.
- 70 Fua' gheusan tha mis' o'm theach,  
Gun do neach mo sgeula airis;  
No 'n insinn e neach gun chomhrag,  
Fear do chomhruidh leam a b' aithridh.
- 71 Comhrag 's fheadar dhuit thoirt uait,  
No gu luath do sgeul thoirt dhamhsa;  
Gu d' rodhain a gheangag bhog,  
Cho chiall duit taghadh gu'm choi' stri.
- 72 Siu a ní nach fend mis' ailis,  
An deidh gealladh thoirt do 'm Mhathair;  
Co mí fein, no eia mo dhultach,  
No eia 'n Tur an d' fhuair mí 'n arach.
- 73 Comhrag riumsa 's fheadar dhuitsa,  
No fios t' ainm is t aite comhnuidh;  
Gabb's do rodhain a ghiallan boga,  
'S cho chiall duit taghadh gu 'm chomhrags'.
- 74 Tri fichidh agus eug eud,  
Is míle treun, cho bhreug dhamhsa;  
Nach deachaidh slan d' an teach,  
Da'n d' thug mí comhrag am ónar.
- 75 Is thug mí deothaidh bu duaidh,  
Comhrag do 'n fhear lia' Mae Damhain;  
An deidh fir lea' nan arma deas,  
Innis do sgeul agus ailis.
- 76 Mo sgeula cho 'n fhead mí innseadh,  
Ach co neach bheir dhíom 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 thír, no eia do chomhnuidh;  
Tog bo ghat! Is nochd do ghíomha,  
Onach eil do d' dhí ach comhrag.
- 78 Chuaidh iad ann an dail a cheile,  
Na trein bu docair ann comhrag;  
Gach gaith neartachadh an saothreach,  
Ruilleán baotha, beucah, dóbhaidh.
- 79 Gu cuidreach, eudthromach, beimneach,  
Bha na trein mar thuium sa bhairich;  
Gan raugadh le stoirm toirt tuallain,  
Air cearraig chruaidh meaghan báire.
- 80 B' amhail sin a ghealach na Suinn so,  
Chluimt fuaim an loinn 's gach aite;  
Faikeath fenehainn lu'chleas gaisgídh,  
Le níinig na chasradh námhán.
- 81 Chuaidh an sgiathan breac a bhlaí'de,  
Chuaidh an cloidheamh gorm a bheanádh;  
Chua' an sléaghan fada, liobhaidh,  
A chabath 'san stri bu ghabhaich.
- 82 Chua' a chomhrag nan gath-guainne,  
Gu neo' meinach, 's gu cruai' ghníonhach;  
'S fhuair a Macan grim a lot,  
Le Daltan a chatha mhílidh.
- 83 Thuit e mar ghnísaich san fhasach,  
An t úran áinim le fathram;  
Gan fhios, thug a charrag fuaim uait,  
Chrithich, agus ghluais an talamb.
- 84 A mhac an thainig a steach,  
'S ann leamsa rinneadh do chreucadh;  
Is gearr gus an togar do leae,  
No ceil' an feast co u fein duinn.
- 85 Innis dhamhsa 'nois gúlom,  
O na tharla dh' dhuit ann áraich;  
Co u fein, no eia t ainm,  
No eia an taobh as an d' thainig.
- 86 B' fharasla dhuit m' aithneacha fein,  
A Cuchulainn an t-slios áinim;  
Nuair tháinig ort, gu fear fann,  
A t sléagh an combair a h-éara.
- 87 Gur mí Connaoach, Mae Cuchulainn,  
Oighre dligheach Dam-Dealáim;  
'S mí 'n run a dh' fhag tu am braid,  
Ann Dausaich g'am íomach.
- 88 Fiehead bliadhna dhamb, 's tír shoire,  
A foghlum gaisgídh agus comhrag;  
O! 'sann leatsa thuit do Mhac,  
Do 'n chleas a bha dh' éusbhuidh tho' Inm.

<sup>1</sup> 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' fluil na h-inntidh dearg.
- 90 Rì' gur diombach mise 'm Mhathair,  
Oir si chuir ormsa na geusan;  
'Sa chuir mi a dh' fheuchainn m' fhuallaing,  
Riutsa Chuchulain nan cleasan.
- 91 A Chuchulain choimh, chneas-gbil,  
Leis an brisear gach birun ghàbhaidh;  
Nach feuch thu', is mi gun anam,  
Cia dhiu lamh mun' bheil an fainne.
- 92 Glac an t sleagh fhulangach laidir,  
As mo laimhse laoiich gun tioma,  
Glac sin is mo chloidheamh eamadhach,  
Tana cruaidh is snuaghar riobhadh.
- 93 Glac thusa iad sin maraon,  
Le d' chloidheamh caol righinn, aglor;  
An sgiath choreair th' air mo dhrim,  
Mo chlogaid cinn, 's mo chrann-àra.
- 94 'S truaigh an aithne rinn u ormsa,  
Athair uasail uaibhrich ghradhach;  
Nuair th'ugainn òrt gu fiar fann,  
An t sleagh an comhair a h eara.
- 95 O na chreachdadh mi 's ann traidh,  
Athair ghraidh, tha bas am clìnseal;  
Umlaich dhamsa, leac is naig,  
Air an tulaich uaine fhuor-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, truaigh, an-eibhinn;  
'Sa Mhac fein air tochairt leis,  
An t shaor shlat chalma, chaomh, cheutach.
- 98 'S mise Cuchulain nan cleusan  
A chuir na geusan mo laogh uamsa;  
No ceilidh air na fir fheachda,  
Gur h-ann dhamsa 's deacair truaighe.
- 99 Gur mi Cuchulain na ceardach,  
Dalta Chonail, àrd-Rìogh Uann;  
No ceilidh air luchd an Tuire,  
Nach mise dh' urraich a mulad.
- 100 A mharbh mo Mhac an 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 eloidh' nean is sgiath Chiuinlaoiach,  
Thall air an rìgh, a sior dhealradh;  
Mi g' an caoidh mar seach mar sin,  
Bhì gun chaomh, gun Mhac gun bhraithair.
- 102 Gur maith do na Lóitire buadhach,  
Gur fearr do dh' naisle 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 truaigh nach ann an crìochuibh, Edailt  
Ann 's na Bènga' no san Isbein;  
No ann an rìoghachd na Soracha,  
Do thorachaireadh thus a dhìlseinn.
- 105 'S truaigh nach ann a Muthann Laithre,  
Nan Laithre nan lanna caola;  
Na 's na Cruachanadh braga bladhar,  
A thuiteadh mo Chiuinlaoch caombsa.
- 106 Nan tuiteadh tu ann an Laogam,  
Ann cathan ghaisgeach, is mhilidh;  
Cho ghabhain asad mar eric,  
Cuig ceud do chlanna Mhìe Rìoghraidh.

- 107 Chuala mi, 's fada uaith sin,  
Sgeula bh' chosmhail ri cumha;  
Bhì ga h airis leom gu trom,  
Gun chiall, gun chonn air an tulaich.
- 108 A Chonnlaoich ud chaoimh mo charaid,  
Is maing m' ghearraich do shaoghal;  
Na' m bitheadh tu Chiuinlaoiach agam,  
Cho bhithinn a noc am aonar.
- 109 Na' m bithinn, s mo Chonnlaoch caomh,  
Combla' 'g iomairt chleusa, calma;  
Bh' eiremaid geill o thuinm gu tuinn,  
Do dh' fhearadh Eireann is Albann.
- 110 Och is ochain! a Mhìe dhìleis,  
Mo thuras o Chrìochio Uann;  
Dholl a chomhrag nan gath-guainne,  
Ochain! gur a cruaidh an fulang.
- 111 Och agus och! nan och eithre,  
'S truaigh mo thuras chum na beinne;  
Faoighe mo Mhìc, san dara laimh,  
Agus airm ann 's an laimh cìle.

Kilbrandon, 1st of May, 1785.

That these Poems which 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 dhionnsaidh athar e: ach chuir i fòr gheasach e, nach imseadh e re bhà'na co e. Ann lorg so a dhiultadh, bhual athair e leis a *Ghath-bhulga*, no *bhuilg*, a dh' ionnsuich Aoife dha fein, ach a dhearmaid i ionnsachadh do Chonnlaoch, agus leis aubh ghna leo comhrag ann uisge. Deirir gu 'n tilgeadh Connlaoch na gathan air athair ann coime 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-seul a bhluineadh re m' chuimhne,  
La bhì mi gu tuirseach trom  
Air an taobhsa dh' Innse-roghuill.
- 2 Clanna Ruraibh na 'm breath mall,  
O thigh<sup>1</sup> Chonchair 's o thigh Chonuill,  
Le 'n ur ehlainn oig air na maghaibh,  
'S iad air urlar Chuige Ullann.
- 3 Na 'm b' e 's gu 'n d' thigeadh 'nar ceann  
Fìor laoch Ula, s' nìor bhreath theann,  
Gar an' tigeadh oim a aon bhall eile  
Thoirt diombuaidh do Chlanna ruraibh.<sup>2</sup>
- 4 Tigidh chugainn am borb fhraoch  
Ancuraidh crothanta Connlaoch,  
Do fhios na 'm fear gradhach rinn,  
O Dhun-seathach gu h Eirinn.
- 5 Labhair Conchair re each,  
Co gheabh sium chum an og-laoiach,  
A thoirt beachd no sgeula dh' e,  
'S gu 'n teachd le h àra uaidhe?
- 6 Ghluais Conull nach lag lamh,  
Do ghabhail seula d' an ogran,  
Mar dhearbhadh air toradh an laoiach  
Cheangladh Conull le Connlaoch.
- 7 Greasar chugainn ar fir laoch'or  
Gu Connlaoch fraoch'or fìrannach:  
Ceud d' ar sluaigh a cheangladh leis;  
'S iongna sin 's is buan r'a imseadh.

<sup>1</sup> Thaobh.

<sup>2</sup> Chlannaibh-Rurudh.

- 8 Chuaidh teachdairceadh gu ceann na 'n conn  
O Ard Rìgh iongnaidh Uluinn,  
Gu Dun-dealgann grianach 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 steud mear  
Gu Rìgh fàilteach na 'n fear.
- 10 Do fhìos na h Ula uaine  
Tigidh Cuth na Craobh-rnaidhe,  
Mac deud-ghèal 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 Connll suireach na 'n steud mear  
Ann cuibhreach uainn is ceud d' ar sluaghaibh.
- 12 'S oil leinn am bith uainn am bruid,  
Na fir a chabhraibh air an cairdbh ;  
Aich nì 'n reidh dhòl a shineadh lann  
Ris an tì leis 'n do cheangladh Connll.
- 13 Na smuainich gan dol na choinne,  
Lamh na 'n gear arm graine 'il,  
Lamh nach làgadh roimh neach  
Cuimhnich t Oide is e 'n cuibhreach.
- 14 Cuth-Ullin an lamh nach shiom,<sup>3</sup>  
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 abraid duinn,  
Fios do shlainne, 's cia do dhntaich.
- 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' dhreacsa 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 chombrag mar bu treun  
Chaidh an Cuth 's a mhac fein :  
A mhac fein gu 'n d' fhuair a ghain,  
Le daltanaibh cruaidhe cath-bheura.
- 19 Innis duinn, ars Cuth na 'n cleas,  
O tharladh tu chaidh' fòl m' ailleas  
Fios t' ainm no do shlainne gu lom,  
'S na triall dol ga fhòlach uainn.
- 20 'S measa na sin mar thachair dhuit,  
Aon Choin uir agh-mhoir,  
A ghaisgich aird air thus truid ;  
Trauidh mo lus a bhith agad an-asgaidh.
- 21 Mise Connloach Mac a Choin,  
Oighre dlìgheach Duin-tigh-dealgann,  
An Run a dh' fhag thu 'm broinn gu 'n fhios,  
Ann Dun-scaithaich ga m' fhoglam.
- 22 Seachd blià na san tìr sin  
Ag foghlam gaisge o m' mhathair,  
An cleas leis 'n do thorchradh mi  
Bu dheas damh fhoghlam uaidhe.
- 23 Thoir thusa leat mo shleagh  
Agus buain an sciath so diom-sa,  
'S thoir leat mo ehlòidheamh ernadhach,  
Lann fhuair mi air a hoinhadh.
- 24 Thoir mo mhallachd gu mo mhathair,  
O 's t' ehairich mi fòl gheasaibh,  
Is ehuir mi an lathair m' fhuilning,  
Cuth-ullin, b' ann le do chleasaibh.
- 25 Cuth-ullin chaoimh chrios-ghil,  
Leis an brisear gach bearn ghabh,<sup>4</sup>  
Nach anhaire thu is nì gun aithne,  
Cia meur ma 'm bhèil an faine.

- 26 'S ole a thuigeadh tusa namsa,  
Athair uailse ain-meimich,<sup>5</sup>  
Gur mì thilgeadh gu fanu fiar,  
An t sleagh coinne a h eclairin.
- 27 Nnair chunnaire an Cuth air dol eug  
A mhac air call a chòl-bheum,  
Air smuainteach air fàilte an fhir,  
Chail e a chnaimhe 's a cheutfaidh.
- 28 Cuth-Ullin ge b' ard a chail,  
Gu 'n d' isleib sud triall da onoir,  
A mhac fein a thorchradh leis  
An t saor-shlat choranta chòl-dheis.
- 29 Na 'm mairthinn' is Connloach slan,  
Ag iomairt air chleas an comhlan,  
Chuireadhmaid cath formadach treun  
Air fèarsaibh Alba agus Eirinn.
- 30 Dh'iath umam ceud cumha,  
Mì bhì dubhach nì h iugnadh,  
O m' chombrag re m' aon mhac,  
Mo chreuchda a nochd is ioma.

## N. 1. TEACHT CONNLAOICH GO HEIRINN.

Miss Brooke's Irish version of this lay will be found at page 266 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 comha ;  
Cha 'n athraisear leam ach trom,  
An tì a Shaor sinn fhin a thoirrara.
- 2 Clanna Ruò nam breth mall, (cal eam),  
O thir Conchair gu tìr Chonuill ;  
Le 'n ur clann aig Rìgh na Magh,  
Is iad air Urlar Chuigullin.
- 3 Nam b' e gu 'n tigeadh nar dail,  
Fir Ullian Laoich uarbhaidh ard, cal-merbhi,  
Teachd a dh' aindeoin air an taobh eile,  
Mar dhìomh buaidh rì Clanna Ruò.
- 4 Nan tigeadh oirn an borb laoch,  
An curaidh calma Couloaich ;  
A dh' fhios gach modh a ghnathuich leinn,  
O Dhun sgeathaich gu Eirin.
- 5 Gu 'n labhair Conchar rì each,  
Co chuireadh sibh an dail an Ogan ;  
A ghabhail bechd mo sgeul dheth,  
G'an tighin le cura uath.
- 6 Ghluais Cormull, cha lag lamh,  
A ghabhail sgeul dhe 'n mhacan ;  
Gie b' ann a thoirradh nan Laoch,  
Cheangla Connll le Couloach.
- 7 Beir fios gus gach Laoch mear lan,  
An coinnicmh gach traoch fear furain ;  
Ceud g' ar sloigh cheangladh leis,  
B' ioghnadh sid, bu mhòr rì aithris.
- 8 Teachdairceadh air cheann nan con,  
Gu ard Rìgh Aonach Ullin ;  
Gu Dun grianach dealgach glan  
Leann tur ceallach nan Gael.
- 9 An Dun sin a bhuidheadh leibh,  
A dh' aindeoin air Nian Thoirgi ;  
Air gnìomh saor nan steud each seang,  
Bh' uig rìgh faoilteach nan fearran.

<sup>3</sup> Tiom.<sup>4</sup> Chaith.<sup>5</sup> Anamainich.

- 10 Gu 'm b' aill leinn a bhi fo bhraoidibh,  
Fo 'n ti 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 shuilean ta;  
A lamb threun gun eagal ro reach.
- 12 Cuimhnich air h-oidle 'se euilbreach,  
Nis o 'n thainig mi 'nad Dhail;  
Mar bha laoch na h' ol an tughbail,  
A shlios reidh an earra bhain.
- 13 Co thu fein no co do rioghachd?  
Tha Geasan orm sa o m' theach,  
Gu 'n sgeul a thoirt g dh' aon neach,  
Nan tugainn do reach fo 'n ghrein,  
B' ann do d' dhreacha araidh.
- 14 Comhrag 's eigin duit thoirt nath,  
No sgeula inmseadh mar charaid;  
Gabh do roghainn a chiahb bhog,  
Cha chiall duit tagha gum' comhrag.
- 15 Ghluais na laoiach an dail a cheile,  
Bu tearc torra na lan meice;  
A mhac fein thorecha leis,  
An Ealtuinn chruaidh chathara.
- 16 A mhic gabh thairis do sgeul,  
O 'n tharladh ort fein mo dhroma;  
'S gearr gus an togar a leachd,  
Na ceil a nis do thiomna.
- 17 Bain thusa leat mo sheagh,  
Is thoircar an sgeul sin namsa;  
Tog leat mo chhlaidheamh eotrach,  
Lamh threun a shil air a lomha.
- 18 A Chuchullin, a chriosain chruinn ghil,  
Leis am bristeadh gach beum gabhaidh;  
Nach amhair thu s mi g' an aithe,ne,  
Co am meur ma'm bheil am faine?
- 19 'S ole thuigeadh tusa namsa,  
Athair 'Casail anmeine;  
Mi thilgeadh gu fiar fann,  
An t-sleagh an combar a h-earlinn.
- 20 'S mise Conlaoch Mac nan Con,  
Oighre dligeach Dhundealgain;  
An ruin dh' fflag thu na broinn,  
'S mi 'n Dun sgathach gam fhoghuim.
- 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 Beir 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 eridhe 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 bitinnse is Conlaoch caomh,  
Ag iomairet chleas air aon taobh;  
Chuireannid gu tarabheartach treun,  
Air fearaibh Alb is Eirin.
- 26 'S mise leannan na craobh ruaidhe,  
Leannan Ioghna 's Uilin;  
Innis a luchd mantra,  
Gur mise Cuchullin.
- 27 Chuchullin a chridhe chruaidh,  
Gu bhean an nochd fo dhiombuaidh;  
Bhi faicinn a Mhic ga chleth eal gadhii,  
Gun chail e cheut 's chuimsa.

28 Togamaid leinn airm an fhair,  
Claidhe 's giath Chonlaoiach ghil;  
Bheir sinn treis ga chaoidh mar sin,  
Mar bhean gun Mhac gun bhraithair.

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

V. 2. DAN A'CHONLAOICHL. 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 Chuchulinn no charbad a' toirt dearbhadh dhuinn gu 'n robh e na fhear-ogaidh curanta, eodha, calma, treun. Tha mac aige ri leannan a bh' aig' ann an Alba do 'm b' ainm Aoife. Thug a mhathair Conlaoch mar ainm air. Gheall Cuchulinn, do Aoife, air dha bhith na Ardeheann-feadhna air armaidte na h-Eirinn, gu 'm pilleadh e dh' Alba aig an 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-sgathach 'san Eilean-Scitheanach, an 't-ait' a b' ainmeil san am sin air son foghlum a thoirt 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 a bha aig Cuchulinn. Athair, ach aon chleas, d' am b' ainm an gath-bolg. Bu tric le gaisgich san am sin an guth bolg a chleachdadh 'nuair a bhiodh iad a gleachd le saighdibh ann an usge. 'Nuair a bha Conlaoch air tighinn gu lan spionnadh, chuir a mhathair fo bhoidean e, gu 'n rachadh e do Eirinn, nach inmseadh e co e fein, agus gu 'n d'bhogadh e athair ceanguilte leis do Alba. Bha fios aig Aoife gu 'm marbhadh Cuchulinn a mhac leis a' ghadh-bhog; agus rinn i so mar dhioghaltais—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 Chuchullin. Chuir Connul fios gu Cuchulinn gu 'n robh e ceangailte. Thainig e san a sgoilteadh chuibhricean 'Oide; agus an uair a dh'uit Conlaoch inmse co e, ghlacadh athair ris, agus nuairh 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 Havoc of Connal.' In revenge for the slaying of Cuchullin, his comrade, he takes many heads. These he brings to Eamhair, Cuchullin'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 chonnill cha salve no kinn  
Devin lum gyr zergikis tierm  
No kinn di chw er a zad  
Slontair lat no fir foe fyve
- 2 A neyn orgil nyn nach  
A eoir oik ne bree linn  
Sanna in nerik chon ni gless  
Hugis loym in ness no kinn

- 3 Ka in kenn mallyeh zow mor  
Deryth nayn ross a zroy glan  
Is sa is gir zin le elea  
A kenn deive ne raa dait
- 4 Kenn ree mee nyn nach loait  
Arse m'earbre nyn goith eann  
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 chait  
Alda no each erwth a kinn
- 6 Manne boe fir nyn nach  
Makmeyf zi zrach gyth coyn  
Dagis a ehollin gyn kenna  
Is di hwt wille lum a loye
- 7 Ka in ken so zawis tow id laive  
A chonnil vor ne bae liun  
O nach marrin kow nim gless  
Keid verre how er less a kinn
- 8 Kan v'erris nyn nacht  
Verreyth a ceith gyth gurt  
Mac mo fayr in tur haug  
Di skarris a klemn ra ehwrp
- 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 kow  
Di rad a chorp fa wrow dass  
Cow mac couna re nyn rann  
Hugis lam a kenn ter aiss
- 11 Ka in da ken so is fadde maeh  
A chonnil vor a vraa byig vinn  
Er zraigh teime na kel orn  
Anym no ver a zon ne herm
- 12 Kenn leyirre is clar ewlte  
In da kenn di hut lem zonna  
Di zou swt cowchullin charn  
Swn zergis merna na wulle
- 13 Kai in da kenn so is fadde sorre  
A chonnil vor gi gal znee  
Emyn dae er volt ni verr  
Derk in groye na ful leych
- 14 Cwllin bray is ewlith croye  
Deiss di verre boye lai ferk  
A eyvr seid sor a kinna  
Dagis a gwrp fa linna derk
- 15 Ka ne vi kinn so solk maine  
De chowe feyn er nye hoyth  
Gwrn 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 nern no laive
- 17 A chonnil vor aithr ree  
Kayn in ken od da gallith eath  
Gin or fai treilse wa keyand  
Gyn codyth slem gharlyth vart
- 18 Kenna v'finn v'rosse roye  
V'neene hor has lam niert  
A evir is se so a chend  
Ardree layyn nyn land brak
- 19 A chonnil vor mugh a skail  
Creid a hut lad laive gin locht  
Din thoe eignyth a veil sin  
A deiltiss kinn na con
- 20 Deachnor is seacht fychid keud  
Deryn peyn is awyr sloe  
Di hut lonesa drwne er zrum  
Di neve mo ewlk eunlaa rag
- 21 A chonnil kynis tuidda mnae  
Innselaill dessne ni con  
Cowf v'hawalt haye  
Na veil agga fein ar for

- 22 A evir keid di zarna mai  
Gyn mo kowe ym rer san socht  
Gyn mo zaltan fa mhaa erow  
A dol voym a mugh so n . . .
- 23 A chonnil tok me sa vert  
Tok mo lucht oss lucht no con  
Os da chowe rachfen ayk  
Cwr mo vail re bail no con
- 24 Is mai eyvr is keyn dalvo  
Ne feine sarve daflta zoive  
Di zerr no cha nul mo spess  
Troce murreich 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 mo leir a mhaille bha;  
Ort ann Eilein nan sruth dian,  
'S Cuchulain mo chiall sa bhlàr.
- 2 Thainig Torlamh fuileach fiat,  
Mar dhubh nial o 'n airde near;  
Le saighde corranach dlu,  
'S saighead chuil a rinn a nimh.
- 3 Saighead almhuidh, eitidh, chraidh,  
Saighead a bhais a bha ann;  
A leag gu h-ìosal san air,  
Mo Chuchulain, run nan lann.
- 4 Feinnidh fearr-bhuilleach nan ruag,  
Mar osag air euan nan tonn;  
Bha do shiubhal, meamnach mear,  
B' iomad lear na chlaoi' thu sonn.
- 5 Tha mo dheoir le dealt na h'oi'eh,  
Snithe bhroin a' caoidh an laoch;  
'S mo thuireadh ri teachd an la,  
O mhic mo ghraidh! A mhic mo ghaoil
- 6 A ghaisgich threìn nan iomad baidh,  
'S cian a ghluais do ehlui' san stri;  
Dmnsaich na cheathach broin,  
Bhi gun chruit, gun cheol, gun Rìogh.
- 7 'S trom m' aigneadh, 's is lag mo chail,  
'S truime maran no muir sgith;  
Cuin a Chonail thig an la,  
Thig chugam mo ghradh aris.
- 8 Ionmhainn àbharach nan leug,  
Thait an treun, ach thuit gu mor;  
An comhrag nan cathan ceud,  
Lamb bu treine do gach sloigh.
- 9 O near mar ghrian bha do ghàire,  
Ann an aros measg na mìlith;  
Do ghuth mar eighcheach creag Ullann,  
'S gach eumag gu coinste stri leat.
- 10 A measg nan triath bha e cosgairt,  
An laoch bu docaire ri teirbirt;  
Builleann eudramach gam bearnadh,  
Mar fhlois o 'n abhar san leirg e.
- 11 Chi mi t-arma troma liobhaidh,  
Tana dìreach, math san fhulang;  
Chi mi do sgiath bhreac mar chomhla,  
'S do luireach loinreach nan nlag.



- 12 Chì im do chloigaidhe cruidhach,  
A laoiach uaibhreach ann sau iomairt ;  
Mar charraig thu measg na mànanhan  
Carraig làidir dh' thas gan tìoma.
- 13 A bhean thursach, shùithich, dheurach,  
Eist do d' leire—chreach—'s do d' chumha ;  
Bas an armaim tha ri dhioladh,  
'S tha na mìltidh dh' a gu talang.
- II. EARRANN.
- 14 A Chonail seabhlaich dhuinn na cinn,  
'S deimhinn leam gun dhearg thu t-airm ;  
Na cinn a chì mi air a ghad,  
Slointear leat air tad am faigh.
- 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 creachaich 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 dhend 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 uam,  
Do bha ghruaidh air dath an ros ;  
Gur guirme no 'm feur a rosg,  
'S buidh fholt air dhath an oir.
- 21 Ceann Mhic Luthaich 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 aithhear Rìogh,  
Co 'n ceann eil air dhiol chaich ;  
'S an t'òr air dhrisinnibh a chinn,  
Gu finn-bhuidh sliom mar airgead ban.
- 23 Ceann Bìogh Maithheann 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 ni 'n aithreach leinn ;  
O nach maithreann Cu nan cleas,  
Co bhiodh tu air leas a chinn ?
- 25 Ceann Mhic Fhearailhais nan each,  
Muireach dheanadh creach is lot ;  
Mac mo pheathar o 'n Tur sheang,  
Gun do sgaras a chean o chorp.
- 26 Cha mhòr an onoir mhic Rìogh,  
Imeachar gu min air fholt ;  
'S mi nach marbhadh e gur brath,  
Mar biodh e mu blas a Choin.
- 27 Co 'n da cheann sin air do laimh bhais,  
A Chonail mhoir nan cleasan aigh ;  
An t-aon dath tha air fholt nam fear,  
O 's maing bean g' am bheil am làidh.
- 28 Ceann Mhanuis is Shuimhne mhoir,  
'Se mo dhoidh gur iad a h-ann ;  
Aca fhuaras ceann a Choin,  
Air magh Teamhra nan sgor seimh.
- 29 Co 'n da cheann is faide uam,  
A Chonail nan cruai' lann geur ;  
'S guirme 'n suil no 'n deare air magh,  
'S gile no blath fiodh am bein !
- 30 Carla agus Cathull cruaidh,  
Diais a bhreicadh buaidh le feirg ;  
Thugas leam an cinn mar lùn,  
'S dh' fhagas an cuirp fù' Ghleann-deirg.
- 31 Co na sia cinn air dhroch gré,  
Chì mi dhòit an taobh nan thuath ;  
'S gorm an agbaidh, chlaon an ruisg,  
'S dubh an fuil a Chonail chruaidh.
- 32 Seisear bhraithrean do chì' eam ann,  
Tha iad marbh, 's an clab ri gaoith ;  
Clann Chuilgeadh luchd nan cleas,  
Dream nach raibh air leas mo ghaoil.
- 33 Co na cinn is caime dual ;  
Fainneach, cuachach, uar shnuagh greinn ;  
A' dearladh ri madainn chiuin,  
'S maing da 'n rùn na h-armaim threun.
- 34 Triur Mac Torlaub bh bhorb, baoth,  
'S iad na laoiach a chaoilgh gnuis ;  
Ba neu'-meineach iad sa chath,  
Do Dhaltan nan glae geal ur.
- 35 Co 'n da cheann is fàid o' d' chli,  
A Chonail nìhin na meall shuilean ;  
'S fad an leac is deirg nan t-suth,  
'S dubh am fuil, mar shneachd an deud.
- 36 Da Mhac Rìogh Lochlan nan ruag,  
D' an ainm Manus is Lua'-lanh ;  
Tharladh doibh a bhì sa chlàth,  
An adhaidh mo Dhaltan graidh.
- 37 Co 'n ceann sin air dhath an Loin,  
'S geal a bhos, is dubh a shuil ;  
Tha chruth mar bhlatian an fhraoich,  
No 'n gagan air mhaolan air.
- 38 Rìogh Muthann nan ceuda tigh,  
B' ard a ghuath san iomar-blàigh ;  
A comhrag dealain mo rùn,  
Dh' fhagas a chorp na chloidh thlath.
- 39 A Chonail mhoir, 's maith do sgeul,  
Cia-mead a thuit le d' bhcum san trod ;  
Do chlàna Maithibh is Rìogh,  
Ann 'san strì bu mhòr a loth.
- 40 Ceann thair fichead agus ceud,  
Gun aireamh air creudh no air goidh ;  
Do cheanna Maithibh is Rìogh,  
Thuit sud leam an lochd a Choin.
- 41 Thuit an iomar-bhlaigh nan laoch,  
Caogad agus fichead ceud ;  
Thuit do dh' fhiantidh Thonnagorm,  
Tri ceud bort, 's bu mhòr am beud.
- 42 A Chonail chul-fhuinn 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 shios.
- 43 Mar lithe nam beann gu traidh,  
Dhoirt thu ann san arach fuil ;  
Mar iolair a measg nan ean,  
Dh' fhogair thu gach treinn a binn.
- 44 Ann cath ceatharnail a chraidh,  
Bha do lamh ag deanamh èuchd ;  
Mar aiteal teinne nam beann,  
Bha do lann a cosgairt threun.
- 45 A laoiach fluileachdaich san toir,  
'S mor a leon thu do na Mic ;  
Ochoin ! mise teirbirt dheur,  
'S Cuchulain nan creuchd fù' lic.
- 46 Cha dean mi mire san Tur,  
Dh' fholbh mo mhìrne, 's mo cheol-gair ;  
Mar ghrian an cogall nan neul,  
Dhubh mo ghinc, 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 enir mo bheul ri bèul a Choin.

## V. 3. LAOIDH NAN CEANN. 60 lines.

Mac Callum, page 132.

This book 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 nao baoscaic' 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 Oilcal and Meave, King and Queen of Connaught.—) (H. 1. 14, same scribe, 1750, another copy of 'The Tain.' (Book of Leinster, 1150, 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, 1874.) (Leabhar na h-uilire; published, written about 1100.) (H. 1. 13. The bloody Havoc of Connall Kearnach.) (H. 2. 6. Historical tale, Aoidheach fir diaidh, 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.

'Luidh 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, Aighleadh en fir mic / 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 *Uster*, inheritor of Cuailgne and Muirtheimne, between Drogheda and Dundalk, now Louth. He was a hero of the 'Royal Branch' (The Red Branch, or the russet tree). *Conchubair Mac Nessa*, king of *Mochor*, was the most distinguished king of Emania, and cotemporary with our Saviour. His chief 'knights' were, *Fergus Mac Rógha*; *Conall Carnach*; *Fergus Mac Léite*; *Conroi Mac Déire*; and *Cuchullainn mac Sálta*, 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 *Labor Cam* and *Mamnan 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. 1150, 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 Cuchullain clann an dithis pheathraichin. Bha iad aig an ionnsaidheach 's an aon Oil-thigh. Nuair a bha iad a dealachadh ri cheile 's gach aon a dol gu obair fein, thug Connal miannan a cheud duime bheireadh naigheachd às Cuchullain dha gu'm bitheadh e marbh 'sa mhionaid. La a thuit Cuchullain thubhairt e ri gille mor Laoghaire 'fallbaidh tha nis agus innsidh dha an Chonnad-seula mo bhais; fenechaidh thu innsaidh dha ann an dubh-fhocal, neo bidhich thu fein ann an cuimnart.' Dh-fhadhb Laoghaire, raim e Connal, agus fhuair e gu suilbhre c. Thubhairt an Connal 'Cia nur a tha mo charaid Cuchullain.' 'Tha gu moith, ats an Laoghair, tha e nis air thigh ur a dheamach.' 'Gu de, arsa an Connal, an tair e bha aig air an aithribh aosmhor

ann s' con do thaim ionadach laoch cho mor rìsean, na deth an tigh ur a rinn e.' 'Cha do rinn, arsa an Laoghair, ach tigh isal Cuanhag. 'Nuair a shionas e a chasan ruigidh a cheann uachdar, 'sa chasan iochdar, 'sa shroinn mullach an tigh.' 'Ne sin ri radh arsa Connal gu bheil mo dheadh charaid marbh.' 'Fhianais sin ort fein, arsa an Laoghair, 'S tu fein a dh'ionraich air bas na miosa.' 'O a Laoghair bhèidh, arsa a Connal so leis bo chruaidhe a bhàs, no leat fein; lean thusa mise agus a chuille Ceann bi nho na cheile a bha an aghaidh Cuchullain bheir mise a mach iad.' Ghabh e troimh an choille leis agus shionh e seachd gaid agus thug e do Laoghair iad. Dh-fhadhb iad le cheile agus thoisich an Connal agus a chulla teaghlach a dhimnsidh Laoghair bha na nambaid do Chochullain, thoisich ann sin an Connal air toirt a mach nan ceann agus Laoghair cur air a gladh. Cha robh duthaich, na baile, na teaghlach nach seachaidh ann an eagal nuair a chuala iad gun do thoisich an Connal. Bha iad a dol air aghart nar so agus an do bhonnadh na seachd goid le cinn. 'Laoghair, arsa an Connal, tha mi air mo sharachadh 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 sgòim agus na bha na na bhàile nuair a chumnaic iad an Connal a tighnean. An sin labhair nighean nasal og ri b'athair, 'na bitheadh fe eagal, cha n'eil manasa ach boimeuch agus cuiridh mi Connal gu sìth.' Ghabh i mach na choinninn agus dh'fhaitich i e gu suilbhre Thug an Connal Comain a breathran tron nighean oig, Chuir i stigh e roipe don talla gu dhinnir. Nuair a bha an dinnir seachad thannaig na bha 'san teaghlach a mach muille ris, 's thug iad dha nach do chuir e dragh orra. Nuair a raim e na Cinn thubhairt an Connal ri Laoghair, 'tog leat do chuid cinn a nis 's na tha tuillidh a dhi ort gheabh thu iad.'

LAHAIR AN NIGHEAN RI CONNAL  
'A Chonnul dhealbhaich nan Ceann  
'S eimteachd mi gun dhearg thu tairm  
4 Na cinn sin a thagad air gladh

Sloinnter leat air fad na sunn,  
Nighean thairbheartach nan u' each  
Aimnir og na briathraibh binn  
8 'N eiric Chochullain nan cleis

Thugadh leinn fu dheas na cinn.  
Cia e an ceann molach donn  
Mar dhearg nan rós 'su ghronaidh ghlan  
12 Slàn thu thall air a thaobh ehlì

'A Chonnul mhor is aillth dreach ?  
'Maighcara fairbheartach nan each  
Mac dha leir creach gach cuain  
16 Sgar mi dheasan fein a cheann

'S gar leam a thuit a shluagh,  
'Chonnul mhoir leat dheaghdh rìgh  
Co e an ceann aillth air diol chaich  
20 Fhailt òr-bhuidhe mar dheadradh grein

Gu mollaich slim mar airgidh ban ?  
'Mac an laogh an rois ruaidh  
Mac a b'uaisle thuit leam neart  
24 Mo dhoigh gur e sin fein a cheann

Ard rìgh Lochlan nan lann breac,  
'Cia an du cheann sin air do laimh chli  
'S aillth libhse an nis an dealbh  
28 A chonnul mhoir leat dhaighah rìgh

'S oill leam fein gun dhearg thu tairm ?  
'Ceann Mhathnais agus Mhaidh Mhor  
Se mo dhoigh gur iad a th'ann,  
32 Ach a fhuaradh ceann a choin

Air ma theannrith nan sruthaibh seimh,  
Co an dà cheann so air do laimh dheis  
Chonnul nan cleas 's an aigh  
36 'Naonn dath air falt nan fear

'Smnic gu bheil an baigh ?  
Calla agus Connal eumaidh;  
Bitich a bheiridh buaidh 'sa 'leirg  
40 Thugadh leam an Cinn fu dheas

'S gun do dh-fhag mi an Cairp  
Fu 'n aon air.  
Co an Ceann ad a chithim thall  
44 Fhailt thall gu mollaich slim

- A rosg mar fheur, 's a dhend mar bhla  
 'Saille nu cach òr a chinn?'  
 Mac mo pheathar on tur sheinb  
 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 thu iad an taobh mo thuath  
 'S guirme agus Caoine an ros  
 'S duibhè folt a chinn chruaidh?'  
 Seasar bhraithre a bha ann  
 56 Iad-san 's an clab ri gaoith  
 Bo chlànn chalaidr nan cleas  
 Dream nach robh air leas mo ghaoid.  
 Ceann air fhìcheud agus fìcheud cend  
 60 Gun iomradh air fear croin nan lot  
 Do chlànn mhaithibh, 's Mhacaidh 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 rùig sin a leas, as a Laoghaire, bo bheag leansa no thuit le do laimh ann an eiric 'Chochullain, agus leagaidh mi ruith le fear do no gold.' Laoghaire bhòdh bu bheag leansa na thuit le mo laimh ann an eiric do mhaighstir mhaith. Thoisich e an 'n uair sin agus bha an eachdraidh a dhìomradh gun mo a thuit leis, no an nuair a lionnadh na seachd gold.

## 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 baulk 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 Pandaras, &c.) In Ireland the Story of Deirdre and the 3 sons of Uisnech has been associated with the Story of Cuchullin the King of Emania, and the warriors named above, ever since 1130, at all events. The *Atlantides*, 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 'Mabingion.') 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 verse, about 1801, from a foxhunter on Loch Tay-side. 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 'Uisneachain.' 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, Noais, 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 forebode 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 'Senna' and 'Beregonium' and Vitruvian 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 Bharrachaidh 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 l'ainm Deirdri, agus air bhì dhoibh ag ullachadh fa chomhair na bainne mharbh iad laogh òg. Air bhì do sheachda òg air a chuir san àm, dhoirt iad fuil an boigh a muigh air an t-sneachda, agus do hùid fiteach air an fhuil. Air do Dheirdri bhì sealltuinn a nach air uimeig Chumnaire i 'm fiteach aig ùl na fola, agus a deir si ris an Rìgh, nach bu mhaiseach an Duine aig am bitheadh a chneas co-geal ris an t-sneachda, a ghruaidh co-gear ris an fhuil agus fholt co-dhubh ris an fhiteach. Fhreasgair an Rìgh ag ràdh 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 cos na leabaigh gus am faicheadh i an duine sin. Air an aobhar sin chuir an Rìgh fios air. Thainig e fein agus a dha bhràthair. Agus do b' e an ainmeanan Snaois. Aille, agus Ardan.

Air do Dheirdri Snaois fhaicsinn ionadh i le gaol dha ionnas gun d' fhaibh i leis, agus dh' fhàg i 'n Rìgh. Air do Snaois agus do dha bhràthair long a ghabhail sheòil iad gus an deachaidh iad air tìr aig Beinn-aird. Agus bha gnùllhabeg na 'n cuideachd d' am b' ainm an Gille-dubh, bha na chomhlatha dhoibh agus a' feitheamh orra.

### I. PHÀIRT.

- 1 TUR g'an deachaidh iad air fuinn,  
Clann Uisneachan a Dù-lochlunn;  
Dh' fhàg iad Deirdri agus an Gille dubh,  
A'm Beinn-aird nan aouaran.
- 2 C' àite an cuolas dhan bu dhùileadh,  
Na 'n Giulla dubh ri dùr shuiridh;  
Air Deirdri chruinneagach gheal,  
Bu Chuibhte orm 'us ort bhì cuideachd.
- 3 Cha bu chuibhte mi is tu,  
Ghìullan duibh nam mì-rùn;  
Ach gus an d' thig iad dhachaidh slàn,  
Clann Uisneachan a' Dù-lochlunn

- 4 Ge b'eug a rachadh tu dheth,  
'S ge d' fhaithcadh tu bas g'an cumba ;  
Bithidh tu 'us lau dabh an aon leabaidh,  
Gus an d' theid ùir air do leachlain.
- 5 Gheibheadh thusa Dheidridi ghuaeach,  
Bh' nansa air mdaolan a màireach ;  
Gheibheadh tu bwinne chruidh chraobhaich,  
Agus maorach à Innis-aonaich.
- 6 Gheibhte tu muinealan mhuc,  
Mar sin agus sruthaga shean-tuire ;  
Gheibhte tu bmoideach 'us bó,  
'S a laogh mhín na fuilng aon so
- 7 Ge d' gheibhim naít caolach fhiadha,  
Agus bradain bhroime gheala ;  
B' aansa leam bior-chul-chas,  
A lámh Snaois mhíe Uisneachan.
- 8 B' e Snaois a phoga mo bhenl ;  
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 saíl g' an d' thug Deirdri ghuaeach,  
Mach air bàr bhaile bhraonueich ;  
'S áluin an truir bhraithre a chi mí,  
Suánuaidh iad na eantán tharais.
- 10 Tha Ard, 'us Aille air an stúir,  
'Seóladh gu h-árd ramhach einín ;  
Mo ghra dh' a Gheal-lamhach gheal,  
Tha m' fhear féin gu sturadh síd.
- 11 Ach smíd na d' thigeadh air do bheul,  
Ghíulláin duibh nam braon sgeul ;  
Mu 'm marbhar thu gun chiontadh dheth,  
Is níor mó a chreidre míse.
- 12 O! Chloinn Uisneachan nan each,  
A thainig à tír nam fear fuileach ;  
An d' fhuilng sibh táir bho neach,  
No ciod è so bha d' ar cumail.
- 13 Bha d' ar cumailne mach naíte,  
An t-eabar-sea fuileach faobhar ruadh ;  
Rígh mac Rosnaich eann fir Pháil,  
Air ar glacadh 's air ar díoghmhaíl.
- 14 C' áite an robh 'ar n-airm ghaíse,  
'S air lámhan tapaídh tuíleach ;  
N' ar a dh' fhuilng sibh, sibh-féin slán,  
Do mhac Rosnaich bhí gar díong' ail.
- 15 Cadal g' an d' rinn sinn 'n ar luíng,  
An truir Bhraithre drim rí drim ;  
M' an d' fhaireich sinn bend na feall,  
Dh' iath na sea-longa-deng umainn.
- 16 Cha bu mhís' nach d' innis dhúibhse,  
A Chloinn Uisneachan bho b' ionmhúinn ;  
Nach bu lámh air bhlonaga bán,  
'S nach bu shurd air cogadh cadal.
- 17 'S ge nach biodh cogadh fuí 'n ghréin,  
Ach duine fadadh a thír féin ;  
C'adail fadaídh 's beag a thlachd,  
Do dhuine is è air deorachd.
- 18 Deórachd 's maireg g'am biodh an dán,  
Gur gnáthach leatha enid sheachraín ;  
'S beag a h-arram 'us nóir a smachd,  
'S maireg dume d' an dán deórachd.
- 19 Ach chuir iad an sin sin,  
An uamba shalach fuí' thalbhainn ;  
F-ar an d' thigeadh fodhain an saíle,  
Trí naoi nairéan gach an lá.
- 20 Ach aon inghean mhath bh' aig an Rígh,  
Ghabh í dhinne moran truaíse,  
Seichdeachan a h-athar gu léir,  
Ba lionmhór ann bían éilde is aídhe.
- 21 Chuir í eadar sinn 's an fear nús,  
An ríbhinn úr bho sí b' fhearr tuígse ;  
Ach do bhíodh h-athair sa Chraoibh ruaidh,  
'S a chárdean gu léir nu thimchioll.
- 22 Teachd mo chagair a Thíormhaíl,  
Cha nóil rúine nam bán math ;  
Innsidh iad sa chuill, na chluinn iad,
- 23 Ciod an rúine a bhíodh ann,  
Nach innsadh tu do t aon inghinn ;  
'S an rúine a gheibhíne bh' naít,  
Gu gleitheáin bhíadhna gu díll.
- 24 Fuí' bhíle mo eiche deise,  
'S an rúine gheibhim bho chach  
Athairghráidh gun innsan duitse Arsa n-inghean.  
An Rígh ga freagairt.
- 25 'Chuir Rígh Eirinn fios air saíl  
Dh' ionnsaidh naíslean Bharr-Pháil ;  
Gu 'm fuigheansa lán mo luinge,  
Do dh' ór 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 críde gu ro mhór,  
Threagair aísnechan an tíghe  
Leis an osun 'leig an Inghinn.
- 28 'Cò so léig an osun throm,  
Gur dúilich leo na Ciomaich,  
'S mise leig an osun throm,  
Do Chioamaich gur coraidh leam,
- 29 Tha carrun mhór ann am thaobh eil,  
'S gu marbhadh í caogad Rígh ;  
'S tha luain mhór air mo chridhe,  
San taobh eile mo choinneamh na h-carrun'
- 30 Ach thainig í thugainn d' ar fios,  
An Thíormhaíl bu ghíle cneas  
An rabh thu ann san Dùn ud thall ;  
No ciod an aithris a th' ann oírne,
- 31 'Bha nús ann san Dùn ud thall,  
'S is truaigh an aithris a th' ann oirbhe ;  
Gu 'm fuigh n' athair lán a luinge,  
Dh' ór 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 easan,  
A 's gu 'n tomhais mí na glasan ;  
Nach fhag mí bonn díubh air dearmad  
Air fad air kend, na air doimhnead.'
- 34 'Thainig í 'n sin an Ceard chluaineach,  
Mac-an-t-saoir as a chraoibh ruaidh ;
- 35 Eirich thusa a cheird chluaineach,  
Mhic-an-t-saoir as a chraoibh ruaidh,  
'S aon inghean Rígh air tighinn gu d' iarruidh.'
- 36 'S beag orm féin na bhítheadh ann,  
Aon inghean Rígh, a shíladh  
An oídheche gu fíor,
- 37 'S e bheireadh í dha thigh gu teach,  
Treas tuairesgeul na geambaíche ;  
'S ann a shíulas duine an ló,  
Mar a bheireas cóir air aílleachd ;
- 38 Mirre g' an d' rinn mí am luíng,  
Air onfha na mara thruim,  
Inchraichean m' Athar gu léir,  
Bha iad agam fuí' m' mbi-chéil,
- 39 Leam iad a mach thar a bórd,  
'S truaigh nach deacheas nan druima-lórg,
- 40 An eimhne leats' a Cheard chluaineach,  
'N ktha bha thu san Dùn ud thall,  
'Bealadh óir aig m' athair,  
'S a chluan oir a sgríobh iad ort.
- 41 'N t-óir a ghaoid thu
- 42 'S í 'n fhail oir 'thug mise dhuit,  
A chum an ceann síu air do bhraídhie.'

- 43 Ach 'dh' eirich è suas an Ceard chuaineach,  
Mac-an t-saoir as a chraoibh ruaidh,  
Is rinn è na trì iuchraiche bnuadhach,  
Ri aiteal na h-aon-leth-naire.
- 44 Ach smid na d' thigeanh air do bhéul,  
Nach gu 'n labhair 'n teintin dubh sun,  
Na an grinneal an deach' an deanamh.
- 45 Ach thainig i 'ris d' ar fios,  
An Tiormhail nan ciabhadh cleach laeh
- 46 'S'nibh thugansa bhuir easan ;  
A's gu 'm fuasgail mi na glaisit,  
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 céire leth mar leth ;  
'S gu bu leir leinn adhaidh' chéile,
- 49 Tha long aig m' athairse air sàl,  
Ann am barr a bhaile bhraonach ;  
Seisear ' feathadh lath' 's do dh' oidheche,  
Agus aon fhear donn a toiseach,
- 50  
'S gu dìoghadh è ceud an còmhrag.'
- 51 Ach ma theid sibhse na dhàil,  
Gun eagal na gun fhealsga  
Buaibh gu cothromach ceart,  
Bhuir trì chloidhean na aon alt.
- 52 Ge bu doireche an oidheche doilleir,  
Gu'm bu ghainge rineas eolais ;  
Bhuail sinn gu cothromach ceart,  
Bhuir 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' uaibhreach dhamsa sin a dheanamh ;  
'S a fiuthad mac Rìgh 'tha gam iarraidh,
- 55 Na 'n triallain air cheumnan cas,  
Air sga buidhne coimbiiche.
- 56 L'ubhaidh iad ort. A Gheal shoilleir,  
Mn 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 lughaide dhe sin a phris ;  
Ach 's ole an saothraiche re seall,  
Nach d' thugadh aon cùn an caladh.
- 58 Ach fanaidh mi bliadhna air do ghaol,  
Agus bliadhna eile chion t-ionraidh,  
'N ceann na cuig na seathas bliadhna,  
Thig gam iarraidh 'n sin air m' athair,
- 59 'S gleithidh mise do shith dhuir,  
Bho Rìgh an Dombain 's bho Chonna-chothair,
- 2 Ach leag thusa t-aisling Dheirdri,  
Air aonach nam burtlaichean àrda ;  
Air maraichean na fàirge muigh,  
'S air na chlochaibh garbha glasa.
- 3 'S gu'm faigh sinne sith 's gu'n tabhair,  
Bho' Rìgh an domhainn 's bho Chonmachobhair.
- 4 Ach co-moch 's a thain an lù,  
'S a sgaoilteadh bho'r eul an eò ;  
C' àite 'n do ghabh 'ur loingean tìr  
Ach fù' dhorus an àrd Rìgh.
- 5 Thainig Connachar fein a mach,  
'S naoi ceud-deug sluaigh leis ;  
Se dh' fhearrach è gu bregha bras,  
Cò iad na sloigh 'so, th' air an loingean.  
'S iad clann do pheathar féin a t' ann,  
Is iad nan snidhe 'n cairthir aingis ; (ill)  
Cha chluann peathar dhamsa sibh,  
'S cha ne gnòmh a rinn sibh orm.
- 6 Abh mo nàrachadh le feall,  
Ann am fiadhuais fir na h-Eirinn.
- 7 Cìod ged thug sinn uait do bhean,  
Deirdri chruinneagach chruin-luagh 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 àm do dh'òr is do dh' airgid,  
Thug sinne dhuits' air long fhéin,  
'S namh sinn féin cana 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 sinne dhuit bàigh bheag eile,  
'S b'e 'n tra's àm a cuimhneacha ;  
'N latha catladh 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 lù sin,  
Agus Bha sinn ga' d' dheidh reir,  
'S thug sinn thugadsa fù' d' iochd,  
Cinn seachd mic Rìgh Morfhairge,
- 14 'S ge d' dheanadh sibh rium caogad bàigh, &c.
- 15 Ach thog Snaois a chos r'a bòrd,  
Ard, is Aille air a dhrom-lòrg ;  
  
An truir bhràithrean, bu bhoidhebe ceann-ùlhaidh
- 16 Cha bhàs leam a nis bhuir 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 chul-chruin ;  
'S cha 'n fhaitheadh tu 'm cùil no 'n eoil,  
Facal eud no achmhasain.
- 18 Cha d' thig mise a mach am luing,  
Ach am fuigh mi m'aon ragha achiung,  
  
'S cha tìr 's cha n carraig, s cha treoghadh.
- 19 Cha 'n eich gheala 's mhiol-choin ;  
Ach comas tiotan beag do 'n tràigh,  
Thoirnt miosgan ann deagh graidh,  
Do na corpaibh geala cneas-bhàn.

## PART II.

Agus air innseadh na nitheadh sin dhoibh bha Deirdri ro-dhionach dhuibh, chionn gun d' fhig iad Tiormhail nan deigh, agus air son a feothas dhoibhsan nach iarraidh ise os a cionn ga bràth. An sin ghabh Deirdri agus iadsan an turas a ris ga iarraidh agus chunnaire ise aisling.

- 1 AISLING a chunnaic mi 'n raoir,  
Air truir mhac Rìgh Bharrachaol ;  
Bhì g'am cuibhreacha 's g'an cuir san uaigh,  
Le Connachar as a chraoibh ruaidh.

- 20 Dh' fhuasgaileadh iad a folt donna-bhuí' tla,  
M' an cuairt do 'n riochán 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' m'eur,  
'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 bheireamsa dhuit ga cionn,  
'N aon fhail óir is fearr tha 'n Éirinn.
- 25 'Tur g'an rabh Snaois a cur cloiche,  
Air feasgar amoch oídheche sathairne ;  
Bhris e 'n fhail óir bha mu m'heur,  
Le tiorruin na h-aon urachaire.
- 26 Thug è dhoms' an fhail' bhriste,  
'S thug i seallan 's bu lan ghibht i ;  
Thug mise dhasan an fhail lan,  
'S cha b' ann a mhóithe comainne.
- 27 'S na cuimhniche mo ghradh geal a bi aige,  
Cha b' eagal dá 'n seachd portaibh deug-n h Éirinn.
- 28 Ach ghabh an saor meannadh goirt,  
Air an fhail is thug è Dheirdir chore ;  
A's dh' imich i do 'n traigh  
Fur an rabh Clann Uisneachan
- 29 Teann thusa nall a Snaois náraich,  
A mhic nam fatha d'hearr ábhaist ;  
Na 'n crithiche marbh roimh bheo eile,  
Chrithiche tusa (nis) rothamsa.
- 30 Shùin i an sin a taobh r'a thaobh,  
Agus ehuir i'beul r'a 'bheul ;  
As ghabh i 'n sgian gheur roimhe eoidhe.  
Is dh' thuir i 'm bás gun aithreachas
- 31 Ach thùig i an sgian dubh 'sa chuan,  
Mu 'n fuighe an saor achmhasan,
- 32 Cò moch 's a thainig an ló,  
Thainig Connehar féin 's a lod ;  
Mile mairphaisg do 'n mhi-chóil,  
Thug ormsa Clann mo pheathr' féin a mbarbha,
- 33 Tha mi 'n dia gun Deirdir dheth,  
Na gun aon duine tairrise.  
Ach tiolaicidh mi 'n aon uaigh  
Snaois 'us Deirdir 'n aon leabaidh,  
'S an lus beag 'thig roimh an uaigh,  
Ge b'e chuireas snaim air a bháir,  
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 bháir,  
Ge do bhíodh an crann gu críoma.

## M. 3. CAOÍ' DHOIRDIR. 240 lines.

CAOÍ' Dhoirdir airson Naóis agus Clan Uisnich, dhúimich Deirdir naith Chonchair rígh Uamh le Nais Mac Uisnich agus a dhúthas bharthairibh, (Goidhain, Milbe agus Ardán gu h Albain, ionad ann rabhadar gu soma snaibhneach re un' fhacla, gus na chuir Conchair teachdaircachd shúthaim chardéil nan deí' gus na phrill iad gu Rígh-Éirinn, ach d'ituir an rígh feall orra, agus mbarbh, an triuir cháraibh 'n am dheidh teachd air tír, an sin dhruid, Deirdir nis na cuirp agus chaoine gu cumhach iad agus chuir, lamh am ach anam fein.

1 CLANN Uisnich nan each geala ;  
Thainig a tír nam fear fúileach,  
Creud so do bhíodh air ar n eachaibh  
No creid e a ta g'ar cumail.

2 Ta g'ar cumail fada uaine,  
Creid is fa naeh cumlain an ruag  
Lamhan' air bhog attaibh bán  
Nir cheol cadail dhuinn an cogadh.

3 Códal nile 's beag a lochl,  
Do dhaoine bhíodh ri deoircaclid ;  
Ge d' naeh bíodh coga fo na ghreín  
Ach daoine bhí as an tír fein.

4 Chuirnear ar luingeas amach,  
A chaith' a chuain gu colach,  
Bha sinn sùblach ri seokadh  
Is bha Deirdir dubhach do-bhrónach.

5 Creud e fa do thirse bheam  
Agus sinne beo 'n ar beatha  
Ní h aithne dhuinn neach d'ar bualadh  
Ní h eagal luinn fuath no sichaimh

6 Aislín do chunnacas an raoir ;  
Oirbhe thríuir braithe barra chaoín ?  
Ar eùbhreach is ar cuir san uaigh,  
Leis a Chóuchair chlaoin ruagh.

7 Air chlochaibh sin is air chrannáibh,  
Agus air lachaibh na linne  
Is ar chuilleinibh na 'm fadh chor  
Is air earlas fíar an t Seannach.

8 Creud bheir sinne 'n daill an haoich  
Is farsaing na fairge amach  
'S a liughad eala caol is euan  
A b' fheudar tarruing' gun uablas.

9 An am líthle do na ghreín  
Nir b' aolbar suain dhuain e  
C'ait ionnar ar ghabh long tír  
Ach fo Bhaile mor Rígh Conchair.

10 Thainig Conchair amach le  
Sheachd fíchlí loach cheann-uallach  
Is dh' fhiosraich le briara brais  
Cia na sloi' 'tu air an luingeas.

11 Clann do pheathar áta ann ;  
Sin triar a thainig air tuinn  
Air oineach 's air chomaire an Rí'  
Aig tagradh dílseachd ar cairdeas

12 Cha chlann peathar dhamsa sibh  
Nir bheairt saoi' do rinn sibh orm  
Thug sibh mo bheau uam a b' fhoill<sup>5</sup>  
Sí Deirdirí dhonn sháileach ghleí' gheal.

13 An uair a sgaol do long mu lán  
Is tu a mullach na mara díllín  
Thug sinn dhuit ar long féin  
Do bhí' mar ann nair sin a' do reir<sup>6</sup>

14 De d' mhárba sibh caogad rígh  
Air mo bhú'eachas gu fíor  
Ní am faigheadh sibh an diu do m' shíth  
Ach gach uil' easai' 'm feadain<sup>7</sup>

15 Do rinne mar dhuit báí' bhleg eile  
O 's e nis an tam do chuimhneachadh  
Chuir sinn' thu 'n comaoibhíomar.  
'S dílleas ar cóir air do chomraich.

16 An tann do chuir Murcha Mac Brián  
Na seachd caitibh am binn Eadair<sup>8</sup>  
Thug sinn' thugan gun easblai'  
Cinn Mhíe rígh na h Eardhaise.

17 Ge d' mbarbha sibh caogal Rí'  
Air mo bhú'eachas gur fíor  
Ní am bheid sibh an diu do m' shíth  
Ach gach uil' eas-shíth do 'm feadain.

18 Eirich a Naóis is glae do chlaí'  
A dheug mhíe an Rí is glan còimhead  
Creud fa 'm faigheadh a cholaín shuairc  
Ach a mháin aon chuairt do 'n anam.

19 Chuir Naóis a shalta<sup>9</sup> ri clár  
Is ghlae a chloí' 'n a dhorn  
'S bu gharg deanad nan loach  
Tuitim air gach taobh do bhord.

<sup>1</sup> (Soft brooks) threatening white hand.

<sup>2</sup> More than mild. <sup>3</sup> Without fear.

<sup>4</sup> Sona. <sup>5</sup> Le foil. <sup>6</sup> Friends.

<sup>7</sup> (Ea síth) mischievous. <sup>8</sup> Eadlín. <sup>9</sup> Resolved.

- 20 Gluais a Dheurdrúinn as do buing  
A gheug ur nam<sup>10</sup> abhra dhuinn  
Is ní h eagal do ghluais ghloin  
Fuath nó eud nó achmhásan.<sup>11</sup>
- 21 Ní 'n rachar am seasd as mo buing  
Gu 'n faighe mí mo raogha achuinge
- 22 Cha tír, cha talamh 's cha tuar  
Cha triuir brathire fa ghlan snua' th  
Cha 'n or, cha 'n airgid 's cha 'n eich  
Ní mo is bean náireach mise.
- 23 Ach mo ehead a dhól an tráí'  
Far am bhéil clann uisnich nan tadh,  
Gu 'n tílbrim mo thri poga meala  
Do na trí corpa caomh geala.
- 24 Sgabileadh a fult dualach thá  
Aig<sup>12</sup> a mhnaoi bu chuana cáil'  
Mú 'm bearra sí léithi a b feill<sup>13</sup>  
Atrad a bhraid bu choirle,
- 25 Do ghluais Deirín an tráí'  
Is fhuair sí Saor aig sua<sup>14</sup> isheadh rainbh  
A sgian aige cion<sup>15</sup> na leith lamh  
Is a thuagh iona<sup>16</sup> na lamh eile
- 26 A shaoir is aile am fúcas ríamh  
Crend air an tiubhra tu an sgian  
Gur e bheirinn duit g'a ceann,  
Aon fhaine buaghach na h-Eirinn
- 27 C'ait an robh am fáine geasach<sup>17</sup>  
An la do bhlaoghluisheadh clann uisnich  
'L iongua le buaighibh an fhaine,  
Mar fhuarah an crádh nó 'n ghuinsin<sup>18</sup>
- 28 La gu 'n robh Naóine cur cloiche  
Ann 'n ursáin cath fiann na fáiche ;  
Do sgaoil an fháil<sup>19</sup> oir fa mheur  
'S thug dhambsa i mo ghragh da ta sgaí,
- 29 Och do chúimhnich mo ghradh gealsu  
Am fáine feartach a bhí na fhochair  
N baoghal do o ghóil nan shlaghaibh  
A ghluin le thúath nó le sochaí'
- 30 An sin do shanntaich an saor am fáine  
Air dheise 's air áilne  
Gur e bheirín duit ga cheann  
Aon sgan aghmhór na h-Eirinn.
- 31 Caoi', no Triabhunn Deirdir  
Cha ghairdeachas gun chlann uisnich  
O' s tuirseach gun bhí' nar cuallach  
Tri mic rígh le 'n díolfaí deoraibh.
- 32 Tri leoghain a chnuic na h-namha  
Tri manúin a bh' Ti Bratáin<sup>20</sup>  
Tri seobhaig o shliabh a chuillinn ,  
An triar d'an geile na gaisgíoch  
'S do n tiubhra na h amh thuis uram.
- 33 Thri Stealláin do 'n ubhal oir  
Nach fáilingeadh deannal nan tír,  
Tri mic uisnich o Dhun mona',  
O trí eoin a chochail chaomh.
- 34 Na trí eoin a b' áille snuagh,  
A thainig air chuan nam bare  
Tri mic uisnich o 'n charra-chruinn<sup>21</sup>  
Tri lachaibh air tuinn a snamh.
- 35 Soiri'<sup>22</sup> soir gu h-Albain nam  
Farna mhath fraorac cuain is gleann  
Ann am biodh clann uisnich ri sealg  
Bu aobhain súidhe air leirg a beann.
- 36 Níor<sup>23</sup> h' iongua mí thabhairt graí  
Do dh' Albain ur fa re roid  
Bu ghlan mo choilí na measg  
Bu leam a h-cích is a h-or.<sup>24</sup>
- 37 Bail' agus leath Albain fein  
Do bhíodh agam ard an ceum,  
Is le Fergus nan colg laidir  
Gur maing a thainig gu h-Eirinn.
- 38 O ghlinn Maisinn sin gleann Maisin,  
Gor a chreamh is geal a dhosan  
Mínic do romneas codal iorrach  
Air do mhulachsa ghlinn Maisinn.
- 39 Gleann Daruail sin, Gleann Daruail  
An gleann is binne guth cuaic  
Is binne guth gaodh-air fo 'n choille chruim,  
Os ar ceann ann Gleann Daruail.
- 40 Aoibhinn Dón Meaghr is Dun Fhionn  
Aoibhinn an dùn bha os a cheann  
Aoibhinn Innis Dreogháin leathain  
Leis sin agus Dun suibhne.
- 41 Cearthar sin ann Innis Dreogháin  
Far nach faodfadh na slogh ar noisheadh  
Mise fein 's ní moid an agh,  
Naóis Aillbhe agus Ardán.
- 42 Bhíodh Aillbhe againn ri toirbheirt  
Is Ardán ri seilg séanta  
Is Naóis fein ceann ar muintir  
Is mise ri fuaim nan teuda
- 43 La gu 'n robh fir Alba 'g ol  
Is clann uisnich bu mor cean<sup>25</sup>  
Do inghean Draosach Dhun Ireoir  
Thug Naóis dhí pog gun fhios
- 44 Gu na gheall e dhí alldaimh aon  
Agh allaigh is lao' na cois  
Is thaghaill se aic air chuairt  
Air pilleadh o shluagh Inaruis
- 45 Thug a bhean sin o Dhun Ireoin  
Briaran is a bóid mhear  
Gur an racha Naóis a dh'eug  
Nach i rachi sí fein le fear
- 46 O choin nar chuála mise sin  
Lían mo cheann lan do 'n eud  
Tilgeadh mo churach air tuinn  
Coinheas leam bhí beo no eug
- 47 Do thug naois a bhriara sior  
Is a lughá more am fianuis arm  
Nach cuireadh ormsa feirg no gruaim  
Gus an rachamad air slugh nam marbh
- 48 Do leanadar mise amach  
Aillbhe is Ardán a bha treun  
Is philleadar mí ris a steach  
An dáis a chuireadh cath air cheandán.
- 49 O da chluinne sibhs anochd  
Naóis dhól fo bírot an cre  
Throm ghuile sibh gu bras  
Is ghuilinse a sheachd leath.
- 50 'S iad clann uisnich sud tha tball  
Is iad nan lúidhe bonn ri bonn  
Is da 'n suimleaghadh marbh roimh mhairbh eile  
Gu 'n suimleighe sibhs romhansa.
- 51 Tri Dreagno dhunmonaí  
Triar curraí' na craobh ruaighe  
Tarcis nan Triath níor bheo mise  
Triar a bhriseadh gaeh aon ruaighe.
- 52 Do threigas aoibhneas ulamh  
Fa 'n triar curaibh do b'annsa  
Mo shaothal am feasd mor thade  
Na 'n laighear aon theas leamsa.
- 53 Lair fosgladh a phartainn  
Na deantarán uaibh le gu docair  
Biaidh mí 'm fochair na huaighe  
Far a deantar truaí' agus ocháin,
- 54 'S mor a gheibhinn do shochair  
Ann am fochair nan curaibh  
Le 'm<sup>26</sup> fuinn iad gu teach gun teine  
Och mise am feasd nach biodh dubhach.

<sup>10</sup> Brown complexion.<sup>11</sup> Reproach.<sup>12</sup> Strong constitution. <sup>13</sup> Unintelligible. <sup>14</sup> Shaving oars.<sup>15</sup> Aon.<sup>16</sup> Ann.<sup>17</sup> King of Charnus. <sup>18</sup> Gun, stich. <sup>19</sup> Fáilbheag.<sup>20</sup> Albainn. <sup>21</sup> Round rock. <sup>22</sup> Bheir soiri.<sup>23</sup> Ríon bhí agam bu bhreach oidin. <sup>24</sup> Seire.<sup>25</sup> Gheall e nar philleadh e chuairt.<sup>26</sup> Na 'm faighinn.

- 55 An trí sgiatha is an trí sleagha  
Ann san leabaí dhúinín gu minic  
Cúiri' an trí cloí' cruaidha  
Siut' osceann uaigh nan gillaibh
- 56 An trí conaibh is an trí sealbhaic  
Bíatar am feasl gun luehd séilge  
Tri triari choimhead catha  
Triar dhalaibh chonnad chearnaich.
- 57 Tri iallaima nan trí lun sin  
Do bhúin osna o mo chridhe  
'S ann agamsa do bhíodh an tasgaí  
Ga 'm faicsin is aobhar caoi.
- 58 Och is truaigh mo shealla orra  
'S e dh'fhag mi fo dhochair is fo thuirse  
Trua' nach deach mise san talaubh  
Sol fa 'n do mharbha clann úisnich.
- 59 O 's truaigh ar tuirse le Fergus  
Gur cealgach chluin na craobh ruaidhe  
Le na briara blasda bíane  
Fadh ma n' mbilleadh sibh aon nair
- 60 Och 's mise Deirdre gun aobhneas  
Anis aig críochnacha mo bheatha  
Bronnfam do 'n triar mo thri pogaibh  
Is dúinas 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 Tirfáil, not Deardúil. It seems a different poem altogether from Mac Pherson's *Darlula*; 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 FAON do shuan oigh na maise,  
An lealaídh fhuar an cois na traigh;  
Mo chridhe tha briste le taise,  
Dom' Dhan ghaiste do bhraigh,
- 2 Tigh gun leus do chomhuaidh  
Bromach do dhainb 's do chairdean.
- 3 Turas gu 'n deachadh iad air luing,  
Uainn clann Usnachan ionmhúin;  
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 mithích a dheanamh.
- 5 Ar bainis cha' n' eil am fath,  
Ní mo nítear i gu brath;  
Aig gun tig iad dhathaidh slán,  
Cloinn Usnachan an ceann bliadhna.
- 6 Cinnteach bíthídh tu gu dith,  
Ged' fhaigheadh tu 'n bas g'an cumbadh;  
Bíthídh tusa 'san Dubh san aon leab,  
Aig an teid an ur thar a leachd. (leac)
- 7 Scalladh gu 'n tugas a mach,  
Air bordlaibh a Bharra blaraoin;  
'S ionmhúin an truir chuantaídh chas, (chuantair)  
A shmanbas an euan dhatuigh.
- 8 Ardán is Ailda air an Stuir,  
A dhinnas gu h-ardanach tuinn;  
Mo ruin an glac lambach geal,  
'S e m' fhear fein tha stuiradh sud.
- 9 Na tigeadh snúid as do bheud,  
O Hle Duth nam fann sgeul;  
Marbhar thu gun chloídh dhe,  
Ma ní mu 'n crúda iad mise.
- 10 A chloinn Usnachan nan each,  
A thainig a tír nam fear fuileach;  
Ad' fhuídh sibh tair o neach,  
No eoid a ghraídh a bha g'ar cumail?
- 11 'Se bha g'ar cumail bhí dol uat  
'S ann dúinne gu 'm b' fhuileach an ruaig;  
Níall Mac Frasnán ceann fhear fáil  
Bhí g'ar fastáil 's g'ar cumail,
- 12 Cait an robh iad bhur n-airm ghaisce,  
An uair a dh' otha sibh bhur glaca?  
Do Níall Mac Frasnán ceann fhear fáil,  
Gu bhítheadh g'ar fastáil no g'ar cumail.
- 13 Codal gu 'n d' rinneas 'nar luing  
Air onfha na Mara throm;  
M'an d' fharaidh sinn bi *na ce* (no dhur)  
Dh' iadh na sè longa deug umainn.
- 14 Cha míse nach d' innis sin duibh,  
Chloinn Usnachan ionmhúin;  
Cadal fada 's beag a thlachd,  
Do dhuine 'se air Dheorachd. (Thorachd)
- 15 'S ann a chuir e sinn an namhain,  
Fada, fada fo thalubhain;  
Far an tigeadh Tharraim an saile,  
Tri ma naircan san aon la.
- 16 'San sin nuair thainig e g'ar fios  
An tír-fáil bu ghile enas;  
Ghábh 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 h-athar;  
Nach do chuir an og bhean a b' fhear tuigse,  
Eadar síne sam fíor uigse.
- 18 Dh' imích i do Dhun a h-athar,  
Tír-fáil an fhuil mhaorth sgeathach;  
Fhuaradh a h-athair san Dun,  
'Sa chairdean uile m'a thiomhuill.
- 19 Thigsa a'm' chogair a Thirfáil (Thirbhláil),  
Ribhinn fharasda dhonn thla;  
An sgeul a cheileas m'air eadh,  
A ghraídh g'un innsin duita,
- 20 Mari gur ole run nam ban,  
Innsídh iad sa' chuil na chluinneas,  
'S doua 'n run a bhítheadh ann,  
Nuair cheileadh tu i air h-aon nighean.
- 21 Ghléithinn seachd bliadhna i gun fhios,  
Fom' chích thosgail an tasgaídh:
- 22 Chuir rígh Eirin fíosa traigh,  
Gur math Uaisle Insefáil;  
Gu faighinnse luehd mo luinge,  
Dh' or dh' airgid, a dh' aon drúinne,
- 23 Na eimích a char, gun fheall,  
Dhu amaraich air chuain na h-Eirin.
- 24 Leag a nighean osnadh throm,  
As a cridhe fein gun charg la:  
Chlís g'aisneic an tíghe,  
Le aon osna na h-Inghin.
- 25 G'e b'e leag an osnadh throm,  
Rí gur ionmhúin leis na eimích;  
'S mise leag an osnadh throm,  
Na eimích gur eona 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 fios  
An Tírfaile bu ghile enas;  
An robh thu anns an Dun ud thall,  
No 'n eual thu aithris oirn ann?
- 28 Bha mí anns an Dun ud thall,  
'S bochl an aithris bh' oirbh ann;  
Chuir rígh Eirin fíosa an traigh,  
Gu math maise Insefáil.
- 29 Gu 'm faigheadh m' athairse luehd a luinge,  
Dh' or dh' airgid a dh' aon drúinne;  
Is sibhse chuir gun fheall,  
Do mairach air chuain na h-Eirin.



- 30 Ach sinibh thugamsa ur casan,  
'S gu' n tomhais 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 lamh ;  
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' fhaoinceachd a bhi agad. (coir)
- 33 'S naorachd mise a bhi beo,  
'S coir a fhaoinceachd a bhi agam ;  
'S an ceann Dubh-sa thair mo bhragaid,  
Gur tu rinn dhomhsa a ghleitheachd.
- 34 Bha mi la pronna oir,  
An ceardach t-athar an Chuanaidh ;  
Choinnicheadh ormsa 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 uichrichean m' athar thar bord,  
'S truagh gun mise nan stuath lorg.
- 36 Rinn an Gobha na b-uichrichean buadha,  
Dhi ri fatail na b-aon uaire,
- 37 Na tigeadh smid as do bheul,  
Moch no amoch, no ma fheasgar.  
Aig an inneas an Grinneal e !  
No 'n t-innean air an deach an rù deanamh,
- 38 Sin gur thainig i gur fios,  
An Tirfàil bu ghile ceas !
- 39 Sinibh thugansa bbur cassan  
'S gum fosgail mi na glasan,  
Mar dh' fhad mi bonn air dhi cuimhne.  
Air fad' air laid no air doimhne,
- 40 Thug Naois an leum gu h-ealachain,  
Ardan a b' aillde co alsa,  
Aillde an deaghail nim.
- 41 An triur bhrathran bu mbath dìongail ;  
Bheil sibh nise air 'ur cois ?  
No bheil a bhos na ni 'ur dìongail,
- 42 No' m bitheadh againn ar trì claidhean.  
Agus lòn chnig oidhechean,  
Sòlus 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 iadhn 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' fhaoinceachd a bhi agad.
- 45 Na deanamsa ceartas dìonnaì,  
Nighean an rìgh o Dhuu Meara ;  
Tha mi 'g iarraidh nan trì claidhean,  
Agus lòn chnig oidhechean.
- 46 Sòlus 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 eatha,  
No thoirt leis latha seirbbis ?
- 48 Bheirinn cloidhe dhiu' mar *ghil*,  
Do mhac a fhuar rìgh ri Ribhinn ;  
Bheirinn cloidhe eile dhinbh,  
Do chend marcach nan each cuin
- 49 Bheirinn cloidhe eile dhinbh,  
Do ard mharasail mo luinge ;  
Leag i na naoi *piosa* oir,  
Air a bhord air son nam tri chladhean.
- 50 Sin gur thainig i g'ar fios,  
An Tirfàil bu gile ceas ;  
Tha long uig m' athairse air sal,  
Roimhe thail air chluan Cìaran.
- 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 dorcha 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 Thirfàil,  
A ribhinn fharasda dhonn thla ;  
Cha bhi ach aon bhean os do cheann,  
Anns na crìochaibh Gaileach agaimne.
- 54 Cum an raclainn ann ad luing  
'S luithead Mae rìgh tha m' iarraidh ;  
No gu 'm fallbain fein am braid,  
Air sgath buidhne coimheach eile.
- 55 Tilgidh iad ortsa gheal ghlonnach.
- 56 M'as fìor gu bheil thu torrach ;  
Lnaidhear air fearaibh na h-Eirin e,  
'S aon nighean mi do 'n rìgh,  
'S moibaid ìbe sud mo phrìs.
- 57 'S dona an t-aran re seal,  
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. (*bile*)  
Thig se an sin am iarraidh.
- 59 A ghradh fein mar dean thu sin,  
Taghsa bean san tìr an tachair.
- 60 (Thug Naois a mhìonnan gu sior,  
As luth e gu dian eutrom oirnn ;  
Nach cuireadh e ormsa gruaim,  
Aig an tigeadh suain na marbh (racla e 'n)
- 61 Thug a bhean sin o Dhuntreoir,  
A mìonnan 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 ghulimmsa 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,  
Dhuin unaim an dall cheo ;  
Sann ghabh ar currach tìr,  
Fo mhòr bhaile an ard rìgh.
- 65 Thainig Conchar a mach,  
'Sa chairdean uile na thionnach ;  
Labhair e gu broddan bras,  
Co na laoch tha air an loingean ?
- 66 Clann do pheathar fein th' ann,  
Nan suidh an Eathar ur ramh ; (fhriamh)
- 67 Cha chlann peathar dhomhsa sibh,  
Cha 'n e an gnìomh a rinn sibh ornu.  
Ach mo mhaslach' gun fheall,  
Thar fearaibh Uaisle na h-Eirin.

- 65 Ma thug sinne uaf do bhean,  
Deardre fhinichar lamb gheal;  
Rinn sinn baigh bheag eile ruit,  
Be so àm a cuimhneachadh.
- 69 Ann la chuir Murcha Mac Lìr,  
Na seachd Cathan beinn Eòuin;  
Chuir sinn thu an Innis an Iul,  
Bha sinn an là sin a dh' aon rùn.
- 70 Ged dheanadh ruim mìle baigh,  
Air mo bhuidheachas, gu fìor;  
Bhur sìth 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 airgid, lan do or,
- 72 Thug sinn dhuit ar long fein,  
Is shnabh sinn an cuain na d' thiomchill;  
Ged dheanadh sibh ruim mìle baigh,  
Bhur sìth cha 'n fhaigh sibh gu breath.  
'Ach gach dìth is motha dh' fhendainn.
- 73 Eirich a Naois, glac do chloidhe,  
Dheagh Mhìc rìgh ard fhlatail,  
Chuir Naois 'n sin a chas thar bord,  
Ardan is Ailde na sùrath lorg.
- Part wanting.
- 74 Cha bhas lean anis 'ur bas,  
Chloimn Usnachan gun aois;  
O na thuit e lebh gun theall,  
Treas Maicich 'a sùil na h-Eirin.
- 75 Dheardhre thigsa as do luing.  
Cum an rachainn as mo luing,  
Gun mo cheud ratha ath-chanaich.
- 76 Cha chrobb, cha 'n airgid, 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 rìbbinn fharasda dhain 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 bhleud;  
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 ramh;  
Shaoir sinn a snaigheas na ramh,  
Gu'm bitheadh a chore roim gheur.
- 81 'Se bheirinn dhuita g'a ceann,  
An aon fhail oir 's fearr bha 'n Eirin;  
Ghabh an saor meanna goirt,  
Thug e do Dheardre a chore.
- 82 Dh' imich i an sin do 'n traigh,  
Far an robh clann Usnachan;  
'S e fhuair i 'n sin gun agadh,  
An trì chuirp sinnte sìos co fada.
- 83 Chuir i sìos a beul ri beul,  
A taobh ri taobh, sa ghluin ti ghluin;  
Ghabh i 'n sgian gheur 'na crìdhe,  
Is fhuair i bas gun aithreachas.
- 84 (Druid a null a craois colach,  
Mhath is mìle 's tu fein a dh' arach;  
Nan sùilcha marbh roimh bleo,  
Gun sùilcha tusa ro' anse.)
- This from Capt. Morrison, 2nd Dec., 1802.
- 85 Rannig Conach Odhar an traigh,  
Is cuig ceud an coimeamh a mhnaoi;  
'Se fhuair e 'n sin gun agadh,  
Na ceithir chuirp sinnte sìos cho fhlaich.

<sup>1</sup> Added.

- 86 Mìle mallachd, mìle meang (mairg)  
Air a cheill ata 'gam chumail;  
Air a cheill thug orna deagh (dhe)  
Chlann mo pheathar feiu a mharbhadh.
- 87 Tha iadsan gun anam dhe,  
Tha mise gun Dheardre agam;  
Dh' adhaic iad sìos an clann Eggir,  
Naois is Deardre san aon leuba.
- 88 Chinnadh lus an uaigh,  
Thigeadh thuige à deas 'sa tuath;  
G'e b'e chuireadh air a bharr,  
Bu leis a cheud ratha ath-chuinich.
- 89 Nam bithinnse an Turin nam buadh,  
Nochd fein ga fuar an oidhech;  
Chuirinn snaim air a bharr,  
No bhithheadh an crann air criona.
- Neolan.
- From Donald Melver, alias Robert  
son, foxhunter, as before men-  
tioned, 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 naoin?  
A's gur leibh chuireadh an ruaig,  
D' a' n lamhadh 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 nan ògan.
- 4 Bha Ardan bu deise ga stùireadh  
Air freasdal a dhìthis bhrathar iuhhor,  
Codal shùil is beag a thlachd  
Do'n mhnaoi tha ac air deoraidheachd.
- 5 Tha an ghaoth gun eisiomail ri'n seimh,  
A' cleachd r'an trilsibh grinne, reidhe,  
A's mar an oiche tha folach a boiehadh,  
Tha Dearduil dubhach, dubhrònach.
- 6 Dearduil thug barrachd an ailleachd,  
Air mmaibh eile na h-Eirin.  
Nì choimeasar rithise eàch,  
Ach mar bhaideal air sgà na renltaig.
- 7 Cìod e fath do thùrsa a bhean?  
A's sinne beo re do bheachd,  
A's nach aithne dhuinn neach d'ar buadhach,  
An ceithir bruaicheibh an domlainn.
- 8 Aisling chunnacas an raoir  
Oirbhe a thriuir brathar barra-claoin;  
Ur cuibreach, a's ur cur sin uaigh,  
Leis a Chonachar chlaon, ruadh.
- 9 ' Air chlachaidh sin, a's air chrannaibh,  
A's air laclaidh nan linntean,  
A's air cuileamhail nan fiadh-chon,  
A's air iorball fiar an t-sionnach.
- 10 Cìod e bheir sinn an dàil an lioch?  
A's fairsineachd na fàirge a mach,  
A's a fhual eala, eol, a's cuain,  
'S an fèndamaid tarruing gun uamhas.'
- 11 Ceadal na h-òig mhna nì'm b'fhain,  
A's dìomhaoin spairneadh ri gaoith,  
Loch Eite bu chian o'n tul,  
A's Conuill na cranghal ùire.
- 12 Cha tig soirbheas a deas mo mhar!  
Cha'n islich frith na gaoith tuath,  
Cha tig Naos air ais ri a rì,  
Cha tog e ri brughach an fhòigh.

- 13 Ris tha Cuiguladh a dlùthadh,  
A's Conachar an gar na mhùr ud,  
A's an tìr sin nìle fudh smachd,  
Anns na ghabh Dearduil dhè' thachd.
- 14 Bu shoinneamhail le Dearduil an t'òg,  
Agus aghaidh mar shoilleis an lò ;  
Air li an fhithich bha ghrug,  
Bu deirge na an subh a ghrnadh.
- 15 Bha ehneas mar chobhar nan sruth,  
A's mar uisge bailbh a ghuth ;  
Bha chridhe fearail, fial,  
A's aobhach ciuin mar a ghrian.
- 16 'Nuair a dh'èirgheadh a fhraoch, a's fhearg,  
Bi choimeas an fhairge ghrug,  
B'ionann agus neart a tonn,  
Fuaim na hainn 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 ' Ionmhuinn, ars an oigh thlath,  
' An t-aincol o bhàr nam bèud,  
Is goirt le cridhe a mhàthar,  
A dhàinead ri uchd na streapa.
- 19 Is nearachd nighean do ghràidh  
An Albain àghmhor nan gèug,  
'Nuair chi si e bbord na mara  
A's e greasadh gu cala an treun.'
- 20 Ach a Dhearduil bu ghrinne nòs,  
Tha do chòradh air fàs fann,  
Tha toirn nan stuadh, a's na gaoithe,  
Tabhairt caochlaidh air t'uirgiol ain.
- 21 ' Ionmhuinn tìr, an tìr ud shoir,  
Albain cona lingantaibh  
Gur truagh nach mise tha r'a h-oir,  
Gur truagh nach mise, a's Naos.
- 22 Soruidd soir gu h-Albain nam,  
Far a' maith fradharc euain, a's ghleann,  
Anns am biodh mic Uisnich re sealg,  
B'èibhinn suidhe air leirg am beam.
- 23 Cha b'iongna mise thabhairt graidh  
Do Albain air bu rèidhe ròid,  
Bu ghlan mo cheile na measg,  
Bhiodh leam a h-eich, a's a h-òir.
- 24 O ghlinn Masain ! sin gleann m'amsachd,  
Ge gorm a chreamh 's géal a ghasan ;  
B'ait a dheanain cadal corrach  
Air do mhullach-sa ghlinn Masain.
- 25 Gleann Daruadhail, gleann gach buadhla,  
An gleann 's am binne guth euaiche,  
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 a cionn,  
Eibhinn Innis-droighin leathann  
A's lea sin Dùn-suibhne.
- 27 Ceathrar sinn an Innis-droighin,  
Far nach feudadh slòigh 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 shleibhlean,  
Naos na cheann air muintir,  
A's mise re tuirmeadh theud ann.'
- 29 'A nighean Cholla nan sgiath,'  
Do radh Naos, bu tiambaidh fonn,  
'Ge fada uainn Albain nam fiagh,  
A's Eite na ciar aighean donn.
- 30 'Nuair shioldaidheas an fhairge bhras,  
A's a theid stad air a ghaoith tuath,  
Cothaichidh sinn cala taimh,  
No samhchair air aghaidh chnain.
- 31 Rachams' a choimhead an Duin ud,  
Biodh Aille re h-lìul fa thuaisceart,  
Agnis Ardan a fuireadh na tragh,  
Mu'n tig ar namhaid mu'r tuairream.
- 32 Fansa ghèug na maise  
San luing chais, gus an till sinn,  
Ni h-eagal gu tig bèud na d' dhàil,  
A's claidhean nach ceary ga d' dhùlean.
- 33 Bu doilgheasach còr na h-Aille,  
A's i'g cisteachd 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 cluinu i' foram a gaoil ;  
Is beag a h-uamhan roinnh an dounshion,  
A's a smuain air comuun a graidh.
- 35 A Thriath Eite nam morfheart,  
A's a bhraithairean nan deare coamh,  
Fòiribh air Dearduil a bbròin,  
A's na leigibh an tòir na gair.
- 36 Chi si ag iompaidh mu coinneamh  
Naos fudh dhoileireachd gnnis,  
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 eul a sgeithe.
- 38 Mar ghaoith fhàis an uaimh nan còs,  
Bha tuireadh, a's bròn na ghuth.  
Bu chianoil aigne Naois a' clainin  
Sgeala a bhais o an chruth.
- 39 ' Cia fàth mu bheil t'aigne trom,  
A Naos a's lionmhor nòs'  
Do radh Ingheann Cholla gu tiom,  
'A's gun agams' ach brigh do ghloir.
- 40 Cha mhairthean ach Naos, a's Dearduil,  
Tha luchd a daimh air dol fudh lic.  
Tha mi gan athair, gun bhrathair,  
A's fear mo shàraich gun iochd.
- 41 Tha reulan Shealmaith air dubhadh,  
A's a thulach air fàs donn,  
Cha leim na bric re a shruthaibh,  
Cha tog cuach na uiseg ann fonn.
- 42 Cha'n iongna a's gur bàs do Thruthal,  
Mo bhrathair thug urram thar slòigh,  
A's gur chaireadh Colla caomhach,  
(B'e m'athair gaolach), fudh an fhòid.
- 43 Bha Truthal 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 righ,  
'Ni mairthean do m' shiol-sa ach thu,  
Thorachair Truthal 's a chath,  
A's tha Conachar nan gath dhomh dluth,
- 46 Aith-dhioladh mo mhic, neo tuiteam,  
Is e bheil furtach do m' aois sa,  
Da faghteadh teamunn do Dhearduil,  
B'èibhinn an àrach dhomh-sa.'
- 47 'Ma thuit crann iul a chatha,  
Og rathail na morchuis,  
Gleams' athair mo bhogha,  
A's tollam Conachar na adhbhar.'
- 48 'Glacsa Dhearduil am bogha,  
Is sodhail leam brigh do cheille,  
Ach feuch gu fuirich thu m'fhochair,  
A's do shosta air chùl mo sgeithe.'
- 49 'Faire na h-oidhech gu tiambaidh,  
Ni bu ebian gu madain shàrgbil,  
Chaidh mis an uidheam catha,  
A's lean mi m'athair gu deonach.

- 50 Ri beum sgéithe an aosla,  
Chruinnich a laoiach air an fhaiche,  
Cha bu soelaídh iad air áireamh,  
A's an ciabhan os barr air glasath.'
- 51 ' Mo cho-aisean bha tric sa bhlar,  
Dubhairt Colla gu blath re dhaoine,  
' Is cinimhe leibh cur a chatha  
Ann do thuit Comfada ni b'fhaoin e.
- 52 A's sinn anois air liatha,  
A's ar n-úgrídh chiatach san úir,  
Thuit Truthal ar ceann treun,  
A's tha éigin am fogus ar núr.
- 53 Ge do lag mata air na'r treoir,  
Rachamaid le deoin san iomairt,  
Diolamaid éng ar Maeraidh,  
A's thugamaid eadh gu nimhail.'
- 54 ' Tharraing e a lann a truail,  
A's tharraing a shluagh gach lann leis,  
Ghluaiseamar a thabhairt códhail  
Do Chonachar san lón ma dheas.
- 55 Bomhanach an iorghuill gbagh,  
Mar dhealanach dearg a teine,  
Thainig an t-shaighid na srann,  
Thuit Colla nan lann air a sgéith.
- 56 B'ioma-ghonta mo chridh ma m'athair  
Chrom mí gu talamh ga thearuaidh,  
Ach chaochail ruidhe a ghruaidh,  
Threig a shnagh, a's a cháil.
- 57 Thainig Conachar 's a shleagh na ghlaic,  
Ach air m'fhaicinn ri deoir,  
Dh'iompaídh se uam a h-earglas,  
Agus bha a labhairt le doigh.
- 58 Ach cia uime an tgeán grádh,  
Do fhear eraídh mo bhrathair, a's m'athair,  
Agus sgiath, a's claidheamb mo dhilsean,  
Air chiosnadh le neart a chatha.'
- 59 ' Agams' amháin bhíodh do ghradh,  
A Dhearduil a's fearr 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 nani Píanna trein.  
Feadh a's beo do Naos, 's do bhrathairean,  
Cha tig air mo Dhearduil beud.
- 61 Ni rachamaid iomroil air chuan,  
Mur bhíodh ghaoth tuath le fogha dhein,  
'G ar iomain an luib ar namhaid,  
Gn asrus, gun fhadh air treine.'
- 62 Ach ge h-ard' a ghánras tonna,  
Ri traigh Chuaiguladh nan stéud,  
Ge doineanta, huainneach neoil,  
A toirneadh gu h-aigeal o spéur.
- 63 Ni bheil mie Uisnich ag iaraidh  
N h-iorguill bhuirb a sheachnadh,  
Cha b'eagal leo duine, na daoine,  
Mur bhíodh Dearthuill chaoi air seachran.
- 64 Uisnich nan carbud innealt,  
Mo thuiteas do mhic san áireidh,  
Cha'n innsear gun d'ob siad an iomairt,  
Cha tig air do chinneadh-sa tair.
- 65 Airm ghaisce an trein shinsir,  
Cha diobair iad ach le'n anam,  
Agus ged iadh umpa míltean,  
Cha toillear leo diumadh an athar.
- 66 B' am éirigh an sin do'n ghrein,  
Ni'n aobhar suaise dhuinn e,  
A's long Chlainn Uisnich air tír,  
Fudh bliáile mor Rígh Conachair.
- 67 Thainig Conachair a mach le fheacht,  
Fichead laoch, ceann nallach,  
A's d'fhoisraich le briathraíbh bras,  
'C'ia na sloigh tha air an luingsc.'
- 68 Clann air seachran ata am,  
Triuir sinn a thainig air tuinn,  
Air cineach, as air ciniric an rígh,  
Tha gradh dílseacht 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 ' Éiríbh, ol Naos, glacaibh claidheamb,  
A dheagh mhac rígh a's glain coimhead,  
Cuim' am faigheadh a cholun shnaire,  
Ach amháin aon chnairt de'n anam.'
- 71 ' Chuir Naos a sháiltean re bord,  
A's ghlaic claidheamb na dhorn,  
Bu gbagh deannal nan deagh laoch,  
Tuiteam air gach taobh de'n bhord.
- 72 Thorachair mic uisnich 's a ghreis,  
Mar thri ghallain ag fás co dheis,  
Air an sgríos le doinean éitídh,  
Ni'n d'fhag meangan, mear, na géng dhiubh.'
- 73 ' Ghuais a Dhearduil as do luing,  
A gheug ar an abhradh dhúinn,  
A's cha'n eagal do d' ghnúis ghlain,  
Fuath, no énd, na ahasan.'
- 74 ' Cha teid mi amach as mo luing,  
Gus am faigh mi mo raogha ath chuinge,  
Cha tír, cha talamh, a's cha tuar,  
Cha triuir bhrathaire b'u' ghlain' suadh,
- 75 Cha'n ór, 's cha'n airgid, a's cha'n eich,  
Ni mo a's bean uaithreach mise.
- 76 Ach mo chread a dhol do'n traigh,  
Far am bheil Clann Uisnich na'n tamb,  
A's gu'n tugaín na trí poga meala,  
Do'n trí chorpáibh caomha, geala.
- 77 Ghluais Dearthuil an sin do'n traigh,  
A's fhuair saor ag sruigheadh ramh,  
A sgián aige na leath laimh,  
'S a thuadh aige na laimh eile.
- 78 A shaoir as fearr da'm facas riamh,  
Creud air an tuibhradh tu an sgián?  
Is e a bheirear dhuit d'a ceann,  
Aon fhaine buadhach na h-Éirin.
- 79 Shantaich an saor am faine,  
Air dheisead, a's air aillead,  
Thiubhradh do Dhearduil an sgián,  
Agus rainig i ionad a niann.
- 80 Cha ghairdeachas gun Chlann Uisnich,  
O! is túrsach gun bli nur cuallach;  
Tri mic Rígh le'n díoltadh deoraidh,  
Tha gun chóradh re h-úchd uaighe.
- 81 Tri magh-ghamhna Inse Breatain,  
Triuir sheabhae o shliabh a chuillín,  
An triuir dha'n geilleadh na gaisgíeh,  
A's dha'n tiubhradh na b-amhais urram.
- 82 Na tri coin a b'áilidh suadh,  
A thainig thar chuan nan báre,  
Triuir mhac Uisnich an linn ghrinn,  
Mar thriuir Eala air tinn a snamh.
- 83 Threigeas gu h-eibhneach Uadh,  
Fa'n triuir churaidh a b'amusadh,  
Mó shaoghal nan deigh cha'n fhada,  
Na h-eagar fear ath bhnailt dhomb-sa.
- 84 Tri ialla nan trí chon sin  
Do bhúin osnadh o m' chridhe,  
'S an agam-sa bhíodh an tascgaidh,  
Am faicín is aobhar cumhaidh.
- 85 A chlann Uisnich tha an sud thall,  
'Nar luíthe bonn re bonn,  
Da'n sumbhlaicheadh mairbh roimh bheo eile,  
Sumbhlaicheadh sibh-se rombam-sa.
- 86 A thriuir threim o Dhúin-monaidh,  
A thriuir ghlólan nam fearr buadhha,  
Taireis an triuir ní mairthean mise,  
Triuir le'm briseadh mo luchd fuathha.
- 87 Air fogladh am fearntan,  
Na deanaibh an uaigh gu doceair,  
Bitheam am fochair na h-uaighe,  
Far nach deamar truaigh, na ochain.

- 88 An tri sciathan, a's an tri seilghan,  
Anns an leabaidh chumhain cuirbh,  
Cuirbh an tri chlaidhean cruadhach,  
Sinte os cionn uaigh nam min-fhear.
- 89 An tri choin as an tri seabhaige leadhlar,  
Am feasd gun lochd seilge,  
Cuirbh an gar nan triath chatha,  
Triar dhalta Clonuil eughaidh.
- 90 Oeh ! is truagh mo shealladh orra,  
Fath mo dhocair, a's mo thursaidh,  
Nach do chuireadh mi san talamb,  
Sul mharbhadh geala mhac Uisnich.
- 91 Is mise Dearduil gun eibhneas,  
Nis ag crìochnachadh mo bheca tha,  
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 Deardùr ar a haise ar crìchibh 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 Fìnn,  
Inmain in Dun os a cinn :  
Inmain Inis Draignde,  
Is inmain Dun Suib nei.
- 3 Caill, euan gar tigeadh  
Aimle mo nuar ;  
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 Iubhar mungach Masain.
- 6 Glend Eitchi ann  
Do togbhas mo ched tigh ;  
Alaind a fìdh iar eirghe,  
Buaile grene Ghind eitchi.
- 7 Mo chen Glend Urechaidh,  
Ba hedh in Glend direach dromchain ;  
Ualleha feara aoisi  
Ma Naise an Glend Urechaidh.
- 8 Glend da ruadh Mo chen,  
Gach fear da na dual ;  
Is binn guth cuach ar craicibhruim,  
Ar in mbin os Glendrauadh.
- 9 Inmain Draighen is treu traigh,  
Inmain Auichd in ghainimh glain ;  
Nocha tiefuin eisde anoir,  
Mana tisunin 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. 1. 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 RUJUS 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 bywechis 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 trome  
*Freich m'Feich* nyn golk 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 craichtyth a corp  
Trai gin locht a zanew zee
- 7 Do churre ai gussyth vass  
Teif re mrave ne tuk o nokk  
Mor a foor a hoyt la meyf  
Innosst gyn khelk in noss.
- Hossnai.
- 8 Kerin di weith er loch maie  
De chemist in trath za lass  
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 Bleyr er heil gi ir di  
Churri sin fa skail garve  
Gi borin di lucht kneis  
Froth a wess is e derk
- 11 Di wi ainsyth no zoi  
Ga bea ley chawyr in thoye  
Pest neif zo we no vonni  
Vakki zi cath zol da woyu

- 12 Bein aslaynti throm throm  
Ynnin ayith nì gorn seyr  
Di curri lai fìss er freich  
Feisrych kid hane ree
- 13 A durde meyye nach be slàn  
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 gí knai zerg  
Ge ger darnis ai er freich  
Raehsit di vonni ker a veyf
- 15 Glossis freich fa fer a naye  
Voyne zi nave er in locht  
For a fest is ee na soynna  
Is a kenna soss ris in noss.  
Hossni.
- 16 Freich mac feich an erma zeiar  
Hlanik one fest gin is dee  
Hug 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 woynan as a bonni
- 18 Togris freich is ner zillt teymai  
Naf a riss er in ling vak  
Is ner ead ach ga mor ayze  
Heeh one vass in roive chwd
- 19 Gawiss i kerin er varri  
Targi a eran 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 looe
- 22 Di budditeyr bone re bone  
Er trae ni glaeh cor fo hass  
Freich m'feich is in fest  
Troy a zai mir hug in dress
- 23 Ga coyrík ne coyrík ear  
Di ruk lass a kauna 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 reyth di beust sonni  
Fer ner ympoo in dress fer  
Bo zausi nert in drot
- 28 Invin im bail ner ob zawe  
Ym heddeis mnan i torvort fook  
Invin tearn nyn slove  
Invin grove ner zerk in ross
- 29 Doigh no feach bar a olt  
Derk a zroye no ful leicht  
Fa meyni na kower schrowe  
Gilli na m snacht kn. as 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  
Beynai no teyd kwle a zow  
Snawe di bar no freich  
Cho di bene a heif re strow
- 32 Fa lannyth na koillith a skaith  
Invin trae ve re drum  
Coiffad a land is a lawe  
Lanni ehok na clar zi long
- 33 Troye nach ann in gorik  
Re leich di hut freich a fronni oyr  
Durss sin a huttin 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 Fiich 'n Uilt bhaoe  
Guile rine buichis Meaibh  
San air Laoimir Carn Raoich
- 3 Gaoil nom Ban fo Cruachon hoir  
'S mor beid mu bheil Bhein  
Co legis 'n Osne brom  
Niin Maoich nan Colg sein.
- 4 Co i Nune Bhein ri Gul  
Hig mach fos Carne fraoich  
Ane 'N uilt Casbhaine Ghail  
Niin Maoich fos Mian Lui
- 5 Air mo Laibh nach Stiurin i  
Air mo Crie Gheir ach fraoich
- 6 Ghluais Maeo macheheine  
Cardis Crist 's fear fon Ghrein  
Cheut Creichdin 's Corp  
'S mor 'm beud harle leit
- 7 Ha Caorin fois air Loch Maidh  
Air 'n Traidh ha siar mu Gheis  
Muse Raith na mas Mis  
Bhis Mis 'r abich fais
- 8 Ila Bhuaidh air Chaorin sin  
Gur misle e na bhul bhla  
Gum eume 'n Carin Dearig  
Duine gun Ospie gu cean naoi tra
- 9 Bliane haoil gaeh f'hir  
Gheine e sin na sgeul deribh
- 10 Laidh Eslaine brom brom  
Air Niin maoich na Corne fiaul  
Choire lee fis air fraoich  
Ghisrich 'n Laoich go de mian
- 11 Huirt i nach bio i Shann  
Gun Lan do bhos don dos bhaoe<sup>1</sup>  
Do Chaorin 'n Lochan Uain  
Gun duine ga bhuan ach fraoich
- 12 Cruasichd cha de gharnum riibh  
Orse Mac sin Fiich  
An Griabh erig  
Gus do chase orm 'n Nuair
- 13 Ghol dhuanin Caore fibh
- 14 Ghlais fraoich ane erig 'n aidh  
Chaidh nabh air 'n Loch  
Gur darich bheist na Snain  
Craois snans ris 'n doss
- 15 Mac sin fiich no Arn geir  
Hane fon Bheist is di  
Uldich aige 'n Caorin dearig  
Far 'n ro trasibh an siu ti

<sup>1</sup> Or bhaoe.

- 16 San mair thuir Maoibh 's aail cru  
Go mo fost no hug u leat  
Cha stinre e mi Laoich luain  
Gan Tlat bhuan fo buin
- 17 Fraoich 'n Gile mach ro Tim  
Chaidh e 'naibh air 'n Lini Vug  
Cha naoid Duine air Veidaibh  
Tm as bhais 'm bi Chuid
- 18 Ruig e air Caorin air bhair  
Ledir Crann as e reibh  
E torst gha bhoun 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  
Ochuin gun 'scian aig fraoich
- 20 Asre 'Nuill Casbhui 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 'Laibh fo Lai bhug
- 22 Gad na thu dn id Cotain Ein  
'S mor Teichd rin thu bhos  
Air Cuan gur marin Tanim  
Gur marig ghurich ra Lò
- 23 'S inebhin linne<sup>1</sup> no shuo  
'S inebhin Gruaidh 's derige na ròs  
'S inebhin beul nach Diult ri dàl  
Ga bi no Mraidh terist phòg
- 24 Maise 's Caise bhi na anilt  
'S Gurme rosg na ere Leichd  
'S derige na partan Bheil  
Gur gile gheid na Bla fibhe
- 25 'S daidh na Fiech bar Uilt  
'S derig Lechd na fuil Laoc  
'S min na gach Coir srue  
'S gile na snechde Corp Raoich
- 26 Coade 'Laibh 's Lann  
'S Leith a *Chloghrach* na Clar Luing  
'S Le na gach Coile Scia  
Sime Friaich 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 hntim le Beist  
'S truo Dhe nach Mairre fost Crioch.

<sup>1</sup> Or hurne.

M. 4. DUAN FRAOICHL. 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 Lochfroochy, about two miles to the westward of Amalric, 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 firi 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 *Ceanu-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.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> 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. CAMPELL.

DUAN FRAOICHL.

- 1 Osna Caraid an chain Fraoich.  
Mar osua Laoich an existenal Chro;  
An osua sin o 'n tuirseach fear;  
'S o 'n trom ghluanaich; beau og.
- 2 Sud e siar an carn am bheil;  
Fraoch Mac Feadhach, an fhuilt-mhaoth.  
'M fear a rinn buidheachas do Mhai  
'S an air a shlointeadh Carn-Fraoich.
- 3 Gul nam ban o 'n chruachan tuir;  
'S ernaidh an fath mu 'n guil a bhcan  
'S e d'fhag m'osua gn trom trom  
Fraoch Mac Feadhach nan colg sean.
- 4 Gur i 'n ainm a mi 'n gul  
Tein ga fhios do chluain Fraoich  
Donn or-bhuidh an fhuilt (chais) aill;  
Aon ninghin Mai mu 'm biodh na laoch.
- 5 Aon ninghin Chòmill is greinne folt  
Taobh re Taobh na 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 unai' '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 sun traidh tha siar fa dheas  
Gach a Raithe 's gach a mios  
Bhì toradh abuidh ann sa mheas.
- 9 Bha buaidh air a mheasa dhearg  
Bu mhise e na mìl bhla  
Gu 'n cumadh an caoran is e dearg  
Neach beo gun bhidh car naoi Trath.
- 10 Bliadhna do shaoghal gach fir;  
Dh'imusin duibh anois a dhearbh  
Gu cabhradh e air luchd chneadh,  
Brìgh a mheasa is e dearg.
- 11 'N aimecheist mhor a bha na dhiaidh,  
Ge b'e leigh a chabhradh na sloigh.  
A bheist nimh a bhi na bhun;  
Gràbhadh do dhùine dol d'a bhuaìn.
- 12 Do bhuail ca-slaime throm throm,  
Air ninghean Odhruich 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 bhuaìn ach Fraoch.
- 14 Cnuasachd riamh ni 'n drinneam fein  
Thuir Mac Feadhach nan grnaidh tla:  
Gar an drinneam arsa Fraoch  
Theid mi bhuaìn a chaor 'n do Mhai
- 15 Ghluais Fraoch air cheimnibh aidh,  
'S chnaidh e shnamb air an loch;  
Fhuair e bheist na suram suain;  
'S eraos suas ris an dós.
- 16 Fraoch mac Feadhach nan arm gear.  
Thaig 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  
Nì 'm fodhain leamsa laoch luinn  
Gun an t slat bhuaìn as a buu.
- 18 Ghluais Fraoch, s nior Laoch tiom  
A shnamb air an linne bhioig.  
Bu deacair, ge bu mhòr a raibh,  
Teachd o 'n blas an raibh a chuid;

- 19 Ghlae e an caoran air a bhar,  
'S thraing e 'n crann as a fbreamh,  
Toirt a chosan do air tìr;  
Rug i air, a ris a bheist.
- 20 Rug a bheist air, air an traigh,  
Ghlae i a lamh ann a craos,  
Ghlae eisiu 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-ghlae  
'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 Feathaich i a bheist,  
Mo chreach leir mar thug iad greis!
- 23 Gu do thuit iad bonn re bonn,  
Air traigh nan clocha donn sa 'n iar.  
Nuair chunnaic an t saor ninghin aith,  
Thuit i air an traigh na-nial,
- 24 Nuair a mhosgail i as a pramh,  
Ghlae i a lamh na laimh-bhoig,  
Ge d' tha thu nochd na d' chòdaibh eun,  
'S mor an t euchd a rinn thu bhos.
- 25 Truadh nach an còmhrag laoch,  
A thuit Fraoch le 'n prontadh òr,  
'S tursach do thuitim le beist,  
Ann 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 'n fìach a ghruag,  
Bu deirge a ghruidh 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 ghuirne a rosg na eir-leac  
Bu deirge na cruban a bheul  
'S bu ghile a dheud na chàile.
- 29 Bu treise na Còmbha a sciath  
B'iomad Triath a bhiodh r'a chul,  
Bu chomh-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 rianh a thaobh re sruth.
- 31 Bu mhaith spionnadh a dha laimh,  
'S bu mhaith eil a dha chois;  
Chuaidh d' aigne thair gach Rìgh  
Roimh chruaidh riamh cha diar fois!
- 32 Gu b'e sud an t uabhar nua  
A 's mo chuncas air m' dha rosg,  
Fraoch a chuir a bhuaibh a chraimn  
Ann deis a 'n Caòran a bhì bhos.
- 33 Togamid anois an Cluain-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 thugadh 'n t ainm?  
Loch Mai a raitendh ris an Loch;  
Am biodh a bheist anns gach uair;  
'S a craos suas ris an dos.

*Osna caraid an Cluain Fhraoich, &c.*

### Z. 31. BAS FHRAOICH. 1862.

LOCH FHRAOICH—MAR A THAINIG AN T-AINM AIR.

B'na bean aràth ann an Raineach, d' am b' ainm Maoidh, agus thuit i ann an trom ghaol air Fraoch—'Fraoch Mac Maothaich nan arm gearr'—an duine gu leir, a bu mhaiseiche 's an Fheinn. Bha nighean aig Maoidh, d' am b' ainm Aoirlinn a bha mor-mhaiseach agus aillidh; agus thug Fraoch a ghradh dh'ise agus plòs

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 ghrèin ach aice fein; agus mar so ann an spìdealachd a h-anama dhulanaich i cur as da. Dh' fhàs Maoidh gu tinn, agus thubhairt i nach robh ach aon ni air thalamh a leighiseadh i. 'Ars' ise:—

'Fo 'n ghrèin cha-n'èil leigheas mo thrainghe,  
Ach caorunn an eilean fhuair  
'S gun duine g'a bhuaibh ach Fraoch.'

B'e 'n t-Eilean fuar eilean bòidheach anns an lochan fhuar; 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 beist mhòr a bha' chomhnuidh ann, agus d' am b' àite tàimh bun na craoibhe caorunne. Maiseach, sgiabhach agus mar a bha Fraoch, bha e mar aon lùgh-mhòr, misneachail, gaigeanta. Shùmh e do 'n Eilean fhuar, agus aig bun na craoibhe caorunne fhuair e 'bheist 'n a cadal. 'Na sioran suain,' 'Sa beul a suas ris an dos.'

S'hrachd 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' innseadh sgeoil; oir ann am farmad agus nìorunn diomhaireachd a cridhe, bha dòchas aice gu 'n cuireadh a' bheist as da. Air do Fhraoch ann meanglan caorunne thubhairt dhith, 's ann a labhair i le guth aileasach, neo-thaingid mar a leanas:—

'S ged thug thu leat an caorunn ruadh  
O 'n Eilean fhuar bhàrr taobh an t-sruth;  
Nì 'n foghnadh leamsa' laoich luinn  
Gun an t-slat a nuas a bun.'

Dh' fhalbh Fraoch a rithid do 'n Eilean fhuar agus fhuair e 'bheist, mar a dh' fhàg e i, na cadal aig bun na craoibhe caorunne. 'Na sioran suain' tuairis e mu bhun na craoibhe caorunne. Ruge 'n sin air a' chran agus ghrad-spìon e a a bhun e, a' toirt tìr air leis le cruaidh spàirn. Dh'nisg a' bheist. A' cruaidh shuamh shin i air deigh Fhraoich. Rug i air an uair a bha e dlùth air tìr; agus ghleachd iad an sin le gleachd spàirn bìas, agus an do 'thuit iad le chèile, bonn ri bonn,' 'air dulh-chladach nan clach lom,' 'a bhos.' 'S ann an sin a rinneadh na rannan a leanas:—

- 'Fraoch Mac Maothaich nan arm gearr,  
Thàinig o 'n bhèist gun fhios dhith;  
'S ultach aige de 'n chaorunn dheirg  
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 chenn mi-àidh  
A 'bhuaibh a' spàim air an loch;  
A 's fhuair e 'bhèist 'n a sioran suain,  
'S a craos a suas ris an dos.
- Rug e 'n sin air bhàrr na craoibhe,  
Spìon e an crann as a bhun;  
A' toirt a chasan as gu tìr,  
'S a' bhèist mhòr 'ga dhian ruith.
- Rug e 'n sin air giall na bèiste,  
Ag òigheach air-son lann an laoich  
Ach mharbhadh am fùrau 's an chomh-stri  
O-chain, a rìgh! 's gun sgiann aig Fraoch.
- Ghleachd iad an sin gu sunam trom,  
Gun aon thouf bu bhonn an cos;  
Gus an do thuit iad bonn ri bonn,  
Air cladaich nan clach lom a bhos.'

Chualaidh Aoirlinn. Thàinig i, agus an uair a thàinig thuit i ann an neul air an fheur. Air dhith dusgadh e a peanbh ghlae i lamh 'Fhraoich a gaoil' 'na lamhan geala-bhoga, agus le deur-dhealt air a gruaidh, agus a cialban 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' bhèist  
Mo chreach leir nach mair thu beò.



- 8 'S ionmhuinn tighearna, 's ionmhuinn tuath,  
'S ionmhuinn gach gruidh air an deirge ròs;  
Ach 's ionmhuinne na sin beul air an diulte air  
daimh,  
'S air am biodh na mnai a' tagairt phòg.
- 9 Gu 'm bu treis, 'thu na comhladh do sgrìath  
'S iomad triath a bha fo thruinne  
'S iomad màighdean 's bean a bha 'n deigh,  
Air an loch a dh' eug air thainn.
- 10 Bu mhaiseich 'thu na sneachd nan an;  
Bu ghile do chraiceann na blar fòdh;  
Snamhadair a b' fheary na Fraoch,  
Cha do shìn a thabh ri sruth.
- 11 'S duibhe na 'm fìtheach bàrr t' fhuilt,  
'S gile na 'n gruadh caoin do chneus;  
'S deirge na 'n caorunn do dha ghruaidh,  
'S truagh nach robh sgrìan aig Fraoch.
- 12 Togamaid a nis an cuan Fraoich  
Corp an laoch an caisil-chrò;  
O 's truagh nach ann an combrag laoch,  
A thuit Fraoch mn' an do phronn mi deoir.

Thug bàs Fhraoich ùrachadh do chridhe Mhaoidh, agus air ball dh' fhàg a dosgàin i. Cha b' ann mar a bha 'n Fhèinn. Bha màr chaoidh 'nam measg arson Fhraoich. Mar so lean Loch Fraoich air an lochan fhuar gus an latha

diugh, chionn gar h-ann a chaidh Fraoch a mharbhadh leis a' bheilst.

Sgeulachd innise le Ceite Laoruidh Port na h-Apann.	{ Sgrìobhta le Alasdair A Mae Illehmicheil Liosmòr Do sheùbhis Shìobhalta na Ban-rìgh.
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Fath-sgrìobhadh. Faodalaidh sinn umseadh do 'n leughadair gu 'n bheil an loch so Loch Fraoich ann Gleann euaich an Raineach ann an siorraimachd Pheairt Tha o mu 'n cuairt do dha mhìle gu leth air fad agus nu leith mhìle air leud. Ann an ceann na h-àrde n-iar dheas de 'n loch bhòidheach so tha 'n t-eilean bòidheach, coillteach 's an do spion Fraoch a' chraobh agus anns an robh a' bheithir a' tamh.

Air bruaich dheas an loch tha botlan seilge bòidheach aig iarla Bhruid-Albann.

In 1870, a man in Mull recited the Poem of Fraoch to me on a heather knoll, near Ardfleenaig, almost within sight of Iona, Islay and Jura, and pointed to an island close to the village of Bunnessa, 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 Channa Morna is known in Ireland as 'the Battle of Cuchla.' 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, Dairde, 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 bo Cuailgne, in which Cuchullin of Dundalk 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 Cumhal returned, gathered his scattered tribe, and made peace with the rival tribe of Morna. Cormac appeared, fought the usurpers, recovered Conn's seat as High King at Teamhra. Fionn commanded the Feinne at Almuinn, 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 Féinne, 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 Féinne. At last they quarrelled. Caoilte had to rescue Fionn from the King, and Cormac slips out of the story. Fionn is called 'King of Temhra' sometimes, and the story probably was that he dethroned Cormac. Then the blood-fend 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, Grainne, 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 Oisín, 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 Temhra, near 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 Almhain, the Hill of Allen. Long afterwards, Oisín, 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. 'Lothlan' was 'Cumhal's' brother. Goll, Conan, and Garaidh were chiefs of the Clanna Morra. Fionn, Oisín his son, Oscar his grandson, Diarmaid his nephew, Faolan, Feargus, Roithne, 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 Clach in Hy Droine, Co. Carlow, A.M. 5099, by Conaire Mór, son of Ederseal. A. 4. M. Ogyia, Part III. Cap. 51.

Hane Genealogiam Fínníí Cúallí Fíllí ex variis documentis authenticis haustam contexit et excavavit Johannes Franciscus Shearman, Vicarius de Howth, juxta Dublinium.

#### 2 FERGHUS'S FAILGIE.

- 3 Rossaruaith.
- 4 Finn Fíle-llh (the Poet).
- 5 Conchobar Ab-raidhruadh.
- 6 Magh-Corb.
- 7 Nia-Corb.
- 8 Cormac Gealtha-geath.
- 9 Fídlímíth-Fíourglas.
- 10 Cathair-Mór, Rex Hib.
- 11 Fíacha Fíechda, so called from a wound received in his leg at the battle of Magh Agha, from Oíllíll, of Gabhra, (Moylena, p. 57, note).

**CRÍOMTHANN-CULBUÍDH**, son of Nia-Corb, was 7th in descent from Ferghus Fáilghe, he was made King of Leinster, by COS-COÍ-CATHAIR, in place of Cathair-Mór, whom he slew in the battle of Magh Agha, on the Boyne, A.D. 177. Críomthann had by his wife **GABRICH**, daughter of

- 3 So-Aílt.
- 4 Aílt.
- 5 Cairbre Gabhríon.
- 6 Baiscne, a quo Clanna [Baiscne].
- 7 Mough.
- 8 Buann.
- 9 Ferghus.
- 10 Trenthorn.
- 11 Trenmor, General of [the Fianna].

McCarthy's Genealogies; Macreidh's Genealogies; Co. Carlow, p. 181.

Fiontann do Tuath Daite in Brocan. [Moy-Breagh.]  
Daite, a quo Tuath Daite.  
Aice.  
\*  
Nuadhat = AIMM.

12 **CUMHALL** = **TORNA**, = **MURRENN-MONG-CHAEIX**, she was daughter of Eochamhan of the battle of Crucka, by **GOLL-MAC-MORNA** (Kinsale). She married Gíor. King of the Lamraighe, in Kerry. (Ossianic Trans., vol. iv, p. 289.)

**TRENMOR** married the widow of **FÉLIMÍTH-RECHMAR**, **BAIN**, dau. of **BALD-SAL**, of Finland. Their dau. was **RODMAL**, the Dreilless wife of **FACHAL** of Teanmt-Mairghe, where Fín was born. L. na-Cáire, fol. 41, b.

**SÍTH**, **SEOCHAN**, **TEICHA**, **FINN** Mc**CUMHALL** = **AÍLBE**, **BLAÍH**,  
she was mother of Caoilte Roman.  
the wife of Crannechu, the father by her of Colthach.  
General of the Fianna-Erim, his army was defeated at Gabhra, near Screen, Co. Meath, in a valley between it and Garristown.  
dau. of Cormac Mac Art, A.D. 227. Rex Hib., he first married **GABRICH**, her sister, but she eloped from the wedding feast with Diarmaid Ca Dubhan.  
dr. of Derg Duin-schothach of Sath-Berg, Cleithig, on the Boyne. (Moylena, p. 90.)

Co. Dúldin (A.D. circa 284). Finn escaped from this battle, but was attacked at Athleora on the Boyne, by Aodh-leach, son of Dubh-drean, and the sons of Cíngrean of the Laune of Tara. He was pierced in the neck with a salmon gaff, and buried on Slíth Gúllion (Co. Armagh, A.D. 284), this foster-son and nephew, Cúille Mac Rónan, afterwards slew his uncle's murderers.

Finn M-Cumhall had a residence on the Hill at Fornecht, near Naas, where there are wonderful rock monuments, not unlike Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain. The Stonehenge monuments are said to have been removed from near Naas to Salisbury. Vide Giraldus Cambrensis.

**OÍSSIN** = **SAMHAIH** = **CORMAC-CAS**, **REX MUMSOLE**.  
son by Aíllbe, lan. of Cormac Mac Art, R.H.  
**TÍSSÍ** **CONNLA**. **FEAR** **COIB** slain at Spaltrach, in Mus-kerrey by Aod-e. K. of Con-naught.

\* **NUADHAT** was Chief Druid to Cathair-Mór, he married **AIMM**, dau. of Brocan, and got as a dowry Almhá (the Hill of Allen, Co. Kildare), he named it after his wife Almhá, it is in the plain called Magh Lúthach, which was called Magh Nuadhat, from that Druid (now Moy-north). Almhá was destroyed by Garaid Mac Morna; and Finn M-Cumhall got his compensation from Cormac Mac Art the territory called Fíon-naidh-ó-Fínn, near Linnmúch Lúthach (now Linnmúch, Co. Wick), this territory was afterwards given to Intúthach Mac Ca Lúthach, near Droghda to Lonchaithe Mac Néil, Rex Hib., by Críomthann, King of Hy-Kin-slaugh. Vide O'Curry's Lectures, p. 489; O'Malley's Keating, p. 246.

**OSGAR** = **AFDÍAN**, dau. of **AFD**, of slai in the battle of Ben Eclair, of the Tuath de Damaan, at O'Ghra, A.D. 281. She died of grief for the death of Osgar, and is buried under the Cromlech on Howth.

## O. 40. SLOINNE FHIINN LE MHATHAIR.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 111. Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

FHIINN Mhic Cuthail, Mhic Trethair, Mhic Treunhoir, Mhic Chaoil dreach, Mhic Cam na creiche, aon Mhic rìgh air an Domhain mhoir—Dean dhuit fein, thoir as do chasan.

F. 4. EACHDRAIDH MAR A CHAIDH FHIINN MAC CUTHAIL A THEARNAIDH, ALTEUM, AGUS A BHAI-STEAPH. 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 'n 'b' ainna Mor n' 'n Taoic moir lea-tromach air Fionn, agus bha Clanna Morne an ti air cur as do 'n leanath 'n uir 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 fhàisich, agus rinn eadh àite dha ann a'm broinn craobh nhor-fhearna, agus bha e air a bheathachadh le saill reamhar airson bainne chioch. Deirean gun rabh sreang air a ceangall mun t-saill agus lib air a cheam eill mu ordag a chois, chum is 'n uair a blùtheadh an t-saill a' dol fada na h-mhaich gun sìneadh e a chas chum nach taichte e. Mar so ghletheadh e gus an dh' fhàs e comasach air a shean-mhathair a leantuinn a nuigh feadh na coille. Thug i dha cloidhe agus bha i 'g' iarraidh cum a burra e ga bunadh gus fa dheireadh gun d' ghearr e' pluchd don mhàs dhì leis a chaidhe. An sin thug i gum bu mhithie 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 fa àraid, agus bha ann moran eile an là sin a thuilk-adh airsin. Do raing i leis an taobh do 'n nise air nach rabh cais, agus thig i san linne e, agus chaidh e follha. Ach an ceud leum a thug e 'n nàclhar ghrad mhic e fodha ann fèar b' fhaigse dha do 'n chloim eile agus bhathadh e. Agus mar sin air na h-uile air an fuidheadh e greim, bha e gan grad bhathadh air an t-seòl chendha. Ach gus an do ghlaodh fear bh' air an taobh eile do 'n Eas.

Cò e an fear maol feann-bhan ud a tha sior bhathadh na cloimne oirnn gun tàmh. San an sin a ghlaodh a shean-mhàthair ris.

Gu meal thu t-àinn Fhionna Mhic Cuthail, mhic Luthair, mhic Treunhoir, mhic Chalaphhireich, mhic Channa-Creiche, mhic-a Bhringail-Bhriannaich, mhic-a-Chairpe-Chalhannanach, mhic-aon Rìgh air an Domhain mhoir. A mhearlach thoir as do chasan dha do naimhdean nu d' thimchioll.'

Thug Fionn a mach air an taobh d' on Eas air an rabh a shean-mhàthair, agus rug e air chois eor chum a toirt leis, ga tilgeadh thair a ghalain air eagal gu nàrlhte i. Ach leis a chabhag feadh na coille bha is ga gearla is i ghaidhich, a chom ruadh choille mheirlich Chla d' thug Fionn faineir eòd a bhà i radh a teicheadh troidh choille.

Cha rabh aige do 'n Chailich ach a chas a bhana hìmh thair a ghalam '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 into the wood and she got a wrizart and made a hole in the Trunk of a large oak tree, in the same manner as a Curoe would be made, and door to it, so that nobody would find her, and she nourished him there 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 Shinnayng, 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-c that have done this harm to our sons, his nurse heard them, and she said let Bruke his name Fingal the son of Comhal, and this is the way that he was baptized; for Fionn-Gheal is a Gaelic word, its signification is fair and white.

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 Lochluing, 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 into 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 blaeksmith 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 soumling 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 harps was heard in their presence, when dinner was ended, Fingal stabbed his own dirk 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 Innis' 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 Morna (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 virtue, 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 Kinniv'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 there 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 looked 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 soothsaying 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 Cathlabhara was fought between Oscar and Cambalbh, 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 lopped 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. I. 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 Muckram'; 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 roimne na cuig earrannab; agus Riogh air gach earrainn dhuibh. B'e athair Fhinn a' b' urrainn dha do 'n ionann. Bha buan-ehogadh eidar athair Fhinn agus aon do na righribh sin.

Air chor 'us man do sguir a Righ ainmneach sin, gun do sgioc e an t-ionann do luchd leanuimhin athair Fhinn. Ach bha sean fhlaith—darichd na measg, ag imna gun tachradh na nitheamasa, ach gu fagadh e na dheidh do 'n fhuidh Rioghail, na blaidhndha a choir air a h-ais. An latha blair mu dheiridh a thug iad, claidh air athair Fhinn a stigh do thig Ghobhinn. Cha rabh neach a stigh ach nighin a ghabha. Luidh e leatha, 'us ghabh e thorus gu dol a chunnail a bhlaith. Tamull, beng na dheigh sin thainig an gobha steach, agus air geur-bheachdachadh air guais a nighin, a deir se rithe, 's iogma' leam a nighin, an coltasata ortsan drast, seach 'nuair da' fflag misu. Ciod e so deir ise? Tha deir eisan gu rabh rose Brisg maighdinn agad 'nuair a chuididh mi mach: Agus tha rosg mall mna agad a nois. Cha neil firinn ann sna briathribh sin deirsu. Tha ars eian do feig, agus bheir mi 'n ceann dhiot mar dean u adhuail shlor ag fhuirinn each dhanais' air a mhoanaid. Le h-cagal dh' innis i ga b-athair gun rabh ann a Righ a dh' fhear aice. Se mo ghuidheasa ri Dia arsa 'n gobhuim gun eisan a phileadh air ais ni 's mo. Agus is anluhdh thachair. Dh' ordnich an Righ agus a cho-maire gun biondh nighin a ghoibhin air a cur ann ann prission, agus air a coimhead ann gu am a h-asaid. Agus air ball chuaidh orda an Righ a chuir an gnioimh an graddhal.

Chaidh faire agus coimhead churamach a chur orra. Aig ceann naoi moisan ionann dh' fhias Cunnhal tinn re saothair chloinne, agus rug i nighin. Air faichdinn so do luchd a gheard agus na faire dh' fflag iad i agus ruith iad leis an ait-sgeuladh' ionnsuidh an righ, agus cha do phill iad ni bu mo. Ach mo dheiridh na heachfasa feir rug i mac. Cha rabh neach sun bith a dheannadh fritheachadh dhiht san ams' ach *Luas Lurgann*, Nighin muim 'us Aoida 'n Righ dheanaisich. Cho-buath sa rugadh an leanamh mie, thug Luas Lurgann an earball a cot' e agus theich i 'us cha rabh fios caite. Kainig i cu'pan Saor a brathair, ann fear ceard a b' fhearr a bha 'n Eirinn an uair sin. Leig i a ruin ris ag imise dha gach ni mar a thachair. Buichas do Dha ars eisa mar ata chuis. Ciod e fios nach digeadh an Tarrgannachd fathast air a chois. Ach caite nois an deid sin am falach leis. Thaid ars ise do Choill-Ulthid. Dh' fhlaibh i fein agus a brathair fuindh dhuibhre na h-oidheche gun stad gun fhois, gun an do raing iad meadhan na coilltich. Nois deir ise claidhich leaba-dhuinn ann an craoibh mhoir dhuibh sin, far am be nise agus an leanamh ann an tearainteachd. Rinn a brathair mar a dh' iarr i, agus chuir e dorus ris an aite dhetin chraoibh le chairt air chor 'us nach bu cheom-asach do neach sam bith aithnachadh na fhaotinn a mach.

Thug Luas Lurgann suil nu 'n cuart agus thubhairt i ri brathair, faic arsa ise an fhailinn ta gu h-ional an so. Air sealtuim dhasan gu mion. Ghlac a phluthar an tuald agus chuir a dhetin an ceann. Nois ars ise cha 'n eil fear ruin ach mi fein. Bha i na dheidh so a siubhal sear agus iar a' crinneachadh gach ni dh' fhadail i dhi fein agus do 'n leanadh. Rachadh i scriob feadh nam baltinn moira bu dluthdhi dhi, agus air uairibh do thig a ghobhainn. Ach cha d' fhuosruiche e riann dhiht eut an rabh odha, na ciod e bu chor dha, ged bha fios aig gar i thug leath e oir dh' eug Cubhall a mhathair an uine 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 eaint dha thoisich i air fhaolinn, agus air Scool a thoirt dha agus air uairibh a cluicha leis air clar—Tathlisc, &c. Agus air fas ni bu neartuimhe dha rachadh e fein agus ise choimruich gu nullac Beinn-Eadinn. Ach man toisichidh iad conhruth bhuanidh iad le h-ordlase da gheig dreathuim, agus chuireadh i casan

air thoisach le teann orda ag iarraidh air e ga thoirt fein as orra. Bhiadh i air a dheidh a gnath a gabhail air mo chul nan eas a streichidh chraichdinn agus na feola la cheile.

Ged bu chruaidh so b' fheudar fhullann ear seal. Ach gach aon la mar a bha teachd, bha ean a fas ni bu chruaidhe, 'us ni bu luathie, 'us ni bu neartuimhe. Air chor 'us nach robh an comas da mhume, urid 'us aon bhuille thalhairt dha. Bha e nois na chomais agus bha e ga dheannadh, se sin re rabh, gun rabh e nois ga puidh-cheile re riadh. Na dheid sin thoisich i air fhaolinn re fearasbhodha agus ri chuidh—Iomain. Ac. Air dhi fhaolgunn air gach calain a b' col di. Dh' innis i dha co e, ciomus a thainig e; agus ciod e bha aige re dheannadh, 'us re thalhairt gur eriogh, agus aire ro mhadhatuort dha fein air eagal gun digidh an ceam dheth.

Nois Eudaina na fear ars ise theid' thusa 'n dugh leamsa dh' ionnsuidh na chuidh-tomain ta gu bhi air a chunnail sa bhlaie-mhor-rioghail. Dh' aonntuich e leatha sa chuis ged nach b' ann le dheoin. Dh' fhlaibh iad le cheile, 'us ghabh iad an turus, agus air dhoibh teachd dluth do 'n bhlaie chuidh ise do aite uaignich, ach ghabh ean gun athadh gun aodenas, roimh aon neach uasal an-anasal. Ach gun bruidhadh 'us gun pronnidh thail sa bhos. Air chor 'us gun bu leis buadh gach buille agus Bair an la sin. Bha iad mar so car dha na tri do laithibh 'us casaid ur agus thrichd a ruidheachd eumass an Righ air a ghille luidheagach bhon nach rabh fhios co, eia as da. B'ann mo an nan Nollug a thachair na nithebha, 'us b'e Diluain-an t-sainnseal, an latha moir agus deirinnach don fheadh, agus don Iomain. Thuirt an Righ theid mise am phearsuimn fein a choimheadh air, agus chi mi ciod us coltas da. Us anluhdh bha thainig an Righ ann a gille-ban, agus Luas-Lurgann a mhume a geur choimhead air a garridh uaignich fein. Oir cha dheidh chuidhich i ris. Thoisich an gille ban an lathasa mar b' abhast.

Ciod e 'n gille Fionn ban ud ars an Righ tha moir sa marbhadh nan daoine. Na fanidh e agam fein chuirinn eudach, us curradh air, oir tha coltas fogaumtich air. Thuirt a mhume 'us i talhairt an deasachidh sin orra fein, le basigh gam buadh air a cheila, ag ra, O! eudaid do na fearibh, b' fhad' thusa gun bhaistidh. Ach tha u 'n dugh air do bhaistidh da rircadh, agus 'us tusa sin Fionn Mac Cuthaill, mhic Luch, mhic Treumhoir, mhic Chlanna Baoisga h-Eirinn a Righdh leasan nich agus ardh Eirinn fein ge do thugadh do choir uait le ainneart agus le h-ecoir, aich soirbhichidh leat agus gheibh u luth an uachdar air do namhbhin, &c. Dh' erich i agus ri siubhal a ghabh i fein agus Fionn. Agus ri siubhal nan deidh a ghabh muintir an Righ a chois 'us do dh' eac, 'us chuir iad an ruig agus an toir orra gu teann. Bha Luas-Lurgann a fas sgrth agus fann 'us cha b' urrinn i cumail ri Fionn ann an ruith. Air faicinn so do dh' Fhionn thog e chaidhich air a ghuadinn. Agus suil cha d' thug e na dheidh, gus an d' raing e aite comhuidh fein. Air leagal an Eallidh dha air lair cha rabh aige da mhume lathair ach an da lurginn. Thug e urchair dhuibh air lair agus ghul e gu goirt. Dh' fhan e 'n oidheche sin mar bha e air a chloa' gun bhiaidh gun chadul. Air an ath-la thug e greis air suaoitichadh ciod e dheannadh e oir bha e ann an ionachumhaite.

Cha rabh a chridh aig aghidh a thoirt air an aite leis an bu ghnath le mhume bli tathidh. Dh' fhlaibh e air faimneoladh. Agus gun fhios gu math aige caite. Agus cam gach radhidh dha ach gabhail seachad air Eas gam b' ainm Eas-naidh, agus chunnac e fear ag iasgchairnan Eas, agus thubhairt. Fionn ris tha mi deir eisan ann a failinn mhoir, tha mi guidh' ort thoir dhanh beathach beng do na h-iasgibh sin a dh' leis mi. Cha tabhair, deir an t-iasgar. Nam bioddidh tu cho mhath arsa Fionn agus gun euraidh tu nach an t-slat air mo t-shealbhuidh. Rinn an t-iasgar sin agus air ball dh' iasgach e lan-bradan; 'Cha toir mi 'm beathachsa dhuith tha e ro mhior, agus ro mhath. Sann a than so iasg Righ. Nam biodd tu cho mhath 'us gun tuga tu dlomb fein an t-slat. Gheibh lhu sin ars an t-iasgar. Air do dh' Fhionn an t-slat iasgach fhaotinn, thig e mach an dubhan agus tharria e gu tior bradhan a bha na bu mhio, na bradhan an iasgar. Cha 'n fhaol mi 'm beathachsa thoir dhuith doir an t-iasgar, ach bheir mi beathach beng a's Iudha na so dhuith. Ach feuma tu rostadh air taobh eile an Eas, agus n' eomadh air an taobh so, agus ma bhios ball ann na lois't' air caillidh tu do cheann ris, agus ars an t-iasgar theid mise chadul, agus bhiodh e rosta man duisg ni. Ga d' bu chruaidh so b' fheudar aonntachadh leis. Thoisich Fionn air teimnidh fhaddadh 'us air an iasg a rostadh 'us chuidh an t-iasgar a chadul. Bha Fionn ga dh' shar-ruchadh a brusnachadh an teine sa rostadh an eisg, ach uair do na h-mairibh, dh' erich balg lois't' air biradidh, agus cho luath sa b' urrinn da leig e mhcur air 'us lois-

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tooth.

gídh ga crainn é chuir é mheur na bheul le graddadh agus dh'fhuir é fíos an da shnozhadh, mar a their inil. Thuair é fíos sa mhionaid sin gum b' é 'n t-iasgair a mharbh athair Fhinn 'us gum b' é F-rea-Dubla-ann an iasgair 'us gum rabh cloidheann athair lámh ris an an falach. Dh' éirich é le caithag agus thuair é cloidheann athair us thug 'n ceann do dh' F-rea-Dubla 'us ri stiubhal na dheidh sin ghabh Fhinn ann maidhe so a thuradh, sgreubhadh a bhradain ri Easruaidh, cha b' fluair é 's cha bh teith.

The king's  
law.

Air ball an deidh an ceann a thoiri dhé 'n iasgar, ghabh Fhinn a thuras agus stad na fóis cha d' rímé agus an d' ríomh Tigh a ghábháin a sheamair. Bha é greis ga dhíomhaerachadh feim an tigh a sheamair. Ach lá do na láithibh chaidh caoirch a ghabhain do gharadh an Rígh. Dh' oruidh an Rígh a chearrfharr as a ghear-radh dhéth gach an d'imbh. Mas fíor gú rabh n' arid ag an Rígh gam b' áim. Teanhair na-rígh, agus bha do bhaidhíbh orra ge b' é nair a bheirta breith chlaon na ceorach gum túitídh i síos chum an lair, gus an dugadh an do 'n fhuil Ríghadh breith cheart. Chruinídh iad gach sean-fhear agus gach duine ghloch sin thior, ach cha d'fharradh nam measg neach tuigh breith cheart na fhíor. Ach chuaidh Fhinn a mach gu áite foliúiseach. Agus thubhairt é ' Barr na ceorach, barr na Chúineadh, da bharr abhainn, thum ann bunána: Tha 'n da bharr sin coslach re cheila, 'us breith na aghlich sin cha tabhar 'n.'

The  
verdict.

Cho luath sa na briathribh a mach o bheud, dh' éirich Teanhair na Rígh. Bha iadsan uile bha láthair, lan chímíthic gum b' áon do 'n fhuil Ríghadh an duime so a labhar na briathran leis an d' éirich an Teanhair. Ghrad chuireadh an tóir air gu, teann, ach ruith Fhinn 'us cha b' ann gu mall. Thuair é as orra gun bheud 'us phill an tóir gum áite feim. Ghabh Fhinn air aghaidh gun chadhl gum fhuais, agus cha denchadh stad air a chóis na lod as a bhroig gus an do rannig é ceardach a shean-athair.

Dhathníc an seann duime mar a bha. 'Se n' i smaoint-ic é gum cuiridh é moran gúil san teallach, agus píosan do sheam iarrum. Sin thoisic é air seiddh nam balg, 'us air oírichadh na sean iarrum, air chor 'us gum rabh do theas anabharrich 'us do shradhdhíg anns a chearduich na chum an tóir gun a chroiddí aca urid 'us seasamh mionaid 'n taobh stigh da dorsaibh. Bha Fhinn car níne ga fholach feim air chul nam balg agus aig an an chendna, tolldh a blada gus an d' fluair é as orra. Agus stad na fóis cha do rímé agus an do rannig é pathlis Rígh chuíg-ibh-Colla'.

Cairbre.

Bha Eirinn na Cuigibh san uair sin.  
Bha Fhinn car níne ann an pathlis an Ríogh's gum áon neach a dh' fhiosrachadh dhéth co, na cia as da. Bha é ga ghuibhail feim gu ro fheicidhig agus neo bhadach, mo dhéiridh chuidhíh a dheigh chlin, sa dheandás na, gu chuasibh an Rígh, agus se thachair na lorg sin gum d' rimidh na an ard stewart, agus na fhear ionchar díbh 'n Rígh. Se n' arid air 'n do shochludrach an Rígh a mharbh athair Fhinn, agus a chomhairlichí dhíomhair, gum rachadh an Rígh na phearsum, agus aircaum dháoiné leis, air feadh na h-Eirinn uile chum ainneamnan gach duine ghábh síos ann an a sgríobhail le míonnaibh, dh' fhuech a fuigheadh é Fhinn a mharbhadh, o mach rabh a nois a lathir don fhúil Ríghadh ach e. An ceann da bhliadhín iondhan thainig Cairbre-Ruadh é sin a Rígh a chasgair agus a dhithlarich euidim athir Fhinn. An fógus do pháithlis Rígh chuígheann Collaíh, far an rabh Fhinn an uair sin na stulhart. Cha do dh' fhiosruich Rígh chuígheann-Collaíh fíathach cia as do dh' Fhinn, na cia b' áim dha. Rímé Fhinn é feim áinidhichte dhá agus léig é mína ris agus a dulhairt é. O' Rígh 'us feudar dhámsa teidhich as an áite so agus mo dhéudh a bhú-air, óir ata 'n bás an fogasg. 'S míse Fhinn Mac Cubhail, agus cha Cairbre-Ruadh agus a shluagh leis air mo thoir, óir cha d' fíag é ach míse 'n aonar don fhúil Ríghadh, gus a dhith-latharachadh agus a sgríos. Tha e gu bhí 'n so a nochd, agus cha 'n urrainn thús. O' Rígh mo thearmadh. 'S dúilic leam ar an Rígh, gum rabh é na fhasan agum riamh, nach fíoscídhim do chóirgic cia as da, na co e, gus an lá 'n bíodh é gam fhuagail. Ach fan thusa agamsa, óir tha mí 'g iarruidh míle-mathcaulnis ort. An áite thus a bhí d' sheirbhíseich agamsa sam ba cheart dhúghach dhámsa bhí an fochran míhad dhúirse. Agus bhí mí 'n uile oidhcep air a chuis a leasachadh, agus air seasam do chórach. Agus thabhair a cheart aige nach h-innis u t áimn a dháiméon mas úrra míse na a Rígh eile dhéannadh, óir 'us áitíne dháit feim eile é mar a labharas tu, agus bídhídh míse 'an charid math air do chúl chum do choir fhaotain dhuit. Mo dhéiridh thainig an Rígh 'us thoisic é air áimnín nam doine ghábhail a síos. Bha Fhinn air ais agus air azláich, 'us mo dhéir-dh' fíorcuich Cairbre eile é áimn. Dh' fiteag air Fhinn agus a dulhairt é. Tha mí nois da bhliadhín 'n scribhis mo mhághistir, agus cha do dh' fhiosruich é co

mi na ciod e mainn fathast. Agus bha sin na mhulad, agus na ogdhítheach leam, agus an a bha mí cho fhaid na sheirbhís, cha 'n innis mí 'n áimn a nochd gum dnuais, agus cha chloicth do 'n léitídh do dhúine gum iarr mí ach n' mach iondrúim thus. O' Rígh gad dhíth. An tabhair mí an toilleadh úd dha, arsa Rígh chuíg-Colla, re Cairbre. Dh' áonntich Cairbre leis. 'S feudar dháimh sin fhaotain fud lámh scriobhair. Thuair é sin. Innis dhúimn t-áimn a nois déir na Ríghribh ris. Tha mí beag eile dhíth orm chum gach mí choimíonadh, agus se sin gum cuir an Rígh a thainig a lámh ris mar thianuinn gach mí dh' iarras mí gu fuigh mí. Chuir Cairbre mar an ceolna a lámh ris. Thog Fhinn ann papéir na lámh agus thubhairt e.

Pedigree.

Eisidh agus tuigemh 's míse Fhinn Mac Cubhail-ic-Lubhich-ic-Treunmh-óir-ic-Clánna-baoidé a h-Eirinn. Agus arid rígh Eirinn feim agus a fíor dhéasnach ge do thug thusa mo choir nam le h-eucoir agus le h-áineart. Éirich as t-áite óir us leamsa le ceoir cheart. Dh' fhan Cairbre na thosd' Éirich arsa Rígh-Chuíg-Colla mar a éirich thusa, éiridh míse. Cha 'n éirich arsa Fhinn 's math an airdh na feim air do chatáir agus air do choir.

Chuiridh Fhinn na stuidhe air caitáir Cairbre, agus mar sin síos.

Story of  
Cormac.

Chuir Rígh-Chuíg-Colla sluaigh mór le Fhinn agus e feim air an ceann, gus an d' fíag e gu sbachdrach sabhaitte Fhinn air Rígh clathair athir feim gum bháil na gille.

Rann Iudhíche-ic-eon athir Fhinn.

Seachd bliadhna fíchid gu fíor,  
Bha Ladhadh mac con na Rígh;  
Gum bhás gun ghabhadh gum ghain,  
Fíor, mína na gille bha 'n Eirinn.

Crioch.

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, 'Dabhach' 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 Doil mu 'n Damhach: ' 'The cast is the blind at the Damhach.' The word properly 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. Staff's Collection, page 35. Advocates' Library, February 17, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

BHA Oisín na bhuaichail re cullach na meann aig Padrúg agus aig a nighín. Bha é sin la ga aséich feim agus thug é mach an Sporan anns an rabh an fainne, agus chuir é air lar lámh ris e. Agus na dheidh sin chaidh é. Thainig an Biatach air Itéag a nuas as na Speuribh, us e air Faesin Taip mhór dhearg shaoil leis gum b' feoil a bhá agus sgoib leis e dh' ionnsuidh anéid far an rabh na h-eoin aig an uair sin. Agus thuair é risthét e nuair a chuir an Gille Bha odhar leis a chreig e.

P. 2. MU SHEALG DHERINNICH OISIN.

Same Scribe, &c.

BHA Oisín na shean aois ann an Tigh a muig' na aonar ann an Baile gun áimn Glennac-an-fheoir an Sgithrach-Thorasa. Chuir Padrúg agus nighéan Oisín, eil ris, le ro mhéud sa dhídhilí e. Chuir Padrúg cinéadh air Oisín athir-céla air latha arid chum feusl a dh' mhuiliche do dhrean arid dhéth na cairdibh. Chuir an do na daoinibh oga, reasach a bhá nam súidh aig an fíeud, aig an rabh Calpa Fídhil ga chreim, a cheist air

Oisán a faea é rianh calpa feidh b' mhó nan calp ud. Rug Oisín air a chalya agus nuheirich sé e óir bha é na dhlall an uair sin. Agus threagair é 'n t'oganach, agus thubhairt é ris gú fae é calpa Luín moran ní bu mhó, agus gun b' aithne dha 'n aite 'n rabh é. Mar a bli dith na léarsín. O! sé 'n t' amadan truaich ars a nighlin a fear ata tabhairt creidéis dhuil le d Bhoisd agus led fhríagáil. Thug í an togail ghrad sin air Eeachtraidh na Féinnidh bha scriobht' aig a companach Padruig, agus thilg í 'n t-iomlan ann an meadhóin 'n teinnidh, agus chuaidh iad re theinnidh, man do rug iad ach air ro bheag a shabhaladh dhuibh. Bha Padruig ro dhuillich air an son. Mata ars Oisín dearbhidh mise dhuibh, gur í 'n fhrinn ata agansa. Agus a Phádruig nu cheandichis tu dod mhac falbh leanas lorga mi mach fastach Calpa Luín. Dh' aomtuigh Padruig a leigidh leis. Dhalbh Oisín agus mac Phádruig, ga 'm b' ainn an Gille-blarr-odhar. Choisidh iad gu iochdar Beinn an t-sealdidh, agus thug iad a mach ri achadh gan ainn Lurg larinn. Thubhairt Oisín re odha ead é laochain a thú nis a faichimn, oir tha mi chuinninn monnar bruidne. Tha ars odha doáme tha air Seisrich lamh rinn. Thoir mise laochain an ratidh a tha iad; rinn odha mar a dh' iarr ar. 'S math a gheibhar sibh fearamh ars Oisín. Tha sin a deannamh nar dhaodas sinn ars a na fiór. Thoir dhonn do lamh ars Oisín ris a chrann-arean cha tabhairt ars odha, ach tabhair an colliar' as a chrann, agus tabhair dha é. Rinn an duine mar sin, agus ghlac Oisín 'n colliaire agus lúb é air a cheil' é.

Na dheidh sin thog iad a mach re na ambradhail, agus theirim iad air Leitir Luín, air a bheil an t-ainm sin gus an la 'n diu'. Deir Oisín re odha bí furachair a fae 'n seana chraobh mhór dharaich agus eos na taobh. Thuair an Gille-blarr-odhar i gun ro mhóran saothrich, le seoldh a Shean-athir. Chuir Oisín a lamh a stigh sa chos 'us thug é mach as calpa 'n Luín. Dh' imich iad rompa mach as a choilich. Seall a laochain ars Oisín a fae u' enoe mor anns a bhlar an iochdar na coilie. Chí ars odha. Treoirich mis' 'n sin ars Oisín. Se ainn a chnoic sa Ceann-a chnoc ain. Cnoc-fraice b' gnath leis an Fheinn a bhí a tathich gu tric ann sna linnidh rómhe sin. Ceart lamh ris a pholl na thiodhluich Fiom athir Oisín an coire ris an canar gu an la 'n diu' poll choir Fhinn. Thuigh iad air a chnoc agus ghabh iad no thamh an sin re na h-oir'.

Ghuidh Oisín gu duthrachdach gun biodh Biorach-Mac-Buidheag an t-aon dhu bu dona bha rianh san Fheinn air a dheonachadh dha. Mhosgail é mu dheiridh na h-oir' 'us é mothachadh trom air anna, a chos, agus dh' athnich é gun d' fhuair é atcheuinbhich. Dh' fhuar é nar a bha aige gu briseadh na faire. Dhuisg Oisín an Gille-blarr-odhar, agus thug Oisín eibh na ioch mhór as chuir geilt-chrioh air gach crentair ghnasadach a bha ann na coillichin man cuairt dha. Cúid é chí u' ars Oisín ris a Ghille-bhlair-odhar? Tha mi faicsinn aireamh Ionmhór do chrentairibh beaga seanga ruadha. Leigidh sinn seachad iad sin deir Oisín. Cha 'n eil a sin a Laochain acli síochd na Luaithe-Luinnich. Thug Oisín an ath-tidh as. Cúid é nois a cha thu laochain. Chí mi ars odha na h-urid do bheathlichibh seanga donna. Tha sin síochd na Deirge-Danuschie. Leig sin seachad fathasid. Thug é an t-reas eadh as Dh' fheoirich é do odha ead é bha é faicsinn. Tha mi faicsinn ars odha moran de feidh-dhí troma-donna. Bis tuig Biorachmaclid buidhnaig. Re síubhal a ghabh an eug agus nharbh é seachd lan daimh. Bí furachail a laochain a fae u' n cu a tighin. O! chí mis é ars an Gille-blarr-odhar agus a chraos fogaigil. Cha neil no chuiléins buidhich seilge fathasid agus marbhich é sinne. Ach feuch a stiur thu mo lamh's a stigh na bheul nuair a thig é 'm fogaig. Rinn é nar a dh' iarr Oisín air, agus chuir é lamh na chraos 'us nharbh sé e.

Th' air a nois mí far a fae u' na feidh a tuitim. Chruinnich é leis iad air mullach a ghuidinn 'us air nallich a dhrona, gus an ruiga é 'n enoe air an do ehadid iad an oiche rómh sin. Chuir iad snas an turloch. Chruinnich iad connadh. Chuir iad na feidh as beoin. Thog Oisín Coir Fhinn athir as a pholl 'us bhruidh iad na feidh. Nois a laochain ars Oisín ri odha fan thusa fan na kaimhe unansa man ich mí thu 'n richd toiteim. Mo gheibh mise mo leoir an diugh cha bli dith na faimn ortsa rid bheo. Ma b' fhuor na fuidhídh é leoir an la sin gun fasadh é ogail, laidir, neartuohor treubhach. Bha 'n fhagails aiga an leannan Shíth. Bha crios ma mhcadhoir air son a bhrt theannachadh air a cheila. Bha naoi' timachan diethm chrios sa air a chuir seach a cheila, man do thoisich é air itha nam fiadh. Dh' fheumadh é fhaoinim do slathim na Bionadh a bhrt 'n sin biodh an crios ann an ruidhídh gus an time b' fhaide mach. Ach nar chunic

an Gille-blarr-odhar nach rabh coltas air Oisín gun fagadh é fuighlich, sgríob é leis pios mór do na bha air beuth-achh a Shean-athir, agus chuir é nar a taobh fein. Dhiht Oisín na bha aig an uair sin ach cha rabh é air a shasuchadh. Dh' iomradin é re thug odha leis, agus thubhairt é. O! laochain us ro oclé tharas du na faga du an t-iomlan agam bhíthim cho mhath sa bha mí rianh.

Thiodhlaicidh Oisín an eor ann an poll choir-Fhinn. Ghlacas é fein agus odha chum pillidh do Ghleann-caoin-fheoir, ach sé chomhairl' chinn an ceann odha Oisín gu feuchadh é fuidhich é Oisín a shean-athira chuir re crag. Chomhairlich a mhathir dha ro laimh síu a dheanaimh. Treoirich sé e gu braicth Uiridh-Bhiathich ris an gaoir gu cummندا nois Uiridh 'n flúthich, agus dh' fhuag é sud é. Thuit é leis a chraig agus stad é meadhoin na h-uiridh. Bha é cur uine man buirinn dha gluasud, ach cho luath sa chuir é 'm preathal sin seachd thoisich é air meurchadh man cuairt da gus an d' fhuair é faime dhealchúis ris uine roime so. Nois sann o' Leanna síth a thuir é 'n toisich é. Bha do bhuaidh air nach caidh é radhare agus nach fuidhídh é bas. Thainc e 'n dh'athie, le fhainne agus le calpa 'n Luín, agus nar a thubhairt é rin man d' fhuadh é, us anluidh b' fior, be calpa 'n Luín moran bu mhó.

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 uair a togail tighé, agus aireamh do dhaoinibh aige, sea na seachd deug do dhaoiné foghainm-tí, bha cleach mhór an sin nach rabh an t-iomlan do na bha laith nar-unninn a chur ceart san Tigh. Nan daga' sibh dhamhs ars Oisín ri Padruig, biadh na sea-fear-deug chuirinn a chlach ceart an aonar. Mata gheibh thusa sin arsa Padruig agus 'us math an airidh air thu. Thuair Oisín biadh chlug-fear-deug, chum a nighin biadh fior as. Dh'ich Oisín na thuair é, us dh' aatnich é gun do chunnadh pairt dthé.

Dh' eirich é us chuirich é chlach, ach dh' fhuag é aomadh orra mach as a bhalladh. Thuiridh iad ris nach rabh a chlach ceart fastach. Tha fios agam, ach nar tha bídhídh i namsa no fuidhíms a biadh na sea-fear-deug, chuir mí chlach ceart, ach a nois tha í 'n sin agabh, agus deanbh fein a carann nar as aill leibh. Bha chlochra air faichidh ann an Gleann canoir, gus o' chionn da bhliadhna, bha chlachfeairin a togail pairce agus bhíris 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 RACHAMAID deire ro Ghille,  
Gu málach an fhrích thall;  
'S aithne dh' an fhuigh an t-slighe,  
Comhairlich dann allaidh nau crunn.
- 2 Seol mo shaghead 'na charaibh,  
'S 'gu fágiam mo fbradhrair air ball;  
Thaigiu na Feidh gu h-ualach,  
Bhuail Oisean dann allaidh nau stang.
- 3 Cro 'n teine le leacailh,  
Faigh an coire 's dreachlaire colg;  
Gear an Fiadh na mhairibh beaga,  
Bruidh é gu deimhan na bhlog.
- 4 Na blais a sluth, na blais a shithinn;  
'S thig mo neart 's mo shealla gum chealg;  
Uiridh mí 'ois nar fheur na macharach,  
Bidleann tuath nar fhiadh cheumach ard.
- 5 'S ioma beum a fhuair Oisean,  
Agus gath a dh' fhan na fhoil;  
O Linn doghróim airle tuath,  
Tha mo shúil ar leonta creuchda.
- 6 Dh' fhalbh mo léirsean le sean aois,  
Eolas no léigheas bh' aig mo shúisuir;  
Bíodh san tan so dhomh gu caoin,  
Súdh na h-eilid seoldh 'n ratnach,  
'S gheibh mo radhare nar mo dhaoin.

- 7 An leighis alluichta gu grad,  
Fhuair Oisean a fhradhare, u' il;  
Bha na beanntan eiar dhubb laethann,  
'S na coilltean gun eileachd gun tur.
- 8 Dh' fheuch e tuille dhe 'n leigheas,  
'S dh' fhalbh gach brethal bha dlu;  
Aeh fhathasd bha chreuchdan silcach,  
Leis gach gath mille na thaobh.
- 9 Bhlair e 'n Conraich shudhar shladghaeh,  
Thuit gath 's gath eaoil ri cuol;  
Aeh dh' fhuirich aon gu daingean tearuinte,  
Dh' aindeoin fiachann sudhan fheidh.
- 10 A Ruadh 's ole a rinn thu oirn,  
Bhlais thu sudh an fheidh romhan;  
Cha do bhlais mi sudh an fheidh,  
Thuir an Ruadh gu ladarna dana.
- 11 Bhlais thu sudh an fheidh,  
Thuir Oisean an eaint ghrada;  
Cha leigheas mo chreuchdan gu brath,  
Thuit gach gath o 'n thaobh aeh aon.
- 12 Oeh mo raon 's truagh mi noeh,  
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 boehd a rinn thu orm,  
Tha mi noehd gun eholg gun treoir;  
Tha thu noehd gun tur, gun treoir,  
Cha mhair an aois beo gu brath.
- 14 'S maith dhuit gu 'n d' fhalbh gach gath,  
Aeh an aon nach sgar aeh bas;  
Fossa! fossa! ort a Ruaidh,  
'Se d' ghliocas gun truaigh, gun tur.  
Bheir Beal dhomhsa slainte 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 CHEUDNA.

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 mhir a steach;  
Thainig 'na choir Mac Alpin Iadh,  
'S dh' fhiaraich eiod bu mbiann na theach?
- 2 Is dh' fhalbh an Fheinn guntuar gun chlin,  
Mar sheachd o' tur a mach;  
Cha d' fhalbh an Fheinn a shean fhir Iath,  
'S beag orm do eheil gun thachd.
- 3 'S ioma latha thug sibh sealg,  
Oisein, air bharrabh and nam fiadh;  
Seadh, Mhic Alpin na binn ghloir;  
San ait leam do eheil gun mbiadh.
- 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 leithid riamh?
- 5 Leig dhìot do bhaghaill Phadric mhaoil,  
Chunneas lon nach b' aozas da;  
Ma 's ionann do sgeul air an Fheinn  
Cha bli mi fein nis faid a' d' dhail.
- 6 Led ran teine, gach tamh leig faoin,<sup>2</sup>  
'S brengach do mhaoin Oisein dhoill;  
Na loisg gach sgeul, 's filidh dhau,  
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 eliu gach eoil,  
Cha lathair do Ainnir, mor, no Soun;  
O Chuthail, faic mo bheud,  
Tiormach Mo dheur gun iochd.

<sup>1</sup> Bìan.

<sup>2</sup> Lamh.

- 9 A Threumhor tog mo lure broin,  
A Luthainn, thig a'm' thoir a nochd;  
O nach robh mi 'n Innis chain,  
Mar ri Ebbir run mo chruille.
- 10 Mar ri Osear ceann gach eliar,  
Mar ri Fionn briathar gach ni;  
Dh' fhalbh mo spionna 's mo threoir,  
'S tha mi noehd, mar ehoel gun tir.
- 11 Thoir mi, Raailh, gu coill nas geug,  
Far an tric a dh' eugh an lon;  
Gu erann daraig nasal ard,  
O 'n tric a leag mi grah nan con.
- 12 Sin feucham, a Phadric, gun col,  
Nach faoin ghloir mo sgeul a nochd;  
Rainig iad a choill an trair,  
Oisean an eu, 's for,
- 13 Padric thainig nan deigh,  
Mar fhear gun eric, gun choir,  
Fhuaras an lon dubh eiar dhubb,  
Le saighead dian o hinnie eille.
- 14 Shoillich leus air aon Oisein,  
Thainig osna grad O Chliabh;  
An creid thu Mhic Alpin gun chonn,  
An d' innis Oisean bonn gun ehlich.
- 15 An ionann do sgeulsa ri so,  
Faicam do sgeul san fhirith;  
'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 tur, gun chlo;  
Gabh do leabhar leathann leu  
Sid am fatu a mhill mo eheol.

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 Mochdruan, 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 Padraig is at least as old as 1512. The ballads were strung on this string before Duam 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 Lenn has heard old Islay men talking over Oisein's wickedness.

A WIL NEEWA AG FANE EYRIN?

A. 5 and 6. A BOUDIR SO OSSIN M'FINN. 139 lines.

- 1 INNIS downe a phadric  
Nonor a leyvin  
A wil neewa gi hayre  
Ag mathew fane eyrin



- 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 ehrawe  
Is gin neewa ag fane cyrrin
- 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 vee neyve  
Re agsin raa am lay  
Na wil doyr si grwnnith  
Vea aggit gi hynlane
- 7 Innis dwne a halgin  
Skayli ni caythryth noya  
Verinsi zut gi layre  
Seaylli cath gawrraa
- 8 Ma sea skayll ni cathrych  
Zeawris tuss a hannor  
Gin netow gin nagris  
Gin nenkis gin nanchoyve
- 9 Ka id muntir neyve  
Is oyssil fayne cyrrin  
Vil kroyss na gree  
Na deilli sead cleyrri
- 10 Ni heynn is ni fane  
Ni cosswil eayd ree cheyll  
Neir zlass glayrre  
Wea geyrre sprey
- 11 Er zraw tenni phadrik  
Na fagsi ni demyh  
Gin nis di ree noya  
Ber a steach ni fayni.
- 12 Ga beg a chwle chronanyeh  
Ni in dad one zat zryme  
Gin nis din re woralyeh  
Ne rey fa wil a skaye
- 13 Ne hay sin di v'owle  
Re math we sin ne faynow.  
Raelteis fir in doythin  
'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 ni reissi
- 15 Barr in chath layddir  
Verri fenni ny fayni  
Na di hearnyth craue  
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 ayhis  
Er mathew clyuni beis-kni
- 18 Ne hurriinn zwt aythris  
Ossin v<sup>e</sup> in reayne  
Ach nath innyn far mathis  
Agris flathis mi heyarni
- 19 Di marra aggwyn conane  
Far mewlass ni fayni  
Ne legie layd wnnill di  
Choms a cleyrri
- 20 Na habbir sen a ossin  
Is annem di wrayrri  
Be fest gi fostynich  
Is gawe hugit me ryllt
- 21 Da wacca ni catha  
Is ni braddliche grast  
Ne wee ane reid id ter  
Ter ach moyir ni fayni
- 22 Ossin v<sup>e</sup> ni flaa  
Mest tannyn a beithyll  
Na ewne ni cath  
Cha nil ag asling sin seill
- 23 Da giun ni gyir  
Is moith ni shenlga  
Bar kat wee na warri  
Na wea si chaythir uoya
- 24 Troyg sin a henor  
Is moithur ni schelga  
Fayclun gi humor  
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<sup>e</sup> eweissni  
Ne fallow mi wrarri  
Is fur angil dim di hanglew  
Na finn is ni faynyth
- 27 Da beanyth mir a weissith  
A gath zawryth ni beynnin  
Di zelin in demis  
Ver tow er ayne errin
- 28 Dimnyth di wor zail  
Er cath di heill  
Ni warrin did ehoyth lawyth  
Ach how weiss a tenour
- 29 Da marri ni zenissi  
Ne estin di choyllane  
Is zoywo di hemoo  
In marrik di choytra
- 30 Da mardeis sin ulli  
Si goynith ra cheilli  
Ne wea mi hollli lwe  
Re vii caithe ni fayni
- 31 Vii feghlit urrit  
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 lweht cogthoill  
A v<sup>e</sup>in in alvin  
Re ruacha za gomor  
Re muntir 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 hymis.  
Innis down.

D. 4. URNIDH OSSAIN. 1762-3. 146 lines.  
From Mac Nicol's Collection. Copied by Donald Mac  
Pherson, May 3, 1872.

- 1 ALLIS Sgeil, a Phadric,  
An Onnair do Lebhidh,  
A bheil neibh gu harrid,  
Aig Fianibh na Herin.
- 2 Bheirnsa 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 Bithiuse ri Craibhidh  
Mar heil Neibh aig Fianibh Erin.

- 4 Nach Doimnigh shin, Ossain,  
Fhìr 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 Tighearna' a Chrabbaidh shin,  
Agus Ussa 'Chlerich.
- 6 Ge hegg a Chuil' chranach  
Agus Monaran na Greine  
Gun Fhios don Rìogh Mhoralich  
Cha deid fo Bhligh a Sceigh.
- 7 N' saoil u 'm biunnin E 's Mac Cabbhail  
An Rìogh 'bbagguin air na Fiaibh,  
Dhede gach Neich bha air Hallibh  
Dol na Tsheolle sin gun iarridh.
- 8 Ossain! 's fadde do Tshuain,  
Erich a suas 's eist na Sàiln  
Fon chail u 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 eisdiehd nin fiach hom.
- 10 Cha chual u co-math mo Cheoil,  
Fo hùs an Doibhin bhoir gu a nochd,  
'S ha u aoiste ann'-ghloic Lia,  
Fhìr a dhìligh Clìar air Chroc.
- 11 'S trìce a dhòil mi Clìar air Chroc,  
Illigh-phadric as ole Ruin.  
'Se gair dhuitsa 'chain mo Chruit  
Fon nach duair U Gnth air bus.
- 12 Chualas Ceol os cion do Cheoil,  
Ga mor a Bholis dn do Chliar;  
Ceoil air nach luigh Letrom Laoich,  
Faohìr builk ai gan Ord Fian.
- 13 Mara tshuigh Fion air Cnoc,  
Heinne mid port do 'n Ord Fian,  
Chuiridh nan Caddil na Slogh,  
'S ochain bu bhinn' e na Chliar.<sup>1</sup>
- 14 Smeorich bhegg dhnt fo Ghleann Smàil,  
Faohìr nan Baise rish an Tuinn,  
Heinnigh midde lethidh puit,  
'S bha shin fein 's air Cruit ro bhinn.
- 15 Bha IB Gaohìr dheig Fionn  
Leigidh midde ri Gleann Smàil,  
'S bu bhinnigh Glasgheirn air Conn  
Na do Chlaig' a Chlerich chaibh.
- 16 Cuide ruine Fion air Dia  
A riar Chliar agus seoil,  
Hug e La air pronnigh Oir  
'S an ath Lo air Meohìr Chonn.
- 17 Aig meid Fhìnthir ri Meohìr Chon,  
'S e dioligh Seoil gach aoin La,  
'S aig luthad Eismail ri Dia,  
Nois ha Fion nan Fian an Laibh.
- 18 'S gann a chreidas mid Seoil,  
A Chlerich, le'd Leodhar bân,  
Gun bithidh Fion na cho fial  
Aig Duinne na aig Dia an Laibh.
- 19 Ann an Ilfrin ha e 'n Laibh  
Fear le 'n Sath bli pronna Oir,  
Air son a Dhàimais air Dia,  
Chuir iad e 'n Tigh pian fo Leon.<sup>2</sup>
- 20 Na 'n bigh Clanne Morni 'Steach,  
'S clainn Baoisge na Fir Thrain,  
Bheirre midd Fion a mach  
Na bhìgh an 'Teach aguin fein.
- 21 Coige Choigimibh na Herin na sheach,  
'S hair Deatsa gur mor an Feim,  
Cha duga sin Fion a mach,  
Gad bhìgh 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 Cùbhlid Corbta Bhrigh,  
Bha e na Rìogh os air Cion.
- 24 Tri Micibh ard Rìogh nan Seia,  
Bu bhor am Mian air dol Tshealg,  
A Phadric nan Bachil fial,  
Cha leigge mid Dia os air cion.
- 25 Bu bheic lom 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 n gan luaidh,  
Ach hoir tairigh gu lua air Dia;  
Fon ha nois Deirigh air Taois,  
'S cuir dod Mhaoigh t-sheaufhir Le.
- 27 A Phadric, ma hug u cead  
Air beggan a labhairt Duin  
Nach aiddh u (mas cead le Dia)  
Flath nan a ghra air Hus.
- 28 Cha dug misshe Comas duit,  
Tshean Fhìr chuir agus u lia.  
Bear Mac Muire re aoin Le,  
Na Duinne gan danig riabh.
- 29 Nar ro math aig neich fon' Ghreìn  
Gu 'm bear e fein na mo Tshriach  
Mac nuirnich nach deitich Clìar  
Cha leiggidh e Dia os a chionn.
- 30 Na coabhlid ussa Duinne ri De,  
Tshein-fhìr Le, na brennich e,  
'S fadde fo 'n hanig a Neirt  
As marrigh e ceart gu brach.
- 31 Choadinse Fion nan Fleigh,  
Ri aoin neich t-sheoil nan Ghreìn  
Cha 'diar riabh ni air neich  
'S cha bho dheir e neich na!<sup>1</sup> Ni
- 32 Bheiramid sheic Cathin Fiehd an Fhian  
Air Shean Druim Clìar a Muigh  
Cha duga mid Urram do Dhia  
Na dhoin<sup>2</sup> Tria<sup>3</sup> a bha air bith.
- 33 Sheic Caithibh fìoebid dhuibhse nar Fein.  
Cha do cheird shìbh 'n De nan dul  
Cha bharrin Duinne gar Slioc  
'S cha bheo ach Rìchd Ossain Uir.
- 34 Cha ne shin bu chaorich ruin  
Ach Turis Fhìn a dhòl don Roi  
Cummail Cath-ghanne leoin fein  
Bha e cluidh air Fein gu mor.
- 35 Cha ne shin chuidh shìbh uille ann  
A Mhìc Fionn fo 'n gear gu 'd Re,  
Eist ri Raigh Rìogh nan Boehd,  
'S iar uss' a nochd Neibh dhuit fein.
- 36 Comrich an da Aibsdail deig  
Gabhìgh mi dho fein an Diugh  
Ma rein misse pecca trom  
Chuir an Cnoc na 'n Tou a Muigh.

Crioich.

*Note on the manuscript.*<sup>1</sup>

- <sup>1</sup> Hoiran Eibhdhriugh Mhaistrì Donil  
Ha Choinnigh an Cois na Tuinne—(viz. Lismore),  
An Cruigh bha aig Ossain Lìghlas  
Nach ro riabh ach na' dhroich dhuinne.'

<sup>2</sup> The above stanzas were composed by  
Duncan Raeh Mac Nicol, in Glen-  
orchy, commonly called Modern  
Ossain.'

Laa shiùthil sletigh dha. (Fragment.)  
&c. &c. &c. (All deleted.)

<sup>1</sup> Or ona.<sup>2</sup> Or Chaoin.<sup>3</sup> Chliar.<sup>4</sup> In 'The Gaelic' (No. 4, p. 81, Glasgow, 1872) &c.<sup>1</sup> Or Chliar.<sup>2</sup> Bhron.

version 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 Dalnally Blacksmith of 1784. I print from a copy of Mac Nicol's MS. D., and from Dr. Mac Lachlan'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 cernacular 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 MACALPAIN AIG TAGRAPH RA CHEILE.

OISAIN.

1 I INNIS dhuinne, 'Phadruic,  
Air onoir do leubhaidh ;  
'Bheil neamh gu h-àraidh,  
Aig Maithibh Fiaunn na Feinne.

PATRIC.

2 Dh' innise sin dhuitsa,  
Oisain nan glond ;  
Cla' neil neamb aig t-athair,  
Aig Osgar no aig Goull.

OISAIN.

3 'S ole an sgenla àraidh,  
Tha agad dhuinn' a Chleirich ;  
Com am bithinse ri crabhadh,  
Mur 'eil neamh aig Maithibh Fiaun na Feinne.

PATRIC.

4 Oisain gur fada do shuain,  
Eirich suas is eisd na sailm ;  
Chaill thu nìs do luth 's do rath,  
'S cha chair thu cath ri la-garbh.

OISAIN.

5 Mu chaill mì mo luth 's mo rath,  
'S nach cuir mì cath ri la-garbh ;  
Do d' ehleirsneach gur beag mo speis,  
'S de cheol eisdeach m' m' fiach leom.

PATRIC.

6 Nior chual tu co-maith mo cheoil,  
Bho thùs an dombunn mhòir gus a' nochd ;  
'S tha thu aosda ana-ghlic iath,  
Thir a dh' ioladh clìar air cnoc.

OISAIN.

7 'S tric a dhiol mì clìar air cnoc,  
'Iulla Phàdruc is ole ran ;  
'S eucor dhuit a chainn mo cbruth,  
Bho nach d' thuar mì guth an tùs.

PATRIC.

8 Chualas ceol bu bhinne na d' cheol,  
Ge mor a mholas tu do chliar ;  
Cool air nach luigh leatron laoch  
Faobhar cuilg ris an ord Fiaun.

OISAIN.

9 N' ar a shuidhe Fionn air cnoc,  
'S a sheimeadh è port don ord Fiaun ;  
Gu 'n cuireadh è chadull na sloig,  
'S och-òin bu bhinne è na do chliars.

10 Smoeraiche bheag Ghlinne-smail,  
'S faothar na barr ris an tom ;  
Is sheinneadh-midne leò puit.  
'S bha sinn fhìn 's air cruit ro-bhinn.

11 Bha da ghaothar-dheng aig Fionn,  
'S leigeamaid iad re Gleann-smail ;  
'S bu bhinne leam prònuich air con,  
Na da chluigse Chleirich àigh.

12 Ach cìod 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 bhì diola' sgolp gach aon la,  
'S gun urram a thoirt do Dhia,  
Anis tha Fionn nam Fiaun an laimh.

OISAIN.

14 'S ole a chreideas mì do sgeul,  
A Chleirich le d' leabhar bàn ;  
Gu biodh Fionn Mac Cuthail no cho fiail,  
Aaig duine na aig Dia ann laimh.

PATRIC.

15 Tha è 'n ifrinn ann an laimh,  
'M fear le ghna lhi proma' oir ;  
'S thaobh miad a dhì-meas air Dia,  
Chuirte è 'n tigh pian fu' bhron.

OISAIN.

16 N' am biodh Clanna-Baoisge a teach,  
'S Clanna Moirne nam fear trein ;  
Bheireamaidne Fionn a mach,  
Neo bhiodh an teach again fein.

PATRIC.

17 Maithean na Feinne nu s'each,  
Leasta ge bu mhòr an t-cuchd ;  
Cha tugadh sud Fionn a mach,  
Nì mo bhiodh an teach agaibh fein.

OISAIN.

18 Is cìod è an t aite ifrinn fein,  
A Chleirich a kubbas an sgoil ;  
Nach bu co-maith è ri fàitheas De,  
Na faigheamaid ann fèidh is coin.

PATRIC.

19 Ge beag a cha' ill chroannach,  
Is mòran na grèine ;  
Cha theid gun fhios don Rìgh mboralach,  
Fu' bhar bhilìbh 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 f'hir 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 ghàrùn ;  
Cha d' iarr e riamh nì air neach,  
'S cha mhò dh' eur è neach nu nì.

23 Thug sinne latha air sliabh Bhòid,  
Bha Caoilte am 's bu chruaidh a lamb ;  
Osgar agus Goull nan slegch,  
Diarmad an Mhaoth 's Fraoch an Ghleann.

24 Fionn mac-Cuthail bu mhòr pris.  
Bha è na Rìgh oirn san àm ;  
'S a Chleirich nam bachall fiail,  
Cha leigeamaid Dia bhos air ciom.

PATRIC.

25 'Se sin a chuir as dhình riamh,  
Nach do chreid sibh 'n Dia nan dul ;  
'S cha mhairthean duine d'ar siochd,  
'S nì beo ach riochd Oisain iur.

OISAIN.

26 Cha b'è sin a chuir as dhuinn,  
Ach turus Fionn 'dhol don Roimh ;  
Bhì cuir cath arad leim fein,  
'Se chuir as d' ar Feinnu gu mòr.

PATRIC.

27 'S ole leam sin 'naitse Oisain,  
Fhir nam brathra' bòile ;  
'S gunn b' fhearr Dia ri aon nair,  
Na Fiaun na Feinne nìle.

OISAIN.

28 B' fhearr leamsa aon clath laidri  
A chuireadh Fiaun na Feinne ;  
Na Tighearna a chràbhaidh sin,  
Is thusa a Chleirich

## PATRICK.

29 Eisd ri radhadh Rìgh nam bochd,  
Is iarr a nochd neamh dluith fein ;  
'S bhon tha deire tighinn air t' aois,  
Tog do d' mhaois a shean fhlir leith.

## OISAIN.

30 Bu bheachd leam bhì tighinn air Diarmad.  
'S air Fearghus bu bhinne gloir;  
Na bu chead leat mì gan luaidh,  
Chleirich naadh 'theid don Roimh.

## PATRICK.

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 fhlir leith.

32 <sup>1</sup> Cha tugainse atha do neach,  
Leis bu dochadh mì fein na me chliar.  
Mhae mairnich a chualas riamh ;  
Ach Flath nam Fiann a raite air thus.

33 Comraich an da-abstail-deng,  
<sup>2</sup> Gabhamsa dhomh fein a nochd ;  
'S ma rinn mise peacadh trom,  
Bìodh è an slochd nam 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 dhamhsa Phádraig,  
O' onoir a dheadh leabhladh ;  
Am bheil neo' gu h'árraid  
Ag naisle fearadh Éirann ?
- 2 ' Bheireamsa dearbha dhuitsa,  
Oisain nan glonn ;  
Nach 'eil neo' aig d' Athair,  
Aig Oscar no aig Goll.'
- 3 'S ole an sgéul a Phádraig,  
A th' agad dhamhsa Chleirich ;  
C' ar son a bhitheamsa re crabhadh,  
Mar bheil neo' aig Fiantidh Éirann.
- 4 'S górach leam sin Oisain,  
Fhlir nam briathraibh bailaisg ;  
'S gu b' fhearr Dia re non nair,  
No Fiantidh Éirann uile.'
- 5 B' fhearr leamsa aon chath léideir,  
A chuireadh Fiantidh Éirann ;  
No Tighearna chraibhidh sin,  
Agus tusa Chleirich.
- 6 'No coi'-meas thusa duine re Dia,  
No breathnich thír iath 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 ní air neach,  
'S aon ní 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 fòiseach aig a bhith,  
Cho duin e ach Spioraid fias.
- 10 'Cho mhodha na sin is seadh,  
A fhnair bri' no blagh no cáil ;  
O ní no neach tha air chuan,  
No air talubhinn 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 bìth tha shnas do ghná ;  
Ann 's na flaitheasaibh is mó,  
Far an lionmhor 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 gum sgar gu bráth.
- 14 'Spiorad a chruthaich an cuan,  
Is an talamh fhuairidh bráit ;  
Gach ní agus neach a th' ann,  
Gun chonamh ann an sea láith.'
- 15 'S ionngeantach an spiorad leom,  
A chruthaich am fón san cuan ;  
Gun chonamh no iartas 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 flaitheas shuas,  
Far nach crìochnaich luadh air cliú.'
- 17 Cìod e 'n t' áite flaitheas fein,  
A Chleirich d' an leir gach ole ;  
Nach coi'-naith an talamh fein, (or rè)  
Na 'n fú' t' ann cìbheas is koin.
- 18 'Oisain 's maideach do ghloir,  
Gun dadam eòlais no sgóil ;  
'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 usg, is gaoth,  
Teime bhaoghlaich is mór fiath.
- 20 'Oisain struagh dhuit a bhì beó,  
Gun ghrásaibh, gun treoir no ciall ;  
Ach mar Eilid an dalla cheó,  
Nach d' fhuair braon do dh' eòlas Dia.'
- 21 Do fhuair mì eòlas is iúl,  
Cho maith sa bha Mur na Feinn ;  
Gu scéim Clarsaich agus ciúil,  
D' ánaibh úr, is sealg an fhéidh.
- 22 'No coi'-meas thusa gu bráth,  
Sealg is Clarsaichibh is duain ;  
Re eòlas bhí air lág Dhe,  
An tí keirsinnach tha buan.'
- 23 'Am bheil keirsinn is fios aig,  
Air gach ní a'ta fuidh 'n ghréin ;  
Gach creatair tha ann sa chuan,  
'S air an talubhinn suas le chéil.'
- 24 'S deimhin gu bheil fios sin aig,  
Air gach creatair tha air lár ;  
Mar an cendua ann sa chuan,  
S'e fein dleabhlaid iad suas le laimh.'
- 25 'Am bheil fios aige gach uair,  
Air ar còmhradhuc 's air rádh ;  
'N uair a bhios sinn ann ar snain,  
Is tra bhios sinn tinn is slán.'

<sup>1</sup> This verse ought to be placed opposite and sooner, i.e. after the 25th verse.  
<sup>2</sup> Iarrainsa.

- 26 'Tha fios aige air gach nì,  
A labhair gach siol is àll;  
Is gach slàinte agus leòn,  
A thig feadh gach ló o kùmh.'
- 27 'S ro' ole leom a nì e sin,  
A chuireas nìmh agus cráth;  
Air na daoine a rinn e,  
C' om an deanamh sin gu brath.'
- 28 'Nì e e gan toirt fuì' ehis,  
Chum 's gu strìocha gach neach dh'a;  
Gum deanamh imchuidh fàidheòidh,  
Gu dol comhladh ris gu bráth;
- 29 'Am fuidh sinne dol gun fhios,  
'S tigh do 'n ionad sin leinn fein;  
Chum 's gu biodhmaid ann gu bráth,  
Ann na Aros le Mac De.'
- 30 'Uidhir na eulaig a nì srann,  
No monaran fann na gréin;  
Cha d' theid gun fhios do 'n Rìgh mhór,  
D'a aros gloirbhor r'a re.'
- 31 'S miadhurach leam fein a sheol,  
Nach d' theid monaran na gréine;  
Gum 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 na lí so;  
'S gun bhì saor o chron 's ghó,  
Cho 'n fuigh còmhnuidh ann na Rìoghachd.'
- 33 Cho' b' ionann is Fionn Mac Chuthail,  
An Rìgh bh' againn air na Fiantidh;  
Dh' fhéudadh gach neach bheir an talamh,  
Teachd na thallasan gun iarraidh.
- 34 'No coi-meas a choidhech a thalla,  
Re teach fhlaithes is na Trionaid;  
Cha raibh eòlas aig air maithes,  
Ach air cathaibh agus piantidh.'
- 35 'Bha sin eòlas ais is aithne,  
Cho mhaith sa tha fós re thaotainn;  
Cha deach' e rianh a ehur catha,  
Ach da aindeòin, 'n uair bu bhaeghlach.'
- 36 'Cha d' fhuair e colas air Dia,  
Cha b' e mhiann o thús a là;  
Uime sin cho 'n eil e shuas,  
Ann ionad na luth-ghair.'
- 37 Cìod e 'n d' ionad am bheil Fionn,  
An tí b' ainmeala a bhà;  
An tigh Teamhradh bhinn nan téud,  
Far am b' eibhinn béul gach Bard.
- 38 'Tha Fionn ann an ifrionn shìos,  
'S cho d' thig e' nìos gu la bhriáth;  
Le lughad sa rinn e bhua a Dia,  
Bidh e 'n tigh nam pian fuì' chradh.'
- 39 'S ole a chreideas mì do sgéul,  
A Chleirich le d' leabhar bán;  
Gu bheil Fionn mo choi' fhial,  
Aig duine no aig Dia an kùmh.'
- 40 'Tha e an Ithuirne 'n kùmh,  
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 bheò Coirreal is Goll,  
Diarmaid donn is Oscar aigh;  
Cho leigeadh iad Fionn nam Fiann,  
Aig duine no aig Dia an kùmh.'
- 42 'Ge d' bu bheò 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 Fionn amach,  
Neo bhiodh an teach againn fein.
- 44 'Cuige eutha na b-Eirann air fad,  
Air leatsa gu'n bu mhor an 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 leir an sgoil;  
Nach coi-mhaith e 's flaitheas De,  
Na 'm fuighinn ann feidh is cóin.
- 46 'Oisain leam 's fhada do shuain,  
Eirich suas is eist na saitha;  
O 'n chaill thu do rath 's do rath;  
'S nach cuir' thu eath re latha gearbh.'
- 47 Ma chaill mí mo rath 's mo rath,  
'S nach cuir mí eath re latha gearbh;  
Do d' Chleirsinnachd 's Feug mo spéis,  
'S do cheòl eiseachd cho 'n fhaic leam.
- 48 'Cho chuala tu cho máith mo cheòil,  
O thús an domhain mhor gus a noch;  
'S thu gu b' aosmhor, an-ghlic liath,  
Fhàir is tric a dhìoil ehar air enoc.'
- 49 'N aile 's tric a dhìoil mí ehar air enoc,  
Ile Phádraig is ole rún;  
'S ea-coir dhiuitsa ehnám mo chruth,  
O nach d' fhuair mí guth o thús.
- 50 'Cha do cháin mise do chruth,  
Ge d' thabhairt mí riut gu cínin;  
Gu raibh thu gu h an-ghlic liath,  
'S nach d' chual thu riamh cho mha' mo chiuil.'
- 51 Chualas na b' thearr na do cheòl,  
Ge mór a mholas tu do chléir;  
Ceòl air nach d' hugh leith-trom laeich,  
Am faol euilg bh' aig eaoimh na Feinn.'
- 52 'No coi-meas gu bráth faol gearbh,  
Re saim Dhaibhidh eabha gearháid;  
'S nì mo-choi' measas re' d' ré,  
Re Clag Teambal Dhe nam grás.'
- 53 'Bha sea Lethaim deng aig Fionn,  
'S leigeanaid iad re gleann smáil;  
'S bu bhinne leam frosnaich ar con,  
Na do chlog a Chleirich cháit.'
- 54 'S amaideach leam fein do ghlóir,  
Feadh an ló gun sgor no támh;  
'N uair a choi-measa tu fein,  
Còin na Féinn re 'm Chlag gu b' árd.'
- 55 Cha bu coi-meas Còin 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 nair do ghrás;  
B' thearr leat frosnaich Chon na Feinn,  
No bhì g' eisteachd mo lua' g-hair.'
- 57 'B' ionmhuinne leamsa gach ré,  
Frosnaich chon na Feinn sa ghleann;  
A lathach nan Déimh 's nan Aogh,  
No na bheil a bhlagh a' d' cheann.'
- 58 'S baothail tha Oisain mhic Fhinn,  
Gur neo' Chinn do eòmhradh cearr;  
Dhoth thu do Chona' na Féinn,  
Na 's mo no m'lae De 's da rádh.'
- 59 Bha seachd Chathanaibh san Fheinn,  
An mháth am feum 's gach ám air bith;  
'S cha d' thug iad urram do Dhia,  
No Cheann ehar a b' fhiata cith.
- 60 'Se sin a chlaoidh sibhsa riamh,  
Nach do chreid sibh Dia nan dúl;  
Cha mhaithrean an diu duine d' ar slìochid,  
'S cha bheo ach riochd Oisain úir.'
- 61 Cha b' e sin a rùm ar claoidh,  
Ach taras Fhinn a dhol do 'n Reimh;  
Sinne eumail Cath-eabhara leinn fein  
Sa claoidh ar Féinne gu ro-mhor.
- 62 'Ba chubháidh sin eiridh dhuibh,  
Tuiteam is bhur claoidh le cáich;  
Oir b'e bhur rún is bhur miann,  
Bhì coisgairt nan ehar gach lá.'
- 63 'Cha b' e sin a bu bhéus duinn,  
An dream chaoimh a b' úire bhà;  
Cha d' rinn riamh marbha' no leòin,  
Ach 'n tra' slóigh oirm' cearr.'

- 64 'Ma 's fhearr leatsa gu la bhráth,  
A bhí gairleach no fuí' bhrón;  
Thoir urram is cliú do Dhia,  
Is dean a riar gach trá-nóim.'
- 65 'An toir mise cliú le geim,  
Do neach nach fhaic ní riamh;  
B' anusa leam a bhí tra-nóim,  
A miu eisteachd glóir nam Fiann.'
- 66 'Oisain 's ceannguilte re' d' bheachd,  
A Chléir-fheachd sin nach raibh tí;  
Leis nach b' ionmhuim cliú an Triath,  
A sheinn riamh ach iarguin bhlar.'
- 67 Gur beachd leam Diarmaid, is Coireall,  
'S Fearadhas bu bhaghara glóir;  
Na' m bu chead leat ní da' n luadh,  
Chléirich 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 ghruadh,  
Ma 'n glae am bas thu gun fhiath.'
- 69 A Phádrúic ma thugas eend,  
Beagan beag a labhairt dhúinn;  
Auilais ma-sa eend le Dia,  
Flath nam Fiann a radh air thús.
- 70 'Cha d'thug mise comas dhuit,  
A shean-fhir charta gun ehiáll,  
'S ann a thuirr rint gun bhréng,  
Iarruidh neamh is lagh' o' Dhia.'
- 71 Comraic an dá Ostail déug,  
Gabhais dhamb fein a noc;  
'S na rinn mise frendach tróm,  
Biodh e 'n luadh, san tóim san cnoe.

## O. 17. URNUIGH OISEIN. 120 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 98. Copied by Malcolm Macphail,  
Edinburgh, March 29, 1872.

- 1 IXNIX dhuinn a Phadrúig, (aithris)  
Air onar do leughadh;  
Bheil neamh gu b-araid,  
Aig maithibh fir na Féinne.
- 2 Bheirinnse briathar dhuitsa,  
Oisean nan glonn;  
Nach eil neamh aig t-athair,  
Aig Osear no aig Goll.
- 3 'S ole an sgeul araid,  
Th' agadsa dhomb a Chléirich;  
Cum a bithinnse ri crabha,  
Mar 'eil neamh aig maithibh fir na Féinne.
- 4 Oisean gur fada do shuain,  
Éirich suas is eisd na sailm;  
Chaill thu nis do lugh 's do ragh,  
Cha chuir thu cath ri la garbh.
- 5 Ma chaill mise mo lugh 's mo ragh, (rath)  
Mar cuir mi cath ri la garbh;  
Do d'ghlaggar gur beag mospis, (al. chleirsneachd)  
Do cheol eisdeachd cha 'n fhuim leam.
- 6 Cha chual thu riamh cho maith ri m' cheol,  
O thus an domlain mhór gu nochd;  
Tha thu aosda anaglic liath, (al. agluadh)  
Fhír a dhioladh eilar air chnoe.
- 7 Ghille Phadrúic 's ole run, (ole leam)  
'S ceoir dhuit a chain mo chruith, (deneair)  
'S nach d' fhuair ní guth o thus, (an tus)
- 8 'N nair a shuidhe Fionn air a chnoe,  
'S ghabhadh e port *as an* airde Fionn; (air)  
Chuireadh e chodal na sloigh,  
'S a chain bu bhinne na eilar,
- 9 Bha da ghabhar dheng aig Fionn,  
Nair rachadh iad nan deann ri gleann;  
Bu bhime leamsa fros nan gadhar,  
Na do ghlagsa chléirich chaisg.
- 10 Is keigemaíd iad ri gleann smail,  
Bu bhinne leam prosnich ar con;  
Na do thuigse Chléirich aigh.
- 11 Smeorach bheag ghlinn smail,  
'S faighinn na bar ris an tom;  
Shinneamaid na leth phuirr,  
Bha sinn fein 's an cruir, ro bhinn.
- 12 Latha dhuinne air shabh Boid,  
Mac Connul nan fleagh 's Ronull o'n ghleann;  
Bha Caoilte bu chruaidh lann,  
Osear is Goll na sleagh.
- 13 Dearmad na fleagh 's Fraoch o 'n ghleann,  
Fionn Mac Cuthail ba mhór brigh;
- 14 B' fhearr leamsa aon chath laidir,  
Chuirradh Fionn san Fheinne;  
Na Tighearna a eirabha 's thasa chléirich,  
Cha tugainnse támas do neach.
- 15 Fionn Mac Cuthail oirnn mar bhreithe,  
'Se na righ os ar ceann;  
'Sa Phadrúic nam lachlul fial,  
Cha leigemaíd Dia os ar ceann.
- 16 Na coimeas duine ri Dia,  
Shean fhear liath 's na bretech e;  
'S fada o'n thainig a neart,  
'S mairidh e ceart gu brath.
- 17 Choimeasainse Fionn nam fleagh,  
Ri aon neach a sheall sa ghrein;  
Cha do iarr e riamh ní air neach,  
'S ní mo dh' eir e neach na ní.
- 18 Ge beag a *cheibhíl* chronanaeh, (chlulag)  
Is monaran na greine;  
Cha teid gun fhios do 'n righ mhóradaeh,  
Fo bhar bhilan na sgeithe.
- 19 Cho b' ionann Dia is Fionn Mac Cuthail,  
An righ bh' againn air na fiannaibh;  
Dh' fhendadh fir an domhain,  
Dol na thasa gun iarraidh.
- 20 'S ole leam sin uatsa Oisein,  
Fhír nam briathra b' fhoile; (b' aile)  
Gu 'm b' fhearr Dia ri 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 Róimh;  
A bhí eir cath araid fein féim,  
Sid ehir as do'r Feinn gu mor.
- 23 Ach ciod rinn Fionn air Dia?  
Rinn e rian eilar as sgoib;  
Thug da latha a' pronnadh oir,  
'S an treas la ri meaghair chon.
- 24 'Se mend 'ur rudh ri meaghair ehon, (n' iugh)  
'S bhí *díadadh sgoib* gach aon la (dissal sgal)  
Gun urram a thabhart do Dhia,  
Chuir Fionn na Fiann an sas.
- 25 'S ole a chreideas ní do sgeul,  
A chléirich led' leabhar bán;  
Gu 'm bitheadh Fionn no co fial,  
Aig duine no aig Dia an lamh.
- 26 Tha e 'n Fhinn an lamh,  
An fear le 'n gnath bhí pronná' oir;  
Thaobh mend a dhúmeas air Dia,  
Chuir' e 'n tigh nam pian fo bhron.
- 27 Nam bitheadh clann O' ha-isea a steach,  
Is Clanna Morna nam feachd treun;  
Bheirneamaid Fionn a mach,  
No bhítheadh an teach againn fein.
- 28 Cuignear a *chopúibh* na h-Éirín, (chuigibh)  
Leatsa ge bu mhór an t-echel,  
Cha tugadh sibh Fionn a mach,  
Ní mo bhítheadh an teach agábh fein.

- 29 Ach ciod an t-aite Ifriain fein,  
A ehléirich a leughas an sgoil?  
Nach bu cho maith ri flaitheas De,  
Nam fágheamaid ann féidh is coin.
- 30 Éisid ri rath rígh nam boehd,  
As iar a nochd neamh dhuit fein;  
Ona tha dana' tighinn air t-aois,  
Tog a Mhaoisg a shean f'hír liath.
- 31 Comrich an da Abstail dheug  
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 sheve,  
Di vontir in ir in nea
- 2 Di chonna mee tylych art,  
Far lar vac donna biuni  
Far is farre ne agga mí.  
Di chonna mee tylych finn
- 3 Dane vaga mir a chonna mee,  
Chonna, m'ynlain fa yuna  
Oweht 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 na tylych finn.  
Di chonna mee tylych.

## A. 8. 18 FADDA NOCH NI NELLI FIYM. 36 lines.

## A HOUDIR SO OSSIN.

- 1 Is fadda noch ni nelli fiym,  
Is fadda fiym in nycheith ryr  
In lay dew gay fadda zoithi,  
Di bí lor fadda in lay de
- 2 Fadda lwmmi gych lay za dik,  
Ne mir sen di cleuchta dom  
Gin deowe gin danyth eath,  
Gin wea feylin class dlweth
- 3 Gin neuth gin choill gin clurut,  
Gin fronith crewi gin zaeiwe gray  
Gin deillych ollom zor,  
Wea gin neilli, gin oill fley
- 4 Gin chin er swri na er selgi,  
In da eherd rey in royth me  
Gin dwlli in glaow no in gath,  
Oiehaue ach is derrieh dow
- 5 Gin wraith er ellit no er feygz,  
Ne hawle sin bí wawe loan  
Gin loeg er chonvert no er chon.  
Is fadda noch na nelli fiym
- 6 Gin crrith gaske gnaath,  
Gin nimert mir abaill linní  
Gin snaw zar leithre er loch,  
Is fadda, etc.
- 7 Din teill mir a ta mee,  
Is trowig er bea mir a ta sinu  
Menir a tarring clach,  
Is fadda, etc.
- 8 Deuri ni feyni far noiss,  
Is mee Ossin mor u'finni,  
Gesticht re gowow clokki,  
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 AUVINE in nocht nart mo lawe  
Ne ell mi coozein er har  
Is nee enyth zof' waa bronyeh  
Ym zebil trog semoryeh
- 2 Troyg gi neith cheddeyth doif  
Seach gi dwu er twne talwon  
Re tarring clach a ballinn  
Gow relhing hulebin talzing
- 3 It ta wrskal aggwme zat  
Er ir zi wuntir phatrik  
Estith re astenyth inn  
Sehal beg er tocht zin talgin
- 4 Brwin di rinnyth in swnn  
Er sleywe quoadgein moelyth lwmm  
Di churri er fanow phail  
Ywir in ta hunwail
- 5 Da drane din wrwiu wroyth  
Chr finn er clau morn  
Agus in trane eli 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 Finm fada na host  
In leich nac burras a cosga  
Fer gin noyin gru eggill  
Nor a quayl in doo regryth
- 8 Is sea coyrra di raa rwm  
Flath eanyth ny vane finm  
Bea tou schell a tarring clooch  
Ma in deyt how in weit wroyth
- 9 Di zeyrris is sin ra crg soss  
O vak cowle a rinzerga  
Sea lenn me din nane awnyth  
Cathrow chath croychalm
- 10 Fastir miss ag in nana  
Verrir royssa my wrae feyn  
In lwcht a wa gin heit ann  
Is da in deit id tame gi anvin
- 11 Faa meith in coythrlyth croo din nane  
In gath erwnvonyth Anvin  
Ymyth nac gin anyth ann  
Da in tallyth tame gyth anvin anvin
- 12 Anvin in nocht cley mo curp  
Credwm 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. l. 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 sons were small, as appears in a close examination of H. 1.

## A HOUDIR SO OSSIN.

- 1 In soo chonnick maa in nayne,  
Di chonnick ma caynan is goile  
Finni is oskir mi vacki  
Rynith is art is dermit doone
- 2 M'lowith kynkeith ni gaego  
Garrith derk is ey beg  
Is ey m'carrith nor heyme  
Ni tre finni is fed
- 3 Glass is gow is garri  
Galwe nin gead is conane brass  
Gole is ewin m'zwille  
Sokkith m'fynni is bran
- 4 Keilt m'ronane ni guth  
Doywn coyliu is leyw er gleinni  
Is caedith a fronith or  
Is fer one wayne var by vinni
- 5 Baynith m'Brassil ni lanni  
M'chromchin tenni m'yn smail  
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'eitbit vornr vor  
Oissi teacht er boie id tad
- 8 In soo a chonick ma in nane  
Boyne eall di chenchyth koyll  
In dimchill ossin is inn  
Swle zhinni di froufre or
- 9 Fer loo is kerrill eroye  
Di verdeis boye er gyth catht  
Fay caym is felme feall  
Di chonnick mi cad in soo  
In soo chonni.

## H. 2. CAOIDH OISIAIN. 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,  
Chonnamar ann Cian agus Conn;  
Fionn fein is Oscar mo mhac,  
Raonidh, Art is Diarmaid donn.
- 2 Mac-luthaich is Caoin-cheann gun chealg,  
Daire dearg agus Aogh beag;  
Aogh mac Gharaidh nach tinn,  
Na tri Finn agus Fead.
- 3 Glais, agus Geamhail, is Geir,  
Re cuimhneach nan ceud shonn bras;  
Goll mac Rìoghannaich dhuinn,  
Eoghan mac Fhinn agus Bran.
- 4 Seachd mic Chaoilte nan Iua' chas,  
Na tri Ghlais o shràid nan saor;  
Na tri Fiaghain bu ghriinn d'òidh,  
'S na tri Criegheala bu mhòr aoidh.
- 5 Na tri Oseair Gharaidh ghairbh,  
Na tri Bailbh, is na tri sgair;  
Beinnidh mac Freasdail nan lann,  
Troilh chruinn teann, is Mac-o-smail.
- 6 Caoilte mac Roman nan euach,  
An Goll gnairn, is Leum air linn;  
Cend laoch le 'm prointe or,  
'S fear o 'n Bho' ain le bheurla bhinn.
- 7 Moran is Fìlìdh nan duan,  
Conal snairce na caint thlà;  
Cuth-thraoch a b' fhearr re tim crua',  
No eogaid do shluagh Rì Phlàil.

- 8 Muirne Torman agus Seamh,  
Ardan Treun fhear 's Coirreal àigh;  
Cleasa mòr an gaisgeach calm,  
Agus Fearr-ghuth nan lann bân.
- 9 Crua' fhear lua' bheumach gun mhéin,  
Colla féat agus Cúin thlá;  
Maireach Meannach agus Brian,  
Fir gun fhia' ro' iarguin bhlaí.
- 10 Faoghlán mo dhea' bhrathair fein,  
'S Faradhas béul dearg bu bhinn glóir;  
Treun-fhear Treabhal agus Art,  
Na lán ghaisgrich a b' fhearr doidh.
- 11 Fad-éighe nan ioleach cruaid,  
'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 Ceolmhór bu bhinn béns tra' nóin;  
Is Faoghlán mo bhrathair fein  
Ochain nach roibh 'n d' éag do 'm chóir.
- 13 Cruth-geal lóinreach is Déo-gréin,  
A shoilse' measg chéud air magh;  
'S a Mílidh álainn nach d' ehlaoan,  
Rianh na laoih re lim an gaíl.
- 14 Faoghlán, Suine, is Connlaoch,  
Na treun laoih bu mha' sa chath;  
Maireach, 's Brastalan mac Fhraoich,  
So an t aeg a rinn an sgath.
- 15 Dubh chumir, s Aille mo ghráidh,  
Is mic Smáile nan cleas lúidh;  
Garbh is Conan mac Mórna,  
'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 dhin fein,  
'S nach 'eil mi do reir na sgoil;  
'Nois o chuaidhe air mo ghleas  
'S truagh 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,  
\*Chunnacas 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 Geamhail, is Geir,  
Ri cuimhneachadh nan ceud shonn bras;  
Goll mac Rìobhannaich dhuinn,  
\*Eodhan mac Mhinn nan Iu-chas.
- 4 Seachd mic Chailte nan Iua-chas,  
\*Na tri Ghlais o Aird an t-saoir;  
\*Iodhdan is Luthar is Leng  
'Is tri chend do shìochd inghean Taoibh.
- 5 \*Na tri Toseair Gharai' ghairbh,  
Na tri Bailbh is na tri Seair;  
Beinnidh mac Freasdail nan lann,  
\*Troil' chruinn, Cam is Mac O Smail.
- 6 Cailte Mac Roman nan euach,  
An Goll gnairn is Leum air linn;  
'S an ceud laoch le 'm prointe or,  
'S fear o 'n Bho' ain bu cheolmhor bhinn.



- 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 \*Crnai'-fhear lua' bheumach, gun nheim  
\*Colla feut, is Deudgheal graidh ;  
\*Muirnach, Meamnach agus Cian,  
\*Laoich gun fhia' ann iargain bhàir.
- 10 \*Faodhlán mo dhea' bhrothair fein,  
Fearadhas beul dearg bu bhinn gloir ;  
\*Treun-lamb, Treathal, is Triall-mall,  
Laoich nach b' fhann 's ann iomairt seleo.
- 11 Fad eithe nan iolach cruaidh,  
\*Raonai ruadh an leadain oir ;  
Luinnich, s Leadan nan rosg mall.  
\*Bricain armach. is Gnuis og.
- 12 \*Maothchruth, Mungán is Caoimhbheul,  
Ceolor bu bhinn beus tra-non ;  
\*Is Miodhlán 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 mior chlaon,  
\*Riamh na laoi ch ri tim an bail.
- 14 Sorglán, Suimbne, is Conlaoch,  
Na treun laoi ch bu mhaith sa chath ;  
\*Muirnach, Bastalan is Fraoch,  
Och 's e 'n t aog a rinn an sgath.
- 15 Duchuimr, is Aille mo ghraidh,  
Is mic Smaile nan cleas-luith ;  
\*Garabh a sgríos an teach aigh,  
\*Dunsaich nam baideal ur.
- 16 B' amháil ar n' imichd san lo,  
Is iom-ghaoth, no ceò nam beann ;  
Fionn is a dha choin air eill,  
Bha iad fein air thus sa ghléann.
- 17 \*Onach mairthrean ach mis do 'n Fheinn  
'S nach eil mo do reir mo thoil ;  
\*O na chuaidh air mo ghleus,  
'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 ghnaise le m' eide'  
'S mi tuire' gu gear na dh' fhalbh uam.  
Tuicidh ; a reultan an aigh,  
Is blàth leam ur bròn-chuimhne.<sup>1</sup>

OISEAN.

Is amháil, is caomh leam fein  
Ursanna trenn a chatha.  
Ge trem an suain 's gun lua' ri 'm faoinn,  
Tha 'n dreach gun stad ann am smauinte.  
—So far am faca' nit 'n Fhianin,  
Chunnacas ann Cian agus Conn ;  
Fionn fein is Oscar mo mhac,  
Raoini' Art, is Diarmad donn ;  
Seimh-mhacLuthaich, 's Caoim-cheann gunchealg.  
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-samhuil bratach,  
'S Treunar gasda mar gheig san doire.  
Bha Torman mar shruth o 'n aonach,  
Ardan mar chraoibh ro echeo,  
Mairne ri thaobh is Sith-bheulain,  
Ag amharc seimh thar sgiath gorma.  
Cleasamor maraon, an gaisceach calma,  
'S Fearra-ghuth nan lann bán,

<sup>1</sup> 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 binu, faraon is Ulann,  
'S na sloigh air uilinn ri 'n dàn.  
—Chunnas ann Moran is Filidh nan duan,  
Conal suaire na cainnt thlá.  
Lamb-dhearga le lann deirg,  
Is Curach bu mhór feingam blár.  
—'S e' áit a bheil Liughar na fíle,  
'S Fad-éighe nan iolach eruaidh ;  
Raon-úr-rua' nan leadan óir,  
Luimne mor-clathach 's Caoille luath.  
—C'áit a bheil Leadan nan rosg mall,  
Beanno armach 's Toscar óg,  
Mao'-chruth, Calmar is Cao-mhala,  
Luchd-sgarai' thore air Gorm-áil mor ?  
—C'áit a bheil Faolan mo bhraithair fein,  
'S Fear-as beul-dearg bu bhinn gloir,  
Crú'geal bu loinreach eide'  
'S Deo-greine b'áit le laocha mòr ;  
—C'áit a bheil Ma'-ronnan nan cuach  
'S a mhaise bha 'n gruaidh Ailidh ?  
Feuch dhomh ceuma Dhúchoimr,  
Is Crigeal na haghaidh ghraidaich.  
—Bha Sorglán, Suine 's Conn-laoch  
Mar steud aonaich ann sa chath,  
Goll mar shrann-ghaoth na fásaich,  
Is Conal a' cur báis o ghath.  
—Threig sibh mí, fheara mo ghraidh,  
Cha 'n 'eil caomh a chéireas m'uaigh ;  
Tha mise ri bròn nur deigh,  
Is mí fein an t aonarann truagh !  
'S tiamha idh mí 'm feasd nur deigh,  
Air sleibhte fásail am aonar.  
Theich oighean mo ghraidh mar reulta,  
'S tha mise nan deigh brònach,  
Mar ghealach tra dh' éireas a ghrian,  
'S na reultan a' dian-dhol o 'n áite.

#### 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 Fy ninth. A. 13, tells what music the Fy ninth 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 Padruig, on the Hill of Allen, amongst the graves of the Fy ninth. 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 luird neartmhòr,  
Dh' fhalbh iad bha 'n treis na h'oige ;  
Dh' fhalbh iad bha 'n laithibh lionmhòr,  
'S Dh' fhag iad mise 'm chrionuich bhroite,  
Mar chraobh sa choill gun gheug m'an cuart di  
Gu dìonadh o thuarh reota.  
A' seasamh air firach nah-aonar,  
'S gaoth a bagradh h-aois a leonadh.

#### A. 11. NA TULLYCH. 21 lines.

GUN AINM UGHAIR.

- 1 Id ta fane tullych so toyé  
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 chur sai sen im bree

H

- 4 Id ta fa tullych so har  
Gillyth bi van less nyth mnaue  
Mronane dor weyth clar  
Fane tullych soo har id ta
- 5 Id ta fane tullych so foyme  
Inor vyth von groik is grane  
Connan dyth zaf gyth murn  
Fa tullych fame id ta.

Id ta.

## A. 12. TWLLYCH NI FAYNITH. 96 lines.

- 1 Troeg lwm twlych ni faynith  
Ag ni clerchew fa zeirse  
Is danyth luelit ni billak  
In nymit clannyth beisknyth
- 2 Dayr missi raa eroyehin  
Schell fada wroyehow gi swgych  
Beg a hellis gi farfin  
In talgin er di wullych
- 3 Dayr meith skay is sley  
Conn is gyir fud walle  
Ga ta nocht knok ni fayni  
Fa chleyrchew is fa wachlew
- 4 Da merra clanni morn  
Ni wee fer nordsi sealtrach  
Di zoyve schew fer grabbil  
A lwcht ni baychill breik
- 5 Da merra m'lowyith  
Si vi curri chahna  
Swl fowkweis in twlych  
Di wee fer cowlyth guryth
- 6 Da merra clanni carda  
Fir nachir ehelggi bayssew  
Ne weith fer glwkgi fer bachlaa  
Nynit ni bradtych
- 7 Da merra clanni mayvin  
Fer nach bauvin in droddew  
Ni weith di wantir a phatrik  
Gi laydyr er ni chnoken
- 8 Da merra clan in dew zerrri  
Da merra keilti eroych  
Ne weith gayr ehloogi is chleyrri  
Ga nestich in raa eroyehin
- 9 Da merra rynne roydda  
Is keileroy m'creyvin  
Ne weith di loywr la cheyll  
Ir a laywis a bebill
- 10 Is ni lwrge erwnni  
Di ryn in swl doyne  
Di weith di lorga na brossna  
Da bea osgir er layr
- 11 Ir in trostane woyc  
Di ryn in swe swnda  
Math dut nach marrin connan  
Fa manach dorn duta
- 12 Da marrein swlzorn seir  
Conan meil makave ni wane  
A chleyrre ga mor di zorda  
Di weith zut dorn gi dane
- 13 Da marra m' o zoyni  
Er ni lwrge crossi  
Di weith di lorga sue mest  
A bresta fa chaythra clooch
- 14 Ir chwega mir helim  
Da weith dering na woyc  
Di weith di ehlog na rabba  
Woya fa edin a chaythre
- 15 Ner zarga shmor a cheyth  
Er gayth goith m'royuan  
Na be di ehlog gi hannis  
Ir a wanis a Koyllan
- 16 Ni eddwm bi gi sowthyeh  
Ne agkwm m'kowl si woe  
Ne ekkyrn dearmit o doymn  
Ne ekkyrn keilt m'cronan

- 17 Ne hynyth mi way gi dowyth  
Er in tullych so phatrik  
Ne ekkyrn m'lowyith  
Ne ekkin in chwlych zraweht
- 18 Ne ekkin far loo raym heive  
Ne ekkin oskir na . . .  
Ne ekkin in nymirt vor  
Ne ekkin a choauirt cheyf
- 19 Ne ekkin clanni smoyl  
Ne ekkin gollu mar ni gneyf  
Ne ekkin feillane fayill  
Ne ekkin na zey in nayn
- 20 Ne ekkin ferris mi wayrir  
Layr meth layr woalta  
Ne ekkin dyrri doynicht  
O woymist koyl gi noyrri
- 21 Ne ekkin fa kauyn  
Nach beehow aggin er ayrrre  
Ne ekkin aue gar worrin  
Di bi wor torrin a glar
- 22 Ne ekkin eyinis na hoyl  
Ne elwnim in koyl di wee  
Soll di curri mi mi hoo  
Di froufnw feyn or gi loyit
- 23 Inssim zwt a phatrik  
Da bi zayllwm hecht harsta  
Nach fayiddwa a heillow  
A vacca may zeivinis agga
- 24 Missi is eleyrre ni bortwis  
Nocha droymum ra ehaal  
Ga ta mee nocht gi dowych  
Is troeygh lwm tullych ni fayne.

Troeg 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 alwin in nor weine  
Essin oss in genl ne choll  
Finni in cessew doyr reiwe
- 3 Ossin dein nichticht is dermat  
Dey v'lowith leich nar zann  
Deiss nar leyr cooza coskir  
Conan feyn is oskir ann
- 4 Sloyne a zey leyeh zawsieh  
Di raye fin fer gyth erth  
Faikren 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 feyn  
Math lawe in ir re heygh  
Enrwnith fer sen gr chwnith er cheyll
- 6 Foskzi zi chwlg in gaitn nawit  
Nach in gath ni choklit sa  
A loywe in genn is in gossith  
Koil a bar le oskir aye
- 7 Koill is mo ruggis zi ryin  
Di rae deomit ni derk maal  
A rozraw gin ga boa zawssith  
Corra ban is an-sith ann
- 8 Sowd mi choils a v'wurn  
Er m'lowith ni narm glan  
Leyn in gleyw ni chon gow ere  
Fey ga churri in derri zawe
- 9 Sowd in koill is koyle dowf-syth  
Di rae fin fla in thoe  
In neym zeith hayne ley braddeiche  
Raym fuleich fa atteive oyr
- 10 In tra weime gin eggil nin neksitit  
Ossin a durt fa zoe  
Mi zane is a zoissith in daskgi  
Salf rane cloiss elastin a chole.

A. 14. BINN GOW. 16 lines.

- 1 Binn gow dnuí in tēyr in ovr  
Binn a ghloyr chanyd nyth heoyn  
Bynn noaillane a nec a qubor  
Bín in toum a bwn da treoyr
- 2 Bynn in fygzir a ne zeye bin gow  
Coyth oass cassyth conn  
Alynn in delbyth a ne greane  
Byn in near feddyl nyth lon
- 3 Bynn gow illyr esse roye  
Vass kynu coayne v'moyrnye mor  
Bynn gow coythaa oyss laurrye doss  
Alynn in tost a nec in coir
- 4 Fynn mac cowil mayr  
Fani sacht eaa na eaynn gyth grynn  
In oayr a lykeyst con ra feayn  
A garrye no zeye bye wynn.  
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 mound 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 'Cormac, 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 qubyme fa chyll  
Di woyn avr chenni cholin  
Woyr avr chinni cholin chon  
Ca mo dorin sin doyn
- 2 Zearemír my lenyth lerga  
Is glen fretlinich ni glawe nerg  
Is fer nach forrimir ann  
Maddyth za damis cholin
- 3 Dearemír glen dorch dow  
Glen zarve zorrith is gl claehe  
Is fer nach dorrímír ann  
Maddyth za dannist cholin
- 4 Dearmír scheane zrwmmi clywe  
Is finni wg leive na zei . . .  
Is fer nach dorrímír ann  
Maddyth za dannist cholin
- 5 Dearmír durlis war wail  
Tawyr wry is down zawrane  
Is fer nach dorrímír ann  
Maddyth za dannist cholyn
- 6 Dearmír glen okothyth  
Fa forrais awr ossill  
Is fer nach f rrimir ann  
Maddi za dannist cholin
- 7 Dearmír finni wy maye  
Tawyr wry is kintaylle  
Is fer nach dorrímír ann  
Maddi za dannist cholin
- 8 Dearmír erri willi  
Eddir chonmíth is donni  
Is fer nach dorrímír ann  
Maddi za dannist cholin
- 9 Gerrid downith mir sen  
Sin feyn pupbill mauntyr  
Gin wakemír tre cath nach  
Di channi reith ni roylayth

- 10 Cath catehennith de we ann  
Is cath chonemíth na genn  
Cath drumaneich in dey in ney  
Donn er chawyr in dram b . . .
- 11 In tley a soiltich grí hard  
Er inni feyn in eingnyth zark  
In nochtyr ske cheythyth chay  
Er we in tley . . . gead
- 12 In tleyg soyltich grí chert  
Er inni feyn fa gall a zlak  
Er layr skaye cheilt gyn wroyn  
Weith in tly z in g
- 13 In tley a soyltich grí heissil  
Er inni feyn in magnith eywre  
In noyltlyr skae churwin ebarre  
We thay ac mak chrunchan
- 14 Leygis cheilyth gallan gleith  
Choylis e malvin da roeroiwe  
Iss mygh lenyth nyn lanni  
In dawr is in down reillin
- 15 Reggír e goole m'morn  
Faynith kenard eron woyn  
A zleyis felane m'fynni  
Agis ni balwe a borrin
- 16 Reggír a ze mhak nawoe breik  
Is m'elie o noye brek  
Seay bregth m'daythein dayn  
Is keill eroith in nerm rai zeyr
- 17 Reggír e keimkeith nith golg  
Agis illin feywr zerg  
Is keill eroith a croyth zrinni  
Nach estith goyth iywrin
- 18 Bi winni schenwramnyth sley  
Agis mowr ni meillith  
Agis rann wrattich schroill  
Ag erri a maddin zeith roeith
- 19 Di hoykimir dalwe zreynith  
Brattich inni vor ni faynith  
Oyr chor sche tennal  
Fa wor chanan cheintle rwe
- 20 Di hoykimir fulling deyryth  
Brattich zwlle wor v'morn  
Menkith we gach troyle chroissich  
Derryth agis tossyth foilyth
- 21 Di hoykimir in menchenith oyryi  
Brattich rynith gin nyumg 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 grrí  
Laywe zarg brattich v'ronane  
Is oamay in deive elle
- 24 Di hoykimir skoyb zawe  
Brattich oskyr in warffee  
Re doll in gath na glaece  
Menkith zarre skopbe zawe
- 25 Di hoykimir loith lynith  
Brattich zarmit e zoenith awyssyith  
Near heyth in neanith wea sche  
Awzissyth oeyrith a mach
- 26 Di hoykimir barne a reyngin  
Brattich oskyr nar schanlyth  
Danyth coylharne m'gar zlynni  
La garwe kinni is kenwr
- 27 Di hoykimir creiwe fowllyth  
Brattich clonni var v'lowich  
Noar a heych in nane a mach  
Is sche wea er in dossyeh
- 28 Di rimimir eroith chath  
In dymchill inni oyrclach  
Ma dadyth finni farri  
Eddi ni wane worchalmith

- 29 Marwes ni catkenich limi  
Agis di goyve ni chonchinnich  
Hutti ni drannaich wlle  
In dymchall im alwin
- 30 Munnich beg fa dassi zownith  
In nynwr wrow za zownith  
Is math forrimir ann  
Maddith za damnist cholin
- 31 Zearimir erre wlle  
Eddir chonni agis donni  
Is noech cha dorremir er a feyg  
Cheaddi ferr o zarve na nenor.  
Nenor a qulhyme.

## 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 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 Dunanor'; 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 BHARRIBH 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 Glenn cruaidh,  
Coir air Fraoithidin faul nair;  
Gherich robhin air an Leirg,  
Aoin Mhuc Gheisgirnich Bhoin dearg.
- 2 Leig shin air shia Loinn deig,  
Rish a Mhuic agus nim 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 Bhan shlibhaige 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 Beithir I Chonnachair.
- 6 'S mianich leatsa Chaoilte chaoin,  
Bhi 'g imra orusa 's du 'd hegin;  
Aeh cha bhianich le 'd chorp sheang geal,  
Tin gu 'm Fhios she gu slith Bhruith.
- 7 Nan dige da tri oiche Lanain,  
Am Fhios gu slith Bhruithidh bhuan;  
Cha Bhlig air Mac Ríogh san Dóbbin,  
Crossa na Gessa nach fuaisglin.
- 8 Coir an Fainigh sheo nu d' Bheir,  
Coir an Seian sheo air Bhar Tingin;  
Beir air Chluais air a Mhuic Tshaisg,  
Na gaibh roippe Fua ne Eggil.
- 9 Buail I sa Bhall Dorain duth,  
Na beinnigh do Laibh ga Fuil;  
Ba Bhas do Mhuc Ríodh fo 'n Dóbbin,  
Fuil shean' Mhuicee 'si air Aoghlil.
- 10 Am Marach nitar do Bhanish,  
Caoilte Mhuc Romain ruinan Tshollist;  
Bha beo mi fo Ra a Chcartais,  
Gun dig mi t-innuidh le Huirichidh.

- 11 Croithidh mi ceid maoilsh mhaoil,  
An Gleam Sheiree Taobh ri Taibh;  
Croithidh mishe shin a marach,  
Air ghlichis mhic Ronain.
  - 12 Croithidh mi ceid Earbe Luain,  
Nach deig Cuibhne aig Craoigh ruaigh;  
Croithidh mishe shin a mairach,  
Air Dhilichis mhic Ronain.
  - 13 Croithidh mi ceid Daibh anlligh,  
Nach dag Cuibhne an ard bheamibh;  
Croithidh mishe shin mairach,  
Air Dhilichis mhic Ronain.
  - 14 Le curt do Gheichidh don-deargidh,  
Fo Fheirribh oige Fion-arde;  
Le Gillibh graiste Coithidichh  
Nach Curriste Dbi-armache.
  - 15 A Chead bhean a big a mach,  
Air Dorrist Tathidh T-erigh;  
Glac us' I air mbeid Rathidh,  
'S or Erin fo Chean gu cean
  - 16 Gheobhe du chion gun a gabhail,  
Ha ghloccas an Dobbain uilligh;  
A Chaoit air dol an t-aoin' Bhrunnain,  
Air gheigh sheola umagh slithigh,  
Nach heil an aoin Ríoghichd ruine.
- Croich.

Am Fear a bharragh a Mhuc t-sheisg dheobhligh Ighin Ríogh Erin ra posa; is heoil a Leannan slithe do Chaoit cia mar bharragh e a Mhuc agus cia mar dhainnigh e nighin an Ríogh an deis a cosnidh. Shin nar ghaibh an Ríogh Innigh ga ghloccas sa chuir e ubhail nach bu ghloccas 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 LAMHA dhuine sealg nan Chuanan,  
Do d' Fhionn is da mor sluaigh,  
'Se chummaclur mar a tighium o 'n leirg
- 4 A mhuc ghiosganda dhonna dhearg.  
Chuir i sean dearg air ar conabh,  
Chuir i sinn fhein air luath mhíreadh;  
Is dh' thag sin air seilgne gun deanamh.
- 8 An sin thuir Bricidni nam buadh,  
Is tric ole ga haidh a steach.  
Mo Ghuaidh air Ban,  
Cha bu shuairec muc gar marbhadh
- 12 Thairg Fionn dhoibh cumba mhór,  
Thairg è ceud tunnadh do 'n òr;  
Agus carradh fhein do 'n t-sróil,  
Agus toiseach suidhe na scilge,
- 16 Air na h hard bhraon Bheannaibh,  
'S a raotha mnatha foithe toirreachastrom  
Is i fhein bhó h-og altrum.  
An sin labhair Caoilte.
- 20 Ní 'n fear síbh mur Chlanna Ríogh,  
Na mi do radh Chaoilte na beannuanan,  
Deangam a mhuc Ghearr as air ceann  
Fhearaibh naise na Feinne.
- 24 Aeh dh' eirich i ri Beinn loich,  
Is bha Caoilte na hearluime,  
Is chagnadh i na sleaghan cruaidhe,  
Mar bhan siobhagain seann luachrach.
- 28 Is gun easadh i Garmain ris,  
Mo na Clachabh Garbha sleabha.  
Aeh dhireach a mhuc ri Beinn asdaíl,  
Is bha Caoilte ga thoir an nasgaidh
- 32 Oclain! gun mo bhas an dee,  
Mu 'n d' rinn mi d' Fhionn breng am fhaeal.  
Aeh c'aite am bheil mo leannan síth,  
Na' inghin na maladh mineadh,
- 36 Nach iocladh an so gun Chobhair,  
Is gur ogha peathar i Chonna-Chobhair,

Ach thainig an ùr inghin a mach o dhùntais la  
deise shioda uaine uimpe.

Thuirt ise,

- 40 Bu mhian leatsa Chaoilte chaoin,  
Bhì gam iarraidh is thu' a d' eiginn,  
Ach bluaidh sin a mach  
Gun ghuth tuille bhì mo 'm dheibhin,  
44 Ach cha bu mhian le d' chorp seamh gheal,  
Tìchd d' gam ionnsuidh gu sìth-bhruthain,  
Ach na d' thigeadh tu tric oidheach luair,  
Gam fhiosracha gn sìth bhrutha bhuanin,  
48 Cha neil ceart mhic Rìgh bhò 'n domhain,  
A Chaoilte nach fuasglaidhin ortsa,  
Ach deansa suidh an so air àr,  
Is gu 'n d' thoir mi dhuit acmhasan ;  
52 Cuir am fainne so mu d' mheur,  
Is glachd an sgian bheag air bartiongair  
Na math do mhac mnaì na fir,  
Beir air chluais air a mhucil sheisg,  
56 Na gabh roimpe fuath na eagul,  
Is cha dual do mhac Rìgh nach torchair  
Buail i sa bhual dorain dubh,  
Is na beanadh dhuit braon ga fuil ;  
60 Bu cheart mhic Rìgh fo 'n domhain,  
Fuil seanna mhuic is i air aithall.  
A cheud bhean a thig a mach a maireach  
Glac i air miad a rathe  
64 E laimh an Rìgh an àrd fhlattha,  
Air na bheil a dh' òr sa teimbrìe  
Cha b' aill le Fionn tha ga gabhail  
A maireach a nithear do bhainne's,  
68 A dheadh mhic Ronan nan lunn solluis,  
Ma 's beò mise gu tìm teachul,  
Thìg mì thugadsa le harraichdeadh  
Croghaidh mì ciad maolteach mhaol,  
72 Air Gleann-easgaduill ri d' thaobh ;  
Ciad doran is ciad damh alluidh,  
Nach d' fhàg an enimhe an àrd bheannaibh.  
Ciad comhladh do 'n chreamh Ghlas,  
76 Air a bhuan 'san fhaolteach gheamhraidh  
Chuirean sud a steach a maireach,  
Air bhuitheachas mo leannin.  
Air Graidh do dh' fheachibhì donna dhearg,  
80 Fodh chomhlain do dh' fhearraibh feamaird ;  
Le 'n diol do dh' fhearraibh coth-sheilg,  
Is iad uile do dhìar mhaca.  
Croghaidh iad mise an sìth-bhruthion,  
84 Is cha d' thig mì tuille ga d' amhare  
Thuirt Fionn.  
Tha gliocas na Feinne uile,  
A Chaoilte air dol a d' t-aonbhrùinnean,  
Na seoltachd na mna sìth  
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 Chuanaeh,  
Le Fionn Mac Chumhail gu h-uallach ;  
'S cho d' fhuair sinn an sin do shealg,  
Ach aon mhac dhúisgearnach dhearg,  
2 Dh' fhuasgail sinn sea Lothain deag,  
Ris an Tore, 's cho 'n aona blhr'ug ;  
Chuir e earr dhearg air ar Conamh,  
'S bha ar séilg ainne gu 'n ghonadh.  
3 Thairg Fionn an sin eumha, 's léig,  
Nach do thairg e riamh na dheidh ;  
Fios a chogair is a sgeulaibh,  
'S a roldhan do mhnaibh na Féinne.  
4 Maraon is deich unc do 'n ór,  
Agus earradh fein do shról ;  
Dh' aon fhear a mharbhadh an tore,  
A chloidh ar conam eadm san trod.  
5 'S e fhreagair e Caoilte caol,  
Mac Ronan, bu luath 's an fhuaoch ;  
'Gabham a chúinla uail gu deónach,  
Dhea' Mìc Chumhail is cruai' cómhrag.  
6 An sin shín Caoilte air a Mhuic,  
O Bhéinn, aua, gu Béinn luire,  
O Bhéinn luirec gu Béinn eudainn,  
'S o thráí, Lia-druim gu sliagh éilte.  
7 A togail re bráí' Dhruin ruaidh,  
'S ann a rug Caoilte air an Fhuath ;  
'S ghabh e d' a shleang géur, le chudhrom,  
Thall sa bhos mu shios a muinail,  
8 Cho sgríosadh e síos a muinail,  
Ach mar dhaor, chruai' no 'Creug-ullan ;  
Bu luathie iad fea' gach aómaich,  
Na gaoth earraich fea' ghleann caole.  
9 A togail re gleann an Asdair,  
Bha 'n tore a thóirt Caoilte nasgaidh ;  
. . . . . casadh e ris a gharmin,  
. . . . . r na clocha glasa garbla.  
10 A tearnadh a síos air Gleann léochrill,  
Chuir e Caoilte gu h-am dochas ;  
. . . . . dh e shleanghean ramhra, ruidhe,  
. . . . . I sheamrag, eile, no luachair.  
11 . . . . . agh mo thuras, 's mo chrioch,  
. . . . . rinneas breug do 'm Rìgh ;  
. . . . . mnaithaibh feilidh Fhinn,  
. . . . . heach ann an Croma ghlinn.  
12 'O b' áit am bheil mo leannan síth,  
A Dhiorbhuil na madla míne ;  
Nach d' iga' tu 'nois do 'm chomhair,  
'S gu r ogha peallhar mí Chonchair.  
13 Cho chian do Chaoilte bhí na aonar,  
'X nair chunnacas air bharradh an aonaich ;  
Beau luath, catrom, léimneach mhéar,  
'S i teachd chuirge le deadh ghean.  
14 Bha eriosan na laimh ro scéimh,  
'S fail óir mu bharradh a míne ;  
Sgian bheag a snáidhadh a b' iongann,  
'S i gu suaidh ghlan d' éid gheal 'o' luch.  
15 'S miannach leatsa Chaoilte' chéimnich.  
Bhì d' am iomradh 's tu d' eiginn ;  
Ge d' nach miannach le d' chorp scéimh ghlan,  
Bhì sínte re 'm thaobhsa 'n scéimh-ghleann.  
16 'Nan d' iga tu shéimh ghleann doilleir,  
Dhea' Mhìc Ronan nan rosg solais ;  
Cho bhiodh air do eulm a bhos,  
Aaon ní nach d' ngairn dhuit fois.  
17 'So an sgian bheag so tha 'm laimh,  
Is glac a mhuc sheisge gu 'n sgá' ;  
No faicear air airm mhuc Rìgh,  
Fuil seann tore euthaich 'se síth.'

<sup>1</sup> Cat and worn MS. here.

- 1- Bhuail an d' oghlaoch bu tréun lamh,  
An t-ore nimhe le mór agh;  
Gus an do thuit e air an lonan  
'S b' ait an sgéul le Caoilte Mac Ronan.
- 19 'Dean suidh' 'nois an fogus dhambh,  
'S gu d' ngáim dhuit acmhásan;  
C' om an d' ng thu air mo cheamsa,  
Aon bhean tha san Fhéinn aig Fionn-gheal
- 20 'Cho d' ng mise air do cheamsa,  
Aon bhean tha 'san Fhéinn aig Fionn-gheal;  
Cho d' ng 's cho tabhair re 'm ré,  
O 'n thainig thu 'n diu re 'n fhéim.'
- 21 'C'om an innis thu sin dhámhsa,  
'S gu 'r h ann agam a tha colas;  
Posar thu 'n ath la gu 'n fhuaradh,  
Re inghean Aille o Cruachan.'
- 22 'Si inghean Aille O Cruachan,  
Bhean is fhearr tha 's an Fhianh shuas ud,  
Saechl bliadhna bha Fionn na Féinne,  
Suirtha' air inghean Aille 's fhearr beuse.'
- 23 'A chéid té thig a' mach an ath la,  
Glac thusa Caoilt i gu h camh;  
'S air na bheil do dh' ór na thalla,  
Cho b' áill le Fionn thu da fhaighail.
- 24 'Ach ma 's beó mise gu trá' teachd,  
Rigidh mí thusa le gean;  
'S bheir mí dhuit cend maoslach mhaol,  
An Gleann seirce taobh air thaobh.'
- 25 Crodheam dhuit céud alluidh,  
Nach fhaca riamh teach no talla;  
Cuirream sin gu teach a máirach,  
Air seallbhachas mo ghradaich.
- 26 'Bheir mí dhuit an croi-an síl' so,  
Is cho chuir ort sgios do dhroma;  
'S gu 'n tóir mí dhuit an fhail óir so,  
'S gheibh thu bhaidh gach shaigh 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 uide,  
C'haoilte air a' d' aon bhruainnain;  
No seoladh muatha síthe,  
Nach eil an aon tír raime.'

Then had Caoilte Fingal's wife, and he did not offer such thing 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' eíd Beinn aulla air Beinn luire, (Tuire)  
Cho 'n fhuic thu mise o 'n diu.'

D. 4. MAR BHAIRBH CAOILT AN FABIHAIR.  
95 lines 1755.

Mac Níod's Collection. Ossianic Ballad, No. XIV.  
Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 2,  
1872.

- 1 LA dhúin an san Bhein Bhain,  
Shín féin & Fianibh Phail;  
She dherich dhúin san Bhein bhain,  
Bhí shíor chuir ri shéig air sheichuan.
- 2 Aig meid na Doirin a dherich ruinn,  
She thachóir gar Féin challama choir;  
Nach raibh ra thetin dhú na dherigh,  
Commin aon Deisse ra cheiligh.

- 3 Chuir shín Caoilt air Luas a Chas,  
Gheichín an faicee e dhúin Rathaid;  
Cha duairach Rathaid gairibh sallich,  
'S oiche dhorce dhóruinich.
- 4 Chunnair e Toigh mor air Lar,  
Air urlar Glinn nan Ceid Oigh;  
Bha Féinne sollist air air a lar,  
Bha dha Dhorist foscaite.
- 5 Bha Nithin ur ann an Taibh,  
A bailigh gram faiceis do Mhnaí;  
Bha Inuil Baoí air a Teich,  
Bha aig Cloighín na cean Aoirt.
- 6 Bha Coig Mialchoin aie air Slaibhrigh,  
Bha Coig Sleigh iarrain suas ri Eallachin;  
San a ghaibh mí crith as Grain,  
Ro bhí dol a steach an aoir.
- 7 Na bigh ortsa Crith na Grain,  
Mas du Oigear Inse-fail;  
Nam bigh me Ghra Geals a stigh,  
Ríogh gram fhaolidhe ro aoithidh.
- 8 Hug I gho Trithir ga Bhaigh,  
Hug as da Thrithir ga Hedich;  
Gu de dhuig mí as mo phraibh,  
Cho b' Meangean beg don La.
- 9 Ach an Nighin ailligh aig rait ruim,  
Eirich a suas Mhíe Righ Phail,  
Bhainne gle gheal Dorain.
- 10 A Mhíe na Mnaí e Dun díl,  
Hanig iad ort 's du air Himmairt  
Gu de an Imirt hanig orm,  
A Gheig ur fos fainne Gorm.
- 11 An Fabbair Mor an tin fon Traigh,  
Bear dhuit Eig na dol na Dhail;  
Hug mí Eirigh orm a Suas,  
San leom féin bu leoir a chruas.
- 12 'S gu chuir mí orm muin air bhúin;  
Mo sheichd Luirichin Teorigh;  
'S chuir mí orm air a bhúin shín,  
Mearrigh uaine air aoin Dath.
- 13 Bha mo Chlaibh ri 'm T-shlios sheibh,  
'S mo Seia Bheic a suas ri 'm Ghualin;  
Hug mí Ruathir hun an Dorrist,  
Gu ro lua 's gu bhinnsearich.
- 14 Co dhorelich orm an Ro Sollist,  
Ach an Fabbair mor mun Iam ghorist  
Cum nam do Gha dirich deas,  
Cha nan air do Hise aba Mi.
- 15 Co air eille ho do Huil,  
Fhabhair mhóir as du 'm i ruin;  
Ha Leannan agrum san Duin,  
Nighín na Malich maul' i shuil.
- 16 An m Leannan ha n grait,  
Abhair Mhoir, as air do Laibhse;  
Ha Fault Bai orr' as Cúil Cleichdich,  
San orm féin an chuidh an Coileppich.
- 17 Cha nuinigh leom na ha u kbbhairt,  
Mas tu Mac shín air Leth-luachraich;  
'S gar mishe a bhairbh Tathair,  
La Catha Beinnigh Cruinghaich.
- 18 'Sa bharras haist a Mhae,  
Mar Seuir e dhim ga cho-chleicid;  
Hug mí lbe Buillin deig,  
An corp an Fhabhair as cha Bheig.
- 19 Fon gherich e Ghrian san Mhaddin  
Sheal man deich' i shear san annamich;  
Hug e sheolligh sheich a Seia,  
Dheicín faicee a Ghrian.
- 20 Hug mí Buille beo an Broid,  
Sea mí na Coig Cinn ga Bhraigid;  
Leig mí Mullín rish an Tom,  
'Shile mo chreicín gu trom trom.

- 21 Co nì an Guth curainte binn,  
Air an Tullich os mo Chion ;  
She bainn dhosa a tin fon Heich  
Aile Nìn Rìogh Connich.
- 22 Aile dian nssu rìum Baigh,  
'S na hinnish e nille do Mhrai ;  
Tog leat mo Seia gu dùn Dil,  
'Cha do hog Bean riabh I rothid.
- 23 Hog Aile an shìn a Seia,  
Dhùmmich I lethigh gu dian ;  
'Cha fhroissigh I 'n Druichd don Fheir,  
S gho bho dhuaisgigh I min-can.
- 24 Be shìn darna Cath a bh Chruidh,  
Hug Caoilte nan Beuminn Buaghlìch ;  
'S nar a bhairibh e a Mhuc Ghearr,  
Ann an Fianais Rìogh na Herin.  
Crioeh.

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 seilg air seacharan.
- 2 Chuir sinn Caoilte air Inathas a chas,  
Dh' fheuchain an gleitheadh e rathad ;  
Cha d' fhuair e ach rathad garbh salach,  
Is oidliche dhorcha dhoiruintadh.
- 3 Chunnac e tigh mor air làr,  
Air làr glinne-nan cend oigh ;  
Chunnac e solus air a làr,  
'S a dhorus fosgailte.
- 4 Chunnac i inghean air a làr,  
Ailidh ga 'm facas do mhnaoi ;  
Bha inneal baoigh air a tigh,  
Bha cuig cloidhean na cheam adhart.
- 5 Bha cuig miol-choin aic air slabhruidh,  
Bha cuig sleaghe iarunn 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 Inuse-Phàil ;  
N' am biodh mo ghradh gealsa stigh,  
Naille b' fhaoidh e roimh aoighe.
- 7 Thug i dhomsa trian ga bighe,  
Agnas da trian ga h-aodach ;  
Gur e dhuigs mi as mo phramh,  
Air teachd meangan beag do 'n la.
- 8 Inghean ùr a radh rium,  
Eirich suas a mhic Rìgh Phàil ;  
'Mhic nam mnai a Dun-dill,  
Thainig iad ort s tu air t-iomairt.
- 9 Ciod an iomairt thainig oimn,  
Inghean ùr nam maogh rosg gorma ;  
Fam-fhear mor a teachd bhon traidh,  
B' fhearr dhnit eug na dol na dhail.
- 10 Ach thug mi eirigh orm a suas,  
Sann leam fheinn bh leoir a chruas ;  
Chur mi orm sid muin air mhùin,  
Mo sheachd luireachin treoiridh.
- 11 Is chuir mi orm air mhùin sin,  
M' carradh uaine is i air aon dath ;  
Mo chlàidhe fad air mo shlios seamh,  
Mo sgia bhreac mhor suas ri ghualain.
- 12 Thug mi ruathar chum an doruis,  
Gu ra luath 's gu h-ioma-sgarra ;  
Gur e dhorchuich orm an ro soluist,  
An famb-fhear mor m' an ioma-dhorus.
- 13 Cum nam do ghabh dìreach deas,  
'Cha 'n ann air do thì a tha mi ;  
Co air eile tha do shuil,  
Fhamb-fhear mhoir 's tu mì rùn.

- 14 Tha leannan agam san Dùn,  
54 Inghean na malla mhucdadh shull,  
'Nì mo leannansa tha tha radh 'n,  
Fhamb-fhear mhoir is air do laimh ;  
Tha folt buighe 's a cul cleachdadh,
- 58 Sann orm bh chuibhe 'n coi-leabhaich.  
Cha 'n ioghua 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 dhuiteas an Mac,  
64 Mur sguir e dhìom da cho-ghleacht.  
Ach thug mi mo sheachd-buille-deug,  
Ann corp an famb' air is cha bhreug ;  
Bho dh' eirich a ghrìan gu moch,
- 68 Gus an deach i siar san annoch,  
Thug e suil seach a sgia,  
Shealtain eite an robh a ghrian ;  
Thug mi buille beo am braid,
- 72 'S gath mi na cuig cinn ga bhraibde.  
Leig mi m' uilinn ris an tom,  
Shil mo chreuchdhan gu trom trom  
Co nì 'n guth furrain ud thail,
- 76 Air an tukich bhos 'mo chionn ?  
Gur h-e b' ainm dhomh teachd bho 'm theach.
- 78 Ailigh Inghean Rìgh Chònuinn.  
Ailli deansa ormsa làidh,  
'S na innis mo sgeul uil do mhnai,  
Tog leat mo sgia gu Duidill,
- 82 'S cha do ghlac bean rianh i romhad.  
Thog Ailigh leatha an sgia,  
'S dh' imich i leatha gu dian, dian ;  
'Cha chuireadh i an draic do 'n fheur,
- 86 'S cha mo a dhuigs i muin-eun.  
Gu b' e sid treas turn ba chruaighe,  
Rinn Caoilte nam benntann buagha ;  
'N la bha ca n Dun an oir  
'S an la mharbh e a mhuc ghearr,  
91 Ann an fiadhais 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 Hennessy, 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 stold her away, and that she intreated 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.

- I LATHA dhuinne bhì 'n Gleann cruadhach,  
A cuir ar saighdan 's ar sleagh uainne ;  
'Se tharladh dhùinn an 'san leing,  
Gu deachaidh air seachran seilg.

- 2 Aig mead a cheó sa Bheinn bhán,  
Ann bhí mhaith ar 'n iúl a ghná;  
Go do dh'áirta sinn cho 'n fhuaghte,  
Comann diáis an aon áite.
- 3 Ach dh' éirmais Caoilte le luas a chos,  
Air doireachan ain-eolach 's chnoc;  
Is fhuair e rathad fíuclí solaih,  
'S oídheche dhórcha dhoireannach.
- 4 ' Chunnaij e uaithe tigh mór,  
An bar gléim' air a cheud óir;  
Bha inghean úr air a lír,  
Is a dhoras fosgailt líu.'
- 5 ' Bha inneal baoh air a teach,  
Bha seachd cloidheamhan aica steach;  
Bha d' a shleagh a suas re fráith,  
'S da mbiol chú mhór aica stáith.'
- 6 ' Bha eamadh re emann an áird,  
Cho mhór cho 'n fhacús re' n lá,  
Ghabh mí roimpe crith is gráin.  
A dhól a steach 's mí 'm aonarain.'
- 7 ' No gabh tuisa crith no gráin,  
Ma 's tu óg-fhearr Inuse pháil;  
'N nair thig mo ghradh gaisla da théigh,  
Re oighe 's ro-fháilteach aicneadh.
- 8 ' Thug i orm féin suidhe suas,  
A dh' éisteachd a sgéul 's a dnuan;  
Is thug i dhama drian d' a beathaidh,  
Agus da drian d' a leabaidh.'
- 9 ' Ach se mhosgáil mí as mo pháil,  
Air theachd beagan beag do 'n lá;  
Inghean úr ag rólh rium fáil,  
Eirich suas a mhic Rígh Pháil.'
- 10 ' O! ogaín chaoimh ghil áluin,  
Mhicé Ronan nan ros g malla;  
'S na dea' mhna' a Dun ghil,  
Thainig nair d' ionairt anois.'
- 11 ' Cíod e 'n ionairt thainig orm,  
Ainnir úr 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 mí eiridh orm a suas,  
'S an leam féin bu leór a chruas;  
'S chuir mí orm muin air mhúin,  
Mo sheachd laireich teanne tráide.'
- 13 ' Chuir mí orm air a muin dhu,  
M carraih uaine féin ga luth'r;  
Cloidheamh sínte re 'm shíos síos,  
Is scia' air mo ghuailin eilí.'
- 14 ' Thug mí ruathar thun an dorais,  
A shealtain am faicim am Foghlmhair;  
Co dhoreachaich orm an ro-sholus,  
Ach am Foghlmhair mór 'm íom-dhoras.'
- 15 ' C' um nam do ghabh díreach nímh,  
Cho 'n ann air do shíth 'ta mís,  
Cia air tha do shíth 's do sthúil,  
Fhoghlmhair mhóir is measa rún.'
- 16 ' Tha leannan agam 'san Túr,  
Gar h ann orra tha mo sthúil;  
Dáil bliadhna thug-a dh' i dhuine,  
'S anois do thainig da h-ionnsaidh.'
- 17 ' A ní mo leannans' tha 'g radh,  
Fhoghlmhair mhóir sun air a léimh;  
A fólt buidh 'sa eúl cleareach,  
'S am dhandusa bu chubhaidh 'n eoi-leabach.'
- 18 ' 'S maith a labhair tú d' uaisle,  
Mas tu mac an Leigh Inachrach;  
Mharbh mí ga 'n atbaidh no fuaradh,  
E la eadla Beinna euaclan.'
- 19 ' O na tharlaidh dh' a bhí 'm mhéin,  
'S bhí cho dúilbhair rium na ghné;  
'S ann leann a thuites a mhac,  
Mar sgair e dhina d' a choi'ghleac.'
- 20 ' 'S maith gu d' innis thu sin dhambsa,  
Fhoghlmhair mhóir nan arma' graineit;  
Na enig cinn 'ta air do bhrádhaidh,  
Bíodh aon dhúin agam na pháidhaidh.'
- 21 Bhuail sinn an sin air a chéile,  
Mar mhúinne shruth bhrísteach léimnach;  
'S bu chruaidh no fuaim mbic talla,  
Gaoir ar faobhar caoine gealla.'
- 22 ' Bha císan mar neart na gaoithe,  
A leagadh coilteach Mhorathair aobhach.  
'S bha mise mar luas nan sruthan,  
Bhíodh re aodann gaoithe sruthadh.'
- 23 ' Air bhí dhuinn mar sin re cómhrag,  
Omhoch madain gu trí neóine;  
O 'n dh' éirich a ghrian gu moch,  
Gus an deach i siar a chlos.'
- 24 ' Thug mise seachd builean déug,  
An corp an Fhoghlmhair mhóir 's cho bhréug;  
Thug e 'n sin ambar seach a scia',  
A dh' fhuicinn eíod a dhur a ghrian.'
- 25 ' 'N nair a fhuair mí féin am fáth,  
'S mhóthaich mí e fuídh chrá;  
Thug mí béum beó dh' a gu gabhídh,  
Is sgath na enig cinn d' a bhrádhaidh.'
- 26 ' 'N sin léig mí 'm nilean air an tom,  
'S shíl mo chreucaibh gu trom, trom;  
'N deidh builean an Fhoghlmhair mhóir,  
Nach deachaidh neach riamh o léon.'
- 27 ' O ogaín chaoimh ghil áluin,  
Is fhearr luas do shluagh Rígh Pháile;  
Rís an goirear giorag comhraig,  
Mo chead beannachd féin gu d' chomhdach.'
- 28 ' Co ní 'n guth curant ad tháil,  
Air an tulaích as mo cheann;  
Gu 'r e 'n t ainn a ghoirear dhambsa,  
Aine inghean Rígh Comnach ór-bhuídh.'
- 29 ' Aine dean thus crasa báidh,  
Is na h ínnis e do mhuaidh;  
Tog leat mo scia' gu Dun-geal,  
'S uin do thog beaú riamh i 'n glaic.'
- 30 Thainig Aine 'n sin gu dian,  
'S thog i mo chloidheamh 's mo scia';  
Cho roisamh i 'n drúchd do 'n fleúr,  
'S cho mhó dhuisgadh i mean éun.'
- 31 ' 'Sin an treas turas a b' fhearr,  
A rinn Caoilt' nam béumáil lén;  
'S 'n nair a chuidh e Dhúin an óir,  
Agus a mharbh e 'n tórc mor.'
- 32 'S muldach mise re 'm ré,  
A sier thuireamh síos am béus;  
Mar chraun crion am fasach fuar,  
'N deidh eích 's mo dhúilach thóirt nam.

## O. 5. CAOILTE 'S AM FOMHIFHEAR. 84 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 18. Copied by Maledm 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-óigridh ghasa, fir chalma;  
La eile sa' Bheinn Bhain,  
Sir chuir seilg air seacharan.
- 2 Suil gun tugas a bhan,  
Chunneas gleannan nan ceud oigh, (al. aigh)  
Ainnir sholais air a lar,  
'S a seachd dorsan fosgailte.
- 3 Bha seachd claidheam air a h-aghairt,  
Bha seachd sleaghan shuas air a'lehaig;  
Inneal baoh air a beart deas, (al. as)  
Bha seachd miol-choim aig air slabhruidh.  
Ghabh mí eiridh, ghabh mí gráin,
- 4 O na tharladh dhonn bhí m' aonar ann.  
Na bíodh ortsa eiridh no gráin,  
Oighfhearr úr á Innis fáil,  
Bu mhúinn leam guth a' Ghael ghlain,
- 5 An nair am mínic ebluinnin e.  
Eirich thusa Mhic Rígh Fáil,  
'S ann an diugh thain t-ionairt;  
Cíod an fáth ionairt thainig orm,  
22 Ighinn úr is gloine rugh.



- Fomhfhear mor bhí teachd nad' dhail,  
24 B' annsa 'n teug na dol na choir,  
Rinn e dhomb mo leaba díon.  
Gu beacadaí air bathais an Urlair.  
Gur e dh' allte leinn m' an seach;  
28 Fion uisge beatha 's curmailt,  
(*Ap. Fion uisge, is Uis is Curmailt.*)  
Chuir i ormsa an leaug shíthe,  
Leth ri 'm shlios, bu leor a minceid;  
Chuir i ormsa air mun sin  
32 Na seachd luirichean Freambri.  
Chuir i sgiath air mo laimh chli,  
'S mo chláidheamh gear a' m' laimh dheas,  
Cholnich mise ma 'n radh sholuis  
36 Am Fomhfhear mor ma 'n iom dhorus,  
Team as mo rathad a Chaoilte,  
Cha 'n ann air a thi a tha mi,  
Cíod an tí am bheil thusa,  
40 Fomh'ear mor na mí run.  
Tha leannan agam anns an Dun,  
Leannan ur na malla seang;  
An leannan sin a tha thu 'g radhte,  
44 B'aít leam agam air son nuaí.  
'S mise 'n duine mharbh a-athair  
La catha Beinn A Chruachain;  
Cíod e ged mharbh thu 'n' aithair  
48 La catha beinn a Chruachain.  
'Se bhíteas agamsa air son páighe,  
Na cuig cinn th' air a bhragaid;  
Ghath iad an sin do cheile  
52 O mhoch maduinn gu luidhe greine,  
Thug am Fomh' ear sealladh fear (al. siar)  
Cíod e 'm ball an robh a' ghrian;  
Thug mi sealladh beag na d'heigh,  
56 Sealladh bocht do 'm chreuchdhaibh féin.  
Thug mi sgiobag dh'a m' braid,  
58 Sgath mi na cuig cinn de bhragaid.  
Leag mi n' ullin ris an tom,  
As shíl mo chreuchdan gu trom trom;  
Co i a bhean tha os mo eheann.  
62 Dheanadh a' ehaínt chaoimhneil ruim ?  
Theireadh ruim mu 'n tra so 'n de.  
64 Aílde nighean Rígh Conair.  
To mo chláidheamh tog mo sgiath,  
66 Nach do thog bean romhad riamh.  
Thog i mo ehlaidheamh 's mo sgiath,  
'S thog mi fein fo dhíon, (al. o ghniamh)  
Chaoilte Mhic Rígh soluis.  
72 An ann maireach a bhíteas do bhamaís ?  
Ma 's maireann mise an Dun til,  
Gún tíginn t-ionnsuidh le h-airce;  
Achanach dh' íarrainn air mo leannan,  
76 An ní sin nach 'éil an laimh,  
Ceud Douran nach do chláitach brauch,  
Ceud cala nach do shamh air euan,  
Ceud searach nach do chraoim 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 bhuaín san fhaoilteach gheimbraidh.

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 'Lochlannach,' 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 II. 5, they send a messenger with some loud-sounding musical instrument—a Timbrel, according to Armstrong's Diet.—a Timbrel, Tabac, Drum, Cymbal, according to O'Reilly. The place

of the Norsemen, generally, is about Beinn Eudain, 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 Féinne 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.

II. 6, describes a monstrous mythical personage. II. 7, describes an early adventure in the Story of Oscar, the son of Oisín 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 Chóin 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. Cáoilte 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 did 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 did 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 Eúdain, 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, enchanters, and brutal force.

### DAN 16.

- 1 'AILIS dhamb a Chaoilte chruadhach,  
Mhic Roman eia mor d'eibhneas;  
'Cia lion tha Mhaitheadh 'n ar Féinnas,  
Le 'n coim is le 'n coí-'cúridh.'
- 2 'Seachd Cathain tha n ar Féinn,  
'S cho 'n eil neach dhúid gu 'n sgia;  
Gu 'n bhean gu 'n ghille, gu 'n da chú,  
Sud e 'n Túr fúí 'n dealbhach iad.'
- 3 'Tha tiombain nan íarrann fuar,  
Re comhla chruaidh fúí 'm sge bhuirb;  
'S fear no bean d'am bheil san Fhéinn,  
Eisteachd ris a ghléus ní 'm fuila.'
- 4 Dh' imich é gu elios d'ar Túr,  
For 'm bu lionmhor eúil is báird;  
Is shéinn air an tiombain phreair,  
Ceól bu chruaidh' no íolach báis,
- 5 Cho 'n eisteadh ris neach san Fhéinn,  
D' bhí góir a fuaimnach árd;  
Ge'd bhíod euan is mac talla bheann  
Aig eibhich b' fháun seach a gáir,
- 6 Labhair mac Chuthaill an gloir ghlic,  
Mar bu nós dh' a ann 's gach drip;  
'Tha bantrach' ar Féinne fúí' bhúrn,  
Eist dhinn a'd cheól fhir.'
- 7 'Cho 'n eisteam gu 'n do chú glann grinn,  
Mar atchuinge uait Fhinn fhéil;  
Do dh' a shleagh a dhoirteas fuil,  
'S Mac-an-loin is goirte léinn;
- 8 'Ne 'm fuigh tu mo shean clu scéimh,  
No mo dila shleagh gu 'n chion fúth;  
No Mac-an-lien nan luath bheuin,  
A thnú ní m fuigh tu gu bráth.'

- 9 'Mar sin 's bréag a bhí gu' d' mholadh,  
Fluinn gu' 'n fhéileachd no urrain;  
O 'n thug thu uait san aon la,  
Éur is aithis do dh' aon duine.'
- 10 'Ní 'n duine thusa gu' fíor,  
Ach tuú nathara, nár, mhílteach  
Gu' 'n íúil no oileanach riamh,  
'X tra' dh' iarradh tu duais díoleadh.'
- 11 'N sin líon an t arrachd a' mach,  
Bhuair e uile ar comhluibh;  
Rinn e trí sgreadan gabhaidh,  
'S neach na dheidh cho b' fhiach am f . .
- 12 . eamar ris coin na Féinne,  
Thair gach maoile éinic is sílbbhe,  
'S cho raibh teambhair air luas an fhuir;  
Gu' h uamh mhór an Béinn éudain.
- 13 Thug sin fuasgladh do chu Fhinn,  
Is ruith e gu' dian neo-nhall;  
Mn 'n raibh 'm fuath ach gan a steach  
Rug e air le toleam garg.
- 14 Thug e an sin deaál cruaidh,  
'S Cláigean mac Chóim a chinn chruaidh,  
Is thorchair le Bran gu' 'n fheall,  
Ceann Chláigain air an uair,
- 15 Thainig e air ball do 'n Phléinn,  
Is ceann Chláigain ann na bhéinl,  
B'ait an scalla leis an t-slagh,  
Ceann an fhuath 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 nam Fiann;  
Chunnacas ogleach neo-ionnalt,  
Tidhain air magh glinne niar.
- 2 Gomhal farsuidh, 's broithe fear,  
'S amhbuidh sin do bhá an fuath;  
Lorg iarraín air fad á dhroma,  
Da lurgain loma 's iad luath,
- 3 Bha súil aig an bun na cluaise,  
'S bha i gu' crithnach éiar,  
'S bha súil 'eile air dhath na réalla,  
A mullach an éudain shiar,
- 4 An sin do dh' fhiosraich an t árd Rígh,  
'Cia 'n t íúil a thainig an fuath?  
'Cia b' ainm dh' a fein is d' a athair,  
Is ogluábhachd air gu' luath.
- 5 'S mise Silhallan mac Sitheall,  
Dhoirtainn fuil is réubhainn féil;  
Ba mhianmach leam ruith gu' reachdmhor,  
Agus cuir as do Rígh Phóil.'
- 6 An sin do dheargaich an t árd Rígh,  
Rís a ghlóir do chan an fuath;  
'S tharraing e lann fhacla bionhuidh,  
Gu' fáca, deas, díreach uath.
- 7 Gach buille da 'n lúibhréil an t árd Rígh,  
Le chloítheamh emilgearra, cruaidh;  
Bhíreach an fuath 's moran tuilidh,  
Da bhuille ma n bhuille uath.

- 8 An sin do chumhnic Mac Chuthaill,  
Air a threime chleasaibh luith;  
Tharraing e Mac-an-loin gu' talmhídh,  
'S le ágh mbarbh e 'm fuath nach b' fhuí.
- 9 Bu mhaith leim gu' d' iníel an fuath,  
'S gu' deachídh na sluaigh a cás;  
Oir b' dara fuath bu mbeasa,  
Thainig riamh air Fianuidh Pháil.

#### II. 7. HOW CROM NAN CNAMH KILD SGIATHAN. THE SON OF THE KING OF SCARIBH.

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 to  
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 Osear, 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 bhliú,  
Madaimn dhiambair tuí' dheu' thracíd;  
'S thugas briathar air mo shleagh,  
Nach bí sin lorg Fhinn no Oisain.'
- 2 'No Caoilte beag nan eos lumhor,  
No neach a bhá air Loch Iargann;  
No aon fhear do mhuintir Fhinn,  
A tharladh orm am an Croma ghlinn.'
- 3 'Thogas 'm éudach 's léigas ris,  
Air fea' mointich is garbh dhris,  
Bhá mí fein am ruith 's lenna,  
'S cho raibh 'm fear mor ach na chruaí' chéam.
- 4 'Rugas air is rugas air,  
An gleann beag eidear dhú créag;  
D' ainm 's do shloinneadh innis dhamsa;  
No éia 'm ball am bí thu chomhbuidh,
- 5 'S ainmíadach thusa fhuir bhig,  
'S óran thu 's cho 'n eil thu glie;  
Cho b' uilair dhuitsa 'n Fhiamn uile,  
Dh' fhuighail ségúil o' n aon duine.'
- 6 'Cho 'n iarraimsa do 'n Fhiamn uile,  
Ach Fionn is Goll nan treun bhuillean;  
A chuid nach sracamaid le 'r lamhan,  
Dhíot loisgeamaid e le 'r anail.
- 7 'Thugas dhamh sin 's thugas dhamh,  
An t sleagh mhór a bh' air a shon;  
'S chosgair e i thair mo chlaigean,  
Da throid dhéug an aodann dalaig
- 8 'Thugas dh' a sin 's thugas dh' a,  
An t sleagh bheag a bh' air mo sé;  
Chosgair mí sud roimh a chroíle,  
'S chosgair mí moran d' a luath mhíre.
- 9 'Ogleaich mhóir nan íomaidh éreuc,  
Sgearr gus an togar do leac;  
Innis an deireadh do latha,  
'Cia thu feineach no cia t'athair?'
- 10 'S mise Sgiathan Mac Rígh Scairbh,  
Mac an fher na' bhásaigh ghairbh;  
'S gu' b' e mo nós an 's gach teach,  
Bhí síor chosgairt cuid gach neach.'

- 11 'Gur mi allaù dhuit mar tharladh  
A Sgiathain mhóir nan s'gia' gráineil ;  
Rinn do Chosgairt an croma ghlinn,  
An Gille con ata aig Finn.'
- 12 'Cho bu Ghille chon tha rianh,  
'S cho b' e sin thu near no níar  
Ach oghlaech finealta do 'n Fhianh,  
Is lamh cho tréun 's tha 'n Eirium shiur,
- 13 'S maing neach a ghoid ort do lón,  
A madainn dhiamhair re dalla chéo ;  
Thu fein 's do shleagh air a tóir,  
'S maing air 'n do thuit an trom lórg.'
- 14 Air ball dh' éug an treun laoch gruamach,  
Bu cheatharnach searbh 's gaeh eruaidh ;  
Ann an cotlas monidh shamhaich,  
Le buill Oseair tréun gaeh gabhidh.
- 15 Creid thusa Hle Phádraig,  
Gu raibheams uair bu mhór abhachd ;  
Ge do tha mi 'nois gu dublach,  
Gun charaid gun chath neo' shutbach.

THE MYTHICAL NORSE CARLIN.

Amongst the people sent by the Norsemen to attack and worry the Fénime 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 Tallich For,  
Gaibhric air Erin na Thimchil ;  
Hnig e air Bharrabh nan Tonn,  
A Chaillich eididh leobhr Chrom.
- 2 Bu bhor a Honnagh 'sa Hais,  
Bu luath a shiubhal ra Haos ;  
Bha Cuabhbran aibhlean mu da Bhas,  
Bha Fiaclan shiur sheich a Craos.
- 3 Bha Haodin dughlas air Dhreich Gnail,  
Bha Deud Cairbadich crann ruaigh ;  
Bha earr ga Hinibh ma chaoilbh a Dorn,  
Bha car ga Caoilt na Choil-druim.
- 4 Bha Bar mar choil Chrimich air Chrith,  
Bha aoin suil ghloigigich na cean ;  
'S bu luagh I na Ruinich Meoirigh,  
Bha Claibh Meirgich air a Crios.
- 5 Ri am Feirge bu ghairbh Greis,  
Bha da T-shleigh air an T aibh eille ;  
Don Fhna Chuil-lia Chaillich,  
Ri faicin na Fian ma Dheas.
- 6 Huchda ghaibh a Bhiast nan Innish,  
Hanig a Chaillich oirne le Hair ;  
'S reinne lethé cion gun Chommain ;  
Bheirete lethé Caogid Laoich.
- 7 'S bha Gairigh sheirih na garradh Craos,  
\*Spin I lethé a Chuach fo Fhinn ;  
'S Ghinamich I Erin fo Thinn gu Tuin,  
Gun do mheith I uill' an Fhian,
- 8 'S cha do lean I ach aoin Trithir,  
Fionn Mac Cubhail fear shraona nan raibh ;  
'S coilte ro-gheal Mac Roinin,  
Leim a Chaillich har Eass Ruaidh.
- 9 'S bu bhor a sath do 'n Uisg nar,  
Leim I Eass Ruaigh nan Raibh ;  
'S bha Cuach Fhinn na leth Laibh,  
Dirigh a mac rish an Taibh cille.

- 10 Hug Fionn orra urchair T-shleigh,  
Chroisg e shud ro a criogh,  
'S chaisg e Pairt ga bhaith Bhirigh,  
Rug Fionn fein air a Chuach,  
ba leish o Buaigh 'su Bhaigh.
- 11 'S rug Caoilte nan Laibh laa,  
Air a Claibh Cruaidh 'seir da T shleigh ;  
'S ghlae Fearr sraonigh nan Raibh,  
Claithibh Chaoilte Mhic Roinin,
- 12 Sin mar reinn shin sheoid na Caillich,  
An La bha shin ga raigh an Beim-edin.  
Crioch.

F. 6. SGEULA AIR CAILLICH ARAIDH A THAINN-  
DH' IARRAIDH FATH AIR CUAICH NAM BUAIGH BHA AG  
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 ghná air a gleidhe an tigh tearmim agus le faire Mic Righ agus cuideachd do mhór ghaisgich churamach maille ris.

Thainig a chailleach ann riochd nma bochd, ag iarraidh aoidheachd.

- 1 BHUAIL a Chailleach aig an doras gu teann, teann,  
Is thainig Mae an Righ an doras cò san am 'tu  
ann ?
- 2 Is mise Chailleach thruagh, thruagh,  
'S truaighe dh' imich am bi-buan ;  
Is mise chailleach bhochd Nic-aoiste,  
Leig a stigh mi gam gharadh.
- 3 Freagra.  
Ma dh' imich tu Eirium go ceann,  
Ann riochd mnatha no droch dhúine ;  
Gu leannadh do bhuiun ris an làr.  
Mu 'n d' thigeadh tu stigh a Chailleach.
- 4 Nach mòr am maslach do mhac Righ,  
Le mhòr-ghaicsgaich 's le mòr ghnionh ;  
E fein bli gu sàbhailta steach,  
'S gu diultadh nile iad ri aon Chaillich.
- 5 Gheibhe tu biadh naonar a mach,  
Is fuirich a' d' rios a Chailleach.
- 6 Cha 'n iarr mise do bhiaidh peacach,  
Ni mo dh' iarrann t-fhiarr fhacail ;  
B' fhearr leams' ceann do theine teith,  
Is co beathadh ri d' ghaodhraibh.
- 7 Cuiridh mise Giulla leat do 'n Fheinn,  
Ni teine dhuit a dh' aon bheum a Chailleach.

Rachadh an teine sin as,  
Mn 'n nruigunse leachda Chomail ;  
Arsa Chailleach.

- 8 Cuir thusa do theine beag air làr,  
Is seid ris gu gear, gear,  
Agus cuir do spair fothead,  
'S dean do ghara ris a Chailleach.
- Agus dhuin è n doras orr'  
Ach chuir a chailleach 'guala ris, a cleith.
- 9 Gu 'm bi sid a chailleach ghle-gharbh,  
Bhris i na naoi comhla iarruinn ;  
Mar nach bitheadh aunn' ach aon sgiolan.  
(Agna bha i steach orra)  
'S grib i leatha cnach Fhinn,  
'S dh' fhaibh i leatha sios an rothad.
- 10 Thachair Oganach nra agus dh' fheornich e dhì.  
Co as a dh' imich thu Chailleach ?

Is freagra iar a thug i seachad,  
Ghabhadh mise srath na h-anhunn.

- 11 Ma ghabhas tu strath na h-ambunn,  
Gu mor a th' ann do Chlanna-reath ;  
Tha cuig-ceud-deng fear-fai 'n lionmhor armarechd.  
Is da choimn air laimh each fir,  
A feitheadh ort a Chailleach.
- 12 Ma ghabhas tu strath na h-Airde,  
Gur lionmhor ann Clann-na-cearda :  
Tha cuig-ceud-deng fai 'n lin armachd  
'S da choimn air laimh each fir,  
A feitheadh ort a Chailleach.
- 13 Ma ghabhas tu air Bheanma dubha,  
Gur lionmhor ann Clanna-rutha ;  
Tha cuig-ceud-deng, &c.
- 14 Fheagair a Chailleach.  
' Ciod e sin theirre tusa lulla  
Nam fagainnse na bhleò 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' fhuir thalamh.  
Thilg Fionn a gath cuilg orra is bhrist e cridhe.
- 16 An sin leam a chailleach thair an Eas.  
Is leam gu borborra i ras.  
Is leam a triuir eholgorra dheas  
An t-eas an deidh na Caillich.
- 17 Ghlac Mac Cuthail a chumach,  
O 's ann da fein bha bnaigh 's blagh ;  
Ghlac Caoilte o' se b' fhearr luathas,
- 18 A chlaidhe cruaidh 's a da shleagh.  
Is rug Connan bho sè bha gu deireadh  
Air top fà na Caillich, is thilg e san Eas i.

## II. 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 Muileacortally orally preserved, but the story I do not know as orally preserved.—J. F. C.

A cnosg 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 Sil-lia were the worse that ever came to the heroes.

### DAN 15.

- 1 OIBHTE bha sinn a mùr Bhéara,  
'S moran do Mhaiththeadh ar Féinne ;  
Chunnaig sinn a teadh gu lúthmar,  
Fuath a b' áirle no 'n fhuídhmar.
- 2 Ba mhóe ciannas air fáir,  
'S bu mhó a siubhal no h' áird ;  
Bha cohall dubh síos na bían,  
Is faicill seach a craos siar.
- 3 Bha cloidheamh meirgeach dubh air a leis,  
Re h' áin féirge bu mhór a ghéis ;  
'S bha sleagh nímhe na deas laimh.  
Gheibha' buaidh air shlagh gu 'n fheall.
- 4 'Fosglaibh dhanh fheara' Fionn ;  
'S mi gu fínebh luideagach fínn ;  
Shuidhail mi Éirinn fa thri,  
'S cho d' ug duine th' ann dhanh díon.'
- 5 'Se fheagair i Fearadhas béin dearg,  
Ba bhíne glóir a bha 'n Éirinn ;  
'Ma rinn thusa sinn a chailleach,  
'S ann do chomharaibh droch mhátha.'
- 6 'Ma 'n d' ig thu a steach d' ar muithinn,  
Bunsidh tu dhuinn brí do thumais ;  
'Su ghealltain nachlean thu do bhairt,  
Air Fíann Inse-Pháil no Frecine.'

- 7 'Innseamsa sin Fheadharais fhídh,  
An t' ádhbhar nu 'n d' áinig mise ;  
A dh' íarruidh cómhrag air Goll,  
Air Caoilte 's air O-scar crom.'
- 8 'Air Mac Chuthaill nan lámh luath,  
Is air Aogh Mac Gharadh chruaidh ;  
Air (neo) gheadh duais thoir dham gu 'n éra,  
Cho mhaith sa tha múr na Féinne.'
- 9 'Cho d' theid sinn chaoibh a chomhrag,  
Re fuath oídheche raibh na érachd ;  
Gu 's an d' theid Anla air béinn Torc  
D' an deoin cho d' theid iad gu 'd lot.'
- 10 'X tra' chuala chailleach glóir Fheadradhais,  
Lion i suas le cuthach feargach ;  
Chuir i roimpe comhla' Bhéara,  
'Su steach chuair' i measg ar Féinne.
- 11 Thog i k' eadh Fhinn fhídh,  
Gu grad lamach s'e cho d' fhaibhraich ;  
Chartaich i Éirinn le colg,  
S' ann Fhianu gu léir air a borg.
- 12 Faidheoidh chuir i sinn san fhíreach,  
Cha raibh 'm fógus dh' i ach triar ;  
Fionn is fear sraoidh nam raibh,  
'S Caoilte beag Mac Ronan áidh.
- 13 Do leum i gu eas Eas-ruaidh,  
Ge do bha e cuir ma bhracha ;  
Lenn Fionn air a eas léinn,  
'S chuir e ghéur shleagh ro' a cachull.
- 14 Rug Fionn an sin air a chachull,  
O 'n bu leas a blagh sa buaidh ;  
'S rug Caoilte nan lámh tréun,  
Air a chloidheamh sa sleagh géur.
- 15 Rug fear sraoidh nan raibh,  
Air a b' nsgar loimhreach bán ;  
Sin mar tharladh d' ar fir théune,  
'N oídheche 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 thoirt lethie le foil cuach na geasachd. Fhuair i Oisen maille re cuid de diaona ann an Talla no Féinne.

### A BUILEARDACH RUADH, (a Chailleach).

- 1 'Fosgail, fosgail, laoiel long,  
Nan airm fullung faotlair ghorm,  
'S fench euid (or pairt) do d' fhaoidteachd,  
Do chailleach bhoe a thig a Caoilte,
- 5 'S mise sin a chailleach thragh ;  
'S fhaeh a dh' inich mi 's mi buan,  
Cha n-eil an cuigibh na h-Alba,  
No 'n cuig cuigibh na h-Éirinn,  
Aon duine 'dhialtadh dhomh fosgladh.
- 19 Nuair 'chrounainn mo chean fo 'dhorus.'

### OISEIN.

'Ma dh' inich thus ri nigh sin uil,  
'S biadhfaichean iad ri droch urra ;  
Fuarichidh do smoir a chailleach,  
Ma 'm fosgailear dhuit mo dhorus.'

### A CHAILLEACH.

- 15 'S dona 'n aithne sin, a mhic rìgh,  
(U's nao rìgh 'ga ràdh ruit)  
Nuair dhialtadh tu fosgladh do dhorus.'

### OISEIN.

- 'C'ra dhiultinn dhuit a monadh fiadh,  
G' d' bhiodh agal triath d' reir,  
20 Chuirinn biadh maoidhear gu d' theach,  
'S biadh feachd leat o 'n Fheinn.'

## A CHAILLEACH.

- 'Cha bhí agam do d' bhaidh feachd,  
Ní mó 's áill leam do tháir (shar) thacal ;  
B' amhsa leam teas do d' aimhlíbh,  
25 Agus leabaidh mair ri d' ghaghraibh.'

## OISEIN.

- 'Gu dearbh cha 'n fhaidh thu teas do m' aimhlíbh,  
Ní mó dheibh thu leabaidh mair ri m' ghaghraibh,  
Chuirinn gille leat o 'n Fheinn,  
Dh' fhadadh teine dh' aon bheum,  
30 'S gille eile ' dh' ullnícheadh deagh inneal.'

## A CHAILLEACH.

- 'Cha 'neil mo choisceadhla ach mall,  
'S theid an teine sin a crann.'

## OISEIN.

- 'Bunúig thusa leathtaobh Chuilinn,  
Cuir geigibh caol fo d' spairibh,  
35 Seid gu caol gear le d' anail,  
'S dean do gharadh ris a Chailleach.'  
A Chailleach sin bu ghairbh crainn,  
Chuir i gualluinn ris a chleidh,  
'S bhris i na seachd gearmlíbh iarúinn,  
40 Mur nach bídh amú' ach seann iallan.

## A CHAILLEACH.

- 'Tha mí nise stígh 'n ur teach,  
'S liabha nar mairbh na nar beo,  
'S líonmhoir scoll bhíos 'n ur teach,  
Na macan beo a marach.'  
45 Cheangail i iad taobh ri taobh,  
Na b' eadar an caol 's an ruadh,  
'S rug a Chailleach air a chuach,  
'S thug i gu luadh a magh.

Chunnachdas a Chailleach le Fionn air dha  
bhi tighinn dhachaidh o 'n t-sealg.

## FIONN.

- 'A Chailleach nd a th' air an t-sliabh,  
50 Dha bheil an ceum casruith gharbh dhian,  
Na 'n tarladh tu air srath na b-airde,  
Bu bhoadhail duit clam na ceairde ;  
Tri cheud deng le 'n dian armachd,  
'S lothain choin aig gach fear ;  
55 Fir thugad a tha Chailleach ?'

## A CHAILLEACH.

- 'Cíod a theireadh tus a dhiullan,  
Na 'm faguim-sa iad sin nile,  
Edar chu luadh agus dhag dhúine ?'  
Leam a Chailleach an t-cas,  
60 Leam gu garbh brais,  
Thílg i gath nímhe air Fionn  
A chaidh seachd troidhean 'san fheur naine  
Tháirís air bar a dha gluailibh,  
Thílg Fionn a shleagh taobh  
65 'S bhris e ' eridle na caol druim,  
'S rug Geolach o 'n is i bu luathie,  
Aír sliasaid chruaidh na Cailleach ;  
'S rug Caoilte beag nan cuach,  
Aír a claidheamh cruadhach,  
70 'S air a da shleagh.  
Bha iad seachd la 'us seachd oidhche.  
A roinn faobha na Cailleach ;  
'S cha d' rug Oisein a bha air dheireadh,  
Ach air seann chiallag liadh na Cailleach.

## OISEIN (?)

- 75 'A Chailleach o 'n is e 'm bas e,  
Inis dhomsa cíod e d' aois.'

## A CHAILLEACH.

- 'Cha neil m' aois féin ri aircamh  
78 Tri cheud bliadhna 'sa dha.

## PADRUG MAC ALFINN.

Oisein naisail Mhic Fhionn,  
'S tu do shuighe air Tullníc heibhinn,  
Laoidh mhór mhileanta nach meibh,  
Tha mí faicinn sproichd n ad enduinn.

## OISEIN.

Dh' innsinn fatha bhron ' th' orm fein,  
Phadrug Mhic Alpinn o n Fheinn,  
La dha 'n robh an Fheinn a nuigh,  
'Nan suidh air torran coire (or Torá) Siar,  
Chunnachdas a tighinn o 'n mhagh,  
A bhean sin a b' aite feamh  
A nigbean a b' aite snuadh,  
Bu ghile 's bu deirge gruigh,  
Bu ghile no gath na grúine,  
A h carradh gheal fa gaoth a leine,  
Labbail an oighe fo gheada bheadh  
'S laelan 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  
Scottish.

- 1 Ach a Chruachan Craig an Tullich,  
'S mí fo Mhullch Sletúidh Fanis ;  
Nochd a tharlai mí fo d' Tegil,  
Gur trom a leagta do Laibh orm.
- 2 La shídh Dhúinne ri fíagbích,  
Bha shín fo d' Dhiabhair a Thullích ;  
She chumaire shín Marceich ceticíh,  
As e teachd le sceidhíh huggín.
- 3 Sana dhisrích Fion do 'n Mhareich,  
Gu de fa Taistair fo 'd Chricíbh ;  
Thaúg mí fo Thaibh na Shíunídíh,  
She labhair an Giúllídh ceudna.
- 4 San a ghluais e 'n Ceán air Corích,  
Mar gu nigh Fohm aíg Fíllídh ;  
Labbair e an bharíbh íslígh,  
Mar gach Marceich shíbháit shíunídh.
- 5 Bithíbhse a nochd nar fáirrích,  
A Tshéic Cathain na Feine ;  
Gu de e aobhír air Fáirrích,  
She ní labhair Fear gar Feine ?
- 6 Gu de e aobhír air Fáirrích  
She ní labhair Fear gar Feine ?  
Agus nach héil Linn air buallídh,  
Nochd air ochd uechoríbh na Herín.
- 7 Naile híg i oíríbh a Chaillich,  
As a Mharrachd othar edígh ;  
'S gun eumídh ruíbhse Coibhríg,  
Gad bhígh air Coínígh le chele.
- 8 San an shín a labhair Connan,  
Cha 'b omarích dhúinne Ghrúagígh ;  
Mar a fona nídh do Chaillich,  
Dhíth féin sga Mharrachd gu chruathídh.
- 9 Shín nar bhírt Ghrúagígh an ubhíl,  
Aír mo chuíbhse a Chomáin ;  
Dhaindeóin Sheac Cathain na Feine,  
Gu dearíbh rebídh I do cholláir.
- 10 Thug Connan shíocídh huú an ubhíl,  
Gad nach bo chuíbhídh dha bhualídh ;  
San chuir e le ardan spreigídh,  
A chluas fo 'n Lechean do 'n Ghrúagígh.
- 11 Shín nar ghailíbh e main an Ghrúagígh,  
She gu tíaghlích fuathích fearragígh ;  
Mar steid shreínígh aíg gear aistír,  
Chluínt a Hartír aús gach Bearnígh.
- 12 An Teich shín a bha fon Ghrúagígh,  
Gur hé buallíche ra thacín ;  
San na Chéan a bha 'n Trían orridh,  
M ro lunnis na Heoír do Chlachíbh.

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 remem-  
bers 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.

- 13 Har léinne bu bhor a Ghilid,  
Do T shíde do T shról 's do Ghiunnis ;  
Fo steid chois chom a churriall,  
Le n fáighe gach Duinne Duimpich
- 14 'S an a ghaibh e nain an Gruagich,  
Gu fathích fuathích, le ardan shiubhail ;  
Agus banig na trí Fuathin,  
Mar a chualigh Fion Mac Cúbhail.
- 15 Shin nar a banig 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-laóich mor,  
Do chlainnibh Morni luít nan Tus ;  
Cúirid eille Chlainnibh Baoisg,  
Agus Caogid a chuir leis.
- 17 Bha 'n oíche shin dhuinne broních,  
An deis air Choilbhrig ma dheirgh ;  
A Tarruing air mairbh gu Huaighin,  
'S geil bu chruaithidh leon 's nin ceillim.
- 18 Bu truaímaigh le Fion na Fuathin,  
A ghol naidh gun am mairraigh ;  
I ad gun bheim seaimh nan Cnaithibh,  
'S nach ro Féinn nar sleighibh garriall  
Na gad reachidh uídhir eille shorchaire  
Do na Fianibh gorana Gaithil.
- 19 Hanig iad oirne trinar Chlerich,  
Air Eirigh Greine n Larua-bharich ;  
Agus Ballan shithidh shéiree,  
Eaurigh ga hoirt a Lathair,
- 20 Dharuidh Mac a Chleirich oig,  
Air cheid chaint an Tos tus do Dfhionn,  
Ca leas a reinnigh an Teuchd,  
Na co leis an deint' am marraigh.
- 21 Bu dúillich leomsa shud inse,  
Nan bu ní e ghabhaidh céitín ;  
Gun tuitidh 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 leon shin ars a Fion,  
Gad a choiste e gho ní mor ;  
Do dhaoin Fhear thogidh an Fhian  
Gar 'n digidh ach Trian diu leom.
- 24 Dberich Mac a Chlerich mhoir,  
Le sheirbhais choir os an ciomn ;  
Le Draoghichd Bhallain nam Buagh  
Gheirich a Tshluaidh suas le Fionn
- 25 Mar a thoirchir 's mar a thuit,  
Shin iad dbuit do Bhuintir Fhinn ;  
Fon shin feiu a reinn an Teuchd,  
Cha ghabhamid Feich ga chiomn.
- 26 'Mhanarain ga math do Laibh,  
Thug thu do m Fhein masla mor ;  
Fhinn na gailbse dheth Tair,  
Fhír nach tuim ri dol san seleo.
- 27 Fhinn na gailbse dheth Tair,  
Fhír nach Tuim dol san seleo ;  
Sgnr Draoghichd a churridh oirribh,  
Leis 'n do Chualigh a Chlann choir.
- 28 Triur air nach deurgidh arm,  
'S nach loisg an Teinnigh ga Bhoid ;  
'S nach mo Bhaite leis an Tuim,  
Cíod an Tuim a bha nan Feichd ?

Crioche.

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 bhí re fiadhach,  
Gu' m anu nu dhiambair na tualach ;  
Do chunnaig sinn Gruageach ca-trom,  
Le hidhachd le sgeúle chugainn.
- 2 Do bha stéud ag a Ghrugaich,  
'S ann léinne a b' uallach fhaicsinn ;  
Na cheann do bha an srian ór-bhuidh,  
Le iomearachá dh' ór 's do chlachaidh,
- 3 'S ann léinne bu bhrea a dhiollaíd,  
Do shíode, do shról, dh' fhiontrant ;  
Air an stéud chois ca-trom churant,  
Dh' thagte leis gach duine diombach.
- 4 Ghluais e ann na nile chomhdach,  
Gu Fianntidh phoil mar Fhior fhilidh ;  
Agus bheannaich e gu siobhált  
Marcaich seimh nan siog- shuil sionnach.
- 5 Thrus sinn uile 'n sin gu déonach,  
Gu's an ogan a b' fhear earradh ;  
A dh' fthaghlail sgeúl gu 'n éuradh,  
Uaith gu h éibhneach nallach callmah.
- 6 Dh' fhiosraich Mac Chuthaill d'on Ghrugaich,  
Ann am briathraibh uasal éibhainn ;  
'Ailís dhuinne 'nois air thoisich,  
Cia as t astar gu ríogh'chd Eirann.'
- 7 'Thainig mis' o thaobh nan sionnach,  
Do labhair an gille cófalach ;  
Gu' m bí sibhsa noe nar caithris,  
A sheachd cathanaibh na Féinne.'
- 8 Cíod e noe adhbhar ar caithris,  
Do labhair Fionn flath na Féinne ;  
'S nach aithne dhamb neach d' ar bualadh,  
Eidear ceath' r bhruacha' na h Eirann.'
- 9 'Do thig chuguibhsa noe cailleach,  
Is a h arrachd feín le céile ;  
Is cumidh iad ruibhsa cómbhrag,  
A dh' aingain conamb ar Féinne.'
- 10 'S an dhuinne bu nár r'a aithris,  
'Nuair a theannamaid r' a chéile ;  
Gu céabhadh sin oirna cailleach,  
Is a h arrachd feín le céile.
- 11 'S ann an sin a labhair Conan,  
Cho 'n eil onoir dhuinn a Ghrugaich ;  
Cia bug a chéabhadh oirnn cailleach,  
A céile sa h arrachd d' an ermaidlead.
- 12 'Do fthreagair 'an Gruagach guineach,  
Air a chubhaidh feín a Chonain ;  
Thig na fuathan oirbh le chéile,  
Is reubar leó 'noe do ghon shuil.'
- 13 Do bha ubhall ag a Ghrugaich,  
Is thiglaibh e uaith air astar ;  
Cheupadh e e san lámh chendna,  
'S ann léinne bu treabha gaisgáich.
- 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 sear e 'n da chluais ó 'n chlugéan,<sup>1</sup>  
Gu lom sgaphara do 'n Ghrugaich.
- 16 An sin dh' imích uainn a Ghrugaich,  
Se gu farbaich, fuathach, feargach ;  
Air a stéud chois, ca-trom, ghasa  
Dheannadh astar thair gach garbhach.

<sup>1</sup> Bha Conan maol ó 'n la so suas.

II. 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. 129 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' áibbhar cumha.
- 18 An sin thainig oirne chailleach,  
Is a h' anaich air a cubhach;  
Is a céile leith a leaba,  
'S cho b' adhbhar aitas iad dhuinne.
- 19 Tri fichead déug 's caogad curidh,  
A bhuaileadh builleen le chéile;  
Se sin a thuit leis na fuathan,  
Do Mhaithaibh 's do dh' uaisleibh ar Fcinne.
- 20 Seachd fichead do Chlanna Mórma,  
Bha lán do chréucaibh 's do chneidhaibh;  
Cho chulas riamh sgéul bu chraidhle,  
No na tri fuathan d' ar ceangal.
- 21 An oidhche sin dhuinn gu bronach,  
An deith ar cómhraig faí dheireadh;  
A sháodaibh ar mairbh gu h' uaidhaibh,  
Sgéula ro thrúagh is ní 'n ceilean.
- 22 Bu mhéasa le Fionn na fuathan,  
Dhol slán náithe as an áraich;  
Na mbéad is a thuit sa thoirchear,  
Leó d' ar Fianntídh gorma gaidh' lach.
- 23 Cha loiscadh teine da mhéad iad,  
Is cho bháite iad le h' uisce;  
Cho dearagamaid orra le 'r n armaibh,  
Cáit anois am biodh an guinsan.
- 24 B' eisean Grnagach chreag na talaich,  
Is sinn air nileann sliabh Mhanuis;  
Do tharladh dhuinne na fhreasdal,  
'S bu truaigh a leag e a lámh oirinn.
- 25 Thainig chugain na tri Chleirich,  
Gu ro cúlhanu 'n dara mháirach;  
'S am ballan sibhidh seachlíd  
Eatara teachd ann san láthair.
- 26 Dh' fhiosraich iad do Mhae Chuthaill,  
Mar a bu chulbhaidh san nair sin;  
'Cia leis 'n do bhearna' na gaisgach,  
No créud mu 'n d' rinneadh am buafadh.'
- 27 'Gur decair dhuinne sin iannseadh,  
No tionsgalaibh air a rítha,  
An trínir le 'n d' rinneadh air buafadh,  
Ghabh iad mu dhúmhair na dálaich.'
- 28 'Ma sa sinne tha 'nois uait,  
Thainig sinn gu 'n buach da cheann;  
Comann gu 'n lholachd gu 'n fhuaraidh,  
'S togadh sinn do shluabh dhuit Fhinn,
- 29 Dh' eirich macaídh do 'n chléir óg,  
'S an speirnaise mhór na lamh;  
Le feurtan ballan na' m' buadh,  
Dh' eirich a shluabh snas gu Fionn.
- 30 'Na gabhsa masladh a Rígh,  
Fhíur leis 'm bu mhíann dol 's gach tóir;  
Cha raibh ach draoidheachd níl am,  
Leis 'n do chlaoidheadh do chianu 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 TECHTIRE bha aig mo Ríogh,  
Ri Tim dol an maibhead dho;  
Giulle a bha aig ra ghairm,  
Rochd Mac Fhíachair she b' ainm dho.
- 2 Sabhail shin mar mhíthigh she.  
Bha aoin Chas Chli as a t-shoim;  
Bha aoin Laibh as neid nach Tim,  
Bha aoin suil an Lar a Chinn mhoir.

- 3 Bha do ghraoighleach aig an Flua,  
Gum bo luaidh naoín chas ghearr;  
Gun fagcigh e gach neich air bith  
San as a Ríth a choir e Geale.
- 4 Sin nar huirt Cormaic ri Rochd,  
Mas aill leat bli nocht gum reir;  
Ghuais gu Hallabin a suas,  
Cuir geall air Luas rish an Fhein,
- 5 Ghuais Rochd an Guilligh nach Tim,  
Air Choibhra 'n Fhir bu bhinn Guth;  
Ráinig e Allabhi nan Lann,  
Bheannaich e do D fhionn san Bhruth.
- 6 San nar huirt Diarmaid Donn,  
Mae o Duibhne nach trom Triogh;  
Fhír ad a thainig an Chuir,  
Gu de choir usa fo 'n Taoigh?
- 7 'S missigh Gille Choirmaig Dhuin,  
'S air gach Druim bu bhath mo Ríth;  
Hainig mi chur Geall air Luas,  
Rish na bheil sibh T-shluaigh astigh
- 8 Gheirich Gille nan Cass caoil,  
Ga ruadh air leo Fraoich as Bheann;  
Ga ghlaichde 's bu bhor a Fhian,  
Dherich an Fhian uille 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 Ríth a rein Rochd.
- 10 Leim e Ess Ruaigh gu bu bhor,  
'S cha do bhean a Bhrog ga Bhord;  
Leim Mac Cullbail e gu grad,  
'S bhá stad air gach Fearr do chach.
- 11 An nair a chunig mo Ríogh,  
Bhi briste Gessin an T-shluaigh  
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 comhbh 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 uehd nach cli,  
'S aon suil air elar a chinn mhoir,  
Bha do dhruigheachd 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 Fionhairim, as I learn from the Wars of the Gael, &c., printed.—J.F.C.

CORMAC 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 àim dol an àimhra' dhó;  
Gille do bh' aige 'r' a ghairn,  
Rochd Mac Fhàithcheair s' e b' àima dhó
- 2 Do labhair Cormaic re Rochd,  
'Ma 's àill leat bli noe do 'm réir;  
'Truss roimhad gu h Albhéinn suas,  
'S cuir geall do lhas ris an Fhéinn.'
- 3 Dh' imich Rochd an gille nach tìm,  
Le chómbradh nach bu bhinn kóinn;  
Rainig e Teambradh nan lann,  
'S bheannaich e le greann do 'n Fhéinn.
- 4 'S ann mar so do bha a shlúadh,  
Bha aon chos ehlí as a thóim;  
Aon lamh air uelid nach bu tìm,  
'S aon súil an clar a chinn mhóir.
- 5 'S e fhreagair e Diarmaid donn,  
Mae O Duimhne bu chruinn troidh;  
'Fhir ud a thainig d' ar Fhéinn,  
Cia do thuras fein o 'd thigh.'
- 6 'S mise gille Chormaic chruinn,  
'S air gach dream bu mhaith mo ruith;  
Thainig mi chuir geall mo luas,  
Ris na bheil sibh shluagh a stigh.'
- 7 Dh' eirich gille nan cos caol,  
Da ruith air fea' fraoich is bheann;  
Dh' eirich ge d' bu mhór a phian,  
Dh' eirich an Fhianm níl 'is Fíonn.
- 8 Bha sinn mar sin o lean gu luan,  
A suibhal bhruach, bheann is chnoc;  
'S chuir sinn Beinn éudain air chrith,  
Le mead na ruith a rinn rochd.
- 9 Léum e Eas-ruaidh ge mór,  
'S ní 'n do lean e bhórd a léum;  
'S lenn Fíonn e gu grad,  
'N uair a stad gach fear do 'n Fhéinn,
- 10 'N uair a chunnaig Fíonn nam fleadh,  
Gu d' bhris e geas-an shluaidh;  
Dh' iadh e dha léim nu chois Ruichd,  
Air eudann a chnuc aibhídh fhuair.
- 11 Mar sin a chunaidh 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 Mac-phail. Edinburgh, March 30, 1872.

*Cormac*, A.D. 213., sends *Roc* to *Albhain* (Allen), to run a race with *Fíonn*. He catches him at *Eas Bruach* (Bally-shannon). Then *Cormac*, King of *Ulster* (Ulster), is changed into *Mhullin* (of the Mill) and later into *Muille* (of Mull). At \*\*\* the whole thing changes in style and rhythm. It becomes stiff, and all the names from Cuchul-lin downwards to the end of the last battle are jumbled together in hopeless strife. 'Oscar' slays 'Connachar.' 'Cormac' praises 'Fíonn.' 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 àill leat bli nochd an reir;  
Druid roimhad a dh' Albhain suas,  
'S cuir geall luathas ris an Fhéinn.
- 2 Ní mise sin air a riar,  
Chormaic nan clar 's nan long;  
Ach 's eagal nach tig air m' ais,  
O laoch bhraas na mor ghloinn.
- 3 Roc bha eagal rianh nad' chail,  
On tharladh tu nam luinn;  
Co chumna ruit an luathas,  
Dól suas ri eudainn tuim,
- 1 Luath mar cheathach na beinne,  
'S a ghaoth g'a gheasadh le toirm;  
Léum Roc na lung cathain,  
A reula cuan atlach gur traigh,

- 5 Latha bha sinn an crom ghléann nan cloch,  
Thainig oirme an t-athach iogha;  
Dh' fhalaicheadh cuig meoire a thraidh,  
Trian do urlar an righ thighe.
- 6 Bha mar dhruchd air an fheur  
'Cha robh ach aon chas chearr o thoin;  
Aon lamh as uelid gun bli ehlí,  
Is aon súil an clar a chinn mhóir.
- 7 Oglaoich thainig an Cuin,  
Cíod a thug thu fein do'r tigh;  
Is mise gille Chormaic chruinn,  
Air gach luim bu math mo ruith.
- 8 Thaineam a chur geall luathas,  
Ris na bheil do shluagh 'nar tigh;  
'S faoin do bheachd, a Roc nan lab,  
Ann a' d' rna tha beart ehlí.
- 9 Cha 'n eil a shluagh aig Cormac nan sleagh,  
Na dh' fheucha ruim an ruith na fri;  
Ghuaisealid gille nan cosan caol,  
Ga ruith feadh fraoich 's bheann,
- 10 Glacadh bu mhór a shian,  
Dh' eirich an Fhianm uile 's Fíonn;  
Léum e eas Ruaidh, ge bu mhór,  
'S cha do bhean a bhord ga throithd.
- 11 Léum Mac Cuthail e gu grad,  
'Nnair stad gach fear san Fhéinn;  
Dh' iadh e lamh na aon chos Ruic,  
Air eudainn cuic talmhain fhuair.
- 12 Gach fear mar thigeadh do 'n Fhéinn,  
Bha lann ga tarruing as;  
Síd mar chaidh Roc gu tigh Fhinn,  
An coimeach a chinn 'sa chas.
- 13 Teachtaireachd fhuair Cormac mor,  
Gu na leona' Roc sa ghreis;  
Mhiomaich e bu diobhal duinn,  
Nach bitheadh Fiann g' an cheann thoirt leis.
- 14 Ghluais e Chosruith o thulach ard,  
Gu Scallama a chuir fo thuinn;  
Bhuail e steach gu comrag dian,  
Cu cian a charrais ud duinn.
- 15 Sheall Fíonn o chaislidh nam bnaidh,  
Suas gu mullach mhíll deirg;  
Co iad na h-athach a ghluais,  
Fhearruis co 'n sluaigh air an leirg.
- 16 Ghluais Feargus armach og,  
An rod a thainig an feuchal;  
Co iad na fir ealma diúan,  
A triall do chrom ghléann an t-sneachd?
- 17 So Cormac righ Mhuilin an aigh,  
Cha 'n eil baigh aige ri neach;  
Ag iarraidh coir o Fhíonn nam Fiann,  
Dioladh Ruic ruaidh nan each.
- \* \* \*
- 18 A Chormac a chuireadh cath chend,  
'S mor an beud do theachd air lear;  
Cuinbhach a chomain a bla,  
'S gabh baigh dhuit fein bhuid.
- 19 Cha chiall duit tagha gu'r feachd,  
Tha air neart nar chreag nach aom;  
'S tric a chuir sinn do namh gu cuan,  
Tha Roc na shuain gu faoin.
- 20 Mar beo do Roc nan cleas luath,  
Gille bu chruaidhe an cath threun;  
Dioladh mí a leon gu eas'  
Ma bhitheas an fhuich an reir (do'm).
- 21 Phill Fearghus bu mhór bheann  
'Sa nagh a crithheadh fo cheumaibh;  
Síd e Cormac righ na Muile,  
Ag iarraidh fuil Ruic is beuman.
- 22 Crom ghléann 's fhadla bha slán,  
Is tann aig eilid nan raon;  
Gun ghuath cogaidh gun laidh air,  
Gun thuaim baís a struth o Mhaol.



- 23 Fheara na geillibh do 'n athach,  
'Se labhair Fionn 's cath na ghruaidh ;  
Pillibh an ruaig suas Drunmalla,  
Faiceadh Cormac aill a bhuaidh.
- 24 Chaidh na fir an dail a cheile,  
Goll a' caithe na faiche ;  
Oscar mo shar Mhac deanalach,  
Caoilte cridhe na gaisge.
- 25 Cuthullin an aigne mhoir,  
Faolan og, agus Diarmaid maiseach ;  
Toscar nan arm gearradh  
Bha mi fein a' measg nan toiseach.
- 26 Co sheinneadh cath nan laoch,  
Co dh' fheuda' a luaidh an t-arr ;  
Thuit le laimh Ghuidh Iohu armach,  
Mac rìgh Chormaic sìos air lar.
- 27 Thuit le Oscar Conchar nan lan,  
'S gann dh' fhendta dh' earga chasga ;  
Dh' eirich Cormac dh'ionna' a shloigh,  
Dh' eirich Fionn suas mar fhrasclarn,
- 28 Thachair na fir laimh air laimh,  
Chaidh 'n gathan nam bloighdibh a' s t-athar  
Tharuing iad an lannan crodha,  
Chluinnte fead an arman dathete.
- 29 Dh' fhalbh eolagide 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 lùbailh fein,  
An struth Dhuithe threun nan glas charrn ;  
Sìol gun bhaigh ehtar an nachdar,  
Buaidh gu brath cha tig le traise (gaise).
- 32 Tha Fionn, deir Cormac nan ceud,  
Mar shruth do 'n fheur anam na tior ;  
Mar reul san oidliche da na neoil,  
'San ceo a' camadh ma cheann gun chli.
- 33 Biodh rùn reidh, a fhlath nau ard bheann,  
Tha nam h ag iarraidh mo bhagradh ;  
Eirin uile ged bu lean,  
Gheibheadh tu choimn Garua 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 Liobhan,' 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, Esen-lajius 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. L., 104 lines, orally collected in Barra, with Y. 2, 37 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 sin an dara mhaireach  
Ann an Ceardach Lon Mac Liomhach  
Gu bu Mhaith ar 'n ochd clòidheamhan  
'S ar 'n ochd Slegban rìghne 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. Gearn nan Callan; or Gear nan Calg.
3. Osgar . . . 3. A Chruaidh-Chosgarrach; an Eucdrigh; an Drioghleannach; an Bruiddhannach;
4. Daorghlas . . . 4. An Leadann Mhòr; a Chreidh'lich; a Chruaidh-Chosgarrach;
5. Diarmaid . . . 5. An Liomharrach; an Loinhannach; 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 an 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 Bhagarrach, and 10. Mac-na-Ceardich, or A Chomlann-Nìdh-na-Ceardach, have no masters. Sword is masculine, Blade is feminine, so the names vary in different versions. H. 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 dhuin air luachair leothaid,  
Da cheathrar chròdha dh' ann 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 suidhe dhuin air an tulaich,  
'S ann leinn 'bu chumha ar cuimhne.

D. F. H. O. M. Y. Z.

- 3 Chunnaic sinn a' teachd 'nar comhdhail,  
Olach mòr a 's e air an chois;  
An claidh dhuibh ghris-fhinn chraicinn,  
Le còtan lachdunn 's le ruadh bharr.

Y. *Le chloch (mhùndal) duibh cìar-dhùibh craicinn*  
Y. *Le cheanna-bheirt lachdunn 's i ruadh-sheirg.*  
Y. *Le i 'onnar lachdunn 's le ruadh bheirt.*  
(bheire) D.

D. 4, H.

- 4 Bha currachd nu cheann maol éitidh, (chlogud)  
B' i mhaol gheur a bha ro-ghruamach;  
Aon sùil mholach an clàr aodainn,  
'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 'blith 'dol seachad;  
Co 'm ball am bhèid do thinnedh,  
'Ille le d' chluaidh chraicinn?

H. 4.

- 6 Nìor bheannaich an truth do sheachdnar  
Fhinn Mhac Cumhail O Ahuain;  
Dhuitse 's na comaine ceudna  
Fhuath ro-dhèisnich, éitidh, chealgach.

K

O. 4.

- 7 Lonn Mac Liomhuin gu b' e m' ainm,  
Ann tìr Lochlainn (huair mi m' arach;  
Ba nearachd m', athair do 'n rugadh mise  
I 's mo dhithis bràithrean.

D. F. H. M. O. Y. Z.

- 7A Lonn 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 Sjaoil.

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 'nna ochduar  
Siar gu dorsn mo cheardaich.

D. F. H. M. Y. Z.

- 9 Cìà 'm ball am bheil do cheardach,  
A thruth am b' fheairde sime' faicinn:  
Faicadh sibhse i ma dh' fhaodar,—  
Ma dh' fhaodas mise cha-n fhaic sibh.

D. F. M. Y. Z.

- 10 Gun d' fhuig iad an sin 'nan sìubhal  
Air Chòige Mhumba 'nan lath dhearg;  
'S air Ghleann an Buidhe mu bheithe  
Gun deach iad 'nan ceithir buidhuibh.

D. F. H. M. O. Y. Z.

- 11 Ba bhuidheann diubb sin an gobha,  
Bu bhuidheann eile dhiubb Daorghlas;  
Bha Fionn 'nan deaghainn 'san nair sin  
A 's beagan de dh' uaislean na Féinne.

D. M. O. Y. Z.

- 12 Thug e as mar ghaoith an earraich  
'Mach ri' beannaibh dubha 'n t-sleibhe;  
'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 lenn  
Air gach gleannan faoin romh fhàrach;  
Air shìabh Buidhe mar bheitheir,

D. F. M. Y. Z.

- 14 A' tearnadh air altan a' chumir,  
A' dìreadh ri bealach nam faobhar;  
Chunnaic iad uatha fòir fàire  
Ionad tàmh a ghobhann éitidh.

D. M. Y. Z.

- 15 Fosgladh beag gun d' fhuig 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 fù 'n teallach,  
Is teannachair do chorrann caorainn;  
No ceathair nìrd a bha re freaslad,  
B' fharr no sud a fhreagradh Dorghlas.

D. F. M. Y. Z.

- 16 Fhuaras an sin builg ri shéideadh;  
Fhuaras air éigin a' cheardaich;  
Fhuaras ceathrar ghoibhlean rìgh Meirbhe,  
De dhaoine doirbhe mì-dhealbhach.

D. F. M. Y. Z.

- 17 Bha seachd lamhan air gach gobha;  
Seachd teannachairn leothair aotrom;  
'S na seachd nìrd a bha 'gan sprèigeadh;  
'S cha bu mheasa 'fhreagradh Daorghlas.

D. F. H. M. Y. Z.

- 18 Daorghlas fear gharnell na ceardaich!  
Bu ghoirt 's bu ghàbhaidh a throdan!  
'S bu deirge na gual an darrach,  
A shnuadh le toradh na h-oibre.

D. F. H. M. Y. Z.

- 19 Lahbair fear de na goibhribh  
Gu grìomach agus gu grunmach;  
Co e 'm fear caol gun tìona  
'S hìneas an teinne erudhach?

D. F. H. M. Y. Z.

- 20 An sin fhreagair Fionn Mac Cumhail  
Mar 'bu chluaidh dhà 'san nair sin;  
'Cha bhì 'n t-ainm sin gun sgeoileadh,  
Bha Daorghlas air gus an nair so.'

D. F. M.

- 21 Fhuaras an sin ainm 'n an sìneadh,  
Na claidhmhean liòbharra daite;  
'S iad coimhlionta air an deanaidh,  
De dh' armaibh dìreacha, gasda.
- 22 Fhuair sinn an sin arn ochd claidhmhean  
De dh' armaibh dìreacha, daite;  
Tri chlaidhmhean eile 'nam fochair,  
Feal agus Faoidh agus Fasdai.

H.

- 23 Tri chlaidhmhean chlanu na ceardaich  
Bu ro nbaith am feum ri gaisge;  
'S gum bì 'n liòbharach lann Dhiarmaid,  
'S iomadh latha riamb a dhearbh i.

Y. Z.

- 24 A chruaidh chosgarrach lann Osgair;  
An leadaruch mhòr lann Chaoilte;  
Mac an Linn air 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 fàrram au am truide

F. 22.

- 26 'N sin 'nuair 'lahbair an gobhainn  
'N déis am faghairt mar a dh' fhaod e;  
Cha bhì iad nìle gu m' fòir-sa,  
Gun am faghairt am feoil dhaoine

F. 23.

- 27 Chuir iad an sin croinn mh 'n timcheall,  
Co air an d' thigeadh a' chaoil-spìrinn;  
Co air an d' thàinig an iomairt,  
Ach air Fionn, rìgh chlanu Baoisgne.

F. 24.

- 28 Dh' imich Fionn dh' ionnsaidh an dorais,  
A 's e lán carruich mh 'n aobhar;  
'Se 'tharladh air a' dol seachd  
Ceum beag rathaid 's e ri smaointeach.

F. 25.

- 29 Lean e gus an do ràinig e dorus,  
Bhuail e mar fhear ag iarraidh faoileachd;  
Fhreagair seana-bhean e 'bha caslaich;  
Gu ghe, foistreach rinn i fhoighneachd.

F. 26.

- 30 Cìod na nìtean 'tha thu sìreachd;  
Na co as do theachd an taobh so?

F. 27.

- 31 Fhreagair Fionn an sin gu fialaidh,  
Fios t' ainme b' àill leam fhaostaim?  
Cìod e do riaghlaid air fùreach?  
Na do thuineachas au taobh so.

F. 28.

- 32 'Gur mise màthair a' ghobhann  
'Bu nbaith a thobhairt nam faobhar;  
'S bha mi ri còmhaidh 'san asdail  
Anns am bheil thu 'faicinn m' aoidaim.

F. 29.

- 33 Tha do mhac ag iarraidh t' fhaicinn  
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' shìreachd an ceart nair  
Thèid mi g' a fhaicinn 'san am so.'

F. 31.

- 35 An sin 'nuair a ghluais Fionn 's a' chailleach,  
'Siar gu dorsaibh na ceardaich;  
Chuir e 'bhean a steach an toiseach,  
O 'n a bha dosgaidh an dàn dìth.

F. 32.  
 36 Sparr an gobha na h-airm dhaite  
 Mach ceart troimh chorp a mháthar ;  
 'N sin thuir e ri Fionn—'A droch dhuine  
 Thug orm dol an fuil nach b' áill leam !'

F. 33.  
 37 Thuir e ri Fionn—'Sin di chlaidheamb,  
 'S déan a thasgaidh anns an sgábard ;  
 Thuir Fionn, 'nuair a ghlae e 'n chlaidheamb,  
 Gun robh ear ann 's an robh fáillinn.

F. 34.  
 38 Dh' iarr an gobhaim e ri fhaicinn  
 Cíod an ear a bh' ann nach b' áill leis ;  
 B' aithreach le Fionn a thuir seachad,  
 'S dh' iarr e 'n lann air ais gun dáil air.

F. 35.  
 39 Sparr e 'n elaidheamb anns a' ghobhainn,  
 'S rinn e 'thaghart mar a b' áill leis.

F. 36. H. Y. Z.  
 40 Gun do ghabh sinn an sin nu sibhball  
 'Ghabhail sgeula de righ Lochlainn ;  
 Gun do labhair an righ usal  
 Le neart suarraicheas mar bu eubhaidh.

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 teachadh ;  
 Ach air lár na Foide Fineadh  
 Cha robh sinne ann ach seisear.

F. M. Y. Z.  
 43 Bu dithis diubb sin mis' agus Caoilte,  
 Bu triúr diubb sin Fionn fial ;  
 Bu cheathrar dhiubb Fionn air thoiseach ;  
 'S bu eaignear dhiubb 'n t-Oscar calma.

F. H. M. Y. Z.  
 44 Bu sheisear dhiubb Goll Mac Morna,  
 Nach d' fhulaing táir ri m' chuimhne ;  
 Ach sguiridh mí nis d' an áireamb,  
 O-n chaidh an Fhéinn gu sod oirnn.

D. 22.  
 45 O nach mairionn deagh Alhae Cuthail,  
 Cas sibhball nam mór-cheum doireach ;  
 'Bhith air lán an duinn de 'n aran  
 A' tarraing nan gallanan uisge.

D. F. M. Y. Z.  
 46 Bu mhaith mí latha na teann-ruith  
 Ann an ceardaich Loin Mhic Liomhann ;  
 A nochd geol as amhann mo threoir  
 Déis an sgeoil so 'bhith ga inseadh.

*Various Readings.*

D. 3. Lines 2, 3.  
 2 Le Mhantal duth eiar dubh Craicein  
 3 Le Ionnar Laebdin 's le ruadh-bheire

D. 4.  
 1 Le Chloggaid mu Chean maol Eitidh.  
 4 Togadar air Nairn ri fhaicsinn

O. 1. Lines 1, 2, 3, 4.  
 Chunnas tighinn o 'n Mhuna  
 Fear fada dubh 's e air an chois  
 Le mhantal eiar dubh cricinn  
 'S apran de 'n eudaeh chianta.

D. 4.  
 Le chlogaid mu cheann maol citidh  
 A mhaol gheur a 's ise gruamach  
 Linn duinn a' bhith faicinn an ogleaich  
 Togadar ar 'n airn ri fhaicsinn.

H. 3.  
 1 Bha eurrachd na chon-mhaoil chéiste.  
 3 'S 'nuair bha sinn nu chomhair a chéile  
 4 Thogadar ar 'n airn le fuathas

D. 5. Lines 3, 4.  
 Co 'n Tir ann aon bi do Bhunnadh,  
 Na Fluir ud a Chuthail 'Chraicein ?

H. 5. Lines 3, 4.  
 Co an tir am bheil do mhuintinn,  
 Fluir ud tha fuí 'n chuthail gruamach ?

D. 6. Lines 3, 4.  
 Gur mishe an Tolla Gotha  
 A bhaig Riogh Lochlan San Bheirbhe

H. 6. Lines 3, 4.  
 Gu bheil am umball Gomha  
 Aig Righ Lochlan anns a' Mheirathair.

D. 18.  
 4 Fead a 's Faodh agus Fasgadh  
 D. 19.  
 1 A bhagaraeh 's Mae Ceardieb  
 2 Bha Chosgaraeh mhór aig Diarmaid.

D. 20.  
 1 Mae an Loin b i Lann Mhic Cuthail  
 3 Aig Oscar bhithidh an Euehdriogh  
 4 'S gum bi Chreiehdich 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 Drioghcamach lann Oseair  
 'S bi Chruaidh chosgarraeh lann Chaoilte

H. 21.  
 1 Gu b' i 'n Laineannach lann Dhiarmaid  
 3 A-gum fein bha gean nan calluinn.

H. 22.  
 1 Bha tri chloidheamlan chlann na ceardaeh  
 4 Feadag is Faechadh, is Fasgadh.

F. 20.  
 1 Fead agus Faoidh agus Fasdail  
 2 'Sa Chomhlann nichd na Ceardach  
 3 'S an lann fhada ghlas bh' aig Diarmaid

F. 21.  
 1 A-gam san bha gear nan ealgh  
 3 Machd an Luin a bhaig mach Cuthail.

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 snidy 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 snidy; 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 MHC LUN. 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 chearar chlogia do 'n bluihghinn  
 Mí fein,<sup>1</sup> is Oscar<sup>2</sup> is Daorghlas  
 Bha Fionn fein ann, is b'e Mae-Cumhail.

<sup>1</sup> Ossian. <sup>2</sup> Diarmaid.

- 2 Chunnas tighinn o' n bhagh  
An toglach mor is e air aon chois  
Le chochlad dubh, ciar-dubh eraicion.  
Le cheann-bheirt lachdainn is i ruadh-mheirg.
- 3 Bu ghranda coslas an òglaich.  
Bu ghranda sin agus bu dhaicéidh,  
Le chlogaid ceann-mhor cèataich,  
Mar mhaol eidi dh'fhàs dhaicéil.
- 4 Labhair ris Fionn Mac-Cumhail.  
Mar dhuine bhiodh dol seachd;  
Cia i an tìr an bheil do thuin?  
Ghlualla le do chulaid' chraicion.
- 5 Lan Mac-Liobhain, 's e m' ainm ceart,  
Na 'm bhòdh agaibhse beachd sgeul orm,  
'S gu 'm bithinn 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 Ciod am ball am bheil do Cheardach?  
Na 'm fearfa sinne, g'a faicsin?  
Fàiceadh sibhse sin, na dh' fhaodas,  
Ach na dh' fhaodas mise, cha 'n Fhaicsibh.
- 8 Sin n'ar chuidh iad nan sibhhal,  
Mar chuire mugha na luimeidheirg  
Air shlabh buidhe mar bheithir  
Gu 'n robh sin' 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'naisibh na Fèine.
- 10 Cha deanadh an Gobhainn ach aon-cheum,  
Thair gaeh gleannan faoin 'n robh fàsach  
Cha ruicadh oirne ach air eigin,  
Cearb d'ar n' aodach shuas ar masailh.
- 11 Tearna gu urlar a chòire  
Dire re bealach na saothair;  
Fosa beag ort, ars' an Gobhainn,  
Drauidse 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 Goibhneibh re meirbhidh  
Do dhaoine dairbhe mi dheallbach.
- 14 Gu 'n do labhair fear do na Goibhneibh  
Gu grimeach agus ga gruamach  
Co e an fear caol gun tìmeadh,  
A shìneadh mach tìne Cruadbach.
- 15 Dulhairt Fionn fear fuasgl'a na ceiste,  
(An lann nach tagann 'san fhadbach)  
Cha bhì 'n t ainm sin sgoilte,  
Bha Daorghlas air gus an uair so.
- 16 Bha seachd lannan air a Ghoibinn  
Agus seachd tennchair leobhair aotrom,  
Na seachd ùird a bha g'a spreige,  
'S cha bu meas a threagra Caoilte.
- 17 Caoilte fear fhàire na Ceardaich,  
Sgeul deirbhte gu 'n troid e  
Gu 'm bu deirge na 'n gnal darach  
A shnuadh, a toradh na h-obire.
- 18 Fhuaras ann sin na 'n sine,  
Do armaibh dìreach daite  
'S an collana air an deanaibh  
Do dh'armaibh sìnte na fàiche.
- 19 Fead, agus Faoi' agus Fasdal,  
Is a Chennlann nic na Cearslach,  
'S an lann fhad' a bh'aig Diarmad  
'S iona' la rianh a dhearbh i.
- 20 Agam fein a bha Deire na 'n colag,  
Bu mhòr farum a truide  
'S Mae-an-Làin a bh'aig Mac-Cumhail,  
Nach d' fhag fuigheal do theoil dhaoine.

- 21 Gu 'n do ghabh sinne ma-shiubhal,  
Ghabhaidh sgeula do Rì Lochlan;  
Sin n'ar labhair an Rì nasal,  
Le neart suaire mar bu ebuma.
- 22 Cha tugamaid air bhur eagal  
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 dhiubh sin mis : agus Caoilte  
'S bu truir dhiubh Faolan feall,  
Bu cheathrar dhiubh Fionn air thoiseach,  
'S bu chuirgear dhiubh an t-Oscar calma.
- 25 B' e sheisir Goll Mac-Mòrna,  
Nach d' fhuing tair re m' chùine  
Togaibh mi tuile dheth 'n àireamh,  
O chuidh 'n Fheinn gu sodra'.
- 26 Bu mhath mi la na teann-ruith  
Ann am Ceardaich Lónaidh Liubhain.  
An nochd 's annamam mo chùil  
An dèis a bhì 'g rìvamb na buighne.

## A MHULEIRTEACH. D. F. M. O. &amp;

THIS personage is described in ballads as a woman, having one terrible eye swift as a mackerel, shaggy hair, black blue complexion, and teeth enumbered 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 MHULEARTICH.

Mac Nicol's Collection. 84 lines. Ossianic Ballad, copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 1, 1872.

- 1 La do 'n Fhein air Tulloch toir,  
Re abhrac Erin man Tìonchàl;  
Chunnaire iad air Bharribh Thonn,  
An Tarrachd eiridh aotail crom,
- 2 She b' ainm do 'n D'huath nach ro fann,  
Am Muilleartich maol raugh mathionn  
muantich  
Bha Baodin dn-ghlas air Dhreich guail,  
Bha Deud carbaidich clainn-ruaigh.
- 3 Bha aoin shuil ghloigiech na ceann,  
'S bu luagh i na riunch Macoirin;  
Bha greann ghlas duth air a ceann,  
Mar dhroch Coill chrinich fo air Chrìtheann.
- 4 Rì abharc nan Fian bu bhior Gail,  
T shantich a bhias teachd bhi nan Innis;  
Mhairbh i le Habhich Cìad Lannich,  
Sa Gaira mor na gearbh Craois.
- 5 Cait a bheil Fìr as farr na shud,  
An Dìugh ad Fhein a Mìch Cùbhail;  
Chuirinse shùl air do Laibh,  
A Mhuleartich Mhathionn mhaol chammapach.
- 6 Air se Luchd chumail nan Conn,  
Na bì oirne gad mhaothadh;  
Gheibh u Cùbhig as gail shith,  
Huir Mac Cùbhil an tair Rìogh.
- 7 Gad' gheibhinse Brìgh Erin uille,  
A Hor 'sa Haigrid sa Hìmbhìs;  
Bearr leon u Chosgair do T-shleigh,  
Oscair a Raine, sa Chorrail.

- 8 An T-shleigh shin ris a bheil u fas,  
San aice ha do dhian-bhas ;  
Caillidh tu Dos a Chiuin chrain,  
Re deo Mhac Ossain a dhearraigh.
- 9 Busa dhuit ord crothidh nan clach,  
A chaigna fod 'l Fhlaiclan  
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-dhuath Mac bramh,  
Dherich Goll mor agus Connan ;  
Dherich na Laoich nach bu tionn,  
Laoich Mhic Cubhail nan arm grinn.
- 12 Agus rein iad Cro-coig-cath,  
Mun Arriehd eitidh san Ghleann ;  
A chearthir Laoich a b' fhearr san Fhein,  
Choihbhrigidh i iad gu leir,  
Agus fhrithilidh i iad na sheach,  
Mar Ghath Rinne na Lasrich.
- 13 Haehir Mac Cubhail an aigh,  
Agus a Bhiast Laibh air Laibh ;  
Bha Deuchd air Barringh a Laine,  
Bha laibh a Cholla ri Gain buaidh.
- 14 Bha Braoin ga Fluil 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 sreuligh le gotha nan cuan,  
Gun do bharragh am Muileartich maithion maol  
ruagh.
- 16 Mar dechidh e an Tailibh tole,  
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 gabhr Liabh ;  
'S nach deid Fua na arrachd as,  
Fon T sluaigh aluin Fhalt-bhu-iompaidh.
- 18 Bheir mise Briathar a rist,  
Ma bharbhgh am Muileartich min ;  
Nach thag mise ain na Ghleann,  
Tom, Innis na Eillain.
- 19 Bheir mi breapadh air muir,  
Agus enagadh air Tir ;  
Agus nì mi croran Coill (crocoian)  
Ga tarraing hngamasa Taithichean (Treibh-  
ichean).
- 20 S mor an Luchd do Loingean ban,  
Erin uille do Thog bhail  
'S nach dechidh do Loingean riadh air sail,  
Na thoga Coigibh 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 Gaelhel 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, 'Inglin 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 na shuidhe air Tulaich Fhoirr 's an Fheinn uile ma thiomheoll, chunnacadar a' teuchd ar barr nan tonn, Cailleach eidigh, leothar, chrota, aig teuchd a dhubhairt comhraig orra.

- 1 An bhith do Fhionn air tulaich Fhoirr,  
'G amhar Eirinn mu timcheoll,  
Air faicinn dha teachd air bharra thom,  
Earrachd eidigh, fheall, chrom,
- 2 Bu mhòr a b-ionnud 's a fàs,  
Bu luath cuid sibhail ri b-aois.  
Bha cuarain iarruinn mu dà mhàs,  
Bha faiclan siar seach a craos ;
- 3 Bha claidhe meirgeach air a crios,  
Ri àm feirge bu gharbh greis,  
Bha da shleagh iarruinn air an taobh cile  
Do 'n flua' chul-liath Chailleich.
- 4 Bha car ga ionain mu chaol a duirn,  
Bha car ga caothair mu chaol-drain ;  
Bha h-òdan da-ghlas air dhreach gnail,  
Bha deud charabadach chrann ruadh,
- 5 Bha aon suil ghloch na ceann,  
'S bu luath i na rionnach maire,  
Bha greann-ghlas orra' nar bhi  
Na mar choill chrionach air crith,
- 6 Air faicsinn dhi an Fhiann mu dheas,  
Chuca ghabh a bhias nan innis.  
'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 oirrn n' ar n' àireamh,  
Is rinn i oirrn eion gun chomain,  
Mharbha leatha cend laoch,  
'S bha gaire na garbh chraos.

M. 6. DUAN A MHUIREARTUICH, NO MHUL-  
EARTUICH. 120 lines.

- 1 LATHA d' an Fheinn air tulaich shoir  
Ag amhar Eirinn mu 'n timcheoll  
Chunnaire iad ag teachd air fonn  
An t-arrachd eitidh creathoil crom.
- 2 'S e b' ainm d' an fhuath nach robh tionn  
Am Muireartach maol ruadh Muingean  
Bha eadan da-ghlas air dhreach gnail  
Bha deud a charbuid claon ruadh.
- 3 Bha aon suil ghlegach 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  
Shantuaich a bheist a bhith nan innis
- 5 An tosaich m'eadh agus àir  
Rinneadh leis gean gun chomain,  
Mharbh e le abhachd cend laoch  
'S a ghaire na gharbh chraos.
- 6 O loch nan Cnach thainig mi  
Gu teith diomasach deadh dhian,  
Geill as gach aon fhear sa chath  
Gar e dh' iar am fuath gu comhrag.
- 7 Fear is fear ma chomhrag cheud  
Chuireadh an righ dh' fhios na beist,  
'S mar ruithcadh a mhuir-chlach naigh  
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 Cunnail, gu grain nan oilein.
- 9 Chuirinn-se sud air do laimh  
A Mhuileartuich Mhuingean chlaoin chainn,  
Air seath luchd chumail nan cón  
Na bith oirne ga d' mhaoiteadh.

- 10 Gheibh thu cumhadh 's gabh sith,  
Thuir Mac Cumhaill an t-arl rìgh,  
Deich ceud ubhall d' an or ghlan  
'S tog dh'inn a chluanaichnan coin.
- 11 Ge d' gheabhunn-se brìgh Eirinn nìle  
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'fhuingil tair  
Mac Morna d'am b' ainm Conan,  
Caillidh tu dos a chinn chrin  
Re deagh Mhae Oissain d' fhoir rìgh.
- 13 B' asadh dhuit ord eoradh nan cloch  
A chagnadh fo d' d'heudaich  
Na combrag nam Fiann fuileach  
Air nach do bhuadhaich 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 Iuluinn.
- 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 Mioun.  
Dh'eir'ich diais a b' aluin dreach  
Cuchuluinn is Faolan neo mbeas.
- 17 Dh'eir'ich na laoch nach bu tiom  
Laoidh 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  
Chomhrugaigh e iad gu leir  
Is thricealadh o iad mu'd seach  
Mar ghath rannne 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 thuil air na fraochuibh.
- 20 Thuit am Muileartach leis an rìgh,  
Ach na thuit cha b' ann gun strì  
Deuchainn cha d' thuir e mar sin  
O la ceardaich Lóin Mhic Libhainn.
- 21 Dh'fhalbh an Gobhain leis a bhrìgh  
Gu teach athar an aird rìgh;  
Rinneadh beud, deir Gobhain nan cuan,  
Mharbhadh am Muileartach ruadh.
- 22 A rìgh Beatha dhuit is nair  
Ar saruchadh le luchd aon oilein.
- 23 Mur do loisg teine, mur do bhabh tonn,  
Mur do shluig muir leathann lom,  
Cha robh do dhaoineibh air domhain  
Na Mharbhadh am Muileartach Muingean.
- 24 Cha b'e mharbh e ach an Fhian  
Buidheann leis nach gabhadh fiamh;  
Cha d' theid fuath na airachtas  
O 'n t-shluagh aluin fhalt-bhuidhe chas.
- 25 Bheir mise briathar a ris  
Ma mharbhadh am Muileartach nìn  
Nach tog mi do Eirinn aigh  
Tom, innis, no oilein;
- 26 Nach tog mi an corruibh mo long  
Eirinn chorranta cho-throm
- 27 Cuirean breabannach air muir  
Ga togbhaill as a tonn-bhalla,  
Craoain chrona re tìr  
Ga tarraing as a taibhe.
- 28 Is mor an luach do loingis bhain  
Eirinn uile a dh' aon laimh  
'S nach deachaidh loingear air sal  
A thegadh cuige do dh' Eirinn.
- 29 Chuir e fios gu Ithaibh Fail  
Am Muireartach fhaotain da slan  
No barra brìgh Eirinn nìle  
Eadar mhae rìgh is aon duine.

- 30 Gabh mo chomhairle, 's in choir  
Labhair Mac Cumhaill mhie Trein-mhoir,  
Is fearr or cruinte nan clach  
Na combrag nam Fiann faileach.

## O. 16. AM MUIREARTACH.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 93. 105 lines. Copied by Malcolma 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 dhunn air tulaich *Saio* (Soimùil),  
Ag ambare Eirin uile mar tìomchioll;  
Chunneas tighinn air bharraibh thonn,  
Arc allid agus fall ehom.
- 2 Is e b' ainm do 'n uamnanach gblan,  
Am Muireartach Maol ruagh Mhaighe (mhara)  
Bha a heudainn du' ghlas air dreach guail,  
'S a deud chariad garbh ruagh.
- 3 Aon suil ghlogach na ceann,  
Na bu luaidhe na sionnacha maighe (ramach)  
(marach)  
Agus greann liath-glas troimh a ceann;  
Mar choille chrionach fo chrith-reoth (do chrithionn).
- 4 Air faicsinn nam Fiann fo geasamh (ma coinneamh),  
Tigeadh a bheisd do 'n Innis;  
'Se steud mìle gan tìomdadh,
- 5 Mharbh i le gan gun choman,  
Deich ceud laoch,  
Agus a gaire na garbh chraos,
- 6 Co iad na laoch a b' fhearr na sud,  
O 'n tì o 'n d' thainig mi;  
A thug silhse 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' fhulang tair,  
Mac Morna do 'm b' ainm Conan.  
Fagaidh tu dos a chinn chrine,  
Re Mac Oisein iarraidh;
- 10 Triath as gach uanar '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 *fhòidh chonair* air lassadh (*loban*).
- 12 Gun tharla Mac Cuthail an aigh,  
Agus a' bheisd laimh air laimh;  
Earlunn cha 'n thacas air sìr,  
O Cheardach Loin Mhic Loinuinn.
- 13 Cha bu dona foghair an aigh,  
Rinn colbhair air an laoch ann ruadh;  
Oisean le 'n deargar na g'il,  
Oscar arm ruadh agus Iuluinn.
- 14 Ach thuit a bheisd leis an rìgh,  
Ma thuit cha b' ann gan chis (strì);  
Gun deach an Gabhainn leis a bhrìgh,  
Gu teach Gobha an ard rìgh
- 15 A dh' innseadh gu 'n do mharbhadh a Muireartach (mhìn).
- 16 Mar do shluig talamh toll,  
No Muir leathann lom;  
Cha robh air an talamh sa a shluagh,  
Na mharbha' a' Muireartach ruadh.
- 17 Cha nì rinn e ach an Fionn (an Fheinn).  
An dream leis an eirte gach geill;  
'S ann duitse na a maire a rìgh,  
Do chis chatha bhì aig luchd *oilean* (*clon*).

- 18 Ma mharbhadh a Mhuireartach mhín,  
Bheir mise briathar dhí;  
Nach fág mi ann an Éirín clach,  
Aid, no amháin no fireach,
- 19 Gun an togbail air bharráibh mo long,  
An corpa cothromach co trom,
- 20 Gun tugainn breabanaí air Muir,  
Gun togbail as an tigbhair;
- 21 Corr is nao míle long,  
Thug rígh Lochlain leis;  
Chum foíd na h-Éirín a ghabhail,
- 22 Dh' ionnsuidh bas na h-Éirín uile  
Edar rígh agus ro dhuine.
- 23 Teachtaireachd gu Flath Fail,  
Chuir Fionn flath an t-shuaigh;  
Gabh cumba is dean coir,
- 24 Is gheibh thu deich ceud bratach chaol datha,  
Deich ceud caitáin chaol chatha,  
Deich ceud lan chu thar chomáibh.  
Deich ceud con iall lan trom,
- 25 Deich ceud cu coilair *cille* (*vile*).  
Bheireadh Fionn flath na Feinne,  
Gabh cumba is dean coir;  
Agus gheibh thu deich unga de 'n ór dhearg.
- 26 God fhaigheadh e gach seud bhughá,  
A bh' ann Éirín uile;  
Cha phill se a long,  
Gus am bi Éirín aig air aon *rugha* (*ratha*).
- 27 Fearas fídhí toscar rígh,  
Fear a labhradh gu iular mín,  
Labhair e gu fíor ghlic, sar ghlic,  
Ris an rígh bu neo-bhratháil;
- 28 Ge b' e beag leat tha 'n Fheim ann,  
Bheir thu do theann leum air ais,  
Do d' luing ghlais,  
Air no fuilgeadh tu t-aimhleas.  
An laimh do throic is d' fheirge.
- 29 Ille 's brengach do bheul,  
Trian na bheul an so do shluagh,  
Cha robh agáibhse riamh an Éirín;  
Dhuinne bu mhaireg dol nan dáil,  
Agus dhoibhse bu mhaireg teachd thugainn.
- 30 Ba ionadh nuinial gu maoladh,  
Agus coip g' an trom aomadh;  
O thus greine gu comh fheasgar,  
O laimh treuna an Oseair (*lamha*).
- 31 Bha lámh an Oseair an tugh an t-shuaigh,  
Agus leigeadh leis cuig ceud fear sleagh gach  
nair.  
Ach gu 'n thuit air dhíth 'n t-shuaigh,  
Aon rígh air meud ionmhás.
- 32 An sin do chuir sinn an ruaig  
Mar chliath chatha ri 'n sailtibh bla sinn;  
Nar clath chatha g' an ioman,  
Air pilltinn duinn air ais,  
Air leimn gu 'n bu cruaidh an coltas;  
Rinn corran nan sleagh,  
Na tola troi chom an Oseair.  
Neo-iomlan.

From John Stewart, tenant, Bohaly, aged 86. Novem-  
ber 1, 1808.

& MUILEARTACH. 30 lines.

Written by Mac Pháil from the recitation of Norman  
Murray Habost Ness Lewis. 1866. This fragment is  
curiously altered.

- 1 La do 'n Fhuair air tullaigh Oirm,  
'G amharc Éirinn na 'n timbheoil;  
Chuala iad gaoraich air nluir lom,  
Chummacas mar mhuc air bharr thom.
- 2 'S b' ainm dha an Fhuath nach gann,  
An Muileartach maol ruadh moireann;  
Bha h-aodan air dhreach a gluail,  
Deud Chiarbad cho ruadh.

- 3 An aon suil g'holach bla na ceann,  
Bu luaithe i na rionnach moime;  
'S an fílt liath bh' air a ceann,  
Mar choille-chruig-chribhean.
- 4 Ach mar do shluig talamh toll í,  
No mar do bháth muir sleamhainn lom í;  
Cha d' thainig chom an t-saoghail a rianbh,  
Lion a mharbadh a Muileartach.
- 5 Thuit arsa Gobha nan cuan,  
Mur eil an Muileartach maol ruadh moireann.  
Clach cha 'n flag mi dh' Éirinn ud thall,  
Ann alt no 'n fireach uo' n amhain.
- 6 Togaidh mi an coire mo luinge Éirinn,  
Chomhanta-cho-throm;  
'S chluinntear bragalaich muir,  
Ga tarruing as a tathan.
- 7 'S mor an eualach de luingeas bán,  
A thogadh an cuigeadh de dh' Éirinn;  
Cuig fíthead 'ns míle long
- 8 A thog an rígh 's gur achd-throm.  
Gu eis Éirinn a chur fo smál,  
'S rígh na Feinne na *fenualk*.

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 Ioc, and the seven-armed Smith his brother, and the Smith's mother; and the King's foster-mother, the 'Muir-artach.' 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 1, 4, 6, &c., about the coasts of Argyllshire. In 1780, Hill got J. 3, at Dalnally, 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, 25, 40, 63, 71. Seven fragments of the poetry. I have lots of scraps besides.

In 1871, the Policeman at Trec 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' r fear theid sios  
Le sgeud a nuas o' n t-shluagh.'

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 Mhairteach, 2. Manus, 3. The Banners, 4. Fionn's Banner, 5. Fionn's Tribute, 6. The Battle of Béinn Eilín. 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 Oisén, 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 Balmally, 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 & S., illustrates the present fragmentary preservation of ballads even in districts where their recital has been forbidden. In it the Dialogue between Padruig and Oisén 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  
FRANKS AND THE DANES. 1872. 168 lines.

G. 2, copied from a manuscript wrote in the year 1762, by Eolhan 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 Chleirich a chruifas na Sa'lm,  
Air lion féin gur horb do Chial,  
Nach eist tu Tannuil re sgoil  
Air an Fhein nach fhacadh tu riamh.

### G. 2.—CLEIRICH.

- 2 Air mo Chumhacha Mhíe Fhoín  
Ga bein leat bhí teachd air Thein,  
Fuaim na 'n Sa'ilm ar feadh mo Bheoil  
Gur hé siúd ba cheoil damh Fein.

### G. 3.—OSSHAIN.

- 3 Na bí tu Coimheadh do Shalm  
Re Fianachd Erin nan Arm nochd,  
A Chleirich, gur lán ole lium  
Nach sgaraid do Chean red Chorp.

### G. 4.—CLEIRICH.

- 4 Sin faoid Chomrichsa, a Flúir mhóir  
Laoidh do bheoil gur binn leum leim,  
(G.) *Toghtar leatsa Fagamaid suas Altair Thein.*  
Bu bhinn liom bhí teachd air Thein.

### G. 5.—OSSHAIN.

- 5 Na mbíilín thu, Chleirich chaoimh,  
Air an tráidh ha siar fa dhéas,  
Aig Eass libhrídh nan' Shruith sheamh  
Air an Fhein bu mhór do Mheas.

### G. 6.

- 6 Beannacht air Anam an Laoich  
Bu glaidhe Fraoch ans gach Greish,  
(G.) *Ar' rígh Lughan*  
Fean mac Cumhail, Ceán nan Sloigh  
O san air a hoainte 'n Teass

### G. 7.

- 7 La dhúmme fiachach na 'n Dearg,  
'S nach derich an Tealg nar Car,  
(G.) *Teacht n'an each eachte.*  
Gn faeas deich Míle Báre  
Air an Tráidh a teachd air Lear.

### 8.

- 8 Sheasabh sin uil air an Leirg,  
Tíochail an Fhein as gach Taoilh;  
Seachd eatha-urcharie gu prop,  
Gur e dhiaidh nu mhachd Nin Taoig.

### 9.

- 9 Thanic an Cabhlach gu Tir  
Greadhín nach bu bhín lair leinn  
Bu liomhar ann Pabul Sroil  
Ga thogbhal leas os an Ceán.

### 10.

- 10 Hogaid an Coisrhi on Choill  
'S chuir iad orra an Airm ghlaidh  
'S an air Gualin gach Flúir mhóir  
Is thog iad orra on Traibh.

### G. 8.

- 11 Labhair Mac Cumhail ri Fhéin:  
An fhadh shídh féin co na sloigh,  
Nan ndísraigh sídh co Bhluidhín bhorb  
Bheir an Deannal cruaidh san Strachd.

### G. 9.

- 12 Sin nuair thuir Connan a ris;  
Co bail leat, a Rígh, bhí ann?  
Co shaléadh tu Fhinn nan Cath  
Bhlíodh ann ach flath na rígh?

### G. 10.

- 13 Co gheoid an air Fhéin,  
Reidhín a ghabhail sgeul don shuadh,  
'S a bheiridh hugaim e eun eile'ch,  
'S gu beireadh e breith is buaidh?

### G. 11.

- 14 Sin nuair huirt Conan a ris:  
Co bail leat, a rígh, dhul ann;  
Acl Fearghus fíor gléid do Mhachd,  
O she chleachd blú dul nan Ceann?

### G. 12.

- 15 Beir a Mhachd, a Chonain mhaoil,  
Huirt an Fearghus bu choinn Cruth,  
Raclarsa ghabhail an Sgoil  
Don Fhéin 's cho bann air do Ghuth.

### G. 13.

- 16 Gluaise an Fearghus armáil og  
Air an rod an Coimneadh nan 'm fleair  
'S dh fíriche e le Comhradh foil;  
Co na Sloigh so lig air Lear?



- g. 14.  
17 Manns fuileach, feasiach, fiail,  
(G.) *A Mhean*  
*Crioch.* Mac Rìogh Beatha nan Sgrìà dearg,  
Ard Rìogh Lochlan, Ceann nan Clìar,  
Giolla bu mhòr Fiabh as Fearg.
- 18 Cìod a ghluas a Bhuin bhorb,  
O Rìoghachd Lochlan nan Colg seann  
Mar han a mheadacha air Thìan  
A hanig air 'Triath thair Lear?  
g. 15.—*Various.*  
*Cia ass a ghabhadar a bhòidhin bhorb*  
*Gas rich Rìgh Lochlìn na 'n Colg-seann,*  
*A dhìaridh connu na 'm Fìan*  
*Ma chìan ris an Traidh ja near?*
- g. 16.  
19 Air do laimhe, Fheargheas fhoile,  
As an Fhein ga mòr do Shuim :  
Cha ghabh sinn Cumla gun Bhran  
Agus a bhean a hoirt o Fhean
- g. 17  
20 Bheiridh an Fhein Combrag cruaidh  
Do d' shluadh ma 'm fuighe tu Bran  
Is bheiridh Fean Combrag tréan  
Dhuit fein, ma 'm fuighe thu Bhean.
- g. 18.  
21 Hanig Fearghus mo Bhràir fein  
'S bu chosmhail ri Grein a Chruth  
'S dhisidh e Sgeite go fòil  
Ga b' osgaradh mor a Gluth.
- g. 19.  
22 Mac Rìogh Lochlan sud faoi 'n Triath,  
Go de 'n fa dhomb bbi ga chleth?  
Cha ghabh e gun Chomhrac dhu  
Na do Bhean 's do Chu faoi bhreth.
- g. 20.  
23 Choidhe cha tugamse mo Bhean  
Do dh' aon neach a ta fuaidh 'n Ghréin  
'S cha mho mheir mi Bran gu brath  
Gus an teid am Bas 'n a Bheil.
- g. 21.  
24 Labhair Mac Cumhail ri Goll  
'S mor an Glonn duin bi nar tosd  
Nach tugamid Combrac borb  
Do Rìogh Lochlann nan Seiadh breachd
- 25 Seachd Altramain Lochain lain<sup>1</sup>  
'S e labhair Goll gun fhas Cheilg  
'S air libhse gur moran Sluaidh  
Bheir mi 'm Brìgh 's am buaidh gu léir.
- 26 'S e huirt an Tosgar bu mhòr Prios.  
Diongamsa Rìogh Inse Tore  
'S Cinn a dha Clemhìrich dheug  
Leig faoi m' choimhir fein an coisg.
- g. 22.  
27 Iarla Muthuin (Munster) 's mor a  
ghlonn  
'S e, huirt Dianamaid donn gun Ghuin.  
Coisge mise sud dar Fcìn  
No Tuitim fein air a shon.
- g. 23.  
28 Gur e ghabh Mi fein fos Laimh  
Gad tha mi gun chail a nochd  
Rìogh Termin na 'n Combrag teann  
'S go sgarain a Cheann re Chorp.
- g. 24.  
29 Beribh Bearmachd 's bunil h Buaidh  
Thuir Mac Cumhail na 'n Gruaidh  
dearg,  
Manns mac Gharra na 'n Sloigh  
Diongaidh mise ge mor Fhearg.
- g. 25.  
30 Noiche sin duinne gu Lè  
Bainmig lein a bhì gun Cheoil  
Fleagh gu fairsing, non is Còir  
So bheidh aig an Fhein ga òl.
- g. 26.  
31 Chuncas nan 'n do 's ear an Lè  
A gabhail Doighansa Ghuir  
Meirg Rìogh Lochlìn an Aigh  
Ga bogail on Traidh nan nuchd.
- g. 27.  
32 Chuir sinn Deo-ghreine ri Cran  
Brattach Fhein bu gharg a Treish  
Lomlan do Chlocaidh Oir  
A guinne bu mhòr a Meas.
- g. 28.  
33 Iommad Cloimh Dorn chron oir  
Iommad srol ga chur ri crann  
An eath mlòic Cumbail Fean na 'n fleadh  
Bu lionfar Sleadh o sair Ceann.
- g. 29.  
34 Iommad Colan iomad Triach,  
Iommad Skia as Lurich dharamh  
Iomad Draoiseach as Mac Rìogh  
'S cha raibh fear riamh dhùu gun Arm.
- g. 30.  
35 Iommad Cloigidh maiseach Cruaidh  
Iommad Tuadh is iommad Gath  
'N iath Rìogh Lochlan na 'm pios  
Bu lionfar mac Rìogh is Flath.
- g. 31.  
*Rinneadar an uirigh theann*  
*Bu cosmhach re grìan na 'n ord*  
*Cath fuileach an da Rìogh*  
*Gu ma ghuineach brìgh an Colg.*
- g. 32.  
36 Rinneadar an 'Nuairidh chruaidh  
'S bhriscedear air Buaidh na 'n Gall,  
Chrom sinn ar Ceann an sa Chath ;  
Is rein gach Flath mar a gheall.
- g. 33.  
37 Thachair mac Cumhail na 'n Cuach  
Agus Mànus na 'n Ruag aidh,  
Re Cheil' ann an Tiugh (*Tuitem*) an  
Stnaigh  
Chlerich nach ba chruaidh an càs.
- 38 Go 'm le sud an Thuirim tean,  
Mar Dheann a bheiridh da Ord,  
Cath fuileachdach an da Rìogh  
Go 'm bu ghluineach brìgh an colg.
- g. 34.  
39 Air Brisseadh do sge an Dearg  
Air eridh 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 Rìogh  
'S an leinne bu chian an Closs  
Bha Clachan agus Talamh trom  
A mosgladh faoi Bhonn an Coss.
- g. 36.  
41 Leagar Rìogh Lochlan gan (an) adh  
Am fiannish Chaich air an Raoch  
'S aisan ged nach bhonair Rìogh  
Chuireadh Ceangal nan tri Chual.
- g. 37.  
42 Sin nuair huirt Connan maoil,  
Mac Mornadh bha riabh ri Hòle,  
Cumar rium Manus nan Lan  
'S go scairrin an Ceann re Chorp.
- g. 38.  
43 Bha neil agam Cairdeas (*na caomh*) g.  
Riutsa Chonnain nbaoil gun Flaalt  
O 'n harla mi 'n Crasan Fhein  
'S ansa leam na bi fu 'd snachd.
- g. 39.  
44 O harla thu 'm Ghrasabh fein  
Cha 'n icmair mi Bend air Flath  
Fuasgath mì hnsa o 'm Fhein  
A Laimh Fhreun gu cur mor Chath.

<sup>1</sup> Probably the Baltic, which never ebbs.—Mac Nicol.

c. 40.

- 45 'S gheibh thu do Raoghin a ris  
Nair a treid thu do 'd Thir fein  
Cairdeas is Comunn do ghna  
No do Lamb a chair faoi 'm Fhein.

c. 41.

- 46 Cha chuir mi mo Lamb faoi 'd Fhein  
'N cian a mhairtheas Cail am Chorp  
Aon Bhuille Taoighe Fhein  
'S aithreach Leimn no reinneas ort.

c. 42.

- 47 Mi fein agus Mathair is Goll  
Trinir bo mho glom san Fhein  
Ged tha sinn gun Draosich no Clg  
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 slàibhrìdh air Mìlehu;  
Deich ciad seantain chaoil chatha (*sleigh*)  
Deich ciad Brat mìn Datha
- 2 Deich ceud Gearaltich cruidh dearg, (*Each*)  
Deich ceud nobil don or Dhearg,  
Deich ceud maighdìn le da Ghun,  
Deich ceid mantal don shid ur,
- 3 Deich ceid sonn a dherigh leat  
Deich ceid shrian air agus airgid.

## RIGH LOCHLIN.

- 4 Gad a gheibhidh Rìgh Lochlin shud,  
'S na bha Mhaoin 's do T sheidin an Eirin;  
Cha fhìlidh e T-shluagh air ais,  
Gus 'm bigh Erin nìlle air Earras.
- 5 Suil gun dug Rìgh Lochlin uaidh.

## THE FLAGS.

- 1 Chunnair e Brattich a tìu a mach agus Gille  
Gaiste air a Ceann air a lasa do Dh'òr Eirinnich
- 2 Dibhuille Duibhne dualich,  
'Ni sud Brattich Mhìc Trein-bhuaghich;

## DIEHILLE.

- 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.

## DIEHILLE.

- 5 Cha ni sud ach an aoimhasach ruaidh  
Brattach Chaoilte nan mor T-shluaidh  
Brattach leis an sgoiltear Cinn  
'S le an doirtir Fùil gu aoibrannibh.
- 6 Suil, &c.

## DIEHILLE.

- 7 Cha ni sud ach an Seab-ghabhidh  
Bratach Oseair Chro-laidir.  
'Snar a nìghe Cuth nan chlar,  
Cha biach fharich ach Seab-ghabhidh.
- 8 Suil, &c.

## DIEHILLE.

- 9 Cha ni sud ach a Bhriachil Bhreochil  
Brattach a Ghuil mhoir mhìc Mornì,  
Nach dug Troigh riabh air a hais,  
Gus an do chrithan an Talbith trom ghlass.
- 10 Suil, &c.

## DIEHILLE.

- 11 'S misa dhuita na bheil ann,  
Ha Ghile gheine an sud a tighin  
As naoigh slàibhrinìn aist a shìos,  
Don or Bhuidh gun Dal sgrìabh. (*Dal*)
- 12 Agus nao nao lan-ghaisgeach  
Fo chean a huille slàibhrìgh  
A toguirt air feo do T-shluagh thibh

- 13 Mar Chliabh-tragha gu Traigh  
Bigh gair chatha gad niamm.

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 chanas na saòla,  
Air leam fein gu'r broth do chiall;  
Nach eiste tu tamull sgéul,  
Air an Fhèim mach eual thu riamh.
- 2 'Air do chubhi 'sa Mhìc Fhinn,  
Ge binn leat teachd air an Fhèim;  
Fuaim nan saùla air feadh mo bhicéil,  
Gu 'r e sin is ceò leam fìn.'
- 3 'C' onì bi tu coi-meas do shalmaibh,  
Re Fionn gaidheal nan arm noicht;  
A Chleirich ge lìn oil leam,  
Gan sgaram do cheann o' d' chorp.
- 4 Fuidh d' chomrie tha' eams Fhìr mhòir,  
Laidh do bhicéil is binn leam fein;  
'S ma 'n alla chualas air Fionn,  
Gur binn bhì teachd air an Fhèim.
- 5 Na 'm biodh tusa Chleirich chàich,  
Aguin air an tràidh nu dhéas;  
Air Eas boitheam nan sruth sèimh,  
Air ann Fhèim bu mhòr do mhéas.

M. 2.

- 6 Beannachd air anam an laoch,  
Bu gharg fraoch ri dol 's gach greis;  
And Rìgh Lochlan eann an t sloigh,  
'S an air a shlointear an t-Eas.

- 7 'Se sin fein an t-Eas so shiar,  
'S eas mun 'n deanaibh an Fhianm Seilg ;  
Eas eibhain a b' aille srath,  
Bu lionmhor ann loin is deirg.
- M. 3.
- 8 Latha dhuinne fiadhach san leirg,  
Cha d' thainig an t seilg n ar car ;  
'Chunnaicamar na h iomaidibh lóng,  
Seoladh grús an traidh o near.
- M. 5.
- 9 Thainig an eabhlach gu tir,  
Buidheann nach bu mhidhur fein ;  
'S bu lionmhor sar phubal shróil,  
Ga thogail dhoibh os an ceann.
- 10 Dh' fhiosraich Mac Cuthail d' a Fhinn,  
'An d' fhidir sibh an cbluacháin árd ;  
No cia 's Ceannard air no sloigh,  
Do ní 'n total mor is traidh.'
- 11 'Se fhreagair e Conan maol,  
Mac Mornna bu chaoil gnóil ;  
Co shaoias tu Fhinn nan cath,  
Do bhí sud ach Flath no Rígh.
- 12 'Dh' fhiosraich a ris Flath nan cuach,  
Do mhaithidh sluaigh Inse-fúil ;  
Co rachadh a ghlabhail diu sgéul,  
O 'n Fhinn bu mhaith buaidh is ágh.'
- 13 'Se fhreagar e Conan maol,  
A Rígh co shaoleas tu dhol an ;  
Ach Fearadhas fir ghlic do mhae,  
Oir 's e chleachd bhí dol nan ceann.'
- 14 'Mallacht dhuita Choináin 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 sgéul o 'n t sluaigh ;  
'S cho fhad is bhítheas tu beó,  
Gu fuigheadh tu moran duais.'
- 16 'Dh' imích 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 Meaghlích nan sgrá' dearg ;  
Ard Rígh Lochlan ceann nan cciar,  
Gille is ro' mhor tíá 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 bhur 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 mhóir,  
As do shloigh cia mor do mhúirn ;  
Cia mhead sa thainig leat thair tuinn (*lour*),  
Cho tabhair sibh Bran thair tuinn.'
- 21 'Do bheir an Fhianm cómhrag cruaidh,  
Do 'd sluaigh mam fuigheadh tu Bran ;  
'S bheir Fionn cath tulchuiseach dlú,  
Dhuit fein ma 'm fuigh thu a bhean.'
- 22 'Air a laimhsa Fhearadhais fhéil,  
As an Fheinn cia mor do ghream ;  
Cho ghabh mi cumha gn 'n Bhran,  
Gun a bhean no cómhrag teann.'
- 23 'X sin phill Fearadhas mo bhrathair fein,  
'S bu chosmhúil re grein a chruth ;  
B' fhoisneach a dh' innseadh 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 dibhragach dlú,  
Air ghea' do bhean 's do chú fai breith.
- 25 Do dh' fhan Fionn fada na thod,  
'S bha moran sbrochel air an Fheinn ;  
Oir bu phéin ro' dhoilich léo,  
An brosuadh mor a rinn an tréun.
- 26 Cha tabhair mise mo bhean,  
Do dh' aon fhear a tha túi 'n ghréin,  
'S cho mho liubhream Bran le 'm dheoin,  
'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 dibhragach 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 bío' sa máireach air an corp.
- 29 'S do labhair Oscar a ris,  
Dionamsa Rígh innse tore ;  
'S ceann an da chomhairláich dhéug,  
Cuiream iad gu léir o 'n corp.
- 30 'Seachd Earlacha Lochla huan, (*i. Maighneachan*)  
'Se thuirr 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 chumáin*)  
Do rá Diarmaid conn gu 'n oth 'n ;  
Coisgeamsa cia mór an t-eachd,  
No tuiteam fein air a shou.'
- 32 'Truir mas innse tore 's mor eith,  
Do rá Caoilte níbh nan leirg ;  
Iadsan cia mor feum is treoir,  
Ní mí 'n lot 'san léon le feirg.'
- 33 'Seachd oighreacha' ghleann nam fuath,  
Do rá Fearaghuin luath gu léon ;  
Cuasaichidh mí 'n corp le 'm airm,  
Gus an traogh an cuirp 's an treoir.'
- 34 'Seachd Mic Maitheannis borb feirg, (*i. 33. No-  
thais nan rosy barb*)  
Do rá Garabh bu tréun lamh ;  
Cuireamsa gu bas iad fein,  
No tuiteam fein air a bhkír.'
- 35 'Seachd oighribh na Beirathair bhán, (*i. 34. Mór-  
ghéir*)  
Do rá Faoghlan bán gun gho ;  
Coisgeamsa cia mor 's cia tréun,  
No tuiteam fein air an lon.'
- 36 'Seachd Mic Luthaich O Rois ruaidh, (*i. 35. Oir  
lic uaine*)  
Do rá Caoireall bu cruaidh ghar ;  
Coisgeamsa cia mor an teachd,  
No tuiteam fein léo air ball.'
- 37 Da Mhac Mhanuis ceann an t-sluaigh, (*i. 36.  
Braithrean*)  
Do rá Fearadhas baadhach gráidh ;  
'Coisgeamsa cia mór an gráin,  
'S dheanadh gníomh cruaidh sa bhkír.'
- 38 'S ann an sin a dubhas fein,  
Ge ta mí mar tha mí noc ;  
Rígh Garabh nan cómhrag teann, (*i. 37. Seachbhe*)  
Gu sgareamsa cheann a chorp.'
- 39 'Míle beannachd dhuibh is buaidh,  
Do rá Mac Cuthail nan ruag áigh,  
Manus mun 'n tional na sluaigh,  
Coisgidh mise bhuidh sa bháir.'
- 40 Air bhí dhuinn mar sin gu lá,  
Cho bu ghná' leinn bhí gu 'n cheól,  
Fion is foehlas, féil is céir,  
A bhíodh aig an Fhéinn mar nós.
- 41 Air madáin an dara mháireach ;  
Ghluais iad a dh' fhaighail ar puirt ;  
'S meirgeach Rígh Lochlan an áigh,  
Da thog' ail o thraidh 'n ar uclh.

- 42 Leig iad an gadhair fù 'n choill,  
'S cheangail iad orra 'n airm ùgh;  
Eallach guaille gach fir mhòir,  
Thogadar leò fein o'n tràidh.
- 43 B' iomeadach ann elogaid cruaidh,  
B' iomeadach ann tua' chum sgath;  
'N euideach Rìgh Lochlan gu fìor,  
'S cho raibh aon neach ann gun ghath.
- 44 B' iomead clòidheamh 's b' iomead sgia',  
B' iomead Triath le luireach ghar; ;  
B' iomead cròasach air Mic Rìgh,  
'S cha raibh aon neach dhiu gu 'n arm.
- 45 Thionail iad an ear san iar,  
An sin an Fhianm as gach taobh;  
Seachd Cathain na h iorgaill gu prop. (l. 41. *enoc*)  
Thionail sin ma mhae inghean aoigh. (*Taig*)
- 46 B' iomead clòidheamh an ceann bheairt òir,  
B' iomead sròl da chuir re creann;  
Aig fuilcachdaich Fhinn nam fleagh,  
'S iomead sleagh bhà os ar ceann.
- 47 Thog sinn Gill ghreine re creann,  
Bratach, Fhinn, bu ghar; 's gach greis;  
'S i lù do chlocaibh do 'n òr,  
A Phádraig nach bu mhòr a meas.
- 48 Chuir sinn a mach dh' fhuilang d' oghrainn. (l. 47. *durainn*)  
Bratach Fhearrdhais óigh mo bhrathair  
'S thog sinn a mach bratach Chaoilte,  
'N Lia' luidgach b' aoibhneach deafradh.
- 49 Thogadh snas mo bhratach fein,  
A shoillse mar a ghreín an dùibhre;  
'S thog sinn a mach an Lia luidgach. (l. 48. *luimineach*)  
Bratach Dhiarmaid óig o duimhne.
- 50 Thog sin a' mach bratach Fhaoghlain,  
Ghluil is Oseair aobhaich amháibh;  
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 chlamna gall,  
Air toirt dhuinn ar einn gu cath,  
Deanamh gach flath mar a gbeall.
- 52 Do thachair Manus nam buadh,  
'S dea' Mhae Cuthaill nan ruag úg;  
Ra chéile 'n toiseach an t-sluaigh,  
A Phádraig nach bu chruaidh an cáis.
- 53 Thilgeadar uathe 'n airm áidh,  
Chuaidh iad gu spáirneachd loiche;  
Gu cómhrag dibhrag teamn,  
'S fathram an lann air an raon.  
l. 53. (*various*)  
*Shuidh sian an sin an da shluagh,  
'Aic ar n' uilian shuas sa ghleann;  
'Sann leinne bu mhór an gionmh,  
Na 'n fuigheadh Manus di air Fionn.*
- 54 Shuidh sinn an sin an da shluagh,  
Air uileann nu thuat a chnuic;  
'S air leam fein gu bu mhór ar modh,  
Cho deach aon laoch dhiun dá 'n cluich.
- 55 Thug iad an sin deannal cruaidh,  
Mar nach d' ugas riamh re 'm linn;  
Coi meas dhóibh a near no niar,  
Cho 'n fhacas riamh ag fianntidh Fhinn. (l. 54. *Fianntach*)
- 56 Clochan agns talamh trom,  
Charaicheall iad le spoirneach chos:  
A charachd siar is a niar,  
O! Phádraig nach bu chian gu 'n chlos.
- 57 Do leag Mae Cuthaill nam buadh,  
Manus nan ruag air an raon;  
'S air leim fein nach b' onoir Rìgh,  
Chuir Fionn ceangal nan trì chaol.

- 58 'Labhair an sin Conan maol,  
Mac Morna bhà riamh re h' ole;  
Ghuais s' O Mhanus nan lann,  
'S gu sgream a cheann o chorp.'
- 59 'Cho 'n eil cárdeas dhann no gaol,  
Riutsa Choinaín uhaoil gu 'n chéil;  
Tharladh mi fù' ghráisaih Fhinn,  
'S eúid feurr leam no bhí fù' d' mhéin.'
- 60 'S nu tharladh tu fù' m ghráisaih 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 thigh 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 baile t' alhaidh Fhinn,  
'S aithreach leam na rinneas ort.'
- 63 Dh' imich iad an sin a dholbh,  
Do rioghachd Lochlan nan colbh sean, (l. 62. *O riogh'chd Eireann*)  
A cagnhuis bean 's a choin. (*Fhinn*)  
Gu 'n bhuill' thóirt le 'n loinn do neach.
- 64 Bhà iad fù' aiaheal 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 ionpaid air an Rìgh,  
Gu pilleadh a ris air ais;  
An dochas gu fuigheadh iad buaidh,  
Air an t-sluagh bu chruaidhe 'n cath.
- 67 Phill iad an sin dh' ionnsuidh Fhinn,  
'S thuir e re Manus gu 'n ghrumamaich;  
'C' áit am bheil do mhionnan mór,  
'Fagas le gó fa' r an d' fhuaras.'
- 68 'N sin fheargair e an laoch borb,  
Air an bitheadh colg 's gach ghreis;  
Dh' thagas e air dhruic an théoir,  
Air an raon mhór ud nu dheas.
- 69 Thug sin an sin deannal cruaidh,  
Da chéile gu buaiteach cas;  
Gus 'n do bhuaidhaich sinn gu cuanna,  
Air sluagh Mhanuis uaibhreach bhras.
- 70 Mach o fhear a ghabh a shith,  
No rinn a dhidinn gu géur;  
Da chuideachd Rìgh Lochlan gu fìor,  
Che deachaidh daime d'a thír fein.
- 71 Bheireamsa briathair gu fìor,  
Do 'n Thior Chrioduidh fhuair a chéusa  
Gu bu mhaith a chuir sa fhuaradh,  
An latha sin sluagh na Féinne.

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 Mhanuis?  
Fagas far an d' fhuaras.

Upon the scout's return Fingal marched against the Danes who he eagerly attacks. Magnus is killed, and his whole army are either slain or taken Prisoners.

The Poem is addressed to the Son of Alpine.

I. 63.

Thog na frein an suil gu h'ard,  
Air gach Baire thainig air fear;  
Mar chuire loch Leuga bha 'n aireamh,  
Triall o 'n trai' san airde near.

I. 64.

Bha na sluaigh fui' ainbeal buan,  
Air cuan staathach nan tonn sgith;  
Nach do chomhraig Cathain nan Fiann,  
Bu mhor frioth, is fiach san stri.

I. 65.

'S e comhairle thug na sloigh,  
Air Manus mor nau long aigh;  
Tigh 'n thuige air an ais o 'n chuan,  
Gu Maithibh shuaigh Inse phail.

I. 66.

A dubbradar ris an Rìogh,  
'S mor an dì dhuinn triall an diu;  
Gun chomhrag catharra cruaidh,  
A thoirt do 'n Fhianu mu 'n gluais thair muir.

I. 67.

Phill na laoch nan caogad borb,  
'S bu mhor an toirm air an trai';  
Mar fhuaim tuinne bha gach treud;  
Is fathram nan céud nar da'll.

H. 67. I. 68.

Chuir Fionn teachdire na gluath,  
Gu Manus nan ruag 's nan gnioimh;  
C'ait am bheil do mhionnan mor,  
Fhir nach cum a choir ach clí.

H. 68. I. 69.

Fhrecgair an Triath, gu fiata borb,  
Air an bithidh, colg 's gach greis;  
Th' fhagas iad ann dealt an fheoir,  
Air an lon ud siar mu dheas.

H. 69. I. 70.

Thug sinn an sin deanal cruaidh,  
Mar nach fac, 's cha chuala mi;  
Mar theirbirt teine na nial,  
Bha gach Triath a' sgathadh sios.

I. 71.

Mar choill chrionaich air an t shlabh,  
'S an osag dhiann ann nan car,  
B' anhaill is slachdraich nan sonn,  
Bha taitream fui' r bonn sa chath.

I. 72.

Thuit Manus armann an t sluaigh,  
Mar leug teine 'n cuan nan sruth;  
B' an-eibhinn iolach nan laoch,  
'Nuair chualas gach tabh an guth.

H. 70. I. 73.

Mach o fhearr a ub' iare a shùth,  
'S ghabh a 'bheidinn far sgeith;  
Do chuideachd Rìogh Lochlan, gu fìor,  
Cho deachaidh duine d' a thir fenn.

H. 71. I. 74.

Bheireamsa briathar d' om Rìogh,  
Riamb ann stri nach d' fhuiling tair;  
Gun do thuit do na senchd Cathain.  
Drian do mhaitibh Inse-phail.

I. VERSE 74, OTHERWISE.

Bheireamsa briathar do' m Rì,  
Mu 'n deachai' crioch air a gheiris;  
Centhar is ceart leth na 'm Fiann,  
Th' fhag sinn air an t-shlabh nu dheas.

M. 7. COMHRAG FHEINN AGUS MHANUIS'  
172 lines.

- 1 GE b' e bhiodh lenne an laoi,  
Air an traidh tha siar fo dheas,  
Aig uisge Laoi're na 'n sruth seamh,  
Air an Fheinn bu mhor a mbeas.
- 2 Beannaichd air anam an Laoich,  
Bu gharbh froach anns gach treis,  
Ard Rìgh Lochlainn ceann na 'n treun,  
'S ann air a shlointeadh an t-eas.
- 3 La dhuinn ag faghach na 'n dearg  
'S nach d' cirich an t-sealg 'nar car,  
Gu faca sinn mìle bàre  
Air an traidh ag teachd air fear.
- 4 Sheasamh sinn mìl' air an leirg,  
'S thionail an Fheinn as gach aird,  
Dh' fhiosrachadh co iad na sloigh,  
Rinn cruinneachadh mor air traidh.
- 5 Thainig an cabhlach gu tìr,  
Greadhuinn<sup>2</sup> nach bu mbin 'ar leinn,  
Bu lion mber ann pùbhl' sroil,  
Ga thoghbail le os an ceinn.
- 6 Thog iad an gasradh o 'n choill;  
Ghlacadh leinn' ar 'n ainm ghaidh,<sup>3</sup>  
Da shleagh 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 ghlic do mbac,  
O 's e chleachd a dhol na 'n ceann?
- 9 Mallachd ort a Chonain mhaoil,  
Labhair Fearghus bu coime cruth,  
Rachain-se ghabhail seil'  
Do 'n Fheinn 's cha b' an air do ghuth.
- 10 Ghluais Fearghus armoil óg,  
Air an rod an coime na 'm fear,  
'S dh' iharich e le comhradh foil,  
Co iad na sloigh a thig air fear.
- 11 Manns foileach fear'a fial,  
Mac Rìgh Beatha na 'n seiach dearg,  
Ard Rìgh Lochlainn ceann na chlar,  
Giolla bu mhor fiamh<sup>4</sup> is fearg.
- 12 Ciod a ghluais a bhuidhean bhorb,  
O chriochaibh Lochlainn na 'n colg sean,  
Au ann a chuideacha na 'm Fiann  
A thainig an triath thair fear?
- 13 Air do laimse Fhearghus 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 fear,  
Cha tugadh sibh Bran air tuinn.
- 15 Bheireadh an Fheinn comrag cruaidh,  
Do d' shluagh mu 'm faigheadh tu Brán  
'S bheireadh Fionn comrag treun  
Duit fein mu 'm faigheadh tu bhean.
- 16 Thainig Fearghus mo bhrathair fein,  
'S bu chosmhul re grein a chruth,  
'S dh' innis e seula d' an Fheinn,  
'S gu 'm b' oscaradh treun a ghuth.

<sup>1</sup> Magnus.

<sup>2</sup> Greadhann?

<sup>3</sup> Chaith'?

<sup>4</sup> Froach?

- 17 Mac Rìgh Lochlainn sud o 'n traidh,  
Cìod e 'm fath dhama bhì ga chleath ?  
Cha ghabh e gun chomhrag dhuth,  
No do bhean 's do chuth a bhì fòì bhreath.
- 18 De cha d' thugainn-se mo bhean  
Do dh' aon fhear ata fòì 'n gheinn,  
'S Cha mho bheirinn Bran ga brath,  
No gu 'n d' theid am Eas am' bheul.
- 19 Labhair Mac Cuthaill re Goll,  
Am mor an glonu duinn bhì 'nar tosd,  
Nach tugadhmaid cath laidir borb  
D' Ard Rìgh Lochlainn na 'n sciath breac ?
- 20 Seachd altrumain an lochain lain,  
'S e labhair Goll gu 'n fhas-cheilg,  
Ge lionmhor acasan an sluagh,  
Deangaidh mis' am buaidh 'san leirg.
- 21 Thuir an t-Oscar bu mhòr brìgh,  
Leig mise gu Rìgh Inne-tòre,  
Clann a dha chomhairleib' dbeug  
Leig fa m' chomhair fein an cosg.
- 22 Labhair e Conill a ris,  
Deangam-sa Rìgh Inne-con,  
Is ceinn a shea-comhalta deng,  
No biadh mi fein ar an son.
- 23 Iarla Muman<sup>5</sup> ge mor a ghlonn,  
Labhair Diarmaid donn na 'n con,<sup>6</sup>  
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 nochd,  
Rìgh Teurmann na 'n comhrag teann  
Gu 'n searunn a cheann r'a chorp.
- 25 Beiribh beannaich<sup>7</sup> beiribh buaidh,  
Arsa Mac Cuthaill, na 'n gnaidh dearg,  
Mann Mac Garadh na 'n sluagh,  
Coisgear leam ge mor fhearg.
- 26 An oiche sinn duime gu lo,  
B' ainmic leinn a bhì' gun cheol,  
Fleadh gu farsuing, fion is ceir  
Gheibhte aig an Fheinn nias leor.
- 27 Chuncas mu 'n do sear an lo  
Gabhaid doigh ann sa ghruith,  
Meirg' Rìgh Lochlainn an aigh  
'Ga togbhaid o' n traigh 'nar nehd.
- 28 Chuir sinn Deo-ghreine re crann,  
Bratach Fheinn bu ghaire treis  
Lomlan do chlochaibh 'n òr,  
'S ann leinne<sup>7</sup> gu 'm bu mhòr a meas.
- 29 'S iomad cloidheamh dorn-chrann òir,  
'S iomad srol ga chuir re crann,  
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 buaidh,  
Bu lionmhor ann Mac Rìgh is flath.
- 32 Rinneadar an uraidh chruaidh,  
Bhriscadar air sluagh na 'n Gall,  
Chrom gach fear a cheann sa chath,  
Is rinneadh leis gach flath mar gheall.
- 33 Thachair Mac Cuthaill na 'n cuach  
Is Mann na 'n ruag aigh,  
R'a cheile ann tuiteam an t-sluaigh,  
'S ann leinne gu 'm bu chruaidh an daill!
- 34 Gu 'm b' e sud an tuirlu teann,  
Mar ghreann a bheireadh da òrd,  
Cath fuileach an da Rìgh,  
Gu 'm bu ghluineach brìgh an colg!

Mudhan.

<sup>6</sup> Gun on.<sup>7</sup> Aigh an Fheinn bu.

- 35 Air briseadh do sciath an Deirg,  
Air eirigh dhoibh fearg is fraoch,  
Thilg iad am buill air lùr  
'S thug iad spairn an da koch.
- 36 'Nuair a thoiseach sribh na 'n Triath,  
'S ann leinne gu 'm bu chian an clos!  
Bha clochan agus talamh trom  
Mosgladh fòì spoim an cos.
- 37 Leagadh Rìgh Lochlainn air an traidh,  
Am fianais chaid air an fhraoch,  
Air-sin, ge d' nach b' omoir Rìgh,  
Chuireadh ceangal na 'n tri chaol.
- 38 Sin nuair thuir Conan a ris,  
Mac Morna bha rianh re h-ole,  
Leigir mi gu Mann na 'n lann,  
'S gu 'n searunn a cheann r'a chorp.
- 39 Cha 'n 'eil agam cairdeas no caoin,  
Riut' a Chomain mhaol gu 'n iochd.  
O tharlaidh mi 'n lamhaibh Fheinn  
'S ionsa leam na bhì fòì d' smachd.
- 40 O tharlaidh tu m' lamhaibh fein,  
Cha 'n imir mi bend air flath,  
Fuasglaidh mi thusa o m' fheinn  
A Lamh thercun a chuir mor-chath.
- 41 'S gheabh thu do roghainn a ris,  
Do chuir dhathigh do d' thir fein,<sup>8</sup>  
Cairdeas is commun a ghnathach,  
No do lamh a chuir fa m' Fheinn.
- 42 Fa t-Fheinn cha chuir mi mo lamh  
An cian a mhaireas eal am chorp,  
Aon bhuille 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. &amp;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 PHADIC a chanadh na saim,  
Air leam fein gur baoh do chiall;  
Nach cisd thu tamall 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 sahm air feadh mo bheoil,  
Gur e sid bu cheol leam fein.
- 3 Nam bitheadh tu combada do shalm,  
Ri rìgh tearmuin nan arm nochd;  
A chleirich gur lan ole leam,  
Nach sgarunn do cheann o d' chorp.
- M. 1.
- 4 Nam bitheadh tusa a chleirich aigh,  
Air an traigh nì siar fo 'n car;  
Aig Eas Laoire nan sruth seabh,  
Air an Fheinn bu mhòr do mheas.
- M. 3.
- 5 Latha dhuinne sibhadh bheann,  
Cha do thachair an t-senlg nar car;  
Chunnic sinn a teachd gu traigh,  
Iomadh bare bu *lunnair* fear (uall thar lear.)
- M. 6.
- 6 Thog sinn ar gas ruidd o 'n choill,  
Bratach Fhinn bu gharag a greis;  
Air a *dinn* an clochaibh òir (duna)  
Air leinne gu 'm bu mhòr a treis.

<sup>8</sup> Nuair tharlas tu d' thir fein.

- M. 7.
- 7 Dh' tharaid Mae 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 Thuir Conan mearachdach maol,  
Co a righ a b' aill leat a dhol ann ?  
Ach Fearghus fìor ghlic do Mhae,  
On 'se chleachd bhì dol nan ceann.
- M. 9.
- 9 Mallachd dhuitse Chonain mhaoil,  
Thuir amf Fearghus bu cnoic eith;   
Rachainse a ghabhail sgeul,  
Do 'n Fheinn 's cha b' ann air a ghath.
- 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 rìgh Betha nan sgiath dearg;  
Ard rìgh Lochlain ceann nan cìar,  
Gille bu mhòr feach a 's fearg.
- M. 12.
- 12 Cìod a ghluais a bhuidinn bhorb,  
O rìoghachd Lochlain na colg sean ?  
An ann r' ehuideachadh nam Fiann,  
A thainig bhar triall thar mair.
- M. 13.
- 13 Air a lamhsa Fhearghuis threìn,  
As an Fheinn gu mor a mhuir;  
Cha ghabh sinn gun chomhrag fhear,  
No bhean is bran a thoirt o Fhionn.
- M. 14.
- 14 Air a lamhsa 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 liothra iad Bran;  
'S bheireadh Fionn comhrag treun,  
Dhuit fein ma 'n faigheadh tu bhean.
- M. 16.
- 16 Ghuasadh Fearghuis thugainn fein,  
'S bu cosmhuil rì deo greine a chrath;  
Dh' innsadh e an sgeul gu foil,  
'S gu 'm b' osgara mor a ghath.
- 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 Chaidh cha tngainnsa mo bhean,  
Da dh' aon fhear a sheall sa gbrein;  
'S cha dealaich mi rì Bran gu brath,  
Gus an teid an bas na bheul.
- M. 19. 21.
- 19 Labhair an t-Oscar rì Goll,  
'S mor an glonn dhuinn bhì nar tosd;  
Chann a she-comhalta deug,  
Leig mar coinneamh thein an casg.
- 20 Deangamsa Cithach nam buadh,  
Thuir 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 Matha 's mor an sonn,  
Thuir an Dearmad donn g' an chealg,  
Dheingainse e 'n lathair chaich,  
No bhithidh mo blas air an leirg.
- M. 32.
- 22 Chrom sinn ar ceann sa' chath,  
Agus rinn gach flath mar gheall;  
Bha airm rìgh 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 rìgh,  
Gum bu guineach brìgh an colg.
- M. 35.
- 24 Air an sgithach air an leirg,  
'S air sgoilthach an sgiath 's an lann;  
Thug iad natha an airm ghabhì,  
'S chaidh iad gu spairn an da laoch.
- M. 36.
- 25 Clachan agus talamh trom,  
Mhosgladh sud fo bhonn an cos;  
A sraoincachd an ear san iar,  
B' flada 's cian a chluimnte an clos.
- M. 37.
- 26 Leagadh Manus air an traigh,  
Am fianuis chaich air an raon;  
Airsan cha b' onoir rìgh,  
Chuirteadh ceangal nan tri chaol.
- M. 38.
- 27 Thuir Conan mearachdach maol mac Morma  
Am fear bha riamh rì h-ole;  
Cumar dinn Manus nan lann,  
'S gu 'n sgarrain a cheann o a chorp.
- M. 39.
- 28 Cha robh comhdhaltas na ceomh,  
Eadar mise 's tu Chonain mhaoil gun fhalt;  
O 'n tharla mi to ghrasaibh Fhinn,  
B' aunsa 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 bend 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 h-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 rì neach gun treoir,  
'S cuimhne leam an la a chaidh;  
Foghlum ceart a' d' aros mor,  
Sid a rìgh an ceo nach luith.
- M. 42.
- 33 Bheirinnse mo bhreathar a rìgh,  
Am fad sa mbaireas cail nam chorp;  
Nach toir mi buille t-aghaidh Fhinn,  
'S aithreach leam na rinn sinn ort.
- M. 39.
- 34 Cha b' ann ormasa rinn thu e,  
'S an ort fein a reinn thu 'n call;  
A mhend sa thaineadh 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 Pherson, Advocates' Library, June 11, 1872.
- 1 LA dhuinn air Tulach soir  
'G amharc Erin nu ar tiomchal  
Chunnaic sinn air bharr thonn  
Aoghalt, athrachd, chuthal, chrom
  - 2 Bha h' aogais air dreach a ghuail  
'Sa deud cairbartaich enamh-ruadh  
Bha crion-fholt glas air a ceann  
Mar choille chriona, chrith-tìean
  - 3 Bha aon suil ronnach na ceann  
'S bu luath i no ronnach maigh'r  
Bha cloidheamh meirgeach fo crìos  
Air gach taobh don chrithal chois
  - 4 'S gur b' ainm don Fhuagh nach tìom  
A Bhuirbhurtach, mhaol ruagh mhordhìn  
Re amharc nam Fiann fo dheas  
Gun ruith a bheisd na h' inuis
  - 5 Rinn i gean gun chomann duinn  
Mharb i le h' abhachd ceud laoch  
'S a gaire na garbh chraos
  - 6 Cait on robh sluagh bu chiallich  
'S bu narich na sud agibhs'  
Measg Fianna Inuse-Fail  
No air Mhathibh na h' Erin ?
  - 7 Labhair laoch nach d' fhuinge sàr  
Mac Moirna' dha m' b' ainm Coinean  
A bhuidhìn sin bha fann  
Annta dheargadh do bhreim lann
  - 8 Agus air sgath cullanich<sup>1</sup> nan con  
Oirne na bhithid ga' muighladh  
Cha n da-fhear d'bheng 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  
Cogad Iana dhe 'n dearg or  
Agus ga' m' b' fhearr or cuodidh nan cloch  
No cogadh nam Fiann fhaobharaich
  - 11 Ged fhoidhìn buaidh<sup>2</sup> Erin uile  
'H or 'sa h' airgid '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 eolg na Beisd'  
Gan derich Fionn Flath na Feinne  
Dherich Oiscean Flath nam fear  
Dherich Oscar 's dherich Iolìn
  - 14 Gan derich Diarmad donn  
Dherich leis an lion-bhuidhean  
Dherich koch nach tìm 's nach tais  
Dherich an Glas le mhòr neart
  - 15 Sin dar dherich iad uile  
Eadar mhae Rì 's gach aon duin'  
'S mar Bheisd' dhioghair 's a ghlean
  - 16 Rinn iad Cro chrotha cathmhòr  
Mar Mhuir ri clochan a mhòl  
Bha dol aig a Bhuirbhurtach orr'
  - 17 Ach fhrithead i iad nu seach  
Mar ruith sradagan lasarach  
Ach an tus iorghal an aigh  
Thuit cabhair air na Laoich lann
  - 18 Thuit a Bhuirbhurtach leis an Rì  
Is ma thuit cha b' ann gun gau stri  
Deachan cha d' fhuair e mach sud  
O la Ceardoch Lon Mhìc Liobhìn

<sup>1</sup> Cullanach, a dog boy, or dog-keeper, *gloss*.

<sup>2</sup> Some say buar, cattle.

- 19 Ghluais an Gobh' leis a bhrìgh  
Gu teach athair an ard Rì  
Rinneadh bead ars' Gobhan nan euan  
Mharbhadh a Bhuirbhurtach ruagh  
Rì.
- 20 Mar do sligadh i 'n talam 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 mbarbh i ach an Fhiann  
Buidhean nach gabh roimh dhùine fiann  
Cha d' theid Fuath no arrachd as  
On t sluagh aluin fhloit-bhuigh  
Rì.
- 22 Bheir mise mo mhionnann Rì  
Na mharbhadh a Bhuirbhurtach mbin  
Nach fag mi do dh' Erin an aigh  
Innis no Ealan no Tom
- 23 Nach tog mi 'n coir-taobh mo laong  
Dh' Erin churanda ao-throm
- 24 'S chuirin breabanich air muir  
Ga togal as a tonna bhalladh  
Le Crocan eroma ri tir  
Ga tarring as a tamh-thonnadh  
GOBH.
- 25 'S mor an luchd do luingean ban  
Erin uile dh' aon laimh  
'S cha deach do luingean air sàl  
Na thogadh Cuigeadh do dh' Erin
- 26 Deich fìchid agus mìle Laong  
Thog an Rì 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 chuain  
Do ghlan daoir' naise Inuse-Fail  
Oscar agus Reine Ruagh  
Ossian nam buadh agus Cairil ard  
FING.
- 28 'X d' fhiosraich sibh an deas no 'n tuagh  
Co ni u' teannal chruaidh san traigh ?  
Chan eil am ach Flath no Rì  
Thuirte Coinean maol gun fholt
- 29 Och nam foidhìus' an Fheinn  
Fear a ghabhadh sgeul an t' sluaigh  
'S e labhair Fionn flath nam fear  
Gum fordheadh e brith 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 dhol nan ceann  
FERG.
- 31 Mallachd dhuit a Choinean mhaol  
Labhair Feargus bu chaoin cruth  
Reachinse a ghhabhadh sgeul  
Dha 'n Fheinn 's cha b' ann air do ghnt
- 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 Rì Lochlìn nam sgia airn  
Se Rì Lochlìn ceann na Triath  
Gille bu mhòr fìach us fearg.

## FERG.

- 34 Thubhart Feargus rubh gu min  
'N ann do chuidcacha' nam Fiann  
Thanig an Triath tha so air lear  
'S Rì Lochlìn orr mar cheann



## LOCH.

- 35 Air do lamhsa Fhearguis fheile  
'S as an Fheinn cia mor do mhuirn  
Cha ghabh siun 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 bhrèith
- 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 echrè
- 38 Ach air bhi fada dhuinn nar tosd  
Gun smainich 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 druin  
Air neadh naeh eil i nan coihin
- 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 oehd  
Ri Lochlin nan Comhrag theanu  
Gu sgarruin a cheann o' ehorp
- 43 Sin dar thubhart Reine Ruadh  
Cia mor a thae' a shluagh baoh  
Naodh fìchid do Gheard an Ri  
Dhaideoin an s'ri, bheir mi an sar
- 44 Gan dubhart Caoilte nam Fianu  
'S cur a sgia air a lamh  
Naodh fìchid Curamh gun diomh  
Dhòidh mis iad air an traigh
- 45 Ghlac an Dath mac Rivin eolg  
Le guth borb 's e labhart aird  
Naonar a luchd comhrag e'cud  
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'
- 47 Labhairt Cuairè gill Fhinn  
Tog dhìot do sheinn is bi slàn  
'S ged thanig iad nil' air thuinn  
Cha mhor dhuibh theid air sal
- 48 Beirim beannachd 's beirim buaioh  
Thubhart Mac Cumhail nan gruaidh dearg  
Maonas Mac Garrie nan sloigh  
Leagidh mis eca mor fhearg
- 49 Air mhoch erigh n' la air 'n mharach  
Ghluais Fergus File gu gle dhan  
Air chomhail mar bu chòir  
A dhiondsaidh Mathibh Ri Lochlin
- 50 Chuir e air a Luirach mhor  
'S a Chlogaid de 'n or mu cheann  
Gun chuir e a chloidheamh ri chrios  
'S a dha shleagh re los 's a chrann
- 51 Bheannich e dar cha e mhan  
Dh' fhear a sheasomh aite Ri  
'S dhoimnich e le comhradh foill  
Ciod e a mor shluaghs' a tha air tìr
- 52 'Saimideach tha veir mo bheachd  
Co b' urra sa ehleas dluth?  
Ach Maonas Ri Lochlin nan Laong  
Le fheachd trom gu cos-nadh cliu
- FERG.
- 53 'S aimideach a bhuaill thu 'n speach  
'S nach d' iomradh mi e'cach no toir  
'S ge mor a thug sibh luibh an all  
Gun feudadh sibh bhi gann a falbh

## LOCH.

- 54 Co b' urra sa ehleas dluth?  
FEARG.
- 55 Ch b' urra sa ehleas dluth  
Ach Fionn ur a b' fhearr buaidh  
Nach do theich roimh dhuine riabh  
Ach gan teicheadh na ceuda uaith
- LOCH.
- 56 Ni mise eogadh oirbh le 'm fheachd  
'S bheir mi e'cach o' Fhianna Fail  
Bithidh Sgeollach' agam 's Bran  
'S bithidh Fionn sa bhean nan lamh
- FEARG.
- 57 Feudidh tu a chantan gu beachd  
Gur e'cach neart sin oirn gu brath  
Ach eait 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 Fianu  
Is Fionna fial cia mor a lamh
- FEARG.
- 59 Feaidh ta bhi triall an tìr  
Thubhart Fergus as caoin eruth  
'S tu laoch as mo fo 'n ghreinn  
Ma dhearbhas tu fein do ghuth
- 60 Ciod e a choirre 'mo rinn Fionn  
Man d' thanig sibhs a thogail gheall?
- LOCH.
- 61 Se choirre 's mo rinn Fionn  
Muisne Ri Lochlin nan gleann  
Gun mbarbhadh i 'n Erin shuas  
Seal mas d' fhuairis le Clann—
- FEARG.
- 62 Cha b' fhiach a choslas a bh' ann  
Bha h' aogas air dreach a ghuail  
Bha crion-fholt glas air a ceann  
'S eo dheanadh clann ri Fuath?
- LOCH.
- 63 Cha b' Fhuath bhann ach Bean  
Cha robh i fann na tìr fein  
'S nam foilhidh i comhrag naodhmar  
Chuireadh i di air an Fheinn.
- FEARG.
- 64 Chan fhaca sinne bean ann  
Ach Caillach chann 's i gann do cheill  
Bha aon suil ghlonnach na ceann  
'S chuir i amtlachd air an Fheinn
- FIONN'S TRIBUTE.
- 65 Dheibidh sibh Cumh' s gabhith coir  
Caogaid Tunna do dhearg or  
'S gum b' fhearr 'or enodidh nan cloch  
No na bheir na Feachd da cheuin
- 66 Dheibh thu seachd ceud niginn bhais-gheal-bhan  
Is seachd ceud Curadh theidha nan dàil  
Seachd ceud bó gum bhiodhan riabh  
Seachd ceud Each le 'n deagh thrill
- 67 Seachd ceud Daimh chabair nam beann  
Ghlacadh gun ghuth cinn no eoin  
Seachd ceud aogh le n' seachd ceud Maogh  
Chuiradh an lamh an' Leitir Shoir
- 68 Seachd ceud seabhaga rinn sealg  
Seachd ceud Gadhra garg am beinn  
Seachd ceud Ealla dho 'n t' snamh  
Seachd ceud Lach le Ràe air Leinn
- 69 Seachd ceud Ruagh-Cheare dhe 'n fhraoch  
Seachd ceud Coillach-chraobh air chrann  
Seachd ceud Iolair o' Thuath  
Seachd ceud Earb' a luath ran gleann
- 70 Seachd ceud Cùbhag seachd ceud cnaeh  
Seachd ceud smeorach ' 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 phlillin mo Lód air Sal  
Ach am biodh Erin uile air earras

(Here follow the *Banners*, as in other versions.)

## LOCH.

- 72 Co i a Bhrachs' Fhili Dhuanaich  
Ne sud Brach Mhic-treun Bhuadhich  
Chí mí Gille gathasd air a ceann  
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n or eibhin ?

## FEARG.

- 73 Cha re sud ach an Lia Luathnach  
Bratach Dhiarmid og o' duine  
'S dar thigeadh an Fhinn na mach  
Gheóbhidh an Lia-Luathnach toiseach.

## LOCH.

- 74 Co i a Bhratach ud Fhili Dhuainnich  
Ne sud Bratach Mhic-treun bhuadhich  
Chí mí Gille gath'sd air a ceann  
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n or eibhin.

## FEARG.

- 75 Cha ne sud ach an Duth-Nea' (or Ninnh')  
Bratach Fhoilte Mhic Rea  
Dar chruinnicheadh Cath na Clíar  
Cha bhíodh íomradh ach air on Duth- Nea'

## LOCH.

- 76 Co i a Bhratach ud Fhili Dhuainich  
Ne sud Bratach Mhic Treun bhuadhich  
Chí mí gille gath'sd air a ceann  
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n or eibhin

## 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  
Chí mí gille gath'sd air a ceann  
'S air a lasadh dhe 'n or eibhin

## FEARG.

- 79 Cha ne sud ach a Sguab-ghabli  
Bratach Osear chro-laidir  
Leis an leigta cinn gun amhlíchín  
'S nach tugadh troidh air a h' aís  
Ach an críthidh an talamh trom-ghlas

- 80 Sgaoil sinn an Deo-ghréine re crann  
Bratach Fhinn ba theann sa chath  
Loma-lan do chlochán dhe 'n or  
'S ann luinn gu 'm bu mhór a meas—rath

## LOCH.

- 81 Saolamid gun thuit a Bheinn——

## FIONN'S BANNER.

## FEARG.

- 'S darra dhuit na bheil ann  
Geal-ghengach Mhic Cumhíil re craun  
Is naodh slabhrín aísde síos

- 82 Dh 'n or bhuidhe gun dall-sgiamh  
Is naodh naodhuar a lann ghaisgich  
Fo cheann na h' níl slabhrídh  
Mar Chleath treamhadh gu traigh  
Bithidh a gair-chath ga d' íonian.

## LOCH.

- 83 'S breugach do bheul Fhili bhínn  
Cia mor agads' sluaigh na Feinne  
Trian na h' agams do shluagh  
Cha robh aguibh riabh an Erin.

## FEARG.

- 84 Ge beag leatsa an Fhíann thíres  
A Rí Lochlín na mor chamhlach  
Bheir thu do theann leum fo 'n fheasgar  
Róimh laura glasa ní t-áimhleas.

- 85 'Arsin an toisich a chomhrag ehnraidh  
Se lathair Mac Cumhíil nam buadh  
Cromadh gach fear a cheann sa chath  
Is deantar leis gach Flath mar gheall.

- 86 Ba lionmhor guailín gu maoladh  
Agus coluín a sruaghadh  
Ba lionmhor ann tuitim fleasgich  
O eirigh Greine gu feasgar.

- 87 'S cha deach faobhar airm gu muir  
Ach aona mhíle do shluagh bárr  
Theich iad mar shruth air bhara-bheann  
Is sinne sa chath gan íonian.

- 88 Deich fichid 's míle sonn  
Thuit eadar Garrie agus Goll  
O 'n dherich a ghrian gu moch  
Gus an deach i fo san amoch.

- 89 Seachd Fichid 's seachd Cathán  
Na bha do shluagh aig Rí Mheathan  
Thuit sud le Osear an aigh  
'S le Cairil mor na corra-chnamh.

- 90 Bha Mac Cumhíil 's a shluagh garg  
Mar chaoir-theina na mor thearg  
Mar shardagan diana eas  
'M feadhs' a mbair Lochlínach ris.

- 91 Thachoir Mac Cumhíil nam buan  
Is Maonas nan ruag aigh  
Rí cheil an tuiteam an t' sluaigh  
'S ann luinn gum chruaidh an eas

- 92 Dar thoisich stri nan laoch  
'S ann luinn gum chian an eos  
Bha clochan agus talamh trom  
Fuasgladh o' bhonn an eos

- 93 Air briseadh den cloidhean ha dearg  
Dheirich orr fearg agus fraoch  
Thílg iad am buil' air an lar  
'S thug iad sparn an do laoch.

- 94 Thuit Rí Lochlín an aigh  
M' fianuis chái air an Fhraoch  
'S airse ged nach b' onair Rí  
Chuireadh ceangal nan tri-chaol.

- 95 Sin dar labhair Coinean maol  
Mac Moirne bha riabh bha riabh ri h'óle  
Leigibh mise gu Maonas nan lann  
'S gu sgarrúin a cheann o' chorp.

- 96 Cairdeas cha neil agam no chorp  
Dhuita Choinéan mhaoil gun tholt  
'S o 'n thucladh mí 'n lamhan Fhinn  
'S annsa leam e na bhí t' iochds.

- 97 Cha n' iomar mí beum air Flath  
Fuasglaidh mí thusa o' m' Fheinn  
A Laoich threín chuir mor-chath.

- 98 Dheibh thu do roghan a risd'  
Dhol as gud thír fein  
Cairdeas is comunn is gaol  
No thigín led lann gu m' Fheinn.

- 99 'M fadsa bhithis ceill am chorp  
Cha bhuail mí buille t' aghaidh Fhinn  
'S aithreach leam na rinnis ort.

- 100 Cha n' ann ormna rinn thu n' lochd  
'S ann rinn thu 'n cron duit fein  
Dhe 'n thug thu do shluagh o' d thír  
'S beag a phlúileas a risd duintb sin.

- 101 Ach eia be thigeadh anns an uair  
Gu mullach Bheinn-Eidin fhuair  
'Chan' fhae 's cha n' fhae e gu brath  
Urad do dh' fhaobh ann' aon la.

&c. MANUS. 30 lines.

Mrs. Taylor's, 7, Dabry 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 MACPHEAL.

J. F. Campbell, Esq.

- 1 IÀ dhuinn a' fiadhach air leirg,  
Cha do thachair an t-sealg n'ar còir;  
Gu faea sinn mìle bàra,   
Air sàl a' tighinn o near.
- 2 Thachair Mac Cumhail nan enach,  
'S Manus nan gruidhean àigh;  
Air leth air iomall an t-sluaigh,  
'S a Chléirich nach bu chruaidh an càs.
- 3 Stad sinne taobh air thaobh,  
'S leinne bu chian an cìos;  
'S nac faodah duine dhòl non dàil,  
Gus am faicadh each an laichd.
- 4 Gidheadh ged nach b' onair rìgh,  
Chaidh ceangal nan trì caoil air.
- 5 Oin thuirte 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,  
Rìnta 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 fhath,  
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 rinnì ky finni  
Innoiss dowt a halgin  
Fa hymmi dwu 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 foltiunn  
Gin ane dwn ag ach ay feyn  
Fa math in toglach essane
- 5 Mir hanyth shay in gen mi wane  
A dowrt in toglach fa keyve keyll  
Tarsyth lomstih noss inni  
Is ber cayd leich id di hymchill
- 6 Deych mek eichit morne mor  
Ber let in dowss di heuyoll  
Fer is ocht zet chonn feyne  
Ber is oskir di zane wane
- 7 Ber deachnor di clannith smoil  
Is feichit di clanni ronane  
Ber di clanni mwìn 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 zannith is di zorrin
- 9 Ber nenor do zillew let  
Fa farda how ym be 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 beith  
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 choraa ni churffe in swm  
A chonane meill ni beymin  
Is mest in sloye di wee ann  
Id ta tow agrow anwin
- 15 Errissyth clanni biskni ann  
Erss conane in nani  
Gowis gi naceh zeuwe 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 Errissyth arriss ann  
Is daniss a wurrill  
Fearyth yn beinni ewt  
Ag gowle di chonan in nani
- 18 Di wersi a wraa feyn di zinn  
Di ray gowle mor ninn beymin  
War conan na mess a chinni  
Na bonfeit ass in tinchin
- 19 Ferris koill D' eichid in glen  
Er nach leyr rawe cheith in ferrin  
Ay gin fissy nyth feanith ag finn  
Troyg in skail so halgin
- 20 Faddi lommi a halgin trane  
Nach wagga 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 roye 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 Fëinne 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. II. AN TATHACH IUNIGH. 67 lines.

Mae Nicol's Collection, Ossianic Ballad, No. XII. Copied by Malcolm Macphail, Edinburgh, March 5, 1872.

- 1 I LA dhuint an Tigh Chronghlin nan Cloch,  
Hanig gar 'ninsuidh an Tathich;  
'S dholliche coig Meoir a Thraig,  
Trian do Dhurlair an Rìogh Thaigh.

- 2 Bha aoin Suil an Lar a Chinn,  
Bha aoin Chas chli as a thoin;  
Bha aoin Chrog nasich as uehd.  
'S bu duthaidh I na Gualich Gothin.
- 3 Hog Connan an Dorn le Duriehd,  
Gu Hathich mor na haoiu suiligh;  
Stad a Chonnain fanna' d cheil,  
She a labhair Fion flath na Fein.
- 4 Bu bhor an Taobhair Reachd leom,  
Gum buailte Teichdrie Rìogh Lochlin;  
Sheo a chiad La a hain u gu 'm Theich.  
A nois Athaich Aonigh.
- 5 Fhìr as gorm aoin suil gun Tlachd,  
Innish duinne Toir<sup>1</sup> 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 fairbeart.
- 7 Missigh labhairt ri Rìogh Flath nan Fian.  
E dhol ga sirigh gu Lochdrum-cliar:  
Bha sheich eiad Fichid Cota shroil.  
An Tigh Bhic Cubhail Mhic Treimhoir.
- 8 Bha Clogid as Seia as Lurich,  
Air gach Laoich iursich Ard-ghlunich;  
Bha Innil gasta air gach Fear,  
Fraoch teth air gach Laoich lamhear.
- 9 Bha Ulich air gach Fearr don Droing,  
Do Luchd nan Urechair innithe;
- 10 An dug shìbh an iunsuidh Cithich  
Gran Buaigh? Ars Manus
- 11 'S mis 'a bharibh Cithich nan Buaigh,  
Huirt Mae Cubhail nan Arm ruaigh;  
Air an Traigh ha shiar mu Thuath,  
Fenigh far 'n do thuit mor T-sìbnaigh.

## 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.
- 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 aguibh ga chion,  
Gad ha mi am Baisgain Fheribh Lochlin.

## MANUS.

- 16 Ceanglìbh an Fennrìog 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 gum' bard air Miagh;  
She bharaibh shin trithir man Fheir,  
Shail man drang shin an Dorrast.
- 20 Bhrish shin Buaghinin an Tuir,  
'S baribh shin an Dorsair,
- 21 Chaigh shin gu durragha steach,  
Shog shin ubhlidh na Cairich;  
Hainig shin air an Fhàichigh amach.  
Nar Droing aigintich arramach.
- 22 Ghlac shin Rìogh Lochlin nan Buaigh.  
Hug shin lein e nìar gu Herin;  
Sriabh naigh shin amach  
Bha Cìosh againn air Feiribh Lochlin.

Criche.

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 ioghna;  
Dh' tholuich enig meoir a throighe,  
Trian do dh' ùrlar ar Rìgh-thighe.
- 2 Bha aon chos fodha nach eil,  
Aon suil air clar a chinn mhòir;  
Bha aon lamh iarainn as uehd,  
'S bu daighe 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 suil gun thachd,  
Innis dhomhaisa t-aire is t-iompaidh?

## FREAGRADH.

- 6 Thanaig mis' o 'n Lochlunn leathach,  
Is o 'n Chuideachd ghorm shìeaghaich;  
Thug mi sìnteg nach robh mall,  
Thainig mi bho chrìochaibh Lochlunn.
- 7 'Chuir Inghean Rìgh Lochlunn Bhà-bhuig,  
Chuir i fios gu Fionn gun toirbeart;  
Leansa fios a dh' ionnsuidh 'n Triath,  
Dol na h-iarraidh thair Loch-drùm-cliar.'
- 8 Is è bhì seachdain bho màireach,  
Aig cathair na Bèirbhe ann Lochlun.
- 9 Bha sid againn seachd ceud fìeach còta sròil,  
Ann tigh Mhic Cuthail, Mhic Tremhoir;  
Bha da shìteag is lann 'us luireach,  
Air gach laoch iorsuch àrd ghlunmhor.
- 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 urechair innealta is dh' fhalbh sinn.
- 11 Ràinig sinne Cathair na Bèirbhe ann Lochlun.  
Thachair Rìgh Lochlun oirn a nuigh 'us  
chuir è fàilte chridheil oirn, agus thug e  
cuireadh dhuinn a steach. (Ghabhadh bluaime  
an sin ar cuid àrm, 'us chuir iad an tigh taisge  
a nuigh iad, ach thugadh dhuinn fein an iu-  
chair ga gleitheadh. Thug iad a steach sinn an  
sinn do Rìghthigh mòr bha aca 'us dhuinne  
dorsan an tuir sin do oirn. Do shuidh fear a  
dhaime Rìgh Lochlun air gach gualain do na h-  
nìle againne, agus bha fear cile a' friththeadh  
do na h-nìle truar a shuidh fua 'n lùn arnaibh,  
agus gun againn ach a mbain sgianan folchich  
oirn (mar bu ghmà leinn ann an àin eunnairt).  
Bha 'n Rìgh na shuidhe air Cathair os-ar-ciunn,  
d' ar naural 'us d' ar nearrail. Ach 'nuair bha  
gach cuirm an deidh an cuir thairis 'S e dh' iarr  
an Rìgh fios Ceist.
- 12 Cò mharbh' tuo mhaicsa Cìothach nam buadh?  
13 Am Freagradh.  
Is mise mharbh do mhac Cìothach nam buadh,  
'S è labhair è Goull arm raadh,  
Air an tràl' ud siar mu thuath,  
Am fèinne 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 arnach,  
'S eia 'n uàicheadh mi bàs an tuir,  
Bho 'n a thuit e leam san iorghaill.'

## CEIST.

- 16 C' àite an dh' fhag sibh mo mhac fein,  
Lamh nam bèud ann Bìngal-bìagha?

<sup>1</sup> History.

## FRÉAGRAIDH.

- 17 'S mise mharbh lamh nam beud,  
Do mhae fein am Bìngal-briagh;  
Se labhair è Diarmaid-o-dhuine,  
'S nìor robh math agaihb da chionn,  
Ge d' tha mi 'm builsgèin fir Lochlain.
- 18 Beirbh air an fhear bheag ud 's ceanghlàibh è,  
Arsa Rìgh Lochlain
- 19 C' àite bheil na briathra mòra a Mhànais? 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 aigheach uallach;  
Agus riamh bho sin a mach,  
Tha cis againn a fèaraibh 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 'Roc,' 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 eug meoir a throidhe  
Trian do urlar ar rìgh thigh.
- 2 Bha aon chos fo 'n nach robh eì,  
Aon suil air clar a chinn mhòir;  
Bha aon lamh iarraidh as uèhd,  
Bu duibhe i na gnalach 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 guirne suil gun thachd,  
Innis dhomhsa taire 's t-ionmpaidh.
- 6 Thainig mise o Lochlan laghach (al. learach)  
'Son chuideachd ghorm shìeghlach;  
Thug mi sìnteg nach robh mall,  
Thainig mi o chrìocheibh Lochlain.
- 7 Chuir nigean rìgh Lochlain bhla bhluig,  
Chuir i fios gu Fionn gun toirheart;  
Chuir i fios dh' ionnsuidh 'n Triath,  
Dol ga h-iarraidh thar Loch druim eìar.
- 8 'Se bhì seachdan o maireach,  
Aig Cathair na Beirbh an Lochlain;  
Bha sìd againn seachd ceud fichead earra shroil  
An tìgh Mhìe Cathail, Mhìe Treunmhòir.
- 9 Bha da shìleagh, is lann is luireach,  
Air gach laoch ìorsach 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 sgiathabhaibh gaoithe a' sìubhal cuan,  
Dh' fhalbh sinn gu h-nalach ard;  
Mar coineann chumnaic sinn mar stuagh  
Cathair na Beirbh an cois na traigh.

- 12 Thachair rìgh Lochlain oirn a muigh,  
'S chuir e falte chridheal oirn;  
Thug e cuire dhuinn a steach,  
'S ged a thug cha 'n ann ehn aigh.
- 13 Ghabhadh uainn ar cuid arm,  
'S thaisgeadh iad an carn a muigh;  
Thuga dhuinn fhein an fuellar ghiatha,  
Cha smaiau gleithe bh' air ar n-uigh.
- 14 Chaidh slàn steach do thigh 'n rìgh mhòir,  
Dhuinte oirn dorsau an tuir;  
Shuidh fear a dhaoinè rìgh Lochlain air guallain  
a h-uile fear againn; fear a frìthealadh do na  
h-uile truir. Iadsan fon armaibh, gun  
againn ach ar sgeanach 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,  
Ceothach nam buadh.
- 15 'S mise mharbh do mhae Ceothach nam buadh,  
'Se labhair Goll nan arm Ruagh Cha 'n aiceadh.  
Air an traigh ud siar ma dheas,  
Am Feinne ann do lot a chneas.
- 16 Co mharbh mo Mhae Gormshuil nan cath?  
17 'S mise a mharbh do Mhae Gormshuil nan cath.  
'Se labhair an t-Oscar armach.  
Cha 'n aiceadh mi bas an fhir.  
O na thuit e leam san Tìorghuill.
- 18 C'ait an d' flag sibh mo mhae fein,  
Lamh nam beud am beag a bhriathra<sup>1</sup>
- 19 'S mise mharbh lamh nam beud,  
Do mhae fein am Beuga Briagha.  
'Se labhair Diarmad o Duighe,  
'S nìor robh math agaihb ga cheann, (chionn)
- 20 Ged thu mi builsgèin fir Lochlain,
- 21 Beirbh air an fhear bhraigid,
- 22 Ceanglaibh e ars rìgh Lochlain,
- 23 C'ait a bheil na briathra mòra Mhànais?
- 24 Dh' fhasg far an d' fhuaras.
- 25 Tharruing sinn seachd ceud fichead sgrìan,  
Aig meud ar gaisge bu mhòr gnìomh,  
Mhairbhte leinn truir m' an fneuir.  
Seall tu 'n d' rainig sinn an doras.
- 26 Bhrìsear leinn dorsan an tuir;  
Mhairbhte leinn an dorsair dur,  
Ach phill sinn lann gu dur a steach,  
'S thog sinn ulach na Carachd.
- 27 Bha sinn a mach air an fhaiche,  
Eutrom aigeanaich uallach,  
Agus riamh o sin a mach,  
Bha cìos agalun air fèaraibh 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 Ixiss thus dhuinn a Phadruig,  
O 'n a 's tu a 's fearr meadhair,  
Greis air Seialachd Fiannbhì Phinn,  
La àrd a bha sinn an Cromagheann.
- 2 La dhuinn an Cromagheann nan clach,  
Thaig oirn an t-athach angabhi;  
Thuir e le gloir bhuiag nach tiom,  
Nach càithe leinn cuid an Cromagheann.
- 3 'N sin labhair Fionn le guth mor,  
Uist a Chonain 's coisg do dhòrn,  
'S mor an t-abhar reachda leinn  
U bhualidh Teachdaire Rìgh Lochlunn

<sup>1</sup> Breuga Briagha.

- 4 Ach fhíoir as buirbe suil gun tlachd,  
Sleoin-sa dhuinn t-ar agus t-íomachd.
- 5 Thairg mis o Lochlunn Leathann  
O'n chuideachd chuirn fheaghaich,  
Thug mi trean cheim gun bhí mall  
Ann an cein o chriochlibh Lochlunn,
- 6 Thug nighin Ríogh Lochlunn nam bla baig,  
Dhuit féin Fhinn a gaol gun cleamnd  
'Us dh' iarr i ortsa Mhic Cabbhaill,  
A tabhairt o luchd a troma chleig.
- 7 Cairibh air cotana sroil,  
Air ar corpbh seanga síthar  
Air Luirichin 'us math naise,  
Scabbaill óir fúí fhíllidh gasta.
- 8 Seith bhreac nan eangach dar díon  
Trogamid a ghaoil gun íomaghainn,  
Seith bhil óir 'us Lann 'us Luireach  
Air gach Gill-Oglach Arsl ghluinich,
- 9 Inneal comhann air gach fear,  
Fraoch Siubhail air gach Gille,  
Ull' ach air gach aon do 'n dream,  
Do luchd nan uarachairn Innealt,
- 10 Thog sinn rí drummachull a chuain,  
A Bhuidhinn 's cha b' fhrust air díongabhaill  
Cath-cagar do dh' Fhianinibh Fhinn,  
Gun smaointin eagal na íomaghainn.
- 11 Latha dhuinn sa mhéirbh ag ól,  
Poball Fhinn 'us Ríogh air tonail  
Ag ól sa 'g íomairt air leinn,  
Sinn féin 'us sluaghan Ríogh Lochlunn.
- 12 Sin labhair Ríogh Lochlunn féin,  
An dng sibh leibh Lamh nam beud,  
Na Cíthích mo mhachd eila,  
Na Gomunn na Míogthasul briathra.
- 13 Us mise mbarbh lamh nam beud,  
Ars Osgar 's ní b' íomadh breug  
Gun taine do dhúine ga chionn,  
Na na bheil do fhíne 'n Lochlunn,
- 14 'S mis a mbarbh Gomunn do mhac,  
Arsa Raoini but gheal glachd,  
Air Traigh a chliabhain fúí' thuath  
Siar o rudha na morchuan,
- 15 'S mis a mbarbh Cíith' íeh do mhac eila  
Arsa Diarmuid Donn o Duibhne;  
'Us gabham re mar bhadh an fhíoir,  
O 'n sann leam a thuit 'n Forghuill,
- 16 Ghabh sinn air an fhaiech' a mach,  
Nar dream aiginniech uafach,  
Scolt sinn roinnh Dhorsibh an Tuir;  
Agus thuair sinn buaidh air na Loch-lunnich.
- 17 Agus phill sinn air ar 'n aís a chum air 'n aite  
féin 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 mines, and slain by the craft of Fionn accepting to the tale. This arithmetical legend seems to fit where cunning was pitted against cunning.

## GOLD FHIINN AGUS DHUBHAIN.

- 4 Ceathrar fionn faidha ar thús  
Fa mbarhar liom ainíomthas
- 5 Cuigear dubha na n dail  
do bheilt derbh eoghar dhubhain
- 2 dias o Fhinn horb g bheath
- 1 Fear o dhubhain teibhartach cath
- 3 Triur o mhac cubhail theill
- 1 As fear o dhubhain dbreic theill
- 1 Snuighios Fionn san mbroggh bhán
- 2 Gha dhias dhubhe ar a laimh deis
- 2 1s dias eile do mhunstar fhinn allmuine
- 3 Triur o dhubhan mo chion
- 1 Fer fiadhghaigh na n aghaidh 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, 1894, 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.<sup>1</sup>

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, 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 CASAL óireadh ro gabhadh fhaiteas & saor lamhas ar na cithre treabhadhí Lochloinnach ar feachd naill i colgan cruaidh amach mac Do ain & do co onn (c)on & ard óireachdais laisan rígh síos ar saithd na beirbh loch lúin baunagh & rangadar an ceithre treabha Lochlanach na chomhdháil la air IS ann sin do labhair rígh Lochlain do ghuth ard mor follus ghlan innsin naonnadh & a feadh adubhairt Lochlun ar se anaidhí díth lochd no ainmhí mar rigare mar tighearna amuis a dubhuirt each uile daiteas aon fhear nar barenúid a dubhuirt an ríghní mar sin daisa féin ar se is aith níl dand locht ro mhór orúin o s'fheain (shean) creud-he an locht sin

[The ten following lines in the MS. are illegible.

Top of page 2.]

agus forghn na Lochannach is do chaidh d. d. ar magh daitreudnab fomharach & is an do thuirtabhain ce íodhon. Ceathlunn chalahd craos fhiaclach & is ann ata a feart an dun Ceathlunn don taogh at uaidh do mhagh Duir. Is ann sin do dhirt Niamhadh cruth tsobhis ínghean Neidh g'con-oir slaghuibh & geona cloinn & is ann ata dfeart don taobh tsihar do sin & do tuit ann sin clanna Caeid & is ann ata abfeart ag clar Lughne & agann Caeid amar' Earcann do cheannuidh bal' Lughd midh Lamh fhada IS ann sin a dubhuirt rí L. I. isead is aillíomsa ar se dul an Eairinn dhíghuill cíosa mo sinnsr o

<sup>1</sup> MacLachlan's Analysis, p. 20.

Eaireann & dfaghnaibh braghadh gill re comhall damh a dubhradur maithé Lochlann gar maith leo fein an turas sin re deanann & gar miste leo a fad ceadairne & a dubhuirt ri Lochlann gaisim! sluaigh do chuir ar an L. i uile & do chruinnidair chuige U. rugh chathra no nuh ar fathee na Beirbe Lochlann aid & do daingnidair a longa & ahath bhreaca & do chuaidair ionnta go lid mhacach hgearrae & thugadar leimh samtach isin a bfairge go fiur neartmar & nri bfeuchadar dole no dan 1<sup>o</sup> lann da furadar no gar gabhadur chuan ad taisce eart Ulladh & tangadar athair co timneas nach & do gabhadur ar tinnin na criche co coim diochra & is e par i air Eirinn an tan sin iodhon Corbunne mac Art iusle Cium ceud chathach & raimic fios na trom daimhe sin go Teamhruidhe mur roibhe Conn ceud chathach & do chuir Corbunne deachda go Headmuin Laighean mar roibhe Fionn mac Caphuill da radha ris an trom daimh dho iongabhall sin diochra deareanachailh iarua chuin strin sin dFionn do chuir trionair ar & cathup na Feinne tangadar go hobann athlanh da ionnsuige isin mbaile & tigid ag coime na malharach na dromgadh disire dacsathach & mor sguiradar don ruadh'ar no go rangadar ag comhdhailna Lochlan: ar & raicis na cete doiph tuga dar ionnsuige neumlais<sup>2</sup> naimh deannuill fair a cheile & do tuaitair socheidh ionleat ara nrig leith don tuircann treun neartuar sin. IS ann sin do fhearguidehadur an Fian do an datha go Poir & Il ferdam laidir dala Ghulid Morna ar bfaicim na Feinne ambaghal ag na Hallmarachuib do ionnsuige mara bfaicim Mearghe righ Lochlann & do nochd a lann lionthla leathan leadarach & ro gabhadur urluighe adh garbha amarnatacei ar na Lochlannachuib & diaigh sin tarla he fen & ri Lochlann da cheile Ead do rondadar conhrac disir daidhe do eudain re cheile & do tuid ri Lochlann abfoir ceann an comhrice sin do beamannuib ghlae laidir Ghulid mhic Morna & do bhreisdh air na Lochlannaich o do tind atriath & a tighearna & do chuaidh ar tri mhic ri Lochan do chadhad ag an catha o do dhuict anatar & do mharbh chios diobh & ainic Fionn an tres mac diobh, iodhon, Nioch mac colgan & do churadh ar na Lochlannaich ar dtuind an triur treun fhear sin uadh & ni deacha eal' chach beatha as diobh gan mharbha & do ghabh Fionn Mioch & do bean alan fuaslughadhas & do goireadh ri Lochlan do mhidhach ar sin a dubhuirt Mioch re Fionn o do tuga sin manam damh a laithair cath & gar tuilleas bas dfaghul ni bfuicfean thu gu brath & do bheura eios na Lochlannach chugam an Eirinn & caidhfede uaille friotsa he & ainfad agad go brath inthusa ni odhindh do an se a bfochuir Fionn & fionn mor da mhunintir maileadh fris seal fad do miodach aecoimhdhis & a dubhuirt Conan mac Morna re Fionn is mor an gasachd duit a find ri Lochlan do beadh ad goimlaidhad do gnath ar marbhadh a athar acath dhuict do radh Oisín mac Fionn is fior do Choman sid ar se & o nach ail ri ri Lochlann sgaradh friotsa tabhair fearan do deannan tigiduic & na bioidh s'e ad comhdhadh ni siad no do bise. In ann sin do goir Mio mac Colgan cuga & dubhuirt Fionn frios toigis do deannam & do dtiubhradh se feain a rogha do da triucha cheaudh d fhearain an Eirinn do & rugh Miodh do roghainn & triuch e. aon tuaith tobhth tuaith dhi & acesadur far gabh se an fearonn sin, iodhon. Faitsinge an chuanid do dhi eaidar an da tir sin & nach bioidh coimheud do gna fair adhbhar eile far gabh se an fearonn sin anochus go bfeudfear se Lochlannaich & Greanuidh do tabhairt lais ar an chuan sin an trath do geubha se baoghail faile re deannam air na Fianaibh & do haintead<sup>3</sup> an fonn sin re Miodach mac Colgan & do hiondoite trom conach eige ceithre bhiaidha do ar anordandah<sup>4</sup> sin aon do lo da dtiang Fionn & Fian Eirin do tseilig & d'adhadh fa triucha chacoim<sup>5</sup> ri & fa chriochuib fhear more ris a raitar Hi Connal Gabhra a Mugh & do suigh Fionn da dumha tseulga ar tulach n faurg sgeua fris aratar fearoinn ua ag Conuil annid & dromg d'fianuibh Eapcinn na raon fris an<sup>6</sup>.

Nior cian doibh annsin go bfoceadar aon go laoch da monnsuighe & he mor mileanta ag teachd do laithair chuga & trelamh conh daingeann catha uime, iodhon, cotum suaithnidh strol & ceannbheartir corr chlochinib buadhcha uima cheann & sgiath dohad dath aininn re na ghuaduin chli & da shealg thsith fhoda na laimh dheas & tainic do laithar & do bheannuidh d Fhionn & d Fhianuibh Eairinn & do fiarfuidh Fionn sgeala dhe do ruidhscean fear dana me ar se tainic re dan cugada IS iongnadh an cul<sup>7</sup> re chatha & fi chomhrucigiodh at sin mar sin.

IS fear dana mise ar se tanag re dan chugadsa tri hion<sup>8</sup> dana do diol so ar Fionn & tursa hionsa go brighuinn

caigin do bhruighuibh Eairinn & do geabhad do diol ann uimse a dubhuirt an togchoch gabhuita mar diol naidh ar son no dhana a ciall do thuciam damh & curim fo geasuibh tu fon attuicinn damh gabh dan ar Fionn in loisge teine uair ge creach.

Ad comuire teach isin tir, as nach tabhair geil do ri maith seann leur gabhadh con righ teach tuigun sin ar Fionn is e sin brough na boime iodhon, teach Aonghus oig mhic an Dagha or ni feudair a losgadh na creacha is e sin tuigsin an roinn sin ar an fear danadh. Ad comuire fear sha leith tuaith nach beiras a lan do buaidh ni fear leis amh na bruith. No coulin argarh chuigh. Tuicim sin ar Fionn is e sin chloidheach Aonghasa oig ad conaracas & ni fearr lais amh na bruith ag eataidh camh & corp do laimh echaidh Aonghasa ciodh mall a ceamtar gach tuait is huathie.

Ad conarre beannsa leith theas agas clann treu na cneas, iodhon. Noach huath & asiad achlann do conaracas, Treana-Tuigun an bean sin, ad conaracas, iodhon, an bonn do leith teas eneas, iodhon, Bric mall chorera & a bhraidain eaochuir bregaur ciodh mall nan sruth sin is huathie he Eoach huath or sibhluidd se an donhai re bliadlunn & no dhiongan each do luas an sibhal sin is sin tuigsin an raun sin air an fear dana abhuir tuilleadh dol dhan damh air Fionn deannuire ceathernadi go mbuaidh fan neirgidh ionad sluaigh Eaochuir or is Eaochuir tlat ciod ba frith ad comuire Tuil' ealle tuigun sin ar Fionn is cara daonghus or tusa & ni cara danuha & is i slighe do gabh se leathreana luthogor fein & ad comaircas beith beaga os bar dos & deagl bile ag tional ag enusaigh & is iad sin an eatharn ad conaircas is fior sin ar an fear dana ishi sin tuig sin an dana ud do rinne asaluise cha thusa fein a dubhart Conan mac Morna ane nach aitheochuir<sup>9</sup> tusa he ni aithain ar Fionn do aitheanta mise & Osger & Oisín creud nech aithon uinn si no mhunintir fein & ni aithun an fear ud ar Fionn is dod mhunintir fein sud ar Conan & ni caruid dhuic e & do buih cona do noach a nambuid diathne no charuid or isse do dheanad ole dho & is e sud Miodhach Mac Colgan & is leatsa do chuid athuir & a dis dearbh brathair ag cath buidhe Beirbe & do beanus alan fuaslughad has fein & ata se rieceidar mbladhaibh deng ag oiglochhas agad & ni tuge biadh no deocha duit fris ar se sin. A dubhairt Mioch Mac Colgan ni mise as ciotach fris sin a Conair ar se uair us roibhe me aon ni rin nach beith fleath agan fan chomhair. & us thacon se da cutheannh & us no tugas cuireadh do & atan fleadh agan dho anoch tigidhas da chaitheannh & ata bruidhean air tuinn ata an fleadh & amsa mbriughain ata air tir do bheithar da cutheannh iodhon curimse Fionn fo geasaidh uatha as laith le sin & a dubhuirt Fionn re h-Oisín anas anno so & find d'Fiann Eireann maile friot & na leig diounsuighe briughne ainleidin iad & curfead fios sgeula cugada cionas a bhias an druidehan :

IS iad so an cugar do a fan bfochuir Oisín isin duha tsealg iodhon. Diarmuid O Duibhne & Cailti mac Ronan & Fiacha Mac Finn & Fath Canantar mac mhic Conn & Ainm<sup>10</sup> mac Suibne tsealga & siad so do cuaidh le Fionn gus an mbriughin iodhon. Gill mac Morna & Conan Mac Morna & Mac Lughach lullmeach laiceachdadh & Sgiath bhreac bhreac mac Dathchain & Glas mac don a cartea bearta & da mhac Aodh bhlag mhic Fionn & Daolgus & Conan mac an Leith Luachra & Gallan mac an Luachra & da ri Fheinnidh Chonnachd iodhon. Coir ceshlach ceud guinach & ceid chinnidh mac Connal Cruacha & da ri Fhianuidh Fhian Laighean, iodhon. Flaithas bfear Leith broighe & Doncha mac Breasuil & do chuaidh diachuin le Fionn & do chuaidh Conan rompa steach ansin mbriughin & ni fhair aon nduine innte & fuair se ag conh maith do Bruighuibh riamh & eudighie sioda so masacha & bruit aille idoldathach or snathacha ar leath ugradh<sup>11</sup> ar urlar na bruighne & gach re clarinnte, iodhon. clar ghe glead & clar duibh & clar gorm & clar uaine & clar dearg & gach ar doman ar cheann do mol Conan go mor suighuna na Bruighne & do chuaidh asteach innte an tan sin & do shuidhadar ar na bratuibh sioda fuaradar argeioin isin mbriughin & nior ball leo aneudighie fela beith eatarea & euduilha Bruighne & do bhli baladh sar mhaiseach ag teachd don tinnadh ionnus gur fasadh & gar meudghadh meannan aigonta an baladh sin Dubhuirt Fionn ann sin IS ionna hom ar se fad go faghtar ni eigin do biadhadh na Bruighne si chuigh dubhuirt Gill mac Morna ata ni is iongantuidh leann pein ina sin, iodhon, an tine roibhe bliadh sughuinidh so maiseach ag teachd ann so duinn gar breine hi anois na cumra an donhaih & is is mo deathach do deintibh an donluin uile a dubhuirt Glas mac Aoin Chearta beurrta ata ni is iongantuidh leann fein ina sin, iodhon, an Briugh-

<sup>1</sup> gairm, gloss. in MS.

<sup>2</sup> neo-thais, gloss.

<sup>3</sup> Ainmichead, gloss.

<sup>4</sup> anoidhadh, gloss.

<sup>5</sup> chrioch caoin, gloss.

<sup>6</sup> culaidh, gloss.

<sup>7</sup> hionna, gloss.

<sup>8</sup> aithnich, gloss.

<sup>9</sup> uigona, gloss.

can a roilhe gach re ndatha deurasamh-lachd gach uile datha gan an clur anois imthe ach iarna dluth daingniughadh ar e cheile re slataibh cruaidhe coorthuin & re eile tuath & farchadh da mbualadh eire cheile a Dubhuirt Faolan mac Aodh bhig Finn ata ni is ionganthadhe leam spein ina sin. iodhon. an Bruighean ar a raibhadar seachd n doirsi ag teachd ann so dhuinn nach bfuil anois orrtha ach en doras & a dubhuirt Conan mac Morna ata ni is ionganthadhe leam spein inasin. iodhon. euduighe sioda & na bruit aille en samhla do bhí fuinn<sup>10</sup> ag suighe ann so dhuinn nach bfuil en snaithe fuinn anois diobh & dair leam gar bhí hie cre na taluinn reurgers-athadh anois & gar fuaire i no sneachdadh fluair en oítheche IS ann sin a dubhuirt Fionn is geis damhsa abhadh an bruighin an an doruis ar se & is eaguil leam garab bruighean a Fhailt a bhruighean sa a bfuil muith & gearradh druim ar taobh di deanamh mar sin air Conan & tug lamh laochadh tapadh ar arnaibh & mór feud en eor do chor de IS ann sin a dubhuirt Goll mac morna a Fhinn cuir hortog fad geud fise & foilladh si duinn creud he an corsa oruinn is deacuir leamsa sin ar Fionn cloth deacuir is eigin damh a deanamh.

Cuiris Fionn ordog fan geud & do foillseadh. iodhon. fios & fior colms do IS annsin a do leig Fionn osna mhór as & a gabhain ar son mór saoghail a bfuaras go muig do uair ata ri Lochlann re ceithre bliadhni deug ag dealbh na faille chugain & a nois do fuaire se arach ar deanamh agus tug se tre<sup>11</sup> fhear do Ghreugachuibh lais dangoirtar righ an domhain mhóir & ata se ríthe deug na fairadh & seachd catha tionad gach ríthe diobh & ata tri ríthe Inse-Tile orrtha sin. iodhon. tri draoidhe duaibhseacha diabhlaíthe & trena fhear talcara treun chalma iad sin. iodhon. Nemh & Agha & acuis anamasa & is iad do chuir an uirse fuinn da bfuilmaid ceangailte & ataid an bruighin anolein & is gearr gottigid geuirne eumhbais & ni feuchaidh ne an brughiansa d'faghail no go geomuilltar fuil na tri ríghes do cuir anuirsi fuinn duinn & ba trughais laisan bfein an sgeul sin & do ronnfadh caoineadh-adhbhal mhór ag cluinsin.

A dubhuirt Fionn na denaidhis sin ach galha meud meannuinn chugaidh re huchd enga oir ni roilhe do saoghal agninn ach aldfuaran & sinnadh an dord fiansa dhuinn mar oiridhadh duinn rea mbas & do rinnadar anula sin. IS ann sin a dubhuirt Oisín mac Fhinn do ghead Fionn fios do chuir chugain da taitmaid an teannadh andeachuibh fris & agus cia do rachadh d'fhios sgeul engansa achadsa ar Fiacha mac Fhinn uair is ni duine oige anso rachadsa leat ar Innsi mac Suibhne tsealge agus do gluaisadar rompa chum na brughine & do ehuadalar an Dord Fian ag seininnih go ceolhuir & a dubhuirt Innsi mac Seaga Suibhne Is ole ata ar ac an droing do ni an eol sa ar se uair is re linn do broin is gnath re Fian. uibh eirionn an ceolsa do dheanamh do chuata Fionn ane omhradh na deise deagh laoch sin & a dubhuirt Fionn ane guth Fiacha mhic Fhinn so ar se-is e go dearbair ar Fiachadh na se na leig ni is nensa na sin duine e uair atamuid ceangailt don talamh & dhuir Innsé Tile & do fiaruidh Fionn deasach na do bhí ma fóireadh ata da dáta. iodhon. Ainnsi mac S. S. teaidheas & na leig an gar cath rachna nallsharach e a dubhuirt ainnsi mac S. S. a Fhinn ar se do bole an luach oileanna damhsa teideadh romhadsa an tan is cruaidh duit & tu an guasachd bais a dubhuirt Fionn o nach ail leatsa deitheadh ar se eniríth fen & Fiacha ar an athsa ar sgha na brughine & eosuaidh he no go beura droing eaigin d'Fiannuidh Eairionn oruibh do rinnadh ar anluadh sin IS annsin a dubhuirt Fiacha a mhic S. ar se comeadsi an tathsa, &c.

<sup>10</sup> Foghain, gloss.

<sup>11</sup> Treun, gloss.

B. 4. BRUIGHIN CHEISE CORUIN.

Twelve stanzas (by Ferguson) forming part of the above tale, copied July, 1872, by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, from Rev. Donald Mac Intosh's Transcript of Eweu Mac Lean's MS., page 157; and fol. 105, or page 20 of Book II. of MS., finished December 9, 1820.

This was written at Ardeonaill, in Argyllshire, in the Irish character. See Account of Texts quoted.—J. F. C.

- 1 BUAIBHACH sin a Ghnill go mbuaidh  
Is prap ro fluoras na sluaigh  
Do bheithnis nile gun chinn  
Munn thioctas chugain
- 2 Giodh mór anuar ro fhoirus riamh  
Oruinn a Ghuill na nardghliadh  
Do ba mo in eas orne an uair  
Ar mbeith ceangailte ancuimh

<sup>1</sup> See Lists of Authorities, No. 46.

- 3 Camog agus Cuillin 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 gu eislinn  
Do chuaidh na triar amach  
Is d'fug siad amhsion go bronach
- 5 Nior eian doibh sin ar an leirg  
Na tri deamhaidh fa claon ceird  
Go facadar ag teachd na gar  
Goll mor is e na anoir
- 6 Tiagraid na tri mnai mora  
Acomhdhail an an ehuraidh chrodha  
Ocus comhracs riu tre rath  
An dorus beoil na huambhadh
- 7 Nior ghnath leis cothrom a diarraidh  
Goll mór anaignadh fbiailaidh  
Comhrucus riú go teann  
Dar mharbh Camog is Cuillin
- 8 Daon bhuile don loin luim  
Aghceurus iad arao fa ndruiam  
Gur thoreuir Camog an bas  
Is Cuillin gar cruaidh an eas
- 9 Iadllas Iarnach leadh da druim  
Gion calma an curaidh comhlan  
Iompas Iollain riú go ceart  
Ocus ceanglus i tre croibhneart
- 10 Nochdas Iollain an lann  
Is di do bheanfadh an ceann  
No gur gheall si an Fhian uile  
Aisde o aog seann duine
- 11 Sgaolus Iollain di iar sin  
Tigid arao don bruighin  
Agus sgaoleas dinn uile  
Eduir ri agus ro dhuine
- 12 Aon gair bheannoich naine uile  
O oglach go sean duine  
Do Gholl ar mbreith amach  
Don bhúine bhrioghmur bhuaidhach.

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 Chontrann mhic aimidel agus air feachain do Fheargus air Goll a teachd dam fuasgladh a dubhuirt e an Laoith.

- 1 BUAIBHACH sinne gus an dindh  
Is bras ro eudheas an shuadh  
Bha sinn nile gun chinn  
Mun an tigeadh tusa thugainn
- 2 Ga mór gach uair dh' fhoir thu riamh  
Oirne a Ghuill nan ard ghliadh  
Ba mho an eas orian an uair  
Bha sinn ceangailt an aon uainmh
- 3 Caomag agus Cuillinn chiar  
'S ann leo do cheangladh an Fhian  
Agus Iornach le garbh gheas  
Do chuibrich sinne tre choncart
- 4 An uair do baill leo air ceinn  
Do lduinn dinn gan eislán  
Do chaidh an triuir 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 Lochlians are slain and the nine Fingalians survive the battle.



- 1 OCH a shùithean 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' aithuir is mac Luthach  
'N trèinir sin dom chubhi 'n t' sealg  
Nuair a nochda sinn nar 'n arma  
Gur e thuiteadh lium Fiadhla dearg
- 3 Osear is Goll is Caoilte  
Faoghan is Carril is Diarmaid  
'S air m' ullain fein a Phadric  
Gun cuireadh sinn far air fiadhbach
- 4 Le air naodh coin 's le air naodh goodluir  
'S le ar naodh sleaghana mora'  
Is le ar naodh claidheamhanna glas  
Bu ghatbasd an toisich coubrag
- 5 Leig sinn anna sin ar naodh gadhair  
Thug sinn fìoch ar feadh nam beannta  
'S gan mharbhadh leinn aghana donna  
Agus Doimh throma nan gleanta'
- 6 Air bli dhuinn bli sgi airan tulach  
Thanig thugain olach gabhadh  
Dhòmhich ri Fionn gu b' umbaill  
'N tus' Mac Camhail aghmhi
- 7 'S e sin mise Fionn nam buadhan  
Cia be thusa do shluagh an domhain  
'S mas ann thugain tha ar 'n iorghil  
Tha sinn naodhnar ma ar combhair
- 8 'S tana leam sin re 'n ar 'n aodan  
'S a liuthad laoch treuna sleagh  
Thanig a mach o' Ri Lochlin  
Thogail creachan is eis dhibh
- 9 Air laimh t' athar 's do dha sheanair  
'S air laimh do leannan shuarich  
Da mhead 's tha sibh dhaoine ann  
Rheir a naodhnar 's dhuibh bualadh
- 10 Dhimich an teachdair gu siubhlach  
'S shuidhich iad iul ma ar combhair  
Mharbh gach fear agam diubh deichear  
Sud mar reicadh sinn nar gnotbath
- 11 Ach thug sinn sin an ruathar dàn  
Bu lionmhor ann far a sluaigh  
Bu lionmhor ann gaineadh sleagh'  
Bu lionmhor ann fleasgach a snaghadh
- 12 Bu lionmhor ann cloigín gan sgoltadh  
Bu lionmhor ann coluín ga maoladh  
Bu lionmhor ann fear eriosa geal  
A freasadh fol air na fraochadh
- 13 Ach 'n tim dhuinn sgar do chnr a chath  
'S na mathibh nìle dhìochairt  
Shuidh sinn sin 's cha bu dochridh  
Fear is oehdar air an t'-shùithean.

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 làn coirteas,  
Bha mi nair is b' ioghnadh leam,  
Gu 'm bithinn m' aonar ortsa,
- 2 Mi-fhein is m' ath 'r 's mac an Lobhar,  
An trèinir do 'm b' chubhaidh an t-sealg ;  
'S nuair a rachadh sinn air ghleus,  
Se dh' èireadh dhnim feidhean dhearg.
- 3 Osear is Goll agus Caoilte,  
Faolan is Coireal is Diarmaid ;  
Och air m' olluinn thein Phadraig,  
Dheanamb sinn fàth 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 tùs comraig.

- 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 bhliù dhuinn bli sghì do 'n t-shoeair  
Chunnaic sinn tighinn colach gabhaidh ;  
Dh' fheoraich e dhuinn gu h-umbaill.  
An tusa mac Clumbhaid aghluir ?
- 7 'Se sin mise Fionn nam buadh,  
Cia b' e thusa do shluagh an domhain ;  
'S ma 'sann ruinn tha ar 'n iorghail,  
Tha sinn naonar ma ur combhair.
- 8 Is tana leam sin ri ur 'n eudan,  
Is liuthad treun ceud laoch gabhaidh ;  
Thanig o rìgh Lochlinn do chosnadh na h-  
Èirinn.
- 9 Air laimh t-athair is do sheanair,  
Is air dà laimh do leannan shuarich ;  
'N aincoìn na chuireas sibh ri ur combhair  
Bheir sinn dhuibh bualadh.
- 10 Dhallb an teachdair gu siubhlach,  
'S shuidhich e iul ma ur coinneamh  
Mharbh gach fear agam diubh seiscar,  
Sud mar reicadh leinn ur gnotbuich.
- 11 Thug sinn nis ruair dana,  
'S bu lionmhoir gearradh sleagh ;  
'S bu lionmhoir sleagh air shìos greis-laoch,  
'S iomadh greis-laoch bha na luidhe.
- 12 Bu lionmhoir ann clagain ga spealtadh  
Is fleasgach bha ri ioghnadh  
Is fear shìos goal bha traoghadh,  
Thala air na fraocha.
- 13 Bu mhath Gall an tùs a chath ud,  
Bu mhat m' athair fein is Caoilte ann ;  
Cha b' aithne dhomh co aca nach molainn,  
'S ! bu ionmholt a naonar.
- 14 Air bhliù dhuinn bli sghì do 'n fluileach,  
Is na mathibh chuir a dhuith orra ;  
Shuidh sinn 's cha bu doachnich.<sup>1</sup>  
Fear is oehdar air an t-shùithean.

Crioch.

<sup>1</sup> *Doaeal*, afflicted, from *di* privative and *foal* a word ; hence *doaeal* 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 'Ursgeul,' = 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 Finula' 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 Fèinne, this is more mythical than the verse.—J. F. C.

BHA Fionn agus aireamh mhòr do dh' uasibh na Fèinne malle risaig seilg, agus seachran seilg orra san nair sin chumnic iad fear uor an ard, agus e tighin nan comh-dhail, agus fìor droch coltas air. Bha dorn Gullunn do dara suil a nuigh agus dorn Gullunn do 'n t-suil eila stigh. An deidh failte chuir air Fionn us air an Fheinn, thubhairt e cha clreid 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 thuris san aiteas.  
Thanig mis ar eisan air theachdairachda dh' iarruidh Fhinn agus a mhòr uasibh, chum cuir a euid oich gha-

This is told of Cuchullin and the rs.

bláil ann an tigh Odhacha-beaganich a nochd. Cha 'n fhadá mis arsa a Fionn a fhearag, oir tha mi fuidh ghealladh gu bhí aig Bran-rioghán Eas-ruadháir air an oícha nochd fein.

Cha sin us coir dhuibh a dheanann arsa Conan. ach da carrum a dheanann air na daoibh a tha maílle riut agus Goll a chuir air ceann an dara buidhídh gu Ban-rioghán Eas-ruadháir, agus u fein air ceann na buidhídh eila gu Tigh Odhacha-beaganich 'Smach a labhair u 'Chonán arsa Fionn ní mis a mar a dh' iarr thu ach feuma tu fein a bhí leam.

Roinn iad a chuideachd, agus chuidh Fionn air ceann an dar buidhne, gu Tigh Odhacha-beaganich da 'n bu chomhainn Ríogh-Finnla. Agus air ruidheachd dhoibh chuiridh Fionn sa chuid daoine ann an tigh mor fada farsaing gum aon neach a chumail cuideachd na caitheann aimsiribh leo. Thuigh gach aon do chuideachd Fhinn ar aon taobh don Tigh, be Conan fear còmhlead chon Fhinn an nair Sin. Thuirt e ri Fionn an deigh greis don oíche dol thairis orra gun cheol, gun òl, gun aithir, cha neil a choltas oirn arsa Conan gu fuigh sinn a bheag do thoilintinn an so nochd. Tha mi toilcach eiridh agus crann a chuir air an dorus, 'us gum duine leigidh a stigh tuibh a nochd. Dean a Laochain arsa Fionn na thoilichis tu fein. Dh' eirich Conan agus chuir e 'n crann air an dorus, agus sheas e fein an taice ris.

Cha b' fhadá na dheidh so nair a chualas fosgladh san dorus.

Co sud arsa Conan? Tha 'n so mise machd mor O Finnla, agus sea garbh ghaisgich dheug leis, a trogn a chumail cuideachd us caitheann aimsiribh le Fionn machd Dubhail 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 an taobh eila do 'n tigh, mo chòimhich Fhinn sa chuid daoine, us cha dulhairt aon neach ri neach eila faulte dhuit na eia do aghula Thainig fosgladh ann san dorus. Co sud arsa Conan. Tha 'n so mise Ninghin mhòr O Finnla, agus sia maidhuma-diag leam a tigh a chumail crachtaireachd us caitheann aimsiribh, re Fionn mac Dubhail 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 Thuhairt Nighin mhòr O Finnla, us i togail a guth air aird, eiridh mi mo cheann rid cheann Fhinn ic Cubhail nach bheil fear dheth do chuideachd nach leag mis ann an coth-throm Gleachd. A Bhithic arsa Conan ciod e man biodh a chroihid na dh' anam agad do cheann a chuir rim nuaigh-istirsia. Theid mise Ghleachd riut. An earamh a cheila ghabh iad. Air an dara ear chuir i Conan air a dhruim air an urlar, agus cheungail i cheitric chaoil gu daor agus gu dainginn le cord agus le sea snaom-amadaidh fhagail air. Bha Conan greis fuidh chuibhrich sin oir bha naire air Gaisgich Fhinn eiridh gu fhuasgladh, chiont gur a bean a cheungail e. Rachadh fear an drast sa rithist a mach a chòimhead na h-oícha, agus dh' fhuasgladh e snaom san dol seachd.

Agus mar so lean iad gus an d' fhuasgladh an t-ionlan. Cho luath sa ghabh Conan a chasan an earamh na h-Inghin a bha e an dara h-nair Leag e air a cheud char, oir bha e air fhearaghadh gu h-amharach. Nach bheil fios agaibhs Fhinn ic Cubhail nach do leag mise bean na nighin riamh a rachadh gan 'euchinn ann an gleachd: nach rabh mi dh' fhear aice nan leagim i. Man leigim air a cois i. Tha 'n fios sin agan arsa Fionn. Bha Conan a dh' thear 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 ceann dhith. Tha fios sin agan arsa Fionn agus bu leoir a dhomadas.

Thug Conan an cean dhí, agus thog e leis i eidar cheann 'us chasan, agus thug e nach i air taobh muigh an Tighe, agus cha dulhairt aon neach ris gum b' òle. 'Chramm e 'n dorus agus sheas e aige: cha b' fhadá na dheidh sin nair a chualas fosgladh san dorus. Co sid arsa Conan? Tha 'n so arsa fear a bha muigh mise tigh le Tora gu Fionn mac Dubhail agus gu aas-lu cuiridh e mach daoine bheir a stigh e, sann air son supair Fhinn a tha e. Bha fear an deigh fìor a dol a mach ach cha rabh a h-aon idir a pillidh. Sheall Conan a mach agus faicair aireamh do chuidichidh Fhinn marbh air an Dùn. Chaidh Conan a mach agus gradh thòntach e 'n taobh air an rabh ca'g neimh an Tuire ris an fhear a thug Ionus' an tigh e, agus bha e marbh air ball.

Thug Conan a stigh an Tora agus Bhruich 'us dha' se e, agus roinn se na thri earamh e. Thug da earrann don Fheinn, 'us ghleicidh e earrann eadar e fein agus na coin Labhair aon do chuideachd O Finnla agus thuhairt e chuala mi riamh lomradh math air an Fheinn, mar dheagh bhiahtach agus chreid mi agus a noch, ach tha mi faicsin a nois nach fìor e. 'Ne sin a tha 'u'g radh arsa Conan 'us e toirt an urclair sin do fhearsa mhòr an Tuire a bha e creim, agus chuimsich e geula labhair man cheann, agus

spriod e 'n Teannachainn as ris a bhalla: ag radh se mo bharrach gun bheil do leoir agada dheth. Cha do labhair nach gum b' òle do chuideachd Fhinn no O Finnla.

Gas na dheidh so thainig buaidh san dorus, co tha sud arsa Conan?

Tha 'n so fear aig a bheil cu dubh air eill, ag iarraidh conbhrug 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 cu dubh a stigh, an bad chon na Feinne ghabh e, us mhàrbh e tri chogaid cu air an Fheinn man d' fhuasgladh Bran. Ach cha do chumhlich Conan a. Cha rabh neimh sa bhroigs ge do theirta Brog neimh ria, ach na b' fìor gun rabh spuir neimh air Bran agus gu b' òle do fennail air nairibh a bhrogsa bhí mo chois gan gearr.

Bhog neimh a thoirt dheth chois Bhraín us bha 'n cu dubh a faotain a chuid a b' fhearr do bhraín.

Labhair Fionn agus a dubhairt e shaoid mi riamh gum bu ghille math chon u gus a nochd a 'chonan. Sann a so a chòimhich Fhinn nach dug e bhrog neimh dhe chos Bhraín. Dh' eirich Conan ann an gradhaid, a thoirt na Brog do Bhraín, ach man d' fhuair e sin a dheanann thug na coin sea falaman ding air Conan. Cho luath sa thuar Bran a bhrog ri lar dh' fhuair e chuid a b' fhearr an chu dhubh, agus mhàrbh e thòntach e. Be so 'n riasan man do chanaidh Laoidh a choin duigh, agus so i (see page 49).

N.B.—This venomous deer and golden show are accounted for in a long story orally collected by myself in 1871.—J.F.C.

## P. 6. LAOIDH A CHOIN DUIGH. 115 lines.

Staff's Collection, page 49. Advocates' Library, February 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 scaming of deer.

- 1 LA gan dh' eirich flath na Fian, Greis man dh' eirich Grián air fonn : Chmana sinn a tìogn on Traigh, Fear earraidh dhèirg sa chòin duidh.
- 2 'S gile na gath grèine ghnuis, Sa dha ghruaidh air dhreach na suth, 'S gile na gath blath a chorp, Ged thachar fholt a bhí dubh.
- 3 Cha do ghabh e eagal ro bhair, Sann a dh' iarr e comhrug chon, Leig sinn na coin elatha cheamndubh, Leis nach bu ubhann dol air chuil
- 4 An cu dubh bu gharbh a threis, Bhuidhildh leis tri chaogad cu, Dh' eirich Fionn a meas an t-sluaigh, 'S dh' amhaire e gu traogh air bran,
- 5 Nair dheargieb e 'n tor na cheann, Dh' eirich gart us greann air Bran, Nair chrath Bran an t-slabhrach oir Measg an t-sloigh man doirt an fhuil
- 6 'Sann a sin bha Seann-fhuil gblan, Eidar Bran 'us 'n cu dubh, Thug iad cuir eiteachaidh gharbh, 'Us dhagadar marbh 'n cu dubh.
- 7 Ogànich us aille delbh On thòrachaidh leim do chu, Fios do shoinnich b' aill leim mait Na co 'n tìor us na ghnuis u.
- 8 Ti-mhì-thòrtain se 'n dìgh m' ainm, Thair mi fuidh stòirm air con, Shaoil mi nach rabh ann san Fheinn Aona chu buidhildh creachd air Fìor!
- 9 Mar a bhí Geola nan ear, Agus Brav le miál a luís, An eulain man duinte 'n fall, Cha 'n fhaguidh e sìar nar Dùn.

<sup>1</sup> Ainm a choin du-bli.

- 10 'S sin thiodhlaichd an Fheinn gu leir,  
An trí chaogad eu fein,  
'Us thiodhlaich an Laoch a chn fein,  
Air chul aomich 's air aghidh Gruu
- 11 'S iomad grnagach dhend gheal og,  
'Us binu Gloir 's 'us Guirne suil  
Thiodhlichdadh an Dun nan Tore,  
Bliciridh biadh a noch dom chn.  
Crioich.

Na dheidh so chaidh Conan a mach agus rug e air a chn dhudh air earball air dha bli air fheargachadh airson na mharbhadh do choin Fhinn, agus air son a mhí ghnathich agus an droch adheachd a thuar Fionn a mhaighistir, agus chuid daoine, phron, 'us bhru, 'us mharbh e na dhannis air ga naimhdhí air Taobh muigh an tìghe. Ghlaoth aon do mhuintir O Fionna. 'O! ars eisan nach díg sibh a mach agus gun caisgidh sibh a fear maol malluicht aig a bheil 'n cu dubh ria Earball.' 'Cha 'n fhag e duine beo man stad e.'

Leum gach aon do chuideachd Fhinn a mach as an tìghe, a dh'fhaisic co bha ann, agus dh'fhagadh Fionn na aonar. Dh'èirich na bha stigh do mhuintir O Fionna, chum Fionn a mharbhadh agus chuir iad air bmain e gu Oisín an tìghe. Chrom gach aon a chaidh a mach an ceann sa cath maille re Conan. Bha Fionn san amas an eigin mhoir. Thug e eadh air an sgiath slunthach. Chluinnt e i ann an cuig cuigibh na b-Eirinn. Cha tughata uair sam bith eadh orr' ach uair a bhídh Fionn na Eigin, agus mar a digidh comhadh ga ionsuidh, man dugadh i 'n treas eadh, bhíodh e ealite, chuala oibh Fhinn gan b' ainn Osear an eadh, agus a dubhairte, tha mo shean-athair ann an eigin mhoir. Leum gach aon ann au Beairt-thuimhich, agus cho luath sa ranig Osear, chaidh e stigh air druim an tìghe. 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 muintir O Fionna, agus shaoir e sheannathar as an lauhaibh. Agus cha d'fhag iad fear Inmse sgeoil, na chumadh Tuairc asg-èil, ach machd mor O Fionna, chaidh eisan a mach air mullach an tìghe, agus thuar e as orra.

Air madainn an la b' fhoisge ghabh na bha latlir 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 ruir arsa Fionn. Mo thachris na feidh oirn. Cha b' fhada dhòibh mar sin, nair a chumnaic iad aiceamh lion-mhor dhiubh Stuir Fionn Bran, ach cha ghabhadh Bran stuiridh naidhe. Cha deandh each a chumnaic a mhaoladh agus fheanman a chrathadh. Nach dubhairt mise ruir arsa fear a thachir orra.

Faic a nois gu bheil do gheall ort. Stuir Fionn an dara b-nair e. Ach cha deandh Bran ach a chumnaic a mhaoladh, 'us earball a chrathidh. An treas uair bhuaill Fionn e agus ri sinbhal a ghabh Bran agus thug e fotha s tharl a, 'us triod us rompa, agus cha mhòr nach dug e dith air an Imlan diubh. Nair a chaidh an Fheinn gu aite fein, cha d' fhuair iad umathan na clann rompa. Bha iad air a mharbhadh le Bran ga aindeoin, oir chuir machd Rìgh Fionna fu gheasach iad.

## D. 20. LAOIDH A CHOIN DUITH. 38 lines.

Mac Nicoll'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-shuaigh,  
Bha dha ghruaigh air Dhath nan suth.
- 2 'S gille na gach Bla a Chorp,  
Gad harla ga Fhath bhí duth;  
Egill cha do dhaibh e robbin,  
She dhiar e oirn Coibhrig Chonn.
- 3 Leigadar rissin Coinn Chaich,  
Leis nach bu ghna dol air Cui;  
She 'n Cu duth bu gharbhe Greis,  
Thorchuir leis trì chaogidh Cu.
- 4 Dherich Fionn ann meang an T-shuaigh  
'S ghaibhric e gu cruaidh air Bran;  
Dhearragich a dha T-shuil na chean,  
Dherich guirt as Grean air Bran.

5 Nar chrath Bran an T-slaibhrigh oir,  
Meang an T-sloigh le 'n doirte Fuil;  
San an shin bha Seanniridh Ghlanm,  
Eidir Bran as an Cu duth.

6 Thug iad Cuir efichdich gharag,  
Fagadar marbha an Cu duth;

7 Ogamich as ail'igh dealbh,  
Neis fon horchir lein do chu;  
Fios do Loinnigh' bail lein uait,  
Na co 'n Tir as 'ndo Ghluais u.

8 Eblin Ossain be sud mainm,  
Hainig mo stoirn air Conn;  
Hnail mi nach ro sud nar Fein,  
Na bhainigh ereichid air For.

9 'S ma bhunthar Geola nan ear,  
Agus Bran aig meid a Luigh;  
Cha ro Cullain man druim' lal,  
A ghlaghig For shiar mun Dun.

10 Suimmid maodin dend-gheal og,  
'S binne Gloir sas bui cul;  
Ha na suithidh 'n Dun nan Tore,  
Bherigh Biagh a nochd do 'n Chnith.

Crioich.

## F. 15. RANN A CHOIN DUIBH. 60 lines.

Fletcher's Collection, page 117. Advocates' Library. Feb. 7, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Eachdruidh air fear a thainig a thagairt combrugh chon air Fionn agus air an Fheinn uile.

- 1 Mocu eiridh rinn flath nam Fiann,  
Seal man d' eirich grian air magh;  
Chumnaichdar a tighinn o 'n leirg,  
Fear chochl deirg 'sa choin duibh.
- 2 B eibhin è ri amhrace suas,  
Bha dha ghruaidh air dhreach nan suth;  
Bu ghile na chaile a dhend.  
Fhalt o tharladh dha bhí dubh.
- 3 Thainig thugin gu mur Fhinn,  
Fleasgach grunn sa bhar mur lon;  
Bho fhail an fhir ghabh e sga,  
'S ann a dh' iarr e air each combrugh chon.
- 4 Fhuasgladar uile coin chaich,  
Leis nach bu ghnath dol air cul;  
An cu dubh bu gharbh a gheis,  
Mharbha leis naoi enogad cu.
- 5 'Sann an sin a labhair Fionn,  
Si shoh an Iorluil is cha bheag;  
A' tinnodadh bho charuich an t-sloigh,  
Is dh' amhrice e grumach air Bran.
- 6 Nnair chrath Bran an t-slabhruidh oir,  
A meang an t-sloigh bu gharbh a gaol;  
Dh' eirich gart is greann air Bran,  
Gu bhí an sealbhan a choin duibh.
- 7 Buimibh an iall do 'n chuillean gu fìor,  
Bu mhaith a ghuiomh gus an duigh;  
Is gu faichdeadh sibh sgaicneart ghlan,  
Eidir Bran is an cu dubh.
- 8 Leig iad na coin sroin ri sroin,  
Meang an t-sloigh gun do dhoirt iad fuil;  
Le Combrugh diamhar gu dh,  
Gus 'n do mharbha an cu dubh.
- 9 Ach fhir nd a thainig gur Feinn,  
Bho 's ann leinn a mharbhadh do chu;  
Innis do shloinne na t-ainm,  
No co an tir as an d' thainig thu.
- 10 Eibhin Ossian b'e sud m' ainm,  
Thainig mi fodh stoirn air colu;  
Shaoileam nach robh sud nar Feinn,  
Aon chu chuireadh creuchd air For.
- 11 Mur bhí Geola nan ear,  
Agus Bran le miad a huis;  
An cuilean mu 'n duneadh 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 Padric nam fear,  
Gu'm faicidhar a leachd san dun.
- 13 'S ioma maoiden deud gheal og,  
Bu bhuidhe eul is bu ghuirme suil:  
Tha na 'n suidh an dun nan tore,  
A bheireadh a nochd biadh do 'n chu.
- 14 Thiolaidh sinne am fiorlach fial,  
An leabuidh chruaidh chon an cu;  
Gur e thiolaidh sinn nar Feinn,  
Aon fhichead deng eagrad cu.
- 15 Deichid ceud fichead na narin glan,  
An la shin a mharbh Bran an cu;  
Bha aig mac Chuthaill nan corn oir,  
Aig iomairt is aig ol san dinn.

#### 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 bhí dhuinn la sa Bheinn t-seilg,  
Bu phuthar leim bhí gu 'n choin;  
Ag eisteachd re gearraich 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 sabhach eolmhor le gean.
- 3 'N oídheche sin dhuinn an teach Fhinn,  
Ochóin bu bhinn ann air cor;  
Re dhínne bhí sgathadh théud,  
Re caitheamh ean, fhiadh is lon.
- 4 Moch eiridh rinn Fionn 'n ath lá,  
Mu 'n d' ainig grian ar a bhrath;  
Is chunnaig e teachd o 'n leing,  
Fear chochaill deing is choin duidh.
- 5 'S ann mar so do bha a shnuadh,  
Bha dha ghruaidh air dhreach nan sugh;  
'S bu ghile nan canach a chneas,  
Ge d' tharladh d' a fholt bhí dubh.
- 6 Thainig thugainn gu mór echrí,  
'N Gille grinn 's a bhár mar lon;  
Air urrlam cho luideamh sga,  
'G iarruidh air cach comhrag chon.
- 7 Leig sinn thuige 'n tus a bhlaír,  
Gach greadhain a b' fhear bha 'n ar uáir;  
An cú dubh bu gharb a ghreis,  
Mharbhadh leis trí chaogad cú.
- 8 'S ann an sin a labhair Fionn,  
'S e so an iorgaill nach lag;' (i. s' *not shot*)  
Thionclaidh e chul ris an t-sluabh,  
'S dh' amhaire e le gruaim air Bran.
- 9 'N sin echrath Bran an t-slabhruidh oir,  
A measg an t-sloigh bu mhór a ghal;  
Do las a dha shúil na cheann,  
Is dh' eirich grunn air gu eath.
- 10 'B níceadh an iall do 'n chú gu fior,  
Bu mhaith a ghnuimh gús an diú;  
'S gu fáiceamh sganuail 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 deobhuidh ladair gharb,  
Mu 'n d' fhaig leis marbh an cú dubh,

- 12 'Fhír ud a thainig d' ar Feinn,  
O 'n mharbhadh leim fein do chú;  
D' ainm 's do shloinneadh aiis dhuinn,  
Is an tír as na ghluais thú.'
- 13 'Eibhainn Oisain gur e 'm ainasa,  
O ríogh' eud tore nu stoilbh ar con;  
Shaoil mí nach raibh ann 's an Phéinn,  
Aon chu dheanamh ecré air For.
- 14 'Mar bhiththeadh' Geola nan car,  
Agus Bran le mead a búidh;  
Cha raibh eú nu 'n dúinte 'n iall,  
Dh' fhaigib nu thriath beó 'n ar Túr.'
- 15 'S maith a chuma bh' air mo chusa,  
Bha alt luith iad o cheann;  
Meadhan leathann, leodhar-ehliabh,  
Uileam fhiar agus speir cham.'
- 16 'Sboga buidh 'ta air Bran,  
Da thaoibh dhubh, agus túr geal;  
Drim naire re sninn san t-seilg,  
'S da chluais bhíonach, chorrach dhearg.'
- 17 'S iomad gruagach fhionn gheal dom,  
Is gruime súil 's is ór bhuidhí folt;  
Tha an duthaich mhíe Rígh Tore,  
Bheireadh biadh do 'n chusa noc.'
- 18 'N sin thioláidh am fior laoch fial,  
An leabuidh chaol echrí a chú;  
'S do thioláidh leis an Fhianu,  
'S an Dún shiar trí chaogad cú.
- 19 Dh' imich Eibhainn Oisain uaim,  
'S cho bu bhuidhach leis a theachd;  
O na chaill é a dheá' chú,  
Bu mhór colas luith 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 oir,  
Re h-iomairt 's re h-ól san Túr.
- 21 Creid thusa Phádraig gur fior,  
Gu raibh sinn nair bu mhaith echrí;  
A cheirich ge d' tha mise noc,  
Ann am aon chéiláinn bhocht 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 Lis-tore (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 leing,  
Bu mhór ar seilg is ar con;  
B' arnach, eibhinn sinn tra'-moin,  
'N teach Rígh Pháile Triath gun ón.
- 3 Triath na feile b' eibhinn tinn,  
Ag caitheamh ean agus lon
- 9 Bu bhorb a ghreann, 's ba bhuirbe sgal.
- 12 Fhír ud a thainig d' ar Feinn,  
On' thorechair leim fein do chú;  
Do dh' fhearadh an domhain gu leir,  
Cho 'n eil fíosaigh fein co thú.

<sup>1</sup> M'athair Bran, agus bha a colg re a bh-uaimh nan.

- 13 Eibhinn-cosgar gar e m' ainm,  
O Innse-torc na 'stoilbh ar con ;
- 14 Mar bhiththeadh Geola nan gath, (? *Sjrolan*)  
Agus Bran le mead luigh ;
- 16 Spogan baidh' ta air Bran,  
Tarr-geal uaine dhath san leirg ;  
Suil nar airneig spuirean comhlach,  
'Sda ehluais bhiorach, chrotha dhearg.
- 17 'S iomad gnagach riun-gheal, àrbhluidh,  
'S guirme suil, 's is uille folt ;  
Th' ann an Innse-torc nan armann,  
Dheanadh bhaidh ri 'm Chusa noc.
- 19 Dh' imich Eibhinn-cosgar uainn,  
Cha bu bhualadh leis a theachd ;  
O na thorchair leinn a Chu,  
Bu mhòr alla ladh 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 Padraig, on the Hill of the Fenune, 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 Cuilte. 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 biodhaidh na 'n Rìogh,  
Cho bh' 'n T-seishear bu bheg Briegh,  
Sgar Ban dù Fearragan Fial.  
Coilt is Caoiread nan gorm Shrian.
- 2 Leig sinn air Caachan re Sruth,  
Is reinn sinn an Tòl gun Ghuth,  
Cuach Ehein a bhuidhin an Geall,  
Shiabhaidh i na haonaran.
- 3 Thaineig seachd Sheashear nar Crann,  
D-n T-smagh fhuilleach fhaobhar thionn,  
'S a 'm Fear bu taribh dhìbh sinn,  
Go 'n 'diogadh e Ceud an Ceud an Comhrac.
- 4 Bhiodh na Bhragad gach Fir mhòir,  
Seabul daingean do 'n dearg shrol,  
Osean na Craoiseiche nìdhé,  
Lanna saobhair 's iad doth-chaithe.
- 5 Da Lùireach an Eidibh Theann  
Ma Chuirp sheanna na 'n saor-chlann  
Bhiodh air nachdar sin or' uille,  
Earrreadh Uaine air aon Dath.
- 6 Thainig Fean doibh Cumha mhòr  
An Earrreadh fein do 'n dearg shrol,  
Ceud Ban no Baintreach sa bhron  
'S fear os a Chean sa Chomh-ol.
- 7  
Se huirt Clann a Chuilg na 'n Cless  
Cho bh' sinne reidh go Hoiche.

- 8 Sin nuair dhiosluigh Fean a Gloir,  
'S e 'g amhrac ar Sluadh a Chomh-oil,  
Bheil sibh gabhadh Teabhacaidh dheth,  
Dul a bhualadh na 'n seachd Sheisear ?
- 9 Bha mi Latha 'n Ruairg na 'n Gleann,  
Huirt an Tosgar bo mhòr Greann,  
'S reinn mi Gníobh bu dorra leann,  
Na 'n Ceim a bhuintin do Sheishear.
- 10 'S huirt Fearragan mac an Rìogh,  
Marbhaidh mi mo Sheashear dhiobh,  
'S cho chuir e Teinim' air Neach cille,  
Na thig shan o 'na tonnidhaise.
- 11 Diogaidh misidh Sheisear cille  
She huirt Cuoril nan arm gaste  
Is cha chuir e trom air Chlach  
Aoin Laoch a lig am Chobhail.
- 12 Labhair caoilte nan Arm nibh'  
Marbhaidh mi mo Sheashear dhibh,  
Go ma dearg o bhun go barr,  
'M Ball an tairgin mo Gheur-lann.
- 13 Gar maig a dhagadh air Dail  
Dùish leis an crainnte Craimh ;  
Marbhaidh mise 's Goll a Ghaigse,  
Air da Sheishear 's an aoin Aitdeal.
- 14 Chrom sinn ar Cinn anns a Chath,  
Is reinn gach Flath nar a gheall ;  
Mharbh mi fein mo Sheishear ar tus ;  
Sgar a Phadric mo cheud Chuis.  
Mharbh Osgar Sheishear is Fear (? Fear.)  
Se mo dhochun bhí ga iomradh.
- 15 An Fear nu dheire bha aig Fean  
Mar bhuinte ead dha leann,  
Ghabh e, is bu mhòr an Teachd,  
Ar seachd Buillin na aoin Sgedh,  
'S nar baidh Osgar nan ceud Rath  
Cheangladh e sinne nar Sheisear.

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 arid' bha Fionn sa bhéinn sheilg,  
agus seisear do 'n Fhcinm combla ris ;  
channaeas 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,  
Ciod 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 riabh,  
Nach d' thugadh a bhroighdean a muigh,  
'S d' am biodh a naimhdean diomach
- 3 Rainig Sinne Dùn-an-òir,  
'S chrom sinn ar eim nu 'n cho-òl ;  
'S thainig seachd seisear d' fhearaibh mòr  
na ar eann.
- 4 Do shluagh fuilench fìobhar arm,  
'S am fear bu tàire dhù sud  
Ga 'n diogadh è ceud an còmhrag.
- 5 Bha nu bhraidhe gach fir mhòir,  
Sgabul daite do 'n dearg òr ;  
Cnosach mhaile na 'n lùmh neimhe,  
'S haman leobhr' bha do-chaithe.
- 6 Tàs slòigh 'n àm dol san teagmhail,  
Agus deire tighinn a mach ;  
Bho se' thoga buaigh na buidhne,  
Deir Fionn.  
Ma dh' fhàg sibh air deireadh clar,  
Dithist leis an croimear emi  
Diogaidh mis' 'ns Goll a ghaigse,  
Air da sheisear a dh' aon aithim.

8 Ach bha 'm fear nu dheire bh' aig Fionn,  
Mar Sheobhag eadar dhà lion;  
Fhrithéal è 's bu mhór an fonn;  
Air seachd buillean na aon seòith  
'S mar bhith Osear nan rath,  
Cheangail è sinne mar seiscar.

H 13. HOW FINGAL, WITH SIX OF HIS NOBLES,  
WERE INCHANTED TO GO TO KEEP WAR WITH CLANN  
CHULAGADAN 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 into 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 westward;  
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 mound,  
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 onflight: 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 sat 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.

D AN 13.

- 1 LATHA bha Fionn 's seiscar ag ól,  
'S iad nan suidh mun 'n aon bhórd;  
Thainig seachd seiscar 'n ar ceann;  
Do shluagh fuileachdach faoibhbar arm.
- 2 B' iad sin na gaisgich ro mhór,  
A b' 'n uallbarra emitheachd croic;  
'S an fear a bu tíre dhú,  
Gu 'n diogadh e céud gu 'n diú.
- 3 Bha clog nu cheann gach fir mhóir,  
An comhdach clocharra córr;  
Is cotaibh ionnealta grunn.  
Ma chuirp thréun na fear neo' thim.
- 4 Ghabh sinn eagal rompa uile,  
Nach d' ghabh sinn riamh roí aon bhuidheann;  
Gu marbhach iad sinn gu 'n sóradh,  
Óir cho deach neach riamh o' n comhrag.

- 5 Do thairg Fionn dhoibh cumha mhór,  
Corr agus céud uine do dh' ór:  
Céud sattu ris nach deachidh srian,  
Is céud bean bhantrach choi' fhial.
- 6 Céud cloidheamb 's céud earradh óir,  
Is suidh os a cheann ann 's gach ól;  
Coimhdachd Rìgh 'm baile móir,  
'S dol a dh' fhlang lús a leóin.
- 7 Se thuirn na curina tréune,  
O na 's comasach dhuinne dheanamh,  
Cho ghabh sinn cumha no geall,  
Ach blnr sea cinn air aon bhall.
- 8 An sin dh' iostaich Fionn a ghloir,  
Is sheall e air luchd a choi' óil;  
A dhaoine 'n gabha' sibh deisainn,  
Dhol a bhualadh nan seachd seiscar.
- 9 Se thuirn an t-Osear bu mhór greann,  
'An lí 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 lúth;  
Cho chuir e lé-trom air cách,  
Aon laoch a theid o' m lámh.'
- 11 'Diongaidh mise seiscar eile,  
Do rá Cairéal an arm teine;  
'S dearg mo fhraoch re sgalladh cheann,  
'N nair a nochdam' 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 bhár;  
Cho chuir e dragh air aon aitim,  
Aon fhear theid o' Ghearr-nam-callunn.
- 14 'Mu dh' fhagadh gu deireadh cláir,  
Djais leis an crenmar enáimh;  
Diongaidh mis' is Goll a ghaissidh,  
Ar da sheiscar a dh' aon aital.'
- 15 Lean sinn an an sin air a chéile,  
Seiscar do Mhaithidh na Féinne;  
Is Clann Chulagadan nan cleas,  
Gu 'm bu choildhiont ar coi' ghlac.
- 16 Do 'n shuibhail mi 'n bhuidh bhramnach,  
Cho 'n fhaeas riamh an coi' baodhlach;  
'G eisteachd re slaealach ar 'n arm,  
Mar bhuaile imain le trom fhaithrich.
- 17 Dhiongas mo sheiscar air thús,  
A Phádraig 's bu mhór a chliú;  
Dhiong Osear a seiscar le aon bhéum,  
Mo sgéal goirt a bhí d' a iomradh.
- 18 Rinn na curina mar gheall,  
Mar rinn mise 's mo ghradh calma;  
Ach an fear nu dheireadh a bh' aig Fionn,  
Bha mar bhuiinn' d'cear dha hionn.
- 19 Ghlac e 's bu mhór an téuchd,  
Ar seachd buillean na aon sgé;  
'S mar bhithdach masg Osear le rath,  
Mharbhadh e sinne le ghaith.
- 20 Dh' imich sinn o' Dhún an óir,  
Gu sblach le geau gu 'n león;  
'N deidh cosgaint na tréun aitim,  
Gheibha' buaidh 's gach bláir is batait.
- 21 Thug sinn león an airm 's an cideach,  
'S gach gné shéudaibh bu mhó féume;  
Le moran do dh' ór an Tearmainn,  
Gu sólasach gu Tigh-teamhra.
- 22 Creid thusa eileirich na h-Eirann,  
Gu raibh sinn nair bu mhór eibhneas;  
Ge d' nach maithrean aon anois dhú,  
Ach mis' an aonar gu snitheach.

## 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' tighleadh tu ?  
Thainig mis O Dhun an oir,  
An dun ud siar nan Triath fiontrunn ;  
An dun as nach d' thuigte bhraidean a mach,  
'S da' am bithidh a naimhde diomach.  
Ciod e ghluais o Dhun nan eliar,  
An t-oglaoch fiato, gearr ;  
A dh' ionnsuidh Cathanaibh na Feinn,  
Nach d' fhuiling beud am bhar ?  
Thainig mis' am theachdair cuilg ;  
O Chlam Chuilgeadan nan cleas ;  
A tha ri feist a thoirt do 'n Fheimn,  
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 Tura, loaded with arms and valuable accoutrements from the Golden Hill.

- 1 LATHA chuaidh Fionn do Dhun an Oir,  
E fein sa sheiscar mun aon bhord ;  
Thainig seachd seisir nar ceann,  
Do shluagh fuileachdach, fao bhlar arm.
- 3 Is cota creitbilte grim,  
Mu chuirp nan treun nach bu tim.
- 4 Mar fhuaim tuinne ehluint an comhradh,  
'S cha deachaidh neach riamh o 'n combrag.
- 6 Cend cloidheamb, cend earrad buaidh,  
Cend ceann-beairt is sligheach chruaidh ;  
Coimhdeachd Rìogh anns gach toir,  
'S dol a d' fhuilang tus an leoin.
- 8 Dhol a bheuma nan seachd seiscar.
- 16 'G eisteachd ri slachdraich nan dornn,  
Gach beum mar innein nan ord.
- 19 Mar bithidh Masg Oseair nan geusan,  
Mharbhadh e sinne 'nar seiscar.
- 20 Dh' inaic sinn o Dhun an Oir,  
Gu subhach eibhinn gun leon ;  
An deidh Clann-chuilgeadan nam bèum  
A chosgairt 's bu mhor an sgeul.
- 21 Bu dearach bantrachd nan sonn,  
A caoidh na dh' eng air an tom ;  
Mar ghàrraich can air an tràidh,  
Chiuante iolach bhroin gach mnàith.
- 22 Thug sinn leinn an arma genra,  
Lìobhaidh, leudara, san t-eug-bhail ;  
Gu muirneach, miolaint, meannach,  
Triall thair gach magh gu Tigh-teambra.
- 23 Creid thusa Phadraic nan eliar,  
Gu raibh sinn la bu mhor miadh ;  
Ged nach maithrean ach mise uoe,  
An anaran snithich fuidh sprochd.

## 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 ceunna borb,  
Ciod an t-ait as an tigeadh tu ?

- 2 Thainig mise a Dun an oir,  
An Dun ata an aird an iar ;  
An Dun nach tug a gheill riamh,  
'S gu 'm bithidh a naimhdean diomach.
- 3 Rainig sinne Dun an oir,  
'S chroma ar cinn nan cho-lo ;  
'Thainig seachd seisir 'nar ceann,  
Do shluagh foilceach fuar arm.
- 4 An fear bu taire dhui, sud,  
Gu 'n deanga o cend an combrag ;  
Bha ma bhraigh gach fir mhóir,  
Sgapul daite dhe 'n oir dhearg  
Crosach mhaille nan laimh nimhe  
'S laimn liobhra bha do-chaithe.
- 5 Thairg Fionn doilbh cumha mor,  
Thairgeadh leis ceud unga óir.  
Ceud saoi ris nach deacha srian.  
Ceud bean bhannrach co-fial,  
Tus sloigh 'n 'am dol san teugnhaill,  
Agus deire tighinn a mach,  
O 'se thogadh buaidh na buaighne.
- 6 Ach fbreagair na cuiridhean calma,  
O 's comasach dhuinte a dheanamh,  
Cha ghabhar lein cumha no geall,  
Ach 'ar cinn nile air aon bhall.
- 7 An siu dh' islich Fionn a ghloir,  
Sheall e air Incheid a cho-óil ;  
Dhaoinn an gabh sibh luathas deth,  
Dol a bhualadh nan seachd seisir ?
- 8 Doir an t-Oseair bu mhor greann,  
An la thugadh ruag nan gleann ;  
Rinneadh gnìomh bu chruaidh leam,  
No na cinn a bhui do sheissir.
- 9 Deangar leamsa seisir eile,  
'Se thuir Caorral nan arm gasda ;  
Bu dearg fraoch a sgaradh cheam (sgathla)  
Deangair mise seisir rìgh.
- 10 'Se thuir Feargu an gloir mhìn,  
Cha chuir iad leatrom air chach ;  
Gach aon haech a thig a' m' choail. (cho-dhail)  
Deangaidh Caoilte nan cas luath,  
Fear is seissir 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 croimear ceannh,  
Diongaidh mise 's Goll na gaisge,  
An dà sheissir a dh' aon aitim.
- 12 Bha 'm fear na dheirebh aig Fionn,  
Mar sheodbag eadar dha lion ;  
Fhrighail e 's bu mhor am feum,  
Aiar seachd buillean na b-aon sgeth ;  
'S mar bhì Oseair nan nadh,  
Cheangail e sinne 'nar seissir.

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 mi cend maoslach mhaol,  
Air gleann Easgudail dan hogh ;  
Ceud Douran 's cend damh allidh,  
Nach d' fhaig an cuibhean an arl bhann.
- 14 Ceud comhladh do 'n chreamh ghlas,  
Air a bhuan san fhaoleach gheanbraidh,  
Chuirinn sid a steach am mairneach,  
Air bhuidheachas mo leannan,  
Air greigh do eachaibh donn dearg,  
Fo chokann do fheara feannaid ;  
'Se 'n diol do eachaibh co-sheilg,  
'S iad nile do dhi amacha,  
Caoithidh iad mise an sith bhruagh,  
Ach 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

herten Manns, the Northern invader, and the Southern tribes at Pan-an-Oir. According to this ballad, two recruits, of whom one was a son of 'Leir,' or Linn, 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 Cormac'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 Fenme, and that he, not Manus, enticed them to Lochlann.

More of this family appear in prose tales, serving with the Fenme, and slaying giants in Ireland.

This ballad is very popular. Copies of it were in Irish MSS. before 1784, and these are in Dublin 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 *Dubard fii*. Apparently it was the same which begins *Dubir 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 19 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 500 lines. I print D. Mac Nicol's version, in his own orthography; extracts from F., which is very like D.; Kennedy's first version, B.; 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  
Gùn Saillm bhì air Uigh ach òl  
Chuidhe Thigh Oss-èim mhie Flàin  
O san leis bu bhinn a Ghloir.
- 2 Fàilte dhuit a shean Fhìr shuaire  
T'ionsaidh air chnairt thuaire sin,  
A Laoch mhìlì baile Dreuch,  
'S dearbh nach deir thu nach snad ni.
- 3 Sgeul a bail linn fhaotain nait,  
Ogha Chumhail, bu chruaigh Colg,  
'N teantach 's mo an raibh an Flàin,  
O na glùn thu riamh na Lorg.

- 4 Dhinsinse sin dhuit gan Tamb,  
Ghiolla Phadric na 'n Salm grunn,  
Teantach 'mo an raibh na Fir,  
Oa a ghineadh Fianachd Fheinn.
- 5 D-armad Fleagha ga 'n drin Feann  
'S an Albhidh ri Linn nan Laoch,  
Air Chuid don Fhìr sluas Drain dearg,  
Gù 'n derich a 'm Fearg san Fraoch.
- 6 Ma dhìlbr sibh sìne ma 'n Ol,  
Huirt Mac R'nain le Ghoir bhinn,  
Bherinse is Ailte ur  
Freiteach Bhiana ri Mur Fheinn.
- 7 Thog iad gu sgiobalt an Triath  
An Cloimh sa 'n Sgiadh nan Luag  
An Deish Fhenidh, Armach, Flual  
Go Rìogh' chd Lochlan na 'n Sgia slim.
- 8 Muinteris Bhiana do 'n Rìogh  
Se thug an Deish a bhFear Dreach  
Mac Rìogh Carchair' nan Sleigh Geur,  
Agus Ailte nach 'd eur neach.
- 9 Thug Bean Rìogh' Lochlan nan Sgiadh donn  
Gaul gu trom 'sela bann go deas  
Do dh' Ailte grawlmach an Fhulite deirg  
Dh' fòllh' I leish an Ceilg sàm Braid.
- 10 Dh' fòllh' I leish a Leabaidh 'n Rìogh,  
Sud an Gnuinnh na 'n doirte Fnil,  
Sa nionsaidh Flaithas na 'm Flàin,  
Ghablaar an Triath thar muir.
- 11 Fhionnail Rìogh Lochlan a Shnadh  
Cabhlach cruaidh sam bhì go deas,<sup>3</sup>  
Se dheireadh leis re aon Fair,  
Na naodh Rìogire sa 'n Shualh leis.
- 12 Lochlanh a Bhùin Iborh,  
'S ro mlaith 'n Colg re dul an Cein,  
Thug iad um Freithe Triath,  
Nach pilleadh iad Srian na 'n deigh.
- 13 Thogadar an Alhais<sup>4</sup> ard,  
Re Crìch Eire garbh an Greish  
'S chuirthea a 'm Puibhe a muigh<sup>5</sup>  
Gaoird an Bhruth an raibh Feann.
- 14 Teachdaireachd thanig nar Ceann,<sup>6</sup>  
Teachdeareachd<sup>7</sup> chuir rìungo 'n Truadh,  
Comhrae cruaidh o Flàina Fail,  
{ Fhèin air an Traigh ma tha } *Indic. d.*  
{ Gur e bail leo fhaotain. }

*Note.*—Here *fit in verses 15 to 32.*  
*Fletcher's version.*

- 15 Fhregair Ailte 'n Comhrae treun,  
Fear thabhairt Lau-ghelid sgarach Cath  
{ Ceann a' mhie Leig na Fir. } *Indic.*  
{ Ceann Mhìc Neamh, 's Ceann Mhìc Lir } *Indic.*  
Maoithear leis an dara Benm.
- 16 Scaidh fìdhid Ceannairt dar Foin,  
Agus Ailte tein air Tis  
Thuit sud le Laimh Fearragain mhor,  
Mu 'n deachaidh na Sleigh an dhus.
- 17 Se raite Feann Flath nan Cuach  
'Se gumbrae air Shualh Inse fail,  
Co dhìogus Fearragain san Ghreish,  
Mu 'n leigeadh leis air tair?
- 18 Se nì ghabhadh sud le Goll,  
An Soma nach buraste chuidh,  
Dìogansa Fearragain san Ghreish,  
Leigir eilr air Cleis Laidh.
- 19 Cuelulan is Diarmaid Donn,  
Fearra-ehu crom is mac an Deirg, (Leidh)  
Dhàid o Bhuillibh an Laoch  
Cuir dish air gach Taobh d' Sgeth.

<sup>1</sup> Rinnachain.

<sup>2</sup> Bann rìogh.

<sup>3</sup> Adras gu treish.

<sup>4</sup> Colvors.

<sup>5</sup> gu tingh.

<sup>6</sup> gu Fionn.

<sup>7</sup> Sgeil Fiom a.



- 20 Buin leat an seachd fichid Fear mor,  
Nach uras a chloidh ar Chul,  
Cuir air Laimh Shoisgal mo Rìogh  
Chlannaibh morma na 'n Gniobh borb.
- 21 Buin leat Cath feugra na Fein  
Nach d fhidir Ceum thoirt air Cùl,  
Cuir sud air do Ghualin 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 Sgìa donn  
'S e mhasidhe Goll air an 9<sup>th</sup> Lo.
- 23 Tuille is seachd fichid som,  
Thuit sud le Gara 's le Goll,  
On a gherich a Ghrian moeh,  
Gus an deacha I siarr Annoch.
- 24 Seachd fichid do Chlanaib Rìogh,  
Bu mhor Gaisge agus Gniomh,  
Thuit sud le Osgar an aibh,  
Is le Caorreal Cnes-bhànn.
- 25 Air a Bhaiste thug thu orm,  
Chlerich a chanfas na Sàilm  
Thuit leumsa 's le Feanu nam Fleagh  
Còimhliona Ceann ris a Chearthair.
- 26 Ach nan fuighe E Cothron nan Airm,  
Deadh mhac Innil nan Lann glass,  
San Albhaidh na 'n abairte Thriath,  
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 mbo na Trian thanig as.
- 28 Ach nan lughamid an Rìogh  
A Phadric, le 'm mian gach salu,  
Ge 'd thanig Droing dar Maithibh as,  
Cho drin sinn ar Leas san La.

D. 13. COBHAIKLE A CHINN AIG FION. 80 lines  
From Mac Nicol's Collection. Ossianic Ballad No. xxv.  
Copied by Malcolm Macphail. Edinburgh, March 7,  
1872.

- 1 COBHAIKLE a chin aig Fion,  
'S aig Maithibh Erin 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 cend Eich,  
A' bear rish an dechidh strìan.
- 3 Chuir shin ga coibhidichd cend Each,  
A bear rish an dechigh strìan ;  
As cend marèich air am muin,  
Le Cullidh T-sbrìol (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 ubhìl oir na Laibh dheis.
- 5 Da Chaillin 'air Gualin a Guin,  
Dealibh a Chruin fo Gheil nam port ;  
Do naichd 's e Pubil Fhinn,  
Innis duin a Bhrìgh sa Bheicidh.
- 6 Mo Naichds 'e Pubil Fhinn,  
Gu 'n Insin a Bhrìgh gu ceart ;  
Mu reinn do Bhean ort Beart chli,  
Gun' dimmir I gniobh gu cear.
- 7 Mu reinn do Bhean ort Beart chli,  
'S gun 'dimmir I Gniobh gu cear ;  
Cairdeas as Commun ri Fionn,  
Gun faigh du 's mi na Geall.
- 8 Dheothidh du shud as ceid Leig,  
As ciad sbend don Tairbhi T-shaoir ;  
Dheothidh du cend shoelbac suaire,  
Air am bithidh Buaidh nan Ian.

<sup>1</sup> Chainnil.

- 9 Dheothidh du shud as ceud Corn,  
Dhianigh do 'n Uisg ghoram an Fion ;  
'S ga be dhòligh aiste Deoich,  
Cha reichidh a Hart am mend.
- 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 Ghua.
- 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 Chreic 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 fom Bhreth,  
Cean na Deishe bu ghann cial.
- 16 Cha 'n fhagin aguibh do Dhearras,  
Do Dfìon na Dfherin na Huallich ;  
Ach Erin na croichdan Glass,  
A hoghlaìl leom ann am Loingis.
- 17 Gan thiantaich I riuthidh a Cuil,  
'S mhareich I Cuirs a dian ;  
'B iunnid Sroil ga hoiggaìl suas,  
'Nordibh gu lua chaidh an Fhian.
- 18 Doilfin nie Ghalcin fon Ghrèig,  
Muime Fhearragin as ni 'm breig ;  
Ri faiciun a Chinn ga Daulte,  
Rìgh bu neo alidh a bimnichd.
- 19 Goul & Oscar an aigh,  
Connal as Caorrl Cneas-bhan ;  
Mo bhailier mi 's Fionn nan Fleigh ;  
Gam bunnigh I 'n ceann don Cheirir.
- 20 Mar Fearr chaidh as o Beul airm,  
Na chaigh le Muim don Ghrèig ;  
Do Rìogh Lochlin na ga ni,  
Cha draug riabh an Tir fein.

F. 12. TEANNDACHD MOR NA FEINNE, AGUS  
MAILLE RIS, ORDAMH, AGUS TEACHD A MACH NAM BRAT-  
TAICHEAN. 224 lines. Extracts.

Fletcher's Collection, page 49. Advocates' Library,  
Feb. 5, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

I. PAIRT.

- 13 'M foguso do 'n rugha 'n raibh Fionn.
- 23 Gheibhe tu sud is ceud erios,  
'S cha d' theid slios m' an d' theid iad eug ;  
Chaisge iad leum-drumma 's sgios ;  
Leug riomhach nam bucal làn.
- 24 Gheibhe tu sud is ciad long,  
Sgoilte tonn air bhuiune borb ;  
Air an hechdacha gu teann,  
Deis gach aon-ni a b' fhearr doigh
- 25 Gheibhe agus eiad mac Rìgh.  
Bhuineadh eis air chluiche bhuirb ;  
Gheibhe is eiad seobhag suaire,  
Air am bithheadh buaigh nan eun,

This also occurs in Manus.

II. PAIRT.

Sgaoil Fearrghus a Bhratach re crann,  
Mar chomthar gun do dhuilt Rìgh  
Lochlunn eumhadh.

- 1 Air faeisinn 'sin ghluais an Fheinn ghaolach gu foil.  
M' am biodh Eivinn nil' air earras.
- 2 Thainig sluagh thair iomel' rum thonn,  
Thainig sud 's bu trom an leachd ;  
Suil gon d' thug Rìgh Lochlunn uaith,  
Chunnaic è Bratach a tighinn a mach,  
Is Giulla gasda air a ceann,  
Air lasadh do dl' òr Eireannach.

## DEIR RÌGH LOCHLUNN.

- 3 ' Co i a Bhratach sìd Iulla dhunnaich,  
An i sud Bratach Mhic Trein-bhuaghaich,  
Chì mi Giulla gasda air a ceann  
'S i fein aig togra thair sluagh.'

## DEIR FEARRGHUS.

- 4 Cha nì sud ach an Liath-luithmeach,  
Bratach Dhiarmad-odh-duimhne ;  
'N tra thigeadh an Fheinn uile 'mach,  
Ghabhadh an Liath-lu' neuch toiseach,  
'S gur h è bu shuaichneas don t-srol-bhuighe  
Toiseach teachd is deire falbh.
- 5 ' Cia i 'Bhratach so Iulla dhunnaich,  
An i sud Bratach Mhic Trein bhuaghaich  
Chì mi Giulla,' &c.
- 6 Cha nì sud ach an aon ehosach (ruadh)  
Bratach Rhaoinne na mor shluagh ;  
Bratach leis an sgoiltear cinn  
'S le doirtear fuil gu h-abrainnibh
- 7 ' Co i Bhratach so Iulla ghuanaich,  
An i sud Bratach,' &c.
- 8 Cha nì sud ach a Bhriachail-bhròchuil,  
Bratach Ghuill mhòir 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 mhiad 's gu 'm bi sa eath.  
Cha bhiodh iomra ach air an Du'-nimhe.
- 11 Co i Bhratach so Iulla ghuanaich,  
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 cluar,  
Cha b' fhui' 'fiarnich 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 cosmhail bu mhòr meas is rath
- 14 'S air faeisinn dha Bratach Fhinn,  
'Shaoileadh e gu 'n thuit a bheinn.'

## FEARRGHUS.

- 15 'S dnilch dhlùis-a na bheid ann,  
Gath-greine Mhic Cuthair ra erann ;  
Is naoi slabhruidhean aiste sìos,  
Do 'n òr bhùighe, gun dall sgiabh,  
Agnis naoi naoi làn-ghràis-grach.  
Fu' cheann na h-uile slabhraidh  
Aig togar air feadh do shluagh,  
Mar chliath treghaidh gu traigh  
Thoir an aire dhluit féin,  
Biodh gair chatha ga d' iomann.

## RÌGH LOCHLUNN.

- 16 'S brengach do bheul Fhili bhinn,  
'Trian na ta agamsa do shluagh ;  
Cha rabh agàibhsè sann Eivinn.'

## DEIR FEARRGHUS.

- 17 Ga beag leatsa an Fheinn theare so,  
Bheir thu d' gheann na 'n d' thig am feasgar,  
Roimhe 'n lùna glasa no nì thim d' th ainnleas.

## BROSNUCHA FHINN.

- 18 'Cromaibh dhur cinn sa chath,  
'S deannadh gath Flath mar a gheall.'

- 19 Seachd fichead d' mhaithibh air Feinne,  
'S Ailte fein air an tùs,  
Thuit sud le lamlh Earragain mhòr,  
M' an deachnaidh na sloigh an t-lùs,
- 20 D' fhuirich Fionn fada na thosd,  
Luigh sproc air 'n Fheinn gu leir ;  
' Co dlìonghas dhomh Earragain so ghreis,  
No 'n leigeamaid leis air tàir ?'

- 21 Sin nuair a labhair Gonn,  
An sonn bha docair a chloaidh,  
Leigear mi 's Earragain sa ghreis,  
'S gu 'n feachamaid air cleas luigh,

- 22 Mac-luithinn agus Ciaran crom,  
Diarmad donn is Mac-an-leigh,  
Gà d' dhiona bho bhùillinn an laoch,  
Tog ditbhis air gach taobh mar sge,

- 23 Seachd fichead agus mìle sonn,  
Thuit sud le Garra' is le Gonn ;  
Dha urrad le Osear an aoidh,  
'S le Caoirreal cora eanidh.

- 24 'S air an ainm a thug thu orra,  
Iulla Phadruc nam sàmh 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 Ghroig,  
Do Rìgh Lochlunn no da shluagh,  
Cha deachaidh duine d' a thair féin.

- 26 Thuit sinne cor is leth air Fiann,  
Air an traigh tha siar fo dheas ;  
Ach 'n a lughainne a ghriann  
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 Pìdrraig na mhàir,  
Cha robh Sàiln air iugh ach sgoil ; (ag ol)  
'(Luaidh' e thighe Oisain Mac Fhinn, (Mhic)  
'Oir Sann leis bu bhinn a bheid. (ghoir)  
' Labhair Oisain an so mar gu bu neach eile labhrath.  
1 Gluais.

- 2 'Fáilte<sup>2</sup> dhuitsa! shean fhir shuairec,  
T' ionnsuidh air chnairt thainig nu;<sup>3</sup>  
Laoch núbil<sup>4</sup> is caoin dearg dreach,  
Cha d' cur thu rianh nach mu ní.
- 3 'Sgéul<sup>4</sup> a b' áill leam fhagail<sup>5</sup> uait,  
Ogha Chuthaill bu chruaidh colg;  
    An teanntachd 's Moghadh 'n raibh.  
'N Cath is teinne chuir an Fhianm  
O na ghen thu rianh nan lorg.'
- 4 Bheircamsa lán deatbh dhuit,  
Ille Phódraig nan saibh binn,  
Mu 'n chath 's teinne chuir na fir,  
A na gheinamb fianntidh Fhinn.
- 5 Dearmad fleagha do rinn Fionn  
An Albheinn ri linn nan laoch,  
Bha cuid do 'n Fhinn fú dhruim dearg,  
'S dh' eirich orra fearg is fraoch.
- 6 Dhíoir iad sinne san ór, (ol)  
    Mac Román nan gloir ceán binn  
Dubhairt Caoilte is doith leinn,  
'S ní mo fhuair sinn mar bu choir  
Ionad suidhe mor nuair Fhinn.
- 7 'An eiric a mi-mbeas dhuinm,  
'S o neach do chum fleagh na Féist,  
Bheir mis is tus Ailli<sup>6</sup> úr,  
Freiteach bliadhín re mur na Feinn.'
- 8 'N sin thogadar orra gu triall,  
An cloidheamh san sgia<sup>7</sup> nan luing;  
'N diais laoch bu chaoin dearg dreach,  
Gu Rígh Lochlan nan srian slíom,
- 9 'S bu Rígh air Lochlan san uair,  
Fear a gheibhadh buaidh<sup>8</sup> 'sgach blár;  
Fearraghuin mac<sup>6</sup> aon fhear nan long,  
O' Rígh bu mbaith a lann sa lámh.
- 10 Muintearas bliadhna do 'n Rígh,  
Thug an diais bu chaoin dearg dreach,  
Caoilte Mac Ramaghuin<sup>7</sup> nan sleagh géud  
Agus Aillidh nach d' cur 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 chealg ud leis.
- 12 Ghluais i a leabiadh an Rígh,  
B' e sin an gníomh nuair dhóirtcadh fuil;  
'S gu Albheinn aobheuch na 'm fianm,  
Thogadar an triall thair muir.
- 13 'Mo chomric orts Fhinn nan coín,  
Labhair e ghu cro-dhearg aill;  
Nuair tharlas mi 'n cás na toraichd  
Tensairgíbh mi sloigh Rígh Pháil.'
- 14 Gabham do chomric thair muir,  
Roimh aon neach a sheall sa ghréin;  
Tra tharlas tu an cás san toir  
Gabhidh 'n slogh do dhíon fú 'n sgeith.'
- 15 Thionail Rígh Lochlan a slúgh,  
'N cabhlach a bha gu cruaidh deas;  
'S e na thionail e mu thuat  
Naol Ríghridh san sluaigh leis,
- 16 Sheól iad an cabhlach gu b-árd,  
Gu ríoghachd Eirinn bu gbearg ágh;  
'S gu h-Albheinn oighche na 'm fianm,  
Thogadar an triall o thráidh.
- 17 Shiuthich iad am Priplean gu luath,  
Rígh Lochlan sa slúgh nach raibh tiom,  
Air na tillichean a nuigh,  
Gairid o' n bhruth an raibh Fionn.
- 18 Teachdaireacht thainig o 'n Rígh;  
An sgeúl tina chuir ruimn gu tragh;  
    No 'n laodhad Inseabh pháil  
Cómhrag fear do mhuintir Fhinn,  
Fhagbail air a ghlinn mu thuat.
- 19 Fhreagair Aillidh o 'n cómhrag cruaidh,  
'N sgeúl tragh sin thainig an céill;  
Ceann aillidh dea' mhac 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 cumba mhóir  
Do na sloigh thainig an céill, (ceinn)  
'S do Rígh Lochlan nan coibh sean,  
Faraon agus a bhean féin.
- 22 Thug sinne dhoibh ingin ríogh  
P. 89. 'S guirme suil sa 's gille deud  
Chuir sinn gu coimhdeacht ceud each  
As fearr ris 'n' deachadh srian.
- 23 Ach Lochlanach a bhuidheann bhorb,  
Aig mead an colg is an ágh  
Cha ghabha iad cumba fú 'n ghrian,  
Gun an Fhianm a chuir nan dáil.
- 23 'S ceud marcach air a muin  
P. 89. Le 'n carradh sroil on luiste grian  
Nuair theirín 'n sin air 'n t-sraid  
Sa a' fhad i no deigh na heich.
- 24<sup>8</sup> Cha mho ghabhadh Fearraghuin mor,  
Aig mead a dhóchas as féin  
Duais no bhean air tir no tuinn,  
Ach suinn Eirinn ibi fú mhéin.
- 25 Ach combairt eile chinn aig Fionn,  
'S aig maithaibh Eirinn gu léir,  
Inghean Rígh nan<sup>9</sup> gabhite uath,  
A thabhairt dhosan na géill.
- 26 Fhuaradh an sin inghean Rígh, (ur)  
Bu ghuirme súil 's bu ghurme méar,  
Bha snuagh a ghnuis mar a ghrian  
'S b' fhearr gu mor a ciall 's a gné.
- 27 Chuir sinn d' a coimhdeacht ceud each,  
Bho mhaith ris an deachidh sriann;  
Is ceud marcach air a muin,  
An enlaidh shróil bu lasrach fia.
- 28 'N uair a thurlig iad air an raon,  
'S a fhad iad nan deidh na h-eich;  
Thug i ceann an sin d' a cóir  
'S d'a abhal óir na lámh dheis,
- 29 'Coid do nuaghachds' o phoball Fhinn,  
Ainuir ghriun sa chialh nan cleare,  
'S an t' adbhar mu 'n d' ainig thu féin,  
Aithris gu 'n chaid e le gean.
- 30 'Se mo nuaghachds' o phoball Fhinn  
Gu 'n innseam dhuit e gu 'n chaid;  
O 'n rinn do bhean ort beairt chlí  
'S a dh' inair i e gu cearr.
- 31 Cuirdeas is comman re Fionn,  
'S gu fuigheadh tu mi na geall;  
Anois 's a ris feadh mo léith  
'S gach aon séud is ághoir thall.
- 32 Gheibhadh tu sin is ceud léng,  
Is ceud séud an talla saor;  
Gheibhadh tu sin is ceud scobhag,  
Air am bitheadh buaidh gach aon.
- 33 Gheibhadh tu sin is ceud erios  
'N slíom mu 'm bí cha tuit am blár,  
Coisgidh iad leum drom is sgiós,  
Séud ríomhach na 'm bucal léan. (anlag)
- 34 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud corn,  
A ní do 'n bhurnn ghoram an fíon,  
'S ge b'e dh' olas asta deoch,  
Cho bhí dhochartas gu 'n díon.

<sup>2</sup> Umplachd.<sup>3</sup> Suinn.<sup>4</sup> Fios.<sup>5</sup> fhuaitir.<sup>6</sup> B'e athair a bu mho loingas a bha r'a fhagail san aimsir sin.<sup>7</sup> Mac Ríogh Connachain.<sup>8</sup> This 24th Stanza claims as his own composition.<sup>9</sup> Nan dual arbhui óir.

- 35 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud mias,  
An luchairt 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 mhunne borb ;  
Air an luchdeachadh gu trom,  
Leis gach aon ni '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 eulaidh shról is lasrach fa<sup>10</sup>
- 38 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud Gheadh ;  
Is lán glinne do chrobb bhán  
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 kèir ;  
Gus am fuigheam Fionn fui 'm bhreith,  
Is a chreach a thoirt leam féin.
- 40 Cha d' ug thu féin leat do neart,  
Chòidh na chuireas Fionn fui 'd bhreith,  
'No bhuidhneas a chreach dhuit féin,  
Ach follbhidh mis' is beannachd leat.'
- 41 'Cho 'n fhollb thusa chibh nan cleare,  
A rìgh bhinn fharast a bheòil bhinn,  
Gheibheadh tu gach seud gu saor,  
'S ceannghlam thu re 'm thaoilh geal slim.'
- 42 'Cho 'n fhan mise Cheann nan eliar,  
O nach traoidh mi d' fhia no d' fhearg.  
'S o nach fhuighean féin o d' bhéul,  
Sith dh' fhiann Eirann gu 'n chath searbh.'
- 43 Cha tabhair mi sith do dh' Fhionn,  
Air son aon ni tha fui 'n gbrein,  
O 'n thug e tearman do 'n fhear,  
A mheall uam mo dhea bhuan féin.
- 44 'N sin charich i riu a cúl  
'S mharaicich i d' ar cúirt gu dian,  
B' ionad sról gu elur a suas,  
An ordamh luath chuaidh an Fhian.
- 45 Dh' imich Fionn an sin air thús  
Dea mhac Cuthail a ghnais ghil,  
A Chumail Comhrag ris an Rìgh,  
'N gnìomh sin mun do thuit na fir.
- 46 'S deich fichead air a laimh dheis,  
Do shliochd Cuthail nan cleas lúí :  
Agus naoi fichead fear mòr,  
Bu docair a chuir air ceúl,
- 47 Dh' fhiosraich an sin flath nan cnoch,  
Do Mhathheadh fuaigh Innsa fail ;  
Co dhìonaidh Farraginn sa ghreis,  
Mu 'n deanaidh ar mi leas le tair.'
- 48 Do bha fhreagradh sin aig Goll  
Are sonn bu docair a chlaoidh  
Leigear ni 's Farraghuin sa ghreis,  
'S gu feulcaim a chleasaibh lúí,
- 49 Cuimhuich cath feargarra na Féinn  
'S Chlanna mornna nan cleas lúí,  
Is mac Cuthail nan arm noicht,  
Air a threunc chleasaibh lúth.
- 50 Thor leat seachd fichead fear mòr  
Do Chlanna mornna nan cleas lúí,  
A dh' fheitheamh air eacoir an fhir,  
Cuir Sin air thaobh cùil.
- 51 Mac Lubhidh is Diarmaid donn,  
Oscar erom, is mac an Léig,  
A' d' dhlion o bhuillean an Iaoich,  
Biodh diais air gach taobh do' d' sgè.
- 52 'N sin chnaidh sinn an dàil a chéile,  
Sléigh nan deich Rìgh is Sàinn Eirann,  
'S bu luaithe na greann ghath carrich,  
Sinn a dol an tús na t-eúg' bhail.

<sup>10</sup> Is fearr cruth.

- 53 Bu luaithe no millidh sruthan,  
A ruigh an aon slagan o árdaiadh ;  
Bhiodh a bénaicich gu tréun meannach.  
Le toirm Geambraidh o gach fásach.
- 54 Cho bheacadh tréun thonn na tuinne,  
'N uair bhuailt iad re cèugaibh arl ;  
Le neart na gaoith tuath san fhaillach  
Cho stuagbda re gaoin an ard chath.

The three following poems belong to some other poem, i.e., Dearg Mac Druibhail.

P. 93. DR. YOUNG.

- 55 Oehd laithean duine gun tumb  
Sior dheanabh ar air no sloigh  
Ce in rìogh Lochlunn no 'n sgiath donn  
Se buidhinn Goll air a naothaobh lath
- 56 Ceart choimeas cónhrag nam fear,  
Cho 'n thac mi riamh re 'm la :  
Ceann Rìgh Lochlan nan sgiá donn,  
Bhuidhinn Goll air an naoi' anh trá'.
- 57 Tréunlamh ingheann Bhalcain o 'n Ghróg,  
Mhuime Fhearraghuin gun aon bhréig  
'N uair thugadh an Ceann da Dalta  
Ri bu' neo' amhlaidh a céill,
- 58 Bha Goll ann, 's Oscar an àigh,  
Conall 's Coireall a chneas bháin :  
Mar bithidh mi 's Fionn nam fleagh,  
Gu 'n d' ugradh i 'n ceann do 'n cheathrar.
- 59 Deich fichead is mille sonn,  
Céith ir fichead is coig mille sonn (5080)  
Thuit sud le Garadh 's le Goll ;  
Uighir le Oscar an àigh ;  
A dha urradh le O-car an àigh (10160)  
'S uighir le Coireall is Sonn,
- 59 Air a bheastadh thugas orm,  
Phádraig a chanas na sailm ;  
Gu 'n do thuit leam féin 's le Fionn,  
Ceann is uighir ris a cheathrar.
- 60 O 'n dh' eirich a Ghrián moch thrá,  
Gus an deachidh i siar an moch ;  
Cómhrag aon fhear air an t-sliabh  
'S beag nach do thuit iad gu h-ionlan.
- 61 Mach o mhead sa chuaidh leinn féin,  
No theich air a bhéig mu dheas ;  
Do Rìgh Lochlan is da Shluabh,  
Cho deachadh duine dhui nainn as.
- 62 Ach luthéam' air anam no 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 I. 204, 64 torn out, = 208 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-Chumgildan, 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

<sup>1</sup> 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 grandiloquent daughter Semhrosog 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 Semhrosog 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 Rí linn do Mhac Rannghuin og,  
'S do Aillidh an t-ogan treun;  
Teachd, gu mac Cumhail nan sluaigh,  
Gu Anna nan duan 's nan teud.
- 6 Bha Fionn an cath Dhun-an-oir,  
'S Ríogh nan sloigh bu mhor ann gníomh.  
Measg clann-chuilgeadan nan cleas,
- 7 Philleadar mo Thriath a b' fhearr cliu,  
Chum an tuir 's nach duilta daimh;  
B' eibhinn aibhearach an Fhianm,  
Mar thoirn ealtain ian gu traidh.
- 8 Ann Auana do chlann nan laoch:
- 10 An comain an feirbirt dhuinne,  
'S nach do chum iad fleagh nan ceud,  
Bheir mis' is tus' Aillidh ur,  
Freiteach bliadhín' rí 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 laoiach,  
Leis a ghaoith air chuantaidh near:  
Clos cho d' rinn i 'm port air scímh-shruth,  
Ach mar ean gu mein nam fear
- 18 Gabham do chomraic thuir mair,  
Dhea Mhíe Luir nan arman treun;
- 20 Gu ríogh'ehd Eirinn bu gbagh ár;  
Gu h-Auna aigheach nam Fiann,
- 22 Teachdaireachd thainig gu Fionn,
- 25 Ach Eirinn na crogan creacht',  
Nach d' thugte steach ann na loingear.
- 27 Cho ghabhadh iad cumba fuí 'n gbrein,  
Ach an Fheinn a chur nan dail.
- 28 Cha ghabhadh Fearginn nan ruag,  
Cis o 'n t-sluaigh air son a mhán;  
Ach Eirinn o thuinng gu tuinn,  
'Sa sunn a chosgairt fuí' phna.

Here the Princess gets a name.

- 29 'S aig Maithibh Eirinn nam peall;  
Seimhrosog nan dual arbhuidh oir,  
A thailbhairt dhosan na geall.
- 30 Fluuaradh a mach Seimhrosog ur,  
Bu ghuirne suil 's bu ghrinne near;  
Bha snuagh a gnais mar a ghrian,  
'S b' fhear gu mor a ciall 'sa gne.
- 31 Chuir sin d'a coimhead ceud each,  
A b' fhearr ris an deachaidh srian;  
Is ceud marcaich air pheill oir,  
'N ceulaidh loinreach bu mor fiadh (miadh)
- 33 Cíod do sgeul o phobull Fhinn,  
Annir bhinn an-reinn-i-huill thá;  
'S an t-a' bhar mun d' thainig gu tuinn,  
Airis dhuinn, na 's leinn do ghradh.

- 34 'Se mo sgeuls' o phobull Fhinn,  
A laoiach nach fionn ann tus a bhlaír;  
O 'n rinn do bheann oir beairt chli;  
'Sa dh' inuir i 'n gníomh gu cearr.
- 35 Cairdeas is comann ri Fionn.  
'S gu fuigheadh tu mi na geall;  
Le run dileas feara-pháile,  
'S gach aon ceud is agtoir thall.
- 36 Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud leug,  
Is ceud seud ann tuail nídh saor;  
Gheibheadh tu sin is ceud scothag  
Air am bithidh buaidh gach taobh.
- 40 Le ionnas na tonn a folbh.
- 57 'Ghluais sinn uile le Ríogh-pháile,  
Triath nan armann, b' fhearr san strí;  
Bu chosnuil ri toirm an-flashaich,  
Sinn a' doll an dail a gníomh.
- 58 Mar ghaoth caraich, no lon sleibhe,  
Bha gach trend a' triall nar ceann;  
Mar shruth uisge chluinte 'm beumna,  
A' taiteam far sge' nam beann.
- 59 Mar leachda' tuinne san fhaeilich,  
Sruth dian a' maema nan dáil;  
B' amhail is slaedraich nan laoch so,  
A' cosgairt na dh' aom o 'n traidh.
- 61 Treunlamh Mac Bhalcaín 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 cheathrar.
- 63 Is le Cairill, an t-armann donn.
- 64 Air an iargain thruim so th' orm,  
A Phadraig nach dean stóilbh a b-cineach;
- 65 Ona dh' circadh a ghrian moch,  
Dhuinne gun chlos fad tri la;  
Comhrag Ríogh Lochlan nan sluaigh,  
'Sa chath ebruidh ann gairte bron.

<sup>1</sup> Pages 7 and 8 are wanting.

M. 8. TEANNTACH MOR NA FEINNE. 236 lines.

- 1 DEARMAD fleadhá gu 'n d' rinn Fionn,  
San Albhainn 're linn nan laoch,  
Air cuid d'an Fheinn shuas Druim-dearg,  
Gun d' eirich am fearg 's am fraoch.
- 2 Ma dhibir sibh sinn mu 'n ol,  
Thuir Mao Rouain le gloir bhinn,  
Bheirims agus Ailde ur  
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 Rígh Lochlainn na 'n srian sliom.
- 4 Bu Rígh air Lochlainn san uair,  
Fear a bhuidbueadh buaidh gach blar,  
Earragan Mac Ainuir nan long,  
Gu 'm bu mhaith a laun 's a lauh.
- 5 Muintearas bliana d' an Rígh,  
Tug an diais a b' fhearr drach,  
Moc Rígh Conchair na 'n sleagh gear,  
Agus Ailde nach d' ear neach.
- 6 Thug Bann-rí'n Lochlainn na 'n sciath donn,  
Trom ghaol trom 's cha b' ann gu deas,  
Ba ilde greadhuach an fhuilt deirg,  
Is dh'fhalbh i an coilg lois.<sup>2</sup>
- 7 Ghluais i leis a leabai 'n Rígh,  
Sud an gníomh mu 'n doirtéar fuil.  
'S a dh' ionnsuidh Flaitheas na 'm Fionn,  
Thogadar an triall thuir mair.
- 8 Chruinnich Rígh Lochlainn a shluaigh,  
Cabhlach cruidh a dh'fhias gu deas,  
'S e dh'eirich re aon uair  
Na naoi Ríghrín 's an sluaigh leis.

<sup>1</sup> Ahlainn.

<sup>2</sup> Leis.

- 9 Lochlainn a bhuidheann bhorb,  
Is ro mhaith colg re dol am fein,  
Thug iad am mionna ag triall  
Nach pilleadh iad is Fiann nan daidh.
- 10 Thugadar an Albaist ard,  
Seach críoch Eirinn nan colg teann,  
'S ann Albain leathann na 'n Fiann,  
Thugadar an Triath air traidh.
- 11 Shuidhich iad am puible gu tuingh,  
Rìgh Lochlainn 's a shluagh nach tim,  
Air an tulaich a bha muigh,  
Guaireid o 'n bhrughann raibh Fionn.
- 12 Teachdaireachd thainig gu Fionn,  
Teachdaireachd chuir rinn gu truaidh,  
Combrag dluth d' Fhiannaibh Fhcin,  
Fhaotain air na gleinn nu thuath.
- 13 Thairg Fionn doibh cumla mor,  
Do na sloigh a thain' ann cein,  
Do Rìgh Lochlainn nana arm sean,  
Far aon is a bhean fein.
- 11 Comhairle chinne aig Fionn  
'S aig maithibh na Feinne gu leir,  
Nighean rìgh na 'n gabhadh uap,  
Thoir do Rìgh Lochlainn nan arm geur.
- 15 Ach Lochlainn a bhuidheann bhorb,  
Aig fealhas an colg is am mein,  
Ni 'm b' ail leo cumla chunnaic grian,  
'S an Fhianndhagail na 'n daidh.
- 16 Ach Mun 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 chair fo 'n bhreth  
Is a chreach a thoir gu traidh.
- 18 Cha 'tug thusa leat do neart,  
Do bhrìgh mo bheachd-sa, thair sal,  
Na chuireadh dhuit Fionn fo d' bhreth,  
No na bheir a chreach gu traidh.
- 19 Bhreagair Ailde na 'n combrag cruaidh,  
Seand a thainig truaidh dha fein,  
Ceann mhic Naimbe 's mhic Lir  
Madhar leis an dara benn.
- 20 Seachd fichead do mhaithibh ar Feinne,  
Agus Ailde fein air thus,  
Thuit sud le lùmh Eargain mhoir,  
Mu 'n deachaidh na sloigh ann dhus.
- 21 'S e labhair Fionn fath na 'n buadh,  
'S e 'g amharc air slugh Inse-fail,  
Co dheangus Earragan sa gheis  
Mu 'n leigeanaid leis ar tair?
- 22 Do bhí freagradh sud aig Goll,  
An sonn bu deacair a chlaoidh,  
Dennamsu Earragan sa gheis,  
Leagar cadrin le cleas-luidh.
- 23 Cuimhnichibh eath feagarra Feinne,  
A Chlanna Morna 's mor eil,  
A Chlanna Baoige na 'n arm deas,  
Leigibh ris bhur dea-ghnìomh.
- 24 Beir leat Oissain is Diarmad donn,  
Fearr-chnith eom is Mac an Leigh,  
Ga d' dhìomadh o bhuidhlibh an laoidh,  
Cuir diais air gach taobh mar seith.
- 25 Boin leat eath feagarra na Feinne  
Nach d'fhidir ceum a thoirt air eul,  
Cuir sud air do ghualain deas,  
Do shìol Chumhail nan cleas-luidh.
- 26 Oehl latha dhuinne gun tamh  
Sior chuir air ais an t-sloigh,  
Ceann Rìgh Lochlainn na 'n sciath donn  
Bhuighinn Goll an naodlamh lo.
- 27 Naoi fichead is mìle 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 Rìgh,  
Ga 'm bu dual gaisg' is mor ghnìomh,  
Thuit sud le Oscar an aigh  
Is le Cairioll Corra-chuamh.
- 29 Mun' fear a chuidh as o fhoibhar arm,  
No 'n combrag le maon do threig,  
Do rìgh Lochlainn no do shluagh,  
Cha deachaidh duine do thair tein.
- 30 Na 'm faigheadh e co'throm na 'n arm,  
Farragan Mac Munnir na 'n arm glas,  
'S an Albhuidh na 'n abairt, air Triath,  
Cha ghlactadh ach an Fhianndhagail.
- 31 Corragus leath ar Fiann,  
Thuit sud air an t-sliabh nu dheas,  
Ach na 'n luadhimid a Ghrian,  
Cha mho na ar trian thainig as,
- 32 Ach na 'n luadhimid ar Rìgh,  
Cha mhaoi is Triath fo bhron,  
'S ge d' thainig d' ar maithibh as,  
Cha d'rinn sinn ar leas san lo.

## NA BRATICHAN.

## MANUS, RÌGH LOCHLAINN.

- 33 Ge d' gheabhadh Rìgh Lochlainn sud,  
Na bha mhaoin 's do shenda 'n Eirinn,  
Cha pilleadh e shluagh air ais,  
Gus am biodh Eirinn, uil' air earras.
- OISSAIN.
- 34 Seoil Fearghus a Bhratach o chrann,  
Mar chomhar gu 'n dhiult Rìgh Lochlainn cumha,  
Ghluais an Fhianndhagail gu foill  
Gus am biodh Eirinn nil' air earras.
- 35 Thainig slugh fairm chairm nan tonn,  
Thainig sud 's bu throm an fheachd;
- 36 Suil d' an tug Rìgh Lochlainn maidh,  
Chunnaic e Bratach ag tidh'n amach,  
Agus gille gasta air a ceann,  
Air a lasadh do dh' òr Eireannach.
- MANUS.
- 37 Cia i a Bhratachsa Fhili dhuanaich:  
An i sud Bratach Mhic Treun-bhuadhaich?  
Chi mi gille gasta air a ceann,  
Is i fein ag togradh thair' slughadh.

## FEARGHUS.

- 38 Cha 'n i sud ach an Liath-luineach,<sup>4</sup>  
Bratach Dhiarmuid o Duibhne,  
'S tra thigeadh an Fhianndhagail amach,  
Ghabhadh an Liath-luineach toiseach.

## MANUS.

- 39 Cia i a Bhratachsa Fhili dhuanaich,  
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 Aon-chosach<sup>5</sup> ruadh,  
Bratach Raine na 'n mor slugh,  
Bratach leis an sgoiltair ceinn  
'S le 'n doirtear fuil gu aobranuibh.

## MANUS.

- 41 Cia i Bhratachsa Fhili dhuanaich,  
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 Bhriachail Bhrochail,  
Bratach Ghnìll 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 shuaimheas d' an t-srol bhuidhe,  
Toiseach teachd is deireadh falbh.

<sup>3</sup> Bhar. <sup>4</sup> Luidneach.  
<sup>5</sup> Fhionn-chosach.

## MANUS.

- 44 Cia i a Bhratach-sa Fhìil dhanaich,  
An i sud Bratach Mhìc Treun-bhuadhaich ?  
Chì mi gille garta air a ceann,  
Is i fean ag togradh thair sluaighadh.

## FEARGHUS.

- 45 Cha 'n i sud ach an Duibh-nimhe,  
Bratach Chaoilte Mhìc Reatha ;  
Air mhèud d' am bìtheadh sa chath,  
Cha bhiodh iomradh ach air an Duibh-nimhe.

## MANUS.

- 46 Cia i a Bhratach-sa Fhìil dhanaich ?  
An i sud Bratach Mhìc Treun-bhuadhaich !  
Agus gille gasta air a ceann,  
's i lasaradh le h-òr aoidhin.

## FEARGHUS.

- 47 Cha 'n i sud ach an sguab-ghabhaidh,  
Bratach O-scair chrodha laidir,  
Nuair a rigteadh cath na 'n cliar  
Cha b' fhia a fàraich ach an sguab-ghabhaidh.

## OISSAIN.

- 48 Thog sinn an Deo-ghreine<sup>6</sup> 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 Mhìc Cumbhal re crann,  
Is maoi slabhradh aiste sìos  
Do 'n or bhuighe gun dall-sgrìomh ;

- 51 Agus naoi naoi lan ghaisgeach,  
Fò cheann na h-uile slabhradh,  
Ag togairt air feadh do shluaigh,  
Mar ehlath<sup>7</sup> traodhadh gu traidh

- 52 Biaidh gair chatha ga d' iomain.

## MANUS.

- 53 Brengach do bheul Fhìil bheinn,  
Trian na ta agam ann so do shluaigh  
Cha robh riamh agaibh-s' ann Eirinn.  
Ge beag leats' an Fhìann thearc-sa.<sup>8</sup>

- 54 Bheir thu do theann leim mu 'n tig am feascar  
Roimh lanna glas, no uì thu d' ainnleas.

## FIONN.

- 55 Cromaidh bhur ceinn sa chath,  
'S deamadh gach fath mar gheall.

## OISSAIN.

- 56 Bu lìora ceann ga mhaoladh,  
Ag us gualain ga shnaigheadh,

O eirigh Greine gu feascar.

- 57 Cha deach' o fhaobhar lann gu loingis,  
Ach non mhìle do shluaigh barr ;  
Theich iad mar shruth o bharraidh bheann,  
Is sinne san chath ga 'n iomain.

- 58 Bu lionmhòr Fianmaidh agus sonn,  
Agus curaidh bu throm trost ;  
Ach samhail d' Oscar mo mlaic-sa  
Cha robh aca bìos no thall.

- 59 Seachd cathai do bharr an t-sluaigh  
Thuit sud le Oscar na 'm bnaidh,  
'S an naonar mac a bh' aig Manus Ruadh.

- 60 Seachd fìcheal agus mìle sonn  
Thuit sud eadar Conan is Goll ;  
Ach Ma' Cumbhal 's a shluaigh gairg,  
Mar chaor theine na 'm mor fhearg ;

- 61 Le shradagaibh dìana cas,  
Bha buille gach laoch ann sa ghreis  
Fhad 's a mhar Lochlannaich ris.

<sup>6</sup> A Ghile-ghreine.

<sup>7</sup> Chliabh. <sup>8</sup> 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 'Albheinn,' Fletcher's 'Albann,' Kennedy's 'Auna,' Gillies' 'Albhainn.' The place meant clearly is 'Albhuin,' 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;' 'Albhuin,' 'Alba.'

## TEANNDACHD MHOR NA FEINNE. Extracts.

- 12 Gu' Albain bheag ladaich nam Fiann ;

- 43 De rìgh Lochlain, no de shluaigh,  
Cha deach duine do 'n tìr fein ;  
Dh' fhaig sinn coir as leth air Fionn,  
Air an traigh bhà siar fo dheas.

- 44 Ach nan tughainna a' Ghrian,  
Cha mhòtha na ar trian thainig as ;

- 45 Ach nan lughamaid ar Rìgh,  
Chaidh mnaid is Triath fo bhron ;  
Ged thainig de' r maithibh as,  
Cha d' rinn sinn ar leas san la.

- 46 Tog arsa Fionn, gu grad,  
Tog gu h-arda chin an Laoich ;  
Bu neartmhor nan Triath na bhaid,  
Ged tha e 'n diugh fo bhac an fhraoich.

- 47 'S iomadh suil an Lochlainn fhuair,  
Sileadh nuas gu frasach gear ;  
Cha 'n fhaic sibh a chaoidh na thaar,  
An curridh nis a keag air fear.

- 48 Tha thalla gun chluin gun chlar,  
'S damhaich lan broin m' an fhear ;  
Ard rìgh Lochlain donn an sar,  
Se mi agh thug o thàn 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 Roma'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 Fingilians were at the time. A keen and bloody battle ensued, in which most of the Lochlins fell. Gaid 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 mhòr mhìc Fhinn  
Gur ann lunn bu bhinn.

- 2 Fios bu mhath linn fhoidhean nat  
Ogh' Chumhal '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 saibh bhinn  
'N eath is cruaidh chuir na fir  
O 'n la Ghinneadh Feinn o' bhinn
- 4 'N Dibir-Dligh do rinn Fionn  
San Albh<sup>1</sup> ri linn nan laoch  
Air cuid don Fheinn air Druidin-dearg<sup>2</sup>  
Dherich orr am fearg 's am fraoch.
- 5 Dhibir iad sinne san ol  
Mac Ri Rona bu do-luinn  
Agus Elblin<sup>3</sup> Mac fàvir Ruaigh<sup>4</sup>  
Buidhean a dheargadh gu cruaidh rinn.
- 6 Dhùnic an dithis ud don' Iar  
'S thog iad an triall uainn air muir  
Do thir Ri Lochlin nan laoug  
Gur ann luinn bu trom an cean
- 7 Thug bean Ri Lochlin nan laoug  
'N trona-ghradh nach robh ro-dheas  
Do dh' Elblin greadneach nan airm  
Rinnis les a cheigil gun fhios.
- 8 Ghluais i c leabhidh an Ri  
(Sud an guionh mu 'n dbortar fuil)  
Gu h' Albh<sup>1</sup> fhathach nam Fionn  
Thog iad leo an triall gu muir.
- 9 Gan thog Ri Lochlin nan laoug  
Fheachd gu trom re char an geill  
Deich Cathan fheid o' Thuath  
Don t' sluaigh b' fhear bha fo 'n g'brein.
- 10 Aon Cath deng bha sinn nan dail  
Do Fhianaidh Fail bu mbath 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  
Maigh o' n bhruth 'n robh Fionn.
- 12 Gach treas claidheamh 's gach treas cù  
'S gach treas Luireach ur u' 'n Fheinn  
Gach treas maighidin og gem fear  
Thabhart do Ri Lochlin sa bhean fein
- 13 Bhagair Elblin combag cruaidh<sup>1</sup>  
Sgeul thruagh re clur an leud  
Bhuiccas le Iorghil nan laon  
A cheann air 'n dara beum
- 14 Deich Ceannaidh fheid do n' ar Feinn  
Is ceann Elblin fein air thus  
Gan thuit le lamh Iorghil mhoir  
Mun deach na fir anns an luths'
- 15 Dhoinnich Mac Cumhail nan Cuach  
Re mathbh sluaigh Imse Fail  
Co choinichas Iorghil re dreis  
Mun leigadh sibh leis ar sar
- 16 Gar o fhreagair esan Goll  
Somh bha deacair ri chlaoidh  
Mis agus Iorghil re dreis  
Leigar eadrin an cleas dluth.
- 17 Beannachd bhi ais do bhead  
'S nìnie a labhair thu sgeul mbath  
Chuir leat cath a chluaidheamh chruaidh  
'S ioma neach a chuidh led chath.
- 18 Gabh Oscar is Diarmid donn  
Carril crom is Mac an Leith  
Dod dhelean o' bhenna 'n Laoich  
Dithis air gach taobh dhèid sge
- 19 Tri la is trì oidhich gun bhaidh  
Bha na firs' an sgainnir dhearg  
Ach : o bhucacas le Mac Moirmi nan laun  
A cheann air an t' seachda tra.

- 20 Moch neach a dhalbh le moim  
No neach a chuidh as don Ghreig  
Aon do chuidheachd Ri Lochlin  
Cha deach dh' atheididh gu thir fein.
- 21 Fear agus ceart leth nan Fiann  
Thuit air an t-slabh fo dheas  
Ach ma dhinnis mi mo sgeul gu fior  
Cha deach a bheag 's ar trian as.

## A. 16. YMICH OCHTYR. 52 lines.

CATH SEISIE. The Defeat of Carthom. Tuirbhs re Iain tarlach dara. Bardachd Dheireannach Oisein. Carthom, &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, Diarmid, Oisein, Raoline, and Caoireal, went forth to war in Italy, France, Spain, and Britain, where they fought and conquered, as Oisein, one of the band, tells Palmig. 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 Carthom exists, unless it has been found or composed since 1871.

## YMICH OCHTYR.

- 1 COYA lwm ymich ochtyr  
Chor tocht er my venyn  
Cnt da nymich cha chellwm  
Gin gur wellwu gi calmi
- 2 Oskir is keilt erowith  
Is m'lowith fa moltyr  
Finn agis Dermit deadzale  
Quogr leytych zar nochtyr
- 3 Misse agis rymith is kerrill  
Keyve in norrin gin lohti  
Chinnmyr er chreith bauwe  
Gir wea annyn nochtyr
- 4 Ymich orrin skail darwe  
Inni gi calm fane sottill  
Daggimir downe vec cowle  
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 5 Zawrmir downe re albin  
Bi ehalme dwne a roehtin  
Hut reith lay m'kowlle,  
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 6 Er zortymir zwle tagsin  
Ymich class ita is corkir  
Finni a wade gi brow  
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr
- 7 Huggymir eath sin neddall  
Di fre tegwalle na porteiv  
Ruzimir boye is cowe  
Cowin lwm ymich ochtyr

<sup>1</sup> Fingal's Hall.

<sup>2</sup> Red or bloody hill.—Mac Donald.

<sup>3</sup> Alvin, the same with Abo, in the Battle of Lora.

<sup>4</sup> This is similar in Mac Pherson's Batt'e of Lora.—J. Mac Donald.



- 8 Hugimír eath ní frankigí  
O sann dí fre gí doggír  
Zowimír goyllé is cowe  
Cowin lwm ymích ochtyr
- 9 Hugimír eath ne spáne  
A tantyn is a tochturyrn  
Quhoye r my ray fáne doyne  
Cowin lwm ymích ochtyr
- 10 Hugimír eathí brettín  
Bí zeglich ay is be doggír  
Hoggymír gayle doyne  
Cowin lwm ymích ochtyr
- 11 Warrimír Crom ní carne  
Er fargí is ay er otíll  
Foyrrymír gí ter owíll  
Cowin lwm ymích ochtyr
- 12 Na rey harník ní clossíeh  
A phatrík ossil hochmyrn  
Finni wayde er cowe  
Cowin lwm ymích ochtyr
- 13 Noewe a manmsyth phadrick  
Is hard crawe is sochyrr  
O phakgyth missi id coithr  
Cowin lwm ymích 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 chroídhé sa Phádraig,  
'S mí tigh 'n air na bha sinn denannh;  
'Nois géd nach maithrean Mac Chuthaill,  
Leam is eumhain euid d' a bheasaibh.
- 2 Gu 'n innseam dhuibhsa Mhíe Alpaínn,  
Aig bheíl beannachadh níle Eirann;  
An treabhantas do rinn seiscar,  
Nach gabhadh eagal nó éuradh.
- 3 Ailís sin dhamb Oisían náraíeh,  
A dhea' Mhíe Fhínn bu leóir abhachd;  
Cíod an treabhantas rinn seiscar,  
D' ar laoih éibhneach, threaisil áluin.
- 4 Ghluaiseamar o 'n eathair anlaíeh,  
Seiscar 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, theachd  
ro deisainn.
- 6 Teachdaireachd chuir gu Rígh Sasgan,  
Do bhri nearta bu euhbaídh;  
Góill a thóirt dhuinn air ar 'n eagal,  
Air ghea' freagradh do Mhac Chuthaill.
- 7 Do fhreagair dhuinne 'n Rígh buadhach,  
Do bhri uabhair agus treise;  
Nach d' ugadh e géill nó freagradh,  
Is gu b' íon eagal do 'n t-sheis.
- 8 Do thogamar ris air sleaghan,  
'S gu b' ann r' a ábhaídh ar bratach;  
Re aithris air ár nan gaisgeach,  
Bl a mnáí' o 'n fhuirsneach gu galach.

- 9 Thogamar leinne d' an uaisle,  
Cuig ceud gu 'n fhuasgladh do dh' Eirinn;  
Sin dhuitsa sgeúl a mhíe Alpaínn,  
Aig bheíl Laideann agus Beurla.
- 10 Sin na rinn sínn suas do bhraídhéan,  
Le tilgail ar suíghé calma;  
Is na thog sínn d' an uaisle,  
Mu 'n d' fhuasgail sínn lann do dh' Albainn.
- 11 Bu diais dhíu mise 's Caoilte,  
Bu triar dhíu Faoghlan fearbhuidh;  
B' e 'n ceathramh dhíu 'n t-Aogh Mac Rosaíeh,  
'S b' e 'n cuige dhíu 'n t-Oscar calma
- 12 B' e 'n Seathamh dhíu Míldh áluin,  
Nach do chlaón ríamh bair re' m chuímhne;  
'S a noc gu' r mukudach a' ta mí,  
Re tím bhí 'g áircamh na búidhne.
- 13 Phill sínn air ar 'n ais do dh' Eirinn,  
Sínn mar cheathairn éibhneach shatha;  
Aghéilleachdain air a bhagar,  
Do bhri feartean Fhínn mhíe Chuthaill.
- 14 Rainig sínn na seachd Cathain,  
Dream nach deachídh ríamh air theicheadh.  
'S air clor róidh na fola Feinne,  
Cho raibh dhínné 'n sínn ach seiscar.
- 15 B' iad sínn fein a chuigeir chuthach,  
A dh' fhad gu trom dubhach mise;  
Dh' fhad iad urseann mo chléibh snitheach,  
Agus crím mo chroídhé 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 chroídhéasa Phadraic,  
'S mí tigh 'n air na bha sinn denannh;  
Noe ge d' nach maithrean Mac Cumhail;  
Leam is eumhain euid da bheasaibh.
- 2 \*Gun insinn duitse Mhíe Alpaínn,  
\*Bheireadh claisceadh do dhea' sgeula;  
Ann treabhantas do rinn seiscar,  
Nach gabhadh eagal nó éuradh.
- 3 Ailís sin damh Oisén náraíeh (dhainíeh)  
A dhea' Mhíe Fhínn bu leóir abhachd;  
Cíod an treabhantas rinn seiscar,  
\*Le 'n laoih bu treise sa ghlabhadh,
- 4 Ghluaiseamar o 'n Chathair anlaíeh,  
Seiscar fear armach le 'r buidheann;  
\*A dh' iarruidh freagradh ar Ríghbradh,  
'S a thogail eís do Mhac Cumhail.
- 5 Ghluaiseamar an tús ar teachd' reachd,  
Dh' ionnsuidh Rí' Sasgan nan géur lann;  
\*Ochóin! bu mheamnach san astar,  
\*Na laoih a chaisgeadh an t-eug-bhaíl,

- 6 \*Teachdairachd chuir gu Rìogh Carthonn,  
 \*Do bhri' eabhaich, mar bu eubhaidd;  
 Geill a thoirt duinn air ar 'n eagal,  
 Air neo-freagraibh do Mhac Cumbhal.
- 7 Do fhreagair dhuinne Rìogh buaghar,  
 Do bhri' uabhair agus freise;  
 Nach d' thugadh e geill no freagradh.  
 Is gu b' ion eagail do 'n t-seisear.
- 8 \*Dhoirt iad chugainne na sùagha,  
 \*Mar theachd a chuid air rua' rugha,  
 \*Ga beneach, buidmeach 'n ar co' ail,  
 \*S nach tuigt' an combra' san uighe.
- 9 \*Mar èitil nan ean ann soinnn,  
 \*S doimnean a dabhaid an àbharr;  
 \*Bha toirm nan Treonach, na millidh,  
 \*Le gathan biobhail, gu 'b beirmadh.
- 10 Do thogamar ris ar sùighan,  
 'S gu b' am ri agbaidh ar bratach,  
 Rì aithris air ar nan gaisceach,  
 Bha mna' o 'n fhuairnich gu gatach.
- 11 \*Mar shileadh nam beam air aonach,  
 \*Bha 'n creuchdan nan laoch a' d'ortadh;  
 \*Mar ghaoth charrnach Beinn-anna,  
 \*Bha giùir nam fann aon sa chòmhrag.
- 12 Thugamar leinne da 'n Uaislibh,  
 Cuig ceud gun fhuasgladh do dh' Eirinn;  
 Sin duitse seant a Mhìc Alpainn,  
 \*Ga 'n a biodh Laidinn agus Greigis.
- 13 Sin mar rinn sinn snas do bhraidean,  
 Le tilgeil ar saighdean catha;  
 Is na thog sinne da 'n Uaislibh,  
 \*Ma 'n d' fhuasgail a chis do dh' Albinn.
- 14 Bu dàis diu mis' is Caoilte;  
 \*B' e 'n treasam dhù Faolan fearr-bhuidh;  
 B' e 'n ceathramh dhù 'n t-Aogh Mac Rosaich,  
 \*S b' e 'n cuigeamh dhù 'n t-Oscar catha.
- 15 \*B' e 'n seathiamh dhù Aogh Mac Dàire,  
 Nach do chlaon riamh bair ri 'm chuibhne;  
 A noe gur muladach ata mi,  
 Rì tim bhi 'g aireamh na buidhne.
- 16 \*Philleadar air ar 'n ais do dh' Albinn,  
 Sinn mar cheuthairm armaich, shuthaich;  
 A gheillechdain air a bhgradh,  
 Do bhri' feartan Fhian Mhìc Cumbhal.
- 17 Do ràinig sinn na seachd Cathain,  
 Dream nach do chuididh riamh air theichcamh;  
 'S air clor rè na follha Fionidh,  
 \*Ràinig sùn iad sin nar seisear.
- 18 Gu b' iad sin a chuibgear chruithach,  
 A dh' fhaig gu trom dublach mise;  
 Dh' fhaig iad ursann mo chleibh snithich,  
 Agus erun mo chroidhe bristeach.

Z. 9. TUIRBHS RE LEIN TARLACH DARA.

Sent by Ion Mac Fergus, Port Weemass, Islay. Ceud Mios Feadhfaradh 10 ladh. 1859.

SEISEAR bhraithrean sin air sliochd  
 Seisear sinu nach d' fhidir lochd;  
 Is-cha n' bhair ean t' de 'n seisear gu beachd  
 Air an Lichd ach mise nochd.

This verse is printed in Kennedy's Hymns, page 102, as 'Cumha nam braithrean,' 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 Lanchlan, Edinburgh. Edinburgh, January 29, 1872.

- 1 SEISEAR sinne saor o shìochd,  
 Seisear nach do smaomich lochd;  
 Chaidh fear dhoth 'n t-seisear fo lie,  
 'S mor fath no chlisgidh nochd.

- 2 Cuigear sinne 'dol air ghleus,  
 Sid e thugad rìgh na Gréig;  
 On 's dearmad dhùinn a dh'ol air chuairt,  
 Bhùineadh naimne fear an treud.
- 3 Ceathrar sinn a' sealg ré seid,  
 De bhuidhinn armaibh nach gabh g'  
 Air cho cruaidh 's gau cuirte leinn eath,  
 Bhùineadh naimne fear na fir.

- 4 Triùir sinn 'an gnìomhan còr,  
 'G aithris thairis air chleas arm;  
 Shiubhail a' Ghrian o ear gu iar,  
 'S bhùineadh naimn an Triath gun chealg.

- 5 Suidhidh sinn 'nar dithis a muigh,  
 Sgailidh sinn fo nar geun;  
 Thainig an t-Aog mar bu dlìghe,  
 'S bhùine e namsa 'n dara fear.

- 6 Mise 'n am ònar 'n an dèigh,  
 Cha bheatha dhomh ach am bàs;  
 Cha d' thainig air thalamh 'nuas,  
 Aon neach leis nach euraidh an càs.

- 7 'S mi 'n aon chmò 'dh' fhàs 's a mhoghan,  
 Gun chmò eile 'n am fhasgadh;  
 'S gearr mo bhogadh gu tuiteam,  
 'S a ghaoth' dol fotham gu farsuing.

- 8 'S mi 'n aon ehaobh a dh' fhàs 's a chnoc,  
 Mar stoc a bhuidheas an tonn;  
 Cha bheatha dhomh ach am bàs,  
 'S naing do 'n fàgnair a làmh lom.

- 9 Caoilte, Goll, agus Gorri,  
 Agus Oscar, nallach slios-ghead;  
 Mise 'us Ruidhne o 'n a mheanbh bheinn,  
 Gu-m b'e sid ainn an t-seisear.

'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 Pàidruig, with the same actors in it. Laomunn, 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 bhùigheann nach diultadh roimh neach,  
 Ge d' tha thu 'n dia gun teach gun tuar.
- 2 'S ann ortsa bhiodh Laomann mor  
 Mac Nuagh-fhir 'a chlaio gach treis,  
 Fear a chuir Alb fo aon chaidh,  
 Le spionna dha lannh 's a chleis.
- 3 Acaùneachd, a h-airgid 's a h-or,  
 A h-iasga gent, a foil 's a fion,  
 A leuga logmhor 's a maoin  
 Ghabhadh leis an laoch gun fhiach.
- 4 A ris thainig cairioll 's an Fhianm  
 Mac Rìgh Alba na 'n sciath 'n oir;  
 Cha bu luidhaid thu sud mu d' rath  
 A thukach dhaite dhear' ghlan snuagh.
- 5 Bha sinn ann cath uair thiom,  
 Nach do phill re aite euraidh,  
 Gun casbhuidh faobhair no raunn,  
 Ge mor a bh'air ar ceim do shluagh.
- 6 Thainig Diarmad 's Caoilte euraidh,  
 Fo 'n bhreatach euchdaich arm-rauidh,  
 Le 'n eathaibh millteach gun dail  
 Bu dearg sochair an iomairaidh.

'Cha bli mi 's an laoch a riar.

- 7 Thainig an ceathramh Cath d' ar Feinn,  
Curaidh bu mhaith fein air fos,  
An laoch nach tugadh briathar tais,  
Iolunn bras Mac Mornai moir.
- 8 Naoi mic-fhichead Mornai moir  
Thainig chugainn le 'n sloigh mhear,  
Naoi fichead sciath gharg ann goil,  
A dheanadh cead gach ann fhear.
- 9 Thainig chugainn Faolan fiad,  
Doich cead sciath is cloidheamh glas,  
Gorsridh do mhaithibh na 'm Fiamn,  
Gu Dun-laomunn nan ciabh cas.
- 10 Glaisein connachdach na 'n tom  
Chneas an cath trom ag teachd,  
Fa chloinne Feinn fathail Fiamn  
Gu Dun-laomunn na 'n ciabh cas.
- 11 Thainig chugainn Galdui' mor  
Agnis Fiannachd Abarnaeachduinn,  
Fa chloinne Feinn fathail Fiamn,  
Gu Dun-laomunn na 'n ciabh cas.
- 12 Thainig chugainn an deis poin  
Cath Fheinn Mhic Cumbail Mhic Trennuhoir ;  
Gu 'm b' i sud an Toire ghradhnaeh  
Fionn fein 's a lan teaghlach.
- 13 Thainig an Fhianu ghaolach gu mor.  
Leis na glas laoich bu chruaidh neart ;  
Slaugh, fothrom is caithreim na 'm Fiamn,  
Thainig sin, 's bu trom am feachd.
- 14 Bha fear rompa bu caoine ghloir,  
Gnn easbhuidh sioda na saor-shroil,  
Bhiodh air taobh deas an fhir mhoir  
An cuiseir gasta an-mor.
- 15 Or gu pailt air na b-carluinn  
Air slios an laoich mhoir mheannmuich
- 16 Chuige thionailleadh an Fhianu  
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 fois.
- 18 Chuaidh sinn fo 'n Ghil-ghreine  
Seachd catha na gna Fheinne,  
Fo 'n chrann chiuil bu mianh buaidh,  
Foi 'n Reilin daite arm-ruaidh.
- 19 Chlunnaic sinn mu 'n enairt d' an Dnu  
Cumlhaoich re daoradh dluth shleagh,  
'S an laoch fuileach air an ceann,  
'S cainteach gu 'm bu sean a bhias.\*
- 20 Dh' eirich Laomunn gu deas,  
Air teachd oirne greis d' an lo,  
'S iomadh lamh agus cos  
A theasgadh leis agus ceann.
- 21 'S iomadh sleagh a chorceradh leis,  
'S lionar enas sna ehuir c 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 chleo.
- 23 An t-Oscar mor bras-bhuilleach  
Fear a reubadh gach cath,  
An tuil mhór ghaibh ghashta,  
Ur mbacan an ard-flath.
- 24 Mo mhac-sa bhuaidhaich an cnoo,  
Le b-Oscarr a thuit an t-aoidh,  
'S ioma' reuba bha na chor,  
'S ioma' loit na dheas-thaobh.

\* Sean, no teann a mheas.

- 25 Seachd ràthain do 'n Almhain air  
Ga leighcas ann cuirt na 'n Gull,  
'S cha dubhairt Oscar aich no ìd,  
Ge h-iona cnead a bha ann.
- 26 Is mise Oisain dea' mhac Fhinn,  
Is ann rinn gu leigeadh e run ;  
An la sin bu mhór mo rath,  
Bu mhi an dara cath air thms.
- 27 Beir mo bheannachd nam an nochid,  
Beir m' anam bochd gu Dia ;  
Sorruidh nam ad' chuideachd Fheinn ;  
Leim 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 Cunnall, 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, wood, 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 Ardeonaill, 267 lines. 2. About 1730 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, 8. 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 Abhi, 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 og, 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 : Cunnall, 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 Roe. In M. 14. Laomain, the giant's son, is invaded and overcome. But Roe (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 Teambra, or Allblinn, 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 Cunnall and ended in the overthrow of the Feinne.

Parts of this series of ballads have been identified 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 ; L., 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 caitheim an Fhìr mhoir,  
Thainig thugain an ceud uair :  
An treun Laoch bhà lu do dh' oil,  
B' e 'n Dearg dana Mac Dreithin. (Treithin)
- 2 Thug e a Mhuinnin do,  
An cend La aig dol air sail :  
Nach faighadh e geil air bith :  
Aigh aon Fhianaigh air Fheobhas.
- 3 Go Thasg nan Fianm as mor Goil,  
Ghuasuidh an Dearg Mac Dreithin,  
An oir fo Thir nam Fear fionn,  
Gu crìchibh Iaradh Fear Eirin.
- 4 An Dìthist Laoch nach d' fhuillin Tair,  
Aig aibhric a Chuain eobhair bhain ;  
Bha Raoidhne Rod-gheal Mac Finn,  
San Caoil Crogha Mac Crìbhinn Righin.
- 5 Tra-s'hoir an Ti thin thair chuan,  
Thuitidir nan Guilibh Snaoin,  
Gus an do ghaibh Bave an Fhìr Bhoir,  
Car air an Traigh dan gear Choibhdh.
- 6 Thug an Laoch fa theintidh Dreich,  
Leim thair a crannibh craosach :  
'S tharruing e a Bharc air smagheadh,  
A' an Traigh dhil ghaineich.
- 7 Bha Fault Fion-bhni mar or cheard,  
Oisean a mhailecthin nach Daigh ;  
'Sa dha Gheare ghorma nar ghlainnidh,  
'S bu dhealbhbh-ghnuis do 'n mhilidh.
- 8 Bha dha shleigh ebrann-reibhir chath,  
An Leibh Mhìc an ard Fhlath :  
'Sgiath oir air a ghuain chliith,  
Aig Mac nasal an ard Rìogh.
- 9 Lann nibhe ri fiodairt chorp,  
Aig an Laoch gun eagal coibhraig :  
Nend eumaidh eocharra corc,  
O 'n mhilidh shocharra shuil-ghorm.
- 10 Geil gaisgidh an Doibhin Toir,  
A choissin an Dearg Mac Dreithin :  
Air mheid a Thappa air Dheilbh,  
Air choibhrag ceart air eheadhbh.
- 11 Dhuaisgidh Raoidhne Rod nìor Thiom,  
'San Caoil Ceutanach crogha calma ;  
Glacadar an airm Laoch nan Laibh,  
Agus Ruidheadar na choibhdhail.
- 12 Habhair sgeul dhuinn Fhìr mhoir,  
Oim' a ta gaibhrac a Chuain :  
Da Mhac Rìogh le sar phàit shinn,  
Dion lan uaislin 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' iarruidh ard Rìoghaibh Eirin.
- 14 Labhair Raoidhne 'n aighe mhoir,  
Còd e an Rìoghan Dearg Mac Dreithin :  
Freigairt na geil air Tir Fail,  
Com an fàigheadh tus e Laoich Inmlan.
- 15 Ge mairt shìobh' a Dheishe Laoich,  
Do bhrìgh Farnaid & Fraoich ;  
Co bhacsa dhinn a gabhail,  
A glacadh na bhom ghabhail.
- 16 Nan sloinise dhuit-sa na cathan,  
A Dheirg Mhìc an ard-Fhlath :  
Sìonbhar an Teibhra Laoch Laim,  
A dh' eiridh riutsa da'd choibhrag.
- 17 'S mo Bhriathar ge borb do Raithin,  
Deir an Caoil Ceutanach crogha calma ;  
Gun rachains do'd dheichuin anois,  
A Laoich ud a thainig thairris.
- 18 Air a chaol crogha bu mhaith Dreich,  
Leimidh an Dearg gu dasanach ;  
Le Fraoch mor & le feirg,  
'S maing air an do bhual an treun Laoch.
- 19 Dhianaigh an Dearg coibhrag cruaidh,  
'S an Caoil crogha le mor naill ;  
Agus thug iad Torrinn deas teann,  
Re sgolta sgiath & chath-bharra.
- 20 Gum iomrapa na Deishe,  
Ann san Iurrughail nìor thairris ;  
Gu do cheangladh leis an dearg,  
An Caoil crogha san Chroibh-linn.
- 21 Dh' eirich Raodhne Rod-nìor thiom,  
An deis an Caoil crogha do chriplidh :  
Mac Rìogh na Fein gu sar,  
Choibhdh an Treun-fhear 'sga chonbhail.
- 22 B' iongantach an cheassibh Goil,  
Eattara san air chrauidh Feime,  
Gus 'n do cheangladh leis an Dearg,  
Raodhne nan Rod 's nan Luath bheumanan.
- 23 'S ro mhaith 'n gnìobh san Cala dhuit,  
Shinne mar Dithis do cheangal.  
Fnaisgail an Crìogaidh Laoch Laim.  
'S bigh shine nar dithist na 'd' thiomchil.
- 24 Fnaisgaidh an Dearg 's nìor threish Fiach  
Cuibhreach na Dushe deo Laoch :  
'S ghaibhe an Briathar leth far leth,  
Nach toga shìad arm na Aoghaidh.
- 25 Ghuasadar an slin gu Teibhra,  
Gu Cormaig a bhoir Theoghlach :  
Mac Driethin nan gear Lann buaglach,  
Gu Triath Teabhra nan deagh Luaidhrean.
- 26 Dh' eirich na Fir shìo a Thoaibhra,  
Fir mhora dhìreacha dhealbhach :  
'S gu 'n b' iumma Fear dhonn-bhreit-shreil,  
An tiomchìoll Chormaig an ceud nair.
- 27 Labhair Triath Teabhra gum oir,  
Suighibhse Chliar chalma churanta :  
'S cha 'n nabhar dhainbh Fearg an Fhìr,  
'S na Togaibh airm na aoghaidh.
- 28 Air Eachdaridh na Faiche dho,  
Dho Mhac Dreithin nam mor seleo ;  
Leigas na Roidin Riaghailteach,
- 29 Bheannuidh an Dearg le glòir bhinn,  
Do Thriath Teabhra gu aobhinn :  
Agus fbreagair an Flath agus Doruinn,  
De Chath mhilidh na treun oige.
- 30 Suighidh an Dearg is mun thiom,  
Agus fiarruiche 'd Rìogh Eirin :  
Do bhriogh do Thuraish gu Teabhra,  
Innise e Laoich mhoir mheannanuidh.
- 31 She beachd mo Thuruise dhuit,  
Mhìc Airt Churanta Chormaig :  
Treis do dh' Eirin bu mhaith leom,  
Na Fiass bheumanan ma d' Thiomchìoll.
- 32 Geil Eirin do tabhairt air mair,  
'S maing a dhìarraig i a threun Fhìr ;  
A Prìsh-cha choissin i gu baeh,  
A deis a tabhan le aon oglach.
- 33 Mu 'n faighinse nalsa Chormaig,  
Flatbas nille gun Doruinn ;  
Coibhrag cluig ceud do chlanibh curaidh,  
Caisle Mhìc Airt ghriann churant.

- 34 Chuir Cormaig a cheud calma,  
A chluideadh an Dearg ga Bhuaintir;  
Da cheud eille bu ghniobh dho,  
Chlaoidh an Dearg san aon Lo.
- 35 Chuir e Teachdarichd gu luath, luath,  
Gu Mae Cubhail a mhór shluaidh;  
Thainic air an Lamabhairreach,  
Mae Cubhail gu mor-dhailich.
- 36 Le nao míle gaisgeach glan,  
Nach pillidh aseuil na scainir;  
Aillibh oir na cheann gach Fir,  
Do shluaidh Fheine a h-Albhuinn.
- 37 Sgiathla Fithidh le 'n Imbhbh oir,  
Le 'n Earraidh sheibhidh sa bh-shroil;  
'S gheabh slugh Mhic Morna nan creach,  
Cuirm is poit an Taigh Teabhradh.
- 38 B' e Iomrapa Mhic Ríogh na Míonn,  
Air Tighin a steach ga'r Poblul;  
Thug na nao míle cleass Luth,  
'S ann ab' aobhar Iomruinn.
- 39 Gun bheannuich Fionn gun Dail,  
'S fhreagair an Dearg Dreach-bhor dha;  
'S dhiar e Cubha gu luath,  
Air Mae Cubhail na Coibhrag.
- 40 O 'n La 's math do Laibhsa Fhír,  
'She thubhairt Flath Feinn Albhuinn;  
Thoirbheirtinse Braidin<sup>2</sup> dhuit,  
A Dhearg air Eggal coibhraig.
- 41 Mas sann thugamsa thriallas shíth,  
A Laoidh le 'r claighin solluist;  
Uaisle ceud ullabh Fhinn,  
A Mhic Cubhail airm ghrinn.
- 42 Chuir Fionn a cheud calma,  
A chlaoidh an Dearg da mhuintir  
Air Chonn 's air Dhorn Mac Smail,  
'S air Lann Mac Lonain.
- 43 Thuit Connan Mac an Lein,  
Agus an Dorn da reir;  
Thuit le Laibh gun Lochd,  
Ceud Fear Fuilleach faobhar-nochd.
- 44 Dh' eirigh Faolan le Feirg mhoir,  
'S togair a Mhoirg shaorridh shroil;  
Agnis pbrósnuichir a Chip Chathla,  
Dol a chosnadh mbic an ard Flath.
- 45 Gith Teine gith Cailec cruaidh,  
Do bli dheth 'n Lannibh san uair;  
Agnis Gith eille do nimhe,  
Do bli do Lannibh na Mhílidh.
- 46 Gun do thaisgeadar an Lannaibh,  
Air an Corpadh caobha eac-as-ghealla;  
'S gun do ghlaic iad eum a cheile,  
An deis an uruaidh do aidhail.
- 47 Gun do cheanladh leis an Dearg,  
Faolan Crogha nan Caoibhruin;  
48 A Ghul Mhic Morna nach míolta,  
Gniobh do mhír Crogha na Calmhuinn;  
Caigs dhíom coibhrag an Fhír,  
Bheirigh Gaisge a mhór shluaidh.
- 49 'S leat fein slud air tus do Dhala,  
Trian Cubhadh & Fendalach;  
Deich ceud Uighe do 'n oir fa thri  
Gheibha tu uams' ars an Ard Ríogh.
- 50 Gad a Dhraotar le Feine,  
Clanna Morna Mhunga bhuihge;  
Bheirín fein mo Choibhne dhuit,  
A Ríogh na Heirín da d' Fhartaichd.
- 51 Shin nar a ghluasadh Mae Morna,  
Na chluidh Chathla, chruaidh choibhraig;  
A chasg Uabhar an Laoch Lain,  
'S maing a pbrósnuiche na choibh-dhail.
- 52 Shinn nar thogadar an Fhola,  
An Dirthist mhílidh ro ghlanra;  
Le snailheadh chloggal is sgiath,  
Eadar Mac Dreithín is Iulluinn.

<sup>2</sup> Hostages.

- 53 Shin nar thogadar an cleass,  
Aig an Dreimadar am mor cheless;  
'S aig 'n do Thost Fir Eirín nille  
Ri Fiass-bheumanan na h-Irragbaille.
- 54 Sheichd oichin & sheichd Lo,  
Far m bu tuirsch Mic is mnaí;  
Gus am fac iad Goll Mor,  
An uachdar air an Dearg aibhidh.
- 55 Fuatr Goll nar a ghealladh leis,  
Fo Mhac Cubhail gun aineas;  
'S bu bhnihgeach am Flath gun duair,  
Do choibhrag Iullain arm-rauidh.
- 56 La is Bliaghan an Dubhar Ghuille,  
An deigh bli coibhrag an Laoch Lain;  
Bha Mae Morna le Fios,  
An Taigh Teabhra ga leighnas.
- 57 Mishe Fear is Fili Fhionn,  
Air sgath Feine Mhic Cubhail;  
Teachd an Trein Fhír air Tuinn,  
Trian a ghaigidh níor dh' Innish.

## VARIOUS.

- 58 \*Ca bheil h-uille neach dhiu shin,  
She labhair an Dearg Mae Dreithín  
'S gun fiacha midde ra cheila,  
Mar Fheichín is nar 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 Drealhall, 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 Alirin (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 sent 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 cáithream an fhír mhoir  
A thainig oirne cheud oir;  
An treun laoch s' e lan do mhear ghoil,  
Gu b' e 'n Dearg dana Mae Drea-bhail.
- Thug e freiteach an loch lín.  
Seal ma 'n d' ainig e thair sáil;  
Nach pillleadh gu 'n ghéil gu móir-thír,  
Do bhri' na Feinn' s' Chormaic cóimhraig.
- Gu nós na Feinn 's bu ghrag a lon,  
Dh' imich an Dearg Mae Drea-bhail o noir;  
O thír na 'n fíor feara tréana,  
Gu críochlaibh fíorann Fíann Eirann.
- Air dol do 'n laoch lom a sheúladh,  
Seal ma 'n d' nabhair e gu cóimrag;  
Do chombarach an Dearg déud gheal,  
Air Beinn éndain nan slugh aobhlain.
- Diaís do bha aig an tráidh,  
Cómhead a chuin chobhair bháin;  
B' iad sin Rígh nan ról mac Fhíonn,  
'S an Caol-ero mac Ribhinn bhíonn.
- Cho do dh' fhair iadsan an euan,  
Ach thuit iad nan síoram suan;  
Gus an d' ainig Bât an fhír mhoir,  
Air an tráidh mhín da 'n ceart chóir.

- 7 Chuaidh an tréun laoch bu mhór neart,  
An gathlaibh a chaoil chrann neo-meat;  
Leag e beairteachadh gu toíma,  
'S tharruing i gu cíthe caolaís.
- 8 Dh' ímich an Dearg bu mhaith dreach,  
Chucasan an sin a steach  
'S bha fhólt donn bláidh mar ór ceard,  
Os ceann a chuirp a b'áille dreach.
- 9 Bha da dheare shuil ghorma ghloin,  
Ann an gnúis a mhílidh bláil;  
'S bha dha ghruaidh cho dearg re corcair,  
'S cho chaoín re iaghar nan enocaibh.
- 10 Bha da shleagh reamhar gu sgathadh,  
An laimh mhíe Rígh nan ann latha;  
'S cloidheamh sínte r'a shlios garbh-ghéal,  
Gheibha bnaidh air shuaigh d'an calmas.
- 11 Bha clogaid do 'n teandá mu 'n cheann,  
Bu tréun aobhneach, neartmhor cáim;  
Is scia' uain air gualán chlá,  
Deadh mhac uasal an árd Rígh.
- 12 Barr áill is gaisgidh an t-shaóghail,  
Do chóisain an Dearg mac Draobhoil;  
A mead an gilead, an aóibneas,  
An cómhrag deise 's an ceatfáidh.
- 13 Bha a mílidh clocharra córr,  
Fuaidh chochulach úr-ar ghom;'  
'S bha lann nimhe gu chloídh 's gu leónadh,  
Air leis gun eagal cómhraig.
- 14 Ghluais an diais bu mhór ágh,  
Na choinneadh nach d'fhulaing táir,  
Dhol a dh' fhaghaíl scéula dhe',  
Cia e, no cia as a theachd.
- 15 'Ailis scéula dhuinn fhuir mhóir,  
Oirne tha coimhead an t-slóigh;  
'S diais laoch sar mbaith sinn,  
Do dh' uaisle maithaibh fiann Fhinn.'
- 16 'Ma san chugams' thainig bhur treis,  
Cho deachaidh aon laoch riamh o 'm ghreis,  
'S mí an Dearg mac Rígh nam Fionn,  
Thoir Eirinn gu leir o Fhíonn.'
- 17 'A Dheirg nan iomaídh sgleó,  
'S faoin do bharaíl, cia ro mhóir;  
Treise do lámh is do chuim,  
Gu dean thu re 'r la an túrin.'
- 18 'Mar a fuigheam fein gu deónach,  
Géill air eagal mo gharbh chómhraig;  
Gheibh Eirinn Dhámh fein re 'm linn,  
A dhainn-deoin Chormaic is Fhinn.'
- 19 'Na 'm feacha' tusa re 'r maithéadh,  
A Dheirg mhíe Rígh nan ann lathaibh;  
'S iomad laoch a gheibht' d' ar scora,  
Nach stuathla' tu choídh r'a chómhrag.'
- 20 'C'áit am bheil aon laoch dhú sin,  
Se labhair an Dearg le cíth;  
'S gu feachamaide r' a chéile,  
Le fáthach mór 's le h-am réite.'
- 21 'Air a ghlórsa ge binn aobhneach,  
'S e labhair an Caol-ero céatfach,  
Gu reachamsa fein gu d' ehlóidh,  
O na thainig thu thar tuinn.'
- 22 Chuaidh iad an sin chuig a chéile,  
Na fir mhóra bu leór géire;  
Choi-sceadadh gach beann d' an lannaibh,  
'S chrithaichadh am blár fú 'n casaibh.
- 23 B' e sin an cómhrag teth teann,  
A sgoltadh scia' is chruaidh lann;  
Gus 'n do ehlóidheadh leis an Dearg,  
An Caol-ero, is a thréun fhearg.
- 24 Chuir e a chaoil gu teann daingann,  
Na cuigear fuídh 'n aona cheangal;  
'S cho raibh fantadh air gu cómhrag,  
Na 's mo na tréun tuinn re mór ghaóith.
- 25 Dh' éirigh Rígh nan Ród gu sziobalt,  
'N deidh an Caol-ero a chriophadh;  
Mac Rígh na Féinne gu 'n tair,  
'N coimneadh an tréun fir 's na dháil.
- 26 Bhuail iad an sin air a chéile,  
Mar bhrieseadh tréun tuinn ag eibhaich;  
Agus chluinse toirm is gaóirach,  
Ac mar shraun ghaóith teach thuir aonach.
- 27 B' e sin an cómhrag ro gharz,  
A sgoltadh scia' is chruaidh lann;  
Gus 'n do ehlóidheadh leis an Dearg,  
Rígh nan Ród, is a thréun fhearg.
- 28 Cheangail s' e e gu teann gabháil,  
'S cho raibh sin na throm d' a lannan;  
Oir cheangladh e céud lán armaicht,  
Do thréun laoih fhuileachdach chalma.
- 29 'S maith do ghniomh agus do ghabháil,  
Sín faraon a bhí fuídh d' cheangal;  
Fuasgail air cnuibheich a laoih léi n,  
Is tog síne faraon nu d' léimh.'
- 30 'O' na tharladh dhuinn fuí d' mhéin,  
Deansa íochd oirne le deadh ghné;  
'S bhí eirinn braithar dhuit gu deónach,  
Nach tog airm a' d' aidhaidh 'n cómhrag.'
- 31 Dh' fhuasgail an Dearg bu mhór neart,  
Cuidhreacach na' deis' bha 'n deadh dreach;  
'S cho d' iarr e briathar air neach,  
Ach léig e na sgaóil iad as.
- 32 Ghluais iadsan an dara mháireach,  
Gu teach Chormaic na mór abhaich;  
'S mac Drebhaíll nan gear lann buadhach,  
Gu teach Auna na mor shluaghaibh.
- 33 Rainig iad pobull Rígh Auna,  
Na fir bha mór díveach calma;  
'S b' iomaídh neach le dhonn bhraí sróil,  
Mu theach Chormaic teachd d' ar coir.
- 34 'N sin labhair Chormaic gu 'n oth 'n,  
'Suidheadh a chliar chalm san tród;  
Na stuathadh re feirg an fhuir,  
'S na togadh bhur 'n airm dh' a gin.'
- 35 Air suidh do 'n Dearg, 's níor thim,  
Sin a dh' fhiosraich ar rígh Eirinn;  
'Bri' do thurais-sa thair múir,  
Inis dhuinne laoih mhóir thruid.'
- 36 'Se bri' mo thurais o Albinn,  
Ard-rígh Churanta Chormaic;  
Géill Eirinn do bhuntain leom,  
No fras bhéumanna' gu 'm chom.'
- 37 'Géill Eirinn thabhairt thair múir,  
Gí de ge d' iannadh tréun truid;  
'S eís nach togar i gu brath,  
Air tathach le aon léimh.'
- 38 'Mar a fuigheams' naisla Chormaic,  
Matheas agus dais gu deonach;  
Cómhrag céud do chlanna curidh,  
'S áill leam fhaghaíl gu aon tulach.'
- 39 'N sin do chuir Cormac céud calma,  
A ehlóidh an Deirg a dh' aon aurra;  
Thuit an céud sin le róid bhorhsan,  
Is ceud eile mhúintir Chormaic.
- 40 'N máir chunnaig an Rígh an Dearg,  
'Dol air a luthleas le fearg;  
Chuir e teachlaire gu luath,  
Gu mac Chuthaill na mor shluagh.
- 41 Thainig orra 'n dara mháireach,  
Fionn Mac Chuthaill na mór dháitach,  
Le seachd míle gaisceach allail,  
Nach sgiuthadh air ais le sganail.
- 42 Bha scia' uain 'n iomaídh óir,  
Air earradh side séud óir;  
'S bha sailm mhóir mu cheann gach feinnidh,  
Air fir Fhinn a h-Albheinn eibhainn.

- 43 Air teachd gu sa mhagh dhúinne,  
'N ar baidheann churanta shuthach ;  
Thog an Dearg mac Rígh nam Fionn,  
Pobull mór gu fulang teann,
- 44 An sin 'n tra thainig Fionn féin,  
Is a phobull d' a dheadh réir ;  
Bheannaich e gu binn do 'n Dearg,  
Do 'n óg innealta dhon dhearg.
- 45 Do bheannaichsá Dheirg áluin,  
'S deirge gruaidh na subhan físaich ;  
'S gile bían no canach sleibhe,  
No úr shnáchd air bharrá ghéuge.'
- 46 ' Fhír is ághoir neart is naisle,  
Raibh mar charráig re h-uchd bualte ;  
Innis dhansa brí do thurais,  
O Alláin nau armaicht carúidh.'
- 47 ' Inseams' sin dhuit Fhinn gu 'n táir,  
Is do d' shluagh o Albheinn árd ;  
A dh' iarrúidh cumha neo cómhrag,  
Ortsa mhíe Cluthaill a 'm óráchd.'
- 48 ' Air a kaimhsa ge maith 'n gabhadh,  
Se labhair Fionn nam bénnú gáidheal ;  
Cha foir mise géill dhuit deónach,  
A Dheirg air eagal do chómbraig.'
- 49 ' Mar a fuigheams' uaitis' Fhinn shuthaich,  
Duaís mhór air eagal mo luime,  
Cómhrag ead do dh' thearra calma,  
'S áil leam fhlaghail air a bhail so.'
- 50 ' An sin do chuir Fionn céud calma,  
A chlaoidh an Deirg a dh' aon aurra ;  
Thuit an ead sin le roid ghéabhídh,  
Is céud eile shluagh Rígh Pháile.'
- 51 ' N sin 'n nair chumaig Fionn an Dearg  
A dol a' ris air a lutehleas ;  
Bhrosnaich e a chip chatla,  
Is uaislean 'sa mhór mhaithaibh.
- 52 Dh' eirich Faoghlan an fearg mhór,  
Le chraosaich rinn ionad león ;  
A dhíol a dhiogail an laoch lán,  
'S bu mhaírg a bhrosnaich e na dháil.
- 53 B' e sin an cómhrag nach b' fhúinn,  
A sgoltadh sgria' is chruaidh lann ;  
Gus 'n do chlaoidheadh leis an Dearg,  
Faoghlan fuileach ie thréun fhearg.
- 54 ' A Ghuill mhíe Morna na mor ghniombh,  
A chruaidh chrodha, 's tréun air díon ;  
Nach coisg thu cómhrag an fhrí mhóir,  
A lann a ghaistídh sa lamb mhór.'
- 55 ' Gheibh tu suidh' air thús 's gach áit,  
Da drian bo is each, is áil ;  
Deich céud unca do 'n ór fhoir,  
Is nas modha o 'n ard Rígh.
- 56 ' Ge do thuit le d' chinneach fuileach,  
Clanna Mornu' Mungarídh nile ;  
Cho dhuit mí mo chonadh dhuit,  
A Rígh Pháil re d' fheum an díu.'
- 57 Dh' eirich Goll 's nín d' fhuilaing fáir,  
Na chulaídh éidídh íomlan ;  
'S na h-airm sheanta do bha 'm brúid,  
Thog mac Mornna mílidh 'n traid.
- 58 Bhuail iad an sin aít a chéile,  
Gu cruaídh cuidreach, is cho bhreugach ;  
Chuaídh 'n leirg air chrith fúí' an casaibh,  
'S chuaídh teine d' an arma glasa.
- 59 Bhuailleadh iad gu neartmhór do bhídh,  
Mar dha mhúinne bhídh re cómhrag ;  
Choi' eighadh creagaibh is beanntídh,  
Re airm nau curine calma.
- 60 Se la agus aon tra' déng,  
A thug na curine sa bheum,  
Mu 'n do chlaoidh Goll nam béumaibh,  
'N Dearg uór a cheart reiginn.

- 61 'S ole a chuir a ruinn an Dearg,  
Dhíol e oirma throm thearg ;  
Thuit leis da cheud do dh' fhrí Fhinn,  
'S uighir do fhrí Chormaic ghriinn.
- 62 Thuit sin leis an da la,  
D' ar fir bu uho neart is ágh ;  
Gu 's an do n.karbh Goll nam béumaibh  
E 'n seachdamh la cheart reiginn.
- 63 La is bliadhna 'n leabaídh Goll,  
An deidh leadairt an laoch luim ;  
An tigh teabhra' gu 'n fluos,  
Bha mac Morna dá leighas.
- 64 'S mise Oisain, filidh dubhach,  
Bha do ghna' am Fianh Mhíe Cluthaill ;  
'S nu 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-dreithín. That his Father Dreathal 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.

- I GREIS air cathream an fhrí mhóir,  
A thainig oirnn le ceud sloigh ;  
An treun laoch bu mhaith sa bhail,  
Gu b' e 'n Dearg dana Mac Dreabhail.
- 3 Gu tír nam fíor fhearra treuna,  
An críochaibh foireann Fianh Eireann.
- 4 Air doll do 'n laoch throm a sheoladh,  
7 Leag a' stiul ar lar a taomaidh,  
'S tharuing i an sglithe coalais.
- 8 Bha fholt fionn-bhuidh mar or ceard,  
10 Bha da shleagh liobhar gu sgathadh,  
Ann kaimh Mhíe Rígh nan aon-latha ;  
Cloidheamh sínte air síos a Ghaidheil,  
'Gheibheadh bun' air slagh Rígh Pháile.
- 11 Bha elogaid do 'n tointe nu cheann,  
An laoch, cheutaich, neartmhóir, chalm ;  
12 Ann comhrag deise sann t-eug-bhail.
- 13 Is loinn nímh a choisgeadh torachd,  
Air a leis gnn eagal comhrag.
- 19 'S íomad laoch dhínn dhon an torachd,  
Nach stuatha tu choi'ch a chomrag.
- 21 Gu feachamsa féin an turm,  
Ona thainig thu thar tuinn.
- 22 Thug iad an sin chuige cheile,  
Na suinn bu trom ann san t-eug-bhail ;  
Choi' eightheadh gach beann d' am beum.  
Chreithnach an leirg le fearg nan treun.
- 24 Ach mar threun tuinn ri h-uchd doilinn.
- 26 Sheas na suinn ri h-uchd a cheile,  
Mar bhriste buinne bha 'tu beumaibh ;  
Is chluinte terrain nau laoch,  
Mar chreug Ulan roi 'n ion-ghaoth.
- 27 An comhrag sin, bu ghar, teann,  
28 Cheangal e 'n sonn air an traidh,  
Cha raibh sin na throm da kaimh ;  
Oir cheangladh e ceud gun armadh,  
Do threun laoch fhuileachdach Chormaic.
- 30 Noch dhúinn eirich ann dea' ghéug,  
'S bheir sinn freitich dhuit gu deonach,  
Gur leat ar 'n airm, is ar conamh.

- 34 Na stuathadh ri fearg nam fear,  
'S na togadh ar 'n airn gu mear.
- 35 Bri' do thurais-sa d' ar rioghachd,  
Innis dhuinne, laoiach, mhor, mhilidh.
- 37 'S eis i choi' ch nach tog '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 arna geura.
- 45 No cathamh cuir air bharr gheuga.  
[The introduction of Morven is worth notice.]
- 47 Orta Mhic Cumbail na mor bhann.
- 49 Mar a fuigheams' Fhinn na feile,  
Duais Mhic Rìogh, gun strì, gun eura';
- 53 A thì dh' eiris air thus na seilg,  
Gheibh thu drian do mhaoin gach leirg;
- 56 Ge do thuit le d' chinneach borb,  
Clanna Mungairidh nan colbh;
- 58 Bluail na suinn air druim a cheile,  
Gu ernaidh eudreach, is cho bhrengach;  
Chreithnich an leirg 's chlisg no sruaigh  
Nach d' thigeadh Mac Moirne uath.
- 59 Bha 'n airn liobhara sa bhail,  
Mar thein' na nial sa mbhag;  
Dh' éigh na creagan sgread na glinn,  
Da' m beumannaibh druim air dhruim.
- 60 Mun do mharbh Goll nan gear lann,
- 61 Thuit leis ceithir cheud d' ar sluaigh,  
'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 bh chruaidh san toir  
'S trugh a thuit san ionairt-sgleo.
- 63 'N tigh Teambra, gun fhios nan eoi' each,  
Do bha Mac Moirne ga choimhead.
- 64 Bu denrach, tursach ann Fhliam,  
A' caoidh nan treun air an t-sliabh;  
Ma thuit an Dearg bu trom docair,  
Bu chian ri ailis ar dochann.

## S. 8. DU'AN DHIARAG, i.e., DIARAG'S POEM. 60 lines.

## COLLECTOR'S ARGUMENT.

A KING of the name of Mc'anno, 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 S'IEUL th' agam air Fionn fìor ghliè  
'S air Diarag og nan geallamh  
'S air macan nan colg dhiombasach  
Thaig anios a tìr Rì Chamhìbh.
- 2 Air Mac Cumbail Mhic treunmhoir  
Sud an sgeul tha mi ginne  
Thaig e do shealg do Alba  
'S ann a Erin ughlan Ìnsin.
- 3 Geisdaehd ri fuaim na srutha  
Sri gutha nan Eoin Cheinne  
San thuit suinn nach robh gu h' eadrom  
Air Fionn-ghliè ogh Threunmhoir
- 4 Gun luadh sin air Fionn na Feinne  
'S e air Tulach thioighdhas sheandhoir  
Gun bhì naile ris don Fheannadh  
Ach Diarag og mac Rì Deighir
- 5 Labhrin riut am briathra fionaid  
Agus dhuinsin dhut no sgeul  
Ma se Fionn is e na chadal  
Na togair 's dhòl do dh' fhechan.
- 6 Ach air m' ullain fein a Dhiarag  
Cha 'n iosaich mis an eunns' duit  
Ach an diobhlì mi fein m' athair  
Air Fionn oir gur flath nam Fiann e.

- 7 'S baoh a ghloir a theiradh tusan  
Mhic Ceannibh o' ghlèann sleibhe  
Bithidh do cheann do d' dhimms fhabh thu  
Led ghloir chinn air ro-lheag ceill.
- 8 Sin ghluais fearg an da Ghrugair  
Agus thugadh iad gu cheil  
'S b' fhaid a chluinne no ghaohlil Curra'  
Faoh am buillean 's am beuman.
- 9 Tharruing iad sleaghan uimh  
Tharruing iad claidheamhan gear  
Bha cuirp is eunamhan gan gearradh  
'S iad sior ehur fol air a cheile.
- 10 Sin dar dhuisg Fionn na sleagha gabhì  
'S e 'n lathair nam fear chalmund  
Thog e air a dheas laimh Diarag  
'S e shinte sin gun amuin.
- 11 Ach air m' ullain fein a Dhiarag  
Nam dhicean dhonh do theanadh  
Truagh nach bu naodh naonar do 'm mhaithibh  
Chaidh dhìth do 'm ch Chaitibh, t'aitse
- 12 'S e mor an-Eric sin air Diarag  
'S labhair ris an sluaigh lamhich  
'S a luitadh naoh treun re chathamh  
Bh' agads' do shluagh na h' Albhì.
- 13 So an lann nach diobradh mise  
Re m' aois no' re m' aineol  
Ach an d' thanig an fheachd dhubhach  
Thugads' o' thir Chamhìbh.
- 14 Sud am meur bu ghlinn air theudan.  
Fo 'n bheil bu ro mbath guth  
Sud an lann a b' fhearr an ionas  
Cha ionaid riabh san t' sruth.
- 15 Togaidh e chlaodh na h' Albhì  
Far an t' folaicir 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 mhuoi dho; ghabh cuid fa laimh a dhearbhadh dho nach robe agradh treibh-dhreach, agus chum na criche-sin; chuir iad teachdair a' da h-ionnsuidh. le cuid cadach lan fola, a dh' innsadh dh' i gu do mharbhadh an Dearg le Fiacullach. Air chuintn an seil dhubhach, chum i an dan so, glabh i air a clairsich e, bhris a cridhe agus cha-chail i.

- 1 AN Dearg Mac Deirg gear mis a bhean:  
Air an fhear ni 'n d' fhidir leohd;  
Ni 'n bheil saoi nach d' thair a leircadh<sup>2</sup>  
'S truidh ata mi fein an noelch.
- 2 Dearg Mac Cholla<sup>3</sup> eraobh d' an Th'r<sup>4</sup>  
Leis an seimte gu cuim eruit;  
'S ionmhainn aoidh air nach luidh fearg:  
Chlaidheadh an Dearg leis a mhuc.
- 3 B' ionmhainn t-aghaidh mbin-dearg mhor,  
Bu deacair a cloth ann an cath  
Sin is cridhe farsuing fal,  
'S bu ghile na Ghrian a dhath.
- 4 Mac Cuim<sup>5</sup> a Innis Da-bhi,  
B' ionmhainn Rìgh air son ar sealbh;<sup>6</sup>  
Giolla gun ghaol bo no eich  
Re am creich, ach claidheamh Dearg.
- 5 Ni 'n eitic e duine ma d' ni,  
'S ni 'n d' iarr ni air nach fo 'n Ghreìn:  
Fear bu nho 's bu ghlaire deadh;  
Cha 'n fhaeas ann ach Dearg fein.
- 6 Ni 'n d' iarr tha duine fa sheud,  
Ni 'n d' rimm breng 's ni 'n d' fhidir leohd;  
'S niar mho dhiult thu comhrag arm  
O neach 'gan robh ann 'n na chorp.
- 7 'S mi nigean Laomhainn Mhic Roidh,  
Dha 'n trie 'na phronnadh or air cheird;<sup>7</sup>  
Ge b' iomadh ga m' iarruidh saoi  
B' fhear leam bhì 'nam uidhao aig Dearg.

<sup>1</sup> Sud am fear nach.<sup>2</sup> Leir.<sup>3</sup> Mac cholla.<sup>4</sup> An iuil.<sup>5</sup> Print, picture.<sup>6</sup> Saoghn'.<sup>7</sup> B' ionmann 's Rìgh ar sealbh.



- 8 Gur mi nighean Athain fheinn  
Leis am fiosaichteadh gach dealbh ;  
O sgaradh mo cheud fhear nam  
Cuirear mi san uaigh le Dearg.
- 9 Sud a sheabhaic 's a dha choin,  
Leis an doillich 's eron na sealg ;  
An tea leis am b' ionmhuinn an triur  
Cuirear i nochd nìr le Dearg.
- 10 Bha mi ann tigh an rair,<sup>9</sup>  
Dia an t-sliabh sin Chnoc na learg,  
'S biaidh mi ann an uaigh an nochd  
Mu 'n scarar mo chorp re Dearg.

<sup>8</sup> Le ceard.      <sup>9</sup> Gorta.

O. 24. DEARG MAC DEIRG. 28 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 116. Copied by Malcolm Mac-phail. 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 Roe,  
Do 'n tric a phronna òr nan ceard ;  
Ge b' ioma ga 'm iarraidh saoi,  
Gu 'm b' fhearr leam bli nam mhnaoi aig Dearg.
- 3 Gur mi nighean aithin Fhion,  
Leis am fiosaicheadh gach dealbh ;  
O 'n sgaradh mo cheud ghradh nam,  
Cuirear mi san uaigh le Dearg.
- 4 Mae Cuinn á Innis Da-bhi,  
'S ionmhuinn rìgh, a sona ur seallbh ;  
Gille gun ghaol bo no eich,  
Ri am ereich ach eoidhe dearg.
- 5 'S ionmhuinn t-aghaidh mhìn dearg mhor,  
Bu deachdair a cloth 'n cath ;  
Sin is Cridhe farsuing fial,  
Bu ghile na a ghriana a dhath.
- 6 Sud a sheobhag sa dha choin,  
Le 'n deannar mòran cron an sealg ;  
Am fear lem b' ionmhuinn an triur,  
Cuirear iad san nìr le Dearg.
- 7 Bha mi ann an tigh an Raoir,  
Air an t-sliabh sin ehoc na learg ;  
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 Mac-phail. Edinburgh, April 1, 1872.

DEARG MAC DRUIDHAN. (al. DRUGHAN)

- 1 TREIS air chaithean an fhir mhoir,  
Thainig an oir fo dhiombuidh (baigh)  
An treud fhear as e lan do ghoil,  
An Dearg dana Mac Druidhan.
- 2 An oir o thir na fear Fionn,  
Gu sith thoir rann Fiannaehd Eirin,

Chuid eile air ehall ach an Rann ma Dheiri.

- 3 Seachd oidhehe agus seachd la,  
Bu tuisreach Mie agus mna ;  
Sgrathadh chlogaid is cheann,  
Edar Goll agus Mae 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 bonadh le trom Fheir,  
Dol a dh'iteadh Athar gun Fheall  
Air (Chriocheaibh ro-mhor) na Herin.  
(Uisliht 's air Mhaithibh)
- 2 Airis duinne, Osshain narich,  
Mhic Fhein nasail so-ghraduigh,  
Sgelachd air Chonn fearritha fearroil  
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, mheannmach ?
- 4 Bu mho Conn gu mor mor  
Tighin an earadh air sloigh  
Tarruing a Luinge a Steach  
An Cumhang Cuain is Caolis.
- 5 Shuidh e air an Tulich gar coir,  
An Fiuiddh cranta ro-mhor,  
Sgabhadh e ga Chlesibh gargadh  
Siar an am Baileibh na 'n Niarmoil.
- 6 Chaidh e 'n frilimibh nan Neul,  
Os air Cionn an sa ath-mhoid, (or *mhaid*)  
Is ni 'm baile neach faoi 'n Ghréin.  
No Conn nan Arm faclbar gheur.
- 7 Gruaidh choreur mar Eughar caoin  
Rosg gorm faoi Mhala chorrieh, chaoil ;  
Falt orchearadh, grinnail, grinn,  
Fear mor meannmach, fearroil eibhin.
- 8 Colg nimhe re Liodairt Chorp,  
Aig Laoich teug-bhuaitteach na mor ole,  
Bhiodh a Chlainn re sghadh Sgeidhe  
Aig an Laoich ri ath-reite.
- 9 Buaidh sgach Ball an raibh e riabh  
Air ghaige air mend a ghuimh.  
Ghabh e coibhlan Neart gun Sgios,  
Re tabhairt Geil a moir chois.
- 10 Go 'n tugainse Briathar cinteach,  
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 Oma Marha le Toinn,  
Agus Falaehd an Fhir mhoir,  
An coinnibh Athar a dhioladh.
- 12 Se huirt Connan maol mac Morna,  
Leiger huige an eud nair mi,  
'S go 'm buin an Ceann a mach  
Do Chonn di-measach, naibhreach.
- 13 Marmhasg oirt a Chonnain mhaoil,  
Nach sguir thu 'd Lonnan a choidheh,  
Cha bhuinne thu 'n Ceann do Chonn,  
'S e huirt Osgar na mor-ghlonn.
- 14 Ghuasidh Connan le (*mu*) mhi-cheil,  
Dhaindeoin na Feine gu leir,  
An Coinnebh Choimh bhudhaich bhrais,  
Mar Char Tuaghal ma Aimeh-leas.
- 15 Nnair ehonnaire Conn bu chaoim Dealbh,  
Connan a dol an seabh Arm,  
Thug e sioca air an Daoi,  
'S e teachadh gu luadh do Dh' Albidh.
- 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 Chicangal.
- 17 Beannachd air an Laimh a reinn sin  
'S e labhair Fear na 'n Cruth nuadh,  
'S go ma Turis gun eridh dhuit,  
A Chonnain mhi-cheite gun Fhealt.
- 18 'N sin se Comhairle chinn doibh  
Deagh Mhae Fhein bu bhinn Gloir  
Chuir ghabhail sgeula 'n Fhear dhocair  
Ghuasidh Feargheas Binn Fhoclach.

- 19 Ghuaisidh Feargheas bin, badhaich,  
Ghlice ealach mor-dhalach  
Air Comhairl' Athar mar bu choir  
Ghabhail Sgeul do Chonn ro mhór.
- 20 A Chuin mhór, bhadaibh, bhrais,  
Fhír shugich, ait, eibhin,  
Ghabhail sgeul Thamas o Fhean  
Cea Fath do Thuris do D'h erin.
- 21 Insimse sinn duit gu beachd,  
Fheargheis, agus buin e leat,  
Eirig Mathar bail lenn uaibhse,  
O Mhaithibh Teaghaich ar mor naisle.
- 22 Ceán Fheín 's dha Mhic mhóra,  
Ghmíll, Ghríde agus Gharadh,  
'S cinn Chlann Morna gu Huile  
Fheutuín an Eirig aon Duine.
- 23 Na Erin o Hoinn go Toinn,  
A gheileachd in do 'n aoin Chuing,  
Na comhrag eoir Ceud dar Fimleadh  
Fhaoitín air Mhadáin a Marach.
- 24 Ghuaisidh Fhearghuis thughain fheín,  
A Phadric, ní 'n Camam Breng,  
Go 'n do thosd an Fheín uille,  
Re chuintín Sgeul an aoin Duine
- 25 Cía do sgeula o 'n Fhear mhór,  
Se raite Fean Flath an sloigh,  
Ailís dúine e go propadh  
'S na ceil oirn' e a dh' aoin oleaid.
- 26 Se mo sgeula o 'n Fhear mhór,  
Gar ail leis Ceud dar sloigh  
Fhaoitín air Mhadáin a Marach,  
Gu Comhrag na Diobh-mhaileadh.
- 27 Se labhair cuig Ceud dar Fimleadh,  
Caisgidh sinne a Inath Mhíre;  
Cha robh sud doibh mar a radh  
Bhí dul ann san Iomhairt bhaite
- 28 Hug e a mach Cloimh an Deirg mhóir  
Le conna Catha cheud Uair,  
Thug e ruadhair Fhír an Gran  
Mar Sheabhaic measg Ealta mhín-éna.
- 29 Biomad Fear sa Ghair a bhoss,  
Iomad Láimh ann is leath-choss,  
Iomrad Cloigin ann is Ceann,  
Cuirp gun choigleadh air a Bhall.
- 30 Cuig Ceud eile ge 'd bhí ann,  
Go 'n tuiteadh iad air aoin Bhaill,  
Is Conn a caileadh a Sgiadh,  
'G iarraidh Comhraic 's go m' b' ain-riar.
- 31 Hagh sinn seachd fichid Fear mor,  
Do Mhaithibh Teaghaich ar mor sloigh  
Hoirt a chinn do mhac an Deirg,  
'S dháithnigh sinn Fear faoi Throm-fheirg.
- 32 Chaidh ar seachd Fichid no dhail,  
'S ann orra thianic an Di-mhail,  
Thug e ruadhair Fír forthuín  
Bu luadhe e na Roth Gall-mhuillín.
- 33 Thuit ar seachd fichid Fear mor,  
Babhar Tuirse e 's Do-bhroin;  
Go 'n 'd leig an Fheín gear Chruaidh  
Re dioghuga a mhoir-shluaidh.
- 34 Fhír a chleachd mo eanhair riamh,  
Ghoill Mhíe Morna no mor-ghníomh,  
Bu mhian Suile gach 'b aile  
'S a Phrionsa Tola na Dio-mhaladh.
- 35 'S dana leam Conn bagra ort  
'S air Clanna Morna gu b'ille,  
Nach buinne thu 'n Ceán deith gu fearroil  
Mar rein thu ga Athair roimhe.
- 36 Dheamaisé sin duitse Fheín,  
Fhír na 'n breathra, blath, binn,  
Chuir gach Fuadh 's folachd air cuil,  
'S go biodhmaid uille dh' aoin Run.
- 37 Gedo mharbhadh thu m' Fheín uille,  
Gu dioghuga an aoin Duine;  
Bhíthin fein 's mo Threuna leat  
A Ríogh na Feine ga d' chabhair.

- 38 Ghuaisidh Goll na Chulaidh Chruaidh,  
Ann an Fianis a mhór-shluaigh,  
Bu gheal, dearg gnais an Fhír,  
Na Hore gearg dul an Tas Iordhail.
- 39 Huídeachd an sin na Cíp Chatha  
A dhoil a labhairt an ard Latha,  
'S na Airm sheanta a bha 'm Braid,  
Thog Mac Morna míleant Iad.
- 40 Nuair chaidh iad an Dail a Cheile,  
Cha naefas riabh an Co-Baoibhail;  
Na Curíllinn bu gharmh Cith,  
Chuir iad an Tulch air bhall-Crith.
- 41 Díth Fola do chnaimhibh an Cuirp,  
Díth Feinne do 'n Armaibh nochd,  
Díth Caice do sgiabh 'n Aidh,  
Dul siar ans na Hiormaitibh.
- 42 Biomad Gaóir do Theinne raadh,  
Teachd o Fhaoibhar an arm Cruadh,  
Os cionn na Ceanna bheartich corrich  
'S iad a eumhnic na mor flalachd.
- 43 An da Churidh bu gharibh Cith  
Chuir iad an Tulch air bhall-Chrith  
Le 'm Beumibh bu leor meud,  
'S bha 'n Fheín uille gan easteachd.
- 44 Seachd Laethe agus aon tra Deug,  
Bu tuirsich Míedh agus Mnaidh,  
Gus 'n do hnit le Goll na 'm Beum,  
Ann Sonn mor air cheart egin.
- 45 Gair eibhin gun d' reinn an Fhian,  
Nach dreimibh leo roimhe riabh,  
Re faiesin doibh Ghoill Mhíe Morna  
Nuacair air Chonn Treun-toirich.
- 46 Se labhairt Chonnain a Sas,  
'N diaghaidh Lonnan a mhi-ghrais.  
Naóidh Raidhín do Gholl an aigh  
Da leghas mun raibh e slan.
- 47 An seachd Fichid sair cuig ceud,  
A Phadric, ní 'n Camam Breng,  
Gon d' thuit sud le Mac an Deirg,  
Is bu chruin air Fein na dheaghadh.

Crioich.

F. 17. EACHDRAIDH A BHA EADAR PADRUC  
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 mhíe Fhíun shuireche shoth ghraic;  
Sgialachh air Chonn, fhearr fearail;
- 5 A' toirt a bhrean a steach,  
Air an traigh ghil ghainmbeach.
- 6 A dol siar am baileabh nan Iarmailtean.
- 8 Bha folt buidhe mar ór ceannil.  
Bhos ceann gealla ghuala a mhíleadh.
- 9 An laoch mór mear muirneach fearail-eibhin  
Bha chadg nenta ri leadirte choip;  
Aig laoch teugais na mór ole.
- 13 Aeh coimhle a chinn aig Fíonn,  
Is aig maitheadh na Feinne gu leir;  
Cò rachadh a ghabhail sgeulachd do 'n choltach,  
Aeh ghuaisidh Fearguth beul dearg binn fhoch-  
dlach.
- 14 Ghuaisidh Fearguth gu ba binn,  
Gu glie, suairec sòth ghradhach;
- 15 Do mhac an Deirg bu gharbh cleachd,  
Bheannuich Fearguth gu fior ghlic;  
Is fheargair Conn è mar bu choir,  
Fearguth fíolanta binn a bleoil.

## FHEARGAIR CONN.

17 Dh' imnsin-sa naicid dhuif Fhearghuth bainse-  
leat,

Eiric m' athar a b' aill leam uaibhse,

## FEARGHUTH.

18 Ciod an eiric a bhí thu 'g iarraidh air d' athair,

## CONN.

19 Ceann Fhinn sa dha mhic mhoir,  
Ghuill, Ghrúir, Airtear, Chaoirail, agus Chormig,  
Uaislean Chlanna Morna uile fhaoitin an eiric  
aon duine.

Na eiric bhó thuinn gu tuinn.

20 A gheibhdean do m' an a Chinn,  
Na coig cend bh' naibhse air mhoch mhaduin a  
maireach,

Is gu 'n sgarin an Cinn re 'n Corp,  
A dhaingeann Fhinn agus Chormig.

## THUFT FEARGHUTH.

23 Gur e b' aill leis fhaoitean naibhse,

Air mhoch maduin a maireach,

Deich cead 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,  
Ní an robh sùd duinn mar a ghrathain;  
Thug e ruathar fir am foirrin.

Ba luaithe è na roth galla mhuidin.

Dol troimh ialt do dh' iannuibh an t-sleibh.

26 Air an fhaiche is e 'g iarraidh comhrug

27 Is d' fhaireach sinne Fionn foirdh throm fheirg.

[This is a kind of Chorus repeated.]

28 Chaidh air seachd ficead 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 tuifeadh foth aon a cheann,

Is bha Conn a caileadh a sgiath,

Air an fhaiche g iarraidh comhrug gu lan fhial.

30 Ionnach orst a Chonain mhaoil,  
Deich cead ad leithealb air trath,  
Cha dngadh ceann Chuinn an Iomain.  
Ní 'm buineadh thusach an ceann do Chonn,

31 Do labhair Osgar na mor ghlonn,  
Aeh gluaisidh Conan mu mhí cheill;  
A dhaingeann na Feinne gu leir,  
An combail Chuinn bhuaidheagh bhrais,

32 Mu char tuall ga aimbles,  
Nuair a chunnáit an Conn bu chaoin cruth,  
A teicheadh dhachiúidh gu b Alabainn,  
'S iomad cnap is faob is meall,

Bha 'g eiridh suas air dhroch ceann,

Air mhaoil Chonain gu dearbh damhain

Chuir e a choig eaoil foirdh naon cheanguill

33 'S iomad screud is iolach chruaidh,  
Bh' aig Conan am fianais an t-sluaigh;  
'S bu luaithe na fuaimne tuinne a teachd,  
Is an Fhianu uileadh 'g eiseandh

34 Gu ma slan do 'n laimb a shin duit,  
'S e labhair Fionn nan erodh nuadh;  
Gu ma turas gun ghníomh eiridh leat,  
A Chonain mhaoil mhí cheilí.

35 A nílíann subbla bhois gach bhain.

Aurd fhlaith na teagmhulach.

37 Cuir fuaich is falaehd air eul,

39 An sin nuair a shuidh iad na prup-chatha  
A dhol a thoirt an aurd latha;  
Na h-airm t-beandachd a bhachda am braoid,  
Gun do thog mac Moirnie meunta iad

40 An sin nuair chaidh Goll na chulaich chruaidh  
Na phrop am fianais an t-sluaigh;  
Bughéal dearg gnais an fhuir,  
Na thore aurd an tus na hiarghuill,

41 An sin air dhoibh dol an dail a cheil,  
A d' fhaichin co a b' fhearr benman;  
Chuireadh iad di caileadh d' an sgiabhíbh  
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 faibh le gaoth nam beann,  
Le sgleo nan cuirridhean co teann;  
An da churridh bu gharbh lith,  
Chuir iad an tullach air bhalla chrith.

44 'S iomad eaoir do theineadh ruaibh,  
Bha teachd ò cinnib nan arm faobhar cruaidh.  
'S ceann nan ceannabheirtibh corrach,  
Is iad a cunnheacha na mór fhalachd.

45 Latha agus aon tra deug,  
A eum iad comhrag is ní 'm breug;  
Gun do bhuitin Goll mun beuman,  
Ceann a Chuinn mhoir air lom eigin.

46 Gair gun do leig an Fhianu,  
Nach do leig a leithid roimhe riamh;  
Air faichin doibh Goll a crodhadh;  
An uachdar air Chonn treun torachd.

47 Bhí fuaigladh Chonain è sas,  
An deis lonan a mhí ghras,  
Naoh raithean 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 SGEULACHD air Chonn mac an Deirg  
Air a fionadh le trom fheirg;  
A dhol bas athar gu treabhach,  
Air fiantidh fearoil 'n b-Eirann.

2 'Ailís sin dhamb Oisain náraich,  
A shean fhuir shuairce theog-ghrúdaich;  
Sgeulachd air Chonn fearraidh fearail,  
An sonn calma, eamhe, ceanaíl.'

3 'Am b' ionann d' a dhealbh is d' a dhreach.  
'S do 'n Dearg mhór, thréun, mheannach mhear;  
Na 'n raibh e cho chalm gu león,  
Ris an fhear a b' athair dhó.'

4 Ba mhoda Conn na e gu mor,  
A teachd am fiadhmais ar sloigh;  
A tarraing a luinge eaoile,  
An eithe euaín agus caolais.

5 Shuidh air an tulaich d' ar coir,  
'N fhuaidh eumanta ro mhór;  
Bha ghrúaidh choreair mar iughar caoin,  
Rosg náil agus mala ro chaol.

6 Aigneadh mhór do 'n fhúine ghriinn,  
Mor, meannach, 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 léithid cho 'n fhacas riamh,  
'G intheachd rathaid na mór shliagh.
- 8 Ghabh sinn eagal roimhe uile,  
Nach do ghabh sinn riamh roimh aon dhuine ;  
'S an a chéite con-flathadh Chúinn,  
Mar on flathadh mara re tréun túinn.
- 9 Se chomhairle chinne aig Fíonn,  
'S aig naisle Éirann nach b' fhann ;  
Chuir a dh' fhaghail sgeúl 'n fhear dhoerach,  
Fearadhas béul dearg, binn fhoclach,
- 10 Ghluais Fearadhas gu binn bádhach  
Gu muirneach, nacadh nior aghach ;  
Air chomhairl' athar mar bu choir,  
A dh' fhaghail sgeúl do Chonn ro mhór,
- 11 ' Fhír mhóir a thainig d' ar fios,  
Do radh Fearadhas fíor ghlic :  
Sgeúl a b' áill leam fhaghail uait,  
Cíod e fath do theachds' o chuan.'
- 12 ' Se fath mo theachds-a gu beachd,  
Fhearadhais ma 's áill leat ;  
Éiric 'm athar a b' áill leamsa,  
Do dh' naisle fian Éirann 's Albann.'
- 13 ' Ceann Ghuill is Ghreathair mac Mórna,  
Fhinn agus a dha mhic mhórcha ;  
Is ceann Chormaic agus Oseair,  
'S na bhleil sibh beó dh' Fhíann nochdamb.'
- 14 ' Is Éirinn o thuinn gu tuinn,  
Fhaghail dhamb fein fú' m aon chuinn ;  
Sín no cuig céud d' ar fine máireach,  
Gu cómbrag dibhreach dana.'
- 15 ' Cho b' ionann sa radh air dúidh,  
A Chúinn le d' iomadidh sgleo ;  
Nan d' igadh cuig céud d' ar fine,  
Choisgeadh iadsan do luath mhíre.'
- 16 Phill Fearadhas mo dhea' bhathair,  
A dh' inns' an sgeoil mar a b' ábhaist ;  
Do 'n Fhéinn gu soerach fóillidh,  
Ge b' osgarra tréun a chomhradh.
- 17 ' Conn mac an Deirg sud tha 's tráidh,  
O Albinn nam beanntidh árd ;  
Gu marbhadh Ghreathair is Ghuill,  
Is Chormaic is Oseair chruinn.'
- 18 ' Fhinn agus a dha mac mór,  
Chormaic is ar 'n uile shléigh,  
Sín is Éirinn 'n éiric athar,  
No cuig céud fú' íochid an ath-la.'
- 19 Bha 'n Fhéinn níl 'n sín du bhrónach,  
Le eagal roimh 'n churidh cómbrag ;  
Gu marbhadh e 'n Fhéinn le eutbach,  
Is sluagh Chormaic fein le luinne.
- 20 ' Dh' fhiosrach Fíonn an sín gu 'n sólas,  
Co reachadh an dáil an ógain ;  
'S gu fuiltheadh e duais gu deómach,  
Nan d' igadh e míos o chómbrag.'
- 21 ' Se fhreagair e Conan mac Mórnn',  
Leigear mí chuire chéud óir ;  
'S gu d' ngainn dhe 'n ceann gu fearail,  
Mar thainig d' a athair cheanag.'
- 22 ' Mallachd dhuit-a Choinnín mhaol,  
'Cha sguir thu d' loman a choilidh ;  
D' íoch céud a' d' léithid air tráidh,  
Cho chuireadh ceann Chúinn gu lár.'
- 23 A dh' aingain na Féinne gu léir,  
Do ghluais Conan le míh-chéill,  
A dh' ionsuidh Chúinn bhuaidhaich, bhras,  
Gu ear aindileis gu luath eas.
- 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' ionmaid crap, is faob, is meall,  
Bha 'g éiridh air a dhroich ceann ;  
'S chuir caoil Choinnín gu dhuineann,  
Na 'n cuigair fuidh 'n aon cheangal.
- 26 B' iomad sgairt aig 's íolach chruaidh,  
Re am cruinneachadh a mhór shluaigh ;  
Bu labhair e no fuain tuinne, teachd,  
An Fhíann uile d' a eisteachd.
- 27 Cuig céud 's cho bu ghníomh dhó,  
Chuaidh a chlaoidh Chúinn a chéud ló ;  
Chuaidh Conn rompe gu 'n mhéin,  
Mar sheobhag roimh caitainn éan,
- 28 Bha Cónn a caileadh a sgia',  
'S e 'g iarraidh cómbrag gu dian ;  
Air Féinn Inse pháil is Fíreoinne,  
Le mísg dhearg catha gu 'n soradh.
- 29 Cuig céud 's cho bu ghníomh 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 sgia' moire,  
'S e sior iarraidh tuilidh cómbraig ;  
Air Mac Chuthaill bu mhaith célas,  
'S gu deanadh e lot is léomadh.
- 31 Cuig céud 's cho bu ghníomh 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 sgia' móire,  
'S e sior iarraidh tuilidh cómbraig ;  
Air Fíann Éirann 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 Fíonn fú' throm fheirg,
- 35 Thuit ar seachd fichead fear mór,  
Adhbhar turs' agus do-bróin ;  
Chómbragaidh an fear bu táire,  
Céud calma nach b' fhánn an gabhadh.
- 36 Thug Cónn ruathar fir chuthaich,  
Bu luaithe 'e no galla mhulíun ;  
'S e caileadh a sgia' le sólas,  
A sior iarraidh tuilidh cómbraig.
- 37 ' A Ghuill mhíe Mórna na mor ghníomh,  
O ! 's tu chleachd ar cabhair riamh ;  
Cha 'n ann oirnn tha Cónn a bagradh,  
Ach ortsa Ghuill is mó aigneadh.'
- 38 ' Dearbhamsa sín leats Fhínn,  
Fhír nam bráithraibh bláth binn ;  
Cuireamaid fuath agus falachd air eúl,  
'S biodhmaid níl' air an aon rún.'
- 39 'N sín chuaidh Goll na chulaidh chruaí,  
Ann an fiadhnais a mhór shluaigh ;  
Is bu chraobh dhearg gnúis an fhir,  
A dol an tús na h-íogaidh mhíre.
- 40 Na curina bu gharq cith,  
Chuireadh iad an tulach air chrioth ;  
Le 'm beumanna meál air mhead,  
'S iad a cuimhneacha' neo' mhéin.
- 41 Le sgreadaíl an lanna garbha,  
R' a chéile le géur neart calma ;  
Chuireadh iasg nan euntaidh stuadhach,  
Ann an caoite caole fuairidh.
- 42 Chuireadh féilth nam beanntidh árd,  
Gus na gleanntidh fuairidh fasaich ;  
'S ealtach binn fhoclach nan coiltheadh,  
Ann 's na speura le crith oilte.
- 43 Cho 'n fhaca mí riamh re 'm léithibh,  
An léithid an cath no 'n gabhadh ;  
Chuireadh dith teine da 'n lanna,  
'S dith fola da 'n ceasa geala.

- 44 Seachd oidheach, is seachd lá,  
Gu bu tursach fir is mnáith;  
Gus an do chlaoidh Goll nam beumaibh,  
An Cúinn mór a cheart reigáin.
- 45 Seachd rúidhean do Gholl an aigh,  
D' a leigheas gus an raibh e slán;  
Ag eisteachd ceól a dh' oidhlich '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 Macpail.

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-draim, or rather Inis-drethin, with a Band of 500 chosen men, in hopes of a complete 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 Baisge 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 sgeul do 'n fhear dhocrach,  
12 Eirie m' Athar is aill leom,  
Neo' fras bheumanna' gum chom.
- 15 Cho b' ionann sa radh air choir,  
18 'S na ghluaisid d' ar sluaigh san toir;  
Is Eirinn an eirie an Deirg,  
No cuig ceud fuí' bheum san leirg.
- 19 Bha Cormaic fuí' thime throm,  
Riogh na Féinne, 's an treun Goll;  
Mu phrosnachadh an laochlainn,  
Bu docair s' ann iomar-bhaidh.
- 20 Dh' fhiosraich mo Riogh, fath nan cuach,  
Do mhaitibh Eirinn nam buadh;  
Co reachadh an dáil nam fear,  
Dhiongaíl 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.
- 25 A mesg chothann, gun sgath comhraig.
- 29 Chuaí' Conn rompa gun thia',  
Mar sheobhlag roí' ealtainn ian.
- 30 Air Mac Cumhail nan arm gear,  
'S nau sonn bu docaire beum.
- 32 Air na Fiantaidh gorma ceu'ach,  
Na sunn bu docair san t-eug-bhail.
- 36 Thug Conn ruathar fir euthaich,  
'S bu luaithe no ghriau a -shuibhal;  
Ag iarruidh comhraig na Féinn,  
'S gun duine beo, ach e fein.
- 39 'S bu chraobh, or-dhearg gunis nam fear,  
A' dol an tus na h-iorgaíl mhear.
- 41 Chuireadh foídh nan sleibhtidh ard,  
Gus na gleantaibh fuarruidh fas;  
'S canlach binn-fhoclach nam beann,  
'S an a'bharr le sgeoidheil 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, Oisiain dhanaich,  
Mhic Fhinn shuairce sho-ghrádhaich,  
Sgheulachd air Chonn feartha fearail,  
An sonn calma, caoin, ceanaíl.
- 2 Sgeulachd air Chonn mac an Deirg,  
Air a lionadh le trom fheirg  
Dol a dhíoladh Athar gun fheall  
Air uaislibh 's air maitibh na Féinne.
- 3 Cia bu mhò Conn na 'n Dearg mór,  
Oisiain nam briathra binn bheoil?  
No 'm b' ionann dealbh dha is d'each  
'S do 'n Dearg mhór, mhear, mheannnach?
- OISIAN.
- 4 Bu mhò Conn gu mór, mòr,  
A' teachd an garadh ar slóigh,  
A' tarruing a luinge a steach  
'An cumhang cuain agus caolaís.
- 5 Shuidh e air an tulaich 'gar còir  
Am fuidh curanta ro-mhór,  
Mar thrágha mara re treun thuin,  
Aig ro-mheadh falachd an t-suinn.
- 6 Chaidh e 'm fritheanaibh nan neul  
Os ar cinn san ath-mheadh;  
Is ghabhadh e d' a chleasaibh gairge  
Siar ann am baileibh na h-iarmaile.
- 7 A mhac-samhail cha 'n flacas riamh  
Ag imeachd magha mo mór shliabh;  
'S cha b' áillidh neach fo 'n ghréin  
Na Conn nan arm foabhar-gheur.
- 8 Gruaidh choreuir mar jubhar-chaor;  
Rosg chorach ghorm fuidh mhala chaoil;  
Falt úr, ór-bhuidh, amlach, griun,  
Air an óg mheannnach, fhearaíl, aoibhlinn.
- 9 Colg nimhe gu liodairt chorp  
Aig laoch aghmhor nan trom lot:  
Bhíodh a chlaidheamh lúimh r'a sgeóth,  
Air an laoch re h-aimeh-réit'.
- 10 Buaidh sgach ball an robh e riamh  
Air ghaíse, air meud a gluonach;  
'S gu 'm b' iomadach laoch a bhá gun sgiós  
A' tabhairt da géill agus mór chis.
- COXAN.
- 11 'Se labhair Conau maol mac Morna,  
'Leigear thuige an ceud nair mi,  
'S gu 'm buin mi an ceann a mach  
Do Chonn di-measach uaibhreach.'
- OSCAR.
- 12 'Marbhaig ort, a Chonain mhaoil,  
Nach sguir thu d' lonan a chaoidh?  
Cha bhúineadh tu 'n ceann do Chonn,  
Do rádl' Oscar nan mór ghlonn.
- 13 Gluaisidh Conan na mí-chéill  
A dh' aindeoin na Féinne gu léir  
An coimeamh Chuinn bhuaidhaich bhraís  
Mu char tuathal aimeh-leas.
- 14 'Nuair a chunnaic an Conn bu chaoín dealbh,  
Conan dol 'an seabbaidh arm,  
Rug e le sídh air an daoidh  
'Se teicheadh gu Inath naith.
- 15 B' iomad sgreud is íolach chruaidh  
O bheul Chonain nam diom-bhuaidh:  
Chaidh air Conan maol gu deimhin  
Na cuig caoil fuidh 'n aon cheangal.
- 16 'Beannaich aig an láimh rinn sin,  
'Se labhair Fiomn a' chruth ghil.  
Is sheall iad an sin air a chéile  
Móran do mbaitibh na Féinne.

17 Gur i chomhairle chinn doibh  
S'ar mhac Fhinn bu chaoine glóir  
Chur a ghabhail sgeul do 'n fhear dhoerach :  
Ghuaisidh Fearguth binn-fhoclach.

## FEARGUTH.

18 'A Chuin mhóir, bhnadhaich, bhrais,  
Fhír shùgaich, ait, aobhinn,  
A ghabhail sgeula thàinig mi.  
Cìod é fàth do thurais do 'n tìr ?'

## CONN.

19 'Innseama mo sgeul dhuitse,  
Fhearguth, agus buin leat e.  
Eiric m' athar b' àill leam uaibhse,  
O 'r màithibh is o 'r mòr uaislibh.

20 'Ceann Ghuill 'sa dhà mhic mhòir,  
Ceann Fhinn flath an t-slòigh,  
C'inn chlàna Morna nìe  
Fhaotainn 'an Eiric aon duine :

21 'An tìr nìle o thuinn gu tuinn  
A gheilleachduinn do m' aon chuing ;  
No còmhraig eùig ceud d' ar fineadh,  
Fhaotainn air madainn an màireach.'

22 An sin labhair eùig ceud d' ar fineadh,  
'Cuisgidh 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 conhladh catha sa' cheud nair.  
Thug e ruathar fìr fortbuan fìr  
Mar sheobhag measg calta mhìn eun.

24 B' iomad erutha a chaoelhal greann,  
Is cuirp ath-chumta le cruadhas laun :  
Iomad làmh ann is leth chos,  
Iomad cloigeann thall 'sa bhos.

25 Cùig ceud eile gèid' bhiodh ann  
Gu 'n tuiteadh sin air aon bhall ;  
Is Conn a' calceadh a sgrìath,  
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 aon orra thàinig an diobhail ;  
A' dol 'an eumagadh na buidhinn  
Ba laithe e na roth Gall-mhùilinn.

28 Thuit ar seachd fichead fear mòr ;  
B' aobhar tuirs' e is do-bròim ;  
Gu 'n do leig an Fhìann gùr chrnaidh  
Re dìothachadh a' mhòr shluagh.

## FIONN.

29 'A Ghuill mhìc Morna nam mòr ghnìomh,  
Fhìr a chleachd ar cobhair riamh,  
A mhìann sùile gach baile,  
A h-òich làidir na teugmhaille,

30 'Is d'ina leam Conn a bhagradh ort,  
Is air elanna Morna 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.  
Cuirpemaid fuath is falachd air eùl,  
Biomaid nìle dh' aon rìu.

32 'Ged' mharbhata an Fhìann nìle  
Gu dìothachadh an aon duine,  
Blàthinn fèin 's mo threuna leat,  
A rìgh na Fèinne, 'gad chomhair.'

33 Ghuaisidh Goll 'na chulaidh chruaidh  
Ann aon fiamais a' mhòr shluagh.  
Bu gheul is dearg gumh an fhìr  
Re dol 'an tìs na h-ìorghuile.

34 Dh' èirich frith, is fearg, is faoch  
Air dà mhakaidh an dà mhòr laoch.  
An dà chruaidh bu mhòr eith,  
Chuir iad an tulach air bhall-chrith.

35 Aon là deug agus tràth  
Gu 'm bu tuirseach mic is mnà,  
Gus 'na thuit le Goll nam beumannan  
An sonn mòr air cheart èigin.

36 Gàir aobhinn gu 'n d'rinn an Fhìann  
Nach d' rinneadh leo roimhe riamh  
Re faicinn Ghuill chròlha 'n uachdar  
Air Chonn meanmnach, mòr, naibhreach.

## 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 traditionary ballad. Not a line of it is in his Gaelic.

1 SGEULACHD AIR CONN MAC AN DEIRG,

Lìonnta le mor throm fheirg  
Teachd dhiobadh bas athar gun fheall,  
Air uaislibh 's màithibh na Fèinne.

2 An sgeul sin raig Fhinn,  
An Fàrmal nan creugan Ard ;  
Sheall mi 'n cuairt air armaun ghreadhnach,  
Ghreas gach laoch gu bhail chath' sgrìth.

3 Co dhiu' is mo Conn n' an Dearg Mor,  
'S e labhair Oseair nam binn ghloir ?  
No 'm b'ìonann Deallbh agus Dreach,  
Do Chonn Mor near meannach ?

4 Chunnacas Conn thar stendaibh glasa,  
A' tarraing a luinge a steach,  
Ann Carrais Cuain nan caolas.

5 Shuidh air an Tulaich 'n cor,  
Am Fìu Curranda, dian, mor,  
Gabhail do chleasa gu garg,  
Ann am barca nan iarmailtean (thaca na h-ear-  
mailt)

6 Bha laun nìmhe a lìodairt chorp,  
Aig a' Chonn theugbhalach na mor ole :  
Ealtuinn cheardaill ghlan ghrinn,  
Ar an fhear mhor, mhear, mheannnach,  
A 's e gu feurrail suibhreach eibhinn,  
A mhac samhail eha 'n fheacas riamh,  
A' sìubhal sratha, no mor shlàbh.

7 Gruidh choreara mar Indhar caoin,  
Rosg ghorm fo mhala chaoil ;  
Snil a tilgeadh teine ruaidh,  
A' loisgeadh gaisge na mor shluagh.

8 Bha laun fo sga a sge,  
Aig an laoch gu àireite ;  
Dh' iomar o iomad cleas luthaidh,  
Do 'n Fhèin gu 'm b' aobhar tuirse.

9 'S e comhairle chinn aig Fhinn fèin,  
'S aig màithibh na Fèinne gu leir ;  
Deagh Mhac Fhinn bu bhìtne glóir,  
A chuir thuige an ceud thos,  
Dh' fhiosrachadh sgeul dhe 'n fhear dhoerach  
Chuir sinn Fearas beul dearg binn fhoclach.

10 Chuir mhòir mhìr mheannmaich,  
Gheig air ghil dheallbhach ;  
'Se m' fhiosrachadh dhìot gu beachd,  
Cìod fàth do thurais a dh' Albainn ?

11 Dh' ìmsinse sin duit gun chleth,  
Fhearas mas aill heir leat ?  
Eiric m' athar b' àill leam uath,  
Na bheil sibh a Mhatha san Fhèinne. (al. Eirin)

12 Ceann Fhinn oit 's Ghuill,  
C'inn chlàna Morna nìle ;  
Fhaotainn an eiric aon duine  
No còmhraig eùig ceud uath.  
Do 'r màithibh 's do 'r garbh shluagh,  
Gu 'm buininn ra cinn diubh a mach,  
Dh' àindeoin Fhinn as Chormaic.

- 13 'N uair phill Fearas o 'n fhear mhor,  
'S e labhair Fionn fath an t-sloigh;  
Innis an sgeul dhuinn gu nochte,  
Na ceil oiriu dh' aon lochd.
- 14 'Se sid Conn Mac an Deirg,  
Alr a lionadh le trom fhearg;  
Teachd a dhioladh bas athair gun fheall  
Air uaislibh is maithibh ua Feinne.
- 15 Eiric athar is aill leis,  
O na bhleil sibh mbaithibh 'n Eirin,  
Ceann Fhinn oirt a Ghuill,  
Cunn chlanna Morna uile.
- 16 Fhaotainn an eiric aon duine,  
No comhrag cuig ceud uath,  
Do 'r maithibh, 's do 'r garbh shluagh,  
Gu buineadh e na cinn diubh mach,  
Dh' aindeoin Fhinn 's Chormaic.
- 17 An sin thuirr Conan maol Mac Morna,  
Leigear thuige mi 'n ceud thos,  
As gu 'm buinnin 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 Oscair na mor ghloinn.
- 19 Ghluais Conan na mi-cheil,  
Dh' aindeoin na Feinne gu leir;  
An caramh Chuinn bhuaidhich brais,  
An car bu tuaille dh' eirich leis.
- 20 B' iomad sgread 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 eisleachd.
- 22 An sin thuirr ficead fear Finne,  
Leagaidh sinne a luath mhire;  
Rachadh Conn a romha sud,  
Mar sheobhag troimh caittainn eun.
- 23 Thug e ruadhar fir ri foirre,  
Nas luath ma roth muillein;  
B' iomadh ionmhas 's am bar a bhos,  
B' iomadh lamh ann 's leth chos.
- 24 Aip 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 ficead fear uain  
G' ar maithibh 's g' ar mor shluagh,  
A thoirr a' chin a Mhic an Deirg,  
Dh' aithnich sinn Fionn fo throm fheirg.
- 26 Rachadh Conn troimh sud,  
Mar sheobhag troimh caittainn eun  
Rha Conn a' caice a sgiath  
Ag eigheach comhraig gu dian.
- 27 Dheagh Mhic Morna nam mor ghniomh,  
Fhír a chleachd mo chomhair rianh;  
Nach truagh leat conn a' bagairt ort,  
Is air chlanna Morna nan gear lot?
- 28 Nach d' thugadh tu an ceann deth,  
Mar a thug thu dhe athair roimhe?  
Dheanainse sin duitse, Fhinn,  
Fhír nam briathar blatha bin.
- 29 Chaidh gach faachd 's falachd air chul,  
Bhíodh uile a dh' aon run;  
An sin chaidh Goll na chulaidh chruaidh,  
An fianuis a mhór shluaigh.
- 30 Bu gheall dearg gnais an fhír,  
Na mheall garbh an tus Iorghuill,  
Ghluais e gu ciocrasach dana,  
Dh' iounsaidh na teughalach.

- 31 Tha ceth teine de 'n airm chruaidh,  
Tha ceth fala de chaimh an cuirp.
- 32 Tiomadh caor theine rnaidh  
Teachd o ninn nan arm chruaidh,  
Os ceann nan ceann bheartain carrach,  
Is iad a' cuimhneach na mor fhalachd.
- 33 An da chuiridh bu mhor cith,  
Chuir iad an tullaich air chrith  
Am folt sguabaidh 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 eibhina rinn an Fliann,  
Nach do rinn a leithid rianh,  
Ri faicinn dhoibh Ghuill an uachdar,  
Air Conn treun, bras, uabhrach.
- 36 Tri rajan aig gun robh slan,  
Toirt Chonain chrin a sas,  
Leigheas Ghuill mhic Morna.
- 37 Sgeulach air Chonn ferra fearrail,  
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 Caitness, 19th and 20th April, 1854, by George MacLeod and James Cumming, 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 IXNIS dhuinn Ossein naraich,  
Mhic Fhinn uaisle shuair shò ghradhich;  
\*Do sgeul air Conn, Fearg, is Fearail,  
\*Na soinn chalmant coghneal.
- 2 Co bu mho Conn na 'n Dearg mòr,  
Ossein nam briathar ceolbhinn;  
An b' ionann dealbh dha is dreach,  
Is do 'n Dearg mbaiseach mhoralach.
- 3 Bu mho Conn gu mòr mòr,  
Teachd o mhara le shloigh;  
\*Tarrainn a luingeas a steach,  
\*Gu teamhair<sup>1</sup> cuain is caolas.
- 4 \*Bha sgiath ninn air gu leagadh a chorp,  
\*Air crios teng-bhoil na mòr ole;  
\*Is claidheamh air sgath a sgeith;  
\*Air an loch ud gu h-aimbreath.
- \*Bha gruaig cuire<sup>2</sup> air mar inthar caomh,  
\*Rosg gorm, an dà mbala cho chaol;  
\*Folt buidhe aghmhor teardail,  
\*Uasal fearal aobhinn grunn.
- 6 Sheas air an tulaich ma ur comhair,  
Milidh curamnt' bha ro mhor;  
Leis an gabhta' chleus gu garbh,  
Ann am<sup>3</sup> bailen na h-iarmaid.
- 7 Bheireams' no bhriathar einnt,  
Phadrug cha bu nar ri imns';  
Gu na ghabh sinn d' eagal  
Roimh uile is nach do ghabh,  
Sinn rianh 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 loch dh' shiocarach,  
Bhaigheach bhinn fhocalach.

<sup>1</sup> Teamhair, a shaded walk on a hill, hence *Teamhair cuain*, a harbour or bay naturally protected from storm.

<sup>2</sup> *Gruaig cuire*, curling hair like the gentle yew.

<sup>3</sup> In sword exercises the thrusts and cuts made thro' the air.

- 9 Ghluais Fergus air combairl athair, mar bu choir,  
Do ghabhail sgeul churaidh  
O Chonn bu ro mhór.
- 10 Bheannaich Fergus le gloir bhinn,  
Do Chonn tairise<sup>4</sup> bhla ro' Fhinn;  
Fhreagair Conn e mar bu choir.  
Fherguis fhilidh fhir choir.  
Mhic an fhir<sup>5</sup> dhimeasidh mhear,  
Dhuainn bhuaadhich dheud ghair,  
Thainig a glabhair sgeul o Fhionn.  
'Cia fath do thoeid do Eirinn?'
- 11 Fios mo thurnis ann gu beachd,  
Fherguis nam b' fhear a b' áill leat?  
Eiric m' athair a b' áill leam,  
Dhíbhsé mbáithibh fir Eirinn.
- 12 Gu ceann Ghoill is dá 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,  
Combrag air coig ceud ur sloigh;  
Air mhóch mhaduinn a maraich,  
Gu sgarain an einn o 'n corp  
An aindeon Fhinn is Chormaic.  
Gluaisidh Fergus thugain fein,  
Phadruig na abairim breug.
- 13 Chlost sinn sud an Fheinn uile,  
'G eisdeachd ri sgeul Fherguis,  
Labhair Fionn flath nár sloigh  
Fherguis ciod do sgeul o 'n fhear mhór?  
Iainis duinn gu beachd.  
'S na ceil romhainn na h-ainiochd.
- 14 Se mo sgeulsa o 'n fhear mhór,  
Nach fhearr leis gun choig ceud ur sloigh  
Air mhóch mhaduinn a maraich,  
Gu cath comhraig diobhlaich,  
Gu ceann Ghoill, is dá 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 chuige sa cheud doigh  
Gu sgarainn an ceann ud de,  
Air a cheann diomsa air a cheann desa,  
Beir a mholach!—a Chonoim mhaoil!  
So an onoir nach fhaidh thu chaidh,  
'Cia fath gn 'n coisgeadh tu Conn  
Fhairbidh<sup>6</sup> 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 chnmaic an laoch bu claoín a dealbh,  
Coinean dol an scallh uan arm  
Thug e sidheadh do 'n fhear,  
Is ghabh e teicheadh a choin fhalbhidh,  
Ach 's lionmhór seread is iolach cruaidh.  
Bha aig Conoin ri aon nair,  
Bu hnaith e na tuirm tuile teachd,  
'S an Fheinn uile ga choimhead,  
Bu lionmhór cnapain agus meall.  
Bha 'g eiridh suas air a droch ceann,  
Air maile Choinen gu reamlar.  
Na coig eoil sa 'n aon cheangail.

Beannaich aig an laimh shin riut.  
Labhair Fionn flath na Fiann,  
Gu ma turus gan eiridh dhuit,  
Choincan dhona mhi cheilidh.

- 16 Ach chuir sinn ur coig ceud a mach,  
Gu mear meannmarach moralach  
Cha an laoch ud trompa gun ghrainn,  
Mar sheobhag dol troimh altan mhin eun,  
Is mas tinn-dal tu barr a bhois  
Bu lionmhór leth-laímh agus cos,  
Bu lionmhór colliunn bha gun cheann,  
Nan coimlean marbh air 'n aon lamh,  
Coig ceud eile ciod bhiodh iad ann,  
Bhiodh iad marbh air 'n aon bhoun,  
Ghluais sinn seachd fichead fear mór,  
Ionnas gu 'n d' thainig an diobhal oirne  
Chaidh e trompa mar tuhaoil muileann,  
Bu hnaith e na rotha gall mhuilleann  
Thnit na seachd fichead fear mór  
Ionnas gu 'n d' thainig an diobhal oirne,  
Far an d' rinn an Fheinn an gair cruaidh,  
Bhi ditheachadh ur mor shluagh,  
Fhir nach d' aitheachadh cabhain riamh  
Air thapiachd 's air mhór ghníomb,  
Mhiann suile gach bór :<sup>7</sup>  
Is phrioinna gach tengbhoill,  
Nach fhaic thu Conn 's e maoitheadh ortsa,  
Ghoill churaidh gach nambaíd,  
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 gn 'n bidheamaid uile de 'n aon rann,  
Dar bla Goll na chullaidh chruaidh'cht,  
Am fianuis fhkathaibh is a mhór shluagh  
Bha geal dearg an gnúise an fhir,  
'S bha shealladh garg an tús gach iorghuill  
Shin an da churadh bu mhór cith<sup>8</sup>  
Chuirte leo tulach air ball-chrith,  
Le an ceumibh b' fhearail lian,  
An Fheinn uile ga 'n coimhead  
Bha cith fala chruinn chorp.  
De las-fhaobhar nan arm nochd  
Ann bail eil nan sgiathibh gu ard.  
Is e dol síos do 'n iarmailt.  
Latha is aon trath deng.  
Bha na laoch ud nan sgainnir dheirg  
Ach na thuit le Goll nam beum  
Conn mor air cheart 's air eigin,  
Sin an gair aobhinn thug an Fheinn  
Mar nach d' thug fos droigh a riamh  
Bhi faicinn Ghoill chruadhant.  
An nachdair air Conn treun.  
Is fuasgladh Chonain a cás.  
'Eideadh cuir lannan na mi ghrais,  
Seachd ráithean do Gholl an aigh  
Gu 'leigheas ach am bí e slán,  
'G eisdeachd eil a dh' oidhch sa ló  
I! pronnadh ór fo thromh dhaimh.  
Sin mo sgeulsa air Conn mhic an Deirg.  
Thainig thugain fo throm fheirg  
Do dhioladh bás athair gun fheallsa,  
Oirbhsé mbáithibh fir Eirinn.  
(Cia fad an dnan ruigear a cheann gnath  
fhocal.)  
Crioich.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Borr, a bully, a noble, a prince. Borr also means a court, such as that of a King.

<sup>8</sup> 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 *errainn chorp*.

<sup>9</sup> The annotations are the Collector's.

<sup>4</sup> Fingal's pledge of fidelity. *Tairis*, trustworthiness. Proud and sportive.

<sup>6</sup> 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 Lauchlan, Edinburgh, February 7, 1872. 106 lines. Orally collected in Tiree, 1857, by Mr. Cumming, from a man locally known as Alisicr 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 fhir beul-aris chomhnuich Conn san Eilean Mhuil-each an deigh às athair, a mharbhadh an Eirinn. Ar do Chonn thèighinn gu lan neart ruinnich e bas athair a dhìoladh. Ruig e Eirinn chum na crìch so. 'S cha robh duine sheasamh romh. Chuireadh teachdar do dh'Albain os isal na riochd deireach a dh'fhacinn an robh doigh ann air an feudta buaidh fhaotain air Conn. Thàinig an teachdair Eirinnreach gu ruig Mull gu tigh mathair Chuinin. Neach a dh'fharraid dhè na choigreach co e, is eia as da, is e cìod a naigheachd a bh' aig.

Threagair easan gum d' thainig e Eirinn, gum bu deir-ceach e, 's nach robh naigheachd aig ach gum d' thugadh buaidh air Conn-Mac an Deirg. Eu-comasach ars mathair Chuinin, oir nan cumtadh fion dearg is umathair o Chonn cha neil an Eirinn na dh' gheabhadh buaidh air. Mar so fhuair na h-Eirinnich mach an deigh an cheadh-cadh iad Conn; oir thug an teachdair dhachaidh air; air ball chuireadh meadh-neach claidh Chuinin ri aghaidh is an deigh sin chail e bhualhan do chionnsuichte.

- 1 Co dhù is mo Conn no 'n Dearg mor ?  
No Oiscean nam briathraibh bin bheoil;  
No 'n ionnan dealbh agus dreach.
- 4 Dha fein 's do 'n Deargan mheunnach.  
Chuir e 'dha shleagh air a sgiath,  
Tengbhoileachd na mor lochd;  
'S a chaitheamb air sgiath kaelch,
- 8 Gun eagal aibhreat.  
Eiric m' athair a b' aill leam,  
O nìlean nìle na h-Eirinn;  
Ceann Chonain 's dha mbie Ghuill,
- 12 Ghuill is Chonain is Chormaic.  
Is na bheil beo do mhaithibh Eirinn,  
No Eirinn o thuinng gu tuinn,  
'Gheileachdan do m' aon chuin,
- 16 No eug ceud fear mor chuir so  
A chombrag ri m' fhear-dìoladhna maireach.  
Sin mar labhair Coirliomhan,  
Leagair mis' da ionnsuidh;
- 20 'S gum d' thugainn an ceann de,  
Thubhairt Fionn.  
Heisd thusa Choirliomhan,  
Na bi tighinn air comhadh cho cli sin;  
Cha cheannsaichean e gum fhoill,
- 24 Le da thrian 's na bheil an Eirinn.  
Bu lionmhoir sin a chluinntean ann,  
Phuc is garbh mbeall,  
Glaodh is iolach ard,
- 28 Ann am beul Chonain  
Cùm an deannuis' sin ruit Fhinn,  
Fhìr nam briathraibh bin a bheoil,  
'S gur fhein a thuit clann a Morla a mhòr  
theachd,
- 32 Thigeamaid is sùitheamaid a dh' aon ruinn,  
'S cuireamaid fuath is folach air chul,  
Th' chuireanna mo Threun a leat,  
A rìgh na Feinn gar combhadh,
- 36 Nuair bha Goll dol an cula chombrag  
A nuair sin am fiannas a mhòir shloigh,  
Chuir e sgiath bhacaidheach,  
Bhacaidheach air a laimh chli
- 40 Slacan cruadhach eurannta,  
Claidheamb na laimh dheis,  
Flaith mhòr mbaiseach fhearail ghrinn,  
Iuthair gharbh eibhinn,
- 44 Gruadh corrach mar iuthair chaon,  
Fo rosg na mala cuma chaoil.  
Air an seoladh ann an caol bhòortan corrach,  
Is e ri cumhneachadh na mor olc,
- 48 Sin dar thòisich an da laoch bu gharbh sgiath.  
Chuireadh an talamh air balla chrith,  
Ri sgoltadh na sgeana sgrìathach,  
Is sgoltadh na sgrìathibh sgeallach,

- 52 Rì doirteadh na fola moir,  
Fo lumban ùnachlach a cheile,  
Gus an d' thainig an oidhliche,  
'S 'n d' thainig sìthichean nach as na cuic.
- 56 Gabhail ioghuadh 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. in. 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 Dheirg' (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 ar caithrem an fhir mhòir  
Do thanic an oir fa deaghbhail  
An tren fhear a bhi lan do ghoil  
An Dearg dana mac Draiobhill
- 2 Briathra go thug an laoch lan  
Seall fàr thriall se ar sàll  
Nach geibhadh gun gheille leis  
O gach Feinidh da fheabhus
- 3 Gus na Fiannibh bfearr goil  
Triallas a Dearg mac Draiobhill  
Onoir o thir na fear Fionn  
Ga crìochadh oirar Fian Eirionn
- 4 'N uair thanic an laoch lan  
Ar ainmearmist comhlan  
Gabhlas an Dearg dead gheal euan  
Go Bein Eadin mor shluagh
- 5 Dias noch ar chunhail dail  
Chaidh choimhead an chuan cobhar ban  
Feidh na roid<sup>1</sup> geal mhae Fhinn  
Agus an Caol crodha mac Chreamuinn
- 6 Sin dias rach ar coimhead euan  
Ach tuitim na seairum suain  
No ghabh bare an fhir mhòir  
Caladh is trachd naibhion
- 7 Leinidh an Dearg bu mhaith dreach  
Ar tìr do chramuibh a chaoisach  
Tharuing e a bhare bu math snas  
Ar an trachd gheall glainmhidh
- 8 Folt fionbhuidh mar or ceud  
Os cion ambach in gruaidh 'n Dearg  
Da dreach gormsbuil gar gloinn  
Bu ghlan gunis a mhilidh

<sup>1</sup> Swift, gloss, in MS.

- 9 Da leccion remor chatha<sup>2</sup>  
An laimh mhic an athar fhálatha  
Sgiath oir ar aghuallan chli  
Ag mac uasal an ard ri
- 10 Lann nimhe le leadart corp  
Agan laoch gan eagla comhrice  
Mhian chumhduigh chlochara chor  
Fan mhílídh fochar suil ghorm
- 11 Geall gaisgadh an an domhan toir  
Ar mhéad ar neart ar dheilbh  
Air chomhrac cheart ar cheduibh
- 12 Eirghus Reidh na roid mac Fhinn  
Agus an Caol eodha mac creamhinn  
Do ghlacadar an airm nan dorn  
Is reathadar na chomhdhail
- 13 Tabhar sgela duin a fhír mhoir  
Os oruin ata coimhead an chuan  
Da mhac ri gn sar bhuaidh siun  
D Fiannaibh lan uaisle Eirionn
- 14 Críoch as an thánic me anois
- 15 Is me an Dearg mhic ri na bFionn  
Ag teachd do dhíaruidh ardghíachd Eirionn  
Labhrus rer unaghaidh mhíre  
Go dian leis an Dearg mac Draoibhil
- 16 Ní bfuaidh tusa a laoiach lan  
Urram no geill feraibh Fáil  
Cia maith síese a dhias laoch  
Canus formad agus fiach
- 17 Cia bhacas diom a gabhail  
Da nairisíod duit gach faith  
A Dheirg mhoir mhic an ard fhálatha  
Gur biomadh an Teamhrac laochlan
- 18 Neaoch a gheibhadh leat comhlan  
Ca bhail aon reach díobh a nois  
(Os maithríonn an Dearg mac Draoibhil)  
Gu bfechmiste ar a cheile
- 19 Ar bhíach agus ar naimhreite
- 20 Dar mo bhriathar gíodh pro líbh  
Do radh an Caol eodha mac Creimrín  
Racha me do chlaioithsi a nois  
A laoiach iad a thánic thairis
- 21 Air chaol eodha bu mhaith dreach  
Leimn in Dearg clascadach  
Le feirg mhór is le fiacha  
Mar gar bhuaíl in trein laoch
- 22 Do fhogar an Dearg comhrac chruaidh  
Gas an Chaol chrodha go mor nuáil  
Thugadar an toran teath teann  
Le sgoilte sgiath agus caura<sup>3</sup>
- 23 Gur beath iomghreís na deísí sin  
Ansan iomruaigh do bhí e eatora  
No gur cheangla san rolan roth  
An Caol eodha san g Comhlan
- 24 Eirghus Re na roid Mac Fhinn  
Tareis an Chaóil Chrodh do chreachda  
Mac Ri na Feinne gan tor  
Ag coine an fhír mhoir sna chomhdhail
- 25 Gur biomtha geleas ansan gala  
An san iorghraíl mar leig thairis  
No gur cheangla euaídh an ceim  
Re na rod na luath bheim
- 26 Maith an gníomh dhuit san ghoil  
Uaítis síme aron do chreapill  
Fuasgail ar cuimbraich a laochlan  
Beir leat sin ad tímeihóil
- 27 Dnasgail Dearg nan arm síach  
Cuimbrich na deise deadh laoch  
Is do ghabha bhriathar air gach fear  
Nach togfadh airm na aghaidh.
- 28 Ghuasadar an sin go Teamhradh  
Díbhios Chormic sa mhór theughluidh  
Mac Draoibhil na gear lann buaidh  
Gu tríath Teamhrach na ndeluidh.
- 29 Do eirghadar amach fir Theamhradh  
Fir mhór dheagh croidhach dheallbhach  
Gur biomadh fear duin bhruit sroil  
Attíomeihóil Chormaic na geedach
- 30 Labhrus tríath Theamhra gun onn  
Suidh a chliair chalma chuirín  
Ní huarfídhe díobh meirg aon fhír  
Nach togfadh airm na aghaidh
- 31 Suidhis treinfhír Innis Fáil  
Greis ar cheil an chomhdhail  
Le teachd chuga dhó go dana  
Fear foistinach fíor mballa
- 32 Se teachd ansna maidhín dhó  
Do mac Draoibhthíl na mor ghleo  
Don og innlta chaimsach  
Leagadar an rod re shoilsach
- 33 Beannuidhus an Dearg da ghloir bhinn  
Do thriath Teamhrach go haobhín  
Is do fhreagair an faith gun do dobhruin  
Chathmhílidh na tren fhíodhla
- 34 Le suidhe don Dearg noch ar thinn  
Labhrus ard ri Eirionn  
Brígh do thurus gu Teamhradh  
Aíris a laoiach mhoir mbeannuidh
- 35 Gur be beachd mo thuras duit  
A Mhic Art Churanta mhic Chormaic  
Treise na h-Eirionn gur bail leom  
Dar neamh fis bheamena tíomeihóil
- 36 Geilluid Eirionn ar muir  
Gíodh gur minic shaor siad treinfhír  
Ní fritur sin fogur gu bruth  
Eire tabhach le aon oíglach
- 37 Cíodh nach ail leatsa chormic  
Flaithus a thabhart dum gan dobhruinn  
Comhrac eed do chlann curadh  
Uaítse a mhic Art a Nualladh
- 38 Do churios me curaidh calma  
Achlaoith anogmhír Fhinn almbura  
Thog améirg noch ar tim  
Le fearg moir do chum an chomhlain
- 39 Gur be comhras a mhic ri na bhíonn  
An ced sin do thuitim na chomhlan  
An da ched eile fa ghníomh do  
Do chlaioith an Dearg an enlo
- 40 Nuar chonare Teamhra Díll  
An Dearg ar deamamh na hurlaidh  
Blhosuidh teachd go luath  
Tar mac Cumhail na mor shluagh
- 41 Agus tanic chugan íarmarach  
Mac Cumhail ga mor dhalach  
Trí míle gaisgach geas glan  
Nach fuar osadh no sgannill
- 42 Fleise oir fo chean gach fir  
Do mhuintir Fhinn o h-Almhuin  
Sgiath fhíodadh go bíomchar air  
Só Eairion síoda sígí sír shroil
- 43 Gath minic lan is luirach  
Fa gach laoch og ard sugach  
Inníol lasta ar gach fear fruioch  
Deoibhtur ar gach laoch lan gheal
- 44 Le teachd anns na madhmhí dhóimh  
In t-shluagh euranta chumhduigh  
Togbhus an Dearg ba maith dreach  
An pabíl oirbhuidh iollanach
- 45 Chuaidh fo Chormac an tína  
Cnr fáilte ar feinníobh o Ealmhuin  
Fuar eluioite Mhio Murn na gcecach  
Pog is euraídh attíge Teamhradh
- 46 Ghluis mac Ri na bFionn  
Asteach uain ansa pabíl  
Do thog trí chnóg cleis híidh  
Fa mor an tabhar iomghreís.
- 47 Ghuais Mac Cumhail fheil  
As teach nair ara chead leim  
Agus beannuidhus se don Dearg  
Don og aithelach fhionard

<sup>2</sup> Re mor chatha, gloss.<sup>3</sup> Calhara, gloss.

- 48 Beamghus Fionn noch fhruiluing tar  
Freagras an Dearg dreach dhana  
Do gar cumha go luath lionn  
Ar mac Cumhail no coumhan
- 49 Cia math do lamhsa fhir  
Do raidh flaith na Feinidh o Ealmhain  
Braighe na h-Eirion ni beiridhmise duit  
A Dheirg le h-eagla do chomhruc
- 50 Mas thugamsa do thriall sibh  
Aleachradh osleibhte Laighean  
Fear chomhrac eed ullamh sin  
Uaitse a mhic Cumhail arm grunn
- 51 De chuiris no ched ansin  
Do chlaoidh in Dearg dom mhuintir  
Do chuiris mo dhorn mo chonn mhic smoil  
Do chuiris mo Chonn mac Chonan
- 52 Thit 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 chonare mac Cumhail fheil  
An dearg ur deananh na hurlhidhe  
De bhrosuach se a chip chatha  
Do chosg mic anauthar fhatha
- 54 Eirghios Faolan le fearg mhór  
Ghlac ameirg tsaoilhadh shroil  
Glacadar cunpara cheile  
Tareis anuradh 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 mhóir  
A cheann ghaigeadh an mor shluagh  
Deich eed 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 chumhadh do bheirain duit  
A Ri na Feinnadh go turtachd  
Eirghus Goll nach ar fuiling tar  
Na chuidh eididh iomashlan
- 59 Chosg chomhlan an laoi lan  
Mar bhrosuidh na chomdhail  
Tugus an Dearg do chlaith (Ghuill  
Na hairn nimhe do bhi agoigeo
- 60 Thanic se go diomsach dana  
Gi ciochruach anait teagmhala  
Chuintheadar aboltanus 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 tugalar an mor theais
- 62 No gur thost fir Fioinn uile  
Le clos beimanach na biorguile  
Dith teine, dith cailec, dith cruaidh  
Do bhi da sgiathuibh san uair
- 63 Agus dith fola do nimhe  
Bhi fo chriosanadh na mliab  
Beathadar comhrac tri lá  
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 ainbhfios
- 65 Gar buidhach an flaith go mbuadh  
Do chomhrac Iollain aru ruadh  
Luidhe bliadhna anauthar Ghuill  
Tareis comhrac an laoi lonn
- 66 Atigh Teamhradh gon fhios  
Agus Feinidh mhic Morna da leighios
- 67 Do rin an Dearg dithchíol borb  
Ornin le na moir cholg  
Thuit eed dar muimtir na throd  
Agus tre ched do mhuintir Chormag
- 68 Is mi Fergus filie Fhionn  
O gruidh Feinic mhic Cumhail  
O thrial on feroin ar tuin  
Trian agaisgidh ni aivriosiomb.

Fimid.

## 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 Padruig. 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 FILLI.

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 keive

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 beggill lenn,  
A hagri hecht rinn

8 Derrim rwt a inn,  
Na drillis noonn  
Di warr agli zwle,  
Ilagni gi tromm

9 Gin chur ra wath,  
Si cath ne in doe  
Inseich chayth,  
Kinseleich sloe

10 A anich ne min,  
Fullich in fer  
Dossi ni skoll,  
Ossil a zen

11 Wrrik a loeg,  
Torvirych fayl  
A throst cayth is boyn,  
Foss flath a chayl

12 Dwn na olt,  
A wrunni mir chelk  
Wmlane mi chorp,  
Lomlane da herk

R 2

- 13 Memnycht a weiss,  
Dälweich a zwiss  
Ne elle re ooss gowle,  
Ne chell ort a inn
- 14 Tress ni doon,  
A zasga zrin  
Flaaoil föss,  
Daytholl a kness
- 15 Er zoole ne cless,  
Ne slim er hass  
Broontyeh a zale,  
Convyeh a royr
- 16 Ferriddi mein,  
Melledli moyr  
Da rayth gi brayth,  
Aw agis eich
- 17 Naweh ri cayth,  
Laweh a leich  
Claa chonis woyn,  
Sonnis ni wayne
- 18 Monmarryecht coyn,  
Hlericht 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 traen da wayd  
Boyn rowni a nir,  
Boy corrik er
- 21 Leydwich a zolli,  
Egni in sterr  
Leich cwnyeh loonn,  
Neawnyeh la lynn
- 22 Tangissi goole,  
Argissicht lynn  
Leich arm mar,  
Fargyeh ra chin
- 23 Colg convyeh er,  
Onchon er zoll  
Fer zalle ni gonn,  
Royt zraw ni ban
- 24 Beith dawe gin non,  
Di znaa 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 tranth shrow,  
Na reym in gayth  
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 zaulle er forri
- 28 Mak teadis elcweie,  
Nach tregi dawe  
Gin choggi reith,  
Nar laggi a layve
- 29 Owir a cholk,  
Is horbe a zlea  
Nor erri arg,  
Trane shelga zea
- 30 *A r<sup>e</sup> coele zlein,*  
Coythwil ess gyle  
*See boyngeh di zoell,*  
Gin noa gin nawle
- 31 In ness rame lay,  
A znayn zoo  
Werrin gin chelga,  
Trayn selga zoo
- 32 Ni twlli a ann,  
Far nass i gor  
Graw tenni inn,  
Trane chon a zooll
- 33 Treg heich a zwle,  
Be seichith ronn  
Nad ray gin ving,  
Trane feich finn
- 34 Zoywidsi sinni,  
Arriß a ayll  
Is skeil ni zroyem,  
Ne wor ni wane
- 35 Carri gin kelg,  
Bail tanni derg  
Anieh si low,  
A elow oss ard.  
Ard agni zwl.
- 13 Fa chossaw in greit  
Fa zvaue ni bann  
Gin dng in thath  
Treachaid cath fa chann
- 14 Er serattyeh o zea  
*M'Uorb* nor chail  
Id deir fa zoo  
Ne closs goo na vail
- 15 Ner earne er nach  
Zor air voo ynd  
Cha royve aeh re grane  
Re reyve vass a chynn
- 16 *Neie aik post in bocht*  
*Natryeh in noef*  
*Nerga nra neve*  
*Ner caree in ser sojee*
- 17 Ne hynasse zveve  
A beine gin de bra  
Ner ynasse voym trane  
A voye si waa
- 18 Aeh is olk id tam  
In dei ind ni vane  
Di quly less in thath  
Gi math wa na zai
- 19 Gin angnow in vor  
Gin annith glan geith  
Gin nor in mue ree  
Is gin wre ni leich
- 20 Is tursyeh id tam  
In dei chinni ni gaid  
Is me in erann er creith  
Is me keive er naik
- 21 Is me chnoo eheith  
Is me in teach gin schrane  
Achadane ni nor  
Is me in toath gin treath
- 22 *Is me ossia natfynn*  
Er trane ym zneith  
Nad be voa finn  
Di bi lwm 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<sup>t</sup> pley hane  
Na hallith re hoil  
X<sup>t</sup> urskir gorm  
X<sup>t</sup> corn in noor
- 26 Aeh bi wath in traive  
A wag finn ni vane  
Gyn dechil 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 thath in thoye*  
*Sathon er a loa*  
Re nyn wle aig  
Roy zwnni ni ner zwlt
- 29 Ner zwlt finn ree nath  
Ga bi veg a lynn  
Char elurhe ass i heach  
Nach zor danyth ann
- 30 Math in donna finn  
Math in donna ai  
Noeh char helic nath  
Lai zor helie sai.  
Sai.

A. 23. FINN FLA RE NO VANE.  
120 lines.

ACTOR HUGUS OSSANE M'FINN.

- 1 *Sai* la guss in dei  
Oy nach vaza nni finn  
Chanaka rem rai  
Sai boo zar lym
- 2 *Mok acyn oc hoik*  
Ree nyth wollyeh trom  
Medli is mo raith  
Mo ehely is mo chon
- 3 *Fa filla fa thaa*  
Fa ree er girre  
*Finn fla er no vane*  
Fa treach er gyeh ter
- 4 *Fa meille mor marre*  
Fa lowor er lerg  
Fa shawok glan geith  
Fa seith er gi carde
- 5 *Fa lillanich carda*  
Fa markyth nor yerve  
Fa hollow er zneith  
Fa steith er gi scherm
- 6 *Fa fer chart a wrai*  
Fa tawicht toye  
Fa hynseith naize  
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 bolt myr in tor
- 9 *Fa dwle dawf is doonna*  
Fa haryth nyn aw  
Fa hollow er znee  
Fa meime 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 zort zar zewe  
Terf nochta thra . . .
- 12 . . . brone bane  
. . . er nyth thoye  
Fa bi chroy cham

## M. 13. AIR GOLL MAC MORNA.

36 lines.

- 1 ARD aignidh Ghull  
Fear cogaidh Fhinn,  
Laoch leoghar-ionn,  
Fulangach, nach tiom,
- 2 Laoch fionn, fial,  
A 's milse glóir;  
Ní 'n saobh a chiall,  
Laoch aoibhídh mór.
- 3 A mhéine mēin,  
'Sa sgéimh gun chron,  
'S e 's gloine gean,  
Oide nan sgoil.
- 4 Ní bheil rígh os Goll;  
Ní 'n ceil ort, Fhinn:  
Treise na 'n tonn,  
Air ghaisce grinn,
- 5 Léoghan air ágh,  
Cródha 'na ghníomh,  
Neartuora a lámh,  
Rogha nan rígh:
- 6 Cliath chómhraig bhuan  
Do shonas nam Fhinn,  
Mordhálach shuaigh,  
Iorghuileach dian:
- 7 Buan rún an fhir.  
Buaidh chómhraig air,  
Leumnach a ghoil,  
Euchdach a stair.
- 8 Fear deud-ghéal caomh,  
Nach tréig a dháimh;  
'An cogadh rígh  
Ní 'n lag lámh;
- 9 Proimnteach a gháir,  
Confhach a threoir;  
Fíuranda mìn,  
Míleanta mór.

## X. 7. ROSG GHOILL MAC MORNA.

Copied and divided by Hector Mac Lean, June 21, 1872. From Miss Brooke's Irish Collection.

- 1 ARD aigneach Goll.  
Fear cogaidh Finn.  
Laoch leabhair lonn.  
Foghail nach tim.
- 2 Goll cruthach caomh.  
Saor, éineach suadh.  
Saorsnas-ídhach athaobh,  
Maraighe na slugh.
- 3 Mac Morna near  
Fa cródha aghal;  
A chliu fa sean,  
Fear seineamhlil sin.
- 4 Laoch féinnidhe fial,  
Is gile glóir;  
Ní saobh a chiall,  
Laoch áobhdha mór.
- 5 Ní tais do ní,  
Mar théid acéath;  
Réim flatha faoi;  
Ce mìn a cmeas.
- 6 A mhéin ní mion,  
Sa sgéimh gan ghron;  
Is sé is gloine d'fhíor  
Oide na Sgol.
- 7 Níor lag a lámh,  
Fear déidgheal caomh;  
Nach theigean Dáimh  
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 ní tréith,  
Sáith shuaigh do rígh.
- 10 Caidreamh na ndámh,  
Leadrach na slóigh;  
Tonn fairrge thrén,  
Goll meamnach mór.
- 11 Budh heagal dhuit a Fhinn  
Laoch cime ceart;  
Fraoch mhíllte a neart  
A deirim riot.
- 12 A Fhinn an fluílt tais  
Air Goll na bris;  
A mheirge ní tais  
Is maírg thagmhus ris.
- 13 Flaith gan fheall;  
Gráin chéad ar Gholl;  
Air mhéad ar theann,  
A ceath ní tim.
- 14 A deirim riot a Fhinn,  
Comhail is geall;  
Sith bhuan do Gholl  
Gan fluath, gan fheall.
- 15 Hlaigeadh go trom.  
A deirim riot a Fhinn,  
Na ndrithlis ndonn;  
Bí ar eagla Ghull.
- 16 Ge buan re maith,  
A ceath ní dóigh;  
Ionnsaightheach áigh,  
Cionsealach slóigh.
- 17 Uasal a ghean,  
A éineach ní mion;  
Fuilteach an fear,  
Duasa na sgol.
- 18 Oídhreireach re sluaigh,  
Toirbheartach trén;  
Cosg catha is buan,  
Fós flath e.
- 19 As fial lomlán da sheire,  
Doimne ina fhólt;  
A bhruinne mar chaile,  
Lomlan a chorp.
- 20 Eire fa chíos  
Budh cóir dhá chúis;  
Is meamnach bhíos  
Is dealbhach a ghúis.
- 21 An gaisgidheach grinn  
Ní bhfuil ní os Goll;  
Ní cheilim ort Fhinn,  
Is treise e na tonn.
- 22 Flaithreamhuil a fhíos,  
Daitheamhuil a chueas;  
Ar Goll na clis  
Ní slim a ttreas.
- 23 Míleanta mór,  
Bronntach a dháil;  
Confhadhach a threoir,  
A fhearg go brut ágh.
- 24 Agus fíoch a bhuanachd ar  
cháich,  
Lámhachadh laoch;  
Rogha na rígh  
Leomhan ar ágh.
- 25 Cródha na ghníomh,  
Leabhar a lámh;  
Cleaithe chonus bhuan,  
Sonas na bhfian.
- 26 Mórdhálach, caoin;  
Iorghalach dian;  
Éigneach astair,  
Buan rún an fhir.
- 27 Buaidh comhlann air,  
Leidmheach, aghail;  
Sonas na rod.  
Solas a dbead.
- 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,  
Flathcheleach úr.
- 30 Fear clíde saor,  
Fear bris mír;  
Na craoiseach ecórr,  
Leathan a hann.
- 31 Cathar Goll,  
Rithaoiseach teann;  
Treig thfíoch a Ghull,  
Bí siotdha rinn.
- 32 Re do réidh gan mbeirg,  
Trián fíodhaidh ó Fhionn  
Ní fuar mo mhéin,  
Tréigbhinse ní fíoch.
- 33 Díbh a Fhearguis fhéil,  
Do sguir mo ghruairn;  
A chara gan cheilg,  
A bhéal tana dearg.
- 34 A éineach 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 'Liaighair' in his poem of 'Conn.' The translation is at page 306, Engl. edit. 1780. 'Cuthon, the son of Pargo,' Mac Pherson's Caledonian Fingal is instead of 'Fionn';

'Selma' is instead of Teanhra or Almhinn; and Conn Mac an Deirig 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 begging from house to house, he happen to come where Fingal was hunting one day, then he recompences 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 fhlichead déug fear gu fíor;  
'S bu ebeannarl trí naonar fear feachd,  
An t-aon fhear bu táire dhinn.
- 2 Shuidh bean Liuir air gualán Fhinn,  
Shuidh Fionn air le' ghuadain Liuir;  
Shuidh Rígh Arta na re Aogh,  
Aogh Mac Garabb a ghnúis glúil.
- 3 Shuidh Conchair is Cormaic cruinn,  
Na re Aogh a b' áille bán;  
'So sin a' ris a mach,  
Shuidh gach neach bh' ann air am biadh.
- 4 Bha eanáitean da shéinn san teach,  
'S dúin da ghabhail gu ceart chóir;  
Bha bodha drúinís air gach clár,  
A deanadh gairdeachas is ceól.
- 5 Mar sin dhuinne caitheamh tinn,  
'S gu bu bhinn lean féin ar dóidh;  
Gu 'n easbhuidh air mí na air fíon,  
No air fidhlairachd is ceól.
- 6 Mar sin bha gu la roi' n dáil,  
Gu sabhaich, samhach gu 'n bhrón;  
Gus an d' ainig mor shluabh Ghuille,  
'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 Ghuille,  
Seóladh a nall gu Drim feann.'
- 8 'Is chí mí bhratach gu lí-árd,  
An gathailbh chram thair Drim blagh;  
'Sa chomradé ud as mo cheann,  
Nach raibh mí ann coi' leon sléagh,
- 9 'Comhairle Cailleich echain,  
Comhairle chruaidh dhúinn gu beachd;  
Gach neach tha sibh colach gu gnuíomh,  
Deongidb sibh trí air an fhear.'
- 10 'Sanu an sin a labhair Liur,  
Tha comain agam air Goll;  
'S ma sa eumdaín leis an fhear,  
Bu ro aithridh mí air fonn.'
- 11 'N sin ghluais Liur an co'-ail Ghuille,  
Triuir air eacahm is e féin;  
Is bheannaich e gu bhinn dho',  
Mar a nochdsá glóir mo sgóil.
- 12 'Gu beannaich an t-agh thu Ghuille,  
Fhír is fear a' ta fuídh 'n ghróin;  
Fhír is fhearr comain is cóir,  
'S fhearr thu gu mór na mí féin.
- 13 'An eumhain leat la an eich bhric?  
Air fraochan os cionn Tom ehar;  
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 ghróin;  
Ma tha t-athcheuinge a bhos,  
Eirich agus gheibh gu róidh.'
- 15 'Oighe do bha 'm thigh an róir,  
Fionn Mac Cluthaill toobh mar thúinn,  
Tha da leigil skán thair sliabh,  
O 'n tharladh mo bhia 'na bhróinn.'

Dh' ordach a bhean chomhairlachidh bh' aig, Liur,  
do dhaoine Finn fear a dhól mu chomhair triuir

do dhaoine Ghuille o na bha iad cho lionmhor;  
Mharbhadh cach Ghuille latha, agus uahairlhte e  
fein mar an ceudna, mar a d' thuga Liur an  
t-each glas dha.

- 16 'Imichaibhsa air ar 'n ais,  
A shluabh bras o Inuse fréoine;  
'S mar ghabhsa an t-anam 'n ar corp,  
No briseadh focal mo bheóil.'
- 17 Ghluais sinn uile do thigh Liur,  
Is fhuair sinn ann míl is fíon;  
Ge d' tha e 'n dún na fhuasach fuar,  
Bha e nair a b' áros Rígh.
- 18 Do chunnaig mise tigh Liur,  
'S bu lionmhor ann míl is fíon;  
'S chunnaig mí na dheidh sin,  
Liur 's a bhean bhial fuídh dhí.
- 19 'S chunnaig mí na dheidh sin,  
Gu 'n spéis dhí aig fear no mnaoi;  
Aig imeachd o thigh gu tigh,  
Dh' fheuch eia 'n tigh a b' fhearr dha mbaoin.
- 20 Latha do bha Fionn a sealg,  
Le Fheinn ealma aig Beinn luire;  
Co chunnaig fad o lamh,  
Acb an t-árd Rígh d' a b' ainm Liur,
- 21 Dh' imích gu grad na dháil,  
Le gean agus gradh is sibh;  
'S eho d' leig e neach leos do ebach,  
Chum 's nach cuirte nair air Liur.
- 22 Se do bheatha fein a Liur,  
Flúir a eomain ghlasta ghrinn;  
Fhuair mí moran do' d chuid,  
'S eho d' iarr thu dadam da chionn.
- 23 Thug thu dhámh 's tu d' shuidh ag dól,  
Aon fhlichead déug bo le 'n laoidh;  
Is baotlan an cois gach bó,  
Air Fraoch os ceann Drim caol.
- 24 Thug thu dhámh naoi fichead each,  
Gu 'm iomeachair a eás ealoidh;  
'S aon fhlichead déng fúí 'n beairt,  
Da 'm thabhairt gu tráidh steach thair tuinn.
- 25 'Thug thu sin dhám gu 'n bhróig,  
Gu 'n éura' gu féilidh cóir;  
Gu 'n luach no dioladh da eheann,  
Fhír is céillidb caint is glóir.'
- 26 'Cho mhise féin anois Liur,  
Ors am fear a bu mhóir iochd;  
B' fhearr leam bás fhulang an theach,  
No gu 'n gáibhte mí na riochd.'
- 27 'Gu deimhin 's tu féin 'nois Liur,  
Ors 'm fear a b' áille bán;  
'S air an ádhbhar sin gheibh thu,  
Coi' dhioladh 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 lúing,  
Da d' thabhairt gu traoidh tuinn a steach.'
- 29 'Fuasglaidh mí dhuit d' fhearram saor,  
O gach aon lán loech d' am bheil;  
Ní mí thu a d' thioicadh lán,  
'S cuiridh mí thu skán gu d' theach.'
- 30 Chóir' lion e dha sin mar rádh,  
'N tra' chaitid iad sea laith a cluich;  
Cluich e da thigh e mar gheall,  
Is céud ealm d' a dhion o uile.'
- 31 'Sin agaibh iomlad an da Rígh,  
Mar dh' iochd iad eoinmheas da chéil;  
Bu sheireil, eomhannach, cóir,  
Gu 'n an-íochd no gó iad féin.
- 32 'Míle beannachd dhuit gach ré,  
'Oisín théilidh is linn glóir;  
Air son an sgoil co nua' blagh,  
'S a dh' aithris thu dhám re 'm bheó.

## 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-bhínn druinneis air gach clár,  
A deanadh gairdeachais is ceol.
- 6 Teach na feile, teach na baigh,  
'M bu mhór ábhacht nan ceud sloigh ;  
Gus an d' thainig cabhlach Ghnùll,  
Am fradharc air tuinn d' ar coir.
- 8 Is chí mi bratach an àigh,  
Ann gatháibh chrannc seach Druim-bhagh.
- 9 Comhairle Chormaic nam buadh,  
Comhairle chruaidh dhúinn gu beachd ;
- 15 Oigh do bha 'm thig an raoir, (*avigh*)
- 17 Ghluais ial uile do thigh Liur,
- 19 Chunaig mi feile nam fear,
- 20 Ach an t-Aghor d' am b' ainm Liur.
- 24 Gu 'm iomaear a cas Chuinn ;  
'S aon fhichead deug Long fuí' m beairt.
- 27 Ors an fear a b' aille 'n Fhiannc ;  
Gheibh thu 'n comain do dhea' ruin,  
Cof-dhioladh a d' reir gn fial.
- 29 Choi-líon mo Ríogh mar a gheall,  
Mo Ríogh gun fheall do Rí'-Liur ;  
Am fiontraínn dh' eídich maraon,  
A bhean 'sam laoch bu mhór cur.
- 39 Chuiread ceud calma gu dhíon,  
Gus an tír ann d' fhuair e iúl ;  
B' eibhinn aídhearach an Fhiannc,  
A tríall leis an Triath gu mhur.
- 31 'S e sin íomlaid an da Ríogh,  
Mar dh' íochd ial éineach na féil ;  
Bu cheanaíl 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 Hiram, 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 Finn for a year as his wife.
3. A Princess of Greece is pursued by Ilin or Iolon, 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 Cromor, Prince of Inverne, is pursued by Ulin. 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 Fainasalis came, that sunbeam, that mild light of love,' &c. The Lady, 'The Maid of Craea,' is pursued by 'Borb' 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. Es-rorg . . .            | 162   | D. 18. An Irvin . . .        | 196   |
| D. 19. Eas Ruadh . . .          | 139   | D. 29. An Iomhúinn . . .     | 22    |
| H. 19. Maighre Borb . . .       | 124   | F. 18. Dan na h-Inglin . . . | 128   |
| I. 13. Maire Borb . . .         | 128   | L. 2. Dan na h-Inglin . . .  | 199   |
| M. 19. Cath. Rígh Sorecha . . . | 136   | M. 9. Dan na h-Inglin . . .  | 84    |
| N. 5. Meira Borb . . .          | 163   | S. 2. Dan na h-Inglin . . .  | 84    |
| S. 3. The Fall of Bora . . .    | 191   | V. 11. Dan na h-Inglin . . . | 150   |
|                                 | 553   |                              | 651   |

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 Däsniehe. This name is applied to Deer 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 fiann alabinn,  
Air maol-fhionn chnoc-o griauan,  
Air maol-fhi-ann chnoc-na dalich,  
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 fhiannis,  
Luchd seilge gach a sleibha
- 4 Sgaolada, &c.  
Man dug an luchd seilge sin,  
An athlann 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 mhalta.
- 7 A Bhaobh, &c.  
Amhluidh 's do bha 'n og bhean sin,  
Bha orrase buaidh dealbha
- 8 Amhluidh, &c.  
Brat do 'n t-siada bhuidhe bha,  
Mo nigfin an t-scanga bheoin,
- 9 Brat do 'n.  
Folt dualach donna fhlath  
Le oehd oireanna fheadha,
- 10 Folt  
Brat do neaghuinn orlucht,  
An in-ehuine òir na braghid.
- 11 Brat  
Air cheangal le h-òr dearg,  
Sud uimpe sa Phadraig,
- 12 Air  
Air an t-ialc fhod bhuidhe,  
Eada rinn ga feuchin
- 13 Air an  
Do dh' fiosruich fionn fionn  
Do Nionag eas thanig
- 14 Do dh' fiosruich  
O chathir na Soeha  
Thainn ars an nionag
- 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 fionn  
Gan d' rugadh mo mhatuir
- 17 Se  
Sann sa chabir Lochlannach  
A rugadh mi san oiche
- 18 Sann  
Dhaoidh mi san fhearann  
Ùs se Geallach F' n air mo Bhrathir
- 19 Dhaoidh  
Rugadh mi mar Bhanacheila  
Don Dearg muinn mac an drengnuinn

- 20 Rugadh  
An Dearg mor bha toibheumach  
Cha d' fhuair e toil mo mheannadh
- 21 An Dearg  
Gan rabh an curi cath-mìli  
O 'n latha sin gam leanmhuinn
- 22 Gun rabh  
Gum b' iomadh Tonn Thorr-Ihuan  
Fuidh sparradh an Deirg-Eibhinnich
- 23 Gum 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 eagal an Deirg mhoir-ehuisich  
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 nau chumbachdabh  
Bhi n aghaigh an fhuioir mhor achdannich
- 29 O nach  
Cuirims an Ad-mhullich  
Arsa Goll an lamh bu treina
- 30 Cuirims  
Nach bhail air an Domhan  
Laach a gheibha tu air eigin
- 31 Nach  
Cha b' fhada fuin chuinnic sin  
Do dh' fearann Fiann Eirinn.
- 32 Cha  
Nair chunnachdar a sonna mhìli  
A tìgn o 'n bheinn gu cheila
- 33 Nair  
Mac na Deirga Däsniehe  
Nach faeas riamh mhac samhla
- 34 Mac  
Na chaoiribh dearg mar bharr-lasir  
Tiogn thuginn gu dian dana
- 35 Na  
Bha kann 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 Tuarasdil  
'S ciad cila leis na bhuidhmidh
- 38 Deich  
Mo leagadh an Deirg Mhorchuisich  
Gum b' ann dar Feinn a chlaoidhadh
- 39 Mo  
Nair mhofhuich Goll gnìomhachdach  
Fiannabh Fhinn gan leagadh
- 40 Nair  
Dh' eirich e na fhior-theasumh  
Mo lomachd mhic an Drengnuinn
- 41 Dh' eirich  
Dh' eirich an da chath-mhìli  
Gu bras an aigh'ch a cheila
- 42 Dh' eirich  
Eidar an da ro-mhìli  
Gum b' ole an ioghmadh treina
- 43 Eidar  
Sann le 'n casan morchuisich  
A mhoghadh iad Trom talabhinn



- 44 Sann  
Nochdadh an fhuil ghriinnis leo  
Del n innibh a cheila
- 45 Nachdadh  
Bhiota forra forragharr  
Na Laoich sin man cloit' ad
- 46 Bhiota  
B' e deiridh an imarsgeilsa  
Dimeas mhich an Dreugmuinn
- 47 B' e  
Gun dag Goll leis ceangailt  
Ann a fiadhuais theura 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 ANXIT doif skayle beg er finn,  
Ne skayle nach currein soym  
Er *v'coule* fay math golle,  
Fa cowin sen rame ray
- 2 Di wamyn beggane sloveg,  
Ag *essroyg* nym neggin mawle  
Di chemyn fa holta yr traie,  
Currych mor is ben ann
- 3 Kegit leich zownych mane leich,  
Fa math er gneit 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 hard 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 graanne,  
Is ser mayne nossyth dalwe  
In nyuin hanyk in gane,  
Di waymin feyn rompyth sorve
- 7 Heg thuggin gu pupaill finn,  
Is bannais 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 hune,*  
Innosit gyth crwn ny zayll  
Ne elli trawe fa neyin graue  
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 fiss  
Sloneit a niss ea ter a hei  
Goym rayd chomre a wen  
Er gi far za will in greit
- 13 Tay la feich a techt er marri  
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 chenn  
Gi berre fin may er saylle  
Is nach bein aggi mir wnee  
Gar wath a yuce is awge
- 15 Di raye osgir 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 Clogkit tem teygne ma chenni  
Far nar heme is bi tren  
Skar yawnyeh you er a zess  
A drum lin cless era elaa
- 18 Clave trom torytol nac gann  
Gi tem er teive in ir vor  
A gymirt class assi chind  
Is a techt in genn tloye
- 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 royve leich z'in 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 tloye  
Eddir in far mor si flaath
- 26 Hanik in leich bi wath tlacht  
Le feich is lay nar no genn  
Aggis foddeis woyt in wen  
Di we gar a zolin inn
- 27 Tuk m'Morn in turehir dane  
Gi croy na zey din tleyg  
Ner anni in turehir nar hay  
Za sky gin darny da wli
- 28 Di crath oskir fa mor ferg  
A chrissi yerg za layve elaa  
Aggis marveis stayd in ir mor  
In teach 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 nyrill chroy solli di seur  
Ga croy chaywill ni de cheill  
Er gi eine dew sin a churr

- 33 Di zrw't gowle in nagni vir  
Gu keddirt in ir in gor roit  
Ga hea 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 tuttym in ir vor  
In gar zi choyn croye in ceme  
Di we neyn re heir fa hwne  
Bleygin ac finn anysth nane
- 36 Flann m'Morn croy in eass  
Hor bass fa mor in tencht  
Ne reive leich a danik as zeive  
Gin a chneis lane di chrecht
- 37 Mathirsyth feine by wath tlaecht  
Neach a wackyth reyve neir er  
In nis ass derri dym zneith  
Er inn is annit doth skayll.  
Annit doth skayll.
- 38 Do zawe sca churre no o skay  
Leith na thraa zor royve ann  
Na gin dug ayr mor er ir wane  
Is gin dranik se a feyn fyunn.
- 39 Mir wee kegit leich garwe  
In daall in narm zo gi loor  
Wemist gin choywir fa smach  
Da goyyvs woyw in cor
- 40 Di weit in glywe gin tocht  
A eluyth chopp agus skay  
Co math chorik pen a deiss  
Ne aykyth reiss er mi ray
- 41 Eligir aggin ag in ess  
Fer bi wath tressi is gneivo  
Currir fa wrayth gi moyer  
Fane oyr in honor mi reith
- 42 Deyth bleyin zoole in narm naye  
In keith 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 Rìogh na Soreha' 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  
Chunecas aig sheola air Lear,  
Curach mor & Beann ann.
- 2 Sheisibh shinn nille gu dìom,  
Moch Fionn nan Fiann & Goll;  
Aig aibhrice a' Churich b' airde leim;  
'S bean da reir a scoltadh Thonn.
- 3 Aithne cha drèim neach ach tost,  
Gus 'n do ghaibh i Calla sa phort sheibh;  
Shin nar dh' eirigh air an Eass,  
Thaig as Macea Mnaoi.
- 4 B' ionnín dearsa dlùth 's do 'n Ghreín,  
'S bu thaoir a Mein ann 's gach Dealbh;  
Inghin og thaing an Cein,  
Beithemid fein roipe sòirbh.

- 5 Bheannuich I do phobul Fhinn,  
Gus bheannuich I gu binn doibh;  
Fhreagair Mac Cuthail na Fein,  
Gu h-abhail grunn dìth 's gu foil.
- 6 Dh' fhaireid an Rìodh bu mhath Fies,  
Cia t-aird a nighin ghlan ur;  
Nach innish u' dhuinn a Bheann,  
Cò 'n Treabh as an taing tu.
- 7 'S Inghinn mi do Rìogh Fa-thuinn,  
Dh' insin Shìnn dhuit ge Crainn mo Dhail;  
Nach h-eil Tìr mu 'n do Dh' iath Griann,  
Nach d' iarras thusa a Fhlath Phail.
- 8 Do bhrìgh do Thuirish air gach Rod,  
Inghin og as ro mhath dealbh;  
An t-abhar mu 'n taing tu 'n lein,  
Nach tabhair thu fein da 'n a Dhearbh;
- 9 Ort mo Choimrìn mas tu Fionn,  
Thoir dhaibh Linn a Mhacca Mhnaì;  
Do bhrìgh Furluinn is do Bhuaidh,  
Glac mo Choimrìn gu luath traidh.
- 10 Glacam do choimrìn a Bhean,  
Dh' aoin Fhear da bheil an Crich;  
Ach innish dhuine gu beachd,  
Co an neach bhiodh air do Thì.
- 11 Ta ga 'm Bheor-uidh ruagidh air Muir,  
Laoch bu bhor guin air mo Lorg;  
Mac Rìogh na Soreha 's gear airin,  
Neach thin da 'm b' ainm Maidhre-borh.
- 12 Geassin a chuirin na cheann,  
Fhadsa bhithidh Fionn air sail;  
Nach rachadh do leis mar mhnaoi,  
Ge math a ghnìobh is a Laibh.
- 13 Labhair Osgar le Gloir bhìrr,  
An Laoch a chaisgidh sud gach Reir;  
Gad nach fòirín Fionn fa Gheass,  
Cha rachadh tu leis mar mhnaoi.
- 14 Bliaghna dhuinne san Labh threinn,  
Chunecas an steud air an Leir;  
Agus a mheid as gach Fear  
Shiubhal na Fairge gu dìan  
San Rod cheudna reinn a Bhean.
- 15 Bha cloggad teann tinnitidh mu cheann,  
Air an Fhear nach bu thiom 's bu threinn;  
Sgiath dhraimnich nach teid air a h-aish,  
O Inlaid gu cneas a chleibh.
- 16 Bha claidhbh trom toirtidh nach gann,  
Do bhi an Laibh an Fhìr mhòir  
Aig ionmairt a chleisibh gu dìan  
A teachd ann Druimibh a chuanin.
- 17 Bha neul Flath & Rosg Rìogh,  
An ceann an Fhìr bu chaoim cruth;  
Gabh m'aidh a shluaigh 's geile dheid,  
Bu luathidh' steud na shruth.
- 18 Badde labhan na creann Inghir,  
'S bu bhinne na Eoin chiuil a ghuth;  
Tighin o 'n Tuinn gus a chrich,  
Aig 'n do fharraid an Rìogh bu mhath cliu.
- 19 An saoiladh tu fhéin a Bhean,  
'Ne thud an Fear a deireadh tu;  
Saoidh mi Mhìc Cuthail Fheinn,  
Gur a' Coibhlan nach tìom e,  
Gus taig cìsin mo bhreath leis  
Ge mor do neart as an Fhein.
- 20 Thaig an Laoch bu bhor Tlaechd,  
Le Fraoich as le neart nar ceann;  
Cha 'd tharraid e Curruibh 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 fhadhach e leis a Bhean,  
Do bhi 'n cairibh Gualin Fhein;  
Thug e Tair mhòir air an Fhein,  
Gus an d' ruinig e fein Fionn.

- 23 Thug Mac Morn an urchair threun,  
Gu crothlaidh as a dheicill da shleagh;  
'S eha 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 stend an Fhír,  
'S mor am bend a chinneadh leinn.
- 25 Do thuit an stend air an Leirg,  
Thimtaidh e le Féirg 's le Fraoich;  
Dh' fhegair go 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 mbath an aigine san Tosd,  
Gl'eall cisin an coisgairt le Laibh.
- 27 Chuan a Morma cruaidh an eas,  
Fhair Bas ge gaing am Bend;  
Cha raibh neach a thainigas,  
Nach raibh chucaslach lan do chreuchd.
- 28 Bliadhna dhoibhsin gan airm aigh,  
Gach Laoch gaing a shath a shleagh;  
Nan Luithidh fa theagais Fhinn,  
Dan leighis aig Fionn nan Fleagh.
- 29 Dh' eirich Goll an aignuidh mhir,  
A Liodairt an Fhír san chaol-rod;  
Ge b' e chliothidh iad an thin,  
Bu bhor an gail' is an seleo.
- 30 Bha claighin soc ri soc,  
Re liodairt chorp & sciath;  
Tinnil catha' bh' aig an Deiss,  
Cha 'n thaccas ris roibh riabh.
- 31 Ga do chlaoidh Mac Morna le Laibh,  
Mac Ríogh na Sorcha as theilb snuaidh;  
'S maing Treabh on dainig a Bhean,  
Leis 'n do Thuit am Fear on chuan.
- 32 Thiolca a choir an Eass,  
An Gilli bu mhaith cleas as clith;  
Chuirigh mu Bhrathidh gach Meoir,  
Fain oir an onnoir mo Ríogh.
- 33 Bha Inghin Ríogh Bhara fo thuinne,  
Fad Bliadhna aig Fionn ann san Fhein;  
An Deigh Tuitim an Fír mhóir,  
O Choitla Chuain truaidh an sgenl.
- 34 Mathair fein bu ro-mhath Dreach,  
Cha do dhuilt e neach da Thruadh no Threoin;  
A nois o 's deire dha' m' chliuth  
Gu snim gar aithne 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  
Tir-fuidh-thuinne; 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 Fionn,  
A chuireas mi 'n suim gach nair;  
Air dea' mhae Cuthail na 'n fheadh,  
Leis am buinte blagh is buaidh.
- 2 Ailís sin dham Oisain fhéilidh,  
Nach d' éir aon neach rianh mu sgéinl,  
Cíod an gníomh rinn dea' mhae Cuthail,  
Bhíos tu canulmeacha' gu h-cíblneach.
- 3 Latha bho Fionn is beagan sluaigh,  
Aig Eas-ruaidh' nan leag sruth máill;  
Chunnaas a seóladh o near,  
Curachan óir is aon bhean ánn.<sup>1</sup>
- 4 Sheascamar uil air an tom,  
'S Flath nam fiann agus Goll trom;  
A foitheamh a churachain a b' fhearr gléus  
Is e na reis a sgoitendh thonn.
- 5 Air a churach eha' d luigh smal,  
Clos ch d' rinn am port no támh;  
Gus an d' rainig e an t-Eas,  
Is dh' eirich aiste maise mná.<sup>2</sup>
- 6 B' ioncann dearbhadh dh' i 's do 'n ghréin,  
Is B' fhearr gu mór a méin no dealbh;  
A bhean a thainig an céill,  
Bha sinn gu léir roip' gu 'n fheall.
- 7 Do ghluais i gu pubul Fhinn,  
Is bheannaich i gu grinn dó;  
Fhreagair Mac Cuthail gu grinn,  
A beannachadh binn le dóidh.
- 8 ' Mo chomraic ort mas tu Fionn  
Labhair rinn a maeaidh mná:  
Le feodhas t-ainme 's do bliuaidh,  
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 ' Inghéan Rígh Tir-fuidh-thuinne,  
Dh' innis dhuit gu cruinne mo sgéul;  
Cho 'n eil rioghachd an d' eirich grian,  
Nach d' iarras dhutsa Rígh Fhinn.
- 11 ' B'ri do thnrais as gach róid,  
Aimuir óg is gloine gac;  
'S an t-adhbhar mu 'n d' ainig thu 'n Fheinn,  
Aithris gu 'n dáil dhanh fein é.'
- 12 ' Torachd a tha orm air mair,  
Laoch is trom guin air mo log;  
Mac Rígh Soracha' nan sgrá' airm,  
Triath d' an goirear Maighre borb.'
- 13 ' Geasán do chuir s' e am cheann,  
Nach cumeadh Fionn mí o sháil;  
'S nach bithainn bliadhna aige mar mhnaoi,  
Cia mór leis a ghníomh is ágh.'
- 14 ' Labhair an gaisgeach le glóir mhir,  
'N laoch leis an coisgear gach Rígh;  
Gus an liubhreadh Fionn a gheasán,  
Nach reaclaimsa leis gu sior.'
- 15 ' Glacam do chomraic a bhean,  
Roi' aon neach a tha an clé;  
'S a dh' ain deón a Mhaighre bhuirb,  
Fad bliadhna gheibh thu uam díon.'
- 16 Chunnaicamar a tigh 'n air stéud,  
Laoch do bha mheadhair 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 flathail is rosg rioghail,  
'N ceann mhílidh bu chaoin cruth.
- 18 Bha cloidheamh trom toirtail nach gann,  
Teannte re slíos an fhír mhóir;  
Sgiath chreinneach dhubb air a leis,  
'S e 'g iomairt air chleasaibh gach doidh.

<sup>1</sup> Cho b' ór e ged bha e cho loinrach re h-ór.

<sup>2</sup> No maeaidh mná.

19 'Deir ruinn mar a thainig thu' Clí,  
Dh' fhiosraich mo Rìgh bu n'hai clú;  
An aithnich thu fein a bhean,  
'N e sud am fear a deir thu.'

20 Aithnicheams' e mhic Chuthaill Fhinn,  
'S gur puthar leam e do d' Fheinn,  
Taigridh e mise thoirt leis,  
G' e mór ar treis asailh fein.

Not in I.

21 'Mo chend beannaichd dhuit a' nois,  
Is dean mise fein a dhion;  
O 'n ghaireach is buirhe gruain,  
O 'n a dh' fhuathaich mi ro' ghnuimh.'

22 'N laoch sin a thainig o 'n chuan,  
A eagubuis sluaigh bu mhor pris;  
Do bhuidhinn é leis a bhean,  
'S i gairid o laimh mo Rìgh.

23 Dh' eirich Oscar, 's dh' eirich Goll,  
Bheireadh losgadh lom 's gach cath;  
'S dh' eirich iad uile na sluaigh,  
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 sge do rinn da blagh.

25 Thilg an t-Oscar le lán fhéirg,  
A chraosach dhearg le laimh ehlí;  
Do mharbhadh leis stéid an fhuir,  
'S mór an eion do rinneadh lé.

26 Charaich e ruinn air an leirg,  
An laoch bu mhor fearg is pris;  
'S chlaoidh é naoi naoir gu luath,  
'S an iorgaill chruaidh shultidh sláith.

27 Mar bhithéad an eagad laoch gárg,  
Bhí 'g iomaire ar 'n arm fú leith;  
Dh' fflagadh é sinne fú' sbrochd,  
'S cho ghaibhte nainne cosg leis.

28 Goll Mac Mornna nan lámh tréun,  
Bhuail s' e e gu gear le shleagh;  
Mu chothair a chroiche le throéir,  
'S thuit e air an lon gu 'n fheith.

29 Thug e dha buille na dha,  
Gus ac d' fflag an deó a chré;  
Bu mhairg aen bhean mu 'n de thuit,  
A leithid do chleitheach treun.

30 Thiodhlaicadh leinn taobh an Eas,  
Maicaidh mor nan cleas 's nan guimh;  
'S chuir sinn nu bhradhaid gach meóir;  
Fáinn óir an onoir mo Rìgh.

31 Bha inghean Rìgh Tir fú' thuinn,  
Bláidhna shlan air Fionn 's an Fheinn;  
An deigh tuiteam an fhuir mhóir,  
Le neart an t-sluaigh 's anor sgeúil.

1. 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 'Ardbnamurchan.'  
'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 Sorcha or Ardbnamurchan, a District of Argyleshire, fell in love with Semhcruth, daughter of the King of that Island Tirrie, then Tir-fui-thinn. Semhcruth, 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. Semhcruth 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 Semhcruth 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 by the Fingalians.

Semhcruth 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 eond;  
Leis am bu'nte blagh 'sgach euchd.
- 2 Ailís sin damh Oisein thim,  
Laoidh is binne bhriathraich beul;  
Ciod e 'n gníomh rinn dea Rí-pháil,  
Triath nam feagh, nam blar, 's nam beun.
- 4 Flath nam Fíann, is an triath Goll;
- 6 Bha sinn gu leir roipe soirbh.
- 7 Is bhannaich i gu binn do;
- 8 Labhair ruinn dea' mhais gach muá;
- 9 Dh' fhiosraich mo Ríogh a b' fhearr dealbh,  
Cia as teachd na Triath ghil úr;  
Bu deirge gruaidh, bu bhlinne gnth,  
'S bu ghile cruth no ghrian air mur.
- 10 Inghean Ríogh Tíre-fuí-thuinn,
- 13 Nach eumadh Fíonn mí na dháil;  
'S nach bíthinn blia 'n aig mar mo mhian,
- 14 Nach reachainnsa leis sa guimh.
- 15 Roi' aon fhear a' ta ann eil;  
Re blia 'n bí 'n tuilg 's an síth.
- 16 Chunaamar a' tigh 'n mar ean,
- 18 Sgia' chreimneach, dhu air a leis,
- 21 Mar éitil nan ean ri gaoith,  
Bha 'n laoch a tigh 'n air ar muin;  
Suntach, sligmeach, san-ard ceann,  
Mar steud éisg a' ruigh le sruth.
- 22 Labhair a bhean fhionn gheal og,  
Fhínn nan corun gur an eunas;  
Tionaladh ann Fhíann na cho-aíl,  
So i 'n torachd-'s leoir a luas.
- 27 Charaich e ruinn air an leirg,  
An laoch bu mhor fearg agus pris;  
Chlaoi' e naoinaonar gu luath,  
'S an iorgaill chruaidh, shultaidh sláith.
- 29 Goll tha' Moirine nan arm gear,  
Bhuail e 'n treun laoch ann sa bhail  
Thuit an t-armacht, ceanaíl cabna,  
An lámh gharbh a b' fhearr sa mhagh.
- 30 Triath na Sorach bu doirbh ri leon,  
Chaill e 'n deo, 's bu mhor am beud;<sup>2</sup>
- 32 Bha inghean Ríogh Tíre-fuí-thuinn,  
Blia' na aig Fíonn ann san Fheinn;  
An deith tuiteam an fhuir mhóir,  
Le neart an t-sluaigh, 's cruai' an sgeul.

<sup>1</sup> 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. Abisai, the son of Zerah, had lifted up 'his spear against 300 of the Philistines, whom he all slew at one time.' (Collector's note.)

<sup>2</sup> 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 shlabh Scalmath nan sruth dian,  
Choncas ag teachd sa' mhabh,  
Inghean 's i 'g imeachd 'na h-aonar;
- 2 An inghean bu ghloine sinnagh,  
Bu ghile 's bu deirge gruaidh:  
Bha dà rosg àillidh na ceann,  
'S i 'g amharc falachaidh n'a timchioll.
- 3 Bha léine do 'n t-sròl a b' iùre  
M'a ceas gràdhach, caoin, cùraidh,  
Is gu 'm b' àillidh na 'n gath-gréine  
A bràghad a suas o caoin léine.
- 4 Chuir i comruich air Fionn,  
'S air Goll muirneach Mac Morna,  
'S air Oscar an àigh,  
Làmh chosgair gach teughaidh.

## AN INGHEAN.

- 5 'Mo chomruich oirbh, Fhìanna matha,  
Eadar chloinn rìgh is ard fhìlthia,  
Ceist gach aon fhir do theaghlach Fhinn,  
San uair sin thugadh do 'n Inghiu.

## FIONN.

- 6 Dh' éirich Fionn fòis na comhair,  
'A rioghainn donn bhéin gheal nàrach,  
Am bheil tòrachd air do lorg,  
A gheug mlàlta nan saor cholg?'

## AN INGHEAN.

- 7 'Tha sin tòrachd orm féin,  
Fhinn nasail is riochail Féinn,  
Iulann an airm dheirg a 's àillidh,  
Mac oighre rìgh na h-Iarsmaile.'

## CAIREALL, ROIDHNE, FAOLAN, AGUS FEARGUTH.

- 8 Dh' éirich ceathrar mac Fhinn gu baoh,  
Caireall agus Roidhne madh,  
Faolin 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 canchaim a chin,  
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 teughaidh.'

## FIONN.

- 11 'Suidh thus' an so air ar sgàth,  
Inghean o 'm mlàta comhràdh,  
'S cha bhui am fear mòr thu leis,  
Ge mòr do dhòchas as Fheobhas.'
- 12 Choncas am fear mòr uainn  
Ag teannadh gu cal' as a' chuan,  
Ag tarraing a luinge gu tìr,  
Toirt gu 'r 'n ionnsuidh le h-ain-mèin.
- 13 Mar ìllbhinn aillbhinn chraige,  
Mar stadhan ainmheasach thugainn,  
'Na chaoiribh teinntidh o chladach,  
Gu 'm b' e sin coslas a' mhìlidh.
- 14 Bha seuchd do 'n t-sròl bhuidhe mu 'n fhear,  
A cheamhbheairt chlochara ncamhain;  
A lùreach mhòr iursach ullach,  
'Sa dhà shleagh 'nan cuilg re ghuahainn;
- 15 A chlaidheamh mòr froiseach naimheach,  
Cruaidh cosgara 's e co'-dhrèach:  
Sgiath innealt, òrbhuil', le 'm briste blagh,  
Air dorn toisgead' a' mhìlidh.
- 16 Thug e ruathar fìr gun chéill;  
Cha do bheannaich e dh' Fhionn no 'n Fhéinn.  
Leum an t-saighid le sàr bheachd,  
'S thorchair le a làimh, an Inghean,
- 17 'S cheangail e ceathrar mbae Fhinn;  
'S bha 'n t-Iulann gu h-armach eutrom.

- 18 Thionndaidh mo mhae-s', air an leirg,  
An t-Oscar 'se lùn do throm fheirg;  
'S thug e 'n aire gu dùr, dàna,  
Air an òghlach mhòr, a tháinig.
- 19 B' e sin an còmhrag creuchdach,  
Fuileachdach, feumnaich,  
Bos-Iuath, beumannach,  
Ard-leumannach, gábhaidh.
- 20 Mar abhuin a' raithe le gleans  
Bha sgrìos an fola cho teann;  
Mar chaoiribh dearga o theallach  
Torran nan laoch namhadach.
- 21 Ach thug Oscar beum fearidha mear  
Gu h-Iulann ard an deud ghil,  
'S thorchair leis a' bheum ghraimeil  
Mac oighre rìgh na h-Iarsmaile.

## M. 10. CATH RIGH SORCHA. 136 lines.

Gillies, page 162.

- 1 Ta sgeul beag agam air Fionn,  
Ge b'è chuireadh an snim è  
Air Mac Cuthail bu dearg dreach,  
'S eibhinn leam re mo rè.
- 2 Lath dhunn air bheagan sluaigh,  
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 ehi,  
Ge be tìr am bì mid euairt.
- 4 Dh' éirigh sinn nìle gu dian,  
Ach Fionn n' am Fianu-agus Goll,  
Dh' fheitheamh an Curachan a b' airde  
'S do bhì treun aig sgolta thonn.
- 5 Nìor ghabh si cùradh no cosg,  
Nìor ghabh si caladh a 'm port guath,  
Air teachd don churachan air an eas,  
'Se dheirich as macaibh Mnà.
- 6 B' ionann dealra dhì 's do n' Ghrèin,  
'Saoibhir a mead, maith a deilbh,  
An Ingh'n àr do tháinig an cèin,  
Do bha sinn feia roimpe soirbh.
- 7 Do ghluais i gu pobull Fhinn,  
Is bheannaigh i gu grunn dhà  
Fhreagair Mac Cuthail gu binn  
Am beannaicha roin li dhà
- 8 'Brìgh do thurais air gach ròd,  
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 bhùil sruth fù bhùil griann,  
Nach suibhain, air iartas Fhianuibh fiail.
- 10 Mo chomarich ort fein na 's tu Fionn  
Se thuirtn rùnna 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,  
Labbar mo Rìgh bu mhaith fios,  
Cia noise atà air do thì.'
- 12 Fiachaibh ata orm thair muir,  
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 Fionn mì air sàil,  
'S nach bhithin aigesan mar mhnaoi,  
Ge mòr leis a ghniomh is àgh.
- 14 Se thuthairt Oscar le ghloir Mhìr,  
An Laoch sin a chaisgeadh gach Rìgh,  
No gu 'n cuireadh Fionn do Gheis,  
Nì 'n rachadh tù leis mar mhnaoi.

- 15 Chunnaca a teachd air stèid,  
Fear 's a mhèid thar gach fear,  
Marceach na fairge gu dian,  
'San ùil cheudna, thainig a bhean.
- 16 Da Chraòis-each Catha na dhòrn,  
A teachd san rùd air a stèid,  
Air ghile, air dheirge, 's air dhreach,  
Nì 'm faca mar neach mar e,
- 17 Do bhì flath agus rosg Rìgh,  
'S an aoglaidh b' aithe hì is cruth,  
Bu bhinne a ghuth no gach tend,  
'S bu mhùreadh a stèud no gach sruth.
- 18 Choidheamh nach trossail nach gann,  
An teannt air taobh an fhlùr mhòir,  
Sgiath leobhar nach mochd air ais,  
Se g' ionairt a chleasa corr.
- 19 O thainn trà thainig se gu tìr,  
Labhair mo Rìgh bu mhaith dhì,  
An aithnadh thu fein a bhean,  
'Ne sud am fear a deir thù?
- 20 Aithneachas a Mhic Cathail ghriun  
'S mòr am pughar leilì gu he,  
Tairgidh se mise a bhinn 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' dombain gu leir  
Gheibh't san Fheinn fear da chomh,
- 22 Dheirich Cairioll agus Goll,  
Dias a fhuair an losgaidh trom an eath,  
'Nan seasamh an gar an t' sloigh,  
Eadar am fear mòr 's na Flath.
- 23 Nì 'n d'Fheuch e lann no sgiath,  
Do Laoch na Triath da 'n rabh ann,  
Gu 'n draoina é fair air an Fheinn,  
Gus an d' thainig é gu Fionn,
- 24 Air teachd do oig fhear bu mhaith, dreach  
Thugaim le neart, fuchid, is feirg,  
Gu 'n d' fhuaidich e uaim a bhean  
Bhì 'n deas-ghar do lathm Fhinn cìlg,
- 25 Thug Mac morn an urchair dhian,  
Gu fada na dheigh do shleagh,  
An urchair nìor chuidhe da reir,  
'S da stèud chearna sì da bhloidh.
- 26 'N trà thuit an stèud air an leirg,  
Thionnda e le feirg 's le fraoch,  
Smaointich e ge cruaidh an càs,  
Comhrag na 'n trì chaogad Laoch.
- 27 Mar-bhith na naoch 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 Leig e nìo mionar gu luath,  
San iargail chruaidh nà 'n do sguir,  
Ceangal guineach nan trì chòal,  
Air gach Laoch dhuibh sin do chuir,
- 29 Clann Morna cruaidh an càs,  
Fhuair iad bàs bu mhòr an sgeul,  
'S nì n' rabh aon neach a chuidhe as,  
Gun a chneas fa ionn crùchadh.
- 30 Dheirigh Goll an aigne mhìr,  
Leadairt an fhlùr an eath gh' leo,  
Ge he chifadh iad an sin,  
Bu gharbh an gaol is an sgeòl.
- 31 Re sgoltadh sgiath, 's re leadairt chorp,  
Gu feartha fear treun calma cruaidh,  
Na leogbainn laidh, ghineach, dhìsgir,  
Araon còmh chiochach gu luaidh.
- 32 Do chlasaidh lathm na mòr fhaecl  
Mac Rìgh na Sorcha sgeul truagh,  
Gur maireg gus an 'tainig a bhean,  
Far thuit am fear on chuan.
- 33 Do Dhaicemar air an càs,  
An gaisgeach bu mhèr treis is brìgh,  
Is chuirfadh air fa bharr gach meòir,  
Fàil òir ann onoir mò Rìgh.

- 34 Do bhì inghean Rìgh fa thuinn, (under waves)  
Bhìodha na mhaoi aig Feann san fheinn  
Tarcùs tuitem an fhlùr mhòir,  
Le neart an t-sloigh, truagh an sgeul!

*In the last vers. the name is the same as it was in A. In vers 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 Mayo 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 FHIUNN AS BHEANN SNAIGH  
AIG EAS-RUAGH MHAECAR MHA  
CHUNNACAS A SEOLADH O 'N FEAR  
CHIREACH OIR AGUS BEANN ANN
- 2 SHEASAMH SINN NILE AIR AN T'SLIABH  
LE FIONN NAM FIANN AGUS GOLL  
'G ANLARE CURACH BU EILION EUNN  
'SI GU TREAN A SGOLTADH THONN
- 3 CHA D' RINN I FUIREACH NO TAMBH  
'S CHA MHO GHABH FOIS AM PORT GRÀ  
ACH 'G IMCAICHD GU BRACH AN EIS  
'SE DHERICH AS MAECAR MHA
- 4 'SE LABHAIR RUIM MAECAR MHA  
GABH MO CHOMRICH MA 'S TU FIONN  
AIR GHAOL T'EARLADH IS DO BHAIDH  
GABH MO CHOMRICH GU MATH TRATH
- 5 DHEAMIN'S SIN RUITA S BHEAN  
SEACH AON NEACH ATHAFON GHREIN  
NA 'N INNSIDH TU DHOMH RE SEAL  
CO 'M FEAR A TH' AIR A SBITH
- 6 GEASIMH THA ORMS' RE MUIR  
LAOCH IS TROM TOIR AIR MO LORG  
MAC RÌ SORACH NA SGIATHAN AIRM  
'S GAR E 'S AINN DHA MHAIGRE BORB
- 7 GEASIMH CHA CHUIR AM' CHEANN  
GU 'N D' THIGINN GU FIONN AIR SAL  
'S GU 'M BITHIM AIGE MAR MHAOI  
AIG FEAMHAS AOIDH AGUS AILL
- 8 SIN DHUINN AN TUS AR BRUIDHNA  
DHOINEACHD NAM RÌ BU MHAIDH FIOS  
'N ATHUICHAID TU NIS A BHEAN  
'N E SUD AN FEAR A TH' AIR DO SBITH
- 9 OCHA DAN MHIÈ CUMBAID FHIUNN  
'S PUGHAR TEINN LEAM GAR E  
'S TAIRGIDH E MIS A THABHART LEIS  
CIA MOR DO THREIS AS AN FHEINN
- 10 CHA D' GHLAÈ CLUIDHEAMH NA DHORN  
'S CHA MHO CHUIR SLEAGH O 'S EHIUNN  
AON FHEAR A BHEIRADH TU UAIM  
A DHAINDÈOIN SLUAUGH IUNSE FÀIL
- 11 CHUNNACAS TIGHIN AIR 'N STÈUD  
AM FEAR MOR 'S A MHEAD AS GACH FEAR  
MARCAEL' NA FAIRGE GU DIAN  
'N SIBHALD CEUDNA' RINN A BHEAN
- 12 BU DBHÌ A CHEANN 'S BU GHEALL E DHEIND  
BU MHAITH AIR AN STÈUD E NA GACH SRUTH  
B' FLAID A LAMHAN NO CRUINN IUIL  
BU BHINNE NO COINN EUIL A GHUTH
- 13 A CLÒLAGAD GU TEINTIDH MU CHEANN  
AIR 'N LAOCH MACH TIM 'S NACH THA  
SGIATH CHRUADH MHEANMACH AIR A LEAS  
A 'G IONAIRD CHLEAS AIR A CHLE
- 14 CLUIDHEAMH TROM TOIRTEAD NACH PILL  
GU DLATH RÌ TAUBH AN FHLÙR MHOIR  
DHA-SLEUGH GHUISGAL 'S CRUAIDH RINN  
NAN SEASAMH AIR CUL A SGE

- 15 Dherich Oscar 's dherich Goll  
Broisbuim bla tron sa chath  
Sheas iad air garadh an t-sleigh  
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 mhór tlachd  
Thugain le neart 's le gníomh  
'S gan d' fhuadich e nainn a bhean  
Bha air guailín deas an Rí
- 18 Thilg Oscar ann an sín na d'heigh  
'N urehair nach bu re an t-sleagh  
'S mun do sgath i idir re chle  
Rinn i dhe a sge da-bhlúidh
- 19 Chrath an t-Oscar bu mhór feirg  
A Chraosach dhearg as a lamh chlíth  
Leis an urehair thuit steud an fhir  
'S mor an cion a chinnech leo
- 20 'N cra thuit an steud air an leig  
Thionnda' e le fearg 's le fraoch  
Bhagair e cia bu mhór an beum  
Comhrag treun air cheuda laoiach
- 21 Chuir sinn trí chaogaid do Laoich gharb  
A chosg meannuema 'n oig mhír  
'S ehuire ceangal nan trí chaoil  
Orra is fuil air toibh gach fir
- 22 Chlann Mhic Moirni smor 'n gníomh  
Gan chaochail iad be 'n truangh sgeul  
Cha roibh a b-aon duibh thanig as  
Nach robh o 'n criosa kan do chraechd
- 23 Mar bithidh trí chaogaid do Laoich gharb  
Bha dh' annas airm aín ar comhair  
Bhithimid fo phughair gun smachd  
Nam feuchaid dhasan ceart choir
- 24 Dherich Goll nan aigriadh mhír  
Fianal an Fhír bu mhór feum  
Coltas ann comhrag an dithis  
Chan fhaca mí ritúsd na d'heigh
- 25 Thuit le Goll nan aignadh mhír  
Mac Rí na Sorach ba sgeul thruagh  
'S maireg ait as na ghluais a bhean  
'N tra thuig i seal a dhianisidh ehuain
- 26 Nis tiolaic mid fo bhonn an Eís  
'M fear mor 's a mhead 'as gach fear  
'S<sup>1</sup> euraimid mu chainneal gach meoir  
Faithín air mar onoir mhic Rí.

<sup>1</sup> al. 'S euraimid mar on air ain an Rí  
Faithín 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 nasail mhic Finn,  
'S tu 'd shuidh air an Tullích eibhín,  
A Laoich mhóir mbilígh nach mettídh  
Gun faic misidhí Bron air Híntín.
- 2 Cuid do dhaoibh mar bhroin fein,  
A Chlerich, mas áil leat eist,  
Chunnaire mí uair Teoghlich Fhinn,  
Bha e near, mor, meorich eibhín.
- 3 Air an Tullích sheo bla 'n Fhian  
(Bha shín mí am a dhaoin riar)  
'S eo Chunnig shín tíu sau Mhaoigh  
Ach Ighín huggín 's i na hainín.
- 4 An 'Nighín úr a 'baidhí snaidhí  
Bu gheal as bu dearg a Gruaidh,  
Bu ghilídh na gach Gath Greime,  
A Braidh huas fa caoil Lenigh.
- 5 Bha da Rose gharichdich na Ceann,  
Bha Earrídh álin na Tíechil,  
Bha Danídh do 'n or ma Braigídh  
Bha slabhrídh oir ma caoin árin,  
Bha Lenídh don Tsróil ab úridh,  
Le ra cneas graich sheibh, Cúlin.

- 6 Hug shín air trom-ghaoil di uille,  
An Teoghlich shín Fhinn e Allabhin<sup>1</sup>  
Gun neich do 'n Fhein Gaoil do mbnaoi feín,  
Ach do 'n Níubhinn.
- 7 Chuir i a Comrích air Fionn,  
An Ríghín 's i gu bog gheal binu;  
Chuir i a Comrích air Goll,  
Be sud Laoich alín nan some  
Air Oscar mac Ossain an an Rígh  
'S air a Chaoil Croigh mac Greidh.
- 8 Ma Chomrích oirbh Fhianíbh mais  
Eidder Chlanníbh Rígh as Flath  
Co sheo toríechí air do Lorg  
A Nighín uir air as aoibhír colg.
- 9 Ha shín a toríechí orm fein  
Fhír uasail as ríbhích fein,  
Hím mor mílainte near,  
Oirídh air Rígh na Hespainte.
- 10 Gur eigeoir leom Fhianíbh phail  
E gar leidit as gar dorín  
Am Fear mor mílainte treun  
'S airm gu faobharích reín-gheir.
- 11 Cait an raibh e an Niar na 'n Noir,  
Na o Cheir raíntíbh an Dobhain,  
Nach fáceidhí Eannaichín a Chinn  
Man legimíd leis thu bhínn.
- 12 Inbhínn bhois-gheal, bhog-gheal, bhínn,  
Ighín úr nan gorm-rose mall,  
Suídh ussa an seo air me sga,  
Inghín ga graunte do Chobhra  
Man doir am Fear mor 'n leis,  
Ga mor leat do *Dhoigh* as Fheothis. (Bhuost)
- 13 Chunnaire shín am Fear mor uain  
Caibh gu Callídh an Chuan,  
A tarraung a Luinge gu Tír  
'Sa teachd huggín le Hanna-méin.
- 14 Gu 'm be sud am Fear mor *málte* (míltíeh)  
Na stuaidhí anuibhí allabarígh,  
Le Froaich feirgu Fianaibh Fhinn,  
'S e teachd na Chaoir Heiteute huggín.
- 15 Bha Chlaibhí mor froissíeh neibhíeh  
Crauidhí osgarídhí eo-dhíríeh (interlined)  
An Ceann-bheirtí hoceríeh fhiríeh eíntíeh,  
Bha Scia Oir le 'm hriste Bhoigh,  
An Dorn Toisgealt a Mhílídh.
- 16 Bha Lurích ard íursíeh raríeh (ualíeh)  
Bha sa threín Scabbal breachd bnaich,  
Bha Ceanna bheirtí chlochara sheibh  
Oscíeh Aghaidhí hochrídíh Innaiceain.
- 17 Bha Danídh do 'n noir mu 'n Fhear,  
'S ceansíehídhí shídídhí gan ceangal,  
'S da Thleídhí fá 'm bunna bu ebraidhíh reinn  
Nan Cúlg shesibhí susar ba ghuafín.
- 18 Hug e ruathír Fír gun Cheil,  
'S eha do bheannúeh e Dhíonn na 'n Fhein  
Bharíeh e Cíad do Dhíanníbh Fhinn  
Agus mheribhte leis an Innaibhín.
- 19 Cheangil e Faolan mac Fhinn  
As trí naoinar da Luehd leannabhin  
Do 'n Chinnídhí bhoiríeh mheanníeh mhéar  
'S bha 'n Tíllín gu harramíeh etrim.
- 20 Híuntaidhí mo mhac's air an Leirg  
Oscar 's e lan do Throm Fheirg,  
Sgun do dhnaibí e Cobhríg  
Eis an Fhear bhor bhois-gheal bha raríeh
- 21 Híuntaidhí Inlín rí 'n mhac fein  
'S dheante leo cobhrígíeh tréin  
O 's fear Ceamríehí ceoíeh Ceann-dearg  
Grad-leimíeh, bras-bheimíeh, áinnasíeh.
- 22 Mar Hruibhíh áinn le Gleann,  
Bha Seríehí am Fólíehí eo tean,  
Mar Chaoiríehí Heiteute tíeh e Teallíeh  
Toiríníeh nan Laoíchí naudíeh.

<sup>1</sup> Or Allabhtít.

- 23 Hug Oscar Beim fearraghan Fir,  
Gu Illinn aranach deil-ghlann,  
She mhaigh e leis Bheim ghraunte  
Cean mhic Rìogh na Hes-painte.
- 24 Air an Tallich sheo ha Leachd,  
A Mhic Alpin, ha sheo fir;  
Leachd na tmaidh air an taoibh cille  
A Dheo mhic Alpin e Hallabhaidh.
- 25 Bha leinnidh gu bo mha eòid,  
'S nach roibh aoin neich dhiu ach sheid  
Ach Beannichd air an nannin gu leir  
'S hugis beannichd eil 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 chuan  
Ag tarraing a luinge gu tìr  
'S a teachd chugainn le h-au-mein.

## 14 various.

Gu 'm b' e sud am fear mòr millteach  
Na stuaidh ainneamh, alambharach.  
Le fraoch feirg' gu Fiannaibh Fheinn,  
'S e teachd na chaoir theinlidh chugainn.

## 15 various.

Bha chhlaidheamh mòr froiseach, neimhneach,  
Cruaidh cosearra coi-dhireach  
Bha sgiath ordbadh bhristeach bladh  
Ann dorn toisgealt a mhilidh.

## 16 various.

Bha luireach ard, Irseach, uallach,  
Fo thrèun sgabull breac, buaghach;  
Bha ceann-bheirt eilochara sheimh  
Os eionn aghaidh shoeraidh a mhaecaimh.

## 17 various.

'S da shleagh o 'm bun bu chruaidh rainn  
Na 'u euilg seasamh suas ri ghalainn.

## 22 various.

Mar shruthadh-ambain le gleann  
Bha sgrìos am fola coi-teann,  
Mar chaoir theinnte teachd a teallach,  
Tòradh 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 Aon Oisain uasail mhic Fhinn,  
'S tu a' d' shuidh air 'n tulaich cèibhinn;  
Laoidh mhòr mhileant' nach meat,  
Gu faiceamsa bròn air t-intinn.
- 2 Dh' innsin' aobhar mo bhròin féin,  
A Phàdraig na 'm b' àill leats' éisd;  
Mì eumhneachadh air Fèinn nam Fian,  
Bhì air an tulaich so dh' aon rian.
- 3 Air an tulaich (so) bha sinn arao,  
Ile Phàdraig (naomh) na breith saoir;  
Chunnaic mis' nair teaghlach Fhinn,  
'S iad gu mear, mòr, meannach, aoibhinn.
- 4 Air an tulaich so bha 'n Fhian,  
Latha dhinnit' ann dhaon rian;  
Chunnaic mis' bean ann sa Mhaoth,  
'S i teachd thugainne na h-aonar.
- 5 'N ainuir ùr a b' àille snadh,  
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 àlun nu timchioll;  
Bha dùmbha do 'n òr nu bragud,  
Bha slabhruidh òr nu caoin àraidh.
- 7 'S bha léine d' an t-sròl a b' àireadh,  
Leath ri cucas gràbhach, caomh, curaiddh;
- 8 Thug sinne air tromma ghaol nìle,  
An teaghlach sin Fhinn a h-Albainn;  
Gun aon fhear dhinn ga mhaoi féin;  
Ach air gaol nìle do 'n Iubhinn.
- 9 Chuir iseadh còmruch air Fèinn,  
'N ribhinn 's i gu bos-gheal binn;  
Chuir ise còmruch air Goull,  
'S b' e sid laoch àlun nan soun.
- 10 Air Oscar mac Oisain fhéile,  
Is air a Chaoil-chrogha mac Gradheinn;  
'Mo chòmhruch oirbh Fhianna maith,  
Eadar chlanna Rìgh is Fblaithean.'
- 11 Cò thà tòrachd air do b'òrg,  
Ainuir ùr a 's àille dealbh;  
'Tha sin a tòrachd orm féin,  
Fhìr uasail a 's riobhach Fèinn.'
- 12 'An t-Iohn mòr mhileanta, mear,  
Oighre Rìgh na h-Eispaide;'
- 14 'S cagal leamsa Fhianna Phàil,  
Bhì d' ar leadairt 'us d' ar doruinn,  
Leis an fhear mhòr mhileanta thrèun,  
'Airm inrauta, roinne-gheur.'
- 15 Dh' eirich suas ceathrar mac Fhinn,  
Caoiréal, agus Rainne ruald;  
Faolan, agus, Fearguth òg,  
Is dh' àrdach iad an glòir san uair.
- 16 C' àite an d' imich è nìar na noir,  
Na bho cheithir àrdibh 'n domhunn;  
Nach faiceamaid cannechu a chinn,  
Mu 'n leigamaid leis thu Iubhinn.
- 17 A ghèng bhonne-gheal, bhosgeal ghruinn,  
Inghinn ùr nan gorm-rosg eibhinn;  
Luaidh thusa ann so air ar sgàthne,  
Inghlean ge dana' do chòmbradh.
- 18 'S cha d' thoir am fear mòr thu leis,  
Ge mòr kat do dhòigh is fheothas;  
Chunnaic léinne fear mòr bhuanin,  
A' caitheadh a chalaidh 's a chuain.
- 19 'S è tarraing a loingean 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 feirge gu Fiannaibh Fhinn,  
'S è teachd 'na chaoir theinlich, thugainn.
- 21 Bha chhlaidhe mòr froiseach neimhneich,  
Is è cruaidh cosgura, co-dìreach;  
Bha sgiath òr m' am bristeadh blaith,  
Ann dorn toisgeal a mhilì.
- 22 Bha luireach ard-iorsach uaidhbreach,  
Bha treun sgàbull breachd buaghach;  
Bha ceanna-bheairt chlochra' shèimhidh,  
O-eionn alhaidh shòchri'-ghaisgich.
- 23 Bha seachda do 'n òr mu 'n fhear,  
Bha ceannichean sìoda ga 'n ceangal;  
Bha dhà shleagh 'os bun, bu cruaidhe, roinn,  
'S iad na 'n euilg sheasamh ra ghuailuibh.
- 24 Thug è ruathar fir gun cèil,  
'S nìor bhacamaich è dh' Fhionn na 'n Fheinn,  
Mhairbhte leis ceud d' Fhianna Fhinn,  
Agus mhairbhte leis an Iubhinn.
- 25 Cheangail è Faolan mac Fhinn,  
Is trì naoithear do luchd leanmhinn;  
Do 'n chinne mhòr mhileanta, thrèun,  
'S bha an t-Iohn gu h-arpach catrom.
- 26 Thionndaidh mo mhaesa air an leirg,  
Oscar 's è làn do throm fheirg;  
Sann a dh' àlair è gear chòmhrug,  
As an fhear mhòr bhosgeal mhi-narach.
- 27 Thionndaidh 'n t-Iohn ri 'm mhae féin,  
Is dheanta leo còmhrug treun;  
Bho 's fear mòr creamach creuchdach,  
Bas-luath, bras-maiceach, ard-leunnach.



- 28 Mar shrntheadh amhuinn le gleau,  
Bha sgríos am fola co-teann;  
Mar chaoir theinntich teachd à teallach  
Bha terra na 'n laoch namhadach.
- 29 Thug Oscar bèum fearraghan fear,  
Gu h-Iohann armach deud-ghlan;  
Sann a bhàin e leis a bheum ghrannada,  
Ceann mac Rìgh na h-Eispiàite.
- 30 Air an tulaich so tha leac,  
Dheadh Mhic-Alpìn tha so fìor;  
'S tha leac na mnai air an taobh eile,  
A dheadh Mhic-Alpìn a h-Albainn.
- 31 Air leinne gum bu mhaith iad,  
'S cha robh 'naon neach dhùibh ach siad,  
Bennachd air 'n annam arann,  
Is thugadh beannaichd eile air Oisain.

## X. 3. LAOIDH NA NHIGHINNE. 52 lines.

Copied by Maledu 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 Donullach—Eachun mac Iain mhic Iain, mhic Eoghain an Talamh—sgeir anns an Eilean Sgiathanach.

- 1 LA dhomh romh 'u Fheinn a nmìgh,  
'S mi nam shuidhe air tulaich Coire-siar,  
Chuannacas a tighinn 'u n mhaogh,  
Nìghcan 's i g-imeachd na h-onar
- 2 Nìghcan a b' aillì snuadh,  
Bu ghile 's bu deirge grnadh,  
B' aillì no gathan na greine,  
Geala bhrollach fo caol leine,
- 3 Bha lacha 's gaire na ceann,  
'U s klamhradh oir mìn geal bhraigh (*pro bhàr*).
- 4 An gaol a thug iad uile dhì,  
O theaghlach mar Fhinn na h-Eilebhinn,  
Cha robh speis air duine 's an Fheinn,  
Ga mhnaoi fein ach an nìghinn,
- 5 Mo chomraich air Fionn nam Fiann,  
'S mo chomraich air Fiamn nam flath,  
Edar rìgh agus ard fhilath,
- 6 Mo chomraich air Dìarmad domh,  
'S air Faolan nam faotha (? rogha) sonn,  
Air Goll 's air Oscar an aigh,  
Lnehd chasgait na teugnballach,
- 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 Greanacharbhlig
- 8 'S gur mi 's laig thig no thainig,  
'S ionagh mor leam thu bhli 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 nehd 's le chruaidh chlogaid,  
Be sud am fear mor mall,  
Mar stuaidh dhìrich as gach gleann,  
Le cheanna-bheairt chlochorra chomhar
- 12 'S cinn shochair a mhac,  
Be sud am fear mor gun chiall,  
Mharbh ciall do dh' Fhianntaichean na Feim,  
Agus an nìghcan
- 13 Thionndaidh mo mhac air an leirg,  
Oscar 's e lùn do throm fheirg,  
Rinn e comdrag ris gu garg,  
Gu taobharach fuilteach garbh,
- 14 Gu ceann-ru dorn-ru tulaichain,  
Mar chaoira (chaoire) teinteach teallaich,  
Bha fuam nan laoch na-udach (? namhadich)

- 15 Thug Oscar am beum faradhantach bras,  
A r gille donn an deud ghlain,  
Sgaradh leis a bheum ghiranèil,  
Oighre araid an easpaig.

## THE BATTLE OF FINTRATH.

FIONN traigh means 'white strand.' In Islay, to the north-west, near Balsa, 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 Stimpson, 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 Finn 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<sup>s</sup> zrynn ni bachal . . .  
Rug e in tossin less er wur,  
Gow was aa gr . . . sl . . .
- 2 Is di bail awzail noid,  
Ossan nan roak nach teym  
Coo in tein neach gin a loyith,  
Smow char groyrn er teanow fyinn
- 3 A cleryth ni bachill brek,  
Bi wor ym beacht zut reid lin  
A churri a wrayr a znaath,  
Ne wai zaw er fanaw fyinn
- 4 Onyth harly zut gin noine,  
A Ossin gin doll nane dey  
Bee say er chathris gi braia,  
How gathris di znaa nyn fane
- 5 Kegit blyin di bein bon,  
A geyskyeh reid choel syth heill  
Ne hynossit zut gow maik,  
A luit eacht a rin feanow fyinn
- 6 Fa ranew in doyn traane,  
Wa agginu fene er gyth . . .  
Keiss ga bokwail gow fare tin,  
Na noe in tegwail . . .
- 7 Ne reive ansyth si doythyn vor,  
Nach da bi chor bea na . . .  
Ne reive in nalwe nin laun brek,  
A darveith . . .

- 6 Da nymosit zeive in ness,  
 A Ossin nin gress noch mein.  
 Coo yn tein neach bi zar lave,  
 Wa sreyth . . .
- 9 Mor in feine, a churris orm,  
 A cleyrith oyd nyth f . . .  
 Ni hynossit gow lay looin,  
 Ne way loye . . .
- 10 Onyth barlyth 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 hynchill c'kowle ayl  
 Boyin di bi raa si chath
- 12 Farzone fallych m'ynreith  
 Is kerrill ri sneive zaath  
 Dermin daath alin gyn nawle.  
 Re hor skaath ehin bi waath
- 13 Collyth m'cheit er wley mynni,  
 Kyrkeith enri nyn genk maath  
 Agus rynnith m'ynreith,  
 Myryehin nar wenyth in gaath
- 14 Felane foltinn bi wakith iud,  
 Agus garryth in deim narv  
 Derring m'doyrin gyn none  
 Aygh m'garryth bi waath law
- 15 Me fene is g. m'smail  
 Is dypyth darrith m'ronane  
 Tre neck nyth kerd gyn chalk.  
 Re oyr hentyth di barm yark
- 16 Mir a zana ma zut goo,  
 A cleyrth wor furt nyn mynni  
 Cha noch banit 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 laive,  
 Hanyth o chaaith guss in nane
- 18 Hanyth reith lochlin er ler.  
 Daor done skaa by wor gnaa  
 Di wraa keiss erin er koyme,  
 Fane deyryth r sloyg gyth ler
- 19 Hanyth ith chawr zar wane,  
 Twoa dey hug ass gi knok  
 Carbyrth loechr bi waath lawe,  
 Iij chlayth slane gow port
- 20 Vii caythin hanik in nane  
 Huggar 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 kreer bi lawe gin locht  
 Ruk sloyg nyn hynoa zeive,  
 Is di bog ea kenni reith er knok
- 23 Cown m'reith wllith uin eacht,  
 Agus dollir nan greath trom  
 Di zagamir er in traa  
 Er ym bayth fo zar tonni
- 24 Iij mee doytith ga bi rane,  
 Yth toythit o lar yn long  
 Fer teuni is kerkil a flwk,  
 A zaik sinni a gorp gi lomni
- 25 Oor arnyth neyn reith grekga,  
 Agus forni nyn heyme trom  
 Di zagamir fa zaar byve,  
 Is ner aig synn in yvve fa brou
- 26 Iij mee reith lochlin  
 Bi a chasger sein de veive arm  
 Ne tre balwe one vorrin or,  
 Neyn deacha sayd woyn ach marz
- 27 Re in doythlin 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 doythlin 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 lezgi ay voyeni er lar  
 Gow glen baltan mir ta hest,  
 Is and di zawe ay foss is tawe
- 30 *Er traye fintrath* ni goyn  
 Fer in churri ni slove in tar  
 Er reow in doythlin 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 bar er in traye
- 32 Er traye fintraithin nyn port,  
 Di bimmi ann eorp 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 bisskynni zeive,  
 Boein noch char vennyth in law  
 Cath di clanni mornyth nyn grath  
 Is in darne lay clannow smail
- 35 Er fr lawsyth 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 toynn a reiss
- 37 A halgin da wreggin clar.  
 O baillait deym pen gych skail  
 Gow dukgai eaa zawryth nyth glann,  
 Noeh cha danik ken r lay
- 38 Di rynni sin a gawli long,  
 Agus argit trom in reith  
 In noor sin eydda sin nevelit,  
 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 gou bass  
 Gau turnigin is ear thws,  
 Is gew Dea mowch gi lay
- 41 Ar sloyve Seyane la luain  
 Agus ni slove er a lar  
 Meichall is mur is mac Dey.  
 Dy hoyrt fene er an law
- 12 In da espil deyck si wlay  
 Gi cleyrth may is gi fave  
 Edrwme agis etrin 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 HOWDIR SO —.

- 1 LAA zane deach Finn di zoill  
In nalwe is ner ymmit sloyg  
Sessir hann is sessir far  
lyn zhil is anneir ueht zaall
- 2 Finn fayn is Dermoit gin on  
Keilt is ossain is oskir  
Conan meitlil gom maal er myg  
Agus muan nin vi leith sen
- 3 Mygin is ban einn bi zane  
Is annir ueht zall mi wan feyn  
Gornlay aolli is dow rosg  
Neaof is neyn emneiss
- 4 Nor a zoyf meska no muan  
Tugsiddir in gussi raa  
Nach royf er in doythin teg  
Sessir ban in goyth inrylk
- 5 A dowirt an nymnit gyn on  
Is Tulyeh earnich in doythin  
Ga maath sewse is ymmith ban  
Nach drynn fes acil re in ar
- 6 Gerrid er ve zawe mir sen  
Tanik in van dar rochtin  
Ein wrata wupja 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 Feafryth finn skail zyi  
Dim neyn lwebr 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 chacle  
Go westmist im brear mir  
A twg na mnawe wo chanew
- 11 Gawis ben chomane ym brat  
Is curris wupja la rachta  
Gom bea sen an loyth locht  
Dar lek rys wile a gall ocht
- 12 Mir a chonnik connan meil  
Ym brat er cassyth fa teyf  
Tawris in chreissyth 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 oskyr na zey  
Ym brad eoo adda coyve ray  
Ga loyvyr skayth a wrat inn  
Noch char ally a hynilyn
- 15 Gawis myghinis gi aal ym brad  
Is di churri fa cann  
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 elac  
Go vestmist in ness gon nou  
Tres elli da hynlit 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 own laar  
Mor wea see na hynnirrane
- 20 Tawrew ni wrat doyf a wnaa  
Is me nein in derg zrana  
Noch eha dernis di locht  
Ach fess ri finn fyvir noch
- 21 Ber mo wallyeh is ymth woygin  
Se der m'kowlie gin boy  
A dagris 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 Teanhair.' 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'HORYMRVTH KEILTA. 288 lines.

## A HOWDIR SO KEILT M'RONANE.

- 1 HEYM tosk zoskla fyun  
Gow tawri ni draive nevin  
Gow hormy moyr mhlorlat mhirr  
Gow cornik m'art inir
- 2 Ner cleacht me meith my zloon  
Orss afwllyeh fer eddrwme  
Gi waldeis feynth fail  
Oss word locht a foyall
- 3 Warwemir in leich lan  
Mir a warmemir in craye  
Di charmisdri leich fane lay  
Mir a charssuir a ray
- 4 Huggsmir a cann gin cherri  
Guss a gnok oss boyamir  
Di rynis feyn boya tra  
Di roynis fogryth owlay
- 5 Di warwiss mun er zliun  
Fer gi inwal in nerrin  
Di roynissi boya tra  
Di roynissi fogryth owlay
- 6 Di raddis mun er zliun  
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 doslin 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 mullin in nerrin  
Insin di leyggiddir rwm  
Eech albin is errin
- 11 Teym boach er loyss mi chass  
Gr ranegiss ross illirzlass  
In sin glossimisi scheur  
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 cornik
- 14 Is ben chormik er sin  
Di raddis ee zi charbro  
Tugis lwm claywa in reith  
Uch fa hay mior a wree
- 15 Mi clawe feyn fa gin gutti  
Fagwm in droyl chulk chormik  
In sin di quhoysis in nwm  
Is caddi in dorsser owym
- 16 Inn nygryth 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 finn  
Er ardre 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 conuil chynni  
Er a will dor er talvian  
In sin tarnik toylli  
Ag in re ro zass rawor
- 20 Inn choss goym in genn ni genn  
Teym less a is tei cotkin  
In sin chayis fa zass  
Di bi wlyg ay di maylass
- 21 Aeris 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 seu 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 dealfryth mis zi chormik
- 25 Gawa tow cow thlaa  
Woyme 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 zoive tow hed er gi  
Cart cowe ewnwvill  
Di nasgis in brar mir  
Er chormik m<sup>e</sup> art iuir
- 28 Gin leggi gi ray in re  
Da waya ay ni feyweill  
Mar nasgis in brar boynn  
Er re errin ni nwlt inn
- 29 In deymow gar zeggir royve  
Heymsyth ze in dymf  
Glossin turris o hawre  
Fa turris fr gi mannee
- 30 Do hymow ni heltin  
Gar skeltyth a chwdlychi  
Tuggis lwm ii zelt zark  
Is ii znaw ignyth ym ard
- 31 Argis fey fy za won ii laech  
Sin loch a scyllin  
ii hymnith sleyvecwllin  
ii zaw awlle a burrin
- 32 ii zessivey zowrane zurm  
ii chellyph fey a farzham  
ii hyane kyly creive  
Di latteve zrom zawreim
- 33 ii zoyvrane a hen a mach  
O charri donnwane doyyr  
ii eillin o thrae leith lee  
ii rulli a port larga
- 34 inn snekga on vrostna wane  
ii anoyk 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 vovna 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 pbedda oywri a claa  
ii onchon o chroda claauch
- 39 ii zoynae 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 tawryth toyve oyr  
ii choneyn a schee doe doynn  
ii wuk awlle cloyth chur
- 41 ii choyag o zrom dave  
ii ane oywryth layn de  
ii yghrgane lanenyth furriith  
ii chreithir one chreive roye
- 42 ii sperr hawk in swn o cleyve gla  
ii loch lay o lwnyelt  
ii oyr ane one woyn  
ii ussock on vovnych wor
- 43 ii oynlayk a hon chnoyth  
ii brok a creich ollonych  
ii rynith strayth simnyth  
ii zlassoyk o wroch urri
- 44 ii chrottych o chonych zawlwe  
ii weil won wor lawni  
ii carrinnyth phillhorrych  
ii awllinnych seith boygh
- 45 ii zassidi one wyg wyle  
ii cheith cheinekyche chnaw chyle  
ii woyok oo wrowyeh brn  
ii neiskin o zowdyr
- 46 ii zerrin o leyve za ane  
Da chyll wreane turle  
ii annan ar o wy walz  
ii chonlanc zatta o zruard
- 47 ii zrin zarrych o zruing  
ii vronargane on vor cheyyll  
ii wlyrych o zowne ni barga  
ii elli zalle on zaltraach
- 48 ii royin o challow charga  
ii wuk wor on worarga  
ii eskar locht m'lanene  
ii zarzart my ni nellane
- 49 ii ane vek o wess a chwle  
ii eggin ess v'mowrn  
ii elit zlinni zliun smoyl  
ii woyif o laach mow mor
- 50 ii onchon loyath o loch com  
ii cyclat a hwy chroyelin  
ii chyrrea schee zoivlane zil  
ii wuk vwleow vlyr

- 51 Rath is ker chorkrych chass  
Tugis lwm o einnis  
Tugis lwm each agis lar  
Di zrey vassych vanynane
- 52 Tarve is bo zarri o zrwam kein  
Tugis lwm o wurm rumbane  
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 dymseythyll ull doyf  
Gow lar ane ew
- 54 Nor a baillwne a meyw  
Zobbedir voyme aeli 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 zowlass  
Di zowis e er wrawit  
Gin ger walaa heach hanye
- 57 Tugis lwm ee lach gin wacht  
Doslí fin o chormik  
Ne fooris zolk roya  
Heg rwm nyg ve me boá
- 58 Cha deyd ass mi chree  
Chinn gin nawleggir may in dalvon  
Lass ane nane beg lassane nane  
Dolle a chass ymou
- 59 Er ni tullych er gi ay  
Cor fa lawe rg lassyn ane  
I chonwaille fyinn ag in layve  
Er seiltin gin ead wawne
- 60 Is vin zeyntyth ay sin de hoyrt  
Er a gowe dinn fosslow zoywath  
In dymseychow 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 chonni may za gwrtyth  
Sin wrow arsing ill wrunyeh  
Legga brudlychyth gawe  
Vin a guddichtyth greithane
- 64 Huggi ay brow slatzall sollis doyf  
Er ehigit fre zorre  
Gi in dorris deyve downtyth  
Ner way in soyye cond in . .
- 65 Ead sin is tee gi bronych  
Miss a mawe gi anoyth  
Mi chree cowe connis  
Fa la er gi in dorris
- 66 Ga mor nolk forris royth  
Wonyth skeythow choolyth  
Ner leigis ane deyve a mach  
Gi tra erre in in varrieh
- 67 Anni ny hyrri skeiltyth  
*A chorymyrth keilta*  
Ach a wag sin teyre ra teyre  
Ne dor chormik za soyye
- 68 Nor a leggi finn a mach  
Di skeillidír gi skeiltyth  
Cha deacha deis na trear  
Wo hawra zeive er in . .
- 69 Mi reith feyn agus reach fenn  
Merrolta eheme wass mi chim  
Ni tre neachin fa darryth zoyve  
Ni troyth sin di hysichow

- 70 We skay zoym er mi elow  
Creddwm in crist is ow  
Mimiche ass in ew inn  
Gar vewwun lwm ne weym . .
- 71 Gar wadda mi leyusi lar  
In dawr loehra ni wayn,  
Is fadda in laym rugis ter  
xx kead try in dawr
- 72 In sen fa lowwr mi leym  
Wagis si viddireheyn  
Gin ach bar mi choss a geill  
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.

- I 'S Cuth Duinne far nach Ionbhuin  
Deinmsa riutsa Nighin Iunsa  
Gu raibh mi m' dheo-laoch air bheirt eille  
Gad ha mi m' sheann Laoch san Lathas'.
- 2 La gn deachas leinn  
Eibhir-Aluin Chas-fhalt Fheinn  
Shi Ninghin fa 'm Geallabhach Glac  
Leannan Chigirich Chormaic.
- 3 Gun do ghluais shin gu sruth Locha leige  
An da Fhear-dheng a b' fhearr fuidh 'n Ghreinn  
Ge be fhidreadh air Ruin  
Robhain bu teicbheach droch Cuth.  
8 in Gillies.
- 4 Dh' fhosgladh dhuinn an Grianan Corr  
Air a Thughadh do 'n Chloth dhuinn  
Lion Meannneadh shinn nille  
'Gaibhrae Eibhir Chas-fhalt Bhui.  
7 in Gillies.
- 5 Labhair Brian<sup>1</sup> 'scha duirt e Breug  
Gad bhioigh ann da ninghin-deug  
Aig feobhas do Chliuth san Fhein  
Bhiogha Cheud Roghin dinbh aig Ossain.  
10 in Gillies.
- 6 Gun ghluais shinn gu Druim Dha-Th  
S bha Cormaic robhin na Long-phort  
'S e dar fethibh gu dana  
Le sheac Catha deng do 'n deo-mhath-shluath.  
11 in Gillies.
- 7 Shuadh Chormaic gu do Chass  
Aig na ghaibh an sliagh bla-lassair  
12 in Gillies.
- 8 Ochdfhear do bli aig Cormaic Cruinn  
Ionnan an Gniobh dh' fhearibh-bolg  
Mac Olla 's Daire na Creuchd  
Mac Tosgair<sup>2</sup> treun & Taog.  
13 in Gillies.
- 9 Freasdal Baigbhae Mac an Riogh  
Daire nan Gniobh bu bhor aigh  
Daora 'b fhearr fullang san Chuing  
'Smeirge Chormaic Chruinn na Laubh.  
1 Bran.

<sup>1</sup> Toscar for the first time mentioned. D.M.—Scribe's note. Supposed to be a mistake for an t-Oscar.

## NINEIN IUNSA.

14 in Gillies.

- 10 Oehd-fhear do bhí aig Oissain ard  
Inman san Cath ga dhion  
Molla mac Sceine gu fial  
Sgeuileche fial Flath nam Fiann.
- 11 Faolan & Caoril Cass  
'N Duibh mac Ríobhain nior thais Colg  
Toscar an tus shiar na Chlann  
Chuadh fo 'n Chrann an ceann nam Fear bolg.

15 in Gillies.

- 12 Thachair Tosgar thachair Daoil  
Taibh ri Taibh an Lath'r ant shluaidh  
Bha Coibhbrig an da Churridh Chaoibh  
Mar gun doirtigh Gaoth a Cuan

17 in Gillies.

- 13 Bu Choibhbrig dha Leobhan shin  
'S cho n' iarruidh e sgrán da 'n goin  
Ge bu mhath Saoirsneachd nam Fear  
Bu bheo na Taosgáibh an Fúil.

18 in Gillies.

- 14 Chuibhnich Tosgar air a Sgríthin  
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 Deirníbh 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 Sgríth gu Cormaic Cruinn  
'S gun bhrist Cormaic mac Airt  
Caogid Lann ghlass air an Druim.

## NINEIN IUNSA.

21 in Gillies.

- 17 Thugas an Ceann do Chormaic Cruinn  
Air an T-sliabh gus a Nochd  
'S gun do ghluais mí leis gu Flath Fail,  
'S an Ceann sin an Laibh air Fhált.

22 in Gillies.

- 18 Ge be ghinse dhoibhsa shin  
An La sin a cuir a Chlath  
Fheiridh rium mar bha mí 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. SU'IREADH OISEIN AIR EAMHAIR ALUINN. 88 lines.

- 1 'Is Cuth dúine far nach Fiondaín<sup>2</sup>  
Deirnis riutsa nighean Iunnasá,  
Gu 'n raibh mí 'm dhea' laoch air bheirt eile,  
Ge ta mí 'm sheann koach san latha-s'.
- 2 Latha gu 'n deachaidh leimn,  
Eamhair aluim fholt-ghrimn,  
Nighean bu ghéal-lamhach glac,  
Leannan coigrich Chormaic.
- 3 Ghluais sinn gu sgoith Lochu Leige (perhaps *taobh*)  
An da fhear-dheng a b' fhear fo 'n gbrein,  
Ge b' e dh' fhidreadh ar rún,  
Romhain bu theichmbeach droch eith.
- 4 Bheannuich an sin Bran<sup>3</sup> mac Leacan  
D' an t-sluagh aluinn, ard, ghéal-ghlacach,  
Gu narach, treoirach, méo-mheata,  
Nach do phill scannal no ascal.
- 5 Dh' fhuaid e dh' inn an gloir bhinn,  
Cíod e an taise<sup>4</sup> mun 'n d' thainig sinn?  
Caólte fhrengair air ar ceann,  
A dhíarraidh do nighin ortsa.

<sup>1</sup> *Lit.* A man is a chief when he is not a Fingal.<sup>2</sup> Iundrun, ionnuinn ?<sup>3</sup> Brian.<sup>4</sup> Taisealadh, taiseig ?

- 6 Co dha ta sibh ga h-iarraidh?  
Do dh' Oisein uasal mac Fheinn,  
'S i mo nearac a gheubh thu,  
A Laoic h-láidir long-phortaich.
- 7 Labhair Brán 's ní dubhairt breng,  
Ge do bhíodh agam da nighin deng,  
Aig feabhas do chliuth san Fheinn,  
Bhíodh a cheud nighean aig Oisein.
- 8 Dh' fhosgladh dhuinn an Grianan<sup>5</sup> corr,  
Air a thuthadh do chloth dhuinn, (perhaps *clúth*)  
Lion meannma sin uile,  
'G amhare Eamhair chas-fholt bluidhe.
- 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 Gu 'n ghluais sinn gu Druim da-thore,  
'S bha cormac romhain na long-phort,  
'S e dar feitheamh gu dana,  
Le seachd catha d' an dea' mhalaidh.<sup>6</sup>
- 11 Shuagh Chormaic gu 'n do chás  
Aig na ghabh an sliabh bla lasair.
- 12 Oehd-fhear do bhí aig Cormag cruinn,  
Ionann an gníomh dh' Fhearaibh-Bolg.  
Mac Colla is Daire nan cruchd,  
Mac Toseair' treun agus Taog.
- 13 Freasdal baghach Mac an Righ,  
Daire na 'n gníomh bu mhór agó,  
Daol bu mhaith fulang sa chuing,  
'S Meirge Chormaic Chruinn na laimh.
- 14 Oehd-fhear bhí aig Oisein ard,  
Ionann sa chath gharg ga dhion,  
Mulla Mac Scein agus Fial,  
Sgeulaiche fíor flath na Feinn'.
- 15 Faolan agus Cairioll cás,  
Dubh Mac Ribhin nior thais colg,  
Toscar an tus siar a Chlann,  
Chaidh fo 'n chrann an' ceann na 'm Fearbolg.<sup>7</sup>
- 16 Thachair Toscar thachair Daol,  
Taobh re taobh an lath'r an t-sluaigh,  
Bha comhrag an da churaidh chaoimh  
Mar gu 'n doirteadh gaoth a cuan.
- 17 Bu chomhrag dha leomhain<sup>8</sup> sin  
'S cha 'n iarradh e scian d' an ain,  
Ge bu mhaith saoirsneachd na 'm fear,  
Bu cheo na taosgáibh an fúil.
- 18 Chuibhnich Toscar air an scein,  
Arm bu mhian leis an fhear mhaith,  
Chuir e naoi guine, an taobh Dhaoil,  
Sealan beag mu 'n chlaon an cath.
- 19 Bha comhrag ag borbadh an t-sluaigh,  
Mar fhuaim uird le dearnaibh lámh,  
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 lhris Cormag mac Art  
Caogad lann ghlas air an druim.
- 21 Thugas an ceann do Chormag Cruinn  
Air an t-sliabh gus an nochd,  
'S gun do ghluais gu Flath Fail,  
'S an ceann sin an laimh air fholt.
- 22 Ge b' e dh' innsadh dhambha sin  
An la sin ag cuir a chath',  
Deireadh rium mar tha mí nochd  
Gu 'm faigheadh e ole o m' laimh.

<sup>5</sup> A round turret or tent.<sup>7</sup> Ceann na 'm Bolg.<sup>6</sup> Mhal-shluagh ?<sup>8</sup> 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 HUIJUS 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 lwnmii di zloyr,  
Bannicht foiss er anmyn finn  
Agus innis gay wayd feyg,  
Hwtti er sleyve ny ban finn.
- 3 Ga mor lewe crathamar slee,  
Or ni deatha voylte in loy  
Di hntti er sleyve ny ban finn,  
Di zeyith lay fin nyth wlygh
- 4 Innis doyf royth gith skayle,  
Bannith er a waili gin zoyth  
A bayig eadlith no ermni,  
A doll leive a helg gi lay
- 5 Di weith eaddith agus ermni,  
A doll leine a helg mir senni  
Ni weith feanee zeive ym zoe,  
Gin leynith royle is men
- 6 Gin chottone schee schave,  
Gin lurych sparrì zeyr zlynn  
Gin chenvarth clooth di chorriith,  
S zay ley in norn gi fer
- 7 Gin skay neynith warryth boye,  
Gin lanni chroye eskoltith kenn  
A nearryth in doythin fayn scheath,  
Ne royth nath bi zer no finn
- 8 Is schea a barri euicht is awge,  
Ne zeath lay vassa clinn  
Doll in dastill a choyn zill,  
Gi aggin er farri mir finn
- 9 Cath egrg a choynair shear,  
A helg er sleyve ni ban finn  
A phatrik ayd chinni ni glar,  
Di balin granu vass ir ginni
- 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 eirryth kolg in feark
- 12 Di leggymir tre m cowe,  
A barri lowe syth way gi garga  
Warwe gith cowe zewe da eyg  
Selli fa neyd yn eyll na hard
- 13 Di hwtti vi meill feyg bar  
Er a zlann di weith fane tleyve  
A haggus eyg agus arbe  
Ne zarne selgi mir sen rywe
- 14 Gir bee deirriith ir selgi hear,  
A clarre oyd ni glar is ni glok  
Deich kayd kow fa lawre loyr  
Hntti fa leon x c tork
- 15 Di hnttidir lyne ni twrk,  
A roynith ni helg er in lerga  
Mir a weyg r lanith is r lawe  
Di verdis air er in telga
- 16 A phatrik ni baichill fear,  
A wakka tow hear no horri  
Selga in lay raid liu  
A waynew fin bi woith no sen

- 17 Ach sen selga a roinith finn  
V'alpin ni minni blayth  
Gar ni goyllane ansi cheille,  
Gi bi winni laym ane 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 fiann;  
'S mile do Mhaithaibh nam Fiann,  
Cho deachaidh riamh os a cheann.
- 2 Oisain gu 'r binn leam do ghloir,  
Beannachd fos air anam Fhinn;  
Ailis dhuinne cia fion fiadh,  
Thuit libh air shiabh nam ban Fiann.
- 3 Ailis o thoiseach do sgéul,  
Beannachd air do bhéul faidheoidh;  
'M biodh blur 'n eideamh is blur 'n airm,  
A dol libh 'n bheinn t-seilg gach ló.
- 4 Gu 'n ar 'n eideamh 's gu 'n ar 'n airm,  
Cho reachamaid a sheilg nan croc,  
Bhíodh air gach feinnidh gach ló,  
Léine shroil 's air eill da choin.
- 5 Bhíodh cót air do 'n t-side shéimh,  
Lúircach, is Barghail r' a shlios;  
Is ceannbhairt chochalla chórr,  
'S a dha shleagh an dorm gach fir.
- 6 Bhíodh sgia úain air a gheibla' buaidh,  
'S cluidheamh cruidh gu sgoltadh cheann  
Bodha (*meabach*) agus iudhair,  
'S caogad guinach ann am balg.
- 7 Siubhail an domhan mu seach,  
'S cho 'n fhuing thu ann neach mar Fhionn  
A b' thearr imhe 'sa b' fheurr agh,  
Cho deachaidh lamb os a cheann.
- 8 Re cath teagair bha sinn siar,  
A sealg air shiabh na 'm ban Fiann;  
A Phádraig a cheann nan ciar,  
B' áluin a ghrian os ar ceann.
- 9 'N uair a shuidhich Fionn a choin,  
Air an t-srath a bha fú 'n t-shiabh;  
Shuidh gach f'innidh air tom seilg,  
Gus an d' eirich sgeilg nam fiadh.
- 10 Dh' fhuasgail sinn trí míle cú,  
Bu mhaith lúth, sa bha ro ghar;g;  
'S mharbh gach cú dhin sin da fhiadh,  
Seal un 'n deachaidh iall air aird.
- 11 Iodhnadh 's mo 'a chunnacas riamh,  
No chuala Fiann Inne pháil;  
Gn d' mharbh Bran is e na chluicín,  
Fiadh agus idhir re each.
- 12 Leag<sup>1</sup> sinn naoi míle fia' barr,  
Air an t-srath a' ta fuadh 'n t-shiabh;  
A Phádraig san agams tha beachd,  
Sealg mar sud cho 'n fhuacas riamh.

<sup>1</sup> . . . 9000 Harts, besides Hinds and Roes.

- 13 Thuit leinn naoi míle fiadh bar,  
A eaghluis carb agus adh ;  
Thuit sin air sliabh nam ban fionn,  
Do dh' fhiadhach le Fionn nam feagh.
- 14 Ach an deireadh ar seilgne shiar,  
A Fhádraig nan eilíar 's nan eilog ;  
Deich céud en le 'n slabhruidh óir,  
Thuit sin faidheoidh le céud toir.
- 15 'S ann leinn mharbhadh na tuire  
A rinn na h-uile air an leirg,  
'S mar bhiteadh ar lamha 's ar lann  
Cho deannamaid ár air an t-seilg.
- 16 Biomad laoch fuilceachd fial,  
Na sheasamh air sliabh lúise-crot,  
Gu 'n ach iall 'a chom na lámh,  
'S e pilleadh o ár nan toir.
- 17 Sealg mar sud cho d' rinn sinn riamb,  
A dhea' Mhic Ailpín na míonn tlá ;  
Guth do cheofain ann sa chéill,  
'S mór 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 kill 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 eol ;  
4 Cho reachamaid a sheilg ; an Ion ;  
5 Bhiodh eot air do 'n fhúitidh sheimh,  
6 'S cloidheamb cruaidh, bu mhaith sa cholg ;  
7 Botha crnadhach air dhea' luthadh,  
Chuireadh sibhal fúí 'n ghatb bolg.  
7 A b' fhearr eineach, sa b' fhearr agh.  
10 Bu ghang luth ri aonach ard ;  
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 bhí 'n gleann diamhair,  
Bha sinn re fiathach Muc alte ;  
'S bhá Fionn féin ann, Caoilte 's Oisain,  
Luchd a bhrosnacha gach sealga.
- 2 Bha sinn uil' ann ealain Mhic Chuthaill,  
Bha farion ann Coiréal ceiranach ;  
'S an t-Oscar óg luaidh neartmhor,  
Nach cuiridh ann cath air chéird.
- 3 Orlagáin air taobh a ghlúine,  
Shuaidh sinn uile Clanna Baoisge ;  
Do shuidh momeat mor air bharradh.  
'S cho bu toiseach rath d' ar dhoain ain.

- 4 Chuir sinn air coin ris an fhreach,  
Gu claoil is milleadh na béiste ;  
Dh' fheachainn eo d' ar conaibh grumach,  
A gheibheadh láu bhnaí air bréine.
- 5 'S ann an sin a labhair Conan,  
B' e aon laoch comais gach áite ;  
'No leigadh blmr gathair gu fireach,  
Gu 'n chlann 'm athaire sa bli láthair.'
- 6 'S ann an sin dh' eirich Faoilhan,  
B' e aon laoch spairneachd gach gnothaich ;  
'S ann dhuinne bu lóir a dhonas,  
Gun d' ng e leagadh do Chonan.
- 7 An sin do thainig Goll grumach,  
Bu shar bheumennach 's bu chruaí' buillean.  
Seal mun d' fhadair leinn a chumail.  
Do leag e céud ár nan tulaich.
- 8 'S ann an sin a dh' eirich Oscar,  
'N laoch leis an coisgte 'n cruaidh chómhrag ;  
Mar bhithidh dhamaí 's deachainn mo gheallidh,  
'S ann dhuitsa b' aithreach am borbadh.
- 9 Urram cho 'n fhúigh thusa uamsa,  
'Se labhair Goll grumach re Oscar ;  
Gu 'r h-ann leamsa thuit do Shinnisr,  
'S bu dearg lúntidh le mor lotaibh.
- 10 'N ar measna dh' eirich a' bhuidhín,  
Bhorb na curina r'a chéile ;  
Bu líomhor sgia' bhreac air leith lamb,  
Agus lann bu leathan gle gheal.
- 11 Chuaidh gach fear air chul a chloidheambh,  
'S chuaidh gach Flath air chul sgrétha ;  
Clann '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 dhoain ain ;  
Aig trineadh 's aig tricead a builleann,  
'S nu air chlaigainibh Chlanna baoisge.
- 13 S ann an sin a labhair Conall,  
'Ma 's beo duine Chlanna baoisge ;  
Díolamh an fheall is a mheodhair,  
'N duí' air chlaigainibh Chlanna mornna.'
- 14 'N sin do fhreagair an Rígh Féinne,  
G' e maith do chomhairls 'a Chonaill ;  
Fuaidh 'm iochdasa thainig Clanna mornna,  
'S b' iad aon laoich sorigheic an domhain.
- 15 An sin do dh' eirich Fionn fialaidh,  
Is Diarmaid déud gheal o dúbhne ;  
'S chuir iad na saoi' ean o chéile  
Ge d' bu mhór iargáin na bruidhne.
- 16 A togail dhuinn ris a mhullach,  
'S a díreadh re uilean an t-sléibhe ;  
Ge do tharladh gu 'n bhí marbh dhúinn,  
B' íomadach ann osnaich chléibhe.
- 17 Bu líomhor ann cuirp gu sílleach,  
Agus laoich fúí' íomad creacainibh ;  
'S deith an 'm buillean tromá dóbhidh,  
Thug Goll nae mornna mhic neamháin.

## I. 9. GLEANN DIAMHAIR. Extracts.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 63. 72 lines. Advocates' 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 Baoisge wanted to set of their Dogs after the Boar in Gaul's absence. Conan who was always a Follower of strife and wrangles with his impertinent loquacity stopp 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 Baoisge. The amicable Fingal and courteous Dernaíd 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 neldaidh,  
A chlaoi', muice nan calg geura ;  
Bu treine gainne nan cuileann,  
Bha friodh mullaich mar choill chreiclich.
- 5 B' e aon loch conais gach aite ;  
No leigibh ar 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 loch a teirbht gach buille,  
Beanna guineach doear 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 Gleneilte, in Argyre shire, and either of the parties was too lazy, 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 Mae Chnathail air Coir-easain.
- 2 Shuidh Caoilte air Coire-domhail,  
Fear a chomhdacha' ar Féinne ;  
'S cho d' fhag a choin no gathair a bhos  
Aon fliadh gu 'n tathach gu h-Eite.
- 3 Shuidh Diarmaid donn gheal o daimhne,  
Gille mairneach na morchuis ;  
Maillle r'a fhuir thréine chatha,  
Thall air uilean cuoc na h-Og' ghnuis.
- 4 Shuidh Mae Morna san Lia' ghumb 's,  
Tacan siar o Ghuala chuirin ;  
'S g' b' e chidheadh sealg nam fear,  
Bu lionmhor ann bás daimh dhúinn.
- 5 Mu 'n d' ainig deireadh an ló,  
Dh' eirich gníomh bu doilich kinn,  
Eidear fiodhleann nan arm glas,  
Agus Oscar Mac Righ 'n leirg.
- 6 Damb do mharbh Oscar an áigh,  
Tacan beng o bhiclamh Ghuaid ;  
'S thug Goll a bhriathar gu beachd,  
Nach feuchadh é blas an daimh dhuinn.
- 7 Do thog Oscar e dh' a fein,  
'S e 'g eisteach re briathar Ghúill ;  
'S gu b' eisean an Gille fial,  
Thog e air a sgiú 'sa lúin.

- 8 Thainig an t-Oscar donn gu Athair,  
Thainig Maithadh Chlanna boisige ;  
Thainig orna sgiú na cobhair,  
'S thainig Colla, mac cruaidh Chaoilte.
- 9 Thainig Fionn fein an ceannard,  
Bu chruan teann air Chlanna boisige,  
'S labhair e le iolach mabhair,  
Thugaibh urram 's biadh do 'm dhaoine.
- 10 Thainig Fionn bán Mac Chuathán,  
Le aon fhichead déug fural ghaigeach ;  
Le 'n uidhir eile do dh' fhuinntidh,  
Do thainig Maighre Mac Baistail.
- 11 Thainig a Macaidh dubh sibhailt,  
Gille gu 'n di meas kan déghraim ;  
Le aon fhichead déng sgiú' nach faunaich,  
'S cho bu charaid Chlanna morna.
- 12 Thainig Mae Nic o-theanraig,  
A bu roí' mhaith thun an trotain ;  
Le aon fhichead déng sgiú' nach sgannail,  
'S a bu roí' mhaith theannladh total.
- 13 Le deich ceud curidh do dh' fhuinntidh,  
Do thainig Diarmaid o daimhne ;  
Le 'n gathuibh fiata, feargach fuileach,  
Gu fíor mhalleach sliaibh Mhic súmhue.
- 14 Thainig Caoilte fiamh gach catha,  
Le cnig céud 's tri koiach gu súmhue ;  
Le 'n lama' fhor chruaidhe geala,  
An gleus catha eum ar coibreach.
- 15 Le deich ceud 's fhichead loch calma,  
Do thainig Garbh lúmh Mae Morna ;  
Gu fiodhleann nan armaibh fada,  
D' a thearnadh o 'r tional mór-ne.
- 16 Le tri fichead tréun loch catha ;  
Do thainig Garbh Mae Morna ;  
'S bu cheannard air tri fir fheachda,  
Gach aon neach dhiu teuchd gu cóimrag.
- 17 Le céud ursann chath gu 'n athadh,  
Do thainig Grad lamh gu deonach ;  
'S na bha air eul gach curidh,  
Truir loch fuileachdach gu cóimrag.
- 18 Thainig le cnig fichead calma,  
Daorí' airmailtach Inse fréine ;  
Gu Momad na 'm buillean grada,  
'S cho bu rathaid d' ar fir mhór-ne.
- 19 'Beannachd dhuit 's no fuilgáing tair,  
A Ghuill mhoir do rath Conan ;  
Thoir cath do 'n Fheinn gu 'n laigsa,  
'S do rath fein a Righ cho donaid.'
- 20 'No deansa sin orsa Daóire,  
'S fearúde ciall a comhairleachadh ;  
Beannachd dhuit is fuilgáing tair ;  
Do dh' Fhionn árd Righ Connachda.'
- 21 'C' om am fuilgáingeamsa tair,  
Do dh' Fhionn, 's na gabhsa a pháirt,  
'N nair bheiradh é mo dhlighe dhim,  
C' om am fuilgáing e gu brath.'
- 22 Thionail Fionn an sin a shloigh,  
Gu Momad nór nan tréun bhilean ;  
Bu lionmhor ann bratach ár dhearg,  
Agus koiach fuidh Lúirich bhuidh.
- 23 Bha deich dorsan air sluaibh Ghúill,  
'S iad eagnaichd drim air dhrim gu dochaun ;  
Is bha caogad Laireach sholuis,  
A coimhead gac non dorais.
- 24 'N sin chnaidh na fir r' a chéile,  
Gu fuileachdach tréunmhor cruaidhe ;  
'S b' iomad corp a bha d' an sineadh,  
Le buillean a Mhíidh ghraumaich.
- 25 Gu b' iomad leith lamh, is leith chos,  
An deis an leadairt le géur kann ;  
Le buillean a Chinne chrodha,  
Bha air an lón shios gu 'n eiridh.
- 26 'S an a chluinthe fuaim a luinne,  
Mar chreag nlean no Boinn eudain ;  
A sgothadh chnaman is féala,  
B' e sin an sgeúl bróin nach b' éilhréach.

- 27 Chluinte fuaim air buillean nìle,  
Mar thoirm tuinne re la gabbhaidh;  
No mar Easuaibh na 'n beannaibh,  
Thuitam ann gaeh gleann chaol fasaich.
- 28 Cho raibh brochd no torehd, no taotban,  
Bh' ann an sgìlp no 'n creag no 'n uamh;  
Nach do theich ann an gleanntidh,  
'S ann am beanntidh fada uaim.
- 29 'Oscar an cumhain no chomain,  
'N nair a bha an Fhainn da leonadh;  
Thug mi airn laoiach a' d' laimh,  
'S mo chonamh nach b' flann an còmhrag.
- 30 'G' e do dheanamh tu dhànfh fein,  
Gach aon nhaith a bha fù 'n ghréin;  
'C' om am fuilgeam tailceas Fhinn,  
'N fhear sa bhios an deò am chré.'
- 31 'Cho 'n iongeantach leams ogh Fhinn,  
Bhì neo chumailach air fhocal;  
'S a bhì borb gu 'n iochd gu 'n dàimh,  
R' a thréun naimhde re la dochbaint.'
- 32 Cho deachidh an Fheinn le gráin,  
Lead aon ionaire o 'n bhàir;  
O' na dh' éirich a ghrian moeh,  
Gus an deach i siar a tháimh.
- 33 Theic Mac Morna bu mhòr gnomh,  
Is nu theich cho b' ann gu 'n dì;  
Thorehair drian d' ar Fíinne leis,  
'S dh' fflag mise fuidh leòn gu sìor.
- 22 B' iomadach ann bratach ur-ghorm,  
Agus laoch ann luraich luthaidh.
- 23 Bha deich dorsan air Cathain Ghuill.
- 24 Bhuail sinn an sin air a cheile,  
Mar dha bhuiun air sgé nan cuantaidh;  
B' iomad laoch a thuit gan éiridh,  
Le buillean a Mhàidh ghruamaich.
- 26 A' sgathadh nan sonn sa chomhrag,  
Sgeula broin ata an-cibhinn.
- 27 Chluinte toirm ar leam sa chumasg,  
Mar fhuaim tuinne ri la gabhaidh.
- 28 Cha raibh broc, no torc, no baotban,  
Bh' ann an cos nan creag, no 'n uamh.
- 29 Nuair a bha thu' m bruid ga d' leonadh,  
Thug airn laoiach ann a' d' laimh.
- 30 'N fhea' sa bhiodh an deo am chré.
- 31 A bhì borb gun iochd no baidh,  
'S ann iomar-bhaidh na luchd coisgairt.
- 32 Cha do theich an Fheinn le grain,  
Lead aon ionaire le sgáth.
- 33 'S dh' fflag mise fù' leon gun leighneas.

## HOW CUMHAI WAS SLAIN. A. F. O.

Is 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 75, Gaelic. Page 1 above.

## A. 21. KINNIS DI WARVE SEW COWLL?

72 lines.

I. 10. THE CONFLICT OF LEANA. 132 lines.  
Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 33. Advocates' Library,  
April 6, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

Uron 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 should 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, Glenurchy 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) would have the stag, but Oscar would not part with him. Upon this dispute the two Clans were gathered together and an engagement ensued in which great many of Clan-baig 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,  
3 Thall air uilean enoc nan Ogan.  
7 Thog e leis am fiadh, sa loinn.  
8 'S thainig Colla Mac cruaidh Chailte.  
9 Thugar urram buaidh do 'm dhaoin.  
10 Thainig Fionn bàn Mac Cuathan,  
Le aon fhichead deng curaidh gaisgidh.  
11 Thainig a Mhaeruidh o 'n Isbein,  
Gilleam gun mhio-mheant an dorainn.  
12 Thainig Mac Rìogh na Fìfe,  
Nan lanna gear 's nan trodan.  
13 Le deich ceud 's fichead do dh' fhiantaidh.  
14 Le cnig ceud sonn gu sliabh suimhne,  
Na laoiach bu docair le gear loinn.  
15 Gu Iolann nan arma gearra,  
'S bu mhòr an bend do Rìogh Phailte.  
16 'S e na bha air eul gaeh curaidh,  
Triuir laoch fhuileachdach gu coi-stri.  
17 Do thainig Grad-lamh gu conamh,  
'S bu cheamard air trì ìr fheachda,  
Gach laoch neartuohr teuchd gu comhrag.  
18 Gu Monad nam buillean treuna,  
'N laoch nach eumadh an cruai'-chomhrag.  
20 'S fearde Triath a chomhairleachadh.

- 1 . . . . feyne in talg 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 sì zwt mì wrarri  
Er bee zwt orm za carre  
Gir heith mì haive laiyich lomm  
Chur in kead za in gowll
- 4 For in caddrew zoiss sin  
A clanni morn nar zilli  
Is wulling is reawor zoif  
Zess dew mathr a varwi
- 5 Mass for in cadowr leat sin  
Inn vee cowill a halwin  
Leig in carri dr lowskinni  
Is tog in nallydis chatelin
- 6 A deg mis zew lawe  
A clann morni is mor grane  
Fa toylling missi wle  
For gir gow deith cine dwn
- 7 Mass di zlassi tussi sin  
Ynichtin er slyecht haithr  
Bith lemenor simi er hini  
Mir weith ein cillytia chowale
- 8 Gowal chor sinn in woyew  
Cowe hnc orn mor withwr  
Gowal di zoichir a mach sinn  
A greithew ni geith
- 9 Chor dram zeime in nallin inn  
Is dram elle in dow lochlinn  
In tress dram si zreyg zilli  
Bedit woe cheyl r . . .

- 10 Wemir seableyn deyg  
A lagwss erin is ner wrag  
Ner weg in smach douniuh  
Sinni gin er dew zagkin
- 11 In kead lay chloyuir er teir  
Zinse erin or weimin  
Warveir dein is ner wraik a ray  
Xvi e dein lay
- 12 Di warvis elanna morn  
Dan lechew is . . .  
Cha roif cine dwn zew sen  
Nach cow caydi di v . . .
- 13 Gonith caslane da galnew  
Clanni morn mor vannunith  
In gimni feyn bi leyttich  
Ann a weaniss far nerrin
- 14 Er a lawsi olach ni wane  
Cha nakgis horri no har  
Eine neith lug pask er mi hwle  
Ach fagsin a chokkir
- 15 Hug say teim fame three  
Re fagsin ni slintee  
Huggimur neim teyg  
A crithew mowin moor zerg
- 16 A royth gasge in r  
Bassid zown owin a warvi  
Gyn deuye er in twllie hawle  
Yumbi woa dwnni clann chwle
- 17 Ronimir reith nach roeye maule  
Gus in ty in roif cowl  
Huggimur gwn zothiu gr fr  
In gop chwll zor sleywe
- 18 Gir gar ruggi missi ann  
In nor a warve she cowaill  
Ne gneive roym scho ma haa  
Dielmissi orr wa mer lay.  
Lay za roymir.

F. 3. MAR A CHAIDH CUTHUL A M HARBHADH.

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.

THURT Fionn ri Gairidh Mornne.

Bho nach d' rugadh mise san am,  
Cionnus a mharbh sibh Cuthal ?

B' e Cuthal Athair Fhionn,  
Deir Garra.

- 1 Is e Cuthal a rinn oirme an tair,  
'S e rinn a' mór 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 chend latha do bha sinne,  
Air foid Eir'nan nan gorm lann,  
Mharbh e dhinn is bann r' a 'n aireamh,  
Seachd ceud deug air aon leannin.
- 4 Do mharbhadh do Chlanna Moirne,  
D' ar Fiannaibh 's d' ar maithibh;  
Is rinn e an sin càru d' ar enamhan,  
Ann am fiadhluis na Foinne.
- 5 'S e rinn trom air eridheachan,  
Air cuing a lhi na bli na slinndeiribh.

An sin an uair a thug iad an aireadh,  
Cuthal a' tighinn dhachaidh 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 phluhtar a mach, gu taehart ri  
Cuthal nu 'n tigeadh e far an robh iad; Bha do  
bhuaidh air Cuthal 'nuair a tharladh e ri suaoi gu  
'n tuiteadh e na chadul. Agus co-luath 's a thach-  
air ise ris thuit e na chadul.

Thainig Mor-nin-Taoichd a mach agus ghodh i le  
h-ard iolaich, na bheò daime do Chlanna Moirne,  
a dhioladh na maithean.

A. 17.

- 6 Thug 'ear leinne ruith nach robh mall,  
'S raiujig sinn an tigh san robh Cuthal,  
'S chuir sinn guin ghoirt gach fear.  
Ga shleagh 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 mhae Rìgh,  
Bhramma Cuthal mar ghearran.
- 8 Sin agadsa Fhinn mbic Cuthail,  
Beagan do sgeula mu d' athair;  
Gun fhuath gun fholaich o shin,  
Gun eiscamaì na gun urram.  
D' thubhairt Fionn an sin.
- A. 18.
- 9 Ge nach d' rugadh mise  
Ri linn Cluthail na 'n gear lann.  
An gionub a rinn, sibhse gu tairéal  
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 fholaichd choit-chionta.

O. 3. BAS CHUTHAIL. 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.

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 gear air is gair,  
Bha braon a tuitem o 'n speur,  
Fraoch ag eiridh gu h-ard,  
An ceo bha lasadh le ioghmadh,  
As torran broin a buireadh bais.
- 5 Chunnac Garra ceum an fhir,  
Chunnac 'sa chridhe g'a chradh;  
Bha smuain a snamb an fuil,  
Bha aghuin a' sireadh aich.
- 6 Le smeatha breige a dh' fhuilich run,  
Chuir e failt air Cn nan ceud,  
Failt ort a 'Chuthail bhuaidhaich,  
Failt 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 deabhl,  
Biodh air di-chuimhn sealg an Duin.

- 8 'S leat i ga mor beartas,  
Dean do cheart ri, is do run ;  
Mar reult an oidheche shaimhe,  
Dealradh air linne bhuiag,  
Las a maise a cruth crodh-carg.
- 9 Bu deas díreach grinn a ceum,  
Mar gheang uaine fo lan meas,  
Thug an rígh a throm ghaoil trom,  
Do íghinn Mhorna nan cruaidh cholg.
- 10 Chaill e luathas, thuit fo gheasaibh,  
Cúridh riamh nach d' fhuair a chlaoidh ;  
Sáith is fann an ghléann nan lon,  
Cha b' íoghnadh eel a dhonadh e.
- 11 Cheangail iad an rígh nu lar,  
Rinn iad tair ga chuir fo smachd ;  
Mharbhte leo an eúridh calma,  
Ba mhor 'armachd ag neart.
- 12 Mar cheo air mullach na beinne,  
'S don shion a' bagradh nu 'n cnairt d'í,  
Sheall Fionn is osna broin.  
O chom a' d'usgadh.  
Cha bhí Cuthal gun díoladh.
- 13 Chunnacas tighinn nar daíl,  
Garra Mor a mí aigh ;  
Las ar fearg mar chaor theallach,  
Thog gach fear a shleagh o thalamh.
- 14 Thuirt Fionn o nech d' rugadh mí san àm,  
Cia mar mharbh sibh Cuthal ?
- 15 'S e Cuthal a rinn oírn an tair.  
'S e rinn oírn am mor sgaradh,  
'S fada dh' fhogair sinne Cuthal  
A mach air chríochan nan cíomheach.
- 16 Bhenea e mar gu 'm bí mart ann,  
Roicadh e mar gu 'm bí Torc ann ;  
'S ged nach b' onoir e mbach rígh,  
Bhrana Cuthal nar ghearran.
- 17 'S in agadsa Fhinn Mhíe Cuthal,  
Beagan do sgeulaibh t' athar ;  
Gun fhuachd gun fhuachd o sin,  
Gun eiseamail gun urram.—

## THUBHAIRT FIONN.

- 18 Ged nach d' rugasra ri lim nan geur lan,  
An gníomh a rinn sibh gu tarail,  
Díolamsa an aon la e,
- 19 'S maith a gheibh thusa sin Fhír,  
Bhí 'g ímeachd an slighe d' athar,  
Cuirsa an cairdeas air chul, (naimhdeas)  
'S tog do 'n fhalachd mhíraín.
- 20 Cairdeas cha do thoill sibh nam,  
Chlanna Morma na mor naill ;  
'S mar bithinn baigheil ribh,  
'S fada o 'n a chlaoidh 'ur faram.

## GAREE.

- 21 Mar chreag an aonach ud shuas,  
Cruaidh sheansmíach ata sinn ;  
'S cuirear an cath gun fheall,  
'S air lubar ceam do chlanna Baoisge.
- 22 Chaidh eulín is aighir nu 'n enairt,  
Dh' fhogar brón gu fuachd nan beann ;  
Dh' ulluich gach gaisgeach e fein,  
Gu euchd eithream nan lann.
- 23 Dh' fhalbh an oidheche san ceo duinte,  
'S ghoir a chuach air bharr-áibh ebrann ;  
Dhuísig a' mhadaimn o leaba san ear,  
'S dh' or a' ghriau gach leachd is fonn.

## THE DEATH OF BRAN. D. F. M. O. Z.

THIS probably was the great traditional dog fight, in which Gradilone saw the love-mark on Diarmaid's brow. The first two verses are joyous, 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 Lao as lag oím ars a chorr,  
'S fadlith eom mo Luirg' am dheigh ;  
Nam bristin se Ia nochd,  
Cait am faighin Lass na Leigh ?
- 2 Leithi-ídh mísh' I ars an Dreolan,  
Fon leithis mí moran robhidh ;  
A Chorríbh ha fos mo chion,  
'S míshe leithis Fion nam Feigh,
- 3 An Ia bharríbh shín an Tore liath  
'S iummídh Fian a bhán 'sa T-shleigh ;  
'S iummídh Cuillain T-aoibh-ghéal sheang ;  
Bha taibh ri taibh san Bheinn bhuiag,
- 4 Nar a tshuich Fion an Tealg,  
Shín nar ghaibh Bran Fearg ra Chuid ;  
Throid an da 'Chóin 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 Bhagair e 'n Laibh an ro Bran,  
Gun Daíl hoirt da ach a bharaigh ;  
Dherich Ossain beg machd Fhinn,  
'S coig eoid deig an eothail Ghuill,
- 7 Labhair e an Cora ard,  
Cais-giu do T-shluaigh gearg a Ghuill,  
Bhuail mí Buille don Eil bhuiag,  
'S do na Balagibh F-íumríoch.
- 8 Dhanúig mí an Tor na Cheann,  
'S truaigh reinn mí 'm Beid ro i sheann ;  
T-sheoil mo Chulain har a Ghuain,  
'S gu 'm íunigh leis mí ga bhuaidh.
- 9 T-shnatháidh e na Frassibh Falla,  
Fo Ragsinín mearrigh glannigh ;  
An Laibh leis 'ndo bhuail mí Bran,  
'S truaigh nach han fon Ghuain a sear.
- 10 Mun dreinn mí am Beid a bhos,  
Gur truaidh nach hann eíg a chaitis ;  
Cíod a Bhuaidh a bhígh air Bran,  
Arsa Comau uaibhrich near.
- 11 Fon ab aois Cullain do Bhran,  
'S fon a chuir mí Conn-ial air ;  
Cha nachl fias am Fianíbh Fail,  
Lorg Feigh an deis fhaighail
- 12 Bu bhath e haithín Dorain Duin.  
Bu bhath e hoirt Eisg e Hoithín ;  
Gum bear Bran a mbaraigh Broe,  
Na Coin an Talaind' a thainig,
- 13 Cheid Leiggidh a huair Bran riabh,  
Air Druim na Coille coir lía ;  
Naonar do gach Fiagh air bith,  
Bharíbh Bran air a cheud Rith.
- 14 Cassbh buigh bha aig Bran,  
Da T-shlios dhutháidh as Farrageal ;  
Druim uaine nu'n íagháidh 'an T-calg,  
Da Chluais chorriche chro-dhearg.

<sup>1</sup>Sni.

Crioch.

## F. 15. MAR A CHAIDH BRAN A MHARBAIDH.

Fletcher's Collection, page 127. 58 lines. Advocates' Library, January 22, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

PHONETIC 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 eom mo lurga 'n dheidh ;  
'S cha na Briscansa mo chasan,  
Cia mar gheibhin lus na leigh.
- 2 Leighidh mis' thu arsa 'n Drealan,  
Bho leighis mi moran rionhad,  
A chorr nd' tha os mo chionn,  
'S mise a leighis Fionn na fheallh.
- 3 An latha mharbh sinn an Tore liath,  
'S iomad Fionn bha ann sa shleagh ;  
'S iomad cuilean eomh gheal eomh,  
Bha taobh re taobh sa mhointich bhuig.
- 4 Nuair a shuidhich Fionn an t-sealg  
'S am a Ghabh Bran fearg r 'n chuid ;  
Throid an da choin ann san t-sliabh,  
Bran gu dian agus an Ghuill.
- 5 Mu 'n fhaod sinn smachd a chuir air Bran,  
Thug e na naoi nilt o dhrum,
- 6 An sin 'n nair clunnaig,  
Goll mar thachair ghabh e fearg.
- 7 Dh' eirich Goll mor mac smail,  
Cuis nach bu choir mo Cheann coin ;  
Bhagair e 'n lath 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 aird  
Caisgeam d shluagh a Ghuill.
- 9 Bhuail mi buille air do 'n eile bhuidh,  
Is do na bailgeabh inuidnich,  
Is dh' adhlacaidh an tor na cheann,  
'S truagh rinneadh 'n beud co-teann.
- 10 B' ioghana leam chuillean fion,  
Mise ga bhualadh le h-cil ;  
Is shileadh e na frasa fala,  
Air a rosgabh rauna ghilana.
- 11 An lath leis an do bhuaileadh Bran,  
'S truagh nach ann o 'n ghuaillean sgar ;  
Mu 'n d' rinneadh am beud a bhos,  
'S truagh nach ann eug 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 eige e h-ambuin ;  
B' fhearr Bran a mharbha' na broicid,  
Na coin na talubin 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 chiad ruidh.
- 16 Cosa buidhe bhiodh aig Bran,  
Da shlios dhubha is tar geal ;  
Druim uaine an suidheadh sealg,  
Da chluais chorrach chro-dhearg.

M. 16. MU MHARBHADH BHRAN. 46 lines

- 1 An la mharbh sinn an Tore,  
'S iomad Fionn 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 r chuid ;  
Throid an da choin sa 'n t-sliabh  
Bran gu dian agus Cu Ghuill.
- 3 Mun d' fheadas smachd a chuir air Bran,  
Dhealaidh e naoi nilt ra dhrum,  
Dh' eirich Goll mor mac smail,  
Cuis nach ba choir mu cheann coin

- 4 Bhagair e 'n lath an raibh Bran  
Gun dail a thoirt da ach a mharbha,  
Dheirich Ossian beag mac Fhionn,  
'S enig ceud deug an cothail Ghuill.
- 5 Thainig bran mun emairt,  
Sann leam bu cheumaidh gu 'n tainig,  
Bhuail mi buille do 'n eil bhuidhe,  
'S do na bailgibh fii an daimricht.
- 6 Dh' adhlac me 'n tor na cheann,  
'S truagh a roinn me am beud ra theim !  
Sheall mo chuilain thair a ghualain  
Bioghnadh leis mi ga bhualadh ;
- 7 An lath sin leis an do bhuaileadh Bran,  
'S truagh an ghualain nach do sgrath,
- 8 Mun d' rinn mi am beud a bhos,  
Gur truagh nach ann eug a chaidheas
- 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 Fianduibh fail,  
Lorg feigh an deigh 's fhagail.
- 11 'S bu mhaith e thoirt a Bhran a tuill,  
Bu mhaith thu chuman Dorain duim.
- 12 Ach eud leigeadh fhuair Bran,  
Air druim na caoilleadh coir-liath,  
Naoinar do gach fiadh air bith,  
Mharbh Bran air a cheud rith.
- 13 Cosa buidhe bhiodh aig Bran,  
Da shlios duth, is tar geal ;  
Druim uaine on suighe sealg,  
Cluasa corraich cro dhearg.
- 14 An lath sin leis an do bhuaileadh Bran  
Struagh o 'n ghualain nach do sgrath.

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 eom mo lorg a' m' dheigh ;  
Ach nam brinsimsa mo chosan,  
Cia mar gheibhin lus an leigh.
- 2 Leighidh mise thu, arsa Drealan.  
'S mi leigheas moran rionhad ;  
A choir nd' tha os mo cheann,  
'S mise leigheas Fionn nam Flath.
- 3 An latha a mharb sinn an Tore liath,  
'S iomad Fionn a bh' ann le 'shleagh ;  
'S iomad cuilean com gheall eomh,  
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 bhuighe.  
'S do na balgailh iondarnach ;  
Dh' adhlacaidh an Tor na' cheann,  
'S truagh rinneam beud co teann.
- 5 B' ioghana leam chuillean a bhualadh le h-cille,  
Is shilleadh e na frasa fala ;  
Air a roisgibh roinn 'l ghilana.  
An lath leis na bhuaileadh Bran,  
'S truagh nach ann o 'n ghuaillean sgar, ?  
M' an d' rinneadh am beud a bhos,  
'S truagh nach ann do 'n eug a chaitheas.
- 6 'S iomadh cleachda cruaidh dian,  
San robh Bren triath mun eith ;  
'S truagh a nis a dh'ol do 'n eug,  
'S nach faic a' m' dheigh mo chù.

Bran's  
death.

<sup>1</sup> rann.

<sup>2</sup> sgath.

- Black dog 7 Channais la a tuchd o 'n leing,  
Fear a chodhail deirg sa chulan duibh ;  
Bha Aibhe na dheighleagus Nuath, (ad. mar nuath)  
'S dha ghraigh air dhath nan sugh.
- 8 Bu ghile nan cobhar a chorp,  
'S fholt simteach e dubh ;  
Leigean-sa sar chuillean na Rìgh,  
Cha 'n fhiaich gnìomh g' an clair air chul.
- 9 An cu dubh is gairbhe trais,  
Mharbhadh leis trì mìle Cù,  
Ach 'nuair thainig deireadh an fò  
Labhair Fionn gaeh glòir cheart  
Dh' eirich e men-sg an t-snaigh,  
'S dh' amhaire e gu truaigh air Bran.
- 10 Throides dà choin air an t-sliabh,  
Bran gu dian is Cù Ghnuil ;  
M' an dh' theud sinn smachd chuir air Bran  
Thug e na naoi mìt o dhrum.  
Oganach o 'n thain' thu steach,  
Sud mar thorchadh do chù.
- 11 Dh' eirich Goll mor mac Sma'ì,  
Cuis nach bu choir ma choin a leas<sup>3</sup> cheann ;  
'S bhagair e 'n lann an robh Bran  
Gun dail a thabhairt ach a mharbhadh.
- 12 Dh' eirich Oisean beg Mac Fhinn,  
'S seachd eud deng an comhail Ghnuil ;  
Labhair e an comra iad,  
Caisream do stuagh gharg a Ghnuil.
- 13 Mhosgail clachan 's talamb trom,  
Mhosgail sìl fo bhonn an eos ;  
Ma dheire geill do Oisean thug  
Goll mor nan cleas leith.<sup>4</sup>
- 14 Thainig oganach a' m' dhaìl,  
Ciabh bhàth a leagh mo chre ;  
Thog e 'n t-sleagh gu sabhrach dian,  
'S sheol gu fiadhach chum mo bhòl.
- 15 Ach sealan ma 'n rìachadh tu eug,  
Imis dhomh fein co thu ;  
Eibhìn, Oisean gur e m' ainm,  
Thainig mi o storm le m' choin.
- 16 Shaoileam nach faighinn san Fheinn,  
Na chuireadh crenchd air For ;  
Ma ri<sup>5</sup> dhomh sibhlach nan car,  
Agus Bran le mend a luth ;  
Cha 'n thaca mi cu san Fheinn,  
Nach fhagaim a' m' dheigh sun Dun.
- 17 Dun a' choin duibh, Dun os niar,  
Far an eireadh grian gu moch,  
Sin thuirr Conan maol gun fholt,  
Faighear dhomh m' anusachd nan lann,  
'S gu 'n sgarhain an ceann de chorp.
- Maiden. 18 Cha 'neil cairdeas agam ruit,  
A Choman mhaol gun fholt ;  
B' annsa lembhì fogheasaibh, (alias foghrasaibh)  
Fhinn na bhì fo d' smachd.
- 19 Ma tharladh dhuit, fom gheasaibh fhcin,  
Cha 'n imear mise beud air flath ;  
Ach cuirteam thu do d' thìr fein,  
Lann threun a rinn mor clath.
- 20 Gheibh thu do roighinn a ris,  
Cleamhas, no Conann, no pàirt,  
No do lamb a chur fo 'n Fheinn.  
Cha dean mise ort Fhinn,  
Am fad a bhithes an deo a 'n chorp,  
Aon bhaille t-aghaidh, fhath gu brath.  
'S aithreach lean na rinn mi ort.  
'S an ann ormsa rinn thu e,  
Ach ort fein tha bhath a nochd.

<sup>3</sup> Iias.<sup>4</sup> Bèigh bhagain riamh  
Labhair Caoilte bu mhine Cruth.  
Tha ghleas na Feine uile.<sup>5</sup> A Chaoilte air dol a dh' aon bhreum ean  
No seola na muai sìtha,  
A chaidh an aon riochd ruinne.<sup>6</sup> Marbhì.

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 Ghreig,  
No rìoghachd na greine air ais ;  
Aon dhine cha teid do thìr fein,  
A thainig a dheigh a mach.
- 22 Cìod a bhuaidh a bhiodh air Bran,  
Arsa Conan nabhrach near ;  
O b' nois enlein do Bhran,  
'S o dhrumadh con iall air  
Cha 'n thaca an Ear no 'n Iar,  
Lorg Feidh a riamh a dh' fflag e.
- 23 Bu mhaith e thagan Douran duinn,  
Cha mhiosa thoirt eisg a b' amhaìn ;  
B' fhear Bran a mharbhadh nam broc,  
No Coin na taluhainn<sup>6</sup> a thainig.
- 24 A cheud leagadh fhuair Bran riamh,  
Air drum no Coille Coire liath ;  
Xanar do gach fiadh air bith,  
Thuitheadh le Bran air a' cheud ruith.
- 25 Casa<sup>7</sup> buidh bha air Bran,  
Da shlios dhubha 's tarra gheal,  
Drum uaine air cuilean na seilge,<sup>8</sup>  
Da chluas Chorrach, chro dhearga,<sup>9</sup>  
'S truaigh a nochd bhì gad dhith.

<sup>6</sup> a Albin.<sup>7</sup> Otherwise thus described:—Bha cosa dubha air Bran,  
Da thaobh bhuidhe is tarra gheal,  
Drum uaine air cuilean na seilge.<sup>8</sup> Al. drum uaine air an suidheadh seal.<sup>9</sup> Bhiorach.

Z. BRAN. 10 lines.

Written by Mac Phail, from Murray, 1806.

- 1 SIOGAN buidhe bha aig Bran,  
Da shlios Dhubh 's tarra geal ;  
Drum uaine air dhreach na seilge,  
'S da chluais chomhanta-cho-dhearg.
- 2 Cha do shìl mi deur a riamh,  
Ach mu Bhran 's mu Osear aill ;  
Mu mhac ionmhuinn an taobh ghil,  
'S mu Chreuchail a chumh mo chridh.
- 3 Ach an lann leis na bhuail mise Bran,  
'S truaigh nach an bhò 'n ghluaisean sgar.

Z. CUACH FHINN. 8 lines.

Written by Mac Phail, from Murray, 1806.

THESE two verses belong to a mythical ballad; but the rest I have never found.—J.F.C.

- 1 AN corn thug i do Theun,  
'S an sgrìon 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 an bitheadh iad sea aig òl.

## FIONN'S CONVERSATION WITH ALBIE.

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. Il. 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 Selwight'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 con-

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<sup>f</sup> means et-ar. Sh<sup>z</sup>uibh means sh<sup>z</sup>uibh. úr 7 er'ón means úr *ocus* er'ón. 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.

SLISENECH seghuim Fhinn h-bhaoscine frí h-ailbhe gribh-rie Inghen Corbmaic Seann.

- 1 Cíodh as lionne ina f'ar Fion? Drúchd ar an inghen.
- 2 Cíodh as teò ina tìne ar F—? Gnuis dhuir maith graneguid aoidhídh gan biadh aige doib ar an i.
- 3 Cíodh as luaithe ina gaothí of F—? Memna mna ar an i.
- 4 Cíodh as míllsí ina míl of F—? Biathra tochmuirece ar an i.
- 5 Cíodh as duibhe ina fiach of F—? Ég ar an i.
- 6 Cíodh as r bhe ina neibhe of F—? Athais namhot ar an i.
- 7 Cíodh as faobhíne ina cñion of F—? Ciall mna 7<sup>f</sup> dha f<sup>f</sup> 4 an i.
- 8 Cíodh as fer do sh<sup>z</sup>uibh ar F—? Sgían ar an i.
- 9 C. as maoithe ina cñúim ar F—? Dearnna f'a lecaim ar an i.
- 10 C. as líog f'a g<sup>e</sup> luá ar F—? Tenehoir ghobhain ar a. i.
- 11 C. as gíle ina sneca ar F—? Fírine ar á. i.
- 12 C. líon er'ón fíl aeoíll ar F—? Adho ar an i. i. úr 7 er'ón.
- 13 C. as aille dath ar F—? Ruidhedh saor eloíne ar á. i. Anúar amolta no an aortha.
- 14 C. as b'osga ina enruáin ar F—? Aigu7h mna 7<sup>f</sup> 2 f<sup>f</sup> 4 ar an i. (etar da fhear).
- 15 C. ar nach gabh glas ina slabhre ar F—? Rosg.
- 16 C. as f<sup>f</sup> do mhnaoi ar F—? Thís fos feile ar á. i.
- 17 C. as f<sup>f</sup> do rosg ar F—? Fuar dorecha eodladh ar á. i.
- 18 C. líon each ínghes taillte ar F—? A dho ar á. i. i. fírec, 7 baínece.
- 19 C. as f<sup>f</sup> do bhíadh ar F—? Blíos ar á. i.
- 20 C. as f<sup>f</sup> do líoch ar F—? Gríomh ard 7 náill ísiol ar á. i.
- 21 C. as mesa do bhíadh ar F—? Sblíonach ar á. i. 7 ól còza ar e. long<sup>d</sup>.

Maith tra a. i. ar Fion mainbh eoll reasa do eozm<sup>e</sup> do luídhín let. imthíaghóir eoil seach caillte ar á. i. do meillt' thá gan corcar. eabho2 líon gñ mñíodh . imthíaghóz taillte g<sup>e</sup> chairpte . Rano2 forbo gan faobhra íengóid eieh g<sup>e</sup> s'ána. dlughíth' f'ón cen tuathóibh . bríst' enu g<sup>e</sup> dédu. Toghadh eích athogha tochmuire, see Cozm<sup>e</sup>. Dia bhfaghóisi t b'ín naedhoir do dhentaoe b'ín íochtair diom Rt'

- 3 Cídh is gíle na sneachta<sup>3</sup>? ar Fionn. Fírine bhar Ailbhe.
- 4 Caidh is luabhu síc] herbthar [sic] re gaeh lucht? ar Fionn. Tenechar gabhain bar Ailbhe.
- 5 Cred is ma[n]a[í]thi na clumh? ar Fionn. Derru re leacain ar Ailbhe.
- 6 Ca lín eram adeli suil? ar Fionn. Adó ar in ingen. i. úr 7 er'ón.
- vii. Ca mac beo genes o mnaí maírbh? ar Fionn. Fadad ingui [sic] gaini [sic] air in ingen.
- 8 Caidh<sup>4</sup> is ailli dath? ar Fionn. Ruidhíudh saorehlainne ar in ingen.
- 9 Cid his briseidh na cluraini? ar Fionn. Aig-nedh mna baithe clabraire ar in inghen.
- 10 Cidh in [sic] nach gabh glas? ar Fionn. Rosg daon 'a im caraid ar in inghen.
- 11 Cidh is 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. Gníomh ard uail íseal ar in ingen.
- 14 Cidh is fearr do mnaí? ar Fionn. Thas fos feile ar in ingen.
- 15 Cidh is ferr do bíudh? ar Fionn. Bliect ar in inghen uair maith a the, maith a thíng, maith a thana, maith a ur, maith a erion.
- 16 Cidh<sup>5</sup> biadh is mesa? ar domban? ar Fionn. Sphíonach dorchoirp [sic] te ar in inghen.
- 17 Cidh is teo na teni? ar Fionn. Gnuis fhar tel gos degaid damba gan a euid aige ar an inghen.
- 18 Cidh is luaithe na gaoth? ar Fionn. Men[ma] mna ar in inghen.
- 19 Cidh is míllsí na míl? ar Fionn. Briathra earad im chmírm vel tochnaire ar an inghen.
- 20 Cidh is duibhe na fiach? ar Fionn. E'ng ar in ingen.
- xxi. Cidh is ud maile na fara<sup>8</sup>? ar Fionn. Comhairle fírbhaith ar in inghen.
- xxii. Cidh is olraichí [sic] na suill tíre mesa? ar Fionn. Míosgais dobherar ar sheare ar in inghen.
- xxiii. Cidh is failli címesgí [sic]? ar Fionn. Boidhí mna fo macanah ar in inghen.
- xxiv. Cidh is truma slataibh? ar Fionn. Fuaeh ar in inghen.
- 25 Cidh as [s]erbhí [ná] neimh? ar Fionn. Aithais namlad ar an inghen.
- 26 Cidh is geri na clóidemh? ar Fionn. Ciall mna bhís idir da fer ar in ingen.
- 27 Ca líon each teagóid go Temraidh? ar Fionn. A dhó ar in ingen. i. baineach 7 farench.
- xxviii. Cidh as tana nan tuisgí? ar Fionn. De bar in ingen.
- 29 Cidh as luaithe na gaoth? ar Fionn. Menma<sup>10</sup> dñine bar in inghen.
- xxx. Cid is lethiu corbhadh [sic]? ar Fionn. Lethiu lear ar in inghen.
- xxxi. Cidh as garbí earrag? ar Fionn. Traigh tairgeach ar Ailbhe.

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.

<sup>3</sup> MS. sneachtadh. <sup>4</sup> MS. cialh.  
<sup>5</sup> A cucumber. <sup>6</sup> MS. cadh. <sup>7</sup> MS. mesadh.  
<sup>8</sup> Is this a mistake for *íathlu*, 'a Cat'!  
<sup>9</sup> What number of steeds go to Tara?  
<sup>10</sup> MS. memna.

Page 653. H. 1. 15.

CUMHBRIATHAR<sup>1</sup> FINN 7 AILBHE.

- 1 Cídh is letheo na rian [sea]? ar Fionn. Is letheo in ceo, ar Ailbhe inghen<sup>2</sup> Cormaic, nar gabaidh se ar muir 7 a tír.
- 2 Cídh is ferr do sheadaibh? ar fionn. Scían ar Ailbhe.

<sup>1</sup> MS. cuimbratar. <sup>2</sup> MS. ingea.

THE STORY OF DJARMAID.

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 seince,' 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.). Kenney 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. I.) 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 bear hunt. He slays the Bear, which no one else could overcome. The uncle bids him measure the Bear against the bristles; he wounds the sole of his foot with a poisoned spike, which was the Bear'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 shuimhne; 2. An brith chaorain; 3. Tigh Teabhra; 4. Latha bhothain. 1. I have not got; 2. is at page 86 above; 3. I believe to be 'The Lay of the Bullet,' 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 79, verse 22, mentions—5. The Combat of Connal, and a Battle with Carbre, 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 Grádhine 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 Caitness 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 Ohan, near Loch Carron, in Skye, and somewhere in Sutherland. Beinn Gullban, where the Bear was roused, is in Sligo and Skye, and somewhere in the middle of Scotland; where also is Gléann Suth, where the mythical Bear abode, with his mythical owner, Mala Lith. The Cunnaball tribe are said to descend from Diarmaid; their crest is said to commemorate the slaying of this mythical Bear; 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 Derna 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. Dernaid politely requests Oscar to pierce his bosom. Oscar ignorantly calls his uncle 'Son of Mornay,' politely refuses, and begs him to wield his sword, and slay him. They fight by the streams of Branno, and Dernaid 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 Dernaid. (Oscar was killed at the battle of Gabhra.) The Deer fed 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 dwell the Tribes of the Aestii, whose dress and customs are the same with those of the Suevi, but their language more resembles the British.' They worship the Mother of the Gods; and, as the symbol of their superstition, they carry about with them the figures of wild Boars. 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.

<sup>1</sup> The Baltic Sea.

<sup>2</sup> Now the Kingdom of Prussia, the Duchies of Samogitia and Courland, the Palatinates of Livonia and Aesthonia, in the name of which lost the ancient appellation of these people is preserved.

<sup>3</sup> Because the inhabitants of this extreme part of Germany retained the Scythico-Celtic language which long prevailed in Britain.

<sup>4</sup> A Deity of Scythian origin, called Frea, or Frica. See Mallet's 'Introduction to History of Denmark.'

<sup>5</sup> 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 superstitions, &c. (see Eecard). 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 tayne sin nagn  
Is bert nach felyr a wilyuz
- 2 Dyth zhagis elwyeth is cozar  
Er chompan zar neys zar  
Dyth zhagis manan gini gillaa  
Is dyth wilelis myschi a zraynna
- 3 Dyth zhagis murd is meyzeggr  
Curme is gregzin is game  
Dyth zhagis elwithi fyli  
Is dyth willis myschi a zraynna
- 4 Keitaa mor is m'lowith  
Deyss er nach drwng taayraa  
In feyth nayr rowyaa rynnna  
Dyth wilelis myschi a zraynna
- 5 Gold is oskyr is osseyne  
Aema nach corrith partaa  
Dyth bynnwynne leo sen symyth  
Dyth wylelyss myschi a zraynna
- 6 Fynn fane in agnaa ratwoyr  
Is woigh zaifnost faitaa  
Dyth zhagis nurmlych hee  
Is dyth wilelys myschi a zraynna
- 7 Myr aweyss in noyf chlaythi  
Zoysschi ne hewyr zayrraa  
A coyad owyaa byzgi  
Dyth wilelis myschi a zraynna
- 8 It doll ter wennew borri'aa  
Is er wollyth forynnuch kan  
Ne mor nach tursyech symna  
Dyth wilelis myschi a zraynna
- 9 It doll ter ess roygh roinyth  
Is leg nar obyr my wayle  
Faa rohwyer geltti glinni  
Di villis missi a zraynnyth



10 Waym gí faddi is gí haazar  
A tastil eyrrin aní  
Is trane dí woýr sen sinni  
Dí williss mischi zrany.  
Dí 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 Hemmisy.—J. F. C.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE King of Denmark sent a Messenger to Fingal to Ireland, to incline 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 Incliner 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-tuol*) and that she ordered him to take a special care 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 enchantment, '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 enchantment. 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 enchantment 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 enchanted 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 stabbed 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 do 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.

- 'S MOCH a ghoíras a Chórr,  
Air an lóm a' ta 'n Sliabh-gaol,  
A mbic o duimhne d'an d'ug mi grábh,  
Cíod e 'm fíth ma 'n d'riun i 'n glaodh.'
- 'A Ghráine inghean Ghormla' nan stéud,  
A bhean nach d'riun an céam cóir;  
Inseamsa sin dhuit gu ceart,  
Do lean a cas re leac réot.'
- 'A Ghráine is áille snuagh,  
No bláth ehrann uaine fuí' bhlah;   
Ach tha do ghráich éo iona luath,  
Re neoil fhuchd an tús an la.'
- 'S óle a dh'ímíir thu do bhéus,  
'N uair dh'fhuasgail gu léir mo rádh;  
Chuir thu mi gu h-áradh cruaidh;  
'S truagh a rinn thu orm a Ghraín.'
- 'Thug thu mí o lúchairt Rígh,  
Gu bí 'm dhibarach re 'm la;  
No mar chumhachag na h-oidhich,  
Ag caoidh aoibhneas feadh gach áit.'
- 'S ann tha mí mar agh no fadh,  
Fendh ghleannuidh diamlair gach la',  
Cho mliannach leam f'haiesinn aon  
D' an raibh gaol dhámh teach nan slógh.
- 'Threig mí mo dhaoine gu léir,  
Bu ghile cré no sneachd air fáir,  
Bha 'n croidhe dhámh ionnubhinn fial,  
Ma a ghrián 's speuran ard.'
- 'Ach lion iad anois le fuath,  
Dhámh a suas mar chuan nach traoidh,  
O na mheall thu mí a Ghraín,  
O! Cho b'ághor dhámh do ghaol.'
- 'Chail mí 'm fherran leat re 'm ré,  
'S mo eabhach bréid gheal gu air sail (brath)  
Chail mo shénda agus 'm ór,  
'S goirt a léon thu mí le d' ghrádh.'
- 'Chail mo dhúthaich is mo dhaimh,  
'S 'm fhir nach b'fhann air chulamh sgé';  
Chail mí caomhneas agus grádh,  
Fheara Pháil 's nam Fiann gu léir.'
- 'Chail mí aoibhneas agus ceól,  
Chail mí coir air 'm ohair féin;  
Threig Eiríun mí 's na bhéil ann,  
Air son d' aon ghrádh is do spéis.'

- 12 'Cho 'n fhaod mi pilleadh gu bráth,  
Re Fianntidh Pháil bu mhór daimh;  
'S fuathaich le Fionn mo bheus,  
No ua' bhéiste is géire greann.'
- 13 'A Ghráine is gile cruth (snaugh)  
Cho b' fhearr do ghluaasad dhuit féin;  
Roghnaich thu dol leams' mar fhuath,  
No bhí 'n suaimhneas Rígh na Féinn.'
- 14 'A Dhiarmaid is gile gnúis,  
No sneachd úr, no canach sléibh;  
B' ionmhúinne leam fuaim do bheoil,  
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'ór,  
An talla mór Rígh na Féinn.'
- 16 'S am ball seirce bha d' ághaidh ghíl,  
B' ionmhúinne no míl' air srabh;  
'N uair a chunnaig mi e shuas,  
B' ionmhúinne no shluagh 's Rígh Pháil.'
- 17 'Thuit mo chroidhe féin a sios,  
'N uair chunnaig m' íomhaidh' s d áill,  
'S mar a fuighnims thu re 'm thaobh,  
Cho bhithainn is t-shaogh 'I aon la.' (mar tha)
- 18 'A kochid chaoimh is gile bos,  
Ge d 's mí rinn do lochd gu léir;  
Gabhas arís leam mar mhnaói,  
'S bheir mí móid a chaoidh nach treig.'
- 19 'C'om an gabhamsa mar mhnaói,  
Thusa' bhean cia maith do ghlóir, (maoth)  
Aaon le a threig Rígh na Féinn (dhubir)  
Is mí féin ua dhéidh gun ghó.'
- 20 'Is ge do threig mise Fionn,  
Mun tuitim le caoidh is brón;  
'S ge do threig mí ris thu féin,  
'N uair bha mí gu léir lan léinn.'
- 21 'Cho treig mí thu 'nois a chaoidh,  
Ach gráidh ionmhúinn dhuit sior fhas;  
Mar mheanganaibh ur a craobh,  
Le teas caomhail fad mo lé.'
- 22 'Coi-lion thusa bhean do rádh,  
'S ge do mhár thu mí gu brón;  
Gabhaidh mí rint féin mar mhnaói,  
Ge d' roghnaich thu 'm Foghuhair 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-andamh, opposite to Dura in Argylshire, for both things is in it unto this day.

<sup>1</sup> Liobharachd.

#### I. 18. THE DEATH OF DIARMAID. 92 lines.

Kennedy's 2nd Collection, page 91. Advocates' Library, April 8, 1872. Copied by Malcolu 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 Gormada, or Gorm-laubh, then King of that realm, who had a beautiful Daughter, named Grany, or Graodingheun, signifies the Loveliest of Maids, with whom Fingal fell in love and married to the great joy and satisfaction of both parties especially Gormada, the King, not doubting thro' this connection and alliance with Fingal, but he might be re-established in such parts of the H-bridges 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 Dunseach 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 incipient 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 Cithlich Mac Daol with whom they stayed that night; next morning Cithlich quarreled with Dermid for the wife, whom he wanted to stay with himself, finding herself inclinable. Dermid finding himself engaged by both Cithlich and his own incipient Wife kilt the Gigantic, and left Grany to do for herself, and fled towards a Mountain in South Knapdale, near Centre, in Argylshire, called to this day Shabh-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, Shabh-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 TRUGH a dh' imir thu do bheus,  
Dh' thuasgail thu gach pó' la;  
Stiur thu mí gu h-ánradh cruaidh,
- 5 Stiur thu mí o aros Ríogh,  
Bu mhór prís, gun ionar-bhaigh;  
Teach na feileachd teach nan sluaigh,  
Am bu lua'-ghluireach na baird.
- 6 Thug u mí o luchairt Fhinn,  
An bu bhíam na teuda ciuil;  
An diu' mar Mhenbhaig nam beann,  
'S bronach, fann tha mí gun mhur.
- 8 Bha 'n croíthe dhauh daimheil dhu,  
Mar a ghrian ann iul an la.
- 10 Chaill mí m' fhearran agus m' fheil,  
'S mo chabhllach breideach nan tonn;
- 11 'S m' fhir a b' fhearr ann cath nan céud;  
Chaill mí cineach agus ceol.
- 12 Chaill mo run a bhos, is thall;  
Chaill mo echanal anns' an Tur,  
Bu mho cliu ann Innis Ghall.
- 13 Fu Fiantaidh Phail, nan gearr kann;  
14 B' ole an ghlusad, 's cruaidh an seand;  
Roghnaich thu allmhaidh nan beann,  
Seach a bhí ag Fionn 's an Fheinn.
- 15 A Dhiarmaid is glaine gnúis,  
No na bha cheol 's an Fheinn.
- 16 'S do ruisg ur mar osnach ré;  
No na bha do thuibhidh oir,  
Ann talla mór Ríogh na Féinn.
- 17 Am ball seirce bha taghaidh ghlain,  
B' annsa na su mhagh, na bha;  
Nuair a chunnaig mí do shunnadh,  
B' ionmhúinne no nuall Ríogh Phail.

- 18 Las mo run, is leagh mo chroidh,  
'N uair chnnaig hìobhearachd t-aill;  
Mar a fuighinnse do ghaol,  
Cho bhithinn is t-shaogh' l mar tha.
- 19 A laoiach chaoimh is gile bos,  
'S mor mo lechd, ach 's mor an sgeul;  
Gabhsa inghean Ghormla nan sonn,  
Bheir mi mòid 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 Famhair 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.

II. 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 Fianng;  
E fein is mo mhac,  
'S ann Iughar so sbiar.
- 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' iomairtheadh an Fhìdhal,  
Eidear an diais laoch.
- 4 Dh' iomairt iad an Fhìdhal,  
Eatarra gu propail,  
Gus an d' eirich an fhocal,  
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' iomairtheadh an ceud chluiche,  
Air Oscar le Fionn;  
Mar tha mi d' aithris dhuit,  
Gu ro' mhaith 's cumhain leam.
- 7 Air iomairt na h-ath chluiche,  
Dh' eirich an t-ole braghad;  
Air leigail do Dhìarmaid,  
An caorann air a chlar.

- 8 'N uair a chunnaig Oscar  
An caorann air eblur;  
Rug e air gu dea' thapidh,  
Is chuir e fear na àit.
- 9 Air aithneach nan caorann,  
D' aonnan sin do dh' Fhionn,  
Labhair e gu faodhbharach,  
'Tha neach os ar eionn.'
- 10 Chunnaig sin gu h-àrd,  
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 caogad mallachd,  
D' a thabhairt air Grainn.
- 12 'N sin labhair Fionn fìadh,  
'N laoch curanta cosgar;  
'B' e teagasg dìreach Dhìarmaid,  
Is iomairt ealamh Oscar.'
- 13 Labhair an sin Oscar,  
Gu socarach calma;  
'Nach thaodadh an laoch Diarmaid,  
A briathraibh a shal' cha.
- 14 'Na cuir mi air mhearaichain,  
A laoch cia maith do làmh;  
Air ghea' bidh an Sheasgair,  
Thall sa bhos mu 'n chlàr.'
- 15 'S cho séinnar an Fhìdhal so,  
Am feast ann am fhia' nais;  
Gus am fuigh mise,  
A ni a' ta mi 'g iarraidh.'
- 16 'Labhair an sin Oscar,  
Mo dhea' mhac 's mo rùn;  
Cia Rìgh do na fèara so,  
Ann sam bheil do shùil.'
- 17 'An eiric na h-as-umhlachd,  
A fhuair mi as bhur leith,  
Cho b' uilair leam Diarmaid,  
Fhagail fuidh mo bhreith.'
- 18 'S ole a bhreith Rìgh Fhèinne,  
A bheir tu fein Fhinn;  
G' e fuathach leat Diarmaid,  
Bu choir a leigail leinn.'
- 19 'Cho 'n ole a bhreith Rìgh Fhèinne,  
Bheir mi fein air mealtoir;  
A dh' imich le Grainne,  
'S an diu gu dán rinn fairsachd.'
- 20 Labhair an sin Oscar,  
'Cho d' rinn e riabh d' fhaoil;  
'S nam biodh laoch d' ar 'n uireasbhuidh,  
Bu choir a chuir ruinn.'
- 21 An sin do labhair Faoghlan,  
Dèadh mhac cile Fhinn,  
'Gur ro bhorb leinn Oscar,  
A labhras tu ruinn.'
- 22 'Cìod dheanaidh tu Faoghlain,  
Re dol an lthair cathanaibh;  
Gu gearrainn do chnámhan,  
Mar bhiththeadh ànsachd d' athar.'
- 23 'Bha fhreagrach sud aig Faoghlan,  
'S cho bu fhreagrach meathaich,  
Bheireamsa dhuit Oscar,  
Mo dhulain a' d' aghaidh.'
- 24 'Nin urrainn thu Faoghlain,  
No aon neach mun eblur;  
Aaon fhocal d' an abarainnsa,  
Ghabhail chaoidh os laimh.'
- 25 'Gur mór an guth sin Oscar,  
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 tiome;  
Gu toir mi mac o duimhe,  
O Chlanna baoisge nìle.'

- 27 'Bu mhor dhuit sin Oseair,  
Do rath Goll tósd nam beumaibh ;  
Gnn doir thu 'n laoch d' ar ain deoin,  
O thionail Fiann na h-Eirann.'
- 28 'S duilidha leam do bhrosnacha,  
A Ghuill chosgam threabhaich ;  
'No 'n Fhéinn bhí dhámh mí fhreagarach,  
'S gach laoch le bhagairt treabhdhí.'<sup>1</sup>
- 29 'Ma se sin a deir thu,  
Fhír le 'n caomhe d' fhaic ;  
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 gn bheil agabhsa,  
Na bheirás dlíom e reigainn.'
- 31 'S mór a chúis a deir thu,  
Ge maith gn león is leadairt,  
Dean do dhíochéall dhuinn,<sup>2</sup>  
Air an turma sin a sheasamh.'
- 32 'An túrm so' nois a ghlacamsa,  
Am fiadhnais feara Pháil ;  
Druid a'nuas a Dhiarmaid,  
Is glacams' thu air láimh.'
- 33 'Thig mis orsa Diarmaid,  
Chugadsa 's gu d' athair ;  
Gar mor leam blur barantas,  
A dhol an líthair catha.'
- 34 Thainig Diarmaid chugainne,  
'S cho b' ann air ar leas ;  
B' iomaíoch laoch againne,  
A dhíochéallach sa ghreis.
- 35 B' iomaíoch corp crécaídh,  
Ce urlamh na Féinne, (Fui)  
Agus lanna leadarach,  
Ag leadairt a chéile.
- 36 Cho 'n fhacas re' m chuimhne,  
Urlamh bu mhó Góise,  
No clann Fhinn is Oisain,  
Air corpaibh a chéile.
- 37 Seachd céud 's fiched Toisach  
Do mhíntir Oseair úr,  
Chuir Faoghlan gu dea' thapadh,  
Le aon láimh air cúl.
- 38 An sin do labhair Oscar,  
Fear chosnadh mor urantais,  
Feach eo le 'n deacair,  
Bhí feachainn greis d' ar fulangas.
- 39 Bu chosmhíle re fuaim tuinne,  
Guth na luim' aig Oscar,  
'S bh deacair r' a aircamh,  
Na bha armaibh a cosgairt.
- 40 Bu luath' e no eas oghann,  
No seolbháid tríd na h-ealtainn,  
'S gu 'm bu leoir a dhéanraídh,  
Na phronnadh e fuí' chasaibh.
- 41 'Gnn togar oirn mar inaisge,  
'S am feaste mar sgeúl ;  
Gnn na laoiel so theasurgain,  
O leadairt a chéile.'
- 42 'An sin do labhair Conan,  
'S 'e cuimhneachadh na fíladh ;  
Leigar do Chlanna Baoisgo,  
Cuirp a chéile ghearradh.'
- 43 'S mise Conan iongantach,  
Is tusa Goll nam beumaibh ;  
Leig do Chlann Fhinn is Oisain,  
Air corpaibh a chéile.'
- 44 'An cumhain leat an t-iomruagadh,  
A rinn iad oirn' a h-Eirinn ;  
O Rioghachd na Feadaílte,  
Gn rioghachd na Gréige.'

<sup>1</sup> I. 28. A bagairt sgreadaíl gearlann.<sup>2</sup> I. 31. No díbreadh so rúa.  
O na 's duth ach dhuit bhí seasadh.

- 45 'Seachd bliadhna do bhiamar,  
'S na Bengaibh fuí' mheaduilh ;  
'S nac leigadh an t-eagal dhuinn,  
Loe cadaíl a dheanmábh.'
- 46 'Nach cumhain leat roimhe sin,  
Gu coilleamaid gu snaimhneach ;  
Air urlar nan leabaiche,  
An cleitáiche sról naine.'
- 47 'Seachd bliadhna do bhiamar,  
An rioghachd Breatan blá' mhor ;  
Aig Cumhall d' ar 'n iomruagadh,  
'S aig Iodhlan a bhrathair.'
- 48 'Cho 'n fhadod mí fein inn-seadh,  
Gu de-readh an doimhain ór- bhúidh,  
Na thuit an sin le Cuthall,  
Do Mhathedh Chlanna Morna.'
- 49 Seachd líthe do bhieamar,  
Tíomehall air an Iodhar ;  
Seach ceud, is eogad Toisach,  
Do thuit ann gu h-uílidh.
- 50 A nochda' ceart an sgeúle,  
Dhuit a chosann nan clair ;  
Do thuit eogad laoch,  
Le' m fhaodhbhar do 'n Fhiann.
- 51 Is briathar nach bréugach,  
Dhamhsa féin re rádh ;  
Do thuit céud calma,  
A thuileadh air cách.
- Differently placed in I.
- 52 'X sin labhair Fionn re h-Oscar,  
'A laoiel cuir cosg air h-armaibh ;  
Mam bí Clanna Morna,  
Na 'r deidh beo an Albheinn.' (Albain in I.)
- 53 Sin e 'n d' úr-sgeúl fíor,  
Dhuitsa Chléiríeh chaich ;  
Mar dh' éiríeh an t-iombriseadh,  
Eidear Fianntídh Pháil.

Oscar kept Diarmaid from being killed that day, and told Ossian the very fact, how Graine loosed his enchantment, and all that 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 Channel between the Continent and the Island of Turra, supposed to be Carig-an-daimh, but it is more probable, 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 favour 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 Winer and direct the Losser to reclaim his loss at Gambling. 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 rautree, 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 whereto Oscar won and Dermid was discovered, who was ordered by Fingal to be instantly executed. Oscar

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 Oscar. A bloody engagement ensued in which Oscar 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 Allsainn.

## M. 17. BRIATHRAN FHINN RE OSCAR. 26 lines.

- 1 A mhic mo Mhic, 'se thuir an Rìgh,  
Oscar, a rìgh nan òg fhilath,  
Chonnaic mi dealra do loinne, 's b' e m'naill
- 4 Bhi 'g amhare do bhuaidh sa' chath,  
Lean gu dlùth re clùd do shìmsreachd,  
'S na dìbr a bhì mar iadsan.  
'N nair bu bheo Treunmhor nan rath,
- 8 Is Trathull athair nan treun laoch,  
Chuir iad gach cath le buaidh,  
Is bhannaich iad clu gach teughmhaill;  
Is mairidh an ìomaradh san dàin
- 12 Air chluimhn aig na baird 'an déigh cho—  
O! Oseair, claoidh thus' an treun-armach,  
'S thoir tearmann do 'n lag-lànhabach fheumach;  
Bì mar bhunne-shruth reodhairt gearmhraidh
- 16 Thoir gleachd do naimhdean na Féinne,  
Ach mar fhann-ghaoth shèimh thà shamhraidh  
Bì dhoibhsin a shìreas do chobhair—  
Mar sin bha Treunmhor nam buadh
- 20 'S bha Trathull nan ruag 'na dhéigh ann:  
'S bha Fionn 'na thàice do 'n fhann,  
'Ga dhion o ainneart luchd eucoir.  
'Na aobhar shìnnin mo làmh,
- 24 Le fàilte rachainn 'na choinneamh,  
Is gheibheadh e fasnadh is càird  
Fo sgàil dhìrthlìnneach 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;  
Bì cuin ris an anfhann fheumach;  
Bì mar shruth reodhairt gearmhraidh,  
A canthe naimhdean na Féinne,  
Ach mar thothl chinn sheamh bhlatl shamhraidh  
Dhoibhsan tha 'n gantar eigin.

## A. 27. 1512. DERMIT M'O'ZWNE. 104 lines.

## A BÒUDIR SO ALLANE M'ROYREE.

- 1 GLENSCREE 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 Zwlbin zwrm,  
Is haald tulchi fa zran  
Ner wanew a roythi gi dark,  
In dey helga o Inn ni vane
- 3 Estih beg ma zalew leith  
A chuddycht cheive so woym  
Er wenn Zwlbin is er inn fail,  
Is er M'ezoyrn skayll troyg
- 4 Gur lai finn fa troyg in shelga,  
Er V'ezwn is derk lei  
Zwll di wenn Zwlbin di helga,  
In turkgi nach fadin erm zei

- 5 Lai M'ezwun narm ay,  
Da bi gin dorehurre in tork  
Gillir royth ba zoill finn,  
Is seche assne rin do locht
- 6 Er fa harlow a zail,  
M'ozunn graw nin sgoll  
Ach so in skayll fa tursyeh mnaan,  
Gavr less di layve an tork.
- 7 Zingywal di hoch ni wane,  
Da gurri ca assi gnok  
In schenn tork seche bi garv,  
Di vag balleryeh na helve mok
- 8 Soeyth finn is derk dreach,  
Fa wenn Zwlbin zlass in telga  
Di fre dimit less in tork,  
Mor in tolga a rin a shelga
- 9 Di clastieh cozar ni wane,  
Nor si narm teach fa a cann  
Ersi in a vest o swoyn,  
Is glossis woith er a glenn
- 10 Curris ri faggin nin leich,  
In shen tork seche er freich borb  
Bi geyr no ganyth sleygh,  
Bi transeyeygh na gath bolga
- 11 M'ozwun ni narm geyr,  
Fragor less in na vest olk  
Wa teive reyll trom navynyth gay,  
Curri sleygh in dayl in turk
- 12 Brissir an cran less fa thre,  
Si chran fa reir er in mwk  
In sleygh o wasi wayerka 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 troyg er Inn ne wane,  
Is soyis sea si gnok  
Makozunn nar dult dayve,  
Olk less a hecht slane o tork
- 15 Er weith zoith faddi no host,  
A durt gar wolga ri ray  
Tothiss a zemit o hocht,  
Ga maid try sin tork so id taa
- 16 Char zult ay achonyth finn  
Olk leimn gin a hecht da hygh  
Toissi tork er a zrum,  
M'ozunn nach tromie trygh
- 17 Toiss na ye reiss,  
A yernit gi meine a tore,  
Fa lattis troyg 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 reim,  
M'O'Zwne nar eyve fealle  
Na la di heive in turk,  
Ach sen ayd zut gi dorve
- 20 A ta sehai in swn fa creay,  
M'O'Zwne keawe in gleacht  
Invakane fullich ni wane,  
Sin tullu so chayme fa art
- 21 Saywie swlzorme essroye,  
Far la berrit boye gi ayr  
In dey a horchirt la tork,  
Fa hulchin a chukso a taa
- 22 Dermit M'O'Zwne 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 bargan fa lesga  
Gurme agus glassi na hwla,  
Maissi is cassi gowl ni gleacht

- 24 Binnis is grunnis na zloyr,  
Gil no zoid varzerk v'laa  
Mayd agis cryecht sin leich,  
Seig is ser no kneas bayn
- 25 Coythtye 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 eac'h,  
Fer in neygin creach nar charre  
Gilli a bar gasga is seith,  
Ach troyg mir a teich so glenn.  
Glennschee.

D. 21. MAR MHAIRIBH DIARMAID AN TORC  
NETIHDH. 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 Chuidichd *O Chuid sheo chaidh*;<sup>1</sup>  
Air Bein Ghullibin sair Fion fial,  
'S air Mac o Duilbhe nan seul truaidh.
- 2 Dhiarid iad 's bu bhor an Fheal,  
Air Mac o Duilbhe bu dearg Beul;  
Dol do Bhein Ghullibin a T-shealg,  
Tuire 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 Duilbhe nach' dol Daibh,  
Chuir e 'n T-sheigh an dail an Tuire;  
Bhrist e inte an crann mu Thri,  
Bu reachdar leis a bhi san Mhuic.
- 5 Harruing e t-shean Launn fo 'n Truail,  
A bhuinigh Bnaidh ans gach Blar;  
Bhairibh Mac O Duilbhe a Bheist,  
Haichir dha fein a bhi slan.
- 6 Huidh sbin nille air aoin Chnoc,  
Laidh mor shrocht air Ceon Flath fail;  
Air bhi gla fadda na Thost,  
Labhair e 's gum ole a Chail.
- 7 Tobhis a Dhiarmaid fo soe,  
Cia miad Troigh san Torc a niar;
- 8 Shia Traighin deig do dhfir thobhis,  
Ha an Friogh na Muice fiaghich;  
Cha ne shin iddir a Tobhis,  
Tobhis a rist I Dhiarmaid.
- 9 Tobhis a Dhiarmaid a rist,  
Na aoghidh gu miin an Torc:  
'S leitsa do Raothin ga Chiunn,  
Iulligh nan arm rein-gheur goirt.
- 10 Dherich e, 's be 'n Turris gaidh,  
As thobhis e ghaibh an Tore;  
Houll an Frith bha nibhail garg,  
Bonn an Laoich bu gharg san Trodd.
- 11 Aoin Deoch ghosa e d chuidh Fhinn,  
Fhir nan Briaridh blatha binn;  
Fon chail mo Bhrigh 's mo Bhlaogh,  
Ochoin gur a truaigh nar dohbhir.
- 12 Cha doir mishe dhuit mo Chuach,  
'S cha bho choibhris ni air Hiota;  
Fon 's beg a reinn thu dom Leas,  
'S gar mor a reinn thu dom, aibhreas.
- 13 Cha dreinn mishe Cronn ort riabh,  
Houll na Bhos an oir na 'n iar;  
Ach immichid le Grain am Braid,  
Sa Huar gam thobhairt fo gheissibh.
- 14 Gleann shi an Gleann sheo rar Taoibh,  
'S lionbhor Gath Feigh ann as Loin;  
Gleann an trioe an roibh an Fhian,  
Anoir san niar an Deigh nan Conn.

<sup>1</sup> sheo chaidh uain.

- 15 An Gleann shin fos Beinn Ghullibin Ghuirm  
'S aligh Tullachan ha fon Ghrein;  
'S trioe a lha na shruthain derry,  
An Deigh nan Fian bhi shealg an Fheigh.
- 16 Shinn e na t-shin air an Raoin,  
Mac O Duibhn air haibh Feall;  
Na t-shiugh ri Taibh an Tuire,  
Shin sgeul fhaithin duit gn dearribh.
- 17 Giulligh Edidh oir as Each,  
San Eigia nan creich nach gann;  
Laibh bu bhor Gaisge a Gniomb  
Ochlain mar ha 'n T-saogh san Ghleann.  
Crioche.

H. 26. HOW DIARMAID WAS KILLED  
BY A WILD BOAR.

Kennedy's 1st Collection, page 116. 344 lines. Advoca-  
tes' 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 also . . . 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 (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 . . . ipeous Boar, who was always slaying their Dog and none of them did never venture to go high 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 incanted, 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 Hill 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 gnathachte ruidheadh an Fhian,  
'S an srath shiar an deidh nan conn.
- 2 Eisteadh beag, mar fill 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 ionnuhuinn 's binne glóir;  
No coin nan cladach ag caóidhran  
No coin chóill re teachd an ló.'
- 4 Latha do bha mo Rígh falaidh,  
. . . fhiantúidh nach b' fhuadhach sgá',  
. . . sealg teadh ghleannfina diambhair  
Theirrin sinn síos gus an tráidh.
- 5 . . . sin chunnaig mo Ríghsa,  
. . . ir thus fíor fhír thréune Pháil;  
. . . shlisag na cuartaig fhinn gheal,  
'Si naoi ílte teachd gu sáil.
- 6 Rng e orra na bhois fhoir-ghlain,  
'S dh' amhaire gu bior-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 bhéung;  
'S cho 'n aon neach do dh' fhearra Chormaic,  
No do cholgaraich na Féinn.'
- 8 Dh' eitich mo Ríghsa gun bhéung,  
'Nach gabhadh e béidh no deoch;  
Gus am fáichte 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 chaoín;  
A deidh fia' chat nan carn,  
'S gu cluineadh e 'n sgairn san gaoir.
- 10 Chual an laoch nach b' fhaan am blár,  
Gaoir an áird re síos an t-sleibh;  
Agus labhair e r' a mhnaoi,  
'Cho' n éist mi gadhair na Féinne.'
- 11 'A Dhiarmaid eistsa na gadhair,  
'S nach eil ann ach fadhadh bhéung;  
'S deacair taobain re Mac Chuthail,  
Leis is cumhair bhí gun chéile.'
- 12 'Ge de cho 'n eist mi na gadhair,  
'S taodhlídh mi 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 Fíonn,  
A thighain nan ceann 's nan lámhe.
- 14 Chuaidh sinn gu Beinn-ghulbann ghuirm,  
'S áille tulach tha fuídh 'n ghréin;  
Bu ghnáthaicht' le a srathaibh dearg,  
Sealg bhí orra dh' Fhíonn na Féinn.
- 15 B' i Beinn-ghulbann leab an tuire,  
A bha tric fuídh chosaibh fhuadh;  
Mu chomhair deadh mhac o' duimhne,  
Do chaill Grainne cónn sa ciall.
- 16 Shuidhich Fíonn 's bu dearg a leac,  
Mu Bheinn-ghulbann ghlais an t-sealg;  
'Fair a Dhiarmaid air an tore,  
'S mor an lochd a rinn an fheall.'
- 17 'G eisteachd re con-ghaoir nam Fiann,  
Near sa nár a teachd n' ar ceann,  
Dhuig an an-beist as a snain,  
'S dh' imich i uaim air a ghleann.
- 18 Chuir air re faicsinn nan laoch,  
Sean tore nimhe nam fraoch borb;  
Bu treine ghéinne nam fíodh,  
'S bu ghéire ghat nan gath bolg.
- 19 'Sean tore dianhair do tha 'n sud,  
Lán do thuil alluidh 's do ghain;  
A Dhiarmaid mhic o' duimhín ud fhéil,  
Leansa féin an an-beist nile.'
- 20 Lean an laoch bu tal'mbídh lámh,  
An an beist a' b' áirde fíodh;  
Charaich e chnige 's na dháil,  
Mar fhuaim tuinne 'n áirde líth.
- 21 An t-sealg o' n bhois bhlar-ghil bháin,  
Chuir eiscan na dháil gu 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 laun a truail,  
Leis am buidhne buaidh 's gach blár;  
Thorchair le O' duimhne bhéist,  
'S thainig e fein uaithe slán.
- 23 Do luídh sproedh air Flath nam Fiann,  
'N tra' shuidh e siar air a chnoc;  
Leasan cho bu turas áigh,  
Diarmaid a theachd slán o' n tore.
- 24 Air bhí dh' a tamull na thost,  
Labhair e 's gu b' ole re rádh;  
'A Dhiarmaid tomhais an tore,  
Cia hion troidh o' thoedh ga shail.'
- 25 Riamh cho d' eitich aon ni 'n Fhóinn,  
A chuir iad r' a ré na dháil;  
Thomhais e 'n tore air a dhruim,  
'S thainig e féin uaithe slán.
- 26 'Tomhais na adhaidh arís,  
A Dhiarmaid 's ma ní do lot;  
Do roth atcheuing' dhuit d' a cheann,  
Ile nan arm ranua ghéur goirt.'
- 27 Thomhais e 's bu mhór a sgá',  
Mac O' duimhne dhoibh an tore;  
'S ghain am fíodhan barr ghéur trom,  
Bonn an laoch bu ghang san trod.
- 28 Do thuit e 'n sin air an t-sliagh,  
Mac O' duimhne ciabh nan cleare;  
Aon laoch fuileach daeh na 'm Fiann,  
Air an tulaich siar o' n teach.
- 29 Bha fhuil a ruídh o' chorp caóin,  
Mar shruth caol o' fhuarua árd;  
Bu trnadh bhí faicsin a léin,  
Gun chionta no gó fuídh chrí.'
- 30 Ge d' bu deirge ghruaidh nan t-subh,  
Bhíodh air nilean chnuc san fhéur;  
Dh' fhás iad gu dubh nealach uain,  
Mar neal fuar air neart na gréin.
- 31 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,  
Fhír nam briathraibh binn, subhach;  
O' n dhoirt mi moran do 'm fhuil,  
'Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 32 'De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,  
A choisgas do ghó' no d' iota;  
'S nach d' rinn thu dhann riamh do 'm leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu fuidheoidh do 'm mhí-leas.'
- 33 'De cha d' rinu mi d' aihm-leas riamh,  
Thall no bhos, an ear nan iar;  
Ach Grainne dhoibh leam am bruid,  
'N uair a bhris i orm mo bhriath'r,
- 34 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,  
Fhír nam briathraibh binn, subhach;  
O' n dhoirt mi moran do 'm fhuil,  
'Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 35 'De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,  
A choisgas do ghó' no d' iota;  
'S nach d' rinn thu dhann riamh do 'm leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu fuidheoidh do 'm mhí-leas.'
- 36 . . . m bu chumhain leat latha shuine (shuimhne)  
. . . o' n eil fíth a bhí da chumhneach;  
. . . o' mbarbhas tri, is ochd ceud dhuit,  
. . . méisg chothann, 's le 'n ghéur chunsair.'
- 37 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,  
Fhír nam briathraibh binn, subhach;  
O' n dhoirt mi moran do 'm fhuil,  
'Thoir deoch as an fhuaran chugam.'
- 38 'De cha tabhair mi dhuit deach,  
A choisgas do ghó' no d' iota;  
'S nach d' rinn thu dhann riamh do 'm leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu fuidheoidh do 'm mhí-leas.'
- 39 'Am bruth chaorainn bha thu 'n límh,  
O' Fhinn bu mhaith dhuit mi feinach;  
'N uair a bha 'n Deud-ghéal, gu d' ghain,  
'S tu ann an eiginín san d' éug-bhail.'
- 40 'Aon deoch anois a' d' chuaich Fhinn,  
Fhír nam briathraibh binn, subhach;  
O' n dhoirt mi 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 riamb do 'm leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu faidheoidh do 'm mhí-leas.'
- 42 'La eile bu mhaith dhuit mise,  
An Tigh teambra' 's tu mor iongain;  
Bu mhí 'n cosgarrach sa bhlaí,  
'S mí gu d' chosnamh as gach iorraigil.'
- 43 'Aon deoch, anois a' d' euchaic Fhinn,  
Flúir nam brathraibh bláth, sabbach;  
On dhóirt ní moran do 'm fhúil,  
Thoir deoch as an fhuaran clugam.'
- 44 'De cha tabhair mi dhuit deoch,  
A choisgas do ghoi' no d' iota;  
'S nach d' rinn thu dhámh riamb do 'm leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu faidheoidh do 'm mhí-leas.'
- 45 'Tri mie Imse Tír-fuidh thuinn,  
Mharbh mí iad níl d' an ain-deoin;  
'S dh' ionail mí nam fuil thu steach,  
Ge do ehlaoidh thu mí le h-an-íochd.'
- 46 'Aon deoch anois a' d' euchaic Fhinn,  
Flúir nam brathraibh bínn 's na cabh;  
O 'n ehaill mí mo bhri' 's mo bílagh,  
Deoch do 'n fhuaran, neo' na tabhair.'
- 47 'De cha tabhair mí dhuit deoch,  
A choisgas do lot gu siorruidh;  
'S nach d' rinn thu dhámh riamb do 'm leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu faidheoidh do 'm mhí-leas.'
- 48 'Nam bu chumhain leat la Chonair ('Chothain')  
Bha Cairbuidh roimhad sa mhuintir;  
Thu fein is an Fhianm 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 tuib so;  
Bu tursach am fir nan ádhair,  
O' struaigh '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 roidhe deilbhe.'
- 51 'S mí dalt Aondhais a Bhrodha,  
Bheiraim todaidh do gach ur 'chair;  
Thug barr air gach fear le fáidhaid,  
O' struaigh 'm ádhaidh gu Beinn-ghulbann.'
- 52 'S mí seobbag shuil ghorm Eas-ruidh,  
Leom a bheirte buaidh 's gach blár;  
O' struaigh mo thorchairt le muite,  
Mu thalachainn a ehnice so' ta.'
- 53 Do thiodhlaic sinne faidheoidh,  
Le cumha, le brón 's le snúth;  
Aon mhacaidh fuilteach nam Fiann,  
Air an tulaich siar fuidh lic.
- 54 'Nuair a chunnaig Gráinne uile,  
Gu do ehirreadh e fuidh 'n lár;  
Chail i h-aithe is a gué,  
'S thuit i an neal air a bhlar.
- 55 Nuair dh' aithrích i as a puá;  
Sheinn i le erá' is le brón;  
Chú Diarmaid bu ghile snuagh,  
Sios gu duainidh air an lon.
- 56 'Tha leaba deis' ann sa charrag,  
Bha Fionn da farraid ré bliadhna;  
Tha smúth' os a ceann do sháile,  
'S cha fhliuchadh mo ghradhsa Diarmaid.'
- 57 'S' i sinn an leab an raibh Leadan,  
A thogadh t-éig-bhlaí air fiadhach;  
Am fear nach do smaintich cagal,  
Roimh cheilair nan con san t-slagh ud.'
- 58 'Ochón b' i sin nair a chéusaidh,  
Gur goirt 's gur géur dhamsa h-iar-guin,  
Do ghoram-shuil a bhí gan léirsinn,  
Flúir a b' eibhinn beul is briathraibh.'
- 59 'Gur tu mac peathar an Ard-Rígh,  
Bha gu badbach ághor fáilíh;  
O' struaigh a chuir e gu bás thu,  
Gun chéin fách a ghráidh a Dhiarmaid.'

- 60 'Bu tn aon laoiel feara Pháile,  
A dh' fhaotainn buaidh láir an comrag;  
Thug bárr orr' níl ann 's gach cluiche,  
'S thug an sabbachas 's an sólas.'
- 61 'Bu ghile da chneas nan canach,  
No úr sbeuchd an gleanntidh caola;  
Thug do cheuth barr air an t-slagh uil';  
Flúir bu deirge ghráidh nan caoran.'
- 62 'Bu ghuirme do snil nan dearg,  
A bhíodh air uilean chreach theam árd,  
'S bu eithne príoba do rosgaibh,  
No osnach lúbas féar gach fáir.'
- 63 'Bu ghile do dhéud nan gagan,  
A bhíodh air ebruthadh feadh an lí;  
'S bu bhinne fuaim do bheoil ionbhinn,  
No ceól éinne choiteach, 's gach chár.'
- 64 'Mar dhrisinn'á gréine tha d thalt,  
Gu fionn bhuidh casarlach gradhach;  
Tha do chneas eho mhín san eobhar,  
Flúir a b' fhodhainteach 's gach áite.'
- 65 'S dabbach mí gun íolach sólais,  
Ach turs' is brón a sior eibhlich;  
A ebruit chéul is binne mire,  
Cha tog mo ehoridhe gu h-éibhneas.'
- 66 'Thuit mo spiorad an euan stuadhach,  
Gun chlos, gun suaimbneas ag gérraich;  
A sior chumhlaecla' do nosaibh,  
Och! Mo leonadh is mí gun abhachd.'
- 67 'Cho chluinn mí tuille do chómhra',  
A b' éibhnaiche no ceól Fíodhail;  
No 'n sneorach 's na gleanntidh físaíel,  
'S dulh a dh' fhang gu bráth mo ehoridh.'
- 68 'Cho 'n fhaic mí ní 's mó do ghnúis-sa,  
No deábradh do shuil ghorm sheitheach;  
Oebhín s ní fuilth thuitreach gabhaidh,  
Cho 'n eirígh gu bráth gu soluis.'
- 69 'S doracha do ehorbhuidh fúí 'n fhóid,  
Is cumhan do leab reot gun fhúinn;  
'S cho dearla mhadaín gu lá bhraibh,  
A dhuisgas tu a' d' phná a shuinn.'
- 70 'Ach folaiche chaoil ann san úir,  
Mhiannaiche gach súil do chhiabag;  
Bennachd leat fein is le d' áille,  
Anois agus gu brath a Dhiarmaid.'
- 71 'Dh' ullaiel gach filidh a ehlársach,  
A shéinn meladh do 'n lán loch chluinn;  
Gu do-bhronach 's gu ro thime,  
Ceól 's bu smíthach fann gach súil.'
- 72 'Gu ma beannaicht' thusa Dhiarmaid,  
Flúir a b' fheicir bríathraibh is ágh;  
Do na tha am fiantachd Éirann,  
'S an-aoibhinn an diu ar gáir.'
- 73 'Bha do neart mar thuitach uisge,  
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 an fhléacsach tha san Fheinn;  
Gu ma samhach a raibh d' ór-clud,  
Fuidh chudrom an loin gach ré.'
- 75 'Ní 's mo cha 'n fhaicir thu air ehuann,  
Air an eirradh stuathau árd,  
No 'n doire re sealg an fheidh,  
No 'm blár chéud a scathá' ehnamb.'
- 76 'Cho mhó chluintar nual do bheoil,  
A bu bhinne na glór nan can;  
An Tigh-teambra' gu lí bhraibh,  
Flúir bu ro mhaith gráidh is gné.'
- 77 'Gur dabbach an diu gach rosg,  
Bu gheal do bhos, 's bu ghil' do chneas;  
Bu tréan tabhachdach thu laoiel,  
Bu phailt nais, is aoigh' is cleare.'
- 78 'Míle mallachd air an lí  
A thug Gráinne gráidh do d' ghnúis  
B' e sin a chuir Fionn gu bréin,  
'S a chuir tha a' d' thréin gu h-úir.'



- 79 'G' e b' iomad daoin agus neart,  
Mu d' thionceall a' chleare nan áill ;  
'S tu lámh a b' fhearr iomaírt is ágh,  
Ochain do na tha sa ghleann.'
- 80 'Ach mhéalladh do chuma gach bean,  
A mhic o duimhne bu mhéar buaidh,  
'S do shuiridhe cha d' thog do shuil,  
Gus an deach úir air do ghrúaidh.'
- 81 'Cha do ghlaic cloidheamh na dhornn,  
Nam brat sróil is fhearr san Fhlein ;  
Aon neach a bhíreadh tu náim,  
A dh' áingain sluaigh Rígh na Feinn.'
- 82 'S cha mho ghlaic e sgrá' na lann,  
Neach d' an raibh ceann teachl a' d' ghao' ;  
Mhic o duimhne ud a' tu marbh,  
'N uair a bhá thu 'n arna nan laoch.'
- 83 'Ach o na dhóibh thu le Grainn,  
Feadh gach áit' mar f'bnath no éilt ;  
Ghabh gach duine dhíonn ort fuath,  
'S guh-araid Fíonn 's truaigh an sgeúil.'
- 84 'Cho 'n iomadh mí bhí gun chlí,  
Is dubhach, tianhídh gun sólas ;  
'S a liathad curidh tréim cáhna,  
Thuit dhinn air gach áin an cómhrag.'
- 85 'Thuit iad níl' ach mis' an aonar,  
Mar charrn mosgain, maol, gun duileach ;  
Gach darag maóthan is ógan,  
Ge d' bu lionmhur mor re 'n tuireadh.'
- 86 'Ge d' tha 'n dín gun tréim no comhdach,  
Bu mhór mo chonadh 's mo líth ;  
Gun easbhuidh daoine no síth,  
Dh' f'lag sin saoghal nu seach dhúinn.'

## I. 20. BAS DIARMAID 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 deluding 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 Osear, one of which we take the liberty to mention here.

- 1 O OSOAR! Cloidh an calma trenn,  
Ach díon fuí' d' sgeith an fúinn ;  
An aghaidh namhan tabhair beum,  
Mar neart sruth leag nan beann.
- 2 Bí mar an osag sheimh sa mhaghl,  
Do 'n dream is laige gníomh ;  
Gu maíneach, meineach, meat a leon,  
Na 'n coimheach broin a stríochd.
- 3 Na tabhair beum, ach gus an féum,  
Do chom is treime dhíon ;  
No h-ob bli mall gu cómhrag lann,  
Mar eagal eall do d' Ríogh.

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 OISEIXN fheildh is binne ceól,  
No coin air líonadh nan leug,  
Mar choill cheud tha fuaim do bheoil.
- 4 Latha do bhá mo Ríogh Fíonn,  
Is fhiantaidh bu treun am blar ;  
A' sealg fea' ghléantaidh is léig,  
Théirigh a mhíreagach gu traidh.
- 5 Do chunnaig mo Thriáth geal ur,  
Bu mhór iúl measg fheara Phail ;  
Sliseag na' gu cuan nan tonn,  
Air traidh nan clach donn, 's nam bare.
- 6 Ghlaic Mac Cumbail an t-sleis og,  
A b' fhearr doith na cormaibh cruinn ;  
'S ann léimne bu mhór an t-euchd,  
Bha seachd reisean ann a drúim.
- 7 Do labhair Ríogh Phail nan cuach,  
'Se Diarmaid truaigh rinn an t-euchd ;  
Cho 'n gon fhear do Chathain Chornaic,  
No ghabh tamh fí' choilbh na Feinn.
- 8 Dh' éitich mo Ríogh bu mhór miadh,  
Nach gabhadh e biadh no deoch ;  
Gus an fuigthe Diarmaid donn,  
Ma bhá' n Eirinn nan lon phort.
- 10 Chuaill an laoch, nach b' fhann am blar,  
Gadháir bhan ri slios an t-sleibhe ;  
Agus labhair e ri Graíne,  
Cho 'n eist mí ri gáir na Feinne.
- 13 Tháinig Diarmaid gús a ghleann,  
Gu Feinn m' ansachd Inne-Phaile ;  
Is b' áit an seachd le Fíonn,  
E tigh' n os ar cionn air fáire.
- 36 Mharbhas trí fíchead, is cend duit,  
Ba mhór m' fícheud le lanna cínsear.
- 48 Na 'm bn chumbainn leat latha Clodhan,  
Bha Cairbrídh roimhead, 's a mhuintir ;  
Thú féin is an Fhianan a d' adhaidh,  
O! 's truaigh m' adhaidh gu Beinn-ghbullann.
- 50 Gur mise Diarmaid an Iudhair,  
Chonnachd, agus Buidh, 's Beurn ;  
'S mí dalta Naóis nam fear bodha,  
Laoch air an raibh roidha deilbhe.
- 51 'S mí dalta Naóis nam fear bodha.
- 54 'N uair chunnaig inghean Ghormada nan steud,  
An treun na luighe 's an úir ;  
Cháil e h-áithe,—thuit san fheur,  
Mar leug gu n charucladh súl.

- 55 Tra dh' airich i as a pná,  
Sheinn gu cruiteach iolach bhróin ;  
Clú Dhiarmaid na ghile snuadh,  
Shios gu duainidh air an lón.
- 59 Gar tu mac peulhar Ríogh Phaile,  
60 Bu tu aon laoch fheara Phaile,  
A bhuidhinn buaí lair ann comhrag ;  
Thug barr orr uile 's gach luth-cheleas,  
'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 's na léirgean,  
Fhír bu deirge leac no 'n caorann.
- 62 Bu ghuirme do shuíl no 'n deare,  
Air uileann nan laeann ard ;  
'S bu chíinne iomaírt do rosg,  
No 'n seimh osnach air fear fáir.
- 63 Mar dhriinne greine t-fhált,  
Am-lubach, eas-lubach, ar-bhuidh ;  
'Tha do chneas co geal 's gun cotlar,  
A laoch, nach d' fhadhain na bláir dhuit.
- 64 'S dubbach mí, gun iolach sholais,  
Ach tursa bhroin a' síor eugbach ;  
A chrúit chínil is binne mire,  
Cho dúisg mo ebridhe gu h-eibhneas.
- 65 Thuit m' aigneadh 's ann aigeal stuathach,  
Gun chlos no suaimhneas a' garraich ;  
A síor chuimhneacha' do nosaibh,  
Och! Mo thredhaid bhroin gun abhachd.
- 67 Ní 's mo cho 'n fhaicear do Ghnóis,  
A dhealradh gu h-ur ann tur Chonail ;  
Ochoin! Mí! fuí' thuitteach gabhaidh,  
C'uin a thig a ghráidh ort solus.
- 68 'S dorcha do bhuidhinn fuí 'n fhod,  
'S cumhann reot do leaba leon ;  
Cho dearl' a mhadainn, gu la bhraith,  
A dhuisgeas mo ghrádh an sonn.
- 71 Gu ma h-aghór thusa Dhiarmaid,  
Fhír is fearr briathra' is ágh ;  
Do na tha am Fiamtachd Eirann,  
'S an-eibhinn an diú' ar gáir.
- 73 A thriach Bheura b' aille loinreadh,  
No aon ogan tha san Fheinn ;  
Gu ma samhach a roibh t-ór-chul,  
Fuí' chudram an lóin gach re.
- 77 Mile mallachd air an la,  
A thug Graíne gradh do d' ebruth,  
Chuir sí Fíonn nam Flath o cheill,  
'S truangh an sgeul mar dh' eug u' n diú'.
- 78 Ge h-íomad laoch bu mhór neart,  
Mu thíomhall nan clearan aill ;  
'S lámh a b' fhearr iomaírt, is ágh,  
Ochann-do na bha sa ghleann.
- 80 Arm ann nasal nan luath bheum.
- 82 Ach o na dh' fhollb e le Graín,  
Féa' nan carun mar fluath nan eug ;  
Ghabh gach duine dhinn air graín,  
Is Ríogh Phaile-'s truangh an sgeul.
- 84 Bu bionnhor sloigh aig Mac Cumhaill.

## M. 18. BAS DIHARMUID. 104 lines.

- 1 Eastren beag<sup>1</sup> ma 's aill libh laoidh  
Air a chuideachd' eoinibh so chuaidh,  
Air Graíne, air Fíonn fíal  
'S air Mac o Duimhne nan scial truadh.
- 2 'N Gleann síth síu 's an gleann r'a thaobh<sup>2</sup>  
Far 'm bu bliinn guth feidh<sup>3</sup> is loin,  
Far an minic an robh 'n Fhíann  
An Ear 's an iar an diaidh an con.
- 3 Air an t-suth síu Ghulbhinn ghuirn  
Is aillidh' tulaichain tha f'o 'n ghreín,  
'S tric a bha na snúthain dearg  
An diaidh na 'm Fíann bhith sealg an fheidh.

<sup>1</sup> Beagan. <sup>2</sup> R'a'r thaobh. <sup>3</sup> Fead feidh.

- 4 Dh'imir iad 's bu mhór a chealg  
Air Mac o Duimhne bu dearg lí,  
Dol do Bheinn-Ghulbhinn a shealg  
Tuire nach feadaill airm a chaoidh.
- 5 A Dhiarmaid na freagair an fhaighaid  
'S na tadhail ann fiadhach breige,  
Na rach teann air Fíonn Mac Cumhaill,  
O 's cumhadh leis a bhí gun cheile.
- 6 A ghrádh nam ban a Ghráinne  
Na toill-se naire do d' cheile,  
Fhreagairinn-se guth na seilge  
Dh' ain-deoin feirge fir<sup>4</sup> na Feinne.
- 7 Dhuisg iad a bheist as a shuain,  
Bha freiceadan air shuas an gleann,  
'G eisteachd re garaich nan Fíann  
Is iad gu dian fo cheann.<sup>5</sup>
- 8 An seann torc nimhe a bha garg  
Thainig o Bhall ard nan Alla-mhuc,  
B' thaidle ionnra na gath sleagha  
Bu treise fhriogh na gath builge.
- 9 Leig iad ris na deadh ghadhair,  
Gadhair Fhínn is fir na seilge,  
Chuir iad a mhuc a bhán le hiodra<sup>6</sup>  
'S bha na t-einn choín air a tiontadh.
- 10 A mhíe o duimhne fhír threín,  
Ma 's e 's gu 'n d'rinneadh eucha leat,  
Bith-se cuimhneach air do laimh,  
So an tí fa 'n dearnar leat.
- 11 Mac o Duimhne nan arm aigh,  
Air faicinn do a bheist uile,  
O 'n t-slotha thaobh-ghéal shlamhuich thla  
Chas e 'n t-sleagh an saíl an tuire.
- 12 Tharruing e 'n t-sleagh o 'n dorn gheal bhán  
Chum a sathadh ann a chorp,  
Bhriseadh leis an cran na thri  
Gun aon mhír dh' e bhith san torc.
- 13 Tharruing e 'n t-seann lamh as an truaill,  
O 's i bhuidhneadh buaidh 's gach blar,  
'S mharbhadh leis an uile bheist  
Is thearunn e na dhiaidh slán.
- 14 Luidh sproc air Fíonn fíal  
Is leig e síar e ris a chnoc,  
Mac o Duimhne nan arm aigh  
A dhol as gu slán o 'n torc.
- 15 Air dh' a bhíth tamall na thosd  
Labhair Fíonn 's gu 'm b' ole r'a radh ;  
A Dhiarmaid tomhais air do  
Cia meud traigh o shoc gu shail.
- 16 Cha do dhínt e achuing' Fhínn,  
'S aithreach leinn a theachd o 'n tigh,  
Thomhais e 'n torc air a dhruim  
Mac o Duimhne níor throm traigh.
- 17 Se traighe deuga do dh' fhíor thomhas  
A tha 'n drúin na muice fiadhúich,  
Cha 'n e sin idir a thomhas  
Tomhais e ris a Dhiarmaid.
- 18 A Dhiarmaid tomhais a ris  
Na agbuidh gu min an torc ;  
Roglaínn a gheabhadh tu ga cheann  
Togha nan lano rinn-ghéur goirt.
- 19 Thomhais e 's cha bu turns aigh,  
Mac o Duimhne nach trom traigh ;  
Tholl an friogh nimhe bha garg  
Bonn an laoch bu gbang san trod.
- 20 Aon deoch dhiamh-s' a' d' chuaich Fhínn  
Dleadh mhíe mo rígh do m' eabhair ;  
O chaill mí mo bhlagh 's mo bhriogh,  
Ochoin! is truadh mí mur tabhair.
- 21 Cha toir mise dhuit doch  
'S cha mho choisgeas mí air h-íota,  
O 'S beag a rinn thu do m' leas  
'S is mór a rinn thu do m' ainhleas.

<sup>4</sup> Fhear. <sup>5</sup> Is iad ag euir gu dian nu cheann.<sup>6</sup> 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 bruid  
'S a tuar gam' thabhairt fo gheasuibh.
- 23 Thuit se an sin fo chreuchd,  
Mac o Duimhne ciabh nan cleachd,  
Sar mhac fulangach nam Fiann,  
Air an tuluich siar fa dheas.
- 24 Cambachdach gu mealladh bhàn  
Mac o Duimhne bu mhòr buaidh;  
An t-suireadh cha do thog a suil  
O chaidh an uir do ghruaidh.
- 25 Bha guirme bha glaise na shuil,  
Bha mìn bha maise na ghruidh,  
Bha spionnadh bha tabhachd san laoch  
Bha sud saor fo chneas bàn.
- 26 Dh' adhluidh iad air aon tuluich,  
Air sith-dhùn na muice fiadhuich,  
Grainne Nì Chornaig a churruich,  
Da choin gheal' agus Diarmud.

## O. 12. BAS DHARMAD O DUIGNE. 131 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 60. Copied by Malcolm Mac-phail, Edinburgh, March 22, 1872.

- 1 Ax gleann Sì, san gleann ri thaobh,  
An gleann an tric an robh fead laoich;  
Eoin is Lomhuinn;  
Far an tric an robh an Fhcin;  
An ear 's an iar deigh nan con.
- 2 Air an t-shì Ghulbuin ghuirn,  
Air an tuluich is aille fo 'n ghrèin;  
Air an tric an robh froidhean dearga,  
An deigh sealg fir na Feinne,
- 3 Eisdibh tamull ma 's aill leibh,  
Air a' chuidnachd eaboinn so chuidh;  
Air beinn Ghulbann, air Fionna fail,  
Air Mac O Duighne nan sgeul truagh (sgial)
- 4 Shuidhich Fionn bu chruaidh cheilg,  
Air Mac O Duighne bu deirge lith;  
Dh'ol a bheinn Ghulbhunn shealg an tuirc,  
Nach d' fhendar leis na h-ainn ga dhith.
- 5 Dh'amaid na ruig an fhagad,  
'S na taoghail an fiadhach leirge;  
Na rach teann air Fionn Mac Cuthail,  
O 's dubhach thu bhì gun cheille.
- 6 A ghradh nam ban, a Ghraine,  
Na toillsa tanailt do d' cheud 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 cheag mo runsa;  
Co a shealladh air graine le toirg,  
Nam fàsadh Diarmud na mheall unich.
- 8 B' e mo mhiann bhì 'n cois na selge,  
An toir air Tore a' chraois namhainn;  
'S tric a leag mi 'n lon a luadhas,
- 9 Shuas air eudainn beinn a Ghulbhunn,  
Dh' fhalbh Mac O Duighne le ceann ard;  
Bu dubhach bu chruateach Grainne.
- 10 Shil a deoir Mar fhros na Maidne,  
Mar cheò glas bha da shuil (al, a gnuis)  
Cha' n fhuic mi tuille Diarmaid,  
Tha m' anam gu dian na dheigh.
- 11 Mhìc Cuthail bhì baigheil rì' na leannan,  
Cha bheannachd dhuit m' aighir a chlaoidh;  
Dhuaisg iad an uile bheis a sa shuain,  
Freiceadan 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 ghabhair,  
Gathair ann fir na Feinne.
- 13 Thug iad a' mhuc bhàn ga leadradh,  
'S na sair choin gheala ga teumadh (ga tionn-  
daidh)  
B' fluide e teanga na gath sleagha,  
B' fluide a friogh na gath builge.
- 14 An seann Tore mhuc bha garg,  
A ghineadh o ardaid nan tore;  
Bhriseadh leis an dorn gheal bhlar,  
Thachda dha na bha na chorp,  
Bhriseadh leis an crann na thri,  
Gu 'n aon mhìr dhe dhòl san torc.
- 15 Tharruig e 'n seann lann dubh o 'n truail,  
O 'n sì b' ioghna buaidh sgach blar;  
Mharbha leis an Uile bheisd,  
As thearnadh na dheigh e fein slàn.
- 16 An sin huidh sproc air Fionn nam Fiann,  
Luidh e siar ris a chnoc;  
Air dha bhì tamull na thosd,  
Labhair 's gum b' ole a radh.
- 17 Dhiarmad tomhais an torc,  
Cia mend troidh o shoec gu carr?  
Na duiltean t-achunnich Fhinn,  
O 'n 's dan leam eimteach tighinn o t-ìochd!
- 18 Dhiarmad tomhais e ris,  
Na agbaidh gu min an torc;  
Uam gheibh tu g' a chionn  
Tagla nan lann gear bhar goirt.
- 19 Thomhais Diarmad bu tuirseach da,  
Mac O Duighne nan trom troidh;  
Tholl am friogh nimhe bha garg,  
Buinn an loich bu gharbh an trod. (al. bu gharb)
- 20 Aon deoch a' d' chnaic Fhinn,  
Laoich Mhìc Cuthail o 'n chro choinich  
O 'n theirgear mo bhrìgh, 's mo bhlatb,  
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 Grainne bhì gad' chaidh
- 22 'S truagh an gnìomh a rinn an torc,  
Gam chaidhsa cha bhì Grainne aild;  
Ged 'sann gu bas a theid mi nochd,  
'S aithne dhi cleas nan lub,  
A t-ùrsa cha teid g 'a toil.
- 23 Tha gaol donk daingeann mar chrios;  
Tha mì-neach mar Ghaibhlìn ard,  
G' a mor a h-osna cha leig fios,  
Ged thuit mi le sligh mo namh.
- 24 Co so tighinn mar cheò,  
'S a deoir a srutha gun chaid,  
Cò ach Grainne 's binne gloir,  
Annir cha bheo do d' ghradh.
- 25 Mar Ghill cigin nach deach snac till,  
Mar Mhacua is aille nan t-sugh;  
Ochadan gad' chaidh saghleann (mar t-aidh)  
Bha guirme, bha glaise na shuil,  
Bha mìn, bha maise na ghruidh,  
Bha spionnadh, bha tabhachd sauo laoch,  
Bhì sid saor o shìosean ban,
- 26 'S truagh mise bhì gad' chaidh,  
Xe m' ainmsa, cha 'n aigh 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 m' fhaobh gun tamh;  
A Ghrain na bì-sa a' d' dhìom,  
Tha Fionn mar Dhiarmad ga d' dhion.
- 28 Dh' fhalbh e 's b' ole leam,  
Cha 'n e me run a ritu an gnìomh;  
29 Thuit Grainne gun cobhair a h-aigh,  
Air gnis Aille Dhiarmad duinn,  
Stad a chreuchd bha doirt a fhail,  
Truagh a bhil an lo sin duinn.

<sup>1</sup> O 's cinnteach leam tigeim lochd.

- 30 Dh' aithlaicheadh iad air aon tualach,  
Air friodhnaich na Mhuice fiadhnaich;  
Graine nighean Tormaid Mhìche Curri,  
Da choin gheala as Diarmad.
- 31 A Ghulbhrunn, eunnear do chaoitdh,  
'S beag m' nigh dhòl gu t-ianach;  
Codaìl a thuire 'n ad choinnich,  
Tha do choralnuidh seannair dìonach.
- 32 Luidh smal air an Fheinne,  
M' athair fein bhà dheth dìomach,  
Chlarsach na tog fonn a bhroin,  
Tha deoir a cheama a' tuomadh.
- 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.

EISIDH beag ma 's aill leibh laoidh,  
Air a bhuidheann chaoimh a dh' fhalbh uaim,  
'S mac-o-Duimhne nan sgeul truaigh.

- 1 Tha srath a 'm beinn Ghuilbean, ghuirm,  
'S àrda tualach fo 'n a ghreim;  
Far an suidheadh sinn puiball àgh,  
'D of do 'n t-scilg le Fionn nam Fiann.
- 2 Triall do bheinn Ghuilbean a shealg,  
Air muc nach feudar ainm dhi;  
Dhuisg an uilbhiast as a snain,  
'S dh' imich i bh' uaim air a ghleann.
- 3 'N nair chuala i tartar nam Fiann,  
Ghabh i an Ear san I iar fo ceann;  
'N nair chuala i tartar nan laoch,  
'S i 'n gleann Sìth an robh Fraoch borb.
- 4 Bu deirge i na graine fiodha,  
'S bu gheire friogha nan guth balg;  
Bhriseadh leatha an t-sleagh mar strì,  
An crann bu rioghna fo na mhuc.
- 5 Bho 'n bhùs 's deirge eillich bhàth,  
'S bu chradh leinn nach b' ann na corp;  
C' nìm' nach ciosnaicheadh tu an toir,  
Le tarum nan laoch bu mhòr naimhdeas.
- 6 Air bhì dha fada na thosd,  
Labhair e ge' b' ole ri ràdh;  
Tharruing e an t-seann lann bho 'n truaill,  
Or bu leasan bnaidh guch blàir.
- 7 Dhiarmaid tomhais an toir,  
C' ia lion troidh o top a ta;  
Thomhais e mhuc àir a druim,  
Mac-o-Duimhne nach truaime troidh.
- 8 Dhiarmaid tomhais i rist,  
'N aghaidh 's mìnne an toir;  
Thiomdaidh 's cha bu turms àigh,  
'Cha d' thomhais ach a dha san toir,
- 9 Chaidh a gath nìmh bu mhòr craidh,  
A 'm bonn an laoch nach tlà san trod;  
Aon deoch an uisge dhomb Fhinn,  
'S gheibh thu atacheung 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 dhomb leas,  
Nach d' rinn thu 'n aon nair dhomb dh' ailmleas;  
B' fhada leis an Fheinn bu chumhne,  
Mar a bitheadh Fionn gha iarraidh.

- 12 Ge bu ghorm an dè an tualach,  
Bu dearg e 'n dìndh le fuil Dhiarmaid;  
Thiolcaicadh sud anns an tualach,  
Fo thumnaid na muic fiadhnaich.
- 13 Graine ni-Chornaic, ni-Chuilleann,  
Le da dhealbh chuidean 'us Diarmaid;  
Gu 'm b' fhada, 'us gu 'm bu bhuidhe thalt,  
Mall a rosg us fada a leac.
- 14 Bhà maise 'us guirme na shuillean,  
Maise 'us caise an cul nan clòcach;  
'S mionaig a ruitheadh an Fheinn,  
Air an t-slabh an deigh nan con.

## &amp;. 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 Iannabheig, 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 *Tohar-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 Descant 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, Cairreall hangs his shield above the shield of Goll in the House of Almhain. (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 any English reader can see by turning to 'Gaelic Antiquities, Edinburgh, 1780, by John Smith, Minister of Kilbrandon, Argylshire.'

## P\*. 3. LAMI-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 Longland and Goll, in Lochlann, is current in 1871. I wrote it myself in Uist from the telling of Mac Isaiig. 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 Duinn,' 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 Laugha. In another Lughaidh Lannha 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 MHAITHEAMB NAM FIANN  
'Lochlann le cuireadh o Tarcum  
Gu cairdeas is gaol a choinhead
- 2 Gu sìth am bannamh gun cheilg  
Cheangal gu dian 's gu dàing an
- 3 Tiarninte dh' imeach na h-armuin  
Gun chunnart gun ghabbadh gu calla  
Choinnich slioc Lochlann air traigh riu  
'S an t-ard Rìgh dh' altuich am beatha
- 4 Seac la agus oich' gun sri,  
Rì ceol 's ri iomairt 's ri aighear  
Bha Fionn is Tarcum nan long  
'S a laoiich gu fonnar gu chaitibh
- 5 Ach 's mealta gun fhuras a saoghal  
Ge broscalach faoilteal a shealladh  
Chi' thu e dìreach 's a tearnadh  
'S tric e na scaileadh mar fhàileas
- 6 Tha Ghrian sa mhàdain ag soilleadh  
'S e g eiri gun nial air athar  
Le mor theas togaidh e 'n drinichd  
Gu suillbhir seallaidh gach fearainn
- 7 Ach duthaidh go h' alamb nan speuran  
Tatbaidh neòil thuidh air na beannamh  
Chitir an dealan a dearsradh  
'S chaintir an tairnean le forum
- 8 Sìlth an t-uisge gu nuath' alt  
Diridh e nuas oirn na mhcallan  
Croicidh an tuil o 'n a bheinn  
'S an earbag teachaidh gu falach
- 9 Mar sin caochlaidh n' dochas  
'S dolas leanuiddh fo ghruaim  
'N diubh tha thu aobhach gun douruinn  
'S labhraidh le solas do bheil
- 10 Treigidh a màraich do bharrail,  
Thig norr' uinn faireas le fauin;  
Gun fhios thig saighid cho gunineach  
'S tuislidh le turraig do cheum.
- 11 Rinn Tarcum feadhachas mhòr  
Bha Fionn 's mhaitheamh fo ghean  
San dochas gu n' chairid an Rìgh  
Is sìoth nach bristeadh e tuilidh.
- 12 Ach mealta bha fhocall 's a ghnìonh  
Ceilg rinn e shnìonh gha an milleadh  
A ghnuin sa neimhdas dha 'n Fheinn  
Cheil e fo dhuthar nam faolladh
- 13 Bha Lamhfhad gu borb aig a chuilm  
Mac laomh na Muirirdeach ruaidh  
'S b' ionmhunn le Tarcum an laoch  
Ge b' aognaidh aogas 's a ghabhail
- 14 Seian orbhni chlocharra cheannghéal,  
Riabh ris nach do dhèalaidh Mac Chu'aill;  
Grom thuair Lamhfhad le feall orr,  
'S b' aill leis dha fein gun gleidh
- 15 Ach ghlac Mac Morn i na laimh  
Is Lamhfhad ged dh' iurr cha 'n fhaidh  
Tus na h-iorghuill 's na donruin  
Gu truaigh se Tarcum choireach
- 16 Dh' eirich greann is fearg a laoiich  
Ach Goll cha chaochladh am bharrail  
Cha d' thugadh e seachad gun sri  
Seian bhnaidhar an Rìgh si aig'.
- 17 'Com am bheil thu dusgadh iorghuill?  
'Com bheil thu 'g iarrai dosein?  
Do dh' Fhionnghéal buinidh an seian  
'S do Lamhfhad a chaoidh cha tabhair
- 18 Suidh fhir mhòir 's na mill a chuilm  
Na bhadh toil-intinn na euideachd  
Na brist suaim daingann na sìoth  
Rinn bhur Rìghire treun an cheangal.
- 19 Cha d' dh' eist an t-umpaidh an laoch  
Cha d' gheill e le sìoth dha chomhail  
Dh' ardaich e ghuth fadaich cruaidh  
'S chluinse fula fauin a mhùneal
- 20 'Is tric se Morna a rinn thu bend  
Air maitheamh is treunfhir Lochlann  
Cha till thu tuilleadh air sal  
Gu brath cha tarraing thu cloidheamh.'
- 21 Tharraing e 'n dorn le laimh chearr;  
Mac Morna ghearr e gu fuilteach  
Thuit e fein alamb na dheigh  
Bho lar cha d' dh' eirich e tuilleadh
- 22 Sparr Goll a seian orbhni na thaobh  
Chraobh fhuil a choim as a dèadh  
Ghlaodh e gu cruaidh chaill e chli  
Cha b' urrainn Tarcum ga chobhair
- 23 Glac' mid ars' Tarcum bhur 'n airm  
Suas eiridh uile shliochd Lochlann  
Doirtibh fuil nam Fiantidh gu lar  
Na teicidh aon-aonan diubh dhachaigh
- 24 Tuiteadh iad le 'r faobhair chruaidh  
'S biodh aobhneas air nna'an 'n fhearainn  
Tuilidh cha chaill oighean an gaoil  
'S nac cha bhi mathair a tuireadh
- 25 Bidh Mòrbheinn 's a feidh aig Laoich  
Nach strìochd a dh' iorghuill na dh' eagal  
Fionnghéal 's a ghaisgeach san ur  
Cha dhùisgir tuilidh dhuinn cogadh
- 26 Bha 'n Fheinn gun chlogaid gun sceith  
Gun cheilg cha d' sunaiteach air cogadh  
Gun duil ri taasaid no sri  
Gu sìothail na suidhe ma 'n t-shligeadh
- 27 Ach alamb ghlaodh iad an airm  
'S ged' thionail na ceudan curri  
Dhion iad an euideachd gu treun  
'S an eum a gluasad gu loingear
- 28 Rheubaidh lamh Oseair an aigh  
Le gear lann guneach Rìgh Lochlann  
Ach searadh eisin gu teann  
'S bu tiamhaidh buillean nan gaisgeach
- 29 Bha forum a sciath san shluasad  
Mar fhuaimneach thartarach chreige  
Nuair bhuaill deadan i'm fuathas  
Ga bliodhidh na caoban le ghlaoidhir
- 30 Mar sin chluinse fauin an sciath  
Gu mor mairbhreach anns a' chath  
'S dh' ardaich air gach taobh an iorghuill  
Aig 'n d' raing an traigh na maitheamh
- 31 Bhiodh Tarcum na Oscar 'n nair sin  
Na sineadh gu math gun anam  
Mar brist a sleaghan na cheile  
'S gu na dh' eighm mac Chumhail air Oscar

- 32 A mhic no mhic Oseair aigh  
Bachd do lamh is fág an t-aincéol  
Tha ghaioth na deannamh gu Mórbleinn  
'S air sinuil bhana ard ri 'n crannaibh
- 33 Chaill Tarcum urram de laoiach  
Bhainig thn cliu air 's an deannal  
Nach d' choisinn sinn buaidh na h-araich  
Rinn feum mar b' abhaist dhe 'r lannamh
- 34 Sheas an iorghnail seoir an t-shri  
Sheol laoiach nam Fianu bho'n ehadu  
Is ehlúinte neimhleán na 'n deigh  
Ri glaoidhaich eibhd gan aighear
- 35 Deach agus fichead fear mor  
Gu fuilteach leonadh le'r lannibh  
'S a dha dheung eile 'sa naoidh  
Sin thuit air an raoin gan anam
- 36 Chaill sinne Faoilte gan ghruaim  
Is Luath-chas dhireadh nam bealach  
Díthis bu sluthach aig cuilna  
'S nach tiuntadh an cúl san deannal
- 37 Thog Fionn leis an Coirp ar salh  
Air ard bheinn chairreach san taralmh  
Bha mnaoi fad bliadhna gan caonidh  
Is Righinn tuireadh an caulla.

LAOIDH AN DOIRN. 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 Teumhra, in the reign of Lughaidh Mac Con, who reigned, according to Keating, A.D. 182—212. Oisinn, who was present, is made to tell the story to Padraig, 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 Teambraí,  
As bu lionmhair linn teachar an d-Teaghlaidh;  
Ar chuir Mae Con na g-cath,  
Rígh Éireann árd fhlaith.
- 2 Is e buidhin do tháinig náir g-ciunn,  
Do mhathaibh Éireann gan feall,  
Da árd rígh catha ceata,  
Mae Con a 's Fionn flait na Feinne.
- 3 Cormac Mae Iollaidh chais,  
Dear bhrathair Mhóic Con Mae a Mhárthar;  
Brasair béara fear do bhuaidh,  
Rígh Laigheann re h-ionad shuaigh.
- 4 Tháinig eugainn as Cruachna,  
Liagan luaimhneach huachra;  
An tréin fhear do bhí lan do ghoil,  
Iollann Mae Mórna fortail.
- 5 Do shuidh Iollann Mae Mórna Mór,  
Gach fear díobh an-ionad áir;  
Fír Éireann ag-Cathair n-uáil,  
Ag-tigh rígh Teambraí na mór sluaigh.
- 6 Do shuigh Lughaidh Lámba na g-craech,  
Ar ghualainn Ghoill go dána;  
Ar aghaidh Fhinn Mhóic Cumbaill,  
As ar ghualainn Brasaíir Bhéara.
- 7 Ann sin adubhairt Lughaid Lámba focal,  
A 's níor bh-feide fríotal,  
Bhéir muintirsí marseo a d-tír Chuinn,  
Ní thacadh tusa a thréan Ghoill.

## GOLL.

- 8 Do chonáire mise Muintir mhóir mhaith,  
A d-tigh Chuinn ceud catha ag ól;  
Buillí dho dá samhail a ngléann Catha,  
Da ghnais nasal a 's árd fhlaitha.
- 9 Níor comóradh raimh Conn,  
Re Mae Conn ar toinn;  
Buillíha da samhail a ngléann Catha,  
As dá gmnais nasal ardhflatha.

## GOLL.

- 10 Do dhligh tusa gnath thabhairt ar Chonn,  
Tur mhairbh se do shinsir  
Gur ab e do mhairbh to-scaí  
Mogha Nuadhat as Maicmadh Mac Luigheach.

## D. 23. A CHIÓS 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 Caoiréal, Fionn's youngest son, and Goll, chief of the Clanna Morna.

- 1 SIX iad bhugaibh hun an Oil,  
Air mo shithse maodhain mhór,  
Gun aon Sgiadh air dainne díbh,  
Gun a cmiédach níl dh' or.
- 2 Dath na 'm Flath air dhath an Eag  
Dath an S sneachda thig a nuas  
Dath as aile no air Chlach,  
Rosg Rígh orr níl dh' gu leir.
- 3 Ha aon Duin' air thus an Shuaidh  
'S na biodh a Mhend mar ha Bhuaidh.  
Cha d' imigh e 'm Fear ga Cloish  
Aon Neach ga 'n cumhaidh ris comhrac.
- 4 Caoiréal ceatach mar ba Dual  
A chí thu ar thus an T-sluaidh.  
Da Trian Ruim ort Fhein gan Fheall  
Rheiteichir a Rum roimh Chaoiréal.
- 5 Go 'n chuir Caoréal na Mhí-cheil  
Am Flaitheas a Shean-ath' fein,  
A sgiadh osiom sgeithe Ghoill  
Am an Tulachin Tighe na Halbhaidh.
- 6 Go de bhreidh sinn duit, Fhair,  
Do sgiadh chuir acionn mo sgeithe?  
Gar m' fheabhas do Mhac Flath,  
Agus mo chruas a chuir Chath,  
Mo mhí mion re Bannal Bhan,  
Agus mo bhí fial re Fíli.
- 7 Dh' fairsid Caoréal seach a Lamh,  
Dheadh Mhíic Cumbaill na 'n Arm sean  
Cia ma 'm biodh a Chíos Chnaimh  
Ga cuir níl dh' ahaon Lathair?
- 8 A Chíos Chnaimh, a Chíos Chnaimh,  
Gur maing keine air 'n do thar Thu  
'N fheoil ma 'n do las meannma an Fhír,  
Cho raibh 'n sud ach Cois trian fir.
- 9 Ge be bhreidh nain an Smíor,  
Chion agus nach bann dom dheoin,  
Bheirín breiteich ris a Chnaimh,  
Go La bhrath nach blaisín Feoil.
- 10 Cnaimh an Daimh aillidh san T-sliabh  
Gun a chuir an coire riamh,  
Thugthar sud an Laimh na Deishe  
Air an lar nar fianishne.
- 11 Leannbh leannbaidh is Laoich lán,  
Cho 'n ann' Comh' fhad theid an Comhrac,  
Cho leannbaidh is Mae Rígh thar seol,  
On Tim the e fein air áirtheast.
- 12 Dberidh Sheishear káidir Laoich  
Edir an Leannbh san Toglaich  
Gun Flú na sgin air an Crios  
Air Eagal a Cheile mharbhadh.
- 13 Se huirt Connan maol mac Mórna  
'M fear a bhadh riamh ris an ole  
Thugthar dhannbha ma Sgian fein,  
S go 'm bídhin thall cattera.
- 14 Se huirt Oiscean bez mac Fhein,  
Leith mar leith air an leath Roimn  
Thugthar dhannbha ma Sgian fein,  
'S thugthar a sgin fein do Chonnan.
- 15 'S iomad Og an Barraibh Gaisge  
Agus Laoch ar faicín Gabhaidh,  
'S iomad Laoch hanaich air Lannaobh,  
Gheibhte thall na Cheannaibh Chnaimh.

- 16 Am facadh tu Ionngadh riamh  
A Chlerich, channadh gach Char?<sup>2</sup>  
Bu mhò na 'n Fhèin nìl a' t'eachd slan,  
Ga 'n e drigin on aon Chmainh.

<sup>2</sup> 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 Caolrèal 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 gheagan;  
Is greadhainn nan lus ga eharadh,  
Do Mhomad armann nan gearr-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 presumption 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 cìuil,  
Air dhuime bhì steach m' n' ol;  
Dhuisg an iomar-bhaidh na laoièh,  
Cairill caomh, is Momad mor.
- 2 Dh' eirich gu spairneachd na Suinn,  
Bu traine no 'n tuinn cuilg an cos;  
Sroinich an enim chluinte cian,  
'S an Fhianng gu ciall fu' sprochid.
- 3 Clachan agus talmhainn trom,  
Threachailte le 'm buinn san stri;  
A cliarachd re fad an la,  
Gun fhios cia dhin b' fhearr sa ghnìomh.
- 4 Air madainn an dara mhàireach,  
Chuai' na suinn an dail a cheile;  
Cairill cuilgeara nam buadh,  
Agus Goll nan cruai' lann geara.
- 5 Dh' iathadh, dh' imiridh, agus thàirneadh,  
Iad gu naisinnich sa chumasg;  
Gu cuidreach, cudramach, gràbhaidh  
Bu eilhan le each gair am buillean.
- 6 Bu mhing teine d' an armaibh,  
'S cothar garbh d' an cneasa' geala;  
Chuai' an slegan rìghne bhernadh,  
'S an sgiathan gu iar a gheardh.

- 7 Thuit Cairill caoin, calma, ceanaidh,  
Gun anail fu' n' Chluinne-chrotha;  
'S beudach, baolach, borb am buille,  
Leag an curaidh sa chruai' chomhrag.
- 8 Mo laogh, mo leanadh, mo ghradhsha,  
'S trauagh a chraidd do bhias an t-athair;  
Do radh Fionn an aignidh chianail,  
Bu traine no ghrian fu' phlathadh.
- 9 O Chairill! A Mhìe, a ruinein!  
Dhruid do shuil, is ghlaiss do dhend-geal;  
Ghluais do neart mar osag namasa,  
Chaochail do shnuadh mar bhà' gheagan.
- 10 Cho 'n fhaicear nì 's mo do thighin,  
Air an t-slighe chum na cois-stri;  
Cho mhò chluinn nì fuaid do gseithe,  
Ghaoil nam beum a' t'eachd do' n' chomabh.
- 11 'S trauagh nach b' ann le àin-neart chòimheach.  
No Rìogh an dmainn a bhuitail u;  
'S bheirinnse t-cìric a Chairill,  
O Chrigaile nan arm buadhlar,
- 12 Beannachd dhuit a Chairill Chentaich;  
'S ionad ceud a dhìog thu 'n comhrag;  
B' Fhaid a thriall u, b' fhaide clin ort,  
Ann 's gach iul ann d' fhuaras eolas.
- 13 Bu mhuirneach, misneachail, meamach,  
Thu 'n Tigh-teamhra measg nan ceudan;  
A hoièh fhùidheilich san torachd,  
Sgenla broin an diu' mar dh' eug n.
- 14 'S trauagh nach ann eathan mhilidh,  
Leag't n' mhìn laoièh nan dual arbhaidh;  
Bhiodh sìleold Cumbhail foirt dh' torachd,  
Fea' gach roid g' an leon san àraich.
- 15 'S tursach, deurach eol na Feinne,  
Caoi' an treun laoièh, b' eibhinn gaire;  
'S tiamhaidh, dolach Fionn ga d' bhron,  
Nach faicear beo u 'n teach nan armann.
- 16 'S dosgach eug a ghaisgich euchdoil,  
Thuit gun t-eug-bhail ann sa chumasg;  
Mar neul oiche ghluais e uaine,  
'S e sin an sgeal trauagh is cumhainn.
- 17 Oighean Shora seinnear bron leo,  
A leith an Ogaìn chaoimh, ailidh;  
Mar cheo nam beann the gach muthainn,  
'S nìthich, cumbach air lag mbaran.
- 18 Tha' n laoièh araicil foirteil, talmhaidh,  
Gun iomairt gun arm, gun uighean;  
'S cumhann conart, t-ionad comhaidh,  
Chois an loin-gur mor am puthar
- 19 Air euan nan leug, seim a ghlnas e,  
Air sunainne uathdhum, cair-gheal;  
Ceoluhor, ceileireach san leing,  
Re tim seilg' a tathach lan-damh.
- 20 A laoièh, mbeidhlich, mhuirnich, bhàdhach,  
Labhraich laidir inuinnich, bheinnich;  
Mar shruth neartuhor n' measg namhan  
Soraidh leai a ghraidd nan gearr-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 bhàisinn an fhoil;  
Nu tugta dhìom an smear (smior)  
Cheana 's nach b' ann a' m' dheoir.
- 2 Chailleadh tu a smior,  
Ga m' or do chion air feoil;  
B' fhearr do Ghaisgich luidhe air airm,  
Na gaoil a thoirt a bhàran fheoir.

## C.

- 3 Air bhar an fheoir, ga mor do thair.  
'S tric a sharnich thu 'n damb domn;  
Raag thu 'n eild air a bhar,  
'S a dh' eirich tra ri arid nan tom.

## G.

- 4 Chaorall 's beag mo speis,  
Do d' chull nach robh riann ach gann;  
Cha 'n thui' cuis lann air son snior,  
'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 ignorantly conservative.

Z. 28, 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 Cantire, 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 bhis Choiril a bha miorun aig Fionn do Gholl gus an do mharrbh e Conn Mac an Deirg.

- 1 AN taigh Teamhra nan eruite cùil,  
Air dhuinn a bhith steach mu 'n ol,  
Dhuaisg ann an iomar bhaidh na laoiach,—  
Coireal caomh a 's Mònad mor.
- 2 Dh' eirich gu spairneachd na suinn,  
Bu truinne na 'n tuinn eile an eas,  
Strònaich an arm chluimnte cian,  
'S an Fhinn ga cianail fo sproichd.
- 3 Clachan agus talamhan trom,  
Trenchailte le 'n buinn 's an stri;  
Clarachd aca fad an la,  
Gun fhios co dhù b' fhearr 's a' g'niomh.
- 4 Air madaim an la 'r na mhàireach,  
Claidh na suinn an dàil a cheile,—  
Coireal eulgarra nam bnaidh,  
Agus Goll nan cruaidh-lunn geura.
- 5 Dh' iadhaidh, dh' iomaireadh, agus thairneadh,  
Iad gun nàisneachd anns a' chumaisg;  
Gu euidreach, eudthromach, gabhaidh,  
Bu chian le cuch gair an baidhean.
- 6 Bu mhing teine d' an armaidh;  
Cobhar garbh dh' an eneaibh geala;  
Claidh an slegban ruighe bhicarnaadh,  
'S an sgiathan gu fàr a ghearradh.
- 7 Thuit Coireal caomh, calma, ceannail,  
Gun anail, fo 'n Gholl chròbha;  
'S beudach, baoghalach, borb an buille,  
'Leag an cruaidh 's a' chruaidh cheumhrag.
- 8 Mo ghuol! mo leannab! mo ghradhsa!  
'S truagh a chruaidh do bhàs an t-thair!  
Gu 'n robh Fionn an aigne chianail,  
'Bu truinne na 'ghrian fo phlathadh.
- 9 O! Choiril! a mhie! a rùnaid!  
Dh'airid do shùil a 's ghlais do dhendach;  
Dh' iadhaidh do dhreach mar oiteig, nana-s;  
Claochaid do shnaidh mar bhliadh gheugan.
- 10 Cha 'n fhuair eir na 's mò do thighinn,  
Air an t-slighe eum na comb-strì;  
Cha mhìo a chluimnear fhain do sgòithe,  
A ghuail nam beum, a' tighinn gu m' chomhuidh.

- 11 Is truagh nach b' ann an eathan mhilidh  
A leag' thu, 'mhìn-laoich nan dual orbuidh;  
Bhiodh sliochd Chumhail 'toirt dhù tòrachd,  
Feadh gach ròid 'gan leon 's an àraich.
- 12 Is truagh nach b' ann le ainneart choimheach,  
Na rìgh an Dòmhan a bhuail' thu,  
Is bhèirinn-sa t' cirig, a Choiril;  
O Bèireannaich nan arm bhuadhar.
- 13 Bannmachd dhuist a Choiril cheutaich,  
'S iomadh ceud a dhiong thu 'n comhrag;  
B' fhada 'thriall thu, 's b' fhaide clù ort,  
Anns gach tuil an d' fhuaradh eolas.
- 14 Bu mhèirneach, mis-neamach  
Thu 'n taigh Teamhra 'measg nan ceudan;—  
A laoiach fhuileachdaich 's an tòrachd,  
Sgeul a bhroin, an dugh, gu 'n d' eng thu.
- 15 A laoiach mhithiech, mhàimich, bhàghaich,  
Labhraich, làidir, laimhich, bheumnaich;  
Mar shruith neartar thu 'measg nàibaid;  
Soraidh leat a ghràidh nan geur-lann.

From Donald Mac Phie, Breubhaig, Barra, who says he learnt it from Roderick Mac Donald, Catechist, North Cist, 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 Ghnill' (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 Ursuags 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, Mirmorraadh, 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 tryed 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 Conrail. 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 un-luckily 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 náraich 's na gabh brón;  
Mar bu bheairt shubhach le saoi,  
'S mar bu chubhaidh do dhea' mhnaoi.'
- 2 'Na fáicir do dhéur a bhos,  
A righinn is mine bos;  
No dean déur nu n nach fhuigh,  
Agus na dean an tír fhuilh.'
- 3 'Cuimhnich d' airgead 's cuimhnich d' ór,  
Cuimhnich do shíde 's do shroíl;  
Cuimhnich sior leanmháin an fhuir,  
'S ole a thig díodhláin bean dea' fhuir.'
- 4 'Cuimhnich air do mhiosair mheamnach,  
A bhíodh againn an Tigh-teamlua;  
'Nuair bhíodhmaid air magh na báraich,  
Bhíodh gach aon neach dhinn re gard' chas.'
- 5 'Cuimhnich air do sheachd coin sheilge,  
Thug mi dhuit an cath Chruaí-leirge;  
'S gach aon chu dhú sin gun sóradh,  
Gu marbhadh s' e fiadh na onrachd.'
- 6 'C' áit am fuigh mi calma cómhraig,  
A dhea' Ghuill mheamnach mhic mórna;  
'S maith is aithne dhamhsa 'n lín laoch,  
'Aogh mac na Caillich o 'n Spáite.'
- 7 'Air a lámhsa Ghuill gheandhnaich,  
Air fhineach is air a dhaoine;  
Cha bhí mo chomann glan eoin,  
Aig aon mhac Caillich a chaidh.'
- 8 'Ni mac Caillich a tha 'n Aogh,  
Aeh mac na mná 's fhearr san t-saogh'l;  
An t-shaor 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 cug d' a ceud toraich.'
- 10 'Aine nan suidheadh tu air lár,  
Gun innsain dhuit úr-rachd;  
Air an dea' churidh dhána,  
Mhead sa dh' aithrich mo threun lámhsa.'
- 11 'Latha do bha air Chruachan curidh,  
Shuinn air fhuineach Fhinn mhic Chuthail;  
Bha sinn fein agus Aogh glinnaich,  
'S ann ag ól agus ag tóimairt.'
- 12 'S ann uamsa thuit an guth dona,  
Ris an do ghabh Fionn a chorrach;  
'S labhair e gu fiatidh cró-dhearg,  
A sior iarruidh tuilidh cómhraig.'
- 13 'De man sguir m'is agus tú,  
'D' ar 'meud is d' ar 'n namh-rún;  
Cha bhí d' ar comann glan griun,  
Aeh an dara fear an Eirinn.'
- 14 'Gun toir mi ort a mhic Mórna,  
Sgur do d' thair-flocail 's do d' chómhrag;  
Gu b' fhearr dhuit úr-labhr' gun chuinbne,  
No bhí sior mharbhadh mo mhuintir.'
- 15 'N sin labhair fear cinneadh gach fearg,  
B' e sin Breacan mac Rígh Cro-dhearg;  
Greasmar na laoch so luidhe,  
Tha na laoch air mheisg a míre.'

- 16 'Chuaidh Fionn a chodal air thús,  
Chosgar 'n éud is ar namh-rún;  
Is na bruidh'n agus na t-éug-bhail,  
O! 's ann d' a bu chubhaidh geur-bhail.'
- 17 'N óidhech s'm dhuinne gu ló,  
Sinn re h-iomairt is re h-ol;  
'G eisteachd re gúaráich luchd ciuil,  
'S re duain fhuilidh bu bhinn búr.'
- 18 'Bha sinn uil' air theachd an ló,  
Re h-imtheachd do dh' Inns-creoin;  
Bha fuaimneach air ann gu lionmhór,  
Agus mná a' dol nan díolaid.'
- 19 'Rainig sinn Coreair-an-leirg,  
'S do bha an amháin na feirg;  
'N uair bhíodh i na míne bras,  
Cha 'n fhéudadh aon neach dol thairt.'
- 20 'An sin dhuinn gu meadhan ló,  
Gus an sgoileadh do dh' Inns-cheó;  
Ag éisteachd re fuaim nan gleann,  
Gus an traoidhadh i gu fáinn.'
- 21 'Amharc da d' thugamar nam,  
Air an t-sligh a bha m'n thuath;  
Gu facamar Rígh na Fómne,  
Cosgairt nam fiadh, is fhuir thréune.'
- 22 'Do Rainig mi aigneadh mhór,  
Ge d' nach raibh mi lionmhór-sleigh;  
Gun do dheasáid mi mo lotháin;  
Air an t-sligh a bha na chomhair.'
- 23 'Do chunnaig sinn a teachd maraich,  
An-mhór treabhaich, se ro-ghaste;  
'S gu b' e maraich na meisg chothan,  
Maraich a b' áille san domhan.'
- 24 'Maraich cuirmnainach, cas-dhonn,  
Sa Chuirne ghlais air a ghuain;  
Fuidh scé phoiblidh gu uo' thiuie,  
'S fuí' éideadh sróil agus sligneach.'
- 25 'Air each ceann-Fhionn ceannard, cleasach,  
Fad mhúinealach, mhaó, cmeasach;  
B' e 'n stéud catrom, úrar, mheareach,  
Fuidh 'n ti eibhinn, uasal, mheamnach.'
- 26 'Ghluais iad uile 'n sin Fionn Eirann,  
A dh' fhagail scéud do 'n trem thear;  
Cíod a b' ainm dh' a, na da bhuthainn,  
No eiad e ádhbhar a thurais.'
- 27 'Dh' innis eisean gu neo' s'gáthach,  
Aogh mac na Caillich o 'n Spáite;  
A dh' iarruidh mo roghain d' ar mná,  
Cia dhú 's aingain libh 'no 's áill.'
- 28 'Do fhreagair e Fionn gun lín,  
'S faoi do dhúil a churidh lán;  
Gu 'n fuigh thu do mháin d' ar mnáith,  
A dh' aingain dea Fhianntidh Pháil.'
- 29 'Mar a fuigheamsa gu deonach,  
Mo roghain d' ar mnáthaibh ór-bhuidh;  
Cómhrag naoi naonair d' ar calnaibh,  
'S áill leam fhagail air a bhall so.'
- 30 'Chuir iad naoi naonair laoch calma,  
A chloidh Aogh ghil a dh' aon aurra;  
'S thuit iad uile leis an-ógan,  
Air nilean an t-sleibh na ourachd.'
- 31 'An sin chuir Fionn eogad ceannard,  
A chloidh Aogh ghil a dh' aon aurra;  
'S thuit iad ach Fearr ghlinn is Faoghlan,  
Agus Mor-lámh bu chruaidh baoghlaich.'
- 32 'Ghluais iad an sin le mór phuámhan;  
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 Chuthail,  
Fios chugam fein gu luath luach;  
'S du fuighinn, síth, 's duais gun aireamh,  
Nan d' tháinig a chloidh an lán laoch.'
- 34 'Dh' imích mi fein le 'm fhuir mheamnach,  
Gu luath luinnach gu Tigh-teamra;  
Air iartas beól Fhinn mhic Chuthail,  
Gu coimhead a mhná o 'n mhuirach.'

- 35 'Thug e leis gun gheilt ro' 'm lámhan,  
A reghain d'a mnaithaibh sar-ghéal;  
Co cho' a'leach e gun fhuam-chriú,  
Ach ní féin is 'm fheara calma.'
- 36 'Bu tréim marcaich an eich shonraicht,  
Thug trí rnaig roimhain mar shiochdaim;  
Is do dh' f'lag e marbh air an drim,  
Naoi neonair gach aon nair dhúim.'
- 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 blaíche;  
Fear nach do dh' éar rianh aon neach,  
A bhíadh no dhóech le fíradh leath.'
- 39 'Ghluaiseamar féin ann na dháil,  
Is ma ghluaís cha b' ann gun cháil;  
Mar neart na tuime go mór thír,  
B' amhlaidh sin ar builleán cómhraig.'
- 40 'Eisean cha d' fhodlain d' a ghníomb,  
Is cha d' fhodlain dhosau mí;  
Thug e spúir sa Bhan-righ leis,  
'S mharaicé e san anluain deis.'
- 41 'Ghluaiseamar féin ann san áth,  
'S de ma ghluaís cha b' ann mar thá;  
'N uair bhá an saoghal air sord,  
Gu bu nós dhanh loach a leon.'
- 42 'Thairneamar cloidheamh a truaíl,  
'S deaich briseadh air sleagh lán-chruaíl;  
'S deaich íms' no aithris alldeadh,  
Do bhuaileama rgu eruail' cnaíreach.'
- 43 'Mar fhadhadh teine a dornu,  
'S mar cabhal air cloidheamh gorm;  
Do dh' imich a sgiathasun nach cráine,  
'S gun do dh' imich no sgiathas' uile.'
- 44 'Eisean cha d' fhodlain d' a ghníomb,  
Is cha d' fhadlain dhosau mí;  
Thug leis a spúir sa chóile (chéile)  
'S mharaicé e san anluain chéadma.'
- 45 'N sin thainig Fíom féin a' mach,  
An Rígh ca-trom sua'ice glán; (sua'ice)  
Thug e sgairt as air an fhaíche,  
Is trí pogan do 'n mharaicé.'
- 46 'Míle fáilte dhuits' Aogh áluin,  
A mhic Rígh na h-Eass-spáilte;  
Cia na sloigh a bh' air do cheann,  
Ailís Aoigh nam beannaibh calma.'
- 47 'Shluagh áluin, árd-ghéal, neartmhor,  
Tro'raich, nírach, 'S iad neo' meice;  
Gun casbhuidh ar each no air dáine,  
An tréise nan draich nan crúitheachd.'
- 48 'Na h-arsanna catha calma,  
Gheibha buaidh gach sluaigh is armáil;  
'S ann dhamb féin a bhá san dán,  
Teachd o bhulleán trom an lámh.'
- 49 'Rinn iad an sin réit is ól,  
Fíom is Aogh bu chalma dorn;  
Gabh mo chomhairl' is mo ghraibh,  
'S rígh le d' mhaithneas e gun cháird.'
- 50 'O! 's comá leam ciod a ní mí,  
Mar an d' thig thu steach a mhílidh;  
Tuilidh mí air sga' a chumín so,  
Fúidh allach bréin agus namban.'
- 51 'Aine fíosa chreag chumáidh,  
A ríghinn is gile smagh;  
Gus an cinn fraoch air nuir near,  
Cha d' theid ní chugad a steach.'
- 52 'Trí trátháibh fíchead dhamb gun bhíadh,  
Gu na beannaichte do chomhúidh;  
A bhí air sga' na fíoga fuair,  
Ag ól an t-sáile sheuibh ruidh.'
- 53 'Nach tárr thusa steach a loích,  
'S deam an codal so re' m tha-dh;  
Is bhéiremsa dhuit mar loichadh;  
Do d' chabhair báime no chíche.'
- 54 'S measa na sin mar a tha,  
Inghean Chomáil chaoimh an áigh;  
Comhairle mná near na niar,  
Cha glabh 's cha do ghabhsa rianh.'
- 55 'Oir do dh' fhollbh mo cháil a choidh,  
Mar mhaóth shneachd no duileach cóil;  
Mar chríonas gach luibh sa Gheamlradh,  
Dhubb mo chroidhe le nimh is campur.'
- 56 'Is dh' fhollbh 'm aimsir agus 'm áin,  
Mar gach eich a chumáidh san úir;  
Cha mhó glátras grián air fúre,  
No madain a dhuis-gas 'm árdan.'
- 57 'Beannachd leatsa Aine ghradhach,  
'S leis gach ní, is neach, is ábhaich;  
Ach nílchíadh 'm fheara cómhraig,  
Uaigh dhamb air an eilín ór-bhuí 's.'
- 58 'Thuit an tréim loach air a charrag,  
Ge d' bu mhór a neart sua cathain;  
Aon loach fílecladh na Fíúne,  
'N uair a dh' éite cath is t-eug bhail.'
- 59 Thuit Aine 'n sin air a bháir,  
Fúidh thursa, gun treis no eáil;  
Is labhair i le fáim chómhraidh,  
Air an amháil so do-bhronáil.'
- 60 'A loich mhílidh bh mhór maítheas,  
'S truaigh thu chaochla' air sgeir mhare;  
A dhíobhaíl deoch ach an saile;  
Fhír a gheibha buaidh 's gach gabhadh.'
- 61 'Ní 's mo cha chluinar thu sgathadh,  
Na mámhde mar ghénga baráich;  
Na do ghuth an teach na céada,  
Fhír bu mhór blagh, fonn, is tréune.'
- 62 'Bhá neart do chumín mar thréim tuinne,  
'S na bhára mar fúidh air chuthach,  
Na mar shiochlag a meag cnaíche,  
Na íolair neartmhor gun mheínach.'
- 63 'Cha b' e áim Ríghridh chuir gu bás,  
Thu loach an truaí, bh mhór áil;  
Ach fuaich, is ocras, agus iota,  
Air sga' a chumáil fhuaráidh fhíor-ghláin.'
- 64 'A Thriath síos Alba bu mhór agh,  
Samach do leaba, gu lí bhraich;  
Cho d' thig a mhadain sin a choidhch,  
A dhuisgas tu o úir gu sóil.'
- 65 'Threig thu Tigh-teamhla' gu síormúidh,  
Is Fíom fíadhl is mor ghníombach;  
Bu tu tréim a dhion 'a gach cómhraig,  
Tha 'n dín eolach is cha' neónach.'
- 66 'Cha chluinn gu bráth fuaim do sgetha,  
'S cha mhó tharlaas orm le b-éibneas;  
'S truaigh a thachair dhamb an órachd,  
Fúidh mhór thúine, sníthach, bronach.'
- 67 'Cha mhó chí do shúil air chuautídh,  
Na do bhraich dhathach náine;  
Na orm do rímbach armaicht,  
Bu bhíom íol-ghair air snath chadma.'
- 68 'Cha mhó chí ní sa bhéim t-seilg,  
Thu Ghúil mharaicé bh ubaí' éimís;  
Na cotham do ghadhair sheang,  
Air aomach ro' d' thír mhór, mheamtrach.'
- 69 'Thuit mo chroidh' gun deisla deábiach,  
Ann an dubhachas gun abhaich;  
Mar a ghran dorcha le nealúibh,  
Nach deam gáir ar béim nan seimh-ghleann.'
- 70 Tha mí lan shéilach ag ambare,  
Air do kama gorma glana;  
Fíuair buaidh air gach neach an cómhraig,  
Flair bu ubaí' cruth, mór tremn, sodach.'
- 71 'A chip catha bu mhéar cómhraig,  
Gu na beannaichte do chomhúidh;  
Séiméim da chéit gu neo' cúbhinn,  
Le deó dhéireanach mo chreablaig.'
- 72 'Cho 'n ionadh mí bhí gun sólas,  
'S ní mar chroidh an gleann na h-on raelh;  
Mu seach dh' f'lag iad mí gan léradh,  
Le nimh-cháil' gach la nan deidh uil.'

## I. 17. BAS GHULL. 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 furnished 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 Corear-an-deirg. After his death Malag laments over his grave in a most tragical strain.

- 2 No dean bron mu ni nach fuigh  
A choi' eh no dean tìr shaigh.
- 3 Toir leat t-airgead, agus t-òr  
Toir leat do sheudan, 's do shròl;  
Caimhnich sìor leamhuinn an fhìr,  
'S ole na h-aonaran bean dea' fhìr.
- 5 Na coin Iuthar, luimneach, làidir  
Mharbhadh feidh ann an cuilg na daubhair.
- 8 An t-slaor shlat do 'n fhìne chosgar,
- 10 A Mhalag nan suighe tu air Iar,  
Gun insinn duit ur-sgeul;
- 15 An caomh Breacan Mac Rìogh Cro-dhearg;  
Greas-samar na sloigh so luighe,  
Tha laoiach air mbeisg a' mire.
- 16 Laoch na fùl gun iomar-bhàidh,  
Bu mhòr speis do dh' 'thianta' Phail.
- 17 Ag cisteachd ri seinn luchd ciuil,
- 18 Bha fuaimneachd laan oim' ag eiridh,
- 19 Xuair bhiodh i na buinne bras,
- 20 Ag cisteachd ri fuaim nam beann,  
'S Coreair a' traodhadh nan gleann.
- 21 A' coisgairt nam fiadh bu mhòr feileach.
- 23 Gu b' e macan na misg-chothann.
- 24 Fui' sge' chreimnich gu neo thimc,  
Le cìd-adh loimneach, is sligheach.
- 26 Ghluais iad uile Fiamh na h-Eireann,  
A dh' fhuaghaill sgeula do 'n t'reun 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 Sgailte;  
Dh' iarraidh nua' a' d' bliantrachd Fhinn,  
Is aille cruth is snadh cinn.
- 28 Do fhreagair e Fionn gun on,  
'S faoin do thriall o Inse-toir;  
Gu fuigh a rodhain na nua;  
A dh' aithneoin dea' Phiantaibh Phail.
- 30 Air uilean an t-sleibh air Ionan.
- 31 An sin chuir Fionn caogad toiseach,  
A chlooi' Aogh ghil, caarta comhla;  
Thuit iad nach Fearginn is Fhoghlam,  
Agus Morlamh nam beann baoghlach
- 32 Ghluais iad uile le mor phàmhan,  
Leis gu teach Fhinn na mor àbhachd;  
An deidh nan cur' aine treuna,  
Bu mhòr buaidh ann caumasg ehadann.
- 33 An sin do chuir Fionn Mac Cunnbail,  
Fios chugam fein gu Sliabh buidh;  
'S gu fuighinn Sìth, is eis aghor,
- 35 Thug e leis sa ghreis an t-àrmann,  
Seimhbrosq nam bnadh, nua hos bana;  
Co chomhlaich e gun fhamn-chrìth,  
Ach mi fein nach treigeadh buntrachd.
- 38 Fear nach diobradh an crua' ghabhadh;  
Laoch nach do dh' eur riann ann neach.
- 39 Is mu ghluais, cho b' ann mar thà;  
Mar neart na tuinne gu mor-thìr,  
B' amluaidh sin ar beann sa chomhrag.
- 40 Thug e stend sa Bhan-riogh leis.
- 44 Thug e leis a stend sa chùile,
- 47 Gun easbhuidh sa ghreis air duine,  
An treise no 'n dreach, no 'n cuma.
- 48 Na sninn chatha, chalma, chalgach,  
Bu mhòr, treubhach, euchdach, armach.
- 49 Rinn laoiach sìth reit, is ol,  
Fionn is Aogh le 'n ghaoite cool,  
A Mhalag nam ban glac mo ghradh,  
Srig an Triath nach iargain agh.
- 50 O! 's coma leom cìod a ni mi,  
Mar a tar' u steach a mhùidh;  
'S cian mo bhron air sga' a chuin,  
Ag caoi gach to na dh' imich nainn.
- 51 Cho 'n fhaic a mi choi'ch air lear.
- 55 Dh' fhuilbh mo chàil agns mo ehli,  
Mar chathadh cuir, no coill eirin;  
Mar mheathas an fuich sa mhagh,  
Mheath mo chroidh nach diougaitè 'm fail.
- 56 Ghluais mo làth mo bhàl' mo mhuirn,  
Mar gach àl a chuai' san air;  
C' uin a ghla-reas grian air fàire.
- 57 Ainmìr og nan rosgaibh cùin,  
'Sgnir a' d' bhron,—na leon do rùn;  
B' amachd leat a ghraidh nam ban,  
'S cianat bas Och' 's cian a dh' fham.
- 58 Thuit an treun laoch air an traidh,  
Bu mhòr neart ann enes nam blar;  
Aon laoch fuileachdach na Feinne,  
Ann comhrag lann, ri am na t-eug-bhail.
- 59 Thuit geng nan eibh air a bhlar,  
Mar ghealach fù' neul an là;  
Dhuisg a h-aigneachd, las a comhradh,  
B' fham a guth, gu tursach bronach.
- 60 A laoiach mhùidh, bu mhòr agh,  
'S truaigh do dhìobradh air tìr tràit;
- 61 Ni 's mo cho chluinnear u sgathadh  
Na nainhle mar gheuca' barrach;  
Do ghuth Chluinte cian thair ceudan,  
C' uin a chluinn mi fuaim do sgeithe.
- 62 Bha neart mo ghraidh mar ghair tuinne,  
Aun 's na bharrach, B' aghoir buille;  
Mar sheobhag u meug nam eun,  
No iolair nam beann gun mbein.
- 63 Cho b' airm Rìoghraidh chuir gu bas,  
An laoch nach dùthmeicht' am blar;  
Ach faachd, trosg, is gort, is iota,  
Air sgath a chum fhuara' fhuor-gblain.
- 64 A Thriath nan lear, 's nam beann àrd,  
'S mor an sgeula t-eug 's an traidh;  
C' uin a thig a mhadaim chuin,  
A mhosgias an sonn a h-uir?

- 65 Dèibhir u Teabhra' nan lann,  
Fhinn na feile 's béud a th' ann;  
'S tric a sheas au treun do chomhrag,  
Iaoh nam beann nach curadh coi'-stri.
- 66 Tarma Iobharr, trom, geara,  
C' o n' i' m teirbirt, co no feum leo?  
'S traugh a tharradh dhan bhí 'm onrachd,  
Fui' throm thíoma, snithach, bronach.
- 67 C' nín a chí, mo ruu air chuantaidh,  
No do bhratach dlathach, uaine;  
No orain do ramhachd armach,  
Bu bhím iol-ghaire air stuath chalma.
- 68 Cho mho chí mí sa bheinn t-sceilge,  
Thu Ghuill mbeargant a b' fhearr eirmis;  
No cothairt do ghadhar seanga,  
Air aonach nam beann a teamh-ruigh.
- 69 Chaochail dhamb gn bron a chlarsach,  
Le luchd nan deur dh' eug mo mharan;  
Luigh m' aigneadh mar cheo air sleibhí'  
Nach gluais gaoth nam beann a chéilidh.
- 70 B' amhail an laoch is crann giusaich,  
Dhionadh a lann gach fann gbluineacht  
Fluair bnaidh air gach berb an eombzag,  
Fluir a b' fhearr cruth, 's dubh do chomhnuidh.
- 71 A Thriath nan lann, 's fann a dh' fhag mí,  
Snithich mo rosg nach coisg ábhaich;  
Seinnim do chliu gun run eibhinn,  
'N cian is beo, cho' n col damh threigsinn.
- 72 Cho' n iodhnadh mí bhí gun sólas,  
Mí nar chrann ann gléann na h-onrachd;  
Mu seach dh' fhag na h-armainn threibheach  
Mí 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 nna 'us fearr fun Ghreín,  
Oig-fhear gasta glanar o rinn  
Gaisgich e do dh' Fhianmhí Eirinn.
- 2 Chunnachlar a tign na cubhich  
Marchdach air Each Barr-fhionn buidhe,  
Each-bus-leabh a gong-mhor glan,  
Ceann aigionnaich eadrom earroll;
- 3 Crios leathann mo thaobh an laeich,  
'S cha bu chríos Leathann do 'n rod chaoil,  
Ceann corr glagganaich Leadhar,  
Seian fhada ghorm Dhúsnich,<sup>1</sup>
- 4 Bha 'n Abhainn na buinne brás  
'S cha 'n fhaointe le mach dol thairt,  
Ach Marchdach ro ghas an Eich mhóir,  
Lenn cism thairt 'n ceud-fhear
- 5 Th' seasamh mis' m' béul an áth,  
'S th' saólis gum bu mbath mo lámh,  
Chluimnte screadaíl air seith ma seach,  
Ach scoilt e mo seith re 'm secanhail.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Spelt 'ed.  
<sup>2</sup> 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 Lachlan, 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 chruaidh,  
'S a ribhinn abhainn aon nair,  
Ach an d' tig fraoch tre mhic an fhir,  
Cha bhí diolain aig bean deagh fhear,

- 2 Aithne na clainnear do ghul,  
Ma ní 'nach gabh ri do chruadh clás,  
'S na biodh do bhron ma ní nach eil,  
I! nach eil e 's 'n tir 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 muigh an leirg,
- 4 Cìod am huaine na fir,  
Be so nair de 'n iomairt.  
Bha mí aídhear 's an Abhainn fheile  
Air fneacha Mhìc Cmhail,
- 5 Mise agus Aodh Dioreach  
Air fneachan' 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 fhìon  
Comhradh nach b' fhiach ri radh.  
'S ann nam dh' imich an guth carr  
Ris na glabh Fionn a chorruih
- 7 Labhair sin gu foill  
Ghloill mheannuinn ro mhor,  
B' fhearr dhut thiginn air labhradh eile  
Na bhí marbhadh ur muintir.
- 8 Chaint sin theireadh tu nochd  
Mhìc Muirn na labhradh ard  
Gu faigheadh tu fo do dhèru gu glinn  
Gach dara fear a bha sa 'n Eirinn
- 9 Dh' cirich fear stiuraidh an tigh  
Macan mac fir chràbhaidh  
Dar bhithcas sluagh air mhìsg  
An fhir b' fhearr an cìod,  
Nan leabaichean
- 10 Luidh sinne sud uile an Fhian  
Eadar an ear 's an iar  
Leinn cìod be ur n' aonadh b' fhearr,  
Thug sinn ur trial gu dealachadh
- 11 Fìr dhonn nan each mcar  
Sheang shuairc o 'n ear  
O bhinn na slait a Greagh  
Gu bhun 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 buinne cas
- 13 Cha rachadh duine againn thairis  
Bha sinn sin gu briogial beachdal  
An oidheche sin duinn gu diarmadach  
'G eis-deachd ri gaoth nam beann
- 14 Ach an traoghadh an abhainn
- 15 Cha robh sinn a bheag ann  
Do 'n t' shluagh b' fhiach an aireamh  
Do 'n t' shluagh admholtach laghach.  
De eich taghadh d' dheagh mharaeich,
- 16 Sin dar sgaol an eeo  
Dar thainig meadhan an ló  
Sgaol pobull Fhinn gu farsuing  
Is leag e thuaginn aon mharaeich,
- 17 Mareach an eich bharr bhuidhe  
Thainig thuaginn da nr guidh.  
'S e canghach taoruingeach leasach  
Muircalach mor fal shìosach.
- 18 Mareach an eich chunantach chorr  
Naol naircan cha'dh e tromhainn,  
Air a bhàs gus 'n deach ur sluagh  
Aithne air mun deach e uaithe
- 19 Thuit le caol drann na suaire  
Naonar ris gach aon nair  
Mharbhach leis Airtair mac Doir,  
Fear gu b'adhadh a chruidd mheannmh
- 20 Fear nach do dhuit b'adhd na deoch,  
Do dhaine riabh 's e 'n ainnis  
Thug mí mo sgrìob thunn an àth  
B' fhearr leam gu 'm b' ann na thrà

- 21 Shaoil leam dar bha saoghal air srud  
Gu 'n ghealachduinn aon laoch costadh  
Chuir nì mo dhruim ris an àth  
An d' shùl gu' n robh druim agam dha
- 22 Ge trùine leamsa do shleagh  
Cha chnùadh i ris an laoch ud aon bhuile  
Thug e spuir do na bharrnann naithne  
Chaidh e 'n abhainn d' aon nàir
- 23 Chrath oirne barr a shleagh  
Sgaoil e sinn mar chreathlagan  
Chaidh e fein is each uithn slàn  
Air dhealachas a leannan
- 24 An ainn a chailinn chneasd  
Edar anan anus ionmhuinn,  
Gur e do bheath thigheimn dachaidh slàn  
Oighre aluinn na Esbuig
- 25 Cia mar bha slugh bh' aig Goll.  
Air taobh tuath na h-eilir ?  
Bha slugh baighnach gradhach ragach  
Ciallach narach neo-mhisgeach,
- 26 Na fir og gharghast,  
Ard naise a Phumal  
Cha b' e oleas an t-sluaigh.  
'S cha mho gu 'm b' e an diomb buaidh,
- 27 Thug dom s' thigimn dachaidh slàn  
Ach bhì bàr air an eathtar  
Aithne mas falthalt an saoi  
Gur math leat fear ri do thaobh,
- 28 Tagh do dhionmhatachd fear  
Naeh nàr leat fhaicinn ad leabaidh  
Cìod e marach bhìodh sin ?  
Aodh cas mac na eaillich
- 29 Cha b' e a chailleach a mhathair  
Ach aon ceann cheud thrach  
Is b' e fath' shluimneadh 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 Fèman 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 I 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 Mugaen 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 cuircè.* *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' mhaidinn braonach ?  
Na 'm faic thu laoch a' tighinn o 'n tràigh ?  
'S ann an diugh a 's teann mo chuibhreach.

ISE.

- 2 Chì nì chugam òglach ard,  
Fear fìnealachdach faobhar-gharg,  
'S e mar shòr na cuircè,  
Sòr na muic' air a chòlainn.

GOLL.

- 3 'S e sin Mugaen beag Mac Smàil ;  
An diugh a gheall e teachd a' m' dhàil ;  
Air bhith dhasan anns na càisibh,  
'S ann dásan a 's dàm mo mharbhadh.
- 4 A righinn 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'airgid agus t'òr ;  
Cuimhnich do shìoda 's do shròl ;  
Cuimhnich geur leamhuinn t' fhuir ;  
'S ole thig diòllannas bean deagh-fhuir.
- 6 Cuimhnich air do theachd o 'n t-sealg  
Thainig chugad o chath Dhruim dearg ;  
A' h-nìle h-aon le bhuaich-chruan àgh,  
'S gu marbhadh e fiadh 'na aonar.
- 7 Ainne nach fag thu' chreag chruaidh  
A righinn cùitidh an-fhinar.  
Gus an tig am fraoch romh mhuir mear,  
Cha tig an laoch gu d' chobhair.
- 8 Na 'n tigeadh thu 's teach a laoich,  
'S cadal a dheanadh ri m' thaobh ;  
Bheirinn fein mar iochlaint dhuit  
Bainne mo dha chich gu d' chobhair.

ISE.

GOLL.

- 9 'S miosa na sin mar a tha  
A nighean Chonail,—'s nì 'm breug e ;  
Comhairle mnatha, nì h-òir na h-iar,  
Cha do ghabh mi riann ;—'s nì 'n gabhain.

ISE.

- 10 C' àit am faigh mise fear eile  
Ann a' t' àite-sa' Ghuille ghrèadhnaich ?

GOLL.

Nàille dh' inncamsa sin duitse ;—  
Aogh gasda, mac na caillich.

ISE.

- 11 Air do laimh-sa a Mhic Morna  
Air t' fhine 's air t' onair ;  
Cha bhì mo chomunn glan grinn  
F' araon agus aona mhac caillich.

GOLL.

- 12 Chà bu mhae 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 gae ;  
Dh' innsinn dhuit a beud a bhios,—  
Theid i thein gu ceud asaid.
- 14 Latha dhuinn air Crnachan Còrr—  
Mì thein agus Aogh Dòireach ;  
Air sìoda 's air sròl mu seach  
Bìotar ag òl 's ag iomairt.
- 15 Thuit nam thein gu dona mach,  
Gu 'n d' ghabh Fionn grunn corruich ;  
Nach bìodh d' ar comunn glan, grinn  
Ach an darra fear 'bhith 'n Eirinn.
- 16 Thug sinn ionnsuidh air 'n-eich mheann,—  
'S ar n-eich thaghta g' ar giùlan ;  
Fèaim na feoirn' o cheann na slaitè  
Agus bean a' dol gu diòllaid.

- 17 Biotar an oidheche sin mar sin,  
Sinn ag imeachal air Sliabh Muin,  
Gus an d'rainig sinn Core air léirg;  
'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 lá  
'G eisteachd ri faoghad nam beann.
- 19 Gus an do sgaoil an ceo ciabhlach,  
Gus an do thraigh an abhainn.  
Sùil gu'n d' thug mi fada nam  
Air an fhaiche 'bha mi thath:
- 20 Faicear Fionn féin am flath,  
'S e 'na sheasamh 'na chéir chath;  
Faicear a' tighinn an faiteach,  
'S eo phuball Fhinn a' marcachd.
- 21 'S e 'm mareanaiche bhiththeadh an sin  
Am marcach a b' áille fa 'n domhan —  
An marcach cuirneimeach glas dom,  
'S a bliurme ghlas air a' ghlalainn.
- 22 Sgiath phobail de 'n or air a sblios  
'S théile sról gu slegeamach.  
A ra 'chluig agus dorn gath,  
Sgian flada, lom air dhéag dhath,
- 23 Air slios odhar an laoiach dhinn  
A' dol an eath 's an cruaidh chomhrag;  
'S aig nallaichead az eich chórr  
Thug e na trí ruaigean roimhinn.
- 24 Mharbhadh leis maonar d' ar muinntir:  
Mharbhadh leis maonar mic eile;  
Mharbhadh leis an gaisgeach mu'n can<sup>1</sup>  
Áille Mae Giollagan.
- 25 Chaidh mi fhéin air mo stéid eath;  
'S ma chaidh cha b' ann mar shratha:  
Na 'm biodh an seic air soirn  
Bu dual domhsa 'ghusdadh.
- 26 Thairngeadh keim claidheamh a truaill:  
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 nile,  
'S dh' imich mo sgiath-sa gu bile;  
Easn cha deachaidh *u dhéroma*?  
'S mise cha d' thug éireadh dhásan.
- 28 Thug e spuir 's a' bharran leis:—  
Chaidh e 'san abhainn cheudna:  
Thainig Fionn féin a mach;  
An righ feuta fearail.

FIOXX.

- 29 Co na sloigh a bhíodh an sin,  
Áilis duinn Aoigh nam beannan?

AOIGH.

Shuagh géal, namho-ghéid, and ghéid, gleachdach,  
Ard mhúinealach mhí-leasach.

- 30 Air bhith dhomhsa 'n dán;  
Gu'n d' thainig mi slán o 'n iomasgail.

GLOSSARY.

Sor, I think should be *sorn*, a snout. *Sorn na muice*, the snout of the sow.

*Tír airgaidh* means land of robbery, but reciter says it means *tigh seanaise*, a public-house.

*Ainm*. This word, I suspect, is a corruption; reciter calls the mother of Aogh *Liauc*, and Anglicises the name, *Ann*.

*Dobhí*, the Irish form for *bha*.  
*Craochna Core*. There is a pretty little round hill in the moors west of Staonsha called by this name.

*Foinne*, gen. of *foinne*, grass.  
*Core air léirg*, the town of *Clérk*.

*Téimneachd*, tightness.  
*Céir chath*, probably a corruption of *cith cith*, battle-rage.

*Bhíurme*, Reciter explains as *spith* or *thírceach*. *Bíurme*, probably.

*Phéanail*. Reciter could give me no explanation of this word.

*Seatha*, a sluggish, inactive person.

*A dhéroma*. I should have written this a '*ghéirne*, out of his battle, *hors de combat*.  
*Eireadh*, yielding; from *círr*, 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 shliabh naclhair 's bu chubhí leim; (chunha  
Uansa dh' imich an Guth, dhuin)  
Dhe na ghabh Fionn nam flath coirueich.
- 2 Air bhí dha g' am iarraidh,  
Air feadh bhál is Islar;  
Air feadh airde nam beann,  
Is leag iosal nan Éirthure.
- 3 La dhunna air sliabh Mhuill. (Molina)  
Chunnaas Fionn teachd le sheachd Cathan;  
Dhomhsa bu chuis sheachnadh sin,  
As e g' am shireadh 's g' am sluir-leannluin.
- 4 Shuidhich Fionn na puibéil gheala,  
Air na tullehana Ceardach;  
Shuidhich mise na puibéil eile,  
Air a' mhag na Fhianuis.
- 5 Mar gu 'm biodh Co-riard sloigh,  
'S cha robh daime agam b' fhaic;  
Ach oehl fíched deng deng ghaigeach,  
Thuit an tonr air a bhínn,  
Leum a Ghaur eadarinn.
- 6 Dh' fhas an abhainn bras,  
Cha taradh trean laoch thairis:  
Ach eisidh sinn ri gaoth nam beann,  
Aig an tragh an abhainn.
- 7 Ghlanais a mach o phubéil Fhinn,  
An t-aon eadh bhíche baobhail bras;  
A's e tighinn fo keasanaibh soluis,  
Bior-ehluasach donn, bar fhionn blar,  
Uchid leathann donn taobh gheal sholuis.
- 8 Mareach air muin an Eich mhóir,  
As áille gu 'm facas thar sloigh;  
Luarach le nao sretáin oir,  
Ma chorpan sheimh slúth shroil,  
Sgiath bhulganda bhulganda chor.  
Air a' ghuailinn deas ro mhóir,  
Sgiau mhóir air a thaobh chéi,  
Air mac nasal an ard righ.
- 9 Thug e spor do 'n ghearran bhlar,  
Nach do thaghail riamh an t-ath;  
Chaidh e nao uairéan troimhinn,  
Mareach an Eich shuntach chuanta;  
Cheangladh leis an Doman fhíodhí,  
Naonar Mac Gháil bhí.—
- 10 As maonar Mac Thuirní nan clar, (ne clar)  
Is Garbhan Mac Maolar;  
Is Eabhlagan Mac Doire,  
Fear nach do dhúit bhídh no deoch,  
Do neach riamh san noluinn (al. san fheudair)  
Sguiein mi flm roimh san ath,  
Leum bu mhílteich 's bu tra.
- 11 Uair gu'n robh sguogal air sogh,  
Chleacaid mí aon laoch a chosgadh. (Thasda)  
Rug e ar mo sgiath no loathach,  
'S ma no cheann rium di bhoighean,  
Mar bhiththeadh mo chlogaiche ghlan,  
Chailinn an eearn leu leannluinn,
- 12 Thug am Mareach mach an t-atha;  
Thugas stéid bhíugh stáid bhíugh;  
T-abhra phog do 'n t-sar mharbach,  
G' an dith do bhéatha a Mhíe Rígh Fail,  
Laoich churramda shoghraith.

<sup>1</sup> Means ris an can iad.

<sup>2</sup> A 'ghrime.

- 13 Cìod an sluaigh a fhuair thu thall,  
Aig Goll Mac Morna na mor lann ?  
Sluaigh tuigsceach ciallach,  
Narach neo-mhisgeach,  
Mar bithe d' ghrasau domh Fhinn.  
Cha tiginn slau uath thairis,  
<sup>1</sup>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-aon chruaidh bliunle.
- 14 An sin chaidh sinn an dail a' cheile,  
Bu treun 's bu dochdair a' chomhrag;  
Thug an Fhianu tulga air ais; (al. turrag)  
Thog clann Morna sgál doibh,  
Chriothnaich am fonn fo 'r casaibh,  
Stad na sruthain le doghruin.
- 15 Cluanna Baoisge nam mor ghníomh,  
Dream bhla misneachail rianh;  
Slíochd threunnalhoir nam blagh,  
An geill sibh do 'n Gharbh dhragh.  
Cumhichibh cruadhas na Feinne,  
Baailibh dannara treuna;  
Pillibh le tabhachd gu cumasg'  
Gleithibh an arach, tìonda 'm buinne,
- 15 Sheall gach fear air a chlaidheamh lomh  
As air a shleagh shlan chosgi,  
Chual gach fear luaidh a' bhaird,  
Dh' iarr le naire a dheagh chlin,  
Chummacas Fionn a tearnadh nuas,  
B' anbarach a chith sa choslas,  
Bu chitn tosdach na Duilean,  
A bheinn chraith le mor ioghnaidh,  
Phill sinn an ruaig gu grad.
- 16 Co dheanga Fionn sa ghreis ?  
Thachair Fionn is Goll na mor chleas;  
Thug iad an cath gaibheach doibh,  
Dh' fhalbh nam bloighdean an sgiathan ball  
bhreac  
An clogaidan sgealb air an raon  
An slaghan chaidh nam miribh san adhar,  
Tharruing an claidhean foinnidh fìne.
- 17 Sheas sinn uile an da shlogh,  
'G ambarach garbh chath na mor thriath,  
Bheuc na h-uile le eagal;  
Sgoilt na creagan le mor thoirn.
- 18 Lub a choille le fuathas,  
B' oilteil tornu namhan nan speur,  
Taighse 'g itealaidh sna neulaibh;  
Sgreadaidh ga fadhaich sa' bheinn  
Thog iad an talamh le 'n Cruaidh spairn.
- 19 Lub Fianu guthail a ghruaidh,  
Ran an Fhionn le meud an eagail;  
Ran, 's cha b' aobhar eagail doibh,  
Co chuireadh air Fionn ?  
Co sheasadh ris san spairn ?
- 20 Thuit mac Morna nan cruaidh bleum,  
Shil ar deoir nu (Gholl nan ceud;  
Eirich a Ghnail a leon thu fein,  
Cha 'n inear mo lamus ort bend,  
'S canimhe leam an Pamh a bablaist,  
Fhionn rianh nach iarradh lochd,  
Tha mi fo d' gheasibh, cian a nochd,  
Glac mo chlaidheamh, glac mo lamh,  
Thoir dhuim sith is bithidh slau.
- 21 Clann Morna tha dìreach deanta,  
Co tha cosmhail ruitse Ghmìll;  
An cath gaibheach nan cron gheanna,  
Co sheasadh tu ach Fionn fial,  
'S co sheasadh Fionn ach Goll ciar.

- 22 'S cìbhinn a nochd sith nam braithean,  
Sgaoil dhuim fleagh' aird iar ceol—  
Buail clarsach nam fonn aosda,—  
Oighean thigibh caoin nar coir,  
Caoin thainig reultan na maise  
Bha fo sual car tamull an dall cheò,  
Las an gnais nar ghrian ag cìridh  
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, Conan, and Daoire are going to avenge the death of Goll on Ossin, Oscar, and Cioilte. Cioirreal 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 zorei trylluyt gow find  
Ighilk ernacht sowch linn  
Zoree kian zulle er in ree  
Gyn gurnist aye gai keive cleith
- 2 Is lesk lmsyth zwlz ana  
Onach clwnmwn gr lan chenna  
Is nach feadmist a zeilt  
Kenna v'morn vor zuewe
- 3 Kail husse ne is allwm pen  
Id durd conu mor gyn keale  
Marmy for mach gyth duna  
In deilt zwlz olt voe
- 4 Snyth in trur var mon din nane  
Onach lanyt di zin fen  
Abbir a zoree is lawr  
Fayr sinni sin trom alle
- 5 Marveysith ossin mor m'fyn  
Marve mai in tosgir nach teymni  
Marve dyre kille kaye  
Fayr sinni wle er in lawe
- 6 Mlath is aggw m veis anna  
Cha dik linna movil er finn  
Tuttmy ule sin alle  
Cha dikge gowle dr gowrue
- 7 Da byth lani byth le a nort  
Dyth churmist finni za leacht  
Is ferr nyth brar gyn nele  
A derssi rwt a zore.

A zorre.

THE DEATH OF THE WOMEN; OF GARAIHI,  
AND HIS SON AODH; AND THE BURNING OF  
TEAMHRA.

F. 19. II. 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. Padraig 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 Ossin to Padraig 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. Caruiclaid 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 spend Gaelic while I wrote as best I could. He said that he was 87, that he

<sup>1</sup> 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 Diarmuid, 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 to bhrot chosgair a chlain.' 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 'Inse 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 turning 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 Calgairn)—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 Farnach. That is not far from here for they snuff the fire.

'But,' said I, 'the house must have been near Skye, because of the strait where Mac Reathlain 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 Luidean (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 Muilecarteach, 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 Aigh Mac Gharaidh took Misg chatha, the drunkenness of battle, when his father was slain. He worried the Feinne. They put him into gea' ciladaich, a ritt 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.

<sup>1</sup> This word is in Icelandic.

## F. 19. LOS GADH BRUTH FARBAIRN. 81 lines.

Cher's Collection, page 111. Advocates' Library, February 23, 1872. Copied by Malcolm Macphail.

NORGE.—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, Con:ac Mac Art.

- 1 SÈRTOB a chaidh Fionn le Fhianuibh,  
Thair srùibheadh Glasa Inneis fail;  
Chuir iad as na leirgibh gasda,  
Dainh na Beann bairge dha.
- 2 Dh'fhag iad nan diaghladh an corn bnaobach  
Is deadh m'achd Morn nan gruaidh dearg;  
Aghaidh chiuil a labraibh ra bhinn,  
Eoin chiuin an torraibh nan cran.
- 3 An sin nuair a leig Gara mer machd Morn  
E nnu an san leppidh chùil;  
Luidh snain gu trom air a rosgaibh,  
'S cheann fuidh' n' bhrair choreair chiuin.
- 4 Comhairle a chinn air bheag ceille,  
Aig beantreabhach ùr nan falt cam;  
Dealgadh caol am brottadh gasda,  
Folt an laoiach an glach dibh chrann.
- 5 Aisling a chunnaic Mac Morna,  
Air bli dha 'na chadal trom;  
Chunnaic e Garradh fuidh dhiamhair,  
Cha raibh luaidh air Fhianuibh Fhinn.
- 6 Thug e fosgladh air a rosgaibh,  
Ais an aisling fa na denr;  
Dhealluich an tonn o 'n cannuichin,  
Fuil an laoiach a dheargadh fear.
- 7 Mead sùgraidh Ban na Feinne,  
Chaidh e an chaoil is eia cheum deas;  
Dhuin na dorsan mar a chualas,  
Is thug criainn air ghualan leis.
- 8 Bha ceud eotan ceud fainne seunta,  
Ceud srian bulgach nan each ard;  
Bha ceud bratach chaol uaine dhathan,  
A ghabhadh gaoth ri gathaibh chrann.
- 9 Bha ceud cuilean le muineal airgid,  
Bha ceud nighan bu ghrinne neur;  
Bha ceud meadhan len brollach sioda, fìor ghlan  
Is ceud bean na muim aig gach machlan.
- 10 A fhuair urram an teach na bean treun,  
Air mo chuigibh bhia sud san talla;  
Bha ceud cailleach chaslaibh ghreanach,  
Agus altrun a steach air glun gach caillich.
- 11 Suil gan tng d' thair a ghualain,  
Deadh nuach Chuthail na gruaidh dearg;  
Chunnaic e ceo tabuì daite  
A thig farabairn is lasair aurd.
- 12 Cuiribh oirbh a leoghain ghasta,  
Gach aon laoch tha an so rim linn,  
Sid agraibh an caismeachd anamoch,  
Is teanachdadh gu grad bantrach Fhinn.
- 12 Mìad air dochais as air laochabha,  
Thug an talla dhuin breith chaol;  
Leum guch fear air barr a shleaghe,  
Is dh'fhag iad Mac Reithe sa chaol.
- 13 An sin anuair a thair deadh Mhac Chuthail,  
San gaisgeadh air dol air eul;  
Chuiridh ùr druim ris an talla,  
Is caoine mid Garadh air thus.
- 14 Ba luath air eas do 'n talla,  
Nam bhoilb fìos co leanta ann;  
Chuir Fionn a mhèur fo dheud fìos,  
Fhrocair each an fìos mur dh' fhuair,  
Iarnuibh gu maith fear am folach,  
Sann tha Garadh ann san uaimhe.
- 15 Thig thusa a mach a nis a Gharadh,  
A mhic Morna na cleas tragh;  
Na 'm fàithin a'cuing gu harridh,  
Is gu manam a thoirr nam.
- 16 'Gheibheadh tusa d' a'cuinge gu harrid,  
A dh' aon seol ga 'm bheil an criodh;  
Mo dheibhin t-anam na h-àrr e,  
Bho sinn do na Fianuibh u.'
- 17 Mac an Lion a bhì guin namna,  
B' e sid m' a'cuing a mhic gu fìor;  
Is mo bhraghaid a chuir an giurradh,  
Air caol sleisde gile Fhinn.



- 18 Ach chruinneach uaislean na Feinne,  
Is bha sud na choimble chruaidh ;  
Bu mhór a gheil dhuinn air Garradh  
An Rìgh san talla bhì uainn.
- 19 A sin anuair a dh' fhuasgail iad na geasan  
Le Clann Rìgh Inne Cùinn ;  
Thìohtig iad cas Rìgh na Teimhre,  
Fòdh fhòid ghlaiss don talmhain thruinn.
- 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.

- 13 Tamall do bha e san t-shuain sin,  
Air chùil bantrach nan dual cam ;  
Garragail iad air dhealg gasta,  
Falt an laoiach an glaca chruinn.
- 14 S' e sin a chunnaig Mac Morna,  
Air bhì dho na chodal fàill ;  
Gun raibh e fein 'n àite diamhair,  
'S gun ionradh air Fiantidh Phàil.
- 15 An sin do mhosgail Mac Morna,  
'N caskigeamh a chodal trom ;  
Dhealaich an' tonn ris an ionmhar,  
'S fhuil nach b' ionmhuinn sìos ga bhona.

- 16 Ruigh e 'n sin a mach gèur leòinte,  
Le mìsg chómhraig 's ghul gu gèur ;  
'S dh' aithnich e co rinn an crà' dha,  
'S truagh a tharladh dhuinn gu léir.
- 17 An deidh sugradh bhau na Feinne,  
Chuai' e 'n choillidh 's cho chèm deas ;  
Dhruid na dorsan gu teann cruai' ;  
'S thug crionach air a ghuaille leis.
- 18 Do loisg e an sin an òigridh,  
Dheanamh imtheachd nar bu dual ;  
'N tra lasamh gu druim an talla,  
Dh' imich e gu grad gu h-uaimh.

- 19 Snil do thug e thair a ghuainn,  
Deadh Mhac Chuthail nan raag àigh ;  
Chunnaig e ceo talmhidh daite,  
Thìgh Teabhra' is lasair árd.
- 20 C' ait am bheil sibh f'hear Fiann Eirann,  
Freagradh a chaisamachd bambh ;  
Nach flaic sibh ceò talmhidh daite,  
Thìgh Teabhra' is lasair dhearg ?

- 21 Thionail iad an leomhain chatha,  
'S gach Fiann a bhla 'n sin r' ar linn ;  
Do chum teasarginn Tìgh Teabhra',  
Is a theanacas bantrach Fhinn.
- 22 Do bri' 'n dochlais bh' aig na loich,  
A lùth an cos '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' eug-bhail dol air cùl ;  
Chuir sinn ar druim ris an talla,  
'S chaòinte leinn Garabh air thús.
- 24 'N sinn chruinich Fiann aill' Eirann,  
'S shuidh iad air tulaich nan deur ;  
Gur mor an d' dhuinn air talla,  
'S gun nì ann o 'n leanar é.

- 25 Chuir Fionn a mhear fui' dhéud fios,  
Fhregair cèch an fios a fhuair,  
Leanamh gu lua' fear ar falachd,  
'S gheibhar leibh Garabh san uaigh.
- 26 'Thìg thusa mach orsa Mac Chuthail,  
A mhic Morna nan gnìomh truagh ;  
Theid nam tuighinn 'n chuing àraid,  
Gun chead 'm anama iarraidh uait.

- 27 Gheibh thu sin d' atheuinge àraid,  
Do dh' aon nì am bheil do shùil ;  
A h-egmhuis d' anama no h-iarra,  
O 'n tharlamh air na Fiantidh thu.
- 28 Mac-an loin thoirt an laimh Osaicr,  
Se sin 'm ath-chuinge gu grunn ;  
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 fhuinn a chumail,  
'S sinn a nìo-run uile dho.
- 30 Dh' innis dhuinn gach nì mar tharla',  
'S mara rinn na mnáith a loón ;  
'S mar a sgrìos e sìos gu leir iad,  
B' e sin dhuinne sgeul a bhròin.

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,  
Gu srath lia ghlas Inne-phàil ;  
Shuithich sinn ar lomhainn ghasht,  
Air feidh nam beann a bhfaisge laimh.
- 2 Re cath leagair feadh nan gleanntaidh,  
Gu binn labhrach, calma bha ;  
'S leag sinn air na leirge casa,  
Feidh nan glacag is nan arda.
- 3 Bha againn Aogh nan cornn buaghach,  
Mac Rìgh Fighail nan cul 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 lughe cèudan,  
'S gach neach air dhea' cìeadh ann.
- 5 Ceud seacamb 's ceud ceann-bheairt bholgach,  
Is ceud sgia' le 'n comhdach crann ;  
Is cuig ceud luireach bu lóinreach,  
Le 'n ùr-mhallaibh ór-bhuidh ann.
- 6 Ceud eupa 's ceud fíinne seanta,  
Ceud clach bhoadhach 's ceud còrn cam ;  
Is ceud Bratach naine dhalhach,  
Ghabhadh gaoth an gathaibh chrann.
- 7 Ceud cuilain le 'n coilar airgaid,  
Bha 'n san Teaghlach bu dhoi' leinn ;  
Ceud laoch a chòidil le seantachd,  
Is ceud saor bhean an teach Fhinn.
- 8 Ceud macain le 'n earadh uaine,  
'S ceud maighdean bu ghrinne mear ;  
Is ceud bean bu mhuim do 'n mhaicridh,  
Chòisainn clú an teach nan trùn.
- 9 Ceud earradh le 'm broilach airgeid,  
Le 'n leintaibh sròil finn-ghèal bán ;  
'S ceud sligheach philleadh gach urchair,  
'S ceud srian bulgach nan each árd.
- 10 Ceud cloidheamh le 'n ceann-bheairt airgaid,  
'S ceud sleagh lainnrach bu mhai' àigh ;  
'S ceud Craosach le clanna Rìghridh,  
'S ceud Tuadh mìlidh bu mhór ár.
- 11 Ar 'n ór 's ar uigheam gu h-uilidh,  
Dh' fhag sinne steach am Bruth Fhinn ;  
B' e sin teach nan séuda lomhar,  
Fa 'r 'm biodhmaid seinn ceòl gu binn.
- 12 Dh' fhag sinn Garabh mor mac Morna,  
'N taobh an talla 'n leabuidh úr ;  
Luigh suain gu trom air a rosgaibh,  
'S a cheann fui' 'n bhàr choreair chluí'.

<sup>1</sup> Ata tonn ris an ionmhar a ciallacha gu do dhealaich  
fhòlt agus a chraicean ra chlaigean mar a dhealaichas an  
tonn re tìr, no mar a ruighas an t-uisge re bratha' mar  
sin a ruigh fhuil o chorp.

- 31 Chruinnadh sinu Maithewh na Feinne,  
Air tulaich nan deur 's bu truagh;  
Bu mhòr an geall leinn air Garabh,  
Ar Triath 's air talla thoirt uainn.
- 32 'S iad clann Phàil Innsa-teamhra,  
Dh, fhuasgail na geasan gu grunn;  
Fhuara li sin gun iarraidh uithe,  
Ni nach truailladh briathraibh Fhinn.
- 33 Chlathaich iad seachd troidhean do 'n talbhainn,  
'S an tulaich ghuirm os ar cionn;  
'S thiodhlaic eas gheal Rí Teamhra,  
Seachd troidhean fù 'n talbhainn tréim.
- 34 Shìn e uaithe 'm bhraigid sochridh,  
'N éiric air a gnìomh a thoill;  
'S ghearr an cloidheamh sud gu h-an-mhòr,  
Is seachd troidhean do 'n talbhainn tréim.
- 35 Leig aiteal a chuileg nimhe,  
Fuil dhàite gu throidh gheal ùir;  
'S bu luaithe na druc air deann,  
Chaislean gearrta oscionn a ghluin.
- 36 'N sin chruinnadh Fiamh àillidh Eirann,  
Gu dubhach, dèurach, ro-thruagh;  
Bu bheag an dì leinne Garabh,  
Ach ar Triath 's ar tall' thoirt uainn.
- 37 Labhair Mac Chuthail gu fìor-ghlic,  
Cunna' chaint sin na tosd,  
Oir cho 'n fhiach ar glòir a h-ath-ra',  
'S leòir dhuibh na th' aghaidh do 'b' ole.
- 38 Chlathaichadh naigh do 'n fhear chalma,  
'Se Mae Mòranna nan gnìomh truagh;  
Am fear a dh' fhadh sgròchd air chàirde,  
Cumradh e san talbhainn 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 disobeyed 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 senked. 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 under ground and Gary's head laid perpendicularly thereon and behead by Oscar: Fingal's thigh being desparately 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 Rheme or some distant King-

dom to get his thigh cured. At this Interim Cairbre the Usurper, supreme 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 Sgruinnadh sinn air Jeoghain chatha,  
Air feidh nam beam an cathain aigh.
- 2 Feidh nan glae a b' fhaigse laimh.
- 3 Mac Rìogh Mìodhan nan dual cam;  
Mar còin bhinn air barra ebrann.
- 6 Ceud eùilein còileirich, ball-bhreac;  
Ceud eruit labhrach nan tend binn;  
Ceud laoch a dhithinich an-fha' inn,  
Is ceud bean do bhantraich Fhinn.
- 7 Ceud oigh bu ghriinn snadh, is meur;  
Ann 's gach iul mar lasair neul.
- 8 Ceud sìgneach nan luthain cùimite,  
'S ceud srian bulgach nan steud-aigh.
- 9 Ceud cloidheamh le amait airgid,  
Ceud sleagh creucach nam beam aigh;  
Ceud eraosach bu bhao' lach imairt,  
Is ceud tuath rinn iomad àr.
- 10 Ar 'n or, ar 'n airgead ar 'n cìdhlh,  
Dh' fhadh sinn gu k'ir an bruth Fhinn,
- 14 Mhosgail gair na ban Mac Moirne,  
Ann casligridh a ehadal trom;  
Mar dheadalaidh toun ri ionmlar,  
Bha fhuil naeh b' ionmhinn gu bhonn.
- 15 Dh' eigh an gaisgeach las a ehadbradh,  
Chlig a dhochas, dhoirt a chreuchd;  
Dh' aithnich e eo dheadhb a leon.  
Bu truagh an gò, 's bu mhòr an sgeul.
- 16 An deidh sugradh ban na Feinne,  
Ghluais an treun do 'n choill na dheas;  
Spin e gaeh errann mar a tharladh,  
As am bun le ghairdein deas.
- 17 Chuir e teine ris an oigridh,  
Dh' iomaradh eol an teach nan duan;  
Dh' imiel an Garabh gu h-uaimh.
- 19 C' ait an bheil sibh Fhearad Eirann,  
Cruinnichibh gu leir o 'n t-sealg;  
Nach fùic sibh eeo talbhaidh daite,  
Tigh-teamhra' na lasair dhearg?
- 20 Fiamh nam flath air srath a ghlinn;  
22 'N deidh do 'n bhannal del 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 arbhuing araid,  
Gun chhead mo bhais iarraidh uait.
- 26 Ged' chuir u bhàehd air cul;  
28 Thainig Garabh mor Mae Taige,  
29 Dh' airis dhuinn gach ni mar tharladh,  
Mar a rinn na mnai' a leon;  
A loisg e mar lasair Beinn-Aula,  
B' iomad iolach ann, is bron.
- 32 Threachail iad 's ole ann san talbhainn.
- 33 Shìn e uaithe bhraghad dhocair.  
An ciric air an ole a rinn;
- 35 Air an tulaich dheurach thruagh;
- 36 Cumadh ar 'n innsadh na tosd;  
Oir cho 'n fhiach 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 Ghairme an Inse-fail,  
Chuir e air na leugaibh glasa,  
Feidh nam beann a b' fhaigse dha.
- 2 Dh' fhad iad Gairi Mac Morna,  
Na shineadh ann an leaba ùir;  
Luaidh suain gu trom air a rosgaibh,  
'S a cheann fo 'n bhraet chosgarna chuin.
- 3 Dh' fhad iad aegnas 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 cèille,  
An lo sin aig Banrigh Fhinn;  
Cheangail si le dealgaibh gasda,  
Falt an laoiach an glacaibh chrann,
- 5 Thug e turrag 's turrag cìle,  
'S e ag taomachadh nan deur  
Dhealach an t-sonn ri a chearral,  
Folt an laoiach, bu dearg a chre.
- 6 'S ann air guallann beinn a Feinne,  
Ghluais an Gallan air chenn deas;  
Dhnn gach doras mar a thuair e  
An creann beag aig a ghuaillinn leis.
- 7 Sul gu 'n tug e thar a' chuan null,  
Deagh Mhac Cumhail nan gruaidh dearg,  
Mhothaich e ceo talma daite,  
De thigh Fharmail is lasair ard.
- 8 Druidibh leam a leomha gasda,  
Mhend 's a tha sibh ri m' linn;  
Gabhaibh sid mar chuis anama,  
'S feuch an teirc sibh bantrach Fhinn.
- 9 Aig meud an doehais bh' aig na Laochan.  
As an sleaghan gan bli clao;  
Leum gach fear air bar chrano sleagha,  
Chail iad mac Reagha sa' chael.
- 10 Mu '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 Mhend 's a chaidh losgadh san teach ud,  
Cha bu dualach dhoibh bli buan;  
Bha ceud faighne, ceud cota seang ann,  
Ceud srian bhluclach nan each ard.
- 12 Bha ceud diollaid 'n deidh òra ann  
'S ceud leabaidh choir nan crann;  
'S ceud brat uaineach athach.  
A sheoladh gaoth air ghathaibh chrann.
- 13 Bha ceud rimhinn 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 òe 'n ti.  
Bha ceud laoch fo bhraet seang ann,  
A chosgadh feirg ann arnadh strì.
- 14 Chuir Fionn a mheur fo dhendh fios,  
Gabhsa 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 Mhìc Morna nan cleas truagh,  
Mach a so cha teid mi 'n tra so,  
Gun m' achuinich araidh fhaotainn aith.
- 16 Achuinich t-anama na h-iarri,  
O 'n tharladh air na Fiannaibh tu;  
Achuinich tha mi sireadh,  
'S cha 'n e m' anam a leagadh leam.  
Ach Mac an Luinn chuir an laimh Oclair,  
'Se bli cosgairt diom a chinn.
- 17 Mo bhragad a chur an giorraid,  
Air caol sleisde gile Fhinn;  
Cladhaichibh seachd troidhean d'bhoss  
San tulaich ghorm sin os 'n ceann?
- 18 'S adhlaicibh mo chas le tethail.  
Fo fhoid ghlais na talmhainn truin;  
Nuair ghearr an claidheam a' chloch,  
'S na seachd troidhean os a cinn.  
Chuir fiteil a' chuilg nimbe.  
Fuil daithte gu troidhean Fhinn.

- 19 'S daor an ceannach ort a Ghairi,  
Ar mnaì 's ar talla thoirt diun;  
Dh' fhad thu Fionn gun bhean gun Tearman,  
'S cha do choisinn thu g' a chionn.
- 20 A Mhalmhin, 's truagh an sgeul,  
Braighe soluis fo bhraid a noch;  
Bha li mar chanach air gruaigh.  
'S a deud mar gheal stuagh an slochd.  
Da shuil mar reultan soilse,  
Do fhear turnis an oidliche duachni.
- 21 'Sa folt a' tearnach mar chrann fo bhilath,  
'S an taile gu seamh ga luasgadh;  
Bu chuin, suairce suimbe re dh' fhas,  
Guth a beoil mar theud a' bhaird;  
Aoidh mar bhraet Loimn ga chomhlach,  
'S a gnais 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 ga h-aighantach ard.
- 23 Bra gile co chuma ri comhra,  
An tuisge an eol an greis no 'n dan:  
'A Mhalmhin is cuimhche leatsa,  
Beus nam bannal,  
Tionnaich an deur,  
Seian ri leanail.  
Mo ghnaise 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' si n' agus th' seilga mar bu ghnath leo. Agus dh' fhàg iad Goll a gleidhidh nan Bàn. Bha Goll fuidh thromadlas, agus fuidh airesneol, Leag e cheann air Glan a mlua, agus thuit e na chadil, feug a bhean a cheann air Iur, agus si chomhairle chinn aica feim, agus aig eich gun ceangladh iad gach dual da fhalt re cipeanibh air an sparradh anns talamh. 'N sin thug na mnathan Gaoir chath asd' le 'm basibh gan buaidh air a cheila.

Mhosgal 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 dhuibh mach us b' ann do 'n aireamh a thuair as bean Ghullu. Nuair a chumna 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 sealltun do chuid do 'n Fheinn faich-dar Tiogh Farala re theinich.

Thug gach aon re astar, agus ghabh iad ri siubhal. Rinn ad iad feim ciontach, gun danig namhid eigin air Goll. Rinn iad sealg mhòr aobh-ach fongantach. O m' bu Dorn-dhearg Laobh 'us O m' bu cheann dearg Cù, 'us o m' bu trom eallach Gille. A fear bu mhòile se bu dìon-buiche. Thainig iad gu taobh chaoil-rathain, 'us leum gach fear air cheann a shlegha, 'us chailidh Mac Rathin sa chaoil. Stad na fòis cha d' rinn iad gus an d' ranig iad. Dh' fhiosruich iad do na mnaibh eòid e chuir an Tiogh re theine. Dh' innis iad gur e Goll a rinn e. Bha 'n Fheinn fuil' throm fheirg an aghaidh Ghullu, th' snich iad cuirte agus thugadh bim bas a mach na agdhich.

Ach bha iad fuil' eagal gun dughadh e Seros air moran dhu. Se chomhairle chunnachdas doibh gun cumadh iad e ann am prianas gus am biodh e air anannaidich, a dhi bi agus dilha. Bha orda teann o 'n Fheinn gu cuirte gu bas neach sam bith a bheiridh dha biadh na deoch. Bha

e la 'n sin sa phrionsan, agus bha dhean maille ris, agus thulhairt e. Tha mi ro lag an diugh, O! mo Dhumaich a thanig orna ghraidh do na fearbh, us gun a chroìdh agam m' sun bith a dheanadh dol chonh-nadh, ach a ghraidh nan deobha tu mo chiochian, cha deobhail ars eisan. Carson ars ise. Tha ars eisan gu rabh mi fos sin a dheanadh mar a h-iarraidh tu c. Ach a nois cha 'n fhadh mi do bhri' gun do chuir mo mhuinte mi fu' m'bhionnabh gun aon m' dh' iarraidh fcan ora a dheanadh.

Mata ghraidh ars ise nar a bhios tusa narbh, tha mi cinntich nach leig an Fheinn leamsa gun fhear cila phosadh, agus bu m'bhiam leam fios fhasainn uatsa co fear a Luidheasich tu dh'ann am 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. ATICHUNG 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 mhilidh. Bha e mar Lagh nig an Fhianu, gu fuidhidh gach nench a chuirte gu bas an raoghinn atichunge. A reir an Lagh sa bha Goll re achunge fein iarraidh agus fhaotinn a reir an Lagha sin.

Mac an Luin a thoirt do dh' Oscar  
Achanich a dh' iaras mi.  
'S mo Bhurghid a chur an giorrd,  
Air bun sleisde gile Fhinn.

B' e niarid a bha ann run Ghuill; sa bha gu tachirt ann an Lorg na h-achanichs, gu 'n caillidh Fionn an t-sliasaid, agus a chas do bhri nach d' fflag Oscar fuighill buille rianh.

Ach se chonhairle chunnachdas dhoibh gun cuireadh iad naoi Dachdairin do Leather-liath, agus naoi brelainn do dh' iarinn Tar fuidh anhuich Ghuill, agus air muin shiasuid Fhinn. Thugadh cleidheann Fhinn, ga 'm b' ainm Mac an Luin an Laimh Oscar. Bhuail e Bhuile, agus leis a bhuile sin fein chuir e 'n ceann do Gholl, gheur 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 Dubhri; Temuhra is Tara, the seat of Irish High Kings, Almhinn 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 our versions of one Gaelic Poem, none are versions of 'Temora.'

Only five of the Heroes are in this ballad: Fionn, Fergus, Raoidhne, Oisain 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 Oisain, who tells the whole to Padraig on the Mound of Tears, long after the Fénime have passed away.

### A. 29. CATH ZAWRYCH. 232 lines.

#### A HOEDIR 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 Mòr in nocht my chow feyn  
A halgin a ta zim rair  
Re smeuten a chaa chroy  
Huggemir is carbrayth cranroy
- 2 A malken chormik' ochannii  
I merr in neyn harry fa chung  
Reith gin chass vin chaath  
Di churri ris gin zrane royth boe
- 3 Kallswn gith ollith fame  
Hwnni inni is clanni keive chwnn  
Guss wyve sen chabre roye  
Nir smeine seine olk na anweine
- 4 Di ehan carbrayth ranyth loyeth  
Agus di be in nellith chroye  
Gir bar less twttwm er nygh  
Agus in nane la cheille
- 5 Nassyth reithre wea vir  
Agus in nane a weith er nerrin  
Di ehan barrin gi prap  
Cwneich mwkre agis art
- 6 Fir sinsir huttwm 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 vakkowle  
Ba corle cloum ewne  
Agus carbre a lay tromie
- 8 Ead feyne a hawrt dar ginni  
Agus sinni di zoehin  
Gow marreith na zey wleyg  
Is gin nane a weith in nalwin
- 9 Is wealeist haiss fa zoem  
Tra nach bedeis in fir zleo  
Hug sen gi feich geyrloch  
In cathsin eacht zaveria

- 10 Di hut 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 smacht  
Rur linni gwss a chaa sen a halgin.  
O churra au 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 huttyn la ny cheillith  
Da deg feith awlwarreith in seu  
Orrew in nerrin eazlyn
- 14 Ossin ered a zaneith finni  
Agus erseni far nerrin  
Er a lave a cleyrre chaye  
Ne royth si vanve vane
- 15 Beggane di leichre erse  
Agus ogre gin darve  
Ga bea reith heyssyth in sin  
Zoive sai fodleith in nasgeith
- 16 Gin eath gin nirrill gin nawg  
Gin none gin achassen  
Churr sin ir teclta corri  
Gow faa mayk v<sup>c</sup> 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 tag  
Gow dul di warwa er ollea  
Ossin innis doive skail  
Nor chorsew in nirrill 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 armyin  
A cleyrreith na baichill bane  
Ga bea zeith chewith in toyr
- 22 Byth vor in troye rar lin  
Olsa errin di hwttim  
Ymneith caithraa codeith keive  
Ymni loereith heith her
- 23 Ymneith skaith 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 wllin claa
- 25 Is skaa nawriss er in layr  
Agus a lanni na zoss lawe  
Donnwll allith er gith  
Lea dea er bley a looreicha
- 26 Leggwm erla mi loy 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 hvggm a laave  
Er wayn er ym choailli
- 28 Di zoyve may lawe mi vee feyn  
Is dyth hoeis ranyth crea  
Is aon tw sin a lea  
Char churreis caiss sin teil
- 29 Hurrt rwmsyth mi wak  
Faryth agus a nar arnyth  
A wee riss ni dwwll sin  
Di wesith slane a aythir
- 30 Ne zanwmsyth zewsytht gaeth  
Ne roe aggwni fregreith zoe  
Gin danik keilt worsin  
Huggin a zeyzin oskir
- 31 A dowirt mak romane in nawe  
Ach keynis tazes a zrawg  
A tame er oskir mir is dee  
Dul a gowar seil awzeive
- 32 Crachte sley carbre roye  
Fa ymlin oskir amroye  
Lawe cheilt ga wllin  
Doe reach in greachte nyth sley
- 33 Sarris keilta a knee er choyr  
Id toyr a inni na zoeo  
It toyr a zrwne creddi kyn  
Er a zerro 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 cauth ra fyyni  
Bae in keiss ag seil mor chwne
- 36 Gerrit a weith zone 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 eadsin
- 38 Ach fer ix gonni gi reive  
Fath low ag gin di chreactaw  
Togmir in tosgir arne  
Er chrannew sley in nar dew
- 39 Bermoyne gn tullych zlin  
Dyth howirt dea a heydyth  
Lead nyth bossyth zane chorp  
Cha roye slane wo na alt
- 40 Na gi ryg a wonyth lar  
Ach a ygh na hynirrane  
In nyth sin dwn sin naar  
Geillingua churp gow laa
- 41 Gir hogsin clan v<sup>c</sup> ne finni  
Er chnokew ard evin  
Neyr choneith neach a v<sup>c</sup> fen  
Nir chein a wrar fa zeyth
- 42 Re fegsin me veei mir sin  
Kaach wlyth a knyth oskir  
Gerrit a wee zown mir sin  
Er curryth in a churp cheive zil
- 43 Gow waka chuggin fa nona  
Fin m'kowle vie tranewor  
Gow dugsidir annsyth nar  
Drane boe di zanew phal
- 44 Er fyail clynni boissni neyr  
Fa chassil chroo sin nirrill  
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 sioni  
Dulli er in tullych na rane  
Far in rowe oskir armarz
- 47 Nor a woyvych oskir finni  
Er tocht daa voss a chinni  
Togrissa nye neachla  
Is haunythchis da hanathir

- 48 Id dowirt in tosgir in sin  
Re m'murnaith sin nor sin  
Mi chin fest riss in naik  
Er haggin a inni armzar
- 49 Troyg a oskir arne  
A zey v<sup>e</sup> mo v<sup>e</sup> syth fen  
Miss er a zey is fanne  
Is er dyc tane errin
- 50 Mallych art in r gym moye  
Sai sa dwe tanyth reyn loyith  
Di leon a orwina a hier  
Na gi reach ma in noeneith
- 51 Slane wome a zirrill is di zawe  
Slane di gi keiss di hoikwail  
Slane di gi math woym in nossaa  
Ach ne waym zin ehomso
- 52 Re elastin kelwein ryth finni  
A arrwm a hosgir zi ling  
Di hein a woa in dai lave  
Is di zea a rosga rinwlaa
- 53 Di hynra 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 zayrith sin noyr  
A class fa errin awoyr
- 55 Coyk flichit 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 teive ellith  
Di loyg errin armylin
- 57 Neyn roye finni swllor na saive  
O hen 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 HODDIR 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 denn a carris  
Ille feynni errin  
Kynis tarle zevin  
In gath zawrych ni beymin
- 2 Ne math v'kowie  
Mo skael o' chath zawrych  
Cha warr oskyr invin  
Hug mor coskir calma
- 3 Cha warr scaeltha v'c keilt  
Na gasre fean alwe  
Di hut oyk ni feani  
Inn in eadyth arrych
- 4 Di marve m'lowith  
Si vi mek sin tathryth  
Di hut oyk ni halvin  
Di maarwa feyn brettin
- 5 Di hut m<sup>e</sup> re loehlin  
Fa linnyth veith chonyth  
Bi chre fael farri  
Bi lave chalna in gonyth
- 6 Innis doif a ille  
M<sup>e</sup> mo v'c is mawwio  
Kynis di we oskyr  
Scolta ni gathwarri

- 7 Bi zekkir a innis  
Di hi vor in nobbir  
Ne royye marve sin gath sen  
Hut la armow oskyr
- 8 Ne loyth ess cyvin  
Na seaywok re eltow  
Na re v'wnni sroyth  
Na oskyr sin gath sin
- 9 Weith say ma zerri  
Mir willith ra trane zeith  
Na mir chrann voass ewee  
Si wew gra nauettee
- 10 Hug oskyr na chonew  
Mir harwe twnni traa  
Mir chonnik sen earbre  
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 dag beym gin deichill  
Gir zoichin ay garlyn  
Bollis art mac earbre  
Er in darua bull
- 13 Is mi ferris filli  
Dar hwil gych innis  
Troyg er ess-ni feynith  
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, 22, 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 Macaul.

Copied from a manuscript wrote by Eowan Mac Diarmaid in the year 1762, & in possession of Mr. John Shaw, miller, Kenlochraineach, in the year 1872.

- 1 CHO 'n obair mi mo thriath re m' cheol,  
G a b' oil le Oisinn a nochd,  
Osgar & Cairbre calma  
Fraothadar uille neath Ghauradh.
- 2 Ni sleagh nimhe is i n laithu Chairbre,  
Go n croithe i re nair feirge  
Theireadh an Fiadhach re goimh  
Gur ann leadha mhairbhite Osgar.
- 3 'S misseadh heireadh e ris fein,  
An Fiadhach dubh ma mhicheil.  
A chuig fhear a tha sibh ma 'n ehtar<sup>1</sup>  
Ach suil fir a bhi ga thachda.
- 4 Dh' fharaid sinne a Rath gun cheil  
Com an tseula air suil fein.  
Go de a ghoinmh a h air air Rosg,  
Nuair a chaonamaid a chaol Reachda.
- 5 Gaoraidh an fiadhach moch a maireach  
Air a ghruidhsa ann san aroich  
Ach gus an taining an 'nuajgh  
An fhaolh sin cho bole a-hinneal,<sup>2</sup>
- 6 A Bhaobh anidhas an teudach  
Deansa dhuinne faisneachd cloudna  
A tuit aon duine dilh linn  
Na 'n deid sin uille neimhe.
- 7 Marbhair leatsa enid eund,  
Is godlnar leat an Rìogh fein  
Aron sa 'm fear high a dheth  
Air suoghal uille go 'n thainig,

<sup>1</sup> About the table.<sup>2</sup> Beauty.

8 Na chineadh e thu Rosg mac Ruaidh  
Na duine bhuipe ga shluagh  
Na 'n chineadh an Fhian thu nochd  
Ma 'm bi siun nile go meirsneach.

These eight verses correspond nearly to Gillies' nine.

19 in Gillies. Various.

- 9 Tomakaid<sup>3</sup> Cinn gun iomakaid Caoin,  
Beug còrach sud iarruidh oirn  
Se fath<sup>4</sup> 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 Bheatha  
Cha buileoir<sup>5</sup> leamsa re 'm linn<sup>6</sup>  
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 fighaidh tu 'n sin,  
Aon leud do throighe ann Eirinn.

24 in Gillies.

12 Briathar buan sin,<sup>7</sup> 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 Lù  
Mar re mnaoi Teineadh comb-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 Creach<sup>8</sup>  
A h-Albainn an la air na marach. (mharach)

27 in Gillies.

16 Briathar eille na aghaidh sin  
Bheireadh an t-Osgar glo chalma  
Go 'n tugadh e Sealg is Creach  
Do Dh' Albainn an la air na mharach.

39 in Gillies.

17 Dh' eirg sinn an la air na mharach  
Agus air Sluagh bìlìdh, badlach,  
Thogadh linn a h-Eirinn Creach.  
Da Chreic-dheug as gach Coig-dhibh.<sup>9</sup>

18 Nuair a ranaig sinn ann,  
Bealach<sup>10</sup> cumhaing ann Caol gbleann,  
Lann a bhiodh an Cairbre glan,  
A Lona maireachd a teachd nar Comhail.

19 Cuig fichid Albannach ard,  
Tha tharr mair chairginigh ghairbh,  
Thuit sud le laimh Osgair thall,  
Is e mosgladh re Rìogh Eirinn.

20 Cuig fichid fear Chloidheamh ghlaish,  
Nach deach aon cheim riann 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 feachdaidh,<sup>11</sup>  
Thainig oirne a tir an t-sueachdaidh,  
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.

<sup>3</sup> Exchange. <sup>4</sup> Reason. <sup>5</sup> Not too much.

<sup>6</sup> Time. <sup>7</sup> An oath.

<sup>8</sup> Booty. <sup>9</sup> Province.

<sup>10</sup> A passage. <sup>11</sup> Man of War.

24 Nuair a chunnaire an Cairbre ruadh,  
Osgar a snaithe an t-sluaigh  
An t-sleagh nimhe bha ma laimh  
Go 'n do leige sin na Chomhail.

25 Thuit Osgar air a ghlan 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 leo 'n na cathaibh,  
Go ma Rìogh rath thu air Eirinn.

27 Thug e urechair eile a nairde  
Air iun bu leoir a bairde  
Leagadh leis le meud a chùimeas  
Art mac Chairbre air an ath urechair.

28 Chuir iad Crùn an Rìogh ma cheap.  
Los go buidhinte leo an Larach,  
Thog e leachdagh chonard chruaidh  
Bhar na Talmhuin taobh ruaidh,  
Ibhris e Crun an Rìogh man Cheap  
Giomh ma dheireadh mo dheagadh mbic.

29 Togaibh libh mi noise Fhiannaibh  
Cho do thog sibh roimh riann mi,  
Togaibh mi go Tulloch ghlain,  
Ach go 'm buin sibh dhiom an t-endach.

30 Marbhaisg ort a mbic na buaidh  
Nì thu breugan dhuinn an darra 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 Dhuinn,  
Gus an daing e Talloch na 'n deur,  
Far an raibh Osgar arm gheur.

32 'S misseadh mbic a bhiodh tu dheth,  
Latha Catha Dan-Dealagan,  
Namha na curthan roimh d' chneas,  
'Si mo Làmhse rinn do leigheas.

33 Mo Leigheas cha neil e m-fath,<sup>12</sup>  
Cha mhò 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 Dhuirn 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,  
Goinn an Donaigh am thaobh dheas,  
'S<sup>13</sup> dorride do Leigh mo Leigheas.

37 Mo Laogh fein thu Laogh mo Laoigh,  
Leanabh mo Leanabh Ghil chomh,  
Mo chroidhe leimnigh<sup>14</sup> mar Lou,<sup>15</sup>  
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 b' fearra leis,  
Ach Trian do 'n bheatha ga'd abrain

<sup>12</sup> Being or Existence.

<sup>13</sup> w<sup>1</sup> more dilticently.

<sup>14</sup> Leaping.

<sup>15</sup> 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-

nedy's First and Third Parts. The only additions that I can see are the two last words 'An Albán' = 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 Almuin, 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 'na Choilte
- 2 Be Caoilte mo Choilte ceart  
San do dhimirin Buar as Brat  
Be Caoilte mo Leth-ehuir Chathla  
Ri Hardan na ri haoin Athigh
- 3 Thainig 'n Cairbrigh tabhich lagh  
Ghlachda leis Erin fo Smachd  
Chuir Fios oirne gu Toibhrich  
Gar 'n immirbhuidh mach e Hallabhi  
Dhianibh griobh bu dullich lein  
Dhol a bhaintin din air Tighearnais
- 4 Fhreagar shinne an Curidh dana  
A lion uille do na bha shin  
Cha roibh shinne 'dthein ann uille  
Na choisne dhuin am bith buidh
- 5 Air an Rathid ghle-ghael chleicidhich  
Oichd Fiochid deng deo Mharcich  
Huair shin Onnoir huair shin Biadh  
Mar a huair shin roidh riabh  
Bha sinn gu subhich a steach  
Cubhil as Cairbra san Teiridh
- 6 An La ma dheridh don Oil  
Huirt an Cairbra na Ghuth mor  
Imlait Cinn Sleigh a bail leam uaitse  
Oscair dhuin e Hallabhi
- 7 Ciod an Imlait Cinn bhig ort  
A Chairbra ruaigh nan Long-phort  
'S gur leat mi fein as mo Tshleigh  
An Tim Catha na Coibrig
- 8 Cha buillair leom Cios na Cain  
Na aoin Sheoid a bhig na Tir  
Cha buillair leom rim Linn a bhos  
Gach sheoid a Ghiarin gun faithin
- 9 Cha neil Oir na Earras gu for  
A dhiarigh oirne an Riodh  
Gun Tair gun Tuileas duin dheth  
Nach bu leatsa a Thighearnas
- 10 Cha buillair leom Imlait Cinn  
Cha 'n aidielin Caoichlaigh Croinn  
Imlait Cinn gun Imlait Croinn  
Begarich shud iarraidh orram  
Gur he Fa man Shiridh du shinn  
Mishe bli gun Fhian gun athair
- 11 Gad a bhig an Fhian as Tathair  
Mar 's fear gan ro iad nam Bethidh  
Cha buillair leom fo na Fianibh  
Gach aoin ni dhiarrin gun faithin (sheoid)
- 12 Nan bithidh an Fhian as mathair  
Mar a bha iad riabh nam Bethidh  
Cha'naithidh uissa a Riodh,  
Liad do dha Thraidh an Erin.
- 13 Bheir mishe dhuit Briathar buan  
She huirt an Cairbra Crann-ruaigh  
An Tshleigh shin mu bheil do Laibh  
Gur hann inte ba do lua Bhas.
- 14 Bheir mishe dhuit Briathar eille  
Ars an Toscar Donn e Hallabhi  
Gun togbhar leom Shealg as Creach  
'S gun reichin do Dhallabhi marich
- 15 Lion Fuarrichd na Laoich lann  
Ri clasin na Himirbhuidh  
Bha Briaribh gairbh leth mar leth  
Edar an Cairbra san Toscar
- 16 Bha 'n oiche shin duinne gun Doir (Chobhr)  
Haul & a bhos mun Obhin (River)  
Bha Doir lan leth mar leth,  
'S bha Doirlan nar Eclaruin.
- 17 Hog shin oirn an Larna bharich  
A lion uille do na bha shin  
A t-shealg sa dhiaglich har lein  
Gun fhiarich do Riodh na Herin
- 18 Bharairbh shun Riogh Luthidh nan Lann  
Laoich fuillich le Faobhrich arm  
Hog shin ri Slagh gaoil Creich  
Gu Cria haoisgirmich luthor.
- 19 Mungan mae Sheire a bha 'n Uaidh  
A choibhrigidh cead Claithibh cruaidh  
Huit shud le Laibh hall  
'S he mosglidh gu Riodh na Herin
- 20 Sheichd Fiochid do Chlannibh Riodh  
Bu bhor Gaisgidh & Gniobh,  
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar hall  
She mosglidh gu Riodh na Herin.
- 21 Sheichd Fiochid Cairbra ruaidh  
Bha colsach ri Cairba an Tshuadh  
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar haul  
'S he mosgla gu Riodh na Herin
- 22 Sheichd Fichid do Dhearibh Feachd  
Hanig e Tir uair an Tshneachd  
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar hall  
'S he mosgla gu Riodh na Herin
- 23 Sheichd Fiochid Gaigheal<sup>1</sup> garg  
Thainig fo 'n Tir naridh ghairibh  
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar haul  
She mosgla gu Riodh na Herin
- 24 Sheichd Fiochid do Dhearibh Bogha  
Hanig air Cairbra ga chobhr  
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar haul  
'S he mosgla gu Riodh na Herin
- 25 Chogir ab flaisge don Riodh  
Bhairibhe e iad sba bhor an Gniobh  
Huit shud le Laibh Oscar haul  
She mosgla gu Riodh na Herin
- 26 Nuair a chunnaire an Cairbra ruidh  
Oscar a snathidh an Tshuaidh  
A Chraosich nethidh bla na Laibh  
Leize huiggidh I na Chothail
- 27 Huit Oscar air a Ghluin deas  
San Tshleidh nethidh roibh a Chneas  
Ing e Urechair eill a nun  
As bheiritidh leis Riodh na Herin
- 28 Erich Airt as glaic do Chlaibh  
Shesibh ann an Aite Tathar  
Ma dheibh thu do dhomh Saoghil  
Saolidh mi gur mac Rath thu
- 29 An Toscar bu mhoithid Buaidh  
San bhairibh e Cairbra an Tshuaidh  
Huit le Oscar gniobh nach cuimiseich  
Art mac Chairbra air an ath Urechair
- 30 Shuaidh Chairbra bu ghairibh Cleichd  
Hog iad Cath-Chara mun Cheip
- 31 Oscar mac Ossain an aigh  
Hog e Leig Chloichidh do 'n Bhlar  
Bhris e 'n Cath-bhara mun Cheip  
Gniobh mun dheridh mo dheo mhic
- 32 Mo Laoigh fein thu Laoigh mo Laoidh  
Leinibh mo Leinibh ghil chaoibh  
Mo Chriodh a Leinidh mar Loin  
'S gn la bhraich cha 'n erich Oscar
- 33 'Bhac 'm bu mhissa bha thu dheth  
Na 'n La lugh shin Cath Bein edin  
Tshuathidh na Coirrin rod Chneas  
Shi mo Laibhsa reinn do leithis.
- 34 Chaneil mo Leithis am Fa  
Scla bho nitar e gu brach  
Chuir Cairbra Sleigh nan sheichd sheim  
Eddar Mairnin & Mimleag
- 35 Hug mishe 'n shin Urechair eille  
Bhiuthir gu 'n ban air a gainnid  
Chuir mi sleigh nan uao Sheim  
Mu Chumidh Fluith & Aodh  
'S nan riguidh mo Dhuirn a Chneas  
Cha dianigh na Leigh a lethis.

<sup>1</sup> Or gargheal, or gas gheal.



- 36 Erioh Ossain 's'glaise do Ghath  
Fo 'nach marthion Oscar aramach  
Cha surd Curridh bhí caoidh ma Chloin  
Ma ha iad 's na Cathin luggin
- 37 Cha dainich orm Duinne riabh  
Gur Cried Feola a bha 'n Chliabh  
Ach Croidh mar Chibhne cuir  
Air a Chuilbriche le Staillin.
- 38 Bha Donnaillich nan Conn rim Thaoibh  
Agus Ullartich nan Shean Laoich  
Gal Bannaíl a caoidh ma sheach  
Gu 'm be shin a chraidh mo Chriodh.
- 39 Cha chaoimh Bean a mac fein  
Cha chaoimh Fear a dheara-bhrathair  
Air an Tullich huas ma dheas  
Bha shin nílle caoidh Oscar
- 40 Hóg shin lein an Toscar aluin  
Air Guallibb sair Sleighin airde  
Hug shin as Imriche grinn  
Gus an drainig shin Tídh Fhain 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 complete armour while the festival days would be holden in the Isle of mist (where their House, women and Garah 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 its 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 mí fad o 'n dhaoine,  
'S nach maithean lucht an co'í-runto;  
Na caoimh bha fuileachlach bras,  
Re h-am d' éug-bhail is mor chath.
- 2 'S mladach mí' nois am aonar,  
Gun Athair gun Mhac gun chaoimhach;  
Gun Bhrathair no co'í-lucht catha,  
A dh' ath-dhiolas bás nan catha.
- 3 'S mladach mí 'n deidh Chaoille,  
'S nach fhaic mí fear a choi'-aoguis;  
Bu luaithe na cathadh mara,  
'N uair dh' éireadh cruas catha.
- 4 B' e Iolainn mo bhrathar cónhraig,  
Ann 's gach ionad am biodh comhstrídh,  
Is b' e Aogh mo leith chur catha,  
Re h-ardan no re h-ann la.
- 5 B' e Daoire mo chamhalt ceart,  
Leis a dh' imrinn baigh is brat,  
Cíod e 'm fáth dhamb bliu gan ainmach,  
'S gun iad bhí 'n kathair Chath-cablarra.
- 6 'N nair chualas leo turas Fhinn,  
Ann 's gach ionad a bha 'n Éirinn;  
Líon iad do dh' éud is do dh' ann-run,  
Do na h-ogain úra chalm.
- 7 'Sin thuirte Comharlaich 'd Ard-rígh,  
Comhairl chum guin a bhais dhúinn;  
O! 's anadaeth thusa Chairbuidh,  
Paidheadh eis 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 innsendh,  
Re h-am cath is cómhrag mhídhil.
- 9 Cia mar chiosnaichar na garbh loich,  
Do radh Chairbuidh fuaidh falachidh;  
D' ream nach do chloiddheadh an cathaibh,  
Re gabhadh no ri h-ann latha.
- 10 An fhea' sa raibh Fionn air thuras,  
Cian air chuan gun luaidh air fuireach,  
Cuir fios air Oscar do dh' Albinn  
'S fuigh crann nan naoi sean do 'n-lann-ghill.
- 11 Bídh 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 shómach.
- 12 Gh áirdaich so na mídhí ghrumach,  
A chuir sinne síos gu truaighe;  
'S Chairbuidh fuileach, lámhaich bras  
A ghlac Éirinn fuí' aon smach.
- 13 Chói-antaich an cinneach cruaigh;  
'S uile dhaoine Chairbuidh ruaigh;  
Le comhairl' fear-íuil na mío-loinn,  
Clum 's nach fuighte clú no cise.
- 14 Chuir iad chugain cuireadh dána,  
Dh' Albinn úr an raibh air 'n abhaist;  
A dheanamh gníomh bu deacair leimn,  
Bhuintin air Tighearnais dhinn.

## D. 4.

- 15 Fhreagair sinn an curiúil dána,  
A thug míle gain a bháis dhuinn;  
Dhol a ghábáil féiste náithe,  
Da 'm bu chrioch cradh agus truaighe.
- 16 Cha raibh sinn ann do 'n Fhéinn uile,  
Na chomhraigadh an laoch curiúil;  
Air an rathad ghle' ghlan chleacáidh,  
Bha oedh míle 's caogad mearcaíh.
- 17 Bainig sinn an dara mháirach,  
Teaghlach Auna nan sluaigh géirdach;  
Is Oscar caomh, calma, snáire,  
Air ar tús gu h-íomard nallach.
- D. 5.
- 18 Fhuair sinn urrain agus miadh,  
Ceart mar fhuair sinn roimhe riamh;  
F ad sea oídhchean is sea b',  
Gan easbhuidh air fion no air ceól.
- 19 'S ann seachdamh latha dluimn san d',  
Labhair Cúirbniúh le guth mór;  
Ionlaid cinn sleagh b' aill leam uait,  
Oscar nan arm faobhrach cruaidh.
- 20 Cíod e 'n ionlaid cinn sleagh th' ort,  
A Chairbniúh dhuinn nan lóng-phort;  
'S gur leat mí féin is mo shleagh,  
Re h-ám d' éug-bháil 's do mhór bhail.
- 21 Cho bhfuilair leam ionlaid cinn,  
'S cho 'n aídhuicéain caochla' crainn;  
Uait Oseair an leadaim analaíh,  
Cho 'n fhuilair leam air a bhail so.
- 22 Ionlaid cinn gun chaochla' crainn,  
B' ea-corach r'a iarruidh choídhéih;  
S' e fíth ma 'n iarradh tu 'n ath-chuing,  
Mise bhí gun Fhíann gun Athair.
- 23 Ge do bhíodh tu, s d' Fhíann is d' Athair,  
Ceart mar bha ind riamh r' a 'n latha;  
Cho b' fhuilair leamsa gu dheimhinn,  
Aon sénd a dh' iarrainn gu fuighinn.
- 24 Na 'm bitínsa 's m' Fhíann is 'm Athair,  
Ceart mar bha sinn riamh r' a latha;  
Cho 'n fhuigheadh tu Chairbniúh dhuinn,  
Do dh' Éirían lead do dh'a bliuin,
- 25 Lion fuarachd an laoch lán,  
Re claisimn na-h-íomard-bhídh;  
Do dh' úr Oscar, ionmluinn, armaicht,  
Is d' a oig-flúir shnuaghar chalma.
- 26 Mar sinn dhuinne gu tra' neóin,  
'G eisteachd ris na suinn bu mhó;  
Is léith mar léith briathraibh garge,  
Eidear Oscar agus Cairbniúh.
- 27 Bheireamsa briathar san nair,  
Do ra' an Cairbniúh claon rugh;  
An t-sleagh nímh mu' m bheil do lámh,  
'S ann uimpe bhíos do lua'-bias.
- 28 Bheireamsa briathar eile,  
Do radh Oscar nan arm teine;  
Gan tog mí dhíot sealg gun áireamh,  
Is théid mí dh' Albinn a máirach.
- 29 An oídhche sinn dúinne gu b',  
Eidear maithaibh fionn 's a 'g ól;  
'S briathraibh garge fuaridh falachidh,  
Eidear Oscar agus Cairbniúh.
- 30 Air madain an dara mháirach,  
Do ghluaiscamar gu mor gháirdach;  
A thoir sealg leim le coi' gíbhneas,  
'S cho d' fhiabhrachí sinn Rí 'n h-Éirann.
- 31 Thog sinn Gleann-eoathann nan úr rós,  
Gn luath, laiscáimach luthuor;  
'S chummaig sinn a teachd nan tean-ruigh  
Buílleann fhuilach fhaobhrach chalma,
- 32 Maesmháilte do bhá 'n daor-ruigh,  
Mar an t-shran-ghaeth teachd thair aonach;  
No mar fhóis o 'n iar na gathuibh,  
Roí na gathuibh baoghlach p'athach.
- 33 'N tra' chummaig Oscar na slóighaibh,  
Dh' flúis e mar fhiadhlú-bur air móiríoch;  
No mar clú air éill no lothainn,  
Re h-an teachd do 'n t-sheilg ma chothair.
- 34 A deir Oscar r' a luchd seilge,  
O' chaomh chalmuibh is maí' éirnaís,  
Tha chuíh eile teachd nar caruibh,  
Ní 's fhearr no claoídh fhiadhlú air bharrabh.
- 35 Tha ar naimhde tigh 'n nan grunnuibh,  
Chum an t-sleibh gu feithach fuilach;  
A thoir s'grios oirun ann an aon la,  
Mar stríoc sinn gu síor do Chairbniúh.
- 36 Pilleamaid riu gu déonach,  
'S na geillamaid chaoi' da 'n comhrag,  
Man di-measach no man tíaraich;  
Sinn gu síor an dream o 'n d' thainig.
- 37 Sin a deir na Luthaich chalma,  
O' na d' thugaibh buille dhaibh 'n din;  
'S fhearr dhuinn réite riu is cordaibh,  
No tuiteam aill' air an lón ud.
- 38 Fhreagair Oscar Caonaha grádhaich,  
'N 'e sin a deir sibh a lán-laóich  
B' fhearr leam tuiteam air na Maghaibh,  
No teileamann no geill do bháile.
- 39 Sin thuir Raoinídh aoibheil géirdach,  
'S baoghalach dhuinn d-l do 'n ghábha';  
Ach ged thuiteas sinn gu h-níllidh,  
'S ro allóid gu bráth ar eumha.
- 40 Míle beannachd dhuit-a Raoinídh,  
Fhír is fhearr re linn na caobhrach;  
Do ra Oscar an Ceann eatha,  
'N curidh calma, armaich, gathach.
- 41 A deir a deir na Luthaich ághor,  
Re caomh Oscar cosgair, alain;  
Cha do thréig sinn riamh na cathaibh,  
No air cáirdean grádhaich gathach.
- 42 Bha sinn riamh an trís gach gábhadh,  
F' ar 'na bu mbinig builleann lán-laoch;  
'Cha d' rinn fós an bás a sheachna',  
Le meath-chríth no leambachd míceata.
- 43 Ach 'n din' chí sinn slóigh doth-áiridh,  
'S duibhadh shliagh is bheann d' ar námbaibh;  
'S baoghalach dhuinn dól nan caruibh,  
'S gun air 'n áireamh dhoibh an ágas.
- 44 Bheir aon leagamh sinn sa ghábha 's,  
Chaoi' na dheidh nach d' théid am bléira;  
'S fhearr dhuinn fheachain le eutlach,  
No bhí ris gu síor faí' Chumha.
- 45 A cheann-eatha 's farsuing ainnein,  
Thoir thusa 'n ceann seant' do Chairbniúh;  
Oir cho mhastaich síth re hoichí sinn,  
Gus 'n d' thig Fíom le chalmuibh gaolach.
- 46 Ach ma 's monaíh leat' imtheachd,  
Chuca síar gu pian no pílleadh;  
'S ullamh thogas sinn ar 'n arma,  
'S tré a dheir' an dulhara garbh-chath.
- 47 An sin do ra' an t-Oscar calma,  
'S 'e cath fuileach mor mhíann' manna;  
Fur an chúinte fuain nan luinne,  
Mar thoirainn no sreotha' muinne.
- 48 A deir e 'n sin r' a bhuidheann dhéifrach,  
Fhír ratháil is cruaidhe 'n gabhadh;  
'Sgaoileadh naibhe meath-chríthí chatha,  
'S bíodh r' ar féam an gléus nan Cathan.
- 49 Faiccam míle sibh an órdadh,  
Aiteam chathach, rathach, lóinreach;  
'S gluaiscamaid gu luthar, calma,  
Mar bu nos kéim ann 's gach ann la.
- 50 An sin dh' imich sinn air an fhraoch,  
Chum luaidhe no báis maraon;  
Ar gnáís lóinreach le ar 'n armaibh,  
Chlaoídhíeadh fradhure mar glírian Shamhraidh.
- 51 B' fhuaimníche síos síos an t-sleibhí sinn,  
No coil' Mhoráin' roí' ghaoi' threun-mhor;  
Na toim na' mhannach na mára,  
'Nuair bheucadh i ris gach carraig.

- 52 Bha ar luas mar fhéidh nan áonach,  
Bhíodh roí 'n fhaghadh a síor dhaór-ruigh,  
No ceathach nam beanntaidh ánda,  
'N nair bheanadh dh' a neart an fháidh.
- 53 Rainig sinn a bhuidheann bónoil,  
'S bhuaill chugain mar thinn an damhair ;  
Bhíodh o bosraich gu tremn calma,  
Ris gach Carraig Chraoidh sa Gheumhra.
- 54 Bhuaill sinn orra mar an cénda,  
Gu luath lamhach, is cho bhéugach ;  
Mar mhór easaich nan gleamtidh,  
'S reothadh síos re sílios nam beanntidh.
- 55 Chof' fheargradh na creagan ánda,  
Do sgreadail ar 'n armaibh dealrach ;  
'S dheargadh a Magh fuí' ar cosaibh,  
Le fáil námh is glúrdhach cosgairt.
- 56 Mar sin d'innne gu tra'neóin,  
Gun fheith gan fhortachd, ach león ;  
A cosgairt gach buidhne nan dithadh,  
Mar a b' fhaigsa d'innne a thigadh.
- 57 Faidheoidh thuit sinn air gach lúmh,  
Maeh o fhear a theich o 'n ár ;  
'S cha d' thainig o 'n ghreis d' ar Cathain,  
Ach mis an anaran galach.
- 58 Na b' aithne dhanh féin do 'n t-sluagh,  
Aiream dhú na thuit gu h-naigh ;  
Sin re ra' d' ar namha gabhidh,  
Gun aithris air slugh Rí' Pháile.
- 59 Mogan Mac Seirce bha 'n uaimh,  
Chomhraigadh céud cloidheamb cruaidh ;  
Thuit sud le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu Rígh na h-Eirann.
- 60 Rígh Leitheann nan iomad kún,  
Geur fuileachdach, faobhrach ram ;  
Thuit sud le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu Rígh na h-Eirann.
- 61 Seachd agus ceud mungan maiseach,  
Le 'n clogaid cinn nallaigh gaisgeach ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu slugh na h-Eirann.
- 62 Seachd céud do dh' fheara feacht,  
Thainig oirn o thír an t-sheacehd ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu slugh na h-Eirann.
- 63 Seachd ceud Albannach calm',  
Thainig thair muir géidheil garbh ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu slugh na h-Eirann.
- 64 Seachd céud do dh' fheara botha,  
Thainig oirn, 's cha b' ann dar comhair ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu slugh na h-Eirann.
- 65 Seachd céud do dh' fheara scairbh,  
Thainig o 'n tír usaidd ghairbh ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu slugh na h-Eirann.
- 66 Seachd céud do chlanna Rígh,  
Bu mhó gaisgeadh, 's ba mhór gníomh ;  
Thuit sin air lúmh Oseair cheatfaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu slugh na h-Eirann.
- 67 Seachd céud Cairbnidh rugh,  
Bu chosmhúil re Cairbnidh 'n t-sluaigh ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu slugh na h-Eirann.
- 68 Seachd is míle calma cruaidh,  
Chosgara' naoi' míle sluaigh ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh Rí Eirann.
- 69 Seachd is fichead míle rís,  
Do kún ghaisgeach bu mhó gníomh ;  
Thuit sin do náimh Oseair aghoir,  
'S e mosgladh gu slugh an Ard-rígh.
- 70 Míle mor-laoh is a dha,  
Le 'n sleagh chorrnach gu crádh ;  
Thuit sin da lúmh Oseair aghoir,  
'S e mosgladh gu slugh an Ard-rígh.

- 71 Seachd céud fear tuisge gu h-ár,  
A sgath síos síum ann 's gach áit ;  
Thuit sin do náimh Oseair ghraidhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu slugh an ámghair.
- 72 Seachd céud Toiseach koirneach, árd ;  
Fhuair urram air magh gach bláir ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair thréibhaich,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh Rí' Eirann.
- 73 'N seachd céud eile b' fhaigse lúmh,  
Le 'n Creathaille cruaidhach bín ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair fhéidh,  
'S e mosgladh gu sluaigh Rí' Eirann.
- 74 Seachd céud eile is níor ghó,  
Ge' d bha sígneach orr mar or ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair álain,  
'S e mosgladh gu Rí' nan ámghair.
- 75 A chuigear a b' fhaigse do' n Rígh,  
Bu mhó meas is bu mhór pris ;  
Thuit sin le lúmh Oseair ghraidhaich,  
'S e mosgladh ris na bha líthair.
- 76 'N uair a chnuuag Carbnidh rugh,  
'N d' Osear a snaitheadh a shluaigh ;  
A Chraosnach nímh bha na dhornn,  
Thúig e i chnuig le threóir.
- 77 Thuit Osear air a ghluu deas,  
'S an t-sleagh nímh roí' a cineas ;  
Thug e ath' urchair dh' i 'n ceud-rod,  
Is mharbhadh leis Rígh na h-Eirann.
- 78 Art mhíe Chairbnidh glac do chloí' eamb,  
Is seas fein an áite d' Athar ;  
Mar toir thu 'n t-éng do na Cathain,  
Gur leóir dhuit fein mead do rhabaidh.
- 79 Thuit le Oscar slugh gun áireamb,  
Do mhaithheadh 's do dhaoiné ághoir ;  
Agus fáidheoidh gníomh gun chuimhne,  
Art mac Chairbnidh 'n dara urelair.
- 80 Chuir iad an sin na bha líthair,  
Camhar Chairbnidh suas san áraich ;  
Clum a león le snaintidh tiamhidh,  
Aon laoch Eirann is nam Fiauidh.
- 81 Dh' imích an deidh na gurg greis,  
Jarmaid an t-sluaigh fhuair sin treis ;  
'S nan rigendh mo lámh an cneas,  
Cho slánaicht' gu bráth an eneidh,
- 82 Oscar mac Osian an áigh,  
Thog e leac chloiche o 'n kír ;  
'S bhíris e 'n cabbar is an ceap,  
Gníomh mo dheireadh a dhea' mhíe.

PAIRT II. This is a version of Ballad A. 30.

- 83 O! 's mise Fearadhas fídh,  
Is chuartaich mí gach imais ;  
A noc an deidh na Feime,  
Struagh mo sgeul r'a innis.
- 84 Innis sgéul Fheardhais,  
Fhídhíann fear Eirann ;  
Cionnas mar a tharladh,  
Cath camhara nam béumanna'.
- 85 Níor mbaith e mhíe Chnthal,  
Mo sgeulas o Cath-camhra ;  
Cha bheo an d' Osear ionbhainn,  
Achuir mor chos air chalmáibh.
- 86 'S cha bheo a bhrathair eile,  
Aon laoch fial 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 kímh chalm an combhuidh.
- 88 'S mharbhadh na Míe Luthaic,  
Na sea Míe san d' Athair ;  
Mharbhadh og Rígh Auna,  
'S mharbhadh ann Rígh Laitheann.

- 87 Mharbhadh Magan seirce,  
Bhu air thús nan sloighaibh,  
'S mharbhadh luchd nan Tuaghadh,  
A rinn mór thruaigh' sa chéad bhag.
- 90 Mharbhadh na sea Ceinn,  
Na suinn bu mhaí' sa chomstrídh;  
'S mharbhadh Raoinidh 's Art,  
Na leicibh bu dáite, loineach.
- 91 Mharbhadh Glais is Geamhail,  
Is seachl mic 'Chaoilt' Mhic Ronan,  
Daoire dearg is Aogh geal,  
Feud is Faoidh is Mór-lamb.
- 92 Mharbhadh an Dubh-chuimr,  
Crúinne 's Balbh is Gáire;  
Fír nan eóuce calma,  
'S iad gu fal' chaidh fásail.
- 93 Mharbhadh Oscar (Gharidh),  
Béirnidh is Fad-lambach;  
Is Clann-pháil o Teamhradh,  
Agus Fearragluin gradhach.
- 94 Mharbhadh naoi mic Mhíne,  
Dúnd-ghéal agus Ardán;  
Mór-ghlan naisceach fialaidh,  
'S Connlaoh ciantach álainn.
- 95 Mharbhadh ann an Tréun fhear,  
Deó-gréine agus Aillidh;  
'S tha Labhar agus saor-ghlan,  
Shíos r' a 'n taobh gun mháran.
- 96 Mharbhadh naoi mic Cholha,  
Goille 's na trí Síáire;  
Iozhlan is Fionn Breatan,  
Mie Bhreastail 's naoi mic Smáile.
- 97 Cho 'n ionann sa deireansa,  
Ach mac mo mhic is manam;  
Cionnas a bha Oscar  
A sgoltadh a chatha?
- 98 Gur deacair sin r' a innse,  
Le ro rúthead na h-obair;  
Na thuit sa chath gun áireamh,  
Le armaibh 's lámhaibh Oseair.
- 99 Bu luaithe' e no Eas ombann,  
No seobhag tríd na h-céitinn;  
'S mar ma' mbuinne sreothadh,  
Bha Oscar a g' aiseag.
- 100 'S bhítheadh e 'n uair eile,  
Mar bhíle re tréun ghaioith;  
A lúmh air gach fuídh,  
'S a sháil air gach tréun laoch.
- 101 Channaig e Rígh Eirann,  
Shíos air ar a chatha;  
'S thug e ruathar chuge,  
Mar Mhuinne re earraig.
- 102 Mharbhadh leis an tréun laoch,  
Is an coran uime  
Mac peath' r a Mhathar,  
An fear a chráidh sa ghluin e.
- 103 'S Art mac a Chairbuidh,  
Air an dara buille;  
Sgoilteadh e na cregan,  
Le leadairt a luinne.
- 104 'Nam bíodh beachd mo sgéulsa,  
An eiríochtaibh na Gróige;  
Bhíodh Mnathan ann gu túrsach,  
Is fír air bheagan céille.
- 105 'N sin do rádhait 'm Athair,  
G' am b' alle Rígh na Féinne  
'Struagh anois a tharladh dhama,  
Bhí gu bráth an-cibhinn.
- 106 Tha mí' nois gu caointeach,  
An deidh gach cath is comhraig;  
An deireadh mo léithe,  
Gun thír gun mháí' gun sólas.
- 107 Inícheamaid roimhainn,  
Anois a chosg mo chomhráidh;  
Fír am bhéil an t-Osear,  
A chuir mor chosg air slóighibh.
- 108 Thainig ann an sin is Fionn,  
Air an t-ubh os an chionn;  
'S chunnaigh sinn air magh na t-éug-bhail,  
Ar laoiach chaomhe, chalma, cheatfach.
- 109 Iad marbh gu h-aillidh san áraich,  
'San clab ris gach gaioith gun mháran;  
O! b' e sin an sealladh dearach,  
A dh' thug sinne chaoi' an-cibhinn.
- 110 Fluaras Oscar mo mhac féin ann,  
'S 'e na luigh air uilinn th'ghibhneach;  
'Sa shleagh sint air far lom rúisgte,  
Is tháil síos tríd nagh a Luíreach.
- 111 'S mense bhí tu dlhe' a dhea' mhic,  
Na larha cutha Béinn-céitinn;  
Ghabhna na corraín roí' d' mhéadhan,  
'S fluarannar aís do leaghas.
- 112 Mo leaghas cho 'n eil e 'm fíth,  
'S cho deannar e gu lí bhráth;  
Chuir Chairbuidh sleagh nan seoldh aghan,  
Éidear 'm ionlag agus 'm áirnean.
- 113 'N uair thainig Chairbuidh nan lann,  
Le fheuchd a chur cath nach gann;  
C' om nach do mharbh thu gun sóladh,  
E air thús' ma 'n d' rinn do leonadh.
- 114 'S mise 'm feasd nach guineadh Chairbuidh,  
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 'na bu leoir a guinne;  
'S chuir mí sleagh na naoi saoillean,  
An cumachd an fluilte san aodain.
- 116 Thuit e 'n sin air magh na d' éug-bhail,  
Le mor chráidh air minn nan ceule;  
Bha ionchán a síos gu shúilleán,  
'S fluil a taomadh nagh a Luíreach.
- 117 'S truaigh a mhic nach d' rinn thu tráí' sin,  
Man d' thug é an buille báis dhuit;  
Cha slánaichear thu gu síorruidh,  
Fhír a b' aghoire meag mhíidh.
- 118 Cíod e 'm fath chaoi' sin a raldait,  
'S nach fhéud duine le mend ághan;  
Tighain o 'n bhás a fhuar órdá',  
Ge d' bhítheadh gach sloigh gu chaomadh.
- 119 'N sin thug leinn an t-Osear álainn,  
Air bharadh ar sleaghan árdá;  
'S thug sinn d' a' íomchar grinn,  
Gus an d' raing sinn tigh Flúinn.
- 120 Chruinnach iad an sin na sluaigh,  
'S gu 'm b' iad sin na buirich thruagh;  
Cha chaoineadh bean a fear féin,  
'S cha ghuileadh a bhraithair e.
- 121 Cha chaoineadh píuthar a brathair,  
'S cha chaoineadh a mac a Mathair;  
Ach iad nile ann sa phlogaíl,  
A géar chaoineadh mo chaomh Osear.
- 122 Donnalaigh nan con re 'm thaobh,  
Agus buirich nan sean laoch;  
'S gad gach bannail ann gu snitheach,  
'S iad is modha chráidh mo chroidhe.
- 123 Mar sin dhúinn gun an ath-lo,  
Fuídh nallach namhain is bróin;  
Ag amharc air a chaomh dhochlaínt,  
Gus 'n do cháill e 'n deó ra phlogaíl.
- 124 Thug sinn leinn e 'n sin gun ghéir,  
Air ghuailllean is sleaghean árd;  
Gus an t-ubhice naime dhosrach,  
'S thiodhlaicceadh leinn an sinn Osear.
- 125 'S ann an sin a labhair Fionn,  
Air an tulaich thuar gu fínn;  
Air an amháil so du-bhrónach,  
'S dh' éist sinn nile ra chaoi-chiomhradh.

126 Mo hugh fein e, laogh mo bhoigh,  
Leannadh mo leinnidh ghil chaoimh;  
Mo chroidh' kinniech mar Leon dochaunt,  
Chion gun bráth nach eirich Osear.

*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 lie fhuaaidh ebrau' gun chomhdach,  
Gun luadh gu la bhrath air comhrag.

128 Bha do chroidh' mar ghathailbh gréine,  
'S do spiorad mar chanach scéibh;  
B' e do nós bhí aoiab fáiltéach,  
Mar na rósbáib air gach fóire.

129 B' fhearr no sinn do chruth is d' aogasr,  
Fhír a b' áille bh' ann is d' shnaghal;  
Mar a ghrian a teachd ro' n'caibhail,  
Bha do shnaghal a meag nam tréun-laoch.

130 Bha do ghruaidh cho dearg san caoran,  
Na ruiteaga suas gu eombhach;  
'S bha do rosgaibh du-ghorm calma,  
Mar an osnaich chiuin is t-shamhradh.

131 Bha do chneas gu finn-ghéal deáfhach,  
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 chlaoidheath e síos gach aiteam,  
Mar a charraig tinn na mara.

133 'S truaigh a tharladh eirich mo léithe,  
Bhí gun Fhéim gun ghean gun abhachd;  
Thuit mo chroidhe gu lár fúí' shaimneadh,  
'S cha tog eóil re 'na bheo as úr e.

134 Cha tog clarsach o-an-éibhneas,  
No Fígeal is mire gleus é,  
Anois no gu bráth gu sólas,  
'S tiamhaidh a dh' thás eirich mo loithe.

*Here comes in the current ballad.*

135 'S ann an sin a dubhara féinach,  
'S mí sior chuimhneacha mo dhca' Mhic,  
Cho 'n ann dhamhsa 's fhearr a tharladh,  
A bhí chaoi' gun mhac gun ábhaich.

136 Chruaidh a bhas gu bráth mo chroidhe,  
'S an-éibhinn mise ro' shnitheach;  
'S ionmhúinn a neach fúí 'n íe ata,  
'S teare laoch air am bheil a dh.

137 O! 's truaigh nach mise thuit ann,  
Ann Cath-cabhara gníomh nach gann,  
'S bhíodh Osear a near sa niar,  
A díol mo bhás air gach Clár.

138 'S ge d' bu tusa thuitéadh ann,  
An Cath-cabhara gníomh nach gann;  
Cho chluineadh neach a chaoi' osann,  
No iargain a' d' dheis ag Osear.

139 'S ole a chreideas mí do radhsa,  
Nach bitheadh an d' Osear grádhach;  
A díoladh mo bhás gun chlos aig,  
Ann 's gach áite ghná' a cosgairt.

140 Tha mí lán sláthach ag amhare,  
Air a lionn a b' fhearr sa Cathain;  
Fhnaíru buaidh air gach neach an cómhrag,  
Le léimh chaitma an-mhor sheolta.

141 Osúin glaesa an gath calma,  
O nach maithrean an d' Osear armach;  
'S bíodh sírd Curidh ort gun tinn-chridh';  
'S na Cathain a teachd mu d' thíomechal.

142 Cho d' fhídir duin ormsa ríamh,  
Croidhe feola bhí am chliabh;  
Ach croidhe do chuine kán-dámh,  
'X déis a chuibhreach leil an stáilín.

143 Se Cath-cabhara mhí gu léir,  
Sinne 's air koiach chaomhe thréun;  
Cairbuidh is Garabh mac Mórna,  
'S cho b' ann dhoibh fein b' fhearr an leonadh,

144 Na thuit ann an cath nan cénd,  
Inseamhsa na thuit oirn kóin;  
D' ar fir shnaghar, chalma, og,  
Bu luathghaireach mu thra' moín.

145 Fear air fhíchead, s fíchead céad,  
A chói áireamh Fíonn san Fhóinn;  
A dh' nighir sin 's níor ghó,  
Dh' oigridh Eirann sgéal 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.

##### BAS OSAIR.

- 3 LEIMNEACH, leimneach, treun gun athadh,  
Nuair a dh' eireadh euchd a chatha.
- 5 Laoich nach iochda eis do Chairbni',  
Gus na dhithinnich láth-eathar iad.
- 6 Ann 's gach bail air fea' nah Eireann;  
Do na ogaín shunnadh, shamhradh.
- 7 Do radh Comhairlich an Ard-ríogh,  
Comhairle gu 'n iul gun ábhadh;  
'S mor an sgeul, gun euchd a Chairbni',  
Cis na h-Eireann aig Fiann Albann.

Cairbre  
was son to  
Cormac.

- 8 Sgaoilt an eilín, is éian ata í.  
Mar a mbuailinn mhóch a deadradh ;  
Thús' a d' íochdaídh choí' ch gun éirídh.
- 9 Cú mar éisínéach ar calma,  
Dream nach do dháithinníoch comhrag,  
A noir no níar, nach d' fhiar conarh.
- 10 Cuir fíos air Osear o Albáin,  
'S íochdadh e dhuit lann, is barr-ghlil.
- 11 Ghardaích sud a mílídí grámach,  
A dháithinníoch t-og smaíleor.
- 13 Dhol a ghabhail feist is dhúana,  
Sgeul nach b' eibhinn do 'n Fhinn bhúadhar.
- 14 Bha ochd ceud is caogad marcaích.
- 15 Is Osear caomh calma, buadhar.
- 16 Fad sía oíchean, is sía lo.
- 23 Do dh' ar Osear suguach, armach.  
Is da oig-fhír cheolmhor ehalma.
- 29 'S dhúnaig sinn éian nan teann-ruigh,  
Buidheann fhuileach nan arm cam-gear.
- 30 Ba mhac samhail triall nan loach ud.
- 31 Nuair a chunacas leinn na sluaigh,  
Chaochail Osear gean is snúadh ;
- 32 A deir Osear ri luaid scilge,  
A loach nan arm glan gun mheirgeadh ;  
Tha iomaírt nan calg mar caradh,  
Is fearr no ruídh fliadh air bharadh.
- 33 Tha ar naimhde teachid nan ceudán,  
Na suinn ghníthíoch ghlathach, gheura ;  
Gu toirt ar Tighearnaís dhinn,  
Dhlighe dea' Mhíe Cunnhaill Fhinn.
- 34 Mun di-measaích no man tair oirm,  
Blú da 'r di an Ríogh o 'n d' thainig.
- 35 Do fhreagair na Luthaíoch ághor,  
Rinn laith o chían eagnadh fhagail ;  
Gun bli dian gu triall ann comhrag,  
Laoch no míannaíoch doll nan comhail.
- 36 Fhreagair Osear treun gach gáibhadh,  
Leam is eibhinn triall gu gáirdeach ;  
Ann comhail nan fearadh armach,  
Geill no Ríogh cho 'n íochd do Chairbní'.
- 37 Fhreagair Raonaidh loineach, láthair  
'S bao' lach, baoth a chaochail ábhaist ;  
Togaidh mí mo lann gu 'd chonatah,  
'S éian ar eilín ge d' thuit sa chomrag.
- 39 Do radh ris na Luthaíoch ághor,  
La an áir, air far a chatha.
- 42 II.
- 40 Sheas o thus an tus na t-éug-bhail,  
Am bu mhíng iomaírt gear-lann ;  
Eug nan creuchd an d' eir e sheachnadh,  
No beann ceud no throig le meatachd.
- 43 II.
- 41 Thuirling an diú sluaigh gun áireamh,  
Féa' nam beann, 's gan Fhíonn a lathair ;  
'S bao' lach Osear doll nan dáil,  
'Stu air oigridh Inse-phail.
- 44 II.
- 42 Tha beann nan ceud eughach athach,  
Chóí'ch na dhéidh bídh 'n Fhíonn air bhadhail ;  
'S an-íochd féirg, 's tha buirbe dian,  
Co ní strí ri tuu gun fliadhil.
- 43 'S mor ar tuíteam, 's mor an t-ár e,  
'S enaí' an sgeul gach re ra chlaistín ;  
Oigridh shaghabach armach Fhinn,  
A sgeathadh síos drim air dháim.
- 44 Osear na 'm buadh uraíoch, ehalma,  
Toir íomaid cinn-sleagh do Chairbní' ;  
Cho mbasladh dhuit síth ri loach,  
Gus an d' thig Fíonn le ehalma' gaíol.
- 46 II.
- 45 'S ulladh thogas sinn gach arm,  
Is tréa dhears' ri la garbh.
- 46 Far an éhínte toirm ar lann,  
Mar fhuáim tuinne, no sruth bheann.
- 47 Dúirt arís an t-Osear aluinn,  
Oigridh mhacmáach, no bíodh sgáthach ;  
Sgaoileadh maíthibh meith-chríth Chatha,  
'S bíodh gach treun ann gleus nan Carhan.
- 48 Gluaiseamaid gu Iuthar ca-trom,  
Mar bu nós leinn ann 's gach t-éug-bhail.
- 49 Dh' imích na fir uir an t-slabh,  
Cium buaidh no bas, mar ealt ían ;  
An gnúis shóilleir le 'n arnaibh caol,  
'S éian a dhealradh air an raon.
- 50 Dh' imích Osear air ar tus,  
Mar mhadaínn, no solus ar ;  
A chruth mar ghrian, a leac mar ros,  
Eitídh, borb, mar eholb an t-sloig ;
- 51 Bha fuáim ar cos ri dos an t-sleibh,  
Mar a choill roí 'n osnig dhéin ;  
No toirm na tuinn air an Tráidh,  
'Nuair a bheucadh stoirm an ard.
- 52 Bha air luas mar fheidh nam beann,  
Bhíodh roí 'n fhadhaidh siar sa ghleann ;  
No ceathach nan sleibhí éian,  
Ghluaiste le an-fheath na nial.
- 53 Bhuail chugainn a bhuidheann mhór,  
Láidir lámhor, míl'í sloig ;  
Mar thuin fuí' fhuathram nan rarah,  
Shug na ceudán beum gu b-ár.
- 54 Bhuail sinn orra mar an ceudna,  
Gu luath-lamhaíoch is cho bhreugach ;  
Mar thóim nan easaíche dian,  
Chluint ar slachdraíoch astar éian.
- 55 Chóí' fhuagraídh Mac talla bheann,  
Do sgreadail ar 'n arm 'sa ghleann ;  
Dheargadh a magh fuí' ar cosaibh,  
Le fáil namh 'san arach cogaírt.
- 56 Mar síu dhúinne gu tra-noín,  
Gun feidh sa ghreis ann teas leoin ;  
A' cogaírt an t-sluaigh nan díthídh,  
Mar a b' fhaísge dhúinn san t-slighe,
- 57 Faidbeoidh dhíthíníoch gach tabh,
- 58 Mar dh' imích a síos an slugh,  
D' ar naimhde treun eughach aillídh.
- Here begin parts of current ballads.*
- 60 Thuit sud le laimh Osear thall,
- 61 Thuit sud le laimh Osear thall,
- 62 Thuit sud le laimh Osear thall,
- 63 Thuit sud le laimh Osear thall,
- 68 Seachd agus ceud calma euraídh,  
A dhíthíníoch sin gu truaigh ;
- 69 An seachd ceud a b' eughdail gníomh,  
Le creathaille chruaidh san strí ;
- 75 II.
- 70 A chuirear a b' fhaísge do 'n Ríogh,  
Bu mhór meas is bu mhó pris ;  
Thuit sud le laimh Osear threíbhíoch,  
'S e mosgladh gu Ríogh na b-Eireann.
- 71 Thúig e í chuíge, 's na chonhail.
- 74 Thuit le Osear nam beum guidheal,  
Maíthibh Eireann beud do áireamh ;
- 75 Chuir na sluaigh a ghlúais gu traí'náin.
- PART II.
- 81 Cho bheo a bhrathair eile,  
Aon loach fial nan creach bheann ;  
'S ann le Murgan calma,  
A mhárhadh am fear sin.
- 87 Fir nan eughda' calma,
- 88 Is Beinnídh bríonnach, bla'bhinn ;  
Feargáinn, is Fad-lambh.
- 89 Bhu bhinne no éoíll bhla' or ;  
Morglan maiseach, ceutach,  
Dendgeal agus Ardán.
- 91 Ioghlan, is Fíonn Breatail,
- 97 Mhárhadh léis an Cairbní',  
Air an dara buille ;

- 100 An sin do labhair m' Athair,  
Mo Rìogh air bhadal cèile;  
'S tursach, truagh a tharladh dhamh,  
Ghluaas na la' bha eibhinn.
- 101 Tha mo thim gu deurach,  
Au deidh nan Cathan comhraig;  
Gu h-aosmhor, an-flann, ciamaill,  
'S mo laoch nach iarar beo iad.
- 102 Gluaisemaid o 'n tra' so,  
No cluinneadh each sinn bronach;  
A dh' fhaicsiun Oseair chreuchte,  
A choisg na ceudan sloighe.

## PART III.

*This is current still.*

## CUMHA OSAIR.

- 103 Air tulaich nan deur sa ghleann;  
Na Cathain eabhaib, eabhaib, cheutfach,
- 104 Tostach, bolbh, gun cholbh, gun chàradh,  
Au clab ris gach gaath, gun mhàir u;  
Ochoin, ri luaith, 's cruidh an sgeul so,  
Adh' dh' fhaig sinne choi' ch an-eibhinn.
- 107 Chuir Cairbn' sleagh nan seachd guinne,  
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-eng-bhail,  
Claoidhte crait' air earr an t-sleibhe:  
'S fhuil a' maomadh magh a luireach.
- 111 Cho slanaichear u gn dillim,  
A laoch mbeannaich, mheighich, mhillidh.
- 113 'S cho ghuileadh a bhrathair deur.
- 116 Mar sin duinne gu tra-non,  
Gun fheith, gun fhurtachd, ach bron,  
Ag ambare air mo ghaol Oscar.
- 117 Thug sinn leinn mo ghaol, an t-armann,  
*Here begins a passage which seems to be modern;  
compare H. The metre is that of some of the  
Gaulic Paraphrases.*
- 120 Mar neul a ghluaisais thair fùir,  
No cothar euain air an tràidh;  
Chaochail do chruth Osear ur,  
A laoch! 'Nì smo cho' n fhaicear thu.
- 121 Och a laoigh, cho' n fhaic do ghradh,  
Tu teachd o 'n leirg le hua'-ghair;  
'S fhar do leac mo chreach! gun chomdach,  
Gun luaith gn la bhrath air comhrag.
- 122 Do chroidh caoin mar ghath greine,  
A laoch meaghaich, mhuirnich, ghle-ghil  
B' e do nos bhì aobheil fuiltach,  
Mar na rosaibh air gach fàire,
- 123 Bu mhòr do chruth, is b' fhearr t-aosgag,  
Fhuir a b' aille bh' ann is t-shaoghal;  
Mar a ghriau 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 fùir 'n osg chinin.
- 125 Bha do chneas mar chothar sruth,  
Air an tra' mar chatha cuir;  
A laoch bu doear san leirg,  
Nuair a dhuisgt u, choisgte feirg.
- 126 Cia uime dh' eireas a ghrian,  
Air mo chruth mar cheo na nial;  
Nach an-eibhinn a bhì beo.  
Tursach denrach ann talla bhron.
- 127 Co dh' eireas air teachd an làr,  
Gu comhrag ceud, 's ann iomairt sgleò;  
O nach maithrean Osear ur,  
A choisgeadh eudh nan coimheach dhuinn.
- 128 Co dhiongas ann comhrag sluaich,  
Armailt almha', eitidh, chruaidh;  
Onach maithrean Osear àigh,  
Bu truinge beum, 's bu truinge lamb.

- 129 'S amhail m' fhonn 's an toun gun chli  
A caoi' nan som bu trom 's an stri;  
Gun Fhionn gun aibhear, to gun dian,  
Is mor an sgeul, 's an t-Osear uainn.
- 130 Co nì ceol an teach nan ceul,  
'San t-Osear og fùir 'n fhod gach nì;  
Na milte sgia' gun triath sa mhur,  
Is sleaghaib gear nan treuna cinin.
- 131 Chaochail ceol gu bron gach som,  
Gach cruit is charsach dh' fhas i trom,  
Cho ghluaas an t-aosmhor lia' gn stri',  
No 'n t-Osear og nach beo gu gnìomh.
- 132 'S ann an sin a dubhras fein,  
O mhic! a luaidh gur truagh an sgeul;  
Do leon ag Caothann nan sruth mall.  
Gun Fhionn, gun Fhaochlan a bhì ann.
- 133 Chra' do bhas ga brath mo chroibh,  
'S an-eibhinn mo laith, gun chli;  
'S ionmhuin an laoch fùir lie ata,  
Is teare laoch air an bheil t-ion ra'.

*Here comes in the current ballad, but apparently  
altered and added to.*

- 135 Ge do thuiteadh tusa thall  
Ann Cath-eabhara gnìomh a chalb;  
Cho chluimneadh neach eigh no osann,  
No iargainn a d' dheidh ag Osear.
- 136 'S ole a chreideas mi do sgeul,  
Nach dioladh an t-Osear treun;  
Mo bhas air gach Triath gun chlos,  
Laogh mo ghraidh cho 'n iaradh fois.
- 137 Bu mhaiseach mo laogh san leirg,  
Bao'lach treun, 'nuair dh' eireadh fheirg;  
Aluair mar Anna nan leug,  
Chuireadh crith air bratach chend.
- 138 'S eian is cumhain leamh do ghnìomh  
A laoch nan arm tua mìn  
A Blurguil s' an Driolanach àigh  
Co nì feum do sheud mo ghraidh

## 141 H.

- 139 Oiseinn glac an cloidheamb calma  
141 'Se cath-eabhara chuir fùir dhì,  
Na laoch eabhaib nach oiba stri;  
A ghluaiseadh 'sann iomairt sloigh,  
Eididh, armach, calma corr.
- 142 Na thuit aig Caothann nan lea z,  
143 A dha uidhir, 's mile sloigh

## M. 19. BAS OSAIR. 255 lines.

- 1 CHA 'N abair mi mo thriath re m' cheol,  
Ge be' oil le h-Oisein e nochd  
Osear agus Chairbre calma',  
Tradhar iad an Cath Ghabhra.
- 2 An t-sleagh nìunhe 's i 'n laimh Chairbre,  
Gu 'n croiththeadh i re nair feirg;  
Deireadh am fiach ri 't ghòimh,  
Gur ann lea' nhabhrtheadh Osear.
- 3 'S measa deireadh e ris fein,  
Am fiach dubh mu mhì-cheill,  
A chuirear ata sibh mu 'n chlar  
Ach fuil fir a bhith ga thacadh.
- 4 Dh' shara' fìnn, a Rath<sup>2</sup> gun cheil,  
Cuim an tacadh ar suil fein;  
Cìod i ghìomh a th'air ar rosgaibh,  
Nuair a choincamaid a chao' reachda?
- 5 Gairidh am fiach moch ann maireach  
Air do ghrudsa ann san àr-fhaoth,  
Cuireadar do shuil<sup>3</sup> a glac,  
As e sin a thug a thuiread.
- 6 Is dearg an fhaobh sin ta thu nigheadh,  
'S dearg an t-uogas do bhì airre,  
Ach gus an d' thainig an diu',  
An fhaobh sin cha b' ole a h-inneal.

<sup>1</sup> Thre.<sup>2</sup> Bhaobh.<sup>3</sup> A shuil.

- 7 A Bhaobh a ngeobas at t-eadhach,  
Deansa dhuinne faisil' neneid cheudna,  
An tait aon duine dhuibh leinn,  
No 'n d' thèid sinn uile do neo-mìr.
- 8 Marbhais leasta cuig ceud,  
Is tronar leat an Rìgh fein,  
Araon 's an fear a laghaidh d' dh'e,  
Eiar saoghal uile gu 'n d' thainig.
- 9 Na cluinneadh e thu Rosg Mac Ruaidh,  
No d'ainne bhaineadh d' a sùbhagh,  
Na cluinneadh an Fheinn thu nochd,  
Mu 'n bith sinn uile gun mbeisnich.
- 10 An enaib sibhsa trus Fhinn,  
Nuair ghluais e gu h-Eirinn?  
Thainig an Cairbre sleachach garg,  
'S ghlac e Eirinn fo aon smeach.
- 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 thuadh do dh' Eirinn.
- 12 Chuireadh le Cairbre anuas  
Fios air Oscar cruaidh na Feinne,  
Dol a dh' ionnsuidh fheadh na Feinne,  
'S gu faigheadh e eis de reir sin.
- 13 Ghluais, o nach d' ob e namh,  
An t-Oscar aluinn gu leachd an Rìgh,  
Triachad fear treun dh' ianach leis,  
A threaslad d' a thoil 's da fheinn.
- 14 Fhuair sinn onoir fhuair sinn biadh,  
Mar a fhuair sinn rònnahe riamh,  
Bha sinn gu sgrachas as teach,  
Maile re Cairbre san Teandraidh.
- 15 An la mu dheireadh d' an òl,  
Thuit Cairbre le guth mor,  
Ionlait ceim slagha b' ail leam uait,  
Oscar dhuinn na h-Albhainn.
- 16 Creud an ionlait ceim a bhiodh ort,  
A Chairbre ruaidh na 'n Long-phort?  
'S tric bu kat mi fein 's mo sìleagh,  
Ann latha catha agus comhraig.
- 17 Cha b' uileor leansa eis no eain,  
No aon seoid a bhiodh na 'r tìr,  
Cha b' uileor leam re m' linn a bhos,  
Gach seoid a dh' iarrain gu 'n faighinn.
- 18 Cha 'n 'eil òr no curras gu fìor,  
A dh' iarraidh oirne an rìgh,  
Gun tair gun taileas duinn d' e,  
Nach bu leasta Fhighearnas.
- 19 Ach maikairt eim gun mhalairt eirain  
B' ea-corach sud iarraidh oirn,  
'S e 'm fath mu 'n iarradh tu oirn e,  
Mise a bhith gun Fhiamm gun athair.
- 20 Ge do bhiodh an Fhiamm is t-athair,  
Co maith 's bha iad riamh na 'm beatha,  
Cha b' uileor leansa re m' linn,  
Gach seud a dh' iarrain gu 'n faighinn.
- 21 Na 'm biodh an Fhiamm agus m' athair,  
Co maith 's a bha iad na 'm beatha,  
Is teann ar an faigheadh tu sinn  
Leud do thaighe an Eirinn.
- 22 Lion fuarachd na laoch lìn,  
Re clastin na h-ionnar-bhaidh,  
Bha briathra garbha leath mar leath  
Eadar an Cairbre 's an t-Oscar.
- 23 Bheir-in-se briathar buan,  
'S e thubhairt an Cairbre ruadh,  
An t-sleagh sin ata na d' kaimh  
Gur h-ann imte tha do luth-bhas.
- 24 Briathar buan sin briathar buan,  
A bheireadh an Cairbre ruadh  
Gu 'n cuireadh e sleagh nan seach sìong,  
Eadar aine agus inleug.
- 25 Briathar eil' ann aghaidh sin,  
Bheireadh an t-Oscar calma,  
Gu 'n cuireadh e sleagh nan naoi sìong,  
Mu chnua' fhuilt agus eadain.
- 26 Briathar buan sin bheithar buan,  
A bheireadh an Cairbre ruadh,  
Gu 'n d' thugadh e sealg agus creach  
A h-Albainn an la 'r na mhaireach.
- 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 mhaireach.
- 28 Bha 'n oiche sin duinne gu 'n eabhair,  
Thall agus a bhos mu 'n anabainn,  
Bha doirfinn leath mar leath  
Bha doirfinn mhor eadar-inn.
- 29 Chualas Olla le guth tiom,  
Air chlaisrich bhinn ag tuireadh bas;  
Dh' eirich Oscar am feing  
Is ghlac e airm na dhornaidh aigh.
- 30 Dh' eirich sinn an la 'r na mhaireach,  
Ar slugh nil' 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 fuileach le faobhar arm,  
Thog sinn creach re sliabh Góill,  
Gu luath leis gearnach lu'-mhor.
- 32 An auir a ruinig sinn ann  
Beallach cumhaing an eoil-ghleann,  
'S ann a bhòdh an Cairbre ard,  
Ag ionmaireachd ag teachd na 'r co-dhail.
- 33 Cuig fichead Gaidheal garg,  
Thainig o 'n tìr fhuair ghairbh'  
Thuit sud le kaimh Oscar thall,  
'S mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 34 Seachd fichead do Chlannaibh Rìgh,  
Bu mhor gaisg agus gnìomh;  
Thuit sud le kaimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 35 Mangan Mac Seire a bha 'n naimh,  
A chumhricheadh ceud clòidheamh glas,  
Thuit sud le kaimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 36 Cuig fichead fear clòidheamh glais,  
Nach deneh' aon cheim riamh air ais;  
Thuit sud le kaimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 37 Cuig fichead fear bogha,  
A thainig air Cairbre d' a chobhair;  
Thuit sud le kaimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 38 Seachd fichead do dh' fhearsaibh feachd,  
A thainig a tìr an t-sneachd;  
Thuit sud le kaimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 39 Cuig fichead Cairbre ruadh,  
Bha coslach re Cairbre an t-sluaigh;  
Thuit sud le kaimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 40 A chuirear a b' fhuigse d' an Rìgh,  
D' an bu dual gaisg' is gnìomh;  
Thuit sud le kaimh Oscar thall,  
'S e mosgladh re Rìgh Eirinn.
- 41 Nuair chunnac an Cairbre ruadh,  
Oscar ag snòigeadh an t-sluaigh,  
A chraoiseach nimhe bha na kaimh  
Gu 'n do leig e i na cho-dhail.
- 42 Thuit Oscar air a ghluin deas,  
'S an t-sleagh nimhe troimh a chneas,  
Thug e urehaire eile munn,  
Is mharbhadh leis Rìgh nah Eirinn.
- 43 Eirich Art is glac do chloidh eamh,  
Is seasann ann aite t-athar,  
Is ma gheabh thu do dhìol saoghal,  
Saoillidh mi gur mac rìgh thu.

<sup>5</sup> Cuig fichead Albannach ard,

Thainig thair nuir chair-guich ghairbh.

<sup>4</sup> Laidheann.



- 44 Thug e urchair eile 'n airde,  
Ar leinne gu 'm bu leoir a h-airde  
Leagadh leis aig meud a chiuiscadh  
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 larrach,  
Air faicinn doibh Oseair gu creitreach.
- 46 Thog e leacog ehnart ehruaidh,  
Bharr na talmhainn taobh-ruaidh,  
Bhris e 'n Cath-bharra mu 'n cheap,  
Gnìomh mu dheireadh mo dheadh mhic.
- 47 Togaibh libh mì noise Fhiann  
Nìor thog sibh me roimhe riamh,  
Thugaibh mì gu tulaich ghlain,  
Ach gu 'm buin sibh dìom an t-eadaich.
- 48 Chualas aig traidh mu Thuath  
Eimheach sluaigh is fadharr arm',  
Chlisg ar gaisgich gu luath,  
Mu 'n raibh oscar fadharr marbh.
- 49 Marbh'-asg ort a mhic na buaidhe  
Nì thu brèag an darra h-uair dhùinn,  
Loingis mo shean-athar<sup>6</sup> ata ann,  
'S iad ag teachd le cabhair chugainn.
- 50 Bheannuich sinn uile do Fhionn,  
Ge te cha do bheannuich dhùinn,  
Gus an d' thainig e tulach nan deur  
Far an robh oscar na 'n arm gear.
- 51 'S measa mhic a bhiodh<sup>7</sup> tu dh'e  
Latha catha sin Beinn-eadain,  
Shamha na corran throimh d' chneus  
'S i mo lamhsa rinn do leigheas.
- 52 Mo leigheas cha 'n 'eil am fath,<sup>8</sup>  
'S cha mho nìthear e gu breath;  
Chuir Cairbre sluagh na 'n seachd siong  
Eadar m' airnín agus m' imleog.
- 53 Chuir mise slèagh na 'n naoi siong,  
Mu chuma fhuilt agus eadain,  
'S na 'n rigeadh mo dhùinn a chneus,  
Cha deanadh aon leigh a leigheas.
- 54 'S measa mhic a bhiodh tu dh'e  
Latha catha sin daindealgainn  
Shambadh na geoidh throimh d' chneus,  
Is i mo lamhsa rinn do leigheas,
- 55 Mo leigheas cha 'n 'eil am fath,  
'S cha mho dheantar e gu brath,  
An gath domhainn an thaobh deas,  
Cha dual do leigh a leigheas.
- 56 Sin an nair a chaoidh Fionn,  
Air an tulaich os ar cionn,  
Shruthadh na deoir sìos o rosraibh,  
Thiontadh e reinn a chulthaobh.
- 57 'Mo laogh fein thu, laogh mo laogh  
Leanabh mo leinibh ghil chaoibh,  
Mo chridhe leinnich mar ion,  
Gu là bhràth' cha 'n eirch Oseair.
- 58 'S truidh nach mise thuiteadh 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 chumhne cuir  
Air a chumhdachadh le staillinn.
- 60 Donnalaich na 'n eon re m' thaobh,  
Agus buraich na 'n sean laoch,  
'S gul a Phannail caoidh mu 'n seach  
Gur e surahdom eadh chridh'.
- 61 Thog sinn leinn an t-Oseair aluinn,  
Air ghuailibh, air slèaghaibh 'arda  
Thug sinn as iomchara grunn  
Gus an d' thainig sinn tigh Fheinn.

<sup>6</sup> Shean'-ar. <sup>7</sup> Bhi.<sup>8</sup> An dàn.

- 62 Cha chaoineadh Benn a mac fein,  
Cha chaoineadh fear a bhrathair eoin  
Cia lion 's a bha sinn mu 'n teach,  
Bha sinn uil' chaoineadh Oseair.
- 63 Bas Oseair a chridh mo chridh',  
Triath fear Eirinn 's mor d' ar dì;  
Cait am facas riamh re d' linn  
Fear co cruaidh riut air ehad lann?
- 64 Nìor ehnir 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 euala sibhse tras fhinn,  
'N nair a ghluais è gu h-innse Eirionn,  
Cairbhair slèaghadh lambach garga,  
4 Ghlac è Eirionn fa nom smachd.  
Sud sgeul bu dailich leinn,  
E bhuintainn 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 slagh,  
An taobh mu thuath do dh' Eirionn.  
Chuireadh le Cairbhair anuas,  
12 Fios air Oseair óg na Féinne;  
Dhol a dhionsuidh feisid an Rìgh.  
'S gu faigheadh e cis da rèir.  
Ghluais (o nach d' ób e uamh.)  
16 An t' Oseair alainn gu teach an Rìgh,  
Tri-chéud fear trein a dh' imich leis,  
A fheadsal da thoil 's da fheum,  
'S dhás briathra garbh leith mar leith,  
20 Eadir Cairbhair agus Oseair,

## CAIRBHAIR.

- Malairet slèagh a baill lean uaim  
Oseair dhùinn a' h-Albainn:  
An t-slèagh a bha an talla an Rìgh,  
24 Gur ann dhomh fein bu dual i,

## OSCAIR.

- Cìod a mbalairet slèagh a th' ort,  
A Chairbhair mhoir n' an long-phort?  
'S tric bu leat mì fein 's mo slèagh  
28 An la cuir catha na comhraig,  
Ach malairet cinn, na iomloid eroinn,  
B' eucorach sud larradh 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 dhìaruinn gu 'm fuighinn.  
'Na 'm bitheadh an Fheinne agus m' athair  
'Co maith sa bha iad na 'n laithaibh.  
Cha 'n fhuigheadh tus a Chairbhair Ruai  
40 Leud do thraigheadh do dh' Eirinn.  
2 Ghluais fuarachd na 'n Laoch gach lamh,  
Rì cluintin na h-iomairt aca bha,

## CAIRBHAIR.

- 'N sin nair a labhair Chairbhair ruadh,  
44 Briathra bheirimse gu m' uaimh,  
An t-slèagh sin ann ad laimh,  
Gur ann uimpe tha luaidh do bhàis.  
Chualas Oran le guth tiom,  
48 Air clarsaich bhinn a tuireadh bais,  
Dheirich Oseair le mor th' eirg.  
'S è mosgladh gu Rìgh na h-Eirionn,  
An t-seisear a b' fhaigse do 'n Rìgh,  
52 Da 'm bu dual gaisg 's gnìomh,  
Thuit sud le lamh Oseair thall.  
'S è mosgladh gu Rìgh na h-Eirionn.

<sup>1</sup> Oseair speaks.<sup>2</sup> The Bard speaks.

- Nuair chunnaic an Cairbhair ruadh  
 56 Osear asnuigheadh a shluagh,  
 An t-sleagh neathe bha na laimh  
 Leig è sud na chòidhail.  
 Chuaidh Osear air a ghluin deas,  
 60 An t-sleagh neathe t-roiinn a chneas,  
 Thug e urchair eile nunn—  
 'S mbarbhadh leis Rìgh na h-Eirionn.

## CAIRBHAIR.

- Art mhic Cairbhair glac do chlàimh,  
 64 'S dean seasamh an aite t-Athair,  
 'S mar dean an 't eug do thoirt  
 Dìol mo bhàs le meud do ratha,  
 Thuit le Osear gnìomh nach cuimseach  
 68 Art mac Chairbhair air 'n ath urchair,  
 Sgar è dheth an clogaide, 's an eann,  
 Be gnìomh mu dheire mo dheagh-mhic.  
 Chualas aig an traigh mu thuath,  
 72 Eigheach shluagh is faoghair arm,  
 Chluisg air gaisgich gu luath,  
 'S flumaras Osear—leith-mharbhbh.  
 'Sin nuair thainig oirne Fionn,  
 76 Air an tulaich os ar eann.  
 Shilleadh na deoir air a rosga,  
 Thiondaidh è ruinn a chul-thaobh,  
 'Mo laogh fein thu 's laogh mo kòigh!  
 80 'Leanamh mo leuinmh ghil chaomh!  
 'S è mo chridh th' air a lot gu trom,  
 'Sgula bhràth cha 'n eirigh Osear,  
 —'S measa a mhic a bha thu dheth  
 84 'Ann la cur catha beinn Eudain  
 'Shnamh na corraim 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 dnal do n' Leigh a leigheas.'  
 Chuir Carbar sleagh na 'n seachd seang,  
 92 Eidar na 'airmean agus 'm iomlag  
 Thug mise urchair eil a nunn  
 Mu chumachd fhuilth agus cadain,  
 'S n' an ruigeadh mo dhùinn a chneas  
 96 Cha deanadh Leigh a leigheas.

## FINGAL.

- 'S truagh nach mise a thmitheadh ann,  
 An eath 'g àrach gnìomh nach gann;  
 'S thus a near 's a niar.  
 100 Bhi roimhe na Fionnaidh Osear!

## OSCAR.

- Ge 'd bu tusa thuitheadh ann,  
 An eath 'g àrach gnìomh nach gann;  
 Ochoin! a near no niar  
 104 T' iarguin cha deanadh Osear.  
 Cha didir dūine riamh,  
 Gur eriodhe feola bha am chliabh,  
 Ach eriodhe do chuillbhan cuir,  
 108 Air achomhdaeha le stàilinn  
 Tathaantaich n'an con re 'm thaobh,  
 'S buireadh n'an sean Laoch,  
 'S gul a pannaill ma seach  
 112 Gur è sud a chraidh mi 'm chridh,  
 Thog sinn oirn an 't-Osear aluin,  
 Air ghnaillibh n'an sleagh a 'b airde,  
 Thug as iomhar 's giulan grunn  
 116 Gus an d' thainig sinn 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 Oseair.

## O. 13. CATH GABHRA' NÒ 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 Fionne out of *Ulath* (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 furtaehd is ri h-aonuar;  
 An rìgh bu cheannard dhùinn uille,  
 Ard threun fhath nan Triath. (al. nam Fiann)
- 3 An sin do ghluais siubhal Fhinn,  
 Gach shìos bhaile bha 'n Eirin;  
 Cairbre luath lamach neo lag,  
 Chuir e Eirin uile fo aon smachd.
- 4 Chuir e fios oirrne g' ar teinn ruidd,  
 G' ar n' ioman a mach à Almhi;  
 Dheanadh gnìomh bu tursach dhùinne,  
 A bhuintim dhinn ar Tighearnas.
- 5 Fhreagair sinn an curruidd dana,  
 A lion ann uile na bha sinn;  
 Cha robh sinn ann dhe 'n Fhinn uile,  
 Na chosnadh a' phìob bhuaidhe.
- 6 Air an rod gheal, gle gheal, cleacach,  
 Bha sinn oehd ceud ann sar mharcach  
 Chaidh sinn gu aobhinn a steach,  
 'S bha cumha Chairbre an t-oighre.
- 7 Iomlaid cinn sleagha b' aill leam natsa,  
 A dheagh Oseair aluin;  
 Iomlaid cinn g'an iomlaid crainn,  
 B' eucoir sud iarraidh ornn.
- 8 Gur e 'm fath m' an iarraid tu e,  
 Sinne bhì gun Fhian, gun athair;  
 Ged a bhithheadh am Fiann 's t-athair,  
 Mar a b' fhearr a bha riamh nam beatha,  
 Cha b' nìlear leamsa ri m' linn,  
 Gach seud a dh' iarraid gu 'm faighinn.
- 9 Nam bitheadh an Fhèinn agus n' athair,  
 Mar a b' fhearr a bha nam beatha;  
 Cha bhithheadh agadsa, o rìgh,  
 Leud do throidhe ann Eirin.
- 10 Dh' fharach fuarachd nan laoch lan,  
 Bhi cluintinn na h-iomar *blotigh* (al. maigh)  
 Briathra garbha leth mar leth,  
 Eadar Cairbre fiat 's Oseair.
- 11 Gun tugainne briathra gu ruadh,  
 Arsa an Cairbre crann ruadh;  
 An t-sleagh sin n'a bheil do lamh,  
 Gur ann leatha bhios do luatha blas.
- 12 Gu 'n tugainne breathra eile,  
 Arsa an Osear 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 *mnathailb* Fhian Co-ol; (mathailb)  
 Shuidhich sinn Dour leth mar leth, (Doubhair)  
 'S bha Dour cadaurinn.
- 14 Thogadh leinn an la air mhaircach,  
 Do Almhi bhithheadh ar 'n ards,  
 Thug sinn ri sliaibh Baoisge nan creach,  
 Gu luath laoisgairnach luth-mhor, (laoisgrineach)
- 15 Mogan Mac Seire a Nuadh, (al. Nuath)  
 Dh' ionga dhe deich ceud claidhe' ruadh;  
 Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,  
 'S e mosgladh ri ard rìgh Eirin.
- 16 Deich fichead de mhacaibh rìgh,  
 'S air leinne gu 'm bu mhòr ann pris;  
 Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,  
 'S e mosgladh gu h-ard rìgh Eirin.

- 17 Deich ficead Cairbre ruadh,  
Bha cosmhuil ri Cairbre an t-sluaigh;  
Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,  
'S e mosgladh ri gu ard righ Eirin.
- 18 Deich ficead Albannach ard,  
A thainig a' tir Ghael gharg;  
Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,  
'S e mosgladh gu h-ard righ Eirin.
- 19 A chuirear a b' fhaighe do 'n righ,  
G' a choinnead o dhosgainn 's o g'ghniomh;  
Thuit sud le laimh Oseair thall,  
'S e mosgladh ri ard righ Eirin.
- 20 'N uair a chunnaic an Cairbre ruadh,  
Oseair a' snaithe an t-sluaigh;  
An t-sleagh nimhe bha 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 archoir eile null,  
Is mharbhta leis ard righ Eirin. (thorcha)
- 22 Art mhic Cairbre glac do chlaidhe,  
Seasamh d'ann 'n aite t-athar;  
'S nu gheibh thu do dhiol 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;  
Shnagh Cairbre garbh an cleachd,  
Chuir sinn an cath garg mu 'n cheap.
- 24 Oseair Mac Oisein an aigh,  
Thog e leac cloiche na laimh;  
'S bhiris e erun an righ mu cheap,  
Gniomh mu dheire nao dheagh mhic.
- 25 Mar Ealtuin air a sgapadh bras,  
Mar duilleach sguabte le cruaidh fhras;  
Mar cheò sguirte briste le pronn ghaoh;  
'Sin mar theich shingh Cairbre as.
- 26 Bu trugha an gnoir gau tannadh bios,  
Thiomnaich mo chridhe, 's mo chliabh;  
Le mi-run Chairbre chlaon.  
Bha ar a leanachd a dheagh dhaoin.
- 27 Oseair glac buigh na treig,  
Tha d' fhuil fein a strugha comhla;  
'S gearr 'se m' egal do latha,  
Tha t-athair a cheana dhe bronach.
- 28 Mo latha-sa tha buair mar ghrian,  
Ghleidh mi dìon mo chliu san stri;  
Thuit Cairbre nan cleas fo m' laimh,  
Cha blas aeh beatha mo thi.
- 29 Thuit Oseair air a thaobh,  
Phill a shluagh mar iom-ghaoh;  
Fo dhubhar eraim Cuillin tuidh;  
B' iomadh suil bha diau a ruidh.
- 30 Bu mhiosa Mhic bha thu 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 mho nithear e gu brath;  
Chuir Cairbre sleagh na nao seang (seamh)  
Eadar m' airnean 's m' iomlag.
- 32 Chuir mise sleagh nan seachd scang,  
Eadar cumha fheuilt is eudainn;  
'S m' an ruigeadh mo dhuan a chneas,  
Cha deanadh aon leigh 'a leigheas. (na laoch)
- 33 Sin mar thainig oirne Fionn,  
Air an tulaich as au cleann; (ar)  
Shil na doir air a rosguibh;  
Thionndaidh e ruim a chul-taobh.
- 34 Laogh mo leuibh mo laogh fein thu,  
Laogh mo chuillein ghlainn chaomh;  
Mo chridhe leumartaich mar lor,  
Gu la lbrath cha 'n eirich Oseair.
- 35 'S trugha nach mise a thuit ann,  
An cath gabhi gnìomh nach gann; (gabhra)  
'S tusa bhi 'near sau iar,  
Roimh na Fiannaibh Oseair.
- 36 Nam bu tusa thuiteadh ann,  
An cath gabhi gnìomh nach gann;  
Cha chluaint 'n car no 'n iar.  
Iarguin ma dh' iuhin aig Oseair.
- 37 Thogaimn thu gu tulaich ghlainn,  
Sguirinn am feasl gud chaoith;  
Thogar leiu an t-Oseair cabna,  
Air bharruibh ar sleagha arda.
- 38 Gus an tulaich bha shuas an tigh,  
'S bhithcheamaid uile carineadh Oseair;  
Sgalartaich nan Coin ri m' thaobh;  
Agus buruibh nan seann laoch.
- 39 Donnal as shannail nan seach,  
Gur e sud a chruaidh mo chridhe;  
Leac Oseair a chruaidh mo 'n chridh,  
Trean ri treun san air rithe.
- 40 'S iomadh neach gan teirca tabaist,  
'S teare 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-air*. 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, Glenn 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 bhi do dhuine draidh d' an goirte Tailteachd-mac-Chuilgeadan, mar ainm, a gabhail tamlachd ann an Eilean Lochan Iubhair laimh ri Beinn-mhòr ann an Glenn Dochart, aig an robh leannan sith, mar Chonaltra san aite sin.

Air bhi do Fhionn-mac-Cuthail air faoiteann fiosrachadh nu timchioll, Chaidh e a steach ga faicsinn, agus ghabh e tlachd fuireach comhla ri. Ach fa dheireadh air bhi do Thailteachd air faigheann a mach gu 'n robh Fionn a tachairt tric an rathad a leannan. Air dha ransachadh eataru mu dheibhim. Thuiteadh leotha le cheile ann an eud co mòr, agus gu 'n rabhadar a' dol a bhualadh a cheile.

Ach a deir ise gu deamair dhuibh riaghailt, na bitheabh an feirg ri cheile.

1 An fear a 's fearr buaidh an leum, is e leannan mi fein le tlachd,

Dh' inich na Laoich an sin a mach a leum,  
Leum Tailteachd o' n Eilean air tìr 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 arann air an ais,  
Ach 'se Tailteachd a leum an toiseach;  
Agus bha e air tìr tioram Eilan,  
Ach air leum an sin do dh' Fhionn,  
Chaidh e foilhe gu Cheann.

3 Agus ghlac Tailteachd an sin an  
Corom bha thaobh eil air agus bhain e an ceann do dh' Fhionn mu 'n burrain e riamh tionndadh ris.

- Thaich Tailteachd le h-eagal fhuathas na Feinne,  
agus ceann Fhionn aige
- Gu 'n d' rainig e ceann Loch-laoidain, agus air bli  
dha' sgéith ga ghiúlan, 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 Ghluailibh briagha nan laoch,  
Is dh' amblaig sinn è air eòl tuinn,  
An uaigh do 'n goirear Cillfhin mar ainm.  
Bha an Fheinn uile foll' throm fheirg  
Co dheanadh orra an tàir,  
Dh' iomaichdair air toir a chinn,  
Na suinn ma 'n do Gabh iad Caird.
- 5 Gus an d' fhuaras leò ceann an laoch,  
Air enoc fraoich an taobh Ath-chinn;  
Is rinneas toireachd air an laimh,  
Bha co dana is dol na dhàil.
- 6 Chuir iad miar foillid dheud fios,  
Dh' innsadh dhoibh an fios mar bha;  
Tailteachd a bhli fo fhuamh,  
Air son a ghuimh an Beinn-all-air.
- 7 Dh' fhuaras Tailteachd ann san uaigh,  
Is chuireadar gu cruaidh ris ceist;  
A Thailteachd au aireach leat Fionn,  
Is fheargair 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 Thailteachd gu fior;  
Bhuin sinn dheth an lamh eile,  
Air son gnuimh na mòr chionta,  
Chuir iad ceist an dara h-uar,  
A Thailteachd an aireach leat Fionn.
- 9 A d' thuir Tailteachd,  
Air mo Rìogh nach aireach;  
Mur aireach le Goll nan cleas,  
An ruaig a chuir è air Clann Chuiligeadar.
- 10 Shuimh sinn an leth chos o 'n toin,  
Le teannachuir rìghin chruaidh;  
Agus phronn sinn a chos eile,  
Le leachdibh cruaidhe na sceire,  
A Thailteachd an aireach leat Fionn  
Dubhairt Tailteachd.
- 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 lionn gaileach garg;  
A Thailteachd an aireach leat Fionn  
Dubhairt Tailteachd 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 sleagha troinidh chridhe  
Thailteachd 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.

- 1 ELAN an uidhir, Leannan sith,  
Leum mar dhuais graidh  
Leann Taoileach nach as an Elan,
- 4 Leum Fionn a mach  
Leum Taoileach a steach an coimeamh a chuil  
Leum Fionn, is fhuil sin nisge,  
Chuir Taoileach an ceann deth.
- 8 Dh' fhalbh leis a' cheann, is chuir air stob aig  
Ath Fhinn, aig ceann shuas na cruaich an  
Ranach. Dh' fhalbh iad an toir iar Fionn.
- Cha robh fios co thug an ceann deth; Thachair iad air  
a cheann. Ma's fòr a labhair an ceann 'Nuair thar-  
raing iad deud; Thuirt an dui, se sid guth Fhinn.  
Guth chinn air a chramn. Thug iad a mhas an ceann.  
Chuir fear a mheur fo dheud fios, fhuair fios co rinn

an gnuimh. Thuir Oisean Mac an Rìgh. Diolaidh  
sinn bas Fhinn.

No 's masladh gu brath dhuinn.

- 12 Dh' fhalbhas air toir air Taoileach: Fhuaires a e  
an namh aig ceann shuas Beinn Arlar.  
Thaoileach an aithreach leat Fionn,  
Air mo rìgh, cha 'n aithreach leam;  
Mur aithreach le Goll nan cleas.
- 16 An cath ruaig bh' air Clann Chuiligeadan.  
An lamh dheas a rinn an gnuimh.  
Bheir sinn do Thaoileach gu fior,  
Bheir sinn deth an lamh eile.
- 20 Ann an cionta na mòr choire.  
A Thaoileach, an aithreach leat Fionn,  
Air mo rìgh cha 'n aithreach leam.  
Shuimh sinn deth an leth chos
- 24 Le Teannach gramail cruaidh;  
Phronn sinn a choss eile,  
Le leacaibh garbh na sgeire;  
A Thaoileach an aithreach leat Fionn,
- 28 Air mo rìgh cha 'n aithreach leam.  
An da shuil bha na cheann,  
Loisg sinn le lionn goileach dearg,  
Bhuin sin an ceann de Thaoileach,
- 32 An comaiu an droch gnuimh 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  
Ghluinlear leim ceann Fhinn,  
Gun t-aite an d' fhuaires a choluinn;
- 40 Ghiulan sinn e gu aluinn,  
Air chrannaibh sleagh Arda,  
Dh' adhlacadh leim 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 Oisein 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 unparal'd and unreasonal. Ossian discovers by this Poem the strength of Fingal's army when in the height of his glory, and regrets over their actions in war and joy in peace. He returns 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 hush his grief. Or to a moultering 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 TIAMHAIDH bhí noc ann Gleann-caothan  
Gan gluth gadhair ann gun cheol;  
Mo chroidhe cho dean e do 'm reir,  
'S mi fein an sean fhear gun treoir.
- 2 'N uair reachamaid do Ghleann-caothann,  
Bu bhínn bladhar againn ceol;  
B' iomad dea' fhear dhínn air chint,  
'S cho toileamaid díomb d' ar deoin.
- 3 'Nuair thogamaid ri Gleann-caothann,  
Bu líonmhór fadhaid gach iúl:  
A cosgairt an daimh, 'san fheidh,  
'S iomad ceud nach éireadh dhíu.
- 4 B' iomad hoich a dh' éighte mach,  
A dhíreadh gu bras an sliaibh;  
Le shleagh 's i ruisgte na dhornn,  
Le cloidheamb mor agus Sgiath.
- 5 Fíonn mo ghaoil caogad Triath,  
Le cille air grianan ard;  
Is Gile-ghreine ri crann.  
Os a chíonn, a bhraatach aigh.
- 6 Bu chían ar sgoileadh o cheil,  
Fea' gach sleibh air barra bhac;  
Laochraí' chalmá, churant Fhínn,  
'S am botha gach tíom 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' chcolmhór nan teud;  
Am bu líonmhór eruit is clar  
'S ioma' bard a sheinneadh sgeul.
- 9 B' ioma' slige doll mun caoir,  
'S dana nua 'gu luadh le cheil;  
A' caitheamb na feist 's ann Tur,  
B' alúin, ur na Flathuibh Feinn.
- 10 B' eibhínn nos na Feiun a ghluais,  
Ceolmhór, cuannar, snuadhár treun,  
Fíon is fochlás agus foil,  
Speis gu leoir, 's cho b' eol dúinn breug.
- 11 Na suinn chaomha, chalmá, ghraidh,  
Bu mhór baidh' 's bu chían an cliú;  
Feileachd, furan, 's a bhí dían,  
A dhíon choitheach, eiaú o' n iúl.
- 12 La a chath air magh na báir,  
Co, na b' fhearr, cho chudas riamh;  
Chomhráigeamaid fear is ceud,  
Gach aon fear do 'n Fheinn bu Triath.
- 13 Cha do ghluais sinn riamh d' ar deoin,  
Ach gu foill do chomhrag dían;  
An t-onrachdan dhíon gu treun,  
'S an coitheach creuchta f' ar sgia.
- 14 B' e 'n t-áireamh a bhá ri' m linn,  
Ann an Teamhra' bhínn nan teud;  
Ceithir míle deug, is caogad,  
N' ar cairdean gaol air bheag beud.
- 15 Gun luadh air oigloich Ri' Phail,  
Aosmhóir sharaícht, no mnaí' og;  
No gilleán freasdail nan lann,  
Och! Gur fann tha mi fúí' bbron.
- 16 Sibbhail an domhan mu seach,  
'S cho' n fhuigh u ann neach mar Fhíonn;  
A b' fhearr éineach agus agh,  
Cho deachaidh lámh os a eheann.
- 17 Ghluais na hoich do 'n uaigh gun lo,  
Sin a dh' fhad mar cheo mo shuíl;  
Mar aon can leointe sa choill,  
Gun solas a' caoi' 'sa mhur.
- 18 Gun léirsínn, ur-fhas, no fonn,  
Mar uí sonn a sguir a dh' fhás;  
No chun tha sa ghreathain chíon,  
Gu tuiteam, 's cho 'n chírdh dhá.
- 19 'S uco eibhínn do 'n chroidhe bhroin,  
Nach nochdar sólas o' chaoimh;  
Mar fhiadh a bhais tha mo chruth,  
Dh' eíg mo ghuth le deant na h-oi'ch.
- 20 Chaochail mo fhradharc, 's mo shuadh,  
Ach cho choisg an uaigh mo ghraidh;  
O Chait, is Osearí nan buadh,  
Is Fhínn uaibhrich dea' Ri' Phail.
- 21 Tha m' osnaich a teuchd gach taobh,  
Mar ghluaiseas a ghaoth gach nial;  
Tha mo bhron a teachd amach,  
Mar uisge bras, no sruth dían.
- 22 Ailís dhuinne Oiscínn Fheil,  
Gus a bhás o' n tha thu doll;  
C' aít am fac u deas no tuath  
Teach is mo' a shluaigh no so.
- 23 Chunnacas latha teach Fhínn  
Air an iargain thrínn so th' órn;  
Bu líonmhóire gile fir feachd,  
No Conar a' d' theachd gun stoilbh.
- 24 C' aít am bheil na fir mhóra,  
Bhíodh 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 laoch mí a rínn iomad ár,  
Ged' tha 'nois gun eail gun ghéan.
- 26 Is mí Oisein, dea' mhach Fhínn,  
Bha mí uair, 's bu ghairdceach leam;  
Gur mí shuibhídh an t-seulg,  
'Nuair a dh' éireadh fearg air Fíonn.
- 27 'Nuair a bha mí ann san Fheinn,  
'S mí gu treun a meag nam fear;  
Thígeadh caogad Iughean donn,  
A dh' fhaleadh mo chínn a bhean.
- 28 Cho b' e faileadh nan ceann caomh,  
Air do mhaol bu mhíann leam feinn;  
Ach beist míne Loch-leathain,  
Reubadh do shean leathair léi.
- 29 A hoich nach mol u mo mhúr  
Nau ceudan cu, 's nan teud near;  
'S ceolmhóire no Teamhra' bhínn,  
Annas gach tím bhíodh comhrag fhear.
- 30 Cha toir cliú do theach fúí 'n ghreín,  
Mar mhúr feilidhe Fhínn mo ghraidh;  
A leitid cho 'n fhacas riamh,  
A near uo níar taobh a bha.
- 31 Bha mí la bu mhór mo phris,  
Ann Teamhra' nau ceuda clar;  
Tha i' n díu 'n h' ábhaidh fhuar,  
Is míse mo thruaigh! gun mhíadh.
- 32 Mo dhea' Iughean bhá mí uair,  
Ghlacaim an eilid air chluas cinn;  
Bheirinn an bior fuinn amach,  
Ann 's an oí' che dhoreha dháil.
- 33 Ochoin, is mí 'nois gun treoir,  
Gun neach beo a ní mo chaidh;  
Gun chaomh a thogas mo leac,  
Is m' uaigh cho traachail, ach buirb.
- 34 Gun Chailte gun Osear, gun Fhíonn,  
Gun fhear m' osnaich gu tíom truaigh;  
Gun fhear m' osnaich ann gu fíor,  
'S mí 'n crann éirion a chailí na shuaigh.
- 35 Ghluais mo re mar sgeúl, no sgáil,  
Ghluais mo chaireann, is mo shíth;  
Ghluais mo sholas, is mo bháidh,  
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, 1875.

## 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 Danvegan steamer, between Cist and Barra. Sept. 18, 1871. He lives at Ballymartin, in North Uist.
2. Patrick Smith, South Uist. Sept. 17.
2. John Cameron, Berve, Barra. Sept. 25.
4. Dunean 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 (*geansa*) 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 fheòidh*, 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 Cunnail. He was born of a hind, (*Saibh-orachd fhothh*.) 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 began to lick the child, and she gave one sweep of her tongue to his temple. The deer's hair (*colg an fheòidh*) 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 chorus afterwards. In singing songs of this kind one woman sings a line, and all the rest sing chorus, while the whole body of women and girls mark time merrily with hands or feet upon their work. I have tried to spell the chorus 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-marque has treated a similar chorus more boldly.

Tan! tan! dir! oh dir! tan! tan! dir ha tan!  
Tann! tann! tir! ha tonnu! tonnu! 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 hò ro loo hòir*

Cha chluinn mo leann an mo guth;

*Bheir mì hò ro Rìgh; o hòir;*

*Bheir mì hò ro Rìgh; o hòir;*

*Eigh! Hough! ro Rìgh; thu gh' ìl*

*Bheir mì hò ro lo, 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 gleannibh fòdh

Faicail ort o chlann a Bhò.

10 Faicail ort o Chlann a Bhò

Clanna Bhò 's an cuid con.

11 Clanna Bhò 's 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 BAISGE.

Repeat 18, 19, 20.

21 Ma theid thu air bheanntaibh arda

†Faicail ort o Chlann na CRABACH.

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 chlaun a GHOBIAN  
 Bheir mi o huro ho  
 Bheir mi o huro ho  
 Bheir mi hi ri Righ 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 Tohnie, 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.

- I 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 íbh og o ho  
 Ri o hò ho rò.

The repetition varies thus:—

- 29 Ma theid thu air beamtaibh íscal  
 Bheir mi hò ri u o hò  
 N' aire dhuit o Chlann na FRITHHEADH  
 Bheir mi hò ri u o hò  
 Clann na Friththeadh '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, Breubhag, 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 Arasag, 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 phoilteachan 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:—'Oisín, 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 mbathair 's gur a fiadh thu,  
 Bheir mi hoireiu o o-hoa!  
 Orst an sliabh muin tig an teasach (*hunt fever*)  
 Bheir mi hoireiu o o-hoa  
 Shó hirir-dheug  
 O na haoi o ro hou  
 Faicil orst romh Chlanna Morna  
 Bheir mi hoireiu o o-hoa  
 Eho hiri riabhag  
 O na haoi o ro hou  
 Clanna Morna 's an cuid con  
 Bheir mi hoireiu o o-hoa  
 Da chlad diag a dh-aireamh fhear  
 Bheir, &c.

'S a chu fhein an laimh gach fir  
 'S a shleagh fein an laimh gach laoiach  
 Ma theid thu gu srath-na-h-amhann  
 Faicail orst romh Chlanna Ghabha

Here repeat as above.

- Ma theid thu do bheannaibh domhain  
 Cuimbuich an t-saigh earlach dhonn

Here this fragment ends.

2. From Aonas Mae Leoil, crofter, Baile Mharstam, Uist, a chinne Tuath, March 26, 1868.

- MU 's tu mo mbathair 's gur fiadh thu,  
 Bheir mi hoireann o a haw!  
 Faicill orst romh ghníomh nan con  
 Bheir, &c.  
 Eho heir ir eubhag  
 Ho-haoi o a ro haw  
 Ma theid thu (a) dheantaibh domhain  
 Bheir, &c.  
 Faicill orst romh Chlann a Ghabha  
 Bheir, &c.  
 Eho, &c.,  
 Ho, &c.,

Da chlad diag a dh-aireamh fhearaibh,  
 'S a chu feiu an laimh gach aon fhair,  
 'S iad air eil aig Leide mae Liannain,

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 sgáth chreagain.  
 'S eugail leis nach tig ige (thuige?)

3. From Oirig Nic Iain, Tao Loch-euphorst, Uist a Tuath, September 27, 1868.

- MUS tu mo mbathair  
 US gur fiadh thu  
 Bheir mi hoirean o haw.  
 Eirich mu 'n eirich grian orst.  
 Bheir, &c.,  
 Faicill orst romh ghníamh nan conaibh  
 Ma theid thu romh sruth-an-Ioinin;  
 Faicill orst romh Chlanna Morna  
 Clanna Morna 's an cuid con.  
 Da chlad diag a dh-aireamh fhearaibh,  
 Fear beag beag ri sgiath creagain  
 'S a dha-chu-dhiag air lothain aige.

Here follow verses with the names, Clanna Ghabha, 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 'us gur fiadh thu  
 Bheir mi oirriam o ahaw  
 Bì d' fhaicil romh ghniamh nan eonuu  
 Bheir, &c., (*some as in 2<sup>d</sup> versi n.*)  
 Eho, &c.,  
 O na, &c.,

'S iad eir bheannaibh arda romhad,  
 'S iad ag inise dhonh nach tig thu.  
 Faicill orst romh Chlann Ghil 'e ain  
 Clann Ghil 'e ain san cuid ehon.

Here follows a verse with the name Clann ic Phairec, and this note by Carmichael:—This old woman said that all the Finnechann (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 Morrison, 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.

Seimte le Do 'ul Maeaphi Gobha Breubhaig Barraidh,  
 10th December, 1866.

- 1 Ma 's tu mo mhathair 's gur a fiadh thu,  
 Bheir mi hoirion o ahaw,  
 Ma 's tu mo mhathair 's gur a fiadh thu,  
 Bheir mi hoirion o ahaw,  
 Eho hir-ir ibh-ag ò  
 Na haoi o a ro law  
 Eirich nu 'n eirich grian orst  
 Bheir mi hoirion o ahaw, &c.  
 Eirich nu 'n eirich grian orst  
 Bheir, &c.  
 Siubhail shlabh nu 'n tig an teasach,
- 2 Ma 's tu mo mhathair 'us gur fiadh thu  
 Faicill orst romh ghniamh nan eonuibh  
 'Siad air bheannaibh arda romhad,  
 'Seachainn Caoilte seachainn Luathas,  
 'Seachainn Bruachag dhugh nam bruaich,  
 'Seachainn an t-saigh eiriblach dhùgh (dùgh)  
 Bran mae Buidheig namh na 'na fiadh,  
 Agus Geolai bheag nan car.
- 3 Mu theid thu do bheannaibh fosal,  
 Faicill orst romh Chlanna Baoi-ge,  
 Clann na Baoisgne 's an enid eon,  
 Da chiad diag a dh' aircamh fhear,  
 'Sa shleagh fheinn an laimh gach laoiach  
 '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  
 { bheannaibh mora  
 Faicill orst romh Chlanna Morna  
 Clann na Morna 's an cuid eon  
 Da chiad diag a dh' aircamh fhear  
 'Sa shleagh fein an laimh gach laoiach,  
 '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 gheanna domhain  
 { eir chuanta (chluanta?) domhain  
 Faicill orst romh Chlanna Ghobha,  
 Clanna Ghobha 's an cuid eon  
 Da chiad diag a dh' aircamh fhear  
 'Sa shleagh fein an laimh gach laoiach,  
 '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 bheannaibh arda  
 Bì d' fhaicill romh chlann { a chearta  
 { na ceirde  
 { na ceardach  
 Clann na ceirde 's an cuid eon.  
 Da chiad diag a dh' aircamh fhear  
 'Sa shleagh fhein an laimh gach laoiach  
 'Sa chu fhein an laimh gach fir  
 'S iad eir eil ais 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 cluinid do leannan do ghuth,  
 'Sa dha chu dhiag eir faire maire  
 'Sa chu fein an laimh gach fir dliu.  
 Bha mi la 's bheinn sheilg  
 'S chunnaes fiadh a chabair aird  
 Gu 'n ghear e torra leum dha 'n loch  
 Mu theid thu romh gheannaibh domhain  
 Cuirmhiech an t-saigh earblach dhonn  
 (Cuirmhiech an t-saigh earblach dhonn ?)

July 4, 1872.—From these three versions gathered by Carmichael, and from my own collection of eight versions, this appears to have been a popular woman's waulking 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 SCAIMHNICHE 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 dhubh,  
 Cainte 'n d' fag u do chruth corr,  
 Sgeul na h-Eirinn a thoirt dhuinn  
 'S dheistamaid gu 'shùin re d' Ghloir,
- 2 Sgeul  
 'S òg a thaini' du rom sgeul  
 Nan tuipta leat fein mo dhan
- 3 'S òg  
 Sann re linn Chormaic ic Art,  
 A chairidh re skit mo th' snàth
- 4 Sann  
 Bha mi Tamull aig an Rìogh  
 Gann Imrachadh air dhrùin each
- 5 Bha mi  
 Ge sean suaimhach mi gun phrìs  
 Chunnachdas òl air tion us creach
- 6 Ge sean  
 Thani mi 'malairt an Deirg,  
 Gù Rìogh Eirinn meic an àigh.
- 7 Thani mi  
 Thani mi m' dhlìb air Goll,  
 O mhac Dregmhuinn na fonn sàor

\* sùimh.

† imlad.



- 8 Thani mi  
Bha mi rist aig Iolluinn 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 nalich nan arm gèur  
Cha ghlèidh e sèud ach seal
- 11 Oscar  
Dhìolnich e mise ro am  
Mhac O Duibhne na lann 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' thainig 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 rist mas aill Dia  
Gabhail sgial a Leabhar Ban.

## O. 33. AITHRIS AIR ORAIN NAM FIANN.

*Donadar.* 85 lines.

Dr. Irvine's MS., page 145. Copied by Malcolm Mac-phail, Edinburgh, April 2, 1872.

A TAILOR'S Parody on the *Féinne*, 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 *Féinne*, the Giants, the Hags, and even the Foxes of the fables. The composer seems to have been a Roman Catholic.

- 1 AN RAOIR chunneas aisling,  
An leaba 's mi gun dsgadh;  
Ach ma 's fìor na faidhean,  
Bha pàirt dhi mor na breige.
- 2 AM FOAR sin chaidh shìolacadh,  
O cheann trì cheud bìadhlua;  
A tighinn a dh' iarraidh deallachadh,  
'S bhean air dol an fìadh air.
- 3 O chunnaic mi na slobanan,  
'S na tobraichean air treasga;  
An fhaighe ghlas na h-ìomaran,  
Fo chrìuthneachd, 's fo bhuntata.
- 4 NA BHA 'n sin a dh' uamh bhèathachaibh,  
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 *meannh chro.* (*spreidh*)
- 7 O thachair Fionn Mac Cuthail orm,  
Is buighinn de na Fiannaibh;  
Is miol choim nca air iallaibh,  
Is iad a' dol air iarghlas.
- 8 Dh' aithnich mi na dh' fhead mi dhiubh,  
Bha Caoillte ann bha Diarmad;  
Bha Goll mor ard, bha Iolain ann,  
Cha d' fhuirich mi ri 'n sgeulachd.

- 9 Dìreadh ris na nehdanan,  
Bha cor is dusan mìo;  
Chaidh gach fear na armaebd diubh,  
Mharbhtar mi mar pìltheadh.
- 10 Ach suil a thug mi shealltain orra,  
Bha Coll air each gun diallaid;  
Chaidh mi steach do ghlean bha 'n sin  
Cha tarla dhomb bhi siamh 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 Ghomhairle,  
Cead gnothuich dol a Ghrianaig;  
Chaidh mi steach an talla 'n sucl,  
Bha lan caithream chailleach ann.
- 13 Thug gach aon te riamh dhu,  
Lamh a dh' iarraidh fàirec;  
Ghuidh mi, ma bha ciall ach,  
B' fhearr 'n rìgh na b' fhearr dhoibh.
- 14 Thuir am Fomhear mor 'se casdaich,  
Na leag a mach an Tar ghallach;  
Rug e air a thuidh mhoir,  
Is ghluais e clum an ùrlar.
- 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 Rusgaidh.
- 16 Ged thachair e measg bhìastan,  
Gun mhoran riasain anna;  
Thachair mi air Gille Martain,  
'S thug mi straid a chaint ris.
- 17 Dhi fhaoinneachd mi san tra ud,  
C' ait a dol fo armaibh;  
Thuir gu 'n robh a dh' iarraidh tagraidh,  
Air fear an cois na fàirge.
- 18 'S gu 'm bitheadh esan paiglte dheth,  
Co ceart ris bas a shean mhaithair;
- 19 O chunnadh mise sessarach,  
Nan seasamh ri ball caibne  
Mhuca mhara cho ghaoisidh,  
No cearca fraoich no calman.
- 20 Pass air an *Roinh* an sud (Rome)  
An seomar an cois armaid;  
Slaod Sicheailinn na Cìmaid as a h-earball,
- 21 O chunnaic mi na Muilearnan,  
Nan curraidh air an degnan;  
Ag iarraidh sneachd 's reata,  
Teann mhor tbeachd as na speanran.
- 22 Gur s n n th' air as sarrachadh,  
A cur nan aird ri cheile;  
Gleth ar leanadh as grotan dhuinn,  
A steach a chor nan edhlan.

Written from Alexander Cameron, tailor, in Easter Druncharry, 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 Mac-phail, 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 dheanamb endaic,  
Chlanna Baoisge mach 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 mheanmaich;  
'S cha lugha leam na Guimì (Guinea)  
D' ur shineadh e a lamh dhombh.

- 3 Chaidh mi tur a dheanann triùthas,  
Do Chuehullin an Dùn-dalgaun;  
An am dhombh snidh gu chumadh,  
Thàinig Fomhear mar a' m' ionnsuidh.
- 4 Tharruing Cuehullin an claidhe,  
'S maing a tharla air san uair sin;  
Sgath e na cuig cinn de mhùineal,  
'S mise chunnaic bhì g' am bualaibh.
- 5 Gheibhte forras a' d' thigh Rìghail,  
Pìobaraicheachd is cruic, is clarsach;  
Gheibhte coin sheang ann air slabhruidh,  
Iomad spainteach ghlas air a' clach.
- 6 Fion g' a' a'isig, ol g' a' iomairt,  
Fir ura ag iomairt air thalaidg;  
Mnathan deud gheall fuadail anairt,  
Ceur a' lasadh ann an coinleir.
- 7 'S lionar clogaid is ceann bheart,  
'S iomadach dearg is uaine;  
'S iona dioghailt as srian bhucallach,  
Pìllan oir is cuipean airgid.
- 8 'S lionar sleagh le 'n roinn ghear fhaoir,  
Bha 'n taic ri laoch a' d' thalla;  
Gheibhte Tombae is sgeulachd,  
Brandi Eireannach gun airceas.
- 9 Chuir Fionn teachdairnachd gam shireadh,  
Dheanann Briogas da de Bhalbhaid;  
'Dean farsuing e am bac na h-ìosgaìl,  
Los gu 'n faigh mi ruith gu calma.'
- 10 'S mise an duine as luath a' theirte,  
B' ann an seachd cathaibh na Feinne;  
Air a' ehuais na freagair duin aca,  
Gus am bì thu allamh m' sheirbhìs.
- 11 Thuirt Osear 'se gabhail m' thlachd,  
Cìod an sta dhut bhì gu shireadh;  
Mar fhaigh mise moch a' maireach,  
Sgudaibh mi 'n cleann dh' mhùineal.
- 12 Osear is mise do shean athair,  
'S e thachairt agam na shuidh;  
Gus am bì e ullamh 'm serbhìs,  
Cha dean e greim a' dh' aon duine.
- 13 Ge bu tu m' athair 's mo shean athair  
Cha bhì mi nis faide ruisgte;  
Mo choadan side ri fhuathail,  
Bheirinn duais eìonna a' dheanann.
- 14 Thuirt Conan 'se dusg a' chogaidh,  
Ge b' ail le Osear is le Fionn e;  
Gheibh sinn cuid ar croim dh' n Tailfhear,  
Gu eudach bainse mhic Morna.
- 15 Dh' eirich Caoilte, dh' eirich Diarmaid,  
'S neonach eìod a' ehiail th' a'gairh;  
Strì na lau puil's a' Thailfhear,  
Is nach riaraich e air fad sibh.
- 16 Gabhaibh gu snidh is gu sìochan,  
'S nì mi inluchadh air an ceart uair;  
Cuiribh ga fòich na Feinne,  
An Tailfhear m' an eirich leis breamas.
- 17 Math do chomhairl's Dhiarmaid,  
O' s eoraibh shìochan dhuniun 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 Arianna, Glenloch, the same on whom McIntyre made the satirical song. Taken from Angus Stewart, tailor, Burmannoch's recitation, who had it from Donald Dewar, tailor, now dead, at Dalchosnie, Feb. 25, 1891.

It mentions King George and King James and the Battle 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 Diarmaid gu glie soisneach,  
'C' ait am b' abhaist domh bhì chomhnuidh;  
Thuirt mi fhein le briathraibh ailde,  
Gu 'm b' abhaist dhomh bhì 'n gleann Lochan.
- 2 Cia mar tha iad mo lehd cinnich,  
Eadar dhuine, Ghille 's ogan;  
Cia ma tha 'm Baran 'sa bhrathair,  
'S na bheil a' lathair an t-sheorta.
- 3 Nan robh duine aca sna cathair,  
B' ac' air nachair Alba;  
Eadar rìgh Deorsa 's rìgh Seumas,  
No ma thearainn iad gun mharbha.
- 4 Bha mise ann an cath an t-siorra,  
'S innsidh mi dhuitse Dhiarmaid;  
Rinn clann Dombhuil rianail an dlighe,  
Theich Diue Gorlan as na cianaibh,  
Mar-a'isg oirbh ehuideachd an donais;  
Cìod uime nach do chuir sibh fios oirne,  
'S chairtemid nunn na Saganach,  
Thar a' Chastail Notha aon uair.
- 6 Ma thig an rìgh air a' philleadh,  
Steach a' Shìorrachd na h-Alba;  
Cuiribh litir blarra g' ar sreadh,  
'S gu Dìne o' bearrag 's enrachd.
- 7 Biodhse 'g' ineachd a' dh' Albain,  
'S feuch am faic sibh mo dhoinne;  
Beir serruidh nams mo chend 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 Truised Stone,' near the butt of Lewis in Shawbost.

- 1 ESRIBH beag ma 's a'ircamh laoidh,  
Chailin O! an stiùir thu mi?
- 2 Sgèula 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 cuach òir,  
Lèomadh e gun chomhla an airm;  
Le biast a' ghiinne bho thuanth,  
Thuirt mac Chumhail fo chruaidh cheilg.
- 4 Bu mhòr am bend an fhuil bhaor,  
Tuitcam le guimhail nam bean baoh;  
A' cheud lù a' chaidh Fraoch a' shuamh,  
La guth m' àineimh thàrladh olc;
- 5 Thug e lìn a' bhrat gu tur,  
A' chaorainn abhuc min gun lehd,  
6 Snd an lus am bheil mo mhian,  
A' laimh Mhic Chumhail nan ciamh càmh  
U' bhallan na eoraibhe a' s' arda dos,  
Chì mi air an lech nd thall.
- 7 Labhair Mac Chumhail nan cuach,  
'S lasair a' dhà ghruidh mar fhuil  
Chaidh e shuamh an lech air uair,  
'S an eadh-uair am fuachd gu ghain.
- 8 Mothachaidh gach fear fo 'n ghòrcin,  
A' bhean fèin nu 'n deau i' chroin;  
Ma 's bì iad uile gu leir,  
Mar tha bhaobh an deigh nan corp.
- 9 Seachd rìghrean ehuir i' gu lùs,  
Thàrladh sud 'na dàil 'us gunn b' olc;  
Cearail, 'us Earail, 'us Fraoch,  
'S Cuchullin a' sgoilteadh sgrìath,  
'S Fear Liath an taoibh ghlil,  
Oislan Mac Shligheigh nan eliar,  
Nach diult biadh do neach air bith.

- 10 Bha mise an cath an dè,  
'S gu'n robh mi f'ìn an cath ennie,  
An cath callan bho 'n taobh tuath;  
'S cath carran bho 'n cruaidh trod.
- 11 Is Truisealach mi an dèigh nam Fiann,  
'S fada mo phian an deigh chaich;  
Air m' ulain 'san àird an iar,  
Gu bun mo dhà sgiath an sùs.

As recited by an old Lewis-man (Norman Murray, Habost, Ness.) in the Spring of 1867. Given to Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan by Malcolm Macphail.

### LATER HEROIC BALLADS.

THE STORY of the Feinne as told by Oisein to Padraig 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. Padraig 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 mhor. 38 pages of pure Irish prose, supposed to be a translation from Welsh; a story in which King Arthur's knights are introduced, and necromancers, 'Gruagacha.'

I conclude that this popular Ballad represents the Fenian story passing into the Arthurian story, and clad 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 sgòil luainneach 's cha bhreug,  
Air an Oinid d' an geill na slòigh;  
Laogh meannach air nach dearg àrm,  
'S b' e b' ainm dha 'n t-Amadan mòr.
- 2 Smachd an Domhain de ghlae se,  
Giulla nach d' fhaod gun bhì bòrb;  
Cha b' ann gleachda s'ria na lann,  
Bha neart a bh' ann ach na dhoid.
- 3 'S amhluidh sin do bhithheadh e,  
'S iomad triath' bha fù' smachd;  
'S sgùla gearr na dheireadh thall,  
Tuig mo rann 's gu bheinn i ceart.
- 4 Lò g' an rabh an t-Amadan mòr,  
Air chriocheibh Lochlain le seòl gaoidh;  
E-fein is aon mhac-o-mnai,  
'S ni 'm facas riamh h-àilte mhuaoi.
- 5 Ann gleann diomhair tharla dhoibh,  
'N gleann bu bhoidheche bha fù' 'n ghrèin:  
B' àile srath 's bu mhine fonn,  
Fuaim a thonn ri slios a shlèibh.

- 6 Sin 'n nair thuir mac-o-mnai,  
Fhir is fearr lamh ga bheil ann;  
Chuairtich mi 'n domhain nu thrid  
'S ni facas tir mar tha 'n gleann.
- 7 'S chunnacadar a teachd an ròl,  
An Gruagach bho bh breagha brot;  
Saothach dh' òr loisgte na dhorn,  
Coltach ri eorn sam biodh deoch.
- 8 Sin 'nuair 'labbair am fear mòr,  
Ni 'n rabh mise fòs ri m' rè;  
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 fiosraicheadh 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 suidhe Ochlach mhòir,  
Na biodh dublach is òl do dheoch.
- 11 'S na commaine ceudna dho,  
Thuir an t-amadan le glòir ghlic;  
'S e toirt sioca sugha draotha borb,  
'S cha d' thig braon sa chorn nach dibh.
- 12 'S air imeachd do Ghruagach a chuirn,  
Bu neo-buaghar a chuirn r' a h-òl;  
Na cosa bho na gluine sios,  
Bha sid a dhith air an fhear mhòr.
- 13 Sin 'nuair 'labbair a mac-o-mnai,  
'S trugha a fhath mar tha thu nochd;  
'S teard do charaid sam domhain mhòr,  
'S ni 'n oill leò thu bhì gun chos.
- 14 Sin 'nuair' thuir an t-oglach mòr,  
Biodhsa ribhinn òg a' d' thosd;  
Cha bhì eos air dùine 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 gharb san trod,  
'S bu luaithe è air a dha ghuln,  
Na seiscar le lugh an eos.
- 17 Air dhoibh suidhe air an t-sliabh,  
Chunnacas fiadh shuas Gleann-gorm;  
Gaodhar geal eua, dearg na dhèigh,  
Tathunn gu gear air a lorg.
- 18 Sin 'nuair thig an t-oglach mòr,  
Urchair ghasda le seòl gear;  
'S chuireadh le neart lamh an laoich,  
An t-sleagh troidh' dha-thaobh an fheidh.
- 19 Ghlae leis an gaodhar bàn,  
'S chuireadh è na lamh air cèil;  
Biodh tu agam deamam ceoil,  
Na gu 'n d' thig duine na toir ad dheidh.
- 20 'Se chunnacas a tighinn bho 'n ghleann,  
An Gruagach gan rabh deara òr;  
'S ann hobhadh air a thaobh cù,  
A dha shleagh 's a sgiath na dhorn.
- 21 Bheamaich an Gruagach deas donn,  
Do 'n Amadan mhòr is ga mhuaoi;  
'S ghabh e sgeula dheth gu beachd,  
Cìod am ball an do ehleachd an t-saoi.
- 22 Is mise Gruagach a ghaodhair bhàin,  
Tha air do lamhise Mhaea-mòr;  
Riddire Curand gu b' è m' ainm,  
'S anns' gach bale gu gleithinn buaidh.
- 23 Bheirinnse mo dhearbha dhuit,  
Mhacain sin is aithe dreach;  
Nach bi Gruagach a ghaodhair bhàin,  
Gu là bhràth r' a radhain ruit.
- 24 Nach leoir leatsa Mhaea-mòr,  
Leth-breth na dho, air an roim;  
An t-sealg uil bhì air do lamh,  
'S an gaodhar bàn a leighe leam.

- 25 'S mise féin a rinn an t-sealg,  
Se thuir an t-amadan gárg dian;  
Ge b' e againn is treise lámh,  
Bíodh aige an gaodhar bán 's an fiadh.
- 26 Bho thárladh mo ghaothar ort,  
'S po chosa, a bhí d' dlíth;  
Bíadh is aodach fad do ré,  
Bheirinnse dhuit féin is do d' mhnaoi.
- 27 Sin 'nuair labhair am Maca-mnai,  
Bheir thusa 'n gaodhar geal do;  
Gheibh e sin is an gaodhar brae,  
N' am b' eairde leats' ní bu mhó.
- 28 Thog an t-Amadan am fiadh,  
A lann a sgiath agus a bhean;  
Agus dh' imich iad nan triuir,  
Ann san inl a rinn an fear.
- 29 'Se chunnacas uatha sa gheallann,  
Cathair gan rabh deatra óir;  
'S ní 'm faeas riamh sealla súl,  
Nach faighte anusa chuir na s leoir.
- 30 Sin 'nuair labhair am fear mòr,  
Cò i clathair óir bhui' úr;  
'S boidheche dealbh s is aile dreach,  
Na faigh' sinne breith na h-iul.
- 31 Dùn-an-óir an dùn am bhuid,  
Dùn-a-ghnail gu b' e sid ainm;  
'S ní mairtheann a Fhiannaibh fail,  
Ach mise 'mhàin agus aon bhean.
- 32 Chunnacas aon bhean anns' an Dùn,  
'S ní 'm faeas sealla súl bu bhreach;  
Bu ghile na 'n eabbadh a enes,  
'S guirme rosg sa deud mar bhla,
- 33 Dh' fhiosraich an ainuir óg,  
An tús an sgeoil da fear féin;  
Cò i maca-deud-ghéal-óg,  
Is am fear mòr do 'n d' thug i spéis.
- 34 'N-t-Amadan mor gu b' e ainm,  
'S ionadh triath a bha fúí smaechd;  
Fir an dombain bha ga reir,  
'S mise féin gu do gheil do.
- 35 'S neónach leam na bheil thu radh 'n,  
Mhiads air 'n do thar e doigh;  
Ma chuir e dombain fúí smaechd,  
Com na leig á chosan leò.
- 36 Rìghrean an dombain gun gheil do,  
A roghainn sin an lonhóir óir;  
'S mur bhí druigheachd a chuirn ehadro,  
Cha leigeadh e chosan leò.
- 37 'S air dhoibh suidhe air an òl,  
An da mhnaoi óg a b' fhearr cliù;  
Bha Gruagach dhùs-an-óir nan treis,  
Is Amadan mòr nan cleas lùgh.
- 38 Ach 's mithích dhambhsa dol a shealg,  
A Dhùn-deilg 's do Ghleann-smàil;  
Gleith mo math dhamh air mo ehil,  
Mo ehuid óir is gleith mo mhna.
- 39 'S ge' do robh mí fad a mach,  
Na cadail is na crom do cheann,  
'S na leig aon duine a mach,  
Na duine' steach aeh na bheil ann.
- 40 Sin 'nuair thuir an t-òglach mòr,  
Thigse ribhinn óg fúí 'm' cheann;  
Tha 'n eadla a teachd am thuar,  
'S ní togair leam suain ann Gleann.
- 41 Ach air bhí dha na ehadal trom,  
Thainig Gaisgeach donn a steach;  
'S do mhnaoi a' Ghrugach thug e póg,  
'S cha b' oill leis an òigh a theachd.
- 42 Ach dh' eirich an ainuir mheirbh,  
Is tharming i gu garbh a cheann;  
Bíodhsa t-fhairreach—oglaich mhoir,  
Ma rinn thu 'n t-suain cha b' e 'n t-ám.
- 43 Mur bhithine am shuain gu leoir,  
Cha d' tigeadh iad oírnn a steach;  
Gu d' thig Gruagach Dhùn-an-óir,  
Mu 'n rachadh am beò a mach.
- 44 Choir an doruis do ghabh ò,  
Ghiceadh leis a sgiath na dhorn;  
'S cha d' bhuail gobha' ceard na saor,  
Comhludh bu daingne na 'n koch borb.
- 45 Dh' eirich an Gaisgeach deas donn,  
'S a dha shleagh sa sgiath na dhorn;  
Fág an doruis oglaich mhoir,  
Cha bhall coir am bhicil tu tàmh.
- 46 Rìgh! gu fuillig mis' am bàs,  
Bho ghabh m' e tras am cheann;  
Mu 'n d' theid aon duine a mach,  
Na duine steach aeh na bhicil ann.
- 47 Gheibhte tu m' airgead is m' òr,  
Mo ehnlaidh mhath shròil is m' each;  
Bu choi-dheas leam nuir na tìr,  
N'an leigeadh tu 'ris mi mach.
- 48 Ge do 's math t-airgead is t-òr,  
Do ehnladh mhath shròil is t-each;  
Aeh gu d' thig Gruagach Dhùn-an-óir,  
Cha racha' do bheò a mach.
- 49 Mo chomraich ort oglaich mhòir,  
Gabh naoi daehunn do dh' òr glan;  
Fonn is carras 's fearann saor,  
'S leig mi 'n raon a dùn-nam-ban.
- 50 Bheirimse briathra na dho,  
Nach rachadh do bheò a mach;  
Aeh an d' thig Gruagach an teach-óir,  
'S gu dioladh e póg a mhna.
- 51 Gheibheadh tu do leth-ehos fud,  
Mar a b' fhearr gan rabh i rianh;  
Deir an Gaisgeach a bha glie,  
Leigse nise dhomh bhí triall.
- 52 Sin 'nuair thuir am fear mòr,  
Dean thusa ort fos gu mall;  
A ehos eile gu ceum cruagh,  
Gu d' thig bh' naitsa na do cheann.
- 53 Mo ehomruich ortsa a bhean  
Didinn mo ehorp 's glae mo lann;  
Do dhidinn eha neil an blás,  
A mhacan is aile dreach.
- 54 Do dhidinn eha neil, &c.,  
A mhacan, &c.  
Aeh a ehos eile thoirt do,  
'S bh' g' imeachd an ròd a mach.
- 55 Fluair tha nis do ehosan fud,  
Mar is fearr gan rabh iad riamh,  
Deir an Gaisgeach a bha glie,  
'S mithích dhomh a nis bhí triall.
- 56 Na eosan so fluair m' ceart,  
Ní 'n leiginn iad leat na leo;  
'S ní 'n rachadh tu fos a mach,  
Aeh an d' thig gruagach an teach-óir.
- 57 'S mise gruagach 'ghaodhair bhàin,  
'S ní ehuir ann 's gach càs thù;  
'S mí thug do ehosan bh' uait,  
Dh' idreahduinn do luais 's do lugh.
- 58 Bho a tharla dhinn bli' 'n sith,  
Thugainn 'n ar dhùil dol a mach;  
Siubhlaidh 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 mbein is grádh air ghràdh;  
'S chualas sgeul luaineach 's eha bhreug,  
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  
Maephail. 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 CRUALAS sgeula luamach gun bhreig ;  
Air Onaid gan gheill na sloigh ;  
Fear meamhmach air nach dearg arm,  
'S e b' ainm dha un t-amadan mor.
- 2 La do bhí an t-amadan mor,  
An crieh Lochlin na seol gaioth ;  
E chuileachd air aon mhacan mna,  
Gum b' ailde briagh i mar mhnaoi.
- 3 An gleann diomhar gu'n tharla doibh,  
Nach romh iad fos ann roí riannh ;  
B' fhuin shrath 's b' ailde fhonn,  
F uain a thoun ri slios a shleibh.
- 4 Chunnas tighinn o'n traigh,  
Gruagach o'n dealradh brat ;  
Salbhach oir lasta na dorn,  
Coltach ri corn am bitheadh deoch.
- 5 Comhairle Bheirinn ort,  
Na feuch a dheoch, na blais a bhíadh ;  
Ach gu'n fiosaicheadh an gleann,  
'S nach robh sinn ann roí riannh.
- 6 Bheannaich gruagach a bhrait oir,  
Do'n Amadan mhor 's do mhnaoi ;  
Na bisa dubhach fhuir mhoir,  
Ach bi-sa subhach 's ol deoch.
- 7 An comain nam briathra dha,  
Ghlac e fein an corn na laimh ;  
Thug e satha draosda borb,  
Nir dh' fbag braon sa chorn nach dibh.
- 8 Dh' imich gruagach a chuirm,  
'S b' fhuathach a cuirm ri ol (cal cuirm)  
Na cosan o na gluinibh sios,  
Bha dhi air an fhear mhor.
- 9 Sin do'r thuir a Macan nua,  
'S truagh an cas am bheil thu nochd ;  
'S tearc do charaid san domhainn mhor,  
'S ionmhainn leo thu bhí gun chos.
- 10 Thuir an t-amadan ra mhnaoi,  
Tog a' d' chaidh 's bi nad thosd ;  
Cha 'n eil aon chos ann san tír,  
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 um bu bhinne ceol ;  
Imrich mo sgiath 's mo lann,  
Gu aonach is fearra doigh.
- 13 Air dhoibh bhí tamull a' triall  
Chunnas fiadh a beannaibh borb ;  
Gadhar cluas dearg na dheigh,  
Taghuinn gu gear air a lorg.
- 14 An sin gun tug an t-oglach mor,  
An nirehir ghasda le seol gaioth ;  
Chuir e fada lamh an laoch,  
An t-sleagh ro' dha thaobh au 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 Chunnas tighinn o'n traigh,  
Gruagach afainn o'n dealradh or ;  
Lann min gear air a thaobh chli,  
Da shleagh is sgiath na dhorn.
- 17 Bheannaich Gruagach a' bhrut oir,  
Don Amadan mhor, 's d' a mhnaoi ;  
Cíod i do rioghachd gur beachd,  
No 'n tír anns na chleachd thu bhí ?
- 18 An Ridire Coren gar e m' ainm,  
Anns gach ball bheirinn buaidh ;  
'S mi gruagach a ghadhair bhain  
Ma' r' a lamhsa Amadain mhoir.
- 19 A mhacan is ailde dealbh,  
Bheirinn fhein mo dhearbhdh dhuit  
Nach bhí gruagach a ghadhair bhain,  
Gu la bhrath ri radha ruit.
- 20 Cum nach foghma leat fhuir mhoir ;  
Leatrom na dha bhí san roimh ?  
An t-sealg uile bhí air a laimh (al. lann),  
'S mo gadhair ban a leigeall leam.
- 21 'S mise fein a rinn an t-sealg,  
Arsa an t-amadan garg dian,  
'S ge bi againn 's fearr lamh, (al. lann)  
'S leis an gadhar ban 's am fiadh.
- 22 O 'n tharla mo gadhair ort,  
'S do chosan a bhí ga d' dhith ;  
Biadh is eudach fad do re, (al. gad reir)  
Bheirimse dhuit fein 's do d' mhnaoi.
- 23 Sin do labhair Macan mna,  
Thoirsa an gadhair lunn domh ?  
Bheireadh as an gadhair 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 an fear ;  
Thog e air a mhuiu am fiadh,  
Chrannag, a sgiath, is a bhean.
- 25 Dh' imich iad an sin a shealg,  
Air Uamhuinn dearg s air ghleann smail ;<sup>2</sup>  
Anhaire mo chaithir 's mo chuil,  
Mo chuid oir 's caithir mo mhna.
- 26 Mu euthir tharladh mi ri d' thaobh,  
Caithir ann o'n dealra oir ;  
Ni 'm faea mo shuilsa riannh,  
Dath air nach robh air nis leor.
- 27 Ach gu'n tig mise fhuir mhoir,  
Na luidh, is na crom do cheann ;  
Na leig duine 'nad choir a steach,  
Na duine mach dene th' ann.
- 28 Chois an dornis do shuidhe,  
Rug e air a sgeth na dhorn ;  
Cha d' rinn Gobha riannh na saor, (ceard)  
Comhla 's daingeann naoch rior. (borb)
- 29 Thuir 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 bithinse am shuain na leoir ;  
Cha tigeadh tu a' m' dheoin a steach,  
O na tharladh mise ann an so,  
Do bheo cha racladh mach.
- 31 'Nuair bha 'n gruagach na luim,  
Leum e suas an uedh a mhna ;  
Gabhann do chomhrich, a bhean,  
Anhaire mo chor 's mo lann.
- 32 O nach umhail duit am bas,  
Fhleasgaich tharladh a' d' chas teann ;  
Chas eile ga ceann cruidh,  
'S fearr dhuit uat na do cheann.
- 33 Ach mo chosan a bhain diom,  
Cha leiginn ris leat na leo ;  
Ni mo racladh tu a mach,  
Gu'n tig a gruagach na Teach, oir.
- 34 Buaidh is beannachd ortsa fhuir mhoir,  
'S mor mo dhoighsa as do rnn ;  
'S mi gruagach a ghair bhain,  
'S mi choinnich air lamh thu.
- 35 'S mise thug do chosan uat,  
Dh' fheuchain do luathas 's do luth ;  
Chaidh iad an sin a mach,  
A ghabhail beachd air gach uil.
- 36 Ghlacadh iad eheile air laimh,  
Mhuin air mhain 's gradh air ghradh ;  
An domhain uile gu beachd,  
Am fear mor gu smachd fhuair.
- 37 An aill leibh sgeul luamach<sup>3</sup> gun bhreig,  
Air an Oin g an geill un sloigh.

<sup>2</sup> Air uain an deirg an gleann smail.—Robertson, Charles.<sup>3</sup> Ruanach.<sup>1</sup> 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 CHUNCAS uatha sa ghleann,  
Cathair dhe 'n robh dealba' oir;  
Cha 'n faacas riama an sculla sul,  
Nach faea anns a' chuirit nis leor.
- 2 Dh' fhaoinnachd a Maca Mor,  
Co i a chathair oir righ ur;  
'S aille dreach 's is gloine dealbh?  
Am fugh 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 mha'n 's m' aon bhean.
- 4 Chunnas ainm anns an Dun,  
Na suidh an cathair uirigh oir;  
Ba ghile 'n an cathair a cneas,  
Bu ghorm a rosg 's a deud mar bhla.
- 5 Dh' fhaoinnachd an ainm oig,  
Toiseach gach sgeoil ga fear fein;  
Co e am macan deud gheall oig,  
Nam fear mor gu bheil sibh geill.
- 6 An t-amadan corean 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 luthad Triath 's na sbar e dhoibh;  
Mar geill an domhain da air fad,  
Cum na leig e chosan leo.
- 8 Bheirinnsa mo dhearbha duit.  
Ainm mheirbh mbin a bhrat bhreagh;  
Mar ri duigheachdan a chum 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 chiu,  
Gruagach Dhuin an oir na treis,  
Is amadam mor nan deas luth.
- 10 'S mithich dhombsa dol a shealg,  
Air nan an Deirg an gleann smail;  
Glethsa mo rath air mo chul,  
Gleth mo Dhuin 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 fou' 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 ainm mheirbh,  
'S tharruing 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 leor,  
Cha tigeadh se oirm a steach;  
'S gu tig Gruagach Dun-an-oir,  
Mun teid esa an rod a mach.
- 16 Chois an domais do ghabh se,  
An laoch air nach teid gun bhi garg;  
Cha do bhuail Gobha, ceard, no saor,  
Comhla 's daingne n' an laoch borb.

<sup>1</sup> Dh' fhiosrachadh.

- 17 Sin thuir an gaisgeach deas donn,  
'S rug se air a sge na dhorn;  
Fagsa 'n doras, Oiglaich mhoir,  
Cha bhall coir sa' bheil thu ghna.
- 18 Ach gu' m fuighinnsa 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' cach;  
'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 dabhichan de 'n or ghlan;  
Mo chrobb 's m' eich 's m' fhearann saor,  
'S leag dhomh an rion an Dun nam ban.
- 22 Chuirinnse do leth chas fodhad,  
Mar a b' fhearr a bha i riamh;  
Se thuir an gaisgeach a bha glie,  
'S mithich dhombs' anis a bhi triall.
- 23 Deansa fossa ort gu mall,  
Thuir an t-oglaich nach robh cli;  
Chos eile le ceum cruadhas,  
Bhithcas i nat air neo do cheann.
- 24 Do dhuidh cha 'n eil o' n bhas.  
A mhacan is aille dealbh;  
Gun a chos eile thoirt dha,<sup>2</sup>  
'S gabh sa 'n rod a mach.

Crìoch 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 nainich chualas gun bhreug  
Air Eoin gun a gheill na sloigh  
Fear mor meannach mac an Deirg  
Ga 'm b' ainm an t-amadan mòr  
Fear mor
- 2 Neart an Domhuin 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 Rìogh' ehd Lochluinn ceol-caomh  
Latha
- 5 E fein us aona mhachdaibh nna  
'S bu leoir a h' aillichd mar mhnaoi  
E fein
- 6 Chasidh leo Gleam Diomhair roid  
Nach rabh siad ann roimhe riamh  
Chasidh
- 7 Do dh' fiosruich a machdaibh nna  
Fhir a farr lamh rabh tu ann  
Do
- 8 Th' siubhail mi 'n Domhan mar thri  
'S cha 'n faeas tior nar an Glean  
Th' siubhail
- 9 'B ail fiodh us feur 'us fonn  
Us fuaim a thonn ri slios a th' sleibh  
B' ail

<sup>1</sup> 'S mi chuir anns gach cas thu.

- 10 Achanich a dharrams ort  
Na h' ol a' dheoch 'us na cath a bhialh  
Achanich
- 11 Gus a fiosruich u cia 'u Gleann  
Nach rabh n ann roimhe riamh  
Gus
- 12 Gu bheil mise fos rem re  
On la glachd mi Seeth na lann  
Gu
- 13 An nair b' mho bhiodh mo thart  
Sin an nair bu th' seachda bear?  
An nair
- 14 Chunnachadar a teachd san ròd  
Gruagach ur o 'm breocha brot  
Chunnachadar
- 15 Sa chorn Ialluichte na dhorn  
Coltach re corn am biodh deoch  
Sa chorn
- 16 Bi nad th' suidhe oiglaich mhor  
Na bu dublach us òl deoch  
Bi nad
- 17 Ruge air a chorn gu brise borb  
'S cha rabh braon sa chorn nach ibh  
Ruga
- 18 Nair mhothnich Gruagach a chuirn  
Nach buadh a chuirn ra h-òl  
Nair
- 19 'N da chois o na Ghuinibh sios  
Bhiodh a dhith air an fhear mhor  
'N da
- 20 Sin nair labhair Gilbhan òg  
'S mor a m' bronsthair imeachd ort  
Sin
- 21 'S teare do charid san Domhan mhor  
'S cha n' òil leo u bli gun chios  
'S teare
- 22 Uist a nis a Ghilbhann òg  
Tog thus ad bhron 'us bi d' thosd  
Uist
- 23 Cha bli aona elias ann san Tìor  
Neo gheibh mi rist no dha chòis  
Cha
- 24 'N imraich thu mo Sciath 's mo Lann,  
Gu an Inbh us fearr dreach us deal bh  
'N iomrich
- 25 Dhimchidar a sin a raon  
A Bhean sa a Laoch bu mhor trot  
Dhimchidar
- 26 Bu haithe eisan air a dha Ghinn  
Na seisar air lus an cùs  
Bu
- 27 Chunnachadar a teachd san Ròd  
Gruagach ur fuidhn dearsadh òir  
Chunn
- 28 A Lann than' air a thaobh cli  
A dha th' sleadh sa sciath na dhoid  
A Lann
- 29 Bheannuich Gruagach a bhruit òir  
Don Amadan mhor 's da mhnaoi  
Bheannuich
- 30 Us ghadhaidh leo sgenla gu beachd  
Cia 'n t-sliogh as na chleachd an t-saoi  
Us
- 31 Riodaire choreair se m' aium  
As gach ball do bheirinn buaidh  
Riodaire
- 32 'S mi grugach a Ghadhair Bhàin  
Air do Laimhsa mhachdaibh mhòir  
'S mi
- 33 Bheira mise dhearbhadh dhuit  
A mhachdaibh 'us fear dreach 'us dealbh  
Bheira
- 34 Nach bi grugach a Ghadhair bhain  
As a so ri raitin rint  
Nach
- 35 Nach foghmadh leatsa mhachdaibh mhòir  
Leathrom na dho bli san roinn  
Nach
- 36 An t-sealg uile bli air do laimh  
Sau Gadhair Bàn 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 lunnh  
'S leis an Gadhair Bàn sa fiadh  
'S ge
- 39 On tharhadh dom Ghadhair ort  
'S na cosan a bli gad dhi—o 'n &c  
On
- 40 Biadh agus aodach mar th' feinn  
Bheirinn sid dhuit fein 's dod mhnaoi  
Biadh
- 41 Sin nair labhair Giolbhann òg  
Thoir dhosan an Cadhair Bàn  
Sin
- 42 Gheibhadh e sud san cù breac  
'S nam bu leatsa ni bu mho  
Gheibhadh.
- 43 Dhimchidar a sin na triuir,  
Ann san iùl a rinn a fear  
Thog e air a mhinn a fiadh  
An crannagibh sgiath sa Bhean
- 44 Chunnachadar a teachd ren taobh  
Cathir ur fuidhn dearsadh òir  
Cha rabh dreach ga faea suil  
Nach rabh air a chuirn gu leoir.
- 45 Air chromadh dhuinn anns an Dùn  
Cha 'n faea suil ni bu bhreicich  
'S giola na 'n canach a corp  
'S guirme rosg sa deud mar bhla
- 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 Gilbhann mheirbh an rois  
Rìghre 'n Domhain tha na mhòinn  
'S mise fein a gheilladh dho
- 48 'S ioghadh leam na bheil thu 'g radh  
Rìghre 'n Domhain bli fuidh smachd  
'S gun leigidh e chasan leo  
Sa liudhuid sloigh a thug dha geill
- 49 Bheiradh mise deirbha dhuit  
A mhachdaimh 'us fearr dreach 'us delbh  
Mar bli Draoidheachd chuirin 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  
Cathir mo mna 's mo chuid òir
- 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  
Sau cadil gan th' suain gu mor  
Tharinn i a cheann gu cruidh  
Rinn thusa 'n t-suain 's cha b' e 'n t' àm
- 53 Thanig an Gruagach deas Donn  
'S do mhna ghruagach thug se pòg  
Lathir an Dornis sann thugh se  
'N Laoch nach faod gun bli borb
- 54 'S cha do chuir Gobhinn na ceard  
Combla b' fearr na 'n Laoch borb

- 55 Nair bhà 'n Gaisgiel an cas cruaidh  
Leum e gu luath 'n naid na mnà  
Tha mi cuir claimric ort  
Coimhliontachd no chos 's mo lamh
- 56 Ach cha 'n eagal duit do 'n bhàs  
Cha nann an eas tharladh tu  
Gus an dìg gruagach dhun an oir  
'S gun dioladh e pòg a mhnà
- 57 Thug mise le 'm Dhraoidheachd fein  
Do leith chas do 'm luing a steach  
Gheibha du fuid mar bhà u riamh  
'S mo leigail sa ròd a mach
- 58 A chas eila gu cèim cruaidh  
Bheira du uait na do cheann  
Gus an dìg gruagach dhun an oir  
'S gun dioladh e pòg a mhnà.

Chrioche.

## 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 Trece, by John Dewar.

## IULAIREAN.

- ICLAIREAN 'us horo hì !  
Là 'chaidh Osear nan sluagh,  
Inlair ohon horo chò !  
Gu tulaich nam buadh a shealg ;  
Iulairean 'us horo hì !  
Gu 'm ficas eigo 'n à shuain,  
Inlair ohon, &c.
- Ribhinn a b' fhèarr snuagh na 'ghrian,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- An fhìor bhealaidh ruadh bhà 'n a bun,  
Inlair ohon, &c.
- Chunnacas 'an iomall a' chuain,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Iùbhrach nam buadh tigh 'n gu tìr,  
Inlair ohon, &c.
- Ba fionnhor imt' 'cuach agus cup,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Aon bhean iunt' 'an cathair òir,  
Inlair ohon, &c.
- Ag iomairt 's ag òl mu seach,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Dh' fhoighneachd e de 'n mhnai oig,  
Inlair ohon, &c.
- ' An àill leat mise near fhear ? '  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Labhair ise 'm briathran bò  
Inlair ohon, &c.
- ' Cha-n àill leam thu air son fir,'  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- A fheasgach, ge boidheach do dhreach,  
Inlair ohon, &c.
- 'S ge briagha leat fhéin do shlios,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Tha mi 'nis a' dol a mach,  
Inlair ohon, &c.
- Is sgéula na bhéil agaibh orm,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Tha sgéula beag agam no dhà  
Inlair ohon, &c.
- Air Fionn mac rìgh nan arm,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Ruitheam, caisream, traogham, d' fhearg,  
Inlair ohon, &c.
- Cuiridh mi dealg 's an fhear mhòr,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Cia mar a dheanadh tu sin,  
Inlair ohon, &c.
- 'S nach tu laoch a 's fèarr 's an Fhéinn ?  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Goididh mi 'n claidheamh o 'chrios,  
Inlair ohon, &c.

- 'S gearraidh mi gun fhios deth 'n ceann !  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- A laoch a thàinig a 's teach,  
Inlair ohon, &c.
- 'S ann leat a chumich an t-euchd :—  
Iulairean 'us, &c.
- Mharbh thu dithis de chlànn rìgh Gréig—  
Inlair ohon, &c.
- 'S tu fhéin a mharbh an treas fear,  
Iulairean 'us, &c.

## Z. 3. RIGH BREATAINN. 46 lines.

Orally collected in Islay, by Mr. Hector Mac Lean, 1860.

- 1 CHUNNA rìgh Breatainn 'na shuain,  
An aona bhean a b' fhear snuadh fo 'n ghréin  
Gum b' fhearr leis tuiteam 'n a gearn  
Na còmlradh 'pheathar mhath féin.
- 2 Labhair Sior Bhoilidh gu fal :—  
' Théid mise g' a b-iarraidh dhuit ;  
Mi féin, mo ghille, 's mo chà  
'Nar triuir a shireadh na mnai.'
- 3 Seachd de sheachduinn ean 's trì miosan  
Bha sinn sgèth ri duinn 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 staugh ;  
Cupaichean a 's cuaich, a 's cùirn.
- 5 Latha dhomh 'seòladh g' am bun,  
Thàinig an t-slabhraidh chuir a nuas ;  
Cha do ghabh mi sgreannh na sgaoin ;  
Chaidh mi urra 'm dheann a suas.
- 6 Chunnacas a' bhean dheidh-gheal òg  
'Na suidhe 'san òr a steach ;  
Sgàthan gloine air a da ghàin ;  
'S bheannaich d' a gnùis ghil.
- 7 Fhìr 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 fhuath,  
Chuir iad Sior Bhoilidh fo cheith,  
Thàinig a stigh am fear mòr.
- 9 ' Uaidh, 's a Thasgaidh, 's a Rùin ;  
'S mòr an cùram th' agam dhìot :  
An cuir thu do cheann air mo ghàidh,  
'S gun seinnidh duit ciuil a 's cruit ? '
- 10 Thuit e 'n sin 'na shioran suain  
An dèis 'bhith 'cuartachadh chuain ghaibh :  
Thug iad a chlaidheamh o 'chrios,  
'S thug iad deth gun fhios na cinn.
- 11 Cheanghail iad an sluagh gu léir,  
'S bhà 'bhean féin fo chumha thrinn ;  
Fhuair iad gach ni mar a b' àill,  
'S thug iad an cumh do 'n taobh tuath.
- 12 Gus an tulaich ghuirm ghlaib ùir  
Far am bu lùghbur 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, Mardoch 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 1634-5. 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. 63 lines.

TRANSCRIBED June, 1872, by Donald Mac Pherson, Advocates' Library, from No. xxxv. Kùbride. 'Report on Ossian,' 2956, No. iii. written in the Irish hand, by Eamonn Mac Lachlain, 1634-55.

- 1 NAR mhaireann teimbar aithuath  
Ni fan casa ruaidh na chochd  
Fionn mac cubhail flath na bhfiann  
Ab theid go sliabh dha chon
- 5 Do chonarc mi ceisd dha cur  
Cia as luaithe anugh no an chearc  
Do rinne og earannan feall  
Ar o ceonnaigh na ceall mheag (comg̃)  
Ni bhfaicinn tu an bráthair bocht
- 10 Mairg a nochd ata gan arm  
Innis duinn a bheanas amugh  
Nar chuireadh cath chluain tarbh  
Do theglach brughin da dhearg  
Cuma lom sealg shleibhe crot
- 15 Iomdha sionnach aslach gua  
Fada fuar anoidheche anocht  
Do rinne Fionn eirighe mhoch  
Ni hionann broc agus fiadh  
Do bhean na fagthar ar fail
- 20 Tangadar gaill anath eliath  
Do fuair mac samhain aghuin  
Gana eolun na bith gan airm  
Fad lom garaidh is Goll  
Tainn longh asliabh cairn.
- 25 Do dhearg mac lughaidh alamh  
Is iomdha bad ar an Snuir  
Tarla do chramm air an tsoip  
Druid ronham gu ros mac criuin  
Do thuit meirge cath cuim
- 30 Leir don luig teacht atfir  
Mairg na bfan abluferann ceall  
Ait an cuirfinn ceann no linn  
Math an maraidhe mac leoid  
Do thegladh fa dho an traoi.
- 35 Ni fansa saoghal ach seol  
Is aithne dhomh fear gun mhnaoi  
Do chuala mi glaoth sa bpart  
Nach ionan mac agus miol  
Do mharbhadh gaill accluan tarbh
- 40 Eire aird innis na riogh  
Seacht nar onid anocht  
Tainn long a bport a bháid  
Do bhi claidheamh ag mac ceacht  
Is iomdha sgeul air na mnaibh
- 45 Conall eamach do mharbh Conn  
Is aluinn fonn mhuighe ré  
Do chualh an claidheach ar cuairt  
Am baile i Ruairc bhios o ncell  
A bheanas fa ndeanann tu ead
- 50 Is binn beul na ceol crot  
Do thuit ean cheann innis fail  
Na Deana do dhuil ga bog  
Ne hionand ceare agus coir  
Ad bathadh long asliabh liag

- 55 Cia don fhein rer ceangladh roe  
Dhail catha i lirr ceare is miall  
Mac Subhaltach na sleidh slim  
Ds chinm ar chach  
Do mharbhombair fiadh araon
- 60 Don taobh thiar don thsliabh bhán.  
Is mor mo dhonas tar chach  
Beag nach bhfeas am bas ren bhéal  
Iomdha aracht a ghleth ruic  
Ag sin an cruat ar na gheas
- 65 Donnella mha guidhir nar cereach  
Fear nach cuirinn ceare air cill  
Na leigse a choir le cath  
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 'Rims.' 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:—

OC. MOLADH CLADHEIMH CHONAILL.

Orally collected by Alexander Carmichael.

'S E mac mnatha síthe a bhá ann an Conall Gulban, Chuir righ Lochlainn fo dhraoidheacht e; agus bhá e fad trí ráidhean 's a' phann (bruth i) agus dúil agus nach robhe ann ach an oidhche. Fhuair Conall an claidheamh o a shean-athair, ain bodach síth, 'nuair a bhá e ann am prunn Bheinn Ghulbainn.

'Nuair a rachadh an saoidh 'n a chulaidh chatha chruaidh chomhraig, 's e bu chulaidh chatha chruaidh chomhraig dha, a chrios strilean, stróilain, a léine shleamhuinn de 'n t-sioda bhuidhe, 's a lúireach aigleineach iarruinn, a chlogda clocharra ceanna-bhuidhe gu díon a mhúineil agus a gheala-bhrághaid, Chuireadh e sgiath bhú caideach, bhá caideach mhín-dearg air a thaoibh ch, air am bu hionmhór dealbh léomhain. Bobhair, gri-bhinnich, nathrach bheunnaich losnaich shliagach.

Fín an uir a dheasaicheadh an loch a Shlachdan gearr, cruaidh, curranta claidheamh an deigh a tharruing as a chisidh chaoil ghluinn ghiumhais. A cheann air a chur ann gu soear, nar chuisnidhata, 's e gu' fhuoc air a linteann. 'S e gu' hionmha, hionmharta; 's e gu' bhúir, fulangach; gu' ruighinn, gearr, ri ionarrachadh; gu' so-chur, sathta, so-bhuaidhe 'n a huanhinn gearr, eutrom, iongantach. B' e sin an claidheamh, Siosantach, Súsantach. Ghearradh e naoi naoinear a null, agus naoi naoinear a nall, agus ghlaic e a fhein anns an lámh chendha a rithi 's e; naille ri a dha sgitheinn ghúineana, ghóineana, mar arm gheur ghorrag, mar arm ghorm sgian. Sgian a ghearradh ubhal air uisge agus fuilteann foimneara, fíorghaidh; a bheireadh uisge air stiornannan, agus teime dearg air an earluinn anita air an toiseach agus asta air an demeadh; far am bu tiugh e bu tanae, 's far am bu tana bu huathsgaoiteach, bu dún-mharbhaich. Cha 'n fhágadh e fear inneadh sgeoil na maoidheadh an tuairisgeoil, nar an rachadh e 'n talann toll na 'n sceilpeamann chreag; ach aon fhear leighann ruadh air leith-shúil, 's air leigh-ghlúin, 's air leith-chluais; 's ged a bhíodh deich teangann fíilidh fíor-ghlic 'n cheann, 's ann ag inneadh uile fhein agus uile cháich a bhlitheadh e, agus treunant a' ghaigisic.

Q. 3. CORADH

TIANHAIDH EADAR INGEHAN OIGHE BHAILLA CLATH, 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 dhomh-sa fhlir fudh chreuchdaibh,  
A mhic cheantaich an cairraidh naíne,  
Cíod e 'n leath, na 'n cath o 'n tain' thu,  
'S iad mo bhraithairean mo chuis truaighe.
- 2 INNIS thusa dhomh-sa air thoisceach  
Aobhar t'osnaich a gheug mhálta,  
Na 'n robb dainn agad, na caradh,  
Ri feuraibh nan cridheacha culma.

- 3 Trí trianau de chloinn mo mláthar,  
B'iad mo bhrathairean iad san uair sin,  
'S ar leam fein gu 'n robh iad comhbail,  
'S a' naonar ann an carraidh uaine.
- 4 Na 'n tugadh tu dhomb-sa cobhair,  
Deoch fhuar o thobar ua h-íochlaint',  
Gu 'n imnsin duit na comain sgeula  
Air naonar an carraidh shioda.
- 5 Sin ghluais a bhean gu suilbhair,  
Gus í chluimintin sgeul a brathairean,  
A's fhuaras lea 'n tobar tuinn-ghlan,  
'S e lomlan an cois na tráighe,
- 6 Thog í lea lán a eniache  
De uisge an fhuarain 'san ám sin,  
'S gu 'n tug í dh'ionnsaidh an laoiach e,  
S' bha 'n sgeul ud faoilfidh o 'n bhuantraich.
- 7 A nis o chaisg thú t'íota tharta  
Innis dhomb-sa pairt de d' sgeula,  
Ach a hoiach na bíodh ort iomgluain,  
'S an leam fein gur mor do chreuchdhan.
- 8 Latha dhomb-sa bhí sa bhliar,  
Anns an robh na curaidh chalmá,  
Le m' chlaidheamb gear, a 's mí m'aonar,  
Leam a thuit do naonar brathairean.
- 9 Thuit mo bhrathairean-sa 'n Cath chluaine,  
'S air leam fein gur curaidh an aoidh,  
Sgal a chuirein chaoin a chualas  
A's mó a rainig riannh mo chruille.
- 10 Ach mus cruaidh leat sgal a chuirein,  
Na bí caoidh cloinne do mlathar,  
Air ghradh t'einich na ceil orm,  
Co thú fein, na co e t'athair.
- 11 Inghean oighre Bhailelaith,  
Cha cheiliun a thriath nan lann,  
'S do ghrugach Eilein nan eun,  
'S ann a rug mí fein mo chlann.
- 12 Mís a 's grugach a chuirn Cheusda,  
An triuir macan, a 's an cu,  
An t-seiscar a b'aillí fudh 'n ghreoin,  
Gus n' do mbill sin fein ar clu.
- 13 A mhacain sin a ghearr na spaoidh,  
O 'n a thog thú do sileghir sí sien,  
A nis o thainig mí do d' fhios,  
Innis a ris co thú fein.
- 14 Mise Murcha sin mac Brian,  
'S ioma sciath a sgoilt mí 'n cath,  
Gus an diugh gu 'n deingean cend,  
Le m' chloidheamb gear, a 's le m' ghatl.
- 15 Trio Chad bliadhna thug mí beo,  
Mar chuilean na chluainean fein,  
Cha robh báigh agam rí neach,  
Ach ag síor thoirt chreach an geill.
- 16 Latha dhomb-sa bhí san Dùn,  
'S ann domh fein bu chruaidh an sgeul,  
D'fhag mí 'n grugach, 's a thriuir mac,  
Sinte fudh 'n bharr shioda, sheamh.
- 17 'S air an taobh mu thuath de 'n Bhrugh sin  
Chunnacas an tobar a b'áinín',  
Bha na bric a' snamh gu h-entrom,  
'S iad ag léimeadh suas re bhraghad.
- 18 Na trí bric áluinn, iongantach,  
Re faicinn sgáile m'aoain-se,  
Thuit iad fuar ann an tinneanas  
'S ann domh-sa a b'aoibhar thursaidh sud.
- 19 'Nuair a chual' an cuilean sítheadh,  
Gu 'n robh mis' a caoidh na cloinne,  
Leig se na trí sgalan naith,  
'S thuit se fuar mar neach eile.
- 20 Chladhaich mí naigh dhoibh san Innis,  
O na d'fhalbh iad de 'n aon tinneas;  
Ach a Mhurcha nan sciath láidir,  
Sin agad mur d'fhag mí 'n Innis.
- 21 Ach a Mhurcha nan gruaidh corcair,  
O 's ann leat a lotadh mo dhaoine,  
Gur e chobhl' readh air mo dhochunn,  
Lán a chopains' dhe d'huil chraobaich.

22 Tog thusa leat lán do chuaiche  
De 'n fhuil fhuair, a 's i gun tiomadh,  
Eineach deighniamach ch 'n súram,  
Their leat mo sgeul, agus íuthich.

## 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 Trec, 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 Tobermory recited a version of this to me in 1870. John Dewar wrote a version in 1869; and generally this pervades Scotland.

As sin do ghabhadar Leinteog shithe sheimh shroil do 'n Shioda bhuithe, on Deig ghriste 'n teamta ri gheala-cheas. Do dh' iathas mu 'n Leinteog ud an Coithean caonla, cuantha, ceos-bhla, baobla, cros-mhor, cothar-aichte, suaimhor sroidearg, sioda, air uachdar na h-or Leinte sin.

Do dh' iathas mun Choitein sin an scabul fighí, fion-deirgin, orchum, ceamach, còileirich, farsuing, caomh-ghorm, cloch-corrachin, air a chomdach cloch-corrachinogail, fuaim ceasda Chudram air taobh an treun scabull, ioghain mu 'n Chlet-taobh neid agus a-na-bhrech. Do dh' iathas mun Scabul sin an Luirrach shithe, threum-analach, thorrur, ghleusta, gharbh, ghabhalach, fhad, eatrom uilleamach, farsuing, leobhar, Lochlanach, gun fheantas, gun fhotos, gun rheas-fhotos, air nachdar an treun scabul sin. Do dh' iathas mu 'n Luirich sin da Chrios amalach, an or Litir daingin, duilleich, deo-mhais-each, suamhain, clar-leathun, an Eugasg saumhailte, don anuailte, ballach, breac-echar, buagh-scianhach air a chomhdach gu Ceard amhail do Chlocha buaghacha, breac-mhaiseach, as a Chath-chrios cho-nhadh, gu diun Ceas a Cha-nhíis as na Cathaun creuchdmhor.

Ansa Chrios sin do chuirte a Chlaidheamb, clais-leathan, co-shinteach, fíre-chruaidh, sgaitach, gorm-shel-heit, beolha, beumchearnach, bleithich, nasal, an t-Ead Chlaidheamb a hún, orlirich, do 'n Ghoinnach ghlan, ghorm-shelhuist, mung, ahainn, aon Dornist. Or-thruaill ga uime dháid, air taobh eil an treun-churaidh, an aghai na h-Iorraghail 's gach Iorraghail da íomán.

Air sin do ghabhad dho sga dhom, dhualach, aon dhualach da Ghualan dha thaobh feirigh chudrom, Chro-farsuing, le seamanah oir 's le Slairisthí aigid.

An sin do ghabhad a Chath-bharra, chudramach, Chneas-bhughach, Chloch co di ga 'n bu choaimn Clogaid ann san t-sheanna Ghailie.

An sin do dh' úinicheadh Each dha ga m' b'áinm Gorm-stend, ghaista, ghniomh-calamh, mion forasta, Folt-leamhar, uaibhneach, fhoilneach, ionbathach, toineach, Tos-hath torumhher, mungach, meannach, mor chroidheach, sul-ghorm, seang-ard, seocail, fallain, feohdhor, feadreach, 'n Eugasg Orshrian sítir bhlar do mharaichidh trid na 'n Ballachan co math sa mharaichidh e Machair min sgáimhach.

## EOGHAN O NEILL A CHUR AIR EACH.

From the Revd. John Campbell, Minister, Trec, 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.)

CLU' AN EOGHAIN B' NAISLE, B'ÁINEAMH, BÍ GA MHAOIDHEADH.

Gille uaibhreach iognnach nan gart gábhail Ceumas foilleart, beg an t-úilleart. Fhuair an t-óg-fhear, gu oighnachd Neill óig más eigin.

Ge íomadh laoch bhá 'n latha sin an teach Eoghain, gabhail gu bun ris na bath-cháid, buar an t-eanachail, srath Lathrumn o shlios Teandraíth, mar bha Fearghus 's sur Phillimore, Saor Dhun-oighre Maos Dhun-dealgaidh, 's gearr an úine gus am faic sídh riu nan chudaladh latha Dhundealgaidh. Gheill eóg eóigeann nan dána Mhac-a-Duibne : 's ann da b' anuail heart nacáine, do na daoidhean 's na daoir-rúne.

Dh' éirich Clann o Biorrachlainn a Borrachlainn a Buidheannaich, Clann a Diomasach a Duamasach, deagh mhéarach, deagh mhóra, deagh Dhomanullach, Clanna Rìgh, ruadh, rud fir air urrain, a sheasaich éididh dh' Eoghan o Néill san nair sin gun uirreasbhuidh.

Chuir iad an laoch na chaol léine ghréis, innealta, air a dìon-chriosadh, 's a maise gu muineall.

Chuirte 'n taice ris an léine an triùbhsan eutrom, each-darach;

Chuirte 'n taice ris an triùbhsan a bhàrè chaoil dhèrach, 's a bhàrè dhònach 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-iracha, an-òrach, an-uilleanach, breac-cangach, sgiamhach, sguamhach, sgobhanta, cnaparra de 'n òr, ro-iasgaidh mun fhuasgladh.

Chuirte 'n taice ri sin an claidheamh tana, diasad-gheal, bòdarra, làidir, leadanach, air chumadh bhagun àiridh, 's mar bhòrd de 'n ubhar ìochlarach.

'S e bu sgeul ceaird d' s bàird d' s luchd fìlidh, gun robh a dhùil éididh às airn d' s inneil aig Eoghan, nam biodh a dhùil eich aige;

'S ionadh mùillein indorlach agus ite laoich 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 mhàr-cachd;

Bha trì gnèithean a ghnè an t-sionnach ann an each Eoghain, Earball meadhon mòr, car an aghaidh cuir, agus chluas ri cuisdeachd;

Bha trì gnèithean de ghnè na gearra ann an each Eoghain, sùil mhòr cholgarra, sròn bhiorach, mhungeanda, muineal reamhar 's ceann cas;

Bha eòig gnèithean deug de ghnè na saoidh ann an each Eoghain, bha e gu h-easgaidh, òg, innealta, ciar, gearanta, chluas, mas dhùilleig, uch-d nàr ghearran, fad-shreathach, stad-spreathach, mòr-shùileach bag sròineach, na tharbh truisgte, 's na bheithir bh-cuimhaich, tighinn, bho àite nan ionad gu ionad na h-èiridh.

'S e bu sgeul ceaird d' s bàird d' s luchd fìlidh, gun robh a dhùil éididh, d' s airn, d' s inneil, d' s eich aig Eoghan, nam biodh an diolladh air each Eoghain.

Fhuaras dha an diolladh chòmhaid, bhuaicheadh, thorrach, shuineach, thoraicheadh, ghlasach, ghiortach, stiòrach, srian o dhruinn 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-thuicheadh;

'S chaidh e trì uairean tiomchill an òtraich, 's ghabh e eagal 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 ole mo shuain  
An sgeil so chualas osaird  
Gillaspie buachail a chur  
Ar na ghlasadh san tuir fo gheard.

2 Dia cobhur ar ar feidhm  
Cur tuallas na bràg ar chàird  
Cur ear na consbòid mun cùairt  
Beir consbòil na slàgh a làird.

3 Fuasgail e o dhòrsuibh báis  
Rétuidh an ród dhò gu deas  
Ge<sup>2</sup> hóba phrisoil na slàgh  
Ort ni bhfuil ni crauidh no cheisd.

4 Do ghairlean làidir na thóir  
Air gach pòir ga faighidh an fheill  
Dhainh Dheòin a mhí rùn sa ceilg  
Gabh na teoglan garg mad smachd

5 Impire Babilòin mhóir  
Chuir an iomluigh oir san leirg  
An cilmhuin lasrach na colg  
Mug aise na hógie o fheirg.—

6 D' nasgidil thu na geinbla crúaidh  
Do Phendar na buagh na fheidhm  
Charn thu an fhairge sùas le sruth  
Tha ú an deudlagh mar bath- (bha ndé)

7 Faguidh a churadh fa dhion  
Are na ri ancarr  
Leoghan do lochd smérbe mor  
Chluar mi na slòigh fad smachd.

8 Scobhae don ealtuin abg fear  
O dreim Artuir a ba garg colg  
On chú cròr re búan na gearae  
Feinich fearail na mbeun<sup>1</sup> borb.

9 O Duibhne o Dhún na geuach  
Gan tioc fadh na slòigh fa tìochd  
Bruth sollas ba niamhd bés  
Mbiadh còimhlión na ced go d

10 Iomdha toiseach tréu admhagh  
Fa Iomhar fleadh agus lamu  
Armuin fo dhion do sgeith  
Deirdh le triath Dhundubheann.

11 Do bharrachd ad bhaile dérach  
Gam biodh do theach na thigh stóir  
Gaisgidil go huabhbreach na gelcus  
Mar ghuar do bhés tra nóin.

12 Ba eileathach calma do 'n chrúin  
Libh o thús o lin go lín  
Bhí ga fhreasdil anns gach buaidh  
Is ro bheg liom do dhuanis da cionn

13 Tuirsach mó tuiribh do bhés  
Chraoibh thuinidh déradh rath  
Iosa le mbeirar gach buaidh  
Tabhair eisteachd dom dhu<sup>2</sup> go maith.

<sup>1</sup> Na Feineborh geors. <sup>2</sup> 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. GILBHHINN. 40 lines.

Orally collected, in Islay, by Mr. Hector Mac Lean, in 1860.

BHA duine 'chòmhnuidh Rmh ri coillidh, agus bha nigean dhreachmhòr aige. Chaidh i mach latha, 's choimnich fear i, agus 's e 'n t-ainm a thug e air féin Gilbhin. Thois iad air leannanachd o latha gu latha. Dh' inis i d'a puthair e—agus gheall a puthair nach innseadh i do dhúine 'sam bith e;—gun d' thigeadh e mach air a ghúin ma 'n d' thigeadh e 'mach air a beul. Ach ma dheireadh dh' inis a puthair d' a muinntir e, 's chaidh ise chuibreachadh a stigh an deigh. 'S e leannan sith a bha ann. Cha robh i fada beò an sùil so;—ach bhàtar 'ga chuinntinn daoman a neas a bha i beò a' gabhail an òrain so.

### GILBHHINN.

1 GRAIDHIN Gilbhin hùgaidh ò. Fonn.  
Hùgaidh horò hùgaidh ò.  
Gràidhin Gilbhin hùgaidh ò  
Thug thu 'n còile cadail diom.

2 Air an luan na air an luan,  
Cha d' thèid mise 'chrò nan uan;  
'S cha mhò thèid mi 'chur an fhrois,  
O nach bi mi bhos r' a bhuan.

3 Air a' bhliokair 'ud 'san t-sruthan,  
'S air a' chubhaig a ni 'n t-seinn;  
Air a' choill ud thall ma dhuilleach,  
Cha d' fhuair duine riamh no sgeul.

- 4 Chì mi mo thriuir bhriùthrean seachad,  
Air na h-eachaibh lona luath;  
Sgeannan eud 'bhith throinid an crios,  
'S ann fàil thein 'na sìtheann Fhuar.
- 5 Chì mi m' athair air an tràigh; —  
Gur h-e fear an triùbhaibh bhàin;  
A rìgh nach fhaicinn na h-òin  
Os cionn a' bheoil a' bigearnaich.
- 6 A phlùthrag de phlùthragan,  
'S ann riut a leig mi mo rùn;  
Gur luaithe thàinig an sgeul,  
Air do bheul na air do ghlin.
- 7 Ach a nighean 'nd 'san dorus,  
Gu fàicinn triuir air do bhàrais,  
A nì sgòtadh a' bhradaim fhìor-uisge,  
Eadar do dha chich 's do bhroilleach.
- 8 Cha dèan mi mire ri Macan,  
Nu ri mac an larla ruaidh,  
Gus an cuir am bradan tarra gheal  
Tri eclair dheth an crò nan uan.
- 9 Cha dèan mi mire ri Macan,  
Nu ri mac an larla ruaidh;  
Gus an dèan tiolair mhòr nan spògan,  
Leaba chloinn an druim a' ehuain.
- 10 'S a' chraobh chaorainn 'nd 's an dorus,  
'S ann urra thèid mi do 'n eibh;  
Bheir sibh m' aghaidh air Dan Sealbhain,  
'S nì sibh dhomhsa carlad grunn.

X. 4. DUARAN (SUARAN ?) AGUS GOLL.

Copied by Malcolm Macphail, from materials furnished by the Rev. Dr. Mac Lauchlan, 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 Lauchlan. See Vol. xii., p. 58, MS. 334. I will give my own version with other translations.

BHA GOLL aig Duaran (Suaran ?) agus Goll air an aon nighinn, agus bha namhaideas aca ri chello leis a sin. Bha fear a ruith, eodar riu ag imseadh an darra fear gu de bha an fear eile 'g radh mu dheighinn. Bha *foers, fees* aig Iain mac Iain le Eoghain air an laoidh Chòidheich so. Ach cha 'n eil cuimbe agamusa ach air beagan fhaeil. Cha chuala sibh riamh, riamh na bha aige do bhàrdachd agus do laoidhean Oisein, agus cha chuala duine leo riamh bardachd bh' bhrìgha na i. Chumadh e fad na seachd-quinn gheuchraidh sibh a seinn laoidhean Oisein, agus Ochain 'Ochain' 'so fein a sheinneadh iad. Agus aig deireadh na seachd-quinn cha chuala sibh leth 's na bha aige. 'Nis bhiodh an tigh aige dian lan a chuil h-òiche, a cuir a mach air an dorus, agus nach fàigheadh sibh snidhe no seasadh ann. Cha 'n eil duine beo n' duigh aig a bheil laoidhean (bardachd) Oisein mar bha aig Iain mac Iain-le Eoghain (an Talamh-sgeir).

Coinneach Mòireastan, (Mac Illeghoire ?) 's an Trithèan 's an Eilean Sgiathanach.  
Sgrìobhta Deiruar (Dec.) 12mh, 1862.

- 1 THUG AN DIS AN AINNIR GAOL,  
Ach air Goll bha gorm shuil chaoim;  
B' e fa h-aislig, e 's an òiche,  
'S fa fa broin mu chaothan, no chaoirean, choill-  
tead.
- 2 'A Dhuarain (*Shuarain* ?) cuim a sheas ?  
A Ghoill cuim a thuit ?  
'A Dhuarain (*Shuarain* ?) cuim an cualas-riamh  
Luaidh air a shliochd ?
- 3 Fhuair eadh an ailcag 's i bronach.  
'S beo cha bhuinte lho gaol i,  
Beul ri beul (*ri bhòil* ?) 'us uehd (*'s a h-uehd,*)  
ri uehd,  
Mar fhuirtheadh slat ri (*mu* ?) stoc aosda.

This form of *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 Fenine, 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 'OL,  
A' caitheamh 's ar iomairt lagha,  
Chunnaic iad collum gun cheann,  
Direadh o gheann an dà ehlaidh.
- 2 'Mo chomraich cirbh Fhianaibh maith  
Eadar mhae rìgh 'ns mhac Fhìlath:  
'S iao chonaich ort ma 's tu Fionn,  
Os an evann uile gu leir.'
- 3 'Or 'us airgead 'us euid,  
Gheibheadh tu sud bh' nam gun aise,  
Ach cha luidhean leat mar fhear,  
Air na chuir na neimh gu làr,
- 4 Nì mo a shinear ri do thaobh,  
Air a bhì gun mhnaoi gu brath;
- 5 Fhinn mhic Cunnail a ghin Leigh,  
Cha robh m' feum do chuid òir;  
Ach thu luidhe leam mar fhear,  
'S gun thu ga ehlèith air an Fheinn.
- 6 Labhair Treun mo ghollan fèin  
Ge do labhair ba bheum laoch;  
'Luidhidh mise leat mar fhear,  
'S cha chleith m' 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. 59, 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 Muehtan. 'Comlaoch 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 of later than 1847.

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. Maighiech: 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 sheuth,  
An aoidhnean an duigh sinhlaid sìos;  
Dh' fhaibh coigreach b' airde guth,  
Cha 'n fhaicear an steud each san t-sliabh.
- 2 Tha stoirm coigaidh fada thall,  
Aiz Channa Gall o thuath;  
Dh' fhalbh iad mar mar aileas chrann,  
Ar kaula dearg an fuil Lochlain.
- 3 C' ait a nis a bheil thu Eite,  
C' ait a bheil do bhreugan dana (granda)  
An dean iad do chobhair an cruas (cruadhas)  
An dean iad suas cron do chairdean.

- 4 Fheara fúicibh 'n tuil ar, nomadh,  
Thar sgeir fhaoin o mhéudhoin sgairnich;  
Síd mar ruarais naimhdean seurse (or sairse)  
O gáleanaibh, so chraobh nam fúsach.
- 5 Lean sinn an ruag gu diana dana,  
Chualadh Tuaid guh an air;  
Glaodh mor thighearn, baighail, baighail,  
Faic a bhaigh a righ na 's fearr.
- 6 Cíod uime deir Fíonn, A threig thu,  
Leachd nun ceud f'hearán a bha;  
Cíod uime dh' airr thu coghna dhaonnan,  
Chuir tha Fíonn 's a dhaíme o bhlar.
- 7 Thainig Maighleach orra mar thorrann,  
Log mo thighean 's mo mhna;  
Ruisc C mo cboilltean aobhinn aluinn,  
'S dh' fflag iad mí mar eun gun sta.
- 8 Chuir mí flos a Loehláim uabhreach,  
A philleadh nam neart an air;  
Tha mí nis mar sgeir gu enairteach,  
Le near thonnaibh buaireach ard.
- 9 Tha mí nis fo d' ehuim a threeun-fhear  
Faic mo bheud dean rimm laigh;  
Tog m' uallach tha trom ri ghuilán,  
Tha mí euirte anns gaeh aine.
- 10 Tha Fíonn mar oiteag a gheamhraidh,  
Da naimhdean eilan mo ghraidh;  
Ach caoin mar aiteal an t-samhraidh,  
Do shíochad aimbeairt thig 'a' m' laimh.
- 11 'S leat mo chloidhe, s leat mo hachruidh,  
Cha 'n fhaoin an ionairt nun lamu;  
Píllidh Loehlán mar thonn na sgeire,  
'S bíthidh Breután dho fathast slán.

## 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 Baisigne, and seems to be a  
popular ballad broken and mended. I have no other  
version.

- 1 Ma shealgachan mor a' ghlíne,  
Ma Láitricheín ghliun Loire;  
Ma gléau dubh nu loch nu lach,  
Ma tteach rígh Soeh rígh Suine.
- 2 Chaidh Fíonn gu sláib maigh Macharach,  
A chruinnceadh steach na seilge;  
An ualán mor Glu bhinn glao bhinn,  
Gur e feig O-baoisg agus Obair ghlic.
- 3 Chruinnceachadar an Fheinn uile,  
Iar claisim doibh na glaoth Feinne;  
Lomlán a' d' fhuil agus a' d' fheithibh,  
Dh' ionnsuidh na Tulich san robh O-baoisge,
- 4 'Se Fíonn fein a rinn an t-seald,  
Do na Fíannaibh nasal hanbhídh;  
A 's nír dh' fflag e san Fheinn, g' e b' iognadh,  
Aon' laoch deaneach no fear dearmad<sup>1</sup>
- 5 Tus eiridh do na Fíannaibh,  
Aois Feinne do Mhac Cumhail;  
Is b' eigin do Gholl gasraidh,  
Tus uigh na Feinne thulang.
- 6 Air do laimhsa Ghuill Mhac Morna,  
Fhír nam briathra togha, treuna;  
'S ann mar sud bhíteas an fiadhach,  
Ged nach fan thu am fannachd Éirin.
- 7 'Se bhúhair Goll nan ceuma calma,  
Dhuitsa Fhinn a bhreitheamh bhaoilich;  
Dh' fflagas mí 'm aogh braonach meannach<sup>3</sup>  
Gur e dh' agair Goll air Oisain.
- 8 A' gheug a chosnadh dhuinn gach feum,  
Aisig sinn a near do Albuin;  
O mo h-Érlín gu mo h-Érlín<sup>4</sup>  
Gluasadar 'nur longaibh leothra.

- 9 Is ann 'ur bareaibh fada reamhra,  
Ann an aít a' bhreitheamh bhaoilich;  
Gabhail glóir na geoithe ga íbha.
- 10 Thug sinn bliadhna an Dan Erla,  
Ann an aite gle ghlic toslach  
Ar mnathan agus ar clam an Albuin,  
Is bha ar n-annsaich an Dan Monidh.
- 11 Ghluasadar an ceart cheann na bliadhna,  
Ann an trom ghóil dian na dile;  
Fear nach do chleachd ionmluín obaich,  
Deich ceud sgiath bu dearg dealradh.
- 12 Chruinnich torr<sup>5</sup> nan treun fhear,  
Chanadar glóir gle bhinn ghlosruidh;  
Chuir sinn Teachdaire chum nam Flath,  
Gu 'm b' e sud na Catha calma.
- 13 Is neonach a chlamna Morna,  
As ar tighlín foigula do r<sup>6</sup> n-aois;  
Teacha dh' fhuabairt Cath a dh' Albuin,  
Gu aibhne chlamna Baisige.
- 14 Agus nach b' ionan coimeasg<sup>7</sup> Gobha,  
Dhuinne agus dhoibhse;  
Agus nach b' ionan cruas do r sgeimibh,  
No do r lannaibh no do r doirdibh.
- 15 Agus nach b' ionan coimeasg catha dhuinne,  
Agus do chuiridheín O-baoisg<sup>8</sup>;  
O mhac Morna gu Dun Míogha,  
No o laimh na Sötha Saoiaich.
- 16 Aobh agus Oscar agus Oisean,  
Seachda ceud deug agus trí fichead,  
Fíonn agus fine mhic Cumhail,
- 17 Thainig Mac Iain rígh Ianric,  
Fear nach do chleachd ionmluín obaich,  
Deich ceud sgiath bu dearg dealradh,  
Gu 'm bu bhannb ri dol san troid iad,
- 18 Thainig Iolán nam beumana;  
Fear nach d' thugadh geill a nasgaidh,  
Cabhlach mor de mhaitibh Eighne,  
Thainig fo'n eath-eididh thugann;
- 19 Thainig clann Fhinn uile,  
Dh' fhlingeadh mor cheum do crach,  
Agus clann na Meara Mora,  
A' bhuidhean shogha sheasbhach.
- 20 Chanadar an sin ri cheile,  
An comhara bu leoir a ghmogha;  
A chuireadh Mac Ialla á creagáibh,  
Is á bareaibh reamhra ríthe.
- 21 Thuit leamsa Dathan,  
An cios ionain a bhuille;  
Aobh agus Goll Mac Laghair,  
Dh' fflag mí ann iad a thri builleán.<sup>9</sup>
- 22 Mar thuill a' ruidh le gléann,  
Trom bhuirich an meag nu crann;  
No mar fhiadh ri frach beaune,  
Is gadhair dian 'na dheigh mar theine.
- 23 Síd mar theich clama Morna,  
Dheag am fear le fuil nan treun fhear;  
'S ionaidh creuchda a bha ri chasgadh,
- 24 Thog am bard an Iolach bhroiu.  
'S truaigh clanna Morna caithe.  
Bhuail e eilarsach, gu trom, trom,  
Am fonn tha 'm chlasaibh taigste,
- 25 Phill sinne gu dun Fhinn,  
Le caitheamh binn a ceuadhad fúiche;  
Thainig ar mnathan 'nar comhail,  
A seinn oran, 'fálte gaisge.
- 26 Tha seachd dorsan air teach Fhinn,  
Air an eugnadh druim thar dhruim;  
Caogad luirich shuaire sholuis,  
Bhítheadh air gualún gach aon dorais.

<sup>5</sup> cor.<sup>6</sup> dol.<sup>7</sup> coimeas.<sup>8</sup> O-bocair.<sup>9</sup> Chaidh dibhail anns an tenguinail,

Faraon agus beagan buidme,

Seachd ceud deug trí chathan,

Thuit le Maithibh na h-Érlín.

<sup>1</sup> Aon laoch díonach no fear dearmad.<sup>2</sup> I suspect Tearman is the true reading.<sup>3</sup> Ball bhreac no banbhídh.<sup>4</sup> O Dhun Érlín a Dun Érlín.

27 Mise agus Diarmad agus Garra,  
Car seulan an beannaibh ard;  
Gur e gheibhmaid o Mhac Cumhail,  
Gur ro mhíne urram seilge.

## O. 21. BAS GHUILL LE MÜCHTAN. 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 Muehtan beag Mac Smail,  
An diu gheall e teachd a' m' dhaib;  
Mar charaid o bhlar na macharach,  
A' d' dhaib tha mi gun fhiamh.
- 2 Smithlich an gnomh a chuimhneachadh,  
'S tu mharbh m' athair an beinn a Chatain;  
'S dioladh tu a bhraise an uair so.
- 3 Tha mi nis aosda liath,  
Dh' fhalbh mo thrian fada nunn;  
Bha mi nair nach geillinn diut,  
Mhuchtan ga garbh do bheum.
- 4 Thainim slan as na catbhaibh,  
Ged sann dh'itsea tha 'n dan mo mharbha;  
Cha bhí sealbh do threan fhear arm  
Thionndaidh e aghaidh ris a bhalla,  
'S dh' fhalbh anam ann an eeo.
- 5 An eeo ged dh' fhalbh cha lag,  
An t-anam bh' aig a ghaigreach mhor;  
Bha e ard mar sgeir an aonaich,  
Bha e aild mar chraobh fo bhla.
- 6 Bha e einn mar oigh na bhoid,  
Nuair bhíodh flegmh na 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 fhaeadh, is cha 'n fhaig gu brath;  
Dh' fhalbh Fionn ceann na maise,  
E san araon air Feinne bhí bar.
- 8 Aeh dlu dha tha Goll mor cheum,  
Och nan och cha bheo thu gradh;  
Cuime a dh' fhaigaidh mi nam aonar,  
Mar theann darag am faon ghléann.
- 9 Gun gheig gu fagsadh o 'n don-shion,  
Aeh e grad lubadh nua a ceann;  
O co chaireas mi gu uaigneach,  
San tigh chumhan, dluchnaid, dhall.
- 10 Far nach chinn mi guth na tenguimhaill,  
'S nach tig leus gunn' chridhe fann;  
Ruige mi Osear Mac mo cheud ghraidh,  
Ruigidh Eblair, ruc Alba.
- 11 Bithidh sinne sublach ann na nenlaibh,  
Co 'n sin a dh' iarras baigh;  
Entrom bithidh ar n-anam ait,  
Fhinn thig athair mo ghraidh.
- 12 Bha mise roimh neartmhór luthar,  
Ged tha mi 'n dingh 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 Crona, 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 36 lines of Gaelic, written in a hand of the period, and marked on the back, 'Astruaining' (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 Mòra-Mhòin,' 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 sìos 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, Crona 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 1762.

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 glittering of my soul.'*

In 1807 Mac Pherson's text is:—

*'Tha forun mo chleibha gu h-ard.'*

The closest rendering of that line is

*'The noise of my sole (or throat) 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 *heart* 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 flathail 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 (SOBLY) from the chase.'

In 1807 'nobly' was taken out, and 'of the Calms' put in, and the construction was altered to

'*Nuair theornadh leat o sheilg nan cara.*

'*Quando descendebatur a te a ventis motuam sacerrum.*'

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 CALMS) 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 BRUGHIDAR LE OSSAIN.

57 lines.

This will not make verses.

- 1 'S e guth anam mo Ruin a tha 'nn!  
O! 's ainmach go aislin Mhalbhinn' thu,  
Fosghuibh-se talla nan speur,  
Aithir Oseair nan cruaidh-bhenm;
- 5 Fosghuibh-se doirsa nan nial,  
Tha ceumma Mhalbhine 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-shinbhal na linne od thall?  
Bha do sgiath fhuaimeach ann gallan an  
aonaich,  
Shinbhall aislin Mhalbhine go dian,  
Ach chmnic 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 daimb.  
'S e guth anam mo ruin a tha 'nn,  
O! 's ainmach go m' aislin fein thu.  
'S combhuidh dhuit anam Mhalbhine,
- 20 Mhic Ossain is treine lumb.  
Dh' eirich m' osna marri dearsa o near,  
Thom mo dheoir measg shioladh na h-òiche.  
Du ghallan Aluin a' t-thianais mi Oseair.  
Le m' uile gheuga uaine na m' thimchid?

- 25 Ach thanic do bhias-sa mar Ossag  
O 'n fhasach, i dhaom m' fios.  
Thanic carrach le fioldhan nan speur,  
Cha d' eirich duill' uaine dhamb fein;  
Chmnic oigha me samhach 's an talla,
- 30 Agus bhuaill iad clarsach nan fonn.  
Bha deoir ag taomadh le gruaidhean Mhalbhine;  
Chmnic oigh me 's mo thuiridh gu trom.  
C' uime am bheil thu co tuirseach, a' m' fhanias,  
Chomh Ainmir-og Luath-ath nan sruth.
- 35 An robh e sgriamhach mar dhearsa na greine?  
Am bu cho tlachdor a' shinbhal 's a chruth?  
'S taitneach t-Phonn an ehuais Ossain,  
Nighean Luath-ath nan sruth dian.  
Thanic guth nam bard nach beo,
- 40 Am measg t-aislin air aomadh nan slabh,  
Nuair thuit codal air do shuilean soirbh,  
Aig euan mor-shruth nan ioma fuaim,  
Nuair phill thu flathail o'n t-seilg,  
'S grian la thu ag sgnolta na bein.—
- 45 Chual thu guth nam bard nach beo:  
'S glan faiteal do chinn fein.  
'S caoin faiteal nam fonn o Mhalbhine!  
Ach claouidh iad anam gu deoir;  
Tha solas ann 't-àireadh le siòth,
- 50 Nuair dh' aomas cliabh tuirse gu bron;  
Ach claoidheadh fad-thuirse fiol dorthuin,  
Fhlath-nighean Oseair nan cruaidh-bhenm.  
'S ainmach an la gan nial  
Thuiteas iad, mar chuisag, fo 'n ghrìan,
- 55 Nuair sheallas i sios 'n a soilse,  
Andeigh do 'n dubh cheathbach siubhal do 'n  
bheinn,  
'S a throm-cheann fo shioladh na h-òiche.

THE SUN HYMNS. O. U. 5. 6.

GRANT (U.) printed (4) the 'Address to the Sun,' in Caricthara, 11 lines, and (5) 'The Address to the Sun,' in Carthon, 38 lines.

These were got January, 1798, from Donald Grant Ullish, in the Isle of Skye, who wrote (4) from the dictation of an old gentleman at Vatarnish. 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 '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 comhray a snabh air a ghnois.*' 1818.

The fight; a swimming on his face.

'Tell him that we are mighty in war,' 1760.

'*Tuis da sa chomhray ar brigh.*' 1818.

Tell him in the fight our broth (pith).

'The tear is on their cheek,' 1760.

'*Dear o' sinbhal lie bhanaill gun ghionh.*' 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' ùrìch a Ghrian  
'S gu 'n do chuir i fo a sgiath na n'òil.'

Because the Sun has arisen; and because *she* has put the clouds below *her* wing (or shield).

- 1 O THUSA fein a shiubhneas shuas,  
Crain mar lann sgiath chruaidh nan triath,  
Cò as tha do dhearsa gun ghruaim,  
Do sholas tha buan a Ghrian.
- 2 Thig thu mach nad aille fein,  
Is foilleaidh reill an triall;  
Theid geallach gun tuar o 'n speur,  
Ga cletha fein fo stuagh san iar.
- 3 Tha thusa ann ad astar a mhuin,  
Cò tha dana chi nad choir;  
Tuitidh darag o 'n chruaich ard,  
Tuitidh earn fo aois is scoir.
- 4 Traoghaidh is lionaidh an cuan,  
Cailear shuas an rò san speur;  
Thusa a' d' aon a chaoidh fo bhuaidh,  
An aoibhneas do sholuis fein.
- 5 'Nuair a dhuthas m' an Dombain stoirm,  
Le torann borb is dealan Berr;  
Seallaidh tu nad aille ro 'n Toirm,  
Fianh gaire ort am bruailean nan speur.
- 6 Ach dhomhsa thà do sholas faoin,  
'S nach faic a chaoidh do ghnuis.
- 7 Sgaoladh cuil as orbhuidh ciabh,  
Air aghaidh nan neul san ear;  
No 'nuair chreitheas tu san iar,  
Aig do dhorsa ciar air lear.
- 8 'S maith dh' fheadta gu bheil thu 's mise fein,  
An am gu treun, 's gun fheum an am,  
Ar bhialhna tearna o 'n speur,  
A' sinbhal le cheile gu 'n ceann.
- 9 Bìollh aoibhneas ort fein a ghrian,  
'S tu nartanbor, a thriath, nad' oige;  
'S doreha mi-thaitneach an aois,  
Mar sholas faoin an rò gun chail.
- 10 'S i a sealladh o neoil air an raoin,  
Is liath cheo air taobh nan earn;  
An oitdag o thuat air an Reth,  
Fear sinbhal fo bhèud '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 Phers-n's Fragments 1760, and with Jerome Stone's translations 1755, and 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' fhaig thu gorm astar nan speur,  
A mhic gun bheal, as orbhuidh ciabh;  
Tha dorsa na b'òilehe dhuit fein, (reid)  
Is paillinn do chlos san iar.
- 2 Thig na stuaidh nan 'n euairt gu mall,  
Choirhead fear is glaine gruaidh;  
A togail fo eagal an ceann.
- 3 Ged fhaicinn co alluin na shuain,  
Theid iadsan gun tuar o d' thaobh;  
Gabhsa cadal ann ad chos,  
A ghrian is pill an tos be 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 idiom 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 lathia fo aoma' th' ann?  
'S tric mo smuain air aimsir nan raon,  
Mar ghrian fheasgair tha claan an gleann,  
Nuathehear mor Thorman na seilge,  
Sleagh fhada na marbh ann am laimh.
- 2 Is ceart a chual Oisean an guth,  
Co thusa shiol duilhir na oibhehe;  
Clann gun gnìomh an suain fogha,  
Gaoth a meadhan an talla gun soillse.
- 3 Tha sgiath an rìgh a fuaim air am,  
Ri osag earn is airde gruaim;  
Sgiath chopanach balla mo thalla,  
Air an cuir mi car tanull mo laimh.
- 4 Ceart gu 'n cluinn mi mo chara fàin,  
Is fada guth an treun o luaidh;  
Cuinn astar air dubh neul gun fheum.
- 5 A shìol Morna ua beum cruaidh,  
Sar Oscar neo-bhaoth air eul sge;  
Is tric a bhà 'n gaisgeach rid' thaobh,  
A Chomlaioich an aom aoma na sleagh.
- 6 A bheil cadal air 'Tais Chomhaich roim ghuth,  
A meadhan talla fo mhòr ghaoth foim;  
An eadal tha e Oisean, nan còr ghniomh,  
Is an ro cluan na chomluaidh fo stòirn.
- 7 Cha' n' eil uigh tha fo leirsinn an Iuinis,  
Cia fada bhias sinne gun chluin;
- 8 A Ri Shealkama 's fuaimear gleann,  
'S truaigh Oisean gun mo shuil ort fein (leirsinne)  
'S thu suidh gun fheum air do nial,  
An eco thu air Lano a threun?



- 9 No tein adhair gun bheum air sliabh,  
Co dheth tha cearb do thrusgan baoth ?  
Shiubbail e air osaig de ghaoth,  
Mar fhailas 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 Faicamsa mo chairde an gníomh,  
Chí Oisean gun trian na trenna;  
Air Innis tha dubh ghorm fo nial,  
Cos thorma nan sian aig eirigh  
Air carraig channich nan crom chrann.
- 12 Tha thruth a torman aig a bheul,  
Tha Toscar a' Croma' thar fluaim;  
Tha Fearghus fo mhulad na threun,  
Cumha thonn nam beus fada shuas.
- 13 Am bheil gaith air aoma' nan tonn ?  
N' an cluinn mi air chrom an guth ?
- 14 Tha 'n oidheche Thoscar fo ghailiun nan sian,  
Thuit g' an trian o chruaich;  
Tha dubh shuibhal mara fo nial,  
Tha biaicail nan erion thom 'an euairt.
- 15 Thainig tein adhair le beum,  
Le sealla na fernaich do threun; (doi)  
Chunnaic mi Fhearghus gun bheul,  
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 eilbh,  
'S e t-adhair Feargus, a Thoscar a' t' ann,  
Tha e faicinn a bhais ma shiol.
- 17 Mar sin bha choslas san am,  
'Nuair thuit Mor Ronan fo nial;
- 18 Eirin nan cnoc uaine fo fheur,  
Gur annsa domb fein an gleann;  
Tha samhchair mu ghorm thuit do bheann,  
Tha griane air do raon gun bhí mall,  
A sean fonn do chlarsaich air Sealama.
- 19 Glan guth do shealgair an Cromla,  
Tha siane an Ithonn nan garbh thoirn;  
Trom is dailich fo nahara 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 shuibhail Toscar anam a bhlaire,  
A dheagh Fhearghus nan leadan liath;  
Chunnaic mise thu gun eagal o bhias,  
Do shuilcan solus nan sgiath  
C' ait a shuibhail anam a bhlaire ?  
Cha robb eagal g' ar sarnach riamh.
- 22 Gluais Coimhead air glas lom nan sal,  
Thuit a ghaith le sarachadh sian;  
Tha crith air na tonnaibh fo fhiamh,  
Ri crith le grian na stoirm.
- 23 Gluais a Choinhead a mhoir chuan gu thrian,  
Tha Mhadainn gu iar, as i liath;  
Seallaidh solus nan speur o 'n oir,  
Le morchuis mar fhear, ma shoillse.
- 24 Sgaoil mise mo sheolan le solas,  
Fo thalla ard Chonlaioch nan triath;  
Mo thuras gu Innis gun chala,  
Glan chuath 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 teud,  
A ruigh glan air a deigh dol sios.
- 26 Mar shneachd air Cromla gun bheud,  
Thigsa gu m' anam a lamh gheal,  
A bhan shealgair nan sar Innis faoin,  
A tha uaire fo dheuraibh gun aireamb.
- 27 Tha i smuaineach air Conlach neo-bhaoth,  
C' ait a bheil do shlithsa Oigh ?  
A chumh thonn na mor throm ciabh,  
Craig ag aoma air sal,  
Liath chranua fo aois air le coinich.
- 28 Na tonna a' ghuaas' ma thraigh,  
Air a bhoibh Innis bhla nan Ruagh;  
Oighan nau sealg gu 'n phill o bhceinn,  
Chunnaic e 'n sealla' air an cul;
- 29 C' ait Ighinn Rurmar nam beum ?  
Cha do fhreagair na oighcan fo ghruaim,  
Tha mo shlithse iar cruchaibh Mora,  
A shiol innis na tir fada shuas.
- 30 Pillidh Toscair an oigh gu sithse fein,  
Gu talla nan tend aig Contach;  
A 's caraid do Thoscair an treun,  
Bha fleagh do mo reir na mhior thir.
- 31 Uaigh Eirin air osaig thla,  
Cuir seola' o thraigh gu Mora;  
Air Mora as samchair do 'n oigh bhain,  
Lai Theoscair a snamh gu doghrainn.
- 32 Is mise ann on eos fo dhian,  
Is mi sealla' air grian an raoin;  
Tha aiteal nan cranna o nial,  
Gu cuin a ghlan ainuir neo-fhaoin,  
Cumh thonn nan saol le guth broin.
- 33 As fada o mo chluais an oigh,  
Ann talla Chonlaioch nan corn fial;  
B' e nial, tha Cumh thonn tuiteam orm fein,  
Tha 'g iuracha mo threuna shuas.
- 34 Tha mi faicinn trusgan gun fheum,  
Mar liath claco air astar ma chruaich;  
Cain a thuiteas mi a Rurmar threun.  
Tha mulad mo chleilth gu bas.
- 35 Cum nach faicinnse Connloch na beum,  
Ma' n tuit mi gun leus an tigh caol ?  
Chí thusa ghlan oigh, Oisean do run fein,  
Tha astar an trenn air a chaol.
- 36 Bas Toscair a dorcha ma shleagh, (Thoscair)  
Tha lot is e dubh na thaobh,  
Tha e gun tuar aig tonnaibh na h-naigh,  
Is o feuchaim a Chruth is e baoth.
- 37 C' ait a bheil thu fein le deuraibh, (deoir)  
Is ard thriath na Mora gu bas;  
Threig an aising ghlas mo chliabh,  
Cha' n fhaie mi na treatha nis mo.
- 38 A bhaird nan am neo mhosgul riamh,  
Cuiribh cuimhn air Conlaioch le deoir,  
Thuit an gaisgeach so iomall a la,  
Lion doiriche' thalla le bron.
- 39 Sheall a mhathair air a sgiath air balla,  
Bha ise suamb fala gu coir;  
B' aithne dl' ise gu 'n do thuit thu threun,  
Chualas a guth fo bheud am 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 naigh.
- 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 fhailas na oidheche.
- 44 Truagh nach di-chuimhnichin mo charai,  
Gus nach fhaicear air aird mo cheum;  
Gu' m bithinn le solas nan garu,  
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 Sealg . . . . .             | 92     |
| 8.  | Duan Conlaoch . . . . .             | 82     |
| 9.  | Mamus. 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.—Mamus 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 lom  
Mi vi maonir ort
- 2 Mis is mathair is mac Lu'ach  
N triuir shin leis mo chu' an tealg  
Oseair Goul is Caolte  
Fikan Connal is Diarmaid
- 3 Oeh er nullin a Phadriach  
Chair shin fair er fu'ach  
Le nar ni Conn le er ni geuir  
Le er ni slei'in moir
- 4 Le er ni clavin glass  
Bu ghash an tuis gach Coruig
- 5 Leig shin sinn er end gai'ir  
Er fei' il fea na beanta  
Mharved ain don lom  
Agus daimh throm no gleuntu'
- 6 Nde dhuin serios do n'alach shin  
Hunicus mar bavish  
Na hairm gheal is ghlass  
Vi gan casu' eir no furaich
- 7 Hui shin shinn air an Tullich  
Is haing huggin steach gari  
Gheairich ruinn ga humhilt  
Shiu' is mac Cuil ai ar
- 8 Mise Fionn na mbuo s' in  
Ca be shuis do luath in domhan  
Mis san huggin ha er nirighild  
Ha shin nionar mar er comhair
- 9 S teinn lom sud ri er nedin  
Is i lu' ceud fear calna caslua'  
Hanig vo Ri Lochlin  
Gu' cosun' na Herin
- 10 Er laimh tathar is do sheanar  
Is air laimh do Leannan huarich  
Cha digru' huggin dar shirru'  
Nach duggu shin dhoibh buan'
- 11 Ghimich in Teachtir gu siu' lach  
Charich iad iuil ma er comhair  
Varbh gach fer agin diu' seasar  
Sud mar chrech shin er gnoich
- 12 Hug sin shin ruar daan  
Go mo lionar ganu fear slei  
Go mo lionar clagin ga skolta  
Gor lionur flegach snoin'  
Gur lioner fear chosa' geal  
Frassu' fall er no triochu'
- 13 Bo mha Goul ntus gach ea'  
Bo mha mathair an is Caolte  
Co zin' do shin nach molain  
Oh ri bo honne nionar

14 Ndea vi Ca' n' an la  
la mai' us er in diochart  
Hui shin seha bo doehi  
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 ochdnar  
Shi ghag sprog er mo mhermuin  
Ceud fa nois gni ceilam  
Is nach eil ni ach anvin
- 2 Osear Goul is Caoite  
Filan agus Diarmad deud gbiail  
Counignur ghluisi dar n' ochlnar  
Mis agus mathair s' Ferglus  
Truir gheal sharbh sin tottal  
Phadrich mo Chredis da mo sheaneus  
Bo sudaguds aiim mo n' ochdnar
- 3 Ranig shin Cuir ri Sassan  
Bha ioma glass an gu' foreum  
Thuit an ri le ma Cuil  
O Cuiddh liom iomachd ochdnar
- 4 Bha shin an Carri na halb  
Biomu ann Fer Calmind Cass lua'  
Hug shin dius Cios is cubh  
O cuibh liom iomachd ochdnar
- 5 Bho Eriu nan skia Alpin  
Gu crìoch Lochlin no stru seimh  
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 Osear  
Go bu heare shin er a Bhru' ich  
O seuidh liom iomachd Ochdnar
- 7 Ghlac shin Bale na Beirm  
Thog shin in term eg ri Lochlin  
Rein shin sud no bo mhodh  
O seuidh liom iomachd Ochdnar
- 8 Phadrich nan elag binn  
San lett bo mhui no Cleru  
Thug shin ghachi go ntuasclu  
Ceud don Uaislu do dh' Eirinis.

IOMACH 8<sup>d</sup>nar.

## C. 3. DUAN DIARMID O DUIN. 85 lines.

Advocates' Library, July, 1872. See above, Diarmaid.

- 1 GLEN shi sho ri er taobh  
Gar bin an gu' laoiich is loan  
Gar minig vi an Fhein  
Eir in thiaibh er dei na Conn
- 5 Glen fo na bhin Guilbin ghoirnm  
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  
Marghabh e vo 's laimh an tore  
Gealad er de ghualin Fhion  
Errach liom gun drinnis gloce E
- 15 Er bi gha bhì tamul na bos't  
Labhar Fion is hole ri ghra  
Dhiarmad tomhais in tore  
Cia mead trei vo hoie gu hail  
Cha do dhiult e achoneich Fhion
- 20 O lir gan danig fo hir  
Tomhsid e n'tore er i dhirin  
Mac o Duin bo truin treidh  
Teanta i s tomhais i risd  
Dhiarmid vol is min in tore
- 25 Lott in bir neimh gu garrg  
Bon in fhir bo hearbh san trod  
Vol ha fer rohan do chin  
Tadha guch slei rin gheur ghort  
Heante cha la tarrus ai

- 30 Agus toisid e on tore  
Tuidid e shud er i haobh  
Mac O Duin le trom feile  
No shint ri taobh in tuire  
Rin sud aer ghut mar dheall
- 35 Er bi dha traoin' flul chreach  
Mac O Duin Ciabh na cleachd  
Aoin mhaies fuitach no fein  
Er in tullich siar fo lie  
Sbui do chean agus tant
- 40 Guirm rask nar vin dearg ceilt  
Va guirm is glassid do huil  
Caiss is mass in Cul no n Cleacht  
Binnid is Ghuinid do ghloir  
Chiu sprog er mo dhoi oin dearg bhea  
(deargbhila)
- 45 Vo mead is tabhacht an laoiich  
Corp shaoi seimhi fo chrios ban  
Skeimlach 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 leis mar gun cual  
Gun huit e le faa i ghlinn.
- 55 Seasid air nrlar ghaibh  
Mac O' Duin grai na scoll  
Seul vo utursach na mnaoi  
Mar ghabh e vos laimh an tore  
  
Se n'tore shi fo rùch borb
- 60 Go m beid no ngavn er cabh  
S bo gharbh i buit no no ca bolg  
Lottid e le chrau faraoin  
Staddid eir so voie  
Sin tlei vo no Caosh bla
- 65 O lin gui ha no corp  
Diarmad mac O Duin eile  
Mo burchir les in tue bheist uice  
Chur taobh trom lei in vi ga  
Schur slei an in arm tuire
- 70 Tra dhuisg in urlan na truil  
Nti chossin buai as gach blar  
Gun varbh mac O Duin in bheist  
S' hanig e fein dachi slan  
Sin lei sprog er Fin no fein
- 75 Er ullin shiar er i chnoc  
Mac O Duin cha do dhiult e  
Se ain dachi slan vo intore  
Sgon huigh Fion bo dearge drach  
Er bhin ghulbin gblas na tealg
- 80 S mo huit Diarmad leis on tore  
S' mor an tole rinn a chealg  
Geisdeach ri conghair no Fion  
Sin arri shiar tean er cean  
Gun dhuisg 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 Durg . . . 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 Durg and Mac Annu attacked one another, and after fighting most desperately both were slain upon the spot. When Fin wakened and saw Durg slain before him he lamented sorely, and at last ordered the body of Durg 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 Dnrag on no gealla

- S' er vacan no calp diomsach  
 Hanig lugin sior Brugh Anna  
 5 Alhic Cuil vic treuvor so shone ha  
 Gun danig e healg do Alb  
 S ann a Erin urghlan ri insin  
 Gesidiamh ri fuaim na struan  
 Is ri gu no neon Bin  
 10 Gun huit suain nach ro go hedrum  
 O mac feoi shin fionn e slein  
 Se er tullaich gorm ghlas dovin  
 Gun Ní Cadrish don Feinn  
 Níoch Diarag don mac i Deir  
 15 Labbrin in Coura finald  
 Is gun innsin dhut mo secal  
 Ma se fionn na do chol  
 Na so gin ghul do dheunchin  
 Sai nach iusin dut in ceimsin  
 20 Ach in dül mí has mathar  
 S bu chaint hered ossin  
 VÍ Annu e glen sleav  
 Bhi da gun chean na fale  
 Le do Chaint Buirb do ro bheag  
 25 Tra ghluais fearg an da Dhreagan  
 Is do thiodu ad vo cheil  
 Gum baid na glaoh curri  
 Faioch im buillin is am beuman  
 Do ghluais Fionn no slee gavi  
 30 Do ghul an lathar na fir chalmant  
 Rug e er deas laimh Dhiurug  
 Sa na shint sin gun anmin  
 Hairgid leo na sleiin reamh  
 Hairgid leo na cloiblin geuru'  
 35 BÍ Cuirp is cnamhan gun gerru  
 Ach gu riggu aid i cheil  
 Adir Diarag og no gealla  
 Is mac Annu' e glen Sleave  
 Oeh er muilins i Dhiurag  
 40 Na mb eidin do bearnu  
 Thnogm ni mara do mo vahu'  
 Do mo ghi sdo no chabu Calamund  
 S mor cliu sin le Diarag  
 La vir ris su lavard  
 45 S líu trenn laoch re chau'  
 Vagads la na lalair  
 Ach so lamb nach díbir misin  
 San le maoin no re macunne'  
 Ach gum danig na seachd strau  
 50 Hugads vo brúich Annu'  
 Se so mer bo vin er hedín  
 To no vene bo ro va tigus  
 Cumb bu ghil sbear ionas  
 Gun dach ionalt ruimh in iug  
 55 Ach trogamid a nis gu alvi  
 S far in Dioligaid in  
 Mo vil beannach vi er tannim  
 Voc soto' dea vic Alpin Chlerich.

## C. 5. DUAN LERMON. 98 lines.

Advocates' 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 Lermón 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 Lermón'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 Lermón. 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 Lermón's Castle, and killed him and numbers of his followers, as a traitor to his country; and there is a very strong presumption that Lermón 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 nair iad  
 Bbuion nach diultu vo neach  
 Cid ha i noebd gun teach gun tuar innt  
 5 Is ann int ghebt Lermón mhór  
 Mac conil cha ghloir er aish  
 Fhír chuir Alb fa Chóimh  
 Le neart i lámh is i threis  
 Int gun tigeadh gach aon lo  
 10 Imcart annan sloi is ri  
 Croinnacht is Alb fial  
 Hargid se bor sa fion  
 Cha do veggich sud do mhuirín  
 Hullich nír bu bhrea toir  
 15 Ach go dainig Carryl e fein  
 Go mac ri Alb na shiain oir  
 Hanig trí Chaan er fein  
 Le gull 's na fein in toir  
 20 Inllin mor mac Muirna moir  
 Diarmaid agus Caoilte cruaidh  
 Hannig Chann 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 chluán Dhuin  
 Hanig er Buoin ser nionas  
 S deich fiad skia dhearg na gall  
 Díolta gach aon fhear ghúin ceud  
 30 Ca imu agus er eis  
 Dombralach 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 chlin do lua  
 Deich ceud sluaigh le neomhír oir  
 Bu deir na clo an ri ca  
 Do mahu marach ner sloi  
 Hanig sin rua gu brais  
 40 Hanig sud is Fílaon fial  
 Se chaogad ski is cloir glass  
 Bho Dháine fir ghlic na feine  
 Gu Dun Lermón nan clais cass  
 Hanig Fíom a ríes cheil bui mhóir  
 45 Agus glasríu o Gach neach  
 Rein biovu as gach trein  
 Er lin gom bo trom er feachd  
 Er bhí dhuinn tamul nu eidim  
 Huncas thír na slei  
 50 So agín in crei vors  
 Sho buion an treal is fear  
 Co luinas in mol in treol  
 Ach ní mo valeins do cumh gloir a hear  
 Bha scabbal oir er i gualin  
 55 Le cean veairt do chlach i Buai  
 Le gúí lei ad ehil dirich  
 Le cloi Cruai co hirt rish  
 Bo sin laoch fergach fulach  
 Osgir calmund cruai vullach  
 60 Bo cho rdíl leis gach Cai  
 Mac an voir vic na hard la  
 Er bí ga hín gidis doin tí  
 Leín gu Osear nanairm neih  
 Ghluais an ar tarag mor meirat  
 65 An sin gur an gu lan teilach  
 Heis sin ma na ghil ghréin  
 S deich Caan ca gne erín  
 Van Bhratach uir dhail glán  
 Ma rivin alun in dait i  
 70 Deich eiginis deich mí bargu  
 Hanig steach in tráí no doss  
 Sud cluoi no gabh iad tar  
 Fannin agus Blas is fois  
 San gu Dun Lermón nan laun

- 75 Voi bo lionor ann iomad fer  
 San lig linaí nín ían  
 As gach sliar near is níar  
 Inau skíá gun shorbta leis  
 Agus Oros es na háird lan
- 80 Síoma le lámh is eos  
 Gun gheirriú leis agus cean  
 San leis choisgen in loi  
 Mo vaicins oiseuir nan Caan  
 Vo chorug Lerrion no closs
- 85 Hug mor go aníov leis gu haov  
 Gheru dait Phadric uir  
 Shall beg edrinn in Dun  
 Le hurpíh nio chíu mo chleas  
 Nan marrin feín no Clessin dlu
- 90 Gur mí Oisín bocht mac Fín  
 Sau orm legid gach run  
 Scad harlin mí nocht gín ra  
 Sim ndar Ca er linn  
 Ghisín duit Phadric no Bochtú
- 95 Osdú ehnis mo chos gu noi  
 Vo nads cho drin mo lámh lottu  
 S fad líom so nocht sgur Cíon.

## 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 Padruig 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 Padruig; and their subject, the adventures of the Heroes who figure in these Scotch collections, namely, the Fénine and Cormac Mac Art, High King of Ireland.—J. F. C.

- 1 INIS ghúin Oisein eile  
 Vie fín va seach mín scenl  
 Ca cah bo trúoi leat feín  
 Chuirte 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 eha gaura na slei geur
- 10 Phadrick na abram breug  
 Nach do lean linn dor feín  
 Ach mis is Caolt di aon vein  
 Hug shin as sin er díos  
 Gu [tigh] te alvi na mor chíos
- 15 Far an bí mnaoi na feín  
 Agus Clanna na Caomh chlev  
 Oir guvaighín ví er Cloin chaomh  
 Phadrick chri chaomh  
 Harlin nach dainig riamh
- 20 Nar no oru no an ceal  
 Hanig techedracht don tír  
 Vo rí Lochlín gu haumín  
 Er Kíos nockaigh na lámh  
 No ar ní uille agail
- 25 Chur shin techedre vuain  
 Gu rí Lochlín vor luai  
 Cha dganamíd da eios no caimh  
 No ní fo do' on duaval  
 Ach ea gur ha ardur gundaal
- 30 Les í Chlan sin va gioman  
 Sud dar hunig í ehlán va  
 Cúri aid am bol rí lar  
 'S tígíir vo na Camainan  
 Sud lavir mac Oscar in aig
- 35 Na leig vo na cha slán  
 Mar bans lín kor aiv  
 No ma in don donval  
 Sud laver mac Cairry e risd  
 Na í e so no eha níos
- 40 Fer cruit rachis leo síos  
 Mis mait er mor chíos  
 Hagáid hugin aid ro mí

- Chart leo tullaeh er bal chri  
 Sud hug e mnaoi feín
- 45 Choit glie s bo gei cheil  
 Gun eha hord san uair  
 Ve ach erin vor luas  
 Na Covid suas ehlóin slán  
 Gun denmíd neín Col-on
- 50 Charich sin cotan streol  
 Ma ní mionín síonh saish (?)  
 Na euirtin bear maish  
 Na scibulin oir er gheleist  
 Le ceauveart ehlóeh int chuain
- 55 Togimíd ris í Clann gun inru  
 Le lanna fo níumuí buai  
 Le Crios era cranu vae  
 Togimíd sud rí tiv suas
- 60 Brataeh Fín fla na mor lúch  
 Ach gun dranig sin í mburce  
 Toggar hnu in dnuin  
 Der hunig sin aid uil er lar  
 Chloin gín ta bo lag bo neimnach
- 65 Tsarlin gur or fearu Phail  
 Agin so chnoe er eo'al  
 Mhín shíu garh cha sin uaiv  
 In oech rí Lochlín no mor luai  
 Chuir sin in treis va trua
- 70 Dhímíd aid nile san aon uair  
 Gun neach do hannu vo bheinn  
 Ach Dearg Dúnach nairm gheur  
 Dar hanig mac rí Lochlín vuai  
 Mar sin cur dí er shuí
- 75 Chuir sin in treis va trúai  
 Dúimíd aid uile san oeu uair  
 Heuta nderg mac nio va feín  
 Rí mac rí Lochlín no narom geur  
 Cean da ord dhe
- 80 Do bhem Carrind Cloimh  
 Chuir e slei no troe chíos  
 Na hinsa linn colvi  
 Noich sin duin fo bhron  
 N alvi gom bí no sloi
- 85 Geisdach rí gair van go trua  
 Sri Comard mhóir lui  
 Doanalach no eon sin rithai  
 Rí gair Bannal na gna fion  
 Hug deir er mo chu nach tím
- 90 Ha sud no labrí er  
 Leg sin Chlainn Fín voir  
 Ghe na slaurín dearg oir  
 S hí' gach cu er hom pfein  
 Vie Phadric vie Alpin eile
- 95 Leig sin sin na goir ma seach  
 Am feild gun aon neach  
 Sealg an la sin rí mo líon  
 Vo rei ist elvin rí aon lo  
 Chlerich cha neic mar sin
- 100 Sealg an lo sin mar sin ehléri  
 Churta er da chul rí cheil  
 Er de no híníil le ao Ceil  
 Von lo shin eha nac mis  
 Do vac pfeir in ard rí
- 105 Ca be neach chreddí uam  
 Mar hunnig ní uair an Tullaeh  
 Phadrick leais na sailm  
 Smaor mo thruai rí 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 Lathceon, Caithness-shire.' 69 lines.

- 1 LA do dhfin e shelg ní Chuaní  
 Cuir na feild fad vuain  
 Go vacuis tíin do n telg  
 Maidín uir an beart chrodherg
- 2 Crios dú crios dú' er í taobh  
 Crios is ailt eha er mnaoi  
 Va erra oir er chean chíos  
 Sin go nbo deoir do heoid ga val

- 3 Le cullanin seddi uain  
Er doim ivhlu deis na fer chruai  
Tamul duim mar sin  
Shiu 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 giall 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 naha gnioimh  
Ma'ar na cuainn va gliun  
Diag na ley cu Hlan
- 7 Go no leg nosu fla na fian  
Gach cu faa cean sliabh  
Cha rachta cu ai na ri  
Gun damh argindach aoni
- 8 Glacigh mo gha chu 's i fen  
S gur i feilt aid heir is hiar  
Se cu na riin glan  
Ghrainich ris in annir aceein?
- 9 Heis in riin gu dur dar  
S ghlacai milchu er i mer  
S gun leigri gu eumnsach ceart  
Na tri choin da nin lean
- 10 Beannact ossin er i mheul  
Agus innis do skeul er chon  
M Bio'n oribhs erru no airn  
Dir he i sibh don telg nach lo
- 11 Cha viu agin in er mor  
Gun lein scooil gun da choin  
Gun chean bheart choiclich oir  
S gun da lei an dorn gach fir
- 12 Gun chotun don Tid sheimh  
Gun luirich malich sheimh ghlain  
Gun skia uain chosnu buai  
S gun lann chruai gu skolta chean
- 13 Beannach Ossin er u dheil  
Beannach fos er t' anam fein  
Innis duim Ca miad fia  
Thuit er sliabh na Beann fin
- 14 La gin rachta Fion do shealg  
Sgo mbo shealg sin fo bheannu borb  
Gin vi eadriah don eainn  
Ach e fein sun n' in òg
- 15 Sealg in lo sin ri mo linn  
Vic Alpin in go gliun bla  
No gu' na cool as in chil  
S me gur bin linn an la
- 16 Ossian is bin liom do ghloir  
Beanach fos er anam Fhin  
Is inis duim ca miad fia  
Gun huit er sliav 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 flean
- 18 Beanaacht Ossin er a bheul  
Is innis duinn do skeul er choir  
Bin oribhs erru no airn  
Nam dol don telg gach lo
- 19 Cid hiat in doinn na seach  
Cha mit neach mar sid ach fionn  
Fer beur innach is aine  
Cha do chruai lamb vosu cion
- 20 Bionn an ard leoch fuilach fiat  
Er ullin sliabh inisi Crot  
Gunnaach iafach an i lamb  
Ghabhas leis vos kaimh in tore
- 21 Sin do gherich Cumain an tuire  
Leig sin na huile er i sheilg  
Mar bion nar lannan snar lamb  
Cha chuiri shin far er in telg

- 22 Leig shin sud deich ceud cu  
Bo ro va lus is va gurg  
Vorv gach Cu ghlu da ia  
Mis drug in ein er in lorg
- 23 Heis in riin gu dur dar  
Ghlacai milchu er i mer  
Fer i corug cha ro slan  
Vo madin aone la.

## C. 8. DUAN CONLAOCH. 82 lines.

Advocates' Library, July 13, 1872. See above, p. 9.

- 1 HANG hugin dhe bar Bivil  
Curru' croind Conlaoch  
Le gissin moir e garbh glinn  
Vo Dhun seach do Gherin
- 5 Dhiairich Cuclullin ri cach  
Co ehrramind do ghiss an olieh  
Do dhetin beachd no skeul dhe  
Sgin teachdir do dhanin voi  
Gluais Connal buaach brais
- 10 Do dhetin sceul do na mhacan  
Go bo mhoir agin sparn in laoich  
Chealt Connal le Conlaoch  
Fianis no Fein uile  
Agus Ri no Currei combraite
- 15 Ceud do nar shi gu 'n cealte leis  
Ba deacair a sceul ri hinnis  
Ach Cuclullin no slei slim  
Nuair humig e coirich Chonnail  
Gluais e le neart trenne kaim
- 20 Do dhetiu sceul dhe no mhacan  
Comhrug riomse sendir duit  
No do loinnu dho mar charrid  
Go do roian do gach euid  
Ach cha chuid toighi dhuith mo chomhrag
- 25 Gissin haz mi no mo Theadh  
Nach fedin skeul hord do neach  
Ach na dugu do neach fo no ghreim  
Ban daitse ghuais airal  
Ach verrinse dhuitse mo mhoid smo Briathar
- 30 No do hoilte mi mar an criathar  
Nach teanta mi go tealach Fhin  
Gun ao chean no do loinnu'  
Fhair agus fhair Vig  
Ga do labhair cha baghlin
- 35 Cha buiral duitse an Fhein uile  
S nach deanais mo loinnu ri aon duine  
Ach na digu Fienu' Phail  
Sho chuid be les chiu ri ghra  
Chuiru da tainne ri tar
- 40 Is bedur dhuith do loinnu  
Ach huggaid shin gu cheil  
Fo deachin is tha ban gu reitac  
Macan sin gna duaire ghoinn  
Agus doltan sin do na chruaidh chubha
- 45 Leg a millin er in tom  
Chubha all gu ro throm  
Olueh mhoir ort fein do chroinn  
Bear do loinnu bho chionn  
Deanis do loinnu nois gu lua
- 50 Sna bimid na seid n' ainmheus  
O sole daimich leat mise  
Do mhae seimh sualdach  
Nuair chruai 'n gu fuar finn  
'N tsleidh i ba ort a harlig
- 55 Inise Conlaoch macce Chonn  
Eir dliach dhuin Diallbin  
Is mi n' ran dhag u mhobain  
In Dun seach go mfholan  
Seachte Blian deug dho sin tir hoir
- 60 Foghlam goisgin vo mo mathair  
... sin na lurchir sin  
Cho ro oim do essi triuir  
Oh o Dun a mhic Sheimhe  
Do heisge dheunnin go erioch mfhulig
- 65 Gul do chorag nios le grain  
Och o dan nach traidh an turras  
Do mharbh mi us gun aon lochd

- S trua' nach e mo blas ghuar mi  
 Mis do dbearg mi er do chaomh chorp  
 70 Ach a Chonlaoch ehir  
 'S merg mi ghrioch er do shivil  
 No mbi da meriom cho bhliins no maonir  
 As ma do ghoul sna do gheisi  
 Sma do mhac Culluin chelli  
 75 Sma dhaimh uile nach an leo huit maon vaces  
 Bhoc mharvin anne terig  
 Ceud no ceuda da dhuime  
 Ach ha mi nios e de sar loach  
 Gun mhac dilis no gun Bhathar  
 80 Agus gun Chonlaoch tha is dun  
 Ocl 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' Deilgnaich 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 char mor Cha  
 Skaoili mis u an i tein  
 Is cha doir mi beum er fla  
 2 Gheibh u' 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 bhios Ca' mo Chorp  
 Aon Bhuil a tai aith i Fhionn  
 Is errach liom no rinnis ort  
 4 Mis agus m' ahair is Goul  
 In trair bu mho gloinn sin Fhein  
 I eid ha mi gun chrishlich gun chonn  
 Eisd 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 domhan uille ann  
 Eidir chumant is Uaislith  
 Fuath na duine cha rachaghar  
 O Shluagh Fheain ahain alt bhuigh  
 Trogar hagam nas thealgh eoir  
 10 Rith na Hespain is a Lod  
 Righ Greig Righ Galam glan  
 S gun trogar lein deich mile Baruich  
 Oir trial mis an Iar  
 Trialam agus trialam fos  
 15 Agus bherins mo mhionan Rith  
 Ma mharbhaigh mo Mhuirirteach mhin  
 Nerin na flag mi clach  
 Ann Alt nan toran no Fireach  
 Gun trogail ann coruin no long  
 20 Eruint choimhiunt cho throm  
 Ruinn brebanaich air mair  
 Gu tarrin as a tachair  
 Smor spligh do Loingear bhann  
 Dbeanaigh Eruin a thogail

- 25 'Snach do Loingear eir bith  
 No throagail do Dherniu Coig dhiuth  
 Deich ficid is deich mile long  
 Throg an Righ sha 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 Lougear mhath  
 Ach Birlin fo Thighearnan  
 35 Chuir E teachdairachd gu Flath Fail  
 Muirirteach hium an drast skan  
 Le beorbugh Eruin uille  
 Eidir Mhac Righ is ro dhuine  
 Bhuigh mac Cuil sud  
 40 Do Righ Lochlain gun diombail  
 Deich ceid skia is Claimh crudaichd  
 Deich ceid utal den dearg or  
 Deich ceid Sualtar chaol Chath  
 Deich ceid Bratach min daite  
 45 Deich ceid Saoth nam beigin leis  
 Deic ceid srian ler agus Diaghlaid  
 Gad flathighigh Ri Lochlain sud  
 Na bha sheoid bhughach ann an Eriun  
 Mionach nach tiligh e slugh  
 50 Ach an buigh Eruin na Tor ruagh  
 Fear labhair a chomath chiun  
 Tre mbic Tamhan mbic Treunmhor  
 Bear na siarugh o thuir gu tuir  
 Air faitur uille 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 brati fo Eanbith  
 Fhogair Julin 's bu chein Laoich  
 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 jumpith an Irr  
 S ro mha lann san Irghiol  
 Huird Osgar 's e gabhail leo  
 Ga be long dhuin 's aird sheoil  
 Snamhas i fuil eir a druim  
 70 No cha neil urad nan culann  
 Gluaisigh Filigh freigirach Finn  
 Git thagraidh gu hiolech  
 Sa labhair gu fir ghlic E  
 Ris an Rith gu neo-gbraite  
 75 Ga beg libhs an Fhian ann  
 Na seachd cathan cochalmant  
 Bheir sibh air teanc leim tre lann ghlas  
 Oir ni shibh uille air ainleas  
 Brengach do bheanchd fhilbh Fhian  
 80 Se labhair gn feargach an righ  
 Cha ma na trian na bheil ann sud  
 Ni bheil dh Fhian ann Eirium  
 Trogar hagam fearg an righ  
 Lan do mbeirg s bo dhanriam  
 85 Nam bole dhuim bli eir a cumi  
 Cha bear dhaibh tim 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 Tosenir eol rimcach  
 Bama lann Thrum danair eisamb  
 O Eirith Grein gu con Fheasgar  
 Bhar Osgar an tuigh an sluaigh  
 Ceid Fear Sleigh sa chid nair  
 100 'S ceid eile sa Phobuil a risd  
 S e deanamb 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 mharbhaigh le dithr na slaigh  
Ruith air mhiad on arach  
Dar chunnaig iad gun huit a Rith  
Aig miad amir san aire
- 110 Leig le strathaibh gu sàl  
S bha chor eath 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 mhille gu an Loingean  
'N de tan toir don aire  
Chite guma chalp a dha  
Gu rachai gh roi thudagh na sliagh  
Na Corium tro Druim Osgar.

- 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 Colhuinign 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.







X

## \* 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.

